# Kelly's Diary

Written by Kelly (pghpa_girl)

# Chapter -1: Table of Contents

Introduction....................................................................................................2
  Chapter -1: Table of Contents.......................................................................3
  Chapter 0: Abbreviated Story Codes...........................................................61
    1. Participants - Sex, Age, and Number.....................................................62
    2. Willingness or Unwillingness.................................................................63
    3. Relationships..........................................................................................63
    4. Activities................................................................................................63
    5. Miscellaneous.........................................................................................64
Pre-1999.........................................................................................................65
  1993 (Jun 20?) Chapter 1: Birds and Bees....................................................65
    1. A Little Background................................................................................65
    2. An Eye-Opener........................................................................................67
    3. Mom Gives Me "The Talk".......................................................................70
    4. Learning "Hands-On"...............................................................................74
    5. Postlude..................................................................................................83
1999...............................................................................................................85
  (Jun 19) Chapter 2: Sleepover......................................................................85
    1. Growing Up.............................................................................................85
    2. Grocery Shopping With Mom...................................................................93
    3. Skinny Dipping........................................................................................96
    4. Beth's Bedroom.......................................................................................99
  (Jul 04) Chapter 3: Fooling Around on the 4th of July..................................110
    1. Getting to Know Steve...........................................................................110
    2. Steve Takes Me to the Fair....................................................................113
    3. Back at the Fair.....................................................................................118
  (Jul 16) Chapter 4: My First Blowjob..........................................................124
    1. Pointers From Mom...............................................................................124
    2. At the Movie Theater With Steve...........................................................129
    3. Back Home With Mom............................................................................142
  (Aug 02) Chapter 5: Losing My Virginity....................................................143
    1. Getting to Know Steve...........................................................................143
    2. The Great Debate..................................................................................146

3. Steve Gets Impatient....152
4. Sucking Steve's Cock....154
5. Masturbating For Steve....165
6. Steve Finally takes My Virginity....167
7. Telling My Parents....175
Postscript....177
(Aug 24) Chapter 6: Doing It On the School Swing Set....178
1. Bike Riding....178
2. Playground BJ....182
3. Sex on a Swing....186
(Sep 18) Chapter 7: My Boyfriend Does Me In the Basement....193
1. My Boyfriend Steve....193
2. Sleepover at Sharon's....194
3. Steve Does Me in the Basement....200
4. Steve Does Me Again in the Basement....205
5. Back With the Girls....208
(Oct 05) Chapter 8: My Boyfriend's Mom Joins In....211
1. Sex and My Boyfriend....211
2. Mother and Sister....217
3. An Invitation....219
4. Steve Fucks Me....221
5. Steve's Mom Watches Us....227
6. Marlene Takes My Place....240
Postscript....247
(Oct 21) Chapter 9: Doing Me With My Parents Home....248
1. Sex With Steve....248
2. Watching TV With Steve and My Parents....250
3. In My bedroom With Steve....253
4. After Steve Left....266
(Nov 06) Chapter 10: Teasing My Boyfriend's Brother....268
1. Ready to Party....268
2. Steve Forgets His Wallet....273
3. Teasing Jim....277
4. Steve Gives His Brother a Lesson....287
(Nov 20) Chapter 11: Teasing My Boyfriend's Sister....293

    1. Luckiest Girl in the World....293
    2. Dealing With My Boyfriend's Family....296
    3. Seeking Advice....298
    4. Masturbating With Sharon....301
    5. Dealing With Your Boyfriend's Brother....305
    6. Sharon Confronts Me....306
    7. Starting in the Hot Tub....314
    8. Continuing In My Bedroom....324
    9. Steve Finds Out....333
    10. My Reviews....337
  (Dec 11) Chapter 12: My Boyfriend's Brother Does Me....340
    1. Taking Advantage of an Opportunity....340
    2. Watching Jim Masturbate....346
    3. Jim Becomes My Second....351
2000....360
  (Jan 08) Chapter 13: My First Nude Photoshoot....360
    1. Getting Turned On....360
    2. Photos by Sharon....365
    3. More Than Just Nudes....369
  (Feb 20) Chapter 14: Farewell to Steve, My First Boyfriend....372
    1. The Bad News....372
    2. The Hotel Room....376
  (Mar 24) Chapter 15: My First Date After Steve....385
    1. Missing Steve....385
    2. A Mother's Advice....388
    3. A Father's Advice....390
    4. A Date With Doug....396
  (May 15) Chapter 16: How To Be Popular in High School....408
    1. Just One of the Herd....408
    2. Steve Changes My Life....411
    3. Changing Strategy After Steve Leaves....413
    4. How to be Popular in High School....416
    5. The Dangers of Being Popular....418
    6. A Final Word....419
  (Jun 09) Chapter 17: Drive-In Movie Blowjob....421

  1. What Turns Me On....421
  2. Getting to Know Bill....423
  3. At The Drive-In....424
(Jun 25) Chapter 18: Church Picnic....442
  1. Preparing for the Picnic....442
  2. Arriving At the Picnic....450
  3. Servicing John During the Service....451
  4. After the Service....459
(Jul 17) Chapter 19: My First Time With a Married Guy....461
  1. Teasing Don....461
  2. Babysitting for Don....464
  3. Don Joins Me in the Hot Tub....466
  4. Doing It on Their Bed....474
(Jul 21) Chapter 20: Last Year at Church Camp....477
  1. Thinking About Church Camp....477
  2. Sunday - Seeing Mark for the First Time....478
  3. Monday - Dreaming About Mark....483
  4. Tuesday - Blowing Mark for the First Time....488
  5. Wednesday - Mark Fucks Me....494
  6. Thursday - BJ Under the Dock....501
  7. Heading Home....504
(Aug 06) Chapter 21: Doing It at the Beach....505
  1. My Early Sex Life....505
  2. Preparing for a Date With John....507
  3. Sex in the Parking Lot....509
  4. Driving to the Lake....518
  5. Out on the Boat....521
  6. The Beach....523
  7. Back Home Again....535
(Aug 12) Chapter 22: Fucking in a Mall Restroom....537
  1. Food Court Tease....537
  2. In the Restroom....540
(Aug 19) Chapter 23: First Time Playing With My Cousin Kristi....548
  1. The Farm....548
  2. The Barn....551

3. Back at the House....................558
(Oct 16) Chapter 24: My Naughty Little Dog....................559
1. Masturbating....................559
2. Annie Gets Nosey....................564
3. My Resolution....................566
(Nov 24) Chapter 25: Truth or Dare....................567
1. Remembering the "Good Old Days"....................567
2. Masturbation Contest at School With Beth....................570
3. "Convincing" My Boyfriend....................574
4. A Mother-Daughter Chat....................577
5. Getting Ready....................578
6. Playing the Game....................580
7. The Contests....................586
8. Finally Fucked....................593
2001....................601
(Feb 14) Chapter 26: Valentine's Day Surprise....................601
1. Valentine's Day Traditions....................601
2. Dinner and The Incline....................610
3. The Hotel Room....................612
(Mar 12) Chapter 27: A Tween Sleepover....................622
1. My Tween Years....................622
2. Best Friends Forever....................627
3. Teasing My Dad....................630
4. Fooling Around....................639
(May 11) Chapter 28: My First Time With My Dad....................652
1. My Life Before Incest....................652
2. An Attitude Adjustment....................657
3. Debating Incest....................664
4. "Seducing" My Dad....................667
5. First Time Sex With My Dad....................679
(May 19) Chapter 29: Our First Family Threesome....................692
1. A Little Background....................692
2. Mom Confronts Me....................695
3. Learning the Family Secrets....................698
4. Fucked by My Dad....................701

- 5. Mom Joins In....706
- 6. An Incestual Lifestyle....713

(May 24) Chapter 30: Daddy's Little Girl....715
- 1. Sixteen and Loving It....715
- 2. Surprising My Dad....716

(Jun 12) Chapter 31: First Time With Mom and Aunt....722
- 1. Learning the Family Secrets....722
- 2. Sex With Mom....727
- 3. More Secrets Revealed....730
- 4. Aunt Linda Joins Me and My Mom....737

(Jun 15) Chapter 32: Church Car Wash....744
- 1. Fund Raising....744
- 2. Putting a Smile on My Dad's Face....748
- 3. Making My Dad Feel Better....750
- 4. The Car Wash....757
- 5. Celebrating Success....768

(Jun 21) Chapter 33: First Time at My Dad's Office....772
- 1. Prelude....772
- 2. The Drive to the Office....774
- 3. The Office....779
- 4. Sex in My Dad's Office....781

(Jul 14) Chapter 34: Drive-Thru Blowjob....789
- 1. The Benefits Of Having a Boyfriend With a Big Dick....789
- 2. The Drive-Thru....790

(Jul 21) Chapter 35: Neighbor's Party....795
- 1. A Bit of Voyeurism....795
- 2. New Neighbors....796

(Aug 11) Chapter 36: Sex in a Cornfield....806
- 1. Getting Jon's Attention....806
- 2. Mom Makes Me Feel Better....808
- 3. Jon Calls Me....810
- 4. The Movie Theater....811
- 5. The Corn Field....813

2002....822

(Jan 17) Chapter 37: High School Chemistry Class....822

  1. About Robin....822
  2. Class Pervert....826
  3. Home With My Mom....827
  4. Masturbating About Robin....829
  5. Sucking My Dad's Dick....830
  6. Robin Takes My Panties....834
  7. Masturbating in Class....836
  8. After Class....839

(Apr 13) Chapter 38: Fun in a Grocery Store....841
  1. Growing Up With My Cousin....841
  2. Grocery Store Husbands....842
  3. The Drive to the Grocery Store....843
  4. Teasing a Husband....849
  5. Fun with Vegetables....850

(Jul 30) Chapter 39: My Mom's Best Friend....856
  1. Mom and Tammy (The Early Years)....856
  2. Tammy Today....862
  3. Teasing Tammy....864
  4. Talking With Tammy....868
  5. The Hot Tub....871

(Aug 10) Chapter 40: Neighborhood Block Party....880
  1. A Little Background....880
  2. Pleasing My Dad the Morning of the Party....883
  3. Getting Ready With Kristen....887
  4. Teasing at the Block Party....891
  5. The Firemen....894
  6. Private Party at Home....898

(Sep 20) Chapter 41: My First Time With a Virgin....906
  1. Meeting Randy....906
  2. Movie Date With Randy....909
  3. The Theater Parking Lot....911

(Oct 02) Chapter 42: Fooling Around at My Boyfriend's House....921
  1. A Little About Randy and Me....921
  2. Teasing On the Porch....922
  3. Fucking On the Porch....924

4. Back Home Again....930
(Oct 12) Chapter 43: Caught By My Boyfriend's Sister....932
1. Mom Helps me Get Ready....932
2. Fucked by Randy....936
3. Randy's Sister Interrupts....943
4. Telling My Mom....948
2003....949
(Jun 07) Chapter 44: Dad's Graduation Present....949
1. Satisfying My Dad's Needs....949
2. A Private Gift From My Dad....954
(Jul 12) Chapter 45: Shopping in a Short Skirt....958
1. Planning For Summer....958
2. Waking Up Horny....960
3. Getting Myself Ready....962
4. Detour to Kristen's....965
5. The Food Court....970
6. Shoe Shopping....975
7. The Dressing Room....980
8. Back Home Again....984
(Aug 28) Chapter 46: Lake Sex....985
1. Me and Chuck....985
2. Fucked in the Lake....986
3. Fucked Under a Blanket....993
4. Driving Home....995
5. Daddy Welcomes Me Back Home....997
Follow-up....1000
(Sep 12) Chapter 47: Dad's First Time With My Cousin....1001
1. Plotting and Scheming....1001
2. Kristen Watches Her Uncle Fuck Her Mom....1004
3. Aunt Mary Has "The Talk" With Kristen....1006
4. My Dad Fucks Kristen For the First Time....1009
(Sep 13) Chapter 48: My First Lesbian Experience....1018
1. Worries About Going to College....1018
2. Brenda, My New Roomie....1020
3. Morning at Brenda's House....1022

4. Brenda's Back Yard....1027
5. Sexy Photoshoot With Brenda....1032
Postscript....1042
2004....1043
(Apr 17) Chapter 49: First Time With My Roomie's Married Brother....1043
1. Dinner at Brenda's....1043
2. Admiring Brenda's Brother....1045
3. David Fucks Me....1048
4. Brenda's Brother Fucks Her For the First Time....1057
(May 07) Chapter 50: Bachelorette Party....1062
1. Party Preparations....1062
2. Driving With My Mom....1063
3. The Hotel Room....1068
4. The Party Begins....1070
5. My Cousin the Slutty Bride....1077
(May 16) Chapter 51: A Typical Night My With Dad....1080
1. A Few Words About Incest....1080
2. At Home With My Dad....1082
(May 22) Chapter 52: My First Sex Party, The Initiation....1089
1. Beth's Sex Parties....1089
2. Getting Ready For the Party....1091
3. Initiation Ceremony....1095
4. Starting Out On My Own....1103
5. Getting Into the Party Scene....1107
6. Back Home After the Party....1113
(Jun 01) Chapter 53: Summer Morning Sex With My Dad....1115
1. The First Time....1115
2. The Second Time....1117
3. Ready and Waiting....1120
4. Talking It Over With My Mom....1123
5. A Tradition is Started....1126
(Jun 05) Chapter 54: Second Sex Party, Unemotional Sex....1129
1. Sweet Memories....1129
2. My Dad Interrupts....1131
3. The Party Gets Started....1136

4. Enjoying the Party....1138
5. Back Home Again....1153
(Jun 19) Chapter 55: Third Sex Party, Pool Time....1159
1. To Party or Not to Party?....1159
2. A Moment With My Mom....1161
3. The Party Gets Started....1162
4. Entering the Pool....1165
5. A Hasty Departure....1171
(Jul 04) Chapter 56: Our First Family Orgy....1173
1. A Bit of Family History....1173
2. How I Started With My Aunt Linda....1174
3. Growing Up With My Cousin Kristen....1184
4. 4th of July Picnic....1185
5. After the Party....1188
(Aug 27) Chapter 57: Fourth Sex Party, Gangbanged....1200
1. Making Up My Mind....1200
2. My Dad Gets Horny....1202
3. Still Horny After My Dad....1208
4. The Party Gets Started with an Initiation....1209
5. I Pick Out My First Guy....1212
6. A Few Quick Blowjobs....1215
7. Fucked in the Kitchen....1216
8. Gangbanged in the Living Room....1218
9. Back Home Again....1221
(Aug 31) Chapter 58: 2004 Summer Break Review....1223
1. My Personal Life....1223
2. Babysitting....1224
3. Sex Parties....1225
4. My Dad....1225
5. My Cousin Kristen....1226
6. New Fantasies....1227
7. Cams....1227
8. Meeting People....1228
9. Chatting....1228
(Sep 04) Chapter 59: First Week of College With My Dad....1229

1. Thoughts of Leaving Home........................................................................1229
2. My Dad Fucks Me In the School Parking Lot..............................................1230
(Sep 18) Chapter 60: Together With Brenda and Her Married Brother Again......1236
1. A Brief History of Brenda and Her Brother................................................1236
2. At the Lake..............................................................................................1237
3. Showering With Brenda.............................................................................1242
4. Back at the Dorm.....................................................................................1250
(Oct 02) Chapter 61: Parent's Weekend at College............................................1251
1. Waiting For My Parents.............................................................................1251
2. My Dad Fucks Me in My Dorm Room...........................................................1252
(Nov 12) Chapter 62: My First Frat Party...........................................................1259
1. The Debate...............................................................................................1259
2. My Roomie Karen......................................................................................1260
3. The Party Gets Started..............................................................................1262
4. Tammy & Mary Beth Put On a Show...........................................................1263
5. I Join In With Tammy & Mary Beth..............................................................1266
6. Choosing a Dick.......................................................................................1267
7. Fucked By a HUGE Dick In Front of Everyone.............................................1269
8. The End of the Party.................................................................................1274
9. The Morning After....................................................................................1275
(Nov 23) Chapter 63: Driving Home With My Parents and Cousin......................1277
1. Anticipating Going Home...........................................................................1277
2. Starting Out on the Road...........................................................................1279
3. Kristen Starts to Play................................................................................1281
4. My Dad Fucks Us at the Rest Area.............................................................1285
(Nov 24) Chapter 64: Staying the Night With My Cousin and Aunt....................1292
1. Getting Comfortable.................................................................................1292
2. Watching Kristen's Home Videos...............................................................1295
3. Threesome in Bed.....................................................................................1300
(Nov 26) Chapter 65: Playing at My Dad's Office With My Cousin Kristen..........1303
1. Getting Ready..........................................................................................1303
2. Entering My Dad's Office...........................................................................1305
3. Kristen Gets Things Started......................................................................1306
4. I Join In on the Action...............................................................................1308
(Nov 27) Chapter 66: First Time With My Best Friend Beth................................1313

1. Best Friends Forever....1313
2. Me and Beth in the Hot Tub....1317
3. My Dad Joins Us....1319
4. Beth Blows My Dad....1321
5. My Dad Fucks Beth....1323
6. The Aftermath....1325

(Nov 29) Chapter 67: Thanksgiving Vacation Diary....1327
1. Tuesday 11/23/04....1327
2. Wednesday 11/24/04....1328
3. Thursday 11/25/04....1329
4. Friday 11/26/04....1329
5. Saturday 11/27/04....1331
6. Sunday 11/28/04....1333

(Dec 14) Chapter 68: My Cousin Kristi's Boyfriend....1334
1. Kristi and Her Boyfriend....1334
2. My Mom Makes Me Cum....1336
3. Aunt Linda and Kristi Warm Each Other Up....1338
4. I Get Brian First....1340
5. Aunt Linda and Kristi Take Over....1348
6. Back Home With Mom....1348

(Dec 17) Chapter 69: My Best Friend Beth and My Dad Do It Again....1350
1. My Dad and Beth - A Brief Recap....1350
2. Putting My Plan in Motion....1352
3. Beth "Seduces" My Dad....1353
4. My Dad Fucks Beth in the Ass....1356
5. Final Moments....1358

(Dec 18) Chapter 70: Party Time with Best Friend Beth and Cousin Kristen....1359
1. A Little Background....1359
2. My Dad Fucks Kristen Before the Party....1362
3. Kristen's Initiation....1365
4. Threesome With Beth & Kristen....1369
5. Threesome Becomes an Orgy....1371
6. Wrapping Things Up For the Night....1373

(Dec 25) Chapter 71: Christmas Morning....1376
1. Christmas Morning Wakeup Call For My Dad....1376

2. My Special Christmas Present From My Dad....1379
3. A Lap Dance For My Dad....1380
4. My Dad Fucks Me....1383
5. My Dad Fucks My Mom But Cums in Me....1386
2005....1388
(Feb 05) Chapter 72: My First Bachelor Party....1388
1. Horny at School....1388
2. Checking Out My Options....1393
3. My First Assignment....1395
4. Arriving at the Party....1396
5. Getting Things Started....1400
6. More Than Just a Show....1403
7. Doing the Groom....1405
8. The Best Man is Next....1411
9. The Rest of The Guys Do Me....1413
10. Winding Down....1414
(Feb 19) Chapter 73: First Escort Job, Greg Dreams of His Daughter....1418
1. Joining an Escort Agency....1418
2. Getting Ready....1420
3. Dinner....1422
4. The Hotel....1426
(Feb 25) Chapter 74: Second Escort Job, John Talks to His Wife....1435
1. Becoming an Escort....1435
2. Getting Ready for My Second Client....1438
3. Playing Games With John....1441
4. Getting Down to Business....1448
(Feb 26) Chapter 75: Third Escort Job, Bill Does Me in Public....1454
1. My Escorting Resume....1454
2. Client #3....1456
3. Dinner With Bill....1457
4. After Dinner Sex....1463
(Mar 12) Chapter 76: Fourth Escort Job, Guilty Husband Adultery....1469
1. My Life as A Professional Escort....1469
2. Dinner and Dancing....1472
3. Guilty Sex....1475

(Mar 27) Chapter 77: Teasing My Uncles at Easter....1485
1. Our Family Tree....1485
2. Family Wishes....1487
3. Playing Around at Church On Easter....1489
4. Kristen Makes Me Cum....1492
5. My Uncle Gets an Eyeful....1495
(Apr 02) Chapter 78: Second Bachelor Party....1499
1. Getting Ready to Do It Again....1499
2. The Taxi Ride....1502
3. Pre-Party Warm-up....1504
4. The Party Begins....1508
5. Earning My Tips....1512
6. Doing Them All....1518
(Apr 30) Chapter 79: My Cousin Kristi and I Entertain My Dad's Clients....1524
1. A Plea for Help....1524
2. Getting Kristi On Board....1527
3. Dad Couldn’t Wait....1529
4. Back Home Again....1534
5. Dinner With the Guys....1540
6. The Ride to the Hotel....1544
7. The Hotel....1546
(May 07) Chapter 80: Last Time With Brenda and Her Married Brother....1560
1. The Perfect Roomie....1560
2. Back at Brenda's....1561
3. Sucking David in the Bathroom....1564
4. Waking Up Brenda....1569
5. Morning With Brenda....1572
6. David Does Brenda on the Lake....1575
7. My Turn With David....1581
(May 13) Chapter 81: Fifth Escort Job, Ralph and Friends Rape Me....1588
1. Why I Love Being an Escort....1588
2. Masturbation....1590
3. Slut for Dinner....1594
4. Rough Sex....1599
5. Raped....1602

(May 19) Chapter 82: Back Home for the Summer....1606
1. Heading Home for Break....1606
2. Dad Welcomes Me Home....1608
3. Mom Welcomes Me Home....1617
4. Can't Get Enough....1622
(Jun 06) Chapter 83: Office Rewards....1625
1. Growing Older....1625
2. A Mouthful of an Alarm Clock....1628
3. Morning at the Office....1630
4. Martin's Reward for a Newlywed....1633
5. Stewart's Reward Helps a Mid-Life Crisis....1638
6. Lunch Break With Dad....1642
7. Phil's Reward, Never Too Old to Cheat....1643
8. Day's End....1649
(Jun 11) Chapter 84: Boating With My Cousin Kristi and Friends....1651
1. Mothers and Daughters....1651
2. The Brothers....1656
3. Some Simple Boating Around....1659
4. Taking A Dip and a Dick....1660
5. Fun All Around the Lake....1666
6. Driving Home....1669
(Jun 19) Chapter 85: Father's Day....1674
1. Worried About Father's Day....1674
2. Inspiration Through Masturbation....1676
3. Kristen Inspires Me Even More....1679
4. Father's Day Wakeup Call....1683
5. Fucked By My Dad During Church....1688
(Jun 25) Chapter 86: Crashing Steve's Wedding....1700
1. Persuading My Daddy....1700
2. Flying Sucks....1706
3. Picked Up By Steve....1707
4. Surprising Chat With My Grandmother....1709
5. Memories of Steve....1713
6. Last Time Before His Vows....1715
7. Sharing With Sharon....1721

8. First Time After His Vows....1722
9. Steve's Best Man....1725
(Jul 01) Chapter 87: First Summer Sex Party....1732
1. What's a Sex Party?....1732
2. Before the Party....1734
3. My Initiation....1735
4. Fucked While Cleaning Up....1740
5. Banged on the Couch....1742
6. Fun With Beth....1747
7. Can't Turn Down a Challenge....1750
(Jul 04) Chapter 88: 4th of July Family Anniversary....1759
1. Looking Back....1759
2. Dad Wakes Me Up With His Dick....1760
3. Morning Duties....1768
4. My Aunt Linda and Cousin Kristen Arrive....1769
5. Playing With Kristen and My Computer....1771
6. Memories Lead to My Dad's Dick....1775
7. The Moms Join In....1778
8. My Dad's Fantasy Fulfilled....1781
9. The Rest of the Family Stops By....1787
(Jul 06) Chapter 89: Babysitting Husband....1789
1. Babysitting For Keith and Kathy....1789
2. What Do Babysitters Do When They Are Alone?....1791
3. Caught Masturbating By Keith....1796
4. Doing Keith a Favor....1799
5. Keith's Daughter Interrupts....1802
6. Keith Drives Me Home – and His Dick Into Me....1804
Postlude....1814
(Jul 15) Chapter 90: Second Summer Sex Party....1815
1. Sex Parties....1815
2. The Week Before the Party....1816
3. Beth Picks Me Up....1832
4. The Party Gets Started....1834
5. Fucked While Cleaning Up....1840
6. Gangbanged....1844

(Jul 17) Chapter 91: Fooling Around With My Cousin Tammy....1855
1. The Luckiest Girl in the World....1855
2. About My Parents....1857
3. Incest....1858
4. Nudity and Masturbation....1859
5. My Early Sex Life....1861
6. My Uncles & Cousins....1862
7. My Cousin Tammy....1863
8. Tammy in Church....1865
9. Helping Out My Dad....1867
10. Changing Clothes With Tammy....1869
11. Playing In the Pool....1872
12. Sharing the Shower....1876
13. In Her bedroom Alone With Tammy....1878
14. The Ride Home....1887
(Jul 23) Chapter 92: First Time With My Uncle Jim....1889
1. My Life at Home....1889
2. Making Plans....1892
3. Getting Off On-Line....1895
4. Showering With My Dad....1896
5. Getting Dressed....1899
6. Flirting With My Uncle....1900
7. Crossing the Line - Sucking My Uncle's Dick....1905
8. My Uncle Fucks Me....1910
9. Almost Caught....1913
(Jul 25) Chapter 93: First Time With My Cousin Rick....1915
1. Incest in My Family....1915
2. Seeking My Mom's Advice....1918
3. My Mom's Puts Our Plan Into Action....1922
4. Sucking My Cousin's Dick....1924
5. Rick Eats My Pussy....1927
6. Rick Finally Fucks Me....1929
7. My Mom Surprises Rick....1932
8. Rick Fucks Me Again....1932
(Aug 05) Chapter 94: My First Married Couple....1935

1. Meeting People....................................................1935
2. Melissa Confides in Me....................................................1936
3. Thinking Things Over....................................................1940
4. Getting Ready at Home....................................................1941
5. Getting the Room Ready....................................................1944
6. Richard and Melissa Arrive....................................................1945
7. Putting on a Show For Richard....................................................1946
8. Richard Takes Me....................................................1948
9. Melissa Joins In....................................................1954

(Aug 10) Chapter 95: My Mom and Cousin Rick....................................................1956

1. On a Roll....................................................1956
2. My Mom Wants In On the Action....................................................1958
3. Horny Mother and Daughter in the Morning....................................................1959
4. Getting Ready....................................................1962
5. Rick Fucks Me....................................................1963
6. Mom Watches Rick and Me....................................................1965
7. Mom Sucks her Nephew's Big Dick....................................................1967
8. Rick Fucks His Aunt....................................................1970
9. Aunt Shari Comes Home....................................................1973

(Aug 17) Chapter 96: Third Summer Sex Party....................................................1975

1. My Past Sex Parties....................................................1975
2. Sunday Morning – Masturbating Before Church....................................................1976
3. My Cousin Rick Fucks My Best Friend During Church....................................................1981
4. Beth Invites Me to Another Party....................................................1989
5. The Party Gets Started With an Initiation....................................................1991
6. Having Fun at the Party....................................................1994
7. Nothing But Pussies....................................................1997

(Aug 24) Chapter 97: Sex With My Youth Pastor....................................................2002

1. Working With the Church Youth....................................................2002
2. Pastor Ken....................................................2004
3. Talking to My Mom About Pastor Ken....................................................2005
4. Getting to Know Pastor Ken....................................................2006
5. Teasing Pastor Ken....................................................2008
6. Losing Control of the Situation....................................................2011
7. Back Home....................................................2018

(Aug 25) Chapter 98: School Sendoff....2019
1. Mornings With My Dad and More....2019
2. Contemplating School....2021
3. Back to being Fucked By My Dad....2022
4. Mom Watches....2025
5. Me and My Mom Finish the Morning....2027
6. Out on the Town With My Mom....2028
7. A Surprise Foursome....2029
(Sep 03) Chapter 99: Beth Joins the Family....2040
1. Beth and My Dad....2040
2. Playing With Beth....2042
3. Dad Fucks Beth in Front of Me and My Mom....2043
4. Beth Learns the Truth....2044
(Oct 05) Chapter 100: Youth Night Fun....2048
1. Thinking About Jeremy....2048
2. Consoling Jeremy....2050
3. Building Jeremy's Self-Confidence....2051
4. Enjoying Jeremy's Cock....2054
5. Taking Jeremy's Virginity....2056
(Oct 28) Chapter 101: Potential Boyfriend....2062
1. Meeting Larry....2062
2. Fooling Around at Dinner....2067
3. Movie Snacks - Popcorn and a Dick....2071
(Nov 05) Chapter 102: Football Party....2079
1. School and Larry....2079
2. Making Larry an Offer....2081
3. Thinking About Larry....2082
4. Larry and His Friends Fuck Me....2083
5. Halftime With Larry....2094
6. The Second Half....2096
(Nov 21) Chapter 103: First Time With My Junior Roomie....2102
1. My College Roomies....2102
2. Jen Misses Her Boyfriend....2105
3. Getting Closer To Jen....2107
4. Crossing the Line With Jen....2108

Postlude....2113
(Nov 24) Chapter 104: Thanksgiving With My Family....2114
1. Thanksgiving Traditions....2114
2. Thanksgiving Morning Masturbation....2116
3. Morning Routines....2118
4. Getting Things Started With My Cousin Rick....2120
5. Uncle Jim Gets His....2125
(Dec 10) Chapter 105: My Dad's Office Christmas Party....2143
1. Life at Home....2143
2. Mom Buys Me a Christmas Outfit....2145
3. My Dad Appreciates My New Outfit....2147
4. Teasing Mike....2150
5. Mike Fucks Me....2152
6. Meeting Sandy and Candice....2156
7. Christmas Party Gangbang....2159
(Dec 25) Chapter 106: My Dad's Christmas Gift....2169
1. Gifts of Christmas Past....2169
2. Christmas Morning Gift Opening....2171
3. Thanking My Mom While My Dad Watches....2174
4. My Dad Gives Me Another Gift....2177
(Dec 27) Chapter 107: Cousin Tammy's First Blowjob....2181
1. Sex With Uncles and Cousins....2181
2. Hungry for My Cousin's Cock....2184
3. Tammy Watches Her Brother Fuck Me....2187
4. Tammy Wants to Learn....2189
5. Rick Enjoys the Taste of Tammy's Pussy....2192
2006....2195
(Jan 15) Chapter 108: Another Football Party....2195
1. Girls and Dildos....2195
2. Fathers at Church....2196
3. Sunday Morning Masturbation....2199
4. Sunday Preparations....2202
5. Ed makes His Move....2204
6. Ed Commits Adultery – With Me!....2207
7. Ed Feels Guilty....2217

(Feb 04) Chapter 109: Dad's Business Partner....2220
1. Offering Help to My Dad....2220
2. My Cousin Kristen is Jealous....2223
3. Getting Ready....2225
4. The Hotel....2228
5. Andreas Fucks Me in Front of My Dad....2231
6. My Dad Gets His Turn....2243
(Feb 05) Chapter 110: Super Bowl Sunday....2246
1. Masturbating While Driving....2246
2. Back Home Again....2248
3. Surprising My Dad....2254
4. Morning Sex With My Dad....2260
5. Fun With Kristen Before the Party....2263
6. Kristen Wins the Bet....2269
7. The Relatives Arrive....2270
8. Rick Can't Wait to Fuck Me....2272
9. The Rest of the Family Arrives....2276
10. Uncle Jims Takes His Turn With Me....2278
(Feb 25) Chapter 111: Sometimes Anyone Will Do....2285
1. Horny Roommates....2285
2. Horny and Alone....2290
Warning....2294
3. Trolling for Men....2297
4. A Married Man's Issues....2301
5. Mark Gets His First Blowjob....2305
6. A Cheating Husband and Naughty Dad....2308
(Mar 11) Chapter 112: Shopping For Sex....2315
1. Little Annie's Dad....2315
2. Flirting With Annie's Dad....2318
3. Some Serious Flirting With Annie's Dad....2324
4. Horny Roommate....2326
5. Sucking Ian in the Mall Parking Lot....2329
6. Adultery in a Hotel Room....2338
(Mar 26) Chapter 113: Spring Break Finale....2349
1. Good Morning Daddy!....2349

  2. An Old Boyfriend Reappears.....2354
  3. Greg Fucks Me in Church.....2358
(Apr 15) Chapter 114: Easter at Brenda's.....2366
  1. My Roomie Brenda and Her Brother.....2366
  2. Waiting Around.....2368
  3. Intimate With Brenda Again.....2372
  4. Sex With Brenda and Her Brother.....2380
(Jun 06) Chapter 115: First Time On-Line.....2392
  1. An On-Line Relationship With Charlene.....2392
  2. Seeking My Mom's Advice.....2394
  3. Getting Ready.....2397
  4. My Mom Checks Out Charlene.....2400
  5. Charlene Learns What It's Like to Be Licked by a Girl.....2404
  6. Charlene Licks Her First Pussy.....2415
(Jun 12) Chapter 116: My Best Friend's Father.....2419
  1. Was It Adultery?.....2419
  2. Playing In the Pool.....2422
  3. Teasing Beth's Dad.....2428
  4. Beth's Dad Gives in to His Lust.....2431
  5. Making Up With Beth.....2439
(Jul 01) Chapter 117: My Mom's Best Friend Returns.....2441
  1. Tammy is My Mom's Best Friend.....2441
  2. Tammy Watches My Dad Fuck Me.....2442
  3. Tammy Debates Incest.....2449
  4. Tammy Loses Control in the Hot Tub.....2451
  5. My Dad Does Me While My Mom and Tammy Watch.....2463
(Jul 12) Chapter 118: Teasing While Tutoring.....2466
  1. Fantasies and Tutoring.....2466
  2. My First Session With Nathan.....2468
  3. Keeping Nathan's Attention.....2472
  4. Raising the Stakes.....2474
  5. Fantasizing About Nathan.....2475
  6. How Far Should I Go?.....2480
(Jul 14) Chapter 119: First Time K9.....2485
  1. Fun With My Friend Sam.....2485

2. Sam Wants More....2491
3. The Things You Do When You're Pretty Damn Horny....2494
Postscript....2501
(Jul 31) Chapter 120: Waterskiing Adventures With My Mom....2502
1. My Only Athletic Skill....2502
2. Satisfying My Dad's Morning Needs....2503
3. Flirting With Mike and Tom....2511
4. More Than Just Teasing....2518
5. Mom Enjoys Young Cock....2529
(Aug 05) Chapter 121: My Dad's Dream Comes True....2534
1. My Relationships With My Relatives....2534
2. Road Trip Sex....2538
3. Tammy and I Suck Her Brother's Dic....2547
4. Morning Sex With My DAD....2558
5. My Dad Finally Fucks His Niece....2561
Postlude....2577
(Aug 06) Chapter 122: Swapping Daughters....2578
1. Two Brothers and Their Kids....2578
2. Teasing on the Lake....2582
3. My Dad Confesses to His Brother....2588
4. My Dad Fucks Tammy in Front of Her Dad....2595
5. Tammy Gets Fucked By Her Dad For the First Time....2600
(Aug 08) Chapter 123: Rick Finally Gets Tammy....2606
1. An Interesting Weekend....2606
2. Sibling Debates....2608
3. Tammy Surprises Her Brother....2614
(Aug 10) Chapter 124: Cousins Get Together....2633
1. Kissing Cousins... and More....2633
2. Making Plans With Kristen....2636
3. Dad Helps His Horny Daughter....2642
4. Kristen and I Watch A Brother Fucking His Sister....2648
5. Mixing Up the Cousins....2655
(Aug 19) Chapter 125: Casino Orgy....2666
1. My Mom's Best Friend....2666
2. First Time in Oregon....2667

3. The Casino....................................................................................2670
4. An Easy Bet to Win.........................................................................2673
5. Fucked by Four in a Parking Lot...................................................2682
6. Claiming Victory..............................................................................2689
(Sep 04) Chapter 126: School Sendoff..............................................2692
1. Why Incest?.....................................................................................2692
2. Dad Does Me in the Garage...........................................................2695
3. Uncle Jim Joins In...........................................................................2708
(Sep 09) Chapter 127: New Boyfriend...............................................2722
1. Meeting Michael..............................................................................2722
2. Sucking Michael's Dick...................................................................2731
3. Begging Michael to Fuck Me..........................................................2737
(Sep 23) Chapter 128: 24 Hours of Dick............................................2746
1. My Boyfriend Michael.....................................................................2746
2. Meeting Michael's Friends..............................................................2748
3. A Solid Day of Fucking....................................................................2754
(Oct 31) Chapter 129: Halloween Party.............................................2765
1. A Halloween Rant...........................................................................2765
2. Getting Ready.................................................................................2766
3. Flirting With Michelle.....................................................................2772
4. Michelle's First Time With a Girl - ME!............................................2780
(Nov 25) Chapter 130: My Cousin Rick and His Friends....................2788
1. Rick's Proposal................................................................................2788
2. Turning on My Dad.........................................................................2792
3. Turned On By Fan-Mail...................................................................2796
4. Rick Picks Me Up............................................................................2800
5. Gangbanged by Three Teenagers...................................................2804
(Dec 14) Chapter 131: Last Night Before Break................................2831
1. Too Horny to Wait...........................................................................2831
2. Getting What I Needed...................................................................2834
3. Finishing Myself in the Parking Lot.................................................2846
(Dec 19) Chapter 132: My Best Friend's Brother...............................2849
1. Best Friends....................................................................................2849
2. Playing With Beth...........................................................................2851
3. Horny For Beth's Brother................................................................2859

2007....2876
(Mar 18) Chapter 133: Party at My Cousin's Dorm....2876
1. Cousins....2876
2. Thoughts of My Dad....2880
3. Sunday Morning With Kristen....2883
4. Kristen's "Game"....2893
5. Neil is First....2900
6. Contestant Number 2, Come on Down!....2907
7. Kristen Cleans Me Off....2916
(Mar 21) Chapter 134: Youth Pastor, My Revenge....2919
1. Why I Hated My Youth Pastor....2919
2. Revenge Feels Good!....2921
3. Revenge is Sweet....2932
4. Back Home Again....2933
(May 19) Chapter 135: Graduation....2935
1. Pre-Graduation Gift From My Dad....2935
2. Cousin Rick Fucks Me Before the Party....2942
3. Uncle Jim Gets His....2949
4. Dad Gives Me a Car... and More....2953
(May 21) Chapter 136: Mom's Gift to Her Best Friend....2959
1. My Mom and Tammy....2959
2. Daddy Does Me in the Morning....2961
3. Tammy Meets My Cousin Rick....2965
4. My Dad Finally Fucks Tammy....2974
(May 26) Chapter 137: Closing the Deal....2982
1. Aunt Linda the Realtor....2982
2. Fun With Kristen....2984
3. More Fun With Aunt Linda and Kristen....2990
4. Making Up to Daddy....2997
5. Helping Out My Aunt....3003
(Jun 02) Chapter 138: Nephew's Birthday Present....3025
1. My Mom and Cousin Rick....3025
2. Kristen Gets Horny About Rick....3026
3. My Present to My Mom....3033
4. My Mom and Rick in a Mall Restroom....3038

5. Phone Sex With My Mom....3041
6. Mom and Rick Get WAY Too Public....3045
(Jun 10) Chapter 139: My Dad and Cousin Tammy....3050
1. Tuesday Dinner – Talking About Tammy....3050
2. Tuesday Evening – Me and Dad in the Hot Tub....3053
3. Wednesday Morning – Convincing Mom....3058
4. Sunday at Church – Planning With Rick (and He Fucks Me)....3061
5. Saturday Morning – My Dad Wakes Me and Fucks Me....3068
6. Saturday Morning – Masturbating After My Dad Fucks Me....3071
7. Saturday Afternoon – My Dad Finally Gets Tammy....3074
(Jun 17) Chapter 140: Father's Day Quickie....3090
1. A Day on the Lake....3090
2. Watching Porn With Kristen....3093
3. Getting the Morning Off to a Good Start....3095
4. Heading to My Uncle Jim's House....3106
5. Dad Does Me in the Kitchen....3109
6. The End of Father's Day....3114
(Jun 21) Chapter 141: Vacation Bible School Mom....3116
1. VBS and Me....3116
2. Jill Confides in Me....3118
3. Helping Jill to Feel Better....3121
4. Jill Has Second Thoughts....3128
(Jun 24) Chapter 142: Casino Trip....3131
1. Nancy Shares a Secret....3131
2. Dad Demands a Quickie....3136
3. Getting Started With A BJ For Joe....3138
4. Getting Started in the Hotel Room....3147
5. He's Only Engaged, Not Married....3155
6. Joe Does the Future Bride....3157
(Jul 01) Chapter 143: Cousin's Boy Toys....3161
1. Kristen vs. Kelly....3161
2. Watching Tributes With Kristen....3165
3. Just Fooling Around the House....3168
4. Fun With the Brothers....3176
(Jul 08) Chapter 144: Truth or Dare....3194

1. Best Friends....3194
2. The Game Begins....3198
3. The Games Gets Naughty....3206
4. Enough of the Games....3208

(Jul 13) Chapter 145: High School Regrets....3212
1. High School Class Slut....3212
2. Nancy Puts Her Plan Into Action....3214

(Jul 18) Chapter 146: Dad's Office....3231
1. Keeping Up With Our Morning Ritual....3231
2. Masturbation With a View....3236
3. My Dad Takes Over - Or So I Thought....3241

(Jul 31) Chapter 147: Tutoring Mom....3250
1. Summer Tutoring....3250
2. Skinny-dipping With Nathan's Mom....3252
3. Comparing Pussies....3255
4. Playing With Julie....3257

(Aug 04) Chapter 148: Amateur Night....3267
1. Dressing For the Party....3267
2. Flirting at the Party....3271
3. Steven Fingers Me in Public....3278
4. Paying Steven Back....3280
5. Taking Care of My Own Needs....3285

(Aug 13) Chapter 149: Cousin Tammy and Friend....3289
1. A Diverse Family....3289
2. Naughty Thoughts About Boys....3291
3. Planning With Tammy....3293
4. Matt Fucks Tammy....3298
5. My Turn With Matt....3301
6. All Three of Us....3308

(Aug 19) Chapter 150: Private Bachelor Party....3313
1. Dad Gets Horny and Needs Me....3313
2. My Dad Asks a Favor....3320
3. Stripping....3323
4. Getting Claire's Attention....3327
5. How Far Will They Go?....3331

6. Claire Finally Reacts....3335
(Aug 22) Chapter 151: Wednesday Night Church Dad....3338
1. The Perfect Bait....3338
2. Setting the Hook....3340
3. Reeling Him In....3344
(Aug 31) Chapter 152: Dating My Dad....3353
1. Why I Love Incest....3353
2. An Idea is Formed....3356
3. Dad Makes a Bet at the Restaurant....3359
4. Dad Does me In the Parking Garage....3369
5. Mom and I Put on a Show For My Dad....3375
6. Dad Can't Hold Back....3381
(Sep 02) Chapter 153: Daughter Swap Rerun....3383
1. Why I Helped My Dad Fuck My Cousin....3383
2. Getting Started at the Lake....3386
3. The Dads Do Their Own Daughter First....3391
4. Swapping Daughters....3397
(Dec 08) Chapter 154: A Night Out With My Cousin....3402
1. How I Came to Live With My Cousin....3402
2. Kristen Sets Me Up....3404
3. Horny Before the Party....3405
4. Getting Ready at the Hotel....3410
5. Showing Off the Merchandise....3415
6. Gangbanged....3421
7. Losing Control....3425
8. End Game....3428
(Dec 15) Chapter 155: Dad's Office Christmas Party....3431
1. Getting the Party Started....3431
2. Meeting Agas....3433
3. Agas Fucks Me in My Dad's Office....3437
(Dec 31) Chapter 156: New Year's Party....3445
1. Making Plans....3445
2. Getting Started With Kristen....3448
3. Beth and Carrie Join In....3450
4. A Masturbation Challenge....3457

5. Fun With Toys....3462
2008....3469
(Jan 01) Chapter 157: New Year's Resolutions....3469
#1 Do all things to bring honor to God....3469
#2 Honor my parents....3469
#3 Accept myself for who I am....3470
#4 Do not pester my cousin Kristen regarding her career choices....3471
#5 Do not have sex with anyone I don't want to....3472
#6 Do not gain any more weight....3472
#7 Travel....3472
(Feb 17) Chapter 158: Anything For My Daddy....3473
1. My Father's Sacrifice For Me....3473
2. My Mom and Kristen Gang Up On Me....3477
3. Kristen "Inspires" Me....3481
4. Flirting With My Uncle Jim....3485
5. Fathers and Daughters Again....3490
6. The Ultimate Sacrifice For My Dad....3495
(Feb 29) Chapter 159: Makeup Sex With Daddy....3501
1. Anything For My Dad....3501
2. Showering With My Dad....3504
3. My Dad Takes Me to the Mall....3509
4. Shocking the Store Clerk....3515
(Mar 01) Chapter 160: Birthday Present From My Friends....3521
1. Masturbating While Thinking About Steve....3521
2. My Family Throws Me a Birthday Party....3527
3. My Cousin and BFF Give Me Their "Present"....3534
4. Who the Hell Fucked Me?....3538
(Mar 22) Chapter 161: Beth's Stage Party....3545
1. My Fantasies....3545
2. Takes Me to Church....3548
3. First BJ On Stage....3551
4. First Girl on Stage....3556
5. Finally Fucked On Stage....3561
6. Open Season On Kelly....3566
(Apr 12) Chapter 162: Homecoming....3569

  1. On My Own......3569
  2. Saying Goodbye to My Apartment......3571
  3. Back Home In Front of My Mom......3576
(Jun 03) Chapter 163: Brenda's Wedding......3583
  1. June 3, Back With Brenda......3583
  2. June 4, Snorkeling in the Keys......3597
  3. June 5, Bachelorette Party......3610
  4. June 6, Wedding Rehearsal......3634
  5. June 7, The Wedding......3653
  6. June 8, The Best Man......3671
(Jun 24) Chapter 164: On the Boat......3688
  1. A Klutz That Can Ski......3688
  2. Meeting Duane......3689
  3. Morning Sex With My Dad......3694
  4. Road Trip to the Lake - Sharing Duane With Kristen......3698
  5. Out on the Water......3702
  6. Duane Fucks Me on the Boat......3705
  7. A Friendly Competition......3707
  8. I Claim My Prize......3712
(Jul 04) Chapter 165: Family Anniversary......3718
  1. My Aunt Linda and Cousin Kristen......3718
  2. Kristen Gets Things Started......3722
  3. My Dad Joins In......3724
  4. Our Moms Play Together......3727
  5. My Dad Fucks Us All......3731
(Jul 19) Chapter 166: Sleepover with Tammy......3740
  1. Life With Tammy......3740
  2. Picking Up Tammy......3745
  3. Getting Started in the Hot Tub......3749
  4. My Dad Gets Home......3755
  5. Overnight......3757
(Aug 24) Chapter 167: Jewelry Store Girl......3760
  1. Cindy the Store Clerk......3760
  2. Exploring Cindy......3769
(Aug 27) Chapter 168: Muse About Duane 1......3779

(Sep 27) Chapter 169: Muse About Duane 2, Fan Feedback....3787
(Aug 31) Chapter 170: Aunt and Cousin Do Duane....3839
  1. My Dilemma....3839
  2. Duane Fucks Kristen at Church....3846
  3. More Fucking on Kristen's Bed....3856
  4. Aunt Linda Joins In....3858
  5. A Final Note From Kelly....3867
(Sep 11) Chapter 171: Resolving Duane....3868
(Sep 12) Chapter 172: Surprise Office Visit....3872
  1. Feeling Guilty....3872
  2. Advice From Mom....3875
  3. Surprising My Dad....3878
(Nov 01) Chapter 173: Passion Party....3890
  1. Working Girl....3890
  2. Morning Masturbation Time....3894
  3. Modeling at the Party....3900
(Nov 09) Chapter 174: Desperate Housewife....3913
  1. A Strange Proposal....3913
  2. Meeting the Family....3922
  3. Getting Things Started....3926
  4. Getting Down to Business....3930
(Nov 14) Chapter 175: Bachelor Party....3940
  1. A Job Offer....3940
  2. Enjoying Myself While Making Preparations....3942
  3. Shopping For Lingerie....3948
  4. Arriving At the Party....3954
  5. The Party Gets Started....3956
  6. Getting More Personal....3965
  7. Raising the Stakes....3971
2009....3978
(Jan 01) Chapter 176: New Year's Eve....3978
  1. A Little History About Kristen....3978
  2. Kristen's Invitation....3980
  3. What to Wear?....3982
  4. Starting Out at Kristen's Place....3984

5. The Limo Ride....3993
6. The Party....4009
7. The Ride Home....4029
(Jan 10) Chapter 177: Cockteaser....4033
1. Confessions....4033
2. My Best Friend Beth....4038
3. Beth's Brother Tony....4043
4. Making Up With Beth....4046
5. Doing Tony in His Sleep....4050
6. The Next Morning....4060
7. Tony's Girlfriend Heidi....4062
(Jan 31) Chapter 178: K9 Again....4069
1. Memories....4069
2. Feeling Horny....4071
3. The Party Starts....4076
4. Doing It for the Last Time (Again)....4081
(Feb 14) Chapter 179: Memories of My Mom....4090
1. Why I'm Writing This....4090
2. My Mom's Early Years....4092
3. Mom & Her Sister Have Sex With Their Dad For The First Time....4093
4. Mom Dates My Dad....4097
5. Mom's Sister Linda....4098
6. Mom and Dad Get Married....4100
7. Mom's "Family" Relationships....4101
8. Mom's Protects Me As I Grow Up....4102
9. My Mom's Guidance and Support....4103
10. Sex With My Mom and Dad....4104
11. Sex With My Mom....4106
12. Why I Miss My Mom....4107
(Feb 21) Chapter 180: An Evening With My Dad....4108
1. The True Meaning of Father-Daughter Incest....4108
2. Dad's Reaction to My Mom's Death....4110
3. Aunt Linda's Suggestion....4112
4. Getting Myself Ready....4115
5. Pleasing My Father....4123

(Feb 27) Chapter 181: Blindfold Games....4141
1. The Girls....4141
2. Getting Ready....4145
3. The Restaurant....4151
4. Playing Games at Gary's Place....4162
(Mar 20) Chapter 182: Mentoring....4180
1. The Party....4180
2. Getting to Know Kate....4183
3. Our First Date....4189
4. Kate's First Masturbation Lesson....4199
5. Modeling Together....4209
6. Kate Finally Cheats....4226
(Apr 11) Chapter 183: I Was His Daughter....4258
1. Why I Model....4258
2. Jack Contacts Me....4260
3. Dinner With Jack....4262
4. Fulfilling Jack's Fantasy....4269
(Apr 25) Chapter 184: My Dad and Cousin Tammy....4285
1. Leading up to Easter....4285
2. Meeting My Dad Before Church....4290
3. Easter Church Service....4299
4. Brunch....4303
5. My Dad and Tammy....4312
(May 02) Chapter 185: Surprising Uncle....4328
1. Family Background....4328
2. Saturday Morning With Kristen....4331
3. Washing My Car....4337
4. Uncle Paul and My Mom....4339
5. Uncle Paul Fulfills His Fantasy....4346
(May 24) Chapter 186: Memorable Memorial Day....4358
1. Comparing Grandparents....4358
2. Traveling to Illinois....4361
3. Awkward Homecoming....4370
4. Enjoying the Weather....4373
5. Going to Church as a Family....4387

6. The Long Ride Home....................4394
(May 26) Chapter 187: School Administrator....................4396
1. Hopes Realized and Crushed....................4396
2. The First Interview....................4400
3. The Second Interview....................4401
4. Preparing For My Final "Interview"....................4407
5. How Bad Did I Want the Job?....................4413
(Jun 26) Chapter 188: Unconventional Convention....................4430
1. An Invitation I Couldn't Refuse....................4430
2. Bored at the Airport....................4437
3. Serving at the Opening Service....................4444
4. Grab-and-Go Lunch....................4451
5. Debate in the Exhibit Hall....................4462
6. Riding the Bus....................4464
7. Day's End....................4468
(Jun 27) Chapter 189: Fun at an RV Park....................4469
1. Blackmailed....................4469
2. Morning Cleanup....................4471
3. The Lake....................4476
4. The Family That RVs together... Plays Together....................4496
(Jun 28) Chapter 190: Disneyland Fun....................4511
1. Last Day in California....................4511
2. Pirates and Bears....................4521
3. The Parking Lot....................4522
(Jul 11) Chapter 191: Tammy Visits....................4530
1. Tammy and My Mom....................4530
2. An Awkward Welcome....................4534
3. Should I Interrupt?....................4537
4. Breaking Tradition?....................4548
Epilogue....................4562
(Jul 21) Chapter 192: A Night to Unwind....................4563
1. All Wound Up....................4563
2. Initiation Ceremony....................4569
3. Party Time....................4575
4. Back at My Apartment....................4590

(Jul 24) Chapter 193: Uncle Paul Gets More....................................................4592
1. A Matter of Control..............................................................................4592
2. Masturbating in Traffic........................................................................4596
3. Teasing Uncle Paul...............................................................................4600
4. Fucking Uncle Paul...............................................................................4606
Postlude....................................................................................................4613
(Aug 01) Chapter 194: An Evening With My Dad.............................................4614
1. Been So Long........................................................................................4614
2. Out on the Deck....................................................................................4620
3. Watching TV..........................................................................................4629
4. Satisfying My Dad.................................................................................4635
5. The Morning After................................................................................4641
Postscript.................................................................................................4643
(Aug 08) Chapter 195: State Park Tent Sex......................................................4644
1. Boating History.....................................................................................4644
2. On the Road With Cousin Kristen.........................................................4646
3. Flirting on the Trail...............................................................................4654
4. Sex at the Campground.........................................................................4662
5. The Morning After................................................................................4684
(Sep 11) Chapter 196: Compromises................................................................4687
1. Cinderella..............................................................................................4687
2. The Carriage Becomes a Pumpkin.........................................................4691
3. After-School Performance Review.........................................................4693
4. The Drive Home.....................................................................................4705
(Sep 13) Chapter 197: Compromises Followup...............................................4709
1. How I Got Here......................................................................................4709
2. Options..................................................................................................4712
3. What I Did.............................................................................................4715
(Sep 19) Chapter 198: Old Habits Die Hard......................................................4718
1. Escorting Pros and Cons.......................................................................4718
2. Kristen Gets Horny...............................................................................4721
3. Kristen Offers an Idea...........................................................................4731
4. Getting Things Started With Lisa..........................................................4739
5. Bedroom Antics.....................................................................................4749
6. Back Downstairs With Kristen...............................................................4760

(Oct 09) Chapter 199: Ghost From the Past....................................................4762
1. My Past With Randy..........................................................................4762
2. A Church Encounter..........................................................................4765
3. Imagination Running Wild..................................................................4766
4. Driving Home on Friday After School...................................................4770
5. Preparing for My Date With Randy.......................................................4773
6. Dinner With Randy.............................................................................4779
7. Movie and a BJ...................................................................................4783
8. Randy Finally Fucks Me.......................................................................4789
(Nov 10) Chapter 200: Dad Turns 45...........................................................4793
1. My Feelings for My Dad.......................................................................4793
2. Planning and Plotting..........................................................................4796
3. A Special Wakeup Call.........................................................................4806
4. A Surprise Office Visit..........................................................................4811
5. My Cousin Kristen Joins In...................................................................4823
6. My Aunt Linda Makes It a Threesome...................................................4827
7. My Father, My Lover............................................................................4834
(Nov 21) Chapter 201: My Boyfriend's Sister...............................................4841
1. Past Experience With Randy & Cindy.....................................................4841
2. Randy Surprises Me.............................................................................4845
3. The Drive to Randy's Home..................................................................4857
4. Getting Started at Randy's House.........................................................4861
5. My First Time Watching a Brother and Sister.........................................4864
6. Showing My Gratitude.........................................................................4872
(Nov 26) Chapter 202: Thanksgiving Brothers...............................................4880
1. My Dad and His Brothers......................................................................4880
2. Preparing for Guests............................................................................4883
3. Teasing and Flirting.............................................................................4893
4. Thoughts of Revenge...........................................................................4898
5. Uncle Paul Goes First..........................................................................4900
6. Uncle Jim Gets His Turn.......................................................................4904
7. Alone at Last With My Dad...................................................................4908
(Dec 16) Chapter 203: Church Dad..............................................................4913
1. Sex and Married Men...........................................................................4913
2. Renewed Determination.......................................................................4915

- 3. Finding the Right Man....4918
- 4. Flirting....4922
- 5. Pushing Him Over the Edge....4927
- 6. Dan Fucks Me in Church....4930

(Dec 23) Chapter 204: Aunt Linda Returns Home....4938
- 1. Cousins and Aunts....4938
- 2. Mixed Feelings....4942
- 3. Seeking Aunt Linda's Help....4947
- 4. Aunt Linda Takes Charge....4949
- 5. Aunt Linda Turns the Tables....4951
- 6. Aunt Linda Indulges Herself....4955
- 7. Apologies....4959

2010....4961

(Jan 22) Chapter 205: Revealed For the First Time....4961
- 1. Rules....4961
- 2. Randy & His Sister....4964
- 3. Revealing the Truth....4965
- 4. Convincing My Dad....4971
- 5. Getting Ready....4974
- 6. The First Time....4977

(Feb 14) Chapter 206: Revelations....4989
- 1. A Confession to My Readers....4989
- 2. Clueless....4992
- 3. Stunned....4998
- 4. Going Forward....5008
- 5. Unanswered Questions....5010

(Mar 05) Chapter 207: Responses to Revelations....5012

(Mar 13) Chapter 208: Reconciliation....5047
- 1. Post-Revelation Debate....5047
- 2. In a Quandary....5051
- 3. Reconciling With My Dad....5055
- 4. Going Forward....5070

(Mar 20) Chapter 209: Beth Takes Me Out....5072
- 1. Best Friends Forever....5072
- 2. Beth Convinces Me....5076

3. Getting Ready....5084
4. Almost Losing My Bra....5087
5. Upping the Ante....5091
6. Driving to the Hotel....5094
7. Teasing the Boys....5103
8. Everyone Finally Gets What They Want....5106
9. Back Home Again....5114
(Mar 26) Chapter 210: Randy Gets Greedy....5116
1. Dating Randy....5116
2. Trying to Understand Men's Needs....5117
3. Randy Lusts For My Aunt Linda....5120
4. Getting Kristen Interested....5124
5. Prepping Randy....5127
6. Randy Finally Gets What He Wants....5134
7. Randy Gets More Than He Asked For....5142
(Apr 04) Chapter 211: Easter Uncle....5148
1. Family Relationships....5148
2. Teasing the Uncles....5152
3. Horny Cousins....5158
4. Uncle Paul....5162
5. The Ride Home....5167
(May 15) Chapter 212: Sins of the Father....5169
1. My Father's Needs....5169
2. Making the Arrangements....5174
3. A Close Encounter of the Strange Kind....5181
4. After the Adults, the Kids Play....5196
5. The Aftermath....5199
(Jun 04) Chapter 213: First Date Revisited....5202
1. My First Boyfriend....5202
2. Memorial Day Surprise....5205
3. Fathers Trump Boyfriends....5213
4. Preparing for My "First" Date....5218
5. First Date Relived - 11 years Later....5222
6. Reminiscing....5234
7. Going Forward?....5237

(Jun 19) Chapter 214: Wedding Road Trip....5238
  1. Weddings....5238
  2. The LONG Trip to Arkansas....5241
  3. The Wedding Day....5258
  4. The Boat....5279
  5. Tubing....5288
(Jul 04) Chapter 215: A Family Reunited....5301
  1. My Parents' Marital Problems....5301
  2. Carrying on the Tradition....5307
  3. An Unexpected Visitor....5320
  4. Now What?....5330
(Aug 03) Chapter 216: A Visit With My Mom....5336
  1. The Pain of Divorce....5336
  2. I Finally Visit My Mom....5339
  3. A Night on the Town With My Mom....5342
  4. A Last Night With My Mom....5351
(Aug 21) Chapter 217: My First Family Sex Party....5353
  1. My "Firm" Principles Become Less Concrete....5353
  2. The Importance of Pleasing My Father....5357
  3. My Aunt Linda Gives My Dad What He Wants....5359
  4. The Party....5366
  5. The Aftermath....5384
(Aug 28) Chapter 218: Father-Daughter Party....5386
  1. Never Say Never....5386
  2. Making a Deal With My Father....5387
  3. Getting Started....5396
  4. The Party Gets in Gear....5401
  5. Final Thoughts....5407
(Nov 26) Chapter 219: Prelude to a Proposal....5409
  1. Family Traditions....5409
  2. Road Trip....5413
  3. Blackmailing Cousin....5427
  4. Steve Learns the Truth....5433
(Nov 28) Chapter 220: The Announcement....5443
  1. The Luckiest Girl in the World....5443

2. Telling My Dad....5445
3. Steve's Mom gets the News....5448
4. Final Thoughts....5450
(Dec 25) Chapter 221: Family Christmas....5451
1. Christmas Traditions Old and New....5451
2. Getting Ready for Christmas....5454
3. Christmas Eve....5456
4. Christmas Morning....5457
5. Christmas With Steve's Mom....5459
6. Christmas Afterglow....5465
2011....5466
(Jan 01) Chapter 222: New Year's Eve....5466
1. Making Plans....5466
2. Party #1 – Just a BJ or Two... or More....5469
3. Party #2 – Swapping With Beth....5472
4. Midnight Finale....5478
(Mar 03) Chapter 223: My Mom Meets My Fiancé....5479
1. A Mother's Dreams....5479
2. My Mom Meets Steve....5484
3. Kristen and Me Together....5487
4. The Morning After....5493
(Mar 26) Chapter 224: Steve Has Me Take Care of His Friends....5497
1. Changing Attitudes....5497
2. Masturbating on a Friday Night....5500
3. My fiancé's Friends Arrive....5503
4. Teaching Steve a Lesson... or Not?....5508
5. So Now What?....5510
(Apr 09) Chapter 225: Steve and I Swap With Bill and Maria....5511
1. Swapping and Marriage....5511
2. Meeting Bill and Maria....5514
3. Going to the Restaurant....5517
4. Fun in the Restroom....5520
5. After Dinner....5527
(Apr 24) Chapter 226: Easter Uncles....5529
1. Sunday Morning Tradition....5529

  2. Picking Up Steve....5534
  3. Nieces and Uncles....5546
  4. Uncle Jim Fixes Steve's Truck....5549
  5. Uncle Paul Gets His Turn....5558
(Jun 03) Chapter 227: Unexpected Incest....5566
  1. Behind Closed Doors....5566
  2. School Girls....5568
  3. Suspicions....5572
  4. Options?....5578
  5. Two Sides to Every Story....5581
  6. Getting Advice From My fiancé – and More....5588
  7. Doing Some More Investigating....5595
(Jun 04) Chapter 228: Weekend Swap....5615
  1. Swapping vs. Adultery....5615
  2. Our Swapping Group....5618
  3. Saturday With Rob and Eileen....5620
  4. The Next Morning....5635
(Jun 11) Chapter 229: My Fiancé Dreams of My Cousin Tammy....5637
  1. Dealing with an Engagement and Incest....5637
  2. The Favorite Niece....5641
  3. Tammy Teases My Fiancé....5643
  4. Steve's Dream Realized....5652
(Jul 03) Chapter 230: Family Boating Day With a Twist....5656
  1. Guilty or Not?....5656
  2. The Drive Down....5659
  3. Topless Waterskiing....5669
  4. Beach Fuck With My Fiancé....5674
  5. Couples Only Boat Ride....5680
  6. Beach Fucked by Wayne....5682
  7. Finally Fucked by the Youngest Dick....5685
  8. The Kids Have Fun....5689
  9. Teasing My Cousin....5691
(Jul 04) Chapter 231: Maintaining Family Traditions....5692
  1. Starting a New Tradition....5692
  2. Steve Gets an Introduction....5694

3. Putting on a Show for the Guys....5695
4. Finally All Together....5702
5. Keeping the Ultimate Tradition With My Dad....5713
(Jul 10) Chapter 232: Swapping Party....5717
1. Marital Give and Take....5717
2. Introductions....5722
3. Round One....5731
4. Two for One's....5736
5. Anything Goes Gangbang....5741
6. Back Home Again....5745
(Jul 20) Chapter 233: My Wedding Shower....5746
1. Plausible Deniability....5746
2. Road Trip....5749
3. The Bridal Shower....5755
4. Flirting With the Neighbor....5763
5. My Grandmother Reminisces....5771
6. Behind in the Count....5778
7. Never Say Never....5785
(Aug 20) Chapter 234: Bachelorette Party....5796
1. An Interesting Dilemma....5796
2. Back on the Swing Set....5798
3. Grocery Store Fun....5807
4. The Mall Restroom Revisited....5812
5. Office Sex....5817
6. New Casino, Old Sex....5829
7. The Surprise Finale....5842
(Aug 26) Chapter 235: My Wedding Rehearsal and Dinner....5851
1. Traditions Old and New....5851
2. Steve's Family Arrives....5853
3. Surprising Uncle....5856
4. Kristi Takes Advantage....5863
5. The Dinner....5867
(Aug 27) Chapter 236: Wedding Bells....5873
1. Wedding Dreams....5873
2. Getting Ready....5878

3. One Last Time With My Dad....................5881
4. The Ceremony....................5887
5. Consummating the Marriage....................5889
6. Filling in the Gaps....................5896
(Aug 30) Chapter 237: Our Honeymoon....................5898
1. Day 1 – Wakeup Call....................5898
2. Day 1 – Mile High....................5904
3. Day 1 – Beach Sex....................5910
4. Day 2 – Visiting the Ruins....................5917
5. Day 3 – Snorkeling the Wreck....................5931
6. Day 4 – Extreme Zip-Lining....................5952
7. Did I Mention I'm in Love?....................5967
(Sep 23) Chapter 238: Our First Married Swap....................5969
1. Adultery or Not?....................5969
2. Getting in Touch....................5973
3. Dinner With Leon and Tamara....................5981
4. Getting Things Started....................5996
5. A Strange Bed....................6011
6. Settling Accounts....................6015
(Oct 01) Chapter 239: Indulging My Husband....................6020
1. Husband vs. Father....................6020
2. How Does This Happen?....................6028
3. Setting the Stage....................6036
4. Steve's Wish Comes True....................6047
(Nov 10) Chapter 240: A Birthday Surprise For My Dad....................6059
1. For the Man Who Has Everything....................6059
2. Sisters to the Rescue....................6064
3. Tammy Arrives....................6071
4. My Husband Does Tammy....................6081
5. A Surprise Show For My Dad....................6095
6. My Dad Finally Gets His "Present"....................6102
2012....................6107
(Feb 03) Chapter 241: Flirty Mother-In-Law....................6107
1. Past or Present?....................6107
2. Back With Steve Again....................6113

3. Just Flirting?....6117
4. Just Fuck Me....6127
5. What Next?....6128
(Feb 19) Chapter 242: Samantha Is Every Man's Dream Girl....6130
1. Marriage Means Compromise....6130
2. Preparations....6133
3. Introductions....6136
4. Steve's Dream Comes True....6140
5. Tough Act to Follow....6148
(Mar 01) Chapter 243: My 27th Birthday....6151
1. Birthdays....6151
2. An Expected Present....6152
3. An Unexpected Present....6163
4. A Happy Husband....6169
(Mar 24) Chapter 244: My BFF Is Engaged....6176
1. What Goes Around, Cums Around....6176
2. Marriage Vows and Swapping....6178
3. Beth and I Put On a Show....6180
4. Swapping Partners....6189
(Apr 12) Chapter 245: Two for the Price of One....6200
1. Games and Bets....6200
2. Ethics & Principles....6203
3. Setting the Stage....6205
4. Steve Makes Arrangements For His Fantasy....6209
5. Getting Started in the Jacuzzi....6219
6. Back In the Room....6223
7. Unexpected Pairing....6233
(May 19) Chapter 246: Crossing the Line, Committing Adultery....6238
1. Words With Different Meanings....6238
2. The Seven Month Itch....6240
3. Motivation....6244
4. Finding the One....6248
5. Making a Connection....6257
6. Crossing the Line....6270
7. Tables Turned....6275

(Jun 28) Chapter 247: Tutoring Her Dad........6279
- 1. Ethical and Moral Standards........6279
    - 1. Anything that would go against my Christian faith........6280
    - 2. Anything that brings harm to someone be it physical OR emotional.....6280
    - 3. Anything sexual that has to do with the toilet or such body functions..6280
    - 4. Child abuse........6281
    - 5. Anything sexual with someone I am responsible for professionally such as when I babysit or teach........6281
- 2. Tutoring Bambi........6282
- 3. Teasing Bambi's Dad........6286
- 4. The Teasing Escalates........6291
- 5. Taking the Next Step With Bambi's Dad........6297
- 6. Bambi's Father Finally Fucks Me........6305
- 7. A Bridge Too Far........6311

(Jul 29) Chapter 248: My Husband Visits His Mother-in-Law........6312
- 1. Mother-in-Laws........6312
- 2. Not Wasting Time........6317
- 3. Dinner with Friends........6320
- 4. Getting Prepared........6325
- 5. Results on Taped Delay........6328

(Aug 18) Chapter 249: My Husband's Girlfriends........6335
- 1. My Ever-Changing Views About Marriage........6335
- 2. Recognizing the Needs of Men........6337
- 3. Steve's Infatuation........6341
- 4. Convincing The Dad........6344
- 5. Meeting at the Mall........6346
- 6. Apartment Complex Pool........6350
- 7. A Different Kind of Sleepover........6354

(Aug 22) Chapter 250: Eighth Grade Again........6364
- 1. Needy........6364
- 2. In-Service Week........6371
- 3. First Week of School........6374
- 4. Parents........6376
- 5. Only Human........6378
- 6. Looking Forward........6381

(Aug 25) Chapter 251: Cousin Surprise....6382
1. Cousins....6382
2. Doing Myself....6386
3. Kristen's Surprise....6391
4. Kristen's REAL Surprise....6401
5. Postlude....6402
(Sep 26) Chapter 252: Karma Strikes....6403
1. Never Say Never....6403
2. Karma Knocks....6404
3. My Aunt Deals With It....6410
4. Driving Over....6413
5. Sacrificing to the Karma Gods....6419
6. Postlude....6439
(Nov 25) Chapter 253: Thanksgiving With My Grandmother....6440
1. Family Changes....6440
2. Wednesday - Sleeping Arrangements....6443
3. Thursday - Swapping Husbands....6445
4. Kristen and Me With My Dad....6455
5. Fantasy Fulfilled for All....6468
6. Breakfast With My Grandmother....6471
7. The Trip Home....6476
(Dec 03) Chapter 254: Swapping Recap....6477
1. Changing My Views....6477
2. Leon and Tamara - First Married Swap....6481
3. Stuart and Lisa - Grandparents....6482
4. Craig and Jenny - Newlyweds....6487
5. Ken and Corianne - Marriage Counseling....6492
6. Hugh and Naomi - Foursome....6503
7. Derek and Amber - Stepfather's Lust....6506
(Dec 09) Chapter 255: Building Self-Worth....6516
1. Fragile Ego....6516
2. Ups and Downs....6520
3. Feeling Down....6525
4. Teasing....6530
5. Sex in a Hotel Room....6542

    - 6. Recharged......6556
  - (Dec 15) Chapter 256: Early Christmas Present for My Husband......6557
    - 1. All He Wants For Christmas......6557
    - 2. Making Preparations......6560
    - 3. Setting Up......6564
    - 4. Steve Plays Santa......6573
    - 5. A Young Dick For Me......6576
    - 6. Another Gift for Steve......6580
    - Postlude......6587
  - (Dec 25) Chapter 257: Spending Christmas With Family......6588
    - 1. Christmas Traditions......6588
    - 2. Christmas With HIS Family......6594
    - 3. Christmas With MY Family – Act One......6609
    - 4. Christmas With MY Family – Act Two......6612
    - 5. Christmas With MY Family – Act Three......6620
    - 6. Christmas Night With My Husband......6629
- 2013......6631
  - (Jan 18) Chapter 258: Kissing Cousins......6631
    - 1. Growing Up With Kristen......6631
    - 2. All Together......6638
    - 3. Getting Started......6639
    - 4. Shopping......6651
    - 5. Dinner......6658
  - (Mar 16) Chapter 259: Rookies......6667
    - 1. Marital Compromises......6667
    - 2. Playing by the Rules......6670
      - Level One:......6671
      - Level Two:......6671
      - Step 1 – Questionnaires For Each Person......6672
      - Step 2 – Financial/Criminal Record Review......6672
      - Step 3 – References......6672
      - Step 4 – Interview......6672
      - Step 5 – The Video......6673
      - Step 6 – Final Review......6674
      - Step 1 – Level 1 Profile Search......6675

Step 2 - The Invitation....6675
Step 3 - Level 2 Profiles....6675
Step 4 - Contact....6675
Step 5 - Meet....6676
3. The Setup....6676
4. Memories....6682
5. The Swap Video....6690
6. Dinner for Four....6699
7. Swapping....6707
(Apr 13) Chapter 260: Celebrating a Milestone....6725
1. Getting Old?....6725
2. Brainstorming With My Cousin....6727
- Mother-Daughter Threesome....6728
- Mother-in-Law....6728
- Wife Swapping....6728
- Watching Another Man Fuck His Wife....6728
- Committing Adultery....6729
- Sex With an Underage Girl....6729
- Public Sex....6729
3. An Intimate Beginning....6737
4. A Quick Visit With Steve's Mom....6747
5. My Aunt Linda Gets Things Started....6760
6. My Cousin Kristen Joins In....6767
7. My Best Friend Provides the Finale....6777
8. A Fitting Ending....6784
(May 12) Chapter 261: Mother's Day....6786
1. Dealing (or not) with Incest....6786
2. Mother's Day Also Falls on Sunday....6797
3. Pushing My Mother-in-Law....6810
4. The Truth Comes Out....6822
(May 19) Chapter 262: A Father-Daughter Day (and night)....6827
1. Duties and Responsibilities....6827
2. In-Laws....6838
3. Surprising My Dad....6840
4. Church....6852

- 5. Date Night....6858
- 6. Satisfying My Father's Needs....6874
- (Nov 21) Chapter 263: Making an Announcement....6883
  - 1. Author's Prerogatives....6883
  - 2. The Joyous News....6885
  - 3. Going Forward....6886
- (Dec 30) New Year Reflections and Resolutions....6889
  - 1. Blessed....6889
  - 2. What Didn't Make It Into My Diary in 2013....6894
    - (Jan 18) Chapter 258: Kissing Cousins....6894
    - Swapping....6896
    - Underage Sex....6897
    - Masturbation....6899
    - Incest with My Dad....6899
    - Sex With My Husband....6899
  - 3. Hopes and Dreams for 2014....6900
    - Serve as an Christian Example....6900
    - Be a Proper Wife and Daughter....6900
    - Be a Proper Mother....6900
    - Support My Husband More....6901

2014....6902

- (Apr 10) Chapter 264: Catching Up....6902
  - 1. Blessed....6902
  - 2. What Didn't Make It Into My Diary in 2013....6909
    - Swapping....6909
    - Underage Sex....6911
    - Masturbation....6914
    - Incest with My Dad....6914
    - Sex With My Husband....6915
  - 3. Hopes and Dreams for 2014....6916
    - Serve as an Christian Example....6916
    - Be a Proper Wife and Daughter....6916
    - Be a Proper Mother....6916
    - Support My Husband More....6917
  - 4. Swapping....6918

        Internet....6918
        Friends....6919
        Party Connections....6919
        Group Connections....6919
    5. The Goldilocks Swap....6920
(Apr 20) Chapter 265: Easter Dinner....6943
    1. Ghosts of Easters Past....6943
    2. Appetizers....6945
    3. Main Course....6955
    4. Dessert....6973
(May 19) A Father-Daughter Time Together....6985
    1. Duties and Responsibilities....6985
    2. Regrets....6992
    3. In-Laws....6998
    4. Getting Ready for My Dad....6999
    5. Tradition Satisfied....7004
    6. Satisfying My Father's Needs....7012
    7. Closure....7022
(Jun 27) Chapter 266: Tutoring Challenge....7025
    1. Summer Challenge....7025
    2. Ethics and Morals....7028
    3. Getting Hired....7030
    4. First Lesson....7031
    5. Second Lesson - Escalation....7039
    6. The Challenge....7046
    7. Third Lesson - Meeting My Challenge....7049
(Oct 19) Chapter 267: Familiarity Breeds Happiness....7071
    1. Being Me....7071
    2. Before Church....7075
    3. During Church....7084
    4. After Church....7086
(Nov 28) Chapter 268: Thanksgiving Surprise....7091
    1. Family Complications....7091
    2. Thanksgiving Dinner....7093
    3. The Day After....7097

(Dec 25) Chapter 269: A Christmas Trifecta....7120
1. A Common Fantasy....7120
2. Brother #1 – Santa's Treat....7123
3. Brother #2 – Putting Aside Old Issues....7139
4. Brother #3 – Just Going for It....7147
5. Thanksgiving All Over Again?....7153
2015....7156
(Mar 07) Chapter 270: I Love My Husband....7156
1. I'm Not My Mother....7156
2. Steve's Favorite Things....7160
3. A Proposal....7165
4. Working Out the Details....7173
5. The Babysitter....7177
(Jun 21) Chapter 271: The Best Father’s Day....7188
1. My Dream for My Daughters....7188
2. The Weirdest Relationship....7189
3. Making Preparations....7193
4. Getting Started....7199
5. Being Watched....7209
6. Their Turn....7216
7. Back Home With Our Girls....7218
(Jun 27) Chapter 272: The Babysitter....7221
1. Babysitting....7221
2. The Group....7223
3. Meeting Amber for the First Time....7228
4. The Perfect Sitter....7237
5. Amber Spends the Night....7240
(Jul 11) Chapter 273: A Date to Remember....7249
1. Saying My Goodbyes....7249
2. Dinner for Two....7254
3. Spending the Night....7262
(Aug 29) Chapter 274: Ashley Madison 1....7275
1. Cheating Husbands....7275
2. A Worried Housewife....7278
3. High School Memories....7282

    4. Never Too Late For a First Time....7295
    5. Ashley and I Do It....7302
  (Sep 13) Chapter 275: Ashley Madison 2....7309
    1. First Times....7309
    2. Making Arrangements....7310
    3. Getting Ready....7313
    4. Can She Do It?....7322
  (Oct 08) Chapter 276: Ashley Madison 3 (written by a fan)....7342
  (Oct 11) Chapter 277: Another Notch in My Belt....7345
    1. The Thrill....7345
    2. The Hunt....7347
    3. The Seduction....7353
    4. Another Notch In My Belt....7360
  (Oct 17) Chapter 278: Katlyn... Finally!....7375
    1. Girl With a Following....7375
    2. The Problem....7378
    3. Steve's Dream Comes True....7389
    4. My Father Satisfies His Cravings....7397
  (Oct 25) Chapter 279: Taking My Niece to Church....7404
    1. Never Say Never....7404
    2. Saturday Night Sleepover....7413
    3. Updating Our Sunday Morning Tradition....7426
    4. Church....7439
2016....7444
  (Jan 08) Chapter 280: See No Evil....7444
    1. Male Fantasies....7444
    2. Setting the Stage....7446
    3. Fulfilling the Fantasy....7450
    4. A Reader's Response....7460
  (Jan 31) Chapter 281: Family Day....7462
    1. Never Say Never....7462
    2. Party Life....7465
    3. I Love Being Married....7467
    4. Sunday Finally Cums....7472
    5. After Church Surprise....7479

6. An Eye-Opening Experience....7480
(Feb 14) Chapter 282: Valentine's Day Reunion....7496
1. Oh to Be Young and Single Again....7496
2. BFFs Unite....7500
3. Kicking Things Off....7503
4. Back in the Swing of Things....7511
5. The Aftermath....7513
6. Final Thoughts....7518
(Jun 12) Chapter 283: My Dad's Dream Comes True... Again....7520
1. Family Relationships....7520
2. My Annual Dilemma....7523
3. Making Plans....7525
4. Getting Katlyn on Board....7527
5. Father's Day Morning....7531
6. Lake Swap....7536
7. My Father's Gratitude Expressed....7549
(Jul 17) Chapter 284: The Love Boat Cruise....7553
1. Swapping Fun....7553
2. The Invitation....7556
3. The Flight....7559
4. Vancouver Surprise....7567
5. Cruise Highlights....7573
Not-So-Private Balconies....7573
Movie Night....7579
Formal Night....7587
6. Back Home....7601
(Jul 22) Kelly's Diary is Back....7605
(Aug 13) Chapter 285: The Seduction of Keith....7609
1. LBK (Life Before Kelly)....7609
2. Innocent Church Girl or Slut?....7611
3. Old Enough to Know Better....7615
4. Kelly Weaves Her Web....7617
5. Crossing the Line....7623
6. Dream Come True or Nightmare?....7626
(Sep 24) Chapter 286: Shopping With Aunt Linda....7650

1. Part of the Family....7650
2. An Invitation....7658
3. Out With My Aunt....7661
4. Showing My Age?....7674

(Nov 06) Chapter 287: BFFs Share Everything....7676
1. Sharing With Beth....7676
2. Surprise Announcement....7680
3. Beth Explains....7685
4. Taking It to a New Level....7697
5. The Aftermath....7712

(Dec 03) Chapter 288: Diversity....7713
1. Setting Things Straight....7713
2. Erotic or Racist?....7714
3. Interview Preparations....7716
4. The Final Interview....7728
5. A Surprising Announcement....7742
6. Fantasies Fulfilled....7751

(Dec 10) Chapter 289: Flying Solo....7764
1. Making Love vs. Fucking....7764
2. Developing the Need....7768
3. Teasing....7772
4. Culmination....7779

2017....7790

(Feb 18) Chapter 290: Reunited, Literally....7790
1. Fond Memories....7790
2. Surprising Call....7792
3. The People of Walmart....7796

(Apr 16) Chapter 291: Easter revelations....7807
1. Easters Past....7807
2. The Gang's All Here....7809
3. Cousin Confrontation....7811
4. If You Can't Beat Them....7819

(Jul 10) Chapter 292: Anniversary Present....7832
1. Love Being Married....7832
2. Persuading My Dad....7837

3. Resort Introduction 7844
4. Beach Massage 7847
(Sep 26) Chapter 293: A Grand Father-Daughter Experience 7857
1. Preparations 7857
2. Arrival 7862
3. Day One Orientation 7866
4. Little Colorado River 7876
5. Elves Chasm 7882
6. Deer Creek Falls 7888
7. Last Day 7898
2018 7910
(May 12) Chapter 294: Family Photoshoot 7910
1. Posing 7910
2. Establishing the Ground Rules 7919
3. Posing for Our Annual Photos 7926
4. Taking Care of My Husband 7931
5. Starting a New Tradition 7935
Supplementary Material 7943
(Appendix A) Chapter 295: Kelly's Family Tree 7943
1. Father Side 7943
2. Mother Side 7945
3. Husband Side 7945
(Appendix B) Frequently Asked 7946
(B.1) FAQ - Babysitting 7946
(B.2) FAQ - Escorting 7951
1. Definitions 7951
2. Questions and Answers 7952
(B.3 / Chapter 296) FAQ - Kelly 7957
1. About My Diary and Being On-Line 7957
Chapter 2 - Sex in General 7964
3. Incest 7980
4. Underage Sex 7997
5. Home, School and Church 8000
6. Personal Data 8004
(B.4) FAQ - Married Guys 8007

    1. Definitions....8007
    2. Questions and Answers....8008
  (B.5) FAQ - The Group....8014
(Appendix C) Kelly Interviews Her Family....8029
  (C.1) Chapter 297: Kelly Interviews Her Mom....8029
  (C.2) Chapter 298: Kelly Interviews Her Dad....8041
  (C.3) Chapter 299: Kelly Interviews Her Cousin Kristi....8049
  (C.4) Chapter 300: Kelly Interviews Her Aunt Linda....8055
  (C.5) Chapter 301: Kelly Interviews Her Cousin Tammy....8065
  (C.6) Chapter 302: Kelly Interviews Her Mom....8075
  (C.7) Chapter 303: Kelly Interviews Her Dad....8077
  (C.8) Chapter 304: Kelly Interviews Her Cousin Kristi....8080
  (C.9) Chapter 305: Kelly Interviews Her Aunt Linda....8084
  (C.10) Chapter 306: Kelly Interviews Her Cousin Tammy....8088
  (C.11) Chapter 307: Kelly Interviews Her Dad....8090
  (C.12) Chapter 308: Kelly Interviews Her Mom....8093
  (C.13) Chapter 309: Kelly Interviews Her Husband....8100
(Appendix D) My Thoughts About....8109
  (D.1) My Thoughts About Adultery....8109
    1. References....8110
    2. My Pre-Marriage Position....8111
    3. Post-Marriage Thoughts....8113
    4. Conclusions....8115
  (D.2) My Thoughts About Incest....8116
    1. Definitions....8116
    2. General Rules for Sex....8119
    3. Some General Thoughts About Incest....8120
    4. Reasons for NOT Having Incest....8122
      Incest is Not Accepted in Our Society....8122
      Unappealing Personal Looks and Hygiene....8122
      Multiple Children at Varying Ages....8123
      Lack of a Family History With Incest....8123
      It's Illegal....8124
    5. Issues to be Addressed Before Incest....8125
      Open Attitude Towards Sex....8125

Old Enough to Consent....8125
Physical Appearance....8126
BOTH Parents Need to Be Involved....8126
Family Size....8127
6. The Benefits of Incest....8128
7. Questions and Answers About Incest....8129
(D.3) My Thoughts About Interracial Sex....8141
(D.4) My Thoughts About Masturbation....8144
1. What's the Big Deal?....8144
2. Masturbation Tells All....8146
3. How I Started Masturbating....8147
4. How My Mom Helped Me Masturbate....8148
5. Some Final Thoughts....8151
(D.5) My Thoughts About Submission....8153
1. Taking Things Out of Context....8153
2. Submission During Casual Sex....8154
3. Biblical-Based Sexual Submission....8155
4. Conclusion....8157
(D.6) My Thoughts About Underage Sex....8158
1. Disclaimer....8158
2. Definitions....8159
3. My Core Principles....8160
4. How My Views of Underage Sex Developed....8161
5. Incestual Sex....8164
6. Guidelines for Ages 1-10, "Sexual Ignorance"....8165
7. Guidelines for Ages 11-13, "Sexual Awareness"....8168
8. Guidelines for Ages 14-17, "Sexually Active"....8170
SUMMARY....8171
(Appendix E) Fucking vs. Making Love....8172
1. General Purpose Sex....8172
2. Incest....8174
3. Submission....8175
(Appendix F) My Pet Peeves....8177
1. "Erotic" Stories....8177
Horrible spelling and grammar....8177

Posting in DOC format.....8177
Young girls wanting sex with their dad.....8178
No introduction.....8178
Mechanical descriptions of sex.....8178
"Young" children with the vocabulary of an adult.....8178
Twins.....8179
Dead parents and/or relatives.....8179
Divorced parents.....8179
Underage Lolita.....8179
Sick/injured sibling.....8180
Fondling a sleeping parent or child.....8180
Women who enjoy being raped.....8180
Father who enjoy watching their daughters being raped.....8180
Interracial sex.....8181
Unnatural sex.....8181
2. Chatting.....8182
"Hi!".....8182
People who want to web cam.....8182
People who want to meet me.....8183
People pretending to be kids.....8183
People who insist I send them photos.....8183
Guys pretending to be girls.....8183
Guys sending me porn photos.....8184
Guys who don't do tributes.....8184
Guys who obsess over MY daughters.....8184
Guys who won't say anything.....8185
Chapter 3 - Life in General.....8185
Men who claim no interest in their teenage daughter.....8185
Fascination with dirty panties.....8186
Guys sending me fake photos.....8186
Guys who push me about young kids.....8187

# Chapter 0: Abbreviated Story Codes

Story-codes are a classification of the contents of a story. They're provided as a courtesy to help decide whether or not to read a particular story. They serve two different purposes - advertising and warning labels. If people are turned-off by a certain kind of story, then the story code warns them. If people are looking a certain kind of story, then the story code will attract them as well as reassure them that there are no land mines ahead.

Story codes are general in nature and are not intended to be a synopsis of the story or to convey nuances. Note that there are many more codes than listed here as I only listed the ones applicable to my web site.

As best as possible, all applicable codes are used to describe the contents of the story, regardless of the level of their inclusion. Story-codes are enclosed in parentheses after the story name. Codes are separated by spaces and no single code includes a space [e.g. (Mdom} not {M dom)]. The codes for sex and age are run together when those persons are involved with each other [(MFF) not (M F F)]. These codes are run into the following codes when they are modifiers [(Fdom) (M-solo) (f-1st)].

Story codes are given in case-sensitive form, even though there are only two situations in which there are codes where the CAPITAL and the lower case codes are both meaningful. First, readers may use case-sensitive searches. Second, using (for example) (FF ROM) might raise the possibility that it meant (ff rom) instead of (FF rom); in countries in which "possession" of pedophilic material is severely punishable, this difference matters.

Codes are listed in order per the following categories:

# 1. Participants - Sex, Age, and Number

| | |
|---|---|
| M | Adult male (18 or older) |
| m | Teenage male (13 - 17) |
| b | Preteen boy (12 or younger) |
| F | Adult woman (18 or older) |
| f | Teenage girl (13 - 17) |
| g | Preteen girl (12 or younger) |
| MF | Adult man and adult woman |
| Mf | Adult man and teenage girl |
| Mg | Adult man and preteen girl |
| mF | Adult woman and preteen boy |
| bF | Adult woman and preteen boy |
| mf | Teenage boy and teenage girl |
| mg | Teenage boy and preteen girl |
| FF | Homosexual sex between adult women |
| MM | Homosexual sex between adult men |
| ff | Homosexual sex between teenage girls |
| mm | Homosexual sex between teenage boys |
| + | 2 or more of the same sex, for example: |
| M+F | Several men having sex with the same woman |
| MF+ | Several women having sex with the same man |
| MF MF | John has sex with Mary and Ted has sex with Alice OR |
| MF | John has sex with Mary and Ted has sex with Alice |
| M+F+ | They all mix it up |
| group | More than 3 people having sex. |
| orgy | Large-group sex. When group simply isn't good enough! |
| _-solo | Masturbation by M, m, b, F, f or g, for example: |

| | |
|---|---|
| f-solo | Masturbation by an adolescent girl. |

## 2. Willingness or Unwillingness

| | |
|---|---|
| cons | ONLY consensual sexual activity (including some non-intercourse activity) is in the story. This is, of course, the standard and as such, it is generally not labeled. |
| nc | Non-consensual sexual activity (including blackmail) |
| rape | Brutal non-consensual intercourse |
| reluc | [Also include the code (rape)]; starts out as rape, but "she loves it" |

## 3. Relationships

| | |
|---|---|
| cheat | Married or committed people having sex outside of the commitment, cheating on their partner, as distinct from swinging. |
| inc | Incest |
| interr | Interracial |
| rom | Romantic; Consensual Sexual Activity only |
| wife | Wife "watching" (participatory cuckoldry) |

## 4. Activities

| | |
|---|---|
| no-sex | There is no intercourse in the story |
| exhib | Exhibitionism |
| voy | Voyeurism |
| pett | Heavy petting |
| oral | Oral-genital contact. |
| toys | Generally, adult toys |
| veg | Vegetable. Sex with food. |
| ped | Pedophilia - Some participants age 12 or below |
| anal | Anal sex, not always genital penetration. |
| best | Bestiality. Sex with an animal (see also zoo) |
| zoo | Zoophilia. Caring and consensual relationships between humans and animals. (See also best) |

## 5. Miscellaneous

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st | First time intercourse, e.g. m–1st, F–1st, etc. |
| bibl | Bible. Has a religious theme |
| coll | College theme |
| hs | High School theme |
| humor | Humorous |
| job | Place-of-work theme |
| real | Supposedly true |

"You're a big girl now Kelly, you don't need him," she said soothingly, running her fingers through my hair. Then she added, more to herself than me, "Hmmmmmm, apparently a bigger girl than I'd realized."

Standing back up straight, she put her hand to her lips and seemed to be deep in thought about something for a few moments. Then it was a decision had been made as she shrugged and motioned for me to remain still for a moment as she disappeared to her bedroom. I could hear voices coming from their room but couldn't make out what it was they were saying. The only thing I DID hear was my mother suddenly raising her voice with a firm, "NO!" and then it was back to the whispering. What in the world could they discussing for so long?

## 3. Mom Gives Me "The Talk"

"Kelly, we need to have a little talk," my mom started out when she returned to my room. Uh-oh! Whenever she started out with that nothing good ever came of it. Oh no, she was going to yell at me for spying on my dad! I wanted to run to his room and jump on his lap and beg for forgiveness. That almost always worked – he could never resist me when I sat bare-bottom on his lap and wiggled.

My escape plans were thwarted when I saw that my mom had something in her hand but was hidden from view as she sat down beside me on the bed. Her nightshirt was pretty short and so it lifted up enough to where I could see her panties but that wasn't a big deal to either of us. Unlike me my mom ALWAYS wore something on her bottom, usually standard "mom" panties but occasionally when she and my dad were in a good mood she might wear a bikini cut or even a thong.

What followed next was my first introduction to sex, the dreaded "birds and bees". My mom confessed to me years later that she hadn't been ready for this yet, assuming she still had at least another year or two before the subject came up. I think she figured it would arise more as a result of my own feelings and questions rather than having my dad "spill the beans" so to say, or should I say, "spill the sperm".

There's a fine line when it comes to dealing with sex and someone at such a young age. Still, my mom managed to handle the subject of sex in much the same way she'd handled the issue of nudity to date. What I mean is she explained it as being something natural, something that everyone did. Even so, she emphasized that

# 4. Learning "Hands-On"

I must have fallen asleep as I woke up and found myself laying in bed with my hand still lodged in my crotch. As I laid in bed my thoughts about everything that had just happened. Wow, what a morning it had turned out to be! It was a like a dream - had it really happened?

Getting out of bed, I headed down to the kitchen. On the way I noticed my parent's door was closed this time. For the first time I felt this urge to sneak a look but thankfully my courage failed me. My mom was in the kitchen, fixing coffee when she heard me coming down the squeaky stairs. Smiling, she greeted me good morning no different than any other day, as if nothing had happened. Maybe it HAD been a dream! Then reality set in as my mom told me not to say anything about what she'd told me to my cousin Kristi as she was only six. Yeah, what a joke THAT turned out to be. It would be almost ten years until I learned that SHE had actually been the first to be told not to tell something to her cousin and she was keeping a lot more secrets than I was. For me it was all talk but in her case she was getting a much more detailed education, even though she was two years younger than me. Let's just say her education was more "hands-on"...

If there's one thing I can say about my mother, she was always pretty perceptive when it came to understanding her daughter (and still is for that matter). She knew that I'd had a lot thrown at me so she kept a close eye on me for the rest of the day.

That evening after supper my mom announced that we all should relax in the hot tub for a while. There was nothing unusual in that as we spent many evenings enjoying the tub, sometimes for an hour or more, sometimes for just a few minutes. What WAS unusual was for her to make the announcement as usually my dad was king of the hot tub.

Personally I loved the hot tub as me being I was so small it was almost as good as having a swimming pool. Our deck was surrounded by a security/privacy fence that kept prying eyes at bay, allowing us to enjoy ourselves without having to worry about others watching. I suppose if people across the valley behind out house had a high-power telescope they might have seen us but we never worried about it and if they DID see anything, they obviously kept it to themselves.

Again, for your typical family that would not be appropriate but when your mother comes from an incestual family and your father was fucking your aunt and getting oral from her daughter (all of which was not known by me until I was sixteen and already having sex with my father), what was the point in delaying the inevitable? Why stop me from helping him deal with his instincts and needs when it was probably going to happen sooner or later anyway? Who knows what the results would have been but I personally think it might have improved their odds of being better than they turned out.

People ask me if there is anything in my life that I regret doing, at least sexually. The answer is a definite NO. Oh sure there are a lot of things that maybe I wouldn't do if I was able to go back in time but none that I regret. Even when I was raped, bringing an abrupt end to my brief escorting career, I didn't regret what I'd been doing as it taught me a valuable life lesson.

On the other hand there ARE things I regret NOT doing and not pleasing my father when the opportunity was first presented is at the top of that list. The big question for me is, how will I handle it when MY daughter gets old enough for "The Talk"?

taking shape. My pussy had an ever-thickening covering of fuzzy black pubic hair that was more like fur than hair but I still enjoyed running my fingers through it. It's sort of funny when I look back at things. When I was fourteen I considered growing pubic hair to be a sign of maturity and thought it made me look sexy. Little did I know then that only a few years later I'd be shaving off that very same hair which I'd waited so many years to appear!

Overall I think I would've been happier with myself except that many of my friends already looked like they were sixteen or older with perky breasts, curves like a mountain road, and long lithe legs to die for. It was probably fortunate that I didn't know then that I would be spending most of my teenage years in a perpetual state of angst as it seemed I was always at the trailing edge of the development curve. If I'd known how many times I'd be trying to hide myself feeling embarrassed in the locker room at school with my undersized boobs, well... I don't know what I might've done.

As I continued to gaze at myself in the mirror I subconsciously ran a single finger down from my neck, through my newly forming cleavage (what little there was of it), and then down my flat tight stomach until I reached my fuzzy little pussy. I playfully ran my fingertip through the short coarse hair covering it, tracing circles and shivering just a little from the sensations that I was starting to feel further down between my legs. I was still a virgin but that didn't mean I didn't dream of what I wanted a boy to do to me down there.

Although I wasn't sexually active yet, I'd started masturbating a few years ago. Of course my parents had introduced me to the birds and bees long before that. Fortunately for me, sex and nudity were nothing to be ashamed of or treated as taboo in my family. Yet perhaps even more important, it wasn't something we flaunted either. My parents and I were most definitely NOT nudists and I don't even like to describe us as being an "open family" or any of the other euphemisms that people use when they wink at something kinky going on in their homes. It seems when people say they have an "open family relationship" that it's a thinly veiled reference for incest, nudism, and all sorts of things for which I have a hard time relating as I would never describe my family life this way.

To help illustrate my point, as I stood there stark naked in my bedroom the door was wide open - just as it always was. Even though my dad was away at work, even if he had been home the door would still have been in the same position. While I didn't hide myself from him, at the same time I certainly wasn't about to put on a strip show for him either. The same concept applied when I was in the shower. My

really won't die if you don't cum right now... so get that little bare butt moving and get yourself ready, ok?"

I sighed melodramatically but it was for naught as she was already heading out of the room. I quickly went to the bathroom to wash up as it wouldn't do to walk around the grocery store smelling like I did. Not that I personally cared, it wasn't like I was all stinky with foul body odor after exercising. Actually, I sort of liked smelling like sex, it made me feel more grown up. Still. my mom was pretty adamant about proper hygiene in public. If it was just around the house she never said anything but "proper" girls didn't smell like sluts in public, at least according to her.

Looking through my dresser drawers, I picked out a pair of denim cutoff shorts and a tight plain white tank top. During the summer I loved wearing cutoffs, especially when they were cut short enough to show off my butt which at this age was probably my best asset (sorry, no pun intended). I don't think I'll ever forget the first time my dad saw me in my short cutoffs. He looked at me, and then at my mom and said something like, "You're going to let her go out in THOSE?" Of course my mom just ignored him (after all, she was the one who bought them for me) and I got the idea he didn't really mind anyway from the way he looked at me. I love boys to look at me but there's just something naughty about having you own dad look at you that way that turned me on.

Even though I didn't wear a bra under the tank top, with my small boobs it really wasn't a big deal. In fact, at this point I still didn't own one as my mom wasn't a big fan of training bras. At least there was a definite outline of my boobs these days and I liked the way my dark nipples were clearly visible through the thin white cotton. A pair of white ankle socks and sneakers and I was dressed, or at least as much as I was going to be.

Pulling my shoulder-length blonde hair back into a ponytail, I grabbed a baseball cap, threading my ponytail through the back of it and adjusted it on my head as I looked at myself critically in the mirror. Taking a final deep breath, I bounded down the stairs to where my mom was waiting rather impatiently for me. I noticed she was wearing a rather cute short outfit herself which showed off her long tanned legs which looked even better with the black heels she's chosen. A rather tight blouse emphasized her large breasts and from the way her nipples were poking through and the lack of outline under her blouse I knew there wasn't anything underneath but her. Actually it was a little surprising as my mom almost never was without a bra, even at home.

"Mom!" I exclaimed with a mock sense of shock and horror, "No bra today?"

My mother just shook her head at me saying, "Well, look who's talking! At least MY top fits me. You outgrew that poor thing a couple of years ago."

We both laughed and hugged. She might tease me but I knew she liked it when I wore skimpy clothes out, especially seeing the effect it had on the boys and men. Sometimes I got the impression it was like she was reliving her teen years through me. Seeing the attention I was starting to get must have reminded her of how it felt when she first noticed men looking at her "that" way.

She whispered softly in my ear in a conspiratorial tone, "You know, grocery shopping doesn't have to be completely boring."

I looked up at her eyes and she just winked down at me. My mother might be more than twice my age but she still gets her share of looks from the guys. I knew it didn't bother her one bit to be objectified that way but it wasn't often that she was so blatant about wanting it. Suddenly I had a sneaky feeling that today might not be so bad as I thought it was going to be! My suspicions were confirmed when she looked around my behind.

"Hey girl... are you really wearing panties?"

I was a little surprised as her tone seem to imply she wasn't happy that I was. Normally it was just the opposite where we would argue because I was the one who didn't want to wear them. Of course being in shorts is different than when I have on a short skirt.

"The new ones you bought me," I answered rather defensively, hoping that by linking them to her it might buy me some points.

"OK girl, hand them over," she said firmly, reaching out her hand palm up.

"Whatever," I huffed as I dropped my shorts and panties together, stepping out of them and then dropping the panties into her outstretched hand. She held them up to her nose and sniffed!

"Mom!" I teased her.

She just grinned at me as I struggled to pull my shorts back up. Damn they were tight! It was much easier to pull them on laying on my bed than standing up.

"Just checking to be sure you at least put on a clean pair," she nodded approvingly, then she held out her arms to me. "Now how about a kiss for your mom?"

I smiled and stepped up on my tip toes to reach up to her as she lowered her head to me. I closed my eyes tight as our lips met. Mmmmmmm, I loved to kiss my

way she had me do, her favorite move was to reach up for something on the top shelf. Stretching up on her toes showed off her legs and ass and she would practically pose for the guys to watch her. It also had the effect of pulling her top tight and without a bra her large nipples were in full bloom.

Seeing the men stare, I was so proud of my mom for keeping herself in such good shape unlike so many of the wives who seemed to just let themselves go once they got the ring. I knew my parents loved each other enough that even if she didn't look so hot my dad would still never cheat on her but it was that same love and respect for the other that they kept themselves in shape. What kind of message are you sending your husband by making yourself undesirable to him?

Wow, I never knew grocery shopping could be so much fun! The two of us had a great day and I was actually a bit sad when we'd crossed off the last item on our list. By the time we were done I was so horny that it was all I could do to kept my hand from slipping between my legs in the checkout line. My mom of course knew me well enough to know why I was squirming - and it wasn't because I had to go potty!

My mom leaned over as the clerk was scanning our things and whispered in my ear, "Now control yourself dear, there's plenty of time later to play with yourself."

Evidently she hadn't whispered as softly as she thought as the male clerk's mouth all but dropped to the floor. Then again, maybe she hadn't intended to be secretive in the first place. In any case we were both giggling about it all the way to the car.

When we finished our grocery shopping she had another stop at a strip mall where there were some specialty shops where she usually bought her favorite breads and meats. My mom left me in the car and I wasn't about to waste the opportunity. No sooner was her door shut than I was yanking my shorts down to my ankles and tilting the seat all the way back. Oh my god, I was so damn horny by now that there was no way I could possible wait to get home to take care of myself. As I started rubbing my pussy with one hand, my other massaged my tiny boobs through my top. It was so thin and smooth it was almost like it wasn't there anyways but it was still in the way so I pulled it up to expose my bare tanned chest. I was already so wet that my finger easily slid into me and I rubbed myself slowly in tight little circles just inside my pussy.

As intent as I was on what my fingers were doing I didn't pay any attention to what was going on outside the car. Fortunately nobody walked by, or at least I didn't notice that anyone did. It would've been just my luck for some holier-than-thou mother to get her kids into the minivan next to us and notice me and call the cops! It seemed like only a few moments but it must have been quite a bit longer when I heard a tapping on the trunk and looked back to see my mom waiting impatiently for me to open it with the button inside. I reached over to open the trunk and then pulled my shorts back up again just as she finished and pulled opened the driver's door to get in. Her nose wrinkled, she sniffed and then grinned at me, shaking her head with her patented, "what am I going to do with you?" expression I knew only too well. It was the same one she gave me anytime she caught me masturbating somewhere she felt was inappropriate. Yet wasn't she the one that taught me that if needed to do it, then do it?

"Hmmmmmm, smells like someone's been a busy little girl while I was gone!" she teased me. "So, I assume you're feeling all better now?"

I just giggled as I started to suck my wetness off my pussy finger as I looked at her. Like I said before, I love the taste of my pussy and it felt just a little bit naughty somehow to tease my mom this way. This time it was her turn to squirm a bit and I had a feeling that I knew what she'd be doing soon after we got home! I don't know what made me do it, but without even thinking about it I reached over and touched my wet finger to her lips. She seemed surprised but remained composed enough to extend her tongue and then take my finger into her mouth, sucking on it like it was a tasty popsicle!

"Mmmmmmm, not bad," she teased me, smacking her lips like she'd just finished off that popsicle. I wasn't sure what shocked me more - me offering her my pussy cum-coated finger or her tasting it!

Nothing more was said and soon we were finally home again. By the time we'd put everything away the afternoon had mostly gone by and it was getting time to get ready for my sleepover. OMG, I couldn't wait to tell all my friends what my mom and I had done today! Maybe I wouldn't tell them about the parking lot thing but definitely the grocery store teasing was fair game. Let's see Beth top that!

starting to show more, that he might change his attitude regarding me. Still, I was nowhere in Beth's league and he a reputation for only dating girls with big boobs.

Sharon was also a camera fanatic and already had her entire career planned out as a professional photographer. Her father indulged her passion and had bought her several expensive cameras and even some fancy lighting equipment. It seemed she never went anywhere without at least one of her cameras around her neck!

Finally there was Marianne. Oh dear, what could I say about her except she was the kinky one of our group. Her hair was always in some weird style and she liked to dress in... well let's just say "peculiar" outfits. Nothing really sexy but just odd combinations and styles. Somehow she'd gotten hold of some porn videos and at our last sleepover she showed them to us. In addition to the usual sex scenes there were a few of girls doing various animals which I thought was totally disgusting but she seemed to be fascinated by them. Well, that was our Marianne! There were also several of girls having sex with other girls which drew some crazy comments and suggestions but we never actually did anything.

Together the five of us made a pretty good team and we were always hanging around together at the mall and in school. When it came to my friends you never knew what might happen so I was looking forward to tonight.

My mom dropped me off at Beth's at about 6:00 PM, right on time yet I was the last to arrive. Beth had a this really cool in-ground swimming pool with a diving board so we all changed into our bikinis in her bedroom. As we undressed I felt a bit self-conscious once again because of my boobs which were definitely the smallest in the room. As usual, I couldn't hardly believe Beth's - damn her boobs looked great! My bikini top was so small and hardly needed a real cup to cover my puffy nipples while Beth was spilling out of hers, looking like she was past ready to graduate to that C cup. The rest of the girls were generally in the A size range, some close to B, but all of them looking hotter than mine. At least I could be thankful that my pussy wasn't the only bare one anymore! Like my boobs, my pubic hair was the last to appear, making me feel like a little girl when I was undressed. Once again it was Beth who looked the best - her lush pubic hair was now long enough to where she had to trim it to keep it from poking out of her tiny micro bikini bottom.

We all headed out to the pool, passing Beth's parents in the living room. Beth's mom looked at our suits and shook her head in mock despair. There was quite a difference from last summer when we wore more modest bikinis! Beth's dad, on the other hand, feigned disinterest but I was sure it was more to keep his wife from getting mad at him for staring at his daughter's young friends than anything else. It was the same as when I was at the other girls' homes - dads staring at us when they thought we didn't know.

It was still early summer and the water wasn't as warm as it would be in a few weeks but it was still comfortable and felt great. We just goofed around in the pool like we were little girls again for the next hour or so. I love swimming and found that wearing a tiny bikini always made me feel good about myself, even if I wasn't filling it out the way I wished. As the evening progressed though, wouldn't you know that Marianne would be the one to instigate something. She was standing on the diving board about to jump in and the next thing I knew she had stripped off her bikini and was standing there stark naked in front of everyone! We all looking at her incredulously and she just laughed at us and dove in. Popping up at the end of the pool, she cried out to us and said, "C'mon, let's skinny dip!"

The rest of us looked at each other and sort of shared a group shrug. What the heck, why not? It was just us girls so did it really matter? After all, I spent lots of time in our hot tub nude with my parents so this wouldn't be much different. I was the first to pull off my bottoms and then I untied my top and flung both pieces to the side of the pool. The others soon followed and the next thing I knew all of us were all swimming around totally nude. It wasn't like I'd never seen my friends naked before but that was in the locker room or bathroom where being nude was a matter of necessity, not a choice. This was different in that it was the first time we'd ever deliberately bared ourselves for each other and it seemed a bit awkward at first to me. It was one thing to be nude at home with my parents, that was just family. This felt a little bit naughty and I was a bit surprised to find that it even turned me on a bit. Even though there wasn't much to my bikini to start with, there was just something erotic about feeling the cool water directly against me in places normally hidden from view.

Eventually we gathered in one corner of the of the pool and just started giggling like little girls. I think each of us was a little nervous at displaying ourselves naked in front of the others although it was evident that some were more than others. For instance, Nancy was standing there with her hands unconsciously covering her boobs whereas at the other end of the exhibitionist spectrum was Marianne who seemed to be totally oblivious to her lack of clothing and if anything, seemed to be taking quite an interest in my boobs which surprised me given what little was there to look at. In fact I could've sworn I felt her hands grab my butt but as much as we were all moving around it could have been anyone's accidentally touching me. We were just yakking about the things teenage girls chat about when they are together; nothing of real substance yet at the time it all seemed so very important to us. Suddenly we were surprised by the sound of Beth's mom.

"Oh my god!... Girls!!!, what in the devil do you think you're all doing!," she exclaimed with a look of absolute shock.

We all twisted around to look at her, hands covering our breasts instinctively as if to hide something from her - like she hadn't seen it all before. The underwater pool lights were on and with the darkening sky it must have been obvious we were bottomless as well so I don't know what we were trying to hide but it just seemed the right thing to do at the time. Beth's mom just shook her head at us and then directed her next comment at her daughter.

"Now Beth, you and your friends get your bikinis back on this instant. Lord Almighty, the LAST thing I need is for your dad or brother to see a bunch of fourteen year-old girls swimming around naked!"

Beth started to protest but we all grabbed our suits and quickly put them back on. Although it didn't really bother me to swim nude with my friends, for whatever reason I felt more than a bit embarrassed having Beth's mom see me this way. I slipped my bikini back on while I was in the water and then climbed the ladder and joined the others on the deck. The brief skinny dipping episode seemed to be a fitting ending to our pool time so we grabbed our towels and wrapped them around us before running back into the house, giggling and laughing all the way. I noticed her mom and dad watching us as we passed through the kitchen. Had he seen us? Talk about a contrast in expressions!

## 4. Beth's Bedroom

The five of us gathered in Beth's bedroom which was barely big enough to hold us all. We each had a small bag containing our toiletries and change of clothes so I reached inside to pull out my nightie for the evening. I'd chosen a pink frilly sheer thing that was just barely long enough to cover my ass when I was standing but had no chance whatsoever when I was seated. Back home I'd debated for hours with myself as to whether or not to bring along the matching panties since they were so sheer I may as well be wearing nothing at all. As tempting as it was to leave them behind, in the end I'd packed them.

I couldn't wait to tell everyone about my afternoon shopping with my mom. Everyone's listened intently as I described how we both had dressed sort of sexy and then deliberately teased the guys at the grocery store.

"You mean your MOM even did it?" Nancy asked, as if she didn't really believe me.

"Sure, why not? She didn't even wear a bra!" I replied.

"Didn't any of their wives notice?" Beth asked.

I explained to them about the one that had pulled her husband away from us and they all laughed when I mentioned how she had looked at the two of us afterwards.

"My mom would never let me dress like that in public, let alone go out herself that way," Nancy said rather defiantly.

We were all good friends so none of us said what was running through our minds - that her mom was grossly overweight so who would WANT to see her in a skimpy pair of shorts!

It wasn't long before we were teasing each other about this boy or that who we had caught her showing interest in. Since it was hard to be comfortable speaking outright about our inner lustful feelings and thoughts, we turned to that traditional game of young teenager girls - Truth or Dare. By making it a game, it somehow made it OK to say and do those things we might never have left to our own devices. Some of the questions and dares were between just two of us while we expanded the game at times to include the whole group. Beth started out using the latter rule.

"Ok, let's get started. Who here is still a virgin?"

We all looked at each other and giggled. Slowly everyone raised their hands except Marianne and Beth. Marianne had been doing it since she just turned thirteen so we all knew about her. I figured with all the talk at school about her, that everyone knew about Beth as well but wouldn't you know it, Nancy let out a gasp before catching herself.

"Beth, you didn't" she whispered. "Who?... When?"

The rest of us laughed at our cute little naive friend. Beth told them about how she was asked out by this high school boy just before eighth grade graduation. He was old enough to drive and seemed so much more mature than the boys our age. They had parked at the end of some dark street and one thing just seemed to lead to another.

"Cool!" Marianne exclaimed, "So how often does he do you? When was the last time?"

Beth shook her head, refusing to rise to the bait. "No, boys are such jerks. He just wanted to be the first to fuck me and that was the last I saw of him." Then she grinned mischievously saying, "But you all know Steve. Now HE is a different story!"

Poor Nancy, obviously she wasn't in on what Beth had been doing with Sharon's brother. She looked at Sharon and gasped, "You mean your brother had sex with Beth?"

Sharon couldn't help but giggle. "Well you know my brother.... she's got big boobs."

We all laughed except Nancy who was still trying to accept in her mind that one of her friends was fucking one of another of her friend's brothers. Then Marianne had to throw in her two cents worth.

"Jealous Sharon?"

"Marianne!" Nancy gasped but then she just sat there with her mouth open like a fish out of water seeing how red Sharon's face suddenly became.

"Bingo!" Marianne laughed.

I had to admit even I was a little flustered. Oh sure we all know Sharon had a little crush on her older brother but then we all did. I just hadn't realized how serious hers was.

We all started to giggle then as it had certainly turned out to be quite a start to our little game! For the next hour or so things tended to be more on the tame side. It was if after the first question everyone was afraid to ask anything that might lead to some new revelation. We'd played this game so many times before we already knew most of the answers anyway but it was still fun just to be with friends. Just about the time it seemed the game was winding down, it was Marianne who brought some life back.

"OK Kelly, Truth of Dare?" she asked.

I grinned and responded with a defiant, "Dare!"

Marianne looked over at Nancy and then back at me. "Kiss Nancy right on her lips."

Nancy eyes suddenly became as wide as saucers. Glancing back at Marianne, I didn't want to appear to be shocked (although inside I was scared to death) so I forced a smile and leaned over to Nancy who was sitting opposite me. I wasn't really as brave as I may have appeared because I knew what Nancy's reaction was going to be. Sure enough, she pulled back and put out her hand to push me away.

"Ummmmm, I don't think so!" she declared. "No way... I mean there is NO way I'm kissing a girl. I'm not a lesbian!"

The way she spat out "lesbian" left no doubt what she felt about kissing a girl but then everyone started teasing her while encouraging us to kiss. Finally she let out a big sigh and closed her eyes. "OK, but just a quick one."

She puckered her lips in an exaggerated way and I leaned over until our lips met. Everyone cheered as for the first time I felt another girl's lips on mine (moms don't count as girls). They were so much softer than the boys in school that I'd kissed and for a moment I was tempted to linger but she pulled back and wiped her mouth with the back of her hands as if her dog had licked her.

"God Marianne, you are SO sick sometimes, I just don't know about you," she said.

Fortunately with all the fuss Nancy was making, nobody asked me how I felt about kissing a girl. In truth, I was a bit confused. I'd never really thought about kissing another girl before (moms don't count) and I'd expected it to feel weird or somehow bad but that's not how it felt at all. To be honest, I actually liked it!

Marianne just laughed at her and my thoughts were brought back to reality as it was my turn. I posed my question to Marianne who also chose to have a dare. Well, she asked for it so paybacks were always fair game.

"Alright Marianne, I want you to close your eyes and remember the first time a boy touched you. Then I want you to touch yourself like he did to you then."

This was supposed to be too outrageous for even our kinky friend to do but I had to hand it to the little slut, Marianne didn't even flinch. Instead, this big grin appeared on her face as she leaned back against the pillows at the head of the bed. Without the slightest bit of hesitation she spread her legs wide to reveal her little pussy to us. Since she wasn't wearing any panties, we all had a great view of her hairy little cunt, one we all now knew had already been filled by several boy's cocks.

Even though we'd all seen each other nude just a couple of hours before in the pool, there was a HUGE difference between skinny dipping and boldly exposing yourself. Even though it seemed weird at first to see another girl's pussy this way, none of us - not even Nancy, could look away. The room was deadly silent as Marianne started to masturbate right there in front of us!

Now I'd seen my parents masturbate many times over the years and they'd seen me as well but then I never felt like they were putting on a show for me, or me for them. This was different in that Marianne wasn't masturbating just to get herself off (although I was sure she wanted to do that as well), she was doing it for us to watch. This was definitely a first for me and for the others as well judging from the looks of shock and amazement on their faces.

Another thing about masturbating around my parents was that I'd never felt any sort of sexual connection between us; it just something we each did when we felt the urge. Tonight, though, I felt something different somehow as my pussy began to respond while I watched my friend rubbing her pussy and then poking her finger deep inside as she closed her eyes to recall that time a boy first explored her. God she looked so sexy and hot! A quick glance around was enough for me to see that I wasn't the only one having this reaction. Everyone seemed flushed and breathing a little harder. Oh my god, Beth's huge nipples were poking out even more than they had before! Sharon was licking her dry lips subconsciously and even Nancy wasn't blinking as she stared at Marianne who was now masturbating even harder, seemingly totally oblivious to her audience - or maybe BECAUSE of her audience?

Finally I just couldn't take watching her like this anymore and not do anything. I reached down between my legs, pulled my panties over to the side and started playing with myself as well. Nancy noticed my movements and when she saw my hand between my legs her mouth dropped open and I could see her whispering an "Oh my god!" although I couldn't hear her. Eventually the others noticed as well and it was if a dam had broken and soon everyone except Nancy was playing with themselves. Even she wasn't totally immune though as one hand started to rub her boobs. Masturbating in front of other people was still too much for her but at the same time that wasn't stopping her from watching the four of us do ourselves.

Marianne must have heard us moving about and opened her eyes. When she saw the three of us masturbating she just smiled before closing her eyes again and returning to whatever fantasy world she'd created. God only knew what she was thinking of now but I was sure it was something hot and sexy. Somehow having us join in with her seemed to make Marianne even hornier than usual and she was rubbing her clit with one hand while pushing a finger up her cunt from the other. She started to buck her hips up and down like she was fucking one of her imaginary boyfriends.

appearing to be immature? Taking a deep breath, I leaned over towards Marianne and opened my mouth slightly. She put her finger in my mouth and I could taste her pussy on it. Mmmmmmm, it was similar to mine but had its own distinct flavor. Marianne twisted her finger in my mouth and moved it in and out as if I was sucking a cock. I felt a tingle again between my legs as I tasted my first pussy other than my own - and I liked it! I leaned back again and her finger slipped from my mouth.

"Wow!" Nancy whispered hoarsely. "I mean like I really can't believe Kelly just did that."

Looking over at Nancy I smiled as I licked my lips, "Mmmmmmm, not bad. You know, you should try it sometime Nancy."

Nancy just folded her arms and shook her head. "No way. I told you all I'm not a lesbian."

Everyone simultaneously rolled their eyes at that one and then laughed at our exchange. I certainly didn't think licking pussy cum from a girl's finger made me a lesbian! Besides, it was just a game and now that it was my turn and I wanted to raise the ante a little bit. Looking over at Beth, she smiled as she knew it was her turn. She chose Truth though, probably worried about what I was going to ask her to do if she picked Dare, and for good reason. I did indeed have something wicked in mind but instead asked her my question.

I took a deep breath and then said, "OK Beth. Tell the truth now; did you get turned on watching Marianne masturbate?"

Beth let out a breath and then took in a deep one. "Alright, yeah, it did make me wet. I mean she was hot and besides, I KNOW all the rest of you girls were turned on just as much as I was so there!"

Beth sat up straight and looked at us, staring at us as if she was daring us to contradict her. Well, not even Nancy spoke up to defend herself for that one! Beth took our silence as acknowledgement of her statement and turned to Sharon. Sharon chose to take a Dare but I doubt she would have had she known what Beth had in mind. As it turned out, it was the same thing I had planned for Beth had she chosen Dare instead.

"Hmmmmmm," she murmured as she looked at Sharon with a naughty look, "Sharon, play with Marianne's pussy for us."

Well, talk about two totally different responses! Marianne's face broke out into this huge smile as she laid back again with her legs spread wide apart, obviously all ready for Sharon. Sharon, on the other hand, had this horrified look on her face that I would've given anything to capture on her camera. We all laughed nervously, not sure quite what to do but all feeling maybe the game had finally just gone too far. Beth also realized she may have gone too far and quickly tried to ease the tension.

"Ohhhhhh, you're so silly... I'm just teasing you!" she said but I don't think any of us bought it.

Marianne sat up and actually looked a little disappointed as she glanced over at Sharon and pouted. Well, that was it for this game so we went back to our chatter. Everyone avoided the topic of the last question but I knew it was on all of our minds.

My bladder was about to burst so I got up and went down the hall to the closest bathroom. The TV set was still blaring from the living room and I could see the flashing light from the screen reflecting off the walls into the darkened hallway. I quickly did my thing and when I was done, without thinking just opened the bathroom door to start back to Beth's room. To our mutual shock, standing in the hallway about to reach for the bathroom door handle was Beth's dad!

We both jumped as neither of us had apparently known the other was there. Feeling a bit embarrassed at being all but naked in front of him, I excused myself but his eyes did all the talking for him. I hadn't yet turned off the bathroom light which was behind me as he quickly looked me up and down in my sheer nightie. From his perspective it must have been all but transparent and for just a moment his surprise allowed his animal instincts take over and I could hear him draw in a deep breath. As I was starting to get more and more looks like this from the fathers at church and at the pool this past summer, my initial embarrassment passed and I couldn't resist being just a little naughty.

"See something you like Mr. Williams?" I asked in my best little girl tone of voice tilting my head to the side with a smile. The sound of my voice seemed to bring him back to earth and he looked a bit worried as he realized what he'd been caught doing.

"Oh hi Kelly," he said sheepishly. "Ummmmm, nice nightie. Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom."

He moved aside to let me out and I walked slowly down the hall, deliberately allowing him to get a good view of my barely concealed ass which I intentionally wiggled a little extra just for him. I didn't look back but I knew he must have been watching me because I didn't hear the bathroom door shut until I was at Beth's bedroom door.

without one. She was a bit more strict when it came to panties though. Much to her consternation it made me super horny to run around bottomless in public so I would "forget" to put them on whenever I thought I could get away with it. Sitting in a pew at church I would wonder what the people sitting next to me would say if they had any idea that there was nothing but me under my short sundress. It always made me wet and horny and I usually rushed to my room to strip off my dress and masturbate as soon as we returned home, sometimes not even making it there and doing myself in the back seat while my parents tried to pretend they didn't know what I was doing. I guess they figured it wasn't worth arguing over something that wasn't hurting anyone.

At the beginning of summer vacation I spent a weekend with my friend Sharon and few other girlfriends at her parent's camp, or should I say now her mother's. Sharon's parents had divorced a few years earlier when her deadbeat father traded her mom in for a young secretary at work. As a result her brother Steve was the only guy with us. He was pretty good looking but being a couple of years older than me I'd never directly spoken to him much before. Being in high school always made him seem so much older than the boys I knew in middle school and all of us girls had a mad crush on him - even his younger sister Sharon which seemed a little weird at first. Yet as wrong as it should have been, somehow it was so hot to listen to her talk about her brother like he was just another guy she dreamed about.

During the weekend all the girls, even Sharon's mom, wore nothing but skimpy bikinis. Seeing her mom in a tiny bikini which barely covered her nipples made me think her ex-husband must have been a real idiot! Surrounded by all but naked girls must have driven Steve crazy, even if we were a couple years younger than him. Once I even saw him peeking out the camper screen window as we gathered around the picnic table for lunch. I just knew he had to be jerking his awesome cock (as I dreamed it must be) while he watched us. After lunch I quietly told the other girls about how I'd seen him watching us and so for the rest of the afternoon we made it a game to see who could tease him the most. We would do things like bend over to show him our butts and our bikini tops would "accidentally" slip out of place as we adjusted them, giving him a peek at our perky boobs. Well, THEY gave a peek of their perky boobs as mine weren't so perky yet.

Later that day at the beach we all giggled and loosened our bikinis just enough so when we jumped off the raft the tops or bottoms would slide completely off as we hit the water, flashing anyone quick enough to see. Steve spent most of the time watching us from the deeper water. I had a suspicion that he was jerking off under water while he was watching us which really made me even hornier. To our delight, the poor guy seemed to have a perpetual hard-on for which his swim suit did little hide. All-in-all, it wouldn't have surprised me in the least if he masturbated a dozen times or more before the weekend was over!

What Steve probably didn't know was that all of us were masturbating like crazy ourselves thinking about him! Even Sharon shocked us when she admitted to peeking in her brother's room so she could watch him stroking himself while looking at the porn magazine he thought nobody knew about. She grinned at us saying that there were a few times her underwear drawer appeared to have been gone through which was a little much for us to believe. In spite of our skepticism about some of her claims, it was incredibly naughty to me that she was turned on by her own brother. Granted, if I had an older brother built like Steve I would probably have been doing the same.

While common sense told me Sharon was probably just eating us when she would tell us how her brother turned her on, sometimes I couldn't help but wonder if there was anything more between them than what she was telling us. Given Steve didn't seem all that interested in her I had a strong suspicion it was more something Sharon dreamed about than him. Really, how likely was it that a brother would be interested in his sister in the first place? That would've been incest and I couldn't imagine anyone doing THAT. Granted I didn't have any siblings so it wasn't fair of me to judge, still the very idea of having sex with my mom or dad was just way too weird to even think about.

After our weekend at camp, all the next week I found myself thinking about Steve in his bathing suit; well, more about him OUT of it actually. Lord only knows how many times I got myself off imagining him choosing me from the rest of the girls at the campsite. I dreamed of him leading me into the camper while they all watched, getting turned on as they knew what he would be doing to me inside. As I rubbed my pussy I tried to imagine what it would feel like to have his dick in me and then have him cum inside of me. It felt particularly naughty to wonder if Sharon would be jealous if she saw her brother's cum leaking from me afterwards?

OK, so sometimes I get carried away when I fantasize but who doesn't when they masturbate?

and short but she didn't say anything at first. Still, I could see from her expression that at least SHE was catching my signals. Later as she drove us she casually asked me if my mom knew what I was wearing today - a little TOO casually. It was like she assumed no mother would knowingly allow her daughter to go out in public dressed like me. Well, she didn't know my mom! I calmly replied that my mom did - and I was being perfectly honest. Indeed, my mom had been one to suggest the cami! I'd originally chosen a looser T-shirt but she shook her head when she saw it and led me back to my bedroom where she found the cami.

"If you want to make a good impression on your first date you need to show more of the goods," she told me with a twinkle in her eye as she watched me change tops. I pulled it down as far as it would stretch - which wasn't very far below my bustline but she just frowned saying, "Don't try to cover up - you look sexy."

I think that was one of the first times my mom had ever straight out told me I looked sexy and I felt so proud. Sitting in the back seat with Steve and seeing how we was looking down at my chest, I was so happy now my mom had suggested this outfit.

Once at the park, before Steve's mom left us she told Steve that Sharon and her would be attending her company picnic so if we needed anything before our scheduled pick-up time that we should go to his grandparents who lived only a few blocks away from the park. I'd never met his grandparents but at the time it didn't seem likely we'd need that option.

For the next hour or so it was just your typical teenage carnival date. We went on several of the rides and on most of them we were pressed tightly against one another. Each time I kept waiting for him to make some sort of move on me, even if it just an "accidental" brush against my boobs or a hand on my bare leg. Alas, for whatever reason he was the perfect gentlemen - NOT at all what I was hoping for! About the farthest he went was on the Ferris wheel where he put his arm on the seat back behind me. It was ALMOST around my shoulder and I kept waiting for him to drop his arm down around me but it never happened and I was feeling pretty frustrated. Dang it, why wouldn't he touch me? From the way I'd dressed for him he certainly should've gotten the hint that I wouldn't have resisted!

The one good sign was there were a few times when I would look over at him and notice a distinct bulge in his tight white jean shorts. Mmmmmmm, I couldn't help but imagine his sixteen year-old cock underneath and wondered what he would've done if I'd put my hand over his crotch. Indeed, I might've done it if he had made ANY sort of move but he was playing the choir boy with me. This was certainly NOT what I'd expected based on the way he reacted during the camping trip. Worse yet, it was nothing like what Beth claimed had happened on their first date where she claimed he couldn't keep his hands off her boobs the entire time! Ok, so hers were melons compared to mine but still...

In addition to the rides we also played some games. Steve won me a silly little teddy bear which I thought was just adorable. Then tragedy struck, or at least something unexpected. We were watching a group of guys trying to ring this bell by swinging a big hammer. It had rained the night before and there were still a few puddles around. Wouldn't you know it but one guy missed the mark entirely and slammed the hammer right into a puddle. Poor Steve was directly in the line of fire as mud and water squirted out! His pure white jean shorts were covered with mud and he was soooooo mad. I had to cover my mouth because I wanted to giggle yet I felt so sorry for him because I knew he was terribly embarrassed.

Given the circumstances, we didn't have much choice but to go back to his house so he could change clothes. Following his mom's instructions, we walked a few blocks over to his grandparent's house where he explained his predicament. Thankfully his grandpa was pretty cool about it and offered to drive us back to his house. Steve and I rode together in the back seat with his grandparents in the front seat. I caught his grandpa eyeing us in the rear view mirror a few times, obviously keeping an eye on us to be sure we were behaving. Much to my chagrin he didn't need to bother as we each sat in our own seats; more like a brother and sister than boyfriend and girlfriend. Glancing over at Steve, I would've given anything to touch and kiss him but neither of us had the courage to start anything, especially with his grandfather keeping such a close eye on us.

From what Sharon had told us and Beth had confirmed, Steve was no virgin by any stretch of the imagination and enjoyed quite a reputation with the girls at school for his "wandering hands". Well if that was the case then why was he treating me more like a little sister rather than going for a home run? Honestly, I wasn't entirely sure how far I was prepared to let him go but it would've been fun to have him at least try!

It was about ten miles or so back to Steve's place where we saw by the missing car in the garage that his mom and Sharon were still out. Steve assured his grandfather his mom would be home soon and it was OK to leave us until then. Seeing the way his grandpa looked at me I wasn't sure he entirely bought Steve's story but he didn't say anything before leaving us. Once inside Steve's younger brother was nowhere to be found so we apparently had the whole empty house to ourselves. I felt a little tingle as I wondered if Steve was thinking the same as me – what a great opportunity for us to finally get naughty!

My heart was pounding when Steve led me down to the basement to their laundry room with the washer and drier. It soon became evident that Steve had no idea whatsoever as to how to use a wash machine. He seemed a bit embarrassed which I couldn't help but find funny and he blushed all the more when I volunteered to take care of his clothes for him. We both stood there for a moment, facing each other in silence as if unsure what to do next.

"Well, I really can't wash those shorts while you're wearing them," I teased him.

Steve looked even more embarrassed as he glanced around. "Stay there while I get undressed," he said as he hid behind some clothes that were hanging up. A little frustrated, I stood where I was as he stripped off his shorts and handed them around the clothes to me. All I could think about at that moment was that the hottest guy in school was just a few feet away from me with nothing but his underwear on. Of course I was wishing with everything I had that those darn clothes would fall out of the way. It felt a little awkward as well as I'd never been in this type of situation before.

OK, so I'd seen my father naked numerous times since as early as I can remember so it wasn't like I'd never seen a real penis before. Needless to say, seeing my dad naked didn't make me horny in the least – he was my dad after all so that would've been just weird. Even when my dad DID get horny and hard, I knew it didn't have anything to do with me directly, it was just something guys do sometimes. OK, so maybe it had something to do with me but my mom and I had talked about this very thing numerous times and I knew it was nothing so much to do with seeing his daughter as it was seeing a naked teenage girl. He simply reacted the way any man would – he sported an erection.

Steve was a different story entirely though. Images of his teenage cock and what he might do with it to me raced through my mind. Later when I looked back to this moment I can't help but think what a missed opportunity this had been for me! What would have happened if I'd taken the initiative and simply stepped around the clothes and offered myself to him? What would've happened if I'd undressed along with him?

As it was, Steve put on some clean shorts before reappearing from behind the hanging clothes. We sat next to each on the couch while we waited for the laundry to finish. Steve put on some music and we talked about the carnival, school, and just life in general. It was sort of cute I guess, the two of us sitting apart on the couch, neither of us making a first move. Unfortunately, "cute" wasn't what I'd been hoping for today. God, I'd been masturbating all week about a moment just like this and now he wouldn't even touch me!

When the washer finished I got up to put his shorts in the drier. Steve stayed behind on the couch where he couldn't see me so I took advantage of the opportunity to look around - or should I say snoop around! In their dirty laundry I saw what must have been Steve's underwear. Hmmmmmm, so Steve wore plain white jockey briefs - nothing too sexy there. I picked up a pair and touched the crotch with my hand, imagining how the material had recently been tight against his cock and what it would be like to put my hand between his underwear and his hard cock.

There were also some female underwear in the laundry. Sharon was the only girl so I knew the smaller bras was hers while the larger, more industrial versions belonged to her mom. Sharon was my age, a few months older actually, but had developed much faster and I noticed with more than a touch of envy that she was now wearing a B cup. I held her bra up against my chest and imagined what it would feel like to have boobs like hers that could fill the cup to overflowing.

I felt a bit naughty checking out her mother's bras, like I was peeking into something secret. Sharon's mom was very good looking and she obviously still liked to dress nicely judging by her taste in lingerie. I wondered who she dressed up for since her husband left her. Suddenly I heard a sound from upstairs and I dropped her bra like a hot rock just as Steve came rushing around the corner.

"Hurry up, my mom will kill me if she thinks we've been fooling around down here alone," he hissed at me.

I could feel the blood rush to my cheeks and hoped he hadn't noticed what I'd been holding in my hand. He apparently didn't or at least didn't want to say anything as we rushed back to the couch just as Steve's mom called down the stairs for him.

"Steve?... Are you home already?" she called down the stairway.

"Down here Mom!" he answered back, his voice cracking just a bit with nervousness.

It was Sharon then who came bounding down the stairs. She saw the two of us on the couch and grinned.

"Awwwwww, look at the two of you," she teased us, "Now what have you love birds been doing here all alone? Hmmmmmm?"

We both protested, claiming that nothing had happened. There must've been something my face or tone of voice that convinced her that nothing HAD happened because she pulled me aside and whispered in my ear.

"You're kidding," she said in disbelief, 'You're dressed like THAT and my stupid brother hasn't even laid a hand on you? God Kelly, do you have to wear a neon sign or what?"

Steve's mom came down next and looked suspiciously at us. Steve explained what had happened but his mom didn't look totally convinced although she didn't say anything more about it. She must not have thought anything TOO bad because she asked me if I wanted to go back to the fair to watch the fireworks with them. Well, of course I was OK with that and so I called my parents to let them know I'd be home late. It was all I could do to keep a straight face with everyone watching me while my mom asked how my date was going.

"Have you let him touch you yet?" she asked.

"No mom," was all I dared say as I saw Steve's mom watching me.

"You're kidding, what is he... gay?" my mom teased.

"No mom, everything's just fine," I replied a little tersely yet managing to smile at his mom. She started to ask something more but I cut her off, telling her we were leaving and hanging up the phone.

Truth was, everything was NOT fine but at least I'd have another chance with him. The way things were now he was never going to ask me out again!

## 3. Back at the Fair

On the way back to the fair, Sharon and her mom rode in the front seat leaving Steve and me in the back again.

"Now you two behave back there!" Sharon teased us, keeping an eagle eye using the vanity mirror built into the passenger seat visor. Unfortunately she need not have bothered as once again we sat several inches apart with our hands in our own laps. Damn, if this kept up all night I was going to go crazy!

The three of us went on a few more rides while their mom went off on her own. Sharon eventually left us to find her mom, but not before she had a few words with me.

"Don't worry Kelly," she whispered to me when Steve was getting some more tickets, "It's obvious he's horny - my god, the bulge in his shorts is almost embarrassing! I was thinking that he's never been with a girl as tiny as you before so maybe he's a little shy. Still, I just can't believe my horny brother can go the whole night with a girl without making a move so have fun!"

She was trying to be nice but I just rolled my eyes as I wasn't feeling nearly as positive about the night's outcome as her. Sharon just nodded her head at me as her brother returned and finally left us alone together. As dusk approached we found ourselves walking along the outskirts of the carnival until we turned on a path that led out into the woods lining the park. As we walked his hand brushed against mine. My heart raced and FINALLY Steve took my hand in his. We walked along holding hands and making small talk.

Once we were out of sight of the crowd Steve stopped and turned to face me. His handsome face was within inches of mine and I was afraid to say a word or do anything to scare him off. Without a word he leaned over and kissed me. I didn't have much experience at kissing boys other than a couple of flirtatious moments at parties so I was a bit awkward compared to Steve who obviously had a lot more practice. We kept our lips tight together and basically just rubbed our lips against each other's but at the time it was magic for me!

My thoughts went to how me and my dad would kiss. Even though he was my dad we liked to kiss and show our love for each other, especially when he did something nice for me like buy me a new sexy outfit. Maybe I could try kissing Steve like I kissed my dad? It seemed a little kinky to compare the two but obviously this wasn't going anywhere as it was. Taking a deep breath I put my arms around his neck as he held me around the waist and pulled up against him. I closed my eyes and imagined I was in my dad's arms, that my dad was pressing his lips against mine, his tongue pressing against my lips so urgent to find its way into my mouth. I felt my tongue reach out to Steve and opened my eyes. His eyes were wide open as he stared at me in surprise but then he responded with his and our kiss finally became the passionate one I'd so dreamed of.

When we finally paused to catch our breath, both of us just looked at each other in silence, neither of us sure what to say.

"That was nice Steve," I whispered softly to him. OMG, I'd almost said "daddy" instead of Steve! OMG, I'd said it was "nice". Like saying someone has a "nice" personality.

Steve just smiled having no idea of the horrible mistake I'd just come so close to making. Then he kissed me again. My heart raced as felt him against me and I could've just stayed this way all night. Instead, Steve led me over to a large fallen log and we sat down next to each other. He put one hand on my bare leg and the other around my exposed waist. Since my top was at least a size too small it was always riding up. Normally I would've pulled it down but at the moment I let it expose my midriff up as high as where my small boobs began to extend. As we kissed again he ran his hand up and down my back and I could feel his fingernails through my tight cami and over my bared skin.

I'd never had anyone touch me like this before and I felt something warm and wet in my pussy, something I normally only felt when I played with myself. My nipples were stiffening and started to poke through even more the thin fabric of my cami. Steve started to run his hand under it in back, tracing his fingers up and down my spine. Ohhhhhhhhhhh it felt so good!

Neither of us said a word as we just kissed. Then Steve's hands begin to work their way around my side and I knew what he was trying to do. I sat back a little, not sure that I should give in to him so fast. I didn't want him to think I was some sort of slut or anything but at the same time I didn't want to give him the idea I didn't want to do anything either.

"Not yet Steve. Please... just stay in back for now." I whispered to him softly.

My intent was to just make him pause but still understand that if he was patient he would get what he wanted... eventually. He seemed to get the message as his hand moved back to the center of my back again. As we kissed though I knew he was getting more worked up. Glancing down I could clearly see he must have had quite an erection because the crotch of his shorts was noticeably pushing up. He tried again to move his hand around and again I resisted.

"Steve, please! Not yet... Just rub my back," I whispered. Actually I wanted him to do it but something just made me resist a little, maybe a little pride in myself that he would at least have to work for it a little. It was getting pretty dark by now so we sat up straight and I tugged down my cami just enough to keep it from sliding up over my boobs.

"Guess we better get back before we can't see the trail," Steve said, a note of frustration clearly in his tone and I wondered if I'd blown it. We went back and soon found Sharon and his mom. Steve grabbed an extra blanket and turned to his mom.

"We'll meet you at the car after the finale," he told her.

Sharon overheard and teased us asking, "Do you mean the fireworks finale or....?"

Steve just glared at her as his mom shook her head. I wasn't sure who she was responding more to - Steve's obvious intentions or his sister's suggestive comments. I just grinned at Sharon who gave me a thumbs-up and a wink. Then she pulled me over to the side.

"C'mon girl, spill it. What base are you guys at?" she asked like a reported on the sidelines.

I felt a little blush in my cheeks when I answered, "He kissed me. I haven't let him go any further yet."

"Well... are you going to let him or not?" she asked and then before I could answer she continued, "You know it was all I could do not to laugh when I saw that hard-on he came back with. God, I can't believe my mom didn't notice!"

I just had time to wink at her as Steve took my hand and led me away. He found a dark spot between a couple of cars that allowed us to see the fireworks but at the same time sheltered us mostly from the view of the majority of people. It was getting a bit chilly so he wrapped the blanket around the two of us. There were still people walking by, looking for a spot to watch the upcoming show and at this point we were both too shy to kiss openly so I scooted next to Steve and he put his arm around me. My cami started to slip up again and I noted that when he put his arm around me his hand was helping it up a few inches more. He rubbed his hand over my bare midriff, coming just below my breasts and then retreating back down again. His other hand was running up and down my smooth leg, spending a lot more time on the inner part of my bare thighs than anywhere else.

We both remained deadly quiet, as if we were afraid to say anything to break the spell. The fireworks finally started but I wasn't paying much attention as Steve started to slowly work his way under my cami. This time I didn't protest and I felt goose bumps rise as he tickled my bare skin with his probing fingers. Finally he was just under my bustline and his thumb pressed up against the bottom of my breast. He held it there leaving me to wonder if he would have the courage to move any further upward so I decided to encourage him just a little.

"It's OK Steve," I whispered in a low husky voice, "I don't want you to stop this time."

Steve looked at me and smiled. He moved one finger up and began to trace it along the outline of my small boob. I may not have had much there yet but what was there was certainly sensitive! A small gasp escaped from me and he quickly pulled his hand away. I looked at him and took his hand in mine, pressing it fully against my breast. Oh my god, I was not only letting a boy touch my breast, but I was actually encouraging him!

"It's OK", I assured him, trying not to let my nervousness show, "I like it when you touch me there."

Steve started to squeeze and rub my breast. He could easily cup my entire boob his hand and I felt a little embarrassed at how small I was. I was certainly nothing to compare to when he'd felt up my best friend Beth. He didn't seem to mind though as I closed my eyes and concentrated on nothing but his hand as he groped me. Now I like to play with my boobs but having a boy touch them was something different entirely. As he gained confidence he moved his hand from one to the other and I moaned softly at the touch of his hand on my naked breasts. My nipples were rock hard by now and it felt unbelievable when he played with them. I turned to him and whispered in his ear, "Mmmmmmm, I love that Steve... I love it when you touch me like that."

As Steve continued to grope my boobs I noticed his other hand was moving up higher than usual on my leg, so much so that his hand was starting to press against my warm crotch. As much as my pussy was screaming for attention, I wasn't quite ready for him to do THAT in public yet!

"Just my boobs tonight Steve," I said softly to him. I don't know what came over me then but it was like someone else was talking through my mouth as I said, "Don't worry Steve, soon you'll know every inch of me... and I mean ALL of me."

The words just came out of me and after I'd said them I couldn't believe myself! Yet it was the truth... I did indeed want him to explore me, to touch me all over and I meant ALL over me. In the meantime I just enjoyed the fireworks, not the ones in the air but rather those going off inside of me. For the next half hour or so we kissed and he groped me. It made me feel so sexy knowing I was turning him on the way I was. He never did stop trying to get in my shorts but I just pushed him away each time. In a way I kind of liked the fact he kept trying. At least I knew he wanted me!

After a while Steve took a different tact, taking my hand and moving it to his crotch. Mmmmmmm, I could feel his hard cock pressing through his jeans and for a moment I almost left my hand there. It would've been interesting to say the least to learn more about what was hiding there but I wasn't going to feel my first cock under a blanket - I wanted to see what I was doing. Besides, I had a feeling I was going to be seeing a LOT more of Steve now that he knew I was more "available" than perhaps he'd realized before. I certainly wasn't teasing him when I said he would know every inch of me. Mmmmmmm, I had every intention of letting him but it would be on my terms. I just wasn't going to give him everything the FIRST night. I wasn't a slut after all! Now as for the SECOND night...

When the fireworks finale finished we gathered up the blanket and I pulled my cami down and tried to make myself presentable. I noticed that Steve's erection was even bigger than before but I didn't want to say anything to embarrass him. Even though I did suggest he carry the blanket in front of him, I had my own "hard" issue. My nipples were so pointed and sensitive I knew they weren't going to go away any time soon. Fortunately it was pretty cool by now which gave me an excuse. We met his mom and Sharon back at their car and as they put the chairs and blankets away Sharon pulled me aside again.

"Oh my god Kelly!" she said with her eyes opened wide, "What did you DO to the poor boy?

I looked at her with a questioning look, as if I had no idea what she was talking about.

"Don't play dumb with me girl," she said, wagging her finger at me "I mean, my brother has a freakin' tent pole sticking out from his crotch! So how far did you let him go?"

I gave her my most wicked smile and winked at her. "Well..., nothing you wouldn't let him do to you!"

Sharon put her hand to her mouth and giggled. "Kelly, you can be such a nasty little slut!" she exclaimed. Just then her mom called out for us to get going so she just gave me a playful push as we walked to the car. "Well," she said, "Tomorrow I want details girl!"

During the drive home Steve and I held hands in the back seat under the blanket. We both thought nobody noticed but Sharon was grinning at me the whole way home. I suspected it wouldn't be long until Steve and I got to know ALL of each other and eventually I might even give him my virginity. I couldn't wait to get home and tell my mom all about my first kiss!

class with a live demonstration as there was nothing sexual about it, at least so far as I was concerned. Of course I'm sure my dad had a different perspective but at that age I didn't have a clue. My mom was there to keep him in check, ensuring nothing got out of hand.

As I got older my mom taught me more about sex when it was appropriate. When she noticed I was starting to explore myself she took me aside and shared a few tips on masturbating. Mom even offered the services of her rather impressive dildo collection but I rarely took her up on that one. What I'm thankful to her most for is the attitude she taught me regarding masturbation, teaching me that it was a natural thing which most everyone did and nothing to be ashamed of or having to hide. It's not like I'd put on a show for my parents but at the same time if I as horny I didn't feel the necessity to leave the room and run off to take care of myself. Besides, it wasn't like my parents seemed to even notice.

Given the close relationship I shared with my mom I couldn't wait to get home the night when Steve first kissed and fondled me to tell her all about it. I don't know who was more excited, me or her. Of course she demanded I spill all the details! Thus when I came to her and announced my decision about my intentions for my date that night with Steve, my mom was excited for me but she also appeared a bit apprehensive as well.

"So... just how far do you intend to go with this boy?" my mom asked. It was just a question, not an accusation or criticism.

"I don't really know for sure mom," I answered truthfully. "I was actually thinking more about me doing something to him tonight."

"Ahhhhhh, so you're thinking about giving the boy a blowjob?" she asked, raising her eyebrows. "Are you sure you're ready for that? I mean, don't get me wrong but you still haven't even seen, let alone touched a boy's cock yet you think you're ready to suck one? Again, don't get me wrong Kelly, it's perfectly OK to blow your boyfriend and I know you'll both enjoy it but I just don't want you to rush into this sort of thing before you're ready."

"Well... I THINK I am," I replied, squirming as suddenly I was feeling a bit defensive for some reason. We'd discussed sex and even oral sex many times before but never in terms of me actually DOING it. I guess it shouldn't have been a surprise that discussing me actually doing it would be different than just an abstract conversation.

follow her. She led me to the family room where she looked through the shelf with my dad's collection of porn movies resided.

"Ah!" she exclaimed softly, "This will do nicely." Turning on the TV and VCR, she plugged in the tape and hit the play button. Soon "Taboo IV, American Style" started playing. She took a seat on the couch next to me and chuckled.

"As you well know this is one of your dad's favorite," she said. Yeah, like I didn't know. Sheesh, how many times had I seen him masturbating watching it! I once joked with my mom that I was surprised the tape wasn't worn out.

"I like to think I'm pretty good but Ginger Lynn was a true master of the art of oral sex," my mom explained as she fast forwarded to a scene where Ginger was sucking a guy on a bed after watching him fuck his mother. I never quite understood the incest thing but it was just acting so it didn't really matter.

"Now watch closely Kelly," my mom instructed me, "See how she doesn't just suck him? She obviously adores a dick. There... see how her tongue works on it, now her lips... the way she look at him as she goes down on him? Guys LOVE that!"

We watched the rest of the scene in silence. While I really wasn't all that much into porn, I was getting pretty horny by the time it finished! Apparently so did my mom as she was using the tip of her dildo to rub herself as we watched.

"OK, now let's see what you learned," she said when the guy finished cumming on Ginger's belly and pussy." She laid back on the couch, spread her legs apart and held the dildo up with the base on her pussy as if it was her dick. "Pretend now I'm your boyfriend and show me how you will do him."

It was more than a little weird putting my face so close to my own mother's pussy but she didn't seem fazed. At this distance I could even smell her excitement with my face just inches away from her hairy crotch! Her pussy smelled so much stronger than mine when I was horny. I couldn't help but wonder how hers tasted compared to mine but she coughed and my attention went back to the task at hand. I started working on the dildo, trying to mimic what I'd just watched. My mom had her head propped up on the arm of the couch, watching me intently.

"Good Kelly," she praised me. Now don't forget, it's all about him so you want to turn him on as much as possible. Try playing with yourself while you suck it. Guys LOVE watching a girl playing with herself."

It was a little awkward at first to finger myself as I tried to concentrate on the dildo at the same time. A few times I would start to lose focus and stop my simulated BJ when my clit started to really respond and my mom would tap me on the head.

"I know, it can be hard to keep focus on him but just slow down masturbating if it gets to be too much. Watch your teeth when you masturbate. I can see you biting down a little when you get going and you'll hurt the poor guy." I looked into my mother's eyes and rolled mine. Yeah, talk about easier said than done!

It seemed like hours but was likely less than half an hour before she finally was satisfied with my performance. A few times she would rewind the tape to a particular scene to help illustrate what I was supposed to do. Between her suggestions and watching Ginger and the other porn whores it made it a lot easier for me.

"Well, if you can do it HALF that good on Steve then I'm sure he'll love it!" she finally announced as she sat up, "I'm really proud of you Kelly, you seem to have a natural talent."

I beamed, pleased that my mom thought I was doing so good so I kissed her on the forehead and thanked her. She hugged me in return and then we kissed for several minutes, our warm naked bodies pressed tightly together as our tongues touched and played with one another. Mmmmmmm, I loved it when we held me and kissed me!

Then my mom looked me straight in the eyes saying, "I know you'll make me proud of my little girl. Now don't forget, I expect to hear ALL about it when you get back, OK?"

Like I expected anything less, LOL.

With that she left me to finish myself off. God I was so horny now! I even used her dildo to rub my clit as dreamed of Steve's dick and my plans for it. When I finally came she must have heard me upstairs!

## 2. At the Movie Theater With Steve

Steve picked me up a couple of hours later. I secretly wondered if he caught the twinkle in my mom's eyes when she saw him take my hand and start to lead me out the door. When he wasn't looking she winked at me and gave me a thumbs up. I doubt there are many girls who get to go out on a date with the intention of sucking her first cock with their mom acting as a cheerleader on the sidelines! I felt an incredible love for my mother at that moment and once again I knew I was one VERY lucky girl to have a mother who was so supportive of me.

Even though I'd just masturbated a couple of hours earlier, seeing Steve and glancing at his crotch I once again felt that tingle between my legs. Steve must have been horny too as he didn't waste any time driving straight to the movie complex where he found some seats in the back as far from anyone else as possible which wasn't hard as there weren't that many people in the theater and most were in the lower half. Obviously watching the movie was NOT what he had in mind which was fine with me as I had no intentions of watching much if it either.

It was the middle of a hot summer and I was dressed for it with my shortest cutoffs, tightest and skimpiest tube top, sneakers, and not a single thing more other than the makeup on my face and the baby powder I'd lightly sprinkled in my cleavage. My mom had suggested this last to me back when she found out he was playing with my boobs and sure enough, the light scent and smooth feeling it gave them drove Steve nuts!

Steve bought the tickets of course and we lined up to get some popcorn and a drink. The line was long so I excused myself to use the restroom. I didn't really have to go, I just wanted one last look in the mirror to check myself out. Lifting myself up on my toes to see better in the mirror, my shorts pulled up tight and apparently more of my butt cheeks appeared than someone thought was appropriate.

"Aren't you a little young to be dressed like such a slut?" an older voice came from behind me, "Does your mother have an idea you of out looking like that?"

I turned and saw an older woman, maybe a little older than my mom, clutching her purse and eyeing me with a scrunched up face of disgust. She didn't seem pleased when I smiled at her.

"what are you smiling about? I'd ground you forever if you were my daughter," she fussed. "You do know there are impressionable young boys here tonight."

"I was sort of hoping so... and their fathers," I came back feeling rather naughty. I threw in the last part just to piss her off and apparently my efforts were successful as she huffed and all but ran from the restroom.

Looking back in the mirror I smiled as other women and girls came in. Hopefully Steve was thinking the same as she did!

Steve was waiting for me when I came out and we headed to the theater. As I sat down in the seat the material in the crotch of my shorts was so thin and tight it rode up into my pussy. Fortunately I'd trimmed my fuzzy pussy hair so it wasn't poking out although this particular pair were so short my pussy lips actually peaked out just a little to each side. The theater lights were still on and I could see Steve's eyes staring at my all but exposed crotch. He seemed a little embarrassed when he realized I saw him looking at me that way, but I smiled at him to let him know I didn't mind. Heck, if anything I WANTED him to be ultra-horny tonight! I looked at him and licked my lips suggestively, just enough for him to know I was waiting for him to make his next move.

The theater was new and featured those stadium style high-back seats with armrests that pulled up between the seats. Steve lifted the one between us out of the way which allowed me to wiggle over next to him. Steve put his arm around my shoulders and held my bare upper arm. Not wasting any time, he pulled me towards him and we kissed long and hard, his tongue reaching into my mouth and mine meeting his. As we kissed, I could feel my pussy getting that itch it always got when I was really horny and I couldn't wait for the lights to dim. Thankfully with the movie about to start there were still only a other people in the theater and none within a few rows of us. I'm sure they saw us kissing and given the bad seats we chose in with a nearly empty theater I don't doubt they knew we weren't planning to watch the movie. Oh well, we were teenagers so what else would they expect?

Finally the previews finished and the lights went out as the feature began. I figured there was no sense in wasting time either so I reached up and moved his hand from my upper arm to my waiting breast. He squeezed it though the tight material of my tube top and his kiss intensified. I moaned softly just a bit as he rubbed my hardening nipple through the thin fabric of my tube top. Almost immediately in response his hand cupped my entire breast and once again I couldn't believe how good it felt to have him fondle me this way. At home I liked to touch myself, especially in the shower or in bed naked at night. Well, that was well and good but nothing compared to a real hand on me, even over my clothing.

"Remember what I told you when we watched the fireworks at carnival?"

Steve just smiled and felt his hand give my breast a squeeze.

"Remember when I told you someday you would know ALL of me?"

Another squeeze, a little more firm this time...

I did a quick check and dint see anyone looking. My fingers reached into the top of my tube top and pulled it down and over my breasts until it was just a band around my waist, leaving my boobs fully exposed. A part of me screamed "NO" as anyone could have looked and seen I was naked, at least on top but the rest of me screamed "YES" as I felt huis hand on my bare flesh for the first time. I sighed softly as he touched my powdered boob and playing with my nipples.

Our kiss continued while he groped my boobs and soon he started to run his other hand over my bare torso and then over my shorts down to my smooth tanned legs. I almost jumped out of my seat as he ran his fingers up my bare inner thighs. The skin there was soft and smooth, not to mention sensitive as hell! I parted my legs further to give him easier access and was rewarded as his entire hand moved over my inner thigh.

"That feels so good Steve!" I whispered tersely as his fingers danced over my smooth bare skin.

Up and down my sensitive legs and thighs he explored. I slouched in the seat with my tailbone just at the edge to make it even easier for him. He reached down, drawing his hand over me down to my ankles and then back to my shorts barely covered my warm crotch. God it felt so good... so naughty! Yes I loved how it felt but to do it here, literally within feet of other people yet totally without their knowledge made it all the better.

Eventually he started to press into my crotch but at that I gently but firmly pushed his hand away and whispered, "Not yet, I have a better idea."

He looked disappointed but that expression quickly changed when I reached over and put my hand firmly between his legs. It was the first time in my life that I'd touched him there like this, or any boy for that matter. It was thrilling to feel his hard cock pushing up through his shorts. Needless to say he do anything to discourage me! If anything he spread his legs further apart to make it easier for me to hold him. I squeezed him gently and rubbed him best as I could though his shorts. Then I took my eyes off his crotch and looked at him, deciding it was time to stop being coy and let him know exactly what I wanted.

"Mmmmmmm, I want your cock Steve!" I whispered softly to him. Steve looked down at me with a big grin on his face. This was the first time I'd said those words to him and I knew he had to be looking forward to what was about to happen as much as I was.

My pulse was racing as I wanted so bad not to act like a novice which made it all the more annoying when I started fumbling with his shorts. In my defense it WAS dark after all and I didn't have any experience taking someone else's clothes off! Steve smiled at my struggles and reached down to undo his top snap for me. After that I was able to unzip him and reach inside. My heart was pounding as I worked my fingers under the elastic of his underwear ? white just the like ones I'd seen in the laundry at his house the day we were in his basement. I couldn't believe I was finally going to put my hand down a boy's pants, something I'd dreamed and masturbated about so many times. Now my dreams were finally coming true!

His underwear was tight but I still managed to slip my hand inside of the elastic. The first thing I felt was his stiff curly pubic hair. I couldn't really see it but I loved the touch of it against my finger as it ran through it. Then my heart skipped as my fingers barely touched the head of his cock. OMG I was touching my first hard cock! As my hand worked its way farther down his shaft I touched more fingers to him and then held him like I was grabbing a broomstick, just as my mom had taught me. I couldn't believe how hard and warm it felt! It was a little strange, like nothing I'd felt before. As hard as the shaft appeared the skin felt so soft and smooth in my hands. Steve worked his underwear down just enough to free his dick which allowed me to look down and actually see my small hand wrapped around him. It was so cool to see his cock head poking out of my hand like a turtle out of its shell! My eyes had become adjusted to the light so I could see it pretty clearly. It seemed almost surreal to me that I had his cock in my hand right in the middle of the movie theater with people just a little ways away! For some reason, taking his cock out of his shorts seemed so much naughtier to me than exposing my boobs. A guy playing with a girl's breasts was no big deal but when a girl had her hand on a guy's cock it seemed to imply something much more personal and naughty.

Steve whispered, "Stroke it Kelly."

I was only too happy to do what he asked. My mind as a whirl as I tried to recall all the things my mom had taught me but there's a big difference between playing with a dildo in my bedroom or on the couch and actually holding a real hard dick in my hand! As I ran my hand up and down his stiff shaft his hips started to move in sync with my strokes. I could feel his cock swelling and it excited me to know it was ME that was causing him to react this way. Steve evidently was fed up with his underwear being in the way so he slid his shorts and underwear down to his ankles which gave me complete access to his cock and balls. He was so horny that I was sure that the thought of someone catching him sitting bare-bottomed with his girlfriend's hand around his cock probably never even occurred to him. It DID occur to me but it only made me all the more excited about what we were doing.

With his shorts and underwear out of the way, I reached down and felt his hairy balls in my hand. Now this was something my mom hadn't simulated with me! They were like loose sacks with something hard inside of them that rolled around as I played with them. Thick lush pubic hair covered everything and I could smell the distinct sexy musk odor of his male crotch.

"Careful with the boys," Steve whispered.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT'S what I call being a good girl," Steve said ever so softly with a grin that never left his face, "Open up and show me."

Thank goodness for my mom! Without to her instructions I might have swallowed it right away but thanks to her, as much as it was tempting to do swallow it, I kept his cum in my mouth. I stuck out my tongue as far as I could so he could see his cum on it. Then I smiled naughtily at him and swallowed it down. By now his cock wasn't as hard as it had been when he came of course but I took in back in my mouth and I loved the way it felt as it slowly softened in my mouth. Steve shivered as I sucked on it softly, like a baby with a binkie. If anything, he seemed even more sensitive to my tongue now than when he had cum.

Finally I let him go and while it was disappointing to feel his cock leave my mouth I knew that it was going to be back in many times in the future ? at least if I had anything to say about it. I struggled to pull up my shorts as they were so tight I usually had to lay on my bed to get them on. Then I rearranged my tube top before I sat down next to my now well-satisfied boyfriend. He started to reach for his shorts but I held his hands back.

"What are you doing? I'm not finished yet," I said softly with a naughty grin.

Heck, the movie wasn't even half over so why not go for seconds? My mom had told me that teenage boys like Steve would get hard again quickly after his first orgasm, if he softened at all and sure enough Steve's sixteen year-old dick never really got soft all the way as it started to grow once again in my hand as I stroked him slowly. It was easier now with his cum to lubricate it. One thing I noticed was that his cum left a huge aftertaste in my mouth as I ran my tongue around my teeth and cheeks where it seemed to have collected. It was definitely unlike anything I'd ever tasted before and while I wouldn't say it was delicious, it WAS something I was confident that I could acquire a taste for. In any case, it wasn't like I was doing it for the cum, I simply loved the process of getting it!

For the second BJ of my life I didn't get on my knees again as the cement floor wasn't exactly the most comfortable thing to kneel on. This time I just leaned over and put my head in his lap and took him back in my mouth again. I sucked Steve's now resurrected erection like a baby sucking on a bottle, taking just the head in my mouth and holding it with my lips while my tongue ran all around it. I stroked the shaft with my hand while he ran his own hand up and down my back and then reached around to play with my boobs again. I pulled my tube top down again to expose my little boobs for him and they tingled at his touch.

would be. If there was one thing I was certain of it was that this was NOT going to be the last time I sucked his dick!

"Oh fuck, here it cums," he groaned softly, breaking my train of thought and bringing me back to the business at hand. "I want to cum on your face," he said, pulling me off of his cock by grabbing my hair and lifting up my head.

I would've been more than pleased to have just let him cum in my mouth again but my mom had warned me that some guys got off seeing their cum spurt all over a girl. The idea sounded more like a mess to me than anything but I went along with it and watched as he stroked himself a few times. It was like he was masturbating and I guess technically he was which seemed sort of strange since I would've loved to have finished him off with my mouth.

I didn't have time to contemplate it any more as suddenly a stream of cum was shooting from his cock. Fortunately I closed my eyes just in time as it sprayed all over my face and forehead, some of it against my eyelids as well. It was like someone was covering my face with thick warm oil as he came again and this time I wasn't sure where it went as my eyes were closed and I didn't feel it on my face.

A few eruptions and it was all over my face and neck. I reached to wipe the cum from my eyes and tried to slowly open them. It stung a little bit but at least I could see again. Below me was Steve's cock, his last load of cum had barely escaped and was now dripping down the side of his cock. I lowered my head and took his cock in my mouth and then lifted up, drawing the cum from his dick into my mouth. I spit it back out and let it drip onto his cock head again and then reached down to suck it off again. I was already growing accustomed to the odd flavor and the second load didn't seem to be nearly as bitter as the first.

"Lift your head up," he whispered. I sat up and he looked at me, using his hands to push my messy hair away from my blushing face.

"Damn Kelly, now you look like such a slut... I love it," he said with a grin. I could only imagine how I must have looked as I could feel his cum running down my face and neck. Was that why he wanted to cum on my face, so I would look like some sort of cum slut for him? All I knew for sure was I must've looked like a wreck and I wanted to clean it off of me as soon as possible.

"Do you have a handkerchief?" I asked him.

He shook his head and I looked around, uncertain as to what I should do. It wasn't like I had any extra clothes to wipe it off with! Steve was pulling up his pants and for a brief moment I thought about asking him for his underwear but then I thought again and decided THAT was not a good idea! There really wasn't any other option so I told him I'd be right back and slipped out of the darkened theater. At the entrance door I peeked to see if anyone was around. The theater complex was virtually empty with the only people in sight being at the far end of the aisle so I quickly opened the door and headed for the restrooms naturally were at the far end of the hall, as far away as possible from our theater. Fortunately the hallway was empty so I reached the restroom without passing anyone. When I reached for the door it opened by itself in front of me and out came an older lady, probably in her later forties or early fifties. She took one look at me and her face wrinkled up in disgust. She muttered something like, "Tramp!" under her breath as she walked by but I just ignored her. Odds were she hadn't sucked a dick in ages and she was just jealous! I grinned to myself ? twice now I'd been scolded for being a slut. I couldn't wait to brag to my mom!

It wasn't until I got inside and looked in the mirror that I realized that I really couldn't blame the old bitch for her reaction. Indeed, I DID look like a tramp - or even more like a whore I suppose. I hadn't realized just how much Steve had cum that second time - or where. My face was literally covered with his cum and there was no mistaking it for what it was. Well I could deal with that easily enough by using wet paper towels to wipe it off of me.

It was another learning experience as what proved to be the most difficult was the mess in my hair! Steve must have shot several loads into my hair and it was already started to congeal. The only comb I could fit in my tiny purse was too small for the job resulting in me struggling with it when another girl walked in. She looked to be in her late teens or early twenties and her reaction was considerably different than the old lady's had been.

"Yeah, it can be a bitch to get out, " she said with a knowing smile on her face. Dear God! How did she know what I'd been doing! She continued, "My advice: wait until you get home and then a hot shower and lots of shampoo - only way to get it all out." She then took a closer look at me and asked, "Whoa, just how old ARE you anyway?"

I mean really, what was I supposed to say? I didn't answer but instead just smiled sheepishly back at her. I thanked her for her advice and left her behind in the restroom. Once back in my seat I saw that Steve had his shorts all zipped and buckled back up with quite a look of self-satisfaction on his face. In the dark he didn't notice my matted hair but then he was a guy and probably wouldn't have even if the lights had been on! We watched what little was left of the movie but I had no idea what was going on. Oh well, who cared? After it was over we went back out to his mother's car.

"Damn Kelly, that was the best blowjob I have EVER had!" he said turning to me after he closed the door. It was nice to finally able to talk in a normal tone of voice.

I smiled back at him, a bit proud of myself but also pleased that I'd satisfied him. I'm sure he was exaggerating a little but he wouldn't have said that if I hadn't done well. I would've loved to have blown him again right then and there. Like wow, blowjobs were FUN! Still, I didn't want him to think I was some kind of nympho so I held myself back. He offered to buy me something to eat but I asked him to take me home. What I really needed now was a hot shower and there was no way I was going to walk into any local restaurant with his cum all congealed in my hair! Maybe none of the guys would notice but I really didn't feel like dealing with some snooty waitress treating me like I was some kind of teenage whore. Steve reluctantly agreed and dropped me off after parking at the top of our driveway. We kissed before I got out of the car and I patted his crotch playfully.

"Now be a good boy and I promise to take care of him again next time," I teased Steve. Steve just grinned at me and said, "Well, he's available now!"

I just smiled and shook my head. One thing I was learning quick about sucking cock was that it gave me total control over him. I had a feeling things were going to be different now between me and Steve. It wasn't like it was anything bad, I just knew I was going to have more say in our relationship than I had up until now if he wanted his dick sucked. He didn't have to know I wanted to do it as badly as he wanted me to suck him!

# 3. Back Home With Mom

Walking back into the house I found my mom waiting anxiously for me in the kitchen. She was wearing just a bra and panties, her usual nighttime outfit although for the life of me I never could understand why she didn't just take the bra off around the house and wear something more comfy. She took one look at me and grinned, shaking her head at the same time.

"Well, I was going to ask how things went but between that nasty grin on your face and the mess in your hair I guess it's pretty obvious," she laughed, "Well, I warned you that I would want to hear all about it so spill it girl!"

Feeling so proud of myself I sat down across the table from her and told her everything that happened as best as I could remember. She laughed at me when I got to the part where he was spraying his cum all over me.

"Oh Kelly, why in the world did you let him do that?" she admonished me, "Especially in your HAIR for goodness sake."

I shrugged my shoulders as I really didn't have a good excuse. Not like I'd planned it that way or anything. I'd learned my lesson though. From now on I would swallow or at least get my head out of the way! Then I noticed something else... "Mom! What ARE you doing?" I teased her. Sure enough, my mom was touching herself under the table with her hand down inside her panties while she listening to me! It was so cool to know my own mother was getting turned on listening about how her daughter had sucked her first cock. Well, if she liked THAT then I could only imagine how she would be when someday I told her how I lost my virginity!

She just shrugged with an "oh well" expression so I kissed her on the cheek and left her to finish herself off. It would've been interesting to know what she was thinking about. As it turned out she wasn't the only one turned on from my recollection of the evening. I'd fully intended to take a shower first thing but the process of recalling my erotic evening for my mom had left me horny so for the next half hour or so I masturbated on my own bed. Eventually I got around to taking a shower.

By the way... the girl at the theater was wrong. Shampoo really doesn't work all that well!

chosen to wear one), I would wonder why mine couldn't look like more like hers. Life certainly wasn't fair!

Considering Steve hadn't given me so much as the time of day over the weekend I was almost speechless when he called about a week later and asked me if I would like to go out with him. Thank goodness we were on the phone so he couldn't see my face flush beet red with excitement. Of course I accepted his invitation without hesitation. I'd been out with groups of friends and gone to parties with some guys in my class but nothing that really constituted a "date", especially with a boy as old, not to mention smoking hot as Steve.

Steve took me to a Fourth of July carnival where we had all sorts of fun on the rides and playing games. I was a little worried that he didn't so much as hold my hand. Considering his reputation it made me wonder if he thought maybe I was too immature. Later that night though, as we laid huddled under a blanket watching the fireworks I felt a boy's hands on my chest for the very first time. My heart was racing as he reached down into my halter top and played with my boobs. It was even more exciting considering we were doing it in the middle of a crowded field packed with families and others there to watch the fireworks. Certainly nobody had any idea of the fireworks going off inside of me as Steve fondled me!

Whether it was because he liked my bubbly personality or I that let him play with my boobs all he wanted, whatever the motivation Steve asked me out a few times after that. Although I let him touch my breasts again that was as far as I'd let him go. Of course I knew he wanted in my pants and I could tell he was getting frustrated more and more each time when I'd push his hand away from my jeans or shorts. From the look on his face and the tone of his voice when he dropped me off at home I began to worry that maybe he wouldn't call me again if I didn't start putting out like the other girls he dated.

Although I was the one responsible for keeping him at bay, to be honest I wanted to go further around the bases just as much if not more as he did. Here I was, fourteen with hormones raging. I'd started masturbating a few years ago and my mother often commented wryly about how often I was doing it but it was nothing like what I was doing after I started dating Steve. OMG, I was fingering myself every night and usually a couple of times during the day as I'd dream of his hands exploring me, touching me all over. My attention was especially drawn to a large bulge in his pants that magically appeared whenever we were making out. There were times when it took every ounce of willpower for me not to reach over and unzip his jeans, freeing what I was sure was the most marvelous cock in the world. The problem was simple in that while I was hot and horny, at the same time I couldn't help but be a bit scared. Like every girl in school, including his sister Sharon, I knew Steve was certainly no virgin. In fact, the guy had quite the reputation for putting the moves on every girl he dated as verified by my best friend Beth. It was also well known that girls who didn't put out didn't get to date him for long. I'd never even so much as touched a boy down there (well, actually I had once a long time before but that was a totally different thing) and I was deathly afraid I'd embarrass myself by not being as good as the older girls he'd been having sex with.

Of course in my dreams as I masturbated I was giving Steve head and riding his cock as well if not better than those whores in the porn movies my dad loved to watch. I would lay in bed at night and finger myself while squeezing what boobs I had as I dreamed of how Steve's swollen dick would feel in my mouth. It was hard enough to imagine that, let alone how would it be like to feel him in my pussy. I'd push my finger as deep inside of me as my hymen would let me, then two and even three, wondering if his cock would feel the same way. My eyes would close and my hips would raise up off the bed as I came while dreaming that it was Steve's dick inside of me filling me with his hot teenage sperm until my pussy overflowed and it drained down my butt and soaked into the sheets under me.

What was sort of funny was I think my mom got more of a kick out of my "problem" than anything. In fact she seemed quite amused that since I'd started dating Steve my masturbation time had gone off the chart. Sometimes she would come in my room after I'd finished and we would talk about Steve. We had some long talks about what my first time would be like and what I could do to be better prepared. While she never openly encouraged me to have sex with him, I got the feeling sometimes she wondered what was holding me back. She certainly never discouraged me!

Finally after lying in bed completely exhausted after yet another entire morning spent in bed masturbating, I decided that I'd held out long enough. Next time I was determined to learn more about what was creating that bulge under those pants - a LOT more! Somehow I didn't think Steve would mind.

For our next date Steve took me to a movie theater and to make a long story short by the time it was over I'd not only touched my first cock, I'd sucked it and swallowed my first load of sperm as well. The swallowing part was more by accident than design. I had him in my mouth when he came without warning and so I ended up with a mouthful whether I really wanted it or not. Even so I think I loved it even more than he did! Some of my girlfriends had already blown their boyfriends and a few of them had complained to me how disgusting their cum tasted. Well, maybe it was just Steve's particular flavor but all I knew was I was addicted to cum from day one. My only regret was I'd waited so long before finding out how great it was.

After that I took advantage of every opportunity to suck Steve's magical cock. We often did it in my bedroom, even while my parents were home. It wasn't liked they cared but Steve didn't know that they knew exactly what we were doing and that I would tell them about it afterwards. Maybe it was best he didn't know as he seemed to really get off knowing that my parents were right below us while he was stroking his dick in and out of my mouth.

The more I sucked my boyfriend's dick the more I found myself dreaming about what it would be like to have him fuck me with it. One thing I knew for sure was that there wouldn't be any problems getting Steve to do it. He had made it clear many times that he wanted to fuck me sooner than later. Again, I was starting to get the feeling that I might lose him if I didn't put out more.

## 2. The Great Debate

Under the circumstances I knew it was just a matter of time before we did IT but it WAS a big step for me and I didn't want to rush into it until I was absolutely sure. I mean when you come down to it, sucking cock is no big thing really. Heck, if anything I was probably one of the last in my tight circle of friends to do it. Unlike a BJ though, letting Steve fuck me would mean I was having SEX, something that most of my friends were NOT doing although a couple had started already. Beth was the first of our group to do it and Steve had been the one to take her virginity so it was sort of ironic that I was looking to have him take mine as well.

Another thing I had to take into consideration was that while most people didn't take blowjobs seriously, once a girl gets a reputation for REALLY putting out she's immediately tagged with the title "slut". Based on his reputation I had to assume that if I let Steve fuck me that he would promptly go out and do what he did after fucking all of the other girls and tell his friends about it - who would likely tell all of their friends. Not to mention that I knew full well how the girls at school talked about other girls who were "easy" and I wasn't so sure I wanted them talking about ME that way. Then again I had to admit that it sort of turned me on to think that

Hey baby girl, what's the problem?" she asked as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. My mom worked shifts as a nurse at the hospital but she'd gotten a good night's sleep and was just being lazy so I didn't feel guilty waking her to discuss something so important.

"Oh Mom, I just don't know what to do," I started out. No sense beating around the bush so I just asked her straight out saying, "Steve wants to fuck me and I don't know if I should let him."

My mom just chuckled, rolling her eyes and then she asked, "Well Kelly, EVERY teenage boy wants to do his girlfriend so what makes this situation any different? You know you don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with."

Well she had me there. My mom had a knack for drilling straight to the core of an issue and in this case she asked the exact question that was nagging me.

"You know Kelly, I think the question you should be asking yourself is do YOU want him to fuck you?"

I flopped over onto my back and thought for a moment. "Well I guess I do," I answered albeit rather lamely.

My mom frowned at me. "What do you mean you GUESS you do? This is quite a decision for you to make so you better not just be guessing."

Of course my mom was right, wasn't she always? In reality I knew the answer, I just needed her confirmation. Taking a deep breath I responded with, "OK, I WANT Steve to fuck me."

My mom turned on her side to face me and leaned up on her elbow at that and smiled at me knowingly. "Ahhhhhh, I see what's going on here. It's not really about Steve, is it? I think someone's just horny and wants to get laid. It's not like it hasn't been obvious to your dad and me the past few weeks since you started blowing the boy."

Believe it or not I blushed! I'd never been shy about masturbating in front of my parents but I hadn't really given thought to how much more I'd been doing it recently. Why hadn't they said anything before now?

My eyes involuntarily glanced downward, my body language betraying me and she knew she had me cornered so she continued, "You know, there are two ways to give up your virginity. You can either give it to someone who loves you and respects you or you can give it away just for the sake of having sex. Somehow I think you just want to get laid. Am I right?"

"Well...," I stammered. I hadn't planned on putting it quite THAT way but essentially she was right. How do mother's read minds anyway? Still it wasn't quite THAT bad, was it? Sure I was horny but I DID want to be respected after all.

"Oh don't try denying it, that's just part of being a normal teenage girl," she consoled me, putting her hand gently on my arm, "I'm just surprised you've been blowing him this long without doing it already."

Blushing again, I bit my lower lip nervously as she continued, "Actually, I'd be a lot more concerned as your mother if you came in here and tried to tell me that you did NOT want to have sex. It's perfectly natural to want it, especially with all the changes you're going through now. The only question I DO have to ask is, do you really want this particular boy to be your first?"

I looked at her quizzically, wondering where she was going with this. Of course I wanted Steve to be the one, who else?

"What I'm trying to say Kelly, is do you want to just give away your virginity to some horny high school boy who simply wants to add you to his scorecard? Have you ever considered that maybe there might be someone else out there who wants your virginity who might be more concerned about YOU than just getting laid, someone who loves you?"

I shook my head in total confusion. Sometimes my mom could be a little too philosophical for me and this was definitely one of those times. Like I had absolutely no idea what the heck she was talking about! I mean like who did I know that loved me AND wanted to fuck me? I may have been fourteen and horny but I wasn't so naive as to think for one minute that Steve loved me in a romantic sense. I mean, we enjoyed each other and had some good times and I knew he loved me blowing him. Even so was under no delusions that if I stopped putting out for him that he would drop me like a hot potato. Of course my parents loved me but not like THAT! Was she hinting that maybe I should wait then for someone else?

I looked at my mom with a questioning face but she dropped that line of discussion without further explanation apparently realizing that I hadn't a clue what she was talking about.

Note by Kelly: It wasn't until a couple of years later that I recalled this conversation and the proverbial light bulb went off brightly over my head. To this day I wish she'd have explained it to me better but at the same time I understand that she felt she was protecting me at the time by not revealing anything. Of course now I know that she was talking about my own father! She knew he loved me and wanted to be my first but they had a pact that if anything like that ever happened it would only be because I initiated on my own, without any encouragement from either of them. Had she told me it would have been a shock for sure as I had no clue he felt that way about me. At the same time I loved my dad and adored him as my father so I would've gladly given myself to him if that's what he wanted. As it was it would be two more years before I learned the truth. Oh well, I guess better late than never although I will feel guilty about it for the rest of my life.

In the meantime my mind was focused on Steve so her cryptic suggestion went in one ear and out the other and I didn't give it any further thought. OK, I'm a brunette so no blonde jokes about it being a clear path from one to the other!

"Well then Kelly, if you're all set on it being Steve then all I can say then is that I hope you have enough common sense to use protection. I'll be happy to take you to your doctor next week if you're really serious about this," my mom said. "I guess I should've seen this coming and had you in with her already."

Pardon me if I explain the obvious.... she meant that I should go on the pill BEFORE I started having sex. My heart sank at that as even if I got started immediately it would be at least a couple of months before it was 100% effective. She probably had thought that since I'd waited over fourteen years for this then what was another two months? Well SIXTY days, that's what and I didn't want to wait sixty days. At the same time I knew better than to argue with her. There were some things my mom and I just didn't agree on and I guess this was going to be one of them.

We hugged after that and as always I felt so secure in her warm embrace. The warmth of my mom's nude body against mine always made me feel close to her in a way nothing else did. At times like this I really appreciated that we could be so open with one another. I remembered how as little girl I would crawl in bed with my mom seeking her love and attention like a little puppy. She would stroke the backs of her fingertips all over me and run her fingers though my hair, soothing and relaxing me while at the same time goose bumps rose all over me. There was just something about being with her that way that felt so natural, like it was meant to be. Then we kissed as only a mother and daughter can. It felt so natural, so right to kiss my mom especially after sharing our most intimate secrets and thoughts.

"OK then, I really don't know what else to tell you baby," my mom said, rolling over on her back after we finally parted, stretching her bare arms out as she tried to

As often was the case with Sharon, her convoluted logic escaped me. "But Sharon, he's my boyfriend so of course I want him to fuck me. Steve's your BROTHER for goodness sakes. Ewwwww, like that would be incest!"

Sharon didn't seem to even hear what I was saying. Then again I didn't have a brother so I guess I couldn't say really how I would feel in her shoes, especially if I had an older brother as sexy as Steve. Still, for her to fuck her own brother would be like having my own dad fuck me. Ewwwww... So weird!

Sharon shrugged like it was no big deal and maybe it wasn't. "Well, it's not like he ever would. Shit, he won't even look at me when I'm naked."

As tempting as it was to pursue that line of thought I didn't go there so I was left wondering when Sharon was letting her own brother see her nude. If you asked me Steve seeing his sister naked was no different than my dad seeing me nude but Sharon's family was a LOT more conservative than mine. Probably the last thing I would EVER expect would be to see them all naked together.

Then I had another thought. Maybe Sharon was actually living vicariously through me which would explain why she insisted that I tell her every detail after a date with her brother. She especially seemed interested when I would describe how his dick look and tasted. As my only close friend with her virginity intact I just assumed she was curious about boys in general. Oh well, if things went as I was planning she was REALLY going to be horny when I told her about what we did later today. A naughty idea came to me then and I picked up the phone while I watched for Steve to arrive. I dialed a familiar number and Sharon answered.

"Hi Sharon... do you know where your sexy brother is?" I asked her in a teasing tone.

"Noooooo," she replied, "Ummmmm.... something I should know about?"

I giggled like the schoolgirl I was and teased her again. "Well he's on his way over to my house right now and guess what I'm gonna let him do to me?"

A gasp was clearly audible from on the other end of the line. "No! You're not gonna let him... or are you?"

All I could do was giggle even more and Sharon got the message loud and clear. "Damn you Kelly, that's not fair!"

Just then I heard Steve knocking and so I said, "Sorry girlfriend, he's here. I'll call you after he leaves... AFTER your horny brother fucks me!"

Before she could answer I hung up the phone feeling positively naughty for teasing my boyfriend's sister so badly. Grinning, I wondered if she would be

house yet I was shivering with excitement. As tightly as he was holding me, surely he must feel the beating of my heart as it raced with anticipation. God I wanted him so bad! At that moment I felt a hunger for him, almost an animal-like lust like I was a female animal in heat begging to have my urges met in the only way they could be truly satisfied. Even in my wildest masturbation fantasies I'd never felt so horny. It was like if Steve didn't fuck me and fuck me soon I was going to explode!

Fortunately Steve seemed just as anxious and restless as me. Finally, he must have been thinking, I was ready to put out for him! I could see his crotch bulging with the surging of his dick as it hardened with lust for me. Neither of us uttered a word, instead letting our hands, lips and tongues do the talking. Steve kept his arms around me and began to rub my back, working his way under my T-shirt onto my bare back as our kissing became even more passionate and unrestrained. Then he gradually worked his hand around until finally he was caressing me just under my boobs. My sexual desire overwhelmed me and I couldn't take his slow pace anymore so I held his hands and moved them up onto my tiny breasts.

"Touch me Steve," I whispered fervently, "I want you to touch me all over my body. You can touch me anywhere... everywhere. Today you can do anything you want with me Steve... anything!"

Steve didn't answer verbally but instead began to massage my boobs slowly as my heart raced even faster. Finally he grew frustrated with the T-shirt so he raised my arms and then pulled it up and over my head, tossing it to the living room carpet in a heap which left me now totally nude in the process. It was the first time I'd ever been nude with anyone other than my family (not counting the school locker room). We'd been almost nude before so it wasn't like it was the first time he'd seen most of my naked body yet there was something different this time, something more sensual... more erotic. Maybe because we each knew that this time there no bounds, no limits, no saying "no".

Steve stood there smiling widely as he took a good long look at my little breasts with their rock hard nipples poking out at attention. Despite myself, as always I was shy at first and started to pull away, worried that he would think my breasts were too small. Steve had been through this with me before though and so he knew what was bothering me.

"Don't worry Kelly, they're beautiful," he assured me, "Besides, look at how they fit perfectly in my hand. Now stop worrying about them! They're perfect... just perfect."

"Oh Steve, it feels so good when you touch them like that!" I sighed, head leaning back as I closed my eyes and concentrated on nothing but his hands on my sensitive boobs.

I loved to play with my boobs when I was alone, sometimes even when I'm not, but somehow whenever Steve touched them it just felt so much better, like a completely different experience. We sat down on the couch and Steve leaned over and gently kissed my neck and then worked his way down until he reached the gentle swell of my breasts and then even lower until he was sucking on my nipples. It made me tingle from head to toe as I closed my eyes again and thought of nothing but how good he was making me feel.

"That's it Steve, suck them... bite them gently... that's it... pull on my nipples with your teeth." It felt so good that my back arched involuntarily and a sexual moan escaped from my lips. "Now do the same to my other breast... give it some attention too."

His tongue swirled around my hard nipples as he sucked on both of my breasts. Alternating between them, he grabbed the nipples between his teeth and pulled on them, stretching them out and then releasing them to snap back, making me groan out louder each time. His hands squeezed them together, pushing them out and making them look so much bigger than they really were as his mouth went back and forth between them.

"Oh god Steve! Don't stop... PLEASE don't stop!"

I could see his dick pushing into me through his jeans, wanting to be set free as Steve used his talented mouth on my boobs. Then he stood up again and we kissed, allowing me to feel his dick against me like a hard piece of wood pressing into me and driving into my flesh. God he was so hard! Yes, he wanted me! Yes, Steve wanted to fuck me! I knew this more certainly than I could possible know anything else. And best of all... I wanted him too. I wanted Steve to fuck me more than anything else in the world right then.

"Fuck me Steve," I said breathlessly, "Please fuck me... Oh god Steve, I want you to fuck me so bad!"

There, I'd finally said it! The words spilled from my mouth like I was channeling some spiritual prostitute. Even though I heard them I almost couldn't believe I'd actually said them. It was like a dam had been broken inside of me, releasing my pent up lust in a flood of emotions generated by hours of masturbation and fantasy. It had been building up inside of me as I had waited so long for this moment to

making him horny with a willing pussy anxiously waiting to bring him to orgasm. Oh my God his cock was so stiff! Sure I'd seen my dad's big and stiff when he was masturbating but Steve's seemed to be even harder and bigger than my dad's. Of course at the time I was a little biased as I couldn't wait for Steve's to be inside of me!

My mouth literally watered as I realized that unlike my dad, who was probably getting off to thoughts of Amanda Tapping on StarGate when he masturbated, Steve was hard because of ME. All I could think about was what I wanted to do with his cock, how badly I wanted to suck it and then have him drive it deep inside of me for the very first time. I could feel his stiff dick pressing against me again as he looked me in the eyes, only this time it was his flesh against my flesh with no jeans separating him from me. He moved up until he was kneeling next to my head with his incredible cock pressing against my cheek.

"Suck it Kelly," he whispered, "Show me how badly you want to suck my dick."

It really wasn't a surprise as he always loved watching me. Steve moved back a bit to make room for my hand as I reached out and grasped his swollen cock. With all the practice I'd had sucking him lately I knew just what to do to make him feel good. Lovingly I moved my fingers around him and caressed his cock up and down the smooth shaft. Lifting my head up I pulled a pillow under it to support me as I started by licking him softly with my tongue. He was totally rock hard and so sensitive such that the slightest touch caused his cock to jump. Mmmmmmm, I loved it when it jumped and moved by itself like it had a mind of its own! Then I took just the tip into my mouth, barely covering it with my wet lips. Ever so slowly I started to go down deeper on him, taking his cock into my mouth just a little bit and then pulling back, each time going a little farther down his smooth shaft. Mmmmmmm, he tasted so good and I loved the musky scent of his male sex! Finally I was able to take his whole cock in my mouth without gagging and was stroking him as fast as I could move my head up and down.

"Oh god Kelly!" he groaned, "You do that so good... Damn that feels incredible when you do that!"

It wasn't really surprising that my technique suited him perfectly. After all, my only blowjob experience was with his cock so my technique had developed to match up exactly to what he wanted. I'd never asked Steve how I compared to other girls that had sucked his cock before but he seemed to enjoy what I did. Every time I blew Steve, when I was finished I felt like I learned a little something to make it better the

cum. Of course, it never hurt when he announced it as he liked to do sometimes! Realizing he was about to cum I almost stopped out of fear that if he did then he might not be able to fuck me right away afterwards. Then I remembered talking to his sister Sharon about just this very thing a few days earlier. Sharon couldn't help but laugh when I asked her what I should do if this were to happen.

"Oh just enjoy it Kelly!" she had said, shaking her head at me, "Sometimes I really have to wonder about you. Trust me, I've seen him stay hard after masturbating three times in a row and he has a hell of a reputation with his older girlfriends for his ability to keep on going forever. Don't worry, my horny brother is a fucking machine. You're SOOOO lucky! God I wish I knew how to convince him to fuck me!"

Of course at the time she laughed when she said it so I'd assumed she was just teasing me and not serious, at least the part about wishing her brother would fuck her. Well, I guess I'd been a little na‹ve.

With this tidbit of knowledge on my side I held his balls gently in my hand as I sucked his cock and felt him swelling ever so slightly larger in my mouth. It wasn't something I could actually see but in my mouth it was more noticeable. Steve started to groan which was a sure sign of an impending explosion.

"Oh yeah Kelly, I'm cumming!" he grunted loudly, giving voice to his impending orgasm.

Steve used both hands to hold my head firmly on his cock as his hips suddenly bucked forward, driving his erupting cock as deeply into my mouth as he could. The first load of cum emerged from his cannon, splashing against the back of my throat. This was the moment I loved best when I sucked him, feeling him release himself into my mouth, discharging his manhood onto my tongue and down my throat. I kept sucking and sucking him as he released the last of his sperm, drawing every drop from him that I could while ensuring he maintained his erection. I wasn't through with this beautiful cock today, not by a long shot! When he'd finished I let his cock slip from my mouth with an audible plop and ran my tongue around my teeth and gums, savoring the flavor of his potent sperm.

Did I ever mention I LOVE to suck Steve's cock?

of me. From the way his cock was sticking out like a tree trunk from his crotch, he was thoroughly enjoying the raunchy show I was putting on for him.

The idea of masturbating FOR Steve continued to dominate my thoughts. As I just mentioned, I'd masturbated with my parents around for years so it wasn't the first time anyone had seen me masturbate by any means. However, it WAS the first time anyone had deliberately watched me masturbated, definitely an important distinction. It was like me seeing my dad masturbating. I knew he was doing it but once I got used to it I never really stared at him doing it and besides, he was never seemed interested in me that way either when I did it with him around. After all, why would a father be interested in watching his own daughter playing with herself? I was raised that masturbation was a normal release and nothing to be ashamed of. Why should anyone have to skulk to their bedroom or bathroom just to do it?

For me it was incredibly erotic to have someone actually staring at my pussy as my fingers touched my clit and pushed into it for him to see. I don't know what was turning me on more, the touch of my hands on myself or the feeling of his eyes boring holes into my pussy. Actually, this was one of my mom's suggestion for me when I was about to have sex for the first time. She'd told me that the wetter and hornier I was before he fucked me then the easier it would be when he first penetrated me. Well, I was as soaking wet and horny as I'd ever been so I guess that meant one thing - I was primed and ready to be fucked for the very first time by my boyfriend! I glanced at the door for a moment, forgetting that my parents weren't home. I wondered if they had been if my mom or dad would have wanted to watch their daughter at this special time in her life. I would've been proud for them to see how grown up their little girl was now! Oh well, maybe later?

Those thoughts were quickly forgotten when I looked at Steve and gave him a sexy smile. I gently rubbed my pussy and said, "Did you know Steve that when I did this in bed last night I was thinking of you? I was dreaming of you touching me like this when I came."

While I continued to touch myself slowly and deliberately, Steve's eyes were fixed on my pussy and I don't think he was even blinking at this point. It made me feel good that he was stroking his cock with one hand as I knew he was as anxious to fuck me as I was for him to do it. As much as I wanted him in me though, at this moment I couldn't bear the thought of taking my hand off me... not just yet at least. I was soooooo close!

"Ohhhhhh Steve!" I moaned loudly, closing my eyes as I felt my pussy begin to surge under my fingers. It was like a bomb had been set off inside my pussy, exploding inside of me and releasing a flood of pleasure unlike anything else in the world as it quickly spread thought out my entire body. I squeezed my eyes shut, flashes of light lit up in the dark as my orgasm wracked my body from head to toe.

"I'm cumming Steve... Oh god I'm cumming!"

My legs pulled up to my chest as I rocked back and placed my palm over my throbbing pussy, pulling myself back as my hand pressed on my lightning hot pussy. My chest felt like it was on fire, reddening like a beach sunburn as I felt my face and upper chest flush from my orgasm. I put my other hand over the first, gripping on my crotch, pulling back on it to drive me into an ever deeper orgasm.

Slowly I returned to earth from whatever plane of existence I traveled to whenever I experienced an especially good orgasm. Opening my eyes, they focused on Steve who was staring at me with his mouth hanging open, practically drooling at the erotic display right in front of him. My pussy was practically screaming as I eyed his hard dick, now pointing directly at my pussy like some heat-seeking missile waiting to be launched. I pulled my hand from my pussy, curling my finger to indicate I wanted him to come closer to me.

"OK Steve, that's enough of me just dreaming about that dick in me... now I want it for real."

## 6. Steve Finally takes My Virginity

Do I have to even say it? Apparently not as Steve didn't hesitate for a second. He'd already been with enough girls so there wasn't any worry on either of our parts over what he needed to do. I knew that Beth had been a virgin when he'd first fucked which I thought was pretty cool as now we'd have even more in common as best friends. It wasn't like Steve had never been with a virgin before and who knows how many other girls' maidenheads he'd claimed before hers. I didn't think it really mattered one way or the other - it was MY first time and that was all I cared about. Steve reached out between my spread legs, sliding one of his fingers into my soaking wet pussy and immediately began to move it in and out like he was fucking me with his finger. I instinctively moaned at the touch of his hand on me. Suddenly I knew what I wanted... something that had never been done to me before.

"Lick me Steve. I want you to eat my pussy."

It was probably moot for me to even ask as Steve was already moving between my widespread legs. I used both hands to pull his face down into my fuzzy brown bush. As he reached out with his tongue he easily found my swollen clit and I gasped when his tongue touched me. Oh my god! He swirled around my screaming clit and then stuck his tongue as deep into my pussy as he could reach. When he again took my clit in his mouth he gently bit on it making my entire body suddenly go went rigid with pleasure and I moaned loudly.

"Oh my god Steve... that feels SO good!"

Nobody had ever licked my pussy before and the sensation was incredible! I could see my pussy wetness all over his face as he moved up and down me with his mouth and tongue. He worked his hands under me, each one now holding an ass cheek as he lifted my hips up to press my pussy firmly into his face like he was eating a pussy watermelon. As he ate me I used my hands to massage my boobs, tugging on my hardened nipples, tracing my fingers in small circles around them.

After what seemed a lifetime of this unbelievable pleasure I pulled him up to me and kissed him with my pussy juices fresh on his mouth and cheeks. I loved the taste and smell of myself on his mouth as we kissed. It wasn't the first time I'd tasted myself but it WAS the first time on someone besides myself. He was too anxious though to just make out so he quickly worked his way down back to my crotch, stopping to pay respect to my boobs, kissing my flat stomach yet again which tickling me, and then finally he was back to my starving pussy. I was in ecstasy! Wow, like why hadn't I let him do this to me before today?

I could feel my second orgasm beginning to build, first the tingling sensation in my pussy, then the goose bumps as my body shivered with pleasure, and then suddenly the explosion of pleasure once again from my pussy that quickly spread throughout my entire body like an earthquake. Surges of incredible pleasure pulsed from my pussy, coursing through my body like waves smashing on the beach. I could feel my cum gushing out of me, covering his face with my juices as he eagerly licked up as much as he could.

Simply put, I was in heaven. I was now so horny that any inhibitions that may still have been within me simply disappeared. My pussy was as soaking wet and ready as it would ever be. Out poured the words again that I knew he wanted to hear. I looked Steve square in the eyes and in a firm and unwavering voice I said to him, "Fuck me Steve... fuck me NOW!"

"Just stay like this for a moment please," I said with my teeth gritted, the pain ever so slowly subsiding.

OMG, I'd done it! My virginity was history, never to be recovered. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the unique feeling of being joined physically with another human being. He felt so big in me! It was like I could feel him in my belly! I'd dreamed for so long of this moment and it was everything I'd ever imagined... and so much more. Steve's dick was actually INSIDE of me! It was like we were one body now, joined together in the most intimate act a boy and girl can perform.

"OK... keep going," I whispered huskily as I finally reached the point where the pain was being overridden by the pleasure of his cock inside of me.

Without another word Steve began to fuck me. I saw that there was a little blood on his cock as he pulled out for another thrust and then began to stroke himself slowly in and out of me. I tensed up as he fucked me. As much as I wanted it to feel good I couldn't ignore the return of the searing pain as his cock rubbed against what was essentially an open wound inside of me.

As painful as it was to give up my virginity, at the same time there was a sensation of pleasure that began to rise to counter the pain. I have to admit that at the beginning pain was winning out by a wide margin. Then as my boyfriend continued to thrust inside of me, stimulating me as only a real cock in your pussy can, pleasure began to gain on pain and finally took the lead. Even so, it wasn't like the pain just surrendered and disappeared, it was just masked by the incredible new sensations his dick was producing inside of me. When he was buried inside of me it was like I just had to stop and allow my mind catch up to my body. He'd fucked me for a few minutes when I felt like I needed to just take a moment to yet again try and absorb what was all happening to me.

"Just hold it still in me Steve. Let me just feel your cock in me for a moment," I whispered.

It wasn't later when I was telling my parents about it that I realized how wonderful Steve reacted in that moment. They both seemed surprised that Steve had the willpower to stop at that point. I remember my mom nodding to my dad, commenting on how it was best for a girl to be with a boy who had done it before. I'm sure had it been Steve's first time he would have just kept fucking me until he came without any concern for my feelings.

"Are you OK Kelly?" Steve asked with a look of concern on his face.

"Your dad said to hurry up here but you're not even dressed!" my mom laughed, "Goodness sakes Kelly, what's gotten into you?"

I burst into laughing when she said that. It was the perfect question to respond to whether she realized it or not!

"Steve did," I answered simply.

"What do you mean?" my mom replied. Then it hit her and she reached forward to hug me.

"Oh Kelly baby! That's wonderful!"

She turned to my dad and smiled. "So our little girl is all grown up now." Then She sat down next to me and put her arm around me.

"Ok then, so tell us everything that happened! And I want details girl."

Neither of them never interrupted me as related the events of the previous day although I knew they both had to be bursting with questions. After their reactions to my telling them about my first blow job, it didn't surprise me when I saw they each were getting turned-on as I described what happened. My mom's face flushed and she subconsciously started to rub her breasts through he blouse, especially when I got to the part when Steve first entered me. My dad of course was busting out of his pants and I was a little surprised when he unzipped them and started to stroke himself in front of me! Wow, my dad was turned on listening to how Steve fucked me. Hmmmmmm, I could just imagine what he'll think when he gets to watch!

After I finished my dad left - probably to masturbate in their room, leaving me with my mom. Alone, we kissed and hugged, both of us excited over my new status. Then it got a little serious as we discussed birth control. While she hadn't said anything earlier with my dad there, she wasn't exactly thrilled that Steve had cum in me, even if it was just one burst. She promised to get me to the doctor the next day for birth control pills. Then she gave me another hug and we kissed for several minutes before she stood up to leave. The smile on her face was priceless! I hadn't seen my mother this happy in quite a while.

When she reached the door she turned to me and said, "Oh Kelly, I can't tell you how proud I am of you. Your dad and I were just talking about you last night, wondering if you would do it. Well, I guess you don't have to rely on masturbation now!"

With that she left and I reached for the phone to call Sharon. I couldn't wait to tell her what her brother had done to me! Then I put the phone back down. Nope, this was one time I wanted to see her reaction. She was going to be so jealous!

# Postscript

Although I've been with literally hundreds of men and quite a few women since my first time, this was a day that I will remember and treasure for the rest of my life. Steve was the only boy I had sex with until his family moved away later in the school year and we lost touch shortly afterwards. Who knows, maybe if they hadn't moved away I might have stuck with him and not have become the slut I was? Can't say I regret what I did but just a thought...

After his family moved I was sure I'd never see him again but God works in mysterious ways. Remarkably more than ten years later his mom was transferred back to Pittsburgh and Steve chose to move back with her. To make a long story short, we reconnected, got married and now have two wonderful daughters. I think it's so romantic that I can tell people that I married my first love!

Besides the short shorts, on top I was wearing my favorite black stretch tube halter. As small as my boobs were it didn't have to be very wide so it was almost more like a headband stretched around my chest to keep my nipples covered. I liked this one especially because it was thin enough to allow my nipples to easily poke through. Best of all it was could easily be pulled up or down to get out of the way while just as easy to get back in place in a hurry of needed. In other words... the perfect top for an occasional flash. For better or worse I didn't wear a bra although sometimes on dates I wore one just to give my new boyfriend something to play with. Plus, it goes back to the allowing him something that he "shouldn't".

Along the way we were forced to stop and wait to cross a busy four-lane road. The road we were on were small with little traffic so a stoplight wasn't apparently deemed necessary. Well, whoever made THAT stupid decision should be sentenced to cross this road every day! As usual, the traffic on the four-lane was terrible this time of day and without a stoplight it was looking like it would be a bit before we had an opportunity to hurry across. Steve, never one to pass up an opportunity of his own, took a quick glance around. Seeing nobody was nearby he pulled up right next to me and the next thing I knew I felt his hand slide between my barely covered butt and the bike seat. I couldn't help but wiggle a little in response to his hand as he started running his finger along my crotch.

"Steve! People can see us you horny jerk!" I said, pretending to be annoyed while secretly turned on.

Steve knew by now that his new girlfriend loved it when he touched her "inappropriately" no matter where we were. In fact, I thought it was fun when we fooled around in public and people would stare at us as if they simply couldn't believe what we were doing. Some, especially the older women, would frown and shake their heads in disgust but most of the guys didn't seem to mind the show. I imagined more than a few went home with bruises on their sides from their wives' stiletto elbows when they were busted for looking at us! Although my mom wasn't exactly thrilled by my new thirst for erotic PDA (Public Displays of Affection), she knew better than to tell me to stop as all that would do is encourage me do it all the more!

"Who cares?" he replied with a grin, using his free hand to motion to the constant flow of traffic in front of us, "Just a bunch of horny guys heading home from work. Besides, they're going sixty miles an hour. Even if they do see us, why not give 'em something to think about?"

I shook my head in mock despair but at the same time I wasn't exactly doing anything to discourage him from groping me. As they say, actions speak louder than words! If anything I leaned even further forward and lifted myself off the seat just enough to make it easier for him to feel me up. My little movements didn't go unnoticed as Steve responded by slipping his hand even further under my butt, cupping my crotch as his fingers pressed against my pussy. Just as I started to wonder just how far he was would go I got my answer when one of his fingers started working its way under the crotch of my shorts until I felt it sliding into my pussy! I was pretty wet already from the anticipation and so he slid easily up inside of me. It was only just up to his first knuckle or so but more than enough for me to feel it in me.

"Steve!" I exclaimed, genuinely a little concerned now, "C'mon, you can't do THAT! Besides, there's someone behind us now!"

Indeed, he may not have noticed with his fixation on my butt but a huge black SUV had just appeared behind us.

"So what? You know you love it you little slut!" Steve said as he pushed his finger even further up into me. "Hmmm, somebody's horny!" he laughed as he felt the wetness of my pussy on his finger.

Yes, I WAS horny but there was still that big black SUV which had moved up until it was right behind us. Glancing back I could see that inside was the stereotypical soccer mom with a standard issue two kids and even the family dog. Both of the kids looked to be around ten to twelve years old. Well mom, it's never too early for them to learn about the facts of life! In reality, it wasn't likely that the kids even noticed what Steve was doing to me and even if they did, to them it probably looked like he just had his hand under my ass.

On the other hand (no pun intended!) while the kids may not have had a clue, Soccer Mom knew EXACTLY was going on right in front of her. Steve had been diligently working his finger even deeper into me and it felt so good I couldn't resist moving my rear end up and down just a little. Mmmmmmm, I was literally being fucked by his middle finger right there in the middle of the street! I'm sure anyone looking, including Soccer Mom, would just think he was feeling up my ass. Really, who would ever dream he'd had the nerve to actually finger me?

The sheer naughtiness of what we were doing had me dripping wet and I was thinking I might even cum when Soccer Mom evidently thought that enough was enough. She honked her horn quickly a couple of time to get out attention but it was too late as I really didn't give a hoot what she thought at this point. Heck, it wouldn't have mattered to me at this point if the whole neighborhood was watching. In fact, that would've only made it even better! Steve wasn't so calm as he jumped nervously at the sharp blare of the horn and for a moment it seemed he was going to lose his nerve as he started to pull his finger out of me.

I reached back and grabbed his hand, holding it in place. "Don't you DARE," I scolded him, "You started this you horny jerk so don't even think about stopping now!"

Instinctively I leaned my head back a bit more and moaned loudly as his finger plunged into me once again. There was no need to worry about being quiet as with all the traffic noise nobody was going to hear me anyway. Can you believe it? Good heavens I was actually starting to cum standing over my bike in full view of some bitchy lady and her bratty kids! OK, so maybe they weren't THAT bad but it made me feel hornier thinking they were.

My thoughts were interrupted as Soccer Mom honked at us again, a little longer this time. This time it was probably more out of impatience for us to get out of the way than protesting our little show. Either way, I looked back at her and grinned and wiggled my butt as best I could with Steve hand under me. My reward was a horrified look which simply made me laugh even harder. I was thinking of ways I could show off a little more to the prude but I didn't get the chance as just then the traffic finally cleared. There was no way I was about to move, not being this close, but Soccer Mom hit the gas hard and her tires squealed as if to send a message as she raced around us and somehow merged into traffic without killing anyone.

Later back home I wondered if Soccer Mom told her husband when she got home what she'd seen or least what she THOUGHT she'd seen. Better yet, I would've loved to have known what her kids were asking her about what those two teenagers were doing at the stop sign! "Mommy, why did that boy have his hand on her butt?"

Oh well, that was for later as for now I simply didn't care. My eyes were tightly closed as I focused on nothing but Steve's finger wiggling in me like a worm on a hook. Nobody was behind us now and everyone on the crossroad was flying past too fast to have time to get any real view of what Steve was doing so I used my free hand to reach down and rub my clit through the tight denim material.

"That's it Steve... make me cum," I moaned, trying not to fall over on my bike. I leaned forward, hoping he would press his finger even deeper into me but it was my shorts that were now causing more problems than anything else. Well, I DID set

cutoffs rode deep into my pussy slit a little of it would stick out on both sides where the thin strip of denim made a valiant attempt to cover my pussy. Based on Steve's wide eyes it was failing miserably in its duties.

"Oh Stevie boy... see anything you like?" I called out to him in the sexiest tone I could muster.

Judging by the horny grin on his face and the quickly growing bulge in his shorts I could tell he certainly did! Evidently his little head was doing all the thinking for the big head at this point because as soon as he got up close to me he unzipped his shorts and out popped that hard cock I'd grown to love so much in the past month or so. It also had the distinction of being the ONLY cock I'd ever sucked and after Steve had started fucking me I liked to think of it as something that now belonged to me. Mmmmmmm, I loved the sound of that... it might be attached to him but it was MY cock.

Steve wasn't the only one mesmerized. Over the past few weeks I'd come to love Steve's cock almost like it was some sort of personal pet. It was so well trained... always ready and anxious for me to suck it and make it cum whenever I was hungry for it which believe me was quite often! As hard as it was to believe, I'd only started sucking his cock a few weeks ago and the newness of it had not yet even begun to wear off - hopefully it never would. Steve teased me sometimes saying that the only reason I went out with him was because he let me suck his cock whenever I wanted. While I'd laugh as if it was a joke there may have been more truth in that statement than he realized. After all, it's not just guys that date someone just for sex.

"God Kelly, you're such a crazy slut! Well, does this answer your question?" he said, waving his dick around knowing how much that excited me. "Let me guess, is my horny little girlfriend hungry for the real thing now?"

He knew full well I was as grinned broadly. Such a silly question as I was ALWAYS hungry for his wonderful cock and for that matter, just sex in general. Looking at my life at this point it was hard to imagine that barely a month ago I'd been a virgin with no opportunity in sight to remedy that dismal situation. Now it was like I was some sort of sex-crazed nympho, like a sexy rubber band that had been wound up tight over the years and now that I was let loose I couldn't contain myself! What can I say, I LOVE sex and there's no need to apologize for it!

Steve stepped up closer to me so his awesome dick was just an inch or so away from my face. We'd been riding our bikes pretty hard and I could smell the musky combination of sweat and sex which made me only want to taste it even more.

"Dang it Steve, will you just quit teasing me and come closer," I demanded. "Awwwwww, it looks so lonely and cold... do you want me to make it warm and happy?"

Steve certainly didn't need any invitation. By now he knew what I craved and besides he wanted the same thing as badly as I did so while I hung onto the swing to lean forward, he slid his hard cock into my open waiting mouth. My tongue started to wander and tease the tip just the way I knew he liked me to touch him. My tongue moved around him as my lips caressed the bottom ridge of his cock head.

Steve gasped out loud as he always did when he first felt his cock in my mouth. "Oh god Kelly, I can't believe how good you make my cock feel! Ahhhhhh, YES! Suck my dick you fucking little cunt. That's it... lick it just like that!"

OK, so maybe calling me a cunt was getting carried away but I'd complain to him about that later after he'd fucked me. Notice I wasn't thinking IF he fucked me...

Now while I may not have been sucking cock for very long, in my opinion I was already pretty darn good at it. It just goes to show that when you love doing something you learn quickly and I was learning FAST. It didn't hurt having a mother to tutor you at home, not to mention access to your dad's huge porn library where I learned all sorts of tips and tricks from watching the pros at work. It was such kick the way Steve reacted even when he even just thought that I MIGHT suck his cock. Once his dick was in my mouth it was like he was completely under my spell, willing to do anything just to get me to keep his cock in my mouth.

In terms of dick size I guess Steve would have been classified as average. It wasn't like I ever took a tape measure to him but I could get both of my small hands around him like I was choking a baseball bat. My girlfriends all like to talk about cock size and brag about their boyfriends but I really didn't care. Besides, it wasn't like I had all that much to compare being Steve's was the only one I'd ever sucked or been fucked by. In any case Steve's cock was just the right size for me at this age. He was small enough that it was easy for me to take all of him into my mouth without having to deep throat him (I wasn't ready for THAT quite yet), yet large enough to feel nice and big inside of me when he fucked me. I liked to tease him and call it a Goldilocks cock - not too big, not to small, just the right size!

Besides just sucking him I loved to bury my face in Steve's hairy crotch, holding him inside of my mouth and feeling his bushy black pubic hair tickle my cheeks and forehead. Thankfully Steve kept himself clean for me which I appreciated immensely. Mmmmmmm, he always smelled and tasted so good! At this moment I could smell the strong odor of his crotch with him being all sweaty from bike riding which was a bit of a turn-on for me as well.

Steve groaned and started stroking himself in and out as I held my head still for him. It was like he was fucking my mouth as if it was my pussy. Oh yeah, I loved the feel of his pubic hair as it hit me in the face, my mouth pushing against the base of his cock as he thrust forward into me. Steve put both of his hands on the back of my head, pulling me tighter into him as he moved faster and faster.

Letting go of the swing I planted my tiny hands on his firm bare butt, one for each cheek, squeezing his luscious tight teenage boy ass as it clenched each time he pushed himself deep into my mouth. I could always tell when Steve was getting more and more aroused from the way he would start talking dirty to me. The closer he got to cumming, the more he talked and the nastier his vocabulary became.

"That's it Kelly, yeah that's it... Take my big dick in your mouth... God I love fucking your face. You're such a naught slut, just a little fuckin' whore. Damn you look so slutty sucking my big dick!"

He just went on and on, calling me even nastier names and urging me on. It wasn't that long ago when if a guy had called me a slut, let alone a whore or a cunt, I would've been furious. Actually I STILL didn't really care much for the whore and cunt monikers but I knew Steve wasn't really thinking straight whenever we had sex so I just ignored it during those times. Now that I realized how much I loved sex though the slut label took on a whole new meaning to me. If some guy saw me as a slut then I assumed that it meant he thought I was hot and enjoyed sex. Well, I certainly wasn't going to argue with that so now being called a slut had actually become a sort of compliment for me!

Regardless of what Steve might think, the truth was I never did anything with him that I didn't want to. Yep, I was always the one in control, even when I let him THINK he was in control. After all, it was MY sharp teeth surrounding his tender cock! Fortunately for him, right now the thing I wanted most to do was suck his hard dick until it exploded in my mouth so we were both getting what we most desired.

With his lovely erect cock in my mouth I struggled to slip off my shorts but finally worked them off and dropped them to the ground such that I was now sitting with my bare-ass on the ragged swing. There was nobody around and even the closest houses were far enough away that we were hidden from view by the overgrown bushes so it's not like we were in any real danger of being seen. I slid my tube top down from my boobs around my torso and instantly my nipples tingled

once that Steve had fucked me four times during one date but really that was the truth!

Steve licked his lips hungrily as he looked at me the way a starving dog would look at a raw T-bone steak. My pussy tingled as I knew what it meant when he looked at me that way. Some girls try to claim they hate it when men look at them as just sexual objects. Oh bull! At times like this I found it incredibly exciting knowing I could drive a man into this frenzied state of mind just by allowing him to look at me naked! If that made me an "object" to him then so what - so long as he fucked me. I knew what Steve wanted before he said it but I still loved hearing him say it...

"So, ready for more you little slut?" he growled at me, "God, you're SUCH a tiny fucking whore! I'm gonna fuck you... and fuck you good like you deserve."

Yep, he was REALLY horny now! I just looked up at him and grinned, the taste of his cum still overloading the taste buds in my mouth. I knew what he wanted and I also knew he loved me to beg for it so I responded, "Oh yeah, lick my tight wet pussy. Please Steve... oh gawd I need it so bad!"

Don't get the idea that this was all just for him. I really DID want it for myself so I grabbed the chains on the swing and leaned back, lifting my tanned bare legs up and spreading them as wide apart as I could. It was about as indecent as a girl could be ? exactly as I wanted. Steve grabbed me by the ankles and draped me feet over his shoulders as he kneeled down and moved in between my smooth thighs. I watched his face while he stared at my fuzzy pussy as if it was the first time he had seen it, licking his lips like a cat hungry for drinking a bowl of milk.

"Damn Kelly, I can never get enough of your pretty pussy. Wow, I love looking at it when it's all fuzzy and wet like this."

The heck with these games! I was getting way too horny to mess around much more. My pussy was throbbing as I waited for his tongue to be on me so I just grabbed his head and started to pull him towards me. "The heck with looking at it Steve! Lick it!"

I pulled his head to my horny crotch where he was only too glad to oblige me. Steve knew by now just where my hot spots were and he started to lick me all over with his wet tongue. He softly grabbed my clit between his teeth, making me almost jump right out of the swing. It was still incredibly sensitive from my second orgasm and it was like an electric shock ran through me when he grabbed it with his lips.

"Oh my god!" I exclaimed, "That feels so damn good! Keep going and don't you DARE stop until I cum!"

Steve continued exploring my pussy with his tongue as my hand reaching down to rub my swollen wet clit. The two of us worked together on my pussy until it was overflowing again with my juices and his spit. His face was wet and I could tell from the grin on his face that he was loving the smell and taste of me. Then I suddenly pushed him away. He looked totally confused but an idea had just come to my mind, a wonderfully naughty one.

"Ok Steve, I know what I want now. I want to ride you while you're on the swing. I want you to fuck me as we swing back and forth!"

Steve got this huge grin on his face. Then he looked around a bit nervously but there was nobody near us.

"Hood grief quit worrying," I admonished him, "I'm sure nobody can see us through all those trees and bushes."

Whether it was true or not really didn't matter to me as all I cared about at that moment was to quench the overwhelming desire in me to feel his dick inside of me! It was starting to get dark anyways so even if someone DID see us they probably would just see our outlines at most.

Besides, did it really matter anyway? As horny as we both were at this point I don't think we would have really cared if there was an audience watching us! As far as I knew nobody but my parents had ever seen us fucking. Of course Steve didn't know they did when we did it or he would have had a cow! As for me, I didn't mind as I knew they just wanted to be sure I was OK.

I stood up and we switched places on the swing. In the process I peeled off my tube top so if anyone should happen to stop by they would've seen me completely naked except for my sneakers. Again, the odds of that happening were really low as nobody ever played here anymore but I still loved the way it made me feel as I stood there all but nude out in the middle of a public schoolyard except for my sneakers. OK, so I knew there were a dozen homes potentially within sight of the playground if they only knew where to look although they might have needed a telescope but who cared?

Steve was naked as well by now as I took all of him in with my eyes, admiring his slim athletic body and the way his hard cock pointed up at the sky like it was a missile ready to blast off. Who cares who could see us? All I could think about was him putting that wonderful cock inside of me as soon as possible, to feel him in me as far as he could push it. I wanted to become one with him, to feel out bodies joined together closer than I'd ever been with anyone else before.

were joined together like interlocking pieces of a sexual puzzle. I squeezed down on him as hard as I could with my pussy and he gasped as my pussy grabbed onto his cock like a vise.

"Fuck Kelly, you're going to flatten my dick if you squeeze any harder!" he protested, as if he really meant it, " Oh man, you're so hot inside! My dick feel like it's on fire!"

I leaned over him and whispered in his ear, "You know Steve, I LOVE the feel of your dick inside my pussy."

Steve just grinned as I wrapped my tanned smooth legs tightly around him, pulling my naked body closer to his. With me planted on his lap like a marshmallow on a stick, Steve started the swing moving back and forth. At the height of each arc I would automatically lift up slightly and then settle back down hard in his lap at the bottom creating a natural stroking rhythm. We kept this up while I rubbed my tiny tits in his face and he sucked my hardened nipples. Wow, this was wild!

As we fucked Steve kept pumping the swing to take us higher and higher. At the peaks I was actually lifting completely off of his lap, sometimes barely keeping his cock from slipping out of me. When we hit the bottom of the arc and started going up I would press down hard on him, driving him deeper with each higher pass. I loved it best though at the top when it felt like I was literally flying with only his cock connecting us together like an astronaut's umbilical cord.

Steve was sucking my nipples harder, pulling my little tits into him when I would move away at the top of the arc. I was feeling incredible and it wasn't long before another orgasm began to well up inside of me like a volcano about to explode.

"Oh yes Steve," I moaned, "Fuck me... yeah fuck me more... fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck me!"

My third orgasm of the day swept through me like a tsunami and my pussy clenched his cock tightly, actually holding me down like an anchor to his lap for the next few peaks. I heard him groaning as I pulled his cock upward, holding onto it with my pussy as tight as I could. Finally I could feel him swelling again as he was getting ready to cum. He looked up at me and I knew he was waiting for me to tell him where to cum. He had been a good boy tonight and I knew what he liked the best and besides, it was what I loved most as well.

"Keep swinging tiger. I want your sperm to fill my pussy. Oh yeah Steve... cum inside of me!"

Even though I was on the pill now my gynecologist had warned me I should still use protection for the first couple of months but at times like this I didn't care what she said. Looking back it's a miracle I never got pregnant considering how many loads of potent teen sperm Steve deposited inside of me. For whatever reason I was lucky and I'm not complaining!

Steve kept swinging and at the top of one arc he finally started to cum. One thing I loved about Steve; it didn't matter if he had just cum a few minutes before, he always seemed to have a reserve load ready to go. If anything this time was a bigger delivery than the first as I felt him pulsing over and over, each time driving himself into me, each time leaving more of himself behind inside of me.

When Steve came it was like someone lit a match inside of me, creating a burst of heat which exploded deep inside of me that glowed for a moment and then slowly died out. When he finished he let the swing slow down until finally it stopped, allowing me lift myself and off of him.

As usual my pussy wasn't exactly thrilled when his invasive cock slipped out of me but it would just have to make do – I wanted to taste his cum again. Kneeling in front of him I eagerly milk his cock to draw out the last drop of his cum and then licking it off the tip of his cock as it came out. Mmmmmmm I loved the taste of his cum, especially when it was spiced with my pussy. It was hard to believe that just a few weeks ago I'd grimaced when his I took his cum after my first blowjob and now look at me, I was a regular cum slut! I looked up at him with my mouth open, my tongue sticking out to show him his gooey cum sticking to it.

"Damn you look like such a nasty little slut when you do that," he sighed, "I just love it when you wear my cum on you! Oh Kelly, you're fucking incredible!"

"Mmmmmmm, well I just happen to love your cum," I whispered back to Steve, "Did you know I can feel it in me sometimes when you cum?"

Steve smirked but I think it turned him on. By now it was almost completely dark and I'd been due home over a half hour ago. We dressed quickly and headed off for home. When I got back my dad caught me coming in and walked over to where I was putting my bike away. He looked over my outfit, seeming to take a special interest in the wet spot between my legs where Steve's cum had been draining on my way home.

Of course my dad knew full well what Steve and I had been doing so it wasn't like he was overly surprised or anything. Looking me over a little closer than usual, he smiled at me and shook his head slowly. As he returned to the family room and

looked like naked. Besides, I was just modeling it for him so he could take some pictures of me, not like I was seducing him or anything kinky or weird.

Looking around at the other girls, I couldn't help but feel sorry for one girl who had brought along her cotton shortie pajamas! I felt even worse for her when she turned beet red after she saw what the rest of us were wearing, muttering something about how she thought it was supposed to be a "pajama" party. Sharon was such a sweet host! She went over and hugged her and then told her not to worry after which she went to her dresser and pulled out one of her spare nighties for the poor girl to wear. Even though it was one of her more conservative ones her friend seemed to appreciate the offer. Peer pressure amongst teenage girls can be a powerful force!

Once we'd changed we ran around the house for the rest of the night in nothing but our nighties. Even Sharon's mom got in on the act and I had to say, she looked pretty hot. Hers wasn't as sheer as most of ours but it was made of smooth satin that outlined her breasts like it was Saran Wrap such that her nipples were plainly popping through. Fortunately she still had the figure to look good in it so it wasn't gross or anything like that. Usually she was so conservative! So I was a little surprised she would wear something so revealing. Not that it mattered around us, but Steve and his younger brother were home as well.

Speaking of whom, even though Steve was home it didn't seem to bother anyone, certainly not me or Sharon or even her mom apparently! Most young teenage girls are natural flirts anyway and we all had a great time finding new ways to tease the poor boy. Knowing Steve as intimately as I now did, I was pretty darn sure he was getting hornier by the minute which was just fine with me as I knew it meant he was going to be good and ready to fuck me the next time we were alone. I even found myself starting to rub myself at one point when I was thinking about him but managed to catch myself before anyone noticed. It was one thing to masturbate openly at home where nobody cared but quite another to do it in front of a bunch of girls my age, most of whom I didn't even know all that well.

At one point Steve pulled me aside and whispered in my ear, "Damn Kelly, seeing all you girls in those see-thru nighties is driving me crazy. Shit, I don't know how much of this I can take. I think my fucking balls are gonna explode!"

For just an instant an image of his balls swelling and bursting ran through my head and I couldn't help but laugh which Steve took entirely the wrong way.

"Hey girl, it's not funny. Haven't you ever heard of blue balls?" he whined, "Shit, if I don't do something to release it soon I don't know what's going to happen and I'll be damn if I am going to masturbate when your hot little cunt is right down the hall."

My grin only got larger. I loved it when my boyfriend got so horny and hot which meant I knew he would do anything to have me. The only problem was that it also meant he wouldn't last long before cumming. Still, if we DID do something now I knew we wouldn't have much time anyway so what the heck, why not go for it? If we had more time I knew he'd recover almost instantly so it seemed to be a win-win for me!

"Oh well, and just what do you expect ME to do about it?" I teased him coyly. For sure I already had a good idea of what the answer would be but it was fun to tease him all the same.

"Damn it Kelly, stop being a little cockteaser just once... you know exactly what I want you to do about it!"

"Hmmm, I think my Stevie wants to fuck me," I teased him mercilessly. Just to emphasize my point, I cupped my boobs and squeezed them for him. They may not have been much but I knew he loved to touch them.

"Fuck you... don't be coy with me you little slut. You know you want it as much as I do," he teased me right back.

The intense tingle between my legs proved he was right. Yes indeed, I wanted his hard cock so bad I could taste it already! Still, he had to work for it a little bit... I looked around and rolled my eyes.

"Yeah but your mom's home silly! And what about all the girls?" I asked, trying not to let him see how horny I was. God, if he had unzipped his pants I might have started sucking him right then and there, the hell with everyone else!

Steve just sighed as if I was being stupid or something. "We don't need all night, just long enough for me to get off before I go nuts! Come down to the basement in five minutes... OK?"

I smiled at him and did my little hair flip thing that I knew he loved before heading back to the girls. It always made me feel so hot teasing him this way! Of course I had every intention of doing whatever he asked. Hmmmmmm, I wondered if Steve realized that I wanted it even more than he did! Probably so but then who cares?

So far we'd never done it with his mom in the house and the thought of him fucking me almost right underneath her bedroom was making me wet just thinking about it. It also didn't hurt knowing I'd be the only getting any dick tonight, at least so far as the party went. All I could think about was his cum shooting into my mouth when another thought suddenly came to mind, a truly terrible naughty idea which I knew would really be hot if only I could make it come true somehow.

First of all, I really wasn't worried that anyone would "find out" about me and Steve if we had sex at his house. He certainly hadn't wasted any time telling the entire school about him and me after the first time we had sex so by now all my friends knew what I was doing with Steve. What made me feel good about it was knowing that most, if not all of them would've traded places with me in a heartbeat and that included his younger sister!

Steve worked on a farm during the summer and was in great shape. His muscular body was tanned and smooth and I loved just gazing at him when he would walk around in just his shorts and even more when he was totally nude with his dick pointing straight out from his tanned hard teen body. It made me feel hot when other girls would look at him and then at me, knowing he was doing to me and wishing it was them instead. I would smile at them and put my hands all over him, signaling to them he was ALL mine!

By the time I got back to Sharon's room where the girls were all sitting on her bed I was feeling a little flushed. They were talking about their boyfriends and how they were built, with particular emphasis on what they had between their legs. Just typical girl talk. After a few minutes I couldn't keep it a secret anymore and so I told them what Steve had said to me, even the part about what he thought about what they were all wearing, and asked them what they thought I should do.

As I just mentioned, the girls that knew me already also knew that Steve and I had been fucking for weeks. Heck, Sharon was the first of them to find out as I'd called her the very next day to tease her. Even so, even Sharon looked a bit shocked that I could be so open about it all. She also knew her mom was home and how uptight she was when it came to anything about sex. What made it really funny was that her mom still thought Sharon was a virgin!

Despite Sharon's reservations, the rest of the girls thought it was a wild idea and they all urged me to go down to the basement - provided of course that I tell them all about it when I got back. Sharon was still quiet about it until someone poked her and asked her what she thought about me doing her brother. She had this shy look about it which was unusual to say the least for Sharon. Finally she worked up the courage to tell us what was REALLY bothering her.

"Sorry, it's just that I'm already jealous of Kelly for getting to fuck my brother,' she said with a frown, "The thought of him doing her right below us... well it's just too much!"

It took a few seconds for the full implications of her comments to register and then several of the girls gasped although I noted that a couple of them had interesting looks on her face as if they wanted to hear more. Then they just laughed, assuming she was just teasing.

As for me, I already was well aware of how Sharon felt about Steve and I knew she wasn't teasing in the slightest. We even sometimes masturbated together talking about what it was like to fuck him with me of course providing vivid play-by-play details. Unfortunately for Sharon, Steve just looked at her like a typical brother would for his sister which just frustrated Sharon to no end. For her to blurt something like this out showed just how much her desires for him had built up. It wasn't like she had exactly confessed to wanting to be involved with incest, but even the thought of it was too much for some of the girls.

"What? You mean you want to FUCK your own brother?" asked one girl rather incredulously. Apparently she wasn't as convinced it as just a tease. Smart girl.

"Ewwwww!" said another, "I caught my little brother trying to peek into my room once when I was dressing. The freaking little pervert. I can't imagine EVER letting him even look at me, let alone have sex!"

The rest of the girls kept silent. I wasn't sure if it was because they thought the idea of Sharon desiring her brother was interesting or disgusting. The silence was a bit awkward so I decided to step in.

"Well, sorry Sharon but he's mine tonight!" I announced proudly.

That simple declaration seemed to jolt everyone back to normal again and so I started to head out the door. Before I left Sharon pulled me aside.

"PLEASE be careful Kelly. Mom's watching TV in her bedroom. Remember the last time you did it in his room? Well I could hear you moaning while I was doing laundry in the basement so keep things quiet for god's sake!"

I squeezed her hand. "Don't worry Sharon. Besides, I promise to have a wonderful surprise for you when I get back for being such a good sport."

She looked at me with her head cocked, sort of like my little dog does when it's curious about something. I left her there wondering just what kind of surprise I had in store for her. As slutty and weird as Sharon could be at times, I don't think even she had even a clue as to what I had in store for her.

## 3. Steve Does Me in the Basement

I quickly sneaked down the hallway, passing Steve's mom's room where the door was mostly shut but I could just see her watching TV in bed. She had the covers over most of her but I could tell she was still wearing the hot negligee she had on earlier. Apparently I wasn't being as stealthy as I thought as she glanced up as I went by. Being I didn't want her to get suspicious I stopped and gave a little wave hello.

"Oh hi Kelly, can I help you with something?" she asked, putting her TV on mute.

"Oh no, everything's OK, just getting a glass of water from the kitchen," I replied, trying to think quickly of an excuse as to why I would be going anywhere at the moment. It was pretty lame but it was all I could come up with on the spur of the moment.

"Oh, do you girls need more to drink?"

I assured that that everything was fine, I just needed a little water. She shrugged and smiled at me before turning her attention back to her TV show. I let out a long sigh of relief as I hurried to the basement stairs and went down as quietly as I could. They were old wooden steps and even creakier than the ones in my house but I doubted anyone upstairs would've heard.

When I reached the bottom and turned the corner there was Steve, standing there just the way I'd hoped he would be - completely nude with his big wonderful cock sticking straight out from his hairy crotch, already hard as a rock! He had one hand on it and was stroking it slowly and deliberately, as if he was keeping it in a fully erect state just waiting for me to arrive. I noted there was even a hint of precum at the tip. I smiled to myself thinking he wasn't going to last long.

By now Steve and I had fucked in a number of rather strange places but this was about to take the cake. At the spot he was standing his mom's bedroom was directly overhead and I could even hear faint sounds of her TV blaring away in her bedroom. I could only imagine what she would say if she were to see her oldest child now, totally nude and sexually prepared for whatever, or should I say whoever, came his way.

"Damn, Kelly, where have you been? I can't hold back much longer," he groaned. It was all I could do not to smile as from the grimace on his face he actually DID look like he was in pain.

Just as I was about to say something about having to deal with his mom I realized that he'd been more than just keeping himself hard, he must have been full blown masturbating, apparently just in case I didn't make it. Besides the precum I'd already noticed, his thick cock was incredibly swollen and he had that dazed look in his eyes that he always got when he was ready to explode any second. Any thoughts of his mom, his sister, or anyone else for that matter immediately disappeared from my head!

"Oh Steve, couldn't you even wait for me before getting started?" I lamented, "You knew how bad I wanted it."

Steve was so engrossed in his own cock by now that I wasn't sure if he heard me or not. In any case so he didn't answer. There were times when he got so horny and became so engrossed in fucking me it was like I wasn't even there anymore, at least as a person. It was like he was just fucking me as if I was his own private pussy and whatever I said or felt didn't really matter all that much so long as got himself off. Technically that didn't really bother me as I was getting what I wanted as well. So long as he was fucking me I wasn't going to get picky with what he was thinking at the time!

Well there was absolutely no way I was going to just stand there and watch him masturbate so I kneeled down to get closer to his stiff cock. He was panting pretty hard and I knew there was no time to waste so I immediately started sucking it nice and hard. There was none of my usually "foreplay" with his cock where I would lick it and tease it with my tongue and lips. Nope, this time I just went for it and pushed my head down on him and took him all the in right from the start.

By now I'd sucked him enough times that that I knew exactly what got Steve off and he grunted as I moved up and down his cock, sliding my tongue around the tip and then letting him out for just a moment as I kissed it with my lips. His hands held my head lightly as I worked my magic, pulling me into him now and then when I hit a particularly sensitive spot.

"Oh yeah, that's it... suck my dick Kelly. God that feels so good!" he groaned, "Don't stop... suck my cock!"

Some things simply can't be rushed TOO much so despite his wishes I dropped his cock out of my mouth for just for a moment so I could look up at him. Our eyes met and I smiled up at him saying, "Mmmmmmm, I LOVE sucking your cock Steve... Now I'm gonna make it cum."

With that I started back on his cock again, bouncing my head up and down on him. Steve was so horny that he just wanted to feel himself cum as fast as possible so he made no effort to hold back. Even though I'd only been sucking on him for just a few minutes I felt his cock swell as if really was ready to burst. Steve groaned and for a moment I wondered if his mom could hear him but the TV was so loud above us that I could only hope it muffling everything else.

"Oh my god Kelly, here it comes," he groaned again, "Take it all in your mouth, take it you dirty little slut."

Steve was the first person besides my dad to call me a "little slut" in this way and I have to admit that I loved it when men I adored referred to me that way. Before Steve I would've been insulted had someone else besides my dad called me that but now when he said it I made me feel so sexy and hot to think he thought of me that way. Funny how two guys can call me the same thing for such different reasons yet I loved it either way.

Back to Steve's dick... I kept my lips tightly around him, forming a seal as his cum literally erupted from his throbbing cock like an exploding volcano. As he blew his first load into my mouth I could feel it hitting the back of my throat and the second wasn't far behind. I swallowed the first few loads but the last couple of streams of cum I kept in my mouth and savored the taste of it. When he was finally finished I gave him my best cum-eating grin, spitting out some of his cum and then sucking it back in before swallowing it all down, just the way I knew he liked me to do.

"Damn Kelly, you have NO idea how much I needed that! Seeing all of you girls running around in those skimpy nighties was fucking killing me!"

I gave him a stern look and shook my finger at him playfully saying, "Now wait just a minute buster; you think I come down here, suck you off and that's the end of it? No way, now it's my turn! I want you to fuck me you greedy bastard."

Steve glanced upstairs, a little unsure at first perhaps about how far he should push his luck but I knew his little head always won over the big head in these kind of arguments! Still, I could see that he wasn't 100% sold, at least not yet.

"So did you tell your friends up there where you were going?" he asked quietly.

"Of course I did!" I laughed. He looked surprised but I just laughed again.

"Oh don't worry, silly. It doesn't matter, they all know you do me anyway. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if they're up there with their ears pressed to the floor right now!"

Steve nervously glanced up at the ceiling and I punched him in the shoulder with a, "Got ya sucker!"

"God damn you Kelly, you're always such a damn tease! OK... I'll show you who's boss!"

With that he grabbed me and literally tossed me down onto the couch. He yanked my panties off, almost tearing them in half in the process, and threw them aside to the floor. Putting his hands on my knees, he pressed my legs wide apart and just stood there, staring at my pussy like he'd never seen it before or something.

"God I love your pussy Kelly, it's beautiful!" he murmured with a grin. Oh yeah, I loved it when he stared at me this way. There was just something about the lustful way he looked at me that made me feel pretty and sexy the way his eyes would lock onto my crotch while he just stood there and stared at it like some alien spaceship had landed in front of him.

Steve continued his appraisal of my all but nude body as he worked his way between my open legs. Soon he was on his knees and he reached down under my ass to lift me up. Leaning forward so his cock was aimed towards my pussy, he pulled me up to him and basically plugged me into his cock like his dick was a lamp plug and my pussy an electrical receptacle. As soon as his head was into me he leaned forward and shoved himself into me as far as he could until my ass was against his thighs and his cock was completely immersed in my warm pussy - right where it belonged.

"Oh Steve," I moaned softly, loving the feeling of fullness that I got when he was in me this way, "that feels soooooo good. God I love your big cock in me! Fuck me Steve, oh yeah fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

As I kept on rattling on like some horny bitch in heat I held onto the couch to keep him from pushing me off of it as he rammed himself into me and then pulled out of me until just the tip of his cock was in me. A couple of times he went too far and came all the way out after which he would rub his head against my clit and then up and down my pussy slit before pushing it back in me again.

As horny as I'd been all night, it wasn't long before I felt an orgasm surging through me. I felt like I was on fire as every pore of my skin seemed to sizzle with ripples of electricity. My eyes rolled to the top of my head as I leaned back and just let the waves of pleasure roll up and down my body freely. Feeling like nothing I can describe, I just moaned and almost cried out until something made me remember

Seeing Steve's naked body, especially his dick which just moments before had unbelievably been so deep inside of me, was the most beautiful sight I could imagine. Once again it was all I could do to keep from saying the heck with everyone else and just laying down next to my boyfriend's gorgeous nude body and pressing myself up tightly against it. Dang it! If I didn't go now I knew that I never would and then what if his mother noticed I hadn't returned from getting my drink? I could just imagine her reaction if she only knew what I'd really been thirsty for! Reluctantly I turned away and bounded carefully up the stairs back to Sharon's bedroom where everyone was still talking about our favorite subject - boys and their dicks of course.

## 4. Steve Does Me Again in the Basement

Heading back to Sharon's bedroom, I had to pass by her mom's bedroom again. The TV was still on loud but she appeared to be asleep. She'd turned on her side and her eyes were closed. The covers had moved so that now she had them between her legs such that one leg was covered while the upper one was on top and exposed. The nightie has pulled up so I had a clear view of her bottom which was barely covered by her sheer satin panties. Once again I was impressed by how good of shape she kept herself for her age. What an idiot her husband must be!

Moving on, I entered Sharon's bedroom and closed the door behind me. Sharon looked at me with a surprised expression on her face. "Wow Kelly, that didn't take as long as I expected. Steve must have been even hornier than usual tonight, eh? But then I guess you were too from the looks of things."

Sharon sat up straight and grinned at me, almost like she was daring me to spill the beans. I noticed the rest of them were looking at me as well with smirks on their faces and I couldn't figure out what was going on until finally Sharon broke out in laughter which just got the rest of them to do it as well.

"Ummmmm, did you forget something Kelly?" Sharon teased me.

At first I didn't understand what she was talking about but then I noticed everyone was looking at my waist and then it hit me - my panties! Between my light-headedness after having an unbelievable orgasm and my haste to return I'd left them in the basement. Thank goodness her mom hadn't seen me when I passed her bedroom in the hallway! What would she have thought had she seen me rushing by without my panties on especially when I'd had them on last time she saw me?

merge as one, his manhood now buried deep yet again within my body as I gladly accepted him inside of me.

"God your pussy's so fuckin' tight," Steve grunted as I started to bounce on him, raising myself up slowly on my knees until he was just barely in me and then dropping down hard on his crotch. The fantastic sensation of my boyfriend's dick driving into me made me shudder each time!

Speaking of having a tight pussy, considering I'd only been having sex for a few months now it darn well should be! Steve's dick was the only one I'd ever had in me so I really didn't have anything to compare it to. Even so, it didn't really matter as I loved his cock and I was perfectly happy with how it made me feel. He knew what I liked and gave it to me when I wanted it so why would I need anyone else's?

As heavy as I was breathing I'd swallowed what was left of cum almost right at the outset but I didn't care. After all, there was plenty more where that came from! Dropping down on him yet again, this time I let my full weight push down on his groin, driving him as deep as I could inside of me and then grinding myself on him. I could feel his thick pubic hair against my bare little ass as I twisted around on his cock, listening to him groan and sigh.

Steve had his hands on my exposed hips, pushing me around like he was trying to literally drill his erection into me. I loved the feel of his fingers as the pressed into me, the touch of a handsome boy as he held my nude body that was just for him to play with and nobody else. For a moment I just rocked slowly back and forth, closing my eyes and concentrating on the feel of his cock as it worked its way around inside of me.

"I'm gonna cum!" Steve suddenly groaned.

As much as I would have normally loved him to cum inside of me, this was one time I wanted it somewhere else so to his total surprise I dismounted from his pole and kneeled on the couch next to him. Leaning over, I put my mouth over the head his cock, sealing it with my lips like it was a garden hose about to be turned on while stroking the base of his shaft with my free hand. The taste of his precum was like honey in my mouth!

"Ohhhhhh...!" Steve groaned as his hips raised up and he pushed my head down further onto his dick. The first shot of warm sperm spurted into my mouth and it was all I could do not to gag as it hit the back of my throat but I managed to keep my composure. Again and again his dick shot out more of his cum until he collapsed down onto the couch, dropping his hands to his side in exhaustion.

"Damn that felt good!" he sighed heavily as he fought to catch his breath. Meanwhile I lifted my mouth off of him, careful to close my lips around it as I did to keep his cum safe in my mouth. Normally when I did this I would open my mouth and let him see it pooled on my tongue, then swallow it down and open wide again to prove to him that I'd downed it all. Well, not this time although I could tell he was a little curious about why I wasn't following my usual pattern. Oh well, let him wonder...

Before he could say anything I remembered to grab my panties and I quickly slipped them on. They were a bit torn from when he'd ripped them off earlier but at least there was enough to keep the on me. Kissing Steve with closed lips on his cheek I rushed back up to Sharon's bedroom. Once again I passed his mother's room and thankfully saw that she hadn't moved an inch from the last time I'd seen her. I couldn't help but smile a bit to myself as I wondered what she would say if she knew I was looking at her so exposed, having just been fucked by her son and now carrying his load of cum in my mouth like some kind of naughty hamster returning to her nest.

## 5. Back With the Girls

"Well, I guess SOMEONE had a good time!" Sharon teased me after I shut her bedroom door, "OK girl, spill it. We want you to tell us ALL about it! I'm guessing you did more than just retrieve your panties."

So far I hadn't said a word and for a good reason. I was grinning from ear to ear like a Cheshire Cat as I walked up to Sharon with the other girls watching me intently, obviously curious as to why I was being so quiet, wondering what I was up to. Then to everyone's complete surprise, especially Sharon, I leaned over and planted a kiss directly on Sharon's mouth. It was actually the first time I'd kissed a girl other than my mom on the mouth but it wasn't THAT hard of a thing to do as one might think given the circumstances. Sharon was really hot and I'd always had a bit of a feeling that I wanted to do this but of course I'd never dreamed it would be with a mouthful of her brother's cum when I finally did it.

Sharon's eyes widened but I had to hand it to her, she kept her cool and didn't resist a bit. To everyone's amazement we were soon both putting our arms around each other as we sat on the bed kissing. The girls all giggled and a few openly encouraged us to do more. Naturally I opened my mouth as I kissed Sharon and her tongue quickly moved into mine.

It was then my plan went into effect as I still had most of Steve's cum in my mouth which I let flow onto her tongue and into her mouth. Sharon pulled her head back and she wiped her face with her hand, a look of shock on her face. It only took one look at the ooze on her hand before she quickly put two and two together and realized what it was.

"Oh my god, you can't be serious! Is this what I think it is?" she exclaimed with her eyes as wide as saucers.

Instantly, every one of the girls froze like a statue, their eyes widened as they saw stared at the cum which was now dripping from both of our mouths.

"Didn't I tell you that I was going to bring you back a surprise?" I asked with a big grin, "So tell me Sharon, how do you like tasting your brother's cum? I know you've been wanting it, haven't you?"

For a moment I didn't know whether Sharon was going to laugh, cry or slap me. In the end she was so shocked she simply stared at me. Then slowly a smile came to her face.

"Why you nasty little... " she stuttered and then finally manage to complete saying, "Oh my god Kelly, I can't believe you did this to me!

Her words didn't match the tone of her voice and I could tell that she wasn't really mad. That much was made even more obvious when she leaned over and kissed me again, this time allowing us to exchange even more of Steve's cum until finally we both swallowed what we had and then sat back again on the bed, wiping our faces with the backs of our hands.

The other girls still hadn't moved a muscle, staring at us both as if we were we were a pair of perverted freaks. It was like all the talk about boys and their dicks was completely forgotten! Apparently it was one thing to joke and tease about sucking cock, but when the real thing happened then they didn't know what to say! It didn't help the situation when you considered WHOSE cum we had shared and WHOSE brother it was either.

Eventually the eerie silence broke and once it did then it was a like a dam gave way as suddenly everyone was talking at once. Some asked me to tell them what it was like having Steve cumming in my mouth and others prodded Sharon to tell them how she felt about swallowing her own brother's cum. For the rest of the night it didn't matter what we talked about, sooner or later the conversation would come back to me and Sharon snowballing.

From the way the conversations were going I had a sneaking suspicion that more than one of them was going to be playing with herself in bed that night! As we were talking I caught Steve peeking in the room to get a look at all of us in nighties. Of course we all knew he was looking as after all, why else would we have left the door cracked open? Still, we pretended we didn't so we could flash him and tease him without being obvious that we were doing it for him. I winked and licked my lips, knowing now for sure I would be paying him another visit later that night!

I never did tell Steve what I did with his cum and Sharon that night. As I said, he never gave me any indication that he had even the slightest interest in his sister sexually and so I was afraid he might freak out or get mad at me if I told him.

As for poor Sharon, so far as I know it was the only time she got to taste her brother's cum. I'm sure she would have preferred to have gotten it straight from the source but at least it was better than nothing!

Later that night when everyone was asleep, I paid my boyfriend another visit. This time though we were in his bedroom with his mother right there in the next bedroom. She was sound asleep the entire time but even so it gave me a bit of a thrill knowing she was so close by. She was so outspoken against sex before marriage that it felt extra naughty to do it practically right next to her. In some ways I wish she had woken up and caught us but I guess in the end that would have been more trouble than the momentary thrill of seeing her face while her son was drilling the neighbor girl.

Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait for Sharon's next sleepover, even if I didn't get much sleep!

drugs that can lead to addiction after only one use. Well I don't know if that's true or just something to scare people but based on my own personal experience, when it comes to sex I can attest that it's definitely not an urban myth! One time and I was hooked!

My transformation from semi-innocent church girl to a genuine cum-loving slut was as quick as it was dramatic. It was like overnight it became where all I could think about night and day was how incredible it felt to have Steve fuck me. For the first couple of weeks after our first time, I don't think we met once when we didn't have sex at some point. We even fucked during a church service after I'd excused myself to supposedly use the restroom. Other than my ever watchful mother, nobody seemed to notice that Steve had the same need at the same time...

Having sex with Steve also changed our relationship, at least for me it did. When we first started dating all I would do was blow him. I like to think that he kept asking me out due to my natural "gift" but it wasn't like we were boyfriend-girlfriend. Each time I pushed away his exploring hands I could tell his frustrations grew and I had no doubt that he would soon stop asking me out if I didn't put out sooner or later. He had a well-earned reputation for dumping girls who didn't but even so practically every girl in school was waiting for him to dump me.

Finally it came time for me to put out or get out. His hands were all over me and I knew he was getting past the frustration stage when he didn't even say said goodbye when he dropped me off at home. My biggest concern was that I didn't want to give my virginity to someone who would see me as just another conquest. Still, I decided to take the risk and my gamble paid off when once we started fucking he stopped seeing other girls and I was the only one he dated. Sharon was positively amazed! I can remember her telling me how she never would've believed her horny older brother would ever settle down with just one girl. In fact she seemed more than a little jealous which was a little weird but it just made me feel all the better.

Looking back I like think I was in love Steve but realistically at first I didn't love him in a truly romantic way the way my mom loves my dad. Did I have a crush on an older handsome boy who was fucking me? Heck yes! Was he the love of my life and my future husband... no, at least not yet at this stage of our relationship. Despite his rather formidable reputation he's earned with the girls he'd been with in the past, when Steve was with me he was always a gentleman. I loved how he always made me feel special when we had sex. I was so lucky to have a guy like him at a time of my life dominated by "firsts", someone who won't take advantage of my naivety.

suppose given Steve's family situation it was only natural that the first few times I invited him up to my bedroom while my dad was home that he felt a bit intimidated and self-conscious (to put it mildly). It took a bit of coaxing but eventually his horniness overcame his shyness and he became a frequent visitor to my bedroom.

While Steve may have accepted of my dad's offer to use my bedroom, I always wondered what he would say if he knew the flip side of the coin. Steve had the impression my parents were just providing us with a place where WE were safe when in reality it was more so my dad could make sure I was safe. He mostly trusted Steve but only to a point. Like it's been said, "trust but verify". Having been a teenage boy himself a long time ago he knew the urges and desires that can sometime take control of men, especially teenage boys. Steve wasn't born blessed with any superhuman powers of resistance so in my dad's view it didn't hurt to keep a close eye on us - his eye to be more exact. One of the condition of using my room was that we couldn't close the door all the way. At first my dad teased Steve (at least tried to) that it was so in case I screamed he could hear me. Well, that may be true but there's more. The reality is my dad sneaked a peek now and then just to make sure everything was OK or more specifically, that I was OK. Personally I thought it was a little overkill on his part as I trust Steve totally but hey, so long as it made my dad feel better I didn't care.

Really, why can't more parents be like my mine? Far too many girls are forced to hide everything from their parents which can lead to problems that may not have arisen had their parents been there to support them and protect them. It's no wonder that teen suicide rates are so high, especially among girls, and that teen pregnancies are as common as they are when girls are left to deal with incredible emotional and physical issues on their own!

To be sure there were lines we didn't cross at my house. For instance my parents weren't nudist so running around stark naked for no good reason was considered rude. My parents never had sex in front of me which is the only time a door was shut in our house. According to my mom some things were meant to be just between a husband and wife. I didn't need to SEE them making love as I had no doubt they loved one another. I have to admit thought having been a little curious, especially given how thin the walls are in our old house.

Taking a cue from my parents' example, I've never even thought about having sex with Steve openly in front of my parents. Technically a BJ isn't sex but I figured I'd still be crossing a line with my parents not to mention having any sort of sex in front of my parents would be a bridge WAY too far for Steve. As for me, as horny as I was at times I wouldn't have cared WHO was in the room! Oh well, you can't have everything I guess.

As I mentioned before, while Steve and I didn't have to worry about having sex privately at my house, it was a totally different situation at his place where we had to be a LOT more discreet. Steve's mom wasn't nearly as open-minded as my parents when it came to her kids having sex. In fact, the very suggestion of premarital sex was enough to get her riled up so I could only imagine what she might've said had we tried doing anything when she was around. The irony was that Steve had quite the reputation at school with the girls so it wasn't like he'd been some innocent virgin that I was corrupting. If anything it was the exact opposite so why was I getting the accusing looks? Heck, Steve was doing my best friend Beth months before he even thought about dating me and yet Marlene adored Beth!

Although Steve's mom and I got along fine when I was just Sharon's friend, it seems that once Steve and I started getting serious that things changed. Suddenly she started making little snide comments about the way I dressed, especially when my shorts ride up too high and showed off my butt or when my nipples would poke through a thin top. It was a little confusing as it's not like I was dressing any different than I had before I dated Steve. Once I could've sworn I heard her mumble something like "little slut" under her breath after she eyed me in one of my favorite cutoffs (the ones with big holes in the butt) and a tiny bikini top. OK, so I admit the top was really way too small but it isn't like there was all that much to hide. Had my boobs been spilling out the way Beth's did in the undersized tops she favored then I could understand but Marlene doesn't even look twice at her. Apparently she didn't know Steve was fucking her either!

Speaking of how being called a slut totally depends on the circumstances... when Steve or my dad called me their "little slut" I took it as a compliment in that I knew they meant I looked sexy and desirable - just what every young girl dreams of being. Alas, not so when Marlene said it as she used a completely different tone of voice that made it quite obvious she wasn't complimenting me!

Given the way things were I'm sure all hell would have broken loose if Marlene ever found out that her supposed saint of a son has been fucking his little girlfriend pretty much on a daily basis the past couple of months - sometimes even twice or more. It made it even more naughty knowing she would probably have fainted dead away if she knew about the time we did it on her bed! That was Steve's idea which I thought was a little weird at the time but since he promised to fuck me extra good I wasn't about to say protest - and he kept his word! Later when I told Sharon about it she just whined because he didn't want to do it on HER bed, LOL. There were times I really had to wonder about her.

Speaking of Sharon, what I would love to have told Steve, but never dared, was that it would be far more interesting to see his mom's reaction if she knew that her own daughter was jealous of me and would do about anything to have her older brother all to herself! Actually, it would have been just as interesting if not more to see Steve's reaction as well but Sharon had sworn me to secrecy. Not that I blamed Steve or his mom as I thought the whole "fuck my brother" thing of Sharon's was kinky at best and I was the one fucking him!

Once Steve and I started having sex regularly it didn't take long for me to discover something new about myself besides having an unquenchable appetite for his hard dick. Turns out not only was I a certified slut but quite the exhibitionist as well. Oh sure I'd always loved posing in sexy clothes for my dad but that was at home and after all, he WAS my dad so no big deal. With Steve doing me most days my self-confidence had gone through the roof and I loved displaying myself in front of everyone and anyone. At first we just did it in my bedroom or in his basement but soon we branched out. I found some of my favorite places to have sex were those that had an element of danger, someplace where someone might catch us like a movie theater or simply somewhere we weren't supposed to do it. Doing it in church was always lots of fun and really got me off, especially if I could listen to the service while we were doing it! It so turned me on knowing all those people were up there with not a clue as to what was happening right below them in a deserted classroom... I loved it and the element of danger seemed to make me cum even harder.

All in all we were just typical horny teenagers so sometimes when one of us was really extra randy we did it at times and places that weren't always the smartest. For instance not too long ago he'd fucked me in the basement of their house during one of Sharon's slumber parties when his mom was home. Her bedroom was right over us at the time and I don't know how in the world she didn't hear us but I'm guessing her TV must have been too loud. Wow, if she had decided to come downstairs and caught us it would have been all over for him - and maybe me too. Still, it was the element of risk that made it feel so incredible to have him fuck me at times like that. All I know is I really came hard that night and as I did I was looking up wondering if she could hear me moaning!

After a bitter divorce Marlene got full custody of Sharon and Steve along with their younger brother Jim. Their selfish father didn't even contest custody as apparently he didn't want any kids hanging around to interfere with him and his new harlot. Steve's mother would sometimes go off on a rant about men and how they want nothing but sex. Just to be safe, as a general rule we never did anything at his house unless his mom was gone. Sharon would be home sometimes but that's OK with me as she swore to be discreet and always left us alone - or so Steve thought.

As much as he claimed to be able to spot girls that wanted him, Steve didn't seem to know that his younger sister had the hots for her big brother. Sharon had always mentioned things like that but we all just assumed she was pulling our legs. It wasn't until her brother started fucking me that I saw how jealous she was and realized her so-called jokes weren't jokes at all! As I said, Steve has no idea but I knew that Sharon spied on us having sex whenever she could. Sort of like my dad with one big difference - she did it to get off and could've cared less about my safety! As you might imagine I never told Steve about our secret audience but often after Steve had fucked me Sharon and I would sit down together and talk about it. Sometimes we'd get so turned on that we each started masturbating while imagining Steve fucking each of us in an incestuous threesome. OK, I'll admit THAT one is more than a little weird but any excuse to masturbate works for me!

Before Sharon I'd never really thought much about incest, probably most likely because I was an only child. Now I found out that it turned me on to listen to Sharon talk about how much she wanted her brother and then to see her masturbating as she called his name... that was just plain HOT! I'd never met anyone before who wanted to have sex with someone in their own family and it seemed REALLY strange at first to have my friend getting off to thoughts of her own brother. Regardless of how bizarre such thoughts were, I really couldn't blame her. Heck, if Steve had been MY older brother I probably would've felt the same way!

Much to Sharon's frustration Steve was NOT into the incest fantasy and so far as he was concerned Sharon didn't exist unless he was trying to get information about me. She'd all but thrown herself at him but the more she flaunted herself the more he pulled away from her. Well, at least one member of the family was normal!

As much as we masturbate together neither Sharon or I even mentioned anything about having sex with each other. Given my infatuation with my boyfriend's cock I certainly didn't consider myself a lesbian. Other than some innocent pranks during a sleepover or girls-only party I've never even seen two girls doing it for real.

Sometimes I wondered what would have happened if either of us took the initiative and made a first move. I don't think Sharon would resisted given the way we kissed at her last slumber party although it didn't hurt that my mouth had been full of her brother's cum at the time! While I wasn't really turned on by the thought of sex with girls I still enjoyed masturbating with my friends - go figure! Then again, I masturbated occasionally with my mom and WE didn't have sex so maybe it wasn't that big of a deal.

In any case, Steve and I always made sure that before we fooled around at his house that his mom was definitely not going to return before we were done. Just too many potential complications otherwise!

# 3. An Invitation

On this particular day Steve's mom was out to get her hair done - something that typically takes three to four hours at a minimum. Sharon told Steve that she was going to be out with some friends shopping and Jim was at a friend's house so as soon the moment that the two of them were out the door Steve was dialing me to inform me that we had his house to ourselves!

Unknown to Steve, I actually got TWO phone calls, the one from Steve but also another from Sharon informing me that she wasn't really going shopping. Instead, she would really be hiding and watching us so I needed to be sure Steve fucked me someplace where it would easy for her to watch - like the living room or family room and NOT one of the bedrooms. I was in the kitchen with my mom when they both called so she asked me what all the phone calls were about. I practically giggled like a grade school girl I was so excited.

"It's gonna be so cool... Steve's mom is out at the salon and he wants me to come over," was all I said at first. My mom looked at me and shook her head in mock disbelief.

"Somehow that grin on your face tells me he didn't just ask you to come over to do homework," she teased me.

My tongue licked my lips subconsciously and I just gave her my newly patented naughty slut look. She responded by rolling her eyes at me the way she did whenever she couldn't believe something about me - which was becoming a rather frequent thing.

"I hope that was meant for Steve," she whispered softly yet there was something in her tone I couldn't quite place.

"Sorry mom," I apologized, blushing a little. Exactly what I was sorry for I wasn't sure but it seemed the right thing to say under the circumstances and she seemed satisfied with my answer.

She just waved me off and so I ran upstairs to quickly freshen up. Fortunately I'd showered earlier but my hair was a wreck so I pulled it back in a ponytail which I knew Steve preferred on me anyways. He said it made me look even younger which seemed to help fulfill some fantasy of his. Whatever. A pair of jeans and blouse was all I decided to wear as I knew it really didn't matter what I wore - it wouldn't be on me for long if I knew Steve!

With each step I took to his house the hornier I got. God, I couldn't wait to be fucked by Steve but to have Sharon watch us without Steve knowing was going to make it all the more special! I remembered the first time she'd watched. I had no idea she had until afterwards when we were talking and she brought it up. At first I felt almost violated but then I realized how turned on it made her and now I loved it all the more when she watched as well. There was just something about knowing she was watching and wishing she could have what I was getting that turned me on. As I mentioned earlier, I was finding out more each day it seemed what a natural exhibitionist I was.

## 4. Steve Fucks Me

When I arrived at his house Steve met me at the front door wearing my favorite outfit - absolutely nothing! Seeing his awesome nude body when he greeted me at the door for me sent a chill up and down my spine. The sly grin on his face told me he'd obviously been thinking about me as well - not to mention the massive erection he was slowly stroking. I looked behind me at the street and wondered if anyone was watching close enough to see him nude in the doorway! Steve seemed to be thinking the same thing when he retreated back into the entranceway a bit.

"Come on Kelly! Quit wasting time... get that cute little ass in here!"

No matter how many times I'd seen and touched it, I couldn't help but stare at his swollen cock as it stood at attention. When it was hard like this it also curved upward like a banana. Granted, I'd only actually seen two dicks in my life but I

felt so good! I had one arm around his lower back and then I reached down to grab his tight wrestler ass and massaged it slowly.

Steve was not only an athlete but he also worked on a local farm during the summer. Mmmmmmm, there wasn't an ounce of fat on him. His bare butt was so warm and smooth - I loved the firm feel of it in my hands. We kissed for a while as our tongues explored while he played with my hair and ran his hands all over me. As he ran his fingers through my hair I shivered as a chill ran through my body. I loved it when someone played with my hair and it became literally a sexual experience when Steve did it long enough.

If we'd been at my house where I knew we had as much time as we wanted I could've stayed beside him like that for hours. Cuddling and gentle groping is a massive turn-on for me although I knew Steve's cock had other intentions. I couldn't blame him as after all, he WAS a guy which meant he just wanted to fuck me and get it over with. It was obvious from the way his cock quivered that it was demanding attention so finally Steve sat up straight on the couch while I kneeled on the floor between his knees. Holding his wonderful dick in one hand, my other hand was soon between my legs were I could feel my soaking wet pussy craving some attention of its own.

"That's it, suck my dick Kelly," Steve demanded, "C'mon, take it in your mouth and suck it!"

Ignoring his directions, I gently licked the underside of his hard cock, teasing him as he pressed it forward to try to push it in my mouth. Then I twirled my tongue around the head several times and looked up at him.

"Mmmmmmm, so do you like my mouth on your cock Steve?"

He nodded vigorously and so I continued, "Tell me how it feels."

I spit on his cock to get it wetter and more slippery so it would be easier to stroke it with my hand. Taking his swollen head in my mouth, I sucked on it like it was a popsicle, letting my tongue have its way with it. Then I took him in all the way as I allowed my hand to slide off of him just as my lips reached the base of his hairy crotch. Shaking my head back and forth with his cock pressing against the back of my throat, I noticed how good he smelled. With my nose buried in his thick black pubic hair the musky male odor of his crotch was overwhelming.

As I sucked his dick Steve laid his head back against the couch and groaned, "Oh god Kelly, that feels so good! Suck it more, suck my dick you fucking bitch!"

He really didn't have to ask as I was more than happy to do it on my own! Using my hand and mouth I sucked his cock like it was the last one I would ever have. My hand stroked it on the upward movement, following my mouth as it let him escape and then stroking him downward as my mouth absorbed him again. He felt so warm in my mouth and I loved the taste of him. His crotch had a strong musky smell that was sensual and just a little dirty at the same time. His pubic hair would play against my face and forehead when I took him in my mouth, tickling me and reminding me of where my head was - buried in my boyfriend's crotch like some sort of whore!

Steve had both hands on my head, grabbing my hair and driving my head down onto him. As he got more excited his hips started to buck up against me in time with my movements as if he was trying to fuck my mouth.

"Oh fuck Kelly, don't stop! Dammit don't stop now!... Suck it... Suck my dick!"

His voice was rising and I wondered if Sharon was getting an eyeful of how good I was sucking her brother. I could imagine her playing with herself, wishing it was her name he was calling out instead of mine.

Steve was humping my face the way he liked to fuck my pussy, driving himself deeper into my mouth with each stroke. He began to pant like a dog and suddenly he lifted himself up and pushed my head down onto him hard just as a huge load of cum ejected from his cock directly into my mouth. It was hot and slimy with a salty aftertaste and I loved it better than any steak dinner. He held my head onto him as he came again and again, each time filling my mouth fuller and fuller with his sperm.

Between his cock rammed all the way in and the ever expanding load of cum, I wasn't able to hold it all in and so I loosened my lips to let some of it spill out. It dripped down off my chin and onto the couch but this wasn't the first time the poor couch had been stained by cum and it wouldn't be the last if I had anything to do with it.

Steve must have been hornier than usual as he unleashed even more of his cum into my mouth. He gave me at least five or six full loads plus a few drops afterwards as he slowed his humping and finally settled back in the couch. Loosening his grip on my head allowed me to finally lift it up and get a good view of my handiwork. Mmmmmmm, his cock had flopped away from my lips and it took several swallows to rid my mouth of his cum. A little was left so I spit it out onto his cock and stroked him with my hand, spreading his cum all over it. Finally I licked it

It didn't take long once we started having sex to learn I particularly loved that instant when Steve's cock first violated me, when it would literally split me apart and then rub up against the ultra-sensitive wet regions just inside the entrance to my pussy. Whether it be his finger or his cock, Steve was always trying to push SOMETHING into me as far as he could as if there was a prize for getting the farthest up me. The strange truth is that it's only the first inch or so of my pussy that's really sensitive. Leaving his cock head barely in me actually stimulates me more than anything. Pushing his whole cock in me gave me the satisfaction of knowing he was coupled all the more deeply within me, sharing more of me, and thus was more of an emotional uplifting than physical.

In all fairness, pushing in deeper into me is also good in the sense that when he stroked in and out it was like a violinist taking a long stroke against the strings and thus producing more of a sustained note than a short one. Well, I guess you could say Steve plays my pussy like a violin. He pressed harder and I could feel more of him entering me, filling me with his stiff teenage cock.

Finally my butt was tickled by his bush of pubic hair and I felt his crotch pressed against my ass so I knew he was in all the way then. We were coupled together, joined as one using the most intimate parts of our bodies. As I said, feeling him deep in me made me feel wonderful in an emotional way, knowing Steve was literally mating me in every sense of the word. Steve reached around me and massaged my small breasts as I kept one hand rubbing my pussy. He loved it when I did that because his cock could feel my pussy moving as I fingered my clit. He also knew that I loved to touch myself any chance I got plus it helped me to reach a stronger orgasm than I got with just his cock in me.

"Stay there," I asked, "Just stay there a moment."

He was anxious to fuck me so I knew it wouldn't last long but I loved this moment when we first got started. On my knees with my boyfriend inside of me, I closed my eyes and squeezed down on him, marveling that this hard warm thing was filling me. It was like he was now a part of me as I accepted him. I felt so... complete I guess is the word to use. Like somehow I had been empty and missing something which now had been restored.

It only lasted a few seconds though as Steve started to literally pound my butt as his cock slipped in and out of me like a battering ram when this time I thought for sure I saw a shadow or something. Damn! If Sharon wasn't careful then Steve was going to catch her and then who knew what might happen! Actually I'd masturbated a number of times fantasizing about what I HOPED would happen but in real life things don't always work out the way we wish they would.

If that was true then I guess it meant this was real life to the max...

## 5. Steve's Mom Watches Us

Steve grunted as he pushed hard into me and I closed my eyes as I felt his cock fill me to where I thought I might burst. When I opened them and focused, out of the corner of my eye I saw a woman entering the room. My immediate assumption was it was Sharon and for a brief second I thought my ultimate fantasy was about to come true. Would Steve let her join us? Would he fuck us both?

Suddenly a voice rang out and my heart sank as I realized not only was I dead wrong about it being Sharon watching us, but completely screwed as well - and not in the way I was loving how Steve was doing it to me.

Obviously it hadn't been NOT Sharon that was watching us all this time. No, that would have been too lucky. Instead it turned out to be Steve's MOM! Oh... My... God!

Marlene was dressed in jeans and a white blouse - not all that unlike what I'd worn over actually except based on the outline under her blouse she obviously was wearing a bra which meant most likely panties as well. Why I even noticed that I can't say as it's not like she ever didn't have them on. Just weird things you notice when your life flashes before your eyes. After taking a few steps in she paused to take in the scene spread out in front of her. Judging by her stern expression and pursed lips I could only imagine what was going through her mind. Dang, just how long had she been watching us anyway and why did she wait until now to make herself known? For that matter, why wait at all or else why not just stay where she was and watch? Yeah, it's really amazing how many thoughts can run through your head in about one second!

"Alright you two, don't either of you move one muscle - stay exactly as you are!" she commanded. Steve repositioned himself, more to take the weight off his arms but his mom would have none of it barking out, "Dammit I said don't move!"

She sounding exactly like you'd expect a mother to sound when she finds her kids misbehaving. Now you would think our first reaction would've been to separate and hide ourselves but the shock was so great we both froze in place other than Steve's minor repositioning. It was more than just a bit weird since it left both of us

As the standoff continued I couldn't figure out his mom. What in the heck was she doing? I kept waiting for the inevitable explosion but then to my utter astonishment a smile replaced the frown as she couldn't keep a straight face any longer and she started to laugh.

"Oh come on you two, quit looking so scared, "she admonished us, "You kids can't possible believe I haven't known that the two of you were doing this, do you?"

"Actually, we DID believe it!" Steve started to protest but his mom cut him right off.

"Oh for heaven's sake Steve, park it. Everyone knew you were jerking off at camp this summer peeking at the little girls all but naked in their new bikinis. Then at the fair your penis was about to burst from your pants anytime you were even close to her. When I started smelling her pussy on your hands after you came home from a date I knew you were screwing her - you really should wash up afterwards dear and Kelly my dear, you should've warned him how sensitive a woman's sense of smell is when it came to another girl's pussy scent."

Oddly I smiled and nodded as I had to admit she was right about one thing. There WAS something about the odor of a woman's pussy that was unmistakable to another woman. At home if either my mom or I masturbated and didn't wash up good afterwards, invariably the other would notice and make a comment about it, sometimes teasing the other good-naturedly. Steve hands had been on my hips and I could feel him starting to relax his death grip on me as his mom went on. Dear god, was she going to make this into some sort of speech?

"What I get the biggest kick out of is how unbelievably horny the two of you are," she continued, "My god, you kids do it more than rabbits! Do you have even the slightest idea of what a pain it's been for me to leave the house so you can have your fun? Even then, you couldn't resist doing it right under my bedroom during Sharon's slumber party."

She looked at me with that self-satisfied, smug look of someone who knew a lot more than people thought she did. "What, I may be old but I'm not deaf and Kelly dear, you're quite the moaner, aren't you? Well, after THAT I knew it was time to do something about it."

Oh-oh, now we were finally going to get it. I had the sense a storm had been gathering while she spoke and now it was time for the lightning to strike us down. For the first time I actually felt a little scared but just when I thought it was all over for us, she laughed to let us know she was just teasing us again. Not TOO scared

connection. As she had pointed out I was never one to be quiet during sex so it was natural for me to break the silence.

"C'mon, fuck me harder Steve," I demanded, "Show your mommy how hard her son can fuck me!"

Steve loved for me to talk dirty during sex but then I surprised even him when I started to talk that way to his mother as well.

"Oh god he feels so big in me Marlene, so hard," I moaned as I looked over at her in the eyes. I'd never called her by her first name before but it seemed more appropriate than "Mrs." "God I love your son's cock in me! Your baby boy always fucks me soooooo good!"

It shouldn't have surprised me when she responded the way she did but I was still getting use to the whole idea of his mom being there in the first place, let alone masturbating and talking to us!

"Yes Kelly, that's it... tell me how it feels," she said slowly and softly, "Mmmmmmm, tell me how his hard cock feels in you... tell me how it feels to have my son's stiff cock fucking your wet baby pussy."

My own mother had never been in the room even with me when I was having sex with Steve so it was almost creepy having his mom right there in front of me just an arm's reach away. And not just watching... she was telling me to describe how her oldest son's cock felt inside of me! The only way I could keep my head on straight was to pretend she was MY mom and I was telling her after I got home tonight what it felt like to have Steve fuck me.

"Mmmmmmm, he feels so big inside of me,' I whispered softly, "Oh god, I can feel his dick throbbing in me... it's so hot I feel like I'm burning up!"

"That's it Kelly... now tell me more... don't hold anything back!" she said, her voice trembling as she started rubbing herself faster. Strange as it may sound it actually made it easier for me as it was more or less the same reaction my mom often had whenever I came home and related the events of my date.

Just as I was starting to get into it, my dialog was forced to pause as I couldn't help but grunt loudly while Steve literally pounded my pussy. It must have been the excitement raised by his mom watching as he'd never thrust himself into me with such abandon before. He must've been getting even more turned on as he listened to the two of us talking about him fucking me. Between breaths I tried my best to describe to her how it felt to have her teenage son fuck me, what it was like to have the boy she'd raised and nurtured shoving his stiff dick in me now that he was all grown up.

"Oh Marlene, I love it when Steve rams it hard into me, when I feel him bang into my ass and push himself as deep inside of me as he can," I managed to gasp as I was panting now from the fucking he was giving me. "Oh yeah, he feels so warm inside of me, so big in me."

Steve must have been really getting turn-on by our dirty talk because it didn't take long for him to reach his climax. "God I'm gonna cum!" he announced loud enough for both me and his mom to hear.

Adding to my rapidly growing list of surprises, Steve's mom got up off the chair and knelt down on the floor next to us. Now I was feeling more than a little weird with her so close I could smell her - and she smelled nice! She wasn't interested in me per se, our eyes never even met. Instead she seemed to only care about watching where we were joined, seeing her son's dick thrust in and back out of me as he fucked me and reached a climax. Despite her apparent inattention to me, it still excited me in a way I'd never felt before. Sure my parents had watched me having sex with Steve, but that had always been more voyeuristic and oh so much more subtle. Now it was like we were putting on a sex show for his mom, to the point where I could almost imagine her joining in on what we were doing. Indeed, the only way this could have been any hotter would be for her to join in but obviously THAT would never happen! Really, as surreal as it may be it was one thing to WATCH your son fuck his girlfriend but I couldn't even imagine anything a mother wanting to do any more than that. For Steve to fuck his mom would've been as likely to happen as my dad fucking me - NOT something that would ever happen! Marlene was acting more like a pornographic cheerleader than a mother. It was like she was directing us in some sort of insane porn movie.

"That's it, fuck her Steve, cum in her for me! Make her cum Steve! Cum for mommy," she urged him on.

Steve groaned and pushed himself tight against my bare butt as he tried to submerge every possible bit of his cock into my pussy. He thrust himself deep into me when a flash of heat exploded inside of me and I could feel his sperm as he unloaded into me, almost like a warm stream was flooding the inside of my pussy. In response to his orgasm I came myself just as soon as I felt that first load in me, moaning as my head fell back. I wiggled my ass in circle so I could feel his cock move around inside of me.

"You like that when my boy cums in you, don't you dirty little girl?" she asked me rhetorically, "You want his hot jism deep inside of you, I can tell from the way you push into him. God, I can't believe you were a virgin just a few months ago. My oh my, what a little slut you've become... all thanks to my boy!"

It was like she was proud of her son for taking my virginity and turning me into a slut but then why not? I managed to grin at her but I couldn't speak as my pussy convulsed involuntarily, gripping Steve's cock and then releasing it as if I were instinctively trying to milk the cum from his dick. It was all I could do to breath as this incredible orgasm continued to run all through me. Being fucked by Steve was plenty enough to make me cum but having his own mother watch and encourage me was driving me to a new height, one I'd never scaled before. I wiggled my bare butt against his crotch, trying to make his cock move around inside of me. His thick coarse pubic hair rubbed against my smooth bottom like a soft hair brush.

I was totally focusing on Steve's cock in me when I heard a gasp and I looked over at Steve's mom. She was sitting back again though still rubbing herself through her jeans, the same way my mom does when she gets REALLY horny. It almost looked like she'd peed her herself from the size of the wet spot in her crotch!

"Oh my god, I can't take this any longer," his mother sighed, more to herself than us it seemed. With that she stood up and quickly pulled her jeans down and off. Surprisingly, despite my earlier predictions there were no panties underneath. Then again maybe I shouldn't have been surprised given how fast her pussy wetness had soaked through her jeans. She was older than my mom but still in pretty good shape, looking hot for her age. Her pussy was covered in thick luxurious black pubic hair which looked like it had never seen a scissors let alone a razor. Standing there in nothing but her blouse, I was amazed yet again at the incredible transformation she was making from a prudish mother to a sexy MILF. I had to give her credit - not a bad ass for a woman more than twice my age.

As usual, Steve's cock remained hard in me even after cumming and he held it still in me while I felt the afterglow of my orgasm slowly ebb away. We were both mesmerized at the sight of his sexy mother stripping in front of us as she next unbuttoned her blouse. For me it was the fascination of having this woman who had always seem so uptight, so repressed, suddenly let loose like some wanton whore. For Steve it had to be a once-in-a-lifetime experience for a boy to watch his mother stripping naked for him with god only knows what on her mind.

I nodded vigorously and she laughed at how fast I responded. Then she leaned forward and got more serious saying, "Then why don't you show me how you've been riding it when I'm not around."

I looked back at Steve who just shrugged his shoulders. If his mom wanted us to put on a show, then who was he to complain? This was a LOT different than just letting my parents peek in on us when we fucked in my bedroom. Although I didn't mind them watching, at the same time I didn't feel like I was putting on a show for their benefit. I was simply letting them watch what I would be doing with or without them. NOW, however, I was doing it at her request, for her benefit, almost like she was directing us. Of course I still wanted it for myself but there was just something about it doing it in front of my boyfriend's mother that made it feel different than anything else I'd ever done.

My thoughts were interrupted and my heart skipped a beat when I saw her reaching for the camera and start snapping photos of us again. What was she planning to do with those anyways? I guess it didn't matter, she WAS his mother so I felt pretty confident she wouldn't do anything to hurt him. Still, nobody had EVER taken pics of me having sex, not even masturbating. Oh sure my dad took some of me when I posed in the outfits he bought for me and at times he might ask me to pause for a few shots as I put them on or took them off, but that wasn't me having SEX!

In the meantime Steve had finally pulled his dick out of my pussy. As his cock withdrew I got that same feeling I always did whenever he withdrew his cock from me. First there was this immediate sensation of emptiness, like I was missing something that should be there but is suddenly gone. It's like my pussy was only really happy when his dick was in it which sort of makes sense when you figure that's what it was designed for. Then I'd feel his cum draining from me, confirming that he'd cum inside of me. It made me feel so naughty sometimes when I would stand and feel it running down my inner thigh.

In any case, I just knew I wanted it BACK in me as quickly as possible so I stood up and waited for Steve to get on his back. He didn't take long and he pulled a pillow off of the couch to put under his head so he could watch better what I was about to do to him. I started to straddle him but his mom interrupted.

"Turn a little to your right Steve... and Kelly, don't hide everything with your arm," she said, again like she was directing some porn movie, "I want to get a good shot of your erection when it first goes in her."

"Hot damn... hold it there just a second," his mother interrupted, turning some dials on the camera. Wow, talk about bad timing, I just wanted to be fucked! She got in closer and too a few close-ups of his dick with the head just inside of me now. Snap, snap and she pulled back.

"Sorry..." she said rather sheepishly, "I don't mean to keep interrupting but I've been so wanting to do this. You can continue having sex now, I'll try not to interfere anymore."

Whatever! Focusing back on the events between my legs, I let my weight down completely on him, lowering myself down on him as I closed my eyes and concentrated on nothing but Steve's dick as it slowly disappeared inside of my pussy. Not even the incessant clicks of the Sharon's camera (so THAT was what I'd heard earlier!) could distract me as I pinned myself on him like I was a butterfly in a collection.

Leaning forward, I rested my hands on his shoulders and ground my bare bottom into his hairy crotch, forcing his cock to swivel around inside of me like it was stirring a pot of soup with his cock - except in this case the soup was my pussy juices as I felt myself dripping down on his cock being so wet. Finally I leaned forward to draw my ass up which pulled his cock out of me and then I dropped my ass back down to push him back in me again. I humped his cock like that slowly, reveling in the sensations it created in my pussy as his hard cock slid in and out of me. I'd learned a few tricks from watching my dad's porn collection like not bouncing on his dick 0 that just wore you out quickly. Instead the key was to flex your hips and rock which didn't take near the energy but still provided the same relative motion.

Steve's mom was obviously enjoying the show. She'd sat back down again and raised one leg over the arm of the chair to open up her now exposed pussy and was playing with herself while she watched me fuck her son's cock. Once again I marveled at how wrong I'd been about her. This was no boring mother... she was downright obscene in the way she spread herself apart to expose herself to us.

"That is just SOOOO hot!" she murmured, just loud enough for us to hear, "God, I can't believe this... I'm watching my own son having sex!"

I grinned at her as I knew she was getting more and more turned on as she watched.

"So Marlene, do you like the way I ride your son's cock?" I teased her. "As you can see, he really does fuck me good! You should try it sometime."

OMG! As soon as I said it I wanted to take it back. What had gotten into me? Fortunately she seemed to just ignore my suggestion as her answer was to shift from just rubbing her pussy to shoving her fingers in and out of her pussy while at the same time she started to massage her breasts. She was so horny she wasn't even taking any pictures, not like she really needed any more.

I looked down and Steve's head was turned to watch his mom, his eyes fixed on his mother's hairy pussy while his cock pumped in and out of me like a rampaging piston. I could only imagine what was going through his sex-crazed mind at this moment. I was pretty sure that this was the first time he had seen his mother naked and not only that, she was masturbating like a schoolgirl in heat right in front of him. It must have been an incredibly erotic moment for them both. It didn't hurt that she looked sexy as hell too. Fortunately for me, she was his mother or else I would've been afraid he might've wanted her instead of me. Well, even if he didn't want to fuck her I could tell he was getting plenty turned on by her based on the way he was taking it out on my pussy!

Marlene was working her pussy now with both hands, one with her fingers working her pussy like a little cock and the other rubbing her clit in tight little circles. Her chest was heaving as she began to pant. Suddenly her hips started bucking like she was being fucked by some imaginary lover. Despite it all, her eyes never left us, fixed on where Steve's cock was appearing and then disappearing inside of me. It was as if she couldn't get enough of watching her son fucking me. She was muttering things to herself, bucking her hips as if dreaming of her husband or some other lover fucking her. Wow, sometimes my mom would get carried away when she did herself but Marlene was taking it to a whole new level!

Whatever her fantasy was, it must have been pretty hot because suddenly she let out the loudest moan and bent over until her head touched her knee. She kept working her pussy as she moaned again and again as her orgasm overcame her. Different women react differently at these times and hers seemed to end rather abruptly compared to my mom when she came. She still had a wild look in her eye though as she straightened up and slowly touched herself.

She had yet another surprise though for me...

"It's not fair," she said with an accusing tone directed straight at me.

# 6. Marlene Takes My Place

What the heck was she talking about? I just couldn't figure out what Steve's mom meant so I slowed down a bit on Steve's cock while I looked at her with curiosity. I still couldn't figure out what she as talking about but then she continued on.

"Don't you get it Kelly? I haven't been laid in ages but you get my son's hard cock every day," she said with a strange look on her face.

Marlene was staring at her son's cock now, at least what she could see of it. I noticed she was subconsciously licking her lips just slightly, her tongue just moving outside her mouth as if she didn't want anyone to see what she was doing.

Suddenly it all became so obvious to me. Wow, how could I have been so dense? I guess it must have been that the very concept was so foreign to me, so unbelievable that the thought never even crossed my mind. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized what the real story of what was happening here was. I finally realized what this pathetic sex-starved mother wanted - or at least needed. All it took was someone to break the ice for her, to help relieve her of the guilt from the feelings she couldn't help but have.

I looking back down at Steve who didn't have a clue what was being communicated almost telepathically between me and his mom. Never mind, he was a guy and wouldn't catch a hint it someone hit him over the head with it. After all, this was a boy who didn't even see how much his sister wanted him - let alone his own mother!

I smiled at Steve in that way he knew I was about to say something wild or dangerous. "Do you REALLY want to turn me on Steve?"

He just gave me that "Duh!" look that came so natural to him. I took a deep breath as I had no idea how we would react to what I was about to say. Finally I looked at his mom and then I looked back at Steve and in a mischievous voice I said, "Mmmmmmm, fuck your mom for me Steve... I want to see you fuck your mom!"

For a moment I thought maybe I'd gone too far, even for a sex maniac like Steve. His eyes widened like the proverbial deer in the headlights. His mom heard what I said also but unlike her son's reaction, she was now looking at him with the most seductive look I'd ever seen on a woman her age with her tongue slowly and openly licking her lips. She didn't make a move though, it was as if she was waiting to see what her son's reaction was going to be to my suggestion. I stopped my bouncing on his dick and sat on his lap, his cock throbbing in me, as we waited for his reaction. It was pretty much initially what I would have predicted. For a moment it was deathly quiet in the room. Then he suddenly burst out his answer.

"Huh? Are you kidding me? You want me to fuck her... my own MOTHER?" he said incredulously, "Are you NUTS?"

"C'mon, don't tell me you've never dreamed about it before," I teased him, wiggling my little ass around his stiff dick.

"Well...," he stalled and I knew I'd hit pay dirt so I kept digging as I wiggled more.

"Look at your mother Steve," I said, grabbing his head and twisting it over to face his mom, "Can't you see how much she wants it? She wants her son Steve, she wants YOU!"

"Mom????" he almost whispered, more like a little boy lost in the mall hunting for his mommy than a sexy hunk of a teenage stud.

His mother just shrugged her shoulders as if it wasn't any big deal to her one way or another but the look on her face and the hand on her crotch said otherwise. Yep, she wanted him and she wanted him NOW.

"It's OK Steve," she said in a soft, gentle voice, "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

"Are you kidding? I just can't believe you want it too?" Steve said incredulously, as much to me as to his mom.

I grinned and lifted myself off of him. As I felt him flop out of me I second-guessed myself a little but it would be worth it. I took a spot on the chair which his mom had just vacated. The seat was nice and warm from her bare ass sitting on it. She hesitated for a second as she approached him but seemed to regain her courage and she kneeled down next him. It was my turn to watch now as Steve's mom reached out for her son's cock, gently grabbing it for the first time since he was a baby and then she started to stroke it slowly.

It was an incredible sight to see him lying on his back nude at any time but now that his naked mom was kneeling over him, I thought it was the most erotic sight I'd ever seen. Her ass was pretty decent and other than a few stretch marks left over as souvenirs of her pregnancies, she looked pretty hot if I said so myself.

"I know I shouldn't be doing this," she said in a low voice, almost as if talking to herself. Then she looked at me saying, "You know, I've dreamed of holding my son's cock ever since I first watched him masturbate."

Steve's eye's opened wider at that remark, obviously this was news to him!

"Silly boy!" she laughed at him, "I know all about your magazines and yes, even the porn collection under your mattress! You think I don't know why you close the door to your room all the time? And besides, NOBODY takes THAT long to use the bathroom."

Steve looked at her like she was some sort of oracle exposing his life secrets as she continued, "Well, sometimes you forget to close it tight. Don't worry - I've enjoyed watching you play with yourself as you stare at those magazine girls!"

She was still stroking his cock while she was talking to him. Then she looked down at it and licked her lips.

"God it looks so good! I've been wanting a taste of this cock for a long time!"

She turned to me and in a more serious tone said, "Now Kelly, make sure you get some good shots of the first time he gets blown by his mom!"

I couldn't help but notice she emphasized the word "first" and I think even Steve caught it as well judging from the silly grin on his face. Without dwelling on it further, she began to give Steve a wicked blowjob while I snapped picture after picture of them. I hated to admit it but she was a hell of lot better cocksucker than I was. Obviously she'd had a lot more experience and I learned a lot just that one time from watching her. Steve was just groaning as she sucked and licked his cock and balls. Steve's mom looked up at him and we could both see the look of sheer ecstasy on his face.

Finally, she paused for a moment and their eyes met, "I bet you never knew your mommy could give such a good blow job!"

Steve could not even get out a reply as she once again went to work on his cock. I knew from plenty of experience that he was about to explode and started to say something but his mom recognized the signs as well and once again paused. She then stood up and leaned over on the coffee table.

"Now fuck me like you were fucking that little slut. Fuck me Steve... fuck your mommy NOW."

Steve appeared almost dazed at this point, completely overwhelmed by everything that was going on. As she WAS his mother he would have undoubtedly done anything she told him without question but in this case she had complete control over him. She got down on all fours and spread her legs apart for him. God I couldn't believe how hairy her pussy was! It was like there was this thick bush between her legs and he had to push the hair out of the way just to see her pussy.

Moving in behind her, I watched intently through the camera lens as he guided his incestuous erection into in mother's hot pussy and started to stroke it in and out of her. At her age I was sure her pussy wasn't nearly as tight as mine but at the same time, she hadn't been fucked in ages according to her announcement before so maybe she had tightened up a bit. One thing was for sure though, she definitely knew how to use it! Marlene rotated her large hips around his cock and I could almost see her pussy muscles contracting against his cock. I was so turned on at the sight of seeing my boyfriend fucking his own mother that I just sat back in the chair and fingered myself gently as I watched. I smiled to myself as I realized it was now official - my stud of a boyfriend was now officially a REAL "motherfucker"!

Steve looked over at me and grinned. "I hate to say this Kelly but you need to talk to my mom about pussy technique! Oh my God! She's incredible!"

I faked a pout but kept taking pictures of them fucking. Who could blame him for getting a bit carried away under the circumstances? His mom eventually pushed him away and then she laid back on the couch. Her one leg went up to the top of the couch while the other hung over the side. Steve was looking at her like she was the first naked woman he'd ever seen! His hand was stroking his cock as he took in the sight of his own mother, naked and horny on the couch waiting for her son to fuck her some more.

She looked at him and seeing him jerking his cock she sternly said, "Now young man, don't you dare waste that cum in your hand!"

Steve didn't have to be told everything and he recognized what his mom wanted so he got up on the couch and worked his way between her legs. Leaning over her, he slowly lowered himself down until his cock was pressing against her hairy cunt. He rubbed it up and down her slit and against her clit.

"Oh baby that feels so good," she moaned softly, "Now put it in me... I want your hard fat cock in your mommy's pussy."

She reached down and practically pulled his stiff cock into her. As soon as the head was in position, Steve thrust forward and his cock was quickly swallowed up by her hairy pussy as he pushed it even harder into her. It was so fast I barely got a shot of it! She lifted her hips up to meet her son's cock. It was like she couldn't get

that the next one would be my boyfriend's mom - ESPECIALLY given the way she had always acted around me!

For a brief moment I held my breath as I wondered if maybe she wanted to try something with ME. I felt torn because on one hand I knew it would be an incredibly erotic experience but on the other hand I'd never been with a woman sexually before and I was apprehensive and not just a little bit scared. As it turned out I had nothing to worry about. It was her son she wanted, not his girlfriend.

"Thank you Kelly," she said softly.

I looked up at her with a quizzical expression. She smiled at me and explained.

"If it wasn't for you getting him to fuck you in our house this would've never happened. Steve has never brought anyone else home before so I was never able to watch him in action."

She hugged me tightly again and I could feel her bare full breast pressing against mine. Again I had the feeling that all I had to do was respond the right way and things could get REALLY interesting. Instead, I gave her a neutral hug and she leaned back again as she wasn't going to push it unless I made it more obvious I wanted it.

Actually, at the time I felt a bit of a relief that she wasn't pressing the issue. I often masturbated with my cousin but we never actually touched each other. Even at sleepovers and parties we may have done some innocent kissing and mutual masturbation but nobody ever engaged in any "real" sex. The one thing I did know after this was that the idea wasn't something I was necessarily not interested in. It just would require the right circumstances.

After that she turned her attention back to Steve. It was actually like I wasn't even there at that point. It wasn't like they were trying to be lovers or anything. She didn't even try to kiss him. I couldn't help but wonder if she was just so horny from not having sex that knowing we did it all the time had finally overridden whatever restraint that naturally exists between a parent and a child in terms of sex. She wanted a cock so badly that eventually even her own son wasn't taboo if it meant satisfying the hunger between her legs.

I sort of knew how she felt. I hadn't been having sex for all that long but even so, if I had to go more than a few days without Steve fucking me it was like it got to where all I could think about was sex. Oh sure masturbation helped a little from a physical perspective but it didn't deal with the emotional feelings I get when a guy takes me so satisfy himself with me. I can make myself cum just as good as any guy but there is something in knowing I have what he needs and can satisfy the same burning in him that can only be experienced through actual sex.

If I felt that crazy after just a few days, I could only imagine what his mom must have been holding back inside of herself if she hadn't fucked in weeks or maybe even months or more! No wonder she was willing to let her son fuck her. The amazing part to me was that she hadn't just jumped on him bed before this! Somehow I doubt that would've gone over as well with Steve though. Fucking me just seemed to make switching to his mom something natural whereas had she approached him directly it would have been more perverted than sexy.

Silently I gathered my stuff and got dressed. Neither of them paid a bit of attention to me. I guess I could understand but yet I couldn't help but feel a little bit jealous as well. I mean, Steve could have at least pretended to want me again! In his defense, his mom wasn't giving him much of a chance as she was sucking his cock like she hadn't tasted one in years as I walked out of the house.

After returning home and later when I was with my mom I naturally told her about what happened. I was a little surprised by her immediate reaction. First, I knew I completely surprised her when I got to the part about his mom as she knew Steve's mom as well or better than I did. The idea of her even letting Steve see her naked, let alone do what they did, must have been almost unbelievable to start with. It was when I made some comment about how it was hot that he would even have sex with his own mom but yet it seemed pretty weird to me that my mom got this sudden look on her face, almost like she was disappointed in me for something. I was about to say something when she brightened up and urged me to continue. I still wondered later what it was that I'd said that had made her look that way.

# Postscript

That was the only time Steve's mom joined us or even watched us so far as I knew while we dated. Steve DID brag to me that he fucked his mom a few times after that day but there was something about the way he said it, the lack of enthusiasm or whatever that made me question his claims. Was he just making it up to tease me? Whatever the truth was it certainly didn't keep him from fucking me as much as I wanted it so I didn't mind.

As I mentioned, my mom and I had several long discussions about everything. She was convinced it was all preplanned and I just walked into their little trap. Then again, she wasn't there so she didn't see the expressions and body language which convinced me it was real. Admittedly it DID seem to all go off just a little too easy so maybe my mom was right? Then again she usually is.

One thing that I've always been curious about was what she did with the pictures from that day...

just dump me afterwards like I was some notch on his belt the way some guys might have. One of my closest friends had such a horror story where her guy was sweet and kind at first but once she let him in her panties he never talked to her again. Even worse, he wasn't afraid to tell every guy in school he'd scored with her and that she was a skank. Here we were over three months later and Steve was still dating me exclusively which made me feel very special. Sure he told everyone we were doing it but at least what he told them was complimentary.

For all these reasons, and maybe mixed with a little concern over having to deal with a different guy, I didn't even date another guy after our first time, let alone have sex with anyone else. Steve was still the only boy to get to home plate with me and he was making the rounds of the bases as often as he could! Sometimes I don't know who wants it more, him or me. It seemed that it's all we did whenever we got together. Even so, it seems the more we did it, the more I wanted it.

Steve's parents were divorced and he lived at home with his mom and younger sister and brother. Sharon was one of my best friends and it was thanks to her that I met Steve in the first place. Their little brother was a pain, always trying to look up my skirt or down my top whenever I was at their house. Sharon knew all about what Steve and I did but rather than being upset or embarrassed, she thought it was hot that her friend and brother were doing it. She even liked to pretend she was jealous of me but I think she just got a kick out of teasing me.

When you're a teenager there aren't all that many options when it comes to finding a place to have sex. Of course there's always the family car where Steve had screwed me a number of times in both the front and back seats but it was awkward and lost its allure after the first few times. We did it most anywhere we could get away with it – movie theaters, parks, school, church, even an old school playground. The best times, though, were when our parents were out and we had our bedrooms to ourselves and could relax and be comfortable. Not to say we always did it in a bed, but you get the picture.

There was ONE minor detail that Steve didn't know about and that was the extent to which my parents knew what he was doing with their only daughter. My mom had always been my closest friend and since I was a little girl I confided everything to her. She was the first person I told after I gave Steve my first BJ and the first again after Steve took my virginity. She taught me to masturbate and even kept an open offer to me to make use of the impressive collection of dildos she kept in the drawer by her bed (I prefer my fingers so I don't use them all that much). When I

usually wore a towel or robe. Another example is sleeping in the nude. I started when I was twelve, at first to mimic my parents and then simply because I just enjoyed the comfort that comes without wearing anything to bed. However, the rules were once I got up I immediately put something on to cover myself up at least a little bit. Unless I was dressing or passing between the bathroom and my bedroom my parents didn't usually see me totally nude around the house. We only had one small bathroom so sometimes when someone was in a hurry they might shower while someone else was in there but that was about it. I never felt right about sharing it to use the toilet – some things require privacy!

When it comes masturbation, that's another thing I have a hard time understanding why most families make such a big deal out of it. Thankfully I was taught that masturbation is healthy and whether people admit it or not, something most everyone needs to do from time to time. Whenever I or my parents felt inclined, depending on how bad the need we might wait until we were alone or if the urge was that strong then we just do it where we were without embarrassment. My mom stressed that masturbation by definition is a solo event so putting on some kind of "show" was strictly forbidden. It just made sense. I mean, if I was watching a show and getting turned on by some stud, why not just do it then and there instead of putting it off until I went to bed?

Masturbation at home to satisfy an itch though is one thing. Regardless of how you might try to say differently, watching someone do it can still be a turn-on. Though he would never admit it, I knew my dad liked it when I would do it on the couch while he watched TV so I figured Steve would be the same being a normal male. Steve was quite surprised the first time I masturbated in front of him as apparently none of the other girls he dated had done so. It took some convincing on my part to get him to do it with me around but once he realized how horny it made me any inhibitions quickly disappeared.

Sitting by Steve, I couldn't help but look at his lap and dream about his lovely dick, frustrated that it was hiding from me beneath his jeans. Mmmmmmm, what I could do with it at that moment! God I loved his cock and what he did to me with it! I never grew tired of seeing him grow hard, knowing the reason for it was ME. I especially loved the feeling of it getting bigger in my mouth when I sucked him. I bet every girl gets turned on knowing it's her that's causing such reaction in a guy. It certainly made me feel incredibly hot and sexy! Mmmmmmm, I would've loved to reach down and unzip his jeans, pulling out his wonderful dick and sucking it right there and then on the couch. Yet as much as Steve loved me to suck his cock, I knew that he'd freak out if I did it with my parents in the same room so I just had to dream about it and do my best to ignore my itching pussy.

Indeed, my pussy was getting warmer by the minute as I started thinking more and more about my boyfriend's dick than the TV show. As horny as I was I knew that if he hadn't been there I would've been fingering myself by now. As much as we fooled around in public, I still doubted that he was ready to deal with me doing myself with my parents in the room! From my perspective, I would've been "doing it while my parents were in the room" rather than "doing it in front of my parents". It may have been a subtle difference but an important one.

As I got hornier and hornier I started squirming more and more. My mom sneaked a peak at me now and then, smiling and shaking her head. She knew what was going on with me and no doubt it amused her to see my discomfort. She often teased my about how horny I was all the time, even going so far as to say when I was younger that my pussy would wear out if I kept playing with it so much.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore. If I didn't get my hands on that incredible dick and get them on it soon I was going to go bonkers!

"Hey Steve, don't you think we should get started on our homework?" I asked innocently.

"If you guys want to do it down here, we can turn the TV down if that would help," my dad chimed in. As much as I loved my dad I could've killed him! He knew full well what my true intentions were and the last thing I needed now was him teasing me! He knew darn well I wasn't interested in homework!

"Mom!" I whined, pleading with her for support.

"John...," my mom said, giving my dad a look telling him to leave me alone. It was all she needed to do as my dad took the hint and went back to his newspaper, ignoring us again for the moment at least.

"C'mon Steve, let's go up to my bedroom," I said, sitting up straight and grabbing his hand.

"Are you sure...?" he asked a bit hesitantly, looking at my parents and then back at me. He didn't say anything but the message was clear.

"Stop being such a fuddy dud, just come on!" I huffed, standing up and pulling him up off the couch. I gave my parents a wave and a little smile as we headed up to my bedroom.

## 3. In My bedroom With Steve

With the family room in the basement and my bedroom on the second floor it was a bit of a climb but I would have scaled Mount Everest at that moment if it meant getting fucked by Steve. Once in my bedroom I immediately hopped up on my bed and laid out flat with my head on the pillow and arms to my side. Steve started to close the door but I raised my hand to stop him.

"Leave it partly open," I told him.

"But what if your parents come up here?"

"The stairs squeak something horrible so it's better to leave the door open so we'll hear them coming. Better to do that than have them surprise us, don't you think?"

It wasn't like I could tell him one of the conditions my parents had made in return for allowing me to bring him home was my door couldn't be closed. They claimed it was for my own protection so in case anything happened they would hear me. Given they were in the basement family room I frankly didn't think it mattered whether my door was open or closed but it that's all it took to get them to agree then I quickly accepted their terms.

Steve's eyes squinted as he pondered by rationalization. It took less than ten seconds and then he shrugged his shoulders, apparently accepting my logic even as twisted and illogical as it may have been.

"Well, are you just going to stand there or are you going to take my clothes off?" I teased him, rolling back and forth from side to side on my bed.

Steve took another look at the door which he had left open a couple of inches before turning back to me. One thing I loved about Steve, he was always as horny as any sixteen year-old boy could be and once his little head started to do the thinking the big one lost all control. Right now he would do most anything to fuck me and I knew it, even if it meant risking my parents catching us.

Steve came to my bedside and reached down to undo the zipper on my jeans. Whenever we started doing it I found it interesting to see where he wanted to start with me and unzipping my jeans was always a good sign. My boobs weren't exactly the most developed but my pussy and ass were light years ahead so it wasn't surprising he usually wanted to get to those first. After undoing the zipper I raised my hips up to make it easier for him to pull my tight jeans down and off my hips,

we had an audience and I tried to be sure to speak up loud enough for my dad to hear me as well.

"Shit Kelly, you're always so fucking tight," Steve groaned, grunting as he kept the pressure on, pushing his dick up to the hilt inside of me. Our crotches met, the base of his dick pushed up against the outside of my pussy. Steve ground his crotch into me, our pubic hair intertwining. His thick black hair mixed with my fuzzy brown covering, tickling me more than anything else.

"Oh yes... don't move now... just stay in me," I said softly as he held himself inside of me.

Steve's cock was so erect it literally throbbed inside of me, allowing me feel his pulse deep inside of my pussy. Now and then he unconsciously shuddered a bit and his dick would jerk in me but that was OK, as it added a sense of reality that no dildo could duplicate. Finally, he couldn't hold back anymore and started stroking his cock in and out of me. At first they were full length strokes where he would draw himself out of me to the point his dick almost would slip out and then drive back in as far as he could penetrate me. As time went by the strokes shortened and got faster. I knew what that meant so it was time to make a change if I didn't want this to end prematurely.

"I want you to fuck me from behind," I gasped after we had fucked this way a while.

I'd learned that while Steve would fuck me about any way I asked, he seemed to prefer good old missionary style and left to his own devices he would've stayed like this until he came. On the other hand I tended to be more adventurous, looking for new ways to fuck all the time. One thing about my dad's porn collection - it was a great source of ideas!

Steve's cheeks puffed out as he released his breath, obviously a bit frustrated at having to pull out of me, even for a few seconds. Whatever, I didn't care as I had needs too! I simply rolled over until my ass was up in the air, facing the side of the bed where he was still standing. Spreading my legs slightly he quickly reinserted himself much more easily this time and was soon back in his rhythm again. Less than ten seconds had passed, if that much, in the changeover so it wasn't like he had anything to complain about.

The reason I enjoyed doggie style is because it allows for the deepest penetration by his dick. Missionary was my overall favorite because I O could see Steve's facial expressions. It also made him the dominate one and while I'm not submissive by nature, I enjoyed letting Steve THINK I was as it seemed he got much more inventive when he was in control.

Each time Steve rammed his hard dick in me it was like being spanked as his crotch slapped up noisily against my bare ass. God, it was like he was going to push himself up inside my throat! Steve's hands were on my bare hips, using them like handles to pull me in and then push me back out again in sync with his dick as he fucked me. I quickly used it as an excuse to turn my head and sure enough I could just make out the eye of someone peeking through the door. It had to be my dad or else my mom had grown several inches taller in the past hour or so. I would've loved to have mouthed to him, "I love you daddy" or something like that but Steve would've probably caught me and wondered what was going on. I doubt he would've understood my father wanting to watch me getting fucked, undoubtedly turning it into some kinky male fantasy instead.

"Hey, you ready for a ride?" Steve asked between pants.

Well, why not? It was more work for me of course, but I didn't doubt that he needed the break.

Steve pulled out and for a moment I regretted agreeing as my pussy felt so empty! Needing him again I quick backed off my bed to allow Steve to get up on it. He laid out lengthwise, his wet dick sticking up like a flagpole from his crotch where the base was buried in thick pubic hair. Before jumping on board I couldn't resist leaning over and taking a few mouthfuls for myself. Mmmmmmm, I could even taste my pussy on his cock!

Oh well, as much as I loved sucking his cock I loved being fucked by it even more so regretfully I let his cock slip from my mouth but I knew it would be there another night for me to enjoy it - many nights for that matter. Once on the bed I straddled his hips, sitting up straight so his cock was directly underneath me. Reaching in with my hand, I grabbed the shaft and moved it under my pussy hole. Once we were lined up I swiftly dropped my weight down to drive it into me yet again. As wet as I was and stretched from I took him easily.

Mmmmmmm, once my boyfriend was inside of me I dropped my full weight down on him until he was buried inside of me and I was literally sitting on his crotch. By swiveling my hips I could grind my pussy into his crotch, feeling his cock swivel around inside of me. Leaning forward, I dropped to support myself with my hands on either of his shoulders, letting my little boobs dangle just above his face (well, "dangle" might be entirely correct but you get the idea.

"Suck my nipples," I whispered hoarsely to him as he lifted and then dropped his hips to cause his dick to move in and out of me without me having to do much of anything.

I lowered myself down as he raised his head and he took my nipples in his mouth one-by-one, sucking on one and then back to the other. I loved my boobs to be played with and sucked, especially my nipples which could be incredible sensitive at times. Just wearing a loose shirts that moved across them as I walked was enough sometimes to harden them up like I was being laid.

Holding myself up with one hand, his mouth on my nipples and his dick in my pussy, I reached between us to finger my clit. It was so swollen and sensitive I almost jumped off his dick when I first touched it. It wasn't going to take much more to set me off, that much was for sure!

"I'm cumming Steve," I moaned as if it was necessary to tell Steve given the way my pussy was gripping his cock. Besides, I had my audience to keep informed as well.

Steve had often complained, in a nice sort of way, that when I came it was like his cock was caught in a vise from the way my pussy would squeeze down on it when I was having an orgasm. I couldn't help it, it was just a natural reaction that I had no control over. Besides I knew he wasn't really complaining.

It was all so wonderful, exactly what I had dreamed about for most of the day once I knew Steve would be coming over. After waiting for hours finally I was being fucked and sucked. My pussy was exploding, causing my entire body to break out in goose bumps as I groaned and moaned from the seemingly impossibly strong waves of pleasure that were running through every part of my nude and sweating body.

"Oh my god, you feel so good in me!" I moaned loudly, throwing my head back as I sat up on his crotch, Steve's dick imbedded in me like I was mounted on a pole. My one hand stayed on my clit as the other played with my boobs.

Steve just watched me as I kept myself going while sitting on his dick. He had told me before it always amazed him how long I could maintain an orgasm, gripping his dick with my pussy and gushing my pussy cum over him as my body flushed. Even when I had my eyes open it was like nothing was in focus, just a blur as my mind seemed to focus completely on what was happening between my legs. I swore sometimes my hair even seemed to tingle when I came really hard as the sensations spread out all through my body. Before Steve started fucking me, I used to cum pretty hard when I masturbated but those times were nothing compared to this, when a real dick was inside of me instead of my finger.

God, I loved to be fucked and at that moment all I knew was that I wanted Steve to do me as often as he could. It was like he some sort of drug dealer, the guy I went to when I really wanted to get "high" except instead of using a drug I generated my own "high" within me. I suppose it could be argued by some that the hormones and chemicals released in me when I orgasmed were no different than taking other drugs and that I could be getting "hooked" on them in the same way people get hooked on heroin. Well, if that be the case then I really didn't care - it feels great, it's legal, and I always have it with me! The only difference being the "quality" of my supply as it was always better when I got it from Steve.

Had nothing else happened my orgasm would have started winding down by now but Steve wasn't exactly taking all this lying down, if you know what I mean. Seeing me get off and feeling my pussy work his cock was enough to get Steve worked up as well and sure enough, he couldn't hold back anymore. I have to admit I was caught a bit by surprise when I opened my eyes and looked down at Steve only to see his eyes close and a moan escape from him as he came again, this time in my pussy instead of my mouth.

Some girls claim they can't feel a guy when he cums in them but most, including me, would say otherwise. Sure it may vary in intensity between guys or even between fuckings but I still feel something. All I knew as sensitive as I was at this point, it was like a bomb went off in me as his dick swelled slightly and then seemed to explode as a felt his cum spewing from him and shooting deep inside of me. It was just what I needed at that moment to revive my own orgasm, setting me off again.

"Oh yeah Steve, that's it, cum in me," I cried out, not caring how loud I was this time.

One after the other, like machine gun fire Steve emptied load after load of sperm inside of me. Rather than being smaller the second time, if anything it was like had even more than the first time when he came in my mouth. My pussy felt like it was on fire as his final shot of sperm was deposited in me. My pussy gripped him tight, like it was a milking machine attached to a cow except I was on top of him instead of hanging down below.

"More... give it to me Steve," I gasped, "I want it ALL in me... give me everything you've got!"

Steve just grunted as his strong hips lifted up as if trying to push his dick in me even further, ancient instincts kicking in making him drive his sperm deeper into me like he was mating with me. Finally he was finished and I just fell forward, laying against his chest with his dick half in me. We kissed for what seemed forever as my entire body seemed to sizzle with the heat of my passion for him. Nobody had ever made me feel the way Steve did and I just wanted him to know how much I loved it when he fucked me.

"You know, for such a little girl you sure can get heavy," Steve said gently after a while.

Still feeling a little dazed, I had no idea what time it was or how long we'd been at it until I looked at the clock next to my bed. Dang, we'd been at it for well over an hour! I wondered if my dad was still watching but there was no way to turn my head around to look without being obvious about it. In any case, he probably was gone by now since the show was essentially over.

Rolling over towards the wall, I wedging myself on my side between the bed rail and Steve's nude sweaty body. With one arm draped over his chest and one leg over his, I let my throbbing pussy rub up against his hip. It was like I was some sort of male dog, humping myself gently against him, my pussy still craving for more despite everything it had been given.

"God Kelly, aren't you EVER satisfied?" Steve teased me as he felt me humping his leg.

"No!" I answered him simply. I wasn't just being silly, I meant it. I couldn't conceive how I could ever be totally fulfilled to the point where I quit fucking because I was "satisfied". There was always a point it had to end but that was dictated by other things, not my pussy!

"I can believe THAT!" he chuckled. "I think I've created a sex monster!"

"Well, it's all your fault so now you have to live with the consequences," I said as I snuggled up against him, my small bare breast squeezed tightly against his hard body.

"I think somehow I'll manage," he replied with a laugh. "Now don't you think we'd better do a little studying?"

"What!" I exclaimed, pretending to be surprised and shocked, "The only thing I wanted to study tonight was your dick."

"It seems that's all you ever want to study," he laughed, "I feel used sometimes. Don't you ever want to be with me for more than my dick? Don't you really want to know me for who I am inside?"

He pretended to pout but then burst out laughing. Sure I liked Steve and maybe even was starting to love him. Even so, we both knew what really kept our relationship going - sex. Well, I wasn't complaining and I knew he wasn't either.

Eventually we got up and dressed. It was tempting to just put on a nightshirt since it was getting late and in the end that finally what I decided to do. Steve watched as I pulled one out from my dresser and let it drop over my head. It came down to about mid-thigh when I stood up and was made of thin cotton so it didn't leave a lot to the imagination on top.

"Is that what you're wearing to bed?" Steve asked.

"Of course not silly," I replied, "I don't wear anything to bed. This is what I wear around at night."

"Wait a minute, you sleep nude?" Steve questioned me, looking at me a little closer.

"Sure, I have since I was twelve. What's the big deal?"

"And you wear THAT around the house at night?"

"Yep!"

"JUST that?"

I looked at him like he was asking me the silliest questions in the world and replied, "Of course, what's wrong with it?"

"I mean, no panties or bra?"

"Of course not, why would I? I'm at home, not church you know."

"In front of your parents?"

"Steve!" I huffed, getting a bit tired of the forty questions routine. "What's the big deal with me wearing this?"

"No big deal... never mind," he replied, turning to leave my bedroom.

As much as I had toyed with him, I knew full well what he was thinking - I'm really not that stupid or naive you know. Most kids didn't sleep nude, I knew that, but it was the way our family slept and none of us made a big deal out of it. Besides, once we got up we put something on. As for wearing just a nightshirt without panties, like a typical guy who only thought with his dick he no doubt assumed I flashed my dad or something else just as weird and kinky. Oh sure there may have been a few times when he got an eyeful of my bottom but it was by accident IF it did happen and what was the big deal even if he did? He'd seen me naked all my life and it's not like I was putting on a show for my dad while he masturbated or anything like that.

Once back in the family room Steve stopped to say goodnight to my parents and then left from the back basement door. After watching him leave I hopped onto the couch and wrapped my legs under me to watch TV again.

## 4. After Steve Left

"Well, did the two you get ANY studying done?" my mom asked rather mischievously.

Like she really didn't know! I turned to look back at her and rolled my eyes at her.

"Oh mom!" I whined a little. She grinned, knowing knew full well what we'd been doing up there.

"So what did you think daddy, did like seeing your daughter getting fucked?" I suddenly said to my dad, catching him more than a little off guard.

"John?" my mom said, looking at my dad with renewed interest, "Something you forgot to tell me about?"

"I... I was just making sure she was OK," my dad stammered. It wasn't me so much he seemed to be concerned about but my mom.

"Yeah right," my mom chastised him, "No wonder it took you so long to go to the bathroom."

"I just checked in on them," my dad continued in his defense, "I heard her moan so I just wanted to be sure everything was OK."

Yeah right, I knew better but I wasn't going to say anything and get in the middle of this one.

My mom just shook her head in that "I can't believe men sometimes" way she should have had patented. My dad seemed relieved to have gotten out of it so easily but turned out he was a little premature with his self-congratulations. What the heck, why not...?

"Now daddy, you didn't tell me what you thought about seeing Steve fuck me," I continued to needle him.

"That's quite enough Kelly," my mom said, surprising me by rising to the defense of my father. I could tell from her look that she was shutting down the

tease anyone else. Besides, I had no doubt at some point we would find somewhere private in the house to have some fun on our own.

Checking myself out in my bedroom mirror while I waited for Steve, I smiled as I thought to myself how turned on he would be when he saw the outfit I'd picked out. To me it was the perfect party outfit - not enough to actually show anything but terribly suggestive as to what was barely being covered up. The black skirt was extremely short, even by MY standards, and it barely covered my cute little butt (OK, so I'm proud of it). I'd picked it out after seeing one my friends figure skating and realized that the skirts she was wearing would be perfect for flirting. Of course, I wasn't planning on wearing the tights she wore to cover herself up! All I had to do was bend over just a little and it would ride up my ass, revealing the skimpy black string thong I had on underneath. Granted, normally I avoid wearing panties and I especially despised thongs (think about it guys, how would you like to walk around with a wedgie all day?) Still, I had to wear SOMETHING with this skirt to avoid being arrested for indecent exposure!

On top I'd chosen a skin-tight sheer white blouse through which my black lace bra was clearly visible - which is why I was wearing the bra in the first place. A pair of black four inch strap-on heels completed the outfit. Turning away from the mirror, I look over my shoulder and smiled. This was my best "profile" as my boobs weren't developing as fast as I wished they would. It seemed all my friends had these great boobs going and here I was still trying to justify an "A" cup (well, technically a training bra but a girl can dream).

I guess that's why I loved wearing clothes that emphasized my ass. I couldn't claim any credit for it since I didn't work out, did sports, or anything like that. I guess I had to thank genetics for granting me a tight little ass that filled out my jeans perfectly. I loved Steve to touch it and hold it while we walked through the mall or when we were with his friends. Sometimes when nobody was looking his hands would wander and work their way between my thin legs and my pussy started to tingle as I remembered the last time he'd done just that.

With my eyes closed I sighed softly as my fingers pushed aside the thong and lightly touched my fuzzy pussy. God it had felt so good when he touched me! I rubbed my clit slowly as I dreamed of his fingers on me, teasing my clit and exploring my pussy. My pussy was already wet as I pushed my own finger up in me and I gasped as goose bumps seemed to break out all over me. I started to think of how later tonight Steve would be taking off my thong and licking me, tasting my pussy as my short pubic hair rubbed against his face. Then he would fuck me and I'd be moaning as I added another finger in me while I dreamed of his wonderful cock entering me. He had fucked me over at his house the day before but that now seemed like centuries ago as I continued to masturbate.

Left to my own devices, odds were I would've been lying in bed before long with my thong down at my ankles or on the floor while I fingered myself to a massive orgasm. However, that wasn't going to happen as just then my mom walked in on me, interrupting my little play time. Now I don't mean to imply that she did something bad. On the contrary, my door is ALWAYS open as I shared everything with my mom and had nothing ever to hide. In fact, she was the first person I told when Steve first fucked me! I've been masturbating for a few years now and undoubtedly she's seen me do it a number of times since we first had our mother-daughter "talk" about it. I wasn't embarrassed for her to see me playing with myself although normally she didn't make a point of interrupting me when I was doing it.

"Ahhhhhh, thinking about going out with Steve again?" she asked, a motherly smile on her face.

I paused to answer although my hand never left my pussy. While I didn't mind being polite and respectful in answering her, that didn't mean I had to deprive myself as well. "Yeah, we're going over to the Drakes tonight. They're letting Diane and Jordan throw a party tonight.

"Well, look out for yourself then. I've heard some of the other mothers talk about their parties and they seem to be pretty wild."

"Oh Mom!" I whined, "I'm not twelve years old anymore you know."

For crying out loud, wasn't that the whole point such parties, to be wild? I loved my mom dearly but sometimes she could be TOO protective.

My mom just smiled again and ignored my pleas. Then she shook her head as she took in my outfit.

"Hmmmmmm, not exactly leaving much to the imagination tonight, are we?"

"I was just hoping Steve would like it," I said defensively.

"Oh I'm sure he will," she laughed, "And I'd be willing to bet so will the rest of the boys."

"Oh don't worry mom, you know Steve is the only I let do me," I assured her.

"So, is that the thong and bra set your father bought you last week?" she asked, changing the subject yet again for some reason. He said you really looked good in it when you posed for him.

"Yeah, what do you think of them?" I asked, turning around in a circle so she could see me from all angles, "He really liked them on me. He took a bunch."

"Well, he's always had pretty good taste when it comes to lingerie," she said, nodding her head as she inspected my thong. "Although you might want to think twice about wearing that thong and skirt together if you go anywhere more public than that party."

We both laughed together at that one.

"So your dad had you pose in it?" she questioned, "He didn?t mention THAT to me."

"Well, I tried it on in the store when we were shopping but the old prude there wouldn?t let him in the dressing room so we had to wait until we got home for him to see it on me."

My mom just sighed and then laughed a bit saying, "Well it was probably better you waited until you got home anyways. The bra's not so bad but that thong..."

I knew what she was referring to but the thong was why my dad chose it in the first place. I had to be a little careful as when it rode up it practically slipped in right between my pussy lips but my dad didn?t seem to mind. Something told me Steve wouldn?t either.

My mom continued, "Well, Steve's going to be here any minute but I think you have enough time to show your dad some appreciation."

Mothers! Always trying to make sure you thank people and what not for everything. My dad likes to buy clothes for both of use, especially lingerie, and I had to agree with my mom - he DID have pretty good taste. Many a time Steve had complimented me on an outfit I was wearing that my dad had bought me although I never told Steve that it was my dad's choice. I wasn?t embarrassed to shop with my dad but I didn't want Steve to get any weird ideas. My dad may enjoy shopping for women's clothing and I got a kick out of modeling them for him when he gave them to me, but that was as far as it went. I mean really, get your minds out of the gutter; he's my dad, not my boyfriend!

Even though I would've preferred to take the time I had left to finish myself off, just to make my mom happy I grabbed my purse and headed downstairs to the family room in our basement. My dad was watching TV as usual. He looked up from a legal dossier on his lap when I walked in. His eyebrows raised and a smile came to his face at the sight of his only daughter dressed like a street walker.

"Well daddy, what do you think?" I asked as I twirled around, causing the skirt to fly up and expose the thong and 99% of my little butt.

"Well... I think you look like a brazen slut!" he teased me. "The skirt and blouse add a certain something to it."

I leaned over to kiss him on the forehead and he smacked me on my all but bare bottom playfully. "So how long will that outfit be staying on tonight?"

"Oh Daddy!" I exclaimed, pretending to be shocked, "You know I'm not that kind of girl!"

My dad laughed, "Yeah right... I just happen to know you ARE just that kind of girl!" Then he looked over at my mom who had come in behind me. "Hey Mary, our daughter here claims she's not a slut. What do you think mom?"

"Hey, don't look at me. It wasn't ME that bought her that outfit you know," she replied, shaking her head.

I turned to go but my dad smacked my bottom playfully. "Hey, no goodbye kiss?"

I looked at my mom who was wagging a finger at me for forgetting. Leaning over, I balanced myself placing one hand on his shoulder and another on his crotch. Our mouths met and we kissed, his strong arms reaching around me and pulling me in tighter. His tongue pressed against my lips which parted to allow him entrance. I felt him gasp slightly as I pressed down on his crotch, teasing him playfully.

Just then I heard a horn honk and knew Steve must have arrived. I stood up and caught my breath as my dad rearranged his pants.

"Well, at least TRY to behave yourself," my dad called out to me as I started towards the stairs. I didn't say anything but just blew him a kiss and grinned naughtily. He knew me better that! If my parents really expected me to "behave" my mom wouldn't have had my gynecologist put me on the pill!

Sure enough, Steve's car (or more precisely, his mom's car) was parked by the curb and Steve was looking out the window to see whether or not I was coming. I waved goodbye to my mom who was standing in the doorway as I climbed in the passenger seat. She grinned back at me and I had to wonder if she wasn't wishing she was in my heels.

## 2. Steve Forgets His Wallet

No sooner was I seated in his car than Steve looked at me sheepishly saying, "Uhhhh, sorry but we have to go back to my house first."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I forgot my wallet," he said lamely. I rolled my eyes and huffed a bit dramatically. Much as I loved Steve, the boy was always forgetting something. Thank god his dick was attached or he might forget THAT as well and then where would we be! Fortunately his house wasn't that far away so it was a quick trip. When we got there he turned off the car and twisted towards me.

"Why don't you just stay here while I go find it?" he offered, sticking his head back in the door after getting out. He didn't even wait for an answer but instead closed the door and headed into the house.

Well excuse me! It WAS November and I really didn't feel much like sitting out in the cold with bare legs so I decided to ignore him and follow him in where I could stay warm. Although I had a warm jacket on, it wasn't like I had all that much on lower down to keep me warm!!

It was more than just personal comfort that I had in mind. There was always the chance that nobody would be home. It wouldn't hurt my feelings a bit if we just stayed and had our own private party. With a brother and sister and a working mom the house wasn't empty very often which is why we usually ended up at my house when we wanted to have sex. It didn't matter if my parents were home as they never interrupted us and if anything, they encouraged him to come over and do me rather than going out and parking or finding some other unsafe place to fuck.

Hopefully this would be one of those rare times we could do it at his house but as luck would have it his thirteen year-old brother Jim was in the family room watching TV. At first I thought that was going to make a dud of the whole idea but Steve apparently had been harboring a devious idea for teasing his pain-in-the-ass brother.

It's incredible the difference three years can make. Whereas Steve was this mature, strong, smart, sexy paragon of a teenage boy, Jim was just the opposite. Dear God, he reminded me so much of the other boys in middle school, the perverted creeps who snapped girl's bra straps in the hallway. It seemed that Jim was always trying to look up my skirt or down my blouse. He'd even tried spying on me and his sister once when we were masturbating in her bedroom. He was such a little pervert! Another time he'd even tried to spy on his own brother when Steve was fucking me!

While I dallied Steve appeared at the top of the stairs. He took a good long look at me starting at my heels and then slowly, deliberately working his way up to my head, lingering on my crotch and boobs of course. I had no doubt at all that he was undressing me in his mind and I wanted to just scream at him that he could do it for real if he just allowed me to follow him into his bedroom. It didn't help that Steve knew it turned me on something fierce when he looked at me this way. He made me feel like I was a fresh piece of meat in front of a starving dog. One thing for sure, he was definitely getting turned on by what he saw - no hiding that familiar bulge in his pants!

"Damn Kelly," he chortled as he came down the stairs, "I thought the idea tonight was for you to tease the guys first and THEN show them the goods. Seems you forgot about step one!"

Steve came back down the stairs just far enough to give me a quick kiss and then he turned to head upstairs again to his room. He took just a single step and then paused, apparently lost in thought. Then, to my surprise, he turned back yet again to me and winked.

"You know, you look like you're in one of those moods to be extra naughty tonight. How would you like to get started early?"

Well was that the stupidest question he had asked me in ages or what? Extra naughty? I thought I was extra naughty ALL the time. After all, I rarely refused Steve when he wanted sex although that wasn't as big a deal as you might think given I asked for it more often than he did! I was under no illusions about Steve. He may be the only guy to ever fuck me but he had probably done half the girls in his class if the rumors were anywhere near true. Having just lost my virginity this past summer, I guess I'm still in the "honeymoon" phase where I just can't get enough of him.

With a little giggle I started to head up the stairs. Naturally I assumed he meant we were going to do it in his room or someone else's as we've done it in every bed in the house at least twice. To my surprise, Steve didn't move and instead he gently pushed me back down the stairs. Being more disappointed than he might know, I gave him a questioning look and he nodded his head in the direction of the family room with a sexy smile.

"I DARE you to tease my brother," he whispered softly in my ear.

My eyes widened and I looked at him like he was speaking a foreign language or something because I couldn't believe he had actually said that. Steve didn't usually even acknowledge that his brother was alive, let alone have me do anything like THAT. Heck, just a few minutes ago he didn't even want his brother to LOOK at me!

"Ummmmm, Steve... what exactly do you mean by 'tease'?" I asked him incredulously. It wasn't like Jim was on my fantasy guy list when I masturbated.

Now had we been around his friends I would have understood completely what he meant by "teasing". One of the things that turned me on about Steve was that he loved to show me off to his buddies. Steve encouraged me to flash my ass and boobs and in general, about anything else if it would make them jealous of him. Sometimes when we were walking with his guys he would plant his hand firmly on my ass and I could only imagine what they were thinking about me!

Now all that was well and good when it came to his friends, but his perverted little brother? At first, I had to admit the idea didn't really turn me on but for some reason Steve was suddenly persistent about it, as he always was when it came to convincing me to do something new for him.

"Oh come one Kelly, it's not like I'm asking you to give him a BJ or anything," he pleaded. "You know better than anyone how he looks at you all the time. Look at this as your chance to get back at him. Don't you want to show him what he's NOT getting?"

Unconvinced, I turned to Steve and pulled his hand to my boobs and looked up at his eyes. "Forget about Jim. Wouldn't you rather have these right now?"

I teased him in my little girl voice. Steve couldn't resist giving my tiny boob a playful squeeze but then he let it go and spanked me sharply on the butt. He did it so his hand swept under my skirt and hit my bare bottom causing it to sting just a little.

"Of course I'd love to have them but I know for a fact that you're going to put out for me later anyway," he said with a smirk.

I folded my arms and huffed as if I was upset over his arrogance. He seemed awful sure of his chances tonight - for good reason. I hadn't said "no" to him once since we started dating! If anything, HE was the one who turned ME down a few times.

"Oh give me a break Kelly - you know you are. Hell, why else would you be dressed up like a streetwalking teen whore?"

Now he was walking a fine line between teasing and pissing me off. In the end I had to admit everything he said was true. There was no denying that I WAS dressed like a prostitute and I WAS going to "put out" for him later. But then, it wasn't like I was trying to hide my intentions!

"C'mon Kelly, look at it as revenge for the time he tried spying on us. Just tease the hell out of him and then don't let him have anything. I can't wait for him to see what his big brother's getting - and he's NOT!"

Another look at Steve's bulging crotch told me he was getting off telling me to do this. Forget Jim - what I would've given right then to unzip his jeans, pull out his yummy cock and suck him off right where he stood!

Finally I resigned myself to the situation. If this was what it was going to take to turn him on and get me fucked extra hard later tonight, then I couldn't see any real harm in it. Like he said, it wasn't like I was going to blow his brother or anything like that. I gave Steve a half-smile and nodded my agreement. Steve patted me on my rear again, a bit softer than the last time and then he grabbed it. He started to squeeze my ass with his fingers like he was kneading dough.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT'S the Kelly I love. I knew you'd do it. Yep, I've got complete faith in my little slut. Don't worry, I'll make it worth your while later, I promise."

With that he finally went upstairs and I couldn't help but giggle to myself. He was right, it WOULD be a little like revenge. Here was a chance to make the little perv pay for being such a jerk. One time Steve was fucking me on Sharon's bed (for some reason or another he got off doing me in other beds, especially in his parent's room). Fortunately the door hinges needed oiling and he caught Jim trying to take in a free sex show. Steve chased him off but boy was he pissed off! I guess Steve must have been madder than I had thought given what he was asking me to do to Jim tonight. It was the only reason I could come up with for his change of heart regarding his brother.

# 3. Teasing Jim

Before making my way to the living room, I checked myself over quickly in a mirror hanging in the entryway. Even though my blouse was already unbuttoned down to my cleavage, I unfastened two more so now it was open well below my bust, allowing the black lace bra underneath to be visible directly. Heck, only two more buttons and I could've just taken it off and gotten it over with.

Out of force of habit more than anything, I tried to straighten out my skirt but it was WAY too short to cover much of anything. Turning around, I bent over just enough to check out my bottom which made me start to debate the thong. There wasn't going to be a lot of time to tease Jim (or at least I hoped there wouldn't be) so why be coy about it? I reached under my skirt and dropped the thong down to my ankles and stepped out of it. Tossing it onto the stairs with my foot, I wondered what Steve would think when he came back down and found it?

Looking back into the mirror one last time, I saw that my skirt was still covering my bare ass, but just barely. All it took was to stand up on my tiptoes or lean over just a little to put my bare ass on display, not to mention my fuzzy brown pussy as well.

Actually, there was more to my decision to remove my underwear than just trying to be sexy. I LOVE the feel of running around bare bottomed. At home I prefer to hang around in a short t-shirt or one of my dad's dress shirts without anything on underneath. Even in public I rarely wear panties under pants or jeans. So long as a dress or skirt is long enough to keep me from getting arrested, I leave them at home and enjoy the feel of the cool air against my bare skin. Of course, the more public the location or formal the occasion, the hotter it makes me feel being with people who have no idea that I'm naked underneath.

One of my ultimate turn-on's comes when I'm at church, sitting in the pews without a stitch of clothing under my Sunday dress. I get off imagining what the father next to me would say if he knew the "innocent" looking girl next to him had nothing between her ass and him but her dress! It was usually enough to get me so horny that by the end of the service I couldn't wait to get home to talk care of myself.

Taking a final deep breath, I ran my hands through my hair, gave it a toss, and was ready for action. Walking slowly and deliberately into the living room, I wiggled my ass suggestively as I made my way across the room, taking a seat on the love seat across from his couch where he was watching some silly TV reality show. Once I was sitting down, I crossed my legs, slowly and deliberately, allowing my skirt to ride up such that it was effectively out of the picture. I could feel the seat cushion against my bare butt under me so I knew there couldn't be much hidden from his view down there.

"Hi Jim," was all I said to him, using the same indifferent tone of voice I typically reserved for him.

"Ummmmm, hi Kelly," he stammered. I thought about it for a second and realized it was probably the first time we had ever been in a room together alone under ANY circumstances which probably accounted for his apparent nervousness.

Since the moment I had walked in, his attention had shifted from the TV to my bare legs and ass. I was still wearing my jacket and it was plenty warm in their house (Steve's mom was divorced so they didn't have a thermostat Nazi in their house).

"Wow, it's sure warm in here. You don't mind if I take off my jacket, do you Jim?" I asked innocently. Yeah right, like he was going to complain if I took ANYTHING off.

He quickly shook his head so I unzipped my jacket and leaned forward to pull it off my arms. In doing so, any last chance the skirt had to cover my ass was history and I knew my blouse was hanging open enough up to show off whatever part of my bra had been partially hidden from view before. I tossed my jacket to the side and laid back against the love seat with my legs still crossed, fully aware that he could see from my toes to my butt.

Jim didn't say a word so I figured it was time to turn things up a notch. I slowly ran my hands over my bare legs, running my fingertips up my thighs, feeling the smoothness of my freshly shaven skin. I pretending to try to pull my skirt down (a useless attempt even if I had really wanted to do it) and felt my warm upper thighs with my fingers, tracing my fingernails lightly over my silky skin. My wandering fingers worked their way up until they touched my bare hips. As much as I love to play with my ass (I mean my butt, not my asshole!), having someone watch made it even more erotic for me. Reaching under me slightly, I squeezed my butt, causing a chill to run through me as I felt just a little bit of pride at the firmness of my ass.

"Do you like my legs Jim?" I asked him softly. "You seem to be looking at them a lot."

"Now Jim, just what do you think you're looking at?" I teased him, smiling to try and take the edge off my question.

Jim was still blushing like crazy but if anything, that just encouraged me all the more.

"Oh c'mon, you can speak up Jim," I teased him as he just sat there stammering. Running my hands over my legs yet again, I turned back to him and said, "Mmmmmmm, now tell me what you think of my legs."

Jim was still blushing as be blurted out, "Wow Kelly, they're great!"

Figuring that which was about all he was going to get out. I flashed him my most sexy and devilish grin. "Cool, I'm glad you like them... would you like a closer look?"

At first it was like he couldn't move, frozen in place by my offer. Then Jim nodded slightly. I waited patiently, or at least as patiently as I could under the circumstances, and he finally responded, "Yeah but what will Steve say? I thought you were supposed to be his girlfriend? You know, I thought he was going to kill me the other day just for peeking."

It was obviously up to me if anything was going to happen so I got off the love seat and slowly moved over to the couch where Jim was now sitting up. As I walked provocatively towards him, I maintained eye contact with him saying, "Let me worry about Steve; he's going to get all he can handle later. I've seen you looking at me before Jim. Don't you want me now?"

Standing directly in front of him, I slowly raised one leg and planted my foot on the cushion alongside his leg. As my leg came up so did my skirt and from the way he was concentrating on my crotch, I knew he was waiting for my thong or panties to be exposed at any moment. Well, he didn't have to wait long. God, the look on his face when he realized that I wasn't wearing anything under my skirt was absolutely precious!

"Oh I'm sorry Jim," I said, trying to sound as if something was MY fault, "I just assumed that you wanted to see ALL of me. Are you sure this is OK?"

Jim just sat there staring between my legs. He didn't even blink, as if he was afraid if he closed his eyes I might not be there when he reopened them. Odds were he'd never even SEEN a real pussy before except in a porn magazine or movie. Even though I had absolutely NO intention of doing anything but tease him, it still made me feel hot and horny knowing he would remember this moment for the rest of his life.

My pussy was getting warmer by the minute as I started to get off from him watching me so intently. I rocked on my heels, rubbing my raised thigh with my hands. Then I moved one hand up to my crotch, covering it with my palm. I ran the soft fuzzy pubic hair though my fingers as I started rubbing myself. Oh it was partly to tease Jim but right now I needed to touch myself badly as I felt myself getting hotter and hornier.

"Did you what makes me really hot Jim?" I whispered to him. He looked up at me and I could tell he probably had a dozen fantasies but in truth, had no real idea how to answer.

"Well, I love it when a guy watches me when I play with myself," I said in a low, husky voice.

Actually while I may have been teasing him, that was a 100% true statement. Steve may have been the first to actually fuck me but I was teasing my share of horny boys long before then. Even when I was a virgin it got me off to expose myself to a boy and play with myself, seeing him get so frustrated because he could only watch me and not touch, at least not with his hard dick. It also turns me on to think about how they probably masturbate later when they fantasize about having sex with me.

"So tell me Jim - and I want you to be completely honest with me," I said more sternly, looking down at him to make eye contact. "When you jerk off, do you ever think about me?"

It was a shot in the dark but somehow or another I was pretty confident of the answer. Jim's face flushed bright red again which told me all I needed to know. Well, he was REALLY going to have something to masturbate to after I was done with him!

I put my fingers in my mouth to wet them and then used them to pull my pussy lips to the side so I could twirl my finger around my exposed clit. My breathing grew heavier as I closed my eyes and stretched my head back. Using my other hand, I inserted a finger into what was now a soaking wet pussy and shoved it up inside of me as far as I could. With both hands now moving faster and faster, I started moaning softly.

When I opened my eyes, I saw him staring at my pussy, watching the job I was doing to myself with my hands. His expression was the perfect image of a deer in the headlights - eyes wide open and staring with his mouth hanging open like a fish out of water! Suddenly I stiffened and a gasp escaped from my lips. I knew that I was right on the verge of an awesome orgasm!

I leaned down and whispered to him in a throaty voice. "Oh Jim, do you want to watch me cum? DO you want to see me make myself cum?"

Jim nodded. I shuddered helplessly and my face and chest flushed as my orgasm rose quickly within me and then ultimately consumed me. "Ohhhhhhhhh, that feels so good!!!" I groaned.

If anything, that was a gross understatement. The combination of my experienced fingers working my sensitive clit, together with the added bonus of having Jim watch me, was now bringing me to an incredible "O". I closed my eyes again and allowed the surges of pleasure to run freely all through me, momentarily even forgetting about the young boy sitting in front of me watching a real girl cum for the first time in his life. My knees buckled slightly as my legs tingled and weakened like they had been asleep and now the blood was returning. I didn't stop touching my clit as wave after wave of the most splendid feelings imaginable continue to emanate as a wave from my pussy, literally filled my body with pleasure. It was almost like I was on fire but the fire was inside of me, trying to get out, making my skin quiver from head to toe.

After a minute or so my orgasm began to slowly dwindle and I pulled my hands away from between my thighs. Opening my eyes once again, I saw that Jim was frozen like a statue, completely mesmerized by the erotic show being played out right in front of him. I smiled as I held out my cum-soaked fingers close to his face saying, "Here Jim, do you want to smell my pussy?"

Despite everything I'd done so far, my offer seemed to catch him totally by surprise. Obviously a girl had never offered to let him smell her fingers after she had masturbated! Jim didn't seem to certain about it at first but then his curiosity won out and he leaned forward.

"Mmmmmmm, doesn't my pussy smell wonderful after I cum?" I said softly. Then I put my finger in my mouth and sucked on it like a popsicle. I could taste the distinct flavor of my own pussy which caused me to smile. Back when I first started masturbating I had experimented a bit at the encouragement of my mom. In the process of following one of her suggestions, I discovered how good my pussy tasted and later found that it was even better after a good orgasm.

Pushing my finger up inside of me to wet it again, I offered my cum flavored finger to Jim asking, "Here, do you want to taste me?"

From the way obedient way he nodded and I knew Jim was all mine now, my little puppet who would do anything I asked. Jim opened his mouth wide like a dolphin waiting for its fish reward. Placing my wet finger between his lips, he sucked my pussy juices off it and ran his tongue round my finger.

"You ever taste a girl's pussy before?" I asked as I withdrew my finger.

Of course I already knew the answer but I just wanted to hear him say it. Unfortunately it seemed that Jim was so overwhelmed that he'd lost his voice. He just shook his head as he licked his lips. Once again I touched myself, wetting my fingers and then tasting myself as he watched.

"Mmmmmmm... I just LOVE the taste of my pussy," I whispered as if saying it to myself but I made sure I was loud enough for him to hear me clearly. "Wanna watch me cum again Jim?"

Naturally there was no need to wait for him to reply. Like he was going to say "no"? Yeah right. Besides, I was so damn horny myself I would've done it regardless of what he said. I slowly unzipped the side of my skirt and slipped it off, leaving me even more bottomless than I was before as I stood right in front of him. Then I unbuttoned the remaining two buttons on my blouse, allowing it to spread open and expose my bra. Actually, the bra made my boobs look bigger than they actually were so I decided on the spur of the moment not to strip but to take off my blouse and keep the bra on. In the end, that left me wearing nothing but a tiny lace bra and heels.

Cupping my boobs through my bra, I squeezed them and sighed softly, letting my hands caress my flat stomach and eventually make their way until my fingers worked their way into the short brown curly that that covered my crotch. Some of my friends were already shaving their pussies but I had waited years for my pubic hair to emerge and it made me feel more grown-up to see a soft wedge of hair between my legs. I trimmed it back enough that it didn't stick out from my thongs or bikini bottoms, but other than it actually felt good to run my fingers through it at night when I lay in bed.

I could tell that Jim was about to reach out and try to touch me but I wasn't having any of that. It was one thing to tease him terribly and flaunt myself, but I wasn't going to let him do anything to me, not even touch me. The only guy who got to do that was Steve!

I decided to return to the love seat rather than use the couch as I had originally intended just to keep my distance from him. After taking a seat, I twisted and laid on my back as before. This time, however, instead of keeping my knees tight together as I had before, I lifted the inner leg up onto the top of the back cushion and let my

Jim was not just watching me, he was STARING at me, not even blinking as my next orgasm built into a crescendo within my pussy as I kept rubbing myself.

"I'm cumming Jim!" I called out to him, just to make sure he knew what was happening to me.

I gasped as my pussy gushed once again over my fingers, drenching them with my cum and running down my ass to soak into the cushion below me. My back arched and my hips lifted off the cushion as I imagined Steve's dick in me, driving himself deeper and deeper as he came in me, shooting his cum as deep inside of me as he could reach. My hips pumped up and down as I responded to his imaginary dick inside of me. Finally, I flopped back against the arm of the love seat, still with my fingers inside of me, holding them motionless inside of me. For the next few minutes, the room was deathly quiet as I basked in the warm afterglow of my orgasm.

When I finally opened my eyes, I was expecting to see Jim still staring at me so you can imagine my surprise when he seemed to be more interested in something behind me. What could be more interesting than to have your brother's girlfriend masturbating in front of you? For a moment I thought of Sharon doing it in front of her brothers - damn, now THAT would be hot!

# 4. Steve Gives His Brother a Lesson

Turning my head upward, I almost jumped off the love seat when I saw who else but Steve looking down at me. It must have been an interesting sight to see his slutty girlfriend all but nude with her fingers jammed up her pussy and the odor of her sex heavy in the air. At first I feared that he might be jealous or otherwise upset at me for putting myself on display this way for his brother. Instead, a broad grin broke out on his face.

"So what do you say, Jim? Is my girlfriend hot or what?" he gloated.

Jim sighed and looked at me, "Damn Steve, she's incredible."

Steve reached down and touched my pussy, making me jump as his fingertip rubbed over my clit. For a moment I thought that maybe Steve was going to fuck me right then in front of his brother! Well, if he had tried I certainly wouldn't have protested. Instead, it seemed he was more interested in taunting his brother, sort of a demonstration of what he could do to me anytime he wanted.

"Bet you'd love to touch her this way, wouldn't you Jim?" he teased his younger brother.

Poor Jim, I almost felt sorry for him as he was squirming like his hard-on must have been about to burst out of his pants. God, was he going to be jerking off nonstop tonight! What Steve didn't realize was that I was getting even more horny from the way he was touching me, even more so than from my own masturbation show I had been putting on for Jim. I curled my finger up at him, motioning for him to lower his head down to mine.

"I want you to fuck me Steve," I whispered to him.

"Sure baby, I promised you I would," he whisper back to me.

I grinned naughtily at him and shook my head. "No, you don't get it... I want you to fuck me NOW!"

Steve's eyes widened into saucers as he looked over at his brother not ten feet away before he turned back to me.

"Here?... Now?... In front of HIM?"

"Sure, why not, he wanted to see us do it before. C'mon, let's put on a show for him he'll never forget."

I guess I could understand some of Steve's concerns. In all the time we had been fucking since this past summer we had never done it in front of an audience.

Sure, there were those times in the car and in bedrooms at parties where somebody might get a glimpse but it wasn't like we were putting on a show. Steve didn't know that my dad sometimes peeked in when he did me in my bedroom and I had no intentions of ever letting him find out. All I knew was that if I enjoyed masturbating in front of boys as much as I did, I could only imagine how I would get off having sex with an audience!

Looking over at Jim, he was probably wondering what was going on here between his brother and his slut of a girlfriend. I doubted whether he had any idea of what we were really talking about, though. I grinned at him and held Steve's hand as he continued to fondle my pussy. Steve pulled away and walked around behind love seat, holding his arms out to Jim as if to say there was nothing he could do about things.

"What can I say Jim, she wants it," he said with a grin from ear to ear. "And when she wants something this bad, I just can't say no!"

This had to totally confuse Jim who had to be wondering what in the world his older brother was talking about. Then his eyes widened even further than they had when I first touched myself in front of him as I reached for Steve's jeans and unzipped them. Steve unsnapped them for me at the top and I pulled open the flaps to reveal his hard dick poking up from his crotch. Mmmmmmm, my boy was hard and ready for action! I leaned forward and started sucking on it, nothing special, just your standard head bob up and down on his dick. Taking his cock in my hand, I dropped it from my mouth and looked over at Jim,

"Mmmmmmm, his cock tastes SO good... I bet you wish I would suck yours, don't you."

Jim squirmed even more and for a moment I thought he might have taken my words as an invitation and started to get up off the couch. Fortunately, Steve wasn't having any of THAT!

"Sorry little brother, she's sucking MY cock tonight and that's it"

Being Steve was already hard and ready to go, I didn't see much use on stretching this out. I just wanted to put on a show for Jim and in any case, I knew Steve would be fucking me more at the party - a LOT more if past experience was any indication. I sat back on the love seat and put my feet up on the cushions with my legs spread apart, a perfect "fuck me" position if there ever was one.

As it turned out, my timing was about perfect. Given Steve fucked me almost every day, I was getting pretty good at anticipating when he was about to explode. He pulled himself out and I put my feet down as leaned forward to take his wet dick in my mouth. I could taste my pussy on him which just made his cock all that more delicious for me. Grabbing his dick by the base, I sucked on the head and the first inch or so of his shaft while I stroked his hard cock with my hand. It wasn't long before he was groaning and I could see him tensing up as he tried to hold back as long as possible.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed as I felt the first load eject into my mouth.

I quickly pulled it out and let the remainder spray on my cheeks, nose and chin as one load of sperm after another spurted from his hard dick. It was a good thing I wasn't wearing my skirt or blouse as I could feel some of it drip from chin and hit my thighs. I didn't want to go out tonight with cum all over my clothes! It just seemed a little tacky!

Once he had finished, I grabbed the shaft and used the head of his dick to spread his cum over my face like lotion, smearing the gooey mixture all over my cheeks. Once I was covered with cum, I turned my head towards Jim, smiling at him as he stared at me. I must have been quite a sight with all the cum glistening on my face and his brothers dick still hard in my hand. I took Steve's cock back in my mouth again for a few last drops of sperm.

As for Steve, well let's just say that he looked like the cat who just ate the canary. God he was being evil to his brother. Poor Jim looked like he was about to cum in his pants!

"OK Kelly, show time's over," Steve said as he patted my head, "I think the poor boy's had enough for one night!"

There was a small comforter on the back of the love seat which I used as a towel to clean off my face and wipe up whatever had spilled. Hopefully his mom wouldn't notice although I bet Sharon would be checking it out once I told about what had happened. Standing back up again, I put back on my skirt and blouse and was ready to go. Meanwhile Steve had pulled his jeans back up again and was zipped and buckled once more. We were about to leave when Steve reached in his pocket and threw my thong at me.

"Forget something slut?" he laughed.

I shrugged my shoulders as if it didn't matter to me one way or the other if I wore them but I still slipped it on. Honestly, I HATE thongs with a passion, especially

Finally he shot his wad and this time I kept him in my mouth, feeling his hot sperm squirting into my mouth. It tasted wonderful as always and afterwards I lifted my head up to allow his cum to drip from my mouth back over his cock like syrup on a sundae. Then I went back down on him to suck him and lick the cum back off again, only to repeat the process over again. Steve groaned as my tongue worked its way over his sensitive cock. He held my head loosely in his hands as I sucked the last globs of cum off his cock yet again.

"Damn!" he cried out, "We're going to have to tease Jim more often. Fuck! What a blowjob!"

Proudly I sat up in my own seat again, wiping the cum that had somehow made it to my chin and cheeks off with my finger and then sucking it off. I was still incredibly horny - my pussy wanted his cock again and it was letting me know in no uncertain terms how impatient it was getting! Well, there was still the party and who knows what fun we were going to have. I knew there was one thing I could count on - I was going to be fucked by Steve again in the next thirty minutes or else! It was something of a goal for him whenever we went out, to see how fast he could fuck me after picking me up at home. Our current record would be hard to beat as we had done it right in my driveway without even starting the car!

As we walked to the house I couldn't help but think about what he said about me teasing Jim again in the future. Once again, the question came to mind that maybe there might be an opportunity with Jim that I hadn't realized before. Hmmmmmm, maybe Steve would wish he hadn't opened this Pandora's box!

it’s great for the three of us. What I like best is the deck. Our house, like most homes in Pittsburgh, is built on a hilly street such that our front door is level with the front yard and street but the garage in back is level with the basement meaning our driveway has a steep drop.

On top of the garage is a deck the size of our two-car garage so it’s pretty big. You can only get to it from the kitchen in the back of the first floor. My bedroom on the second floor overlooks the deck and I’m about the only one who gets to see as it has this tall security fence built around it for privacy. The best feature about the deck - besides the fence that lets me lay out and tan in whatever I want to wear or don't, is the hot tub.

OK, a swimming pool would’ve been better but the hot tub is great. I LOVE laying in it and letting the jets flow against me. I was around eleven when I figured out that the jets felt even better against certain parts of my body! It didn't hurt that we never wore swim suits in the tub unless we had visitors.

Which was another thing I love about my life. My parents are really cool when it comes to nudity and sex. First though, we are NOT nudists and nobody runs around the house flaunting themselves. Except my Aunt Linda but she’s an entirely different subject. While nobody screams when they’re seen naked, at the same time there are rules for modesty and proper decorum that we follow. Sleeping nude or being naked in the hot tub is acceptable while eating dinner or watching TV without any clothes is not.

As for sex, I already mentioned that I lost my virginity to my current boyfriend a few months back in the summer. He was sixteen at the time and going to be a junior so I felt pretty proud of myself to attract his attention, especially given my lack of development in certain upper regions of my body. When he asked me to suck his dick in the movie theater on our first date I was scared at first because I had no idea what I was doing but I wasn't about to tell him that! No way was I going to make him think I was just some naïve little freshman girl.

The same went when Steve fucked me for the first time a few days later. Of course I couldn't hide the fact that I was a virgin, but thank to my mom’s advice and preparations I think it went off pretty well - at least it did for me. It must have been good for him too because since then we’ve done it most every day - sometimes more than once.

Which brings up another reason I’m so lucky in that I have loving parents who understand how a girl feels at my age. They both try to help me deal with my new

Which brings up one weird thing... one time his mother DID catch us but rather than MAKE a scene, she JOINED the scene. What I mean is she actually pushed me aside and Steve finished with her instead of me. I'd heard about incest of course in my dad's porn videos but I always figured it was just that – perverts in porn movies. I mean, "normal" families don't practice incest. My dad may buy me suggestive outfits and ask em to pose for him but we never actually DO anything. It's a huge gap between teasing or flirting and having sex with your father (or mother for that matter).

Nothing has ever happened like that since and from the way they both reacted after I tried bringing it up a couple of times later I know better now than to even mention it to either of them. Still, it was really weird to see him fuck his own mother!

Speaking of weird, that brings me to another thing with Steve's family – Sharon. As I said, we've been good friends for a long time and share most things. Starting a couple of years ago we've even started talking about sex and boys and lately we even masturbate during sleepovers and such as we talk about our fantasies. Since Steve started fucking me I've been sharing some of our times with my friends which really gets them hot! None of us are lesbians though, and we never touch each other, but I still think it's pretty erotic to watch my friends do themselves, especially when it's about me and Steve.

Funny thing is, the one friend who REALLY seems to get horny when I talk about Steve fucking me is his own sister – Sharon! After the second or so time I couldn't help but ask her about it and she admitted that she was jealous of me and she wished he wasn't her brother so he could fuck her.

Wow, talk about mind-blowing! Apparently she knew nothing about what her brother and mom had done and I was the last person who was going to spill the beans on THAT subject. Not having a brother, I couldn't really relate to how she felt but if it was anything like the idea of having my dad fuck me, then I just didn't understand how she could want her own brother to do it. I mean like that's your own family! Then again, to be fair to Sharon, she never actually said she wanted to fuck her BROTHER, she wanted Steve the sixteen year-old school hunk, not her brother. Still, it was pretty weird she even felt that way.

Still, the more I dated her brother, the more open Sharon became about her desires for her brother – and her jealousy of me for having him whenever I wanted him. At the same time she insisted it was all just fantasy as she could never have sex

Sure masturbation felt good but it was nothing compared to having Steve's dick in me.

"I guess not now that I think about it," I sighed finally in response to my mom's query. In any case I wasn't think about much of anything anymore than the feel of her soothing hands on my naked body.

"So are you going to do anything about it?" she asked quietly as he worked her way down my left leg.

"I don't know, what do you think I should do?" I replied. I really didn't have any idea - that was why I was asking her about it in the first place!

My mom just hummed to herself as her fingers worked on the inside of my thigh. I parted my legs more to make it easier for her to massage me there. I smiled to myself - her humming was always a dead giveaway she was thinking hard about something.

I must have dozed off as the sound of her voice made me jump.

"What about this?" she started, "You like to be watched, right?"

"You mean during sex?"

She laughed. "No, when you're doing homework... of course I meant during sex silly."

"Yeah, so what?"

She paused again as if to collect her thoughts. Where was she going with this line of thought? Sure I loved being watched when I was having sex with Steve. It was one of the main reasons I liked it when Steve came over and we did it in my bedroom. While he didn't know it, my dad would often peek in on us. After I caught him the first time he tried to tell me that he was just making sure I was safe but his erection betrayed him. I thought it was pretty cool that my dad got off seeing me being fucked by Steve so after that I always made sure not to close the door to the bedroom all the way.

"So why don't you let Sharon watch?"

Hmmmmmm, now THAT was an idea. My mom always had great ideas and this was one I never would've thought of. Having his own sister watch us? Now that would be pretty hot for me and I bet it would be just as hot for her. OK, so maybe not as much as actually DOING him but at least she'd get to see him in action.

The more I thought about Sharon spying on us while Steve and I were having sex, the more I liked the idea and the hornier it was making me. The odds of it ever

horny! Just ask Steve. I figured the best way to keep him for myself was to make him fuck me so much he didn't have the strength to fuck anyone else.

When all was said and done and I was taking a shower after having finally satisfying my "itch". From past experience I knew it was only a temporary solution but Steve was coming over in a few hours which would provide a more permanent solution, at least until tomorrow.

For a brief moment I thought of telling Steve about my mom's suggestion but that idea quickly was put to bed. Steve and Sharon had the classic brother- sister relationship in that he tolerated her but that was about it. Then again, I'd seen him defend her when someone would pick on her but that was more to protect his sister than any feelings for her. There was no doubt in my mind that Steve didn't have any of the feelings for Sharon that she had for him.

Later that evening as Steve was fucking me on my bed, I was riding him reverse cowgirl with my ass facing him as I rocked on his dick. He'd already cum in me once but at sixteen that was just a warm-up for him. With me sitting on him facing the door, his vision was blocked so he didn't see it push forward just a bit.

Although I couldn't see him, I knew my dad must've been out there peeking in on us. For whatever reason it made me feel even sexier knowing my dad was getting turned on watching us. I only wished I could see the expression on his face and the look in his eye but I deliberately tried to pretend as if I didn't know he was out there.

## 4. Masturbating With Sharon

"Then what did he do?" Sharon asked breathlessly as I described to her how her brother had fucked me the night before. Of course I hadn't mentioned to her why I had been so horny when he arrived that I was practically stripping on the way up the stairs to my bedroom.

I'd just finished with the part where he'd cum for the first time as I was sucking his dick in a 69 position with him. Poor Sharon, I don't think she even realized how her hands had both made their way to her crotch where she had them like a clamp over her pussy. She was wearing panties but I could only imagine how wet they were getting beneath her hands.

"Well, he likes me to keep it in my mouth as long as I can, you know what I mean, like blowing bubbles with it and sticking out my tongue when it's all covered."

Sharon just nodded which made me almost crack up. Yeah right, like she had any real idea of what I was talking about. So far as I knew she had never even touched a boy's dick, let alone suck one and as for knowing what it was like to have a mouthful of cum, well she only had my word for that.

"Did he kiss you after you swallowed it?"

Like she didn't know the answer already but then she was no different than my mom when I would relate my latest date with Steve to her and she would ask the obvious questions. Steve was about as straight as a laser beam so for him to even TOUCH his cum was enough to make him grimace. To taste it or put it in his mouth – yeah right, THAT was never going to happen.

She didn't ask again as I blew off her question and moved on to how I mounted him and lowered myself onto his hard dick while watching us in the mirror over my dresser. I LOVED to watch us having sex and it was almost like I was watching another couple fucking next to us except that I was feeling everything that was happening in the mirror.

"That must have felt so good to feel him entering you," she sighed as she shifted her weight on the bed beside me.

Sharon was sitting Indian-style with her legs crossed underneath her which made it easy for her to touch herself. I noticed she had moved one hand underneath her panties while the other was still pressing down from the outside. There was no mistaking the motion of her hand – she was getting herself off.

Of all my friends, Sharon is probably the one that comes closest to masturbating as much as I do and she isn't shy about it either, at least not with me. I pretty much take the same attitude with her actions as my parents did when I would get horny watching TV or reading a magazine and started touching myself in the middle of the living room. Hey, if you feel the need then why wait until you can hide in your bedroom? Just do it!

Her last question got me thinking more though. Until now I was more interested in teasing my friend than anything else but now the mental picture of looking down and seeing my boyfriend's – and her brother's, erect cock slowly disappear inside of me was starting to make ME horny. Oh wow, the more I thought about it the more I wanted him again. Oh My God, to watch his dick sliding into me while at the same time feeling it in me, knowing he was joining his body with mine and we were coupled together as one, is the most incredible sensations I've ever felt.

“Oh yeah, his hard dick felt REALLY good in me,” I finally answered as it was my turn to push a hand into my crotch although unlike Sharon I wasn't wearing any panties under my t-shirt.

“Tell me more Kelly,” she gasped as she pushed her panties down to make it easier to rub herself, “Tell me how he fucked you... I want to know how my brother did it.”

It then struck me that not all that long ago someone else had been asking me exactly the same thing - my mother! Interesting indeed how each of them was interested in exactly the same thing yet from two totally different perspectives. For Sharon, she was satisfying her fantasy about having her brother fuck her and I was just providing the details.

For my mother... well that was a little more complicated. I never thought for a moment she was actually interested in having sex with my boyfriend so what was her motivation? So far I’d just assumed it was no different than her reading an erotic novel except this one starred her daughter and it was being told in the first person.

I had my finger inside of me now, just as Sharon had hers in her pussy, as I gave her a detailed report about what it was like having sex with her brother. At times I would open my eyes and watch her masturbating for a few moments. God she looked so sexy! I wondered if that was how I looked to my mother or father when I was masturbating in front of them? Of course I’d never done it quite so blatantly as they WERE my parents, not a best friend like Sharon.

The more I told her about her brother fucking me the wetter and hornier I got. It got so bad that I even starting looking at what she was doing, wishing she would do it to me instead. It was rather startling as I’d never touched a girl that way in my entire life - or been touched by one either for that matter. I was definitely not a lesbian - I LOVED dicks and having sex with my boyfriend. Still, my friend looked so beautiful and sensual as I watched her through my lust-glazed eyes.

Just then Sharon gasped and I knew she was cumming. Sharon literally fell backwards onto her back with her hands never leaving her fuzzy brown crotch as she rubbed herself into an orgasm. He legs uncrossed and she had her panties slid down to her knees, stretched out as she spread them against the elastic as her hands worked furiously on her pussy and clit.

Whether it was thoughts of Steve fucking me or the sight of his sister cumming from the thought of him doing it to me - and her... what difference did it matter? I soon felt my own orgasm come to life as my pussy literally erupted and radiated pleasure that soon consumed every part of me from the tips of my toes to the roots of every hair on my head. I dropped down to lay next to Sharon, both of us cumming now as we looked towards each other and our eyes met.

It was one of this moments in time where it was like time itself stood still as we each stared at the other, lips tight together as we struggled to deal with the wild emotions that were ripping through us. I saw she was starting to turn to me and I think my heart stopped for a second as wondered what she was about to do... in fact HOPED she was about to do. Had we been given another few minutes, who knows what might have happened.

“Oh gross!” a voice came from the hall. It startled both of us and our eyes lost their grip as we both lifted out heads to see what was going on.

“Jim you pig!” Sharon yelled at her younger brother.

Apparently we’d forgotten to shut the door to her bedroom tight or maybe the perv had pushed it open. Either way he’d gotten quite an eyeful but he was so immature at age twelve that he hadn’t recognized the opportunity in front of him. Two horny girls masturbating and cumming together on the couch – what older boy wouldn't love to find himself in the middle of THAT situation?

“I’m telling mom,” he taunted, sticking out his tongue.

“You do and I’ll tell her what’s under your mattress,” Sharon responded in kind. I had a pretty good idea what was under his mattress and it was apparent he did too as he skulked away without another word.

“Stupid little perv,” Sharon huffed as she pulled up her panties once again, “I’m gonna kill him someday.”

Then she looked at me, still laying on my back but my hands to my side now instead of between my legs.

“OH Kelly, I’m sorry, it was just getting interesting, wasn’t it?” she said with a silly grin on her face.

Indeed it was! And I don't mean the narration I was giving either.

“So when are you two gonna to do it again?” Sharon asked me.

“I don't know, I guess it won’t be until tomorrow now. It’s getting pretty late for him to stop to my house, even if he got here now.”“Well, just remember to tell me ALL about it girl,” she reminded me unnecessarily. Like after this I would ever forget!

## 5. Dealing With Your Boyfriend's Brother

I’ve already introduced him but a bit more about Steve’s younger brother. Like most thirteen year-old boys, Jim is unbelievably immature, especially when I compare him to his sexy older brother. For the most part I’ve tried to just ignore Jim even though I know he’s always staring at me like I’m some sort of alien. In and of itself that’s not a big deal to me as a lot of guys have been starting to look at me the way he does, especially since Steve started bragging to his friends about what great blowjobs I give.

A couple of weeks ago I was waiting for Steve to get ready and was stuck alone with Jim. He was being his usual self - staring at me legs and boobs, mostly at my legs since I really don't have all that much to gawk up higher up.

At the time I was wearing one of my favorite party outfits, or at least it was one of Steve’s. My black skirt was extremely short, even by MY standards, and it barely covered my cute little ass (OK, so I’m proud of it). I’d bought it after watching a friend figure skating and figured that the type of skirts she wore were perfect for flirting. Normally I avoid wearing panties when I go out with Steve but with a skirt this short I had to wear SOMETHING or I’d be arrested for indecent exposure! A skin tight white blouse allowed my black lace bra to be clearly visible. To complete the outfit I wore a pair of black four inch strap-on heels. Uncomfortable as heck but they made my legs and ass look really good.

I’ve already written in my diary about what happened between Jim and me. Well, technically nothing happened BETWEEN us as all he got to do was watch as I masturbated on the couch while I waited for Steve to get ready. Other than Steve and my girlfriends, Jim was the first to watch me touch myself this way. Well, my parents have as well but that really doesn’t count as it’s not like I put on a show for them the way I did for Jim. Even though Jim didn't really turn me on, his reaction DID - or should I say his dick’s reaction. Mmmmmmm, I love it when I see a boy get hard because of me.

Steve tried to pretend he was perturbed when he discovered what I was doing but from the way he fucked me at the party I know it turned him on. While he didn't say so, I think it made him proud that his younger brother only got to watch me while he got to fuck me. A bit of sibling rivalry?

As it turns out, Steve wasn’t the only one who knew what I’d done with Jim...

## 6. Sharon Confronts Me

“I can't believe you did that in front of JIM! My perverted little brother for god’s sake,” Sharon blurted out to my surprise, “And after what he did to us? How could you Kelly?”

We were just hanging out in her bedroom talking about school and boys when all of a sudden, out of the blue, she hit me with this.

“Ummmmm,” was all I was able to get out, trying frantically to concoct some reasonable explanation. I was horny and I did it, end of story. Still, do I tell his sister that?

“Don’t give me that ‘miss innocent’ look, I know you too well to fall for that crap. Save it for my brothers,” Sharon said shaking her head at me and wagging her finger. “So tell me, why in the world would you do that for JIM? Now Steve... him I could understand but JIM?”

“Oh Sharon, so let me get this straight... it’s OK for me to fuck one of your brothers but not even play with myself in front of the other, is that it?”

Sharon shifted herself so she was sitting Indian style with her legs crossed under her. She seemed really worked up and the words just blurted out of her before she realized what she was saying.

“Well yeah... what girl wouldn't want Steve to hit on her? Like you’re the luckiest damn girl in the entire school to have him all to yourself. But Jim? He’s just a nasty little pervert. I’d NEVER let HIM see me naked.”

Something about the way she was carrying on made me start to think about something I’d never considered before. She was looking to start another tirade so without thinking it through I egged her on.

“So you’ve let Steve see you naked? I thought you said it was just all fantasy and that you’d never do anything for real with your brother.”

Sharon was just launching into something or another but then it was like she finally figured out what I’d asked and her face instantly turned beet red and she didn't say another word. Hmmmmmm, seems like I struck a nerve!

“Wow, so that’s what’s been eating at you lately. You’re jealous because Steve fucks me and not you! You really DO want him to fuck you – but as your brother.”

On the one hand it made perfect sense as it explained a lot of what had been going on lately – the way she sulked when Steve was around me, the “mystery boy” she would masturbate thinking about with me but not tell me his name, and now the anger she was displaying because of what I'd done with her younger brother.

Sharon's expression swiftly changed from embarrassment to defiance.

"You can't say anything, you don't have an older brother running around in nothing but gym shorts when he's all horny for YOU," she whined, "He locks himself in the bathroom forever and I know he's jerking off about you. But will he even LOOK at me when I try to get his attention?"

She stopped there but I was guessing the answer to her final question was NO. I was feeling really strange as my emotions switched back and forth. On the one hand it was really hot that Sharon wished her brother would fuck her. I mean like that would be incest, something everyone associates with being taboo and pornographic. Only perverts and people in West Virginia do that sort of thing.

On the other hand it WAS incest. Sharon wanting her own brother would be no different than me lusting for my father yet I couldn't even imagine such a thing. Like he was her BROTHER! Most girls tell me they can't stand their brothers yet here was Sharon getting all hot and horny talking about hers. Her motivation was pretty obvious from the way her face remained flush and she was squirming on her bed. I knew my friend well enough by now to know when she was feeling more than a bit randy.

"So tell me... how have you tried to get his attention?" I asked, not sure if she would actually answer but now I was dying to know more. It was like a car race where you felt guilty wishing for a wreck but you can't wait for one to happen.

I looked at my girlfriend and then thought of her brother when he was all horny and naked, his wonderful hard dick standing up straight as he approached me with that glint in his eyes telling me that he was going to fuck me and at that point there wasn't a darn thing I could do about it - as if I wanted. It wasn't hard for ME to get his attention, that was for sure!

Sharon looked at me for a moment as if she was trying to decide if I was really interested or just trying to embarrass her. Evidently she sided with me being curious.

"Well obviously I can't do what you do and just strip in front of him," she started but I stopped her.

"How do you know I do THAT?"

Sharon giggled and grinned at me. "You don't think anyone ever watches you when you guys do it here? I'm not always gone as much as my brother thinks."

"So you SPY on us?"

For a moment I wondered if she had any idea who else had been spying on us at their house. Did she even have a clue that her mom had a keen interest in what her son was doing with his girlfriend? Even if she did, I couldn't believe she could even imagine what had happened a month or so ago when her mom “caught” me and Steve right in the middle of sex. Let’s just say Sharon isn’t the only one in her family that’s jealous of me!

“Well, if I can’t get him to do me, I at least like to watch him do you. It’s the only time I get to see him naked.”

Wow! I mean like WOW! So Sharon had watched me being fucked by her brother. Other than her mother (and that was only once) nobody had ever watched me having sex with Steve. OK, so my dad will peek in now and then when Steve is fucking me in my bedroom or in the hot tub but that’s totally different. He’s just checking to make sure I’m OK whereas Sharon was watching to get turned on. My dad made me feel secure while Sharon made me feel like a porn star.

My pussy was starting to tingle and I couldn't help but reach down and press on my crotch to try and tame it. God this was so hot. My best friend got off seeing me having sex! With her own brother!

“So tell me Sharon,” I asked in a soft husky voice, “Tell me what you think about when you watch your brother fucking me.”

Sharon had her hand between her thighs now as well. We were each wearing tight jeans which sort of got in the way but it was like neither of us wanted to be the first to make a move in that direction.

Sharon sighed as she cupped her crotch and pushed down on her clit through the denim. “I just can’t get enough of his dick. Damn it Kelly, if anyone should know how good it looks you should. It’s like he gets SOOOOO hard it quivers.”

She was right about that – I DID know. In fact I think I knew Steve’s dick better than anyone besides his right hand. Steve had quite a rep when we first started dating for screwing half the girls in class (maybe an exaggeration but not as much as you might think) but I’m pretty sure none of them had blown him as much as I have and certainly none of them had been laid as many times as he’d done me.

“Yeah, I love that too,” I sighed as I couldn't take my eyes off her hand between her legs, “I really do love that dick.”

“So is Steve’s the only one you’ve had?” she asked.

I assured her that I’d never so much as touched another cock in my life besides Steve’s. That was essentially true as there was no need to confess that six years

Sharon had lifted up her sweater to expose her solid A-cup boobs now as she rubbed them with one hand as she worked her fuzzy pussy with the other.

“Really?” she said, “I wondered sometimes if he was into that sort of thing. I’ve left mine out hope hoping he would use them but he never touches them.”

I was tempted to tell her to check under his bed or in his drawers for some of mine. Like I couldn't even count how many times he’d kept mine after a date. My poor mom complains all the time about having to buy me so many panties, at least she did until I explained why I kept “losing” them. After that she started buying me cheap “date” panties” which saved her a lot of money in the end. Hmmm, maybe I need to patent “disposable date panties”?

Instead, my thoughts were interrupted by Sharon’s groans and moans. Damn that girl was fast, she was already reaching her first orgasm while I’d barely even gotten started.

“Fuck me Steve... oh fuck me harder,” she was whispering to herself as she closed her eyes tight and pushed a finger deep inside of her wet pussy. She kept repeating it over and over as her hips lifted up and then she started to buck as if her brother was fucking her.

Now I’d masturbated plenty of times with her and my other friends during sleepovers and such before, even with my own cousin, but never like this. At those times we all did it but everyone pretty much kept it to themselves. Sure we all knew the others were doing it, but it wasn't like this situation where Sharon may as well have been showing off in front of her brother. I guess in her mind at this moment that’s just what she was doing.

I felt myself starting to get those feeling I get when I’m about to cum. Sometimes I try to push them off and make it get as strong as I can before allowing myself to let loose and orgasm. Other times I just want it so bad I try and make it happen as quickly as possible. Both ways work for me, it’s more the situation that dictates the direction I take.

I looked up from my warm crotch and saw Sharon watching me. It felt a little funny and awkward to be exposing myself like this to another girl and even more so with a couple of fingers up my pussy about ready to cum. My mom sometimes watched me back when she was teaching me how to masturbate better but I never felt the feelings in me with her that I was feeling now seeing Sharon’s eyes fixed on my pussy. I closed my eyes so I could cum without being distracted by her attention.

God it felt so good to finally cum! I pushed all thoughts of Sharon aside, ignoring that she was just a few feet away rubbing herself as she watched me making myself cum. All I wanted to think about was my boyfriend and how insanely good it felt when he touched me and fucked me. My pussy clamped down on my fingers as I imagined him inside of me, his wonderful hard dick filling me until it was like I was stuffed, then releasing his sperm inside of me, filling me with it as he pumped his dick in and out of me. God I wished he was really fucking me right now!

When I'd finished I looked up and tried to focus my eyes on Sharon - not all that easy after what had just happened.

"You were thinking about him fucking you, weren't you?" she said, more a statement than a question.

"Well, you were too," I countered and we both giggled as if sharing a secret.

I closed my legs back together, feeling suddenly more awkward at how I was displaying myself to another girl, and to the sister of my boyfriend at that. It was one thing to have my mom or dad see me masturbate. Then it wasn't so much that they watched as I did it in front of them rather than disappear to my room. Sharon, on the other hand, has WATCHED me, almost like she was a boy fixated on my pussy. I wasn't quite sure why, but it just felt a little weird.

"You OK?" she asked as I sat up and maneuvered so my legs were under me now.

I was still bare bottomed but at least I wasn't on display any longer. I noticed she hadn't made any effort to hide herself, even after her orgasm. What that meant I wasn't sure. Probably so focused on her brother that she wasn't even thinking about me.

There was a knock on the bedroom door just then and her mom said through the door that it was time for dinner. Fortunately she didn't come in as I had no idea how she would react to seeing her daughter with her legs spread far apart, her pussy glistening after a massive orgasm. Something told me it would be more than just awkward!

Sharon yelled back that we were coming (we both giggled at her pun) and then finally gathered herself up. She handed me some Kleenex to wipe myself off and then we put our jeans back on. I noticed she left her panties on the floor but didn't say anything.

“God I feel like I’m burning up down there,” she gasped as the wiggled into the tight jeans. Once she finally had them zipped up and buttoned again she grabbed her crotch, rolled her eyes and sighed.

“Oh my god Kelly, I wish I was you. I was dreaming about Steve in me but you really KNOW what it feels like.”

Really, what could I say? I was actually still trying to wrap my head around this whole “I want my brother to fuck me” thing. I feel like I’ve been brought up pretty open-minded about sex and such but incest? That was pushing the boundaries even for someone like me.

Sharon’s mom invited me to stay so I sat at the table where Jim and Steve had joined us. Wow, talk about awkward! It was like I had something different going on with each other them. Of course they all knew that Steve was doing me so it wasn’t a big deal when I took a seat next to him and he had a hand on my leg all through dinner - and a little more inside as well. I wondered if he could feel the heat of my pussy? Well, it felt like a furnace to me!

I felt even morn horny wondering what Sharon’s mom and brothers would say if they had any idea what the two of us had been doing just minutes earlier. Would Steve have maybe felt different about his sister seeing her masturbating with his girlfriend? For just a brief naughty moment I wondered if his mom would have joined us just as she had when she caught Steve fucking me. As for Jim, who really cared?

All through dinner all I could think about was Steve and how badly I wanted him - no NEEDED him to fuck me. Masturbation is OK and I love doing it but since Steve had started fucking me I’ve learned that it’s no substitute for the real thing.

Then just as we were finishing, an idea came to mind. It was brilliant!

I was helping Sharon clear the table and when we were alone in the kitchen she turned to me and grinned.

“Oh my god, were you as turned on as I was during dinner?”

I pretended not to have any idea what she was talking about at which she just rolled her eyes at me saying, “Give me a break girl, he was practically groping you through the whole dinner.”

Seeing how horny she still was, it seemed like the perfect time to offer up my idea.

“Ummmmm, Sharon...,” I started out softly.

“Yes?”

I hesitated, not sure if I should but then I remembered that look in her eyes when we were lying next to each other, enjoying our orgasms together.

"Would you like to watch us?"

I just sort of blurted it out before I lost my courage and then I stood still, waiting for her response.

"WATCH you?" she answered incredulously, "Like how would I do that? Besides, Steve would never let me do it."

"Why does Steve have to know?"

Sharon grinned widely then as the idea settled in her brain. "But how would I ever get to see you without him knowing?"

I flung my hair back and smiled at her. "It happens all the time now."

Sharon stood up straight at that remark and turned to stare at me.

"OK, like who in the world watches you now?"

Had I thought more about it I probably never would have said a word but I was just as worked up and horny as she was after our little tryst so it just came out without me thinking much about the consequences.

"Well my dad mostly."

Sharon looked at me like I had suddenly turned into an alien from space.

"Wait a minute girl, you're telling me that your own DAD watches you having sex with my brother? No way... you're just messing with me now."

I shook my head and wondered briefly what I was getting myself into. Then again, SHE was the one who was always talking about incest and having her brother fuck her. Not only that, all my dad was WATCH. It wasn't like we were having crazy sex after Steve left to go home or anything really weird like that - which was exactly what I told her.

"Still, I mean isn't that sort of creepy having your own father spying on you like that?"

"Any creepier than having his sister spying on us?" I countered.

"Touché," she granted me, "But I'm his sister, not his mother."

At that I ALMOST said something without thinking about it... something about her mom spying on us and then wanting Steve to fuck her - which he more than was ready to do. Thankfully I managed to nip that one in the bud before I said something stupid.

"So what do you say?" I asked again, trying to change the subject back to her, "Wanna watch us?"

“Stupid question,” she huffed as we started for the bedroom door to leave, “Of course I do.”

I took that as a committed “yes” and we hugged before heading out into the hallway. There was no sign of her younger brother - or older one yet for that matter.

“We’re heading over soon just come in a few minutes after we do. I guarantee you as horny as he is right now we’ll be in my bed in less than five minutes.”

“But what about your parents?” she asked.

I just rolled my eyes and looked at her.

“OK, OK, stupid question,” she said as we both giggled. We hugged again before heading to the kitchen to see if her mother has left any dessert out from dinner. As we munched on some cake I wondered if her mind was thinking the same as mine - how much I couldn't wait until later night! It made my pussy tingle all the more as I thought about it.

## 7. Starting in the Hot Tub

When all was said and done, Sharon’s mom asked if I wanted to stick around a little. I looked at Steve and smiled at him.

“Thanks but I was thinking maybe Steve could come over to my place for a while.”

“Well, you’re welcome to stay here anytime. There’s nothing you can’t do here that you do at home,” she replied, looking a little put off.

Oh god, if she only knew just how wrong she was!

Needless to say Steve was anxious to take me home as he knew what THAT meant - he was going to get laid. One thing about having me for a girlfriend, he never had to worry about getting enough sex! If anything I was the one pushing sometimes for more.

Before long we were back at my place. My mom was working at the hospital so just my dad was home. He was busy in the study when I showed up at the doorway with Steve in tow.

“Hi daddy,” I greeted him, “Steve and I are going to be upstairs for a while, is that OK?”

My dad looked up from the pile of legal papers on his desk and waved to Steve.

“You know he’s always welcome Kelly. Have fun.”

As quickly as I could I lowered myself in but the water was so hot I had to take a little time to adjust to it. Once I was mostly in I took my favorite seat – the one with the jet in the opposite end that I kept pointed straight at me. Lifting my right leg up and onto the lip of the tub, me left dangled to the bottom of the tub. Mmmmmmm, the jet felt so good against my pussy!

Steve wasn't nearly as bushy down there as my dad but there was still plenty there for me to play with and bury my face in while I was sucking on his cock. I'd never felt a full crotch of pubic hair before I was with Steve but it didn't take long for me to learn how much I enjoyed the feel of it between my fingers and against my cheek.

"You know Kelly, sometimes I still can't quite believe your parents are OK with all this," he said as he slowly lowered himself into the hot water, "I mean like the father of the last girl I dated wouldn't let me even kiss her in front of him! Shit, he would've killed me if he knew we were having sex."

The last thing I wanted to hear about at this moment was anything about his old girlfriends so I didn't respond, hoping he would take the hint. Meanwhile he'd moved over to the middle of the tub and was reaching out to touch me. Despite the heat of the hot tub I shivered as my lover's hands roamed all over every inch of me.

God it made me feel so sexy to have Steve's hands roam all over my body! It was like I was giving myself to him, letting him do something to me that nobody else had ever done. Sure my dad had pretty much touched all of me at one time or another but that was completely different. Like, it's hard to sit on his lap when we're in the hot tub and NOT have his hands all over me but that is nothing like this. My dad is just helping me keep my balance whereas Steve is groping me!

I closed my eyes and focused on Steve's carnal attention as his hand ran down my thigh and then back up again, moving inside such that when he reached my crotch his fingers would run over my pussy and then up and over my clit. Again, it was similar to when my dad would massage me except for that move at the end. My dad's fingers might make it all the up my leg but he always would detour just enough at the end to avoid my pussy. That's the difference between being touched by your boyfriend and your father. Sure I enjoy the way my father makes me feel good but I LOVE the way Steve adds that extra touch at the end.

With my head laying back against the tub, Steve was working on my stomach and boobs as I opened my eyes and looked up towards my bedroom window right above us. If Steve had been looking at me he would have seen me smiling but he wouldn't have known the entire reason why. Sure I loved the way he was fondling me but imagine if he knew that just one story up his younger sister was watching us through the opening in the curtains!

OMG! This was so hot and I wasn't thinking about the temperature of the water. I could only see Sharon's face and barely even that so I had no idea what she was doing as she watched. Was she just watching or was she getting horny? I wondered if she had stripped down to watch us or maybe just loosened her shorts to let her play with herself? Knowing how she loved to masturbate I couldn't imagine she was just watching the scene below her and not doing anything about it.

My eyes lowered and I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye. Sure enough, my dad was also keeping an eye on things from the kitchen door window. For a brief moment I thought about what might happen if he and Sharon were watching me together. Would they both get so horny they would masturbate together? The way things were now they might not even know the other was watching but it never hurt to fantasize about it.

"I want your dick," I gasped as Steve started to concentrate on my clit, rubbing it underwater as the jet continued to do its work as well.

Steve grinned and stood up in the tub with his erection now just inches away from my face. God it looked so inviting! He was rock hard now, his dick curving upward such that while standing it was actually pointing up to the sky. His wet pubic hair was plastered against his crotch, revealing more of his shaft than usual which only emphasized the size of his erect cock.

While I really had nothing to compare it against, I loved Steve's dick and never grew tired of looking at it. Sure I'd seen my dad's but that was only when he was masturbating from across the room or just a passing view as I would walk past their bedroom. The closest I ever got to it was actually in this same hot tub like when I would sit on his lap or he was getting in and out next to me. Even though he might have an erection then it didn't give me the same feelings as I felt now with Steve's dick hovering right in front of me. My dad's dick was hard because he was just a normal horny man. In stark contrast, Steve's dick was hard because he wanted to fuck ME with it and THAT made it so much better for me.

"Mmmmmmm, let me have that," I murmured more to myself than him as he probably couldn't hear me over the din of the jets. I thought about that and reached over to turn off the jest and suddenly it was like deathly silent in comparison.

"Ahhhhh, that's better," I said, smiling as I looked up at him and reached for his dick, "God I want that!"

I stroked it a little at first and then Steve moved in closer so I could take it in my mouth. It tasted a little funny because of the bromine in the water but it felt just fine between my lips as my tongue ran all around it.

Knowing I had an audience above me I tried to brush my hair back and keep my head tilted so Sharon would be able to see her brother's dick in my mouth. I wondered if she was licking her lips as she imagined how it would feel in her mouth instead? Had she ever even touched a dick, let alone sucked one? If so, she'd never told me about it.

As for my dad, the way Steve was standing I imagined all he was seeing was Steve's bare butt but then I wasn't as worried about what he saw so much as Steve's sister. My dad could always watch me sucking Steve another time but how often would Sharon have this opportunity?

God I felt so ridiculously horny as I sucked Steve's dick knowing I was being watched by one of my best friends AND my father. Like, this was something I would have never dreamed possible just a few short months earlier.

Mmmmmmm, I loved sucking Steve's dick. Some of my girlfriends claimed that when their boyfriends pushed them to suck theirs that they didn't really like it, especially when they came. In fact, most of them either said they wouldn't let their boyfriend cum in their mouth or they spit it out right away. Beth and I were really the only ones who seemed to want to do it for our own pleasure more so than just trying to keep a boyfriend. No doubt Steve wouldn't keep dating me if I stopped putting out but that wasn't why I did it - I LOVED doing it!

Sometimes I have to wonder about some of my friends. Like, if they want a boyfriend like mine then why complain that they have to put out for them? You can't expect a guy to take you out, buy you things and entertain you and not expect something in return? Those movie tickets cost money which means he had to work to get it. The blowjob he expects in return is easy to do so it seems to me that as a girl I'm getting the better end of the deal. Not only that, but I enjoy doing it!

Then there are those girls who are OK with blowjobs but draw the line at sex. I'm not really sure if that's not even worse than the BJ holdouts. Sure all guys love blowjobs but if my boyfriend is any sort of example, they love sex even more. If a girl wants to claim one of the more popular guys in school like Steve, then she'd better be willing to give him what he's getting from the other girls. When I started

Steve I knew his reputation so when he wanted to fuck me, it was like either do it or forget being his girlfriend. Then again, I think I enjoy it as much as he does so it's not like it's putting any sort of hardship on me!

Speaking of which, sucking Steve's dick was fun but I was too horny to do it for much longer. As I said, I wanted sex just as much as he did!

"Fuck me," I said firmly as I dropped his dick from my mouth and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Ohhhhhh, so you want me to fuck you now, eh?" he teased me.

It was all part of the games we liked to play. The evidence of his desire was practically poking me in the eye so it wasn't like he was fooling me or anything. I'd learned early on with Steve that as much as he wanted to do me, it was me asking for it that REALLY turned him on.

"God yes, I NEED you in me," I begged, playing along with the game.

Then again, it wasn't just a game - I DID need him in me right then, more than anything else in the world at that moment. It was like my pussy felt so empty and I needed something to fill it - Steve's dick.

Steve started to lower down in the water but I didn't want to have sex underwater, not with his sister watching above us. A bunch of splashing around wasn't what Sharon had come over to see and it wasn't what I wanted to show her. No.... I wanted Sharon to SEE her brother's dick in me, to see me enjoy what she could only lust for in secret. OK, so I admit it - I wanted to show off.

"Let's do it up here," I said a I pulled myself up and sat on the edge, scooting over to the corner where there was more surface to sit on.

Steve didn't seem to care one way or the other. Face it, all he wanted was to fuck me. The where and how wasn't nearly as important to him as it was to me.

I reached behind me and gripped the edge of the hot tub as I inched up as close to the edge as I could to make it easier for Steve to access my pussy. He had gripped his dick with his hand and was so eager to get it in me he practically fell when he slipped on the slippery floor of the hot tub.

"Careful big boy," I teased him, "I wouldn't want anything to happen to that lovely dick before it has a chance to get in me."

"Yeah, you like my dick, don't you," Steve growled as he moved in closer.

I smiled, wanting to look up to the window to see Sharon's face but not daring as Steve might wonder what I was looking at.

but usually it was more like this where I just leaned forward and looked straight ahead while Steve did his thing from behind me.

In this position I couldn’t look up to see if Sharon was watching but I had no doubt she was. If anything she probably had a better view of her brother’s dick in me than before so there was that to consider. If she was masturbating about her brother fucking her now I wouldn't have blamed her. So what if he was her brother anyway? It was just sex and given how good Steve was making me feel now, who could blame her for wanting some of it for herself?

When Steve had enough he pulled out and told me to get out of the tub. He laid out the towels on the deck and I momentarily hesitated. Thankfully it was abnormally warm out so after getting out the hot water I wasn't freezing as I should have been this late in the year. What made me hesitate though was I really didn't feel like laying on the hard decking. Normally we’d lay out the seat cushions but my dad had brought all that stuff in for the winter.

“C’mon, I want you to ride me,” Steve said as he laid out on the deck. Well, so long as he was OK with it, then who was I to argue?

Thankfully Steve didn't catch on to anything when I subtly positioned him to help give the best possible view to our observers. Then again, why would he ever suspect his own sister was watching and as for my dad, who in their right mind would ever think my own father would be watching me having sex with my boyfriend?

Steve had his hands behind his head to help lift it up to better watch what I was doing. As for me, I stood up and straddled his hips, dripping water from my naked body onto his. Putting my hands on my hips, I stood there for a moment and looked down on him.

“Like what you see?” I teased him, wiggling my hips. With my feet spread apart on either side of him I knew he had a great view of my freshly fucked pussy.

“Now THIS is what I call a view,” he laughed. I could see that his eyes were fixed on my crotch.

“Well, watch this then,” I said as I bent my knees and lowered myself down to him.

I reached back with one arm and put my hand on his leg to steady myself as I used my other hand to position his dick in place so it would go where it belonged – inside of me. It was a little awkward staying on my feet but I didn't want to hurt my knees on the hard deck surface.

Oh yeah! Once again I got to enjoy that initial feel of his dick penetrating me although by now my pussy had stretched out enough that he easily entered me. I literally sat down on his lap, his dick impaling me like a spike. God I loved him in me!

It was easier to rock back and forth than to lift myself up and down on his dick. The result was essentially the same with half the effort. While I enjoyed WATCHING his dick when he would slide it in and out of me all the way, at a time like this when I really couldn't see what was happening it didn't make all that much difference how much he moved in and out more so than the fact he was moving at all. It was the relative motion of his dick to my pussy that created the tingling sensations in me, that drove me NUTS!

“Make me cum Steve... please make me cum,” I cried out as he reached forward with one hand and started to play with my clit with his thumb.

It was just what I needed right then, that extra little bit to send me over the edge as I orgasmed. I leaned back with both arms behind me, hands on his thighs as I just wiggled my hips enough to let me feel his dick moving in me as I cried out with pleasure and happiness.

“My turn!” Steve announced as I felt him jerking under me. I knew he was cumming in me, even if I couldn't feel much more than his cock as it spasmed inside of me.

When we both finished I sat up straight on him again and then lifted myself up and off his dick. My knees felt like they were going to scream but I got up high enough so my pussy was now maybe a foot above his dick. Steve started to say something but I shushed him.

“Just be patient and watch,” I told him as I squeezed down. I could feel his fresh sperm dripping from my pussy and I did my best so it would land on his still hard dick. Steve saw what I was doing and grinned.

“Damn, where did you come up with this idea?” he practically giggled.

It was from one of my dad’s porn DVDs but I wasn't going to tell him that so I ignored his question and simply said, “Just shut up and watch.”

Once I had coated his dick I stood up and then kneeled on one side of him. The heck with the hard deck, I wanted this! Without using my hands, I leaned over like I was bobbing for apples and took his cum-coated dick in my mouth and then lifted my head with my lips around it to suck off all the cum I’d dripped on him.

“Mmmmmmm,” I said, which was about all I COULD say with a mouth full of cum. So much for being taught not to talk with your mouth full!

“Fuck, that is SO hot!” Steve gushed, staring at me as I swished the cum around in my mouth and then swallowed it in two gulps.

“I love your cum... I love it IN me and I love to eat it,” I said trying to act naughty.

“Well, you can have all you want,” he offered, a huge grin on his face.

It was starting to get chilly so as much as I might have wanted to go for seconds, I figured we’d done enough for today. It wasn't like I hadn’t put on a good show for my audience and I couldn't wait to get my reviews.

We dried ourselves off and then got dressed. Steve had all his clothes but then he noticed that all I was putting was a T-shirt I’d gathered with the towels - one that didn't exactly hide all that much either.

“That’s all you wear around the house?” he asked, “I mean, even with your dad home?”

“So what?” I asked back trying to act flippant.

“Well, it doesn’t even come down past your belly,” he said, “Not that I’m complaining, mind you - I could look at your pussy all day but don’t you feel funny that your dad sees you this way?”

I just shook my head and took his hand to lead him back to the kitchen door. “My dad’s seen my naked since I was born, what’s the big deal?”

“That is just SOOOO hot,” Steve grinned. I gave him a playful punch in the shoulder and said, “You’re so bad. Get your mind out of the gutter. Besides, I’m not the one messing around with one of my parents.”

Ooops, I knew instantly I shouldn’t have said that but I’d been so focused on everything else going on that I didn't think it through before I said it.

“Dammit it Kelly, I thought we agreed never to talk about THAT,” Steve said angrily.

I instantly apologized and for a moment even considered sucking him off again if that would help soothe things between us. But then he smiled and punched me back gently.

“OK, I deserved that for what I said about you and your dad,” he apologized, “That was wrong of me.”

Just as I thought he was being the perfect gentleman, then he added, “But you gotta admit, it WOULD be hot.”

“You horny bastard!” I said as I punched him - hard this time.

“Guilty as charged,” he laughed, “And I know you love it.”

We were almost to the door so I didn't say anything more. As we walked in I thought about how my dad had been watching us through this very door just minutes before. After all he had just said, what would Steve think if he knew my dad enjoyed watching me being fucked by my boyfriend?

Back in the house my dad was still working away as if he'd never left his desk.

“Have a good time in the tub?” my dad asked sweetly, as if we'd just come back from a school dance.

Steve actually blushed which I thought was so sweet. If he only knew...

I grabbed Steve by the arm and pulled him in close to me, laying my head against his shoulder.

“Oh yeah, my guy fucked me REALLY good today dad.”

I thought Steve was going to jump out of his shoes! Of course he knew my parents knew what we were doing, we'd moved past that hang-up months ago. However this was the first time I'd ever spoken about it so openly in front of my parents with him next to me.

“Kelly?” he practically choked out. Now he wasn't just blushing, his face was beet red!

“Don't worry Steve. Besides, it's not like it wasn't obvious,” he said smiling as he nodded towards my crotch. I'd wiped it clean when I dried off but evidently some more of Steve's cum had leaked out when we walked in.

Poor boy, he was so embarrassed now so rather than make it any worse I pulled him towards door

“I told you the tub was just for starts... and kissed him.”

Steve seemed uncertain now. I guess it was a lot for him to handle so I added, “I love you Steve.”

He kissed me back and let me lead up the stairs to my bedroom. This was turning into quite the evening!

## 8. Continuing In My Bedroom

As I led Steve up the creaky old stairs, I wondered if he had any idea that my dad would probably be outside my door later keeping an eye on us. I sometimes wondered how badly he would freak if he knew his girlfriend's father was checking on him to make sure he was treating her right. It's why my parents, my dad especially, encouraged me from the outset to bring Steve home whenever I wanted so he could make sure nothing ever happened to me. I have to admit it gives me a feeling of security as well to know my father is watching out for me when I am at my most vulnerable.

After we entered my bedroom I went back to close the door. Actually I didn't quite close it but rather left it cracked open just a bit. It was the same as I always did and Steve never seemed to notice or if he did, he never questioned anything. I turned around to see he was already stripping off his clothes for the second time. Mmmmmmm, I loved it when he was this horny. Somebody was going to get fucked REALLY good again!

I let Steve strip and jump on my bed while leaving my T-shirt on, just.

No matter how many times he'd seen me naked and fucked me, I still felt a little embarrassed at times at how I looked naked compared to the other girls he'd been with in the past. Heck, I didn't even have near the body of his own sister and he didn't give her a second glance!

God Steve looked so handsome and sexy. I just stood there and let my eyes wander over every inch of his sixteen year-old frame. There was no mistaking he was an athlete as he didn't have an ounce of fat anywhere. If anything his muscles rippled in his arms and stomach, making my pussy react as I took in a deep breath at the sight of him. He was laying on his side, his lower arm resting on his elbow as he propped up his head while the other hand was stroking his erect cock. No need for Viagra for my guy!

"You just gonna stare at me or what?" he teased me, leaning back so I could get a better view of his hairy crotch as he stroked his stiff cock in front of me.

I didn't do either but instead approached him and pushed him onto his back and then pushed his hand off his dick. Still standing on the floor, I leaned over and took his dick in my mouth with my hands holding myself off the bed. My first thought was how smooth and warm it felt, how firm yet soft it was between my lips.

"Ahhhhh, hungry girl tonight, eh?" he chuckled as he put both hands behind his head and scrunched my pillow up under it so he could more easily watch me as I sucked his cock.

He had NO idea! I wasn't hungry for his dick, I was STARVING for it. After talking to Sharon about her brother all afternoon, after masturbating about him, after sitting through dinner with him feeling me up, he had better believe I was hungry for his dick!

It was awkward in this position so I climbed on the bed and kneeled between his legs as he spread them wide apart for me. I laid down on my side, my head resting on his lower stomach as I held his dick in my mouth. Normally I would've been licking it up and down the shaft, kissing the head and letting my lips run along him. Not tonight though. Right now in the privacy of my room I wanted him in my mouth and to never let him out.

"Damn Kelly, slow down," Steve moaned, "If you keep this up I'm gonna cum. I'm not a machine you know!"

If I was ready to let him out of my mouth I probably would have made some sarcastic remark about that being the entire point of my efforts. One of the great things about having sex with a horny teenage boy was that you didn't have to worry about a "one and done", he was good for three and maybe even four loads of cum before we were done tonight. So far I'd only used up one from "the bank" so I wasn't worried.

I looked up at him as I sucked on his erection, running my fingers through his coarse black pubic hair and then caressing his hairy balls as my tongue and lips worked on his dick. I LOVE his thick thatch of hair that covers the base of his dick. Sometimes when we're out and I can't do more I just reach into his pants and enjoy the feel of his thick coarse pubic hair as it runs through my fingers. Then there was the distinct scent, odor some might say, of his crotch that stuck to my fingers such that I could smell it later.

Our eyes met and I could see the growing lust in his face as I drove him closer and closer to the point of no return. We locked onto each other, neither of us hardly even blinking as I blew my boyfriend to the best of my ability.

"Oh god, I'm cumming," Steve announced in a strained voice.

At least I'd trained him to say THAT. When we first started dating Steve would just release without any warning sometimes would catch me off guard and even make me choke or gag. I finally convinced him that by warning me I could take his cum better in my mouth and even let him see it. Apparently he liked my idea as now he almost always told me when he was at that point. Granted, I didn't get the warning EVERY time but he was getting better at remembering.

Showtime. One of the main reasons I love to suck Steve's cock isn't for MY benefit. I mean like if anything my cheeks get sore and tired and sometimes it's like he's NEVER going to cum, no matter how hard I work it. What I love is the control and power it gives me when his dick is in my mouth. I've heard some boys say that they think they’re dominating a girl during oral sex. I beg to differ. Like whose most sensitive body part is between whose teeth? I love the way he reacts when I suck his dick. It’s like he almost enjoys watching his dick in my mouth as much as in my pussy. Well, maybe not QUITE as much but close.”

Then there were times like right now when I had him on the edge and instead of him cumming in my mouth and not seeing what was happening, I took him in my hand and stroked him as I opened my mouth wide and waited for the inevitable. I didn't have to wait for long...

“Oh fuck yeah!” he moaned as the first volley of warm sperm erupted from the tip of his stiff dick and landed on my outstretched tongue.

If this had been the LAST thing we did instead of the first, I might have made him even happier by letting him spray on my face and boobs but that wasn’t the best thing to do when we had so much more left to do. Steve has practically a homophobe and HATED cum so much that had I let him cum on my face and body he would not have touched me again in those areas until I showered. Thus after I let him watch the first couple of spurts shoot from his dick and into my mouth, I engulfed him once again and took the remainder of his sperm directly in my mouth.

Yeah, he was horny! I lost count of the number of spurts of cum he gave me. All I know is that it took me two tries to get it down, followed by a third to make sure it was all gone. At first I had been a little ambivalent about the taste of his cum but over time it has grown on me and I have to say that today I now look forward to getting a mouthful whenever I can. If anything it beats the messiness of having it spray on me.

As I mentioned, Steve was deathly afraid if his own cum so after I swallowed his down I sat back and grinned before getting off the bed.

“Ok, I’ll be right back!” I said as seductively as possible.

He knew the routine and I also knew he appreciated the extra effort on my part. Although I had yet to do so, before the night went much further I wanted to kiss him and he’d never do that with my mouth tasting like cum.

I opened the door just enough to exit into the hallway and then pulled it until it was almost closed. Normally at this point if anyone I would see my dad but sometime he came by later so it was unpredictable. Well, this time it was totally different as I looked to see Steve’s sister standing there, a grin from ear to ear. I motioned for her to join me in the bathroom where I closed the door behind us.

“I think it’s time we got you out of that T-shirt,” he murmured as he undressed me.

He started to reach for my T-shirt but I pushed his hands away. I was keenly aware of his sister watching everything and I didn't exactly feel proud of my boobs, at least not when hers looked so much better. For that matter, ALL my friends had better boobs it seemed. Sometimes I wondered why Steve ever asked me out in the first place with such tiny boobs. I mean, I have a pretty good idea why he asks me out NOW but why back then? I’ve never asked. Probably better not to know!

Actually this wasn’t all that unnatural for me. I’ve always been a “bottomless” girl, preferring to be naked below and covered above. I don’t mean necessarily displaying myself, but wearing as little as possible from the waist down. At home I rarely wore anything on my bottoms, preferring long (or even short) T-shirts and my dad’s dress shirts.

Steve started to protest but I just smiled and turned around and sat on his lap, feeling his hard dick pressed up tight against the small of my back and upper butt. I ground my bare ass into his lap, using his knees as supports to keep my balance.

“God you have such a sexy ass,” he whispered as he put his arms around me and pulled me into him, kissing my neck and ears. Mmmmmmm, music to my ears.

I turned my head to the side. I’m sure he thought it was to say something to him and he would have been partially right. It also gave me the opportunity to keep an eye on the crack in the doorway. I felt a tingle all through me as I saw an eye looking through. Was she masturbating in the hallway as I prepared to be fucked by her brother? It occurred to me that I would’ve been disappointed if she wasn’t!

I was so horny! It was like everything we did in the hot tub was not past history and we were starting all over again...

“Fuck me Steve... I want you in me now,” I said a little louder than usual. I wanted to make sure our audience could hear!

“Yeah, I’ve been waiting for this since you came down for dinner,” he growled as he grabbed me by the hips and lifted me up and over his rigid cock, “I wanted to fuck you right there on the table, I didn’t care who saw us.”

As tempting as it was to ask him if he wanted Sharon to watch, I steered clear of the topic, not wanting to do anything that might spoil the mood. I was curious about him and her but I was dying to have him fuck me.

Priorities...

Steve was holding his cock with one hand as he helped me to get positioned over his dick. I could feel the head against my warm pussy. Reaching between my legs, I spread my pussy lips apart to make it easier for him to penetrate me – an opportunity he quickly took advantage of!

"Oh god!" I moaned loudly as the tip of his dick pushed into me.

How many times had I felt this unique sensation so far? Fifty? One hundred? More? It didn't matter, it was almost like the first time (NOTHING is like the first time) and I loved it just as much every time. It was that feeling of submission, of giving myself to him. It was also a feeling of dominance, of me having what he so badly craved and now I was allowing him to take it. It was also incredibly pleasurable as the widening head of his dick pushed into me as I slowly sat down on him. I was being split apart and at times it was like there was no way he could possibly fit in me – but he always did.

I could feel the head in me now, followed by the thinner shaft as he filled me with his manhood. God, the sexiest boy in school had his dick in me! It hadn't been that many months ago when I would have never even dreamed that this could happen and now he was mine – ALL mine as I bottomed out on his cock and put my full weight on his lap.

"Oh Steve, you feel SOOOO good in me," I moaned, as much for his sister's benefit as his.

Indeed, I wanted Sharon to know how good he felt in my pussy, how wonderful her brother's dick made me feel. It was something she could only dream of as she watched but I got to have him. Mmmmmmm, I loved this!

I was about to start working his dick when his patience wore thin. Picking me up while keeping himself in me, he twisted us around until I was facing the bed and then pushed my forward with a firm shove in the back until I was on my elbows on the bed, my butt up in the air with his dick firmly implanted in my pussy.

"Love watching your ass when I screw you," I heard him say as he started to pump his dick in and out of me.

I tried to see if I could spot his sister watching us but the angle was horrible. Somehow I had a feeling she hadn't taken her eye off of us for a moment. The realization that his own sister was watching him fuck me and he had no clue about it was a totally insane situation for me. It was all so new yet I knew it was what I wanted in the future. Somehow it made it so much hotter for me knowing I was being watched and making someone horny. Until now I only had my dad watching me and that wasn't much of an erotic situation. Having his sister watch... now THAT was hot!

“Turn around,” he commanded as he pulled out of me and twisted me around before I could scarcely react.

“Lean back,” he said firmly as he spread my legs apart and pulled me up to the edge of the bed. “Legs up!”

With that he positioned my legs up to his shoulders, grabbing me by the ankles as I reached for his wet cock and all but pulled it back into me.

“You like it in you, don’t you slut?” he teased me, not letting it back in again at first, “Tell me you want my hard prick in your cunt.”

He was REALLY horny now. He knew I never cared much for the use of the word “cunt” but when he was out of control he fell into bad habits.

“Fuck my cunt Steve, fuck me hard.... God I want your prick in me,” I begged trying to use his words to turn him on as best as I could.

“OH!” I couldn't help but burst out as he suddenly rammed it into me all the way, smashing his pubic hair up against my fuzzy pussy and grinding himself into me as deeply as he could.

“You can’t get enough of my dick, can you slut,” he went on, “You want my spunk in you, don’t you? You want it bad... say it bitch.”

Had we been alone I might have said something at this point because he could get a little carried away. Slut was OK, bitch....? I knew he only said it because he was enjoying sex with me so much but still...

Despite my earlier protests, Steve reached forward and pushed my T-shirt up to expose my breasts, or at least what I had to expose.

“I love your little tits,” he gasped as he stroked his fantastic dick in and out of me. “Each one’s the perfect handful.”

I almost laughed. Oh yeah, he WAS ultra horny all right if he was saying things like that!

Steve wrapped his muscular arms around my thin legs, lifting them up as he cradled them in his elbows to allow himself to grab my bare ass. I sighed loudly as he pulled my butt up from the bed, causing him to penetrate me even deeper – if that were possible.

“That’s it Steve... deeper, as far in as you can go.”

With that he leaned over and I put my arms around his neck. Then he surprised my lifting me up.

“Hang on!” he laughed as he lifted me up and off the bed. God he was so strong! I held on for dear life as I rode his dick, like I was mounted on it as he held me up by my bottom and drilled me.

Before I realized what he was doing, he took a few steps toward the door and pressed me against the wall right next to my bedroom door. Oh my god, what if he saw his sister?

I quickly realized that the last thing on Steve’s mind was Sharon as he used the wall to help support me as he held me up and fucked me.

“Ready for it?” he asked.

I certainly didn't have to ask what “it” meant” as I nodded eagerly. “It” was what I’d been wanting all day!

Steve thrust himself upward and started to jerk as he came in me, filling my wet pussy with his second load of cum of the evening. Even thought it was not his first, he seemed to have a huge load as he pumped over and over into me.

“Suck it!” he gasped, barely able to speak as he caught his breath and lowered me to the floor where I kneeled in front of him as took his freshly fucked dick in my mouth. Oh god he tasted so good!

What turned me on even more was that my head was just inches away from the door now as the last bits of cum seeped from his dick. Well, if Sharon hadn’t gotten a good view before she certainly should be getting one now.

Steve’s sweaty body shuddered as I sucked his sensitive dick clean. The taste of my pussy on him made it all that much better. Something about tasting myself AND my boyfriend’s dick at the same time really turned me on. It was like when he would eat me out and then kiss me, the smell and taste of my pussy fresh on his mouth and tongue - only this was ten times better.

“Had enough?” I teased him as I stripped off my T-shirt finally so I was totally yanked with him.

“What do you think?” he came back with a naughty grin as he wiggled his hips so his dick moved around in front of me.

My boyfriend’s dick was making a valiant effort to recover but after cumming twice in the past half hour I knew he would need some encouragement. Well, that sort encouragement was becoming my specialty!

“Well I can go all night, the question is can you?” I taunted him as I grabbed his semi-flaccid dick and led him back to my bed like a dog on a leash.

“How old are you again?” he asked me in a wondering tone.

“Just our old house creaking,” I told him, trying to calm his fears.

“No.... someone’s out there. I swear I saw someone looking in!” he said as he sat up in bed, “Oh crap, what if your dad caught us?”

I suppose in his panic that he might think that but really, did he REALLY think my parents didn't know what we did when I brought him up to my bedroom? Sure I never let him know about the open door but why would he think he had anything to worry about so far as having sex with me? I mean for crying out loud, they all but said, “Go fuck our daughter” when he came over!

“My dad would never spy on us,” I assured him, trying not to show that I was fibbing.

In a way it was true though as my dad never “spied” on us. Sure he might peek in now and then to make sure his daughter was OK, but he wasn’t like Sharon, standing out in the hall masturbating watching her friend was getting it from her sexy brother.

“Well, someone was out there so it had to be him,” he said, more accusingly this time. “I can’t believe he would watch you like that.”

My first reaction was to remind him about how his own mother had spied on us and how THAT had turned out but it didn't seem quite appropriate under the circumstances. It’s not like my dad would ever want to join in!

“I need to go talk to him,” Steve said in a determined tone, “Don’t worry, I just want to know what the story is.”

Damn, everything had been going so well and now it was all threatening to fall apart. The last thing I wanted was for him to confront my dad in this way. I could just imagine how embarrassed my dad would be to have my boyfriend accuse him of being some sort of Peeping Tom, and to do it looking at his daughter at that!

I quickly got out of bed ahead of him and went to the door and flung it open. To be honest, I was hoping like heck nobody was there and that’s just what we saw – nothing.

“See, nobody there... nothing to worry about.”

Steve was upset and not about to buy my story. Amazingly his cock had lost every vestige of its previous erection which told me more than anything how bothered he was. I needed to think of something – and fast before he accused my dad of anything.

Rather than try to dream up some elaborate hoax that would only fall apart some time later and make everything worse in the end, I went with the truth, or at least most of it.

“It wasn't my dad Steve... it was your sister.”

Steve twisted around so fast I thought his head would fly off.

“Sharon?”

The look on his face was total incredulity.

“No way, that’s the craziest thing I’ve ever heard. Good one Kelly but you have to do better than that.”

I moved up close to him and took my favorite dick in my hand and started to gently stroke it to try and soothe him.

“Trust me, it was her. Why do you think I took so long to brush my teeth? We were talking about me blowing you.”

Steve still wasn't buying it. “Come on Kelly, why the hell would my own SISTER want to watch us? That’s just sick.”

“Well, why would your own mother want to watch... and fuck you?” I came back with a little too quickly.

“That was different,” was all he could say.

“Face it Steve... you’re HOT!” I told him, stroking his ego now as well as his hardening cock, “Your sister is no different than any other girl, she wants you!”

Steve started to protest but I tugged on his now almost hard dick and added, “But your MINE and it really turned me on that she watched us.”

“Really?”

I smiled at Steve and tugged him back to my bed.

“Don’t you know how proud I am that you fuck only me?” I told him as we started to kiss and his hands groped me, “Don’t you understand how sexy it makes me feel that your own SISTER wants you but I’m the only one who gets your dick?”

“Yeah but still, she IS my sister,” he whined weakly as I laid back on my bed and gave myself to him, “I could never do this to her.”

I was so tempted to say, “But you did your mom,” but I knew that would have ruined everything I’d done so far to mend this situation. Steve AND his mother both refused to ever discuss what happened that day but I don’t think I can ever forget watching them.

“So fuck me Steve... fuck me instead of you sister, make her jealous of me,” I begged him softly.

Steve fucked me slowly and gently in missionary position for what must have been a half an hour or more. Rather than the hot-paced fucking we'd been doing earlier, this was slow and loving sex. God I felt so close to him and it certainly helped that we were joined as one the entire time. When he finally did unload in me for the second time (at least twice in my pussy), this time he stayed in me as his dick slowly dwindled until it was barely in me. We kissed and hugged each other, our naked bodies pressed tightly together.

Later after he had dressed I kissed Steve and said, "PLEASE don't say anything to Sharon. I'm going to tell her that I convinced you that nobody had made that sound. She's my friend and I don't want her to feel awkward around you."

Steve kissed me again and smiled as he held my head in his hands and then stroked my hair. I was still naked - I wasn't going anywhere after all so why bother?

"Anything for you Kelly... anything for my hot sexy girlfriend."

Yes, I WAS his hot sexy girlfriend and my boyfriend was the hottest sexiest boy in school! Now that I knew he was SO hot that even his own sister masturbated about having sex with him I felt all the more proud of myself. Like how many girls can say they had sex with their boyfriend while his sister watched?

I can't wait until the next time Sharon and I are alone. It was definitely interesting to masturbate for the first time with another girl the way we had and I was curious as to where it might lead. Would Steve ever get over his phobias enough to let her watch him fuck me? God that would be so hot to have her sitting next to us naked and masturbating as her brother fucks me!!!!

Sharon smiled at that. “Yeah, it felt really naughty watching you with him. You know something? I’ve never actually seen two people doing it before, at least not in person.”

“Did you masturbate?”

Now it was Sharon’s turn to blush although I wasn't sure why. It’s not like her little fetish was a secret to anyone who knew her.

“Yeah... was that bad of me? I mean, I was watching my brother.”

Well duh, wasn't that what she wanted in the first place? So why all the guilt trip now?

“Wanna taste him?” I asked naughtily.

Sharon looked at me in disbelief. “Huh? What do you mean?”

I reached down between my legs and pushed a finger up into my pussy. There wasn't much of him left in me but there was enough for a tasting.

Sharon’s eyes narrowed and her nose wrinkled as she backed away.

“Ewwwww, that’s gross!”

I shrugged and put my finger in my mouth, sucking off the delicious coating.

“God Kelly, sometimes I just don’t know about you,” Sharon said. Then she looked down at me where my T-shirt ended.

“Like, you just sit with your father like that after a boy fucks you? I mean with THAT coming out of you?”

“He doesn’t mind,” I said with a shrug.

“That’s not what I meant and you know it. God, what’s happened to you?”

“What do you mean?”

Sharon shook her head and for a moment I thought she was about to leave but then she answered, “It’s like ever since you started doing my brother you’ve become... well you’ve become a slut. Everyone in school is talking about you now. It doesn’t help my brother practically makes an announcement every time he nails you.”

“I don’t know,” I tried to respond, “I guess I just like sex.”

“Maybe a little TOO much if you ask me.”

With that Sharon left out the basement door. I thought about what she said about me becoming a slut and smiled. She may not have realized it but that was the best compliment I’d had all day!

as best as I could. Boys! It was the perfect example of how the two brothers always seemed to be trying to get one up on the other. I got the impression that essentially Steve was more interested in rubbing his brother's face in the fact that he was getting laid every day by me - and Jim was not.

Again, this was something I wrote about before so I will just summarize the event. Let's just say for now that before it was all over, Jim not only got to watch his brother's girlfriend masturbate, but he also got to witness firsthand what his older brother was getting from me most every day. It was the first time anyone had seen Steve fuck me besides my parents and his sister so it was pretty hot for me as well.

Poor Jim, all he got to do was watch Steve fucking me; he never got to touch me or enjoy me for himself which must have driven him absolutely crazy! Although I tormented Jim that night to make Steve happy (I also had fun doing it so I wasn't complaining), it also caused me to change my mind a little bit about him, much to the horror of his sister, LOL. Suddenly the thought of someday doing something more naughty with him was no longer off the table. Indeed, it became the focus of more than a few masturbation sessions. I had no doubt that Jim was doing the same thing and it made me even hornier to imagine him stroking his cock while he dreamed of fucking me!

Fast forward about five weeks later on a cold December afternoon. I was horny as hell (as usual) so I thought I would surprise Steve at his house and see if I could get some of that marvelous dick. He'd told me earlier in the week that the rest of his family would be gone today and so he wanted to take advantage of a rare opportunity for us to have sex throughout their home. There was this little game we liked to play where we tried to see how many different places we could do it so that later Steve could visualize himself fucking me while a member of his family was doing something or another in that same place where he had been screwing his girlfriend.

Here's example of what I mean... imagine Steve fucking me as I sit on the kitchen sink. The just imagine how hot he would be the next time he watched his mom doing dishes. As he explained it to me it wasn't that he was turned on by his mom (liar - I knew differently) but rather it was the knowledge that she had no idea her eldest son had been fucking his girlfriend right where she was now working. I think it made Steve all the hotter knowing how much his mother preached against sex and now she was doing dishes in the exact same spot as where he'd fucked me!

complain. Most mothers would be preaching to their daughters the sins of premarital sex whereas my mom all but pushed me into it!

It didn't take long to walk over to Steve's and when I got to his house my heart sank - it looked like nobody was home, not even him. The front door was locked but by now I knew where they hid the key so I lifted the middle flower pot and used the key that had been hidden underneath it to open the door and I quietly slipped inside.

At first I didn't hear anything which seemed to confirm my suspicion that nobody was home. Just as I was about to leave a faint sound could be heard from the TV in the family room at the rear of the house. The closer I tip-toed through the house, the clearer I could make out the TV and I was surprised to make out the moans and groans of what could only be an X-rated porno flick. My dad enjoyed such "entertainment" and after you've see a few it's not hard to recognize what you're listening to when you first hear one.

While porn has never been a turn-on for me, I licked my lips in anticipation as I knew that it meant Steve must be missing me and was undoubtedly taking matter into his own hands - literally! For one it's not like his sister Sharon or their mom posed a threat of catching him in the act. I knew it had to be Steve because Jim was only thirteen so where would he get his hands on such a video in the first place? Yep, it HAD to be Steve and that tingle between my legs got stronger as I anticipated what I was about to find and then what I would do to him afterwards.

While on the subject of porn movies, personally I've never understood the fascination guys (and some girls I guess) have with porn films and pictures. For me they're so impersonal and fake that there's nothing sexy or erotic about them. That said, there is absolutely no doubt that Steve loves them. He keeps a HUGE stash of dirty magazines supposedly hidden in his room but Sharon knows where he keeps them and she showed me his collection one day when Steve was out. We had both giggled like grade school girls as we looked through them, trying to imagine what it would be like to let a guy do such nasty things to us.

As I said, my dad enjoys porn and sometimes I end up watching his videos with him when he takes over the TV. I find it rather interesting how he gets off from them and sometimes he even masturbates during a really hot scene. It's pretty obvious from his choice of material that he especially has a thing for seeing two girls together. That and the younger the better seem to be his criteria.

Despite what I said about porn, I have to admit that sometimes I do find myself getting excited by them. Actually, I don't know if it was the sex on the screen or

but sex and more sex. At sixteen Steve was usually good for at least three or four loads before he even need any serious "encouragement".

Now the whole situation had changed. My first instinct was to just leave and never tell anyone what I'd done or seen. After all, even though I'd masturbated many times since I had teased Jim, it was all just a fantasy as I had no intention to really DO anything with Jim. He was almost two years younger than me and frankly I had a hard enough time dealing with boys my age and older let alone one younger and less mature. Besides, I still somewhat resented him for those times when he would peek in on me and Sharon. I mean if two friends can't masturbate together without having to worry about her perverted brother spying on us, what's this world coming to?

Overall I prefer boys like Steve who are a couple of years older than me. They are usually SO much more mature than the stupid jerks in my class. Unsure of whether I should leave or stay, I ended up with a compromise. Instead of leaving right away I decided to just watch and enjoy the show! Other than Steve, my dad was the only man I'd ever seen masturbating which meant I'd only watched one guy that turned me on when he was doing it. Maybe this was a chance to double that number!

There has always been something about watching Steve masturbate that just turns me on and the fact that I know he is jerking off with ME on his mind just makes it ten times better for me. I absolutely LOVE watching Steve masturbate and even though I preferred it to be when he was lusting over me, it was still a turn-on to watch at any time. Masturbation in my family has always been encouraged and treated as nothing to be ashamed about. I've seen my dad do it probably hundreds of times over the years and he watches me. For me, it's fascinating to watch my dad's cock grow when his hand fondles it and dirty thoughts fill his mind.

I sometimes wonder what it feels like to have a part of your body swell up that way but I've never had the nerve to ask him although I'm sure he wouldn't have cared. I often wonder what he is thinking when he does it. There was ONE time when I did ask him but to my surprise and shock he refused to answer me and even acted a bit upset with me for asking so I never brought up the subject again. Unlike my dad, Steve didn't mind telling me and I loved listening to him tell me all the dirty things he fantasized about me while he jerked off.

On a more clinical level, another reason I liked to watch Steve masturbate was to observe HOW he did touched himself. Like me touching my clit, I figure nobody knows better than he does what makes his cock feel good so when it's my turn to blow him or even just give him a hand job I try to mimic his own actions. It must work because he has told me many times how much better a cocksucker I am compared to other girls who have blown him. I know Steve has been with a LOT of girls before me, some of them had quite the slutty reputations as well and so for him to tell me I was better than them with the limited experience I have, well that just makes me feel so proud and good inside! I told my mom about what Steve told me and she seemed quite proud of me as well. She had shown me a few techniques of her own using one of her dildos and those were what I used to surprise Steve sometimes!

Jim was now officially the third guy I'd watched masturbating. I found it interesting, to say the least, that all three use totally different techniques. My dad likes to use lotions or oils to lube up his cock and then he strokes it up and down the entire length with his hand wrapped around his stiff shaft. Steve didn't use anything to make him slippery but then he doesn't move up and down the shaft so much as he seemed to rub the skin up and down as far as it will move. While Steve and my Dad were similar in their techniques, Jim had a completely different style. Although I'd arrived too late to see how he got himself hard in the first place, now he was rubbing his cock against his stomach using his wrist to do the rubbing, making his cock move back and forth across his stomach. His fingers never touched his cock as the majority of the time as he looked like he was buffing the wax on his car except it was his cock getting the buffing.

Well, I guess it's whatever works for you. After all, it's the same with girls. I masturbate now and then with my friends and one of the first things I noticed is that we all have our own private moves to get us off. My preference is a single finger slowly circling my clit while my friends tend to use more fingers or even the palm of their hand, all using different speeds and pressure. I also love to insert one or more of my fingers inside my pussy and pretend they are a cock that is penetrating me. I was surprised to find how many girls NEVER put their fingers in themselves so I guess it's a personal thing, just as it is for guys.

Regardless of technique, one thing WAS for sure and that was I could never watch Steve masturbate without getting horny myself. Now his naked brother Jim was having the same effect on me. I quietly slipped off my coat and laid it gently on the floor behind me. I flinched at the loud snap when I undid my jeans but Jim was apparently too preoccupied to notice. My zipper seemed to scream as I pulled it down but in reality I'm sure it was just my imagination. Once it was all the way down I slipped my hand down and inside to touch myself.

Keep in mind that if my initial plans had worked out my jeans would've been off within minutes of entering the house which is why I wore a pair that were fairly loose so they could be removed as easily possible. It actually worked in my favor even now as they were a lot easier than my tighter jeans to slip my hand down the crotch until I reached my hungry pussy. Had I worn one of my usual jeans I never would have been able to reach inside - they were almost impossible to button as it was!

At first I just lightly rubbed over my clit in a slow circular motion, not even pushing myself aside to touch it directly but just rubbing it through my skin. Once I felt myself responding I ran my finger down my slit until I reached my pussy hole which kept getting wetter and wetter each time I checked. My finger picked up some of my moisture and dragged it up to wet my clit enough more, making it slippery which allowed me to rub it more easily. I worked aside the hood and touched it directly, stifling the gasp that tried to escape me when I first touched it.

As I pleasured myself I kept my eyes locked on Jim. Even though his masturbation technique was different, it must have been effective because it wasn't long before he had brought himself to a climax, shooting his cum all over his hairless chest and flat stomach. Seeing the resulting gooey mess and the way his cock stiffened and shot its first load almost to his face was enough to initiate my own orgasm. I have always been fascinated with the way a cock can shoot cum going back to when I first saw my dad doing it. It's not even completely sexual as I just can't get enough of it. I can't even tear my eyes away when my own dad is shooting which should tell you how intrigued I am by the whole thing.

It was all I could do to keep quiet as I rubbed myself furiously, imaging that Jim's cum was shooting into my waiting mouth instead of being wasted on his bare stomach. Steve's cum was the only flavor I'd ever tasted and I wondered what Jim's cum would taste like compared to his brother's. Hmmmmmm, how it would feel as I swished in around my mouth and then swallowed it down quickly like a slimy oyster gliding down my throat?

All the while I was cumming my knees were bending under me as they weakened from the overwhelming sensation that was running through them as my orgasm surged. As incredible as it felt, all it seemed to do was wet my pussy's appetite for even more. I'd never been so close to a hard cock without being fucked by it and it was driving me bonkers not to feel it in me. (When I say "never" I should

# 3. Jim Becomes My Second

By now I was ridiculously horny. Jim was back at it again, rubbing his hard cock as another sex scene played out on the TV in front of him. It was time for a decision. Well, it was really not even a decision at all since there was only one outcome I could imagine. Quite simply, I knew that I was going to have sex with Jim and have it NOW, whether HE knew it yet or not!

I zipped myself up and then snapped my jeans back together again. I fluffed out my hair and walked into the room acting as if I'd just arrived and not seen anything up until then. As I came into view Jim saw me and panicked, immediately curling up in a fetal position as he tried to hide himself. I almost laughed at his frantic attempts to use the remote to turn off the porn video, as if he could hide the fact that he'd been watching. He finally got the TV off and then he grabbed his cum-stained towel from the floor and used it to hide his crotch from me.

"Kelly!" he blurted out, stammering like crazy, "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Oh my god," I said, pretending to be surprised at the scene in front of me, "I thought that Steve was in here. I'm soooooo sorry Jim!"

Looking at the now blank TV, I commented, "Hmmmmmm, that certainly was an interesting scene. Does that stuff turn you on Jim?"

Jim remained in a fetal position and with the towel clutched to his crotch all I could see was his bare ass - which was pretty cute actually! It looked pretty tempting all by itself and I found myself wishing he would give me a view of the other side of his waist! Jim didn't respond so I decided he just needed some more encouragement. I moved up close to the couch and licked my lips just enough for him so see.

"Remember the last time we were alone in this room Jim?" I purred in a sultry voice. "Have you been jerking off thinking about what I did that day?"

Jim blushed deeply which gave me all the answer I needed. I would've been terribly disappointed if he hadn't! How could any teenage boy have forgotten the show I had put on for him last month! I stood in front of the dark TV screen and cupped my small breasts through my shirt.

"Now... Wouldn't you rather see a live performance Jim?" I said seductively to him. "How about I start where we left off last time?"

Even if he had tried to pretend he wasn't interested, I wouldn't have believed him anyway so there was no sense in waiting for him to answer. I slipped off my sneakers and dropped my jeans, taking my white ankle socks off with them, leaving me bare from the ass down with just a thin flannel shirt that hung half way down my butt - just barely enough to keep my fuzzy pussy from his view.

"Why don't you go back to what you were doing while you watched those girls on the TV Jim?" I asked him. He hesitated, of course, so I pretended to pout and whined, "What's the matter, don't I turn you on as much as they did?"

That did it! In response Jim slowly laid back on his back again. The towel slid off to the side and his cock was back in view. I was pleased to see that despite whatever fears he may have had when I showed up, it sure hadn't affected his dick one iota! It was just as hard as it had been when I walked in and my mouth watered at the thought of sucking it. Somewhat self-consciously he started back to work on his cock with his hand again.

As for me, I leaned back against the TV console and started playing with myself for him to watch. Bending my knees, I slid down until I was sitting with my bare bottom on the floor, my knees bent such that my feet were still flat on the floor. I slowly spread my legs wide apart, giving him a great view of my warm fuzzy pussy. Using one hand I spread myself apart with my fingers and then with the other I played with my clit and fucked myself with my fingers. It made me feel incredibly sexy to masturbate once again for him and I loved the way he was getting turned on watching me.

Jim sat up on the couch so he could watch me without having to turn his head to the side. His cock was red and swollen again and I wondered how much longer it would be until he was cumming again. Not much if I was going to have to guess from the way he was stroking it! With two fingers up my pussy, I kept talking to Jim, trying to arouse him even more with my naughty words in addition to what I was showing him.

"Mmmmmmm, it feels so good to have something up inside of me," I groaned as I buried my fingers in me as far as I could push them. "I love a cock so much better though. I love it when I have a cock deep inside of me, filling me up so full, making me cum so hard!"

I was positive that Jim had never fucked a girl before. Odds were he hadn't even been seriously kissed yet let alone get around the bases. Well, I really couldn't say much since so far I've only fucked one guy so it wasn't like I was the most experienced girl in the world. Sure Steve had fucked me a LOT but all the same, it was always the same cock. In a way there was a sense of security for me in that as I knew what Steve felt like and how he fucked me. I loved the way he fucked me and I wanted it anytime I could get it but at this moment I found myself wondering what a different cock would be like.

"Tell me Jim," I purred to him, "Have you ever been with a girl before?"

As I knew he would, Jim didn't answer but just shook his head, his eyes never once leaving my pussy as he watched my hands doing myself. I twisted around until I was on my hands and knees and crawled slowly towards him. I licked my lips seductively as my eyes moved between his eyes and his beautiful cock.

No more words were necessary now. I knew that Jim must have been hoping against hope that I would keep coming towards him and didn't dare say anything to break the spell. He had to be wondering if this was going to be his first chance to have sex with a girl and I could only imagine the dirty things he was thinking about me. I moved in between his open legs and gently took his hand and pushed it away from his throbbing cock, replacing it with my own hand as I wrapped my fingers around the shaft. They fit easily around him - he was definitely a lot smaller than Steve, but that didn't really matter to me. I was more interested in what he had than what he didn't have!

No sooner did I start to stroke it then a burst of cum exploded from him. The feel of a girl's hand on him must have triggered him off and once again he shooting loads of cum up in the air and down on my hand and his crotch.

"Oh my god, I am soooooo sorry," he cried. "I didn't mean to cum so fast...I can't believe I did that!"

"Don't worry Jim, I understand," I said as the last of his cum dribbled from his head. I took my hand and put it up to my mouth where I licked off his cum from it. My question about whether or not it would taste different was immediately answered. Although the general taste was the same in terms of being gooey and salty, he DID have a distinct flavor. I don't know even how to describe it other than to say it tasted like cum! His eyes widened as he watched me clean all his sperm from my hand.

"You see Jim," I told him, "It's not so bad at all. Cleaning up is half the fun! Now let's finish cleaning you up - and I don't mean with a towel."

I bent over his cock and started to lick the cum from his shaft and his crotch. He was starting to get a nice bush of pubic hair around his cock and balls and some of the cum was mixed in with it. I took his hair in my mouth and sucked the cum from it. A few drops on his stomach were quickly licked up and in no time at all I had just about all of him cleaned off. A little bit had fallen onto the floor and couch leaving a stain on the couch but that was not the first time I was responsible for a cum stain on this couch! His cock had softened a little this time after he came, not completely but noticeably so. Well, obviously it was time for me to get back to work! I took his semi-hard cock in my mouth and I felt him tremble slightly as my tongue ran over his still sensitive head. I let him drop out of my mouth and looked up at his face.

"So how does it feel to have a girl's mouth on your cock Jim?" I asked him in a teasing voice. "Want me to keep going?"

"Oh god that feels so good Kelly," he moaned, "I have thought so many times about you doing it when I see you being slutty around Steve."

I didn't need a map to tell me what Jim had been doing when he was thinking of me blowing him! I started to lick his cock from the base to the head, slowing drawing my tongue along the shaft, wiggling it slightly as I worked my way up. Each time I got to the tip I would then circle around his head, running my tongue just under the ridge and then up the back where the ridge formed a "V" leading to the tip. Each time I would lick up a different path, one side and then the other, front and back, until I had covered it completely at one time or another.

Jim just moaned softly the whole time, running his hands through my hair. Then I took him in my mouth, just the head at first. I sucked on it like a lollipop, grabbing it with my lips. At the same time I reached under his cock to hold his balls, gently massaging them and running my fingers through the kinky hair that was starting to grow on them. Suddenly I plunged my head down onto him, taking all of him in my mouth until my face was pressed again the base of his cock. I think that move surprised him as he jumped and then started to groan loudly.

"Oh god that feels incredible Kelly!" he whispered in a husky voice. "I never dreamed it would feel this way!"

Well, if he thought what I was doing now was great, wait until I REALLY sucked him off. I started to literally fuck his cock with my mouth, letting him in and out in a rhythmic motion as my tongue caressed him with each stroke. He smelled sweaty from his previous exertions which was always a turn-on for me. I loved a smelly cock, the stronger the better. Jim was not all that musky but it was still pleasant to draw in his scent with a deep breath and savor it. Now and then I would stop with him all the way in my mouth and then twist my head around him as if trying to screw it into me further. At other times I would pause with just the tip in my mouth, licking his hole with the tip of my tongue and then running my lips around him. Fortunately he had just cum or I think he would have unloaded within the first few minutes. As it was he must have lasted closer to ten minutes before I felt the tell-tale signs that he was about to cum. His cock stiffened even more (if that were possible) and swelled as he prepared to unleash his load of cum once again. This time however, he wasn't going to waste his cum. This time I was there to take his load!

"OH... KELLY... OHHHHHHH!" Jim cried out as I felt the surge of his first burst of his sperm splashing in my mouth and on my tongue. All his shyness disappeared in the heat of his orgasm and he groaned as he said what he had been wanting to say to me for so long, "Oh suck it Kelly, suck my dick!"

Jim gave me about four good shots and then several blanks as he trembled and convulsed in my mouth. His hands held my head down into his cock, keeping me from letting go of it - not that I had any intention of doing so!! This was one of the times I looked forward to whenever I sucked a cock, feeling him shrinking in my mouth as drops of cum would ooze from his sensitive cock. I gently sucked on his dick and was rewarded by a convulsive jerk as it reacted to my teasing.

The pressure from his hands gradually let up and I lifted my mouth off of him. Looking into his eyes I smiled as the aftertaste of his semen lingered in my mouth. He was still breathing heavy after what was undoubtedly the best orgasm he had ever had. I wasn't finished with him yet, though. Now it was time for Kelly to have some fun! I stood up and then got on the couch next to him. Turning, I laid down with my head against the arm of the couch and my legs spread apart for him to see my wet pussy. I ran my finger up and down it to wet it and then stuck the same finger in my mouth, sucking my pussy juices off of it. I loved the taste of myself and frequently did this just about anywhere I could get away with it and few places I didn't!

"Ever lick a girl's pussy before Jim?" I asked him. He just shook his head so I decided to go another step in his sex education. "Why don't you try it with me first then?"

Jim looked hesitant at first, his lust telling him to do it but his mind questioning it for some reason. As always, his lust won over and he positioned himself between my open thighs.

"Put your hands under my butt and lift me up to make it easier for you to eat my pussy Jim," I encouraged him.

I felt Jim' hands on my ass, one on each cheek. My hips rose up as he lifted me a few inches, exposing my waiting pussy for him to lick.

"That's it Jim, now run your tongue up and down my slit... That's it, God that feels good - you're a natural!"

As Jim licked me I continued to talk to him, alternately telling him how good he was doing and then instructions on how to eat my pussy better. I used my own hand to show him where my clit was and he actually got me off once with his tongue circling around my clit. His face looked so erotic as his mouth and nose pressed into my fuzzy bush of hair. I took a peek between his legs and saw that his cute cock had hardened once again. Much as I was enjoying his attempts at licking me, it was time for the final lesson of his sex-education class!

"Come here Jim and kiss me, let me taste myself on your face and mouth," I commanded him.

We barely kissed, more like rubbing our faces together, but as he did so I could feel his hard cock touching my pussy, teasing it with the pressure of his cock head pushing against my wet pussy hole. Damn I wanted to be fucked SOOOO badly right then so without saying another word I reach down and grabbed his cock with my hand. I guided it to the entrance to my pussy until it was pressing against me and then lifted my hips up against it. His cock was still wet with my saliva and my pussy was soaking wet from his mouth so his cock slide into me easily an inch or so before he even realized what was happening!

"What the hell?" he gasped with his eyes as wide as saucers, "Am I fucking you Kelly?"

I almost laughed but managed to keep a serious face. Who would've believed that the one thing he probably dreamed about the most was likely fucking a girl, and now that he was doing it he didn't even know it!

"You sure as hell are so push it in me deeper!" I replied, wiggling my ass around to let his cock head tease the inside of my pussy.

My arms were around him as his animal instincts took over. Jim clenched his ass as he pushed himself forward to drive his dick further into me. Once he was all the way in he stopped for a moment as if unsure what to do next. I laid there for a moment as well, enjoying the feel of his cock as it violated my pussy.

"OK Jim, now fuck me... move it in and out of me," I whispered to him in a sultry voice.

Jim had seen enough porn flicks to know what to do and so he didn't disappoint me as he began to stroke himself in and out of me. It was pretty basic, just a steady in and out motion as I felt the length of his dick moving in and out, in and out, in and out. A couple of times he pulled out too far and flopped out of me. He seemed embarrassed but I smiled at him and help him to get back in me again. Although he may not have even realized what he was doing, his motion was getting faster and harder, pushing my body up into the couch more as his crotch would slam into mine.

"Don't just stroke it, try grinding it in me Jim," I coached him. "Put it all the way in and move your hips around up against me."

He was a good student and did precisely as I had told him. His pubic hair was thin but coming in nicely and I loved the feel of it against my own thickening bush. I trimmed it a bit as it grew so it didn't stick out of my bikini or panties but shaving was still a couple of years away. The added friction of our pubic hair plus the feel of him rubbing against my clit with his crotch was enough to make me ready to cum. I wanted to do it with him though.

"Fuck me Jim," I whispered, "I want to cum with you now so fuck me hard."

Jim, still silent except for his panting from his exertions, started banging me once again. Just as I felt my orgasm starting I felt him start to jerk in me like he was having a convulsion!

"Oh Kelly, I'm cumming," he said between breaths.

I could feel him start to pull out of me, afraid to leave his cum in me, but I wasn't going to let that happen. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him inside of me again as my pussy exploded with a combination of his cum and my own as my orgasm built.

"Stay in me," I pleaded, "I want your cum in me."

Jim was thrusting slower now, the last of his ejaculations depositing themselves in me. My orgasm was just starting to peak though and I could feel my entire body tingling with the sensation I only get at this moment, that sensation that drives me to play with myself and to have sex whenever I can. It is the most wonderful feeling in the world to cum and I was overwhelmed at that moment by it all. My senses seemed to heighten, every nerve in my body was firing and it felt almost like I was on fire. I could feel every inch of his cock in me, feel it throbbing in me as it slowly dwindled inside of me. I could hear his breathing, the labored breaths as tried to recover from his exertions. Every sound in the house was amplified, the ticking of the clock in the hallway, the hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen, even cars passing by outside. My boobs were so sensitive, my nipples hard as little bullets and going nuts with every touch of his chest as he laid on top of me, trying to hold himself up on his elbows. Slowly I came back to earth and realized that I must have been breathing as I sucked in a badly needed breath of air.

"You OK Kelly?" Jim asked.

I guess he had reason to wonder. What an incredible orgasm! I was quickly learning that the quality of my orgasms varied tremendously based on the circumstances I was in. The more naughty and risky the situation, the better they seemed to be. I mean, when I masturbated I was satisfied with the results, but I never could bring myself to the peak I was just on from fucking my boyfriend's brother!

"Oh yes," I assured him, "You realize you made me cum, don't you?"

"Yea, I see girls on the movies cum but I think they're just faking. You sure you weren't faking it too?"

"Trust me Jim," I said with a wink and a sly smile, "I wasn't faking. See how flushed I am? No way to fake that."

Jim was having a hard time holding himself up without crushing me so we sat up together in the couch. He held me in his arms and I laid my head on his shoulder. His cock was soft now but it was wet as was the rest of his crotch from my pussy. I held his soft dick in my hand and then leaned over to suck it briefly. I loved tasting my pussy on a cock. Well, I loved the taste of my pussy in the first place but to have it "served" on a cock is all the better, especially when it is mixed in with his cum. Eventually I knew it was time to go. I stood up and dressed in front of him as he stayed on the couch naked and watched. I could tell he wanted to say something but he seemed afraid to ask. I had a good idea of what it was but I let him finally work up the courage to ask.

"Can we do this again sometime Kelly?" he finally managed to stammer out.

I shook my head. It was exactly what I was afraid he would ask so I figured I had better nip it in the bud straight away. "No Jim, I just wanted to do this for you after the terrible way I teased you. If you ask Steve and he says it's OK then that would be a different story."

The look on Jim's face was answer enough. I knew he would never dream of asking Steve to fuck his girlfriend so it was a safe bet for me to offer it to him. But at least it put the pressure on him and it didn't seem like I was the one stopping it from happening. Once I finished dressing, I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek goodbye and left for home. I couldn't help but think on the way back that while I had let Jim fuck me, We didn't really kiss the entire time! I wonder how many of his friends could claim the same - to have their first big kiss AFTER they lost their virginity! I just shook my head to myself and grinned. It would probably be a big surprise to whoever the girl was that kissed him as well! It certainly wasn't going to be me, that was for sure. I enjoyed being fucked by Jim but there was no way I was ever going to be serious with him. As good as his cock felt, he was still an immature kid who I really didn't like all that well. I guess it just goes to show that you don't really have to care about someone to be fucked by them! It was an interesting lesson for me...

About an hour after I got home Steve called me.

"Hey Kelly, we still on for tonight?" he asked.

Oh my god, I'd almost forgotten! This was going to be great, getting fucked by both brothers on the same day! I didn't dare tell him THAT though as we discussed our plans for the evening. Even so, I almost lost control myself as Steve told me something else.

"You'll never guess what happened today," he said. "I got home and found my little brother nude on the couch fast asleep with a porn movie in the VCR. From the looks of things he must have been having a pretty good time. It's a good thing my mom or Susan didn't find him first but you can sure I will never let him hear the end of it! God, what a pervert!!"

It was a good thing we didn't have a video phone or he would have seen the look on my face as I struggled to keep from bursting out laughing. I guess fucking me had worn Jim out more than I had realized. I wondered what Steve would have said if he had known what Jim had REALLY been doing! Oh well, I would be telling Susan everything the next time we were together and this just made my story all the better to tell!

From then on whenever I was at Steve's house and Jim was there, I noticed he quickly started sporting a nice little bulge in his pants when he saw me. I loved it that he was so turned on by me and I wondered how many times he had masturbated thinking of fucking me again. The truth of the matter is I had done myself more than a few times thinking of him so who was I to judge? I still had Steve though and he was more than adequate when it came to meeting my needs. Too bad Jim never got the guts to ask Steve about fucking me. It would have been even better to have two brothers fucking me at the same time! Oh well, that is what fantasies are for but a girl can always dream, can't she?

themselves at him. It certainly wasn't my glowing personality or astonishing good looks! While Steve never actually said so in words, I knew the only reason he kept dating me was because I put out. Thus I didn't feel guilty that this was also the main reason I dated HIM - because he was always willing to satisfy MY needs as well. Granted I DID care deeply for Steve as a friend and I knew I would never forget the times we spent together. After all, he was my "first" and nobody could do to me again what he did when he entered me for that first time. But in the end, our relationship was just a mutually beneficial arrangement and really, at our age what was wrong with that?

Sharon was Steve's younger sister, about my age and a good friend of mine. I was going to miss her as well since we had so much in common. Besides our coordinated tastes in music, clothes and such, we both lusted after her brother. The only difference was that while I got to fuck him she could only dream about it. Steve had no idea about his sister's desires - nor did he ever appear to have the same desires for her. Even so our common interest in Steve had helped to create a tight bond between us. After Steve would take me out I'd tell Sharon everything we'd done in as much detail as I could remember. Sharon knew she would never actually be able to do these things with him herself so listening to me was her way of satisfying her yearnings. More often than not we would both lie back in her bed and masturbate while I recounted in vivid detail how wonderful it felt when Steve fucked me.

Mutual masturbation was no big thing for me. Most of my friends liked to do it together and it was even something I shared with Kristi, my younger cousin. It was only for our own pleasure though as I never even once seriously considered ever having sex with any of them back then. Although when I look back I regret not taking advantage of some great opportunities, at the time we were totally into boys and masturbating together was just something we did as friends sharing a common erotic dream.

A couple of days after his mom's "announcement" I was over at their house to visit. Just Steve and Sharon were home as their mom was out of town getting acquainted with her new job and doing some house-hunting while Jim, their younger brother, was with some friends. The three of us were all in the family room watching TV with me sitting in Steve's lap on the couch while Sharon was kicked back in her mom's Lazy-Boy chair. They had all the cable channels, including some of the naughty ones, so Steve had it tuned it to a porn channel where this hunk of a guy with a cock like a horse was screwing a beautiful young girl with great tits who didn't look a day over sixteen (although I knew she must have been at least eighteen to be on this channel). I could feel Steve's cock beginning to press up against my ass so I hugged him and teased him.

"Hey sexy guy, see something you like?" I whispered in his ear, "Does she turn you on more than me?"

Steve frowned at me saying, "Give me a break Kelly! Hell, you should start worrying when I DON'T respond."

I wiggled my butt against his growing crotch, enjoying the feeling of his hardening cock. On the TV, I watched as another girl entered the room and started taking pictures of the first two.

Steve whispered in my ear, "Hmmmmmm, that's what I need, some pics of you all nice and naked to take with me so I can remember your sexy little body."

I playfully slapped him. "You pervert, I'm not going to let you take nude pictures of me. You'll just show them to all your friends!"

"Would not!" he protested.

"Oh don't give me that," I said with a laugh, "Heck, knowing you, you'd probably post them on a bulletin board somewhere and then what would happen to me?"

"I promise I would never do that," Steve said solemnly. "I mean it Kelly. I'm serious about wanting to have some naked pics of you."

To my surprise, Sharon even weighed in at this point. "Oh c'mon Kelly, you're such a little exhibitionist any other time. I mean, it's not much of a leap to go from wearing those little pieces of string you call a bikini and being nude."

She had me there. The first time I wore my bikini last summer my dad took one look and whistled. "Damn girl," he exclaimed, "Do they allow people to wear something like that at the pool these days? Maybe I need to get out more."

Actually "they" didn't since the bikini failed miserably to cover any part of my ass and there were only these small triangular patches over my nipples and pussy. I could only wear this one when I was sunbathing on our deck or at the state park lake swimming and water skiing. My "public" one, the one I wore when a bit more decorum was required, was still pretty risque but still left me with a few sexy tan lines.

Sharon sat up in her chair as she continued. "Besides, I'd love to help the two of you out. You know I've always been a camera buff so what do you say - Kelly poses, I take the pics, and then Steve masturbates to them! Sounds like a win-win-win to me!"

Actually the idea of posing in front of a camera nude was scary but yet exhilarating at the same time. I'd thought about it at times when I saw my dad's porn mags but I'd never seriously considered the idea. My parents both took a lot of pictures of me as I grew up and though some of them were in my bikini or underwear, I was never fully nude in any of them. What worried me the most was what would happen to them afterwards. I trusted Steve for the most part but he was still a guy and guys let the little head control the big head. After all, he'd step no time telling all his friends after he'd fucked me the first time. I could picture him in his new town making friends and bragging about the girl he fucked back home, then pulling out my pics to prove it. Who knows where they'd end up!

All this was running through my head as Steve ran his hand up the inside of my thigh and pressed it into my crotch. I was wearing jeans so he wasn't getting a direct feel but I was sure he could feel my warmth from the other side of them. He rubbed his hand on my pussy, pressing against where my clit was waiting for some attention. It felt good and I started thinking of ways to suggest Sharon leave us alone so I could strip out of the jeans.

"So what do you say Kelly?" he asked, "I can tell from the heat of your pussy that you're turned on. C'mon... you know you want to do it!"

"OK," I finally agreed, "But on one condition - they have to be nice ones. I don't want to look like some slut or amateur like those I've seen in this movie."

Sharon took her cue and bolted from her chair. "Hold on a second, I'll be right back!"

Both Steve and I exchanged glanced, not sure what she was up to now. With Sharon, it could have been darn near anything! While she was gone, I sat next to Steve and started to rub him through his jeans. Mmmmmmm, he was so hard! God I wanted his dick in me!

"You sure you want Sharon to take my pics?" I asked him. "What if you want to take some of me sucking you or even you fucking me? Do you want her around for that?"

Steve started to answer, "Why not? She IS my sister and..." he was interrupted by Sharon's return.

She was holding a couple of outfits. "Here Kelly, we're the same size so these should fit you. My mom and I went shopping before Christmas and she bought them for me," she said holding the first one up. "What do you think of this one?"

It was a sheer white sheer dress with a full lace front, long sheer sleeves and a sheer skirt. Obviously it was meant to wear a full slip underneath but I didn't see any such a thing with her. Still, it was pretty and I imagined it would look sexy on me. I couldn't help but wonder how she'd talked her mother into buying them for her. Even more mysterious was WHO she planned on seeing her wearing them.

"Wow Sharon, that looks great!" I exclaimed.

"Well if you liked that one, then you should really like the next one," Sharon said as she beamed at me. She then pulled out a peach colored dress with a sheer skirt and strapless tight midriff held up by thin spaghetti straps. It was beautiful! Like the white one, this one HAD to have a slip underneath to be decent but again, Sharon hadn't brought one.

"I only wore this to one party." She explained, "I bet you would look so hot in it girl!"

Sharon looked around the family room. "Ugh, this is the worst place in the world for a photo studio. Hey, let's go up to the living room. I'll get my camera and meet you guys there."

Steve and I went upstairs to their formal living room. By formal I mean the type where nobody goes in unless important guests are being entertained. I never liked it as it was overdone for my tastes but it was easy to see why Sharon wanted to use it. I figured she had her eye on a set of beautiful sheer purple curtains that covered one wall. They were very light and elegant looking as well as being sheer.

My pussy tingled as I thought about what we were considering doing. Was I REALLY going to go through with this?

# 2. Photos by Sharon

Sharon came in with a fancy 35mm camera, a monstrous flash and several lenses. She looked around the room and put some pretty pillows on the floor along with a light blanket for me to be on. She directed Steve to move some of the lamps to improve the lighting. It was actually starting to look like a professional photoshoot! She even had a light meter that she used to check out the final setup. Frowning at what she was reading, she told Steve to drag in another lamp from a bedroom to add more light. "Because I hate using a flash if I can avoid it, that's why." I heard her explaining to Steve, "She'll have red-eye and the whole picture ends up with this amateurish look to it. C'mon, I want these to look nice for you!"

The two of them had been so busy setting up the scene that they never noticed I'd slipped out to change into my first outfit. After some debate I decided to start with the white dress. As I wasn't wearing a bra or panties you could just make out my darker nipples through the lace front. The dark outline of my pussy was also clearly visible through the skirt (I wasn't shaving yet at that age). Looking around I picked up a silly stuffed toy dinosaur in the bedroom I'd changed in and brought it with me as sort of a security blanket.

Sharon turned around just then and finally noticed me. She grinned and poked her brother, "Hey guy, get an eyeful of your slutty girlfriend!"

Steve twisted his head around and his eyes widened as he saw me standing there. The light from the other bedroom was behind me and I knew he must have had a great view of my body silhouetted under the dress. Steve just stared at me while Sharon giggled and led me to where she wanted me to stand. She did another check of the lighting, her camera, and even fixed up my hair a bit. If I'd known I was going to be doing this I would've done something more with it. Instead it was just hanging straight down to a few inches below my shoulders. Oh well, somehow I didn't think that Steve was going to even notice how my hair looked in these pictures.

Standing there barefoot, nothing on except this dress that wasn't hiding very much, I was suddenly struck by my situation and for just a moment the butterflies in my belly fluttered. What would Steve do with these pictures when he moved? Who else would see them? What would happen if they got out and everyone in school saw them? What worried me most of all though was how would I look? While not nearly developed as much as most my friends, I didn't think I had a bad body for my age but I wasn't under any delusions of being a Playboy Playmate. I was still pretty skinny and my boobs weren't anything to brag about to say the least! Sharon must have seen the apprehension in my face.

"Relax Kelly!" she told me. "Try having some fun with this. Trust me, you look absolutely beautiful."

Steve sat down in a chair and watched as Sharon played fashion photographer. First she took some shots of me standing up including some with the silly stuffed dinosaur I'd found. Apparently they both thought it made me look "cute" holding it which was enough for me to want to put it down. Cute was NOT what I was aiming for. Then she directed me to sit down and she took some more. There was a peach piece of sheer material that had been hanging over the back of the couch for decoration which I held up to give the scene some color.

"OK, now stand back in the doorway again," she directed, "That was so hot the way the light shined through behind you."

Moving back to the entry, I started to turn for a pose but she stopped me saying, "Hold it there.... that looks so sexy! It's like you don't have anything on."

As I stood there with the sunlight outlining my nude body under the dress, I thought about how my dad had me pose in a similar outfit he'd bought for me. He hadn't been as explicit s Sharon in describing how I looked and I wondered if he thought I'd looked as sexy then as I did now. Hmmmmmm, maybe next time I should ask him!

Sharon finished up the first roll of film and reloaded it quickly. When that roll was finished she told me to change while she changed rolls and lenses. While she was occupied I went back into the bedroom and changed into the peach colored dress. Again I had nothing underneath and it wasn't like the dress hid anything! We sort of went through the same routine as before in terms of shots taken. This time though, as I lay back against a pillow as Sharon got a little more adventuresome in her directions.

"Ok Kelly, slip that top down just a bit. Show me some nipple."

Somehow I had a feeling this was going to eventually happen and even though I knew it was coming I still wasn't truly prepared. Looking over at Steve I saw he was just smiling, enjoying the show. It was one thing to have my pic taken in see-thru dresses, basically no different than my dad taking pictures of me in my thong bikini or ultra-short cutoffs. But it was still a major step to go from letting someone photograph me ALMOST showing off everything to ones where I was actually doing it. Despite my misgivings I was getting pretty horny by now and my caution was draining away so I inched down the top until it was just below the nipple on my right breast. Sharon quickly snapped a couple of shots and then encouraged me to keep going. Oh well, why not? I shrugged and pulled the entire top down until it revealed both of my breasts (or at least what little bit I had).

"Click!" went the camera over and over as Sharon captured my bare tits from all angles. In a few shots I pretended to be asleep, giving the impression that somehow my top had slid down while I was asleep and now whoever was seeing me was getting an eyeful of something forbidden. It felt really strange to have Sharon taking pictures of me like this. We'd seen each other nude many times and as I mentioned, even shared masturbation sessions but now it was more personal, more erotic. I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if it were just the two of us in the room right then. Would she make a move on me? I closed my eyes as dreams of forbidden pleasure began to form in my mind.

"Kelly, wake up!" Sharon teased, "Sheesh, I didn't realize this would be so boring for you."

I put the thoughts about Sharon out of my mind, for the moment at least, and I stood up again thinking that was going to be the end. To my surprise Sharon told me to wait in the bedroom, that she had one more outfit for me to try on. I wondered what it was going to be this time. She was back in a minute with the sheerest nightie I'd ever seen! It was like wearing something from a fairy story. Again I couldn't help but wonder where she got it and whom she wore it for! One thing was notably missing - panties. I started to say something but then realized she hadn't "forgotten" them.

As Sharon shot off some another couple rolls of pictures Steve just sat there and stared at me. His eyes seemed particularly focused on my bare crotch but then what else would I expect? Actually I would have been disappointed if he hadn't since the outfit didn't leave much to the imagination. He licked his lips now and then and generally looked like he was enjoying himself immensely. I also noticed something else was immense as well. Somehow I had a feeling I was going to get a very special fucking tonight!

Sharon shot the lost shot in the roll and I got up to get dressed. Sharon saw me starting to leave and called me back.

"Wait Kelly! I have a few more rolls left I wanted to use up!" she said to me. Then she turned to Steve and asked, "So what do you want her to wear now my horny brother?"

Steve got this devilish look and I knew the answer before it came. "Well, if I get to choose then I would say nothing - I want some nudes!!"

Even though I knew he'd say something like that I was still hoping that somehow at the last minute he'd surprise me and say something unexpected like, "That's OK. The pictures you have taken are all I want." Well, now I was on the spot. We were all hornier than hell and I couldn't help but get turned on even more at the thought of showing myself off to my boyfriend and his sister. Growing up in a home where nudity was considered natural more than erotic, I didn't mind letting people see me nude. Logic was not exactly controlling my actions at this point.

After spending the past hour modeling several outfits, which were basically transparent, making the transition to full nudity wasn't as big a step as it could've been. I'd felt so sexy posing I could only think how much more so it would be if I was fully naked. Even a sheer gown provides some security whereas being nude eliminates everything. Now it would be just me with nothing to hide behind. I'd seen my dad's porn magazines before and had always dreamed of being sexy enough to be photographed like the models in them and now it was happening! I slipped off the sheer nightie and stood there in front of the camera nude. Sharon quickly snapped a shot before I realized what she was doing.

"Go girl," she encouraged me, "Show me what you've got."

Suddenly I felt a bit shy as she started snapping pictures of me. I took a piece of sheer red material and drape it over me as I rolled around on the floor and then played with it. All the while Sharon was snapping one shot after another of me. I didn't get too slutty - no close-up crotch shots, I kept my legs together, and so forth. We also stuck to poses without any sexual acts such as masturbation or intercourse - I wanted to show a little class during my first nude photo-shoot!

I noticed that all the while Steve was watching me and rubbing himself through his jeans. Hmmmmmm, was he going to whip out his aroused cock and start playing with it in front of Sharon? I couldn't help but wonder what he would do if he knew Sharon's secret desire for him and how much she wanted her big brother to fuck her. Oh well, some guys just aren't into that sort of thing and apparently Steve was one of them.

# 3. More Than Just Nudes

"Last roll is full," Sharon announced. "That's a wrap folks!"

Steve clapped and finally came over from his chair. I don't know how he was able to walk with his cock swelled up so large but he managed. He hugged me and we kissed while Sharon watched.

"Ok guys, get a room!" Sharon said in a teasing manner. There was something in her tone though that made it sound like she would've been happy had we ignored her advice.

Steve was up to it to her teasing though. "Anything you say sis!" he retorted. "You know what they say... be careful what you ask for."

With that he picked me up in his strong arms and carried me off to his bedroom. I looked back at Sharon as we left the room and smiled at her. I could see her silently saying, "Good luck Kelly!" as she watched with hungry eyes and I knew she was wishing she was in my place.

Steve tossed me onto his bed where I laid in the center spread-eagle, offering myself totally to him. Whatever he wanted right then I was ready to give him, anything at all if that's what it took to feel him violating me, satisfying the hunger that was raging in me for his cock. I watched as Steve stripped off his clothes, revealing his incredible cock that was standing out straight from his body like a telephone pole. I felt my heart skip a beat knowing that it was that way because of me, knowing that it was me that was soon going to drain it of cum later that night. Steve was FINALLY nude now and my pussy felt like a furnace as he approached me. God I wanted him SO badly. All I could think about at that moment was how much I wanted Steve to fuck me!!!

Suddenly I heard a loud "click" and looked over to see Sharon standing in the doorway with her camera! Steve was also looking at her and seemed a bit perturbed at first.

"Sharon!," Steve cried out, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Oh come on big brother," she said with a coy smile on her face, still snapping pictures as she talked, "You know you want some shots of you fucking her so just shut up and fuck her."

Steve looked at me and I winked at him. Suddenly the thought of being photographed like a porn movie scene sounded damn sexy and I felt myself get even wetter than I was already.

"Do it Steve," I whispered in his ear, "Show your sister how good you can fuck me."

It was really unnecessary as Steve was so horny at this point I don't think he would've stopped no matter who was watching us. Still the room was so quiet that I knew Sharon could hear me and it felt so naughty to ask her brother to fuck me right in front of her. We both went at it as if Sharon wasn't even there while she shot roll after roll of pictures (so much for the "last roll" before!). Usually Steve always wants a blowjob to start but not today - it was straight to mounting me with no stops or detours in between. It wasn't often he was this aggressive with me where he literally just pinned me down and thrust his hard cock into me without any foreplay although I guess you all we'd been doing up there probably fell into that category. I turned my head towards Susan and her camera so she could capture my expression as her brother's rigid dick forced its way into my tight pussy. Yes, it was no longer a virgin and yes, it was receiving daily workouts but he still claimed I was the tightest girl he'd ever fucked.

While we didn't fuck all that long, I still managed several incredible orgasms as I was especially stimulated by the knowledge that Sharon was watching her big brother fuck me. OK, so it wasn't like it was the first time she'd seen us together but it WAS the first time Steve knew about it. All the times before if I hadn't known she was spying on us I wouldn't have known she was there either. Looking back I wonder what must have been going through her mind as she watched us. Was she dreaming it was her in my place? Odds were pretty good if I knew her.

All in all t was certainly turned out to be a night to remember for all of us and thanks to Sharon, one we could all remember it now in living color! Where she took her fit to be developed I have no idea and I didn't ask. Some things are better left alone. Whatever or whoever she used, she was kind enough to include a full set of prints for me as well. Years later when I was Steve's wife I would pull these out and surprise him.

Later when I returned home my mom was waiting as usual for a full report of my activities. Actually during the walk home I was practically skipping with anticipation of her reaction. I was just a little worried she wouldn't approve of it but to my surprise she just smiled and told it was a great idea. In fact, she got up and

was all I could do some nights not to cry out in frustration as I lay alone in my bed at night, wishing he were in me and masturbating hard as I imagined him fucking me. So it should come as no surprise that I was floored at the news.

"Kelly," he started out slowly. He hesitated and then continued on saying, "I just found out my mom's been promoted and we have to move to be at her new office sometime at the end of February."

My whole body went rigid with shock. This was a cruel joke, one he would live to regret! It simply couldn't REALLY be true. I mean, how could he leave me? I closed my eyes as if when I opened them everything all right again. Nope, this wasn't happening! It couldn't be happening!

Steve held me tightly to him such that my tiny breasts were pressed tight against his hairless chest. Normally this would give me a chill and I would push my hips forward to press my crotch against his cock. Well, not this time. The last thing on my mind at that moment was sex, probably the first time I could say that when I was with him. I started to cry, tears streaming down my face as my body trembled from my sobbing.

Steve tried to console me saying, "We'll figure something out Kelly, don't get so upset. It's not the end of the world."

How could he say that?! It WAS the end of the world so far as I was concerned. The end of the world as I knew it at least. I'd given Steve my virginity for crying out loud. Although I couldn't say that I "loved" him yet, I figured that our relationship would mature as we grew older and I just assumed someday we would marry and I would bear his children. I had the whole thing worked out, our engagement, the marriage, honeymoon... everything! No, he couldn't just screw it all up this way, I wouldn't let him! All these thoughts were racing through my mind as I cried in his arms. No matter what he said I knew in my heart that once they left I would never see him again. They were going too far away and probably never coming back. It was over, really over, and my life was over with it.

That night we stayed in my bed for hours, just holding each other and snuggling together. We didn't have sex again that evening but instead just caressed one another and I closed my eyes as his hands slowing wandered over me and played with my hair. His cock stayed hard of course. I mean like Steve was still a horny teenage boy no matter what the circumstances! Holding it in my hand I never wanted to let go of the one thing that brought me more enjoyment than anything ever before.

Steve eventually had to get home and my mom came in my room afterwards and saw that I was crying. I lay nude on my stomach and between sobs told her the bad news. She was wise enough to know that nothing she could say would help right then and so instead she just ran her hand lightly over my bare back and butt, tracing her manicured fingernails gently over my soft skin. This was something she'd done since I was a little girl whenever I was upset or troubled and it always seemed to help soothe me and calm me. Tonight it took a little longer but eventually the tingling sensations I would feel as her fingers would run from the top of my spine to the bottom of my butt and then back up again did its work and I finally fell asleep.

Steve and I had five to six weeks left before he had to move and we didn't waste a second. We spent every moment we had together and he fucked me dozens of times. I don't think a day went by in that period when we didn't fuck. Knowing we faced a deadline we threw caution to the wind, doing it in places we hadn't dared before knowing if we didn't we would miss one more opportunity that could never be recovered. We even did it in school, sneaking off to some area where we hoped not to get caught – the stage, custodian closet, and so forth. Then after school we were at it again. My parents knew Steve was leaving and how much it meant to me so they just put up with me during this time, not complaining if I was out on a school night or came home late. I felt such gratitude for their understanding – I have the greatest parents in the world and there were times I wondered how I could ever repay them for everything they did for me.

## 2. The Hotel Room

Finally the night came, the last night before Steve and his family were to leave. Steve picked me up in their car and before we left the driveway, he turned in the seat and faced me saying, "Let's go somewhere tonight private, somewhere we can be alone and be just the two of us. What do you say Kelly?" he asked.

"Sure Steve," I answered, "Anything so long as I can be alone with you tonight."

We decided to do something that we had never done before - use a hotel room. There really was no need for us to in the past as we could do it in my own bedroom anytime we wanted. But tonight was special; tonight we wanted to be alone and say goodbye in a more intimate way. When we got there Steve checked in while I stayed in the car. He must've been using his mom's credit card and I was worried at first they may not let him even have a room. He must've been convincing enough for the clerk because in a few minutes he was back in the car with the key to a room. We drove around to the closest entrance and walked in.

As he fumbled with the key in the lock an older couple passed by us and I say them looking at us a little strangely. While Steve was sixteen and looked older, I certainly didn't look eighteen. Heck, a lot of people didn't believe I was fourteen even though I was only a week away from my fifteenth birthday. To my never-ending annoyance I was a late bloomer compared to most of my friends. It was always embarrassing in the locker rooms seeing their big boobs and curvy figures while mine barely filled a training bra. I was skinny and barely had a figure going making it all the more painful to look at them. Steve got the damn key to work finally and we disappeared into the room, leaving the couple outside to shake their heads at what they assumed was going on between what in their view was two teenagers fooling around. Well, if that's what they thought then they'd have been correct!

Once inside I took a look around the room. I'd never been in a hotel room like this one before. My parents rarely traveled except to visit relatives and when we did my dad preferred to stay in fancy suites that were almost like being at home. Tonight there was just a king size bed, a little round table with two chairs, and a dresser with a TV literally bolted to the top. Definitely nothing fancy but the bed was all I cared about! Steve was carrying a bag with and I was a bit surprised when he pulled out a big video camera. I gave him a questioning look. Although I'd recently allowed his sister take some sexy photos of me nude, we'd never videotaped us having sex and I was more than as little bit nervous which Steve was quick to pick up on.

"I hope you don't mind Kelly," Steve said, obviously a little embarrassed by my reaction, "You've been so special to me I wanted to remember our last time together."

Hmmmmmm, I thought about this for a while and debated what to do. On the one hand I was worried about anyone having a video of me having sex as my dad would be furious if he ever found out. He was always warning me about giving anyone anything that could someday come back to haunt me, a warning I remember to this day. Yet on the other hand the idea turned me on. I could imagine Steve watching the tape later, masturbating furiously as he remembered what it was like to fuck me and I found that the idea started to get me horny. What the hell, why not? I shrugged my shoulders and jumped up on the bed and sat cross-legged in the middle while he set up the bulky video camera on a tripod and aimed it at me. He started the camera and turned to me with that look of lust I knew so well. Whenever I saw that I knew I was going to get a good fucking before much longer!

"Hey guy," I said in a seductive voice looking at the camera, "Quit fooling around and get over here and fuck me."

We were horny teenagers so we didn't waste any time. Both of us stripped off all of our clothes as fast as we could, dropping them to the floor without even trying to keep them neat. Then we laid on top of the bed naked in each other's arms, not even bothering to pull down the comforter. Yeah, knowing what I know today that was pretty gross but I didn't know any better at the time. Steve kissed me and out tongues met, teasing each other and then I sucked on his tongue. His hands ran through my hair, sending shivers through me as his fingers played with it. I reached down between us and grabbed his hardening cock.

Mmmmmmm I loved his cock! From the very first time I tasted him back in that darkened movie theater I knew I wanted it as often as I could get it. I ran my fingers through his lush pubic hair, twisting it around my index finger and pulling on it gently. God I wanted it soooooo badly! My pussy was tingling with anticipation and I could feel the wetness between my legs growing. In response my other hand involuntarily reached between my legs and I jumped as I touched my clit, already swelling and growing more sensitive with each passing moment. I loved my pussy and played with it all the time but it was even better when I had a cock in my mouth at the same time so I looked at him and whispered, "I want to suck your cock Steve. Let me taste your hard dick."

Steve grinned - he wasn't about to make me ask twice. He laid on his back while I went down on his cock. He was about five or six inches long when he was hard which was the perfect size for me as I could easily take him all in my mouth yet he still felt great when he fucked my pussy. I licked him just enough to get him wet and then took him in my mouth quickly dropping down into his crotch until I had all of him in my mouth.

God he smelled so good! I loved the taste of my pussy and often when I played with myself I would lick my fingers or dildo. A cock tasted so much different though and I loved it almost as much as I did my pussy. Sometimes I wondered what another pussy or cock would taste like. I figured someday I would find out but for now I was happy with ours.

I laid to the side of him, my head resting on his stomach as my legs wrapped around his, pressing my crotch into his leg and humping so as to rub my clit which was crying out for attention. Steve was already moaning and groaning louder as I worked his cock. Yes... he was always easy to get off the first time! Sometimes I barely had to kiss his dick and he would shoot his wad. That was OK with me because I loved knowing he was getting that horny because of me and besides at his age he was ready to go again right away.

Tonight was proving to be no different. I'd only been sucking him for a couple of minutes when his hips raised up off the bed and he gasped for air. I held his cock in my mouth, sealing it with my lips as his cum squirted into my mouth like a toothpaste container that had been stomped on. Mmmmmmm it tasted so good! I loved his cum but even more the process needed to get it. He jerked with each load and I almost let him slip out of me but held on as his last eruption came to a close. Only then did I let his cock slip from my mouth and I turned my head up to look up at him, opening my mouth to show him the creamy white cum pooled inside. He smiled and I spit just enough of it out to form a layer on my lips and then licked it back into my mouth again, I knew that he liked seeing his cum in my mouth and when I eventually swallowed it a big grin came to his face.

"So how do I taste today Kelly?" he asked. The smile on my face told him everything he needed to know. Now that I had my taste of him it was time for him to fuck me. His cock was still standing tall, making for such an inviting scene. I straddled his hips and rubbed my pussy for him to see as he laid back staring at me.

"What do you want Steve?" I asked him innocently, "I'll do anything you desire, just ask me." Well, I knew full well what his answer had BETTER be.

"Oh my god I want to fuck you so bad Kelly," he whispered, never taking his eyes off my hand which was rubbing my soaking wet pussy as I masturbated for him. "I want you to sit on my cock and take it all inside of you."

Just the words I wanted to hear! I smiled and ever so slowly lowered myself down to his cock which was still hard as a baseball bat and pointing upwards like a missile poised for takeoff. My pussy was so damn wet I thought it was going to start dripping as his head easily parted my labia and he slipped into me like I was made for him (which I guess was technically true!). I let out a loud moan as I felt him in me, filling my empty pussy, feeling every inch of his smooth hard shaft as it disappeared into me until I was finally sitting on his lap with my bare bottom resting on his hairy crotch. Looking down between my legs I enjoyed the view and felt a chill as his cock was nowhere to be seen. Yes! Only the base of it was visible as the rest had disappeared into my scalding hot pussy. Seeing him inside of me and feeling him within me always helped to create one of the most incredible sensations I've ever experienced. It was one which I never got tired of and couldn't imagine that I ever would. I leaned forward and kissed him, feeling his cock starting to pull out of me a little bit as my ass tilted forward. I raised my butt up until he was just barely in me and then dropped back down on him again. We never stopping our kiss as I started humping him faster and more forcefully. All I had to do was lean back and forth while I was on my knees straddling him and he automatically slid in and out of me, fucking me wonderfully.

We kissed long and hard with a passion only two people in love for the first time can. Once in a while I would get carried away and lean to far forward into him and his cock would slip from my pussy. One of us would reach for his cock and put it back in me, the quicker the better because my pussy would feel so empty without him!

Steve pushed me back until I was sitting up straight and then he raised himself as well. I swung my legs forward so instead of kneeling I was sitting in his lap keeping his cock in me the entire time. We both looked down to watch his dick moving in and out of my cunt as we rocked back and forth. As before it was so erotic watching it and feeling it in me at the same time. He seemed to enjoy it as much as I did and we both looked up at the same time and giggled a bit as we realized we both were getting into it.

"Oh Kelly, look at us." he whispered. "Fuck I love watching my dick move in and out of you... almost as much as I love how it feels!"

Well, that made two of us as I moaned again and answered, "Oh god yes Steve, I love being fucked by you. Fuck me Steve, Oh my god fuck me... Fuck me... Oh please fuck me more!"

Steve lifted my hips up and moved up with me as he got on his knees. He laid me on my back, with my hips up in the air as his glorious cock drilled me like an oil well going deep. Steve held me up with his hands under my ass, pushing and pulling while he humped me such that his cock made the deepest strokes possible in and out of my pussy. I loved the feeling I got when his cock rubbed in me the way it did when he was in me this way and I could feel my pussy throbbing. My hands squeezed my breasts as they also began to tingle and I cried out with joy as my orgasm began. Oh sure I could make myself cum when I masturbated but nothing beat the orgasms I got from being fucked. Damn, I would fuck a dozen times a day if I could just to experience this.

How do I even begin to explain these feelings to a guy? It would be like a man trying to make me understand how he felt when his cock erupted. I know it must make him feel good because he will do anything for it but I have no idea how it really feels. It is the same for me in trying to describe an orgasm. When I cum my entire body feels like it's on fire but in a wonderful way. I tingle from my toes to the top of my head and my pussy feels like it is going to explode as my pussy cum gushes out like a thick flood. When I close my eyes it is like being in my own world, a sensual place filled with nothing but sheer pleasure and ecstasy. It is a world I never grow tired of visiting and one I wished I could never leave. As Steve fucked me I arched my back and lifted my hips, trying to draw his cock into me even further. A final moan escaped from me and dragged on as my orgasm peaked and then slowly dwindled. I slumped down onto the bed as Steve kept fucking me, my pussy still throbbing.

Steve pulled out of me just long enough to flip me over onto my stomach like an egg in a pan. He leaned back on his knees and pulled my legs to each side of him with my stomach off the bed, thus putting my weight on my arms and chest. I gasped as he slid his cock back into my ultra-sensitive pussy once again. His hands were on my hips as he fucked me even harder than before. He only did it this way for a while when he flipped me over onto my back again, this time to fuck me missionary style. This is actually my favorite position to be fucked in by him, especially when he was ready to cum which I could tell from the way it was swelling even more than before was not too far away. He leaned over to kiss me and I wrapped my legs around him as best I could and put my arms around his neck as we kissed fervently. He held himself deep in me and ground his crotch in to mine, his pubic hair rubbing me like a coarse brush.

"Oh god Kelly!" he gasped, "I'm going to cum in you."

Oh how I wanted him to and I cried out to him, "Yes Steve, give me your sperm. Fuck me Steve, I don't want you to ever stop." I was actually in tears I wanted him so badly. I wanted this moment to never end, to keep him inside me and never let him go. I wanted to feel him cum in me, to give me a part of himself that would remain in me afterwards.

Steve finally came as a massive explosion of cum suddenly burst from his cock and I felt the heat of it blooming in my lower abdomen as it shot up into my pussy. The whole bed was rocking as each of us pounded our hips into the other, ramming his cum as deep inside of me as we could make it go. As he came so did I and my pussy clamped down on his pulsing cock, holding him in me in its firm grip. I don't know if there was anyone in the room next door but if there was they had to hear us at this point as we gasped and cried out together like two juvenile animals in heat.

When Steve was finally spent he went down on his elbows and he felt heavy as some of his weight rested on me. I was still feeling the twinges of my orgasm and my hips involuntarily tried to keep fucking him, even as his cock began to shrink. Dang it, I could feel it growing smaller in me and drawing out of me until just the head and a part of the shaft remained in me. It felt like someone had thrown a bucket of hot sticky water between my legs I was so wet! We lay like this and eventually rolled over on our sides with our legs intertwined and arms around each other, gently kissing and whispering to each other how good we felt.

We both must have dozed off for just a bit because when I opened my eyes I saw the clock said it was after 11:00 PM already! Damn, I didn't want our last time to be spent sleeping as I had planned on doing a lot more fucking than this! I gently worked my way from Steve's arms and looked at his cock all small and quiet. It was hard to believe how big it had been not so long ago when he had fucked me so well with it. I twisted around and laid on my side again but this time with my leg over his head so my pussy was up close to his face.

As I maneuvered to put my mouth next to his sleeping cock I felt a dampness against me and looked down to see a huge wet spot in the center of the bed comforter. I smiled as I knew where THAT had come from! I wondered for just a second if the hotel would wash the comforter when we left. I figured they probably didn't which made me wonder who would be in this bed next? I imagined some lonely guy lying down in this bed the next night, too lazy to pull down the comforter with no idea how our cum had soaked it the previous night. Of course, I then realized the same probably applied to me and for a moment my skin felt like it was covered with little bugs as I imagined what other people had done on this bed before us. Oh well, I was way too horny at the moment to worry about it so I just shrugged it off and started gently sucking on Steve's flaccid cock. Mmmmmmm, I could still taste my pussy on him! What better taste could I ask for than as blend of my boyfriend's cum mixed with my pussy?

It didn't take long to get the desired response from Steve as his mouth-watering cock began to swell in my mouth just the way I loved for it to do. Before long he was moaning and then I felt his slippery tongue licking me and his hands on my ass pulling my crotch down tighter into his face. Mmmmmmm, Steve knew how to lick me just right. Well, he should with all the practice he had! To his surprise I pulled away and Steve looked at me with a "What the hell?" kind of look.

"Mmmmmmm, I want to be naughty!" I said in a teasing voice.

Steve laughed just a bit but he looked at me with narrowed eyes. "And just what does my horny little girlfriend want to do that is so naughty?" A smile came to his face as he knew how dirty my thoughts could be sometimes.

I got up and told him to get dressed while I grabbed the terrycloth robe from the closet and put in on as he put his jeans and shirt back on, a look of amusement now on his face as he realized what I was planning. Steve grabbed the video camera, which had long since stopped. I wondered how much it had captured from our earlier fucking session? I was going to have to wait until later though as Steve removed the tape and inserted a fresh one. With him armed and ready I went out to the hallway and looked around. Nobody was around so I told him to start taping and as soon as he did I teased him in the robe and eventually dropped it to the floor and posed for him naked as the day I was born by our door, curling my finger at him as if I was inviting him in like a street hooker.

We goofed around in the relative safety of the doorway as my courage grew.

It was like the courage men draw from as stiff drink only my courage was enhance by as stiff dick. From there we went to various locations around the hotel and Steve took more naughty movies of me as I played around. The first place was the little area with the ice machine and Pepsi machine. From there we hit a couple of stairwells, the elevator and even spent some time in the parking lot. A few times when we heard people coming I would throw on the robe and we would hang around aimlessly until they passed by. More than once someone would see me in my robe and Steve holding the video camera and smile at us as they realized what was going on. I bet a couple of guys were wishing they could have stuck around!

We did this until Steve ran out of tape after which we returned to the room. We watched a few of them through the viewfinder and they were soooooo hot! I couldn't wait to see them on our TV. Steve was hard as a rock again by now after watching me posing in all the hotel public areas and I was horny myself from the excitement. Well, no sense in wasting a perfectly good hotel bed! THIS time, however, I pulled back the comforter and vowed I would never again lie on or even touch one again.

We fucked again for over an hour, this time more slowly as we tried to capture forever the pleasure of being in each other's arms. I loved the feel of Steve's youthful naked body pressed mine while he played with my hair and run his fingers lightly up and down my spine. He grabbed my ass in his hands and squeezed it playfully, rubbing it and running his hands down between my legs until he could slide his fingers into my swollen pussy, rubbing the inside of my cunt and then wetting the outside my asshole with my pussy juices.

Finally it was just me laying on top of him, both of us exhausted. His cock was still in me from our last fucking but only barely as it had shot its final load in me and had finally softened up for good and no more sucking or fucking was going to revive it any time soon. My pussy was throbbing intensely from the multiple orgasms it had given me and even now when his cock would move just enough for me to feel it a shiver would run through me. Despite the wondrous feelings in me I couldn't help but burst into tears.

"What's the matter babe?" Steve asked me, confused as to why I was crying.

"Oh Steve I am so sorry," I sobbed, "It's just that I know that once your cock comes out of me this time I'll never have it in me again. Oh my god it feels so wonderful in me; I don't want to let it go! I don't want it to ever come out of me. Oh I'm going to miss you soooooo much Steve."

Steve just hugged me and pulled me tightly against him. We lay like that for a while, two lovers embracing each other, joined for just a little while longer as one. My tears gradually subsided and I realized it was really over, that this was the last time he would fuck me and I had to let him go. Reluctantly I got up off of him and stood by the bed, gazing at his sexy body while he lay there nude before me. He got up then as well and we dressed in silence, neither of us knowing quite what to say at a time like this.

Steve packed everything as we left the room I looked back at the bed, tempted to run back there and beg him to fuck me again, plead for him to give me his cock just one more time! I sighed and turned away, my heart heavy but yet feeling a sense of fulfillment as I felt his cum started to drain from me. We got back in his car and he drove me home without saying a word.

When we got to my home he walked me to the door. He held my hands and gazed into my eyes in a scene straight out of some romantic love story. My heart was pounding and I had no idea what I to say so fortunately he broke the silence.

"Goodbye Kelly," he whispered in a voice that seemed on the edge of breaking, "I'll always remember you no matter what. You are so special to me and I'll never forget the way I feel when we are together."

Steve kissed me and then somehow he walked away, leaving me sobbing again, unable to even say goodbye. I watched him with tears streaming down my face as he drove away, wondering if I would ever see him again, ever feel his arms around me, ever feel him filling me the way only a man can do.

Steve's family left early the next morning. Although Steve and I exchanged letters and telephone calls, over time they diminished as we both came to realize their futileness. Each time I heard his voice it was like starting all over again as my pussy would cry out for him and I would masturbate afterwards, wishing he would suddenly appear at my door again.

About a year after he left I realized that I'd not been in contact with him for a while and debated what to do. I started to pick up the phone and then with a feeling of determination I put it down. It was finally over between us although he will always be in my heart and I will never forget the boy to whom I gave the one thing I can never get back, even if I wanted to - my virginity.

In case you're wondering, I never saw the videos or pictures Steve took. I hope he enjoyed them and kept them in memory of me. I wonder if he ever showed his mother them - or Sharon?

I wanted. Having sex for the first time was like a blind man who could suddenly see and I simply couldn't get enough of it. Of course Steve was more than willing to accommodate my needs, thank goodness, so it wasn't like I needed to get laid by every guy in school or anything like that. But now, besides the feelings of loss stemming from losing Steve as my boyfriend, there was also the question of dealing with the sudden loss of someone who had fulfilled my newfound sexual needs.

Sexually speaking, you could say that for me losing Steve was like a smoker going cold turkey. Of course the big difference was that instead of depending on gum or a patch all I could do was masturbate - and boy did I ever! Things even got to the point where my mom commented sarcastically one day about how often I was doing it, something about how I was going to wear it out. My problem was that as much as I loved to play with myself, it just wasn't the same as having Steve's wonderful cock in me.

It wasn't just the fucking either. While I knew some girls who did it just to please their guy, I truly enjoyed sucking Steve's dick. Well to be completely honest, I LOVED sucking his cock. There was just something about taking him in my mouth, licking and sucking on him, feeling him grow and harden as he responded to me. Mmmmmmm, I could never get enough of it! I especially loved it when he would cum in my mouth. I'd swallow every drop and then proudly extend my tongue and show him my empty mouth afterwards. I loved everything about sex - and no amount of masturbation could satisfy THAT need within me.

With Steve out of the picture it was like immediately guys started asking me if I would go out with them. Although I'd dated Steve up to now, I was well aware that he'd told all of his friends about me so the word was out that I wasn't exactly a prude on a date. Now with Steve gone they probably thought I was easy pickings for a quick suck and fuck. Admittedly my pussy would tingle when they asked because I knew full well what they wanted to do to me. Despite my ever growing feelings of need, deep down I just couldn't quite bring myself say yes although it didn't take long for me to start considering taking a few up on their offers. When I looked at their crotches I'd find myself thinking about Steve and how his would expand whenever we were out together. It didn't help that they weren't very subtle about it either, leering at me when they asked if I would go out with them with one guy being so bold as to ask straight out if I wanted to go to his car and suck him off after school! The sad thing was by then I was so horny for a dick I almost said yes!

Reaching further down, my finger slid between my pussy lips. They were already bout Steve and my finger easily penetrated my pussy hole as I pushed it in to the first knuckle or so. The palm of my hand rubbed against my sensitive clit as my pussy finger circled around just inside the entrance to my pussy, stimulating the nerves that sent waves of sensual pleasures throughout me. Pulling my wet finger out, I played with my clit, using the moistness of my pussy to make it slippery. My clit created such a swell of pure pleasure I couldn't help but moan out load.

My dad must have heard me moaning because he grabbed the remote and turned up the TV volume a couple of notches. I took the hint and got up from the couch and started to walk up to my bedroom where I wouldn't bother my dad.

"Hey, I didn't mean that you had to run off," my dad called to me, "I just couldn't hear with all the sound effects!"

I just shrugged and said it was OK and turned back to the stairs. I didn't normally masturbate right in front of him although often I might just play with myself a little, not to really get myself off but just to "scratch an itch" as my mom would've said. At least up in my room I didn't have to worry that I was being too loud for him to hear the TV! Sheesh, the one time I make a little noise and he had to say something about it. It's not like I ever said anything when he jerked off noisily while watching one of his porn movies or something!

## 2. A Mother's Advice

The next morning my mom and I were eating breakfast as my dad had already left to go to his downtown office. Though I had to get to school soon it was nice to have some time alone with just my mom, especially when she was working this ridiculous evening shift and I didn't see her unless I stayed up past midnight. We were just talking about my school and her work when she put down her spoon and looked at me with a grin. I knew that smile... uh-oh, what was up?

"Say, I hear you were pretty horny last night," she said in a teasing voice, "Still missing Steve, eh?"

"Darn it anyways, I guess Dad must have said something," I whined in a low voice, not really sure where this conversation was headed. She'd never cared if my dad saw me masturbating before so I didn't understand why it was an issue now. I couldn't believe that he had complained about me being noisy while he was watching TV!

"Oh don't worry about your dad," she said, taking my hand in hers, "I'm getting worried about YOU. Why aren't you seeing other boys if you're feeling that way? I'm sure there are plenty who would be more than happy to take care of your needs."

"I don't know mom," I whined some more. It reminded me of when I was ten years old and she would ask me if I was starting to like boys.

"Well, I really do think you should start dating again," she said in a serious tone, "It's not good for you to keep all that tension bottled up inside."

"I know... but that's ALL they want," I complained, "Steve must've told every boy in school about me and now everyone treats me like a slut."

My mom looked like she wanted to break out laughing but she managed to contain herself. "So what's wrong with that? Be honest, it's not like you and Steve went played cards or bowling every night. Besides, if that's what people think then why not take advantage of it?"

She was right, as always. I was being a bit two-faced about everything even if she didn't come right out and say it that way. On the one hand I wanted sex with Steve every chance I had but on the other hand I still had this naive image of myself that I wasn't quite ready to leave behind.

"So you think I'm a slut too?" I asked my mom, rolling my eyes.

"Well Kelly, that would depend on what you mean by slut," my mom responded gently, "You're certainly not a bad girl, just a cutie that enjoy sex so in some people's books that makes you a dirty slut. In my book, it just means that you're a sexy slut. If I was in your shoes, I'd be proud of it. After all, guys don't call ugly girls who put out sluts, do they??

She paused as if waiting to see my reaction. I guess it made sense when you looked at it that way. After all, my dad already referred to me as his "little slut" sometimes when he teased me and I knew he didn't mean anything bad by it. Yet even so, sometimes when I passed a group of boys I could hear the whispers and when I heard the word "slut" it still made me feel a bit odd.

"So what should I do then Mom?" I asked, "Should I just go for it and start fucking other guys or go slow, maybe just dating them for a while first?"

My mom shook her head at me and grinned, "Oh no, you're not going to pin me down on THAT one! If it was me, I'd start out maybe in the middle; you know - maybe a BJ or something like that but don't let them fuck you right away. After all, you want to be a slut, not a whore."

"What's the difference?"

"What, besides the fact one gets paid and the other does it for free?"

I nodded and my mom continued saying, "Well, when a guy dates a whore he knows what he's going to get and he expects to get it, no questions asked once the negotiations are completed. Now with a slut, on the other hand, he can have hopes but not necessarily expectations as he can never be sure how far she'll go. A whore can ever really tease like a slut because a guy knows with a whore he's getting it eventually whereas with a slut there's always that question of will she or won't she? Whores sell their bodies, sluts use them."

You gotta love my mom! She always seems to have the right answer for me. On the one hand she looked out for me and tried to steer me in the right direction. Yet on the other hand she was willing to back off and allow me to make my own mistakes and experiment - so long as I didn't get hurt. It was times like this when her wisdom and guidance was invaluable to me and I left for school feeling much better about myself.

## 3. A Father's Advice

I wasn't at school more than ten minutes before I had my first opportunity to apply her recommendations. Doug was a senior which made very mature and older so far as I was concerned, much more than the immature boys in my Freshman class. He must've been at least six feet tall with bleach blonde hair and a tight butt any girl would die for! I was putting my coat away when he first approached me. At first I couldn't believe my eyes. EVERY girl in school dreamed about Doug and for him to even talk to a little freshman like me would keep the rumor mill going among the girls for weeks. That was worth the price of admission in and of itself!

"Hey Kelly, how ya doing?" he asked, in a deep voice that seemed so much more mature than the squeaky noises the boys my age made.

I just stared at him, unable to even speak, still not quite believing that he was talking to ME.

"Hey, if I'm bothering you, just say the word," he said, raising his hands.

"Oh no!" I finally blurted out, "You're fine!"

Yes, he was fine - VERY fine in fact.

"That's cool. Hey, I was wondering if you wanted to go out tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Ummmmm, OK, where to?"

I could have kicked myself. Who cares where he took me so long as he did!

"Well, I was thinking maybe a movie or something - would that be OK?"

Hell, he could have taken me to Wal-Mart for all I cared. Here one of the hunkiest guys in school wanted to take me out - and I was acting as if I was worried where he was taking me!

"Sure, that would be cool," I quickly replied, hoping he didn't think I was being hesitant.

"Great, I'll pick you up around eight tomorrow night then, OK?"

I just nodded but as he walked away I could just imagine my mom's reaction to the eight o'clock part. After school I rushed home but my mom had already left for work so the house was mine, at least until my dad got home and that probably wouldn't be for an hour at least. After thinking about nothing all day but going out with Doug you can imagine how horny I was by now. I made a bee-line for my bedroom and quickly stripped off my jeans and jumped on top of my bed.

Steve was great but I'd never thought I'd ever go out with anyone like Doug. First, he was older - a senior even! Half the girls in school would've killed for a date with him even though he had quite a reputation for having, shall we say, "roaming" hands. Any guy who looked like him probably could get away with that so I guess you couldn't blame him for taking advantage of it! My hands went straight for my pussy as I started to imagine how his hands might start roaming around ME.

My finger started to circle my clit as I imagined unzipping Doug's jeans and reaching in for the first time to find his cock hidden inside. I moaned softly in the stillness of my bedroom as I imagined how hard and thick he would be already from looking at me and wishing he could fuck me. So many questions... How would he feel in my hand? How would his cock taste the first time I took him in my mouth? How much cum would he shoot in my mouth? Would I be able to take it all or would it spill out over my chin? A million more questions seemed to run through my head as I plunged my finger into my pussy, imagining that it was his dick that was inside of me while my other hand rubbed my slit. My hips lifted up off the bed as I imagined raising myself to meet his thrusts as he rammed his hard cock in me over and over until I finally he came and shot his sperm deep inside of me, mating me like some animal in heat.

Fingers can be nice but OMG I wanted a REAL dick in me! For a moment I contemplated getting one of my mom's dildos out but I didn't want a plastic fake - I wanted a real cock! I wanted a wonderful honest to goodness dick, one that would grow in my mouth as I sucked it, feeling his pulse in my mouth as his hard shaft filled it, one that would unload streams of warm cum into my mouth that I could swallow as he watched.

Suddenly my orgasm struck and my hips must have raised a foot off the bed before I fell flat on my bed and groaned so loud the neighbors would've heard had the windows been open.

"Oh fuck me Doug!" I cried out to the empty room as imagined him over me as I laid in bed, his thick cock poised at the entrance to my pussy, begging him to fill it.

God it felt so good to cum! All day it took every bit of willpower I had not to play with myself in the middle of class. I was so damn horny and it felt so good to finally cum and let the tension out of me except it was more like a rubber band snapping than being loosened. I kept stroking myself, playing with my pussy and clit, keeping myself on that sharp edge where my orgasm just seemed to stretch on forever. I never wanted it to stop! My bed must have been getting soaked as I felt myself gushing over my fingers and then my cum dripping down my ass to the sheets.

Eventually my orgasm quieted down although my pussy would still quiver now and then as I laid back with my eyes closed and both hands cupping my drenched pussy. Everything was deathly silent and I could even hear the old grandfather clock ticking downstairs. Not only that, I could hear the floor barely squeaking as if someone was shifting their weight just outside my room in the hallway. My eyes immediately popped open and I lifted my head to see who was in the hallway. Imagine my surprise to see my dear old dad!

"Dad!" I exclaimed, more surprised he was home than anything else, "What are you doing home so early?"

"What do you mean?" he responded, "No earlier than usual."

I glanced over at the clock and sure enough it was. Dag it, I'd been masturbating for well over an hour! How long had that orgasm lasted?

"Guess you lost track of time," he kidded me looking in from the doorway. Given that he was seeing me with nothing on from the waist down with my wet hands on my pussy it had to be pretty obvious what I'd been doing.

"Well, now I see why... hope you enjoyed yourself!" he said, smiling at me and then turning to go into the bathroom to leave me alone once again. Well, not QUITE as alone as I thought I was before. I waited for him to finish and when I heard him opening the door I jumped out of bed and hurried over to greet him properly. As he opened the bathroom door he was met by his loving half-naked daughter who through her arms around him and gave him a big hug.

"Wow, what did I do to deserve the special treatment today?" he chuckled, wrapping his strong arms around me and holding me close to him, his hands quickly moving to cup my bare butt.

"Oh nothing special... I just wanted to say I love you," I mumbled best as I could with my head buried in his chest.

"Okay, okay," he laughed, "Why don't you put something on and then you can tell me about your new boyfriend."

I looked up at him with a puzzled face. "How do you know about Doug?"

My dad reached around and smacked me playfully on my bare bottom. "Fathers know everything, haven't you figured that out by now?"

"Oh daddy!" I pouted, scooting away into the bathroom before he could spank me again.

After I'd showered and thrown on a clean T-shirt, I headed downstairs to make us some supper. The T-shirt pretty well covered me up so at least if he started teasing me again he couldn't get in another cheap shot like upstairs! I just heated up some leftovers Mom had left out for us and we sat down at the table to eat and talk a bit. As it turned out my mom must have told him everything. I wasn't all that surprised as I don't think she hides much of anything from him. Actually I don't either, it just makes it easier when she tells him so I don't have to repeat myself.

"So how old is this boy again?" my dad asked, looking up at me from his paper he had been reading while we talked.

"Seventeen," I replied, "I think he turns eighteen in a month or so."

"Little old for you, don't you think?"

"Dad! I'm fifteen now so it's not like I'm still a little girl in middle school or something," I protested.

My dad laughed and reached out to take my hand. He smiled at me and said gently, "Kelly, I'm not trying to be overly protective, baby. I just remember what I was like when I was his age and I know what I wanted when I dated a girl like you. That may been a while ago but I doubt teenage boys have changed all that much since."

"OH daddy, it's not like I haven't done it before."

"Well, you've got a point there," he agreed. Heck, if anyone knew about me doing it he did after watching me with my Steve more than a few times in my room. I used to tell Steve the reason I wanted to leave my door cracked open was so we could hear if my parents came up the stairs. Yeah right - he had no idea what my real motive was. As I recalled one of those times I smiled to myself as I wondered what Steve would've said had he ever known his girlfriend's dad had been spying on us when he was fucking me in my bedroom. Oh my, I imagine he would've died!

"Well just be careful tonight, OK baby" I'm just guessing here but from what I saw earlier I have this funny feeling you've been a bit hornier than usual lately. This date could be like going grocery shopping when you're hungry if you know what I mean."

"Daddy! You weren't supposed to see that!" I teased him, pretending to be embarrassed that he'd caught me masturbating earlier although that was about the last thing I felt. Then I thought about something he'd said earlier that had roused my curiosity.

"So you really would've wanted a girl like me when you were Doug's age, eh Daddy?"

As soon as I said it I felt my face flush. God, did I really ask him that? What was I thinking? My dad also seemed a bit surprised as he hesitated before he answered. Undoubtedly that had NOT been a question he was expecting!

"Well... IF I was his age and IF I was going to school with you, of course I would," he finally said. "Kelly, you're a beautiful girl and sexy as hell so what boy in his right mind wouldn't want you? Doesn't hurt either that you're s bit of a slut."

I grinned and felt my cheeks flushed a little more. It made me feel good about myself that he felt that way about me. I mean, what girl wouldn't be pleased to be told such a thing, especially by her own father? It made me tingle a little to have my own dad call me a slut. Rather than be offended it made me feel more secure about myself in that if my own father thought I was that sexy then just imagine what the horny boys at school must think of me!

"Remember, though," he continued, "Just because they all WANT you doesn't mean you have to let them HAVE you. Sometimes a little tease goes a lot further than anything else. Trust me on this one. Guys are turned on more by a slutty tease who MIGHT put out than a girl who jumps in bed with anyone. Just be careful you don't earn a reputation for being a cock teaser - guys hate them!"

Knowing a bit about my dad's escapades back in high school and college I took it all as good advice and wondered how I could use it with Doug later. As horny as I was I certainly wouldn't mind if Doug fucked me but at the same time he wasn't exactly known for being discreet. Undoubtedly he would be telling everyone the next day if I put out on the first date. Oh well, not like Steve had done any differently. True, I'd only blown him the first time he took me out but that was enough.

After cleaning up the supper dishes I went back upstairs to get ready for Doug. I was still mulling over my dad's advice and in the end I decided to change the outfit I was planning to wear. My original plans included a short denim skirt and a snug white sweater with a sexy black thong barely underneath. I loved this particular skirt as it showed off my legs well and when I crossed them it didn't leave much to the imagination. The sweater was better for the time of year than a cami or tank top which I would have preferred in the summer. Still it was thin and about a size too small so it stretched over my boobs, making the most of what little I had upstairs.

Hmmmmmm, what to do? In the end I hung the skirt back in my closet and pulled a pair of worn jeans from my dresser. They were tight enough to show off my ass nicely and thin enough to let him wonder whether I was wearing anything between me and my jeans – which I wasn't planning to do. A bit ragged, it had a number of holes torn into it in just the right spots to further raise questions as to what I might or might NOT be wearing under them.

Despite the change to jeans I kept the sweater. Without a bra the material stimulated my nipples with almost every move I made which helped them poke out through the thin material. Another thing I liked about it was that it wasn't very bulky so that when Steve would pull it up and over my boobs it wasn't like I had a pillow stuffed under my chin.

As for my hair... well that was another story. It seemed it never went the way I wanted it to and I couldn't help but be jealous of all those models with full wavy hair. Granted I'm sure they have plenty of people helping to give it that "natural" look but I was still envious. As I thought about it I realized that while on the one hand I was thrilled to be dating an older boy, at the same time I wasn't so naive as to not realize he was probably just as thrilled to get a shot at a younger girl as well so I decided to go with a more youthful look than mature. Nothing like a ponytail to pull that one off!

A pair of black heels with ankle straps, just enough makeup to cover a few blemishes, a sexy thin gold ankle chain courtesy of my father, and I was ready to go! While waiting in the kitchen for Doug to come pick me up, my dad walked through and his eyes carefully inspected me, slowly moving up and down from head to toe.

"Damn Kelly, you're looking especially hot tonight," he nodded approvingly, "I like the way you've got that 'little girl' thing going with the hair. Let's see... the tight sweater's a certainly an invitation, no bra helps as well. The jeans are definitely a barrier if that's what you were going for which is fine by me as your father. All in all, I like it."

I smiled at his approval and just then I heard Doug's car pull in our driveway. I ran to the door and my dad called after me.

"Hey, don't guys come to the door anymore?"

"Oh daddy, it's the 21st century!" I replied, waving goodbye as I went out the door.

## 4. A Date With Doug

Not only do guys not come to the door anymore, apparently they don't open car doors either as Doug remained planted in the driver's seat while I let myself in from the passenger side.

Actually, I shouldn't say "car" door as Doug was driving a large Ford pickup truck which I had to step up high to get into. I could just imagine the view my neighbors would have gotten had I worn my short skirt! The truck had a bench seat and as we drove off I felt like I was above all the traffic being so high up in the air. Come to think of it, this was my first date in a truck!

We just made small talk as I wondered where Doug was planning to take me. He didn't seem to inclined to tell me right away as we wound our way through the south side of town.

When I had gotten in I had taken a seat on the passenger side as I would have with anyone. Since this was our first date, I figured he could make some of the moves first so if he wanted me to scoot over and sit next to him then he should ask. Since he didn't, I stayed where I was with about two feet between us. It wasn't a big deal one way or the other as it only took about ten minutes to get to the theater. He drive around the back of the shopping area to where the movie theater entrance was and parked.

"I hope you don't mind seeing a movie," he said, turning towards me after he had turned off the engine.

I just nodded and smiled, not sure what to say at this moment. Personally, we could have skipped the movie and stayed in his truck and made out all night.

God he was gorgeous! The weather was mild so he had on a pair of jeans with a faded blue flannel shirt and no jacket. For a moment I thought of my old boyfriend

Steve and then quickly put those thoughts away. Doug was so much older and he was built!

"Well, it starts in a few minutes so I guess we'd better get going," he said, breaking the silence between us. We both got out and walked to the entrance but I noticed he didn't try to take my hand or put his arm around me. Hmm, maybe he wasn't quite as forward as some of the girls claimed he was.

Doug paid for the tickets and then we went to the snack bar for some popcorn and a drink which we took with us to the theater. He led me to some seats which were in the center but towards the top of the stadium seating area. There weren't a lot of people in the theater yet and nobody behind us. Although we weren't in a crowded area, it wasn't exactly in the most private seats in the house either.

I tried to remember if this was one of the theater rooms Steve and I had fooled around in. Odds were it was as we had been her more times than I could remember. Steve liked to bring me to this particular theater as it featured arm rests that lifted up and out of the way which made life much easier when it came to being naughty during the movie. I couldn't begin to count the number of hand jobs and blow jobs I had given Steve here not to mention he even fucked me a couple of times when the theater was pretty empty.

Again I pushed out the memories of Steve and concentrated on Doug. For the time being, I may as well be dating my dad for all the attention he was giving me. We both sat in our respective seats, hands in our laps while we shared the popcorn. It was almost quaint and had I been seeing a movie with my parents, I would have been perfectly satisfied. Only problem was, I wasn't out with my parents, I was dating Doug! What's the point of bringing your date to a theater like this one and then just sit there? I knew he wasn't shy, at least nobody who ever dated him claimed he was. If anything, he was known more for going for a feel from the moment you got in the car with him!

Finally, about fifteen minutes or so into the movie, Doug shifted around in his seat and in the process his arm reached over and behind me. I felt his hand on my shoulder, just resting on it without applying any pressure. I waited in silence as thoughts of what he might do next raced through my head. God, my pussy was feeling so hot I wanted to reach between my legs and rub it but I didn't think we were quite to THAT stage yet!

Then Doug finally did what I had been waiting all night for, he reached down and started to trace little circles on the upper portion of my sweater. He didn't quite make it down to my boobs but he was getting closer. Not wanting him to get the wrong message and think I wasn't OK with it, I twisted a little in my seat so I was actually turned away from him slightly and then leaned back against him. I made sort of a show out of being uncomfortable against the arm rest and he instantly took the hint and raised it up and out of the way, letting me lean back against him. This allowed him easier access to me and he didn't hesitate to take advantage of it immediately. Oh well, I guess he just needed to get started because it was like he went from doing nothing to being quite forward, not that I minded of course.

His hand moved closer to my boobs until it was reaching the upper portion of my bosom consistently. As for me, I rested my hand on his leg and held on lightly to his upper thigh. God he felt so firm and strong! Knowing Doug would undoubtedly be telling all his buddies about our date, I decided I had better take a little initiative myself if I didn't want to be known as a girl who "just sat there". I put my free hand over his and then gently moved them both down to my breasts, planting his hand directly over my right boob and pressing down on it to indicate what I wanted from him. At least he could take a hint as my efforts were rewarded by a firm squeeze as his hand cupped my breast and began to massage it through my thin sweater.

For maybe half the movie, Doug just groped and fondled me. My sweater buttoned down the front and it didn't take long for most of them to be undone. Without a bra underneath, he had easy access to my boobs and I loved the way his large hand would cover one and cup it while his fingers would pinch and pull at my nipples. God, if only his mouth was on them - then I would be in heaven!

Meanwhile, as Doug played with my boobs I was running my hand along Doug's leg and playfully toying with his crotch a little. I never made any effort to go any further as it would have required me to be double-jointed in the position I was in at the time. Even so, he was plenty aroused and from what I could feel through his jeans, he was quite a bit bigger than Steve when it came to the cock department and Steve hadn't exactly been a miniature!

Eventually I knew it was up to me to make the next move since it would require me changing my position to do anything more. As I also knew that if I should move it would be a clear signal to Doug of my intentions so I thought it through carefully. Well, maybe not TOO carefully as I wouldn't have been surprised if my crotch didn't look like I'd peed in my jeans as hot and wet as my pussy was feeling.

I leaned forward and twisted in the opposite direction so now I was facing towards him. With the armrest out of the way, I had pretty easy access to him and I

was a different story. I didn't suck him, though, and I've never touched him since then. I doubt I'll ever forget it though - not one of those things that's easy to put out of your mind!

Steve was my second cock and not only did I touch and blow him, but his was the first cock to make it into my pussy - also known as losing my virginity in case you didn't figure that one out. Over the course of the next seven to eight months, I wouldn't even try guess how many times I held his incredible cock in my hand! There was ONE time when I did his younger brother Jim, but that was more to tease him than anything else so I don't really count it as one of "my" cocks but technically I have to include him. Thus Doug was now my fourth cock, or my second ignoring my dad's and Jim's.

Finally my curiosity got the better of me. I HAD to know how he tasted, how his cock felt in my mouth compared to Steve. It may not be fair to compare two guys but I couldn't help it. I knew Steve's cock intimately, every spot where he liked it licked, how he liked it sucked, and when he preferred to fuck me instead of having me blow him. With Doug, it was all new territory and I found it to be a bit exciting as well.

I took a quick look around and saw nobody was paying us the slightest bit of attention. Inching back against the armrest behind me for support, I lowered my head to his lap until my outstretched tongue barely touched the tip of his dick. At first I just flicked my tongue on him, barely touching him yet letting him know I was around - as if he didn't already know! He obviously liked it and wanted more as I felt his hand on the top of my head and then pressure as he pushed my head down further down into his lap. The strong male musky odor of his crotch filled my nostrils as my mouth descend on his shaft, taking more of him into my mouth.

"Ohhhhhh," he moaned softly as my lips met the base of his shaft and held him there for a few moments. As I lifted my head off of his dick my lips caressed him while my tongue ran all over his nice hard shaft. I loved the way he felt in my mouth, the taste of his dick. God I missed sucking cock!

As I went to work on him, I tried to recall all the things that Steve use to like me to do to him. He seemed to love it in my mouth more than just licking the outside of it so I tried to keep Doug's dick in my mouth as much as possible. My hand held his large hairy balls and I gently rolled them in my hands, mindful of my mom's advice to never get too rough with them. Doug kept his hand on my hand, gently pressing down all the while, as if emphasizing his desire for me to keep him in my mouth.

My mom had taught me a few tricks back when I was sucking Steve to keep him from cumming too fast but I wasn't interested in trying any of those with Doug, at least not this time. If anything, I was anxious for him to cum as soon as possible. It had been far too long since I felt a stiff dick shooting its gooey sperm into my mouth. How many nights had I masturbated dreaming of this moment, wishing I had a nice hard dick again all to myself?

Doug was getting close from all the signs. He was wiggling under me little boy squirming during a sermon in church. I could hear him breathing heavier and his cock had swelled up and become like a steel pipe it was so hard. God, I could only imagine how it would feel if he was fucking me with it!

"Oh god," he whispered as his hips lifted up, ramming his dick into my mouth as if he was trying to push it down my throat. Sure enough, a few more strokes with my mouth and he started to cum, spurting a monstrous load of sperm into my mouth. I kept my lips sealed around the shaft, trying my best to keep every drop in my mouth and not waste any of it. Damn the boy had a load! He must have shot a half dozen or more good sized shots of cum followed by a number of smaller ones until he collapsed in the chair.

Dropping his spent dick from my mouth, I quickly sat up next to him and opened my mouth to so he could see his cum in my mouth, something I knew turned on Steve something fierce. I could feel it pooling on my tongue and I almost gagged as some it started to drain down my throat. Then I closed my mouth with a big grin and swallowed it down. It took a couple of gulps but I got it all down after which I showed him my open mouth, just like a little girl showing mom her that she had swallowed all her medicine, The difference was, in this case I WANTED to swallow it all down!

For most of the remainder of the movie I just leaned against his shoulder and held his nice cock in my hand. He softened just a little at after he came first but quickly rose back up again as my hand went to work on it. Meanwhile, he was back to groping my boobs, not that I minded one bit! As the movie came to a close we each got our own clothes in order, putting ourselves back together again to be "presentable" before the lights came back on.

As I sat there with the movie about to end, I could still taste his cum in my mouth, even after drinking what was left of my Diet Coke. It was interesting to compare his cum with Steve's, or at least as best I could remember his. Doug seemed to taste a bit different than Steve but it was essentially the same gooey mess when you came down to it. At least I had managed to keep it in my mouth and didn't let him spray it in my hair or face which would have been a challenge to clean up. It wouldn't be the first time I had to go to the girl's room after a movie and seen the stares from the other girls and women who knew exactly what I was cleaning off my face.

The lights finally came on and everybody got up to leave. I looked around to see if anyone had noticed but evidently not as nobody gave me that "look" I got back when Steve and I hadn't been as discreet as perhaps we should have been. Now Doug had his arm around me and I felt more like his date leaving the theater than I had when we entered. I guess there's just something about sucking a guy's cock that brings you closer together!

Back in the parking lot, this time Doug opened the truck door on the driver side for me. I slid in first and he got in after me. I snuggled up close to him as he put his arm around me. Then to my surprise he reached down and kissed me gently! It was so sweet of him to finally kiss me that I had to fight back the tears. Something about it made me feel a little less like some whore he had picked up just for a BJ and more like his date.

"Damn, where in the world did you learn to suck cock like that?" he said softly. Well, so much for being subtle.

I just smiled back at him. He didn't need to know about my limited experience. As I mentioned earlier, it wasn't like I had had THAT many cocks and of the four I'd gotten familiar with, one of them I didn't suck at all and two only once - including Doug's. Even if he knew about Steve, which he probably did, I wasn't about to tell him about the nights I spent in bed with my mom while she demonstrated her favorite BJ techniques for me using her dildo collection. While practice makes perfect and nothing beats some private tutoring.

Doug hadn't started the truck yet so I reached down and put my hand back on his crotch. He was still pretty hard and I smiled as I felt the bulge under my hand.

"You want me to do it again?" I whispered to him in as sexy a voice as I could muster.

"So you really DO like sucking cock, don't you?" Doug asked, stroking my head with his fingertips.

"Why do you say that?" I replied seductively, "What did you think I liked?"

Doug laughed as he undid his belt quickly and slid his pants and underwear down to his ankles. He wasn't waiting any time this time around, that's for sure.

"Why do I say that?" he repeated back to me, "The word around school is you can suck dick all night but I figured it was just somebody trying to brag."

He paused for a second and then a nasty smile appeared as he said, "If you ask me, I think you're a sexy little cum slut. C'mon... admit it. you are, aren't you?"

I just grinned at him as I took his shaft in my hand and stretched out on the bench seat on my stomach as I fondled his stiff cock. I didn't bother answering him but gave him my reply by taking his dick back in my mouth and took his entire shaft in with one smooth motion.

"Oh yeah, you are," Doug chuckled as I sucked his cock, "You're just a horny little cum slut."

Actually, nobody had ever called me THAT before but it didn't seem too bad. After all, I DID love cum and being called a slut by a boy was sort of a compliment given the way I liked to look at it. Now if a girl had called me that, I probably would have slapped her but coming from Doug, it was term I didn't mind at all.

Being on my stomach, Doug wasn't able to get much access to me so he took his hand and started to play with my ass through my jeans. He tried to work his fingers inside the jeans but they were much too tight to allow for any of that. It was a good thing I had worn them as if I was wearing the skirt I'd planned originally I could only imagine where his hands would be now!

Actually I COULD imagine and my pussy was tingling at the thought of something inside of it - something like his finger or even better, his hard dick that was filling my mouth about now. As I sucked his cock my mind raced as I debated what I should do. I was sure that if I was to roll over and pull down my jeans, Doug would be on top of me in a heartbeat, fucking me as quickly as possible. As much as I actually DID want that, the words of my father kept ringing in my ears.

Sucking Doug's cock was one thing. Really, I never have understood why people make such a big deal over me sucking a boy's dick. It's not like we're having sex or anything. When you come right down to it, what's the difference between sucking his finger and sucking his dick (other than I hope he enjoys his dick sucked a LOT more)? Besides, a lot of girls I know suck cock but don't fuck so it isn't like it makes you a whore or anything. In my opinion, if a girl expects a guy to pay for a movie, meal and whatever, then it's only fair that she give him a BJ in return if he wants one.

Now when it comes to letting a guy fuck me... well, THAT is something different entirely. True, it's "just sex" but I don't want to get to where the only reason guys take me out is to fuck me. I didn't feel any moral reason for not letting Doug do me, but I did feel it would not be in my best interest to do so under the circumstances. Maybe next time. If I waited until our second date then at least then nobody could say I was the kind of girl who put out on the first date!

A couple of times I could have sworn I heard people walking by the truck but as high up as we were they would have needed a ladder to see what I was doing to Doug. In any case, he didn't seem concerned so I just ignored them and kept his dick in my mouth. It was a lot easier sucking him the truck than it had been in the theater and I found myself enjoying it even more than our first time. He was right about one thing, I COULD have laid here like this and sucked him all night!

Whether it was the public location or my skills, or a combination of the two, Doug wasn't able to hold out for very long before he was cumming in my mouth once again and once again I savored the fruits of my labor as he shot another load of sperm into my mouth. This time instead of swallowing it I spit it back out over his cock so it covered it like chocolate poured over an ice cream Sunday. Once it dripped down the shaft, I put it in my mouth and used my lips to gather it back off again. Mmmmmmm, he was delicious!

I sat up, swallowed his cum and then looked at him with a chipper smile on my face. Doug may have just cum but he was still horny as hell if that look on his face told me anything at all. He twisted in the seat towards me, his jeans still down to his ankles, and smiled at me as his hand worked its way between my legs that I was holding together.

"Doug," I said in a soft but firm voice, "I've blown you twice tonight already, isn't that enough for a first date?"

I could see from the look in his eyes that the answer was a definite "NO" and he pushed his hand in against my crotch and started to press his fingers against me. This time I took his hand in mine and pulled it away but he was much stronger than me and insisted on keeping his hand between my legs.

"C'mon Kelly, you know you want my dick," he panted in my ear.

Well, he WAS right about that. Funny thing was, as badly as I craved his cock, and that's putting it mildly, there was something about holding it back from him that turned me on too. I could have easily just opened my legs and I'm sure he would have done everything for me - stripping me down, pushing me on my back, and climbing on top of me and fucking me. Yet that would have been a copout for me, taking the easy road. As bad as I wanted his dick, I could see from the almost animal lust in his eyes that he wanted me even more. At that moment I knew how a mouse felt when it was cornered by a hungry cat. It's no longer a mouse, it was lunch and right now I wasn't Kelly, I was a walking pussy to be fucked.

"NO!" I said firmly, surprising even myself with the forcefulness of my voice. Evidently, Doug had watched too many porn movies where "No?" meant "Try harder and I'll give in eventually" so he started to push me onto my back and I knew I had to do something quickly. I still had his dick in my hand so I squeezed it hard, not enough (hopefully) to hurt him but enough to get his attention.

"OWWWW!" he cried out, sitting back and pulling my hand from his dick, "What the hell was THAT all about anyway??

"I said no, didn't you hear me?" I said, folding my arms in front of me.

"Well from I've heard you never say no, or at least you don't mean it when you do," he accused me.

"Well then you heard wrong," I said defiantly. It felt good somehow, empowering I guess, to be able to stand up to him. Even though I would've loved for him to fuck me, it was almost as much a turn-on controlling him this way.

"I knew it, you're just another fucking little cock tease," he threw at me, starting to reach down for his jeans.

I reached for his dick, which was surprisingly hard for the abuse I had just given it. He started to push me away but I held onto him anyway.

"Maybe next time you can fuck me," I teased him although it was closer to the truth than I bet he suspected. "For now, let me make it up to you."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, how about I suck your dick again while you drive me home?"

Doug laughed hard now, forgetting about his earlier anger at me.

"Shit, you really DO love sucking dick, don't you?"

"Well, didn't I say I did?" I replied innocently, no differently than if he had accused me of liking chocolate ice cream.

"Then what are you waiting for?" he teased as he started the truck up.

To be perfectly honest I hadn't really expected him to do it when I burst out with my offer. I hadn't really thought it through but I figured he would just let me do him again in the parking lot. After that, I figured even a seventeen year old boy would need a little time to recuperate after cumming twice in the past thirty minutes.

It was only two minutes back to my house but I didn't let his dick slip from my mouth once the entire trip. There were a few bumps and turns where I had to be careful not to bite him but otherwise it was actually a rather uneventful trip. He hadn't cum yet when he pulled into my driveway and when he stopped I started to pull my head up so I could get out. Doug wasn't having any of THAT though and he put his hands on my head and forced it back down onto his dick again.

"Finish me off," he ordered, "You're not getting away with sucking me this far and then getting out and leave me this way!"

Actually, I was the one who would be getting out with the feeling of emptiness as I had wanted badly to be fucked tonight but all I got was a lot of cock sucking to show for my efforts. For a moment I was tempted to say the hell with it and let him fuck me right in the driveway but then I thought better of it and just finished him off. His third load was significantly less than the previous two but I enjoyed it all the same, as I was sure he did. I sat up and swallowed it down once again as he pulled his jeans up.

"G'nite Doug," I whispered to him softly, the taste of his cum fresh in my mouth. I waited, expecting a kiss at least to close out the night but he kept his distance until I think he finally realized what I was waiting for.

"Sorry babe, but I can't kiss you with your mouth tasting like my cum."

What a jerk! Here he expected me to take three full loads of his cum AND swallow it down and now he wouldn't kiss me just because there a little residual cum left in my mouth? I just frowned and with a bit of a huff started to get out of the truck.

"Good night Kelly," he called after me, "Next time, though, you know what I expect!"

It was at that very moment I knew there wasn't going to be a next time. There was something about the way he said it that brought back to my mind the way my mom had explained the difference between a slut and a whore. Doug wasn't just HOPING to fuck me next time, he EXPECTED it. So basically he'd told me he thought I was a whore and so naturally I felt offended. Even if he dad said something more like he HOPED to nail me them that would have been OK but I definitely didn't like the way he seemed to assume he was in control of me. Even as horny as I felt I was glad I hadn't let him fuck me. What a dork!

Somehow I didn't say anything else and just waved goodbye before going to my house and walking in through the lower garage entrance. It led to the basement where our family room was located and sure enough my mom and dad were in their usual positions, laid back in the their LazyBoys watching the TV.

"Hey honey, how'd it go?" my mom called out being the first to see me.

I sat down on the couch next to her chair and told her all about my date. My dad was listening in as well although he didn't say a word the entire time until I was finished.

"Well just so you know... we're proud of you," my dad said, smiling at me. "I have to say, I'm also pretty proud you took my advice!"

I slowly got up, leaned over and kissed him briefly on the mouth. It wasn't until I was back in my couch that I realized my mouth must still taste like Doug's cum but if my dad noticed anything, he didn't say a word. Hopefully he hadn't noticed.

"Well, I'm going to bed," I announced stretching my arms out.

"Yeah right," my dad chuckled, "Just like you went to bed this afternoon, right?"

"Mom!" I exclaimed, turning to her for some help with my outrageous father.

"Hey girl, don't look to me for help. After all, YOU'RE the one that can't keep her hands off her pussy," my mom replied, surprisingly coming to my dad's defense for once.

I just rolled my eyes melodramatically and huffed in frustration. There wasn't much I could do when they both ganged up on me like this so I headed upstairs to my bedroom. My dad WAS right though, I wouldn't be falling asleep any time soon. Mmmmmmm, my pussy and I had another date planned for tonight – with each other!

Personally I don't think guys have a clue as to how totally embarrassing it is to be forced to undress in the locker room or even at a sleepover and have to hide the fact that you've got the smallest boobs in the room. Yeah, I know some girls try the tissue thing but everyone knows they're doing it and that just makes it all the more humiliating. As for me, I resorted to deception and misdirection. The way that works is first you have to avoid tight tops so you don't draw attention to the little bumps on your chest where real breasts should be. That's the deception part - staying away from anything that drew attention to my boobs, or should I say lack of them.

For misdirection I relied on the only part of my anatomy I was proud of - my butt. My dad started telling me before I hit double digits that I had the cutest bottom of all my friends. Needless to say I loved to show it off to him, fishing for all the compliments I could get. Oh sure, he's my dad and dads are SUPPOSE to say those sort of things about their daughters but what girl doesn't crave a compliments regardless of who they come from? So my wardrobe entering high school consisted primarily of short shorts, bikini bottoms, tights, painted on jeans, basically anything that drew attention to my behind and away from anything higher up.

For example I found that walking around the city pool in a loose T-shirt was fine so long as it was short and let me show off my ass clad in nothing more than a skimpy bikini bottom. I mean most girls never actually goes IN the pool anyway so it worked most of the time at least. The only time my scheme failed was when some jerk immature boy splashed water on me and got the T-shirt soaking wet. Let's just say that wet T-shirt contest are for girls WITH boobs, not for those of us still wishing for them and leave it at that.

Not only were my boobs failing to keep up with my hormones, it didn't help that when I looked in the mirror it seemed to me like I was staring at a little 6th grader. Much to my never ending chagrin, it's like anyone who doesn't know me always thinks I'm at least two or three grades younger than I actually am. I've learned that this means either the desirable boys think you're still just a kid and keep clear or they're future pedophiles who are already getting off by hitting on younger girls in hopes of being their "first". It's like they just want another notch in their belts so that wasn't for me.

No... I badly wanted a boy to ask me out but not just so he could run to his friends and brag about his latest conquest and never date me again. True, Steve didn't waste any time bragging to his friends about him being my first but at least he stayed true to me afterwards. If anything I enjoyed my new notoriety, especially the way the “popular” girls were jealous that one of the hottest guys in school was doing me and not them!

Another of my best friends was Sharon who was about the same age as me. She had two brothers - one older and the other younger. Jim, her younger brother, was just a snotty brat. On the other hand her older brother Steve was two years older than us and the dream date of every girl in school. I remember going to Sharon’s house and practically stuttering when Steve would enter the room. Unfortunately he hardly even glanced at me and when he did, I could tell from the way he quickly looked away that he wasn't interested in someone as young as me, or at least not a girl with such small boobs. No, his rep was going for the “popular” big boob girls, cheerleaders and the whores - all group of which I most definitely was NOT a member.

Then a miracle happened. Sharon invited me and a bunch of her friends to a weekend campout at a sportsman club where parents had a membership. It was located alongside a small lake, nothing fancy. Her jerk of a father had dumped her mom a couple years back in favor of some twenty year-old bimbo blonde secretary at work so the only guys with us were Jim and Steve and neither of them was along by choice - a point which they reiterated many times over. For Jim it was just lack of maturity but for Steve it was a result of being TOO mature - at least from his perspective. It was like being seen hanging around with a bunch of soon-to0-be freshman girls was going to somehow damage his reputation.

Of course none of us were interested in Jim who was a little pervert. He kept trying to spy on us all weekend so we the thing he hated the most - we ignored him. No... ALL of us were competing for Steve’s attention! During the entire weekend we pretty much wore nothing but bikinis of which most were quite revealing. Alas, not even Beth, whose boobs were the largest of any of us and practically spilled out of her top several times, could get Steve’s attention, at least not for long. You can imagine how I felt wearing a T-shirt half the time so my tiny boobs wouldn't look even smaller standing next to girls like Beth who may as well gone topless for all their bikini tops covered.

With Steve barely even acknowledging our existence the entire weekend you can imagine my surprise when a week or so later he called me out of the blue to ask me out for a date. I mean like I was stunned!

Of course I said yes. Finally, this was my chance to break from the herd!

apparently was giving the best BJs in school you could have pushed me over with a feather!

Once I was able to close my mouth again after that jaw-dropping revelation, I asked her where she'd heard THAT. Apparently Steve had bragged to his friends about what he got me to do to him the previous night and that was all it took to spread the news like fleas on a dog. Fortunately for my reputation he ALSO told them that I'd done a great job for my first time so at least I didn't have to face the embarrassment and ridicule of being cast as a loser like I've seen happen to some girls who really didn't enjoy it as much as I had. I have to say that rather than being upset at Steve's total lack of discretion, I was quite proud that he thought I'd done so well that he'd bragged about me to his friends, especially considering how many other girls he had to compare me against.

As you might imagine, almost immediately my life changed - permanently. It wasn't even lunch period before guys who wouldn't give me the time of day before were now practically begging me for a date. Of course I knew why the change in hearts was taking place but hey, I wasn't complaining. I was suddenly popular!

Unfortunately for all the late comers (no pun intended) I was so infatuated with Steve and grateful for the wonderful opportunity he'd given me that I turned down every offer. I wanted Steve to keep asking me out and I wasn't about to endanger that possibility by abusing my newfound popularity.

While not as drastic as when I first blew him, things REALLY picked up not long after when Steve fucked me for the first time and my new "non-virginal" status was broadcast throughout the school rumor mill. Suddenly it was like I was finally one of the "popular" girls. It made me wonder if I'd been missing something all these years. Were they popular because they were so good looking and rich or was it they just put out? Judging by my new status I started to suspect it was more the latter than anything else. Apparently I'd been too naïve to figure it out earlier on my own.

It didn't many refusals for the boys to figure out that I was Steve's and his alone. Then things got REALLY interesting. At first I think everyone thought I was easy and ready to put out for anyone just because I did it for one guy. When they learned that it was more a case of me being in love with Steve and he was the only one I would allow to do me, it was like the pack turned on me. Now I was a cockteaser, even a whore if you believed some of the nastier notes that magically appeared in my locker. The cockteaser label stung but being called a whore REALLY hurt. The ironic thing was here I was only having sex with one guy yet some of the same girls now calling me a whore were on their backs every night with someone new.

Personally I thought it was more than just a little unfair. It wasn’t like I was putting out for everyone and then suddenly stopped. Just because I wouldn't let anyone else fuck me shouldn’t be grounds for anyone to be mad at me. As I said, the most frustrating part was that so far as the rest of the male population at school was concerned nothing had really changed. The only thing different now was I was having sex most every day with Steve! It wasn’t my fault he told everyone about it.

Eventually everything calmed down and my life has pretty much returned to normal – normal that is except for now I was getting laid just about every day after school by Steve. I was totally in love with Steve and while he never actually said it to my face, I knew he loved me as well. I mean like why else would a guy like him go exclusive with me when so many other opportunities were there for him to choose from if he wanted them?

The more I dated Steve and continued to have sex with him, the more I knew he was “the one”. I’d it all planned out for years with just one missing element – the guy... our dating, the eventual engagement and finally our wedding. Of course it wouldn't all happen right away – I was just fourteen after all! Still, in my heart I knew that someday I was going to marry Steve and have his children.

## 3. Changing Strategy After Steve Leaves

Yep, life really is unfair.

Just when I thought my life was perfect a bombshell dropped. Talk about being blindsided! One night after Steve and I had finished having sex we were laying in my bed when Steve casually mentioned to me that his mother’s job was being transferred to southern California and that they would all be leaving in a just a couple of weeks. At first I thought he was joking as he was so nonchalant about it. I mean like how could he love me so much as he had just done and then act like it was no big deal to move 3,000 miles away from me? OK, to be fair he’d never actually SAID he loved me but after the way he’d just fucked me I knew he did.

Well, he was serious. As I lay naked next to him I pulled myself in tightly to him so I could feel his strong nude body against mine as if somehow I could bond myself to him permanently if I only pressed hard enough. I truly felt like my entire life was collapsing. All more dreams, all my hopes just suddenly imploded. There would be no engagement, no wedding, no children... nothing!

Once the initial shock passed we spoke about staying in touch after he left but I couldn't help but wonder how it would work with us being thousands of miles apart. After he left my dad came in to check on me as he always does when I bring Steve home. He must have been surprised that I was so distressed that it didn't matter to me that I was still naked and draining Steve's cum. Any such thoughts never crossed my mind as I just hugged him and cried into his chest as my loving father caressed me all over trying to soothe my despair.

For the two weeks we had left I was determined to ensure that Steve would never forget me. It was a pretty simple strategy in that mostly I just tried have sex with him as often as possible. Wow, we must have fucked at least twice a day, even more on weekends. Through it all I took what little consolation I could knowing that after two weeks of the most intense sex that there was no way he wouldn't remember who he was leaving behind.

I'll never forget the last time Steve fucked me the night before they left. As usual when we wanted to be comfortable we did it in my bedroom. Of course Steve's mom knew we were doing it but it's not like she rolled out the red carpet. Then there was always his brother and sister to deal with his brother just acting like a perv and Sharon all jealous because I was getting fucked by her brother and she wasn't. At least my parents had the discretion and good taste to leave us alone when I would lead Steve up the stairs by the hand and wink at them as they sat in the living room and smiled at me.

If there was any doubt in my mind as to how much Steve loved me it was dispelled that night. OMG, he came THREE times - twice in my pussy and then the last time in my mouth. I would've loved to have had all three inside of me but I figured if he was going to be good for three times then he deserved a little self-satisfaction. The best part was that as soon as he finished shooting he pushed it back in me again and we just laid there for the longest times, joined together for what might be the last time. His was the only dick that had ever been in me or even in my mouth! I couldn't even imagine someone else's taking his place after the dozens (hundreds?) of times he'd put it in me. All these thoughts went through my mind as he held me tight against him with his dick imbedded in my pussy. God, it was like I never wanted him to pull out of me!

With the encouragement of both of my parents I finally started dating again but this time I followed a new strategy. I'd just turned fifteen and it dawned on me that I'd wasted a good portion of my freshman year of high school on a guy who was no longer even calling me, let alone fucking me and marrying me someday. Why limit myself to one guy if the risks were that high?

For almost eight months from the time I gave my virginity to Steve I'd never even touched another dick. For that matter if it hadn't been for seeing my dad naked with me in the hot tub I wouldn't have even SEEN one. My mom kept telling me that these would be the days I looked back on as being the best of my life so why not enjoy them as best as I could?

At first memories of being called a slut and a whore held me back but then I started to think that what was the problem with being a slut? Becoming a whore was unthinkable but being a slut sounded like fun. Besides, it wasn't like I didn't already have a bit of a rep, even if it was for being with just one guy, so why not earn it and reap the benefits?

## 4. How to be Popular in High School

It's only been a few months since I decided to become the class slut but I'm already reaping the benefits. Unlike most of my friends I didn't have a “real” job but then again I didn't really need one. My parents made me babysit a little just to have some pocket money but otherwise guys now but me most everything I needed. If nothing else there's always my dad who never could resist a little flirting without handing over some cash. The cool thing is I never pay for a meal or a movie unless I am out with my friends – hence the need for the pocket money. Overall it's like everything is free – at least for me.

I learned VETY quickly that the key to being popular as a slut is to know what lines to set and what boundaries to honor. It's s slippery slope to going from being a slut to a whore and I'm always conscious of that line. There are a few girls in my school who definitely fit the whore category. Even if they weren't taking money they still qualify as they would do about anything a guy asked without any morals or ethics. It's one thing to dress a little naughty and tease the boys in school, hinting at what they might get to see but never did. It's quite another to all but strip and do whatever it takes to get laid without caring what people thought of you or who saw you. Whores aren't popular, they are just used by guys to get what they want. Sluts use their bodies to get what THEY want, not what the guy wants. OK, so my mom gave me that line but it still holds true.

As part of my slut strategy in high school I'm not giving EVERY guy a blowjob just for taking me out although I would say the number who haven't gotten one is quite small. Usually there were some mitigating circumstances rather than me just saying no to sucking dick. Besides, blowjobs are quick and easy and didn't require much to get results, especially when you're talking about horny teenage boys! I usually don't even have to undress.

Sex, on the other hand, is entirely different for me. I may already have a rep for being a slut but nobody can accuse me of being a whore. So far I've already suck quite a few and am already having a hard time keeping track of them. On the other hand I know exactly how many guys have fucked me so far – their names and when and how it happened. Sex I reserved for real boyfriends – guys who actually wanted to go out with me for more than just get my mouth on their dick.

The funny thing I've learned already is that to be popular in high school doesn't mean getting laid the most. My mom, of course, had predicted as much but like most teenagers I had to learn it for myself. While being a serial cocksucker DOES get attention from the boys, being known as a skank or a whore actually turns off many of them. For some reason they don't seem to care how many cocks were in my mouth ahead of theirs but when it comes to my pussy, THEN it matters. Go figure.

So bottom line, if a girl really wants to be popular in high school then EVERY girl has the means available – right between her legs. There's really no excuse for ANY girl not being popular so long as she is willing to do what it takes. Even then it's not like she's being asked to sacrifice anything. I get so fed up with girls whining about not getting a date but then complaining that all boys want is sex. Well duh! Of course they do so why not use that to your advantage?

## 5. The Dangers of Being Popular

In the interest of full disclosure, being popular by being the class slut isn't always fun and games. In fact, sometimes it can become quite a chore and hard work. The situation is like you're sitting on the tip of a needle where one false move and you're plummeting down from the top.

Take for instance the need to put out on dates. Once you have the rep guys EXPECT it and they demand it. Really though, can anyone blame them? Face it, it's probably 99% of the reason they asked me out in the first place. All the other crap – the meal, maybe a movie, or who knows what else is all done with one thought in his mind – what's the minimum he has to do to get me to suck his dick? The sooner he gets THAT the better so far as he's concerned. I could probably just suck his dick in the driveway when he picks em up and he'd be happy. Thus the key from my perspective is to ensure that I get something out of it as well.

The funny part of all this is that if guys had any sense at all they would realize that I WANT sex just as badly as they want it! It's not like giving a BJ is some sort of chore or penance I have to perform to get a night out. OMG, some of the horrible movies and bad conversations I've had to suffer through when in all fairness if he'd just pulled over I would've sucked his dick right then and there and we could've called it a night.

The last thing I want is to get the reputation a number of girls like me have branded on their foreheads – cockteaser. That was like kryptonite when it came to getting boys to ask you out. Personally I have zero respect for the little bitches and they have everything coming to them that they deserve. I mean it's just not fair to lead a guy on and then snatch the ball away like Lucy with a football.

I like to think that most boys know my boundaries and limits and respect them, even if they don't necessarily like them. Oh sure as guys they always want to push the envelope a little. They kiss me and then they think they can feel up my boobs. If I were to let them under my blouse then they Would want in MY pants... and so forth. Sometimes it's a fun game to play but mostly I just wish they would respect me as person.

Perhaps the biggest potential danger is dealing with your friends. After Steve it was like I went from being just one of the crowd to being the headliner act and not all my friends are as open-minded as others.

It isn't just my friends but their parents that sometimes create a scene. As I mentioned earlier, my wardrobe pretty much consists of short skirts, tight jeans, and revealing tops. Pretty much the only time I wear a bra is when I am wearing something so sheer I have to wear one in order to keep from being arrested. It’s not like I have one set of clothes for school and dating and another for when I go to a friend’s home.

In general it isn't the father that said anything – as you might imagine most of them are quite appreciative if anything. It’s almost always the mother, sometimes a sister, that’s the one to criticize my outfits. I pretty must just ignore any criticism except for those few that call my mom and bitch to her that I am somehow causing a problem at their house or event. My mom is GREAT – she just tells them to deal with their husbands and if they were looking at teenage girls then maybe they should be taking care of them better! Like, my mom’s was the one that buys half my clothes anyway! Some of my more risqué outfits come courtesy of my dad but most of those I can't wear in public, LOL.

## 6. A Final Word

Speaking of my parents, I wanted to take this opportunity to publically thank both of my parents for all the love and support they have given me over the years. Without their guidance and support I would never have become the person I am today.

First I want to thank my mom. How many girls can say their mother is their best friend and confidante? If my friends are any sort of statistical sample, then the answer is, “not many”. She has always been there for me in the good times and the bad. She provides the guidance of a mother yet at the same time the intimacy of a best friend. It’s like I want to tell her everything and share everything. Indeed, who was the first person to see my masturbate? Who was the first person I told after Steve took my virginity? Who buys me sexy outfits and encourages me to flirt whenever we’re out together? Who gave me tips the day before my first real date on how to please a guy with my mouth? Who else but my mom!

Then there’s my father. Whereas my mom is my “friend”, dad is my “cheerleader”. He’s the one to build my ego when I’m feeling down. He’s the one that tells me I’m cute and sexy when I look in the mirror and hate what I see. Mom buys me sexy outfits but they are still suitable for public consumption. My dad, on the

so, that any time after that when I had the opportunity to get another mouthful - I took it, literally.

As I mentioned before, I worked hard to earn a good reputation so far as putting out, but I don't mind if the boys at school know who gives the best blowjob. Since most of the girls I know are doing it to their boyfriends as well, I don't see it as any big deal. Sometimes walking the halls in school some guy will make some lewd remark to me that he has 'something big? for me which I typically just ignored. I learned quickly that the best response was to just look at him and suck on my finger briefly. While it may drive him nuts at the time, it wasn't unusual for me to find out later what he had for me!

Fortunately for a girl like me, one who LOVES sucking dick, so far I haven't found a guy yet that doesn't dream of a girl sucking his cock and I learned early on that they will do damn near anything to get me to do it. Ironically, they don't realize that I would do it anyway but I figure why not take advantage of the situation?

It's hard to keep track of how many cocks I have sucked or just jerked off with my hand since that first one but I do know that I have enjoyed each and every one. What keeps it interesting is that each one is unique with varying sizes, thickness, curvatures, color, and even different smell and taste. Some boys get so hard that they are like a piece of wood while others get large but still remain a bit flexible. While I know some girls are turned off by it, I love the odor of a boy's crotch, the stronger the musky smell the better so far as I am concerned.

Thick pubic hair is a turn-on for me as well. When I reach inside of a boy's pants I love to run my fingers through it and then smell him later on my fingers. With his cock in my mouth, I can feel his hairy crotch against my face and I love rubbing my nose in it. Then there is the best part of all - his cum. Some guys can fill my mouth to the point where it drips down my chin while others barely produce a teaspoonful. Some is thick and creamy while others are more clear and dilute. The taste is what really varies and makes every blowjob something to look forward to. Even the same guy will taste differently from one day to another. I guess it must have something to do with what they eat although I don't know why that would matter. All in all you could say I've become something of a cock connoisseur. Fortunately there always seems to be another boy ready and willing to help me in my quest for the new and different cock.

## 2. Getting to Know Bill

At sixteen, Bill was a year older than me and while we had not yet dated, he'd been trying to get in my pants since I was twelve. Then this summer, at my dad's company picnic, I flirted a bit with him which seemed to embolden him more. He called me later that week to ask if I was interested in seeing a movie that weekend at the local drive-in. I was intrigued as I had never been to a drive-in before. Where I lived all but this one had been closed and it never showed any recent movies but I doubted either of us cared about the movie anyway.

Since my parents didn't mind if I brought boys home, there was no real reason to go off ?parking? or such if I wanted to be alone with a guy so why endure a cheesy movie? Bill was pretty good looking and I figured it was finally time to get to know him better - in more ways than one. Besides, the idea of doing it in his car surrounded by other cars sounded like fun so I accepted his invitation.

Bill had his own car - a VW bug, which wasn't exactly the best for what I had in mind for the evening but I figured we would work things out anyway. When he picked me up I was pleased to see that he'd borrowed the family minivan for our date. It may not have been the sexiest car on the road but with the seats laid back it had almost as much room as my bed at home!

When I got in the front seat with him I noticed that the seats had already been laid down in back making it pretty obvious what he had planned for our evening! The front seats were split apart with a large console in between so we just talked about school and friends on the way there. I noticed Bill kept looking over at me every chance he could. I was wearing a tight blouse and a pair of jeans that were both a size or too smaller than what was comfortable for me. Just for him, I had decided to wear a bra and panties tonight. Usually I never bothered with them but I had a feeling Bill was going to be undressing me before the evening was over and for whatever reason, guys seemed to get turned on more by seeing me in my underwear first than just being naked under my outer clothes. Instead of perfume I had dusted my boobs and body with baby powder which made me smell and feel like a little girl - another little trick my mom had taught me when it came to teasing the boys!

## 3. At The Drive-In

We finally arrived at the drive-in and Bill parked the van in a relatively secluded spot away from the lights and families. He opened his window and hung some ancient speaker on the glass. He turned the volume down low as the movie hadn't started yet and all there were was silly advertisements for food and candy at the snack bar. I wasn't hungry, at least not for junk food, so I turned sideways in my seat and waited silently for Bill to make a move. He seemed a bit shy and for a while we just continued on with our gossip. Bill complimented me on how I looked and I thanked him and told him he was pretty nice himself.

There was an awkward silence and I saw him glance at the rear of the van. I could tell he wanted to say something but his courage wasn't quite up to it so I knew it was up to me to help him out unless I just wanted to watch a movie.

"Do you want to get in back Bill?" I asked softly.

"Ummmmm, do you want to?"

"Sure... if you turned the van around we could watch the movie from back there," I suggested.

It was sort of a compromise on my part. On the one hand I let him know it was OK for us to get together in back. On the other hand, I hadn't exactly thrown myself at him like some slut by adding in the comment about watching the movie. I figured Bill had to take some initiative somewhere along the line! He started the van and almost pulled out before he realized that he had forgotten to put the speaker back. Fortunately, he remembered before he broke his window or whatever and then he drove around in a half-circle such that the rear of the van was pointing at the screen. This time he didn't bother with the facade of the speaker and instead he looked at me questioningly.

I smiled at Bill and squeezed between the seats to get to the rear of the van. As I bent over I made sure he got a good view down my blouse. All he could see was my bra but his eyes were still fixated on my chest as I went by him. I imagined he was keeping a close eye on my ass as well as I went by. With my jeans as tight as they were it was like they were painted on.

The floor was exactly flat and a bit uncomfortable actually but then I noticed he had brought some blankets along with. Somehow I got the idea that this wasn't the first time Bill had taken a girl out in the van! Even so, it would have been a lot more comfortable in my own bed and I almost regretted not inviting him home instead of coming to the drive-in but a little adventure was always good now and then.

I looked around as Bill made his way back. Although it was nighttime, it wasn't completely dark with the various lights from the snack bar and even the moon overhead made it relatively easy to see once your eyes got adjusted. The van windows were tinted slightly and looking at the other cars it was hard to make out anyone inside so I figured it would be the same for anyone trying to see what was going on inside our van. Not that I minded, it was just I didn't want to put on a show for everyone either.

Bill seemed nervous as he asked me to help with the blankets. The thicker ones went on the floor while he kept another in reserve off to the side. It was early June and the evenings were a bit cool still so I was glad to see he had one for me to wrap myself up in, even if that wasn't his intention for it.

At first we sat back using the front seats for support. It was like sitting on the floor in our family room in front of the couch - just a little less comfortable. The movie was starting and we both pretended to be interested in it although each of us spent more time glancing over at the other than we did looking at the screen. Once again, I realized I needed to help Bill out a bit so I slid over to sit next to him. His arm had been to his side and when I got up close he lifted it up and tentatively put it up and around my shoulders.

I really wasn't in the mood to play 'shy boy? all night so I grabbed his hand and gently pulled his arm tighter around me like a scarf. It was even easier now to tell that he wasn't all that interested in the movie as he kept looking down at my boobs which were pushing out against my blouse. It wasn't like my boobs were that huge, the blouse was just a size or two smaller than it should have been and the buttons were straining against the pressure. I also caught him a few times looking down further where my jeans were so tight I was sure he could see my pussy mound between my thighs. I smiled to myself as his hand started to rub my shoulder and slowly worked its way down to my upper arm. Finally, a little more initiative on his part!

I didn't say a word and just sat there wondering what he would do next. Sometimes I like to be the aggressive one in which case I would turn and start running my hands over him but tonight I felt I was living out something from a Leave It to Beaver episode so it just seemed natural for him to be in control. If necessary I could always give him some help but as long as things moved along, I was willing to let him move at his own pace. In a way it was sort of cute as he seemed unsure what to do. He HAD to know what I did with the other guys I dated, I knew boys couldn't keep quiet about such things. I guess there was a difference between bragging to your friends about what you would do to a girl and then being in the situation to carry out your boasts.

Bill's hand continued to run up and down my arm and he ever so slowly worked from the outside to the inside of it. It seemed that he was afraid I was going to say no at some point and he didn't want to be embarrassed. Finally, the back of his hand brushed against the outside of my breast as his fingers stoked the skin on my arm. He quickly moved pulled as if it was a mistake but I knew he was just testing to see how I would react.

He must have felt somewhat emboldened when I responded by snuggling up even closer to him as his wandering hand moved up to my neck and hair, running his fingers through my hair. Mmmmmmm, I loved my hair to be played with! If there was anything a boy could do to arouse me without getting overtly sexual, it was to play with my hair. I laid my head on his shoulder as he twirled his fingers in it and pulled on it gently. I hadn't done anything special with it as I knew it would just have to be combed out later so it just hung down past my shoulders all straight without anything in it to get in the way. The backs of his fingers ran along the hairline of my neck, making me tingle and leaving me feeling hornier than ever.

God! How long was he going to take to get down to business? The first movie was about over and so far all he had done was barely touch my arm and hair. Not that I didn't like it but I was just curious what he was ultimately after. I had my own ideas but it was always fun to see what a boy would do on his own.

Finally a few minutes into the second movie he reached over and kissed me quickly before pulling away again. He must have been pleasantly surprised when I responded back by reaching up and kissing him back. This time we held the kiss longer and as our tongues met he turned towards me, "accidentally" brushing his arm against my breasts again as he reached around to hug me.

As we kissed, I turned to him as well and put my arm around his waist. His tongue reached out and played with mine and I sucked it as he explored my mouth with it. We just kissed for a while but eventually he worked up the courage to try anything else. Bill put his hand on my stomach, over my blouse. When I didn't resist he slowly moved his hand upwards, waiting for any sign I wanted him to stop but if I just made sure my kisses got even hotter so he would know that I wanted it.

Although it seemed to take forever, FINALLY he reached my boobs and began to massage them through my blouse. My bra was small and the blouse was pretty thin so my nipples were poking through the fabrics, begging for attention. His fingers touched them and I couldn't help but jump just a bit as it felt so good. He must have thought I was upset about it and he pulled his hand back. I reached down and pulled his back to my breasts, silently encouraging him to continue.

My blouse was unbuttoned down to my cleavage (if you could call it that) and his fingers began to touch my upper chest, running in circles under my neck. On the downward movement he would reach just under my blouse with his finger as if to try and touch my breasts but all he could do was graze the beginning of where my boobs were beginning to form. It felt good but I wanted more.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels soooooo good," I murmured to him, "Wouldn't it be a lot easier if you just unbuttoned my blouse?"

Bill didn't say anything but I saw him unconsciously lick his lips as one by one he fumbled with the buttons until finally they were all undone. He spread open my blouse to get an eyeful of my bra-covered breasts. It wasn't like there was a lot to see as they were still small but then boobs were boobs! Bill's hand quickly resumed its place on my boobs, moving from one to the other as he fondled them through the bra. We kept kissing the entire time as he squeezed and rubbed me.

"Help me with my blouse," I said to him softly.

I leaned forward and he awkwardly held it as I pulled my arms through the sleeves, leaving me with just my bra on top. I knew he would have loved to take the bra off as well but I turned back to him and kissed him again as I hugged him while his hand continued to explore my breasts. Now and then his hand would move down to my side and stomach, running his fingers over my soft tanned skin and then back up to my bra again.

The next time he did it I shifted my weight so that I could lift my upper leg up and pulled my foot in closer so my knee stayed up higher. This made my crotch more available to him and it took a couple more times before he worked up the courage to take advantage of the situation. This time his hand went down the side of my hips, over my jeans, and then on the way back up barely touched my crotch. I didn't resist and the next time he was more firm in his touch and finally, on the third time he left his hand there. I lifted my hips upward slightly so let him know I wanted him to touch me there and he left his hand still just at the top of my crotch.

"It's OK, you can take them off," was all I needed to say at the moment. I smiled to myself as he fumbled with the button holding them together. I wasn't wearing a belt or anything so once he got them undone, he just had to unzip them. I held the tops as he pulled down the zipper and the sound of it seemed unnaturally loud in the silence of the night. Bill tried to pull my jeans off by pushing down at the hips but they were much too tight to allow for that alone to get them off. I giggled a little and turned over onto my back as I helped him to pull them down and off.

I kicked off my sneakers when they got down to my ankles and soon I was left in nothing but my white bra and cotton panties. He was still fully dressed so it may have seemed sort of strange to him for me to be next to him wearing nothing but my underwear but it was fine with me. Personally, I would have preferred to just be naked but I thought it might be fun to tease him a bit first.

I turned back to him and draped my upper leg over his and put my arm around his waist again as we kissed and he held me close to him. His arm under me reached around his hand rubbed my back while his upper arm reached down and he was moving his had up and down my now exposed leg that was over his. He gradually got bolder and started to touch my ass through my panties. I knew he wanted to take them off but I wasn't ready for that yet, or even sure if I was going to let him get that far with me. What I WAS ready for was to investigate the large bulge between his legs that was threatening to burst through his jeans at any moment! I knew it was that way because of me and my pussy felt even warmer knowing he was turned on by me that way.

Bill's fingers were playing with the edge of my panties now, trying to work their way slowly under the elastic as if he thought if he went slowly enough I wouldn't notice. I smiled at him but at the same time I reached back and pulled his hand away from and placed it back squarely on my ass.

"Mmmmmmm, not yet," I murmured softly, letting him know he might have a chance later if he was patient. I took my arm that had wrapped around his waist until then and pulled it back, letting my hand rest directly on the center of the rising mountain in his jeans.

"Hmmmmmm, what have we here?" I asked him, even though I certainly knew the answer.

I didn't wait for a response but instead started to press on his cock and rubbing it through his jeans. He shifted his weight to reposition his growing hard-on. I could feel the shape of his cock through his jeans and I rubbed the shaft with the palm of my hand through there thick material.

"I want you to undress for me," I said softly. His hand on my ass pressed a little harder and he seemed to hesitate so I pushed him a little harder.

"Don't you want to take your clothes off for me?" I asked in my best "Little Girl" voice.

Bill looked around the van to be sure nobody was watching and quickly undid his jeans and pulled them down, leaving his jockey underwear on. Then the shirt was unbuttoned and off leaving him wearing nothing but his underpants. In the dim light I could see he kept himself in pretty good shape but the underwear had to go!

"Uh-uh, all the way silly boy," I teased him, snapping the elastic on his underwear against his stomach.

His cock was outlined clearly in the cotton material and the head of it was threatening to make an appearance on its own if he grew much more. Bill bit his lip, looked round yet again and with both hands, pulled his underwear down and off. I watched hungrily as his cock suddenly appeared, all hard and delicious looking. I reached out for it and grabbed it in my hand and just held it at first.

"Mmmmmmm, now isn't this MUCH better," I said seductively.

Bill was looking down at the sight of his cock with my hand surrounding it and he just nodded quickly. It felt so smooth and warm in my hand, hard as a stiff piece of wood yet I was able to move the skin up and down, letting me stroke him slightly without actually moving my hand on his shaft. I let go of it and ran my fingertips up and down it, letting the tips of my fingers lightly trace a path from the base of his cock to the very tip where his pee hole was and then back down again. My index finger ran circles under the lip of his head and I could hear him breathing heavier as I played with him.

"Like that Billy?" I asked him in a whispered voice, my eyes gazing into his as my hand caressed his nice cock. He just nodded but I wanted him to tell me how he was feeling. I wanted to hear him say how it felt when I touched him this way and especially what he wanted me to do to him. "Tell me what you want Billy... Tell me what you want me to do with your cock."

Bill's cheeks puffed out and he breathed out a long breath. "Oh wow," he gasped, "I can't believe you're touching it."

It was then I was sure of it. Yep, Bill had never had a girl touch his cock before! Damn, how could a guy get to be sixteen and never have his cock sucked in this day and age? Well, that put a whole new light on things and I smiled as I dreamed of what I could do to him.

"I want you to tell me what you want," I repeated once again.

I knew what I wanted to do but it made it so much hotter for me if the guy asked me first. I had no doubt Bill knew exactly what he wanted but he was too shy to ask me. I took his hard cock in my hand and surrounded the shaft lightly with my hand and fingers. My hand gently stroked his cock up and down, from the bottom of his cock where his pubic hair caressed my hand, to the very tip and then back down again. I wasn't going too fast or hard as I didn't want him to cum quite yet. I had other plans for that! First, though, I needed to get him to break the silent treatment and start talking to me.

"You know Billy, I will do anything you ask me to do... anything," I murmured, emphasizing the last word as I licked my lips for him to seem. I could practically taste his cock already and I couldn't wait to take it in my mouth and feel the hardness and warmth between my lips. Bill started to say something but then stopped and just stuttered.

"It's ok Billy, you can ask me to do anything... all you have to do is ask me."

"I want you to suck it," he said quickly, as if he wanted to say it but at the same time say it too fast for me to understand what he said. I looked up at him and smiled.

"You want me to suck your cock?" I said softly. I wasn't trying to question his suggestion per se, I just wanted him to say it again.

Another heavy breath and he sighed, "Yeah, suck it... suck my dick."

I looked up at him and grinned. "Watch me now... watch me suck your dick."

I pulled my hair back and out of the way so he could see my face as I slowly descended to his beautiful hard cock. First I just kissed the tip of it and the teased it with the tip of my tongue. The I ran my tongue around the head and under the lip of his smooth and pretty cock head. When I took the head into my mouth, I could hear his suck in his breath and groan slightly. I smiled as best I could as I thought to myself how he must be feeling to have a girl's mouth on his dick for the first time. How many times had he jerked off dreaming of someone doing exactly what I was doing now? Better yet, how many times would he jerk off in the future thinking of my mouth on his cock?

I let his cock slip from my lips and used just my tongue to play with him for a while. I licked his dick like a fleshy popsicle, up one side and the down the other. Sometime I would just run as mush of my tongue as I could put on his cock as I went along the length of it, then at other times I would tease him with just the tip of my tongue as I licked in little circles up and down his stiff shaft. Before I took him I my mouth again, I turned my head and looked up at him, our eyes meeting as I gazed down at me.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the taste of your cock Billy," I murmured to him, "Does that feel good?"

"Oh yeah," he gasped, "incredible!"

I smiled at him and turned back to his dick again. In the darkness it was hard to see it very well but I could smell the odor of his crotch, that wonderful mixture of sweat and male musk that I loved so much. I held his cock by the base so I knew where it was and dove back down on it, this time taking it as far into my mouth as was comfortable and I started stroking his cock with my mouth. Sucking him the way I was I knew it wouldn't be too long before Bill was ready to cum.

Sure enough, a few minutes later I could feel him pushing his hips up against me as my mouth went down on him and his groans became louder and more frequent. He wasn't even touching me which surprised me a little. I would have thought his hands would have been all over me by now but he seemed to be concentrating so hard on my blowjob he didn't even think about what he could be doing himself. I briefly took his cock from my mouth and looked up at him again.

"Are you ready to cum?" I asked softly. He nodded vigorously and I grinned saying, "I want it all in my mouth, I want you to cum in my mouth Billy."

Bill's eyes widened as I said those words guys seem to love to hear so much. Personally, I preferred it when a guy came in my mouth for no other reason than it didn't make a mess all over me. I learned early in my cocksucking career that cum dried in your hair is a bitch to get out! Not only that, but when it dried on my face and body it just made me itch until I washed it off. Although at first the taste I wasn't completely thrilled by the taste, it wasn't that bad and it didn't take long to get to where I looked forward to trying the various flavors and feel of each guy as it seemed they all were a bit unique when it came to the taste and consistency of their cum.

Of course, my all-time favorite place for a guy to cum was in my pussy, but short of that I much preferred him to cum in my mouth than anywhere else. That worked out just fine for me because I also learned early that it was music to a guy's ears to hear a girl tell him that he could cum in her mouth. It was a distant second from, "Fuck me?, but it was effective all the same.

I went back to work on Bill's dick and it wasn't long before he gasped loudly and then he groaned as the first shot of cum burst from his dick and hit the back of my throat. I hung onto his cock tightly with my lips, forming a seal to keep his cum in my mouth. Shot after shot of warm sperm emerged from his cock and soon my mouth was filled and my cheeks were puffed out with the cum in them like a hamster. His jerking stopped just as I was about to gag and I loosened my grip on his cock and let some of his cum drip from my mouth and down onto his cock.

I sat up and smiled at him, feeling the cum running down my cheek. Opening my mouth, I stuck my tongue out so in the dim light he could see his own cum pooled n my tongue as I extended it out to him. I then pulled it back in and closed my mouth. With a big grin I swallowed hard a couple of times and managed to get it all down before opening my mouth again to prove I had swallowed it like a contestant on Survivor. His eyes were like saucers and I went back down to suck the cum off of his cock that I had let drip down over it earlier. He shivered as my mouth engulfed his hypersensitive cock. Mmmmmmm, he was still hard as a rock and showed no signs of getting soft anytime soon. I sucked him like a baby on a bottle, drawing out the last drops of cum in his cock and licking them off the tip of his head. We just stayed that way for a while, his hard dick in my mouth as I softly ran my tongue around it and sucked on the head gently.

Personally, I could've laid there like this all night. I was actually in a comfortable position, laying on my side with my head resting on his stomach and his dick in front of my mouth for me to lick and suck as I wanted. He was playing with my hair again but running his hand over my back, slipping his fingers under my bra strap now and then. He couldn't quite reach my ass but I could feel his hand down most of my back and just to where he could lift up the elastic on my panties with the tip of his outstretched fingers. It was a warm night so even though he was completely naked and I had just my bra and panties on, neither of us was cold and if anything, he was sweating just a little. Just then I heard noises outside and I lifted my head up to look out.

"Shit!" was all Bill could say and he started to reach for a blanket that had been tossed to the side. Looking out the side window I saw the reason for his panic. Three kids, two boys and a girl, were running around the parking lot and heading our way. The oldest looked to be about eight and their mother was trying desperately to control them but it was like herding cats. From the looks of things, they were heading to the snack bar and our van was between them and their destination meaning they would pass right by us on their present course! The parking lot lights were out as the movie was still running and with the slightly tinted windows in the van, I doubted they would notice even if they weren't so distracted.

"Just sit still, they won't see anything," I said sharply to him.

The kids weren't hardly tall enough to get a good look and the mother was focused on trying to keep her litter moving in the general direction of the snack bar. Bill froze and we laid there silently as my neck grew tired so I put my head back down on his stomach. He must have been REALLY worried, though, as I noticed his cock was shrinking down, even though I was holding it in my hand and stroking it slowly. As I predicted, they passed right by without incident and Bill let out of long breath as if he had been holding it the hold time - and maybe he had!

"See? No problem," I said, looking up at him with a grin, "Now... where were we?"

We both laughed and he noticeably relaxed. I took his dick back in my mouth about halfway and just sucked it softly, letting my tongue play around it as I did. I took my free hand and played with his balls, feeling them through the thick pubic hair that covered them. Needless to say, it didn't take long for it to regain its former stiffness. My pussy was soaking wet by now and crying for attention of its own so I while I could have enjoyed this a lot longer, I figured it was time to move on.

I repositioned myself so I was on my side next to him and draped my leg over his, letting my crotch move up close to his hips until I could press up against him. My arm was over his chest and my boobs pressed against his side as I put my head on his shoulder. God he felt so good up against me! What could be better than to be lying next to a good-looking sixteen year-old sporting an erection that would be the envy of most of the guys in school? Well, there WAS something that could be better and that was if I was naked as well!

Bill turned his head to me and leaned down to kiss me. His arms wrapped around me and pulled me tightly against him as we kissed and kissed. I felt his hands wandering over me and this time I didn't say or do anything to discourage him from touching anywhere he wanted and as time went by he got bolder and bolder. I wanted to tell him to quit worrying and just undress me and get it over with but it seemed more sexy and erotic to let him do it on his own. I could imagine what was going through his head as each time he took a step, he would seem to hesitate as if expecting me to stop him. Of course I didn't so he must have felt a little thrill each time that he was "getting away? with something.

I held his cock in my hand, not really doing anything with it other than holding in with my fingers wrapped around it, as at first he again slipped his fingers under the back of my bra strap and then slowly worked his way around to the front of me. At first he just touched me through my bra, rubbing my boobs and feeling my hard nipple through the thin fabric. Slowly he moved up my chest and his fingers ran along my bare skin and then they began to probe under the top of my bra. Finally he had his hand slipped inside my bra until he could cup my boob and he just held his hand like that for a while, not moving it or anything but just feeling my bare boob in his hand.

"Wouldn't it be easier to just take it off?" I whispered to him between kisses.

He didn't say anything, probably afraid that I might change my mind or something if we started talking. In reality, I couldn't wait to get the damn thing off! My boobs were only an A cup at this age and a bra was totally unnecessary so far as I was concerned. I wasn't like I bounced around as I walked! Bill fumbled with the hooks in back and I was tempted to take it off myself. For crying out loud, there were only two hooks - how hard could it be to undo them?

My mind went off on a tangent for a moment as I thought about how someone should invent a bra for dating with Velcro instead of those damn hooks! My attention was brought back when I felt a sudden release of pressure around my rib cage as my bra came loose. What a relief! I let him slip the straps off my shoulders and it fell from my breasts, exposing them to him for the first time. Bill tossed it behind me and then placed his hand back on my boob again, this time without the interference of my bra. I let him play with them for a while as we kept kissing. I still had a firm grip on his cock as I just couldn't bear the thought of not feeling it in my hand as much as possible.

"You can suck them if you want to," I suggested to him softly.

Bill didn't hesitate and we broke our kiss. He pushed me over on my back, causing me to release his cock as I was flat on my back with my knees bent and feet planted on the floor. I still had my panties on but I had a feeling that was only a temporary situation. Bill got on his side and put his arm over me and then under me, holding me firmly as his head moved towards my chest. I couldn't help but gasp softly as his mouth took my boob and sucked on it softly. God I had been waiting for this!

"Suck on it harder Billy," I whispered to him in a husky tone, "You can even bite it softly."

Bill was at least still listening to me as he followed my instructions. I love to talk during sex and I kept up a continuous stream of instructions and praise as he went back and forth between my boobs. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good when he sucked hard on them! If anything, my pussy was getting even warmer and wetter as it waited impatiently for the same level of attention. Bill pulled his hand out from under me and started playing with my one boob while he sucked on the other. I moaned for him to let him know I loved what he was doing and to encourage him to keep going.

After a while Bill got the courage up to start moving his hand down from my boob to my lower body. It was sort of like when he was playing with me before, taking a small step and then waiting to see if I resisted before moving on again. I giggled as he tickled my stomach and then his hand passed below my belly button. He avoided my crotch at first, instead moving his hand to my legs, running them up to my knee and then back down again to my hips. I spread my legs apart just enough to signal to him that I wanted him to touch me there. Fortunately he took the hint and started running his fingers along the insides of my thighs, a sensitive area for me that always makes me tingle.

FINALLY, Bill reached my warm crotch. At first he had his hand on my inner thigh, allowing just the side of his hand to lightly touching me. Ever so slowly he turned his hand until he cupped my crotch in his palm. I moaned softly as he started to rub my pussy through my panties. I loved it and wanted him to know it so I spread my legs even farther apart to make it easier for him to fit his hand between my legs. My body stiffened and hips arched up slightly as he rubbed my pussy through my panties and continued to suck my boobs. Damn, I wanted him so badly! Finally I just couldn't keep quiet anymore so I spoke up.

"Tell me Billy, do you want to touch my pussy?"

Bill's voice seemed to have escaped and with his face planted on my chest it would have been hard to make out what he said anyway. He finally managed to get out a gasp that sounded like, "Yes!"

"Well... I want you to touch me."

At first he seemed unsure of what to do so I took his hand and moved it up to my bare stomach, just above the elastic of my panties.

"It's OK, you can touch me anywhere you want to," I whispered to him. My pussy tingled as his fingers slowly worked their way down inside my panties until they encountered the fringes of my short pubic hair. It tickled as his fingertips ran through the top fingers of my pubic area. I could feel his fingers exploring me, working their way around but staying too high to get down to where I wanted him. Suddenly a thought occurred to me.

"Have you ever touched a pussy, Bill?" I asked him softly. I didn't want to embarrass him but I had a feeling what the answer was going to be.

"No," he said back in a voice so low I could barely hear him, even in the silence of the van. I placed my hand over his and pushed it down between my legs until his fingers were pressing against my pussy slit.

"Down here," I whispered, excited by the touch of his hand, "you have to reach farther down."

Actually I thought it was sort of cute that he obviously had never touched a girl's pussy before. He didn't even know where my pussy really was! Well, I would let him explore for a while and then it would be time for a few lessons. He fumbled around, pushing his fingers against me until finally, by pure luck more than anything I think, he found my pussy hole.

"That's it Bill, push it inside of me."

His finger pushed roughly inside of me just a little bit. I grimaced just a little bit as he wasn't very good at it but at the same time I felt pretty hot knowing my pussy was the first one he touched.

"Feel how wet it is," I asked him, "That's because I like what you're doing and I want you."

A smile finally came to his face. He had been looking so serious until then and now that he had finally struck gold he seemed to be relaxing just a little bit. Well, now that he had gotten to third base, I didn't want him to think he had a chance to go any further and besides, this boy needed some sex education! I pulled his hand from my pussy and he looked disappointed but didn't say anything.

"Don't worry, I want you to watch me now."

Even though I was still wearing my panties, I loved the way he was looking at me. I quickly slipped them off and so finally we were both nude together. We were both so horny I don't think it would have mattered who walked by at this point although if someone had looked in through the rear window they would have had a great view of my pussy! My legs were wide apart and I was holding my hips up to make it easier to touch myself. Billy was still to the side of me and when I laid back down again he quickly put his hand back on my boobs again and shifted until he was close to me. I could feel the hardness of his cock as it pressed against my leg and for a moment I was ready to push him over and jump on top of it! I hadn't been laid for a few weeks and I was horny as well - and getting more so by the minute it seemed.

I spread my legs further part so he could see my pussy better in the dim light from the movie screen. My crotch was covered with think brown pubic hair as I hadn't started shaving yet. My pubic hair was more fuzzy than long and curly like Bill's. I looked up at him and my heart skipped when I saw the way he was staring between my legs, knowing the sight of my nude body turned him on. I reached down with both hands and used two fingers to spread my pussy lips apart with one hand and then pushed the middle finger of my other hand inside of me. I looked up at him and grinned, knowing it must have been making him horny as hell to see me doing myself.

"You know Billy, when I really want to get myself off I like to watch myself in front of a mirror... Will you be my mirror tonight?"

Can't say that I wasn't really expecting an audible answer and indeed, I didn't get one as Bill just watched me intently, as if he was unable to speak. At first I took it slow, running my finger slowly around my pussy, running little circles around my clit and pussy hole. Every now and then I would quickly push my finger inside of me and then just as quickly pull it out again. With my other hand, I played with my little bobs, cupping them with my hand and working my fingers over them like a trumpet player. My nipples were sticking out like little bullets, hard and stiff as my fingertips stroked them gently.

I took my nipples between my fingers and pulled them outward, stretching my boob out and then letting it slip through my fingers and popping back into place. I loved the way it made my boobs feel when I pulled on my nipples. I kept working my pussy and squeezed my boobs. My eyes were closed to help concentrate on my masturbating but I knew he was watching every move I made. My hips started to move up and down as I thrust my finger in and out of my wet pussy, imagining it was him fucking me.

It wasn't long before I forgot all about Bill and the only thing on my mind were the incredible sensations that were consuming me entire body as my pussy acted like a volcano, sending out waves of hot pleasure that covered me like a lava flow. As I worked myself to my first orgasm I couldn't help but gasp and moan louder and louder, holding my hips high with my finger in my pussy as far as I could push it. I shook as my orgasm ripped through me until finally I dropped down and relaxed, a look on contentment on my face. I kept one hand on my crotch, slowly circling my clit as the aftershocks of my orgasm continued. I felt like I was in an oven, as if I was burning up. God I loved to cum!

"Get on top of me," I whispered to him, my eyes still closed as my pussy cried to be fucked. Bill put his arms and leg over me until he was directly over me. He tried to lift himself off of me but I could feel the weight of him pressing against me still. His cock was pressing on my lower stomach and I could feel it moving slightly as he wiggled on top of me. I reached down and grabbed his dick, rubbing the head against my clit which sent another wave of pure pleasure through me.

"Fuck me Billy... I want you to fuck me," I said, almost pleading with him to do it. God I needed his cock inside of me!

"I... I... I can't," he said, sounding like a little boy more than a strong teenage boy. What the hell? I pulled his cock towards, my pussy, trying to get him to push it into me.

"No Kelly, I can't do it," he lamented, "What if you get pregnant?"

I looked up at him and our eyes met. "Billy, I'm on the pill so you don't have to worry about that."

"You're on the pill?" he gasped, "Oh my god, how many guys have you fucked?"

"It doesn't matter... I want you to do me now."

"Pleeeeeease Kelly," he begged, "I can't do this... it's wrong."

It dawned on me that he was serious, that he really did NOT want to fuck me. I was speechless. I couldn't believe he was turning me down after all I had done for him this evening! Actually, I couldn't believe he was turning me down, period. What kind of teenage boy didn't take advantage of a girl that wanted him to fuck her – and asked him point blank to do so?

"At least rub it against me," I bargained.

If nothing else, maybe he would do it and then "accidentally? fuck me. Hey, I was desperate to get fucked! Bill didn't say no to that, at least, and I felt his cock pressing against my pussy. As he thrust himself forward, it slid easily along my wet pussy lips and I felt the shaft running over my clit. My body shivered, going from being too hot to freezing cold all of a sudden.

Goose bumps broke out all over me as he rubbed his cock up and down my wet pussy. A few times I felt it slip down and press against my pussy hole and for just a moment I thought he was going to give in and push it in me. I had to say one thing for Bill - he had in credible restraint for a boy his age! He held himself up and off of me as his hips did the work. Anyone looking in would have thought that he actually WAS fucking me! God, so close and yet so far! As he went on, his strokes became faster and I realized that whether he was consciously doing it or not, he was masturbating himself against my pussy.

"That's it Billy, rub your hard cock against my wet pussy," I whispered in my most naughty tone of voice, "Make yourself cum for me... cum all over my pussy!"

It wasn't exactly what I had been wanting but when he finally came it was better than nothing. His warm cum spurted out of his cock and the first load went halfway up my stomach with most of the rest collecting on my pussy. God I was going to be a mess! Billy groaned and grimaced as his cock spit out one load after another onto me.

"Mmmmmmm, that's it Billy, cum on me," I said, encouraging him to make a mess out of me in spite of my better judgment.

You would never have known he had just come earlier in the evening from the size of the load he deposited on me. Finally he let out a loud breath and collapsed to the side of me, his throbbing dick pressed up against my leg again. He hugged me and we kissed, celebrating his orgasm. After he had caught his breath, he looked at me with this fearful expression.

"You're not mad at me, are you?"

"Oh my god no, that's OK Billy, I understand."

Actually, I did NOT understand but I wasn't going to burst his bubble and ruin the evening for him. My pussy felt SO empty, like it had been cheated in some way. Billy noticed then that the movie was about to end and he seemed nervous that people would see us when they left so he smiled and kissed me. When we got dressed I found a good use for panties finally - to clean up the mess he had left all over my lower abdomen. Of course, I didn't bother trying to put the messy things back on again nor did I bother with the bra.

I wrapped up the panties with the cum inside as best as possible and stuffed my underwear into my purse. I squeezed myself back into my jeans and just left my blouse hanging outside instead of trying to tuck it back in again. We both crawled back to the front seats again and I lowered the mirror down to see myself. My hair, as expected, was a mess but for once it's lack of any body worked in my favor as I easily brushed it back out again. I hadn't fooled around with much makeup which again worked in my favor tonight.

Bill drove out of the theater lot and I realized I had no idea what movie was just ending! Although I remember looking at the sign outside, it couldn't have been very good as I don't remember what it was and didn't even record it in my diary later. On the way home I reached over to him with one hand and started playing with his cock through his pants again. I was pleased to feel it immediately begin to harden again in response to my touch. I started to undo his belt but he put his hand on mine, stopping me.

"Are you nuts Kelly? We're in the middle of traffic!"

"Your point?" was my simple response as I went back to work on his pants.

The traffic was pretty light this late at night and the van was pretty dark so the odds of anyone seeing us were slim at best. Besides, I didn't care if someone did see us. If anything the thought of someone in a car next to us watching me as I gave Bill a blowjob made me hot and wet just thinking about it!

"Oh my god, I can't believe this," he groaned as I unzipped him and released his hardened cock from its prison.

I leaned over the console and started to give him another blowjob. God I loved his cock! I only wished he had fucked me with it but at least I was getting another chance to suck it again. I took him all the way into my mouth and for several blocks just laid my head on his lap with his cock pushing against the back of my mouth, sucking on it like a giant popsicle. The bouncing of the van was enough to move him in my mouth such that I didn't have to do much more than just hold my head still and let it slide in and out on its own. It wasn't long before my efforts paid off as we waited a stoplight.

"Oh damn Kelly, I'm going to cum!" he groaned. Then I felt him jerk and he said, "Oh my god, I think the guy in that car can see us!"

I really couldn't have cared less about anyone else at that moment. All I could think about was the cum that was about to start spurting into my mouth. Since Bill had already started to climax, so there was no stopping this train now that it had left the station, no matter what might be happening outside. My pussy tingled as he started to cum and I took the first couple of loads in my mouth. Then I lifted my head and let him drop from my mouth, letting him hit my face with the remaining ones. The majority of his cum was in my mouth by then so it was enough to cover my cheeks and nose but without enough force to get into my hair or on my clothes.

"What the hell are you doing Kelly?" he said as I quickly sat up and looked to the car next to us.

Sure enough there was a guy who looked to be in his forties or so staring us. The streetlight at the intersection shined on my face and I know he must have been able to see the cum on my face. I smiled at him and licked some of the cum on my lips. Just then the light turned green but he made no effort to pull away. I stuck my tongue out at him and hoped he could see Bill's cum pooled on it. Finally I swallowed it down and turned back to Bill who had been watching my little show.

"God, you really are a slut, aren't you?" he said although it was more of a statement than a question.

I took some napkins out from the glove box and cleaned off my face. Bill's wet cock was still sticking out his pants but at the same time he was staring at me with eyes wide open.

"Well, isn't that what the other boys say about me?" I responded coyly.

"Yeah but I thought it was just all talk... God, you're insane!" he said, suddenly switching topics and laughing, "What if that had been someone we knew?"

I just grinned and finished wiping myself off. It was clear that he really loved getting his cock sucked even if the circumstances were a bit "dangerous". In fact, I sucked Bill's cock quite a few times after that. He quickly adopted my love of blowing him in public places and more than once we almost got caught, but it wouldn't have been nearly as much fun otherwise.

Much to my disappointment, Bill never did fuck me. We discussed it a few times and I learned that he had quite the religious side and claimed to be "saving himself for marriage". Personally, I've never been able to quite understand the concept as I don't care who someone had been with before me, it's the here and now that's important. Whether or not he kept to his guns until marriage, I have no idea, but I had to give him credit for having a LOT more resolve than your average teenage male (or any guy I've known for that matter). Even though I made it clear to him that he was more than welcome to fuck me whenever he was ready, it never even came close to happening. Actually, it was this quality about him that has helped me to remember Bill over the years. Bill has the distinction of being the only guy in my life that I made a conscious effort to have sex with me that refused my offer (not counting Brad Pitt of course).

REAL sex was. Thankfully my new boyfriend was ready and willing to give me all I craved.

Unfortunately Steve's mom's job was transferred to California so they all moved away in the dead of winter. After a short period of mourning (OK, maybe I'm being melodramatic but it felt that way at the time) I was back dating again. Since the end of my freshman year, I'd been dating John almost exclusively. He was my age, at least for the moment, although his birthday was such that it put him a year ahead of me in school. On our first date we did it in the backseat of his parent's car and it certainly wasn't our last time! Mostly we did it either in his car or one of our bedrooms, but we were always on the look-out for any opportunity to add in a bit of extra excitement. As John attended the same church as me, he would be attending the annual picnic as well. Hmmmmmm, maybe there was something to look forward to after all!

The morning of the picnic my irritating alarm clock buzzed and so I reached over to turn it off. I tossed off the covers with every good intention of getting out of bed but then I remembered what day it was and flopped on my back. The cool morning air felt good on my naked body (I'd been sleeping nude like my parents since I was twelve) as I rubbed my eyes with both hands and tried to clear my head. One thing for sure, nobody can accuse me of being a morning person! Given a choice I'd stay up well past midnight and then sleep in until noon every day if I could!

As so often would happen when I did this I felt something familiar stirring between my legs. Not for the first time I marveled at how my rational head could hate mornings so intensely yet my always horny pussy seemed to love them. If there was one time of day I had to say when I'm consistently hornier than any there time it would have to be when I first wake up. Maybe it was my body's way of compensating for my head's reluctance to get up, I don't know. All of which led me to be in the condition I was in now - my head telling me to go back to sleep while my pussy demanded attention! What I DID know was that at moments like this my pussy could be relentless in its demands.

From past experience I knew it was useless to try to fight it so I looked down at my nude body in the dim light peeking through my curtains. As I mentioned, I'd been sleeping without anything on now for the past three years. At first it was just a twelve year-old was just trying to act older by mimicking her parents (who never wore anything to bed). Once I got accustomed to it I found that it was comfy not being restricted by anything and so now the only time I wear anything to bed anymore is during sleepovers and such when I am with people other than my parents. I kept a nightshirt next to my bed so when I got up I could throw it on quickly.

My mother didn't approve of casual nudity around the house and insisted I wear SOMETHING, even if it was just a T-shirt that didn't even cover my butt. It's not like my parents have anything against nudity. We've always used the hot tub without swimsuits since I was just a little girl but then we had towels and robes to wear when we weren't in it. As a general rule, I was raised not to be embarrassed by nudity but at the same time not to flaunt it either.

As my hand reached between my legs to touch my aching pussy, I heard my parent's alarm clock go off and eventually caught a glimpse of my groggy dad stumbled across the hallway to the bathroom which was directly opposite my bedroom. He was naked and sporting his usual "morning wood" so I knew what his intentions were. Sure enough after he'd closed the door behind him I heard him peeing and then the toilet flushing. Whatever... I quickly put him out of my mind as I had better things to think about.

As I started to slowly rub my clit it responded by sending shivers throughout my body. It was like it was telling me if I treated it nice it would do the same for me. I spread my legs a little further apart, imagining my latest boyfriend was touching me. In my dream he was on top of me now, his hand on his wonderful erection as he guided it towards my crotch, getting ready to penetrate me and make me feel whole again. My middle finger slipped into my wet pussy hole as I imagined him slipping into me, making me gasp and I moaned.

"Yes John, fuck me... fuck me!"

God it felt so good! I was concentrating hard on my pussy so it startled me to hear a chuckle coming from the hallway. Opening my eyes, I saw my dad standing there in the doorway. He was wearing a terry robe now but it wasn't tied together so I could still see most everything - at least everything that counted when it came to determining how he was feeling. Based on the massive erection poking out from the robe it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out my mom was about to get "lucky"!

"Oops, sorry baby," he said when he saw my eyes were fixed and then realizing what was inadvertently on display. "Ummmmm, your mom's waiting for me," he offered as an explanation for his arousal but it wasn't necessary as I'd already assumed as much.

"So anyway, you were saying?" he teased me after rearranging his robe.

"Oh Daddy!" I protested, "You know very well what I was thinking about!"

It was just like my dad to tease me this way. Could I help it that my dad had the same first name as my boyfriend who'd been fucking me lately? I certainly hadn't been thinking of my own dad fucking me!

"I know baby, I know. Well, have fun!" he teased me as he disappeared out of sight and I heard the bedroom door closing behind him. Yep, my mom was going to get some this morning!

The only time my parents usually shut their bedroom door was when they made love. I guess it was their way of keeping it as something special just between them. Over the course of the years I'd seen enough of them nude and even watched them masturbate (especially my dad) but I'd never seen them actually having sex. Sure my mom would sometimes grab his dick in the hot tub or something like that just to tease him, but it wasn't like she gave him a BJ or anything else overtly sexual.

Masturbation was handled much like nudity in at home. It was considered OK, in fact my mom almost insisted I do it sometimes when I was annoying her with talk about how I couldn't wait to be with my boyfriend again. In any case it was still not something to be flaunted. I'd say "respect" was the operative word. For instance if my dad just happened to walk by my room and saw me masturbating like he did this morning, more often than not he just ignored me. It was the same if I was in the family room while he was watching a porn movie or there was some sexy actress on TV (his current favorite is Amanda Tapping of StarGate - she can get him erect almost instantly!). If he felt the need to masturbate I just ignored him. I mean really, what would be the point in making him wait until later to take care of himself?

Hopefully by now you're getting an idea of what life at home was like at the time for me. I HATE it when people say I live in an OPEN home or lifestyle. When people use that term they typically are referring to some kinky porn-movie style arrangement where silly people run around naked all the time having sex any time or place without any regard for someone else's personal respect and decency. About the LAST thing I would say if asked to characterize my family would be to use the word "open". My preference is simply to say we respect each other and love on another such that things like nudity and masturbation simply aren't even issues to worry about. My mom makes bigger stink over me throwing my dirty clothes under the bed than not wearing them in the first place. The only times I remember her fussed with me regarding masturbation was when I was little and would start playing

looked it also had this sometimes annoying tendency to ride up between my pussy lips when I was sitting, letting my dark fuzzy pubic hair peek out on both sides. Although some of my friends were already shaving their pussies I'd been waiting all my life for hair like my mom's to sprout between my legs. The last thing I wanted to look like was some twelve year old girl again!

Recognizing the futility of even trying to get them past my mom's ever watchful eyes, instead of my new slutty shorts I picked out a pair of hemmed denim shorts which came down a couple of inches on my legs. Although to me they were super conservative I was well aware they were still pushing the limit by church standards. At least they were borderline so I didn't think anyone would actually make an issue of them like what happened when I tried wearing a skimpy bikini at church camp. THAT had created quite the stir and my mom wasn't too pleased to have to drive out to bring me a different suit.

With the shorts on a pink tank top finished off the outfit - no bra for me today. After all, it was a picnic so why wear one? It wasn't like my boobs were all that big anyway. Probably the only reason anyone would notice I wasn't wearing one was the way my nipples tended to harden and push out with the slight provocation. Even so, a bra wasn't necessarily assurance that they wouldn't poke through a thin tank top.

My pink sneakers and a gold ankle chain (another present from my daddy) finished off the outfit and I reached for an elastic band for my ponytail. With my hair secure I looked in the mirror and smiled. John was going to like what he saw today! Maybe if I was lucky, he would get to see me WITHOUT the clothes as well! I wasn't exactly sure how that could happen at a church picnic but you can't blame a girl for dreaming.

"Um... young lady, aren't we forgetting something this morning?" I heard from behind me. I spun around and there was my mom. She was still in her robe although unlike my dad she tended to tie hers together more around the house. I looked at her as if I had no idea in the world what she was talking about.

"Don't give me that little miss innocent look, you know perfectly well what I'm talking about."

"But mom! I hate wearing one," I whined like a little girl. Well, it may be effective with my dad but my mom wasn't buying it for a moment.

"It's church dear, even if it IS outside today. We can't have you looking like the neighborhood slut, can we? You should show a little respect." Actually, I could have cared less if the old fuddy duds at church DID think I was a slut or whatever. It wasn't like I had a reputation for being a conservative-dressing virgin anyway. It was obvious that my mom wasn't going to take no for an answer so I huffed and stormed over to my dresser. Pulling open the top drawer, I made a show of having to hunt for a bra, as if it was something I wore so rarely I couldn't find one (which wasn't all that far from the truth actually). Finally, like a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat, I pulled out a basic white bra and held it up for her inspection.

"Well, that's nice but how about putting in on?" she laughed. "You can't exactly just carry it around."

A final roll of my eyes and I pulled off my tank top, handing it to her to hold. Mom stood there with her arms folded, dangling my tank top out from her finger like a warden watching a prisoner strip. Wrapping it around my waist, I snapped the bra together, then spun it around and lifted it up and over my boobs, finally putting my arms through the straps and pulling them up to my shoulders. With the bra in place, I reached out for my tank top. As she handed it back my mom looked at me shrewdly.

"Hmmmmmm, so let me make a wild guess, no panties either?"

"Mom!" I whined even more than before. "Come on!"

"Well, I guess I can live with it since you at least picked out a decent pair of shorts to wear," she compromised. "By the way, that tank looks great on you!"

My cheeks warmed slightly as I pulled the tank back over my head and pulled it down at the bottom. It was just barely long enough to reach my shorts when I yanked down on it but as soon as I started walking around it drifted back up, exposing an inch or two of my tanned flat belly. Again, this was pushing the limits of the church dress code which banned bare midriffs but a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do.

"OK, better now?" I asked, putting my arms out so she could see the bra through my top. Actually in a way it looked almost sexier seeing my bra clearly outlined under my thin tank top than just my nipples poking through. Speaking of nipples, as I had expected they were still popping through, although less than before.

"OK, you pass inspection young lady," my mom said, doing her best army sergeant imitation.

We both laughed and hugged. I loved my mother, even when she acted too "motherly". In her heart she was doing what she thought best for me and I knew compared to most moms I knew I was pretty lucky to have her.

With that we both headed downstairs to where my dad was loading up the card table and chairs so we would have a place to sit for lunch after the service. The park had a picnic tables but not nearly enough for everyone so people were encouraged to bring their own seating arrangements.

"Wow, congratulation honey," my dad said to my mom, "I see you convinced someone to wear some underwear today." Although he said it to her, I knew it was more a tease directed at me than anything else.

"Well, not everything," my mom replied, looking at me sternly as she pretended to be severely disappointed in me.

My dad wrinkled his brow and then walked over and grabbed my bottom with one hand. "Ah yes, the case of the missing panties once again. So what's the excuse this time? Let me guess... Left them in your boyfriend's car?"

"Oh daddy, stop it!" I protested, swatting his hand off my ass like it was a bug. He was always grabbing my butt, probably because he knew how much it annoyed me.

## 2. Arriving At the Picnic

Once we were packed it only took about ten minutes to get to the park where it appeared that we were one of the first families to arrive. The men from church had already set up the trailer and chairs. A large skirting had been placed around the trailer to hide the wheels and frame and just add some ambiance to the entire affair. Bleachers were set up on the stage for the choir and microphones and speakers were already in place with some geek walking around saying "test" into them over and over again. Judging from the number of chairs, they must have been expected quite a turnout today although at the moment there couldn't have been more than twenty or thirty people hanging around.

"Hey Kelly!"

A familiar voice called out for me and my heart skipped a beat as I recognized my boyfriend John. I spun around and ran up to him, putting, my arms around his neck and hugging him like we hadn't seen each other in months. I wanted to kiss him (ALL over) but my mom wasn't far away and I saw the look she was giving me - "Behave!"

"Wow, you're looking HOT this morning!" John declared, giving me the once over.

Because he was a guy he couldn't help himself when his gaze paused a little longer than would normally have been appropriate on my ass and boobs. It was fine with me actually. One of the things I loved as I grew older was the way men looked at me. It was funny how they would pretend not to do it but I knew they were and sometimes I encouraged them, if you know what I mean. I still can remember the thrill I felt the first time I caught one of the dads at church staring at my ass!

"You're not looking so bad yourself," I said in reply.

Indeed, he didn't. John was wearing denim shorts as well but his came down just below his knees. He had on a short sleeve shirt with some outlandish tropical pattern on it that looked a little out of place at church but then who was going to care, it was a picnic after all.

"I know, I know, my mom picked out the shirt," he said sheepishly. I guess I must have been a little more obvious with my eye-rolling than I thought when I first noticed it.

I looked around and it seemed nobody was watching us so I leaned up on my tip toes and tried to whisper in his ear. John bent down to make it easier for me.

"I want you to fuck me!"

John straightened back up again and it seemed it was all he could do to keep from bursting out laughing.

"Hey, what's so funny?" I demanded, crossing my arms in front of me.

"Oh no, don't take it wrong Kelly. It's just that... well it's just so YOU, you know. Good ol' one-track mind Kelly, always thinking about sex."

"Well, I thought that's what you liked about me," I retorted, pretended to pout as I rubbed my toe into the ground. "Would you have even asked me out otherwise?"

"Oh for sure!" he said, grabbing my upper arm. "It's just sometimes you still surprise me. I've never met a girl quite like you before."

I looked around again and reached up for him again. "Well, maybe I can surprise you even more later," I teased him.

"Kelly!! Get over here and help out a little!" my mom yelled for me.

"Well, gotta go," I said softly, "Don't forget what I told you I wanted."

"Yeah, like any guy could forget THAT!" he laughed.

I headed over to where the food was being set out for the pot luck dinner after the service. Why do women get stuck with this crap? The guys were just hanging around shooting the breeze while the women were doing all the work!

## 3. Servicing John During the Service

Despite the sexist distribution of work, or maybe because of it, eventually everything was ready. By then the number of cars in the parking lot had grown considerably and there was quite a crowd beginning to form. Someone got up on the stage, grabbed the microphone and asked for everyone to take their seats.

"Mom, can I sit with John?" I asked.

My mom frowned as she looked me in the eye, searching for the ulterior motive she was sure was lurking there. Either she didn't see it or she ignored it. Either way, she sighed and conceded the inevitable. "Well, you promise to be good?" she asked. It was more of a demand than a question.

"Mom!" I whined for the umpteenth time today already.

"Don't 'mom' me young lady, you know exactly what I'm talking about."

"I won't get in any trouble, don't worry," I promised. Well, it wasn't the same as promising to behave myself. I was just promising not to get caught!

"That's not what I said Kelly and you know it," my mom reprimanded me. Obviously I wasn't being as clever as I'd thought. Before she could continue, I gave her a kiss on the cheek and waved her goodbye. The last I saw of her she was watching me run off, shaking her head at me. Well, I doubted I was any different than she was at my age!

John was waiting for me outside the tent area and we started following the crowd towards the hillside where the service was being held. As we approached, he suddenly veered off and made a bee-line for the back of the trailer.

"Hey, where are you going?" I asked.

"Just hurry up and follow me before someone see us!" he hissed back at me, pulling on my arm.

I looked around and nobody seemed to be paying any attention to us as they tried to find their seats and chatted with one another. We quickly got behind the trailer and he ducked underneath. I hesitated for a moment but he waved me under.

"Come on Kelly, hurry up!"

One last look and I bent over to join him. The bed of trailer was actually pretty high and there was more room under there than I'd expected. Along with some empty boxes there were a few blankets piled up, evidently used to pack up the speakers and sound system plus whatever else was being used for the service.

"Over here Kelly," John whispered to me, leading me to a spot behind the boxes. I was surprised when I got behind them to find several blankets laid out already, almost like a private picnic. It was dim but there was still plenty of light to see by. With the boxes piled the way they were, anybody walking by would have no idea we were there.

"Well, what do you think?" John asked, obviously quite proud of himself. "I checked this out while you were helping your mom. Should be the perfect place."

It was all happening so fast. Sometimes I can be a little dense and this must have been one of them as I looked at him with a quizzical eye. "Perfect place for WHAT?" I asked, not really thinking about it before I said it.

John looked over the boxes as if to make sure nobody was around and replied, "To fuck you, of course. Isn't that what you said you wanted me to do to you earlier?"

"Here? Are you NUTS? There's people on the other side of that curtain for god's sake," I exclaimed, barely catching myself in time to keep from being overheard by

one of the things I loved about blowing a guy - it didn't matter what size your boobs were or what your body dimensions were, sucking cock was all about technique and with all the practice I'd had over the past year or so I felt that I was far ahead of the curve in at least THAT category.

I could still remember the first BJ I'd given John. Being I was only fifteen, he was probably expecting it be rather amateurish and maybe even to where he would have to tell me what to do. Well, I put THAT concern to rest as soon as I had him in my mouth. The reaction I soon got from him made it one of those moments when I've really felt proud of myself!

There was a limit to how long I could go on teasing him as he wasn't the only one that wanted my mouth on his cock! The smell of his crotch filled my nostrils as I took in a deep breath of his musky manhood. My hands were under his butt and I wanted to just pull him up to my mouth like a watermelon and eat him all up. When I couldn't take it anymore I bent down just enough to lick the tip of his now rock-hard dick with my tongue. As hard as the shaft was I marveled at the silky smoothness of his cock head against my cheeks.

A few twirls of my tongue around the head and I took the tip between my lips as if I was kissing him. Then slowly, EVER so slowly, I took him into my mouth in one long, smooth motion. Inch by inch he disappeared into my mouth. He was still growing and I could feel the shaft hardening and growing in my mouth as I sucked him. Then I looked upwards and saw him looking down at me, watching me take his growing dick into my mouth like a wet pussy.

"Oh that feels so good," he moaned, so softly I could barely hear him. I prayed that he would stay quiet and not forget himself and say something out loud that could be heard on the stage or in the congregation.

His dick felt SO good in my mouth. Somehow the knowledge that literally hundreds of people were just on the other side of a barrier not much different than a bed sheet who had no clue what was going on under the trailer made it all the better. Having an "audience" versus blowing him in a car was like listening to a stereo station after a mono station. It made me wonder if they actually SAW me what that would be like - surround sound maybe?

If we'd had more time I could've just laid there on my stomach and sucked on his wonderful cock for hours, like a baby with a pacifier in her mouth except this one was fully loaded and primed! As it was, we had maybe an hour at most, even less now that the service had started, so there wasn't a lot of time for such luxuries.

feeling his shaft slide along my clit, sending the most incredible sensations through me. My legs started to feel like they do when I sit in a wrong position and they go to "sleep" and then tingle when they wake back up again. I shivered like it was freezing out instead of a warm June day working its way to be a hot one.

John had his hands on my bare upper thighs, running his fingers up and down the smooth tops of them as I kneeled over him. Leaning forward, I kissed him as my boobs lightly touched his chest under me, teasing my nipples and making my boobs feel great. Our tongues met and I good feel his cock twitching under me, anxious to be inside of me. Well, I wanted it in me too so why wait any longer?

Reaching down I grabbed his dick and centered the head under my pussy hole. I wiggled my hips to work his head into my pussy, feeling it stretching my pussy hole part as the poor thing valiantly tried to resist the monstrous invader. It was a losing battle, one I was glad to forfeit though. Pressing down harder on his quivering dick, I felt it almost pop into me as his head passed into me and his thinner shaft was free to follow.

"Oh John," I whispered in his ear, racking back and forth on him to drive him in deeper.

I sat up which had the effect of suddenly pushing him even further and it took every bit of my willpower to hold back the loud moan that was trying to escape from my mouth. "I love your hard dick inside of me," I mouthed more than whispered to him.

John grinned and turned his attention to his crotch where he could see his cock as it disappeared up inside of me. Sometime I prefer to bounce on his dick but this time I just wiggled on him like I was trying to scoot across the floor or something on my butt. I could feel his cock moving around in me, my clit rubbing up against his crotch just enough to stimulate it further.

Usually when John fucked me the methods and locations might vary but the sequence was fairly predictable. Typically I would suck him and he would cum pretty quickly having all that horniness pent up inside of him. Then he would fuck me and I would cum and eventually he would cum again, sometimes making me cum again with him. As it turned out, today looked to be pretty much like it was following the script. So far I'd blown him until he came and now I was fucking him and it appeared my orgasm was about to take off any minute now.

Wonderful pulses of what I can only call pleasure kept going off inside of me like a fireworks and then spreading out to all the ends of my body. These were getting more and more intense and faster as well. A sexual tension was building within me like a rubber band being stretched to the breaking point. There was a balloon blowing up inside of me and it was almost to the bursting point. Suddenly the dam burst and I was flooded with the most incredible sensations. It was like I was transported to another world as everything around me faded away and there was nothing but my pussy and John's wonderful cock buried inside.

How many more ways can I try to describe what is fundamentally indescribable? Most women know what I'm trying to say but how can a man ever possibly understand how I feel when I reach an orgasm? How would you describe color red to someone who has been blind from birth? Men tell me when they cum they feel an intense sensation in their dick and maybe in the crotch area along with a general sense of euphoria. In contrast, my orgasm may originate in my pussy but once it gets going it's like my entire body has been doused with gasoline and lit on fire, only instead of pain it's more enjoyable than anything else I have ever experienced.

Maybe because I'm always saying how much I love sex, people have asked me if I'm a nymphomaniac. Personally, I don't think so although I guess it's debatable. The one thing I WILL admit to is being "addicted" to my orgasms. There is something set loose in me in the process that makes me feel better for literally HOURS afterwards. Perhaps a drug addict might be able to relate to what I'm saying. Although I've never taken drugs, I can imagine it must be a similar experience. All I know for certain is that if I go too long without one, it affects me physically and emotionally to the point I get terribly irritable and depressed.

At first I just sat still, my body mounted on John's dick like a butterfly in a collection. The waves of bliss kept washing over me, threatening to almost drown me even. After the initial surge, I started to rock slowly on his cock, using his dick to stimulate my pussy while my finger slowly circled my exploding clit. My hips moved in tight circles, letting John's dick circle in me, touching every part of me. His crotch must have been getting soaked with my cum as it felt almost like I was peeing on him at one point when my cum seemed to pour out of me.

"I'm cumming again," John whispered, bringing my attention back to him. I'm sure he whispered it softly enough that nobody could have heard him but in my heightened state it was like he shouted it at me. I started humping his dick, driving him deep into me as I encouraged it to give me the only thing missing right now – his sperm in me.

"Ahhhhhh," I moaned softly as I felt him start to cum in me. It felt wonderful but the best part for me was just knowing he was doing it. It was the culmination of everything we were meant to be, the act of procreation, the male mating the female. Of course I'm not saying I want to get pregnant - God no! It was the ACT that gave me gratification, not the results. Something about it was so primal, so uncivilized. Just think about what it means for a man to release his sperm in me, to leave it behind and for me to keep it in me. Can there be any wonder it makes me cum even harder when he does it?

When John had finished I leaned back over him again, eventually laying on top his chest with his dick still within me although it was slowly withdrawing from me as it shrank. Now and then it would twitch or jerk, sending a jolt from my pussy to remind me of his cock in me.

"God I love it when you fuck me," I whispered in his ear.

John was too exhausted to respond but it didn't matter. His cock was still in me, surrounded by a mixture of his sperm and my cum. THAT was all I really cared about at the moment. I felt good although I really couldn't say I was satisfied. For that matter, I can't say I've ever been totally satisfied after sex. To state that would mean I was ready to stop, that I'd had enough of his cock to make me ready to quit. Well, how could I EVER be that way? Even now, as good as the afterglow of our sex felt, I would have gladly accepted another cock!

Meanwhile, the service had been progressing relentlessly and it sounded like the sermon was about to wrap up. From what I'd seen in the bulletin earlier, there would be a couple of songs and then an invitation before it was over so we still had at least ten or fifteen minutes. Why waste them?

John's dick was now about out of me, having dwindled significantly after his last ejaculation in me. I lifted myself off of him and moved back down between his legs again. John's cock looked so delicious! Even in the faint light I could see the wetness from it being covered with our cum. I bent down and took his dick in my mouth, marveling at how soft it felt but yet how good it tasted. Really, what tastes better than your own pussy on a guy's dick?

John jerked involuntarily as I sucked on his now small but sensitive dick. Sucking him when he was soft like this was totally different than when he was hard. Rather than having to deal with him poking against the back of my throat, this was more just tasting and smelling him, feeling his dick squirm and twist in my mouth like some large worm as I moved it around with my tongue.

Soon I heard the pastor giving the invitation for anyone to come forward and I knew we had better get going if we wanted to be ready when the time was right. Reluctantly, I let John's dick flop from my mouth and looked around for my shorts. John found his underwear and shorts and got dressed as well. I watched him as he pulled up his shorts and underwear and felt a momentary sense of sadness as his lovely dick disappeared from view. Oh well, I was sure I would be seeing it again before too long.

Before I slipped my shorts on, I used the blanket to wipe off my pussy so it wouldn't look like I had peed in them or something. I squeezed down and tried to push out as much of his cum as I could. It would drain out sooner or later so as much as I got off walking around knowing it was in me, I didn't want to raise any questions either. Even if nobody else did, I knew my mom would notice and it wouldn't make her happy for me to be so slutty at a church picnic.

John took my hand and led me out from under the trailer. We joined in with the crowd as the people dispersed. Nobody saw us emerge and it was as if we'd been in the service the whole time. I smiled at the irony. Actually, I had been AT the service but it was John that had been IN me.

## 4. After the Service

"Kelly, where in the world have you been?" my mom asked as I approached her and my dad.

I couldn't help but look at John and I tried not to smile but all that did was turn it into more of a smirk. Maybe it was the flushness of my face or John's guilty look, or maybe it was just a mother's intuition, but regardless of how she seemed to immediately size up the situation.

"Good grief girl, I should've known. You PROMISED you'd behave," she sighed.

"No, I promised I would be GOOD," I reminded her. Then I grinned at John and added, "And I was, wasn't I John?"

John's face reddened like after a first day at the beach sunburn. He had no idea that I'd told my mom everything about our previous dates and that I would eventually clue her on one what happened today later when we got home. I doubted any of his other girlfriends had alluded to him having sex with them right in front of their parents! For some reason it made me feel naughty, but in a good way.

John looked at my dad, probably figuring he was in for it now but my dad just shook his head with a resigned look on his face as if he didn't know what to say so saying nothing was probably best.

John had to leave to meet up with his family so I walked back to the picnic area with my parents. When John was out of sight my mom leaned over and spoke to me softly.

"OK, you can tell me all about it later but I just HAVE to know - where did you do it?"

"Where else? Under the stage." I replied simply.

My mom looked horrified and for a moment I thought she was going to say something but then she seemed to think better of it and instead just rolled her eyes at me. My dad must have had overheard because he joined in as well.

"Oh Mary, don't get on her case. Remember where we did it during church once?"

"John!" my mom responded instantly. Then she hit him in the shoulder playfully with her fist. "Don't go giving her any ideas; she already has plenty of her own!"

By then we had reached the food tent. The rest of the afternoon went rather uneventfully. I couldn't wait to get home. First, I was anxious to tell my mom all about what John and I had done. Most of all I wanted to hear more about what she and my dad had done at church. My dad was right in that I had lots of ideas myself but it never hurt to get a few suggestions! The question was, would I tell John where I got the ideas from?

rewarded with a nice view of my small breasts - something made easier by the fact I rarely wore a bra to work. I liked to tease him in the hall or at his desk by rubbing up against him and was usually treated to a noticeable swelling in his pants by the time I left.

Between working for my dad and being married with children Don was cautious not to respond in any real way. Of course this only encouraged me to be even more daring. I started "forgetting" to pull my skirt down when I sat in his office and slowly crossed my legs to show off my tanned legs. Then I'd spread my legs just enough to hint that I might not be wearing any panties. Needless to say he never protested and I think he considered my flirting just innocent fun by a teenage girl. Even so, I would get hot thinking that he might be masturbating at night dreaming about what he wanted to do to me if he was a teenage boy again.

One day I overheard my dad talking to my mom about work and the subject changed to Don and his family. My dad was telling my mom that Don's marriage had not been all that great lately and he was worried about his performance at work. I knew from office parties and other functions that while Don kept himself in great shape his wife had really let herself go over the years. It seems she just got heavier with the birth of each of their three children.

Once I overheard Don joking with the guys that he had twice the woman he had married except he wasn't laughing when he said it. I thought about my mom and how she looked fantastic in her skimpy bikini. She loved it when people mistook her for my older sister. I just don't understand why women think that once they have a man trapped in marriage that they can gain a hundred pounds and still expect their husband to want to have sex with them. In my opinion if their hubby gets frustrated and seeks out sexual satisfaction from someone else then she has only herself to blame.

A few days later I was in Don's office helping him file some paperwork when I remembered what my dad had said about him. For whatever reason I was feeling especially daring at the time so I struck up a conversation. Moving over to his desk I picked up a picture of him and his wife and looked at it for a few seconds and then turned to him.

"So Don, what's your secret to staying married for so long?"

Don didn't even look up from his work to respond. "It's really not that hard once you're married as long as I've been. Things become routine, you know your roles and responsibilities, obligations that have to be met, kids to be raised. I guess it becomes more of a partnership after a while."

"Gee, that doesn't sound very romantic. Seems more like something you HAVE to do than WANT to do."

Don sighed and his pen down. He looked up me with this distant look on his face. "Well Kelly, if you really wanted to know, most guys like me have no choice. I've actually got a pretty good life right now and a divorce would ruin me financially. There's this huge mortgage, car loans, credit cards, not to mention two kids in college and a third not too far in the future."

He paused for a second, as if he couldn't believe he was telling me all this. "Besides, why are you so interested all of a sudden? After all, your dad's been married as long as I have so why not ask him."

A hint of a smile was on my face when I replied to him. "Well, I know you like it when I tease you so I was wondering if it was just because you found it interesting or maybe you weren't being satisfied at home."

"Damn Kelly, don't you think you're being just a bit nosy now?"

Oops, a little TOO much I guess. I pretended to pout and left him alone in his office. I wasn't used to being put off by men so I knew Don was going to be seeing more of me than ever now. For the next couple of weeks I made a special effort to tease Don every chance I could get. I didn't do anything too terrible but he was getting plenty of opportunities to check me out.

One day I went in his office to deliver some mail and he looked upset about something. I thought maybe he needed something to take his mind off of whatever it was so when I put the mail on his desk I leaned way over. Just before entering his office I'd unbuttoned a couple more buttons on my blouse so he was getting a fairly unobstructed view of my boobs, small as they were. To my surprise, he slammed his pen down and looked at me angrily.

"Dammit Kelly, now stop it. I can't take it anymore so please just quit doing whatever it is you think you're doing and leave me alone."

Whoa! I certainly hadn't expected that! I must've looked pretty shocked because he quickly got up and apologized.

"I'm sorry Kelly, it's just that things haven't been going so well at home and then to come to work and have you teasing me just makes it all the worse!"

I sat down on the chair next to his desk and just listened. I also made it a point NOT to button my blouse.

at the office Saturday night but their regular sitter wasn't available. He said he would really appreciate it and that I could even use their hot tub if I wanted. My dad was with us and he encouraged me to accept the offer saying he would also appreciate it since he really needed Don that night.

I agreed and that weekend walked over to Don's house as it was only a couple of blocks away. I had babysat for his daughter before and she was never a problem so I knew it was going to be an easy assignment. This was the first time though I'd been offered the use of the hot tub!

As I had anticipated, their daughter was a pleasure to baby-sit and after I put her to bed I decided to take up his offer regarding the hot tub. I hadn't bothered to bring a bikini since I knew I'd be alone and like ours at home the deck had a high security fence so nobody would be able to see me. I stripped off my clothes and left them on the kitchen table. Walking out onto the deck nude, the cool night air felt great on my skin and I could feel little goose bumps rising all over me.

I carefully uncovered the hot tub and stepped into it gingerly. The hot water felt great as I slowly lowered myself in. With the night air being so cool, the hot water working its way up my legs made my skin tingle while the parts of me still in the air kept their goose bumps as the contrast between the two temperature extremes made me feel even colder on top. The water reached where my legs joined and I hesitated for a second, letting myself become accustomed to the water. Don kept his tub a bit hotter than my dad did ours so it took me longer than usual to work my way in.

Finally I took the plunge and let my pussy dip into the water. It felt so hot I had to pull up for a second and let it cool again. Then I tried again and this time the warm water caressed me, trying to work its way into me like a lover. My ass was soon covered and my torso felt the shock of the heat that surrounded it. I watched as I lowered my breasts under. My nipples were already like magnum bullets and the heat made it feel as if someone was pinching them, but in a good way. I gasped as a series of pleasurable sensations ran up and down my body.

Eventually I was in up to my neck at it was then that I took a quick plunge completely under the surface to wet my face and hair. I was finally in and it felt soooooo good.

The hot tub had a bed-like section molded into it that I laid back in. There was a jet at my feet so I positioned myself such that it was pointing straight at my pussy, letting the air and water mixture gently massage me. Together with the heat it was like the world's greatest lover giving me oral sex - much better than my shower massager. I just laid there, eyes closed and motionless, enjoying the sensations that would come and go inside and out of me. My hands casually played with my boobs like a young schoolboy groping on his first date.

As I looked up and saw the darkened windows of the house above me, I imagined Don spying on me from one of them, watching me secretively while my clit was gently massaged by the continuous stream of water. I pictured him standing in the bedroom, looking out the window through a slit in the curtains with his hard cock in his hand, stroking himself as he watched me masturbating, dreaming of fucking me. My hand moved from my breast to my clit as I began to get down to some serious masturbation.

Between my hands, the jets and the hot water I brought myself to a great climax, dreaming of Don cumming all over his hand, jerking his cock furiously was I writhed in the water with the pleasure of an orgasm that just wouldn't stop. Slowly my pussy calmed until I could lay back still again instead of humping like I was a whore being fucked as I had during my orgasm.

## 3. Don Joins Me in the Hot Tub

I checked the time on my watch and saw it was getting to where Don might Returning if he finished early so I went back into the house and got dressed. It turned out to be just in time as Don walked in as I finished pulling my jeans back on. Seeing my wet hair, it was obvious to him what I'd been doing.

"So Kelly, looks like you've been in the hot tub. Like it? We just put it in a few weeks ago."

"Oh yeah, it was great. Thanks for letting me use it. We have one at home too and I use it every chance I get."

"I like using it after a stressful day at work like today. Matter of fact, I was thinking on the way home about getting in it when I got back." Don hesitated before he continued, as if not sure whether he should say something. It could have been the look in his eye but really it was the look of what was growing between his legs that tipped me off to his intentions. Don looked like he was about to lose his courage though so I took the initiative.

"Would you like me to join you?" I offered softly, smiling at him.

Predictably his lust quickly won out and he put his arms around me and bent over to kiss me. I rose up on my toes to meet him and felt the shirt rise up over my bare ass as I did. Our open mouths met and each of our tongues searched for the other, lightly touching and finally invading the other's mouth. I could feel my small breasts pushing against his bare chest though his shirt that I was wearing.

Don reached below the shirt and held my firm smooth ass (that I was soooooo proud of) with both hands, pulling me tightly against him until that I was able to feel his stiffening cock pressing against my flat stomach. My hips wiggled back and forth as I rubbed up against his swelling cock. It was such a passionate kiss! We held it for a while and then parted, each of us taking a breath, a bit lightheaded from the realization of what we had just done.

Don gently took my hand and led me to the hot tub. He entered the hot tub first, settling in across the tub from me and then watched me as I walked slowly towards the edge of the tub. As I expected, my hardened nipples were poking straight though the flimsy shirt material and with the deck lighting behind me I knew he could see my small naked body clearly outlined underneath. I stepped into the tub and sat across from him. This time I slipped in quickly, letting the hot water strike me fast this time rather than the slower, more sensual manner I had entered before. It was so weird, like we were horny teenagers at a drive-in, hotter than anything for each other but both waiting for the other to make the next move. As we talked about something so inane I don't even remember what it was, I felt my leg brush up against his and it was like an electric charge went between us.

I almost couldn't believe this was happening! Wow, I was in a hot tub with a man older than my father, three times my age, wearing nothing but a wet shirt that was now completely transparent. Teasing him in the office and even at home was all in good fun. Then all of a sudden I realized this was more, this was the real thing. If I went any further I would be helping a man commit adultery for god's sake - violating one of the Ten Commandments! Not only that, but what about his kids? What would his boys say if they found out their supposedly stodgy old dad was screwing a girl younger than their girlfriends? Most of all, what about his wife? Did I really even have the right to do this to her, to take her husband from her in this most intimate way? It was amazing how these and other thoughts raced through my mind in what seemed like hours but in reality were mere seconds.

Then I remembered how it was his wife that changed the rules. She was the one that corrupted her religion to the point where she no longer could satisfy her husband in bed. The more I thought about it the more I felt justified in whatever I did to her husband. Don was a decent, hardworking man who deserved to be given the things he craved and desired. Well, if she wouldn't satisfy him then why shouldn't I? It was at that very moment, more than any time before, that I knew I truly wanted Don to fuck me. It wasn't something just to dream or fantasize about anymore - I really wanted to give him something that I knew he would cherish for the rest of his life.

On the other hand, his wife had always been nice to me and I had no desire whatsoever to do anything that would hurt her in any way. Actually, I felt that I might be saving their marriage if anything. I mean, if things were to the point in their marriage where Don was out looking for someone else to have sex with, maybe it was best that he fucked me and got it out of his system before he had a real affair. To be completely honest, it wasn't just about Don though. If nothing else, I was sure it would be something I would remember for the rest of my life as well!

With renewed determination I moved over next to him, pushing myself through the water until I felt his body pressed against mine. We kissed again as he put an arm around my shoulders, pulling me tightly against him with a sudden burst of passion it caught me off guard. It was like he was now committed to this, no more half-moves or concerns. It was at this moment I knew that Don was going to fuck me before the night was done and there was nothing that could stop what had been put into motion. Even if I changed my mind, which I was hardly about to do, I knew I was going to be fucked by him one way or another. He moved his other hand down under the water to lightly stroke my inner thighs, running his fingers up and down each of my legs. Then he moved his hand to my breasts, massaging me gently though the wet shirt and squeezing my nipples. I moaned softly as my breasts tingled from his touch.

"Ohhhhhh Don," I moaned the way I had been when I was dreaming earlier in the hot tub about how I wanted this to happen.

I turned and slowly worked way down his chest, kissing and licking him. As I did he reached down and slipped off his suit. I could take a hint so I reached down and next thing I knew I was holding his hard cock! The only other cocks I had held were of teenage boys and I was pleasantly surprised to feel how big and hard he was. I lowered my head into the water and took his cock in my mouth. I don't think he was expecting that but he adapted quickly to the situation, raising his hips to bring me out of the water so he could watch me as I sucked him.

My tongue swirled around his shaft as I moved up and down, never letting him out of my mouth. I had seen his cock trying to burst so many times from his pants, dreamed so many times of sucking it, that I was not going to let it go for an instance. My eyes looked up at him and I smiled wickedly as he told me what a fantastic job I was doing.

"Oh God, Kelly that feels incredible!! Nancy is only woman I've ever been with and she hates oral sex. I have dreamed all my life of having my cock sucked by a beautiful girl!"

I hadn't realized until then that he had never had a blow job! Oh my god, I was the first girl to suck his cock! If anything, I was more determined now than ever to make it a memory he could carry with him forever. His cock tasted a bit funny from the chemicals in the hot tub but that didn't stop me from taking him all in my mouth until my face was pressed against his wet pubic hair. My tongue swirled around his head, driving him nuts from the pleasure I was giving him. He was groaning so loud I hoped there was nobody around to hear him.

I'd given my first blow less than a year ago but in that time since I must have sucked cock a hundred times or more so I felt I was pretty damn good, especially for my age. I could tell from the swelling of his cock that he was ready to cum but I did not want him to yet. I had more plans for that poor underused cock. I took him out of my mouth with a sly grin.

"So Don, am I was as good as you had hoped for?"

"Quit being coy Kelly. You know damn well how good you are!"

Alright, so he caught me fishing for compliments. Well, any girl likes to know when she is pleasing her man. Now it was his turn to return the favor. I sat up on the edge of the tub with my legs spread wide for him. I took the shirt off - it wasn't hiding anything anyway and it felt funny plastered to my skin anyway. For a moment he just sat back and stared at my young teenage body, almost as if in disbelief.

"Well," I laughed, "are you going to just look at me or do something?"

"Sorry Kelly," he apologized, "It's just I want to remember this moment, the first and maybe the last time in my life I'm with a gorgeous nude teenager who is waiting for me, waiting for me to fuck her. God it's like I'm in some sort of dream and I'm so afraid I'm gonna wake up!"

Don moved up towards me and massaged my breasts with one hand while the other reached down between my legs. He fingers found my pussy and worked their way under my hood to my clit, which was dying for his attention by then. My hips

one hand down and started rubbing my clit, causing it to move the inner walls of my pussy against his dick. Between his cock, my hand, and his mouth on me I came yet again, this time even harder than before! Don was banging me like a wild man now, pumping his cock in and out of me furiously. I knew he couldn't last much longer and finally he couldn't hold back anymore.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to cum," he cried out loudly.

Again I hoped nobody was out tonight or Don was going to have some explaining to do! Don instinctively started to pull out of me, not wanting to cum in me and get me pregnant. What Don didn't know was that my mom had taken me to the doctor the day after I lost my virginity and I had been on the pill ever since. There was nothing like the feel of a man cumming inside of me and I wasn't going to let Don do it anywhere else. I wrapped my legs around his ass and pulled him towards me.

"Cum in me Don!" I begged him, "Fill my pussy with your hot sperm."

A deep shiver suddenly ran through his entire body. It was like he had tapped into a hidden well of cum that had been building for twenty years. He squirted time and again straight into my little pussy, shooting streams of spunk into me that felt like small heat bombs going off with each ejaculation. He pushed hard against me, trying to drive his exploding cock even deeper into me, instinctively trying to deposit his seed as far inside of me as he could. Again and again he thrust into me, each time swelling and exploding, each time driving me closer to yet another orgasm until finally I came again and I lost all sense of time and reality as my mind clouded with sheer lust and pleasure.

All I could think about was the feelings that were enveloping me from head to toe, emanating from where his cock was buried in me. It must have been like what drug addicts feel when they are on a high, nothing else mattered at that moment, all I could think about was how absolutely wonderful I felt at that instant. He finally ran out of cum and he pressed himself tight to me.

We rolled over and I was on top of him, laying on his chest with his slowing shrinking cock in me. I could've stayed like that forever the way I felt at the time. We were both exhausted but feeling wonderful, our naked bodies pressing against each other's. His hands slowly wandered all over me, caressing me lightly. What he didn't know was that I was still not finished. My fantasy still had a few parts that needed to be fulfilled.

"Come on Don, let's go to your bedroom."

"Oh my god Kelly, I don't know if I can do it again."

"Let me worry about that. Let's go!"

## 4. Doing It on Their Bed

We ran naked across the deck and into the house where I headed straight upstairs to his bedroom. Looking around I could see a number of pictures of him and his wife, just his wife, and the whole family. Seeing them made me feel so naughty thinking about what they would say if they could see who was in the bedroom with him now. It was easy to recognize her dresser with all the jewelry and perfume bottles on it.

Don watched as I rummaged through the drawers and quickly found her underwear. She was probably at least twice my size so there was nothing that would even remotely fit me but that wasn't the point. I didn't plan to wear it to the store, I just wanted him to fuck me while I had it on. I picked out a bra and a pair of what looked to be new panties. I slipped them on and laid on the bed. Actually I had to or they would have fallen off they were so big on me. I put my hands inside the panties and started to play with myself in front of Don.

"What do you think your wife would say if she knew I was doing this in her panties?" I asked him, teasing him worse than he had ever been teased before.

"Damn Kelly, you know what she would say. You're such a damn tease!"

He was still flaccid so I knew I had to get to work if he was going to fuck me again. At his age I wasn't even sure if it was possible but it never hurt to try. I moved to the side of the bed where he was standing and laying on my stomach I started to give him another blow job. He was so soft I was afraid it might be useless when I started to feel a bit of response in my mouth. He may have never been able to do it twice before but then he never had the motivation I was providing! It took a while but eventually he was back to his erect and horny self again. His crotch smelled of bromine from the hot tub but I didn't care, I was more interested in feeling him growing in my mouth, expanding such that each time I went down on him it took a little more effort to get him to fit.

When he was ready I got on my hands and knees with my ass at the edge of the bed. Still standing, he quickly found my pussy and his cock was back where it belonged - deep inside of me. As I rocked back and forth with the force of his

remembers how he fucked me. I even daydream of him being in bed with his wife, imagining me sucking his cock like she wouldn't. Would she have any suspicion as to why he had this huge hard-on?

It wasn't until the lust had drained from my body and I was thinking more clearly that I fully realized I was directly responsible for leading a responsible father and loving husband into the sin of adultery. Could he ever look at his wife the same way again, knowing what he had done behind her back? What if his wife ever found out? Would I be responsible for their divorce if she did? I soon put these thoughts out of my mind. After all, I didn't rape the guy or anything. I wasn't the one with the wedding vows to consider so if he chose to fuck me then that was his responsibility.

As it turned out that was the one and only time Don ever fucked me. During the summer I continued to tease him in the office but we never carried it through again. When I met his wife at the summer company picnic I felt a moment of panic but I realized she had no idea what her husband had done to me. We actually had a great conversation although the topics were just small talk. It would have been more interesting to have compared notes about her husband's cock but somehow I doubted that that was going to be a suitable conversational topic!

So summer was again in full bloom and I was enjoying myself. During summer bikinis and cutoffs became the standard uniform for me and my friends and we were all having a great time teasing the boys and sometimes enjoying the fruits of our labors. Most of us had lost our virginity by now although I was probably at the upper end of the scale when it came to number of partners. My best friend Beth was ahead of me but that was because she was known for being a party girl whereas I preferred more the one-to-one dating routine.

Before I knew it, it was time for that annual rite of passage - church camp. I'd been going to church camp every year since I was eight and I've always looked forward to going back again. There was so much to do - horse riding, swimming, crafts and worship. Being fifteen now, this would be my last year so I was looking forward to being the senior group finally.

Actually I was excited about going for a few other reasons as well. During the last couple of years me and the other girls my age had started flirting with some of the counselors at camp. We were barely teenagers so it was all pretty much just innocent fun and nothing really happened, at least not that I knew about. Oh sure a few girls claimed to have "gone all the way? but for the most part I figured they were just boasting and there wasn't anything behind the bravado. As for me, this year I was no longer a virgin and so my intentions were to go way beyond flirting!

Being fifteen now also meant that some of the younger counselors wouldn't be all that much older than me. If there was one thing I'd learned since last summer it was that your average boy would do just about anything for even a chance at getting in my panties (when I wore them). Besides, doing it at church camp just seemed so naughty even to think about it.

## 2. Sunday - Seeing Mark for the First Time

My bags were packed and I was ready to go (I think there's a song in there somewhere). During church there was a special sendoff for all the kids leaving for camp. Afterwards my parents and I stopped home for lunch and to pick up my suitcase. From there it is a two-hour ride.

While I could've taken the church bus with most of the other kids, traditionally my parents had always taken me to camp so as to be sure that I was all set up and OK for the week. I didn't have the heart to tell them that I was fifteen now and didn't

more cleavage to fill it out properly, the bottoms were not much more than a piece of triangular clothe with thing strings holding it on. It left little to the imagination to say the least. When I modeled it for him he took a bunch of photos, just as he always did when he brought me home one of his "special" outfits.

"My goodness, now where's the one we bought you special for camp?" my mom mumbled as she tossed my other bikinis in to her purse for safe keeping.

Reluctantly I pulled out the suit she was talking about from the very bottom of my suitcase. Ugh, I hated it!! It was one-piece which was bad enough but it covered my ass and boobs completely making me feel like I was wearing a straightjacket when I had it on! It was like something from the stone age.

Oh well, the only consolation was that at least all the other girls would have to wear one just like it as well so I wouldn't have to be embarrassed to wear such a stodgy thing. My mom took it from my hands put it in the drawer along with my underwear.

"So what else did you sneak in here you naughty little girl?" she said with a smile. She looked around to be sure nobody could hear her and added, "You know, just because you're not a virgin this year doesn't mean you can run around looking like a slut. This IS church camp you know."

Looking through my things, she ended up confiscating a couple of skimpy tube tops and one pair of my cutoffs, my favorite pair too in that my ass hung out both sides when I walked. Then she rummaged through my things one more time before giving up. She looked me in the eyes and asked, "What, no bras?"

"Mommmmmm!" I protested, folding my arms in frustration.

Mom shook her head but at least she didn't press the issue. She and I were always fighting over this issue. I hated bras with a passion and generally never wore one unless she forced me to like when we were going to church. It wasn't like I was all that well-endowed anyway to where I required one.

In all fairness, it wasn't that she wanted me to wear a bra ALL the time. Heck, if anything she actually encouraged me NOT to wear one much of the time although she did give me a few pointers on when to wear one to tease boys more. As I mentioned, usually the only time she really pushed the issue was when it came to church activities.

So far as dress codes go, our church isn't nearly as extreme as some I've heard about but even so it's still pretty strict when compared to school. Even though the camp rules did not specifically require that girls had to wear bras (most weren't old enough to need one anyway), there was always the general statement about "proper and appropriate attire? that could be interpreted just about however the Camp Director wanted.

As it turned out my mother proved yet again how well she understood me. She reached in her purse and pulled out one of my newer bras.

"I figured you'd "forget" one of these so I brought one for you. I know you won't wear it during the day but you should at least wear it to the evening services. That's only proper."

I let out an overly dramatic sigh and quickly hid it in my drawer where I had every intention of it remaining for the rest of the week. What my mom didn't know wouldn't hurt me!

Everything was finally ready and my parents kissed and hugged me goodbye. My dad lingered back for a minute and whispered in my ear in a conspiratorial tone.

"Now try and behave yourself Kelly. Please don't do anything crazy and get yourself in trouble, OK? I don't want anything embarrassing like that Reed girl last year."

He was referring to the scandal of the summer last year where a girl was caught naked in the shower room doing herself. It caused quite a stir which I thought was rather hypocritical at best. Like, how many girls weren't relieved that it hadn't been them that had been caught? And not just the campers. I bet more than a few of the counselors spent some "quality time" alone in the shower room as well. From what I heard they weren't always alone either.

I looked at him with my best "innocent girl" look and licked my lips slowly. "Of course daddy, don't I always behave?"

My dad laughed as if there was something funny about what I'd said. Then he winked at me before patting me playfully on my butt and leaving to catch up with my mom.

Although I didn't tell my dad everything I did, no doubt my mother kept him well informed. Besides, it's not like he didn't encourage me much of the time! Sometimes I think he got a kick out of me, maybe even reminding him of how my mom would behave back when they were in high school.

It hadn't really hit me until a few days earlier, but in looking back since last summer I hadn't gone a full week without sex since my first time with Steve. That is if you forget about the month or so after he left when I was depressed and feeling

nudity at church camp!) and I began to masturbate as I laid on my back in my top bunk.

It was dark in the room and I tried to keep quiet but there is only so much you can do in such times. Besides, from a few little moans and the rustling of sheets I knew that I wasn't the only one with a finger on her clit at the time!

When I finally came it was all I could do to keep from crying out as I dreamed of Mark cumming in me, his big fat cock shooting stream after stream of his hot sperm into my tight pussy. I'd never seen it course but in my imagination it was the biggest dick I'd ever seen. As my fantasy cock, he could cum as many times as I wanted and never ran dry or go soft.

I was so damn horny once wasn't going to be enough so I rolled over on my side and brought myself to another climax, even better than the first. I tasted my fingers and sniffed, taking in the sweet aroma of my pussy, imaging how his cock would taste after he fucked me.

I finally fell asleep imagining Mark lying nude behind me, spooning me with his hard cock pressed against the small of my back and his arms wrapped around me as he held my boobs in the alms of his hands, squeezing my hardened nipples between his fingers.

## 3. Monday - Dreaming About Mark

Early in the morning our counselor woke us up. We put on our robes and took our toiletry bags as we walked in line to the central bathroom. Fortunately the toilets had doors because as usual I'd woken up so horny I had to do something or go nuts.

Although I'm definitely not a "morning person" (just ask my mom after when she tries to get me up for school), I usually wake up "needy". After last night and talking about Mark with the other girls, and then dreaming about him as I masturbated myself to sleep, I was extra horny this morning.

I hooked the wooden door, lifted up my T-shirt, dropped my shorts and took a seat on the thrown of an ancient but fortunately clean toilet. Nature called so first I peed but then I was ready for better things. Spreading my legs, I leaned back against the back of the stall and reached between my thighs with my right hand, rubbing my clit slowly at first but quickly building up speed.

There have been times when I've masturbated for hours, just laying on my bed, cumming several times and eventually working myself up to a stunning climax which would leave me totally exhausted but oh so satisfied. At other times masturbation was just a quick means way to relieve myself of the overwhelming sexual tension that was threatening to overload me. These quick and dirty orgasms worked for the short term but naturally didn't give me near the satisfaction of an extended masturbation session.

This was one of those times when I needed to get off quick so in less than five minutes of fantasizing about waking up to the feel of Mark's cock pressing against my pussy, I drew a deep breath and let that wonderful sensation I get with any orgasm flow through me.

When I was finished I quickly pulled down my T-shirt, adjusted my shorts, and opened the door to go the rows of sinks where Beth, my very best friend, has just finished brushing her teeth.

"Feeling better?" she teased me with a smirk nudging me playfully in the side with her elbow.

"Whatever DO you mean?" I replied with all the innocence I could put in my voice.

"Oh give me a break girl; I'm your best friend, remember? I know what you do when you wake up in the morning. Look at your face in the mirror - you may as well be wearing a neon sign saying, 'Look at me, I just did myself!' You're something else Kelly."

I looked at my reflection in the cracked mirror and sure enough, I WAS pretty flushed. I flashed her a toothy smile and brushed my teeth while she stood there shaking her head in mock shame over the sinful deeds of her best friend. Yeah, like she probably hadn't just done the same thing herself and just happened to finish faster than me. I'd slept over at her house enough times to know her morning routines well.

When I was finished at the sink I followed Beth to the shower room where modesty was not an option. The room has two stainless steel shower trees with several heads on each so everyone had to shower together. For me it was no big deal as I was long accustomed to being nude around people.

Growing up, nudity wasn't something to be flaunted but at the same time not to be ashamed of nor made a big deal over. For me to see my parents nude or vice versa was simply a non-event. As I got older I noticed my dad would look at me a little longer than he had when I was younger but who could blame him? After all, he may have been my dad but he was still a guy. Besides, he never did anything overt or to embarrass me.

Most of the younger girls were obviously were raised in more conservative homes and for a few an open shower was actually a traumatic experience. I knew girls when I was in high school that never showered after gym class, figuring it was better to make it through the day with lots of perfume and deodorant than to be nude in front of the other girls.

Going a whole week at camp without a shower was a different story although I knew girls that had done it, depending on the daily swim at the lake with maybe a discrete wash-down at the sink to make it through until they could go home to the privacy of their own bathroom. Seemed pretty silly if you asked me.

Beth and I stripped together and stepped into the shower. It was pretty crowded with everyone trying to get ready the first morning so it was all but impossible NOT to bump up against other girls as you made your way through the mob. I knew from past experience that it would get better as the week went by as everyone learned to schedule their time better. Today, however, it was wall-to-wall naked girls.

Beth and I managed to get a showerhead for ourselves and we pressed together to share the lukewarm stream of water. What is it about camps that they NEVER have really hot water in the showers anyway? My nipples hardened instantly when the lukewarm water struck them and I noticed that Beth's were doing the same. She was fortunate in that Mother Nature had blessed her with the biggest boobs of any girl our age. In the meantime I was "cursed" with one of the smallest pair.

As I watched Beth soaping down her breasts and running her hands over them, I couldn't help but feel jealous of her as I always was whenever I saw her nude. As we twisted and turned under the shower her boobs would sometimes accidentally rub up against my naked skin. Once our nipples even rubbed against one another's and I felt a shiver run through me.

My eyes met Beth's and for just a moment I wondered what it would be like to feel her naked body against mine in a more private setting. The moment passed almost instantly and then we were out of the shower to make room for someone else. We got back to our clothes and dried off. Beth handed me her towel saying, "Dry off my back, would you Kelly?"

She turned and faced away from me as I rubbed the towel over her. I got down to her butt and rubbed it with the towel as well. I wasn't even thinking about it when

I moved down and started to dry her off between her thighs. Beth instantly flipped around with a sly grin on her face.

"Now Kelly, watch it! Someone might think we were more than just best friends!"

To be honest, somehow that didn't seem so bad right then but before I could reply our counselor came bursting in.

"Hey you two, get going! Everyone else is ready for breakfast and you're holding things up!"

We quickly threw on our shorts and a brand new camp T-shirt. My mom had insisted on buying me a shirt that was a bit too big knowing it was a losing battle with the bra and she didn't want my nipples to be so obvious. Well, it hung on me like a feedbag!

As I walked I realized that it actually wasn't all that bas as being so loose it moved across my nipples with each twist of my hips as I stepped so it was like someone was playing with them every step of the way heading to the dining room. Damn, my nipples were like little hard pencil erasers by the time we took our seats.

The shorts were quite conservative for anyone making them ultra-conservative for me, coming almost six inches down my legs. Once again my mom had bought a pair that were a bit on the big side whereas usually I wore them a size too small if anything.

When I had first looked in the mirror I just wanted to cry. Oh my god, I looked exactly like the stereotypical image of the nerdy virgin church girl! My heart sank as I wondered how I could ever entice Mark to look my way dressed up like this? Oh well, at least everyone else was more or less in the same outfit so I didn't look totally out of place.

It was also interesting to see that I wasn't the only one without a bra! Actually, the majority of the girls seemed to have "forgotten" theirs as well, even some of those with the larger busts like Beth. The one good thing about it was that if she could get away without one then nobody was going to say anything about me.

***************

My group's turn at the waterfront wasn't until the middle of the afternoon which was nice because by then it was blazing hot and the water felt great. Mark was the head lifeguard and upon seeing him I immediately wished I were wearing my regular bikini. Even with my absurdly conservative suit (did all girls REALLY wear these things at one time?) I was hoping against hope that he was looking at me a little more than he did the other girls as I tried to add a little extra wiggle to my walk when I thought he was looking our way.

Mark was looking pretty hot himself in his long swim trunks with his tanned and muscular body. Of course, I wasn't the only one who couldn't take my eyes off of him! As we were leaving after our lessons I turned suddenly and caught Mark looking away quickly. I was pretty sure he'd been staring at my tight ass again and the thought of it made me even hornier than I already was.

***************

That night after the evening service we gathered again in the low light of the cabin for our nightly chat. Everyone was excited about the first day and inevitably the discussion turned to the waterfront with special attention to the head lifeguard.

"What a hunk!"

"Oh my God I think I'm in love with him!"

"Did you see those muscles, I want soooooo bad to see him working out!"

The accolades and fantasies went on until finally Beth said, "Hey Kelly, you're being awfully quiet. So what did you think of Mark?"

I don't know whether it was just a moment of stupidity or I just wanted to impress the other girls with my "maturity" but for whatever reason, without thinking I closed my eyes and said in a dreamy voice, "Mmmmmmm, I couldn't take my eyes off that bulge in his swimsuit!"

For a second it went deadly quiet and then everyone started to giggle and whisper. Even though it was nothing nearly as bad as what some of them had been saying the night before, we'd been alone then without our counselor.

Our counselor, a really nice girl who was a senior in college, didn't seem to know quite what to say. My face turned red and I ran to my bunk and threw myself in it. I was crying with embarrassment when my counselor sat down next to me. The rest of the girls were still on the other side of the room, probably talking about what a slut I was. She put her hand on my head and stroked my hair gently.

"It's OK Kelly, I know how you feel. He IS pretty handsome and I've had some thoughts about him like that myself but you simply can't say those type of things in front of everyone, especially here."

I turned over and faced her, tears staining my cheeks. She hugged me and we had a long chat about dealing with the emotions and feelings that all girls have when they are growing up. Finally she gave me a big hug and invited me back to the girls. We walked over and for a second everyone stared at me but before long we were all

Mark knew exactly what I was talking about and he turned just a bit red as he told me to get going and catch up with the other girls.

Later that day I told the other girls what had happened and they all giggled although I was pretty sure they didn't believe me, or at least they didn't believe he was really as interested in me as I thought he was. I chalked it up to them just being jealous of me.

Later, as I was resting in bed, I found myself thinking of Mark again and remembering how he looked at me when he didn't think I noticed. I put my hand between my legs, imagining that it was Mark's hand instead. As I rubbed myself I dreamed of Mark giving me a private lesson on the dock - private lessons in advanced fucking that is.

My finger rubbed my clit faster as I dreamed of him stripping off my swimsuit and fondling me, touching me lightly all over. I fantasized about his hard cock and what it tasted like, of how it would feel pressing against my pussy lips, spreading them apart and exploring deep into my wet pussy.

Finally I came as I imagined him exploding inside of me, filling me with his hot cum until it overflowed my pussy and ran out of me along his cock.

As I laid there with my eyes shut, feeling the afterglow of my orgasm, I was feeling SO horny for him. As I tried to catch my breath I knew that I couldn't just keep dreaming about him - I had to have him. I wanted his dick in me for real, not just in my imagination. Surely he would think I was sexy and want to fuck me if I offered myself to him. I might not be as hot as the girls his age but still, I couldn't imagine him ever saying no once he knew what I wanted.

My mind was still clouded from having just cum that I wasn't thinking as clearly as perhaps I should. Without thinking of the consequences, I silently got out of staying in must my shorts and T-shirt.

Hurrying before I came to my sense and realized what I was doing and maybe lose my courage, I found myself sneaking over to the staff area to check out Mark's cabin. At the moment that didn't matter. I wanted one thing and nothing was going to stop me until I had it.

***************

When I got to the circle of cabins where the counselors stayed I saw there were signs on each one with their names on them. Well THAT certainly helped as it would have been rather difficult to explain why I was in the wrong cabin.

I just smiled and walked over to him with a pouting look on my face. "Are you trying to say that you weren't thinking about me? Don't I don't turn you on? It sure looks like it!"

"No, no Kelly, that's not what I meant..."

"So were you jerking off thinking of me or not?"

"Ok, I was. But I didn't mean anything serious by it."

"So you were just laying here playing with your cock, talking about me sucking it and you fucking me and never once did you want it to come true?"

"Ok, so I admit it. You know damn well you've been teasing me from day one and today you were so hot I couldn't help but think of you tonight. I know you didn't slip by accident and you know full well it was no accident that I grabbed your tight little ass when the opportunity arose. So quite playing innocent, I bet you're fucking every boy in school, aren't you."

I sat down on the bed next to him and put my hand on his crotch. I was happy to feel his hard cock through the thin fabric. Evidently, even though he was embarrassed he was still pretty horny because it was hard as wood! Typical boy.

"Well, not EVERY boy... but I've had my share," I said with a sly smile.

"Don't worry Mark, I enjoyed watching you jerk off. I was especially turned on when I realized it was me that you were thinking of. I mean, what girl wouldn't be thrilled to know a guy like you thought she was hot enough to jerk off to?"

"Really? You aren't mad at me? You aren't going to tell anyone are you?"

I reached inside his boxers and held his warm cock in my hand. Despite everything, he was still hard as a rock and I was reminded of Steve who, no matter what happened, never seemed to lose his erection until he came – and then often not even then. It felt so good in my hands, especially after the all the times I'd already dreamed of holding it.

"Now why would I be mad at you? Look, I'll make a deal with you. I won't tell anyone that you were masturbating about me if you let me suck your cock."

I almost laughed as a series of varied expressions appeared on his face. Disbelief at first was replaced by an almost scary look of deep lust. His cock certainly wasn't getting any smaller as I gently stroked it. It was so much bigger than any of the others I'd held, more like grabbing a large cucumber instead of a carrot. The more I stroked it the more his resistance disappeared.

Finally I got him past the gag point and I could feel his cock sliding down my throat as my face met the base of his cock. I had ALL of him in my mouth finally. I wiggled my head to make him move around in my mouth. It felt like nothing else I'd ever experienced and the best part was I could tell that Mark was in ecstasy!

"Oh my god Kelly, that feels incredible! You're a natural born cocksucker. I bet you suck every cock you can get your mouth on."

I just smiled at him as I let him move in and out of my mouth. I bobbed my head up and down on him, making a loud slurping sound as I sucked his wonderful cock. Damn he tasted so good!

He was moving his hips up and down in time with my rhythm, helping to drive him cock deeper into my mouth which each stroke. He tasted wonderful and his crotch smelled so sexy. I teased his balls with my hands, gently fondling them as I sucked his perfect cock. They were all hairy and I loved running my hands through his pubic hair, twisting it in circles around my fingers.

Mark's breathing shortened and his body was stiffening - I could tell he was about to finally cum and my pussy tingled with excitement.

"Don't stop Kelly! For crying out loud whatever you do don't stop now! God I am going to cum so hard. I am going to cum in your sexy little mouth. Damn I wanted to do this every time you wiggled your cute ass for me at the dock."

His body tensed tight as a spring as his hot cock swelled in my mouth. Suddenly his whole body stiffened like a board and then he started jerking as I felt his first load of hot cum spray into my mouth and pool on my tongue.

I never let him loose, clamping down on him with my lips to seal his cum inside of my mouth. Mmmmmmm, it tasted soooooo good! After he finally stopped I let his cock slip from my mouth and I opened wide to let him see his cum inside.

"Oh wow Kelly, that is exactly what I was dreaming of, seeing my cum in your mouth and then watching you swallow it."

I just smiled and closed my mouth. I swallowed several times to allow his cum to wash down my throat and then I opened wide again to prove it was all down in my stomach. Then I took his now softening cock into my mouth again. It was so sensitive after cumming that he jumped when my tongue run up the backside of it, hitting the sensitive area below his head. A few more drops of his cum leaked out as I sucked on it. Finally he was done and I sat up and wiped my lips with my hand.

"Well, wasn't it better this way than to have to just dream about me?" I asked.

"All I can say Kelly is that it's pretty obvious you've had plenty of practice and I'm jealous as hell of your boyfriends."

I got up and left silently, blowing him a kiss as I went out the door and took one last look at his hairy cock. I didn't even have to dress as the whole time I had left my clothes on and he never even saw me naked. Oh well, that left something for him the next time.

Mark probably figured this was a one-time thing but he was mine now and I had no intention of this being the last time. If anybody found out what we'd done we would both be in trouble, especially him as he would be screwed - and not in a good way. I hate to say that I would have blackmailed him but let's just say I planned to be quite demanding the rest of the week and he'd better do what I asked - everything I asked!

## 5. Wednesday - Mark Fucks Me

At morning breakfast Mark was once again assigned to our table. When he came by me I caught his eye and I thought it was cute that he blushed just a little bit. He didn't say anything to me but seeing him again conjured up memories of the previous night. As my eyes roamed to his crotch, a place I was now more than just a little familiar with, I felt myself getting wet as his muscles rippled through the tight T-shirt he was wearing. Damn, I couldn't wait for our afternoon swim session!

That afternoon at the waterfront I noticed Mark was eyeing more than he ever had. It seemed everyone time I turned he was staring at my ass. Granted, there wasn't much else to stare at further up but I did what I could to give him the best views possible of my butt.

It turned out that I wasn't the only one who noticed his attention to me. That night during our girl talk time before bed I was teased by the girls about Mark's increased interest in me. Memories of his dick cumming my mouth filled my head as I just smiled. If him staring at my bottom got this much discussion going, just imagine what they'd be saying if they knew what's I'd done last night to earn his attention!

When the lights went off I laid in bed trembling with anticipation. First, I'd never been fucked by someone as old as Mark. Putting that together with the fact that we'd be doing it in the middle of church camp was almost too much for me to bear. It was killing me but I knew I had to wait a while before I dared to leave the cabin.

Well, I couldn't just lay there without doing SOMETHING so I started rubbing myself, dreaming of how it would feel the first time Mark entered me, stretching me apart as his monstrous dick head penetrated my wet pussy. When I finally came my fingers reached deep into me, becoming his cock in my mind as my pussy exploded with pleasure. The heck with everything, I couldn't take it any longer - I needed to have him and quickly so I slipped out, pretending to head for the bathroom but instead making a detour to the forbidden counselor area.

Once I got there I quickly sneaked around to Mark's cabin and slipped inside without anyone seeing me. Imagine my surprise to see not only Mark but another guy as well! Then I recognized him from the maintenance crew and saw that the two of them were playing cards. The guy looked at me with a wondering eye while Mark looked like he had seen a ghost.

"Shit! Kelly, what the hell are you doing here?" he asked incredulously.

The other guy looked at me and then at Mark, the look on his face was priceless! He grinned and said to Mark, "Way to go dude. Now this is what I call maid service."

"Damn it Greg," Mark responded, "It's not what you think you horny bastard. Get out of here and don't you dare whisper a word or Pastor Donovan will find out what you did to his daughter last week."

Greg had a smirk on his face as he left. As he passed me by he took a long look at me from head to toe and then said, "You know honey, if ol' Mark here can't satisfy you I'm right next door."

"Get out Greg - NOW!" Mark yelled. Greg looked me over one more time, shaking his head as he left and muttering something like, "Damn nice piece of ass." Then he was gone, shutting the door behind him.

"OK Kelly, let me ask you again. What in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh quit being so coy Mark," I chastised him as I slowly approached his bed. "I saw you looking at me today and I KNOW you enjoyed last night. Don't tell me that you don't want more. I know I do - a LOT more."

"Yeah but I can't do this Kelly," he said with a look on his face that said he wanted to. "Dammit, I could get fired... or even worse. Look, last night was a mistake so why don't you go back to your cabin before you get caught in here."

"Well... then just be sure we don't get caught," I said as I reached his bed and sat down on it with one leg up on the bed folded under me.

Then I looked at him with the most lustful and naughty expression I could muster, saying, "I really want you to fuck me Mark. Right now. Right here. I want you to fuck me better than I've ever been fucked before. Please fuck me... don't I turn you on?"

If there was one thing I'd learned early in my burgeoning sexual "career", it was that there is one thing that gets a guy going more than anything and that's to hear a girl ask him to fuck her. Well, Mark was proving to be no exception.

The bulge in Mark's shorts was getting bigger by the second and despite his protests to the contrary, he was looking at me more and more with that lustful look guys get when they start seeing me as an object to be taken and used. Some girls complain when men do that, claiming that they want to be treated as a person, not a sex toy. Frankly, that was EXACTLY what I wanted right then, to be Mark's sex toy and have him play with me.

My body was tingling all over with anticipation as I lusted for him, wanting him to use me to satisfy his naughtiest desires, to think about nothing but his sexual desires and use me to fulfill them. I wanted him to want me, to desire me, to show me just how much he thought I was pretty and sexy.

Without further hesitation, I stood up and quickly undid my shorts and dropped them to the floor. My T-shirt was more like a nightshirt, momentarily at least covering my ass and pussy from his view. Then I stepped up close to him, spreading his legs apart so I could stand between them.

Taking his hand in mine, I pulled it under my T-shirt to my pussy, pressing his hand firmly against me. His willpower totally disappeared as I felt his fingers instantly begin to explore, to find the seam where my clit was hiding and then work down until he was at the wet entrance to my pussy.

I moaned softly as his finger pressed until he was inside of me, wetting his finger with my pussy juices and then pulling out to wet my clit.

"That's it Mark, you know you want me. Fuck me... Oh fuck me Mark."

Mark slid his other hand under my T-shirt and grabbed my ass, squeezing it in his big hands and lifting me up on my toes. I pulled my T-shirt over my head so I was finally naked in front of him, with nothing but my sneakers on. It was just the opposite of last time when he was the one who was undressed and I was completely clothed. It made me feel so sexy being naked in front of him, like I was giving myself to him for his pleasure and enjoyment.

God his fingers felt so good in me! I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter each time he toyed with my clit. Oh yes, it was SO much better to have him actually touching me than to just fantasize about it in my bunk.

Mark let go of me and worked his way backward on his bed. I reached over him and tugged on his shorts, trying to pull them off. He raised his hips for me, making it easier to get them off. He had white jockey shorts on underneath and they were the next to join the growing pile of clothes on the floor and there it was, his wonderful massive cock standing up like a missile ready to launch. I reached for it and held it in my hand, smiling at him with the joy I felt inside as I climbed up on the bed next to him.

"Mmmmmmm," I said to him, "I remember how good you tasted last night. I've been looking forward to some more of this fella all day!"

I bent down to his crotch, taking his cock in my mouth immediately. I drove my mouth down on him until my lips met the base of his cock. His hair was so thick it practically smothered me but I loved the way it caressed my cheeks.

I took a deep breath and savored his strong odor that was thick and musky. I let him out of my mouth slowly as I came up, my tongue licking him as he went by it. When just the head was in my mouth I sucked it like a baby's binky, running the tip of my tongue against the tip of his cock.

While I sucked him I held his balls in my hand, massaging them gently and running my fingers though the hair that surrounded them. His hands were on my head, helping me to time my efforts with his thrusts as he tried to drive himself deeper into my mouth each time. This time though I wanted more than just a blowjob, he owed me a good fucking after last night and I was going to see that he paid his debt.

Mark was still on his back with his shirt on so I swung my leg over him and straddled his waist. I could feel him pressing up against me, his cock probing my crotch to find the entrance to the place it loved to be. I rubbed myself against him, feeling him sliding across my clit, keeping him wet with my pussy.

"I bet you get pretty horny watching those girls all day in their swimsuits," I teased him.

"Oh hell, sometimes I think I'm going to explode," he groaned, "Nothing but a bunch of teases wiggling their asses and tits. Drives me crazy... Oh what the hell, I wanted to fuck you from the first time you gave me that slutty little ass wiggle."

With that he reached around and grabbed his cock. I lifted myself up so he could position it under me and then lowered myself down into him. He missed the first time and I had to lift back up again for a second try. This time he hit my asshole and I immediately jumped up.

"Uh-uh, bad boy!" I scolded him. "That's not for play. Come on, I'm not THAT tight!"

This time I reached down and spread myself open for him. The tip of his cock pressed against my pussy hole, this time hitting it dead-on center and so I pushed down harder, driving him into me. Oh my god it felt so good to feel myself spreading apart for him. It hurt at first as I'd never had anything that large in my pussy before but soon I could feel his cock sliding into me, filling me as I'd never been filled by anyone before.

The momentary pain was quickly replaced by the most intense feeling of pleasure imaginable as I took him all in until my ass was planted on his hairy crotch. Oh yeah, this time instead of his thick bush tickling my face he was tickling my bare pussy and butt. My pussy squeezed down on his cock as hard as I could. God, it was like he was pushing up into my stomach!

"Damn Kelly, you feel so tight... so good!" Mark groaned as I started to bounce on him, trying to take a bit more of him each time, getting that last fraction of an inch of his cock inside of me.

Reaching down again I played with my clit, quickly driving myself to an orgasm that drenched his crotch with my pussy juices. I wanted more though, much more. I was not even close to being satisfied yet after all the dreaming and masturbating I'd done this week imagining myself doing this very thing. Oh yeah, I was being fucked by the sexiest guy at camp and I loved it!

Mark grabbed my bare hips and I leaned down on top of him. Then we rolled over on our sides and I lifted my upper leg over his. He started humping me, pounding my ass with his crotch as I looked down to watch his cock as it appeared and then disappeared into my pussy. It felt so amazing to feel his dick sliding in and out of me as I watched it, almost hard to believe what I was feeling in me was actually the same thing I was watching.

Mark put his arm around me and played with my tiny boobs, squeezing each one in his hand and grabbing my rock-hard nipple between his fingers. It wasn't long before my next orgasm hit and then yet another. It was like getting hit with two waves of pleasure from opposite directions, coming together deep inside of me, crashing into one another and spilling their loads of pure bliss into me.

My entire body was tingling like when your leg falls asleep and then starts to awaken. All I could think to say was to keep begging him to fuck me, to fuck me harder and harder and never stop.

Without warning Mark pulled out of me and for a moment it was like I felt so empty, like something had been taken from me. He wasn't done with though, as he twisted me around onto my back as he got off the bed. Grabbing my ankles Mark pulled me to the edge of the bed until my ass was almost falling off. He lifted my legs up until they rested on his broad tanned shoulders. Mark then grabbed his angry-looking cock and pressed the tip of the head back against the entrance to my hungry pussy.

"Ready for some more cock Kelly?" he asked. What a stupid question!

"Shove that in me before I grab it and pull it in!" I demanded, "Fuck me!"

Mark didn't need to be told twice. He slammed into me, driving himself in my hot and wet pussy over and over again. His hands gripped my ankles, lifting me up until my ass was off the bed. My hands played with my boobs while Mark fucked me even harder than before. God, was he ever going to cum? I could only imagine what a load he was preparing for me! As if he could read my mind, I could feel him start stroking faster and from the swelling inside of me I knew he was getting ready.

"Oh god I'm ready! Where do you want me to cum, Kelly?" he asked.

"Cum in me Mark," I begged him, "Fill my tight pussy with your cum!"

It really didn't matter as he couldn't hold back any longer anyway. The first surge of cum erupted from his ejaculating cock deep inside of my eager pussy. The heat of the explosion inside of me was just what I needed to cum again and yet another orgasm rocked me.

Again and again Mark drilled me with his cum, filling me with it until finally he stopped pumping and just stood there with his cock deep inside of me. He was breathing so hard he couldn't say anything other than a series of groans.

As for me, I just laid back with my eyes closed, trying to take in every sensation, to absorb ever feeling that was emanating from my freshly fucked pussy as his cock would periodically throb in me, sending shivers up and down my spine.

Finally Mark pulled his spent dick out of me and pushed me up on the bed further so he could nestle up to me, his warm body pressed against mine.

Even though I was exhausted, there was one thing I wanted not matter what. Indeed, I'd dreamed too many times about it to miss it now. I turned around until my face was in his smelly crotch, taking his softening cock in my mouth and sucking on it gently. His whole body shook as I continued to nurse his ultrasensitive dick.

I wondered if he had any clue as to how badly I wanted to taste him after he fucked me, to taste the mixture of both of us on his shaft that had just been inside of me.

Mmmmmmm, I loved the taste and smell of my pussy and to have it combined with his cum and the overwhelming odor of his crotch was simply heaven on earth for me. There was even a treat for me as a few drops of cum leaked out as he softened.

Any other time and place and I'm sure I could've continued sucking on him, reviving his cock for another round of fucking. However I knew only too well that I had to get back to my cabin before someone raised an alarm so I got up and quickly dressed. Mark just laid on the bed with his beautiful cock laying on its side for me to gaze at affectionately. God I loved that dick!

Suddenly a look of desperation came over him. "Oh my God I can't believe I just fucked you! I mean, it was wonderful and you were great but we didn't even use a rubber for god's sake!"

I smiled and said, "Don't worry Mark, I'm on the pill."

Mark looked so relieved after hearing that and as I pulled up my shorts he watched as my bare ass was covered up.

"Damn you really do have one hell of an ass Kelly!" he announced.

If only he knew how good that made me feel inside! My boobs aren't exactly my strong point making my ass my favorite part of my body. Short shorts, tiny skirts, painted on blue jeans - I loved to wear anything that showed it off as much as possible. I wiggled my butt for him and then slipped out the door.

Back in my cabin I sneaked back to my bunk and lay there thinking about what I'd just experienced. God my pussy was throbbing! I really wished he could have fucked me again - or maybe his friend? Eventually I fell asleep with my hand cradling my crotch, feeling my pussy pulsing and dreaming for another round of fucking from Mark.

# 6. Thursday - BJ Under the Dock

That morning I was brushing my teeth next to Beth again. She took a look at me and smiled.

"Wow girl, you certainly seem happy this morning. I haven't seen you this happy since the last time you got laid."

It was too good an opening to pass up so I gave her a sexy smile and winked at her. Her mouth dropped open and she covered it with her hand.

"Oh my God!" she whispered, "You didn't! With who... Mark? You're kidding!" I just nodded and continued to brush my teeth as if it was the most natural thing to do.

"Damn Kelly, you really ARE a slut. Like, every girl here has dreamed about him, me included, but leave it up to you to go off and actually do it! Well, you're just going to HAVE to tell me all about it when we get home you naughty girl!"

We both giggled. I trusted Beth totally. We'd been best friends as long as I can remember and we each knew things about the other than nobody else would have even dreamed of. Beth had even confided to me one day that she was turned on by my dad! Now THAT was a little out there?, even for me, but I knew she was just teasing me at the time. Like, my dad certainly got an eyeful of her at times, especially in the hot tub, but he would never have sex with her.

For the rest of the morning I wasn't paying any attention to the other activities as I plotted about how I was going to make today's visit to the waterfront an experience both Mark and I would never forget. I was literally soaking wet with anticipation as we walked down to the waterfront and midway through our time there the opportunity I was waiting for finally arose.

Mark was in the water, hanging on the edge of the dock facing the shore. I walked up to him and knelt down by him.

"Don't you dare move," I said softly, "Are you ready for a BJ?"

His eyes widened and he started to say something but before he could I jumped in and was underwater. It was typical lake water, clean but only with a few inches of visibility so neither he or anyone else could see where I was. I turned and swam under the dock until I found him. Before he knew what was happening I pulled his swim trunks down to his knees and felt my way up his legs until I had his incredible cock again in my hand.

I needed air by then so I surfaced under the dock where nobody could see me. It was totally against the rules to swim under the dock but then I'm sure it was against the rules to be holding the head lifeguard's erect dick in my hand as well! I could hear Mark trying to whisper to me from above.

"Damn it Kelly, stop! What if we get caught?!"

I didn't say anything, figuring actions speak louder than words. Besides, I was sure that once my mouth was around his horny cock that he wouldn't be so anxious for me to stop!

I took a deep breath and dove back under. I started to suck his cock which was already hardening from my holding it and his anticipation. So much for not wanting me to suck him! Actually I had never done this before so I wasn't quite sure how it was going to work out. His cock tasted like lake water but that wasn't going to stop me. It still had that familiar feeling of smooth skin with that wonderful hardness underneath and the head still had that nice rim to run my tongue under.

Over the next five to ten minutes I alternated between sucking him and then stroking him as I caught my breath. Once someone came up to Mark and started to talk to him just as I lowered myself under the water. As I sucked his rock hard cock I tried to imagine how he was managing to hold a conversation while at the same time one of his sluttiest campers had her mouth locked around his stiff cock!

Normally when I'm intent on just getting a boy to cum I can usually get results within five - maximum. Today, though, I was starting to wonder if I was going to be successful at all when finally I got the reaction I was hoping for. His head beginning to swell in my mouth and his hips involuntarily starting to buck as he tried to drive himself deeper into my mouth, like he was trying to fuck my mouth.

Fortunately, I'd just taken another gulp of air when he came, thick streams of cum shooting into my mouth. After a few shots I needed air and had to let go before he was done, leaving him to squirt the rest of his cum into the lake. It left like trails like slender white worms swimming through the water.

This time when I surfaced I was next to him on the outside of the dock. When I opened my mouth he could see his cum still on my tongue.

"God Almighty Kelly, swallow that before someone sees you!"

Well, I had no plans for it to go to waste so I did just as he said. Then I pulled myself out of the water and started to walk away but Mark hissed at me. I turned and he motioned for me to come back. He nodded towards my stomach and I looked down. Right smack in the middle of my suit was a big blob of cum. One of the loads he shot into the water must have hit my suit. Nobody had seen it yet so I jumped back in and washed it off of me. Now THAT would have been a bit tough to explain had I made it back to the beach without knowing about it!

This time when I got out I checked my suit over and all was clear, I winked at Mark and wiggled my ass for him as I went to the beach. With the erection I left him with it didn't surprise me that he didn't get out of the water for a while afterwards!

On the way back to our cabin Beth came to my side and whispered to me. "Where did you disappear to back there? You're supposed to be my buddy and I couldn't find you. Good thing they didn't have a buddy-call!"

Well, there was little danger of a buddy-call when the lifeguard was getting a BJ but of course she didn't know that - yet. Once again I winked at her and smiled like I had earlier this morning. Beth reacted the same as before, holding her mouth with her eyes wide open and then she started to giggle.

"No way Kelly," she said, "You're just teasing me now. Not even you would do anything down there. Besides, he was in the water by the dock most of the time."

I just smiled and as we walked she suddenly gasped and looked at me again as she started to realize what I had done. "No!," she exclaimed, "You didn't!... Oh my god!... you rock girl!!"

We laughed and hugged and I promised to fill her in on my entire event when we got home. I had a feeling we'd both be masturbating something fierce together when I did!

While I had hoped to have another night with Mark, this was our last night so there was a big bonfire and worship service in the woods. Our counselors then took us back to the cabins and we had an all-night discussion about our week at camp.

Everyone was being a good little girl, sharing about what a spiritual week this had been for them. Well, it had certainly been a spiritual experience for me as well, just not the same type as they had! I sat there in the circle dreaming of what it would have been like to be in Mark's cabin right then, feeling him fucking me instead of trading these silly stories that weren't probably true in the first place. Hmmm, what would our counselor have said if I told her MY most spiritual experience had been having the biggest dick ever inside of me last night?

It was really late when we finally went to bed. Of course it's never too late for one last round of masturbation, especially after spending the evening dreaming about being fucked. I was exhausted by the time I fell asleep but what a day it had been!

## 7. Heading Home

It was the last day of camp and thus the last day at the waterfront. I was ready for something really reckless today but when we got there I was devastated to find out that Mark was already gone. One of the girls in an earlier session had fallen and hurt herself and as the head lifeguard he had to take her into town for medical care. Oh well, so much for Operation Lifeguard Tower!

That evening my parents came to take me back home. My dad grabbed my bags and helped me out to the parking lot. Mark must have just made it back as he was standing with the other counselors saying goodbye to everyone so I introduced my parents to him, telling them that Mark had taught me a lot this week.

Mark was a bit flushed but imagine how much he would have been had be known I would soon be sharing everything I'd done at camp with my mom – and I mean everything!

Well, so much for Church Camp as next year I would be sixteen, too old for the kid's programs. Hmmmmmm, maybe someday I can be a counselor? I think I would be pretty good at teaching the girls a few things... don't you?

## 2. Preparing for a Date With John

It was a Friday night and I was in my bedroom getting ready for another night out with John. He didn't have anything special planned, just a movie and maybe some dessert afterwards. Looking in my mirror, I smiled as I imagined what was ahead of me. My denim skirt was tight and short, just like I knew John liked them. It hugged my hips tight and then flared out with a ruffle at the bottom to make it more girlish rather than slutty. Underneath was a pair of simple white cotton panties. Underneath my white tank top was a black tube top which was clearly visible. My hair was pulled back into a simple ponytail and I had just the minimum makeup on. A pair of pink sneakers finished off the ensemble.

Actually, each piece had been selected with a specific motive in mind. The skirt, of course, was for easy access. I learned early on that trying to get a pair of jeans off in a theater could be quite a challenge! The white panties were for John's sake - lending that "little girl" imagine to me that was enhanced by the pony tail and light makeup. I could have gone braless under the tank top, letting my nipples show through instead of the tube top.

Instead, the tube top lent a little bit naughtiness to the look, clearly visible yet saying he had to work a bit if he wanted my boobs. The sneakers were actually functional in that it was a lot easier to squat down in front of him in the theater with those than it would have been with heels (like I would ever touch my knees to those filthy floors!).

Suddenly I felt a tingle in my pussy as I imagined John pressing up against my panties, then moving them aside to explore my wet pussy. I closed my eyes and stood there with my hand pressed up against my crotch, feeling the warmth that was building up. Although I had masturbated earlier this morning, it had still been a few days since John had fucked me last and I was feeling a bit anxious.

As much as I loved touching myself, nothing beat the feel of a real dick in you. Several of my friends were still virgins and I often marveled at how they could deny themselves. God, if I regretted anything it was I waited as long as I had!

With a half hour or so until John was due, I figured why waste the time? I got on top my bed and laid back against my pillow. Soon my hand was back between my legs and rubbing my clit through my panties. This was silly - John wasn't here so the heck with the stupid panties! I pulled them down to my ankles and let my knees spread apart. My fingers moved through my pubic hair, spreading it apart to reach my clit and pussy slit. God it felt so good! For the next ten or fifteen minutes, I played with myself, imagining it was John touching me, licking me, even fucking me.

When I finally came, I plunged my fingers into me as far as I could reach, remembering how good it had felt the last time John had fucked me and driven his dick in me as far as he could when he came in me. John loved the fact I let him fuck me without a condom. He claimed I was the first girl he had ever actually cum inside of as all the rest of them made him wear a condom.

When people discuss the pros and cons of condoms, the conversation seems to always dwell on the guy such as the loss of sensation. How come nobody cares about the girl? When a guy cums in a rubber he may as well not cum at all so far as the girl is concerned. I want to feel his sperm spew into me, feel the gentle warmth as he fills me with his hot cum. John loved it as well and so he came in my pussy most of the time with the only exceptions being when I was blowing him somewhere where he couldn't fuck me.

As I laid there with my heart pounding, the afterglow of my orgasm still burning inside of me, I became aware of what else was going on around me. Our house is fairly old with hardwood floors that squeak if so much as a mouse runs across them it seems. I could have sworn someone was in the hallway. My bedroom door was wide open, as it usually was, so I called out to find out who was out there.

"Someone out there?"

I expected it to me my mom so I was a bit surprised when my dad poked his head around the corner.

"Just me baby," he said with a smile. "I take it you're going out with John tonight?"

I nodded and he just shook his head and laughed softly.

"And you couldn't wait another thirty minutes?"

"Dad!!" I protested, trying to sound innocent but obviously caught with my panties down – literally.

It wasn't like he had never seen me nude or masturbating before. Now don't get me wrong, I don't run around the house nude or put on masturbation shows for my dad, but at the same time I don't hide it when I do it either. The same went for my parents. Although I have never seen them actually having sex, masturbation isn't something they hide and nudity, when appropriate, is OK.

"You know, I don't understand why you don't just spend the evening here. I would think your bed has got to be a LOT more comfortable than wherever you're going to be doing it tonight."

"John still gets nervous about it Dad," I tried to explain. "God, if he knew you watched us sometimes I think he would shrivel up and never get hard again!"

We both laughed and he came in to give me a quick hug. Actually, it made me feel secure to have sex with my parents home. At least I knew nothing bad was going to happen to me with my dad surreptitiously checking in now and then.

"Don't forget your panties!" he teased me as he left my room.

I just pretended to be shocked that he would even say such a thing which just made him laugh all the more at me. Actually, he was right and so I pulled them back up and then got out of bed to check myself again in the mirror after my little bit of self-indulgence.

## 3. Sex in the Parking Lot

John soon picked me up and we had a great night. The theater was pretty full which somewhat limited what I could do to him. In the end, he had to settle for just a hand job as it would've been all but impossible to get down and suck him without drawing undue attention to us. Not that he complained! John groped me the entire movie as much as he could get away with and by the time the movie was over my pussy was soaking wet with the anticipation of his dick in it.

Once the movie was over, no sooner were we back in his car than I was leaning over for his zipper with the intent of attacking his cock right then and there.

"Whoa!" John exclaimed, "I guess somebody's horny as hell."

"Oh just shut up," I muttered, trying to get his zipper down but for some reason having a heck of a time getting it started.

"Why don't we get in the back so that console's not in your way?" he offered.

I was getting frustrated with his zipper and lack of help as well so I just huffed and threw the door open, almost hitting some poor woman walking her kids back to their car. I smiled at her and apologized and as soon as she turned away I opened the rear door and hopped in, all ready to go. John was close behind, entering from the other side and closing his door behind him.

"Take those damn jeans off," I demanded, "God, I've never had so much trouble with a guy's zipper before!"

John just grinned at me, apparently amused for some reason at my frustration. My pussy was killing me! It needed some attention and soon. Meanwhile, John had pulled his jeans off along with his underwear and was sitting back in the seat with just his shirt on which, for the moment at least, was covering his dick from view. The lighting was poor where John had parked, which I doubted was just a coincidence on his part, but I could see enough to reach over and grab his cock under his shirt tails. I was pleased to find him hard and ready to go!

"God, I've been wanting to suck this all night," I murmured as I leaned over and took the head in my mouth. John immediately let out a slight groan and I knew he had been wanting the same thing.

"Mmmmmmm, you like my mouth on your dick, don't you?" I teased him, holding his hard cock in my and while I looked up into his eyes with my mouth next to his dick.

"You know damn well I do!" he retorted. "Now quit yakking and suck it. If you want me to fuck you, then you'd better suck my cock good."

Somehow I doubted that anything I did, or didn't do, wouldn't deter him from fucking me before the night was over but I indulged his ego. I kneeled on the back seat, bent over his dick with my ass up in the air, sucking his cock like it was a hot day and I had to lick a popsicle to keep it from dripping.

"Oh yeah, that's the way I like it," John groaned as I sucked hard on his cock.

His hand managed to wander over my back and down to my ass, lifting my skirt and grabbing my ass through my panties.

"I don't know why you bothered wearing these tonight," he complained, working my panties down my butt and thighs to my knees, "Since when do you wear them anyway?"

I just let him grumble as I worked on his cock. He plunged his finger into my pussy and I almost bit into his cock as the sudden release of pleasure it created in me overwhelmed me. I wiggled my ass with his finger in me, trying to tell him I liked it without taking his cock from my mouth.

"Cum in my mouth," I said quickly, releasing his dick just long enough to beg for his cum.

His cock tasted so good in my mouth! Having it in my hand for most of the past hour or so without being able to even so much as suck it had been as much torture for me as it probably was for him. On second thought, I was the one who suffered the most as he at least got to cum! All I could do was lick his cum off my hand afterwards. It was like waving a steak in front of a dog and not letting her have a taste except to like what was left on your fingers!

John moaned even louder when I took his entire dick in my mouth until my face was pressed against his crotch. I wiggled my head around it, letting my tongue press against it as I held it there for as long as I could hold my breath. I loved the feeling of his smooth shaft as it slid along my lips when I raised my head back up again. I tried to pause a second to catch my breath but John wouldn't have any of that.

"Don't stop NOW for God's sake," he groaned, "Almost there...just a little more...hurry up and put it in your mouth!"

Well, that was a little understated as it turned out. No sooner did I get his cock back about half-way in my mouth than his dick erupted like a fountain spewing fireballs at a Fourth of July fireworks show. My lips tightened around his pulsing shaft, trying to keep every drop of his warm salty sperm in my mouth. Overall I was largely successful as only a little bit leaked past and dribbled down my chin.

John's finger was still up my pussy but as he had neared his orgasm he had just held it there with his hand gripping my ass. With everything happening in the last few minutes I had almost forgotten he had it in me until he came and his grip tightened on my butt. I felt his finger twist in me which only served to remind me what I REALLY wanted from John tonight.

I went to sit up and he pulled his finger out of me. Turning sideways on the seat, I had my legs wrapped under me with my panties still holding my knees together. I probably should have just pulled them off altogether but I hoped it would turn John on to see them partially on me. I looked at him and opened my mouth, careful not to let his load of cum escape. There wasn't much I could say with a mouthful of cum so I just smiled as he looked at his sperm pooled on my tongue. Closing my mouth, I took a big swallow and got most of it down with the rest disappearing with the second effort. I opened my mouth to show him it was empty and he just sighed.

"Damn, you really do like that stuff, don't you?" he asked. I could tell from the tone of his voice that HE certainly didn't, or least didn't even like the thought of tasting it.

"I don't know, I guess it's pretty good once you get used to it," I replied with a grin, "Actually I like the process of GETTING it the best."

"Well, I think I can handle THAT," he said with a little laugh.

"Ummmmm, didn't I just say to shut up?"

John started to say something again but the look on my face shut him up this time. He just shook his head and grabbed me by the shoulders, pushing me back into the rear corner of the backseat so my head was supported by the door and cushion. John lifted my legs up onto the seat and pulled my panties down around my ankles and then threw them in the front seat.

"Like I said, I don't know why you even bother wearing them," he laughed. I started to say something but he put his fingers to my lips and said, "I know, I know... shut up and fuck you."

THAT was better. FINALLY he was getting the picture. I dropped one leg over the side of the back seat and raised the other one to the top of the seat back. Actually, except for my panties I was still fully dressed! John still had his shirt on but it was no match for his erect cock as it poked out and through the shirt tails.

Reaching out for his dick, I grabbed him as he worked his way into position. It was a little awkward at first as he tried to balance himself but I held his cock to my pussy hole and waited for him to push it in. His cock head was pressing against my pussy as it practically screamed for him to come inside. Fingers are only good for when you don't have a dick available!

I heard him take a deep breath and just as I could feel him beginning to push harder, voices came in from somebody right next to us. John froze and I strained my head to see over his shoulder to see if I recognized anyone. Although we both had enough clothes on now to hide anything naughty from view, our position would have been hard to take for anything other than what it was - two teens fucking in the back seat!

"Ignore them," I pleaded, "Come on... fuck me dammit."

Let's see... teenage horny boy with huge erection has choice between worrying about people outside the car or following the directions of his girlfriend who is insisting that he fuck her. Like there was a decision to be made here! Once again I felt the pressure of his cock head between my legs and finally my pussy relented and opened for him. His dick head slipped in and was quickly followed by the remaining portion of his shaft until I felt his crotch pressed up against mine with his long curly pubic hair smashed against my fuzzy pussy.

"That's so much better," I moaned softly as he held himself still inside of me. My pussy gripped his shaft, holding onto him as if it never wanted to release it. "God you feel so good inside of me!"

As he started to stroke himself in my pussy, I reached down and toyed with my clit, rubbing it in tight circles with my fingertips. My other hand cupped my boobs through my tube top, squeezing my nipples between my fingers. After being so horny for the past couple of hours, this wasn't going to take long!

"Ohhhhhh John," I moaned, "Make me cum... Make me cum so hard."

John was pumping me harder and faster, oblivious to the outside world even though several times we heard voice of people as they walked by the car. If any of them saw anything they played it pretty straight as we never had a single instance where somebody challenged what we were doing.

My pussy exploded and my cum gushed over his cock as my orgasm struck hard. It was incredibly intense although short-lived. My pussy squeezed down so hard on John's cock he actually begged me to let up on it a little but I wasn't listening that closely. All that existed or me at that moment was between our legs - his cock inside of my pussy.

"Oh... my... god," I moaned as it seemed it would never end. "Feels so good! Fuck me John... fuck me more!"

Gradually the feeling in me died down and I laid still, feeling John's cock throbbing in me. He had pause while I was cumming, watching me cum and listening to me tell him how I felt. Seeing that I was about over my orgasm, he started pumping his cock in me again, in and out, in and out, using a steady even motion with all the relentlessness of an oil rig. It was just pure fucking, plain and simple. Nothing fancy, no weird positions, neither of us saying a word, just his cock inside of me.

Again I heard another group of people approaching but this time John didn't stop but instead just kept fucking me slow and steady. It was almost like he was pacing himself, seeing how long he could fuck me before cumming. I could see the shadows of the people on the windows as they walked by and I couldn't help but wonder what they would say if they knew what was happening inside the car they were walking by. Then, maybe they DID know and were just ignoring us. What if it was someone we knew, someone who might recognize John's car?

Amazingly, John kept fucking me and I was starting to wonder if he would cum again. Not that I wanted him to stop. There was something unique about what he was doing to me now. Most of the time he fucked me it was a lot of furious movement followed by a rapid climax. This was more like a nice backrub, a slow but steady series of pleasurable sensations that coursed thought me like waves emanating from my pussy. Frankly, he could have gone on all night and I wouldn't have minded! But that wasn't to be the case.

"Oh god I'm gonna cum soon," he groaned, the first words he had said to me since he started fucking me. He started to shift his weight as if he wanted to pull out of me but that wasn't part of my plan.

"Stay in me John," I whispered to him, just loud enough for him to hear me over his panting and the slapping sound of his cock as it slid in and out of me. "I want you to cum inside of me."

As much as I loved the taste of his cum, nothing gave me more satisfaction than when he came inside of me. There is something emotionally fulfilling about having a male emptying his sperm in me, almost like he is mating me. Of course being on the pill eliminates any possibility of that being fulfilled, but the concept is still exciting. There is also the simple matter of it feels good. Depending on the size of the load and who knows what internal factors, I can feel it release in me as a sensation of warmth within my lower abdomen. It fades away quickly but then is followed by another. It's hard for me to believe that the dick I see disappearing into my pussy is spewing sperm into my pussy and that is what I'm feeling!

Finally, I know guys love it when I tell them to cum in me. The reactions by both Steve and John when I first told them they could fuck me without a condom AND stay in me when they came were priceless! Apparently I was the first girl for either of them that willingly did it and I'm sure it enhanced my reputation when they talked about it with their friends.

"Ohhhhhh," was all John said as he shoved his cock deep in me and held it in as far as he could. I knew what THAT meant - he was getting reading to cum again.

"That's it John, cum in me," I encouraged him, "Fill my pussy with your sperm."

He groaned as his back arched and he laid his head back. Then released himself into me, shooting his load of sperm into me. I felt that familiar warm feeling inside of me as he slammed his hips into me over and over again. I didn't stop talking to him the entire time as I told him how good he felt in me, how I wanted him to fuck me over and over again. Finally he was finished and he fell forward against me, his arms barely keeping his weight off of me.

We laid together like that for what seems like an hour, his cock in me as it slowly dwindled, We kissed and touched, running our hands and fingers over the other. Finally he got up and my pussy had this strange sensation when his dick finally pulled out, as if it was empty or something like that and needing filling again. I could have gladly let him fuck me more if he had wanted but by now I think he had enough of me for one night.

"That was SO good," I murmured to him finally. He kissed me one last time and got up and off of me. John struggled to get his underwear and jeans back on. I decided to just leave my panties off as they would just get wet and full of cum otherwise as his sperm drained out of me so what was the point?

Once we were both ready, we each got out on opposite sides of the car and quickly moved to the front seat. I didn't notice anyone looking at us but if they had, it would have been pretty obvious what had been going on here, especially if my hair looked at all the way I was afraid it did. My purse was in the front seat so I pulled out a comb and tried to fix it up enough to be presentable.

The drive home was uneventful. Neither of us said much as I think we were both fairly overwhelmed by our evening so far. John walked me to the front door and gave me a good night kiss. As he kissed me his hand reached under my skirt and he cupped my pussy.

"John!" I protested, "What if the neighbors are watching?"

"Oh yeah, like you really care, 'Miss Exhibitionist'," he teased me, "Or how about, 'Miss I Walk Around Wearing Next to Nothing'."

"Well, still," I replied lamely. What could I say, it wasn't like I was a prude or anything. I'm sure the neighbor boys - and dads, would enjoy the view.

John gave my pussy a final little pat and returned to his car. My parents were still up when I went in and my dad stopped by my bedroom after I had undressed and gotten in bed.

"Well, well, so did my little slut enjoy herself?" he teased me. "How many times did you make him cum?"

"Oh Daddy, you know better than to ask that!!" I protested. If I only had a nickel for every time I've had to respond to him that way!

My dad just chuckled and said, "Well, I guess I'll just have to wait until you tell your mom about it so she can tell me."

I rolled my eyes dramatically but I knew he was right. Since my very first date I'd always given my mom a detailed 'report? on my dates as soon as I got home. She was even the first to be told after I lost my virginity! I didn't mind that she told my dad everything. A few times I had tried telling him directly but it got a little surreal seeing him get hard hearing about his own daughter's date! Sometimes he would make little remarks like he had just now but in general, he didn't ask me much about my sex life, more like a little tease now and then.

"You know, you should invite him along to the lake tomorrow."

"Really? Can I?" I asked incredulously. My dad had never offered to let any other boys come along on one of our lake trips before so apparently he must like John. This was SO cool!

"Sure, I'll take care of your mom, so don't worry about her."

THAT was a help. It wasn't so much my dad that limited who got invited but rather my mom. I guess it was one thing for her daughter to go out and get laid by her boyfriend but inviting him along so he could do me didn't seem to thrill her. Well, if my dad approved of it I was sure he could convince my mom.

"Thanks Daddy!" I exclaimed, jumping out of bed and hugging him. Of course I was nude, just as I always am in bed since I was around twelve. It didn't bother me for him to see me naked After all, I WAS his daughter so what was the big deal? It certainly didn't seem to bother him as he never averted his eyes or seemed embarrassed to look at me! My dad hugged me back and then playfully spanked my on my bare bottom.

"Well, you two had better behave yourself tomorrow - don't make me regret this!"

I couldn't wait to call John. His parents must have wondered why I would be calling so late but I wanted to be sure to catch him before he got up and went off to do something. He didn't seem as thrilled about it as I thought he might, especially when I told him we would be going with my parents (like duh, how else would we get the boat there?). In the end he did exactly what I knew he would - he agreed. Boys are SO predictable!

Back in bed, I had a hard time getting to sleep as I imagined all the things I would love to do with John the next day. Most of them were pure fantasy - nude waterskiing, doing it on the boat with my parents watching, and so forth. While these sort of things would never happen for real, at the same time I had a few more realistic expectations. I mean, it would be a darn shame to spend an entire day wearing my skimpy bikini, flirting with John and not get laid somewhere along the line!

## 4. Driving to the Lake

The next morning I woke up horny as hell. Actually, it's nothing unusual for me to wake that way. By nature I am a "night? person, preferring to stay up late and sleeping in late (apologies to Ben Franklin). Yet for whatever reason, my body seems to be naturally at its horniest (is that a word?) when I first wake up. As a result, more often than not I find myself masturbating before the sleep is even out of my eyes and this morning was no different. If anything, my "need? was even more intense as I recalled my agenda for the day!

Once THAT was out of the way, I took care of my morning bathroom rituals and got dressed for the day. My first dilemma of the day was deciding which bikini to wear (hey, it's really not that easy making these kind of decisions!). I had several, each more or less geared towards a specific event or location. For anything to do with church, I had a conservative number that was more 'two- piece? than bikini. Actually, even that was pretty liberal as not too many years ago they allowed only one piece suits!

At the other extreme of the bikini sluttiness rating scale was my tanning bikini. I only wear this one out on our private deck as the public pool dress code required SOME material other than string to cover your ass. Finally I picked out my one of my favorites, a jet black bikini which showed off my figure but at the same time somehow managed to cover all the "required" areas.

Slipping on the bikini, I tied the halter strings behind my neck and then the waist strings. Over the bottoms I added a pair of white shorts that were extremely short but still looked classier than my cutoffs. I pulled my hair back into a ponytail again as it was easier to ski with it out of the way. The bikini top was enough, at least for this situation. No point in covering myself any more than necessary.

By now my mom was yelling up the stairs for me to get going. Just as I got down to the driveway, John pulled up and as he approached I loved the way his eyes roamed over me. If he wasn't careful he was going to be sporting an erection though his bathing suit! Not that I would have minded but I am sure it would've embarrassed him in front of my parents (although I bet my mom would have gotten a kick out it). We all piled in the SUV and headed out to the storage barn where we kept the boat.

Soon we were on our way and for the next hour or so it was mom and dad in front with John and me in back seat. John was sitting behind my dad so I scooted over to the middle so I could be next to him. My parents tried to get John engaged in light conversation but he was shy with them around and so eventually they gave up and resigned themselves to talking to each other for the rest of the trip. That was OK with me as I snuggled up next to John, taking his arm and wrapped it around my neck. He seemed hesitant at first, resting his hand on the seat back instead of on me as I had hoped.

Looking down at John's crotch, my mind painted a mental picture of his cock hiding underneath. Then I thought, why just imagine it when it was right there waiting for me? My parents were yakking about something or another, not paying any attention to us, so I took advantage of the situation. It wasn't that I was worried about my parents? reaction, they would probably have encouraged us, it was John that I was worried about. Face it, most guys aren't accustomed to playing around with a girl while her parents are in the car with them.

When I placed my hand squarely on his crotch, John looked down at me with his eyes wide open and I could see from the look on his face that he wasn't sure if I was just teasing him or being serious. He soon got his answer when I started to rub my hand in little circles and grinned mischievously at him.

"Kelly, what are you doing?" he whispered to me.

"Don't worry, they can't see anything," I whispered back.

"You say something Kelly?" my called back. She didn't turn around to try to look back at us, thankfully, and the big front seats in the SUV served as a pretty good shield anyway.

"No mother, we were just talking," I responded which seemed to satisfy her and she went back to chatting with my dad.

I turned sideways, curling my bare legs and feet under me on the seat. My right hand was still massaging John's cock through his pants and despite his weak protests, I was definitely getting the response I was hoping for as the tent in his shorts slowly rose like there was a balloon under there being pumped full of air. His shorts had an elastic waist rather than a belt and zipper which made them easily accessible. I wondered if that was that a deliberate choice by him or just my lucky day? I slipped my hand under the elastic and he quickly put his hand over mine to try and stop me from going any further.

"Kelly... your parents!" he whispered, looking towards the front seat with his eyes.

I responded by giving him one of my classic eye rolls and shook his hand off mine. What he didn't know was that my parents wouldn't have turned around unless I asked them to. Indeed, John had no idea how much they knew about our relationship. My parents were cool enough to be discreet when necessary and this was one of those times when it was necessary. Personally, I thought it was pretty hot knowing I could do just about anything with him and not worry about "getting caught? whereas he was clueless about the real situation.

Taking a break from my "assault? on Mount Dick, I took his hand that he had draped over my shoulder and pulled it down to my breasts. Placing the palm of his hand over my nipple, I pressed his hand against my boob. Given it was barely covered by my bikini top, it was almost like getting a feel of my bare breast. Instinctively he started to pull away but I held him tightly and finally he conceded and started to squeeze my boob. Good boy! Really, how many boys can say no when a girl put his hand on her boob, regardless of where they were at the moment?

Actually, I could have just stayed the way we were now, me leaning up against him with my head on his shoulder, my feet curled under me. I felt secure with John's arm around me while his strong hand cupped my boob. It reminded me of when we first started seeing each other and we would make out on his parent's couch. I loved the way he tentatively moved his hands over me, trying to see just how far he could go before I said no. He soon learned that word wasn't in my vocabulary, at least not when I was being groped by a boy!

Meanwhile, my hand was back under the elastic waistband of his shorts and moving downward. My fingertips encountered the start of his pubic hair and I paused while I let them run through it to tease him a bit. It felt so curly and coarse and I could just imagine the cock that was surrounded by it! Pushing my hand down further, I touched the tip of his cock head and then the shaft. Gripping his dick in my hand, I snuggled up against him and felt his grip on my boob tighten as he reacted to my touch.

We stayed in that position for most of the rest of the trip down there, John's hand on my boob and mine on his cock. I'm sure I could've pulled his shorts down and sucked him off without my parents saying a word; hell, I probably could have sat in his lap and let him fuck me! However, going that far would have probably raised some questions that were best left alone. Plus, I didn't want John to get the wrong impression and think that there was anything kinky between my parents and me. It was one thing for them to encourage me to have sex and enjoy myself, quite another to do it with them. There are some lines just don't get crossed, not even by me.

## 5. Out on the Boat

As my dad slowed for the exit to the state park, my mom shifted and started to turn around to face us. John's hand was off my boob instantly but I kept my hand under his shorts, not wanting to let go of his warm, hard dick.

"Well, we're about there!" my mom announced. If she noticed my wayward hand or misplaced bikini top, she didn't let on, much to John's relief, I'm sure.

I gave John's dick a little squeeze as if to say goodbye. It was only temporary though, as I was confident I'd be seeing a lot more of it before the day was done! I pulled my hand out from his shorts and straightened out my bikini top to cover my boob again. My dad pulled into the line for the boat launch which seemed to stretch out forever. As it looked like it would be quite a while before we launched, we all got out to stretch and get the boat ready. John went back to help my dad with the cover and straps while my mom and I looked on.

"Well, it looked like the two of you were having a good time on the way down here!" she giggled as she gave me a hug around the shoulders.

"Oh mom!" I responded but I couldn't keep the grin from appearing on my face.

"I have to give you credit though," she started out, pausing then as she waited for me to look at her with a questioning expression before she finished. "Holding on to his cock all that time and not sucking it must have been killing you!"

Mothers! What are you going to do about them? My mom knew how much I loved giving BJs and in fact, she and I had spent some considerable quality time together with her dildo collection as she gave me a few pointers and criticized my technique.

"Well, not that I didn't WANT to, but I think it would have freaked him out, Mom."

"Oh yeah, and I suppose he thinks your parents don't know he's screwing their daughter I bet."" she said with a bit of a laugh.

"Yeah, exactly," I giggled back at her.

Gradually the line went down. John and I took up a position near the boat launch and had a good time watching the fools trying to launch their boats. Someone should produce a reality show from this as it never ceases to amaze me how much people will spend on a boat and then be clueless as to how to use it. Watching them try to back their boat down the launch was priceless! Then there are the idiots who forget to put the drain plug in. One dummy even forgot the tie down straps! Oh well, it helped pass the time until finally my dad was next in line so we went down to help out. My dad backed the boat almost all the way in and then let my mom do the rest while he drove the boat off the trailer (needless to say, he wouldn't let me have a hand in backing it in given my total inability to comprehend mirrors!).

With the boat launched successfully, my mom pulled the trailer out of the water and drove off to park while John and I jumped on board and waited for her to return. Now that we were in the boat, I immediately pulled my shorts off, revealing my tiny bikini bottom to John. It was the first time he'd seen me in this particular bikini as I wouldn't dare wear it at the public pool. It made me tingle all over the way his eyes focused like a laser on my all but bare ass! Of course he'd seen it plenty of times before but there's just something different about showing it off in public. What really amused me was that even my dad couldn't help but take a look for himself and he saw me around the house and in our hot tub all the time.

My mom returned in a few minutes and once she was in the boat my dad took us out into the middle of the lake to get things started. My mom peeled off her top and shorts and I just shook my head as John's eyes wandered her way. My mom was getting close to her forties but she could still turn heads! Frankly, I just hope I looked as good as her in a bikini twenty years from now. I knew she liked to show off a bit and I was sure she knew that John was getting an eyeful from the way she sat and crossed her legs in front of him.

For the next couple of hours we boated around the lake and did some water skiing. An avid snow skier, John had never been on water skis before and he wanted to try. After a couple of nasty falls and dunkings he said the heck with it and switched to a tube. We had brought two of them and so we both had a great time "fighting? each other as we tried to knock each other off our tubes. I usually won, although I think he let me in a few cases, but there was one time when he got me good and I flew off my tube and somersaulted over the water's surface. All in all though, it was a lot of fun. John professed to be impressed at my slaloming skills but I think he just liked watching me in my bikini being pulled by the boat!

By now we were all getting a bit tired and hungry so my dad headed back to the marina to fuel up and have some lunch. My mom had packed a picnic lunch so we walked over to the beach area where there were some picnic tables that were still available. It took about a half hour or so to eat lunch after which my dad set up some lawn chairs, announcing his intention to "let his food settle? which was just his way of saying he wanted to take a nap. My mom wanted some sun herself so she took another chair and set it out of the shade overlooking the beach.

## 6. The Beach

"Hey, why don't you two go swimming?" my mom suggested.

I looked down at the beach and saw it was pretty crowded. There was a floating dock in the deeper section where you could dive off but that was practically filled with people. Kids seemed to be everywhere although I did see a few teens and adults walking around, most of which probably had kids or brothers and sisters in the water that they had to keep an eye on. I frowned and looked at John.

"Well, I don't know, looks pretty crowded."

"What the heck, let's try it. Looks like fun!" John responded. He was certainly a lot more enthusiastic about the idea than I was. Frankly, I would have rather gone off to somewhere more private and had some fun of a different sort!

Outnumbered, I shrugged and gave in as it really didn't make that big of a difference one way or the other to me for the moment. I was confident that sooner or later we would do it so this was just a temporary setback. My mom mentioned the air mattress in the back of the SUV and so John ran back to the parking lot to get it. Fortunately my dad had blown it up before we left home so it was ready to go when he got back.

"Ready?" John asked. He really DID seem to be looking forward to this, although for the life of me I didn't understand why. I enjoyed sunning at the beach but I was a few years past the stage where swimming around in the dirty lake water gave me any special thrills.

As we made our way down to the beach, we passed several families having picnics of their own. Of course most of the guys turned their heads as I walked by as I probably had the skimpiest bikini around at the moment. John must have noticed them as well because he held my hand and pulled me a little closer to him. Inside I felt sort of special, like I was part of some tribal ritual. It wasn't so much he was protecting me as he was showing off to the other males, letting them know I was his.

Personally, I thought it was sort of cute. At least he wasn't pulling me along by my hair!

Before long we were out in the warm water up to our knees. I dropped down on the air mattress and stretched out on my stomach with my arms hanging over the sides to move myself along. With just the strings of my bikini showing and the little thong barely covering any of my ass, someone might have thought I was nude at first glance. I looked up on the beach and waved to my mom to see if she was watching us. She must have been since she waved back almost immediately.

John grabbed my ankles and pushed me out into deeper water. As the water got past his waist and covered his shorts, his hands released my ankles started instead to stroke my bare leg up and down between my ankles and about mid-thigh. He didn't get as close to my ass as I would've liked but it felt good all the same. As time went by, he got more little adventurous and his hands moved up a little further until finally he brushed up against my almost bare bottom.

"John!" I exclaimed, pretending to be self-conscious, "There are little kids right over there who can see you!"

"Who cares," he shrugged, "Let them get their own girl!"

We both laughed and then without warning he flipped me over and dunked me. I made it back to my feet and pushed him backwards and before long we were pushing and shoving playfully. He had the advantage since the water was up higher on me than him since he was taller but I still managed to hold my own. Somewhere along the line his hand grabbed my ass and he gave it a good squeeze.

"Damn you've got a fucking great ass," John sighed. He looked around to see if anybody was paying attention to us but it didn't look as if anyone cared what we were doing. By now we were in pretty deep and I was almost up to my neck so it wasn't like anyone could tell see he was doing anyway.

"So you like my butt, eh?" I teased him, wiggling it in his hand.

"Damn right I do, and I love to play with it!"

"Well, am I stopping you?" I teased him. "I don't recall saying no or anything like that."

John turned to me and kissed me briefly as he looked me in the eyes and replied, "Tell me Kelly, do you EVER said no?"

Well, not often, especially when it came to sex. True, most guys I sucked didn't get to fuck me and even those were told a few things were off-limits but I would have say that in general, I'm a pretty accommodating girl!

Anyway, what was good for the goose was good for the gander so I reached underwater to his crotch and grabbed his dick through his shorts. His shorts were loose and baggy, making it easy to get a grip on what was becoming a sizeable erection inside.

"Ha! I think somebody's horny," I said in a sing-song taunting style.

"Well, what do you expect after watching you run around all but naked all day? he huffed. "God, I can't believe your parents let you wear this suit in public!"

I smiled because he had no idea what I was thinking just then. Gee whiz, if he thought THIS bikini was risque, he should see the one I wear when I tan on our deck, the one my dad calls "Kelly's little slut bikini?. The first time my dad saw me in it I thought his mouth would never be able to close again from the way it dropped open. My mom had actually picked it out for me and I sometimes wonder if she didn't do it just to tease my dad!

"Hey, were you checking out my mom today?" I teased him. John seemed a little embarrassed by that and even with all the sun he'd been exposed to today, he still looked a little redder in the cheeks.

"It's OK," I assured him, "I know she's a MILF."

"Kelly, how can you call her that? She's your mom for crying out loud," John protested. I just laughed harder and grinned up at him.

"Oh don't pretend to be so innocent," I chastised him. "She looks good and she likes to show it off a bit. No harm in that, is there? Oh, and in case you're interested you should know she loves my dad and hasn't ever cheated on him - not even once,"

"Uhhhhh, I never said I wanted to do anything with her!" John quickly pointed out.

I laughed and gripped his cock a little tighter as if to make my point.

"Well, you better not!" I said sternly, "I'm the only girl in my house you get to fuck! Speaking of which..."

John grinned and this time he certainly DID know what I was thinking about. Obviously the feeling was mutual - we both wanted him to fuck me.

"Hmmm, you know anywhere around here we can do it?" he asked, his eyes sweeping the park area.

Suddenly an idea formed in my mind, a naughty idea, a REALLY naughty idea. A couple of kids passed by on inner tubes and once they were well away from us I turned to John and grinned broadly at him. We'd been going out long enough for him to recognize that smile.

"Uh oh, now what nasty thoughts are running though that pretty little head?"

"Don't move," was all I said in reply. Taking a deep breath, I dropped down under the water where I reached for his shorts and with one pull, dragged them down to his knees. Caught by surprise, he started to reach for them but I already had his cock in my hand with my other arm around his legs which I used to pull me closer to him so I could take his stiff cock in my mouth. I can't say the taste of his cock mixed with lake water was the best concoction I'd had in a while, but at this point, who cared! I sucked it for a few seconds and came back up to get some air.

"Shit Kelly, what the hell are you doing?" John hissed at me as I caught my breath. He reached down and pulled his shorts back up again. "For crying out loud, there are people all around us!"

"And your point is..."" I responded, pretending not to have a clue what he was talking about.

"Well, you just can't DO that here!"

"Oh... and why not?" I teased him, giving him my best innocent little girl look and tone of voice.

"Well, what if someone figures out what we're doing?"

"Maybe if you would just shut up and do me without making such a fuss, they might not."

"Wait a minute," he said, a look of comprehension appearing, "You mean you want me to FUCK you? Here? Now?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Someone will see us," he repeated himself, "Shit, if nobody else does, your mom's watching."

"Oh? And what makes you think she doesn't know you've been screwing her daughter?"

"I guess I really never thought about it is all," he said lamely. "I just assumed she didn't."

"My mom's not stupid, you know," I chastised him, "I mean, who do you think took me to the gyno to get me on the pill in the first place?"

He started to respond but I'd had enough of this already. I wanted to be fucked, not debate it.

"So, you gonna do me or not?" I demanded. It was a silly question as there was absolutely no doubt in my mind what he would say. In my first year of having sex, I hadn't met a guy yet who said "no? when I offered myself to him!

"C'mon John, you mean you wouldn't fuck her if you could?"

"The only girl on this beach I want to fuck is you," he said quietly. I sensed a little frustration in his voice and dropped the banter about the little girl. I was just teasing him and I didn't want to get him upset, not now at least! I knew he was saying that just because he thought it was what I wanted to hear but I knew better from the way he kept glancing her way.

I suddenly gasped as he pulled his finger out of me and started rubbing my clit. I was so damn horny I almost came right then and there. Sure it was crazy to be out here in the middle of the swimming area with my bikini bottoms in my hand and my boyfriend's finger toying with my exposed clit under the water. On the other hand, it was incredibly erotic to have all these people around me and not one of them knowing what John was doing to me - or about to do if I had anything to say about it.

"I want you to fuck me now," I whispered to him, just high enough for him to hear me over the screams and cries of the crowd.

"You really sure about that?" John questioned me. Sheesh, what was it with him? You would think it would be the boy pushing the girl to do it and that she would be the one who was cautious, not the other way around!

"Dammit John, I've been waiting all day... are you going to fuck me or not?" I demanded, getting a little frustrated. My pussy was practically cramping it needed a cock so badly and while his finger felt good, it just wasn't doing the job. "Geeze, I never thought I'd ever have to beg you to screw me!"

"Shit, you really DO want it bad, don't you?" he said, as if he hadn't really understood my "condition? before this point.

"Well duh!" I replied, rolling my eyes and letting out a melodramatic huff. It was beyond "wanting? it - I NEEDED it. If I had to go back to the shore without having his dick in me first, I might just scream with frustration!

John looked around for what must have been the hundredth time before bending down and lowering his shorts. I really couldn't see what he was doing through the dark lake water but hopefully he was only dropping them enough to free his dick as it would have been embarrassing for him if he lost them.

"OK, help me out here," he whispered as he nestled in behind me.

I could feel his bare crotch pressed up against my ass and his cock between my legs like I was riding some fleshy pole. I reached down between my legs to move his cock to the correct position to enter me. Having never done it in a lake before, I had no idea what exactly to expect but I figured it would be similar to getting fucked in our family hot tub - something John had done to me several times already.

FYI to any girls interested in doing this - lake water doesn't lubricate nearly as well as your natural pussy juices! His cock pushed hard as he struggled to force his way into me and I grimaced just a bit. God, it was almost like being a virgin again! Finally his cock head pierced me and then it was as if he was splitting my hips apart as his dick spread open my pussy.

Thankfully, once he was in me the pain disappeared and from then on all I could think about was his wonderfully hard cock working its way up inside of me. As he pushed it in his shaft rubbed against the walls of my pussy, stimulating me and sending out intense feelings of pleasure throughout my entire body. Fortunately, the water was holding me up as my legs felt weak under me and had I been standing on shore I might have dropped to my knees.

"Oh god John, that's it," I encouraged him, "Fuck me deeper... push it in me... I want it all the way in me!"

Between the force of fucking me and the buoyancy of the water, John literally lifted me off my feet. My hands gripped the air mattress tightly for support as my feet dangled unsupported as I was held up, literally impaled on his cock. Now that he was in me things went smoother and he shoved his cock deeper into me until his crotch was up against my bare ass. Once there, he held himself still in me as we both paused to take in the moment.

"Mmmmmmm, this is so HOT!" I exclaimed, gripping his cock tight with my pussy as two little boys went swimming by with their arm floats on.

"Damn, I can't believe I'm fucking you... right in the middle of all these kids!" John muttered to me.

"Well, are you just going to stand there with your dick in me or what?" I whispered back, rotating my ass against his groin as best I could without falling off the air mattress.

John held onto my hips and pushed me forwards in the water which caused his dick to pull out of me and then he pulled me back to push himself back in again. The air mattress was making little waves ahead of me as I slowly went back and forth over the surface of the water. It wasn't exactly the most thrilling technique or style, but under the circumstances I certainly wasn't going to complain.

In any case, it wasn't the actual fucking he was giving me that was turning me nearly so much as the fact he was fucking me with at least a hundred people within earshot of us! Granted they didn't know what we were doing but the point was they COULD and that's what was getting me off.

My mom was still watching us from the picnic area and though we were quite a ways away, I had a feeling she knew what was really happening, more so than the rest of the people on the beach. I waved at her while John slowly stroking himself in and out of me, wishing I could just call out and tell her what he was doing to me. I just hung on to the air mattress as John did most of the work.

It had to be a little awkward for him as he had to thrust his hips back and forth under the water without appearing to those above the water that he was fucking me. Face it, a guy doing a girl from behind has a pretty obvious look to it!

"Hey, what are you doing?" he exclaimed as he reaching for my arm to hold it down.

"I'm just waving at my mom. Why, something wrong?"

"I guess not... just seems weird," he muttered under his breath. Whether he was really concerned or not, who knew? What I DID know was that he didn't stop fucking me and THAT was what was the most important thing to me at the moment.

Just then moment a Frisbee hit the water about three feet in front of me and scooted over the surface directly towards me. A boy, maybe twelve or thirteen, was hustling toward us with the clear intention of recovering his Frisbee. John pulled out of me and I dropped to the lake bottom. Standing there in the water up to my chest, bare-ass with my bikini bottoms in hand, I kept my cool and reached forward to grab the Frisbee, almost exposing my nude ass in the process. I gave it a tossed towards the kid who caught it. He grinned at us and thanked me before turning around to swim off again. I wondered what he would have said had he known he had been close to a girl with a bare pussy than probably at any time of his life!

"Shit, that was too close," John sighed, standing next to me now, "God Kelly, this is really crazy you know."

"I don't care, why did you stop fucking me?" I asked.

"Kelly! The kid was right on top of us, what if he had dove down or something and seen us?"

Boys! They can be so stupid sometimes. Like the kid would've seen anything in this water anyway.

"Well he's gone," I declared, "So you just gonna stand there or what?"

"You really like being fucked, don't you?" John whispered to me as he got back behind me. This time he got himself in me unassisted and resumed fucking me.

almost there! I was about to cum and from the way it was building up it was going to be a good one!

A few more rubs on my clit and I leaned forward on the air mattress, almost forgetting myself and almost letting my ass float to the surface. Not that much less would be visible even if I HAD been wearing my thong, it was the principle of the matter. I bit my lip to keep from crying out as my orgasm struck me.

Even though I knew John was watching me, for the next few minutes it was if I was alone without a soul near me as it was just me and my raging pussy. My orgasm was brief but intense. Rather than taking my time and pacing myself like I would have had I been home in bed, I rubbed my clit furiously, forcing my orgasm to peak quickly. A few minutes later and the intensity level had already dropped significantly.

"Damn, that must have felt good," John observed. I couldn't speak but just smiled and nodded at him. I looked out at where my mom was sitting and wondered if she realized what had just happened. As many times as she had seen me masturbate, she certainly should have!

"Well, you ready to go back in now?" John asked.

Reluctantly I nodded and ducked under the water to pull my thong back on me again. Standing up, I straightened it out until I was as presentable as possible with so little material. I reached over and felt his dick through his shorts again. Damn, the guy was erect again!

"Ummmmm, John... isn't something poking out?" I asked innocently.

John sighed and gave me his patented "are you stupid? look I hated but I knew what he meant. Poor guy! As a girl I could get laid and afterwards just pull my thong back on and walk out of the water without anyone the wiser. It was going to take an act of God to get John's dick to go soft again! He appeared puzzled as to what he should do.

"Well, you could always fuck me again," I suggested mischievously.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you," he sighed as he shook his head in disbelief at my endless desire for sex. "I think we've pushed it about as far as we can, don't you?"

I pouted and licked my lips seductively at him but he just ignored me and looked around for the best way out.

"Why not just use the air mattress to hide yourself, silly!"

The light bulb went off in his head finally and he nodded. With that I started walking towards the beach with John in tow behind me. Sure enough, as we exited the water he held the air mattress strategically positioned to hide his bursting crotch as much as possible although I think a few girls still got a treat based on the way they looked at us. My thong was soaking wet, of course, so any of John's cum that might be draining from me wasn't going to be visible but my pussy still tingled sharply with the memory of his wonderful dick in me.

When we got back to the picnic area John dropped the air mattress but immediately went over to the cooler to grab something to drink - and no doubt to hide his still bulging crotch from my parents. My mom pulled me aside and grinned at me.

"Well, it certainly appeared that you two were having a good time out there."

"Ohhhhhh, I guess you could say something like that," I teased her. I knew she wanted to hear the details, just as she did after any date I went out on. Sometimes I'm convinced she is reliving her teenage years once again vicariously through me!

"I know what it looked like but you guys didn't really DO it, did you?"

I just grinned at her and her jaw dropped. Well, if nothing else it was good to see I could still surprise my mom now and then.

"Why you dirty little slut!" she said, putting one arm around me and hugging me. "I have to say, THAT"S something I've never done!" She looked at me with a naughty smile saying, "God, you must have been so turned on out there. I can't even imagine what it must have been like! Weren't you nervous at all someone might catch you?"

John returned as she was finishing up and I noted that his erection was down to where it just looked like he was well endowed. My mom pretended not to notice but I caught her glancing at him and then looking at me and winking. It made me wonder what my dad would say later when she told him. Who knows, maybe he and mom would be taking a dip themselves before the day was over!

Eventually the four of us went back out on the lake again for another couple of hours. John couldn't keep his eyes off my mom, especially her boobs. It actually made me a little jealous and a bit self-conscious as I knew her breasts were so much better than mine. At fifteen I still had the boobs of a thirteen year-old when I compared myself to my friends and seeing John's interest in my mom's breasts just made me all the more aware of my shortcomings in that department. Well, if nothing else, I had the better ass! My mom's wasn't nothing to sneeze at but still, she had twenty years of gravity working against her.

In some ways, I found John's interest in my mom a bit hilarious. Like, she is my MOM and I have never even fantasized about her being with anyone but my dad, let alone a boyfriend of mine who was less than half her age. And what is it with boys that makes them fantasize about older women anyway, especially when they have a girl like me dying for them to fuck her?

Speaking of my parents, I have never actually seen them fucking but my mom talked about it enough that I knew they enjoyed sex. At the same time, my parents have always had an extremely rigid stand when it comes to adultery. It was quite simple, they didn't do it, not even with each other's "permission?. I suppose people would think that given their attitudes about nudity and masturbation that they would enjoy mixing it up with other couples.

What these people need to understand is that my parents also have strict Christian values which means there was no way any extramarital sex was ever going to happen! There was also one side benefit that worked in situations like today – I didn't have to worry about my mom ever stealing a guy from me!

Finally we were worn out, having done probably even more than we could handle for one day My arms were tired from skiing and my legs felt like I'd just run a marathon. As a result, the drive home was about as uneventful as it could be. I fell asleep within a few minutes of hitting the expressway with my head on John's lap and my bare legs and feet stretched out on the back seat. There was a definite lump under my head and under different circumstances I would have probably turned and sucked him all the way home like a baby with a pacifier. Well, I knew it was always available to me so for now, sleep was more important.

## 7. Back Home Again

Later that night I'd been in bed no more than ten minutes when my dad knocked on the door frame and stepped into my darkened room.

"Yes daddy?" I asked, not quite sure what he wanted.

"Your mom just told me about your little adventure this afternoon," he said with a grin. "Were you just pulling her leg? Don't worry, I won't tell her, just curious is all."

Well, I didn't have to say anything as even in the dim light my big smile and the twinkle in my eye told him everything he needed to know.

"Damn, somehow I had a feeling you weren't," he said in a low voice, as if more to himself than to me. Then he perked up and looked at me with a more stern look on his face.

"Well, let me just say two things, little miss horny. First, I know it appealed to your slutty side and I'm sure it was thrilling to do it and not get caught, but did you ever think even ONCE about what might have happened if you HAD been nailed - I mean caught."

My smile dwindled as he went on. Really, about the LAST thing I had expected was a lecture from him. Usually he was turned on when he heard about my dates!

Then his stern face suddenly broke and he smiled broadly at me saying, "And I just want you to know, that was one of the hottest things I've heard about in a long time!"

It was then I noticed his boxers were sticking out. Damn, my dad had an erection going!

"Ummmmm, dad!" I snickered, pointing at his obvious condition. It was sort of weird seeing my dad sporting an erection while he was talking to me. Sometimes he got that way when we were in the hot tub but then it was easy to ignore him and I just chalked it up to the hot water and jets. After all, they got me horny as hell too!

Although I had seen him hard many times before when he masturbated, under the circumstances he seemed a little embarrassed that I had caught him this way and so he turned to go.

"Well, sorry about that but don't forget, your old man IS a guy too!" he said in a soft voice.

The tails of my pink blouse were tied up in front to convert it into a make-shift halter. It was completely unbuttoned so the knot was the only thing keeping it together and when I leaned forward it would pop open enough to where someone might think they could peek down and see my growing boobs. Well, at least a few of the boys thought so since they would turn around and walk past me again, this time slower and a lot closer with their eyes down, pretending not to be looking but doing all they could to get a peek at some teenage boobs. Of course I acted the entire time as though I was totally oblivious, letting them think they were getting away with something naughty.

Actually I was hoping that they got a good look so that they would masturbate that night thinking about me. I love the thought of a boy hiding in the bathroom with the door locked, jerking his hard cock while he dreams of fucking me while his sister is yelling at him to hurry up and asking what's taking so long. Finally he cums all over himself as he dreams of cumming in my open mouth just after I told him what a great cock he has and how badly I wanted him to fuck me.

I was getting hornier by the minute as I sat there thinking about how much power a girl like me has over a boy to make him do such an act. It wasn't the fact that they would be masturbating later that turned me on so much as they would be masturbating about ME. Having a guy look at me and get all hard and horny just from the sight of me, knowing nothing else about me but when he can assume from the way I look and dress, is one of the greatest compliments I can get. Yep, being a teenage girl is so cool!

My fantasies of hordes of young teenage boys masturbating about me was interrupted when I was startled by someone touching my shoulder from behind. John had finally returned and he had this excited look on his face. He sat down across from me and leaning forward, whispering to me in a conspiratorial tone, "Kelly, I just had a great idea. Let's do it in the men's room!"

What? I looked at him as if he was nuts and actually that's exactly what I was thinking. He saw my reaction so he kept talking. "Don't worry, there was nobody in there the whole time I was gone. Besides, we won't do it out in the open. There's this huge handicapped stall complete with handrails that has plenty of room for us to do it."

No matter how you sugar coat it we're still talking about the men's room and lord only knew when it was last cleaned. Although the concept was hot I just couldn't imagine doing it on a toilet. Uncertain how to respond, I remained silent with this "you must be high" look going and so he started to plead with me saying, "C'mon Kelly it'll be fun; a lot better than sitting out here teasing those poor boys!"

I blushed slightly as I realized how blatant my actions must have been. Damn, imagine what might have happened if someone like my pastor had walked by me? I looked at him as if I had no idea what he was talking about, causing John to laugh at my reaction.

"Don't even TRY to act all innocent with me girl. I was watching you for the last few minutes - and so were half the guys in the food court! You were loving it and you know it! God Kelly, you can be such a sexy slut when you turn it on."

I couldn't help but smile at his compliment but I had to shake my head in disbelief when it came to his wacky idea. Was he nuts or what? It wasn't the idea of doing it in a public place; heck, it was me after all that suggested doing it in the water at a crowded beach not too long ago. No, what concerned me the most was the idea of being fucked in a dirty men's room. Face it - men miss! The girl's room wouldn't be any better. It's downright disgusting what women will do out of fear of touching their butts to a public toilet seat!

Looking at my watch I saw we still had a good hour before we needed to get to the theater. My mind began to drift off as I dreamed of John's cock and what we might do during the movie, about how good it was going to feel to have him touch me and fondle me while we slid down into our seats in the darkened theater. Depending on the crowd I might blow him and if conditions were just right, maybe even let him fuck me.

I imagined him stroking in and out over and over again while the couple in front of us ate their popcorn, oblivious to what was going on right behind them. Would they notice the smell of my pussy as he played with me as it got wetter and wetter? Finally thoughts of him cumming in me, creating hot flashes that burst inside of me like fireworks going off as his sperm spewed out his sexy cock as it remained buried deep inside of my pussy. "Hey Kelly? You still there? Ummmmm, Earth to Kelly!"

My thoughts were interrupted as I realized I had drifted off into some erotic daydream. Damn, now I was even hornier than before! The need to be fucked was overwhelming me, like an addict needing her next fix. What the heck, why not go for it? I mean, how bad could it really be? It wasn't like I would be laying on the floor or anything. Before I could change my mind I stood up and took his hand. My grin as all he needed to know I what I wanted. As we left the table I turned to him, still shaking my head.

"You know Johnny boy, I can't believe I'm agreeing to go along with this. Heck, I've never even been IN a public men's room! All I can say is you'd better make damn sure nobody catches us!"

It was almost comical the way John had this huge grin on his face and from the obvious hard-on he was developing it was obvious that he was horny as well.

## 2. In the Restroom

John held my hand as we walked down the long hallway to where the restrooms were. At the moment there was nobody around so I stood outside the doors while John went in to check out the men's room. A few seconds later he opened the door and motioned with his hand for me to come in. One last look to be sure nobody saw me and then I quickly slipped inside and took a look around.

It felt weird to be in the men's side with the urinals all lined up. I was relieved to see that it looked quite clean and had apparently just been serviced since even the garbage cans were empty. John was standing by the last stall which had a double-wide door and a handicapped sign on it. It was huge! I guess it needed plenty of room for a wheelchair to move around plus it was lined with stainless steel rails. The walls went within two inches of the floor, which also made me feel a little more secure. I've been in some public restroom where all you had to do was lean over for a view of the woman next to you. This was much better in that I couldn't picture someone lying on the floor in a public bathroom just to peek in. Then again, we WERE in the men's room...

"Hurry up Kelly, get your cute little butt in here before someone comes in!"

The thought of some old geezer walking in and seeing me standing there was more than enough to get me moving and I scurried into the stall. Once I was in John shut and locked the door behind us. It took just one giggle to find out how the sound echoed off the tiled walls. John's eyes widened and he whispered to me, "Shhhhhh! Quit giggling! Anybody out there will be able to hear everything!"

I moved up close to John and put my arms around him. He was about six or seven inches taller than me and so I had to look up with my head back to see his face. It wasn't so bad when I was in heels but today it was just my sneakers and they didn't give any boost at all.

"Well... now that we're here what was it that you wanted to do to me again?" I asked, as if I didn't already know.

John reached down and kissed me with all the passion of a horny teenager as his hands worked their way down my back and finally to my butt where he fondled my ass through my jeans. Just then we heard the door open and someone walked in. There were some steps and then a long sigh of relief. He must have been using the urinal because I couldn't hear the sound of him peeing the way I did when my dad used the toilet at home. The entire situation as so bizarre I had to cover my mouth to keep myself from laughing out loud at the whole crazy situation.

God, I was actually in a public restroom, a MEN'S restroom at that, getting ready to be fucked by my boyfriend and now some strange guy just a few feet away was pissing into a urinal as if nothing was going on next door to him.

After the momentary distraction I went back to what I REALLY wanted. Unbuckling John's belt, I unzipped his jeans and pulled them down along with his boxers to his ankles. His shirttails were hiding his crotch so I reached through them where I grabbed his ever stiffening cock.

Mmmmmmm, it felt so warm and smooth! I licked my lip and couldn't wait to taste it! Outside I could hear the guy washing his hands as I crouched down and looked at John's dick as it stuck out straight into my face. God it looked so big this close up! The head was smooth and then turned into his shaft, stiff with his veins bulging out.

My tongue reached out and I lightly flicked it along the tip of his cock, like I was tasting a popsicle before eating it. Holding it by the shaft, I rubbed the head along my cheeks and face, even over my forehead. I could smell the thick muskiness of his crotch as he got excited and even hornier by the minute.

The poor boy must have been dying for me to take his cock in my mouth. Odds were he didn't know who bad I wanted it now too. Enough playfulness, time to get down to business! Taking John's cock in my mouth, I buried my face in his smelly crotch as I sucked on the entire length of his now hardened shaft. His pubic hair brushed lightly against my cheeks, tickling me like a feather running across my skin.

John groaned just a little and I almost choked as suddenly remembered the guy on the other side of the door. Oh well, he probably figured John was constipated or at the very least, enjoying a nice dump. Hmmm, I wonder what he would say if he knew I was giving John one of the most erotic blowjobs of his life?

It was about a year now since I first started sucking cock and with all the practice I was getting, I felt I was becoming pretty good at it. John was clearly enjoying my efforts! His hands ran through my hair and then he pulled my head into his crotch, pushing his cock into my mouth as far as I could take it. My hands reached around him and grabbed his bare butt. I squeezed his firm ass with both hands and marveled at the firmness of him. I love a hard ass on a guy and John's felt so good in my hands I could have held onto it all night.

John started pumping his cock into my mouth like he was fucking my pussy except now it was in my mouth. I loved the feel of his groin as it bumped into my face whenever he pressed himself as deep as he could into my mouth. Just then I heard the door open and then it was quiet as we had the room to ourselves again. I let John's cock slip out of my mouth and we both laughed at what had just happened.

"Damn Kelly, that was so hot! I mean, shit, you were blowing me while he was just on the other side of that door! Do you think he had any idea what was going on?"

I just shook my head and grinned after which I went back to work on him. I wasn't going to waste any time chatting when I had his cock available to me. John certainly wasn't complaining, that's for sure! His cock was now standing up straight, pointing upward like a missile preparing for takeoff, making it easy for me to lick up the back of it from the base to the head. I slurped it up like a kid with a dripping ice cream cone except this one was hard, warm and wet with my spit. As I started from the bottom and worked my way to the tip he shuddered when I passed over the bottom lip of his head and ran my tongue in circles.

"Oh god Kelly, you are an incredible little cocksucker! Fuck! I just love it when you run your tongue around me like that."

I may not have sucked a hundred cocks (YET!) but enough so far to learn that every guy likes his cock sucked differently. There was simply no right or wrong way to do it. The key, I learned, was to adapt to him by paying attention to his reaction. Even if he doesn't say anything, a guy gives enough clues through the reaction of his body to tell you when you are doing it the way he likes it. Once I realized this (I guess my mom had mentioned it to me on one of her "lessons" but of course I had to find out for myself) it didn't take long for me to acquire quite the reputation with the boys for being the best cocksucker around, at last for my age.

ankles. As usual I wasn't wearing panties as it made it so much easier for him at times like this. I lifted one foot at a time to allow him to slip them off of me and he hung my jeans up on a hook on the back of the door. I turned around and grabbed the rails again letting him have a nice view of my bare ass. I wiggled it suggestively to him as I spread my legs apart and leaned forward to expose my hungry pussy. John reached between my legs and ran his finger up and down it, wetting my clit with the moisture from my pussy. With his other hand he guiding his rock hard cock to my pussy like a heat-seeking missile - and boy was my pussy one heck of a hot target for it to lock onto!

Just as he was about to fuck me the stall door rattled as one of the boys knocked repeatedly on it. A little voice called out to us, "Hey, who's in there?" At that moment, with his swollen cock pressed against the entrance to my pussy, and on the verge of entering me, not surprisingly John wasn't interested in fooling around with some kid's curiosity.

"Go away kid! I'm busy in here!'

The boys all laughed and I heard some whispering with the words "beating off" standing out. I turned my head upwards and John grinned at me as I mouthed the words, "Fuck me!" to him and he smiled even broader than before in return. What was it with guys that all a girl has to say is, "fuck me" and they become like total idiots, forgetting things and not paying attention to anything else?

John's cock head pressed harder against me but his missile guidance system was off kilter so I reached my hand between my legs until I lightly touched the cock that wanted so desperately to enter me. Using my fingers, I spread my wet pussy lips apart to make it easier for him to enter me. Once he felt his cock beginning to slide into me, John pushed forward against me, driving him stiff cock deep inside of me. He kept pushing until his crotch was pressed up against my ass and I wiggled it just a bit to make his pubic hair move and tickle my butt.

Now that he was in me, John started pumping himself in and out of me, forcing me to grab the rail tightly to keep my balance. My ass pushed back to meet his thrusts and drive his cock deeper into me each time he lunged forward. As John fucked me faster I could hear his crotch slapping into my ass as well as the slurping sound of his cock as it slid in and out of my dripping wet pussy.

Evidently, I wasn't the only who could hear these sounds as suddenly there was a bunch of whispering and giggles from the other side of the door and soon there was another knock on the door. "Hey mister, whatcha doin' in there?"

You've got to give credit to John - he kept fucking me and never missed a beat in spite of our "audience". In fact, I think he was actually even more turned now with them listening as he fucked me.

"Wouldn't you like to know? Now get out of here you little perverts!" he yelled through the door. We could hear the other boys teasing the one who had knocked, calling him a "homo" and other silly things I guess that's how boys at that age talk to each other. John leaned forward even more against me as he reached around and started fondling my breasts again, squeezing them gently and lightly pinching my nipples between his fingers. He used them like handles to hold me and pull me back against him as he fucked me harder and harder.

In the meantime, I was getting off knowing the kids were listening intently outside the stall, not to mention the amazing sensations being generated within me by John's cock as he screwed me. My pussy exploded with a searing hot feeling which then spread throughout my entire body. Wave after wave of intense pleasure coursed through me as I came incredibly hard.

It was one of the most intense orgasms I'd experienced in a long time and my God it felt so good! It was times like this, when I was being fucked hard and experiencing an orgasm as intense as this one that made me glad I wasn't "saving myself for marriage".

John kept driving his cock in and out of me, in and out as relentlessly pounded my pussy as it gripped his cock so hard he could barely pull out of me. All I wanted at that moment was for him to keep fucking me and never stop. I wanted these feeling to never end, to just fill me with the most intense pleasure a woman can feel. God I loved to be fucked!!

I was brought back to earth by the sound of the restroom door opening as the boys left. I guess with the short attention span of boys that age that they had heard enough of whatever they thought was going on and were off to whatever trouble they could cause elsewhere.

Once again is was just John and me in the room again - perfect timing! I was almost dizzy with pleasure at that point and all I wanted was to concentrate on what he was doing to me with his wonderful cock. With my eyes closed I matched his rhythm, bouncing back and forth against him in time with his strokes. Then he stopped suddenly and his cock was out of me! He sat down on the toilet seat with his legs as wide apart with his pants still around his ankles, sporting his erect cock that was glistening in the bright lights with dampness of my pussy juices.

cum, squeezing his cock in a death grip with as my body tensed and then convulsed from the fabulous feelings that were filling me inside.

The guy outside suddenly laughed saying, "Hang in there guy, I know how you feel!" I would have loved to have unlatched the door to let him know how very wrong he was in his interpretation of John's groan but fortunately I couldn't reach the handle or who knows what might have happened! As it was the guy washed his hands and left almost as quickly as he had come in.

In the meantime I was still mesmerized by the lingering effects of my last orgasm. With my legs now straddling him I humped John's cock, bouncing on it like a bull rider. He helped by lifting my up and down from the waist and lifting his hips in time with me.

"Damn Kelly," he moaned, "I'm cumming now!"

Sure enough he was. I sat still to feel the full effect of his pulsing cock as it spit its load of sperm deep into me. I don't think I will ever get tired of that sensation, the feeling I get when hot cum is squirted deep inside of my cunt. Some of the cum drained down out of my pussy onto his cock and when he was finished I got off of him and sucked his sensitive cock, making him jump each time I took it into my mouth.

Damn he tasted good! Nothing like a smelly cock covered with cum and pussy juice! I kept sucking him as he shrank in my mouth, becoming smaller and softer for me. Finally he was limp and I dropped him from my lips. I stood up and gave him a long kiss, my pussy still throbbing with the aftershocks of my orgasm.

We both quickly dressed. John took a peek out the door to make sure that nobody was out there. He thought the coast was clear and so we both darted out of the rest room. I was surprised to say the least to find the whole little tribe was still out in the hallway, goofing around like boys always seem to do. You can imagine the look on their faces when they saw me leaving with John! John and I just laughed and smiled at them as we went back to the mall area and headed off for our movie. I would have loved to been able to listen in on what those boys talked about after we left!

So far it had been a wonderful date with John and the prospect of sitting next to him in a dark movie theater after our little adventure in the restroom was looking more promising all the time. I started to dream of what I could do to him in there. Hmm, maybe our little group of boys would be in front of us!

chewing on my tennis shoe while I was standing on the fence trying to touch them! There were plenty of other places to explore as well; couple of buildings for tractors and other equipment, an attachment to the barn where the milk was stored, and a big corn crib.

The corn crib was my second favorite place to play. The whole corn was stored in two bins on each side and in the middle was a ladder leading into the ceiling over where I could jump down into a big bin full of shelled corn. It was more fun than the plastic balls at Chuckee Cheeze! Out in the pasture was an old chicken coop. There hadn't been chickens in it for years and in past summers we had turned it into our private clubhouse. Our favorite place to fool around was the hay loft in the main barn. Depending on the time of year it had varying amounts of hay in it and at this time of year it was pretty full after the summer baling. We would climb up a thick hay rope and then drop down into the loose hay piled below. My grandfather caught us one time and about had a heart attack but we that didn't stop us from doing it when he wasn't around.

Today was a perfect hot August day so we were both wearing as little as possible to try and keep cool. Unfortunately there weren't any boys around as they would have enjoyed seeing us in nothing but our short cutoffs and tiny bikini tops that left little to the imagination. This far into summer our tans were at their peak and Kristi's blonde hair was bleached out to where it was almost white.

As she ran ahead of me to the barn, I couldn't help but notice that she'd grown up a lot since this time last year. She was still more petite than other girls her age which made most people guess her to be a year or two younger than she really was. Her cutoffs seemed to get shorter every year and her cute little bottom was more than just peeking out from them as she ran. Kristi's boobs barely needed a training bra – if she wore one, but when she wore a bikini top as small as the one she was wearing today, what little she had was displayed at its best. I noticed that as she was running her nipples would peek out over the edges until she adjusted the bikini top back over them. There was only the two of us so she didn't seem to be as concerned about being seen and so by the time we arrived at the barn doors it got to where she was almost falling out of her bikini top. As we stood there panting, trying to catch our breath, she reached down and pulled the top back up over them as if nothing had happened.

My outfit wasn't much different except my shorts were cut a bit higher than hers to where there was barely enough material in the crotch to keep them from

“Hey girl, looking pretty hot these days!” he said with a playful wolf whistle mixed in.

He turned away but not before his eyes ran up and down me a few times more. I couldn't help but feel really slutty which in turn made me feel good inside. If my own dad was turned on by my outfit I could just imagine what the boys would be thinking when they saw me! My mother’s came out then, apparently having reached a truce with her mother-in-law. She gave me another once-over and just shook her head in resignation. “Quite an outfit, hun. I hope you appreciate what I do for you! By the way, I hope you remember to shave if you plan on wearing that in public anytime soon, looks like you’ve been lazy lately.”

I rolled my eyes in my best “Oh mom!” way. I huffed a bit and sat down in a kitchen chair, spreading my legs apart for her to see. The shorts almost disappeared as they pulled tight into my pussy and then I saw she was right, there were a few short pussy hairs sticking out. I was not yet shaving totally then – another year before that. I did try to keep it trimmed up and shaved so there was no pubic hair poking out. My mom just huffed and waved me off.

“Well, go on and get out of here; no sense in worrying about it out here. Oh, and be sure to cross your legs in public when you wear shorts like those! I don't want any mothers calling me to complain that my daughter’s flashing her boy!”

## 2. The Barn

I finally made it through what was starting to seem like a gauntlet and joined Kristi. As I mentioned, we ran to the barn with Kristi in the lead. After we arrived and had caught our breath it was Kristi’s turn to speak.

“Did you see the look on grandma’s face when we walked by? I felt like the Church Lady was glaring at us!”

I giggled as I recalled her in my mind. “Yea, I once overheard mom and her arguing about my clothes but at least she doesn’t say anything to us.”

Kristi had a naughty grin on her face. “By the way, did you catch the wink grandpa gave your dad?”

My mouth and eyes widened. “No way, cool! Wow, guess he’s not so stuffy after all.”

We both laughed at the idea of our stern old grandpa sneaking a peek at his young granddaughters. Wow, Grandma would have killed him if she knew! We eventually got to the barn and checked it out. There was still the same old wooden ladder that led to the hayloft. The steps were worn and smooth and I remember when we were younger how scared I would get climbing up them. They once seemed so high and the steps so far apart but now it was just a quick hop up them to get to the hay loft. Kristi walked over to the steps and put one foot on the bottom rung.

“Want to see what’s up in the ol’ hay loft cuz?”

Without waiting for a response she was climbing up the ladder ahead of me. I followed her and when I looked up I had an incredible view of her tight little ass. I smiled slightly as I thought about how many boys would kill to have this view! Like me, Kristi disdained panties and also like me, her hygiene had gotten a bit sloppy lately and I could see some fuzzy brown hair poking out from the crotch of her shorts. I knew from seeing her getting dressed and in our hot tub that Kristi was not a “true” blonde; her pussy hair was a light brown color that seemed to be getting darker as it filled in. Actually, the last time I saw her naked was a few hours earlier when we got up and shared the bathroom.

Nudity was not something we were ashamed of in my household although my mom had always warned us to be more discreet at our grandparent’s house. I remembered noting that Kristi’s pubic hair was filling in more all the time. It was still more fuzzy than hairy at this point but definitely had filled some over the past few months. As I stretched for each rung I could feel my own shorts pulling in tight which caused them to rub up against my clit, feeling like someone was fondling me as I climbed. From the looks of it Kristi’s shorts were doing the same to her and I could imagine how she was feeling.

Kristi was still a virgin and while I’ been telling her all about my own sexual experiences, we hadn’t done anything more than just talk and joke about sex. Even so, I knew she masturbated regularly from the talks we had although we had not done it together. As for me, I had sex for the first time when I was fourteen and since then had been with a number of boys but I’d never been with a girl a sexual way.

While the thought of a lesbian experience had crossed my mind, it was more of an academic exercise than a sexual fantasy. My girlfriends and I were always having sleepovers where typically we wore next to nothing while we talked about boys and what we wanted to do with them. It wasn't unusual for the conversation to get pretty naughty which often led to us masturbating together. We never did anything sexual with each other like actually touching or kissing each other.

done it a full year earlier than me! I WAS shocked by a different feeling entirely, the feeling I was getting between my legs thinking about how she must have looked when she did it for the first time.

“Wow Kristi, like when were you going to tell me about it or what?”

Kristi smiled a sexy grin and launched in a detailed description of how her boyfriend had fucked her in her own bed for the first time. The sexy part was that I knew Kristi and her mom had been sleeping together since the divorce, so when she said she was fucked for the first time in her own bed, that also meant in her mother’s bed as well! As she went on, leaving no detail out, I found myself picturing her in bed with her boyfriend, offering herself to a boy in that special way a girl can only do once in her life. I thought back to my first time and the mixture of lust and fear that I felt as I watched him hold his cock and guide it towards my waiting pussy.

As Kristi described him penetrating her, violating her virginity. I recalled the moment when my hymen was torn along with the sharp pain that accompanied it. I had reacting instinctively by trying to push him away to stop him from hurting me anymore. The immense pleasure that I was feeling soon overwhelmed any thoughts of wanting him out of me and I pushed my hips up towards him, trying to draw him in me even further.

As I listened to Kristi describing how it felt to have a cock filling her virgin cunt for the very first time, I realized I had been subconsciously thrusting my own pussy forward as I tried to draw in an imaginary cock. I could tell the thought of recalling it was arousing her as well. As she whispered to me how he finally entered her completely, the base of his cock pressed up tightly against her crotch, her hand drifted down and over so as to be between her legs. I looked down at her crotch so she would know I could see what she was doing and she quickly pulled her hand up and her face flushed. I took her hand and moved it back between her legs saying, “Don’t worry Kristi, I do it all the time. My parents don't mind me seeing them do it and you shouldn’t be ashamed to do it in front of me either. Besides, my friends and I do it together at sleepovers and parties and we are closer than I am to them.”

I paused for a few seconds to let that sink in before going on. Her hand stayed between her thighs but wasn't moving. I could tell she needed a bit if encouragement so I asked, “Would it help if I did myself as the same time?”

Her eyes widened at my suggestion and then a coy smile appeared. A sudden urge came over me and I leaned over to give her a kiss on her lips. Nothing earth shaking, but definitely more than what first cousins would normally share. At first

## 3. Back at the House

Eventually we got dressed and headed back to the farm house. My mom was in the kitchen with my grandma as we passed through. She looked at me a bit strangely and for a moment I felt like she was looking straight into my soul and somehow knew everything that we had been doing.

“Are you OK Kelly? You both are a bit flushed – you didn't get too hot out there did you? You know you need to be careful not to get sunstroke!”

I wasn't about to tell my mom just how “hot” we had gotten when my grandma was standing right behind her. We just said we had been in the hay loft which was technically true. My mom gave me an odd look and I knew that when we got home she would be expecting the “real” story” My mom loved to hear about my sexual exploits and I think she lived vicariously through me. Well, wait until she heard this one! I wondered what she would say when I told her about my secret desires to have sex with Kristi?

Kristi and I played similar games together for years after that. We kissed and hugged but never actually touched each other in a direct sexual way until a few more summers went by but that is another story. In the meantime we just enjoyed our erotic times together, masturbating while we told each other about the boys we had been with and how it felt when they fucked us or when we sucked their cocks.

Mmmmmmm, I love my cousin!

took my hand out and smelled his strong musky odor on my fingers. I love the smell of a man's crotch, the stronger the better.

Then I slipped my hand back into his jeans to find what I really was hungry for - a tasty cock! Typically he was already hard by now but once in a while I would get to him early enough to where it was still soft which was my favorite way to start. Feeling his cock warming as he began to swell and grow, like a balloon being blown up, was mid-boggling for me. I thought it was incredible that he could change that much, that it could go from this flaccid little sausage to a throbbing, long, and oh so hard cock that just begged for my attention. I looked into his eyes and smiled as I saw his eyes roll back as he enjoyed the way I stroked him.

I asked him if he wanted me to suck him, knowing full well he was dying for me to do so. I couldn't help but giggle a bit when he stuttered out a yes, unable to say anything more while I held his cock. I loved the power I had over him when I held his cock. I knew then he would do anything just to have me suck it! Being able to hold his cock and have that much control over the emotions of a guy made me feel so sexy!

It was time to stop teasing him. After all, I wanted his cock in my mouth just as badly, if not more, than he did! He pulled down his pants and shorts and his cock was standing straight up into the air, as hard and stiff as the Statue of Liberty. I licked my lips in anticipation. God it looked so inviting! I couldn't wait any longer to take it in my mouth so I slipped his head between my lips and ran them around it, licking the tip with my tongue inside my mouth. He groaned as I licked the back side of his cock where I knew from experience he was so sensitive.

Mmmmmmm, he tasted wonderful and his skin was so smooth and soft it just glided in and out of my mouth. I took him all the way in until my face was buried deep in his hairy crotch. I twisted my head around him, letting him out just a little and then back don until my mouth was against the base of his cock. I could feel him against the back of my throat and I loved hearing him groaning in pleasure as I sucked on him. Holding his balls in my hand, I gently playing with them like two hairy walnuts. If I did this too long he would cum and I had more plans for his cock before that happened.

I laid in my bed as I kept dreaming about him fucking me, picturing myself being fucked like a little slut, like the teenage whore I dream of being sometimes. I had two fingers in my pussy and was squeezing my little breast in my hand, feeling the hardened nipple between my fingers. My thumb was rubbing my clit and I was soaking wet with lust. Then it finally happened, the feeling I wanted soooooo badly, the wonderful and oh so glorious sensation of my orgasm as it built to a crescendo and then I exploded.

God it felt so wonderful, so incredible as my entire body seemed to tingle with pure pleasure. My back arched upwards as I moaned softly and let the waves of pleasure roll through me. I kept touching myself, keeping myself on the knife edge of my orgasm, just at that point where I could barely take it anymore but still enough to keep it going as long as possible. My God! I could feel my pulsing pussy cumming, gushing out over my fingers and soaking my sheets. My pussy involuntarily squeezed down tight onto my fingers, gripping them the way I held a hard cock as it pumped its hot cum inside of me raging pussy.

I realized deep down that I was becoming addicted to this feeling, possibly even addicted to sex in general, I found that the more I fucked and masturbated the more I wanted it and frankly, I didn't care what that meant, only that I wanted it and would do anything for it, literally anything. After all, how could anything that felt so unbelievably good possibly be wrong? At times like this, when I was delirious with the pounding sensations coursing through my entire body. Right then I would have fucked every boy in class if that's what it took to satisfy me!

## 3. My Resolution

That was the one and only time I ever let Annie do anything like that to me. Even though I loved it at the time, the next morning my sanity returned and the whole event seemed more like a dream. In fact, it seemed so crazy that I had to wonder at first whether or not it WAS a dream since I couldn't believe what I'd done. Never in my life had I ever imagined that I would allow an ANIMAL to lick my pussy. Not only that, but it made me cum as well.

As much as I loved sex, even I had enough sense to understand that there had to be a line somewhere that you don't cross and if sex with animals wasn't on the other side of the line, then what was? Sure, I'd seen pics of girls sucking dog and horse cocks and girls being fucked by various animals on the Internet. While I found them interesting from an intellectual perspective, frankly they were way over the top for me and didn't turn me on.

After this day it would have been easy for me to question my morals and beliefs but I was raised differently from that. If I didn't do something firmly now then I could easily start down a slippery path that would lead to such activities... and more. To me, it is like the issue of drugs. I don't have to try drugs to know they are bad for me. It's the same with bestiality – I don't have to have sex with an animal to know it's perverted and wrong.

Even though I vowed never to repeat such a thing again, erasing the memory of what I had done was impossible. I would never forget that for this one time in my life I let a little dog lick me and make me cum. The question is, if I never do it again, does that make it OK?

my friends where anything serious happened between two girls other than a tentative kiss or VERY brief touching, followed immediately by tons of giggles and mutual embarrassment. I hate to burst the bubble of all the American Pie enthusiasts, but that's the straight dope about Truth or Dare. Most people I've talked to about it have similar memories (when they're being honest) although I'm sure a few had more risque experiences.

As I got older, the need for games like Truth or Dare faded away when my friends and I started having sex with our boyfriends (and girlfriends in a couple of cases). Thus talking openly about sex no longer seemed "naughty" or embarrassing. Now that I was fifteen and a sophomore in high school, my last Truth or Dare game was behind me - or so I thought. Then one day I was having lunch with Beth at school when she brought the subject up.

"Hey, remember the last time we played Truth or Dare?"

Now where did THAT question come from out of the blue? I looked at her with my eyebrows raised, wondering what was going on considering we'd just been discussing the upcoming Thanksgiving break, nothing to do with sex or even being naughty. Even so, I couldn't help but smile as the memories came back and played in my head

"Oh, you mean the time we made poor Nancy kiss you?"

Beth practically spit out her food as she laughed. "Yeah, I thought she was going to die of embarrassment. Poor girl, she was always so shy about that sort of thing."

"OK, so what about it?"

"Well, you know Bill, don't you?"

Actually, all I really knew about Bill was that he was some senior that Beth had been dating lately - and screwing as often as possible as well from what she'd told me.

"Oh yeah, the guy with the big dick, right?" I teased her.

It was just a shot in the dark as I had no idea how well-endowed he was. Knowing Beth, he was probably good-sized as she had a penchant for guys with large cocks. I use to tease her that it was too bad we hardly had any blacks at our school. (Please... I was just teasing - don't send me e-mails calling me a racist!)

"Oh, so you DO know him," she giggled. "Well anyway, he's been pushing me to do a threesome with him. He's heard about you, like who hasn't, so last night he asked me if you would do it."

"Do it?"

"You know, join in with us."

Beth had been my best friend and all since I could remember and we shared a lot over the years. Still, I couldn't help but frown a bit. I'd done a threesome before, but it was with two boys and there wasn't another girl involved. Even though Beth claimed to have been with other girls, I was strictly for boys at the time. OK, so sometimes we would sometimes masturbate together when we both got horny but we'd never actually touched each other, at least not with any sexual intent. It was no different than what I did with most of my friends. Thus the idea of a threesome with her and her boyfriend was a little unnerving for me.

"So what's he expecting us all to do together?"

Beth sighed, sounding a little frustrated, and held my hand. "Ohhhhhh, I think see what the problem is. You think he wants to watch the two of us together, don't you?"

"Well duh, isn't that what most boys want to watch? Two girls getting it on?"

Beth just smiled. "Well I'm sure he wouldn't STOP us if we did but really, he just has this thing about wanting to fuck two girls at the same time. Apparently he's never done it."

Still, I was still not too sure about it. I couldn't put my finger on it, but for some reason it all sounded a little fishy to me.

"Can John come?" I asked.

John was my current boyfriend and we'd been doing it quite a bit. One thing I really liked about him was that he was pretty adventurous when it came to sex. We'd already done it at a church picnic, in the water at a beach full of people, and even in a mall restroom at the mall. I guess I just thought it would be better if another guy was there to keep both girls occupied so there wouldn't be so much pressure for Bath and me to have sex together.

Beth pursed her lips a little and I could tell she hadn't been ready for THAT question. Frankly, I had the distinct impression that she was hoping maybe the two of us WOULD do something but I just wasn't ready yet to have sex with a girl, not even my best friend. Bottom line, I LOVED being fucked and girls don't have dicks. Sorry, dildos just aren't the same, at least not for me.

"Well, I guess if he says it's OK... then when do you want to do it?" Beth asked, apparently figuring it was better to compromise than get nothing.

"Yeah... how about Friday night?"

"Well, it's the day after Thanksgiving so would that be OK with your folks?" Beth asked, "I know you guys always have a lot of family over for the weekend."

"I'm sure it would be OK - just so long as it's not at MY house!" I said with a bit of a laugh. "Now THAT would be a bit tough to explain to the relatives."

## 2. Masturbation Contest at School With Beth

From there we went on to other subjects that were much more fun for me to discuss, like the last time Bill had fucked her and then I had to tell her all about my last date with John. By now we were both so ridiculously horny that I would've started fingering myself had I not been in the middle of the school cafeteria. Actually, a few more minutes of this and I might not even care about THAT! There was always the restroom, of course, where I'd retreated more than a few times in the past to let off some steam.

"Hmmmmmm, are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Beth asked with a mischievous smile.

"Well, we still have ten minutes," I teased her, "That enough time for you?"

"Duh! We'd better get going," Beth replied, picking up her tray, "Hey! Bet I beat you this time."

Of course she was referring to a friendly competition that had developed over the past few years between the two of us. Sometimes when I masturbate I like to spend a long time playing with myself and teasing myself before I cum. Then there are other times when I'm horny as hell and I just want to cum and get it over with as fast as possible. It was times like this when Beth and I would sometimes "compete" to see who could get herself off the fastest. It was usually a pretty tight competition (no pun intended) but I claimed to hold a slight edge although I had no doubt that Beth would have hotly disputed my assertion.

We quickly dumped our trash and headed for the girl's restroom. There were a few other girls in there but fortunately the last two stalls were empty so Beth and I made a bee-line with her getting in the last one and me in the one beside it.

"First one out wins, right?" Beth checked with me just before closing the door.

She hadn't bothered to lower her voice much and at least one of the other girl must have heard her as she turned to look at us with this look of disgust. You could say Beth and I each had a bit of a "reputation" at school and while it was fine with the boys, some of the girls were snotty about it. We just ignored the little bitch and closed the doors behind us. There wasn't much time before classes started again but I had a lot of confidence in myself - practice makes perfect, right?

Even though time was a premium, I still took the time to quickly wipe off the seat. Face it, there are some things you HAVE to do in a public restroom, no matter how much of a hurry you're in. I sat down on the seat, the cold plastic of the ring making me jump just a little. Reaching down, I pulled up my plaid skirt and bunched it up around my waist, revealing my pale blue cotton panties underneath. They may not have been the sexiest things in the world but they were comfortable and most of the time at school, that's what counted for me. Guys don't seem to understand that most "sexy" clothes are also uncomfortable as hell! You wouldn't catch me dead in a thong unless I planned to show it off to someone! With my left hand I pulled my panties to the side which allowed my right hand to dive in and get to work.

The secret to reaching an orgasm, especially when you're masturbating, has little to do with the physical act - it's is all in your head. For instance, say I'm sitting next to a guy on a couch, watching a movie while he fondles my pussy. If it's a good movie and I'm not really into what he's doing, it doesn't matter WHERE he touches me or HOW, I may feel really good but I'm not gonna cum! Then again, I can be at the pool with my eyes trained on some hunk of a guy like a heat-seeking missile, fantasizing about how good his cock would taste and then how it would feel in me. It's at times like this that about all I have to do is rub my pussy up against something, even a table leg, and I'll reach orgasm on the spot!

Unlike girls, guys seem to be all physical when it comes to getting off. Hell, I can make a guy cum in his sleep just by sucking or stroking his dick! Guys can't even control their cocks enough to keep from getting hard in awkward situations. Heck, I bet you could strap a guy down and promise him a million dollars if he can hold back and I could still make him cum with a half-hearted blowjob.

With me, the biggest thing about reaching orgasm is that I have to WANT to cum. No amount of stimulation or fantasy is going to make me cum against my will. From there, it's all about what I'm thinking, even more than what I'm physically feeling. Heck, I can all but cum just from having someone stroke my hair in the right situations. Of course, proper stimulation never hurt although most guys haven't a clue how to touch or lick a pussy, especially the teenage ones who seem to think speed and intensity are the keys.

Usually when I masturbate I'm not in a hurry so I'll think about my boyfriend or some guy who turns me on and gradually work myself up. There are times when it's as much about the journey as reaching the destination. However, the first thing I do when I'm starting to masturbate with the intent to cum as quickly as possible is to think about something really naughty. Doing it in public places, flashing a teacher, those sort of things. The trick is to get my body on the edge of an orgasm without even touching myself such that when I DO, it doesn't take much to push my pussy over the edge.

The other girls finally left, leaving Beth and me to ourselves, literally. In the quiet I could hear her playing with herself, her breath already gasping slightly and sounding forced. Too bad the stalls were so small. When we did it together we would usually sit opposite each other so we could watch the other touch herself. I loved watching Beth masturbate and it turned me on when she got visibly horny watching me do myself. Had we been together it would likely have gone faster for both of us but knowing she was doing it next door to me was still a help.

As I played with my clit I found myself thinking about Beth's offer to be with her and her boyfriend. Bill WAS quite a hunk and I could imagine how good he would probably fuck me. Would Beth be playing with herself in front of us as her boyfriend fucked me? My mind started to wander more to thoughts of her playing with her pussy than Bill fucking me. How did she smell? Did her pussy taste like mine? How would her clit feel like under my tongue? How far could I push my tongue up into her wet pussy?

With that thought I shoved my middle finger deep into my pussy and gasped. Usually I would have been imagining someone like Bill fucking me but now I caught myself wondered what it would feel like for Beth to do push her finger into me instead of mine. Unlike some fumbling teenage boy, I would bet that she would know how to touch my clit, how to rub it just the right way. She would know how to let her tongue flicker over my clit, how to tease it just the right amount to make it send shock waves of pleasure through the rest of my body, like the epicenter of an giant earthquake.

God my pussy was SO incredibly wet! I easily slid a second finger into me. Again, instead of imaging a big cock forcing its way into me, I thought of Beth adding another finger in me, then a third and maybe even more. When it was covered with my pussy juices she would offer it to me to lick, letting me taste my own pussy on her fingers and then lick the rest of it off herself with a smile.

Was Beth dreaming of me now or maybe she was fantasizing about her boyfriend fucking me? I could hear her skirt rustling next to me as we both masturbated furiously. What would she say if I stepped into the stall with her and kneeled in front of her and started licking her bare pussy? A involuntary gasp escaped from me and I tried to hold back a second, not wanting to alert Beth as to how close I was getting.

Then it happened, that incredible feeling I get when my orgasm first hits me. It's like a sudden electric shock that seems to emerge from my entire body simultaneously. It doesn't really have a point of origin even though it's my fingers in my pussy that seem to be generating it along with my fertile imagination. I felt my pussy swell and tighten down on my fingers, then suddenly gush a flood of pussy com over my hand. It was all I could do to keep from crying out and declaring to the world what was happening to me.

If I had more time I could have kept it going for a LOT longer. However, I knew classes were going to start any minute now so I rushed things along a bit. My pussy was still throbbing as I unrolled some toilet paper and wiped up the cum that was dripping from it. I straightened out my panties and stood up to drop my skirt back down. My legs almost buckled at first as my panties rubbed up against my ultra-sensitive clit. It took every bit of willpower I had to keep from sitting back down and doing it longer. Just as I opened the door I heard a gasp from the stall next to me. I smiled to myself as I thought of her cumming and then smiled even broader as I knew I'd beaten her to the punch.

By the time she was out of her stall I'd already straightened out my hair and was checking my makeup in the mirror. My face was still pretty flushed but that would go away in time.

"Damn girl, how the hell did you do it so fast?" Beth gasped, the aftereffects of her own orgasm apparently still in operation.

"Ohhhhhh, I had some help," I teased her. She looked at me accusingly, as if I'd cheated somehow. "I meant I had this great fantasy to dream about.

"Oh really? And when was your best friend going to hear about this so-called great fantasy?"

I just winked at her and led the way from the restroom where we split up to go our classes. As I walked my pussy was still excited and it was almost as if I had a vibrator tucked up in me or something. Mmmmmmm, if I wasn't careful I'd be back in the restroom again to take care of a "girl problem". Somehow I made it through the afternoon without having to masturbate again although there were a few close calls, especially when I talked to John and imagined how good he would fuck me the next time were together.

## 3. "Convincing" My Boyfriend

Beth called me that night and gave me the news that her guy was OK with me bringing John along with. Of course, there was just one tiny issue remaining - would John want to? This wasn't the sort of thing you asked your boyfriend over the phone so I called him and asked him if he wanted to come over to talk to me about something. Now if you don't think I have John wrapped around my finger, consider that he was standing in my bedroom less than fifteen minutes later!

"So Kelly, what did you want to 'talk'' about?"

John's tone of voice definitely implied that he thought it was all just an excuse by me to get him over to suck his cock or something. Granted, I understood why he might have that idea but it wasn't the case tonight, at least not at the moment. Seeing his dick hardening under his jeans was a bit distracting, to say the least, so I knew I had better get through things before it went from a distraction to an obsession.

It was then I realized that I hadn't really thought this out and for moment I felt panicky as my mind went blank. Well, sometimes it's best just to be forthright and come right out with what you want to say.

"How would you feel about getting together with Beth and her boyfriend?"

John looked at me, obviously unsure of what I was asking.

"Well, I guess that depends on what do you mean by 'getting together', I guess," he replied, "You mean like a double date?"

I took a deep breath and went for it all. "Well sort of... I meant having sex together with them."

John's face went through a series of contortions as he seemed puzzled but yet turned on by what I'd said.

"Just so you know, no way am I EVER doing it with another guy," he protested.

I gave him a kiss and smiled at him, saying, "No you silly boy, I meant that you and he would trade between Beth and me."

"You mean your best friend Beth?" he verified. I nodded and then he grinned, a little TOO broadly if you asked me. "You really don't mind watching me fuck her?"

Typical guy, thinking about his dick first. I couldn't help but notice there wasn't any concern on his part about ME being fucked by another guy. Apparently all he could think about was the chance to fuck Beth. I didn't see what the big deal was myself. Knowing Beth, all he had to do was ASK and she probably would have let him fuck her anytime he wanted. It's not like she was picky or anything! She'd had sex with a lot more guys than me. They loved her big tits, a point not lost on me when I looked in the mirror at night and despaired over my much smaller versions. My dad use to tell me I was "perky", but he wasn't the one I was trying to get to fuck me!

"I guess can live with it," I answered him. "So what do you think?"

"Hey, whose idea was this anyway?"

At first I hesitated to answer but I knew he would find out the truth sooner than later so no sense making anything up. Taking a deep breath, I explained to him what Beth had told me. As I talked I noticed John's attention seem to be wavering, his eyes more on my boobs and crotch. By the time I was done I was pretty convinced he wasn't listening to a word I was saying.

"So that's how I got herpes," I said nonchalantly as I sat down on my bed. As I suspected, he wasn't listening to a word I'd said and so I just huffed. Boys, they're all the same. They have just one thing on their mind, 24-7, - sex. It was a little frustrating for me as it wasn't like he had to be worried about whether or not I was going to put out for him later or anything so the least he could do was listen to me sometimes!

"Ummmmm, Earth to John, come in spaceman John!"

Well, THAT finally seemed to get through as John shook his head like he was coming out of a daze, which was probably a fairly accurate description of his mental state at the moment.

"What's your problem," he asked, apparently totally unaware of what he'd been doing subconsciously.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all," I sighed, putting out my arms for him to signal it was OK for him to get in bed with me now.

We spent the next hour or so screwing around, literally. John wasn't a bad fuck, actually probably one of the best I'd had so far in my limited sexual "career". He DID have this thing about wanting to shoot his cum all over me which irritated me sometimes, but tonight he was a gentleman and kept his dick in my pussy when he came which made me happy.

"So are we on for Friday night?" I asked him as I lay under him. His cock was still hard in me, even though he'd cum twice already inside of me. It felt good sometimes to just lay together like this afterwards, jus the feeling of his dick in me with his body pressed uptight against mine. There was just something that made it more intimate for me when I Laid next to him like this, literally joined together. It meant so much more to me than having him pull out and just hug me. Heck, my dad hugs me so for John to stay in me meant a lot to me.

"Yeah, I guess so, whatever you want."

Knowing John, I would have to remind him later as odds were he wouldn't remember anything of this conversation later. What happens to guys when they cum anyway? It's like their minds disengage and go off-line such that they don't remember a damn thing later except the fucking part. THAT they don't seem to have any problem recalling, especially when telling it to all their friends the next day at school! Needless to say their memories seem to be a bit enhanced as well, especially when it came to how many time they'd made me cum. If only it was true, I wouldn't mind!

John eventually got dressed and left me laying nude in my bed. I stretched out on my back, letting my naked body cool off a bit as I closed my eyes and contemplated the day's events. All-in-all it wasn't that all unusual except for the discussion I had with Beth about doing it with her boyfriend.

# 4. A Mother-Daughter Chat

I was wondering how that was going to work out when I felt someone sit down on the edge of my bed. Opening my eyes, I saw my mom there in the dimming light.

"Hey mom!" I said softly with a smile.

"Well, THAT was pretty quick tonight. So I guess he must have been hornier than usual," she observed, "And what was all this about Friday night?"

"Oh mom, nothing," I sighed, "just something Beth is cooking up."

Evidently she had at least been listening in at the end of my time with John. It's not like the walls between our bedrooms were all that thick, more like paper it seemed at times. It went both ways too. I'd never seen my parents have sex but that's not to say I haven't HEARD them, especially considering what a moaner my mom is when she cums.

"Well, if she's behind it then I can only imagine what it could be."

I scooted over so she could sit better on the bed. Then I explained to her what Beth wanted to do, ending with John's agreement after he'd just fucked me.

"You know, I think you really like this guy, don't you?" she asked with a gentle smile.

Despite myself I felt my face redden. Honestly, I didn't think I was in love with John but still, I had been feeling some pretty strong emotions lately when we were having sex. Was it love... or just growing lust? So far as I was concerned, lust was the winner so far.

"Well, he certainly seems to be taking care of you 'needs' from what I can tell. So how many times did he cum tonight?" she inquired.

It may seem odd to some people that she would ask me such a thing, but people have to remember that my mom has always asked me about my dates from the first one I went on with Steve. For some reason it seemed important to her that she knew where each boy came (my pussy, mouth, etc.) and how many times.

Rather than tease her as I sometimes do, I just grinned and held up two fingers. My mom shook her head, almost more it seemed from wishing it had been her than worrying about me. Well, I guess even older women can still dream about a teenage boy sometimes!

"Did he stay in you afterwards?"

I nodded and she smiled knowingly. "He seems to care about you a lot, doesn't he," she said as more a statement than a question. "I remember your father doing that with me once we started to get to know each other better..."

Her voice trailed off and her eyes had that distant look as if she was recalling her teen years with my dad. I leaned back and spread my legs, letting her see John's cum as it was still draining from my pussy."

"Yeah, he certainly DOES like you," she commented as her attention went back to me. Seeing me with my legs parted for her she just rolled her eyes with that "what am I going to do with you" look that mothers are so good at giving their kids.

"Well, he's a very lucky boy to have you as his girlfriend is all I can say," she said, finishing up our conversation. "Still horny?" she asked, turning back as she started for the door.

Rather than answer I pushed my finger into my pussy and lifted my hips yup against it as if I was being fucked. "Guess I should have known better than to ask," she sighed, leaving the room shaking her head.

Indeed, even though John had just fucked me so well it hadn't been enough for me so I started masturbating, dreaming of John fucking me yet again on my bed, but this time with my mom watching, getting herself off at the site of her daughter being fucked by this teenage boy. Too bad my mom took her marriage vows so strictly. I bet John would have been happy to fuck my mom alongside of me! Oh well, if there was one thing I was 100% sure of, it was THAT would never happen. Still, it made a great fantasy to masturbate with as I laid back and played with my pussy.

## 5. Getting Ready

Friday couldn't come fast enough. Thanksgiving was the usual uproar of relatives running amuck. I noticed that this year especially, both my uncles seems a lot more interested in my "assets" than ever before. Well, even if they WERE my uncles that didn't mean they didn't have the same desires and urges as any other man so I didn't take it as being perverted or anything like that at all. In fact, I MAY have been a little guilty of teasing them just a bit but it wasn't anything over the top.

Friday was a holiday so I slept in although it wasn't that easy with everyone rushing in to the bathroom across the hall from me. It seemed like my room was so much smaller as I had my bedroom door shut as a courtesy to our guests. It was one thing to sleep nude with the door open when just my parents were home but my grandmother and aunts on my dad's side most likely wouldn't have appreciated it in the same way. I'd even worn panties around the house the previous evening for the first time in ages!

Beth had arranged to pick me up around 2:00 that afternoon and for once she was there right on time as the grandfather clock in our living room sounded. Running downstairs, I kissed my mom and grandmother goodbye. My grandmother looked at me like a drill sergeant doing an inspection and then turned to my mother with a stern look.

"Goodness Mary, you let your fifteen year-old daughter go out looking like THAT?" I barely heard her whisper sharply to my mom.

Actually, personally I thought I was dressed fairly conservatively. My jeans were certainly tight, especially in the butt, but at least they were high enough not to show off my butt crack like some of my other pairs did. Heck, I was even wearing a thong, albeit not much of one, but at least I had one on. My tight white blouse, one of my favorites, was probably her major concern. It had some lace and was quite sheer which allowed the black bra I was wearing underneath to be clearly visible. Still, it WAS a blouse and I WAS wearing a bra so what was the big deal? My bikini shows a LOT more and nobody complains about IT (well, my grandmother probably would if she ever saw it). A pair of black heels were on my feet, again nothing special or slutty and only a few inches high. My hair was hanging loose, straight as usual over my shoulders with nothing in it. Even my makeup was understated - a little blush and some eye shadow with a light colored red lipstick.

Well, I didn't wait to hear what the results of THAT conversation were and instead just waved and headed out to Beth's car. Her dad had driven her over which explained her not being tardy for once. Usually her mom drove her around and she was ALWAYS late it seemed.

With a quick wave to her dad, I joined Beth in the backseat. He dad gave the once over, like most guys do when I walk up to them, and I noted he had the car mirror adjusted so he could keep an eye on things in the back seat. I liked to tease him, even though Beth really didn't appreciate it when I did. Heck, I liked to tease most any guy so why make an exception for him?

As for Beth, she was dressed almost the same as me, only she had on a pale pink blouse with NO bra underneath. It was a little funny actually. The girl with the smaller boobs had on a bra while the one with the big ones was practically popping out of her blouse! Actually, normally on a date with John I wouldn't have worn a bra and typically not bothered with the thong either but I figured today was sort of a show-off day and wearing them gave me more to tease the boys with later. Obviously Beth was coming in with a bit of a different strategy!

"So, where are we heading?" I asked as she hadn't bothered filling me in with that little tidbit of information before now.

"Bill's house. His family's in Florida or somewhere for the holidays and so he has the place to himself."

It take about twenty minutes to wind our way the twisting streets of the south side of Pittsburgh but we finally made it to his house, or least his parent's house. Wow, it was quite a place! From the looks of things it was almost new and all the homes in the neighborhood looked like they were quite expensive. Beth's dad parked on the brick driveway and I noticed that there weren't any other cars there so that meant John was late - as usual. The idiot would be late to his own funeral someday.

Bill must have been watching for us because as we approached the front door it opened and Bill was there to greet us. He was dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt with sneakers, pretty standard gear I guess. As the door opened, I heard Beth's dad drive away, apparently satisfied we were OK now that someone had answered the door.

## 6. Playing the Game

"Hey, can't believe you girls actually made it!" he exclaimed as he reached out to hug Beth.

"And you must be the infamous Kelly," he said to me, unabashedly giving me the once over from head to toe, "I've heard a LOT about you!"

I looked over at Beth who just shrugged her shoulders. I guess it was a compliment judging from the hungry look he was giving me.

Bill shut the door behind us and we took a seat in the kitchen around a large wood table, waiting for John to make his appearance. Knowing his track record, I wasn't surprised when it was another fifteen minutes before the doorbell rang and Bill went to let John in.

With the four of us there, Bill offered some drinks and snacks. I declined the beer and wine, settling for my favorite - Diet Coke. Bill went for a red wine while John grabbed some foreign sounding beer from Japan. It was probably expensive but from the looks of the house, I didn't think the owners really worried much about grocery prices. Beth shared the wine with Bill, stealing a sip from his glass now and then. We talked about school for a few minutes but I could tell from the glances everyone was making that we were all just waiting for someone to make the opening move. It was Beth's party but it was Bill's house so both John and I waited for one of them to get things rolling.

"You know what I haven't played in ages?" Beth finally cracked the ice, "Truth or Dare."

Both guys groaned simultaneously and even I couldn't help but roll my eyes a bit.

"Oh quit whining you guys," she said sharply, "You all know the rules so let's get started. Bill, Truth or Dare?"

Beth jumped right into it so fast we didn't have a chance to argue against it. It was such a childish game. Sure it was fun at slumber parties or whatever as a way to be naughty but still stay within certain bounds. But at our age we didn't need this hassle, did we?

Bill looked at Beth, stammering at first as if unsure how to answer.

"C'mon, which do you want?" she pestered him.

"Oh alright, Truth," he sighed as he finally gave in.

Beth wiggled in her chair as if she was a lawyer preparing to launch her attack on a key witness. She looked at me and grinned, evidently feeling quite good about herself at the moment.

"Hmmm, who is sexier, me or Kelly?"

Gee whiz, talk about going for the jugular it right off the bat! Normally you start out with a few softball questions and let people get comfortable before you dig in for the tough ones. Oh well, we weren't kids anymore and this was all just a prelude to the sex we all knew was coming, so why not? It wasn't like any of us had to be coaxed into anything.

"You are of course," he replied. Really, how else COULD the poor guy have answered? I wasn't going to just let it go by though.

"Well, we'll see how you feel about that later, won't we?" I said seductively. John shot me a warning glance but I just smiled at him disarmingly.

"OK Kelly, what's it going to be?" Bill asked.

I opted for Truth, figuring it would be better to start out slow because who knows what he might have dared me the way things had gotten started already.

"OK then, how many guys have you fucked?"

Well, this certainly wasn't starting out the way my old Truth or Dare sessions did at a slumber party! At those, when a question came up like that it was usually at the end and it typically meant the end of the game since we would all just giggle and nobody would answer.

Bill was impatient as I pretended to have to think about it, using my fingers to seem as if I was counting them in my head.

"From what I hear, you don't have nearly enough fingers girl," he taunted me.

Actually, that was quite an exaggeration. So far I'd only been fucked by four guys and of those, two of them had been one-time affairs. Steve was my first real boyfriend and after he took my virginity, my pussy was his pretty exclusively until he moved away, save for one time with his brother that was more to tease his poor brother than anything. There was that one time with a guy from my dad's office which was pretty bizarre, considering he was older than my dad and married. Thus John was actually only the second guy to fuck me on a regular basis and just the fourth to do me. I suspected what Bill had heard were overblown tales from guys I'd dated whose dicks I had sucked. Granted, I LOVE sucking cock but I've always been pretty picky about who fucks me which tended to make the numbers quite skewed. Honestly, it would have taken me some time to figure out how many guys I'd blown already but fucking was pretty easy - and fit on one hand.

"Just four," I announced, holding up four fingers.

John looked at me a bit strangely, probably because he was wondering who they were. Of course he knew about Steve since he went to our school at the time and wasn't shy about telling people what he did with me. It was the other two that he had no idea about and I wasn't about to tell him either, at least not here in front of Beth and Bill. Then again, as my best friend Beth knew about all of them but still, Bill didn't need to know.

It was my turn now so I just looked at John expectantly and he also went with Truth, no real shocker there! I asked him the same question that Beth had asked her boyfriend and surprisingly (NOT!), he named me as being the sexiest. Beth just grinned at him and I knew she was thinking the same as what I'd said to her boyfriend earlier. Well, go for it girl!

Again, it was no big surprise that John asked Beth how many guys she'd fucked. What WAS a surprise was her answer and how quickly it came.

"Ten!" she announced, clearly proud of the fact she more than doubled my count.

I looked at her with amazement. How had she managed to do so many guys already? Someday I would learn about her penchant for sex parties and multiple partners but on this day it was a mystery. It would have helped to have known, though, as I would have understood better why she was so willing to include John today.

Well, so much for round one. As far as I was concerned, that was enough and we could just strip and get down to it and quit wasting more time on a childish game. Beth, however, was of a different mindset.

"OK, one more time around so make it good," she declared. "Let's go the other way around this time."

Turning to John, she licked her lips and asked the proverbial cliché, "Truth or Dare?"

John wasn't about to be a wimp but he wasn't going to fall for her trap so he took dodged whatever bullet Beth likely had ready for him and asked for a truth question. Beth had a look of disappointment and I knew I would have to ask her later what she had planned if John had accepted her Dare. It wouldn't have surprised me if she made him suck Bill's dick but I knew THAT would never happen, no matter WHAT game were playing, so it was best it never got to that point.

"Oh well then, let's see... how many times a day do you masturbate?"

John's face reddened and I think he may have wished for a moment he had gone for the dare but if my suspicions were correct, he was still better off. Besides, what is it about guys and masturbation? Everyone knows they ALL do it (at least all the ones I know, including my dad) and they even joke about it but ask them something specific and they clam up like they're doing something dirty.

Another thing that frustrates me is that most guys love to watch me masturbate (well, make that ALL guys, at least up to now) but when I ask them to do it for me they get all embarrassed. It's so silly. Like, I masturbate all the time with my friends. It's nothing sexual between us, just something we enjoy doing together. Yet I've NEVER seen two guys masturbate together and when I've even mentioned it to them, it was like I was asking them to commit suicide. Oh well, I guess that's just men for you.

"Alright, maybe once a day," he said in a barely audible tone.

"Oh come on!" Beth derided him, "You have to tell the truth!"

Bill frowned and glanced briefly at Bill, who seemed to be getting a kick out of John's discomfort.

"Two or three times a day, satisfied?" he practically spat out at Beth.

He looked at me with this "forgive me" puppy dog look and I wanted to laugh. Heck, I masturbated at least that often so what was there for him to be embarrassed about? There was certainly nothing for me to forgive him. Heck, if he WASN'T masturbating about me a couple times a day I would have been disappointed.

Obviously relieved to be finished with his obligations and wanting to move on to another subject, John looked at me and smiled. Hmmmmmm, now what did my naughty boyfriend have up his sleeve for me? Since it was him and not Bill asking me, I decided to go for the dare, trusting him not do ask me to do anything weird.

"I dare you to lick Beth's pussy," he said with a grin. Bastard! That's what I get for trusting a horny guy. Damn, look what he did to me. Now what?

My question was quickly answered as Beth seemed all too willing to drop her jeans as soon as she heard his demand and before I even said a word she was sitting back on her hands with her knees spread, exposing her pussy to me. In the good old days it was considered risqué to ask a girl to kiss another girl and if things REALLY got out of hand, maybe touch her but I'd NEVER been asked to do oral sex on a girl before. Then again, I WAS a little curious and it wasn't like doing it one time as gong to brand me a lesbian or anything.

"Ummmmm, is this OK with you Beth?"

What a dumb question! I have no idea what possessed me to ask it but as soon as it was out I clasped my hand tightly over my mouth, embarrassed by my naive question.

"It's perfectly fine with me, in fact it's always been," she answered in a surprisingly soft tone.

She looked like she was actually WANTING me to do it. I'd heard that she was OK with girls but we never discussed it a lot as she knew how I felt about the subject. Well, I was about to get my first lesson!

The guys watched intently as I crawled on all fours over to where she was sitting on the floor. The closer I got, the wider it seemed she spread her legs for me. Her pussy was shaved most of the way with a small triangle of pubic hair right above her pussy slit.

As for me, I still had most of mine although I did trim it down to keep it inside my bikinis and thongs. I noticed that more and more girls were starting to shave theirs and I knew I probably would sooner or later. It was weird. For years I couldn't wait to get hair down there and now I was thinking about shaving it off just when it was starting to fill in nicely!

The room was deathly silent as I neared her crotch. With my face about two inches above her pussy I looked up at her and Beth smiled at me.

"You can do it," she encouraged me, "Just pretend it's yours."

I could smell her sex now, that distinct odor of a pussy when a girl gets horny. For whatever reason, women seem to be able to smell it much more than men. I've been in rooms with other girls and the place practically stank of pussy yet the guys seemed oblivious to it. My mom use to tease me about it when I came home from a date, picking up on it right away while my dad would look at us like he had no clue what we were talking about.

I took in a deep breath and plunged down to her pussy. At first I just stuck out my tongue and let it touch her clit. Actually, the first thing that ran through my mind was that she tasted just like me. I had been curious if another girl's pussy would taste the same. Guys cocks typically had as similar texture and taste but their cum varied drastically, even the same guys at different times was different. Maybe it was the same with girls, that they tasted the same at first but when they came it was unique. I just knew I wouldn't be finding THAT out today, that was for sure.

"That's it, now lick down lower," Beth instructed me. "Put your whole mouth on me."

I did as she instructed me and licked down to her pussy hole where I pushed my face in as tight as I could so I could get my tongue in her. Beth's hips were starting to move around as she clearly seemed to be enjoying what I was doing to her. It was enough, though, for me so I sat up and wiped her pussy juices from my face the back of my hand.

"Ahhhhhh, so it that all?" Bill was the first to ask.

"Hey, nobody said for how long," I said, stating my case. Really, it was Truth or Dare, not a lesbian sex video.

Actually, Beth looked more disappointed than the guys. Oh well, my curiosity was satisfied and that's what counted so far as I was concerned. It was my turn again. Bill, evidently trying to upstage John, asked me for a dare. Hmmmmmm, payback time! Beth may not have had the chance to ask this but that didn't mean I couldn't.

"Well, if you guys liked seeing me lick Beth's pussy, then it's only fair you suck Bill's cock, don't you think?"

Now THAT took them by surprise - all three of them actually. Both guys stared at me and then at each other as their faces registered the shock and revulsion they both were feeling. It was funny in that I don't know which one was the most horrified, the potential giver or the receiver. On the other hand, Beth was clapping her hands with glee.

"Cool Kelly, that was great!" she giggled.

"No way," Bill protested, "Ain't gonna happen."

John didn't say anything but I could tell he as just as determined as Bill was.

"Well, if you don't do it then you don't get to fuck Beth and me," I reprimanded him. Yes, it was time to raise the ante.

In truth, I expected the boys to cave in at that point. Really, like what was the big deal? It wasn't like I was asking to give him a BJ and swallow his cum. Besides I wasn't asking him to do anything he wouldn't want ME to do. Nonetheless, it was a lesson for me in just how homophobic boys can be. Both of them steadfastly refused. It was obvious that nothing was going to budge them either.

Rather than make an issue of it, we just quit the game as obviously it was getting out of hand, even from the onset. I think Truth or Dare requires a little more innocence and naivety to be truly fun. In this situation, it was just a prescription for problems.

## 7. The Contests

It was rather interesting that so far the only one of us that had undressed at all was Beth and she was just bottomless. So much for your stereotypes about Truth or Dare games! For a few moments we all just sat around as if unsure of how to go on to whatever we were going to next. Beth had apparently expected the game to go in a different direction but now that it had ended on such a strange note, it was like everything she had planned needed to be reinvented. Well, leave it to Beth to be the first to make a move.

"Tell you what Kelly, I bet I can make your boyfriend cum faster than you can make mine."

I looked at her with a rather bewildered look while the two guys grinned from ear-to-ear. Now THAT was a new one for me. Sure I'd gotten pretty good by now, learning how to either speed up or slow down a guy when sucking him, depending on my mood at the moment, but I'd never done it as any form of contest before.

"What's the matter, afraid I'll beat you?" she teased me.

Well, I wasn't going to sit back and let her bash my cock-sucking skills. She may have fucked more guys than me but I was willing to bet I'd sucked more dicks than she had. In fact, I was rather proud of my ever-growing reputation at school.

"Watch and learn," I responded rather egotistically.

Turning to Bill, I huffed and pointed at his pants, saying, "Well, what are you waiting for? Do you want me to suck your cock or not?"

Both Bill and John stripped off their jeans as fast as they can. I noticed they both wore the same underwear - Hanes jockey shorts. I ALSO noticed that both pairs of underwear were having a hard time restraining their wonderful erections! It would be interesting to see how their cocks compared and in a few more seconds I got my first look. Actually, they both looked quite similar. Neither of them had a future in the porn industry as their cocks were average at best, but what they lacked in size they certainly compensated for in terms of stiffness.

What was amusing, at least to me, was the way they both stripped off their pants without ever once looking at the other guy. Sheesh, once again I had to wonder what was it with guys that they were so self-conscious of another guy's dick? It's not like they didn't all have one after all. Neither had anything to boast about but then, neither did they have to be embarrassed. I had certainly sucked more than a lot of cocks that were a lot smaller than theirs.

Both guys stood up and faced their assigned contestant. I'd never sucked a cock in front of another guy before, especially not one I was dating at the time. Well, technically that wasn't 100% true as my dad would sometimes peak in my bedroom when I was blowing a guy without him knowing it; but I knew he was just checking up on me so that really didn't count.

"Ready?" I asked Beth as I kneeled in front of her boyfriend.

Beth had taken a position in front of John. She hadn't bothered putting her jeans back on or taking anything else off. I had to admit she looked really cute kneeling in front of my boyfriend with her bare ass sticking out behind me.

"I'm ALWAYS ready to suck a cock," she teased in return.

That was good enough for me. I reached out and took Bill's dick in my hand and then took it in my mouth as quickly as possible. Usually when I give a blowjob I like to play with his cock a little, run my hands around it and let my fingertips glide up and down the hard shaft, my fingernails just barely touching him. Then I would use my tongue and tease the tip of his dick and lick his shaft and balls, taking in the musky odor of his crotch like the scent of the forest after a rain.

Not so today! Not generally a "hand" girl, I prefer to rely on my mouth and tongue to make a guy come. It's a little slower but then usually I'm not in such a hurry either. Today I was giving the hand job AND the mouth job at the same time, stroking his shaft with my hand while my mouth worked the upper portions of his dick, especially the head. I loved to run my tongue under the lip, feeling the soft smoothness of his cock head in my mouth against my lips.

"Damn you're good!" Bill gasped as I worked his cock.

I glanced over at where Beth was sucking my boyfriend, just in time to see her glare at Bill for making such a comment about a girl other than her.

"Hey, your girlfriend's not so bad herself," I heard John say back to Bill. Bastard, what was he doing complimenting another girl's BJ right in front of me? He knew how protective I was about my reputation so he must have been saying it just to tease me. Oh well, I guess I could live with fibbing a little to make Beth happy.

I was actually starting to feel a little dizzy as it was hard to breath while I was bobbing up and down on Bill's dick so fast. I felt his hands on the back of my head, pulling me into him more and I knew just what he wanted. Pausing a second to catch a breath, I let go of his dick and started to take him into my mouth completely. He wasn't THAT huge so I was sure that I would be able to get him all in and sure enough, my lips bottomed out against the hairy base of his dick and my face was buried in the thick pubic hair that formed around his crotch.

"Oh shit, that's it, take it all," he groaned as I twisted my head around his hard shaft. God he smelled and tasted so good! If someone could only figure out how to bottle the musky scent of a guy's crotch during sex, I'd be first in line to buy a case of it!

Bill grabbed my head and held it still while he started fucking my mouth. His hips swung back and forth as he rammed his cock all the way into my mouth and then pulled back until just the head was between my lips. A couple of time he really pushed it in hard and I thought I might gag but he was doing it so fast that before anything bad could happen he was already out of my throat on a backstroke.

"Shit, I've always wanted to do this," he said, almost like a growl escaping him.

I had no idea of Beth was watching or had heard what he said as it took all my concentration to take his thrusts. It was like he was banging my pussy the way he was fucking my mouth. Deep, fast stroked that slammed his crotch into my face.

This was less a blowjob than it was a face fuck but hey, if it got the desired results, I was all for it!

As horny as Bill was, combined with the excitement of deep-throat fucking me, it was amazing he held out as long as he did. There are days when I like to lay on the couch next to a guy with my head on his lap and just suck his cock slowly for hours while we watch a movie or TV. Today wasn't one of those days!

"Oh god, I'm cumming!" he gasped.

I had fully expected him to ram his dick in my mouth as far as he could and I was actually worried for a moment that I might choke or gag when he came given how far his dick was in my mouth. It turned out to be a needless worry. I don't know if he did it for himself or just to tease Beth, but regardless of the reason, he pulled out of my mouth and started spraying his cum all over me, like a firehouse that had been let loose and was spraying all over the place. The first shot almost missed me it was so forceful but I could feel it land on the top of my head and could only imagine the mess it was making in my hair. From there he splattered my blouse right over my boobs, my face, and one random shot finally made it to my outstretched tongue. To my chagrin, almost all of it ended up somewhere on me BESIDES my mouth.

"Crap Billy, couldn't you have held out a LITTLE while at least?" Beth whined.

I looked over and she was stroking John almost absentmindedly, a look of disgust on her face as her eyes bored holes into her boyfriend who had just cum all over her best friend. It wasn't the fact he came on me that she was pissed off about, it was the fact he came so fast and she lost her bet with me. Like me, Beth hated to lose which is probably one reason we seldom competed directly head to head (no pun intended).

"Sorry babe," Bill said sheepishly as he shrugged his shoulders and lifted his hands up. "You know, your friend gives one HELL of a BJ!"

"Hey, you gonna finish mine or what?" John complained. Who could blame him as everyone seemed to be more worried about Bill than him.

"Well, now that you've done him, how about getting over here and help me get your guy off," Beth suggested.

What I really wanted was to get to the bathroom and wash off Bill's cum before it started to dry and got all itchy and congealed in my hair. I'd never sucked a boy's cock next to another girl before, though, so the temptation was too much to turn down.

"Why don't you take off those clothes? Yuck, you're a MESS!" Beth exclaimed as I started to kneel next to her.

"You too then," I countered.

She only had to take off her blouse while I stripped off all of my clothes. My blouse had numerous cum stains on it and really should have put in the sink to soak but this didn't seem to be the opportune time to play housekeeper. With the both of us nude, we kneeled side by side in front of John. I felt Beth's smooth nude body against mine and my pussy started to tingle. It wasn't like it was the first time as we sometimes laid next to each other in our bikinis or even nude during sleepovers but THIS was different.

There wasn't any more time to think about Beth as John's hard dick was waiting for us. We traded back and forth, sucking his cock on time while playfully debating who got to lick him the next. Bill sat back on one of the chairs and watched. Once again I couldn't help but smile at his actions - or lack of them. My dad wasn't afraid to let me see him masturbate. After all, didn't ALL guys do it? Yet here Bill was, more than just a porn movie to get him off, and he wasn't about to touch himself in front of us. From as hard as his dick was, I had to believe that he WANTED to masturbate. It was amazing to witness how deep cultural taboos had been drilled into him.

It took only about another four or five minutes before John couldn't hold back anymore. I let Beth get most of his cum, well actually all of it for that matter. Then she turned to me with a grin and I knew what was coming. Thoughts of a slumber party came to mind when I tricked the sister of my first boyfriend to swap his cum with me came to mind as Beth reached out to kiss me. Sure enough, she hadn't swallowed John's cum but had instead held it in her mouth so she could give it to me. It was more a show for the guys than anything between us so we hammed it up a bit, me laying back with my mouth open while she let it drip from her mouth into mine.

Now that both guys had cum, Beth and I looked at each other and it was if we could read each other's minds. I was horny as hell by now and I knew she had to be. They guys had both cum and even though they weren't THAT old, it would still probably be a little bit before they were back in action, so to speak. Just enough time for Beth to demand a rematch....

"Hey, did you guys know me and Kelly like to see who can make themselves cum the fastest?" Beth teased the guys.

Well, THAT was certainly one way of getting their attention again. It was typical Beth. Now me... I would have probably talked about it with her first, worked out the details, and then bring it up slowly with the guys but that wasn't Beth's way. She was always going straight for the throat, no holds barred, nothing held back. Sometimes it got her in trouble but at times like this, it was an admirable quality.

"You guys play together?" Bill asked while john just stared at me, as if he was seeing someone he didn't recognize. It wasn't that either of them appeared put off by the implications. No, they both seemed to be turned on if the quickened pace of their "recovery" had anything to say about it.

"Well, we just masturbate... we don't play TOGETHER, if that's what you were thinking," I stepped in to squelch that line of thinking before anything further developed.

While I'm sure both of them would rather see me and Beth locked in a 69, the idea of the two of us masturbating for them seemed enough for them at the moment. I gave Beth "the eye" and giggled saying, "You sure you want to embarrass yourself in front of your boyfriend?"

Beth knew me well enough to recognize when I was teasing her, but she picked up on the act and retorted, "What's to be embarrassed about? You're the one that should be worried. I'd of beat you last time if it hadn't been for my dad checking on us."

Now realize that I had NO idea what the hell she was talking about, it was all ad-lib from here on out. The boys, though, were eating it up, taking it all hook, line and sinker. Each of them was sitting there, subconsciously holding their cocks like it was a security blanket from their youth while they stared at us both with their mouths hanging open. It might've been sexy if it hadn't been so pathetic!

"We were under the covers Beth," I mock protested, "I don't know why you felt you had to stop. Don't blame me for taking advantage of your pit stop."

What the heck, may as pile it on. I could only imagine the nasty images running through the guys' minds now. Only one thing made me stop and think, why had Beth picked THIS fantasy to tease them about? I knew she didn't have anything going for her dad, THAT would have been really weird and Beth was a kinky girl , not a perverted one.

"Let's go... first one to cum wins," Beth challenged me. She immediately laid back on the flair with her back against the couch next to where her boyfriend was sitting. She put her knees flat on the floor and spread her knees apart, then started playing with herself right in front of the three of us.

"Better get going Kelly, I'm gonna beat you this time!" she said, her voice already a low moan as her fingers toyed with her clit. Not about to be beat at what I considered my own game, I sat down in one of the chairs across from the couch, lifting one leg up onto the arm of the chair and leaving the other dangling off the end, my foot on the floor for balance. I nestled into the corner of the stuffed chair and proceeded to go to work. I was so damn horny I thought I was going to jump out of the chair when I first touched myself!

"Holy crap!" gushed John, ""Can you believe it?"

Both Bill and John were staring at us, their eyes going back and forth between the two of us like they were watching a tennis match. I closed my eyes to concentrate more on my pussy and how it felt to be touching it. I could hear Beth moaning from across the room but I knew it was just a show for the guys. When Beth was REALLY about to cum, I knew from experience that she became MORE quiet and then let loose really hard once she got off.

Usually when I was in a hurry like this to cum, I would think about being fucked by my boyfriend Steve back when I was fourteen and still new to sex, or I would recall somewhere John had taken me to have sex where we almost got caught. Today though, my mind couldn't get over those few seconds my mouth was covering Beth's wet and warm pussy. God she had tasted SOOOO good! If she had called me over to her right now, I doubt that I'd have the courage to go through with it, but in my fantasies I can dream anything and for the next couple of minutes, I imaged spending all that time with my face on Beth's pretty pussy.

It worked....

Between being so horny to start, my first taste of Beth's pussy (Albeit a quick one), then sucking the guy's dicks and now masturbating while Beth was doing the same right across the room from me with two guys staring at us with their eyes wide as if afraid to miss a single moment, was it any wonder my orgasm was quick to cum. Beth didn't stand a chance!

"Oh god I'm cumming!" I moaned as I stroked my fingers in and out of me while with my other hand I diddled my clit.

Indeed I was, right in front of the three of them. It wasn't like I had never masturbated in front of anyone before, but it felt different this time for some reason. When I masturbated with my dad in the room, that's all it was - me masturbating while he as in the room. He never responded to me, never tried to "help me", in fact he rarely even acknowledged what I was doing, if he did that at all. Bill and John were totally different. They were erect because of me, actually stroking themselves (although I'm not sure they really realized what they were doing with their minds clouded so with lust for me and Beth), they were getting off because of me! Now THAT meant something to me.

I placed my palm over my hot crotch, pressing down over it with both hands, trying to get my breath back as my orgasm began to wane. Poor Beth, she never stood a chance! I wonder what she would have said had she known what image I had used for "motivation"!

"Ha! Beat you again Beth," I gloated, barely able to get the words out as I tried to catch my breath. I looked at the guys and grinned naughtily, putting my pussy-cum covered finger in my mouth and sucking on it like a tiny dick. "Well, guys, enjoy the show?"

Like I had to ask!

## 8. Finally Fucked

The whole thing made me feel really slutty and thus a LOT horny. When I feel this way, sucking a cock again wasn't going to hack it, I need to be FUCKED! With a couple of renewed and hard dicks within arm's reach at the moment, I didn't think it was going to be much of a problem either!

"Let's go to my room," Bill suggested as he grabbed my hand and started pulling me towards the stairs. Evidently the idea of swapping girlfriends had already been decided.

Why waste the time? Besides, fucking in the living room with the large picture window overlooking the street would be so much hotter! I resisted him and tried to stand firm saying, "Why not stay here and do it?"

Bill looked at me and then at Beth and John, "You wanna do it in front of THEM?"

"Well, let's see.... I just sucked your dick in front of them and now I masturbated in front of you all. Hmmm, THAT seemed to be OK," I countered, "So what's the big deal about fucking me in front of them?"

Bill looked at Beth again and then it struck me. It wasn't that he was concerned about HIM fucking ME with an audience, he didn't want to see his girlfriend being fucked by another guy. Apparently it was bad enough to know he was doing her but seeing it right in front of him was going too far. Sheesh, it wasn't like they were married or the two of them had never fucked anyone else before. Suddenly another idea dawned as my thoughts raced through my head.

"How many girls have you fucked Bill?" I asked him quietly, trying to keep Beth and John from overhearing us. They were already going at it on the couch, pawing at each other like two kids on a first date. So much for my boyfriend's loyalty! I bet the horny bastard couldn't wait to get a hand on her big boobs and ass!

Bill seemed suddenly embarrassed. "A few," he answered but from the way his eyes looked down and the tone of his voice, I knew instantly he was lying.

"Beth's the only girl you've fucked, isn't she?" I asked softly, more of a statement really than a question as I knew the answer even before he sheepishly nodded.

"And it bothers you seeing someone else do her, doesn't it?" I said with a glance at the couch where it looked like he was already doing just that. God, they weren't wasting any time, were they? I tried to be respectful of Bill's feelings. For crying out loud, at his age and with his looks you would've thought he'd of already fucked a dozen girls. Beth never told me that he was a virgin when he did her the first time. The yet another light bulb went on over my head. Did Beth even KNOW? Oh my god, I was sure she didn't or else she would have bragged about it long ago. This was just too precious!

Bill glanced over again at the couch. From where we were we could only see the back of it but you could see just enough to know John was fucking Beth. Since she had never finished herself after I had won the masturbation contest, she must have been on the cusp of an orgasm as it was and with John fucking her so fast and hard from the get-go, that was all she needed to go the rest of the way.

"OK, maybe we should go to your room," I said, taking his hand in mine this time.

Bill looked so relieved it was almost comical as he led me up the stairs and down the hallway. On the way we passed a room that simply HAD to be a girl's room judging from the pink walls, flowers and boy-band posters plastered on the walls. I tugged at him to stop.

"Whose room is this?" I asked, nodding towards the open door.

"Oh that's my sister's," he answered, pulling me to continue down to his room but I tugged back again.

"That's it Bill, I can't wait for you to put that big cock in my pussy," I encouraged him. It never hurt to inflate the guy's ego a bit and nothing seemed to make a guy feel better about himself than to compliment his dick.

Bill climbed on the bed and kneeled between my legs. I dropped my legs over his shoulders and used them to pull my hips upward, exposing my pussy better for him to work with it. He leaned forward and I felt the tip of his dick touch me, just lightly at first as he let it rub over the slick surface of my pussy.

"Don't tease me with it Bill," I begged him, "Fuck me... fuck me NOW!"

It wasn't just a show for him although that was certainly part of my intent. I really DID want him to stop teasing me and fuck me! Bill got his dick in the right position finally and if I'd had the right leverage I would've pulled him forward and driven his dick into me myself. As it was, the ball was in his court and I waited for him to make that forward thrust which would impale me on his dick. It was certainly no surprise that I didn't have to wait long.

"Oh yeah!" I moaned as he began to push himself into me.

There was no faking or embellishment, it really DID feel good when his dick forced its way into my tight little pussy. I was so wet there was little resistance and besides, despite my statements earlier about the size of his cock, he really wasn't all that big but he was more than adequate.

"Yes Bill, that's what I want," I moaned softly as I closed my eyes so I could concentrate on what was happening between my thighs.

"Wow, you're really tight," he grunted as he pushed harder to drive his dick deeper inside of me. Hmmm, was I tighter than Beth?

Once Bill's stiff dick was in me it was easy from there. At first he pushed my legs back so I was actually laying on my upper back and shoulders with my hips completely off the bed as he drove himself downward into my pussy. My arms stretched out behind me and I grabbed the bed railing for balance as Bill drove his cock like a piston in and out of me. I could clearly see him fucking me as I looked down and up to where his dick was appearing and then hiding once again in my little pussy. I loved seeing it and feeling it at the same time, although it was hard to imagine that the same dick I was watching was also causing the incredible sensations inside of me.

"Let me ride you," I panted after he had been at it for a while.

Bill didn't respond as he fought to catch his breath but after he pulled out of me, rather unceremoniously, he sat on the edge of the bed and planted his feet on the floor. I took stock of the situation and straddled him with my knees on the bed, facing him such that my small boobs were practically pushed into his face.

"Suck my tits," I told him as he buried his head in my cleavage, or at least what I liked to imagine as my cleavage.

Alternating between my boobs, he first just licked my nipples and then took them into his mouth, sucking on them and even biting them softly. Mmmmmmm, Beth must have taught him well when it came to handling boobs!

Meanwhile I lowered myself down into his cock, using one arm around his to hold myself from falling backwards to the floor while my other hand has a grip on his shaft, guiding it to my slowly descending pussy. As I approached his dick I felt it touching me and wiggle it around to get it into my pussy hole after which I dropped down on him suddenly, driving his dick in me quickly before he even realized what was happening. Before he could do anything, I twisted myself around such that my legs were out from under me and stretched out in front of me, leaving literally sitting on his lap with his dick poking up inside my pussy like a moth in a collection.

"Mmmmmmm, your nice dick feel so good in me," I purred contentely, rotating my hips just a little to move his dick around inside my pussy.

Bill put his hands on my waist and literally lifted me up and down on his cock, like I was some sort of naughty doll with his dick inside of it. He was stronger than he looked as I figured he would tire out in a couple of minutes but the boy was strong, keeping at it for what must have been five to ten minutes before he finally gasped and let me drop back down in his dick again. It was sort of like you here of people getting extraordinary strength when a loved one is trapped under a car except in this case it was Bill's lust for me, his desire to fuck me, that was the driving force.

"Mmmmmmm, that was nice, do me from behind now," I instructed him.

Bill helped me off his lap and I saw his cock pointing up to the ceiling, glistening into the light with the wetness of my pussy all over it. For a moment I was tempted to start sucking it again but my pussy was crying for it even louder so I leaned over the bed on my elbows with my feet on the floor. My butt was facing up to him and I spread my legs apart to give Bill a better view.

This time it was Bill who guided his missile into me as I looked back underneath me to try and see his dick approach my pussy. At first he hit my asshole and I was afraid he might be getting some kinky ideas but he apparently was just "lost" in the landscape of my ass for a moment as he soon found his way back to my pussy hole again. He rubbed himself up and down my pussy lips a couple of times before taking aim at my pussy and next thing I knew, I was being pushed forward as he started fucking me yet again. Bill held my waist with his hands and I moved forward and back, trying to stay synchronized with his natural motion.

All I could do at this point was gasp and moan and sometimes get out something about his dick in me and how good it felt. It wasn't anything very coherent, more just my feelings breaking loose now and then and expressing themselves for all to hear. He seemed to enjoy hearing it as he would grunt or gasp after I said something.

Turning my head back over my shoulder, I smiled at him as he pumped away at my pussy.

"I want you to cum in me Bill," I grunted as best I could between his banging of my pussy, "Cum in my mouth this time."

It was a nice thought but Bill apparently had other things in mind. His stroked quickened and he showed no signs of getting ready to pull out so I could spin around let him cum all over my face and mouth.

"Oh god," he moaned as he gripped my hips so tight it was almost painful.

Suddenly I felt it, that unmistakable feeling you get when a guy is discharging his cum into you. Mmmmmmm, Bill apparently had decided to cum inside of my pussy instead of doing it in my mouth.

"Oh yeah Bill, cum in me," I cried out, holding myself as still as I could so I could feel each load of cum being released in me.

Even though he had cum not that long ago downstairs, this load of cum was still more than respectable as he unleashed over a half dozen decent shots of sperm inside of me.

"Oh god, that felt so good," he moaned after he had finished cumming in me and pulled out.

Apparently too exhausted to stand any further, he flopped down on the bed with his head back on the pillow and his arm outstretched. Amazingly, his dick was still hard and I bet I could have gone at least one to two more rounds with it.

As for me, I was feeling pretty good and when I stood, I could feel his cum drip from my pussy to the carpeting below. I couldn't help but imagine what his sister would think if she knew what had been deposited on her carpeting! Then again, how would Bill have explained the wet spot on the bed where he had fucked me earlier!

"You came in me without a rubber. Ever do that before?" I asked him.

Bill just shook his head. "No, that was my first time. Beth always makes me wear one. But she said you took protection and that is was OK to stay in you."

It was interesting to know that Beth had apparently been giving Bill instructions on how to fuck me before today and that he had taken them to heart.

"Did you like cumming in me?"

"It felt different, just something about knowing my stuff was going in your pussy, I guess," he stammered, as if unsure of how to express his feelings.

"Let's go see how Beth and John are doing," I told him, jumping out of the bed still stark naked but now with a load of Bill's cum in me.

When we got downstairs, Beth and John were still going at it. One thing I knew for sure, both of them had been with multiple people over the past year or so at least. Beth was riding John who was laying on the couch. She was facing away from him while he played with her butt as she pumped her pussy up and down on his stiff dick. Bill didn't seem to be bothered so much by the site of his girl being fucked. Probably had something to do with that load of cum that was still draining from me.

I enjoy talking during sex and I could be filthy if that turned the guy on but usually I just enjoyed telling him how I felt and how he could do it better. Beth, on the other hand, was apparently s real slut during sex. God, she was swearing up a storm and yakking nonstop between loud groans and moans. It actually sounded like some cheap porn flick was playing expect in this case my best friend was doing all the talking, not some stupid porn whore. I knew Beth was a little more foul mouthed than me at times, but I never imagined anyone could curse and answer the way she was while being fucked.

"Does she talk like that when you fuck her?" I whispered to Bill as we took a seat at the table and watched.

Actually, HE took a seat while I sat on his lap. His dick was still hard so it felt good pressing up against my ass. Bill started fondling my boobs as we both waited to see what was going to happen.

Although I thought Beth was on birth control, maybe she was either fibbing or didn't trust it because as John was about to cum, she hopped off his cock and knelt on the floor so she could stroke his dick the final few times it needed to make him cum.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" was all John could get out as he started to spray his cum all over Beth.

She had it pointed at her chest so almost all of it struck her boobs. None of it hit her in the face or got in her hair which surprised me a bit as I had expected Beth would have been a bit of a cum-slut.

"You boy has a GREAT dick!" Beth crowed in triumph once John had finished cumming. She got up and walked over to where Bill and I sat, showing off the coating of cum that was all over her boobs and chest.

I got up and patted Bill's cock affectionately. "Well, your guy's cock wasn't nothing to sneeze at either."

That about wound things up as I grabbed some kitchen towels for Beth and I to clean up with. I would've liked to have seen the look on Bill's mother's face when she did the wash next time and smelled the dried pussy cum and sperm on her best towels!

Beth called her dad who was there literally in minutes to pick us up. When he arrived, Beth and I headed out, leaving the boys behind. I couldn't wait to get home and tell my mom about my latest adventure! Not only that, I wanted to find out why Beth hadn't warned me that Bill was a virgin his first time with her. Something told me, though, that she didn't have a clue about THAT. I couldn't wait to see the expression on her face when I dropped that one on her!

I saw. My boobs may have been slower than I wanted in developing, but my ass was definitely on a different time scale. Every guy I dated commented on how nice and firm my ass was and it was definitely my best "asset"! Thus I loved to wear anything that showed it off - tight pants, short skirts, cutoffs and, well, you get the picture.

My hair was a bit of a mess so I quickly ran a brush through my hair and then hurried to my parent's bedroom. There on the bed was my mom and I couldn't believe my eyes - she had on the identical outfit I did! Of course her boobs were a LOT bigger and her pussy was much hairier than mine so it fit her differently. Regardless of all that, all I could think at the moment was how beautiful she was and how sexy she looked in that outfit! Sure, I'd seen my mom nude all my life, including a few outfits as revealing as this one, but there was something about being in the same outfit as her that made me feel different than I had before.

Next to the bed, my dad was taking pictures of her so she didn't notice right off the bat that I had entered the room but when my dad's eyes widened as he saw me she looked to see what he was staring at and realized I'd entered the room. She turned and saw me in my matching outfit and then gave my dad a glaring stare. Obviously he had not told her about my gift! She didn't look so much mad or anything like that, more confused than anything else. My dad just waved her off, laughed and motioned for me to get in bed next to her.

"So what do you think Mary?" he asked, "like mother like daughter?"

"Johnnnnn," she said as I got on my knees next to her, "Just what do you think you're doing?"

My dad just grinned even wider and started taking photos of us. I have to admit that felt a little odd at first. Over the years my dad had photographed me many times, including when I was wearing outfits he had bought me, but never in one even remotely as revealing as this negligee. Even though I was accustomed to him seeing me naked, it was always in a non-sexual way and I certainly had never posed for him being this close to being nude!

As always, my mom handled everything. She helped put me at ease by making me pose the same as she did. Once she had us both on all fours and told me to wiggle my butt. The sight of his wife and daughter showing off our butts in front of him made my dad laugh and soon we were all giggling and laughing together. I couldn't help but notice that my dad had quite the erection by now which gave me a feeling that our little photo shoot was going to be ending pretty soon. Sure enough, my mom couldn't keep her eyes off of my dad's cock as it pushed its way out of his pants and soon she whispered in my ear, "Don't you have to get ready for Greg dear?"

Even though I may have been half her age, I could take the hint! I kissed her on the cheek and hopped off the bed. I didn't need to be told to close the door on my way out. Although I loved my parents and it was good to know that after all these years they could still behave like horny teenagers together, sometimes it was annoying when they got horny and left me behind to fend for myself.

Feeling a little left out, I returned to my bedroom and took off the negligee, carefully folding it and placing it in the box it had come in. I laid back on my bed, naked once again, and if I listened closely I could just make out the sounds of my parents making love through the wall between our bedrooms. Hearing my mother moaning made me think about Greg and how I was going to be moaning later on myself when his cock was deep inside of me. Mmmmmmm, from the wetness between my legs I realized that I was even hornier than I'd thought!

My hands began to play with my boobs as I closed my eyes and remembered the first time he fucked me. It was back during Christmas break and he had stopped by to take me out to a movie. My mom had answered the door and teased him a little about taking me out. Then she told him that since I wasn't ready yet that he should go on up to my bedroom where he found me sitting at my desk wearing nothing but a bathrobe and a smile, putting on my makeup. Seeing me this way, he looked a bit surprised but if he'd known me better he would've realized that the situation was even more unusual since typically I don't bother with the robe! Well, little did he know that my mom and I had planned this all out before he had arrived.

Laying back on my bed, I squeezed my boobs harder as I remembered about how we kissed and the way it felt as he groped and fondled me, his hands exploring me and reaching under the robe. My hands wandered over my stomach and down between my legs, repeating the motions that he'd made that day. Goosebumps appeared and I shivered when my finger barely touched my enlarged clit as I imagined it was Greg's finger once again, reaching down my slipper pussy clit until he could push it inside of me. I pushed my finger inside my wet pussy and gasped as my hand pressed against my clit at the same time.

We certainly didn't waste any time that day getting into my bed. At first he was a little shy about leaving my bedroom door open but I insisted and once we started fucking he soon forgot all about it. Between my fingers playing with my pussy, my other hand pinching my nipple, the sounds of my mom crying out in the room next door, and finally the memory of how Greg's stiff cock had felt that first time he pushed it into me, I was soon on the verge of cumming. I pushed a second finger into me and immediately was rewarded by a flood of memories of how it felt to have his big cock drilling its way deeper and deeper up inside my tight pussy. It felt like he was splitting me open and stuffing me with his cock as he pushed himself even deeper into me.

As I started to cum, I thought about Greg fucking me in my bed, pumping his hard dick in and out of me like a pile driver and then quickly cumming. My pussy was on fire and my entire body broke out into goose bumps as I recalled the warm sensation of his cum bursting from his cock deep inside of my pussy. I moaned loudly and lifted my hips high off the bed as I pressed up against his imaginary cock, trying to get him even deeper into me as he released one load after another of his sperm into me. I will never forget looking over his shoulder and seeing my mom with her head poked around the door, smiling at me and giving me a thumbs up!

Greg collapsed on top of me with his cock still imbedded in me and never noticed the big grin I returned back to my mom. As I did back then, I just laid still in my bed, the afterglow of my orgasm running from head to toe. The only thing missing now was the burning feeling of his throbbing cock while it was still in me and yet again it made me think of our upcoming date tonight. Mmmmmmm, I hoped he was as horny for me as I was for him! Knowing Greg, I was sure that wasn't going to be a problem!

I washed up in the bathroom and sat down at my desk to fix my makeup. My hair was a bit of a wreck, to say the least, and although I seem to be always complaining about it being so straight, it was times like this where it proved to be helpful in that with just a few quick strokes of my hairbrush and it was back to its usual straight, down just past my shoulders, completely unglamorous look. With a few quick shakes, I dusted a little baby powder over my boobs and pussy. For whatever reason, I've found that guys seem to like Johnson's Baby Powder more than my most expensive perfume. I don't know, maybe it makes them think I'm even younger than I am. To be honest, it wasn't something I figured out on my own but rather a helpful hint from my mom and Aunt Linda.

My mom and I had gone out shopping earlier and she bought me this beautiful dark blue strapless dress for me to wear tonight. I loved it because it had enough support in the bust to make me look like I had boobs twice their real size! Like a sexy glove, it clung to my body as if it was painted on over my torso and from there

him this sexually excited, it always ended up the same way – me leaving them so he could fuck my mom.

Of course I'd heard of fathers and daughters having sexual relationships but it was obvious to me at the time that my dad wasn't interested in me that way. I was proud that he thought I was sexy and pretty but it never crossed my mind it might be anything more than that. I just loved being his little girl!

## 2. Dinner and The Incline

My thoughts were interrupted when Greg pulled into the driveway and I stood there waiting for him at the door. What the heck, I was dressed up like a lady so why not have him treat me like one and walk me to his car from the door! Greg was dressed nicely in a handsome suit that looked like it was brand new and he looked really sharp. He opened the door for me and then closed it as I got into the car and we were off. I looked back and couldn't help but smile as I wondered how long it would be before my parents realized I had gone. Well, for their sake I hoped it wouldn't be for a while yet!

Greg drove me to dinner at a fancy restaurant overlooking the city. We parked and then rode The Incline up the steep hill from the parking lot to Mt. Washington. Several other couples were in the cab with us and it was a quick ride to the top. From there it was a short chilly walk to the restaurant but fortunately I was wearing a warm jacket that helped. Once inside the host looked at us a bit quizzically and once he seated us I realized why. We were by far the youngest couple in the place and probably half the age of the next youngest. Looking at the menu I realized why. My God, the prices were exorbitant! I sucked in my breath and Greg must have noticed.

"Don't worry Kelly," he assured me holding my hand across the table, "I wanted tonight to be special and you're worth it."

Well, it was indeed a wonderful dinner. The whole thing took close to three hours and we had a great view of the city at night looking through the full length windows that lined the outside of the restaurant. Greg was a perfect gentleman throughout and the waiter even treated us like adults and not a couple of teenage interlopers crashing the fancy restaurant. Although we didn't have any wine, which undoubtedly helped to keep the tab low, I stole a peek at the bill afterwards and saw it was close to $100! Well, this certainly qualified as the most expensive dinner anyone had ever bought me.

We headed back to The Incline Back and this time there were no other passengers on board. Having ridden it many times, I knew the trip only took a few minutes but why waste such an opportunity? As soon as we got in the car I slid close to him in the seat and put my hand on his crotch. This was actually the first time all night anything sexual had come up between us so I figured he had to be horny as hell waiting for me.

I looked Greg in the eyes and he smiled back at me which was all I needed. I quickly unzipped his pants and reached in for his cock which was already starting to stiffen. The car lurched and we started down the hill as the cable slowly lowered us. I leaned over and took his cock in my mouth and started sucking it, nothing fancy as we didn't have a lot of time, just a simple up and down motion as my mouth pulled on his cock and my tongue ran all over it. He got hard almost instantly which was amazing considering how big he was when he was erect.

A thought suddenly went through my head, "Where does the blood come from to fill this big thing?" I only dwelled on this for a moment as I glanced to the side and saw the other car was about to pass us. The Incline had two cars on the same cable such that as one car went up the other went down. This meant they always passed right in the middle of the hill and it was traditional for the passengers in one car to wave to the others. I kept sucking Greg though and as we passed we both waved to the other car. It looked like there were at least three other couples dressed like they were fresh from some fancy party and at first I don't think they could quite believe what they saw.

Suddenly I saw two of the women put their hands to their face and the guys were pointing at us. It only lasted a moment though as the other car quickly passed by and Greg was laughing so hard it was hard to keep him in my mouth. I buried my face in his crotch until I had him all the way in my mouth and his pubic hair filled my face and the laughing stopped as he gasped.

"Oh fuck Kelly, that is incredible!" he groaned, "That's it, take it all in your mouth."

I wiggled my head around his cock and I could feel him beginning to swell and I knew he was about to cum. If I had a few more minutes I am sure I could have gotten him off but just then the car lurched and I knew we were at the end of the trip. I sat up and wiped the spit from my mouth as he quickly put himself back in and zipped up his pants. We were just in time as the doors opened and the next group of people were waiting for us to get out.

Greg stood up and I almost laughed out loud. His cock was so hard it stuck out from pants and it had to be obvious to everyone he had one hell of an erection! Two middle age couples were there and it was obvious from the way their eyes widened and the studiously avoided even touching us as we got out. One of the women looked at me and I quickly licked my lips seductively. She quickly looked away and I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing at her discomfort. I looked back as we left the station and I could see them all talking and looking back at us. I could just imagine what they were saying.

## 3. The Hotel Room

It was freezing so we quickly crossed the bridge over the road and got into his car. I really wasn't sure what was next but he headed to Station Square and after the brief ride pulled up to the Sheraton where the valet opened my door and let me out. Greg gave him the keys and the valet look back at me with a bit of a question in his expression. I was obviously not even eighteen and with the dress I was wearing there was only one reason the two of us would be spending the evening in a hotel room! It turned out that Greg had checked in earlier before he picked me up so we avoided the clerk at the desk and any questions he might have. Instead we went straight to the elevators and up to our floor.

We stood there holding hands as the elevator ascended. We actually had not said a word to each other since pulling up to the hotel and Greg had not mentioned even going to one before so it was sort of surreal to be heading to a hotel room together. Greg broke the silence and leaned over to kiss me gently.

"I know we haven't discussed this but I didn't think there would be a problem. If you don't want to just say so and we can leave right now."

I put my arms around him and then let one hand slip down between his legs where I got a handful of his balls and cock and gently squeezed them. He was still a bit erect and I knew it wasn't going to take much to push him over the edge.

"You know how I feel Greg," I whispered back to him, "Don't worry, I want to."

That was all we said from that moment until we got to the door of our room. Despite my horniness and the sexual lust I'd been feeling for Greg all evening, I still felt a little tense as he put the key card in the door. I'd been fucked in a lot of places by a number of guys but this was the first time a guy had brought me to a hotel room for the explicit purpose of having sex with me. Was this how it felt to be a hooker? Greg wasn't paying me in cash but in a way what was the point of dinner really? Wasn't that actually just his way of paying me for what he really wanted from me tonight, to fuck me

I was under no delusions that Greg dated me for my witty conversation or bubbly personality. Like every guy I'd ever dated, Greg wanted me for just one thing - sex. It wasn't that I minded, what else would I expect from a teenage boy. Even if I dated a guy who I didn't have sex with, I still knew from the looks he gave me and the bulge in his crotch that he wanted me. It was different tonight for some reason, like I was making a transition of some sort although I wasn't quite sure even what it was.

Greg had to enter his card a couple of times before the light would turn green on the door and he was just about to give up when an older guy, looking like your typical businessman staying at yet another hotel, stepped out from the room opposite ours to head down the hall towards the elevators. He took a good look at me and then at Greg and I could have sworn he winked at Greg. Horny old bastard was probably wishing it was his room I was going to!

Greg finally got the door open and we slipped inside. It wasn't anything special, a couple of beds, a small table, and a dresser with a TV on it. On top the TV was a guide for the in-room movies and a remote. Before we got in any further the bathroom was right by the entrance and suddenly I felt this tremendous urge to pee. I told Greg I needed to use it and closed the door behind me. I didn't mind my parents watching me use the bathroom but I was raised with enough modesty that I didn't want my boyfriend to watch. In addition, I liked sex but I wasn't kinky and any thoughts of doing anything in the bathroom with a guy other than maybe showering together or using the sink- top was totally off limits for me.

I noticed that there was a robe hanging on the back of the door and so I slipped my dress up over my head and kicked off my heels. I loved the way the heels made me look but God they hurt! It seemed a shame in a way that I wasn't able to make use of my bare ass under my dress to tease Greg in some way but I knew someday I would get another opportunity with somebody. I sat on the toilet and felt that intense sense of relief that comes when your bladder is about to burst and you let lose that first flow of pee. A big sigh erupted from me and I put my hand to my mouth as I didn't want Greg to think I was starting anything without him!

When I was finished I checked myself out in the mirror and debated the robe. On one hand it would be sexy to leave wearing nothing but my heels but I nixed that idea. Then I WOULD be a hooker for crying out loud! Instead I wrapped the robe around me. It was huge and came down past my knees and completely covered me. The terrycloth felt good though and I wondered if Greg would let me take it home. One more look in the mirror and I took a deep breath and let it out slowly, my cheeks filling with air as I released it. My hands lifted up my air and fluffed it out over the robe and I was as ready as I ever would be.

Stepping out into the room, at first I didn't see Greg. As I moved in farther I saw he was already in bed under covers. One look at the chair with his clothes draped over it and I knew there wasn't anything under the sheets but him! He had the TV remote on the table next to him and was looking through the movie guide. Suddenly a funny thought ran through my head. I had been fucked a couple of times in a movie theater and in fact had given my first blowjob in one. It was almost as if tonight I was in a private theater with all the room and comfort I had dreamed of during those cramped times when we struggled to get positioned in the dark.

"Hmmmmmm, is there something on that's more interesting than me?" I asked coyly.

Greg seemed nervous at first and then realized I was just teasing him. I sat on the side of the bed and took the guide from him.

"Let me see," I said as I looked it over, "Here's a nice family film. What do you think?"

Greg laughed and reached up for me. He pulled me down next to him although I was still in the robe and he was under the covers. He hesitated for a second and then seemed to gain courage.

"Do you like porn movies Kelly?" he asked. "I always thought it would be cool to watch one with a girl."

If I'd been totally honest I would've told him flat out that I didn't - which was the truth. My dad had quite a collection and he enjoyed watching his share so I'd seen them before. Although it was obvious they turned my dad on from the way he got himself off as he watched, they never seemed to have that effect on me. My mom and I talked about it and she agreed with me but tried to make me understand my dad's reaction. In a way it helped me because it helped me to realize why the boys got so turned on when I teased them and flirted with them, even though at times it seemed a little silly to me. It also helped me understand, even if I didn't like the answer, why men didn't seem to realize what it took to get me off. Sure I could be brought to an orgasm if a guy fucked me and played with my clit long enough. But for me, and my mom totally agreed with me on this one, a good orgasm was 90% mental and 10% physical.

Some of my best orgasms so far had not been necessarily with the hottest guy or the one with the best "technique". For me it had more to do with how and where we did it than how he touched me. Naughty sex in a theater made me cum much harder than doing me in his bedroom with nobody home. Seeing two people fucking on the TV didn't do a thing for me because I wasn't involved. Now if I was to watch say my best friend and her guy doing it, THAT would certainly be a different story because I could relate to them. Simply watching a couple of whores (yes, I consider the guys whores as well in porn flicks) fucking in front of a camera crew on a set wasn't the least bit sexy so far as I was concerned. There WAS one thing though that porn flicks were good for though. I did learn a few good techniques watching the "pros"!

So anyway, instead of spoiling his plans I gave him a sexy smile and licked my lips. "Mmmmmmm," I purred, "you pick one out and let's watch it together."

Greg didn't hesitate, he had obviously figured it all out while I was in the bathroom and he turned on the movie. It had just started and sure enough, two girls were fucking some "lucky" guy. I wanted to laugh but I bit my lip instead. The usual guy fantasy. I liked to be alone with a guy to have sex. Why would I want to share a cock with another girl? I guess it was sort of like porn movies, maybe someday I would just to please some guy just as I was watching this now to please Greg.

Greg turned out the lights in the room so the only light was from the flickering glow of the TV screen. I laid next to him and his hand began to work its way slowly under my robe. They reached my boobs and I felt him squeeze each one and play with my nipples. A tingle ran through me as my nipples responded and hardened between his fingers. I was on my back with Greg on his side and he took his other hand and started playing with my hair. God I loved that! Stroking my hair was almost better than playing with my boobs. Almost mind you!

I wasn't watching the movie but rather closed my eyes and enjoyed the feel of his hands groping me. I could still hear the soundtrack though and the moans of the girls filled the room as Greg began to explore the rest of my body. I untied the robe and let it drape open. I could see my nude body outlined in the dim light and Greg's hand as he moved it over my stomach and down my side, over hips and then down my leg as far as he could reach. His hand turned back and this time was on the inside of my thigh and I jumped as it tickled just a bit. He was almost to my crotch when he gently massaged my inner thigh while at the same time his fingers worked through my hair and played along my ears and neck. I felt so relaxed and comfortable.

Greg threw the covers off of himself and helped my arms out of the robe such that I was now completely out of it and laying on top of it on the bed. He slid over towards me until I felt his warm naked body pressing up against mine. His cock was rock hard and pressed against my hip like a warm thick rod and his hips moved in a slow thrusting motion to make it rub up against me. I spread my legs more for him and he took the hint, moving his hand upwards until he cupped my pussy in his large hand. His fingers moved around my pussy as his palm pressed against my clit. I moaned softly as I felt myself reacting inside, getting warmer and more moist with each movement of his hand. Neither of us said a word as he fondled me gently.

It was so opposite to the wild scene on the screen where this guy was fucking a woman so hard it looked like he was going to drive himself right through her. I was loving what Greg was doing though, gently touching me and running his fingers now through my pussy hair, twisting it in small circles and running it around my clit. Then his finger began to press harder and work its way between my pussy lips until he found my hole and pushed his finger just a little inside of me. He wet his fingertip and used my wetness to lubricate the rest of my pussy making his fingers glide over my clit and driving me straight to my first climax. My hips surged upwards and I gasped as suddenly my pussy was on fire and my entire body felt like an electric shock had surged through me.

"Oh god, that's it!" I cried out, "Don't stop... make me cum Greg!"

I bounced my hips up and down like I was being fucked and he somehow kept his hand on my crotch, his finger now pushing its way inside of me while he worked his thumb on my exploding clit. I reached down and grabbed his cock, holding on to it like it was a life preserver as I drowned in my orgasm. My other hand clutched my boob and I squeezed it tightly. This was what I loved about sex, what I craved, what I needed. I could barely breath and finally I collapsed down in the bed and just let the waves of pleasure course through me. I was panting and trying to catch my breath as Greg pushed himself harder into my side. I knew what he wanted and I wanted it too.

"Fuck me Greg," I whispered as I looked into his eyes, "Fuck me now."

Greg pushed me over on my side facing away from him and his hand worked its way between my legs from behind. He pushed himself up against me until I could feel his rock hard dick pushing against my ass. I lifted my topmost leg and placed it over him. He reached over me and between my legs to grab his cock and direct it to my pussy hole. I could feel the head pressing up against me now and I wanted nothing more at that moment than to feel it in me, to feel Greg violate my most private place, to couple my body with his. I reached down to help him and the tip of his cock began to split apart my pussy.

"Push it in me Greg... fuck my pussy... fuck my cunt," I begged him.

Greg groaned as he pressed his hips into my ass, forcing his cock to penetrate me. Greg had the biggest cock of any boy I had fucked yet and when he entered me it was like he was splitting me apart. I felt my crotch spread apart as he pushed himself slowly inside of me. This was the moment I looked forward to whenever I masturbated and thought about being fucked – that first time he entered me, feeling him put a part of his body inside of mine. It was so incredible for me to feel myself filling inside and realizing it was his cock that I was feeling as it probed my body and pushed its way even further up inside of me. Finally I could feel the base of his cock up against my crotch and the feel of his thick pubic hair against my smooth bare ass.

"Oh fuck Kelly, you're cunt is so god damn tight," he groaned as he tried to push even harder against me.

He started stroking himself in and out of me, slowly at first and the gradually building up speed. His hand wrapped around me and cradled my boob as my head was down against his other outstretched arm. The damn bed had a squeak somewhere in the mattress and as he started banging me harder it got louder and louder. I played with my clit as I felt his hot breath on my neck while he fucked me. Damn it felt so good and after having dreamed of it so many times today it was almost like I was in heaven as he was finally fucking me hard.

Greg suddenly pulled out of me and twisted me over on my stomach. He lifted up on my hips and I got up on my knees, knowing what he wanted. His hand spread my pussy apart and once again I felt the fullness of his cock push its way into me from behind.. I rocked on my elbows and knees in time with his thrusts, helping to drive him deep into me. Greg held my by the hips and pushed and pulled me as he went in and out of me, driving his cock until he was slapping up against my ass and then pulling out until his cock was barely in me. A couple of time he overdid it and his cock would flop out of my pussy. I would cry out for him to get back in me and he was soon back at work, screwing me with his cock.

"Fuck, I'm going to cum," he groaned. I wanted him to cum in my pussy but he pulled out and grabbed my hair, yanking my head to his cock. "Open your mouth slut," he demanded, "I want to cum all over your face you little whore."

I gladly did as he told me although I wasn't sure if he was just talking dirty or if his true feelings about me were coming out in his lust. Being called a slut I didn't mind – I worked hard to earn that moniker but I wasn't any whore! My mouth was only an inch or two from his cock and he was stroking himself with his hand. I opened wide just in time as I watched a stream of creamy cum spew from his cock and hit my open mouth perfectly. My tongue could taste the cum that pooled on it as another stream erupted followed by even more. He hit me on the face and then one shot went on my hair. I grabbed his cock with my mouth and was able to take the last couple of loads directly into my mouth, feeling his cock throbbing as it shot its final load down my throat. I held onto his cock, sucking the last few drops from it as he put his hands behind my head and pulled me tight into his crotch.

"Suck it bitch," he growled at me, "Drink my cum, swallow it like a good little slut."

I could smell heavy odor of his sweaty crotch as my nose was buried in his pubic hair, a thick mixture of male sweat combined with my own pussy juices. His cum tasted extremely salty and bitter but I loved it and swallowed it eagerly as I sucked on his now dwindling cock. I glanced over at the TV and smiled to myself. The girl was being sprayed with cum by two guys and god, what a mess they were making on her! I could feel Greg's cum on my face and chin and I could only imagine the mess it was making of my hair. Why guys like so much to cum on a girl's face is beyond me. I figure it must be a domination thing or something like that but since they obviously loved it so much I just reconciled myself to putting up with the mess.

Honestly, I much prefer to feel a guy cumming in my pussy or at least IN my mouth but most guys still want to see it ON me. Maybe it also has something to do with being afraid of getting me pregnant even though I had been on the pill since I was fourteen. I hate condoms, they are so unfair to the girl. The guy gets to do everything he would have done anyway but the girl doesn't get to feel his cum as it shoots from him. For crying out loud, what's the point of letting a guy cum with his cock inside of you if you can't feel it when he dumps his load in you? I know, guys also complain that condoms diminishes their enjoyment but I figure it can't be all that bad since they cum anyway. With all the talk about condoms, I have yet to hear anybody express and concern about the girl who is robbed of that wonderful feeling deep inside if her when a load of warm cum is being released in her.

Greg dropped to the bed on his back and spread his arms out to his side. He let out a loud groan saying, "Damn the was incredible Kelly. God you're SUCH a good fuck!"

I ended up using the sheet to wipe my face off after which I snuggled up to the side of him, half on him and half off with my upper leg draped over his such that my pussy was pressed up against his side. My upper boob rested on his chest while the other was squeezed between us as I laid my head on the top of his chest and just held on to him, feeling the warm afterglow I always got after a good fuck. He had one arm under me and his hand cupped my buttocks, squeezing my ass softly as he pulled me up tight against him. His other hand played with my hair against and I felt a tingle down my spine as he pulled softly on it.

My pussy was throbbing like a beating heart and to be honest, I found myself wishing he would fuck me again. Unfortunately, from the look of his now flaccid cock, it didn't appear like that was going to happen anytime again soon. I held onto his soft cock with my hand as we just stayed together that what, neither of us saying a word but just relishing the feeling of being next to each other in this intimate way.

I could have easily fallen asleep this way but I had no desire to spend the night with him. Sure, I loved to be fucked by Greg but I didn't want him to get any ideas that it was anything more than that. For goodness sakes, we hadn't even kissed the whole time we were in bed tonight! It was just good old sex between us and as for me, I was more than happy with just that. Feeling the urge to go potty, I got up out of bed and went to the bathroom.

As I passed the mirror I took a peek and saw that my face was flushed beet red and my hair was an absolute wreck! I took a comb and tried to get his cum out of my hair before it dried any more. From bitter past experience, I knew that nothing was harder to get out of your hair than dried cum. The stuff seemed to be bullet proof and water repellent! Eventually I gave up and washed out the comb and then washed the remaining cum from my face. Returning back to the bed, I noted that Greg hadn't budged and inch and if anything, I could hear the hint of a snore!.

"Hey horny boy, get up and take me home!" I called out to him, shaking his shoulders to wake him.

Greg just grunted so I went over and shook him. He finally sat up and reluctantly began to get dressed. I started back to the bathroom to get my dress when I looked at the TV again. Two girls were going at it now and so I paused to watch them for a moment. It was interesting as I had never been with another girl and the only pussy I had ever tasted was my own. I'd masturbated with a number of my friends over the years but we never touched each other. Watching the two on the screen I wondered for a moment what it would be like to kiss another girl and lick her warm pussy? Boys tasted different and their cum especially varied a lot in taste and texture. How much different would another girl taste compared to my pussy? I shrugged my shoulders and went to get my dress. I pulled it over me and straightened it out. My heels were as uncomfortable as ever and I was ready to go.

Greg hadn't bothered putting his tie back on and he still looked a bit disheveled but at least he was up and ready to go. We left the room and headed for the lobby. Waiting for the valet to get his car, I felt like every guy around us was looking at me as if they knew exactly what Greg and I had been doing. Instead of feeling embarrassed though I found myself getting turned on by it. I liked knowing that every last one of them was probably jealous as hell of Greg and that if I would let them, each and every one of them would fuck me in a heartbeat. It was almost scary to have that much power over men!

Our car finally arrived though and Greg drove me home in about fifteen minutes. I sat next to him on the way and he drove silently with his arm around me, gripping my upper arm with his strong hand. Once back in our driveway, like a gentleman he walked me to the door where he kissed me goodnight.

"You were absolutely fantastic tonight Kelly," he said as he held my hands. "You're definitely the sexiest girl I've ever known."

I felt my cheeks warm as I blushed involuntarily at the compliment. "Thank you Greg, for a wonderful evening. You know, you're not too bad yourself."

We both just grinned and then he slowly turned back to go to his car as I went inside. My mom was in the kitchen drinking coffee and so I went back to see her.

"Hey girl, pretty late aren't you?" she said but it was with a smile. "Have a good time?"

I grinned and said in reply, "Oh yeah, we had a great evening."

"Well, it must have been pretty wild," she said. I looked at her with a quizzical look and she started to laugh softly at me. "Kelly, you really do need to clean up better before you come home. God, how did you get so much cum in your hair?"

I put my hand to my head and she laughed harder. "Got ya! Well, it must have been pretty wild if you were worried about that so c'mon and sit down girl, tell your horny mom all about it - and I want all the details girl!"

I sat down with my mom and we talked for the next half hour, just mother and daughter. My mom loved to hear about my dates and I think sometimes she lived a bit vicariously through me since more than once I know she went to her room and masturbated afterwards. Although I suspected she hadn't told me everything, from what she did confess to it sounded like she had some pretty wild teenage years and I hoped someday to find out more about them.

I was exhausted though so finally I begged her to let me get to bed. I stripped off my dress and plopped into bed, pulling the covers over me to keep my naked body warm. My hand found its way to my pussy and I feel asleep holding myself, dreaming of Greg's cock in me. This was definitely my best Valentine's Day ever!

do these days and try to pretend that if she ignored it then it wouldn't happen. And people wonder why we have so many teen pregnancies!

My mom's dealings with my sex life were in line with my parent's overall philosophy towards parenting. Not that they were uncaring or overly permissive. If anything at the time I would've said exactly the opposite as if anything their rules seemed rather restrictive to me. What I'm thankful for today, and how I plan to raise my own children as well, is that they didn't ignore those topics that might upset them or cause them worry, such as me going out late with friends or even having sex. Instead, they addressed such issues head-on and in doing so established clear rules and boundaries. These allowed me a lot of flexibility yet at the same time set very clear expectations along with disciplinary actions if I failed to follow them.

A prime example of such an area was my wardrobe. True, some people might have considered my outfits a bit on the risque side and for sure my Aunt Sheri (my dad's youngest brother's wife) was always making her obnoxious opinions known. At despite my Aunt's declarations to the contrary there WERE rules and boundaries my mom set which she expected me to follow. For example, in grade school I was always required to wear panties any time I was away from home. Not that I was anxious to run out and flash people but at the same time I've always enjoyed the feeling of being bare under a dress or skirt.

While the pantie rule was inviolate, at the same time my mom never pushed me when it came to bras. Of course it wasn't like I was blessed as my best friend Beth was who was already a C cup in 8th grade. My tiny boobs were a constant source of embarrassment to my through my of my high school years until Mother Nature finally visited me in my college years. Fortunately I learned early on that guys weren't nearly as obsessed with your boobs if you gave them other things to focus on instead! To this day I avoid bras whenever possible although when teaching they are a requirement. When going out, face it - they come in handy at times when to comes to teasing men.

LOTS of other rules and guidelines were imposed on me growing up, most of which had nothing to do with sex of course. Bed time, keeping my room clean, housework, etc. were all spelled out for me. That's what you get when you're the only child of a lawyer I guess. My point being was that despite the heavy-handedness in some areas, my parents didn't go overboard and dictate things to me unless they were really important.

seeing my dad masturbate so my mom dealt with the situation like she does everything else - directly.

Did I saw I saw my dad masturbate? Well, pretty much all the time! Again, he's a man and men masturbate, same as women do. If he was watching porn or even if he was just turned on by a woman on TV (Amanda Tapping on StarGate was one of his favorites) he'd jerk off, just as any man would if his wife didn't mind and my mom wasn't about to say anything since she sometimes did the same. Heck, I would masturbate when he was around as well but it was never like I put on a show or intentionally did it so he could see me. When you're raised such that masturbation is perfectly normal when you felt the need you just did it.

So was my dad curious about me sexually? Of course he was. He was my father after all and all fathers (or at least all fathers should) care about their little girl's well-being. When I would bring a boy home and take him to my room for sex I knew he would sometimes check up on us and even watch a little bit. After all, wasn't my safety the whole point of my parents encouraging me to have sex at home rather than some back seat or other potentially dangerous place? Just knowing my parents were around was enough to keep most guys in line in terms of doing anything bad. Even so I felt better knowing that my dad was right outside my door keeping an eye on me just in case.

That's just a few points to help people understand why it never occurred to me that my dad wanted me sexually. Of course eventually things changed and to this day we have the most loving and respectful relationship a father and daughter can share. Still, I sometimes regret my tween years as being time lost forever when we could've been doing it. It's really more about him than me as I would've fulfilled his needs and desires sooner than I eventually did.

## 2. Best Friends Forever

Without a doubt nobody has had a better BFF than I've had in Beth. We're almost the exact same age and have known each other since we were little girls after having met in preschool. While we definitely don't share the same thoughts and opinions on everything, we both respect the other and never make judgments.

Unlike me, a single child, Beth had a brother so I would often hear her tales of woe and misery about the "abuse" she would have to tolerate from him. Of course that wasn't anything physical, just the normal sibling rivalries I think every family

thing is that it was like we both just needed one of us to break the ice as no sooner than she saw what I was doing than she was doing the same to herself. Before long we both had driven ourselves to incredible orgasms.

While after that it became pretty routine to touch ourselves whenever we got horny, the idea of touching each other never came up, not even jokingly. Sometimes we'd be next to each other as we did it and maybe even cross our legs over one another's but that was just what best friends did. Heck, I never even touched her boobs let alone her pussy. There was no kissing, staring at each other... nothing like that which seems most guys expect when I tell them about it. It was nothing more than two best friends sharing thoughts and experiences and doing what came natural. It was even better once I started having sex and could tell her about my own experiences rather than just my fantasies.

Beth and I were pretty much inseparable as teens. We went to the same parties and even double dated a few times. Beth was always more a party girl than me and often while I would be just blowing guys she would allow a guy to fuck her as well. Little did I know back then the sort of parties she'd be bringing me to years later!

On double dates we would both suck our guys and there were a couple times we even both had sex with them. However, we never swapped dates or did anything together. Rather it was more like we just happened to be in the same car, hotel room or bedroom. I can't say I never watched her and I know there were times she got off watching me, yet it was not that I wanted to join in, I was just curious! After all, she WAS my best friend so why wouldn't I be interested?

Unfortunately Beth's mom was a lot more up-tight than mine so that was one area where I know she felt like I was the lucky one. Beth always wore a bra but at the same time with the size of her boobs it was sort of a necessity more than anything else. While at home she would sometimes sneak into a really small bikini (until her mom saw it a least), she was required to be much more discreet at the local community pool than I was with my smaller girls. Likewise with her school clothes. While she has always had great legs really short skirts were sharply controlled by her mom. For some reason low cut outfits were never an issue with her mom though regardless of how much cleavage she exposed - go figure...

As I said, Beth and I were ALWAYS together and she has been more of a sister to me than just a girlfriend. We often would spend the night at each other's house which and I knew pleased my dad as he was turned on by her boobs. It's not like he went out of his way to hide his enthusiasm yet he also never did anything that would

were alone together and not just because we were both horny if my parents were around.

In some ways I was actually more uncomfortable teasing my dad with Beth than with her dad because I felt like I being a little bit dishonest. Things that Beth would do to turn him on certainly did, but not in the way she assumed. For instance, while sometimes we would hint at what we were about to do together when we headed up to my room, she had no idea my dad saw me regularly as I did with him so it wasn't like he didn't have a pretty darn good idea of what was happening behind the closed bedroom door.

It was all good fun and being it WAS our dads not to mention we didn't have to worry about carrying through with anything. I think we would have both been shocked to know what our dads were REALLY thinking, or at least mine. Sure my dad didn't try too hard to hide his erection, but the idea that he might be thinking more than just being turned on by two sexy teenagers was something that never crossed our minds. If anything, we would both joke about it and laugh together later when we would talk about my dad's inability to control himself as well as her dad could.

This night wasn't all that much different than any other night when Beth would stay over. She showed up at the door with her bag dressed in tight jeans, sneakers and a plaid blouse under her jacket. I just grinned and nodded at her chest where she had the blouse unbuttoned enough to reveal her white bra underneath.

"Your dad mind that?" I teased her, knowing the answer but not being able to resist.

"Oh Kelly, if he said anything then he'd have to admit he noticed which means he'd have to have looked at my chest and you know he NEVER looks at his daughter's boobs."

"Yeah right!" I giggled as I ushered her inside and shut the door before my dad could yell about letting all the heat out.

"Damn girl, staying the week?" I joked poking at her bag. It wasn't just a tiny overnight bag but more like a small suitcase!

"Hey, a girl can never have too many things to wear," she huffed, pretending to be insulted. Yeah, like she had to tell ME! My dad was always complaining about how much I would pack to go anywhere.

"Oh, and since when do you wear anything much when you're over here?"

Her reply was a rolling of the eyes.

"Hi Beth, good to see you again," my mom greeted her as she came from the direction of the kitchen. We'd finished supper just a short while ago and she was probably still straightening up.

"Hi Mrs. Wells."

"Oh Beth, how many times have I got to tell you to call me Mary?"

I just shook my head. Like EVERY time she came over they went through the same little routine. Beth ALWAYS referred to my parent as Mr. and Mrs. and my mother was ALWAYS telling her to be less formal. Some things just never change.

"Bring your suit?" my mom asked.

"Of course!" Beth gushed with a grin.

"Great, John's out in the tub right now and I'm sure he'd appreciate the company."

With that we both headed up the stairs to my room where I shut the door behind us.

"Wait till you see what I got," Beth said excitedly as she put her bag down on my bed and unzipped it. Reaching inside she grabbed a couple pieces of small cloth with strings and held it up to me proudly.

"My mom would KILL me if she knew I bought this but I saw it on-line and just HAD to get it."

Taking it from her, I held it by the strings and smiled. Oh yeah, no way her mom would even let her out of the house with it in her bag, let alone wear it. Damn, it was like there was practically nothing in my hands!

"Think your dad will like it?" she teased as she started to undress.

I nodded and answered, "You know better than to have to ask me that you dirty little slut. Like what man wouldn't?"

By now she'd stripped naked. Damn, for someone I'd seen nude probably thousands of times, not to mention seeing her in all sorts of sexually-oriented circumstances as well, I still couldn't help but pause and admire her nude body. Gawd she was hot! Sure, her ass was quite a bit bigger than mine yet at the same time it wasn't flabby and I knew it got a lot of looks whenever we were out together. Funny how some guys go for the tight perky butt like mine but at the same time there are a LOT of them who go for the more "rounded" look.

"Oh my dad would probably faint if I wore it around him. Shit Kelly, your dad is so cool. I wish mine were more like him sometimes."

I caught myself before saying something about how I was sure her dad would appreciate her outfit just as much as mine and that it was just that my dad wasn't as inhibited when it came to expressing his appreciation for how me and my friends looked. It's not like she wasn't aware of it - all my friends liked to joke about my dad's wandering eyes.

It was my turn to show off so I pulled out one of my newer bikinis from my dresser drawer. Seeing how naughty Beth's was I wanted to match up with her as best as possible. Then again, when I saw her adjusting the top I once again felt that frustrating feeling as her boobs practically spilled out of it. Even as small as my top was there was no way I came close to filling it out the way Beth did hers.

Well, sometimes it's best to acknowledge your own limitations and not to compete when the outcome is inevitable so I put back the top and instead reached in my other drawer for one of my tank tops. Choosing one of my smaller white ones, I pulled it on over my head, stretching the material out as it barely fit. Well, technically the way it stretched tight against me it didn't fit but that's why I chose it.

"You're wearing THAT?" Beth asked as she pulled on her thong and tied the strings on each side. Oh yeah, her parents definitely would NOT have approved. From behind the only thing visible was the string across her hips as the middle string was lodged deep in her ass crack. From behind she may as well have been bottomless and even in front the thin material pulled tight into her pussy resulting in a perfect camel toe.

"Yeah," I sighed, "With THOSE hanging out I figure why bother."

I nodded at her large chest and she automatically looked down and saw that the edge of her nipples were showing so she adjusted it until they were barely covered.

"Oh Kelly, you can be so silly sometimes," she huffed, shaking her head, "Damn, I can't seem keep this over my nipples. You don't think this is TOO revealing for your dad, do you?"

Considering wearing ANYTHING in the hot tub was out of the norm where my father was concerned I wanted to tell her that I was sure my dad wouldn't care. Of course I wasn't about to tell her we used it naked when it was just family.

Looking out my bedroom window I saw my dad was just lying back in the tub, totally oblivious to what we were saying about him up above.

"C'mon Beth, you know my dad loves to be teased. Trust me, he's gonna LOVE that top."

Beth shrugged, still seeming a little uncertain. This was by far the most revealing suit she'd ever worn while at our house and I was getting the idea she was starting to have second thoughts about it.

"Let's hurry up and get going before he gets out," I urged her.

My best friend smiled and reached over to kiss me on the cheek.

"Love you Kelly," she whispered in my ear. I knew what she meant and I would often tell her the same. There was nothing more to it than just two best friends expressing their care and respect for the other.

A couple moments later we passed by my mom in the kitchen on the way to the deck.

"Whoa, now THAT's a thong," she teased Beth, "Nice ass girl."

Beth actually blushed! Then again, I could never imagine HER mother saying anything like that about my butt, let alone hers.

My mom continued, "Now I hope you two sluts don't have any ideas about stealing my husband away from me. After all, any man can only be tempted so much and one look at you girls..."

She let her voice trail off and I think Beth was thinking she might be serious.

"Oh Mrs. Wells, you know I would never..." Beth started to say but my mom just reached out and hugged her.

"Gotcha!" she said softly to her and she tried to reassure my poor friend.

"Coming in with us mom?" I asked hopefully.

My mom was dressed in her usual home attire - shorts and a loose T-shirt and I knew underneath she always wore panties and a bra. She could simply shed the shorts and T-shirt as it wouldn't be the first time she'd gotten in with me and my friends in just her underwear. Other than the fact it tended to be a bit revealing when wet, it's not like it was any different than wearing one of her bikinis.

"Nawwwwww, I think the two of you are going to more than enough for him to handle today as it is," she joked as she headed out of the kitchen, leaving us behind. "Now behave yourselves!" she called out just as I started to open the back door.

We both looked at the other and giggled. Yeah right, like we ever would do such a thing. No doubt my mom would've been more surprised if we actually DID follow her order.

Opening the back door, I stepped out onto the deck. It was actually built up over the garage as our house was built on a typical Pittsburgh lot - on the side of the hill. While the front door was level with the street our driveway sloped down such that the garage was actually at the same elevation as the basement making for a pretty steep drop. With the deck over top that put it at the same level as the neighbor to one side while almost a story higher than our neighbor on the other. My dad had put up fencing around the deck such that it was all but impossible for either of them to see us although I suppose the people behind us across the valley could get a pretty good view with a high-powered telescope. There was no reason to be concerned about that I suppose as we'd never had any cause to worry in all the years my parents had lived there.

With the hot tub at the opposite corner of the deck from the kitchen door we had to walk across the deck to get to where my dad was lounging in the hot tub so it wasn't like we'd be sneaking up on him. He had the jets going though so it was sort of loud and with all the swirling water it was impossible to see under the surface although I was sure he had on a swimsuit since he knew that Beth was going to be coming over.

"Hi dad!" I greeted him enthusiastically as we approached. I was rewarded with a big grin as he stood up from the water to greet us.

"How's my baby girl doing?" he asked as he leaned over to give me a big hug. I didn't get much of a chance to answer as when he looked over my shoulder he obviously got a good look at Beth.

"Wow!" was his only response but it was the way he said it that spoke volumes.

"Pretty hot, don't you think daddy?" I teased him as he stood up straight again to face my sexy best friend.

It was almost comical the way my dad tried to appear as if nothing was unusual, business as usual, that sort of thing when at the same time his eyes were roaming up and down Beth's all but naked body. I couldn't help but note that they seemed to spend most of their time on her boobs but then who could blame him? I mean like how many sixteen year-old girls have natural boobs a large as hers yet still full with hardly a hint of sag? Even if they did, when would he get such an exposed view of them? It wasn't like Beth's top just exposed cleavage. Let me put it this way... side boob, under boob, you name it boob, she was working it! To top it off the bikini top wasn't lined. Whether by design or she had removed it I wasn't sure but in any case her nipples were poking through like it was mere tissue paper trying to cover them.

In case you haven't guessed, if there was ever any doubt when it comes to T&A my dad was a "T" man all the way! Given Beth's ass was even more exposed than her breasts, I'd say the prosecution rests its case. All of which tends to be a bit disheartening to me given I was barely into a B cup at the time and even then that was as much wishful thinking as reality. And to think people wonder why to this day I tend to dress such that my top is covered and my butt is exposed. Running around the house I was never naked but unlike my cousin Kristen who never seemed to wear a top when she was over yet always had on panties or a bikini bottom at the minimum, I was just the opposite. Bottomless was always my preferred state, just as it is now fourteen years later. Even though my boobs now are a solid B and even a C depending on the brand and style, I still tend to dress such that my legs and ass are showcased to draw attention from my chest.

"Well, you girls going to just stand there and get chilled or join me?"

It wasn't exactly the middle of July and indeed, I was starting to feel chilled in the March cool air even though it was a little warmer than it had been recently. One "benefit" was that both Beth and my nipples were hard as little rocks which I hoped my dad would notice. If I couldn't dazzle him with my bust size then the least I could do was show off my stiff nipples.

My dad reached out and we each took a hand to help us in without killing ourselves. I gasped at the shock of the hot water and stood there standing on the seat such that the water was only up above my knees.

"Oh my god that's so hot!" I exclaimed. I suppose it wasn't any more so than normal but after being cooled off by wearing so little in the chilly air the contrast was even greater than normal.

"You'll get used to it," my dad tried to encourage me.

Beth was also taking her time lowering herself in but after a few minutes all three of us were in up to our necks. Well, not so much my dad but he slouched down in the water such that only his head was visible. Each of us had taken a corner where the jets were located and I could feel the water and air mixture pummeling my back. Mmmmmmm, felt so good! Plenty of past experience had taught me that it felt even better when I was facing it with my legs up over the edge but that would have to be left to another time since Beth was with us now. My dad always got a kick out watching me but Beth would have undoubtedly wondered what the heck I was doing masturbating in front of my own father. For me it was just natural but I could see how someone raised in a more prudish environment might easily get the wrong idea, especially if my dad started jerking off as well while he watched me. It wasn't like he helped me or anything weird like that but people always want to jump to conclusions even when the facts aren't there to support them.

"Sit on my lap Kelly?" my dad invited me grinning.

Instinctively I looked over at Beth who just smiled sweetly. It wasn't like this was our first rodeo after all. She'd been in the hot tub with my dad and me since we were little girls so this was nothing she hadn't seen before.

Working my way carefully so I wouldn't slip, I finally got myself seated in my dad's lap. It didn't surprise me at all when I felt something stiff pressing up against my butt. Heck, the way Beth was looking I would have been amazed if I hadn't! In a way it felt a little weird having his swimsuit covering it though. I mean like with my thong I may as well have been bare-bottomed as I normally am in the hot tub but in most cases I felt my dad's dick directly on me as we wouldn't have a suit covering it. Not that it really mattered one way or the other I guess. It was just that it all seemed so unnecessary. Like why did my parents always insist that we wear suits just because someone outside our family was over? It really use to trouble me when I was younger as it was almost like they were embarrassed to be naked around other people when at the same time I was always told that nudity wasn't anything to be embarrassed about. When I got older I better understood the situation yet at times like this I still couldn't help but question things a little. Heck, Beth and I may as well have been naked for all our bikinis covered. And as for hiding my dad's dick, it wasn't like it wasn't obvious whenever he had an erection and Beth certainly knew all about THAT.

Oh well, I suppose it was how my parents wanted things and like every other kid in the world I finally just gave up trying to figure out how adults did things and went along for the ride. It was just at times like this when it really made me think about it again.

"So do you like Beth's new top daddy?" I teased him leaning my head back to get my mouth near his ear so he could hear me over the jets.

My dad just grinned so I wiggled on his lap such that my butt rubbed on his erection.

"Never mind... I can tell," I teased him again and this time he just rolled his eyes and pretended to be exasperated with me. It was a look I seemed to get a lot from him these days!

Things sort of settled down after that and for a while we all just enjoyed the feeling of the hot water rolling over our bodies. Had I just been with my dad I would've been working my way up to one of the jets and enjoying it even more as it worked on my pussy but that was another no-no so far as my parents were concerned which sort of annoyed me. Maybe even more so than the no-nudity rule. Heck, Beth and I masturbated all the time when we were together so it wasn't like it was some big secret. True, I don't think she ever saw her own dad jerking off but it wasn't like my dad was exactly shy about it when I was around so what was the big deal if Beth saw him too? So if it was just me and Beth then I could get myself off or if it was just me and my dad then I could as well. But bring the three of us together and all bets were off. Oh well... another oh well!! LOL

Sometimes I knew my dad would cum when I was on his lap, especially if I teased him badly enough, but there was no way that was going to happen today with his suit insulating his dick from my all but bare bottom. I especially liked it when he came in the hot tub as his cum would swirl around in long stringy ropes. Most of the time it was sucked in by the filter but sometimes it would catch on me and I'd have to swish it away. My dad would tease me whenever that happened saying I was trying to catch it but really, it was more a mess than it was worth.

Sometimes Beth would get an invite to my dad's lap but apparently not today as time wore on and I started feeling overheated from being in too long. Too bad as I could just imagine where his eyes would be staring down over her shoulder as she ground on his dick. When we were younger she was really shy about doing anything like that as undoubtedly her dad would never have allowed it. Over the years though she has become more like my sister in many ways than just a friend and along with that much of her shyness around my dad has disappeared - hence the all but non-existent bikini she was wearing today.

We were looking pretty red like lobsters so my dad suggested we all take a break. As we all stood up I couldn't help but notice my poor dad's erection poking out through his suit. Poor men, they just can't hide when they're horny! LOL!! Personally I thought it was pretty hot that he was this way over Beth. Oh yeah, I had a pretty good idea what he was going to be doing in the not too distant future!

We grabbed our towels and wrapped them around us as the chilly air seemed even more so after the hot water. Hurrying into the house we headed up to my room while my dad went to his, shutting the door behind him. I grinned to myself, knowing we wouldn't be seeing him for a while.

# 4. Fooling Around

"Oh my god, that felt SO good Kelly," Beth gushed as we stripped out of our wet suits, "I so wish we had a hot tub."

Just as I was about to make some sarcastic remark about how she had a full sized swimming pool for once I actually kept my mouth shut. My mom would have been so proud of me!

"Too bad your dad was there, that jet in my back would've felt a lot better someplace else," she continued with a smirk.

Again I somehow managed to stifle a lewd remark about how my dad would've LOVED to have watched. Sometimes it could be SO frustrating not being able to tell even my best friend in the whole world everything about my family life. It wasn't like we were doing anything wrong yet I understood that not everyone was OK with certain things. Still, Beth and I pretty much shared everything - including a few boyfriends on double dates, so it wasn't like I was worried about saying anything her. Even so my mom would've killed me I'm sure if I broke the family circle of trust. Dang it though, it wasn't like my dad was having sex with me or anything weird or kinky like that! I mean like what's the big deal with a little masturbation?

"Speaking of feeling better someplace else, you should've been sitting on my dad's lap." I teased her, not being able to TOTALLY ignore everything that had been going on earlier.

Beth giggled and her face actually turned a little red to my complete amusement.

"Oh my god Kelly, was he...?" she asked, her voice tapering off before she had to utter the final words.

"Oh yeah... totally," I answered smugly as I finished drying myself off.

Beth had finished ahead of me and so she draped her towel over the back of my desk chair. She was still giggling like a little girl.

"Oh gawd Kelly, like that is SO cool... my dad would NEVER do anything like that!"

I looked at her with more than a little bit of skepticism in my eyes. Last time I looked her dad was a male, just as my dad was.

"Well your dad's just WAY too uptight," I observed.

"Oh, and it's like YOUR dad isn't just as bad as mine in his own way," she refuted me, "Really girl, what's worse - my dad acting like he's ignoring us or your dad being so blatant about everything? At least my dad isn't teasing us."

Damn, what an opening! I immediately thought that this would be a great time to tell her just how blatant my dad could be when he was REALLY horny but again fear of my mother's wrath held me in check.

"Well, at least my dad's TRYING to be honest," I countered, "Personally I think it's pretty cool that he's not afraid to show his feelings."

Beth openly laughed out loud at that. "So speaking of feeling, does it make you horny when he gets like that when you're sitting on his lap?"

I didn't need my mom's guidance to answer that one! This was starting to go WAY past where it should have.

"Oh Beth!" I exclaimed, "Like he's my DAD... ewwwww!"

Indeed, while I knew my dad had his private fantasies and from all the porn he watched I had a pretty good idea what his interests were. Still, it's a massive leap to go from fantasy to reality and if there's one thing my mom drilled into me from the time I started masturbating was that ANYTHING was ok so long as it was just a fantasy. So yeah, it might be a little erotic to think about my dad's erection pressing up against my bottom, especially when we were alone and the bathing suits were off. At the same time the idea that anything like that might REALLY happen was totally off the table so far as I was concerned. That would be incest and last I heard it was something only perverted fathers (and porn stars) did, not to mention illegal in all 50 states.

Beth huffed at my response and said, "Sheesh Kelly, don't go getting your panties in a bunch girl... as if you ever wear them. You DO have to admit that your dad isn't exactly like most dads when it comes to this discussion."

Beth was my BFF so she got to see lots of stuff nobody else did when it came to my dad and so I couldn't really argue with THAT as she was right. The facts were that I didn't know of ANY other girls whose dad would show off an erection right in front of her. But then again, who knew what those same dads did in the privacy of their bedroom or bathroom? Like who at our church (again, other than Beth) for instance would ever think that I often sit on my dad's lap with his bare cock slipping up and down my butt, sometimes even spurting cum on my back? It was probably best they didn't as no doubt somebody would want to try to turn it into something perverted and then who knows what sort of ridiculous accusations might result.

Beth reached into her bag and pulled out a sexy nightie.

"Hey girl, what's THAT?" I asked accusingly as I pointed to the offending nightie. Oh sure it looked really cute but hey, rules were rules. Sleeping at Kelly's house meant sleeping nude.

Beth knew better than to argue on this point so instead she just shrugged and put it back in her bag. Then she stood up and faced me, naked as the day she was born only now she looked a heck of a lot sexier!

"OK... this better?" she sighed as she put her arms out and twirled around in the middle of my bedroom as if putting on a show for me.

"Hey, we agreed that when we're at your house I would wear something to bed at night so it's only fair at my house you conform to MY dress code," I said firmly.

Beth rolled her eyes answering, "Yeah but I don't know of anyone else but you that sleeps in the nude!"

"Well, my parents do."

Beth giggled again and came back with, "You know exactly what I MEANT so don't feed me that line girl. OK then, if you're going to be that way, so who else in our circle of friends does?"

She had a point but I didn't care. I'd started sleeping sans PJs about four years earlier and was immediately hooked. Like it simply felt better, not to mention it made masturbation a whole lot more convenient and when you did that as much as I did it meant something. The point being the main reason I slept nude was simply because it felt better and had nothing to do with anything sexual.

"Oh you know you like it girl," I pushed her a little, "You would do it at home I bet if you could. Plus it's not like I run around this way all the time, just in bed."

"So if you only get naked to go to bed, why can't I put on my nightie until then?"

With that I grinned mischievously and our eyes met as I replied, "Because I don't know about you girl but I'm horny as hell and intend to do something about it."

"Oh crap Kelly," my best friend laughed, "if that's the case you can make then you should be a nudist because you're ALWAYS horny!"

"Oh, and like you're not?" I shot back.

"Touche!" Beth laughed.

Jumping up on my bed naked to take a seat, I patted the mattress beside me and motioned for Beth to join me. She glanced at the door, I guess to make sure it was closed securely. Yep, she knew my dad all too well! Then she plopped down next to me and crossed her legs Indian style just as I was sitting.

"Damn girl, when you gonna shave that stuff off?" she asked, nodding towards my pussy. I trimmed it pretty close so it wasn't like I exactly had a forest growing down there like my mom's crotch, but I certainly wasn't baby smooth bare like Beth.

"I don't know, it scares me I guess," I said rather unconvincingly, even if it WAS somewhat the truth while not the entire story.

"Well, it's really no different than doing your legs."

I jabbed her with an elbow. "Exactly, and I thought I was giving blood last time I did mine," I said, albeit exaggerating a bit.

"Well, maybe we could do it together next time you're over at my place."

I gave her an odd look that should have conveyed by thoughts about THAT! Did she mean like help me? No girl had touched my pussy since I was a little girl in the bath tub. Boys... oh yeah - LOTS. Girls? NO. I may have been a slut - and proud of it, but I certainly wasn't a lesbian.

"Oh I didn't mean do each other silly!" she laughed as she finally figured out my flustered expression.

I wasn't convinced though but didn't push it, instead I sighed melodramatically with relief. There were lots of things I did with Beth but touching her pussy? Nope! Not going to happen! Oh sure we've kissed many times, especially when boys were watching but that was more to get THEM turned on, not us.

As usual in these circumstances, I was the one to lead off. It wasn't that Beth was shy about masturbating in front of me - quite the opposite if anything. It just seemed I was always the one to start first for some reason and over the past few years since we'd started doing it together it was like we'd established an unspoken rule - Kelly starts first.

Well, I may have dried off my outer skin but there was denying I was wet inside! Between my dad teasing me and now all this talk with Beth I was uber horny. My pussy was wet to the touch and I wasted no time rubbing my index finger between my lips and settling down on my clit.

"Ummmmm," was all I said = and all I NEEDED to say.

Now that I'd started Beth wasted no time. Without a word she quickly put her left hand between her smooth bare thighs. With our legs spread open sitting in this position it was easy for her to press a couple of fingers against her baby-smooth pussy.

"Oh yeah, now THIS is good," she sighed as I saw her close her eyes and rub herself slowly.

"Thinking about that hot new guy in 3rd period History?" I asked suggestively.

Beth opened her eyes just long enough to look at me and grin answering, "No but that's not exactly a bad idea Kelly. Shit he's a stud!"

I grimaced a little at her language but didn't say anything. It wasn't like I was perfect in that regard but Beth was more than a bit less sensitive about swearing. It wasn't that I was some sort of prude, I just thought it was something most people shouldn't do so I tried to avoid it whenever possible.

"I hear that bitch sitting next to him has been blowing him after school," I said.

"Oh you mean Claire, the fucking cheerleader bitch?" Beth asked crudely and then apparently reasoned that the answer was obvious. "Yeah, I hate her but do you think she really blows him? I hear she's such a fuckin' cock tease."

I had to agree - what wasn't there to hate about the bitch? Blonde and gorgeous with boobs that rivaled Beth's, her dad was filthy rich and she was always dressed in something new and expensive while driving her little red BMW convertible to school that daddy had bought for her sixteenth birthday. Of course she was a cheerleader, it was inevitable. If course she dated half the football team (if not all), again inevitable. Was probably screwing them too - not that I was opposed to THAT in principle.

"Mmmmmmm, I wouldn't mind blowing his cock though," I sighed trying to change my thoughts before getting myself upset.

"Screw that!" Beth retorted as her hand moved faster now between her smooth silky thighs, "I'd love to ride it. God, did you seem him the other day in those ridiculous jeans?

Speaking of mmmmmmm, the memory of how those tight jeans had outlined what looked to be a rather spectacular dick was being broadcast in my head as I played with myself.

Beth laid back in the bed against a couple of pillows with her legs spread wide apart and both feet planted on the mattress. I couldn't help but notice she had two fingers already inside of her pussy. Wow, she was hornier than I'd thought when we'd started and we'd just gotten started!

"Oh yeah!" she sighed, now all but oblivious to me even though I was right next to her. Lord only knew for sure what images were in her mind at that moment although I had a pretty good idea - probably a lot like the ones in mine!

It was my turn to lay back now and our knees touched as I spread mine wide apart to make it easy to masturbate. God it felt so good to push my middle finger up inside of me as I imagined it was my boyfriend's hard cock drilling into my pussy. OK, so maybe his was a little on the small side but in the end it's the thought that matters!

Beth gasped loudly causing me to pause for a moment and open my eyes to see what was happening. Wow, she was already having her first orgasm of the night and we'd been at it for what, maybe ten minutes at most? And I thought I was the one that came fast! Well, in all fairness usually I was but tonight Beth seemed especially horny for some reason.

I was about to close my eyes when something caught my attention out of the corner of my eye. I glanced at the mirror over my dresser and saw my door in the reflection. Sure enough, it was cracked open. What Beth didn't know was that my dad had jimmied the handle years ago so it never actually latched shut. Not that it was hardly ever shut in the first place but it came in handy at times like this when he wanted to open it without having to turn the handle and alert whoever was with me. Typically this was one of my boyfriends and he was checking to see that everyone was OK. I had to admit it helped me to enjoy sex a lot more knowing my daddy was right outside my door ensuring that I was safe.

It didn't surprise me that my dad would be checking in on us tonight though knowing how my dad was infatuated with Beth. Plus it wasn't like it was any sort of secret what we were going to be doing in my room – especially after what had gone in the hot tub. Although I couldn't see him, I had a pretty good idea what he was doing in the hallway as he watched Beth masturbate. Well, just so he didn't grunt when he came like he usually did when he masturbated! Poor Beth, she would probably be totally embarrassed if she knew he was watching her.

I say that he was there to watch Beth as it wasn't like he would have had to sneak around to see me doing it. As I said, my bedroom door was never shut except when I was having sex with someone so if he wanted to see me masturbate all he had to do was walk by. Most times though it was when I was either doing myself on the couch as we watched TV or in the back seat while we were traveling so I usually never saw him much outside my bedroom.

It's hard to explain in words so let me just say that for one reason or another, knowing my dad was getting off watching my best friend in the whole world fingering herself to an awesome orgasm was making me all the more horny as well.

It wasn't long before my own orgasm rose up in me and I gasped as the wonderful sensation filled me from head to toe. Gawd it felt so damn GOOD! After I'd cum I opened my eyes and saw Beth watching me with this giant grin on her face.

"What the heck are YOU watching?" I teased her, "What are you now, some kind of lezbo?"

Beth giggled - she certainly seemed to be in a giggly mood tonight.

"Did you know you curl your toes when you cum?" she asked. It was more an observation than a question.

"Oh do I?" I asked in reply. Actually, my dad had mentioned this to me before and sometimes I actually felt a little distracted when I would masturbate in front of him, trying NOT to curl them. Not sure why. Guess I just felt better when I wasn't so predictable!

"It's actually kind of cute," she smiled. Then she continued, "So does it bother you to be watched when you masturbate?"

It took every ounce of willpower not to laugh. I also made a deliberate effort NOT to look at the mirror while the door was still cracked open. Me bothered if someone watched me? If she only knew! Heck, as much as I get watched maybe the real question should be does it bother me if somebody is NOT watching?

"What's the big deal? Everyone does it?"

"Well my mom doesn't," she replied quickly and firmly.

"Oh I bet she does!" I argued. "EVERYONE does."

"Nope, not my mom," she insisted, "She caught my brother once and you would've thought he'd committed murder or something. Claimed it was a sin and only perverts do it."

"So I guess that means your dad has to hide when he does it," I laughed.

Beth almost choked on that one. I guess the very image of her dad jerking off was too much for her to handle. If she only knew what MY dad was probably doing at this very moment!

"So you think your parents do it then I take it?" she asked.

The technically correct response was, "I KNOW they do because I see them do it all the time." My politically correct (and actual) response was, "My mom and I have talked about it.... you know... THE TALK."

"So your mom discussed masturbation with you?" Beth asked incredulously, "Shit, my mom just handed me a book and told me to read it. It was like reading a silly instruction manual only more boring. Didn't even have pictures!"

"We just talked about it," I countered defensively.

Actually that was pretty much true. Sure when I first started she gave me a few pointers that included a "demo" but that was back when I was eleven. Since then other than the occasional reminder to make use of her substantial collection of vibrators she kept in the bedside chest, I would just see her doing it now and then although not nearly as often as my dad did it.

"Well, I've said it before... your parents are so cool!"

I wasn't going to argue with her on that point!

"Ready for a back rub?" she asked?

Like duh! One thing I loved about Beth was her famous back rubs. I didn't even answer but instead flopped down on my stomach with a pillow under my head.

"I guess THAT answers my question," she laughed as she reached over to my nightstand for the lotion bottle I always kept there.

I couldn't see my door or mirror in this position so I deliberately laid such that Beth would be facing away from the door. My dad had probably "finished" by now if I knew his routine but no sense in her seeing anything she didn't need to.

The bed bounced as Beth maneuvered herself such that she was straddling my hips. I could feel the warmth and wetness of her pussy as she pressed down to lean forward to start on my back.

"You know, you COULD have wiped yourself off first," I teased her.

Beth laughed a bit and responded, "Why? Then I wouldn't be able to do this so easily..."

And with that she wiggled her hips so her wet pussy slid along my bare butt.

"BETH!" I scolded her, "What the hell are you doing?"

Like damn, what had gotten into her tonight anyways? Certainly not her favorite boyfriend's dick so maybe that was the problem - she was just overly horny and couldn't control herself.

"Feels good so just shut up and enjoy it," she ordered me.

Well, it DID feel kinda good...

Beth worked on my back for almost thirty minutes, working my shoulders and neck and then down my spine and the lower regions over my tailbone right above my butt crack. A couple of times I thought she was going to go even lower but I was so horny it was undoubtedly just an over-active imagination. Still, the very thought of it felt a little weird yet at the same time wasn't doing anything to make me any less horny.

Then it was my turn to do Beth's back. She stretched out on my bed with her head on my pillow, her arms wrapped around it like she was hugging it. God I was so jealous looking at her nude figure! I was what my dad liked to call "petite" which to me was just a nice way to say I was little - especially when it came to my breasts. While not nearly as small as they were a couple of years ago when I'd been thrilled that a boy even wanted to play with them as small as they were, they still barely qualified me for a B cup and on dates when I wanted to show off what little I had an A-cup worked just fine.

Beth, on the other hand, was what some guys would refer to as "full-figured". Not that she was fat or even all that overweight. Maybe a few pounds here or there might not hurt but at the same time she had curves where I only dreamed of having. Her bare butt was practically taunting me with its smooth round shape and even laying down she had enough side boob showing that her full sized C cups (maybe D?) were in full evidence.

When I would compare my body to my best friend's, it was sort of interesting to not just think about how we looked naked but our clothes were different as well. No matter what she wore, you could be sure it was low-cut to show off as much cleavage as she could get away with. With her butt being a little large, she leaned towards tight jeans or shorts more so than skirts or dresses which hugged her tight and worked almost like a bra for her butt - shaping it and holding everything where it belonged. Speaking of bras... she ALWAYS wore one mainly for support but also for comfort. While I couldn't really relate, she was always telling me how sometimes she wished they were smaller so her back wouldn't hurt at times. Yeah, like she expected sympathy from me!

On the other hand, when you have a small chest like me you wear different clothes. My dad liked to say my boobs were "perky" which was actually pretty accurate. While I never got them to jiggle the way Beth's did, at the same time it pretty much negated any necessity for a bra in that they held themselves up pretty much on their own. I'd always had nipples that would harden at the slightest provocation so without a bra they would often poke through which I knew was a hit with the guys.

Where Beth wore clothes to emphasis her best asset - her chest, I leaned more to those that drew attention lower down - my butt and legs. Short skirts were a favorite as well as short-shorts. I LOVED to be bottomless and so went without even panties whenever I could although most of the time that contradicted my obsession with short skirts. Even at my age where people pretty much just rolled their eyes no matter what I wore it wasn't like I could get away with flashing my pussy. Honestly, I wasn't interested in that anyways as my mom had always told me that it's what you DON'T show that often turns guys on more than what you do.

Even around home I tended to wear things like my dad's shirts, sweatshirts, or anything that hung loose on me while allowing me to run around feeling the air on my butt. Not like he ever complained except when I would steal one of his newer shirts. Being loose on top while offering a tempting view at the bottom drew attention exactly where I wanted it and away from where I didn't.

Oh well, I sort of sighed to myself as once again I looked at my nude girlfriend and wondered why she had won the boob lottery but that was life I guess. I swung my left leg over her thighs and assumed a similar position to what she'd used with me. Scrunching up a bit so I could each her shoulders, my pussy was rubbing right against her butt as I started to work on her shoulders.

"Ohhhhhh... that feels SO good," Beth sighed.

"Shoulders hurting? That's what you get for having those big girls," I teased her as I worked my way down to her shoulder blades. The smooth skin of her back was so soft and warm!

"Shoulders?" she mumbled into the pillow, "Oh yeah... those too. I was referring to something warm and wet on my ass!"

What a tease! Well, two could play that game so I deliberately rotated my hips to rub my pussy on her. Now I have to admit... it felt pretty good down there.

"Still horny?" she said turning to look up at me over her right shoulder.

I gave her my best, "Like duh!" look and she just buried her head back into the pillow laughing.

I quit my teasing and got serious, kneading her back with my hands. I'd never claim to give the best back massages but it's not like she ever told me she wasn't happy with me doing them for her. As I moved down, I let me hands slide down her sides until my fingers were massaging the sides of her boobs. Beth seemed to like it, stirring under me as I worked my way under them just a little.

"I'll give you exactly an hour to stop doing that!" she giggled.

For whatever reason, that snapped me out of the trace I'd seemed to fallen into and I quickly pulled my hands out from under her boobs and returned them to her lower back. I had to inch myself back off her butt now and sat there with her upper thighs supporting me. I put one hand over the other and pressed down over her tailbone and rubbed her in small circles as she laid there still with an occasional moan escaping.

"Lower," she instructed me.

Well, why not? I scooted back a few more inches and went to work on the top of her butt in about the general region where her bikini would have started. Beth wiggled under me as if trying to hint for me to go even lower so I placed the palms of each hand on one of her butt cheeks and started to squeeze them.

"That's so much better!" Beth sighed, "Now lower."

Well, I wasn't quite sure if she really understood just where my hands were. Any lower and I'd be practically between her legs! Instead I went the other direction until I was rubbing her hips and upper butt regions.

"Chicken," she taunted me.

Well what did she expect? Any lower and I'd be massaging her pussy and surely she knew it. Sheesh, what a tease!

I spent maybe another twenty or so minutes working on her back until finally my hands just couldn't take any more. How do those professional masseuses do it?

By now we were both pretty much out of it. I think Beth even fell asleep towards the end and I know a couple of times I would find myself still with my hands resting on her back after drifting off for a short bit.

"I really am tired," I confessed as I got off of her and stood up by the side of the bed. Beth rolled over, her boobs flopping over to each side (something mine didn't do). Her hands went down to cup her pussy.

"Me too but I don't know if I can sleep I'm so fuckin' horny," she practically whispered. Yeah, a few more minutes and she'd be out like a light.

Before that though I needed to make a quick call across the hall. Mother Nature was calling me! I told Beth I'd be right back and as I started towards the door Beth cleared her throat to get my attention?

"Yes?" I asked, not sure what she wanted.

"Forgetting something?" she smirked.

What the heck was she talking about? Then I saw her glance towards my nightshirt.

"It's just across the hall, be right back," I told her.

"But your parents' bedroom is right next to it."

Like I didn't know.

"They won't see anything," I scoffed. What I meant was they wouldn't see anything they didn't see every other night but Beth might not have understood that so I left it off where I did.

Ignoring her after that, I stepped out into the hallway to the bathroom, closing the door behind me so Beth wouldn't have to worry about being naked in plain sight. Now why didn't it surprise me to find my dad standing in the hallway, a big erection poking out through his short?

"Somebody turns you on, doesn't she?" I teased my dad.

My father appeared a little sheepish but I knew he had a thing for Beth. Not that I ever worried that he might ever DO anything as I knew my dad (and my mom for that matter) would never have sex with anyone else given their stand on adultery, especially an underage friend of their daughter. If anything I thought it was sort of cute the way he seemed to fawn over Beth, like most of the boys at school did for that matter.

"Thank you," I said, giving him a hug as I pressed my naked body into him.

As usual, he responded by grabbing my ass with both hands and squeezing it playfully. Such a tease!

"For what baby?"

I got up on my tip toes as he leaned over enough for me to kiss him on the cheek.

"For being such a good daddy. I always feel so safe with you watching out for me."

I turned and he patted me on the butt as I slipped into the bathroom. As I sat down and had a moment I thought to myself that he really didn't have to keep an eye on me when I was with my best friend the same way as he did when I had a boyfriend over but I guess it had become such a routine now for him that he wasn't making exception. Whatever, it really didn't matter I guess.

I finished my business and by the time I was done my dad was in bed with my mom. From the looks of things he wasn't wasting any time! They were under the covers in any case and no doubt the door would be shut shortly. My parents might not exclude me from much but that was the one line they never crossed. I'd never seen them having sex! My mom explained to me that when they had sex they were making love - a difference I would understand some day when I had a husband, and when they did it was just between the two of them. Well, I might not ever have SEEN them but that didn't mean I never HEARD them, LOL.

Back in my room, Beth hadn't moved - she'd fallen asleep flat on her back! As much as I hated doing it, I shook her awake as she was planted in the middle of the bed without leaving room for me. Bad enough I only had a twin bed but she at least had to give me my half!

Beth just grumbled, not even waking fully as she rolled over on her side and faced the wall as I climbed in next to her, facing the opposite direction. Even now the bed was crowded with our butts pressed tightly together. Mmmmmmm, that butt might belong to my best girlfriend but it still felt pretty sexy against mine!

As I laid there ready to fall asleep I could hear my parents in the next room. Our house is pretty old and the walls are opaque which is about the extent of privacy they offered. Unless you spoke in a whisper the folks in the next room could hear every word and so I could clearly make out my parents going at it like school kids. I smiled to myself. Good thing Beth was asleep. I could just imagine her thoughts if she heard my mom telling my dad rather explicitly what she liked! Yeah, she might be old but she sure knew how to turn on my dad.

Or so I thought.

The next morning as we dressed Beth looked at me at one point and grinned.

"So... do your parents always do the nasty so loud?"

Well, I'd never really thought of it in quite those terms before...

"I thought you were asleep!"

Beth grinned ever broader and shook her head saying, "How could ANYONE sleep with all THAT going on? That was so crazy."

As I finished dressing I turned to her saying, "So maybe next time I sleep over at your house we can listen to them."

Beth just rolled her eyes. "Like I've NEVER heard my parents having sex. I'm not even sure they still do it."

We both laughed. Well, maybe her parents wouldn't supply us with anything fun and crazy but then there was always her younger brother...

nudist. To me it feels unnatural, almost forced, as if you're pushing yourself onto someone else. Maybe that's why if I AM nude around the house then it's almost always when I'm alone.

To help illustrate what I'm saying, here are some examples. While it was considered normal for us to be naked in the hot tub, that was because my dad said he didn't want us to contaminate the water with our swim suits rather than any desire on his part to ogle his naked wife and daughter. We never just lounged around nude in the family room watching TV. For one my mom simply didn't consider it to be hygienic and besides not to mention it just felt better to have a little protection on.

In another case, if my dad was taking a shower I wasn't afraid to do my hair in the bathroom nor did it bother me for him to shave while I was in the tub or shower. We were naked only because it wouldn't have made any sense to wear anything, not because we wanted the other to see us nude.

As a little girl I went to bed wearing the same things all little girls did - pajamas, nighties, and so forth. I started sleeping nude when I was turned twelve; not for any sex-related reasons but more because that was how my parents had always slept. Like most kids when they were going through puberty, I was always trying hard not to be a "kid" anymore. Once I tried it I found that it just felt better to sleep naked and so I have done so ever since. It want something I usually even thought about until I would spend the night at a friend's house and have to wear pajamas or a nightshirt. Such times served to remind just how uncomfortable and restricted it made me feel not being naked. Still, even at home I keep a nightshirt or a robe by the bed to put on when I get up so I don't have to run around the house nude.

In today's world plagued with so much pornography on the Internet and media, too many kids are becoming addicted to porn or even worse, de-sensitized to it. Thus today it's all the worse when parents add an element of mystery and intrigue by condemning sex or portraying it as something perverted or taboo.

In stark contrast, my parents brought me up to appreciate the not-so-subtle differences between porn and art, to recognize the joys raised by eroticism over the tastelessness of vulgarity. Today I can appreciate eroticism but pornography turns me off, especially today's obsession with cheap "amateurs", "interviews", "castings" and other supposedly "real" situations that anyone can tell are just cheap whores. At least the "vintage" videos in my dad's porn collection bothered to at least try to instill a little plot and story line.

Speaking of nudity and sex, it's always seemed a shame to me that when it comes to sex that most parents shroud the topic in mystery, treating it as taboo and putting their kids on a guilt trip if they catch them so much as masturbating or just playing around. Fortunately for me, my parents have always been totally open about sex, yet all the while stressing respect AND responsibility. Thus while I may have been much more aware of sex when I was growing up in comparison to most kids, I was undoubtedly much more responsible and prepared to handle it when I grew old enough to start doing more than just talk about it.

Although my parents never actually made love in front of me while I was growing up, I knew they did frequently as it was the only time the bedroom door was closed. Heck, they may as well have just hung out a sign saying "Stay out, parents making love!" Rather than being embarrassed of my parent's having sex, I feel that one of the greatest gifts my parents gave me throughout my childhood was the security that came from knowing that my parents are totally in love with one another - physically as well as emotionally.

When it comes to masturbation, I consider it a totally different topic from sex. Masturbation is a natural act that allows a person to deal with the inner needs and emotions that we all have as a result of being created by God as sexual beings. Even though almost everybody does it, society still treats it like a forbidden ritual. Personally I think making someone feel guilty about masturbating is counter-productive. Not only will you not stop them, but it may well result in creating an unhealthy attitude and lack of respect for their own sexuality.

I don't really remember exactly when I first started to explore myself. I DO know that I didn't deliberately masturbate until I was eleven but that's more because my mom remembers it more than me marking it on my calendar or anything like that. In fact, my mom was the one that taught me to masturbate (well, some things come natural but it never hurts to get a few pointers). She even offered me the contents of her toy drawer next to the bed but I've always preferred to just use my fingers.

My parents (especially my dad) masturbated frequently and they made no effort to hide it yet there was NOTHING kinky or perverted about what they did. The key was that like nudity, they didn't flaunt it either. Basically if the mood struck them, they did it - it was really that simple. Also, they did it discretely so I was not like my dad put on a show for me just because he was turned on by Amanda Tapping of StarGate fame. In fact, most of the time he masturbated around me I didn't even know he was doing it.

One of the many problems created when sex is treated as secretive and taboo is that most people who are raised that way instantly assume that if someone is nude or masturbates around someone else, that there is some inference of a desire for a sexual relationship. Well, that just goes to show how wrong impressions get started by people who don't know what they're talking about. I NEVER felt that way growing up. If I saw my dad masturbating because he was turned on by a movie or picture of beautiful woman, I didn't assume that he wanted to have sex with ME, I knew that he was just horny. My mother had a drawer full of vibrators next to her bed which she used frequently.

As for myself, whether watching a sexy movie or I was just feeling horny, I've never felt inhibited from touching myself wherever or whenever I needed to in order to release the sexual tension built up within me. The key thing is that I was taught that discretion was just being polite, not that I needed to hide anything. Since I usually would just reach inside my pajamas or under my skirt without making a big show of it, why not do it when you need to rather than wait to go off and do it in private? I would bet that most of the time my parents don't even know I'm doing it!

Basically I learned most everything I needed to know about sex from my mom. She was also the one who got me on birth control when I became sexually active. Unlike most girls who have to hide what they do with their boyfriends from their parents, when I gave up my virginity at the ripe old age of fourteen I couldn't wait to get home and tell my Mom all about it. After that she insisted that I tell her everything did on my dates with every guy I've been with - and I do mean EVERYTHING. She use to joke with me that my telling her such stuff was the price I had to pay for my birth control pills but actually I think she lived vicariously through me.

My parents knew just about everything I did when I was growing up, mostly because I never felt the need to hide anything from them. Rather than preach to me about abstinence and other ridiculous notions that are a total waste of time, they generally encouraged me to take advantage of the opportunities of adolescence and enjoy myself.

My mom especially loved to sit in bed next to me after I came home from a hot date and listen to me as I would describe every detail of what the guy had done to

he was enjoying it immensely! His hands were on her head, pulling it into him, forcing himself deeper down her throat.

Instinctively I turned away out of respect for their privacy. As I said, my parents were open about almost every area of their lives except for their lovemaking which had always been something special that they reserved for just between the two of them. The only problem was that I couldn't help myself – something inside me seemed to be compelling me to watch them. It was like I was hypnotized, my body reacting on its own without me controlling it.

Like in a trance, I turned back to the window and looked down at them as they began to make passionate love. My mom was in a doggie position with her hands on the edge and her bare wet butt facing my dad as he banged her hard from behind. I couldn't quite make out his dick as it penetrated her, but the motions they were making were unmistakable. Oh yeah, he was fucking her!

It wasn't like this was the first time I'd seen two people having sex. Many of the parties I was going to often involved somebody doing it. This was different though as this wasn't two of my friends or even two strangers going at it. This was my mom and dad! I knew I should feel guilty spying on them like this but I couldn't tear my eye away. How often had I heard them doing it through the wall between our bedrooms but this was the first time I was getting to see what was happening when I heard those moans and groans.

After a while they reversed positions to where she was seated with her legs spread wide open while he moved in between them. My mom used her fingers to push aside her matted wet pubic hair. Watching him approach her I just stared, afraid that if I blinked even once I might miss something. My mom used her hand to skillfully guide my dad's erection into her hairy pussy. I drew in a sharp breath as for the first time in my life I actually could see my father's dick penetrate my mother. She threw her head back and arched her back as he thrust himself deep inside of her.

Speaking of pussies, there was a growing sensation in my own as I imagined how my mom must be feeling at that moment, feeling her hungry pussy being filled by her lover's swollen cock. I didn't matter whose it was, it was in her and that was what counted.

I watched intently, frozen in place as my dad fucked my mom over and over, including several positions I'd never tried. The more I watched the more I was realized that I was getting incredibly turned on! To my astonishment and even a bit of embarrassment, my pussy was getting wetter by the second while my mouth was dry like a desert. It didn't help either that I hadn't been fucked tonight the way I' hoped and expected to be. Stupid guy! I wonder if he had any idea how horny I was tonight and how badly I'd wanted him to fuck me? In any case, seeing my parents making love brought out all the horniness that had been building up in me during the course of the evening.

Suddenly the most astonishing realization struck me. It was as if in the blink of an eye something just clicked inside of me, like a switch that had laid dormant all my life but was suddenly turned on. I couldn't believe it. Oh my god, for the first time in my life I was feeling a genuine sexual attraction to my own parents! Sure there had been times I might get horny seeing my dad jerking his cock, especially when he would cum and spray all over himself but it was more that it reminded me of being laid by my boyfriend, not my dad jerking off. Masturbating with your mother is a great way to spend an evening, but it's not like we even touched each other - or even mentioned it.

My mind churned as I started to think about how in recent years that my dad was getting an erection more and more often when he saw me nude or playing with myself, or at least he wasn't hiding it as much as he use to. Until now I was appreciative (and a little amused) that he was turned on by me yet I knew deep down that it meant nothing more to him personally then when he would get horny from some anonymous slut in a dirty video. It couldn't have been ME, his daughter, that he was getting hard thinking about, it was the "girl" he saw. In a way, I guess you could say I considered myself a facilitator, not a participant, of my dad's sexual fantasies. That's a LONG ways from having sex with him!

Watching my parents making love for the first time in my life, I realized that what I was feeling now was something entirely new for me, something I'd never even fantasized about let alone hope would come true. It was a little unsettling even as for the first time in my life I was being turned on by watching a dick that wasn't just some boyfriend or a boy making a move on me, it was my DAD'S cock that I was thinking about.

It's really hard to describe my feelings then. It wasn't that knot I get in my stomach when I see a boy's nice dick and I want it so bad I could scream. This was something I'd never experienced before. For the past two years I'd had sex to please one person - ME. The only time I sucked a dick or let a guy fuck me was when there was something in it for me. Now, for the first time in my life I wanted to have sex to please someone else. For the first time I didn't want to just pretend to submit to someone just to make it fun for me, but rather because I wanted to give myself totally and completely to someone - my father.

Yes, I wanted to give myself to him. I wanted my dad to do the same thing to me that he was doing for my mother. Just as he was showing my mother his love to her as her husband, I wanted him to show his love for me as my father in this intimate way. But more than anything else I wanted to please him in the same way I could tell that my mother was pleasing him. I wanted to be the best daughter I could possibly be for him, attending to his needs and desires as I knew only I could do.

To be sure, it wasn't like I was simply horny for my dad, it wasn't that way at all. Face it, my dad might not be in that bad of shape but we're still talking about a guy more than twice my age, not a hunk at school. This wasn't lust, this was love. Not the sort of love I felt for my first boyfriend Steve but the love of a daughter for her father.

Of course, no matter how you view the emotional implications, in the end it was still SEX that I was thinking about, just that now it was all about sex with my DAD. As much as I felt these new feelings in me, there was still a part of me that was shocked beyond words that I could even be thinking this way. Like, what kind of kinky, perverted girl would want to suck her own father's cock? How could I even THINK about my dad fucking me, let alone do anything about it for real? What would my parents think of me if they knew how I was feeling right now?

Even worse, at least so far as my sensibilities went, it wasn't just a blow job that I was thinking of giving him. Noooooo, I wanted my dad to fuck me! Despite my rationalizations that what I was watching was a mother-father thing, not just sex, I still couldn't help but feeling hot but yet there was this other side of me that was trying to tell me that such feelings were wrong. But yet the more I thought about it the more I had to ask, why? Just because he was my father didn't mean we couldn't share our most intimate feelings. So it was incest? So what?

My parents and I had discussed a lot things regarding sex as I grew up but incest was one topic that was NEVER mentioned. It wasn't like they didn't want to talk about it, the subject simply never came up. I certainly wasn't going to be the one to initiate it. Until a few moments ago the very idea never even crossed my mind.

Then I thought about it some more. While my parents had never encouraged anything whatsoever regarding incest, at the same time I don't remember them once ever coming right out and telling me that it was wrong either. You would think that if they considered it inherently wrong that they would have said something about it, just as they had about other things they didn't think I should to do.

Sheesh, you can imagine how confused I was at this moment as I grappled with the conflicting feelings that were emerging, feelings that were so new to me yet so incredibly sharp, so overpoweringly strong, I was feeling totally overwhelmed by them. A part of me was urging me to immediately strip and join them in the hot tub but at the same time, it scared the heck out of me to even think about it. What would they say? Would it repulse them? Would they think I was some kind of pervert? So many things were going through my head that all I could do for the moment was stand there motionless, staring at my naked parents below me as they made love.

The more I watched my mom and dad, the hornier I got. Like, who can watch two people they love and adore making love without getting turned on? With each thrust of my father's dick into my mom's pussy, I became more and more convinced that I wanted him to do that very same thing to me.

My fingers began to touch me as my body instinctively responded. Feelings of lust and desire arose in me that I'd never felt before, at least not in this way. All my life I'd loved my father and would do anything for him. Was this any different? Suddenly I began to understand more about why I was feeling the way I was. I realized that there was something I could give him the nobody else in the world could – his own daughter! I wanted to please my father but I couldn't help but wonder if he would accept the gift I wanted to give him.

As I stood there by the window, watching them intently, I began to play with myself. My right hand reached under my short skirt and moved aside the skimpy thong I was wearing. My fingers quickly found my swelling clit and then I pressed my middle finger between my pussy lips and up inside of me as I watched my father's hard cock moving in and out of my mother's hot hairy pussy. As my finger pushed inside of me, for the first time in my life I imagined it was my father's dick as he entered me. The very thought made my pussy tingle!

It didn't take long before I was so worked up it was all I could do to not run down there and join them! Eventually my dad came and I watched as he sprayed his cum all over my mom's face and hair as she stroked his cock with both hands. Using his cock like a squeegee, she wiped as much of it as she could into her mouth and gently sucked him some more as he softened. Oh my god – I came so hard when she did that! My legs felt week and I leaned against the wall to keep my balance as my orgasm swept through me.

All I could think about at that moment was my dad's cock, how it would feel in me, how it would feel for him to erupt in me and pour his seed into my pussy - his own daughter's pussy at that. What would it be like to have your own father fuck you? Would he even do it? Had he ever dreamed of fucking his own daughter? Would he want to cum inside of me?

Eventually they kissed passionately for the longest time after which they grabbed their towels and headed back towards the house. Damn, I couldn't let them know I'd seen them, let alone masturbated as I watched them! Good grief, what would they say if they knew their own daughter had just masturbated while dreaming of having sex with her father?

So much of our relationship was based on trust and mutual respect, especially in dealing with sexual matters, so how could I possibly explain my new feelings for my dad? Even worse, as far as my parents were concerned making love was something intimate that they'd always kept as something special between the two of them and now I had violated that privacy. How could I ask them to trust me if they ever found out what I'd just done? I was no better than a Peeping Tom.

In a state of panic I quickly stripped off my clothes and threw them under the bed (where most of my dirty clothes seemed to end up anyway) and slipped under the covers. When they came upstairs to their bedroom, I heard the floorboard squeak outside my room and I knew that someone must be checking me out. Even though the light in my bedroom was off, the hall light was more than enough for anyone to see that I was in bed.

My eyes were tightly shut as I pretended to be asleep but I could still imagine them looking at each other, probably wondering how long I'd been home and if I'd seen them. Acting as though they'd just awakened me, I slowly opened my eyes, blinking at the light and flashing what I hoped was an innocent smile. As it turned out only my dad was standing there, silhouetted against the hallway light. He was still nude from being in the hot tub but his erection was long gone.

"So when did you get home baby?" he asked softly, "Kind of early, isn't it? Everything OK?"

I explained how the party had been a bust and that I'd just gotten home a few minutes ago. He looked at me and I wondered if he could see how flushed I remained from having just masturbated so hard. The light was probably too dim though and if he suspected anything he didn't certainly show it.

My dad stepped in my room and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Well, sleep tight baby," he whispered.

"G'nite daddy... luv ya."

How many times had he done this in the past? Hundreds? Thousands? Yet for the first time I was distinctly conscious of the fact he was nude and his cock was literally just inches away from my head. Although the circumstances were no different than so many times before, it was like being Eve in the garden, aware of her nudity for the first time when before that it wasn't even something she thought about.

I couldn't help but glance at his crotch and look at his dick hanging there in the dim light. Had I really imagined sucking that very cock and him fucking me with it just a few minutes ago? It was the same dick I'd felt under me when I sat on his lap in the hot tub, the same one that he would stroked while watching a sex girl on TV. It hadn't changed but I certainly had. It might be the same dick I'd ignored before, but there was no ignoring it anymore.

At the same time he was acting so normally that it made me wonder if I had someone imagined everything, that it was all just a weird dream. That simple, innocent kiss while standing there naked beside me without a hint of sexual intent made me feel as if he'd woken me from a dream and none of what had just happened was real. Yet I knew better. It WAS all real and I looked away from him quickly, not sure of whether I should be looking at it that way or not.

If my dad noticed anything unusual about my actions he didn't make any indication of it before leaving to go to their bedroom. Alone again I just laid there and let out a long breath. OMG, did he have any idea what I was thinking when I looked at his exposed crotch? Thank goodness the lights were dim and he couldn't see how flushed I was.

As I replayed the events of the last hour or so I found the heat between my legs returning and before long I was going at it again. I dreamed that my father hadn't left but instead of kissing me, he had taken his cock and rubbed it against my lips, demanding that I suck him.

It wasn't long before I came as I imagined sucking my dad's cock while he stood there by the side of my bed. I fell asleep with thoughts of being in the hot tub with them, of letting my dad fuck me as my mom watched and played with herself.

Afterwards I dreamed that he told me what a good daughter I was and how much he loved me - and how he especially loved fucking me.

# 3. Debating Incest

The next morning I woke up and for a moment I thought everything that had happened the night before was just an awesome dream. If anything, I felt guilty for having spied on my parents and even guiltier still for imaging those things with my dad. It wasn't fair of me to think that he would ever do such a thing to his daughter. What kind of father did I think he was that he would actually fuck his own daughter?

As I usually did in such circumstances, I prayed for a while, asking God for His guidance and especially His forgiveness. When I finished praying, it suddenly became clear to me, as if God was already answering my prayer. The Bible says to honor you mother and father. Well, how much more could I honor my father than to submit myself to him? It would be almost like I was sacrificing myself for him except in this case it would be for his pleasure.

At first I was troubled by the adultery aspect. Regardless of what they may have done before marriage, once my parents took their wedding vows they'd never had sex with anyone else (at least, that is what I thought at that time). Was fucking your daughter really the same as being with another woman?

The more I thought about it the more I realized that it wasn't the same thing at all. For goodness sakes I was his DAUGHTER, his own flesh and blood, not some outsider that he would lust for and then take in violation of his vows to his wife. In fact, I slowly came to the realization that my dad DESERVED to fuck me, that as my father he even had the RIGHT to do so. Thus by withholding myself from him, as I had for so many years, was that a sign of disrespect on my part?

For the next few nights I continued to debate this with myself and in doing so, found myself rubbing my pussy constantly as I replayed over and over how my dad made love to my mom that night. No matter how conflicted I might start out, in the end I would always fantasize about having my dad doing those same things to me. I couldn't help but dream about what might have happened if I'd surprised them by jumping in the hot tub while they were still making love. Would they have let me join in and made it a genuine family night?

The more I thought about it the more I realized how badly I wanted him to do to me what I watched him do to Mom. It may have seemed crazy before but I knew now without a shadow of doubt that I wanted my own father to fuck me! I wanted

the best, she was adamant that it had to be MY decision, even if that meant it never happened.

My mom's was not wrong very often, but this was one time I feel she overreacted. Actually that's being too kin. My mom was WRONG and because of that I'd lost years when I could have been pleasing my father. Her situation with her father had been a LOT different. She wasn't even having sex yet when her dad had come into her bedroom when she was only fourteen and taken her virginity without even asking. Although she hadn't resisted, at the same time it wasn't something she had expected or was truly prepared for as her mother didn't discuss sex with her.

Well, my dad certainly didn't need to do anything like that with me, but he COULD have at least let me know how he felt. It was SO frustrated as I thought his apparent lack of interest in me sexually was genuine. Often I think back about how it would have been so much easier if he had just told me his true feelings so I could have offered myself to him as a daughter should to her father.

Oh well, the things we would change in the past if we could! However, with things as they were I found myself debating once again whether I shouldn't just come right out and ask him. Boy, I could just imagine how THAT conversation would go... "Hi daddy, wanna fuck me?"

For the first time I sympathized with some poor boy trying to work up the courage to ask a girl to a dance. Guys never turned me away so I'd never experienced such an intense fear of rejection. As much as I wanted my dad to do me, if he turned me down I think I would've been totally embarrassed and devastated. It was unthinkable!

The "problem" I was facing was that I was almost certain by now that he was turned on by me. The more I thought about it, the more I started to think that he was probably masturbating by fantasizing about me. Yeah, so that meant he was a normal male jerking off to the image of a teenage girl but did that really mean anything so far as me personally?

My parents had taught me at an early age that fantasies were just that – fantasies. Anything goes so far as fantasies go so long as you understand where the line is between fantasy and reality. Therefore, even if my dad WAS jerking off while thinking about me, even if I DID turn him on when I masturbated in front of him, even if he did get off seeing me having sex, none of that necessarily meant that the fantasies he was having about me would ever translate into reality. I'm sure most fathers fantasize about their teenage daughters and don't ever have sex with them so why would my dad be any different?

There was something else that made me hesitate as well. The more I thought about it the more significant it seemed to me that as open about sex as my parents were, the one thing they had never discussed was incest. Actually, until now I hadn't thought about it one way or the other. Was there a reason? Was this one thing that was out of bounds for discussion, even for my parents?

Then again, was I reading too much into what they did NOT talk about? It was like some of the arguments I use to have at school where people would draw conclusions from what the Bible did NOT say. Even though it bothers me when people do that, here I was, doing the same thing regarding incest.

Maybe we didn't discuss incest because they never wanted me to misunderstand any of their actions to mean anything other than showing their care and concern of their daughter? If THAT was the case then was it right for me to be thinking and doing these things? What if they were offended by my new thoughts and feelings? I'd always been open with them and they'd always encouraged me to experiment but this would be REALLY new!

As the days went by, things got to the point where I almost gave up on the while idea until I remembered the times my parents and I would discuss the difference between being erotic and vulgar. They taught me that it was the mental side of sex that had as much impact on the results than anything. My mom once told me that it was the intentions and goals of each person that made more difference in how the sex was than anything physical. She pointed out that strippers have always known this which is why they just don't strut out naked from the start - that it was the anticipation that turned on men more than anything else.

As all these different thoughts were mixing themselves up in my head, I realized that the answer for my dilemma was somehow linked to all of them. For me to appear before my father nude was NOT erotic, it was just me without any clothes on, no different than any other time. Somehow I had to find a way to make him see me not as just another naked teenage girl, but as his sexy daughter who wanted nothing more than to please her father in whatever way he wanted her - and I mean WHATEVER way he wanted.

I was terribly excited by this "revelation" and so I decided to first experiment by trying a few more subtle moves and test his reactions before doing anything more forward. I even sorted through his porn collection and watched a few "Taboo" videos

My mom looked up from her magazine a few times and peered over her reading glasses to see what was going on. Actually, nothing was happening. Although my dad's dick now felt like a hard pipe sticking up underneath me, neither of us made any indication that we were aware of it, or of how my boobs against him might be making him feel. I guess from her perspective, it was no different than any other night. If she could read my mind she would know it was a LOT different for me!

The longer I sat on my dad's lap, the hornier I could feel myself getting and I needed badly to rub my pussy. Now THAT was one thing I'd NEVER done before - masturbate while I sat on his lap. Playing with myself on the couch while my parents watched TV was one thing, but doing it on his lap was something else entirely. Sure there had been times when I was horny on his lap and had gotten off so I could relieve some tension, but it wasn't my DAD that was making me horny at the time, or not that I realized. This was the first time in my life that I was horny as hell while sitting on his lap when I could say that HE was to blame for it!

Well, if there was ever an opportunity to be more erotic with my dad, this was it. Once again I couldn't help but sympathize with how a boy must feel when he is sitting next to me in a car or the theater, wanting to touch me but afraid to make that first move. Now it was me that wanted to make the first move. Damn, working up the courage was not nearly as easy as when I had fantasized about it earlier in the day.

After about thirty minutes or so of debating, I was still too chicken to do anything but sit on his lap. My dad was starting to shift his weight around, a sign that I was indeed not as little as I use to be and starting to get heavy on his lap. I knew it wouldn't be long before he "suggested" I get off and let the blood return to his legs or some other silly comment. Usually that meant getting off and taking my place on the couch across the room. Time was running out and if I was going to make a move I needed to do it soon.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, trying not to alert him but needing to focus and channel my sexual energy. Here goes nothing! I took my left hand and reached down between my legs and cupped my warm pussy. Using my middle finger, I rubbed my clit slowly, causing a slight gasp to escape through my closed lips before I could stop it.

"Hmmmmmm, I think somebody's a little extra horny tonight! Boyfriend not taking care of you lately?"

My dad didn't say it very loud but my mom heard it anyway and I saw her eyebrows raise just a smidge as she looked over and saw where my hand was. She didn't say anything but I noticed that she started looking over our way a lot more often.

"Oh daddy, you know better than that.... Well, maybe a little."

My finger touched my clit and pressed down on it, sending a shiver through me which my father obviously could feel as tightly as I was pressed up tightly against him.

"Ummmmm, seems to me like it's more than just a little, don't you think?"

I opened my eyes and saw my dad was looking down where my hand was moving between my legs.

"You don't mind, do you daddy?" I whispered in his ear, "I don't want to bother you."

My dad chuckled, "Don't worry, you're not bothering me at all. Hey, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do, I guess."

He didn't say anything more but his arm that had been resting on the armrest behind me moved and wrapped around me. His hand was on my bare upper thigh and for a brief moment my heart raced as I thought maybe he was going to move it further over and "help" me but he just rested it on my leg.

As I continued to masturbate, all I could think about was what my dad might be thinking. I'd never done anything so overtly sexual with him before. Sure it was just me touching myself, not as if I'd reached down and grabbed his erect dick. Even so, I'd never played with myself while he was touching me, even if it was innocent.

My pussy was soaking wet as I thought about what must be going through my dad's mind at that moment. Was I turning him on? Did he have any idea why I was doing this now? Was he thinking about touching me, maybe even fucking me? His dick certainly wasn't getting any softer so something nasty must have been going on to keep his dick hard for so long!

"Um, Kelly, don't you think you should be doing that on the couch and not pestering your dad?"

Evidently my mom had figured things had gone far enough. Technically she was correct - it was just common courtesy. While I was brought up that masturbation was nothing to hide, at the same time it was STILL a personal thing and needed to be treated as such.

I wondered if she had any idea WHY I was doing this? Was she just correcting my manners or was she trying to keep me from seducing her husband? Normally I could go to my mom and discuss anything but for the first time I felt uncomfortable bringing up the issue with her and so I'd not told her about any of my thoughts or concerns.

"It's OK Mary, she's not bothering me," my dad said, trying to defend me but my mom would have none of it.

"Yeah, I bet! Kelly, I said that's enough!"

There's no arguing with my mom in such circumstances. Reluctantly I pulled my hand from between my legs and gave my dad a peck on the cheek before working my way slowly off his lap, making sure I rubbed my ass against his dick as seductively as possible.

Once I was off his lap, I looked back and saw his dick was raising his pants up like a circus tent pole. My mom noticed as well and the look she gave my dad would have shriveled the erections of most men but my dad just ignored her.

It was tempting to move over to the couch and finish myself off there but something told me I'd pushed things far enough for one night. Instead, I made my way to my room where it only took a few minutes of furious pussy play to make myself cum like a flood as I dreamed of my dad's hard cock pressing against my bottom. God, it has only been an inch or so away from my pussy but yet it may as well have been a mile. What would it take to get it closer?

Later on I heard my parents coming up the stairs to go to bed. I felt a bit nervous, waiting for my mom to come in and give me her standard lecture on "inappropriate" behavior that she pulled out whenever she thought I'd stepped over the line.

Surprisingly, neither of them made an appearance. Instead, I heard the door shut and it wasn't long before the sounds of their love making were coming through the thin wall that separated our rooms. Listening to my mom cry out as she came, I couldn't help but smile to myself. If anything, something told me my mom owed me one for getting my dad so horny!

The following evening my dad was sitting in the kitchen and I slowly walked by wearing a t-shirt that was so short that I couldn't even start to pretend it was even partially covering my bare bottom. As I walked by him, I wagged my teenage ass at him in a provocative manner. Well, I guess there's not much of any OTHER way to wag your bare butt when you come down to it.

My dad responded by laughing and slapping my naked butt with the open palm of his hand, making a loud smacking sound. It sounded a lot worse than it felt but I wasn't going to let him know that.

"Daddy!" I exclaimed playfully, "That hurt! Don't spank me!"

My dad laughed and put his hand on my hip to pull me closer to him. His other hand reached around to cup my naked ass. His open palm and fingers started to rub it in little circles in the same area where he had just smacked me..

"There, does it feel better now?" he asked, same as he did when I was a little girl when he would rub my knee after a fall.

"Daddy!" I giggled like a little girl, "Are you playing with my butt?"

It was really more of a statement than a question since it was obvious that was exactly what he WAS doing. Just then my mom walked in and her eyes glared at my dad.

"John! Just WHAT do you think you're doing?" she said in a sharp tone.

My dad looked a bit embarrassed but he still managed to give me on last squeeze before he took his hand off of me. I reached down and gave him a kiss on the forehead. Standing back up, I tossed my hair back and started to walk out but just before I was left the kitchen I turned back.

"It's OK mom... I liked it!"

Oh my god! I put my hands to my mouth, not quite believing I'd actually said that out loud. Twirling around, I giggled and ran out before either of them could respond. I had no idea what they said to each other but I would've given about anything to eavesdrop just a little!

Back in my bedroom, I plopped on my bed face down and reached behind to touch my bottom. Thoughts of my dad's hand rubbing me caused a warm feeling to run through me. I couldn't recall him ever touching me quite that way before. Certainly I'd been spanked before - I wasn't THAT good a child growing up! There were even times when he had patted me on the bottom for encouragement but never before had his hand lingered in quite this way and certainly he had never rubbed it before like he just had. Hmmmmmm, maybe there was hope after all!

While my dad seemed to be responding the way I'd hoped, it was my mom that had me confused. Talk about mixed messages! On the one hand she would scold my dad and me when we got too playful, but then later she acted as if nothing had happened. Was she really offended by what I was doing or did she feel obligated to act like she was?

Over the next few days I became more and more blatant in the way I would rub up against my dad. What I found REALLY interesting was that as I became more aggressive he in turn started to be more open about looking at me, even grinning at times when I would wear some ridiculously skimpy outfit and parade around in front of him.

One of my favorite outfits to wear around the house has always been a simple long t-shirt that's not quite long enough to cover my ass - and that was when I was standing. Of course when I sat down or bent over it was instantly obvious I had no underwear on (not that I ever wore any at home).

Another of my favorite evening outfits was just as simple if not quite as blatantly revealing - one of my dad's dress shirts. Sometimes I would steal one from his closet and then wear it for the evening. They were comfortable and later in life I even took a few to college with me. He would grumble sometimes about it but I knew he was just teasing me. They hung loose on me and the tails would cover my ass and pussy from view but the sides were cut to show off my hips and legs.

Now, though, I starting to run around without buttoning them and even though they were still so baggy that that they covered me most of the time, when I laid on my back on the couch or sat in his lap they would open up and expose me to him.

Things seemed to stall, though, until one morning I crossed the hall from the bathroom to my room after a shower just as my dad left their bedroom to go into the bathroom (an amazing coincidence if I say so myself). I pretended to slip on the hall carpet and fell into him so he had to grab me to keep me from hitting the floor. His hands felt so strong on my nude body and as he held me against him.

"Wow, you really ARE growing up, aren't you."

I didn't say a word but just pressed my small boobs against him and gave him a big hug. He had his arms around me and I noted that his hands slipped down until he was cradling my ass in them. His cock was pressed against my stomach and even thought it was flaccid, I could've sworn that I felt it stirring. We just held each other for a few more seconds until suddenly he turned to go into the bathroom. Somehow in that moment I felt like something had silently been conveyed between us. Was he signaling that he'd gotten my "messages" and that all I had to do was let him know so he could be sure? Had the moment I had been dreaming of, yet dreading at the same time, finally arrived?

I figured it was finally time to just make a more straightforward move and see what happened. For the rest of the day it seemed all I could think about was the upcoming evening and what I hoped would happen.

Finally evening arrived and my dad was back in the family room watching TV and reading the local newspaper. His Lazy Boy was tilted back with the footrest up. This time he was wearing just a ragged pair of old college gym shorts. They were faded and full of holes and my mom had threatened numerous times to throw them out every time he wore them; but for whatever reason they were his favorites.

My mom had left to go shopping about ten minutes earlier and knowing her, I figured she wouldn't be back for at least a few hours.

As soon as my mom had left I changed into a thin white cotton T-shirt. It was even shorter than even the version I normally wore which essentially left me walking around totally bottomless. Of course I was wearing nothing underneath so my trimmed pussy was on full display. Not only was the T-shirt way too short, it was also a few sizes too small such that it was stretched so tight it might as well have been painted on. Even my small boobs looked bigger than usual as they stretched out the material even further and my nipples were clearly outlined through the thin cotton cloth.

God! I was SO nervous yet at the same time unbelievably horny! My pussy throbbed as I took a deep breath and slowly walked down the stairs to the basement family room.

"Hey daddy! How are you feeling tonight?"

"Great Kelly," he replied automatically, not even looking up from the newspaper he was reading. Then he glanced up and I saw him do a double take as he saw what I was wearing.

"Damn Kelly, hate to be the one to tell you this but I think you outgrew that T-shirt a couple of years ago!"

I gave him my sweetest little girl innocent look and pretended to pout

"Why, is there something wrong with it daddy? I can go change if you want me to."

It was all I could do to keep a straight face at how fast my dad shook his head.

"On no - don't bother. It's OK I guess."

He tried to laugh to make it appear he didn't care but at the same time I noticed he was looking at me in a way I hadn't quite seen before. If there is one thing every girl learns early, it's how to interpret the way a guy looks at you. Rather than the usual "daddy look" (how else can I describe it?), it was more the way the boys look at me when they're horny and want nothing more than to fuck the daylights out of me.

Whenever I was with my boyfriends I always got a thrill when I saw "the look" because I knew it meant I was going to be fucked before the night was over - if I let him. Still, I have to admit that it seemed a bit strange to have my own father look at me that way but yet I hoped that the outcome would be the same! I found myself getting turned on more by the minute which encouraged me to continue on with my plan.

Instead of going directly to his lap as I'd done the week before, I curled up on the family room couch which was on the opposite side of the room from his recliner and closer to the TV. I couldn't really see him while in this position but I knew he could see me clearly. My T-shirt rode half-way up my stomach as I tucked my legs under me which meant he was getting a great view of my bare ass!

We both watched TV for a while, neither of us saying anything and just pretending it was another typical evening. Now and then I would reposition myself as if to make myself more comfortable. Of course, each time I made sure he got a better view of my ass and what was becoming a wetter and wetter pussy.

I could feel my pussy beginning to throb as I thought of my own father watching me, looking at me and hopefully wanting me, maybe even lusting for me. It wasn't like my dad had never seen my pussy before yet somehow there seemed to be a huge difference between he SEEING my pussy and LOOKING at it as he was now

In the past when we were nude together it was just part of the situation - usually in the tub or bathroom. There wasn't anything sexual intended at those times unlike the current situation. It was one thing to discuss it but I was fast learning firsthand what it meant to be erotic. Well, if intent was a factor in creating a sexual situation then I was certainly guilty!

My dad turned to one of the adult cable channels. There was a soft porn movie playing and although I'd never been a big porn fan I knew he enjoyed them and so I tolerated them. The really hard core ones turned me totally off so he usually didn't watch them when I was around, although there have been a few that were actually quite instructional!

As we watched I laid on my back and spread my legs wide apart as I started masturbating. God I was already so wet! I heard my dad's chair rustle behind me and I had a good idea why without having to look back! In the past I would've thought it was the movie that was turning him on but now I wondered what was turning him on more - the movie or me? Well, there was only one way to find out for sure...

I stopped playing with myself and stood up, licking my pussy juices from my fingers. That in itself wasn't so odd but the way I looked at him while I did it was certainly new. I looked back and indeed, my dad's rock-hard cock was sticking out from his shorts. He was stroking it with his hand and for a few minutes I just stood there watching him as he masturbated. The only difference was this time I knew it t was more than just my dad getting himself off. Plus, this time I stood there wondering what it tasted like and how it would feel inside of me!

Goose bumps rose up all over me as I was within an arm's length of my dad's erect cock and for the first time in my life I looked at it in much the way I looked at other men's cocks - as a sexual organ I craved rather than just my dad's penis. I almost leaned over to move his hand out of the way and substitute my own but I needed one final confirmation. Despite everything I still needed him to make a move towards me that meant he wanted me and wasn't just playing around with me.

"Hey dad, I'm going up to my room. I need to take care of something," I said with a sly grin.

"Oh? Anything you need help with?" he quickly responded - maybe a little TOO quickly.

At any other day or time I would have thought he was asking about homework or such but now I wondered if he meant something else - something more personal perhaps? The look in his eyes suggested it wasn't homework he was interested in and I noticed his cock was harder than ever.

"Maybe, it's up to you," I responded cryptically. It could be read in a number of ways. Which way would he respond?

It was indeed now up to him. What more could I do to signal my intentions and desires without writing it out on a sign and walking around him like a girl between boxing rounds? If nothing happened now it would be disappointing but at least I would finally know one way or the other how he really felt about me.

I slowly walked out of the room without pulling the t-shirt down so it was up around my midriff, leaving my entire bare ass exposed for him to watch. I could practically feel his eyes staring at it as I left. My heart was pounding.

What would happen next?

# 5. First Time Sex With My Dad

Maybe I was reading him totally wrong, but I'd fucked enough boys in the past couple of years or so and seen the look in their eyes that told me what they wanted. Now I'd seen that same look in my dad's eyes for the first time. As I left the room I had a feeling in my gut (or was it really in my pussy?) that my dreams of smutting myself to my father, of having him demonstrate his love for me by fucking me like he fucked my mother, were about to come true!

Once out of sight all vestiges of my nonchalant attitude disappeared as I flew up the stairs to the second floor where back in my bedroom I quickly peeled off my T-shirt and flopped back on my bed against the pillows.

Facing the open door, totally naked with my legs spread wide, I closed my eyes and started to play with myself. God I needed that so bad! Yet as good as it felt to touch myself, all I could think about was whether or not was I finally going to feel my dad's dick between my legs instead of my fingers.

After a few minutes I glanced briefly at the open door only to see nothing but the bathroom door on the opposite side of the hallway. My heart sank as my hopes crashed. My worst fears were being realized. Oh my god, he wasn't going to come to me! What an idiot I was to think my father would really want me in that way.

Despite my panic, I was still SOOOOO horny that I couldn't hardly stand it! I closed my eyes tightly shut and grabbed my pussy with both hands. Damn, I had been SO sure that I was going to be fucked by my dad and it was hard to imagine that all I would be doing was just masturbating now.

Then I heard a squeak of the floor boards and I opened my eyes just enough to see my dad standing there, outlined in the doorway. He must have sneaked up the stairs and my heart leaped to my throat as I saw he was stroking a huge hard-on as his cock was stuck out of the opening in his shorts. He just stood there watching me playing, stroking his cock like he did when he watched women masturbating in one of his nasty porn movies. Our eyes met and somehow we each knew that this was the moment of truth. My hand froze on my pussy as I held my breath, waiting to see what he would do next.

Suddenly he stopped stroking himself and turned away as if to leave. "Damn Kelly, I'm so sorry. I really shouldn't be here now.... not like this. Please don't tell your mother what just happened."

"No daddy, please stay," I pleaded, "I don't want you to go."

I couldn't let this opportunity slip through my fingers now. I KNEW he wanted me. I wanted to open the window and scream out to the world that MY DAD WANTS TO FUCK ME! I reached my arms out to him and said, "Oh daddy... you MUST realize by now what I want."

My daddy turned again and this time came into the room and stood by the side of my bed as he looked down at the me. I was thrilled to see that his cock was still sticking up and out of his shorts, looking as rigid and lovely as I'd ever seen it.

I drew a deep breath and whispered, "You know daddy, I've been dreaming of this ever since I watched you and mom in the hot tub."

He just nodded and smiled and then moved even closer to me. "Yeah, we figured you must have seen us from the way you were so flushed afterwards. Is that why you've been acting the way you have lately? You know, I have to admit, I've been incredibly turned on by your teasing lately."

He looked at me with narrowed eyes, as if he was really concentrating. He took a long breath, held it and then let it out slowly/

"Tell me Kelly... are you SURE you really want to do this?"

"Oh god yes daddy."

"Tell me what you want then... I need you tell me what you REALLY want, deep down inside."

My eyes opened wide and my heart was racing. This was it, this was my chance to tell my dad once and for all how much I wanted to give myself to him. I'd prepared an entire speech for just this very moment which I'd practiced over and over for the past week. Suddenly, my mind went blank and all I could feel was there ache in my pussy and the pounding of my heart. What I finally said was totally unscripted and came from my heart.

"Oh daddy. I want to give myself to you... I want you to take me... Oh daddy I love you so very much and I want you to do whatever you want with me! I want so bad to be a good daughter for you... I just want to make you happy."

"And what do you want me to do to you when I take you?"

I thought I was going to explode with frustration. He HAD to know that I wanted him to fuck me badly and yet he was being so damn cautious! My dad may be a lot of things, but stupid isn't one of them. Surely he must realize what I wanted to do for him so why was he making me tell him over and over, and in such detail? Why didn't he just fuck me and get it over with?

I gave him the most lustful look I knew how when I replied, "Oh yes daddy, YES! Come in me now. Push yourself into my pussy. I want soooooo bad to see and feel my daddy's hard cock in me. Fuck me daddy... fuck me."

He STILL hesitated! Looking back, who could blame him? This wasn't something that he could ever take back, something that he could ever undo or pretend had never happened. This wasn't just sex, it was incest. It was almost like losing my virginity all over again - a once in a lifetime thing.

"Come on daddy!... Don't up want you to feel your daughter's little wet pussy squeeze you?"

I let my words sink in a bit and then slowly and softly I whispered to him in a deliberate tone. Maybe he needed me to be more of a slut and less of a daughter, more of someone to fuck and not someone he had held in his arms since she was born.

"Do it to me... fuck me... I want to feel you inside of me!"

"Oh yea baby, keep telling me what you want."

"Shove your hard cock in me, fuck me hard daddy, fuck me like you've always wanted to."

That seemed to find the right spot as I appealed to the pent-up lust that had been building in him all these years. I knew for certain now, without a trace of doubt, that my father wanted to fuck me. My heart raced as I realized that all these years it wasn't the porn movies or movie stars that had been turning him on, it was ME. It made me feel so proud, so wonderful, so sexy, and yes, so... loved!

I lifted my hips up against him as if I was trying to force him into me. He didn't hesitate any further and with a grunt he pushed his cock into me. My god! At first I thought he was going to split me in two he was so big! I watched in fascination as my dad's cock slowly disappeared, inch by inch moving inside of me for the very first time.

While I watched him entering me I could feel him at the same time, feel him filling my cunt with his dick. I focused completely on his dick entering me, trying to sear it into my memory for all time. I never wanted to forget this moment, as I watched and felt my own father's cock inside of me.

"Deeper daddy... put it all the way in me. Give it all to me."

Finally he was completely in me, buried to the hilt with his hairy crotch pressed tight against me and his cock completely out of sight. He held it still at first and I could feel him throbbing deep inside of me. I almost couldn't believe it, this had to

OH MY GOD! My dad wanted to cum in me! I wanted his cum in me. No, it was more like I NEEDED his cum in me, needed him to burst in me like a hot flood being released from a broken dam. This was the moment that would show me just how much he REALLY wanted me, how much he REALLY loved me. Hearing him tell me he wanted to mate with me was the last straw as a tremendous orgasm swept through me like the blast from an atom bomb.

God, I thought I had cum hard before but it was nothing compared to this. I had never dreamed I could cum this hard! I lost track of everything, where I was and what the time was. It was like being on another planet, if not another universe. I felt like I was floating, my body felt weightless composed of nothing but wave after wave of the most intense pleasure I could ever have imagined. My pussy clamped down on his cock like a vise, trying to hold onto him and never letting him go.

"Oh God, fuck me daddy!!" I cried out as I felt his cock responding to the tight grip of my pussy.

"FUCK ME!" I screamed out to him, wanting so bad for him to cum in me while my orgasm was peaking.

My dad didn't disappoint me. His breathing was fast and heavy as he tried to talk to me, "OK here it is, oh lord - I'm cumming in my little girl!"

His back arched and his head pulled backwards as a loud groan escaped from him. He thrust himself into deeper into me with each load of his cum. It seemed he would never stop as load after load exploded from him, his incestuous sperm emerging from his cock and shooting deep into his daughter's welcoming pussy for the first time.

As he kept stroking his cum began to leak from my pussy and I could feel it dripping down my ass onto the bed sheets. My orgasm, which had just started to wane, picked up in full force again as my cunt clamped down on his cock, literally squeezing the cum from him. A final moan and he just held himself completely inside of me, trying to catch his breath.

"Oh my God I never dreamed fucking my daughter would be feel so good! How do you feel baby? How did it feel to have your daddy fuck you?"

At first I didn't know if I could even speak but the words burst from me like a flood.

"Oh daddy, I loved it. I'm so happy that you fucked me. Ohhhhhhhhh, you feel so hot inside me now! Please stay in me for a while! I love the feeling, being one with you, joined with you, feeling a part of your body inside of mine. Oh daddy I love you so much."

It was like I couldn't stop talking now, like I had to keep telling him over and over how much I loved what he had done. It was all true, my dad WAS joined with me. Father and daughter were one for the very first time, joined in the most intimate way possible, coupled in way very few fathers ever get to experience with their daughters. My father's cum was in me, a part of him left behind as sign of his love for me.

After he'd cum and his sexual tensions had been released, his mind, clouded with a sexual lust he'd never experienced before, began clear. As it did, my dad seemed to realize just what he had just done to his little girl, how he had violated his own daughter's sexuality in a way that could never be undone. It's not like I was so innocent and hadn't had sex before; but he knew that as my father, fucking me was much more serious than fucking almost anyone else and that the responsibility was his. We both knew it and I was glad when he spoke again, glad to see he didn't regret it or felt bad about doing it.

"Oh my God, I can't believe this. I just fucked my own daughter," he sighed.

But just as quickly a hint of the old lust was restored and he grinned at me saying, "But dammit, it was incredible. God you're an incredible fuck."

He started to pull out of pussy but I pressed up against him, trying my best to keep him in me. The way I felt at that moment, he could have stayed in me forever! I looked at him and kissed him. Not a "family" kiss but the passionate kind that he would get from a lover. My tongue slipped into his mouth and he responded in kind. For the first time we kissed as a father and daughter who had shared their most intimate feelings and bodies. Our nude bodies pressed against each other and his cock throbbed with his pulse inside of me.

"Oh Daddy, I wanted this just as much as you did. From now on I want you to take me anytime you want. Fuck me whenever you want - every day or even more if you need it. I love you daddy, doesn't what we just did prove that to you?"

My father looked at me and smiled. "You don't have to do anything to prove your love for me Kelly - don't ever think that. I love you no matter what. It's just so incredible to be able to express ourselves in this way. Mmmmmmm, now why don't you just lay back and relax while you feel me inside of you."

I did just that and for the next few minutes felt as satisfied and secure as I had ever felt in my life. After all, here I was in bed with my father's cock nestled inside of me, his sperm draining from my pussy as the aftershocks of my orgasm slowly died down.

Eventually, of course, he had to slip out of me and my pussy felt so empty at first without him. It was like suddenly a part of me was missing and I wanted nothing more at that moment than to have it back inside of me. I remained in my bed as my father went back to bathroom and then down to the family room. As I drifted off to sleep I dreamed of how it felt those first few moments when he first came inside of me. It was so hard to understand. I'd had plenty of boys ejaculate when their dick was in me but this had been different.

My last thoughts were that there was one thing I was sure of and that was my life had just changed forever. It would never be the same again with my dad – and I was .happy about it. My daddy had shown me his love and I couldn't wait for him to do it again... and again... and again!

scale. This wasn't just another round of sex, this was my FATHER fucking me, showing me his love for me as his daughter in a special way.

The only part that sometimes bothered me was the thought that we were doing it behind my Mom's back. I'd never kept anything of any consequence secret from her before and what could any bigger than me fucking her husband? It wasn't that I thought she would mind, but it was like when I was trying to get my dad to fuck me for the first time - I just didn't know how to tell her. I couldn't just open up a conversation with, "Hey mom, guess what? Dad just fucked me."

When I lost my virginity I knew she was probably waiting for it to happen so it was easy to tell her about it at the time. Somehow I didn't think she was standing back and waiting for me to tell her that her husband was fucking her daughter. Actually, I expected that my dad would tell her and that she would come to me and talk about it. It was a bit of a surprise to me that he didn't tell her, which just made me all the more tentative. If he wasn't telling her, then maybe that was a good reason for me not to tell her as well.

## 2. Mom Confronts Me

Have you ever tried to keep a secret from your mother? I mean a really secret type of secret, one that meant something big to you. It's a silly question but I'm sure your results were no different than mine was in this situation. It wasn't long after my dad and I had established our new relationship that I started getting this funny feeling that my mom was more than just a little bit suspicious. I suppose it didn't help that my dad was getting a monstrous erection every time I walked anywhere near him - even more than her had been before. Finally one day my mom called me into her room as I passed by.

"Hey Kelly, have a seat on the bed next to me." She put her arm around me and gave me a warm hug. "So tell me girl, how's the ol' sex life been lately?"

The question didn't surprise me the way I imagine it would most girls. As I said before, my mom and I discuss everything - and I mean everything. I tell her about all of my dates and what happens, including the "naughty" parts I doubt most girls would feel comfortable telling their mothers. But my mom has always been cool about it. She listens intently to me and if anything even pushes me for more intimate details. Sometimes she would flush a bit but it I knew it wasn't from being embarrassed - it was obvious that my horny mother was getting stimulated listening to her daughter's latest sexual exploits. It was OK with me, actually a bit amusing as I assumed she was somehow reliving her youth through me.

"Well, it's been pretty good until recently," I replied. "You know I just broke up with Greg after that stupid party where he got all drunk so I've been pretty much on my own since then."

My mom nodded in an understanding way. "Hmmmmmm... I've been so worried about you ever since the two of you got into that silly argument. Don't forget that I was your age once and you've got your mother's genes so I know how much you need sex."

She laughed a bit at that and it helped to takes some of the edge off the seriousness of the conversation. Then she continued with, "Sheesh, from what you were telling me it seemed that Greg must've been doing you almost every day!"

I started to say something but she cut me off before I could get anything out. "Kelly, since you're not getting the real thing, don't forget that you can always use my toys. I know you don't like them all that much but I just wanted to remind you in case you wanted to use them until you find another guy."

Despite myself I couldn't help but roll my eyes a bit. For goodness sake it wasn't like I couldn't get laid anytime I wanted it if I really wanted it badly enough. There were plenty of boys at school more than willing to help me out so it was just a matter of being selective.

Rather than bragging about my options I frowned just a bit responding with, "No thanks mom, I just can't seem to get myself off with them as well as I can by myself. Don't worry, I won't go off and do anything stupid."

Then mom then took a deep breath, took my hand and looked me straight in the eye. From out of the blue she asked, "Kelly, I want you to tell me the truth. Have you and your dad been having sex?"

Needless to say I was caught totally off guard at her abrupt change in conversation so I imagine the shocked look on my face was more than enough confirmation for her. How had she been feeling knowing suspecting that her husband he was doing it with her own daughter? I sat there with my mouth hanging open like a fish out of water, totally unsure of as to how to respond.

"OK, then let me ask it more in your terms... Kelly, is your dad fucking you? Is my husband having sex my daughter?"

Despite how it might seem, there was something in her voice that reassured me. She wasn't being threatening or accusing, more like curiosity. It was as if she already knew the answer but she wanted to hear me say it. It didn't hurt when she grinned and hugged me again.

"Ahhhhhh, don't look so shocked," she said nodding her head knowingly. "So how long have the two of you had been doing it? How often does he fuck you? Every day or what? Tell me how you got started... Who started it?"

So many questions, she seemed ready to burst with curiosity. Taking a deep breath I tried to explain to her how I'd watched them making love in the hot tub and how deeply it affected me at the time. Then I described how I tried to seduce him in the weeks afterwards by wearing skimpy clothes, flashing him, and making lots of sexual remarks, all the while trying to see if he had any sexual interest in me.

Finally I told her about the night I teased him by lying on the couch in my t-shirt, giving him a sexy view of my bare ass after which I went to my bedroom and masturbated, waiting to see if he would take the bait. Long story made short, he did and that night my father fucked me for the very first time.

My mom listened without saying a word the whole time, muttering an "Mmmmmmm" now and then and licking her lips when it got hot. When I finished describing our first time together she couldn't hold back any further and interrupted my narrative.

"Oh my god Kelly! That's so incredible! So tell me, how often does he do you now?"

For whatever reason it was making me extremely horny to realize that my mother was getting so turned on by what she was hearing. While I'd assumed she wouldn't be totally opposed to it, I never would've guessed that she would WANT my dad to fuck me. I really wasn't sure where to go with this. Was she REALLY turned on by this or was she just pumping me for more information? She seemed genuinely interested so I felt I had to take her at her word. We'd never discussed incest in the past, not even as a general topic let alone anything more personal. For some reason she always changed the subject whenever I mentioned it.

Well, I was in too deep to back out now so I decided to go for it... "Well mom, I hope this doesn't upset you, but he fucks me almost every day. There have been a few days when he even did me twice! I guess you could say we do it about any time we're alone together."

Mom just gave me that all-knowing smile again and asked, "Haven't you feel strange, or even a bit guilty, doing it behind my back?"

hadn't planned on telling you until next week so this should be fun! He still thinks you don't know anything about what's really been going on."

With that she left me sitting in my bed, pondering all she had just told me. Somehow I knew that there was more that she hadn't told me. My goodness, how I could I have been so naive and blind all these years?

Then I laid back and started to masturbate…

## 4. Fucked by My Dad

Later that night my dad and I were in the family room watching TV when mom called down the stairs saying she needed to do some shopping and would be gone for a few hours. It was all I could do to keep a straight face as I realized what her true intentions were. As I'd come to expect, no sooner was she out the door than my dad moved over to the couch, taking a seat next to me. His hand pressed between my legs, seeking out my pussy as he fondled and groped me.

"C'mon baby, don't you want your daddy to fill up that empty little pussy of yours?" he teased me with a naughty grin.

His words made me shiver with anticipation as I looked him in the eye and saw the sexual desire and lust that was there whenever he was horny for me. A big grin came to my face as I licked my lips in anticipation. This time, though, it was not just about the great fucking I knew I was about to get that was making me horny. I was thinking further ahead and wondered how it would happen. In the meantime, it was time to please my father and I knew exactly how to turn him on!

"Mmmmmmm, yes daddy... fuck me!"

Those words never failed to get a rise out of him (literally) although I don't think that this time he needed any help judging from the erection he already was sporting. Without another word, he gathered me up in his arms and carried me off to their bed where he literally dumped me on the bed and then stood back from the edge as he quickly undressed.

Following his lead, I stripped off the loose t-shirt I'd been wearing and scooted over on my side to the edge of the bed where I waited impatiently for him to finish. As his pants and underwear came down I licked my lips in anticipation as his hard cock was freed and stood up and away from his handsome body. It made me tingle as I realized he was that way because of me.

pushed its way inside of me and then started to stroke in and out of me like he was fucking me with it.

"Damn you're wet!" he chuckled, "I take it that somebody horny for her dad to fuck her, am I right?"

Holding onto his cock, I let my mouth slip off just long enough to respond saying, "Oh yeah, anything you want Daddy - anything."

"Move over," he commanded as he pushed me back onto the bed.

My dad got in bed himself and laid on his back, his wet cock glistening in the soft light and standing up straight as a missile ready for lift-off. He motioned for me to get on top and I knew what he wanted. I straddled his chest and leaned back over his crotch, taking his cock back in my mouth once again. I liked to take him in my mouth from this direction as the curvature of his dick helped it to go down my throat more easily.

In the meantime, I lowered my ass over his face where I felt his hand spreading me apart and his tongue started to lick my pussy. I almost jumped off him when it reached my clit - damn it was sensitive! At first he just flicked his tongue over it but then he pressed harder with the flat of his tongue along the length of my pussy slit.

I wanted to scream, it felt so good, but I had my own duties as I sucked his cock relentlessly. When I took it all in my face as pressing down on his crotch, his thick pubic hair covering my face. I loved the smell of his crotch, a mixture of seat and sexual musk. My breasts rubbed against his stomach as I worked on his thick cock. The hair on his body tickled the nipples on my boobs if I rubbed them just right as I slowly rocked back and forth.

Oh my god, I could feel it in me, that insane feeling I always get when my orgasm is almost there but not quite. It's like dangling a carrot before a horse, or a meal before a starving man. I closed my eyes and concentrated on my dad's mouth that was pressed against my crotch. So close... yet not there!

I held my mouth still on his cock as I practically willed myself to cum. Then his tongue hit just the right spot and suddenly it was like my pussy literally exploded in a wave of the purest pleasure a woman can experience. Soon my entire body was shivering like I was naked outside in winter and then just as fast I felt like I was burning up, like someone poured gasoline on me and lit the match.

Yes, I was burning up but it was a fire fueled by lust and pleasure as my dad sensed what was happening to me and his tongue moved even faster over my pussy and clit. I could feel the wetness of my orgasm gushing out of me. The thought of it pouring over his face and into his mouth made me tingle. It was so all intense that I couldn't breathe and so I had to let his dick flop from my mouth as I gasped for air like a fish out of water.

"Don't stop!" I begged him, practically sobbing as I sat on his face, pushing my pussy even tighter against his mouth where his incredible tongue was driving me insane!

"Oh god, I'm cumming so hard," I was finally able to cry out as my voice seemed to be overwhelmed by the need to moan as loudly as I could.

Indeed, I wanted nothing more than to feel the throbbing of my pussy as it sent wave after wave of the most wonderful sensations imaginable through me from my toes to the longest hair on my head. I wanted my dad to hear me, to know how good he was making me feel.

Finally I collapsed on him, my entire weight bearing down on his body as my arms and legs simply failed to support me. As I laid there, my face up against his throbbing cock that looked so big when I was this close to it. As my orgasm began to slowly recede, my aching pussy began to get that feeling it gets when it needs something in it, a need that can only be properly satisfied by a man's cock. In this case I was looking at the cock it wanted - my dad's!

I twisted around until my position on my dad was reversed and I was lying face to face on him. I felt his cock rubbing up against my stomach as I moved upward to kiss him. As our tongues met I could taste my pussy on his mouth and imagined how it must have been when I came all over his face. While we kissed I ground my pussy up and down against his rigid cock, feeling the hardness of it against my clit. Feeling how stiff he was, I could only imagine the desires in him. God, my dad must want to fuck me SO bad right now!

"You want it in you, don't you," my dad said with a smirk on his face. He wanted it just as bad as I did but yet he was making it as if I was the one needed it.

"Mmmmmmm, you know I do daddy!" I whispered hoarsely back to him.

"Beg me to fuck you," he said in a demanding tone, "Tell me what you want me to do to you."

Like most guys, I learned quickly once I started having sex with my dad that he seemed to like it even more when I asked him to do me. It wasn't like he didn't already know. My dad knew full well that he could have me anytime he wanted and do anything he desired, I'd made THAT clear to him from the start.

Once his dick head had pushed its way in, the rest of his hard shaft slid easily in behind it. As his cock moved inside of me, the shaft rubbed against the walls of my pussy like a bow over the strings of a violin only instead of creating beautiful music, it stimulated the sensitive nerve endings resulting in the most incredible feelings of pleasure imaginable. I could never get enough of these sensation; a guy could fuck me all day and I still can't imagine being satisfied completely.

Looking back at my father and realizing that it was HIS cock that I could feel deep inside of me just made it all the more wonderful. From the look on his face and the groans as I lowered myself onto his dick, he was enjoying it just as much!

"Jesus Christ, that feels so good!" he gasped, "You're so fucking tight!"

Suddenly I stopped rocking on his cock and just sat still with his hard cock pulsing and throbbing deep inside of me. He looked at me and asked, "Hey baby, something wrong?"

I squirmed a little bit around his cock before I answered. "Daddy, is it wrong for us to do this behind mom's back?"

"Don't worry Kelly, I've been keeping your mom satisfied. I'm sure she has no idea."

## 5. Mom Joins In

I couldn't hold back any longer. I started to giggle which was the signal for my mom to enter the room from the hallway where she'd been watching us the whole time! My heart almost burst as I looked at her beautiful body, nude and looked positively gorgeous.

My mom walked slowly over to the bed where I was sitting on top of my dad's stiff cock. Seeing her nude lithe body at the same time I had her husband's hard cock buried in my horny pussy was almost enough to bring me to another orgasm right then and there!

Mom looked at my dad and grinned. "Well John, looks like you're enjoying fucking our daughter. Don't you think it's time for me to get involved?"

My dad had such a look of surprise on his face it was priceless! Of course he knew that she knew about everything so he wasn't embarrassed about the situation and he made no effort to do anything about fucking me in front of his wife. Instead, he seemed to be just surprised by my mom's unexpected appearance more than anything else. Then I remembered that my mom had said they were going to wait another week before letting me know she knew.

My mom grinned at my dad and took his hand as she continued saying, "Sorry to surprise you dear, but I just couldn't any longer!"

My dad looked up at me, his cock still as hard as ever inside of me. Then his expression changed from one of surprise back to the lust that turned me on so much to see. He reached out and grabbed my mom's bare ass, pulling her closer.

"Well honey, if you really want her so bad, then what are you waiting for?"

My mind was racing the entire time they were talking to each other. Somehow I had the feeling my parents had set this whole thing up. How far did their plan go? Was it just this or was everything back to the hot tub scene all some sort of plan on their part? Whatever it was, I guess it didn't really matter. The end results were fine with me and I wondered what my mom would do next.

Well, my mom didn't hesitate to get involved, that's for sure! She quickly jumped in bed and straddled my dad's face, lowering her hairy pussy down to his waiting mouth and facing me as I started to rock on my dad's erect cock buried deep inside of me.

As my dad licked her pussy she kissed me and ran her hands all over my sweating body. I loved the feel of her touching me, especially as she lingered over my boobs, touching my nipples lightly and sending tingles up my spine. She also started to moan softly as my dad's talented tongue worked on her – I knew from my own recent experience just how good he was!

Then I saw my mom looking down at my crotch, staring at her husband's cock in my pussy. I realized that this must be a special time for her, the first time she'd seen her husband's dick inside of her daughter's pussy. As a mother, how did this make her feel? It's not like she had never seen him having sex with another girl but it was one thing to see him fuck her sister, while I was their only daughter.

"Oh Kelly, I've always dreamed of this... I've always wanted to see my daughter's pussy filled with her father's cock deep inside," she whispered in a husky voice. "I can't believe I'm finally seeing it for real."

I smiled at her, "Oh mom, it makes me feel so much better to have you here with us."

"I love you Kelly," she whispered, and then suddenly gasped as my dad must have hit an extra sensitive spot on her pussy, "Oh God John, that's it, right there!"

"He's a good pussy licker, isn't he?" I said with a big grin on my face.

kept the door closed but the walls were thin enough to let me hear most of what was going on. If anything, seeing my mom cumming on my dad's face just revived my orgasm, which had been starting to drop from its peak, and I was cumming hard again!

How my dad kept from letting loose during all this was beyond me. To have his wife and daughter both on top of him, his wife's pussy on his face and his cock nestled in his daughter's pussy must have been incredibly hot for him. I felt so good inside, knowing how good I was making my dad feel. This was what I really wanted more than anything - to please him and do whatever he wanted for him!

My mom's orgasm was waning and she moved off his face and laid on the bed next to my dad. She kept touching herself though and I knew how she must be feeling, wanting to keep her pussy going.

"Fuck her John," she whispered to him, "Show me how you fuck our daughter!"

My dad grinned and reached out for my hips. He lifted me up and I followed his lead and moved off of his cock. His head pulled through my pussy hole and then suddenly my pussy was empty and suddenly I felt like crying at the emptiness. It wasn't to stay that way for long, though, as my dad flipped me over on my back and spread my legs apart. With one last look at his wife, he lowered himself over me and without even using his hands, pushed his cock up against my pussy. It was too high at first and so he let it slide down my pussy slit until it was just in the right place and then he pushed it quickly back inside of me.

I was so wet and already a bit stretched out from having in me just a few seconds before that he easily slid all the way into me. He held himself up and off of me with his arms as his hips swung in and out to drive his dick in and out of my hungry cunt.

"That's it John," my mom called to him as she masturbated while she watched, "fuck her... fuck the little slut."

I think that was the first time my mom had ever called me a slut. My dad, on the other hand, used it all the time and his favorite pet name for me was "my little slut". With my dad, I loved to hear him call me that because it made me feel good for him to treat me sexy. When my mom called me that, though, I realized she meant it - she thought I was really a slut! Cool!

My dad leaned back and lifted my legs up and over his shoulders. He twisted me around enough so my mom had an open view of my ass and his cock as it fucked my pussy. I could tell from the way his cock was swelling even more in me and from his hips thrusting upward faster and faster, driving himself even deeper into me, that dad was really getting turned on and was going to cum at any moment.

"Quick mom! He's going to cum - mouth or pussy?"

It was a rather surreal thing to ask your mother, THAT was for sure, but it made me feel so slutty and sexy to ask her that. My mom thought for just a moment, obviously distracted by her hand on her pussy as she watched us. "Swallow his cum girl. Show me what you can do."

My dad took the hint and after a few more strokes to get himself at the edge he slipped his cock out of me and immediately moved up and kneeled beside my head, holding his took his rigid wet cock just above my mouth. I opened wide and he pushed it into my mouth, letting me taste the wetness and flavor of my pussy all over it!

He pulled it back out and started to stroke his dick, holding it just an inch or so above my waiting mouth. He had never done it this way before but rather would let me suck on him until he came. Then I realized what he was doing - putting on a show for my mom. He must have wanted her to see him spray his cum into my mouth so she could see me actually taking his cum. Now I really felt like a slut, or some whore in one of his porn films! Well, so long as I was my daddy's whore, that was fine with me.

It didn't take much before he tensed up and began to shoot his cum into my mouth. My mom could see that he was cumming and encouraged me.

"That's it Kelly, keep it all in your mouth. Take your daddy's cum for me!"

The first couple of shots hit my mouth on target, covering my tongue with sperm. He must have been having a hard time keeping his aim once he started cumming, though, as the next couple missed and landed on my cheek and chin. After that he let me suck on him as the remaining few loads discharged directly into my mouth.

I looked over at my mom as I kept my lips sealed tight around his jerking cock, feeling the final few loads of his hot cum I my mouth. He kept cumming though and I couldn't believe how much cum he had! Finally he was done and laid there with a big grin on my face and a mouthful of his cum, some of which was now dripping from the corners of my mouth to join that which he had hit my face with.

My mom stopped playing with herself and rolled over to kiss me. When our mouths were joined I spit his cum into her waiting mouth. My dad was totally mesmerized by the sight of his wife and daughter trading his cum between them.

focus and it was like I going blind. I couldn't worry about it, I was too overwhelmed with everything else happening to me. My pussy usually gushes when I cum hard but this time it was like I was releasing a flood.

For a moment I thought I was going to the bathroom but then I saw it was my cum that was all over my mom's face and hair. Just when I thought she was going to have mercy on me, she thrust two fingers up inside of my pussy and I was off to the races again as her mouth gripped my clit between her lips.

How long this went on, I have no idea. I honestly didn't think I could go on any more and I just laid there motionless, my mom's tongue still flickering over my pussy slowly but deliberately. Sensing my total surrender, my mom lifted her head up and moved along side of me, holding me in her arms.

"I love you Kelly," she said softly in my ear.

At that moment, I was sure she did! It took a few minute for my breathing to slow and my entire body felt like I had just finished a complete workout by some sadistic trainer. I could have laid there the rest of the day, just feeling the aftermath of this incredible orgasm. My mom, though, had other ambitions.

"Your turn dear," she said with a grin, "One good orgasm deserves another you know."

God, she wanted me to move? Somehow I managed to get up and as I did, I looked down at my mom. My exhaustion disappeared as I took in her beautiful body. My only hope was that I had inherited the genes that made this woman look like someone at least ten years younger than her. Her large breast weren't as firm as they were when she was a teenager, but they still held their own and her nipples were several times the size of mine. Her stomach was as flat as mine, thanks to endless workouts at the gym, and her legs would have been good enough to be on the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader squad.

Then there was her pussy. She had never shaved it in her life although she trimmed it as needed for her bikinis. It was dark dense thatch of curly black pubic hair and it looked incredible sexy. I realized then that that was where my face was going to be in just a few moments and my pussy throbbed at the thought of it.

"Show your dad what you can do to your mom," she encouraged me.

Damn! I'd never tasted another girl's pussy and here I was about to take my own mother's cunt in my face! After what she had just done to me, needless to say I was concerned that I wouldn't do it well enough but I would give it my best.

I maneuvered between her legs so my head was between her smooth firm thighs. I looked at her hairy cunt, still glistening from my dad's licking and her playing with it, open and waiting for her daughter to taste. With a deep breath, I lowered my face to her crotch, running my tongue around her. I'd never tasted another pussy other than own and she tasted so sweet with a scent that was strong and musky. Her hair tickled my nose as I licked her clit and pushed my tongue as far into her as I could. My mother loved it and so did I.

"That's it Kelly... lick your mother's cunt... Mmmmmmm, taste my pussy."

I ran my tongue around her clit which was all hard and swollen by now. Then took it in my mouth, tugging softly on it. My mom let out a load moan as her hips raised up to meet me.

"Oh my god!" she moaned, "I love that soooooo much! Look John, see our daughter sucking my clit? Damn she's good!"

Her moans kept increasing and I looked up to see my dad started to play with her boobs, sucking on her nipples one by one. She grabbed his now reviving cock with one hand and pushed my head into her tighter with the other. When she finally came her hips bucked so hard that she almost pushed me off the bed! I could only hope hers was half as intense as mine had been! She gasped and moaned.

"Don't quit, make me cum again! Oh god I want to cum again soooooo badly!"

Following her example, I inserted my fingers into her pussy and sucked on her hard clit until her orgasm caused her to cry out in pleasure. My mouth as feeling a little soar but I didn't want to quit until she was satisfied.

Finally, without a word she pulled me up to her and I laid on one side of her while my dad was on the other, both of us kissing her and fondling her. I pushed up against her until my still sensitive crotch was against her hip while I saw my dad's cock was nice and hard again, laying against her stomach. For a moment I thought about how it would feel to have him back in me again but I wasn't sure how much more I could take at one time.

## 6. An Incestual Lifestyle

Well, you could say our concept of family night was now a bit different than it had been in the past. Just teasing! Actually, it was only on rare occasions that we were a three-some as I preferred to be with one or the other. As time went on, I had sex with my dad at least 90% of the time as compared to my mom. I guess that is to

completely naked with his cock already hard, swollen with his lust for me. After I'd finished, I would usually slip on a t-shirt and head down to the kitchen to see what was for supper.

Today, instead of a meal cooking there on the kitchen table was a note from my mom saying she would be working late and that my dad and I should go out for dinner. Just then I heard the garage door opening and knew my dad was home – OMG he was early!

My heartbeat jumped and I felt a twinge between my legs so I hurried down to the basement and ducked behind the laundry closet. Stripping off my T-shirt, I hid there naked as I waited anxiously for him to come in. My nipples were rock-hard and I licked my lips in anticipation of having something warm and hard between them soon.

The basement door slowly opened and then I heard it shut as my dad come in and headed for the stairs. He walked by the laundry closet without seeing me and so I sneaked up behind him and jumped on his back putting my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. He knew instantly what was going on and started to laugh at my little surprise for him.

"Whoa! What's with you today Kelly?"

"Oh daddy, I've been dreaming all day about you coming home tonight so I wanted to greet you and let you know how much I missed you!"

I lowered myself down and he turned to look at me. His eyes focused on me, looking at me from head to toe but stopping a bit longer to take in my naked boobs and pussy.

"Damn Kelly, you really are SO fucking hot. Trust me, you have NO idea what a turn-on it is for me to see my little girl naked in front of me, just waiting for her daddy to fuck her."

I reached and grabbed his crotch through his pants. Indeed, he certainly was turned on! His cock was rock hard and ready to burst right out of his pants.

"Well daddy, if you know what I want and you like it too what are you waiting for? C'mon – daddy's little girl wants to be fucked!"

Playfully, I took his hand and pulled him towards the couch in the family room. Of course he didn't resist one bit! When we got there he sat down on the couch and I laid on my side next to him. I immediately went to work on his belt buckle and then his pants. After I unsnapped his pants and lowered the zipper, I reached in and slid my hand down under the elastic band of his Jockey underwear.

At that point I had him all in and my face was pressed against his crotch as his pubic hair tickled my cheeks and nose. After a day's work he had a strong musky odor of sweat and sex that I loved. Some girls I know won't go near a man until he's had a shower and such. Well, not this girl– I want to smell a REAL man, not some smelly bar of soap. Mmmmmmm, I love the musky odor of a sweaty male crotch. Granted I expect him to be clean, but after a day of work nothing smells as sexy as hairy crotch.

I've also learned that hairy men smell stronger than those who shave. Sometimes I just reach inside of a man's pants and run my hand through his hair and then pull my hand out and draw in the odor of him on my fingers. My mom has similar tastes as me and she always loved it when I would come home from a date and she could still smell the guy that had fucked me on my hands. Yet I wanted far more than just giving my dad a blowjob though. After all, I hadn't dreamed all day of him fucking me for nothing! I let his cock fall from my mouth and looked up at my dad.

"Fuck me now daddy," I whispered to him. "I want it soooooo bad... please fuck me."

"Oh god Kelly, I love it when you say that. Tell me again what you want... Tell daddy what you want him to do to you."

"Mmmmmmm, I want your warm hard cock inside of me daddy, deep inside my pussy. I want to feel my father cumming in me, filling my hungry pussy with his love... Oh daddy, please fuck me... please fuck me daddy... show me how much you love me."

My dad took in a deep breath and let it out. He took me and maneuvered me on top of him, straddling his bare legs. I could feel his cock pushing up against my pussy, straining to get in, wanting to be in me.

"Yes Kelly, daddy's going to fuck you... oh yeah, daddy's going to fuck his little slut right now!"

With that he raised his hips up to me and pulled me down towards him. My wet pussy easily spread apart for him and I could feel the head of his cock splitting me open, making way for the rest of him. I swiveled my hips slightly to make his cock move against the walls of my pussy, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings just inside my pussy opening which made me tingle from head to toe.

well. From the sounds of it, "taken" was the correct term as well. In my case, I like to say that I "gave" my virginity to Steve because it was a willing act that I pursued as much as he did. When you're only twelve and ten, as my mom and her sister were when my grandfather first had sex with them, it's hard to say it was consensual, at least not at first.

Another interested fact I learned regarded my father. Even though I knew my dad had dated both sisters in high school had fucked them both, it was still a little bit of a shock to learn that they'd never stopped, even when both sisters were married. Well, at least now I had a better understanding as to why my aunt's marriage had ended in a divorce so early on! It also explained some of the unexplained "drop-in" visits by my aunt - and why she always seemed to need my dad's personal help with her real estate contracts when her firm had plenty of its own lawyers.

Perhaps the most erotic thing for me to learn, though, was that my mom and aunt had been playing with each other practically from the time they started masturbating! It made me think of my cousin Kristen and me, and how we had been doing it for years since out first time in a barn loft. Still, Kristen and I had never actually touched each other in a sexual way except maybe for a quick tease or to flirt with a guy.

My Aunt Linda looks great and I'd always suspected much of her success in selling homes had less to do with marketing and more to do with her "personal touch". Imagining her and my mom together was enough to make me wet instantly and I couldn't help but wonder how it would be to be with them both together.

Actually, a few days before I'd learned a LOT more about Aunt Linda than my mom knew about. Soon after I started sex with my parents my aunt approached me. Evidently my mom had trotted off to her right away to give her the news about me and Linda wanted in on the action. I figured what the heck and went along. It was fun but I still hadn't told my mom about it and every day that went by just made it all the harder.

The guilt in me was piling up as normally I never kept any secrets from my mom. I knew somehow or another I had to tell my mom soon but the right moment just hadn't seemed to have presented itself. It wasn't like I was afraid that she would be upset that my Aunt Linda and I had sex, just that she wasn't involved!

One morning, after my dad had left for work, my mom and I were spending some quality "mother-daughter time" in her bed together. Naturally our discussion soon led to the events of the past few weeks. My mom had always been my best friend and confidante so at times like this, when my whole world seemed to be turning upside down, it was nice to be able to have someone like her to turn to. Even though I felt good about what I had been doing, it was still hard for me to bring up the subject so my mom finally broke the ice.

"So Kelly, now that you've been doing it for a few weeks, I'm curious about something. How you feel about having sex with your mom and dad?"

My eyes averted from hers briefly. Sure, I had expected her to bring it up for discussion, but not in such direct terms and certainly not right off the bat. As always, my mom read my face like a book.

"It's OK honey," she assured me, "You've always known you can tell me anything so don't be afraid to tell the truth. When I was your age and my dad was doing me, we had my mother's approval but she never joined in which made things rather awkward at times. I just was wondering how it feels having sex with BOTH of your parents?"

Yep, talk about getting right to the point! Well, that was my mom for you. I sighed softly and then recovered my composure and smiled at her.

"Oh mom, I don't even know what to say," I stalled, trying to think of how to express the feelings that had been unleashed in me the past few weeks.

How do you describe such a thing? It was like trying to explain the color red to a blind man. The only thing I had going for me was my mom DID know what it was like to be fucked by her father so it wasn't a totally new concept for her to comprehend.

By now I had been fucked by quite a few boys and sucked so many dicks it was hard to keep track of them all. Actually, that was what led me to start keeping a diary! This was different though, not just another notch on my so-capped chastity belt. No, this wasn't just yet another guy with a horny cock fucking me for our mutual pleasure - it was my dad!

As for sex with my mom, like most of my girls I knew I sometimes masturbated with my friends at sleepovers and such but I never actually had sex WITH a girl so it was definitely a new experience for me. Of course, when your first lesbian sex experience is with your mom, that makes it a bit more complicated, to say the least. My mom waited patiently for me to continue.

"Well, I think you know how much I enjoy sex," I started out as my mom smiled at what was probably my understatement of the year, "But when I felt dad inside of

We both giggled at that but it was true. Maybe it was because he was older and more experienced than the boys I'd been getting drilled by lately. Maybe it was just the emotional high I was riding whenever he fucked me. All that mattered was that my father really knew how to make a girl feel good. More than a few guys I knew from school could use some lessons from him!

"Well, it's true!" I giggled even more as we kissed again briefly, "I mean, dad just seems to know just how to do me to make me cum so hard it's almost unbelievable!"

My mom grinned and smiled at me, nodding her head in agreement, "Yeah, the horny bastard's always been pretty good in that department."

I looked back her and grinned when another question came to mind.

"How does it make you feel though, mom?" I asked softly, "I mean, what do you think when you see your husband fucking your own daughter right in front of you? Doesn't it bother you at all?"

My mom's eyes seemed to sparkle as she answered with a sly grin, "Nahhhhh, quite the opposite in fact. You have no idea how hot it is to see his cock buried in you. I mean, I got so freakin' wet the first time I saw him fuck you!! Did I tell you that when I realized he was actually cumming inside of you, well it was almost enough to make me climax right then and there!"

She paused for a moment and then grinned mischievously at me. "You know, as much as he and I talked and dreamed about him fucking you over the years, I'd always wondered if he would actually go that far. Face it, it's one thing to fuck your own daughter but god, to actually cum in her... now THAT is something entirely different, protected or not."

## 2. Sex With Mom

As she spoke I felt her hand reaching down between my smooth legs and I automatically spread them apart just enough to give her better access to my crotch. Even though I knew it was coming, I still couldn't help but jump just a little as her fingers began to explore my hot pussy, running up and down my wet pussy slit and over my sensitive clit. Even so, I didn't say a word as she continued.

"As much as I love seeing him enjoying you, don't forget that he's not the only one getting a rush from licking a teenage pussy. After all, it's been a long time since my sister was your age," she said softly in my ear as I jumped again when her finger

could watch as she looked up at me briefly and smiled sweetly. Then she lowered her face to my pussy and her tongue slipped over my clit and I wanted to scream out as my hips reacted by thrusting upward against her face.

The next few minutes, I really have no idea how long it lasted, were incredible as her tongue and lips worked their way around my pussy. It was as if she could read my mind and knew exactly what I wanted at every moment - when to go fast, when to go slow, when to lick hard on me and when to just tease me.

"Oh my god mom," I moaned even louder this time, "Don't stop... make me cum mom. Oh fuck, PLEASE make me cum."

She didn't say anything, nor did I really want her to. All I wanted was for her to keep licking and kissing my pussy the way she was, never stopping, never pausing. As much as I loved to masturbate, it was nothing compared to what my mom was doing to me now and definitely another level over what any man had even dreamed of making me feel.

"Oh yeah, that's it!" I gasped.

My hands pressed her head tight against my pussy as my orgasm struck like a hurricane making landfall. Every pore of my body seemed to explode as it was like I was on fire but with the heat of pleasure, not pain.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out, lifting my hips up against her, trying to ram her face even tighter into my exploding pussy as I felt myself gushing pussy cum, almost like I was peeing.

I tried to open my eyes, to watch my mom as she drove me even higher, but it was impossible as my vision narrowed and it was like I was about to pass out. It got to the point where I couldn't even respond and I just collapsed on the bed, my arms and hands limp at my sides as I just let the waves of my orgasmic pleasure roll over me, washing over me.

It seemed like my orgasm was never going to end and frankly, I didn't want it to, but all good things eventually do and unfortunately this time was no different. I was gasping for air as I tried to catch my breath and finally I was able to focus on the wonderful person between my legs, my incredible, amazing mother.

"Oh mom...," was all I could get out. There was so much I wanted to say to her, so much I wanted to tell her but my voice failed me.

My mom lifted her head from my cunt and slipped her wet fingers from my pussy. I didn't move a muscle, not sure they would respond even if I tried. My mom moved back along side of me and cuddled up close. Her face was over me and I could smell my sex on her wet cheeks. As we kissed I could taste myself on her mouth and tongue - god it was so hot to taste my own pussy on my mother's mouth! We laid together like that for a while as we both slowly calmed down once again.

"Oh mom...," I started again but she put her finger on my lips to shush me.

"Don't say a word dear," she murmured softly, "I know."

## 3. More Secrets Revealed

We kissed again and all I could think was what a fantastic mom she was. As I settled down I found that I was still curious about a few things so I asked, "I want to know more about how Grandpa fucked you and Aunt Linda. What did Grandma REALLY say about him doing the two of you?"

My mom smiled and her face flushed slightly - just the memory seemed to be enough to get her hot again. "Well, I'm sorry now about it but your Grandpa was doing me for over a month before she found out."

My eyes widened as this was news to me. I had assumed that my grandmother would have known from day one about what her husband was doing with her daughters but apparently that wasn't the case. Wow!

My mom saw my expression and sighed, "Needless to say, things were a little tense at first."

Well duh, I guess they would have been! I waited for her to continue, wanting to know how things had been worked out.

"Fortunately, once your grandmother realized how much it meant to me, plus the fact that he wasn't forcing me to do anything, she eventually accepted it. I would have to say, though, that I don't think she ever completely approved of it. That's probably why she never had sex with me nor would she ever watch my dad when he fucked me.

"How did that make you feel?" I asked.

"Well, of course I wished she would have joined us. I never felt completely right about having to do it out of her sight. I didn't feel it was wrong yet when she would look at us as she left the room I sometimes wondered."

My mom perked up and hugged me tightly then. "That's why I wanted it to be different between you and me. I've always wanted for us to be able to share your dad and be together as a family - in every way."

I did indeed remember that night; it was the first time in my life I had touched a male penis. It was also the LAST time for another six years until I held my boyfriend's for the first time. What was important to me, though, was that I now had even more respect than ever for my dad. God, what willpower he must have had to wait so long before he finally fucked me! All those times I use to sit on his lap, sometimes with panties and other times without. It must have killed him not to fondle me. Yes indeed, now THAT is what I call willpower.

My mom continued...

"The major difference between my relationship with my father back then and yours with your dad today is that in your case, I've known about everything from the beginning and not only did I approve of it, I'm involved as well."

A thought came to mind and I grinned mischievously.

"I think dad's going to be wanting it a LOT!"

I meant just to tease her so I was a little surprised when my mom solemnly nodded in agreement.

"Well Kelly, to be honest I know all too well that your dad will be fucking you a lot. After all, he may be your father but he's still a man. In case you haven't noticed girl, he loves fucking a tight teenage pussy and if you let him, I think he'll screw you every day! My only hope is that that our times together will be less about the sex and more intimate, the way a mother-daughter relationship should be. I never had that with my mother."

I was flooded with even more questions at this point and was trying to figure out what to ask first. There was one thing though that was most in my mind that I had to find out about. "Tell me more about Aunt Linda."

"Mmmmmmm, your Aunt Linda.." The way her eyes got this gleam in them and how she said it made it seem like she was thinking about her favorite dessert rather than her younger sister.

"First, remember that Linda and I have been 'close' since we were barely teenagers - well, she was ALMOST a teenager I guess.

Being the older one I was the first to have oral sex with a boy. Needless to say she wanted to know all about it and it wasn't long before she as doing it as well, two years younger than me mind you! I guess the advantage of being the younger one is you get to do things at an earlier age."

"But what about dad?" I asked, "How did you two deal with him?"

between my legs. There was another question that was still weighing heavily on my mind though.

"Ok, now I understand better why she and Kristen are over here all the time. But what about Kristen? Does she know anything about all of this? Does she know her mom is fucking her aunt and uncle?"

My mom shook her head slowly and looked sort of sad actually. "No, Kristen is just like you were a few weeks ago. For now we've all agreed that she experience sex on her own and develop her own morals and opinions without us forcing anything on her. Maybe someday but since she's not our daughter we need to be especially cautious with her. Besides, the two of you seem to be getting along just fine." Mom gave me a sly smile with that last zinger!

I looked at her and wrinkled my nose a bit. I hadn't known that she had any idea of how Kristen and I had been playing around together. It wasn't like we were having sex as we'd never touched each other but both of us loved watching the other masturbate. My cousin was cute as hell and seeing her getting herself off was an incredibly erotic sight to behold!

"Oh don't play innocent with me you little slut! I know all about your "special" times with her. I don't blame you, she must look really hot fingering that little pussy of hers."

I blushed a bit at this. After telling me all of this I was curious as to what my aunt knew about what had been happening recently between me and my parents. I asked my mom and she smiled.

"I don't keep any secrets from my sister so she knows everything. In fact, I couldn't wait to tell her!"

That made it interesting as even though she'd told my aunt about me having sex with her, my aunt had not told her sister about what she was doing with her niece! I knew that somehow I was going to have to spill the beans but so far, the opportunity just hadn't presented itself.

My mom reached over and kissed me on the mouth, lingering for a few moments which let me feel the fullness of her lips against mine. I could still smell my sex on her and I wondered what my dad would say when he came home and kissed her. Would she still smell of me? Would he notice?

# 4. Aunt Linda Joins Me and My Mom

A few days after this conversation, my aunt stopped by while my dad was at work so it was just me and mom at home. I was up in my room chatting on my computer when my aunt came in and stood behind me. She didn't say anything and instead started to run her fingers through my hair. I loved the feeling I got inside when somebody did that and I leaned my head back with my eyes closed to enjoy it. As I relaxed my aunt finally started talking to me.

"You know Kelly, your mom told me that you know all about us now. God, I wanted so bad to tell her about the other day!"

I giggled at that and replied, "I know, I felt the same way. What are we going to do?"

My aunt took my hand and motioned for me to get up.

"Well, I think your mom has her own ideas about that which should work out for all of us."

I looked at her with a questioning gaze, unsure of what she was trying to say. Needless to say I was certainly interested in what was being planned so I just nodded. Keeping hold of my hand, she led me into my parents' bedroom where I was surprised to see my mom lying on her side on top of the covers. She was totally nude and looked incredibly sensual. My aunt turned and faced me.

"I think you know what this is all about, don't you?" she asked with a big grin.

I most certainly did! What I didn't know was how they wanted to do it so I stood there and waited for her instructions.

"Here Kelly, sit at the end of the bed and watch us."

I did as I was told as my aunt sat next to my mom and they started kissing like two teenagers in the backseat of their parent's car. First it was just a short kiss on the lips and then they met again, this time their mouths open and tongues exploring each other. God they looked so hot! It was hard to believe that they'd been doing this since they were barely teens! Then again, seeing them together maybe it wasn't really so hard.

My mom began to fondle my aunt's breasts through her shirt. Both of them had spectacular breasts, especially considering that my mom's were a 38D at the time with my aunts being smaller but perkier. My aunt arched her back to bring her breasts forward for my mom to fondle. Then my aunt unbuttoned and removed her shirt, all the while maintaining her lip lock with my mom. They hugged and their naked breasts touched and their nipples looked hard as ever as they rubbed against each other.

Eventually they split apart just long enough to strip off the rest of my aunt's clothes after which they lay back again on the bed, totally naked in each other's arms.

My mom looked over at me and winked when she saw me watching. Then she turned her attention back to my aunt. She positioned Linda on her back and began to kiss her all over, starting with her face and neck. She reached her breasts and sucked her nipples, pulling on the gently with her teeth. Aunt Linda moaned softly - obviously she loved her nipples played with that way.

Slowly my mom worked her way down my aunt's tummy. She kept herself in great shape and her stomach was tanned and flat. Finally my mom reached her crotch area but moved around it over to her hips and then worked her way down my aunt's legs. Eventually she worked her way back up, this time kissing and licking the inside of Aunt Linda's thighs. She spread her legs to make it easier for my mother as she approached her crotch again. This time mom didn't bypass anything.

My aunt's pussy hair was trimmed but still quite hairy. It was so damn hot seeing my aunt's curly black pussy hair covering my mom's face as she worked her way to Aunt Linda's pussy lips! I realized then as I watched that this was the first time I had ever seen my mom tasting a pussy other than my own. From the moans coming from my aunt she was obviously going a great job. How well I could relate to that!

"That's it Mary, lick my cunt. Show your daughter how good her mother eats pussy."

Well, I knew from my own experience just how good my mom was but it was nice to see her doing someone else just as well. My mom had her face buried between my aunt's thighs while Linda had her hands on my mom's head, pulling her tighter against her pussy.

"Oh my god Mary, nobody licks my pussy like you do. God I am cumming, lick me you bitch!"

My aunt's hips raised up off the bed and then back down again as her back arched. She cried out as her orgasm consumed her, rippling through her body like waves of pleasure. She bucked her pussy up against my mother's face as if she was trying to drive a cock deeper into her. My mother just grabbed her ass and pulled her into her face, licking her and driving her tongue into her. Finally my aunt just laid back and let her legs drop. My mom lifted her face, which was soaked with pussy juices and turned to me.

"OK Kelly, let's see if you can make her cum again."

I was horny as hell by now and had been hoping that I would be asked just this very thing. I licked my lips subconsciously as I stared at my aunt's soaking wet pussy, her legs spread wide apart and her wet, glistening pussy lips open and waiting for me. Her pussy hair was soaked and matted down tight to her crotch. Damn I wanted her!!

Grinning at my mom demands, I moved over to where she was getting out of my way. Kneeling between my aunt's sexy long legs, I ran my hands up and down each of her thighs. They were so soft and smooth and she moaned softly as I ran the tips of my fingers over them. Aunt Linda was looking down to her crotch, watching my every move and then she reached her arms out to me.

"It's alright Kelly. I want to see my cute little niece sucking my clit and licking my pussy. Do it Kelly, lick my pussy the way you lick your mom's."

I put my hands on the bed on each side of her hips. I was on my knees so I just had to lower my head to her crotch. Damn she smelled so nice! Other than my own, the only pussy I had been this close to was my mother's and I was beginning to realize that I would love the smell of any woman's pussy - something I would think about more when I was lying in bed.

I gingerly stuck out my tongue and ran it up between her pussy lips. The taste of her was even better than her scent! I reached her clit and circled my tongue around it. It was already hard from the efforts of my mother and she jumped into my face when I touched it with the tip of my tongue.

In the meantime, my mother was right next to us, watching and enjoying everything.

"Well... what do you think Linda?" she teased, "Is my daughter a natural pussy licker or what?"

Aunt Linda laughed just a bit. "Well Mary, you were definitely not exaggerating when you told me how good she was at this, especially for someone who licked her first pussy just a couple of weeks ago! Damn, she's incredible!! Only natural. I guess, as she's your daughter."

It made me really hot to listen to my mother and aunt comparing how I licked their pussies. They were right about one thing though - I loved licking pussy and it felt so natural for me to do it. My aunt was pulling my face into her again as she began to reach another orgasm.

"Oh damn Kelly, that's it; oh just keep doing that and don't stop for an instant! She cried. Then she looked over at my mom and gasped, "She's about got me there Mary, your daughter's tongue is going to make me cum soooooo hard. Oh fuck! This feels so fucking good I can't hardly stand it!!"

My tongue was as far into her pussy as I could push it when she suddenly came. Her pussy juices flooded my face as she cried out and pulled my hair while her entire body tensed and she bucked under my mouth. It seemed she would never stop as her orgasm just went on and on, with my mouth locked on her pussy the whole time.

When Aunt Linda finally calmed down she pulled me up to her face and we kissed. My face was wet from her pussy as I felt her tongue run over mine and inside my mouth. As I laid on top of her my mother came over and lay next to us, running her hands over the both of us. Aunt Linda and I were still kissing each other like two lovers meeting for the first time after being apart, a kiss filled not only with passion but with lust as well.

My mom poked my aunt to get her attention and she broke our kiss to see what her sister wanted.

"Why don't you sit on her face while I take care of her pussy?" my mom offered.

Her tone was as matter-of-fact as if she as inviting my aunt for tea and telling her where to sit. Only in this case, she was telling her to sit on her daughter's face! So far, not even my mom had done THAT!

"Sure!" my aunt agreed and she quickly sat up and straddled my chest.

I could feel the wetness of her pussy against my chest as she rotated her hips slowly, rubbing her crotch against me. Her wet pussy was only inches in front of me and I could smell the strong scent of her sex. I held her ass in my hands and marveled at how firm she was, even at twice my age!

Of course I couldn't see what was going on lower with my aunt all but sitting on my chest but I could feel my mom positioning herself between my legs. She lifted my knees up until my feet were planted on the bed and then pushed my knees apart so far as to almost hurt.

In the meantime, my aunt wiggled her way forward until her pussy was within reach of my outstretched tongue. She leaned forward and grabbed onto the headboard and lifted herself up slightly on her knees such that her pussy was right over my face.

I'd never had a pussy on top of me this way before although a few guys liked to be on top when we 69'd. Personally, I prefer to be on top so that is where I am 99% of the time with a guy.

In this case, I didn't mind someone being on top of me as all I had to do was lay my head back on the pillow and my aunt dropped her cunt down to me for me to lick.

I could taste her pussy cum from the orgasms my mom and I had induced in her and I noted she seemed stronger than my mom for some reason. I guess pussies were like cocks - each had its own taste and smell. Actually, the stronger odor seemed more erotic. It wasn't dirty or bad, just more potent.

As I held my aunt's ass I her hands and tasted her hairy pussy, I could feel my mom doing her magic on my own pussy. It was so hard to concentrate as both women competed for my attention.

"That's it Kelly," my aunt said hoarsely, "lick my pussy. Let me grind it in your face!"

True to her word, that's exactly what she was doing as her hips rotated in a slow circular motion and she pushed her pussy down harder on my face, forcing my nose up against her clit while my tongue worked its way inside of her as best I could reach.

My mom suddenly stopped licking me and I could feel the bed moving as she got off and then the sound of her dresser drawer opening. What was she up to? Apparently, the same thought was running through her sister's mind.

"What are you up to now Mary?" she asked.

I couldn't see what was going on but then my aunt started to giggle. My eyes looked upwards and I saw her looking down at me with a nasty grin on her face.

"Looks like you're gonna get it now girl!" she exclaimed and I wondered again what was going on but all I could see was my aunt's crotch. Suddenly I felt this pressure against my pussy and it was like I was being fucked but there was only one problem - neither of the two people in the room with me had a dick! Well, apparently there were other options available!

"Say hello to my friend," my mom snickered as the pressure increased against my pussy.

God, it was like a huge cock was trying to stick itself in me! I felt it press harder and then it pooped through, forcing my cunt open as my pussy surrendered to the violation. What the hell was going on?

Then, as I felt it moving further inside of me, I realized what was happening. My mom was fucking me with one of her dildos! She had quite a collection and although she had offered them to me since I first started masturbating, I never really took to them very much, preferring the real thing or my fingers.

I felt the bed bounce and then my mom's legs were scissored with mine and I felt the dildo in me moving about as something else was going on. I looked up at my Aunt with another questioning look. She looked over her shoulder at whatever my mom was doing and grinned.

"Ahhhhhh, I take it your mom never introduced you to our favorite toy?" she teased me, "Here, take a look."

She lifted up off my face enough for me to look under her ass and down my body to where I saw a sight I had never seen before. My mom was facing me with her legs crisscrossed with mine such that her pussy was up against mine. We'd been in this position before where we rubbed pussies but there was something very different this time.

This time there was a dildo between us - in BOTH of us. What I mean is, we both had the SAME dildo in us! I had never seen this toy in her box, it must have been one she saved for special occasions - apparently when she was with her sister at least. It was wild, almost like she was fucking me except this was no strap-on. Indeed, with it being in her we could each feel every movement the other one was making so it was as if we were fucking each other!

My aunt dropped back down again so I could go back to eating her out.

"So, how's that feel Kelly?" she asked, "I LOVE it!"

She may have asked me a question but she didn't lift herself off enough for me to say anything so I just blinked and nodded to her. I didn't know exactly how to feel.

On the one hand I was enjoying the taste of my aunt's pussy but at the other end, literally, I was being fucked by my mother - and I was fucking her! The combination as almost overwhelming and I soon was on the cusp of my orgasm as my mom pumped her end of the dildo in and out of me as if she as my father rather than my mother.

"Fuck me mom!" I was screaming in my thoughts, unable to express my desires as my aunt pursed her pussy down even tighter to my face as she prepared to cum

only thing I envy about them is they get to wear skirts in school that would get me tossed out if I dared to wear anything like them.

I may have a 4.0 average but Mathletes? Please, give me a break.

I could go on but you get the picture. Now if they formed an Experimental Sex Club or School Slut Club, not only would I be a founding member but more than likely president!

Sue I might miss out on certain social events but being outside of these sort of things does have benefits a well. Perhaps one of the biggest is being able to avoid the relentless pressure to raise funds. It seems you can't walk down the hall without being tripped up by someone selling something. It's become totally ridiculous!

Outside of school activities we live in town so 4H or Grange wasn't really ever an option. I've never even been a Brownie or a Girl Scout. No particular reason, just never got into that scene as none of my friends did. As a result - no cookie sales! Now change that to nookie sales and I bet that I'd be the top salesgirl.

While it may seem a narcissist, I have to admit that my primary activity in school is boys - or more what boys could do for me given the right "motivation". It's funny how when a boy does nothing but chase girls he gets congratulated and encouraged yet when a girl does the same thing she's called a nymphomaniac. Think about it, has anyone EVER called a boy that?

Even as self-absorbed as I may have been in school, I still couldn't totally avoid the fund raising scene. So what area was my pitfall? Actually it wasn't really school but close enough - church!

My parents are quite religious... well, my mom more so than my dad although he fakes it pretty well - at least well enough to be asked to be a Deacon at least. Given the significance church and religion plays in our family life I guess it was only natural that it rub off on me. I've always been very active in church. As a Born-Again Christian since summer camp a couple of summers ago, I take my faith VERY seriously and almost never miss a Sunday School or church session or a Wednesday Youth Night. I read my Bible every day and do my best to use the gifts I've been given in a manner pleasing to God.

Like almost every club or group these days, money is always an issue for our church groups. The only problem is that most of the common and well-received fund raisers have already been "taken" by others. The Girl Scouts did cookies, the football team sold fruit, the band had the candy franchise, the Boy Scouts the soda monopoly at the local fair, and so forth. We weren't nearly as organized as the militaristic band so who was going to organize us and what would we sell?

Every year it seemed the parents went through the annual budget ordeal. Each year someone came up with some new wacky idea and each year we ended up doing the same thing... car washes. Inevitably it fell on a rainy day and it always seemed like a lot of work for not a lot of money. Still, what other option was there?

The only good thing about the car washes has been the past couple of summers when I finally earned a spot on the street. LOL, what I actually mean is I grew into the spot. Now I get to be one of those girls you stare out wearing a bikini or shorts waving at the people driving by to draw them in. For me it was an honor to be finally chosen when I was only fourteen, especially given I didn't exactly have the biggest pair of boobs in my class. Much to my chagrin I was still a virgin. Steve wouldn't fuck me for another month although I had no idea about THAT at the time but I certainly knew how to flirt which was the primary skill required for the job.

My first summer I wore my skimpiest bikini bottoms and then on top I chose a bikini top but wore a cutoff T-shirt that just came down over my boobs. I wasn't all that anxious for anyone to see how little my boobs were and the extra cover actually served as an optical illusion by hiding them which somehow made them seem bigger. The only problem was the youth pastor made me go home and change into a bikini bottom that was more a bikini and less a thong. Party pooper! My mom was pretty pissed off as she had bought them new for me just for the car wash.

Last year I was once again on the street, jumping and waving at the guys driving by. Once again I had to face the wrath of our youth pastor who said my outfit was obscene and not suitable for a church function. I was a little pissed off as it was one of my favorite bikinis and I knew it would help to attract more customers and we got into a bit of an argument before my mother stepped in and told me to change quickly.

Working the street for a carwash must be a lot like a hooker working the street in that you learn pretty quick not to waste your time on vans and soccer moms. Face it, the only reason half the people stop is because they're related to someone in the group. As for the rest, in general it's a never-ending line of perverts hoping to see the sexy teenage girls up close in wet T-shirts. Let's be honest - we weren't out there to draw in our relatives!

This year my parents got roped into the committee planning the annual carwash. I can't say either of them were too thrilled about the idea but my dad was a

wasn't wearing anything. That really pleased me as I loved to show off my butt to my dad because he always had something nice to say about it.

The top of the cheerleader outfit was cut so short it barely covered my boobs when I was standing still and the slightest movement would cause it to ride up and show off the underside of my perky boobs. With no bra or lining, my nipples pressed though it like it was Saran Wrap. Of course it had come complete with pom-poms although I had no idea where those had disappeared off to over the past year.

One thing I hadn't thought about - it was a year old and even back then it had been a size too small. I struggled to get it back on again. Apparently in the past year I'd grown a little bit although I like to think of it in a positive way. My boobs were at least a full cup size bigger and my ass, always my best "asset" was even fuller than before. All this and not to mention I'd grown another inch or more taller.

Pulling my hair back into a pony tail, I chose a pair sneakers which is what a "real" cheerleader would wear. Little while anklet socks, a gold ankle chain, and a touchup to my makeup and I was ready.

"Looks like you've outgrown that outfit," my mom chuckled when I presented myself for her inspection, "Heck it was too small on you last year! How did you even get it on?"

"So what do you think mom? Good for a daddy pick-me-up?" I asked, fishing for compliments.

"Well, it will certainly get something up," she laughed and then turned more serious adding, "I'm sure he'll appreciate it."

## 3. Making My Dad Feel Better

"Hey dad, how about this outfit for the girls working the street this year?" I asked the moment I opened the door to his study and walked in.

My dad was behind his desk looking at something on his computer, probably porn if I knew him at all. Whatever it was he seemed to be quite enamored with it but then he looked up at me and smiled.

"Whoa! Now THAT would draw in customers for sure," he laughed, "As well as the local police for indecent exposure, child molesting, and you name it."

My father, ever the lawyer.

"Daddy! Are you saying I'm a child?" I pouted as I twirled to raise the skirt and expose my bottom to him.

# 4. The Car Wash

The Saturday of the carwash was here and looking out the window my dad cursed as the rainclouds passed, leaving the ground soaking wet in its path.

"So much for THAT forecast," he grumbled, "Partly cloudy my ass. This is ALL cloudy."

"Don't worry honey, it's early. Maybe it will clear up by this afternoon," my mom tried to console him.

I just stayed at the kitchen table eating breakfast. This seemed to be one of those discussions I was better off avoiding.

My dad just muttered under his breath and took his usual seat at the head of the table. He was just wearing a baggy pair of boxer shorts, typical wear for breakfast, at least in the summer.

Meanwhile my mom took a seat next to me in her standard morning wear - a bra and panties. Why she put on a bra in the morning for breakfast was beyond me. Sometimes she might wear a slip or cami or even a T-shirt in which case she MIGHT leave off the bra but that was a rare case. One thing was certain - she wouldn't be caught dead running around without her panties!

Actually it's sort of interesting how much that varies between families and even women within families. I mean in terms of what they wear around the house when nobody else is around but family. I just described my mom but then when you look at her sister, my Aunt Linda is practically a nudist who never wears much of anything at her house - or ours for that matter. The odd thing is she's not a nudist, at least not away from the house, and has never practiced that sort of lifestyle with anyone outside our family.

Seeing how two sisters could be so different, it shouldn't be much of a surprise that their daughters would share different perspectives as well. I was always "miss bottomless" as my dad would call me growing up. I hated to be without something over me on top, even if it was the slightest of shirts or a bikini top (no bras). At the same time I simply love the feel of being bottomless. In contrast, my cousin Kristen (my Aunt Linda's daughter) was a topless girl - when she wasn't nude like her mom. A pair of panties, a thong, boy shorts, anything worked so long as she was free from the waist up.

So anyway...

"If you're going to wear something that short you really should put a towel down when you're at the table Kelly," my mom fussed, just as she always did when my bare butt was on the kitchen chairs. It was a never-ending battle between us and nowadays I think she said it more out of habit than any hope of me listening.

"So, everything ready?" my mom asked my dad.

My dad nodded as he ate his cereal. He swallowed and answered, "As much as can be. Now we just need the weather to cooperate."

"So what are you planning on wearing this year Kelly?" my mom turned her attention to me, "I hope we can avoid the scene from last year. That was a little embarrassing."

"Mom! That was SOOOOO stupid. There wasn't anything wrong with my bikini, everything was covered," I protested.

"Not by much," my dad muttered into the next spoonful of cereal.

I just gave him one of my patented putting looks and finished my breakfast. As I headed upstairs my mom grabbed me by the hand and issued me my orders.

"Like I said, let's not push it this year, OK?"

I huffed and sagged my shoulders. "Mommmmmm!"

She looked at my dad who just shrugged. He was being smart and staying out of this one.

"Well, not TOO far then, OK?" she compromised.

I leaned over and kissed her cheek and waved to my dad as I wiggled my bare butt at him and headed for my bedroom.

Actually I'd been thinking about my outfit all week and it had been the subject of an ongoing debate with myself. Sure a bikini can be hot but too many people are overly opinionate about them. Just because it doesn't cover your ass doesn't make it obscene, no matter what my pastor might say. Still, it was a losing argument as each of the past two years attested.

Instead I chose a different approach. Besides, bikini girls are so cliche. OK, so I chose another cliche but at least it was different - the naughty farm girl. It wasn't like I didn't have plenty of high cut, low-riding denim shorts to choose from. Heck, I had an entire drawer of them!

On top instead of a simple T-shirt or bikini top I selected an old cotton cowgirl shirt I dug up at a Goodwill store. First I cut the sleeves off at the shoulder, then when I put it on I use the tails to make a knot under my cleavage while leaving all the

A few hours later we were at the Wendy's where the wash line was set up. Thankfully the sky had cleared and if anything, now my dad was thankful for the rain, hoping it had messed up everyone's clean cars so now they needed washing.

The usual group of girls grabbed the signs and headed for the curb to start drawing in customers. They seemed surprised at first that I wasn't joining them but then just shrugged it off and went running down, giggling and laughing all the way. For a moment, seeing how happy they were and knowing what they'd be doing, I wondered if I'd made the right choice.

"Come here Kelly, let me show you what to do," my dad called out to me.

Most of the washers were guys and most of them had experience from past years so they had everything set up and ready to go. It pleased me to no end to see them staring at me as my dad led me to the side. I'd sucked maybe half of them while a couple of lucky ones had fucked me in the past. Judging from how they stared at my ass I was pretty sure most of them would if I gave them the chance.

My dad gave me a bucket of soapy water and a sponge and then instructed as to my "duties". In a nutshell, the idea was for me to stay near the front of the car and on the driver side whenever possible. My dad gave me a number of ideas, like leaning over the hood towards the diver - careful not to lean down too much so my boobs would hang down naturally and not be squashed against the hood. He also recommended I keep the bucket up by the driver's front tire so when I needed to soap my sponge I could just bend over with my ass facing the driver and give him a nice little bonus for getting his car.

"I'm sure you can come up with some ideas of your own," he finished. I adjusted my top to allow it to open a little more and he just sighed, "You know, you're an even bigger slut than your mother was at your age... and that's saying a LOT!"

I grinned at the compliment and replied, "Trained by the best then."

My dad slapped me on the butt, careful not to longer too long with everyone watching and we returned to the group.

"Hey Kelly, ready for another round?" one of the guys called out to me as I broke away from my dad and continued on alone.

I recognized him as a guy I'd let fuck me a few months before. We'd done it pretty hot and heavy for a couple of weeks and then I got bored with him and cut him off. He was one of those guys who likes to brag about his conquests but if he thought that telling the whole school about how I fucked and sucked him would make me mad, he had it all backwards. The way I saw it, a little advertising never hurt!

Soon we were open for business. The first cars to come through were mostly our parents. My mom even drove her car through. None of this interested me and I looked down at the street and saw the girls jumping around and shouting to the cars going by. So far this wasn't exactly working out as planned.

Then a black Lexus drove up. My first reaction was he was going to be sorry as I can't say we ran the best car wash in the world and that black paint would show every mistake we made. Nonetheless, when he drove up to one of the mothers was collecting the money I saw that when he rolled down the window that he looked to be maybe in his thirties or early forties. From what I could tell through the glare of the midday sun on his windows he looked to be alone. Hmmm, maybe I could help out with this one.

Grabbing my sponger and bucket, I waited until one of the boys sprayed the car down and then rest of us descended on the car like locusts. Following my dad's advice, I started from the front. Filling my sponge with soapy water, I leaned forward to clean up as high as I could. As warm as it was it felt good to feel the cool water on the hood soak through my cotton top. Looking up, I saw him watching me through the windshield and we both smiled at each other.

Moving back, I stood up more upright but still tried to lean over enough to tease the driver with a cleavage view. Of course he couldn't see my boobs but hopefully he saw enough to make him wish he could.

There wasn't a lot of time left so I stood up and moved to the driver side, dropping my bucket by the tire. I didn't have to look down to know my wet top was plastered against my boobs and I could only hope that my nipples were popping through. Turning around, I bent from the waist to wet my sponge again. Funny how long it took me to squeeze it out with my butt sticking up in the air!

Before I really got to do anything the guys with the hose was rinsing and I backed away. I was already wet enough without getting sprayed from a freezing cold hose. As I did I glanced at the driver and smiled at him. I was pleased to see that he was watching me and he smiled back. He drove forward to where the kids with towels were standing by. I saw him open the window and hand out a tip before he left. How much? I had no idea but I hoped I'd done my part to help.

As I was standing there waiting for the next car I sensed someone behind me and turned to see our youth pastor who wasn't looking all that happy.

"I see you're going for the Spring Break look this year," he started out with his arms folded in front of him, "I guess you must have been in a rush this morning and just happened to forget a bra, am I right?"

Why he always picked on me I could never figure out but I wasn't a fourteen year-old anymore and not as intimidated.

"I never wear a bra," I retorted, "And judging from the way you look at me I would think you would know that."

That didn't help my case but it made me feel better.

"I won't even honor that with a response," he said firmly, "I've already had two mothers complain to me about you and..."

"WHY?" I cut him off, "Last year you complained my bikini bottom was too small so I wore shorts this year. Look, I'm completely covered on top - more than half the girls down there."

"Don't give me that Kelly, you know what I'm talking about," he said as he nodded towards my boobs.

I wasn't going to let him get away with that so easily so I stood up straight and pulled my shoulders back which served to only make my boobs push out even more against my shirt.

"No, I do NOT know what you're talking about, why don't you tell me?"

He didn't have the nerve to say it out loud which was so funny to me that I almost laughed but I fought to keep a straight face.

"So you think this is funny, do you?"

I smiled and nodded which only pissed him off all the more.

"Well, just watch it. I don't want to see any slips or 'accidents', got it?"

I tried to express my astonishment at his assertion, as if I couldn't believe he would think I was capable of such an outrageous act.

At that he just walked away, probably to try to calm down the complainers. I wondered if they knew that I was actually quite proud of myself to have created such a reaction. It's when the other mothers DON'T complain that I worry.

Despite my more naughty thoughts, there really isn't a great deal I could do more than just tease in this situation. I'd of loved to be able to lift my top and rub my boobs against the windows when they were all wet and soapy but I know that there are certain lines that can't be crossed. As it turned out, what really DID work out for me wasn't so much the drivers but the other boys. I quickly realized that my attempts to grab the attention of the drivers was actually getting more from the boys than the drivers who had their windows covered with soapy water half the time.

The guy who was being most blatant was the same guy who had fucked me a while ago. It made me remember how we'd done it and the more I thought about it and looked at him, the more I found myself wondering exactly why I'd put an end to it. I guess sometimes I get picky or even a little bitchy so if the guys isn't doing quite what I like then why not just go on to the next one. It wasn't like I didn't have enough to choose from.

It was maybe half-way through the two hours that the event was scheduled to last that he made his move. I was standing back out of the way while he was rinsing the car. When he was done, rather than shut off the water he turned and sprayed me square in the chest.

"You jerk!" I squealed as I put my arms up over by boobs to protect myself. God it was cold!

Having now shut off the water, he moved over to me and looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"Nice tits Kelly."

I dropped my arms so he could get a better view and replied, "You should know Ryan. Miss 'em?"

Ryan grinned and checked to be sure the next car wasn't in place yet.

"What I miss is fucking you."

"Well why don't you?"

His eyes widened and then narrowed as he suspected I was just messing with him.

"Well it wasn't ME that stopped us from doing it."

We were interrupted by the next car, a large minivan. Ryan soaked it down as I just hung back and watched. Ryan seemed to be racing to wet it down after which he was next to me as quickly as he could.

"So what's the story? You horny again?"

We both laughed as that had been a running joke while he dated me. Basically every time he asked me if I was horny I would say yes and then I would suck his dick or let him fuck me, depending on what our options were at the time. Sometimes it was just a boob flash but one way or the other he got a response. So now was he trying to play the game again? Only one way to find out...

"And if I am?" I teased him.

Ryan looked around scoping out the area. It wasn't like we were in exactly a private setting so I didn't know what he could possibly have in mind, Besides, I hadn't fundamentally made up my mind that I even wanted to have sex with him again. Yes, I WAS horny but there were plenty of other alternatives, just not as available as he was.

"Follow me," he said, handing the hose off to one of his friends, "That is... if you dare."

Those were fighting words, even though I knew he was saying it just to push my buttons. Oh well, what could it hurt?

My dad was helping out with the drying line as it seemed to be the choke point at the moment. I saw him looking my was as I followed Ryan towards the entrance to Wendy's, smiling as if he knew what I was going to be doing. Well, he most know more than I did at the time.

Once inside, the cool air-conditioning felt even colder against my wet top and boobs. I glance down and my nipples were plainly evident. Oh well, so what? Meanwhile, Ryan worked his way over to the side where the restrooms were and I immediately knew his intentions. Well, it wouldn't be the first time I'd done it in a public restroom.

Ryan seemed to hesitate, as if not sure which one to use.

"Check out the little boy's room," I whispered in his ear.

There was a method to my madness. Think about it and the answer is obvious. If you're going to get caught, is it better to be a horny guy who, if anything, would want to stay and watch, or some soccer mom who runs out and complains to the manager? Can you imagine men complaining that a girl was in their restroom? Can you imagine women NOT complaining if they found a teenage boy in theirs? I think the answer is easy to figure out as to which one was better to use.

Ryan went in and came out with a frown. "Busy," he reported glumly.

"Just be patient," I told him, knowing it was hardly something he wanted to hear.

It was only a few minutes before the guy left and I gave Ryan an nudge. He hesitated so I brushed him aside and pushed the door open myself. Without waiting for him I headed directly to the stall in case he wasn't the next one in. Thankfully, he was right behind me and then he shut the door behind him.

Checking things out, it wasn't exactly the best men's room I'd ever been in so far as privacy went. The divider only came down to about a foot off the floor and the

At least the guy washed his hands and he left without a word to us. I wanted to rush this along so I started to stroke his dick with my hand as I concentrated my lips and tongue on the head of his cock. My efforts were soon rewarded.

"Oh my god, don't stop," he groaned, his knees bending slightly as his orgasm began to rise in him.

I didn't and in a few seconds I felt the first surge of cum erupt from his dick into my mouth, hitting me on the back of my throat causing me to cough a bit but I kept my lips sealed around his dick to keep it from spilling out of mouth.

At that moment the door outside opened again and this time it sounded more like a herd than the single set of feet from before.

"Someone's already in there daddy," a high-pitched voice whined, "I gotta go!"

"Just wait, I'm sure he'll be out soon," a deeper voice responded, undoubtedly his father, "Just use the urinal."

Ryan was still spasming slightly as he reached the end of his ejaculation. One thing about a man, when he starts cumming NOTHING can stop it! Heck, once he gets close nothing can stop it. I looked up at him as I sucked off all the cum I could from his dick. He was switching back and forth between looking at me taking his sperm and the door, probably wondering what the dad would say if his sons caught us doing this. Personally I thought it would be fun!

"I need to do number two," the kid whined. God, talk about annoying!

"You'll just have to wait," his father said.

I wiped my mouth with some toilet paper as Ryan regrouped. Now what? Ryan clearly was flustered but then he wasn't the one in the opposite sex toilet. Oh well, what was the big deal anyway?

With a grin for Ryan, I unlatched the door and stepped out. A kid maybe six or eight years old was standing just outside, hopping up and down like he was about to crap his pants.

"Daddy! There's a girl in here!" the kid announced as if it wasn't obvious enough.

I didn't say a word and neither did Ryan as we squeezed by the father.

"Kids!" he muttered under his breath and then added, "Get a room next time."

We stepped out and nobody seemed to notice that I was exiting the men's room. Well, that was simple enough. We quickly left the restaurant and headed back for the carwash.

Ryan was walking briskly alongside me. "Wow, I can't believe we just did that! I thought for sure that guy was going to rat on us.!"

As for me, I'd never been worried. Odds were much more likely that he'd wished his son hadn't been with him as maybe he might have gotten some for himself. I wondered if he would be masturbating about that very thing later at home.

"Where have you guys been?" the youth pastor asked when we got back.

"Had the use the restroom," Ryan explained.

"BOTH of you?"

I acted as if I had no idea what he might be alluding to and answered, "You know how it is... power of suggestion and all."

He wasn't buying it, not for an instant, but then what could he say?

So he left it and we went back to washing cars.

## 5. Celebrating Success

After our two hours was up, they called back in the girls from the curb and shut down the water after hosing everything down and rinsing out the buckets and stuff. My dad announced that we'd set a new record - almost a thousand dollars! Evidently there had been some pretty huge tips! I just hoped that after all the hard work that I'd been responsible for a little of the haul.

I was about to get back in my dad's SUV to head home when he put up his hand to stop me.

"You're soaked young lady, please put down a towel before you get in."

Him and his precious leather seats! I grabbed one of the dry ones that somehow had missed being used and laid it out on the seat before getting in.

"So how did I do daddy?" I asked. OK, so I was sixteen and long past the "daddy" stage but I knew my dad loved it when I called him that.

My dad laughed before composing himself again to answer. "Pretty damn good other than REALLY causing quite the scandal with some of the mothers. Sheesh, you should have heard some of their comments - almost as bad as your Aunt Sheri."

My Aunt Sheri was about as opposite as she could be from my Aunt Linda. First, she was the wife of my dad's younger brother whereas Aunt Linda was my mom's younger sister. I guess the easiest way to describe her would be to say take everything about my Aunt Linda, turn it around completely, and you have my Aunt Sheri.

Whereas Aunt Linda was practically a nudist and loved sex, I sometimes wondered if my Aunt Sheri had only had sex twice in her life - once for each of my cousins. She considered most everything about me to be scandalous and irreverent, always giving my mother an earful about how she disapproved with the way I dressed, the way I acted and pretty much everything else about me. Wow, the commentary musty have been pretty heated if my dad was comparing them to my Aunt Linda. Cool!

Turning sideways on the seat with one leg under me, I offered, "It was a LOT harder than I thought it would be daddy."

"Why is that?"

I just shrugged and answered, "It's not like I could flash them or anything - too many people all around. And then they had their windows closed most of the time and couldn't even see out.

"Well, I can guarantee you caught a few pairs of eyes," he said with a sly grin as he glanced over at me, his eyes checking out my wet top.

"Sort of hard to miss I'd say," he teased me, reaching over and tweaking my nipple through the wet clinging material. Then his hand moved down to my thigh and his fingers worked between them and rubbed up against my warm pussy.

"Hmmmmmm, so warm down here yet so cold up there," he teased me.

"Daddy!" I responded, trying to pretend to be embarrassed. As if ANYTHING he did to me sexually could ever be embarrassing.

"So what was with you and Ralph earlier? You two disappeared and when you came back it was pretty obvious SOMETHING had gone down."

"His name is Ryan, Daddy," I corrected him to start, "And as for what went down, that would be me."

My dad looked deep in thought for a moment and I couldn't help but hope he was paying attention to the traffic.

"Did you ever bring him home? He seems familiar."

His middle finger started to press against my clit though my shorts and I playfully smacked him with the palm of my hand while at the same time enjoying the attention.

"Maybe you just don't recognize him with clothes on," I offered and we both laughed.

My dad just ignored me and moved his hand back up to my boobs and squeezed it through the wet top.

"Can't really blame me, it IS sort of hard to keep track of them all," he teased.

"Daddy! I don't bring home THAT many boys!"

"If you say so," he chuckled as we pulled up to a stop light and he lowered his hand when the woman in the minivan next door started to stare.

Once we took off again the traffic lightened meaning once again his hand was planted on my boob.

"You're soaked, why don't you take that thing off?"

I knew where he was going but I figured why not play along so I answered with, "Daddy! People might see me!"

This time he really laughed and replied, "Yeah like since when did you let THAT bother you?"

"Well. Maybe if you ask nicely."

It was his fault for making it a game. Had my dad just come right out and told me to take it off I would've had it on the seat in a heartbeat.

He sighed and gave in saying, "Alright, PLEASE take your top off."

I loved it when he got this way, all horny and totally uncaring about anyone else that might see his daughter topless. It was all about him and his needs.

"Why?" was all I said in response to his request.

"Shit, because I like look at your boobs, that's why!" he huffed.

Good enough for me. In a second the top was off and laying on the center console, leaving me bare from the waist up. It DID feel a lot better to get that wet clingy thing off and at the same time, it was a little titillating to be driving through town with by boobs hanging out.

"You know, your boobs have really been looking good these days Kelly." My dad said as he squeezed my nipple.

I was slouched down in the seat just enough that anyone driving by would see my bare shoulders but not my chest. It was OK to be suggestive but outright public flashing can get a little dangerous. Be just my luck the next car was an unmarked police car. I like the way my dad was touching me, making me hornier by the minute.

Oh what the heck... reaching down I dropped my shorts. My bare bottom was now on the towel as I was for all practical purposes nude. Looking over at my dad, I smiled to myself as I saw the look in his eye as he glanced over at his daughter's naked body in the seat next to him. It was sort of funny. Not so long ago I would never have guessed what he was really thinking. Now it seemed so obvious! How could I have not put it all together?

"Somebody's horny," my dad teased me in a sing-song voice, "What's the matter... Ralph didn't fuck you well enough?"

"Daddy!" I pouted, "I keep telling you his name was Ryan!"

"Ralph, Ryan, whatever... does it really matter?"

Fathers can be so silly at times!

"Well, we didn't have sex, all I did was suck him and even that was fast because people needed to use the stall."

My dad grinned at that one and I could imagine the mental image he was building.

"Did he cum?"

"Daddy!" I whined, and this time justifiably, "You know me better than that."

"OK, OK, silly question," he said cheerfully, "So judging from how you're acting now I bet you didn't get off?"

"Noooooo...." I sighed as I started to masturbate. God, this was so naughty! I could see the cars passing by literally just feet away, totally oblivious that a naked girl was playing with her pussy.

"Well, I'll leave you be then... until we get home... deal?

Had I been thinking straight at the time instead of a being lost in a haze or hormonal stew I would have realized that he was setting himself up for the best of both worlds - watching me masturbate and then most likely fucking me as soon as we got home. Oh well, again, what did it matter?

As I finally came, I looked out over my shoulder and smiled broadly at the guy driving next to us. Wow, here I was achieving orgasm and he was just driving along without a clue.

By then we were at the turn to our street so I lost contact. A few doors down my dad entered made his way down to the garage. There was no sense in getting dressing just to walk in the house where I knew the first thing I would do is take them off again and dump them in the laundry.

"Do I dare ask?" my mom asked as I came through the door where she was folding laundry.

I went up to her and smiled, kissing her before looking back to my dad coming in through the door after closing the garage door.

"Daddy wants to fuck me again," I said proudly. OK, so he hadn't SAID it but I think his intentions were pretty clear.

My mom looked over at my dad who just shrugged and then at me and then back to him again.

"Dinner will be ready in an hour so whatever you two have planned you'd better get moving," she sighed, turning back to her laundry.

Having been doing it for just over a month, I still felt this thrill talking to my mom this way. It was still sometimes hard for me to believe that my dad really did want me that way, that he really wanted to show me his love in such an intimate and pleasurable way.

Well, I wasn't going to complain as I took my dad by the hand and led him to my bedroom.

kept getting smaller the older they got. The last thing I wanted was any pubic hairs poking out - that wasn't sexy, it was just trashy so far as I was concerned. I was also wearing thongs more and more when I went out on dates and some of them were pretty sheer so it was easier just to shave it all off and be done with it.

For whatever reason I found that guys seemed to be turned on more anyway by a clean pussy and so long as I shaved every day it stayed smooth and soft as a baby's little behind. Only problem was, it's a pain to do it every day so I tried once to shave less often and I quickly discovered that my skin would turn red and break out (which was definitely NOT a turn-on for the guys) plus the stubble itched like hell!

Once I was clean and dressed I met my dad downstairs where he was eating breakfast with my mom. My mom looked at me and although she tried to look stern she couldn't pull it off and a smile came to her face.

"Now Kelly," she laughed, "how do you expect any work to get done today in the office if you're prancing around looking like that?"

I threw my hair back and giggled as I gave my dad his good morning kiss - not just a peck on the cheek like most girls would give their dad, but a full-mouth, tongue-to-tongue sensual kiss. I placed my hand on his crotch as we kissed and as I pressed down I could feel him stiffen noticeably. Once again my mom had to butt in or else who knows if we ever would have gotten to work!

"C'mon you two sex fiends, don't start something you can't finish and you know you don't have time to finish anything this morning."

My mom patted me on the butt playfully adding, "After all, you have all day once you get there." Her hand lingered on my ass and started to rub it and I knew my mom would have been happy for me to stay home and spend the morning in bed with her but she understood our plans for the day and so she let go before SHE started something we couldn't finish!

I stood up and my dad grinned. Although we hadn't explicitly mentioned it, we both knew today's trip to the office was going to be quite a bit different than any other had ever been before and we were both excited - a fact that was quite obvious when I looked at his crotch.

I bit my lower lip and then licked my lips slowly, sensually, teasing my dad to show him that I was indeed thinking about it. From the large bulge in his crotch I had no doubt he was looking forward to work a lot more than usual this morning!

We got in his SUV and he headed for downtown. Traffic was heavy as was typical for this part of town and the lines leading to the tunnel were even longer usual. I could tell my dad was getting frustrated from the way he was mumbling under his breath so I undid my seatbelt and leaned over the front bench seat until my hand was between his legs.

"Don't get so upset dad," I said in my best teasing voice, "After all, being stuck in traffic can have its benefits."

I rubbed him through his pants and was pleased to see a smile come to his face in place of the frustration. I could feel him start to grow as I massaged him and he let out a long breath.

"Now quit teasing me Kelly," he laughed, "can't you see that there are cars all around us?"

Well, that didn't matter to me. I'd sucked many a boy's cock in traffic before and with the heavily tinted windows in my dad's SUV there was no way anyone could really see anything very well anyway, at least not enough to know for sure what was happening. Besides, even if they could see that would even be better as we put on a show for them although they wouldn't know it was a man's daughter who was giving him the blowjob.

Undaunted by his half-hearted protesting, I unbuckled his belt and then expertly unzipped his pants, spreading them apart and then reaching inside his underwear searching for his cock. I felt his coarse pubic hair between my fingers and my pussy tingled as my fingertips touched his cock. I reached in further until I was able to grasp his thick shaft in my hand. He was still a bit soft but I could feel it hardening as each beat of his heart filled his cock a little bit more. I pulled his underwear down until his cock was freed and I could see it behind the steering wheel.

Mmmmmmm it looked so good and I couldn't wait any longer to taste it so I leaned over further and took the still swelling head in my hungry mouth. The skin of his cock felt so smooth against my lips and the scent of his crotch was still strong from the soap he had used during his morning shower.

"Good God Kelly, just what do you think you're doing?" he moaned.

Well, he might have been ACTING like he wanted me to stop but he certainly wasn't DOING anything to stop me. Rather than answer in words I let my tongue and mouth do the talking for me as I took his now hard cock completely in my mouth until my face was buried in his thick black pubic hair.

The closer I got the more his natural musky odor overwhelmed the soap smell and I took in a deep breath to savor the masculine scent. I reached my hand deeper

I let his cock slip from my mouth being careful not to make a mess by letting his precious cum spill from my mouth. It was more than just wanting to keep it all as there was the practical matter of not getting cum stains on his pants.

As I savored the taste of his sperm in my mouth, I slowly stroked his cock with my hand. He was still pretty hard and more sensitive than ever as I sat up and smiled at him. Then I opened my mouth and proudly let him see the results of my hard work. Well, my "work" and his "hard" I guess would be the proper way to put it!

"Damn Kelly, you know you really are a slut," he said with a small laugh, "Shit! I mean what's hotter than to see your own daughter with a mouthful of her daddy's cum!"

After he said that I swallowed it all down and licked my lips with a nasty grin on my face. A little extra protein never hurt in the morning! By now his cock was pretty soft - which was good as we were exiting the tunnel and almost across the bridge by the time he had his pants back in place. The traffic sped up a cars split off in all directions and before long we were at the parking garage where he rented a space. We got out of the car and walked together towards his office building. "Mmmmmmm," I purred as I licked my lips, "Now THAT was the nicest trip downtown I've ever had daddy. Did you enjoy it?"

My dad patted my butt, lingering just long enough to be inappropriate had anyone had been there to notice which unfortunately there was not. Then he looked down at me with a nasty grin.

"Baby, I would actually look forward to the morning traffic if I had you with me every day!"

I giggled and licked my lips like a cat after good meal. I couldn't help but grin myself as I realized it wasn't really a bad analogy since I actually did have a hungry pussy and had just eaten a great meal!

## 3. The Office

We rode the elevator up to his floor along with several other men. I could almost feel the guys staring at me and I had no doubt that all of them were thinking the same thing - how they would love to fuck me. Well, maybe not the gay guy in the corner!

It's so incredible to be a woman and have this power, I'm talking about the power to make men do almost anything just to satisfy their all but uncontrollable desire to have me. Of course I pretended not to even notice and just left them to their fantasies as we arrived at our floor and we got out. My dad couldn't hold back his laughter any more as we walked toward his suite.

"I couldn't believe those guys back there," he said, "I wonder if they realized that you were my daughter when they were staring at your tits and ass!"

We both just laughed but in reality I would've loved for them to know I was his daughter - and what I had just done for my dad on the way to work. I bet they would've creamed their suit pants right in the elevator if they had even the slightest clue what was causing the aftertaste that was still lingering in my mouth.

There was no time to say anything else as he opened the door to the suite for me and we walked in to be greeted by Mrs. Ulrich. The absolute stereotypical church lady, I'd known the old bitch for most of my life and have always wanted to call her that but never seemed to get the courage. She was always carrying on about the sins of the world and such but Dad put up with her because despite her annoyances she was a damn good executive secretary who knew where all the bones were buried so to speak. My Dad may sign the paychecks but there was no doubt that it was Mrs. Ulrich who ruled the office.

Mrs. Ulrich had never approved of the way I dressed and from her first reaction I could tell today was no different. She looked at me over her glasses with eyes that felt like they were boring right through me. Her lips were pursed think and I knew exactly what she was thinking about my outfit.

Oh well, I didn't really care what the old bat thought of me so I just ignored her as I always did and followed my dad into his office where I dropped my purse on the dark leather couch. My dad was already on the phone and I knew he was basically out of reach for the next few hours so I went out to see what I could do to help and perhaps what trouble I could cause as well.

My first stop was the mail room where I helped the girl in there sort out mail and even volunteered to hand it out. I didn't mind these tasks as they gave me an excuse to wander around the office where I was able to meet everyone sooner or later. As I said, it had been a while since I had been here so for most of them I was anywhere from six to nine months older that the last time they'd seen me.

Before I got too busy I went to the restroom and checked myself out in the mirror. Despite what Mrs. Ulrich might have thought I felt my blouse was too conservative so I undid the two more buttons which let it open down to the bottom of my cleavage. Admittedly my boobs weren't the anywhere close to being as big as I would have liked but they were still pretty perky and my nipples were hard as little bullets thanks to the rubbing they got against the fabric of my blouse.

Keeping my eyes on the mirror I turned and looked back at my ass, my most prized asset. My boobs may be still in dire need of growth hormones and my legs still had not filled out the way I would have liked, but my ass was tight and shapely even if I said so myself.

Whenever I walked by a group of guys I noticed that more of them would stare at my ass than anything else so I tried to dress in way that showed it off to its best advantage. Basically that meant anything tight and form fitting and the jeans I had on definitely fit the bill. If they were any smaller I would have needed to spray paint them on!

One of the first offices I stopped at was Don's. It was almost a year ago that he'd fucked me but I remembered it like it was yesterday and I was sure he did as well. Don was the first older man to fuck me, at least the first older than eighteen, and the only married guy so far to cheat on his wife with me. I say "so far" as I have always wanted to do it with another married guy but so far the right opportunity just hadn't presented itself to me. Still, I could fantasize about it – which I often did when I masturbated.

Even though Don would never even discuss it with me later, every time I saw him after our little affair all I could think about was that night when he fucked me at his house. Don had never cheated on his wife before then and I think he felt guilty about it afterwards, not to mention that he had done it with a girl who was only fifteen years old at the time – and his boss's daughter at that! Don probably would've fainted if he knew that I had told my parents everything about us immediately afterwards and I wondered what he would say if he knew that my dad was now doing me.

When I dropped the mail off at Don's office he looked up absentmindedly and then the look on his face totally changed when he realized who it was in front of him. He quickly averted his eyes and just mumbled a thank-you before returning to his work. I felt a little disappointment in that he didn't say anything else or at least take a better look at me but I could tell he was still trying to act as if nothing had happened between us. Well, he could act but I bet something between his legs wasn't ignoring me.

For the rest of the morning I tried to do whatever I could since I knew the office was busy from the way the filing was backed up. As much as I wanted to help out, in all honesty I think I disrupted things more than anything. All the guys liked to talk to me and frankly I loved the attention which didn't help matters.

It was all just fun though and I had no intentions of doing anything further than some playful teasing. No, today I had someone else in mind at the office who I wanted to please.

## 4. Sex in My Dad's Office

Noon came around quickly and so I went to my dad's office to see how he was doing. I hadn't seen him all morning as it seemed there was a constant stream of people in and out of his office and I didn't want to get in the way. The place cleared out quickly as it was a nice day and everyone seemed to want to go out for lunch and enjoy the weather. After the last person FINALLY left my dad's office I went in and plopped down onto his couch.

"Busy day daddy?" I asked.

My dad got up from slowly behind his desk and let out a heavy sigh as he stretched out his legs and arms. "Yes, sometimes I wonder how we're going to get to all these cases." Then he smiled and added, "Hey, I appreciate you coming in to help out although according to Mrs. Ulrich's report to me I'm not sure how well our office productivity fared this morning thanks to you."

He laughed a little at that but we both knew what he meant and I was glad he didn't mind. I loved to flirt and tease guys and this morning had been like taking candy from a baby! My dad walked over to the office door and turned to me as if expecting me to get up and follow him out.

"Well baby, do you want me to take you out to lunch or what?" he asked.

No, his erection was because of ME which put an entirely new perspective on everything.

Just a few weeks ago I never would have even dreamed that my dad could have such feelings for me and now here he was standing in front of me with one thing so obviously on his mind - how bad he wanted to fuck ME!!! I can't even begin to properly describe how it made me feel to know my own father had such feelings.

Then I heard the words that meant so much to me...

"Oh Kelly, yes... I want you... I want you soooooo badly right now."

My heart was pounding with excitement as I took him in my mouth and sucked on my dad's dick gently to start. At first I kept my hands off his cock, using just my mouth on it while I fondled his hairy balls softly with one hand and played with my boobs through my blouse with the other. My nipples were SO sensitive!

"Damn girl!" he said with a chuckle, "Nothing like getting right down to business. Crap, all I could think about this morning was the way you blew me on the way in. That was so fucking hot having my daughter with her head in my lap while with all those cars were around us! I kept looking at the other drivers, wanting to shout out to them that I was getting the world's best blowjob from my daughter."

He hesitated for a second as a gasp escaped from his mouth when I squeezed his balls carefully and suddenly sucked as hard as I could on his cock.

"Mmmmmmm, oh Kelly, damn that feels so good! I can't believe what a great cocksucker my daughter is!"

From what other guys had told me I knew that I am more than just pretty good at sucking cock but to hear my dad compliment me was music to my ears. My mother had been eager to teach me a lot when I first started having sex plus in the past couple of years I've blown virtually every guy I dated so I've had LOTS of practice. Needless to say, I've never had any trouble finding someone to help me improve my technique!

I learned early in my sexual "career" that ALL guys LOVE having their cocks sucked. I don't know if it's more for the actual pleasure they get or the feeling of dominance they assume they have when a girl kneels down in front of them and sucks their penis, then allowing them to cum in her mouth or all over her.

So far as I'm concerned it's actually me who is the dominating person during a blowjob since the guy will do almost anything to convince me to suck him. When I have a guy's cock in my mouth I think of how much control I have over him at that moment. After all, one false move with my teeth and well... you get the picture!

As I sucked my dad's cock I could feel it harden even more and swell. Cocks fascinate me in the way they react to what I do to them. Feeling a guy expanding in my mouth is incredibly erotic for me. Each inch that it grows serves as further confirmation of how I'm turning him on, making him lust after me, making him want me, making him desire me more with each stroke of my mouth. A guys can SAY anything but it's what his cock DOES that means the most to me. Of course when he tells me at the same time his cock is reacting that just makes it all the better.

My dad held my head with both hands and started fucking my mouth like it was a pussy, stroking himself in and out of my mouth as he held my head still. He was fully erect now and when he shoved it all the way in it would hit the back of my throat. His furry crotch pressed into my face when he pushed in and I could smell him as his crotch odor was much more stronger now than it had been earlier in the morning.

It was incredible! I mean, we were in the middle of his office with who knows who just outside the door and here I was kneeling in front of my father with his pants at his ankles, sucking his cock like a cheap office slut! His cock was hard as a rock now, filled with his passion for me as he fucked his daughter's mouth. He wanted to fuck more than just my mouth though, which was just fine with me!

"God I want to fuck you now," he gasped, "Strip off those jeans and bend over the couch."

He pulled his cock from my mouth and I licked my lips with the aftertaste of his cock. I pushed off my heels with my feet and then obediently pulled off my jeans and stood there in front of him, nude now from the waist down.

"Put your heels back on," he urged me.

I bent over and slipped my heels back on. His request didn't surprise me as I knew guys loved to fuck me with my shoes on, whether they be heels or sneakers. I could be totally nude but they still seemed to prefer I have something on my feet, especially when I had on high heels. Well, whatever turned him on was fine with me.

Turning around, I leaned forward against the arm of the couch, spreading my legs apart enough to give him a great view of my ass and wet pussy.

"Oh fuck what a pretty pussy you have!" he exclaimed, "I've GOT to get a taste of that."

It wasn't like I was stopping him!

With my head hanging down I couldn't see anything but I could feel his hands on my hips and then his tongue was on my pussy, licking me between my legs from behind. I reached down between my bare thighs with one hand and started to rub my sensitive clit as my dad's tongue licking up and down my slit.

Oh it felt soooooo good to feel him lick me! I moaned with ecstasy as my dad's tongue did its magic on me. His hands moved to my ass and he squeezed my bare butt cheeks and massaged them. Then I felt him spread them apart and his tongue moved up from my pussy to my asshole and I could feel the tip of it playing with me.

Wow, he'd never done this before - for that matter nobody had. I have a basic repulsion to anal sex for a number of reasons. Basically I don't ask for guys to do anything with my ass since I wouldn't do it for them. A few of them tried but I always pushed them away and so long as they could still fuck me I found that guys didn't complain.

While my first instinct was to pull away, my dad held onto my hips and held me in place. Wow, this felt wonderful! The tip of his tongue teased my asshole and as he spread my cheeks apart further he was able to press his tongue into my hole!" I moaned, "What are you doing to me? That feels wonderful... make me cum daddy... make me cum hard."

I could tell from the feeling in my pussy and the overall tension in my body that I was on the verge of a massive orgasm and with a few more licks of his tongue and the touch of my finger on my clit I was over the hill and into the land of ecstasy.

I felt my pussy creaming as he licked every drop of my cum as it gushed from my pulsating cunt. My boobs felt like they were on fire and my whole body broke out into goose bumps as the world drifting away and I was floating in some sort of dream world as my climax consumed me. I never wanted it to stop and I rubbed my clit furiously to bring me even higher.

"Don't stop daddy! Don't stop!" I begged. He didn't answer which was fine with me as I didn't want his tongue to leave my pussy for even a moment.

In the middle of my orgasm he stopped licking me and just as I felt panicked that he was stopping I realized why he did it. I couldn't help but groan loudly as the head of his hard cock suddenly drove its way into my pussy followed by the rest of his shaft and just like that he was completely inside of me. The feel of my dad's dick as it filled my pussy made my orgasm surge again and I was panting quickly as I tried to breath while my entire body seemed to be crying out with pleasure.

"Oh fuck me daddy! Fuck me... fuck me... fuck me...," I kept saying over and over and over as I pushed my ass back against his cock as he drove it into me. I was all but overwhelmed as physically I was feeling out of this world while at the same

God I was so flushed! If I walked out now everyone was going to wonder what we'd been doing. I wondered if they would even think of the possibility that we had sex or if they would ever even be able to conceive that an act of incest had just occurred right in the middle of the place.

I knew that the office must reek of the smell of sex but luckily I found some air freshener and sprayed the room liberally. Although people might wonder why it needed to be sprayed, it was better that than letting them smell the scent of sex that was overpowering the room and confirm any suspicions they may have.

The rest of the day went rather uneventfully. My dad had promised to fuck me again later that night but I had no intention of waiting that long. There was a big parking garage waiting for us and I made a silent promise to myself that we wouldn't be leaving it as quickly as he was expecting to!

Mmmmmmm, wait until mom finds out how my day at the office went! I had a feeling this evening was going to be very interesting...

When he came he would leave a huge load in my mouth and then he would stay just as hard for a second round inside my pussy.

I once told my mom that I could have sucked his cock every day and still wanted more! I think she was more amused than anything at my exuberance over Kevin. If anything she teased me by constantly reminding me about him, asking me if I was missing it when she saw me getting horny and masturbating.

Thanks to his wonderful cock, Kevin was the first guy who I really enjoyed suck him more than being fucked by him. Given I'd only been fucked by six guys before Kevin, counting my dad, I guess it wasn't exactly a huge group for comparison.

## 2. The Drive-Thru

One day Kevin picked me up in his car for a trip to the mall. I loved to shop not to mention the mall presented all sorts of opportunities to fool around and show off. There were usually plenty of father's and older married guys that loved to stare at me when I wore something provocative. It was even better when I saw their wife get pissed off because of the attention they were giving me. I always wondered how many of them would masturbate later that night about me or maybe even think about me when they were with their wives in bed.

Kevin's car was an old beater but it had one feature I liked - a bench front seat with no middle console that allowed me to sit tight up against him while he drove. I hate center consoles! Whoever came up with the idea must have never had a girlfriend who loved to give him road head.

It was a hot summer day so I was wearing my favorite cutoffs, the ones my dad said made me look like a slut. I had cut them so short that you could see the bottom of my ass while I was standing. When I bent over - well you could just say it was obvious I wasn't wearing any panties.

By now my tan was in full summer mode and my legs were finally losing their thin knobby look. I loved showing them off either in daring cutoffs like these or skirts that were supposedly way too short. Really, is there such a thing as skirts that are too short?

One of the best things about these shorts were that they were so tight in the crotch you could literally see them pull into my pussy crack when I was sitting down. I heard people call it the "camel toe" look which to me sounded gross but I guess it was a fairly accurate way to describe the look. When I crossed my legs or walked the material rubbed my clit so it was like I was masturbating everywhere I went!

My dad liked to pretend that he didn't like me to wear this pair of shorts in public but I knew it turned him on something fierce anytime I wore them. All I had to do was put them on, wiggle my ass in front of him, and next thing you knew he was fucking me. At least that's the way it seemed some times. Not that I was complaining mind you.

On the way to the mall Kevin announced that he wanted to grab a bite at a McDonald's. It seemed silly to me as the mall had a food court. I also warned him that it was lunch time so the drive-thru would be crowded but like most guys, he could be bull-headed sometimes.

Sure enough, when we got to the place there were over a dozen cars at the drive-thru line but Kevin didn't want to get out and go inside so he pulled in at the end of the line and we waited... and waited. It was ridiculous how slow the line was moving!

Kevin didn't mind the wait because the whole time we'd been driving around I'd had my hand planted firmly on his crotch, slowly rubbing his incredible cock through his jeans. He was bulging nicely and shifting in his seat trying to get comfortable as his dick swelled inside his constructing jeans.

Dang it, I couldn't believe how slow the service was - no wonder the line was so long. I was beginning to think we would never get to the window. So much for fast food! After a while I decided to make the wait worthwhile so I laid down on the seat facing the back with my feet pressed against the door and my head in his lap. I put my hand back on Kevin's crotch and looked up at him. His eyes met mine and he smiled, knowing what was going through my naughty mind.

"Why you dirty little slut," he said with a big grin, "Don't you ever get tired of sucking my cock?"

I smiled back at him and shook my head saying, "Now you know the answer to that one Kevin. Besides, you know you love it so quit complaining!"

I quickly unsnapped and then unzipped Kevin's jeans. After that even with his dick in full erection mode it was easy for me to reach in and pull out his perfect cock. Kevin had learned by now never to wear underwear on a date with me - it just got in the way!

Like every boy I knew, Kevin absolutely loved his cock to be sucked. It made me feel good when he told me that I was the first girl to make him cum just by sucking him. I had yet to be the first girl to suck any guy's cock but so far it was unanimous - I was the best they'd had and I was proud of my growing reputation among the boys at school.

I gazed at Kevin's wonderful cock and admired the way it curved slightly when it was hard. It was pointing straight up like a yummy popsicle, except this one was warm and tasted better, not to mention the creamy filling waiting inside!

"Mmmmmmm, I just love this cock!" I exclaimed softly as I held it in my hand, feeling the warmth of it.

I just laid there curled up in the front seat, my head on his lap and slowly started to suck his cock in my mouth like a tasty lollipop. Kevin didn't shave or trim his pubic hair which was just the way I loved it. It was a hot day and he had been sweating so his crotch had a strong odor and his cock had a salty taste of sweat, all of which made me horny as hell.

As I sucked him I could feel the blood throbbing into his dick, filling it and making it even larger if that were possible. His erection filled my mouth like a large sausage only this one was warm and tasted better.

I slowly took more of him in my mouth until my face was buried in his lush pubic hair. I enjoyed the feeling of his curly hair against my cheeks and mouth. It tickling a bit and I knew he liked to look down and see my face covered in his hairy crotch. I suppose it was no different than me enjoying the sight of a man's head between my thighs as he ate my pussy.

Finally I felt his cock hit the back of my throat but there was still a couple of inches to go so I relaxed and let him slide down my throat. I almost gagged at first but then he was down me and my lips were at the base of his cock.

"Oh my god Kelly," Kevin groaned, "I love it when you do that! Damn girl, you can really suck cock!"

I still had to breath so I pulled my head up and looked upward to his face. He grinned at me and I felt so sexy knowing how good I was making him feel with my mouth and tongue. I started to lick his cock like an ice cream cone, starting from the base and working all the up to the tip.

Mmmmmmm he tasted so good and I loved the way his soft cock skin felt when it was stretched so tightly. Now I was happy that a line was moving slow!

Unfortunately, we eventually were the next in line so Kevin nudged me. "OK girl, we're almost there. I REALLY hate to say this but time for a break."

I took him out of my mouth just long enough to say. "Sorry, you haven't cum yet and I'll be damn if I am going to work this hard and not get my reward!"

I immediately went back to do some more serious cock sucking. Well, this was a bit on the wild side, even for Kevin. He didn't mind me sucking him in the mall restroom, dressing rooms, or even at the movie theater but at all of those places it was the close proximity of the people that made it hot, not that they actually saw us. This was different as it would be impossible for the person in the window NOT to see what was going on when we got there.

"C'mon, Kelly, you've GOT to be kidding. There's a kid in the window and he'll see you!"

My response was to go down on him even deeper. I wasn't kidding, I was dead serious. By now I was so horny I don't give a damn about some stupid kid in the window. I has hungry as hell for his cum and I wasn't about to let anyone stop me from getting it.

Guys seem to think that girls don't get as horny as they do. Well, they're wrong. There are times when I get so horny and hungry for sex that I find myself doing things that I normally never would have dreamed of doing. This doesn't happen very often but when it does I've learned that it's useless to try and fight it.

Well, this was one of those times. The heavy odor of his crotch combined with the taste of his dick had me starving for his cum. We could've been anywhere at the time and it wouldn't have mattered - he was going to cum in my mouth before I was finished and that was that!

"Oh fuck Kelly, you are going to get us in soooooo much trouble you little bitch but I don't care - suck it girl, make me cum!"

I guess I don't need to say that Kevin was now in the same state I was - he wanted to cum as badly as I wanted him to!

When we got to the window I couldn't see but I knew the kid giving us our order probably couldn't believe his eyes! He must've seen me in Kevin's lap with my head moving up and down in his lap. Kevin told me later that probably assumed we were faking it as some sort of joke on him because he tried to be cool and just ignore us as Kevin paid him and got his change. Looking back, I guess my head and hair obscured his view of my mouth on Kevin's cock so he figured at first that it was all a practical joke.

Just as the boy leaned out to hand over the bag, Kevin couldn't hold back anymore. He groaned and his hips jumped up off the seat as he came right in my mouth! I felt his hot spurts of sperm hit the back of my throat and collect on my tongue. God he tasted so good!

Meanwhile, the kid was still holding the bag out the window, his eyes fixed on me as Kevin's cum started to drip onto his hairy crotch as it was leaking from my mouth. I let Kevin's cock slip out of my mouth so I could lick the cum off of it and then I sat up in the car so the kid could see Kevin's throbbing cock, all wet from my mouth and still covered with his slimy cum.

Then there was me, Kevin's cum dripping from the corners of my mouth and down my chin as I smiled innocently at the window guy. Realizing now that I had really HAD been blowing Kevin and that he had just witnessed a guy cumming in his girlfriend's mouth, all he could do was blurt out a gasp of surprise.

Feeling really naughty now but even more turned on, I gave him one of my sexiest grins and stuck my tongue out so he could see what was left of Kevin's cum on it. I waved to him and spit a little out, just enough for him to see it bubbling on my lips. The I used my tongue to gather it back in and swallowed it down.

Kevin knew he'd better get going before I did anything more so he just smiled at the poor kid, winked and then quickly drove off. I don't know if the boy told anyone at work what he had seen but I would be willing to bet nobody believed the poor guy if he tried!

Kevin was laughing the whole way to the mall from there. "Damn Kelly, you are something else! I've never felt so hot and so scared at the same time as when I came right in front of that guy. Then to see me with my cum dripping from your mouth... Geeze you are such a fucking little slut sometimes - and I love it!"

By the time we got to the mall parking lot Kevin was ready for more so we never did leave his car! I didn't care, fucking him in the back seat in a crowded parking lot was much more fun!

But that's another story...

her wearing those same nighties and using the dildos! After that evening I fantasized more than once about being with one or both of them.

Back to my original thoughts... Babysitting was just one way I satisfied my voyeuristic instincts. We live in a typical Pittsburgh neighborhood in that it's on a steep hill. Each house is about one story lower than the next as you go down the road in front of our house. Not only that, our neighbors on the opposite side of the street and behind us are significantly above and below us, respectively. You can see that from the garages - ours is in back of the house attached to the basement since you go downhill on our lot while the folks on the opposite side of the house enter their garage from the front.

One of the results of all this is that nobody has a direct view across to their neighbor which affords a bit of privacy, especially if your uphill neighbors aren't around much as was the case with our situation.

One of the things I love about our house is the hot tub on our deck. Thanks to the hill we live on, the deck, which is on top of our garage, looms about twenty feet over our neighbor's back yard giving us an unobstructed view of everything that goes on while they usually don't even notice us since we are so high above them. Technically our other neighbors have the same view of us but they're an older couple and seldom venture outdoors much so we never worry about them watching us.

Since the tub is in the corner of the deck, when I'm in it I can look over the side and effectively spy on the neighbor's house. This led to some interesting times...

## 2. New Neighbors

When I was growing up there wasn't much to see next door so I pretty much ignored the neighbors but that all changed when Kathy and Rich moved in last year. They were in their late twenties with a young daughter which provided me with the perfect babysitting opportunity.

I usually "explored" most homes where I baby-sit and it's amazing some of the things you find in the bedrooms and my neighbors were obviously into some kinky things based on the videos and paraphernalia they kept in the bedroom. Since their daughter was too young to understand, and they evidently trusted me not to go looking through their drawers in their bedroom, they didn't hide it. I had some good times watching their videos and even tried on some of her naughty lingerie a few times but that's all another story.

Our new neighbors also loved to party and hardly a weekend went by that I didn't lay in my bed late at night trying to sleep despite the loud music and talking. It didn't help my bedroom was on the back corner of the house that was closest to their back yard and I could hear everything that was going on. Normally I fell asleep before the party ended and nothing out of the ordinary seemed to ever happen so over time I tended to ignore them.

It was a Saturday night in the middle of July of my sixteenth summer and another party was in full swing next door. I was out on the deck after supper and out of general curiosity I took a peek down to check things out. It all looked quite ordinary with perhaps twenty to thirty people just hanging around with drinks in their hands. They all looked to be about Kathy and Rich's age - mid to late twenties or so with maybe a few couple older than that but nobody my parent's age or anything even close to that old.

It was a hot and humid evening so a few of the guys had their shirts open and a couple had even taken them off. Fortunately, they were the ones I would've chosen with cut bodies and nice tans. It was also obvious that they knew they were good looking as well, a trait that I find annoying in guys.

The girls were mostly wearing loose blouses, halters, bikini tops, or something similar. Kathy was in shorts and a bikini top which left little to the imagination. She had great boobs which looked to be natural as well (that opinion was also supported by the more unobstructed view I had of them in several of their home videos!).

Seeing Kathy's breasts just made me all the more self-conscious of my own small boobs. Mine were firm and perky and I didn't get any complaints from the guys when they played with them, but what I would've given for another cup size or maybe even two!

Other than a few naughty thoughts about some of the guys at the party, it was really more boring than anything else to watch so after a while I went back inside and didn't think about the party again for the rest of the evening. I went to bed around midnight and gave thanks for the air-conditioning which allowed me to keep my windows shut to block out most of the noise from next door.

Somewhere around 2:00 I woke up for some reason and in the silence of our house I could faintly heard something outside my window. Even Kathy and Rich's party typically ended by now so my curiosity again got the better of me and I slipped off my sheets and stepped out of bed. Looking out the window, I could hear just hear the voices but couldn't quite make out what they were saying.

The bright backyard lights had been turned off leaving just some ornamental lighting which wasn't quite bright enough to allow me to see what was going on. This was unusual so being the nosy person I am, I slipped on a t-shirt (I've been sleeping nude since I was twelve) and went out quietly downstairs.

I carefully opened the kitchen door leading to the deck, making sure no lights were on which might tip off someone to my actions and silently moved across the deck to see what was going on. I stayed down low and looked through the rails in case someone looked up and saw me silhouetted against the partly cloudy sky.

The moon was covered by clouds at the moment but it could reappear at any moment and as bright as it was I wasn't taking any chances. Their backyard was lined with bushes and fencing for privacy so nobody could see what was going on - that is nobody but me since I was the only one up high enough to be able to look down into their back yard.

I'm sure they never expected that anyone from our house would be up this late, let alone peeking down at them, no more so than I was ever concerned when out on my "private" deck.

The lights were pretty dim but my eyes quickly adjusted until I could make out pretty clearly what was going on - it certainly wasn't their typical backyard party! Two people were sitting in lawn chairs while two others were laying together on a blanket on the grass. The people in the lawn chairs were Rich and some other guy while on the blanket was Kathy (I would recognized her long hair anywhere - it was down to her ass at least) and another woman. The guys each looked to be holding a beer while they watched what was going on in front on them.

At first I thought they had stripped down to their shorts but then Rich shifted his weight enough to allow one of the lawn lamps to shed more light on him and I realized they were nude! Not just the guys - the girls were as well! I almost let out a gasp as I realized they weren't exchanging recipes either - they seemed to be putting on a show for the guys.

My eyes squinted as I tried to make out better what was going on when somebody answered my prayers and the clouds covering the moon passed on. It was full and bright enough that I could have read a book had I been so inclined. Well with the show the moon revealed, reading a book was the last thing on my mind!

Oh my God, they were both so hot! The other girl looked to be about the same age as Kathy with the same great figure. I knew Kathy was hot from her videos and pictures but I'd never seen her naked for real. Now not only was I seeing her in person, she was with another woman!

It wasn't like it was the first time I had ever saw two women together. I had been having sex with my mom and her sister for months now but this was different. I'd never been with another girl "just for sex" nor had I ever seen two women together except in my dad's porn movies so this was quite an eye-opener for me - literally!

As Kathy and the other girl kissed and fondled each other, I noticed that the guys were evidently getting quite turned on as well. Each of them had their hands in their lap and from their motions they were obviously stoking themselves as they watched their women going at I together. It was too dark for me to see their cocks but I knew what Rich's looked like and I imagined it all nice and hard with his hand stroking up and down the length of it.

Many a time I had masturbated when I babysat for them, watching Kathy sucking his cock while wishing it was me in her place and now it was out in the open just a matter of feet away from me! My hand subconsciously reached under my t-shirt and I began to slowly rub my boobs as I watched the two guys jerking off.

I love to watch men masturbate, especially when they are doing it because of me. In this case I wasn't in the equation but it was still hot to see them doing it next to each other, obviously turned on by what was happening in front of them.

I don't know how long they had been going at it before I saw them so what they had done in terms of foreplay and such I would never know. Whatever it may have been, they'd moved on past that stage and were into it pretty heavy.

Kathy was licking her friend's pussy and from the way she was going at it, and the reaction of her friend, I had a feeling this was definitely not her first time with another girl. As I watched them I felt my pussy getting warmer and wetter by the minute and it wasn't long before I had one hand between my legs as well as on my boobs.

My finger touched my clit and I almost cried out despite myself at the sensations that it drove through me. As it was, I nearly lost my balance being crouched down as I was and if it hadn't been for the hot tub I would have fallen over and made a racket. God, now THAT would have been embarrassing!

As it was when I held myself up with one hand on the hot tub cover it reminded me of how the warm water always made me feel so good and so I carefully pushed the cover over just enough to allow me to get in. Dropping my T-shirt to the deck leaving me naked, I slowly slipped into the hot water and when it reached my crotch it was like my pussy was in heaven!

As impossible as it may have seemed, it made me feel even hornier than ever. I would've loved to be able to turn on the jets and feel them pulsing against my clit as I typically do whenever I'm in the tub. It sure beats a shower massager any day! The only problem was that the pump is loud and it would've surly alerted them that something was going on next door.

Fortunately the system always runs to slowly to circulate the water and there was just enough flow for me to feel it against my sensitive clit if I moved up close to the nozzle. I lifted my left leg up on the side of the tub and positioned my pussy up close to the jet. With my left arm over the side I could look down from the tub and see them while I felt the jet softly caressing my sensitive clit. I just had to be careful not to splash when it started to get me really going!

When I looked back down I saw that while I'd been getting in the tub the wives (I just assumed the other couple was married for some reason) had moved into a 69. Both husbands still had their cocks in their hands now and were stroking their hard-ons faster than ever as they watched their women in front of them.

I was watching just as intently the whole time. Actually, I was hoping that I would soon get to see them fucking their wives. Other than my parents, I'd never actually watched two people fucking and knowing they had no idea that I was watching just made it all the more erotic for me to contemplate.

I reached behind me with my right hand and slipped my middle finger up my asshole as I let the jet continue to softly massage my pussy. I almost cried out from the sensual feeling I got as I pushed my finger in even deeper. I've never had anal sex but when I'm in the shower, or especially in the hot tub, having my own finger up my ass can be incredibly stimulating under the right circumstances! It certainly wasn't something I did very often but I was so horny at the time it just seemed the natural thing to do. Even so, it wasn't long before I pulled it out and went back to my "normal" masturbation routine.

I closed my eyes as I plunged two fingers in my pussy, imagining the guys were taking turns fucking me as my orgasm hit me. My body stretched out and it was like a vise was on my chest and I couldn't breathe as the most incredible sensations a woman can experience rushed through me from head to toe. I could feel the warm water from the hot tub entering me as my fingers stroked in and out of me like a dick was fucking me and indeed, that was exactly what I was imaging at the moment.

An especially strong surge of pleasure went through me and my back arched upwards and then collapsed, making a loud splashing noise. I should have checked to be sure they hadn't noticed but I was too consumed with my own personal pleasure at that moment to care.

Eventually it died down and I was left all but submerged in the tub, panting as I tried to catch my breath. When my head cleared I remembered what was going on below me and lifted myself up enough to get a view again. Evidently they hadn't heard me or just ignored it because they were still down there and if anything, it looked like things were about to progress to the next phase.

Rich had stood up and was now standing over the two women, still stroking his cock which I could now see in greater detail. God, he must have been turned on because his dick was standing straight up and looked even better in person than it did on tape. His wife was on the bottom with her friend on top and I licked my lips in anticipation as I realized he was getting ready to fuck his friend's wife first.

The other guy just sat in his chair and watched as Rich got on one knee and straddled Kathy's head, lining up his cock to the girl's pussy. Kathy was still licking it and she laid her head back as Rich moved in closer. His balls looked to be hanging right in her face as his dick pressed up against the girl's crotch. I could only imagine the view Kathy was getting, seeing her husband's ass hovering above her face with his hard dick about to enter her friend's pussy.

Rather than fuck her though, Rich first dropped his cock down to Kathy's face and she took him in her mouth. She was only able to take about half of him in but both of them obviously were enjoying it. Once she had wetted his cock with her mouth, he lifted up and took it out of her mouth and once again held it up against the girl's pussy.

Rich didn't fool around and immediately drove himself in her to the hilt. She stopped licking Kathy as she let out a long, loud moan of satisfaction. Who could blame her - I would have done the same if that nice cock had been rammed into me that fast! Actually, her moans were the first thing I had heard since I had started watching. I suppose that they were trying to be quite so as not to alert the neighbors but little did they know they were too late!

I kept playing with myself and shifted my position to let the jet hit different spots on my pussy as I watched. Seeing Rich fuck her was hot but to see him doing right above his wife's face was something else entirely. She evidently wasn't bothered by it and neither, apparently, was the girl's husband. He was still sitting down and it appeared that he has now just holding his dick instead of actively stroking it as he had been before. Evidently the sight of his wife being fucked by another guy while licking her friend's pussy was holding his interest even more than masturbating!

It would've been a sign of unusual restraint had the other guy just remained a bystander. Just as I was beginning to think that maybe he was just the weird voyeur type, he stood up and I hear him saying something to the three of them but couldn't quite make it out.

Whatever he said, they must have gone along with it as Rich pulled out of the guy's wife and the girls separated. Both girls got on their hands and knees next to each other and the guys moved in behind them. Interestingly enough, neither of them was going to fuck his own wife but instead it was going to be a classic wife swap.

Sure enough, neither of the wasted any time and in moments they were both banging away at the other guy's wife, gripping the girls by the waist and thrusting their cocks in and out of them. Now and then I could faintly hear them slapping against each other as the guys would ram themselves deep inside their partner. It was fun to watch but I couldn't help but wish that I was taking the place of one of the girls. God, a good fucking was just what my pussy needed at the moment!

They fucked doggy style for a while and then Rich laid down on the blanket while his friend's wife rode him in what was my all-time favorite position - cowgirl. She was facing him, her bog boobs hanging down to his face where he was holding them and licking them as she fucked his cock.

I like being on top as it gives me control of the dick inside of me. Too many guys seem to think that once they are inside that all they have to do is ram themselves in and out like a piston and that will satisfy the girl. Well, all that does is make me feel like I am some kind of living sex doll - NOT a compliment by the way.

I like to control the depth that his cock is in me, the speed of the strokes and when to just let it sit still inside of me while it throbs with his heartbeat. Sometimes I like to left up until he is barely in me and then twist around in circles so his rub rubs just the outer areas of my pussy while at others, it is better to plop down hard on him, driving his cock as deep as it will go in me and then grind my crotch down on the hairy base of his cock.

I guess I should clarify one thing, cowgirl is the most FUN sex position for me. For intimacy I enjoy good ol' fashioned missionary style. Having the guy over me, controlling me and controlling his cock in me at the same time is more of an emotional thing for me than anything, especially when it is someone I care about like a boyfriend I am close to or most of all, my dad.

When a man cums in me, I prefer him to be in this position if I care about him as it makes me feel he is being more intimate with me than some faceless guy that I can't see behind me.

Apparently they felt somewhat the same way as after a while they switched around until the guys were on top while the girls were on their backs. There was a little variance in that Kathy was evidently more into having her legs up in the air, draped over the other guy's shoulders while the girl Rich was fucking spread her legs out wide and planted her feet on the ground with her knees spread even further out.

As for me personally, I like to wrap my legs around a guy as much as possible and pull him tightly into me, especially when he is cumming. This can get tiring so I tend to use both alternatives - feet in the air and feet on the ground.

I was afraid of splashing again as I played with myself so I carefully got out of the tub and sat naked on the edge while I continued to watch them. I spread my legs apart and started playing again with my sensitive pussy still dripping from the hot tub. My other hand was holding my boob, feeling my hardened nipple through my fingers. I love to cup my breast in my hand and grab my nipple between my fingers, holding tightly to the nipple as I massage myself.

I sometimes did the same thing with my pussy, placing my clit between two fingers as I cupped by crotch and let one or more fingers enter just inside of me. I am incredible sensitive just inside of my pussy hole so between the feeling of my clit between my fingers and my other fingers toying with my pussy is amazing. I first masturbated when I was twelve and over the years I learned to bring myself to an orgasm in minutes when I am in real need of one - a need I seemed to have more and more as I got older!

I was curious as to whether they would cum inside of each other's wife or not. I knew Kathy was on the pill - she kept them on the stand next to her side of the bed, but who knew about the other girl? Neither guy had put on a condom from what I'd seen so what would they do when the time came?

As it turned out they both pulled out together and the wives got on their knees and started sucking their friend's husband. At this point I had thought they might revert to their own spouse but evidently they were going to go the whole way with just the other person's mate.

That was kind of cool for me actually. My parents would never have done such a thing as what I was witnessing as they believed firmly in their marriage vows and would never commit adultery like my neighbors were doing. Even if everyone agreed it didn't matter - fucking another man's wife was forbidden by God. After all, it made the Top Ten in the Bible! It was one thing to have sex with another woman in your family, it was not committing adultery in their eyes so long as it was a direct family member. My parents believe strongly in the concept of family and sex in that context was just a way of expressing love and respect for your relatives.

Each wife now had her mouth on the other husband's cock and they alternately stroked and sucked their guy. From the way they were holding the cocks in front of their faces with their tongues hanging out, both of them wanted the guys to cum in their mouths.

That was my preference as well. First, although I realize many girls would differ with me on this, I like the taste of cum. Even more importantly, I HATE having cum all over me as it just makes a sticky mess and when it dries it itches. The absolute worst is to get it in your hair. Once it dries it is a royal pain to get out and if you dare to try and brush it out, well be prepared for a lot of pain!

It wasn't much longer before the guys came. Rich was first and I watched as his body jerked as his cum started out into the mouth of his friend's wife. It was only a few seconds later that the other guy started filling Kathy's mouth with sperm judging from the ay his ass was thrusting into her face.

God I wished they were cumming in my mouth instead! As I dreamed of the taste of their cum I came again, this time even harder than the first. I could barely breath as it felt like every nerve in my body was suddenly tingling like a foot or leg that had fallen asleep, only much more intense.

I kept watching them though as the wives traded and sucked the remains of their husbands' cum from their cocks. My hands were still touching me, just enough to keep my orgasm simmering. I love to see how long I can keep myself going. The initial intense waves usually subside rather quickly but I have learned to keep the glow going for quite a while by pacing how much I stimulate myself rather than letting it all out of me at once. By the time their cocks were soft I was still feeling the aftershocks but they gradually calmed down.

The four of them went into the house so I guess the show was over for the night. I carefully replaced the cover on the hot tub, picked up my t-shirt and walked slowly back in the house. Once back in bed I fell asleep almost immediately, a feeling of total satisfaction in me.

I woke the next morning a bit tired still and my mom asked if I slept well. I gave her a coy smile and told her I had a great night. She looked at me a bit strange but probably figured it was just a teenager thing and let me eat breakfast in peace.

Later that day I was out on the front porch when Kathy walked over to me. She asked if I was available to baby-sit the next weekend because they had a party to go to. I said sure and she warned me that they would probably be home late. I was fine with that - more time to explore and try out her negligees and dildos!

Then Kathy dropped in a casual comment the floored me, saying that after last night I probably knew why they were going to be late. I must have turned bright red because she laughed and told me not to worry, that they all knew I was watching and that it just made it all the more erotic for them. She said they hoped that I was pleasuring myself as well and was getting as much satisfaction from it as they were.

I didn't know quite what to say and my silence only made her laugh more. Kathy told me they were having another party in a couple of weeks but since I was only sixteen they couldn't let me come over. Then she smiled and said that I was welcome to watch the after-party events afterwards again if I wanted to.

Kathy giggled this, apparently she was as turned on herself as I was by the prospect and then she twirled around and went back to the house as if nothing had happened. I was still a bit embarrassed but then the more I thought about it the hornier I got. Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait until their next party!!

forbidden for god knows what reason at our public pool) but it still bared the vast majority of my teen ass.

By now I had quite worked hard and acquired a deep tan and when I looked at myself in the mirror I couldn't help but be pleased with what I saw. Sure, my boobs could always be bigger, but overall my figure was a lot sexier than it was last summer and I enjoyed the way the boys would look at me whenever I walked around in my bikini or cutoffs pretending not to notice their lewd stares. My dad had commented as well how great my ass looked especially. Of course, he got to see ALL of it! Jon came by while I was lying on my stomach but with my head turned I could tell he was once again staring at my ass. Well I wasn't about to complain. After all, wasn't that the whole point of wearing next to nothing - to draw attention to yourself? The only thing better would have been to be totally nude but I had little doubt as to how long I would be around should I try that little stunt!

"Hey Jon," I called to him in a soft voice, "See anything you like?"

Jon never looked away for a second and didn't appear to be the least bit embarrassed having been caught looking at me that way. He just grinned and squatted down next to me.

"Wow! That's a damn fine ass you've got there Kelly," he said. "Yep, you're certainly looking hot this summer!"

Then he just smiled and walked away leaving me wondering if I would ever hear from him again. Was he just being nice to me or was there a spark of interest in the tone of his voice? Was he really enamored with my butt or was he just trying to get past me without offending me? Did that bulge in his crotch twitch a little when he saw me or as that just wishful thinking on my part?

We didn't cross paths for the rest of the day as he was surrounded with the older cheerleaders that seemed to swarm to him like flies. Well, I was pretty sure that none of them could blow him the way I would if he would just give me a chance!

I left the pool a bit disappointed to say the least.

# 2. Mom Makes Me Feel Better

My mom must have recognized something was up when I got back home.

"Hey baby, what's the story?" she asked, "You look like the whole world is against you today or something."

I just shrugged at her and headed up the stairs to my bedroom to change. I untied my top and let it drop from my boobs to the floor where it was quickly joined by my bottoms. I stood in front of my mirror and looked myself over critically. I doubt there is a teenage girl in the world that likes what she sees when she looks in the mirror but I had to grudgingly admit it wasn't all that bad. My hair was a wreck but what could you expect after having it tied back in the hot sun all day?

I cupped my boobs like I was weighing out two tomatoes, wishing they were more like two grapefruits! My breasts were firm and perky with average size nipples and a nice profile, they were just too small to satisfy me. My dad was always trying to make me feel better about them, telling me a handful was just perfect - why waste any more? To be honest, I had never heard a complaint from any boy that I had ever dated but then I doubt that really means anything since so long as it has a nipple on it and he could touch it, I think your average horny-toad boy would be happy as could be!

My pussy, all white in a small triangle where my bikini barely hid it from the sun, was clean shaven without any redness or bumps from shaving. I found that so long as I shaved every day it was OK but if I let it go for more than a couple of days it would get all irritated and ugly after I shaved it back off again. I don't know how long I had been standing there when I heard something from the door behind me. I looked around and there was my mom giving me the once-over herself.

"You know Kelly, you're quite a pretty girl," she said with a smile. I loved my mom, even if I knew she was telling me what I needed to hear to make me happy.

"Oh Mommmmmm," I sighed, rolling my eyes as I huffed.

Accepting compliments has never been one of my strong points and it embarrassed me a bit to hear her tell me I was pretty. Funny, but it never bothered me when a boy told me I was pretty or what not. What else would they be telling me when their goal was to get in my pants? From my mom it came from the heart and meant so much more to me.

# 3. Jon Calls Me

My mom gave me a kiss and left the room. I threw on some clothes and went down to help her with dinner. Imagine my surprise when the phone rang and my mother answered only to give me a sly grin and a wink. My god, it was Jon!!

At the sound of his voice all thoughts about telling him to stick his dick in a meat grinder suddenly vanished and my pussy felt twinge as I imagined him at the other end of the phone. He asked me out to see a movie!!! Needless to say I agreed, too quickly upon retrospect but who cared at the moment? I hung up the moment and squealed like a six year-old at Disneyworld. My mom just shook her head and smiled at me.

"So, I take it he asked you out tonight?" she said with her hands on her hips. I just nodded as I couldn't talk from the excitement I felt. "So I assume you plan to get laid tonight then?"

"Mommmmmm!" I said in mock exasperation.

My mom just winked at me and turned back to the stove. I just squealed again and ran up to my room to start getting ready. My hair needed major surgery and my pussy needed a fresh shave. I wanted to be smooth as a baby's little bottom for Jon!

I picked out a tight yellow tank top that contrasted with my tan nicely and a pair of my favorite cutoffs ripped high such that my ass was clearly visible. Except for my sneakers that was the extent of my wardrobe - no bra or panties tonight! If Jon couldn't take the hint then there was no hope for the boy!

Later at supper I was so excited I couldn't hardly eat. My dad, home now from work, looked over at my mom who I caught winking back at my dad and rolling her eyes my way as she did.

"So Kelly," my dad said slowly, "What's your plans with this Jon boy tonight?"

"Daddy!" I scolded him, "He's not a boy, he's eighteen. Besides, you know perfectly well what my plans are for him!"

My dad chuckled at that. Yes, if anyone did, he certainly knew!

"So what's the matter, daddy's cock doesn't satisfy you enough?"

"Oh daddy! You know better than that!" I said, slapping him on the shoulder playfully. I tried to give him my patented "little girl" look and held his arm in my hands as I looked up into his eyes. "You made me feel so special last night."

Indeed he had! There was nothing compared to being in my dad's arms with his cock deep inside of me. It made me feel so loved and secure, like nothing else in the world could. When he would cum in me later I knew I had satisfied him in a way that only his daughter could and it made me feel wonderful knowing he respected me enough to give a part of himself to me. It was hard to explain to him that all I wanted from Jon was a good old fashioned fucking!

I didn't care if Jon respected me or not when he fucked me and came in me, I just wanted to be his slut and feel sexy knowing I was hot enough to make him cum. There was sex for intimacy - like with my father, and there was sex just for the fun of it - like what I use to do with Kevin. Now I wanted to just have some old-fashioned fun with Jon. It didn't mean anything so far as my relationship with my father. My dad was my father, not a boyfriend or lover and I knew that would always be his little girl, no matter how old I got or what I did.

My mom stepped in at that point. "OK you two, don't start something you don't have time to finish. Besides Kelly, isn't that your new boy-toy pulling into the driveway now?

## 4. The Movie Theater

Sure enough, by the time I looked out the window Jon was getting out of the car to come to the door to pick me up. When I opened the door his eyes quickly looked me over from top and bottom and I could have sworn I heard a low whistle but he quickly regained his composure.

I was about to leave when my dad made an appearance. I looked up at him and frowned but he insisted on seeing Jon before we left. They introduced themselves and shook hands. My dad just smiled and started to leave but then turned and called back to him.

"Now remember son, that's my little girl. Don't do anything I wouldn't do with her!"

My face must have turned beet red with that little remark. I was sure Jon noticed but he probably assumed, wrongly, that I was embarrassed by a father being overprotective of his only daughter. Imagine what Jon might have said if he knew that in effect, my dad had just encouraged him to fuck his daughter instead! From the way he kept glancing at me, somehow I didn't think he needed any encouragement. Girls don't dress for a date the way I was dressed unless they had one thing in mind.

It was just short drive to the theater and on the way we just made some small-talk about school. Since he was a year ahead of me he had different teachers than I did but he knew most of mine from his previous year. We compared notes and had some laughs at the good, the bad, and the ugly of the school teaching staff.

Soon we arrived and like a gentleman, Jon paid for everything which was good since I hadn't brought a purse and there was no way I was carrying anything in these shorts as tight as they were. Actually, not bringing a purse was an oversight, not one I typically made. It never hurt to carry a little makeup and "girl" things with you but tonight I was so excited at the prospect of getting laid that I left home without my purse.

Upon entering the theater Jon led me to the back row off to the side of the projector so the idiot in the projector booth couldn't see us. At first we just sat there eating popcorn and watching the trailers and advertisement. Once the lights went down for the last previews and then finally the main feature, it didn't take long for Jon to take things to another level.

The theater was relatively new with arm rests that folded up into the seat, allowing the two of us to sit next to each other with nothing in between. Jon put his arm around me and so I shifted myself closer to him and then leaned in towards him. I felt his hand grip my bare upper arm and his fingers traced over my arm lightly, slowly working their way more inside until his hand would "accidentally" brush against my boobs.

I knew Jon had long since noticed my lack of undergarments from the way his eyes kept wandering from the screen to my chest. My boobs were not very large but my nipples could get hard as bullets when I got excited and the thin cotton tank top material did nothing to hide the fact.

After a while I put my hand on his leg, letting my fingers slide just a little between his legs, just enough to tease him but not to actually touch anything too sensitive. I noticed his jeans had quite a bulge and I imagined what his cock must be like underneath all that heavy denim.

I couldn't help but be a bit disappointed when that was as far as we went in the theater. I'd masturbated earlier in the day thinking of sucking his cock during the movie so I was sort of hoping he would at least fondle my boobs! Jon's reputation was not exactly one of being shy nor did he believe in abstinence from the stories I had heard about him so I was a little curious what was going on.

As we left the theater I found myself wondering why he hadn't tried anything and was actually beginning to consider having to make the first move - something I hate to do with any guy but sometimes necessary if you were going to get what you wanted.

## 5. The Corn Field

After the movie we got back to his car and it was then that things finally started to warm up. His car was an older model with a bench seat so I was able to scoot over and sit next to him. He put his arm around me again as we drove away from the theater but still kept his hands off my breasts, which were dying to be touched by then.

I noticed he was heading out of town and I was curious where we were going but I decided to let him do whatever he wanted. After a few miles he pulled over on an old country road and then turned into a dirt farm road leading into a corn field. The corn towered well above the car by this time of the year and when we were out of sight from the road he stopped the car and turned off the engine.

Jon turned in the seat towards me and looked me in the eye. "Well Kelly, what do you think of this spot?"

I played a bit coy with him at this point, allowing him to make the moves.

"Hmmmmmm... I guess it depends on what you had in mind."

Kevin just laughed softly at that saying, "Oh c'mon Kelly, you can quit the innocent schoolgirl crap. You've got quite a rep for being be the best fuck in school so what's it going to be, keep playing around or shall we both get down to doing what we came here for?"

I tried to act like I had no idea what he was talking about but he wouldn't have any of it.

"Ahhhhhh, you don't fool me Kelly. I saw the way you looked at my crotch today at the pool. Face it, you want to be fucked as badly as I want to screw you so how about showing me that slutty side of you that you try to hide so well as school?"

Well, I shouldn't have been shocked or even surprised at his outburst and I wasn't. He was right; the reason that I wanted Jon to ask me out was because I heard he had the biggest cock in school and I wanted a piece of it. Besides, it's not exactly like I was the school virgin. I knew the guys talked about me and who wouldn't be proud of the reputation I had with them.

I thought for a moment and decided what the hell, what was there to lose? Besides, I was horny as hell after sitting in a theater for almost two hours thinking about sucking his cock the whole time so why waste any more time?

Neither of us said another word after that, we both knew what we wanted. At first we just kissed and made out but Jon had loftier ideas. It wasn't long before his hands began to wander and he started to play with my boobs. Essentially, he groped me.

I lifted up my tank top up and over my head so I was topless, exposing my perky breasts to him. His large hand was able to cup one of my small boobs and he squeezed it, rubbing my nipple between his fingers as he did.

"Hmmm, nice tits Kelly. Just the perfect size. Damn your nipples get hard!"

I licked my lips as my body tingled from the attention he was giving me. "Why don't you suck on them? Go on... taste my nipples with your tongue."

Jon leaned over and took almost half my boob into his mouth and sucked on it hard. I pushed him off just a bit. "Hey you little wildcat, not so fast. Be gentle with them. They like to be spoiled."

Jon licked all around my nipples and then softly took each in his mouth and pulled on them, teasing the tips with his tongue. It was still pretty warm even this late at night but I could feel goose-bumps raising all over me as he sucked and licked my boobs for the longest time.

Looking down I could see a huge bulge in his jeans. He was certainly hard and my god, he must be huge! I touched his cock though the denim and rubbed it up and down. I knew he wanted me to reach in and bring it out but I had another idea.

"What do you say let's do it outside?" I proposed to him. "It's a great night and I've never been fucked in the middle of a cornfield before!"

Jon didn't waste any time and we both got out of the car in seconds. The moon was full that night, so much so that I think that I could have read a book by moonlight. Since I was wearing nothing but my cutoffs and sneakers at this point, with the right moonlight I knew he had a great view of me. If anything, the dim light seemed to accentuate my tan even more making the small tan lines on my boobs clearly visible.

Jon leaned back against the car hood as I took a position about six feet in front of him where I started to tease him. I played with my bare boobs for a few minutes for him and then I unsnapped my shorts and unzipped them, leaving them on though. I continued to play with my breasts while I swiveled my hips slowly for him. I turned around so my back was to him and leaned over with my legs straight, giving him a great view of my ass, which I wiggled suggestively for him.

"Ready to see more?" I asked.

He didn't have to say a word, the look of pure animal lust on his face told me everything I needed to know. I stayed leaning over and pulled my shorts down to my ankles, revealing my firm bare ass to him. I was sure he could see the thin white stripe that went down my ass where my small thing bottom normally covered me.

I put one hand on each half of my butt and spread my cheeks for him so he could see my pussy and asshole better. I looked around and saw him rubbing his crotch in anticipation so I called out to him, "If you like what you're seeing so much, why not show me what you do with yourself when you get all hot and horny?"

Jon didn't miss a beat. Acting as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do, he immediately opened his jeans and dropped them, along with his dark-colored boxers, to the ground. He pulled his shirt up and over his head and then stood there naked in front of me, a huge hard-on sticking out from his crotch like a flagpole. He never took his eyes off of me as he started to stroke his cock slowly.

God he was so hot! I love to watch a guy playing with himself, particularly when he is doing it to himself because I was turning him on so much. For whatever reason, it seems that most many guys are too self- conscious about touching themselves to do it in front of a girl so I love it when guy like Jon had the self-confidence (or overblown ego, too soon to tell) to masturbate in front of me.

Inspired by his lovely cock, I stepped out of my shorts and put one hand between my legs to do a little bit of self-gratification myself! I started to run my fingers up and down my slick pussy slit, finally pushing them one by one into my warm pussy until I had three of them working inside of me.

For the next few minutes I just finger-fucked myself while he continued to stroke his erect cock. As much as I loved to touch myself, God I wanted that cock soooooo badly! Finally I couldn't hold back anymore so I stood up, walked up to him, and pushed his hand aside so that I could hold his cock with both of my hands. Damn he was bigger than he looked in the night! My hands could barely go around it and it felt as solid and hard as a tree branch.

"Here, let me take care of you," I suggested to him.

With the dirt road, if you could call it a road, beneath us I wasn't anxious to kneel down and get all dirty so instead, I just bent my knees and crouched down in front of him until my face was level with his cock. He felt so good in my hand, so hard and warm! His crotch was covered in a dense patch of black curly pubic hair and I could smell his musky crotch odor as I put my face up closer to him. I could've taken him then and there but I wanted to hear him beg for it first.

"Do you want me to suck it Jon?" I asked softly, as if it was the most natural thing to ask at that moment - and indeed, maybe it was! "Just tell me what you want me to do Jon... I'll do anything you ask, you know... anything at all... anything."

"Oh god Kelly," Jon said in a husky voice, "You're incredible."

He hesitated, as if he didn't believe my promise to him but then he went for it and said, "Suck my cock. Yeah, suck my dick you fucking slut!"

As for me, I was only too happy to oblige. Finally, after hearing from the other girls how great his cock was, here I was getting it for myself in my own mouth!

Mmmmmmm, it was everything I had dreamed of and more. He wasn't the longest I had ever seen but he was incredibly thick and hard. I licked it from the tip to the base, first on one side and then the other, and then finally along the curved back side where I knew so many guys were so sensitive.

I was rewarded with moans from Jon, which just encouraged me to do more for him. Spreading my mouth wide I took him in slowly. As I did I licked his cock inside of my mouth until finally I had him all in and I was licking the tops of his balls. I sucked hard on him, savoring his huge cock. Jon moaned almost continuously now as I stroked him in and out of my mouth. He was starting to swell again but I didn't want him to come yet so I squeezed the base of his cock and took my mouth of him.

I stood up and looked up into his eyes. "Alright Jon, it's your turn now. Show me how good you can eat pussy."

Jon grinned at me and from just the way he acted U had a feeling I was by means his first pussy to taste. Excited at the prospect of being eaten well, I jumped up on the hood and put my feet on the bumper. Spreading my legs wide, I used both hands to spread my pussy apart to give him a great view of me.

Jon put his hands on my inner thighs and pushed my legs even further apart. Lifting my legs, he draped the over his shoulders which kept me from sliding down the hood. His hard cock was sticking out straight from his hairy crotch as he leaned over and put his head smack between my thin legs.

Even though I was ready for it, I still jumped a little as his tongue made its first contact with my waiting clit. He put his lips around it and pulled gently, tickling it with his tongue at the same time. Yep, mine was certainly not the first pussy he had licked!

Mmmmmmm, unlike so many boys in school, this guy actually knew what he was doing! I was curious for just a moment how many of those cheerleaders he had tasted but my thoughts soon returned to reality as Jon tongued me for what seemed hours, even running his outstretched tongue inside of my pussy which felt like a small cock was fucking me. His tongue actually felt longer than some of the cocks I had felt in the past!

Jon finally pulled his head out from between my legs and looked up at me. His face was wet with my pussy juices and in the moonlight I could see it glistening, making him look so sexy and hot I just wanted to jump him right then and there!

"That's enough of this shit," he growled, "Time to fuck you... ride my cock you little bitch."

I giggled a little at that while Jon got up and sat on the hood next to me. I turned and straddled him, kneeling such that I was facing him with his hard cock just inches below my soaking wet pussy. He was so close to me that I could almost feel his cock drawing me to him like a string magnet next to steel.

"Hmmm, are you sure you're ready for my pussy?" I teased him with a sensuous look, "Well, you had better be 'cause I'm going to ride your cock like it's never been ridden before!"

Jon just grinned at my threat and so I reached down and held his cock in place while I lowered myself quickly down onto him. Again, I was ready yet I involuntarily gasped as his huge head split me wide apart like the Jaws of Life opening a crushed car.

Oh my god, I thought he was going to tear me in half! Fortunately I was so soaking wet his dick slid into me without that much trouble. Besides, I was so damn horny at the moment for some cock that it didn't matter how much it hurt at first, I just wanted a hard dick in me.

I felt like I was going to explode from the way he filled me so completely. He was incredible; it was easily the best cock I had ever had, even better than my dad's. Finally, I had him all of it in me and so I rested all of my weight onto him, driving his dick into me as far as I could.

"Damn you're fucking tight Kelly!" Jon exclaimed, "If I didn't know better I would've thought I was your first!"

Despite my best efforts I couldn't help but laugh a little at that one. He was far from my first and yet I prided myself on my tight pussy. I rarely used a dildo, normally masturbating with just my fingers so the only "outside" thing that typically penetrated my pussy was a cock - the very thing it was designed to accommodate.

Frankly, I don't think I could take all the credit though. As thick as he was he probably would have been tight in my mom's pussy! After one child and decades of heavy dildo usage, some of which were quite monstrous, her pussy wasn't anywhere near as tight as mine, one of the reasons I knew my dad liked to fuck me although a minor reason at that.

His cock was throbbing in me as I started to rock on it, forcing it to stroke in and out of me in the process. I looked down to see his thick bush of pubic hair against my smooth crotch and it tickled me as bit as it rubbed against me. His cock would disappear inside of me and I loved to watch it as it reappeared and then re-entered me again and again. I reached down to massage my clit as I kept rocking back and forth on his wonderful cock.

God, it was everything I had been hoping for - and more!! Finally I came; a long, surging orgasm that made every inch of me cry out as if I had been soaked in gasoline and someone had lit a match. I cried out louder as I closed my eyes and allowed waves of the purest of pleasures roll through me, surging out from my cock-filled pussy like waves spreading out in a pond when a rock is dropped in. The just kept on, a relentless flow of one after another, each more intense than the one before it as I squeezed his cock tight with my pussy.

"Oh god!" I cried out, loud enough for anyone nearby to hear but that wasn't much of a worry a far out in the middle nowhere as we were. "Yeah, that's it Jon!... Fuck me!... Dammit fuck me harder."

Jon grabbed my ass with both hands. He was on the edge of the hood and he slid down to his feet, holding me up so he never stopped fucking me. He stood in front of the car, lifting me up and down on his cock like he was in the gym pumping iron. Well, those workouts must have done some good because he held me up like I didn't weigh anything, stroking himself in and out of me.

I had my arms around his neck and my breasts rubbed against his hard chest, making my nipples tingle yet again. Jon was starting to pant and he lowered himself so I could stand on my feet and lift myself off his cock. The feel of his cock leaving me was incredibly intense - God I wanted it back in me!

"Turn around... That's it, now put your hands on the hood," he commanded. "Good, now spread those pretty legs and let me see that nasty cunt."

I did everything just as I was told and was rewarded by the head of his cock once again seeking the entrance to my starving pussy. He rubbed himself against me, not quite entering me but running his wet cock up my ass crack and then back to my clit. I couldn't take this for much longer - I HAD to have it in me.

"Oh for crying out loud fuck me you bastard!" I exclaimed out of sheer frustration, "Stop playing around and put that cock in me!"

Jon just laughed, being a bit of a bastard now as he withheld what I wanted so badly. It was cruel; he knew I wanted to be fucked and even though he undoubtedly wanted it as well, he controlled his cock and he was obviously enjoying making me beg for it.

"You want more of this dick, eh bitch? You like a fat dick... don't you. God you really are nothing but a little fucking whore, aren't you! I wonder just how many guys have fucked this little cunt? Eh? From what I hear, quite a few. Well my little whore, I'm going to fuck you like one now!"

It may sound like he was being nasty now that I describe it yet as horny as I was, he could have called me anything and I wouldn't have cared so long as he fucked me. I turned my head and wiggled my ass against his engorged cock. "Well, I can take anything you've got so quit stalling and fuck me. Fuck me you asshole!"

Without any warning Jon suddenly lunged forward and drove his big cock completely into my open pussy in one rapid movement. Totally unprepared, I gasped and then cried out, both from the sharp pain and then from the intense the pleasure of his dick in me. Damn it, he still felt huge as he split me apart like I was in childbirth.

Usually after being fucked for a while my pussy would be more open and easier to penetrate but not with his fat cock. His incredible surge violated my poor pussy as if I was being raped and it overwhelmed me to the point it set off another orgasm. I moaned loudly, crying out loudly as I begged him over and over to fuck me. It was like a relentless chant of "Fuck me", yelling it out over and over again as it was all I could think of, all I wanted, all I HAD to have.

The world closed in and all I could see and feel was Jon and his cock as my orgasm aged on within me. It was so intense it didn't last long but I wanted more and fortunately Jon was willing to give it to me.

Jon was stroking even faster and harder now. "Alright Kelly, it's my turn to cum now. Get ready - I'm going to fill that tight pussy with more spunk than you've ever had before!"

Damn him, I wanted it so bad! All I could think about was the feeling of his tremendous cock splitting me apart one moment and then withdrawing and letting me close together again the next. I was rocking back and forth in rhythm with his thrusts, driving him into me even deeper each time.

Suddenly he drove himself hard into my ass and held himself there, his hands on my waist, pulling me into him even more.

"Oh god I'm cumming!" he bellowed, "Take it Kelly, take it all!"

Suddenly a hot flash exploded inside of me as his first stream of cum emerged and was deposited in me. Then another and yet another, each like a small grenade exploding with a burst of heat deep inside of me.

I could feel his cock pulsing as it forced even more of his sperm into me. Finally he stopped and just held himself in me, breathing heavily. I moved forward to let his cock slip out of me and then turned around and squatted down so I could suck his cock. He jerked involuntarily as my tongue lightly touched his sensitive organ.

I took him into my mouth and savored the flavor of the mixture of our cum, served on a fat cock. I could feel his cum starting to drain from me and run down my leg. Using my fingers, I scooped it off my leg and put in into my mouth, enjoying my "dessert". His cock slowly softened in my mouth and finally I let him loose and stood up in front of him, a huge grin on my face.

"Well Jon, did I live up to my reputation?" I asked coyly, feeling a bit of cum dripping from the side of my mouth.

"Fuck Kelly, you are without a doubt the best piece of ass in the entire school!"

I smiled as it made me feel really special to hear him say that. I knew Jon had fucked practically all of the cheerleaders, if not all of them, and I loved it that he thought I was a better lay than any of those bitches. Well, I may not be able to do a cartwheel but I certainly knew how to suck and fuck!

We put our clothes back on and got back in the car. I could still feel some cum on my leg and more was draining from my pussy, which was creating a large wet spot in the crotch of my shorts. My nipples looked like bullets pressing through my top. If a cop stopped us now there would be no doubt what I'd been up to!

It only took about ten minutes to get back to my place. I gave him a quick kiss and got out of the car to go back into the house. My parents were asleep so I just dropped my clothes next to the bed and laid down, thinking back over the events of the night.

I touched myself and shivered as my clit was still swollen and sensitive. I lay there for a while, masturbating slowly as I remembered how Jon's fat cock felt so wonderful inside of me. I eventually brought myself to another orgasm and then was finally able to go to sleep.

Despite the great sex, Jon and I never went out again after that night. I had a feeling going into the evening that I was going to be just a notch on his belt, something to brag about with the guys. Well I didn't care as he was a notch in my belt as well!

One thing I WAS sure of - from the way he fucked me I knew my reputation was going to be even better now!

# 2002

## (Jan 17) Chapter 37: High School Chemistry Class

Story codes: Mf f-solo oral exhib inc father daughter
Me (16)
Robin (16)
John - my dad (37)

Most people don't remember their high school chemistry class as being a lot of fun. Well, they didn't have Robin as their lab partner!

### 1. About Robin

A lot of people have asked me if I use to tease my teachers or otherwise fool around in school. The reality is that I did a lot more at church and community functions than I ever did at school. My goal was to be a teacher someday and I especially wanted to teach in my old school district so it really wouldn't have been to my advantage to have anyone on the staff associating me with something controversial when I was a student. Despite the sensationalism in the media, the vast majority of teachers do NOT have sex with their students and doing so is NOT considered a career enhancing move. Of course, that doesn't mean I was exactly an angel all the time either. Far from it.

In my senior year of high school I took an advanced chemistry class. I wasn't looking forward to it but my guidance counselor said it would look good on my college application. As it turned out, there would be more chemistry in the class than the syllabus described, although I doubt it was the type that the school intended.

The classroom was really more of a lab. Square tables were set up two across the room and four deep with spots for four students at each one. Each one had a top made of some dark black impenetrable material with a sink in the middle and connections for gas for the burners. A number of drawers with locks were built in for us to store our materials in.

Instead of chairs or desks, we had to sit on these tall and uncomfortable stools with no backs and just a small round top. It was one of the older classrooms in the school, not much different from when our parents went to school here. In other words, long overdue for remodeling.

On the first day of class I was running late and at first I thought the class was full. Actually, it was just the front of the classroom where the door was that was filled and the last row of stools was empty. I found myself seated at one of the lab tables in the rear of the classroom next to Robin.

Robin was one of the hottest girls in school with a well-earned reputation as the school whore. To me there is a big difference between being a slut and a whore. As a slut, I used my body to MY advantage to get the things I wanted. On the other hand, Robin was a whore who just let boys use her for their own pleasure. I suspected she used drugs which might explain why she allowed herself to be so degraded.

That said, Robin was beautiful. She was slim with an olive complexion that bespoke her Italian heritage along with long dark wavy hair. While I didn't think I was all that bad looking, sitting next to her I had to admit she was in a class of her own. Robin had fantastic slim legs that I would have killed for, a shapely ultra-tight ass, and perfect C-cup breasts.

To top it all off, Robin knew just how to show everything off to its fullest advantage. Her skirts were always as short as the dress code allowed and usually shorter. I don't think I ever saw her once in a dress or skirt that even came close to her knees, no matter what the weather or circumstances.

The few times Robin wore jeans they looked like they'd been shrink wrapped on her. Now I love tight pants myself so I know just how difficult it can be to get them all the way up. Typically it involves a process where I lay on my back on my bed while sucking in my stomach and pulling them up as hard as I could. In Robin's case I hadn't a clue how she got into hers or what kept the seams from bursting once they were on.

Robin's blouses were always a size (or two) too small and they were usually cut low enough to show off lots of her ample cleavage. If not, she would leave enough buttons undone to accomplish the same effect. Usually she wore a bra but I think it was more to show off the bra than for any support it might offer. All of them looked like they came straight from Victoria Secret.

Not only did Robin dress provocatively, she knew how to act the part as well. She had this subtle way of crossing her legs and letting her skirt "accidentally" ride up practically to her ass, acting nonchalant yet knowing full well every boy in the room was staring at here - not to mention more than a few girls and some of the teachers. Then she would switch legs and briefly flash a pair of sexy panties or a miniscule thong. More than once I would have sworn she wasn't wearing anything at all!

By virtue of our seating arrangement Robin and I were lab partners so we talked in class but outside of the classroom we never socialized. She hung around with the "bad" crowd and never went to church so far as I knew. I didn't smoke or use drugs which also put us in different social circles.

In comparison I tried my best to be your typical "church girl" to the general population although I had a pretty solid reputation among the boys if which I was quite proud. They knew, many from personal experience, that I was willing to suck just about any cock I could get my hands (and mouth) on. It was a bit of a naughty reputation but one I was actually quite proud of and had worked hard to get!

I had no doubt that Robin knew all about me but we never discussed anything along those lines and since our social lives were so diverse it didn't really matter anyway. I think we pretty much had sex with different guys so we couldn't even compare notes.

So far as my school wardrobe went I liked to be a bit suggestive but in comparison to Robin I was a downright conservative catholic schoolgirl. For me, it was all part of my strategy where while I didn't mind having a slutty reputation with the boys but at school I wanted to maintain a solid reputation. Of course that' didn't mean away from school I didn't have more fun with the way I dressed. One of my favorite hobbies was teasing boys so when my younger cousin Kristen and I would go shopping at the mall, all bets were off.

My standard school "uniform" was a tight pair of faded jeans with a cotton blouse or fleece. On occasion when I was feeling particularly randy I wore a skirt but usually within a few inches of my knees and wore panties instead of a thong.

Once away from school I "lost" the panties whenever possible. I especially enjoyed going to church in nothing but a light dress with nothing underneath - no hose, slip, bra or panties. There was something about shaking hands with the minister after the service knowing I was completely exposed under the thin material of my dress that made me tingle every time.

Our chemistry teacher, Mr. Miller, was relatively new and this was only his second year as a full-time teacher. He wasn't married and really not all that much older than some of his older students. Heck, I'd fucked guys twice his age! He wasn't bad looking either and I have to admit I spent more than one chemistry class dreaming about being held up after class for some "personal" tutoring.

It wasn't just me that was interested in him either. Mr. Miller definitely had Robin's attention and she made no effort whatsoever to hide the fact. She was "available" and there was no way he couldn't have known it. Robin had the advantage that everyone already knew she was a whore so she didn't care that we all saw what she was doing. Actually, I got a kick out of watching this little cat and mouse game between her and Mr. Miller where she was the naughty feline and he was the poor mouse being teased unmercifully by her.

Mr. Miller liked to lecture from the back of the room. It was something he did in all of his classes but in our class he had the added entertainment of Robin who would flash her legs and boobs as far as she could get away with. She was always going up to him when he was at his desk to ask a question, making sure she was leaning over as far as possible so he got a great view of her awesome breasts down her unbuttoned blouse.

I had to hand it to Mr. Miller though, he dealt with everything Robin threw at him extremely well and always in a professional manner. He never responded in any way to Robin's treachery, not even when she got carried away and literally rubbed her breasts against his shoulder as she would lean from behind to show him something.

Mr. Miller was no dummy and obviously knew the best way to deal with someone like Robin was to ignore her because it was his attention she really wanted. I'm sure she wanted his attention AND his cock if she could have it. I had it on pretty good authority that Robin had fucked several of the teachers in her high school career and there were even some rumors about her back in middle school.

Academically she wasn't the brightest bulb on the string yet somehow she made the honor roll every semester. Robin may not have the highest SAT scores but that didn't mean she was dumb! Sometimes "street smarts" can trump "book smarts".

## 2. Class Pervert

The second semester had just started and once we were seated I thought that I heard someone messing around in the small lab room directly behind our classroom.

There was a door leading to it right behind the lab table where Robin and I sat with blinds that were always shut. I'd taken a brief peek in there shortly after classes had started to quench my curiosity but since then I'd never ventured back into the room. It was not much more than an oversize closet with some lab equipment and a sink.

Today was the first sign I'd ever seen or heard that anyone ever used the mysterious back room. The door opened briefly and Mark, the senior class nerd, stepped out and went to Mr. Miller's office.

Mark was so far ahead of everyone else that apparently he spent most of his time in self-study classes since he'd already aced all the regular classes in his junior year. Mark was the perfect image of the school nerd; short and dorky looking, shy to the point of being afraid of girls, and always managed to dress funny without even trying.

It would've shocked me if he wasn't still a virgin as I'd never heard of anyone ever going out with him. He was always quiet as a church mouse and after the first week or so I had forgotten all about him. One day when we were getting ready for class, Robin looked at me and giggled a bit.

"What's so funny Robin?? I asked. I looked down at my clothes and asked, "OK, did I spill something on my blouse?"

Robin giggled again and shook her head. Then I noticed that her eyes were pointing to the rear lab room. She leaned over and whispered to me, "Did you know that nerd Mark has been watching us from the lab room? I've noticed that the blinds move a little whenever I let my skirt ride up."

I looked at her with wide eyes and said, "You've got to be kidding! What do you think he's doing?"

"Well," Robin replied with a sly grin, "I think the little pervert's jerking off while watching the two of us through the blinds."

Then she gave me a sly grin and asked, "So what do you say? Want to help me tease the stupid peeping Tom?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Robin gave me a truly wicked grin saying, "Just make sure you wear a short skirt tomorrow and follow my lead."

The class was about to begin so we had to be quiet. Sitting there trying to pay attention to Mr. Miller, my mind kept wandering to what Robin had said. I had to admit I was intrigued and during the rest of the class I felt more than a bit turned on as I dreamed up various possibilities. It didn't hurt that Robin was going to be involved. As much as I loved to tease boys, even I could probably learn some lessons from Robin.

## 3. Home With My Mom

After school, I couldn't wait until my mom got home from work. My mom was my closest friend and I shared everything with her. Who taught me to masturbate? My mom. Who was the first person I told when I lost my virginity? My mom. Who got me on the pill immediately afterwards? Do I need to say? She loved to wait up for me when I was out on a date so I could tell her all about it - the more details the better.

It was like she was reliving her high school years through me but I didn't mind. There are things I can't tell even my closest girlfriends at school but with mom, nothing is off limits. My mom had sex with her dad as well as with her sister so she was able to relate to my situation with my dad. Of all the people I knew, my mother was one the most wise and moral of anyone and I trusted her advice and usually took her suggestions - and later wished I had those times when I didn't.

My dad was working late as usual so it was just me and mom for most of the evening. She'd brought home supper which we shared while watching TV in the family room. Both of us had changed out of our clothes and I was wearing one of my dad's newest shirts while she had on a long nightshirt that fell well below her knees.

"You know, your dad's gonna have a fit when he see that on you," my mom teased me, "He's only worn that shirt once."

"I know, why do you think I picked it?" I replied and we both giggled, "Besides, I doubt he'll complain TOO much."

My mom just shook her head in mock resignation. I knew she was just teasing me as after all, she was the one who mentioned my dad had some new shirts in the closet. I loved wearing men's shirts in the evening, even if I took them off when I went to bed. They were loose and comfortable and sometimes I didn't even button them up, depending on my dad's mood for the night.

After some small talk I turned to my mom and told her about Robin's suggestion for me. I told her about Mark and how Robin thought he'd been masturbating in school.

"In school?" my mom said incredulously, "I can't believe anyone would be that stupid. Maybe in the restroom but not in class."

I explained to her how the lab room was isolated in the rear of the class and how the window was protected by the blinds. Even so, I could tell from the look on her face that she still wasn't buying it. I had to admit, I'd never seen anything myself but why would Robin lie about something like that?

"Well, I've heard more than a few things about that girl," my mom huffed, "It wouldn't surprise me that she just wanted to get you in trouble. You know, I was told she was doing it with your old principal - right in his office!"

I just laughed. Everyone in school had heard that one and while Robin would never confirm or deny it, it WAS true that he had resigned under some rather bizarre circumstances so who knows?

"Well, I don't see what harm it could cause," my mom said, finally giving in to me, "Just don't do anything with your teacher - OK?"

I promised her and went over to her chair and gave her a kiss. We hugged and for the rest of the evening we just watched TV while I did some homework. My dad was really running late so I ended up going to bed before he got home so he never got to see me in his shirt. Oh well, maybe the next night?

I slipped in bed and the sheets felt cold against my bare skin but quickly warmed up as the comforter captured my body heat. I was tired but thoughts about the next day kept my mind churning and I felt a familiar twinge between my legs. The more I thought about it, the more excited I was getting and it wasn't about teasing some poor boy.

No, my thoughts were centered around someone else - Robin. God she was so sexy and beautiful. I would've given anything to have a body like hers! Everything I had, she had just a little bit better. Her dark hair was long and natural wavy while mine was to my shoulders and straight regardless of all attempts I'd made. My boobs were slowly appearing but hers were right out of Playboy - full and firm with nipples that always seemed to be poking through her clothes. My figure wasn't all that bad but she was classic with a perfect waist and hips. Her legs belonged on a lingerie package while mine still thin and filling out. Most times I was jealous of her but with the lights out and me laying nude on my bed, I imagined what it would be like to be with her.

## 4. Masturbating About Robin

Other than my mom and aunt, I'd never had sex with another woman. Sure I've masturbated numerous times with my cousin and friends but we never touched each other when we did it.

I couldn't help but wonder what would it be like to touch Robin, to feel her perfect body pressed up against mine, her large boobs against my own and our pussies pressing up against one another.

As thoughts of Robin's sensational body filled my imagination, my hand moved between my legs and I raised my knees up and spread them apart as I began to touch myself while my other hand slowly caressed my boobs. My finger ran tight little circles around my clit and I gasped when I pushed it inside of my wet pussy, drawing the lubrication up and out to wet my clit more. God it felt so good to touch myself!

As all my friends will testify, I LOVE to masturbate and typically did it at least once or twice a day although more if I was particularly horny. It had nothing to do with whether or not I was getting laid - I just loved to do it. Sometimes I would do myself after a guy fucked me and had fallen asleep or otherwise lost interest after coming. It was more unusual for me NOT to do it in the morning than it was to do it. Unless I had a desperate need to use the bathroom, I almost always masturbated before I even got out of bed. Different people have different times when they are naturally horny. For me, it's right after I've woken up. Sometimes before I rub the sleep from my eyes I already have one hand between my legs!

It didn't take long for me to get myself worked up to the point of having an orgasm. Usually when I cum I am dreaming of being fucked by somebody or sucking some incredible cock but in this case I imagined myself in a 69 with Robin with me on top. As my pussy burst with pleasure I dreamed of Robin's tongue playing on my sensitive clit while my face was pressed between her incredibly soft thighs and my mouth over her well-fucked pussy. As my pussy cum gushed from me, I dreamed of Robin licking it up like a cat at a bowl of milk and then she was cumming as well, drenching my face with her tasty cum.

Once my orgasm had died down I collapsed in bed and panted while I tried to catch my breath. God, what could feel better than an orgasm? Not even drugs could possibly make me feel this good although if it was anything like this, then I could sympathize with drug addicts as I was addicted to my orgasms as much as any heroin addict. The best part was, masturbation was legal and I could do it anytime I wanted!

# 5. Sucking My Dad's Dick

The next morning I woke up and after my typical masturbation session and washroom duties, I was back in my room debating what to wear. I wasn't really sure what Robin had in mind and again I wondered if she was just pulling some practical joke on me.

Well, I finally decided that I had nothing to lose so I picked out one of my shorter skirts, one that my dad had bought me a little while back when we were out just having some fun. I'd had never worn to school before because it was several inches shorter than the school dress code allowed and it wasn't like the dress code was all that conservative to start with.

With a skirt this short, odds were that someone would be seeing underneath it more than once during the day so I decided to wear a relatively conservative white thong. It wasn't the sexiest I had and covered my ass more than most of my thongs did but it was still better than wearing panties. Going without anything underneath my skirt would've been a lot naughtier but I was out to have fun, not get suspended and sent home before homeroom was over!

Gathering my books and coat, I went downstairs where to my surprise, my dad was sitting at the table drinking coffee.

"Hey Dad!" I said with a note of surprise, "What are you doing here so late?"

My dad grinned and explained that my mom had told him all about my plans for the day. "Well, you couldn't expect me to just go to work without seeing for myself what you chose to wear, could you?" Then he looked me over and smiled when he saw my skirt.

"Hmmm, I remember buying you that one," he said, licking his lips just a bit, "I ALSO remember what you did with it when we got home!"

I giggled at his comments and indeed, I remembered as well how I'd worn it just long enough to strip if off as he watched my every move. My dad got up and

eyes, the way his tongue played on his dry lips, the way his fingers stroked gently through my hair. He was my father and he was all mine.

Seeing his dick in front of me was exciting. I reached out with my tongue and touched the tip of his cock, flickering it over it like a snake reaching out to sense its surroundings. The scent of his crotch still smelled of the soap he'd washed it with just an hour earlier but the musk of his sex was beginning to emerge.

I held his cock by the base, his pubic hair peeking out through my fingers as my mouth surrounded his cock and I slowly took it in until about half of him was in my mouth. My lips tightened around him and I began to slowly stroke his cock in and out of my mouth.

"Oh god Kelly, that feels so good," my dad whispered hoarsely to me. He took my head in his strong hands and began to push and pull me into his crotch, setting the pace for my cocksucking.

"Deeper... go deeper," he called out softly to me, "Take it all in your mouth."

At the same time, he pulled my head more sharply into his groin, forcing his cock down into my throat. I almost gagged the first time but I relaxed my throat and took him in. He pulled me head even harder into his crotch, forcing every inch of his cock into my mouth and throat. Just as I was about to cry out for air, he pulled me by the hair away from him and I gasped loudly as I tried to catch my breath.

"Again," he commanded me, "Take it again... ALL of it."

He didn't wait for me to respond but instead forced his cock back into my mouth again. He repeated this several times, pushing his cock into my throat and then allowing me to just catch my breath long enough before shoving it down me again.

"Now suck just the head and stroke me," I barely heard him say.

I did as he said, taking just the head of his stiff cock into my mouth with my lips sealing just down on his smooth shaft under the lip of his head. I started to stroke his cock with my right hand, sliding easily up and down his shaft which was still wet from having just been in my mouth. I just kept stroking him and stroking him, until finally my arm began to tire and so I switched hands.

I was beginning to think he was never going to cum when I heard him groan loudly.

"Don't stop... oh god don't stop now... I'm cumming!" he called out loudly.

Suddenly I felt his hairy crotch pressing into my face and then his cock shot out its first stream of incestual cum into my mouth. I felt the warmth of it striking the back of my throat and beginning to fill my mouth. He kept cumming and cumming as I tried valiantly to keep it all in my mouth but it was too much for me to hold.

I couldn't swallow with his cock in my mouth so I loosened my lips enough to let it spill out and drip down my chin onto the floor below me. Finally he finished and I let his spent cock slip from my mouth. It took several tries to swallow it all down and I knew it would be a while before the strong aftertaste cleared but that didn't matter - I loved it. Looking up at my dad, I saw he was smiling as he stroked my hair away from my face.

"Did you like that daddy?" I asked in a soft voice, "Did I make you happy?"

My dad lifted me up to my feet and looked into my eyes. He smiled and kissed me on the cheek (he was never one for tasting his own cum).

"Oh Kelly... you are the most wonderful daughter any father could ever ask for," he said in a low deep voice.

That was all he said but it was enough for me. I'd pleased my dad and what more could I ask for?

I went to the kitchen to wipe off my chin and then came back to clean up the cum that had dripped to the floor. Grabbing my school stuff, I gave my dad a peck on the cheek and said goodbye.

It was only a few blocks to school so wasn't long before I was walking down the halls, wondering if anyone had a clue as to why I was smiling so broadly so early in the morning. The aftertaste of my dad's cum was still strong in my mouth and it reminded me of how good it had made me feel when he came. I wondered if he was thinking of me know as he was driving to work? All in all, not a bad way to start out the day!

## 6. Robin Takes My Panties

Even though I wasn't exactly the most conservative dresser in school, this particular skirt was not part of my typical wardrobe and I loved the extra attention I was getting because of it. A couple of the older female teachers gave me a second look and at one point I was sure that I was going to called into the principal's office or something but thankfully nothing happened. I guess they knew me well enough by now to know it was better to ignore me than to call even more attention to me.

Later, as I was walking down the crowded hallway heading towards chemistry class, Robin caught up with me from behind, grabbed my arm and pulled me over against the lockers. Her flash was flushed and she seemed to be extremely excited about something. She looked around and then whispered in my ear softly, "Nice skirt Kelly - can't believe they're letting you wear it. Now hurry up and come into the girl's room with me."

She didn't say anything else but just kept her grip on my upper arm and literally pulled me inside. Once the door had closed I was surprised that we had the place all to ourselves. It was almost time for the bell to ring again so I guess everyone was in class instead. Robin stood back a couple of feet from me, looked me over and nodded in approval.

"Damn Kelly, you really look hot in that skirt! You know, you should wear that one more often."

Before I could answer she just grinned circled around behind me saying, "There IS just one little bitty thing to do before class though..."

With that she reached under my skirt and before I could react, she'd pulled my panties down to my ankles. My eyes widened and for a second I was too shocked to say anything. Robin just laughed at my reaction.

"C'mon, lift your foot Kelly so I can get these off. Hurry up before someone comes in!"

As you might imagine, I was taken by surprise and in my confusion I couldn't help but do what she said so I lifted each foot and then she stood up with my panties dangling from one finger.

"Cute panties Kelly - your mom buy these for you or what? Don't worry, wanna see mine?"

With that she lifted up her own skirt to reveal she was also not wearing anything whatsoever underneath! I couldn't help but notice she was also completely shaved as well with a little rose tattoo right above her clit. I didn't have time to make out what the writing was above it as she turned around to show off her ass.

"So tell me Kelly, you like my ass?" she said with a smirk, "I mean, you look at it so much in class I figured you wouldn't mind a better view."

My cheeks burned as I blushed while she quickly dropped her skirt back down and straightened it out. Robin rolled her eyes and giggled again at me. "Oh c'mon hun, gimme a break. I've heard all about you so don't pull that innocent schoolgirl crap with me. Come on, let's go have some fun in class."

Thankfully she handed my panties to me and I stuffed them in my purse just in time as group of freshmen girls walked in. Robin and I just looked at each other and I couldn't help but giggle nervously. Even though I often went without panties to school, I'd never done it while wearing a skirt this short and I felt incredibly self-conscious as we walked down the hall to the classroom. I could feel my bare ass rubbing against the fabric of my short skirt and knew it wouldn't take much bending over for someone to see that it was all I had on.

Remembering Robin's earlier comment, I was indeed more than a little surprised that neither of us hadn't been sent home today for wearing such revealing outfits. Well, maybe not so surprised about Robin. Most of us figured she had to be screwing the half the school board to get away with some of her antics.

As we entered the classroom, Mark pushed his way by us and disappeared quickly into his little room. Even as abrupt as he had been, I knew he had to have seen our outfits and I had this premonition that he'd be keeping even a closer eye on the two us today.

## 7. Masturbating in Class

As luck would have it, Mr. Miller announced he would be showing us a really boring film. Actually he didn't say it was boring but those were the only type you see in science classes. "Boring science class movie" - sort of redundant when you think about it. He turned off the lights and the room was dark with the only light coming from the projector located in the middle of the room plus whatever made its way past the window blinds.

My eyes quickly adjusted to the dim lighting and it was enough such that I was able to make out everyone in the room although not enough that I could've read anything. Mr. Miller took a his usual seat at his desk at the front of the room, leaving Robin and me to ourselves in the back of the room.

No sooner had the movie started than Robin turned towards me and shifted on her stool slightly, just enough to pull her short skirt up high on her thighs. I figured she hadn't gotten me to take my panties off just to watch her tease, so with a hint of a smile on my face, I did the same. I crossed over my left leg so she would be able to a full view of my upper thigh as my skirt hiked its way upward.

Normally I would've tugged it down but in this case I shifted my weight which just made it ride up even higher until I was literally sitting bare-ass on the stool.

Robin smiled naughtily and turned directly towards me. Uncrossing her legs, she spread them apart just enough for me to see her crotch.

My eyes were now fully adjusted to the light, enough such that I could just make out the slit between her legs and I felt my own pussy starting to react. Not to be outdone, I did the same with my legs so now both of us had our eyes on the other's crotch. From that point on, I don't think either of us looked at the movie again!

Robin's eyes motioned to the back door and I glanced out the corner of my eye to see what she was trying to point out. Sure enough, there was a slight opening in the blinds and I could have sworn I saw someone peeking between them.

Hmmmmmm, so Mark was indeed watching us... well that just made the game all the more fun! I wondered if Robin was right about Mark. Did he really jerk off behind the door while he watched us? Was he doing it now?

I felt myself getting wetter as I imagined him with his pants unzipped and his stiff cock sticking out, stroking it with one hand while he pushed aside the blinds just enough to witness Robin and me teasing each other. Hopefully he was watching as I love it when a boy jerks off for me, knowing he's all hard and horny because of me. Seeing a guy cum all over his hand as he fantasizes about fucking me has got to be one of the most erotic things a guy can do for me.

I wondered if Mark was going to cum soon, spilling his warm cum over his hand as he imagined himself being with Robin and me, the two of us sucking and fucking him like he always dreamed of but had never experienced.

With these opening moves it was apparent that Robin and I now had a little game of dare going on between us. From the beginning I should have known that I didn't have a chance in one-upping her but even so, I would've still tried.

Robin placed one hand between her legs and started rubbing her bare pussy. Once again I took the dare and now both of us were rubbing our pussies.

Before she could do more, I decided to go one up on Robin and so I slipped my middle finger up into my pussy. It went in easily as I was soaking wet by now and it caused me to shudder slightly, forcing me to stifle what was almost an audible gasp. I quickly looked around to see if anyone had heard anything, not sure if I'd actually done anything or not.

Oh well, I must now have as everyone was watching the film, everyone but Robin that is. I think I even took Robin a bit by surprise; she probably figured she would be the leader in this little game. Not to be outdone, Robin slipped two fingers inside her slutty pussy and then started fucking herself with them slowly.

God she looked so hot! This was crazy... I couldn't believe we were doing this in class!

The film was supposed to last twenty minutes or so and by the clock that meant it was about half over so there wasn't a whole lot of time left. Robin gave me a demure smile which I took as a warning that something else was coming. Sure enough, she pushed her fingers as far as she could into her pussy, left them in for a few seconds, then pulled them out and put them in her mouth to taste her pussy juices. My eyes widened but I wasn't ready to cry uncle yet.

I repeated her moves and both of us grinned at each other, knowing we were being really naughty yet totally thrilled by the experience.

The game continued as I rubbed my clit faster and faster while Robin doing the same. Once again, I couldn't believe we were actually doing this!! On one hand I was a little scared that someone was going to catch us yet at the same time I had this incredibly voyeuristic thrill I get whenever I'm doing something naughty in public. The difference was this was the first time I'd ever done anything this blatant in class.

I'd rubbed myself a little before in class but never actually masturbated like this. The combination of sensual sensations and erotic feelings was driving me to what I knew was going to be a great orgasm and I wasn't about to stop for anything at this point. Hell, I was so horny I think the projector could've stopped and the lights come to give everyone a view and I STILL wouldn't have stopped. There was no way I could be this close to an orgasm and not get there!

I felt my face flush and my pussy began to drip cum onto my stool as I closed my eyes and let the waves of pleasure overwhelm me. It took every bit of willpower not to gasp or cry out when what felt like a jolt of electricity shocked my entire body as my orgasm came to its climax. I pushed my fingers deep into my pussy, dreaming they were a fat cock that was swelling in me as it started to shoot its load of sperm deep inside my welcoming pussy. In the back of my mind I realized I where I was yet instead of dampening my climax it just made it rise even higher. My god, I was climaxing right in the middle of chemistry class!

Slowly the burning sensations died down and the tingling in my pussy faded away. I opened my eyes to see Robin staring at me, her mouth still open slightly after watching me cum. Her eyes were like saucers and when she saw me looking at her a huge grin came to her face. She was licking her lips and I had a feeling that if we had been alone things would have been getting pretty interesting about now.

I let out a deep breath and put my fingers in my mouth, savoring the flavor of my cum. God it tasted so good! As much as I enjoyed male cum, nothing beat the taste of a pussy - especially my own.

The movie was almost over so we straightened ourselves up and adjusted our skirts. By the time the lights had come back on we just sat there looking all cute and innocent as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Miller was eyeing us with this questioning look and I wondered if he suspected anything. I don't see how he could have from the front of the room yet at the same time I could feel the flushness that was still in my face so he had to be wondering what had caused that. Combined with our outfits was he putting two and two together? If so, he never said a word and the rest of the class went on as normal although my pussy was so sensitive I had to keep my legs crossed to keep it happy.

## 8. After Class

When the class was over we hung around until Mark came out. Robin winked at him and I gave him a sexy smile. Mark blushed instantly before he could look away. He had such a guilty look on his face we knew he must have been watching us. He hurried out of the room but Robin went back into Mark's private little lab room. I followed her wondering what she as going to do. When I entered she was looking though the trash can.

"What in the world are you looking for?" I asked.

'I know it's in here," Robin replied as she rummaged through the paper. Suddenly she grabbed something and cried out, "Ah ha! I knew it!"

I looked at what she was holding - it was just a wadded up piece of paper towel from the dispenser next to the sink.

"What in the world are you talking about Robin?" I asked, totally mystified.

Robin sniffed the paper towel and handed it to me. Immediately I could see it was stained with a creamy, faintly yellow substance and when I smelled it I knew exactly what it was. After all, I'd smelled and tasted it dozens of times in the past, not to mention just this morning. Someone had recently cum in the paper towel and I knew it could've been only one person - Mark. We both looked at each other and broke out laughing.

"Oh my god Kelly," Robin exclaimed, "Well, I don't blame the little pervert for jerking off. Even I couldn't believe the show you were putting on! Damn girl, I never dreamed you would get so carried away you little slut!"

Coming from Robin, that was quite a compliment so I just smiled and looked behind us. The classroom had emptied and nobody was in sight. I reached up to her and planted a kiss on her mouth. She never hesitated, responding back to me with a passion and lust that confirmed what I'd suspected earlier.

We held it for a few seconds and then released, smiling at each other as we both seemed to be a bit surprised at ourselves. Robin gave me a wink saying, "You know Kelly, you're one hot little bitch. You wouldn't be interested in getting together sometime, would you?"

From the sly look on her face and the way she teasingly licked her lips, I knew she wasn't interested in just chatting! I'd never done anything with another girl and so I panicked just a bit.

"Ummmmm... thanks Robin and I appreciate it but no thanks. So... are you going to the restroom to put on your panties?" I asked, looking to change the subject

Robin laughed saying, "Not today, why do you think I only pick classes with male teachers? Besides, you've got me so horny now I'm going to have to take it out on a few of the poor guys today or I may just burst!"

We left the classroom and went our separate ways. I decided the hell with it, why not leave my panties off? To make sure I didn't chicken out I dumped them into a waste can along the way. My heart skipped a beat as I thought about what would happen if someone saw my bare ass but just the same I felt that familiar twinge in my pussy I get whenever I'm doing something naughty.

It had been a lot of fun and even though I doubted we would ever do such a thing again, I would never look at chemistry class the same way again!

I doubted Mark would either!

# (Apr 13) Chapter 38: Fun in a Grocery Store

Story codes: f-solo veg exhib
Me (17)
Kristen - cousin (14)

It seems funny to me that of all my diary entries this is the one people seem to have the hardest time believing. Well, I guess I can understand why but that still doesn't make it any less true. Admittedly it represents what was probably our wildest day at the store but that's why I wrote about it and not some other day. This just goes to show you what happens when two sluts try to outdo one another!

## 1. Growing Up With My Cousin

My Aunt Linda (my mother's younger sister) was divorced early in her marriage. Apparently her husband wasn't as able to deal with her family obligations as he claimed when they got married leaving her with the horrible choice of having to choose between her family and her marriage. She was raised the same as me in that that your priorities in life are God, family and marriage so she really didn't have a choice when it came down to it.

My Aunt's experience definitely served as a lesson to me when it came time to accepting my own marriage proposal. Before I said "yes" I made sure my husband understood my obligations as a wife AND a daughter. Fortunately my husband has dealt with it better than hers did. Steve may not like being included when I am with my dad but at least he isn't afraid to take advantage of the opportunities he now has with my mom!

So anyway, as a result of being a single mother, Aunt Linda and my cousin Kristen pretty much spent most of their time over at our house which made them more like a second mom and younger sister than an aunt and cousin. I never really was as close to my aunt as I was my own mother but when it came to my cousin, we've been inseparable since we were little girls.

whipped puppy. Is he looking at girls like me now and secretly longing for those years when he had so many wasted opportunities?

One look at his wife and it's easy to see why he might be thinking such things. Why is it that so many wives no longer seem to care about themselves after the third child and years of housekeeping? Without hardly realizing it she's been steadily gaining weight until she's now literally twice the girl he'd married.

What was once daily sex is now maybe once a week, or even less leaving masturbation as his primary, if not ONLY, outlet for relieving his sexual frustrations. If she's like what most husbands have told me about their wives then she hasn't sucked his cock in years. Sex is limited to the missionary position and only in bed with the lights out.

With all that I can just imagine the filthy thoughts he must be thinking when he sees a girl like me walking down the aisle. Does he look at my ass and long for one more shot at his glory days, praying for just one last opportunity to feel the warmth of the soft body of a hot young slut like me instead of the nasty rolls of fat his wife now has to offer. Was he wishing he could feel his neglected cock deep inside my tight shaved teenage pussy instead of his wife's stretched-out hairy cunt, now all but hidden between her thick fatty thighs?

As he walks down the aisle does his cock stir as he stares at my boobs, dreaming of how they would feel in his hands as I suck the last drops of cum from the incredible orgasm he'd just experienced thanks to my fantastic blowjob? Does he realize that when he looks at me when he thinks I don't see that I know full well his eyes are on me?

## 3. The Drive to the Grocery Store

It was the spring of my senior year of high school and I'd just turned seventeen. The often unpredictable weather at that time of year was beautiful today - perfect to shed the heavy winter clothes and break out the slutty shorts and halters.

Preparing for one of my "adventures" was not something I took lightly. Kristen and I both liked to wear skimpy shorts and revealing tops such as t-shirts cut off just below our bust line. The bras and panties remained home of course and all we added was a cute pair of white sneakers. I preferred to tie my hair back in a ponytail to give me that "school girl" appeal.

revealed all the family "secrets" to me (or so I thought at the time). Maybe someday Kristen would join us when she got older.

Little did I know the joke was on me. It would be over another year from today later before I would find out that while Kristen may not have been aware of the sexual ties between our families, she and her mom had their own little "special" mother-daughter relationship going. While I knew they had slept in the same bed since the divorce, I'd never even considered that they might be doing a lot more than just sleeping together when they sharing that bed! I would have been especially surprised had I know how young she was when it started.

Looking at Kristen today, I could easily see why she was so popular with the boys. God she looked hot! While my only sexual experiences to date had been with our mothers, I found myself wondering what it would be like to be with Kristen. I was totally into guys at the time but that didn't mean I didn't wonder once in a while what it would be like to be with another girl. Who better to experiment with than my own cousin with whom I'd already shared so much as it was?

My lustful interest today in Kristen must have been a bit more blatant then I realized because it wasn't long before long Kristen looked over at me and caught me red-handed sneaking a peak at her crotch.

"Hey! Eyes on the road cousin!" she said jokingly.

Despite me irreverent thoughts about what I wanted to do to her pussy, my face flushed just a bit at being caught. Kristen laughed at my reaction saying, "Oh sure Kelly, and since when are you embarrassed looking at me? God I can't wait to have some fun this afternoon!"

I noticed she was starting to rub her breasts as she said that and I knew then that she was in one of her horny moods. Then again, I think she was always in a horny mood sometimes! Hmmmmmm, it was promising to be an interesting day!

"Now don't get too carried away before we even get there girl." I pretended to scold her, "Save some for the store."

Kristen looked at me with a sexy grin on her face and said, "Oh? And why not have some fun now?"

With that she reached her hands under her T-shirt and massaged both of her exposed breasts more vigorously. She closed her eyes and slouched back in the seat a bit. Reaching to her side, she lowered the seat further back such that she was lying back more than sitting in the seat. A low moan escaped from her lips as she pinched

Kristen was watching me, licking her lips as she turned in her seat to get a better view. I love being watched when I masturbate so if anything it just helped me as I closed my eyes and imagined it was Kristen fingering me instead.

"Oh god!" I sighed as I slouched in my seat and rubbed my clit as quickly as I could. Kristen wasn't saying a word but even with my eyes closed I could almost feel her eyes staring at me. God, why doesn't she touch me?

Finally I came and pulled my shorts back into place. I checked myself out in the mirror and other than being a little flushed I looked OK so we both got out and headed into the store holding hands.

# 4. Teasing a Husband

Just walking in the store was interesting. We passed one family with a wife, husband and two little rug rats. The wife was practically screaming at the brats to stay out of the street while the husband looked up in the air like he was praying for someone to kill him and free him from this purgatory.

As Kristen and I walked by I could see that his eyes were glued to us, looking us over from top to bottom although he must have been a legs and ass man from the way he spent most of the time looking at those. I teasingly wiggled my butt just a bit more to give him a little show.

Just then his wife yelled at him to act his age and get going. He looked away quickly and with a sheepish grin quickened his pace to catch up with his overbearing bitch of a wife.

Kristen looked at me and we both burst into laughter. His wife gave us a withering stare and I could see the word "sluts" forming on her lips. Well, that was just fine with me. Heck, If I wasn't a slut then I wouldn't be dressed like one and heading into the grocery store to act like one! I wonder what she would have said if she had known that instead of insulting me, I took it as a compliment?

Entering the store, we didn't bother with a shopping cart. We weren't going to be buying anything so what was the point? Still holding hands, we went down the end aisle in search of our first horny dad.

It didn't take long as dead ahead was the stereotypical husband shopping with his wife. She was looking over everything and filling the cart as he slowly pushed it behind her. The wife was dressed in some hideous blouse and shorts outfit that looked like they were fresh off the garage sale rack. She must have been a good hundred pounds overweight with heavy boobs that hung low despite the heroic efforts of her bra. Her scraggly hair was pulled back into a bun and I doubt it had seen any shampoo in a few days.

Meanwhile the husband was maybe early to mid-thirties. Unlike his fat wife, he obviously worked out. While he wasn't in his high school football shape, he wasn't fat either although there was a hint of a beer belly starting to form. He was wearing faded jeans, white tennis shoes and a polo shirt, nothing exactly stylish.

I couldn't imagine what it must be like for him to see his wife's fat ass ahead of him. Was he wondering what happened to the sexy girl he'd married that was now most likely gone forever? Kristen elbowed me and we grinned at each other in silent agreement as we prepared for some fun.

Slipping in just ahead of him but behind his wife who had moved further ahead than usual, we waited until she wasn't looking and then we both bent over to look at something on a lower shelf. Not finding whatever it was we were looking for, we took aim at the top shelf, stretching up on our toes for a better look.

In both case our shorts pulled up into our crotches letting our asses hang out while he got a flash of the underside of our boobs when our t-shirts rode up. Of course we acted as if nothing happened and pretended we didn't even notice him staring at us. Moving on, we passed his wife who was totally clueless as to the exhibition we had just put on for her husband.

We waited in the next aisle until they appeared. Acting as though we had forgotten something from the first aisle, we walked past them and smiled at him as we giggled like school girls. His eyes followed us while his wife moved on so we had quick kiss. It wasn't just a peck on the cheek but full on the lips. I didn't look back as I didn't want to spook him but I knew he had to be watching us. At the moment though I wasn't sure what was turning me on more - kissing Kristen or him watching me kiss her.

He was almost TOO easy - his eyes were on us every chance he got except when his fat wife was at the cart. Finally we let him be and moved on before his wife got suspicious of why we were trailing them. Sort of like "catch and release" I guess you could say.

Mmmmmmm, I would've loved to have seen him when they got home. No doubt he would be heading straight to the bathroom to jerk off, thinking of what it would be like to fuck someone like us again for just one more time in his pathetic life.

## 5. Fun with Vegetables

As much as I love it, teasing married men is only half the fun to be had in a grocery store. Masturbation is one of my all-time favorite activities and doing it in public just makes it all that much hotter. So what better place to do it than the vegetable section of a grocery store?

God, talk about having a wide variety of options! The key was to find a spot where you could see the people coming and going without being seen right away yourself, at least not ALL of you seen. Depending on whose turn it was, one of us would act as the lookout while the other played with herself using whatever was available.

My personal favorite is a long, slim cucumber. With Kristen there to serve as lookout, after choosing a fine specimen I would pull my shorts down just enough to let me slip it in my pussy and then masturbate with it.

It was as such times that wearing such tight shorts was a disadvantage. If they had been baggier then I could have just pulled the crotch to the side and slipped it in which would have made it so much easier. Then again, having to drop my shorts WAS a lot more sluttier and hence made me hornier.

Sometimes if there is someone shopping nearby I like to do it when they're facing away from me, which makes it even hotter for me. The risk of them suddenly turning and catching me with my hands down the front

The ultimate turn-on is to watch later and see who takes my pussy cum-covered "toy" home with them. I wonder if they realize when they're holding it that only a few moments before it had been deep in my pussy and was now covered with my cum. It may even be a bit damp still but she thinks it is just water sprayed by the store clerk earlier. Then I fantasize about her taking it home to her husband, cutting it up without washing it and then serving it in a salad to the whole family. Then the whole family gets a little taste of me!

On this particular day it was Kristen's turn to do herself first. After our little adventure with the husband she was raging horny and ready to go.

In this particular store the fruits and vegetable department was arranged in a number of separate islands rather than just rows so it would be difficult for anyone to see her from a distance until they got close. I stood a little ways away where I could still see her but yet keep one eye on the people coming and going.

Store traffic this day was still really light so there were plenty of times when we were the only people in the area. When the coast was clear I looked at Kristen and we both grinned, ready to get started. Like me, Kristen's favorite vegetable was also a long cucumber. She'd already picked one out while we were waiting, selecting one that wasn't too thick yet long enough for her to get a good grip and still get enough of it inside of her.

While waiting Kristen had already unbuttoning the top of her shorts and unzipped them. They were tight but she was able to reach her hand down them and start playing with herself to get ready for her "toy". As horny as we both were then she jumped a bit when she first touched her clit. If she was in any condition like I was, I could imagine how swollen and wet it was already and the jolt she must have felt when her fingers first touched it.

She leaned back against the counter and rubbed herself, her other hand drifting to her breast and rubbing it through her all but transparent t-shirt. I could see her dark nipples already poking through the thin cotton material and I reached for mine for just a moment, squeezing my boobs and feeling the rush I always get whenever I do that.

Just then I spotted an older woman coming towards us and hissed at Kristen. Her eyes rolled and she pouted but she took her hand out of her shorts, sucking her pussy wetted finger for just a moment to get a nice taste of herself. She just turned toward the counter and pretended to be inspecting the fruit and vegetables there without even bothering to zip them back up, let alone button them up again.

The old lady (she must have been at least in her sixties) picked out some tomatoes and went on her way. No sooner than her back was turned and she was heading out than Kristen was back at it again. While she was fingering herself she reached for the cucumber she'd picked out and started to suck on it like a delicious cock. God she looked so sexy! I wanted so bad to join her but I'd my turn a couple of weeks before in this same store so it was Kristen's turn today.

Kristen had to pause a couple of times more as people came and went but each time I could tell it was harder for Kristen to stop. The last time she didn't even bother to pull her shorts together and I really was turned on seeing this young mother with her little boy in the cart standing next to her picking out vegetables and not realizing that the teenage slut next to her had her pants undone and was waiting impatiently for her to leave so she could go back to masturbating. If they hadn't been so tight the shorts would have dropped to her knees!

Actually, the soccer mom was pretty cute and I wondered what her reaction would be if she were to "catch" Kristen in the act. Well, that would certainly be one for the Kelly Fantasy files!

When the coast was clear once again Kristen had enough of just her fingers and was looking for more stimulation. When it was my turn the last time I'd worn loose gym shorts which I could pull to the side and slip my chosen veggie in me without having to get too dangerously undressed. The "problem" Kristen was facing today was that her shorts were so tight she couldn't slip anything into the crotch with them on.

Well, Kristen didn't have a reputation as the number one slut in her class for nothing. She must have known that I knew she was in a tough spot and that I was waiting eagerly to see what she would come up. Kristen looked at me and then around the store once for herself and gave me a sly grin. Quick as a wink she slipped her shorts down to her ankles and settled down in a crouching position such that her bare ass was resting on the backs of her heels. She had her knees spread wide, giving her full access to her bare little pussy.

Damn, I couldn't believe the nerve she had, to be bottomless right there in the middle of the fruits and vegetable section! Using one hand to spread apart her pussy lips, she quickly slipped the cucumber she'd been sucking on right up her hot and wet pussy hole. She let a gasp that was loud enough for me to hear as at least four inches of cucumber disappeared inside of her hungry pussy. She could probably have taken more easily but what was the point? Actually just a couple of inches is really all you need to get off, if that.

Not wasting any valuable time, Kristen stroked the cucumber in and out her pussy quickly. This wasn't intended to be a marathon but rather a sprint to the finish line with an orgasm waiting at the end.

As for me, I was having a really hard time keeping watch as I didn't want to take my eyes off the little vixen. I glanced around and my heart pounded when I realized that two housewives were already half-way through the produce department and I hadn't seen them! I quickly hissed at Kristen and frantically pointed out the oncoming herd (each must have weighed over 200 pounds!)

Kristen's eyes widened and she quickly withdrew the cucumber and tried to pull up her shorts as she stood up. As tight as they were, it wasn't easy, so she circled around the island keeping opposite of the women trying to get the shorts over her ass. Thank goodness it was as small as it was or she never would have gotten them up in time.

Fortunately the women stuck together (did I mention something about a "herd"?) It was fortunate in that if they had approached from opposite sides there was no way Kristen could have hidden the fact that her tiny shorts were only halfway up in butt. As she circled she passed by me and shook her head at me.

"Gee thanks for the warning cousin," she said trying to sound mad but not carrying it off well, "Cutting it a little close today aren't we?"

"Oh god I'm so sorry Kristen!" I said as I started to try and explain to her what had happened.

lot of the veggies were still that way. She put it in a plastic bag and placed it in her grocery cart as Kristen giggled softly. When she had left Kristen was certainly pleased with herself.

"Damn, I wonder if she washes her vegetables before serving them. Think her husband will taste me on it?"

I was also fantasizing about a family eating a salad that evening, complete with a cucumber drenched with Kristen's pussy. Maybe her hubby would think his wife had been naughty with it before she served it. No matter what, just knowing that she was buying a cucumber without any idea where it had been the previous ten to fifteen minutes was incredibly erotic.

We both agreed that we had better leave before we get too horny and did something that would get us in trouble. I couldn't wait to get home as I was already envisioning an incredible masturbation session with Kristen as we talked about what had happened in the store today. As we left I noticed that the store had security cameras all over the ceiling. I looked closer and it seemed that they were positioned such that they could watch over just about the entire store. With the opaque covers it was impossible to know where they were looking at any given time.

I pointed out the cameras to Kristen and she seemed a little shock and surprise at first. Hmmmmmm, did some pervert in security watch us while we teased guys and played? Nobody ever said anything to us but maybe they were just enjoying the show.

I liked being watched as much as anyone but this was entirely different as the whole point in being watched was KNOWING you were being watched and seeing the reaction of the person watching you. I certainly hoped that they weren't recording us! Oh well, even if they did it wouldn't be the end of the world but it would certainly take some explaining!

As we bounced out of the store holding hands, I knew that the eyes of every male were glued on us and I felt a tingle in my pussy at the thought. I loved doing things like this and I knew it wouldn't be long before we were back again - except next time it was MY turn!

# (Jul 30) Chapter 39: My Mom's Best Friend

Story codes: Ff f-solo oral
Me (17)
Tammy – my mom's BFF (37)

She was my Mom's best friend and I've known her all my life. Now she was visiting us for the first time in a couple of years. I couldn't wait to show her much I had grown up!

## 1. Mom and Tammy (The Early Years)

I was seventeen and enjoying the summer before my senior year of high school when I had an interesting experience. Without a doubt my mom's best friend in the whole wide world is Tammy – not to be confused with my younger cousin Tammy. This Tammy is a few months older than my mom and they've known each other since they were little girls.

Unfortunately, a few years ago Tammy's husband was transferred to Oregon and so for the first time my mom was separated from her closest friend and confidante. Since then they've relied mostly on phone calls and e-mail to keep in touch but they still manage to meet each other at least once or twice a year for a week or so. Tammy's husband travels a lot so she uses his frequent flier miles to purchase either her or my mom a plane ticket. If not, my dad pays for the trips as he knows how much they mean to the both of them.

My mom always looks forward to her visits with Tammy but it wasn't until last year that I found out the whole story behind their relationship. Like many things in my parent's background, my mom waited until I started having sex with her before she confided everything about her and Tammy with me. It's important to understand this so before I go further so here's a quick summary that might help in understanding what led to my most recent experience.

The first surprise my mom threw me was that my dad had dated Tammy for quite some time back in high school before he and my mom became an item. They started going out the summer after Tammy graduated from eighth grade. At the time, my dad was about to become a Junior in high school so for him to date Tammy wasn’t exactly a thrill for her parents. Like most girls at that age, Tammy was proud that an older boy would take such an interest in her and defied her parents by continuing to see my dad.

As it turned out, Tammy’s parents “worries” were justified. After only a few dates she and my dad had sex for the first time in her own bedroom while her parents were out for dinner. It wasn't my dad’s first time by any means (my mom tells me that he had quite a reputation as a lady’s man at school already by then) but it was for her. THAT surprised me as in all the time I’d known Tammy, I’d never even given any thought that my dad had been the one to take her virginity!

Needless to say, since Tammy was putting out for him my dad asked her out a lot after that. I’d like to think that my dad wasn’t so shallow that the only reason he dated her was her willingness to put out. From her yearbook pictures I can see that she was quite pretty so no doubt that had a lot to do with it. Not that she isn’t still good looking but she’s not in the same shape as she had been in high school by any means. Really, how many people in their late thirties are?

Tammy’s not what I would call fat but more like just a bit overweight. On the plus side the few extra pounds seemed to be heavily biased to it her chest so for a boob man like my dad that wasn’t too bad a deal.

One other comment on the virginity thing. Tammy and my mom may have been best friends but that didn't mean they weren’t more than a bit competitive, especially when they were teens. The way mom describes things it reminds me a bit of me and my cousin Kristi.

While my mom had sucked a boy’s cock once on a dare back when she was in seventh grade, at the time my dad and Tammy were screwing each other it was the only sexual experience so far that my mom had with a guy (other than some innocent groping in a movie theater). Apparently Tammy was quite proud that she had lost her virginity before my mom did, somewhat to the annoyance of my mom.

When my mom finally did lose her virginity, it wasn’t something she could brag about to Tammy since it was her father (my grandpa) who took it!

My grandpa died when I was only eight so I don’t really remember a whole lot about him, but one thing I DO recall is sitting on his lap once and feeling him rub my butt gently with his hand. He use to do that a lot from what I can recall, but it was all he ever did to me – at least that I can remember.

My mom told me that he was always looking at her and her sister (my Aunt Linda) as they were growing up. He would hug them and touch them in ways their

with my grandpa. My mom dated a few guys at the time as well, but while she liked to give a BJ here and there she didn’t have sex with any of them. Most of all, she never told Tammy she’d lost her virginity so she wouldn’t have to lie about who had taken it. Tammy and her were best friends, but even best friends can’t always say EVERYTHING to one another.

Because my mom and Tammy hung out together a lot, my dad got to see my mom quite a bit. He was under the impression that my mom was still a virgin as Tammy kept him up to date on the status of most of the girls in school. Though I hate to say it, he most likely saw my mom at first as just another potential “notch” for his belt. Of course today my dad loves my mom dearly but even he has admitted that when they first dated, she was just another pussy for him to conquer.

It wasn’t until a few months into the next year that he made a move towards my mom. He had a pretty good thing going with Tammy who was putting out regularly for him and his friends whenever they wanted it. Knowing my mom and Tammy were best friends, he probably didn’t want to do anything that might threaten his source of easy teen pussy.

Being a typical horny guy, despite having Tammy available whenever he wanted to get laid, eventually my dad wanted some fresh pussy so he asked my mom out on a date. My mom knew he was dating Tammy and of course she knew he was fucking her regularly as well – in fact she made sure my mom knew it!

At first my mom didn’t accept his offer but he pushed and pushed until finally she reluctantly agreed. Knowing what he and Tammy were doing, it didn’t come as any surprise that their first date turned out to be at an old drive-in movie where he started groping her within minutes of parking. Things moved pretty fast and before the first movie was even over he was surprised to find she wasn't a virgin. She told him she really was but that she had gotten carried away with a dildo and broke her hymen. Boys will believe anything!

My dad was thus the second guy to fuck my mom as until then, she was only doing it with her dad. I think even to this day in her mind he was her true “first” as sex with her dad was more about him than her.

Needless to say it was completely different for my mom to be fucked by an older boy from school and she wanted more of it! There was a rocky period at first where things got a little tense between her and Tammy once she found out what was going on. Tammy knew his eyes had been wandering so it wasn't really a big

friends. They shared most of their experiences although my mom never did tell Tammy about what she and Linda did with their dad.

When it came to being bisexual, the only girl my mom had sex with while in high school was her sister. As for Tammy, she wasn’t really into girls so she and my mom never did anything more than masturbate together, typically when they would get each other horny listening to the other’s sexual escapades. Even though they were both doing it they usually did it under their nighties or panties so they didn't actually see the other’s pussy while they were touching themselves. I guess things were a little more conservative back then.

My mom married my dad soon after she graduated from high school and I was born the following year. Once they were married, she and my dad stopped having sex with people outside their family as they both believed strongly that it was a sin to go against God’s commandment against adultery, at least my mother did and my dad went along with it.

As he was a member of her new family, my mom could have continued having sex with my uncle but he also married young and his new wife was VERY conservative. My Aunt Shari would have literally killed him had he fucked another woman, especially if had been someone in the family. To Aunt Shari, adultery was bad but nothing was worse than incest, even if they were directly blood related.

Tammy ended up marrying a couple of years after high school although in her case I think there was really much of a choice at the time. Having a baby out of wedlock wasn't easy back then.

Given their high school friendships, our families got together frequently although Tammy’s husband was never told the complete history of what went on between his wife and my dad. Tammy eventually ended up having two boys who are little younger than me and a daughter my age. Her family lives in an upscale neighborhood in Bend, Oregon, just your typical All-American family.

## 2. Tammy Today

As I was growing up, Tammy was like another aunt to me and we were always very close. Since she moved I'd only seen her once as my mom always made the trip to Oregon alone. The last time Tammy had been to our house was when I was fifteen and I had no idea back then about the "real" story of her and my dad. Of course they seemed very "friendly", if you know what I mean, but I figured that was just because she was such a close friend of my mom all these years.

Even if I had known about their past history it wouldn't have mattered since neither Tammy nor my father would have committed adultery. Tammy because it went against her religious beliefs and my dad because he knew my mom would castrate him!

In addition to just wanting to get away for a rest, I now wonder if one of the reasons my mom has preferred to go to Oregon to visit Tammy is the terrible temptation it must pose for my dad to be around Tammy. As I mentioned they both had reasons not to commit adultery but there was no reason for them to put themselves in a situation they didn't need to be in.

So far as my mom knew, or at least so far as she told me, Tammy had been faithful to her husband for the most part other than a brief indiscretion during the early years of her marriage. Nobody should be condemned for a mistake made so long ago but now that she had such a great marriage going why bring back memories of those teenage years to tempt her?

Well, regardless of any concerns there may be, this summer Tammy was going to come our way and so arrangements were made for her fly out for a week in late July. This would be the first time I'd met Tammy since I started having sex with my parents and learned the full story about her relationships with my parents. Even so, my mom had cautioned me that she had not told Tammy anything about the new incestual relationships in our family. For that matter, in all these years she had never told her best friend about the what had happened between her father and sister.

My mom laughed a bit nervously as she talked to me about it.

"Sorry, girl. I'd prefer you forego masturbating while watching TV if your dad's in the room and for heaven's sake, NO fucking your dad while she's around – not even in your room. You know how things carry through the walls in this house."

“But it’s OK if I do it if it’s just you and her around, right?” I questioned, trying to establish the protocols for Tammy’s visit. I could understand her not wanting Tammy to know about me and my dad but it wasn't like Tammy was a prude either. It’s not like masturbation was a sin so why hide it?

“It might be best to just have a little discretion for once, OK?” she replied.

“But Mom! You said you use to masturbate with her all the time so why can’t I?”

“I just don't want her to get any ideas about anything, OK?” my mom said back, almost pleading with me. “Besides, what we did wasn't anything like you do with your friends these days.”

Whatever. I finally just huffed and shrugged my shoulders. God, a WEEK without doing it at home – I hadn’t gone that long in over a year! And to only masturbate in my room? What was this, the Dark Ages?

Oh well, it was only for a week and if my dad needed me I knew he could always fuck me somewhere else, like at his office or in the SUV. One question remained that bothered me.

“Mom, what would Tammy do if she ever found out that you and dad were having sex with your daughter? Or that you were doing it with your dad back in high school?”

My mom hesitated for a moment and looked a bit perplexed as if not sure how to answer.

“Well, as I’ve told you, Tammy was a bit promiscuous in school, to say the least, but she’s been faithful to her husband since marriage – alright there was that ONE time but it doesn’t really count. I’m pretty sure that Tammy wouldn’t approve of incest based on our discussions over the years and I’m just as sure she wouldn’t approve of sex between a teenage girl and a man twice her age – let alone her own father.”

Another question popped into my mind and I asked her, “So Mom, why didn’t you and Tammy ever play around together?”

My mom smiled at this one and replied, “Hmmm, I guess when I was that age girls doing girls was not as acceptable as it is now. I mean, it was different for me and Linda but then she was my sister and that made it seem different somehow.”

“So what really happened when Tammy cheated on her husband?”

My mom sighed this time and took a deep breath.

“Well, Tammy was pregnant when she got married and I’m not so sure she really loved her husband at first. She seemed a bit restless being tied down so she started seeing this guy. It wasn’t anything serious, just a fuckbuddy thing more than anything. Even so, it almost ended her marriage when her husband found out as you might imagine.

These days she seems pretty happy being married to him although maybe ‘content’ would be the better word to use. To the best of my knowledge she’s never cheated again.”

Well, there wasn’t much else to say so I decided I’d better take care o business while I still could do it.

## 3. Teasing Tammy

When Tammy finally arrived my mom gave her a big hug when we met her outside of the airport with her luggage. All the way home the two of them chatted away like high school schoolgirls. It was if they were trying to catch up on everything at once! Although I couldn't get a word in edgewise, it was nice to see my mom this happy. She had lots of friends but nobody else seemed to be able to bring out this side of her the way Tammy did.

Everything went great for the first few days. Tammy slept in our guest room which was right next to mine so I tried to be on my best behavior. There as one thing I refused to change and that was sleeping nude. After all, she WAS a woman so what was the big deal?

One morning it was early and I woke with an urgent need so I slipped quickly out of bed forgetting to throw on the robe next to my bed. As luck would have it I passed Tammy in the hallway as I went from my room to the bathroom. She surprised me actually and I bumped into her and almost fell when I lost my balance. Tammy grabbed me instinctively to keep my head from hitting the floor and in doing so her hands clutched my bare body for just a moment. She looked me over briefly and smiled.

“Hmmmmmm, I must say Kelly, you certainly have grown up a lot!”

I couldn’t help but blush a bit and she laughed saying, “Don’t worry, it really doesn’t bother me if you run around undressed. Whatever suits you best is fine with me.”

She quickly turned and went back to her room leaving me to reflect on the incident. Was she just being polite or was there something behind that twinkle in her eyes? Was it just my imagination or did she hold on to me just a little longer than absolutely necessary? Was it really something there or in my dreams was I just reading something in where there was nothing?

The next time I saw her she acted as though nothing had happened so apparently there wasn't anything more than what it appeared to be. Well, you can't blame me for wishful thinking!

About midweek the three of us went out for lunch and when we got back there was a message waiting on the telephone. Listening to the message, my mom’s happy expression disappeared as she appeared to be upset by the news. She’d arranged months ago to take vacation time from work when Tammy visited but apparently now she had go in the next morning to cover for a girl who was sick. Even though she had backups arranged for the entire week, apparently even the backups were sick as well.

The next morning mom left early for the hospital, still fussing and fuming about how people always seemed to get sick when the weather was nice. With my dad at his office for the day, this left Tammy and me alone in the house. She’d said the night before that she planned to be lazy and sleep in since my mom would be at work.

I woke up not long after my parents had left and just couldn't go back to sleep for some unknown reason. Well, that’s not really true – I knew the reason! It had been quite a while since my boyfriend had last fucked me, over three whole days now. With Tammy around my dad wasn't doing me either so I was feeling pretty damn horny.

Lying naked on my bed with the sheets tossed to the side, I began to slowly masturbate as I imagined my boyfriend sneaking into the house and into my bedroom, fucking me without any games or foreplay, just how he knew I loved to be fucked.

Actually, even without the extenuating circumstances, it wasn’t all that unusual for me to masturbate first thing in the morning. Sometimes I would do it again during the day and even more often again at night. On average I’d say I do it two or three times a day.

What might surprise some people is that how often I masturbate doesn’t really have anything to do with whether I’ve been getting laid or not. The truth was that I simply crave the incredible sensations created when I touch myself and bring myself to an orgasm.

No matter how much sex I got, it was never enough so often masturbation served a dual purpose. Most of the time my dad was available if I needed it plus I could always count on getting fucked by any number of boys from school and church. It was never enough, though, so masturbation was the only thing that kept me from going nuts between being fucked.

Suddenly I heard a creaking sound like someone was walking in the hallway. I looked up but didn’t see anything. However, I DID hear someone moving around in the bathroom and knew it had to be Tammy. From the sounds of it, she was getting into the shower. Since in order to get to the bathroom she would have had to walk past my bedroom, with my door wide open as always I couldn't imagine how she could have NOT seen me masturbating as she went by.

I felt a twinge between my legs as I wondered what she must have thought when she saw me playing with myself. The thought of her seeing me with my fingers deep in my pussy and my other hand on my boob made me tingle even more. To my surprise, I suddenly realized that I was hoping she HAD seen me, that I wanted to tease her.

Tammy had two boys that were a couple of years younger than me and just one daughter about my age. As I doubted she and her daughter had the same relationship as I had with my mom, the odds were she hadn’t seen a teenage girl naked in bed playing with herself in a long time. I felt myself getting hotter and hornier as I imagined what thoughts might be going through her mind now.

Our bathroom had a shower massager installed – what girl doesn’t call it her best friend? Was she using it now while imagining being with me? I couldn't help but start playing with my pussy again as I fantasized about joining her in the shower. Tammy was a little older than my mother and definitely didn't have my mom’s figure, but at only 36 she wasn't ugly or fat by any stretch of the imagination!

The shower stopped and I knew before long she would be passing my room again on her way back to her bedroom. Even though I’d promised my mom to be a good girl, I didn't think it would hurt just to have a bit of fun so I got on my elbows and knees with my bare ass facing the door. Reaching around, I pushed two fingers inside of my pussy and started to stroke them in and out of myself. Damn, it really did feel good to touch myself like this!

Our house was old and almost all of the wood floors creaked so it was easy to hear when Tammy left the bathroom. I moaned loud enough for her to hear me as I masturbated even faster. The creaking stopped and I knew she had to be right outside my door. I was so turned on thinking of her looking in and seeing me playing with myself, I felt myself rising to what I knew was going to be one hell of an orgasm.

Well, she must have been interested in what she was hearing because it was several minutes before I heard the floor creaking again and the sound of her going down the hall back to her room. Just a few minutes later I felt my orgasm building to an eruption and I imagined it was Tammy licking my pussy, that she had come into my room and started licking my pussy from behind, licking my pussy and playing with my butt. I came hard as I imagined her tongue in my pussy, tasting her first pussy.

When I finally finished, needless to say a shower was in order and after a quick rinse I threw on one of my dad’s white shirts and headed downstairs to the kitchen.

Tammy was already down there, wearing rather conservative white shorts and a red tank top. It was pretty obvious that there wasn't much else underneath, not even a bra. Not that this was unusual or anything as all week she and my mom hadn’t been wearing a whole lot around the house. As little as it was, it was actually more than my mom typically wore (the shorts were optional most days) but Tammy still looked pretty sexy.

As I mentioned, I’d grabbed one of my dad’s dress shirts from his closet and was wearing it. This was like my favorite outfit around the house; loose and comfortable and even better, I knew it turned on my dad when I wore his shirts. As a rule, I never wore anything under them which REALLY turned him on and he loved it even more when I would sit on his lap with my bare ass pressing down on his hardening cock. Of course, it typically wasn't long before that hard cock was doing more than just touching me!

Tammy was eating some cereal so I fixed myself a bowl as well. She didn’t say a word at first, no mention of having heard me and I didn’t say a word either. It was just killing me inside that our conversation was limited to the weather and such. My pussy getting wetter every minute as I thought about her watching me while she acted like nothing had happened. Eventually the conversation moved to how long she’d known my mom and how many things they’d shared in their lives.

“Well Kelly, I’ve known you since you were a newborn baby,” she said. “Like I said earlier, I just can’t believe how you’ve grown up, especially since I saw you the last time. You’ve developed into quite a pretty young lady.”

I just smiled and then she laughed. “Can you believe I use to change your diapers? You’ve always been like a daughter to me. Sometimes I wish we hadn’t had to move so far away. I’ve missed you and your mom and dad so much! So tell me Kelly, how many boyfriends do you have these days?”

I grinned and wondered what she would say if I told her the truth. But I stayed true to my word to my mom.

“Ohhhhhh... a few here and there. Hey, maybe later we can talk some more, I promised a friend I would catch them on-line in a few minutes.”

Tammy shook her head as she headed to the sink to wash out our bowls. “You kids today live in such a different world. Well, I have some letters and reading to catch up on. It looks like a great day out so I think I’ll be out on the deck. You know, I just love your deck and especially the hot tub. You have no idea how lucky you are; I’d give anything to have one of those at our house!”

I returned to my room and chatted most of the morning with some friends on-line. Now and then I glanced out my window but all I saw was Tammy sitting at the table on our deck, surrounded by letters and envelopes.

## 4. Talking With Tammy

A little after noon I went down to the kitchen and fixed a couple of sandwiches. Looking out the back door which opened onto the deck, I could see Tammy reading in a chair under the large umbrella. It was a hot sunny day and I figured it was a good day for some sunbathing, especially with Tammy all alone out on the deck.

I left the sandwiches for a moment and went back up to my room to change. I put on one of my naughtier bikinis - one of those that would’ve gotten me booted from the public pool, and grabbed a beach towel. Going back down to the kitchen I put the sandwiches on a tray with a couple of glasses of ice tea and went out on the deck.

“Hey Tammy, ready for some lunch?”

Tammy looked up from her book and when she saw my tray she smiled and said, “Why thank you Kelly, that’s really kind of you!”

I sat in the chair across from her and I noticed that she couldn't help but look at me. The bikini was pretty sexy, barely covering me. My dad referred to it as one of “Kelly’s slutty bikinis” but I knew he loved seeing me wearing it. I’d been spending plenty of time on the deck and my tan was in full swing. Without seeming too egotistical, I liked the way I looked wearing it and I especially liked the way Tammy was looking at me when she thought I didn't notice.

"So Kelly, you haven't told me much about your boyfriends." Tammy reminded me.

I frowned just a bit, pretending to be shy. "Well, I really don't have one at the moment although I DO have my eye on this cute guy at church."

Tammy smiled and looked at me again. "Well, I'm sure that whoever he is, if he saw you in THAT he wouldn't say no to anything you asked. I hope you don't mind me saying this but that bikini certainly doesn't leave much to the imagination! Has your dad seen you in it?"

I giggled a bit. What if I told her that my dad was the one who bought it for me? Instead I just said, "Oh sure he has. He calls it my 'slut bikini'. Mom made me promise to only wear it here on the deck when I sunbathe."

Tammy nodded in agreement. "Well I can certainly understand why she would say that. I'm surprised she lets your dad see you in it – not like it hides anything. Don't take this wrong but I'd never let MY husband see you in it!"

We both laughed and she continued, "It does, however, show how much you've grown – in all the right places I might add. You've got a really hot little body going there girl!"

I just smiled and couldn't help but blush as I remembered masturbating earlier in the morning thinking about her and now here she was talking to me like nothing had happened – at least I assumed she had watched me.

"It must be an interesting and fun time in your life now. Believe it or not I was once your age and I remember how it felt to have my body change and to feel new things and see the boys looking at you differently."

She hesitated for a second, as if unsure if she should say something but then she continued saying, "Judging from your morning activities, I see that you've certainly adapted to your new urges as well!"

Now I was blushing. It was one thing to fantasize about her and even to show off a bit but that was a lot different than directly talking to her about anything.

"Oh don't blush Kelly, we all do it, even at my age! I've got to admit that I've never put on a show for one of my mother's friends, though. Obviously your hormones are in high gear now and so I can understand that they can make you do some pretty wild things. I was wondering, have you been having sex yet? Pardon my asking but after your little show this morning I've this feeling that you aren't exactly shy when it comes to sex. Your mom and I have never talked about you that way so don't worry, I won't say anything to her."

Well, this wasn't exactly what I was expecting but then it sort of turned me on to have her asking me. I sat down and explained how I lost my virginity when I was fourteen and even told her about a few of the experiences I'd had since then. Nothing about my home sex life of course, just a few boys at school.

Tammy listened intently the whole time, asking for a few details now and then but otherwise she just sat there smiling most of the time. When I'd finished, she leaned forward and gave me a conspiratorial look.

"So tell me Kelly, have you ever been with a girl?"

At this time the only women I'd had sex with were my mom and Aunt Linda but I wasn't about to say anything to Tammy about THEM. But when it came to Kristi my cousin, it seemed innocent enough for me to tell her a few things so I told Tammy about our times together, how we started in my grandparent's barn by watching each other masturbating. We never touched each other so it really wasn't any different than playing with my friends at a slumber party or something. It just seemed naughtier since she was my cousin.

"Oh my god Kelly! That's really wild. Does Mary know about you and Kristi?"

I hesitated for a second, not knowing whether or not I should tell the truth, or at least part of the truth. My hesitation was enough for Tammy to come to a conclusion. She grinned at me mischievously.

"So I take it that she does then. Did you know that as long as I've known your mother she has never discussed having sex with her sister. Oh don't look so surprised – I know they use to do it when they were kids – heck, EVERYONE did. It was quite the talk of the town for a while. For some reason she never wants to talk about it so I don't bring it up with her."

For whatever reason the topic of conversation now seemed to have turned away from my own personal issues and more about my parents, what they have been doing and so forth. It was getting a little uncomfortable because I wasn't sure what Tammy really knew or if she was bluffing to get me to confirm her suspicions.

Finally I decided to do what I'd come out on the deck to do in the first place and so I told Tammy I was going to get in the hot tub for a while.

# 5. The Hot Tub

Moving over to the tub, I pulled the cover off and then hesitated for a second as I debated exactly what to do next. My parents and I hardly ever wear a bathing suit or other clothes in the tub and out of habit I was about to take off my suit without even thinking about it – not that there was much to take off. Still, there is a fine line between being nude versus at least partially dressed.

I knew Tammy had to be watching me and so I decided to go for it and quickly slipped out of my bikini and stepped in. The hot water felt so good, even on a such a warm day. I let myself just relax and float naturally as the jets pounded me from all sides. I opened my eyes after a few minutes and to my surprise, there was Tammy, standing by the side of the tub looking down at me. She was looking right at me and seemed oblivious to the fact I was naked.

“So tell me, is this your typical hot tub outfit when you’re alone?” she asked with a smile. “I’m curious now... do you go naked when your parents are home?”

I shrugged and replied, “This is it Tammy. The chemicals ruin my suits plus it feels much better to have the jets directly against you so I never wear anything in here. Hasn’t my mom told you that nudity is no big thing around here?”

Tammy laughed. “Well, not in so many words but I’ve picked up the vibes. So you mean to tell me that when you’re in here with your parents that all of you are naked? I mean, your dad sees you like this?”

“Sure, it’s really no big deal. I’ve been doing it all my life.”

Tammy just shook her head. “Well, I guess that would have to be the case. Still, I just can’t even imagine doing that with my family. Maybe with another women but not with my own dad! God, I would be SO embarrassed if my sons stripped down with me in the tub! And I’d NEVER let my husband see our daughter this way.”

I figured now was the time if I was going to make any kind of move so I put on my most innocent smile and said, “Well Tammy, why don’t you try it now then? Come on in, the water’s hot!”

I think I caught her by surprise based on the look that lasted for just a second on her face. Tammy was obviously uncertain what to do. “I don’t know Kelly. I don’t think I‘d feel right without your mom being here.”

“Oh Tammy, don’t worry about her,” I admonished her. “Besides, mom wouldn't care. It’s just a hot tub after all, not the public pool. Don’t worry, nobody can see us up here. It’s just us girls”

Tammy looked around as if to validate my claim and then let out a deep breath. “Ok, here goes nothing then.”

I watched closely as she pulled off her tank top. She didn’t have a bra on so her large breasts were soon free for me to see and enjoy. Then she dropped her shorts and panties together and next thing I knew she was standing next to me nude for the first time! Even though her figure wasn't nearly as good as my mom’s, judging from the tan lines she still liked to wear a bikini. Also like my mom, her pussy was pretty hairy, trimmed just enough to be presentable in her bikini but not enough to keep from forming a bulge underneath.

My mom and aunt are pretty much the same in many ways when it came to dress and hygiene so I guess it must be a generational thing. She stepped gingerly into the tub, slowly lowering herself into the hot water as she grew accustomed to the temperature. The next thing I knew she was sitting across from me, the water covering her floating boobs up to her neck.

“See Tammy, it’s not so bad is it?”

Tammy had the look of a shy school girl exposing herself in the shower room for the first time.

“I guess so... it does feel good,” she said hesitantly.

We chatted for a while about nothing much of substance. Once she seemed more comfortable with the situation I decided to see what else I could convince her to do. “Do you know what my favorite thing is to do in the hot tub Tammy?”

Tammy giggled. “Not really but after what I saw earlier upstairs I bet I could make a pretty good guess. Hmmmmmm... let me guess... does it have something to do with the jets?”

I winked at her, “Maybe... Want me to show you?”

Tammy‘s mouth dropped opened before she caught herself. Before she could say anything I turned to one of the jets to the side and raised my legs up and over the edge of the tub. I lowered myself back down until the jet was positioned just right to send a stream of hot water right against my pussy. I leaned back and floated, holding myself up and in front of the jet with my legs. Damn that jet felt good as it pulsed over my pussy, stimulating my clit and even driving a little water into me.

I took one hand and began to rub myself, alternating between my pussy and my boobs. I turned my head to the side and there was Tammy, staring at me, mesmerized by what she was seeing. When she realized that I was looking at her, despite the heat I could see her face redden a bit.

"Oh my God Kelly, I can't believe you're doing that right in front of me!" she exclaimed. "I mean, what would your mother say if she saw us now?"

Ever get so horny you sort of forget what you SHOULD say or do and just do whatever comes to mind, regardless of the consequences? Well, I was feeling pretty damn horny at that moment so I didn't think about what I said before I did. Even so, I was a bit surprised to hear the words coming from my mouth like someone else was talking through me.

"Well Tammy, let me put it this way. Mom wouldn't be just sitting there like you are," I said with a twinkle in my eyes.

Tammy's eyes opened even wider. "What do you mean Kelly? What would she be doing?"

The jet was pulsing right against my clit at that moment and I had a finger in my pussy so what came out next was my pussy talking more than my head.

"You know what I mean. Mom would either be playing with herself alongside me or playing with me, depending on her mood."

"You mean you have sex with your own mother!" Tammy blurted out. "With Mary?... Oh my god, do you really do that? You're just teasing me, right?"

Tammy looked shocked and for a moment I wondered if I'd made a big mistake – a REALLY big mistake. Well, if I had then there was no sense in holding back now that I'd spilled the beans.

"I'm not teasing you... and not just mom but dad as well."

"What? You do this in front of him too? In front of your own father?"

"Sure, why not? He IS my dad you know, not like I'm doing it in front of some stranger."

"Yeah but...," Tammy's voice trailed off. She looked confused, as if she didn't know how to respond.

By this time I was feeling a bit mischievous so without thinking about what I was saying, I blurted out, "Besides, my dad use to fuck you too so you know what he's like."

Tammy quickly picked up on the not-so-subtle hint in my last statement. She looked like she was about to go into shock. Evidently my last response had WAY too

at all and I knew it was time for me to make the next move if I had any hopes of turning this into a positive experience – for both of us.

“Have you ever been with a girl Tammy?” I asked her softly. “You seemed awfully interested in my experiences earlier.”

Tammy shook her head vigorously. “Well, not since high school Kelly, and it wasn’t really all that much. Honestly, it wasn't nearly as much as I told your mother. I was just trying to impress her I guess. Most of it was just made up. I did a little kissing and fondling with some friends during sleepovers but doesn’t everyone?”

I looked her in the eyes and in a low voice I said seductively, “Well then Tammy, here’s your chance.”

Before she could respond, I leaned over and kissed her. She kept her lips tight together at first, as if she were a young teen resisting the advances of her first date. I moved my hand between her thighs and pushed my hand in between her legs, cupping her hairy wet pussy in my hands. Her body tensed for a moment but then she relaxed and opened her mouth as she kissed me in return.

“Oh my god Kelly,” she gasped, “I can’t believe I’m letting you do this to me. I mean, you could be my daughter for heaven’s sake.”

“Mmmmmmm, just be quiet, sit back, and enjoy it Tammy,” I said, interrupting her before she could get too intellectual about it. “You can do anything you want with me – and I DO mean anything.”

I ran my finger in her pussy slit and moved up until I found her clit. The warm water in the tub made it so easy to rub her and she jumped involuntarily at my first touch. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me in closer to her. My fingers played with her pussy, running up and down her slit and even making an exploratory venture into her pussy hole. Amazingly, she didn't resist at all which just made me all the more daring.

“Try out the jets for me Tammy;” I told her after fondling her for a while, “Show me how you do yourself.”

Tammy was quiet as I helped position her in front of my favorite jet. I loved this particular one because it was at just the perfect height with the proper force to stimulate me perfectly. I was pleased to see that it seemed to suit her perfectly as well.

I got behind her head and put my hands under her shoulders to hold her up so she could use both hands on herself. With my magic jet pulsing against her pussy I knew she had to be feeling pretty horny. She started with one hand on each of her breasts, massaging them and pulling on her hard nipples. Eventually one hand worked its way down to between her legs and to my delight she started playing with herself.

In the meantime, I was so horny I could barely stand it! It was almost unbelievable – here was my mom's best friend, someone I had known all my life, masturbating in our hot tub just for me. She wasn't holding back either!

"Oh god Kelly, this doe feel so good!" she moaned. "I love you watching me... Oh god, watch me Kelly... damn – I'm cumming!"

Indeed she was. Wow, talk about cumming fast! Her back arched up as her hands flew over her wet clit. She moaned loudly as she came, crying out to me and half the neighborhood, telling me how good she felt. She started to buck her hips up and down as if she was being fucked, ramming her fingers in and out of her hairy pussy.

Finally she collapsed onto my arms and I pulled her over to one of the seats molded in the side of the tub. She just sat there, her eyes closed as she panted from her exertions.

"God that was incredible Kelly," she gasped, "That jet is awesome – much better than the bathroom tub faucet splashing on me."

I couldn't help but laugh to myself at that. Apparently we had similar interests when it came to our bathroom facilities! I took her hand and led her out of the hot tub. Then I laid the cushion down from the chaise lounge and covered it with my beach towel. I turned to Tammy and we kissed again.

We both settled down next to each other and kissed passionately for the longest time. Gone were any reservations on her part as I felt her hands working their way down me, eventually finding my pussy and exploring me. I knew she had never felt another woman's pussy before – at least not in this manner and it really turned me on to be her first.

"Oh Kelly, your pussy feels so good, " she whispered in my ear. "Tell me... how does it feel when I touch you like this?"

For someone who had never played much with another girl before, she was certainly doing a great job! That's what's so nice about being with another woman. They know what a girl wants simply because they know what makes them feel good. I have had guys fumble around all night with me and not even find my clit until I showed them – and some STILL couldn't do it right. That was certainly not the case with Tammy!

“Mmmmmmm... oh yes Tammy, I love the way you’re touching me,” I moaned. “Here... let me show you how it feels to be licked by another woman.”

I moved down between her legs, which she opened wide for me. Her pussy, still soaking wet from the tub, looked sexy and beautiful. The pubic hair was matted down and I spread it apart with my fingers to reveal her hungry pussy. In addition to the water from the hot tub, she was wet with anticipation as well and I could smell her strong sex odor.

Tammy took her hands and parted her pussy lips for me, revealing her swollen clit and pussy hole. I lowered my face to her crotch, licking her up and down her slit, playing with her clit and exploring her pussy with my tongue. At times I would use my hand to either fill her pussy with my fingers or rub her clit. She tasted soooooo good, even if there was a bit of bromine taste remaining from the hot tub.

“Oh my god Kelly, that feels so damn good!” she cried out. “Nobody has EVER licked me like this before! Damn... I’m going to cum again... oh yeah Kelly, right in your face girl!!”

I then learned that Tammy was what I call a “gusher” – she literally poured cum from her pussy as she came. I licked up as much of it as I could while she moaned and cried out for me not to stop. I had my face tight against her cunt and she was pushing it up against me as hard as she could.

Tammy’s legs wrapped around my head and held my face to her pussy as she just kept cumming. Just as I was wondering if she would ever stop, she laid back again and just let her legs fall to the sides of me and her arms outstretched.

“That was wonderful Kelly,” she moaned, “Now I know why woman like to be with other women – no man has EVER licked me that way! Now it’s my turn.”

We traded places and soon Tammy was at work on my pussy. If she had any hesitation about licking a pussy she certainly didn’t show it. I looked down between my legs to watch her, amazed at the sight of my mom’s best friend eating my pussy.

For a first timer she was fantastic! Of course, the erotic nature of what we were doing probably a major component of the feelings I was experiencing. She didn’t stop even when I came, tasting the pussy cum of another woman for the first time.

When I was finally finished she worked her way back up my body slowly, kissing me and licking me. I could taste my pussy on her face as we kissed. We lay in each other’s arms for a long time after that, just enjoying the feel of the other against our naked bodies. Finally Tammy broke the spell and got up.

“Your parents will be here soon,” she said in a more mature tone all of sudden.

Any hopes that the spell remained were dashed as she continued. “I know you have sex with them Kelly and just let me say I’m glad that’s it’s a wonderful thing for you. To be honest though, I could never do it with them; we have known each other for too long the way we are now to make that sort of change in our relationship. Please, can we just keep this between ourselves?”

I understood what she was saying but that’s not to say I wasn't a bit disappointed. I would have loved for her to watch my dad fuck me and it would have been a great turn-on to see her with my mom. I’d been raised to respect the lifestyles of other people and so I knew I would respect her wishes as well.

“Sure Tammy. If that’s what you want. But what about us?”

Tammy held me close to her and I could feel her bare breasts pressing against me.

“Oh Kelly. I had a wonderful time this afternoon and I will never forget it. We can’t do this again though. I could NEVER keep it from your mother and as I said, it’s not something I want to reveal to her.”

I nodded and we went back in the house. My parents returned from work not long afterwards and for the rest of the week things were “normal”. I exchanged a few looks with Tammy now and then, hoping for a crack in her armor but nothing happened. At the airport she gave me a quick kiss goodbye.

“Thanks for everything sweetie,” she whispered in my ear, “I’ll never forget this week.”

I blushed and for a moment I was afraid my mom would notice and ask what was going on between us. I knew Tammy didn’t want my mom to know what we had done and knowing my mom, if she found out she would have been disappointed we had not asked her to join in. Actually it raised an interesting moral question for me. My parents believed strongly in marriage and that sex outside marriage was adultery which was forbidden by the sixth commandment. Thus I knew my dad could never have sex with Tammy but could my mom? Was lesbianism “sex”?

After Tammy had left and we were driving back from the airport, I confessed to my mom what Tammy and had done. My mom just grinned.

“I figured something must have gone on between the two of you. I came home from work that day and the two of you were like two kids trying to hide a secret. I figured she must have been the one to not want to say anything so I didn't ask. So tell me girl, what was she like?”

My mom always seemed to be able to read me like a book – I could never keep a secret from her and so in retrospect, why should this have been any different? I let out a deep sigh and told her everything. Half-way though she started to rub herself through her shorts and I knew she was getting turned on. I wondered whether she was going to make it home without taking them off – it wouldn't be the first time we drove together around town bottomless.

Somehow my mom managed to drive home with her shorts on but we weren't in the house a minute before she was kissing me and fondling me. My mom rarely gets this horny so I knew she must have been turned on something fierce by my description of sex with her friend Tammy. O knew she secretly wanted to be with Tammy herself but as I suspected, her marriage vows precluded such a thing so now to hear about me being with her pushed her over the edge.

Sex between my mom and me is typically something that starts out slow and builds from there. Not today – my mom was like a slut in heat, devouring my pussy as we 69'd on the family room floor. We must have gone at it for hours because I was exhausted by the time were finished, having long lost count of how many times I had climaxed. I suspected she would be turned on when I told her but this was way beyond my wildest dream!

I wondered if Tammy would be masturbating after she returned home, thinking of having sex with me. I knew I would be! I couldn't wait until the next time we met as my mom's best friend was now one of mine as well!

The two of us had started masturbating together a couple of years earlier, the first time being at our grandparent's farm. We never actually touched one another but since then we would often play with ourselves whenever we were together and we've even shared a few boyfriends.

I don't mean to imply that anything kinky happened between us. Usually I would just suck his dick while he fucked Kristen as she figured since they were HER boyfriends, she should be the one getting it in her pussy but she would switch now and then to keep me happy.

Although I managed to have sex on a pretty regular basis since my first time with my boyfriend Steve, even with a two year head start on Kristen she'd already passed me when it came to the total number of guys she'd had sex with. As much as I love sex Kristen was at another level entirely! Whereas I've tried to be at least a little selective when it came to whose cock I allow inside of me, not Kristen. From what I can tell so far as she's concerned, if it gets hard she wants it and it doesn't matter all that much to her who it's attached to.

To some extent I can understand her position on sex as I feel sort of the same way when it comes to giving blowjobs - never saw a dick I didn't want to suck! Still, I just can't let just ANY guy fuck me regardless of how he looks or acts. Ok, if I am to be completely honest there may have been a few cases when my horniness won out over better judgment, but those times are pretty rare for me, definitely not the norm.

One of the great things about being a teenage girl is knowing that just about every guy you meet is undressing you in his mind and wishing he could get into your panties. It may seem arrogant to say this, but once I discovered this rather startling truth I quickly learned to use it to my advantage. It never ceases to amaze me what I can make a guy do for me simply with a little wiggle of my ass or a naughty look.

As much as that works, it's nothing compared to the power I have over a boy by tempting him with a blowjob. I almost - with emphasis on "almost", feel guilty when I see how excited a guy gets if he thinks that he has even the slightest chance of getting me to suck his cock, let alone get to fuck me.

In the end, I figure if you got it, why not use it? It's not my fault guys are so easy to manipulate!

Speaking of teasing, one of the "hobbies" Kristen and I enjoy together is flirting with our neighbors. My mom sometimes gets a bit exasperated at us because she knows the other women on the block think she lets us get away with murder but at the same time she understands it's all just for fun and we don't mean any harm.

down on his cock in an effort to keep it all in my mouth as one load after another of his sperm emptied from the end of his cock.

When the last burst of sperm erupted he shuddered and held my head against his crotch. As it often happens, my efforts to contain his cum within my mouth failed and I felt a little of it leak past his cock and drip down the side of my face but I managed to keep most of it in my mouth. My dad pulled his spent cock out of my mouth and put his hand under my chin, lifting my flushed face up to look at him.

"Open your mouth and let me see," he commanded me.

I did as he told me and he looked down at the sight of his fresh cum pooled on my tongue. "God you look so fucking hot with my cum in your mouth. Now swallow it."

I obediently swallowed most of it down with one gulp and then used my finger to wipe the part that had dripped down my face into my mouth and swallowed again to get the remainder down. I looked up at him and smiled as I finally said my first words of the morning.

"Mmmmmmm, that was the best breakfast in bed I could ever have asked for daddy!"

My dad grinned and then a look came over his face as if he just remembered something, "Oh yeah, almost forgot... your mother sent me up here to say breakfast would be ready soon."

We both laughed at his "forgetfulness" and he leaned over to kiss me on the forehead. Then he left to get a robe from the bathroom as I pulled put on one of his shirts that I had been wearing the night before. Much to my mother's chagrin I typically just pulled it over my head when I undressed to go to bed, leaving it buttoned. Usually I forgot all about it later when I threw it in the wash and she was always complaining how she had to unbutton them all the time for me. It made it easier for me though in the morning like this when I would just pull it over my head and didn't have to bother with the silly buttons all over again.

My dad's dress shirts were my favorite thing to wear around the house followed by a variety of T-shirts and sweatshirts (more in the winter). His shirts were so comfortable and one of the side benefits was that I never had to wear anything underneath even if someone came to the door delivering something I was still mostly covered by the long shirt tails.

Heading downstairs I found my dad was already seated at the table and my mom was setting out some pancakes and sausages for breakfast. She looked at me as I entered the breakfast nook and gave me a knowing wink and a smile.

"Well, do you still have an appetite for breakfast?" she teased me as she looked at my dad out of the corner of her eye.

My dad was just grinning like the Cheshire Cat and didn't say word. My mom looked at him and just shook her head adding, "Well, I guess I should have known better than to send your horny father up to wake you!"

I just grinned along with my dad and reached up to kiss my mom. I hadn't brushed my teeth after blowing him so I knew she had to be tasting her husband's cum on my mouth. Her tongue extended to meet mine and we kissed in front of my dad for what must have been several minutes.

Finally our lips parted and when she pulled back she had this naughty grin on her face and she licked her lips like a cat after a good meal. She didn't say anything about his cum other than a wink at my dad so we all sat down to eat breakfast without another word about it.

Our discussion soon turned to today's block party and my mom mentioned that her sister and my cousin were coming by to join in the festivities. My heart skipped a beat as I hadn't seen Kristen in a few days and my pussy tingled a bit as I remembered our last time together when we shared her latest boy toy.

## 3. Getting Ready With Kristen

After we finished breakfast I returned to my room to get dressed and ready for the remainder of the day. Judging from how high the temperature was already this early in the morning, I had a feeling that it was going to be a typical Pittsburgh hot muggy August day so I picked out a pair of short denim cutoffs and a pink bikini top to wear to the party.

The cutoffs weren't my most risque pair as not even my parents would've allowed me to wear them around the neighborhood. They literally displayed half my ass and there was barely had enough material in the crotch to keep it from becoming a skirt. When I stretched or leaned over in the least the crotch material would pull up between my pussy lips, even disappearing if I went far enough! Shorts like these were reserved for around the house or when I was with a guy at his house.

The shorts I chose were more suitable for public consumption - maybe a PG-13 bordering on R rating if they had such things for shorts. They still barely covered my butt and they were cut short enough that the pockets hung out the bottom but they didn't cross the line to being arrested for public indecency, at least not quite.

Similarly, the bikini top was sort of middle of the road, at least based on my standards. It tied behind my neck and in back and actually covered most of my boobs. The thin material allowed my nipples to poke through, especially if I got a little excited, but no differently than a tight t-shirt would have.

I had a pair of pink sneakers to match along with a pair of short white anklet socks. Wearing heels would have been sexier but walking on the brick roads and grass lawns could be dangerous if I wasn't concentrating all the time so the sneakers were a sensible choice.

With my outfit laid out on the chair by my desk, I pulled my dad's shirt up and over my head, throwing it under the bed where most of my laundry was hiding. My mom was always pestering me to put them in the clothes chute which was just outside my door in the hallway but it was a lot easier to just pitch them under the bed. As I said, I wasn't ALWAYS obedient!

I stood still in the middle of my room nude and stretched my arms over my head as a big yawn escaped. I'd gotten to bed late the night before and had planned on sleeping in later than this but my dad had other ideas. Oh well, it was well worth being awakened early today!

Thinking again about the quick blowjob I'd given my dad earlier made my pussy tingle a bit and I reached down to cup my crotch in my hand. Oh my God! Suddenly I felt so horny it was if someone had physically struck me. My hand pressed tight against my crotch and I literally doubled over as my pussy cried out for attention.

In two steps I was at my bedside and I fell over backwards onto it with my legs hanging over the side, my hand never leaving my pussy in the process. My legs spread apart as I put both hands between my legs, pressing one finger into my pussy hole and rubbing my clit with the other. Incredibly, my pussy was already soaked which allowed my finger to slide easily up into me. I pulled it out and wet my clit with it to make it more slippery as my other hand rubbed it.

Closing my eyes, I stretched my head back as I masturbated as if I hadn't done it in a month. Actually I'd done it last night before falling asleep but that wasn't helping now! It wasn't like my pussy was a bank and if I made enough deposits in it I could get by when times were lean. All I could think of was being fucked by one guy after another, each stroking his dick with his hand until he was good and hard and then ramming it into me, fucking me as if I was his whore.

I kept playing with myself as I fantasized that one after another guy fucked me and came inside of me until my pussy was literally overflowing with warm sperm. As horny as I was, it wasn't long before I came, lifting my hips up against my hand as I humped my finger like it was a little cock.

I gasped as goose bumps raised over my entire body and my chest flushed bright red. From the heat I felt on my face my cheeks must have been flushed as well and my entire body felt incredible in a way that just can't be described in words. It was like my pussy was an erupting volcano with huge lava flows of pleasure pouring out and covering me with the heat of wanton passion.

It was good but not enough - God I needed to be fucked so bad!

As my orgasm slowly, very slowly, died down I collapsed on the bed while my body unwinding as it recharged from what I knew was not going to be the only orgasm I'd be having. My breathing was heavy as if I had just run a mile and my hands were still, pressed against my soaking wet cunt.

Suddenly I heard something rustle at the door and I turned my head to the side to see my cousin Kristen peeking in on me! Once she saw that I'd finally noticed her, she stepped into my bedroom, grinning at me like a cat who had just caught a mouse.

"Hey cuz! Looks like someone's horny this morning!" she giggled, looking me over as she did.

We'd started masturbating together years ago so it wasn't anything for me to be embarrassed or ashamed of but I was still caught off guard. Well, at least she hadn't caught me sucking my dad's dick.

She glanced down at my crotch where my hands were clasping my pussy and exclaimed, "Well, don't let ME stop you. Damn girl! Judging from the way you just came you've got to be wanting more!"

I was still so damn horny I didn't even answer her as all I could think about was how bad I wanted a cock in me. For just a brief moment I wished my cousin was a boy - god it seemed like all I could think about was how I needed a good fucking!

Kristen was wearing denim cutoffs similar to mine but instead of a bikini top she had on a tight white cami which she must have outgrown two years ago. It was almost sheer and I could clearly see the dark outline of her nipples underneath. Most of her flat midriff was exposed, her belly button easily visible.

I liked to tease and think of myself as a slut - but in a good way. Kristen, on the other hand, WAS a slut in every sense of the word. Every guy in school knew what a date with Kristen meant - he was going to get lucky! Sometimes I wondered if there were any guys in her class she had NOT fucked at one time or another either individually or as a group at party in some back bedroom.

We'd never even so much as touched each other's boobs but many a time we would watch each other masturbate and get off seeing the other coming. When we shared one of her boyfriends he invariably wanted to see us getting it on but we never did. I don't know exactly why but I guess maybe it was because she was my cousin and other than our mother's and my mom's best friend I'd never been with a girl before. There were times when we almost did it but something always seemed to interrupt us just when one of us had almost worked up the courage.

By now I had regained my composure but I still felt as horny as ever, if anything even more if that was possible! Kristen, never one to miss an opportunity to masturbate, quickly stripped off her shorts and hopped on my bed, leaving her cami and sneakers on as she sat at the top of my bed and pushed my pillows behind her for support.

Kristen laid back with her knees up and spread wide apart, allowing each of us to look at the other's open pussy. Kristen had always been small for her age - most guys figured her for two to three years younger than she actually was, and her pussy was trimmed up a bit but still mostly covered with blonde fuzzy hair. It just made me all the hotter to see her masturbating as we both kept our eyes fixed on one another. Although her boobs barely made a rise in her cami, her hardened nipples poked out through the thin transparent material like little pencil erasers.

The two of us masturbated like that for what must have been almost an hour. I have no idea how many times each of us came but by the time we finished my finger was certainly tired! I wondered sometimes when she would cry out as her body tensed with her orgasm what she was dreaming of but we both respected the other too much to interrupt and ask.

My room must have smelled like some sort of sex pit with all the pussy cum soaking my bed sheets! Finally we both just couldn't take any more and she moved to the side of me and we hugged. I felt her boobs pressing against mine through her cami top and for a moment wondered what it would be like to have sex with her the way I did with my mom - and hers!

"Well, well, and what do we have here?" a sweet voice interrupted our moment together.

We both looked over to see our moms standing at the door, smiling at the two of us like the proud parents they were. My Aunt Linda had asked the question and then mine chimed in saying, "Good grief Linda, we leave them alone for just one hour and look what happens!"

Aunt Linda chuckled saying, "Sort of reminds me of when we were that age, doesn't it Mary."

Kristen and I both looked at them and then at each other and smiled. I knew my mom had masturbated with her sister as she had told me as soon as she found out that Kristen and I were doing it together. Besides, masturbating with other girls was not really a big deal - I did it with most of my friends at sleepovers and sometimes just when we were visiting and the conversation would get going about some hot guy at school.

It's funny how when I talk to guys they all seem repulsed at the thought of masturbating with one of their friends yet most girls I know don't seem to have any problem with it. I guess it's sort of like dancing where you see girls dancing together all the time but never a group of guys. Oh well, that's their problem.

'C'mon you horny little sluts, that's enough fun. Now clean yourselves up and get dressed - we have work to do," my mom called out as they left and retreated back downstairs.

## 4. Teasing at the Block Party

For a moment I wondered where my dad had gone - it wasn't like him not to at least peek in when Kristen was over as he knew what it usually led to. As it turned out my dad was out on the deck cleaning the grill before carting it off to the street in front of all the neighborhood. It was a sharp stainless steel model that he had begged my mom to let him buy. She didn't understand why he needed to spend over $1,000 just for a grill but eventually she relented. It wasn't just coincidence that before she did they had one hell of an afternoon in bed!

Kristen and I ran to the bathroom to wash ourselves off, threw our clothes back on and fixed our hair by pulling it back into ponytails. Ponytails were easy to deal with and were also nice and cool for a hot day like today. As an added bonus, I knew it turned on the guys in our neighborhood when I went out with that "girl-next-door" look. Downstairs our moms were fixing some dishes to pass at the party later and we joined in to get things done.

Noon arrived before we knew it and as my dad dragged out the grill the rest of us brought out the food, plates and the rest of the usual picnic stuff. People were starting to gather now and the police has just arrived to erect the wooden barriers at each end of the street.

Our neighborhood had quite a mixture of people - some young couples as well as older, babies and teenagers, straight and even one couple we all called "the gay guys". Over the years I had babysat for quite a few of them and I knew most of them at least by face if not by name.

It was obvious from the start that Kristen and I were getting more than our share of attention - particularly from the guys and even, much to my amusement, from some of the younger boys. Kristen was thoroughly enjoying the latter group as she had always had a thing about younger boys. Well, at fifteen she could still get away with most anything and I knew that at more than a few occasions she would have definitely raised some eyebrows if people knew more about her history.

As for me, I thought the boys were cute but I actually prefer older men who just seem to be nicer overall and tend not to be so self-centered as a rule. The nice thing was that between the two of us we just about covered the age spectrum so I guess as a pair we offered something for everyone!

I think what really got me off as much as anything though was seeing the looks from the women, especially the wives. Needless to say, most of the wives didn't seem overly thrilled when their husbands glancing (in some cases more like staring) our way and on more than one occasion I got a glimpse of a couple exchanging some sharp words. Hopefully it was about us given the way she would look our way and frown.

I couldn't help but feel a twinge between my legs as I thought about what naughty things these guys were probably thinking about me - including what they were thinking about what they wanted to DO to me.

What was even more interesting was the look I got from one wife I'd never met before. She looked to be in her forties and she was actually looking at me more than her husband was! It felt a bit strange to be looked at that way by another woman but yet it created a stirring between my legs that I couldn't ignore. My hand subconsciously started to reach between my legs but just in time I remembered I was out in the middle of the neighborhood and I reluctantly pulled it back. It wouldn't do to start playing with myself in front of all the neighbors!

With everyone cooking, lunch was ready quickly and we lined up to get different foods from the various grills that were going. Kristen and I just grabbed a hotdog from my dad although some of the guys were grilling ribs, chicken, hamburgers and some sort of sausages. Needless to say side dishes included some excellent pierogis - a Pittsburgh standard at any picnic.

We sat down on the grass with our legs crossed under us Indian style. I noticed Kristen's shorts had pulled up tight into her crotch creating a nice camel toe effect and I looked down quickly at my own and realized my had done the same.

I wanted to laugh at the contortions some guys went through in order to catch a glimpse of our crotches without being obvious about it. A couple guys even made a point of passing by us several times with some lame excuse about needing to get more food but they didn't fool me. Although their eyes were trying to look forward I caught them sneaking a peak between our legs every time!

By this time of the summer we both had great tans and our closely shaved legs glistened in the hot sun. Once again I felt the need so badly to reach down and start playing with myself for them to watch! I was sure the guys wouldn't mind! Every guy I knew loved to watch me masturbate and more than once I think I narrowly escaped death when a guy was paying more attention to me playing with myself in his front seat than to his driving!

"Are you feeling as horny as I am?" Kristen whispered to me after yet another guy walked by and looked at us.

"Oh my god, you know it!" I whispered back, heaving a heavy sigh in the process.

Indeed, my pussy was practically screaming for attention and from the way Kristen was squirming, hers must have been doing the same. Something was going to have to happen and soon or I was going to do it right then and there and the hell with the consequences!

We soon finished our food and bent over to get up. Granted we may have taken more time and stayed leaning over longer than required but I don't think any of the guys were ready to file a complaint.

Kristen stopped and kneeled down to where a couple of younger boys were still eating. They looked to be about twelve or thirteen, old enough to appreciate

waist to get that first step. Had I not been shaved no doubt my pubic hair would have been sticking out.

A pair of hands suddenly appeared to hold my waist and help lift me up. I looked back and saw it was one of the firemen. He smiled at me and then did the same to help Kristen up as well. We both managed to get up the rest of the way and although I didn't look back I imagined every pair of eyes - at least the male ones, were fixed on our asses and legs.

It was just too easy - like waving fresh meat in front of a lion's den! Kristen and I looked at each other and we both giggled at the same time, each of us knowing what the other was thinking. I couldn't help it really and I don't think anyone would blame me for liking the attention - after all, who doesn't like to be appreciated? The only people I ever hear claiming that such stares and thoughts "objectify" women are women who don't get the stares!

We eventually worked our way down and jumped off the back of the truck to the ground. The same fireman was there to be sure we didn't fall and get hurt. He asked us if we had any questions to which Kristen put on her best slutty smile and softly replied, "Noooooo, we just wanted to see how long your hose was."

He started to reply, saying something about how many feet of hose the truck had on it when he looked at Kristen's face and suddenly it dawned on him that Kristen wasn't talking about anything on the truck. Well, I couldn't believe it but he actually blushed!! I wasn't sure if it was the question itself or the fact that someone her age was asking it. In any case he just smiled at her and went back to answering questions from the crowd.

The two of us wandered away and as soon as we were out of earshot I smacked her bottom sharply saying, "You little cockteaser, what if someone had heard you ask him that?"

Kristen giggled, knowing full well I wasn't really angry at her. As we talked the fire truck pulled away, I guess they could only stay for thirty minutes before they had to go to another block party.

The next couple hours were really pretty uneventful. We played the usual picnic party games - egg toss, water balloons, and such. Probably the only "interesting" moment was when Kristen got smacked right in the chest with a water balloon, soaking her cami causing it to cling like Saran-Wrap to her chest. Her top became practically transparent - something that didn't go unnoticed by practically every male set of eyes within one hundred feet.

Well, not even my flirty cousin could get away with sticking around in that condition so the two of us headed back to my house where she took off her top and dried herself off before donning one of my t-shirts.

We were about to head back out again when my Aunt Linda appeared at the door and told Kristen it was time for them to get going - something about a date that evening and she wanted to get home to get ready for it. I offered to drive Kristen home but her mom insisted that Kristen come with her to help her out with something before her date. Kristen just rolled her eyes a bit but was smiling at the same time.

I asked what was so important that it needed her help and she just shrugged and had a funny smile on her face I hadn't ever seen before. Now what was THAT all about? Well, I wasn't going to find out as the two of them both gave me a peck on the cheek and then left for home.

## 6. Private Party at Home

Just after Kristen and Aunt Linda were leaving my dad returned. I hadn't expected him so I jumped a little when he suddenly spanked my bottom playfully as I was leaning over the sink to get a glass of water.

"Why are you so jumpy?" he asked. "Hmmmmmm, I think somebody needs a harder spanking than THAT after your naughty performances today."

I turned to look at him, trying to act as if I didn't know what he was talking about.

He just shook his head and grinned at me saying, "Don't give me that 'little miss innocent look. You know, I bet every guy on the block was fighting to keep his pants from bulging uncontrollably when you two little foxes were playing on that fire truck together."

Then he reached around me from behind and pulled me tight against him. I felt a hard object pressing against the small of my back as he pressed against me.

"I have to admit, you two DID look pretty hot," he said in a lower tone of voice.

"Daddy!" I protested playfully, "Now just what do you have on your mind?

Rather than respond verbally he kissed the side of my neck which was bare thanks to my hair being pulled up into a ponytail. Mmmmmmm, his warm wet lips felt so good on me! I felt a shiver run through me as his tongue licked my ear and traced along the outer edge of my ear lobe. His hands moved up and each one

"Oh yea baby, beg me for it... tell me how much you want my cock."

What could I say at that point? I wanted it more than anything else in the world. I would've done anything he asked, told him anything he wanted to hear, just to feel him slide inside of me and penetrate me with his dick. How could I even describe to him the raging lust in me that arose whenever I knew he wanted me? Well, I had to try...

"Fuck me daddy, PLEASE fuck me," I whimpered. "I want to feel you in me, feel you love me, to be joined to you... Oh PLEASE daddy... PLEASE fuck me. Let me please you."

"That's it, tell me more how much you want me to fuck you."

"I want to be a good girl, daddy.. I want to give myself to you... I want you to fuck me daddy.... PLEASE!"

"That's my girl... and yes, you're a good girl - a wonderful daughter."

"Oh daddy! Show me!"

Without another word my father almost ripped my shorts off of me, unzipping them so fast that the zipper almost broke and then pulling them roughly down to my ankles where I stepped out of them as he dropped his shorts and boxers revealing his incredible erection that arose from a thick thatch of black pubic hair.

My father grabbed me by the waist and twisted me around so that I faced the counter and pushed my legs apart. He reached between my butt cheeks until his fingers found my soaking wet pussy hole and shoved his middle finger deep into my pussy. I gasped as his other fingers reached my clit and played with it as he fondled me just long enough to spread my wetness all over my cunt.

I could feel the head of his cock pressing against my bare bottom and then he held it in one hand and directed it to my pussy hole. Just before he entered me he coughed and then finally spoke.

"I love you Kelly," he whispered in my ear. "I love you as I could only love my daughter... Now I'm going to SHOW you how much I love you."

His cock pressed into my pussy and at first met the resistance of my closed pussy lips. He used his hand to rub the head of his cock up and down the slit of my cunt to wet it and make it more slippery. Usually I would have sucked him first and left it all wet but today I could tell he wasn't in the mood for preliminaries - he obviously just wanted to fuck his daughter and I would never complain about him doing THAT!!

Without further warning his cock suddenly slipped through and pushed its way into my waiting pussy hole. At first he buried just the thick head of his dick in me and held it there for a few seconds, using his hand to run circles with it inside my pussy. I was SO sensitive there, like I have am million nerve endings just at that location so I was standing there loving every second of it.

"You want it deeper baby?"

"Oh yes daddy, I want all of you in me... I want us to be together much as possible. I want to be joined together with you."

My dad's hands grabbed my bare hips and I felt him pull me back as he thrust his incestuous hard cock deeper inside of me. He didn't stop until it was all the way in me and I could feel his hairy crotch as it pressed against my ass, the initial force almost lifting my off my feet.

"That's it daddy, I can feel you inside of me. I love feeling you in me"

That was all I could say as he started to pump his wonderful cock in and out of me. It was almost like being spanked the way his crotch would slam into my pussy creating a slapping sound as his flesh banged into mine. It just felt so incredible!

No matter how many guys fuck me or how often I get it, nobody gives me the sense of fulfillment and security that I feel when my father's cock is deep inside of me. Sure it feels physically good when other guys fuck me but then, almost any cock can do it for me in terms of physical gratification.

For me it's all about the emotions that flood me when I feel my father's dick in me and realize what it really means – that my own father loves and honors me so much that he is willing to join together with me in the most sacred and intimate way possible that a father can do for his daughter.

Just as I love the physical pleasure I know it is in part his male lust that drives him to want to fuck me but I also am positive that it can't be just that or else he would be fucking every hot girl he could. The main reason that I want to give myself to him because I know the primary reason he has sex with me is to share his love and respect for me, to show me that as his daughter I am special to him in a way no other girl can or ever will be to him. It wasn't like I was his lover or his wife or anything kinky or perverted like that. I've never felt like anything but his daughter and I love him so much for that!

All these thoughts were spinning through my head as he fucked me standing there in the kitchen. Then without saying anything he pulled out of me and I felt this deep sense of loss but before I could protest he was steering me to the kitchen table.

My head went back and my eyes closed as my fingers worked my clit. Sometimes I would reach down and feel the base of his cock as it pressed against me, bringing the wetness that was pouring from my pussy up to my clit to keep it wet and slippery.

Another moan, louder than the first, followed as my orgasm climbed to its peak. I loved the feel when my body reacted this way, when nothing else in the world mattered except the pleasure that was pounding me from my toes to the tips of my hair. It was like I retreated into my own little world, my own sexual haven where all my cares, worries and concerns just melted away and all that remained was the bliss I felt from the union of my father and me.

I played with my clit like a fine instrument, slowing down at times and then speeding up at others to maintain myself on that edge where my orgasm was at its peak. Too fast or too slow and it was like being on a mountain peak where no matter where you stepped it was downhill. The trick to a good orgasm was to find that pinnacle where you could just keep it going and going for as long as you could physically and emotionally handle it.

I have no idea how long I stayed there as time seemed to lose its meaning but finally I just couldn't breathe anymore and I just pressed on my clit and held my hand still, allowing myself to slowly come down from what has to be the closest thing to a drug addict's high that I could have without actually shooting up. I've found that I'm addicted to my orgasms just as much as an addict is addicted to her heroin.

I knew that even after this fucking I would masturbate before I went to bed tonight, it was just something I needed to do before I went to sleep or else I would find myself waking up in the middle of the night with this incredible desire for sex.

Finally I could breathe naturally again and I looked up at my dad and smiled at him saying, "Mmmmmmm, that was so nice... your turn Daddy... I want you to cum in me."

"Oh yeah Kelly, I'm going to fill your hot little cunt now, fill it with my cum."

He must have been on the edge throughout my own special time because it wasn't more than a few strokes before he groaned and suddenly he thrust himself hard into me and held himself as deep into me as he could while his cock head exploded and I felt the first of what would be several streams of sperm shooting into me.

"That's it daddy, give it to me... give me your love."

I wasn't sure what was better at this point - the pure animal lust in me that craved his cock and the feeling of his cum inside or the way it made me feel to know it wasn't just some horny guy dumping his cum in me but it was my father instead. It was the man who helped to create me, the man to whom I owed everything I had, the man I wanted to please more than anyone else in the entire world that was cumming in me.

His cum filled my cunt and he held himself in me even after he came. I could feel his cum seeping out of me just a bit as he involuntarily would pump me slightly. He let my legs drop and took me in his strong arms as we hugged while remaining joined together.

"Now THIS is what I call a Kodak moment!"

We both looked and there was my mom standing there in the hallway with a camera in her hand. Before we could react she snapped a few pictures of us there in the kitchen.

"Damn, now THAT is hot. I love seeing the two of you like this," my mom said as she approached us. "My God John, you know I could watch you fuck our daughter all day!"

I grinned at her and said, "Well mom, just so you know I wouldn't mind if he fucked me all day!"

My mom laughed and shook her head before she replied saying, "Sorry girl, he's mine tonight. After watching this little show I need some of that cock for myself!"

My dad was caught in between the two of us, each wanting him to fuck them. I imagine it had to be a nice feeling to know his wife and daughter both felt that way. As much as my mom and I might tease each other, in reality there was no debate. After all she was his wife and his first responsibility was to her needs. As much as he loved me, it was the love for his daughter he felt towards me.

I knew there was a special bond between my parents though that transcended anything he felt for anyone else. I could see it in their eyes when they looked at each other over the dinner table just as much as when they made love. It was a look I never saw when his eyes met mine and frankly I never wanted to see it - not from him at least.

Someday I hope to look in my own husband's eyes and see it then - knowing he is making love to me which is something no man has ever done to me yet so far as I am concerned.

he'd look pretty hot. Randy seemed a bit immature but then what teenage boy wasn't? I'd never seen him alone with a girl and I doubted he'd ever been on a date.

Later on in the evening we were going to play a scripture quiz game and the girls had to draw names from a hat for their partner. Given what had happened earlier I was amused at Fate's irony when I saw I'd pulled out Randy's name. When I walked over to Randy and showed him the slip with his name on it, he blushed beet red and I couldn't help but smile.

"C'mon Randy, it's OK. I didn't mind you looking at me. Besides, don't you know that girls really like it when guys look at them, even if we say we don't? Why do you think we go through all the trouble to dress up and look good for you guys?"

Randy just stammered a bit so I smiled again at him to try to let him see I was OK with everything. We sat down at our table and I spread out the quiz cards. Our table was off in the corner with nobody was too close to us but it wasn't like we were alone or anything like that.

I started thinking about how he stared at my legs and crotch earlier, wondering what he was thinking when he did. In my mind, I pictured him going home later and laying in his bed all alone at night, thinking about me and wanting me, wishing he could put his hands on me and feel those smooth tanned legs he'd been staring at. I imagined him getting an erection and then masturbating as he imagined me dropping my shorts and showing him more of me than he'd seen before.

Sitting so close to him now, I started to get that feeling deep inside, that irresistible itch that can only be truly satisfied by a boy. It was then that I really started looking at Randy with more than just curiosity or passing interest. What he would be like if we were alone? How it would feel to have him do more than just look at me? I felt my face flush a bit the more I thought about him so I decided learn a little bit more about Randy.

"So Randy, do you have a girlfriend?"

He just shook his head and looked down at his index cards as if he was embarrassed to admit the truth. I felt sort of sorry for Randy as he seemed so insecure with me. At the same time it made him all the more interesting as I wondered what I could do to make him more confident. Sort of like he was now a project for me, somebody to rehabilitate even. "You know Randy, I've never bitten anyone in my life so you CAN talk to me! Is there something wrong with me, some reason that you can't look at me?"

Thankfully that made him look up! I just sat quietly while he seemed to be working up the courage and finally it came out. "Oh no Kelly, it's just that girls like you never talk to me like I'm a real person. I've never even been on a date because I am afraid to ask anyone."

"Well Randy, you know that if you never ask a girl she can't say yes. Besides, what's the worst thing she can do, say no?"

Randy shook his head. "You don't understand Kelly. I hear what girls say about some of the other guys after they go out with them. I don't want them joking about me and telling their friends what an idiot I am."

"I understand Randy, girls can be really cruel but you're so cute that I would think any girl would be happy to go out with you. I know I would."

Well, I'd been doing fine until that last bit slipped out. Where did THAT come from! I guess I must have let my subconscious thoughts escape because in truth, I really wouldn't mind dating Randy. Fortunately Randy picked up on it and didn't seem to embarrassed to answer for once.

"Wow Kelly, would you really? Why you would want me? I see the guys you go out with and everybody knows what you do with them," he said rather sheepishly.

"Well first Randy, I don't know what you've heard about me but that has nothing to do with how I feel about you. I'm serious Randy, I think you'd be fun to go out with. You should try asking someone, you might be surprised at the response you get!"

Randy's attention was drawn to the quiz game when one of our leaders came by to check on us. He seemed distracted though and I could see he was concentrating on something. I just kept quiet, figuring it would be better not to interrupt him at this moment. Suddenly a look of determination came to his face and then he looked me in the eyes.

"OK Kelly, then would you really go out with me or are you just teasing me?"

Maybe it was his little boy innocence that attracted me like a mouth to a flame, or maybe I'd just gone too long without a guy so I was getting desperate to be laid. Whatever the reason I really did want to go out with him. Besides, the guys I usually dated were always so much more confident and experienced when compared to Randy. I thought it might be interesting to spend an evening with someone like him, someone innocent who I could teach and be in control. The more I thought about it the more the idea appealed to me. Now I just had to convince Randy.

"Sure Randy, I would love to. Now was that so hard to ask. What would you like to do?"

Randy blushed. I was pretty sure that I was the first girl to ever say that to him.

"Gosh, I don't know Kelly. How about a movie?"

I couldn't help but giggle a bit at the suggestion. I was pretty sure Randy had no idea what I liked to do in movie theaters on a date although he HAD mentioned something about knowing my reputation so who knows. From the look on his face though, he must have been thinking that I was laughing at him so I quickly set the record straight.

"Sorry Randy, I wasn't laughing at you, a funny thought just crossed my mind. Actually I would love to see a movie with you."

Before he could back out, we agreed on a time to meet the next Friday night and then we finished the quiz game. The rest of the night was rather uneventful and I gave him a little wave as I got in the car to go home. As I drove home I found myself wondering if he had any idea what was in store for him on Friday!

## 2. Movie Date With Randy

That Friday evening I got ready for my date with Randy. During my shower I shaved my legs and crotch. I was never one for a lot of makeup but a little blush, a dab of eye shadow and a light coating of lipstick never hurt. I picked out a cute blue plaid skirt and a white lace blouse. The blouse was semi-sheer and buttoned down the front while my skirt came less than halfway down my thighs. Together with my heels my legs would show off at their best.

Normally I'm not a big fan of underwear but there are times when it can be more sexy to wear it than not to. I selected on a pair of standard white cotton panties and decided for fun to wear a bra. All-in-all a pretty conservative outfit for me but I had a feeling that Randy would be scared off if I wore one of my more typical dating outfits, especially the cute little skirt and halter set my dad referred to as "Kelly's high school slut outfit" (but actually it was his favorite!)

I checked myself out in a full-length mirror, imagining a pair of hands running over me. I slowly traced the backs of my fingers down the sides of my neck and then down to my breasts. I cupped my breast in my hands through the bra and pressed them tightly to me, then squeezed them gently and pinched my nipples. A shiver ran down my legs as I dreamed of being gently caressed and fondled.

My hands slowly ran down my stomach and I lifted up my skirt. My hands each ran up the inside my thighs, tickling me and making me tingle when they met in my crotch. I pressed my hands tightly against me and I could feel the warmth of my pussy even through my cotton panties. My fingers began to rub my pussy through my panties and I dreamed of someone exploring me, playing with me, touching me.

Just as I was at the point of moving my panties aside so I could do some serious fingering I heard a car in the driveway and knew it was Randy. Reluctantly I straightened out my skirt and blouse and went downstairs to meet Randy. I went out to get in his car. My parents were out for dinner so there was no need to make him get out and go through the "meet the parents" routine.

As I approached him I saw that his car certainly left a bit to be desired as it looked to be older as I was and not in extremely good shape. The one good thing I noted though was the front seat. It was the old style bench seat instead of the typical bucket seats found in most cars today. We exchanged hellos and I sat in the passenger seat as he drove to the theater.

On the way we just talked about school and church, nothing memorable. I didn't bother pulling my skirt down when I got in so it was riding up pretty high, not quite exposing my ass but close! I noticed he couldn't help but look over at me at times, taking in a few eyefuls of my legs and I was hoping that he was thinking about what was under my skirt as well.

When we got to the movie theater it was very crowded so Randy had to find a parking space out behind the theater along with a number of other moviegoers. Randy was a perfect gentleman the whole time. He opened the car door for me and paid for everything, including some drinks and snacks. I don't think he had a lot of money and for him to spend this much must have been hard for him.

We found seats towards the back of the theater and watched the movie. I put my hand on the armrest between us but he never even touched me the entire movie. I loved dates in movie theaters and not because of the delicious popcorn. For me it was a bit strange to actually watch an entire movie! I'd given my first blowjob in a theater like this one and even been fucked more than once in similar ones so to just sit and watch was a new experience for me.

Fortunately it was a good movie and the evening went along fine. Even so, I was more than a bit disappointed that he didn't make one move towards me. I wondered if he knew what a unique date this was for me.

## 3. The Theater Parking Lot

When the movie was over we went back to his car. The crowds must have seen another movie and left as the area where his car was parked was now empty except for his car. As we walked to the car I started planning a few ways to spice the night up a bit so when we got in the car I turned in my seat to him.

"Thank you Randy for the movie and stuff. I really appreciated it."

"You're welcome Kelly, I've never been on a real date before and I was so afraid of doing something wrong."

"Well Randy, you were a perfect gentleman. Here, let me thank you in a more personal way."

Before he truly realized what was happened, I scooted over in the seat until I was up next to him. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him. Just a short kiss with my mouth closed but I could feel him tense up as I did. I'd never had to be the aggressor before on a date. Indeed, in most cases I was the one fighting off the attack although admittedly it's not like I actually resist all that much! Tonight, though, I knew that if anything was going to happen it would be up to me to make it so. I pulled back just a bit from him.

"So Randy, have you ever kissed a girl before?"

"NNNNNooo Kelly," he stammered, his face turning beet red

Just the answer I was hoping for! I'd never been with a boy on his first date before and it excited me to think I'd just given him his first kiss! I licked my lips just a bit and kissed him again. This time he wasn't so shocked and after a short while he was obviously getting into it more. After we had gone on this way for a while I opened my lips slightly, just enough to let my tongue slip out and touch his lips. Randy's eyes opened wide and he pulled back a bit. I tried to make him feel at ease.

"It's OK Randy, it's called French kissing. Just relax and try it. I promise you'll love it."

We kissed again and this time Randy followed my lead and our tongues met. He FINALLY put his arms around me and we kept kissing for the longest time. It seemed to be up to me to take the initiate so I took one of his hands and held it to my breasts. He was stiff at first but as he felt my soft bosom his hands instinctively began to fondle me. He was a bit clumsy at first but that just made it all the hotter for me knowing that he'd never done anything like this before and that he was learning with me.

After a while I sat back in the seat and gave him a coy look. "So tell me Randy, have you ever seen a girl before? I mean REALLY seen her? I'm not talking about your father's Playboy or anything like that. Haven't you always wanted to see what a girl really looks like?"

Randy's face was flushed and he was biting his lip a bit as he looked at me. I'd made no effort to pull down my skirt after I had moved around and it was riding up high. With my legs up on the seat I knew he was getting a good view of my crotch, even though my panties were covering everything of interest.

It was looking like Randy was too scared to make the next move so I did it for him. I reached down and started to rub my crotch through my panties. My hand was moving very slowly and deliberately, not really meaning to turn me on but to turn him on instead.

"Mmmmmmm, do you like to see me doing this Randy?"

"Damn Kelly, I can't believe this is really happening. God you look so hot! I don't even know what to say."

"Don't say anything Randy, just watch me. I love it when a boy watches me touch myself."

Leaning back against the passenger door, I pulled my skirt up to my waist and then pulled my panties down until they were at my ankles. By spreading my legs wide apart I gave him a perfect view of my crotch. Back then I wasn't shaving it completely but instead trimming it and keeping it cleaned it up enough so I could wear a sexy thong bikini. Randy was just staring at me, or I should really say my pussy, as I took my hands and spread my pussy lips apart to allow him to see me even better.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the way you're looking at my pussy Randy. See here? This is my clit and it loves to be touched and teased."

When I touched my clit I gasped as a deep shiver ran through me. I love to masturbate and it especially thrills me when someone watched me do it.

"You know Randy, sometimes at home I like to watch myself in the mirror when I touch myself like this. Will you be my mirror tonight?"

OK, so I plagiarized the line from one of my dad's porn movies but Randy didn't know that. The look on his face was priceless.

Running a finger up and down my pussy crack, I dipped it just enough inside to get my finger wet and then back up to my clit where I teased myself and caressed it. Randy watched my every move in total silence, not even hardly even blinking.

I slipped off my panties from around my ankles and handed them to him. He took them gingerly I was ready to bet that he'd never held a girl's panties before, especially a pair that was still wet in the crotch from her excited pussy! I put my finger inside of me again and he stared like a deer caught in the headlights.

"What's the matter Randy, don't you know how girls masturbate? When I do this I imagine a guy being inside of me. Do you imagine being inside of a girl when you jerk off?"

He looked a bit shocked when I said that. I was sure no girl had ever talked to him like this and as much as I loved touching myself, I was getting off more watching his reactions.

"Don't be embarrassed Randy, all guys jerk off. Well, in case you didn't know, so do girls. But I like it even better when a guy touches me."

As I spoke to him I kept stroking my finger in and out of me, dreaming it was Randy fucking me instead with that hard cock I could see outlined in his pants! I moaned as the pleasure I felt started to overtake me. Having Randy watching me with those wide eyes and open mouth only intensified the feelings.

As I massaged my boob and masturbated, my breathing was getting more labored and my moans were louder and longer. God I was going to cum already! My orgasm started to rise in my like a volcano erupting. My pussy was on fire as I thrust my fingers into me as fast as I could with my palm rubbing over my clit at the same time. I gasped and looked at Randy as he stared at me with a look of wonder on his face.

"Oh my God Randy! Watch me cum! Ohhhhhhhhh, it feels so wonderful, I love this soooooo much!"

I pulled up hard against my crotch, my fingers deep in me and pressing against my clit as my orgasm reached its climax and finally started to subside. I lay there breathing hard, bringing my wet fingers to my mouth and sucking my cum juices off of them.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the way I taste Randy. Did you like watching me cum for you. I know I did! Now it's you turn to touch me."

Randy seemed confused, almost like he couldn't believe what he was hearing. I turned around and got up on his lap with my back to his door. I could feel his jeans

"They're not big but they're VERY sensitive so be nice to them. Touch them Randy, it's OK... really you can touch them."

Even though he wasn't a big guy I was still so small that Randy's hand was able to cup and cover my entire breast. But I wasn't teasing about them being sensitive! I loved just running my fingers along them, just brushing up against the nipple. More than once I had to catch myself in public like in class or even church when I would absent mindedly start to run my fingers along them, forgetting where I was and what I was doing. Fortunately I had never been caught as it would have been quite embarrassing!

Randy squeezed me softly, learning for the first time how a girl's breast felt as he touched mine. I wondered what he was thinking as he caressed my breast while I sat bottomless on his lap? I loved watching him touch me as he moved from one to the other, sending ripples of pleasure through me as would take his whole hand and just squeeze me softly.

"Now I want you to suck my nipples Randy. Put them in your mouth and softly suck on them. They love to have a lot of attention paid to them."

Randy licked his lips and lowered his head to my bosom and softly sucked on one boob and then the other. God it felt so good! I held his head against my chest, running my fingers through his hair.

"Oh yes Randy, that's it! Suck on it. Put as much in your mouth as you can and suck hard. Run your tongue over the nipple while you do that. Oh Randy... you make me feel so good when you do that."

I wasn't just building his ego, I WAS feeling good! I squirmed in his lap and I could feel his hard cock through his jeans, trying to escape to be with my pussy that was just above it. I let him suck me for a while, torn between the pleasure he was giving me and the desire to get a closer look at that bulge I was feeling under my ass, which was even larger than before.

Finally my desire for his cock overtook me so I pushed his head gently away from me. I moved off his lap and go on my knees on the seat next to him where I unbuckled and then unzipped his jeans. As I tried to pull his jeans and underwear off he raised his hips to make it easier for me. What I saw then made my mouth water. Randy had a nice sized cock and it was as stiff as a steel rod. I looked up at Randy and smiled.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the sight of a hard dick waiting for me. I'm going to touch you now."

I reached out and put my hand around his shaft. Oh my was he hard! My fingers wrapped around his shaft and he felt so warm in my hand. I could feel him shudder as I started to stroke it very slowly. It felt so hot knowing that I was the first girl to touch it. I gripped him with the bottom of my hand at the base of his cock. A couple of inches extended beyond my hand so I guessed him to be about six inches long or so. I could feel his pubic hair against my hand, so curly and dark.

"You have a beautiful cock Randy, did you know that? It fits perfectly in my hand which also means it would fit perfectly in my mouth. Will you let me suck you Randy?"

Randy blushed. "Do you mean you want to suck my dick? You're teasing me now... I can't believe you would want to do that!"

"Yes Randy, that is EXACTLY what I want. Trust me, I'm good at it and when I'm sucking you I promise you'll know why guys love it so much."

Before he could say anything else I leaned down and licked the tip of his cock. He jumped a bit and I started to lick up and down his shaft, kissing his hard cock all over. With his cock all wet from my saliva I stroked him and sucked on the head as I did. He groaned just a bit and I knew he was enjoying it.

Then I took him deeper in my mouth and slowly let him come in farther until I had all of him in me and my face was buried in his lovely pubic hair. I could feel the hair brushing against and tickling my cheeks.

Mmmmmmm he smelled so good! I've always loved the distinct odor of a man's crotch, that heavy musky smell that gets so strong when he gets excited and I think that hairy ones smell the best. He tasted so good and I was excited to think that I was the first one to suck him. His was the first cock I'd ever sucked that had never been in a woman's pussy, a thought which turned me on even more.

When I thought about it, this was the actually first time his cock had been inside a woman in any way in his entire life! I could hear him moaning as I sucked him like a warm popsicle, sliding him in and out as I let my tongue trace along the back of his shaft.

He was starting to get more worked up now though and I wasn't ready for him to cum yet so I took him out of my mouth and held him in my hand. His cock was so smooth, warm and slippery and at that moment I knew without a doubt that I really wanted it right then and there. I whispered to him in the sexiest, huskiest voice I could muster.

"OK Randy, are you ready? Are you ready to fuck me? I want to be your first. I want to be the one to feel your cock as it penetrates a girl's pussy for the very first time. I want to take your virginity; give it to me now Randy. I want to be the one you remember all your life as the first girl you ever fucked."

For a moment I thought maybe I'd finally gone just a little too far, too fast for Randy. After all, he'd just gone from never even kissing a girl to getting a blowjob – all in one night and on his first date at that!

The poor boy looked so confused. One second he was looking at my hand on his cock, then over to my bare ass sticking up in the air as my head was in his crotch.

I knew he wanted me, hell he probably had masturbated all week hoping this would happen but never really expecting it to. Now all of a sudden his wildest fantasies were no longer fantasies as a 17 year-old girl wearing nothing but an open blouse and heels was stroking his cock and begging him to fuck her.

"Oh Kelly, I really want to, God I really want to! But we really shouldn't. It isn't right for us to do that without being married!"

"It's OK Randy. We're not cheating on anyone and it's just for us to enjoy tonight. Just sit back and let me show you how good it feels. I love to be fucked more than almost anything; right now all I want is you and your beautiful cock."

Randy didn't say anything, which was enough for me. I straddled his lap and felt his stiff cock pressing against my hungry pussy as I slowly settled down on him. I pulled his head to my breast and he sucked on my nipples again. As he did I reached down and held his cock. God it felt so good in my hand! My pussy ached as I held it just inches away from my pussy. I wanted soooooo badly for it to be inside of me, filling my pussy with his virgin cock.

"Are you ready Randy? Tell me what you want right now."

"Oh god Kelly, I want to do it."

"No Randy, tell me exactly what you want. Tell me what you crave now."

It was like everything suddenly spilled over inside of him, as if a dam burst and all his sexual frustrations and desires poured out in a flood of words.

"Damn it Kelly, you know what I want! You really are a dirty slut, aren't you? OK then, you want to know what I want? I want to fuck you. I want to shove my dick up your pussy. Do you have any idea how many times I have dreamed of doing this to you? I just can't believe it is really happening to me now!"

Now THAT was what I wanted to hear. I couldn't wait any longer. My pussy was aching so badly for him that I really didn't care what he said or wanted anymore, I just knew I needed him in me and as soon as possible. I lifted myself up, positioned him in place and lowered myself down onto him. His cock head was just between my pussy lips and I settled myself down a little more until his head was barely inside of me.

Oh my god he felt so good! My pussy is incredibly sensitive at that spot and it made me tingle all over to feel him entering me and remaining in that position.

"Look down Randy, look at your cock. See how it's just inside of me? I can feel you... I can feel your dick inside of me now, coming inside of my body, penetrating me."

"Oh yes Kelly, I can see it. It feels so warm inside of you!"

"Keep watching, I want you to see your cock disappear for the first time into a girl as I let you into me more and more." I circled my hips around his cock, corkscrewing him into me as I gently lowered myself down onto him, as slowly as I could. Inch by inch his virgin cock disappeared until finally my pussy was pressing tightly down against his hairy crotch.

"Mmmmmmm, now this is more like it Randy, isn't it? I love it when a man is all the way inside of me. It turns me on so much to look down and not be able to see him because my pussy is holding all of him. Just sit back now and let me do the work."

Randy just kept moaning and I knew he was overcome with the feelings coursing through him from his cock. I began to lift myself up and down on his cock, pumping his cock in and out of my pussy. Sometimes as I lifted upwards I would squeeze down on his cock with my pussy, gripping him as I pulled him out of me.

I moved my hips around to feel him pressing against different parts of my pussy walls, finding just the right position to really stimulate myself. I started to play with myself at the same time, touching my clit as I brought myself to my second orgasm of the night.

"Oh god Randy, I am cumming again. This time you can feel me cum, you can feel my pussy grabbing you, pouring over you? Damn this feel so fucking good. Your cock feels so hard and hot in me. That's it Randy, fuck me, fuck me and make me cum harder!"

I could feel Randy humping himself under me, trying to match my rhythm as I bounced harder still on his cock. I kept cumming as I fingered myself faster, trying to keep myself on that hot roller coaster I was riding, reaching the peak and flying down. Finally it began to subside and I settled down on him, just moving my hips back and forth slowly so I could feel him moving in me.

"Are you OK Kelly?"

"Oh yes Randy, that is what every girl lives for and I want another one as soon as possible so now it's time for you to do the fucking."

I got off of his lap even though feeling his cock slipping from my soaking wet and still throbbing pussy was so hard to do. I laid on my back with my head against the door armrest. I spread my legs apart for him, giving him a great view of my hungry pussy, wet and messy from having just been fucked.

"Get on top of me now Randy and fuck me. For God's sake fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

Randy positioned himself between my legs and held his cock in his hand. He brought it up to my pussy and I watched as then he pressed forward and entered me. Nothing gentle and slow this time - he rammed himself into me and banged his pelvis against me hard as he pushed himself as deep into me as he could reach. He leaned over me and kissed me as I put my hands on his ass and felt his warm butt in my hands.

Instinct took over and he began to hump me like a dog in heat. I took one hand and again fingered myself. Randy was just banging me now, fucking me like the slut I loved to be. I felt like a whore being fucked by a stranger; this wasn't the Randy that sat to the side and never talked to girls. He was thrusting his hips and literally banging me, beating against me with his pelvis as he fucked me. He started to talk as he was overwhelmed with lust and became someone else, someone who just wanted one thing - to fuck the daylights out of me.

"Damn Kelly, I love fucking you. You little bitch... you deserve to be fucked like a whore. You're always acting like a whore at school, teasing all the boys and only fucking a few of them. Now it's my turn to have you!"

His breathing was getting faster and I could tell he was about to cum.

"Stay in me Randy, don't pull out. I want you to cum in me, to spray your first load of cum inside of my pussy and fill me with yourself."

Randy just grunted and kept ranting about fucking me, calling me his slut and whore. Meanwhile I was working on my clit hard and fast. Then Randy thrust himself deep into me with a push that almost knocked me into the seat. His back arched and his head pulled back as he cried out.

"Oh my god! I am cumming in you Kelly! I'm gonna pump your cunt full of my cum."

I felt a sudden burst of heat inside of me as he came. Together with the clit massage I was giving myself it drove me over that cliff edge and into another fantastic orgasm, even harder than the others.

"Holy shit Randy, I can feel you cumming in me. Pump me with everything you have. Fill my pussy with your cum. I am cumming soooooo hard again with you!"

Randy started fucking me again, pumping himself in and out furiously. Finally he seemed to be able to take no more and just laid on top of me, his eyes closed and breathing heavily. His cock was throbbing inside of me as my orgasm slowly died away, leaving me feeling incredibly happy and sexy.

Finally Randy got back the strength to open his eyes and he looked at me and we kissed. This was the most passionate kiss he had given me all night, more now like that of a lover than just a kid on a first date. Then he got up and we both dressed quietly, neither of us really able to talk after such an experience.

I sat next to him as he started the car and drove home in silence. I rested my head on his shoulder and laid my hand on his crotch the whole way, thinking about what was under those jeans and what it had just done to me.

When we go back to my house, Randy looked at me.

"Thank you Kelly. This was the most wonderful evening I've EVER had and I'll never forget it. You were incredible!"

I just gave him a kiss on the cheek and got out of the car. I smiled at him and went inside. My Mom and Dad were watching TV and asked how I was doing. I just smiled and sat down to tell them all about it. They must have really liked hearing about it because when I went to sleep later they were going at it like they were teens again!

# (Oct 02) Chapter 42: Fooling Around at My Boyfriend's House

Story codes: mf oral
  Me (17)
  Randy - boyfriend (16)

It's always hot to fool around in one of my boyfriend's homes but it's even better when someone is home - especially if that someone is his parents! I wonder what they would have said if they had any idea of what their "innocent" son was doing to me right under their noses?

## 1. A Little About Randy and Me

Randy was a virgin when I first had sex with him. At sixteen he was a year younger than me and a junior at my high school. Randy's parents had a well-deserved reputation for being ultra-conservative but still polite. They had their morals and principles and while they weren't afraid to let you know what they were, they didn't try to ram them down your throat either the way so many "holy rollers" try to do.

The first time I met Randy's mom was at a church carwash. Being it was a hot summer day like most of the girls I was wearing shorts and a bikini top that left little to the imagination. Although at the time I was not doing anything with her son, she took one look at me and I knew from her pursed lips and narrowed eyes that she wouldn't want her precious son to have anything to do with a slutty girl like me.

That image continued to haunt me a couple months later when I started going out with Randy. I was having fun with Randy so it was worth the extra effort to be nice to her. Whenever I knew I would be seeing her I would dress more conservatively and occasionally I even wore a bra. Now THAT alone should tell you how hard I was trying!

It was well worth it though if it meant I could date Randy. He was a hunk of a sixteen year-old and since sex was new to him, it made it all the more interesting for me as well.

Fortunately, my efforts seemed to be paying off. His mom appeared to be thawing out a bit but still, if she ever found out her "virgin" son was screwing his girlfriend like a horny rabbit, she would've undoubtedly tossed me out of the house on my butt in a heartbeat.

Randy also had an older sister who went to a local junior college. I'd never actually seen her in person but Randy told me that she was twenty and pretty much ignored him most of the time. Sounded like your typical brother-sister relationship!

Randy invited me over to his house one evening just to talk and watch TV. It wasn't the first time and I was feeling more comfortable with his parents - and hopefully they were with me as well. I don't think his mom still trusted me 100% and probably never would no matter what I did so I was satisfied with how things were working out.

His sister was out with her boyfriend leaving Randy and me alone with his parents. We tried to have some small talk with his parents just to be polite but they were more interested in watching some TV evangelist begging for money so the two of us made our way out to the back porch.

## 2. Teasing On the Porch

Randy's home had a large screened-in porch adjacent to the family room. There was a door and window between the two rooms and I could see his parents through the window sitting in their chairs watching TV. It was dusk so the porch was getting darker with each passing minute, making it easy for me to see inside the family room from the porch but not the other way around.

Even though we had the lights out I don't think his parents were overly concerned since the door was open between the two rooms. It wasn't the first time Randy and I had spent time on the porch so I was pretty sure that they couldn't imagine us doing anything naughty - not with them so close. Well, they certainly didn't know me!

The two of us sat on a bench looking out over the back yard. Randy lived out on the edge of town so the view was nice - hills with fields and a clear night sky with the stars and moon making their appearance as it grew darker. It was now fall and the air was a bit chilly but it was still a pleasant evening.

We'd only been dating for a couple of weeks but Randy had already fucked me quite a few times by now. As usual I knew he was anxious to do me again. We'd never done it in his house though, doing it either in my bedroom at home or in his car. With his parents home he was reluctant to even hold my hand, let alone even make a try for first base. As for me, I wanted him to swing for the fences and get a home run!

For whatever reason I was feeling pretty horny and I knew it was going to be up to me if I was going to get what I really wanted tonight. The very thought of doing it while his sanctimonious parents were in the next room made me wet just thinking about it! Somehow the image of having their "innocent" son fuck me right under their noses was an incredible turn-on for me so I reached over and whispered in his ear.

"Hey Randy, wanna fuck me?"

Randy laughed, thinking I was just teasing him. "Very funny Kelly. It's hard enough to have you this close and not do anything without you teasing me so just stop it."

Twisted on the bench, I faced him and looked him straight in the eye. "Really Randy, I'm dead serious. I want you to fuck me - right here and now!"

I put my hand on his leg and started to slowly work my way up to his crotch.

Well, Randy looked at me like I was insane. I was pretty sure that he realized that I wasn't just teasing, he seemed to be having a difficult time believing it. He glanced over his shoulder to the living room where his parents were kicked back in their matching Lazy Boy recliners. Turning back to me, he still had that classic "deer in the headlights" look I so loved about him anytime I introduced him to something new.

"For heaven's sake Kelly, are you nuts?" Randy said incredulously. "You know, you can see my parents in the family room for crying out loud! Give me a break, not even you can be that crazy, I don't care how horny you are!"

Because Randy had only been dating me for a couple of weeks I could forgive him for not knowing just how far I would be willing to go when I really wanted something - especially if it involved sex. Oh well, the boy was just going to have to learn his lesson and the sooner the better if I had anything to say about it.

I smiled disarmingly as I placed my hand firmly on the growing bulge in his crotch. I smiled even more as I felt the hardness of his emerging erection.

"You may have fucked me a few times Randy but you still don't know me very well, do you?" I said as I started to press down on his crotch. "Hmmmmmm, you say what you want but I think you want me."

Kevin just rolled his eyes. "C'mon Kelly, how could I NOT get excited sitting next to you? But that doesn't mean we can do it with my parents right here. Geeze, they would KILL me if we got caught - not to mention what my mom would do to you!"

As I mentioned earlier, I was trying to appease his mother so for the evening I was dressed pretty conservatively - at least by my standards. I was wearing a pair of jeans and a flannel shirt with a black lace bra underneath. The jeans were pretty tight but I liked them that way because they showed off what I always felt was my best asset - my ass. I liked the shirt because it was easily accessible without having to take it off.

I unbuttoned the top two buttons so that he could see my bra with my breasts begging for release. The poor things weren't use to being cooped up this way and they were crying to be set loose. Kevin never seemed to get enough of my boobs even if they were small and he was speechless as he stared at my partially hidden chest. Well, he didn't say no so I started to unzip his pants but then he held my hand to stop me.

"Dammit, Kelly! I'm not kidding anymore," he whispered loudly into my ear. "My parents are right there and there's no way I can do this with them so close!"

Well, I wasn't deterred that easily and if anything, his protests just made it more of a challenge for me. I pulled my hand from his and went back to work on his zipper.

"They can't see us and if you'll just shut up then they won't know anything is happening," I hissed at him. "Their favorite show just started so they'll be glued to the tube for the next hour listening to that idiot. Now I need a good fucking tonight and if you're going to be my boyfriend then you have to be able to take care of my needs - no matter when or where. So Randy... are you going to fuck me or not?"

I wanted to be fucked SO badly right then. The question was, would he have the nerve to do it?

## 3. Fucking On the Porch

While I was talking I'd slipped my hand into his pants and through the opening in the front of his boxers until I was rewarded with the warm feel of his stiffening cock. He sucked in a breath when I squeezed him gently.

I smiled to myself as I thought that in the end he was just another horny sixteen year-old boy and I knew from experience that if there was one thing he could never say no to, it was girl wanting to have sex with him. Sure enough, right on cue the little head took control!

"Alright, Kelly - you win. But we have to hurry before one of them gets up to go to the bathroom and decides to check up on us. God Almighty... I can't believe I'm letting you talk me into this!"

I pulled his stiffening cock out though his zipper and admired it as it stood up straight in the air. Getting off the bench, I knelt in front of him between his legs saying, "Well, you keep an eye on your parents and let me take care of this bad boy."

Despite my instructions, his eyes never left me as I lowered my head to his crotch and started to suck his cock. At first I just licked him but I was sensible enough to realize we didn't have all night either so I quickly getting down to some serious cocksucking.

The look on his face told me all I needed to know - he was loving it. If I was being honest with myself, I couldn't take much credit. Face it, has anyone ever met a teenage boy who didn't love his cock to be sucked?

I stroked him as I sucked on his head, running my tongue all over it in circles. I loved the feel of his stiff cock as I twisted my hand around his wet shaft.

Randy was watching his parents now and while I knew he was concerned about them, at the same time he was so rigid that there was no doubt that he was getting turned on by doing something this naughty.

One thing I really loved about sucking Randy's cock was knowing that it had never been in any other girl's mouth or pussy other than mine. It was if it was my own personal dick to suck and fuck! I'd never had a virgin dick before and I wanted it all for myself as long as possible.

Mmmmmmm, he tasted so damn good in my mouth, so warm and smooth against my lips and tongue. He wasn't exactly the biggest cock I had ever sucked and so I took him completely in my mouth without having to allow any to go down my throat. My face hit bottom and my cheeks were being tickled by the pubic hair sticking out through his jeans. Twisting my head around him, Randy couldn't help but groan just a bit from the pleasure I was giving him through his cock.

"Oh Kelly, I love it when you blow me. You're driving me crazy!"

"Well, keep it down or your mother will be out here watching us," I whispered to him.

Randy kept it down after that and once I had him about as hard as he was going to get - and horny enough to do anything I wanted, it was time for the next step. Standing up in front of him, I slipped off my jeans and stood in front of him with just my shirt, bra and socks on. I looked over his shoulder and saw his mom was talking to his dad and smiling about something or another.

It made my pussy tingle to imagine what her reaction would be if she knew I was standing here bare-ass in front of her supposedly virgin son, rubbing myself as I prepared to let him fuck me? My reverie was broken when Randy reached around me and grabbed my bare ass with both hands, pulling me closer to him until I was straddling his legs with his cock poking up like a missile ready to launch.

"Come here Kelly," he whispered in a husky voice, "Oh man, I love your ass!"

I took his head in my hands and lifted it up to look at me.

"So what do you want Randy?" I teased him as his hands clenched my ass.

Randy grinned, all traces of concern apparently lost as his sex drive kicked in full gear. "You know what I want... I want to fuck you."

Hood boy - he'd learned his lessons well. I'd taught Randy from the start that if he wanted to fuck me then he had to ask for it.

I grinned and straddled him on the bench. Licking my lips in anticipation, my pussy was tingling with desire for him. "That's better Randy... and I want you to fuck me."

He reached under me from behind and spread my pussy lips apart, inserting a finger to spread the wetness from inside my pussy to make it easier for him to enter me. God I wanted him so badly!

As I lowered myself down onto his cock, I could feel him just start to enter me. It felt incredible as his cock head literally split me apart as it pressed its way inward into my pussy! Straddling Randy, I could see straight into the family room through the window as I impaled myself on Randy's hard dick. It was one of the most erotic things I've ever experienced to watch his mom and dad sitting there oblivious to their son as he fucking me less than twenty feet away. Even Randy was amazed at everything that was happening.

"This is incredible Kelly," he whispered, "I can't believe we're doing this - and my parents are right there! I can even hear them talking to each other for crying out loud!"

I had all of him in me by this time so I let my ass settle down on his lap and began to rock back and forth on his cock. I moaned softly as I felt him sliding in and out of me, stimulating the ultra-sensitive nerve endings in my pussy like a bow on a violin.

Randy had his hands on my waist as I ground my pussy into his crotch so I reached down and rubbed my clit, sending even more waves of pleasure though me as the combination of my clit being rubbed while my pussy was being fucked drove me crazy with delight. Randy was obviously feeling pretty good himself.

"Oh Kelly, I love my cock feels in you. You know, I've been jerking off every night dreaming of fucking you again!"

I smiled at the images that that brought to mind. I would've loved to sneak a peek into his bedroom at night when he was masturbating as he dreamed about fucking me. Few things turn me on as much as a guy jerking off because of me. Really, what greater compliment can a guy give me than to masturbate with me on his mind? I would be willing to bet that after tonight he would be jerking off twice a day!

After a while I lifted myself up until he slipped out of me and got off his lap. Randy looked at me with a lost puppy look - wondering what was going to happen next.

"Don't worry silly, we're not done... not by a long shot. I just want you to fuck me in a different way for a while," I said as I turned around so my ass was facing him.

Again I straddled his legs but this I sat back while I held his cock and guided it back into my warm pussy again. With my hands on his thighs, I rocked back and forth, driving his cock in and out of me in the process. After a while I leaned forward more so he could get a good view of my ass and his cock sliding in and out of my now soaking wet pussy. He had his hands on my hips and helped me to move back and forth, stroking his wonderful stiff cock in and out of me.

"Oh my god Kelly," he moaned softly, "I love seeing my cock in your pussy. You have such a sweet ass!"

Don't take this wrong but I loved my ass as much as he did. Mother Nature may have shortchanged me on my boobs (although they WERE growing more and more all the time), my ass was definitely my best feature. It felt so hot to have him watching my bare bottom as he fucked me.

I looked over my shoulder and saw his mom and dad through the window and the thought of fucking their son just a few steps away plus the sheer physical pleasure of his cock inside of me was enough to push me over the edge. I sat down on him and just squeezed his cock with my pussy as my orgasm consumed me.

"I'm cumming Randy," I groaned, "Oh Randy, you make me feel so good!!!"

I could feel my pussy swelling as it tightened its grip on his cock. Then suddenly my whole body felt like it had caught on fire as I could feel the wetness of my cum pour out over his cock and onto his jeans. I'd been wanting this so badly all night and had gotten myself so horny in the process that my orgasm was more incredible than I would have imagined when it finally arrived. It felt like a warm river was draining from between my legs as I could feel my pussy grabbing his cock like it never wanted to let go of it.

Eventually my orgasm slowly subsided and I started to rock on his cock again, stimulating my pussy and helping to prolong the feelings still boiling inside of me.

"Damn Randy," I was finally able to say, "You have no idea what it feels like to cum like that. Oh wow, I can still feel it..."

Randy was evidently turned on even more by what was happening to me and I could feel his hips rocking in time with me to drive himself even deeper inside of me. He was quiet now and I knew from just the few times we had done it that he was getting ready to cum.

"That's it Randy," I told him in a soft voice. "Cum for me... let me feel you cum inside of me... oh god cum in me Randy!"

Randy squeezed my ass so tight it actually hurt. He groaned softly as his hot cum spurted into my pussy. I could feel each burst as it exploded from his cock directly inside of me. I sat down on him with all my weight to force him in me as far as possible.

I love it when a man cums inside of me, and the deeper he does it the more magical the sensation of warmth I get deep in my belly. Even though I was on the pill and the odds of getting pregnant were all but nil (I hoped!), I still couldn't help but feel something deep inside of me as I was literally mating with a man, taking every drop of his sperm inside of me. It was almost primal to take part in a mating ritual that has existing from the start of our species.

It should go with saying that I would've loved to have just sat in his lap for the rest of the night with his cock throbbing in me but I knew we had to be careful about the time so I regrettably lifted myself up and off of his cock.

Looking back down at his dick as it glistened in the moonlight with a combination of my pussy cum and his sperm coating it, I couldn't resist and so I leaned over and started to suck him again. Even though his cock was starting to soften it was still as sensitive as it could be and he moaned softly as I took him all in.

I could taste my pussy on him and I loved the scent of me mixed with his sexy crotch smell. A few more drops of cum drained from him and I loved the taste as I swallowed whatever I could get.

Unfortunately, as with many guys once Randy had cum it was as if a switch turned off in his brain and he was done. The younger they are the quicker the recovery and with some boys it was almost an instant recovery before they were ready to go again while older men like my dad took at least a few hours before they were "up" for it again.

Randy was at the shorter end of the scale but at the moment he was back in reality. He looked through the window at his parents and then back at me saying, "That was fucking incredible Kelly but you'd better get dressed before one of them gets up for something."

He didn't have to tell me as I had already slipped my jeans back on and was buttoning my shirt when sure enough, his mom lowered the recliner with a thud and rose up and out of her chair. Next thing I knew she was standing at the door! Fortunately by then all she saw was two innocent looking teenagers sitting next to each other talking. I almost burst out laughing as I thought about what we'd just been doing.

"How are you two doing out here" she asked innocently, "It's awful dark, shouldn't you have some lights on?"

"Ma, leave them alone for crying out loud!" he dad yelled from his chair. "Good grief, what do you think they're going to do with us right here anyway?"

I almost burst out laughing as I felt my pussy still throbbing from having just been fucked with them right there! Naturally I stifled it and tried to appear all innocent.

"It's OK Mrs. Miller, we were just trying to look at the stars. You can turn on the light now," I said with what I hoped was an innocent look on my face.

"Well, it's OK then I guess. Can I get you guys something to snack on - popcorn maybe?"

What I WANTED to tell her was the only thing I wanted to eat at the moment was her son's cock. Somehow I didn't think that was on her menu though so I just nodded which at least had the effect of getting her to leave us alone for a few minutes. That gave time for both of us to straighten ourselves out better and especially for Randy's erection to subside further. It would have been difficult to explain it had she asked us to stand up!

Randy's mom returned in about ten minutes with some drinks and fresh popcorn. As she came out onto the porch her nose wrinkled as she sniffed the air.

"Gosh, I guess I need to do some cleaning out here now that winter is coming. It's starting to smell a bit musty," she said apologetically.

I was sure of one thing - the idea that she might be smelling our sex never crossed her mind. Randy face grew a bit flushed as he knew all too well what the odor really was!

I then I noticed that I had a growing wet spot in the crotch of my jeans from where his cum was leaking out of me along with my own pussy juices so I kept my legs crossed, praying his mom wouldn't notice in the dim light.

Randy also had a wet spot on his crotch where I had poured over him when I came and he put his hand over it to hide it from his mom. Incredible as it may seem, she didn't seem to see anything. It's not like she was exactly subtle when it came to her thoughts and opinions so if she had I'm sure she certainly would've said something about it.

After she finally left Kevin let out a sigh of relief saying, "Oh my god Kelly, I can't believe she could actually smell us! I mean, what if she had recognized what it was?"

I just smiled at him, "That's what makes it so much fun Randy. Admit it now, wasn't that a super turn-on for you? Really, did you ever even have a wet dream that you would fuck someone with your mother in the next room?"

Randy grinned, "Noooooo, can't say I have. But it still was so incredible! I'll never forget tonight."

We spent another hour or so just talking about school and other things that really didn't mean much. Randy drove me home and we kissed as I got ready to get out of the car. I went back in my house feeling warm and happy.

## 4. Back Home Again

When I got back I went down the basement where my parents were watching TV in our own family room. What a contrast from Randy's house! His parents were older, overweight and just generally gross while mine were in their late thirties but could pass for ten years younger. His mom always dressed in these horrible stretch pants and a sweatshirt that made her look even more like a fat pig while mine was wearing nothing but a long nightshirt that showed off her great legs and full breasts.

# (Oct 12) Chapter 43: Caught By My Boyfriend's Sister

Story codes: Ff mf oral voy inc mother daughter
Me (17)
Mary - my mom (36)
Randy - boyfriend (16)
Cindy - Randy's sister (18)

We thought we had the whole house to ourselves so what better place to fuck me than on his parent's bed? At least it seemed like a good idea until his older sister showed up.

## 1. Mom Helps me Get Ready

At sixteen Randy was a year younger than me, a junior at my high school. Randy and I each had some firsts with each other. There was the first time we dated when I gave him his first blowjob and got to be the first girl he'd had sex with. That was also a first for me as he was my first and only virgin, at least so far.

Randy also had an older sister who went to a local college and lived at home. I'd never seen her but Randy told me that she was twenty and pretty much ignored him most of the time. Sounded like a typical brother-sister relationship. As a general rule he seemed to dislike even talking about her. Not that they didn't get along, he just didn't seem to enjoy discussing his sister with his girlfriend.

Randy's parents were pretty conservative and I was never quite sure if his mom approved of me or not. I know that before I started dating her son that she had always given me "the look" when I would wear one of my skimpier outfits to a church event - typically the only time we crossed paths. Now that her son was seeing me on a regular basis no doubt she wouldn't have been happy unless I wore nothing but long dresses up to my neck with a chastity belt underneath!

After our first date Randy took me out a couple more times. It was hard with school nights and such. I couldn't believe that at his age Randy's parents imposed a 9:00 curfew on him if he had school the next day! Despite these obstacles he still found ways to fuck me a number of times. We even did it one night on his porch while his parents were in the next room watching TV. He was scared the entire time but it just proved yet again that a teenage boy's dick operates totally independent of his brain!

It was a Saturday morning and Randy called me to tell me his parents were away for the day and that his sister had classes in the afternoon. He was excited since it was rare that he ever had the house to himself. When he asked me if I'd be interested in coming over to his house to take advantage of the situation, it sounded like a good opportunity so I quickly agreed. It wouldn't be as exciting as it would be if his parents were home but it was a step in the right direction.

I was being lazy that morning and hadn't gotten dressed yet after I hung up the phone I went to my dresser and picked out a tight pair of jeans and a thin cotton blouse. I was about to put them on when I thought about Randy and an idea came to mind. I rummaged through my drawer and found a new pair of white cotton panties and a plain white bra that clasped in front. It was rare for me to wear underwear to start with but the way Randy's mom was I found myself wearing more underwear while dating him than I think I had all my previous dates combined!

Just as I was about to put my pants on my mom walked by and saw me.

"What's the occasion girl? Judging from the laundry, you've been wearing underwear lately. Anything you need to tell me?"

I almost laughed as I started to wonder if she thought I was pregnant or something like that. I then explained about how Randy's parents were such stick-in-the-muds which was why I had been dressing so conservatively lately.

Then I mentioned that Randy was going to be picking me up soon and that his parents weren't home. Confiding such information with her wasn't unusual for me. I tell my mom everything and she's always interested in what I do with my boyfriends. In fact, I think it turned her on to hear about how my boyfriends fucked me and I knew she often masturbated after some of our mother-daughter "talks".

Of course my mom already knew I'd been fucking Randy recently so it didn't take much for her to figure out what my plans were for the afternoon. She stepped in my room and took a good look at me standing there in just my bra and panties.

"So... what's up with the schoolgirl underwear today then?" she asked. "I know that Randy's mother is a nutcase but if she's not going to be there then why bother?"

I explained to my mom what my plans were and she grinned. Then she hugged me and pulled me closer to her. As usual she was wearing nothing but her favorite long nightshirt and loose gym shorts. As we hugged I could feel her full breasts pressing against my smaller version. She ran her long fingers through my hair, starting at the roots and slowly running it through her fingers like a comb. She knew that I loved my hair to be played with; it relaxes me and feels so erotic that I would let anyone do it for hours.

I closed my eyes as a sharp shiver ran through me. Then I felt her lips on mine as she kissed me. This was not the typical kiss a mother gives her child! After we shared a long and passionate kiss she whispered in my ear in a seductive voice.

"Randy's a hunk. I hope you realize I'm going to be wet all afternoon thinking of the two of you together. Why don't you should invite him over here some time so I can peek in on the two of you? God I'd love to watch him fuck you!"

My mom was obviously turned on thinking of my upcoming time with Randy. Her hands had worked their way down to my ass and she was squeezing my butt softly as she pulled me even tighter up against her. Her hips were grinding slowly against me as we kissed again, our tongues touching.

Kissing my mother was always an act of extreme intimacy and I could feel the desire in me for her continuing to build. As our lust for one another grew we were no longer just a mother and daughter. In the heat of our passion she was my lover and I wanted to giving myself completely in every way to her. I'd never experienced a kiss with a boy that came even close to making me feel the way I do when I kiss my mother.

Touching her I could feel my longing for her growing even deeper as I fondled her large breasts through her thin nightshirt. They were so much bigger than mine yet still firm and full. The nipples were rock hard and I pinched them softly between my fingers. Her mouth pressed harder against mine her hand moved from my ass.

My mom reached down inside of my panties and cupped my warm pussy with her hand. Oh yeah, now THAT felt good! I spread my legs apart to make it easier for her to caress me and her fingers began to explore my pussy, running up and down my slit, barely entering my pussy and then moving up to my clit.

It felt so good to have my own mother doing this to me, to know she was yearning to take me as her lover and that she wanted me to desire her in the same way.

"Oh mom," I whispered in a husky voice, "I love it when you touch me. Show me how much you love me, how much you want me, how much you need me."

## 2. Fucked by Randy

I quickly ran down the stairs and sure enough, there was Randy standing at the front door. I called out goodbye to my mom and Randy drove us back to his house. It was only a short drive to the outskirts of town. As he'd promised, the house was empty and given we were both horny as hell neither of us wanted to waste a moment with silly small talk.

Randy took my hand and started up the stairs.

"C'mon, let's go up to my room Kelly."

He turned into his room and I went through the door and stopped. It was a typical boy's room - a mess and not exactly the setting I had in mind for the upcoming activities. An sexy idea suddenly came to me and I gave him a naughty grin.

"I have a better idea Randy, let's do it on your parent's bed!

As horny as Randy was, he hesitated and I could tell that he wasn't all that thrilled about this new idea of mine. Randy seemed to live in mortal fear of his mother ever finding out he was not a virgin so I could understand how the thought of doing it in her bed was something totally alien to him. In his mind it had to be almost like we were doing it with her watching. Now THAT would have been hot for me but I'm sure Randy would die on the spot if his mom walked in while he was fucking me.

"But Kelly, what if they find out? My mother would kill us both!"

All his protests did was make me want to do it there all the more. If his mom was going to be such a prude, what better place to fuck her precious son than in her own bed!

I grabbed his hand and pulled him out into the hallway and down to where I figured his parent's bedroom was. He tried to protest but he came along. Actually I think I could have dragged him out to the front lawn at this point if that's what it took for him to screw me!

We got to their room and I looked around. Typical parent's room - big pine furniture and pictures all over the place; most of the two of the kids along with a few of themselves from their wedding and vacations.

Looking at a few I saw that Randy's mom was quite cute when she was younger; too bad she had let herself go so badly. She must have weighed 250 pounds now - probably at least twice what she did in the pictures. It was the same story for his dad - he was a hunk when they were married but you would never know it today from the beer gut on him.

It made me appreciate my parents all the more. My mom was 36 and still looked hot enough in her thong bikini to turn heads. My dad was just a few pounds over his college graduation weight and kept himself fit at the gym playing racquetball.

I also checked out a few pictures of Randy's sister - she was quite pretty and the family resemblance to Randy was obvious. I could see that Randy was a bit flustered at being in their room and especially with me looking around so I took the initiative to get things moving along. I licked my lips seductively and motioned for him to come to me.

"Don't just stand there, if you want to fuck me then you will have to undress me Randy."

I knew Randy was fascinated with taking off my clothes. I was the only girl that had ever allowed him to undress her and it was obviously something he fantasized about a lot because whenever he did it he would get a massive erection! This was the reason why I wore a bra and panties today - to get him turned on by letting him take them off me.

I stood there by his parents' bed as we hugged and kissed. As his tongue invaded my mouth I could feel his hands fumbling with my blouse buttons. He finally got them undone and opened my shirt, revealing my little white bra.

Randy stepped back and just looked at me, licking his lips subconsciously. All those years of pouring through the bra and lingerie sections in the Sear and Penny's catalog, dreaming of having a girl wearing nothing but a cute bra just for him, were finally coming true.

Randy pushed my blouse off my shoulders and down my lowered arms, leaving me with just my bra on top. Then he unsnapped my jeans and struggled a bit to get the zipper down. My jeans were pretty tight so it took some work to get them off but eventually he left me standing there in just my bra and white cotton panties.

My plan had been to give him that innocent schoolgirl look which is why I chose my plain bra and panties rather than something more sexy like a thong. It seemed to be working from the way he looked at me, not to mention the incredible bulge in his crotch. His face was flushed and I knew he wanted me terribly.

"Oh wow Kelly, you look so cute and sexy! I have dreamed of seeing you in a bra and panties so many times that I can't believe it's actually happening for real!"

Since he seemed so turned on by my underwear I decided to keep it on for a while longer and turned my attention to him.

"So are you going to stay in those clothes while I'm standing here in just my underwear?"

Randy took the hint and quickly stripped down to his jockey shorts - no loose boxers for him. His cock was so hard though it was practically spilling out from them. Much as he looked so damn hot already, it only made me want more.

"Hey guy," I scolded him, "All of it off! I want to see that sexy body without anything in the way."

I got a kick out of Randy's modesty. Randy was always shy about me seeing him naked even though he looked great! Even if I hadn't already known, it was obvious he had grown up in a family that viewed nudity entirely different than mine. He turned away as he dropped his shorts and I got a long look at his firm ass when he bent over to take them off.

Mmmmmmm, I wanted to reach out and just hold that firm butt in my hands! He turned around and kept one hand in front of his crotch. I looked at him and frowned. He once again took the hint and removed his hand, revealing his nice cock, hanging from a thick bush of black pubic hair.

"That's MUCH better Randy. Trust me, you have nothing to be modest about - I just love your hairy crotch! Now finish undressing me."

Randy fumbled as usual with my bra. This time I had picked out one that clasped in the front, hoping it would be easier for him to undo. Finally he got it and spread the cups apart, letting my small white breasts free with my small nipples already hard with anticipation. I could hear Randy as he sucked in a breath and let it out slowly. He just stared at my boobs until finally I couldn't help but giggle a bit.

"See something you like Randy... earth to Randy... HELLO!"

Randy shook his head as if to snapped out of whatever dirty fantasy was running through his mind. I took his hand and held it to by breast, moving it in small circles to massage me gently. I loved the way his palm felt moving across my sensitive nipple, sending tingles though me each time he rubbed against it.

I looked him in the eyes and whispered to him. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Randy gave me a questioning look and so I looked down at my panties that, much to my chagrin, were still on. Randy followed my eyes realized what I was referring to. Without another word Randy put his hands on my hips and spun me around.

As he slowly worked my panties down I could feel my butt being exposed and I pictured him staring at my ass. Even though I wasn't into anal sex I still loved my butt to be played with.

I stepped out of my panties as he lowered them to the floor and we faced each other, both totally naked as the day we were born. He reached out for me but I stepped back and ran over to his mother's dresser, giggling and smiling like a little girl, except I was a nude and horny little girl.

"What in the world are you doing Kelly?" Randy asked, holding his hands up and obviously wondering why they weren't all over me by now.

"I just thought of a surprise for you. Hang on a second!"

I started rummaging through his mom's drawers as Randy just stared at me, simultaneously lusting for me but at the same time totally flabbergasted at what I was doing.

Finally I found what I was looking for - a black silk robe. I knew that every woman, no matter what size, had to have at least one sexy nightie or robe. I pulled it out and slipped it on. It was way too big for me but the silk felt nice against my bare skin. I walked towards Randy, leaving the robe open to allow him to see my boobs and pussy. Randy just stared at me with his mouth wide open.

"Oh,,, my... god! Kelly, that is my mom's! Put it back. You can't wear that!"

I gave him an evil grin and reached out for his cock. "What's the matter Randy? Admit it - doesn't it turn you on to think about fucking me in your mom's clothes? After all, if you're going to fuck me in her bed, shouldn't I be wearing her clothes"

Randy's cock was still hard as it could be in my hand so I knew he wanted me no matter what I was wearing. He just shook his head in disbelief. "I don't know Kelly. I just never dreamed I would ever even SEE my mom's lingerie let alone fuck someone wearing it!"

I had a feeling Randy was turned on more than he admitted or perhaps even knew himself. I was 100% positive he could never even dream of doing anything with his mom (I certainly couldn't blame him for that!) but the thought of rebelling against her by doing something naughty like this was a sure-fire turn-on for him.

Kneeling in front of him, I positioned myself so his cock was just inches from my mouth. He started to run his fingers through my hair as I slowly started to stroke his cock. Randy had learned early on that I loved my hair to be played with and there was no way for someone to get me horny faster than to run their fingers through it. Not that I needed any help in this case but I still loved the way it felt.

I stuck out my tongue and just licked the tip of his cock with the end of my tongue. He jumped just a bit so I took the tip of my tongue and ran it all the down the side of his cock until I reached the base of his crotch. I rubbed my face in his pubic hair, loving the feel of his coarse hair against my cheeks and nose. He smelled so good, not too strong but so much like a man.

I ran my tongue back up the other side of his cock and then around the base of the head. Finally I took him in my mouth, moving down on his cock until I had all of it in my mouth and my face hit his crotch. I felt him shudder as my tongue ran all over it and I twisted my head around his cock. I could feel his grip on my head tighten as I did my best to make every dream he ever had about having his cock sucked come true.

"Oh god Kelly, I love that. All week all I did was think about you blowing me."

I was thinking to myself he was probably jerking off at the same time but that was OK with me. I loved it when guys masturbated thinking of me. It makes me feel sexy to know that men look at me and lust for me enough that they would sit alone at home and dream of fucking me, wanting me so badly they actually cum in their hands pretending it's my mouth around their cock. I like to picture their cum all over their hands and stomach as they close their eyes and image it is my pussy that they had just cum in instead of their fist.

I wonder sometimes how many boys go to bed at night with me on their minds, nursing their hard-ons while wishing I was there with them. It is amazing to me today how many older men want me to watch them masturbate on their cams.

The ones that really turn me on print out pictures of me and I watch as they stroke themselves until they cum all over my picture. I have even had guys send videos of them cumming on my picture.

Some of them are married and I have often wondered what would happen if their wives ever found those cum-covered pictures. I would love to watch her face as the realization of what the messy picture meant came slowly to her. The fact that her husband had been masturbating wasn't probably news to her. The difference was that now she would know that her hubby was dreaming of fucking a teenage girl, wanting me more than her, wanting to fuck me behind her back.

Randy was groaning more and more now as I sucked his hard cock. He started to thrust into my mouth and I could taste his precum. I didn't want him to cum yet though, I had more plans for his lovely cock before that happened so I stood up and wiped my mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, that tasted soooooo good. Get on your parent's bed now."

Randy looked at the bed and hesitated for a second, evidently still hung up a bit about fucking in his parent's bed so I encouraged him some more.

"C'mon Randy, I want you to fuck me on your parent's bed. Think about tonight when they go to bed. You'll remember what we did and think of how you fucked me right where they are."

I can't say that the mental image was helping Randy but he gave in and laid on his back in the middle of the bed. I crawled up next to him and put my leg over him so I was sitting on his chest, my pussy smack in front of his face. I looked down at him and wiggled my hips just a bit to rub my pussy against his chest. I licked my lips just a bit and whispered to him in as sexy of a voice as I could muster.

"Mmmmmmm, now it's your turn to taste me."

I moved forward and grabbed the headboard. I lifted up enough to position my pussy right over his mouth and lowered myself to him. I could feel his nose in my pussy and then his tongue as he reached it out to lick me. God it felt so good! I took one hand to help spread my pussy lips apart and show him where to lick me. His tongue found my clit and I moaned as he licked it.

"That's it Randy, that's the spot! Ohhhhhhhhh, lick me right there!'

His hands reached under the robe and grabbed my ass, squeezing my butt and pulling me tighter into his face. For someone who had touched his first pussy just a couple of weeks ago, Randy was a natural at oral sex, already better than most of the boys I had been with.

I couldn't keep still, moving my wet pussy around on his face as his tongue was feeling so good on me. I kept whispering to him where to lick, how to stick his tongue up inside of my pussy hole and then inside of me as far as it would go. I rubbed my clit as he sucked on my pussy. I wanted to cum so bad and I was soooooo close!

"Don't stop Randy! ...Oh God don't stop now... I'm cumming Randy!"

And indeed I was! I can't imagine anything feeling better than a good orgasm. My entire body feels like it is consumed in fire, tingling from head to toe. I moaned out loudly and it was a good thing that nobody was home. My pussy cum gushed out all over his face and the way he looked up at me I realized this was the first time he had experienced a girl cumming on him.

Somehow I managed to get out something to help him understand.

"It's OK, I'm just cumming. Oh god taste my cum Randy!"

When my orgasm had died down enough for me to think clearly again I moved down his chest until I could kiss him. His face was covered with my cum and I licked it off of him. Mmmmmmm it tasted so good!

"I want you to fuck me now Randy... fuck me with your hard cock!"

I straddled his waist, still facing him. His mom's robe was lying on top of his legs as I settled down on his cock, feeling his swollen head forcing my swollen pussy lips apart. I was soaking wet with anticipation so he easily entered me. I held myself there with just his cock head in me.

God it felt so good! I was so sensitive in that part of my pussy and now after having cum once already to feel his swollen head there was sheer ecstasy. I rotated my hips in circles around him, causing his cock to move around and around in my pussy. Then I slowly lowered myself down further, taking his cock in me inch by inch until finally I was sitting on him, grinding my pussy into his crotch trying to get every last bit of him inside of me.

I rode his cock like a cowgirl on a wild bronco, rocking back and forth on him, driving him in and out of me. I loved being on top of a guy like this, controlling the speed of his cock moving inside of me, controlling the depth he went, swiveling my ass as needed to make every part of his cock rub against the interior of my pussy.

As I rode his big cock I looked around the room. It was such a turn-on to be fucked in his parent's bedroom - especially since I knew that if they ever found out that they would probably burn the bed!

For a moment another brief thought went through my mind as I thought of his parents fucking here over seventeen years ago to conceive Randy. How ironic how life had come full circle. The result of his parent's lust was now fucking his own girl in the same bed.

Then I thought of my mom, of how she was probably at home touching herself as she dreamed of a teenage boy fucking her daughter. God how I wished she could have seen us now! Someday soon I would have to bring home someone so she could watch. She was always telling me how much she wanted to watch me getting fucked. Knowing how much it turned her on to see her husband fucking me, I knew she would really love seeing a teenage boy fucking her daughter.

Usually by now when I was having sex I would be switching to another position but there was something about what we were doing that just seemed so perfect. Randy's stiff erection felt so amazing inside of me I couldn't bear the thought if letting him out of me long enough to change into another position so I just stayed on top, sometimes bouncing on him hard, driving him as fast as I could into me. Other times I would just slowly rock back and forth, letting him slide in and out as slowly as I could bear it.

A few times I could tell he was about to cum so I would just sit on him, feeling his swollen cock throbbing inside of me, ready to cum if I would just stroke it one more time. As it calmed down I would start humping him again.

It was during one of those times when I was just lying on him, putting my head on his chest as I laid there on top of him with his cock deep inside of me, just feeling so calm and good, when a girl's voice broke in and shattered my dreams.

## 3. Randy's Sister Interrupts

"OH MY GOD! Randy!!!...What the hell is going on?"

I looked up and there was a girl standing in the doorway. From his description and the pictures in the room I knew it had to be his sister but she wasn't supposed to be home yet!

She still had her jacket on and her hand was up to her mouth. She stared at us and her eyes were so wide they looked almost alien. Randy looked over and when he saw her he literally froze, not knowing what to do or say. If I hadn't been on top of him pinning him down I am sure he would've tried to make a run for it – where I don't know but definitely out of the bedroom!

It was almost like a scene from a bad movie. For a few seconds it was deathly quiet as each of us waited to see what the other would say. I was staring at her, trying to figure out what was going on here.

Finally his sister put her hand down and started to laugh. "So my little brother is actually getting laid – and in our parent's bed no less! Wow, if only mom could see this!"

I threw in that last bit just to see what her reaction would be. After all, you never know what someone's inner desires may be unless you ask.

In the meantime, Randy was just listening to the two of us trash talking each other with a look of horror and disbelief. Even so, I had a feeling he was so horny at that moment he was almost hoping his sister would say yes!

Unfortunately for both of us, in this case I got exactly the response I was expecting

"You're not just a whore, you're SICK!" she practically spat at me. "No way am I messing around with my brother. Ewwwww! And there is NO way my brother came up with the idea to screw you in our parent's bed OR to wear my mom's robe. Damn, you are one messed up bitch!"

I really didn't care what Cindy thought. If anything, listening to her rant about what a slut I was just got me all the more horny. I decided to push her buttons a little bit more.

"OK, it's you're loss Cindy. As you can see, your little brother has a fine cock and it tastes great. Not to mention he knows how to use it now thanks to me."

I started to suck Randy's cock as she watched. Cindy's eyes widened and I wasn't sure if she was just shocked at seeing her brother getting a blow job or if it turned her on. Well, there was slim chance that it was turning her on based on our conversation so far. She turned to leave with a look of disgust but just as she went out of sight she stuck her head back around the corner.

"Oh, don't worry Randy, I won't tell mom or dad about your little perverted escapades. Mom would go off the deep end and I have to live here too. Just do me a favor and don't let her catch you - she would have a heart attack!"

Cindy turned again to leave and then once more returned with one more thing to say. "And for heaven's sake whore, make sure my mom's robe gets back in the right drawer."

She turned her wrath back to Randy and finished with, "And you... I still can't believe you can screw that bitch while she's wearing mom's clothes. All I can say is you'd better not EVER touch anything of mine!"

Funny she should say that as the thought HAD crossed my mind early on when I went to his parent's room. I'd decided to go with his mom's clothes instead of his sister's but it was a close call at the time. Looks like I made the right choice today but I knew next time I was definitely going to check out her dresser!

I looked over and sure enough, Cindy was back in the doorway and had evidently been watching the whole time! The look on my face must have betrayed my thoughts because she started to laugh at me.

"Don't get any more perverted ideas. I don't believe in incest and I wouldn't let him do me even if I did. I have to give you credit though, your reputation seems well deserved."

I just smiled so she wouldn't get any satisfaction from trying to taunt me. I took another mouthful of Randy's cock just for her and let him slide out again.

I looked at Randy and then at her again. "Mmmmmmm, you don't know what you're missing Cindy! Sure you don't want just a taste?"

Cindy just shook her head in disbelief and as she turned to walk away she had these last words, "Not a chance you perverted whore. For god's sake, do you really want me to suck my own brother???? Ewwwww! I still can't believe you're wearing my mom's robe!"

After she was gone I carefully folded her mom's robe and put it back. I THINK I got it back in the right drawer. Randy just lay stretched out on his back, too exhausted to care about his sister for the moment.

I crawled back in bed and laid down beside him, one bare leg over him as I rubbed my messy pussy up against his hip. Back then I wasn't shaving my pussy yet although I trimmed it for my bikini. I loved the feel of my short pussy hair rubbing against him.

We just laid there together for what must have been an hour, softly touching each other, once in a while kissing each other gently. His parents weren't due to be home until the next day so we weren't in any rush. As for his sister, I never saw or heard from her again.

Finally we got up and dressed. Randy took me home and I gave him a big kiss before I got out of the car. I was already thinking of how we could make the next time even more exciting!

I went back in the house and my mother was waiting for me...

# 4. Telling My Mom

"OK girl, spill it. I want to know everything and I want details!"

I laughed and reached out to kiss her. As we kissed her eyes widened and she pulled back with a smile on her face. "I take it you didn't shower or anything before you came back?"

I looked at her with a quizzical eye.

"Oh come one Kelly, don't act surprised. I can smell the sex all over you and your mouth still tastes like cum!"

I wasn't sure how to take this when suddenly she burst out laughing.

"Oh Kelly, I'm sorry to tease you! I've been playing with myself all afternoon dreaming of him fucking you and now to smell him on you and taste him is so cool! It's almost like I was there with you. Now let's go upstairs and you can tell me all about it."

It was the most wonderful finish possible to what had already been a wonderful day. My mom and I lay in her bed, naked in each other's arms as I described for her every detail of my afternoon. She was so wet by the time I finished we spent the next couple of hours in bed making love once again in that special way only a mother and her daughter can.

So much for Cindy, the little bitch! I knew she would never spend an evening with her mom like this and found myself wishing she could know what she was missing and would never have for herself!

# 2003

## (Jun 07) Chapter 44: Dad's Graduation Present

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (18)
John - my dad (38)

I was eighteen and finally graduating from high school! Most girls get a nice gift for their high school graduation and I was hoping for a car. Oh well, I didn't get the car but I got something else just as good from my dad!

### 1. Satisfying My Dad's Needs

Finally, the morning of my high school graduation had arrived. Soon after waking up, I carefully laid out my blue cap and gown on my bed. Oh yeah, I was feeling so proud of myself! My heart was racing and I couldn't wait for the afternoon to come. In just a few more hours I'd be officially done with high school! Even better, I'd been accepted to my first choice of colleges for the fall. Put all that together with loving family and a steady boyfriend who kept me satisfied and I had to say that overall I was pretty darn happy with my life at the moment.

My parents were throwing a wonderful party to celebrate the graduation of their only daughter. Most of the people would be relatives from both sides of our family and I was expecting them to start arriving any time now. A few were coming in from out of town but they were staying in a nearby hotel except for my grandparents from my dad's side who had arrived the night before and had slept in the guest room next to my bedroom.

As much as I loved our house, the only I'd ever known, it was old and had its share of quirks. Probably its biggest deficiency was the lack of bathrooms. With only one full bath I had to make sure I got there before my grandparents got in it - they could take forever sometimes. Anyone who tells me that girls spend too much time in the bathroom never had to wait for my grandfather with their legs crossed.

As I sat on the edge of my bed holding my graduation cap and toying with the tassel, my dad silently came in and closed the door behind him. Now THAT got my attention as I couldn't remember the last time I'd been in my bed room with him when the door was closed. Closed doors just weren't something normal in our house I guess. About the only time I remembered anyone closing their bedroom door was when my parents use to make love and didn't want to be disturbed.

My dad smiled as sat down next to me and put his arm around me.

"So, my little girl is about to become a big college girl now, eh?"

I smiled back him, feeling so proud myself. I liked it when he called me that. No matter how old or big I got, I knew I would always be my dad's little girl, which was just fine with me.

"Oh daddy, I'll always be your little girl," I said softly and then I gave him a big hug along with a wicked smile. "Of course, I'll ALSO always be your little slut."

With that I put my hand firmly on his crotch and gave him a nice kiss as I pressed down on it. Not a peck on the cheek type of kiss most daughters would give their dad in such a situation, but a full open-mouth passionate kiss. As his tongue played with mine I was happy to feel him responding under my hand and I knew right away that my dad was in one of his horny moods. No wonder he had closed the door given his in-laws were right next door.

Under the circumstances there was only one thing for me to do. It's not like it was a chore - I loved doing it!

"So tell me daddy, do you want to have sex with your little girl?" I asked, then added another option offering, "Or would you rather fuck your little slut?"

My dad let out a big sigh. "Oh god Kelly, how about the second option - my little slut? Sometimes I just want you so badly and right now I feel like I need to have my cock deep in my little slut's pussy."

I was just about to respond, telling him that it was fine with me, that it was my duty as his daughter to satisfy his needs and I loved it when he came to me like this. Indeed, it made me feel warm inside knowing my father felt that way about me, that he felt free to come to me when he had those urges that were so hard to control.

Just then I heard a sound out in the hallway and heard my grandparents talking. My bedroom door was unlocked so they could have easily come in but I knew they never would. In any case, I didn't really care at the moment given the feelings that were rising in me. All I could think about right now was how much I wanted my father to take me and fuck me any way he wanted to.

Doing it with his parents just across the hall just made it all the hotter for me. There was no way they could have any idea that their son was fucking their granddaughter as incest was NOT part of their family history as it was in my mom's side of the family. Knowing them and their strong religious and moral beliefs they would have been horrified if they should ever find out. It was a shame really as even if they took the same approach as my mom's mother and just ignored it at least we wouldn't have to hide it from them.

It was like we both were on the same wavelength as he started to take off his clothes while I stripped off mine. Once he was nude my dad sat on my bed, leaning back on one hand while he started to stroke his dick slowly with the other. I stood naked at the side of the bed, admiring his cock as it began to respond to his touch. God I wanted it so badly! I put my hand between my legs and rubbed my pussy for him to watch, licking my lips seductively in anticipation of soon having that hardening cock between them. Meanwhile, I couldn't wait to suck his cock! My dad was watching me with the same interest.

"God Kelly, you look so fucking hot! I never get tired of looking at your naked sexy body."

Oh yeah, I loved it when he looked at me like that. His eyes had this glimmer of pure lust in them that made me feel so sexy. I knew when he looked at me like that he wasn't seeing me just as his little girl anymore but as his slutty daughter who loved to be fucked and was always ready to please her daddy - in whatever way he wanted. He knew he could have me anytime, anyplace and it made me feel so good inside to know that he knew it.

I looked at my graduation gown and a, idea came to mind. Putting it on, I crawled up on the bed, straddling his waist until I could feel his now erect cock pressing against my horny pussy. My gown spilled over us keeping him from actually see anything but I was sure he could feel his cock rubbing against me!

"When you see me getting my diploma today I want you to remember what's under my gown daddy. I want you to remember me like this, my bare ass against your crotch, wanting to be fucked by you."

My dad's hips moved under me as his cock tried desperately to find my pussy hole. Reaching under my gown, I directed him to the entrance of my pussy and then settled down on him to allow his cock to penetrate deep into my pussy.

I looked at my dad and his eyes sparkled with lust as his hands gripped my bare ass and helped me to bounce on his lap. It was sort of like when he use to bounce me on his lap when I was a little girl except back then his dick wasn't poking up into my pussy. I wonder if he knew how tempted I was to tell his mother that it was OK to come in, just to see the look on her face?

There are SOME lines even I don't cross and this was one of them so as much as I wanted to, I called out to my grandmother and told her I was in the middle of something and I'd see her in a few minutes. What I wanted to say was that something was in the middle of me but that might have been pushing things a bit too much.

Finally my grandmother gave up and I could hear he and my grandpa going down the creaking wooden stairs. I gave them a few more seconds and finally couldn't hold it in anymore and I started to giggle uncontrollably.

"Wow dad, that was close. Can you imagine if she had just come in without knocking!"

My dad's grip on my ass tightened as he kept pumping his dick in and out of me.

"Let's not think about that. All I want to think about now is fucking your hot little pussy. C'mon girl, work it... work that ass!"

I was literally bouncing on his cock, driving him hard into me as I literally dropped down onto it causing it to plunge into me until he bottomed out. My dad grunted a bit each time I landed on him as I wasn't exactly the little girl anymore who use to bounce on his lap. I especially liked the feel of his crotch when he bottomed out against my pussy, allowing me to feel his cock completely inside of me.

Just then I heard someone coming up the stairs again and figured my grandmother must have left something in the bathroom. Then to my complete horror my bedroom door opened! For an instant I thought we were caught and that any second now there would be a loud scream as my grandma realized what her son was doing to her granddaughter. Then I heard some reassuring words.

"Your grandma said you were "busy" and I haven't seen your father around so it wasn't hard to put two and two together and figure out what was going on up here. Do you two horny toads realize we have guests downstairs? And by the way Kelly - don't you dare get any of his cum on that gown!"

I was feeling pretty good and without thinking about it as I should have, I turned my head to my mom with a big smile as I resumed riding my dad's cock. I

can call it that. The moment when his dick pulled out from my pussy, leaving it suddenly empty, was always like a shock to me even though I knew it was coming. It was like one moment we were joined together and I could feel him in me and the next I was all alone again with nothing but the memory of him filling me.

Exhausted from my efforts, I sat back against my pillow as he reached under my bed. Hmmmmmm, I didn't notice him bringing in anything before so he must have sneaked it in earlier. It was a rectangular box wrapped in bright graduation paper. I eagerly attacked it like a kid on Christmas morning with no attempt at saving the paper or bow.

When I finally was able to open his present I couldn't believe my eyes! Inside was this incredibly beautiful dildo! And not just any dildo but one that wasn't like any in even my mom's extensive collection. It was about eighteen inches long with two heads, one at each end. Very unusual to say the least.

Dildos were something I had only rarely used in the past, generally as a result of borrowing one of my mother's extensive collection more as an experiment than anything else. Mom had a whole drawer full of them next to their bed and I knew from watching her that she loved using them all. She seemed disappointed that I wasn't into them as much as her, but she seemed to accept it although she sometimes would remind me that they were available if I needed them.

"I know it will be hard on you to be at school at first and not get all the sex you're accustomed to so I thought this might come in handy," my dad explained, "I know you prefer to masturbate with just your hands but the clerk assured me that this was their most popular model with the women. Go on - try it out. I'd love to see you using it."

My mom had already clued me in he had bought me jewelry for my "real" graduation present later in front of the guests. Most girls get jewelry from their dads for graduation but they didn't have a dad who knew their needs like mine did. For me to get a dildo as a graduation present from my dad meant a lot to me than jewelry even though I rarely use one. It was such a personal and intimate gift. I wondered when he was buying it if the clerk had any idea he was buying it for his daughter and not his wife or mistress?

As for him asking me to masturbate with it in front of him, it wasn't like I was offended by any means. If he had given me jewelry he would have asked me to put it on and show it off to him so why not the same for a dildo? Naturally my dad would wanted to be the first to see me use it I was happy to get started with it right away.

My pussy was still soaking wet from my own juices, not to mention the load of cum my dad had left in me so I was able to slide the dildo up into my pussy without any additional lubricant. Once it was in I laid back and used one hand to stroke the dildo in and out of me while I used the other to tease my clit. My dad sat on the edge of the bed watching me intently, his eyes fixated on my pussy as he watched the dildo slide in and out of me.

"Now that's what I call a perfect fit," he teased me.

I just smiled at him, enjoying him watching me even more so than the actual action from the dildo. Yes, the fact that I knew my dad was watching me just made it all the hotter for me. Actually, it wasn't just him. I loved being watched by most anybody when I masturbate. At the time I was playing around a lot with my cousin Kristen who was two years younger than me. We never actually touched each other but both of us loved to watch the other one masturbate. Still, the person I loved the most to watch me is my dad. It's like the most erotic thing when he stares at me, seeing his daughter bringing herself to a tremendous orgasm.

At times I would move my hand from my clit to my breasts, massaging each one in turn, maybe even pinching and pulling on my nipples just a bit. As I closed my eyes, I imagined being fucked again, first by my dad and then by Chuck, my boyfriend. The dildo was pretty large and my pussy was really stretched to make it fit. I pulled it out after a while and touched my clit with it – once again thrilled by the intense feelings it built up inside of me.

With all this stimulation, both physical and mental, it didn't take long before that incredible sensation I knew and loved so well started to build in me. God, I could feel it from my toes to the top of my head. I felt like I was literally burning up yet freezing at the same time with goose bumps forming all over me.

I pushed the dildo in me as far as I could take it, letting it drive me even farther into my faraway place I drifted off to when this happened. I wasn't aware of anything or anyone around me during these moments, just totally consumed with my own lust and sexuality.

As my orgasm gradually died down I lay there, now totally exhausted. I still had the dildo in me and so I turned off the vibrator, letting it just fill my pussy as I lightly caressed my now hypersensitive clit. I reached down and removed it from me finally, handing it to my dad still dripping with my pussy cum on it. He licked it, smiling as he enjoyed the taste of my pussy.

One thing I had to ask though.

"Dad, why the double ends? You know I don't do anal stuff."

My dad looked at me with a grin as if he was keeping some sort of secret from me.

"Well, first you never know. Maybe someday you'll change your mind about that and try a DP on yourself."

"Daddy!" I protested, pretending to be shocked at the very mention of such of thing.

"Just saying...," he laughed, "Plus you'll be in college now in a dorm filled with other horny girls. Who knows, might come in handy."

"Daddy!" I responded again. I knew what he was implying, that I might want to use it with another girl. Leave it to a guy to think of such things.

My dad looked at his watch and warned me that we needed to get going so he gathered his clothes and left me behind alone in my room. I heard him go into his bedroom where he was undoubtedly getting dressed and throwing on some cologne to mask the smell of our sex - a typical guy's version of "washing up".

After all I'd been through in the past few minutes it was going to take more than some cologne to make me presentable so I grabbed a quick shower before I got dressed. In the meantime my dad had already made his way downstairs and by the time I finally arrived he was waiting and gave me a sweet fatherly peck on the cheek. Imagine what the folks watching would have thought if they knew how he'd kissed me just a short while before!

My pussy was still tingling from being fucked and I wanted so bad just to tell everyone there how great it had made me feel when my dad had just fucked me. It was family after all and who better to share such things with? Had it been just us and my Aunt Linda we would have been discussing it in great detail!

Oh well, maybe someday people will understand incest better and I won't have to hide it from them. Until then though, I'll keep fucking my dad every chance I get! I got a lot of gifts that day but none compared to my dad's. Most of my friends got clothes and stuff but I don't think any of them could say their dad gave them a dildo for graduation - not to mention a good fucking as well!

I'm such a lucky girl!

# (Jul 12) Chapter 45: Shopping in a Short Skirt

Story codes: F-solo f-solo exhib voy
Me (18)
Kristen - cousin (16)

One of the best things about being a teenage girl is that it seems almost everyone wants to look at you. So far as I am concerned, the more the better. If you're willing - and daring, the opportunities to tease and play are endless. One of the best places is also one of the easiest to get to. This is for those of you who have ever wondered what it's like to be one of those naughty, cock-teasing teenagers who love to drive you crazy at the mall.

## 1. Planning For Summer

I was eighteen and a newly minted high school graduate looking forward to college. Thus this was my last summer before becoming a college student and it was my intent to enjoy it as much as possible.

Fortunately, my parents were paying for my schooling and expenses so it wasn't like I had to find a summer job like many of my friends. I DID baby-sit now and then but it was more because I enjoyed it than anything else. Being financially independent allowed me to pick and choose who I wanted to sit for which was fortunate as there were some people whose kids were absolute brats. Although they may not have known it, there was neighborhood "black list? that was maintained unofficially between the local girls.

It should go without saying that I preferred to sit for people with well-behaved kids but it also helped when the parents themselves were more "interesting". It's funny how so many people think that they can leave things around and somehow think the babysitter won't find them, or at least will ignore them.

I'm talking about stuff like home videos they made of themselves that are left in the VCR, incriminating photos "hidden? in the backs of bedroom drawers, risque lingerie, and much more. Once the kids are in bed it's fun to rummage around and see what I can find. For me it's sort of like an Easter egg hunt for naughty babysitters!

Besides being nosy when I baby-sit, another of my favorite "hobbies? is teasing. Actually I'm not nearly the tease that some of the girls my age are. You know the ones I'm talking about - the girls who loved to get a boy all hot and bothered and then leave him stranded with a hard cock ready to burst any moment.

No, while I did enjoy teasing to start with, usually I would "put out? as the boys like to say so I never earned the reputation of being a cockteaser. Still, there ARE times when teasing alone can be almost just as fun. Of course teasing doesn't provide the physically satisfaction but sex is 80% mental for me anyway so it works out for the most part.

Sometimes when I'm horny and masturbating at home just doesn't quite quench my needs, I'll head over to the mall. Usually I'll invite a friend or two to join me as it's more fun to share the experience. Still, there are those times when I like to go out alone, especially when I'm REALLY horny and my hopes are that I'll get an opportunity to do more than just tease. It shouldn't come as a surprise that a determined girl can get pretty much anything she wants at the mall and I don't mean what's on the racks!

As I said, most of the time I prefer to hang out at the mall with a friend or group of friends. There is just something about a pack of girls that just seems to draw the attention of boys yet at the same time it intimidates them such that all they do is watch and nurse their poor erections.

There's another good reason to travel in packs. Being alone at the mall is like having been cut from the herd, leaving you at the mercy of the predators. Fortunately, I've got several friends who share the same enthusiasm for my "hobby" as me, including my best friend Beth, so it's not like I have to be alone too often unless I want it that way.

While Beth and I often have fun together, my favorite "partner in crime? is my cousin Kristen. Just a little more than two years younger than me, she looks even younger making her by far more the boy magnet than I am. In addition, she's always trying to go at least one step farther than me - no matter what I do. Part of that is simply her competitive nature but it can also be attributed to my future ambitions.

My goal is to be a teacher in my old school district after I graduate and so while I didn't mind the boys my age thinking I'm slut, I try to not be TOO bad since I know such a reputation in the community at-large won't help when it comes time to interview someday in the future.

Kristen, on the other hand, has no solid plans for the future and thus lives only for the day. Based on her actions, she certainly has no problem with being well-known by all as the class slut; in fact, she seems to be quite proud of her stellar reputation. It doesn't hurt that her mom, my Aunt Linda, is the neighborhood MILF, especially since she's been known to have a taste for a few of her daughters boyfriends!

## 2. Waking Up Horny

For one reason or another I woke up particularly horny this day, even more than usual. I must've been having quite the dream judging from how wet as my pussy was when my eyes opened - too bad I couldn't remember any of it! All I knew was my poor pussy was literally aching with need and there's only one cure for that condition (assuming no boyfriends were around) - masturbation. Actually, I usually masturbate anyway to kick off my day but this morning there was no choice, I HAD to do it!

My right hand reached between my bare legs before my eyes had even focused. All I could think about was how wonderful it would feel to have a nice hard cock sliding in between my smooth thighs. As I lay on my side I stretched my legs out and then curled them back under me but nothing seemed to help the itch between them.

My middle finger slowly worked its way inside of me, easily sliding in between the folds of my wet pussy lips while my left hand squeezed my boobs and pinched my hardening nipples. Oh yeah, this was MUCH better!

With my eyes STILL tightly closed I imagined Chuck, my current boyfriend, slipping into bed behind me. In my mind I imagined his hard naked body pressing up against me. I could all but feel the firmness of his erect cock pressing against the small of my back as he rubbed it up against me, letting me know what he wanted (as if I didn't know already!)

Two of my fingers worked their way into my pussy as I lifted my leg and imagined Chuck's erect cock moving down my back. I loved the feel of it as it passed between my ass cheeks and then started to poke me as it hunted for my pussy opening like a heat-seeking missile.

I smiled to myself as I thought about how no matter how many times he fucked me, poor Chuck never seemed to be able to hit the bull's-eye the first time. Usually he was too high and had to work his way down. More than once he inadvertently tried fucking my asshole but I quickly set him straight on that one!

Typically I would end up just reaching down and grabbing his dick so I could hold him in the right position (not to mention outside the correct hole) while he made yet another attempt. My reward was well worth the effort when his cock would finally penetrated my tight pussy.

There's nothing like the feel of a man's dick as it pushes its way into your pussy for the first time. It's like you're surrendering to him, accepting him into you as you feel yourself stretching impossibly apart. For just a moment it seems like he can never fit yet then he pops in and starts to rub up against the sensitive outer regions of my pussy, instantly driving me crazy with lust and desire.

I fantasized how I would squeeze down on him, forcing him to push even harder to drive his teenage dick deeper into me. I rubbed my clit in little circles as I dreamed of Chuck's warm hard cock now deep inside of me, struggling to get in yet even further as he pressed his hairy crotch up against me. I shuddered briefly as I recalled how I would sometime be tickled by the coarse thick pubic hair that surrounded the base of his dick.

As I continued to masturbate, I longed for Chuck's strong arms to be around me. He always made me feel so secure when he would hold me tightly against him, my boobs smashed in against his chest as he kissed my neck and shoulders.

My hand on my boob reminded me how Chuck LOVED to play with my boobs (or tits as he liked to call them - a nasty term for them that I've always disliked). Yep, Chuck was a boob guy for sure. It seemed he was always trying to touch mine as if they were toys or something provided solely for his amusement.

Everywhere we went Chuck would try to grope me, even in school and church! If he couldn't touch them then he would press up against me until my boobs were pressed tight against him. If all else failed, there was the old "peek down my dress? game where he tried to catch a peek of my chest. Not that I minded! Normally I would help him out by wearing clothing that could be easily unbuttoned or loose enough to give him a nice view. After all, what's a girlfriend for if not to please her boyfriend?

As I stroked my fingers in and out my wet pussy I used my thumb to rub over my hardened clit. As horny as I was this morning it didn't take long before I felt my first orgasm of the day threatening to make an appearance.

I moaned loudly as the equivalent of a sharp electric shock ran through me, radiating from my pussy and reaching out to the tips of my toes and to the last strand of hair on my head. My back arched as my whole body tensed while my hand which was still working my pussy, keeping me on that knife edge where I tried to maintain myself, that edge between losing my orgasm and driving myself crazy.

Finally it died down enough for me to relax and I just lay in bed with beads of sweat cascading from me as I panted and tried to catch my breath. Wow! I can't think of a better way to start out your day – well, if you have to be alone that is.

It felt so good to just lay there with my hand gently cupped over my pussy, just enough to apply a little pressure but not too much which might set me off again. Remnants of my orgasm seemed to be floating through me, tickling me here and there like a feather being drawn slowly over my body.

The warmth of my pussy felt good against my hand as I lightly traced the fingertips of my other hand over my stomach and breasts. Sometimes I would shiver uncontrollably as I touched just that right spot and my legs closed tightly over my hand, holding me in place as I held myself.

## 3. Getting Myself Ready

Eventually I knew I had to get going although thoughts of another round of masturbation briefly flashed through my head. Sometimes I could go most of the morning this way, driving myself hard to an orgasm and then enjoying the aftermath for a while before going for it again.

Today, even though I was still horny, I decided to get up and see what the day could offer so I rose from my bed and took a peek outside. The summer sun was out and it looked like a great July day was just beginning. Of all the seasons I love summer the best, not the least because usually it meant I didn't have to wear very much outside.

As I went to the bathroom to take a shower and clean myself up, I thought about what I wanted to do today. Since I was still horny as hell a couple of options quickly came to mind. Of course, Chuck was my first choice. I suppose I don't need to say that he was always willing to fuck me whenever I asked for it. I mean, what teenage boy would turn down a request from his girlfriend to come over and fuck her? Unfortunately, Chuck was away for the week for some sports camp thing so that killed that idea.

I briefly considered dropping in on my dad at his downtown office. That was a little more risky, especially if my goal was to have sex with him. Of course it was the element of risk that made it even better for both of us. To have my dad fucking me while he was on a conference call was SOOOOO hot. Thanks goodness he didn't do video conference thing very often!

It was all a moot point though as once again fate intervened. Last night at supper he'd mentioned something about important clients coming in today from overseas. Even though I knew he would do anything he could to make me happy, I didn't like to interrupt his work if I could avoid it.

Well, that left another option - head to the mall and tease some boys. Such a trip usually meant no sex, but it was the next best thing and as I mentioned earlier, was typically a lot of fun.

After I got out of the bathroom I jumped back on my bed feeling the cool soft sheets against my warm naked body and called my cousin Kristen to see if she was available. As luck would finally have it, it turned out she was feeling much the same way I was and it made me hot as she described how she had masturbated this morning as well.

Like me, Kristen's thoughts had revolved about some new boy that she'd recently met and it made me start to feel warm between my legs again as I listened to her describe her latest fantasy. When she was finished, I mentioned my idea and we both agreed that a mall trip was just the thing for us today. We agreed for me to pick her up sometime after noon and spend most of the afternoon seeing what trouble we could cause.

Most guys probably have no idea how much work actually goes into preparing for a day like this at the mall. It's not like you just throw on some clothes and drive over - which I would say is the scenario for most guys judging by how they look once they're there.

There are all sorts of factors to take into consideration such as what age group is being targeting? Options included teenage boys, young men, or in some cases even older guys and especially husbands. It wasn't any different than getting ready to go fishing - you had to choose your bait depending on what you wanted to catch.

The teen boys are the easiest. They aren't looking for anything subtle and would have undoubtedly been satisfied if we simply strolled in nude. It's sort of like when I have sex with them - they want everything fast and quick with no foreplay other than what they thought they were obligated to provide.

It seems that the older guys get, the less blatant they want me to dress. Unlike the young guys, older men, especially the married ones, seem to prefer fantasizing more about what they could do with me rather than seeing it all outright. It's sort of like where I've read that strippers claim that it's what they DON?T show that makes them erotic rather than what they reveal up front. In the state of mind I was in today, being subtle was not my list of options which led me to think of the day as a good day to simply 'troll? for teenage boys.

Since it was midweek, and the older guys would be working anyway, there were always packs of teenage boys roaming the malls. Although it was like fishing a stocked pond for me, I'm sure having them around was a bit if a concern for the mall security guards! There seems to be a bit of a double standard in that regard because if a group of girls goes to a mall it's OK but when boys congregate the guards get nervous. Maybe it's because packs of girls are considered 'safe? whereas a group of boys is considered a "gang? - something to be feared and watched.

Back to my getting dressed...

Over time I've developed what I guess you could call a standard "uniform? for each of my 'targets?. For today I would be fishing for younger teenage boys so I knew it was all about the visuals.

Looking through my closet, I carefully selected a short-short denim skirt with a skin-tight pink cami top. The skirt hugged my hips tightly and then loosened up for just a few inches. Thus even while the hem might bounce around a little, hinting at the possibility of showing something if I moved just a little too fast, the tight band around my hips kept anything private from going on display unless I specifically wanted it to.

The cami was light pink with thin spaghetti straps. It was at least one size too small for me if not two which allowed a few inches of my tanned midriff to be exposed above my skirt. It was skin tight everywhere else and without a bra underneath (I wouldn't have been caught dead with one on while wearing this outfit!) it hugged my boobs like it was painted on and clearly outlined my nipples - even when they were NOT aroused.

One thing about a cami like this. It tended to be more accurate than any bathroom scale could ever dream of being. What I mean is that if I gain even an ounce it tells me and anything close to a pound was cause for alarm as it simply wouldn't stretch enough to pull over.

Since I was going to a public mall, a LITTLE discretion was required so I chose a pair of standard white cotton panties my mom had picked up on sale from Macy's. I think guys love cheerleader and schoolgirl outfits because they are things a "girl next door? would wear rather than those super sexy outfits the unattainable girls in the magazines wore. Seeing my cotton panties probably made them think that they just might, barely, have a shot at nailing me.

My shoes were chosen with the careful attention as the rest of my outfit. Sexy heels were for the older guys where the rule was the higher the better. Open-toed was a must and the less material the better, even if that meant they were uncomfortable.

For my young guys today, it was pink sneakers with white anklets - the same thing their sister's friends wore, the girls they went to bed at night masturbating about.

Hopefully now you see that being a tease at the mall is not as simple as you might have thought. It takes a lot of planning and experience is needed to pull it off successfully. I claim success when everyone involved - me included, masturbates as soon as they get home, or hopefully even sooner!

## 4. Detour to Kristen's

I was dressed up with my hair in a ponytail (of course) and with one last glance in the mirror it was off to Kristen's house. On my way downstairs I asked my mom for the car (a minor detail I'd overlooked in my initial planning). She looked me over from head to toe and just shook her head as if she was ready to give up on me.

"God grief Kelly," she sighed, "Don't tell me you're heading to the mall again to tease those poor boys."

From my naughty grin she knew she'd hit it on the head and she sighed again, "Why don't you just go out and find a nice boy to fuck if you're so horny? Frankly, I don't see what you get out of just teasing the poor kids anyway."

"Oh mom!" I pouted, "You're the one who told me how you used to the same thing when you were my age so what's wrong with me doing it? Besides, I like it when they look at me that way."

I grinned at her and gave her a searching look saying, "Besides, I think you're proud of me when I dress like this, aren't you?"

"Now Kelly, don't exaggerate. You know full well that I NEVER did half the things you do when I was your age," my mom replied with wag of her finger at me. "Alright, you can have the car but be careful."

She paused and then a smile broke out on her face, "And yes... I AM proud of my sexy daughter."

Grabbing the keys, I jumped up and gave her a kiss on the cheek and then I was off! Driving over to Kristen's house I couldn't help but reach under my skirt and press my fingers against my clit through my cotton panties. It might be a bad habit, but I love playing with myself when I drive around town. It's so cool to pull up next to a guy in his car and smile while I toy with myself and he had no idea what I'm doing.

Being it was only a few minutes to my cousin's house, there wasn't enough time to really get going but it was enough to get me started. When I pulled up to the curb I stopped the engine and for a few minutes I kept rubbing myself. Finally, I shook my head and stopped touching myself or else I might have just stayed in the car until I came again. Besides, it was too hot out without the air conditioning going.

I got out, straightened up my skirt just a little bit, and slowly walked up the steps to her house. Her neighbor was outside, a boy who looked to be about eighth grade or so. The kid was obviously starting to appreciate girls as he stopped goofing around with his baseball and just stood there, unabashedly stared at me. I just turned away and shook my head - he was a little on the young side, even for teasing!

Kristen must have been watching out for me because she opened the front door as I went up the last steps. As she let me in she also noticed her little neighbor who was still staring our way, making no attempt to even pretend he wasn't staring. God, did he have no shame?

"Ahhhhhh, I see you've met Bad Billy, our neighborhood's youngest pervert," she said, laughing with me. "I swear he's tried looking into our windows at night. As you can see, the kid has absolutely no shame - he just stares all the time - even at my mom!"

We both laughed more at that but it didn't surprise me. I think I mentioned before that my Aunt Linda was what the boys at school called a MILF - Mother I'd

Like to Fuck. She had to get a divorce way back when Kristen was young and kept herself in great shape making her single - and HOT.

From what my mom and Kristen had told me, I knew my aunt maintained quite an active sex life. She stuck mostly with men her age although Kristen has hinted more than a few times that her boyfriends may have gotten more than they'd counted on when she brought them home!

Somehow I doubted that Aunt Linda would have been interested in a kid as young as Bad Billy but it didn't take a genius to understand why Billy had more than a passing interested in her!

My thoughts were interrupted when Kristen told me that she was ready to go. Looking her over, I noticed that she was dressed quite similar to me. Her skirt had a slightly different pattern and she preferred a white cami but otherwise you would have thought we were twin sisters, at least in terms of how we dressed.

Although I couldn't see them, from past experience I suspected she had on her favorite skimpy white thong in lieu of the cotton panties I'd chosen to wear. You could never be sure though as Kristen wasn't above not wearing anything at all under a skirt, no matter where she was going.

We were both the only kids in our families so Kristen was probably the next best thing I had to having my own sister. There have been times when I have wondered what it would have been like to have had a real sister or even better yet - am older brother! Mmmmmmm, that had all sorts of possibilities!

We were about to head out when my Aunt Linda came downstairs to say hello.

"Well my oh my, look at the two of you," she said shaking her head in mock despair, "I have to say, the you girls make the perfect pair of slutty mall cock-teasers if I dare say so."

Kristen just laughed and tossed her hair back seductively. "Oh Mommmmmm, sure you don't want to join us?" she said with a naughty grin.

Aunt Linda just rolled her eyes at that one. "I hate to admit it, but those days are over for me. You girls can get away with it looking like you do but people would think I was just a hooker or a some poor woman trying to relive her childhood."

This time it was Kristen and me rolling our eyes. My Aunt Linda looked ten years younger than she was and still turned heads everywhere she went. I could only imagine the looks we would have gotten if she was with us - a cougar mom with what looked to be her two slutty daughters trolling the mall for some male companionship.

Mmmmmmm, the possibilities were endless and a bit kinky as well! I knew she and Kristen often DID go out together but she had never done it with both of us. My mom wasn't into that sort of thing, at least not at her age so I had to envy Kristen a little on this one.

Kristen grabbed by the arm and pulled me to the door. She was about to open it when she looked through the glass storm door and turned her head back to me.

"I see Bad Billy's still out there. What do you say - wanna put on a little show for the nasty perv?" she asked me in a conspiratorial whisper, as if he could somehow hear her in the house.

Honestly the idea really didn't appeal to me all that much. First he was way too young for me. Even so, maybe another time or place but today I was anxious to get to the mall where all the cute guys were and now she wanted to waste valuable time on some kid who probably masturbated every day dreaming of fucking Kristen (and maybe even her mom!)

Well, I could tell from the twinkle in her eye she wanted to do it for whatever reason so I relented even though I had no idea what crazy idea she was hatching. As usual when it came to Kristen, I didn't have to wait long to find out.

Kristen reached under her skirt and pulled down her thong, quickly slipping it off her feet and stuffing it into her purse. She looked at me and huffed overdramatically, "Well, you gonna take yours off or do I have to do it for you?"

As much as the idea of having Kristen reach under my skirt appealed to me, I shrugged and dropped my panties as well, balling them up in a tight wad and stuffing them into my little purse. Kristen watched me with an amused look.

"What's with the granny panties cuz?" she smirked, "I didn't even know you OWNED a pair like those."

I just ignored her as no matter what I said it wouldn't help. It was embarrassing enough that she saw them.

My mind was beginning to form an idea now of what her plans were, and all I could think of was how she was going to get away with it without putting on a show for the entire neighborhood - or maybe that WAS her plan!

In any case Kristen took my hand again and we stepped outside. My aunt was close behind us, watching through the glass storm door to see what we were up to. No doubt she was wishing she could join us as she was as much as showoff as her daughter. Not that it hurt her real estate sales!

As we stepped out I noticed Billy was still watching and just like Kristen had foretold, he just sat there on his front step and stared at us as if he didn't care that we saw him or not. Is this how sex perverts get started out in life? I wondered if we would be seeing him someday on Date-Line or another TV show on sexual predators.

Kristen led the way to a spot about halfway down the concrete walk and then stopped, turning her back to Billy and twisting my arm to make me stand next to her.

"OK girl, now let's give the little perv something to jerk off about!" she whispered to me excitedly. "I'll bet ya lunch I can be nastier than you."

This was classic Kristen, always competitive, always trying to be one-up on her older cousin, especially when it came to sex. I gave her a look that clearly announced that there was no way she was going to win this one and she just grinned at the challenge.

We both bent over and Kristen looked over her shoulder and waved to Billy as our bare asses were exposed to his view. As much as he'd probably been dreaming of such a sight, I doubted he ever honestly expected it to happen as his eyes widened and his mouth hung open like a fish out of water. I could lonely imagine the dirty thoughts going through his mind at the sight of our two tanned teenage asses.

I spread my legs wider and leaned over further until I could see him upside down through my legs. Kristen followed up by putting her hands on her ass and spreading her cheeks apart, giving him a nice view of her asshole and pussy. Not to be outdone, I reached between my legs and pushed a finger into my pussy.

God, I couldn't believe I was doing this in the middle of the neighborhood but the wetness in my pussy betrayed the thrill it was giving me. I pushed my finger deeper into me and looked over at Kristen who winked at me and then promptly put her own finger in her pussy. The two of us were bent over fingering ourselves and I wondered how far this was going to go when Kristen took her fingers out and then stood up and proceeded to suck the pussy juice off of them like a wet popsicle.

Just then the front door opened and my aunt called out to us, "OK girls, that's about enough. Now get going before someone sees you and calls the police!"

We both laughed and with a wave to Billy we hurried to my car. We jumped in and Kristen laughed at me, "HA! I won!" she crowed triumphantly.

"No fair," I protested, "Your mom stopped up before I could do anything. It was a tie."

Once again my cousin had outdone me.

# 5. The Food Court

We both had a good laugh as we talked about out little antics in the front yard. It wasn't long until I pulled into the mall parking lot. Before we got out we slipped our underwear back on. Kristen started to make another wise-ass comment about my oversized panties but I shushed her and glared.

On our way to the food court entrance we passed an older couple leaving the mall. I grinned at the poor husband whose eyes were clearly wandering. His frumpy wife poked him in the side with her elbow and gave us both a nasty look that clearly indicated what she thought of us. It really didn't matter what she thought about me as it was her husband's reaction that mattered to me more. At the entrance was the usual security guard, a pot-bellied middle-aged guy wearing a dark blue rent-a-cop uniform whose sole mission seemed to be to harass the kids trying it have fun at the mall. It should have been obvious that neither Kristen and I were hiding anything - I couldn't have fit a straw inside my dress let alone a knife or gun!

Nevertheless the idiot stopped us and declared that he had to check out our purses. Well, his hands may have been inspecting our purses but his eyes were definitely inspecting something else. He was evidently a breast-man from the way his gaze kept shifting from Kristen's boobs to mine and then back to hers again.

This was one time I held a distinct advantage over Kristen. My boobs may not have been as large as I wished they were, but they were at least a cup size bigger than Kristen's. At the same time, that was part of her 'little girl? appeal in that most people would never had believed she was sixteen based on her boobs - or lack of them.

Finally, Barney Fife established that our purses were empty except for our ATM cards and makeup so he handed them back to us while trying to maintain a stern demeanor. We twirled around and looked at each other as we walked through the doors, trying not to burst out laughing at the fumbling guard behind us.

The food court was set up with the usual variety of food kiosks on both sides and the tables in the center as you walked towards the main shopping area of the mall. Instinctively I took note of the people looking at us as we walked around the table area. The reactions were all about the same - the boys stared at us liked idiots, the older guys stared as well but at least tried not to be so obvious about in their

bottom. Kristen was seated across from me and she leaned over and whispered to me.

"Don't look Kelly but you should see the way those two old ladies over there are staring at us."

I raised my eyebrows and despite her warning, glanced to each side looking for whomever she was talking about. Sure enough, over to the right side of us were two older women who looked to be in their fifties or sixties. I knew that they had to be talking about us from the way their eyes looked away as soon as mine locked onto them. Then they would whisper something and try looking back again. From the frowns on their faces I was pretty sure they weren't paying us any compliments - at least not what they would consider compliments.

What made me happier though (and hornier) were the boys that Kristen had smiled at on the way to our table. They looked to be about sixteen or so - Kristen's age, and had just thrown away their garbage and were now walking over to us. There were five of them but the one in front was clearly the alpha leader. He was taller than the others and looked a little bit older but it was his swagger and attitude that identified his spot in their pecking order. I couldn't help but notice his tight ass through the jeans as well as the lean cut of his body. Mmmmmmm, the boy was surely in shape! I figured he was probably a football player or wrestler in school.

"Hey Kristen, looking hot today," he said as they reached out table. Then he looked at me and smiled, "I see you brought your cousin with today."

I looked at him but our eyes never met because his were fixed squarely on my boobs. I'm not sure why boobs fascinate men so much but I'm sure glad for whatever it is that makes them love them so. It's like Mother nature gave girls the ultimate prize when it came to controlling men.

I could feel my nipples against the fabric of my cami and I knew without looking they must be sticking through it nicely for him to see. My camisole hugged me tight and I loved the way it rubbed against my nipples whenever I moved, encouraging them to harden even more.

"So... see something you like Michael?" Kristen teased him in a flirty voice

Michael was certainly bold for a boy his age. He never took his eyes off my boobs for a second when he answered her saying, "Oh yea, I DEFINITELY see something I like - a couple of things in fact!"

Well, with a hunky body like his I guess he could afford to be a bit brash. I imagined every girl in school wanted to get between him and his Calvins! It made me wonder if Kristen had already. It certainly wouldn't have surprised me if she had. Actually, it would have surprised me more if she hadn't!

The other guys stood a bit further back, a little more shy I guess or perhaps it was just the classic case of an alpha male taking control. Hmmm, I would have loved for Michael to take control of me right now! Michael licked his lips a bit and then turned back to Kristen. I smiled to myself as I noticed that his eyes never went higher than her chest. Hmmm, yep - definitely a boob man!

"So Kristen," he went on softly, "Is your cousin as 'talented? as you are?"

Kristen looked over at me and winked. Well, that helped explain things. Obviously she had at least sucked off Michael in the past and judging from the way she as looking at his crotch I had the distinct feeling that she was hoping for another chance at his cock right about then.

I figured the odds were he'd fucked her as I couldn't conceive how my slutty cousin would have passed up chance to be fucked by a guy like him. Besides, while I might have a rep for blow jobs on the first date, I didn't usually put out until the second or third date whereas Kristen typically didn't bother playing the game and just did it the first time.

Kristen squirmed a bit in her seat, which I knew was a clear sign that she was horny as hell. It would have been an easy bet that had she been alone without me in the way that she and Michael would be heading out to his car about now - or anywhere for that matter where they could get down to business. Not that I had ever stopped her from doing it even now, it was just we had other objectives for the day and tempting as he was, he'd be available another time. Still, Kristen couldn't help but tease him a bit more though.

"Hmmmmmm, well I think she's quite talented," she said in a husky voice, winking again at me.

Michael grinned, catching on quickly to what she was inferring. "Oh? Kissing cousins, eh?" he said with a smirk.

Kristen and I both giggled. We didn't have to say anything as from the look of the growing bulge in his pants Michael's imagination was running in high gear and anything we said would probably not been as hot as what he was imagining!

It was no different than us sitting there in our outfits. Although I'm sure he would've loved to have seen us both nude, we were exposing just enough to let his teenage hormone-driven mind imagine far more than we could've ever shown him.

Michael's stiffening cock was clearly outlined in his crotch now - the poor boy's balls must have been near busting! For a moment I contemplated what fun we could have with him but again I held back. It was enough fun for now to just tease him like this in the middle of the food court.

During the exchange we'd both eaten what we wanted of our meals and so I looked at her and she understood what I was thinking. We both got up and grabbed our trays. Kristen patted Michael on the ass lightly and gave him one of her classic slutty looks.

"Sorry boys, maybe another day?" she teased in a bit of a southern drawl which was funny, at least to me, as she'd never been more than a hundred miles south of Pittsburgh.

"Anytime Kristen," Michael replied, "And your cousin's free to join in. I'm sure you'll vouch for me after our last time."

Kristen giggled like a little grade-school girl and looked at me with a big grin. Yep, I was sure now that she'd fucked him before. We turned away from them and walked over to the garbage can with our trays, wiggling our butts naughtily for the benefit of the eyes we knew were staring at them.

From the garbage can we turned down the hallway and entered the mall proper where I gave Kristen a questioning look and asked, "Spill it girl, so how many times has he fucked you?"

Kristen laughed replying, "Oh just a few... Don't look at me like that - I saw you staring at his erection through his jeans. God... he has this HUGE cock and man, can he stay hard all night! Mmmmmmm, I LOVED it!"

We both laughed and went on our way. As we strolled through the mall we pretended not to notice the stares and looks from almost every guy we passed by. It didn't matter how old they were - teenagers through grandfathers, they couldn't keep their eyes off two teenage girls in short skirts - especially ones as short as ours were.

My pussy was feeling a bit tingly from all the attention so I hope it doesn't sound too egoistical to say that it was a huge turn-on knowing that so many guys looked at me and wished that they could get under my skirt.

It may sound a bit trite but I love knowing that that most of them would have been willing to give up most anything for a chance to fuck either of us. Of course, they knew as well as I did that virtually none of them had a chance in hell of ever nailing a girl like me or Kristen but I'm sure they fantasized plenty about it.

I whispered in Kristen's ear, asking her how many masturbation sessions she thought we were inspiring! Kristen just laughed and I knew the idea turned her on just as much as it did me.

## 6. Shoe Shopping

We passed by a new shoe store that had recently opened when I noticed Kristen giving it an extra glance so I asked her if she wanted to go in and look around. She nodded and so we went inside.

It was actually a new family shoe store with only a limited supply of high heels so we probably would have left quickly had it not been for the sole clerk in the store. He looked to be the same age as Michael but he was as opposite otherwise as you could get. Skinny as a rail and with a terrible haircut (it looked like some 'mom with scissors? project), he looked like a stereotypical geek.

Surprisingly, for someone working in sales he appeared to be quite shy but of course, it could have been he was a bit intimidated by us. Judging from the shoe styles I doubted that many of his customers came in looking like Kristen and me, probably more overweight soccer moms dragging in the kiddies. That said, all in all, he was the perfect target for us today!

Kristen quickly found a pair of heels and walked slowly over to the guy, asking him if he had a pair in her size. He asked what size she wore and she shrugged, telling him that he would need to measure her foot.

The poor guy looked totally flustered at this point but he eventually found a measuring tool and set it down on the floor in front of her. He had to kneel down and position her stocking covered foot in it and it was like he was touching a hot brand when he held her ankle.

He was biting his lip and I noticed he was looking at her legs the whole time but trying hard not to let her notice. How typical! For some WEIRD reason guys always think they can look at girls without them knowing it. The real truth is the only time a girls doesn't notice is when she doesn't WANT him to know she has noticed - if that makes any sense!

The clerk told Kristen to wait a second and he would be right back. As soon as he was out of sight Kristen looked at me and giggled.

"Poor guy," she said, pushing her foot back in her shoe, "I wonder if he's touching himself back there now? Did you see the hard-on he was getting?"

I sat down in the chair next to her, crossing my legs to let my skirt ride up high on my ass. Looking at my cousin, I gave her my wicked smile and said, "Well, the way you were coming on to him, it's a wonder he didn't cum in his pants right then and there! Hurry up, he'll be back any second and you still need to take your thong off."

Kristen didn't even hesitate. One thing I loved about her, she never needed to be asked twice to take off something she was wearing! There was nobody else in the store and we were in the back away from the entrance so she quickly slid her thong down to her ankles and stepped out of them. She reached down to pick them off the carpeted floor and handed them to me. Feeling the urge to do something naughty, I held them to my nose and I could smell her wetness. Oh yeah, the girl was horny all right!

"Oh Kelly, you are soooooo bad. Put those away you naughty girl!" she hissed at me.

I just grinned back at her and slid them under me just in time as he was on his way back with several boxes piled high in his arms.

"Do you need me to sit down?" she asked him innocently.

The boy cleared his throat and nodded. For a salesman, he certainly didn't seem to have much to say! Kristen sat down with her legs tight together, holding out her right foot for him like Cinderella waiting for her silver slipper. Her skirt was riding high up in her lap now and the only thing hiding her bare pussy from view was her thighs clamped tightly together.

The guy kneeled down in front of her, grabbed her foot and tried to remove her shoe. It should've just slipped off but he was so nervous he couldn't seem to grab onto it. Finally it popped off, leaving just her anklet on. He picked up the heel but Kristen interrupted him.

"Ummmmm, Brian... I can't try on heels with my socks on."

By the way, my cousin isn't clairvoyant - his name was on an engraved badge pinned to his shirt pocket.

Poor Brian didn't seem to know what to do so I helped out by going over to the checkout counter and grabbing a pair of disposable nylon socks.

"Here you go Brian," I said softly as I handed them to him, "Isn't that what these are for?"

The poor kid was flustered now and his face was turning red at having forgotten about the disposable socks that every store has out for women when they try on shoes. He started to hand them to Kristen but she just sat back in the chair with her arms folded over her chest.

"I'd rather have you put them on Brian... is that OK?"

What was he supposed to say, no? I wondered if anyone had ever asked him to put them on for them before - probably not but there was a first time for everything.

Kristen raised her foot up and Brian gingerly pulled her anklet off. The he fumbled with the nylon, obviously never having had any experience with one before.

"You have nice hands Brian," Kristen purred, "I bet you give a great foot massage."

Brian just stuttered a bit and kept fumbling with the nylon. Kristen kept up the patter...

"Did you know that I love it when a guy plays with my feet?" Kristen murmured in a low voice.

Brian obviously didn't know what to do now. I imagine he had to be wondering if he was going to wake up any minute from this wet dream he was having. He probably couldn't believe a girl like Kristen would ever be saying such things to him.

"Just forget the shoes Brian, rub my foot," Kristen told him. He hesitated so she continued, "It's OK, really, I want you to rub my foot."

Brian gingerly took her bare foot in his hand and just sort of squeezed it a little.

"Come on Brian, you can do better than that," I broke in, unable to contain myself any longer.

Brian's face was still red like he had just run a marathon but he did start to massage her foot more vigorously.

"That's better," Kristen encouraged him, "I bet your girlfriend loves it when you do this for her, doesn't she."

Brian just mumbled something so I told him to speak up and he finally confessed, "I don't have a girlfriend."

THAT didn't surprise me in the least but I tried not to laugh or even smile too much but instead licked my lips and said, "You've GOT to be kidding Brian... a sexy guy like you? I would have thought the girls would be falling all over each other to get to you."

Brian frowned at that and I thought maybe I had gone a little overboard but Kristen chimed in.

"Well if they knew how great you are at rubbing their feet they would be," she sighed. Then she added, "God, you're making me soooooo horny Brian."

He seem startled at that one but before he could react further she spread her legs apart then, giving Brian a nice view of her cute little bare pussy.

Poor Brian, he just froze. As much as he was probably embarrassed to look, he couldn't help but stare at the bare crotch that was now exposed between her legs. Damn, Kristen was being relentless! She reached between her legs and ran her finger up and down her pussy slit.

"Oh Brian, look what you've done to me. I'm all wet!"

It wasn't her faking either as I could tell from the faint scent of her pussy that she was indeed wet and horny. Like me, I knew Kristen got horny as hell turning guys on, especially guys like poor Brian who she could wrap around her little finger without any effort at all.

Kristen pushed her finger inside her pussy just a little, then slowly started stroked it in and out of her as Brian watched, totally mesmerized by the show she was putting on for him. I had to admit I was enjoying it as well!

"Have you ever seen a girl touch herself like this before Brian?" Kristen asked softly. Brian shook his head as he licked his lips almost continuously. "I like to be watched when I touch myself," she continued, "Do you like watching me Brian?"

Brian nodded but Kristen wasn't going to let him off that easily. "C'mon Brian, tell me what you think of my pussy."

Brian cleared his throat and said in a low voice, "It's pretty," was all he could get out.

"I bet you've never seen a real girl do this to herself before, have you Brian?" Kristen asked.

Other than his dad's Playboys, I was pretty sure based on his reaction that she was right on the mark with that one. Kristen didn't bother waiting for the answer as she already knew what it was.

"I bet you'd love to touch it, wouldn't you Brian?"

Brian's breathing stopped as for second, although it must have been an eternity to him, he must have thought that Kristen was going to let him do just that. I almost felt sorry him at that moment. The poor guy - he had no idea how devious my cousin could be.

Kristen giggled and pulled her wet finger from her pussy. She licked her pussy juices off of it and put her legs back together again, effectively ending the show.

Pulling her bare foot from his hands, she stood up and pulling her skirt down. Then she looked at Brian with her best sultry look and said, "Well Brian, when you jerk off tonight I hope it's about me."

Looking at me then, she held out her hand expectantly and so I reached underneath me and gave her back her thong. She slipped it on slowly, pulling it up her bare legs and then over her butt, letting him watch and see her bare pussy and ass for the last time as she slowly pulled them the rest of the way up and then arranged the crotch with her finger.

"Thanks Brian! I hope you enjoyed this as much as we did!" she said with a giggle.

Then she put her anklet back on with her sneaker after which we left store and Brian behind us. It turned out to be just in time as a couple of women dragging their rug rats were entering the store.

Without looking back I bet Brian had to be wondering just what the hell had happened! I was pretty sure that none of his friends were going to believe him when he undoubtedly tried to tell them all about it later. One thing was certain, his poor cock was going to be sore tomorrow from all the stroking it was going to get tonight!

# 7. The Dressing Room

"God Kristen! That was so nasty of you," I said admiringly as we continued our mall shopping., "The poor guy will be jerking off every night this week thinking about you now!"

Then I leaned towards her and whispered in her ear, "You know, I'm horny as hell now thanks to your little show. Since it's all YOUR fault, what are you going to do about it?"

Kristen tossed her hair back and a wicked grin came to her face. Without a word she grabbed my hand and pulled me along towards the Sears store at the end of the mall. We went to the women's clothing section and headed straight for the dressing rooms. As usual there was nobody in there (I mean seriously, WHO in their right mind shops for clothes at Sears?) so we went into one of the changing rooms and she shut and latched the door behind us.

"OK, so who's hornier - you or me?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

I was already undressing as I replied, "Well, we'll just have to find out, won't we!" I stepped out of my panties as I unzipped my skirt. I then challenged her saying, "You know the drill, let's just see who cums first!"

It was tight in the dressing room but we both managed to strip in a matter of seconds, leaving our clothes on the floor except for our shoes which we left on. The bench seat was barely wide enough for the two of us to sit and spread out legs but somehow we managed. Her bare legs pressed against mine and for a second I felt a little naughty rubbing up against my cousin like this. Although we'd been masturbating together for years now we'd never done anything to the other like licking pussies or even kissing passionately. I smiled to myself as I wondered what she would say if she knew what I had been doing with my mom - and hers, since I was sixteen.

I reached between my legs with both hands, using one hand to spread my pussy lips apart and the other to fondle my clit and pussy. Kristen used a similar technique and it wasn't long before we were both going at it like two whores in heat. I looked over and watched her, noting how her clit was already swollen and her pussy was glistening with her juices. Well, thanks to Brian she had a head start on me so now I had to play catch-up! My finger ran over my pussy and a soft cry emerged from me as my wet finger ran circles around my sensitive clit. Kristen already had a finger up her pussy and was pushing it up in her as she used her other hand to massage her boobs.

"Oh my god!" she whispered to me, "This feels so damn good... Oh yeah Kelly, I love you to watch me."

My pussy was soaking wet, just as hers was, as I alternated between pushing my finger in and out of me and fondling my hardened clit. Leaning back against the wall, I pushed my hips out to make it easier for my finger to enter deep inside of me.

God, I wanted to be fucked so badly I could've screamed! What I would have given for a nice hard cock at that moment, to feel it entering me and violating me as it filled by pussy. My free hand roamed all over my boobs and torso, raising goose bumps wherever it touched. I could smell the air in the room filling with the pungent scent of our wet pussies as we both masturbated together, each of us desperately trying to be the first to cum.

At times like this, when I wanted to cum as fast possible, I liked to dream of my dad fucking me, how his cock felt when it was deep in my pussy as I gave myself unconditionally to him. I closed my eyes and imagined how it would feel right then to have him push himself in me, showing me how much he loved me. I loved it when he would cum in me, filling his daughter with his love, giving her his most treasured gift.

"Oh god, I'm cumming!"

I awoke from my reverie as Kristen began panting. Damn! She was always able to cum faster than me and I was pretty quick usually! Even as young girls when we would masturbate together she always "won? – cumming much faster than I could. I watched her fingers as they working furiously on her pussy when suddenly her head arched back and her hips rose to her manipulating hand. Her pussy gushed cum onto her hand and then she put her fingers in her mouth and licked it up.

I wondered how her pussy tasted and how it compared to her mother's. My tongue liked my lips as I thought about how good my mom and aunt's pussies tasted. Like fine wines, each was a bit different and like a rare vintage, I could have identified which one I was licking with a blindfold on. I loved the taste of my own pussy as well so given the family history I imagined that Kristen's would undoubtedly be succulent as well.

Kristen was cumming hard now. I could feel the softness of her thighs and the firmness of her legs against mine as she struggled, trying not to cry out too loudly as her orgasm stretched on. She was flushed to the point of being almost red and her breathing was fast and shallow. Finally her hips bucked hard and she took in a final deep breath.

"Oh god that felt so good," she sighed. " Oh Kelly, I love it when we do this."

If it was possible I was even more horny now and I wanted my own orgasm more than anything at the moment. It was Kristen's turn to watch intently as I played with myself until I felt the most incredible sensations run from my pussy to the outer reaches of my body while my fingers worked their magic on me. With one hand on my pussy I massaged my boob and nipple with the other. I looked down and observed myself masturbating as Kristen leaned back, slowly moving her finger over her wet pussy as she watched her older cousin masturbate.

My orgasm hit me like a truck on the expressway as I could feel my cum gush from my cunt into my hand. I didn't stop touching myself and thus I drove me higher and higher into the magical world I retreated to when my orgasms really get going. It had been too much already today for my poor pussy - first teasing little bad Billy, then seeing Michael's cock growing behind those tight jeans, then watching Kristen tease the poor boy at the shoe store, and finally seeing my cousin getting herself off.

I needed to cum so badly by now it literally hurt and so my orgasm was incredible. Every pore of my body tingled like I was plugged into an electrical outlet while at the same time I felt almost on fire my pussy felt so hot. It was like ocean waves pounding a beach except in this case it was pleasure pounding my body - over and over and over the waves of pleasure hit me as Kristen watched, her fingers moving faster over her pussy now.

One thing about doing yourself, you know exactly how you feel and what you need at any given time. I could sense just when I was peaking and would hold off just enough to let me stay there as long as possible and then hit me again just as I started to descend to bring me back to the top once again. It was like one continuous orgasm instead of a series of them like I usually had. I never wanted it to end, I wanted to feel this way forever.

I love sex so much because only sex can make me feel this way, so complete and so fulfilled. God I needed this more than food, more than anything else in the world. I needed to just cum and cum and cum - and I did.

Well, I had no idea how long this went on as it was like I was just in another world but finally my body just couldn't sustain it anymore and I collapsed in the seat, exhausted from the incredible orgasm I had just given myself. The only thing missing was the feeling of warm sperm dripping from my cunt but I couldn't do anything about that! Kristen looked over at my crotch with a huge smile.

"Well, I guess you really WERE horny today," she said with a hint of a laughter. "God I thought you were never going to stop cumming!"

Kristen leaned over to me and we hugged and kissed. It was just a gentle kiss between cousins and once again for a moment I wanted to see where it might lead. I wanted to hold her warm pussy in the palm of my hand as she did the same to mine. Who knows, as horny as I was I might have done something except I heard someone coming in the dressing area.

"Excuse me, is someone in here?" someone called out.

Damn, it was a store clerk! Oh well, I guess that was the end of that. I tried to call out to her but my voice wasn't responding yet so Kristen said we would be out in a second. We quickly pulled on our underwear and she put her skirt back on as I rearranged my cami.

When I opened the door, standing there outside was an older woman, maybe in her fifties, the classic store clerk in her out-of-style clothes and bad hair. She took one look at us with our messed-up hair, flushed faces, and the unmistakable smell of pussy that filled the air and I knew she had us pegged. She may have been an old bag but she was still a woman and no woman could mistake that smell for anything other than what it was! Her eyes narrowed and she shook her head at us. It was obvious we weren't trying on any clothes - we weren't carrying any and there was no way we were hiding any in these outfits!

"Well I'll be damned," she said, "Can't you dirty sluts find someplace else to do your filthy business? I mean for heaven's sake, don't either of you have ANY decency? What if there were kids here now?"

We didn't even bother answering - what would be the point? Instead we just left as quickly as possible. Once in the safe confines of the mall we stopped and turned to look at each other and we both broke out laughing.

"God, did you see the look on her face?" Kristen laughed.

"Yea, I bet she hasn't had an orgasm in twenty years!" I said back to her.

We headed to the mall restrooms to fix our hair and makeup. Afterwards we wandered the mall a bit more, teasing more boys than I can count with nothing more than a smile and wiggle of our butts. We probably could've both gotten laid a dozen times easily if we had wanted to, but I enjoyed just teasing them like we did.

## 8. Back Home Again

Finally we decided enough was enough, time to head home for some serious masturbation. I dropped Kristen off at her house and returned home to find my mom working in the kitchen.

"Have a good time dear?" she asked.

The grin on my face told her all she needed to know. She gave me a quick kiss and patted me on the ass saying, "Well, I imagine you have some serious tensions that need to be relieved so when you've finished come on down and tell your mother ALL about it."

As I headed up to my I thought how my mom was such a wonderful friend and confidante as well as loving mother. In my room I quickly stripped and hung up my short skirt. Looking at it I marveled how a piece of clothing so small could lead to so much fun!

Laying back on my bead I started to masturbate again as I recalled the events of the day. At least at home I didn't have to be quiet! Hmmm, I bet my mom was going to get horny herself once I told her about my day at the mall. It wouldn't be long before dad got home and I was sure he would enjoy hearing about my day as well. Yep, I had a good idea that things might get even more interesting before the day was over!

# (Aug 28) Chapter 46: Lake Sex

Story codes: MF oral inc father-daughter
Me (18)
Chuck - boyfriend (19)
John - my dad (38)

High school was over and I was about to leave for college so my wonderful boyfriend Chuck and I went off to "make a memory" for both of us. It was indeed a day to remember but things got even better once I got home and told my dad about it!

## 1. Me and Chuck

During the summer after high school graduation I was dating an attractive guy named Chuck. We first met when I went out to eat with some friends and he had tagged along with one of his friends. Being we were the only two without dates that night we naturally gravitated toward one another.

At nineteen Chuck was a year older than me. An engineering major at a local university, he seemed intelligent but yet avoided being a nerd. We clicked from the start and before the night was over he asked me if he could call me so we could meet again. Of course I said yes!

On our first date we went out to dinner and an early movie before ending up at Chuck's house. His parent's weren't home and before the night was over he'd fucked me on the living room couch. It goes to show how much I liked him as usually I prefer waiting until at least the second date before I let a guy fuck me. First date - blowjob, second date - masturbation show, THEN third date sex.

Chuck and I spent the rest of the summer together going to all sorts of places and generally having a good time. Somehow we managed to find a way to have sex in one shape or form whenever we got together ranging from just a blowjob in his car to spending an entire day together. I even had him over to my house a few times and we had some fun times in our hot tub before heading up to my bedroom.

As the summer passed I found myself more and more attracted to Chuck in an emotional sense in addition to the physical magnetism I'd felt from the start. Chuck was like no boyfriend I'd been with before. First, he was so much more mature than the high school boys I'd been seeing until then. He was funny, good looking, and smart. Best of all he loved sex ALMOST as much as I did including a hint of a voyeuristic streak that made for some exciting times.

Although I wasn't ready to declare I was in love, I found myself thinking about him a lot and couldn't wait to be with him. From the way he talked I knew he had some of the same feelings for me so I was getting more and more excited about where it might be going between us.

From the start I told Chuck that I'd be leaving in the fall to go to college out of state. As the summer went on I began to wonder what would happen when I left him behind. The university was over four hours way, not all that far but enough that for him to see me it would take a day of traveling back and forth. We skirted the subject most of the time, neither of us really wanting to think about it.

My friends, knowing what Chuck and I did most of the time, tried to warn me that he wouldn't stick with me once he couldn't get it whenever he wanted it or at best he would start seeing other girls. I just ignored everything they said as I knew in my heart that Chuck felt more for me than just someone to have sex with. I couldn't imagine that he would dump me just because I wasn't at his beck and call 24/7.

Didn't someone once say that love is blind? Well, it apparently makes you stupid as well.

## 2. Fucked in the Lake

A couple of days before I was to leave Chuck asked me if I wanted to go out with him one last time for the summer. Of course I did and soon afterwards he picked me up to take me to a state park north of the city. It was a bit of a drive and I spent the entire time sitting next to him with my head on his shoulder and my hand on his crotch. He had his arm around me and I felt so secure in his embrace.

As usual, Chuck had quite a bulge under my hand and eventually I wanted to be closer to him than just feeling him through his jeans so I unzipped them and reached inside. Working my hand through his boxers I finally found my prize - his wonderful warm cock. While not very hard yet, it was starting to firm up and so I just held it in my hand, slowly working it with my fingers. If felt so natural to hold his cock by then that we traveled the rest of the trip that way, him driving and me next to him, talking away with my hand in his pants holding my favorite part of him.

We eventually made it to the park and being a weekday it was practically deserted. After driving around a bit, we found a somewhat private picnic area and he brought out this pretty picnic basket and a woolen blanket. Talk about romantic! Chuck laid everything out, setting up a picnic just for the two of us and we started by munching on some crackers and cheese. The lake was just a few yards away and since nobody was around I teased him about going for a swim. "What do you say we go for a swim Chuck? - the water looks soooooo inviting."

"Oh sure Kelly, right here out in the open in the middle of a state park and us with no bathing suits."

"What's the matter big college boy, chicken?"

Chuck just laughed and stood up. He reached for my hand.

"Ok Kelly, I'll show you who's chicken! Get up girl and let's go."

Chuck led me by the hand down to the water's edge. He stripped off his clothes so fast I couldn't believe it and suddenly he was in the water, naked up to his belly in water which was just enough to keep his uncovered cock just out of sight.

"What's the matter Kelly? Not so brave now are you? All talk and no action eh?"

Well, that wasn't fair. I would've beaten him into the water if I'd known what he was going to do. So now here I was standing at the edge of the water fully dressed while my stud of a boyfriend was nude in the water. Well, that wasn't a situation I was going to allow to last for much longer! I quickly stripped off my clothes, leaving them in a small pile by the water's edge and moved quickly into the murky water. It was late August and the water was pretty warm but it still made my nipples harden almost instantly. There was nobody in sight but I still felt like everyone in the world had to be able to see me naked. Not that I cared mind you, it just felt that way.

Just as I got in far enough to cover my boobs a car drove by. The road was far enough away to make it hard for anyone to even know we were there let alone to make anything out once we were in the water but I think it still would've been obvious that a naked girl was standing by the lake if they had passed by a few seconds earlier. As I mentioned, being seen nude wouldn't really have bothered me but at the same time I didn't exactly want the park ranger to come and throw us out for indecent exposure!

Chuck laid back in the water which caused his cock to break the surface like a submarine periscope. Despite the cooling effect of the water he was getting pretty hard by now and I couldn't help but stare at it. God I loved his dick! Well, I loved just about any dick but I particularly loved his - and especially what he did to me with it.

Chuck was watching me and noticed where my attention was focused. Of course by now he knew before he even did it what my reaction would be given my uncontrollable craving for his ever-ready cock. Chuck was at the prime of his sexual energies and his cock never seemed to get enough attention which was just fine by me. It was great because I could suck him and make him cum and he would stay hard, ready to fuck me right away again. Incredibly, one night he came four times without stopping to rest, something no other guy I'd been with had ever done. Mmmmmmm, did I mention that I loved his dick?

"Hey Kelly, see something you like?" he said with a bit of a smirk on his face. Yeah, like he didn't know what had my full attention.

Wading through the water, I moved over to him and put my hands under his firm ass, helping him to float on his back and causing his cock to rise higher above the water. "Mmmmmmm, all wet and hard. Something on your mind you naughty boy?"

"You know damn well what's on my mind - fucking you!"

A smile broke out on my face when he said that because we both knew it was true. I licked my lips with hunger - hunger for his dick. I simply couldn't take my eyes off his cock! Chuck's cock was average in length but when he got hard it was like a steel pole. It curved up from his crotch and was at a slight angle up from his body, totally engorged and I could almost see it throbbing with his lust for me. Chuck also had a thick bush of pubic hair which he trimmed enough to keep it from looking wild but still leaving me enough to play with. It was all wet now and lying flat, making his cock look longer than usual. I couldn't hold back any longer, I had to have it so I leaned over and took him in my mouth. I felt Chuck's ass tighten as his cock felt my lips and tongue running over it.

"Damn Kelly, that's what I love about you. No fooling around, right to business. Man can you suck cock! Who the hell taught you?"

"My mom," I replied with an impish grin. Chuck looked at me closely as if trying to determine if I was telling the truth or just teasing him.

"Yeah right, I would bet it's more like practice makes perfect," he finally came back with. It was sort of funny in that I was telling him the truth but he couldn't believe it was true. Imagine if I told him my dad's dick was the one I most recently practiced on?

I loved the feel of Chuck's firm ass in my hands as his erect cock moved in and out of my mouth. My boobs rested on his hips, allowing my hard nipples to rub against him as I sucked and licked his tasty cock. Chuck just floated on the water as I held him up, every now and then letting out a long groan as I would hit one of the sensitive spots on his cock. Of course I knew where they were now, after a summer of blow jobs. His cock was mapped out in my mind and I could play it like a flute, driving him almost to orgasm and then moving off, keeping him on just the edge as his precum would flow in a stream into mouth.

Chuck started to move his hips in time with my movements causing him to drive himself deeper and deeper into my mouth. Eventually his cock would go down my throat slightly when I took enough of him in until my face was pressed against the base of his cock. It tickled but I had learned by now how to control my gag reflex and he would gasp as he felt his cock go down my throat almost as if it was in my pussy.

"Oh Kelly, don't stop... God I love this... feels so damn good!"

His butt tightened in my hands and his hips moved up as his back arched and I could tell from the slight swelling of his cock I was about to get a load of warm gooey cum and sure enough, a few seconds later he literally exploded in my mouth. His warm sperm hit the back of my throat and then flowed over my tongue, trying to escape past my lips. He thrusted upwards with every shot of cum and I could feel my mouth filling with his sperm. One last time ejaculation and I felt his ass relax in my hands and he just floated there, looking at me with his cock still in my mouth. I let him slide out and turned to him with a big grin on my face. I opened my mouth to show him the cum pooled on my tongue.

"God you look so fucking sexy with a mouthful of my cum."

I smiled and swallowed it down, then opening my mouth again to show him it was gone. Chuck grinned and started to get on his feet.

"OK... your turn girl," he said and I let go of his ass to let him stand up, curious to see how he was going to work this out.

"Alright Kelly, now lay back in the water and put those incredible legs over my shoulders."

Without a word I did just that and as I floated on my back it was his turn to hold my ass up out of the water as he ate my water-drenched cunt. Of course whereas my smaller hands could barely hold his ass, he was able to grab one of my butt cheeks in each hand and squeeze them. His face was buried between my thighs as I realized just how much of me was exposed out of the water. For a moment I thought about what would happen if someone pulled up and saw us. My ass and legs were out of the water and my boobs looked like two small islands rising out of the lake as I floated on my back. With my legs up over his shoulders and his face in my crotch, it didn't take Sherlock Holmes to figure out he what he was doing to me.

I didn't care though because if there was one thing Chuck knew how to do, it was lick pussy! His tongue was tireless and he would stick in inside my pussy hole with his face pressed tightly against my bare crotch. I could feel his nose pressing against my clit as he would extend his tongue as far as he could into me.

"Oh my God Chuck that feels so good!"

Chuck lifted his face up for just a moment and smiled at me. "I just love your pussy Kelly. Can't get enough of it!"

Well, he was welcome to lick it all he wanted! Then Chuck used just one hand to hold me up which freed the other to play with my clit. The combination of his tongue on my pussy hole entrance and his fingers on my clit was sheer pleasure. Then he traded and sucked on my clit while he fingered my pussy, putting at first one then two and finally three fingers into me. Floating on the warm water, feeling his tongue on my clit and his fingers pushing in me... I was in heaven!

"Oh Chuck, don't stop... make me cum!"

Usually I helped a guy by touching myself but Chuck was one of the rare guys who could make me cum all by himself by licking and touching me. Well, he certainly wasn't failing me now! I began to feel a buildup of tension and excitement in me and I knew I was on my way to the one thing I craved most when having sex with a guy - an orgasm. Several of my friends have told me I'm addicted to sex and they're probably right. I get such an incredible rush of emotion when I cum that I just want to feel it as often as possible - make that NEED to feel it. I'd do about anything for it - including masturbation if necessary. Suddenly I knew I was there as my pussy gushed over his face.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," I moaned, "I'm cumming Chuck... OH MY GOD!"

Chuck knew from frequent experience this past summer not to stop at this point or even pause to say a word to me. He held my clit between his teeth and softly tugged on it, driving me absolutely nuts with pleasure as my whole body felt like electricity was passing through it. Trying to describe an orgasm to a guy is virtually impossible. How can he possibly understand the way I feel from head to toe, as if every inch of me on fire and feeling so damn good? I've never done drugs but I doubt even they could make me feel so incredible good. I love cumming and am willing to do most anything for it. Oh sure masturbation works in a pinch but nothing beats having someone else bringing me there, having someone touch me and fuck me until my body responds. Everything else disappeared in a haze as the only thing that existed for me at that moment was limited to the waves of pleasure that rolled through me like waves crashing on a beach. I didn't care where I was or anything else as I floated through a misty world of sexual pleasure.

"Oh Chuck!" was all I could get out as my eyes rolled back when yet another jolt hit me while he tugged yet again on my hyper-sensitive clit.

I couldn't believe how hard I was cumming, and in a public lake at that where anybody could come by and see us! Actually, I think the possibility of being caught was what was driving me extra hard. Finally I felt my body relax and slowly I came back to earth from wherever my mind goes when I orgasm. My arms stretched out to my sides as I just floated there and felt the warm water lapping up against my swollen pussy.

"We're not done yet girl!" Chuck said. "There's a hard cock here that's been looking forward to your hot pussy all day and it wants it now so get ready to take it you little slut."

I loved when he called me that so I bit my lower lip and gave him my foxiest look as he lowered me into the water but keeping my legs over his shoulders. Chuck pulled me closer until I could feel his still hard cock pressing up against my crotch. God I wanted him so badly right then! I needed him to fuck me and fuck me hard!

"Fuck me Chuck. Right here. Fuck me right here in the water," I begged him. "I don't care who sees us... just fuck me NOW!"

Chuck was so focused he didn't say a word in response as he lifted me up and I lowered my bare legs and wrapped them around his waist. I reached down and guided his hard cock to my wet pussy and he easily slid inside. A chill ran through me as I felt him driving deeper and deeper into me. There is something wonderful about the first time a guy enters me, his cock violating the privacy of my body as it fills my cunt. I can feel myself spreading apart as his cock is absorbed inside of me. Letting a guy put his cock into my pussy is the most intimate physical thing I can offer to him and I get so turned on watching his face as he feels my pussy welcoming and surrounding his cock.

Cars had been driving by the whole time but fortunately none ever pulled into the picnic area. I could've sworn though I saw the same one a number of times but it was hard to know for sure as I never really got a good look. Although we were mostly under the water my chest was often exposed when he lifted me up and down on his hard cock. The thrill of being caught made me even hornier as I pulled him tightly to me. I moaned in sheer ecstasy with the feel of his cock filling me.

"Oh Chuck, fuck me!... Fuck me!... Fuck me harder you bastard!"

Tears streamed down my face I wanted him so badly. The thought that this was the last time I would have his cock in me for so long was almost unbearable. I wanted him to stay inside me and never come out! I squeezed down his cock with my pussy as hard as I could.

"Damn girl, you're going to pop my cock if you squeeze it any harder!" he teased me, "Man, what a tight pussy!"

I smiled as I thought of the hours I spent in bed working on my pussy muscles so I could do this. I could even pop a ping pong ball out of my pussy and make it fly across the room – a talent I generally kept to myself needless to say although I couldn't resist showing off once to my dad. Guys loved it when I massaged their cock with my pussy, squeezing down on it and then releasing it. I could hold them so tight it was hard for them to pull out me – exactly what I meant to do with Chuck!

"Come on Chuck, cum again for me. Fill me with your cum.""

Chuck just grunted and I knew that was a reliable sign that he was close. Remarkably his cock had swelled up even more in me and from the way he was stroking so fast and violently I knew he was ready.

"I'm cumming Kelly!... Take my cum you fuckin? slut."

Closing my eyes to better focus I could feel his cock suddenly drill even deeper into me and then convulse. Immediately I felt that hot burst deep inside of me that told me he was cumming in me, that his cum was shooting out like from a cannon, propelling his seed deep into my pussy.

"Yes Chuck, that's it. Keep cumming... Fuck me Chuck... Fuck me!"

All Chuck could do at this point was grunt and groan like an animal as his hips slammed into me and he kept shooting off one load after another into me. I couldn't remember a time when he filled me this full, especially after having just shot a huge load in my mouth not long before. My pussy felt so warm from his cum and his cock was throbbing in me like a pulsating log up my pussy except this log was warm, pulsing and connected to a man's hairy crotch. I just held onto Chuck as he stood there in the water, his cock still staying hard in me as I laid back and enjoyed the feeling of him in me.

Eventually Chuck pulled out of me and I stood back up in the water trying to keep my balance. After checking on last time to be sure nobody had arrived when we were "busy? we worked our way back to the shore and laid out on the blanket, still nude, lying up against each other. We kissed for the longest time, running our hands over each other's naked body, fondling each other. Amazingly Chuck was hard again already and I could feel his eager erection pressing against me. I loved it because I knew we weren't done yet! Reaching down I held his cock to signal I was ready for him to fuck me again.

## 3. Fucked Under a Blanket

Suddenly I heard something and looked towards the parking lot to see a lone car pulling into the parking lot. Damn! Fortunately we'd brought our clothes up from the lake but we were still totally nude and laying on top of the blanket in the bright sun for anyone to see! Chuck quickly pulled the blanket over us and we lay there as my heart raced. An older couple, probably in their forties or fifties, got out of the car and walked over to the lake. They must have seen Chuck's car in the parking lot but apparently they didn't notice us or at least they didn't look out way. Chuck pressed his cock against me harder under the blanket causing me to giggle.

"You horny bastard. What do you think you're going to do, fuck me right in front of them?"

I was half joking but apparently Chuck had other ideas.

"C'mon Kelly, let's do it. Wouldn't it turn you to be fucked with them so close?"

Admittedly I was feeling even hornier than ever, if that was possible, as the idea gained substance and I turned on my side facing away from him.

"OK, you convinced me!" I said as if I really needed any encouragement. "Fuck me from behind so we can both watch them while we do it."

Chuck's hand was on my bare ass and I could feel it moving downward so I lifted my leg enough to let Chuck reach between my thighs and play with my pussy. Horny as I was, I couldn't believe I was letting him do this with that couple so close by!

They were sitting down on a picnic table now, watching some ducks in the water and not even looking our way. They couldn't have been more than a hundred feet away and if they turned around they would have seen us. Chuck spread my pussy lips apart with his fingers and it was all I could do to keep from moaning out loud as pressed his cock against my pussy and started to push himself inside of me.

My ass was against his stomach and he had his arm around me, grabbing my boobs and playing with them and my nipples.

I closed my eyes and sighed softly as he entered me, once again feeling my pussy fill with his cock. Once his cock was finally all the way in we just laid there, joined together as one with his rock hard cock throbbing inside of me. I reached down and rubbed my clit slowly as we watched the other couple. They were totally oblivious to what was happening just a stone's throw away.

"Chuck, what do you think they would say if they knew what we were doing?"

Chucked laughed, "Well why don't we call over to them and ask if they want to watch?"

For a moment I thought he was just crazy enough to do it and I felt my heart leap into my throat. He must have felt my body tense as he laughed.

"Gotcha Kelly! But you have to admit that you would love to have them watch you being fucked. You're such a crazy slut!"

"You sexy bastard! Now quit goofing around and fuck me right!"

I really didn't need to tell him as he was going to fuck me at that moment whether I did or not. I also knew he loved it when I asked or begged him and I also liked it when he talked dirty to me. I actually liked being called a slut or a whore. It always made me feel sexy for a guy so call me that, especially if he meant it!

Chuck started to slowly stroke his cock in and out of me. I couldn't take my eyes off the other couple as I felt Chuck's warm body pressing up against my ass with each thrust. I came so close to letting out a loud moan to draw their attention. I couldn't help but think how hot it would be if they knew we were fucking with them right there. I almost wanted to tell Chuck to take me on the picnic table so we could put on a real show for them!

Although I'd often fantasized about it I'd never actually had anyone other than my parents and cousin watch while one of my boyfriends fucked me – and none of them know we were being watched. The thought of these two strangers watching us do it was making me so hot! Chuck must have somehow sensed my feelings or maybe he was feeling the same way.

"You really do want them to watch you, you shameless little slut. I bet we could put on quite a show for them! Come on, cum again for me while they're still here!"

Not that I was ready to argue, that was for sure! Reaching between my legs I could feel his wonderful cock as he slid in and out of me. My fingers went straight to my clit and rubbed it as Chuck fucked me. As horny as I was it wasn't going to take much as I was already so close just from the thrill of being fucked in public. Just a few minutes later I was enjoying another orgasm, even stronger than the one I had earlier if that was possible.

This time we weren't submerged in a lake so Chuck could feel me gushing over his cock as I came. I wanted to shout to the couple and let them know how hard I was cumming... and how they had helped me get there! This time while my orgasm was incredibly intense the feeling flamed out sooner. Before long I was just lying there in Chuck's strong arms, his cock still imbedded within me while I enjoyed the afterglow of my orgasm.

Not surprisingly Chuck wasn't about to waste a perfectly good erection without cumming himself and within minutes of my orgasm he was cumming yet another time! Where the boy got his stamina from was a mystery but he was incredible!

Exhausted, we both laid there joined together as we enjoyed the afterglow of an incredible fuck. I always loved the feeling of being in his arms with his cock inside of me, slowly softening. My entire body felt warm and a tingling sensation would go through me when he stirred and moved his cock slightly.

Finally the couple got up to go back to their car. The guy looked over at us and said something to the woman who turned her head towards us and stared for a few seconds. Then put her hand to her mouth as she walked faster to their car. Chuck and I both laughed, figuring they must have finally realized what we were doing.

## 4. Driving Home

After they'd driven off we got dressed and spent the rest of the day walking around the park and visiting the facilities. It was just a wonderful day and as we drove home I once again held his incredible cock the entire way. As we approached the city I pulled his cock out of his pants.

"What do you think you're doing Kelly! Sheesh, haven't you had enough for one day?"

He knew better than to ask. Given I knew this was likely the last time I would have his cock like this for several months I wasn't going to let him go without sucking him one more time.

"Just a goodbye present for you to remember me by while I'm at school."

I laid down on the seat across the console so I could get to him easier. As I started to suck his cock he just groaned and tried to keep his concentration on the road. We passed by a truck and the driver must have been able to see what I was doing because he gave a couple of honks on his horn and stayed along-side us for a few miles. Personally I didn't care who saw me at this point as all I could think about was how wonderful his big cock felt in my mouth. His erection told me how good I knew I was making him feel - as my mom always told me, dicks never lie.

While Chuck was hard as a rock again after having a few hours break since he last fucked me, having cum three times already he was a lot harder to get off than he had been before and it wasn't until we were almost back to my house that he finally started to show the telltale signs that he was getting close. I actually had to finish him off while we were parked in our driveway! It was worth the effort though when he pushed my head down into his crotch making me take his cum in my mouth - a totally unnecessary move on his part as that was exactly where I wanted it. With a loud groan his horny cock throbbed and yet again I felt the warmth of cum filling into my mouth. Of course I swallowed his cum, feeling the gooey mixture of his cum and my saliva going down my throat.

When he finally finished I stroked him, squeezing a couple more drops out of him which I licked off the tip as they emerged. I sat up in the seat as he rearranged his pants, wiping a bit of cum off my face that had slipped by my lips and dripped down my chin. Much as I tried to seal my lips around a dick it always seemed a little would escape.

Chuck leaned over to me and kissed me. I still had some of his cum on my face and mouth but he didn't care. Finally we separated and stood outside of his car.

"Well Kelly, I'll see you before you leave for school," he said. "I hope today was something to remember me by while you are away. It certainly will be in my thoughts!"

"Oh Chuck, thank you for such a wonderful day. I am going to miss you so much!!"

Yeah, I was going to miss him all right. Actually what I was really going to miss was him fucking me like he did today. God I loved it! I couldn't wait to tell my parents all about my day.

## 5. Daddy Welcomes Me Back Home

With that there was nothing else to say so I went back into my house. My dad was in the kitchen and he smiled when he saw the radiant look on my face.

"Hey Kelly, you're looking quite pleased with yourself. I take it you had a good time today?"

I just grinned mischievously and went opened the refrigerator to get something to drink. Of course my dad knew that I'd been fucking Chuck non-stop all summer. He'd even seen us a few times so finally he couldn't contain himself anymore.

"Ok girl, spill it. How many times today?"

I laughed at him as I went over and planted a big kiss on his cheek.

"Two for me and four for him!"

My dad's eyes opened wide. "Four times? Geeze, no wonder you like this guy so much. What is he, some sort of a sex machine?"

I giggled, blushing a bit as I started heading up to my bedroom. Just as I was about to go up the stairs I turned around to him and gave him a big smile.

"You don't need to worry daddy, he can never replace you!"

With that I blew him a kiss and wiggled my butt for him as I ran up the stairs. In my bedroom fell back into my bed and just closed my eyes, recalling about all I'd done that day and thinking about how wonderful I was feeling at that moment. As I visualized Chuck fucking me in the lake my hand wandered between my legs and without even thinking about it soon I was rubbing myself. The more I thought about Chuck's wet cock sliding in and out of me the more I needed to touch myself and before long my jeans were on the bedroom floor and I was bottomless on my bed, masturbating as I thought about him cumming in me. I couldn't help myself as I started softly moaning as my clit responded to my touch, sending out surges of pleasure through my entire body.

For whatever reason I opened my eyes at one point and there in the doorway stood my dad with his pants open. He was stroking his erection as he watched me masturbate and I wondered how long he had been watching me. From the stiffness of his cock he must have been enjoying my little show!

"C'mon Daddy! How about some privacy!" I said in a teasing tone. Of course I didn't really mind him watching me but I liked to tease him about it anyway and I

almost indescribable. Dad was so worked up it only took a few minutes more before he was cumming inside of me.

"Oh fuck Kelly, I'm cumming girl... oh yeah, daddy's cumming in his little girl's pussy!"

For the third time today I felt a cock explode inside of me, shooting his load as he pushed even further inside of me. Finally he had given it all to me and he collapsed in my bed next to me, utterly exhausted. Looking over at me he gave me a big grin.

"Well girl, how does it feel to have cum from your boyfriend AND your dad inside of you at the same time?"

I laid back against the head of my bed with my legs still spread apart so he could see my open pussy with his cum dripping from it. I scooped some up in my fingers and licked it off. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good!

My dad eventually got the strength to get up. He gave me a long, passionate goodnight kiss, holding me tightly to him and then he left me and I was alone once again. Amazingly I found my pussy still had that hungry feeling and that I wanted to touch myself yet again! Sometimes it seems the more I get fucked the more I need it!

Eventually I brought myself to yet another orgasm after which I finally fell dead asleep. Never before had I ever engaged in so much sex in some many ways in one day before. I felt like the luckiest girl in the world!

## Follow-up

Just as everyone had warned me, Chuck dumped me without any warning only a couple weeks after I left for college. The irony is that I'd just finished having my new roomie take some sexy pics of me to send him when I got the e-mail from him saying he didn't want a "long distance Relationship". Yeah, that's right, an e-mail. He didn't even have the guts to call me!

It hit me like a tons of bricks as I realized then that he had been lying to me all summer. I know now that all Chuck wanted was a piece of my ass (among other things) and when he wasn't getting it he didn't want anything to do with me. Needless to say I didn't send him the pics! Well, I learned from the experience and since then I have not had another boyfriend. I've been fucked by a few guys since then but just for fun, not as part of any relationship.

My dad and mom both laughed at that one. They knew full well that my aunt had a thing for young boys and it was a poorly kept secret that she had shared more than a few of her daughter's boyfriends.

"What I'm trying to say is that you can't assume that just because she spreads her legs for every boy at school that she would be interested in doing it with John." My mom paused and looked over at my dad apologetically, "Sorry John, face it... you're not fourteen anymore!"

"Well, age difference doesn't seem to be much of a problem with it between the two of you," my dad responded with a grin on his face, "And by the way - you're not exactly a spring chicken yourself!"

"Oh now stop it John!" my aunt said, slapping him playfully, "That's not the same and you know it. There's a big difference between what we do and her being fucked by an uncle more than twice her age."

My mom had a thoughtful look on her face and cut in saying, "What if you two did something with Kristen like what John and I did with Kelly? Remember how we pretended not to know that she was home and let her think she was watching us making love in the hot tub without us knowing it? I mean, what if Kristen came home and found the two of you in bed? She doesn't know you guys do it so maybe the surprise will trigger a desire in Kristen like it did in Kelly."

Note from Kelly: I was a bit surprised when I first heard this part. I'd always thought they didn't know I'd seen them, let alone it was part of some grand scheme they'd made up for me!

"Well, sounds good to me," my dad said, licking his lips. He looked at Linda and there was no mistaking the lust he had for his sister-in-law.

Eventually they all agreed it was worth the effort. After all, what was the worst that could happen? They figured that even though Kristen didn't know the real reason why her mom loved to visit her sister and brother-in-law so much, it probably wouldn't shock her all that much as they'd always been pretty intimate as it was. If for some reason she didn't respond then no real harm would be done and they would just have to think of something else or just forget the whole idea. They finally developed a plan and waited for the right time to put it in motion...

## 2. Kristen Watches Her Uncle Fuck Her Mom

Later that week Kristen came home from school at the usual time. Entering the kitchen she was just about to call out to let her mom know she was home when she heard some strange sounds coming from the upstairs bedroom. Curious, she silently made her way up the carpeted stairs as she listened to the voices coming from her mom's bedroom through the open door.

"Oh my god John... fuck me... fuck me harder! Dammit you feel so good in me. Oh God oh god... shove that hard dick in me deeper!"

At first Kristen figured it was just her mom with some guy from work. As a realtor in a highly competitive market it wasn't all that unusual for her mom to bring a client home now and then, especially when she was trying to close a deal. Although sometimes her mom didn't mind her joining in (especially when the big deal was up for grabs), she normally arranged that ahead of time. Assuming this was just a friend of her mom's, Kristen turned to head back down the stairs and fix herself something to eat when she heard the guy finally speak up a little louder.

"Oh yea Linda, that's it... squeeze that hot cunt on me, tighten it around my cock... I'm gonna fuck you so goddamn hard."

To her surprise and shock she recognized the guy's voice. It was her Uncle John! NOW she was curious so she peeked around the open door and saw a sight she'd never expected to see - her mom being fucked by her favorite uncle and both of them apparently loving it! She was riding him on the bed, facing him with her boobs hanging down into his face as she leaned over him.

Kristen's first reaction was to turn away before they saw she was watching, a bit embarrassed that she'd stumbled across what must be a secret between the two of them. Wow! Her uncle was cheating on her aunt... and with her mom at that! Kristen knew that her aunt and uncle had strict rules about sex outside of marriage although at the time she hadn't known anything about the incestuous relationships that existed in her family. She wondered how long this sort of thing had been going on between them or if maybe this was something new.

Kristen started to walk away but her growing curiosity got the better of her. She'd seen her uncle nude plenty of times before so that was no big deal. Nobody wore bathing suits when they were over at her uncle's house in the hot tub but it had been that way all her life so it wasn't a big deal to her. That said, Kristen had never seen her uncle in a sexual situation before and certainly not with her mom! Although her uncle was more than twice her age and older guys normally didn't turn her on, in this case though he was her uncle and somehow that seemed to make a difference even if she wasn't quite sure how to respond.

Feeling a little more bold, Kristen returned to the doorway where she stood and watched as the her mom and uncle fucked one another with a passion that surprised her. Damn, for two old people they could really do it! She started to feel a growing ache in her pussy, the same as she got when one of her boyfriends touched her and she knew it was only a matter of time before she was going to fucked. Her face flushed with her arousal as she reached under her short skirt, pulling aside her already damp panties and starting to rub her damp pussy gently.

As Kristen watched, she realized there was something about watching her mom riding her uncle that seemed so much hotter than when she was with just some stranger. Kristen's rubbing got harder and faster and finally she pulled her now soaked panties aside more so she could reach inside herself, wetting her finger and pulling that wetness out and upward to better lubricate her clit. She rubbed it even faster as her knees weakened causing her to lean her free arm against the door frame as she brought herself to an orgasm, all the while never talking her eyes off the scene in front of her. Kristen's orgasm peaked just as she saw her mom sucking her uncle's engorged cock and then him spraying his hot cum all over her face and tongue. Leaning back against the doorway Kristen couldn't believe how hard she'd just cum while watching her mom getting fucked by her Uncle John!

# 3. Aunt Mary Has "The Talk" With Kristen

The two lovers were lying in each other's arms as Kristen licked off her fingers, repositioned her panties and smoothed down her skirt. She silently made her way down the stairs to the living room and was shocked yet again. Sitting on the couch was her Aunt Mary! A look of surprise, along with more than a bit of embarrassment, came over Kristen's face as she realized that her mom was upstairs after having just been fucked by her aunt's husband - and here in the same house was her aunt!

My mom smiled at her and told her to take a seat next to her. Kristen sat down as told and my aunt put her arm around her lovingly. "Now don't worry Kristen, I know all about what's been going on upstairs. In fact, if I wasn't here talking to you about this I might just be up there with them!"

"But Aunt Mary, I don't understand," Kristen said, totally confused.

"I know Kristen, I know. Here, let me just tell you and get it over with. You see, your mom and I were both being fucked by your uncle while we were in high school so we just figured why stop just because he and I got married? You know how wonderful your uncle has always been to you and your mom. It's worked out for best for all of us I think."

"So does Kelly know about any of this?" Kristen asked, wondering how she could have not seen this before. Now that she knew about it everything seemed so obvious - the hugs, the kisses, the fondling and groping, the disappearing to locked rooms. If anything she felt a little stupid and naive.

My mom hugged Kristen even tighter. "Yes she does - everything. As a matter of fact, she's been doing it with us since she was sixteen!"

Kristen's eyes opened wide. "No way! She never told me anything about that." Then suddenly she realized what my aunt had just said and gasped, "You mean Uncle John fucks Kelly? His own daughter? Isn't that..."

"Incest?" My mom finished her sentence with a coy grin on her face. "Of course it is. To be perfectly honest, I think it's hot watching them together."

"So what, he just did her one day or what?" Kristen said softly, trying to wrap her mind around yet another piece of stunning news.

"Actually, Kelly was the one that helped to get it started," my mom explained, "She asked your uncle not long after she secretly watched us making love in the hot tub. Well, at least she THOUGHT it was as secret."

Kristen's eyes narrowed and she seemed to be trying to fit the puzzle pieces into place. "You know, Kelly told me once that she'd seen you two making love but she never mentioned a word about doing anything else later. We never even talked about it much after that."

"That's right Kristen. We didn't want you to know about this until we felt you were old enough to understand and make decisions for yourself."

"Oh??? What decisions?" Kristen's head cocked as she asked this and my mom knew she already had the answer but needed to hear the words for herself.

"I think you know Kristen. It's entirely up to you and there's no pressure. Do you want to join in? Look, I saw how hot you got from watching my husband with your mom. I have to say, you really know how to take care of yourself when you're horny!"

"What!! You watched me?" Kristen's face flushed as she realized what her aunt must have seen.

"of course I did, I wasn't going to miss that for anything. Don't worry, you looked really hot. You see Kristen, with Kelly off at college now your uncle's been getting less than half the sex he's accustomed to as he had Kelly almost every day - sometimes even more often. I hate to admit it but your mom and I just can't keep up that pace on top of what we already do! Besides, we've had our babies and Mother Nature is cruel. Neither of our pussies can begin to compare with a teenage girl's so you can understand why John loves fucking Kelly's so much."

Kristen was speechless for one of the few times in her life. My mom took advantage of the silence and continued on saying, "All I want to know is whether or not you'd like to take Kelly's place while she's away at school? You know that we would never force you to do anything you don't want to which is why we staged this little event for you today and why I'm here talking to you now."

"Huh?... You mean they KNEW I was watching them?" Kristen's face turned red again as she thought about her mom literally performing for her daughter's benefit. It was one thing spying on her when her boyfriends visited but quite another to find out she was doing it as a show for her.

"Oh yes they did! Trust me when I tell you that your mom was hornier than I've seen her in ages waiting for you to get home. The two of you have such a wonderful relationship already and she's dreamed for years about you joining her with us."

Kristen looked a bit panicked asking, "You know what my mom and I do?"

"Don't worry sweetie, I think it's wonderful. I only wish I'd been able to start with Kelly when she was younger. I was always so jealous of your mom!"

"OK, so now I'm REALLY confused," Kristen said, trying to regain her composure, "Just what exactly are you asking me? Is this just me and Uncle John or what? Are you going to be involved too? What about my mom?"

"Well, that's entirely up to you Kristen. You don't even have to be involved at all if you don't want to be. Just say so and we'll never bring this up again unless you ask to. We'll just pretend nothing happened today, OK?"

"So what about Kelly? Does she know about any of this?"

My mom sighed. "Well Kristen, you know how homesick Kelly's been at school and now hopefully you understand better why she is. It certainly doesn't help that the stupid rules at her school about sex are so ridiculously medieval. Then having that bastard of a boyfriend dump her was an unexpected blow. Sometimes I don't understand why she wanted so bad to go to that school being it is so far away. At least her room-mate' bi so that's helped."

Kristen interrupted her at that asking, "Her roomie's bi? So you're telling me that they..."

My mom couldn't help but laugh a little at that one. "Of course they do. It's not all that uncommon for girls to experiment in college. That's when I first started myself."

Kristen seemed to be concentrating so my mom let her think for a moment and then Kristen said, "I guess so. I mean... it's one thing to do it with your mom but another girl?"

"You know, moms are girls too," my mom reminded her unnecessarily.

"I guess...," Kristen replied, her voice dropping off as if she was still trying to cope with this latest piece of information.

My mom continued from the earlier conversation saying, "I guess what I'm saying is that with all this new stuff going on in her life we'd rather not tell Kelly - at least not right now. Maybe when she comes home for summer break we will but until then I don't want her to dwell about not being with her dad any more than she already is now. I think you can see how she might think that you are taking her place which would just make her think about it all the more."

My mom hugged Kristen with both arms around her and then looked her in the eyes. "So what do you think Kristen? Do you need more time to decide? You don't have to rush into anything."

Kristen just put her thin arms around her favorite aunt and squeezed tightly. "Oh Aunt Mary, I don't need any time at all... I'd love to be with all of you. It's going to be a weird at first though you know."

My mom laughed at that last comment and then took her hand and stood up saying, "Then let's go up and tell your mom and Uncle John. I'm sure they've been anxiously waiting and wondering what's been going on down here."

She paused and then rolled her eyes a bit and shook her head, "But then again, knowing those two sex addicts they could still be going at it!"

## 4. My Dad Fucks Kristen For the First Time

My mom took Kristen's hand and her slowly up the stairs. They entered the bedroom together where they found her mother and uncle still lying in bed naked with their arms around each other. My dad had a bit of smirk on his face as Aunt Linda hand slowly stroked his semi-hard dick. My mom looked at them and then back again to Kristen and smiled.

"Well, I'm pleased to inform you that Kristen had decided that she wants to be with us," she announced, almost like announcing an engagement, "Just so you both know, this is all still pretty new to her - she really had no idea!"

Aunt Linda sat up in bed, wiping her hands on the comforter before putting her arms out to her daughter. Kristen sat down on the bed next to her and they hugged as Aunt Linda whispered, "I love you Kristen."

My dad moved over and hugged Kristen as well. Although Kristen had seen him nude plenty of times before, she'd never actually felt him pressed up against her naked before, at least not with an erection. With Kristen now in her uncle's arms, her mother and aunt hugged each other and kissed. Kristen watched and realized then how much they meant to each other, how much they enjoyed each other. Then the women turned to leave the room. It was only natural that her mother be the one to explain what was happening next.

"Don't worry Kristen, we'll all be together soon. Today's your first day and we don't want to overwhelm you. Spend some time getting to know your uncle in a whole new way. I can't wait to hear all about it later!"

With that the two of them left and Kristen found herself alone on the bed with her naked uncle. There was an awkward silence as my dad sat next to her. He was nude with his cock slightly erect while Kristen was still fully dressed having just come

When he was finally just at the verge of cumming, my dad pulled himself out of Kristen's tight ass and stood back. Kristen quickly turned around and was nearly too slow as he started to explode just as she got her face next to his dick. As he came, she took as much of his cock into her mouth as she could.

The thought that it had just been in her ass moments before came and went as she knew it didn't matter anymore, her uncle was going to do what he wanted to do, just as she had promised to him earlier that he could.

His whole body went rigid as the each blast of cum erupted from his swollen cock, splashing against the back of her throat. Kristen kept her lips tightly around him, holding as much of his cum in her mouth as she could.

Again and again he shot his sperm into her mouth until finally she could hold no more and had to let some drip from her lips down her chin. It seemed he would never stop but finally he collapsed on the bed as she looked at him, swallowing his cum and then opening her mouth so he could see none was left on her tongue.

Now that my dad had cum, Kristen crawled seductively back into bed and took him again in her mouth. He was now ultra-sensitive after having just cum and he involuntarily jumped a bit as she started to suck his cock, trying to draw just a few more drops from him. Finally she just laid her head on his lap with his now softened cock still in her mouth and looked up at him.

My dad motioned for her to come to him and when she did he kissed her. Her face still had his cum on it and her mouth was still coated but he didn't mind, he loved the taste. Kristen laid to his side, her arm and one leg draped over him. He had his arm around her and the two lay together, exhausted. Her ass still hurt and she wondered if she would be able to ever sit again.

"So what do you think Kristen? Do you want to do this again?"

"Oh my God Uncle John, are you kidding!?" she burst out, "I've NEVER been fucked like that before. I never knew a cock could feel so good or go so deep into my pussy."

She didn't say a word about the anal sex but my uncle didn't seem to care.

Just then my mom and aunt re-entered the room, laughing and clapping. Her mom acted like her daughter had just won a gold medal!

"Oh Kristen, that was fantastic! I am so proud of my daughter - what a hot little fuck you are!

My dad grinned. "Oh yeah Linda, your daughter is a chip off the old block for sure. Sorry to say this but she's even hotter than you were at her age! Her pussy was

reason or another the right opportunity just never seemed to come about. I suppose the case could be made that I didn't really LOOK for one either but then, why would I? From the time I tasted my first cock, I knew I LOVED sucking cock and being fucked was even better. Since I was quite satisfied with my sex life as it was, why should I go looking for something else? There was certainly no shortage of guys willing to volunteer to take care of my "needs" whenever I was horny.

In the interest of full disclosure, while I may have never actually DONE anything with another girl, it wasn't like I didn't look at girls with interest or masturbate about them. Indeed, I often would watch my cousin masturbate and think of how much I would have loved to lick her pussy or have her do mine. The same with my best friend Beth and other girls my age. I was totally turned on watching them touch themselves or having sex with other boys but somehow the right moment never came up. Sure at parties w would kiss and fondle each other but that was just to tease the boys, not as something actually between us.

When I left home for my first year of college I also left behind my boyfriend Chuck who was going to be a junior at The University of Pittsburgh. As you might guess Chuck wasn't exactly thrilled when I chose a school that was almost four hours away, meaning I would only be home for major holidays.

As for myself, although I knew I would miss him a lot, I wasn't too worried about us being separated for so long because I knew that we were in love with each other and somehow or another I was sure we would make it work. If nothing else, I was confident that memories of my patented blow jobs, not to mention my willingness to let him fuck me virtually anytime and anyplace, would keep him waiting for me!

As for me, I was more concerned about the lack of sex than anything else. For the past four years I probably hadn't gone more than a week or two without getting laid so how would I cope with having to go for weeks or even months without it? Chuck may have been a bit spoiled in that he knew he could have me whenever he wanted, but at the same time I was also accustomed to having Chuck's horny cock available pretty much whenever I wanted it (c'mon, when did a boy ever say no when a girl asks him to fuck her?).

On top of everything else, I would no longer be getting fucked regularly by my dad either. Actually, this would be the first time since he first fucked me over two years ago that he would have to go more than a few days without me being there to take care of his needs and I wondered how both of us would cope with the separation. It wasn't so much I needed my dad to take care of MY needs, I loved it when he fucked me because I knew I was taking care of HIS needs. As a daughter, what more could I do for my father than that?

So to sum it up, going cold turkey when I was used to having TWO cocks readily available was not something I was looking forward to dealing with. Of course I LOVE to masturbate but that's not the same as having sex. There's nobody I could blame as I had chosen the school based on the thought that in the long run it would be best for my career. So the sex thing would just have to work its way out. In my heart I knew God had led me to this decision so I just had to accept His will and trust that he would take care of me as he always has.

## 2. Brenda, My New Roomie

A couple of weeks before school started, I was notified of my dorm assignment and given the name and e-mail address of my new roomie. We'd exchanged a few things and pics but it wasn't until I arrived at my new school that I got to meet my new roomie for the first time.

Brenda and I got along fantastic from the start even though we were quite different in many ways. She was a perky redhead with freckles whose great boobs (ok, so I was a little jealous about those!) and looks were already catching the eyes of the upperclassmen.

One of the unusual things about Brenda was that her family lived only about ten miles from school. As she explained it, her parents wanted her to stay in the dorms during her freshman year so she could have her "college life experience" and then live at home for the remaining three years to save money (living in the dorms IS expensive). As things turned out, I doubt they had a clue what "life experiences" she would be soon be having. No doubt if they had, they might've thought twice about the arrangement!

During our second week of school Brenda invited me to come over to her house for the upcoming weekend. Her parents lived out of town near a small lake in a large two-story home. I was especially excited when she told me that they had a pool in the back yard. The weather in mid-September was still pretty hot at times so a dip in a pool sounded awfully inviting. Needless to say, I immediately agreed to go home with her! Besides, if nothing else it beat spending a weekend alone in my dorm room masturbating.

Of course it wasn't that masturbating was so bad - I could spend an entire weekend doing it. No, it was the being alone part that sucked. I'd been away from home less than two weeks and already I was so incredibly horny that I wasn't sure I was going to hold out until Parent's Weekend in October when my dad would come to "rescue" me.

Being a private Christian school, there were very strict guidelines on our lifestyles, particularly regarding sexual behavior. In a nutshell, "no sex" would sum it up pretty well. That includes anything on the Internet, which they warned they would be monitoring everything we did very closely.

The dress code was rather draconian but not anything I couldn't live with although it required a pretty drastic overhaul of my wardrobe from high school where pretty much anything went. Although not spelled out in any exact words, it was strongly implied that even masturbation was viewed as a sin as it involved lust and self-gratification and would not be tolerated.

After our orientation, Brenda and I talked about these guidelines and for a while we both sort of danced around the subject. I had a feeling she wanted to say a few things but was worried that I might be some sort of prude and frankly, I had some of the same concerns about her. Finally, I decided to break the vicious circle of denial.

"OK Brenda, I'll be the first to say it... I'm not a virgin."

Brenda cracked up and for a minute I wondered what I'd said that was so funny.

"Sorry Kelly, I don't mean to laugh," she apologized, "It's just that here we are in college, and it's like we're back in middle school talking about the first time we kissed a boy!"

I couldn't help but laugh a bit at that as well. She was right, it was pretty silly but then after the dire warnings during orientation, what choice did we have?

"And for your information, I'm not a virgin either," she blurted out between giggles.

It was the proverbial opening of the floodgates as once we got started, it was like one-upmanship as we each confessed more and more about our sexual history. Naturally, there were a few things I did NOT tell her such as my family "relationships" nor did I tell her the truth as to how many guys I'd been with.

Brenda told me that she had been with two guys so far and the way she made it sound, THAT was a lot to her! Well, no way was I going to tell her how many guys

I'd fucked, not to mention the number of BJs I'd given. I told her I'd been with a few guys - enough to impress her but not enough to make her think I was some class slut or anything. Being the class slut was something I'd been quite proud of back in high school but here at a Christian college, it's not exactly something you wear on your sleeve!

Although it took a little while for either of us to admit it to the other, one thing we both agreed on - we both liked to masturbate. Even so, this was another area where I felt it was better to hold back a bit. Brenda actually blushed when she told me she sometimes did it several times a WEEK, as if that was something naughty. Imagine if she knew that sometimes I did it that many times a DAY! Thus I toned things down a bit and just agreed with her that we were about the same.

Brenda was obviously from a more conservative lifestyle than I was and when I hinted about us maybe masturbating together sometime, the look on her face was enough for me to back-track immediately. The one thing we agreed on was not to make a big deal out it. Thus during the first couple of weeks we both did it but made an effort not to be obvious about it when the other was around.

It was a bit of a pain not to be able to do myself whenever I wanted like I was used to doing back home, but I was hopeful that the day would come when we would be comfortable enough with each other to do that. Who knows, maybe this weekend would provide the opportunity? It wasn't like we would be having sex with any guys. Honestly, at that point the thought of me doing anything with her beyond just watching her fingering her pussy never even crossed my mind.

## 3. Morning at Brenda's House

Brenda's parents picked us up promptly after classes were over on Friday and it only took about twenty minutes to get to their house. Her mom served a great dinner and for the rest of the evening we watched TV in their family room. Her parents were quite a bit older than mine and I learned that they were alumni of our university. The two of them had met in school and married about a year after graduation.

I also learned that Brenda had a brother as well but he was older than her and was already married with two small boys. They lived in town and visited quite often but she didn't expect him to be there this weekend. There were some family pictures on the tables and Brenda showed me what he looked like. Wow, he didn't look too shabby! I didn't dare say anything as I had no idea how Brenda would react if I told her what I was getting horny thinking about her married brother.

Brenda's parents said goodnight and went off to bed early after which Brenda and I decided to go to her bedroom and we got changed for bed.

That brings up another issue we had to work out early in our dorm room experience - what to wear around the room and to bed. For all the preparations I'd made, this was something I never even thought about once. Ever since I was twelve, I've slept nude and so for me it's not even something I think about unless I'm at someone else's house.

I suppose I should've expected it to be like a sleepover at one of my friend's and put on a nightie or even pajamas the first night, but when it came time for bed I instinctively started to get in naked bed after removing my clothes. Looking over at Brenda, I saw she was putting on a long T-shirt style shirt over a pair of gym shorts. She have me an odd look and suddenly I realized what she was wondering about - what in the world was her new roomie doing going to bed in the nude?

I grabbed a T-shirt and put it on so we could discuss the situation. I explained to her that sleeping nude for me had nothing to do with anything sexual, it was simply the most comfortable way for me to sleep. I originally started sleeping nude because I wanted to mimic my parents, but over time I found it simply felt better than having to deal with unnecessary clothes.

Much to my surprise - and delight, Brenda just shrugged her shoulders and told me to do whatever I felt most comfortable with. Well, since she was OK with it I dropped the T-shirt and slipped between the covers. Once Brenda realized I wasn't a nudist or something kinky or perverted, she more or less ignored me after that. It wasn't like I ran around the dorm room all day and night nude. Even at home I didn't do THAT. Really, the only time I like being nude (besides personal care and well, the obvious) is in bed or in our hot tub.

About the third or fourth night, I noticed Brenda quickly dropping her nightie and slipping between the covers nude. I didn't say anything and waited until morning when she got out of bed after me and thus I was able to see her nude again. She blushed a little and then explained she thought she might try it for herself. I asked her how she liked it and she giggled, saying it wasn't all that bad. From that night on we both slept nude without discussing it further. Tonight, though, we were at her house and she was being a little more conservative.

"Ummmmm, Kelly... " she started off as I started to get in her bed nude, "I think here at home we should wear something to bed. If my mom were to come in here and find the two of us in my bed naked... well I can't even begin to imagine what she would say!"

It was tempting to debate it but instead I just rolled my eyes and shrugged. It actually made sense the more I thought about it. Her parents seemed really nice but I could tell from the moment I first met them that they were extremely conservative and the last thing I wanted to do was cause my new roomie any problems with them over something silly like sleeping in the nude.

Reluctantly I pulled the nightshirt I'd been wearing back over my head and the two of us slipped in bed next to each other. She only had a double-size bed so we had to be pretty close to one another and I couldn't help but be conscious that she was up against me with nothing but a couple layers of thin cotton separating us. This was the first time I'd laid close to her like this and it felt a little different in a way I wasn't sure how to describe.

We started chatting about school and boyfriends and any strange thoughts quickly left my head. It wasn't like I'd never slept together with a friend before and no doubt she had done the same herself with her friends so there was no reason this should be any different. Beside, in our discussions about sex she hadn't mentioned anything about girls.

As you might imagine, it was pretty late by then time we finally drifted off to sleep and as a result we woke up late as well the next morning. Getting out of bed, the first thing that hit me up was how quiet the house was, especially compared to the typical noise of the dorm. Actually, it was TOO quiet and so Brenda went out to investigate.

She quickly returned with the news that her parents had left us on our own and handed me the note which explained that they'd left early to go to a farm auction a couple of hours away. The part that caught my eye was the ending where her mom said that they wouldn't be back until after supper time. After I read it I looked back up at Brenda who had the beginnings of a sly grin on her face.

"Well, that's really cool," she said, "We have the house all to ourselves for the entire day!"

Now I had no idea what she had in mind for the day that would be any different with her parents gone. I was still trying to rub the sleep from my eyes and wake up without fretting over it. We both headed off to the bathroom to brush our teeth and get ourselves ready. Since we weren't planning to go anywhere I didn't worry much about my makeup and just let my hair go for the day. From the looks of things, it was going to be a hotter than average September day so we both decided on shorts and tank tops. Brenda wore panties and a bra and when she saw I didn't, she could help but comment.

"No underwear?" she teased.

"Hey, we're not at school so why bother?" I replied.

"Well, I guess with your boobs you can get away with it," she said with a wry grin. She lifted her boobs with her hands and juggled them a little and continued, "These girls can be a pain sometimes."

Well, I GUESS that was a compliment. Growing up it seemed that my boobs had always seemed to be the smallest among my friends and so I was perhaps a little overly sensitive about any remarks made about them but I knew Brenda wasn't trying to say anything about mine. Hers WERE much larger than mine and I guess I could see where a little support might help during the day.

"Still, my mom would die if I went anywhere without panties," Brenda continued.

I laughed and said, "Well, my mom would probably die of surprise if I did! Besides, who's gonna see us anyway?"

That ended that line of questions. Once we'd dressed and each wolfed down a bowl of cereal for breakfast, Brenda asked me if I wanted to take a little hike so that she could show me the lake. She said it was only about a quarter mile or so walk to get to the parking area and boat launch which was fine with me. We both put on our sneakers and headed out.

Being accustomed to the never- ending crowds back in Pittsburgh, it surprised me how isolated her house was and how little traffic there was on the road. I mean, back in the 'burgh if there was a lake this close the roads would have been filled with cars and trucks towing boats by now. We didn't see a single car or another person during our hike and even the couple of houses we passed didn't show any signs of life.

It didn't take long for us to turn the corner and suddenly there in front of us was the parking lot and beyond that was a small lake. Brenda led me over to where a row of pontoon boats were tied up and then she shocked me by jumping on board one of the smaller ones. There wasn't anyone around so it wasn't like anything we would get in trouble, but it still seemed odd as back home I never would've dreamed to even touch someone else's boat at our marina! Brenda stood there looking back at me with her arms outstretched toward me.

"Well, what do you think of the family yacht?" she asked.

The light bulb over my head finally lit and I understood what she was doing. Our family had always owned boats designed for water skiing and in fact, I'd never even set foot on a pontoon boot in my entire life so it never occurred to me that one of them might belong to Brenda, or at last her parents.

Brenda motioned for me to get on board with her and she showed me around. It didn't more than a few seconds as it wasn't very big, but then neither was the lake. She explained that boats were limited to small engines so there was no point in having a fancy boat or anything. Her family enjoyed just going out on the lake to party and fish and this little boat was well suited to the task.

Leaving the boat, we walked around the park, avoiding the crap left by the flocks of geese that seemed to be everywhere (God I hate them!). Eventually I was surprised when we were back at her house. My bearings were totally screwed up and I couldn't have told you how we got back there through the woods but somehow we made it. The sun was starting to get hot by then and we were both getting a bit warm. As we walked through her back yard towards her house, Brenda turned to me with a mischievous smile.

"I know JUST what to do next," she announced, "I'm going to help you out with that problem of yours."

I guess I must have looked more than a bit puzzled at her excitement because she laughed and explained, "Oh Kelly, don't tell me you've forgotten about ol' Chucky boy? You know, the hunk you just spent half of last night crying on my shoulder about! Well... I've been thinking about your little dilemma and I know exactly what you need to do!"

It was true, I HAD sort of gone on a bit last night about how much I missed Chuck. To the best of my recollection, I never told her the total reason but she probably worked out the details for herself. Brenda had known early on that I was doing it with Chuck and we actually had some discussions about how to deal with our "past lives" - as in before we came to school, and our current situation. If Chuck were to appear in the door right now, I would probably have his pants down and his cock in my mouth before he got finished saying hello (well, maybe not THAT fast but you get the idea.)

One thing I hadn't mentioned and that was in order to attend this school we all had to sign a pledge stating that we would abstain from sex and promiscuous behavior. Frankly, I never had any intention of complying with it but still, it was in the back of my mind. Although Brenda wasn't a virgin, she didn't have a boyfriend at the time and she said she hadn't had sex in over a year so going without it wasn't such a big deal for her.

As for ME, I was used to it most every day and sometimes more, depending on who was available, so it WAS a big deal for me. Of course I didn't tell Brenda that I was doing it that often but she must have gotten the general idea that I DID do it a lot more than she did. So now I had to wonder what she was up to. Odds were she wasn't hiding Chuck in the closet so what could she possibly be plotting to address my "problem" regarding him?

## 4. Brenda's Back Yard

By this time we'd made it to the house and once inside, Brenda made a beeline straight to a kitchen drawer where she triumphantly pulled out a small digital camera. Ok, sometimes, I may not be the sharpest knife in the drawer but in this case it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what she had in mind! She must have seen that light bulb over my head flash go off again as she put her hand to her mouth and giggled like a little girl.

Before I knew what was happening, Brenda snapped a couple of pics of me and when I started to protest, she simply ignored me and took some more. After she had her shots, Brenda grabbed me by the hand and started pulling me along, presumably to her bedroom if I was reading her intentions correctly. As it turned out, I had the destination correct but not her intentions!

"Come on Kelly," she encouraged me as she literally dragged me down the hall.

I didn't really mind, it was just sort of fun to pretend to protest. When we got to her room, instead of taking more pics of me as I expected, she surprised me by saying, "C'mon, let's go out to the pool! I bet your boyfriend would love to see some pics of that hot body in a bikini!"

Everything was happening so fast that I wasn't sure how to react. On the one hand I felt a twinge of excitement at the thought of sending Chuck some cute pics of me but then there was her comment about my "hot body". Oh well, I decided just to take it as a compliment and got undressed.

I knew Brenda had a pool so I'd brought a bikini along with me. It was strapless but not by any stretch of the imagination one of my more revealing ones. The main reason I'd chosen it was that I had been out in the sun with it quite a bit and my tan lines matched up. Not exactly the most thought-out selection but it worked for me.

As I slipped off my shorts, my eyes wandered over to Brenda who was pulling her T-shirt up and over her head. As she removed her bra, freeing her incredible boobs, I couldn't help but admire them. God she had great boobs! As I stripped off my T-shirt I felt a bit like I did sometimes in high school gym class when I wanted to hide my boobs because they didn't look near as nice as many of the other girls' boobs did. It wasn't like I was flat or anything and what I did have was pretty firm and perky - no sagging here I can tell you. It was just another cup size would have helped the ol' Kelly self-esteem!

Another thing I was reminded of seeing Brenda nude was her cute pussy. She didn't shave very much nor did she trim it a lot so her pubic hair was a bit thick compared to most girls these days. The thing that grabbed my attention wasn't the thickness of her pubic hair but rather the color. Brenda was a "true" redhead and if anything, her pubic hair was even brighter red than her hair on her head. The reason it caught my attention so was I knew my dad was a sucker for redheads. Both his wife and daughter were brunettes as well as my Aunt. The exception was my cousin Kristen who was a blonde but even so, her pussy (when she wasn't shaving) was much darker.

I hadn't realized how much my dad was fascinated by redheads until one day I was studying on the couch in our family room and my dad turned on a porn movie. I don't know what her name was, but on the porn-star whores was a "true" redhead and when I looked up, my dad was jerking his cock like crazy as he watched! Just then my mom passed through on the way to do some laundry and she saw me gawking at my father. She patted me on the head lightly and then pointed at my dad.

"Ahhhhhh, I guess you never knew about your father's fetish over redheads!" she said, slowly shaking her head with that "what can you do?" look on her face. "John, couldn't you have waited until later?"

My dad just grinned and used his free hand to wave her off. His other hand never left his cock and his eyes never left the screen. I went back to my studying. The things you didn't know about your parents!

So anyway, that's why I was so interested in Brenda's pussy. I'd told my dad one night on the phone (needless to say, Brenda wasn't around) about my roomie's red pussy and he begged me to take a picture of her but I didn't dare. How would I explain it - tell her my dad wants to see her pussy? Yeah right!

In the meantime, we both had changed into our bikinis and were now headed for the back yard once again. Following Brenda's lead, on the way to the back yard I couldn't help but take a long look at the cute little ass that was bouncing suggestively in front of me. While I was wearing a rather conservative suit, Brenda had picked out a very suggestive string bikini that didn't leave much to the imagination to say the least.

There WAS one thing that made me curious though; her tan lines extended well beyond the thong so it was obvious she usually wore a much more conservative bikini. Not only that, but from the brief time that I'd known her mother, I couldn't possibly imagining her mom sanctioning anything even half as suggestive as what Brenda was wearing. So if it wasn't her normal suit, and if her parents didn't even know about it, why was she wearing it now?

I figured she was just trying to show off a bit, maybe trying to impress me with how much she could rebel against her parents or something. Whatever the reason, I didn't mind and if anything, it made me wish I'd brought along one of my more naughty bikinis.

When we finally reached the pool, my attention was drawn away from her bikini and ass by the sight of the inviting clear water. It was late in the summer so odds were it was pretty warm. I didn't hesitate and just jumped right in. Sure enough, the water was practically at bath temperature but it still felt cool in comparison to the air temperature that seemed to be rising faster by the minute!

I climbed up on one of the plastic floats and laid on my stomach, stretching out and relaxing as the waves created by my entrance bounced me gently up and down. As I relaxed in the middle of the pool I heard a clicking sound from behind me. Looking over my shoulder I saw Brenda standing at the edge of the pool holding her camera once again, taking more pics of me.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT was a GREAT picture of your ass!" she said as she took a few more pics of me. "I don't know if I've told you this yet or not, but I'm SUPER jealous of your ass."

For some odd reason I felt a little embarrassed at first. I wasn't sure why as it wasn't the first time by any means that I'd been photographed in a bikini or less. It was just that the photographer was usually one of my parents or a friend, not someone who was still a stranger to me in many ways.

I knew sometimes guys took pictures of me when I was waterskiing or even at the public pool. Usually the lifeguards would shoo them away but I didn't mind. If anything, I wondered what they did with them when they got home. Hopefully, they masturbated thinking about me and it turned me on laying out in the open as I thought about the possibilities. This was different though. Brenda wasn't some perv at the public pool – she was my roomie!

"Oh c'mon Kelly, relax! Chucky boy is going to love these!" she teased me.

Frankly, I was starting to get annoyed at this stupid nickname she apparently was intent on using for my boyfriend. She must have misinterpreted my annoyance as being associated with the pictures she was taking.

"Ahhhhhh, don't pretend you don't know what a cute ass you've got. I bet you love showing it off for him when you're home – and every other guy as well," she said grinning the whole time.

Well, I had to admit that she had me pegged when it came to showing off my but! When you don't have the greatest chest in the world you have to take advantage of what you've got and for me, that was my butt. I loved to wear a short skirt or tight jeans, anything to tease Chuck as much as possible. Fortunately, he loved it too and it made me feel hot when we would walk through the mall and I would feel his hand clenching my ass right in front of everyone!

Brenda took a few more of me before finally putting the camera down. I watched as she took a deep breath and jumped in to join me in the pool. Naturally the first thing she did was tip me off the raft and the water fight was on! We played around, splashing each other and chasing one another, just goofing around like two little girls.

Later, as we sunned on a beach towel in her back yard, Brenda got up and took a few more shots of me. The she gave me a more thoughtful look after which a playful grin broke out on her face.

"Ya know Kelly, you've got a great tan and much as I love the strapless thing you have going there, that bikini have just doesn't cut it."

She stood up and wagged her finger at me saying, "Now you just hang on for a minute, I have the perfect thing for you!"

Before I could get a word in edgewise, Brenda had turned and was running back to the house. It seemed like less than a minute had gone by when she emerged with something in her hand. A couple of steps from me she tossed the pieces of cloth to me and I held them up to find a sexy bikini. The top was lime green and bottom was cream with orange stripes. The material was practically fluorescent and seemed to magically to glow as I held it next to my tanned legs. Brenda smiled, obviously satisfied with herself for her selection.

"Yep, now THAT'S the bikini for you. Your tan looks so much better next to it," she said approvingly, "Ok girl, switch."

I figured there was nothing to lose in trying it on so I got up and started walking back to the house to change in the privacy of her room. I hadn't taken two steps before Brenda huffed and shrugged her shoulders at me.

"Hey!... Where do you think you're going?" she called out after me, "Just change out here. Don't worry, nobody can see anything."

I didn't want to appear prudish or anything bit then changing bikinis in the backyard of her house WAS a little pushing the envelope so I hesitated for a second. Brenda's face had such a look of exasperation I caved in and started to take off my bikini. After dropping the bottoms I pulled the top over my head. I reached down for the new bikini and couldn't help but feel a bit weird standing there nude right out in the middle of her back yard where anybody going by could see me.

It wasn't like I was ashamed of my body and I loved to show it off, but I didn't make a practice of being nude in public either. I spent a lot of time nude on our deck, especially when I was using the hot tub but it wasn't like the whole neighborhood could see. Here, anyone driving by would get themselves a free show but then I remembered how few cars ever came down the roads and it didn't seem so bad. The thing that concerned me most wasn't someone seeing me nude, it was that the word might get back to Brenda's parents! Brenda started to reach for something and when I saw what it was I had to protest.

"Hey! Don't you DARE snap any pictures of me like this!" I said with a laugh, trying to take the edge off of the sharp tone I had used.

It was then that I realized that Brenda hadn't taken her eyes off of me the entire time that I was undressing. Normally that would have made me uncomfortable but in this case, for whatever reason it felt more erotic than anything else

I quickly slipped on the new bikini and from what I could tell, she was right - it looked great except my tan lines on my boobs from my own bikini showed. The top was a little big on me as Brenda was a full C-cup, maybe even a D compared to me who was barely able to fill a B-cup. Brenda caught me fussing with the top as I tried to arrange my boobs in it better.

"Ahhhhhh, don't worry Kelly - those tans lines just make it look even sexier on you. Mmmmmmm, that loose top makes for a great tease!"

This time I didn't protest as she grabbed the camera and began to shoot more pics of me. After taking a few more shots of me out in the yard she got that thoughtful look again. I was quickly learning that when Brenda got that look, it meant I'd better watch out!

## 5. Sexy Photoshoot With Brenda

"Hey, this is cool but do you want to go in the house to take a few more photos" she asked.

I figured what the heck, after all, what could possibly happen? Well, I was about to find out! This time she led me to a spare bedroom where I posed on the bed for a few more shots. As the time went by, I noticed that Brenda seemed to be looking at me more and more with a gaze seemed to be more focused on my boobs than anything else. Before I could think any more about it she grabbed a floppy hat from one of the chairs and planted it on my head.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, "That hat really makes you look sexy - in a little girl sort of way." She backed away and gave me another once-over. She had one finger against her lips and her eyebrows lowered as she appeared deep in thought.

"I got it - get on your knees and bend over for me - c'mon, show me some cleavage girl!"

I just giggled and did what she told me to do. Like most girls, I had long ago learned to make my boobs look as good as possible by holding my arms in tight to squeeze my boobs. Today this had the effect of filling the bikini top just a little bit better.

"Damn Kelly, now THAT is really hot!" Brenda gushed.

Rather than be embarrassed, if anything her compliments encouraged me to started goofing around, trying to look sexy while I thought about my boyfriend and what Chuck's reaction was going to be when he saw these photos. It wasn't like he didn't know what I was hiding but I thought the bikini pictures were very erotic and hopefully they were going to make him all the more willing to wait for me. After a few more I figured we must have been about done but I was quickly learning that Brenda was always full of surprises and this was no exception.

"Well girl," Brenda finally said, "This has been fun and all... so what do you say? Time for some pictures to really grab Chuck's attention?"

I wasn't exactly sure what she meant so I didn't know how to respond. While I hesitated Brenda dug through a dresser drawer and brought out a basic white bra and shirt. "OK, this should look sexy enough," she said almost more to herself than to me. She tossed them to me and said, "Here, change into these."

By now I was getting use to following her directions so I stripped off the bikini and once again was nude in front of her. This was starting to become a habit except now I didn't feel so weird being nude in front of Brenda. Of course she saw me nude at night and in the room, but this was different, more personal somehow. I quickly wrapped the bra around me, snapped the hooks, twisted it around and put my arms through the straps. Then I put on the shirt and started to fasten the buttons.

"No, no, no, no..." Brenda cried out, pulling my hands down and away from the shirt, "Leave it unbuttoned!"

It sounded like a good idea so I did as she said after which she snapped a few more pics of me. "OK then, now undo the rest of them," she instructed me. I let the shirt hang open for the next few photos. Looking at Brenda, I noticed that she was looking a bit flushed.

"You OK Brenda?" I asked, concerned a bit about how red her face was becoming.

"Oh I'm fine," she said, sounding a bit flustered, "It's just that you really look sexy in that outfit! I mean REALLY sexy."

Now it was my turn to blush! Brenda looked at me and I noticed that she licked her lips just a little bit when she looked at my boobs. It seemed like she wanted to say something but couldn't get it to come out. I waited patiently until finally she took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Well, are you ready yet for a few that are a little hotter?" she said softly.

I gave her a quizzical look and she just giggled at me. "Well... I just figured you might want to send him a few naughtier ones for him to jerk off to," she explained to me with a sly look on her face.

Suddenly the thought of sending Chuck some nude pics of me WAS pretty hot, though. He had tried to take some of me that way numerous times in the past but I had never allowed him to. I loved him but he was still a guy and guys like to share their "conquests".

"What do you mean by hotter?" I asked her slyly. Granted, I had a pretty darn good idea just what she meant but I wanted to hear it from her own mouth.

"Hmmmmmm," Brenda purred, "I guess that depends on how hot you can make yourself, dear."

I smiled at her with one corner of my mouth raised in what I hoped was a suggestive fashion. "Oh?... Do you REALLY want me to show you?"

Brenda licked her lips again and I was getting a feeling that she was more interested in me stripping for her than taking pics for my boyfriend.

"Well, are you going to show me something or are you just a teasing bitch?" she asked, a little more strongly this time.

Wow! Now that comment was certainly raising the bar! I had a feeling she knew exactly what she had said and that it was not an accidental choice of words. My perception of my roomie was undergoing a rather radical change at this moment! Sure, I knew she wasn't exactly an angel, but until now, I figured it was pretty much mostly bluster and teasing without a lot of real substance behind it.

Be real! How could she go a year without getting laid if she was really into sex anyway? Now I was starting to wonder if maybe she had another outlet for her sexual needs - one that didn't involve a penis!

At this point I still wasn't sure where I really wanted this to go. So far everything had been fairly innocent but the fact was I had only known Brenda now for a couple of weeks and even now, I didn't know her all THAT well. We had not seriously discussed girl-girl sex so far, and other than a little masturbation in bed after we turned out the lights, had not done anything sexual with regards to one another. Was this Brenda's way of breaking the ice or was she just teasing me to see how far I would go? Yeah, Brenda was really cute and the thought of playing around with her wasn't exactly objectionable, but then I had those thoughts about a lot of my friends before - but never acted on them. Of course, now that I was officially a college girl, maybe it was time to start acting like one!

"Well... you asked for it," I warned her. She just grinned maliciously at me, as if daring me to do whatever it was she wanted me to do.

I stood up on the bed and slowly undressed. To make it easier for me, I imagined that I was doing a strip tease for Chuck. After all, I had plenty of practice doing that! Brenda sat on the edge of the bed and watched me intently, one hand balancing herself on the bed while the other was resting on her bare leg. I couldn't help but look at her as well since her bikini left her practically nude as it was. God she looked hot!

Soon I was naked, standing not two feet away from her, slowly gyrating my hips and playing gently with my boobs. Brenda's eyes stayed fixed on me while her free hand slipped between her legs and I could see her fingers start to gently work on her pussy as she watched me.

The erotic sight of my new roomie playing with herself as she watched me made something click in my head and I instantly felt myself becoming wet and warm between my legs. Although I had started out thinking about Chuck and his wonderful cock, at this moment it wasn't Chuck's cock that I desired anymore. Instead, I found myself engrossed by the way Brenda was looking at me, the way her eyes roamed over my naked body the way horny guys do when they pass me by in the mall.

Deep down I felt this intense desire to show off for Brenda, to tease her and turn her on even more. She was back to snapping photos of me again although the hornier she got the more reluctant she appeared to be willing to let go of her pussy to hold the camera. It was at that moment that I seriously began to realize that we both were feeling something - something that would cause us to become involved beyond your typical roomie friendships.

As odd as it may seem, I was starting to get into more and after a while I kneeled down on the bed and then laid back on the pillow. As I held my legs tightly together, Brenda moved over closer to me and put her hands on my knees. I felt her gently pushing my legs apart which encouraged me to spread my legs apart just enough to allow her to get a few close-up shots of my pussy.

"Oh God, that is soooooo hot... Mmmmmmm, spread your pretty pussy open for me," she whispered in a husky voice, "I want some good shots of that tight pussy."

Any sense of modesty or decency on my part was now officially gone as I reached down and with both hands, pulled my pussy lips apart and spread my cunt open for her to see my wet hole. She moved in closer with her camera lens and for a moment there I thought she was getting to get her lens all wet from the way she was advancing on me!

"Turn over now, I want to get some of that incredible little ass," she instructed me suddenly. As I did I looked back at her and saw Brenda's eyes widen as I raised my ass up in the air, wiggling it suggestively for her.

"Oh my god," she said softly, "you've got such a beautiful butt!"

I was feeling even more hot and horny as she kept taking more photos of my backside. For just a moment my thoughts turned to how Chuck was going to be jerking off to these pics later but just as quickly they changed to the image of Brenda staring at me, getting turned on by my ass which now was right in front of her pretty freckled face. Even so, I couldn't help but think again of Chuck and how I missed his cock so damn much! My mind starting drifting off and all I could think of was how good it would feel to have him pushing his hard dick up inside of me right then and there.

The more I thought about him fucking me the hornier I got. I imagined him moving in behind me, spreading my ass apart and entering my pussy from behind, pushing himself slowly and steadily into me. I could almost feel his cock as it filled my starving pussy, feeling him swelling in me and then stroking himself in and out of me.

Damn! I was getting so hot and bothered that I had completely forgot about Brenda and without even thinking about it I started to play with my pussy, imagining it was his fingers that were touching me instead of mine. As I massaged my clit, surges of pleasure coursed through me like a flow of molten lava. I slid a couple of fingers inside my pussy, dreaming that it was his fat hard cock that was fucking me instead. I started to stroke my fingers in and out of me, imagining Chuck fucking me the way he knew I loved to be fucked at the start - slowly and deliberately.

Suddenly my mind snapped out of its dream state when I felt a real hand planted firmly on my ass. Of course I knew it was Brenda's so I didn't say a word but instead kept playing with myself as if nothing else was going on. I was afraid that if I did anything at this moment that she might be intimidated or otherwise change her mind. Her hands began to wander all over me and she reached under me to start playing with my clit.

I looked back over my shoulder and saw that she had stripped off what few clothes she had been wearing and was playing with herself at the same time she was fiddling my pussy. The suddenly, something hit me and at that moment I felt incredible self-conscious as the reality of what we were doing began to sink in.

"Oh Brenda... I've never been with another girl like this," I whispered to her.

Technically, I was telling the truth. I had only been with a "woman" in the past and besides, having sex with your mom doesn't really count as a lesbian thing, does it?

Now that I thought of it, there was this thing about being a "lesbian" as well. It wasn't that I was homophobic or anything, certainly not. Being called a lesbian was nothing compared to what other things people had called me - slut, whore, bitch, cock-tease, and such. All those had male-female connotations though, whereas "lesbian" was distinctly in a class by itself.

In any case, I could never be a "true" lesbian anyway - by that I mean a woman who only does other women. I LOVE cocks way too much to ever cut myself off from the male population! Oh well, it was something I would just have to deal with some other time as Brenda was getting more and more brazen with me.

"Don't worry Kelly... just lay back and relax... let make you feel soooooo wonderful," she cooed to me, "Oh Kelly! You are so beautiful... I want so bad to be with you... Oh god I want you!"

I flipped over on my back and Brenda moved up alongside of me. She laid half on me and half on the bed with her upper leg draped over my waist. I felt her breath against my neck and then her tongue as it gently flicked along my neck and then up to my ear. Her hands ran through my hair and I shivered as her fingers stroked through the length of it.

"Mmmmmmm, you like your hair to be played with, don't you babe," she whispered huskily in my ear.

My low moans were answer enough for her and she continue to pull gently on my hair, running from my scalp to the very ends of each handful of my hair. I closed my eyes and just let the sensuous feeling cascade down my body until even my pussy was tingling. I felt her lips meet against mine and I kept my eyes shut as we shared our first kiss. I could tell right from the start which of us was going to be the dominant one in our "relationship".

Brenda clearly liked to call the shots and dictate the flow. Anyone who knows me and how I feel about being in control with a man might be surprised to know that this wasn't bothering me at all. In fact, I like it when men (and now women) take control of me when we fuck. With men though, except for my dad, deep inside I don't like to feel out of control since I know I am the one who is ALLOWING him to do the things he did.

Looking back I wonder why I was so quick to relinquish myself to a girl in a way I never did with a man. I guess it really doesn't matter why, for whatever reason I surrendered myself to Brenda at that moment. From that moment, and even to this day, Brenda determines our sexual agenda but I can't complain based on the results!

From that point on, we behaved like two teenagers on our first date in the back seat of our parents' car, gingerly exploring each other, going a little bit further all the time but not too much at any one moment. Unlike my experience with younger boys, I didn't feel as though I was being groped, but more like I was being tenderly touched. Our hands wandered all over each other and I was getting incredibly turned-on by the firmness of her lithe body and the smoothness of her pale skin.

It was different in many ways from touching my mother or Aunt Linda. Both of them are in pretty good shape but face it, forty years takes its toll. No matter how much lotion and massage therapy they used, they could never compete with the natural smoothness and softness of an eighteen year-old college girl. It's not that Brenda needed to "compete" with anyone, least of all my mom. I was just trying to explain why it was such a thrill to feel Brenda's for the first time.

Eventually Brenda's touched my breasts and she gently cupped each in turn with her hand and then gently massaged them. Her thumb and forefinger grabbed my hardened nipples and tenderly pulled on them, letting them snap back into place when she released them. Then she put her finger in my mouth to wet it, after which she ran it around in circles around my nipple and then down and around into the fullness of my breast. I couldn't believe how sexy her gentle touch was! She wasn't rough and strong like Chuck yet I felt better when she did it than I ever had with Chuck - or any man for that matter.

Slowly Brenda's hand worked it was down my tight stomach until she reached my pussy. She didn't stop until her hand had traced itself all the way down and to my asshole. Much to my relief she didn't stop there but instead changed course 180 degrees and worked its way back to my cunt. On the way up her finger pressed in more firmly and worked its way between my wet pussy lips. My pussy hole was so wet she dipped her finger in it and used it to lubricate my clit even more than it already was. When my roomie touched my clit I thought I was going to bolt straight up and out of bed. She played with it in much the same manner she had with my nipples - pulling it gently with my fingers and then tracing little circles around it.

Brenda pressed herself up tighter against me and our nude bodies felt so warm and smooth against each other. Brenda pushed her hips up further and I felt her crotch against my leg. Her crotch was shaved smooth so I didn't feel the tickle of bushy pubic hair like I did when my mom's thick bush pressed against me, but I could feel the wetness of her pussy against me. Instinctively I began to move my hips under her hand and I could feel her humping my leg in rhythm with me.

Just when I thought it couldn't get better, Brenda thrust two fingers into my pussy and started fucking me with them. That was all it took - I was going to cum and nothing was going to stop me now! Brenda felt my pussy clamping down on her hand and the gush of cum told her instantly what was happening to me.

"Oh yea, cum for me Kelly!" she cried out, fucking me even faster than I thought possible with her hand and fingers.

"Oh my God!" I yelled out.

Thankfully nobody was home and in this case, it was also good she didn't have any close neighbors because I must have sounded like I was being killed - or fucked like I had never been - and by a girl at that! My mom knew better than anyone how to make me cum and cum hard but this was totally different somehow. Brenda wasn't family so the entire relationship felt different, more erotic in some ways I would say.

Brenda was almost merciless as she didn't stop or even slow down after my first orgasm and it seemed like the next one was there before I even realized the first was over. I bucked like a bronco on her bed, begging her to fuck me more and more, not wanting her to ever stop! The second orgasm was even stronger than the first since it started just as the first was winding down.

I literally couldn't see as everything went out of focus and the room was spinning around like it did when I was a little girl and twirled around in the front yard before falling to the ground. My pussy was sending what seemed to be an endless stream of pleasure throughout my entire body, making goose bumps rise up everywhere on me. It just seemed to go on and on as I lost all concept of time.. I don't know at the time if it lasted ten minutes to two hours, it really didn't matter to me. All I knew was that it was one of the most incredible ten minutes or two hours of my life.

Eventually, though, it had to end and so it did but it took almost as long to die down as it had to build up. Even when it had subsided I was left lying there with this incredible afterglow. It was like having a sunburn all over my entire body but instead of pain accompanying the heat, it was pleasure that seemed to ooze from every pore of my body.

Although Brenda allowed me to catch my breath and bring down my heart rate, she never completely stopped moving her hand over me. I could feel her soft touch constantly running up and down my legs, body and arms. It wasn't anything forceful but rather a relaxing stroking of her fingertips all over me. Almost TOO relaxing - I would probably have drifted off to sleep but the little minx wasn't about to let me off that easily!

"My turn now," she whispered in my ear, "Mmmmmmm, did you know my pussy's been dying for your face since the first time I saw you."

I was still halfway in a dream world so it was almost like I was hypnotized and ready to do her bidding. I would have done anything she asked me to at that point but she didn't take advantage of me - something for which I will always love her. She rolled over on her back as I got up and dropped to my knees between her slender legs.

Admittedly it felt a bit strange the first time I put my head between her legs. There was something entirely different about eating her pussy compared to licking my mom's. Maybe the most striking distinction was that Brenda shaved whereas my mom and aunt didn't. The softness of her thighs caressed my face as I gazed at her pretty pussy up close and personal. The unique odor of her wet pussy was intoxicating as I drew in a deep breath.

Pussy's are like cocks in that regard. Although they all have the same general characteristics, each is unique in its own way, a slightly different scent, color, shape (well, for dicks anyway). Although this was only the third pussy I had licked compared to dozens of cocks, I was confident I could identify the owner blindfolded.

My Aunt Linda had the strongest scent, almost musky, whereas Brenda's was much more delicate and refined. My mom was somewhere in the middle, more towards my Aunt's side though. I guess age must have something to do with it as well as I remember when I was little that my pussy tasted totally different than it does now.

It was time - time to lick her pussy for the first time. I gingerly reached out with my tongue and barely touched her with it. She jumped a little as I flicked my tongue lightly over her swollen clit. As I licked and sucked her sweet pussy I realized that while I had always loved the taste of my own pussy, hers was even better! Something was missing, though, and I realized I wasn't being tickled by my mom's thick patch of pubic hair. I didn't mind it as in some ways it made me feel like I was licking a girl half her age! Now there was a weird thought that came from nowhere. Eating out my roomie was one thing, tasting a younger girl was quite another thing entirely and not something I was ready to spend much time thinking about at the moment to be perfectly honest.

When she came, Brenda turned out to be a "gusher" - just like me. Come to think of it. every girl I had ever seen masturbate had gushed when she came so it makes me wonder where are all the so-called "squirters" that people love to write about and post on porn sites. My personal opinion is that squirters are like guys with 8" cocks - you hear a lot about them but in real life they are as rare as flying saucers. Just as guys with big cocks are portrayed as the "typical" male in porn movies, I think girls that squirt are represented at a much higher percentage in porn movies than in real life.

While Brenda was enjoying her orgasm, I was lapping up her cum up like a kitten wither first bowl of milk. As it turned out, Brenda only came once but boy did she ever cum when she did! By the time she was finished she was so exhausted that we both just turned to each other and held each other close. Although I was totally exhausted myself, I couldn't seem to fall asleep as I was so wound up from what we had just done. It turned out to be a good thing because as soon as Brenda returned to earth she was ready for more!

"Have you ever 69'd with a girl before" she asked me.

I assured her that I never had (well, as before not with a girl) and as it turned out that was just the answer she was looking for! We traded off being on the top and bottom although we ended up with both of us on our sides with our heads tucked between the other's thighs. I loved touching her and was almost overwhelmed by the feel of her warm and soft naked body against me. It was easy to see why girls liked to be together. Compared to the guys I had been with, Brenda was so much softer and smoother! She smelled incredible and I wanted to just lick every inch of her.

Looking back, I would say that what I loved the most about that afternoon was Brenda's patience. Boys are always in such a hurry, trying to get their cock in me as fast as they can so they can fuck me, doing just enough foreplay to satisfy their conscience.

In contrast, Brenda and I spent almost the entire afternoon in bed together just caressing each other and kissing. In fact, we completely lost track of time and her parents were coming in the front door before we even realized they were home! Fortunately there wasn't much to the clothes we wore so we were able to get dressed and fairly presentable by the time they found us.

Later that night Brenda confessed that she had been turned on by me from the first time we met but had been afraid to say anything knowing how much I liked guys, not to mention the prohibitions at school. She claimed that she was bi but that she preferred girls and hoped that now that we had broken the ice we could be much closer roomies! Well, we sure were. We decided to sleep together even though the beds were small because it meant we were always up tight against each other. My school is very strict when it comes to these types of relationships so we don't do anything outside the dorm room unless we're at her house. It didn't really matter I guess so long as it was just the two of us in the room. The best thing was I had a feeling college was going to be even more incredible than I had dared even dream that it would be!

## Postscript

Wouldn't ya know it! The next week my wonderful boyfriend, the hunk who supposedly loved me more than anything, sent me an e-mail telling me that he wanted to be "free" to date other girls. This girl wasn't born yesterday, I knew what he really meant - free to fuck other girls!

Fortunately, I was just about to e-mail him my photos that Brenda had taken of me and now I was glad that I had waited. Needless to say the jerk never got them! I DID learn a lesson, though, in that just because a guy says he loves me doesn't mean he loves ME - it probably means more like he loves to fuck me. It was a lesson I didn't want to repeat and I made a vow not to have another long-distance relationship again.

# 2004

## (Apr 17) Chapter 49: First Time With My Roomie's Married Brother

Story codes: FF MF oral inc brother sister adultery
Me (19)
Brenda - Freshman roomie (19)
David - Brenda's brother (26)

My first lesbian experience, at least besides my mom and her sister, was with Brenda, my college freshman roomie. As things turned out, she also had an older brother. David was married but like so many husbands, he was ready for something new - or should I say "someone". The best part was that it wasn't just me that he was interested in cheating with. Adultery AND incest - what a combination!

### 1. Dinner at Brenda's

When I was a freshman in college my roommate turned out not only to be extremely cute but bisexual as well. Brenda was the first girl I was with sexually besides my mom and her sister. Needless to say, we were having a great freshman year.

One night I told her about how when I was sixteen I'd watched my parents making love in our hot tub when they didn't know I was home. Brenda seemed fascinated by my story and asked me if I'd ever fantasized about joining them and I pretended to be embarrassed when I told her that there were times that I had.

Brenda giggled and blushed, saying that she would never have the same feelings for her parents (couldn't blame her as they were much older than mine) but then she surprised me by saying she HAD dreamed about her older brother. She was quick to point out that she had never gotten up the courage to do anything but she HAD caught him checking her out a few times when he thought she wasn't looking.

We both teased each other about our incest fantasies after that but it goes without saying that I never told her that I had actually done it.

Even though Brenda lived only about ten miles or so from school, her parents wanted her to spend her freshman year in the dorm to help her acclimate to college life. Being so close to home, she still spent most weekends there and sometimes she invited me along.

One night when I was over at Brenda's house her brother David was there with his wife and their two little bratty boys. In spite of how much I loved being with Brenda, had I known they were going to be there I might have turned down her invitation. It seemed that all his kids did was whine and fuss. To make things worse, David's wife was a real bitch, always looking down her nose at Brenda and me.

The only saving grace was that I got to sit next to David during dinner. He was wearing denim shorts and a tight ribbed tank top that emphasized his lean, muscular body – he obviously worked out. The temptation to put my hand on his leg (at least to start) was incredible but I didn't dare. Instead I just sat there wishing fervently that his hand would find it way over to my leg instead. I would've have taken it and moved it to my inner thigh and encouraged him to work his way up from there! To my disappointment it never happened, but I knew I' be dreaming about it later that night when I was playing with myself in bed.

## 2. Admiring Brenda's Brother

After dinner Brenda and I were out to the back porch and sat next to each other on the glider. From there we could see David and Brenda's dad working on a tractor that apparently didn't want to start. Mmmmmmm, I could have watched David all night! Really, what more could a girl ask for? He was 26, handsome, tall, muscular and simply sexy as hell. So what if he was married? That just meant he would be all the more discrete and probably all the more horny. My reverie was broken when Brenda poked me in the side.

"Earth to Kelly. Hmmmmmm, are you're getting horny watching my brother?" she teased me.

I gave her my "who me?" look and she just laughed at me

"Oh I know you better than that so don't pretend to be innocent. I figured you must've been getting pretty worked up at dinner sitting so close to him, weren't you my nasty little roomie?"

I started to protest but she didn't give me a chance to say anything.

"Oh come on Kelly, it's me you're talking to so don't try to pretend you weren't. I saw you eyeing him when you thought nobody was looking!"

I poked her back with a little laugh saying, "Damn Brenda, now I know why you dream about him. God I can't imagine growing up with a brother like him around! I mean, how did you keep your hands off him?"

She just smiled and I continued, "And yes, he WAS all I could think about during dinner. I has really hoping he would start groping me under the table. It would've been so hot to have him touching me with his bitchy wife on the other side of him!"

Brenda gave me a devious look and bit her lip a bit before responding saying, "Well, you DO realize that he IS my brother and most of the time I hated him growing up! He use to tease me and trick me all the time. Even so, there WAS this one time when I was thirteen and I peeked in his bedroom. You can imagine how shocked I was when I saw that he had pictures of me in my bikini laid out all over his bed. He was sitting on the edge of the bed with his pants down, stroking himself with his hand as he looked at them. It was the first time I'd seen a real penis except on a baby so I couldn't help but be impressed by how big and hard he was.

Then it hit me - I was watching my own brother masturbate! You would've thought I would be disgusted but surprisingly I found myself getting incredibly turned seeing him playing with himself like that! Then I heard him saying my name, telling me to do nasty things to him like sucking his cock and he even said he wanted to fuck me.

I couldn't believe it, my own brother was dreaming about fucking me! Even more scandalous was I felt myself getting wet thinking about him doing it to me! All of a sudden his cum was squirting out of him all over his hand and legs. It was the first time I'd seen a guy cum and I couldn't believe how far it shot out of him; and to think he wanted to do that inside my pussy! I've never told him what I saw that day but afterwards it was all I could think about, him doing the things to him that he was dreaming about. Oh Kelly... I can't tell you how many times I've fingered myself to one hell of an orgasm fantasizing about my brother fucking me."

"God Brenda, that is soooooo hot! Why haven't you told me about this before?"

"Well, nothing ever happened between us and it's just a fantasy of mine. He ended up getting married to that bitch and then they had the two boys so I just chalked it all up to a teen fantasy. I still get off now and then though whenever I think of him but to tell the truth, I don't think I could ever really go through with it."

She laughed as if the whole idea was a joke and said, "I mean really Kelly, he IS my brother after all. That would be incest!"

Well, she may have thought it to be a joke but I started to imagine Brenda and her brother sitting close together on the same glider that we were sitting in, fondling each other and then laying on a blanket in the middle of the lawn, fucking each other's brains out. Then I imagined it was me instead of her that he was fucking. I closed my eyes and a soft moan escaped from me as I imagined sucking his cock, feeling it splitting my pussy apart as he slowly entered me, enjoying the warm sensation of his cock as it filled my hungry pussy.

Brenda's voice brought me back to earth. "Whoa! Anybody home?" She started laughing at me and asked, "Wow! Where did you go girl?"

I blinked a few time to focus my eyes and shook my head to try and clear out the naughty images from it. Then another idea began to form in my mind, one that could make both of our dreams come true. The only question was, would Brenda go along with it?

"Soooooo Brenda," I asked, "Are you saying that you still fantasize about your brother?"

Brenda just rolled her eyes at me. "C'mon Kelly, give me a break. You can't blame a girl for dreaming. I mean, look at him! I'd have to be a nun not to and even then I think the temptation would be irresistible. Besides, who are you to tease me about wanting him when it's obvious you want him to fuck you too! Oh yeah girl, I know what you were daydreaming about just now. You seem to forget that when you get all horny, you have a bad habit of rubbing yourself without realizing it."

I smiled a bit at that. She was correct in that I had been in more than a few embarrassing situations where I would be daydreaming and suddenly realize I had my hand between my legs. As usual, Brenda was reading my thoughts like an open book. She also seemed to be especially horny tonight, even more than usual.

After being roomies for over six months she had never told me anything this detailed about her desires for her brother before so I was curious as to how far she would really go. "Well roomie, why don't we get him to fuck us both tonight and make our dreams come true?"

Brenda eyes widened. She looked at me with a strange stare as if she didn't quite believe what I had just said. "Very funny Kelly. First, in case you have forgotten he's married which puts him off limits. Besides, he IS my brother and even if I have fantasized about him a lot, I really can't imagine letting my own brother fuck me for real. I mean, it's one thing to dream about something like that but to actually do it????? Sorry, I don't think I could. Ewwwww, that would be WAY too weird!"

She was watching me intensely as she said this. I just kept quiet as she seemed to be debated things in her mind. I had a feeling her first outburst was more what she thought she SHOULD say rather than what she WANTED to say.

Then she narrowed her look at me saying, "Wow, you're actually serious about doing this, aren't you? Damn it Kelly - really, he's married! And besides, incest? That is just wrong on so many levels. As wet as I may get thinking about him, I don't think I could ever forget that he's my brother."

I giggled and gave her a coy smile. "Brenda, trust me, the fact that he's married just makes it all the hotter. Think about it - not only would he be fucking us but he would be cheating on that bitchy wife of his as well. God, that would be incredibly hot, don't you think? Besides, it's not like he would be having an affair or falling in love with anyone, it would all be just for fun. As for being his sister, you already know he wants to fuck you. For crying out loud he jerks off dreaming about it!"

Brenda's resolve seemed to start to waver though as she said, "Well, his wife IS a bitch so I guess it would serve her right - God I hate her! I don't know though; just because he jerked off to my pictures years ago doesn't mean that he would actually fuck me today. How would it even get brought up? God, it would be SO embarrassing if he wasn't interested. I would shrivel up and die if he said no!"

I thought it was interesting that her concern was now over whether or not HE wanted to do it, not HER. Well, her brother was man and no sane man would turn down two hot nineteen year-old college freshmen, no matter HOW married he was! I started to think of a plan and the more I told her about my ideas, the more I could see her resistance wearing down and that look of lust I would always see in her eyes whenever she got horny was growing.

By the time I was finished Brenda even threw in a few thoughts of her own to make the plan even better. I could hardly believe it we were seriously discussing this - I was getting wet just thinking about it! In the meantime we just sat in the glider snuggled up close to each other, watching David and remarking to each other about how we thought he would be in bed. Once in a while when one of us said something particularly naughty we would giggle like little girls and the two of them would look over at us, trying to figure out what was going on. If they only knew…

## 3. David Fucks Me

Later that night we launched our plan. Brenda and I went to the family room where David was watching TV in an overstuffed chair. David was wearing just his shorts having taken off his tank top which was all sweaty after working hard outside. I caught myself wondering if he had anything else on underneath those shorts and subconsciously licked my lips at the thought of what I might see if he took them off.

As usual, Brenda's parents had said goodnight and were in bed early. The boys had also long gone to bed, as had David's wife had complained earlier of a bad headache (probably due to her two spoiled kids). Brenda told me that she had taken some extra-strength headache medicine and now was snoring in bed, passed out for the rest of the night. That left just the three of us remaining in the land of the living so we sat around talking about school and town gossip as we watched some silly reality show on TV.

Brenda and I were sitting close together on the couch. She sat up while I lay on my side with my head in her lap and my legs curled under me. Brenda played with my hair - something that makes me feel so relaxed and if done right, incredibly horny. The only thing I was wearing was a tight T-shirt that barely covered my ass. I had to keep tugging at it so as not to be too obvious that I had nothing on underneath. Brenda had just a nightshirt on with a pair of white lace panties as she was never comfortable being bottomless. With my head in her lap the growing scent of her pussy told me that Brenda was getting wet with anticipation.

David was trying to make it appear that he wasn't watching us but it was so obvious that he was it was almost funny. It was like some little boy staring at an older girl in the mall, thinking he wasn't being watched but obvious to everyone around him. I had one hand on Brenda's bare leg and was running my fingertips up and down her smooth thigh. Brenda played with my hair with one hand while her other hand was running all over my body, tracing little circles and tickling me at times. My nipples were so hard that they stuck out through my T-shirt like bullets. David HAD to realize from the way we were touching each other that Brenda and I were more than just friends and I knew that he had to be getting turned on seeing us playing with each other like this.

When the TV show was over Brenda yawned and said it was time for her to go to bed. She got up, gave me a kiss on the lips and winked at me as she left the room. I sat up in the couch with my legs under me. In doing so my T-shirt rode up for a second to reveal my shaved pussy until I quickly pulled it back down again.

I giggled and looked at him, acting as if I was embarrassed. With Brenda gone, David and I continued to chat for a while when suddenly he turned towards me. He looked uncomfortable, as if he wanted to ask something but wasn't sure if he should. I waited silently and finally he took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Kelly, do you mind if I ask you a very personal question? If you don't want to answer after you hear it just say so but I have to ask you something."

I just smiled and sat up straighter in the couch to pay closer attention. "Sure David, just don't ask me how much I weigh!"

David laughed and the anxiety level seemed to drop just a bit for him. In a low voice he asked, "Do you and Brenda have something going on between you? I mean, the way you two act around each other, always hugging, kissing, dressing sexy, touching. It seems pretty obvious you're not the typical dorm roomies."

I flashed David a crafty smile and replied, "Well... what would you say if we did have something going on? Would it turn you on"

David blushed just a bit. "Of course it would. Come on Kelly, I'm sure I don't have to tell you that every guy dreams of watching two girls get it on. Add to the

I smiled and replied, "Of course not David! Actually, as you may have noticed I think it's really hot what you are sharing with me. You know, it's too bad you never told her what you really wanted."

David frowned. "Yeah right. How could I ever tell her Kelly? She would've gone running to mom and told her everything. So as much as I've dreamed about it, I've never really seriously thought that she would really want to do anything with me."

"Oh David," I said in a low voice, "You have NO any idea how much Brenda wants you. She just told me today that she watched you masturbate to those pictures you took of her. She also told me that she still gets herself off thinking of being with you."

"What? You're kidding," he said with his eyes wide open. "If that's the case, how come she's never said anything to me?"

"Well David, I guess maybe for the same reason you've never told her!?" I shifted my position again to give him a better view of my bare ass. "You know, this is really crazy. For all these years the two of you have fantasized about being together but neither of you idiots would make the first move! So tell me, are you REALLY still interested in her?"

David lowered his head, "Since I married Stacy I've never seriously considered being with anyone else, probably more out of fear of her than anything else. Even so, sometimes when I come here and Brenda's running around all but naked around the house, I still get turned on something terrible. Believe it or not, I still jerk off in her underwear! Then, seeing the two of you together on the couch tonight playing with each other - it was driving me crazy!"

I smiled as seductively as I could. The bait was cast and it was time to set the hook! "Well David, now that you know how Brenda feels about you, why not take advantage of the situation?"

David sighed, "Oh god Kelly, you have no idea how tempting that is. Only problem is that I just can't forget that she IS my little sister. Sure, I've jerked off countless times thinking of her but actually fucking her... that is an entirely different thing. I mean, we're talking about incest for goodness sake! It would be bad enough to get caught cheating on my wife but if anyone found out I was dicking my teenage sister, well that would be a disaster!"

David shifted in his chair and judging from the bulge in his shorts, I figured he needed to make room for his hardening cock to grow. Despite his protests about fucking Brenda, I knew he was thinking about it. All I had to do was push a little harder.

One thing I DID notice was that he cheating on his wife apparently wasn't an issue with him, other than getting caught. Funny how fucking his sister troubled him but cheating on his wife was fine! I pulled my T-shirt up to my belly button and sat on the couch with my legs crossed, giving him a great view of my bare pussy.

I pushed one finger up into me and then looked over at him seductively. "I hope you don't mind me doing this but all this talk about you and Brenda really has me horny. So tell me the truth David, does it turn you on when a girl does this for you?"

I took my wet finger out of my pussy and put it in my mouth, licking it like a popsicle. I loved the taste of my pussy as I'm sure he could tell from the way I was sucking my finger. When I finished I put it back inside of me and stroked it slowly in and out of me. David's eyes followed every movement of my hands and I saw him licking his dry lips.

"Oh god Kelly, I have wanted you ever since Brenda started bringing you home. You look so sweet and innocent but it's obvious you can be a dirty slut when you want to be as well and that is such a turn-on for a guy!"

I got off the couch and walked over to him with my T-shirt still pulled up to my stomach so my ass and pussy were totally exposed to him. I put one leg up on the chair and rubbed my pussy with one hand, slipping one finger inside me. David just stared at me, torn between his lust and his conscience. I took my hand and touched his lips with my wet finger.

I whispered to him in a husky voice, "You know you can have me if you really want me David. Just tell me what you want. That's all you have to do... Just tell me you want me."

David let out a deep breath. "Lord forgive me..." he whispered, more to himself than to me.

He reached out and put his hands on my bare ass and pulled me towards him. "Dammit Kelly, I want to fuck you so bad. Shit, I can't take this anymore, I NEED to fuck you right now."

I climbed up into the chair and straddled him. Then I leaned forward putting my hands on the back of the chair so my pussy was positioned in front of his face. I leaned down and whispered to him, "It's OK David... you can fuck me now if that's what you want. First I want you to eat my pussy. I want you to lick my smooth pussy with your tongue."

David pulled me towards him more as he buried his face into my crotch. God his tongue felt so good on me! I wiggled my ass to rub my pussy into his face. His hands were still clutching my buttocks and he was squeezing them. I put my hands on his head and pulled his face tightly into my crotch as he sucked my clit and held it gently between his teeth. When he tugged on it I felt chills run through my entire body and I could feel my pussy just dripping with desire. The guy really knew how to use his tongue, I'll give him that!

I knew Brenda was waiting for us but it had been a long time since I was last fucked and I needed it so badly I couldn't wait any longer. He wanted me also so I begged him for what I wanted. "Fuck me David," I pleaded, "God I need to be fucked... it's been soooooo long!"

David took his tongue off of me and I leaned back. He pulled his shorts down to expose his hard cock standing straight up like a missile pointed to my waiting pussy.

I got on my knees in the chair, still straddling him. Taking his cock in my hand - it felt so smooth and warm, I guided it into me as I lowered myself down on him. His cock head pushed against my pussy hole opening and I could feel it splitting me open to take him in. I love that feeling when a new cock first enters me, the way it forces me apart and then penetrates the most private and sensitive part of my body. At that moment I feel like I'm physically giving something of myself to him, that I am sharing myself completely with a man in a way that's as intimate and personal as two people can be.

When his cock head was inside of me I held myself there for a moment, just soaking in the incredible feelings I get when that area of my pussy is stimulated. I moved my hips in small circles around his cock, making it move just the right way in my pussy. Wave after wave of pleasure cascaded through me as I finally felt a cock inside of me again after having gone so long without one.

"Oh David, I love your big cock in me!" I said between moans. "I miss being fucked, feeling a man entering me like this, forcing his way into me and filling my aching pussy!"

As I was telling him how much I loved it I lowered myself slowly onto him, going as slow as I could so I could feel every inch of him as his cock passed by my pussy lips and disappeared inside of me. Finally I hit bottom, my ass was sitting on his lap and his cock was in me all the way. I ground my bare ass into him, trying to get every bit of him I could into me. I put my arms around his neck and he put his around me and we hugged each other tightly as I sat on his cock, feeling it throbbing inside of me.

I could have stayed that way forever. Later I would be sorry for being inconsiderate of Brenda, but at the moment I forgot all about of Brenda must have been getting pretty impatient as she waited in her room. At that moment it didn't matter to me as I closed my eyes and slowly started to rock on his cock, drawing him in and out of me, feeling him rubbing against the sensitive inner walls of my wet pussy.

I looked down for a moment to watch him fucking me, seeing his hard cock as it appeared and then disappeared back into me as I raised myself up and then lowered myself back down on it. David didn't shave or trim his crotch and I loved the feel of his thick pubic hair against my bare pussy. When I was tight against him it thrilled me to look down and NOT see his cock, knowing he was completely inside of me. When I swiveled my ass I could feel his hair brushing against my pussy and it tickled and felt so sexy.

David started to suck on my nipples, gently biting them and pulling them, driving me even more crazy. I could feel my orgasm beginning to build like a dam about to burst.

"Oh god David!" I gasped, "I'm cumming... fuck me harder David, make me cum hard!"

Suddenly the greatest feeling in the world came over me. I have never felt anything that ever came close to how I felt when I have an orgasm. I guess that is why I love sex so much, it's almost an addiction for me in that I can never get enough of it and always crave more. For me the hardest part of being at college was not the school work or social life changes but rather having to go for weeks or months without getting fucked every day by my dad or a boyfriend.

This feeling I was having now, when my entire body felt consumed in total pleasure from my toes to my hair, pulsing in me and feeling like I was on fire. It just went on and on as I moaned in his arms, rocking on his cock and savoring the feel of his hardness deep within me. I could feel my pussy cum gushing down on his cock, wetting his crotch as I came harder and harder. Eventually it began to ebb as I slowly came down from wherever my mind disappeared to at these moments. I opened my eyes to see David smiling at me.

"Damn girl," he said softly, "When you cum you don't mess around. I hope that it felt half as good as it looked."

I licked my lips and kissed him. His cock was still in me, throbbing and moving now and then to remind me it was still around - as if I needed any reminders! "God David, that felt wonderful. I haven't cum that hard in so long!"

Suddenly I remembered where I was and who I was fucking! Damn, Brenda was probably about to send out a search party for us. I knew that after what had just happened that David was hornier than ever so getting him to fuck Brenda was likely not going to be hard at all.

I looked him in the eye, "David... Brenda's in her room right now waiting. I know you want her. Fuck her David. Fuck her for me. I want you to fuck your little sister's pussy, just like you've dreamed of for so long."

There was no way David could say no now. "Oh the hell with it!" he exclaimed, "Let's do it."

Just what I wanted to hear! The only part that was difficult for me was having to let go of his cock - I hated having to let him slide out of me and I felt an emptiness that was both physical and emotional.

I stepped down onto the floor and held his wet cock for just a few more seconds. "Wait a few minutes and then come to her room. We'll be waiting for you!"

I turned and left the room. As I hurried to Brenda's room I passed by the guest room where David's wife was sleeping. The door was partly opened and I couldn't resist peeking in. She was sound asleep under the covers and I smiled knowing she had no idea I was looking at her, standing there with my pussy swollen and wet from her husband's recent fucking of me.

I wanted so bad to go to her and whisper in her ear, telling her how good her husband's cock had felt and how hard he had just made me cum. As I took one last look at her I couldn't help but admit that she was a damn good looking babe and it was too bad she couldn't watch her husband fuck his sister and me. Who knows, maybe she would join in the fun!

Well, I almost laughed out loud at how silly that thought was and went on to Brenda's room. I slipped into her room and she was standing there waiting for me.

# 4. Brenda's Brother Fucks Her For the First Time

Once in Brenda's room we gave each other a hug and Brenda grinned at me.

"God Kelly, that was incredible!" Brenda said with a husky voice. "I watched everything you know."

My eyes widened and I looked at her. "You mean you watched me with your brother?"

"Hell yeah girl," she laughed, "I wasn't going to miss that. I know you well enough by now that I figured you would get carried away, especially given how horny you've been lately, and I've never seen you fuck a guy before. Damn girl, you're really something else when you fuck a guy!"

I quickly ripped off my T-shirt and joined Brenda, who was already nude, on the bed. She looked up and down my nude body, smiling as she anticipated what was about to happen. Just then David walked in and saw what he had probably had masturbated about so many times - his sister nude in bed. Of course, there was not just his sister this time but TWO nude teenage girls, both ready and anxious for him to fuck them. Talk about a guy's dream come true!

Smiling at David, I pulled Brenda towards me. We gazed into each other's eyes as we kissed. God she was so pretty and sexy! As much as I cherished having sex with her, I loved just being with her like this even more. Sometimes we would spend hours in our dorm room just kissing and gently caressing each other. Some nights when we watched TV I would rest my head against her breasts, feeling their softness against my cheek as she played with my hair.

Well, not tonight! Brenda lay on her back as I straddled her head. Then I lowered my pussy to her outstretched tongue and pushed her face into her face as I did the same with mine and her hungry cunt.

As we 69'd I was the one facing the doorway and so I could see David as he stood there mesmerized by the sight before him. He was nude now and was slowly stroking a nice hard-on with his hand as he watched the two of us eating each other's pussy. I loved watching a man play with himself, especially if I know he's doing it while thinking about me. In this case, he was doing it while I was having oral sex with his sister which was making it even hotter for me.

In addition, Brenda was driving me bonkers as she licked my pussy. I motioned for David to come over and pointed at her pussy. He took the hint and moved in between her legs and started to lick her with his tongue. Brenda moaned and I giggled as I watched David licking her.

"Well girlfriend, how does it feel to finally have your brother eating your pussy?"

Brenda's mouth was tight on my pussy so she responded by just moaning louder.

"That's it David," I said, "Trust me, she loves what you are doing. Don't stop now for heaven's sake!"

Mmmmmmm, I knew from earlier that David was quite talented for a guy when it came to licking pussy so it wasn't long before he had Brenda squirming so much that I was almost jealous - both from wanting it again for myself not to mention that Brenda seemed to be enjoying it more now that he was doing her instead of me.

Oh well, I took solace in knowing that she was also getting off knowing that her brother was finally sucking her clit! David had two fingers in her now as his tongue was racing around her clit. Brenda was practically smashing her face into my pussy as she approached her first orgasm. Finally I felt her tensing up and she pushed her hairy red pussy up into his face.

"Oh my god David! she cried out, "Just like I dreamed... always wanted... don't stop David.. make me cum. Oh god I can feel it now, I'm going to cum soooooo fucking hard!"

Brenda slammed her head back into the pillow and arched her back as her own orgasm consumed her. Brenda was the type that gets really wet when she cums hard and she literally poured pussy cum into David's mouth. David lapped up what he could and the rest just soaked the sheet under her. David lifted his head and kissed me. I loved the taste of Brenda's pussy on his lips and tongue. Well, I love the taste of Brenda's pussy ANY time but licking her pussy cum off of her brother's face was a whole new erotic experience for me.

"My turn David, fuck me again," I demanded.

David wasted no climbing into bed with us. Straddling Brenda's head, he entered me from behind with his hard cock, just inches above Brenda's face with his balls practically touching it. I knew she was watching him intently because her tongue had all but stopped licking my clit. David's cock felt so good that I didn't mind though. He slowly pushed it deeper and deeper into me. Once he was completely in me he just held it there, letting me feel myself filled with him, feeling it throbbing me. Then David began stroking it in and out of me - what a wonderful feeling it was to have a brother and sister paying so much attention to my pussy at the same time!

David slipped out once and Brenda quickly took advantage of the opportunity and grabbed his cock in her mouth and began to suck it, sucking her brother's dick for the very first time. Later she told me that sucking him with the fresh taste of my pussy mixed in was one of the most erotic moments of her life.

David was fucking me harder now, slamming himself against my ass and driving me forward with every thrust of his hips. I pushed back against him, trying to push him in deeper each time. I could hear his crotch slapping into my butt as he held me by the waist and pulled me into him. Still, as much as I loved him fucking me, what I really wanted was to have him fuck Brenda, to watch a brother and sister having sex.

"C'mon now David, it's time. Time for you to fuck Brenda, to fuck your little sister," I told him, "God I want so bad to watch you fuck your own sister!"

David was obviously just waiting for the that last nudge as he quickly pulled out of me and looked down at Brenda with his raging hard-on in his hand, holding it over her face.

"Well sis, you ready for your big brother's cock? Damn I've dreamed of fucking you for so many years. Tell me you want me, tell me you want to be fucked by me."

Brenda lifted her head and kissed his cock. "Dammit David, c'mon and fuck me. I want my big brother to fuck me so bad!... Put that cock in me - NOW!"

I moved out of the way and David stood by the side of Brenda's head and put his cock in her mouth. She sucked on her brother's cock with such a hunger I'd never seen in her before. I'd never seen Brenda having sex with a guy before and now to see her own brother's cock in her mouth was an amazing sight. Actually, it was the first time I'd ever seen a brother fucking his sister which made it even more special for me. Brenda and I had played with each other for so many months and now to see her sucking a cock for the first time - her brother's cock at that, was such a turn-on for me. Brenda always claimed to like girls more than guys but it was obvious to me this was not her first BJ, not by a long shot!

David didn't stay there long and soon moved around to get between his sister's slender legs. Not wanting to be left out totally, I reached for his cock and guided it into Brenda's soaking wet pussy. My pussy was throbbing as I almost couldn't believe what I was doing. Damn, I was actually helping her brother to fuck her, helping him to get his cock inside of his own sister's wet cunt.

I moved up to the head of the bed, leaning back against the headboard so I could watch the two of them. As I started to play with myself, squeezing my boobs and rubbing my pussy, I watched David as he began to fuck his kid sister for the very first time. Forget a blowjob, I'd never even seen Brenda even KISS another guy before and here she was right in front of me, her brother's cock piercing her pussy, appearing and then disappearing over and over as he rammed it into her. She was playing with her clit as he fucked her and it wasn't long before she came, even harder this time if that were possible.

"Yes David!... Oh God this is how I've always wanted you... Oh yeah, in my bed, between my legs, filling me with your cum, fucking me so hard."

David looked at her a little closer, obviously turned on by his sister's dirty talk. She took notice and kept on talking to him like a slutty whore.

"Cum in me David, stay inside me. I want my cunt to be filled with my brother's cum."

Both Brenda and I were on birth control (her mother, though, didn't know) and I had told David about this earlier so there was no reason he should worry about getting his sister pregnant. Still, while he had been dreaming of fucking Brenda for years, the idea of actually cumming inside of his sister suddenly seemed to make him a bit nervous. Fortunately, hearing her beg for it turned the tide.

"OK sis, get ready. Big brother's ready to cum!" David stretched his head back and thrust especially hard into her, moaning out as he reached his climax. "Oh god Brenda, I can't hold back anymore.. here I cum!"

David's back arched as he drove himself deep into Brenda as he released his loads into her pussy. After his second load he groaned saying, "I can't believe this - I'm cumming in my sister! Oh god it feels so damn good"

David squirted his remaining loads of sperm into her. As he stroked inside her I watched as some of his cum seeped out and ran down her ass to soak the sheet under her. After he finished he pulled out of her and sat next to her. David motioned to me, "Get down here Kelly and let me watch you lick my cum off her pussy."

I didn't have to be told twice. As I lapped up all the cum and juices around her pussy, David watched intently. When I was finished I kissed her, spreading his cum over her face and mouth. She licked it off of me, getting all that she could.

David was exhausted now. "Oh god girls, that was soooooo fantastic. I really need to get to bed before Stacy wonders what happened and comes looking for me. God, she would KILL me if she saw us now!"

Brenda smiled at him. Her legs were still spread wide apart and her pussy hole was gaping open from his cock having just been in her. "OK big brother - but from now on you know I'm available. You need to come over more often and take advantage of it. Don't you like fucking me better than Stacy?"

David was pulling on his shorts and had a huge grin on his face as he responded to Brenda. "You know it girl. By the way, the next time you baby-sit I will have a nice tip for you when I take you home!"

Then he turned to me saying, "Well, what can I say? Thank you Kelly for helping tonight as well. Thanks god my sister has a delightful little slut like you for a roomie!"

He kissed the two of us and left Brenda and me to spend the rest of the night with each other. We giggled as we imagined him getting in bed with her, smelling of our sex. I wonder if she smelled us on him, recognizing the unmistakable odor of a woman's pussy but not quite understanding where it was coming from or if it was just her imagination.

When we sat down for breakfast it made me so horny to see her next to David as my pussy tingled with the memory of his cock. I couldn't believe how erotic it was to see him with his wife and her not knowing that her loving husband had banged me just hours earlier!

As things turned out this was my only time with David before I returned home for summer vacation. Who could blame me for hope that when I came back to school in the fall we would all get together again!

# (May 07) Chapter 50: Bachelorette Party

Story codes: MMF F-solo group exhib
Me (19)
Ginny - cousin (23)
Audrey - Ginny's BFF, maid of honor

My cousin was getting married and you know what that means - Bachelorette Party. This was my first one and now I can't wait for the next!

## 1. Party Preparations

I took a couple of days off from school to attend my older cousin Ginny's wedding. It was a little disappointing in that I was only assigned a small part in the ceremony as greeter by the guest book as I Had hoped to be a bridesmaid, I was just looking forward to meeting old friends and relatives.

There WAS one thing that I was looking forward to the most though, and it was the reason for me leaving a couple of days early with school almost over - the bachelorette party. I'd never been to one before and knowing Ginny and the crowd she hung out with, especially her maid of honor who was setting up the party, I knew this just had to be a wild event! I'd heard some pretty crazy stories from other girls about bachelorette parties that they had attended and I had high expectations that it was going to be a lot of fun.

At 23, Ginny was four years older than me, almost five as her birthday was coming up in June, so while we had hung around together at family gatherings we weren't nearly as close as I was with Kristen, my cousin on my mother's side who had just turned seventeen. In fact, when she found out that I was invited Kristen was miffed. Apparently she hadn't been invited so I asked Ginny's best friend Audrey, her maid of honor in charge of the party, why Kristen wasn't invited. I figured since both of us were under 21 it wasn't like it was because of the alcohol thing.

To my surprise, Audrey seemed somewhat amused by my question. She responded first by telling me it wasn't the drinking age that was the concern as she'd rented a suite in the hotel where the reception was to be held and most people were staying there (including me).

Then Audrey became rather cryptic, saying something about how the entertainment required that everyone be at least eighteen. I must've looked a bit puzzled because she just giggled and refused to elaborate, leaving me to have to use my imagination as to what the "entertainment" was going to be!

Since my dad STILL wouldn't let me have a car (don't even get me started on that one!), my mom had to drive almost four hours to pick me up from my school. The semester was almost over so it was going to be difficult missing a few days of class but hey, sacrifices have to be made sometimes.

As I mentioned, there would be rooms for everyone at the hotel so I wouldn't be staying at my parents' house. Kristen and I would be sharing a room although she wouldn't be arriving until a little later, probably not before the party started.

Even though Kristen couldn't attend the bachelorette party there were still other things going on such as a wedding shower not to mention there would be a number of friends and relatives for her to visit with. I'd been talking to her on the phone about it for weeks and we couldn't wait to spend the night together. She mentioned something about bringing a camera which perked up my imagination. Kristen had always been the one between us to do crazy things and get me in trouble so I could only imagine what she was going to come up with!

## 2. Driving With My Mom

My mom was waiting for me when I got out of my last class for the day. Fortunately this was one of those days I finished early so I was able to attend everything and still have enough time for the drive back to Pittsburgh. My stuff was already packed so all I had to do was go to my room and change quickly. No way was I wearing this long skirt home. It was bad enough to have to dress this way at school, I wasn't about to suffer any longer than necessary.

Brenda was still at class when I got in the room so I hurried and undressed. God it felt so good to get out of that damn underwear, especially the bra. Panties I could live with but bras are the worst thing ever invented - and by a man I'm sure. OK, so some women needed them for support but for those of us who don't, why are we forced to put on those harnesses? Thank God these days there were more options and some of them actually weren't too bad, but still, why wear anything if you didn't have to?

I had been debating all morning what to wear home. I would've loved to have put on some short shorts and a tank top but if I was caught walking around campus, even just to the car, it would mean possible disciplinary actions. I'd already had enough warnings so sooner or later it wouldn't be overlooked which could lead to some serious issues, even dismissal.

Instead, I chose short pleated skirt that didn't come quite half way down to my knees. It was totally against the dress code as well, but it wouldn't be as noticeable at first like the shorts would have been. Then I chose a tight white cami. Without a bra my nipples showed through and there was even a hint of darkness where they pressed against the fabric so I put on a blouse over top until I got in the car. I was ready so I grabbed my bag and purse and hurried to my mom's car.

"Sort of pushing it today, aren't you?" my mom said after greeting me, "I thought you were on like your last warning notice or something from that last letter they sent us."

She was referring to the letter the school administration had sent my parents when I was warned about my "inappropriate" attire for the second time. Really, at nineteen I was old enough that I didn't need letters sent home to my parents but those were the rules. It was so stupid too. I knew the skirt was short but I honestly thought it was long enough to get by. Well, not according to the damn ruler.

I just rolled my eyes at her and grinned and then we both laughed. As much as she tried to act as the "responsible parent" when it came to things like school dress codes, she had learned years ago that I loved to dress slutty and even though I had toned it down a LOT at school, there were still times I liked to see what I could get away with.

We drove down the winding country roads, chatting about how things had been going at home for her and school for me. We talked most every day on the phone not to mention e-mail and chat so it wasn't like we had all that much to catch up on.

Finally there was a lull in out discussion and for a few minutes the car was silent as she negotiated the road. As I laid my head back and closed my eyes, I could feel that "itch" I always got when I was horny. I'd masturbated this morning before class but in my rush to get out I'd skipped my usual after-class session and my pussy was reminding me in not too subtle ways.

Almost without even thinking about it, I put my hand down between my legs and lifted my skirt up high enough to get my finger on my exposed clit. Instinctively my hips rose up just a bit as I drew in a sharp breath when my finger landed directly on my clit.

"Been a while, eh?" my mom interrupted me, a slit chuckle to her voice. My concentration was broken and I turned my head to look at her, keeping my hand between my legs.

"You could say that," I sighed.

"So when was the last time you got laid?" she asked matter-of-factly, as if asking me when I had my last period.

I explained to her that actually it hadn't been THAT long, only about three weeks or so. In fact, it was pretty hot in that it was with my roomies married brother AND it was the first time she and her brother had done it as well. I'd told her about it not long afterwards, just as I told her about most everything I did. Still, three weeks is a long time to go without sex so no wonder I was horny as hell.

"Well, I guess I can understand why you can't wait to do that until we get home," she nodded, "Go ahead, I'll just listen to some music until you're done."

It was great to have a mother like mine. Some mothers would have been horrified if their daughter started to masturbate in front of them period, let alone in the car next to them. Fortunately I'd been raised in an environment where masturbation was considered a natural human function no different than eating if you get what I mean. EVERYONE does it, or at least almost everyone, so why make a big deal out of it? If you feel the need, then do the deed my dad always says. Well, I definitely felt the need!

We had made our way to the expressway by now but the way my mom drove, she was always in the right hand lane and almost never passed anyone. Thus with me in the passenger seat it was unlikely that anyone would see what I was doing so I pulled the skirt up more to be more comfortable. The coolness of the soft leather seat under my bare bottom felt so good! I leaned the seat back a bit and spread my legs enough to let my hand cup my crotch without being pinched between my thighs.

"Oh yeah," I sighed softly as my finger went to work on me.

With my eyes shut I recalled how hot it had been to be fucked by my roomie's brother. God, he had done me with his wife passed out in the bedroom right across the hall, not to mention in front of his younger sister. My clit was so sensitive and I could feel my pussy getting wetter by the minute as I thought about how it had been to watch him fuck Brenda the first time.

Talk about HOT! I'd never seen a brother fucking his sister before and for it to be their first time as well was one of the most erotic sights I'd seen in ages. My finger plunged into my pussy as I recalled how he had cum in her and then let me eat his cum out of her pussy afterwards. God she tasted so good!

"You know, if you're going to moan so loud I can't hear the radio, the least you could do is tell me what's got you so worked up," my mom complained playfully.

Well, she asked for it! From then on, instead of just visualizing being with David and Brenda, I gave my mom a running dialog of how I wanted him to fuck me again, how good it felt to have his cum inside of me after not having been fucked for months. She got to hear how I loved being eaten by Brenda as her brother fucked me, how her tongue felt so good in my pussy - just as it always did when we would play in our dorm room together.

At one point I opened my eyes enough to glance over at my mom. She must have been getting worked up listening to me as I saw she had slipped her hand inside her blouse and was massaging one of her boobs under her bra as she drove. It wasn't anything so obvious anyone would have noticed as they passed by, but it was hot to see my mom getting all horny because of me and what I was telling her.

My pussy was soaking wet and I knew she had to smell me as well. Mom seemed to have a nose for pussy, that was for sure. I could never sneak in after a date having been fucked by my boyfriend without her knowing it, just by smelling me as I walked in the door and went by her. Then again, I guess the odds were in her favor as many a time when I came home from a date, I HAD just been fucked! Even if not, I was usually so worked up from sucking his cock or masturbating for him that I swear she could smell my pussy from across the room!

"Oh mom, this feels so good," I sighed in a voice husky with lust.

God, talk about being horny! All I could think about right then was having a dick in me, ANY dick, just long as it was hard and a human male it would do. Two finger now in my pussy - I was imagining us stopping at a rest area we just passed, my mom pimping me out to the truck drivers as she took on a few of them herself. I was about to cum and I needed it SO badly I wanted to scream.

"OH FUCK!" I cried out as it finally hit me.

My orgasm flared and then exploded, drenching me in pleasure and making me feel almost on fire. I was so hot yet goose bumps broke out on my arms and legs, I could feel my nipples rubbing against the cami and it was like they had

# 3. The Hotel Room

My mom drove straight to the hotel since it was just off the interstate on the way back into town. Going home first would have been a long detour and I was already running late - mom's not exactly a speeder like my dad so the trip took a lot longer than usual.

Mom dropped me off at the hotel front entrance where I quickly checked in and took the elevator up to find my room. After the long drive, not to mention what I'd been doing during that drive, I needed to freshen up for the party so a speedy shower was definitely in order.

Dropping my bags on one of the double beds, I quickly undressed and stepped into the shower. When the water was hot enough I changed it from the faucet to the shower and the stinging flow of hot water suddenly striking me felt invigorating after sitting in a car all afternoon.

Standing there under the steady stream of water, I closed my eyes and just let it hit me and flow down my body. I started soaping myself down and as I ran the bar of soap over my breasts my nipples started to harden from the attention. My hands caressed my breasts and squeezed them, lifting them up and then letting them slide through my wet fingers. I kept massaging them with my left hand as my right hand drifted down my wet stomach and I rubbed the bar of soap between my legs. I had just shaved that morning and the soap glided over my smooth bare pussy like an ice cube on a warm plate. Damn, I was still horny as hell! Oh well, why fight Mother Nature?

As I rubbed the soap against my swelling clit, my middle finger reached down between my pussy lips and I pushed it up into me. With my eyes tightly shut I imagined someone breaking into my room now, pulling me from the shower and blindfolding me.

Images of being fucked by a strange cock, unable to see him but feeling him violating me as he ever so slowly pushed himself deeper and deeper into me filled my head. I wanted him to stop by my pussy was crying out to be fucked until finally I stopped resisting and accepted his dick in me.

When he had cum and I thought it was over, another dick pushed its way into me, only to be followed another and another as a stream of men made their way into the room, each fucking and cumming in me only to be replaced by another impatiently waiting his turn at me. I lost track of them as my body was repeatedly violated, yet at the same time I came time after time as my pussy overflowed with their combined cum.

Between the actions of my two hands it wasn't long before I was gasping for air as a huge orgasm swept over me. I cried out as my clit screamed like it was on fire, sending shivers through me despite the hot water that was cascading over me. Hopefully nobody was listening too close in the next room!

I kept fingering my pussy as I dreamed of being fucked harder and harder while their cum would pour from my overflowing pussy like hot lava from a volcano. There was no room for more, each time a new dick entered me, it would push out the cum from before and then he would fill me again with his fresh load. Nobody said a word or touched me, just their cocks into my pussy and nothing else.

As I masturbated hard again for the second time in almost as many hours, I started to feel lightheaded and for a moment I was actually concerned that I might faint so I rested against the shower wall, holding the handicap rail in it as my legs felt weak and my entire body just trembled uncontrollably.

God it always felt soooooo good to cum! There was nothing like it in the world, no drug could possibly make me feel this good. Some people have told me I am addicted to sex, particularly to masturbating and I don't disagree. But then, so what? It's like the perfect drug, natural and always there and it doesn't cost a dime.

I scrubbed myself clean again and then after my shower I dried my hair and put on a little makeup, nothing too much which was actually normal for me as I've never been one for a lot of that stuff. Just as I finished the room phone rang – it was Audrey checking to see if I was coming so they could get started.

Looking at the clock, I realized I still has a few minute before the official start time but they must have been anxious to get started. All I had left to quickly get dressed. I had it all picked out ahead of time – one of my shortest skirt and a blouse at least a size too small, together with a very skimpy white thong and heels. Something told me that nobody would mind that I'd left my bra at school. Looking in the mirror, I hoped I was dressed appropriately!

# 4. The Party Begins

I too the elevator up to the suite where I learned that I was the last of twelve girls to arrive, including the guest of honor - my cousin Ginny. From the looks of things they'd already gone through a couple bottles of wine and Audrey welcomed me with my own glass, inviting me to catch up with them. I accepted it to be polite but I normally I don't drink much alcohol because it tends to make me sleepy more than anything. In this case I didn't think a glass or two would hurt since the last thing I would likely be doing was falling asleep!

For the first hour or so we played a bunch of silly games. It was sort of like a baby shower but the rules and prizes certainly weren't for a baby! Suffice to say they all revolved around drinking or sex or both. The primary objective of each one seemed to be to get Ginny more drunk and see how many ways she could wear a condom or play with a dildo! They were certainly meeting their goals as Ginny swigged down one glass of wine after another, like it was water. I'd seen her drink before but never this much and I couldn't help but hope she didn't pass out!

With all the drinking and laughter I was amazed that nobody was complaining in the rooms next to us. As it turned out, someone must have been because suddenly there was a sharp knock at the door and a deep voice outside announced that they were from hotel security and for us to let them in.

Everyone immediately quieted down as Audrey answered the door and in barged three guys wearing dark blue security uniforms. All three looked to be in their early twenties and their uniforms seemed a little tighter than usual but it was OK to me as they accentuated their hard bodies. These guys must spend half the day at the gym! One of them seemed to be in charge and he started scolding us for being so loud and obnoxious, saying the hotel had gotten several complaints about the noise from the other guests and that they were here to check us out to make sure everything was alright.

I was wondering what he meant by "check us out" when the head guy asked, "Who's the bride responsible for this mess?"

It seemed a silly question as it should have been easy for them to identify her since she was the only one wearing a lace veil with a dozen or so condoms hanging from it! We all looked at Ginny and they followed our eyes to her where she was sitting, suddenly looking totally embarrassed.

The three of them then moved over until they were standing in front of Ginny and then suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, they each ripped their shirts completely off in one quick motion. Audrey must have been waiting for this because she immediately cranked up the music again while the rest of us quickly moved our chairs to form a circle around them.

We all watched as the three hunks stripped off one piece of clothing after another. When they were finally down to their G-strings, which by themselves left very little to the imagination, they started making the rounds, dancing with each girl for a brief time before moving on to the next.

When one of them eventually came to me he grabbed my hand and pulled me up out of the chair. I couldn't help but stare as he was all but naked and looked SO hot. He started rubbing up against me and running his hands up and down my back, even grabbing my ass and pulling me into him so his cock was pressing against me through the thin material that barely covered him. Needless to say I was certainly getting turned on as this was without a doubt the sexiest hunk of a man I'd ever been this close to! Sadly, he soon moved on but when I sat down I could feel the tingle in my pussy telling me it was getting excited yet again.

As time went on the dances got sexier and more suggestive until finally Audrey stood up to announce that it was time for the bride's "special" lap dance. She said that since there were three guys, two more girls were needed to join Ginny and she called on the group to vote who should go first.

As the maid of honor, Audrey was an easy first choice and then to my shock and embarrassment they voted for me, apparently because I was the youngest one there. Oh well, it's not like I am particularly shy so I accepted the challenge.

The guys lined up three chairs and one guided Ginny to sit in the center one while Audrey and I were maneuvered to sit on the ones flanking her. At first it was a bit awkward as I sat there not being quite sure what to do next.

As it turned out there nothing for me to worry about, these guys were professionals all the way and took charge! One guy got in front of each one of us and you could literally feel the tension in the air as everyone waited to see what was going to happen next. My guy was the same gorgeous hunk that had given me my first dance. Assuming he wasn't wearing any padding inside that narrow G-string, he must have been hung like a horse - and he wasn't even hard yet from what I could tell judging by the outline of his cock inside!

OK, I CAN be shy at times and this was a little out of my comfort zone. My face must have been beet red because he bent down close to me and whispered in my ear, telling me not to worry and just to relax and have some fun. Then he took another look at me and asked in a more serious businesslike tone if I was eighteen. I assured him that I was after which he just smiled and winked at me.

With the three of us now in place with a man assigned to each of us, the music started once again. My guy straddled my chair and moved in close to me. As the other girls cheered them on, I was treated to the sexiest and most erotic dance any man had ever given me. I'd seen lap dances before in movies but it was always a girl doing the dancing, never a guy giving one to a girl. He moved up and down, rubbing his crotch and body up against me. His hands roamed all over my body and I don't think they ever came off of me once during the whole dance. He even fondled my boobs and at one point briefly reached in between my legs under my skirt to run his fingers up my crotch - over my thong of course but still I could feel the pressure of his finger on my clit.

Then I heard a big cheer go up and looked over to see that my cousin and Audrey were evidently having sort of contest to see who was the more daring. The first cheer had come when Audrey pulled down her dancer's G-string, allowing his now slightly-erect cock to swing freely in front of her face. He certainly hadn't had any padding, that was for sure! It was a great looking dick. His crotch was a thick thatch of curly dark pubic hair at the base and above his cock but he was shaved around his balls which kept them from being hidden from sight. He was only starting to get hard but from the looks of things I figured him to be quite a mouthful when he was finally erect!

Not one to be outdone by her best friend (I could relate to that), Ginny pulled off her guy's G-string as well. His cock was almost a twin of his partner's dick but also not hard yet so it simply flopped out and hung down like a limp sausage. Ginny leaned forward and raised the pot by taking his cock into her mouth and then quickly taking the entire thing in until her face was buried in his crotch. As flaccid as he was it wasn't much of an effort but it still was hotter than hell watching her.

Ginny was a bit of a tease and liked to dress a bit on the edge but I had NEVER seen her doing anything overtly sexual before so to see my cousin suddenly giving a complete stranger a blowjob was an incredible and almost unbelievable sight. It was a good thing I was watching it for myself as if someone had just told me I would have never believed them!

Audrey smiled and quickly followed suit and next thing I knew they were both sucking cock like it was just the natural thing to do. I looked up and saw my guy looking down at me as he rubbed his still hidden cock up against my cheek. It was obvious he was looking for some of what his partners were getting so who was I to refuse?

I reached up for his G-string, hooking a finger in the thin string on each side. The other girls started chanting my name, egging me on to join the other two. Even Audrey and Ginny were watching out of the corners of their eyes with their mouths full of cock, looking to see what I would do.

Whether it was the wine or the excitement, or a bit of both, I figured what the heck, why not? It wasn't that I didn't know what to do as I'd been sucking cocks since I was fourteen and absolutely loved doing it, even having done it in public before. It was just that I'd never done it in front of an audience like this before, one which included my own cousin who until now I knew could be wild but not THIS wild!

None of them had any idea how much experience I had sucking cock and so I found it sort of fun to pretend as though I didn't know what I was doing. Taking a deep breath, I pulled his G-string down to his ankles and then he stepped out of it. Lo and behold, there was his massive cock right in front of my face. I couldn't help but smile as I remembered my earlier question as to whether he was using padding or not. Well, let's just say if anything he was even bigger than I'd hoped for.

When I started to reach for it with my hand he pushed it away, warning me that no touching was allowed. Evidently my mouth didn't count when it came to that rule! He stood and leaned forward enough for the head of his cock to just brush up against my check and then my lips. Taking the hint, I obediently opened my mouth wide and leaned forward myself to allow the head to move into my eager mouth. As soon as it disappeared past my lips another cheer went up in the room and I heard several girls yelling "Go Kelly!" as I sat still and he moved his hips to stroke his cock in and out of my mouth.

It was like he was fucking my mouth and I could feel him growing, getting bigger with each stroke it seemed. As he got bigger it was getting harder and harder to take all of him in and he was just starting to strike the back of my throat when I felt a tap on my shoulder and realized that another girl wanted a turn. Reluctantly I dropped him from my mouth, got up and moved out of the way.

The girl who took my seat certainly didn't waste any time - she was sucking him before she even sat down! I looked over and felt a pang of jealousy as I saw that as the bride, Ginny was able to keep her spot without having to share. Well, she was obviously enjoying herself. Poor Audrey also had to give up her seat and the two of us grinned at each other as we both licked our lips seductively.

It was one of the more erotic sights I'd seen as I watched the other girls as one by one they sucked the guys' dicks. As for myself, I finally got one more shot, this time with one of the other guys. His cock was now rock hard after having so many women sucking on it and I was proud to be one of the few to be able to take him all the way in and down my throat. I think it was a big surprise to most of the girls there to see how good I was at deep throating. Well, if that shocked them then I could only imagine if they knew where I learned my technique!

It would have been interesting to see their reaction if I were to tell them how many hours my mom and dad had spent, patiently teaching me how to take his stiff cock all the way in without gagging. My mom was still better than me - she made it look effortless, but I think overall I give just as good of head as she does.

Actually not all of the girls there actually sucked cock. There were a couple who apparently either didn't like to give blowjobs or were too embarrassed to do it in front of everyone but they certainly didn't mind watching those of us that did!

As for me, I certainly didn't mind anyone watching, Although this was a new scenario for me, I've always enjoyed being watched during sex whether it's just me masturbating or getting laid. Something about it just adds an element of naughtiness and eroticism knowing someone else is watching me and getting turned on wishing they had me instead.

It was interesting to watch the other girls, though, and observe the variety of techniques. I was a little surprised to see that most of them seemed pretty amateurish, just opening their mouths and letting the guy fuck it with his cock. Maybe it was just the girls I hung around with but I would have figured that more of them would have been better at sucking dick. I had a couple of friends who refused to let a dick in their mouths but by far the rest of them at least tolerated it.

A couple of them I could tell were more experienced and knew how to give a proper blowjob. Surprisingly, or maybe not so when I thought about it, Audrey and Ginny both seemed to be quite accomplished cock suckers and I couldn't help but wonder where they'd been practicing. Neither of them had spoken of it before and I found myself gaining a new-found respect for my cousin. Something told me that we might have some interesting discussions the next time our families got together!

If there was anyone I admired for their expertise it had to be the strippers. All three guys must have had a lot of experience doing this as I was witnessing one of the most incredible displays of male stamina I'd ever seen. Based on my experience to date with sucking guys, I marveled that they were able to keep going for so long with so many girls sucking them - all without cumming even once!

I've had a wide range of experiences going from one extreme of your typical young teenager who cums in the first 30 seconds (or less) to the more experienced men who may hold out for fifteen to twenty minutes but I'd never had a guy who could hold out for more than that while I sucked his cock. Even guys who claimed they had never cum from a BJ without jerking off at the end succumbed to my mouth and I've yet to have a guy NOT get off from me sucking him when I was given the chance. These guys look like they would've been the ultimate challenge to my skills. This had been going on now for well over a half-hour and they STILL were rock hard without a drop of sperm emerging.

Ginny had been working her guy over pretty good and every now and then the guys would trade places so it wasn't like she had been sucking the same guy the entire time. Her mouth must have been getting pretty tired by now sucking cock for that long non-stop, especially considering how big they were! Little cocks were so much easier to suck and when you were done your mouth didn't feel so tired from having to open wide to take him in. With these guys I imagined Ginny's mouth and cheeks were going to feel like she had been in a dentist's chair for half an hour straight!

After my second go-around I sat down on the floor with my legs crossed under me which caused my skirt to ride up to my ass. God I was horny yet again! Without really thinking about it, I started to reach between my legs and then hesitated, suddenly remembering where I was and sheepishly pulled my hand away.

Then I looked around then and saw I wasn't the first to have the idea! The two girls who weren't into sucking cock instead were rubbing their pussies and boobs as they watched the show. The rest were gathered around the guys, running their hands over their bodies and in a couple of cases, had undone their tops and blouses to free their breasts which they rubbed against the guys as well. Apparently the "hands-off" rule was now suspended.

I decided to get a few feels of those spectacular bodies myself so I got back up and squeezed in. I gingerly put my hand on one guy's bare ass which was moving back and forth as one of the girls was sucking his cock. God his ass was so tight and firm!

Emboldened, I squeezed it and ran my hands all around it. My other hand was rubbing myself and I shuddered as my fingers ran over my excited clit. I let my fingers slide down the crack of his ass and felt his asshole under my fingertip. I pressed the tip of my finger in just a bit and he suddenly looked around to see what was going on.

When he saw it was me he just smiled and winked at me and then turned back to the next girl who was taking her place for her turn at his cock. I'd NEVER put my finger up a guy's asshole before and I felt incredibly naughty and dirty as I pushed it in as far as I could. He was started to move his ass again as the girl was going to town on his cock which helped me to establish a rhythm as I fingerfucked his ass. Audrey came up next to me and when she saw what I was doing she put her hands to her mouth in mock shock. She burst out laughing and started pointing me out to the other girls who all cheered me on.

Finally I pulled my finger out and was a bit shocked when Audrey unexpectedly took my hand and sucked my finger like a popsicle. Ewwwww, now THAT grossed me out! Like, I had just had it up his asshole for God's sake and now she as sucking it! Anal sex of any type has never been my strong suite but she seemed to be enjoying it. When she was done I smelled my finger and grimaced a bit as it smelled like crap. And to think she had put it in her mouth. Well, whatever turns you on I guess! I made a quick exit to the restroom to wash my finger before I got sick.

When I returned I was just in time to see the guy being sucked by Ginny reach down and picked her up in his muscular arms. My eyes widened as he carried her off to the bedroom as Audrey explained to me that she had paid them to give her a more private and intimate lap dance. My first naive thought was, what could be more intimate than what we were already doing? Then I rolled my eyes at my stupidity. Obviously this was going to more than just your typical lap dance! How much more though? Now THAT was the question.

## 5. My Cousin the Slutty Bride

The last couple of girls were getting their turns now at the remaining two guys. You had to give the guys credit. How did they last so long without cumming? Suddenly we all heard a loud cry emanating from the bedroom. Audrey cracked the door open and peeked in. She turned with a huge grin on her face, gave a thumbs up and then motioned for everyone to hurry over. When we got there she opened the door wide and there in full view was my cousin, now totally nude, and riding the guy's cock like a cowgirl. She was fucking him like there was no tomorrow – and there might NOT be a tomorrow either if her fiance, found out about this!

Again, if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes I never would've believed it. My god, she was getting married tomorrow and her she was riding a stranger's dick – and doing in front of almost a dozen witnesses! Was she crazy – What if her fiance, found out? This was a side to Ginny I'd never seen – a side for which there had never been even a hint in all the years I knew her. Then again, she probably would be just as shocked if she saw me riding my father so maybe it wasn't as surprising that I didn't know about this side of her.

We all squeezed into the room and cheered her on. My cousin, who was sexy as hell but usually quite reserved, never even hesitated when she realized we were watching and if anything it seemed to spur her on to bounce on his cock even harder. She was literally bouncing up and down on his cock like she was on a trampoline, pounding down onto his crotch every time she dropped down. Meanwhile, the last girls had finished with the other guys and they all joined us in the bedroom.

The guys were still naked and they started stroking themselves as they watched their friend being fucked by my naked cousin. For a moment my mind wandered and I wondered how they determined who got the bride at these things. Did they take turns? Some form of perverse form of seniority? In any case, they just got to jerk off while their partner fucked the bride.

Suddenly the guy she was fucking lifted my cousin up and off of his cock. She immediately got to her knees and grabbed his cock in her mouth again. He jerked violently as he came, all of his cum spewing into her mouth without spilling a drop. By then the other two were finally ready and so they each took one side and squirted their cum all over their side of Ginny's face and hair. When they had finished she dropped onto her back on the bed, exhausted and covered with cum.

Ginny used her fingers to try and scoop as much of the cum into her mouth with her fingers and I smiled seeing the huge slutty grin on her face. Damn, her hair was going to be a mess. I can't think of anything harder to wash out of my hair than a man's cum. It seems to coagulate in the shower and I have to use a fine comb to literally drag it out of my hair one blob at a time. I guess in porn movies they never show the poor girl having to clean up afterwards so guys don't realize the hassle they create for me when they won't cum in my mouth like I wish they would. I wondered where she was getting her hair done in the morning? Maybe it was a common thing for brides to show up the morning of the wedding with cum in their hair – you think?

Apparently when they came was like the finale at a fireworks show. It was the end of the male entertainment portion of the evening and as they quickly got dressed and left. We all went back out into the living room area of the suite where we talked excitedly about everything that had happened, especially how hot Ginny had looked getting fucked – with her wedding day approaching at that!.

Eventually Ginny came staggering back into the room, still nude but she had washed the cum off her face and was sporting a huge grin as if it as glued in place. I figured she was drunker than a skunk and I wondered if she would even remember what she'd done her when the alcohol finally was flushed from her brain. We all clapped and cheered for her and she blew us a kiss and curtsied. She then went back in the room to finish cleaning up and get dressed, leaving the rest of us to straighten up as well.

When Ginny finally returned we gave her a standing ovation and she was still grinning like a fool, looking perhaps a little embarrassed now as if the reality of what she'd just done may have started to sink in. We sat around for a while longer, talking and telling stories about guys we had been with and such for another hour or so when Audrey announced that the party was over and we needed to let the bride get some sleep. I looked at my cousin with newfound respect and I couldn't help but wondered what her fiance, would say at the rehearsal tomorrow if he knew how his new wife had spent the previous night!

I said goodbye to everyone and returned to my room where I found Kristen lying in bed sound asleep. I bounced on the bed to wake her and she quickly rubbed the sleep from her eyes as I told her all about the party. When I go to the part of Ginny fucking the guy her eyes widened dramatically.

"No way!" she exclaimed, looking at me like I was just making it all up, "Ginny would never do such a thing."

"Well believe it. I never knew our cousin could be such a slut!"

"Really? ...she really fucked him?"

I wanted to laugh at her disbelief. In all fairness, I had to admit that if I hadn't witnessed it myself I never would've believed it either.

Kristen pressed me for more details and as she listened I could see she was getting horny from the way her hand was pressing against her pussy through her jeans. I was getting horny again myself and before long were both laying on our respective beds, heads propped up and legs spread open as we masturbated to the thought of being fucked by a big-cock stripper.

Kristen and I had been masturbating together since we were twelve and fourteen respectively and it was just natural for us to do it when got horny. We never touched each other but we had shared more than a few of our boyfriends together. I had a feeling this wedding was going to be more than I had anticipated!

# (May 16) Chapter 51: A Typical Night My With Dad

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)

People ask me a lot about what happens at home between me and my dad. Most of the time I would say it's no different than at most homes between a father and daughter. OK, there ARE of course a few exceptions at my house...

## 1. A Few Words About Incest

It's always seemed strange to me that the same people I chat with on-line who have no problems with casual sex, cheating on their spouse, threesomes (or more), even perverted stuff like sex with young kids and animals, also think that I'm the perverted or twisted one simply because I have sex with my parents.

It's frustrating to me because so far as I am concerned incest is no different than many things in life. Handled properly incest can lead to truly wonderful and loving relationships. Unfortunately there are cruel and perverted people who use incest to rationalize their own selfish desires at the expense of their children's well-being. I would NEVER advocate child abuse of any kind, including pre-teen sex or ANY form of non-consensual sex.

Most people seem to associate incest with eight year-old children and such which is clearly wrong since at that age, the concept of consent doesn't even exist. But if a person enjoys sex, why does the mere fact that they share DNA with someone disqualify that relationship? Hopefully this article will show a different side of incest and help people to realize how wonderful incest can be - under the right circumstances.

The first time I had sex was when I was fourteen with the sixteen year-old brother of one of my best friends. Since then I've remained sexually active, to put it mildly. While I don't mean to say that I've slept with EVERY guy in school, most of my relationships include sex to some degree or another, anything from playful petting to all-out fucking.

Most of the time I would say my sexual activities are on the tame side. Most guys know that if they're nice to me at all then they're pretty much assured of going home with a BJ on a first date. If things work out well enough warrant a second date, I like letting them watch me masturbate. When it comes to actual sex I'm a bit more picky. It's not that I'm worried about getting pregnant or anything like that (my mom put me on the pill when I started having sex). For me it's a fine line between being known as the class slut versus a whore.

My parents have always been aware of my sexual activities as I've always shared everything with them, especially my mother. My mom has always been extremely supportive of me, such as making sure I was on birth control from the start. While my parents never approached me directly in a sexual way when I was younger, they were always very open about sex in general with me. For example, nudity was not considered something to be ashamed of and it wasn't unusual for all of us to be in the hot tub together naked.

Looking back, I think that while my mom and dad were open about sex, it wasn't like it was something kinky or perverted. Indeed, they emphasized to me that sex was something to be respected and to be held responsible for. For instance, my parents taught me the difference between pornography and erotic art, between being sensual and vulgar, between making love and fucking. In other words, keeping sex fun without crossing the line into perversion.

Looking back, I find it interesting that while they never had sex in front of me when I was a child, it was always clear to me that they loved each other emotionally AND physically. When they shut their bedroom door, I knew it was a signal to me that they wanted to be alone as a man and wife, as lovers, not that they were excluding me from anything. Since my room was right next door to theirs with nothing but a thin wall between us, sometimes I could hear them pretty clearly so it wasn't like I didn't know what they were doing.

The truth is, rather than be put off at the thought of my parents having sex, I actually felt more secure knowing that my parents were in deeply love and that they could still enjoy being with each other so much rather than fight all the time the way some of my friends' parents did.

It's always important for me to make sure that people understand that nobody EVER forced or even asked me to do anything I didn't want to do. My parents gave

Then I looked over at my mom and saw she was still sound asleep. She was wearing plain white cotton panties and a Steelers t-shirt and looked so peaceful and pretty. I've never been able to convince her to not wear panties around the house.

Making sure to keep quiet so she wouldn't wake up I knelt down and grabbed my dad's cock gently with my hand. Then I leaned over and took him in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, his dick was so warm and soft! Running my tongue around it, I dropped him out of my mouth and instead licked it in circles around the smooth head. While I started sucking his cock again slowly, I used one hand to gently play with his balls. My dad stirred slightly a few times, especially when I had his whole cock in my mouth, but somehow he remained asleep.

I could feel his cock beginning to grow and stiffen in my mouth. God I love it when that happens! No matter how many times I suck a cock I've never stopped being fascinated as it goes from being soft and limp to long, thick and hard. Being able to feel it do that while it's in my mouth is such an incredible sensation, almost exhilarating! With my free hand I reached between my legs and started rubbing myself. Damn, I was already wet with desire so it was easy to slip my finger inside my warm pussy.

By now my dad's cock was hardening and growing longer to where it became harder to take all of him in my mouth but I still was able to take it. Eventually it got to where I could feel the head of cock just against the back of my throat.

Suddenly he stirred again and his eyes barely opened. He squinted down at me and then his eyes widened as he saw what his only daughter was doing to his dick. I didn't want to let his cock out of my mouth so I released his balls and pointed towards my mom. Dad looked over and saw his wife sleeping. Then he looked back to see his naked nineteen year-old daughter bending over his crotch, sucking his now rock-hard cock with one hand between her legs masturbating. I can imagine it was a sight most fathers have only dreamed of ever witnessing.

A huge grin appeared on his face as he softly said to me, "Oh God Kelly, you are absolutely the most fantastic daughter a father could ever ask for! Oh yeah... I just love it when you suck my dick like that."

He paused, allowing me to suck him a little more before he said anything else. Finally he sighed and told me, "OK, now get up here on my lap - daddy needs to fuck his little girl."

There was something in the way he said that which caused my heart to swell. He didn't say he WANTED to fuck me. No.... he said he NEEDED to fuck me. I knew it

about them, how much they respect them and want to show them in such an unmistakable way?

"Oh god Kelly, yes. Yes... I want to fuck you so bad. You're so beautiful... so sexy. You're the most wonderful daughter a father could ask for. Here baby... take me inside of you now."

With that I raised up a bit and reached between my legs to grab his cock and guide him into me as I slowly lowered myself back down. Oh wow, how can I describe the incredible sensation I feel whenever a stiff cock enters my wet pussy for the first time? I love the feeling as the head parts my pussy lips, seeing myself open up to accept it.

In this case, knowing that it is my own father's cock that was I was feeling made it all the more erotic for me. I love him to pause for a few moments when the head is inside just enough to part my pussy lips before it tries to press farther inside of me. Then I like to twist my hips back and forth as his cock slowly corkscrews into me. Then, when his entire dick is in me, I love it when he just hold it still, letting me feel it throbbing inside of me.

I leaned forward to let my dad suck my nipples as I slowly lowered myself down onto his lap, watched as his cock disappear inch by inch inside of me. Finally he was completely enveloped by my pussy and my bare crotch was pushing against the hairy base of his incestuous cock. I could feel his hot incestuous dick as it filled my pussy, feel it throbbing deep inside of me.

My hips worked in a circular motion to move him around inside of me without actually coming out of me. I had to be careful because the chair would squeak and I thought more than once that mom was going to wake up. Not that I didn't want her to see us, I just didn't want to wake her up when she was sleeping so soundly.

Taking a deep breath, I started to ride his cock, letting him out of me until just the tip of his dick was barely in me and then slamming myself down to drive him as deep inside of me as I could. Oh God it felt crazy good! My hair was falling down on his face as he took each of my nipples and as much of each boob as he could into his mouth. His hands each grabbed one of my butt cheeks as he squeezed my ass.

Feeling wonderful, I looked down and he winked and glanced towards mom. When I looked over I realized what he meant as she was now awake. Mom had turned on her side and was watching us, a coy smile coming to her face when she saw that I knew she was watching. Other than that she just laid there but she never took her eyes off of us as she watched her adoring husband fuck her teenage daughter. She had told me many times that she was never jealous seeing him doing me. Her confidence came from the security of knowing his love for her as his wife. She realized that I was just satisfying his needs. We weren't lovers by any stretch of the imagination and being his daughter it was incest so he wasn't cheating on her. Still, I came almost instantly when I saw her watching and my dad moaned as he felt my pussy contract and grip his cock while my cum flow around him. My whole body tingled as wave after wave of pleasure poured over my entire body.

With the onset of my orgasm, Dad's breathing started to quicken and even with the waves of pleasure washing over me I could feel him thrusting faster and harder into me. I knew what this meant and he soon confirmed it.

"Oh Kelly baby, I'm going to cum now... Oh yeah baby, I'm going to cum inside my little girl's hot pussy! You ready for daddy to fill you up?"

"Yes Daddy!! Cum for me daddy!!" I cried. Indeed, I really did want him to fill my pussy with his cum. Even more, I wanted my mom to watch, to see yet again the proof of how much he loved me. It wasn't the same type of love he reserved for her, but it was still something special, something only a father can give to his daughter.

My voice begging for him to cum in me was enough to tip him over the edge. His hips thrust upwards as he shoved his cock even deeper into me. Then I felt his cock spasm as load after load of incestuous cum squirted into my pussy. Each time it was like a small heat explosion deep inside of me. I came yet again as his final burst of cum exploded into me.

"Yes Kelly, that's it. Squeeze my cum out of my cock with your pussy. God I love the feel of you around my cock!"

He must have been especially horny that night because I could hardly believe how much cum he had just pumped into me. I looked down and could see some of it already draining from my pussy down to the base of his cock. I reached down and dipped my finger into it and then licked it from my finger. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good mixed in with my own cum!

Dad put his arms around me and pulled me tight to his chest, squeezing my boobs against him. I looked over and saw my mom had a big grin on her face as she watched her husband and daughter hugging, his cock still buried inside of me. She'd told me before that she loved seeing us together like that as much as anything, resting in each other's arms while we remained literally joined together. She said that it reminded her of the times she'd been fucked by her own father before he died. My

# (May 22) Chapter 52: My First Sex Party, The Initiation

Story codes: MF group oral exhib inc father daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)
Pete - party host (22)

Until now, most of my sexual experiences had been with a guy I knew or at least had a relationship of some sort, even if just as my camp counselor. Then my best friend introduced me to a whole new world - one with multiple partners and anonymous sex.

## 1. Beth's Sex Parties

Beth was always one of my best friends in high school and is now my "BFF". She's always been pretty wild and enjoyed quite a reputation in school for being a party girl. In contrast, I was known in high school more for being a slut than a "partier". While this was just one of many differences between us, for whatever reason she and I always got along extremely well.

Beth was always teasing me that I should let her join in sometime with one of the guys I went out with. While I'm sure none of them would have complained about making it a three-some, I always declined as I'd never done anything sexual with a girl (outside of my family, that is) while in high school.

Like most girls I knew, I participated in silly games at slumber parties and such, including masturbating and other innocent stuff like that. But when it came to actually touching another girl in a sexual way, THAT never happened. I can't say that it was so much a conscious decision by me NOT to do it but more like it just never seemed like something we wanted to do. At the time, only "those girls" did that sort of thing. Personally I was quite happy being fucked by boys! Girls didn't have dicks and what was sex without being fucked? Besides, if I wanted to taste a pussy I already had mine available.

When I went off to college that mindset quickly changed thanks to my freshman roomie Brenda. She was secretly bi-sexual (had it been public knowledge they would never have accepted her application) and a lot more "aggressive" than most of my friends had been. Even so, while Brenda and I spent most of the school year sleeping together, there was never anything "romantic" about our relationship. It was just a physical thing between us that satisfied our mutual needs. I've always preferred guys and while Brenda knocked down some barriers for me, it wasn't like I suddenly converted to be a lesbian or anything like that. Technically I was now officially bisexual, but the scales remained heavily weighted towards the guys.

One day shortly after returning home for summer break, I had lunch with Beth and as usual she wasted no time in updating me on her latest sexual adventures. God, it seemed all the girl did was party! Today she was all worked up and excited about the next party that was coming up soon.

The way she explained it to me, all the parties were held in someone's home and apparently there were very few limits on what was allowed. Beth DID say, much to my relief, that there were absolutely no drugs allowed and only some light drinking. The focus was on sex - and lots of it. Beth assured me that nobody would make me participate or do anything I didn't want to do. By the same token, she warned me that if I didn't do ANYTHING but watch that I probably wouldn't be invited back again.

Still, I was a bit unsure about the whole concept so Beth described the last party she'd been to and how she'd been fucked by several guys - a couple of whom she'd never even seen before they started fucking her. As she described the thrill of having multiple men do her and then leave without her even knowing so much as their names, I started to feel that familiar tingle between my legs.

Beth undoubtedly could see that I was getting flushed from the sexual excitement that was building up inside of me. Once she had me all hot and bothered, she pushed me yet again to agree to go. At that point, what could I say? It's hard to say no to something when just talking about it has you playing with yourself in front of your best friend!

It was a few days before the party and now that I'd finally agreed to go it seemed all I could think about was what might happen. Beth had been pretty descriptive about the sex itself but surprisingly vague on the details when it came to how things actually worked once you were there. Would we just walk in and start doing it with whoever was available? Maybe there was like a "meeting" first where everyone was introduced and then somehow "assigned" to someone else or a group?

Beth HAD said that it was an exclusive group that got together on a regular basis. Most people, unlike her, didn't make it to all of them but over time sooner or later she'd met most everyone and figured she'd done them all, including the girls, at least once. For someone like me to be included, it was on an invitation basis only and even then the member inviting someone had to have them cleared beforehand. Condoms were available but Beth said she rarely had the guy use one since everyone was tested regularly. In fact, reducing the risk of STDs was one of the major reasons for having a closed membership.

## 2. Getting Ready For the Party

Finally the day of the party arrived. Sitting back on my bed, I debated as to what I should wear. Having never been to anything like this before, I didn't exactly know the protocol. Again, Beth had been a bit vague on this as well, saying only that "anything" I wore would be alright. Well, THAT certainly helped a lot! Should I go as a conservative church girl wearing jeans and a full blouse, perhaps even going so far as to don a bra and panties; or should I dress as the classic school slut, wearing just a tight skirt with no panties and a sheer top? Not surprisingly, I finally settled on something in between.

Somewhere in my closet I found a nice plaid skirt that my mom had bought me a few years back for a church dinner. I'd grown a bit taller since then so it would've been inappropriate to wear to church any more but it was perfect for tonight. The hem came down to a little above mid-thigh, far enough to keep my ass covered should I bend over but high enough to draw attention in a crowd. When I tried to pull it up I found my ass had grown more than I had realized as it is pretty tight, especially around my butt, which was fine with me as it made it pretty obvious that I am not wearing any panties.

The material was more sheer than it first appeared, so much so that if I hadn't been shaving my crotch I would have had to wear panties because the dark outline of my pubic hair would have shown through the thin cotton in the right light. Since I WAS shaved I decided to go sans panties as the skirt was barely long enough to let me sit without my bare ass showing. Besides, this wasn't exactly church I was going to!

To go along with the skirt, I chose a cute peasant girl halter - the type that has no shoulder straps but your arms still fit through sleeves. It was also made of thin cotton and without a bra my nipples visibly poked through even without being excited so I could only imagine what they would look like if once I got horny. A plain pair of white heels finished off my outfit, not quite spikes but still a couple of inches that helped make my legs look tight and sexy.

As always, my hair remained as an issue. Over the years I've tried about everything to do something with it, only to be met with bitter disappointment every time. I even experimented with going light blonde for a while which was probably my biggest fashion disaster of all time! My problem is I have the curse of straight hair which has no body without the aid of tons of expensive hair products. Although I can eventually get it to look full bodied and wavy, if only people knew what it took to achieve that!

From past experience I knew a heavy session of sex typically destroyed all my efforts anyway so given my expectations for this evening, there wasn't much sense in putting in the hours of effort to do it up fancy. In the end I decided to just tie it back in a simple pony tail. Actually, this had the added benefit of making it such that I wouldn't have to keep brushing it out of my face while sucking someone's cock, assuming I actually did such a thing. Somehow I thought the odds of THAT were pretty good!

With my outfit laid out on my bed, I went to the bathroom where I took a long hot shower. After a quick shave of my underarms, legs and pussy (I had just shaved them the previous morning so they weren't too bad), I washed my legs and worked my way to my crotch where my fingers passed over my pussy and clit, making me shiver just a little. Any other time and I most likely would have lingered a while longer, maybe even a LOT longer. As tempting as it was to play with myself for a while, I knew that Beth would be over soon and besides, something told me I'd be getting plenty of stimulation before much longer.

Afterward my shower I dried my hair and brushed it out, then worked on my makeup. Unlike some girls I know, I've never been a big one for dumping on the makeup but a bit of eye shadow and blush never hurt. Thank god the dreaded zits seemed to finally have given their quest for ruining my life! Fortunately, I never had a severe case of acne but even one pimple was one too many. The last thing I wanted to look like tonight was some immature teenager.

Clean, dry and ready to go, I returned to my bedroom where I quickly dressed. It didn't take long to throw on the skirt and blouse and the heels simply slipped on. Looking in the full-length mirror in my room, I took stock of my appearance. If there's a single girl in the world that can look in a mirror and NOT criticize herself, I've yet to meet her and I'm not so sure I would even WANT to! Maybe it's because you know yourself so intimately that every little flaw and blemish seems to stand out like someone's shining a spotlight on it. Well, my boobs weren't about to grow any more tonight and my nose was what it was, so I sighed and grabbed my purse as I headed downstairs to wait for Beth.

My mom and dad were in the kitchen so I joined them as it was still at least ten or fifteen minutes before Beth had said she would stop by. They both know my agenda for the evening as I'd told my mom earlier in the week where I was going and what I'd be doing - at least hopefully I would be.

Like most wives, my mom tells my dad everything, which as fine with me, so he knew why I was all dressed up. Upon my entry into the kitchen, my mom looked over and just smiled at me, a little twinkle in her eye. When I got closer my dad grabbed me by the waist and let out a long wolf whistle. Reaching under my skirt, he squeezed my bare butt with his large hand.

"Hmmm... You know Kelly, when I first saw you in that that skirt somehow I just knew you weren't wearing any panties," he chuckled and then went on saying, "Well, I guess I was right! Mmmmmmm, you have such a cute little butt - what do you think of Kelly's ass Mary?"

My mom just rolled her eyes at my father's silly comments and responded by saying, "Good grief John, get your hands off your daughter's bare butt. God, sometimes I just don't know what I'm going to do with the two of you!"

As she spoke, my dad reached down between my legs and from behind his finger began to tease my pussy and then he pushed one in me just a little bit, just enough to let me know it was inside of me but not as far as I would have preferred. With another finger, he reached up and touched my clit causing me to jump just a little and let out a little gasp.

"John!" my mom scolded him, "What did I tell you? Now behave yourself!"

"Oh Mary, I don't think she minds," my dad said with a grin on his face. He looked at me and grinned, "Besides, from what you told me earlier, she's going to be getting a lot more than just my finger tonight anyway!"

Not to be outdone, I reached down and rubbed his crotch through his pants with a naughty grin on my face.

"Why daddy, it looks like you have something on your mind. Hmmm, what's going on down here?" I teased him. Indeed, his cock was already hardening as he played with my ass and pussy. As much as I loved his cock, it was hard to concentrate on it when he was touching me this way.

My mom sat down on a kitchen chair with a huff, "Goodness gracious, what am I ever going to do with you two? Can't you keep your hands off each other for just two minutes?"

Undeterred by her comments, I unzipped my dad's pants and then reached in to pull his stiff cock out where I could see it better. I looked over at my mom as I started stroking it with my hand. "But Mom, look at daddy's poor cock - he NEEDS my attention."

"That's right Mary," my dad said, giving my mom a totally fake dejected look, "Can't you see it needs Kelly's special attention?" Then he looked back at me with a grin, "Besides, if nothing else it can be a warm-up for your party tonight!"

He pulled his hand out from under my skirt which allowed me to kneel down in front of him. I looked at my mom and she just shrugged her shoulders. What could she say? My dad wanted me to suck his dick and as his daughter, I couldn't say no. In any case, my mom was just teasing. She knew how much it meant to me to be able to please my father, not to mention how much he enjoyed it. What was the harm in a quick blowjob anyway?

Turning my attention back to my dad, I leaned forward and dropped my head to his crotch where I started sucking and stroking his stiff warm cock. As I went down on his dick, taking it slowly into my mouth, I glanced over again at my mom who was now smiling and shaking her head in mock disbelief.

"God damn, that feels so good Kelly," my dad groaned as I took all of him in until my face was almost pressing against his hairy crotch.

He put his hands on my head and gently pushed it down until my face and nose was now pushing into his crotch. He smelled so good - a heavy scent of musk and sweat, the scent of a male lusting for me.

Just then a car horn blew and I knew it was Beth. Talk about bad timing! I was torn between my obligation to Beth to be on time and my obligation to my father to please him and satisfy his needs. Of course, my father had the first priority so I kept sucking on his cock, figuring I would have to make up some excuse for Beth after I was finished with him (she had no idea that I had sex with my dad so I couldn't tell her the REAL reason I was late!) Fortunately, my mom got up and knelt next to me.

"You better get going dear," she said softly, "I think I can handle the situation from here."

I let my dad's cock slip from my mouth and she quickly took him in her mouth and started sucking him and massaging his balls. As I went out through the front door I looked back at the sight of my mom blowing my dad in the middle of the kitchen. Thank goodness Beth hadn't tried to come in to find out why I was late!

## 3. Initiation Ceremony

I jumped in Beth's car and wiped my mouth. Beth looked at me with a question on her face but I just giggled and said, "Sorry, just saying goodbye to my dad."

Even though I'd never told Beth about my incestual relationships with my family, she must have noticed the flushness in my face and the way my stiff nipples were poking out. Still, I doubted she even considered that I may have been saying goodbye by blowing him. Who would ever think that would happen without knowing something about it in the first place?

In the end, Beth just shrugged and drove over to the house where the party was being held. She was more silent than usual which caused me to wonder if she WAS suspicious about something. Well, maybe I would tell her someday but this was not obviously not the time or place for such a revelation. We had better things to do.

Even though the party was only a few miles away in a straight line, in the Pittsburgh area such a road didn't exist and it took almost fifteen minutes to get there as we twisted and turned through the hills. Finally Beth pointed out the house where we were going. Like so most homes in the area, it was a modest red brick two story home in a nice section of town.

Several cars were already parked outside so at least we knew were not the first to arrive. By the time Beth found a parking space and we made our way to the front door, someone must have noticed and the door was already being opened for us by this great looking guy who I would have guessed to be in his mid to late twenties or so.

"Hey Beth! Glad you could make it tonight!," he greeted us. Then he looked at me and smiled, saying, "And you must be Kelly. Hi, I'm Pete. Beth has told us a lot about you and I must say, you look even hotter then she described!" He moved to the side and motioned for us to come in. "Well, don't just stand there, come on in!"

I looked at Beth and she just raised her eyebrows and took me by the hand. We followed Pete into the house and there looked to be around ten to twelve other people already in the kitchen and living room. Although a few were drinking beer or wine, I was pleased to see that most had just soft drinks or bottled water. There was no sign whatsoever of hard liquor or drugs so it looked like Beth was telling the truth about those.

Looking around, it appeared that I was dressed fairly middle of the road. At the extreme was a girl who looked ready for church while a few could have passed for street-walkers. As for the guys, they were all wearing jeans and either a shirt or T-shirt, typical men.

One thing that was readily obvious was that everyone was hot! Most looked to be in their twenties with a few approaching or in their thirties. There didn't seem to be any obvious couples, which was again something Beth had promised would be the case. This was supposed to be a singles sex party, not a "swinger" party or some dating service for meeting your future wife or even girlfriend.

Beth and I quickly mingled with the crowd and grabbed something to drink. I've never been a fan of alcoholic beverages although I've shared a small glass of wine with my parents from time to time, so it was just a diet Pepsi for me.

The group eventually seemed to naturally split up and every made their way to the living room where we shared some small talk for the next twenty minutes or so. In that time, a few more people showed up and eventually there were twenty people in the room, including me, with an even mix of guys and girls. Once the last stragglers had settled in, Pete stood up and addressed the group.

"Hey folks, glad you all could make it tonight. Pardon me if you've heard all this before. Let's not forget that the primary rule for the evening is to do whatever you want and ONLY what you want. Nobody here is under any obligation or pressure. My house is yours tonight so feel free to go anywhere although privacy is NOT a right. If you want a date then go out and have one. Here everyone shares their experiences with everyone else so anything you do can be watched by anyone else and feel free to watch anyone you would like. Also, let's respect each other's privacy to absolutely NO cameras or videos. Once again, nobody does anything they don't want to so respect is the name of the game here."

With that Pete walked over to me and bent over to kiss me on the cheek. "So Beth, are you going to introduce us to your friend?"

Beth stood up and pointed to me. "Hi everyone. This is Kelly and it's her first time at one of these. She's nineteen and goes to college in Ohio. Kelly's not only my best friend, but as you all can see she's is quite a fox." She paused, looked at me with a grin on her face and then over at Pete saying cryptically, "So Pete, I think you're going to enjoy tonight's initiation."

Everyone in the room laughed but I didn't have a clue what the joke was all about. Initiation? Beth had never mentioned anything about such a thing to me. I looked at her and she couldn't help but giggle at my confusion. Then I heard someone say, "Come on Pete, show her what you've got." Another person called out, "Let's go Pete, fuck her!"

Fuck her? What the hell was THAT all about? My eyes widened when I heard that last comment and I quickly looked at Beth, who just kept giggling, and then at Pete who was eying me with what could only be described as the look the wolf has when he sees a sheep cut from the herd. Indeed, I've seen that look enough times in a guy's face to understand what it meant. There was no doubt in my mind that Pete had every intention of fucking me – and it looked like he was planning to do it right here and now in front of everyone!

Now the last thing anyone could accuse me of is being any sort of prude or shy but I was definitely caught by surprise and couldn't help but be confused by what was happening. I mean, one minute we were sitting there just trading small talk and out of the blue I was suddenly face-to-face with a guy who seemed intent on screwing me in front of eighteen other people – including my best friend!

Caught completely off-guard. my body was paralyzed as I watched Pete reach down to unbuckle his jeans and then unzip them. He spread open the tops and next thing I knew he was holding his cock right in front of my face! Beth was sitting next to me and she could see the look of desperation in my face as I was confused as to what to do next.

"Sorry Kelly, but we aren't supposed to tell anyone about the initiation part," Beth apologized to me. "You see, the rule is that when a girl shows up here for the first time the host gets to fuck her at the start of the party in front of everyone. It sort of gives you a chance to show everyone that you're serious about being here plus it lets them know just what you can do."

The look on my face must have told her I still wasn't quite on board with everything so she continued, "Oh come on Kelly, you're not some innocent girl next door. Look at it this way, here's an opportunity to show me and everyone else what a slut you really are! Have some fun girl! Look at his cock for god's sake. Mmmmmmm, you know damn well you want to suck it."

Everyone was watching and I looked up at Pete. He DID have a really nice looking cock and after all, I knew I'd be getting laid sooner or later; I just hadn't expected it to happen so quickly and I'd NEVER thought it would start out with me getting fucked with an audience.

The truth is, one of my favorite fantasies is to be fucked on stage by a stranger in front of a crowd of people so this was probably about as close as I'd ever get to realizing that fantasy. I looked back at Beth with my eyes now full of determination.

"Don't worry, I'm fine," I assured her. Then I shook my finger at her and said, "Just remember Beth, you owe me big time for not warning me about this ahead of time."

Everyone could hear our exchange and when they heard me tell Beth it was OK with me, a number of them cheered me on and encouraged me. A few made some rather lewd comments as well but under the circumstances that was to be expected I guess. I looked up at Pete and squared my shoulders to him.

"OK, you asked for it," I warned him as I reached out and grabbed Pete's cock with one hand.

Then I leaned forward and started to suck gently on it. When his cock first disappeared in my mouth, everyone clapped and for a moment I had this bizarre flashback to when I was baptized and everyone clapped for me afterwards. Well, I guess you could say I was being "baptized" again although I doubt my pastor would have approved of the method. Then again, it certainly would have been interesting if I had tried sucking his cock while we were still in the baptismal!

Pete was obviously enjoying what I was doing. Well, he damn well better as it wasn't like it was the first cock I'd ever sucked, not by a long shot! Frankly, I considered myself somewhat of an expert in the art of sucking dick and even my dad said I gave the best BJs he had ever had (although he warned me not to tell my mom or her sister!) Not only did I want to make Pete feel good, I was determined to put on a good show for the group.

As I sucked and stroked his cock he became hard as a rock and was pretty long but I took him all in my mouth and shook my head as my face was buried in his crotch with his cock down my throat. Pete shuddered with pleasure as he watched his entire cock disappear into my mouth.

"Wow! Ladies and gentlemen," he exclaimed, "Looks like we have a serious challenger for best cock sucker honors!"

Everyone started to move closer to see better as I pulled his pants down to his ankles and he stepped out of them. I felt my skirt being pulled up and when I looked over I saw it was Beth holding it by the hem! Despite all our conversations about sex, we'd never done anything together sexually so it surprised me a LOT when I felt her hand start to caress my bare ass.

With Pete's cock in my mouth I couldn't see what she was doing but I could feel her hand moving its way further down and then between my legs. Memories of my dad's hand between my legs just a little while before came to mind as her hand began to explore my pussy. She was less forceful than my father had been, almost timid like a teenage boy trying to grope me on a first date. I spread my knees apart a little to make it easier for her while I continued to work on Pete's dick.

As I played my tongue around Pete's hard cock, I found it difficult to concentrate on both Beth's hand between my legs and Pete's awesome cock between my lips. Fortunately, Pete wasn't shaved like so many guys seem to be doing lately, and I loved the feel of his thick pubic hair as my face was planted in his crotch. Meanwhile, Beth had two fingers working inside my pussy, which was soaked and crying out for more attention. Suddenly, she pulled her fingers out of me and I heard her say something to Pete.

"OK Pete, she's all wet and ready," she informed him, "It's time for Kelly to feels that monster inside of her."

Then she looked at me with a big smile, "Trust me Kelly, you're going to LOVE this cock. Pete fucked me my first time here and I STILL get soaked just thinking about it."

With that Pete pushed me back against the couch and spread my legs apart. My skirt was pulled up to my waist and Beth pulled the top down from my boobs, exposing them to everyone. She started sucking on my nipples as Pete held his cock with one hand, lining it with my pussy. It felt incredible to feel my best friend's mouth on my boobs for the first time!

A chant started in the room with people saying, "Fuck her Pete, fuck her Pete..."

My heart was racing as I looked around and saw all these people watching me. I'd never done anything remotely like this before and the anticipation building in me was overwhelming. The room was now deathly quiet as everyone held their breath and waited for Pete to put his dick in my pussy. My head was swimming as I realized I was about to be fucked by someone I'd just met less than an hour ago in front of a group of strangers. Taking a deep breath, I looked up at Pete with as sexy of a smile as I could muster.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Fuck me Pete, screw my pussy with that hard dick. C'mon dammit - fuck me!!"

Well, if THAT wasn't slutty enough for the crowd, I didn't know what more I could say. The heck with it... if they wanted a show, I was ready to give them one!

"OK, you asked for it girl!" and with that Pete pushed himself into me.

No matter how many times I've been fucked, the first time a new cock enters me is always a thrill. The feeling of my pussy being literally split open, the sensation of his dick head as it enters me and the motion of his shaft as it rubs against my pussy opening when he slides into me is beyond mere words.

If there's one thing I pride myself on it's my tight pussy. Although I've been fucked a LOT since losing my virginity five years earlier, a lot of guys think I'm practically a virgin when they first fuck me. One thing that I think helps is I don't use dildos very often, actually hardly ever. I know some girls who love to thrust these massive monsters into their pussies and then wonder why they get all stretched out after a while. The average cock is a lot smaller than most dildos, despite the fantasies of many guys, and by saving my pussy for dicks I think it has helped me to keep a nice tight pussy.

With me being so tight and Pete being so big, it was only natural that he had a little difficulty the first time that he tried to enter me, despite being as wet as I was. Even my dad, who's a lot smaller than Pete, usually has to be pretty hard to get in me at the start. Even as hard as Pete was, his cock still bent a little as he tried to force it into me.

"Damn, you sure you've done this before?" he said, taking a deep breath before trying for another round.

Beth chimed in before I could respond, saying, "Don't worry Pete, you can trust me that she's definitely done this before!"

Pete raised his eyebrows and held his cock firmly as he pushed against me again. This time he was successful as it was like my pussy just suddenly gave up and opened wide for him, allowing his head to quickly disappear inside of me. It was like when you push your finger against a balloon and it resists but then it pokes through and your finger is suddenly in except in this case my pussy didn't pop! Well, at least not physically although mentally it was almost the same as it was like a small bomb exploded between my legs as I felt his dick inside of me.

The almost hurtful pressure of him trying to violate me was instantly replaced by the most incredible feelings of pleasure as his cock continued to push into me until finally the whole thing was buried inside of my screaming pussy. He pressed the base of his hairy crotch tight up against my shaven pussy and I loved the feel of his lush pubic hair as it tickled my bare skin.

"Damn girl, you're really fuckin' tight!" Pete exclaimed as he started pumping his cock slowly in and out of me.

He took deep, long strokes - pulling out until his cock was barely in me and then back in until he was completely swallowed by my wet pussy. Slowly he fucked me, in and out as I watched him - along with everyone else including Beth! God it felt soooooo good. The fact that eighteen people were watching was making me incredibly hot, in fact much more so then I'd dreamed it might in my fantasies. I could tell from the bulges in the pants and the involuntary nipple touching that everyone else was getting hot and bothered as well as they watched Pete as he continued to fuck me.

"Yeah that's it Pete, fuck me," I said loudly, as much for the benefit of our audience as for him.

Pete was stroking me faster and faster now, banging up against me when he pushed deep into me, making my whole body bounce back into the couch. He lifted my legs up to his shoulders so he could push deeper into me. Beth was still sucking and playing with my breasts - I has a feeling that we were going to be even closer friends after tonight!

Pete looked at me and grinned, saying, "OK, just go along with me."

I wondered what he meant but I didn't have time to ponder it long as he pushed himself all the way into me and then reached out and grabbed me by the waist. I felt him pull me up and off the couch until he was standing upright with me impaled on his dick. I quickly put my arms around his neck and wrapped my legs around his hips as he repositioned his hands under my bare ass to support me.

It was incredibly erotic as he lifted me up and down on his cock, while at the same time slowly walking around the room to let everyone have a closer view. For a moment I feared that he might get tired and let go and then what would happen? I doubted his cock was enough to hold me up on its own and for an instant I had this horrible image of it bending down until I slid off, doing God only knows what to Pete! Pete didn't seem to have any problems, though, and from the practiced way he was handling me, I had a feeling I wasn't the first girl he'd done this with.

Once he'd made the rounds, showing off to everyone, Pete carefully sat down on the couch and my knees came to rest on both sides of his waist, keeping his dick inside of me the entire time.

"That's it, ride him Kelly!" I heard Beth call out to me and I looked over to where I heard her voice and saw her grinning from ear to ear as she watched.

I blew a kiss to her and started rocking on Pete's cock, driving it in and out of me in a steady rhythm. Now and then I'd sit back further and grind my hips in a tight circle around him, making his cock literally stir my pussy. It seemed that I was on some insane carnival ride that would never stop when finally Pete let out a load groan.

"Oh God... I'm gonna cum! Get down and suck my dick... Let me to cum in your mouth!"

Personally, I would've been just as happy had he cum in my pussy but then I supposed it would be a lot hotter to let everyone watch him shoot it into my open mouth so I dismounted and kneeled on the floor between his knees. I leaned forward to suck Pete's swollen cock and Pete responded by fucking my mouth, driving himself in and out of it as fast as he could.

It was all I could do to handle him as his long cock would push down into my throat each time he thrust into me, nearly causing me to gag but I was NOT going to do that, not in front of an audience! Then I felt his cock swell even more and knew he about to about to cum. I let his cock out of mouth and he told me what he wanted.

"Here it cums girl, take my load in your mouth. Show 'em what a little slut you are."

His cock was about two or three inches from my open mouth when he convulsed and a huge load of cum came streaming from his cock right into my waiting mouth. Time after time I watched as he would groan and then shoot another load at me. Damn, how much cum did he have in his balls? A few of the shots missed their mark as he didn't stay still enough for me to keep aim and I felt it running down the side of my face and one hit me in the neck and upper chest. Most of it made it to my mouth, though, and his cum pooled on my tongue while a bit of it dripped out over my lips and down my chin.

When he finally finished I turned my head to show everyone his cum in my mouth. I could only imagine what a cumslut I must have seemed to have been right then. After I gulped it down I took his sensitive cock back into my mouth and he quivered as I teased him with my tongue and lips. I sucked every drop from him as he slowly shrank down until he was limp in my mouth. Only then did I release him and sit back with a huge grin on my face.

Pete was all smiles himself as he looked around at everyone triumphantly. "Well folks, I think we can all agree that Kelly is one hell of a fuck wouldn't you say?" They all cheered in response and then he looked back at me and grinned saying, "Congratulations Kelly and welcome! Now it's time to get this party rolling!!"

## 4. Starting Out On My Own

Obviously everyone was horny and anxious to get started so with Pete's announcement a few immediately paired off and started right in. Beth stepped over to me gave me a quick kiss before leaving to watch another couple as they started fucking on the kitchen table - no foreplay or anything, straight to the fucking. As for me, I laid back on the couch with my eyes closed and legs apart, savoring the strong aftertaste of Pete's salty cum in my mouth. Suddenly I felt a tongue on my pussy and I looked down to see one of the girls licking me! She was a cute brunette, maybe a few years older than me at most.

"I hope you don't mind Kelly, I just love the taste of a pussy after it's just been fucked."

Well, that was a first for me. Like, what do you say to someone when they say that to you? Oh well, I just smiled and leaned back again, enjoying the moment. One thing I had to say for her, she had one talented mouth! I hadn't cum while Pete was fucking me; I guess I was too distracted by my concerns over putting on a good show for everyone. Whoever this girl was, she certainly took care of THAT remaining issue for me! Before she left, maybe to find another freshly fucked pussy, I'd cum several times and she left me exhausted.

Rather than recover by just lying on the couch, which was tempting to say the least, I slowly wandered around in a semi-daze to see what else was happening. It appeared that at any given time, about half the people or less were having sex while the others rested or watched.

One thing that surprised me was that most people were doing it one-on-one although I did see two guys double penetrating a girl in the middle of the family room floor. Maybe I'd seen too many porn flicks or heard too many stories about sex parties but I had expected there be more gang-banging, trains, or that sort of thing. I would've had a hard time calling this an orgy as that while multiple sex acts were occurring in the same place, they were fairly independent and the location only served to facilitate multiple opportunities for everyone.

For the next thirty minutes or so, maybe a little more, I remained a spectator. A few guys approached me but I politely told them maybe later. It's not that I didn't want to fuck, I was just so fascinated by the openness and, in some cases, the originality, of the sex on display. It some ways, was no different than any other party with the exception that rather than flirting and teasing, sex was just the natural outcome for everyone.

The more I watched the more clues I picked up. For instance, even though at first it seemed like a roomful of strangers, obviously most of these people knew each other as there were definite little quirks and even a hint of kinkiness with some people that wasn't always shared by others. Rather than debate or push their desires on the other person, I was impressed by the maturity and mutual respect on display. Again, definitely not what I would have expected from my preconceived notions of what a sex party would have been like.

Once I accustomed to things I began to get more involved. One couple helped break the ice for me after I watched them fucking for a while. It was sort of surreal to just sit on a couch next to two people screwing and everyone just acting like it was the most normal thing in the world. I guess it wasn't all that different from home where my dad might fuck me while my mom watched TV next to us - but that was just normal life in our family, not like I was putting on a show for my mom. It was hard to compare two people just screwing for the fun of it with my parents and me but the similarities were striking all the same.

He was about to cum when the woman turned to me and asked me if I wanted to take him in my mouth. From the looks of things, there wasn't a lot of time to debate or discuss it so I quickly moved in next to her where she held his cock while I took it in my mouth just in time for him to erupt inside. I quickly swallowed it down once he was through and sat back up, wiping my mouth with a towel she handed me.

"Thanks Kelly," she said, obviously knowing my name from the initiation ceremony, "I love sucking cock but HATE the taste of cum. From the way you took Pete's I thought you might want some more."

The guy didn't say anything and so I just left them on the couch to get something to drink. Now THAT was a bit weird to say the least. Actually, I couldn't complain as she'd done all the work and I got to enjoy the fruits of her labors! Still, I'd never been asked so casually to let someone cum in my mouth before!

Standing in the kitchen, I found a glass and ice and poured me a glass of Diet Coke. I was drinking it down slowly when I felt some hands wrap around me from behind and cradle my boobs. I was still wearing everything I'd been when the party started but it wasn't like I was the only one. Although most of the people got nude quickly, maybe a third or so still had on at least some item of clothing. I'd pulled my blouse back over my boobs after Pete had fucked me but whomever was behind me didn't let that stop him as he pulled the top back down again and started to fondle my exposed boobs. I wasn't too sure of what the protocol was for this; should I stand there and let him grope me or should I turn to see who it was and determine whether I wanted to go forward with this? In the end, I just stood there, curious as to where this would lead.

So far as I could tell, we were the only two in the kitchen. I was still holding the glass of pop in my hand as whoever it was behind me started to get a little more aggressive. His hands worked their way downward and he pulled up my skirt to start playing with my ass and pussy. As he rubbed my clit, I felt him move in closer to me and it was obvious he wasn't one of the ones wearing any clothes, at least not so far as his crotch was concerned! I could feel him pressing his hard dick into my ass crack as he lifted himself up and down to rub it between my butt cheeks. Well, if this was the way he wanted to play it was fine with me so I spread my legs apart just enough to let him know he had my approval to go further.

This guy didn't need to be told twice, that's for sure. He put his hand on my back between my shoulder blades and pushed me downward until my elbows were on the kitchen table and my ass was poking up in the air. No sooner than I had "assumed the position" than his other hand was between my legs, searching for my pussy. Once he found what he was looking for, his fingers spread me apart enough to let the head of his cock move between them and into my pussy.

The guy didn't say a word, just grunting as he quickly thrust himself forward, driving his dick deep inside of me. He wasn't nearly as big as Pete had been but then, not many guys are! His hands grasped me by my waist and he began to thrust himself in and out, pushing and pulling me at the same time in time with his strokes. As for me, all I had to do was stand there and let him go at it as he seemed content to do all the work.

It only took a few minutes before I heard him groan and his grip on my waist tightened. Without yet having said a single word, he came inside of me and I could feel his crotch ramming up against my ass with each ejaculation, as if he was trying to drive it as deep into me as he could. Apparently that was all he wanted because as soon as he'd finished himself off, he pulled his cock out of me and released his grip on my waist. I stood there for a few seconds which allowed his to start draining out of me.

Then I heard other voices in the room and when I turned around there were maybe three or four guys and a couple of girls behind me. Hmmm, which one had just fucked me? Was it even one of them at all? Nobody gave me a second glance so either someone was playing an awfully good poker face or my most recent fuck had left the room fast.

Either way, I was left standing there feeling a little divided. On the one hand, it was rather surreal to know I had just been fucked and didn't even know what he looked like, let alone his name. On the other hand, I may as well have masturbated for all the personal and emotional interaction there was. Heck, at least when I masturbate I orgasm! This guy, whoever he was, did the ol' slam-bam but without the thank-you-ma'am!

I straightened out my skirt and pulled my top back in place. After doing all that, I realized how silly it was to run around dressed when almost everyone else was naked by now.

I'd made my way to the dining room by now where a couple was going at it on the dining room table. Fortunately, it seemed to be built rather rugged instead of the more elegant style such as the set my parents had. Nobody else was watching and they weren't paying any attention to me so I stripped off my clothes quickly and laid them on a chair in the corner. I debated for a moment and then kicked off my heels as well, leaving me totally nude for the first time during the party.

# 5. Getting Into the Party Scene

Watching the couple fucking on the table, I took quick stock of my party experience so far. Let's see... first I was ambushed and fucked in front of a roomful of people, then I got a mouthful of cum without even sucking the guy, and now I'd been fucked again by someone I couldn't even identify in a police line-up. Put that together with seeing more sex up close and personal than I'd ever witnessed in my life, it had certainly been an interesting evening so far, to say the least.

Even so, to be honest I wouldn't have minded just a good old-fashioned fucking flat on my back laying on the floor about now. No theatrics, just me enjoying a nice hard dick in me. Normally I'm not what you would call shy, but for some reason this whole affair was a little intimidating leaving me a bit hesitant to go right out and just ASK a guy to fuck me.

Fortunately, now that I'd stripped I wasn't having any problems attracting attention. Perhaps keeping my clothes on was somehow signaling to people I wasn't ready yet as no sooner was I prancing around nude than it seemed every guy in the place, not to mention a few girls, were coming on to me. I can't say I didn't enjoy the attention although at first it was a little overwhelming.

Finally one guys just seemed to stand out from the rest (the stereotypical "alpha male"?) and the next thing I knew I was being led back into the dining room where another couple had taken the place of the one I'd been watching before. From the looks of things, they'd just started as she was laying on her stomach, sucking the cock of her partner who was standing at the edge of the table.

My guy didn't introduce himself, names didn't seem to be something folks exchanged here, but he did comment that I had a great looking body and how he'd wanted to fuck me from the moment he first saw me walk in. Not the usual compliment you get from a guy you've just met but probably one of the more honest ones I've gotten. Before I got up on the table, he asked me to suck his cock first so I kneeled down and took him in my mouth. Damn, he must have just finished fucking someone because the female scent was overpowering and I could even taste her pussy on his cock. I looked up at him and he seemed to know what I was thinking, or more likely, had anticipated it.

"Yes, I was just with someone else," he confessed, "Is that OK with you?"

Smiling broadly, I let go of his cock and stroked it as I replied, "Actually, you taste pretty damn good! Did you fuck her good?"

"Well, I was sort of hoping you would think so," he said with a bit of a smirk on his face, "It was your friend you came here with!"

Now THAT was interesting, to say the least. I'd never even touched Beth's pussy, let alone taste it, and now here I was sucking her pussy juices off a guy's cock just a few minutes after he'd fucked her. Well, at least I knew now that she tasted fantastic. For a moment, my mind wandered to thoughts of her incredible body and I wondered what her pussy would taste like straight at the source.

"Oh, so does that look mean you've never tasted her before?" the guy asked with a hint of interest in his voice. He must have seen something in my expression when he told me he had just fucked her. From the questioning tone I knew she hadn't told him or else he would have made it a statement rather than a query. I just shook my head and went back to work on his cock but he pulled me up by my shoulders instead.

"That's OK, I just wanted to see the look on your face when you found out you were licking her off of me," he said with a smile, "To be honest, I'd rather be eating YOU out."

Well, no girl in her right mind would ever turn down THAT offer so being of sound mind and body I lifted myself onto the table and scooted back until my knees were at the end and my lower legs dangled freely. The guy put his hands on my knees, spreading them further apart and then he lowered his head down to my crotch where his tongue immediately went into action.

Damn, he was pretty good! Most guys just don't get it when they lick a girl's pussy but someone had trained this man well! For the first time that evening, a GUY got me off and not just once, but twice. His face was covered with my pussy cum when he finally relented and pulled me up until I was sitting on the edge of the table.

"God you're good," I panted softly to him, my heart still racing like it was going to fly out of my chest.

"Good... so does that mean I can fuck you now?" he said with a slight grin. He had the most cutest dimples and I wanted to melt right away at his smile.

"Like, do you really have to ask?" I sighed. Did he have ANY idea of how badly I wanted to be fucked right now?

The answer was good enough for him so he helped me lay back and he lifted my legs up and over his shoulders as he move in closer to my crotch. I noticed out of the corner of my eye that the couple next to us was a step ahead as he was already fucking her as she was on her back on the table. The table wasn't all that big so they were only about a foot to the side of us but until we now we'd pretty much ignored one another. Now it was pretty hard NOT to notice her as our heads were almost touching.

Our eyes met and she grinned at me as she grunted with each thrust of the cock that was fucking her pussy. Just as I was about to say something I was rocked by a hard thrust from my own guy's cock as he shoved it roughly inside of me. Fortunately I was so wet it didn't really matter and he slid easily in me, a far cry from the efforts Pete had to go through back that first time which seemed so long ago now.

"Oh yeah," I gasped as he started to stroke himself in and out of me, "Fuck me!"

He grabbed each leg by the ankles and lifted them up off his shoulders and higher in the air over my body. It had the effect of lifting my ass up off the table, letting him drive himself even deeper with the ensuing strokes.

"Feel good?" I heard her ask next to me. I turned and saw she was looking at me with a grin on her face.

"Love it," was all I could get out in response as he slammed himself in and out of me.

"Yeah, you look like someone who loves fucking for the sake of fucking," she said.

It was a little surreal to be talking as if we were having tea instead of both of us being fucked. Besides, such an observation would hold true for most, if not all, of the girls here I would've thought. After all, this wasn't like you were making love or anything!

"Do you let them cum in you?" she asked. Another odd question but I nodded in response.

"I won't let a man cum in me until I get married," she said in an almost defiant tone.

Now there was a different spin on premarital sex. I had a roomie once who wouldn't even masturbate, claiming it was a form of premarital sex. I've had lots of friends who claimed to be "saving themselves for marriage" but until now, I had never heard a girl say it was OK to let a guy fuck her but he couldn't cum in her until they were married!

"Well, personally I LOVE it when a guy cums in me," I responded just as forcefully, letting her know where I stood on the issue.

"Hey, you two finished talking or are we just jerking ourselves off here?" complained the guy who was fucking the other girl.

Oh well, I guess he had a point. This was all impersonal enough as it was but to all but ignore them fucking us while we carried on our own little conversation WAS pushing it a bit. Turning my attention back to my guy, I looked him in the eyes as he grunted and groaned with his efforts. The guy really was trying, I'll give him that!

"So, I guess all that means you don't mind if I stay in?" he asked. I rolled my eyes and just said, "DUH!" which made him laugh a bit but he didn't miss a beat.

"That's good because here it comes!" he declared. This guy may have been a great pussy licker but I obviously staying power wasn't his strong suit. His head lifted back and he let out a long groan as he released what was the third load of cum to be deposited in me tonight so far.

"I can't believe you're letting him do that!" the girl next to me exclaimed, "And without a condom even!"

My first thought was why a girl like her would want to come to party like this but then I guess she just enjoyed being fucked and didn't care about the finale. I just smiled which wasn't hard as the feeling of his warm sperm slowly dispersing within me. The guy fucking the other girl apparently had heard enough by now.

"Hey, you never said anything about having to pull out when we started," he challenged her.

"Well, cum in her then if that's what you want," she retorted, "She's the cum slut, not me."

I almost wrenched my neck as I turned to look at her. Had I heard that right? What was she volunteering me for? Surprisingly, my guy seemed to be all in favor of it.

"You ready yet?" he asked the other guy as he pulled his dick out of me.

"Almost there," the guy replied.

"Well, you better get over here quick then," my ex-partner came back.

The other guy pulled out of her without so much as a word. He quickly moved over between my legs and without even so much as a "hello" he started fucking me. My pussy was still full of the other guy's cum but that didn't seem to bother this guy in the least. He stroked himself in and out of me for about another thirty seconds and started panting as he finally said his first words, "Oh yeah, here it come!"

He release his first couple of loads in me but then he pulled out of me and shot the rest all over my pussy and stomach. Apparently he wanted the best of both worlds - to cum IN me and ON me at the same time!

"So... are you happy now cum slut?" the girl asked.

I turned my head and saw her watching as she played with her freshly fucked pussy. At first I wasn't 100% sure if she was complimenting me or being mean but then her expressions didn't make it appear like she was being derogatory. Evidently "cum slut" was just her way of describing a girl who liked cum in her. Well, I DID like it in me so if that made me a "cum slut" in her eyes, then so be it. I grinned back at her and rubbed my pussy as he had withdrawn as soon as he had finished himself off and I still hadn't orgasmed.

I was so horny by now it didn't take much to finish myself. The guys watches as both of us masturbated on the table for all to watch. I didn't mind at all as I've always loved to be watched when I masturbate. It gets me off on a date to see the expression on a guy's face when I start playing with myself unexpectedly.

She came shortly after I did and the two of us looked each other in the eyes as we finished. She was actually quite pretty and so a thought came to mind.

"Hey, do you like to eat pussy with cum in it?" I asked her as a shot in the dark, remembering the other girl I'd met earlier.

"What the hell? Just what kind of girl do you think I am?" she said with a sharp tone and I feared I'd gone a little too far and offended her but then she giggled and added, "Some sort of prude?"

With that she got up and off the table and while the two guys watched, she licked every drop of the cum from my pussy and off my belly, swallowing it down as if it was the sweetest candy she'd ever tasted. Hmmm, so who was really the cumslut here?.

"I may have said that I didn't let guys cum in my cunt but I never said I didn't LIKE cum," she said mischievously when she finally came up for air, "I just said I didn't want it in my pussy until I'm married. It's just I believe a girl should save herself for marriage."

Wow, and people think I have some strange beliefs and morals! I wonder how many guys would agree that she's saved themselves for them?

Well, for the second time that night a girl had followed up and finished off what a guy had started. Sure my guy had made me cum BEFORE he fucked me, but like most guys, once he was in me then it was all about him. There's a reason it's called screwing - the girls gets screwed while the guy gets off!

Once my new friend had cleaned every drop from my pussy, she and I kissed briefly and I could taste the complex flavors of the various mixtures of sperm and pussy cum on her mouth and tongue. It was interesting, like I was some kind of wine connoisseur trying to determine the vintage of a fine wine.

No sooner had we finished than another guy approached me and asked to fuck me. Well, at least he asked! I didn't even give it a second thought this time but rather just dropped to my knees like a good slut and started sucking him off. Who knows how long this cycle might have repeated had I been left on my own but suddenly I felt a firm hand on my shoulder.

"C'mon Kelly, that's about enough for one night!" she said to me with a hint of amusement in her voice. "You can't fuck them all the first night you know!"

Despite what Beth may have thought, I've no doubt I COULD have been fucked by every guy there had there been enough time. With this being my "first time" it seemed that Beth was feeling a bit motherly. Ignoring her, I started to go back to the cock but Beth finally literally pulled me away from him and reiterated her desire to leave.

"C'mon girl, I really think you've had enough cock for one night!" she said.

I still wasn't so certain about that - can a girl EVER have too much cock? Still, she was my best friend and sometimes you have to sacrifice for your best friend so I got up to go along with her. Gathering my clothes from the chair in the dining room, we made our way to the bathroom to dress and wash up a bit before saying goodbye to Pete. He kissed me and whispered in my ear that he would love to fuck me again before we left but Beth somehow overheard him (or she knew what he would say to me from past experience?) and she grabbed me by the arm and pulled me to the door.

On the way home neither Beth or I said much to one another. For me, I was too consumed with the memories of sucking that guy's cock with her pussy cum still on it and I couldn't help but look over at her and wish I could taste the real thing. Did she know I'd sucked him right after he had fucked her?

When we reached my house Beth finally turned to me and said softly, "Well Kelly, I KNOW you had a good time tonight so I won't bother asking if you want to go again sometime. I AM curious though... would you like to get together some time for a more... 'personal' evening?"

Wow! That was the boldest that Beth had ever been with me so far as sex goes and for a moment I was uncertain how to reply, even after all that had happened tonight. Of course I wanted to be with her so I kissed her with a grin and a wink and then walked back to my house. We waved to each other and I couldn't help but wonder what would have happened had I invited her in. Well, I had a pretty good idea anyways.

## 6. Back Home After the Party

I had to pass by my parent's bedroom to get to mine and as I did I saw that they were still awake and watching TV together in bed. My dad must have heard me come in as he was the one to call out to me.

"Hey Kelly, that you? Back already from the party?"

I stood in the doorway and smiled. My dad grinned and asked, "So tell us, how many guys fucked my little girl tonight?"

Leave it to my dad to ask such a question. He was so cool! Despite myself I couldn't stop this huge grin from appearing on my face and then I reached over to kiss him.

"Oh daddy, It was fantastic, better than I ever imagined it could be. I've never experienced anything quite like it."

I started to turn to leave but then twisted back around again and stated, "And for the record - three."

"Oh?... Only three?" he repeated, actually sounding as if he was a bit disappointed in me.

"Well, I DID suck more than that and besides, it wasn't my fault. It would have been a lot more if Beth hadn't insisted I quit and come home with her.

"Well, since you ONLY did three guys I'd hate for you to have to go to bed unsatisfied," he hinted at me.

My mom laughed and slapped him playfully. "Oh John, you horny son of bitch, so fucking me tonight wasn't enough for you? You sure you can get it up again for her?"

My dad tried to look innocent, as if it wasn't his fault, "I think with her help I can. Besides, this isn't about me Mary, our daughter NEEDS me."

My mom rolled her eyes at that one. She and I both knew who needed what. She wasn't buying my dad's line for a minute but she knew the inevitable when she faced it, although she wasn't going to let my dad get his way without giving him at least a hard time about it.

"Yeah, it's all just to help out Kelly - what a crock!" she teased him. The she looked at me and rolled her eyes in a big circle before saying, "Well, get those clothes off and let your horny father fuck you so we can all get some sleep tonight."

Well, to make a long story short, by the time I went to bed I had a pussy full of my dad's cum. It was a valuable lesson for me as well. I learned that as hot as it was going to a sex party and getting fucked, I still love fucking my dad in front of my mom best of all.

memories I'll always treasure. It makes me feel sexy and special as only a father who truly loves and respects his daughter would ever do such things.

Family traditions can start in many ways. We have our Christmas traditions, birthdays and anniversaries, Mothers and Fathers Days and such which most people have. This particular "tradition" began the summer I returned home after my first year away at college.

Although I loved school, being away from my dad for so long had been a tough adjustment for both of us. What I didn't know was that he'd started fucking my younger cousin Kristi shortly after I left for school so he hadn't been nearly as bad off as I thought he'd been. Even so, I know he missed having his own daughter sit on his lap with his stiff cock pushing deep in her teenage pussy. If there was one advantage I held over everyone else in the world, I was the only one who could say, "Fuck me daddy" and really mean it!

It all started a couple of weeks into my summer break. One morning I was sound asleep when I felt something tickling my nose and cheeks. My mind was cloudy with sleep and I didn't even want to open my eyes so I tried to brush whatever it was away with my hand. Well, you can imagine my surprise when I realized it wasn't just an itch or pesky insect but instead it was my dad's hard cock rubbing up against my face.

Surprised, to say the least, I tried to open my eyes but all I could see through the slits was the vague form of my naked father standing next to my bed. He evidently hadn't gotten dressed yet as he was till nude from being in bed (neither my parents or me wore anything to bed normally) and he was sporting an incredible hard-on!

"Open your mouth baby," he said softly to me, "I want you to take it."

Without even really thinking about what he was asking, I obediently opened my mouth wide and soon felt his dick slip between my lips and then the head moved into my mouth. At that point my natural female instincts took over and I began to suck on his cock like a hungry baby on a full bottle.

I don't know how long he'd been standing there stroking himself as he looked down at me sleeping, but it must have been quite a while at least as he was already on the verge of cumming. In fact, apparently all he needed was the additional coaxing of my wet tongue on him to set him off and almost as soon as he was in my mouth he unloaded and his warm cum burst from his dick into my mouth. Laying on my side, the cum collected in my cheek but the first two shots hit the back of my throat and were threatening to make me choke or gag.

As soon as he finished I let his cock from my mouth and leaned up on one arm to make it easier to swallow. It took a few gulps but finally it was clear of my mouth and once I felt better I dropped my head back down on the pillow and closed my eyes, a satisfied grin on my face. My dad ran his fingers through my hair gently, something he knew I loved.

"Mmmmmmm Kelly... now that's the way a good daughter SHOULD say goodbye to her dad in the morning," he whispered to me as he kissed me on the cheek.

Despite being suddenly super horny, I was so tired still that I just nodded back off again and when I awoke later, if it hadn't been for the distinct aftertaste of cum in my mouth I would've sworn that the entire thing had been nothing more than a wonderful dream.

My dad didn't say anything about our morning time when he came home later that night, not even a wink to me. I figured it must've been just him being extra horny that morning and he needed someone to take care of him so who better to do so than his loving daughter? My mom was NOT a morning person whatsoever and of all the times I'd heard them making love, I can't hardly remember any being first thing in the morning.

## 2. The Second Time

The next morning I was having the strangest dream about a stranger fucking me from behind in the middle of a crowded mall. When I woke up with my eyes tightly shut, it was like I was awake but the dream hadn't stopped - or was I still sleeping with some surreal dream still playing? As the fog lifted from my mind, I realized that I really WAS being fucked from behind and that indeed, it was no dream at all!

Someone was nestled up behind me as I lay on my side and had lifted my leg up enough and over theirs to get his dick inside of me! I'd gone to bed late the night before thanks to a movie I wanted to finish but I hadn't thought I'd be so tired the next morning that I wouldn't know it when a guy started fucking me! There was no doubt who it was. After all, who else would be in my bed in the morning fucking me?

Turning my head, I looked over my shoulder to see my loving father smiling back at me.

"Morning baby," he said cheerfully, never missing a beat as he stroked his dick in and out of me slowly but deliberately. It was if he was greeting me for breakfast or something, as if this was the most natural way for a girl to wake.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" I whined just little.

It wasn't that he was hurting me or anything – quite the opposite if anything. It was just that I still hadn't quite woken up enough to fully comprehend all that was happening. It was like I was still half in my dream except now I realized much of it hadn't been a dream in the first place.

"Sorry baby, I just couldn't help myself," my dad replied, "You looked so damn sexy lying there I just had to fuck you. I was really trying not to wake you."

Was he serious? Did he really think he could fuck me and then leave without ever waking me? Admittedly, it would have been erotic as hell to wake up and feel his sperm dripping from me and not remember any of it, but that's not what happened nor was it reasonable to expect it. Instead, I awoke to find my own father drilling my pussy with his own personal oil rig. For the moment all I could do was lay there like a wet rag – well, at least I was wet at one particular location!

All the while my dad never stopped fucking me and I was finally beginning to wake up enough to enjoy what he was doing to me when I heard him groan and then he came in me. My heart skipped a beat, as it always does when my dad cums in me, when I felt him releasing himself deep inside of me.

When a boyfriend or anyone else cums inside of me, for me it's all about the pleasurable feelings it gives me, not to mention avoiding the mess that would've been created had he squirting it all over me instead.

By contrast, when my dad cums in me it's an entirely different experience for me. Of course it feels good as physically it's no different being fucked by him than anyone else, but an entirely different emotional element is also present. It's really hard to describe but in a way, it's like my father is mating me. Before you get the wrong idea, I don't mean anything kinky like he was trying to get me pregnant (I would NEVER want to get pregnant with my dad), it's the symbolism of the act that I'm referring to, where the male dominates the female and leaves his seed behind inside of her.

Another way of looking at it is that for me, when anyone else cums inside of me from my perspective it's done out of his own selfishness. Face it, it's not like we're married trying for a child, it's just another horny guy getting off using my pussy. The only reason I allow him to do it in the first place is that I love it myself so in essence, we are both using the other for our personal pleasure. I don't buy the crap that some guys expect me to believe where they claim to want to please the girl more than himself. As I said, if people are truly honest they admit that the truth – that we are both are doing it to satisfy our own needs, not the other's.

Such is NOT the case when I'm with my dad having sex; it's entirely different. When I'm with him, sex becomes an expression of the love and respect between a father and his daughter where their bodies join as one and he gives her the most intimate gift.

Again, don't get ahead of me and start thinking anything too weird here. I'm NOT trying to imply that I'm my father's lover nor would I ever say that we make love together (making is love is something he only does with my mom, he fucks me). I don't know how to describe it any better than that as it's something special that only a father and daughter can truly understand.

When I give myself to my dad, it is an act of submission that I have never, and will never, give to anyone else, not even my husband (I expect to be an equal partner with him unless we are role playing!). I guess you could say I'm sacrificing myself in an emotional way to him, giving him the satisfaction and joy that comes from taking his daughter completely in body and spirit, from me allowing him to totally dominate me and have his way with me.

Well, enough of that. Just suffice to say that I can never get enough of my dad cumming in me! No sooner than he was finished, though, he said that he had to get ready for work, leaving me alone and terribly horny in my bed. There was no way I could go back to sleep now, not with his fresh cum draining out of me and my pussy throbbing like it had a heartbeat of its own!

As I heard my dad taking a shower I laid on my back and played with my clit, enjoying the slipperiness created by his cum that he'd so graciously left behind. I masturbated furiously until I finally came and then turned back on my side and cupped my warm crotch in my hand, feeling it pulsing underneath my palm. Not long afterwards, my dad came out of the bathroom and entered my room again where he leaned over and kissed me gently on my cheek.

"Kelly... I just want you to know that I loved fucking you this morning," he whispered in my ear, "You're the best daughter a father could ask for."

"Hmmmmmm... I think somebody likes her daddy waking her up this way in the morning," he teased me as his rigid dick moved in and out of me in a continuous rhythm.

"Oh daddy, don't be so silly!" I giggled like a little schoolgirl, "You know you can do anything to me ANYTIME you want."

My dad was panting as he kept fucking me but he still managed to say, "I know... that's what makes you such a great daughter!"

His strokes were now long and at a steady pace, like a marathon runner who had established his rhythm. Each time he would pull out until only his head was in me where he would hesitate just long enough to tease me and then push it back into me with a steady, deliberate motion. When our bodies met and he was completely engulfed by my pussy, he would again hold himself there for just a moment, grinding his hairy crotch against my bare pussy in a circular motion, and then just as deliberately pull back out of me again. It was enough to drive me crazy with desire. God I loved to be fucked this way!

He needed to be in me deeper so I pulled my legs in until my feet were flat on the bed with my knees up and then I spread my legs apart as far as I could so he could push himself in between them more easily. My entire bed rocked slightly when we met, pushing me up onto the bed just a little more each time each time until after a while he would lean back on his knees and pull me back down again, then leaning over me again and resume fucking me again.

"Damn your fucking pussy feels so good," he whispered hoarsely to me, "Oh Kelly... I can't hold back much longer."

"Cum in me daddy," I pleaded, "Oh daddy, PLEASE cum in me."

As I mentioned, I loved it when he came in me any time but this was my favorite position - missionary style, at least when I'm with my dad. With other guys I enjoy being on top as well as it gives me more control over how I'm getting fucked. However, when I'm with my dad I love it best when he pins me down on the bed beneath him, driving his incestuous cock in and out of my pussy however he wishes, holding my arms down behind my head as I submit to his will. It wasn't that he was forcing me to do anything or even worse, raping me, not by ANY means do I mean to infer THAT. Even so, I did like to feel dominated by him where I'm powerless to do anything to stop him, even if I had wanted to (which I never did!).

Never in my wildest dreams could I even imagine allowing myself to submit to any other man like this. He was my father, the man I trusted more than anyone else in the world, and it was a like a public demonstration of that trust when I gave myself to him.

"Oh yeah baby, here it comes," my dad groaned, "I'm cumming inside of you... can you feel it Kelly?"

Indeed I could! How could I NOT feel his cock as it shot out stream after stream of hot cum into me, spewing his seed into my pussy? Each time he erupted I could feel this sensation... like a warm blossom of heat in me that quickly died away, only to be followed by another and yet another. Each time I could picture his cock deep inside of me, pumping its load of sperm deep inside of me. It may have been a futile attempt to mate me as I was on the pill, but as they say, it's the thought that counts.

"Yes daddy... yes, I can feel you cumming in me," I moaned, "Tell me you love me daddy... Tell me how much you love me!"

"Oh baby, you know I love you," he said softly, as if he was caressing me with his words, "I could never do this to you if I didn't."

"I know daddy... I understand... I really do," I replied in a voice that barely could be heard.

For the next couple of minutes we just stayed together, neither of us saying anything, just a father and daughter enjoying being together - in more ways than one! Then he kissed me, long and passionately. Finally he was done and he pulled what remained of his limp cock from me. For just a moment I felt this incredible sense of emptiness and loneliness, as if a part of me had been amputated. At that moment I would've given anything for him to change his mind and pushed his cock back into me again, even if just to leave it still in me. Even if he was mostly soft it would still be better than this horrible feeling of emptiness I felt between my legs and in my heart. It wasn't to be so as he carefully got off of me and climbed out of my bed and went off to shower.

As much as I'd loved him fucking me, it was over so quick I didn't orgasm. It's not like I was disappointed or upset as that often happened even when I'm incredibly horny and loving what's happening to me. It's as if I am concentrating so hard on him and what he is doing to me that I don't allow myself to get off was well. This left it up to me to finish myself off but that was fine with me. It wasn't my dad's fault; I knew he had to get to work and so he couldn't stay with me any longer. Besides, there was always the evening when he usually made sure I was satisfied before he left me.

As my fingers played over my clit and pushed into my pussy, I dreamed of joining him in the shower, sucking his wet dick as the water streamed over me. I knew he needed to get to work or I might have been tempted to make that dream come true! It wouldn't have been fair of me to do that. If I went into the shower now I knew that he would never refuse me; but then he would have been late to work and I didn't want to cause him any trouble. He WAS the senior partner but that also meant he had to set an example for the associates and other partners.

It didn't take much to bring myself to orgasm after the incredible fucking my dad had given me. I cried out softly as I felt the fire erupt inside me as my back arched and legs tensed in response to the wonderful feelings of pleasure that passed all over my body. It was like my pussy was a volcano, spewing out lava that covered my entire body except instead of molten rock, it was the heat of lust and passion that consumed me. I imagined my father being in me know, my pussy clamping down on his cock as my orgasm surged and threatened to overwhelm me. As it slowly died down, I heard my dad open the bathroom door and I looked up to see him enter my room once again.

"Well, well... I see you managed to take care of yourself," he said with a grin, "I promise to make up for it later - OK?"

I just nodded and smiled, knowing he always kept these type of promises! Once again, he kissed me and left to leave but at the door he turned around and smiled at me once again.

"Did I ever tell you that you were the most wonderful daughter in the world?" he asked, his grin telling me he already knew the answer. I just blushed and smiled at him as he left to get dressed.

## 4. Talking It Over With My Mom

Later that morning my mom was home as she had started working a new shift that day. As we were eating breakfast, she gave me an odd look.

"So Kelly, tell me... did your dad fuck you this morning before he went to work?" she asked.

"Ummmmm, yeah," I replied, uncertain as to where this was going so I tried to downplay it as much as possible. "It was pretty quick though, he had to catch the 'T'."

"I see... well, I just thought I heard something this morning," she mused. She took a another drink from her coffee cup and seemed to be thinking hard about something before she finally looked back at me and asked, "And just how long has THIS been going on?"

Now I was really curious as to what she was leading up to. I knew my mom pretty well and I knew when she was setting up the pins. The question was, when would she roll the ball and try to knock them down? I chose my words carefully for my reply.

"It's only been the last few days. I don't know for sure whether he's going to do it every morning from now on or not. You know how he is sometimes, it may just be a phase he's going through."

The way my mom rolled her eyes made me wonder whether I'd helped or just made things worse. Actually, I had a pretty good feeling that my dad was enjoying his morning wake-up calls so my expectations were that he would be doing it again soon.

"Yeah, he's something else, isn't he," she said, shaking her head slowly, "I mean, he's always been the type that wakes up horny - must be where you get it from, certainly not me! I just don't get off doing it that early in the day - never have. I need two cups of coffee before I do ANYTHING in the morning, let alone sex."

She paused to take another sip from her cup. I still wasn't sure what to say as it seemed everything I had said so far just made things worse. Then she chuckled softly, as if a funny thought had come to her mind.

"Sorry, I guess I just don't understand him sometimes. Since we've been married he's jerked off in the bathroom in the morning, usually after he shaves and before he showers. You guys have been fooling around for years now so what took him so long to come up with this idea? Why now?"

"You don't mind, do you mom?" I asked, worried that she might be upset or something for some reason. I was totally confused as normally she never said much of anything about my dad and me, even when we did it right in front of her. Why this was any different, especially since she was sleeping at the time anyway?"

"Oh no, sweetie - don't worry," she assured me, putting her hand on mine, "I guess I just wish sometimes he would discuss things with me before he just goes off and does it, especially when it involves sex with you"

That was all she said about the matter for the rest of the day and I figured she was over with it, that is, until my dad came home and we were seated around the table eating supper. In the middle of the meal, right out of the blue my mom looked at my dad and gave him a bit of a smirk, the kind someone gives when they know a secret and someone else doesn't.

"So John, anything new you want to tell me?" she asked. My dad looked at her with a puzzled look and then at me. I just shrugged and I could tell from the look on his face that he knew what my mom was referring to but he still played it dumb.

"Umm, not anything I know of dear," he replied, "A little help maybe?"

My mom huffed in mock exasperation. I'd seen them play out this little game before when my mom knew something about my dad and he wouldn't admit it until he was faced with indisputable evidence. My mom evidently wasn't in the mood to play, though, so she pointed a finger at me and confronted him.

"Give me a break, John, I know you've been fucking Kelly every morning lately," she declared.

My dad looked at me with a "what have you been telling her look" but wasn't ready to give in yet as he shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Yeah... so is that a problem or something?"

My mom let out a deep breath in exasperation. "Well, you could have at least TOLD me. I AM your wife you know."

My dad put down his fork and looked at her solemnly. "Now Mary, you know I love you and you've never had an issue with me and Kelly before. What's the big deal this time?"

"Nothing really, you know I've never been concerned about that, so long as we always discussed it and were up front with it," she said softly, "I just wish you'd talked about it first rather than hiding it from me."

"Mary, I wasn't hiding anything!" my dad protested, "You were sound asleep and I just didn't want to wake you. Besides, since when do I have to tell you every time I do Kelly?"

My mom closed her eyes as if to concentrate her thoughts and then she smiled and perked up a bit.

"I guess you're right, I didn't mean to overreact or anything," she said apologetically. She leaned over the table and kissed my dad. Thank god that was over!

"So tell me one thing," she continued, just as I thought the conversation was over. Usually whenever they reached the "kiss and makeup stage", that ended whatever they were arguing over. "So is this going to a new morning tradition for you two?"

trusted my father completely and I felt so secure knowing that I could offer myself to him in that way, letting him use me for his pleasure in any way he desired while I was totally at his mercy.

Sometimes when I masturbated I would think of him reaching between my thighs to spread them apart, revealing my bare pussy as I slept. Climbing over me, he guides his cock while spreading my pussy lips apart with the same hand. Ever so slowly he enters me, pushing himself into me as slowly as he could, trying not to wake me.

Sometimes I would moan as even in my sleep my body reacted to his cock. Usually this is when I would wake up and as the haze of sleep lifted I would realize what he was doing and inevitably he would see a big smile on my face since it was impossible for me to do anything else when he was fucking me. If he managed to get his cock completely in me until his crotch was pushing up tight against mine without his cock in between us without waking me, odds were pretty good he could then fuck me without waking me, which was a huge turn on for him.

Later I would wake and feel my pussy all wet with his cum draining from me and grin as I knew he had managed to do something few fathers ever get to experience, fucking his daughter in her sleep. He told me once how much that turned him on and how he would have to masturbate in his office later that day thinking about it.

Instead of fucking my pussy when I was asleep, sometimes he would try to get his cock in my mouth instead. This was a bit trickier (not to mention dangerous) in that he had to get my mouth open wide enough for his erect cock to fit in without my teeth hurting him. To be honest, he was only successful a few times as usually the touch of him on my lips was enough to wake me. Not that he would be disappointed because I would still suck him off but the challenge was to get his cock in my mouth without waking me.

Even the few times he was able to do so, the touch of his head against the back of my throat woke me every time except once. That one time I was very tired from having been out to late the night before and waking me was not going to happen very easily. He told me later how thrilling it was for him to fuck my mouth while I was sound asleep, seeing himself moving in and out of me while I just laid there completely at his mercy. He didn't cum in my mouth because he didn't want me to choke so instead he came all over my face. I awoke a while later after his cum had dried on my face. Although I was happy he'd cum on me in my sleep, I didn't realize that he had also fucked my mouth for the first time until he came home that night so horny he took me in the hallway as soon as he got in the door! He said he had thought all day about it and when he told me what he had done, I just hugged him and told him I loved him and was so happy to please him.

As you might expect, my dad didn't fuck me every morning; sometimes he didn't even touch me. There were those times when he would uncover me and just watch me as I slept, admiring my tanned nineteen year-old body. Then he would masturbate as he stood over me, eventually cumming on my face or other parts of my body so that when I woke up later I was greeting with his cum as a calling card of his visit. Feeling his dried cum on me, I would know what had happened and my thoughts that day would be of him stroking his cock while he stared at me. What girl wouldn't be thrilled knowing that just looking at her was enough to make her dad cum!

NOTE: Our "tradition" has lived on ever since although over time it has become less regular. Maybe it's because I'm getting older and the naughty thrill of fucking a 21 year-old as she sleeps isn't the same as it was when I was a nineteen year-old teenager but somehow I doubt this is the reason.
More likely, I think, is that it is just part of the natural evolution of our sexual relationship (including the fact he is getting into his forties). For that matter, who knows and really, does it matter? I can only hope that our little "tradition" continues in some form for a long time!

# (Jun 05) Chapter 54: Second Sex Party, Unemotional Sex

Story codes: F-solo MF group exhib inc father daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)

My last sex party had turned out pretty well, especially when you consider that it was my first one. Now that I no longer the "new girl", it was time to see what other opportunities awaited me. What I found was that while casual sex with people you don't know can be physically enjoyable, there is also something important that is missing. Any ideas?

## 1. Sweet Memories

Until this summer I'd never been involved in any sort of group sexual activity outside my family. Even that's a little misleading since it's not like our family typically engages in wild orgies or anything like that. It's just that outside my family I've always had a tendency to stick with single partners.

That all changed when my best friend Beth invited me to a private sex party a few weeks after I got home from college for my first summer break. Needless to say, it was a new experience for me starting right off at the beginning. When we arrived I was informed that since it was my first time I would be required to take part in an "initiation ceremony". Well, the so-called "ceremony" turned out to be nothing more than an excuse for that night's host to be the first guy to fuck me - and in front of everyone else at that.

Before the party was over, I was fucked a couple more times by guys whose names I didn't even know. I'd had sex with guys I didn't know all that well before but to do it with a total stranger and know NOTHING about them was a new experience for me.

While all of this was incredibly sensual, for me the most erotic part of the evening was having sex while being watched by strangers. My mom liked to watch my dad fuck me and while that's always been a turn-on for me, doing it in front of a bunch of people I'd never met before was yet another entirely new and different experience.

Later, after I'd had some time to reflect on what I did at the party, I found myself questioning whether or not I wanted to do it again. Even though I'd blown nearly every boy who dated me and even let some of them fuck me on a first date, was having anonymous sex with multiple partners in front of people I didn't know crossing some sort of fuzzy moral line?

The numbers alone were enough to raise a red flag. During the entire four years I was in high school, despite my reputation I'd only been fucked by a total of eight guys and here in one night three of them did me. I wouldn't argue if someone called me a teenage slut given that I long ago lost count of the number of cocks I have sucked. If anything, I'm sort of proud of the title as it identifies me as someone who enjoys having sex - primarily for my own enjoyment, but also to please others as well. The more I thought about my actions at the party though, the more I wondered if I wasn't going from being a slut to becoming almost a whore. Granted, I wasn't paid anything, but the fact I just allowed myself to be used by anyone who wanted me was not the same as putting out for a cute guy on a date.

Don't get me wrong, I don't regret for a minute going to the party because otherwise I would've always wondered what it would've been like. However, when Beth called me to ask if I wanted to go to a second party, well just say I was a bit reluctant but in the end I decided to go. At least this time I knew what to expect and besides, as much as it made me feel a bit dirty, there were a few things I wanted to try that I hadn't done the first time around. I guess you could say curiosity and horniness won out over self-image! To ease my conscious, I rationalized that I was only doing this for the experience and not to establish a new lifestyle.

Unlike the first party, this time there wasn't a sense of angst over what to wear as I knew what was expected. I had quickly learned that the key was accessibility - no sense in fooling around making it hard for the guy to get to me. After all, it wasn't like I was going out on a date where I was planning to tease a boy, making him work just to get a feel, and then MAYBE put out.

In any case, it really didn't matter what I wore as I most likely wouldn't be wearing it for very long once things got rolling. At my first party I wore my hair back in a simple pony tail and as things turned out, it was a great decision. It was so much easier not having to worry about brushing it out of my face all night while I was sucking the guys. It also had the added benefit of making it easier for people to watch me sucking the guy's dick.

The evening of the party finally arrived and the closer the clocked ticked towards the time, the more my doubts and concerns faded away as my horniness level skyrocketed. My pussy was already so wet from dreaming about the events to come that I decided to take a hot bath instead of my usual shower. Shower massagers can do the trick when you're in a hurry but nothing beats a warm bath when you're horny as hell with nobody else to take care of you.

As the tub filled I laid on my back and moved up to the faucet with my legs spread to allow the falling water to strike directly on my pussy. The heavy stream of water cascaded off my clit and I could feel the water running down between my pussy lips. God it felt so damn good to feel the warm water massaging me!

Closing my eyes, I started to reminisce about the events of the first party. As the new girl the host, Pete, had fucked me in front of everyone to start things off. As much a shock that had been for me (Beth hadn't bothered telling me about that little detail when she invited me), what really surprised me was when Beth started to suck my boobs while Pete was ramming himself deeper into me with every stroke. My fingers played over my wet clit and a soft moan escaped from me as I felt myself cum, just like I had when Pete was fucking me. I let out another moan, louder this time, as the intensity of my orgasm grew like a fire burning and spreading through my entire body.

## 2. My Dad Interrupts

My eyes were shut tight while I was cumming and my moans were so loud that I didn't realize anyone else was in the room until I heard a chuckle next to me.

"Damn Kelly, you must really be dreaming of something good! Mmmmmmm, I just love watching my little girl masturbate. You know, from the looks and sound of things I bet you could use the real thing about now; what do you say?"

Naturally I was a bit surprised to be interrupted so I opened my eyes and there standing over me was my dear old dad, stroking his hard dick just inches from my face. He was really hard and just as horny which was just the way I liked him to be when he looked at me this way since it was proof that I was turning him on. In such a situation no words from me were necessary. Face it, it wasn't like I didn't know what he wanted!

day. Instead, now that I was finished I found myself even hornier than ever thanks to my dad's little intervention. It seemed that all I could think about was how many more cocks would be cumming in my mouth before the night was over!

After I dried off and fixed my makeup, I got dressed and with no time to spare as it turned out. Just as I was going down the stairs I heard Beth honking so I quickly went to the kitchen where both of my parents were sitting and to give each a kiss goodbye.

My dad couldn't resist a quick squeeze on my ass under my skirt and then his hand moved between my legs and explored between my bare pussy lips as he kissed me long and hard. Finally, he leaned back, looked at my nipples that were already poking through the thin blouse I was wearing, and grinned like a mischievous teenage schoolboy.

"Hey girl, aren't you missing something under that outfit?"

I pretended to be shocked at his comment and protested, "Daddy! You know perfectly well I never wear them! I don't even wear panties to church so why would I wear them tonight?"

I felt his finger press against me and work its way just inside of my pussy. I couldn't help but squirm a bit and my mom looked over the table to see what was going on.

"Oh John, leave the poor girl alone for crying out loud. You don't want her to be late, do you."

My dad pushed it even further into me, as if daring my mom to stop him.

"OK, so maybe that was bad wording on my part," my mom said to him, shaking her head in mock disbelief. She got up and moved over next to me. She reached under my skirt and pulled his hand out and then sucked on the finger that was wet from my pussy juices. She reached out to my dad's crotch and started to rub his obvious hard-on through his pants.

"Why don't we say goodbye to Kelly and let her go have her fun while we have some fun of our own?" she asked seductively.

My dad grinned and started to unzip his pants. Suddenly it was if I wasn't even there so I just rolled my eyes and headed to the door. My last view as I closed it behind me was my mom sucking my dad's cock. Well, I hoped they would have a good time while I was gone!

# 3. The Party Gets Started

I ran down the sidewalk get to Beth's car. I tried to open the door but she had it locked still so I pounded on the window and she stuck her tongue out at me but at the same time hit the button and unlocked it for me. I got in the front seat and Beth drove off.

"So what was THAT all about?" I asked, the first thing to come to my mind.

Beth explained it was her parent's new car and she still hadn't figured out the automatic door locks. We both laughed and then she gave me the once-over.

"Well Kelly, are you ready more this time than you were the last time I picked you up for one of these?"

I gave her a wicked grin and replied, "You better believe it girl. Tonight I plan to REALLY have a good time."

Beth cocked her head and grinned back saying, "Well, you seemed to have a pretty good time at the last one so I can only imagine what's up your sleeve this time!"

We both laughed again and it wasn't long before we arrived at the house where the party was being held this time. It was in a completely different part of town than the last one so I imagined there would be a different host. I guess that meant if there was a new girl this time that I wouldn't be seeing the guy who did me for my initiation in action.

Nobody answered the door right away so we just walked in. Once inside, there was no doubt we were in the right place judging from the people who were already there. I recognized only a couple of people from the last party; almost everyone else was new which was fine with me. After all, that was the whole point of all of this, to have the thrill of being fucked by someone you didn't know, someone who you probably wouldn't even know their name when the night was over. Someone just to enjoy for the evening and then never have to worry about again.

While the best part of a party like this was the anonymity, the worst part was also the anonymity. It's hard to get very emotional when a guy fucks you with all the passion and concern he would give a plastic sex doll. I often say I enjoy casual sex as having sex for the sake of sex is fun. This was going too far in that it was 100% sex for the sake of sex whereas most casual sex I have been involved in included SOME emotional element - a husband cheating on his wife, a new guy trying to get in my pants, public daring, and so on.

Here I had no feelings whatsoever for the guy doing me, it was just me getting laid in some manner I had never been before which was all I got from it. Granted, that wasn't ALL bad - not by any means. After all, if I hadn't gone to the last one I would never have been fucked by a stranger in front of eighteen other people!

As I said, this time I wasn't the new girl so there were no surprises like being told I had to undergo an initiation. Fortunately there WAS another girl who was there for the first time. Her friend that had brought her introduced her and I watched closely as she whispered something in the new girl's ear. Knowing how I'd felt when Beth broke the news to me about having to be initiated, I knew exactly what was going through her mind when her jaw dropped and her eyes grew like small saucers. A look of panic came over her and for a moment I was sure she was going to bolt - like a real-life version of a runaway bride.

Her friend and the host tried to calm her down and gradually she stopped shaking. Apparently she had never been fucked in front anyone before, let alone a crowded room of strangers. At least I'd been watched by other people before so it hadn't been quite as big a shock to me as it seemed to be for her.

I had to say, though, that she showed spirit along with a positive attitude so once the idea grew on her, in the end she took to it like she had done it all her life. Once things got started it was if she forgot all about her audience and fucked him so hard I was soaking wet by the end of it watching her obvious enjoyment of it all. In fact, if she didn't have a huge orgasm in the middle of it all she was a better faker than me!

As she was wiping his cum from her face (unlike me she obviously didn't mind letting a guy spray it all over her), it was time for the party to get started.

# 4. Enjoying the Party

Lo and behold it wasn't even two seconds until the guy next to me was putting his hands up my skirt and groping my boob! Nothing like getting right to the point! He'd come in during the middle of the initiation "ceremony" and I was too focused on what was happening in front of me to take much notice of him when he sat down next to me.

I turned to look at him and saw a good looking guy probably about thirty or so. He appeared to be in great shape and obviously worked out but without getting that muscle- bound look that some guys seemed to think made them look sexy (not!). His head was shaven and I suspected it was due more to pre-mature balding than fashion judging from the hint of a receding hairline. The thing that captivated me wasn't the muscles in his arms or the solid jaw though; it was his eyes that mesmerized me. They were bright blue, almost like neon lights, and I swore there was a twinkle there that helped to soften the rather clumsy fondling moves he was making.

Actually, I was a little surprised as at his age I would have thought he'd been a little more "experienced" in his moves. Although young guys are fun given their quick recovery and enthusiasm, I've always been drawn to older guys. Maybe it because I am so much younger than they are, or maybe I remind them of their daughter or niece; whatever it is they treat me with more respect and seem to be more concerned about meeting my needs. Young guys just want to fuck and it's like they pick me only because I just happen to be available to satisfy their needs. Older guys can be just as horny, especially the married ones with bitchy wives, yet they somehow manage to control it better. THIS guy was more like an eighteen year-old than someone twice that age so it made me wonder what his story was.

My thoughts about his background were interrupted when his hand reached down under my skirt and I felt his fingers caressing my bare pussy. He grinned like a kid opening his birthday presents when he realized I wasn't wearing any panties.

"My, aren't we the naughty little girl," he said with a hint of a smirk.

"Who's the naughty one? I'm not the one with my hand under a girl's skirt," I teased him back.

He laughed at my retort and started to work his fingers between my pussy lips. It wasn't difficult as I was already pretty wet after watching the initiation ceremony.

"Hmmmmmm, I take it you were getting turned on watching their little show?" he asked playfully.

"Judging from that bulge in your pants, I don't think I was the only one!" I replied and then suddenly I gasped as he shoved his finger deep inside of me. "Now THAT feels good!"

"I bet you're quite the tease with the boys," he said as he began to stroke his finger in and out of me like a small cock.

I moaned softly as he took his wet finger and pulled it out of me to play with my clit, running small circles around it and pressing lightly on it, almost just teasing it with his soft touch. Then he pulled his hand away from me and unzipped his jeans. He pulled his pants and underwear down and took them off along with his shoes and socks leaving him wearing just a light blue striped dress shirt on. The shirt tails were long enough to cover his crotch and he pulled them aside to reveal his hard dick. It was about average in my opinion, nothing to write home about but adequate to get the job done just fine. What was best was that he was nice and hard. He didn't have the kind of dick that pointed upward when it was erect but rather stuck out parallel to the floor from his crotch.

"OK, time for you to quit teasing and suck my cock," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, like he was just announcing dinner time or something.

What could I say? The whole reason I was there in the first place was to do just that - suck cock and get fucked. He knew it as well as I did so could I really blame him for just assuming he could demand it and I would comply? In a way it was sort of refreshing not to have to play the little games you go through on a first date and get right down to what you both know you want. Usually I have to be the aggressor as most guys are too shy on the first date to go for it. My philosophy is why waste a perfectly good night out just to set the stage for the next time?

I stood up and quickly stripped off my clothes, laying them on the back of the couch in hopes they wouldn't be disturbed. Standing there naked in front of him, he spread his knees apart and I knelt down between them, placing my hands on each knee to steady myself.

Once on the floor I reached out and took his cock in my hand. It felt warm and smooth to the touch, really no different than most any other. Every cock LOOKS a little different but in the end, they all are similar in terms of taste and feel. Some guys have distinctive shapes , especially when they're hard, and a few are identifiable by their odor but I think that has more to do with their selection of bath products than anything else.

Before I went any further I took a quick look around. Beth was nowhere to be seen, most likely off having fun of her own. One couple was at the other side of the room sitting together on an overstuffed arm chair making out like two teenagers in the back seat of his parent's car. Remarkably, they were still dressed and seemed to be happy just groping each other for now.

At first it might seem like one for the shrinks but if you think about it, it makes perfect sense. If they HAD been teenagers and having sex is taboo and hidden, he would have been trying to strip her down poke her as fast as possible whereas in a situation like this, where anything was allowed and neither party was about to say "no", it was more controlled and enjoyable for everyone. I've always contended that if sex was treated more openly and in a mature manner that many of the "problems" with sex offenders and teen pregnancies would disappear at the same time.

Other than them, the room was empty except for a single girl who had made herself comfortable on the love seat across from us. She hadn't moved from there since the party started except to strip off her clothes and now she was leaned back against the side with her feet up on the cushions, playing gently with herself as she watched us and the other couple. I hadn't seen her at the previous party, or at least I didn't remember her, but she didn't have to be "initiated" so she must have been here before.

I wondered if she was just a "lurker:, watching others while not actually participating, or what. Perhaps "peeping tom" would be a better description except she made no effort to disguise her interest in us. It wasn't like I minded her watching; if anything I was curious what her plans were and if maybe she would join in later after getting herself off. Technically you were supposed to actively participate but I suppose exceptions were made, especially for hot looking girls.

My attention returned to the thick cock I was holding in my hand, my fingers wrapped around it gripping it tightly but not hard enough to hurt him. He was watching my every move and clearly growing impatient with me.

"Well, you gonna blow me or what?" he asked with a bit of frustration mixed in his tone.

No sense in answering that directly when I could just let my mouth show him so I lowered my head to his crotch and slowly, deliberately, took him inch by inch into my mouth. He wasn't all that long and so I was able to relatively easily take all him in until my lips met the base of his cock and my nose was pressed into his hairy groin.

"Hot damn, now THAT'S what I'm talking about!" he gasped as I twisted my head around his dick, letting my tongue work around the base of his cock as I did.

Just as slowly as I had descended on him, I raised my head back up again until his dick slipped from my lips and stood erect, quivering and shining with my spit.

"Want more?" I teased him.

"Don't stop now dammit!" he said, sounding as exasperated as I felt naughty to tease him in this way.

It made me feel good to have a guy begging for more of my mouth, wanting nothing more at that moment than to feel my lips and tongue caressing his dick, driving sensation through him that left him needing more and more. I must have sucked on him a good ten minutes or more and I was actually a bit impressed by his control. Most guys would have cum in the first five minutes and it was a rarity for anyone to last more than ten, at last the first time. It made me start to wonder if he had masturbated or fucked someone before the party. All in all, it was probably for the best as somehow I had a suspicion he was probably only good for one big load before having to rest and recover. It was just a feeling I had, no hard evidence but I was usually correct in my assessments when it came to the staying power of a man.

Well, if he was only going to be a one-shot wonder then I'd better plans for where the event would occur so I got up off of my knees and placed on leg up on the couch beside him, leaving myself standing on the other. The result was he was positioned under me like a missile ready for takeoff except in this case the target was just inches above it - my pussy.

I was wet enough by now that I wasn't worried about taking him in. Reaching between my legs, I held the tip of his cock with my fingertips and guided it to where my pussy was impatiently waiting for him. Feeling his cock head pressing against me, I dropped down at him just as his dick moved into position.

My pussy tried valiantly to resist him, which always seemed to be a bit counterintuitive to me. All I wanted at this moment was to feel his dick inside of me yet the same pussy that craved it always seemed to want to play hard-to- get. In a way I was proud of my pussy for being so tight, despite the number of guys who had violated it, but yet at the same time it didn't have to be TOO tight! In this case with my full weight on him my pussy was clearly overmatched and relented quickly, allowing his head to penetrate and disappear inside of me.

"Damn your cunt's tight!" he hissed at me, groaning as his cock recovered from the strain of pressing itself into me, "How does a fucking slut like you still have such a tight cunt?"

Once his head was in me the rest of his cock slid in easily after it so I waited to answer until my ass was planted on his lap and his cock was now completely absorbed within me.

"Do you know what's going to happen if you keep calling me a 'fucking slut' and my pussy a 'cunt'?" I asked him, acting as if I was irritated. He just looked me in the eyes and grinned, not fooled a bit by my supposed protest.

"Oh? And just what would that be, little miss princess?" he teased me back.

I couldn't keep a straight face at that point so I broke out laughing and slapped him playfully.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to fuck you like one then," I answered, giving him my naughtiest expression.

We fucked like that for a while and then eventually he moved me into a doggy position with my feet on the floor, bending over on the chair, and then again I rode him except this time with both feet on the floor, facing away from him.

It was interesting at that point as I could see the others in the room. The one couple had finally gotten past third base and a were fucking like I knew they eventually would. Nothing wild or actually even very interesting there, just typical missionary style on the floor. Our lone "lurker" was still watching, playing with her pussy almost absentmindedly. From what I could tell, she hadn't gotten herself off, at least not yet, as seemed content just to watch me and the other guy fuck. No sign of any interest in her part in joining in either. Oh well, her loss.

In the meantime my guy, who was making a remarkable display of stamina that extended WAY beyond the average, finally reached the point where he was ready to cum. With both hands, he pushed my ass upward and off his dick so violently it almost sent me sprawling forward.

"Get on your knees - hurry!" he gasped, stroking his cock quickly.

Based on the urgency in his voice, there wasn't any time to argue, so I complied with his demands and kneeled down in front of him. Personally, I'd hoped he would cum in my pussy but better to get it in my mouth than none at all, which is what would have happened if I'd led a protest. In addition, I prefer to be the one getting him with my mouth or hand and not just sit back on my knees and watch him stroke himself until he cums. Apparently this guy had been watching too many porn movies and now he wanted to act out his masturbation fantasies with me as he pushed my hand away from his dick and proceeded to finish himself off while I watch.

"Open your mouth," he said urgently, "Stick out your tongue."

It was like a scene right out of one of my dad's stupid porn movies but what could I do? I watched him take another stroke and then his hips thrust forward and I saw the first ribbon of cum stream from the end of his cock. Do I even need to say that it missed my mouth by a mile? Only six inches away and my mouth spread wide open, how can you miss? It hit me in the forehead instead, and left a track down over the brow of my nose, just missing my eye and onto my cheek.

The next shot was just as much off the mark but this time hit the side of my face and then moved to my chin and a little to my neck and chest. With the two biggest blasts out of the way, he held hid cock so the head was resting on my outstretched tongue and fired away his next couple of shots, forcing it back along my tongue until it dripped down into my throat and forming a pool on my tongue. I had to quickly swallow a little or else I would've gagged, giving him an excuse to let the rest of it loose on my cheek and chin.

"Oh yeah," was all he could say, wheezing and gasping for air.

I grabbed his cock from him and used it like a squeegee to scrape whatever cum I could from my face into my mouth. Then I spit his cum back out so it draped over his cock like creamy sauce on a hotdog. Leaning forward, I took him back in my mouth and used my lips to pull it all back into my mouth again before sucking on just the head like a popsicle.

"Damn, that feels fuckin' incredible," he groaned, his sensitive cock twitching as I sucked on it.

I didn't actually have much in my mouth, just my lips doing the work, which allowed me to swallow the cum remaining in my mouth. I let him loose and looked up, opening my mouth wide to show him I had swallowed it, like a child proving to her mommy that she had taken her medicine.

With that, I just winked at him and turned to walk away. The girl that had been watching was getting herself off now, she must have been waiting for him to cum on me before she did. It wasn't like I had never seen a girl masturbating herself to an orgasm before so I left the room to find the bathroom so I could clean myself off.

I'd been told earlier that the bathroom was at the end of the hall so I went to the closed door and knocked, expecting it to be occupied – for one reason or

and letting him satisfy his lust with me. If I am being honest with myself though, I have to admit feeling a hunger for him that is more than just daughterly love, especially if I'm horny

Girls, however, are an entirely different story. You need to keep in mind that my first experience with a woman was a little different than for most girls, to say the least. The first girl to lick my pussy, and vice versa, was my mom with her sister being the second not long afterwards. I don't know of anyone else (at least, anyone I believe) who can say that their first lesbian experience was with their mom and aunt!

For the next two years they were the only women I was with in sexual terms. In high school, I was at a lot of parties and sleepovers where we played around, sometime with a little Truth or Dare to spice things up. It wasn't like we were serious about it and other than a few innocent kisses and mutual masturbation experiences, it was strictly boys for me outside of my family.

I wasn't until I went to college and met my freshman dorm roomie Brenda that I did anything that could be called a deliberate sexual act with another girl. At least, that's the way I explain it to most people to avoid the inevitable issues that would arise should I admit who was really my first girl. In any case, Brenda WAS the first girl I was with that was under thirty!

As a rule, my female sexual experiences have always been more emotionally fulfilling, much more tender and loving, than those with the guys. My mom has never been into anything wild or fast with me, preferring instead to simply caress and love me as an intimate lover would. My aunt was much the same way. Even Brenda was usually more into cuddling than anything else; although there were a few times that got out of hand, such as when we were both would be in a more horny mood and shared my double dildo (a high school graduation gift from my dad).

I was daydreaming about all this as I watched a young couple fucking on the floor smack in the middle of the living room. At the time I was sitting on the couch, still naked, and was just lightly touching myself as I watched intently. I couldn't help but jump a little when an unseen hand started running its fingers through my hair. When I turned around my eyes focused on a guy standing behind the couch, reaching down to my head.

I was a bit surprised to see that he was black, not extremely dark but definitely African-American. Until now, I'd never been with a black guy before, at least not sexually. It's not that I have any racial issues or had avoided it; but more because the opportunity had never presented itself. Although the couch hid him from the waist down, from what I could see my guess was that he was nude, or at least not wearing much of anything.

It was an enjoyable sensation as I LOVE my hair being played with – almost more than anything else even during foreplay. My only wish is that guys could understand that they can make me horny as hell and willing to do about anything if they would just take some time to simply play with my hair. God, there have been times I have cum just from that alone! It certainly didn't hurt that I was also watching a hot couple fucking on the floor in front of me at the same time!

He slowly worked his hands over my face and neck, then gently working his way down until he was toying with my bare breasts where my nipples were still rock hard. Then I heard him whispering in my ear, "So... do you like watching him screw her?"

Playing along, I let out a soft moan and replied, "Mmmmmmm, they are really a hot couple don't you think? God, just look at how he moves his hard cock around inside of her – I just love it when a man does me like that!"

"Well, if you like it so much, why don't you lay down next to her and let me do the same to you."

One thing people can say about me, I usually don't need to be asked twice to have sex! With a parting glance at my potential partner, I got down on the floor and laid next to her, so close I could feel her warm soft body against mine. As her man pumped himself in and out of her, I could feel her moving along side of me, rubbing up against me. My guy walked slowly around from the back of the couch and stood over me. His dark cock was hanging down and at the moment was the most tempting thing I could possibly imagine.

Having never sucked a black dick before, I must admit I'm guilty of the stereotypical concepts of the supposed size and thickness of a black dick. It seemed every black guy in any of the porn movies my dad watched was always a foot long! Then again, most of the white guys were too but it seemed the blacks were especially long. This guy's was still relatively flaccid, his dick hanging down loosely from one of the thickest nest of pubic hair I had ever seen on a guy. Other than the skin pigment, it was just a cock to be honest. Same head, same balls, same shaft as any other cock I had ever been acquainted with. Still, there was something about sucking a black cock for the first time that made me tingle with anticipation.

After looking down at me for a few seconds, he knelt next to my head and let his dick just dangle right next to my mouth, offering it to me without actually giving it to me. Not one to ever turn the offer of a dick to be sucked, I dutifully turned my head and started to lick the head lightly with my tongue. Encouraged by my response, he moved up closer until I was able to take him further in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, my first black cock! In a way I was almost disappointed; after all the buildup and anticipation it felt and tasted like any other cock - warm and good. Not that it was a BAD thing - oh no, not at all!

As I mentioned, his black pubic hair was not even trimmed and was thick and curly, more like a brush for my dog than one of mine. As I started sucking him he leaned forward to allow more and more of him into my mouth until finally I had him all, my face buried in that wonderful bush of curly black pubic hair. At first it was relatively easy to take him all in as he was pretty soft and short. It didn't take long before I could feel him stiffening as I worked on him.

Feeling a guy's dick hardening in my mouth is one of my favorite parts of any blowjob. I LOVE knowing that it is me that is causing it to do that, that it is me that was making him so horny that his dick extends like a male animal on heat. As I sucked him he had one hand playing with one of my boobs while at the same time the other was fondling the ass of the girl next to me, feeling it bounce with each pump of his cock in her. She was very small compared to me, and I'm not that big, so her tight little ass could be held in his hand like a sexy melon.

We went on this way for a while as he did most of the work. My head was resting back on the floor while he raised and lowered his cock in and out of my mouth. Finally pulled himself out for the last time, his hand stroking himself to keep him hard.

"Ok girl, time to put this bad boy to good use now that you've gotten him ready."

I looked up at him licking my lips. All I had to do was lay there and I was sure he would have taken matters into his own hand, so what was the point in saying anything further? Well, that just seemed too impersonal, even for this type of party, so I looked up at him with a nasty grin on my face and what I hoped was a sexy look.

"Oh yeah, I want you to fuck me. Fuck me with that nice big black cock of yours."

OK, so it wasn't an original line but at least I'd contributed something to the situation. After all, what guy doesn't like to hear a girl ask him to fuck her? Well, none that I've ever experienced!

He moved around until he was between my spread legs. His hands each grabbed one of my ankles and raised my legs up until my feet were resting on his shoulders while he moved in closer to my ass. Finally I felt the touch of his cock as it moved closer to my pussy, and I was surprised when he didn't just ram it in me the way most guys would have until the same circumstances. By the time your average horny guy got the point where his erect cock was poised outside my wet pussy, it usually wasn't long before I was being fucked!

Rather than immediately trying to screw me, instead the guy rubbed himself up and down and all over my wet pussy and hard clit. He stroked himself back and forth except that instead of fucking me, he just rubbed himself on the outside of my pussy and played with me. Another time and place, this act of chivalry may have been cute and even a bit arousing, but not today. Nope, today I wanted to be fucked, without all the foreplay and crap that usually preceded it!

Finally, my patience reached its limit and so I reached down and grabbed it, directing it to my waiting pussy hole. Now if THAT didn't tell him what my expectations were, then he was a lost cause! Thankfully, that wasn't the case and once I had him lined up he pressed forward firmly until his cock head disappeared inside of me. I looked down my stomach and watched as his dark cock disappeared into my comparatively pale pussy in inch by inch until finally all I could see was a thick bush of black pubic hair covering my crotch.

I could feel his coarse hair tickling me slightly as at the same time there was this wonderful sensation inside of me as his cock filled my pussy. Once buried inside of me, he lifted my legs even higher which brought my ass up off the floor. This allowed him to press up even tighter against my ass, driving himself even deep into me until he ran out of cock and thus was a far inside of me as he physically could be.

Do I really have to say that I love being fucked? God, it felt incredible as my pussy swelled up as if it was trying to grab him and prevent him from escaping. I don't think there will ever come a day I don't just love the feel of a dick inside of me.

After just holding himself still in me for a bit, he slowly pulled out of me until just the very tip of his cock head was still between my pussy lips, just enough to be legally fucking me. Then with a sudden lunge, he rammed himself forcibly back into me and then just as quickly withdrew again. He repeated this several times, banging himself fully in and out of until he eventually he stopped with himself back deep in me again. OMG, did this feel incredible or what?! There are times I think seriously that I could be fucked all day and not ever get tired of it.

"Leave it in me," I whispered in a hoarse voice as I played furiously with my clit, "Don't move... I'm going to cum!"

Indeed I was. Despite his best efforts, it was impossible for him to stay completely still in me as his cock would twitch and pulse inside of me. Even the slightest movement was about to set me off as I felt the fire beginning to rage between my legs, spreading throughout my entire body like an oil spill on a lake that had been set ablaze.

"Oh God... I'm cumming!" I cried out, the loudest I'd said anything so far.

In the background I could vaguely hear some whistles and comments but I was soon too consumed by my orgasm to hear anything, or care if I did. There is no greater feeling in the world than to experience an orgasm. Even the least intense orgasm beats whatever comes in second and when you get one as intense as the one I could tell was rising in me, there WAS no second place.

My hips convulsed as I thrust my pussy up tight to him but he had me pinned down such that I could hardly move. Despite my early orders, he couldn't hold still in me anymore and started to pump himself in and out of me like a relentless oil well drilling for oil deep inside of me. Talk about being "drilled"!!!

Now that I was cumming, his fucking of me just added to the intensity of the storm that was raging within me. How long this went on for, I have no idea. Time stands still at moments like this, it is like I am in another world, another dimension. My eyes were clamped tightly shut and even if I had opened them I was sure I wouldn't see anything. I couldn't hear anything other than my own moans and cries as the rest of the world ceased to exist and all I could think about, all I cared about, all I wanted was the cock inside of me to cum and take me even a notch higher than where I was.

"FUCK ME!" I cried out as I humped myself under him the best I could, "FUCK ME HARDER!"

He was pounding me now, literally driving me across the carpet with each thrust of his hips that served to drive him deeper into me, impossible as it may have seemed. Each time his groin slammed against my crotch, I let out a loud gasp as the air was driven from me.

Then it happened, the only thing that could have stimulated me even more than I was. A hot flash erupted inside of me and I felt him hold himself tightly against me as his first load of cum shot out of his cock to be released deep inside of me.

My orgasm, which was just starting to wane, suddenly shot off the charts as one after another, he unloaded his balls into me. For a brief moment, much as it later embarrassed me to recall, I felt like some southern wench in a romance novel being fucked by the big black slave stud, cumming hard as the forbidden seed was exploding from his lustful cock deep inside my virgin womb.

For a moment I thought I might pass out and indeed, maybe I did for a short period as it seemed like suddenly I was back in the world and he was holding himself above me, panting from the exhaustion of fucking me like I hadn't been fucked before.

He was still in me and I could feel him pulsing hard in me, his heartbeat strong and fast. Now and then he would suddenly thrust himself into me, like a fish in its final throes before conceding defeat. I couldn't speak or even make a sound at this point as my sense were still in overload from the tremendous orgasm that he had unleashed in me.

Just then the guy next to me pulled out of the girl. With effort I turned my head to watch as he stripped off his condom (thank god my guy didn't wear one!) with one pull and then a stream of cum came squirting from his cock. Damn could he shoot his cum! He left a trail that led from her pussy all the way to her forehead. A bit of it even fell on her open mouth which she quickly slurped up and swallowed. Somehow I found the strength to reach over and run my finger over some of it, then putting my finger in my mouth to taste him. Mmmmmmm, an excellent vintage!

Apparently, my guy was just as interested in her as I was - and even more as it turned out. He pulled out of me and joined the guy next to us, putting his cock into the little girl's mouth to let her suck off the remains of his cum and my pussy juices. She eagerly sucked his now softening cock, cleaning it off skillfully. Looking over at me, she smiled as best she could with his black dick in her mouth and I wondered what she thought about the taste of my pussy on his dick.

I was not to find out as it turned out. The three of them got up and left the room, leaving me in the middle of the living room with a warm pussy full of cum. Without me being fucked the interest in me seemed to fade and people drifted off so I finally got up and went over to the table with the drinks and popped open a can of Diet Pepsi. I was holding the can and thinking about what had happened when I felt something warm and smooth pressing against my ass. Under the circumstance, it was safe to assume that I was feeling someone's cock up against my butt! Intrigued, I started to turn around but he grabbed me by head and kept me facing forward.

"Don't look back... I'm want to fuck you just the way you are now."

Well, THAT was certainly the most original one-liner ever for someone to start out with me! I started to say something but he cut me off rudely.

"Not a word, hear me? Not a single word until I'm done with you. Now bend over and spreads your legs apart."

For a moment I wondered just what I was getting into. I mean I'd already been fucked by a couple of guys who I didn't even know their names but at least I knew what they looked like! This, however, was carrying "fucked by a stranger" fantasy to the extreme. Oh well, I quickly decided that this was what I had come here for - to do things I would never have done otherwise and probably never will again.

Leaning forward, I put the can down on the table and held myself up with both hands on the table. As he had directed me, I spread my legs apart and I felt his hand groping between my legs. It was like being on a crowded dance floor where someone was trying to cop a feel, except in this case he apparently had plans to do a lot more than just grab a cheap feel!

"Damn girl, you're still soaking wet. You know, I was watching you getting fucked by that guy in the living room and you looked so incredibly hot I knew I just had to have you tonight.

He squeeze my ass a little harder and moved in closer where he whispered in my ear saying, "Oh yeah... I'm gonna fuck you like a little whore - no foreplay or sweet talk, just my hard dick in your wet cunt."

Startled, I forgot his warning for a second and started to say something but again he cut me off. "Now, now... like I said, you're my little whore so just bend over and take it. No talking and don't you DARE look back at me."

My eyes were fixed on the table top in front of me as I felt him spreading me apart with one hand as he guided his hard cock into me with the other. As he'd noted, I was still sopping wet and swollen which shouldn't have been a surprise considering not more than a few minutes before I was fucked for the second time since arriving. He easily slid all of the way into me and then immediately started humping me, letting his lower stomach and crotch slap against my ass as he rammed himself deeply into me. A few times he pushed so hard I almost lost my balance but I held onto the table top for support.

"God your pussy is incredible... how does it stay so tight? That's it whore, bounce that tight little ass back against me while I fuck you."

I almost said something but fortunately, I think, he wasn't finished and so he cut me off before I could utter a sound.

"I knew from the moment I saw you walk in with that slutty friend of yours that you love being fucked," he said with a hint of laughter on his voice, as if he thought he was being so clever in analyzing me. "Yeah... you looked like the kind of bitch that just wants her pussy fucked and doesn't care how or who so long as she gets a hard cock in her."

Normally I might have protested such remarks; calling me a whore didn't normally put guys at the top of my winners list. In this case though, I had to admit that I was exactly what he was accusing me of being, nothing more than a horny slut who wanted a hard dick and wasn't very particular how she got it.

Despite the sideshow of his non-stop yakking, he WAS doing a pretty good job of screwing me. Although on the one hand I wanted to reach around and punch him in the mouth, on the other hand my pussy was feeling pretty damn good with him in it. It made me feel a bit naughty, almost dirty, because it meant he was so right about me. All I wanted at this moment was to be fucked and I didn't give a damn who he was or how he did it so long as he filled my cunt with his dick. Well, don't forget he has to cum in me as well!

I heard a grunt behind me and then he said, "Ok slut, here it is, I'm ready to cum... Hey, don't move... just hold still while I cum on your ass."

For a second I felt a surge of disappointment. Cum on my ASS? God, all this just so he could make a mess on my butt? It wasn't like I had any say in the matter as I felt him pull out of me, leaving my pussy with the sudden sensation of emptiness. Damn, why couldn't he have cum in me?

My thoughts were interrupted by the warm feeling of cum as he sprayed himself all over me. I must have been his first for the night as from the feel of things, he was depositing quite a lot of cum as I could feel it starting to run down my butt. It didn't take long for him to finish himself off and then I felt him rub it all over my ass with his cock, spreading it over my buttocks and even over my asshole.

Any hope of seeing him faded with his next demand.

"I don't know about you but I certainly enjoyed that!" he gloated, "OK, now don't you dare turn around until you count to fifteen - got it?."

With that he left and I dutifully counted and when I reached fifteen I turned around, half expecting him to be there still. Wishful thinking on my part. Instead, all I saw were a number of people standing behind me, all of whom who had evidently been watching the scene play out. There was no sign that any of them were the guy that fucked me and nobody seemed inclined to give me any information that would identify him.

Smiling at them as best I could under the circumstances, I grabbed some napkins from the center of the table and used them to wipe the cum off my ass as best as I could. God, I would be needing a shower badly tonight when I got home!

So far I'd been fucked by three guys and frankly, I was feeling a bit tired; wonderful and tingly inside but tired just the same. The party was going full swing and I could see several groups going at it. Honestly, I'd had enough for one night so I found my clothes and got dressed. When I looked back one more time before I left, I saw the black guy who had fucked me was now laying on the dining room floor with a girl riding his cock, bouncing on it like a cowgirl in a country bar riding the mechanical bull. Still a bit curious, I looked around one last time, still wondering who had fucked me that last time but never got even a clue from anyone. Oh well, that was ok as it lent an air of mystery to my night's adventures.

Fortunately, and rather surprisingly, Beth was also ready to leave so she drove me home. Turned out she had spent the night with several girls and other than a dildo, didn't even get fucked the entire evening. I just shrugged it off thinking what was the point ion spending the night doing something you can do at home when there was enough cock to choose from? Oh well, to each her own I guess.

## 5. Back Home Again

Beth kissed me on the cheek and we said our goodbyes as she dropped me off at the curb in front of my house. When I went in who did I find but my dear ol' dad waiting for me in the kitchen, just as he had promised he would. I guess I should have never doubted him. He flashed a warm smile when he saw me walk through the door.

"Well Kelly, how was your party tonight? So tell me, how many lucky guys got to fuck you?"

"It was fun dad. You know, they're talking about holding the next one at someone who has a swimming pool next time."

My dad got up and walked over to me where he held me. I loved feeling his body up against mine, his strong arms holding me and protecting me. As he hugged me a feeling of fatherly love and comfort filled me and it was then I realized how empty the entire experience had been. Sure, the party had been exciting but face it, the sex was just sex and about as devoid of emotion as it could be.

Memories of the last guy came into my head and I realized I could've just as easily been a latex doll for all he cared about me. In a way, I felt like I did not long after masturbating. There was a sense of sexual relief and a momentary rush of pleasure but it was followed by a sense of emptiness, one that was never quite filled unless I was sharing myself with someone I wanted to give myself to. Tears of happiness came to my eyes as I hugged my dad as tight as I could, longing for him and needing him more right then than I could remember in a long time.

"Oh daddy, what I really want is you," I sobbed, overcome with the pent up emotions that were suddenly being released. "You're always there for me, always ready to satisfy me. After tonight I appreciate more than ever how you want me but still respect me as a woman and your daughter."

I looked up at him and our eyes met although mine must have been red from my sudden and unexpected outburst. God I loved him so much right then. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for this man, nothing I would refuse him. If anything I wanted him to be demanding just so I could submit to him prove to him that there was nothing he could want of me that he couldn't have.

"Please take me daddy, I need you to love me," I begged him.

Yes, after a night of wanton lust and pure sex I needed to be loved. I needed someone to make me feel special, someone to want me for ME, not just my body. I wanted to give myself over to him, to let him take total control of me and do with me whatever he wished. I don't mean anything at all like the guy who fucked me from behind did, where he did it purely for his own satisfaction. The way my father treated me when I released myself and made myself totally vulnerable to him told me more about his love and respect for me than any words could ever do.

My dad stroked his fingers through my hair and reached down to kiss me. As soon as our kips met it intensified into a passionate and lingering kiss. Finally our lips parted and he looked at me with an expression only a daughter can see in her father's face.

"Don't worry baby," he whispered gently to me, "Daddy will take care of you. Let me show you how much I love you."

With that, he picked me up in his strong arms and carried me up to my parent's bedroom. My mom was already in bed watching TV. She looked at us and I

Even though I was prepared, I still jumped just a little when his finger first touched my sensitive clit. At this point in the evening, even the slightest touch of his finger on me was enough to send shivers down my legs and up my spine. He spread my pussy lips apart and circled his finger around the opening of my pussy, slowing entering me just a little bit to run his finger just inside of me. God it felt so good when he touched me right there!

Then he worked his finger all the way into my, like a small cock entering my pussy. He slipped a second finger in after the first one and then began to stroke them in and out of me like he was fucking me. His thumb played with my clit at the same time and I felt like I had died and gone to heaven! It only took a few moments before I came so hard that I didn't think it was going to stop.

"That's it Kelly, cum for me," he said softly.

"Oh god daddy!" was all I could say in response as he touched me in just the way he knew I loved to be touched.

While I was still feeling the aftermath of my first orgasm, he moved on top of me and without further fanfare, my father's cock entered me. No matter how many times he does it, I still feel an almost childish sense of delight whenever my dad's cock first pushes itself into his daughter's pussy. Face it, how many daughters get to experience this? For what had to be the millionth time, I realized just how lucky I was to have this type of loving relationship with my father.

My dad was on his knees and he pulled me up to meet his cock such that my hips were off the bed and resting on his upper thighs. He draped my legs over his shoulders and began to pump my pussy. I thought about how I had been fucked earlier and how little it really mattered to me other than the physical sense of pleasure it gave me. Compared to then, what I was experiencing was on a completely different level. Sure it was just another cock in me but in my mind, it was much more than that - it was my FATHER'S cock, the man who conceived me, raised me, and had given so much to me over the years. How could I NOT give myself back to him for everything he had done for me? To demonstrate my love and gratitude in such as personal matter was the greatest feeling in the world.

Well, speaking of feelings, it wasn't long before I came again, this time gripping his cock tightly with my pussy as my juices once again gushed from me. My dad just kept pumping his cock in and out of me slowly, driving himself in until the base of his shaft pressed against my pussy and then pulling out until the tip of his head was just inside me and then pressing himself back in again. Until now we had

gasped and his hips jerked against me as I felt a warm glow deep in my pussy. Oh my god, my father was mating me!

"That's it daddy, cum in me. Oh daddy I can feel your cum in me, so warm inside of me."

Not to be outdone, my mother was ready to cum herself at that moment. She was rubbing herself hard and furiously fast with her eyes fixed on my pussy, watching her husband's cock as it exploded inside of her daughter.

"Oh honey, I love seeing you cum in her," she blurted out, "I love seeing you fuck our daughter and cumming in her!"

The she turned her attention to me and said, "Oh Kelly, Kelly... you're so beautiful, so hot, such a wonderful daughter."

My mother stopped talking and she cried out as her orgasm consumed her. Between her cumming and the feel of my dad's cock ejaculating inside of me I came yet again, a little smaller and less intense this time but wonderful all the same.

As we lay there later in each other's arms, the epitome of a loving and caring family, I knew deep in my heart that this was the way a family was meant to be; sharing the most intimate and loving moments together. My dad stayed in me for a long while afterwards, letting me feel him inside of me as we all kissed and finally I feel asleep.

What a perfect ending to my day!

# (Jun 19) Chapter 55: Third Sex Party, Pool Time

Story codes: F-solo FF MF group exhib inc mother daughter
Me (19)
Mary - my mom (38)

So far it had been an interesting summer. Twice so far my best friend Beth had brought me to one of her private sex parties. This one had a totally different "theme" from the rest which promised to make it more interesting, not to mention that "three's a charm"!

## 1. To Party or Not to Party?

Until this summer, other than with my family I'd never had sex with multiple partners or been involved in any sort of group sexual activity. Well, all that changed when Beth, my "best friend forever", invited me to a crazy sex party just a few weeks after I returned home from my first year of college. If nothing else, you could definitely say it was a new experience for me!

It wasn't until I arrived that I learned that as the "new girl" I was required to be "initiated". Simply put this meant to start off the party I had to let myself be fucked by that night's host right out in front of everyone. Like I was going to object to being watched having sex! That went OK and then afterwards I had sex with several guys I'd never met before.

For me, the most erotic part of the whole experience wasn't so much the sex. The best thing was being WATCHED by a group of strangers as I was being fucked by yet another stranger. Sure, there have been numerous times in the past when my parents saw me having sex with a boyfriend (although the guy doing me typically didn't know it). That was always a turn-on for me but then they WERE my parents so it was more like I showing off for them than anything. I quickly learned that doing it in front of a bunch of strangers was an entirely new and special experience.

Given the success of the first party, a couple weeks later I agreed to go with Beth to a second one and once again I enjoyed a number of new experiences. Even so, afterwards I told Beth that I really didn't want to go to any more. Now that I'd "been there, done that", my curiosity about the sex party scene had been satiated and I was ready to go back to a more traditional sex life.

Beth was never one to give up on an idea so a few days later she called me and asked me to go to yet another party with her. When I started to remind her of our last conversation she explained that this one would be entirely different - it was going to be outdoors and included a pool. I had to admit that it sounded a bit intriguing, especially given the number of times I'd had sex in my family's hot tub with my dad and various boyfriends. There were even a few times when I did it in a lake but these circumstances promised to be unique and for me THAT was the attraction.

In the end I called Beth and told her that I would go. She responded by saying she would pick me up in the afternoon as this party was going to be during the day instead of at night like the previous ones.

Like the two parties before, I found myself debating the morning of the party as to what I should wear. It wasn't as easy a decision as people might think, even though whatever I wore didn't really matter as I wouldn't be wearing it for long. I had a large drawer full of bikinis and all of them looked good on me since I tanned on our deck in the smallest of them with the strings untied so as not to have any tan lines when I wore the others. Essentially, you could say I would laid out in the sun with just a few strips of clothes over my nipples and pussy. I didn't sunbathe in the nude usually as I still liked having a little bit of a tan line when I was undressed to show off my tan. Besides, I think it turns on guys to see tan lines as it makes them feel they are getting to see parts of me that most people never do.

After much debate I finally decided to wear my skimpiest bikini. Actually I'd never even gotten it wet as I only wore it on our deck when I was tanning. It was really just some strings that held up a few triangles of cloth over my boobs and pussy - and not much at that. Besides, based on my experiences at the previous parties I doubted that it really mattered what I wore as I didn't expect to be wearing it for long once things got started. I wore the bikini bottoms under a pair of super short cutoffs with just the bikini on top. In any case, the only ones who would see me would be people who either had or would be fucking me so really what difference did it make?

"Your little pussy feels so good Kelly," my mother whispered in my ear. "I'm always amazed at how quickly you can get so wet. And damn you're still so tight! I know your dad loves the way you grip him when he fucks you. I just can't tighten up on his cock that way anymore so I'm glad you can do it for him."

At that moment I felt my orgasm beginning to build in me. My back arched back against her and realizing what was happening, she rubbed my clit faster, bringing me to an awesome climax.

"That's it Kelly, cum for me, cum for your mother. Let me feel my daughter's pussy as she cums."

She held me tight as my orgasm swept over me like an ocean wave against the beach, pounding me relentlessly with its power. It was so wonderful to be in my mother's arms at this moment, sharing my most intimate feelings with her. As the feelings subsided she pulled her hand from my crotch and let me lick her fingers, tasting my pussy cum on them. I loved the smell and taste of my pussy, especially on my mom's fingers. I adjusted my bikini and pulled up my shorts and zipped and snapped them.

Turning to face my mom, we kissed. It was a long passionate kiss that only a mother and daughter can truly share. I have no idea how long this would have gone on as just then a horn blew and I knew Beth was waiting for me. I gave my mom one last kiss and left without another word. I looked back and she was just smiling as she watched me leave, knowing that her little girl was soon going to get fucked but confident in the knowledge I would be back home to her afterwards to tell her all about it.

## 3. The Party Gets Started

Beth was looking more than just a little impatient and no sooner had I jumped into her car she drove off with a squeal of tires.

"Damn girl, what's the rush?" I asked.

"Sorry, just horny I guess!" she exclaimed, laughing at her own response. Well, she wasn't the only one! I wonder what Beth would have said had I told why I was in such a good mood? As close as we were there were still some things I hadn't shared with even my best friend in all the world. I knew there were times Beth must have wondered about my relationship with my family but being she WAS such a good friend she never said anything.

We soon arrived at the house where the party was being held at. It was the end of a cul-de-sac in one of the nicer neighborhoods in town. I could see around in back where the pool must have been based on the high security fence. Now I understood how they could have such a party in the middle of a local neighborhood. We walked around the side of the house and entered through a gate where I saw a crowd was already gathered. Everyone looked to be seated at one end of the pool where several tables had also been set up for snacks and drinks.

As we chatted with some of the people I'd met at previous parties, I was pleased to learn that there was a new girl at the party. I grinned as I wondered if she had any idea what was about to happen. From the smile on her face across the way, either she didn't or she enjoyed being fucked in public. Based on what Beth told me, it was traditional NOT to tell the rookie what was going to happen as it weeded out the ones who were just there to be voyeurs and not participate. Well, I guess we would soon find out.

Finally, everyone was ready and the host got things started. One of the first things was to introduce the rookie. The smile suddenly disappeared when she was told that she had let the host fuck her in front of the rest of us before the party could start. Nope, she hadn't been told! Still, it wasn't like she was some virgin or all that innocent. Girls don't typically get invited to a party like this unless they are a bit on the slutty side to start with and she was no exception. Once the initial shock of the unexpected announcement sank in, she looked ready and raring to go.

Damn, the girl was really hot. She was wearing a string bikini which left little to imagine with a body that was the envy of every girl. Her long blonde hair had been pulled back into a pony tail which took some of the edge off and made her look a little more "girl next door". She certainly wasn't shy either! Once the host pulled out his dick she started sucking him without a moment's hesitation. Somehow I got the impression that this wasn't her first time doing something like this. After getting him good and hard (not to mention most of the other guys watching them from what I could tell), she fucking him like a catholic schoolgirl in heat. It was fairly straightforward with him doing her doggie style. What they lacked in variety was more than made up by their intensity. He came pretty quickly and sprayed it all over her back and ass as the crowd clapped dutifully. From the anxious looks I figured most of them just wanted to get the party started.

Before giving the OK to start things off, the host spoke up to say this was a special party today and he needed to take a few minutes to explain some new "rules". Having expected him to say go for it, several people had already started making their move on their neighbor and a number of sighs arose but we all sat back and listened like school kids to their teacher. In essence, the pool party rules were few and simple:

Rule #1: No swimsuits or any other articles of clothing were allowed in the pool.
Rule #2: Sex must take place either in the pool or next to it. The house was off limits as well as the changing rooms.
Rule #3: Anyone in the pool was "available", even if they were already with someone else. Anyone NOT in the pool was off limits.

The first two made sense as after all, this WAS a sex party but at the same time it was a PUBLIC sex party so if you wanted private sex you could go home and do it. The third was quite a deviation from the past though. Essentially he was saying if you got in the pool, then you had to let anyone who wanted to fuck you. I suppose it worked both ways though, so it wasn't all that bad. It's just that in the past it was usually by default you had to make yourself available whereas today it was just the opposite - you were assumed to be available just by getting in the pool.

With that the host declared that the party was now open and everyone quickly stripped down. Some were wearing swim suits under their clothes but most just got naked from the start. As for me, I decided just to strip and get it over with. Really, why bother with the bikini? Beth apparently felt the same way as she was nude even before I was. God she looked so hot! Her boobs were full D cups yet somehow managed to keep from sagging the way most big ones did. She already had her eye on a few of the guys and I knew she wasn't going to be wasting any time getting laid. Damn, the girl was ALWAYS horny!

As I laid my things off to the side, I heard a few splashes and saw that several people weren't wasting any time getting started. At least a half dozen guys were already in the pool with a couple of girls. It didn't take long before the girls were diving and sucking cocks underwater. One of the guys got out and laid next to the pool while two more held onto the sides and let themselves float up such that their cocks were sticking out of the water like periscopes, making it easier for the girls to suck them.

As I prepared to jump in myself, I thought for a moment about what was about to happen. Sex in the water wasn't new to me by any means. I'd even had sex in a crowded lake a while back. I remembered that time vividly as it was so erotic to have kids swimming just a few feet away from us as my boyfriend fucked me while I laid over a float. In addition to the lake, my dad has fucked me dozens of times in our hot tub. Of course the difference here was that I would be doing it in a pool with strangers while people I didn't even know watched us. Not that I minded! After all, wasn't that my purpose in coming?

People were already starting to have sex and I found it fascinating to watch them just go at it without any sign they cared that people were watching them. For the most part I have always enjoyed watching other people have sex although I prefer ME to be the one being watched. Well, let me clarify that by saying I mean I like to watch them in person. Watching a porn movie with paid actors having sex with whores pretending to be turned on by each other does nothing for me. About the only thing I get from watching my dad's porn movies with him is some new ideas and tips.

Watching a REAL girl enjoy the feeling of a hard cock as it violates her pussy... well that's a totally different story. When that girl is someone I know personally, like when my mother or cousin are being fucked by my father, well... what could be hotter? Today the people were strangers, of course, but it was obvious they were truly enjoying themselves and the women weren't not just prostitutes performing for a camera. The more I watched them the more worked up I got myself until more until finally I decided it was time to get some for myself.

## 4. Entering the Pool

As I started walking towards the pool, I noticed a few guys seated together were watching me and I smiled seductively at them. They got the message and quickly arose from their chairs and started heading my way. Before they could reach me I dived into the pool and swam to the middle where I stood and then turned to face them with the water just over my boobs. One of the guys had already stripped and he dived in after me and was soon right in front of me.

"Damn girl, you look hot!"

"Oh really?" was all I could think of to respond with. Not exactly clever but it kept things moving along.

"Yes, oh really," he laughed, "You know, I wanted to fuck you badly from the moment you walked in with your friend."

"Well, what's stopping you?"

I giggled a bit at that. It was what he most likely expected a stupid slut to do so why disappoint him? Giggling all the more, I started for the side of the pool. I'd barely reached it when I felt him grab my bare ass and immediately slip his hand between my legs from behind. His hand cupped my shaved crotch and his fingers pressed against my clit. He pressed harder and his finger worked its way inside of my pussy. Mmmmmmm, he certainly wasn't wasting any time! There are times when long foreplay is called for but at times like this it's nice to just get down and fuck. It was obvious we both were thinking the same thing.

As I faced the side of the pool he began to massage my pussy when suddenly a cock appeared in front of my face. I looked up and saw that it belonged to one of the other guys that had followed me towards the pool. Its owner was kneeling naked in front of me with his cock just inches from my face. Judging by the hardness, he must have been stroking it until now. Needless to say, I opened my mouth which signaled him to move forward and push his dick inside. Well, put a hard yummy dick in front of any girl's face and what else would you expect her to do?

I started sucking him as the first guy spread my legs apart and lifted my hips up. His hard cock pressed against my waiting pussy and my heart felt like it skipped a beat as suddenly I was overwhelmed by the need to be fucked. There is being horny, a state which typically describes me, and then there is how I felt now. It was like nothing else existed, there was nothing else that mattered. The only thing I could think about was the cock in my mouth and the need to have the one by my pussy inside of me. There was nothing emotional or loving about it, this was just basic instinct kicking in, the essential need to have sex.

My hips wiggled up against his dick as he pressed in harder. At first, my pussy resisted, trying to prevent this invader from penetrating me. The pressure continued to build as he pushed even harder and I could hear him groaning as he tried to force his way into me.

"Damn it, you're fucking tight girl!"

"What's the matter Eric, need someone to show you how?" his friend teased him as I continued sucking him.

"Fuck off Pete," he snapped back, "Shit, this bitch is tight as a virgin!"

Just then my pussy surrendered and the head of his cock bullied its way inside of me. He had so much force behind it that once he was in me his dick drove up deep inside of me until his crotch slapped into my ass, splashing water with a smacking sound.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S more like it!" he gasped as he started to stroke in and out of me quickly. Meanwhile, I was still sucking on the stiff cock in front of me, enjoying the texture of his cock against my tongue.

"Damn, this girl knows how to suck cock," Pete said to his friend behind me. Then he reached out and grabbed my head, pulling it towards him as he shoved his dick into my mouth.

"That's it, take it all bitch," he demanded.

It's not like he had that much to take. For all his bravado, Pete didn't exactly have the biggest cock around, probably not even average when all was said and done. Taking his dick all the way into my mouth was pretty easy, so much so I could bury my head against his crotch with my mouth against the base of his cock and still breath comfortably. Frankly, in many ways this was better than trying to blow a larger cock. I had a lot more options with a smaller dick, such as being able to take it all in and keep it that way for an extended period. With most guys I was only able to deep-throat them for a few seconds before I needed to pull back and catch my breath.

"Damn Eric, look at her... this girl is awesome!"

"Oh yeah? Well you should feel what she can do with her pussy!"

It wasn't exactly easy to concentrate on them both but I did the best I could. It was actually easier to focus on the dick in my mouth more and just let Eric fuck me as he wanted. The other way around and I might end up biting Pete's cock in half! Still, regardless of how much I tried to focus on my blowjob, it's not like I could ignore the feeling of a guy's hard dick inside of me.

Looking over to the side, I saw Beth had never even made it to the pool. She was riding some guy seated in a chair, facing away from him with her feet on the concrete, rocking on a dick that was driving up into her. She looked incredibly, so much so that it was almost enough to wish I were a guy just so I could fuck her.

Just then my head was pulled back and Pete started stroking his dick in front of me. I knew what was coming next - he was going to spray cum all over my face. For a brief moment I cursed porn movies. Why is it that in every one of them the guy finishes himself off instead of letting the girl finish what she started? I could've made him cum just as well with my mouth as he was doing with his hand, probably even better.

This wasn't the time to debate finishing him off so I just opened my mouth and closed my eyes in preparation for him to cum. It was a good thing I closed my eyes as his first shot nailed my forehead and ran down into my right eye. The next shots hit me in the cheek and it felt like some was in my hair. The last few he touched his engorged dick against my tongue and left a few strands of sperm behind. I kept my tongue extended until he finished and pushed his dick back into my mouth. I grabbed onto it with my lips and sucked whatever I could from his now rapidly withering dick.

"Oh my god," he moaned as I felt him quivering as my tongue caressed his sensitive dick.

"Swallow it," he then demanded, "swallow my cum."

I took a gulp and then a second to get it all down. Then I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue to show him that I wasn't cheating.

"Hey she did it!" Pete exclaimed, "Damn Eric, the little slut swallowed it all!"

"Well, let's see if her pussy can take it as good as her mouth," Eric responded.

I almost laughed at that one. He could dump cum gallons of cum in my pussy and I would still want more. Not many things in this world felt better than the sensation of a dick spewing sperm inside of me – and in this case it was true that more was better.

"Arghhhh," he groaned as his stroked quickened and I knew he was about to come. Sure enough, one last swing of his hips into me and he held his cock as deep inside of me as he could. When he finally let loose, the heat bloom from his first shot felt like it was way up inside of me, up in my stomach almost. Instead of actually backing out and ramming back in me with each ejaculation, he just released the pressure enough to pull out slightly and then he shoved himself back into me with a mighty lunge.

"Wow, she's letting you cum in her bare?" Pete asked, seeing Eric making all the sound and motions of man having an orgasm but at the same time seeing that his dick was still inside of me.

"Oh yeah!" was all Eric could say at this point. Finally he was spent but he left his cock in me, leaning over me and pressing up against me.

"I'll take it from here bud," I heard behind me. I was too exhausted to bother turning my head, especially since for some reason I figured it was just the guy behind me that had finished fucking me. It didn't make sense though, but my head was too foggy to think straight.

I was just catching my breath, still leaning on my elbows on the side of the pool when I was surprised to feel a cock push its way into my pussy again. Damn, he must have a fast recovery time! Something was different though, this cock felt distinctly larger, like it was stretching me out more this time. I turned my head and looked behind me and realized it was someone different. The guy had fucked me was heading off for the food tables, leaving me here with someone else who hadn't even bothered to introduce himself, or at least tell me that he was there!

"Let's move towards the shallow end," I heard him say behind me as his hands grabbed my hips and gave me some help in moving. When we got to where it leveled off, he pulled out of me and swung me around. For the first time I got a good look at him and was pleasantly surprised. Damn, he was a hunk! Dark complexion with thick black hair and a muscular body that had to be the results of hours every day in the gym.

"Up on the edge," he directed me and as if he wanted to be sure just in case I didn't hear him, he grabbed me by the waist and easily lifted me up until I was sitting on the edge of the pool with my legs and feet dangling in the water. He spread my knees apart so he could stand between my thighs. Looking down, I could see the tip of his hard dick pointed straight at my face. All thoughts of the pervious dick in me were gone as I licked my lips in anticipation of feeling this one in me again.

"Just fuck me," I said to him in a firm voice, not caring who heard me. It's not like anyone would have cared anyway. The whole pool area seemed to be one big carnal site where maybe a dozen or so couples were in various stages of sex.

At the same time I glanced around to see who was watching or doing whatever. I didn't see Beth at first. She must have finished with her first guy and moved on to someone else. Then I saw her in the pool. It was a rather surreal sight to see her with two guys. She was floating on her stomach, her hands on a guy's waist in front of her while she sucked him while another guys was holding her legs out straight while he fucked her. She seemed to be enjoying it so I let my concentration return to my situation.

"Hey hey, you want my dick bad, don't you," he chuckled, stroking his cock to tease me. "So tell me, just how bad do you really want to be fucked?"

I really wasn't in the mood to play this sort of game. I only came to this party for one reason - to get laid as many times as possible. I didn't feel like playing around like I was on a date with some guy. Reaching down, I pushed his hand away from his cock and took it in my hand instead. I pulled it towards my waiting pussy until the head was pressed against the entrance to my cunt.

"Now quit screwing around and fuck me or get lost, OK?

"Well, since you put it THAT way," he laughed as he shoved his hips forward. His cock easily slid into my freshly fucked pussy once again. God it felt so good to have a nice dick in me again! Most of the time I like to take my time and enjoy the emotional aspect of sex as well. In fact, my contention is that sex is 80% emotion and 20% physical which is why my best sexual experiences have all had some emotional involvement with them. That said, there ARE times when it's nice just to be fucked, plain and simple. Nothing special, nothing between the two of you, no responsibility even other than to yourself. Just pure, physical self-satisfaction. Sort of like masturbating but with a real dick and not a dildo. It's about as selfish as person can be, but so long as both partners want it that way it doesn't hurt to do it now and then.

As I said, it's sort of like masturbation. Sometimes I like to take my time, pamper myself, and make it last as long as possible. Then there those times when I just need to get off and I finger myself in the best way possible to make myself cum and get it over with. Bottom line, there is a time and place for about anything and this was the time for just being laid - and thankfully he didn't seem to mind helping me out!

I pulled my legs out of the water and wrapped them around him as he pressed himself in tightly between my legs, our bodies joined as his cock was buried inside of me. I must have been his first fuck of the day as he wasn't able to hold out for very long and almost TOO quickly he was ready to cum.

"You can cum in me," I managed to gasp softly as I rocked on my butt while he fucked me. I got the idea that it didn't really matte if I approved or not, he was going to do it anyway but most men I have been with seem to like to hear me say it.

I was rewarded with a groan as his back arched and he plunged his dick into me as deeply as he could reach. For the second time in less than fifteen minutes I felt the magical sensation of a sense of warmth deep within me as his hot sperm spurted from the tip of his cock into my warm and wet pussy. He emptied his sperm into me, like any male trying to mate a bitch in heat. I guess since I was on the pill you couldn't say I was in heat from a purely physical perspective, but I was definitely in heat in terms of being horny!

I stood up after he had finished cumming in me and I felt the load of cum he had given me start to drain from my pussy. It was almost like I was peeing! Feeling like I was just warming up, I was ready to go again and looked around for a likely candidate. It wasn't like there weren't plenty of possibilities!

## 5. A Hasty Departure

"Uhhhhh, Kelly, we need to go."

I turned to see Beth and I was shocked at her appearance. Just a few minutes ago she was looking hot and totally fuckable. Now she looked pale and her breath smelled like she had just vomited.

"Beth! Are you OK?"

"No... not at all. Damn I need to go home... NOW!"

As much as I was ready for a LOT more cock, my friend's needs came first and I could see she was not feeling well at all. I quickly grabbed my clothes, leaving my bikini bottoms off and just putting on my shorts and bikini top. Bath had already dressed and was waiting for me at the gate with her head hanging down, pale as a ghost.

On the short trip back home Beth apologized over and over for making me leave but I assured her that a friend always comes first. When we got to my house, I asked her if she needed any help getting home but she insisted that she would be OK and drove off.

Once she was out of sight, my thoughts returned to the party and I almost doubled over as my pussy suddenly had a craving for a dick so intense it was like a cramp or something had struck me. I thought of all those cocks at the party, any one of which I could have had fuck me if I wanted it. God I was so fucking horny!

I went in the house and as I passed by my parent's room I saw my mom lying in bed reading. She was nude, just as she usually was whenever she was in her bed. When she saw me she called out to me in the hallway.

"Hey girl, wasn't expecting you home so soon. So how was the party?"

"It was OK I guess."

"You don't sound as enthused as you were after the other ones. You sure everything is alright?"

I went to the doorway and quickly told her what had happened. She was concerned about Beth. After all, sometimes I think she thought of her as her second daughter. Once I assured her everything was OK, she motioned for me to come in her bedroom and take a seat on her bed.

"So, tell me about the party. Details girl, I want ALL the details!"

I sat down on the bed next to her and sighed. "You know mom, I guess I've learned something about myself. I love sex but now I realize it has always been with someone who I chose to be with, someone that I at least knew his name. Oh sure I enjoy the physical pleasures I get at these parties but I miss the intimacy. I missed what WE share."

"I think I understand Kelly. Hey, why don't you take off those clothes and stay with me for a while."

Once again, my pussy jolted me with its desires. My mom may not have a cock but still, I loved being in bed with her! As horny as I was I knew she would take care of me just like any mother would take care of her daughter's needs.

Standing up briefly, I stripped off the few clothes I was wearing and then laid down next to my mom. She put her arm around me and then kissed me gently. I could feel her warm tongue against mine, touching it and exploring my mouth. She put her leg over me and I could feel the thick bush of hair on her pussy up against my smooth leg as she pressed herself against me. She began to move her hips so as to rub her pussy on my leg while she caressed my breast and hardened nipple.

When her hand made its way to my pussy, I felt her chuckle to herself and then say, "Well at least it looks like you brought home a souvenir."

I put my arms around her and held her tightly against my nude body. We spent the rest of the afternoon in her bed making love as my mother showed her daughter what love and sex were really all about.

demanded that my aunt stop having sex with her brother-in-law. Like really, what choice did that leave my aunt BUT to divorce his sorry ass?

My cousin Kristen was only a couple of years old at the time and has no memories of her real father so in many ways my dad is the only "father" she's ever known. Growing up I'd no idea that my dad was doing my aunt although looking back I probably should've figured it out. In my own defense though, why would I have even suspected that they were doing it? My aunt is a realtor and dresses pretty sharp (some would say slutty but that's their opinion). Although we would never qualify as nudists, it's not like nudity was something we hid either, especially in places where it made sense like when in the hot tub or tanning out on the deck. So seeing my aunt running around the house in little or no clothing was just what she did, not something that would cause me to think anything else. It wasn't until I started having sex with my parents that my mom finally sat me down and informed me about the true relationships they'd shared since they were barely teenagers.

## 2. How I Started With My Aunt Linda

Let me just say it and get it over with... I first had sex with my aunt just over three years ago, not long after I started doing my parents. Actually, I'd done it with her before my mom "introduced" me to my aunt but at the time I didn't let on. Here's what happened...

One evening Aunt Linda stopped by to see my mom which surprised me so I just assumed that someone must have mixed up their schedules. My mom had been planning all week to get her hair done and so had just left. Even though I told her that my mom wouldn't be home for several hours, my aunt decided to hang around and so she joined me in the basement family room where I'd been watching TV.

Sitting across from my aunt I couldn't help but notice her outfit. It was a typical "Aunt Linda outfit" as my dad would have described it. She was wearing a sharp fitted jacket with a tight cami underneath. The dark jacket gave it a "business" look but the low cut, skin tight cami underneath made you wonder just what "business" she as in! The outline of her bra was clearly visible - when you're in your late 30's some things become necessities whether you like it or not. A matching skirt and heels completed the outfit. The skirt was a few inches shorter than what most women would have considered "decent" but my aunt had incredible legs and loved to show them off.

Sitting on the loveseat, Aunt Linda crossed her legs which had the effect of pulling her skirt practically up to her ass! I could see that she was wearing sheer black pantyhose, the type you don't need to wear panties underneath, which accentuated her lean legs even more. Interestingly she was wearing her hair shorter again. Oh well, after a year of shoulder-length hair I guess she was fed up with the maintenance. As always her makeup was perfectly applied and if anyone didn't know her I was sure they would have thought her to be five to ten years younger than she actually was.

As for me, it was early in the evening but with no plans to go anywhere I'd already changed into my favorite night outfit - a simple T-shirt and nothing else. The T-shirt was just long enough to cover my butt when I was standing so when I was on the couch with my legs curled up under me, it never stood a chance of covering my ass - nor was it expected to. I was home after all so who would care?

It really didn't matter what I wore, or didn't wear, around the house anyway. The only reason I was wearing anything at all was that I felt uncomfortable running around the house nude, not to mention it just seemed more proper to wear SOMETHING for a bit of protection. I felt vulnerable for some reason with nothing on at all when I was just hanging around.

We'd been watching TV for a bit when my aunt looked across the room at me and ruefully shook her head.

"You know Kelly," she remarked, "I've known you since you were born and I just can't believe how much you've grown up in just the past few years!'

Then she grinned naughtily and said in a lower voice, "I even use to change your diapers, you know. Hmmm... from what I'm seeing you obviously aren't wearing them anymore."

She laughed a bit at that which made me think about how my bare ass was hanging out pretty much in full view. The material tended to ride up on me whenever I moved around on the couch and it wouldn't have surprised me if she had even gotten a glimpse of my pussy a few times. Well, like she said she'd known me all my life so it wasn't like it was something she had never seen! Even so I tried, with a marked lack of success, to pull my T-shirt down a bit without being obvious about it. Aunt Linda wasn't fooled at my feigned shyness and she just laughed at my efforts.

"Oh Kelly," she teased, "Don't worry about it. After all, there's nothing I haven't seen before... although you DO look a lot more grown these days.'

It WAS pretty silly of me when I thought about it. Heck, Kristen and I had been playing in the hot tub naked as the day we were born with her and my parents as long as I could remember. We may not FLAUNT nudity in my home but at the same time we aren't terribly shy about it either. Like most things in life, there's a time and place for everything including nudity. While the hot tub and deck were places where it was expected that you didn't wear clothes, sitting on the couch watching TV wasn't really the proper place to be naked. I DID have to wonder a bit though as my aunt had never really made any direct remarks about me in this way before which probably explained why I instinctively reacted the way I had. Aunt Linda must have seen my hesitation in replying and tried to put me at ease.

"I'm so sorry girl," she said in a soft voice, "I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable talking this way. I just figured we could be more open these days with other.'

Then she looked at me with her eyes narrowed, as if she was studying me to figure something out. "Ummmmm, you DO know that your mom tells me all about your little escapades... don't you?'

My eyes widened at that remark which told her the answer right off without me saying a word. Damn, just how much of my private sex life had my mom been sharing with her sister these past couple of years? If my aunt knew about me, did my mom knew all the things my cousin had done! I mean, Kristen may make me look like a virgin in comparison but then she didn't care who knew either. Well, it really didn't matter to me either so long as it was limited to what I did with my boyfriends. As close as they were I still couldn't imagine my mom telling her anything about me and my dad. Yes, in retrospect it was sort of stupid of me to think that at the time it still would have been quite as a surprise!

"And yes," she chuckled, seeing my discomfort, "I know ALL about your new adventures with your parents; and it's about time is all I can say!'

Considering she had been what, twelve when her father had first done it with her, I guess from her perspective I WAS a little late getting into the game but still it wasn't like I was some naive virgin or anything. My first time was back when I was fourteen and I'd over a half dozen notches on my chastity belt already so it wasn't like I was some virtuous young maiden. Still, it DID seem a bit odd to hear your aunt make such comment. It was almost as if she was blaming me for it taking so long to let my dad do me. OK, so technically I WAS at fault and I felt guilty enough about it as it was so she didn't have to rub it in!

Aunt Linda sat up and looked me in the eyes. "You know, I'm sort of glad your mom's not home tonight. I've been hoping for a chance to talk with you privately about what you've been up to lately."

She hesitated a second as if to see if I would react or not, and then continued, "I mean, you DO know that your grandpa was doing your mom and me when we were your age, don't you?'

Actually, I DID know all about that but some things are better kept to yourself so I gave her what I hoped was look of astonishment and she grinned and laughed just a bit.

"Me and my sister, as in YOUR mom, have been close in more ways than one since junior high," she explained, not realizing my mom had told me pretty much the same story. I was curious though to hear it from her perspective.

She continued saying, "We still do it but not nearly as much as when we were teenagers, of course." Then she gave a sinister grin and asked, "So do you know what we always wanted growing up?'

THAT was certainly a wide open question and I wasn't going to touch it so I just shook my head and waited for her to tell me.

"We always wished that we had a brother to fuck us," she confessed, "Do you ever wish you had one?'

Actually, that WAS one of my fantasies although I could never decide whether I wanted an older brother who would be more mature or a younger one where I would be in the driver's seat. Either way I would've been happy. Rather than go off into a discussion about my own fantasies, though I just nodded and kept my silence which encouraged her to continue.

"Well, we may not have had a brother but your dad was the next best thing. Has your mom told you that he fucked me before he did her?" she giggled as if she was revealing something she shouldn't. "Knowing my sister though, I bet she didn't!'

Now that WAS something my mom hadn't told me. I knew she and her sister were a bit competitive but this was obviously a sore point with my mom or she would have told me. My mom distinctly told me that she was with my dad first and that my aunt had barged in later. Who was telling the truth? Somehow it wouldn't have surprised me if my aunt hadn't led the way. Just as her daughter Kristen was a lot wilder and more adventuresome than me, my aunt always seemed to be more outgoing than my mom. Maybe that's why my mom became an RN whereas my aunt is a highly successful realtor?

My aunt went on to tell me a number of other things I wasn't aware of. I had always thought my mom shared everything with me, as I did with her, but apparently there were a few gaps. I don't think it was something deliberate but rather an oversight on her part. After all, doesn't everyone remember the past with a bit of bias or spin? My dad's a lawyer and one thing he has always claimed is that the worst witness is an eye-witness. If you have more than one then you get more than one story!

The most interesting part for me was her explanation of what had happened between her and her ex-husband. I knew he had issues with her sexual preferences but again, there were some interesting twists that I hadn't been aware of. My mom had told me that she had told him about what they did with my dad and their father but she claimed that Linda's husband had been OK with it at first.

Well, according to my aunt he wasn't ever totally on-board with the issue. Her mistake was assuming that as a typical horny male, once he got involved her sister that his own lust would override any issues he had with her activities. It wasn't like she was expecting him to be a swinger or anything; if anything quite the opposite! Sex outside of marriage has always been an absolute forbidden in our family so she figured being able to fuck both her and her sister would be a positive motivator for him.

Then she revealed something that was the biggest surprise for me so far. Once they got married he refused to even discuss sex with anyone else so my mother had gone to him privately and offered herself to him, sort of an effort to break the ice, so to speak. Surprisingly, he actually went along with it but then she found out that it was only because he thought that they were going to have an affair - just a month after he had taken his marriage vows. It wasn't the sex itself that was the issue, it was the secrecy and intent that made both my mom and aunt so pissed off.

Needless to say THAT didn't happen by my mom did try to encourage him to join in my dad and basically swap sisters. She was shocked when he freaked and afterwards he wouldn't talk to my mom for the longest time. One day my aunt came home from being at my parent's house and he could smell the strong odor sex on her. It was the final straw for him and for a moment my aunt was fearful he would get violent. It was then that my aunt had to choose between him and her family. Well, that wasn't really a choice so far as she was concerned - family always comes first. A short while later she divorced him, keeping Kristen to raise on her own.

Without a father of her own Kristen and I grew up more as sisters than cousins and shared many experiences. We both lost our virginity when we were fourteen (two years apart) and we both had a great sex life although it was strictly guys for the both if us. In general, we shared most everything with each other until I started having sex with my parents at sixteen. For some reason I decided to not tell Kristen as it just seemed like it was a private thing between me and my parents. As crazy as Kristen was, I wasn't sure how she would react to incest, especially with someone she all but considered to be her own father.

Anyway, back to my aunt...

"Kelly," she said and then hesitated as if she wasn't sure whether or not she should continue. I sat there silently, hoping she would continue but wondering what was going to come out.

"Your mom told me that she and your dad have finally started having sex with you," she repeated. Again, she hesitated as if unsure she should continue but this time a look of determination came to her face and she took a deep breath before resuming.

"I was wondering, well more like hoping, that now that you know about my relationship with your parents that you might be willing to include me. After all, do you really believe that your mom forgot that I was coming over tonight?"

I looked at her and she smiled gently at me. Was she telling me the truth or just telling me what I wanted to hear so I would go along?

"Your mom and I talked about this and she thought it might be easier if she was gone when we had this little discussion.'

"Ummmmm, what do you mean by "little discussion" exactly?" I asked her.

It seemed a little suspicious to me that my mom would do such a thing without telling me. Yet when there is something you WANT to believe, it is a lot easier to believe it and I wanted to believe what she was saying was true.

Aunt Linda took a REALLY deep breath this time and then softly whispered to me, "About you and me being together. I mean having sex together.'

Wow, like THAT was not what I'd been expecting to hear when I woke up this morning! As I have mentioned already, for someone twice my age my Aunt Linda was very pretty, actually you could say she was HOT. Although having sex with her wasn't something I'd thought about before, it certainly wasn't something that turned me off when I considered it. Not quite sure how to respond, I just sat there as she moved over to sit on the couch next to me. She slowly leaned over and then gently kissed me on the lips for the first time ever.

At first it wasn't that much different than any other time she had kissed me other than instead of on the cheek it was on my lips. Her full lips pressing tightly against mine. As the pressure increased, I felt her lips part as her tongue reached out and touched my lips, which were still tight together. I felt almost like a young girl making out with her boyfriend for the first time! As if on autopilot, my lips opened and my tongue met hers just inside of my mouth and she flicked hers playfully against mine. My heart was pounding as our kiss intensified and I could feel her breath against my face as she breathed through her nose.

I'd kissed my mom like this before but other than that, never with a girl. A girl kissing her mom isn't exactly what I would call an act of lesbianism, even if it went beyond what most people would consider appropriate. This time, however, I was with an older woman and I couldn't rationalize it as a simple mother-daughter "thing'. For the first time in my life, I was kissing another woman out of lust. That's lesbianism by any definition of the word but I was loving it!

We continued to kiss passionately for a while and then I felt my aunt's start to run her hands delicately over me and then they found their way under my T-shirt. I tensed at first when she cupped my breast, hating myself for reacting that way. It was almost like the first time a boy had touched them, that sensation you get when you do something for the first time. No matter how much you enjoy it later, there is never another "first" time for anything and I knew I would remember this moment of the rest of my life.

That night you could say I got to know my Aunt in a whole new way. She quickly stripped out of her clothes, even her heels (be real - only porn stars and whores keep on their heels when they have sex!). Next thing I knew my aunt was standing in front of me in nothing but her birthday suit and god did she look hot! Over the years I'd seen her naked more times than I could ever count but somehow this was different. Before she had been naked, now she was nude. Before she had just been my aunt, now she was a potential lover. Before she had boobs and a pussy but they were just anatomy; now I couldn't wait to taste them!

At first I wasn't quite sure what to expect when she crawled between my legs and lowered her head slowly down to my pussy. What followed next can only be described as incredible! I would NEVER dare tell my mom this, but when my aunt licked my pussy it made me feel like nothing I'd ever experienced before! With my mom, it certainly felt great but it really meant more to me that it was my mom doing it to me than anything else. Aunt Linda, on the other hand, was just physically intoxicating!

By now I was so horny and wet it that a quick orgasm was inevitable and sure enough, it was only a few minutes before I felt my heartbeat begin to race and the pressure inside of me began to build. It's like when you have to go to the bathroom REALLY bad and you can't think of anything else except in this case I didn't need to piss, I needed to CUM. When my mom licked me, I would cum hard but it was as much from the overwhelming emotions that were flooding me as her technique. With my aunt, it was all about her mouth and tongue. All these years I'd known her and never had I dreamed she could make me feel this way!

I get asked many times how it feels to have an orgasm. If you haven't had one, I don't know how I could possible do it justice in words. Of course they come in varying degrees of intensity, everything from a light tingle to full blown out-of-body type experience. For me, the biggest factor is not so much what is being done to me physically, but more the emotional aspect. Who is doing me, where, and why can overcome even the lamest guys attempts. The ultimate, of course, is when the emotional high crests with the physical which was what was happening with me now with my aunt. Emotionally, knowing my own aunt, my mother's sister, was licking me and tasting me was incredible by itself. The fact she was extremely talented as well resulted in an orgasm of epic proportions - and more than one to boot before the evening was over!

After making me cum to the point of exhaustion, it was time to trade positions and now it was my turn to show off my talents to my aunt. Unfortunately, the only pussy I'd ever licked before was my mom's and of course she was happy with whatever I did. It was like bringing home a painting from first grade - she loved it no matter how awful it was. I was actually a little nervous as I nestled in between her legs and the realization of what I was about to do sunk in. God, after the fantastic job she had done on me, what if I turned out to be a disappointment for her?

Evening had transformed to night by now and the only light in the room was the flickering of the TV screen. I looked up at her as she lifted her head to see what I was doing. Our eyes met and she winked at me, probably trying to calm my nerves. I put one arm under her leg and rested the other on top of the other and then rubbed my cheek against her soft thigh. She must have just shaved as her skin was silky soft without a trace of hair or stubble.

My face was only inches from her crotch and I could see it glistening in the soft light with the wetness of her lust. I could also smell her - that distinct pussy odor a woman gets when she is horny. Guys don't seem to smell it as distinctly as girls do which makes me wonder where on the evolutionary trail something went wrong. You would have thought it would have been just the opposite to where the male of the species would be attracted by the female scent. This seems to work for other species but in humans the men seem to be a bit deficient. I can be with a group of girls and if one of us is really horny, ALL of us know it whereas the guys just stand there like nothing is going on!

Like my mom, my aunt's pussy was pretty hairy. I guess it's a generational thing. Honestly, I think a bare pussy on a woman almost forty years old is a bit like mom's trying to dress up like Britney Spears when they take their daughters to a concert. I reached for her pussy and softly caressed the coarse hair that covered it. It wasn't like a guy's pubic hair, but rather more soft and nice to touch. My fingers ran through it and I could feel the wetness of her pussy on my fingertips as I passed by her pussy hole. I pushed the hair out of the way from her slit and then with two fingers, spread her pussy apart to expose her little clit.

"That's it Kelly," she whispered down to me, "Suck my clit... Take it in your mouth.'

It was physically no different than when I licked my mom yet somehow it WAS different. Being her niece I wasn't a complete stranger yet at the same time it wasn't like I was her daughter either. This was the closest I'd ever come to doing what I would have labeled an act of lesbianism and for a moment I hesitated... but only for a moment. I reached out with my tongue and began to eat out my aunt's pussy, as my dad would say.

"Oh yes, lick it faster," she moaned. One thing I learned quickly with my aunt was that she was a lot louder than her older sister when it came to sex! When she wasn't exhorting me to lick her and eat her, she was moaning like a porn star in a cheap XXX movie!

When she came I was both excited to taste her and proud that I was able to make her feel so good. Yes indeed, my aunt was quite the trash talker and when she came it was a non-stop litany of four letter words and graphic descriptions of how she felt and what she wanted. Some people, I guess, really get off from that sort of thing. As for me I can take it or leave it - preferably the latter.

Later, when we had finished and laid there holding each other's nude warm body close, I asked her how she had gotten to be so good at licking pussy.

"Well, let's just say practice makes perfect." she said in a sly voice. I would've given anything to know just who it was she'd been practicing with but I didn't have the nerve to ask. Was it just my mom? My aunt was divorced and free to date whomever she wanted - and according to Kristen she dated quite a bit; but I'd never heard any mention of girls.

She left before my mom came home, making me promise not to say anything to my mom. I knew my mom was due home any minute so to provide an alibi for the strong odor in our family room I began to masturbate on the couch. It's not like it was a chore or anything! I was so sensitive from doing it with my aunt that I easily made myself cum before my mom returned.

When she came through the basement door (our garage is at basement level due to the typical Pittsburgh hill we live on), I saw she tried not to disturb me, probably thi21nking that to ignore me would be best when I'm in this frame of mind. I almost burst out laughing when she grabbed a can of air freshener and gave it a quick spurt. I would've had a hard time explaining why I used it otherwise!

After that night, my aunt and I got together now and then but it wasn't a frequent thing by any means. Fortunately it wasn't long before my mother "introduced" me to my aunt sexually so I didn't have to worry about keeping up the facade. A couple of times she even joined in with me and my parents but that was really rare. Mostly we just have fun at her house when Kristen wasn't around. I could only imagine what my cousin would say if she knew what I was doing with her mom!

Despite the hints of a lesbian side to her my aunt seemed especially fond of fucking my dad more than me or even my mom. It wasn't unusual for her to drop by just to be fucked by him, something she never did with me. Now that I was aware of what she and my dad were REALLY doing, Aunt Linda dropped all pretense of hiding anything and if anything, became quite blatant about it, as if to compensate for having to hide things in the years prior. Now, instead of leaving the room with a backwards glance to see if my dad was following, they would just do it in the family room, leaving my mom and I to try and watching TV in the same room.

Personally, I think she gets off from the fact we are there, watching her fuck our father and husband without any shame or remorse. My mom is really cool about it and if anything, typically just rolls her eyes and shakes her head at her younger sister's antics. I have a feeling that this was the way things had been back in high school for her with her sister trying to keep up with her exploits. On RARE occasions she would join in with them and of course, now and then I got to get in on the action as well!

## 3. Growing Up With My Cousin Kristen

For the next three years or so, this was the story with me and my Aunt. Actually, looking back I think I was more of a "toy" for my aunt than anything else, someone different but not at the top of her priority list. Except for a few time that I could probably count on one hand, anyone watching the two of us would think we were your typical aunt and niece, a little sluttier perhaps than average, but nothing that different.

In the meantime, her daughter Kristen and I were slowly forming a relationship that was going beyond the "normal" cousin-to-cousin bond. Really, it all began in my grandparent's hayloft one summer day when we watched each other masturbate for the first time. It wasn't like I didn't know she did it, it was just not something we had openly shared before. It also marked the first time I deliberately masturbated for the purpose of letting someone else watch me and I found the exhibitionism to be almost as erotic as what my finger was doing to me. It wasn't the first time someone had seen me - my parents had been around countless times as I grew up but I never did it for their viewing pleasure, they just happened to be in the same room.

As we got older, we would sometimes double date and even shared a few boyfriends. On rare occasions we had had sex together with one or two guys but it was strictly heterosexual. We never did anything with each other physically other than maybe a quick kiss just to tease the guys a little bit. We both knew they would have loved to see us go further and frankly, even in those brief moments when our lips touched I felt something inside that made me wonder what it would be like to get closer with my cousin. Neither of us made the first move, though, which was a bit odd looking back considering neither of us was shy about much of anything else when it came to sex.

Kristen and I shared most everything so the hardest part for me when I was with Kristen was not spilling the beans about what her awesome mom was doing with me and my parents. Kristen was a lot wilder than me in many ways, a true slut by every definition of the word, but I loved her dearly. Even so, she stuck to "normal sex" - no anal, bondage, bestial, or even lesbianism.

As for incest, Kristen never even discussed it or even joked about for that matter. I knew her mom and her were extremely close and that they had slept in the same bed since she was a baby; but I always viewed that as just as something that had developed given she was a divorced mom and she was a daughter without a father. It seems I've said this about a number of things but once again, I didn't see what perhaps to most people would have been an obvious situation.

With the lifestyle my family enjoyed, Kristen and her mom sleeping together was not something I automatically would have thought had any sexual overtones. Maybe in another family perhaps, but I totally missed it when it came to her and her mom. It seems rather ironic now to realize that at the time, we were BOTH doing her mom but neither one of us knew what the other was doing and we both thought we were keeping something about her mom secret from the other!

## 4. 4th of July Picnic

So much for background - I guess I could've made everything up until now a separate entry but it really helps to explain what happened on July 4th during my summer break after completing my freshman year of college.

For the big day my parents hosting a party with a number of their friends and some of my dad's business associates. Our deck is pretty big - covering an area equal to the two car garage just below it, but it was still crowded most of the day even with people drifting in and out of the house. Thankfully the weather was great which allowed most everyone to wear swimwear or at most shorts. The hot tub certainly got a workout!

During the day my cousin and I had fun flirting a bit with some of the guys but nothing happened. My other cousins were there as well, two girls and a boy all younger than Kristen and me. Rick, the oldest, was about to turn sixteen in a few days and was developing rapidly into quite the hunk. Kate was next at thirteen and while quite a pretty girl, was a spitting image of her mom, including being the biggest prude imaginable. For instance, she was the only female there under the age of thirty NOT wearing a bikini or at least a two-piece suit.

On the other hand, Tammy, who had just turned twelve about a month ago, was just starting to show the promise of things to come. It was amusing to see the older guys all trying to catch a glimpse of her little ass when they thought nobody was looking. It didn't help that Tammy already was realizing the power she had over men and did everything she could to tease them!

My Uncle Jim and Aunt Shari were there, of course, with the kids. Uncle Jim was my dad's younger brother and my mom had privately told me that she had been doing him in high school whenever my dad would start to drift towards Linda. My Aunt Shari was nothing but an overbearing bitch, always complaining to my mother about what she let me wear (which was as little as I could get away with) and even criticizing my mom for not "dressing her age'. More than a few times I caught my uncle stealing a peek at me and I actually wondered for a time if he was more than just leering at me - maybe interested in me? With my aunt around there was no chance of THAT ever happening, that was for sure. She was the type that would have castrated him as he slept if he ever strayed.

All of us kids tried to dominate the hot tub but my dad chastised us, telling us it wasn't a miniature swimming pool and to let the adults have their turn. It was the same lecture I'd heard since I was a little girl and had about the same impact on me that it always had - none! With all the people around, any temptations to do anything naughty in the tub were pretty much squelched but that's not to say I wasn't getting horny as hell as the day went by.

By early evening everyone had left except my aunts and uncle along with my cousins. Finally, we had the hot tub to ourselves while the adults hit the rest of the drinks that were left over. Kristen got in the tub next to me and seeing Rick across from us, she looked me in the eye and with a devilish grin, she tugged on the string holding my bikini together behind my neck, letting the top flop down and exposing my boobs! Somehow I had a feeling she was up to no good so it didn't shock me all that much but Rick certainly got an eyeful - and he didn't miss one second of it, keeping his eyes riveted to my chest as I quickly pulled my top back up and tied it once again.

"What's goin' on over there?" I heard my Aunt Shari call over, hearing Tammy's squeal of surprise and then the laughter of my cousin.

"Kristen untied Kelly's top!" Kate called back over, ever the little miss prissy, quick to tell on whoever was doing something bad.

"Kristen!" my Aunt Linda said loudly, "You know better, now behave!'

I couldn't quite hear the exchange that went on between my aunts after that but I could make out something about "Is that ALL you're going to say?" and something else about "harmless fun" but I could see my Aunt Shari was infuriated. She got up out of her chair and marched over to the tub, pointing a finger at her son.

"You didn't look, did you?" she said sternly.

Rick started to shake his head but little Kate sang like a canary saying, "Oh yes he did - he stared at Kelly's breasts.'

God, what girl her age called them "breasts'? I suppose she referred to a cock as a penis and her pussy as her vagina!

Aunt Shari motioned for Rick and the girls to get out of the tub and she turned back to my parents and Aunt Linda and then to her husband.

"Let's go Jim," she huffed. She stormed off, muttering something about "heathens" and "sluts" but she didn't say anything directly to my mom or aunt. Rick stood up and I almost laughed at loud when I saw the bulge in his swim trunks. Yep, he had certainly gotten an eyeful! Fortunately, his mother had already entered the house and he put a towel around his waist to hide himself from her wrath.

at that. In church she might look like the most perfectly innocent and naive little girl but I knew what was lurking behind that sexy little smile she had on at the moment!

Everyone was silent as Kristen motioned for me to get up and sit next to her. Not knowing what she had on her mind, I did the easy thing and followed her instructions. I took a position about six or eight inches away from her so she moved over closer to me until our nude bodies touched. Then, to my complete surprise, she put her hand on my wet thigh and started to slowly run her hand up and down my bare leg. Looking at our mothers and then at my dad, who had moved over closer to watch, nobody appeared to think anything was out of the ordinary and I immediately had this feeling I'd been set up for something - but what?

Kristen grinned at me as she stroked my leg and inner thigh saying softly, "You know cuz, I haven't been entirely up front with you about something.'

I looked at her with a questioning eye and then turned to my parents who were both grinning broadly as if they couldn't wait for something to happen.

"Well, they decided that now that you're back from school it's OK to share something with you," she continued.

"Ummmmm, who are "they'?" I asked.

Kristen pointed a single digit at my parents and her mom. My dad had his hands on my mom's bare shoulders and was massaging her gently as they both watched. I couldn't help but notice he had a raging hard-on which even his baggy swim trunks couldn't disguise. Her mom was leaning over, resting her elbows on her knees, watching intently as if she didn't want to miss a single thing. Seeing my dad with an erection wasn't exactly something for the evening news but usually there was a good reason for it so what was going on in his mind?

"Well, maybe it would be easier to show you," she said.

That was obviously a pre-arranged cue as no sooner did she say it than my dad stood up and dropped his trunks to the deck, stepping out of them and then kneeling on the ledge behind my mom. Yes indeed, his cock was rock hard! He moved up close behind my mom such that it draped over her shoulder and rubbed against the side of her face. Both my mom and aunt turned to look at him and I noticed my aunt wetting her lips subconsciously. My mom reached up to her shoulder and grabbed my dad's cock. Then she started to stroke him gently but keeping her eyes fixed on Kristen and me on the opposite side of the hot tub.

It was evidently Kristen's turn now and she got up and stepped out of the hot tub, water dripping from her wet nude body. She moved over to a nearby chaise

Kristen tried to laughed between the moans she was issuing nonstop at that point and said, "Yeah, you have NO idea how hard it was not to say anything when you were home. Really Kelly, I wanted SO bad to tell you but your mom said to wait.'

As my head cleared and I watched them fucking and realized what had been happening for the past nine months or so, for a moment I actually felt a little pissed off. It wasn't about the sex or him fucking her. What got me going was that my cousin had known for almost a year about me and my parents yet I had no idea about her! Once again, my poker face failed me and I must have given away my concerns.

"PLEASE don't be mad at me Kelly," Kristen begged although I could barely make out her words as my dad was really fucking her hard now, "After all, who's been fucking my mom and not telling ME?'

Well, she had me there so I guess we were even. From the sounds of it she knew everything which meant she knew what I'd been doing with her mom and in all fairness, I'd kept that a secret from her a lot longer than she had hidden what my dad was doing to her. Besides, how long can you stay mad at someone when they're being fucked by your dad just inches in front of you?

At that point my dad pulled himself out of Kristen and lifted her up by the waist. She was so small it was no problem at all for him to carry her back over to the hot tub where he set her down on a corner edge with her feet facing away from the tub. Her mom slipped back into the water and moved in behind her, allowing Kristen to lean back against her. Somehow I got the idea this wasn't the first time this rodeo had played in town!

Aunt Linda quickly moved across the tub until she was at Kristen's side. She reached an arm around her daughter and began to rub her fingers into her freshly fucked pussy. Now THAT was hot! I all but slapped myself on the forehead as I quickly caught on to the fact that they obviously hadn't been so innocent sleeping together all these years!

As my dad kneeled down on one knee, Kristen raised her feet until they were on the hot tub next to her, spreading her thin legs apart and revealing her cute pussy. Her mom held my dad's cock up to her and he leaned forward to drive it home once again.

"Oh god Uncle John, fuck me!" the little slut called out, as much for our enjoyment as my dad's if I knew her. She loved to put on a show! As he began to fuck her again, my aunt started to play with her daughter's little boobs, cupping

With my feet resting on the ledge that ran around the hot tub, I spread my legs wide apart to give my dad a good view of his daughter's hungry pussy - hungry for her daddy's hard dick! My fingers were running up and down my wet pussy, pushing inside of me and then out again to rub my clit.

"Fuck me daddy," was all I said. Kristen might have the advantage when it came to pouring out the sex talk, but if there were three words that always got my dad's full attention, those were the ones. I loved to whisper it in his ear when we were in public, seeing him tense up and the bulge that would inevitably rise between his pants. Trust me, if there was an opportunity, he never said no!

Bingo! Something in my voice and the simple words I said brought my dad back to reality and he seemed to realize who his real priority should be - ME. He sighed loudly though, as if there were still a few thoughts of sticking with Kristen but he was mine! He reached forward to kiss Kristen and then he slowly pulled himself out from her. It wasn't like he just pulled it out and left her. No, he teased her (and me) by withdrawing as slowly as he could. Inch by inch his cock reappeared, wet from her pussy. I just stared at her crotch, mesmerized by the site of his cock as if it was slowly growing from her pussy. Finally just the head was left in her and for a moment, he held still and Kristen moaned with desire.

"Oh Uncle John, put it back in me," she pleaded, "Fuck my cunt with your fucking dick!'

For a moment I feared my dad would change his mind and just shove himself back in her again. My heart almost burst when he made the final move and his cock flopped out of her and her turned to face me. Yes!! My dad DID love me more than her. I don't know how I could have possibly ever doubted him.

As he stood in front of me, his hard stick standing out parallel to the deck, pointed at me like a missile ready to fire, I leaned over to lick her pussy juices from his cock. I'd never eaten Kristen's pussy so this was the first taste of her cunt for me and I loved it! God she tasted so sweet! Considering her pussy was about twenty years younger than any other I'd ever tasted other than my own, it was interesting to compare the difference in generations. As I have said many times before, such comparisons are never easy due to the many elements involved. Overall, I would say emotionally I got more from licking my mom and aunt whereas for pure flavor and taste, Kristen's pussy won hands-down!

With his cock in my mouth, my dad started to fuck my mouth but I knew he wasn't looking for a BJ. No, if I knew my dad he had only one thing on his mind - he

"Yeah, I just wish Kristen had a father of her own," my aunt mused, "It's so hot to see John with Kelly. I mean, I LOVE seeing Kristen with him but it's not the same, you know?'

"I know, I know... there's something about seeing my daughter with him that's so...," my mom hesitated, as if not able to find the right words to express herself

"Fucking hot?" my aunt helped out.

My mom laughed, "Yeah, I guess you could put it that way. I was looking for something a little less crude I guess!'

"C'mon John, what's taking so long?" my aunt teased.

My dad just ignored her as he began to stroke even faster and deeper into me. I knew that this meant he was about to cum so I rubbed myself faster to meet up with him.

"I want you to watch me cum in Kristen," my dad said, trying to catch his breath.

At first it was like a knife had plunged into my hearts but then I guess it shouldn't have surprised me. This was the first time I'd seen him fuck her so I should have expected that he would want to finish in her if for no other reason than to show off a bit for me.

As for me, I was so close to cumming myself that I couldn't utter a word which he took that as permission from me and pulled out. My pussy felt so empty, as if something was missing from it and I guess you could say something was! Dad quickly moved over to Kristen who looked positively thrilled and triumphant at the prospect of what was about to happen.

No sooner had he started stroking in and out of her than I shuddered as my own orgasm gripped me and my empty pussy exploded. God how I wished at that moment that he was still in me; but at least I could see him stroking in and out of my cousin. Still, it took every bit of concentration to keep watching them as my own orgasm continued to roll over me like a Mac truck blindsiding me going sixty miles-per-hour!

"Oh god, almost there... I'm gonna cum!" my dad cried out.

"Give it to me Uncle John," my little slut of cousin begged. Like me, I knew she loved being fucked and even more to have the guy stay inside and fill her with sperm. Who could blame her - it was one of the greatest feelings in the world!

Watching my dad fuck Kristen, I realized that I'd never seen my dad fuck another girl my age before, only my mom and aunt. My parents believed strongly in

# (Aug 27) Chapter 57: Fourth Sex Party, Gangbanged

Story codes: MF group F-Solo exhib inc father daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)

While I can't say that Beth's private sex parties were the best thing that had ever happened to me, they ARE always interesting. As long as they offer something new and exciting, I figure why not keep going? This one was unique in that it included my first true "gang-bang". OK, so it was not the type of thing that will ever make it to my top ten list of things I like to do, but then it was definitely something to remember!

## 1. Making Up My Mind

Until this summer, other than with my family I've never had sex with more than two people or otherwise been involved in any sort of group sexual activity. That changed dramatically when Beth, my best friend from high school, invited me to a sex party a few weeks after getting home from college. I later went to a second party where I experienced being fucked in new ways and finally went to a third party featuring a pool where I had sex in a swimming pool in front of people for the first time.

In my opinion, doing three parties in a relatively short time was quite an accomplishment for a novice like me. After the pool party I assumed that would be the end of these type of sex parties. While they were all extremely interesting and pleasurable experiences. it was not the sort of lifestyle I wanted in the long run.

Probably the best thing I can say about going to the parties is that I learned a lot about myself from them. For instance, I've always enjoyed people looking at me and I especially like it when someone watches me having sex. Still, until these parties it always just by people I knew - my friends and close family members.

It surprised me a bit to find just how hot it made me when total strangers watched me being fucked. I don't mean the intimate, erotic feeling I get when my mom watches my dad fuck me. Rather, this was just pure lust creating a sexual turn-on for me knowing that I'm able to make people horny just be watching me having sex. Seeing the look in their eyes that tells me they wish that they were the one doing me makes me feel super sexy and, I have to admit, even a bit proud of myself. It's quite an ego booster!

The last week I was home before leaving for school when Beth called me to say there was another party being planned for that Friday night and asked me if I'd be interested in going with her. My first response was to decline. She tried to talk me into it but I stood my ground and finally she gave up although I felt like she was a little perturbed with me.

After she hung up I found myself thinking it over some more, questioning whether or not I'd made the right decision. Even though I hadn't planned to go to another one of these parties, at least this summer, maybe this would serve as an opportunity to end my summer break with a bang - literally. After each of the previous parties, when I got home I always felt like I'd held back a bit, not really letting myself loose. Maybe I needed to just let myself go and see what experiences I get as a result. I debated it back and forth until finally I took a deep breath and called Beth back to tell her I would go. She was thrilled at my change of heart and so we arranged a time for her to pick me up.

Over the next few days as I waited for Friday to arrive I must've changed my mind back and forth a dozen times at least. One moment I was chastising myself for giving in to Beth and the next I was feeling horny as heck as I wondered what would happen to me. Well, you can guess which side of the fence I was on for most of the time. God, I must have masturbated at least four or five times every day before the party. Although my dad normally didn't say much when I masturbated at night watching TV with him, I guess you could say it caught his eye when I was doing it during the Thursday evening news instead of when some hot guy was on the screen.

"Damn girl, what's gotten into you tonight?" I remember him asking me after I did it for the second time that night.

What I wanted to say was it was more like what I WISHED had gotten into me as I fantasized about the upcoming party. I'd already told my mom about it but I guess she hadn't bothered passing on the information to my dad. Once he knew the situation, he just laughed at my silliness and mostly ignored me afterwards although I noticed him glancing my way now and then.

Laying back on the couch I couldn't stop thinking about what might happen at the next party. Beth hadn't given me any hints but then she never did. She didn't even warn me before the first one that I would have to undergo an initiation where the party host for the evening fucked me in front of everyone to get things started. What would happen this time?

Damn my pussy was hot and wet! It felt so good to masturbate! Maybe that's why I did it two or three times a day, LOL. Heck, sometimes I even did it right after having sex. It didn't matter whether or not he had made me cum, I just wanted more. For me, masturbation isn't a substitute for sex, it's compliments sex by adding yet another layer of pleasure to the experience.

I couldn't wait for Friday night!

## 2. My Dad Gets Horny

Friday morning came early but with an alarm clock as loud as mine, it didn't matter. The only thing was my alarm clock doesn't have a snooze button on it. In fact, it didn't have any buttons on it at all. When I reached out for it after it woke me up, I could feel the thick hair between my fingers and it's musky odor filled my nose. My eyes were still shut but there was no mistaking what was pressing against my face - an erect dick.

"Mmmmmmm, good morning daddy," I cooed without even opening my sleepy eyes. Like, who else would have his erection in my face at this time of day?

Keeping my eyes tightly shut, I opened my mouth and was rewarded with the unique feel of a cock sliding over my lips and onto my tongue. It was so warm and the smooth skin was pulled tightly over his erect shaft. There was often a moment when he would first put his cock in my mouth that the enormity of what was happening to me would sometimes strike me. This wasn't just any old cock I was sucking, as if it was just some guy I was going out with and it was just part of the unwritten agreement for me to suck his dick in return for him paying for the evening.

No, this was something special, something unique. This was my FATHER's dick that I felt against my tongue. It made me feel special knowing he was sharing it with me. I wanted to be sure to suck him as good as I could, partly to repay the trust and respect he was demonstrating to me, partly to show off a little too I guess.

"Damn, I couldn't hardly sleep last night thinking about you being screwed by all these guys tonight," he gasped as I started to suck on his dick like a large popsicle. "What I wouldn't give to see it for myself, I just know you're going you look so fucking hot."

Since his cock was already rock hard when I took it into my mouth, there was no need to work on arousing him. He pushed it in about halfway and then I twisted my head around on it, letting my tongue slide along the length of it and then tickling the tip of the head with my tongue. I loved running my tongue around the base of his cock's head, feeling the ridge where his cock head ended and his hard shaft continued. Sometimes I was rewarded with a shudder when my tongue worked it was around it, then running up where the ridge split and on up to the tip of his dick again.

"That's it Kelly... suck it... suck your daddy's cock."

A warm tremor went through me as he continued to talk to me. I loved it when he said things like that, like "suck your daddy's cock" or "be a good daughter to me". Despite what some people might think, there was really nothing kinky between us, nothing at all. Even in our most wildest moments he never crossed the line to where I was anything but his daughter. My dad never wanted me to pretend to be his mistress, or anyone else for that matter, nor did I have any desire to. Personally, that would have been just too weird for me. Naturally, as his daughter, he had a right to expect me to please him but still, I couldn't imagine pretending to be a mistress or someone else with my own father. I was his daughter and that was all I needed to be.

"Oh god, I've got to have you," he moaned as his cock somehow seemed to stiffen even more due to my efforts.

I knew what he wanted; it WAS sort of obvious after all. I rolled back and twisted so I was laying on my back with my knees back up to my chest and my feet off the bed. Grabbing my knees with my hands, I pulled back and at the same time spread them apart such that my horny pussy was exposed nicely for my dad to see.

"Well, what are you waiting for daddy? Don't you want to fuck your daughter this morning?" I teased him.

Of course I knew that was EXACTLY what he wanted to do but no matter how many times he told me, it was never enough. It goes without saying that it made me feel good for my parents to tell me they loved me and were proud of me. Heck, most parents say that to their kids. What made me feel extra special was my dad's honesty. Really, how many dads are honest and open enough to tell their daughter what they REALLY want - to fuck her? So many men have told me they secretly want to have sex with their daughters but they never tell them. It was literally was music to my ears to hear him tell me how badly he wanted me sexually because it was a sign of the respect he had for me.

My dad grinned down at me as he slowly stroked his cock while he stood there and stared at me. I saw his eyes moving as they roamed over every inch of my body, lingering on my boobs and especially between my legs where my pussy beckoned. My mom once told me that he admitted to her that he loving the fact that I shaved it clean like I was his little girl again. Given how wet it felt, I imagined it must be glistening now in the dim light.

"God you're so pretty," he whispered, barely loud enough for me to hear. Then he grinned naughtily and added, "and you're such a slut as well... but I love you all the more for it."

He moved up to the edge of the bed where my pussy was waiting impatiently for him. It would have been frustrating enough in any case to see a guy's hard dick so close to me without it being in me, but when that dick was my dad's, it was almost unbearable.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered seductively to him. I knew he loved me to say that to him but the emotions behind it were real. God, I wanted him in me so bad at this moment it almost hurt. The only thought on my mind at this moment was how it would feel to have my dad fucking me.

"Oh baby, I will. You know I want to soooooo bad."

He was just an inch or so away from my cunt now and with those words he pressed the head of his cock up against the wet threshold of my pussy hole. My heart skipped a beat as I felt it trying to burrow into me. Without any conscious thought on my part, my hips thrust upward, trying to help him enter me. I was so wet by now that he slid away from my pussy hole, his cock running up my pussy slit, rubbing against my sensitive clit before returning back down to my wet and warm pussy hole.

This time he held it in place as he leaned forward and again I felt the pressure again against my pussy. I watched as the tip quickly disappeared in me, stretching out my pussy hole and sending shivers through my legs and lower body. Yes! He was putting incestuous his dick in me! However, when the full thickness of his head tried to violate my tight pussy, at first his cock actually seemed to bend a bit from the pressure of trying to force it into me.

"Put it in me daddy... please put it in me," I begged him.

It wasn't some sort of act on my part to arouse him, not at all. I really DID want him in me and with just the tip of hid dick in me my pussy was practically crying out for him to push more of it into me.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," he moaned as he pressed hard against my pussy.

One more push and the head suddenly disappeared in me, quickly followed by the remainder of his stiff shaft until his crotch met mine. All I could see at the base of my pussy was the thick thatch of pubic hair that normally surrounded his cock but now just tickled my cunt. His cock was nowhere to be seen but from the incredible feelings I was having inside of me, I knew exactly where it was.

"Oh yeah, I love seeing my cock in you, feeling you grip it with your pussy," he groaned, "I can never get enough of it... seeing my cock in my daughter's hot cunt."

In my own way, I understood how he felt. It was like each time he fucked me it was for the first time. There was never a time with my dad where I had that "been there - done that" feeling I get sometimes when I have sex repeatedly with the same guy. My dad could fuck me three times a day and it would never get old for me.

My dad reached down and grabbed my ankles, lifting my legs up and onto his shoulders. As he leaned forward, it caused my hips to rotate up and back, allowing him to push himself even deeper into me. With his dick now all the way in me as far as it would go, he rotated his hips, making his thick pubic hair rub me and tickle my sensitive pussy area.

As he stroked himself in and out of me, his shaft rubbed against the inner walls of my pussy, sending waves of the most incredible sensations imaginable through me. I looked down between my legs and marveled at the sight of my father's incestuous cock as it appeared and then disappeared once again inside his daughter's welcoming pussy.

After a while, my dad reached under my ass and simultaneously pushed me back and turned me until he was kneeling on the bed with my head on my pillow. His dick never dropped out of me the entire time and once I was in position, he dropped my legs to the side of him. I reached out for him as he lowered himself down to me, holding himself up on his elbows so as not to crush me under his weight. I could feel his chest hair against my boobs, pressing against them and squeezing them against his chest. With his face just inches above mine, he looked at me with a mixture of love and lust.

"Such a beautiful, wonderful daughter," he murmured softly as he reached down to kiss me. "God I love you so much, I love doing this with you."

I opened my mouth and his tongue entered, reaching out to meet mine. We kissed passionately for the longest time as his hard dick throbbed with his rapid heartbeat inside of my swollen pussy. Now and then he would thrust himself into me a bit more and then relax and slowly let it slide out as he kissed me and stroked my hair with his hands, running his fingers though it and spreading it out on the pillow around me.

"I love you so much daddy," I whispered to him as our lips parted to let us catch our breath. "I'm all yours daddy."

"I love you too Kelly," he responded in a soft, deep voice, almost shaking with his desire for me.

This may sound bad but it wasn't enough just to know he loved me. I wanted him to NEED me as well, to feel an unbelievable desire to have me in the most intimate manner a father can be with his daughter. Deep down I wanted him to crave me not just because I was his daughter, but as a woman as well. I wanted him to desire my body, to be turned on by me, to get hard just thinking of me. So many men have told me they want to fuck me that it doesn't mean a lot to me but when my DAD says he does, now THAT means something.

"Oh daddy, I love you to fuck me," I gushed, like a little girl pleased with her father for bringing her home a doll she had always wanted.

In this case, there WAS a present I wanted but it wasn't what most fathers gave their little girls. The present I wanted was MUCH more intimate, much more personal, something only my father could give me - his sperm.

"Cum in me daddy... please cum in me now," I begged him.

Although I knew he loved to hear me ask him to do that, it wasn't just for him. I really did want him to release himself in me just as bad, if not more, than he did. It was a confirmation of sorts of his love and respect for me, feeling him give me the most personal and private gift he possibly could. Anything else he have me could theoretically come from anyone else; but only he could cum in me and give me his seed.

"Yes baby... oh my god yes," he panted as his stroked quickened and his cock was pumping in and out of me like a piston on a speeding train.

"Ohhhhhhhhh Kelly... I'm cumming!" he announced although I didn't need his words to know it.

The way he suddenly stopped pumping me and held himself still in me. Then I felt his hips jerk suddenly and a warmth emerged deep inside of me. I tried to imagine how it must look in the warm wet darkness of my pussy for his sperm to suddenly erupt from the tip of his cock and surge outward into me.

Over and over he pumped his cum into me, grunting each time and thrusting himself into me with each one. Looking up at him, his eyes were tightly shut and his face was red as he panted from his exertions. Watching him, I felt such a joy in me as I could see how much he was enjoying doing what he was doing to me. Really, what could be better than to know I was responsible for making my father feel this good?

Finally he finished and he dropped onto his elbows again, almost pushing me down into the bed from the weight of his body. His head dropped into the pillow next to mine and I could hear his heavy breathing as he gasped to regain his breath. His hot breath blew against my shoulder and I hugged him tightly to me as best I could, not wanting to ever let go of him

As we laid there, almost motionless except for an occasional, almost involuntary thrust of his hips, I tried to imagine the load of sperm that he had left in me just a few seconds before. To be perfectly clear, the thought of bearing a child with him was the very last thing I would ever want to think about. Actually, that would be more than just weird, it would be sick in my book. At the same time, the concept of having my dad "mate" me was incredibly erotic. Had he worn a condom or pulled out of me when he came, the experience would have been completely different, almost cheapened in a way. When he came inside of me it was the culmination of all we had done to that point.

It's been said many times that all good thing must end and this morning it was no different. I could actually feel him shrinking inside of me, withdrawing from my pussy as his dick shortened inside of me. Finally he pulled it the remaining way out and stood up naked next to me.

My legs remained spread apart and I could feel his cum draining from me as it ran down my ass. "Mmmmmmm, hopefully that will help you remember me when all those horny guys are fucking you tonight."

"Oh daddy!" I replied, trying to sound exasperated with him but not quite pulling it off. He just laughed at my fake frown and leaned over to kiss me on the forehead before turning away to head out of my room. He crossed the hall and went into the bathroom, leaving me in bed with the sweet memories of his cock in me.

# 3. Still Horny After My Dad

Turning over on my side, my pussy was literally tingling from having just been fucked. I hadn't cum yet and so I reached between my thighs and found my wet and sticky pussy with my fingers. His sperm was dripping from me and I spread it around my bare pussy, coating it with a thin layer of my dad's cum. When my fingertips ran over my sensitive clit, I thought I was going to jump out of bed from the shock it sent through every inch of my body.

As I played with myself, I dreamed yet again of my dad fucking me. In my fantasy we were at tonight's party where he was pretending to be just another guy at the party. It wasn't until he was fucking me and about to cum that he confessed as to who he really was. Of course, everyone was shocked but at the same turn turned as they watched this horny father fucking his own daughter like a cheap whore. Sure, lots of guys fantasize and talk about screwing their daughter, but how many actually go through with it?

Sometime my orgasm arrive like a Mack truck, practically bowling me over with the sudden intensity and overwhelming impact. Today was one of the more rare versions, more like a glass being filled slowly until I finally it overflowed.

I could feel it rising in me, raising me high and higher with each touch of my finger until finally I was at the point of overflowing. It was like I was glowing inside, like every pore of my skin was sweating nothing but the most pleasurable sensations imaginable. Everything else went away, the sound of my dad in the bathroom, the street noise outside, even my own bedroom see me to fade away as I was carried off into my own little world where only my orgasm could take me.

The trick to maintaining an orgasm right on the edge is manipulating your pussy correctly. The intensity and frequency has to vary as the sensations of my orgasm ebbed and flowed. My pussy cum gushed from me, flowing down my ass and surely making a fine mess of my sheets. Using both hands, I kept at least two fingers in me at all times, pretending that they were my dad's dick in me, while I played with my clit with the other hand. I was so wet and sloppy it sounded like I was taking a bath, or at least one just between my legs.

Finally I just wore out, becoming too exhausted to continue. Reluctantly, I slowed down and allowed my orgasm to slowly dwindle. Something like this didn't just come to an end like a guy when he cums. This was more like a fire that slowly dies down until the embers continue to glow through the night. So it was with my pussy. Sure, the intensity of the orgasm was now gone, but I knew the general feeling of pleasure and lust would continue for hours afterwards. When I am in this state, all I had to do was rub up against a pole or a table leg and it would spark a quick revival between my legs.

My dad dressed and left for work without another word to me as I laid in bed and just enjoyed the aftermath of the morning so far. It was still early so I dropped off to sleep for a while longer and was shocked when I opened my eyes and saw it was after 10:00 AM! Then I remembered that today my mom was working days so with both parents gone there was nobody to get me out of bed.

I didn't have any plans for the day so I just cleaned up and threw on a t-shirt. It didn't quite cover my ass but since I wasn't leaving the house it didn't really matter. It was better than running around in the nude, something that just never appealed to me. Nobody could ever call me a nudist, that was for sure.

As evening approached I started to get ready for the party. One nice thing about going to a party that is all about sex, you don't have to worry a whole lot about what to wear. I decided to keep the t-shirt and just added a tight pair of jeans. As the t-shirt was made from thin white cotton, without a bra my boobs were basically showing though as if I had nothing on at all. The jeans were cut so low that when I sat down the crack of my ass clearly showed. All that was left was to put on a pair of white sneakers and I was ready to go. My parents hadn't returned home so for once I left without a sendoff from my dad or mom like I usually did in the past before such a party. I guess my dad's "wakeup call" would just have to do.

## 4. The Party Gets Started with an Initiation

Without much else to do, I waited on the front porch until Beth arrived. I got in her car and she drove over to the house where this party was being held. We didn't really say a whole lot on the trip over for one reason or another. Maybe we were both too horny to talk?

Now that I was almost a "veteran" at these parties, I recognized some of the people there this time. Even so, more than half of them at least were new to me. Technically this was not a "swingers" party where couples came and then mixed with other couples. The hosts DID try to maintain equal numbers of men and women but supposedly everyone there was single - which meant not only no married folks but no "partners" either. Beth told me the rule came about when issues arose between partners in the past.

Swinger parties always are made to sound hot in porn movies and such but apparently in reality they can become a bit contentious at times when someone learns that sharing your partner isn't always as erotic as it sounds - especially when the person your partner is with seems to be satisfying them better than you can!

Like the previous parties, the agenda included opening by presenting the girl or guy who was attending for the first time. Apparently the reason most people wanted to "host" a party was that "reward" for being a host, other than having to clean up afterwards, was that he /she got to fuck the new girl/guy at the start of the party right out in front of the entire group. The interesting part was that the person was never told about this "initiation" process ahead of time so half the fun was just seeing their reaction when they were informed of their "duties".

Seeing the new girl taking a seat (Beth pointed her out to me which is the only reason I knew she was new), it reminded me of my first party. Back then I wasn't all that sure I wanted to be there in the first place and so my expectations were that I would just to sit back and watch until I felt comfortable to join in - if I ever got to that point.

With those thoughts in mind, you can imagine the shock it was to me to learn that I was expected to let a total stranger fuck me in front of a roomful of strangers! Looking back, I have to admit that it was the best thing that they could have done because it forced me to get involved right from the start. Think of it like facing a cold swimming pool - better to jump in and get it over with than slowly try to work your way in.

Beth told me that the girl tonight had just turned eighteen the week before. Maybe so, but to me she didn't look a day over sixteen. She reminded me of my cousin Kristen whom everyone swears is two to three years younger than she actually is. In fact, she even looked a bit like my cousin with the same straight blonde hair and petite body. It surprised me a bit that they allowed her in as previously I had been told they only let in people over twenty one to be sure there were no issues with drinking and such. Like me, she had come with a girlfriend and something told me from the way they sat next to each other that they were more than just friends. What was best, though, was the looks she was getting from the guys in the room. It was like a cute bunny had been set down onside s circle of starving wolves!

Everyone finally arrived and the host got everyone in the living room to get things started. I kept my eyes on the new girl, not wanting to miss the look in her face when she heard the news. Well, I wasn't disappointed! The host introduced Katie while it seemed everyone on the room was holding their breath except her. She seemed to sense that something was out of place but before she knew it, the host had unzipped his pants and pulled out his already stiffening cock. As he held it up to her mouth, he informed her of the rules and how she was expected to "service" him, starting with sucking his dick

Katie looked totally shocked and flushed with embarrassment for a moment. Her first instinct was to pull back and she looked over at her girlfriend with a questioning look. Her friend just grinned and apologized to her for not warning her. The girl looked around and saw everyone staring at her with not a sound in the room. Then she took a better look at the dick in front of her and her eyes widened when she realized how well-endowed the guy was. Personally, I wouldn't have minded trading places with her about now. Damn, that dick looked good!

Finally, she shrugged her shoulders and reached out to hold his cock. It was soon apparent this was not her first BJ. Katie stroked him for a few minutes, allowing his dick to harden into a long thick shaft. Looking around once again, she grinned at us as if to say the joke was on us. Apparently she felt she was getting the better end of this deal! Katie then took a deep breath and took him in her mouth and started sucking him off.

Once she got down to business with his cock, her girlfriend joined in with her (just as most others did when they brought someone and the same as Beth had done with me). Her friend opened Katie's blouse and unsnapped her small bra so she could suck on her little breasts (size A at most). Then she unzipped and took off Katie's shorts and cotton panties while all the while Katie never let that awesome dick out of her mouth.

Once Katie was nude, the host took his cock from her mouth and pushed her back to the edge of a couch where she put her feet up on the cushions to make her pussy more accessible. Her girlfriend grabbed his dick and guided it to her bare pussy, rubbing it against her clit and up and down her slit to moisten things. We all watched anxiously as he slowly entered her and began to stroked his dick in and out of her slowly. He looked around and gave a thumbs-up to the guys, practically gloating that he was able to be the first to fuck this little darling. One thing that sort of surprised me was that he hadn't put on a condom but she didn't seem to care.

The rest of us were horny and wanting to get started as we egged him on to finish and he did his best to help out with our needs. He fucked Katie hard and fast until eventually he pulled out and stroked himself until he shot his cum all over her boobs. It was like it was more a show for us than anything else, like he was starring in some porn movie. Her girlfriend then licked most of the cum off of her and then it was time for the rest of us to get started.

## 5. I Pick Out My First Guy

At the previous parties I had waited for a guy to approach me the first time. Tonight I was determined that I was going to be the aggressor. The guy next to me was one of the oldest guys I'd seen at one of these, looking to be in his mid to late 30's at least. He may have been a little old but he was in excellent shape - a key criteria to be invited here by the way.

Once the host announced that the initiation was complete, before my "target" had a chance to do anything I quickly dropped to the floor and pushed his legs apart. I looked up at him and he looked down at me with a big smile. Well, if he had half a brain he should know what I wanted and indeed, he SHOULD be smiling.

"Hi, mind if I suck your dick?" I said with a naughty grin, licking my lips that were dry with anticipation.

It felt a little funny to come right out and say that to a guy I had never even seen before in my life, but at the same time it was a major turn-on. I take pride in being known for being a bit of a slut, well maybe MORE than just a bit, but this was acting more like some cheap whore than a real slut. I just wasn't doing it for the money!

Whether it was just unexpected or he was shy, he just stared at me and didn't respond but then he didn't do anything to stop me either. I quickly undid his belt and zipper and then pulled down his pants and underwear, sliding off his shoes and socks in the process. Fortunately, he had a decent cock hiding underneath it all and it thrilled me to see that unlike so many younger guys, he didn't shave. I love a cock to be surrounded by thick pubic hair, feeling it tickle my cheeks as I rub my face into his smelly crotch. Taking a man completely in my mouth was even better when my face was buried in his hair when I got down to the base of his cock. I love the odor a hairy cock has compared to a shaved one as well; the hair seemed to capture a more musky smell which reminds me my face is in his crotch and that I am sucking his dick and not kissing his mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, nice dick," I complimented him. It wasn't just an empty one either - he really did have a nice looking dick.

When I took his cock in my hand, he was still pretty soft although I could feel it already beginning to harden and grow. Leaning forward, I opened my mouth and just before I took him in my mouth, the thought of my dad's dick suddenly burst into my head. What a difference the circumstances make when it comes to sex. When my dad's cock was in my mouth I thought about how good it tasted of course, but it was also such an emotional time for me.

The dick in front of me looked and felt good, and I was sure I was going to have a good time sucking it. Yet somehow something was missing when I compared it to my BJ for my dad this morning. Then I wanted him to be proud of me, to enjoy what his daughter was doing for him. Now it was all about me, to be perfectly blunt. I wasn't about to suck this cock for his benefit, it was for mine!

I emerged from the time warp where all these thoughts were taking place in what could only have been a few seconds. Not about to waste any more time, I quickly took him in my mouth. One reason I was in a bit of a hurry, besides just being horny, was that I love to feel a man growing while he was in my mouth. No matter how many times it happens, I still find it fascinating the way a man's dick can grow the way it does. Beyond that, it just made me feel really sexy and hot knowing that it was little ol' me that was the reason it was becoming erect. I could only imagine the nasty thoughts that must have been running through his head concerning me.

The more I sucked him, the more it grow longer and thicker until it practically filled my mouth. I ran my tongue around the head as it rested inside of my mouth on my tongue. Once he was finally good and stiff, I let him drop from my mouth and I started to run my tongue up and down his long hard shaft. It was fun to tease him as I ran my tongue around the area at the base of his cock head. Several times I felt his body shiver and shudder as I hit a sensitive spot.

I then took his head back in my mouth and began to move up and down his shaft. Each time I took just a little bit more of him in and then let him out until just the tip of his head was between my lips. Eventually I reached the base of his shaft so he was completely in my mouth. I held him at this point and just wiggled my head around to move him inside of my mouth. He gasped and pushed my head down tight into his crotch, wanting me to keep him deep inside my mouth which I was happy to do for him. As I did I was undressing myself until I was naked between his legs. I looked up at him and he winked at me.

"Damn girl, you've got an incredible mouth," he gasped.

It may make me sound a bit egotistical, but he wasn't the first one to ever tell that and I felt very comfortable when a guy asked for a BJ since I knew I really could blow him better than most girls.

At this point I let him loose and said, "OK, sit back. If you thought I had a great mouth, wait until you feel my pussy grabbing your cock."

Then I straddled his legs and looked down at his rock-hard cock as it was pressed against my pussy and lower belly. Once again I was reminded of my time with my dad this morning and once again I marveled at the differences between the two situations. This morning I was giving myself to my dad, offering him my body in any way he wanted to please him. Of course, I knew he would want to fuck me so it was a pretty safe bet, but still, you never know. Tonight I just wanted a warm hard dick in me to make me feel good!

With both of us in position, I lifted myself up and reached down to guide his cock into me. whether it was him or my dad, that initial sensation of a dick penetrating me was still a show-stopper in my book. When his cock head had barely just penetrated my hungry pussy, I held myself in that position, rotating my hips in a circular motion around his cock. As I did, I slowly lowered myself down onto him, effectively corkscrewing myself onto his dick. I tried to take him in as slowly as I could, feeling him gradually entering me deeper and deeper. When he was all the way in I lifted even my legs off the floor so my weight caused me to push my pussy down as tightly as possible into his crotch.

"Mmmmmmm, fuck me!" I gasped as his dick felt wonderful in me.

His hands cupped my ass, squeezing one butt cheek with each hand as he helped me to move up and down on his cock. I bounced up and down on his cock, feeling him driving deep into my pussy.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he gasped, his first words since we started.

I got off his lap, feeling his cock slip out of me and even bump my ass as I did. Kneeling again in front of him, I quickly took him in my mouth, stroking his hard cock quickly with my hand as I sucked just the head.

"God that feels so fucking good... oh shit here I cum!" he groaned.

Sure enough, I got my first load of cum for the night. As it spurted into my mouth I tried to swallow as much of it down as possible and stood up in front of him.

"Thanks for fucking me!" I said mischievously, as if I was a Girl Scout selling cookies, thanking a customer for another box.

He was about to say something but I had already moved on. I was on a mission to be fucked by as much as possible tonight so once he had cum he was essentially useless to me - or last for another thirty minutes I would have under other circumstances.

## 6. A Few Quick Blowjobs

Eventually I found myself in the dining room where several guys were watching three girls eating each other out. I was still naked and I could feel some cum starting to drip from me but under the circumstances, it guess it just made me fit in. I stepped up to the guys and brushed my hair back, trying to look sexy for them.

"So, you guys just watching or would you like to have your dicks sucked?" I teased.

Not surprisingly they all agreed that they would rather me suck them off so I was sucking one while stroking the other two. Periodically I would switch between them as I tried to pay all of them about the same amount of attention. I knew I was being fairly successful from the way they all stiffened at the same time, becoming rock hard in my mouth and hands. They must have been pretty horny already from watching the show as it didn't take long for me to make each one cum, taking them in my mouth and then moving to the next one so that I was sucking him while my mouth still had the previous guy's cum in it.

After the first guy came, once I started to suck the next one I would spit the cum from the previous one onto his cock, making it slippery and tasty for me - which really seemed to turn them on. After the third one had cum I stood up and gave them all a quick smile and bounced off to find another cock.

My goal initially had been to suck the cock of every guy there before the night was over and I worked my way through the various couples and groups to achieve that, twice in some cases. With some, it was just a few strokes in my mouth and for others I gave a full blowjob. Why go halfway? If I was going to do this then why not push myself to see how wanton and slutty I could really be.

I think most girls wonder at times how deviant and naughty they could be if they just let themselves completely go for one night. For most girls, that opportunity never came. Well, for me, tonight was just that opportunity and I didn't want to look back later and regret not doing it while I could. At the moment I felt more like a whore than a slut and it actually excited me, in some ways it didn't even seem real but more like a dream.

## 7. Fucked in the Kitchen

Lacking any sort of plan, I wandered into the kitchen and sat down on the counter top with my legs spread open and waited like a Venus fly trap for the first guy to come by. He looked at me and smiled. I noticed his dick looked wet and was just hanging there, as if he had just fucked someone. Under the circumstances, the odds of that were actually pretty good!

I was about to say something to him when another guy came in, looking in the refrigerator for something to drink. He pulled out a beer and opened it before turning to me and smiling as he took a drink. Like the other guy, he was naked (for that matter, I don't think anyone was wearing anything by now) and my eyes couldn't help but drift down to check him out. He had a cute ass and nice looking cock. He was also quite short compared to the other guys, just a couple inches at most more than me. The two guys high-fived and I assumed they must have been together with one or more girls before or something like that. I couldn't keep my eyes off his cock though as my tongue subconsciously ran over my lips in anticipation.

"See something you like little girl?"

My head quickly popped up and I looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and exasperation. "Little girl" indeed! But then, I WAS seeing something I liked.

"Maybe..., you got something to give me?" I teased him back.

Well, he wasn't shy as it turned out. He grabbed his cock in his hand (I noticed his hand covered about half the length of it) and flopped it in front of me, like he was dangling bait in front of a fish or something.

"You know it babe. Why don't you try sucking this? I guarantee you'll like it more than just staring at it."

"Oh really? And what's makes you so sure I want to suck it?"

He laughed and shook his head at me.

"Hmmmmmm, could it be the way you kept staring at it ever since I walked in? Or... maybe it's the way you keep licking those lips as you stare at it?

Maybe I should have been embarrassed but I wasn't. After all, it's not like I was in church or something like that. If there was ever a situation where I could be forgiven for enjoying the sight of a nice dick, this was certainly it!

"Well, I've got a better idea... why don't you just fuck me and get it over with?"

Now THAT brought a grin to his face. Guys may love their cocks sucked but I've never had one turn down fucking me instead.

I stayed on the counter top with my bare ass on the cool surface. I hoped someone cleaned it off after the party! As it turned out, it wasn't anything cute or special, just an old fashioned pussy fucking. I leaned back on my hands as I spent the whole time just watching his cock moving in and out of me like a piston on a steam locomotive. It was sort of fascinating, almost surreal, in the way I felt disconnected from the entire thing. It was almost like I was watching someone else. There was no emotion, nothing between us, just two people getting off. What a contrast from this morning where the fucking was almost secondary to the feeling I had for my dad as he entered me!

He was stroking his hard dick in and out of my cunt as if he was masturbating except he using my pussy instead of his hand. As for me, I played with my clit and in my own way I was masturbating as well, except that instead of having to imagine a nice cock inside of me there was a real one in me instead. When he finally came he spurted it all over my stomach and pussy, leaving a messy trail of cum on the counter top as well. When he was done, he simply walked away without even saying a word!

Feeling more than a bit used, I stood up and went to the kitchen sink to wash myself off. Although I say I felt "used", at the same time I was probably guilty of using him. What made it really funny was I actually enjoyed it for what it was, two people essentially masturbating by using the other to help get themselves off. Even though I hadn't cum myself, I still enjoyed it and I felt pretty good at the moment.

## 8. Gangbanged in the Living Room

I walked through the living room to find my clothes I had left behind when I passed by two couples fucking on the floor. The two girls were side by side on their backs and the guys were next to each other as they fucked the girls. I paused for a while to watch when I felt a hand on my ass. I looked next to me and there was the first guy who I had fucked earlier. He looked down at the girls and then back at me.

"Well, you just wanna watch or what?"

I looked at him as if I didn't understand.

"You know, get down next to them....do what they're doing."

Well, I was there so why not go for it one more time? I reached over and tugged playfully on his dick.

"You know, if you want to fuck me again, all you have to do is ask."

He laughed softly and then looked down to where I was still holding his cock in my hand.

"Alright then, I want to fuck you again. There, is that what you wanted?"

Note to all men - even if she turns you down, every girl loves to hear a guy tell her that he wants to fuck her. It's really quite a compliment to be told you turn him on such that he wants you in that way, even if he doesn't really care about you as a person. Of course, most girls will act as if they are aghast and offended, but between their legs it's usually a different story!

I tugged a little more on his cock and grinned.

"Well, since you put it so nicely..."

Keeping my eyes fixed on his, I laid down next to one of the girls, close enough to feel her sweating nude body against mine. As for my guy, he didn't waste any time and immediately followed me down to the floor (having his dick still in my clutches probably was a factor as well). I bent my knees such that my feet were flat on the floor and spread my legs apart like some whore offering herself to be fucked. Really, what was the point in trying to pretend otherwise? We both knew he was going to fuck me so why bother with any games?

Kneeling between my legs, he put his hands under my ass and then lifted and pulled me towards him such that my ass was resting just above the floor on his thighs. Pushing my hand away from his dick, he grabbed himself and pushed the head of his dick against the opening of my pussy. After what I'd been through so far, he didn't meet much resistance, to say the least, and easily slid the length of his dick into me until our crotches met. In fact, he slid so quickly into me it took me a second to realize he was even in me! But there was no mistaking that warm feeling in me when a man's hard cock is filling my pussy.

Without a word he began fucking me, much the same as the other two guys were fucking their girls. I glanced over to see that the girl next to me was watching me and we smiled at each other. She was being banged pretty hard by some guy and a cute little grunt came out each time he slammed into her.

As the three of us girls were being fucked, I couldn't help but think of how different it had been with my dad this morning. Sure it felt good to have a hard dick stroking in and out of me, I would never complain about THAT. There was just something about being one of three girls laying side by side getting drilled by three guys, none of us knowing the other was, that sort of took away any sense of intimacy or emotional attachment (a huge understatement at that). It was almost mechanical, not much different than if the three of us had been masturbating with a dildo. Granted, a real dick trumped a dildo every time, no matter who it was attached to, but that's not my point.

My thoughts had drifted only for a moment when the girl spoke up.

"Hey, you guys want to swap around?" she called out.

I probably don't need to say the guys certainly didn't mind and frankly, one cock was as good as another in this situation so I didn't protest. Each guy pulled out of the girl he was fucking and moved to a different girl so I was now being fucked by a different guy. If I'd closed my eyes I would've thought my original guy had just pulled out and then put himself back in as the next guy did just about the same as the first. Nothing creative, just a rhythmic stoking in and out of me. I couldn't feel any difference in their cocks but then unless it was a sizable change I wouldn't have known anyway.

After a while they switched again and by that time some of the other guys who had come in to watch started to replace the original guys. It wasn't just the guys who wanted to join in; a couple more girls took their place and soon six us were lying next to each other like a fucking assembly line.

Before it was over I must have been fucked for well over an hour straight. There were twelve guys at the party and so far as I know, every one of them had fucked me at least once. A couple of them came in me but most of them pulled out and came in my mouth, giving me even more cum in my belly. It never failed that by the time the guy had moved up to my face to unload in my mouth, another guy was already pushing his hard cock into my soaking wet pussy so my pussy was never empty for very long the entire time. The other girls were doing their share of guys until finally we ran out of hard guys and I was able to lie back and catch my breath.

As I laid there I could only imagine the mess I must look like. I could feel cum all over my face from guys missing my mouth and my pussy was actually a bit sore! Not so much it really hurt but enough to remind me that it had been fucked pretty hard for quite a while. My hair was all over the place and I could only hope it didn't have too much cum in it either. My pussy was swollen and I could feel the cum draining from me. God only knew how much was in me - and that didn't include what felt like a quart that I had swallowed.

"Hey girl, you gonna just lay there or what?"

I opened my eyes and focused to see Beth leaning over me. She was still nude but looked great. She must have been observing us all although I found it hard to believe she hadn't joined in.

"Damn Kelly, I didn't know you were such a slut!" she exclaimed playfully. "To bad we didn't have more guys, eh?"

I reached up and tried to slap her but the grin on my face told her I was just goofing around. Beth knew full well before today that her best friend was a slut, just as I knew she was. After all, what other kind of girl would go to this type of party?

I summoned the strength to get up and we both went to the bathroom to clean me up. Eventually I found my clothes and we both waved goodbye to everyone. With college starting in again soon, something told me it would be a long time before I ever saw any of them again, if ever.

# 9. Back Home Again

As Beth drive me home, I reflect on the evening Tonight had certainly been different from the previous parties, almost as if it was a conclusion to a Chapter in my life. This time I was leaving in a better mood as I had come to realize that parties such as this were not about relationships or people being concerned about the feelings of others. Rather, it was merely a means to satisfy one's sexual desires and fantasies.

Well, tonight I had certainly acted out some of my most wildest fantasies - being gangbanged; and while it had been an "experience" to say the least, I really felt no desire to do it again.

When I got home my parents were still out so I went upstairs, undressed, showered again and flopped onto my bed. Suddenly I was overcome with exhaustion and as I laid there the realization of just what I had done that evening began to sink in. I couldn't believe how many cocks I had sucked and fucked!

Eventually I fell asleep with my hand firmly between my legs. My pussy still sensitive after an evening of total sexual pleasure. You know, in a way the entire evening was like a massive masturbation session where instead of using my imagination I had the real thing but at the moment I didn't care, just as I did after doing myself I laid there and thought about how I'd enjoyed the results.

The next morning I think I had been dreaming of a hard cock in my pussy when I opened my sleepy eyes to find that my dad had climbed into bed behind me and somehow had managed to bury his cock deep into my pussy without waking me! This was a rare victory for him as usually I would wake up the moment he started to penetrate me. I'm not sure who loved it more, him or me, as the thought of him sneaking in and gently parting my pussy lips and slipping himself slowly into me made me really hot.

As he slowly stroked himself in and out of my welcoming pussy, he quietly told me that they had gotten in late last night and found me sound asleep. Now he wanted to know ALL about my party. He seemed especially curious as to how many guys I had fucked and sucked. As I described the evening he stroked himself in and out of me faster, getting himself more excited as I told him about how I had really let myself go and fucked as many guys as I could.

Finally I felt my dad's hard body push against my back and ass then he jerked as my his cock exploded in his daughter's pussy, spraying his hot cum deep into my wet pussy. He must have been really turned on after hearing about my exploits as he just kept cumming and cumming until finally he jerked hard one last time and let his cock slip out of me, glistening with a mixture of my pussy juice and his cum.

As we lay there together, his incestuous dick throbbing in my pussy like a beating heart. A feeling of total satisfaction filled me to overflowing. Damn, in the past twelve hours I had been fucked numerous times by a dozen guys, sucked most of them at least once, , and now I had a pussy full of my daddy's cum. Still tired, I feel asleep in my dad's strong arms, feeling his cock as he kept it inside of me, keeping us joined together. I awoke a few hours later to find myself alone in my bed but still feeling that warm sensation between my legs.

Mmmmmmm, not a bad way to spend your last Friday night before leaving for college!

# (Aug 31) Chapter 58: 2004 Summer Break Review

Story codes: MF Ff oral exhib inc father-daughter mother daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)
Mary - my mom (38)
Kristen - cousin (17)

I guess the traditional thing to do at the end of summer is to write about what you did. Well, I had a great summer this year so here are some of the highlights. I have written individual stories about some of these events if you want more details! This is not the usual "What I Did This Past Summer" essay but I bet I would have gotten an A+ in school if I had handed it in to some of my teachers!

## 1. My Personal Life

Gosh, I can't even begin to add up the hours I spent out on our deck working on my suntan, reading and writing. The hot tub got quite a workout too. Our family has never worn anything in the hot tub and I don't see any need to when I'm alone either. Man, those jets can work wonders when they are directed at the right places! The deck is on top of our garage making it pretty private so I was able to tan in a skimpy thong without anyone being able to see me.

Let's see... lots of shopping and going out with friends made up the majority of my social life. We usually went to a local restaurant for a snack or something in the evenings and sometimes caught a movie afterwards. Even without a car, I'm not totally dependent on my friends and parents to get me around. Pittsburgh has these great student passes that allowed me access to all the area mass transit buses and trains so I got around pretty well on my own, even without a car.

## 2. Babysitting

Since my parents pay my college tuition and fees, plus a pretty nice allowance, I don't have to worry about holding down a job while at school which makes it much easier to get my studies done and keep up my grades. Alas, during the summer they expect me to do something on my own for spending money even though if I ask my dad he always helps me out – he can be such a push over if you ask him the right way!

Having no desire to be a waitress or work in the mall, I mostly baby-sit. Don't laugh, the pay is great (and in cash) and the hours aren't so bad. Most people in my neighborhood are pretty well off and are willing to pay $8-10 an hour for a college girl to watch their kids. They feel more secure with me than leaving their kids with some flaky fourteen year-old barely out of grade school.

As I get paid in cash that means no taxes which makes the pay a LOT better than what my friends make waitressing and clerking, plus they have to deal with crazy customers and perverted bosses! I get to handle small kids who generally like me (with a few notable exceptions). They usually go to bed early, leaving me with half the night to myself.

Then there are also the "side benefits" of being able to check out the house where I usually find "interesting" clothes and such, especially in the master bedroom. OK parents, don't worry, I would never even consider doing anything stupid while your kid is in my care! No boyfriends or anything like that are allowed over when I sit. Indeed, I take the responsibilities of the job very seriously and recognize that the parents have entrusted their most precious things in their loves with me. I would never do anything whatsoever to violate that trust!

## 3. Sex Parties

One of my closest girlfriends introduced me to the wild world of sex parties this summer. I only attended four of these during course of the summer but they were a totally new and exhilarating experience for me. Having sex with multiple people in one night was something I'd never done before. Added to the thrill was the fact that I hadn't met any of them before and suddenly I was naked and fucking them – and in front of all the others to boot. This is when I learned that I am tremendously turned on by having people watch me having sex. I've always liked my mom watching my dad fuck me and I also love watching him fucking my mom and aunt but this was something totally different. These people were total strangers and here they were just a few feet away seeing a guy, whose name I usually didn't even know, fucking the daylights out of me!

Although not something I really want to do every night, the few times that I went I left feeling incredible. In the first three I had sex with several guys but one at a time. In the final one I let loose and was gangbanged by a dozen guys in a row, each fucking me and then letting me suck them as they came.

## 4. My Dad

My dad and I started a new morning tradition this summer. To start his day out on a positive note he would come to my room each morning and either fuck me or do whatever else he felt like that morning. Sometimes he would not to wake me right away and see what he could get away with without waking me. There were even a couple of times when I was so tired that I didn't wake until he was already completely in me! It's really an incredible sensation to wake up and feel something in your pussy and then realize it's your own dad.

Sometimes he just masturbated as he watched me sleeping and then would cum on me. Depending on where he came I might have woke up and sucked him but typically I would wake up later to find his cum dried on me. letting me know that he'd been there earlier and enjoyed seeing me sleeping nude in front of him. I think I will miss my mornings with my Dad more than anything else while I am away at school!

# (Sep 04) Chapter 59: First Week of College With My Dad

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)

Going away to school has its pros and cons. Like most people, one of the biggest concerns I have about leaving home is missing my parents. Of course, I had something I'll be missing that most girl's don't - my dad's dick!

## 1. Thoughts of Leaving Home

I guess you could call me a "daddy's girl". Over the past few years I've had a number of other guys but there is one who is I want to be with the most - my dad. I may have lost count of the number of cocks I've sucked but there is one I'll never forget - my dad's. It's been more than three years since we first did it, but it still seems like each time is new for me. I love being his daughter, pleasing him in ways no other girl can. As independent as I am in most every other aspect of my life, submitting to my father's needs and desires is an honor, not a chore.

Just to be clear, there's nothing kinky between me and my dad. I never pretend to be his lover or do anything to suggest I am taking my place with my mom or that he is somehow cheating when he fucks me. Indeed, my mom, an incest daughter herself, fully supports me. I am my father's daughter and he is my dad and we always maintain that relationship. As his daughter it is my obligation to please him but that doesn't make me his slave or my Dom or anything weird. I compare it to biblical submission where it is giving myself to him out of love and honor, not anything forced o required.

So hopefully with that set straight...

Although I was excited about going back to school for my sophomore year, it also meant leaving home again and thus leaving my parents. Of all the things I knew I would miss being away from school, not being with my parents was definitely going to be the most difficult to deal with. It wasn't that I was going to miss the sex itself, although getting laid at my conservative Christian university wasn't the easiest thing in the world by any means. It was that I would miss making my dad happy.

I would never say that my dad has to fuck me to show he loves me, but sex is one way of showing me in the most intimate manner just how much he loved me and yes, how much he desires me. It feel good when other men look at me with lust but that's not anything special. To have your own father give you that look in his eyes, knowing how he is feeling about you and how he desires you, now THAT is special.

## 2. My Dad Fucks Me In the School Parking Lot

Last week my parents brought me back to the campus to start school again. After staying in the area for almost a week, they planned to leave the Sunday before Labor Day. By now I was all moved in and I'd walked with them out to their car in the crowded parking lot to say goodbye. First I gave my mom her goodbye kiss and then I kissed my dad. He held me and hugged me tight and I could feel his entire body pressed against mine - and I mean his entire body. He was obviously quite aroused judging from the bulge that was pressing against me! There were people walking by so we couldn't get too carried with our kiss.

"Damn Kelly, I am going to miss our mornings together. I miss you so bad already. God I want you."

"I can tell daddy," I said with a bit of a giggle.

"Oh Mom," I sighed, giving her a pleading look, "I can't let daddy leave in this condition, do you mind waiting just a little bit longer before you guys leave?"

My mom had also been keeping an eye on her husband and she just laughed at my request. "Oh yes Kelly, I noticed his condition too although I suspect it's not just concern over him though that has you going you. Sheesh, you're SUCH a little slut - can't you go even ONE day without getting laid?"

Then she sighed rather melodramatically and continue, "Alright, the two of you get in the back seat but you better hurry up. I'll sit up front and keep an eye out - and on you two as well. Deal?"

Of course we both agreed so my dad and I quickly climbed into the back seat and shut the door before anyone noticed. My dad drives a big SUV so there was plenty of room in back. I laid back on the leather seat as he kneeled on the floor. We both hurried as best we could to get out of our jeans. Of course I wasn't wearing

his cock, making it impossible for him to move inside of me for a few moments. I looked into my dad's eyes and just moaned as I wrapped my arms and legs around him.

Just as I was beginning to get over the peak of my orgasm I felt his cock surge into me and then I could feel him exploding inside of me. A hot blast of cum suddenly filled my pussy and I felt like a fire had been lit inside of me. My orgasm started upwards again, but this time I was still feeling the effects of the first one so the second one was even harder, even more incredible. I groaned with pleasure, unable to say anything else as the rest of the world disappeared and I was somewhere alone in the universe with my dad fucking me.

"Ohhhhhhhh Daddy! Nobody can make me cum like you can. I love being your slut, your personal whore. Damn I feel so good right now. Let me suck your cock so I can taste us on it."

My dad slipped out of my soaking wet pussy and he straddled my chest so his cock was right in front of my face. I dangled himself into my mouth and I closed my lips around him. Then he pumped himself in and out of my mouth like he was fucking it. Mmmmmmm, I loved how he tasted with a mixture of his cum and my pussy cum on cock which I enjoyed the taste of all by itself.

Another group of parents walked past the truck just then and got into the car next to us. Imagine if they had turned and looked in what they would have seen – my dad's ass as he let me suck his cock and my wide open pussy as my legs were still spread apart and I know my pussy had to be soaking wet and open from his cock being in me. I can just imagine the look on their faces seeing a student being fucked by her father while her mother was watching from the front seat, fingering herself as she enjoyed the sight of her husband fucking her daughter.

My mother finally had to remind everyone of the time and that I was suppose to have been coming right back to the dorm room to help my new roomie. My dad sighed and he drew his cock from my mouth. We both got dressed and then he kissed me like a teenager in the back seat of his parent's car. This was not the usual peck I watched the other dads giving their daughters when they left; this was a kiss of unbridled passion and animal lust We kissed as a father and daughter who deeply loved one another, who would do anything for the other. We eventually had to part and we got out of the fan.

Just then another groups of students and parents walked by. Seeing the two of us getting out from the back seat and both of us obviously flushed, I wonder if they had any idea what we'd just done. I suppose even if the thought crossed their minds they would've never believed that anyone would actually do it. After all, who would dare to fuck in the school parking lot on a busy day like this. Most of all, would they even dare to think my DAD was the one who had fucked me back there?

I waved goodbye as my parents drove away. I walked back to my dorm room and my new life for the next nine months. What a great way to start though, walking through campus feeling my dad's cum as it drained from my pussy. It would be a while before dad fucked me again but at least I had this memory!

# (Sep 18) Chapter 60: Together With Brenda and Her Married Brother Again

Story codes: FF MF MFF oral inc brother sister
Me (19)
Brenda - Freshman roomie (19)
David - Brenda's brother (27)

Last year when I was a freshman in college my roommate turned out not only to be cute but bisexual as well. Needless to say, we had some great times with one another. Brenda lived in a nearby town but her parents wanted her to spend her first year in the dorm so she could adjust to college life easier and have her own "college" experience. I doubt they had in mind the type of experiences she had with me!

## 1. A Brief History of Brenda and Her Brother

I knew beforehand that my choice of a conservative Christian school would have it's good and bad points. It was a great school where I knew I'd get an excellent education. As a devout Christian I liked the general atmosphere and the attitudes of the students and faculty. On the other hand, BECAUSE it was a strict Christian school I knew my lifestyle from high school would have to change quite a bit from everything to my wardrobe to how I acted in class. Still, I THOUGHT I was ready. Boy was I wrong!

When you're accustomed to having sex several times a week at the bare minimum, it's not easy going cold turkey at a school like mine. To make a long story short, I was "saved" when it turned out that my roomie was bisexual and became the first girl I had sex with (I don't count my mom and aunt).

One night about three weeks before our freshman year was over, Brenda invited me to her house for dinner. As things turned out, David and his wife were also there along with their two bratty kids. Was it just a coincidence that Brenda invited me over the same night as her brother's family was visiting? Something told me it wasn't.

After dinner Brenda and I were sitting out on the back porch watching David and his dad working on the lawn tractor. Brenda noticed I had my eye on David and we talked about how hot her brother was. Brenda even admitted that she had fantasized about being with him many times while they were growing up but never had the courage to actually do anything.

I told Brenda that I could easily understand why she had those dreams and that I would love to have him as well. At first she seemed shocked but then saw that I was serious and soon we were devising a plan which would satisfy both of our dreams.

Later that night Brenda and I went to the family room where David was watching TV alone. Well, to make a long story very short, we made our intentions clear and he was more than happy to go along. Well, David ended up fucking both of us that night and we all loved it. Doing Brenda's brother in front of her while his bitchy wife was sleeping just a few rooms down the hall was really hot but the best part was seeing Brenda riding her brother's cock for the very first time. I'd never seen a real brother and sister fuck before so I was incredibly turned on seeing my best friend taking her brother's cock in her. The best part was when he came in her, flooding his sister's pussy with his incestuous AND adulterous cum. Two for one!

Being it was so close to the end of the school year, I never had another chance to be at Brenda's house while David was there. Brenda told me that he never mentioned that night to her but he certainly seemed less inhibited when it came to looking at her with lust in his eyes.

## 2. At the Lake

After a great summer I was back in school but with a new roomie since Brenda was living at home this year. Karen was great but I knew I would never have the close bond with her that I enjoyed with Brenda. First, she wasn't bisexual. In fact snot only was she against pre-marital sex, she didn't even believe in masturbation, claiming it was no different than actually doing it. Talk about a change in roomies front one year to the next!

I'd been back for just a few weeks when Brenda stopped me between classes and invited me to be with her family for the weekend. She said to be ready Saturday morning and to bring my swim suit. Her parents have a pool and with fall fast approaching there wouldn't be much chance to use it much longer. After a brief internal debate, I packed what I refer to as my tanning bikini – a cute yellow thong which left very little to the imagination. Brenda's house was out of town a bit and rather private so I wasn't worried about being seen by anybody.

You can imagine what a hard time I had falling asleep Friday night; it had been months since I was with Brenda and although we'd seen each other around campus since school started, I couldn't wait to be with her in more private circumstances! Karen was sound asleep so I laid on my back in bed and put my hand inside my shorts. As I rubbed myself I imagined it was Brenda's hand moving under my waistband, tracing her slender fingers downward until they slipped past my pussy and then down my smooth inner thighs. I shivered involuntarily as my fingers teased me, moving up and down my sensitive thighs and just barely running up my pussy slit.

My hand cupped my crotch; I was so warm by now thinking of being in bed with her again. My middle finger pressed between my lips and found the wet opening to my pussy. God it felt so good to circle my finger around it and then dip it just inside and then up to my clit, wetting it with my pussy juices. A tingle passed through my entire body as I ran my fingers around my clit, rubbing it and pressing on it.

For the next twenty minutes or so I silently masturbated in my bed, rubbing my breasts and playing with my pussy. God, I missed having Brenda in my room so badly! Finally I made myself cum so hard it was all I could do to keep from crying out loud and waking Karen. I laid on my back until I fell asleep, my hand between my legs, feeling the special warmth I get inside of me after a great orgasm. It was a feeling that I love so much and can NEVER get enough.

Saturday morning I woke up bright and early and got dressed. Karen was still in bed and watched as I pulled out a short pair of cutoffs and a tube top that she hadn't seen me in before. I was sure she also noticed that this was ALL I was putting on - no panties and no bra. Seeing the sour expression on her face, I was curious as to whether she would say something but surprisingly she just smiled playfully.

"Well Kelly, looks like you're planning to have an... interesting weekend."

I just gave her a coy grin saying, "Oh I'm was sure I will!" I grabbed my backpack with my overnight stuff and went outside to wait.

In a few minutes Brenda's parents pulled up in their SUV with Brenda in the back seat. To my surprise, they were towing a boat trailer with a nice looking ski boat! I had no idea they even had a boat but I love water skiing. Brenda jumped out and gave me a big hug. She felt soooooo good to be in my arms again! She explained that her parents had just bought the boat this summer and she wanted to surprise me. We got in the backseat and chatted away as the lake was about an hour away.

There was a big queue at the boat ramp so Brenda and I decided to head over to the rest rooms to change. There was nobody else there so I just dropped my shorts out in the middle of the changing area and stripped off my tube top. Brenda looked at me standing in front of her all but naked as could be in just my sneakers and let out a low wolf whistle as a big grin came to her face.

"Hey Kelly, looking good. Been while since I've seen you like this. Wow, you must have worked all summer on that tan! Damn girl, I think your boobs have even grown a bit more."

"Thanks Brenda, well if anyone should know about my boobs I guess you would! Remember how small I was last year at this time!"

Brenda laughed and indeed, I remembered how I looked when we first met. After thinking I was to be cursed with an A cup, this past year my boobs had finally blossomed to where they were now almost a true C cup. Who knows, maybe it was all of the stimulation they got from Brenda!

I looked at Brenda who was also nude by now, getting ready to put on her bikini and for a brief moment I had some naughty thoughts about doing her right then but just as I was about to say something some older women came in and we hurriedly dressed.

As I pulled out my bikini it dawned on me that the bikini I'd brought was intended to be worn at her house by a private pool, not running around in public at a state park. Oh well, it's not like Brenda hadn't seen more of me and her parents were used to seeing the two of us running around all but naked at their house so I figured what the heck and put it on. Besides, it was all I had with me.

Brenda was also putting on a pretty skimpy outfit but at least her butt was half covered. That's not to say her large boobs weren't all but spilling out of a top that looked at least a size too small. She looked at me in mine and her eyes widened a bit. I smiled and twirled around in front of her.

"So Brenda, what do you think of my new bikini?"

Brenda laughed. "Well, it certainly doesn't leave anything to the imagination, does it? Personally I love it, but it's not what I think about it but rather what HE does."

I gave her a quizzical look and she pointed outside. I looked out the door and saw her brother David walking up to the boat from where he'd parked his car.

"My dad still needs help with the boat motor and David seems to be the only one that understands it. I'm sure he will be happy to see you, especially in that totally indecent bikini! God, do you remember the last time we were with him?"

Yeah, like I was EVER going to forget taking part in THAT!

"Oh god Brenda, how could I ever forget! It was incredible!"

I felt a tingle in me as I recalled how good it felt when David fucked us both that day. My pussy certainly remembered me how wonderful his large cock felt, violating it and then cumming deep inside of it, filling me with his adulterous cum. I couldn't help but take a good look at his crotch so see if there was any evidence of that thick cock through the baggy swim suit he was wearing. There wasn't much to see but it didn't take much work for my nasty mind to imagine reaching inside and pulling his large cock out so I could kneel down in front of him suck it. The heck with who was watching!

We both wrapped our beach towels around our waists and went back to the boat. David saw us coming and when he recognized me he smiled – well he better! As we approached the boat Brenda and I dropped the towels and I wanted to grin as David couldn't help but stare. My bikini bottom was mostly strings which basically exposed my entire ass with a small triangle in front that was just enough to cover my shaved pussy. My bikini top covered my nipples but not a whole lot more so for all practical purposes I was as close to being nude in public as I could get, maybe a little bit more but who was going to complain?

"Hey Kelly, didn't know you'd be here today. Good to see you again. Wow, you're certainly looking good!"

"Thanks David, you're not looking too badly yourself. Been behaving lately?"

David just gave me a grin and a wink. I wanted to jump him right then and there but with everyone around it wouldn't have been exactly socially acceptable.

It seemed like hours but we finally got though the line to the boat ramp where Brenda's dad and David got the boat in and running. The guys ran it over to a dock where Brenda and I were waiting and we jumped in. To my disappointment David got out and bid us all goodbye. Turned out that he'd just come out to help his dad. At least he and his family would be at the house when we got back for a cookout so it wasn't a total loss but I was hoping to give him more of a look at me in my bikini. From the way he looked at me, especially my ass, I got the distinct feeling he was wishing he'd arranged to stay with us for the day!

For the next hour or so we had a great time out on the lake. While a klutz in most athletic endeavors, I'm a pretty good water skier and Brenda was learning to be as well. Her parents didn't ski but instead seemed perfectly content to have a good time watching us and just being out on the lake together in their new boat.

For me the best part of the day was when I got on the skis, seeing the guys' heads turn as I zipped by. With the ski vest on you couldn't see my top but my practically bare ass was certainly out there in full view. Unless you looked close, from a distance it probably looked like I wasn't wearing anything on my bottom!

We took a break at noon and had a nice picnic. Then we hit the lake again for a few more hours. In addition to water skiing we also had fun with a big tube. The only problem with the tube was that the water kept pushing my bikini top off my nipples but I was on my stomach so it wasn't like I was flashing anyone - much. Later in the afternoon we decided to call it a day. As much as I loved being out on the lake I was pretty tired and we'd all had a great time.

# 3. Showering With Brenda

We got back to Brenda's house in one piece and while her father and brother put the boat away, Brenda and I went in to take a shower and get dressed again. I got in the shower first and it wasn't long before I felt Brenda's bare arms around me as she entered the shower stall behind me. It felt so wonderful to once again feel my roomie's wet naked body pressed against me as she softly kissed the back of my neck and ears. Her arms wrapped around me and her hands cupped my breasts, squeezing them and toying with my nipples. Standing there in the warm spray, silently enjoying her attention, I could feel her smooth stomach and crotch pressing against my ass, pushing against me as if she was trying to fuck me like a guy.

"Mmmmmmm Kelly... it's been quite a while. I've been dreaming all week about holding you like this!"

"Oh Brenda, I missed you so badly this summer."

I turned and put my arms around her neck and hugged her. Her breasts were pressed against mine and I could feel the water flowing between us as her nipples teased mine. We kissed and her tongue flashed into my mouth. I could feel the passion in her kiss but I also sensed the raw lust she had for me as she ground her wide hips into me as we kissed. Her hands cupped my wet ass and she pulled me tightly up against her. Oh my god, I was in heaven!

Brenda moved down to my breasts and started to suck on my nipples. A soft moan escaped from me and Brenda looked up at me with a look that I knew meant for me to be quiet! Easier said than done - I couldn't help it. From plenty of past experience Brenda knew exactly how to kiss me, how to suck me, how to touch me. After sleeping together for an entire school year we each knew the other's body almost as well as our own. There was NO part of me she hadn't explored and I knew her intimately as well. Her hand moved between my legs and I felt her fingers entering me, exploring me and caressing me. It felt absolutely incredible! She used her palm to rub my clit while she used her fingers to fuck me. I was so horny that it only took a short while before I could feel an orgasm building in me.

"That's it Brenda, fuck me! Make me cum! God I want to cum all over your hand. Oh fuck me, fuck me!"

Brenda was too busy sucking my boobs and hard nipples to answer. My whole body was on fire and my knees felt suddenly weak as my orgasm consumed me. It was like a wave of pure pleasure was passing through me, following by another and then yet another. I gasped as I pulled her head tightly against me.

"I'm cumming Brenda, oh god you make me cum so hard! Don't stop, keep fucking me! Fuck me, fuck me."

Her fingers were flying in and out of me. She bit down on my nipples and the pain was absorbed into my orgasm which just kept building until finally I let out cry that must have been heard outside the bathroom but at that point I didn't care. Al I could think about was Brenda fucking me, making me feel so incredibly good. Finally it subsided enough for me to breathe again. Brenda stood up and kissed me.

"You owe me one girl- a BIG one and I intend to collect on that debt tonight so you'd better be ready!"

We got out of the shower and dried off using the large bath towels her mom kept stocked. I looked in the mirror and saw how flush I was after my orgasm.

Brenda giggled. "Gee Kelly, you might have to wait a few minutes before going out. Between that high pitched squeal and now that flushed face, people are going to wonder what we've been doing in here. Gosh, they might think we did something naughty."

She giggled again and winked at me as she wrapped a towel around her. I grabbed a dry towel as well and we both left for her bedroom to get dressed. My legs still felt weak from our little escapade in the shower but somehow I was able to walk to her room. As I put on my shorts and tube top Brenda gave me a look-over.

"Mmmmmmm, you look pretty hot in that Kelly. By the way, did you see the way David was looking at us before, especially you? I've got a feeling he's been thinking about a LOT that time the three of us got together. What do you think, ready to go after him again? I know I certainly am. Who knew my best fuck would be by my brother?"

Considering Beth was for all practical purposes a lesbian, I doubted she'd had many others to compare to but knowing how special it was for my dad to fuck me I imagined it had to be somewhat the same to have your brother fuck you.

"Yeah but his wife and kids are here which is a bummer. Besides, why haven't you fucked him since then anyway?"

Brenda sighed as her shoulders slouched. "Well, I have a feeling they may be gone for a while from what his wife was saying. Just leave it up to me and be ready. Oh, as for not having screwed him again, I think we need you to be with us to help get over the taboo issues. You don't mind do you?"

I just laughed at that. After all, she knew full well that I was always ready for a good fucking! Adding to my anticipation was the memories of our last time together and how great he'd fucked me. To do it with my best friend's brother, her married brother at that, was so incredibly erotic! I was getting super horny and I could feel my pussy getting wet just thinking about it!

During dinner I noticed that David kept looking over at me. He was so hot and good looking, I never understood how he had married such a bitch. I guess it was the way his wife treated everyone that made me feel especially good to fuck her husband, even if she didn't know about it. Normally I would've never have considered fucking a married man and having his wife find out but in this case I almost wished she would walk in and catch us just so she could see how much her husband loved fucking us more than her. It would serve her right but I knew it would never happen so in the meantime when she would act all bitchy at least I got the satisfaction of looking her in the eye and know that I could satisfy her husband better sexually than she ever dreamed.

After dinner, I couldn't believe our luck. David's wife said she wanted to take kids to some festival that was running in town for some rides. It was only about five minutes away and she said she would be back in an hour or so but what an opportunity! I watched as David kissed her goodbye and told her that he loved her. I thought to myself how much I wanted to fuck him and wondered if she ever had any idea that the guy who had just told her that he loved her may well be fucking his own sister and her best friend in a matter of minutes!

As David and his wife were saying their goodbyes, Brenda came up to me and whispered in my ear for me to come into her room. She closed the door behind us and started to undress.

"C'mon Kelly, strip and let's get going before David gets here. I want him to catch us having sex when he comes in!"

Well, she didn't have to ask me twice and it only took a few seconds to get naked and in her bed with her. We wasted no time in getting started and were soon kissing with our hands exploring each other. I loved the feel of Brenda's body. She was about my size and we fit together like two peas in a pod. We intertwined our tanned legs such that our pussies were pressed against the other's leg and we each moved our hips just enough to rub up against the other. It wasn't long before the door opened and in walked David.

"Damn girls, you certainly didn't waste any time! You weren't kidding Brenda when you said you had a nice surprise waiting for me."

I turned around so I was on top of Brenda with my pussy in her face and hers was right under my face. I was facing David who was standing at the foot of the bed. Brenda was licking my pussy and sucking my clit. I could feel her tongue exploring into my pussy, flickering around the entrance and then reaching inside of me.

David moved up closer and pulled down his shorts. Out popped his wonderful cock, just starting to show signs of becoming aroused. I licked my lips and reached my head forward. I licked the length of it and then took it into my mouth. It was still soft and I loved the feel of it in my mouth. I took it all in my mouth and buried my face in his hairy crotch. I rubbed my cheeks against his curly pubic hair, sucking on him the whole time.

He smelled so musky and strong; I love the way a man smells when he's sexually excited. I sucked on his married cock like a popsicle as I felt him swelling and hardening. It always fascinates me to watch and feel a man harden, especially when I'm the reason for him to get that way. I feel so sexy knowing that a man can change that way just because of me.

When he was fully erect I took him all the way in and then twisted my head and let him out. Then I sucked on the head, twirling my tongue around it. I felt David shiver when I licked the back of his cock. As I sucked him I fondled his balls, careful not to squeeze them too hard.

David was getting more and more aroused and he held my head in place while he moved his hips to fuck my face. He was ramming his cock into my mouth now, like my mouth was a pussy to be fucked. His cock was so big that each time he would hit the back of my throat, almost gagging me. It was OK though, I'd learned long ago by sucking my dad how to take a big cock all the way in, allowing it to go partially down my throat. Once I learned to control my gag reflex it was easy from there. Guys love it when I deep throat them and I love sucking cock almost as much as being fucked!

At this point I had Brenda licking my pussy and David fucking my mouth while I was playing with Brenda's pussy using my fingers. David was so hard now and I could still feel him getting bigger with every stroke. I let him slide from my mouth and looked up at him.

"Fuck her now David, fuck your little sister, fuck her good like her brother should!"

I grabbed David's cock and positioned him at the entrance to Brenda's wet pussy that I'd been playing with until then. I watched intently as he pushed forward, seeing his big cock disappearing inside of her swollen pussy. It was such a turn-on for me to watch him fucking her, to see a brother's cock in his sister's pussy.

I just wished his bitchy wife was here to witness it, to see her loving husband screwing his own sister, ramming his cock in and out of her, fucking her harder than he ever did his own wife, enjoying it more than he had ever enjoyed fucking his wife.

Brenda was still eating my pussy although I noticed it was becoming less intense as David fucked her harder.

"That's it David, fuck her. Tell me how it feels to be in your sister's hot little pussy."

"Oh Kelly, it feels great. She has such a tight pussy! I want to fuck her every time I see her. Ohhhhhhhhh it feels so damn good!"

I toyed with Brenda's clit while her brother fucked her faster and harder. She was moaning loudly now. I knew the signs - Brenda was about to cum and I knew when she did it was impossible to miss. She was no longer eating my pussy but was gasping as she thrust her hips towards him when he pushed into her. I felt like I was on a bucking bronco as she came. She started calling out to her brother, begging him to fuck her more.

"Damn David, I'm cumming! Fuck me, fuck your little sister. Fuck me like a whore you bastard!"

"That's right girl, You're nothing but a little slut and I'm fucking you like you deserve. Now cum you little bitch!"

I watched as Brenda came and saw her pussy gushing. Brenda was the type that just poured when she came, she had wet many a sheet when we were roomies! Finally she gave one more lunge and just laid there. David stopped and the two of them were still, both enjoying the feeling of his pulsing cock inside of her. David pulled out of Brenda and I knew it was finally my turn so I reversed myself such that I was standing at the foot of the bed. I leaned over to lick Brenda's pussy which also gave David full access to my pussy and he quickly took advantage of the opportunity. I felt his hand spreading my pussy lips apart as his cock pressed up against me.

"OK Kelly, now it's your turn. You love to tease, don't you? Well now I'm going to fuck you like you need to be fucked - hard and fast."

Enough of the talk... God I wanted him inside me so bad! I pushed back against him and felt his cock penetrate me as he shoved his cock into me. I could feel his cock sliding inside of me, filling my pussy with his hot dick. He felt so warm and big in me, I just loved being fucked by him!

I sucked Brenda's pussy as David fucked me. He was ramming himself into me so hard that all I really had to do was stick out my tongue and let his pounding move me up and down her pussy crack. I put two fingers inside of her pussy. Damn, she was still so hot and swollen from the fucking she had gotten from David!

Meanwhile I could feel David slamming into me, pounding against my ass as he tried to get farther inside of me. I could feel his balls slapping me as he fucked me like I hadn't been fucked in a long time - hard and fast. I rocked back and forth in time with him, pushing myself against him as he entered me and leaning forward as he left. It had been several weeks since I'd been fucked by my dad and I was so hot and horny; it felt so wonderful to have a man in me again. He kept fucking me for what seemed to be ages but finally he wanted to move on.

"Sorry Kelly, I need to fuck that little sister of mine again."

I hated feeling him slip out of me but I moved out of his way, allowing him to move forward. He grabbed Brenda's hips and pulled her towards him. As she slid forward on the bed his cock easily slid into her wide open and soaking wet pussy. David grabbed her ass to pull her tightly to him, driving himself as deeply into her as he could.

"Damn sis, I love fucking you so much. To think that my best fuck has been down the hall all these years!"

"Oh fuck me David! Fuck your little sister hard. Fuck me you bastard, harder, fuck me!"

I sat back on the bed, playing with myself as I enjoyed watching the brother and sister as they fucked each other like she was nothing but a whore. David was clearly loving it all but Brenda was really getting into it. Her hips gyrated underneath him and through it all she never stopped telling him to fuck her. I loved listening to her as she told her brother what to do, telling him how to fuck his sister better.

I stood up and announced that it was my turn to be fucked again. They both laughed and I told David to sit back on the bed. He did and his cock was standing straight up, waiting for me. I straddled him and lowered myself down to his cock. I reach between my legs and rubbed his head against my clit. Mmmmmmm it felt good to have his smooth head pressing against me!

Finally I put him in me and lowered myself all the way down until I was sitting in his lap. I ground my hips into him as I tried to get every last piece of him in me. I moved my hips around in circles and I could feel his cock rubbing against me inside. Brenda kneeled to the side and kissed David while she fondled my boobs. I started to bounce on his cock, letting myself rise up until he was just barely in me and then just dropping down hard onto him, feeling my ass bounce off his thighs as I drove him inside of me as far as he could reach. I had one arm around Brenda as she kissed David and the other was playing with either my boob or rubbing my clit.

When I finally came it was like an explosion and a flood of pussy cum drained from me and down around his cock. Brenda was just playing with me now as David was getting ready to cum. His hips were thrusting upwards to match me as he fucked me with everything he had. Faster and faster he went until he started to grunt.

"Damn, I'm cumming Kelly! I'm going to fill your pussy with me."

David was indeed cumming and best of all he was cumming inside of me. I could feel the heat from his bursts in me as one load after another of his hot cum exploded from him deep inside of me. Finally he gave one last thrust and he held himself in me. I could feel it throbbing in me and looked down to see his cum draining from my pussy. I reached down to gather some with my finger and tasted it. The mixture of my pussy and his cum tasted soooooo good!

"Oh god Kelly, that was incredible! You're an incredible fuck!"

I was too exhausted to speak but Brenda piped in with a big grin on her face. "Well David, what do you think? Are we just a couple of little college sluts or what? Don't you wish your wife would be a whore to you like we were?"

"Oh god yes Brenda. You two REALLY are something else. I never knew what a slut my own sister could be and Kelly, well you're just a little teenage whore the way you fuck a married man like me! I've never even fucked my own wife this way!"

I knew what he meant and was thrilled to think we could turn him on that much. As he was answering I laid back and spread my legs. Brenda moved in and licked his cum from my pussy and then kissed me. The mixture of his cum, my pussy and her mouth was intoxicating. I wanted all she could give me it tasted so wonderful. David was just watching, admiring his sister as she kissed me and licked me. As we laid in each other's arms David got dressed and left the room quietly.

Brenda looked at me. "We need to go out and socialize with my parents for a while. But remember, you still owe me from this morning and I intend to collect!"

We visited with his parents for a while, talking about school and things that happened around town. In the meantime David's wife came back with the kids and I smiled as I watched him kiss her hello. Even though I was pretty sure he'd washed up, I wondered if she couldn't get at little taste of pussy in his kiss. If so, she never let on, maybe having his sister's pussy in his mouth was more than she could even imagine. In any case, it was so wild to watch them, remembering how his mouth was on our pussy's just a few minutes earlier and here he was kissing his wife!

Finally David and his family left and it was late enough for us to go to bed, or at least go to the bedroom. We said goodnight to her parents and shut the door behind us.

Turning to Brenda I told her not to get undressed yet - I wanted to do it. Looking at her I wanted nothing more than to have sex with her for the rest of the night! I held her in my arms and kissed her again. I don't think I could ever get tired of kissing a girl. There were many night in our dorm room the previous year that we would just cuddle up in bed. We would just kiss and play with each other's hair, running our fingers along the other's nude body, feeling her warm and smooth skin against mine.

If I wasn't still so horny I could have just done that this night but I knew we both had other plans so I reached down and undressed her. I liked to do this instead of her doing it herself. I loved to unbutton her blouse and slip it off of her shoulders. Unsnapping her shorts and unzipping them seemed so intimate. I would grab them on each side and slowing drop them to her ankles, feeling her legs against my hands as I did. As they came off her sweet red-haired pussy became visible and I knew in a few moments it would be mine to touch and lick. Finally she stood there in front of me, nude and absolutely stunningly gorgeous.

I stripped my own clothes in seconds and took her hand. I led her to the bed where we laid down next to each other. Her head was on my breast and I ran my fingers through her hair. Brenda sighed reached down to my crotch. She cupped my pussy in her hands and just held me, not playing or exploring but just feeling the warmth of me in her hands. Just knowing her hand was there was enough for me, the feeling of her holding me was so sensuous.

We spent what seemed like hours in that bed, two good friends trying their best to please the other. I knew just where to touch her, where to kiss her, where to even bite her. Each of us came several times until finally we just fell asleep in each other's arms.

I woke up in the morning to find a special treat - Brenda's mouth on my pussy. What an incredible wake-up call! I just laid there and enjoyed it, my hands on my breasts as I toyed with them and caressed them gently. Brenda's tongue circled my clit as I arched my hips involuntarily towards her mouth. She watched me as she licked my cunt and I could feel yet another orgasm rising within me. I gushed in her face as I came. God! How many times had I cum in the past 24 hours?

Brenda moved up and kissed me, her face covered with my pussy cum. She smiled at me.

"Well Kelly, I certainly miss having you as a roomie."

"Me too Brenda, Karen is a sweetie but she will never be to me what you were. I feel so alone at night without you in bed with me."

We got up, showered and got dressed. Brenda's mom had breakfast waiting and she asked how our night went. We both giggled a bit and her mother seemed to take it that we just had a "typical" girl's night together. I wondered how she would have reacted had she known the truth about her daughter and me. Even more so, I wished I could see the expression on her face if she had caught her son fucking her only daughter!

## 4. Back at the Dorm

Brenda and her dad took me home and when I got back to my room Karen was there.

"So did you have a good time Kelly?"

"Fantastic Karen." I told her about the boat and the things we did, naturally leaving out the sexual parts.

I wondered if she suspected anything? Somehow I thought she could feel there was more to my relationship to Brenda than just a past roomie. At the same time Karen was so straight it could be that the thought never even entered her mind!

In any case, I just dropped into my bed and laid back, thinking about the great weekend I had! Now when could I get her brother to fuck us again?

# (Oct 02) Chapter 61: Parent's Weekend at College

Story codes: MF inc oral inc father daughter
Me (19)
John - my dad (39)

Parent's weekend can be a pain for some people but for me, it was a chance to be back together with my dad although I doubt it was going to be in a way my school would have approved.

## 1. Waiting For My Parents

It was the first weekend in October, also known as "Parent's Weekend" at my university. A lot of my friends dreaded this weekend and it was easy to understand why. Rooms had to be cleaned, you had to introduce them to your professors, boring dinners with the president where you had to listen to him drone on with yet another speech which inevitably concluded with a plea for more money, and so on.

For me it was different. In fact it was a weekend I'd been looking forward to for over a month, ever since the last time my parents were here to drop me off so I could start my sophomore year. Sheesh, how many times had I masturbated lately remembering how my dad had fucked me in the back of his SUV just before they left - right in the middle of the school parking lot at that. We were suppose to be saying goodbye but when he kissed me we both knew we needed it one more time, that we had to have one another again, even if for just a few minutes. So right smack in the middle of a school parking lot, with parents and their kids all around, my own father was having sex with me in the back seat while my mother watched and played with herself. Like, what could be more erotic? After THAT goodbye, do I need to say that I was looking forward to our next hello!

My dorm is normally closed to most visitors - and men at all times but on this night it was open to visitors. My roomie's parents were the first to arrive. Oh my god, they were the ultimate baby boomer ex-yuppies! He was some kind of financial wizard and must have been extremely successful since it appeared they had more money than they knew what to do with. They were very sweet and nice to me which I appreciated.

## 2. My Dad Fucks Me in My Dorm Room

My roomie Karen and her parents were about to leave for dinner in Columbus at some fancy restaurant when my parents finally showed up. I was so happy to see them! I gave my mom a big hug and then my dad got one too as he gave me a cute peck on the cheek. I introduced them to Karen's parents and we all exchanged small talk for the appropriate amount of time so as not to be rude and then they left.

My dad smiled and turned to me. "Hey Kelly, how's my little girl doing? Miss us?"

I closed the door to my room and as I turned I gave him a sexy smile and my best "I want to fuck you" look. Personally, I think I pull it off pretty good. At least I get the results I want most of the time.

"Hmmmmmm, why don't you just let me show you?"

I went up to him and he put his arms around me and we kissed. Not the little father-daughter peck on the cheek he gave me in front of Karen's family but this time a long, passionate, tongue swapping, wet messy kiss that lasted for several minutes. My arms were around his neck and soon his hands were grabbing at my ass through my thin skirt, each hand squeezing one of my firm butt cheeks. Oh yeah, I loved the way it felt to have his hands grabbing my ass again.

Our lips parted and I smiled at him as without a word my hands went straight to his belt buckle. I'm not sure my Dad really was expecting to go any further right in the middle of a girl's dorm as he looked around to mom with a questioning look. My mom just grinned and shook her head slowly as if she couldn't believe her eyes but at the same time she sat down on Karen's bed, obviously intending to watch us.

"Oh for goodness sakes Kelly, still your daddy's little slut, aren't you? I can't believe you two can't at least wait 'til we get back to the hotel. Oh well then, you better get going and for goodness sakes hurry up before someone wants to know why the door is shut!"

I grinned as I knew she was just teasing. Sometimes I think she enjoyed watching us as much as my dad enjoyed doing me. By now I had his belt undone and was working on his zipper. Reaching down into his boxers I could feel his thick pubic hair with my fingers. My fingers ran through it, twisting it and twirling it. Then I

Anyway... Here I was sucking my dad's cock right there in the middle of my dorm room while my mom watched. I really loved her to watch me suck my dad, seeing her husband fuck someone else and their only daughter at that. From the way she was licking her lips and rubbing herself under her skirt, she was obviously enjoying it as much as we were.

"Fuck her John," my mother whispered huskily, "Fuck our little girl. Show me how much you missed her. Fuck our Kelly, fuck her... for me."

I wanted her to see better so I moved over to Karen's bed next to where my mom was sitting. As I leaned forward and rested my hands on the bed, my ass stuck up in the air and I wiggled it as an invitation to my dad - like he really needed one. My dad came up behind me and pulled up my skirt. Karen would have died had she known I wasn't wearing any panties but she wasn't here and I knew it turned my dad on. My pussy was already soaking wet from the anticipation of having his cock in it.

"Damn Kelly, your pussy's incredible! Now spread those perfect tan legs so your daddy can fuck you right."

My bare ass was only inches from my mother's face now. She was evidently anxious as well and I wanted her to have a close-up view when my dad entered me. The temptation was too great for her and so she grabbed my dad's cock and guided it to her daughter's waiting pussy, looking up at my dad as she did.

"There you go John. Now stop fooling around and do her you horny bastard!"

"Well, if you insist dear," my dad replied with a laugh, as if the only reason he was doing it was to please her.

With that my dad pressed himself forward and I could feel his cock splitting my pussy apart, violating me as he entered me. I moaned softly as I felt his incestuous cock head inside of me.

"Oh daddy, deeper! Fuck me deeper... Fuck me daddy... Make me yours."

I kept begging him to fuck me over and over again as my dad pushed himself farther and farther into me. His cock was rubbing against the walls of my pussy as inch by inch he disappeared inside of me. Just like every time he had fucked me before, I was hit with a feeling of amazement and disbelief that my very own father's cock was actually filling my pussy. Only a father as loving and wonderful as mine could do this to his only daughter with such passion, pure lust and desire.

"That's it John," my mother said in a rasping whisper, "I love seeing your cock as it moves into her. God it makes me so hot seeing you do her like this!"

Finally he stopped banging me and as a loud gasp escaped he let his cock slip out of me. Even though I hated the sense of loss when he was out of me, I fell to the bed exhausted but feeling wonderful. As I laid there in total bliss, I felt a hand between my legs and looked back to see my mom as she scooped up some of his cum that was draining from me and then tasted it.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the taste of your cum mixed with Kelly's pussy juices. She has such a sweet tasting pussy!"

She reached down several times more, touching me just enough to make me tingle with the anticipation of what I knew was to come later. Nobody knew how to touch me and lick me the way my mother could! Although few and far between, the times that I am alone with her are some of the most erotic and intimate sexual encounters I think I will ever have in my life.

As much as I loved fucking my dad, in my heart I will always be closest to my mom, close in a way that only a mother and her only daughter can be, close in way I can't even really describe properly because nothing I can put into words can come close to expressing how I feel when we are alone together in that way. Again, It's why I don't write about those times because there is no way I could ever express my feelings and desires properly. Anything I wrote would just be an empty shell of the actual experience.

Unfortunately we WERE in my dorm room and we couldn't keep the door closed for too long before someone started wondering what was going on. We all straightened ourselves up and I opened the door a crack to keep the RA happy. We hung around a little while to let the flushness drain from our faces a bit. It would've been hard to explain to my RA why we all looked like we'd just had sex - especially since we just did! I was also concerned that our room now smelled strongly of my pussy and I hoped that it cleared up before Karen and her parents returned. I sprayed some air freshener and just hoped for the best.

We left to get some dinner and then off to their hotel where I knew an evening of more fun awaited. We could take our time more and be more creative in the hotel room but I didn't regret for a moment what happened in my dorm room. I was so happy that all my planning and hopes had come true - my dad actually fucked me right in the middle of the girl's dorm! I also knew that every time I saw Karen go to bed I would think of my dad fucking me on her bed while my mom sat next to me and watched. Not a bad image to have in your mind, especially since Karen was incredibly hot! I saw the look my dad gave her and even though I know he would never do anything with her, he must've been thinking about me and her, especially given the relationship I had with my roomie Brenda the previous year! Too bad she was a virgin and a conservative one at that.

Note: I decided just to write about the first events of parent's weekend. Just to let you know, we did spend the next two nights in their hotel room. My mom joined in the first night and the second night dad actually fucked her more than me. Even though I would have loved to have his attention, it was good to watch them and see my two loving parents showing me just how much they loved each other.

Saturday we went to a few of the events at the campus but that afternoon my dad dropped my mom and I off while he went back to watch a football game. My mom and I had the next four hours to ourselves and all I will say it was the best four hours of the entire weekend for me in terms of getting myself on track again emotionally and spiritually. My mother is an incredible woman and somehow seems to know exactly what I need, not just sexually but personally and emotionally.

By the time the weekend as over though my dad had fucked me enough times to tide me over for a while. We didn't do it in the dorm room again or even on campus although when we were saying goodbye it was really tempting to jump him in the back seat again! There were simply too many people around this time and we knew that no matter how much fun it would be that it was not worth being caught. I think we got a few odd looks when I kissed each of them on the mouth, not to mention quite a bit longer than most daughters kiss their parents but I can live with that.

FYI...I noticed on Saturday that Karen had more air freshener out and she gave me a really funny look as she was spraying it! I think she really wanted to ask me something but either she was afraid to ask or perhaps more afraid of what my answer would be!

# (Nov 12) Chapter 62: My First Frat Party

Story codes: MF FF group exhib oral
Me (19)
Karen - sophomore roomie (19)
Tammy - girlfriend (19)
Mary Beth - girlfriend (20)

My university doesn't support fraternities or sororities. After I accepted an invitation to a frat party at another school, it's not hard to understand why!

## 1. The Debate

When you attend college at a private Christian college in a small town in the middle of rural Ohio, wild parties are not exactly a part of the social life. That's not to say all the girls are nuns! In fact, I've several friends that are quite conservative on campus but once away from school they can get pretty freaky. Sometimes when we're out for pizza or just hanging around together they like to talk about their little adventures. I've never told any of them about my experiences so they like to think they're exposing me to the "real world". Truth be known, I think that I could've taught most of them quite a bit!

One thing they discussed that caught my interest were the frat parties at the OSU campus in Columbus. I'd been to a few sexually-oriented parties during the past summer but those were actually quite disciplined and managed. Nobody got drunk or overly obnoxious and the since the only intent in going was to have sex, the entire atmosphere was different.

From what my friends described, the frat parties were as different as night and day from my own experiences. Just as my best friend Beth nagged me back home about going to parties with her, my friends at school had been asking me to go with them almost since school started. Two of the most insistent were Mary Beth and Tammy. They were always together and not a week went by it seemed that they weren't off partying somewhere. Actually, in watching them closely, I couldn't help but wonder just how close they really were. Although such "deviant lifestyles" were strictly against the "rules" at my school, I had a sneaky suspicion that they were a little more than just friends.

As I debated whether or not to accept their invitation, I asked several people whether they thought I should go, including a couple of guys I chatted on-line with. Without exception, all of them warned me NOT to go, saying they were just drunkfests and that all the guys wanted was to molest the girls - and not always nicely at that.

Based on their advice I found excuses not to go to the parties although it seemed when my friend's came back they always claimed to have had a great time. They never said exactly WHAT happened though and I found my curiosity level raising, especially when one time I saw Tammy's hand planted firmly on Mary Beth's cute ass when they thought nobody was watching!

Finally I decided the heck with it, why not go? So the next time they invited me I surprised them and accepted. It was still a couple of weeks away from Thanksgiving and almost six weeks since Parent's Weekend when I last had sex with my dad so you can imagine how horny I was!

## 2. My Roomie Karen

The evening of the party I showered and stood stark naked in the middle of my dorm room trying to decide what to wear. It was an important decision because whatever I wore would tell a lot about me - not to mention my expectations and intentions.

The more I thought about the party the more I could feel the itch in my pussy getting started. Closing my eyes, my hands seemed to have a mind of their own as they started to wander over my boobs and then down to my crotch. God I wanted to be fucked! No... it was more like I NEEDED to be fucked. Since I'd lost my virginity when I was fourteen, I'd never gone more than a week or two without sex so going six weeks was becoming unbearable.

Just then Karen, my straight-laced virgin roomie, came in the room unexpectedly and saw what I was doing. Her mouth dropped open as she stood there staring at me like I was some sort of alien.

"Kelly!" she exclaimed, "What in the world are you doing?"

Unlike my roomie from last year who I slept with and even had sex (with her AND her married brother), Karen was a total prude. She was always going on about "saving herself for marriage" and was the first girl I'd ever met who said she didn't masturbate - and actually didn't. (I know, lots of girls say they don't but we know they really do.) Karen was a gorgeous blonde - homecoming queen, head cheerleader, blah blah blah so it seemed a shame to waste all that beautiful youth but it was her choice and I respected her for it, even if I didn't understand her.

The only real problem I had with Karen was that she was totally up-tight over nudity and just about anything sexual in nature. For instance, I'd been sleeping nude since I was twelve. It had nothing to do with sex, I simply enjoyed sleeping that way. Our first night together I didn't even think about it as I stripped down and started to get into bed. Well, I thought Karen was going to have a stroke! She didn't say anything but I could tell she was really upset and at first I didn't even realize why. Seeing her staring at me I soon figured it out. We had to live together for the school year so I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot with her. As a result, I've been wearing shorts and a t-shirt to bed. It seems a bit strange to go to college and have to be more conservative than you are at home!

So anyway, seeing Karen's shock at what must have looked like her roomie was masturbating in the middle of the room (which WAS what was happening), I pretended I'd just undressed and was scratching an itch (which I guess you could say was true!) and quickly reached in my dresser drawer to get some clothes.

Rummaged through my things I found a pair of white cotton panties and a bra which I thought looked so schoolgirlish. Then I picked out some really tight jeans - the ones I call my "weight check jeans" because if I gain so much as a pound I can't get them on. To finish it off I pulled out a tight belly tank top with spaghetti straps that didn't cover my bra straps and exposed about three inches of my tummy. All in all I thought it was a great outfit to go tease a few college boys!

Karen was keeping a close eye on me the whole time. So far in school I'd always dressed fairly conservatively - it was the dress code so I didn't have much of a choice, so putting on a semi-slutty outfit like this one was something new to her.

"Oh my goodness Kelly," she said with her hand to her face, "Are you really going to go out in public wearing THAT?"

As much as I tried not to, I couldn't help but giggle just a bit. I really didn't want to annoy her but she sounded so incredibly innocent and naive at that moment.

"Don't worry Karen, I'm a big girl and I can take care of myself."

Karen didn't seem to know what to say so she just gathered up her stuff and headed out to the lounge in a huff. When I'd finished dressing I headed out to meet with the girls, wearing a coat that hid my top so none of the RA's would see what I was wearing. Tammy and Mary Beth were waiting impatiently for me in the lobby and we were off!

## 3. The Party Gets Started

Tammy drove and Mary Beth was in the front seat so I jumped in back. During the hour or so it took to get to the frat house we chatted about school and traded gossip. It was fun to talk to some girls away from campus that weren't all stressed out over trying to appear so prim and proper. Now I love my school and most of the people there, but so many girls were putting on such acts that it just gets tiresome at times. If there was one thing that I took notice of, it was that Mary Beth and Tammy didn't talk about any of the guys - just the girls. Hmmmmmm!

When we arrived it was already after 10:00 PM. The first thing I noticed was this was unlike any party I'd ever been! Oh sure, I'd been to plenty with alcohol and music but this was up another notch for sure. It seemed like EVERYONE was drunk or at least working on it. The music was blaring so loud I was surprised the cops weren't already there.

Most of the people there were guys and most of them looked like typical college dorks. Obviously the majority were there with fantasies of finding a drunk girl who would make their every masturbation dream come true. It was just as obvious that they'd be going home alone as usual with a hangover. I mean really, what girl wouldn't be turned-on by a drunk idiot with acne slobbering over her with beer breath while they try to grope her? Yeah right.

There was probably a dozen or so girls hanging around. A few looked like little prudes trying to prove to their friends that they were partiers but it was clear they were in way over their heads. At the other end of the spectrum were the standard college whores. They were practically throwing themselves at the guys, boobs popping out and hands all over them. Compared to them, I was dressed downright conservative! It seemed sort of ridiculous actually. Some of them were already topless and a few were flashing their asses and pussies to the delight of the dorks.

The rest of the girls were like the three of us - decent to good looking, dressed a bit provocative, willing to keep an open mind should something positive come up (pun intended!) but there primarily to have fun teasing the guys. At least that was my intention at the moment.

From the moment we arrived the guys kept trying to give us drinks in obvious hopes to get us drunk so we would do god only knows what for them. Tammy and Mary Beth evidently liked beer so they took a cup each. Personally I hate beer and never have been a big drinker period so I scrounged around and found some cans of Diet Coke in the kitchen. I'd heard enough horror stories about girls being drugged at these parties from spiked drinks so I felt more secure drinking from something that was sealed when I got it.

For the first hour or so we just hung around and watched the "activities". Guys were chugging beers and having them poured into their mouths with funnels. Some of the girls were dancing and guys were trying to hit on them constantly. Needless to say we weren't immune to such attacks ourselves. Like, I've never had many guys grabbing my ass before - they were positively shameless! I really didn't mind it all that much so I just smiled at them and moved on. Eventually I had to use the restroom so I told Tammy I'd be right back.

When I finally found it the bathroom was a disaster! Fortunately I was pleasantly surprised to find that it had a working lock which I double-checked it to make sure nobody could come in while I was in there. The place was disgusting with used condoms on the floor and, well, I didn't want to even think about what was all over the sink. Thank goodness the toilet still flushed and I did the best I could not to touch anything.

When I left the bathroom I evidently made a wrong turn and ended up where the bedrooms were. I heard some sounds coming from one of them and I peeked in one to see what was happening. It was crazy! There was a guy and a girl both naked in bed who were fucking each other while a crowd of people stood around watching. Several people were taking pictures and one guy even had a video camera! The two of them were going at it like they were really enjoying it - as they probably were. Now I love an audience when I have sex as much as anyone but the cameras and video recorder were not something I would've wanted if I were in her shoes, especially with the way this stuff tends to get on the Internet these days.

## 4. Tammy & Mary Beth Put On a Show

Eventually I found my way back to the living room where I saw Tammy and Mary Beth on the couch sitting next to each other. They had their arms around each other and were kissing! I wasn't really surprised as I suspected they were a couple, nonetheless it was still hot to see two of my classmates going at it.

I mingled with the gathering crowd and watched along with everyone else as they began started to put on a bit of a show. The drunk guys in the crowd – which meant almost all of them, kept yelling for them to strip and do nasty things to each other but they just ignored them and went along at their own pace. They controlled the show and from the smiles they flashed to the people in the audience now and then they knew exactly what they were doing. I was curious as to how far they would go and it didn't take long to find out...

First let me say that both girls had fantastic figures with Tammy having the larger breasts but both of them were very well endowed. They each had long brown hair which they wore straight down to the middle of their backs. Mary Beth had a darker complexion, almost olive compared to Tammy's lighter skin tone such that the two of them looked hot together. They were both taller than me by a couple of inches with most of the extra height apparently in their incredibly long legs. Each had tight low cut jeans on with Mary Beth wearing a tight strapless tube top and Tammy in a thin cotton tank top. Not exactly 'regulation" back at school, that was for sure.

Mary Beth seemed to be taking the lead. She and Tammy were kissing each other like two lovers, licking and tonguing erotically. They were obviously more than just two girls kissing, for fun; there had to be something between them that went beyond a typical friendship. Mary Beth began to run her hands over Tammy's tank top, circling her fingers around her nipples which were poking through the thin material and then cupping them in her hands. Tammy responded by running hands over Mary Beth's bare shoulders and then around her face and through her hair. Eventually her hands moved down to Mary Beth's breasts and both girls were fondling each other through their clothes.

Mary Beth then moved her hands down along Tammy's torso, teasing her and tickling her until finally she reached her jeans and then her crotch. She took her finger and pressed in against where Tammy's pussy was hiding and began to rub her through her jeans. Tammy stayed on Mary Beth's boobs, massaging them and playing with her nipples. Tammy pushed down the material until Mary Beth's beautiful breasts were exposed. A few whistles came from the crowd as everyone appreciated how full and firm they were – without any silicone I might add! Her dark and large nipples were very hard at the moment thanks to Tammy's attention. Tammy's small hand could barely hold one as she cupped them and toyed with them.

Mary Beth was still working on Tammy's pussy but evidently decided what was good for her was also good for Tammy and she reached up to pull Tammy's tank top upward to show off her breasts. The whistle and shouts came again as Tammy's boobs popped out, even bigger than Mary Beth's had been. Tammy laid back in the couch then as Mary Beth started to kiss her neck and then moved down to her nipples, sucking them like a baby on a bottle. Tammy moaned and arched her back upward as Mary Beth kissed and sucked on her sensitive boobs.

Mary Beth's hand moved back down and this time stopped at Tammy's jeans where she unsnapped and then unzipped them while she kept sucking Tammy's boob. Tammy reached down and helped pull off her pants, revealing a sexy red thong which barely covered anything. Mary Beth rubbed her through the thong as she alternated her mouth between Tammy's breasts. Finally she slipped the front of the thong over to reveal Tammy's pussy. Tammy was shaved for the most part with just an inch-wide stripe of trimmed pubic hair running up the center of her crotch for about two to three inches.

Mary Beth cupped her crotch in the palm of her hand and rubbed her with her entire hand. Tammy moved one of her hands to her own breasts and started to play with it as Mary Beth licked the other. As Mary Beth rubbed Tammy her middle finger began to press down more and work its way between her pussy lips until her clit was exposed and she began to run her finger around it. Tammy moaned again and began to move her hips upward against Mary Beth's hand. Mary Beth's fingers moved around her pussy, spreading her pussy lips apart as she pushed one finger inside of Tammy. She pushed it all the way in and then began to stroke in and out of her like she was fucking her with her finger. Tammy was obviously liking it as she began to buck her hips up and down in time with Mary Beth's finger motion.

Mary Beth moved her mouth slowly from Tammy's boobs down to her stomach where she licked and kissed her belly button briefly before continuing down to between her legs. She went past Tammy's pussy and kissed and licked the inside of Tammy's upper thighs, working her way ever slow back to her pussy where her finger was still fucking Tammy. Finally her tongue met Tammy's clit and Tammy let out a load groan as Mary Beth's tongue flickered over it. Then Mary Beth licked her whole pussy crack, lapping it like a dog, running her mouth up and down Tammy's wet pussy.

Tammy was holding both of her breast now with her hands and moaning more and more as Mary Beth attacked her smoldering pussy. If I was any judge I would've said Tammy was about to have an orgasm and sure enough, in a few more minutes it looked like that was the case. Tammy grabbed Mary Beth's head with her hands and held her head tightly to her pussy. He eyes were closed and she kept moaning continuously. Suddenly her back arched up higher than ever before.

"Oh god I'm cumming... Don't stop!!!!" she cried. Her hips started to buck into Mary Beth's mouth and she kept moaning over and over. "Fuck me Mary Beth, oh yeah fuck the shit out me!"

Tammy's orgasm lasted for several minutes as Mary Beth kept her right on the edge. Finally Tammy collapsed back in other couch, breathing heavily from the exertion. The room was eerily quiet as everyone was mesmerized by Tammy's performance. It didn't take long though for the buzz to start anew though. Mary Beth got up from and took off her clothes. Her face was still wet from Tammy's pussy but she made no effort to wipe any of it off. When she was naked she straddled Tammy who was still laying back on the couch, feeling the aftershocks of her orgasm. Tammy moved up until her pussy was in Tammy's face. Tammy smiled and started to lick Mary Beth as Mary Beth moved her hips around Tammy's face. Mary Beth rubbed her breast as she rode Tammy's face. Tammy's legs were still spread open and you could see her open pussy which was still wet from her orgasm.

After a while Mary Beth turned around and leaned over as the two of them assumed a hot 69 position. Mary Beth's ass was poking upward and I thought what a shame it wasn't getting more attention!

## 5. I Join In With Tammy & Mary Beth

As I stood there watching them I could feel myself getting warmer and it wasn't the room temperature that was doing it. As I watched I cupped one of my boobs in my hand and started to rub it without even thinking about it. The two of the looked so hot and I was reminded of all the times I watched my mom and aunt in this position - only these girls were twenty years younger!

As always it felt good to rub myself and my nipples were getting harder. I was lost in a big crowd so I reached down and undid my jeans, lowering the zipper an inch or so to loosen them up. The jeans were so tight that there was no chance of them falling down. With so many people pushed up tight against me, nobody could see me very easily so I let the spaghetti strap on my right shoulder fall to my arm so just my bra strap was showing. The tank top was so tight it didn't really need the strap anyway. I let the bottom ride up to expose more of my flat belly. It felt really hot to be in the middle of a crowd and half-undress myself! Everyone's eyes were stilled riveted on my friends as they stayed in their 69 position on the couch.

I was getting more turned on by the minute and finally couldn't take it anymore. I've always loved be watched so I figured what better opportunity! I moved out from the crowd up to the girls. Mary Beth looked up at me and smiled.

"Mind if I join in?" I asked with a seductive smile.

Mary Beth stopped licking Tammy long enough to say, "Oh my god Kelly, we thought you would never ask! Come on girl, take it off!"

Smiling seductively, I slipped off my tank top but left on my bra. I started to run my hands over Tammy, caressing her and fondling her ass. She was so smooth and warm! Tammy was looking up at me and smiled when she saw me playing with Mary Beth's ass. I started to lick her smooth butt and moved onto the couch to face her ass. I bent over more and started to lick her pussy along with Tammy, feeling my tongue alongside hers as we played with Mary Beth's wet pussy. I had one hand one each of her buttocks and was squeezing and toying with them. God she had an incredible ass!

As I was working on Mary Beth, I felt someone behind me undoing my bra and someone else pulling my panties and pants off. I glanced around and there were several guys with huge smiles on their face. They all laughed and said they were just trying to help! Oh well, I didn't really mind since I knew I was going to be naked sooner or later. The end result was that I was now nude along with my friends in front of twenty or more people. The three of us got down on the floor and went into a triangle with each of us licking a pussy. I could almost feel the stares of the crowd as they watched us licking each other.

## 6. Choosing a Dick

Someone yelled out, asking who wanted to be fucked first. Mary Beth just laughed and answered for us. "Sorry guys, just girls for the two of us." Then she pointed at me, "Now Kelly is a different story but you'll have to convince her you're sponge-worthy!"

I couldn't believe she said that! Basically she just invited them to fuck me! It really wasn't a problem as I was so horny by then I wanted it anyway but still, it felt strange being volunteered like that. Oh well, a hard cock was just the thing I really needed about then so I wasn't going to complain if one appeared. Everyone started to cheer and yell, urging me to fuck someone. I stood up in front of them, naked and my face covered with pussy juice. It felt so wild to stand there like that, totally nude and having all those guys looking at me, each of them dying to fuck me.

"Well, who wants to fuck me?" I called out. Naturally everyone raised their hands so I just laughed. "If you really do then show me your cock so I can pick out the best one."

Normally cock size and look wasn't a big thing for me but tonight was different. If I was going to be fucked in front of all these people then at least I was going to have a big cock for my trouble. Six guys came forward and started to unzip their pants. Well, they weren't going to get off that easy!

"Not so fast!" I scolded them, "I want nudity, total depravity. Strip it all off if you want to be in the running."

A couple of guys weren't too sure about it and moved back leaving four guys. Sure enough, they stripped and in just seconds I had four naked guys standing in front of me, their limp cocks hanging down waiting for me. I'd figured that anyone willing to strip in front of everyone would be built pretty well and they didn't disappoint me. All four were hunks - athletic looking and all had nice looking cocks. I paced back and forth in front of them.

"Wow, this is a tough decision. I guess I'll just have to sample the selection in order to make a choice!"

I knelt in front of the first guy and took his cock in my mouth. Now I hadn't had a cock in my mouth for almost two months and damn, it tasted so good! I sucked on it for a few minutes and it quickly hardened. I could've sucked it a lot longer but there were more to try. Moving to the next two, each of them also had great tasting cocks and I was loving the taste of them. So far I would have said the first three were better than average in terms of size and taste and any one of them would have been OK with me so I was wondering how I was going to choose just one.

When I got to Number Four, he was still soft and so I easily took him all in my mouth. I love the feel of a soft cock when I start sucking a guy, then have it harden in my mouth as I get him off. There is just something about knowing that I can have that kind of effect on a guy that makes me feel so hot and sexy inside. Well, he started to harden quickly and I was amazed and thrilled - my God he was getting huge! I'd never seen a cock grow that much before! I looked up and he was smiling, obviously he knew what he was packing and he realized I was loving it.

## 7. Fucked By a HUGE Dick In Front of Everyone

I stood up and grabbed his still growing cock with my hand. I told the others I was sorry but this guy was the one for me and I led him over to the couch using his cock like a leash. He started to tell me his name and such but I just put my finger to his mouth and told him to be quiet. Honestly I did not want to know his name. I had no intention of ever seeing him again and the less I knew about him personally the better. Besides, being fucked by a total stranger was so erotic and when you add on top of it an audience, well I was so horny I could barely stand it!

He sat down on the couch and I laid to the side of him facing outward to the group that was watching. I positioned myself over his crotch and went back to work on what was now the biggest cock I'd ever sucked. It was maybe twice as thick as any cock I'd ever had but it was the overall length that was incredible. To think that I thought one guys was big once when I used two hands on him but this guy needed a third!

I went down on him and with each stroke into my mouth I tried to take more of him in me. Just getting him into my mouth was a feat as I had to open so wide to allow him in. By the time I felt the big head tickle the back of my throat I still had several inches to go! There was no stopping now so I decided to go for it and pushed my head down farther onto him. For a moment I thought I would gag but then as his cock went down my throat the reaction went away and it was like I was swallowing his cock.

My face finally bottomed out against the base of his cock and his thick hair covered my face. I turned my head from side to side around his cock, twisting him in my mouth and throat. I could hear him groaning and the crowd was cheering me on. I raised my head and let him slowly come out of my mouth until my lips barely held onto the head. I licked the tip of his cock with my tongue as I help him with my lips, making his cock quiver. Then I went down on him again, once again taking all him in my mouth. I didn't feel the gagging sensation this time so I began to move up and down his cock, feeling his cock sliding up and down my throat. It must have felt like he was fucking my pussy with his cock squeezing its way into my throat!

As I deep-throated his cock I used my free hand to play with his balls, gently fondling them and running my fingers through the thick hair the surrounded them. He had a thick bush of pubic hair which was not trimmed in the least. His whole crotch had a deep and strong odor to it, the odor of a man, an odor I loved to smell later on my hands after I'd touched a man. I loved smelling it on another woman, knowing it meant she'd recently been with a man, at least touching him and probably more. My mother could always smell it on me when I came home from a date and she would take my hands to her face and breathe in the musky odor as she imagined what I'd been doing with the boy I was dating. Of course I filled her in on all the details later.

I looked down on the floor where Mary Beth and Tammy were still having fun. They were sitting down facing each other, the legs intertwined and pussies grinding together. They were each playing with themselves and they looked so hot! Someone handed Tammy a long double dildo and told her to have a good time. Mary Beth smiled as Tammy thanked him and they went to work on it. The dildo was about eighteen inches long and somehow they had virtually all of it in between the two of them. From the looks on their faces they were enjoying it immensely!

I saw Tammy look up to me just as I had this huge cock down my throat as far as it would go. She pointed to me and Mary Beth turned to watch. He mouth dropped open as she watched me slowly let his cock out of my mouth, letting her see his huge cock appear inch by inch and realize that I had managed to take him all in my mouth.

In the meantime my guy was getting off from the blowjob I was giving him but I wanted to make sure he fucked me before he came. I've been fucked by a lot of cocks and I've always said that size doesn't matter BUT in this case the size of his cock was all I could think about! There was no way I was going to miss finding out how it felt to have such a huge cock inside of me so I stopped sucking him and got up off the couch.

Straddling him on my knees, I squatted down to meet up with his waiting cock. My pussy was soaking wet from playing with myself before so I assumed there would be no problem with him getting in me but when his massive hard head first began to force its way into me I almost screamed. It felt like I was being split apart! I held myself there for a while, letting the initial pain turn to pleasure as my pussy responded to the touch of his cock.

With my pussy tingling I once again started to lower myself down onto him and inch by incredible inch his big cock slowly disappeared inside of me. As he entered me I leaned forward towards him to be sure everyone was getting a good view of his cock as it violated my little pussy. God he was huge! I could feel him filling my pussy like no other man ever had ever even come close to doing. It seemed I would never reach the end of it as I kept going lower and lower and his cock filled me up even more.

Just as I was wondering if I could take any more I felt my bare ass hit his lap and his pubic hair tickled my butt. At first I literally sat down on his lap, letting the weight of my body push down and press him into me. Then I wiggled my hips to grind him into me even farther, trying to take every bit of him in as far as I could. I just couldn't help but continue to be amazed at how big he was! I raised myself up again and slowly allowed him to come out of me until just his head was inside. The sensations inside of me were overwhelming as his head hit all the pleasure points in that sensitive region just inside my pussy.

Then I started to rise up and down on him, letting his cock fuck me. I loved being in control like this where I could determine the speed and the depth that his cock went in and out of me. Sometimes I went slow and others it was as fast as I could go. I enjoyed slamming down on him hard, literally letting myself drop down onto his lap to drive his cock deep inside of me and feeling my ass bounce on his crotch and hips.

Finally I just rested, sitting on his cock and letting his suck my boobs. I looked down and could see the base of his cock against my pussy. I could barely see his shaft but it almost scared me to see how wide he was and how much he spread my pussy apart. It looked like I was sitting on a small tree trunk!

Eventually I got off of him and I got on my knees facing the back of the couch with my ass up and waiting for him. He spread my butt cheeks apart and fingered my wet pussy for a few minutes. The he held his cock and directed it once again into my waiting pussy, Even though my pussy was stretched out a bit from the first time he was in me, it was still a shock to feel such a monster cock entering me.

This time he as controlling things so I had to take it as he gave it to me and he wasn't nearly as patient as I'd been. As soon as his head was into me he rammed himself forward, thrusting into me as deep and as far as he could. God, I thought my eyes were going to pop out! It was like all of a sudden my pussy just swelled up and was filled with this giant hot organ that reached way up into me. I could feel his cock in my pussy touching where no other cock had gone before.

His friends were cheering him on, telling him to fuck me harder and faster. Well, he listened to them and I got the fucking of my life. He would pull out of me until he just cleared my pussy and then slam himself all the way to the hilt in one fast thrust. Over and over he fucked me like that, just beating my pussy with his massive cock. It should've hurt but instead I was getting ready for an unbelievable orgasm. He grabbed my hair and pulled it back like he was riding a horse.

I moaned from the wonderful pleasure of his cock fucking me and started to rock in time with his thrusts, meeting him as he banged into me and helping to pull away as he withdrew. It must have been during a time like this that someone coined the phrase "banging" for fucking because we would ram into each other and my body would shudder from the impact.

Then I felt it, that incredible and unbelievable sensation I feel when my body is about to reach an orgasm. My pussy may have been the focal point up until now but suddenly my entire body was awash with pleasure and lust. I gasped and groaned as wave after wave of pleasure broke over me like waves on a surfer beach. I cried out to him, not carrying what anyone saw or heard. "Oh hell yes, fuck me. God I'm cumming... Fuck me harder!"

Frankly, I don't know how anyone could fuck me harder than he was right then but he tried. I was almost knocked off my hands and knees as he rammed into me even harder than before, literally lifting my up with his cock in my pussy as he slammed into me. I could feel myself entering what I call my "pleasure zone", a state of mind I only have during sex when I reach that magical moment called an orgasm. When I am there I forget who I am and where I am. All I can think about it the feeling inside of me, bursting from me making me tingle from head to toe. My pussy gushed with cum and it washed over his massive cock and dripped to the floor.

This was what I lived for, why I loved sex so much. I could bring myself to a milder version by masturbating or being licked by someone else but the best was always when I was being fucked, when a man's cock was inside of me, when I am physically joined with another person, sharing my body with him, being one with him for that brief moment of lust and pleasure. At this moment I knew I was experiencing one of the best I'd ever felt and I moaned loudly as I floated through my very own personal sexual pleasure zone.

Unbelievable he SYILL didn't cum so when my orgasm finally died down to a manageable level he flipped me over and entered me once again. Although I love being on top and getting fucked like a dog, being on my back with him between my legs is my favorite position for watching a man fuck me. I couldn't take my eyes off my crotch as I had this incredible view of his giant cock moving in and out of my tight teenage pussy.

He was stroking as fast as he could now and I knew he was about to cum. Usually my favorite place for a man to cum was in me and with his cock so far inside already I knew it would have been a massive load that he would release deep in my pussy. Today though was different as we had an audience and I wanted to tease them and turn them on by sucking him to a climax and swallowing his cum for them all to watch.

"Cum in my mouth, let everyone see your cum," I pleaded like some college slut.

He didn't answer but apparently heard me as he pulled out of me and moved back a bit, just enough for me to slide down and kneel in front of him like I was worshiping at the altar of his dick. Without a second's hesitation I sucked that wonderful cock and I could feel it swelling just a bit more as he was about to shoot his load all over me.

I opened my mouth wide as he stroked his cock a few inches in front of my face. He leaned his head back and groaned as he finally came, shooting a huge load of cum into my mouth. He was still a ways away from my mouth so even though he hit it with the opening salvo, the next few were not as accurate and splattered all over my face. He kept cumming and cumming, shooting load after load onto either my tongue or face. I could taste his cum on my tongue and wanted all I could get. Some of it dripped down my chin and fell onto my boobs.

After he had finished I stood up with my face covered with his cum and stuck out my tongue for him to see his cum on it. Then I swallowed what cum I had in my mouth and opened my mouth again to show him that it was all gone. Then I kneeled down again and sucked his cock, drawing every drop of cum from him I could get as he slowly softened in my mouth. I used his cock to wipe the cum on my face into my mouth and swallowed every bit I could get.

As I finished him off I noticed everyone was cheering. Mary Beth and Tammy were on the floor clapping along with them. I laid back on the couch as the guy got himself dressed. All his friends were patting him on the back and congratulating him on how he had fucked me. I can't say he didn't deserve the accolades as he had indeed fucked me better than ninety percent of the men who'd ever fucked me.

## 8. The End of the Party

Tammy came over to me and kissed me. Then she licked the remaining cum from my face.

"Hey, I thought you didn't like men?" I asked with a grin.

Tammy laughed saying, "That's right, I DON'T like guys but I never said I didn't like their cum!"

Mary Beth was licking my pussy now. I could just imagine how I must taste now after cumming so hard with his cock in me. After getting a good sample she also sat next to me and the three of us just laid back in each other's arms, forgetting about the crowd and just thinking about each other. A few guys and even a couple of girls tried to get something going but we just shook our heads and said we had enough for the time being.

After a while I picked my tank top off the floor and put it back on. My jeans and underwear were on a chair so I just left them there for the moment. I walked into the kitchen to get another can of Diet Coke. The guys in there just stared at me as I went around them completely bare-assed and with nipples as hard as rock poking through my thin tank top. I just smiled at them, knowing that they were all dreaming of fucking me like that guy had just done.

It made me feel horny to imagine them all in a few hours back in their rooms, masturbating as they remembered how they had watched me being fucked so good in front of them. I was sure when they came in their hands that they would be fantasizing that their cocks were in me instead. I felt so incredibly sexy at the thought of being the object of their desire, an unattainable object since I would never let such dorks touch me but a nice fantasy nonetheless.

As I made my way back to the living room I ran into the guy who had just fucked me. He had a huge grin and thanked me for the incredible sex. He asked if I wanted to get together again sometime and I just shook my head and gave him a kiss. His hand started to wander to my pussy so I pushed it away and told him that playtime was over. He looked disappointed but I hoped he realized that for me it was all about the sex, not him.

On the way home the three of us sat in the front seat of the car together with me in the middle - no back seat this time! Tammy was the first to speak up. "Damn Kelly, we never knew you were such a naughty little slut.! What happened to little miss innocent and conservative?"

I laughed a bit and playfully grabbed her boob. "Trust me, you have NO idea who I am away from school. "

Mary Beth's eyebrows raised a bit at that one. "Oh really Kelly," she said in a curious tone.

I think she wanted to follow up on that one, someone sensing that there was a lot more than just tales of fucking boyfriends but for now she let it go. "You've done a great job of hiding it although frankly there were a couple of times I wondered about you and Brenda. She use to look at you in a certain way that wasn't exactly platonic!"

"Well," I replied, "Hopefully we can have lots more fun like we did tonight. I just have to be sure nothing gets around school because I really do want to graduate from here!"

Tammy replied to that one. "Don't worry Kelly, I know that Mary Beth and I probably say too much at school but we'll keep quiet about you. Only one thing though - you have to join us more often - and we don't mean at parties either."

Well, this was fine with me. Unlike me, they had been able to get into one of the school apartments this year. They shared it with four other girls but it still beat the daylights out of living in the dorm.

## 9. The Morning After

When I got back Karen was sound asleep. I undressed and took a shower. I knew I smelled heavily of sex and I didn't want Karen to get any more ideas about me than she already had. Although it was late and I was exhausted, I couldn't get to sleep at first. As I laid in bed my pussy tingled as I recalled all that had happened in the past few hours. I finally fell asleep with my hand between my legs, dreaming of a wonderful cock and the cheers of the crowd as he fucked me with it.

The next morning I woke up and the sun was brightly shining telling me I had slept in far later than usual. It was a Saturday so I didn't care. Karen must have already gone out so I was alone in my room. I started to get out of bed but as I moved I felt this sensation between my legs and I knew I was not going to get out of bed without first taking care of the lust that had built up in me since coming to bed.

I started to masturbate and I was able to make myself cum literally in a few minutes I was so horny. It was nothing like the massive orgasm I experienced the night before but it did the trick for the moment. I'd just finished doing myself when the door opened and in walked Karen.

"Have a good time last night Kelly?" she asked, "You got in REALLY late. Ummmmm, are you OK? You look a bit flushed."

By now I knew Karen well enough to realize she was not being nosy or anything but that she was really concerned about me. All the same, I knew I could never tell her what I'd done the night before as her sensibilities would have been shaken to the core! I think in some small way she sensed we were different in our views on sex, more than even what little we'd discussed at times. She knew I wasn't a virgin like she was but I never told her about the majority of my relationships and certainly nothing about sex with my parents and girlfriends.

As for being flushed, Karen didn't masturbate and although I wondered if she had any idea what she was missing, I still didn't make a big deal about it and certainly never let her see me doing it.

"I'm fine Karen. We all sat around for a long time and forgot about the time. How was your night?"

With that we started talking about "normal" things and I was left to reminisce about that events of the last evening. I was thrilled to have two new friends that I could have "fun" with from now on. I had a feeling I would be seeing a lot more of Tammy and Mary Beth in the future!

white panties. Karen had a spectacular figure and it was hard to believe that she was still a virgin.

I smiled at the view of her panties. God, she must have had a hundred pairs of them, every one of them exactly the same. Maybe there was a sale at Sam's Club. They reminded me of the ones I use to wear when I was six years old. The only time she wasn't wearing them was when she took them off just before her shower and then they were back on as soon as she had dried herself off.

Looking at Karen, I recalled my freshman days with my previous roomie Brenda. Rather than waking up all alone as I had this morning, back then I would wake up with her warm naked body pressed tightly against mine in the tiny twin bed we shared. Brenda had been the first girl I'd had sex with so she would always have a special place in my heart. Yes, technically she wasn't my first lesbian experience but I don't count sex with your mom and aunt as my "first" time.

Sighing softly, I found myself wishing that I could do the same with Karen right now. My horny mind somehow twisted everything together until I was fantasizing about my dad fucking me in my bed as Karen slept until finally Karen woke up and watched us, getting turned on until finally her resolve broke down. In my fantasy she begged my dad to take her virginity as I kissed her breasts and fondled her, guiding my dad's erection into her virgin pussy.

As the fantasy deepened my hand slipped between my legs and I started fingering myself with two fingers while I used the palm of my hand to rub up against my clit. God I couldn't believe how I was! Image after image, each naughtier than the one before, flashed through my mind as I masturbated harder and harder.

A low moan left my lips as I vividly recalled the very first time my dad fucked me, remembering how unbelievable it felt to have my father's cock splitting my pussy apart and forcing its way inside of me. Of course he wasn't my first by any means - THAT ship had sailed years earlier, but it was SO special all the same. Then dreams of my first blow job back when I was fourteen danced through my mind; memories of me kneeling in that dark movie theater tasting a sixteen year-old boy's cock for the very first time. Mmmmmmm, it was my first mouthful of cum and I could almost taste it again and the unique feeling as it pooled on my tongue.

My slippery fingers were now deep inside of me, as far in as I could reach, rubbing against the walls of my pussy and stimulating me in such a mind-boggling way. It was all I could do not to cry out and wake Karen so I could plead with her to join me in bed and we could fuck each other. Then there were visions of watching my aunt and cousin in bed together, loving each other as only a mother and daughter can, licking each other's pussy in a 69 and then cumming together in a frenzy of lust and desire.

Oh yeah, I felt myself cumming as the room disappeared in a blur of sexual haze. My eyes lost their focus as waves of pure pleasure rolled through me like monster breakers on a surfer beach. I felt almost stunned by the first wave as my back arched while I pressed my hand tightly against my crotch and clit. God, if only my dad were here now, cumming in me as I rode this train of sexual decadence, oblivious to anything else but the indescribable feelings emanating from my pussy and spreading all over my body. Goose bumps arose all over me as my very toes tingled.

Finally after what seemed hours but what could only have been minutes, I relaxed and just laid back in my bed. Aftershocks from my orgasm periodically bubbled up and gave me yet another twinge. Taking my wet hand from my pussy, I brought it to my mouth and tasted myself by first licking my fingers and then sucking on them one by one. Damn I tasted so good, especially as I'd just cum.

As I sucked on my musky-sweet smelling fingers I saw that Karen was starting to wake up. She quickly pulled her nightshirt down and gave me a look as if to see if I'd noticed how high it had ridden up. Needless to say I pretended to be all innocent so she gathered her stuff for the bathroom and disappeared without a word. It left me alone to finally get out of bed and try to get all these sexual fantasies purged from my mind long enough to dress and get to class.

## 2. Starting Out on the Road

Classes never seemed to last so long as they did that day but finally I found myself waiting in the dorm lounge, watching out the windows for them to arrive. Right on time a big black Lexus SUV pulled up and I recognized my dad in the driver's seat. My heart racing, I ran out to greet them as the doors opened and my parents got out to greet me. I hugged them both and we got back in as my dad grabbed my suitcase from the lounge and put it in back.

I got in the back seat and surprise, surprise - who was there but Kristen! What a pleasant surprise is was to see my favorite cousin. Kristen was seventeen and a senior in high school. Her mom had divorced when she was young and since then the two of them spent most of their time at our house making her more of a sister to me

me like a lovely princess though, and he was always a gentleman to me. After all the jerks I've known I have to admit there was something nice to say for that. What was most fascinating about him to me was that he was the first guy I'd ever dated that I did NOT have some form of sex with during the first date - let alone three weeks into the relationship. Heck, wasn't it almost obligatory these days to at least blow a guy on the first date?

## 3. Kristen Starts to Play

As she listened to me Kristen scooted over next to me and then reached over to put her hand on my leg. I hadn't had time to change after class so I was still wearing my school outfit meaning my skirt hung well below my knees. That didn't deter Kristen as she simply pulled it up until it was up to my waist, exposing my panties. Typically I didn't wear them but this morning I'd been so horny and wet that I figured I'd better wear some so I wouldn't leave a wet mark on my skirt while sitting in class.

I looked over at her and she smiled at me and gave me a wink. I continued on with my story as she moved her hand up along my smooth inner thigh and then finally slowly worked her way to my crotch until the side of her hand was pressing against my pussy through my thin panties. Looking down and seeing her hand between my legs made me feel even hornier than I was after describing my recent extracurricular activities at school.

"Gosh Kelly, you mean you're dating a guy without having sex with him? I hope this doesn't mean you're turning into some sort of prude now Kelly," Kristen teased, "I thought college was where people let themselves loose, not get more conservative! Do I have to make any changes in my plans for this weekend?"

I spread my legs even wider apart to give her easier access to me and reached over to kiss her. When our mouths met she immediately pressed her hand tighter against my crotch as I felt the passion in her lips. Our tongues played and she sucked on my mouth, licking and kissing me. Kissing Kristen was more like kissing a boy for me than the way I felt kissing my parents. There was more lust and desire for sex than love and passion as her warm lips met mine. That's not to say I didn't love kissing her, just that it was different for me.

"Well cuz," I asked as we parted briefly, "I hope THAT answers your question."

"Mmmmmmm," Kristen murmured, "Exactly the answer I was hoping for."

touched my bare pussy. I was already a bit wet from the excitement and her previous touches and she started to rub my clit with her index finger.

"Oh god Kristen," I moaned, "I missed you so much!! Damn I dreamed so many times of feeling you against me like this!"

I reached around her and ran my fingers down the crack of her smooth ass until I parted her damp pussy lips. She was wet with excitement and my finger easily slid into her warm hole. Her body stiffened as I pressed my middle finger deeper into her tiny wet pussy.

Evidently my mom had appointed herself as director of our little show. As she watched she started telling us what she wanted us to do. "That's it girls, you two look so beautiful together, what do you think John... have you ever seen such a gorgeous pair of sexy girls before?"

My dad stole a peek at us through the mirror. "Damn Mary, I can't wait to get home now!" he laughed.

"OK Kelly, turn around. Let's see if you two can remember how to 69," my mom instructed me.

Rather than be annoyed at her interference, I was only too happy to follow her instructions. Needless to say I didn't need any reminders on what to do as I laid on my back while Kristen turned around and positioned her pretty pussy over my face. I could smell her sexuality and couldn't wait to drink from the source of that strong odor.

Suddenly I felt her tongue on my bare pussy and I wanted to jump right off the seat. Kristen wasn't wasting any time and had immediately started to lick little circles around my clit. I reached up and took one of her buttocks in each of my hands, pulling her down to my waiting face and tongue. My tongue reached out and licked her slit as she lowered herself into position over my face. She pressed her fuzzy pussy against me, swiveling her hips to tickle my face. My tongue reached in and found her clit and I felt her jump as my tongue flickered over it. Then I took her clit between my teeth, gently pulling it and sucking it. Damn her pussy tasted so sweet, I wanted to lick her forever!

I pressed my legs together so lightly hold Kristen's head between my legs. She reached around and spread my pussy lips apart with her hands, exposing my pussy hole for her to find with her talented tongue. I ran my hands all her, touching every part of her soft body that I could reach, trying to concentrate on licking her pussy even as she was doing so well making mine sing.

I heard Kristen moaning even as she licked me as she began to push her pussy against my mouth rhythmically, as if a cock was fucking her instead of my tongue. I knew what this meant from many a past experience with her - Kristen was about to cum. The thought of that was the last thing I needed as well and I could feel my orgasm building in me and exploding just as hers did. Our bodies tensed and we buried our faces in each other's pussies, pulling each other tighter into our mouths as each of us felt an incredible rush of pleasure surge through our bodies. It wasn't often that we were able to bring ourselves to this point together and I loved sharing my orgasm with hers.

Kristen stopped licking me and then started up again in a different spot, keeping me right at the precipice, right at the very edge, for what seemed eternity. I could feel the warmth of my face, all flushed from the hot blood racing through me. I noticed that even Kristen's cute ass had goose bumps so I knew she must be feeling pretty good about now also.

Between tasting Kristen's young pussy as she came and the rush of my own orgasm as her tongue continued to play with me I'd totally lost track of my parents but they definitely hadn't lost interest in us.

Somehow I was able to hear my mom's voice encouraging us as she said, "That's it girls, don't stop. You both look so beautiful and sexy. Oh John, isn't it wonderful to see them back together again?"

Kristen let my dad's thick cock slip from her mouth and she smiled up at him as she licked her lips. My dad took his finger out of her ass and she sat back against the door, her thin legs spread wide apart obscenely and her hand tight on her pussy to keep herself on her sexual high. She stayed there as my dad got ready to fucked me, watching me as I prepared to accept my dad as she masturbated. I knew she would cum at least another couple of times based on all the times over the years I'd watched her!

I leaned back and looked into my dad's eyes. What I saw made me terribly excited. He eyes were penetrating into me, looking into me with a gaze that expressed his pure lust for me at that moment. I knew then that nothing was going to stop what was going to happen next, that nobody could say anything that would change his intentions or actions. Yes, my dad was going to fuck me and there wasn't a damn thing I could do or say about it anymore.

Of course none of that was a problem as it's not like I didn't WANT him to do me! I loved moments like this when we were just about to fuck. It was times like this that I cherished; when I knew I'd driven my dad to the edge, to the point where he no longer viewed me as his little girl or his only daughter. He looked at me now as a sexy, vivacious woman that he simply wanted so badly to have sex with that he could think of nothing else but putting his cock in my pussy.

I'd never in all the time we had been having sex tried to stop him once he reached this point. Sometimes it scared me just a little bit when I realized deep inside that even if I did ask him to stop that he wouldn't, that he couldn't stop, that he had an almost animal need inside of him to fuck me. Was this the look a woman saw in the eyes of a rapist, when she knew that nothing in the world could save her from her fate?

None of that really mattered as I wanted him to fuck me just as bad as he did. There was nobody else in my life that I loved to be fucked more by then my dad. Indeed, I loved it that he wanted me this badly, that I could please him so much by giving myself to him, by giving my body to my father to do whatever he wanted. All this went through my mind in what seemed to be a split second as I realized it was time for my father to fuck me.

I straddled his lap and pressed my boobs into his face. He sucked my nipples and an almost electric shock ran through my chest. He grabbed me by the hips and slowly pressed me down onto his cock as I held him with one hand and guided him into my swollen waiting pussy. It was almost two months since he'd last fucked me

"Oh my god, daddy," I groaned, "I love being fucked by you. I want so bad to make you happy."

My dad couldn't even respond, he just grabbed me by the waist and pushed me down harder on his cock, trying to get every last bit of him into me. I could feel his fingers on my ass, squeezing me as he lifted his hips up to meet me.

I raised myself up until he was barely inside of me and then slowly dropped down again. God he felt so big in me! When he came out of me my cunt felt so empty, so hungry. I moved faster and faster, to the point where once I was up on his cock I would just drop down onto his lap, driving his cock into me fast and hard.

"That's it Kelly," suddenly my mom said, "Fuck that cock. Fuck your dad for me, show me what a naughty daughter you are."

My mom was getting really hot watching us and she pulling down her jeans so she could better help herself out. My mom didn't shave and only trimmed the edges of her pussy enough to be presentable in a bikini. I loved seeing her thick bush of pubic hair. While she shaved it enough not to stick out of the edges of her bikini, it still helped to form a nice bulge in her bikini bottoms which was sexy (to me at least).

My mom was rubbing herself furiously as she watched her husband and daughter having furious sex like two animals. Having watched her many times before, I knew she could take care of her needs quite nicely and it wasn't long before she proved me right, cumming hard in the front seat of the SUV.

Kristen was watching my mom as well and finally she must have decided there was a better opportunity than just doing herself. She moved up to the front seat and got on the passenger side floor where she started licking my mom's hairy pussy. My mother grabbed her by the head, pulling her tighter into her crotch, moaning loudly as Kristen brought her to another orgasm almost immediately.

In the meantime my dad picked me up and put me on the seat next to him. He turned me around and I knew what he wanted so I got on my knees on the seat and faced the back of the truck with my ass and sopping wet pussy facing him. My horny father held his swollen cock and directed it to my pussy where it easily slid in and quickly pushed it in all the way to the hilt until I felt his hairy crotch pressing against my ass. He grabbed me by the hips and pushed/pulled me in time with his thrusts, driving me hard against him and then out as far as he could without completely leaving my pussy. I could hear his body slapping against my ass as he literally banged me.

"Yes daddy," I cried out," Fuck me hard, make me cum. Fuck me!"

And cum I did, unbelievably hard. I shuddered uncontrollably as waves of passion ran through me and I arched my head back as I moaned louder and louder with ecstasy.

"Oh god daddy... I'm cumming," I groaned.

Nothing in the world compares to that moment when an orgasm consumes me. I want to have that feeling as often as possible, I NEED to have it as often as possible. Whether that makes me addicted to sex, a nymphomaniac or whatever doesn't matter to me. All I know is I love it and especially when my dad brings me to it.

Well, daddy was ready to cum as well and I wanted him to cum in me soooooo badly. I'd been dreaming of his cock shooting his hot cum into me for weeks when I played with myself in bed at night and now it was about to really happen!

"Cum daddy," I begged him, "Cum in me now. Fuck your little girl. Mate me daddy!"

My dad's head arched back and a load groan escaped from him as he thrust himself deep into me and I felt his cock spasm inside of my cunt. Suddenly I felt a warmth blooming inside of me and I knew he was cumming in me. I loved the feel of his cum as he spurted load after load of it into me. Each time driving his cock as deep as he could into me.

"Oh God," he whispered hoarsely, "Oh my God!"

He had finally released his last shot of cum and he fell over onto me, driving me into the seat. I could feel his cock throbbing inside of me still as the feeling of heat from his cum died away.

"Damn Kelly," he whispered into my ear, "Have I ever told you that you're one hell of a fine fuck?"

I grinned. Of course had, dozens of times! I wiggled my ass enough to make his cock move around inside of me. He jerked as the motion of my pussy against his sensitive cock generated a final spasm of cum into me.

Finally my father withdrew himself from me and sat on the seat beside me. I sat in his lap, his still hard cock pressing against my butt. I put my arms around him and kissed him, a long passionate kiss putting all the love and emotion I had into it. I loved my daddy so much and I was so happy to be able to satisfy him this way.

"I love you daddy," I whispered to him softly.

"I love you too baby," he replied. "I could never ask for anything more from a daughter than what you give me. You are so beautiful, so sexy. Do you feel good?"

I could gather up a few personal things along with an outfit for the next day and then we all drove back to their house in her car.

"Well, it's finally girl's night out again," she said as she ordered out pizza, "Damn, how long's it been now anyway?

It wasn't until she mentioned it that I did some thinking an indeed, it HAD been a long time. It seemed when I was little that Kristen and I would have sleepovers all the time at each other's houses. Back then I didn't think twice when my aunt would tag along and have a sleepover of her own with my parents. Of course today it would have raised eyebrows when they all spent the night in the same bed but back then it was just one of those thing old people did and I didn't give it a second thought.

Then Aunt Linda smiled at me and her daughter saying, "What do you say we get out of these damn clothes and into something more comfy?"

Giggling like we were all little girls again, we headed upstairs to their bedroom to change. Kristen and her mom had been sleeping together since she was divorced many years before so it was the only bedroom with anything much in it. The spare bedroom was typically filled with whatever they didn't feel like putting away at the time and even had I wanted to sleep in there it would have taken a while to clear off the bed.

We all quickly stripped out of our clothes and for a moment the three of us were standing there naked in the middle of room. Damn, the sexual tension was so thick you could almost see it like a fog and I had a feeling that all it would've was just one word from any one of us and we could've spent the rest of the night without leaving the bedroom. As it was, we all knew that eventually that would happen anyway so why not take the opportunity to spend some time together first dressed in our favorite nightwear.

I'd grabbed my usual evening outfit before leaving the house - one of my dad's fresh dress shirts from his closet. Most nights I would pick one out for the evening (I never wore anything to bed) and even though he pretended to protest that I was wearing all his best shirts, I knew he really loved seeing me in them and probably thought about it on me the next time he wore it.

Kristen had selected a t-shirt from one of her high school sales that she liked to wear. It was old and faded, not to mention she'd outgrown it years ago. Even when she was standing up and tugged the hem down it only covered half her bare ass. Most of the time it rode up and left her totally exposed - not that any of us minded (especially my dad when she wore it at our house).

My aunt decided to be a little more stylish. She went to her "special" drawer and like a magician pulling the proverbial rabbit from his hat, she brought out a white sheer lace nightie sans panties. No surprise there as knowing the two of them I doubted there were many pairs of panties in the entire house other than some decorative ones for when they were worn to be seen.

After we finished changing I was a bit surprised when my aunt opened a bottle of wine while Kristen and I settled down on the living room floor in front of the TV. None of us were really big alcohol drinkers but I would sometimes have a small glass of wine with my parents. Believe it or not, I've never been drunk in my entire life which also means I've never experienced a hangover, not something I exactly have on my bucket list.

Just then the doorbell rang - pizza boy! We'd forgotten all about him and looking at ourselves we all laughed, joking about which of us should answer the door. Somewhere along the line I couldn't help but shake my head a bit at the obvious cliche - three half-naked horny women ordering out pizza. Sounded like something straight from a poorly-written porn movie. All we had to do now was tempt him inside and then tease him until he couldn't resist fucking all three of us.

Yeah right, like THAT was going to happen in real life!

Although I'm sure he would've loved seeing my aunt or cousin, we all agreed that I'd better pay him since I was the only one not displaying some portion of the female sexual anatomy. Like I said, this was NOT a porn movie and we really DID order pizza with the intention of eating the pizza - not the delivery boy.

Leaving the two of them on the floor, I got up and grabbed the cash from the table that my aunt had laid out after she ordered and answered the door. To my surprise, pizza "boy" was actually a girl - and a hot one at that! She looked about sixteen or seventeen with a cute ponytail poking out the back of her pizza cap. Her winter jacket hid her figure but she just had that naughty attitude that told you there was probably something worth seeing underneath.

For a moment we stood there, taking in each other and assessing the situation. Finally she smiled and she handed me the pizza. I gave her the money and told her to keep the change. The smile never left her face and I winked at her as I turned away with the pizza and shut the door with my foot behind me. In my mind I filed it away as a possibility for a future adventure, imagining seducing the pizza GIRL!

Kristen got up and joined me as we took a seat next to each other on the couch while my Aunt plopped down on a large beanbag pillow on the floor in front of us. We quickly disposed of the pizza along with a full glass of wine each, giggling and laughing as we made up stories about what we could have done had we invited pizza girl inside. Trust me, none of the "payment" schemes involved cash.

## 2. Watching Kristen's Home Videos

As we cleaned up the pizza crumbs my aunt went over to a cabinet where they kept their video collection.

"Hey Kelly," my aunt, said as she turned to face us, "Want to watch a DVD your dad helped me make? He took a bunch of home videos of your cousin here and transferred them to the DVD. He got quite creative for an old goat."

"Sure!" I said. Hmmmmmm, now THIS sounded promising!

From the way she sat upright and her ears perked almost like my Yorkie's did when she was alerted, Kristen evidently wasn't aware of any such DVD.

"Mom!" she exclaimed, "You never showed this to me! There better not be anything embarrassing like those baby pictures he did that one time."

"I know sweetie," her mom assured her, "I just got it back from him a couple of days ago and haven't seen it yet myself. I just thought I would save it for when Kelly was back home since it would just be a few days. I'm sure it won't be a lot different from the others he's done of you so don't worry."

She was referring to the DVD "collector editions", as my dad like to call them. He'd bought some video editing program and now was constantly playing with the huge collection of videos he'd taken of us over the years since I was a little girl. Of course he hadn't captured EVEYY important moment for obvious reasons as he'd been the only there with us and he hadn't been exactly in a position to be filming. Still, it would have been nice to have captured such milestone moments as the first time we had sex and other times like that.

Aunt Linda put in the DVD and settled back in her big pillow. Kristen snuggled up next to me and I could feel the softness of her small breasts pressing against me. We'd always been snugglers, even back as little girls.

All I can say is that the DVD was awesome! It lasted about forty-five minutes and was basically a biography of Kristen's life, with a special emphasis on her growing sexuality. After all, my dad was the one who put it together so what would you expect?

Aunt Linda turned to look at us but I noticed her hand never left her crotch. "I wanted to surprise you Kristen. I showed this to Kelly's parents and you wouldn't believe how hot we all got watching you and Brian. Besides, you really don't mind - do you?"

Kristen giggled a bit. She was such a slut I knew what the answer was. "Of course not mom! Why didn't you just tell me? I would have loved being fucked by him knowing you were watching in the closet."

"I wanted to shoot it without you knowing," Aunt Linda answered. "I think it made it more natural than it would've been if you knew you were being taped."

Well, regardless of whether she knew or not, the entire scene was fantastic! Kristen was so petite, not even a hundred pounds, and the guy fucking her looked like a football player! Damn, Kristen was good! She grabbed the guy's huge cock and took it all - both in her mouth and her pussy. When he came it was like a horse - he pulled out and shot his cum all over her, splattering her boobs, face and hair. It was more cum than three guys would normally have and she wiped it off of her and licked it from her fingers.

God, I had to cum again at that point. Seeing my cousin with all that cum all over her and the way she was grinning was more than enough. I moaned and felt the sweet feeling of my orgasm ripple through me. I knew Kristen and Aunt Linda were watching me again, diddling themselves all the more seeing me make myself cum. My face and upper body felt so hot - I must have been flushed beet red from the feeling of it. My pussy gushed and soaked my dad's shirt which was still under me. God it felt so good!

Just when I thought I couldn't be surprised again, the next scene took my breath away - and Kristen's.

"Oh my god mom!" she gasped, "You didn't.... You taped us?"

It was easy to understand why she was shocked. It was one thing for her to DO it, but to film Kristen fucking a boy that looked like one she was babysitting was beyond erotic, it was insane!

"Is that..." I started to ask but Kristen cut in before I got it out.

"Yes... that's Billy the Pervert... god I can't believe this."

Talk about filling in the missing puzzle piece. Billy the pervert as she called him was the boy next door who loved to watch us as we walked in and out of the house. No wonder he stared at us and didn't seem to care that we noticed. Heck, he'd fucked my cousin!"

Aunt Linda opened her legs as Kristen buried her face in her pussy, her mom's thick pubic hair softly caressing her face. I kneeled in the bed and straddled her face, my hands holding onto the headboard of the bed. Aunt Linda's tongue was so long – longer than any other boy or girl I had known. She extended her tongue into my pussy hole and it felt like a little cock inside of me but it moved in ways no hard cock could ever dream of.

I'm very sensitive just inside of my pussy hole and I love it when a guy takes the time to let the head of his penetrating cock pause and stimulate me there. It was only a matter of minutes before my next orgasm was consuming me and I poured pussy cum onto my aunt's face. Kristen heard my cries of pleasure and paused briefly from her ministrations on her mom's pussy.

"Damn Kelly," she laughed, "Nothing like not wasting any time. Go girl!"

I humped my aunt's face like I was mounted on a cock, moving my hips up and down to rub my soaking wet pussy across her mouth and nose. I could hear my aunt lapping it up, licking up as much of me as she could. Her hands had been grabbing my butt the whole time and she squeezed my ass cheeks as I came, pulling me tighter to her face. I laid back down to the side of my aunt and caressed her hair and face. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning harder as her daughter licked her faster, tugging in her clit with her teeth.

"That's it Kristen," she groaned, "You're such a wonderful daughter! Make your mom cum."

My aunt's hips began to buck like a bronco as Kristen worked to keep her tongue in her mom's cunt. Aunt Linda's orgasm caused her to cry out loudly – I hoped that the neighbors were accustomed to hearing her cry out like this and didn't call the police thinking she was being raped or tortured! Damn but she was LOUD! In all the times I'd been with her sexually, I'd never known her to cry out like this.

"Fuck me!"

It was the most intense and longest orgasm I had ever seen my aunt have. In fact, nothing before even came close. I wanted some of her pussy cum so I moved down to join Kristen. The odor of my aunt's crotch was intense – full of sex and sweat. Kristen moved aside to let me in and I tasted her cum filled pussy. God it tasted so good!

I ran my tongue up and down her slit, rubbing over her incredibly sensitive clit each time and feeling her shudder with each touch. She was still cumming!! Her loud shouts had died down to a continuous series of moans and occasional exhortations to keep licking her, to keep her orgasm going.

Meanwhile, I felt someone pushing my legs apart and I opened them up to allow Kristen to eat my pussy while I continued eating her mom's. I couldn't help but jump when her lips grabbed my clit and then her tongue flickered over me, driving me up to yet another orgasm. As her mom came down from her incredible orgasm, I felt myself building to yet another and soon I was writhing with the wonderful sensations Kristen was responsible for giving me.

Kristen was masturbating again and I could see that she was cumming with me. I looked up and saw my aunt was watching her niece and daughter cumming again, this time with my head still planted between her legs, enjoying the feel and scent of her beautiful pussy.

When we were ready to move again, Kristen and I laid back in her mom's arms, our legs over her as we relaxed next to her, our heads resting against her ample boobs. My pussy was throbbing. The only thing that could possibly have made the moment better would have been to have a cock in me.

No matter how much I loved being with a girl, there was still something about the feel of a hard cock nestled inside my pussy to make me feel complete. When a guy was buried deep in me we were joined physically in a way no two girls can be, our bodies were connected in a way only a boy and girl can share.

I loved being with girls and never felt as emotionally satisfied with a guy as a girl could make me but when it came to sexual completeness, only a guy and his hard cock could do that for me. But as my aunt had said earlier, tonight was girls' night and somehow having a guy would just not have been right, no matter how much I was craving a cock at the moment.

Tonight was just me, my aunt and my cousin and I really couldn't ask for anything more. So many times I had laid in my dorm room bed dreaming of a night like this. I knew when I got back to school I would be masturbating a lot and that this night would be on my mind more than few times.

It was then that I remembered the camera! In all the emotion and lust I had forgotten completely about it. I smiled inwardly as I thought about how hot it was going to be to watch it later. I bet my dad was going to masturbate right then and there the first time he saw it! Well, so long as he let me have his cum when he did I wouldn't mind!

younger " as if Kristen needed any help in that department. Her driver's license might say she was seventeen but I think most people assumed she was a couple years younger when they first met her.

Today instead of heading to the mall, one of our favorite place for fun, we decided to visit my Dad's law office. With the holidays I knew there wouldn't be many people in so we figured it was too great of an opportunity to pass up. The best part was we knew that teasing would just be the beginning...

As we dressed up in our school girl outfits I picked up my panties and looked over at Kristen. She just smiled and shook her head so I put them back in the drawer. When we were done I took a good look at my cousin. God she looked so hot! For a moment I thought maybe we should just stay home and spend the afternoon in my room but then I thought of my dad and what I had planned for him. Needless to say I decided against staying home!

Bouncing down the stairs, my mother was waiting for us at the bottom as if she knew something was up. It was that eerie second sense that all mothers seem to be endowed with.

"And just where do the two of you sluts think you're going dressed like that!" she said, pretending to be stern with us, "Let me see under those skirts."

Kristen and I just grinned and giggled like the little school girls we were dressed up as. I was the one to answer mom's first question.

"Oh mom, we were just going to say hi to dad at the office."

Then we both turned around and raised our skirts, showing my mom our bare asses, then turning around to let her have a look at our shaved pussies. It was all in good fun and my mom couldn't help but laugh.

"Damn, girls!" mom exclaimed, then laughing she said, "You're gonna both be arrested for indecent exposure before you ever get there!"

Well, we had a plan for that. The weather was lousy so we wore long coats to hide our outfits. We would be riding the "T" (a small train) to get downtown and I had a funny feeling that the passengers would have been very interested in our outfits, especially since almost everyone riding the week is male.

# 2. Entering My Dad's Office

In any case, we got to his office building without any fanfare and checked in with the receptionist at the building entrance. She knew me of course but it was the first time Kristen had been there. She gave us visitor badges and we headed for the elevators. There was one waiting and empty so we quickly claimed it. As we were the only ones in the elevator I reached for Kristen and kissed her.

"Hey Kelly, do you think there's a camera in here watching us?" Kristen asked.

I smiled as I licked her neck and reached my hand under her skit. "I hope so," I replied, "Let's give the security dude something to remember."

Kristen leaned back in the corner of the elevator and opened her coat. I lifted her short skirt to expose her bare pussy. My hand reached between her thighs and I felt the warmth of her hot little pussy on my hand. I was pleased to find she was already wet, probably from spending the whole trip downtown dreaming about what we would soon be doing. Well, who was I to say anything" I was in the same condition for the same reason! I pressed up against her and felt my boobs pressing against hers. My nipples were already so hard that the feel of hers sent tingles all through me.

As we kissed I felt so horny thinking about some poor security guard watching us. I wondered if he was touching himself as he watched two teenagers kissing and feeling each other up in the "privacy" of the elevator! Well, I hope he had it all on video tape because his buddies would never believe him otherwise.

Once we got to his floor we first headed for the girls restroom to straighten ourselves out. We took off our coats, put on some last minute makeup, and brushed out each other's hair and then put the ponytails back in. I looked Kristen over and smiled. My dad was going to flip when he saw us! Putting our coats back on, we left the restroom and went down the hall to the suite where his firm was located.

After going through the double mahogany doors we stopped and said hello to Margerie, his personal secretary. There was an executive secretary as well who "ran" the office but fortunately she wasn't in today since she was a bit of a bitch, at least is far as I was concerned. I'd known Margerie since I was a little girl as she was the only secretary my dad had ever had since he started there. Dad said she was a great secretary and it didn't hurt she had the figure of a Playboy playmate which fooled many a pervert who didn't know the razor sharp mind she liked to pretend she didn't have. I knew my dad didn't mess around with other woman but I could not have really blamed him for losing his self-control with Margerie!

So anyway, she looked the two of us over with a critical eye and I knew she instantly figured out what was going on. My dad always said that nothing got by her and this time was no exception. Fortunately, another reason my dad loved Margerie was her discretion. This wasn't my first trip to Dad's office and it would've been impossible to hide what we did from her. As a result she was the only person outside our family that had even a notion of an idea that my dad was fucking his daughter but fortunately to paraphrase the Las Vegas ads, what happened in my dad's office stayed in my dad's office. Normally this applied to business deals but I knew from past experience that Margerie would never even mention today the next time I saw her.

Margerie buzzed my dad and told him we were here. He came out of his office with a look of surprise on his face as I hadn't told him that we would be coming in. A pleased expression quickly replaced it though, especially when he saw Kristen was with me. He told Margerie that he would be "busy" for the next hour or so and to not interrupt him for anything. With Margerie that meant only a SWAT team would make its way into my dad's office for the next hour and even they had better come in prepared!

## 3. Kristen Gets Things Started

My dad held the door to his office open for us and once we were in he closed it behind us, making sure it was securely locked. He took a seat on the couch in his office while Kristen and I moved next to each other's with our backs to the big windows that gave my dad's office a terrific view of the city. We looked at each other and then in unison we dropped our coats to reveal our outfits.

"Well Daddy," I said in my best little girl voice, "School's in session and we're ready for our lesson."

My dad may have been a father and uncle, but he was still a man so he couldn't help but stare at us. Our skirts were so short they really didn't do much to hide anything. Without our panties just any time we moved he got a glimpse of either our ass or pussy. The white shirts we wore were a couple of sizes too small, making them stretch so tight that I thought the few buttons we left done would burst if I took a deep breath. The material was so thin and light the brown outlines of our

Below me Kristen was working on my dad's pants, unbuckling first his belt and then unbuttoning the slacks. He raised himself up to help her slip them off and then he was sitting on the couch bare-assed, his hardened cock standing free and unencumbered for the two of us to look at and admire. No matter how many times I saw it I always felt a chill down my spine the first time he would reveal it to me, knowing it was ready and waiting to violate me. I knew it wanted penetrate me and eventually cum in me and I would tingle with the anticipation of it. No other cock can make me feel quite this way. After all, this cock was unique - it was my father's. This was the cock that had fucked my mom twenty years ago and now was ready to fuck the results - me.

Kristen took it in her tiny hand, barely able to get her hand around it when it was this big and swollen. She slowly stroked him, running her fingers up and down his magnificent shaft. I knew she was thinking of how deep it had been in her before and how badly she wanted to feel it in her that way again.

As the waves of sensual pleasure began to dampen in me and my orgasm faded I wanted more, I wanted my dad to fuck me. What I really wanted was for my dad to fuck me for the whole city to watch! I got off the couch and took his hand, pulling on it to signal him to get up with me. He looked at me curiously, not certain what I wanted.

"Come on daddy, get up," I pleaded, "I want you to fuck me by the window."

I could tell my dad wasn't quite sure about this but in the end, lust won him over and he let me pull him over to the huge window that overlooked the city and the surrounding buildings. I faced the window, leaning towards it while putting my hands against it. I spread my legs for him and looked over my shoulder, licking my lips seductively as he approached me.

My dad can take a hint and he came to me from behind, bending his knees so he could enter me from behind. His cock head pushed against my pussy hole and met little resistance. With a quick thrust he rammed himself into me, literally lifting me off the floor as his cock filled me and his crotch smacked my ass. Over and over he rammed himself into me. Each time pulling out until he was barely in me and then slamming himself deep inside of me again.

"Fuck her Uncle John!" I heard Kristen cheering my dad on and turned my head to see her laying back on the middle of his desk, her bare ass on his desktop calendar, leaking her pussy juices onto it.

looked across the street at the office windows or playing with myself as I watched Kristen being fucked by my dad.

"Damn I'm going to cum!" my dad cried out.

He was in me at the time and he pulled out of me, standing there as the two of us knelt before him. Our backs were to the windows as we took turns sucking his throbbing dick, each hoping to get the first shot of his cum.

"Oh my god," he said through gritted teeth, "Here it comes! Take this you little sluts!"

Suddenly I watched as his cock swelled noticeably and a stream of cum came shooting out. The first load hit me in the mouth and face, dripping down my cheek obscenely. Kristen pulled his cock toward her and was able to get the next load and the one after in her mouth, the cum pooling on her tongue.

My dad came several more times, this time on our beasts and I could feel it dripping down my belly as I tasted his salty cum in my mouth. God I loved the taste of my dad's cum! It was hard to believe it was the same cum that he left in my mom and which resulted in me being born. Boy, talk about the circle of life!

I looked out the window, unable to see into the dark offices across the street. I wondered if someone was cheering now for my dad as he came on us. In a voyeuristic way I hoped so. I imagined us as the topic of discussion for some time at some office full of horny old men!

I took my dad's expended cock in my mouth and sucked him gently. I felt him jump when my tongue touched a sensitive spot. As he slowly shrunk I could feel him softening in my mouth. Mmmmmmm it always felt good to have a guy's cock in my mouth when it shrank down after fucking me, knowing I had taken everything it had, that I had fulfilled the sexual desire that created it in the first place.

As the animal in my dad retreated and the loving father re-emerged, he looked around and then out the window, suddenly he realizing the potential for someone having seen us.

"My god!" he exclaimed as he looked out, "What if someone saw me fucking you""

"Don't worry daddy," I said, "I'm sure whoever did enjoyed the show and won't do anything to prevent it from happening again someday."

My dad just shook his head and then looked at his watch. "Oh great," he said, "I have a major client due here in five minutes. Come on girls, get dressed before I have to explain why my teenage daughter and niece are running around nude in my office!"

Kristen and I both giggled. I was already imagining the possibilities of how we could provide some extra "services" for my dad's client and knowing Kristen's perverted outlook on life I am sure similar thoughts were running through her head as well! But in reality we knew we had to get going so we quickly dressed. After all, how long can it take to zip a skirt and button a blouse?

I saw her hair was a mess and I figured mine was no better so I grabbed a brush out of my purse and did a quick once-over for each of us. There was nothing we could do about the flushed faces and glow I knew each of us had from the wonderful fucking we both had gotten.

My dad buzzed Margerie and asked her to bring in the papers for the incoming client. It was no surprise when she entered the office almost before he could hang up the phone with the file. She quickly pulled out a can of air freshener and sprayed the room liberally. I wondered why she did that when I suddenly imagined how the room must smell of our sex after an hour of non-stop fucking. Leave it to Margerie to come in prepared! She looked at Kristen and me and then to my surprise gave us a smile and a wink. She was really incredible!

When we left his office the clients were in the waiting room. A couple of balding old guys in their fifties, they looked at us a bit strange but we just giggled like airhead schoolgirls.

The trip back went by quickly and before I knew it we were at my house. We went bouncing into the house and our mothers were there in the kitchen having coffee together. We told them what we had done, with all the details. They were both turned on and my aunt said maybe they and my mom needed to do something like that for my dad someday. Now that would be something to see, my mom and her sister pretending to be schoolgirls for my dad to fuck at work.

Hmmmmmm, Margerie would really get a kick out of that one I'm sure!

# (Nov 27) Chapter 66: First Time With My Best Friend Beth

Story codes: FF MF F-solo oral
Me (19)
Beth - BFF (19)
John - my dad (40)

Beth has been my very best friend since we were little girls. Along the way we've shared some incredible experiences but when it came to sex, we weren't much different than most girls know. We talked about our boyfriends and what we did with them, sometimes maybe even playing with ourselves as we did, but there was never anything more than that. Last summer she introduced me to something new - sex parties. Still, while we both watched each other, we never did anything together. Was it time for best friends to cross that final boundary? Then there was my dad...

## 1. Best Friends Forever

OK, so my mom was right yet again, even though I hadn't believed her at the time. Still, I was amazed that after just a year and a half after I graduated from high school just how many of my old relationships had faded away. So many of the girls I'd been so concerned about in high school were now insignificant in my current life. I realized then that what my mom had told me back then was true; that I shouldn't be so concerned about everyone's opinions of me in high school. She correctly predicted that my real friends for life would develop in college and in my life afterwards and that only the most special of friends from my high school days would remain.

Beth was one of those special friends. We'd grown up together and I can't even remember when we were NOT friends. Like any two best friends, Beth and I shared our most intimate secrets, desires and gossip. She was one of the first I told about losing my virginity (the day after I told my mom) and I got a call from her just hours after she gave up hers. She was the first girl I masturbated with although I have to admit that SHE was the one to instigate it. There were even a few double dates where we would trade off boyfriends. Through it all, though, we never played with each other or even kissed. It was like something unwritten between us that our relationship was perfect the way it was so why screw it up?

Beth and I may be great friends, but that doesn't mean we are alike. Indeed, people who know us both are sometimes amazed that we can stand being in the same room with each other! I was the flat chested young teenager while she seemed to go from a training bra to a C cup overnight. Beth was a little more "rounded" in places than I was but by no means could you call her fat. If anything, it just seemed to enhance those boobs which were now solidly in the D cup category. I was a little more reserved than her at parties, preferring guys more one-on-one whereas she was the ultimate party girl, always telling me about her latest gangbang or whatever.

This past summer it was Beth who introduced me to the world of sex parties. Although we didn't do anything with each other at them (aside from a minor episode at the first party), there were times I looked at her ass barely hidden in a pair of tight jeans or her firm 36D breasts outlined in a tight tank top and wonder what it would be like to be with her. It's not like I didn't like girls... I just loved guys more. Well, maybe not so much "guys" as what they carried around between their legs!

Aside from my mother and her sister, until I went to college I hadn't had sex with a girl, not even a kiss except maybe during a Truth or Dare game. To me, what I shared at home with my family was different than being with a girl outside our family so being with another girl would be a major step as it would establish me as being bi-sexual and I honestly wasn't sure that I really was. I enjoyed being with my mom so I knew it was not a matter of being turned off by girls. It was just that I loved boys and being fucked by them and let's face it, a girl with a vibrating plastic dildo is NOT the same as a horny boy with a hard cock!

For whatever reason I always assumed that if I ever actually did have a lesbian relationship that Beth would be my first. Somehow the right circumstances never arose and eventually it turned out to be Brenda, my freshman roomie, that broke the girl-on-girl ice for me. After that, although boys were still at the top of my sexual appetite, girls were now on the menu! As it turned out, it was my cousin Kristen who was my second girl. Yeah, she was technically family but not in the same way as my mom or aunt. If anything, she was more like a sister.

It was the Saturday of my Thanksgiving break when Beth picked me up for lunch. We went to a local Eat 'n Park restaurant near the mall where a lot of kids hung out and I caught up on all the latest local gossip. Beth attended college downtown so she still lived with her parents which helped her to stay in the local "loop". As always, she knew who was seeing who, who was pregnant, who broke up, who was cheating and so forth. As we finished our lunch I asked her if she had time to stop by my house for a while. Beth said it was OK and so we returned to my place.

The weather had been cold and raining until then but was finally breaking so we kept our jackets on and went out on the deck where we sat by the table. Beth brought up the subject of the sex parties she had taken me to this past summer. I learned that she had been to a number of them since then, usually two or three a month. Although it was too late to do anything this weekend, she was curious as to if I would be interested in going to one when I was home for Christmas break. I actually wasn't too sure as after the last one I'd decided not to attend any more. Sure I enjoyed them physically, there was no denying that, but at the same time I prefer more intimacy when it comes to sex. Not a real boyfriend or that type of relationship, but at least I wanted to know his name!

Emotionally the whole sex party atmosphere left me a bit empty. I remember sitting home afterwards, my pussy still throbbing from an evening of fucking, feeling pretty darn good but wondering just whose cock had been in me - or in some cases how many? I can't say that line of thinking was a huge turn-on for me. We joked about the very first party where as part of my "initiation" I had to let the party host screw me in front of everyone else to start off the party. I was initially quite nervous since I'd never had sex in front of a crowd of strangers before so Beth had helped him out a bit to calm my nerves. Beth grinned as she recalled that day...

"Oh my god Kelly," she said with a laugh, "That was so incredible! The look on your face when you found out about the initiation... priceless!"

"No kidding! Nothing like finding out at the last second that you have to let a total stranger fuck you in front of twenty people you've never seen before!"

"Oh but you've got to admit it girl, you WERE turned on by it. Everybody was talking about it later, they couldn't believe it was your first time doing it with an audience. I know it made me hotter than hell to see what a slut you really were. I never knew you had it in you girl!"

I tried to not smile too broadly and just nodded, "OK, so I was hot for it. It was just that at the time I didn't know what to say. Hell, I didn't even know his name and the next thing I knew I was sucking his cock in the middle of the room!"

Beth leaned back in her chair as I noticed her face was becoming a bit flushed. I had a feeling talking about this was starting to get her more than just a bit horny!

"Well, the way he slid right into you though, it was obvious you were soaking wet." Beth closed her eyes for a moment as if to recall the moment. "I was so incredibly turned on seeing him fuck you. After all the years we have talked about our boyfriends and sex lives, seeing your pussy with his cock in it was more than I could take. I guess I never had thought about it before but I had never seen you fucked before! God I was soooooo turned on!!"

I looked at her with an inquisitive eye, "Oh? Turned on, eh? And here I thought you only came over to suck my boobs because you wanted to help me get over my nervousness!"

Beth grinned like a fox. "Sure, that was main reason but you know, I've always wanted to do that and it just seemed like the perfect opportunity."

Wow, I was flabbergasted. Beth had NEVER even mentioned sex between us in the past and here she was talking about wanting to suck my boobs "You're kidding Beth? Why didn't you ever say anything before?"

"Kelly, In all the years we've been friends you never once mentioned being attracted to girls. I just figured you were only into guys, that's all. Even at the parties you never did anything with the girls there, even though most of them would have died to be with you - including me!"

I looked at Beth closely. "So tell me Beth, are you bi? I KNOW you like guys but what about girls?"

Beth giggled at the question. "I've been with a lot of girls from school and at the parties. Honestly, these days I spend more of my time with girls than guys."

I held Beth's hand. "Well Beth, there is something you should know about me then." So I told Beth about my roomie during my freshman year. Brenda was my first girl other than my mom and aunt who I had sex with. It started at her house while she was taking pictures of me and we ended up sleeping together for the rest of the year.

The ultimate moment was when we had sex with her married older brother for the first time and then again this fall. I'd never seen a real brother and sister having sex before and it made me a bit jealous that I didn't have a brother myself! Beth was mesmerized by what she heard, literally staring at me in disbelief.

"Damn Kelly, I can't believe that after everything we did this past summer that you never told me about Brenda!" Beth just shook her head but was smiling at the same time.

"I wanted to... I just didn't want to jeopardize our friendship."

Beth leaned over in her chair and took my hand in hers. "And what about now? How do you feel now?"

I looked at Beth and she was so beautiful smiling at me as we held hands. I hesitated for a few seconds. I knew what I wanted - I wanted to be with Beth. I just didn't know how to say it to my best friend. Beth solved my dilemma for me, not saying another word but instead reaching forward and kissing me on the lips. Just a brief kiss but I tingled afterwards, feeling like a little girl getting her first kiss all over again.

Beth put her head next to mine, her mouth next to my ear. In a husky voice she whispered softly in my ear, "I want you Kelly... I want to fuck you."

We both stood and held each other tightly, pressing our bodies tightly against one another. I kissed her again, this time with more passion, more intimacy, more love for my closest friend in all the world. My tongue explored her open mouth as I gripped her ass in my hands, feeling her firm butt in my hands as I squeezed it tightly.

"God I want you Beth," I whispered back to her in my sexiest voice, "I want you in every way."

Beth moaned softly, closing her eyes as she hugged me and tightened her ass under my grip. Even though it was chilly and cloudy, the hot tub still looked like the perfect place to continue our new relationship.

"C'mon Beth, let's get in the hot tub," I whispered in her ear.

## 2. Me and Beth in the Hot Tub

I didn't have to say anything more as the two of us quickly undressed, leaving our clothes in a pile on the patio table. The air felt even colder against our naked bodies and we hurried to get into the hot water. I was the first in and watched as Beth lowered her beautiful nude body into the water which covered her shaved pussy and eventually her full breasts. God she had a figure to die for!

I felt Beth's hand on my thigh as she positioned herself next to me. I turned to her and met her lips as we kissed like two lovers seeing each other for the first time after a long separation. In a way that is almost what we were. We had known each other for so many years and shared so much that it seemed only natural that we finally share our bodies with each other.

As we kissed Beth turned and straddled me, sitting in my lap with her arms around my neck, still locked in a kiss with me that I never wanted to end. I felt her wet bare ass on my lap and pulled her tightly against me, feeling our bodies coming together. Her breasts pressed against mine, our nipples rubbed which sent shivers up my back as she wiggled just enough to move her nipples back and forth against mine.

Finally we released our kiss and I licked and nibbled on her neck. As I did she straightened up, allowing me to kiss further down to her shoulders and then eventually to her breasts. I licked each one, running my tongue past the nipple and feeling her tense each time. Then I took her right nipple in my mouth and sucked it hard like a baby would, pulling it into my mouth.

"Ohhhhhhhhh Kellyyyyyyyy." Beth moaned softly, "I love that... You have no idea how many times I have dreamed of you doing that."

I let go of her tight ass and pushed her gently onto her back as I got off the seat and moved the two of us across the hot tub. She laid back against the opposite side, her arms stretched out to each side as I cupped her butt in my hands again. I submerged my head until I reached her crotch, placing my mouth on her pussy and began to lick and suck on her clit. Running out of air, I lifted her up until her pussy was clear of the water and continued to eat her pussy like a kid with a new candy bar.

As my tongue run up and down her pussy slit I looked up at her. Beth's head was back, her back arched pushing her breasts out of the water, softly moaning with pleasure. God she tasted so good! I pushed my face tightly between her legs as I pushed my tongue into her as far as I could reach with it. My nose was pressing against her clit as my tongue fucked her pussy. I took her clit between my teeth and gently tugged on it, alternating between biting softly on it and sucking on it.

"Oh god Kelly," Beth cried out, "I cumming... so hard!"

Beth was bucking like a bronco, driving her cunt harder against my face and mouth. I could taste her pussy as she came. She pulled my head tighter into her with one hand, using the other to hold herself out of the hot water. As her orgasm died down I let her drop down into the water and moved up to kiss her. She eagerly kissed me, licking her cum juices off of my face, I kept on hand on her throbbing pussy and she moved one of her to mine.

We kissed in the corner of the hot tub while we each played with the others pussy. I loved being touched by a girl so much more than a guy. Beth knew just how to make me feel incredible, touching me softly at times and then thrusting several fingers up into me at others, it didn't take longer before I was cumming and as I did she had her second orgasm as well.

Both of us were panting and moaning like two bitches in heat, rubbing the others pussy and driving us each to a massive orgasm. I felt so good, my skin tingled from my feet to my head as it seemed my orgasm would never end. Finally it seemed too much, that I couldn't take any more without going absolutely crazy and I started to push away. Beth would have none of it and she pulled me to her as she continued to cum herself. I wanted to scream with pleasure as my head exploded. It was like my body was on fire, I was totally oblivious to everything else, unable to see or hear anything other than the feeling of her hand.

Even the most massive orgasm has to end eventually and so did mine after what seemed an eternity of bliss. I fell against Beth, holding her tightly against me with my head next to hers, "God Beth," I panted, "That was incredible!"

Beth hugged me tighter, "Not so bad yourself sweetie."

I was about to reply when a voice behind me joined in. "Well, if you want my opinion you were both fantastic!"

## 3. My Dad Joins Us

` What the hell? I turned around and there were my parents, standing at the edge of the hot tub with one arm around each other. My dad was doing the talking and from the familiar bulge in his pants I knew he had been watching a while.

"Sorry to intrude girls," my dad continued, "we just got back and couldn't help but hear the two of you out here and thought we would see what was going on. Damn you girls are hot!"

Beth saw them and I could feel her tense under me. "Kelly?" she asked, "Is there something I should know here?"

My mom looked at me and then at my dad, her lips pursed slightly and knew she was not entirely happy with the direction things were going. Nobody outside of our family knew about our incestual relationships and I could tell she was trying to warn me and my dad not to say anything to Beth about it, regardless of how horny the two of us were. I understood my mom's concerns but Beth my best friend, the one person I trusted with everything else in my life. Still, I tempered my desires but I still couldn't let such an opportunity escape entirely

"It's OK Beth." I assured her, "My parents know about everything I have ever done, even the parties you took me to this past summer."

Beth relaxed noticeably as I continued. "Don't be shy, I have been nude here in the hot tub with my parents since I can remember so it's not like this is something new for me."

Looking back at my parents, I said, "Speaking of which, why don't the two of you join us?

My dad looked interested and his cock was VERY interested but Mom shook her head, "The weather is really lousy today hun. Maybe another time. C'mon John, let's go in and leave these two alone."

My mom started to turn away but my dad held her arm, keeping her from going. He locked eyes with my mom for a long moment as I recognized the look on his face - that look of lust and sexual desire I knew so well having seen it whenever he really wanted me. It was almost telepathic as she seemed to understand. Some sort of non-verbal agreement must have been reached as my mom nodded and they let go of each other. She gave my dad a kiss, told him she loved him, then turned and went into the house leaving my dad with us. He looked at us and smiled.

"Alright, this is great. Face it girls, what man wouldn't love to join two beautiful women in a hot tub, especially after watching the two of you go at it."

My dad started taking off his clothes, adding them to our pile on the table. Beth stared at him at first, then looked at me, and then back at him as his pants and underwear came off. I could see her eyes as she saw that his cock was already rigid and standing out from his crotch like a flag pole.

As he walked back across to the deck, his cock pointing the way, I gave Beth a hug, "Well Beth, what do you think of my dad?"

Beth stammered for a second, "Damn Kelly, I can't believe your dad is doing this. I mean - he has an erection!"

My dad stepped into the tub and slowly lowered himself into the water. His erect cock dipped under the surface and out of sight - for the moment at least. He leaned back and allowed his feet to slip out from under him so his body stretched out across the hot tub. Putting his arms to his sides, he twisted himself so his hips and waist rose up out of the water. His cock appeared once again like a periscope and I noticed that Beth's eyes never left it as she subconsciously licked her lips.

## 4. Beth Blows My Dad

As for me... well, I was feeling pretty horny too as my dad's dick looked soooooo delicious. Like, it took all my willpower not to move over and take it in my mouth. I'd never told Beth about my full relationship with my dad and after seeing my mom's reaction I knew I couldn't have him right then. Still, that didn't mean I couldn't encourage Beth!

"So tell me Beth, what do you think of my dad's cock Beth?" I whispered to her.

Beth just nodded, as horny as she was from the orgasms she had just had, I knew she wasn't thinking straight and the fact he was my dad already seemed to have disappeared from her thoughts. My best friend was horny for a cock and now there was one just inches away from her, practically taunting her. I knew she wanted to suck it badly regardless of who it belonged to! Not that I blamed her. Heck, I would have been feeling the same way in her shoes. There's just something about a stiff cock that just makes you want to run up and suck on it!

"Go ahead Beth, suck it." I encouraged her, "C'mon... I want to watch you suck my dad's cock."

It wasn't like Beth needed a tremendous amount of encouragement. Heck, when it came to sex in front of others, she was even more of a slut than I was! After all the sex parties she had been to and the dozens of cocks she'd sucked and fucked, my dad's hard cock wasn't anything extraordinary in and of itself. The difference here that was making her horny as hell was that the guy she wanted to be fucked by was her best friend's dad! To make it even hotter, his daughter was the one encouraging her!

Even though Beth knew nothing of what my father and I really did, she had to realize now that we were extremely open with each other - more than she'd ever dreamed. It was one thing to know your friend uses the hot tub nude with her dad, quite another to know he gets sexually aroused in the process. I was turned on as hell by the whole situation and from the hungry look on her face I knew she was too.

Beth moved over and put one arm over my dad's stomach and the other under his ass. He helped by arching his back to keep his cock up and out of the water. She held his wet cock in her hand and then leaned over him as she started to give my dad a blow job he'd never forget. I knew from watching her this past summer that Beth was pretty damn good when it came to blowjobs and it made me incredibly horny watching her work my dad's cock. I moved over to the other side of my dad so I could watch her up close and personal as she took his cock in her mouth and licked it.

"Damn Beth," I said to her, "You're such a slut! I can't believe you're sucking my dad's cock - and right here in front of me at that!"

Beth just smiled as best she could with an erect penis filling her mouth. I could tell that my dad was loving it. He had not been sucked by a girl outside our family since he married my mom so the experience of a fresh mouth and tongue on his cock must have been overwhelming him with lust and gratification. It didn't hurt a bit either that Beth was a one hot teenage brunette who could have easily been a porn star if she wanted to be!

I watched as my dad moaned and groaned as Beth licked up and down his shaft with her long tongue. She kept her one hand under him to help hold him out of the water while her free hand either stroked his shaft or played with his balls. Now and then she would take him all in, pushing her face deep into his wet crotch and moving her head around his engorged dick. I knew from my own experience that my dad loved this and sure enough, he let out a loud gasp each time she did it.

"My god Beth," he whispered hoarsely, "You are so damn good! ...Suck me more."

Beth need no encouragement as she was more than willing. Any hesitation she may have had about sucking my dad in front of me were gone now. She was now officially in what I thought if as "whore mode" now, giving my dad the best blow job she knew how. She didn't even seem to remember I was watching! Then I saw her reaching below my dad's balls and suddenly my dad let out such a groan.

"Oh Beth!" he exclaimed, "That feels soooooo good! Deeper."

Wide-eyed, I watched as I realized what she was doing. Beth had her finger up my dad's asshole! My mom and I were not into anal action at all although I experimented now and then on myself with my own finger in the bath. I never knew that my dad was even interested in anal sex it as he never mentioned it nor tried anything with us. Well, based on his reaction from Beth's penetration, obviously he liked it!

I kept my eye on her hand as she moved her finger in and out, fucking his asshole with her finger. Between her talented mouth and now her dirty finger, I knew my dad was not going to be able to hold out forever and I had other plans for him that hadn't been fulfilled yet.

## 5. My Dad Fucks Beth

I moved up to his head and whispered into his ear loud enough for Beth to hear, "Fuck her Daddy, fuck the little bitch... Look at her daddy - she wants it, she wants you to fuck her. Show me how you can shove you cock in her slutty pussy."

Of course Beth could hear me and she didn't wait for my dad to respond. She was so horny I knew she needed to be fucked and fucked hard. Beth leaned over the edge of the hot tub, letting her cute ass poke upwards for my dad to grab which he promptly did with both hands. He grabbed her butt cheeks and pressed them apart, exposing her wet pussy.

I grabbed his rock-hard cock and steered it towards Beth's waiting pussy. Rubbing his fat cock against her swollen pussy lips, I slowly worked it into her. Damn it made me so horny seeing him violate my best friend! Once the head was inside, my dad took over, driving himself into her with a hard shove that forced her into the edge of the hot tub.

"Oh god!!!" Beth cried out as my dad pushed his cock all the way into her, "that feels soooooo good!!!! Fuck me dammit, fuck me hard!"

"That's it daddy," I added in, "Fuck the little whore... fuck her for me."

My dad was humping her hard and fast. He had his hands on her hips, pushing and pulling her in rhythm with his cock as it thrust in and out of her pussy. Beth's boobs bounced back and forth beneath her, swinging like pendulums as she rocked back and forth.

I still could hardly believe what I was watching. For the first time since their marriage over twenty years ago, my dad's cock was inside a woman who was not related to his wife.

Suddenly it was if something hit me in the stomach. I'd been so horny and caught up in the moment that I hadn't really given a lot of serious thought as to what was happening. My dad was fucking her! He was fucking my best friend! Then I felt sick and thought I was going to vomit so I turned away. They were going at it when I looked back I once again saw my dad with his cock in this girl who was not in our family.

What did this mean? Was he committing adultery? My parents had always stressed how important marriage was and how adultery was the worst sin that could be committed against your partner yet here he was, fucking my best friend! It had all happened so fast... I didn't know what to do and I felt more conflicted than I ever had in my life. Actually, it should have been ME he was fucking, not Beth. I was his daughter and so I should be the one whose pussy his cock was inside of, not this girl. Oh god, what had I done?

Distressed, I looked up to my second floor bedroom window which overlooked the deck and my eyes widened as I saw my mom looking down us! My dad noticed me looking up and he turned his head towards the window and also saw my mom. They both smiled at each other and I saw my mother mouthing to my dad, "I love you."

It couldn't have been more plain to me then as that simple expression of their love, given at a moment when she was watching her husband with another woman for the first time, told me it was alright. I knew we would have to discuss this more later but at least I knew she was watching and was OK with what he was doing. After all, if it was OK with my mom, then what right did I have to criticize?

My stomach stopped churning and I looked back at my dad and Beth again. I glanced one last time up at my mom and then watched as my dad continued to fuck my best friend. The tingle in my pussy returned and now I was able to enjoy what I was watching again. I still felt a little bit jealous though as my pussy was crying out for his cock and there was nothing I could do about it now.

As for my dad, he had his full attention on the tight pussy surrounding his cock. He was literally pounding Beth, driving himself into her so hard that I thought she would be thrown from the hot tub. After a while my dad pulled his cock out of Beth and flipped her over, pushing her back against the wall of the hot tub and lifted her hips up to meet up again with his swollen cock. Her pussy was just under the water line as he slid into her easily and he started fucking her again. Water splashed between the two of them each time his groin met up with hers but neither of them cared one bit.

Finally my dad started to groan and I knew he was ready to cum again. My dad pulled himself out of Beth and she lowered herself under the water until just her head was above it and he shoved his cock into her mouth just in time as his body jerked over and over again, spraying his cum into her mouth. Some of it began to leak out past her lips which were trying to seal around his throbbing cock. I saw her swallowing his cum as fast as she could, enjoying the taste of his hot cum. My dad looked to be simply overcome with lust and desire as he let loose load after load into her mouth.

"That's it you filthy little slut," he groaned, "Take my cum! Swallow it all!"

After he had finished I moved over to Beth. "Kiss me Beth... Let me taste my dad's cum."

Beth looked at me for a second and at first she had a funny look on her face, like she couldn't believe I was serious. Then she smiled which inadvertently allowed some of his cum dribble down her chin. She leaned over and we kissed, sharing my dad's sticky cum between us. God he tasted so good on her tongue! For all Beth knew, this was the first time I'd tasted my dad's cum so she was undoubtedly feeling pretty hot about that herself. If she only knew how many gallons I'd swallowed over the past three years!

My dad was still standing next to us, his softening cock hanging close to Beth's face. After we kissed for a while she turned and sucked him more. She was able to draw a few more drops of cum from him and immediately shared them with me again.

Some of my dad's cum must have been on my face because when Beth looked at me she just licked her lips, saying, "God Kelly, you look so hot with your dad's cum on your cheek."

She shook her head and giggled, "Wow, I can't believe I just let your father fuck me, and in front of you. Damn, I just fucked a guy in front of his daughter!"

"Well, I loved every moment," I assured her. "You know, if anyone was going to fuck my dad for me I would want it to be you."

Meanwhile my dad got out of the hot tub and stood there dripping wet, smiling as he looked at the two of us together. "I'll leave you two alone," he said. "Looks like you still have some unfinished business!"

## 6. The Aftermath

My dad picked up his clothes and went into the house. Beth turned back to me and we just lay together there in the tub for a while longer, kissing and fondling each other softly. Eventually we seemed to reach a mutual feeling that it was time to finish and we silently got out of the tub and dressed. After our clothes were on we hugged again and kissed. I don't think I'd ever felt so close to her as I did right then. She had no idea that we shared a common bond now, we'd both been fucked by my dad. I knew that someday I would tell her everything but now wasn't the right time.

Beth led the way into the house as she prepared to go home. On her way through the kitchen she passed by my dad who kissed her, grabbing her ass briefly and giving it a squeeze. "Now don't be a stranger Beth," he said to her softly, "I may want you again some time."

Beth smiled at him and headed for the front door. Just as she got into the entryway, my mother came down the stairs and stood next to her. I could see from the look on Beth's face that she wasn't sure what to say or do. After all, she had just fucked my mom's husband and she hadn't seen her watching and giving her approval.

My mom took her hand and gave her a hug. "Don't worry Beth," she assured her, "My husband doesn't fuck anyone without my permission. I just hope you enjoyed him as much as I enjoyed watching the two of you."

Beth's eyes widened a bit and then she smiled, looking visibly relieved. My mom kissed her briefly on the mouth and Beth went down the stairs to her car a big smile on her face.

Later that night the three of us were watching TV in the family room when my mom turned to my dad and asked, "Well John, so how did it feel to fuck another girl?"

My dad grinned and sat up in his chair to answer, "Oh god Mary, it was simply incredible. Kelly's friend is quite a little dynamo. Hell, you watched the whole thing so you saw how good she was!"

My mom got out of her chair and walked over to my dad. Dropping her robe, she revealed she was wearing nothing underneath as she stood naked next to him. She may have been 38 but she still had the body of a girl ten years younger.

"So tell me John, does this body still turn you on now after fucking three teenagers in the past three days?"

My dad gave her a wicked grin and glanced over at me as well. "Damn Mary, you know the answer to that one. Just in case though, get that sexy body over here and let me show you."

My mom and dad fucked in the family room while I watched them and some TV. They rarely fucked in front of me like that and I think in a way they were assuring me that even though he had done something that I never would have dreamed he would by screwing Beth, nothing had changed between them. I was left wondering what this meant for the future? Was this a one-time thing or now that a forbidden line had been crossed was there no going back.

Hmmmmmm, lots to think about!

# (Nov 29) Chapter 67: Thanksgiving Vacation Diary

Story codes: MF Mf FF F-solo oral inc father daughter uncle niece
Me (19)
  John - my dad (40)
  Kristen - cousin (17)
  Beth - BFF (19)

This year I was looking forward to the Thanksgiving break more than I ever had in the past. Now that it is over I can't believe it really happened. Everything I dreamed of came true plus more. I plan to write more detailed stories about some of the experiences I had but for now here is a quick overview. All I can say is that it certainly wasn't a boring holiday!

## 1. Tuesday 11/23/04

My parents picked me up after my last class and I had a pleasant surprise - my seventeen year-old cousin Kristen was with them. We chatted and gossiped while my dad weaved through the country roads leading away from school. Once we got on the expressway she and I got more serious, playing with each other under the watchful eyes of my parents.

My dad was paying more attention to the rear-view mirror and its view of the back seat than he was the road! After several near- misses my mom made him stop at a rest area so he could join us. Dad didn't disagree for a second and as soon as we parked at the fare end of the rest area he jumped in the back seat with us. We had some quality father-daughter time right there while Kristen and mom looked on and played with themselves.

When we finally got home we dropped Kristen off at her house where I imagine her mother was anxiously waiting to hear about the trip home. I was sure that the two of them had a great night after that! After unpacking we were all exhausted so we went straight to bed and I ended up sleeping with my parents for the first time in ages. With my parents' warm naked bodies pressing on each side of me, I felt incredibly secure and loved as we cuddled and fell asleep in each other's arms.

## 2. Wednesday 11/24/04

My dad had to go to work but he had not forgotten the morning tradition we had established during the past summer. Basically, each morning he would come to my room where I was sleeping and fuck me before he left for work. Sometimes I just blew him and once in a while he didn't even wake me but just masturbated and came on me, leaving a sticky mess on me to remind me when I woke up of what he had done. Regardless of the outcome, it was a great way to start the day for both of us and I missed it terribly when I was at school.

This morning though was a little bit different as I was already in bed with him. When I woke up I immediately recognized the wonderful sensation of his hard cock buried deep inside of my wet pussy. I smiled as I wondered how long he had been fondling me even before he started fucking me. The thought of his large hands running all over my unconscious body, exploring me and reaching inside of me made me incredibly horny - as if I wasn't already with his rock hard dick inside of me! I saw my mother was watching, her hand between her lovely legs. Knowing how much she loved seeing her husband fucking their daughter, I had a feeling she had been watching from the start.

I was on my side and my dad had lifted my upper leg over his and was screwing me from behind, giving my mom a great view of his cock slipping in and out of my shaved pussy. My dad came pretty quick, as he usually did in the morning when his goal was to fuck me but still get to work on time! After depositing his load in me, he pulled out and gave me and my mom a kiss goodbye. After he left to shower and wash up my mom moved down to lick his cum that was draining out of my pussy. She and I then spent the rest of the morning in bed together, sharing an intimacy that only a mother and daughter can experience.

We went out for lunch and then spent the rest of the afternoon shopping. While we were out I got a phone call from my aunt inviting me over to their place after supper to spend the night. I could not refuse so I walked over after supper and we spent the evening and night together.

# 3. Thursday 11/25/04

I don't know if I could have taken another day as intense as Wednesday so perhaps it was good that we spent Thanksgiving at my older uncle's home. My aunt drove us over so I had not seen my parents that day until we got there. My dad was horny for me since we had missed out morning session so I sucked his cock in the upstairs bathroom. I could tell he was really turned-on listening to his family as they went by with no idea that his daughter was taking a load of his cum in her mouth.

When we were done I pulled Kristen aside and told her. She laughed and said I was just teasing her, that we would not take such a chance with all the family around. Well, I kissed her and her eyes widened when she tasted my dad's cum in my mouth. She gave me a wicked smile and I knew she was thinking the rest of the day about how she could get some herself.

My dad was the middle of three brothers, each two years apart. The older brother has two daughters in their twenties (one was just married this past spring). The youngest one has two teenagers - a boy (sixteen) and girl (twelve). My dad is the only one who indulges in incest although both of my uncles certainly qualify as dirty old men! Kristen and I had a great time teasing them and from the way they looked at Kristen and me I would bet that all three brothers share the same supercharged sex drive! I can't help but wonder if our Christmas get-together couldn't be a bit more interesting...

# 4. Friday 11/26/04

Mmmmmmm, another morning fuck with dad - this time in my bed. Dad woke me by pressing his hard cock against my lips, pushing himself into my mouth. There's nothing quite like waking up with your father's cock in your mouth!

When he was done with me he took a shower so I started chatting with someone who had tried messaging me. After my dad I was so horny, sitting at my computer still sweaty and naked with my pussy leaking dad's cum on the chair. The guy I was chatting with wanted to masturbate on his cam for me and it was exactly what I needed at the moment. I came so hard fingering myself while I watched him. I have several guys who like to do this for me and I am amazed at how big their cocks are.

# 5. Saturday 11/27/04

I was awakened by sound of moaning and as I pushed aside the morning cobwebs I realized they were coming from Kristen. My dad had evidently come in earlier and decided to fuck her while I slept next to them. I looked next to me and felt Kristen's warm smooth body moving against me. Kristen was on her side with my dad behind her. She had one leg draped over me and her boobs were pressing against me. My dad was fucking her from behind, his cock buried in her tiny pussy. Damn his cock looked so yummy as U watched it moving in and out of her in a slow rhythmic motion. Her pussy was soaking wet and his cock glistened with the wetness of her pussy juices each time he withdrew from her.

Kristen saw that I was awake and smiled at me. "Morning Kelly! You were so tired this morning I was beginning to think your dad was going to cum in me before you woke up sleepy-head!"

Well, he could have Kristen when I was back in school so I laid on my back and spread my legs apart, rubbing my pussy to get it ready. My dad smiled - he knew what I wanted. He apologized to Kristen and got on top of me, sliding his rigid cock in me without even touching it or me. Normally I like it slow at first but Dad was pretty horny and got right into it, banging me hard from the start. It wasn't long before I felt him swelling and he groaned as he pumped me full of cum. Kristen sucked him afterwards a bit and got some for herself.

My best friend Beth picked me up for lunch. Beth was the one who introduced me to the sex parties this past summer. Although we had never been together in a sexual way away from the parties, I still remembered her licking me during the first party when she stepped in to help me to get over my nervousness of being fucked in front of everyone.

While we were out I asked if she was interested in coming back to my house and trying out the hot tub. The weather was lousy but the water still felt good. Things got heated between us for the first time and I found myself telling her about my me and my family. She looked shocked at first and I was concerned I had made a huge mistake but once the concept sunk in she asked a ton of questions and seemed to be really turned on by it. Her parents were older and not the least bit sexy. Beth told me that if she had a dad like mine she would probably have done what I did. She said I was so lucky to have parents like mine. Now that she knew the truth about me and my dad she admitted that the thought of fucking an older man it turned her on much more than she would have ever expected.

My dad had not fucked anyone outside his family since he married my mom twenty years before. Beth was my best friend and if there was anyone I thought my dad should be with for the first time it was her. The question was how to do it?

We were still in the hot tub when my parents got home. Seeing us nude and in each other's arms, they knew what we had been up to. I saw from the bulge that my dad was getting turned on - what man wouldn't be? I invited them in but my mother said the weather was too lousy for her. My dad looked at my mom for a long moment and then agreed to join us. There must have been some sort of non- verbal agreement between my parents because my dad stripped right there and joined us. It was a bit awkward at first but before long we were all over each other.

Beth actually was the one to cross the line by going underwater to suck my dad's cock. He quickly lifted up his hips to get her head out of the water and after that there was no stopping him. First my dad fucked me and then I watched as for the first time my dad fucked a girl from outside our family. I noticed my mom was watching out my second floor bedroom window the whole time so it wasn't like he was cheating on her.

That night my mom and dad fucked in the family room while I watched them and some TV. They rarely fucked in front of me like that and I think in a way they were assuring me that even though he had done something that I never would have dreamed he would by screwing Beth, nothing had changed between them. I was left wondering what this meant for the future? Was this afternoon a one-time fling or now that an invisible line had been crossed was there no going back? I found myself questioning my own rules about not fucking married men. Hmmmmmm, lots to think about.

## 6. Sunday 11/28/04

My last morning with Dad, damn I am going to miss this when I get back to school. Since he didn't have to go to work we spent more time together than usual making it more intimate. It was nice since I knew this was probably the last time we would be together like this for a few weeks.

As usual, Kristen and my aunt stopped by and we all went to church together. Kristen and both wore skirts just a little bit too short and out tops a bit too tight for church but felt justified since we wore bras and panties. Our moms looked at us together and just shook their heads. Once seated we crossed our legs and I knew everything but my ass was showing. More than a few husbands took a second look as they were seated, more than one getting a nasty look from their wives who then looked at us like we were dirty little sluts - exactly what we hoped for! I wondered how many of those husbands masturbated after church, fantasizing about fucking us in the back pew? Hopefully all of them!

After church we went out to eat and my parents dropped off my aunt and cousin. It was hard saying goodbye but I knew I would be seeing them in a few weeks again. We stopped by at home to pick up my stuff and headed back to school. The three hour trip through PA, WVa and OH was quiet, I think we were all thinking about the events of the past few days and wishing we had more time together. When we got to school I just gave each of my parents a long kiss and waved goodbye. Somehow it just didn't seem to be the right time for anything more.

In all though it was a fantastic holiday - my best Thanksgiving ever. In a few weeks finals would be over and I will be home for over three weeks for Christmas vacation. I can only imagine what that will be like this year!

# (Dec 14) Chapter 68: My Cousin Kristi's Boyfriend

Story codes: mF mf FF Ff inc mother daughter
Me (19)
   Brian - Kristen's boyfriend (16)
   Mary - my mom (38)
   Aunt Linda (36)
   Kristen - cousin (17)

When it came to boys, Kristi liked them young and best of all, she didn’t mind sharing them with her older cousin - or her mom for that matter!

## 1. Kristi and Her Boyfriend

Of all my relatives. I’m closest to my mom’s younger sister and her only daughter, Kristi. My Aunt Linda and mom have been playing together since their early teens and have shared my dad going back to when they both dated him in high school. It was only a few weeks after I started having sex with my parents that Aunt Linda joined in as well. She had gotten a divorce early in her marriage, just a couple of years after Kristi was born. Given how close the two sisters were, she and my now seventeen year-old cousin spent most of their time at our house. It was almost like having a second mom and a sister instead of an aunt and a cousin! Brian was Kristi’s current boyfriend; or should I say, “boy-toy”. In general Kristi seems to have only one use for boys - sex. Even then, she never seems to be able to get enough of it. When I was in high school I got laid by my fair share of boys and I blew more than I can count. Even though the boys knew what a slut I could be, I was for the most part able to maintain a pretty good reputation with the public in general and particularly at church. I always figured that it would help me in the future if people thought of me as being more on the conservative side.

Well, Kristi didn't seem give a hoot that everyone in town knew she was the senior class “girl most likely to get laid”. In fact, she seemed to be quite proud of her well-deserved reputation as a teenage slut. Brian was a junior at her high school.

undid my jeans and she reached down into them, her fingers hunting and then slipping inside my wet pussy.

“Oh god yes mom,” I panted, “I can feel him in me, filling me with his enormous cock!”

My mom was fucking me with her fingers and rubbing my clit with her thumb. Her hand was buried in my jeans which had started to slip down my from my ass.

“That’s it Kelly,” my mom whispered in my ear, licking around it as she did, “I know you want him. Tell me how you want him to fuck you tonight.”

My eyes were still closed as I stood there enjoying the feel of her fingers in me and her kisses on my neck and shoulders. I imagined it was Brian in me instead, that it was his monstrous cock pushing in me instead of her fingers.

“Oh yesssssss,” I moaned, “Fuck me... fuck me with that wonderful cock... Deeper!... God I want it all in me... Ohhhhhhhhh yes!”

I was cumming at that point and my mom knew it. She could feel my pussy clamping down on her fingers, the warm gush of my cum flooding her hand as my orgasm peaked. I was switching between thoughts of fucking Brian and my mother’s hand on me. Both were more than enough by themselves to keep me cumming and together was even better! As the feelings in me slowly ebbed I turned around to face my mom. I reached out and hugged her, as much to keep from falling down as anything else!

My mom licked my cum from her fingers. “Mmmmmmm, damn Kelly, I hope he is as good as your dreams because you certainly came awful fast!”

She ran her tongue between her fingers to get every bit she could. “Oh I love the taste of your sweet pussy!”

I looked into her eyes, she was so beautiful and radiant. “Oh mom, I love you so much!” I finally was able to blurt out, tears of happiness coming to my eyes.

We kissed for the longest time then, holding each other tightly. She kept one hand on my bare ass, squeezing it as our tongues explored. I slipped one hand under her blouse, holding her firm breast in my hand, feeling her hardened nipple between my fingers. She felt so wonderful! When finally separated I pulled my jeans back up and fastened them again.

My mom went to the door, picked up her robe, and then turned around. “Well, have fun tonight Kelly. I want to hear ALL about it tomorrow though!”

I smiled and blew her a kiss. Mom had always loved me to tell her everything I had done when I came home from a date. I remember the night after I lost my

“Yes Kristi!,” my aunt cried out, “That feels soooooo fucking good! Mmmmmmm, kiss my pussy you naughty tramp!”

Kristi let out a loud moan herself and I watched her hips start moving in a swivel motion as she revolved around her mom’s mouth and tongue. She had her entire hand inside my aunt’s pussy, hand fucking her mom for all she was worth! No wonder Aunt Linda was going nuts!

“That’s it - fuck me Kristi!... Suck my clit harder!”

My aunt was cumming now. She cried out with an animal howl but Kristi never stopped sucking and fucking her. By now I couldn't just watch so I opened my jeans and started playing with myself. Between the sight of the them and the touch of my hand it was only minutes before I came. A soft moan escaped from me. I tried to stop it but it was too late. Both Kristi and Aunt Linda looked up and saw me there in the doorway, one hand in my pants and the other reaching under my tank top to caress my sensitive boob. I was in the middle of my orgasm and there was no stopping me now. I just smiled at them and let them think whatever they wanted as I felt the tingling of my orgasm slowly died. I felt my pussy throbbing as I tried to catch my breath and smile at them.

“Hey Kelly,” called out my Aunt Linda, “Guess you caught us getting ready for tonight! Well, from the looks of it you’re pretty horny yourself tonight!”

“Yea Kelly,” my cousin chimed in, “You should have just joined in!”

Now THAT was a possibility, something to keep in mind for the future for sure! I pulled up my pants and arranged my shirt. “Glad to see the two of you are in a hot mood tonight. I have a feeling it should be a lot of fun. Are you staying Aunt Linda?”

“Of course,” she replied with s sexy grin, “I wouldn’t miss this evening for the world!”

Kristi looked at the clock and gasped slightly, “Oh my god, he’s due here any second!”

I motioned for them to stay in bed. “Why don't the two of you just pick up where you left off and let me greet Brian?”

Kristi and her mom looked at each other and then both grinned. They were so horny now it didn't take much to get them going again and sure enough, they were back at it again, sucking and feeling each other. I smiled and went down the stairs just as the doorbell rang. I hurried down, knowing it could only be one person!.

# 4. I Get Brian First

Sure enough, Brian was at the door. He looked at me with a bit of an inquisitive eye and asked me if Kristi was home.

“Hmmm, you must be Brian,” I said as if I didn’t already know. “Come on in, Kristi’s a little busy right now but she said for you to make yourself comfortable in the living room.”

Brian came in, wearing a tight pair of jeans and flannel shirt. On any other guy it would have been an unremarkable outfit but for some reason it looked sexy as hell on him with his muscled arms and great looks. The jeans were tight enough to show he had a hell of a tight bum on him! He wasn’t that tall, maybe 5-9 or so, but he was solid as a rock. Best of all, I couldn't help but notice he had a really nice bulge in his jeans. Hmmmmmm, unless he was stuffing it with a sock, there was a lot of potential down there!

Brian gave me the once over, not trying at all to hide the fact that he was imagining what I looked like without my clothes! I wasn’t exactly dressed to kill but my jeans were snug enough to show off my ass nicely and the blouse I was wearing was tight enough that there was no mystery as to whether or not I was wearing a bra underneath (which of course I wasn't).

Brian stepped inside in and started towards the living room. On the way he passed by the stairs leading to the bedrooms. I saw him glance up and then he paused for a second. Just at that moment we both heard something from upstairs, a sharp cry that lasted just a second. Brian looked at me, obviously assuming I knew what was going on up there.

Looked at Brian, I gave him a sly smile as I glanced upstairs and asked, “Hmmmmmm, now THAT sounded interesting. Want to see what’s going on up there?”

Brian’s eyes opened a bit wider but I could tell he was more than just a bit interested. He bit his lower lip and seemed unsure how to answer me. Being he’d just met me and had no idea what I was like, I could understand his reluctance to say anything too incriminating. I took his hand and started up the stairs, tugging him along.

I put my finger to my lips and whispered to him, “Now be quiet!”

I moved up the stairs gingerly, still holding his hand. We got to the top landing and the sounds from the bedroom were much easier to hear now. I could clearly hear my aunt now. “Oh Kristi!" she moaned, “Don’t stop... my god that feels so good!”

Looking at Brian it was all I could do to keep from bursting out laughing. His face had that deer in the headlights look. I had to remind myself that he was only sixteen and I doubt he had ever witnessed a mother and her daughter having sex together before. I winked at him and whispered in his ear.

“Go on Brian... take a peek. Have you ever seen a mother and daughter doing it before?”

Brian licked his lips which were suddenly parched. He just shook his head and peeked around the door with me. Despite his best efforts to be “cool”, I could just hear him take a quick intake of air when he saw what was happening on the bed. My Aunt Linda was laying on her back, her head propped up by the pillows at the head of the bed. Her bare legs were spread wide and she was holding one of her boobs in each hand as she moaned with pleasure. The source of her intense pleasure was her daughter, laying on her side between her legs, with her cute blonde head buried in her mom’s crotch.

My aunt kept a substantial bush of hair on her pussy which she trimmed just enough to be decent in her bikini. Kristi’s face was covered with it as her tongue lapped up her mother’s cum. Kristi also had one hand between her own legs, rubbing herself as she licked her mom’s cunt. The whole scene was extremely erotic! Kristi is very petite and looks several years younger than her seventeen years so seeing her with her 36 year-old mom was unbelievably hot.

I think Brian would have stayed the rest of the night to watch them if I’d let him. Well, I had other plans for him so I tugged on his shirt to pull him away from the doorway. I motioned with my hand to follow me and we crept back down the stairs to the living room. Brian sat at the end of the couch and I joined him, sitting as close to him as I could with my legs tucked under me.

Brian still had this look of wonder and amazement. What was even more interesting was the bulge in his pants was now threatening to burst the seams from his zipper! Watching his girlfriend having sex with his mother was evidently something that turned him on as much as it did me. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly before turning to me.

“So tell me Kelly, how long have they been they were doing that?” he asked. “Kristi has never mentioned a word to me about incest with her mother!”

“Oh? And just what do you mean by getting warmed up?” He tried to act surprised but I knew he had already been thinking about it.

Keeping my hand on his crotch, I used my other to put his hand on my boob. “Is this enough of a hint for you?”

Well, Brian was not wall flower and he was about as horny as a sixteen year old boy can stand being. His hand squeezed my boob and he turned to kiss me. It wasn’t the most sensual kiss I ever had. Face it, he was still a sixteen year-old teenage boy who most likely saw kissing as being nice but still just a requirement to get in a girl’s pants. We traded tongues and he pushed me onto my back on the couch. He immediately started to unbutton my blouse and in seconds was fondling my bare boobs. God my nipples were hard and sensitive! He moved down to start kissing and sucking my breasts, pulling on my nipples

I had my arms free so I put my hands on the back of his head and pulled him tightly to my bosom. As he sucked them his hand quickly moved to my crotch where he cupped me in his string hand and pressed his fingers against my pussy. My clit was already swollen and the feel of his fingers pressing against it made me gasp aloud. I whispered to him in a voice husky with desire.

“Fuck me Brian,” I begged him, “I want you to fuck me soooooo badly.”

I knew that if there was one thing that could turn on a boy it was to have a girl beg him to fuck her. Brian was no exception. He unbuttoned my jeans and unzipped them. They were really tight and he was having a hard time getting them off of me so I reached down and helped him to slide them off of me. I still had my blouse on but it was completely unbuttoned putting my small boobs in plain view for him.

As I laid on the couch with nothing on but my open blouse, Brian stood up and rapidly took of his clothes, dumping them in a pile by the couch. He wore jockey underwear - no wonder his cock was so bound up! As he pulled them off his hard cock flopped free at last and I stared at his extraordinary cock. It was huge! I could only imagine how jealous the guys in the locker room where when he showered. Best of all it was thick. I am not hung up about cock length but give me a fat one any day! I practically drooled at the thought of it fucking me.

Brian was nude now and he moved over to my where head was turned to look at him. He held his hard cock in his hand, slowly stroking it for me, teasing me as he held it by my face. “Suck me!” he commanded, “Let me fuck you mouth!”

I reached out and grabbed it, my hand barely fitting around it. I ran my tongue around the enormous head, running under the ledge where his hard shaft joined.

Brian groaned as I ran the tip of my tongue down the full length of his shaft. He must have been at least ten inches long! I did this several times, wetting his hard cock with my tongue. I took just the head into my mouth, sucking on it like a popsicle, running my tongue across it inside of my mouth.

Brian groaned louder, grabbing my head and pushing me into him. I would take a little bit more of him in and then pulling back until just the head remained in my mouth. Each time I would go just a fraction farther, each time taking more of that fat cock in my mouth.

Until then I'd never had a cock yet that I couldn't take all the way thanks to a lot of practice with my dad. Calling upon all my skill and experience, I was able to overcome the gag reflex now and let his cock slip down my throat. Brian groaned and I was reminded of my dad saying he loved it when I took him down my throat because it was like fucking a pussy as my throat gripped his cock.

Although I felt confident, I couldn't help but wonder just a little bit how I was ever going to take Brian all the way in! I worked at it slowly, taking a little bit more each time. I began to feel his cock at the back of my throat. It was so thick though I wasn't sure I could swallow it.

For a moment I thought I was going to gag again but then I felt it slip in and I knew I had it then. Brian pushed hard on my head, forcing himself into me further until all of him was in my mouth and throat. My face was buried in his crotch and I could smell the musk odor of him thick and strong now. I began to stoke him, fucking him with my mouth, allowing him to slip from my mouth and then letting him drive into my mouth like a hot pussy. Brian was in heaven!

"Oh my god Kelly!" he cried out, "This is amazing! Nobody's ever been able to take me all the way in before. You're fucking incredible!"

He was thrusting himself hard into my face now, pushing his cock into my mouth as far as he could each time. Faster and faster he went as I felt him suddenly swell and I knew he was about to cum.

"Damn I'm cumming already!" he exclaimed, "Take my cum in your mouth you little whore!"

To avoid choking I let most of him out of my mouth so just the head and part of his shaft was inside. My hands were on his tight ass and I could feel his strong muscles contract as he began to shoot his hot cum into my waiting mouth. He must have had one hell of a load waiting because it seemed it would never stop. I couldn't swallow it fast enough with his cock filling most of my mouth so it began to drip from the corners of my mouth and down my chin, then falling to form pools of cum on the couch.

As he finished releasing himself into me he stopped his thrusts into me and just held my head against him, pushing his cock back into my throat, I held him there as long as I could before finally I had to breath so I took my mouth off of him and stroked him with my hand. It was covered in a gooey mixture of my spit and his cum and my hand slid up and down his still hard shaft like it was greased.

I looked up at him and smiled. As I did I could feel his cum still dripping from my chin so I used the head of his cock lick a squeegee to scoop it into my mouth. I noticed that as I stroked him some cum was still emerging from his cock which I licked off slowly and deliberately, letting him see the cum first on my tongue and then I would close my mouth and swallow it, savoring the flavor and texture.

Despite cumming as hard as he did, Brian was still hard as a rock, ready to go again! I lifted my upper leg to show him a good view of my bare pussy while I continued to stroke him.

“What do you think Brian?” I asked him in as seductive a voice as I could muster. “See any other part of me you’d like to fuck?”

Brian grinned at me, grabbed me by the hips and spun me so I was sitting on the couch. He wrapped his arms around my legs and lifted me up until my pussy was up against his engorged cock. I reached up and spread my pussy lips apart with one hand while I guided his big cock to my waiting pussy hole. He pushed forward and it was like he was splitting me in two! I watched as his huge head disappeared into me.

God it was incredible! He kept pressing forward and inch by inch my pussy swallowed him, eagerly accepting him inside. I felt like I was being stuffed! I had never been filled so completely, never had a cock move so deep into me as he was then. I was in sexual heaven when his crotch was finally tight up against mine. Looking at us it amazed to me to know that all that meat was in me now, filling my pussy.

Brian was fucking me hard now, lifting me up off the couch to pull my pussy to him as he stood there thrusting himself into me over and over again. He was like a sex machine! After a while he pulled out of me and put my legs down. I looked at him, wondering what he was going to do to me next.

“Turn over slut,” he commanded, “Get on your knees and let me see that cute little ass.”

I was only too happy to do what he said. I was ready to do just about anything to get his cock back in me again! I was still on the couch and I turned over and leaned on the back of the couch. Brian pushed my legs apart, spreading my pussy apart. I lifted my ass up to give him an eyeful. Then he took his hands and grabbed my ass, spreading me even further apart as he moved forward, allowing his thick cock to press up against my gaping pussy. I pushed backwards, trying to get him into me.

"Mmmmmmm, so the little slut wants my cock, eh?" He teased me.

I couldn't stand it, I wanted him in me soooooo badly I was ready to scream. Somehow I kept my voice to reasonable level as I begged him to fuck me.

"Fuck me Brian! Damn I want your cock in me. Oh god Brian, please fuck me!"

I could feel the pressure as he began to push it into me.

"Here you go you fucking nympho," he said as I could feel his head in me and then more and more of his shaft, "I'm really going to fuck you now, fuck you like you've never been fucked before!"

Suddenly he gave a tremendous thrust and simply rammed every inch of his huge cock into me. I thought I would explode! I gasped as he pulled it out completely and then slammed forward, nailing my open pussy dead on with his cock and ramming in me to the hilt as hard as he could. Each time I was slammed into the couch as he pushed himself against my ass as hard as he could, driving his swollen cock somehow even deeper into me each time.

I'd never been ravaged this way, never had my pussy been fucked so hard! I felt an intense wave of raw pleasure explode inside of me and consume me like a ball of fire. My god was I having an intense orgasm! I felt myself gushing cum all over his damn cock as it violated me over and over again. I thought for a moment I would faint from the intensity of it, barely able to breathe. A huge moan escaped from me as I lifted my head back and closed my eyes, focusing on the feelings that were coursing up and down my body like waves of pure sex.

"That's it," he encouraged me, "Cum for me, keep cumming!"

I was happy to oblige! It seemed my orgasm was never going to end but eventually it dies down to a tolerable level. I was panting, trying to catch my breath. Brian was still fucking me from behind, faster and fast as he was getting to cum himself. He started to pull out but I reached back and grabbed him, holding him in me.

“No Brian, cum inside of me this time. I want to feel you explode deep inside of me!”

I felt his cock swelling and realized he was about to cum so I let go of it, hoping he would do as I asked. Well, I wasn't to be disappointed. As soon as I released him Brian slammed it back into me, pushing it in me. Just as he had penetrated me completely, I felt him jerk and suddenly a bloom of heat swelled inside of me as he pumped another load of cum. I could feel his cock swelling up in me each time before he let another burst of cum loose in me. I came again as he finished, not nearly as hard this time but still leaving me with goose bumps and a tingling sensation.

Both of us were breathing hard at this point, too hard to even say anything. Brian held my ass and stayed in me afterwards, letting me feel him throbbing inside of me. I have no idea how long we would have stayed that way, coupled together while feeling the aftershocks of our orgasms. I never will know the answer to that as all of a sudden I heard a squeal of delight. We both looked over and there was Kristi and her mom, both still nude, standing at the entrance to the room! They each had a huge grin on their face and Kristi was literally hopping up and down with excitement.

“Mmmmmmm, I want to taste your dirty cunt before you shower. Lay back and let me smell him on you. Damn, I bet I can still taste his cum in your pussy.”

I laid back and she pulled my jeans off. She kneeled on the floor and I laid there with my legs handing off the edge of the bed, spreading them as I offered myself to my mom. I was still more than just a bit sensitive after the great fucking Brian had given me so when her tongue touched me I jumped and moaned. Damn my mom knew exactly how to lick me! I mean, I love the why my dad licks me but when it comes right down to it, nobody had ever come even close to making me feel the way my mom can when it comes to eating my pussy.

“That feels soooooo good Mom,” I managed to whisper between moans, “Nobody does that better than you.”

My mom looked up for just a moment, telling me, “Oh yes, I love your cunt when it’s dirty from sex. Mmmmmmm, I can still taste his cum on you.”

I was cumming again in minutes, consumed with the flood of emotions created by my mom’s incredible tongue on me. I cried out as she wiggled her long tongue inside of me, driving me even deeper into my orgasm. I lifted my head and looked down at her. My mom was beautiful and seeing her head between my legs, her mouth and nose pressed tightly against my bare pussy, was so erotic. She finally lifted up and moved onto my bead so she could kiss me. Tasting myself on her mouth was such a turn-on for me! I loved the taste of my pussy anyway and combined with the sweet kisses of my mom, I was in heaven.

It had been an incredible evening. I laid back in bed exhausted. My mom laid next to me, running her fingers up and down me, playing with my hair at times, and teasing my pussy with a light brush of her fingers.

I closed my eyes and relaxed, falling asleep feeling secure in my mother’s arms, knowing I was loved as much as any daughter could be loved by her mom.

# (Dec 17) Chapter 69: My Best Friend Beth and My Dad Do It Again

Story codes: MF Ff oral anal
Me (19)
John - my dad (40)
Beth - BFF (19)
Kristen - my cousin (17)

I was shocked when my dad fucked my best friend. Beth was the only girl outside our family that he'd even done since marrying my mom over twenty years ago! Well, I guess if once was OK then why not a second time?

## 1. My Dad and Beth - A Brief Recap

It was Christmas Break and I was home from college during my sophomore year. I was nineteen and studying to be a teacher but for the next few weeks school was the last thing on my mind.

During the past summer break my best friend Beth convinced me to join her at some "special" parties, parties which had only one purpose - sex. I love new experiences and willing to try most anything once so by the time the summer was over I'd gone to a total of four of these "sex parties". Each one had a different theme and I was left with memories I can guarantee that I'll never forget! For instance, to my surprise I learned at the outset of the first one that I had to be "initiated" meaning I had to let that evening's host fuck me in front of everyone else. By the time the night was over I eventually fucked three to four guys in one-on-one situations.

Not only was the sex good, but I also learned something about myself in the process - I absolutely LOVE having people watch me having sex! Still, anonymous sex with strangers isn't all it's cracked up to be in my opinion. It's sort of nice to go home and at least know the name of the guy whose dick you'd just let cum in you. So after the third one I was ready to call it quits but Beth talked me into one last one just before I headed back to school.

At the fourth party I decided I would do something I had never done before - gang-bang a dozen guys! Words cannot describe how incredibly turned-on I was seeing them lining up knowing that they were ALL going to have sex with me before it was over! The way it worked was one guy would fuck me until he was ready to cum and then he would quickly rip off his condom so I would suck him until he came in my mouth while the next in line started fucking me. It definitely qualified as an "experience" and while I don't regret doing it, once was enough! Beth continue to be a regular at these parties after and she was always telling me about her latest escapades whenever I called her from school.

Speaking of my best friend... over Thanksgiving break Beth and I had had our very first true lesbian experience together. We'd been best friends for most of our lives and each of us shared most aspects of our sexual histories (the only thing I never told her was my incestual relationships with my family). Even with all this somehow we just never went the next step in our relationship.

As great as it was to finally have Beth as a sex partner, what REALLY turned me on was what happened afterwards. My parents came home and found us together in the hot tub. Then to my total and complete surprise my dad asked my mom if he could join us! In short, he ended up fucking Beth with me watching while my mom observed from my second floor bedroom window.

Having my dad fuck a girl he wasn't related to, at least through marriage, was a totally new experience for not just me, but my parents as well. My parents both preached the sins of adultery to me as I grew up and they took it quite seriously. Since they were married neither of them had sex with anyone other than me, my aunt or her sister. My dad had it easier in that he at least had other women but my mom hadn't hardly been with another man for over twenty years! I knew there had been a few times early on with my dad's younger brother but that never seemed to happen anymore that I could remember at least. Indeed, my mom has told me a number of times that she can't wait until I get married so she can fuck my husband!

As I mentioned, both of my parents subscribe totally to the concept that sex outside a family is adultery and thus a sin - period. Even if it's "OK" with the other spouse they taught me that it was a sin. Having heard that all my life, I was worried that my dad had done the one thing my parents had stressed was the worst sin a person could commit against their spouse.

However, when I discussed it later with my mom she told me that since Beth had been my best friend for so long, she considered her a virtual daughter which is why she felt it was OK for my dad to have sex with her. While that made me feel better, the only downside was that I wanted him to fuck me along with her but THAT would violate a cardinal rule that we never revealed our family sex life to ANYONE, not even my closest friend.

## 2. Putting My Plan in Motion

After I returned home for Christmas vacation, Beth pleaded with me to go to another sex party with her. Although the summer ones had been fun, it just wasn't a scene that I was anxious to get involved in. Then one day she made me an offer I couldn't refuse. At the previous parties we couldn't take my cousin Kristen because she was only seventeen even though that is the consent age. Apparently my performance at the last party had been enough such that Beth was able to convince them to let Kristen join in just so she could persuade me to come back again. Well, Beth certainly knew my weaknesses! I mean, how could I refuse to go when my favorite cousin would be there?

The night of the party finally came. My mom was at the hospital taking care of some sort of scheduling problem and my dad was downstairs in the family room watching TV. Friday night was Sci-Fi channel night for him so I knew he would be glued to the TV all evening. It was almost like watching Pavlov's dog when Amanda Tapping came on the screen and his hand instantly went to his dick that would shoot up at the first sight of her. Heck, just the quick shot in the opening credits was enough to get him started.

Kristen and I were upstairs in my bedroom getting ready when we heard Beth arrive in her car. I went down to meet her down at the door. She was certainly dressed for the occasion! A tight black skirt seemed to be glued to her thighs. The material was so thin it was blatantly obvious there were no panties hiding underneath. The skirt was barely long enough to cover her ample ass and there was no way she could bend over or even sit without displaying most everything. On top she had a sheer white cotton belly shirt that revealed her pierced belly button and like the skirt, was molded to her torso which outlined her large breasts as the material strained to stretch around them. A pair of high black heels finished the ensemble. She stood there in the hallway looking like the sluttiest whore I'd ever seen and I wanted to jump her right then and there!

"Damn Beth, that is the hottest outfit I've ever seen you wear!" I exclaimed.

Beth smiled at me seductively. "Thanks Kelly. Hmmm, either you're plan on going in nothing but a towel or you're not ready yet!"

Indeed, all I had was a small towel wrapped around me as Kristen and I had just finished taking a shower. What I didn't tell Beth was that I had deliberately not gotten ready in time as I had other plans before we left for the party.

"Hey Beth, remember last Thanksgiving and the time we had with my dad in the hot tub?"

Beth rolled her eyes saying, "Oh my god Kelly, how could I ever forget? Every time I drive by or see your dad I can think of nothing else. That was an incredible night! I never knew your dad was such a good lover! I still can't believe you and your mom watched though; now THAT was what mad it crazy."

I just smiled, dying to tell her that I certainly knew all about what she was talking about. After all, she may have fucked him once but he'd done me well over a hundred times over the past few years (I gave up counting long ago!) I bit my tongue though and didn't say anything. My hope was that someday my parents would bring Beth into our family circle but I knew the odds were stacked heavily against it. Oh well, my plan for tonight was almost as good...

I giggled a bit and said, "You know Beth, my dad is downstairs all alone watching TV in nothing but his boxer shorts. Why don't you go down there and show him your outfit? Do you think you can turn him on enough to make him do you again?"

Beth gave me an exasperated look. "Give me a break Kelly! I tell you what, why don't you watch and I'll show you how it's done girl!"

I told her to hold on for a second and I ran upstairs to get Kristen. She was still in her towel as well, doing her hair as I explained to her what was about to happen.

Needless to say she was all for the idea of watching Beth seduce my dad so the two of us went back down to where Beth was already rubbing her breasts softly, getting herself worked up over the thought of my dad waiting downstairs and what she had planned for him.

## 3. Beth "Seduces" My Dad

The three of us went down to the basement where my dad was kicked back in his favorite LazyBoy chair. He looked at us and I could tell he as wondering what was going on with Beth dressed like a street hooker and Kristen and I wore nothing but bath towels.

"What's going on girls?" he asked. Then he took a long gaze at Beth and said, "Holy cow Beth, planning on earning some spending money tonight on the streets?"

We all laughed and I explained to my dad about the party later that evening and how the three of us would be going. He knew all about my previous parties (all about them) and he raised his eyebrows a bit when he heard Kristen was going. I think that it was more out of surprise than anything since he knew that she had not been invited to the earlier ones. I mean, it's not like the little tramp was a virgin or anything!

"Ok, so you're heading out to a wild party tonight," he said. "So what's the story now?"

Beth answered by moving up alongside his chair and stroking his hair. "I have been thinking about our time in the hot tub Mr. Wells. Frankly, I have been dying for another fucking by you ever since!" Then Beth glanced over at me and Kristen and said to my dad, "An audience always makes it better so I brought one down with me. You don't mind, do you?"

For once I knew my dad had been caught off-guard. Fucking Beth with my mom watching was one thing, but to do it again without her knowing first was clearly causing a conflict for him. Sensing his hesitation, Beth raised the ante by lifting her skirt up a bit. Sure enough - no panties. She put one knee up on the chair arm and started to rub between her legs. Damn she was hot!

"C'mon Mr. Wells. Your wife was fine with you fucking me last time so she won't mind it again." She licked her lips slowly and looked down at his crotch. My dad was wearing his typical evening wear, just some old boxer shorts, and even Kristen and I could see that it was obvious from the tent that was forming that he was getting really turned on!

"Oh the hell with it," he finally blurted out, "Get your sexy cunt over here and sit on my cock!"

My dad pulled his boxer shorts off and his rigid cock was ready for action. I felt myself flush as I dreamed of having it for me. Kristen was also watching intently and I could feel her hand on my thigh, working its way upward. My pussy tingled with anticipation and I jumped just a bit when her hand reached its destination. Kristen just rubbed me slowly as we watched Beth doing her thing. She hiked her skirt up until her ass and pussy were completely out in the open and then climbed in the chair while it was still laid back. Straddling my dad, she rocked her hips to rub her pussy against his hard cock. As she did, she peeled her top upwards and over her boobs, leaving it on in a bunch above them. So now even though she still had all of her clothes on, she was as good as naked for my dad - nice outfit!

My dad put his hands on her hips and lifted her upwards. "Enough teasing you little whore, I want to fuck that wet pussy."

Beth reached down and held his cock against her pussy hole. She lowered herself down on him, forcing his cock to violate her pussy and worm its way inside of her. I heard her gasp as she took him in and then a load moan as she reached his crotch and sat on him, his cock fully penetrating her cunt. My dad was enjoying it just as much.

"God you are so wet and tight!" he moaned, "I love watching my cock disappear into you, filling your hot pussy. Oh damn Beth, fuck my cock!"

I watched as Beth started to bounce on his cock, raising herself up and then just dropping down on him. I could hear her sweet ass slapping down on his lap each time. Sometimes she would rise up and tease his cock, letting just the head remain inside and swiveling her hips around it. She had one hand playing with her clit and the other on her breast.

Speaking of clits, Kristen had focused on mine and was doing a fantastic job of touching mine in just the right way, driving me into ecstasy and then slowing down to let me regain my composure just long enough to enjoy the thrill of the next time she brought me almost to an orgasm. Each time I got a little closer until finally I came, squeezing down on the finger she had in me and gushing over it. I put my own hand down to keep myself going so she licked my cum off of her fingers. For a few minutes I even forgot about Beth and my dad as I arched my back and leaned my head back to enjoy the tremendous waves of sheer pleasure running through me. I looked at Kristen sucking on her fingers and grinning at me. Mmmmmmm, I had to have her!

I pulled Kristen down to the floor and got on top of her in a 69, lowering my pussy to her mouth. As we licked each other I kept a close watch on what Beth was doing to my dad. She was pounding his cock now and her hand was moving wildly on her pussy as I saw her enjoying her first orgasm of the night. Beth was a moaner when she came and she was so loud I thought the neighbors might even hear her! My dad was humping under her, driving his cock into her whenever she dropped down on him. After she came he said something to her and though I couldn't make out what it was it wasn't long before I found out. She dismounted and the two of them climbed out of his chair and moved to the floor next to where Kristen and I were enjoying each other.

## 4. My Dad Fucks Beth in the Ass

Beth got down on her hands and knees next to Kristen and my dad came in behind her. Beth's ass was right next to my head and I got to have great view of my dad lining up his swollen cock with her asshole. Wow! I had never seen my dad do anything anal before, probably because neither my mom or I were into it. Apparently dear old dad was though and now he finally had a girl who was willing to take him in her asshole. His cock was still wet from her pussy and my dad reached into her pussy to get more wetness to lubricate her asshole. He smeared her all over her asshole and grabbed his cock to guide it into her.

It was hard to concentrate with Kristen sucking my cunt but I watched his fat head press against her clean little asshole. He was pushing pretty hard now and using his hands to spread her ass cheeks wide apart. He asshole resisted and then finally his cock broke through and his fat head slipped into her tight asshole. Beth groaned loudly and pushed back against him. My dad kept pushing and with each surge was able to force his way in a little further until finally his pubic hair was ticking her ass and then he was completely in her.

I was still licking Kristen's pussy and sucking on her clit until it was her turn to cum. I felt her hips rising against my face and suddenly a gush of cum came and wet my face. Mmmmmmm she tasted so damn good! I loved the smell of her bare pussy too. It wasn't as strong as my mom's or her mother's and had a sweet aftertaste that I enjoyed afterwards. She was also shaved whereas my mom and aunt just trimmed theirs enough to look decent in their bikinis (which they both looked GREAT in). I found the same with hairy guys in that they always seemed to have stronger crotch odor than people who shaved. Not that I minded it as sometimes I found that especially with guys I loved the strong smell of a horny crotch after a workout. Kristen's pussy matched her perfectly - tender and sweet.

My dad was fucking Beth's asshole harder now and it looked so tight around his cock! Personally I'd never had anything up my asshole except my own finger. I tried it first once when I was taking a bath and then again in the shower, each time being well lubricated. At first I didn't care for it, it seemed like I was taking a dump when I brought my finger out of me. Gradually though I grew accustomed to it and started to relax enough to enjoy it. Since then I have often fingered my asshole when I masturbate but nobody else has ever had penetrated that barrier. From the way Beth was obviously enjoying it, maybe I needed to give that some more consideration!

My dad was stroking faster and faster and together with the hard look of concentration on his face he I knew from plenty of past experience he was about to cum and I was wondering what he would do when he did. Would he cum in her ass or pull out and spray his hot cum all aver her? Well, I found out a few seconds later as my dad shoved his hips forward extra hard, driving his cock even deep into her as he pulled her hips into him.

"Oh shit I'm cumming!" he cried out. "Feel it in your ass? God you're such a fucking whore!"

Damn, he was indeed cumming in her asshole! I had to take my mouth from Kristen long enough to watch as my dad convulsed and pumped his sperm deep into her ass. Beth was obviously feeling it filling her as well.

"Oh Mr. Wells, cum in my ass!" she cried out, "Oh god I can feel it in me! Keep pumping it in me - more damn it!"

My dad could usually produce a pretty good load, especially if he hadn't fucked anyone that day yet, so I knew he was filling her up pretty good since we had not fucked since early in the morning. Finally his payload was delivered but he held himself still inside of her for a while. Then he pulled out of her and almost immediately a flow of cum started to drain from her ass.

Then I got my biggest surprise - my dad leaned over and started to lick his cum from her asshole! My god, I had never seen he do anything like that before! In fact, I had never seen him eat his own cum ever before let alone lick it out of a girl's asshole. Beth squirmed and the feel of him licking her asshole was the final straw to initiate another orgasm for her. My dad shoved two fingers not her pussy as she started to cum and stroked her like he was fucking her.

Beth did her moaning thing again - how the neighbors didn't hear was beyond me. This one seemed to be more intense than her first and my dad kept licking her asshole while he finger fucked her pussy. Kristen and I got up and sat next to each other on the floor, holding each other and kissing. I loved to kiss her when she was covered in my pussy juices and I know she felt the same about mine. My dad finished cleaning up Beth's asshole and sat back, a huge grin on his face. Bath turned around and stood up, straightening her outfit.

Well Kelly," my dad said turning to me, "What do you think?

I laughed out loud. "Damn dad, I never knew you liked assholes so much! That was incredibly hot! Does mom know about your fetish"?

"I use to do a lot of anal with other girls before I married your mom," he said in reply. "I knew neither of the two sisters liked it so ever since the wedding I have kept that desire TO myself." Then he looked over at Beth, straightening out her top and skirt. "Hmmm, looks like Beth goes for it though." Beth gave him a sheepish smile and he shook his head at her saying, "Don't even try to tell me that I was your first. That asshole has been fucked before!"

Beth just gave him a devilish grin and then looked at the clock in the family room. "Shit! You two better get ready, The party starts in an hour!"

## 5. Final Moments

Kristen and I gathered out robes and hustled upstairs to finish dressing. Beth stayed down with my dad and eventually came up to my room about fifteen minutes later when we were about ready to go. I asked her what she had been doing and she just gave me a devilish grin and shook her head. Well, I guess I will just have to use my imagination for now and see if I can sweet talk my dad into telling me another time. All I know is that she was licking her lips a lot!

We finally left to go to the party. Beth was driving and I noticed her skirt was so short she was actually sitting bare ass on the seat! It was going to be interesting when she got out because I was willing to bet some of my dad's cum was still seeping out of her! I thought again about my dad fucking her and my pussy was still tingling as I replayed the scene in my mind. It was going to be interesting to see what my mom had to say about our little escapade tonight! I hope she liked it because I wanted to have Beth over again sometime. All I have to do now is convince my parents to let me tell her about our little family secret so I can get fucked too!

# (Dec 18) Chapter 70: Party Time with Best Friend Beth and Cousin Kristen

Story codes: MF Mf FF Ff group oral exhib inc uncle niece

Me (19)
John - my dad (40)
Beth - BFF (19)
Kristen - cousin (17)

My best friend had taken me to a number of parties before but this was the first time my slut of a cousin would be coming with us... or should I say "cumming" with us?

## 1. A Little Background

It was the Christmas season and I was home from college for my sophomore year Winter Break. I was nineteen and studying to be a teacher but for the next few weeks it was time to take a break from the books and just relax.

During the past summer break my best friend Beth convinced me to join her at some "special" parties, parties which had only one real purpose - sex. While I love new experiences and am willing to try most anything at least once, these were most definitely something like I'd never done before.

By the time the summer was over I'd gone to a total of four of these parties. Each one had a different theme and I ended the summer with memories I guarantee will never be forgotten! For example, to my complete and utter surprise I learned at the outset of the first one that I had to be "initiated". This was just an thinly disguised excuse for the host for that evening to get first dibs when it came to fucking the new girl. What made it interesting was he did it in front of everyone else!

At the first three parties by the time the night was over I eventually fucked three to four guys in one-on-one situations. In the process I learned something about myself that I may have suspected but was certainly now confirmed - I absolutely get off having people watch me having sex!

Yes, I was definitely making it to this party!

## 2. My Dad Fucks Kristen Before the Party

Party night eventually arrived and Kristen was at my house waiting for Beth to pick us up. She was certainly dressed for the occasion - a skin tight strapless black dress than looked like it had been spray-painted on her. It was so short her ass showed when she sat down and crossed her legs and the top barely covered her small boobs causing her to constantly have to tug up on it to keep it from falling down and letting her boobs spill out. There was no way she could be wearing anything underneath it.

The two of us were sitting downstairs in the family room watching TV when my dad came in from the garage. He was just getting home from work with his suit jacket over his arm and carrying his briefcase, bulging as usual with work to do that evening. My dad may make a lot of money compared to most guys but he certainly worked hard for it!

"Hey girls, going out tonight?" he greeted us.

Well duh! Seeing how we were dressed THAT was pretty obvious. Like I said, Kristen was in her oversized tube top while I was wearing jeans and a sheer white cami. I didn't think it mattered much what I wore since it probably wouldn't be on for long so unlike Kristen I went for comfort over slutty.

"Like my dress Uncle John?" Kristen asked demurely, standing up and turning around for him to see. She didn't bother pulling it back down so it BARELY covered her ass, showing off her bare legs nicely.

"Ohhhhhh, so THAT's what you call it," my dad laughed, "Well, it certainly doesn't leave much to the imagination, that's for sure. So what's the occasion?"

I explained to him where we were going and he just shook his head at us. Well, he WAS my dad and I guess all fathers can be a bit protective of their daughters. "Kelly, I thought you weren't going to those anymore. Didn't you do like ten guys last time?"

"Twelve," I corrected him, grinning proudly.

"Ten, twelve, whatever," he mumbled. I smiled at his response - was my dad a little jealous? I wondered how he would feel later tonight sitting home alone knowing his daughter was out fucking her brains out while he was left home alone to watch porn movies and jack off until my mom returned from her shift at the hospital.

"Dang it Kristen, what are you doing?" I lamented, "You know we're late. Besides, Beth is right upstairs. What if she decides to come down here and sees you two going at it?"

Kristen wasn't in any condition to answer coherently as she was panting and moaning like the super slut she was. My dad turned and raised his eyebrows while he shrugged his shoulders as if to say it wasn't his "fault". I also noticed he didn't miss a beat either.

"You know Kristen, in the next few hours you can have all the cock you can handle, couldn't you have waited just a few more minutes?"

"Now don't blame her Kelly," my dad replied for her, "It was my fault, I asked her. You know I can't resist her cute little ass."

Well, it figured that my dad was the instigator although I was just as sure that Kristen hadn't put up any resistance. She was the type that lived for the moment so in her sex-warped mind if a hard cock was available NOW, why wait for another one later?

"Well, can you at least hurry it up. We're late and it's Kristen's FIRST party."

My dad had that expression he gets when the light bulb goes on over his head. From my experiences he knew what the first night for someone meant - even if Kristen didn't. Even so I knew full well that once he got started fucking you that there was no saying stop until he came. Now that he was fucking Kristen it would've been useless to even say another word until he came so I just sat down on the couch to watch the show.

Watching them fuck, I was struck by the notion that in a way all my dad was doing was masturbating except that instead of his hand he was using Kristen's tight pussy. He was rushing so much that it had become just a classic slam, bam, thank you ma'am fucking where all he cared about was getting off. Well, I guess it was better than jerking off alone.

My dad was soon stroking hard and fast, his breath labored and a loud groan escaping now and then as he continued to fuck my little cousin. Kristen wasn't saying a word, just staying bent over the wash machine as she let her uncle do whatever he wanted to her. It may not have been the most "sensitive" fucking she'd ever gotten but then again it WAS a hard dick inside of her and that was NEVER bad.

"Oh yeah, I love your tight little pussy," my dad groaned as he rammed his crotch into her little ass especially hard, driving her hard into the washing machine.

The he pulled out of her and stroked his dick a few times before shooting cum all over her bare ass.

"Geeze dad, did you really have to make such a mess?" I chastised him as I quickly grabbed a towel from the laundry my mom had done earlier in the day. I wiped his cum from Kristen's ass before it got all over anything else. Looking at my dad's dick I saw it was already starting to dwindle down.

"Well, I hope you feel better now," I sighed pretending to be upset with him.

"What do you think?" he teased me, "I'd say the evidence is pretty clear."

Kristen pulled her dress down just over her butt and gave my uncle one of her classic naughty looks. She looked so incredibly young and innocent, it was hard to imagine that he had really just fucked her! It was harder still to imagine she was even old enough to have sex, let alone be seventeen and already the most sought-after slut in school.

"Come on girl, we HAVE to get going. Beth must be wondering what's going on down here," I said, grabbing her hand and pulling her towards the stairs. I looked back at my dad who was pulling up his underwear and pants.

"And as for YOU, I'll tell you all about it when I get home and if you're good, maybe more."

My dad just grinned and blew a kiss as the three of us headed up the stairs. He knew it didn't matter if he was good or not, when it came to me what he wanted is what he got. How could I ever say NO to him anyway? As fast as it may have been, he still should be happy for a little while until he built up another load so by the time got home.

## 3. Kristen's Initiation

Back upstairs I opened the basement door to find Beth about to come down the stairs. Whew, THAT was close! She was discreet enough not to ask why it had taken me so long and I didn't volunteer anything so we just headed out the front door together. The three of us piled into Beth's car, me and Beth in front with Kristen in the back. Beth tore off in the direction of the party, flaunting the speed limit looking to make up for lost time. She glanced at Kristen in the rear view mirror and grinned.

"Hey girl, you ready to get fucked GOOD tonight?"

It was all I could do to keep from snickering. I wondered what Beth Would've said if she knew Kristen's pussy was already dripping with cum - and from her uncle's dick at that!

"Ohhhhhh, I think I can handle it," Kristen answered, somehow managing to keep a straight face. God, she was SUCH a filthy slut! True, I may have had a reputation of my own when I was in high school but the key difference between us was that she was open about hers to the point you could say she flaunted it. I guess since she wasn't worried about getting a job at the school later there was no reason to try and put on a front for the public's benefit. It certainly made her popular with the boys although the wives at church and many a girl at school would have likely been happy to get rid of her when they saw how their husbands and boyfriends looked at her. I wondered if they realized that all their demonstrations of disgust and envy just encouraged her to flirt and tease all the more?

When we finally arrived all of the other participants were already there. It was huge stone house with a gigantic living room and formal dining room not to mention a monster-sized kitchen. Because it was against the "rules" to sneak off by yourself with anyone to a bedroom, I knew all the action was going to be in these rooms so I looked around to get the lay of the land.

While I knew some of the people didn't care for the "no privacy" thing, personally I liked the rule. First of all I simply felt safer having sex with a stranger when other people were around. I also learned early on at my first party that I get incredibly turned on when I have an audience. Finally, it's just fun watching other people to see what they do and perhaps discover some new ideas to try for myself later on.

One other thing I liked and that was that while there was some beer and wine available, hard liquor was generally avoided and even those who did drink alcohol tended to minimize their consumption. As always I stuck to my Diet Coke. The refrigerator was full of various flavors but that was all I usually drank so long as it was available.

Beth introduced Kristen to Bill, the host of tonight's little get together. Bill gave Kristen a hug and a kiss on the cheek and welcomed her. He always took the time to take in a good long look at her, lingering on her tight little ass that was barely concealed. Kristen smiled but I knew she had no idea why the rest of us around her were smiling as well. We all knew something Kristen didn't, at least not yet. Let's just

It was interesting to watch as I'd never seen Kristen in action before with anyone other than my father. With him she was always the teenage niece and he was her uncle and no matter how carried away they got that relationship was always there. Like he did occasionally with me, there were times my dad would get so hot and horny that his lust for her would overcome him to where he fucked her more like a whore than his niece but even then she was submissive to him, still treating him like her uncle regardless of his attitude.

The little girl I was watching now was someone entirely different though. As she sucked him to a full erection and then fucked him in numerous positions right there in front of everyone, it was like she didn't seem to even notice all the people watching. I was seeing a sensual side to my cousin I'd never witnessed before. Damn! No wonder every guy in school wanted to fuck her (and a lot of them had).

When Bill's cock was deep inside of Kristen she looked absolutely radiant, thrusting her hips into him, wrapping her smooth legs around him. She twisted her hips, grinding into him and whatever else it took to have as much of him in her as she could possibly get. Even when switching positions she tried to keep him in her, swiveling around on him or letting him pick her up (she only weighs about ninety pounds or so). Everyone was watching intently as well, fascinating at the sight of this teenager who didn't look a day over fifteen.

To be honest I was a bit jealous for a number of reasons. When I had my initiation I was tentative at first, not really sure if I wanted to be watched by a bunch of strangers while having sex with yet another stranger. As it turned out, I eventually got into it but I'd never put on a show quite the way Kristen was now. In addition, I'd never seen this side of her before nor had she ever really spoken directly of it. Sure I knew she fucked a LOT of guys, and from what I heard she had quite the reputation at school, but this was still a bit of a surprise for me.

Bill eventually couldn't hold back any longer and when he came Kristen swallowed every drop. When he was finished they both stood up, out of breath and sweaty from their exertions. Kristen came over to me, licking her lips a bit to get the last bit of his cum off of them.

"Well cousin, how did I do?" she asked, grinning but then she gave me a stern look and added, "Oh and thanks for warning about the initiation! So, any more little surprises for me tonight?"

Beth and I both laughed. I explained that all the girls here had been through the same thing and that at least from now on she would get the fun of watching any new girls dealing with the situation. I got this feeling she wouldn't have minded being "initiated" every night!

## 4. Threesome With Beth & Kristen

With the initiation ceremony over it was now time for everyone else to pair up (or more) and have some fun. Beth and Kristen (who never bothered to get dressed again) merged into the crowd leaving me alone on the couch, or so I thought. Suddenly a huge cock was hanging in my face. I looked up and an awesomely handsome guy was standing naked in front of me, all eight inches of his dick dangling in my face. Damn, I couldn't hardly remember the last time I'd been treated to such a beast!

Despite his extraordinary dick size I wasn't going to act like some frigid college girl so I immediately took him in my mouth and started to blow him since that was obviously what he was expecting. I suppose that this was why these parties appealed to me. Here I was minding my own business and then suddenly without warning I'm sucking the cock of some guy I'd never met and so far hadn't even spoken a word to. The odds were that when we were done doing whatever it was we would end up doing that I still wouldn't know his name and it was highly likely that we still Wouldn't have exchanged a single word. There was just something about this type of sex that made me shiver. He eventually fucked me but despite his size it was nothing to write home about. I enjoyed it of course - I can't think of any time I have NOT enjoyed a dick in me. The only reason it gave me any thrill was the way it was just raw sex - no emotions, no ties, just sex for its own sake pure and simple.

After that I walked around and spent most of the night just watching other people. As the night went on I was reminded as to why I hadn't wanted to come to another of these parties. Yes, I LOVE sex but there was something missing here. After being fucked once anonymously doing another guy would have had the same emotional impact as me masturbating. Essentially that was what I was doing here except instead of using my imagination I was using someone else's body to get off. Several guys approached me but I politely turned them all down. It was then that I knew for sure that this was the last party like this I would ever attend.

As the evening got longer I had a great idea of how I could bring this chapter of my sexual life to a wonderful close. Why not wrap up things with a threesome, in particular Beth, Kristen and I? I found Beth watching a couple guys on the couch going a 69, not exactly my cup of tea but hey, if they like it then more power to them. I grabbed her and pulled her over to the side.

"Where's Kristen?"

Beth shook her head so I explained what I wanted to do. Beth's eyes lit up like Christmas lights and the two of us started to look around for Kristen. It wasn't long before I found her in the kitchen. Surprise, surprise, she was going it at still.

Kristen was bent over sucking one guy sitting on the kitchen table while another guy was fucking her pussy from behind. Well, she certainly looked to be enjoying the party! Beth was soon beside me and the two of us watched my cousin at work. She was only half the size (and age it looked) of either the guys she was with but there was no doubt who was running the show. Kristen was giving what looked to be a great blowjob while at the same time was bucking her ass against the guy fucking her.

Neither Beth or I wanted to disturb her so we grabbed something to drink and sat in a couple of chairs to watch (along with about half of the rest of the party crowd it seemed). Finally both guys came, one in her mouth and the other all over her tiny little ass. After making a show of swallowing it all down she looked around and saw Beth and me for the first time. She still had cum dripping from her face but she grinned like a pig in mud. Waving goodbye to her last conquests, she walked over to us, wiping the cum on her chin on her finger and then licking it off. She looked like the sluttiest little seventeen year-old in the world!

"Damn Kristen," I teased her, "I would say it looks like you're having a hell of a good time tonight!"

Kristen gave us both a hug. "I can't believe this! I think those were the last two."

I looked at her with wide eyes. I'd heard her yet I couldn't believe what I was hearing!

"Oh come on Kristen," I chided her, "There's no way you fucked all the guys already! We've only been here a couple of hours!"

Kristen just grinned, some cum was still on her teeth and gums. "Well, check it out. You'll see this isn't a single guy here who hasn't fucked me tonight! Don't waste your time though, I guarantee it!

"Well little cousin, then I guess there's only one thing left to do."

She looked at me with narrowing eyes as if I was going off the deep end.

"Time for Beth and me to have you for ourselves," I said seductively.

Kristen was suddenly smiling again. "Wow, that sounds great Kelly! Where?"

Hmmm, THAT was a good question. People were everywhere and it seemed that they were fucking everywhere as well. Then I looked at the kitchen table again. It looked like some Amish furniture, the type you can do darn near anything to and it doesn't flinch. I pointed to it for Beth and Kristen and they immediately understood. The three of us climbed aboard the table. The three of us were already nude so we went right at it, starting with a three-way pussy-licking. As Beth had never been with Kristen, her head was between Kristen's thighs. I was licking Beth's cunt while Kristen was ministering to mine.

All three of us had been fucking guys to one extent or another all night so I was sure all of us tasted like Beth did to me - a mixture of pussy cum and sperm and the musky smell of sweat and sex. I had only had tasted Beth once before so I was enjoying the opportunity to suck on the clit of my best friend. Kristen was doing a great job on me and it wasn't long before I felt that familiar glow that I always did before I orgasmed. Sure enough, her tongue traced around my clit one more time and I came hard, tensing up and arching my back while trying to still lick Beth. God I loved this moment, the moment when my body became a fountain of pleasure!

After a while we traded around so now I had Beth between my legs and I was licking a more familiar pussy. While we switched I noticed we had gained an audience. Several guys and girls were taking ringside seats to watch the three of us. I really wasn't paying much attention to them when suddenly I felt something that changed our plans. Someone was trying to fuck me!

## 5. Threesome Becomes an Orgy

I turned my head around and there was some guy trying to push his cock into my pussy from behind. My ass was near the edge of the table and he was built pretty well so he was able to reach my pussy since I had my legs spread to make it easier for Beth. I turned my head back to Kristen and damn if another guy wasn't moving in to fuck her. His cock was already starting to disappear into her when I felt my guy's cock moving into me. If Beth was worried about being left out, she didn't have to because a third guy was moving in on her as well. Our little three-some has changed into the three of us being fucked on the table top.

Kristen and I already had cocks in us so we shifted ourselves until we were side-by-side. Beth motioned for the guy taking aim on her crotch to move to the other side of the table and next thing I knew I was laying there in the center with Beth on one side of me and Kristen on the other. All three of us had a guy fucking us I could feel their naked bodies pressed against mine, moving back and forth as their guy was fucking them. I had never fucked the guy who was pumping me at the moment and I had to admit he wasn't doing a bad job. He felt very thick and even after all the fucking I had already done that night he was still stretching me out to fit in.

Now if every party went like this I might feel differently about them. When else does a girl get a chance to be fucked with her best friend and favorite cousin laying at her sides, the two of them being drilled at the same time? About the only thing that could have made it more special would have been if my dad could see me now. Knowing my dad, it would have been fun for him to watch although I can't imagine trying to explain to the group why he wanted to watch his daughter being screwed by some strange guys.

This wasn't the first party for the guys, either, and they eagerly took advantage of the situation, trading off between the three of us every now and then. At first it was all missionary but then the three of us stood side by side and leaned over the table in unison, exposing our well fucked pussies to everyone as the guys took us from behind.

It was Beth who came up with the idea. Looking back over her shoulder at the three guys, she grinned and nodded her head towards Kristen, who was now in the center position.

"Hey guys, what do you say you all cum on her?"

I hate to admit this but my first reaction was sort of "WHAT?" I mean, I wanted my guy to cum in me and who was she was to volunteer me giving THAT up? But my jealousy passed quickly when I saw the joy on Kristen's face and the look of happiness when I nodded my approval as well.

"Go for it girl," I encouraged her.

The guy fucking Kristen pulled out long enough for her to twist around after which he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up to sit on the table. She had her feet on the table with her legs spread open like some whore as he resumed fucking her bare pussy until finally he was ready.

"Where of you want it?" he asked her.

Now had he asked ME, the answer was simple. Why bother fucking me if you're not going to cum in me? Kristen didn't have a reputation for being a cum slut for nothing, though.

"All over my boobs!" she answered between pants.

It was just in time as he wasn't holding back any longer. He pulled his dick out of her and with only two strokes he as shooting a great load of sperm all over her boobs and belly. The cum even pooled in her belly button. A little had made it onto each of her little boobs and was already starting to drip down towards her belly.

My pussy suddenly felt empty as the guy who was fucking me was obviously determined to have her next. Sure enough, he practically pushed the first guy aside in his eagerness to fuck Kristen again. She certainly didn't seem to mind, now THAT was for sure. I just stayed where I was, fingering myself a little as I felt torn between the empty feeling in my pussy and the erotic image next to me as I watched my little cousin getting ready for the next load of cum.

It wasn't a long wait as he repeated the performance of the first guy, adding his spray to the that of the first. Kristen just stayed motionless, leaning back on her hands as she waited for the next guy. Beth moaned as her guy pulled out and I felt sorry for her as I knew how empty she must be feeling at that moment. She moved over to me and we put an arm around each other as we stood up and watched my cousin getting her third load of cum. This guy had a little more pressure built up as his first couple of loads made it to her face and hair. Kristen didn't even flinch!

With three loads of cum on her Kristen was beaming like a bride on her wedding day. God that girl loved cum all over her! Personally, it was just a sticky mess so far as I was concerned but she really seemed to get off from it. She sat up which caused it to run down her body but she caught it with her hands and started to spread it all over her like some sort of body lotion. Within a few minutes she had a complete coating of cum all over her from her waist to her forehead. Even her ears had cum on them! Everyone watched in fascination at the show she was putting on for us.

## 6. Wrapping Things Up For the Night

Eventually the crowd dispersed and I noticed a couple people getting dressed while some of the diehards went back at it in the living room. No doubt a few of them would be doing this all night but that wasn't my thing. Beth was one of those that probably stayed the night when I wasn't there but she knew how I felt about it and as my best friend she respected my feelings and never pushed me to stay.

"I take it that you're ready to go?" she asked me.

I looked at her and smiled gently. "Sorry... do you mind?"

Beth just shook her head and then she looked at me saying, "You know, for someone who loves sex as much as you do I've never figured out why you always want to leave so early."

What could I say? It was complicated and I'm not even sure I can explain it completely. There's just something impersonal about sex in these type of situations that turns me off. Once I get some of the horniness out of my system it just doesn't turn me on to stay around and fuck a few more guys. I know they don't care anything about me except to fuck me. Some people might question what the difference is between that and me going out with some stranger for dinner and sex.

Well, even in those situations at least I feel a little connection to the guy even if it IS for only one night. It's not like he picks me up, fucks me in the car, and then drops me back home again without saying a word. Parties are about like that.

As I got dressed, Beth informed Kristen of the news. She looked disappointed and for a moment I debated seeing if she could stay and go home with someone else. I'd promised her mom I would watch out for her and without being there so I couldn't very well uphold that promise and so I ditched the idea. She could come another time as I'm sure they wouldn't mind now that they had gotten to know her.

Kristen grabbed her dress and pulled it up and over her cum-covered torso. I couldn't believe she wasn't even washing it off!

"Uh Kristen, they DO have a shower here you know," I gentled prodded her.

Kristen just grinned, that glow still all over her face. "I know," she said in sing-song voice, "I wanted my mom to see. I don't think she would believe me otherwise."

Well, I'd been come ON and IN by a lot of guys but I'd never gone home with it still on me to show off to my mom! At least not intentionally. I was really close to my mother but Kristen and her mom had something special between them. My mom and I have discussed it and personally, I think it's a result of growing up without a husband and father. It's like they have to share everything together, even boyfriends. This was the first time, though, that I knew her to bring home a coating of cum to show off to her mother like some school kid bringing home a paper with a star on it from the teacher.

Beth was a bit shocked as well, probably even more so given the fact she wasn't as close to her parents as Kristen and I were. "God, if I ever went home looking and smelling like THAT..." she whispered almost more to herself, her voice trailing off as even the very thought of it was more than she could imagine.

Kristen seemed quite proud of herself as we said out goodbyes and headed home. Beth dropped Kristen off and as we watched her head up the steps into her house, Beth shook her head in amazement. "Now THAT is what I call one hell of a slut!"

I laughed at her tone of voice and answered, "Hey, I always thought I was the one you thought was the slut. And oh by the way, what about YOU?"

"Well Kelly, I hate to be the one to tell you this, but your cousin puts us BOTH to shame!"

We both laughed and for the rest of the short trip to my house, we commented on my cousin's sexual appetite and complete lack of morals. It wasn't like we were talking behind her back, she would've certainly agreed with us, I'm sure.

Pulling up to my house, I looked at Beth and from the look on her face, I knew she wasn't finished for the night. "Heading back, aren't you?"

Beth smiled and shrugged saying, "Well, you know how it is."

Indeed I did! What Beth didn't know was that my night wasn't over yet either. After all, I had promised my dad something when I got home and I knew he would be holding me to my word. I kissed her goodnight and headed for the front door, my pussy tingling as I wondered what was waiting for me inside. I couldn't wait to tell me dad about Kristen's little show. My only concern was he might try to do his own reenactment.

Oh well, isn't that what a good daughter does - make her daddy happy. If so I was going to be a VERY good daughter tonight!

Finally I opened my eyes and looked at the clock - 6:00 AM. Well, that was late enough for me so I jumped out of bed, threw on a robe and went straight to my parent's room. They were under the covers so I pulled them off and felt a bit of a thrill run through me as I saw them both naked in bed, my mom laying against my dad with one leg and arm draped over him. She was holding his cock in her hand as she often did at night when they slept, sort of like a security blanket I guess you could say.

They stirred for a moment but didn't wake up so I carefully got in the bed with them and gently moved my mom's hand from his cock. Leaning over, I took him in my mouth and started to softly suck him. It didn't take long for him to respond and I could feel his warm cock getting thicker and longer in my mouth. I love feeling when a man's cock is in my mouth and getting excited thanks to the attention I was giving to it. Barely three minutes or so after I started he was rock hard, quivering in my mouth. I looked up and saw my mom was awake now, silently watching as her daughter sucked her husband's growing cock. She smiled at me and pulled herself closer to my dad so her boobs were pressed tighter against him.

With my dad's cock fully erect I could no longer easily take him all in my mouth in the awkward position I was in so I got on my knees to the side of him which let me take him straight into my mouth. I slowly went down on him again until I felt his cock head pressing against the back of my throat. I relaxed my throat and dropped my head down on him more, pushing him further into my mouth. For a brief moment I felt my gag reflex kick in but I forced myself to ignore it and just let his cock press further inward.

I felt the head of his cock entering my throat, filling it completely. Just a little bit more and then my face was pressing against his crotch, my lips wrapped around the base of his cock with his pubic hair on my face, I heard a groan as I rotated my head slowly around his throbbing cock.

I needed some air so I raised my head to let his cock slide from my mouth. As I did I turned my head and I saw his eyes were open and he was watching me with a huge smile on his face.

Well John," my mother whispered to him, "it looks like our girl is trying to tell you something. Merry Christmas!"

A big grin came to my face as I ran my tongue around the head of his cock. As much as I wanted to get downstairs, I wasn't ready to let him go quite yet. I took the bottom half in my hand and started stroking him while I worked on his head. I love cock heads especially. The skin is always so warm and soft plus the ridge around it feels good under my tongue and lips. Running my tongue around it and playing with the little slit at the end is incredibly erotic for me.

I kept stroking him with my hand as I played with his head even more. Then I moved my hand to his balls, gently caressing them and playing with them as I took his cock back into my mouth again. I worked on taking more of him into my mouth with each stroke until once again I reached that point where he filled my mouth.

"Take it all Kelly," I heard my mother saying, "Take your father's cock in ALL the way."

With that she leaned upward and they kissed but I knew their eyes were glued on me. My mom had admitted to me privately in the past that I was a better cocksucker than she was although she would never say that in front of anyone else. It's not like most of my relatives don't already know that I'm the only one in the family that can take my dad's whole cock in my mouth.

I knew he loved it when I did so once again I let him slide down my throat. As I reached the base of his dick I could smell his strong odor. His pubic hair brushed against my cheeks, felling coarse and wiry. My nose was pressed to his crotch and the smell was overpowering, a sensual mixture of musky sex and morning sweat. His cock was even harder than before, if that was possible, and I loved the feel of him sliding down my throat. I held him that way as long as I could until finally I needed to breath. As I slowly let him out of my mouth I felt him shudder and heard him moan with pleasure.

My mom was running her hands over his chest, playing with his chest hairs. They were kissing as they both watched me working his wonderful cock. I knew he was getting into it as his hips began to gently thrust in time with my strokes on him. I felt his hand on my head and his fingers ran through my hair. Well, my dad knew by now what really turned me on and playing with my hair was one of those things at the top of my list! I was already turned on of course but I could feel the wetness inside of me growing as my lust for my dad grew inside of me. God I loved to suck his cock!

Normally I would not have been able to pass up fucking him but it was Christmas morning after all and I had a feeling it wouldn't be all that long anyway before he was fucking his daughter if past experience was to be trusted. For now I would be happy just to taste his cum so I started to work even harder on him. His

Sure enough, in back of her recliner was a box, and not a very big one at that! I brought it out and sat down on the floor in front of them. The wrapper was quickly removed and I opened it up with anticipation growing, especially between my legs! There wasn't much in there but what I saw was soooooo cool! I lifted out a black silk bra and matching panties, so sheer as to be virtually invisible. The material felt so incredibly soft and smooth and it was so light that it was like I wasn't holding anything at all. Mmmmmmm, even though I normally hated bras and panties, I loved these!

Also in the box were a pair of sexy spiked heels. They must have been almost four inches tall and had just a thin ankle strap to hold them on. Then a thought occurred to me, what did he want me to do with them? Well, it was like he was reading my mind.

"I know you love me calling you a slut but we both know it's just for fun," my dad said. "Well, here's your chance to really be one. Go get dressed and come on back and give your dear old dad a lap dance we'll all never forget!"

## 3. A Lap Dance For My Dad

I just giggled and ran into the bathroom with my new present. It took only a few seconds to drop my robe and put on the bra and panties. I looked in the mirror and couldn't believe how good they made me look! I had a pale black ghost of a bra over my already hard nipples which were clearly visible through the material. The silk brushed against them as I bent over to pull up the panties and a shiver ran through me as my nipples poked even further out. I put on the heels and had to balance myself for a second - I hardly ever wore heels this tall. From inside the bathroom I could hear a CD my mom had started with some sexy music for me to dance to when I showed off my new present to my dad.

I opened the bathroom door and there was my mom with the video camera out as well as our new digital camera. Well, I was going to make sure it was worth watching later! My dad was still sitting in the center of the couch. He was still wearing his robe but it was obvious his cock was ready again for me! I stepped out of the bathroom and stood there, my hands on my hips and a sexy smile on my face as I faced them.

"WOW!" my dad exclaimed, "Damn you look incredible!" I have to admit that like it when my dad looks at me with such lust in his heart, seeing me as more than just his daughter but also as an object to be desired and used. Right at that moment it was even more than that. I slowly walked you to him, hands to my sides and my hips moving to the music. Actually, with those heels I wasn't going anywhere fast!

When I got in front of him I put one foot up on the couch next to his thigh, giving him a good view of my hungry pussy, barely hidden by the transparent panties. My mom was circling around the couch with the camera, catching everything as I put my hand between my legs and slowly rubbed myself through the thin panties. My dad's eyes were fixed on my crotch as I moved my hand up and down my pussy. I saw his tongue licking his lips several times as he stared at my hand that was between my legs.

I slipped my hand inside my panties and rubbed my finger inside my pussy slit. Damn I was so wet!!! I took my hand out and raised my wet fingers to my mouth, my pussy juices glistening off of them in the soft light. I licked them and smiled as I enjoyed the flavor of myself. I moved closer to him and straddled his legs. I reached out with my hand to him and beckoned.

"Well sir," I said as if a dancer in a club, "Would you like a lap dance? It's free but I expect a tip at the end if you like it."

My dad just smiled and reach out his hand to take mine. I used his hand to support me and I stepped up onto the couch. He put his hands on the backs of my thighs and helped to steady me. Standing like that my crotch was at eye level and he was certainly taking in an eyeful. I was getting into the rhythm of the music and moved slowly and seductively to the melody. I pushed my hips out and used the wall behind the couch to steady myself as I actually rubbed his face with my panties. I was already wet and I knew he could smell my pussy and know how excited I was. He grabbed at my panties with his teeth and held onto the material, pulling it to one side and exposing my bare pussy. I reached down and held them over, letting him lick me as I ground my pussy into his face. Mmmmmmm it felt good!

I closed my eyes and just swayed to the music, swiveling my hips against his face and enjoying his tongue on me. My dad was blessed with a long tongue and he damn well knew how to use it. Mom always told me how much she loved to be eaten by him ever since she and her sister were teenagers doing it in her bedroom. She has always claimed that he is the only guy who can eat her pussy as well as a girl and I can say that so far in my experience she is right!

Most guys just don't have the patience or even apparently the knowledge to know how to properly eat a pussy but somewhere along the way my dad figured it out and I was just happy to be one of the beneficiaries. My clit was going nuts as he first teased and then assaulted it with his mouth and tongue. It didn't take long before I was heading off into the stratosphere with my first orgasm.

"Oh daddy!" I moaned, "that feels soooooo good! Make me cum daddy, do me good."

My mom had the camera trained on me now as I shoved my soaking wet pussy into his face, rubbing it so his nose was hitting my clit and his tongue was fucking my pussy. Damn it felt incredible to cum this way! I thought about how hot it was going to be to watch this later using the DVD player on our wide screen TV! Admittedly I was playing to the camera a bit but when I have an orgasm, it doesn't take any acting on my part to show how damn good it makes me feel.

Orgasms are like drugs to me - I think if I could love in a continuous state of orgasm I would be truly happy. Even when I have sex I still feed the desire, no make the NEED to masturbate every day at least once or twice. Can you actually be addicted to sex? That's the best way I can describe it for me when I feel the need to bring myself to an orgasm.

When I was able to concentrate again I teased my dad the way a slutty lap dancer would, at least the way I thought one would since I had never actually been in a strip club. I kept my bra on and rubbed my boobs against his face through the transparent material. I played with myself as I moved slowly to the music, shoving a finger up my pussy and then licking the juices off of it in front of him. I massaged my boobs through my bra. The material was so thin it felt almost like it wasn't there.

My nipples were so hard and sensitive I could barely touch them without squirming. I never tired of playing with my breasts. Since I was a little girl and they first started to bud I was fascinated by them. Feeling and seeing them grow as I got older, I loved the way the boys would look at them, trying not to stare but I knew. I would lay in bed or even when driving the car and just run my hands and fingers over them, tracing light circles around my nipples and around the fullness of my boobs. I never cared much for them being treated roughly though. Soft and gentle was the key to satisfying my breasts!

At some point while I was dancing for my dad, he'd slipped his cock our from his robe and started stroking it. Now if a guy wants to turn me on, there is one sure fire way - masturbate for me. So many guys are hung up about letting a girl watch them. Hell, they do it every day so why not let me watch? The key for me is not that they are masturbating, but rather WHY they are masturbating. I can watch porn

hairy body. Who would want to be intimate with a mom that no longer takes care of her body, looks like hell and probably hasn't douched her pussy in years? My parents have always taken care of themselves and as a result, I find them as sexy as most of the younger people I've had sex with over the years.

I sat on one side of my dad, my mom on the other and we both had one hand on his cock like it was a baseball bat. They kissed and I took that cue to be the first to suck his rock-hard dick so I laid out on the couch and began to slowly suck him. My mom played with my hair as I licked him and sucked him, running my tongue along his shaft and holding the head inside my mouth as I tickled him with my tongue.

When I'm determined, there aren't many men I can't get to cum in five minutes or less! However, since I LOVE sucking cock, normally I try to take my time rather than rushing to make him cum. I love to feel a man harden in my mouth as I excite him and get him horny. Then I love to lick it, stroke it in and out of my mouth, taste the salty precum and then the gooey cum, smell the musky odor of a male crotch. Mmmmmmm, all of these are what make sucking cock one of my favorite hobbies. Learning to deep-throat took some work and determination but my dad didn't mind my "practice" sessions and since then I've only had one cock that I wasn't able to take all the way in and it was huge!

In this case I certainly didn't want my dad to cum yet so I worked on his cock such that he enjoyed it but when he would start getting to the edge I would back off and let him calm down before going at it again. My mom eventually came down to get her share of him so we switched places and she sucked him while I kissed my dad. I enjoyed kissing him but it was my mom that I really got into. Kissing my mom was like I imagine kissing a lover would be, sensual and emotional, fully committed to each other.

Since it was MY Christmas present that started this all, I figured it wasn't unreasonable of me to expect to be fucked first. My mom's mouth eventually grew tired sucking him and when she backed away I stood in front of my dad waiting to be fucked. My dad took the cue and scooted up on the couch until I could sit down on him, facing away from him with my ass there for him to enjoy. Keeping one eye on my mom, I lowered myself down carefully. His cock was wet from my mother's mouth plus my pussy was practically dripping from the whole experience up until now so he slid easily into me. My mom had already gotten the video camera out so she

# 5. My Dad Fucks My Mom But Cums in Me

Finally mom put down the camera and came over to us. "My turn oh dearest daughter," she said with a bit of a laugh. "Don't you think it's time I got to fuck my own husband? Now quit being so selfish and let me have his cock!"

Reluctantly I stood up and felt that sudden empty feeling I got whenever his cock came out of my pussy. My pussy practically cried out for him, begging to have him back but my mom wasted no time in jumping him. Instead of standing and facing away as I had, she straddled him on the couch and let him suck her boobs as he fucked her. My mom had fantastic breast, I never quite understand what happened to the gene pool when it came to me! They were still a firm 38C with almost no sag at all. Her nipples were much larger than mine but just as sensitive. After over 25 years of having them, my dad still loved to play with them and suck them.

I picked up the camera and shot some video. I don't have much of them together since it so rare that we do a 3some so I was looking to make a memory. I knew my cousin Kristen would love to see this as well! Naturally I couldn't leave my pussy alone for very long so I played with myself as my mom had when she was in my position at the end of the couch. It wasn't long before both my mom and I were getting off, each of us cumming together and moaning to one another.

My dad was starting to look ready to cum and I was feeling selfish this morning so I did something I hardly ever did, I asked for him to cum in me instead of my mom. I was on my hands and knees on the couch with my ass waving suggestively at them both when my mom rolled her eyes at my dad and got off of him.

My dad quickly got on the coach and came up behind me as my mother sat on the couch arm ahead of me with her legs spread wide open. Well, I knew what she wanted! I put my head to her pussy and immediately I was able to smell the mixture of her wet pussy and my father's musky crotch. Even better was the taste of her wet pussy as I licked her and tasted her pussy. In the meantime my father was lining up for another shot at my cunt. I felt the head against me and he lunged forward, driving himself deep inside of me with one fluid motion. He was ready to cum and I knew it would be only a few strokes before the main event occurred. Sure enough, less than a minute later he was gasping as he was starting to cum.

# 2005

## (Feb 05) Chapter 72: My First Bachelor Party

Story codes: MMF F-solo orgy exhib adultery
Me (19)

When you're nineteen and horny, sometimes you do things that later seem crazy. Such was the case with me during my second semester as a college sophomore. Fortunately, it all turned out well in the end. Actually, I don't know who had the better time, me or the groom. What's even crazier is I got paid for doing what I would've gladly done for free!

### 1. Horny at School

During the first semester of my sophomore year in college I was playing it pretty much by the stringent rules imposed by my Christian-based university. Students (and faculty) were required to abstain from personal misconduct, including sexual promiscuity, as well as refrain from engaging in "inappropriate" forms of entertainment including pornography and other forms of "promiscuous" behavior. The rationale was it built character and promoted unity, peace, and the general lifestyles of the community.

While I didn't HAVE to follow the Lifestyle Guidelines, as they were euphemistically named, it was made equally clear that I also didn't HAVE to attend this particular school. I didn't complain about the rules as I knew full well what they were when I chose the school. It's just now and then I would get a bit "frustrated" living by them, to put it mildly. As anyone who knows me will testify, when I get frustrated I tend to do things that I might never even consider otherwise - not one of my better personality traits.

To understand my frustration, realize that I lost my virginity when I was only fourteen and in the years leading to this time I'd had one-on-on sex with over a dozen guys and several women, including my parents, an aunt and a younger cousin (a girl). Actually, my sexual "headcount" was well over fifty guys if you included the ones who did me at parties but I don't view those the same as the guys I was more personal with. Heck, I never even knew the names of most of the party guys! Of course, none of those numbers include blowjobs as I gave up long ago trying to keep count of them. What would be the point anyone? It's not like a blowjob is sex, at least not technically or morally.

Oh, and in case you're wondering how I know all these numbers... I keep a detailed diary!

Given my innate love of sex, people ask me why I chose such a restrictive school with all its rigid rules which seemed to contradict my lifestyle to that point. All I can say is that as strong as the cravings are within me to sex, my personal convictions as a practicing Christian are even stronger. While I understand that there are self-righteous people who disagree with me, I don't see any conflict whatsoever between my attitudes toward sex and my Christian beliefs. God gave me a sexual nature and so long as I use his gift in a responsible manner then I should rejoice in it and use it just as everyone should do with their own particular gifts.

One last word on the subject... Believe it or not and contrary to popular opinion, there is more to college than wild parties and sex. When I was looking at schools I knew that I wanted one that would provide me with a quality education that would prepare me for the teaching career I've always dreamed of since I was a little girl. Why waste four years of your life (not to mention the cost) just to hang a piece of paper on the wall and have nothing else to show for it but some vague memories of wild parties?

In the end I chose a school based on its outstanding teaching curriculum plus it promised to address my spiritual needs in ways which no public school ever could. I DO have to admit that even though I THOUTGHT that I understood that following the rules would be difficult, I really wasn't prepared for the reality when it struck me. In the back of my mind I guess I just assumed that God would provide for my sexual needs one way or another, even if it meant having to masturbate three times a day... or more!

Well, THAT all sounded well and good when I was a naive high school senior trying to choose a college. Once I got there, though, I realized how much more difficult it was going to be to suppress my sexual needs, a LOT harder than what I'd ever anticipated. Thank goodness I was lucky enough to have Brenda as a roomie as I'm not sure I would've made it through my freshman year without her! The odds of getting matched up with a pretty bi girl for a roomie at a Christian university had to be astronomical - which only proves that God DOES provide, for our needs, just as I'd prayed for before then.

Over time I worked things out in terms of dealing with my sexual needs with the end result being what I believed was an acceptable compromise. While at school I tried my best to behave in accordance with the rules, at least publicly (what I did with my roomie when the door was closed was another matter).

Away from school I followed my own convictions and personal sense of morality that were instilled in me by my parents. As an example, take my relationship with my freshman roomie Brenda. She and I bonded from the moment we met and over time forged an intense sexual relationship. We were never "lovers", we just enjoyed each physically and even when we were no longer roomies, we remained good friends and got together now and then for a bit of fun. We ALWAYS kept our "activities" behind our closed dorm door or away from school property which was easy since her parents lived only ten miles away from the campus.

One thing WAS exactly as I'd expected... other than being with Brenda my sexual activities while at school were limited to masturbation, LOTS and LOTS of masturbation. Except for one encounter with Brenda's older brother, the only real sex I had during my freshman year came when I was back home - where I made up for lost time!

It was during the second semester of my freshman year that something totally unexpected happened which would change my life forever. My cousin dared me to try chatting on-line on an adult-oriented web site called Adult Friend-Finder. This was actually more risky than it might sound as the school monitored all web activities but I quickly got hooked chatting with total strangers about sex in a totally open way. Even back home I couldn't discuss my incestual experiences and secret fantasies with any of my friends and now all of a sudden I had the entire world to talk to about it! Once I learned to ignore the perverts and came to terms with the realization that 90% of the so-called "girls" and "couples" were actually guys pretending to be someone else, I found that it was actually quite a bit of fun.

From the start, I only chatted for fun and as a means to relieve my sexual tensions. I NEVER had any intention or desire to meet anyone but it seemed that most of the people who contacted me pestered me relentlessly to either meet me or send them nude photos of me. Equally frustrating were all the people who bombarded me with requests to be naked on a web cam and/or call them for phone sex. People just couldn't seem to understand that I only wanted to chat. All I wanted was an outlet to express myself and let out my frustrations. I WAS pleasantly surprised at the incredible number of responses I got from both guys and girls, especially the way they were claimed to be turned by me even in the limited way I interacted with them.

My sophomore year turned out to be as totally different from my freshman year as it could be. Brenda lived at home as the on-campus living costs were too high for her parents to afford another year in the dorm. As luck would have it, I lost the lottery for an on-campus apartment so I ended up living in the dorms again. As if all that wasn't enough, I was paired with a new roomie who was definitely NOT bi! Karen was a virgin who was saving herself for marriage. She believed that masturbation was a form of sex and thus not to be done prior to marriage. I was floored when she first told me that. I can respect her desire to stay a virgin for her husband but how can anyone go through life without masturbating? Oh well, Karen was living proof that there are actually some real people who can do it!

Living with Karen might not have been so bad had she been fat and ugly, but she was a stunning brunette. To make it even worse, as frigid as she might have been inside she was an awful tease who enjoyed showing herself off. Behind her back (and sometimes to her face) guys called her a cock teaser. Karen even had me take pictures of her when she dressed up in hot clothes and skimpy bikinis to send back home to her boyfriend. Brenda invited us to her home several times and I will never forget the first time I saw Karen in her sexy black bikini! I don't know which of us wanted her more - Brenda or me!

It took a while to learn to live with Karen but I eventually adapted. Nudity was yet another issue that we didn't see eye to eye. For me, being nude was no big deal although I should qualify that by saying I don't believe in prancing around naked showing yourself off for no good reason. I started sleeping in the nude back when I was turned twelve. At first it was to mimic my parents but once I got used to it, wearing anything to bed seemed terribly constrictive.

As for Karen, she slept in panties and a t-shirt, usually without covers no matter how cold it was. She must have had a furnace roaring in her, maybe that's how she burned up all her pent-up sexual needs! Anyway, even though she didn't exactly wear a whole lot to bed, she was horrified when I stripped down and got in bed nude our first night together. We argued about it and she actually threatened to turn me in for being "promiscuous" so I compromised by wearing a nightshirt without panties. It wasn't exactly the best way to start out our school year together but we got over it. She was OK so long as I wore at least something to bed!

One good thing about Karen, once she fell asleep it would have taken Armageddon to wake her before morning so I spent many a night enjoying the view across the room, dreaming about what I would love to do in bed with her. At times I would get so horny I would think about going over to her and running my hands over her long smooth legs until I touched her virgin hairy pussy. God I would have loved to be the first to lick it! Somehow I managed to keep myself under control but I also knew that unless I did something to satisfy my increasingly intense sexual cravings that sooner or later I would do something I would probably regret.

The end result of all this was by the second semester I was chronically hornier than I'd ever been in my life! Although I linked up with Brenda a few times and had some fun during weekend visits by my parents, I got to the point where at times I wanted to scream from the pain of the horrible pressure of my pent-up sexual needs.

Once before Thanksgiving, I was so overwhelmed I actually agreed to go to a frat party in Columbus with a couple of other girls who also flaunted the rules away from campus. It DID help so far as satisfying my immediate needs. I found it to be incredibly exciting and erotic to be fucked right in the middle of the living room with so many strangers watching. Still, drunken parties are not really my thing so I never went to another one. If it taught me anything, though, it was that I was capable of doing most anything if I let myself get too frustrated and horny.

taking on some sort of an escorting job was NOT something a "good" girls did. It wasn't like I was considering becoming anything like the web whores that tease and sell themselves on the Internet on poorly disguised "escort" or "massage" web sites. What I was thinking about was actually working for a respectable and legitimate escorting agency.

After checking out several agencies in the greater Columbus area, I eventually decided to give one a try. The company claimed to do background checks on all of their clients and offer only the ones that they thought were best for me based on my desired client profile which for me was basically "older married guys from out of state". The clients paid the agency directly so I wouldn't have to fool with money which addressed one of my biggest worries - being arrested as a prostitute. Of course, I could keep any "tips" but that was strictly between me and the client. In any case it wasn't the money I was interested in so the financial arrangements weren't a big deal for me.

The manager explained to me that as an escort I would be expected to be friendly and outgoing which might including enduring some minor groping. However, sex was definitely NOT part of the package as sold. Anything involving sex for money was left completely up to me which was really no different than any other date I might go on. Of course, I doubted that fooled anyone. Really, why else would someone pay $250 or more just to have dinner with a young college girl? And THAT didn't include the cost of dinner!

The agency promised to send a prepaid cab to pick me up and take me back home. The driver would even stay in the area in case I needed to leave quickly for some reason. Once I made up my mind I signed all the consent forms and even a few tax forms. I couldn't help but note that it seemed a bit ironic that after all these years, my first official "job", at least one that took taxes out of my pay, was being an escort! Not quite like most kids who started at McDonalds or waiting tables.

In addition to the single escort "assignments", I also signed up for bachelor parties as they sounded like a lot of fun from the way the manager described them to me. After all, If there's one thing I love during sex, it's an audience, so these parties sounded like a perfect match for me. As with the escorting gigs, sex was NOT considered part of the package although I was strongly encourage to make "side" arrangements with the clients. It was also hinted that girls who didn't "satisfy" their customers weren't given new assignments. All this was fine with me as sex was the whole reason I was doing this in the first place!

# 3. My First Assignment

Within days of signing up I got an e-mail saying that there was a bachelor party assignment opportunity that I might be interested in. The e-mail said it was scheduled for the upcoming Saturday night with a location that put it far enough away that I didn't have to worry about someone being there that might know me. As I read the e-mail, my stomach suddenly felt a bit queasy. It was one thing to fantasize about showing off at a party full of strange men but now my fantasy was about to change to reality! After the initial jitters had calmed down I made my decision and sent in my reply, accepting the assignment.

For the rest of the week all I could think about was the upcoming bachelor party. I'd never done anything even remotely like this before and I even found myself getting wet in class just thinking about it. Sure I'd performed sex in front of others at the parties my best friend Beth took me to; but then everyone was doing it and I definitely wasn't the only girl.

This time it would be just me being put literally on display in front of a bunch of lecherous horny men. The party description said to expect ten to twelve guys including the groom. Of course I'd be expected to strip and thus probably be nude most of the time, but I wondered if anything else would happen? Would they expect me to play with myself in front of them? Would I suck any of their cocks, maybe even get fucked? Would I do it with just one or all of them? Would I have sex with the groom just hours before he said his wedding vows to his loving fiance? Now THAT idea really turned me on. God it would be so hot to have him do me just hours before he said his wedding vows! The possibilities were endless and I masturbated every chance I had that week while I dreamed of all that might happen.

Saturday evening FINALLY arrived! I told Karen that I'd be going out with some friends to a party and that I'd probably be pretty late getting back. Karen gave me an odd look but didn't say anything as she turned away and just shrugged her shoulders. We were getting along great by now but as you might imagine, sex was NOT a subject we discussed, at least not in any detail. Somehow I had the feeling she knew that there was a lot I wasn't telling her about myself, but she seemed to be more comfortable simply not knowing. Our version of "don't ask, don't tell" worked and I'd say we were good friends, not exactly a close relationship but a friendly one.

Sometimes I couldn't help but wonder what she would say if she knew the real truth. Could someone like her even IMAGINE my life back home?

Karen probably suspected I had a boyfriend that was fucking me away from school but she was discreet enough to ignore it. One of the dirty little secrets that nobody talked about was that a lot of the girls at my school went out with guys from town or other schools just for sex. Actually, I'd considered the possibility myself but it seemed to much of a pain to have to go through the dating ritual just to MAYBE get fucked.

I wondered if Karen would have been so lenient if she knew that instead of fooling around in the back seat of some guy's car there was a pretty good possibility I was going to be gang-banged by ten or more guys before the night was over? I would've bet quite a bit THAT scenario never even entered her pretty little head!

## 4. Arriving at the Party

The taxi picked me up at 8:00 PM and it took less than an hour to get to the house where the party was being held. It was your typical suburban two-story white colonial in one of those new developments that seem to cropping up everywhere. While not a mansion by any stretch of the imagination, whoever lived there was not exactly on welfare either which made me feel more secure than I would've been if I was being dropped off in some bad part of town.

Under my winter coat I was wearing loose jeans and a baggy sweatshirt, along with a bag containing my outfit and some personal stuff. Anyone seeing me would never have thought I was a stripper on her way to her first assignment. Drawing a deep breath, I got out of the taxi, went up the concrete and stone steps and then paused for just a minute before ringing the lit doorbell.

A series of gongs played when I pushed the round button and before they ended a good-looking guy with his shirt hanging out and a half-empty Budweiser bottle in his hand answered the door. Obviously the party was already underway! At first he just looked at me shivering in the cold with a big grin on his face. It was the same sort of look a starving linebacker might have eyeing a porterhouse steak after a long workout. Without taking his lecherous eyes off of me he turned his head to the side and gave a shout.

"Hey Bill! Your stripper's here!"

Well, THAT was already a first for me and it was all I could do to bite my tongue and not burst out laughing. Never before had anyone described me as a "stripper", not even my dad when I would show off a new outfit for him that he'd picked out for me. Almost immediately another guy with bit too much stomach and slightly receding dark hair appeared and opened the door for me with a broad smile.

"Hi! I'm Bill, the best man and you must be Kelly. Damn girl, you look even finer than I'd imagined and trust me, I have one hell of an imagination!"

Well, I guess it was meant as a compliment. Stepping inside, immediately every eye in the house was looking my way. If I learned nothing else that night, now I know how a lonely sheep feels when surrounded by a pack of starving wolves!

So far as I was concerned I was just a typical nineteen year-old college girl with lots of friends and a loving family out to have some fun for the evening. It was immediately obvious that what they saw was completely different. My guess was they looked at me and all they saw was a slutty young girl who was supposed to entertain them - and hopefully put out. Well, I really couldn't complain. After all, it was probably a more accurate description of me at this moment.

Bill quickly led me to a bedroom down the hallway and closed the door behind us. "Just ignore those guys, they're idiots. You can change in here," he said gently, maybe recognizing the nervousness in my demeanor. "Don't worry, just take your time and let me know when you're ready."

Bill was so being sweet to me that for a moment I forgot that he was also the one guy who had hired me to strip and get naked, not to mention maybe even suck his dick... or more. He wasn't a friend, he was my client, one who might be nice now but would be expecting me to live up to my part of the bargain.

What surprised me the most was how nervous I was, to the point that I was actually shaking a little. I didn't trust my voice not to betray how I was feeling so I didn't say anything and just turned to put my bag on the bed. Bill opened the door to leave when he paused and turned back to me.

"You know Kelly, I've always fantasized about meeting a girl like you and I can't tell you how many times I've jerked off wishing I was fucking someone as beautiful as you. Now here you are, alone in a bedroom with me; young, beautiful, sexy as hell and about to strip and god only knows what else. It's like a dream come true for me..."

He hesitated then and I could tell that he wanted to say more but he seemed to have lost his nerve. Actually, I was caught a bit off-guard by his being so open with me about his feelings but then again, I knew that he didn't see me as Kelly, he saw me as a whore who. I suppose it was something like being a bartenders, someone guys think they can open up to and say things they would never tell another girl. Maybe it was the idea that he would never see me again, maybe he thought I was such a slut that such talk was every day for me. In any case, I looked him in the eyes and suddenly it dawned on me what he really wanted.

"Bill, are you married?"

Bill's eyes widened for a moment and at first I thought maybe he had really lost his nerve but then he nodded his head. "Yeah but trust me, she's NOTHING like you. Damn, I've never even been in the same room alone with a girl like you before!"

This was starting to be a bit on the surreal side so far as I was concerned. I'd assumed the entire night would be rather impersonal, to the point where I might not even know anyone's name. Now here I was already, listening to a guy's marital issues and fantasies, NOT what I'd expected at all but I went along with it. In an almost voyeuristic way, I was interested to see where it would lead if I egged him on a bit more.

"So tell me Bill, what do you want from me? Do you want to see me strip, maybe even get naked? Would you like me to suck your dick? Do you want to fuck me tonight?"

Bingo on the last one. Bill's face flushed and I knew I had him pegged. While he obviously wanted to do just that, I could tell he had not anticipated that I would be so blunt about it. Well, what was the point in being coy, especially in this situation? I mean, it's not like I wasn't looking forward to it as well! I used my hand to throw my hair back in what I hoped was a sexy move and licked my lips slowly before I continued.

"You know Bill, you can have me if you really want to. All you have to do is ask. You can have me right now."

As soon as the words came out I wanted to take them back. God, what was I doing? All I really meant was to tease him, not seduce him into fucking him, at least not yet. Being fucked by a group of guys was one thing but doing it one- on-one was NOT what I'd prepared myself for although I wouldn't turn it down.

Bill just stared at me with that look all guys get when they seem to be seeing straight through my clothes. He was also a bit drunk and with that look of lust I knew from experience he really wanted to fuck me bad. Bill was breathing harder and he had a monstrous erection that looked like it would burst through his jeans at any

there would be no stopping until I came and I had a suspicion that there would be enough sex coming my way this night without having to do myself beforehand.

I went over to my bag and took out my outfit I had brought with me, laying each piece out on the bed. It wasn't like there was that much to it, just a sexy black lace bra and matching panties. My father had given them to me this past Christmas and I figured if they turned these guys as much as they did my dad, I was home free!

I had added a tight white satin shirt that showed every bit of the black bra under it along with a really short plaid schoolgirl-style dress that completely failed in its efforts to cover my tight ass. Some white knee socks and a pair of sneakers finished off the ensemble. I pulled my hair back into a single ponytail and looked at myself in a full-length mirror on the back of the bedroom door. The image in front of me was that of a young innocent schoolgirl, maybe sixteen or seventeen but certainly not nineteen going on twenty. I bounced on my toes just a little making my boobs and ponytail bounce with the motion. Mmmmmmm, this was going to be fun after all!

A dash of perfume on my neck, boobs, ass and pussy and I was ready to go. Funny but I wasn't at all nervous anymore. I was getting hornier by the minute as the idea of showing off my body in front of ten even hornier guys was getting closer and closer to reality.

## 5. Getting Things Started

Taking in a long deep breath, I went to the bedroom door and opened it just enough to take a peek outside. It seemed like everyone was sitting in the living room, beers in hand and laughing at what was undoubtedly a witty and intelligent joke (not!) while some porn movie was playing silently on the big screen TV.

Opening the door all the way, I stepped out into the hallway, assuming the sexiest pose I could muster. A silence like a tomb suddenly came over them and all I could hear was the obnoxious disco music. Just as quickly everyone was talking again with some of them wolf whistling and howling.

With a smile on my face, I slowly walked out and take my place in the center of the living room. Now this was EXACTLY what I had dreamed of - being admired by a bunch of horny guys. My heart was beating fast as I knew that I was the total center of their attention. Mmmmmmm, every guy in the room wanted me and I felt about as sexy as I'd ever been in my life.

To get things started I slowly danced as seductively as possible all around the room. For the moment, I wasn't show anything more than what they could already see, sometime bending over just enough to show off my cute ass and then leaning over to let one of the look down my shirt to see my bra and boobs.

Everyone was cheering and calling for me to strip but I deliberately ignored them and just teased them all the more. While I danced I didn't let anyone touch me, pushing them away whenever they got too close or their hands tried to grope me. It felt incredible - I'd never done anything like this before in my life! Oh sure I danced in this same set of bra and panties for my dad after he'd given them to me but that situation was nothing like this!

Personally, I could have gone on like this longer, basking in their adoration of me but there was more I wanted to do and I could tell that they wanted it as well judging from the looks on their faces and the rising tents in their pants.

Being it WAS a bachelor party, I knew that there was someone who deserved extra attention so I eventually worked my over to the groom's chair. Tom (at least that's what everyone called him) was the lucky groom and I could tell that he'd been drinking a bit - not TOO much but just enough to be relaxed and let his inhibitions down.

There was a picture of Tom and his cute fiance on the table next to him. Had he put it there to remind him of her to help keep him in line or was it some twisted joke by his friends to remind him of who he would be cheating on that night? Of course, I was hoping that the second scenario was the case. All week I'd fantasized about fucking the groom with his fiance "watching" and her picture wasn't too far off from my fantasy. Maybe it was bad of me but my dream was that after tonight he would remember me when he was with his new bride as they got together in their wedding bed for the first time!

Standing in front of Tom, I put one leg up on the chair next to him, letting my short skirt ride up to expose my panties. He was getting a great view of my crotch and shaved pussy through the sheer material and he stared at it like it was the first time he'd seen one. Rubbing myself through the thin black fabric, I pumped my hips up and down like I was being fucked by some invisible lover. God, I felt so hot already and I was just getting started.

Taking his hand, I held it to my breast, letting him feel me through my shirt and bra. At first he tried to resist so I leaned over and whispered in his ear, "C'mon

Tom, this is your last chance to have a girl like me. I'm all yours - you can do anything you want with me - anything."

Tom's eyes widened and he looked at me like I was some demon angel tempting him for his soul. Actually his reaction was exactly what I'd hoped for and so I smiled and whispered to him, "Don't forget Tom - ANYTHING you want". His hand stayed on me after that and I wasn't faking it when I shivered as he squeezed my boob.

"Gooooo Tom!" someone cried out. Tom got a little more confident and he put both hands on me, one on each boob. Then someone whined, "Come on Tom, share the fucking whore with the rest of us!"

It was tempting to ignore the pig but then, I guess he couldn't be blamed for calling me what I was. For the umpteenth time I felt a moment of hesitation as I realized I was crossing a line I never thought I would. I LOVED being known as a slut back home, it made me feel good about myself knowing guys thought I was that sexy. Being a whore, though, was an entirely different matter. God, was I really ready to add "prostitute" to my "resume"? In the end, I rationalized that they had really just paid me to strip and dance and that since getting laid was left up to me, that meant I wasn't a "real" whore.

I turned around and smiled seductively at the group and then started dancing for them again. As I made my way around the room, I got closer to each guy until finally I was getting close enough for them to start groping me and feeling me up. Interestingly, most of them went straight for my boobs, which I would have considered the least of my assets.

There were a couple, though, who were more ambitious and grabbed my ass. One even got so bold as to go for my pussy but I playfully pushed him away as I wasn't ready to give up that prize quite yet. Each time I circled around I let them touch me for just a little bit longer.

My pussy tingled as I could tell from the bulging cocks trying to burst from their crotches that they all wanted to fuck me. Damn, I bet they didn't have any idea that I was just as turned on, perhaps even more, by all this teasing and that I wanted them to fuck me just as badly as they did.

The next time I made my way to Tom I spun around and sat in his lap, grinding my ass which allowed me to feel his hard cock through his pants against me. He wrapped his arms around me, grabbing each of my boobs with his hands. I unbuttoned my shirt and he reached inside to hold them through my bra. He squeezed them, sending chills though me as I looked around the room at all the eyes staring at us. My bra was the type that unsnapped from the front, perfect for this type of occasion, and I had it undone before he realized what was happening. The cups fell away from my breasts and suddenly he was holding my bare boobs in his hands. I kept my shirt and unsnapped bra on as I continued to grind my ass into him as he played with my perky boobs.

Having given Tom a good feel I walked over to Bill and leaned over as I wiggled my newly freed boobs for him. Bill licked his lips as he stared at my exposed chest. I gave him a sexy grin saying, "C'mon Bill, I've been watching you all night. Aren't these what you've been wanting? Go on... touch them."

## 6. More Than Just a Show

Well, it didn't take any more encouragement as Bill pulled me to him and I mounted his chair like a lap dancer. My bare boobs were in front of his face and he leaned forward to taste them. He latched onto my nipple, sucking me like a newborn baby on its mother. God it felt SO good!

"That's it Bill," I whispered to him, "Do it... Show me what you wanted to do to me in the bedroom. Show me what you want to do to your daughter."

It was a shot in the dark, referring to his daughter who looked to be all of maybe twelve or thirteen in the family portrait in their room. I didn't know how old the picture was, maybe she was older now, even sexier then she looked in the portrait. Did he really have any such feelings about her? I had no idea at the time but judging from the look in his face, I now knew he most certainly did. Was it the beer or maybe just the general atmosphere that loosened him up, but regardless of the reason he attacked my boobs with renewed vigor and I knew I'd hit the mark. Yep, good ol' Bill had at least fantasized about his daughter! I wondered if he had done anything more than fantasize but I didn't have time to dwell on it as other things competed for my attention.

Bill's hands had been holding my ankles as I danced in front of him. After my comment about his daughter, I felt them moving up my legs until he was feeling my bare thighs. He didn't stop there as the rest of the group cheered him to go higher and he didn't disappoint them as he reached between my legs and finally cupped my damp pussy with the palm of his hand. I swiveled my hips around his hand, leaving no doubt that he was more than welcome to keep going. His fingers moved aside the fabric of my panties and I felt them exploring my wet pussy, looking for its magical entrance. It didn't take him long to find it and as wet as I was his finger easily slid up into my waiting cunt. It seemed everyone was cheering him on and I certainly didn't mind, hell it felt damn good! He started to finger fuck me, running his finger in and out of me like a small cock. I moaned and pulled my head back, making sure everyone could see how much I was loving it.

I let Bill play with me for a while longer after which I eased myself off the chair and moved away from him. He tasted his finger with an exaggerated motion and smiled at me. I winked back at him and went back to making the rounds again. This time everyone was a lot more aggressive now that the door had been opened. Forget about my boobs, every one of them went straight for my pussy! Some of them were gentle with me while others were a bit too rough and I had to scold them for being naughty. If they got too bad my ultimate "punishment" was to leave them prematurely and move to the next guy.

Once everyone had groped me a few times I went back to center of the room and started to strip everything off. Slowly I removed each article of clothing until finally I was standing there naked in the middle of all of them. I really hadn't rehearsed anything but a thought came to me then and I decided to put on a bit of a show for them. I laid on my back in the middle of the room and spread my legs wide apart. Reaching between my legs with one hand, I began to masturbate for them while I played with my boobs with my other hand. I watched them as I masturbated, getting as turned on by the looks on their faces as I was by my own hand.

It was then I noticed that Bill had pulled out a video camera and was taping me. A feeling of panic came over me for a few seconds and I wondered what I should do. Magically a dildo appeared and was handed to me. It was pretty large but looked to be just what my pussy wanted so I started fucking myself with it to the delight of my onlookers.

My first orgasm was quick to start after which I just ignored the camera and let my orgasm sweep through me. Someone called out, "Damn, she's cumming!" and sure enough I was. My initial fears of being taped having sex with these guys by someone whom I had no idea what his plans were regarding the tape disappeared as my orgasm grew. I didn't care anymore if Bill was taping me, all I wanted at that moment was to enjoy the waves of sheer pleasure that were running up and down my body.

For the next few minutes I closed my eyes and forgot all about the guys watching me, about being in a strange house, about the camera that was recording everything I was doing. It was just me and that wonderful high I get whenever I cum, better than any drug could be since it was natural and a part of who I was. In my mind, the dildo became a real cock, fucking me and cumming in me, driving me wild as my pussy clamped down on it.

As my orgasm faded the real world came slowly back in focus. I opened my eyes and saw everyone just staring at me, some with their mouths open after watching the spectacle on the floor in front of them. I finally got up on my feet again and danced once in front of them except this time I was totally nude. I felt like the sexiest girl in the world the way they were all fixated on me and I smiled as a couple of the guys got carried away and unzipped their jeans to let their hard cocks out. Each time one did and started stroking himself I would stand in front of him and give him an up close and personal show. I knew I must have been doing a pretty good job for them to get carried away to the point they would start masturbating in front of their friends. Even Bill had his cock out, stroking himself with one hand while running the video recorder with the other.

## 7. Doing the Groom

Eventually they all had their cocks out except the one I wanted the most - Tom the Groom. As the groom about to be married, I suppose he felt that it would be inappropriate to do any more than he had already done with me. Touching my boobs was one thing but fucking me was another thing entirely! Well, in my horny mind that just made Tom all the more of a challenge.

I slowly walked up to him and sat in his lap with my arm around his neck. Tom didn't seem to know what to do now that a pretty naked girl was perched on his lap! Well, judging by the lump under my ass I was sure he knew what he WANTED to do - which may not have been what he thought he SHOULD do. All Tom needed was a little bit more encouragement so I took his hand and put it on my bare thigh such that it was just inches from my pussy. I put both arms around his neck, twisting so my naked boobs were pushing against his chest. Looking into his eyes I smiled and asked, "What's the matter Tom, why aren't you playing with yourself like everyone else? Don't I turn you on?"

Tom finally put his other arm around me, keeping his hand resting on my bare upper leg. "Oh god girl, you know better than that!" he exclaimed. His face had a look of confusion and panic. He was obviously torn between his sworn love to his fiance and his lust for me. "Damn I'm sorry but I just can't do anything like that the night before I get married, you know? Jesus, I swore to Nancy just this afternoon that I wouldn't do anything like this tonight."

I licked his cheek with my tongue and whispered in his ear, "Remember Tom, tonight I'm not real, I'm just a figment of your imagination, one you can do anything with that you want - and yes, I mean ANYTHING. After tonight I'll be gone forever and your sweet Nancy will never know. Really, what she doesn't know won't hurt her!"

"Oh... my... god...," he moaned as I wiggled my ass such that it ground even more on his cock. He didn't say anything more but I knew he was weakening so I kept up the pressure. An incredible thrill ran through me as I realized from the lack of resistance that he was close to deciding that I was worth cheating on his new wife just hours before their wedding. Time to strike while the iron was hot!

Standing up, I spread his legs apart which allowed me to kneel down in front of him. Reaching forward, I quickly unbuckled his pants and unzipped him. His hands kept trying to weakly push me away but it was not a very convincing performance. It was at this moment I absolutely knew that I had him - he was going to be mine tonight! Bill had moved over to tape everything as I pulled Tom's pants and underwear off and it wasn't long before Tom's stiff cock was on display for everyone, including the camera, to see.

I was pleased to see that Tom didn't shave his pubic hair and I couldn't wait to bury my face in his thick bush. Looking around one last time to make sure everyone's eyes were fixed on me, I felt an incredible rush of excitement at the thought of being completely nude in front of all of them and having them watch me as I got ready to give Tom the blowjob of his life. I turned back and looked up at Tom with a sexy smile saying, "I'm going to give you a blow job like your precious Nancy's never given you before - and never will."

Although Tom had long ago given up trying to resist, he still appeared to be unsure about what was going to happen if I kept going in this direction. Thus I was surprised when he mumbled, "Hell that should be easy, she won't blow me anyway."

Wow! Talk about music to a girl's ears! Now more than ever I really wanted to suck him. The poor guy was about to marry a bitch who didn't like to suck cock! Well, my goal now was to make him miserable for life once he learned how good a blowjob could be! With renewed determination I went to work on his delicious hard dick. He was actually pretty large compared to most guys I've sucked and no matter what he might be saying about being faithful and all; there was no hiding what he wanted! Men will anything but cocks don't lie. I licked just the tip of his smooth head at first , brushing my hair out the way so Bill could get a good view with his video camera, not to mention the audience that had gone silent once I started. Even the disco music was off as nobody wanted to break away and change the CD.

Once I was sure everyone was watching, I started giving Tom the best blowjob I knew how. I licked him, kissed him, and sucked him using every trick in my arsenal. He was pretty drunk which is the only reason he didn't cum in the first five minutes although I was careful to always back off just as I felt him starting to go over the edge. Now and then his precum would seep out and I licked it off of him, savoring the salty flavor.

What really seemed to turn everyone on the most was when I would deep throat him, taking his dick completely into my mouth. Tom was at least eight or nine inches long erect and I had to take him down my throat in order to get him all in my mouth. I would slowly ease him in, relaxing my throat until he was down far enough that the gag reflex passed. Finally my face was tight against his groin, his cock down my throat and his smelly pubic hair pressed tightly against my face. The heavy musk of his crotch almost overwhelmed me as I held him this way for as long as I could hold my breath. The first time I did it I heard a number of the guys talking to each other and I knew they were impressed by my efforts. Tom certainly was! Whatever reservations he may have had were ancient history as he leaned back and enjoyed the best and possibly the last blowjob he would ever have assuming he stayed true to the frigid bitch he was about to marry.

Bill was standing to the side now and I could see his cock was still sticking out from his pants and he was stroking it hard as he filmed Tom getting a blowjob. I noted for the not so distant future that his cock was huge - almost as big as Tom's! I spread my legs apart as I kneeled in front of Tom, letting everyone have a good look at my wet cunt. I started playing with myself with my free hand as I sucked Tom even harder and faster. Tom was at the point where he was close to cumming so I stroked his cock with my hand and let him out of my mouth while I looked up at him. "Well Tom," I said in a seductive voice, "How am I doing?"

Tom rolled his eyes and groaned, "Oh my God, I never knew a blowjob could feel this good!"

I stood up while keeping my hand wrapped around Tom's stiff and wet cock. Turning around to face the guys, I spread my legs and leaned over. Then, loud enough for everyone to hear me, I turned my head to him and said, "Fuck me Tom, I want you to fuck my pussy!"

Everyone heard what I said and the guys started to cheer and hoot, urging Tom to fuck me. Actually it was more like, "Fuck the bitch!" and "Give it to her Tom!" but I didn't mind because that was exactly what I wanted at that moment.

Tom was still in a daze from my blowjob but he still hesitated. I can't even describe the sensuous feelings I was having knowing that tonight I was sexy enough to make him want to do exactly what he had promised his young fiance just hours ago that he wouldn't. It thrilled me to know that for the rest of his life, whenever he was with his wife what he was about to do would always be in the back of his mind whenever his wife asked him if he had been faithful to her.

It was such an incredible feeling to have this much power over anyone, to know he craved me so much he was willing to do literally anything to have me, regardless of the potential consequences. So what if he didn't crave ME so much as my body, this was good enough for me!

As for me, I had entered my own sexual fantasy world where all reasoning and inhibitions were cast aside. It was rare for me to get this carried away to the point where I'm willing to do just about anything for my own sexual gratification. Even so, time seemed to stand still for just a moment was my mind cleared and I realized what I was doing. My god, could I really be doing this? Here I was naked in front of a bunch of horny guys getting ready to fuck some poor bastard who truly wanted to be faithful to his new wife but had succumbed to me while his best man was recording the entire show. God, what kind of bitch was I to want to do something like this? Evidently one hell of a horny bitch as all I wanted at that moment was his cock in me.

Yet as horny as I was, for another brief instant I questioned myself yet again, wondering if this was something I really should be doing. How would I feel tomorrow when it was all over? How would Tom feel the next time he saw his young bride, knowing what he'd done the night before they were married? When he made love to her on their wedding night, would he be thinking of me sucking his cock, wishing his new bride would do the same and feeling frustrated when she wouldn't?

Then, just as rapidly as it came, the moment was gone and time was restored. The hoots and indecent comments from the guys were back and I was stroking Tom's cock while at the same time massaging my pussy, getting it ready for his inaugural entry. That weird moment when time stood had now disappeared as lust and desire returned. There was no turning back now, Tom was going to fuck me in front of all his friends and that was that. Nothing was going to stop me now from getting what I wanted. I wanted to be fucked and damn it if I wasn't going to be!

Bill was urging Tom to fuck me right along with the others and finally Tom stood up and spread my ass apart to get a better view of me. I put my hands on my knees as I leaned over, presenting my hungry pussy to him. He took his cock in his hand and I felt him pressing it up against my ass and then lowering it down to find the opening to my pussy.

As soaking wet as I was, and with his cock was still wet from my mouth, he slid fairly easily into me. Usually I prefer a man to enter me slowly, taking his time to fill me gradually with his cock and letting me experience the feel of each and every inch of his hard cock as it violates my pussy for the first time. Well, Tom was simply too horny for that kind of discipline and he just rammed himself into me as hard and fast as he could.

I gasped as all nine inches of him suddenly filled my pussy, splitting me apart like he was going to rip me in two. He didn't stay still but immediately began to pump himself in and out of me. I could feel and hear him as he rammed deep into me, making a loud slapping sound as he banged hard against my ass. I moaned loudly as he fucked me harder and harder.

"Oh fuck me Tom! Fuck me!" I cried out. What was great was that I wasn't having to fake a thing. I really DID want him to fuck me more and I couldn't stop crying out for it! God it felt so damn good to have a cock in me again! It didn't really matter whose it was, just that it was real and hard and in me deep.

Everyone cheered as I kept crying out for him to fuck me harder. We were in the middle of the room now, Tom with his pants at his ankles and his shirt still on slamming his huge cock into my nude schoolgirl body as his friends watched in amazement. I doubted that any of them could quite believe what they were seeing. They had all known that Bill had arranged for a stripper to tease them but did any of them really expect that the groom, good ol' Tom who was getting married shortly to his high school sweetheart, would be fucking a whore right in the middle of the living room right in front of them all – and letting them film it as well?

Tom's cock swelled in me even more and his pace was quickening so I knew he was about to cum. Ordinarily I would've let him cum inside of me as nothing beat the feeling of a man's cock when it explodes in me, shooting hot loads of cum deep inside of my pussy. However, I still wanted to put on a great show for everyone and I knew that guys love watching girls take it in the mouth. I stepped forward which caused him to involuntarily pull out of me. Damn, my pussy felt so empty all of a sudden that I almost said the heck with it and took him back in me. Instead, I stuck to the game plan and turned around to kneel in front of him.

Tom's cock was reacting in a predictable manner and when I knew he was ready to explode I turned and said, "OK Bill, make sure you don't miss this!" I sucked Tom's cock for a few more seconds and then switched to stroking him with my hand as I held his swollen head a couple of inches away from my open mouth. A few more strokes and he surged, releasing a huge load of warm cum straight from the end of his cock directly into my mouth. Bulls-eye! I could feel the warm cum hit the back of my throat and gather on my outstretched tongue as Tom groaned and came again and yet again. He was jerking so badly that I was having trouble aiming his shots so a few of them missed my mouth and landed on my cheek and breasts. Mmmmmmm, he tasted so fucking good! One of the few negative things about masturbating was that you didn't get to taste a guy's sperm at the end!

I kept stroking him even after he stopped cumming, trying to draw every drop from his balls that I could milk from his wonderful dick. I looked up at Bill's camera, opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue so he could document forever Tom's cum that was covering it. Then I used Tom's cock like a squeegee to wipe the cum that was on my cheek into my mouth and then used my fingers to scoop the cum from my boobs.

When I put his cock back in my mouth and sucked the last few drops from him I could feel him shudder as my tongue ran around his now hypersensitive dick. His cock slowly softened in my mouth and finally he stepped back and sank into his chair with a look of exhaustion. Tom glanced over at the photo next to him and shook his head, as if he couldn't believe what he had just done. Then I couldn't help but smile wickedly as I heard him talking to himself saying, "Oh my god, oh my god," he mused, "Shit, what if Nancy finds out?"

It made me feel so sensual and naughty to hear him worrying about his fiance finding out that he'd just fucked me. It was absolutely the best thank-you he could have given me as I knew now he'd never forget me or what he'd just done to me. No matter what, there was no way he could say that he hadn't enjoyed doing me!

# 8. The Best Man is Next

I put my hands on my bare hips and turned to face the guys. It still felt a little weird to have nine guys watching me while stroking their stiff cocks in their hands, practically licking their chops with anticipation. A few of them looked like they were feeling a little awkward as they touching themselves in front of the others but since all of them were doing it I guess that helped them to overcome their shyness.

I bit my lower lip as I looked at them and my pussy tingled with anticipation of its own as I knew that before long it would be welcoming every one of those hard cocks that was willing to fuck it. Finally I couldn't wait any longer to get started so with my hands still on my hips I said, "Well, are you guys just going to stand there stroking yourselves or is somebody going to fuck me?"

Even after all the groping I had allowed them to do before, plus what I'd just done with Tom, they still didn't seem to know for sure until this point whether or not they would be able to fuck me themselves. I watched impatiently as they looked at each other, waiting for someone to kick things off.

Well, I should've known who would be the first "volunteer". Bill suddenly got this look of determination on his face as he dropped his pants, followed by his underwear, and sat down in a chair, calling me over to him. His erect cock was standing up all by itself, emerging from his bushy pubic hair like a missile ready to launch.

"OK Kelly, if you want to be fucked so bad then get over here and sit on my cock," he called out to me, practically daring me to let him fuck me. Well, I could deal with that type of dare!

As I approached him, Bill handed the video camera off to one of the guys, threatening him with something like "cutting off his balls" he missed anything! At first I just stood in front of him and caressed my exposed boobs while he watched anxiously.

"Ok Bill," I whispered in a husky voice, "You wanna fuck me so bad... then fuck me." There really wasn't anything else I needed to say. Bill was sitting in a big overstuffed chair with plenty of room in it so I climbed up and kneeled over him, his cock positioned under my wet pussy and my boobs right in front of his face. I reached between my legs to hold his cock and guide it into me as I started to lower myself down on it.

"Watch it Bill," I said seductively. Yeah right, as if I had to encourage him! "I want you to watch your cock enter my tight young pussy."

My pussy was still swollen from the fucking Tom had just given it and extremely sensitive so I couldn't help but gasp out loud as the tip of Bill's dick started to spread my slippery pussy lips apart, finding its way inside of me. God he felt so good in me! I have had cocks bigger than his but he was a definite keeper. My pussy practically screamed with pleasure as he violated me.

It's amazing how many thoughts can run through your mind in the short few moments it takes for a cock to make its way all the way into your pussy. I thought of his wife and what she would think if she could see her husband now, his manhood that was supposed to be hers slowly disappearing into a slutty teenager's pussy. Then I had a vision of his cock sliding into his daughter instead of mine.

My thoughts returned to real life when I felt his pubic hair tickle my ass as I lowered myself all the way onto him until finally I was sitting on his lap with his hard cock completely hidden from sight. I sat motionless for just a bit to relish the feeling of him in me. My pussy felt full with him in me making me feel satisfied for just a brief moment. Bill also seemed to be enjoying the moment. His head was pulled back and a huge smile was on his face.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, you've no idea how many times I've jerked off thinking about a moment like this one," he groaned softly, just loud enough for me to hear. "God you're so fucking tight. I never dreamed a girl could be this tight!"

With that we got down to more serious business as I bounced on his cock and he fucked me. He had been stroking himself while Tom fucked me so I knew it wasn't going to take much to get him off. Actually, I really didn't want to stretch things out anyway. My goal now was purely to be fucked as hard and often as I could while I had this unique opportunity. After over a month of nothing inside it but my fingers, my pussy was in dire need of a good fucking and tonight was the opportunity make up for lost time.

"Fuck me Bill, cum in me," I told him. "Imagine your wife was here watching us, seeing how much hotter I can make you than she ever could."

"Damn you Kelly," he groaned, "My wife's pussy NEVER felt like this!"

"Well I bet your daughter's would be even tighter," I teased him.

"Damn, you're such a fucking tease," he panted, "Oh my god, here it cums girl."

I sat down hard on him to drive him as deeply into me as I could and just then I felt the first burst of hot cum explode inside of me. He must have been really loaded because he just kept cumming and cumming in me. Each time I felt that sunburst of heat inside of me I imagined his cock deep inside of me, his adulterous sperm spraying from the tip of his dick into my starving pussy. When he finally finished sat down on him and ground my ass into his lap, swiveling around to move his dick in me, stirring his sperm inside of me. Finally I got off and stood up. When his cock popped out of me it was like a dam had broken, releasing a gush of cum which drained from my pussy, dripping on my thighs and down to the floor.

"Now don't forget me next time you fuck your wife!" I taunted Bill, giving him wink as I turned my attention to the rest of the guys. Bill was immediately out of my mind as I looked to see who was going to be next to fuck me. Two down, eight to go…

## 9. The Rest of The Guys Do Me

For the next hour or so I just let myself go, pretty much allowing myself to be nothing more than a submissive whore, or should I say their sex genie, granting the wishes of the rest of them one by one. Lying in the middle of the floor, I let them to do pretty much whatever they wanted (except anal which a couple of them tried but I wasn't about to go there). Before it was over, I was pretty sure all of them had fucked me at least once and there was a couple of them I knew were in me at least three times or more although they didn't cum each time.

One reason I'm pretty sure they all fucked me was I think they wanted everyone to participate so they were all equally guilty in case someone was tempted to spilled the beans afterwards. What surprised me more than anything was how many of the guys had wedding rings on at a "bachelor" party! Well, I guess the only guy who HAD to be a bachelor was the groom. Actually, it thrilled me when I saw the rings on their fingers when they fucked me, knowing what they represented.

In addition to the adultery aspect, I wondered if any of them had daughters at home that they might be looking at a little differently after fucking me! Even Tom returned for another shot at my pussy. Evidently any remorse he might have been having had faded quickly once he saw everyone else fucking me.

At times I had two or more cocks working me – one in my mouth, one in my pussy and one or two in my hands. I lost count how many times I came myself and there's no way I'll ever know just how many loads of cum were sprayed on me, pumped in my pussy or shot in my mouth. All I DO know is that I was literally bathed in cum by the time they were done with me.

My pussy go to be so full of sperm that when the next cock entered me I could hear the squishing sound of the cum being pushed out of me. By the time the last guy was finishing himself off inside of me, I was almost afraid to stand up, not knowing how much cum was going to gush from my heavily fucked pussy!

It was fitting that the last guy to fuck me was Tom, back for yet another crack at my pussy. He must have figured that having crossed the line he may as well go all the way! The rest of them collapsed on the furniture or floor, leaving me alone on my back waiting for Tom to finish things off.

Taking advantage of me being on my back, this time Tom fucked me in the missionary position. My legs were exhausted so I just laid back with my legs apart, letting him do all the work. Despite all the fucking my pussy had just been given, his big cock was still a pleasure to have in me.

I don't know where he managed to get it from, but eventually he had one last load of cum for me and this time he stayed in me instead of pulling out as he had done the previous two times. After he came he just stayed in me, holding himself up on his elbows as we both savored the moment.

"Remember this tomorrow night in your wedding bed," I whispered up to him as he panted from his exertions. "Remember how tight my pussy feels on your dick, how good it felt to cum in me."

Maybe I was going over the top but I couldn't stop myself. He didn't respond but the increased pressure as he tried to drive his spent cock just a little further into me told me all I needed to know. Finally he was so soft he was almost out of me anyway so he pulled out of and to the floor next to me, sweating like crazy with his eyes closed.

I smiled as I looked at Tom's now flaccid dick, glistening in the light with the mixture of our cum covering it. It was hard to believe that it had actually been INSIDE of me three times in the past couple of hours and I tried to imagine how it must have looked inside of me that last time as he shot his sperm into me.

## 10. Winding Down

Looking around, half the guys seemed to be asleep (or passed out) and the rest of them were barely awake so it seemed things were finally over by default. I got up and staggered a bit as I tried to regain my balance enough to walk back to the bedroom. God, my legs felt like I'd just run a marathon! I could feel some of their cum dripping out of me, leaving wet spots on the hardwood floor like I was marking a trail to the bedroom.

There was a full-length mirror in the bedroom. Oh my god, when I looked at the mirror I barely recognized the girl I saw in it. My hair, as I suspected, was a total wreck and there were large traces of rapidly drying cum all over it making it stick together in clumps. Damn, I knew they had cum a lot but even so, I couldn't believe how much cum was actually on me. It seemed to cover my entire face and most of my upper body, not to mention what was filling my pussy.

Looking around, I didn't see a towel so I lifted the bedcover and used it to wipe myself off. A grin came to my face as I imagined Bill trying to explain THAT stain to his wife tomorrow! My face and chest were still brightly flushed and my mouth felt slimy not to mention the distinct aftertaste of cock and cum.

Slowly It began to sink in me as I stood there just what I'd done this evening. Sure I'd fucked more than my fair share of guys in my life but it was usually part of some type of relationship, even if just a physical one. Although I'd fucked a number of guys at several of Beth's sex parties, in those cases it was different as everyone was there to do it and I wasn't the only girl.

There was also the slight technicality that nobody had ever paid me to be fucked at any of those parties!

I've always taken a sort of perverse pride in having a well-earned reputation for being a slut but after all my internal debates I knew there is only one description for me tonight - whore. Sure my father playfully called me a whore at times but it was just his way of teasing me and I always knew he respected me. Tonight I'd given my body over to a group of horny men who didn't give a damn about Kelly, the nineteen year-old college student. How would my parents feel if they ever found out that I'd allowed myself to be used like some impersonal sex toy, allowing a dozen men to use my body for their own sexual gratification and lewd pleasure without any concern whatsoever about my well- being or feelings?

For just a brief moment I also felt a sense of guilt as I realized I'd deliberately fucked what seemed to be a very decent man who most likely had never wanted to be with anyone but his soon-to-be wife. Now for the rest of his life he would have to live with what he did with me tonight.

Then on second thought, I didn't feel so guilty and instead felt a sense of pride in myself. After all, it wasn't every girl who was sexy enough to convince a guy to cheat on his fiance less than twenty-four hours before their marriage! Besides, it wasn't like I'd stuck a gun to his head and demanded he fuck me. Tom was the one who made the final decision and all he had to do was say no and nothing more would have happened. No, it wasn't MY fault at all he would always have this on his conscience.

With these thoughts going through my head I pulled on my jeans and drew my sweatshirt back over my head. Then I saw a clock on the dresser - 3:30AM! Damn, I'd been out there for hours! I was about to leave when there was a single knock on the door. I opened it and my dear sweet Bill was there. He didn't say a word but just handed me a sealed envelope. It was pretty thick and from the size and shape I knew instantly what was in it. Well, now I was officially a whore - I'd just been paid for allowing men to fuck me!

"Just something the guys wanted to give you," he finally said. "Damn, you were incredible this evening Kelly. I know you're dressed and it's getting late but could I possibly fuck you again? I'd give anything to do you on our bed! I'll pay you if that's what you want."

For a brief moment I considered letting him do me again. The idea of doing him in his own bed where he slept and made love to his wife was tempting, to say the least. Looking at his crotch (he hadn't bothered to put his pants on so his new erection was pretty obvious), he seemed to be more than ready to go again but I decided it was just too late and I needed to get home. God, I was so tired I could barely stand, not that I think Bill would have cared one way or the other so long as my pussy was available. Without saying anything I stepped through the door and slipped past him.

With that I quickly made my way to the front door and outside. The chilly winter air hit me like a slap in the face and I ran back to the taxi which was patiently waiting for me. The driver didn't say a word to me the entire way back and I even fell asleep on the way home.

Back at my dorm, fortunately I didn't meet anyone on my way down the hall, God only knows what they would have said looking at me like this at almost five in the morning! I tried to enter our room as quietly as possible but the damn door always creaked loudly and tonight was no exception. The only light in the room was a small nightlight we used but I could make out Karen as she sat up groggily in her bed. She was rubbing her eyes and her voice was husky from sleep.

"That you Kelly? My goodness you're late tonight. Everything OK?"

"No problem Karen, I talk to you in the morning. G'nite!"

Karen laid back down as I went by our beds to make my way to the bathroom. Odds were she wouldn't even remember waking up when morning came. Then Karen stirred again and wrinkled her nose saying, "My goodness Kelly, what's that smell?"

Well, I knew what it was but Karen, a certified virgin, didn't recognize the musky smell of sex that I knew I must have reeked of. She wasn't really awake so I just ignored her and sure enough she laid back down and fell back asleep. Hopefully when morning arrived she would have forgotten that I smelled like a whore who had just been fucked by ten guys!

In the bathroom I looked in the mirror and was glad that I hadn't met anyone on my way back home. Wow, I really looked like a tramp, especially my hair which had far more cum in it than I'd thought when I was in the more dimly lit bedroom. By now it was completely dried and I couldn't wait to take a shower. I must have spent half an hour under a hot stream of water trying to remove my unwanted trophies. I lathered and rinsed my hair three times before it felt clean again. There was dried cum all over me and every time I thought I was clean I found yet another spot on me.

Finally I felt like a real person again and threw on a t-shirt. I hid my outfit in a bag that I kept under my bed and flopped into my bed.

What a night! It was almost 6:00 AM and I would have to get up in a couple hours for church which promised to be an effort. I thought once again about the things I had when I was back in Bill's bedroom. Overall I had really enjoyed the evening. Being the center of attention at the party was thrilling and showing myself off to the guys and seeing how excited just the sight of my body made them was incredibly erotic.

Suddenly I remembered the envelope and reached under the bed to get it out of my bag. I opened it up and was shocked - it was full of twenties and even a few hundreds. By the time I counted it all up it was $840! Hmmmmmm, maybe being a whore wasn't so bad after all. It was just a joke on myself as I knew I wasn't ready to become a prostitute but there were other possibilities including more parties such as this, not to mention I still was waiting for my first escort assignment.

I quickly fell asleep feeling much better about myself and with a resolve to take on these new ventures as soon as possible.

# (Feb 19) Chapter 73: First Escort Job, Greg Dreams of His Daughter

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (19)
Greg - client (44)

Oh my God, I was SO nervous! What the hell was I thinking anyway? I must have been crazy to do such a thing. Did I really think I could be an escort without being a whore?

## 1. Joining an Escort Agency

Ever since I gave up my virginity almost six years ago I've had sex with a lot of guys in a wide range of situations. As varied as they may have seemed at first glance, until recently there was one thing that they all had in common. Either I knew who my partner were or at least someone I knew also knew who he was. In all that time I'd never gone out alone with some stranger just to have sex. When it comes right down to it, it wasn't so much that I didn't want to or was afraid of it, the opportunity just never came around.

Going to a strict religious school where any form of sexually-related conduct was forbidden had proven harder than I'd expected when I signed up. My freshman year turned out to be not so bad once I discovered that my roomie was bisexual. Unfortunately her parents decided to save some money so she was living at home our sophomore year leaving me with nice, but very virginal, new roomie.

Although there were some times during Thanksgiving and Christmas breaks when I was lucky enough to go home and enjoy myself, there were only a few other times that I was able to have sex with someone. Needless to say having been accustomed to having sex on an almost daily basis it was not easy for me to accept this sexless situation. When I was horny it didn't matter that I "knew what I was getting into." It's easy to think you can do something but sometimes putting it into practice can be a lot tougher.

In a recent diary entry about my first bachelor party I explained a lot more about all of this so I won't repeat everything here. Bottom line is I got to the point where I had to do something about the insatiable cravings growing within me or die of horniness. Well, maybe I wouldn't have physically died but it would've been a welcome respite!

What I DID do was to apply for a position at an escort agency and it wasn't long before I was the entertainment at my first bachelor party. I can't tell you how nervous I was before it started but it turned out to be an incredible experience! Having a room filled with horny men all staring at me with pure lust in their eyes and raging hard-ons was one of the most erotic things I've ever experienced!

Since I first noticed it happening as I was growing up, I've always loved it when I saw men looking at me like they want me, when they openly show signs that they desire my body and are willing to do just about anything just to see me naked let alone touch me - or do more. To have a whole roomful of them all at one time, and then to be fucked by each one in front of the others regardless of their age or marital status, was enough to make me cum over and over again.

After the complete success of that night, I was ready for more and tonight was going to be another first for me - being an escort for a total stranger.

One of the first things I learned was that there are some pretty strict rules if you're going to be in the escort business, at least if you're part of one of the legitimate agencies that's not serving as a front to a prostitution ring. First and foremost, such agencies do NOT sell or promote sex. They only arrange for a man to hire the services of a girl for a date - be it dinner, a movie, show, or business affair. Supposedly they check out the guys to be sure they're not felons or wanted by any police agencies or listed on any sex-offender lists. The main point again being that they are a legitimate service and not a pimping agency. If a guy just wants a hooker then he can cruise High Street in Columbus and take his chances.

Payment terms were something new for me as well. At my agency the client paid the agency directly for the evening so I never had to deal with cash or credit cards. This also had the added benefit of provided me with protection against prostitution charges as I wasn't handling money. I was paid by check twice a month just like any other job, paying taxes and all!

The agency also provided for my transportation each way in the form of a taxi that picked me up at school, dropped me off at the arranged location, and then was always available on a moment's notice to take me back whenever I called.

Of course, all that was said with a wink and a smile. During my indoctrination I was warned that most men would ask if I was available for additional "services". You can probably guess what such services consist of. The agency's official policy was that anything I arranged with a client AFTER the date was entirely my business AND my responsibility. It was up to me to establish what, if any, "tip" I wanted if I decided to go beyond the standard "date" rules.

Even though I knew this all up front, I still couldn't help but wonder just how it would all go in actual practice. One thing that made me feel better was that I was able to have a say regarding the guys I would meet. When I filled out my profile I limited myself from the start to only married men over forty, preferable with a family, and they had to be from out of state.

Yes, there was a method to my madness. Older guys had always treated me well. I figured married men would be more discreet and less likely to have STDs. As for being from out of state, I hoped that would keep them from any expectations that they might meet with me again afterwards.

Finally, I also set a strict rule that only one date per guy - no repeats. Unlike most of the whores I met at the training class who were plainly in it for the money, I was doing this for fun and so I wanted variety over quantity. Plus, I didn't want there to be any chance that someone would think we were starting to form any type of "relationship".

## 2. Getting Ready

The agency must have had a lot of guys applying because despite my tight restrictions it wasn't long before I was getting numerous e-mails from the agency regarding potential clients. One guy caught my eye right away. He looked pretty handsome and had written a clever and entertaining introduction. He was from Chicago but what caught my eye was that he'd always been married to the same woman and even had two daughters, the oldest who was my age. He seemed to be the right one to start with so I replied to the e-mail and soon received a confirmation for the upcoming Friday.

For the rest of the week all I could think about was my upcoming "date". I had been on blind dates before and I knew most guys expected to have sex so that wasn't the issue. The difference here was that nobody had ever paid me to go on a date with them which put everything in a while new light. On a blind date, if I didn't like the guy I didn't even have to leave my house with him. In this case I was being paid to at least have dinner with the guy, no matter who he turned out to be.

I had never been this nervous before a date before! The night before I could barely sleep wondering what else he would want to do beside just have dinner. At the same time I was getting hornier each day wondering the same thing. The fact that I had no idea what he might want to do with me was exciting. Would he want just a hand job in the restaurant? A blowjob in the car? Would he take me to his hotel room? Would he want it rough or gentle? What if he was into something kinky? The possibilities were endless and I masturbated several times a day thinking of a different scenario each time.

Friday classes for me were over by noon this semester making it easy for me to get ready in plenty of time. The biggest decision was the same I faced before any date - what to wear. I toyed with the idea of going for the traditional schoolgirl look but decided on something with more sophistication. In the back of my closet was a nice slit black dress I'd bought for a dance once with my cousin which showed off my figure nicely without being TOO slutty. Although it caught a few close looks from the chaperones but they let me get back. It would be perfect!

Looking through my lingerie, I selected a sexy black thong that rode high on my hips such that when I crossed my legs and let the slit in the dress do its thing you might be tempted to wonder if I was wearing anything under it. A strapless Wonder Bra provided a bit of enhancement to my less than optimal cleavage. Finally, a pair of stiletto high heels with thin straps finished it off which also helped to firm up and show off my legs to their best advantage.

I spent the afternoon trying to add some body to my hair which, as usual, valiantly resisted all attempts at putting any body into it. This time I finally won the battle although I still envied those girls with the naturally bouncy full hair! I knew if things got a bit exciting tonight that it would go flat again but by then I figured he wouldn't be looking at my hair anymore, if he ever did in the first place. It wouldn't be the first date where I came home wondering if the guy even knew what color my hair was!

I've never been big on makeup except during a terrible bout with acne when I was fifteen that fortunately lasted only for a few months. Looking in my mirror I saw a "girl next door" face and wondered whether he wanted that or someone more sophisticated. I compromised with a bit of foundation, some eyeliner and lipstick. Nothing too bright or wild but enough to add some color.

Finally the package was all together. I had my hair in place, makeup ready, and dressed to kill. Now all I had to do was wait for the taxi.

While I was waiting my roomie was back from dinner. Karen looked at me and I could imagine the line of questions she wanted to ask me. I wasn't dressed like a slut but at the same time, it certainly wasn't an outfit I'd ever think about wearing to chapel. In the end she just smiled sweetly and asked, "Ummmmm, got a date?"

It was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud. Actually, this was one time I could tell her the truth about my plans for the evening. Well, at least it would be true so far as what I told her.

"Yeah, going out for dinner tonight in Columbus," I answered coyly.

"Must be somewhere fancy. Anyplace I know?" she asked.

"Someplace downtown, can't remember the name," I replied, which was technically the truth once again. You can't remember something you never knew in the first place.

That seemed to satisfy her and she went about to her business. Karen was a virgin through and through. The girl didn't even masturbate! Even so, she was great looking and knew it. She might not have sex but she knew how to tease and flirt with the best of them. She went out on a lot of dates and wasn't afraid to dress to the hilt. I always felt sorry for the guys though. Seeing her in some of her wilder outfits they must have thought they'd hit the jackpot. I could've told them not to get their hopes up. Karen was totally brainwashed in that she had to save herself for marriage and no guy had a chance of breaking through that barrier!

It was a few minutes before eight so I went out to the lobby and saw that a taxi was just pulling up. I figured it must be mine so I went out and sure enough it was. The driver already had instructions on where to take me so I just got in and rode quietly for the next hour or so, getting more nervous and more horny with each passing minute.

## 3. Dinner

The taxi pulled up to the curb of a fancy Italian restaurant in the Arena district of Columbus. I quickly got out and went inside where I gave the hostess my name. Amazingly she seemed to know who I was and immediately directed me to a table where a man was already sitting.

Seeing me coming the guy rose to his feet and smiled at me. My heart beat rose a few notches as I looked him over quickly. He was dressed in an expensive suit with an off-white shirt and brilliant blue tie. Although I knew from his profile that he was forty four, he still had a full head of hair which was graying at the temples but that only lent an air of sophistication. He looked to be about six feet tall and obviously worked out from the trim build and just the way he carried himself. He was handsome in a classic manner, standard white protestant male. Clean shaven, he had a pleasant smile without showing too much teeth. He tried to act nonchalant but I saw his eyes giving me the once over quickly.

So far, so good! As I approached he extended his hand and gently shook my hand. Nothing too firm as if I was a business pal but perfect for a lady to hold.

"Good evening... Kelly I presume?" he said, "I'm Greg. It's a pleasure to finally meet you."

I smiled sweetly as he helped me off with my coat. The hostess took it and left, but not before I saw her smile a bit and shake her head just enough to signal that she knew what was going on. Oh well, I didn't know her anyway so who cares? Greg pulled out my chair for me to sit in. Wow, I actually felt like a schoolgirl on a first date, not really sure what to say. Greg seemed to sense my awkwardness and he carried most of the conversation at the start. After some small talk about the weather and school, he reached across and put his hand on mine.

"Just to put your mind at ease, Kelly" he said, "I'm happily married and I even have a daughter your age. Actually I just became a grandpa last month when my older son and his wife had a little girl. I've never dated anyone like this before so trust me, I'm more nervous than you are!"

The part about his son hadn't been in the profile which raised a small alarm within me. What else had he left out? Still, I laughed a little at that and immediately blushed as it made me sound like a teenager giggling at some boyfriend's remarks. Greg smiled and held my hand.

"You really are cute you know. Do you mind if I ask if you do this sort of thing a lot?"

Suddenly I felt so young for some reason. He was so much older and mature than me that is was almost intimidating. Sure I'd been with older men before on dates before, including my father, but Greg was like right out of a Victorian romance novel! I shook my head and although I meant to speak, my reply came out more as a hoarse whisper.

"No, I've actually never done anything this before."

That seemed to break the ice. I think we were both relieved to find that we each were "virgins" at this game so it wasn't like we felt we needed to measure up to a past history of liaisons. From there we talked about ourselves and our families. I was surprised at how much Greg shared about his wife and kids. He obviously loved them very much and adored his daughters. He even showed me a picture of them from his wallet!

Greg then asked me why I was doing this tonight and I tried to explain to him my need for something new and different while at school. Much to my chagrin, he chuckled at that although he explained it was because he thought that I'd certainly gone overboard in my quest!

When I asked him the same question he got quiet for a moment and I wondered if I'd broken some code of conduct for escorts such as, "Never ask the client why he is doing this."

Greg looked me straight in the eye and said, "To be perfectly honest, I turned forty four last month and I started to think about the fact that I'm not getting any younger. I see my kids growing up and now my oldest daughters isn't even a teenager anymore. I remember what it was like to be with a young women, to feel the excitement of the chase, the thrill of the unknown and I want to feel that again in me. My wife Claire is wonderful and has always been a great partner, friend and lover. I'd never want to hurt her in any way but the thrill is gone and I need to feel that again, if only for one last time before it's too late. Sorry... I hope this doesn't make me sound like some kind of a jerk to you."

Actually, it endeared me to him somewhat. After all the guys I'd met and chatted with that complained about their wives and wanted to cheat on them, Greg was a bit different. I also knew what he wanted for the evening and that I was the perfect girl for him.

The thing is, what he SAID that he wanted and what I knew that he did, even if just subconsciously, may not necessarily be the same. The secret was in the way he described his family and his love for them. I knew that he was feeling a bit guilty about his wife and that he loved his older daughter Mandy. I had a feeling that there was something about Mandy that I could exploit to make this a memorable evening for both of us and still let him go home to Claire with a faithful heart, if not a faithful cock.

Greg ordered dinner for both of us and I was thankful when he asked for something rather light. First, I wasn't very hungry with my stomach in knots all night and next, although I loved Italian food, it's a pain to eat without making a mess. He started to order wine but then remembered my age and smiled to himself as he put aside the wine list. I just drank some ice water with lemon although for a second I was afraid he might order me a glass of milk!

We somehow made it through dinner and I had a small lemon sorbet for desert. So far we'd kept the discussion away from anything other than ourselves and dinner so I had no idea what his plans were for the rest of the evening. So far he'd not made any move on me other than to hold my hand across the table! Sooner or later we would have to address the elephant in the room and as inexperienced as I was, I didn't know if it was up to me or him to break the ice.

In the end I figured I was obligated for dinner and nothing more so it was up to him of wanted anything else. After he paid the check - cash I noticed, I started to feel nervous again as I waited for him to say something. It wasn't long before he did...

"Kelly, you've been an absolute dream to be with tonight," he started out. "I just want you to know that dinner has been everything I could have hoped for and if you feel you should go home now I would completely understand."

I was a bit touched at his sincerity. I'd hoped for a pleasant evening of course but deep down I had this fear that it would end up being dinner with some ugly lecherous guy trying to grope me from the minute I sat down and then expecting me to fuck him all night. If it wasn't for the fact that I knew he was paying for me to be there, I could have been at a pleasant dinner with a new boyfriend given the way things had gone so far. To be honest, I WANTED to be with him. If anything, taking money from him would ruin the atmosphere that had been created, cheapen it in a way I didn't want to happen.

"Oh no Greg," I answered, "I have no desire to go home yet. This has been a wonderful evening and I appreciate everything so far. I'm not ready for it to end quite yet - if that's what you want I mean."

Well, if he couldn't pick up on that hint then he would have to be a lot less perceptive than I thought! Greg didn't fail me though. He stood up and took my hand, helping me to my feet. He smiled and softly said to me, "Then if it's OK with you Kelly I would love you to join me in a more... intimate setting shall we say."

I reached up and kissed him on the cheek, settling back on my heels with a shy grin on my face. For goodness sake here I was a slut being paid to go out with this guy yet somehow I was feeling more like a princess on a date! He called for my coat and we left for the parking lot where he had a nice rental car to take us to his hotel. On the trip back we just talked about the city. Neither of us was really familiar with Columbus so it was like a tourist ride for both of us.

Once again I was surprised in that Greg was a total gentleman, never once trying anything so far as touching me or feeling me. Even on regular dates it wasn't unusual for me to give head once we got in his car and here I was being paid and yet not doing anything!

## 4. The Hotel

Upon our arrival at the hotel, Greg dropped the car off with the valet and we entered through the main lobby. No sneaking in the back door or otherwise trying to hide; instead Greg offered me his arm and we entered like two lovers returning from an evening out on the town. Even so, I imagine we got more than a couple of looks given the age difference between us. The guys most likely were wishing they were Greg while the women probably considered me as slut - or worse and Greg as some dirty old man! No matter, we got into the elevator and went to his floor and then to the room without hardly a word between us.

Standing outside his room while he got his pass key out, I felt a tingle through me as the realization of what was about to happen slowly sank in. I was about to cross a boundary that I never had thought I would. It was impossible now to say I was just being a slut when he was paying for sex. Then again, I guess technically he hadn't paid me anything - yet at least.

Suddenly I felt the weight of the truth on my shoulders, like someone had dropped a truck on me. No matter how I had tried to avoid it until now, the fact was that I was most likely about to be paid to give sex to a man who, no matter how nice he might seem to be, ultimately wanted me only for my body. Now if THAT didn't make me a whore, something I'd always HATED to be called, then what did?

I didn't have any more time to contemplate it as he held the door open for me to enter. I looked at the threshold and once again I thought about how if I stepped over it there was a label I would have to wear forever afterwards - whore. Was I really willing to go through life knowing I'd prostituted myself, even if only once?

In a way it was like giving up my virginity again in that once done there was no way to ever go back to the way things were before. No matter who knew or didn't know about tonight, deep inside I'd always know what I really was - a girl who had been willing to sell her most precious asset - herself.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped over the threshold and it was done. When I entered the room it was like the burden dropped from my shoulders. With that one simple step forward I accepted my fate and new role. Now that my decision had been made it was just a matter of going through with it. On the way over in his car, I'd been rehearsing this moment in my mind so I would be ready but now everything blanked out and I couldn't remember any of the clever things I'd thought of saying right now.

Greg was staring at me now but hesitating as if he was unsure what his next move should be. I took charge as a good whore would, stepping back and falling back on the bed, letting my dress ride up such that most of my legs were exposed. I gave him my best sultry look and then started the game...

"You know Greg, I bet you would love to see Mandy laying here like this, wouldn't you?"

Greg's eyes widened as he replied, "What do you mean? She's my daughter for god's sake. Why are you talking about her now?"

I smiled wider saying, "You can't fool me Greg. I could tell how much you love her from the way you looked when you talked about her. Wouldn't you love to have a chance to show her just how much you really want her?"

Greg was looking confused. I was making an assumption that he actually had those feelings for his daughter and from his reaction I was pretty confident I had read him right. Still, at the same time he was struggling with years of repressed feelings and upbringing.

Finally he rolled his eyes and sighed, "God forgive me but yes, I would. But I could NEVER do something like this with her... no matter what."

"I understand... so let me be her tonight Greg," I offered softly, "Let me be Mandy tonight. Forget who I really am and put her face in your mind when you look at me. "

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Here's what I want you to do Greg... I want you to leave the room for a few minutes. I'll get in bed like I was her asleep at home in her bedroom. Then you come in and do with me all the things you've always wished you could do with Mandy."

Greg hesitated so I pushed just a little but more, knowing he was close to the edge. "You know the feelings you get when you see her sleeping at night. You know what you've secretly wished for when you see her in her bikini. You know how jealous you feel when she comes home and you know she's been fucked by some young kid from school. This is your chance to act out all those feelings and fantasies you been forced to keep inside of you all these years. Let me be Mandy tonight Greg."

Greg smiled finally and shook his head. "God you really are something Kelly. How did you know I felt about her that way?"

I just shook my head, not willing to go there. "It doesn't really matter, does it? What's important is tonight you can fuck Mandy. You have your little girl for your very own once and for all. Let me be Mandy tonight for you."

Greg's cheeked puffed out as he let out a deep breath. Then he seemed to make up his mind as he turned and left the room without another word. Once the door was closed I quickly stripped down to nothing and went in my purse to bring out a the sheerest and tiniest nightie I owned, slipping it on and then following it with the matching panties. Looking in the mirror I could see the flimsy outfit hid absolutely nothing but that was the whole point!

Looking at the gaudy comforter on the bed with disgust, I pulled it off of the bed and tossed it in a corner. There was no way was I letting it touch me after some of the shows I had seen on TV about hotel room hygiene! At least the sheets had supposedly been washed since the last people had stayed in the room.

With that I snuggled under the blanket and pretended to be sleeping just as the door unlocked. Greg was back. I kept my eyes shut as I heard him entering the room and latching the door securely behind him. Hopefully he hadn't transformed into some ax murderer! I could hear his breathing grow heavier as he moved towards the bed, seeing me in bed with my dress laid out over the small sofa. I could hear him whispering to himself, talking himself into doing what I had urged him to do.

"Oh Mandy," he whispered in a louder tone, his voice husky with lust.

A chill of anticipation ran through me as I wondered what he was thinking right then. Had he ever been in a similar situation as this before? Had he ever ventured into his daughter's room and seen her sleeping like this, wanting so bad to pull down the covers but knowing he never could? Looking at me now, was he seeing the escort he'd hired or was he visualizing his cute daughter instead?

The covers were now moving on my legs as he lifted them to see my lower body. I kept my eyes tightly closed, pretending to be sound asleep and totally unaware of what he was doing. The cool room air chilled my exposed legs as the covers were pulled completely off of them until I was lying there with nothing covering me but a flimsy nightie and panties.

I was laying on my back with one leg straight and the other bent upwards to allow my pussy to be seen more easily. Greg's breathing was getting heavier as he must have been standing there staring at my all but nude body. Then I felt his fingers softly running over the skin of my lower leg, lightly touching me from my ankle up to my knee. Slowly they worked their way upward, first on the top of my upper thighs and then ever so slowly moving down between my legs. I could feel goose bumps rising as the soft flesh of my inner leg responded to his caresses. The fingers gradually gave way to his hand until his entire palm was softly massaging my inner legs, first one and then the other and then back again. God it was making me soooooo horny!

Finally in the middle of one of his motions he made a sudden detour and softly ran his finger across the thin panties that were barely covering my shaved pussy. I moaned softly as if dreaming in my sleep, moving my hips ever so slightly in response to his touch. Encouraged by my subtle response, his finger began to rub me through my panties. When he hit my swelling clit I jumped just a little to signal to him that I liked it there. Fortunately he could take a hint and he lingered in my more sensitive spots. I could feel my pussy getting wet and I knew my panties must showing some dampness by now.

Greg pulled my panties over to one side, exposing my smooth pussy. I shaved every day to keep it looking clean and smooth like it did ten years before and I knew he must have been turned on to see me look like a little girl down there. His exploring finger started at the top of my pussy and worked its way down, teasing my clit and then spreading me apart until his fingertip was running little circles around the opening to my cunt.

I was soaking wet by now and he would spread my wetness around, even moving up to my clit and wetting it with my pussy cum. Suddenly it plunged into me and I involuntarily gasped as the pleasure it produced rippled through me. He hesitated for a second, afraid to "wake" me and then pushed it all the way into me. God this was so sensual and erotic!

While Greg was fingering my pussy with one hand, I could hear him fumbling with his pants with the other. His belt buckle came undone and then I heard his zipper lowering. With a loud thump his pants hit the floor and I knew he had to be standing with his cock exposed right next to me. It was so tempting to open my eyes to see his erect dick but I kept them closed, pretending to still be asleep.

With his other hand he pulled up my nightie to expose my bare boobs and then I felt the tip of his cock rubbing against my nipples. He was still fingering me as his cock moved in circles around my breast, teasing my hardened nipples and then running around the soft flesh again. Once again I wanted SO badly to open my eyes and watch but I kept up the facade of not having a clue what he was doing.

After playing with my boobs his finger came out of my pussy and the wet digit began to take play with my nipples as well. His cock started to rub against my cheek then and finally I felt the head rub against my lips. Well, enough was enough when it came to the comatose routine so I parted my lips just enough to allow his dick to enter.

As his cock slid into my mouth I finally opened my eyes and looked up at him. Pushing him out with my tongue and lips, I smiled and whispered huskily, "Oh daddy, I've always wanted you to do this!" and then took him back in my mouth and started sucking him in earnest.

"Oh my god Mandy!" he exclaimed, "I've been wanting you to suck me for soooooo long!"

All I could do was give him an "Mmmmmmm" in response but he knew I liked it. I saw he still had his dress shirt on but as I kept sucking him he stripped that off as well. Now he was stark naked next to the bed while I still had my nightie and panties on. Reaching down, the panties were soon no longer an issue. Totally nude now, I spread my legs wide and began to play with myself as he fucked my mouth, pushing himself in it deeper and deeper with each stroke as he continued to swell and lengthen.

Mmmmmmm, I could smell his musky crotch, a rich mixture of sex and sweat creating an odor I loved to breath in from a man. He must have never trimmed his pubic hair because he had a huge bush which tickled my face as he pushed his cock down my throat, almost gagging me as it penetrated deeper and deeper. God he tasted so good!

I imagined him fucking Claire his wife and wondered how he must have tasted after she came all over his nice cock. I sucked him like a daughter should suck her father - good and deep with no resistance or hesitation. I grabbed his cock finally and stroked him as I released it from my mouth.

"Mmmmmmm daddy," I said, licking my lips, "I love your hard cock!"

"That's it Mandy," he said, "be a good girl and suck daddy's cock some more."

"Oh yes daddy," I answered, "I would do ANYTHING for you. Anything..."

I sucked on his cock some more as he continued to stand by the bedside, rubbing his hands all over me as I enjoyed the wonderful flavor of his manhood. He had grown tremendously now, at least twice as long as he had started and so much thicker. I ran my tongue around the head of his cock, tracing circles around the lip and sucking on just the tip. A few times he would push it in to the hilt, until I could feel it pushing down my throat actually. Well, I hadn't sucked well over a hundred cocks not to know how to handle such a thing so I was able to take him without any problems and he loved it!

"Oh fuck Mandy, you're soooooo good!" he cried out, "Take me all in your mouth, bury your head in my crotch."

Well, I was more than happy to comply and I could feel the base of his cock against my lips as his cock went down my throat again, cutting off my air so it was only a matter of time before I had to pull away and breathe again.

I let him drop again from my lips and looked him straight in the eye saying, "Fuck me daddy. Fuck your little girl like a whore. Make me your bitch. Do what you know you want to do to me!"

That's all it took with him in the twisted state of mind he was in now. Without another word Greg grabbed me by the waist and flipped me over. Then he twisted me in the bed until my lower body fell off and I was kneeling in the floor with my upper body on the sheets. I knew what he wanted and so I spread my legs apart for him.

God I wanted him to fuck me so bad! It had been ages since I felt a warm cock inside of me and I would have done anything at that moment just to get him to fuck me. I could feel his now fully hardened cock pressing against my pussy from behind, ready to enter me with another push.

"Forgive me Mandy," he said in a strangely strangled voice, "please forgive me," and with that he pushed and I felt his cock spread my pussy apart until it felt like I would split in half. He pushed just the head into me and then held himself there, moving it around just enough for me to feel him there.

"Oh daddy, it's OK," I moaned, "I have always dreamed of this. I want you to know every inch of me."

"Oh yes Mandy," he gasped, "I have wanted you like this for so long, so many years."

"Fuck me daddy!" I cried out loud, "Fuck me now!"

I pushed back against him as he drove himself all the way into me with one sudden motion. God he felt so big in me! Suddenly my pussy went from empty to full as that sensation I loved so well overcame me - my orgasm. My cunt clamped down on him, holding him so he couldn't pull out. I could feel my cum gushing over his organ, pouring from me in a creamy flood.

Greg realized what was happening and he grabbed my hips to pull himself even deeper into me. I could feel his crotch pressing against my ass and his thick wiry pubic hair brushing against my bare butt. My whole body shook as wave after wave of pure pleasure poured through me. God I hadn't cum like this in ages!

As it died down slowly my pussy released him and he began to stroke himself in and out of me. He did it slowly at first and gradually built up speed until he was smashing into my ass and driving me into the bed with each thrust. After fucking me like this for eternity he pulled himself from me and lifted me back on the bed again. Spreading my legs wide, he began to lick my pussy, burying his face in my crotch.

"Yes daddy!" I said whispering again, "Eat your daughter's pussy. It wants her daddy soooooo bad!"

Greg's face was tight against my cunt so he never replied but I could feel his tongue working magic on my clit. It didn't take long before I was ready to cum again!

"Oh my god daddy! You're making me cum! Taste your girl's cum now!!!!" and with that I came as once again the world disappeared into a haze of pleasure and lust.

This one was even better than the first as his tongue ran circles around my clit and then his teeth gently tugged on it. I thought it would go on forever and hoped it would but eventually it died down and I came back to earth.

"Yes daddy, that was soooooo good!" I said softly, "Now I want to be one with you again. Join yourself with me and make us one body. Show me how much you love me daddy!"

"Yes Mandy, anything you want," he answered in a soft, fatherly voice, "Daddy will take care of you."

As he said this he was moving up and kissed me, his face wet with my cum. I loved the way he tasted and we kissed passionately as he lined up his cock to violate me once again. He drove himself deep into me and I arched my hips up to let him drill me even deeper.

We started fucking hard then, bouncing on the bed like we would break it. He held himself above me with his arms and pumped himself in and out of me like a machine, like some form of nasty fucking machine. I felt him swelling and knew he was about to cum.

"Cum in me daddy!" I cried, "mate your daughter!"

"Oh my god!" he shouted, "I'm cumming you little bitch! Take my cum!!"

Indeed he was! I could feel stream after stream of his hot sperm being pumped into me as he came and came. God he had a lot of cum built up in him! I could feel it dripping down my pussy and onto my ass as it overflowed my cunt. Before the last time he quickly pulled out and while he was still cumming, held his cock over my open mouth to leave the last couple of shots in my mouth. Mmmmmmm he tasted so good.

I took his cock in my mouth and sucked the remaining drops from him. He quickly softened and I knew at his age that would be the only orgasm for him for a while so I gently sucked him and didn't even try to get him hard again. His cum was even more bitter than most but I still loved it as I swallowed down whatever I could get. Finally he collapsed in the bed next to me on his back and I leaned over him to suck on his sensitive cock some more. I laid down between his legs, facing him so I could look at him with his cock in my mouth. He started to stroke my hair as I held his softened cock in my mouth, licking it softly as I did.

"Oh god that was great Mandy," he whispered, making me wonder if he was actually thinking of me as her now!

I held his cock in my hand as I laid my head down on his crotch, his sweaty pubic hair forming a pillow for me. God he smelled so strong now of sex and sweat! It was almost overwhelming and I loved knowing I undoubtedly smelled of it as well.

"Thank you Kelly," he said, returning to reality, "This has been an experience I'll never forget. You've done something for me I never dreamed would happen, let me know what it would be like to fuck my little girl."

He reached to the side of the bed where his jacket was and pulled out an envelope. He smiled and gave it to me after which he laid his head back and fell asleep, exhausted from the incredible sex we had just had. It was open and I looked inside to see several hundred dollar bills tucked away.

For a moment I hesitated. Despite my feelings when I first entered the room, so far I really wasn't a whore since he had not paid me. Accepting this envelope though would seal THAT deal. Oh well, what the hell, why not? Whether or not I took the money wouldn't change what had just happened so why not take it and enjoy some shopping with it? I slipped the envelope in my purse and quickly dressed.

Just as I was about to leave I thought of something naughty. I reached in my purse and pulled out the nightie. The panties were soaked with my pussy and the nightie itself smelled of sex. I laid it out on the bed next to the snoring Greg and smiled. I hoped he enjoyed them later!

I called the taxi with my cell phone and it wasn't long before he showed up at the lobby entrance. I never said a word to him on the ride home as he already knew my address. As I rode in the back seat I put my hand between my legs and felt my still warm pussy, remembering how good I had just been fucked. Greg's cum was still in me and I could feel it draining from me as I sat upright. I had some tissues in my purse and wiped it off of me to keep from staining my dress and put the damp tissues back in my purse.

Arriving back at the dorm it was after 3 AM now and fortunately the lounge area was deserted. I could just imagine how I looked! I quietly entered my room and was relieved to see Karen was sound asleep. One thing about that girl, once she was asleep the world could end and she wouldn't wake up. I made use of this little trait many a night when I masturbated! I quietly hung up my dress, and ran down to the showers for a quick wash down. There is nothing a girl can smell on another girl more than sex and I did not want Karen getting a whiff of the pungent odor I knew I must reek of at the moment. Returning to my room I dressed for bed and laid down.

I was exhausted but it still took almost an hour before I finally fell asleep. It had been a wonderful evening, far better than I had ever dared to dream it would be. Maybe this escort business wasn't going to be so bad after all!

# (Feb 25) Chapter 74: Second Escort Job, John Talks to His Wife

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (19)
John - client (45)

This time I wasn't so much nervous as excited and anxious to get on with it. This time I THOUGHT that I knew what I was getting myself in to. Well, as it turned out, I was totally wrong but fortunately everything still worked out. When a guy is on the phone telling his wife he loves her at the same time he's fucking you, can it get any better than that?

Note (not from Kelly): The original text alternated between calling the client John and Mike. I've changed all "Mike" instances to "John" to be consistent with the other stories mentioning this event.

## 1. Becoming an Escort

I've always been a very sexual person and was fortunate to have been raised in an open and loving family environment which nurtured that side of me and allowed me to explore in a caring and secure environment. Once I had sex for the first time with my boyfriend at the age of fourteen, there was no stopping me and since then I have been with a number of men (and women) in a number of widely varying settings.

As a result I've grown accustomed to my daily (or more often) "fix" where my deepest and most innermost cravings can now be only satisfied through an orgasm - including the process in getting one. If I don't have a partner available (and often even when I do), masturbation is an alternative but no matter how hot it gets, doing yourself can never replace the real thing.

Going to college was a challenge for me in many of the same ways it is for most kids. In addition, more so than most kids my age I had the pressure of having to go without sex for extended periods of time. If it had not turned out that my first roomie was bi, I am not sure how I would have made it through my freshman year.

Brenda was a lifesaver for me and she is still one of my closest friends. My sophomore year was quite a different story however. Although I was more mature in terms of leaving home and dealing with the college environment, my new roomie was just the opposite of Brenda when it come to her sexuality.

When I first saw Karen I thought maybe I would be lucky again. She was dressed in jeans and a halter that were at the bleeding edge of the school dress code and was an absolute fox. I quickly found out though that while she was a delicious tease and knew exactly what she had going for her, Karen was determined to be a virgin when she got married. Worse, at least for me, she defined virginity in a VERY broad manner. Karen believed that ANY form of sex was wrong before marriage - even masturbation and fondling!

Karen's views on clothing walked a fine line. Nudity was a total no-no but revealing shorts, miniskirts, halters, even a string bikini were OK. A few meager pieces of cloth were sufficient so long as they covered her pussy and nipples. I was shocked out first night when I went to go to bed and she was upset because I was nude. I didn't want to start off the year on the wrong foot with her so even though it had been nine years since I wore clothes to bed (other than when I was visiting someone) I spent my entire sophomore year sleeping in shorts and T-shirts.

I dealt with the situation for the first semester as best I could, mainly through a LOT of masturbating. After a holiday break at home, I returned to school "recharged" and then looked around my dorm room only to be struck me squarely between the eyes with the realization that another semester of secretive masturbation was facing me and my heart sank at the prospect. Now don't get me wrong - I LOVE to masturbate but girls like me needs more!

In desperation I found myself calling a few escort agencies in Columbus and selected the one that seemed the most professional and discriminating. I figured if they were that way when choosing their girls then hopefully they would be with the guys as well. The agency checked out potential clients to be sure they were not felons, wanted criminals or known sex offenders. Although the agency does not officially sell or promote sex, let's face - a guy doesn't pay $1,000 or more just for pleasant conversation.

I was warned that the men would assume that I was also available for additional "services" which were negotiated that evening between me and him. The agency's policy was that anything I arranged with him was entirely my business and responsibility. The guy paid the agency for the evening so I never had to deal with money which also provided protection against prostitution charges. It was up to me to establish what "tip" I got if I decided to go beyond the standard "date. The agency also provided transportation each way in the form of a taxi that picked me up at the school, dropped me off at the arranged location, and then was available to take me back no matter I called. I got a paycheck twice a month just like any other job, taxes deducted and all!

My first "job" was a bachelor party which turned out to be one of the most exciting events of my life to date. I can hardly express the thrill I got seeing ten guys lusting over me the way they did. It was a tremendous ego booster I can tell you that much for sure. I wound up doing more than just stripping - a LOT more.

When it came to the single escort duties I limited myself to married men over forty, preferable with a family and from out of state. My past experience with older guys was that they generally treated me better than the young ones. As for being married, I figured that would ensure they were discreet. I wanted them to be from out of state in hopes that would prevent them from trying to contact me afterwards. Finally, I also set a strict rule that only one date per guy - no repeats under any circumstances. I was doing this for fun and I wanted variety. Plus, I didn't want there to be even a remote chance that someone would think we would be forming any type of "relationship".

Greg was my first escort. He had looked handsome in his profile picture and had written a clever and entertaining introduction. He was from Chicago but what caught my eye was that he had always been married to the same woman. After days of anticipation we met and it turned out to be a fun and sexual evening. It turned out that he had a daughter my age and a hidden desire to have sex with her. Morally he could never do that in real life so I became his "daughter" for the evening. It was the first time I had played out someone's fantasy in such an intense and erotic fashion which is probably why I reached orgasm several times during the course of the evening. The success of that night was enough to convince me to continue on with my escort career.

## 2. Getting Ready for My Second Client

So anyway, given all this I was once again in a taxi, heading to the east side and a rendezvous with my next client. According to his profile, John was 45 and had been married to his wife for ten years yet he had four children, three by previous marriages (it didn't say just how just how many marriages!) and a fifteen year-old boy with his current wife. Doing the math with this guy was next to impossible! I figured they must have had a child out of wedlock or maybe even while he was married to someone else.

Any way you looked at it, he wasn't the poster child for marital stability, that was for sure! What drew me to him and agree to meet was the profile introduction that he had written. As you might guess, I like a guy who is literate and can express himself. I also have a low tolerance for men who beat around the bush (no pun intended) and can't (or won't) express their true feelings. Well, John's profile description was certainly not vague. I copied it here to help out all the guys who want to know what I look for in a guy!

"Hello!

My name is John and I'm a 45 year-old father of four currently living in the St. Louis suburbs. At 6 feet and 220 pounds I may not be as I was when in my college prime but I still wear a 36 inch belt with the original holes. All the curly hair I was born with is still hanging in there and I was blessed by my parents with their Irish heritage and looks. I'm a professional with a PhD in political science so I would like to think that I am not totally stupid although some of my past wives might have a different opinion. Speaking of past marriages, three of my children are from them and as wonderful as they are it is a relief for them to all be out of school and out on their own. My fourth was a product of my union with Dana, my lovely wife of ten years and counting. He's fifteen now and quite the lady's man - a chip off the old block if you don't mind me saying that. What I mean is the old man knows how to treat a woman and can't get enough of them as you may have guessed from the lasting power of my earlier marriages. Dana should know me better than to expect me to be a faithful husband disdaining all others. After all, she was one of my "other women" which including bearing my son during my previous marriage. I guess she must be either totally in love with me or just naive because she truly believes I am so infatuated with her that I stopped my womanizing when we got married. Thankfully she still doesn't know I did her sister during our wedding reception (and not for the first OR last time)! Bless her heart, I love her dearly and hope to spend the rest of my life with her but hey, some things are just in the genes.

So why would any sane woman want to spend an evening with someone like me? Quite simply, you know exactly what you're getting - no games or pretenses. I can promise an evening you won't soon forget, no matter what your background or experience. I travel extensively around the world and when my evenings are free I enjoy spending them with women of all shapes, sizes and cultures so don't worry that you may not be my "type". I grew up in a generation that taught men to respect all woman and to be a gentleman meaning I will always show consideration for you. As for being a gentleman, well let's just say I promise to behave myself in public. Do you really want me to otherwise?

So let's hit the town and see what happens. Nothing premeditated; dinner at a comedy club? A rousing round of competitive miniature gold? An intense evening of political debate over a remarkable Chablis? Hey, I'm game for most anything so see you soon!"

Quite the profile isn't it? Well, there are a lot of folks on some of the adult websites I've looked at could take some lessons. Once I read this in the profile my agency sent me I was instantly hooked - he sounded like just the type of guy I signed up for in the first place. Face it, I wasn't looking for a boyfriend or a lover. All I wanted was to have some fun and get laid and John sounded like just the ticket.

I accepted the appointment and the agency hooked us up through their brand new e-mail system which maintained both of our privacies. We exchanged a couple of messages and he offered to take me out to a GameWorks club in a fancy mall on the east side of Columbus. I checked it out on the Internet and found it to be advertised as "the ultimate destination for a total entertainment experience where guests can eat, drink, party and play." I had never even heard of it let alone been there but when I mentioned it to some of my friends they all said it was a great place so I accepted and we were set.

Riding in the back seat of the cab, I pulled out a mirror from my purse and gave myself a once-over. I was dressed totally different from my first escorting job. Instead of a killer evening dress and an all-afternoon fight trying to make my hair do SOMETHING, I was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a peasant girl style sleeveless halter top. The jeans were a size (or two) too small making them a challenge to get on but by sucking in my stomach and clenching my butt I was able to finally zip them up and button them. It was worth the effort when I saw how they form-fitted my ass as if they had been painted on. Well, no panties with these babies on, that was for sure! Hopefully I wouldn't have to use the little girls room too often either.

I didn't want to wear anything that had to be tucked in plus the halter showed off my flat stomach which I starved myself to keep so why not let people see it! I had chosen what was normally the unthinkable and wore a strapless bra under my halter. With the peasant-style halter the way it was it didn't matter if I wore one in terms of showing off since I could have leaned completely across a table and not showed anything. Instead I was thinking of what might happen later and hoped that the bra would make the act of undressing a bit more sensual and erotic. Bras may be a pain in the ass (at least for those of us who don't need them to keep our boobs off our laps) but they are always a sure-fire way to turn on guys! This one was not exactly from Victoria Secret but rather straight of the JC Penny winter catalog juniors section. Again, I was thinking ahead and hoping it would give me more of that "little girl" appeal to this older man.

To finish things off I wore a pair of white sneakers with white anklets. I decided to go sans jewelry, not even a watch. Instead of spending hours trying to put some life in my useless hair, I just pulled it back into a pony tail and let it go at that. Minimal makeup – just enough blush to give some color to my cheeks, a bit of shadow to deepen my eyes, and some light lipstick to make my lips look moist. I pulled my trusty old bottle of Charlie from my purse and freshened myself up just as we pulled into the parking garage.

The taxi stopped at the entrance inside the garage and I signed the slip for the driver. He gave me his card and said to call him when I was done and let him know where I was. I smiled a bit at that, obviously he knew this was not to be my final destination tonight! This must have been a pretty good gig for him. Since the agency didn't know when I would be finished, he was on call the entire night so I wouldn't have to wait for someone to be located to pick me up just in case I needed to leave quickly. Hey, the agency was paying for it!

I entered the mall, went up the steps and walked past a comedy club – a pace I would love to go sometime if I could, and saw the GameWorks on the other side of the hallway. I had a red ribbon tied to my purse as we had arranged so when I approached the entrance a gentleman stepped forward and greeted me.

## 3. Playing Games With John

"Hi!! You must be Kelly. Wow! You look even better in person than you do on your profile. I'm John, your date for the evening."

Well, that was a pleasant if not overwhelming introduction. He took my hand and shook it warmly, looking me in the eye and smiling. The one thing I noticed most was he did NOT do. Most guys never get to my eyes; they start at my legs, move up to my waist and then work their way to my boobs and either stop there or go back down again. John actually looked at ME, as if he was truly interested in Kelly and not just her body. Hmmmmmm, this was interesting and I felt a bit unnerved actually.

To be honest, over the years I have learned to deal with the stares and ogling eyes and actually have grown to appreciate them as a testimony to my sexuality. In that moment I realized that I actually EXPECTED to be objectified and so when this stranger didn't follow the routine I was thrown off balance for a second. Usually at this point all I had to do was wiggle my hips a bit or let my boobs bounce and I knew he was hooked. John was going to be interesting, that much I could tell already.

We chatted for a brief moment about the usual stuff - my trip down, the weather and how we were both doing (both doing well of course). Then John lead me to the entrance where he had already purchased passes for the evening. He helped fasten mine around my wrist and just that easy we were in.

The first thing that struck me was the noise! The place was playing loud music and there were games of all types making random sounds while flashing colored lights. Although it was only 8:00, the place was already packed and I noticed most of the crowd was on the younger side making John one of the older-looking men there. I didn't mind, he was even more handsome than his profile picture and the self-depreciating comment in his profile about his weight didn't do him justice. He was in better shape than half the young guys and looked much more self-assured and mature. I felt comfortable by his side and felt sort of proud actually to be seen as his date.

For the next hour we moved through the place trying out the various games. It was wild and the simulation games proved to be my favorites. I loved the racecar races and we competed against each other over and over. He was the perfect date in that while I beat him every time, I was never sure if he let me or not. As we worked our way around he would first hold me by the waist or put his arm around my shoulder. I noticed though that it didn't take long for his hands to begin to wander and soon instead of resting on my hips I felt one holding my ass. When I didn't resist it emboldened him to start squeezing it. I looked up at him and smiled sweetly.

"Hmmmmmm, so you like my ass John?" I said in a teasing voice.

"You know damn well I do you little tease," he replied with a chuckle. "In fact, I think you know EXACTLY what you've been doing every step of the way so far tonight."

I gave him an innocent pout saying, "Now what do you mean by that John?"

John reached down lower, cupped my ass cheek in his hand, and lifted me up to the point where he was actually bringing me up onto my toes.

"Now won't get me wrong but I didn't fall off the turnip truck yesterday and you're not the first escort I've been with. I have to say though that you've got the 'naive school girl' routine down to an art form and I love it." He paused and looked deep into my eyes. His grip on my ass loosened and his tone softened. "I AM curious about one thing about you though. When do I get to see the real Kelly?"

I kept looking at him with the same innocent look and he slapped my butt as he said in a more forceful voice, "I know you understood me. You intrigue me and trust me, that hasn't happened for me with anyone for a long time. I want the REAL Kelly. What is it you want? I mean really want and no more games, OK?"

I had no clue what to say. For a moment I thought I might cry. I knew what I wanted but how could I tell him? I was the escort and he was the client. Why couldn't he just play along and fuck me? If I wanted a date there were a lot of guys who would take me out at school and I frequently went out with a number of friends. Only problem was the damn Lifestyle Guidelines at school that expressly forbade sex. People who have never attended a school like mine have no idea the pressure that is applied to follow these rules and the result was while I had a good time, I never got to even so much as give a blowjob. There was only one reason I was here tonight and it wasn't the money. I just wanted sex - was that too much to ask?

John brushed the back of his fingers against my cheek. "Now now, don't get all emotional on me. Let's be honest, we're not here tonight to play video games. I think you want exactly what I do so why don't we leave and go do it?"

Thank goodness, enough of the charade and down to business. As he said this his hand was working my ass again, squeezing it and lifting up on it. I glanced around to see if anyone was seeing what he was doing to me but so far he had me positioned in a corner such that his groping hand was hidden from view.

Actually I liked what he was doing - no, I should say that I loved it. My entire ass has always been a major erotic zone for me and I love it when anyone plays with it, even myself. His hand was big enough to cup my entire butt cheek in it and his grip on me felt fantastic! Despite what he had said, it was time to get back into the game so I reached down do his crotch and pressed my palm against him and was pleased to feel the hardness behind his pants. I flashed a foxy smile...

"Well John," I answered by in the sexiest voice I had in my arsenal, "it sounds like you know what you want so why not just do it - or should I say, do me?"

John laughed and started to lead me out. "That's my girl," he chuckled, "Damn, I can't believe we wasted away an entire hour here!"

John led me by the ass to the parking garage, never taking his hand off me the entire way despite the looks of more than a few people in the crowd. He opened the door of a large white SUV that he had rented judging by the sticker with the bar code in the back window. Only thing was, he didn't open the door to the passenger side but rather the one to the back seat! I gave him with a questioning look and he just smiled saying, "I'm in no hurry to get to the hotel, are you?"

What the hell, why not? I got in and slid over to the opposite side of the rear bench seat as he climbed in and shut the door behind us. The windows were tinted heavily so with the lights in the garage I could see outside like it was daytime but I knew from when we approached the truck that it was almost impossible to see inside with the glare of the lights. The mall was crowded this time of night and he had parked on the main isle leading to the entrance so there was a constant stream of people walking by. I turned to John to see him facing me and already unbuckling his jeans. I didn't say or do anything but just kind of looked at him with a "Aren't you forgetting something?" expression. John looked puzzled for a second and then laughed.

"Oh yeah, I know. Don't worry," he said with a wink, "I know the fee was just for the date. Trust me, I am a great tipper - provided the service is good."

I was glad he took the hint so easily. So far in my limited escorting "career" I had not had to "negotiate" a tip. With my first escort client we didn't even discuss it but he was good enough to leave me something anyway. Tonight I was glad John at least claimed he was generous and would take care of it. I realized I should have established a price but now I would just have to wait and see how it turned out. I silently vowed that next time I would be better prepared and not leave it to chance.

With that little matter out of the way he quickly dropped his pants to his ankles along with a pair of black silk boxer shorts. He sat his bare and hairy ass on the cool leather seats and put one leg up on the seat in between us so I had a good look at his crotch with a rapidly growing cock. He had a nice bush of pubic hair which he had trimmed down to less than an inch in length. I love hairy cocks so this was a minor disappointment.

The good part was he was BIG and getting bigger by the second it seemed. Not the porn star ten inch big but I figured it was at least eight inches and thick as well what was even more important to me. Amazingly for his age it didn't have a blemish on it and the head was nice and pink. It had a bit of an upward curve to it and from the looks of it, was going to be hard as a rock and stiff as a board rather than remaining a bit flexible the way a lot of larger cocks did. My eyes were glued to it and I could feel my pussy warming as my tongue ran over my lips in anticipation of feeling it between them. It looked like the perfect cock and I wanted it!

"So you just going to sit there or are you going to suck my dick?" he said as if it was the most natural thing in the world to jump into a truck in the middle of a crowded parking garage and start having oral sex. "Damn girl, you look like you are starving for some cock!"

He was right, I WAS starving for some cock and the hungry look on my face must have betrayed me. Well, it wouldn't be the first time I had sucked cock in an SUV in the middle of a crowd (hint - my dad owns an SUV) so why not? I sank down on my knees on the carpeting and put my hands on his thighs. He grabbed me by the back of my head and pulled my face into his crotch. The first thing I noticed was his male odor - that heavy musky scent men get when they are horny and sweaty. After all the running around the past hour he was really strong and I drew in a deep breath to savor it.

With one hand I took his cock by the base and started to rub it against my cheeks, nose and lips. I enjoyed the feeling of the velvety soft skin of the head against my face. Then I licked just the tip of it, running my tongue in small circles around the opening and then in wider circles as I worked around it. Finally I was licking under the ridge if the head and he was already groaning with pleasure. It was feeling so large and stiff in my hand with my fingers wrapped around the base. I started licking the shaft, working my way up and down it like a large popsicle, first on one side, the bottom and then the top side before working around it again.

John's hands were still on my head, gently pulling me into him, harder if it seemed to him that I was trying to pull away which was totally unnecessary since there was no way I was going to do anything like that now. Trust me, the last thing I wanted to do was stop! With his cock glistening in the dim light from my saliva, I took the fat head in my mouth and sucked on it as hard as I could.

"Oh my god Kelly," John groaned, "that's incredible! Take it all in"

I released my hold on his head with a bit of a loud slurping sound. I could hear people walking right by the SUV, just a couple of feet away from where I was giving head. Kids were laughing and carrying on and I wondered what their parents would say if they knew what was going on inside the SUV they were walking by. I ignored his request to take him all in, at least for the moment. I was going to tease him, make him beg for me to take him in and so I took about another inch of him in my mouth, ran my tongue around it and then let it out again up to the head which I kept in my mouth. Down again I went, this time just a little bit farther, again licking him and twisting my head to increase the sensations I wanted him to experience.

I did this over and over, diving down on him and the slowly letting him back out again, each time going down a little bit farther, taking more of his hot throbbing cock into my mouth. Finally I felt it pushing against the back of my throat and I saw I still have another inch or so to go. Time for some of my specialty – the deep throat blowjob.

The next time down when I felt him pressing in the back of my throat I pushed my head down into him, driving his cock down my throat. My first natural reaction was to gag but I had long ago learned to relax and let it continue to push down my throat without throwing up (there had been a few embarrassing moments early on believe me!). I felt it filling my throat and kept pushing my head down into it until my mouth met the base of his crotch. I wiggled my head to try and drive him in even deeper and he started to really moan out loud. His hands were pulling my head down hard onto his cock as he said those words I had been waiting to hear, him pleading with me to take every bit of him in my throat.

"OH FUCK that feels so good!" he exclaimed, "You're so small I never would have though you could take it all. Suck it bitch, suck it all. God damn it all you're an incredible whore!"

I still had to breathe so I pulled my head upwards. I was getting lightheaded and afraid I might pass out by the time was I finally was able to take a breath. After that I worked my magic on his cock, alternating between violent sucking to gentle caresses with my lips and tongue as I did one of my most favorite things in all the world – sucking cock.

He must have been really horny because I had been at it for only a few minutes before I started feeling the telltale signs of his impending orgasm. His hips were instinctively thrusting upwards to help drive his cock in my mouth and his breathing was getting fast and heavy. Best of all, I could feel it swelling even more as it began to prepare to discharge its load of cum.

"Don't stop now!" John cried out, "Fuck it I'm cumming!!!"

And so he did – gallons of it or at least that's what it felt like on the receiving end. I had his head in my mouth and I could feel the bitter salty taste of his creamy cum as he jerked and his cock spewed its first load of sperm into my waiting mouth. Again and again he came, each time he cried out and I felt his hips rise up to push it farther in me. I couldn't keep it all in my mouth so some of it started to leak out side of my mouth and I could feel it running down my chin and dripping onto the seat. One last spasm and he was though.

I was ready to keep sucking him until he was hard again but he had other plans in mind. John pulled up his pants and got out of the SUV, walking around and then getting back in again into the driver's seat. I was still fully dressed but my face was a mess and I was not anxious to get out and have all those people see me with cum dripping off my flushed face. Not that it wouldn't have been a turn on to see the shock in their faces but some prissy mom might call security. I wormed my way up to the front passenger seat and found a box of tissues in the glove box which I used to wipe the cum off of me.

John looked over at me with a shit-eating grin on his face. "Damn girl, that was a fantastic start! Now let's get going back to my room so I can take care of you as well." I just smiled and it was only a few blocks until he reached the Hilton hotel where he must have been registered.

# 4. Getting Down to Business

We walked to his room, his hand on my ass the entire way of course. He had an executive room which meant it was larger than the typical room with a king-sized bed and a full-sized couch in addition to the usual chair and desk. I noticed there was a bottle of wine in the ice bucket and he caught me looking at it.

"I know you're under 21 but I figured it would be OK in the privacy of our room," he said.

I started to tell him that I never drank on dates; actually I never drank at all except for a rare glass of wine at dinner with my parents. Then I stopped and figured I would just sip it to make him happy. The LAST thing I wanted was to get drunk and to be perfectly honest, I didn't want him to be either. He quickly popped the cork and filled two glasses. I was pleased he that he fill mine only about a third of the way. I took a sip and found it to be not bad, rather sweet but with a nice flavor. I am really not a wine person so I don't know how to describe it in the proper terms but it was good.

We were sitting on the couch by then, our wine glasses on the table in front of us and it was almost like an innocent high school date in somebody's living room. I knew that it was soon to become far less innocent though and John picked it up as if he could read my thoughts.

"Strip for me Kelly," he demanded, "Nice and slow. I'm sure you know how."

Well, I certainly did so I stood up and gingerly stepped onto the table so I was looking down at him on the couch. He turned on the radio which he must have already tuned to a rock station and music filled the room. I began to sway in front of him in time to the music, gently moving back and forth on my heels, twisting and rotating my ass for him as seductively as I could. My outfit really wasn't the best for this though. My jeans were so tight that taking them off was really something I needed to be laying down in bed. I unsnapped them and slowly drew the zipper down, letting the flaps open up. As tight as they were though they were going nowhere so I had to push them down hard to get them off my ass.

It wasn't exactly the most erotic stripping I ever did as it was hard work to get them off but eventually they were down to my ankles. I slipped out of my shoes so I could take them off the rest of the way and then I kicked them over to him as he sat back and watched with a grin on his face. Without any panties on that left me bare-assed with just my halter and bra on. I smiled as he took my jeans and held the crotch up to his nose and took in a deep breath. With all I had done this evening already I imagined they smelled pretty strongly of my pussy and the smile on his face confirmed it.

With my bare butt and pussy now exposed, I put my shoes back on and danced slowly in front of him, playing with myself and wiggling my ass for him. I was pleased when he took off his own jeans and underwear, sitting bare-ass on the couch and stroking himself as he watched me put on a show for him. I turned around and bent over until I could grab my heels. I saw him upside down between my legs and smiled as I saw he was staring at my bald pussy.

Gradually I worked off my halter top until I was wearing nothing but my bra and heels. I was glad for once to be wearing a bra. As I pulled off my halter I knew he was expecting to see my boobs and when my bra appeared I could see his eyes rolling and I knew I was successful in teasing him further. I didn't want to be too bad though and before long the bra joined my other clothes in the pile next to him, leaving me in just my heels as I moved to the music just a couple of feet in front of him.

It wasn't long before he was no longer able to control himself. He reached up and picked me up off the table and carried me over to the bed. I couldn't help but breath a slight sigh of relief when he pulled back the comforter and opened the sheets. I had seen too many TV shows with black lights that showed what was on those comforters and my skin crawl whenever I laid on one ever after. He literally dropped my in the bed on my back and I laid there spread-eagle for him. He pulled off his shirt and now he was totally nude so I could see his body for the first time. Damn he wasn't bad for an older guy! He and the weight room must have known each other pretty well as he had firm muscles and no beer gut whatsoever.

His big cock was fully erect by now and it was pointing straight out from him, parallel with the floor. I licked my lips in anticipation of feeling it in me and I hoped that I wouldn't have to wait long for my hunger to be satisfied. John spread my legs wide apart and shoved a pillow under my ass, raising my pussy a few inches from the bed. I still had my heels on but he didn't touch them. John took my legs and raised them up until my feet were on each side of his head, my lower legs resting on his shoulders. He took his cock in his hand and guided it to my wet pussy, rubbing my pussy for a while first before entering me. His head split open my lips as I closed my eyes and waited for him to violate me.

John would have none of that though. "Don't close your eyes Kelly, I want you to see me fuck you."

I did as he demanded, bunching the pillow under my head so I could keep an eye on my pussy where he was now beginning to push himself into me. I had been waiting all week for this and he didn't disappointment me. I thought I was going to split in half as his fat cock head forced its way into me. I was more sensitive in the first inch or so of my pussy than I was anywhere else inside of it so I loved it when he stopped with just his cock head in me and started to move it around. Damn that felt good!

Eventually he pressed himself further into me until the base of his cock was pressed tightly against my pussy. I was thinking of how wonderful it felt when suddenly a cell phone starting ringing. My first thought was who the hell could be calling me but it was his instead. The sound it made when it rang was one of those custom alert sounds he must have downloaded from the Internet and I could hear him swear something under his breath.

"Ignore it John," I begged him, "Don't stop fucking me!"

"Can't sweetie," he explained, "that's the wife's special ring and I'm supposed to be all alone in my room doing some business homework."

I figured he would just pull out of me and leave me lying there all hot and bothered while he got his wife off the phone as quickly as possible. Well, needless to say I was a more than just a bit surprised at what happened next! John kept his cock in me as he stretched for his pants on the floor and pulled out his phone. He flipped it open and the next thing I knew he was talking to his wife while he was still fucking me! It was absolutely surreal! I listened as he told her how much he loved her and missed her, how lonely he was sitting in an empty hotel room.

I would have given anything for a speaker phone and once again it was if he was reading my thoughts. Instead of holding the phone and trying to fuck me at the same time, he changed the phone to speakerphone mode and set it on the nightstand next to the bed. Next thing I knew I was listening to the both of them as they started discussing what they would do when he got back. John looked at me with a grin and put his finger to his lips as he humped me. Well duh! Obviously now would NOT be a good time for a loud moan and a passionate cry of, "Fuck me John!".

The more he talked to his wife the more erotic it became for me. John was telling her how lonely he was and how there was nothing for him to do while in reality he was fucking the daylights out of an escort girl! She told him that she loved him and missed him and he passionately told her how much he loved her as well while at the same time pressing his cock in me as firmly as he could. It was an incredibly sensual experience for me to actually witness and be a part of his blatant betrayal of her loving trust in him that it set off a nice orgasm in me. I had to restrain myself to keep it from being too big of one but it was still an orgasm and that can never be a bad thing to have.

John must have felt my wet pussy squeezing his cock and together with the look of joy that must have been on my face he knew I was cumming and a hug smile came to his face. Every guy loves his ego to be stroked almost as much as his cock and nothing does the job like thinking he is making a girl cum. Well, I was more than happy to accommodate them!

Even though we couldn't say anything we communicated by hand signals or in some cases John simply grabbed me and placed me how he wanted me. With the speakerphone he had both hands free and we fucked in a number of positions. Once he made an attempt to go for my ass but I pulled away and gave me a stern look and he got the message - no anal with this girl! He look disappointed for just a second but when I sat on his cock and bounced on it like I was trying to drive him through the bed he soon forgot about it.

They must have been talking for half an hour by the time John was ready to cum. The distraction of having to carry on a conversation with his wife as if nothing was going on must have kept him from getting aroused enough to do it before then or else he had tremendous self-control because I had been giving his cock my all. Not that I was complaining of course! Maybe I should find a way for other guys to talk to their wives if this was a good way to keep them going this long!

They were talking about some work that needed to be done on the house and whether or not she should take care of it before he came home when a groan escaped from him. His wife asked if he was OK and he told her his back was hurting him again when in reality he was about to cum in me!

He barely had time to blurt out for her to hang on for a second while he got some Tylenol when his orgasm began. He wasn't going to give it to me in my pussy though but instead he pulled out quickly and started shooting it all over me. I had cum over my stomach, boobs and even a bit on my face as he pumped his hips and milked his erupting cock with his hand to drive it out as far as he could shoot it. Considering he had just cum earlier I was impressed at how quickly his body had reproduced so much in such a short time. I used my fingers to spread it out over me like it as hand cream and soon my boobs and stomach had a sheen of cum covering them.

John moved up the bed and straddled my chest, letting his cock hang down so I could suck it. He shuddered when I first took his cock in my mouth, still hyper-sensitive after his orgasm. I tasted his cum and licked his shrinking cock when his wife called out asking him when he was coming home. Well, I knew when he was cumming! They closed out their conversation as I continued to suck on him. When she said goodbye it was all I could do to keep from calling out to her, to tell her how good her husband's cock had felt in my pussy and how much I enjoyed the flavor of his cum. John hung up and looked down at me with a big grin on his face.

"Now THAT is how I wish every conversation with her went," he chuckled. "I would talk to her every night if I had you sucking my cock at the same time."

I smiled as best as I could with my mouth full of cum and cock. I would have kept sucking him all night if he wanted me to, I loved a cock in my mouth, hard or soft as I figured a soft cock was just a few licks away from being a hard one.

To my surprise though, John was evidently done for the night. That was the only thing about older guys, they certainly didn't have the stamina of the young guys! But in a way it was for the best as it was late and by the time I got home it would be well after midnight. I had to take a shower though with all the cum spread out over me. It was starting to dry and I knew from past experience that it would itch like hell once it had.

John laid back in the bed, enjoying the afterglow of sex while I jumped in the shower and rinsed his cum off of me. I scrubbed my pussy and was tempted to stay a little longer in the shower to play but I figured I had plenty of time for that when I was home. I dried myself off, got dressed and gave John a kiss on the cheek to wake him. poor guy, he looked soooooo tired!

"Thanks Kelly," he said, "You're a sweetheart. Hand me my wallet from my pants babe."

I picked his pants up off the floor and pulled out his wallet. He took it and counted out five bills and handed them to me - they were hundreds! My eyes widened as he handed them to me.

"So ahead and take it girl," he said, "Hell you earned it. I just write it off as an entertainment expense anyway." I took the money from him and stuffed it in my purse. I started to leave when he called out to me. "Hey Kelly, I'll be back in town next week. Any chance I can see you then?"

The last thing I was going to do was meet him again but I didn't want to say that while I was with him in his hotel room. So far he had been a sweet guy but I had no idea what he might do if I refused him. I figured it didn't matter what I said since he would have to go through the agency anyway. They knew that I never met guys twice so it would be up to them to break the news to him. Since he had no idea who I really was or where I lived so all I had to do was get out that door and everything would be OK.

"Give my agency a call John," I replied, "If I'm available I am sure they can make the arrangements."

Technically this was the truth but what I didn't tell him was that I would never be "available" for him again. I walked out of the room and felt like a million bucks as I went down to the lobby. I called my taxi and he was there waiting for me in just a few minutes. He explained that he assumed that we would be at this hotel since it was the nicest one around and asked me if I had a good time. I just told him yes and left it at that. Last thing I needed was a nosy cab driver!

In less than an hour later he was dropping me off at my dorm. Once again I signed the voucher and this time I gave him a $20 tip. He looked at me and I smiled, telling him that it had been a good night and left him with that to think about.

Back in my dorm room I was surprised to find Karen was still awake reading a book. I couldn't remember the last time she was still up this late unless she had been out for a date and I knew she hadn't one planned for tonight. I was especially happy now that I had taken the time to shower before leaving the hotel. It would have been hard to explain the strong scent of sex that I am sure I would have reeked of otherwise!

I had now been out on two escorts and I classified them both as smashing successes. I couldn't wait until morning so I could call my parents and tell them about my evening. Dad always got so horny any time I told him about one of my dates and this one should really get him going. Well, I bet mom was going to be happy tomorrow night thanks to me!

# (Feb 26) Chapter 75: Third Escort Job, Bill Does Me in Public

Story codes: MF oral exhib adultery
Me (19)
Bill - client (38)

One thing I learned quick about escorting - every time is different. Not that I'm complaining! Bill had a fantasy about having sex in public which his wife wouldn't fulfill so he turned to someone who didn't mind at all - me!

## 1. My Escorting Resume

In my diary entries about my first bachelor party and two escorting jobs I explained in detail how and why I got into the escort business. Briefly, I attend a very strict religious university and during the second semester of my sophomore year I was becoming depressed from the lack of sex to the point where it was beginning to affect my schoolwork. Given the small size of the community and the nature of our campus, doing anyone at school to the extent I needed it was not an option so I looked into a few escorting agencies to see what they had to offer.

Eventually I signed up with the one that seemed to be the best and soon started out my new "career" with a crazy bachelor party and then moved into personal escorting (alright, maybe a fancy name for being a whore but I wasn't streetwalking). The first two time with "customers" went so well that I would have done them for free to be honest. I had established a rather narrow profile with my agency of men I was willing to escort which limited my opportunities quite a bit but nothing I can't live without. I only wanted to fuck married men around forty or older, preferable from out of state with a family.

Now I am sure you're wondering why I wanted someone like this instead of some young stud who could fuck my brains out all night. If I was at a party maybe that would be who I would be drawn to. In this case I was escorting so I wanted to be more careful. My experiences with older guys have shown me that they generally appreciate me more and treat me better than the young guys who just want another notch in their belt.

As for wanting them to be married, I hoped that this would help to ensure discretion on their part plus it turns me on something fierce knowing a man wants me bad enough to risk his marriage just to have me for a few hours. The out of state requirement is so they won't try contacting me afterwards even though they have no idea who I really am other than what I tell them.

Finally, I also established a strict rule of only one date per guy - no repeats under any circumstances. I was only doing this for fun and I wanted variety. I also didn't want there to be even a remote chance that some poor guy would think I actually cared about him and think we were forming any type of "relationship".

My first "job" was a bachelor party which turned out to be one of the most exciting events of my life. It's hard to express the thrill I got from having ten guys horny lusting for me, all of them wanting me in the worst way, including the groom. Well I can tell you that it was a tremendous ego booster! I wound up doing more than just stripping - a LOT more.

Greg was my first escort. He had looked handsome in his profile picture and had written a clever and entertaining introduction. He was from Chicago but what caught my eye was that he had always been married to the same woman, like my dad. It turned out that he even had a daughter my age and a hidden desire to have sex with her so I became his "daughter" for the evening. The success of that night was enough to convince me to continue on with my escort career.

My second escort was John who was 45. He had been married to his wife for ten years yet had four children, three by previous marriages and a fifteen year old boy with his current wife (not a typo, the son was fifteen and John had been married ten years after having been divorced for one year - you do the math). He wasn't the poster child for marital stability, that was for sure! What drew me to him and agree to meet was his witty profile.

John met me at a GameWorks after which we went to his room in a nearby Hilton. What made it really hot for me though was he talked to his wife on the phone almost the entire time he fucked me and she never had a clue what her husband was doing. I came so hard when he told her how much he missed and loved her when at the same time his cock was filling my cunt with cum!

# 2. Client #3

My current escort was supposed to be another married 38 year-old man named Bill. In Bill's profile he said that his wife was totally shy about sex while deep down he had always harbored a fantasy about public sex, one which he knew she would never fulfill for him. This was his first escort experience and all he wanted was to live out his fantasy. He claimed that he really loved his wife Betty and had a great family but until he lived out this fantasy his life would never be complete. The agency contacted me when they got his account, realizing it was right up my alley and I immediately agreed to take him. He sounded perfect, at least on paper...

Saturday afternoon I started to prepare by picking out an outfit to wear. Knowing what he wanted to do I figured I had better wear something accessible and easy to get on and off so tight jeans were definitely out! In a way I was reminded of my high school days when I would make out with guys in their cars. If I knew I was going to fool around I made sure to wear something that was easy to work with in the cramped quarters. Tonight could very well be much like those days so I knew exactly what I wanted to wear - a slutty skirt and loose blouse.

I picked out a short denim skirt which left little to the imagination together with a sleeveless blouse which I left unbuttoned and simply tied up to make it into a halter top. I had a nice set of black strap heels with three-inch heels that showed off my legs and ass nicely. I toyed with the idea of not wearing any panties but ended up choosing a white satin thong. They were a bit cheap but if things went as I planned I wouldn't be wearing them back home so why give up an expensive pair?

Looking in the mirror I debated my makeup. Usually I wear only the minimum and go for the innocent young teen look. I debated whether Bill would rather go for the subtle look and then shock people when they realized what we were doing or if he would want to show me off to other people letting them think I was a just whore out with him for the night. Somehow I thought he would be the type to want a trophy girl that he could show off and make the other guys jealous so I decided to go for the slutty whore look. Some dark eye shadow with more heavy blush than normal gave me the sultry look I wanted. I let my hair hang down to frame my face and doused myself with perfume.

Thankfully my roomie was out for the weekend visiting her parents. If Karen had walked in and seen my like this I think she would have turned me in to the morality goons at school! As it was when it was time to go out to the taxi I took advantage of the cold weather to put on a long coat which helped me get through the dorm lobby without drawing attention.

## 3. Dinner With Bill

After a 45 minute ride the taxi dropped me off at the pre-arranged meeting place - a Japanese steak house on the north side of the city. During the trip I tried to figure out why he had chosen this location as it seemed rather unusual for such a date. Although I had never been to this particular restaurant I knew the type and there wasn't a great deal of privacy. There was a fine line between playing around in public and getting arrested for indecency!

When I got out of the taxi I looked around and saw a guy approaching me and waving to me. I had a general idea of what Bill looked like from his profile but it was immediately obvious that if this was him then someone had been embellishing things a bit - more than just a bit actually. My guess was the "real" Bill was about ten years older and forty pounds heavier than the guy described in the profile. He wasn't ugly but certainly no spring chicken and not 38 by any means!

"Kelly?" he inquired with a broad smile as he approached. Well, how many other twenty year-old girls got dropped off here by taxi? Odds were good I was who he was waiting for! I just stood there and stared at him without saying a word. Frankly, I was waiting for an explanation and wanted him to know right off the bat that I wasn't pleased with the deception.

His face sort of drooped and I could tell that he was getting the message loud and clear. "Sorry, I guess you're upset with me. Look... if you want to call this off I understand."

I turned up the side of my mouth to try and give a decision-making look. "C'mon; let's go inside where it's warm so we can talk."

He opened the door for me like a gentleman should and we entered the lobby area where he checked on his dinner reservation and found we had about a twenty minute wait. The place was packed and I was pleased to notice that I was getting some pretty good looks from most of the guys there - especially a few of the husbands.

I wanted to laugh when I saw one harried wife trying to corral three little brats when she must have caught her straying husband staring at my ass because she gave him a stiff elbow in the side. She whispered something in his ear and he quickly turned away. Then she looked back over at me with a clear "stay away from my husband" look which thrilled me more than she could have imagined. I really wasn't interested in her husband but now I would have loved to catch him on the way to the restroom, just to prove I could have him if I wanted. Oh well, let her have him.

Bill didn't want to just stand around so we went over to the bar area and were lucky to catch a couple just leaving so we grabbed their seats at a small table to wait. A waitress stopped by and I asked for a Diet Coke while he ordered a Japanese beer. He turned from the waitress when she left and finally we had a moment to ourselves. Bill started to talk to me with a sheepish look on his face.

"OK, so I used a picture of me when I was younger and I lied about my age and a few personal things. Bottom line, are we still on for tonight?" he asked.

This was great! I really didn't mind the way he looked but now I was in control of the situation from the very start so I was going to milk it for all I could. I sipped my drink and replied, "Well, what else have you lied about? You said this was your first time but is this something you do regularly? Damn, are you even married? Tell me, how do I trust anything you say now?"

He sort of grimaced and I couldn't help but wonder if I had gone a bit too far with the bitchy tone. After all, he WAS a paying client and if he dropped me then I could be held responsible for his fee and I couldn't afford that! Besides, technically I was not under any obligation to have sex with him. My agency made no agreements regarding anything other than dinner and a night on the town. Anything beyond that was totally between the client and me. If I was in this just for the money I would have probably resigned myself to dinner and called it a night. In my case however I was here because I wanted the sex just as much if not more than he did. To go home with an empty pussy would kill me!

"Sorry," I said in a more conciliatory tone, "That was mean of me. Why don't you promise to just tell me the truth from now on and let's try starting over again."

Bill looked relieved but based on the results of my previous escorts I knew there was one more matter to settle before we went any further. Better to get it over now than to worry about it later.

"Umm, Bill, about tonight," I said softly, "You realize you only paid the agency for me to have dinner with you, right? If you would like to tip me though I'm sure you'll be happy with everything."

Fortunately Bill appeared to have been expecting this because he nodded and reached into his coat pocket to draw out an envelope which he gave me. I sneaked a look inside and saw five crisp $100 dollar bills. I folded it in half and then slipped it into my purse. Well, the deal was struck and it was up to me deliver so I looked up and smiled at him.

"Why thank you Bill, I appreciate this very much. Mmmmmmm, you're a generous man."

We chatted about everyday things, the weather and other small talk until the hostess came to say our table was ready. She led us to a large table at the very back of the room where six other people were seated, directing Bill and me to the empty chairs on one side. Next to us around the corner was an older couple that looked to be in their sixties while the remaining seats were taken up by a family with two kids that looked to be ten and twelve or so plus one cute boy in a high chair.

I was pleased to see that both husbands were taking a good long look at me as I sat down. I almost giggled as for the second time already that night a wife elbowed her husband and whispered something in his ear. It was the older couple and he quickly stopped looking my way but I had a feeling he would be stealing a glimpse whenever he could.

Bill looked proud as a peacock although the truth of the matter was the others must have realized I was a hired date - I mean why else would I be with him, especially dressed the way I was? With me hanging on to his arm and his hand on my ass as we approached the table I don't think anyone thought I was his daughter, that was for sure!

My parents have always enjoyed Japanese steakhouses so I was familiar with the routine. I ordered shrimp and chicken while Bill asked for filet mignon and shrimp. Knowing that Bill hadn't tipped me to be a good socializer I decided to do my best to give him his money's worth. The waitress brought out hot towels to clean up with and I used mine to pat down my neck and chest, closing my eyes and breathing out as I reached just a little lower than necessary into my blouse. My blouse spread apart as a result and I left it that way as I handed back my towel to the waitress. Bill looked over at me but his eyes were fixed on my breasts, not my eyes. I knew he was getting a good eyeful of my boobs and I hoped he liked what he saw.

Meanwhile the soup came and while we were bending over to eat it I slipped my left hand over to Bill's lap and pressed firmly down on his crotch. Bill must have had some thoughts already going through his mind because he definitely had an erection going on! I looked at him and smiled as my hand slowly kneaded his crotch. Bill's face turned a bit red and I knew it wasn't from the hot soup!

When the salad came out I kept my hand on him, massaging his cock through his thin dress pants. Everyone else was eating and not paying much attention to us but I knew Bill must have felt like all eyes were on him. The cute little waitress had to have noticed what I was doing from her vantage point but she was discreet and just gave me a demur smile when she picked up my bowl and plate. Well, Bill hadn't seen nothin' yet as they say and I had to admit that I was getting turned on a bit myself as I felt his cock hardening in my hand, right there with all the people around us!

The chef eventually arrived with a tray containing our food and he checked to make sure he had why everyone had ordered. As he started cooking the meal and people's attention was fixed on the show he was giving us, I got bolder with Bill, unzipping his pants slowly with my fingers. It wasn't very easy and at one point he had to bring his hand under the table to cinch up his pants so I could pull the zipper down more easily. He was sitting up close to the table so nobody could see what was going on below his waist but it was still a thrill knowing that other people were sitting right here next to us as I reached into his open zipper and felt his cotton underwear which was all that was now between me and his cock.

Soon my hand made its way past this final barrier I felt the warmth and smoothness of his shaft and I held onto it like a firm sausage. I milked his cock, using mostly my wrist while trying not to move my arm too much so people wouldn't wonder what was going on. As I ate my meal, I never let go of Bill's cock the whole time. The waitress came by several times to refill drinks and I knew she saw what was going on but she was as discreet as ever and never missed a beat. The next time she came by she placed an extra napkin next to me. I looked up at her and she smiled. I had a good idea why she thought I would be needing an extra napkin!

Without a lot of motion on my part I wasn't sure if I could get Bill to cum but I underestimated his horniness. Before we had finished our main courses I could feel his cock swelling even more and he was having a noticeably harder time concentrating on his eating. Suddenly he came and I could feel his hot cum squirting all over my hand. He shot several big loads and my hand was covered with his slimy semen. Mission accomplished, I brought my hand back into my lap and used the extra napkin to wipe the cum from my hand. I folded it carefully so the cum filled portion wasn't showing and placed it on the edge of the table. The waitress must have been right behind me as almost immediately she picked it and looked at me with just a hint more of a smile than before. There was something about the look she gave me that I couldn't quite place but then the chef finished everyone started clapping. He had put on a good performance but in a way I thought they should have been clapping for me in recognition of the great hand job I had just given Bill!

Bill used the distraction to slip his cock back into his shorts and zip up his pants. He had deflating rapidly and the bulge in his pants wouldn't be noticeable for much longer. The rest of the meal would give him plenty of time to recuperate. At least I hoped so as I didn't plan for this being the only time he came tonight!

Amazingly nobody else seemed to have a clue what was going on at our end of the table. The couple next to us had been ignoring us since the wife poked her husband for staring at me. The parents were too preoccupied with their kids. As for the kids, they were much too young to even suspect what I had been doing maybe someday when they got older it might dawn on them what that girl in the restaurant was really doing! The soft drinks were having an effect on me and I had to pee so I whispered to Bill that I needed to visit the little girl's room. I excused myself and headed to the restrooms.

The women's restroom was empty when I walked in so I quickly peed and went to the sink to wash my hands. Looking in the mirror, I touched up my makeup and combed my hair just a bit. I was about to leave when the door opened and who should walk in but our waitress! I saw she had something in her hand and to my surprise it was a wadded up napkin and in an instant I knew which one it was.

She was short, even for me and must have weighed less than eighty pounds dripping wet. She looked so young and I wondered if she was even 18 yet. I said hello just to be friendly but she didn't say a word. She gave me a sexy smile and unfolded the napkin, showing me the cum-soaked portion where I had wiped Bill's sperm off my hands onto it. Then to my total shock she put the wet spot up to her face and started rubbing her face with it, smearing his cum enough to visibly wet her cheeks with it! God she looked hot!

I just stood there, watching this tiny girl looking incredibly erotic with her now cum-smeared face. For one of the few times in my life I knew what it felt like to have another person in control of a sexual situation with me as I just stood there frozen, not knowing what to do next. Fortunately she was in charge and she stepped forward to kiss me. I felt her wet cheeks against mine, knowing it was Bill's cum that I was feeling. I started to lick her face, lapping the cum from her. I licked it all off, savoring the flavor of his cum while enjoying the smooth soft skin of her face against my tongue.

As it turned out, that was all we did. She took a towel from the sink and dried her face off. Then she smiled at me and turned, leaving the room without ever having said a single word! I just stood there, my pussy throbbing from the pure sexuality of the moment. It was almost too much and I stood there for a moment wondering if it had really happened to if somehow I had drifted off and just imagined the whole thing. Three other women barged in just then and broke my concentration. I quickly left and returned to our table.

Everyone else had gone and Bill asked if I was alright since I had been gone for over ten minutes. I reassured him that I was perfectly fine and he started to say something about our missing waitress when she suddenly appeared with his credit card receipt. She didn't look at me and acted as if nothing had happened! I couldn't help but wonder who she was and what we might have done under different circumstances as she was most certainly an extremely sensual girl! Bill signed the credit card invoice and I told him to leave a good tip for the waitress! If he only know why!

# 4. After Dinner Sex

We left the restaurant and made our way across the parking lot to his car. The lights in the lot were poor and with it being dark I knew it would be difficult for anyone to see us inside the darkened car. As he started to put in the keys to start the engine I turned in the passenger seat to face him.

"Bill, I'm not ready to leave yet. Do you want to fuck me right here?"

Bill looked around at all the people in the lot and I couldn't help but think it was a bit funny. He had probably fantasized many times about having sex in public, imagining all the grandiose performances he would make but now that that he was faced with the real thing he wasn't so confident. Well, needless to say I had no such inhibitions so it was now up to me to get things rolling. As I lifted my skirt I smiled at myself thinking that nobody could ever accuse me of being shy! I deftly pulled my thong down and around my ankles and handed it to him.

"Here, a souvenir for you." I said with a grin. "Now don't you dare go washing them!"

Bill held them up to his nose, taking in a big whiff from the crotch area which was still damp from my time spent in the women's restroom. I have to admit that as much as I enjoy tasting my own pussy and licking others, I have really never understood the fascination with smelling underwear. I recognize that such an interest exists and make use of it such as I did in this case but even so, what's the big deal? It's like sniffing a napkin after someone wipes their mouth so you can smell the steak they just ate. Without the meat, what good is the smell? Oh well, Bill sure seemed to appreciate my thong.

"Oh my god you smell so good!" he murmured.

Well, why don't you get a taste of the real thing?" I said seductively as I turned in the seat and spread my legs apart for him to give him an unobstructed view of my warm pussy.

"OH GOD!" he exclaimed, "You have no fucking idea how much your cunt looks just like the way I had dreamed it would."

I smiled and replied back, "Then get down and start licking if you want it so bad. C'mon, let me know if it tastes as good as it looks."

I knew from years of experience that I did taste just as good as I looked and Bill certainly didn't need any more encouragement. He leaned over the center console to put his head between my open legs. His tongue touched me and I felt myself involuntarily jump as it nailed my clit. He couldn't see anything and with the windows closed you couldn't hear much of what was going on but I could see a woman getting into the car next to us. She was about to get in the passenger side of her car when she noticed something going on in the car next to her. The windows had a slight fog to them but I am sure she could see what was happening from the way her eyes opened wide as saucers and her mouth dropped open. I was about to say something to Bill when she quickly turned away and slammed the door behind her as she rushed to get into the car. Bill heard the car start and pull away and he started to lift his head from my crotch.

"Don't worry," I reassured him, pushing his head back into my crotch, "They are leaving. Besides, she only saw a little."

Bill looked up at me with his own eyes wide open this time. I laughed at this response saying, "Well, you wanted public sex so now you should be happy. She'll probably talk all week about seeing two people having oral sex in a parking lot."

I reached behind me and lowered the passenger seat back. It was electric and laid almost flat when it was all the way back. I lifted his head up and scooted myself around until I was lying flat on my back. I looked over at him and gave him the universal "come hither" motion with my index finger.

"Get over here Bill and fuck me," I said as I teased him by pulling my skirt all the way up and playing with my pussy. "Hmmmmmm, I bet Betty never made you an offer like that!"

"Fuck no!" he exclaimed, "she won't even do it unless we are in the bedroom with the door closed and lights out. But what is someone pulls in next to us?"

He unbuckled his pants and it was hilarious watching him struggle to pull them off in the confines of the car. As for worrying about someone pulling in next to us, I was more worried that someone would NOT!

"Well, do you want to fuck me or not?" I demanded.

He nodded like a loyal puppy dog.

"Then get your ass on top of me and get going! Fuck me dammit, I need a cock in me."

My language was getting a bit nastier as I was starting to better understand Bill. He wanted to do all these nasty things but he didn't have the nerve to initiate anything. I started to wonder if the real problem at home was with him, not his wife.

A tingle ran through me as I realized what a dominant position I was in. How far would he go if I pushed him?

Bill had his pants off now and was bare ass with his shirt and black socks still on. It was about as unsexy a sight as I had ever seen and my pussy was not responding the way it needed to. Under the circumstances I was just going to have to concentrate on his cock, not his body. I have found over the years that I can suck about any cock so long as the guys is clean - and pretty much have! Even though I would have sucked him, normally I would never have allowed someone like Bill to fuck me but what could I say, he had paid me and now I had to deliver. Hopefully once he started fucking me it would be better. Mmmmmmm, nothing makes me forget the rest of the world like the feel of a cock penetrating my pussy!

Bill finally managed to work his way over and get on top of me. I could feel his stiff cock pressing on my lower stomach just below my belly button. I reached down to grab it and tried to direct it to my pussy hole.

"C'mon Bill, stick it in me. Fuck me like you've never fucked your wife."

Bill was struggling too much to keep his balance to say much but he understood what I wanted. He maneuvered himself into place and I could feel the head of his hard cock pushing my lips apart, trying to violate me. I lifted my hips upward and he pushed down to meet me and my legs felt like they were going to split in half as his cock spread my pussy apart. Fortunately my pussy wasn't as discriminating as I was and it was wet enough for him to enter me easily.

God it felt incredible! The feel of a cock as it first penetrates me is always wonderful, a sensation I will never grow tired of. All thoughts about how he looked or dressed immediately cleared from my mind and all I could think about was this warm hard monster that was invading my body, trying to force its way into my tight pussy.

"Deeper Bill," I begged, "Fuck me deeper."

Bill gasped as his hips swung to drive his dick deeper in my hole. I could feel myself being filled with his cock until finally his crotch met mine, signaling that he was in me all the way.

Finally he broke his silence saying "Oh my god Kelly, your cunt is so fucking tight! Damn I've forgotten how tight a young pussy feels!"

By now the windows were fogged up totally and I heard more than saw the car pull in next to us. It must have been a family because I heard a mom yelling at some kids to be careful in the parking lot. It was almost surreal to have this old guy fucking me with them just a few feet away. They must not have been able to see anything because I didn't hear any comments. Bill was too involved with fucking me like a teenage boy in heat to even notice!

I put my feet up on the dash as he pressed forward with his feet pushing against the floor of the car. It was just a good old-fashioned fucking, driving himself in and out of me rhythmically. It was almost like I was a plastic doll for him to masturbate with more than anything else and my mind started to wander. I found myself wondering who the real culprit was at his home when it came to their sexual problems. Bill wasn't exactly the most imaginative guy to fuck me, that's for sure! Oh well, I figured I may was well make the best of it. After all, I WAS being fucked so there had to be something good about it!

"Oh yea Bill, fuck me... fuck me harder Bill... Oh that feels so good Bill," I cried out, trying to encourage him so he would cum and get this over with.

I played with my clit as he banged me, trying to work myself into an orgasm so I wouldn't have to fake one. On the one hand I wished he would cum but on the other it gave me the time I needed to make myself cum first and I felt myself filled with the tingling sensation that always precedes an orgasm. Sure enough, my pussy gushed cum over his cock as it felt like an explosion between my legs which rapidly surged all through me from the tips of my toes to the last hair on my head.

"Oh god...," I moaned, not having to fake anything this time as I felt the sensual feelings cascade through me.

My pussy latched onto his cock and he grunted as he tried to keep fucking me even though my cunt was gripping him tightly.

"Yea baby, cum for me," he said, "Oh fuck, now I'm cumming too!"

I was still in the middle of my first orgasm when I felt him push himself up into me as far as he could and then explode, releasing a ball of heat deep inside of me. My orgasm had been dwindling but the feeling of him shooting his hot sperm deep inside of me turned it around in its tracks and I was back at the summit again.

"Cum in me Bill, give it all to me," I whispered hoarsely. "Fill me with your cum!"

A final thrust ended the series of cum shots and he collapsed onto me, his arms barely holding his full weight off of me. My pussy was so sensitive I could feel his cock throbbing in me, slowly getting smaller. Every few moments he would sort of jerk spasmodically and his cock would move in me, sending another little burst of pleasure through me.

Bill was breathing heavily and for a moment I wondered if he was going to have a heart attack while he was on top of me. Fortunately we dodged that bullet and finally he got off and I felt the last remaining bit of his cock pull out from me. He somehow made his way back into the driver's seat and once again I was treated to a comedy show as he struggled to get dressed. As for me, I just laid there on my back rubbing my pussy slowly with one finger, making little circles around my swollen clit, sending shivers through me as my clit begged for more attention.

"Oh fuck Kelly, that was incredible!" he gasped, exhausted not only from fucking me but also from his efforts to get dressed in such close quarters. "Kelly, thank you so much for an incredible evening!"

At first I thought he was just joking. We had only been together a couple of hours so far and it sounded like he was calling it a night! Well, I wasn't going to argue or try to dissuade him. Although the night wasn't a total bust I wasn't anxious to stretch it out any longer than necessary. I had thought that when we were done that maybe he would want to have sex in a few more public places. I'd expected that we would go to the mall where I could show off for some young teenagers while he watched. One of my ideas was to go to a dressing room at Sears and have him fuck me there. I knew from experience that there were lots of places I could flash him and some even where I could suck him without people being able to see us very easily but with that hint of danger always present making it fun.

Oh well, if he was happy then I was too so I pulled out my cell phone and dialed my taxi. The driver sounded surprised I was done so early and said it would take him a few minutes to get back. I played with myself some more for Bill to watch as I waited for my cab. It dawned on me that other than stripping off my panties I had not even had to get undressed. In fact, my halter had not even been untied and he had never once touched my boobs. I guess Bill was not a tit man!

We didn't say anything for the next few minutes and then my taxi showed up. I reached over and kissed him on the cheeks – we had not even kissed once the entire night! I have heard that hookers don't like to kiss and so I guess he figured that since I was a whore that he shouldn't kiss me. I don't really consider myself a whore although tonight I had indeed sold my body and fucked someone I wouldn't have except that he had paid me. I only took his money because he expected to pay me.

"Goodnight Bill," I said with a smile. "I hope I did better than Betty."

"Goodnight to you Kelly," he replied. "I'll never forget you... You're everything Betty is not! God I wish I had married a girl like you!"

With that I pulled down my skirt over my bare ass and got out of the car and into the waiting taxi. The driver knew where to take me so he immediately took off and left Bill behind in his car. I imagined I must have smelled pretty heavily with our sex but the driver didn't notice or else he was very discrete.

On the way home I found that I was now horny as hell. Even thought I had orgasmed with Bill, it was really more my doing than his and I really needed more to satisfy the sexual urges that had been building up in me. I looked up and the driver was concentrating on the busy highway so I lifted my skirt and started to masturbate in the back seat. The driver was black and I had never had a black man before so for the rest of the way home I fingered my pussy imagining him fucking me in the back seat of his cab. I came several times during the 45 minute ride home, the last being just as we made the turn into the campus.

Pulling up in front of my dorm, he opened the door for me and I got out, still quite flushed from my back seat activities. He was cool though and just smiled at me, never making any indication of what he had to know I was doing all the way home although he HAD to have heard me moaning and his cab smelled strongly of pussy cum.

Back in my empty room, I quickly undressed and plopped in bed. With Karen out for the weekend I wasn't going to bother with pajamas or anything so I was able to sleep nude for the first time in ages. Even with all the masturbating on the way home I still wanted some more so I spent another hour or so doing myself, thinking of the evening I had just experienced. Looking back it may not have been one of my wildest dates but it was OK overall.

I learned one thing though – always check out the guy before you meet with him to be sure he is really what he appears to be!

# (Mar 12) Chapter 76: Fourth Escort Job, Guilty Husband Adultery

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (20)
Dan - client (44)

So far I my short escorting career, the guys had all been looking for something they weren't getting at home and as a result, didn't feel bad about having to get it elsewhere. Dan loved his wife but he was desperate to have sex the way he'd always dreamed about it. It made for an interesting combination of lust and guilt.

## 1. My Life as A Professional Escort

With three escort jobs under my belt (or should I say under my skirt?) I was excited to try another "client".

I attend a pretty strict religious university with strict guidelines on "acceptable" lifestyles which expressly forbid any form of sexual activities or "lewd" behavior. Now I love my school and don't regret for a minute choosing it but there are limits to what a girl can do! I try to behave on campus though which forces me to seek other outlets for my sexual needs so decided to try working for an escort service.

So far I have only done one party and been out with three guys. When escorting, I insist on only married men over forty, preferable with a family and even better if they live out of state. The reason for this is simply that my past experiences with older men has shown them to generally treat me better than the young ones. As for being married, I figure this ensures a bit more discretion for most guys. I want them to be from out of state in hopes it will prevent them from trying to contact me afterwards.

Finally, I also set a strict rule that only one evening per guy - no repeats under any circumstances. I am doing this just for fun and sexual gratification and so I want variety. Plus, I don't want there to be even a remote chance that someone would think we were forming any type of "relationship".

My first "job" was a bachelor party which turned out to be one of the most exciting events of my life to date. I can't even begin to truly express the thrill I got from seeing ten horny guys lusting for me the way they did and I'm not afraid to admit it was a tremendous ego booster. Before the night was over I wound up doing more than just stripping - a LOT more.

Greg was my first escort. He had looked handsome in his profile picture and had written a clever and entertaining introduction. He was from Chicago but what caught my eye was that he had always been married to the same woman. It turned out that he also had a daughter my age and a hidden desire to have sex with her so I became his "daughter" for the evening. The success of that night was enough to convince me to continue on with my escort career.

My second escort as another married guy. John was 45 and had been married to his wife for ten years yet he had four children, three by previous marriages and a fifteen year old boy with his current wife. He wasn't the poster child for marital stability, that was for sure! What drew me to him and agree to meet was the profile introduction that he had written. He took me out to a GameWorks club in a fancy mall. Afterwards we went to his room in a nearby hotel. What made it really hot for me was he talked to his wife on the phone while he fucked me and she never had a clue what her husband was doing while he told her how much he missed and loved her.

My third and most recent escort was another married 38 year-old man - Bill. Bill had a wife who was totally shy about sex while he had thing for exhibitionism so he wanted to fuck me in public instead of a hotel room. That sounds exciting but in reality it wasn't the wildest night by any means as Bill turned out to be about ten years older and not extremely gifted in the having sex department.

I gave him a hand job in a Japanese steak house restaurant and then let him fuck me in his car outside in the parking lot. People were coming and going and even though they couldn't clearly see what was happening with the windows fogged up, I imagine they knew WHY the windows were that way! To my disappointment he couldn't do it again that night so it ended early, a hazard of doing older guys I was finding out.

According to the profile I was given, my next job was going to be with Dan, a 44 year-old husband with two boys in their late teens, both in college. According to his write-up he had always been faithful to his wife but lately his sons had been bringing home some hot teenage girls and it was driving him crazy. He knew he could never have them so he was looking for someone who could help him live out the fantasies he was having about his son's girlfriends. Well, I knew I could help him out with that!

The instructions I had in my e-mail from the agency were to go to the hotel lobby on Saturday night at 8:00 PM and wait for him. I assumed that meant we would go from there to wherever he wanted to have dinner or maybe even see a show. It was a fancy hotel so I decided to dress a little more classy than normal for me. In the end I chose a long black dress which was slit to my upper thigh on one side and dipped low in front to show lots of cleavage. It had spaghetti straps which barely kept it from falling down and off of me and I marveled that they had never broken in the past.

I tried valiantly to put some wave into my stubborn hair and kept the makeup to a respectable level as I didn't want to look like a streetwalker. My black stiletto heels matched my dress and I wore a cute little black thong underneath to tease him with later.

My roomie was out with some friends fortunately so I didn't have to worry about her seeing me dressed up this way. I had a long coat which hid my outfit as I waited for the taxi to show up. The heels were in a bag I carried so even though a few of my friends saw me they had no idea what I was getting ready to do. I smiled to myself as I imagined how their jaws would drop if they had any idea I what I was doing to be doing tonight.

Our school conduct codes are strict enough to outlaw even the dress I had on and I could imagine trying to explain to the disciplinary committee why I was having sex with a married stranger - and getting paid for it at that! It would probably be the biggest scandal in years if not the school's history - an escort working from the school apartments! For me though I wasn't being a whore. I wanted sex and frankly would have done the guy tonight for free except that wasn't how it worked and since he was willing to pay, why not let him? Now if I was paying for college on my back then THAT would have been a different story!

# 2. Dinner and Dancing

The taxi dropped me off at the hotel lobby. A porter opened the door for me and offered his hand to help me out. With the longer dress it actually helped so I thanked him for his good manners. Going into the hotel lobby I looked around but I didn't see anyone who matched the photo I had seen nor did anyone approach me.

I stood around for a few minutes probably looking a bit lost and then said the heck with it to myself and found a seat in the lobby. I crossed my legs as I sat down exposing a good part of my upper leg and was pleased to see a number of heads turning to eye me - and not all of them male! Hmmm, if nothing else I bet I could have found a replacement for Dan pretty easily if he didn't show up and soon!

I looked at my watch for what seemed to be the 100th time when someone behind me asked, "Hello, are you Kelly? My name is Dan."

I turned to see a handsome guy standing next to me, offering me his hand. Unlike my last escort job, this guy not only matched his profile, I think it didn't do him justice! He looked to be about six feet tall, maybe 170 pounds or so with thick curly brown hair and piercing green eyes. His complexion was a little darker and fro his accent I guessed he had some eastern European family history. He wore what looked to be quite an expensive suit with a light blue button-down shirt and thin silk tie.

I was pleased to see he was cleanly shaven even though it was later in the evening and he smelled fresh rather than sweaty after a long day. He had a pleasing smile and a sparkle to his eye that made me want to melt when I looked into them. My goodness, what was he doing with an escort? He probably could have had any girl in the place- married or not!

I must have been staring or acting stupid because he laughed softly at me and then said in a deep voice, "I'm terribly sorry to be late, I had a phone call I just couldn't ignore. May I join you?"

I stood and took his hand. We exchanged pleasantries and then he asked if I would like to have dinner in the hotel main restaurant. I knew it was pretty classy and VERY expensive so who was I to turn it down? He offered me his arm and we walked over to the hostess station. Evidently Dan had been here before as he was greeted by name and we were taken right in even though it appeared to be quite a waiting line to get in.

We were seated at a secluded corner table and I noticed that Dan sat across the table from me and not next to me the way most guys did that had ulterior motives, especially when they were expecting me to put out. The table was set elegantly with a tall white candle and a white linen tablecloth with crystal shakers and silver dinnerware. The waiter came by with the wine list but Dan already knew what he wanted and ordered something that sounded French and expensive.

Being only twenty, I wasn't sure if I should speak up but the waiter just looked at me and then at Dan and smiled. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that he knew I was underage but who was he to say anything if some guy was dining with a girl young enough to be his daughter and wanted her to have a glass of wine. I has no doubt that he also knew that by doing so he was locking in one hell of a tip!

Normally I don't drink on dates and only have an occasional glass of wine with my parents at supper. I was accustomed to good wine as my dad was not one to buy anything cheap but I had to admit whatever Dan chose was the best wine that I had ever tasted. Even so, I was careful to just sip it as the last thing I wanted was to get drunk tonight!

Dan asked me if I preferred fish, meat or fowl. I told him that I liked seafood best and he asked if I minded if he ordered for the two of us. This was cool! I felt like I was out on some wonderful date and not just an escort being given a token meal before being hauled off to some hotel room to be fucked as soon as the mandatory pleasantries had been made.

The dinner was outstanding. Like the wine, it was one of the best I had ever had consisting of several courses with salad, soup, dinner and dessert. If I had eaten everything I would have been stuffed so full I would have never been able to walk out on my own power so I just sampled a little bit of everything. We took our time and the entire meal ended up taking over two hours. During the meal we discussed a variety of topics, even religion and politics, the traditional taboo subjects for escorts!

Dan was obviously extremely intelligent and very well educated. With most guys I play the dumb brunette to make them feel superior but with Dan I was able to carry on a decent conversation and I was actually a little embarrassed in that he seemed so much more sophisticated than me. What was even more interesting was that at no time did he ask me any personal questions though even though he told me all about his wife and family as if I were a close friend. It was a bit odd to hear him talk about them knowing that the reason we were here, whether we talked about it or not, was for him to cheat on them!

Eventually the meal ended and while we were waiting for the check I excused myself to go to the lady's room. I made sure I washed up well afterwards and checked myself out in the mirror. So far this was not what I had expected but then what else was new. None of my previous escort jobs had gone as I had predicted they would so why should this one?

So far though I had to admit this one was going pretty well. I even wondered if Dan was planning to have sex with me in the first place. After all, the agency legally was only charging for the time I spent at dinner with him, not any "extracurricular activities". Hmmmmmm, perhaps that was all he wanted.

I honestly would have a been disappointed if that turned out to be the case. I didn't take all these risks to be an escort just to have free dinners, no matter how pleasant the company. What I wanted was sex, pure and simple so I needed to find out what Dan's plans were. When I left the toilet Dan was waiting for me. He smiled and offered his arm to me again.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked. "They have a wonderful band next door in the lounge that plays some fantastic oldies."

Wow! Now I was really confused and wondered if maybe I had drunk more wine than I thought. Maybe he DID want to just spend a pleasant evening with someone and not have sex. It was almost like he was TOO nice! I agreed and he led me in where we took a seat and the waiter served him a drink and me a diet coke. It wasn't that I was afraid of the under-21 thing, I simply couldn't have handled any more alcohol at the time.

We went out for a couple of slow dances and once again he was the perfect gentleman. His hand stayed on my back and never once wandered down to my ass or anywhere even more private. Now I was getting downright intrigued. Frankly, this was new territory for me. It seems like every guy I have ever dated had wanted to fuck me even though most of them never got past second base. I'm used to dancing and having to constantly fend off the ol' "wandering hand". Heck, even my dad liked to give my ass a squeeze when we danced! After the second dance the band took an intermission and it was quiet enough to talk without having to raise our voices for all to hear.

"I've had a wonderful evening Kelly," he said to me, "you're a classy girl and I appreciate your company this evening."

It seemed my mind was flooded with a million thoughts and feelings at the same time. Maybe he WAS going to just have a nice evening with me. On the one hand I felt complimented by what he said while on the other hand I wondered if there was something about me that turned him off sexually. Why else wasn't he making a move on me? God, I had NEVER been turned by a guy before, not even when I was barely a teenager and especially not when I was dressed to kill!

I didn't really know what to say since he was the one paying for my time. I didn't want to make an offer to him and then suddenly it flashed through my mind that maybe he was an undercover cop waiting for me to proposition him so he could arrest me on prostitution charges! I felt goose bumps suddenly as a chill ran through me. Even though I knew technically I was engaging in prostitution, to me that wasn't what I was doing and I had never really considered the possibility that I could be arrested.

My heart began to pound as my overly active imagination had me picturing myself in filthy jail cell filled with whores waiting for my parents to come bail me out. God, this could be terrible! We both sat there with this pregnant pause getting bigger by the moment.

Finally he seemed to take a deep breath and he asked in a soft voice, "Kelly, would you like to come to my room with me?"

## 3. Guilty Sex

YES! He wanted to fuck me! I had been just about to lose hope but now all was good again. I tried to hold back my excitement – and my relief. At that moment I would have gone to his room even if I wasn't escorting. Normally this would be where I reminded him that I needed a "tip" to go anywhere with him but with Dan I knew I didn't need to say anything. As classy as he was I was sure he understand the rules and I wasn't going to spoil the moment by unnecessary negotiating.

"I would love to Dan," I replied with a sexy smile on my face.

Dan had a look of relief come over him as if a sudden load had been lifted from his shoulders. I almost smiled since what did he think I was going to do, say no? Wasn't the point of going out with an escort instead of hitting the bar scene so you knew you had a sure thing going? I kept my composure though and tried to look as seductive as I could for him. Then it struck me, maybe he had the same worries that I had and thought I might have been an undercover cop looking to book a john! I giggled to myself a bit at the thought of how maybe both of us had been worried about the other.

Dan stood up and helped me from my chair and led me out of the restaurant to the elevators. He had to put his key in a special slot to get to his floor which told me we weren't going to just any old hotel room. On the way up we stood there silently, like two strangers almost, waiting for our floors. He didn't even have his hand on me!

The elevator went to the top floor and from the spacing of the room doors I figured he must have booked a suite and sure enough, that's what it turned out to be. It was bigger than my school apartment with a huge bedroom, large living area and small kitchen. There was even a big hot tub set in a room off from the bedroom! The room overlooked the shopping area which was not exactly the New York Skyline but it was still pretty. The living area had a big screen TV and an oversized plush couch which caught my eye immediately. I slipped off my heels and flopped down on the couch on my back with my dress gathered under me. I laid on my side on one elbow with my ankles crossed. The tall slit in my dress let him have a view of most of my topmost leg and of course I didn't bother doing anything to rearrange it.

I was hoping Dan would sit by me but he took up residence in an armchair facing the couch. He crossed his legs, put his hands on the arms of the chair, and just looked at me as if he was uncertain what to do next.

"Wow, nice place you have here Dan," I said in a cheerful voice, trying to put him at ease.

Dan smiled slightly, just the corners of his mouth raising. He looked like he wanted to say something so I just kept quiet and let him compose himself. In a soft voice he started telling me more intimate details about his wife than he had during dinner. They had been married now for over twenty years and while she had never really been wild in bed, it was satisfactory for him at first. However, over the years it became less and less until now it was something they did maybe a few times a year and even then it was just boring for him. She was a virgin when they married and was raised thinking sex was something a woman was expected to do for her husband but that was about it. It was missionary only, no oral ever.

They both had gained some weight over the years but while for him it just filled out his frame bit, she had almost doubled in size since their marriage. He said he still loved her but just wasn't turned on when he saw the bulges of fat and her sagging breasts. He was always afraid to even look at other woman because she was so insanely jealous although on trips out of town he went to strip clubs and then back to his hotel to masturbate, dreaming of being with a girl like the ones he saw there. He had considered going to a whore in the past but concerns over disease was the biggest deterrent plus he wasn't sure if he could pay for sex. Finally one of his friends in a similar situation had confided to him about how he had gone out with an escort from an agency and what a great time he had. Sure they were technically whores but it wasn't like you were going to a brothel or picking up a streetwalker.

At this point my ears perked up a bit. Hmmmmmm, so he considered me a whore? I've always proudly worn the label of "slut" but "whore" seemed so degrading. I liked the phrase "escort" and it may be semantics but to me there's quite a difference. I could still refuse to have sex with him tonight and there was nothing he could say since he only booked an evening with me, not sex. Sure I might be paid but the agency had paid me to have dinner with him so out contract had been fulfilled. If I decided to have sex with Dan tonight it would be because I wanted to whether he tipped me or not.

I wasn't in this for the money, I wanted the experience and the thrill! I guess if he considered me a whore I would just have to live with it though although if I got the chance I was going to educate him on the subject better. I think Dan was ready to give me his full confessional but honestly I wasn't here to be his analyst so I finally cut him off.

"So tell me then Dan, do I turn you on?" I murmured as I stretched out on the couch which let the dress fall off my legs.

"Oh my god yes Kelly, you look incredible in that dress!" he responded with a smile.

I looked at him and wrinkled my nose. "I don't think my being a whore is what bothers you, is it? You're worried about your wife and what she would think, aren't you?"

He started in on how he had never cheated on her and always been faithful to her even if he did fantasize about being with other women when he was in bed with her. He started to say how he wasn't sure if could go through with this but I was horny and just having dinner wasn't my game plan for the evening!

"Dan, your wife deserves to be cheated on for not keeping herself desirable for you," I started out, "You have needs that she should fulfill. She's being unfaithful to you actually so don't worry about her. Think about yourself, think about your needs, your desires, your dreams and fantasies. Let me satisfy them, let me be your dream girl for just one night."

He licked his lips and I knew he wanted me, it was just getting him to go over the edge and make the first move. I lifted my bare leg up and put my foot on my knee, letting my dress slide down until my entire leg was showing. I pulled it up higher to reveal my thong which was pulled tightly to my pussy making my pussy lips appear clearly outlined in the thin material. I started to rub myself through the thong, pressing on my clit and reaching down between my legs. I closed my eyes and rolled on my back. I lifted my inside leg up onto the top of the couch and pulled my thong to one side with one hand while I started to play with myself with the other.

I heard him take a deep breath when I inserted one finger inside of me and moaned softy as I felt the wetness inside. For the next fifteen minutes or so I masturbated on the couch as if I was home alone on my bed or in the family room with my parents. I kept my eyes shut and never even looked over to where Dan was sitting. I wondered what he would have thought though if he knew what I was dreaming about as I laid there with my hands between my legs? At least I kept my wits about me enough not to say, "Oh daddy!" when I came!

After my first orgasm I was now as hot and horny as ever! I wanted to cum again but not with my fingers this time. I opened my eyes and looked over at Dan. He was shifting in his chair but there was no mistaking the bulge in his dress pants! I got up off of the couch and pulled my dress up and over my head leaving me standing there barefooted wearing nothing but my thong. I cupped my breasts and lifted them up and squeezed them, feeling my hard nipples between my fingers.

I walked over to Dan and gently pushed his legs apart so I could kneel down on the floor in front of him. Without saying a word I slowly unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, and spread the flaps open. He was wearing boxers, thank goodness, and I was able to easily reach in through them to find his warm hard cock waiting for me. Dan's hands were still on the arms of the chair and he wasn't moving an inch yet as I ran the tips of my polished fingernails up and down his hard shaft.

Dan dick wasn't very big, maybe six inches at most, but his cock head was larger than average in comparison to the rest of his dick. Even though he had obviously showered and used cologne, I smell his crotch odor as it slowly made its way from his open pants and I breathed in deeply to savor the musky aroma. I looked up at him and smiled. We were both still silent as statues as I kept my eyes locked on his while I lowered my head to his crotch where I took his sooth cock gently in my mouth.

I started to softly suck on the head while playing my tongue around it. It occurred to me then that my mouth was the first one to ever hold his cock as his wife wouldn't suck him! I encircled the base of his cock between my thumb and forefinger, holding it upright so I could suck him easily. Mmmmmmm he tasted so good! My wet tongue run up and down his shaft, going from the very base where it met his crotch to the tip where the hole was. Then I licked my lips and ran them up and down his shaft, using my tongue to tickle him as I moved up and down.

Dan's dick was nice and wet now so I started some serious sucking. I bobbed my head up and down on him, taking more of him in with each stroke and then burying my face in his thick pubic hair as I took all of him in my mouth. His cock was surrounded by one of the thickest bushes of curly stiff hair I had ever had the pleasure to bury my face in. My face was pressed against his crotch and I sucked his entire cock until he finally couldn't take it anymore and had to say something to break out silence.

"Oh... my... god," he groaned, saying it over and over again and then finally, "That is just soooooo incredible. God that feels soooooo good!"

I let him loose just long enough to ask, "So how does it feel to have your cock sucked for the first time?"

"Ohhhhhh, better than I dreamed," he moaned, "Always wanted this... always dreamed of it... god please don't stop... that's it - just like that!!!!"

I was working him with every trick in my considerable arsenal. My hands were on his thighs as my head weaved and bobbed around his dick, twisting around his cock and slurping my tongue against it. I reached under him and cradled his hairy balls in my hand and gently rolled them with my fingers as I sucked him. His hands finally left the damn chair and he ran his fingers through my hair, sending chills down my spine!

I took him all the way in my mouth and he groaned out load and pushed my head firmly down onto him as if trying to keep me from letting him out of my mouth. I needed some air though and pushed up against him just in time to keep from gagging but I went down on him again and gently gripped the base of his cock with my teeth, teasing him as I rotated my head around his dick. I had enough experience with cocks in my mouth to realize that he was about to cum but I didn't want him to. Somehow I didn't take Dan for the multiple orgasm type and I had more plans for him than just a blowjob!

I stopped sucking him and started to pull his pants down. He lifted himself up enough to let me get them off. He was a little overweight as he had admitted before but his ass was still pretty firm. It didn't matter anyway as his cock still worked and that was all I really cared about. I pulled his pants and boxers down to his ankles but left the rest of his clothes on. I turned around and pulled my thong down to my ankles without bending my knees so he got a great view of my ass and pussy from the rear. Stepping out of the thong I reached between my legs for his cock. I sat down on his lap as I guided his cock to my soaking wet pussy. As small as he was he easily slid into me and I felt my bare bottom meet his hairy lap.

Speaking of small (and forgive me for the tangent), does size really matter? As far as I am concerned it is not nearly as important as guys seem to think. I like a fat cock to fuck me but a smaller one to suck so the average guy probably is best overall. Big cocks look great on porn films I guess but have you ever tried to swallow one? I like to feel more than the equivalent of a finger in me so a fat cock definitely feels better but in the end I can cum regardless of what size he is and I have found size has nothing to do with how much cum he gives me (the more the better!).

For me the only problem with a smaller dick like Dan's is that it limits some of the things I can do with him while we fuck. Sometimes I loved to bounce on a guy's lap while he fucks me but with Dan it more of a rocking motion because every time we got too carried away he would slip out of me and I would have to get myself started all over again. Every time we changed positions he popped out and we had to get him back in again whereas a longer guy can stay in me the whole time.

A last comment is that I find it interesting that except for the obvious huge cock, sift size is not a good indicator of the erected length. I have had several guys that initially disappointed me but then almost doubled in size or more after they got going so I have learned not to judge a guy when he is soft or in the water ("shrinkage" as they say in Seinfeld!).

We had made it to the bedroom and he was fucking me in the traditional missionary style when the phone next to the bed rang. A panicked look came to his face.

"Oh my god, that has to be my wife," he whispered as if she could hear him. "I'm sorry, I HAVE to answer it or she will know something is going on."

At first I thought he was going to keep fucking me while he spoke to her which would have been super erotic so far as I was concerned. But to my disappointment he pulled out of me and sat on the side of the bed. He was naked by now and I listened to him talking to his wife as he faced away from me. I slowly played with myself as I listened to him tell her about his day and how bored he was tonight. It was hard to keep from laughing when he said he loved her and missed her. Here he was fucking a girl half his age and telling his wife he loved her. Well if my future husband ever did this to me I know what I would do to the bastard! Oh well, if Dan wanted me more than his wife then who was I to complain? I really did believe what I had told him earlier in that it was her fault as much as his for not keeping herself desirable for him.

Dan finally hung up and turned to me with a look of guilt on his face. I also noticed his erection had shriveled like someone had thrown cold water on it. I had a bad feeling he was about to throw in the towel but I wanted him to cum for me first, all the more if anything since listening to him tell his wife how much he missed her and wanted her. I knew it was all a lie and I wanted to make him finally do what he had always dreamed of doing and cheat on her in the final and most intimate way possible - by giving me the sperm he should be saving for her. I wanted him to cum in me so that for the rest of his life, even if he never cheated again. he would always know he had once mated with another woman and thus broken his vows and betrayed his wife in the most blasphemous way possible!

"Uh, Kelly...," he started out but I cut him off.

"Fuck me Dan," I said in a demanding voice.

No more submissive Kelly! I was taking control and getting what I wanted from him, taking something from him he could never get back. I wanted to prove to myself that I could make him do what he was now having second doubts about, that I could seduce him with my body and make him lust for me so bad he would forget his vows to his wife and want only me, even if only for the moment.

"Fuck me dammit," I repeated as I grabbed his cock and started to stroke it. "You know you want me... you know you want to fuck my young pussy... you know you want me more than your fat wife."

He closed his eyes and sighed and I knew I had him! I pushed him onto his back with his legs hanging over the edge of the bed still and straddled his waist.

"Does your wife fuck you like this?" I said seductively as I took his suddenly hard cock in my hand and guided it to my hungry pussy. "Does she let you treat her like a whore?"

Dan's eyes were still closed but he was hard as a rock so I knew he wanted me. He groaned over and over as I fucked his cock. "Ohhhhhhhhh... god help me, I'm so sorry Susan... oh yes I want to fuck you!"

He hadn't told me her name before and even on the phone he had not called her my name so this was the first time I knew his wife's name. I always ask guys I chat with for the names of their wife and kids. It seems so much more personal and erotic to use their names when we chat rather than just saying "your wife" or "your son". I love it when a guy uses his wife's name when he tells me how much he would over to fuck me and cheat on her or when he uses his daughter's name as he describes how he would like to make incestual love with her.

"That's it Dan," I encouraged him, "Tell me what you want, tell me how much more you want me more than Susan."

He moaned as I ground my ass into his crotch in a circular motion, rubbing his cock all around inside my pussy. "This is soooooo wrong... God I want to fuck you... feels so damn good!"

I got up and let him slip out of me. Moving to the center of the bed I got in my hands and knees with my ass facing him. I spread my legs to give him a good view of my asshole and freshly fucked cunt. He finally smiled and came in behind me holding his wet cock.

"Shit I've always wanted to fuck a girl this way," he whispered as he pushed up against me from behind.

Well, a few seconds later his wish came true as he fucked me doggie style. His hands grabbed me by the hips and he pulled and pushed me to match his thrusts and I could feel as well as hear his body slapping up against my ass as he rammed his cock into me. He fucked me this way for a while and then flipped me over on my back again. He put his hands under me and grabbed my butt to lift me up off the bed. My legs were over his shoulders as he lifted my ass up to his cock as he knelt before me. Somehow he bent his stiff cock over enough to get it in me and I could feel its warmth deep inside my stomach.

"Take it girl... fuck you and your teasing," he said, his lust obviously now overriding any anxieties he may have had before. 'I'm going to cum all over you... show you what a fucking whore you are... dirty little slut!"

Well, that wasn't what I had hoped for exactly but at least he was now into it again! Suddenly he dropped me to the bed and started stoking his cock. Almost instantly he spewed a huge shot of cum that hit me in the face! I wasn't ready for anything that far and fortunately it didn't hit me in the eyes. The next couple of shots made it to my boobs and the rest was on my stomach as he leaned over me and pumped the cum from his cock.

Then Dan suddenly leaned over and shoved himself back into me and released the last couple of loads inside me! They weren't much in terms of volume but it was the thought that counts as they say! I took my hand and wiped the cum on my face into my mouth and then stuck out my tongue so he could see his cum on it before swallowing it down. He was down on his elbows trying to keep from crushing me as his cock twitched in my pussy.

Finally, Dan couldn't hold himself up and he rolled over in the bed and laid on his back, his cock glistening with our cum. I looked down at me and saw I was an absolute mess! I was covered in cum! He must not have cum for the past week from the load he had unleashed on me not to mention what he had deposited inside of me.

His eyes were closed and for a moment I thought he was going to go to sleep but he started to main softly as he caught his breath. I figured that was about all I was going to get from him but there was no way I could get dressed like this! I quickly ran out to get my clothes and then back into the bathroom where I turned on the shower. Stepping under the hot stream, his cum seemed to congeal on me but with some soap and a wash cloth I was soon clean again. My hands began to wander over myself as the warmth of the water struck my boobs and drained between my legs.

I had been so intent on getting him to fuck me that I had not cum and I needed it - badly! I leaned against the shower stall wall and masturbated until finally I felt the surge beginning in me that I craved. IU thought about him talking to his wife, how I had seduced him into cheating on her even when he wasn't sure he wanted to. I came hard as I imagined her walking in the bedroom and seeing her loyal husband drilling a girl half her age, fucking her in ways she would never do for him, doing things to him she would never consent to.

Finally I turned off the eater and sat down on the toilet set, my legs unsteady from the emotion and electricity of my orgasm. Finally my head cleared enough to stand and I put on my dress, leaving my damp thong on the sink for him as a remembrance of the girl he deceived his wife for. I put on my sneakers since I didn't trust myself balancing on my stilettos and went back into the bedroom.

To my surprise, Dan was not in the bedroom and I found him in the living room with a hotel robe wrapped around him and the phone to his ear. He was facing away from me but I could hear him talking.

"No, everything's OK honey, I just wanted to call you and tell you I love you... Yeah, I miss you too baby... No really, I'm OK. Nothing's wrong so stop worrying."

Damn! He must have been on one hell of a serious guilt trip. My coat and purse were on the table next to door and I saw a stack of hundred dollar bills next to my purse. I drew in a deep breath as I counted out ten bills!! Well, if this was how he was managing his guilt who was I to argue! Based on the way my stuff was laid out by the door and his position in the room I had a feeling he wasn't looking for anything from me so I quietly let myself out and went down to the elevator.

I called the taxi on my cell phone while I waited for the car to arrive. He was supposed to be nearby so hopefully by the time I got down it would be waiting for me. Just as the elevator doors were about to close a guy jumped in with me. I could tell in an instant he was drunk - he smelled like a brewery. His clothes were a mess and his ties was undone. I pressed against the wall opposite him as he leered at me. I had a long coat on and there was nothing he could see of my dress or anything but I think at that moment all it mattered to him was that I was female!

My heart was pounding and I was about to reach for the alarm button when it looked like he was going to make a move but fortunately the car stopped and an elderly couple joined us. They stood between us and I say her nose wrinkle at the disgusting example of human being in the corner. We finally reached the first floor and I quickly made my way to the lobby where the taxi driver was waiting for me. The drunk was behind me but he turned away as the driver escorted me out to his cab. I thanked him for being so prompt and inside I was even more thankful as I had no idea what might have happened if he hadn't been there.

He didn't say another word to me the entire way home. He dropped me off at the dorm and I quickly made my way back to my room. My roomie was sleeping when I got in but evidently not very soundly as she woke up when I shut the door.

"Wow Kelly, out late tonight aren't you?" she asked.

I was really happy now I had taken the time to shower. I could imagine what she would have said if she had smelled his sex on me! We exchanged some small talk and soon she was asleep again. I undressed and laid in bed, contemplating the night I had just experienced. All in all it was definitely an evening to remember.

I would have loved to be able to be invisible and watch Dan meeting his wife when he got home! It would be interesting to know if this caused him to go out and cheat on her more or if he was so guilty after the first time he never could work up the courage again. Secretly I was hoping for the latter. It made me feel so hot and naughty to think I would always be his fantasy girl, the only girl he had ever fucked besides his wife, the girl who did all the things he wanted, the sexiest girl he had ever known!

# 3. Playing Around at Church On Easter

Easter came and as always we went to church as a family. My mother and I both had pretty new dresses to wear as was traditional for our family. I loved the colors that are in this year - bright pastels made with light, loose cotton. Since it was for Easter, the skirt length was longer than I usually wear - almost three quarters to my knees making it about six to nine inches longer than most of mine. It was bright orange with a lightweight patterned blouse that stayed outside my skirt like a men's shirt and hugged my figure like a wet t- shirt. Anywhere else I would've loved to wear it without a bra but it was so sheer my mother warned me that unless I wanted to get a talking to by the pastor that I had better wear at least one of my smaller bras so I picked one out that was barely more than two cups with thin straps to hold it on.

I debated on the panties or thong question and finally compromised and just left them both home. I often went to church without panties although usually it was when I wore a full-length dress or pants. I would have to be careful today but the skirt was long enough for me to cross my legs and still hide most of my ass, at least enough that nobody would know I was bare-ass unless I flashed them.

I loved greeting the parents of my youth group kids and shaking the dad's hand. Most of them could not resist the opportunity to look down my blouse and I wondered what they would think if they knew there was nothing under my skirt? Whereas I am sure the dad's would have loved it, the moms would have hated me! Well, if those same mom's knew about the fantasies I harbored about their kids, then they would have REALLY hated me!

Our entire family took up almost an entire pew when we came together like this. I think that it is pretty cool to be together as a family like this now and then. I sat next to my dad who had my mom on his other side.

On my other side I was pleased to find my cute cousin Rick. He was all dressed up in his Easter suit, looking totally uncomfortable in the buttoned-up shirt and tie. He looked quite handsome in it although I much preferred the Speedo swimsuit he wore when they came over to visit and we all piled in the hot tub together. When my parents and I are in the tub alone we never wear swim suits so when Rick was in there I wished that we could convince the rest of the family to do the same! His tight Speedo outlined his sixteen year-old cock nicely and my dad would elbow me at times when he caught me staring too long at it. Now in church his suit pants hid his best asset so I caught myself thinking about how I would have loved nothing more than to unzip those suit pants and explore inside!

My pussy tingled a bit as I imagined sitting on his cock during the sermon - it certainly would have been a lot more enjoyable! I crossed my legs such that my bare thigh next to him was exposed as much as possible. I glanced at him to see if he noticed but if he did he was doing a great job of hiding it. I subconsciously rubbed my legs together just enough to stimulate my swelling clit and I could feel myself growing wet as I thought about how it would be to lean over and suck him right there in the middle of church.

Tammy was sitting next to him and I could imagine her reaction watching her older cousin blowing her brother right next to her! One thing that would make me hornier than watching my dad fucking her would have been to see Rick doing her. I always wished I had a brother to fuck me and I wondered if Tammy ever realized what an opportunity she was wasting!

As the service was ending and we started to get up to leave, I glanced down the pew and notice my Uncle Jim quickly averting his eyes. Hmmm, it looked like good ol' Uncle Jim had been checking me out. I pretended not to have noticed anything and as I got up I let my skirt hike up a bit and stay there a few seconds before I pulled it back down. Nothing showed but it was pretty close to a flash and if I have learned anything about teasing guys it is that sometimes "close" counts more than actually showing something.

I don't know if he or Rick noticed but my father certainly did! My dad whispered in my ear, "Kelly, behave you little slut!" I looked up at him and gave him a naughty grin. He just shook his head and motioned for me to get moving down the pew. We all got in our cars to head back to my Uncle Jim and Aunt Shari's house for dinner. I got in the back seat of our SUV and my father spent the entire twenty minute trip teasing me about Rick and Tammy.

"I see you still have the hots for your cousins Kelly," he taunted me, "You know you have a much better chance with your Uncle Jim than you do with them. I assume you know that he was checking you out the entire service!"

I heaved an exaggerated sigh and replied, "Oh Daddy! You WOULD notice!"

He laughed at that and called back, "Oh yea, like you didn't. So what was that bit with flashing him at the end of the service?" Well, he had me there. My mom jumped in then and asked him what he was talking about and after he told her, in greatly exaggerated detail, she looked back at me and tried to act like a mother scolding her child.

"Now Kelly, you know better. I can't believe you flirted with your own uncle, and in church at that." She looked at me and then at my skirt and I could see the gears meshing in her head. "Speaking of knowing better," she said, "just what do you have under that skirt anyway?"

I lifted up my skirt to show her my bare pussy and then pulled it back down again and giggled like a school girl. My mother just shook her head in mock disbelief and said, "It's bad enough for you to go to church that way in a short skirt but tell me you brought a pair of something with to wear at your relative's house."

I shook my head vigorously like a little kid saying no to her parents. My mom poked my dad saying, "Well, she's YOUR daughter. Aren't you going to say anything?"

My dad laughed again saying, "OK... Now Kelly, are you going to behave yourself this afternoon or are you going to tease your uncles while we watch?"

"Daddy!" I pouted, "I can't believe you even asked!"

Actually this would not be the first time I had teased my two uncles. My dad's brothers had the same sex drive he had, they just weren't lucky enough to marry a woman like my mom who had a sister like my aunt. They had both been casting a wandering eye my way since I was twelve or so – at least that's when I first noticed. On our boat or in our hot tub they were always glancing at my ass or boobs, especially when I wore one of my skimpier bikinis. I do have to say that they never even came close to doing anything more than steal a glance down my top or to watch my ass when they thought I wasn't noticing. They didn't know anything about my relationship with my dad and I am sure they assumed that it was no different than what they had with their daughters. I also was positive that they did not have a clue about the naughty desires for their daughters that their brother had been telling me!

"You whore!" she exclaimed softly, "Did you go to church with no panties under that short skirt? Damn girl, I'm impressed!"

I just moaned softly in response as her fingers worked their way into my cunt. I could feel her little fingers exploring me, reaching inside of me.

"Damn you're wet! What got you so turned on in there?" Kristen asked.

I explained to her my fantasy and when I finished she moved to the front of me and started playing again with my pussy. I got up on the sink top and spread my legs apart for her. She gave me a sly grin, knowing exactly what I wanted from her and obviously more than happy to do it. She leaned over and started to lick my cunt, running her warm tongue up and down my slit, pausing to give my clit some extra attention. God she knew how to lick a pussy! As she worked on me I held my boobs and rubbed them together, closing my eyes to concentrate on her tongue reaching into my pussy.

"Oh fuck Kristen, that feels soooooo damn good! Make me cum... Make me cum HARD!"

I held her head tight against my crotch. She grabbed my clit with her teeth, pulling on it gently and then using her tongue on it. That was the final straw as I came even harder than I dared dream. I moaned as my orgasm enveloped me, drowning out everything except her wonderful mouth on me.

"Shhhhhh!" Kristen hissed, "Do you want everyone in the house to know what we're doing?"

We kissed and I could taste myself on her lips. Feeling a little better now I got up and arranged my skirt and checked my hair in the mirror. Kristen wiped her face off on a towel but I noticed she didn't wash her hands or face. Her mother was going to kill her if she smelled my cunt on her!

All set, we opened the bathroom door to go back and there was my Uncle Jim, waiting to use the bathroom. Kristen and I looked at each other and giggled.

My uncle gave us a strange look saying, "Why is it that girls can't use the bathroom alone? Just what do you do in there behind closed doors?"

We all laughed but at the same time I couldn't help but notice the tone of his voice. It certainly didn't sound like he was really joking - I think he really DID want to know what had just happened. Did he hear us? I know a few time I had moaned louder than I should have but could he hear anything out in the hallway? If he did he played it pretty close to the vest as he went in and shut the door behind him.

# 5. My Uncle Gets an Eyeful

Back in the living room we were about to sit down again when Aunt Shari came in and announced dinner was ready. We all gathered in the family room together and I noticed my Uncle Jim made it a point to sit directly across from where Kristen and I were sitting together. My dad was next to me and then my mom.

My Aunt Linda took a chair next to Kristen and everyone else pretty much sat together by family as well. My Uncle Jim, as head of the hosting household, said grace and the food was ready to go. The food was great but I caught my Uncle several times staring at me, or should I say my boobs. He always averted his eyes but it was too late - busted!

After dinner we were allowed to change clothes into something more comfortable for the day. I had brought with some shorts and a halter. The weather was a bit warmer than usual and I was going to take advantage of it. Kate and Tammy shared a bedroom so Kristen and I joined them to change. I took off my dress and stood there nude gathering my clothes as Kate quickly noticed my missing panties.

"Kelly!" she exclaimed softly, "Did you go to church without any panties?"

Kristen broke out laughing. "Oh Kate, she never wears any, didn't you know that?"

Kate's eyes got even wider and she blurted out, "No wonder mom says you are such a slut." As soon as she said it she put her hands to her mouth, embarrassed by what she had said. "Oh Kelly, I didn't mean to say that!"

I couldn't help but laugh a bit at her discomfort and I reassured her saying, "No problem, best compliment I've had all day! Don't knock it until you've tried it girl."

"Yea but what happens if someone catches you?" she asked.

I smiled wickedly and said, "Well, you just have to make sure nobody does. Besides, that's what makes it so much fun - the risk of getting caught. Anyway, there are a few boys I wouldn't mind if they saw me anyway!"

Kate just looked even more confused and we continued dressing. I noticed that Tammy had been watching and listening the whole time and never said a word. I could have sworn she had been staring at my bare butt when I wasn't watching but it may have been just wishful thinking on my part. Soon we were all dressed and it was back downstairs for some family "quality time", otherwise known as "boring time". I wondered if perhaps there wasn't something to make it a little more spicy this time around?

Our parents were all in the living room now as all us girls entered and found a place on the floor to sit. I noticed Rick had changed as well into some tight shorts which showed his hard ass nicely. A tight tank top displayed a great body that was proof of his athletic activities. He may have been only sixteen but he looked a heck of a lot older today for sure.

I sat on the floor across from my dad and uncles. Folding my legs Indian style under me, I could feel my shorts pull up tight into my crotch. These weren't my naughtiest pair of shorts by any means but they were short enough that when I sat like this my ass was just about to spill out. There was no bra of course under my halter and I could feel my sensitive nipples rub against the fabric as I stretched to sit down.

I knew without looking they were poking through the fabric. If I needed any more proof, I noticed that my Aunt Julie took a long look at me when I came in and then just shook her, making comments to her sister Shari which after Kate's earlier comment I was sure had something to do with their niece being a brazen slut. That's ok as I wasn't seeking their approval. Heck, I wanted my uncles to notice me and I doubted they were going to object no matter what I wore!

It wasn't long before I was bored stiff so I whispered to the girls about going outside and we all got up to leave. I made sure when I did that I was bending way over as I stood, stretching my shorts tight to show off my ass as much as possible. I quickly looked over and sure enough if Uncle Jim wasn't staring right at my ass! He caught me looking at him and his eyes quickly looked away but I felt a tingle as I thought about what he might have been thinking about his niece. We all went out to their back yard where we sprawled out on the lawn furniture even though it was a bit cool out.

We spent the next couple of hours just talking mostly about my cousins' boyfriends at school. With both of my younger cousins being virgins and Kristen and I being anything but, it was interesting to listen to them giggle about how the guys looked at them and now and then even making coy remarks about catching them with erections or even better, touching themselves when they didn't know anyone was watching. I felt like I had gone back to being a twelve year old!

Many times when Kate or Tammy would make a suggestive remark and then giggle, Kristen would look over her shoulder at me and just smile knowingly. I could just imagine what they would say of the two of us started telling stories about our experiences. Even better, if we told them what the two of us did together. Thinking even more about it, I bet Kate would just die of embarrassment if I told her I fucked my dad every day and that I had dreams of doing her dad as well!

Speaking of the devil, Uncle Jim came out to check on how we were doing. I was laying on the lounge chair on my stomach at the time and I lifted myself up so my halter hung down. I knew there was no way he could help but a great view of my boobs down my shirt but to my complete surprise, instead of just glancing and then looking away like he usually did when my dad was around, this time he looked straight down my halter and took in the full view for several seconds before looking up to my eyes and smiling at me. Then he went back in the house leaving us alone again.

Kristen was the first to react saying, "Wow Kelly, you sure gave Uncle Jim an eyeful!"

Tammy and Kate were both looking a bit shocked to say the least and Tammy was the first to recover. "Oh... my... God!" she gasped, "I can't believe my dad did that! If mom had seen him looking down her shirt she would have killed him!"

I tossed my hair and acted as the all-knowing older cousin. "You see Tammy, ALL men are the same, they can't resist a pair of tits - even if they belong to their niece. You'll find out soon enough how much control you can have over guys just by flashing them enough to make them think they MIGHT see more."

Kate responded, "But that was my DAD and you're my cousin! He shouldn't be looking at you that way."

"Oh don't worry about it Kate," I said putting my arm around her shoulder, "You're dad's a guy just like any other. He couldn't resist his most basic instincts. Besides, I like teasing guys and making them do things they normally wouldn't. You should do it more - it can be a lot of fun. Kristen and I do it at the mall all the time."

Kate and Tammy moved up closer as Kristen and I began to share stories about our adventures at the mall, pool and other public places. There were a few time I saw Kate turn red when we got a bit too detailed but Tammy was hanging on to every word. I wouldn't be surprised if Kate was a virgin when she got married but something told me Tammy was going to be pretty popular in the not too distance future, and I don't mean for just her glowing personality!

It wasn't much longer before my Aunt Linda came out and told Kristen it was time to go and that my parents were packing up as well. Back in the house everyone was crowded in the entryway saying goodbye and giving hugs. I gave each of my uncles and aunts a hug but when I got to Uncle Jim I gave him an extra hard hug, making sure my boobs pressed against him and I let my hip ride into his crotch just a bit. It wasn't enough to draw attention but I am sure he felt it. As I backed away he gave me a strange look, as if he was trying to decide just what my intentions were. I just smiled and gave him a wink, hoping to plant a seed for the future.

On the way back home we talked about the afternoon and my mom turned around in her seat to ask me a question. "So what's with that hug you gave Uncle Jim there at the end? Looked like more than just an uncle-niece thing going on there?"

My dad's ear perked up at this and he said, "Oh? So tell me Kelly, is there something I should know about my brother?"

I was silent for a second trying to decide what to say. I hadn't realized that I had been that blatant about my little signal to Uncle Jim but my mother is pretty good at licking up my little signals by now. I guess my pause gave my emotions away to my mom again.

"Don't worry, she laughed, "I am sure nobody else caught that little move you made in his crotch. I just know you well enough to look for it. What surprised me though was his reaction. I know he has peeked at you in the past but all men do that. This was the first time I got any hint he might be interested in more."

The rest of the way home we discussed my uncle and the possibilities. My dad, of course, was worried that he might learn about our relationship but I assured him I would never give that away to anybody. I think my dad was actually turned on to consider what it would be like to have his brother fucking me while not knowing that he knew all about it.

It will probably be a while until I see my Uncle Jim again so until then I will just have to fantasize about what may be. I would love to have him fuck me in Tammy's bed, leaving our cum behind on her sheets and pillows for her to smell and feel later. Somehow I have to figure out a way to get her to open up more. Today was a good start and who knows where the future may lead!

# (Apr 02) Chapter 78: Second Bachelor Party

Story codes: MMF F-solo group oral exhib adultery
Me (20)

Just goes to prove that smaller doesn't necessarily mean less. This party was more intimate than my first one but no less fun!

## 1. Getting Ready to Do It Again

It was time for my second bachelor party and by now I was starting to feel comfortable as an escort and entertainer. With one bachelor party and four escorting jobs under my belt (or skirt to be more correct) I was starting to feel like a pro ("pro" as in expertise, I'm NOT a whore!).

At my first bachelor party I had been scared stiff to start out although by the end of the night everything turned out great. Each time I went out as an escort it just kept getting better and I was looking forward to my fifth "client".

People ask me why I got into the escort business; well it was pretty simple actually. I was accustomed to getting laid practically on a daily basis at home, and I found that going to a Christian college with very strict rules about personal behavior was a lot more difficult than I had anticipated and when you get horny enough you do things that you might not otherwise do!

Actually, my freshman year turned out not to be so hard since my roomie was my first lesbian experience outside my family. My sophomore year was a lot harder though because rooming with a sexy but virginal roomie left me practically dying with sexual frustration. Admittedly working an escort may have been a bit unorthodox to say the least, but it has turned out to be exactly the remedy I needed. Each date was a new experience, totally different than the one before, and each provided me with some truly awesome sex.

At first I was worried that somehow this would be crossing the line between being a slut (which I am rather proud to be called) and turning tricks as a whore or prostitute (which is NOT something I would be proud to be called). What helped me rationalize it all was I knew the guys were legally only paying for dinner, not sex, and that if we had it then it was up to me to make that decision. A whore, on the other hand, just takes anyone's money and does what the client pays her to do. I could you could say that to me, being an escort was like being a slut – with benefits!

As I said earlier, tonight was going to be bachelor party number two for me. According to the service there would be only six guys this time so I knew it would be a little different than my first one which had almost twice as many horny men. I still get wet whenever I remember the first one where I had a room full of stiff guys all staring at me with nothing but lust in their eyes and raging hard-ons between their legs making it one of the most erotic experiences I have ever had. Some girls find it unnerving to be looked at as merely an object for sex and not as a real person but I find it incredibly erotic and naughty. I've always loved it when men want me just because of what they see, when all they desire is to touch and feel my body and are more than willing to do almost anything just to see it, let alone do anything more.

Now if it turns me on to have ONE man look at me that way, imagine what it is like to have a whole roomful of guys staring at me. Then to be fucked by each of them while the others watched, regardless of their age or marital status, is enough to make me wet and cum over and over again just thinking about it.

As with all my escorting assignments, this one started out as an e-mail from my agency providing me with the details of the party including an introduction written by the guy paying for the girl. I receive at least two or three of these virtually every day but usually they don't fit the type of party I want to do. Sometimes they were too close to me, others were too far away, or sometimes just the introductory letter scared me away. I figured if a guy couldn't or wouldn't take the time to write something coherent and interesting then odds were it wasn't going to get any better when we met. Finally an interesting invitation came through that caught my eye. It was rather short but to the point:

My brother is getting married to the woman of my dreams, the bastard! To make it worse I'm his best man so now it is my duty to arrange his bachelor party. Actually he's my best friend as well and one of us had to lose when it came to her. While I wish the two of them all the best, it's my sworn duty to ensure that before he rides off into the sunset of marital bliss he enjoys one last night of hedonistic pleasures. The two of us will be joined by four of his closest friends for an evening with a beautiful and sexy girl willing to be open minded, comical, but most of all downright slutty for an evening none of us will ever forget - including her. I have sworn that this will NOT be my father's bachelor party!

There was something about that last sentence that caught my eye and made me laugh. I think everyone thinks of a bachelor party as a bunch of randy guys getting drunk while a stripper or two cavorts about teasing them and lord only knows what else. Actually, that essentially describes my first bachelor party so I was curious what this guy had in mind that was going to make his party different. Well, there was only one way to find out...

Until now all of my clients had been from the Columbus area so when I expressed interest and learned the actual address of the party I was a bit surprised to see it was in the opposite direction - northwest of my university. It was still in a pretty big city and although I go there regularly to shop I had never been to the specific area where the party was being held. It didn't really matter, I guess, since the agency would send a taxi to take me there and bring me back home as well.

After I'd accepted the assignment I struggled for the next few days trying to figure out what to wear. Because the guy had been so adamant that this was going to be something different I wanted to be different as well so the "typical" stripper costume was out. Besides, I had done the catholic schoolgirl thing at the last party and I didn't want to do a repeat already with just my second party.

Then suddenly inspiration struck and I knew exactly what to wear. The girls at every bachelor party I had ever seen on TV or movies showed up all slutty looking and there was no doubt what they were there for. Why not show up as the stereotypical naive "girl next door"? I picked out a nice pair of jeans that were tight but still allowed me to breath, unlike most of my other ones!.

For my top I went to my old reliable pink blouse that I wear everywhere but in this case I added something it had never touched before - a bra. In this case it wasn't anything from Victoria's Secret, just a plain white bra straight from the JC Penny catalog.

The same applied to my panties - another useless piece of clothing under normal circumstances so far as I was concerned. I dug out a pair of plain white cotton panties that were still sealed in the package. I had almost thrown them away a little while before because I figured I would never wear them but fortunately I had hung onto them as they were perfect for this situation! Some low cut socks and pink sneakers finished off the outfit.

Of course, to REALLY set the stage I needed to not just dress the part but LOOK the part as well so I grabbed a rubber band and pulled my hair back into a ponytail. I put on just a little makeup to cover a few blemishes and such but nothing that stood out. Some light red lip gloss and my face was done! A touch of Charlie perfume (a preference I inherited from my mom) on my neck and a dash of Johnson's baby powder between my boobs and bra and I was set! I smiled as I looked into the mirror as I saw the perfect virginal girl standing there, looking so innocent and naive! Boy would anyone thinking THAT be totally wrong!

## 2. The Taxi Ride

I packed some makeup and a hair brush into a small bag and I was set to go. The taxi, as always, was right on time. The driver never said a word the entire time leaving me to sit in the back seat thinking about the evening to come. I leaned back against the corner of the seat behind the driver so he couldn't see me very well and closed my eyes as I wondered what I would be doing in just another hour or so. My hand subconsciously started to rub myself between my legs as I imagined cocks I had never seen before surrounding me such that no matter where I looked there was another one waiting for me, reaching out wanting me to suck it or let him stuff it inside of my cunt.

In my dream it was like I was swimming in a sea of cocks as I reached down to unbuckle my belt and unsnap my jeans. In the silence of the cab it was amazing how loud the sound of a zipper being pulled down can be! The driver must have heard because when I opened my eyes I glanced up to see him peering in the rear view mirror. Our eyes met briefly in the mirror and then he quickly looked forward again, acting as if nothing was going on behind him.

I slumped down in the seat more to make it easier to slip off my panties and jeans. The plastic seat felt cool against my bare bottom as I dropped the jeans to the floor, putting one leg up on the seat while I kept the other on the car floor. My hand cupped my crotch as I wondered what the driver was thinking of the rustling sounds coming from behind him. I had no doubt that he knew exactly what my plans were for the evening so most likely he wasn't too surprised that I was masturbating in the back seat as after all, I was one of "those" girls. I really didn't mind the designation so if that is what he was thinking then it was fine with me. If anything, it was time to convince him even more of what kind of girl I was!

My hand rubbed my bare crotch and I slowly began to work my middle finger down between my pussy lips. I pushed one fingertip in to my pussy hole and wetted the tip, drawing it back out to lubricate my throbbing clit. I did this several times until my entire pussy was slick and wet with my pussy juices.

Mmmmmmm, it felt good to run my fingers up and down my slit, touching my clit ever so briefly and then pressing my finger back into my hole to get it wet again. My dream of being surrounded by cocks resumed and my mouth was moving silently as I imaged sucking each one of one of them in turn while the rest stroked themselves as they waited for me to attend to them. Each one was ready to cum by the time they got into my mouth so it didn't take much to get them to shoot their entire load either in my mouth or over my face and boobs.

I pushed my finger in deeper as I imagined another line forming except in this case it was to fuck me. One after another they would press between my legs and position their cock in front of my cunt and then ram themselves deep inside of me. I was still sucking cocks so it became a race to see who could cum first - the guy I was sucking or the one fucking me. I love it when a man cums and in my dream I was being covered in it!

The more I dreamed the faster I rubbed my clit and the closer I came to my orgasm until finally the dam burst! I couldn't help but moan softly as my hips lifted up off the car seat and I felt the fire emerging to overwhelm me with the purest form of pleasure imaginable. There is nothing subtle about an orgasm - it hits you like a ton of bricks and there's no question whether you have had one or not (at least so far as the girl knows) - guys never seem to have a clue which is why it is so easy to fake orgasms for them. Girls know though - trust me on that one. I have never had a girl successfully fake an orgasm for me!

My fingers were covered in my pussy cum and I dipped them into my mouth and licked everything that I could off. God I loved the taste of my pussy! From the very first time that I ever touched myself I couldn't resist licking my fingers afterwards and I loved it from the very first time. I guess it is sort of like sperm - some girls love it and some absolutely abhor the very mention of tasting it, let alone swallowing a load of it. Well, count me in the "love it" camp, that's for sure. To be honest though, I 'm not so sure it is the actual cum I love so much or how I get it!

I would have loved to have gone for a second time but we were getting into civilization again and I knew we would be at the party soon so I reluctantly pulled my fingers away. I laid back again for a few minutes to let the aftershocks of my orgasms settle down and I could feel my pussy throbbing. The feelings weren't going away very quickly which meant I must have been horny as hell!

The taxi slowed when we reached the address which turned out to be a simple ranch farm house out in the country a bit. There was a barn and some other buildings and I could see some cows out behind the barn. We drove up the long gravel driveway and came to a stop at the front entrance.

The driver handed me his voucher which I signed and then he gave me his card for me to call when I was finished. I told him I had absolutely no idea when I would be done and he just smiled and said to take my time, he was paid by the hour. He also told me he would be at the small cafe we had passed just down the road a bit and to call if I ran into any trouble. I wasn't sure what he exactly meant but he certainly looked like the type that could take care of himself - and ME if necessary.

## 3. Pre-Party Warm-up

As soon as we pulled up a guy came out from the house to greet me. He looked to be in his early 20's and had an athletic build I could identify even from a distance. Up close I could see a classic handsome face with a smile to melt your heart and eyes that sparkled with enthusiasm. Hmmmmmm, so far so good! He introduced himself as Bob, the best man who had arranged for the party tonight. He said none of the others were here yet and to come in and make myself comfortable.

Going into the house he explained it was his parents' farm and that he lived with them still. It turned out my guess was pretty close - he was actually 22. His parents were visiting his uncle at his farm in Michigan and wouldn't be back for a few days which left the place all to him - perfect for a party!! He led me to the living room and offered me a seat on the couch. He took up station in a chair across from it, sitting down and looking me over like a prize animal at a fair.

"Damn, you look so sweet! Kelly isn't it?" he asked.

That was all any of my clients were told, just a first name and nothing else. He had no idea where I had come from or even if Kelly was my real name. I just nodded and kept quiet, waiting for him fill me in on what his plans were. Before he told me that it seemed he had other concerns that needed to be addressed first.

"So, how old are you REALLY?" he asked.

I told him I was twenty but he looked at me rather skeptically and said, "Hmmmmmm, I'd like to take your word for it but do you have a driver's license to prove that? You look a little younger than that if you ask me."

He quickly smiled and held up his hand to say, "Now that's not a BAD thing, you look great."

Well, there was no way I was going to let anyone to go through my things and find out who I really was so I wasn't carrying any identification, let something like a driver's license.

When I shook my head and explained to him that the service had verified my age, he looked at me again and said, "Well, I just hope you're telling the truth. God help me, I don't want any problems with an underage girl. We just want to have some fun tonight and not get thrown in jail!"

I must have looked a bit exasperated - at least I certainly FELT that way.

"OK," he laughed, "Sorry, just had to be sure. So anyway... I'm sure you're wondering what the story is for tonight so let me lay it out for you...

Bob then explained his plans for the evening. For a city girl like me it was definitely unusual to say the least. To put it simply, I had never even been IN a barn before let alone strip and fuck in one. Bob looked me over yet again and grinned, saying I was dressed perfect for the part - sexy young farm girl putting out in the hayloft like every farm boy's wet dream. Well, it certainly was going to be a different experience for me if nothing else and after all, that's why I was doing this in the first place.

I only charged because people expected it. Little did they know I would have PAID to do this! Bob didn't want the other guys to see me beforehand so he asked me to stay in the guest bedroom. I didn't mind so he led me down the hall and opened one of the doors for me and led me in. It was exactly how I would have pictured it - queen-sized bed with a quilted cover and matching pillow shams, old pine chest of drawers and side table, and even a small bathroom just for the guest staying there. Bob asked if it was OK and I nodded so he left, closing the door behind him.

All alone now, I looked the room over more closely, looking at the pictures of their family over the years. It seemed rather surreal, almost as if I was invading their privacy by being here for the nasty reason I was. Under the circumstances I wasn't in the least bit tired but with nothing else to do I sat on the edge of the bed and listened as cars began to pull up into the driveway - or more correctly, trucks by the sound of them.

Several pulled up and I heard guys entering the house, laughing and joking. It was hard to make out exactly what they were saying but it wasn't hard to tell they were all in a party mood. Eventually I guessed the groom showed up because everyone cheered and the general noise level rose. It was driving me crazy to be in here, like I was being hidden away to be presented as some sort of prize. Actually, I guess that was exactly what they were expecting when I thought about it. The door suddenly opened and Bob quickly came in and closed the door behind him.

"OK, here's the deal Kelly," he said in a business like tone suddenly. "I'm going to take you out to the barn where you'll hide in the hayloft. I've got a screen set up and a projector where we'll be watching some porn flicks. John doesn't know you're here so he won't be expecting anything. At some point, I don't know when yet but I'll figure it out, when everyone is having a good time I'll call you out and then it's up to you."

"So what do you want me to do?" I asked him. It was all I could do to keep from grinning as it felt like I was a waitress taking an order except in this case, I was the menu!

Bob hesitated, as if he was a little embarrassed. He looked down at the floor and said, "Well, the agency DID say that you were one of their 'special' girls."

I moved up closer to him and gave him a nasty grin. "Yeah, you could say that I guess. So let's get to the point - OK? Just tell me Bob, do you wanna fuck me or not?"

I heard Bob suck in a breath when I said that and he actually blushed just a bit! Somehow I doubted that any girl had ever been quite so direct with him before. "Well..., " he said in a low voice, "That WAS sort of what I was hoping you would do."

"Well of course I will... but there is just one condition," I said in a low voice to him as I put my hand on his crotch. I could feel his cock stiffening through his jeans as it responded to my touch. "ALL of you have to fuck me or NONE of you can."

Bob's eyes widened at that, "You're kidding... even John?"

I nodded and he grimaced just a little bit, "God damn it all, Julie would kill him if she ever found out! Not to mention Bill and Jeff's wives. Are you sure you can't just let a few of us do you while the others watch?"

I rubbed him through his jeans and smiled up at him. "Nope! I guess if you really want to fuck me then you'll just have to convince them."

Bob chuckled and took my hand from his crotch saying, "Well, if you're as hot as I think you are, a few beers and those ol' farm boys will agree to anything you want I'm sure. C'mon, let me take you out there before someone sees you."

Bob led me out from the bedroom and down the hallway in the opposite direction from where quite a noisy party seemed to be going on. We moved quickly across the lawn to the barn and went in through a wooden side door. I had never been in a barn in my entire life other than at a zoo and the first thing I noticed was the overwhelming smell. There was the odor of animals that stunk badly but there was also a sweet aroma of hay that tempered it to a tolerable level. A wooden ladder led up to a second floor and that was where Bob was headed.

He motioned for me to go first and as I climbed I realized why - he was right behind looking up at my ass! Oh well, I certainly didn't mind if he looked and soon I reached the top and there was a huge area partially filled with hay bales but most of it was empty. A makeshift screen had been erected by holding a white sheet against the wall with a projection video machine on a small table in the center pointed at it. A few bales had been set out for seats and I guessed that this was where Bob was planning to show his porn flicks. A couple of large coolers were also there and I imagined there was enough alcohol in them to drown a small army.

"Over here Kelly," Bob called, bringing my attention back to him.

He was standing over by a large pile of hay bales and motioning for me to come over to him. I did as he said and saw he had piled them up to create a hiding place for me. He even had a couple of beers set out for me!

"We'll be out in a little while," he said, "I thought you might like a little something to loosen up."

I thanked him but told him I didn't drink. He looked surprised and apologized for not having anything else. Bob promised to bring me out some water later when he returned so I just sat down on the bale and he left me to return to the party. It felt strange to be sitting there all alone. It was quiet and dim with just a little light coming through a window near the top of the barn. Fortunately it was warm for this time of year and the barn was even warmer than it was outside so although I was cool, it was tolerable.

# 4. The Party Begins

About fifteen minutes or so went by before I heard them coming out. They were all laughing and joking, teasing Bob about the movies and warning him they had better be good. The floor shook a bit as they clambered up the ladder and immediately hit the coolers for more beers. A bottle of water suddenly appeared around the corner and dropped at my feet. I opened it and took a big swig as my mouth was dry from the hay dust. The first video started and I immediately could tell it wasn't the type of porn my dad liked to watch. At least his had a little class to them!

I peeked though some bales and I could clearly make out what was on the screen. There was no story line or plot, it was just one scene after another of guys fucking girls. They seemed to be loving it but it just turned me off. There was nothing sexy to me to see some whore being fucked by anywhere from one to a dozen guys, just lying there letting them fuck her in every hole - and I mean EVERY hole in her body.

This only lasted about fifteen minutes when the next series started and I gasped as I realized it was women being fucked by various animals. There was a couple of dogs and one girl even sucked off a horse! It was interesting - I never realized how much cum a horse could deliver! Sexy though? Well, not for me but they sure seemed to love it. From their reactions I started to wonder if the guys even needed me! Then Bob got up and made an announcement.

"OK guys - quiet for a minute!" he shouted in order to be heard over the hooting and hollering." The noise level dropped considerably and he continued. "Why watch movies when the real thing's available?" he asked, spurring them on. THAT certainly got their attention as suddenly it got quiet as a church.

"We all know that tomorrow it's John's turn to give up the good life and join the ranks of the sexually frustrated. Well, I didn't want him to spend his last night just watching porn and jerking off."

Everyone started laughing at that with a few jokes such as, "Ahhhhhh, let him beat off in peace!" thrown in. Bob laughed and cut them off. "Now John, don't say your brother never did anything for you because I have the best bachelor party present ever... Come on out Kelly!"

I slipped around the pile of hay and everyone turned to stare at me. They started to cheer and clap, it was crazy how drunk they looked to be already and I tried to keep smiling even though I was starting to wonder if this was such a good idea. Well, I figured there was no turning back so onward I went until I was standing in front of them.

"Damn Bob, you just pick her up from school or what?" one of the guys said loudly, taking a drink from his beer bottle. He was in the center and from the looks of things I guessed he must have been the groom. It was time for me to take over before things got out of hand.

"What's the matter John?" I said in a teasing voice, "She got you neutered already? I thought this was supposed to be a party!"

Everyone roared with laughter at that, teasing John about being married already, telling him to "go for it", whatever "it" was but I had a pretty good idea! I slowly walked around the six of them and had to admit it wasn't a bad group of guys. They all looked to be in their twenties and sure enough a couple of them had wedding rings on which told me either they didn't know I was going to be there or they didn't know what my plans were! It was funny how married men would usually take off their rings before cheating on their wives, as if somehow that made it OK. The mark the band left made it so obvious they may as well have been wearing the ring but I guess it soothed their conscious.

As for me, I preferred them to keep the ring on as it reminded me of the woman they were betraying. As I walked by each one I would stop in front of him and touch him slightly, maybe on the top of the head, a touch to the thigh, nothing directly sexual, just a little tease.

As I made my way through them I slowly unbuttoned my blouse, one button every couple of guys until by the time I was around it was all but undone. Back in the middle again I slowly pulled the shirt tails out of my jeans and undid the final button, letting it hang loose on me so my bra was clearly visible to them. I twirled around which caused my shirt to fly open. With my back to them I allowed the shirt to drop off my shoulders and then slowly to the floor.

I crossed my arms over my boobs, like a little girl would if her brother walked into her room when she was dressing, and turned to face them again with an innocent look. Then I motioned for John to come to me and I took his hands and put them on the clasp between my boobs.

"Hey, she wants you to take her bra off!", one of the guys yelled as if John needed to be told that.

Oh well, he was obviously drunk so I guess he had an excuse for being an idiot! John turned his head to them and then back to me and with a leer he fumbled with my bra. It was only two little clasps but he took forever to figure them out. I was about to help him when it sprung open and my boobs literally popped out from their constraints.

"Oh yeah, look at those tits!" someone yelled.

"Are they real?" came another voice.

Well, if I HAD paid for these boobs then somebody owed me a refund but that didn't matter, I knew what the intent was - he wanted John to feel me up. John didn't really need any encouragement as he put one hand on each boob and squeezed them tight - almost too tight but I didn't say anything.

"They're real alright," he confirmed to them.

He evidently wasn't satisfied completely because he didn't take his hands off of me. I finally had to pull his hands away - it was like they were glued on!. All the while I kept smiling at him as if he was the sexiest guy in the world.

"Now now, you were just supposed to see if they were real or not," I teased.

I backed away a bit and moved over to the side and sat on a hay bale. "Anyone else feel a need to check them out?" I asked mischievously. Needless to say, the remaining five all felt the need to verify it for themselves and each one in turn reached down and grabbed my boobs. As they finished I pushed away someone trying for seconds and they all teased him for being an idiot - their words, not mine!

They didn't sit down though; instead they surrounded me in a circle and watched as I played with my boobs for them. To be honest, I liked it better when I did it instead of the groping they had just done. I reached behind and pulled the wrap out of my pony tail and let my hair hang free. It was time to shed the innocent school girl look and become the slut they wanted. One hand drifted between my legs and I started to rub myself through my jeans.

"Take 'em off!" they started chanting.

I made them wait though, not giving in to them TOO easily. It felt good rubbing myself and with my jeans as tight as they were it was almost like they weren't even there. I looked around me and smiled.

"Anybody want to help me undress?" I asked in an innocent voice.

Needless to say I had six volunteers immediately and finally it was Bob that won out the shoving contest. He kneeled down between my legs and his hands reached for my belt which he easily undid. He unsnapped my jeans and when he tried to reach for the zipper I slapped his hand.

"I can do that!" I admonished him as I leaned back and slowly unzipped my jeans.

By spreading the top of my jeans apart, I allowed them to see my white cotton panties underneath. I wasn't ready to show them my pussy quite yet so I reached under my panties with my hand and pushed my fingers down inside between my legs until they touched my wet pussy. God I was already soaked! My finger rode over my clit and I moaned softly as it responded to the attention. There was dead silence as I masturbated underneath my panties, letting their imaginations run wild as to what my pussy looked like with my finger in it. After a bit I pulled my hand out and held it up.

"Anybody want to taste my fingers?" I asked coyly.

Again a shuffle ensued and this time it was someone different who muscled his way to the front of the line. I put my finger in his mouth and felt his tongue touch it and then I pulled it back out again. He looked around, smacking his lips and nodding his approval of the vintage to everyone. I started to pull my jeans down but then I looked at where I was sitting and stopped.

"Hey, I need something to sit on here if you want me to take off my jeans," I said to them.

They looked everywhere but there wasn't a blanket or anything for me to sit on and I wasn't about to set my bare bottom on that scratchy hay bale. Bob saved the day, stripping his shirt off and offering it to me. I wasn't sure what I was more interested in - the shirt or his muscular chest! I stood up and he spread it out underneath me. Before I sat back down again I pulled my jeans down to my ankles, leaving me with just my panties on. The jeans were too tight to get over my sneakers so I leaned back on my hands and lifted my legs up until they were horizontal. Wiggling my feet, I called out, "Hey! A little help here!"

The closest two guys stepped forward, each grabbing one of my sneakers and untying them. They slipped them off and I kicked off my jeans so now it was just my panties and socks. The panties would be going soon but looking at the dirty wood floor I had no plans of taking off my socks! I sat to one side and lifted one leg up on the bale leaving the other on the floor which had the effect of exposing my crotch more to them which I hid with my hand.

"So what do you say guys - shaved, trimmed or hairy?" I asked them with a seductive smile. "Whoever's the first to guess right gets a reward."

They all started to shout and argue but Bob was the first yell out, "Totally shaved!" and I pointed at him and nodded my head. "So... what's my reward?" he asked, rubbing his hands together with glee.

I motioned for him to kneel in front of me and the I pulled my panties to the side which provided him with an up close and personal look at my smooth pussy. I used one hand to spread my pussy lips apart and then I pushed one finger on my other hand into me. Bob just stared, not even blinking as he watched my every move. I started playing with myself again as he ogled my pussy like he had never seen one before. The rest of them were crowding in now, trying to get a better view. I laid on my back on the bale and lifted my legs up to me and pulled my panties off. I tossed them to John who grabbed them with a grin.

Then I let each leg fall to the floor on opposite sides of the hay bale, spreading my legs wide apart. I was nude now, well as good as nude since I still had my socks on. I felt so sexy being completely exposed and having all these guys looking at me thinking god only knows what filthy thoughts about me. I have always loved to be watched when I masturbate and having six guys at one time made it all the better. I used one hand to rub my boobs while the other fondled my pussy. I closed my eyes and concentrated on what I was doing. It felt so good that I almost forgot what I was there for!

## 5. Earning My Tips

I could have just laid there and played for the night but I remembered what I was being paid for and so I sat up and looked around seductively at them, sucking my finger with my pussy juice all over it.

I pretended to whine and pout. "Oh my God, I can't believe I'm here nude, surrounded by six horny guys, all wet and ready to go, and not one of you has asked me to suck his cock yet!"

From their reactions, I don't think they were expecting this! It was one thing to have a stripper at a bachelor party, heck it is almost mandatory! However, except for Bob this was the first time they knew I might be willing to go a step further with them than just stripping for them. Bob, having the advantage of arranging for my services and knowing what was coming, was the first to react and step forward. I sat up and leaned forward towards him as he stood in front of me.

"Well, do you expect me to do all the work?" I teased him, "C'mon, whip that bad boy out for me."

Bob looked around at the other guys and shrugged his shoulders. He unzipped his jeans and pulled his cock out though the opening. He was already starting to get an erection and the head looked scrumptious. He moved forward enough for me to open my mouth and take him in. My hands were on my knees as I reached out with my tongue and touched the very tip of his cock. Then I opened wide and slowly took him in, inch by inch until my face met his jeans and pressed into his crotch. He was only about six inches long so it wasn't difficult to get him all in and I sat there like that, sucking on his cock like I was trying to pull it off of him. I pulled back to get a breath and then I started bobbing my head, still with my hands on my knees. He got into the motion and swung his hips in sync with me, fucking my mouth with his cock.

"Whoa!" someone yelled out followed by a "God damn! Look at her take his cock!"

I didn't want him to cum yet so now that I had demonstrated the most basic of blow job skills, I leaned back and let his cock flop out of my mouth. Looking around, I wiped the spit off my mouth with the back of my hand and grinned.

"Well, is nobody else interested in a blowjob?" I asked.

It was all I could do not to laugh out loud at the speed of which two more cocks appeared! I had to admire the two married guys, they both hung back and resisted temptation, so far anyway. I also was irked that my primary target, the groom, was also a member of the hold-outs. In the meantime, I let the other two fuck my mouth just as Bob had, again making sure I stopped before they came. I wanted them horny enough to want to fuck me and I knew from the stiffness of each cock that they were certainly turned on!

I was feeling pretty horny myself by now and I'm not sure who wanted them to fuck me more, them or me! My pussy was aching with all these hard cocks surrounding me and none of them in me yet. I grinned at them and stood on the bale of hay, slowly dancing for them, letting them watch me as I danced seductively in the nude for them. When I faced John, I crouched down and played with my pussy as I pointed at him with my other hand.

"C'mon John, you know you want me," I said. Then I turned and looked around at the rest of them and grinned. "So wadda ya say boys, am I gonna get fucked tonight or not?"

John's eyes widened and between the alcohol, the porn and the show so far I could see he was on the verge of saying yes but not quite there yet.

"Last chance John," I teased, "I know you want me."

"Go for it John!" I heard and looked to see it was Bob.

He still had his cock out and was stroking it. God he must have been ridiculously horny! I looked at Bob and raised by eyebrows. He looked frustrated, I knew he wanted to fuck me badly and it must have been killing him that the rest of them weren't cooperating!

"C'mon guys, she told me before we started it was all or nothing. Damn, how can you guys turn this down?" he whined.

From the expression on his face and the hand on his belt I figured Bill was about to do it but Jeff and John were still resisting. I can't remember any time when I offered myself to a guy that I had been turned down and I was damned if tonight was going to be the first time so I went up to Jeff and pressed my nude body against him, my hand between us pressing against his cock.

"You know, I'm not use to guys turning me down Jeff," I said in a low voice to him, "What's the matter? Don't you want to fuck me?"

"Oh god!" Jeff moaned, looking around for support but not finding any sympathy, "Monica would kill me if she found out."

I reached down with both hands and unzipped his jeans. He still had his hands to his sides but he didn't stop me either. I unbuckled his belt and unsnapped his jeans and pulled the flaps apart. He was wearing jockey underwear which was always a pain but I reached my hand inside and held his cock.

"You have to stop," he protested weakly.

Despite what he was saying he wasn't stopping me so I pulled the front of his underwear down to expose his dick which already practically bursting out on its own. It flopped out and I quickly took it in my mouth before he could say another word and pushed my head down until my face met the base of his cock. His cock was pretty small so although it just pushed against the back of my throat I was able to easily swallow all of him.

"Oh my god!" he gasped and he put his hands on my head and pulled me tight into his crotch. I started sucking on him and knew he was mine! "Hey Jeff, bet Monica never sucked you like that!" someone called out.

I looked up at him and our eyes met as I held the head of his cock in my mouth and swirled my tongue around the bottom edge of it. He shuddered and I saw him roll his eyes, shake his head and wordlessly mouth, "Noooooo!" to whoever had asked the question. Admittedly I love sucking just about any cock but it is always best when I knew the guy I was blowing was getting something better than his girlfriend or wife gave him.

I sucked him for several minutes and from the way he was breathing and pulling on my head I knew he was about to cum so I let him flop out of my mouth and I held his wet cock in my hand. I looked up at him and smiled. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?

"Damn you can suck a cock!" Jeff exclaimed. He tried to pull my head back into his crotch but I resisted and moved away from him.

"Now, wow??," I teased him, "If you want more you'll have to wait."

Jeff looked disappointed but I knew whatever morals he had about cheating on his wife were long forgotten now. He wanted me and that was what I wanted. Now it was time for the groom. John was sitting on a bale and had been watching everything so despite anything he might say, the bulge in his pants betrayed his true thoughts. I pushed his legs apart and sat on one of his legs, my legs in between his, and put my arm around his neck. My boobs pressed up against him and he looked down at them and then away as if trying to pretend he hadn't looked. He had both hands flat on the bale still which meant I had some work to do but I was up to the challenge! I unbuttoned one of his shirt buttons and reached my hand inside, rubbing my palm against his chest.

"C'mon John, this could be your last chance you know," I whispered in his ear, kissing his neck lightly and running my hand down lower until I was pushing against his belt and jeans. "I really want to suck your cock."

The truth was, I DID want to suck his cock. I loved it when I took a guy's dick in my mouth and heard him gasp as I drove him nuts with my mouth. Feeling him grow in my mouth, knowing there was nothing he could do to stop it from reacting to what I was doing even if he wanted to, made me feel sexy as hell. Every cock was shaped just a little different from the others, every guy reacted differently, every guy tasted just a little bit unique so I never got tired of sucking new cocks. I have never found a guy who didn't want his cock sucked and it gave me a true sense of control over them as I knew they would do almost anything to get me to do it. If anyone was being submissive during a BJ, it was the guy, not me!

"Do it," he whispered hoarsely.

"Tell me what you want John," I teased him. I knew that I had him now and it was fun to make him beg a little bit first.

"Fuck it! Just suck my cock you little whore!" he burst out suddenly and everyone laughed and teased him for the way he had tried unsuccessfully to hold out.

He unbuckled his belt and unlike Jeff, was wearing grey boxers which were nice and baggy and easy to access. His cock was pushing upward and he opened up the fly and it poked out. I licked my lips in anticipation as it was rock hard and had a huge head! My favorite part of a cock is the head. I love the way it is all swollen and smooth. It feels food against my tongue as I run it along the bottom of the ridge that circles it. Plus, when I get fucked the head is larger than the rest of the shaft and so if a guy puts himself just enough in me to where his head just disappears, that actually creates more sensation in me than having him all the way in me! Having a guy bury himself completely in me is more a mental turn-on than physical. For the best orgasm, wiggling his head just inside my pussy hole does it for me every time!

Unlike the other guys, I took John's cock in my hand first and stroked him gently to start. My hand barely fit around the shaft and I ran my thumb around the head when my hand was high on his shaft.

"You like that," I said with a naughty grin.

"Quit teasing me and suck it!"

I got off his leg and squatted between his legs. I didn't want to kneel on the dirty rough floor so I put my arms on top of his legs, one on each side of me, and while he held his cock out for me I reached forward and took the head in my mouth until my lips were just over the ridge. My tongue flickered along the tip of his cock, digging gently into the opening at the top. He let go of it and I took more of him in. John easily had the biggest cock of the bunch and my mouth had to stretch to fit him in. Keeping my right arm on his leg to help me keep my balance, I reached down and started playing with myself as I remained down with my knees bent in front of him. I pressed my finger into me slightly and imagined it was his cock forcing its way inside of me.

Even though I hadn't sucked the last guy's cock, I couldn't take it anymore. I HAD to get fucked and soon or my pussy was going to explode. As much as I loved sucking cocks, there came a time when priorities had to be established and right now, getting a cock inside of me was number one on my list, and number two and three for that matter. I stood up between his legs, holding his cock in my hand. I kept his cock in my hand as I turned around so that my ass was facing him and I could look out at all the guys watching us. Looking over my shoulder, I caught him staring at my ass.

"Ready to fuck me big guy?" I said, as much for the rest to hear as him.

"Are you sure you can handle me slut?"

I just laughed at that and holding his cock, I lowered myself down until I felt the head of it pressing against the outer part of my wet pussy. I didn't waste any more time. Not only was I dying for a cock but I had five more to go after all. I sat down and he violated my cunt, his cock pushing itself up into me until I was sitting down flat on his lap. I looked down and I could see his cock buried in my pussy and it looked simply incredible as it spread me apart and then disappeared inside of me. I've always loved seeing a man inside of me while at the same time feeling his cock filling me up inside. I started to bounce on his cock, leaning forward to draw him out of me and then sitting back down on his lap again to push him back inside of me.

"Mmmmmmm, fuck me John!" I cried out, as much for the others actually as for John.

The others yelled out their encouragement and I noticed a few of them were stroking themselves. I knew once things got started for real that the final inhibitions would drop and as usual when it came to predicting men's reactions to sex, I was right on the money! I smiled as I thought to myself how soooooo utterly predictable men are! It was like when they got had all the blood rushed from their brain and every action was controlled by their dick! It felt great to finally have a cock in me and even better knowing that this same cock had been promised to someone. Well, he wasn't married yet and I hoped that when he was saying his vows he would remember fucking me for even just a moment as he stared into his bride's eyes. Imagine what she would have said if she knew at the same time he was pledging his life to her he was remembering fucking me!

I heard him groaning louder and from the additional swelling of his cock I knew he was getting ready to cum so I got off his lap and squatted in front of him once again. I held his cock a few inches from my mouth and stroked the bottom part quickly while I sucked on the head. John groaned loudly as suddenly I felt the first stream of cum shoot from the end of his cock like a cannon. I quickly pulled him out and in my haste misdirected his next shot a bit such that about half of it hit me in the chin while the rest went on my outstretched tongue. The extra bitter taste reminding me of the only negative thing about the night so far. They had been drinking heavily and when that happens, it seems something happens to their cum and it tastes like crap. Normally I LOVE the taste of cum and could drink a glass for dinner if it could be bottled. In this case I let the rest spray all over my face and chest. Actually it seems most guys get off more from that anyway so it wasn't like I got any complaints. I spit out the cum that was in my mouth and tried not to grimace from the nasty aftertaste. I looked up at him and then around at the other so they could see the cum covering my face.

Now that John had served his purpose I didn't have any more use for him so I left him and grabbed Bob's shirt from where I had been sitting and used it to wipe my face and chest off. He didn't complain about his brother's cum all over his shirt and frankly it wouldn't have mattered to me if he had. I returned to the center of the group, freshly fucked and ready for more... a LOT more. I slowly turned in a circle, pointing my finger at each one of them.

## 6. Doing Them All

"OK now, everyone who wants to fuck Kelly, strip your pants off now!" I said in a dominating voice.

Looking at them I realized that I was now in total control of the situation. I knew that they would do anything I asked them at this point and I knew exactly what I wanted from each of them - their hard cock cumming inside of me. Bob's pants practically flew off while the others came down a bit more slowly. Jeff was the last to pull his off but even he finally just grunted and soon I was surrounded by five guys nude from the waist down as John had already done me so he was just sitting back and enjoying the show. Hmmm, it was almost like my dream back in the taxi!

Well, one down five to go. I did the two single guys next, neither of them exactly memorable but satisfactory... typical for young single guys it seems these days. If they were about ten years younger at least I would have had the thrill of being nailed by a young horny teenager; or if they were older I would have enjoyed being their "daughter" or "mistress" but with most single twentysomethings, sex was like vanilla ice cream, boring and plain. Both of them even screwed me exactly the same way. Each only wanted to do doggie style which was OK with me but the one thing I really didn't care for was that they both pulled out of me just before they came and sprayed their cum all over my butt, back, and even a little in my hair. Why guys get a thrill out of that when I would love to have them cum deep inside my pussy is beyond me. Each time I used Bob's shirt to clean as much as I could off of me and the poor thing was becoming soaked with cum.

With the groom and the two single guys out of the way, that left Bob and the two married guys. Bob wanted me badly but I was saving him for the finale so Jeff was my next target. I had sucked him before and I knew as much as he had protested he enjoyed every minute of it and wanted more of me. I moved over to where he was sitting and I quickly straddled him. The hay poked into my knees but I quickly forgot about it. He started to lean backwards but I grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him up. His cock was like a flagpole below me and with my cunt as wet and used as it was he slipped easily inside of me. His hands grabbed my ass as I pumped his cock in and out of me. It took quite a while for him to cum turning it into an exhausting workout for me.

It was interesting how with some guys, getting drunk made them cum faster while for most, it seemed to make them more immune to orgasm. Bill fell into the latter category and it took maybe ten or fifteen minutes before he finally came and I was glad as I wasn't sure how much longer I could go on! He tried to lift me off of him so he could cum on me but I wouldn't let him. I sat down firmly on his cock and literally forced him to cum inside of me. He was the first to leave his sperm in me and not only did I love the feeling it gave me when he pumped it into me, I was just getting tired of having to wipe myself off after each time!

That left Bill and I noticed while I was with Jeff that he had been fidgeting with his wedding ring while watching him screw me. At first I was a bit concerned he might back out but the erection he was sporting betrayed his true desires. One good thing about men, it's easy to know what they are thinking because they can't control their dicks! I spread Bob's shirt on the floor and laid down with my back against it. I could feel the wetness of the other guys' cum in it but it was better than laying on the dirty floor directly.

I put my knees up by planting my feet close to me and then spread my legs apart, motioning with both hands for Bill to get down and fuck me. He started to hesitate but the others clapped him on the back and teased him until finally he appeared to give in and so he got down on the floor with me. He held his hard cock in his hand and leaned over me, supporting himself with one hand to the side of me while he held his stiff cock in the other. His face was just above mine and he looked me in the eyes.

"I want you to know I have never made love to anyone else since I married my wife," he whispered to me.

"Don't worry then, I don't want you to make love to me, fuck me!"

"God, I can't believe I'm doing this..."

"Just fuck me Bill? You know you want to or you wouldn't be on top of me now so just do it."

"Shit? You're quite the manipulative little bitch, aren't you?" he muttered but that didn't stop him from directing his cock against the opening to my pussy. "Oh what the hell, you're just a whore anyway."

At that point I didn't care what he called me so long as he put his dick in me so I didn't respond to his slur. If it appeased his conscience to distance himself from what he was doing by rationalizing it as just sex with a whore then that was fine with me. I had been fucked four time by now yet I was hornier than I as before the first.

"Why don't you just fuck me then? Don't treat me like your prissy wife? fuck me like you've always wanted to fuck a girl."

"C'mon Bill, fuck her!" I heard someone cry out, probably John from the sound of it.

I grabbed Bill's cock from his hand and literally pulled him down to my waiting pussy. I positioned him right at the entrance to my hole and lifted my hips upward. I felt his cock slide easily into me thanks to the lubrication of Jeff's cum that was dripping out of me. I have found that some men don't care about "sloppy seconds" while others were positively paranoid about it. Personally, I think it's a homophobic thing about having their cum in contact with another man. Whatever the reason, at least it didn't seem to bother Bill one bit. I had picked the missionary position for him because for me it was the most intimate way to be fucked and wince Bill had the most trepidations about cheating on his wife, I wanted him to be the most intimate when he fucked me.

Bill pushed his cock about half-way in me and then he stiffened and started to pull out of me. I wrapped my legs around him as best I could and pulled him into me.

"It's too late to back out now Bill? You're in me now so do it."

Bill just groaned and it was like he snapped, like whatever was holding him back just let loose completely and he suddenly started pumping me like a wild man, slamming his crotch into me making me gasp for air each time.

"That's it Bill! Mmmmmmm, you like fucking me more than her, don't you?" I asked him as he just kept slammed his cock in and out of me.

"You wanna be fucked? Well I'll show you how to get fucked you little tramp," he growled at me.

Again, it was if he had to make me dirty, a tramp, a whore, anything to rationalize fucking me without "cheating" on his wife. It didn't matter to me, adultery was adultery no matter what excuses you used and whenever Bill was making love to his wife in the future he would never be able to erase me from his mind. For me, he was just another jerk of a husband cheating on his wife but for him, I would always be the girl he first cheated with.

"Cum in me!" I begged him as I felt his strokes getting faster and faster, his breathing betraying the onset of his orgasm.

He didn't say anything but his actions spoke louder than any words could have. Suddenly he groaned and I felt a warmth blooming inside of me as one load after another of his sperm shot into me. He didn't stay around once he had cum and pulled out immediately leaving me gasping with his cum dribbling out of my cunt.

"Mmmmmmm, that wasn't so bad now was it Bill?" I said, smiling up at him as I felt his cum dripping down my ass from where it was draining out of my pussy.

Bill stood up and looked around as his cock started to droop. "Ok fellas, not one word to anyone... hear me?"

Everyone just joked and patted him on the back. Somehow I had a feeling it wouldn't be long before Bill had some explaining to do! That left Bob, my dear Bob who had been dying to get in my pants since he first saw me. By now I was starting to feel a bit tired and my legs were definitely feeling like I had just run a mile but my pussy still wasn't satisfied and Bob was available so what came next was pretty obvious. I stood on top of one of the bales and motioned for him to come to me. A big grin was on his face as he moved closer and when he was within reach I grabbed his staff and pulled him towards me. He bent his knees to allow me to guide it under me and I held the tip of his head against my pussy. He straightened up and in the process drove his cock up into me.

For a moment I felt like an old whore given the way he slipped so easily into me but I guess there was nothing to apologize for after having just been fucked by five guys in the last hour! I leaned forward and he put his arms around me and lifted me up and off the bale. I wrapped my legs around him and he held me up, impaled on his cock like a marshmallow on a stick. My arms were tight around his neck as I held on for dear life while he had his hands under my ass, raising me up and down to fuck me. He was so strong he made it seem effortless! I guess after lifting all those bales of hay I must have been pretty easy pick up and fuck this way.

I had no idea how long he could support me this way but as it turned out he had been stroking himself for so long, dreaming all night of fucking me, that he couldn't hold out for very long. I felt him jerk as he moaned and again the inside of my cunt felt like someone had released a warm enema in me as his sperm spurt out of his cock and filled my already cum-drenched pussy. After a few more he held me motionless, as if he was trying to let the memory of me riding his cock burn itself into his brain, never to be forgotten Finally he bent his knees until my feet could touch the bale again and then he bent a little more to let his cock slip out of me. My pussy tingled and a little cum started to drip out of me and slide down the inside of my leg.

I looked around at the six of them, each of them now having fucked me and it was interesting to see the reactions on their faces in the aftermath. Bob was obviously ecstatic while Bill was definitely having a case of sexual remorse. Frankly it really didn't matter to me how any of them felt, I was feeling great and ready for a second round! It WAS a party to honor John so I went up to him and stood in front of him. Reaching between my legs, I scooped up some of the sperm and pussy cum that was dripping from me and I put it into my mouth, smiling at him in a naughty way.

"Ready for more?" I asked, standing on one leg with the other behind me and my finger to my lips.

I could only imagine how I looked by now. The innocent and naive schoolgirl had definitely left the building! My hair felt like it was a wreck and I could only guess how much cum had missed the mark and was now congealing in it. Even though I had wiped most of the cum from me, it still left a film on me and I could feel the stiff dried cum all over me. My pussy held a mixture of my cum and sperm. I had cum several times, nothing very big at any one time but enough to keep me sexually at my peak and even now I wanted more. Unfortunately, as I've heard it said, beer creates the desire but takes away the performance and it was certainly a truism tonight. I couldn't believe it... here I was offering myself to them to be fucked as much as they wanted and not one of them could get it up again! I imagine there would be some jokes and teasing about it later on but all I knew was that I wasn't getting any more cock tonight. Bummer!!

Feeling better but somehow not satisfied, I gathered my stuff and left them to pass out, which is what it looked like they would be doing any moment now. I slipped on my shoes and carried my clothes down the ladder and walked nude back to the house. The air was getting pretty cold by now, even more so considering how hot I was at the time, and so I hurried back. When I got back to the guest bedroom I looked in the mirror. God, I really did look a wreck! I couldn't go back to school this way so I figured what the heck and took a shower in the guest bathroom. My hair was a complete disaster! There is nothing worse to get out of your hair than dried and caked on cum and I had a lot more of it than I had realized.

I felt a thousand percent better though afterwards and there was even a small blow drier under sink so I could dry my hair. I called the taxi driver and while I waited for him I put on my clothes and went to wait by the door. He was there in a matter of minutes, something nice to know if I had needed him, and he opened the door for me to get in the back seat.

"Everything OK?" he asked.

He was trying hard to be nice to me and I appreciated his concern. I assured him I was doing fine and the drive back to school was quiet and uneventful. The only problem I had was by the time we got back all that cum and sperm had drained and it looked like I had peed in my pants! I held my bag in front of me as I sneaked into my dorm room. Fortunately my roomie was dead asleep and didn't hear me come in. I slipped out of my clothes and threw on a t-shirt as my roomie hated it when I slept nude, and lay back in bed.

It must have been an hour or more before my mind slowed down enough to finally allow me to fall asleep. I certainly slept sound that night, the way only a girl who has been soundly fucked can sleep! The last thoughts that I remember were wondering if I would ever get the chance to do another party like this again.

Hmmm, now I wonder who had told him THAT? It was true, I couldn't deny it, but I hadn’t told him myself because I was afraid he might think I was crossing some sort of line by taking money for sex. It wasn't the money anyway that I was interested in, it was the fun and excitement that got me off. Still, it WS technically prostitution and I didn't want to get in an argument with him over it.

He continued on, “...and so I wondered if you'd like to do something like that for some new clients I'll be having in town this week."

Whoa! That one came out of the blue for sure. The first semester of my sophomore year had been rough for me. I missed my freshman roomie terribly. Not that my new one was all that bad, it's just she was bi and didn't even like to masturbate. My frustrations built to the point where I decided at the start of the 2nd semester to find something to satisfy my needs without getting into trouble with my school.

After checking out various options I signed up with an escort service in Columbus and over the next few months did a couple of bachelor parties and a few private escorting gigs. Because I was doing it for sex rather than money, I tended to be pretty picky about the guys I went out with. It put me a little at odds with my agency, as they would have had me out every night like a street hooker if they could, but I stuck to my principles. The last thing I was looking for was any sort of trouble or personal relationships so I restricted my clients to older guys (late thirties and forties) who were married, preferably with children.

It was fun at first as I fulfilled their sexual fantasies. This was especially true for the guys who had daughters my age that let me be their surrogate daughter for the evening. My favorite evening was helping them live out the naughtiest fantasies they kept hidden away with regards to their own daughters.

Of course, as I mentioned before I told my parents all about my new "job" as I had never kept anything from them before and didn't want to start now. Needless to say they were a bit concerned at first but when they understood the security precautions my agency had in place and the limited number of engagements I accepted they were OK with it. From what I was hearing on the phone now, apparently my father was more than OK with it – he even wanted to hire me!

We talked for the next ten to fifteen minutes about the situation he was in. Apparently he’d had several guys in town all the past week for what represented a major coup for my dad's firm. They had been going out every night and proved themselves to be a bit over the top in more than just their business dealings. The three of them ranged were all different ages; my dad guessed 25, 35 and 50. The older two were married but according to my dad he never would have known from the way they all caroused around town. They'd hit a different strip joint every night and Saturday was to be their last evening before heading home. My dad said they hinted broadly that the account was his but the things could always change depending on how Saturday night went. It was obvious they weren't interested in being just spectators at a club; they wanted to be part of the action.

Ever the lawyer, my dad was wary of going out and hiring some hookers off the street only to end up getting busted for solicitation. Besides, he'd never done such a thing in the past because he would never cheat on my mom in the first place. It didn't matter that she probably wouldn't have cared about the sex itself, it was the principle that he and mom had lived by ever since they got married. My dad took his wedding vows seriously and he'd never been with a woman outside our family since the day he married my mom; well, other than my best friend Beth who was practically a member of the family anyway so that didn't count.

As he considered the options he looked at a photo of me he kept on his desk top and remembered what I was doing now with the bachelor parties and escorts and realized he had his answer right there in front of him the whole time. So he called me and asked me if I'd be interested in combining the two – first go out for a nice dinner and then back to a downtown hotel suite for some "personal" entertainment. As he concluded, I simply couldn't believe what I was hearing – my dad was asking me to fuck a few of his clients! Was he just pulling my leg or was he being serious?

"So it would be just me then?" I asked.

It wasn't like that bothered me as it wouldn't be the first time I'd taken on three guys by myself but it was still not the norm for me. I'd done as many as twelve at a bachelor party but somehow three guys in a hotel suite seemed more challenging than a dozen in a living room.

My dad hesitated for a second, then said, "Well, what about Kristi? Do you think your slutty cousin would be interested in joining in?"

I was glad we weren't on a video phone then as I covered my mouth to keep from Laughing out loud. Would Kristi be interested in getting fucked? Hell, he may as well ask if the sun was going to come up in the east tomorrow! My little slut of a cousin may have been two years younger than me being just over a week from her eighteenth birthday, but she'd been fucked by at least twice as many guys as me.

"Actually the party's right by you in Pittsburgh," I replied, "It would be sort of a cross between an escort and a bachelor party. We would go out for dinner and then put on a private show for them back at their hotel suite."

"Hmmm, and how many guys are you looking at?" she asked in a matter-of-fact tone, almost like we were discussing a typical dinner reservation.

"Four total."

"How old?"

"I think they range from mid-twenties to maybe fifty." I said holding my breath. "I know Kristi, too old for you but hey, think of how much fun you'll have."

"I suppose," she sighed, "Anyone we know?"

"All three are from out of town," I answered and then hesitated for a second before continuing, "plus my dad."

"Wow!!" she exclaimed, "You're kidding! That sounds soooooo cool! So, just how did this come about?"

I explained the situation with my dad's clients and how he didn't want to hire hookers because he wanted to be able to join in but didn't want to cheat on my mom.

"So let me get this straight," Kristi said, "your father wants us to fuck three guys we've never met in front of him and then he is going to fuck us both in front of them - and they will have no idea who we really are?"

"Well, that about sums it up." I said with a hint of laughter in my voice.

"Oh my god that is SOOOO hot!" she said and I knew we were on for the weekend! We talked another thirty minutes or so about what to wear and how we would act with them. I was fingering myself the whole time and came furiously not long after I hung up the phone. God, I couldn't wait for the weekend to come!!

## 3. Dad Couldn’t Wait

That Friday I woke up and the first thing that I thought of was that today was the day! I was so incredibly horny I literally had no choice but to masturbate right there in bed even before going to the bathroom. Why I bothered with classes I don't know as all I could think about all day was being picked up by my dad at the end of the day and what we would be doing later in the evening. It was so bad that half-way through one of my classes- Literature of the Modern World, I had to excuse myself to go to the girl's room and do myself yet again!

Fortunately Fridays are an easy day for me and I was through with class by 11AM and so just before noon I was in the lobby with my backpack, impatiently waiting for my dad. It wasn’t too long before the big familiar SUV pulled up and I ran out to greet him. I quickly opened the passenger door and jumped in, grinning broadly at him. We exchanged hellos and he quickly pulled away and drove off campus. A few blocks from school he pulled over into a small grocery store parking lot and parked away from the other cars. He turned to me with a big smile on his face.

"Hey baby, good to see you. Damn... you’re looking hot today!"

I smiled in appreciation and scooted across the seat to be next to him. Dad put his arm around me and pulled me close to him, leaning down to kiss me. Our lips met and a tingle went through my entire body as we kissed passionately, a month of pent-up lust spilling out. His hand moved down to my blouse and he unbuttoned it enough to slip his hand inside and cup my breast. Of course I wasn't wearing a bra – I knew my dad well enough by now. He gently squeezed me and it was like a dose of pleasure was injected directly into my bloodstream and it quickly flowed throughout my body, raising goose bumps as it went

"Oh daddy... I missed you so much," I whispered huskily to him.

"Damn, I can’t wait... I want you now," he groaned in reply. I looked at him and his face had that look on it I rarely saw and my heart skipped a beat as I recognized the pure lust and desire that was there. I knew he wanted me the same way a hungry lion wants a gazelle. In my heart I knew there was no denying his needs at this point. Yes, my dad was going to fuck me now and it really didn't matter what I said or did at this point. It wasn't like it really mattered as to this day I’d never refused my father when he came for me and I had no plans to do so today. Still, sometimes I wondered what would happen if I ever DID try to deny him at a moment like this.

It was all just silly thoughts because as much as he wanted me, it's not like I didn't want him just as badly. Oh yeah... I wanted to feel him touching me all over, feel his large hands roaming all over every inch of me and exploring me EVERYWHERE. Most of all though, I wanted him to fuck me. God I wanted my dad to fuck me! My pussy was begging for his cock! I could feel it between my legs, growing hotter and getting wetter by the second. I didn't care anymore where we were or how he did it, just so his hard dick made its way somehow into my waiting pussy. I pressed myself against him and laid my hand on his crotch, feeling the firm lump his hard cock had created there.

"Fuck me daddy," I begged him, "Fuck your little girl now. God I need your cock soooooo bad."

I laid back on the seat and unbuttoned my jeans, lowering the zipper for him. Dad grabbed them by the waist and pulled them down and off of me, leaving me with nothing on but my unbuttoned blouse which was soon off of me as well. I felt like such a dirty slut, laying naked in the front seat of my dad's SUV right in the middle of a busy parking lot, spreading my legs apart for him to fuck me.

Dad wasn't wasting any time either. This was not going to be one of those intimate times with lots of cuddling and foreplay, building to a beautiful climax. No, this was going to be a good old fashioned screwing where both people just want to satisfy their own physical desires and needs. I always loved fucking my dad but it was times like these that really got me hot and horny. He wasn't treating me like his daughter anymore, but rather like some skank of a whore he had just picked up off the street and now he wanted to satisfy himself with her. I imagine that most men just fantasize about having such raw, animal-like sex with a girl.

The best part for my dad was that he knew he was NOT fucking some whore who was just doing it for the money. He knew that I loved him fucking me this way and that he could do absolutely anything he wanted to me and I would not protest because I trusted him totally and without reservation. From the passionate look on his face, I knew all he wanted to do at this moment was to satisfy that instinctive desire for sex, to leave his seed in a fertile young girl.

My dad was on his knees facing me as I lay on the seat with his cock sticking out from his jeans. I watched with anticipation as he unbuckled his belt and undid his jeans, dropping them and his boxers down below his ass so his cock was freed. My tongue ran over my lips as I stared at his erect dick, standing straight up with a pronounced curve. His crotch was full of hair - he never even trimmed it because he knows I love it as long as he can grow it.

I could already smell his sex, the odor emanating from a mixture of lust and sweat between his legs. I wanted to dive on it and take him all in my mouth, feeling that long curly pubic hair brushing against my face as I filled my mouth and throat with his cock and breathed in his male scent.

There was no time, though, for oral sex today. My dad wanted one thing and one thing only - to fuck me. There was something about knowing his desires that made me feel wonderful deep down inside. I loved my father so very much and was so thankful for all the wonderful he had done for me so far in my life. Being able to show him my gratitude by giving him the most intimate and personal gift I possessed – my body, was such a blessing.

At this moment I knew without any doubt whatsoever that my father NEEDED me and it made me feel like the luckiest girl in the world to be able to give him what he craved so badly. I felt proud that nobody, not even my mother, could give him what I was offering him – his only daughter.

My dad leaned over me, supporting himself on his hands on each side of me as he positioned his cock up against my wet pussy. Instinctively I raised my hips to try to bring him into me as I felt his large head pressing against the opening to my starving pussy. He reached back with one hand and grabbed his cock so he could rub it up and down my wet slit, teasing me at my pussy hole and then rubbing himself against my swollen clit sending shock waves through me each time. Then with his cock once again at my pussy entrance, he pushed into me and I felt his cock head splitting me open and then entering inside of me.

My dad held himself in me, letting his cock throb in the hypersensitive regions just inside of my pussy. God it felt so good! I gasped as suddenly my orgasm came and I arched my head back as I moaned softly. My pussy contracted and squeezed him so hard I almost pushed him out of my pussy but he grunted and pushed himself further into me.

"Damn Kelly," he whispered, "You must have been really horny to cum this fast!"

I wanted to just let the incredible surges run through me but I summoned the strength for a quick answer saying, "Oh god yes daddy, fuck me more."

My orgasm started to wane and then suddenly he rammed himself into me to the hilt and once again I was on cloud nine as I felt my cunt fill with his swollen dick.

"God, I missed your tight pussy so much!" he exclaimed as he ground his hairy crotch against my bald pussy. It felt like a brush caressing my pussy with his cock in the middle of it, drilling me so deep it felt like he was in my belly. "God you're so beautiful... such a wonderful daughter... such a fucking slut!

He was pounding me like he was trying to drive me through the seat. The truck had to be moving around from all the fucking and I wondered of anyone in the parking lot had noticed. I didn't care, if anything I hoped someone would see us. Imagine their shock at seeing an older man fucking a girl young enough to be his daughter right in the middle of a parking lot – except in this case I WAS his daughter!

He was going as fast as he could now when suddenly he pushed into me and held himself still. I could feel his cock swelling and I knew what was about to come.

"Oh daddy, cum in me. Fill me with your hot cum!" I begged him.

"Fuck!!!" he cried out as I felt his rigid cock explode inside of me, spewing his hot incestuous fluid deep inside his daughter’s more than willing pussy.

I loved this moment, the completion of the sexual circle as the same cock that fucked my mother and ejected the sperm in other that created me was now inside of my cunt, doing the same to his offspring. Just the thought of it would have been as enough to make me horny any other time. Of course, now it just added to the pleasure of the moment.

"Take it you fucking slut, take all of it in you," he demanded as he erupted again and yet again.

Each time I felt that bloom of heat in me and the feel of hot liquid in my gut as he shot his cum into me over and over again. Finally he just held himself in me, pushing gently into me as he closed his eyes and squeezed out the last bit of cum into me.

Wow, he’d shot me so full of cum I could feel it draining out of me and dripping down my ass. Despite the tremendous fucking he’d just given me, my dad started moving his cock slowly in and out of me again. The change in pace from the hard fucking he was giving me to this gentle stroking was all the more erotic as I felt my ass sliding on the leather seats now slick with cum. This wasn't the first time by any means our cum had covered these seats and I was thankful that he had chosen leather instead of cloth.

"That feels wonderful daddy, please don't stop," I whispered softly to him. "Make me cum again daddy, I want to cum, I want to cum for YOU."

My pussy began to throb and I felt it heat up like a hot coal had dropped into it. Oh god I was cumming again. It was different this time though than the first, more of the slow cooker version instead of the broiler type I had experienced when we started. My body felt like it was getting hotter and hotter until I thought I was going to burn up. Suddenly it was like a spring let loose and this surge of emotion ran through me, making me gasp loudly as my pussy tightened on his cock. Oh did it feel good!

My dad could feel my pussy gripping him and together with my moans and flushed skin it told him all he needed to know.

"Oh Kelly I love you so much. You're so beautiful when you cum."

"I love you too daddy," I moaned, opening my eyes to look at him. "I want so bad to make you happy. I would do anything for you daddy – ANYTHING."

He kissed me and my tongues met his as we shared a long, passionate embrace. His dwindling cock was still in me and my pussy would spasm uncontrollably with the aftereffects of my last orgasm, alternately gripping him and then releasing him. Eventually he separated and I felt his cock slip from my pussy, leaving it feeling cold and empty in comparison. I could have fucked him all afternoon! We each got dressed and I cleaned up the seat with some tissues from the glove box before I sat on it in my jeans. I held the tissue up to my nose, breathing in the wonderful odor of our cum.

"Wow girl," my dad exclaimed as he pulled the big truck out of the lot, "Now THAT was incredible!"

I grinned at him and let me head rest on his shoulder as I pressed myself up next to him. We didn't stop again until we got home but he know he was sorely tempted to when about half-way back I gave him a nice blowjob as he drove down the middle of the busy interstate highway. I loved it especially when we would pass a bug truck and the driver could peer down and see my head in my dad's lap. It must have been obvious what I was doing because we got more than a few horns saluting us as we went by them.

## 4. Back Home Again

We got back home in the later part of the afternoon and mom was waiting for us at the door. I ran in and gave her a big hug.

"So how's my big college girl doing?" she asked. "Did you and dad behave yourself on the way home?"

My dad coughed and I grinned making my mom laugh at the two of us.

"Well, to be honest I would’ve been amazed and maybe even a little disappointed in you both if he HADN'T fucked you by now," she said with a laugh. "It’s always good to see some things never change."

My dad slipped in behind me and kissed my mom. His hand slipped between her legs and started rubbing her crotch playfully.

"Oh John, stop it!" she exclaimed with a laugh, "It's only been a few hours since you fucked your daughter and now me? Sheesh, are you still THAT horny!"

Then she turned to me and said, "Well girl, you've got a big night ahead of you. Now run upstairs and start getting ready and I'll be up to help you just as soon as I take care of your horny father."

That was one thing I really loved about my parents. After being married over twenty years they still could act like two horny teenagers. My mother confided in me one time that one reason she loved it when I fucked my dad was the hard fucking she usually got soon afterwards. My father loved to fuck me but it was more for his physical satisfaction as well as the erotic thrill that comes from fucking his only daughter.

My parents did something I had yet to do in my life – make love. Some day when I was married I dream of having that level of physical as well as emotional attachment with a man. Even with my parents I still consider what we do as fucking, not making love. To make love requires two people equally committed to and in love with one another. My father loved my mother as his soul mate and you can only love one person that way.

I went upstairs to my bedroom and when I entered it, the sight before me made me cry out with joy and amazement. Laying on my bed was a beautiful new evening dress and shoes. The dress was jet black with no shoulder straps. I held it up to me and smiled when I saw how short the hemline was. It looked much to small but when I checked the tag it appeared to be the right size. My mom came in behind me while I was looking in the mirror.

"So what do you think? I tried to find something for you tonight that would be sexy but not make you look TOO much like a streetwalker. "

"Oh mom, it's perfect!" I replied and gave her a big hug. "I can't wait to try it on."

My mom clucked a bit saying, "Well you better get that cute ass in gear then. I was expecting you guys home an hour ago. I would've thought that with all you have planned for tonight that the two of you could have had a LITTLE restraint but I guess I shouldn't expect you to start something new."

She couldn't keep a straight face anymore and laughed saying, "I will say one thing, you have him as horny as I have seen him in a long time! I thought he was going to fuck me right there on the porch. Now get going and get yourself ready. Kristi will be over here in a couple of hours."

I really didn't need all that much time normally but tonight I wanted to be perfect. Instead of a fast shower I decided a soothing bubble bath with some oil and salts would be relaxing and make my skin soft and scented. As I lay in the tub, feeling the hot water surrounding me, it was like being in a womb – all safe and secure.

I ran my hands all over me, taking special care to clean my ass and between my legs. Using my mom's razor, I shaved my legs and then carefully around my pussy – this was NOT a night for nicks and bumps. I took both hands and rubbed my legs one at a time. Mmmmmmm, they felt so smooth and soft. I couldn't wait to look down and see a guy's head between them!

The debate over my hair lasted more than ten minutes. Not only didn't I want to look like I was going to a prom, I didn't have the time to do anything fancy in the first place. In the end I just blew it dry and let it hang naturally. Makeup was another major decision. The idea was to look a bit slutty tonight but not an outright whore. No heavy eyeliner or gaudy lipstick. I have traded between every makeup company in the world it seems and never found one yet that I liked everything they have so my bag tends to be a bit of a mess.

Fortunately I had outgrown any acne problems years ago and my skin tonight was perfect. A little trimming on the eyebrows and a touch of perfume. My mom has always used Charlie which must date back to her teen years but she got me hooked on it as well. Some things just improve with time! I trimmed my fingernails and toenails and then added a light coating of polish. A dose of deodorant and a light dusting of baby powder (I found that guys get turned on by the feel and smell of it more than most perfumes) and I was ready to get dressed.

My new dress and shoes were still laid out on the bed. I smiled to myself at the blatant hint – no bra or panties had been set out! Past experience told me to put my shoes on first. From the look of that dress I wasn't going to be bending over very easily once it was on nor would I want to in public unless I was looking to be arrested for indecent exposure. The shoes were practically nothing, just some straps that went around my foot and ankle along with a four inch spiked heel. It had been a while since I had worn a heel that high and I hoped I didn't stumble or do anything silly in them.

Standing up in them I looked at myself in the mirror and smiled. There was really one reason for wearing heels like these – your legs and ass automatically tightened and looked sexy. I smiled, pleased with what I saw; too bad they didn't look that way without the heels!

I slipped the dress over my head and tugged it down. God it was tight! One of the good things about working for the escort service was that it forced me to watch my weight and figure rather than letting it go the way so many girls do in school. Not that they got fat, although many did, it was just that extra five to ten pounds that made all the difference when you were trying to slip into a dress like this one. I finally managed to pull it down as far as it would go. There was a zipper in the side which pulled it all together. I took a deep breath and then let everything out and quickly pulled the zipper up. No more deep breaths now, that was for sure!

I looked in the mirror and grinned. Mom had certainly picked out one hell of a sexy dress. It fit me like a coat of paint and barely covered my bustline. It had built-in support that made the most of my cleavage – I looked a full cup size bigger! The one thing that really turned me on though was the hemline. It couldn't have been more than eight inches below my ass. Sitting down was going to be a challenge and bending over, well bending over was not on the menu tonight! I think I would have burst it through the seams had I tried. The best part was the way it showed off my legs. Between the heels and the tight dress that hugged my thighs my legs looked great! I twirled around and tried to imagine the look on my professor's face this morning if he could see me now as compared to early in the morning when I was all tired and dowdy!

I carefully made my way down the stairs – guys have no idea what a challenge that can be in such heels. I made my way to the living room where my mom and dad were waiting for me. My dad was in his suit and looked so handsome! Both of them stared at me and I did my model turn for them, giving them a nice view of my ass as I did.

"Wow!" my dad exclaimed, "How THAT is what I call HOT!"

My mom looked like a proud parent at her kid's play. "Oh Kelly, you looks beautiful in that outfit. I knew those heels would make your ass look good!"

My dad had this shit eating grin on his face as he circled around me. He lifted up my dress, exposing my bare ass.

"Oh my Mary, our little girl forgot her underwear," he said jokingly. "Well, I guess it's like mother like daughter."

I pulled my skirt down and pretended to be indignant. "Daddy!! You know I'm not that kind of girl!"

I thought my dad was going to choke he laughed so hard. After all, I was EXACTLY that type of girl! Still, I didn't think it was THAT funny.

Just then the door opened and in walked my cousin and her mom. Kristi was wearing an incredible full length black gown that was slit on the left slide almost to her waist. From her waist up it was skin tight, showing off her small boobs nicely. It wasn't strapless but rather had a single shoulder strap over her right shoulder from where it dipped down low under her left arm. On her feet were simple black heels, not as high as mine, maybe only a couple of inches. Her hair looked fantastic! Normally down below her shoulders, she had it all on top of her head in a complex arrangement that looked incredibly sexy. For a moment I felt so jealous as she had obviously had more time to prepare for this evening but as soon as we hugged all that went right out the window.

"Look this way!" my Aunt Linda called out.

We looked over and she had her ever-ready camera out. She must have a million pictures of us by now so we were use to it. We put our heads together and smiled for a shot. Then we turned towards one another and kissed long and hard. Kristi's arms were around me and her hands were planted firmly on my ass, squeezing my ass and pulling me tightly into her. Then the little vixen pulled up my short skirt and exposed my bare ass to everyone! My aunt was taking one picture after another as my parents stood by and smiled, watching the two of us making out with one another.

We went into the living room where Kristi and I sat next to each other on the couch while our parents sat in the love seat and chairs. We still had about an hour before it was time to meet dad's clients so we talked about the evening and what they thought we should do. The first debate was over where to have dinner. My dad suggested Hooters and my mom slapped him playfully.

"Heaven's no John," she chastised him, "Look at those two - do they look like they are going to Hooters! You need to some place like the Grand Concourse."

We went on and eventually settled on the Grand Concourse as my mother had suggested. It was an elegant old train station that had been converted to a beautiful restaurant. It also afforded some privacy in the evening if you picked the right rooms and seats. Once the dinner location was settled, the rest of the time was spent debating what Kristi and I should be doing with the guys. My dad emphasized that they had just been teased at strip clubs all week and now that it was their last night in town they were expecting the stakes to be raised considerably.

My aunt was all for giving them as much as they could handle from the start whereas my mom, always the more conservative one, thought a little teasing at first

My dad cut in, "Ok you two, enough of that! Sure I would've loved to have all four of you but I already told you that they insisted on having teenagers. In any case, it's time to get going – duty calls."

Kristi and I stood up in the middle of the living room to let our moms give us the once over. We each got a nice goodbye kiss and then the three of us climbed in the SUV, Kristi and I in the seat behind the driver.

## 5. Dinner With the Guys

It took about twenty minutes to make our way downtown to their hotel where they were already waiting for us outside the lobby. My dad got out to greet them, leaving us behind. I could see him pointing to the SUV and everyone nodded and smiled. From a distance they looked pretty good and Kristi took my hand and squeezed it. We looked at each other and giggled like two little girls with a new secret to share.

The guys finally came up to the truck and my dad opened the door for them. Suddenly I realized that this was not something to joke about and masturbate to but the real deal. I felt the excitement I always got when I showed up for a new escort or party except in this case my dad and cousin were going to be involved. Having them with me helped take away that inner feeling of fear I also typically had at the beginning also which was good.

The three of them looked inside and when they saw us in the interior light of the SUV a big smile appeared on each face and I saw it – that look all men get when their more basic instincts and hormones take control and they see me with only one thought in mind – sex. I felt that twinge between my legs I get when something wants attention and I thought for a moment about suggesting that we forget the other plans for the evening and just stay at the hotel and get down to business!

The oldest one got in front with my dad while the youngest one sat next to Kristi leaving the middle guy for me. After they got in my dad introduced us to them. Roger was in front with him, Michael ("call me Mike") was with Kristi and Phil was next to me. With everyone on board my dad started the SUV and we were off. It was only a short drive to dinner from downtown and we just exchanged some small talk about where they were from and such.

On the way I noticed that Roger and Phil both had wedding rings on which I found interesting. Mike was wasting no time getting friendly with Kristi. He already had his arm around her and she was sitting up tight next to him, allowing his hand to start groping her boobs even before we hit the street!

Phil was a little less aggressive with me but his eyes betrayed him when he looked down at my dress. I was sitting with my legs crossed with my right over the left so that my skirt was pulled up to my ass on his side, giving him a great view of me from my waist to my toes. He stared for a few seconds before getting acting as if nothing had happened but I knew I already had him hooked.

We arrived without further incident at the restaurant where my dad handed the keys over to the valet. He almost dropped them to the ground as he was more interested in Kristi and me than he was the keys. Who would have blamed him? Getting out of the SUV proved to be a bit interesting to any bystanders given the cut of our dresses. I watched as Kristi stepped down, her bare leg emerging through the high cut in her dress showing all but the crotch until she had both feet back on the ground.

For me with my short skirt it was a bit more difficult as it was a large step down from the SUV and it proved impossible to keep the skirt down in the process. I managed without flashing TOO much of anything although every eye, including the valet's, were on my ass hoping it would go up just one more inch. I pulled it down and straightened it out after I got out, acting as if nothing was unusual, and we all went inside.

My dad had gone ahead and was already talking to the hostess about a table. When she saw the five of us coming up she smiled knowingly and led us to a room on the river side where there was a large round booth that looked like it could seat eight comfortably. Thus with just the six of us we fit in nicely and I noted that the table was large and high enough to conceal just about anything that might go on under it. The hostess asked if everything was OK and from the twinkle in her eye I knew just what she was thinking.

The guys quickly ordered drinks and my dad made sure to point out that Kristi and I were too young to order, making everyone laugh but at the same time it was a not too subtle way of emphasizing to them they had two teenagers amongst them (OK, I had turned twenty a couple of months before but a little white lie never hurt in a situation like this).

Dinner lasted over an hour and a half. We could have easily dragged it on another hour in a place like this but face it, the evening wasn't about having a good meal – at least not the type they served here. It was just intended to allow everyone to get comfortable with each other. I have no idea what they were talking about half the time when it came to their work but I smiled and pretended it was the most fascinating discussion I had ever been in.

At one point I asked Roger and Phil about their families and was surprised when they were more than happy to tell us all about them. Roger had been married thirty years, had two sons and a daughter, all of whom had graduated and were on their own. One son was still "available" he joked while the others were married and he was even a grandfather now. Phil had been married twice with a daughter resulting from each marriage. The first was living out west with a long-time boyfriend while his daughter from his current marriage had just turned fourteen. They both joked that Mike was the only one "available" among them and warned us that he had quite the reputation back home.

Of course my dad pretended not to know us and so when it came to his turn he explained he had been married to his high school sweetheart for almost twenty two years and they had one beautiful daughter attending college. It was all I could do to keep from smiling too broadly as he told them how great his daughter was. Looking around, I wondered what these guys would have said if they had a clue who Kristi and I really were.

As for us, we didn't say much except to say we were both students, me a sophomore and her about to graduate from high school. When they realized she was still in high school all three of them looked at her with renewed interest and I saw Roger whisper something to me dad and both of them smiling afterwards. I suspected he was congratulating my dad on his selection of girls for the evening!

Surprisingly, despite the sexual overtones and innuendos that filled the dinner conversation, very little actually happened between us. Sure I was groped pretty heavily under the table and it turned me on quite a bit. Roger and Mike were on each side of me and both had a hand on the my leg closest to them most of the evening. I liked the way it felt to have two guys rubbing my legs and inner thighs as we chatted away and enjoyed a wonderful meal. They weren't exactly shy about exploring me and both of them knew by the end of the appetizer round that I wasn't wearing panties!

Roger was the first to learn I was shaved, his fingers exploring between my legs which I kept spread apart just enough to give them access.

Phil was a bit more aggressive once he made his move, tracing his finger along my cunt until he was able to feel the wetness of my pussy. In the meantime I alternated touching each of them through their pants, rubbing them and enjoying the response I got. The best part was that even Roger was hard as a rock almost immediately. I had heard that some guys his age took medication for blood pressure and such that made erections difficult and I had been worried we would need some Viagra!

After the main course while we were waiting for dinner, Kristi and I excused ourselves and went off to the restroom together. Once we were inside and saw that nobody else was in with use, we both started to speak at the same time we were so excited. We laughed at ourselves and I went first.

"So what do you think of them? Has Mike been feeling you up all night too?" I asked her.

"Oh my god, he started as soon as we sat down!" Kristi exclaimed in mock horror. "And he certainly wasn't subtle – straight for the ol' pussy."

We compared thoughts as to how the evening had gone. Both is of were more excited than ever. All three guys were good looking and Mike was an absolute hunk.

Then Kristi got her naughty look on her face and said, "So do you think your dad will do us in front of them? I have never been with him when anyone outside our family was around – have you?"

"No," I replied, "This should be interesting, that's for sure. I wonder what our moms are doing now. I bet they wish they could have joined in as well."

Kristi giggled, saying, "Well Kelly, you KNOW what they are doing."

True enough, it was more a rhetorical question than anything else. Knowing my mom and her sister, they were probably so horny thinking of what their daughters were doing that I bet mom's vibrator stash next to the bed was getting quite a workout. I hoped that as Kristi and I got older we kept as close as our mothers had done.

We got back to the table I saw my dad was handing the check back to the waiter. The guys all were getting ready to go so it looked like dessert was off. We must have looked a bit confused at the rapid change of pace as my dad explained it to us.

"Hey girls, we were discussing things while you were doing whatever it is girls do in the restroom. The guys really like you both and thought perhaps we could get down to 'business" now. Any problems with that?"

Of course neither of us did. We were just as anxious as they were to get going anyway and we all knew what we were together for so why not just get down to it?

## 6. The Ride to the Hotel

We moved out to the lobby and waited for the valet to retrieve our vehicle. I felt a hand on my ass and I turned my head around to see Roger smiling at me. I smiled back at him and wiggled just enough to let him know I liked it. When I got up into the SUV he patted my ass and got in front again with my dad so we ended up with the same seating arrangements as we had coming over. This time though things were not as tame during the ride. No sooner than we left than Phil was all over me. I could see Mike was doing the same with Kristi while Roger had turned in his seat to watch.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered in my ear as he kissed my neck and started to fondle my breasts, "God I can't wait to fuck your brains out."

Well, nothing like a little romance to get things started! I turned my head and kissed him. He responded by pulling my head to him, holding us tightly together while he explored my mouth with his tongue. At the same time he pulled my dress down to expose my breasts, grabbing my nipples between his fingers as he massaged each boob. He pulled away from me and let out a sigh.

"Fuck your tits are incredible! Just the perfect size."

It thrilled me to hear him say that. It wasn't that long ago that I thought my boobs were never going to grow and I would be an A cup forever. I was just a late bloomer though as once I turned nineteen it seemed they suddenly just swelled up into a solid B cup. I loved showing them off as they were firm and perky rather than hanging down the way so many girls' boobs did. I reached over and put my hand on his crotch. God he was so hard already!

I looked outside to see where we were and we had just crossed over the river so it wasn't too far before we got back to the hotel. Even so, I decided to tease him while I had the opportunity so I reached down and unzipped his pants. Reaching in, I freed his cock so it was poking out of his pants. He was hung pretty well, bigger than most and definitely thicker than average. Length of a cock wasn't all that important to me but thickness made a huge difference for me.

I like a really long cock because it went up into me farther and it's especially nice when he cums because I can feel the heat from his cum deep inside of me. Otherwise it just made blowjobs harder! A fat cock, on the other hand, could make a huge difference. When it entered me I could feel my vagina spreading apart to accept him, forcing my legs to spread apart like I was being split apart. The fatter the cock the more it spread me open and the better it felt.

"Mmmmmmm, nice cock." I said as I put my hand on it and felt the warmth of his cock, "I bet it tastes even better than it looks."

"Suck it bitch," Phil said, "suck my cock."

Despite his rather rude language, I was only too happy to do what he asked and I bent over to take the swollen head in my mouth. As I did my skirt gave up all hope of staying down and rode up well over my ass, exposing my ass and bald pussy to him. I felt his hand moving over my smooth butt and then down to my pussy. His finger slipped in to me and started to stoke me like a mini cock. God, it felt wonderful while I was sucking him. His cock actually did taste good and I savored the feel of his smooth skin on my lips, stretched tightly because of his erection.

"OK everyone, we're here!" my dad called out.

I had barely had time to get in a few good licks on Phil's cock but I knew we would have a lot more opportunities in just a few minutes. I sat up in the seat and looked at my poor dress. It was bunched up around my belly from being pushed down off of my tits as well as from being pushed up of my ass.

I straightened myself out as best I could and I could tell Kristi was doing the same ahead of me. I wondered how far she had gotten but from the wetness on her face I had a feeling she had been doing some sucking of her own. The valet took the SUV and we all went into the lobby. I noticed that the valet gave me and Kristi the once-over and from the smile on his face I had a feeling he had a good idea of what was going on here.

# 7. The Hotel

My dad had reserved an executive suite so we all got in the elevator and went up together. The suite was HUGE! I had never been in any hotel room that was even half as large. It was more like an apartment than a hotel room. There was a living room with some couches and chairs that had a great view of the city lights below. The bedroom was off to one side and it had its own bathroom in it in addition to a bathroom in the general area of the suite. What looked to be a full and very well-stocked bar was adjacent to the living room. A full kitchen finished it off although I couldn't imagine anyone that could afford a room like this wanting to cook!

We stood around for a moment, Kristi and I not quite sure what to do. Roger was apparently the leader and he took control.

"John, thanks for dinner and these two incredible girls. The suite is fantastic. Now I don't know what you planned for the rest of the night but I hope you were intending to stay here with us."

My dad just smiled and nodded I agreement. Actually I think they would have had to forcibly kick him out but he never let on.

"Great!" Roger said, "Then let's get started. All week we have been to the titty bars and frankly, I'm tired of being teased. What do you say guys, do we just get right down to it?"

Mike and Phil were in full agreement so they turned to look at us. My dad laughed at our lack of understanding.

“What he means girls is they don't want a strip show or to be teased, they just want to get going and start screwing you both."

Kristi and I smiled at that. We looked at each other and shrugged our shoulders and dropped our dressers where we were standing. My dad picked them up and hung them up as we stood in the middle of the living, both of us naked except for our heels. I looked at the guys and smiled as sexy as I could.

"Well, guys, here we are. What are you waiting for? Come and get it!"

They all undressed and threw their clothes in a pile by the couch. It was the first time I got to see all three cocks and I was impressed. None of them shaved which pleased me, and all three were in one state or another of a growing erection. As I had thought with their clothes on, it was obvious that they all worked out and kept themselves in great shape. I turned to Kristi and we instantly decided to give them at least SOME kind of a show. We started kissing and quickly dropped to the floor, rubbing our naked bodies together. I laid on my back and Kristi got on top of me, lowering her pussy to my mouth as she put her head between my legs. We started to 69 in front of the guys and they moved to surround us.

They weren't going to let us have each other for long though. Suddenly a dick appeared in my face and I looked to see Roger hovering over me, dropping his cock on me. I took it in my mouth and at the same time I wasn't feeling Kristi's tongue on my clit so I figured she was sucking someone as well. After a bit they pulled away and we got off the floor.

I motioned to the two older guys to come for me while Kristi went for Mike and my dad. We each got on our knees in front of them and took their cocks in our hands. I alternated between Roger and Phil, sucking one while I stroked the other while Kristi did the same with her two. It felt so hot to be doing this with Kristi, seeing her little nude body kneeling in front of two men who were simply using her to satisfy their sexual hunger. We sucked them until they were all stiff as steel pipes and then we both turned around and got down on all fours.

"So who wants to fuck me first?" I asked in my sweetest, most innocent little girl voice.

Roger took charge again and immediately got down on one knee behind me and lined his cock up with my waiting pussy. I felt myself stretch open as he literally shoved himself into me and he didn't stop until I felt his crotch up against my ass with his thick pubic hair tickling me. I was getting the picture fast that tonight was not for romance and intimacy, that was for sure! These guys had one goal in mind - fuck us and all they cared about was their own pleasure.

So far as they knew, we were just whores purchased and paid for to be theirs for the night. Even though I knew about this from the start, it still was not exactly what I had been expecting. When I was escorting, even the guys who paid me showed SOME concern for me and wanted to be sure I felt good as well. From the looks of it, tonight I was going to learn just what the difference rally was between being a slut and a whore.

For a brief moment I wondered whether or not this was something I really should be doing but as Roger's cock swelled in me and he stroked it in and out slowly, I found myself forgetting any doubts and worries as my pussy squeezed down on the wonderful warm cock that was violating it.

Just then I heard Kristi gasp and I looked over to see that Mike was fucking her from behind as well. Kristi was moaning with her head arched back and her eyes closed as her body was pushed forward and backward as he grabbed her hips and pulled her in and pushed her away as he thrust his cock in and out of her little pussy. Kristi opened her eyes and saw me watching. A huge grin came to her face as she turned around to look at Mike.

"Yeah fuck me!" she yelled at him, "c'mon, you can fuck me harder than this!"

“Damn Mike," Roger said, "What's the matter, can't satisfy your whore?" Mike just grunted and slapped Kristi's ass hard enough to leave it bright red. Then he REALLY started to fuck her, almost knocking her to the floor. Well, I didn't feel sorry for her - she asked for it!

My dad went around us and kneeled in front of Kristi so she could suck his cock while Mike fucked her. Phil did the same for me and now we each had two cocks in us, one in front to suck and the other from the rear in our cunts. We fucked like this as they traded around until each of them had fucked the both of us and been sucked as well, at least once!

Roger was the last to fuck Kristi and when he pulled out of her he laid on the couch and motioned for Kristi to get on board.

"Get your hot ass over here now and ride my cock," he commanded.

Kristi dropped Phil's cock from her mouth and stood up. She walked slowly over to where Roger was stroking his cock, waiting for her. She looked so hot standing there, naked and flushed from just being fucked. My dad was getting ready to fuck me at this point but even he stopped to watch his sexy niece in action.

"Mmmmmmm, I'm going to ride you like you've never been ridden before," she said with a big smile on her face. Kristi climbed onto him and straddled him as she lowered herself onto his stiff cock she as faced him and played with her boobs. His cock was pushed down for a moment and then suddenly entered her, the head quickly disappearing into her hot pussy. Immediately she started to hump him, bouncing on him like a wild bronco.

Mike stood by the couch holding his cock and pulled her head towards him. She bent over and sucked him as she continued to grind her pussy on Roger's cock. Then Phil got on the couch behind Kristi and started to play with her ass.

"You ever been DP'd before you dirty little whore?" he asked.

So far as I knew, Kristi had never had anal sex before, let alone double penetration. She couldn't respond with Mike holding her head on his cock but I could see the wide-eyed look she had which was all but screaming, "What the HELL do you think you're going to do to me!?"

My dad started to say something because he knew what must be running through Kristi's mind. This wasn't in the game plan we had discussed and I could tell he was concerned for her. However, without spilling the beans there was nothing much he could do so he just kept fucking me while we both watched the three of them treat Kristi like the cheap whore she was pretending to be. Phil started to finger Kristi's ass and stuck his finger into her asshole.

"Damn you're tight!" he exclaimed. Looking at the other two, he grinned saying, "This is going to be really good! The fucking slut has the tightest ass I've ever had."

Phil spit into Kristi's asshole to wet it and then he aimed his cock into her ass. My dad called out to hold on and ran to his clothes. I just laid there, my cunt suddenly empty for the first time in an hour and wondered what my dad was doing. To my surprise he brought out some KY jelly and gave it to Phil who took it.

My dad laid down behind me again and I felt the familiar feel of his cock against me. He whispered softly in my ear while I continued to watch.

"I brought it with in case one of you had a problem after a while if they fucked you a long time. Believe me baby, I wasn't expecting ANYTHING like this. Thank god I had it though. At least it will make it easier on Kristi."

Phil used the jelly liberally and then renewed his onslaught of Kristi's asshole. She was still fucking Roger's cock and sucking on Mike when Phil spread her ass cheeks apart and pushed his cock head into her asshole. Even with her mouth full of cock you could hear her crying out as her ass spread apart further than it ever had before. Phil pushed harder and harder until he was about half-way into her.

"Fuck," he panted, "The whore is so damn tight I'll never get my whole cock into her!"

I could see that Kristi was squirming, trying to get Mike's cock out of her mouth to say something but he was holding the back of her head and forcing her down on his cock. Phil started to stroke his greasy cock in and out of her. Each time he was able to penetrate her virgin ass a little farther until finally he was all the way in her despite his earlier prediction. I noticed then that Kristi was starting to pump back against him, helping him to push himself in and out of her slimy asshole. I couldn't believe it, she was liking it!

There had been times when I had put my a finger in my asshole and another in my pussy at the same time and knew how it felt to feel them together in me. I could only imagine how it must feel to have two cocks that were several times bigger the my finger up there together! Apparently from Kristi's reactions it was good! Seeing that she was no longer trying to protest, Mike let her off of his cock for a second so she could talk.

"Oh god that feels so good, fuck me!" she cried out as she rocked back and forth, driving the two cocks in her in and out of her at the same time. Phil would push her forward which cause Roger's cock to come out of her. When Phil pulled back she sat back down on Roger's cock, letting him fully enter her again. Damn, I bet she was cumming continuously!

Mike looked over to where my dad was laying behind me and called out to us.

"Hey, you gonna fuck her or what?"

I looked back at my dad and smiled. This was the first time since we had started having sex than any other man would see him fuck me. How many times had we been out in public and I wanted to show my feelings for him but had to hold back because it wouldn't be "proper"? How many times had I brought a boy home to fuck and wished my dad could join in with us? Finally, for the first time he could fuck me while someone watched and I almost came just from the thought of it.

I lifted my leg so he could put his cock up against my pussy more easily. His dick reached between my legs and I felt the head pushing against my pussy hole. With the way I'd been fucked already I wasn't exactly as tight as I normally was but he didn't seem to mind as he slid himself into me. It took all my willpower to keep from crying out to him and call him my daddy as he began to fuck me in front of the rest of them.

We fucked like this for a while and then he got up and sat on the couch while I stood in front of him and then lowered myself down onto his lap, letting his hard cock slide up into me as I did. I was facing away from him so I could watch Kristi get gang-banged while I fucked my dad. God, what could have been more erotic than fucking your own dad in front of a group of strangers while they were screwing your sexy little cousin?

Phil was pounding her asshole now and the experience must have been quite good for him because before long he had the distinction of being the first one to cum.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," he groaned, "Here it comes bitch, your first load of the night."

Phil moved over next to Mike and Kristi stroked Mike's cock while she opened her mouth and waited for her first present of the evening.

"That's it, cum in my mouth," she begged, "I want your cum!"

Phil didn't keep her waiting and with a few strokes he was cumming into her wide open mouth. He missed with a couple of shots and hit her on the cheek with one and in her hair with another. She sucked the last few drops from him and he moved back to let Mike's blowjob resume. She started sucking his cock with Phil's cum still in her mouth, coating Mike's cock with Phil's slimy cum. Roger was the next to cum with his cock still buried deep in Kristi's cunt.

"I'm going to cum in your pussy," he said to her, "I'm gonna fill that hot little cunt with my spunk."

I could see his back arch and his hips rise as his first load was expelled into Kristi's little pussy. Kristi loved being fucked and this was what she loved the most, a man cumming in side of her so I knew she was in heaven at the moment. She dropped down hard on his cock and ground herself into his cock as far as she could, making his cock cum as deep in her as she possibly could.

"Fuck I love that!" she cried out, "fill me up you bastard."

After a few more load she lifted up on him about halfway and I could see his creamy cum dripping from her bald pussy. Damn I would have loved to have gotten a taste of that and my dad must have been reading my mind!

"I bet you want to lick that cum right off her pussy... Hey, well go for it girl."

I didn't need a second offer, I stood up and let my dad's cock slip from my pussy and walked over and behind her. I leaned down and licked her butt, getting a nice taste of his cum mixed with her pussy juices. Damn it tasted soooooo good! My dad wasn't happy though to have me off of his cock and as I stood in the living room, bent over and licking Kristi's cum-covered butt my dad moved in behind me and started fucking me from behind again.

I was so turned on licking cum on Kristi's ass that when his cock slipped in me I felt an incredible orgasm the almost took me to my knees but I held in there, enjoying the wondrous feelings that flowed though me. I could have felt that way all night but that was not to be when you have four guys and all of them wanting to fuck you all night.

Mike tapped my dad on the shoulder, "Hey John, let me have a piece of that cunt."

I felt a surge of excitement when my dad replied, "Go ahead Mike, she's all yours. Fuck the little whore." My god, how many girls get to hear their own father tell another guy to fuck them? Not many fathers call their daughter a whore either, at least not seriously!

My dad pulled his cock from my cunt and Mike moved in to take his place. Cocks may not look a whole lot different but they certainly can feel different. Mike was thicker than my dad and didn't have the curvature my dad's cock had. When he pressed his dick inside of me I felt myself splitting even further apart than I had with my dad which caused him to stimulate a different portion of my pussy because of the size and the way he fit into me.

I loved both cocks, no doubt about THAT, and it was even better to have one after the other and feel the differences between them. I could tell Mike wanted to cum from the way he was pounding my ass as he fucked me. As Mike was having his way with me I looked up to see what Kristi was up to. I saw that she had gotten off of Roger and was being fucked by my dad. God they looked so hot together, I never tired of seeing him fuck her. She was laying back in the couch while my dad put her legs up over his shoulders and was screwing her hard and fast.

I wondered what happened to Phil and Roger when they appeared in front of me, stroking their cocks and holding them out for me to suck. Both of them were only semi-hard which actually felt pretty good in my mouth. I liked to suck soft cocks at times, to feel them grow or shrink, to move them around in my mouth. As I sucked them I was more than aware of Mike fucking me even faster when suddenly without warning he was cumming in me! The surprise factor plus the taste of the cocks in front of me set me off again and another orgasm racked my body. Mike kept pumping his cock in and out my pussy, slapping his balls against me.

My dad was cumming on Kristi's face the next time I looked over at them. Normally she is not a big fan of that but under the circumstances it was probably the least of the things she had experimented with tonight. Her face was covered with my dad's cum and he even let loose a big load in her hair. God she was a mess but she looked sexier than hell with a big grin on her face as the cum dripped from her chin!

I stood up as best as I could at this point and joined Kristi on the couch. We kissed and I licked my dad's cum from her face. Then we kissed some more and I held her tightly to me. What an incredible fucking! Looking over, the guys were talking to each other about how they had fucked us and watching us kissing and hugging.

"Well Roger, I take it that this seals the contract?" my dad asked.

Roger shook my dad's had saying, "Oh yeah John, you certainly are a man of your word. Tonight was everything you promised - and more."

Everyone was shaking hands, ignoring us as if we didn't even exist. Once again I realized how different it was to be a whore instead of a slut. They had fucked us and now we were just trash to be discarded and left behind. Well, I could live with that after the great fucking I had just had! Kristi and I just ignored them after that, letting them do their business talk while we had our own little time together. My dad eventually came over and tapped me on the shoulder.

"OK girls, they're gone. Damn you two were incredible!"

"Where we good whores for you?" Kristi asked mischievously.

"Oh yeah, you were both the nastiest whores I could have asked for."

"Well, now that you're alone here with your two slutty whores, don't you think you should get your money's worth?"

My dad looked at me and grinned. There was no money involved here but he got the hint. Heck, we had this fantastic room so why not take advantage of it? I moved up to him as Kristi joined me until both of our nude bodies were pressed up tight against him.

"Mmmmmmm, don't you want us for yourself daddy?"

"Yeah Uncle John, you don't want to go home already, do you?"

Actually, it had been ages since I had done a three-some with my dad and even longer since doing one with him and Kristi so the thought of hanging around a while longer instantly got me going once again. My dad claimed that he only used Kristi as a stand-in for me when I was away from school but I knew he was just trying to be diplomatic. He may be my father but he is still a guy and guys have needs and desires, no matter who they are.

Looking at Kristi, so incredibly petite and cute as she stood there nude alongside me, who could blame my dad for taking advantage of the opportunity. It's not many men, married or single, that have the chance to fuck am incredibly sexy girl like Kristi so I wasn't about to flat my dad for doing her.

We didn't wait for him to answer but rather went straight to work on him. I reached up and he lowered his head to kiss me as Kristi went the other direction and squatted down to suck his dick. My dad had one arm around me, pulling my boobs in tight against him while his other hand reached down and held Kristi's head in against his crotch. Our tongues touched as our kiss endured and I could feel the

It was fascinating to watch as my dad got her off and drove her towards a climax. Kristi, never one to keep quiet, was moaning and pleading for him to keep licking her to the point I was wondering if someone next door wasn't going to complain. She fling her head back and I just held my dad's cock still in my mouth as she came.

"Of fuck, I'm cumming!" she cried out as her head whipped back and forth to the point I was thinking whiplash was imminent.

You would’ve thought she was having some sort of convulsions from the way her body was jerking back and forth, the only constant being her pussy over my dad's mouth and even then she had to replace herself now and then. My dad, ever the orgasm expert, kept going, driving her further and further into her ecstasy, not letting up on her for a second.

Finally she let out a small gasp and almost collapsed on his face before she recovered. Rolling over to the side, she laid on her back next to him and looked up at me.

"Damn Kelly, your dad sure knows how to eat pussy!"

Like I didn't know!

It was fun watching the two of them so I motioned for her to get back up and pointed at his dick and then at her pussy. I didn't need to know sign language to get my message across when it came to signaling Kristi to fuck a guy. She grinned and as hard as she had just cum, was obviously ready for me.

"You want me to fuck him first?"

I just nodded and smiled. It didn't mean a lot to me which of us fucked him FIRST. All I cared about was who fucked him LAST. It didn't bother me in the least for my dad to fuck my cousin, but there was no way in hell I was going to let her get his cum instead of me. He was MY dad and that was MY cum he was going to be shooting before too much longer.

Kristi straddled my dad, facing away from him so her ass was facing his head and she was looking down at me, still between his legs, humping him slowly as I rubbed my pussy up against him. I held my dad's dick up straight to the ceiling as otherwise it would have been parallel to his stomach when it was hard like this and he was on his back.

Kristi spread her pussy apart with her fingers while I directed his dick to the wet little hole at the bottom of her pussy. I noticed her clit was swollen and poking out from its hood like a miniature dick. God, she must be horny as hell about now!

"Ahhhhhh," was all she could say as she lowered herself down onto his cock.

I had a front row view as his cock pierced her cunt, the head splitting her part and then forcing its way in her as she applied more pressure down on him. Soon I watched as the shaft disappeared inside as well, inch after inch being consumed by her hungry little pussy, She was so small and petite, it didn't seem possible he could even fit in her let along bury his entire dick in her. Never judge a book by its cover as she was obviously more than capable of taking his entire cock as she soon had him completely inside of her, her ass planted on his stomach as his dick was completely imbedded in her.

"Mmmmmmm, love that little ass," I heard my dad murmuring as he took one butt cheek in each hand while she rode his dick.

With my head only inches away from his crotch, I watched as his cock slid in and out of her, glistening in the light with the wetness of her pussy. It's not too often I get a chance to see ANY cock this close while it's in action, let alone my own father's.

Kristi would literally bounce on his cock, dropping down hard onto him and using the rebound to take herself back up again until his head was all that was in her. God, that girl loved to be fucked! It was obvious just in the way she looked, in the enthusiasm she had, that she was doing this for herself, that she LOVED the feeling of his dick in her. I guess even an old-guy dick feels pretty good to her about now!

I was humping my dad's leg like a male dog on your leg until finally I needed the real thing for myself. Rising up to my knees, I rapped her on the shoulder like a guy breaking into a dance partnership.

"My turn cuz."

"Just a few minutes more," she begged me.

After years of babysitting experience, I wasn't fooled. A few minutes would turn into a few MORE minutes and so on so you just had to put your foot down sometimes. Kristi got the message from the look on my face so I didn't have to resort to Plan B (whatever that would have been).

I didn't want him to ride me though, I liked to ride a guy when we first started fucking as it let me set the pace, to control the depth of his cock in me, to run the show you might say. I wasn't looking for that now. Now I wanted to be more intimate, more submissive. I laid down on my back next to him, pulling my knees back to my chest so my pussy was in full view and ready for him to take for his own.

"Fuck me daddy," I said with a sly grin as I turned my head towards him.

I would say my dad growled more than anything as he turned over towards me. He kneeled up close to me as I kept my legs back and my pussy pointing at him like I was going to launch some ping pong balls out of my pussy at him or something. He reached over me with his left hand to grab the headboard for balance, effectively pinning my right leg back with his arm as he did. With his right hand he took his cock in his hand and lined up for an assault on my pussy.

With my knees back as far as they were, I really couldn't get a good view of my pussy although from the way Kristi was staring at it from the side, I had a pretty god idea of what was coming up soon. Sure enough, without further warning I felt his head push itself into my wet pussy, easily sliding into me followed by the remainder of his stiff shaft.

"Yes Daddy, put it in me," I sighed, as if he wasn't going to anyway.

I really wasn't asking him for my benefit but rather more for his as I knew he loved to hear me ask him to fuck me.

He started to stroke himself slowly in and out of me, picking up steam like a locomotive piston taking off from the station. Each stroke seemed just a hair faster than the previous, just a little bit deeper inside of me, just a little more aggressive than the one before. As he gathered steam, he took my legs by the ankle and pulled them upward and over his shoulders, then holding onto the headboard again with both arms and my legs between them, effectively pinning them in place.

I looked to the side for a moment and saw Kristi laying on her side, watching us with obvious envy in her eyes but letting my dad have his moment with me. Well, I would be back in school before long and she could have his dick anytime she wanted so I didn't feel too bad about hogging my dad for myself at the moment.

As he fucked me I played with my boobs with one hand while I toyed with my pussy and clit with the other. With everything going on it didn't take long until a familiar feeling began to build between my legs, like a good friend returning to me once again.

"Don't stop daddy... make me cum daddy!" I begged between gasps as I knew I was almost there. God, to have him stop now would be like trying to break a golf swing two inches from the ball!

The it happened, what I had been waiting for. My entire body suddenly felt like my temperature had rose several degrees and goose bumps broke out everywhere on my body. Oh yes, my magic "O" had arrived!

"Cum in my NOW daddy!" I all but screamed as my orgasm threatened to overwhelm me.

Only one thing could possibly make me feel better than I did now and fortunately, my dad must have been ready to deliver as he gave me just what I needed.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped as he started to quirt his sperm in me.

It was like pouring gas on a fire as my orgasm screamed off the charts. God, top cum and then feel my own father cumming in me at the same time was like the perfect storm where all the planets aligned and the most incredible sensations raced through my body.

"He's cumming in me Kristi!" I managed to squeak out, "My daddy's cumming in me!"

Lord only knows what thoughts must have been going through Kristi's head at that moment. I couldn't make the effort to turn to look at her but I had a good idea of what she had been doing lately. Finally my dad finished and he let my legs drop to the side and he dropped down to his elbows, barely keeping his weight off of me.

My dad put his hands behind my head, threading his fingers through my hair. He gently kissed me as his dick throbbed in me. My orgasm was still lingering; not at the peak it was before but still enough that each movement of his dick in me, the slightest convulsion, the briefest twitch, was magnified like an electron microscope was at work.

"Oh daddy, you feel so good inside of me," I whispered to him softly.

We kissed for the longest time as his dick slowly dwindling in me, drawing out of me gently as it shrank in size. Finally he lifted his hips and drew it completely out, leaving me feeling a sensation of emptiness, as if my pussy was incomplete. Indeed, it only felt whole when my dad was in me. Other guys could fuck me and fill my pussy with their cocks, but only my father's cock held the key to my fulfillment.

I figured that was it but Kristi had other thoughts apparently. Left out of the final act, evidently it was her intent to get the last word in, or should I say tongue? No sooner than my dad had lifted himself off of me than Kristi was leaning over my hips and burying her face in my crotch. Her tongue licked off my dad's cum that was leaking from my pussy, drawing it out and swallowing it down like it was the last piece of food on earth. My hips involuntarily jumped as her tongue flicked over my hyper-sensitive clit, just the one lick almost enough to make me cum yet again.

"Mmmmmmm, tastes good!" she giggled as she kissed and licked my freshly fucked pussy.

I don't know what was turning me on more, the feel of her tongue on me or just watching her and seeing her lap up my dad's sperm from my pussy like a cat with a fresh bowl of milk.

She got her fill and sat up, wiping her mouth off with the side of her hand and licking any traces off. I got up and the three of us hugged for the longest time, savoring this moment which I knew I would never forget as long as I loved.

Eventually we all got dressed and left for home. On the way back all we could talk about was what happened in that suite. I was especially interested in how Kristi felt about her anal gang-bang. After hearing her describe how great it was once she got over the initial shock, I had to admit that maybe I would have to rethink my ban on anal sex! Well, maybe...

When we got home my mom and aunt were still up, obviously waiting for us. They couldn't wait to hear us tell them everything and it was quite late by the time we finished. My mom shook her head as I described how they treated us though.

"I told you John that they would just fuck them like whores!" she chastised him.

"Well Mary, I don't see either of them regretting any of it!" he replied with a smile. "Besides, next time they said they want two older women. You wouldn't know of a pair that would be interested?"

My mom grinned and looked at my Aunt Linda. Both of them knew what the other was thinking and I had a funny feeling next time my dad's clients were in town they would never know they were fucking his wife and sister-in-law!

It was too late for them to go home so they decided to stay the night, Kristi spent the night with me while my aunt joined my parents in bed. I suddenly felt exhausted and even the silky touch of my cousin's petite nude body next to mine wasn't enough to keep me awake.

My last thoughts before drifting off in my cousin's arms were that the stage was set for something wild to happen when morning arrived!

# (May 07) Chapter 80: Last Time With Brenda and Her Married Brother

Story codes: FF MF oral adultery inc brother sister
Me (20)
Brenda - Freshman roomie (20)
David - Brenda's brother (28)

It all started between Brenda and me not long after I met her as my new freshman roomie. She took some photos of me for my boyfriend back home and before it was over I had my first experience with a girl outside my family. While we kept it between the two of us at first, things heated up when her married brother, father of two, got in the middle of us - literally. Although it had been quite a while since we were last together, like riding a bike some things just come back naturally.

## 1. The Perfect Roomie

The end of my sophomore year was coming to a close. My roomie Karen had been packing for a week already. She wasn't going to be returning to this school next year, opting to transfer to a school closer to home and her boyfriend whom she had been faithful to for the entire school year. Personally, I don't know how she did it. Karen had vowed to save herself for marriage and while that was admirable and I respected her for it, it was not something I certainly believed in. What I thought was a bit overboard, though, was that she took the definition of "sex" to the point where she wouldn't even masturbate, claiming that just thinking about sex and acting on those thoughts was a sexual act. Now THAT was insane so far as I was concerned!

For me, masturbation is a physical NEED, not a WANT. I think I could go a long time without sex if necessary (as I certainly proved while at school) but masturbation is something I simply HAVE to do every day - at least once. I have even masturbated right after being fucked, especially if the guy did the old "roll over and sleep" routine afterwards, leaving me still horny and unfulfilled.

SO I sat in class and reflected how different being with Karen had been compared to my freshman roomie Brenda. Brenda had been the first girl outside my family that I'd had sex with and our year together was totally different from what I'd had just spent with Karen. Don't get me wrong, Karen was a great girl and a wonderful roomie. It's just that we never shared the physical intimacy that Brenda and I enjoyed so much. I would have loved to have had Brenda with me my sophomore year but she was living at home. Her parents lived only ten miles or so away, outside of a small town near a lake. They'd allowed Brenda to stay in the dorm during her freshman year to help her acclimatize to college life. It proved to be a wise choice when I compared Brenda's freshman year to other girls who lived at home. She was much more involved in school activities and had more friends than the ones who spent most of their time off campus. Of course, we got to have each other as well!

One of the benefits of having her parents so close was that she COULD go home periodically and often she would invite me to go with her. They had a pool which was good in the spring and fall and as it turned out there was one other side benefit – her brother David who was seven years older than us. What I found most interesting about David was that although he was married with two kids, it was pretty obvious that he was attracted to me.

As it turned out, not only was he attracted, but to my delight he was looking to cheat on his wife. Not only that, but we discovered that both he and Brenda had been harboring feelings for each other since she was a young teen. Unfortunately, neither of them had been courageous enough to say anything but when I was with them they both felt comfortable enough to have sex with each other. You could say I served as some sort of sexual catalyst for them! So far this had only happened twice and the last time had been way back in the beginning of the school year so I was starting to think they had reconsidered and decided that they didn't want to do it anymore.

Well, I was wrong... very wrong.

## 2. Back at Brenda's

After class I met Brenda walking outside and we started talking about our plans for the summer. She pulled me off to the side and looked around furtively to be sure nobody could hear her.

"Hey girl, what would you think about coming over to my house tomorrow?" she asked. It would be the last weekend before finals week so if there was going to be a good time this was it.

"Well, anything special in mind?" I replied.

I knew what I HOPED she would say and Brenda didn't disappoint me. She took my hand and squeezed it. "Ahhhhhh Kelly, you know I like to be with you but I thought you might be interested in knowing my brother has been staying at our house this past week while his house was being worked on." Anyone that overheard her would think it was just an innocent comment but the twinkle in her eye betrayed her.

"C'mon Kelly, you know we can't do it unless you're there with us," she pleaded.

Brenda was pretty open-minded as you might tell from the fact she fucks her brother in the first place but there was something that still seemed to bother her about doing him alone. Maybe it was too intimate for her and somehow by having me with them it made it less brother-sister and more a three-some style experience, even if the third person just watched.

I'd tried to bring up the subject a few times with her but she never wanted to discuss it. Whatever it was, she had this mental block against fucking David without me being there. Obviously she WANTED to or else why ask me to come to her house! This would have been an interesting topic to explore in Psych class although I doubt my professor would have seen it in quite the same way I did!

We agreed that she would pick me up after classes. Returning to my dorm room I quickly packed some clothes and left a note for Karen telling her where I would be so she wouldn't worry. I walked out of the dorm just as Brenda pulled up and I hopped in her car.

It only took about fifteen minutes to get to her house and we just chatted about school gossip and such. We went in through the garage door entrance and into the kitchen where her mom and David's wife were getting supper ready. His wife was a bitch and for some reason she had hated me from day one - even before I was fucking her husband. She thought she was some sort of beauty queen and while she did indeed look pretty good, especially in a string bikini, I didn't think that she was as hot as she thought she was. In her own a way I think she knew it which is why she resented any other girls around her.

Sure enough, she took one look at me and rolled her eyes, ignoring me afterwards. I would have loved to have walked up behind her and whispered in her ear, telling her how good her husband's cock felt in me when he fucked me! She deserved it but I knew I could never tell her, much as it would have thrilled me.

Brenda's dad and brother were in the family room watching TV. I walked over and hugged them both. Brenda's dad was really nice and he gave me a quick hug and said he missed my regular visits. David also gave me a hug although his hands grabbed me more firmly than her dad's had and when he said he missed me there was a little more to it as well. I winked at him and he glanced over at his dad who had turned his attention back to the TV set and whatever program they were watching. The boys were playing in the backyard which was fine with me. Both were spoiled brats for which I blamed their mother. So far as she was concerned, they were her little angels and could do no wrong. I really didn't care so long as they stayed away from me!

After greeting everyone we went to her bedroom and she shut the door behind us. No sooner was the door was shut than Brenda hugged me and started to kiss me. Mmmmmmm, I missed her! Just like you never forget the first boy who fucks you, the same goes for the first girl. Technically I had been with several women before Brenda but it was my mom and then my aunt and my cousin which to me don't count. No matter where our paths led in the future I would never forget her!

We fell on her bed, still hugging and kissing. Her hand grabbed my ass and I felt her rubbing it as her large breasts pressed against my smaller ones. I had always envied her boobs as she was one of those lucky girls who got them early and got them big. Mine, well they came late and small!

I was eventually fortunate that they continued to grow slowly until finally when I reached my 21st birthday I was able to buy my first "C" cup bra. I am happy with how I look today but it sure would have helped if I had them when I was a teenager! We may have one further but fortunately there was a knock on the door. I mean fortunate in that Brenda had forgotten to lock the door and in walked her mother. The knock gave us time to let go of each other so all her mom saw was the two of us laying bed talking to one another. If she had waited a few more minutes it might have been embarrassing for her to walk in!

As it was her mom announced that supper was ready and so we all met in the dining room. By coincidence (or maybe some influence from Brenda?) I was seated between David and Brenda so it made for an interesting dinner, to say the least! I wasn't sure who was teasing me more - Brenda or David! Both of them would touch my leg and run their hand inside my thighs when they thought nobody would notice. Once they did it at the same time and their hands met at my crotch. It was all the three of us could do to keep from bursting out in laughter!

## 3. Sucking David in the Bathroom

After dinner the family gathered to watch TV and eventually Brenda gave me that "look" - the one that I knew meant she was horny and needed to do something about it. We said goodnight to everyone. I think David knew why we were going to bed early from the smile on his face and the wink he gave me. Mmmmmmm, too bad he couldn't join us!

We disappeared back into her room and this time she made sure to lock the door! It was like we were back as roomies again in the dorm. We both stripped down as we never wore anything to bed together and slipped under the sheet together. Our legs intertwined as we resumed the hugs and kisses we had shared earlier. This time was better though because I could feel her warm nude body against mine instead of our clothes between us.

Brenda pressed her pussy against my leg and I could feel the warmth of her fuzzy cunt against me. While I had taken to shaving my pussy the last couple of years with an occasional grow-out period where I would try out some design or other trim, Brenda never got into the shaving routine. The most she did was shave and trim enough that her pubic hair didn't stick out of her bikini bottom. A natural redhead, she was a "true" redhead in that her pubic hair was flame red in color and thick and fuzzy versus long and curly like most girls if they let it grow out. Hers actually reminded me of my pubic hair when I was just starting to fill in, short and fuzzy.

One thing I want to make clear about my relationship with Brenda - we were good friends, NOT lovers. We played around with each other because we enjoyed it, not because we loved each other or anything kinky or weird. In fact, most of the time we just cuddled and did some mild groping which is exactly what we did that night. I never even touched her pussy before we fell asleep! Well, I mean not much. She played with my hair for what seemed like hours and it felt absolutely incredible! I knew she loved her back lightly scratched and so I would slowly run the tips of my fingernails up and down her spine. I knew when I was doing it well because she would break out into goose bumps!

We fell asleep on our sides with her facing away from me in a spooning position. The feel of her smooth ass against my stomach and crotch was like the soothing touch of my mom when I was a little girl. I woke with one arm around her, my hand clutching her breast and I could only imagine what I had been dreaming!

It was barely dawn but I had to go to the bathroom so I quietly slipped out of bed and grabbed a terry robe from Brenda's closet. Tip-toeing down the hallway, it appeared that everyone was still in bed. Well, it was only 5AM so who could blame them!

I quickly used the toilet, washed my hands, and opened the door to leave. As the door opened I nearly jumped out of my skin! I was not expecting anyone to be there at all and here was David, waiting outside to come in! Obviously I'd surprised him just as much as he did me from the way his eyes opened wide from their sleepiness. He was wearing just a pair of sweat shorts and my eyes couldn't help but zero in on his lovely crotch. Unfortunately the shorts were too baggy to reveal much of anything but I knew from past experience what lurked beneath that fabric and I instantly felt myself getting that feeling between my legs I get when I am horny. He was taking in an eyeful for himself as I hadn't bothered closing up the robe since I didn't expect to be seeing anybody.

"Sorry there Kelly, didn't mean to startle you," he said with a grin.

"That's OK, I just wasn't expecting anyone when I opened the door - especially you."

"Obviously...," he said softly, his eyes riveted to my chest where my boobs were just barely covered by the robe. I giggled and gathered up my robe.

"Ahhhhhh, you didn't have to do that," he whispered, "I was enjoying the view!"

"Now David, behave yourself," I said, pretending to be scolding him, "What are you doing here anyway?"

"Dad wanted to go fishing in the morning so rather than go home and have to get up even earlier, I just stayed the night. I do it a lot, actually, and besides, I knew Brenda had company!"

Before I could say anything back he stepped into the bathroom, pushing me gently backwards until he could close the door.

"Now David," I said in a mocking tone, "Just what's on your mind this morning?"

"Same thing as you," he replied. I looked at him questioningly and he laughed softly, "O come off of it, I saw where your eyes went the moment you saw it was me. It's been a while Kelly, you been missing something?"

"Welllllll... maybe something now that you mention it," I teased.

He pulled the front of his shorts down and pulled his cock out. It was already starting to get hard and his thick black pubic hair spilled over the waist band of the shorts. I couldn't resist anymore - I reached down and grabbed it with my hand, feeling the semi-hard warmth in my palm. He groaned softly as I started to stroke him gently.

"Well, guess you must be just as horny as I am this morning. God you are such a nasty little slut, I love it!"

He reached out and pushed the robe off my shoulders. It slipped down and I switched hands on his cock long enough to let it fall to the floor over my arms. I looked up at him and smiled, anticipation filling my thoughts. His eyes were not looking at mine though, they were wandering up and down my naked body and his tongue subconsciously wetted his dry lips.

"God you look incredible Kelly," he sighed softly, "I can't tell you how many times I've jerked off since the last time I fucked you, thinking about how bad I wanted you again."

I just smiled at him dropped down to my knees, stroking his cock as it hardened more in my hand and grew longer and thicker. I gazed at it in wonder and admiration. You would think that by after having sucked hundreds of guys times that I would become accustomed to the feel of a cock but somehow they never ceased to amaze me.

No two cocks are ever exactly the same, each having its own markings, curvature, thickness, length, and even smell and taste. Some are big when soft and just grew hard and thick while others are more shy - small when soft but then growing to twice or three times their size when they get erect. Some curve upwards, like a rocket ready for launch, while others stick straight out and a few never even get totally hard but instead just get long and thick and bent easily. For the most part they fall into a typical size and length range.

One thing you find out when you blow a lot of guys is that the average male is not like what you see in the porn movies! Yet to me that really didn't matter to me. Unless they were unusually large or small, the old axiom of "size doesn't matter" actually held true for me.

I'd had a couple of dicks that were HUGE and frankly, the guys may have had a future in porn movies but for every day fucking they were really not all that much fun. First, they were damn near impossible to blow and in one case, pushed so far up into me it actually hurt. Undersized was not really a problem as even the so-called "small" cocks were always adequate. The smallest I had was when I fucked a younger boy but in that case the thrill of fucking him far outweighed any issues over his small cock size. What I really look for in a man's cock is the head. Some men barely have one and others have this huge mushroom head. The bigger the head in relation to the cock, the better for me.

In reality, the best moment for me when getting fucked (other than when either of us cum) is when his cock is first penetrating my pussy. The sensation of my pussy being stretched open to allow his cock to violate me can be overwhelming, especially when he moves it around near the entrance of my pussy where all the nerve endings are located.

Once it is inside of me, I feel the shaft as it passes inside of me but the reality is I don't feel him deep inside of me all that much other than the pressure of something in me. When he cums in me I can usually feel the warmth of his sperm as he shoots his load in me but the sensation disappears pretty quickly. I like to push the cum out of me afterwards and let it flow down my ass and onto whatever is supporting me at the time. Sometimes I scoop it up with my fingers and the taste of our cum mixed together is so good! If someone could bottle it they could make a fortune!

So anyway, there his cock was, just inches from my face, looking red and angry as my hand stroked the thick shaft. I leaned my head back and looked up at him.

"Do you want me to suck it?" I asked in my most seductive tone of voice.

"Oh god, you know better than to even ask such a silly question!" he moaned, "C'mon you little whore, suck my dick!"

It really didn't matter to me what he said as I was going to suck it no matter what he said; but it's always nice to know you're appreciated! I rubbed the smooth head against my face, around my cheeks and mouth and ears. Then I stuck out my tongue and slapped the head against it. My tongue ran up and down the shaft, tickling him in some places and making him groan in others. Every man's cock reacts differently so I like to have a chance to get to know a little bit more about the one I am getting ready to suck before I get too ambitious. I learned quickly that David loved the tip of his cock licked and along the underside of the hood of his large head. Actually those are two of the most common locations in my experience. Men are not all that complicated once you understand their plumbing!

I was rewarded for my efforts as his dick became hard as wood and I could barely get it all in my mouth. Then he grabbed my head with both hands and started forcing my face into his crotch as he pumped his dick in and out of my mouth like he was fucking it. He would hit the back of my throat when he thrust inward but just for a moment which didn't really let me get used to it and a couple times I thought I was going to gag but I did my best. My hands grabbed his hairy bare ass and I pulled him towards me just as much as he was pulling my head into him. His butt would clench and then release as he thrust and out of me.

"Oh my god..., that is SO incredible," he groaned, "Damn girl, you sure know how to suck a cock! Oh fuck, don't stop now, I'm gonna cum!"

His hands pulled me into his crotch with all his strength and my face was pressed against the base of his cock, his pubic hair smashed against my face. He smelled strongly of male musk and sweat and then the next thing I knew I felt his butt tighten and jerk. A huge shot of cum launched from the tip of his cock and hit the back my mouth. I thought I was going to gag as it went down my throat and I jerked my head back so strongly even he couldn't hold me down. He grabbed his cock and stroked it in front of my face as stream after stream of white messy cum spewed from him and struck me in the face and boobs. A little went on my hair and one shot went straight into my mouth which I had kept open for him. I looked up and him and our eyes met. He grinned as his hand jerked a few more shots of cum onto my cheek.

I leaned forward and took him back into my mouth and softly sucked on his now ultra-sensitive cock. When my tongue touched his head he jerked just a little and a final drop of cum spilled from his dick onto my tongue. He kept watching me, groaning as I kept sucking his now softening cock.

"Damn that was fucking incredible. God, I've never been sucked that good before."

I let his cock slip from my mouth and used my fingers to collect the cum that was all over my face, licking it off my fingers as I gathered it up. I leaned forward and without any hands picked up his limp cock in my mouth again.

"Damn Kelly, you can't do that!" he moaned, "I don't think I could take anymore right now."

I gave him one last pull with my mouth and let him hang free again. I stood up and quickly glanced in the mirror. Yep, he HAD cum in my hair. There was a big blob on the side of my head and my face was covered after my smearing it around. I usually don't like a man to cum on my face and this was just the reason why - it was such a pain getting cum out of my hair!

I smiled as I realized right then I looked like some cheap whore after a $20 blow job. I started to reach for a towel but suddenly an idea hit me like a light build had just turned on over my head. My thoughts were interrupted by David though...

"We'd better get going," he whispered. My dad will be getting up soon and the last thing we need is for him to find the two of us in here like this! He pulled up his shorts and gave me a pat on the heads like I was some lap dog who had just performed for him.

"Maybe when I get back I can give you a little more of my cock, eh?," he teased, "Tell Brenda I'm fucking horny today. She'll know what to do!"

With that he hustled out of the bathroom. It always amazed me how fast a man changes once he cums. One minute he is superman, ready to fuck anything with a vagina and the next it's like he's a monk with zero sex drive. Here David was, all set to go back to his bedroom while leaving me all horny and just getting started so far as that goes. I hadn't even cum myself and my pussy literally ached as I thought of what I would do if he dared to return anytime soon!

## 4. Waking Up Brenda

I threw on the robe once again and headed back to Brenda's bedroom. She was laying on her back, still sound asleep with the covers pulled up to her chin. After dropping the robe, I slipped in under the sheets and felt the warmth of her nude body against mine I snuggled up to her, draping one leg over her and pressing my boobs against her side. My arm went around her and my hand cupped her large breast. I pressed my hips forward until I could feel my pussy against her warm soft hip and my hips slowly gyrated as I rubbed myself against her. God I was so horny! I was about to just lean back myself and start masturbating when Brenda stirred and opened her eyes up just enough to see it was me.

Damn, what are you doing up so early?" she groaned.

I leaned over and kissed her. She wasn't so tired that she couldn't respond, that was for sure! When her tongue went into my mouth and got a taste of my morning "mouth wash" (maybe I should package it and call it David in the Morning), her eyes suddenly popped up and she looked at me a lot closer.

"What the..?" she exclaimed. Then her eyes finally focused and she could see the mess in my hair and on my face.

"Shit! You didn't fuck David already? Did you?" she asked, "Oh my god... you DID! You dirty little whore!

I laughed and kissed her again. As much as I knew she wanted the answer, I knew Brenda and I knew she wanted to taste his cum even if it meant waiting a few more minutes to hear about my escapades. We went into a lip lock for several minutes when her curiosity finally got the better of her.

"Mmmmmmm, I can taste him on you... So spill it girl!" she whispered excitedly, "What happened?"

I grinned and told her about everything that had happened. She seemed almost relieved when I told her about how I just sucked him and not been fucked. A little jealousy maybe?

"So tell me Brenda, when was the last time David fucked you?" I asked.

"Well, believe it or not, we haven't done it since the last time you were here," she confessed.

The surprised look in my face said more than I could have right then so she continued saying, "I don't know, it just doesn't feel right to do my brother all by myself. We both feel the same way - we want each other so bad but it just seems wrong to do it alone with him. It feels different when you are with us, though."

I smiled and kissed her again briefly. "Oh, I almost forgot... David said to tell you that he was... well I think he used the phrase 'fucking horny'. Anyway, he said that you would know what to do about it. Well, if you haven't been fucking him, then what do you do about it?"

Brenda just rolled her eyes at me in mock despair. "God Kelly, sometimes I wonder about you." She laughed and just shook her head solemnly as she continued, "He wasn't talking about anything before; he was referring to later today when they get back from fishing. C'mon girl, don't tell me I have to connect the dots for you!"

Between being tired from waking up early and my head still a bit cloudy after sucking a scrumptious cock, I guess I must have been the equivalent of hung over. Sometimes the most obvious things go right past me! We both giggled like little girls and then spent the next hour or so in her bed. Unlike last night, this time we were both horny as hell it was no time for mild kissing and touching.

I turned over and she twisted on her side as we each put our head between the other's thighs and started licking pussy. Mmmmmmm, she tasted good! I could imagine how wet my pussy was for her after what I had already done this morning. Other than my mom, Brenda was the best girl I ever had lick me. Not even my cousin was quite as good (although she WAS pretty damn good!). I think after spending a school year together she had learned most of my personal idiosyncrasies, just as I learned a guy's when I sucked his cock except she had almost a year of experience to draw on.

I had one arm around her and reached between her legs to touch her pussy as I licked it from the other direction. She was pretty much doing the same except she was paying more attention to my asshole than I was to hers. She knew how I felt about penetration so she didn't go that far but her fingertip traced little circles around my asshole and pushed just enough on it to let me know she was there and willing if I decided to let her.

Even though it's not my thing, I know a lot of people get off on anal sex, and I suspected early in our relationship that Brenda was one of them. She never discussed it which I figured was more out of respect for my feelings than anything else. Considering what comes OUT of my ass I have never understood why anyone would want to go IN it. I don't mind if someone lightly fingers it, like Brenda was doing to me in her bed, but full penetration was another matter entirely.

Some people have asked if they could lick my asshole and I have always said yes, but I have to admit it is not easy for me to kiss them anytime soon afterwards. I have experimented in the shower and bath tub a few times with my fingers and more than once actually had my entire finger in me but it was never something that I enjoyed all THAT much. For me, the bottom line is that I have this wonderful pussy that God designed to be the perfect home for a cock so why in the world would anyone want use the hole designed for my crap when my pussy wants it so badly?

During the next hour or so we each came a couple of times. I have always been a "gusher" while Brenda barely even releases anything when she cums. So much for all the guy fantasies about "squirting girls." Actually I've never been with a girl that "squirted" so I don't where guys get the idea that they are that prolific. By the time we were done, David's cum had long been washed off of my face and we both must have smelled to high heaven of our sex. I have no idea how long we might have gone on that way but the point was moot when her mother once again knocked on the door. This time, however, it was locked so there were no surprises.

"Hey you two sleepyheads!" she called out through the locked door. "Time for breakfast so hurry up!"

## 5. Morning With Brenda

Reluctantly we separated but we couldn't resist another kiss. This time I could taste and smell myself on her mouth and I loved it! We threw on robes over our bare bodies and scurried across the hall to the bathroom. In reality, only her mom was home and she was in the kitchen so we really didn't need to be so careful but you never knew what might come up!

I jumped in for a quick shower to get the cum out of my hair. Damn cum! It was dried by now which made it that much harder to get out and I must have used a bottle full of shampoo and conditioner in the process. Brenda joined me and helped to make sure all of it was out. God, I hadn't realized he'd hit me with that much in the head!

After we finished cleaning up we joined her mom in the kitchen. Brenda's dad and brother had long since departed for the lake so things were pretty quiet. It was only a few blocks to get to the lake where they kept a pontoon boat docked along with what must have been a couple of dozen other ones.

It was a small lake and they could only have small engines so no tubing or waterskiing. There wasn't even any swimming allowed anywhere. I'd been fishing a few times but it was mainly to get out with a guy in a more private location so I couldn't say the lake was all that interesting to me. After all, what fun was it to go out and putt around at a few miles an hour on what was essentially an old floating barge? It was with that in mind that caused me to be shocked when Brenda brought up an idea to her mom.

"Kelly and I were thinking of going over to the lake later and seeing if David and Dad needed some company," she proposed to her mom. I looked at her with my patented "are you crazy" face but didn't say a word.

"That would be so sweet," her mom said as she picked up our plates, "I bet the guys would love it if the two of you surprised them. You know, you're dad always wished you would have enjoyed fishing more!"

After breakfast we went back to her room to get dressed. Well, I say that if you consider a pair of VERY short cutoffs and a skimpy bikini top as being "dressed". Neither left much to the imagination as my shorts were cut up at the crotch and the bikini top covered my nipples but that was about it.

It was still early so we went out to the deck where her mom was putting out the seat cushions for the day. She collected them every night as well, whether anyone used them or not. It was some sort of fetish for her I guess. She turned as we walked out onto the deck and just shook her head at the sight of us.

"My goodness sakes, do girls wear ANYTHING these days?" she opined, "I certainly hope you don't plan on going anywhere dressed like THAT today - or, should I say, undressed!"

I couldn't help but smile as Brenda just looked exasperated. I knew it had been a running battle for years between the two of them over what she wore (or rather, didn't wear). In the end they somehow worked it all out and as usual she got her way.

We all took a seat and for the next couple of hours just chatted and got more sun as it got brighter and hotter as the morning disappeared. Finally it was about lunch time and it was Brenda's mom who unwittingly came up an idea that promoted our plans. She proposed we take down some fresh sandwiches and drinks for them along with some ice. It was getting really hot and she figured whatever they had taken might not even be any good after sitting in the warm weather.

Brenda-s mom went back in the house to prepare their lunch, leaving the two of us alone. Brenda turned to me and said, "Wanna take a dip in the pool before we go? Remember, you're not allowed to swim in the lake."

Brenda had a great pool in her back yard. I started to go back in the house, assuming we would change into our bikinis (at least the bottoms) before going in. Well, once again I was wrong...

"Hey! Where you going?" she called to me as I turned and saw her heading for the pool, "heck, there's nobody around so let-s just skinny dip!"

That was perfectly fine with me so I ran to catch up with her and when we got to the pool edge we both dropped our shorts and pulled our bikini tops off. She just dove in and I didn't think about what I was doing so I jumped in after her.

Well, I hadn't taken into account that it was early May and that the water was COLD! I don't mean just chilly, I mean COLD! I came to the surface and gasped, my entire body felt like one big goose bump! My teeth chattered and I quickly scrambled to get out of the pool. We hadn't bothered to get towels or anything so I just had to let the sun warm me up. What had seemed like a blazing spring sun earlier now seemed like a flashlight so far as the warmth I was feeling. Brenda sat next to me and laughed.

"Oops... sorry, I should have warned you. Dad just filled the pool last week."

Well, she wasn't TOO sorry from the way she was laughing at my plight. What I couldn't understand was why she didn't seem bothered at all by it. I guess different people react to cold water different than others. As for me, I prefer it HOT. Brenda looked down at me, standing over me naked and dripping.

"Wow, look at your nipples!" she said with a grin, "Damn! I never saw them so hard before."

I looked down and realized what she was talking about. Sure enough, they were sticking out like bullets and when I touched them it was like a little electric shock pulsed through me! Just then her mom called out to us.

"What in the world are you two doing?" she exclaimed. She just had her head out the door but she could see that we weren't wearing anything. "Are you girls nuts or what? That water must be freezing!"

Well, she had that pegged for sure! We gathered our things and rushed back to the house. I was so cold I didn't even think about the fact we were nude until I went through the door and saw her mom purse her lips a little at us. Brenda's mom was a sweet and dear lady but she wasn't exactly open-minded when it came to things like nudity. I could tell she was less than thrilled with the skimpy bikinis we both liked to wear but this time it looked like we'd crossed the line.

"Brenda!" she hissed under her breath, "What in the world are you doing running around like that! You get some clothes on... NOW!"

I wanted to giggle at that but there was something in her tone that told me she was serious and so I kept my big mouth shut for once and hurried back to her room, stopping by the bathroom to grab a towel. Brenda was a few minutes behind me, apparently her mom had a few words for her in private. Finally she came in her room, shutting the door behind her and letting out a deep breath.

"Damn, your mom sounded pissed!" I whispered.

"You can say that again!" she replied, rolling her eyes. She dropped the towel she must have picked up on her way and stood by me as I lay on the bed. "But I have to tell you, I still love it when you're not wearing anything. Remember when we would hang around the dorm room all nude and then have to grab something fast when the RA came around?"

I laughed softly, those were indeed some memorable times. As I reached out to her she sat next to me on the bed. Brenda leaned over and we kissed gently, our tongues playing and our hands moving all over each other like teenage boys getting to second base for the first time. After a few minutes she lifted her head up just enough to talk.

"You know, we had better get going if we are going to go to the lake. If we're going to see my brother I have a feeling it would be best not to even hint at anything here. My mom's really on edge today for some reason."

She paused and looked at me in the eyes, as if hesitant to say something. I waited and finally she asked, "You don't think she saw or heard anything this morning when you and David were going at it in the bathroom, do you?"

I assured her that nobody else was up and that when I came back to her room from the bathroom her mom was nowhere in sight. Brenda just shook her head

"Sometimes I wonder if she knows more than she lets on about David and me," she said. Then she lifted her head and perked up saying in a happier tone, "C'mon, let's get going!"

We both pulled up our shorts and this time I put on a halter top while she dropped a tight tank top over her head. While neither of us had a bra on underneath, Brenda's larger boobs made the fact much more obvious than mine. I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have big boobs like hers but she called to me before I could finish my thought. As we went out we passed her mom in the kitchen. She looked us over and I noticed that she paid special attention to Brenda's tight tank which was allowing her large nipples to push through the thin material, clearly outlined by the white cotton. Her mom opened her mouth as if to say something but then just turned away from us with a frown on her face.

Brenda mouthed, "Let's go!" to me and we hurried out the front door before her mom could change her mind.

## 6. David Does Brenda on the Lake

The lake was only a few blocks away so we walked along the side of the road and reached the docks in just a few minutes. There were several guys struggling to put their boat in the water at the ramp. I smiled wickedly at them as they turned to stare at the two of us walking by. Another time and I might have hung around a bit and teased them but we had other things on our mind.

When we got down to where her dad kept their pontoon boat tied up we saw it was still gone and there was no sign of her dad or brother. Fortunately the section of lake in this area was relatively narrow and Brenda knew where her dad liked to fish so we walked along the bank until finally we spotted them. They were quite a ways away but after shouting for a minute or so they finally heard us and her brother waved. The fishing must not have been very good because in a few minutes they had pulled up anchor and were heading back to the docks as there was no place along the shoreline for them to get close enough to pick us up.

Brenda and I ran back to the dock and waited for them anxiously. It wasn't long before they showed up, going as fast as the little motor would push them. We helped them tie up the boat and Brenda hugged her dad and brother. David looked at me and winked. I looked at his crotch and memories of how his cock had tasted just a few hours ago came flooding back in my mind and my pussy tingled as if to tell me it wanted his cock as well. From the way he was looking at me I had an idea he wouldn't mind satisfying that wish!

Brenda asked her dad if we could go back out fishing with them. He just shook his head and complained the fish weren't biting and that he had had enough for one day. No sooner had he finished than David volunteered to take us out if we really wanted to. Brenda's dad just shrugged his shoulders and said something about "a stupid waste of time" but then he had no idea what we would be fishing for. I had a feeling we weren't going to be disappointed with our catch! Her dad went up to the parking lot with his gear while the three of us pushed off and headed back out to the middle of the lake.

As we motored down the lake I looked around me. Compared to my parents' ski boat their pontoon boat wasn't all that fancy but it was clean and comfortable. The front end was surrounded by well-worn padded seats with a small swinging door at the bow that opened to a small "porch" up front. In back there was an overhead awning that covered about a third of the pontoon boat. A pedestal-like thing had the steering wheel and throttle on it and the entire floor was covered in tacky green indoor-outdoor carpeting.

David was at the wheel and he steered us out to take a cruise around the lake. Brenda and I each took one side of the front end and stretched out on the cushions. It was still early in May but the sun was out more than ever and it was a perfect day so far as I was concerned.

I stretched out my legs, allowing my shorts to work their way up my crotch and over my ass to expose as much of my legs and butt as possible. Brenda was doing the same and she looked positively sexy as she leaned on one elbow with her boobs hanging down and her nipples poking through. David was watching us more than he was the lake and while we pretended not to notice, we both were doing our best to give him something to look at.

The boat wasn't exactly fast but eventually we made it to a bend in the lake where an inlet led to a small cove. There wasn't another boat in sight as it was still early in the season and not many people were on the lake period. Once we were far enough in to where it was hard to see the lake, David stopped the engine and dropped a concrete anchor overboard with a loud splash. It was a good thing we weren't planning to do any real fishing as it must have scared every living creature for a hundred yards!

"Are you sure we can't do swimming?" I asked, hoping that perhaps in the privacy of the cover we could do it even though it was against the rules..

Brenda shook her head at me and answered, "Well, first of all, if you thought the pool was cold, this the water is FREEZING and second, it's not too deep here and lord only knows what's down there when you jump in!"

I took a second look and realized what she meant. You couldn't see more than a few inches below the water and along the bank was lots of weeds and the whole place in general may have been nice for fish but definitely not my idea of a swimming hole.

"Well, if we can't swim then what do we do out here in the middle of nowhere?" I asked in a naive tone. It was obvious to us all what was on our minds - why else would we be here in the first place after all? Still, it was fun to play around and pretend we were on an innocent little cruise. Judging by the looks that Brenda and her brother were exchanging, I had a feeling the game was going to get a lot more serious pretty quick!

"So David, are you just going to stand there staring like an eighth grade boy peeking into the girl's locker room or what?" Brenda teased her brother.

"Oh? ...is there something on your mind little sister?" David teased right back at her. He made a few steps closer in our direction and gave her a good, long look up and down her sexy freckled body.

Brenda turned more on her side and pulled her right leg up and put her bare foot on her upper leg which had the effect of spreading her crotch apart and pulling her already tight shorts even tighter up into her crotch. She wasn't wearing any panties - that was obvious as the thin strip of material pulled up into her pussy slit and you could see the outer lips of her pussy poking out each side. It had the desired effect on David as he licked his lips and I saw that his shorts weren't as flat as they were before!

As for me, I was getting tuned on just watching the little tit-for-tat that was taking place between this brother and sister pair.

"Hmmmmmm, maybe a little lower," Brenda cooed to him as she took her right hand and cupped her crotch with it, pulling upwards and then rubbing herself. "See anything you want?"

David moved over until he was standing next to her head. Without further ado he simply unbuckled his pants and unzipped them. Pushing his underwear down, he pulled out his cock, which was about half-erect by now, and started stroking it right in front of her. I had to flip over to my other side to keep an eye on what was happening - I didn't want to miss any of this, that's for sure!

"You know, I hate to say this about my own sister, but you are one fucking slut Brenda," David said with a grin, "Not that THAT'S bad!"

"Well, I may be that but what do you call a big brother who pulls out of his dick right in front of his little sister?" Brenda responded softly, her eyes fixed on his cock as he slowly stroked it right in front of her face.

"I don't know but why don't you just suck my dick and if you're lucky, maybe I'll fuck you," he said with a smug grin on his face..

Brenda rubbed her pussy for him and replied, "Well, I think it's more like if YOU'RE lucky you can have a piece of this pussy." She unsnapped her shorts and pulled down the zipper, opening the flaps and then pushing her hand down inside where she started playing with herself again for him.

"Mmmmmmm, this feels soooooo good," she sighed, "God I love touching me!" Then Brenda pulled her hand from her pussy, licked her finger suggestively, and then reached out for his hardened cock. "Alright, come here... I want your cock in my mouth."

She took him in her hand and started to slowly stroke him as he reached down and pulled her head up towards his crotch. He grabbed a thick handful of her long red hair and used it to hold her head close as she opened her mouth, her tongue extended as she waited impatiently for a taste of his cock. David moved forward just enough to slip his cock into her open mouth and then she closed her lips down around it. I watched intently as she started to slowly suck it, just the head at first, like he had put a popsicle or sucker in her mouth.

I was so fascinated watching the two of them I was almost frozen in place but as she started to suck harder I could feel my own pussy starting to respond and my hand reflexively moved down between my legs. I rubbed myself lightly for a little while and then moved my hand back up to cup my boob, massaging it through the halter top. Frustrated by the material that was in the way, I untied the loose knot between my boobs and let it fall freely, slipping my hands under the hanging material to feel the firm soft skin of my breasts in my hand. My fingers traced around my hard nipple and in response it tingled with excitement.

Meanwhile, David had relaxed his grip on Brenda and now she was on her back with her head resting on the cushion. He leaned over and grabbed the railing behind her and used it to support him while he drove his stiff cock in and out of her mouth as she held it open for him. She reached down to slip off her shorts and then spread her legs, rubbing her warm pussy while her brother continue to fuck her mouth.

I just can't emphasize how amazing this all was to me. After all, it was just a few minutes ago that we had been cruising down the lake like any threesome on a boat and now, in what seemed to be a blink of an eye, Brenda was bottomless, sucking her brother's erect cock while she masturbated herself below him!

To be honest, I had a pretty good idea what had driven them to it so quickly. For whatever reason, the two of them had never had sex alone - only when I was around. Brenda called me their "catalyst". It was like somehow the guilt they felt in succumbing to their incestual desires (and don't forget, there was the adultery thing for him as well) was somehow forgiven so long as someone else was involved, even if they were just watching as I was now.

For all these years they had both wanted each other badly but the brother-sister taboo, and then eventually his marriage, had always prevented them from realizing their desires. Thus when the opportunity came, as it had now, it was like a coiled spring inside of them was suddenly set free and they reacted like teens hopping in a back seat.

Watching them I wondered yet again what might have happened if I had grown up with a brother. Would I have let him fuck me? I couldn't image NOT letting him but it frustrated me that I would never know for certain. In a certain way I was a more than a little jealous of Brenda. Oh sure, my younger cousin fucked me at times but that wasn't the same as a sibling, no more than my uncle fucking me compared to when my dad did.

"I can't wait any longer - you ready?" David asked her between gasps as his cock continued to rise and fall from her mouth. He didn't have to say ready for WHAT, she knew!

Brenda had to pull her head away from his cock in order to speak and she took a deep breath once her mouth was empty. "Fuck me," was all she said in a soft but determined voice. Those simple words, so innocently spoken, were more erotic than anything else she could have said or done. I knew from personal experience how powerful they could be - nothing got a guy going more than to whisper them in his ear and David certainly was no exception!

"Oh yea, you better believe I'm gonna fuck you!" he said with a grin.

David pulled Brenda's left leg over the edge and then lifted his own left leg and planting his foot inside her thigh with the knee bent. This caused Brenda's pussy to open wide for him and he grabbed his stiff cock in his hand, aiming for her open pussy. He ran the head up and down her slit, wetting it with her juices and then running it over and around her sensitive clit.

"C'mon David, quite playing around," Brenda complained, "Fuck me dammit!"

David just smiled at her and then replied, "Ok, OK... but only because you insist!"

He lowered his cock down to align with her hole and leaned forward. Her pussy was so slick that he slid easily inside, the head forcing its way past her lips and disappearing inside of his sister's pussy. I felt a twinge in my own pussy as I wished it was in me instead! I couldn't just watch and play with my boobs so I stripped off my shorts and laid there bare-ass, masturbating as I watched the two of them.

Brenda was rocking under him as he thrust hard into her crotch, driving her up on the slippery cushions and then pulling back until he actually came just a little bit out of her and then ramming it back in. Once he missed and it almost made me laugh when his cock tried to bend as it hit the outside of her pussy instead of entering her hole. It hit the mark the second time and they kept on going like nothing had happened.

"Flip over!" David commanded as this time he deliberately pulled out of her and stood back, waiting for her to do as he ordered. "No... up on your knees," he corrected her, as she started to go down on her stomach.

He grabbed her by the waist and helped her into position saying, "Just kneel and grab the railing... that's it, now spread your legs apart and show me that cute pussy."

My pussy was throbbing as I watched Brenda get on her knees with her bare feet hanging over the edge of the seat. She had a grip on the side railing with both hands and her legs were spread wide which gave her brother a great view of her sloppy pussy. Her pussy hole was actually open just a bit from his cock stretching her out, making a nice bulls-eye for him to aim for.

David moved in behind her and put one hand on her ass and the other directing his cock to her open hole. This time he slid in almost effortlessly and pushed himself in until his crotch pressed up against her cute little ass. I lifted myself up to look out to see if anyone was watching. Brenda still had her top on but it would have been pretty obvious to all but the most naive what David was doing to her, even from a distance.

Given they both lived in town, I wondered what the odds were that if someone were to come by that they would recognize them. My, what a scandal that would be in this small town - a married man fucking another woman on the lake - and his own sister to boot! Based on the lack of boats we had seen coming here I knew the odds were pretty low but there was still a chance which just made it all the more erotic so far as I was concerned.

David was gripping Brenda by her hips as she rocked back and forth on his dick. She was moving in a deliberate fashion, leaning forward to slowly draw him out of her and then thrusting back to ram him back in her until her pretty ass slapped noisily into his hairy crotch. David smacked her butt playfully with the palm of his hand, making a spanking sound that echoed across the cove.

"Ahhhhhh, now THIS is what I call one bad little sister," he said to her, "Mmmmmmm, you love my cock in you, don't you?"

Brenda just grunted but she gave him an especially hard movement back onto his cock as if to confirm what he had just said. Actually, David was the only guy I had ever seen fuck Brenda and so I didn't know how this compared to when her boyfriends fucked her but she certainly seemed to be enjoying him.

## 7. My Turn With David

My pussy was so wet at this point that I couldn't stand just being a spectator any more. I stood up and moved across the boat, kneeling next to Brenda and taking the same position she was in. My halter top fell open and my boobs hung free as my bare ass faced David, serving as an open invitation. I wiggled it for him and licked my lips seductively for him to see.

"Damn, looks like somebody wants a piece of this cock for herself," David said.

"My turn," I responded, "I wanna be fucked too."

David was looking at my ass and the pussy that was his for the taking while he continued to fuck Brenda. Then he reached over with his left hand and grabbed my ass, squeezing each cheek and spanking me playfully. I wiggled it again for him and his hand worked its way between my legs and he pushed his middle finger up my pussy.

"Damn, I'll say somebody wants some cock!" he laughed out loud, "Shit, that's what I call a wet pussy!"

David quickly pulled out of Brenda, eliciting a moan from her as her pussy was suddenly empty and then there was another moan, this time from me as he took a step sideways and quickly thrust himself into me. Now THAT was much better! I mimicked Brenda's previous actions and rocked on his cock as he stood there, basically letting me fuck his cock. With him all the way in I held myself in position, rotating my ass in a circular motion to rub his cock all around inside of me.

"Oh yea, that's nice," David groaned, "God you're so damn tight!" After a bit he pulled back out of me and returned to Brenda's pussy. Back and forth he went, alternating between the two of us every dozen strokes or so. I looked over at Brenda who was looking at me, a broad grin on her face as we took turns receiving his cock. She winked at me and I knew she had an idea so I winked back to signal I was OK with anything she wanted. The next time he pulled out of her she quickly turned around and pushed him backwards before he could start fucking me again..

"Have a seat big brother," she commanded.

David sat back on the edge of the opposite cushion where I had been laying before. His hard cock was wet with our pussy juices and was sticking up in the air like a missile ready to launch. The hair in his crotch was matted down with our wetness, exposing even more of his cock for us to see.

Brenda pushed him back further onto the seat and then straddled him, placing her knees on each side of him, facing him such that her large boobs were hanging in front of his face. She lowered herself down as she grabbed her brother's cock and guided it into her pussy yet again. Once it found the mark she dropped quickly down onto it until she was sitting firmly on his lap. She didn't stay there long, though, as she started bouncing on his cock like she was riding a horse at a full gallop. David pulled her tank up to expose her large breasts which were bouncing even more in front of him and buried his face between them, letting her boobs rub against his face as she fucked herself on his cock.

As for me, once again I took on the role of spectator as I just sat back and enjoyed the show, playing with myself casually as I watched the two siblings enjoy one another. They were both good looking and it would have been hot to watch them fuck in any case but once again, knowing they were brother and sister made it something special for me.

Once again, as great as it was to watch them, how long could any reasonable person expect me just to sit back and watch them have all the fun? I understand that sex can be a great spectator sport but I prefer to be the one people are watching! I got up and stepped behind Brenda and tapped her on the shoulder, like I was on the dance floor and cutting in. She paused her bouncing and settled down on her brother's cock. Even so, I noticed she was still squirming a little bit to keep him moving in her. She looked over her shoulder at me and grinned.

"Something you wanted Kelly?" she asked innocently as if we were all just hanging around doing nothing.

"You know damn well what I want," I replied, smacking her bottom to make my point. "Quit hogging your brother's cock!"

Brenda made an overly dramatic sigh and kissed David before lifting herself off and dismounting him. She stood to the side and waved her hand at him with a flourish saying, "Here you go... all yours Kelly!"

With a clear shot at his cock, I turned around and backed into David. He scooted forward on the cushion so his ass was barely on the seat and he spread his legs so I could get between them. With my legs together it kept my pussy all the tighter but as wet as I was he had no problem entering me as I lowered myself down onto him. He reached around me and grabbed my boobs with both hands like handles as I rode him.

Brenda left her tank pulled up so her boobs remained exposed. It was all she had on as she stood in front of me and rubbed her boobs together as she watched me being fucked by her brother.

Just then we all heard a loud noise like a boat motor and Brenda quickly pulled down her tank and sat on the cushion next to us. I sat still, not sure whether I should get off David's lap or stay where I was. The railing and seat back cushions would hide us from anyone seeing what was going on, at least so far as they were not right on top of us, so it seemed the best thing to do was to just act like nothing was going on. That sounds easier than it was given I could feel David's hard cock throbbing in me!

About thirty seconds later we saw a large pontoon boat go by. It was out in the middle of the lake going full speed towards some destination. We waved at them and they waved back, not really paying a whole lot of attention to us. I just couldn't help but squirm a bit - it's hard to be still when a guy's cock is inside of you! Fortunately, they had no interest in us and before long they were out of sight again and it was all quiet except for the muffled sound of their engine which gradually diminished away.

Brenda giggled a bit and said, "That was the people in that big house down the lake. I recognized their boat."

"OH? In that case maybe we should have put on a show for them?" I offered.

"Oh fuck, that would be all we needed," David replied.

His hands were on my hips now, pushing me in little circle like he was churning butter or something, making me rotate around on his dick. It felt good to feel his pubic hair smashed against my ass, rubbing against me like a soft brush as my ass swung around slowly.

"Well, I see it didn't have any effect on you David," I teased him.

I had my hands on my knees as I stirred his cock inside of me. Brenda was sitting next to us and now she opened her legs up and spread her pussy apart with both hands.

"OK David, that's enough of her for now," she said seductively, "It's time to fuck this pussy again!"

I just rolled my eyes and pretended to be exasperated but it WAS her turn to be fair, even if I really didn't WANT to be fair when it came to sharing his cock! I leaned forward which had the effect of lifting myself off his cock. I stood up and held my hand in my crotch, rubbing myself slowly as I watched David move over to where Brenda was exposing herself to him.

David pushed her back against the back seat cushion and leaned forward, holding himself off of her by grabbing the rail on each side of her head, suspending himself over her with his erect cock hovering over her stomach. He rubbed himself up and down her tight stomach, touching the tip of his dick to her boobs and then letting it slide down to below her belly button. Finally she grabbed it and pulled him down to where she was spreading her pussy open with her other hand and pulling the head of his cock against her pussy.

"David! Quit playing around and fuck me dammit," she said, sounding a little frustrated and not in a playful way this time.

I couldn't blame her. There was a time to goof around and then there was a time when you just wanted it in you and Brenda was obviously in the latter mode. David patted her on the head and then grabbed the rail again, thrusting his hips forward and driving himself back in her yet again.

"Oh god, that feels so damn good!" she moaned.

Brenda was getting serious now, rubbing her clit with one hand while she massaged her boob with the other. Her eyes were closed and she as breathing heavily which I knew from plenty of past experience meant only thing - she was working her way to an orgasm and was just about there. Sure enough, suddenly her eyes opened wide and she cried out as her hips bucked up against David and her back stiffened in an arch.

"Of fuck, I'm cumming," she gasped loudly, "Fuck me harder dammit... fuck me big brother!"

Brenda was the type that usually had what I call "quiet orgasms" in that she might moan a little and whimper but wasn't one to put on a big display or anything. Not this time. She humped up against him, driving him deeper inside of her and kept cursing and demanding that David fuck her harder and still harder.

To David's defense, he was banging her for all he was worth but nothing seemed to be enough to satisfy the little whore that suddenly had appeared underneath him. Brenda was also rubbing her clit furiously and I wondered how sore she was going to be later after abusing herself this way. Somehow I didn't think at the moment she cared one bit about that! I could see from the expressions on his face that David was also getting to the point of no return.

Brenda was finally starting to settle down but he didn't slow a bit. Finally he rammed himself one more time into her and then pulled out, stroking his cock with his hand as a stream of milky cum shot from his cock onto her boobs and face. The first couple of loads went the furthest with one even leaving some traces in her red hair. The remainder of his sperm pooled on her chest and stomach and once the last shot was finished he rubbed his cock around on her, spreading the cum around her torso like a slimy lotion.

Brenda used her hand to wipe the cum from her face and then she licked it from her fingers, looking at me with a big grin on her face as she smacked her lips. I pointed to my hair and she realized what I was trying to tell her.

"Oh David, you didn't cum in my hair, did you?" she whined, pretending to be mad at him. "Crap, now how am I gonna get it out before we go home?"

David, typical guy he was, just ignored her and looked quite satisfied with himself as he stepped back and flopped down on the cushion behind him. He put his arms out to each side and rested them on the railing behind him. His legs were spread apart - no modesty whatsoever there, and his wet dick was already softening rapidly.

"Damn girls, that was fucking hot," he said as he tried to catch his breath. "I wish you two would teach my wife a few things."

I hadn't thought about his wife while we had been fucking and an image of the bitch suddenly flashed in front of me. In a way, I wish she DID see what we had done to her husband today, just to show her how much more he enjoyed fucking us than he ever had with her. At least I had the satisfaction of knowing the next time she griped at Brenda that Brenda would be able to remember the feel of her brother's cock in her and know he enjoyed fucking her more than his wife.

Now that he had cum, David, like most guys, was ready to wrap things up and get going. As much as I preferred older men, that is one thing I have to say about teenage boys - they never quit! It seems that the older they get the faster the lust disappears once they get off. Oh well, at least I had some decent cock and the memories of seeing the two of them fucking would be getting me off for some time to come I was sure! David pulled up his shorts and then brought up the anchor. As he started up the boat and headed back out to the lake, Brenda and I just laid back on our respective cushions with our backs to the front of the boat. Neither of us bothered to put our shorts back on although Brenda did pull her tank down and I loosely tied my halter back together again.

"Ummmmm, aren't you two forgetting something?" David called up to us with a laugh as he steered around the corner and out into the lake.

Brenda and I looked at each other and then back at him, acting as if we had no idea what he was talking about. We each had our legs down flat, spread slightly apart, offering him a nice view of the two pussies that he had just finished fucking. Brenda rubbed herself, more for him than herself.

"Oh David... Are you sure don't want any more of this?" she teased him. David just shook his head in mock frustration.

"C'mon Brenda, get your shorts on before someone sees you like that. Who knows who might be watching from shore."

Reluctantly we both grabbed our shorts and put them back on again. Compared to being bare-assed, they felt so restrictive! I loved the feeling of being bottomless outside like we had been, it felt so free and natural. Much as I hate to admit it, it was probably a good thing we did as it turned out. As we neared the bend around to where the docks were, there were several people fishing up on the shoreline which was high enough that they could see down into the boat as we passed. Brenda waved at them and from their response they obviously knew who she was. It might have been hard to explain later why she was half nude if we had not listened to David!

We soon were back at the dock and David tied up the boat. Brenda's dad had taken the truck back so we had to walk back to her house but it didn't take us long. Once there we found her mom and dad in the kitchen, her mom fixing dinner and her dad reading the newspaper.

"Well, any luck?" her dad asked.

Fortunately he had no clue what we had been REALLY fishing for! Her dad was a sweet guy and I would have been willing to bet anything that the very thought that we might have been fooling around had never even entered his mind. Her mom, on the other hand, I sometimes wondered about. Even then, I think she was more worried about ME than anything. It would have been interesting to see her reaction if she knew her son had enjoyed fucking her daughter more than his own wife!

Postscript

So far I haven't fucked David since that day. I talk to Brenda quite a bit and we get together now and then. Probably the biggest reason I haven't been with David is that Brenda told me that she and David were finally doing it on their own now. I guess they don't need me to get them together anymore and I have always known he liked fucking her the most. As much as it disappointed me from a physical perspective - he WAS a pretty good fuck, I couldn't help but feel happy for the two of them. He really DID love fucking his sister more than his wife and since Brenda enjoyed it, why shouldn't he? It wasn't hurting his marriage and there was no chance he would ever leave his wife for her so I didn't see any harm in them doing it.

I just wished I had a brother like David to fuck me!

# (May 13) Chapter 81: Fifth Escort Job, Ralph and Friends Rape Me

Story codes: MMF rape group adultery anal
Me (20)
Ralph - client (50)

When I started escorting, all I thought about was the fun and excitement, and of course the sex. Perhaps I should have thought more about what could have gone wrong as well BEFORE it happened to me.

## 1. Why I Love Being an Escort

I've been having sex since I was fourteen but until recently it was with someone I knew or in a situation where I chose who I had sex with. This past year in school has been the toughest so far in terms of my sexual needs. My freshman year at least paired me with Brenda, a wonderful roomie who introduced me to the beauty of girl-girl sex with someone not related to me. This year I once again have a very sweet roomie with just one difference - she's saving herself for marriage. Needless to say we don't sleep together let alone share my double dildo that Brenda and I put to such good use.

After a wonderful Christmas break I felt my heart sink as I realized that all I was destined to spend the next few months with just my fingers and imagination. I started thinking about what other options I had. The club scene is non- existent around here and even if it were available, I couldn't do anything this close to school. I had lots of offers from guys I chat with but no matter how tempting some of them were I wasn't about to give in and take that kind of risk. The one idea thing that kept coming up was some sort of an escort job. I don't mean being like one of those web whores that tease you on the Internet all the time, but rather working for a respectable and legitimate agency.

I checked out several in Columbus and eventually decided to give one a try. This agency claimed to check out their clients and choose the ones that they think are best for me (I insisted on only older married guys from out of state). Since the guys pay the agency directly, I didn't have to fool with money or worry about getting arrested as a prostitute although I could keep any tips. While it is expected that I be friendly and outgoing - including putting up with some minor groping, sex is definitely NOT mandatory and completely up to me.

Indeed, so far as the company is concerned, sex is not part of any deal but that doesn't fool anyone. The agency sends a prepaid cab to pick me up and then another to take me back home. In addition to the single escorts, I also agreed to do bachelor parties, which actually sounded like a lot of fun. I love an audience, especially when I am having sex, so these parties sounded like a perfect match for me.

Soon after I signed the papers (including the income tax forms!) I went to my first bachelor party. There were ten guys including the groom and before it was over they had all fucked me at least once, even the married ones.

A couple of weeks later I went on my first escort. This was actually more nerve-wracking for me beforehand than the party since it would be one-on-one with a total stranger. I mean, talk about the ultimate blind date! In the end it went great. Greg was 44 and had a daughter my age he fantasized about having sex with. He said I actually bore a resemblance to her which is why he chose me. I spent the night pretending to be his daughter and he fucked his daughter several times - or at least as close as he was ever going to get to.

The next two escorts came quickly; both were the following weekend. John was probably one of the most erotic dates I had ever been on. He spent half the evening on the phone with his wife. It was incredible to be fucked while he was telling his wife how much he loved her and missed her!

The next night Bill didn't want to go to his hotel room since his family was staying with him. It was like a night back in high school! He took me to a restaurant and groped me in the booth. From there we saw a movie and I sucked him off in the theater. It had been ages since I had done that and I felt fourteen again! Finally we fucked in the hotel parking lot right outside his room on the first floor. We could actually see his family coming in and out of the room while he was screwing me!

It was couple of weeks before another guy took me out. Dan was a middle aged husband who had never cheated on his wife before. He was on a guilt trip the entire evening and in a way it actually turned me on to be sexy enough to make him want to overcome his fear and doubts and be with me for the evening.

Three weeks later, most of the delay thanks to a great spring break, I had my second bachelor party. It was smaller, only 6 guys this time, but wilder than the first. I loved it and if nothing else I want to do more parties in the future.

## 2. Masturbation

Now it is the last weekend at school. I should have been studying for finals but when the e-mail arrived asking me if I was interested in another escort I couldn't turn down the opportunity. The guy's description showed he was fifty years old which would make him the oldest man to ever fuck me. He was married of course and had four kids, all older than me. Ralph was from Chicago and was in town for business but wanted someone in the evening to entertain him. Well, I was ready to help him out!

Friday finally came. Luckily my schedule on Fridays is easy with only one class and that being in the morning. Thus I had the afternoon to get ready for the evening to come. Karen was not so fortunate and so I also had the room to myself which came in handy at times like this. I got back to my room after a light lunch and plopped down in my bed. All I could think about was what would happen later that night. What would he be like? Where would he want to go? Would he treat me nice?

Then of course came the other thoughts... Would he feel me up right away or take his time? Would he want me to do anything to him at the restaurant or wait until we were back to his hotel room? Would he have a nice cock? How would he smell and taste when I sucked it? I dreamed of him fucking me and wondered if he would cum in me or want to spray his sperm all over me?

The more I thought about having sex with this stranger the warmer my pussy felt. I lifted up my tank top and played with my breasts, the nipples already pointed and hard from my dirty thoughts alone. I loved to play with them and when a man squeezed them gently and grabbed my nipples between his fingers my entire body would tingle with pleasure. I cupped my breasts with my one hand as I used the finger on my other to trace small circles around the nipple.

After spending my teen years hating them, I loved my breasts now. They use to be so small that I was always a bit embarrassed when I was around other girls my age or younger who were so much more developed than me. Now they were large enough to fill out my bikini top and show plenty of cleavage but not too big that they hung down and needed a bra to lift them up. I could still not wear a bra and my boobs would be nice and high with a firm bounce to them.

As my thoughts grew more intense I unsnapped my jeans and lowered them to my ankles, kicking them off to the end of my bed. Lifting my top over my head, I threw it down to join my jeans leaving me to lay naked on my small bed. I spread my legs wide apart and place my hand between them, just covering my pussy and feeling the warmth radiating from it.

I usually shave every day but knowing my plans for the night I had not done it this morning, figuring I would be doing it just before going out so my pussy would be as nice and smooth as a twelve year old virgin. I found that so long as I shaved it every day that it would stay that way but if I let it go and grow that after I shaved it would be red and irritated for a day or so afterwards, not exactly the sexiest look in the world.

So now as I touched it I could feel the slight stubble warning me it was overdue. I really had no choice but to keep it shaved with the clothes that I wore. Some girls I knew liked to keep a "landing strip" or small triangle but I liked the little girl look - bare and smooth. Almost every guy I fucked liked it that way too. I think they liked that it made me look so much younger, like a young teenager.

My finger began to press into my slit as I started to rub my pussy up and down. I was already getting wet so my middle finger easily slid into my slit between my pussy lips. I touched my clit and shivered as it reacted to the stimulation. I loved to be touched and fondled all over my body but when it came to the bottom line, the most sensitive spot on my body was without a doubt my clitoris. When it was hard and sensitive I never ceased to be amazed how such a small spot on my body would make the rest of me feel so incredibly good. My hood pulled back as I ran my fingers around and over it. Now and then I would reach down to get more wetness from my pussy and then go back to my clit.

I took my other hand from my boob and pushed my finger into my pussy like a small cock was fucking me. I kept my other fingers working on my clit and I fucked myself imaging it was someone else doing it to me. It wasn't long before my orgasm began to start as I felt my entire body began to catch fire as it always did whenever I came. Every part of me from my toes to my scalp began to tingle and feel like it was burning up as my pussy pulsed out wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure. Each wave would radiate from between my legs and flow up and down me like an ocean wave.

I gasped as my fingers worked feverishly to keep me going, not wanting it to end. I arched my back and lifted my hips up off the bed as if to try and pull my dream lover deeper into me. Finally I pounded myself up and down, bouncing on the bed as though I was being fucked hard. Eventually I was exhausted and just laid there with my finger still in me and my hand just pressed against my clit. I must have laid for half an hour, naked and sweating from my orgasm.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew I was waking up to the sound of Karen, my roomie, talking on her phone. I realized I was still laying on top of my bed totally naked and was about to get up when I heard her say, "Yea, she's still sound asleep. How would you feel if you walked in and your roommate was sleeping naked on her bed?"

I pretended to be still asleep, wondering who she was talking to. It felt strange to be laying there on my back with nothing on while she was just a few feet away talking like I wasn't there. What I really wanted her to say was how hot I looked and that she wanted to join me in bed but unfortunately that wasn't Karen.

"Yeah, I know," she said to whoever it was, "I am glad the year is about over.

She's been really nice to me but somehow I think there is a lot to her she doesn't tell me. She's going out tonight and I don't believe for one second it's just to visit a friend. You should see her when she gets back some nights! Makeup all messed up, hair tussled and she smells, well like she has been doing something."

I was actually feeling a little horny as I listened to her. Finally she said goodbye and then left the room again. I got up and looked at the clock in shock - I'd slept the entire afternoon away and now I had to be ready in an hour! Thoughts of Karen were replaced by questions over what to wear. I grabbed my bag and went down to the bathroom to wash up. First I took a nice hot shower. While I was in there I shaved my legs and pussy. It felt so nice to feel it wet and smooth again.

I couldn't help but want to touch it again with the warm water cascading down my boobs and then between my legs. I reached behind me and help my wet ass in my hands, squeezing my cheeks and massaging them. I loved my ass to be played with. When I am walking with a guy in public I love it when he has his hand squarely on my ass, rubbing me through my tight jeans.

As I stood there under the hot stream of water my hand ventured lower and I ran my finger around my asshole. Then I pushed it inside, feeling my finger entering my ass. I had never let anyone into my ass before, not even a finger let alone a cock. It was only the past year that I had started experimenting with it and once in a while like now I would slip a finger in my ass when I was in the shower or bath tub. Sometimes I would put another in my pussy and feel me rubbing against each other inside of me. It felt good but so far not such that I wanted anyone else to do it to me. I don't mind if a guy wants to lick my asshole or rub it with his finger, just so he doesn't ask me to do the same to him.

After an enjoyable shower I wrapped a towel around me and went back to my room. I dried my hair and tried to put some wave into it with my curling iron rather than being just straight like it usually likes to hang. I was just finishing my makeup when Karen came back. She just went to her desk to get a few things, apparently she was not going to mention anything about what happened earlier which was fine with me.

"So who are you getting all dressed up for?" she asked.

I smiled and looked over from my makeup mirror saying, "Just someone I met at a party."

Karen looked at me, obviously not buying a word I was saying. She grabbed her purse and started to walk out when she turned at the door to say, "You know Kelly, I don't know what you're doing tonight and I'm not sure I really want to know. Just take care of yourself girl."

She left with that and I realized she was really a very sweet girl. We didn't share the same views in many things in life, particularly when it came to sex and family life, but we each had spent the past year sharing a room and overall she was a great roomie. I had to give her credit for being as sexy as she was and yet despite how wild she dressed or how small of a bikini she wore, she still hung to her beliefs and values which I respected her for. I have a feeling she knows a lot more about me than she lets on yet she has respected my lifestyle as well which I appreciated more than perhaps she knew.

I was clean, my hair was ready, makeup touched up, and a touch of perfume in all the right places. I pulled out my slutty black dress - the one with no straps and super short. It was the same I had worn a few weeks earlier when I entertained my dad's clients and I knew they certainly liked it on me. Looking in the mirror I debated whether or not to put on a thong. I had a few really small ones that really didn't hide much and were nothing more than strings except for a small triangular patch that barely covered my pussy. I started to pull one on and then thought the hell with it.

Tonight I was going to be the perfect slut, sexy and underdressed. I knew this guy was older and would probably be looking for someone young and hot to make him feel he still had it. Well, I was going to do my best to be everything he dreamed I would be.

## 3. Slut for Dinner

It was 7:00 and time for the taxi to pick me up. I threw on a long lightweight raincoat to cover me up - it wouldn't be good for my RA to see me in this outfit! Walking out, I saw a taxi waiting at the curb and sure enough it was for me. Getting in the back seat, I didn't say a word as he took off. He knew where to take me and there nothing I had to say to him as I sat back there in silence for the entire trip. It took about an hour to get to the restaurant where I was to meet him. It was not somewhere I had ever been before, some sort of fondue place called the Hot Pot.

Walking in, I gave my name to the hostess who looked at me with a sideways glance. My date was supposed to be already here and when she saw me and realized how much younger than he was, it probably didn't take all that much for her to figure out what the story was. She told me to follow her and she led me to the table.

I looked around and was impressed by the place. It had the usual tables but was lined by a series of small enclosed booths. The walls on the booths were high enough to make them private from the one next to them. The bench seats were on one side and the back to form a "L" and a small table was on the other side. The whole place had a sense of romance and intimacy, perfect for a night like this.

We got to the booth where my "date" was waiting. He was quite handsome, a full head of silver hair, clean shaven, with a dark complexion. The hostess asked me if I wanted her to take my coat so I untied the belt and slipped it off. I noticed both my date and the hostess were looking at me and I felt that glow inside I get whenever someone admires the way I look. I pulled my dress down as it had ridden up to the point where my bare ass was about to show and my cleavage was clearly visible as the top of the dress was barely high enough to cover my nipples. The hostess rolled her eyes just a bit, enough to send me a message of disapproval. I just smiled at her and then turned my attention to him.

"Hello, you must be Kelly," he said as he stood and reached his hand out to me, "My name is Ralph. I'm honored to meet you tonight."

I took his hand and he got out from the booth and offered me to sit in first. He was tall, probably over six feet and had the build of an ex-athlete. He smelled of expensive cologne and was wearing a large platinum wedding band studded with a row of beautiful diamonds.

As I sat down my skirt pulled up and in the process of moving around the bench behind the table it actually pulled up above my ass so by the time I was seated with my legs crossed I was sitting bare-assed on the seat. The table kept anyone from seeing though so I didn't bother doing anything about it. Ralph moved in next to me and looking down he could see my bare butt and thigh of my leg. He smiled at me and put his hand on my bare leg.

"Well, it's always nice when a girl makes her intentions known from the start," he said in a soft voice, "I hate playing games and it looks like you don't like them either."

I gave him a sexy smile and replied, "It's your night Ralph so you just let me know if there is anything you need."

His hand immediately reached between my legs and he touched my bald pussy with his fingers. This guy certainly wasn't shy and he wasn't wasting any time either! The waiter came buy then and offered us menus but Ralph was evidently a frequent customer as he knew already what to order and explained it to waiter. He asked me what I wanted to drink and I just asked for a glass of ice water, casually mentioning that I wasn't old enough to order anything alcoholic. Ralph said he knew in a voice that signified not only that he knew my age but was happy that I was as young as I was.

The waiter brought back a bottle of wine which Ralph tasted and approved of. It was an expensive white and I wondered if he intended to drink the entire bottle for dinner! We were then left alone and as there was nobody in the tables near us, we were as private as you could be under the circumstances.

Ralph was taking full advantage of it, groping me up and down my legs and between them. I uncrossed my legs and spread them apart to let him get to my pussy more easily and he immediately went for it, plunging his finger up into me. I gasped as it penetrated me.

"Oh yea, I love your finger in me," I whispered to him.

"Damn you are such a fucking slut," he hissed at me. "I can't believe how wet you are already!"

I smiled at him with a wicked sexy grin and reached over to his crotch. Well, he certainly wasn't having any problems getting it up! I decided to follow his lead and not waste any time playing around so I unzipped his pants and reached in to pull his cock out. It was already pretty hard and about average length and size so it wasn't too hard to get it out of his pants and in the open. I licked my lips at the sight of his swollen cock and grabbed the shaft with my hand and started to stroke him gently.

"That's it Kelly," he said, "Do me here. I want a blowjob before dinner gets here."

Well, what the hell? This was about as fast as I had ever moved with anyone in this type of situation so I guess it was only natural to suck him in the first five minutes of the date. He slid over enough for me to bend over and take him in my mouth. He tasted really good and smelled wonderful, a mixture of deep natural musk and cologne.

As I leaned over he pulled my dress up over my butt so my entire ass was exposed. His hand reached in from behind and played with my wet pussy, sliding his finger back into my cunt. I sucked his cock, easily taking it all the way in my mouth. His thick bushy pubic hair filled my face as I buried it into his smelly crotch. My tongue swirled around him and my head pumped up and down on his dick like I was humping him. Now and then a low moan would escape from his mouth.

I had his while cock swallowed when I heard the waiter stopping by asking if he needed a refill. There was no way he could have missed what was happening! And I was incredibly turned on wondering what the look was on his face as he saw this young girl sucking Ralph's cock! I lifted up enough to look his way, the head of Ralph's cock still in my mouth as I looked upwards out the corner of my eye.

The waiter was holding the wine bottle, watching my every move with a big grin on his face. Ralph motioned for him to leave and he gave a wink and then left us alone again. Back to work I want on Ralph's cock, determined to make him come before our meal arrived. From the way he was starting to squirm and the tell-tale swelling of his cock I knew I was close to my goal.

"That's it Kelly," he moaned, "Don't stop now, I am almost there."

Suddenly I felt his hips rise up against me and he put his hands on my head, forcing me down onto his cock. His cock swelled and he jerked as his first load shot into my mouth. His cock was already filling my mouth so it was hard to keep his cum in my mouth. As the third and fourth loads erupted it was too much and I had to let some of it drip from my mouth onto his crotch.

Finally he was through and I sat up once again, his cum filling my mouth with a bit trying to drip from my chin which I wiped off with a napkin before it got on my dress. I swished his cum around in my mouth, savoring the bitter taste before I swallowed it. Ralph put his cock back in his pants and zipped himself up. I started to straighten out my dress but he put his hand on my arm to stop me.

"No Kelly, leave your dress up like that," he said, "You have such a sweet looking pussy I want to see it while we eat."

The waiter came back then with the beginnings of our meal. He looked at me and a smile barely formed on his face as he described to us how to cook our meal. It was all fondue dishes and looked delicious. Each time he looked at me I knew what he must have been thinking about me. God I felt like such a slut and I loved it!

The rest of the dinner was actually quite uneventful. It was a fabulous meal and Ralph was quite entertaining. He told me all about his family including his wife, son and daughter. His kids were both married with families of their own. He made business trips frequently with a number of business partners and still enjoyed the company of other women. He and his wife had settled into a routine existence which bored him and even if he didn't have sex he still looked forward to the anticipation and exhilaration that comes with meeting a strange woman.

The meal was over and we had a wonderful dessert of strawberries dipped in melted chocolate. Ralph excused himself to use the restroom and when he came back he had a big grin on his face.

"Hey Kelly," he said with this sly grin on his face, "I have something for you to do before we leave."

I looked up at him and wondered just what he had up his sleeve. I was soon to find out!

"I just spoke to our waiter and he is quite taken with you. As a matter of fact, he was impressed with your cock-sucking skills and was hoping to learn more first hand."

My eyes widened as I looked at him incredulously. What was he getting me into now? I listened as he continued.

"I promised him that for his tip you would go back to the men's room and suck him off. "

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! Was he serious? This was NOT in the contract for tonight although I had to admit the waiter was pretty hot and the thought of sucking his cock didn't exactly turn me off. I wiggled my way out of the seat and quickly pulled my dress down to cover myself. I gave Ralph a quick kiss on the cheek and then I whispered in his ear.

"OK then, I'll do it. Are you going to watch?"

"No, I think I will leave this up to you but don't you dare come back here until you have a mouthful of his cum to show me. You understand my little slut?"

I just nodded and headed off to the restrooms. I opened the door to the men's room, ready to quickly apologize if someone else was in there. Fortunately it was empty except for our horny waiter. I turned around and locked the door to the small room. There was just a urinal, a toilet stall and a sink. The waiter was obviously horny and in a hurry. I say horny because as soon as the door was locked he had a hard cock unleashed from his pants. In a hurry because he motioned for me to get on my knees as soon as I turned around from the door.

I didn't want to get on my knees on that filthy floor so I bent my knees and lowered myself down until I my head was at his waist level. Of course my dress had no chance whatsoever of staying down in this position and so I just lifted it up to my stomach to make it easier. I quickly took his hard cock in my mouth, determined to make him cum as fast as possible and get this over with.

There are a lot of techniques for sucking cock, depending on your goal at the time. Usually I want it to last, to take as long as possible before he can't hold back any longer and finally has no choice except to cum. In these cases I tease him, lick him up and down his shaft, take him in and out of my mouth at various depths and speed. Now and then there are situations like this where I just want him to cum as fast as possible. I kept him my mouth as much as possible while still stroking him with my hand. I played with his balls with my other hand, gently rolling them with my fingers inside their hairy sacs.

He was probably around twenty-one and I am sure this wasn't his first blowjob but I bet he had never had one delivered with such intensity before. Most time when I am sucking a cock I am concerned for his pleasure and feelings but this time I all I cared about was getting my prize so I could go back to the table with Ralph. There was a knock on the door - someone wanted in to use the restroom. The waiter called out that he would just be a minute and from the involuntary thrusts and the beginnings of his precum seeping into my mouth, I knew he really would. Those were the only words he said the entire time I was in there as for myself, I never uttered a word.

Suddenly I felt his balls tighten and his cock expanding as he began to ejaculate his sperm into my mouth. It was quite a load but I able to keep most of it in my mouth. As soon as he stopped I dropped his cock from my mouth, stood up and straightened my dress as he did his best to put his still hard cock back into his pants.

I opened the door and there was an older man impatiently waiting outside. He looked at me as I walked out and then saw the waiter fixing up his pants inside. It didn't take a mental giant to figure out that something had been going on in there between us and he looked as if he was going to say something but I just shrugged my shoulders at him and quickly brushed by.

Walking back to the table past all the other people with a fresh load of cum in my mouth has to rank up there as one of the more bizarre feelings I have ever had. The entire evening so far had not been at all what I had been expecting but so far things seemed to be working out. I arrived back at our table and Ralph see my lips sealed tightly and unlike the other patrons, he knew why. He got up to let me have the seat inside again and as I slide by him his hand ran under my dress and rubbed my bare ass. One thing I could say about Ralph, he never missed an opportunity!

"OK you dirty little slut, let's see what you got from the waiter," he demanded.

I obediently opened my mouth so he could see the cum pooled on my tongue. Ralph smiled and nodded his head in approval.

"Now that's what I call a good girl! Well, let's get going. I paid for the meal while you were gone and it appears you tipped the waiter."

## 4. Rough Sex

Ralph took me by the hand and led me to his rental car outside. It was big and roomie with a full bench seat up front. I had a feeling Ralph made sure he had a car that would keep me as close to him as possible. I started to put on my seat belt when Ralph put up his hand and motioned for me to stop.

"I have a better idea," he said, "I want you to lay back on the seat and hike that skimpy dress up to your belly so I can watch you play with your pussy while I drive."

Damn, this guy was relentless! I had better be getting one hell of a tip tonight! Oh well, why not? I mean it's not like it would be the first time I messed around in a moving car. Kicking my heels off first, I swiveled my legs up onto the seat and laid back against the door after making sure it was locked. I pulled my skirt up almost to my boobs and felt the cool leather of the seat against my bare ass. I spread my legs wide apart and smiled at him.

Ralph let out a deep breath saying, "God Kelly, you have a beautiful pussy. Touch it for me."

The ride to the hotel took about twenty minutes. During that time I masturbated for him, touching myself and cumming twice in the process. I don't know how he avoided an accident - he seemed to be watching me more than the road. The seat under me was wet with my pussy cum and I licked my fingers as he pulled into the hotel garage. He pulled into a space and stopped the engine. I spread my pussy apart and gave him my sexiest smile.

"Hey big guy, are you ready to stop watching and start fucking me? Lick my pussy. NOW!"

Ralph laughed. "Hey, who said you could give the orders here bitch? Just for that you're going to have to wait to have your pussy licked until we get to the room."

At first I thought he was joking and then he go out of the car and I realized he was serious. Damn, I really DID want him to lick my cunt. I pulled down my dress, slipped on my heels and got out to join him. We walked to the elevator and he put his room key in. As the elevator went up he put his arm around me and cupped my boob in his hand.

"Sorry Kelly, I know you wanted your pussy licked but you have to learn who is in charge here tonight."

Given the tone in his voice, for a second a chill went through me. What was I getting myself into? So far he had been calling all the shots this evening and he hadn't asked me anything too terrible. If anything the night had been rather exciting so far. I could still taste the waiter's cum in my mouth even a half-hour later and the thought of blowing a stranger in the men's room at the demand of my date was pretty wild! Oh well, he seemed like a nice man - maybe a little kinky but overall OK. I had a feeling things might get a bit weird in his hotel room but nothing harmful. Looking back this was when I should have called a cab!

We got to the room and he pulled out his card key to open the door. Just then a couple of guys came out of the room next door heading to the elevator. They looked at me and then smiled at Ralph. Ralph grinned and slipped his hand under my dress, lifting it up enough to show off my ass to them. The guys rolled their eyes and shook their heads as they walked by. I felt pretty hot since they obviously knew what was going on. I certainly wasn't his daughter!

Once we were on the room, Ralph closed the door and latched it. Turning towards me, he smiled and looked me over.

"Strip," he said softly but firmly.

That was all he said and then he just stared at me, his eyes unreadable to me. I kicked off my heels and took off my dress. I stood there naked in front of him with my arms to my side, wondering what was going to happen next.

"Turn around," came the next command. I turned my back to him and I could feel his eyes on me, drilling through me with their intensity.

"Spread your legs and bend over. Touch the floor."

I spread my feet apart and then bent over until my fingers touched the carpet. He had a great view of my ass and pussy now. I looked between my legs and saw him still standing there upside down. Without another word he took off his clothes slowly, laying each piece on the bed as I struggled to stay in this position. Once he was nude I watched him stroking himself, his cock growing thick and hard. He stepped up behind me and grabbed me by the waist. His cock was pressed against my pussy and I could feel my lips starting to spread apart for him.

"No more teasing, time to fuck you like you deserve to be fucked."

I was wondering how he thought I "deserved" to be fucked when he thrust his cock hard into me, all the way to the base without hesitation. Fortunately I was pretty wet from masturbating and just anticipation so it didn't hurt much but just the sheer shock of it almost knocked me off my feet. Again and again he withdrew himself until he was just barely in me and then rammed himself hard into me. He grunted with each one like an animal fucking his mate.

Then just as suddenly he pulled out and lifted me straight up again. "Get on the bed," he ordered.

As I did he opened up a drawer and pulled out some ropes. They weren't the type that we used on our boat more instead made up of some softer-looking material. Regardless, my eyes still widened as I realized what his intentions were. I have NEVER been tied up for sex before and with tonight's track recons I wasn't sure I wanted it now. He reached for my ankle and I instructively pulled it back from him.

"Give me your ankle slut."

There was something in the tone of his voice that told me I had better give it to him and reluctantly I did. He grabbed it and tied one end of one of the ropes to it. The other end he ran under the end of the bed to the leg and tied it there. One by one he did my other ankle and wrists until I was spread-eagled out on the bed. On one hand I was scared. What was he going to do to me? On the other hand I was feeling horny as hell. I had never been so submissive in this manner to anyone ever before. Not even my father had ever forced me to put myself in a position where I had no control over what he could do to me. Now I was letting a total stranger control me completely. Was I insane? I hoped that in the end it would all be worthwhile.

Just when I though nothing could be crazier he pulled out one last item - a long length of black silk. He came up to my head as it dawned on me that it COULD be crazier - he was going to blindfold me. Now THAT was going too far and I started to protest.

"SHUT UP BITCH!" he shouted at me and I immediately froze and didn't say another word.

Oh my god, what was going to happen to me? Now I was not longer horny, I was just scared - VERY scared. I never thought anything like this could ever happen to me and it was like a nightmare with my eyes opened except I couldn't see anything.

I felt the bed bounce and then Ralph was on top of me. He roughly pushed his fingers into my pussy, opening me up for his cock which he then pushed into me. For the first time in my life I did not feel exhilarated at the feel of a cock filling me up. This wasn't sex, this was just a cock in a pussy. I didn't want him in me and I hated him at that moment. Little did I know my hate was just beginning.

## 5. Raped

As he fucked me I just laid there, letting him pound my pussy with his damn cock. Then I heard the door open and voices. Now what the hell was happening?

"Hey guys, what do you think?" Ralph said as he kept fucking me.

"Fuck Ralph, she is fine!" said another voice. Other chimed in - it sounded like at least four to five other guys were now in the room.

"Take her guys," Ralph said, "she knows who is in charge here. Fuck the little whore. Don't worry, the bitch likes it rough."

The hell I did! I started to say something but Ralph grabbed my mouth tightly, actually hurting me with his fingers.

"Not a word if you know what's good for you," he whispered into my ear.

The threatening tone in his voice was enough for me. I shut up and laid there, wondering what was going to happen to me. It didn't take long to find out. One after another they fucked me, each one getting on top of me and pushing himself into me.

I know that some of them must have done me more than once because more than six cocks were in me. Only two of them came in me, the rest of them came on me either on my face or boobs.

With the blindfold on I didn't know when one of them was about to cum on me so it wasn't until I felt the warmth of their cum. My face seemed to be the favorite target and it felt like it was completely covered with their multiple loads of cum. At least the blindfold protected my eyes! Surprisingly none of them put their cocks in my mouth but then again maybe not so surprisingly. They may have been afraid of what I would do if I got my teeth on their cocks!

Once more the guy who was fucking me came in me, gasping as he delivered another stream of sperm in my cunt to mix with the others. When he pulled out nobody jumped in immediately to take his place as had happened the last nine or ten time... I had lost count somewhere around 6 and I know several more had done me after that. I lay there for a few seconds motionless, the cum on my face dripping down the side of my face onto the bed and my neck. Some of it hid pooled on my lips and I had to let it into my mouth and swallow it. It would have tasted good except for the circumstances.

Just when I thought it was finally over, people started to untie me. I reached for my blindfold but a hand grabbed my wrist and then Ralph said, "Not yet cunt. We're not through with you yet."

Someone grabbed my legs and twisted me over on my belly. Ralph again said, "Up on your hands and knees."

I did as he told me and felt a hand on my ass, rubbing my cheeks and exploring between my legs. One finger and then two went in my cum-filled pussy. They then started to touch my asshole, wetting it with the mixture of my pussy wetness and cum. I had this horrible feeling that I knew what was going to happen and as his finger plunged into my asshole I knew I was right.

"Fuck she's tight!" someone said. "Here," another voice chimed in and I felt a cold greasy substance on my ass.

The finger withdrew and I could feel the head of a cock pressed against my asshole. I gritted my teeth as he started to push it into my unwilling ass. God it hurt! I couldn't help but cry out in pain which only made them laugh. I thought he was going to split my ass in two. I started crying from the pain and begged him to stop. Someone grabbed my hair and pulled my head up sharply, sending even more pain through my head, "Shut up whore, you know you really want this."

These guys had seen one too many porn flicks where the abused girl suddenly realizes she likes the abuse and tells the guys to fuck her harder or something like that. Well, this was real life and the reality was it hurt like hell and I wasn't about to start feeling good any time soon. At the same time I realized that if I continued to protest it would just take longer and they would probably be even harder on me so I decided that despite the agony and humiliation I had better act like they wanted.

"Fuck me then," I cried out in a wavering voice, "Cum in my asshole."

"That's more like it," he said, thrusting himself into me over and over, each time sending another series of pain through me.

Finally he did cum and I could feel the cum in my ass, definitely a different sensation than being filled in my pussy. He pulled out and everyone cheered for the bastard while I slumped to the bed.

I heard the door open and people leaving. Thank god it was over! Ralph took the blindfold from my face and I blinked even in the low light of the lamps.

"You bastard," I said in a low voice. "Why did you do this to me? You realize that if you had asked I probably would have fucked all your friends anyway. You didn't have to have them rape me!"

"Don't worry Kelly," he said with a smile I wanted to wipe from his face, "I think when you get up you'll see they made it worth your while. I'm leaving now so get yourself dressed and you can leave whenever you are ready. Take your time, the room is yours for the rest of the night if you need it. Goodbye my little whore."

With that he left and I laid on my back again, wondering if this had all been a bad dream. The stickiness on my face and between my legs told me otherwise. After I laid there a bit collecting my thoughts I got up to use the bathroom and shower. God my ass hurt! I felt like I was waddling instead of walking.

As I made my way there I noticed a fat envelope on the dresser. Curious, I opened it and found it stuffed with money, mostly hundred dollar bills. I couldn't believe it, there must have been over a thousand dollars in there! I counted it out and there was actually $1,550 bucks. Even though no amount of money was going to make me feel good about the evening at this point, it was still a remarkable amount. I cleaned myself up and got dressed, if you call slipping on a dress and heels dressing. I looked in the mirror and surprisingly I looked pretty good. My hair was not going to be the same that night but otherwise there were no marks on me or anything. They had not really hurt me or hit me.

I called the agency's taxi firm and had someone pick me up. On the way home I replayed the evening in my mind. Everything had gone so well until we got to the hotel. Even then I was not bullshitting Ralph when I said I would have done his friends if they had asked me. What made the whole thing so wring for me was the forced nature of the sex. I couldn't enjoy it when I had no control over it, when I was nothing more than a cunt to them to fuck. I hate humiliation and that was how I felt, like all pride and respect had been stripped from me.

The next morning I sent in my follow-up e-mail I was required to do after each escort. They billed from the taxi records so they knew how many hours I had been out. This was more of an evaluation. Even though the agency did not technically "sell" sex, they knew what their clients wanted. They also knew sometimes some got out of hand.

The one satisfaction I got was that "Ralph" would never again get a girl from another escort agency in Columbus since they shared this secret "black list" of abusive clients. Along with the e-mail I also submitted my resignation from the escort business.

I still plan to do parties for now but the single escort stuff is one thing I will chalk up to as an experience - but not something I will do ever again!

# (May 19) Chapter 82: Back Home for the Summer

Story codes: MF FF oral exhib inc father mother daughter
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Mary - my mom (38)

Finally, my sophomore year was over and summer break was here. I had been wondering how my first few days would be after being gone for so long. Well, I needn't have worried as my parents had quite a homecoming planned for me.

## 1. Heading Home for Break

Every university seems to start and end on a different week. Mine starts later than some but it ends later as well so it was past the middle of May before I was finished with finals and packed for home. Thank God I would be living in an apartment the following year - no more dorms, so most of my stuff just went into storage as I really didn't need it at home. My conservative school wardrobe wasn't exactly what I liked to wear at home so most of it remained as well.

In any case, most of it was for cold weather and it was summer finally! I hugged my roomie Karen and wished her well and then waited for my parents to arrive. They had just called me and my mom told me that my dad had gotten a speeding ticket so they were running a little late. Most everyone else was gone when the SUV pulled up to the curb. At least it was easy for them to get a parking space! I ran up to them and hugged them as they got out. I loved my parents and it was great to see them again!

It had been only a week since my last escorting gig - the LAST one I would EVER do after what happened to me. I could tell my mom was still upset over it as the first thing she asked me was whether or not I was OK - and I knew she wasn't just asking a generic question. My career as an escort girl had ended with one fateful trip to a hotel room where a guy had unexpectedly invited a few friends and essentially I was raped by them.

I know, it's hard to claim you are raped when you hire yourself out as an escort and that is why I never reported it to the police. Still, I felt violated in that I had not agreed to provide such a "service". In my mind, I was not a prostitute and I only did the escorting thing to satisfy my own needs and urges. The fact the guy paid was more because he expected to than anything else. So when this guy treated me like a whore I felt abused and violated. I reported him to my service and at the same time resigned.

I had a few great nights out, though, and overall did not regret the overall adventure. Actually, I was probably quite fortunate to get out before something REALLY serious happened to me. In any case, I assured my mom that I was fine and from my tone I think she got the message that I really didn't want to discuss it further. I had told her about it right after I got home that night so it wasn't like I was hiding anything, I just didn't want to make an issue of it.

In the meantime my dad had thrown my stuff in the back of the SUV and we were ready to go. I gave my RA a hug and jumped in the back seat. It was over a three hour ride home and so I to myself comfortable for the trip ahead of me.

"Sorry we were so late," my mom apologized, "Your dad was so anxious to see you again he never even saw the trooper."

I told them it was just fine. At least I wasn't the LAST one to leave the dorm. Now THAT would have been embarrassing! My mom was in a chatty mood and for the next hour or so it seemed she went on non-stop, filling me in on everything that had been going on. Most of it was just local gossip and while it was fun to listen to, I really didn't relate to much of it anymore after being gone for so long.

I started to daydream and as I did, an old habit of mine emerged and my hand sort of found its way between my legs and I started rubbing myself through my jeans. Nothing serious, more of an unconscious act than anything else. When I was little my mom was always whispering to me to stop touching myself when we were in public. Most of the time I didn't even realize I was doing it, I just did it out of habit. I had pretty much stopped doing it but now and then I would fall back into the old habit and it was always in private!

I was brought back to earth when my dad pulled over into a gas station to fill back up. I got out with him and went in the store with my mom to grab something to drink and snack on. When we came out he was just finishing up and as he put away the hose I wrapped my arms around his waist and hugged him, squeezing up tight against him. He reacted by holding me in his arms and to my delight, his hands reached down and squeezed my ass though my jeans. I wiggled my butt in his hands suggestively and giggled as my face was buried in his chest.

"Daddy!" I exclaimed playfully, "People are watching!"

It was indeed the truth. At the pump across from us was a middle aged man and the pump in front of him was being used by an older woman. Both of them were apparently more interested in what was happening at our pump than theirs because they were both starting at us instead of filling up their cars. The guy was just staring but the older woman looked horrified. With my mom coming back to the SUV it was obvious I was his daughter and to see him grabbing my ass the way he was must have been quite a sight for them. At least I was wearing jeans! Knowing my dad, if I had been wearing a skirt his hands would have been under it and under my panties (assuming I was wearing any)! The old lady would have REALLY had something to look upset over in that case. As it was, I got a kick out of showing off a bit and I knew my dad didn't mind so long as we were far from home where nobody would recognize us. My dad held the back door open for me and closed it behind me. I would have given a lot to know what was running through the minds of the people who had been watching us.

Back on the road my dad was grinning and my mom smacked him on the arm as she pretended to be aghast at his behavior. She couldn't keep up the act for long and next thing I knew we were all cracking up. Some people are such prudes! I commented about my thoughts about what it would have been like if I had been wearing a skirt. I saw my dad smile in the rear view mirror. He didn't have to say or do anything more to confirm my expectations would have been realized.

## 2. Dad Welcomes Me Home

The rest of the trip was actually fairly uneventful and before long we had exited from the expressway and were snaking our way back home along the curvy roads and hills that made up the community. Then home was in sight and the SUV had barely stopped in the garage before I jumped out and cried out with glee, thrilled to be home again! I ran into the basement, which was at the same level as our garage thanks to the sharp hill we live on and up to my room. I was so happy to be home! Everything was in its place and I bounced on my bed which I had missed so much sleeping in the dorm. My parents came up, my dad carrying my suitcases.

"Welcome home long-lost daughter," my mom said with a smile as she reached out to hug me. My dad followed behind her and this time when he grabbed my ass his hands went a bit lower and made a pass BETWEEN my legs this time and up the crack of my ass.

"Oh Daddy!" I exclaimed for the second time today. Except this time I wasn't teasing him about people watching. This time I was horny!

"So did you miss me daddy?" I asked him in my innocent little school girl voice, as if he needed to tell me. I looked up at him and slowly ran my tongue across my lips. My mom just laughed and started to leave the room.

"Alright you two, have some fun, I'll leave you alone for a while," she said. She hesitated as she reached the door and then laughed again saying, "You know, I figured the two of you would never have made it all the way back without going at it - I think you're slipping!"

My dad and I both stuck out our tongues at her and then laughed at our simultaneous reactions. My mom just waved her hand at us and went downstairs. I knew the two of us would be getting together before long but my dad needed my attention first. Judging from the bulge in his jeans if I didn't do something for him soon he was going to explode! I reached down and put my hand over his cock and pressed on it through his jeans.

"Mmmmmmm, I think someone DID miss me," I said seductively. Forget the little girl crap, I was horny and my dad wanted me which was a dangerous mix at any time but given just HOW horny I was and HOW much he wanted his daughter, it was more like a volcano about to erupt.

"Do you want me daddy?" I asked him softly as I rubbed his stiff cock, "Tell me you want me."

"Oh Kelly," he sighed, "God yes, I want you so bad... I want to fuck you so bad."

Now THAT was what I wanted to hear, the words that always thrilled me and made my heart skip a beat no matter how often they were repeated. Nothing made me happier than to know my father wanted me, and that he wanted me in the most intimate end explicit way a man can want a woman. When he told me he wanted to fuck me it was the most wonderful compliment he could ever give to me as in just those few words he told me everything about how he felt about me.

Granted, I knew my dad loved me and respected me - he didn't need to have sex with me for me to know that. After all, I was his daughter and I knew no matter what I did - or didn't, he would always love me unconditionally and he would never do anything that would disrespect me or injure me in any way, no matter how slight. The fact that in addition to his love and respect he also lusted for me in a way only a sexy girl, only a naughty slut, only a girl half age could - THAT was what really made me hot.

I felt so lucky I could fulfill his fantasies and enable him to realize his naughtiest dreams. I loved to make my father happy and I knew when I submitted myself to him and surrendered myself totally over to him that I pleased him the way no other woman ever could as I was his only daughter and only his daughter could do this for him.

"Oh daddy, I want you to," I whispered, barely trusting my voice to work.

My dad was undressing me now as I just stood there, presenting myself to him and allowing him to do to me anything he wanted. He pulled my jeans down to the floor and I stepped out of them, leaving me bottomless as I wasn't wearing anything under them. His hands ran over my bare ass and then around my hips and between my legs, his fingers running up the center of my pussy lips and up and over my exposed belly. He unbuttoned my blouse and removed it from me, leaving me totally naked in the center of the room. I looked him in the eyes and smiled.

"Take me daddy... let me be your little girl for you," I whispered.

"Oh my god Kelly, you are SO beautiful! You'll always be my little girl," he replied as he maneuvered me to my bed.

I sat down on the edge and reached out to unbuckle his belt and jeans. As I unzipped his jeans and spread them apart his cock pressed out against his underwear, straining to be released. I pulled his jeans and underwear down together, unleashing his cock and it flipped out as his underwear dropped down. My dad stepped out of them and pulled his socks off at the same time. He pulled his polo shirt up over his head and there he was in front of me, my strong handsome father nude just for me.

"Tell me what you want me to do daddy," I said, looking up at him with my brown eyes locked onto his.

I knew exactly what he wanted but I wanted to hear him tell me. I wanted to do his bidding, to be completely under his control and orders. I wanted to submit myself as his loving daughter, completely and totally bending myself to his will.

"Suck my cock Kelly," he said softly.

I reached out and held him in my hand. Mmmmmmm, he was so hot and hard that I could actually feel the pulse of his heart in the veins of his cock. Not only that, I could smell the musky odor of his crotch, the strong male scent of his unfulfilled sex. He may have been my father but he was also a man and in addition to wanting to please my father, I also wanted this man to suck and then fuck me. Naturally my first priority was his pleasure but I never said I didn't enjoy being fucked by him as well!

"Yes daddy," I responded as I leaned forward towards his dick

It was so hard it was actually curving upward slightly so I licked it with my tongue to start, beginning at the middle of the underside of it and working my way up to the tip of the head. He shuddered as my tongue ran over the crown of his cock head and then as I ran it in circles around the base of his head. I ran my lips along it like I was playing a flute - except in this case it was a skin covered one.

Finally I took just the head in my mouth, gently sucking on it and running my tongue along the tip of it and into his little slit.

Gradually I worked more of him into my mouth, easing the length of his cock further and further into my mouth until he was at the back of my throat. I almost had him all the way in now so I held my breath and plunged in the rest of the way. I could feel his cock press back into my throat and then momentarily started to gag as it slipped down into my throat. I relaxed and the urge quickly passed and then he was all the way into my throat. My face was buried in his crotch, surrounded by his thick, coarse pubic hair that brushed against my flushed face.

"Oh god!" I could hear him gasp as I turned my head from side to side, rotating his dick in my mouth and throat.

I had to breath so I pulled back until his cock dropped from my mouth and then repeated the entire maneuver several more times.

My hands were wrapped around him, holding onto his hairy ass and pulling him towards me. His hands, meanwhile, were on the back of my head, pulling my head in towards him. The result was my face was pulled tightly into his crotch with nowhere to go. The odor of his male musk was overwhelming as my nose was pressed tightly against the base of his dick. Mmmmmmm, yes indeed, I so loved to suck my dad's dick!

My dad released the pressure against my head and I pulled back a bit but kept his cock in my mouth and sucked him for a while longer before he pushed my head away so he could talk to me.

"Lay back sweetie," he said, helping me to turn and lower myself until I was flat on my back.

My dad kneeled on the floor and ran his hands up and down my body, from my feet to the tip of my head, tracing his fingertips lightly all over my exposed nude body. I could feel the goose bumps rising as he would hit one ticklish area and then a serious one. My dad knew my body pretty well by now so he knew where to touch me for each reaction. I shuddered involuntarily as he traced little circles around my nipples, widening them in a spiral until he was touching my entire breast and then cupped it in the palm of his hand. He squeezed my boob gently, then bent over to kiss the nipple and finally to put the nipple between his teeth and gently tug on it, licking it at the same time with the tip of his tongue.

"Oh daddy, I missed this so much," I sighed softly, my eyes closed as I just relaxed from his gentle touch.

My dad's hand left my boob and started to wonder down my torso, past my belly button and over my lower stomach. I spread my legs apart just enough to signal him what I wanted and he moved down, gently skirting my pussy and tracing a line down the inside of my left upper thigh.

When he got to my knee he switched sides and did the same moving up my right thigh. Again, he just teased my pussy and moved back down the other leg. He made several trips around, each time lingering just a hair longer at my crotch than the time before. His mouth continued sucking on my boobs as his hand stopped this time and stayed on my pussy. His middle finger worked its way between my pussy lips and pressed gently against my pussy hole. It was already a bit wet and he gently pressed until his finger was barely ion me, just enough to make it wet and then he pulled it up to wet my pussy slit and clit.

Once I was wetted up and slippery, he started to play with my clit much the same way he had with my boob and nipple. A sharp moan escaped from me as his fingertip rubbed my clit just the right way. He continued to play with my clit, stopping only for a brief incursion to my pussy hole for more pussy juices to make me nice and wet.

My dad was being so patient with me, not hurrying at all despite how badly I knew he wanted to fuck me. Most men would have been pumping away at me by now – or a long time earlier. That is one reason I love it so much when my dad fucks me because he cares about how I feel and makes sure I am being pleasured just as much as he is.

One of my biggest regrets I will always bear is not giving my virginity to my father. I have imagined so many times what a beautiful time it would have been to have him take me for my first time, how patient and loving he would have been! Not that it was bad with Steve, my boyfriend at the time, but not matter who it was how could they compare to your own father?

Dad lifted up from my boob and I figured I was about to be fucked but somehow he was showing even more than his usual patience, even though I knew he was hornier than a farm dog and wanted nothing more than to bury his cock in his daughter's wet pussy.

Instead, he moved himself down and twisted me on the bed so my legs hung over the edge and my head was against the opposite side of the bed. He spread my legs apart and moved in between them, running his fingers against my legs again and up to my pussy. He leaned forward and when his head was just inches from my cunt, he gently blew against me, making me jump just a little from the cool freshness of his breath against my hot pussy. Then he used both hands to spread my pussy lips apart and again blew softly, right against my pussy hole making me quiver with anticipation.

"Damn, you have such a pretty pussy Kelly," my dad murmured to me, "It smells so sweet and fresh."

I just laid back with my eyes closed, waiting to see what he would do next. I didn't have to wait long as I felt the touch of his exploring tongue against my pussy. For what must have been ten or fifteen minutes my dad licked my pussy, running his tongue up and down and then pushing it into my pussy hole and then back up my slit and against my clit. It was simply wonderful!

"Don't stop daddy," I begged him as I felt my orgasm begin to rise from deep within me.

It was like a beast inside of me was being released and was working its way from the dark recesses of my mind out into the open air. It seemed to raise from the center of my body but its exit was my pussy hole as suddenly it was like something exploded between my legs as a pulse of pleasure raced from my pussy and passed through me like a wave emanating from where a boulder was dropped into the water.

My face felt flushed and my back arched upwards like I was some sort of sexual gymnast as my first orgasm since returning home took control of me. I say that because during an orgasm I feel totally out of control, unable to think or even acknowledge the world around me as I mentally retreated into my own little slice of paradise. It was incredible! Well, I say that about almost every orgasm but that is the way it is, as if each was better than the last and the fact I am experiencing it makes it better than the last because it's over.

I could feel the pussy cum gushing out of me and onto my dad's face where his tongue was lapping it up like a hungry cat with a bowl of fresh milk. Finally it slowly dwindled away and I was left there panting from the exertion. My dad wasn't going to let me stay that way for long!

"I can't wait any more," he said in a tight voice as if he was bearing the weight of the world, "I've just gotta fuck you now."

I looked up at him as he lifted my legs up in the air and rested them on his shoulders as he leaned over me. His eyes met mine and I could see the transformation that had taken place in him. Gone was the sweet father gently holding my hand, talking to me in his deep soft voice as he read me a bedtime story. That man was not the one I was looking at now. Instead, my eyes were locked in place with a man who I knew had one thing on his mind at that moment - fucking me.

My heart raced as he roughly pushed his way into place and positioned his cock between my legs. He looked so determined! I wondered if for whatever reason I should ask him to stop whether or not he would when he got to this point. On the one hand I would like to think that he would never go against my wishes but somehow when I saw him like this I never wanted to test that theory.

It was almost animal-like the way he looked at me, like I was just a hot cunt to be fucked, something to pleasure him and make him cum. It didn't scare me or make me feel bad, not in the slightest. If anything, it thrilled me even more that I could get my own father this worked up over me. If I could make my own father feel this way about me, to make him want to fuck me like a slut, imagine what other men felt when I was with them!

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" he cried out as he pushed his cock into me. "God damn it, your pussy is so fucking tight!"

My dad's first push got about his head and maybe an inch of his shaft in me. He pulled back until he was just barely in me and shoved forward again, this time getting over half of him in me. Finally, one more shove and I felt the base of his cock press against my crotch, his balls against my ass and I knew he was in me to the hilt.

I loved the feeling I always got at this one particular moment, the moment when my father was first in me. We were now joined together in the most intimate act any man and woman can share. It represented a union between a father and daughter like nothing else they can experience. I was now closer to my father than was possible in any other way and I could have stayed this way forever with him. YES! My wonderful daddy was fucking me and I couldn't ask for anything more than that!

We fucked this way for a while and then he put me in various positions - doggie, spoon, and finally me riding him - first facing him and then facing away. I don't know how his cock managed to go that long without cumming as in the process I came at least two or three more times depending on how you counted the ones close together.

Finally I was on my back and he was back on top of me in classic missionary style. I loved this the best with my dad as he was on top of me, his dick buried in me as we coupled ourselves together. I felt totally under his control, complete submission in every sense of the word. In this position he was dominating me physically and mentally as he fucked me, taking me as his mate, literally mating with me in a holy act of intimacy. I knew he was about to cum and I couldn't wait to feel him release inside of me.

"That's it... fuck her John," I heard off to the side.

I looked over and saw my mom standing there watching us. She was wearing a nightshirt but from the way her hand was holding herself under it, it was obvious that there wasn't anything under it. Indeed, my mom was masturbating herself as she watched her husband fucking her daughter with all the wild abandonment of a john (no pun intended) fucking his favorite whore - and obviously loving it.

"Give it to her John," she said in a soft but demanding tone, "fuck the little slut, give her what she wants."

My dad just grunted and continued pumping me like he was drilling for oil. He moaned and stiffened and pushed his cock deep in me and I cried out with joy as I felt him cumming in me. I could feel a warm bloom of heat deep inside of me and I knew it was my father's sperm as he release himself inside of me.

I literally had tears of joy running down my face as he mated with me, giving me the most intimate and sacred gift he possessed as I offered myself to him unconditionally. It was the ultimate gift given for the ultimate submittal. My dad shot one load after another, jerking his cock in me with each one, thrusting himself against me and driving my up my bed further with each load of cum.

Finally he stopped and I thought he was done but then it was like he instinctively jerked as a final bit of cum was ejaculated from his cock. With a gasp he dropped down to his elbows, his weight heavier on me but I could still breath comfortably.

"Oh Daddy," was all I could say, whispering it softly in his ear as he buried his face in my hair.

I could feel his hot breath against my neck as he panted from the exertions he had just made. His cock was still in me, feeling like a hot poker, twitching now and then involuntarily as I gripped it with my pussy.

Finally he slipped out of me and then rolled over on his side next to me. He let out a long breath and closed his eyes as he remained motionless next to me. I looked over at my mom who was smiling and shaking her head.

"Men," she said with a wry smile, "one-shot wonders."

She stepped over to me and extended her hand saying, "C'mon, let's go to my bed and let him crash."

I started to rise and then fell back again as I realized how exhausted I was but then as I gained my breath I actually rolled out of bed and took my mom's hand. I look back at my dad who was clearly unconscious. His dick was soft now and was flopped over to one side with no sign of the urgency or lust that had filled it just minutes before. Meanwhile, although my pussy was dripping with his cum, it still was ready to go for another round. If my mom had not been there I would have likely just done what I did many times with my dad - masturbate while he slept next to me. Instead, I followed her into their bedroom but every step I took seemed to move my pussy just enough to remind me how swollen my clit was still and how demanding it could be!

My mom dropped her nightshirt to the floor before getting in bed with me. I don't think I had ever seen her in bed with anything on other than maybe when she was role playing for my dad so it would have more surprising to me if she had kept it ON than anything else. Even when I was a little girl and wore pajamas and then nighties to bed, my parents had always slept nude and they never made any effort to hide it should I be in bed with them. Growing up that way, their nudity wasn't something sexual or naughty but rather simply the way I knew them.

Even now, I felt more comfortable being nude with my mom in bed than dressed. That wasn't true OFF the bed, mind you. Running around the house nude was NOT something normal for me - or my parents. Basically, why would you want to? No, causal nudity was restricted to where it made sense - the bed, bathroom, hot tub, etc. Of course there were times where nudity was NOT casual and WAS intended to be sexual in nature. That might happen most anywhere but is really a different story entirely.

## 3. Mom Welcomes Me Home

So anyway, the two of us were on top of the bed, each of us on our sides, resting on our elbows as we faced one another. My mom was the first to speak.

"That was so great of you Kelly to satisfy him like that," she said. "I can't tell you how horny he's been this week as it came time for you to come home. I tried to keep up with it - God knows I tried, but it's like he's had this continuous erection all week! He even fucked Kristen and your aunt a few times but it was like nothing was enough for him. That was the most content I've seen him all week!"

I just smiled at her, almost feeling honored by what she told me but at the same time a bit thrilled to find out how much he had been dying to fuck me all week.

"Well mom," I said in reply, "I AM his daughter after all. I mean, isn't that what I am SUPPOSE to do for him?"

My mom nodded her head slowly. "Yea, I guess so but still, you don't have to let him fuck you to show him you love him."

"But mom, I WANT him to fuck me if that's what HE wants," I protested.

"Well, so long as you feel that way I guess it's OK," she replied. "I just wanted a chance to tell you how much I appreciated what you did for him."

She reached for me and we moved close to each other, embracing one another and pressing our warm nude bodies tightly together. Her leg moved over mine and I pushed mine over and between her legs until my thigh was pressed against her pussy and my pussy was pushed up against her leg. We didn't hump each other but rather just laid together like that for a while, just soaking in the other's warmth as we hugged and kissed.

It wasn't the same as when I kissed my dad. With my dad it was always me kissing my father whereas with my mom it was more like we were equals, more of a mutual sharing than one dominating over the other. I didn't submit myself to my mom nor would she have allowed me to do so. We shared ourselves with one another, each offering ourselves to the other but at the same time taking something as well.

As our tongues explored I felt her hands roaming over me, softly caressing me and stroking me all over. I was doing the same for her, sometimes just running my

pussy getting wetter and wetter as she touched me in exactly the right way to get me horny as hell - not that I needed much incentive.

"Oh mom... that feels so good," I whispered in a husky voice, the lust evident in its tone.

My mom didn't say a word but instead gave my nipple one last tug and then let it drop from her mouth. She alternated between kissing me and licking me as she worked her way down my stomach. It seemed to take forever but finally she was at my pussy. My mom was on her knees at my side, her head down between my legs. To my delight she lifted one leg and straddled me, her ass in front of my face. She worked her way back until her pussy was directly over my face and lowered herself down to me. We both started to work on the other's pussy. It was hard to lick her actually, as the feeling of her tongue and mouth on mine was making it difficult to think about anything else. Her pussy was covered with thick pubic hair which smothered my face and smelled strongly of her sex. My tongue reached up and licked her.

Mmmmmmm, she tasted heavenly! It was almost too much between the taste of her pussy and the incredible sensations I was feeling myself as she expertly licked me.

"Mmmmmmm," I heard her say as she pushed her face directly against my bare cunt.

Actually, I felt it as much as I heard it as the vibrations of her voice passed through me. I did the same, humming into her pussy and was rewarded by the squirming of her ass against my face.

As much as I loved doing 69 with my mom, it was overwhelming me and I couldn't concentrate on her pussy like I wanted to as my own pussy was flooding me with such feelings of pleasure I was going crazy trying to work on my mom's cunt. My mother, who knew me better than anyone in the world, must have sensed my conflicting emotions as she lifted herself off of me and maneuvered herself in the opposite direction such that she was looking at me, laying on the bed between my legs. She put her arms under my legs and wrapped them around me, using them to pull me into her face as she resumed her licking of my pussy without actually saying another word. She looked up at me as her tongue played around my clit, our eyes locking onto one another's. She looked so beautiful, her hair cascading down and around my legs and belly. I had dreamed so many nights in my dorm room of this very sight, of how she would look between my legs licking me in the way only my mom could do.

Somehow seeing her looking at me set me off as much as her tongue. The very image of my mother with her face pressed against my pussy was so erotic that I started to cum - and cum hard!

"Cum for me baby," she called to me, lifting her head just long enough to give me her encouragement.

Oh yes, I wanted to cum but I wanted to cum for her too. I wanted my mom to watch me cum, to enjoy the sight of her daughter in the most emotional and pleasurable state she could be in.

Usually when my orgasm comes it rises quickly and practically knocks me over with its intensity. This time it was more like a rising tide, slow but relentless and powerful. My mom's mouth was sucking on my clit when I felt a warmth emerge deep inside of me, not so much in my pussy as just inside of me with no particular place to describe it. It spread through me slowly, building in intensity as it did. Then my mom licked my clit once more time while she was holding it gently between her teeth and it was like she had lit the fuse to ignite whatever it was that had filled my body and I felt like I was on fire. It wasn't a painful feeling, but intense and powerful and incredibly pleasurable.

My hips rose as my back arched and I moaned long and loudly as the tide in me continued to rise. My pussy gushed cum onto her face but she didn't stop, licking my clit to make me cum even harder. She as merciless! Usually when I masturbate I will regulate how much I toy with my clit to maintain my orgasm as long as possible. As it starts to build to where I can't control it anymore I slow down and then go back to it when I feel it begin to subside. The result is usually a strong and lengthy orgasm that can last for quite a while.

In this case, my mom seemed determined to see how high she could take me, how crazy she could make me. I wanted to cry out to her to stop but I couldn't speak and even if I could I don't think I would have really wanted her to stop anyway.

Everything in the room went out of focus and it was like a camera flash had just gone off in front of me as I had to close my eyes yet even with them shut it was like looking into the sun. My arms were stretched out away from me, grabbing the bedding and pawing at the bed as if there was something there that I could hold on to as it felt like I was rising up off the bed. God it was incredible!

I have no idea how long I was in this state. Time seemed to stand still as I writhed under the seemingly relentless touch of her mouth and tongue. I cried out one minute and then moaned the next as it was like I had become some wild animal struggling for release, except in this case it was my lust and sex that was driving me. I couldn't take any more yet I didn't want it to ever end.

Unfortunately - or fortunately perhaps, my body must have some built-in limits and the room slowly came back in focus and the light in my eyes dimmed to where I once again see my mom clearly. She was still between my legs, her pretty face looking up at me and a huge smile on her face. She was just resting her face against the inside of my thigh, her hand gently stroking my pussy, running her fingers slowly up and down the edges of it. She wasn't touching my hole or clit, just running along the side on my skin almost absentmindedly as she watched me.

"Wow, that was some O," she said admiringly. I thought you were going to flip out on me!"

I reached out to her with both hands and she moved up alongside of me and we embraced, not just as mother and daughter but as the lovers we were at this moment. There was no other woman in the world I had ever felt this way about. All the other girls I had sex with, even my cousin, were for fun and enjoyment. I never once felt I was in any way their "lover" or anything like that. Even with my mom I was always her daughter except in rare and special moments like this, after an intense sexual experience where we shared one another in such a way that only a mother and daughter can understand. It was actually AFTER the sex that I felt like her lover, when we were together as we were now, bonded together through our mutual experience.

# 4. Can't Get Enough

I must have fallen asleep because next thing I knew I found myself in bed alone, stretched out on my side with the covers pulled over my nude body. I rubbed my eyes and pushed the covers down, swinging my legs over the edge of the bed and standing up. I quickly sat back down as I felt a little light-headed but it passed quickly and I went into my room which was empty as well. I pulled a t- shirt out of my dresser and slipped it over my head before heading down the stairs to see where my parents had disappeared to. The stairs in our house had always squeaked so by the time I reached the bottom and turned to the hallway towards the kitchen I saw my mom had turned from the sink and was smiling at me.

"Hey sleepy head!" she called to me with a smile. I looked around but my dad wasn't around so I hugged my mom and we kissed briefly.

"Love you mom," I said with my head buried in her shoulder. She was wearing a light cotton robe tied around the waist and I felt her pressing against me. Memories of what we had just done flashed through my head and my pussy ached despite the incredible sex it had been treated to so far today.

My mom gave me one last hung and said almost apologetically, "Well, we figured all you'd been through today we would stay home this evening so I ordered out a pizza. It should be here any minute so I was waiting around. Oh - your dad's downstairs watching TV I think."

I decided to wait with him so I went down the stairs to the basement where our family room was. My dad was in his usual place - his LazyBoy chair. They had their own and there was a couch where I usually hung out when we were all together. Rather than head there, though, I hopped onto his lap sideways with my legs hanging over the left side arm and my left arm wrapped around his neck. My t-shirt rode up to my waist leaving my pussy in full view but I knew he didn't mind that one bit! He was wearing a Steelers t-shirt and some old sweat pants - his favorite outfit when he was relaxing around the house. I reached down to the side of me and pressed my hand on his crotch. I loved the feel of the lump that was under his pants and I rubbed it slowly through the soft material.

"Damn girl, aren't you EVER satisfied?" my dad said, pretending to be exasperated with me.

father's cock stiffen, knowing it was because he was being turned on by his own daughter, made it even more special for me. As he got bigger his cock threatened to push out past the elastic of his pants and so I reached under it and touched his bare dick with my hand and resumed my stroking under his pants.

I glanced over my shoulder to check on my mom. She was watching her show but glancing over at us now and then. She looked over at me and our eyes met. She winked at me which made me grin. Today had been such a special day for me. It was rare I got to fuck both my parents in the same day, especially my mom since we reserved out times together for when it was something extra special. I grinned at her and turned my attention back to my dad. I put my head down on his shoulder and at that moment I was as happy as I think I had ever been in my life.

What more could I ask for? I was with my parents who loved each other, sitting on my dad's lap holding his hard cock in my hand. It was fine with me to just stay this way, secure in my dad's arms, holding him in this special way which told him I was available to him in any way he wanted me. Where it would lead to this evening only he knew but whether I just held him this way for the evening or allowed him to fuck me again and maybe even again, it was OK with me. I was finally home again for the summer. I was daddy's little girl once again and nothing could make me happier.

twenty years and neither one of them had ever sex with anyone outside their immediate families. They had always taught me that sex outside of marriage was adultery and thus a betrayal of your wedding vows, even if your spouse was OK with it. So when my dad did Beth right in front of me in our hot tub, fucking my best friend in the whole world, I was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

Overall I have to say that I was turned on, just as I am anytime I see my dad fucking someone. To see him doing my closest friend was incredibly hot. He and my mom rationalized it at the time by saying Beth was like another daughter to them having known her since she was born and me being so close to her. At the same time though it wasn't the same in that she wasn't really part of our family so I could not tell her that I had been having sex with my dad since I was sixteen. Thus while I got to watch him fucking her, she never witnessed anything sexual between us. Sure, not many fathers are naked with their daughters in a hot tub so that had to be a bit of an eye-opener for her, but that wasn't nearly the same as him having sex with me.

After that experience I wondered if now that the door had now been opened whether he (or my mom) would have sex with anyone else outside our family. Although I didn't know of anyone off-hand, I did notice that my dad seemed to take a particular interest when I started working as an escort.

At first I thought it was just fatherly concern since I knew he was worried about my personal safety, something he had always looked after for me. In talking to my mom though, I learned that he was tremendously horny after I would phone and tell him about my latest client. Mom even laughed when she told me that she loved it whenever I went out since she knew she was in for some great sex when I reported in afterwards!

It wasn't until almost the end of my sophomore year of college, though, that I learned just how far my father would go when it came to doing things with me. At the time he had some important clients in town who had quite a taste for women and it was up to my Dad as the senior partner to entertain them. He knew what their real intentions were regarding nightly entertainment. The problem he faced was that if he was with them they would expect that he would be involved so he was hesitant about hiring just any old hookers from the street. Instead I got a surprise phone call asking if I wanted to come home for the weekend to help him out at work.

As it turns out, "help" meant having me and my cousin Kristen serve as their entertainment for the evening. After dinner we went to a hotel suite and had quite a wild evening. My father had watched me fuck several of my boyfriends that I had brought home in the past (although most of the guys never knew) so it wasn't like it was the first time he had seen me with another man but this was entirely different.

What made it incredibly sexy and erotic for the both of us was he that he got to fuck me and my cousin for the first time with someone outside our family watching. Of course his clients had no idea who we really were. They thought that my cousin and I were just a couple of local whores that my dad had picked up for the evening. Both my dad and I were incredibly turned on when he fucked me in front of them, a father screwing his own daughter and they didn't even know it!

Afterwards when we were home we talked about that night and how we felt about doing something in similar in the future. I was surprised to learn that my Dad had a number of similar ideas and many of them were loosely based on my escorting experiences.

When I went returned to school I often masturbated as I dreamed of that night and then fantasize about what I might do in the future. Returning home for summer break I wondered when a new opportunity would arrive and it wasn't more than a couple of weeks that one did.

One night after work my dad came home and after we had some quick sex he explained to me that things had been really busy at the office lately and he wanted to reward a few of the guys who had put in some extraordinary efforts. Although he had given everyone bonuses after winning a huge settlement in some arcane business dispute, he thought that three of them deserved an extra-special prize and what could be better than to do the boss's daughter, especially if they thought he didn't know about it?

Having grown up knowing everyone who worked for him I asked who they were since odds were I had teased them at one time or another. When he told me I smiled because they were all great guys and so far I had never done anything with any of them. They varied in ages but all of them were married which made it all the more interesting for me. Actually I had not had sex with anyone in his office other than Don and that was almost five years ago.

I was well aware that I had quite the reputation for being a terrible tease in his office. I liked to come in dressed provocatively and then flirt with every guy in the office but other than a risque joke or comment on my clothes nobody had ever made a real move on me. I figured they were probably afraid to touch the boss's daughter! Well, now it was looking like at least some of them would have that very opportunity.

## 2. A Mouthful of an Alarm Clock

The day we had decided upon came finally and I had a terrible time falling asleep the night before as I fantasized about what might happen the next day. Finally I nodded off for what seemed like only minutes before I was awakened with the pleasing soft touch of my father's cock rubbing up against my cheeks. Damn, time to get up already? Oh well, at least I had the world's best alarm clock! I was too tired to even open my eyes so I just opened my mouth wide and immediately felt his fleshy cock slipping between my lips. He hadn't showered yet making the odor of his crotch pretty strong, just the way I liked it. I don't like dirty men but a little sweat and sex always made a good combination. There was also a lingering trace of another scent which I recognized as my mom's pussy – they must have had a good time last night!

I laid still as he did all of the work, stroking his cock in and out of my mouth like he was fucking it. I ran my tongue around his cock as it moved over it, at the same time making sure I didn't let my teeth hurt him. My dad's cock grew bigger and bigger as the blood rushed into it, making it feel warmer in my mouth as it filled him.

This was one of my favorite moments when giving a blowjob – when the cock was miraculously growing in my mouth. No matter how many cocks I may have sucked, I still got the same thrill I had with my very first one. It made me feel like the sexiest woman alive knowing that I was making it do this, that it transforming because it wanted me. Although not nearly the biggest cock I had ever had, my dad's was respectable and when he got fully erect it was hard for me to take all of him in. If I was the one controlling the BJ then I would get all but the last inch or so in my mouth after which I would take it slow and ease him down into my throat to get the final bit in until my mouth was pressing against the base of his shaft.

At times like now, when he was literally fucking my mouth, he would stroke about half of himself in and out which was easier for me to handle. I could tell from the forcefulness and speed of his strokes that he was getting close to cumming and his breathing was getting heavier and faster.

"That's it Kelly," he gasped, "let me fuck your mouth. Damn it feels soooooo good this morning."

While this morning started out with a blowjob, some mornings he would start by fucking me while on a few occasions he just masturbated as he watched me sleeping nude in bed in which case I would wake up with a face covered with cum. Other than the mess I was left to clean off, I liked that occasionally because it turned me on to picture my dad standing over me, stroking himself while he admired the daughter he loved while she slept. The dried cum on my face was a reminder of the love he had for me and I would play with myself as I dreamed of him jerking himself off and then directing streams of sperm on his daughter's face and body.

Mornings were for my dad in that they were my way of showing him my love each day. Depending on how much time we had, sometimes I would cum but my primary goal was to get him off at the very least. Even if I didn't cum (and often even when I did) I could always masturbate after he had left. I could tell this morning was going to be one of those times as he was going to be cumming any second now and I had not even started to play with myself.

Yes, my dad was ready to cum! God I loved this moment, when his erect cock would suddenly swell even more and that first drops of precum would emerge to tease me. Then a full load of cum would emerge from the tip of his cock and start to fill my mouth. The first load was almost always the biggest and it felt I had a garden hose in my mouth and someone suddenly turned on the water except in case the hose was a thick warm cock and the water was a bitter load of gooey cum.

My dad pulled my head into him and he held his cock still in my mouth as his hips involuntarily thrust forward to deposit his love into me. After the first couple of loads I could feel my cheeks filling and a bit of his cum started to leak past my lips and down the side of my face. With a shudder he gave me the last of it and he held my head to keep his cocking my mouth. He was breathing heavily from the exertion and I could smell his sweaty odor.

"Oh my god that felt good. I love you Kelly," he whispered to me.

Those last four words were what I had been waiting to hear from the first moment his cock awakened me. I craved my father's love and to hear him say he loved me was the sweetest music to my ears. It felt so good to be able to give him what he needed, to be the daughter he needed, to be the woman he needed. I sucked softly on his softening cock, swallowing his cum as I did.

Finally he released my head and I fell back onto my pillow, letting his now limp cock drop from my mouth. I eventually opened my eyes for the first time this morning and looked up at him, a loving smile on my face as I gazed at him with the adoration of a daughter for her father. He patted me softly on the heads and left to get ready for work.

# 3. Morning at the Office

Normally at this time I would get up for a little while, check my e-mail and sometimes even chat bit. It felt erotic to chat with friends and strangers after having just fucked my father. This is one of the few times I would chat nude and often I would play with my clit if the person I was chatting with jerked off on his cam for me. Mornings are my most naturally horny time and although cyber is not normally one of my favorite things to do, sitting there with my dad's cum either in my mouth or pussy lent a different perspective.

This morning there wasn't time for more playing as I knew I had to get ready so I could go with my dad to work. I knew he always shaved first so I followed him into the bathroom and jumped into the shower and hurriedly cleaned myself off, trying not to get my hair wet. I finished my shower just as he was through shaving so we changed places to let him shower while I dried off and brushed my teeth. I grinned in the mirror as I wondered whether cum was a good mouthwash.

We both went to our bedrooms to get dressed. I fixed my hair and makeup and then chose an outfit that appeared to be a bit more conservative than what I typically wore for a day at his office. The skirt was the longest one I owned that wasn't floor length and it came almost to my knees. A gift from a well- meaning relative, it was a simple dark blue skirt, nothing special or fancy, and I had never worn it until now. A plain white button-up blouse with short sleeves contrasted nicely with the skirt.

Underneath I selected a simple matching bra and panties. Pure black and silky, the bra was just visible under the white material of my blouse such that a person had to be looking for it to knew it was there. The panties were skimpy but more closely related to the ones I wore as a child than to a thong. I selected a dark pair of shoes with about a two inch heel, not enough to overwhelm the outfit but just right to tone up the muscles in my legs. My hair, well it was as it was. I just combed it out and let it fall to my shoulders and gave up. A little makeup and a dash of perfume and I was ready.

I turned off the lights and hurried downstairs where my dad was impatiently waiting. "Let's go my little slut! We're running late and we both have a big day ahead of us."

I loved it when he called me that. It was reassuring to know that my dad loved me enough to want me for himself yet had the confidence in me to allow me to have fun on my own. I think he loved knowing that no matter how many other guys I sucked and fucked that he was the one I came home to. I was not just a little slut, I was HIS little slut.

We got in his SUV and he drove downtown, maneuvering through the heavy tunnel traffic that never seemed to go away. I hate driving in Pittsburgh and I prefer to use PAT and T whenever possible (buses and light train). Eventually we made it and he parked in the space reserved for him. The lights flashed and horn beeped as he locked it behind us and we joined the morning foot traffic into the building and took the elevator to his floor. When arrived in the reception area his executive secretary greeted me and commented on my outfit, saying how good I looked this morning.

Mrs. Ulrich (I've known her most of my life and have always called her that)) was your stereotypical church lady. Dad put up with her BS because she was a damn good executive secretary who knew where all the bones were buried, so to speak. My dad has his own personal secretary, Margerie, who took care of his admin and appointments but the was no disputing that Mrs. Ulrich ruled the office. She had never approved of the way I dressed and flirted around the office so I knew this nice comments was really a back-handed way of saying she didn't like my other outfits.

Oh well, I'd learned long ago to ignore Mrs. Ulrich. The opinions of people as closed-minded and self-important as her had little impact on me. I just give her a polite thank-you as we went to my dad's office where he took his papers out of his briefcase while I sat back and relaxed on the black leather couch. It was like everyone knew when he got to work as immediately his phone began to ring and he was lost in the demands of his work.

I was still a bit tired and it was tempting to just lay back on the couch and take a nap but instead I went out and walked over to the mail room where I knew there would be large pile of paper to file from the work the guys had been doing over the weekend.

As I made my way through the office I stopped and said hello to everyone. Although I'd never actually done anything with anyone in the office (other than a one-time thing almost five years ago that took place away from the office anyway) I knew that had a well-deserved reputation for being a shameless flirt.

My cousin Kristen also made an appearance now and then and if anything she was even worse than I was! No doubt most of the office assumed I was a total slut which I did nothing to dissuade. Although my dad and I had sex many times in his office, we always made sure the door was locked and outside the office he never laid a hand on me even so despite whatever they might think of my personal affairs, I doubted anyone even thought for a moment that we might be doing anything so naughty as having incestual sex right under everyone's noses!

As I'd assumed, the mail room was full from the weekend work. One thing about being in a high-power corporate legal office, it was never just five days week. Most weekends found my dad either in the office or working at home. At least with the new networks he had installed he was now able to work at home most of the time. Still, it was rare that he got a weekend off and things like two-week family vacations were things other families did.

Lately there had been a big case and several of the lawyers had been spending even more time than usual and now that it was over after a huge verdict in favor of my dad's client, my dad had given them some hefty bonuses so everyone was feeling pretty good. The three guys I was going to be seeing today had been instrumental in winning the case so my dad wanted to give them a "special" bonus as well.

What I had planned wasn't really wasn't as far-fetched as someone might think. I have never met a man yet who didn't want me. The only difference was what they did about it. A lifetime of cultural conditioning kept most men in line but that couldn't stop them from dreaming. The guys I was going to be with today were all married and so far as my dad knew, had never cheated. That could mean one of several things: they were truly faithful, had never had the opportunity, or just had never been caught!

All that I was going to do was to make sure that for at least one time in their lives they had the opportunity. What they did with it would be up to them. If they were faithful then I expected they would be flattered at my offer but turn me away. On the other hand, if it was indeed true that the right opportunity had never come up, then what was wrong with letting them realize their long-time fantasy safely and discretely?

The real quandary was how I was going to present them with their "opportunity". On one hand my dad wanted them to know how much he appreciated their work yet on the other hand he couldn't come right out and hand me over saying "For all your work, here's my daughter, now go fuck her." I'd thought about it long and hard and had what I thought was a good solution ready to go. Now it was time to put my plan in action.

## 4. Martin's Reward for a Newlywed

The first guy eligible for my "reward" was Martin. He was thirty and was recently married to a gorgeous gal. Martin was the office stud and I'd always secretly hoped that one day he might make a pass at me until he went and got himself married. As the "most eligible bachelor" in the office, he was my favorite target as I flirted in the office. I gave him all the classic moves, bending over for a dropped file to give him a peek under my skirt, leaning over his desk so he could see down my blouse, and rubbing up against him whenever I stood next to him. I had to give Martin credit in that he wasn't afraid to respond in kind. He would look where I intended and then wink at me as if to thank me yet at the same time let me know he knew it was all a game. Well, today the game was going to get serious.

It was about 9:30 AM and everyone had pretty much settled in for a Monday after the usual chatter about the weekend and weather. I waited until Martin was alone in his office, undid a couple of buttons on my blouse, and then went in with an armful of files I'd been saving up for him. He was seated at his desk and was working at his computer when I laid the pile on his desk.

Martin looked up at me and smiled pleasantly saying, "Oh hi Kelly, nice to see you here today. How was school?"

"Oh it was great Martin," I replied.

The last thing I wanted to do was get lost in a discussion about school so I changed the subject saying, "Dad told me that you guys have been working really hard lately."

Martin sighed, "Yea, it was pretty grueling for a while but we did it." Then his expression turned to more serious and he got a look of satisfaction on his face. Leaning back in his chair with his hands behind his head, he had this smirk on his face as he said, "They underestimated us and we took the bastards for everything they had."

I leaned over the desk which letting my loose blouse open up for him to get a clear view of my bra and cleavage. "Well, I've never underestimated you."

Then I winked at him and kept going before he could say anything to sidetrack me. "I wanted to thank you personally. My dad says if it wasn't for you he would have lost the case. Now he said I might get the car I've been wanting and it's all thanks to you."

Martin shook his head but I noticed his eyes were fixed on my chest as they always were when I flirted with him. "Naaaaa, I was just part of the team, Kelly. Everyone put in a great effort."

Ignoring him, I leaned back and walked slowly over to close the office door. Then I moved around the desk over to his chair where I sat on the desk with one leg on the floor and the other lifted up on the desk, letting my skirt ride up to show more of my leg - a lot more. When I started to unbutton the rest of my blouse Martin's eye widened and he stammered just a bit at first.

"Uh Kelly, just what do you think you are doing?" he asked softly, as if he didn't already know.

I smiled seductively at him, "Just trying to show you my appreciation Martin. C'mon now, I've seen the way you've looked at me in the past. You can't tell me you don't want any of this."

My blouse was completely unbuttoned now and I slowly took it off, sitting there on his desk with my white bra still on. Martin just sat there, frozen in place with his hands on the arms of his chair looking stunned. He wasn't reaching for me but at the same time he wasn't doing anything to stop me either which I took as a signal to keep going.

I unzipped the side of my skirt and slipped it down to my knees where I let it slide to the floor leaving me in nothing but my underwear and heels. I put one finger to my lips and gave him a saucy look saying, "So tell me Martin, what do you think? Is this a good reward or not?"

He kept staring at me but I could see his breathing had quickened and he shifted in his seat, my guess was to make room for an expanding dick. His hands were now clenching the arms of his chair tightly as his eyes roamed up and down my semi- nude body. He was struggling and I knew it was just a matter of time now but I didn't dare push too hard. He had to work this out for himself and make the decision if it was to work out the way I wanted.

"Damn Kelly, I haven't been married even a year yet! I can't do this. I can't cheat on Nancy," he said but the tone in his voice lacked any conviction and the look in eyes was saying something entirely different than his mouth was.

A smile came to my lips as I knew he was mine now. There was nothing that he could do to stop what was going to happen; nor would he want to if he could.

"Don't worry about her now Martin," I whispered as I moved my panties to one side to reveal to him my baby smooth pussy, "Just sit back... enjoy yourself... you know what you want so just do it."

I started to play with myself, running my finger up down my pussy slit through my panties, getting them wetter and wetter as felt myself getting warmer and more swollen. I rubbed over my sensitive clit and shuddered as it delivered a jolt through me like an electric shock. God I loved to be watched by a man when I touched myself, knowing he wants me and is getting hornier by the minute as he gazes at me while I masturbate for him.

I slid my panties to the side and let him see my shaved cunt. Sliding my finger down, I slipped it in me and pushed it in as far as I could. I was good and wet now so it slid in easily and I stroked myself as slowly as I could stand it.

It was time to make my next move for Martin. I pulled my pussy wetted finger out and pressed it to his lips. I was pleased when they parted slightly, letting me slip my finger in allowing him to taste me. He sucked softly on my finger as I stood up and moved between his legs. He was hooked now so I reached down and undid hid belt and then unzipped his pants. He responded by pulling his pants and underwear down together to his ankles. I looked down and saw he had a good- looking cock, hard as a rock now and pointing up like a rocket ready to launch.

I climbed up on his chair, straddling him with my knees such that his cock was poised directly under my wet pussy. Our eyes locked with his just inches from my face. He was looking so intense, almost as if he was trying to drill right through me. I reached down and touched his cock for the first time, putting my hand around it and gripping it. I started to lower myself down onto him and just as the tip of his head grazed my pussy he grabbed my hips his with his hands and held me in place.

"I can't let you do this," he said in a low voice, "It's not just my wife, I could never look your dad in the eye again Kelly. Trust me, I would love to do this but I just can't."

I smiled and kissed him softly on the lips. I leaned back and smiled at him saying, "Don't worry Martin, it's OK." I didn't do anything though, I just stayed where I was, waiting for him to make the next move.

It seemed like hours but it could only have been a few seconds when he let out a long breath and whispered, maybe to himself more than to me, "Oh fuck it!"

I put my mouth to his ear and whispered the words that had never failed me, those two words that I knew every man wanted to hear me say to him. Those words I knew Martin was hoping to hear more than anything else.

"Fuck me," I whispered in a husky voice, I didn't say another word, just letting him ponder what I had just said.

His grip on me released, telling me more than entire speech could ever do. I lowered myself down and this time there was no resistance from the hands that were still on my bare hips. I felt the tip of his cock pressing against my pussy and I pressed myself down onto it, forcing my pussy lips to part for the intruder trying to violate me. I moaned softly as I continued to sit down on him, driving his hard dick into me, deeper and deeper. Finally I had it all in me and I could feel his thighs under my bare ass.

I still had my panties on but they were slid over to let his cock by. My arms were around his neck as his hands pushed me down hard onto his lap as my pussy felt itself tickled by the bush of hair surround the base of his cock. He groaned with his pent up as he buried his face in between my breasts. Then he leaned his head back and let out yet another groan.

"Oh fuck Kelly, your pussy is so damn tight. Shit! You have no idea how many times I've dreamed about how it would feel around my dick."

I didn't say a word, instead I just started fucking his cock with my pussy, rising up and down to let him stroke in and out of me like a warm steel rod. I never had a chance to cum after sucking my dad off earlier and I needed to badly.

Fucking Martin in his office with the rest of the staff just outside the door was incredibly erotic and it wasn't long before I got what I needed - a raging orgasm. My pussy involuntarily clamped down on his cock like a vise as I gasped from the sheer pleasure I was feeling throughout every inch of my body. My breasts tingled and my nipple stood out like bullets as my pussy creamed over the fleshy pole imbedded in it. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back, moaning softly as I enjoyed the moment.

I loved my orgasms and only wished the ecstasy I felt could go on forever. Of course it couldn't and gradually the fire in me ebbed and my cunt released the iron grip on his poor cock. I resumed my humping, wanting to make him cum in me. I knew he couldn't last much longer and sure enough it was only a few minutes before he was ready.

"Oh god Kelly, get off so I can cum," he begged.

I shook my head violently and ground my pussy even harder on his cock, twisting around it while he was buried deep inside of me. "Cum inside of me Martin, let me feel your cum in me."

"Oh fuck," he blurted out, "Can't stop... gonna cum... oh my god!"

I felt it then, a bloom of heat like a fireworks had just been set off deep inside of my lower abdomen. His hips bucked underneath me as he drove his cum deeper into me. I could feel it shooting out of his cock, streams of his adulterous sperm pouring into me and filling my pussy.

He came in me several times before I could feel him sagging under me, as if the lust that had filled him had been transferred to my pussy with his cum. It was always amazing to me how a man changed when he came, how he could suddenly shift from an animal-like fucking machine to a wet rag that sometimes just wanted to fall asleep which I was ready for so much more.

God it could be so frustrating! I can't say how many times I found myself masturbating next a sleeping man after we had fucked, needing so much more than he was able to give me. In this case it was more than just him being spent, it was like somehow Martin suddenly realized what his desire for me had blinded him to before, where we were and what we'd just done. He looked at me with what was almost panic in his face.

"Oh fuck," he hissed, "What the hell am I doing? You've got to go Kelly. I can't believe this!"

I still had his cock in me and I wasn't ready to let go of it quite that quickly so I sat down hard on him and softly responded saying, "It's OK Martin, I wanted it just as much as you."

Then I got up, feeling his softening cock slip out of me leaving my pussy feeling empty and hungry. We both dressed and then he took me in his arms and kissed me for the first and what I knew would be the last time.

"Thank you Kelly, I really did appreciate it." Then he looked more serious and continued, "But this is not something we can ever do again, you understand?"

I just looked at him and for just a fleeting moment wondered if I had done something wrong. Had I possibly crossed a line somehow that even I knew better than to? Was it right to tempt such a decent man who truly loved his wife the way I had? How was he going to feel tonight when he went home to his bride whom he loved more than anything? Then I felt his cum seeping from my pussy as I stood there in his arms and I didn't regret it for another second afterwards. After all, it was just sex and we had both enjoyed it. I had fulfilled his fantasy and given him an experience he would never forget. I wasn't his lover nor did I want to be. I had come into his office for one purpose and one only - to fuck him once, enjoy it, and walk away. Well, I was just one step from having accomplished exactly that so I pulled myself from his arms, turned and walked out of his office without looking back.

One down, two to go…

# 5. Stewart's Reward Helps a Mid-Life Crisis

Leaving Martin's office. I went to the restroom to straighten up a bit. As I walked in Mrs. Ulrich was just coming out. She peered down at me with narrowed eyes and pursed lips. I wondered just for a moment if she knew why my hair was tousled and my face flushed but if she did she didn't say a word.

I sat on the toilet and used some toilet paper to wipe the cum that was leaking from my pussy. My panties were soaking wet and cum stained in the crotch. I knew I couldn't wear them for my next "appointment" so I bunched them up and slipped them in my purse. With this ridiculously long skirt nobody would know the difference anyway.

I checked myself out in the mirror and saw just how flushed my face really was. It always did that when I had an orgasm and I knew if I could see the rest of me that my upper chest was looking the same way. I decided to stay in the restroom for a little bit and unwind on the couch to let it die down a little before someone wondered what was wrong with me.

It took a good twenty minutes before I felt comfortable leaving and when I came out Martin just happened to be walking past. He looked at me and blushed a little bit but I was pleased when he smiled at me so I returned my own smile along with a mischievous wink. He shook his head as if to tell me to be careful but a mischievous smile was on his face as he continued on to wherever he was heading.

As for me, I made my way to Stewart's office, the next guy on my "reward" list. Stewart was 35 years old. Married early while still in college, he had a clan of four boys ranging from four to thirteen years old. Stewart was at that stage in life where things at home were sometimes overwhelming and he escaped to what must have been quite the fantasy life. I deduced all this from the ease at which he would go hard whenever I teased him and from the off-hand comments he made about life at home.

Looking around to be sure nobody was watching, I slipped into Stewart's office and shut the door quietly behind me. Stewart was on the phone, standing up and facing the window as he talked to a client. He didn't hear me enter so when he turned around he jumped just a little, obviously surprised to see me sitting in one of the chairs facing his desk with my legs crossed and blouse unbuttoned one button too many. His eyebrows raised as he looked at me while he finished up his conversation and I sat there quietly with my legs crossed such that my skirt was pulled up enough to expose most of my legs but not enough for him to know I was no longer wearing any panties. Finally he hung up the phone and walked around the desk where he leaned back against it while facing me.

"Well Miss Wells," he intoned as if he was questioning me in a courtroom docket, "Tell me for what I have the pleasure our your presence this morning?"

Damn, he was really being formal! For a moment I wondered if this was going to work and I guess I must have allowed my face to betray my self-doubt more than I thought because suddenly he bent over laughing and then straightened up with a devilish grin on his face.

"Oh come now Kelly, you know better than to let ol' Stewart pull your leg - pretty as they may be. But really, is there something you need? Hmmmmmm, I could think of a few things."

Wow! This was a more risque Stewart than I had seen before. I loved to tease him because he was so easy and although in the past he would let me have my fun he had never responded back to me. In an instant I threw out the conservative game plan I had prepared for him and decided to take an entirely new approach. There was a bit more danger in what I was going to do but it would be worth it if everything worked out. I uncrossed my legs slowly, then stood up and moved up close to him, by boobs pressing against his chest. Looking up into his face I reached down and put my hand on his crotch, taking a firm grip of what I could of him through his slacks.

"Well, what does this tell you?" I asked in a soft voice, licking my lips seductively. "Anything you were thinking of?"

Stewart quickly reached down and pushed my hand away from him. "Whoa girl, I was just teasing. Ahhhhhh, just what is going on here?"

I explained to him as I had to Martin about how I appreciated what he had done for my dad and how I wanted to show him my appreciation in the best way I knew how. I had to admit I was surprised at his response. I had expected at least a little disbelief, a little resistance although I knew I could overcome whatever objections he might raise. Instead, to my utter disbelief Stewart put his hands on my shoulders and gripped me tightly.

"Kelly, you've been the biggest tease in the world here the past few years. I can take that but if you really want it then damn it no more teasing, on your knees you little bitch and get busy." He pushed me down to my knees and unbuckled his pants. I stared at his crotch as he pulled out his cock and held it up to my mouth.

"Suck it," he demanded.

So much for not only Plan A, Plan B or any other plan I could have dreamed up beforehand. This was coming right out of left field in that I had NEVER expected such a response from him. I guess my teasing must have been even worse than I had imagined!

Oh well, I wasn't about to complain so I opened my mouth and let him push his soft cock into it. It was pretty small and I easily sucked on the entire thing while playing my tongue over him. He still had his pants up and his cock was poking through his boxer shorts so I couldn't really see his crotch but I could smell the musky odor that made a male crotch so alluring for me. The blood vessels in his cock were throbbing as the blood poured into it, hardening it as well as heating it as I sucked on him relentlessly. It quickly grew and I was impressed at how much it expanded from its original size as it filled my mouth more and more with each passing minute.

"That's it you little cock tease, it's time to pay up for all those nights I had to spend alone thinking about you after you spent the day here," he said as he grabbed my hair in his hands.

He used his grip on my hair to move my head such that his cock moved in and out of my mouth. "C'mon you fucking whore, suck my cock harder. That's it... take it all in your mouth."

I couldn't say anything with my mouth full of cock but I grunted to try to show him I'd heard him and was doing the best I could. Eventually he was totally erect and he felt so big in my mouth as it had become thick enough that my hand barely fit around the base of it. There was no licking the shaft or sucking his balls; all he wanted was to fuck my mouth and after having done that for a while he was ready to fuck another opening in my body, namely my pussy.

He stepped back to let his cock drop from my mouth and picked me up roughly by my shoulders. Spinning me around, he bent me over until my hands were on the chair such that I was bent over in front of him. He pulled up my skirt and if he was surprised that I wasn't wearing anything underneath he never said a word about it. Instead without saying a word he spread my butt cheeks apart and pushed his cock into my pussy without any foreplay or fanfare. I gasped as he violently shoved his penis in me, pushing it in to the hilt in one fast and hard motion.

"Take my dick bitch," he said in an authoritarian tone, leaving no doubt I was going to take it now no matter what I said.

Well, I had asked for this and now that he was giving it to me so how could I complain? Admittedly I usually preferred a softer approach when someone first fucked me but there was something animal-like in what he was doing that turned me on. I was still stunned in the transformation that he had made, as much by the speed of it as the nature.

Later when I looked back at it the only thing I could figure out was that he must have fantasized about just such a situation and when it presented itself in real life he just fell into that fantasy world he had created. In a way it made everything even better since he must have really wanted it this way and I was able to make it come true for him.

Stewart was obviously thinking only of his own pleasure because he made no effort whatsoever to do anything for me other than fuck me. No touching, no foreplay, not even any words to show me how he felt about me. I leaned on the chair in front of me, trying to keep my balance as he slammed his crotch into my ass as his cock stroked in and out of me faster and faster. Just when I thought he was in as deep as he could get, he spread my ass further apart and his thrusts became even harder as somehow he drove himself even deeper into me. He never said another word as he fucked me nor did he try to touch me other than to grab my waist.

Stewart kept pounding me and I began to wonder if he was ever going to cum. Although the situation was completely different from anything I could have ever imagined, I found it not to be as enjoyable as I had hoped. He could have been fucking a plastic doll for all the attention he was showing me. OK, so I DID enjoy being fucked but other than that it was rather mechanical for me and while thank god my pussy stayed wet, I didn't feel anywhere close to an orgasm.

The experience must have been more thrilling for him though because suddenly he pulled out of me and started to stroke himself until he came, squirting all over my ass. I could feel each shot hitting me as he covered my ass with his slimy cum. Then he used his cock to spread it around my ass, leaving a layer of cum over almost all of it by the time he was done. Finally he stepped back, tucked his cock back into his pants and snapped them back together again. As he zipped himself up he slapped me on the side of my butt.

"Damn Kelly, you have no idea how many times I wanted to do this to you when you would run around here in your short skirts or tight jeans, flirting with all of us but never putting out. Not that I didn't appreciate it but get out of here you fucking slut before someone wonders what is going on in here."

Two down, one to go…

# 6. Lunch Break With Dad

I hurried to the girl's restroom once again, passing by Mrs. Ulrich's desk in the process. I wondered if she had seen me leave Stewart's office but her face had on its usual inscrutable mask. Damn, did the woman have ANY emotions?

I didn't pause to give her an opportunity to say anything but instead went straight to the restroom again. When I got in there I went in a stall and once again used the toilet paper to clean up, except this time to wipe Stewart's cum off my ass. I took off my skirt and tried to wipe off what I could before it soaked in any further. I smiled as I thought that Monika Lewinsky had nothing on me when it came to cum-stained clothes!

Having not cum this time I didn't have the deep flush like I had the previous trip to the restroom so I was ready to leave in a few minutes after I fixed my hair and makeup. It was a good thing I had not done anything special to my hair or it would have been a real pain in the ass to have dealt with it.

When I came out I saw on the wall clock that it was lunch time which explained everyone was evacuating the office. I went to my dad's office and he asked me if I wanted to out for lunch with him. Naturally I did so he took my hand and we went down to the street to a local cafe. We found a booth and settled in as the waitress took our order. My dad looked at me with an inquisitive eye and I smiled like the Cheshire cat in return.

"Well babe, how has your morning been? I haven't seen you around much so I assume you've been busy?"

In a low voice I told him about my adventures so far. When I described Martin he just nodded as I think that went about as both of us had expected. It was when I told him about Stewart's response that his eyebrows rose and eyes sparkled.

"Damn," he muttered, "I would never have guessed he would have the balls to do anything like that. Goes to show you can know someone for years and not really know everything about them."

I reached into my purse and pulled out my bunched-up panties and handed them to him in a small ball to keep anyone from seeing what they were. He set them on the seat next to him away from the aisle and unfolded them. They were still wet from my pussy and Martin's cum. Dad smiled when he looked at them and then returned them to me.

"Looks like you have some laundry to do," he said with a devilish grin. "So are you ready for your final assignment?"

I didn't say anything but my wide grin was more than enough to express my feelings. We finished our lunch and returned to the office. I spent the first hour doing some copying for Mrs. Ulrich and sorting the mail that had arrived just after lunch. The mail was the key to initiate my last "reward" and I was pleased to see there was plenty of it addressed for Phil.

## 7. Phil's Reward, Never Too Old to Cheat

At 48, Phil was one of the oldest guys at the office. Married to the same woman for almost thirty years, he'd gone back to earn his law degree after working for years as a law clerk and had finally passed the bar when he was 41. He had two daughters that were married and lived a long ways away so he and his wife were classic empty-nesters. Twice a grandfather, Phil seemed resigned more than anything else to the boring life he had led for most of his life. He was still a guy though, which meant he had a cock that told him what to do.

I had caught Phil more the a few times taking in the view when I would bend over with short skirt but he never made so much as the slightest hint of a move towards me. I had left Phil for last because I knew he was probably going to be the most interesting of the three as well as the one that would likely take the most time. Well, I had all afternoon...

Gathering his mail, I waited until his office was clear and walked in. He was reading a thick document and must have been deep in thought as he never even looked up as I walked in. As one of the most senior lawyers, he had a rather luxurious office with a bar and even a small private restroom. The view from his office was similar to my dad's, overlooking the city and river far below.

I dropped the mail in the in-box on his desk and walked over to look outside through the glass that was the height of the wall. It was easy to feel a sense of vertigo at first when you looked down to the street so far below but I was used to it by now. I'd been assured that the glass was strong enough for me to bounce off it without any worry but I never felt comfortable even leaning against it.

"Oh hi Kelly," Phil said as he finally acknowledge my presence. He peered over his reading glasses and gave me the once-over saying, "Nice day out there today isn't it?"

I turned to look at him saying, "Yeah, I never get tired of looking out over the city from here. I love Pittsburgh. I really miss it when I'm away at school."

We went on with this small talk for maybe five to ten minutes. Phil was just being nice to me and as we went on I could see him glancing back at the papers on his desk, obviously anxious to get back to work but not wanting to be rude to me. He was probably wondering what I was doing since I had never spent his much time in his office before, at least without a prearranged reason like sorting files.

As the conversation began to drag on I knew I had better make a move soon or else my whole plan would just die a natural death. Actually it already had since he was busier than I had hoped he would be. He was suppose to have come over to the window by me where I could seduce him but so much for that plan! Then I saw a picture of his oldest daughter with her new baby on his desk so I went over to pick it up and look at it as I stalled for time. Suddenly an inspiration struck me and I knew exactly what to do...

"So Phil, how does it feel to be a grandpa?" I asked him.

"Well Kelly, actually that's my second grandchild so I've had some time to get use to the idea," he answered. "Although I will admit being married to a grandmother is still hard to accept!"

I laughed at the old joke. "Cool," I answered, "You don't seem old enough to be a grandfather though."

Phil laughed softly. "Trust me Kelly, I FEEL old enough these days. Can't even see these days without these damn glasses. Seems like I started falling apart once I went past 40."

I put the picture back down and went over to his couch where I sat down and then swiveled my legs up onto the couch. My skirt slid down to reveal most of my legs and I made no effort to push it back down. I smiled seductively at him and said, "Oh Phil, you're being too hard on yourself. You look great - for a man your age." It was a very calculated remark. I wanted to tease him and put him at ease yet at the same time not go too far and make him feel embarrassed."

Then I shifted the subject in the direction I wanted to go saying, "My dad was just telling me over lunch about how hard you've been working lately. Guess you haven't had much time to see your new granddaughter."

"No," he said ruefully, "Actually I haven't had much time for much of anything at home lately it seems."

Perfect. Plus the tone of his voice told me there was more there than he was saying. I also saw that he had not failed to notice my skirt sliding further down as his gaze kept moving to my legs and then back to my eyes again.

"Oh? Is everything OK at home Stewart?" I asked in a soft voice.

"Not really but then I really shouldn't be complaining to you Kelly," he said ruefully.

"Nonsense," I replied, "After all it's my dad that you have been working so hard for which means I benefit from your efforts. I feel like I owe you something for all the sacrifices you have made."

Phil shook his head at me saying, "Oh no Kelly, you don't need to feel that way. Besides, there's nothing you can do about it anyway."

I turned on my side and stretched out on his couch. My skirt was already riding up and I pulled it up even more so part of my ass was showing. Phil stared at me as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. I gave him my sluttiest smile and tossed my hair back saying, "Well Phil, if you shut your door then just maybe I can prove you wrong about that."

Phil just stared at me, not saying another word. His face was expressionless and I realized why he was such a great lawyer in court as I couldn't read anything from his face. He seemed to be pondering what I just said, weighing the pros and cons of whatever he did next, and finally he must have come to a conclusion because he got up from his desk and quietly closed the office door. He made a statement of it by turning the latch, locking the door with a distinctive "click". He went back to his desk and leaned back on it, his eyes never leaving once moving away from me.

"Ok, the door is shut - AND locked. Now what?" he asked although I knew he was smart enough to know damn well what was coming next. I laid on my back and pulled up my skirt to reveal my bare pussy. Putting my hand over it, I started to rub it slowly.

"See Phil, I told you there was something I could do about your problems."

Phil stood there watching me. "Well, from what I can see you certainly can but on the other hand something like this could also make them a hell of a lot worse if anyone finds out!"

I pushed a finger into my wet my pussy and began to fuck myself, slowly humping my hips up and down, just enough to simulate someone fucking me. "Well then, I guess you had better get moving Stewart before someone does. C'mon over here and let me help you."

Phil may have been a faithful husband and loving father but even the best of them are vulnerable when the stress builds and they get horny enough which is exactly where he was in his life. All he needed was a match to light his fuse and then the fireworks would start! Well, I think I had his fuse lit and now it was time to wait and see what happened next.

Phil moved over to the end of the couch where he had a great view straight of my pussy so I opened my legs wide for him so he could see me even better as I masturbated. He wasn't satisfied watching though. Moving down the couch, he put his head between my legs and started to lick my pussy with his tongue. I moved my hand out of the way and let him go for it! He obviously was quite experienced as his technique was flawless and he had me cumming before I knew it.

I held back a nasty grin as I wondered what he would have said had he known two of his colleagues had been fucking the same pussy he was licking and that the pussy cum gushing out of me as my orgasm swelled was laced with their sperm? I squeezed my boobs though my blouse and bra as he kept sucking my clit, making my orgasm grow in intensity until it was I could do to keep from screaming out with pleasure. He looked up at me from between my soft thighs, his face glistening with my wetness. He reached up and unbuttoned my blouse and then lifted my bra up over my boobs. My nipples stood out like two bullets as he licked them and then gently pulled on them with his teeth making my breasts feel like two hot coals on my chest.

"Oh my god Phil," I moaned, "That feels soooooo good!"

Phil kept sucking on my breasts with the intensity of a starving newborn. At the same time I could feel him fumbling with his pants, pulling them down until finally his cock was freed. I reached down and helped guide him to my pussy where it easily slipped into me after the incredible orgasm he had just given me. It helped also that Stewart was not exactly a candidate for any porn movies. His dick was one of the smallest I had seen on a man other than some teenage boys I had been with and even they would have given him a run for their money. At the moment though what mattered to me was that it was a cock and that it was in me where it belonged. Stewart was evidently as pleased as I was with the current situation.

"Oh lord, it's been so fucking long," he said between gasps, "so long..."

"That's it, fuck me Phil," I said to him, "fuck me like you've always wanted To fuck me."

Phil's little cock was doing a magnificent job. He stroked it in and out of my pussy as far as possible, pulling out until the head was just about to slip out and then pushing it back in until the base of his crotch pressed against my pussy and stimulated my clit. A few times he went just a bit too far and it actually did fall out and then when he would thrust forward instead of pushing back into me it would slide up my slippery pussy slit which meant the length of his little cock would pass over my clit, making me cry out despite my attempts to keep quiet.

I reached down and rubbed my sensitive clit as he fucked me, quickly bringing myself to yet another orgasm. He held his cock in me as he felt my pussy grip him tightly and my cunt creamed over his cock. I closed my eyes and rubbed my clit furiously, driving myself further and further into the world of pure pleasure I could enter only at this time, only when my entire body was on fire.

This was when all reality slipped away and time seemed to stand still. I squeezed my breasts with my other hand and it was like someone was touching them with a branding iron while my pussy contracted and pulsed around the fleshy pole that was imbedded in it. My back arched up and I lifted my hips up against him, trying to pull his cock deeper into me but I was already impaled completely by him.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," I moaned as suddenly another wave of unbelievable pleasure originated in my cunt and then radiated through my entire body like a sun suddenly going nova.

"Oh... my... God!" I cried out, not carrying who heard me (although thankfully this was a legal office so the doors were pretty good at muffling sound).

It was by far the best orgasm of the day and I never wanted it to end. My fingers, guided by years of experience, manipulated my clit, instinctively rubbing it and playing with it in just the right way to maintain me at the peak of my orgasm. Just as I was afraid it was about to subside Phil pulled back and then rammed his cock into me again which was exactly what I needed at that moment and once again I cried out and another surge of pleasure enveloped me like a wave crashing onto me as I lay on the beach. God it was incredible!!

My pussy loosened its grip on Phil and he began to pump me hard and fast. I was still feeling the aftereffects of my tremendous orgasm when he pulled out and stood next to the couch, rubbing his wet organ above my face. I looked up and saw it hovering over my mouth, all wet and purple with lust, ready to explode at any second. I opened my mouth just as he came, squirting his hot cum over my face, hitting my tongue and throat. He kept stroking himself, milking his cock to draw all the cum from him.

I could taste the bitterness of his warm gooey sperm in my mouth and felt it running down the side of my face and into my hair.

Phil dipped his cock into my mouth and I sucked the remaining cum from him making him groan from the sensations he was getting as my mouth caressed his cock like a pussy with a tongue. Finally I let him slip from my mouth and I laid back, totally exhausted with my pussy throbbing. I couldn't move, trying to catch my breath with my eyes closed. I heard Stewart dressing himself and moving about the room and eventually he was back at my side.

"Kelly," he said softy, "you need to get yourself back together or people will start wondering why my office door is still closed."

He was right of course, but that didn't make it any easier for me to move. I felt totally drained yet somehow I worked up the energy to sit up. My face was covered with his cum and he handed me a box of tissues which I used to wipe it from my face. I licked my lips and savored the aftertaste of his sperm in my mouth. My pussy felt so hot and my clit was still swollen and sensitive and just sitting up and rubbing my legs together was enough to make me shudder. It really didn't take much to get myself presentable again since nothing had been taken off.

I dropped my skirt back down and pulled my bra back down over my breasts which felt as good as anything. I realized it was faster to just slip it up over my boobs but it was a lot more comfortable to unsnap it first! Buttoning my blouse, I looked in the mirror over the bar and straightened my hair out as best I could. Stewart moved up behind me as I was combing it out and put his hands on my shoulders.

"Thank you Kelly, that was absolutely incredible!" he whispered in my ear.

I leaned back against him. "Mmmmmmm, I enjoyed it too Phil. God you made me cum so hard!"

He seemed to hesitate but then I heard him take in a deep breath. "Can we do this again sometime? I would love to meet you away from the office."

I wasn't sure how to answer him but my pussy told me what to say. "Yes Phil, I would like that." With that I turned around and we kissed for the first time, a deeply passionate kiss which we shared for several minutes as he groped me through my blouse and ran his hands under my skirt to hold my bare ass in them. I knew that if I let him, we would be back on the couch again soon so without another word I forced myself to pull away from him and then left his office, turning back to give him a smile and a wink.

## 8. Day's End

I turned back around and who was there but none other than Mrs. Ulrich!

"Been busy today, haven't you?" she said with a look that penetrated into me as if trying to see into my soul for the answers.

"Oh yes Mrs. Ulrich," I replied in an innocent tone, "Mondays are always busy here."

As we walked away from Phil's office, Mrs. Ulrich gave me a stern and distinctly disapproving look. "Alright Kelly, I always knew you were nothing but a dirty slut but out of respect for your father I've never said anything. I know what you've been doing today so don't give me any of your usual innocent and naive bullshit. Those were three wonderful men you threw yourself at today, loving husbands with caring wives and adorable families. I don't want you to hurt them and I won't let you, even if your dad IS the senior partner."

Deep down I had never really liked Mrs. Ulrich. She was generally nice to me and we had gotten along in the past but there always seemed to be something there, something I couldn't quite place a finger on and now I knew what it was. Oh well, why should I care what she thinks? Besides, the witch had to know that half the other girls in the office were doing more than just wearing sexy clothes every day (which seemed to be the dress code for girls at this office). I think it irritated her that I was just more open about it. I simply spun around and walked away, making sure to wiggle my ass just a little to piss her off.

I went to my dad's office to say goodbye. I knew he would be working until late tonight and I was pretty spent with all the day's activities so I wanted to head home. He was busy with a couple of other lawyers when I walked in but they all paused and looked at me when I walked in. My dad laughed saying, "Eyes back in your heads guys, that's my daughter."

One of them raised his eyebrows at that but both of them looked away and went back to their conversation with my dad. I sat down on a chair in the corner and waited patiently for them to finish. It wasn't long before they wrapped up and left me alone with my dad. I moved up to a chair next to his desk and he took his seat as well.

"Well, how did it go this afternoon?" he asked with a slight smile on his face. I knew he wasn't asking about my filing!

"Everything went just great dad," I answered, "In fact, I would say the entire day went much better than I had even dreamed it would. They all seemed happy with their 'bonus'!"

My dad looked me in the eyes. "Thanks Kelly, all I could think about today was what my hot little daughter was doing right under the eyes of everyone. You are really something you know. Not many daughters would've done this for their father."

We chatted for a few minutes more but I knew we would have to wait until he came home tonight to discuss the details. I had a feeling he was going to be incredibly horny by the time I was done and that I would be getting a reward of my own before I went to bed tonight. I left his office and headed home feeling so good knowing that my dad was pleased with me.

I wondered what other ideas he would be coming up with regarding me. I would just have to bide my time but one thing I did know, I was sure it would be fantastic!

# (Jun 11) Chapter 84: Boating With My Cousin Kristi and Friends

Story codes: MF FF group oral inc father mother daughter uncle niece
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Mary - my mom (39)
Kristi - cousin (18)
Mike - Kristi's boyfriend (20)
Sam - Mike's older brother (22)

One thing I love about my cousin Kristi - she has lots of boys who love to make her happy - and me as well when I'm with her. Add in a boat out on the lake and you have all the makings of an incredible afternoon of sex!

## 1. Mothers and Daughters

I started water skiing when I was just six years old and over the past fourteen years I don't think it would be bragging to say I have gotten to be a pretty good slalom skier. My dad traded up for a really nice ski boat last year with a big inboard motor that is a dream to ride in and ski behind. Unfortunately it seems to spend more time on a trailer in a storage building than in the water.

As the years have gone by we've gone out less and less as my parents became more involved in their jobs so I am always excited whenever there is an opportunity for a family day out on the lake. For the past week we had all been excited by plans to head out to a nearby state park but then on Friday my dad came home from work with a grim look on his face. He explained that his firm was having problems with one of their cases and that he would have to work the entire weekend.

Rather than letting all our plans go down the tubes, my mom and I decided we would try to make the best of it so she called her sister and asked if she and my cousin wanted to spend the day with us. Needless to say they jumped at the offer.

My cousin Kristi (two years younger than me) was excited and asked if she could bring her latest boyfriend with (or to be more accurate if I knew her, her latest boy "toy"). My mom actually thought it would be a good idea as the boat was hard to handle sometimes, especially when it came to getting it in and out of the water so a strong guy would probably come in handy.

"Mommmmmm!" I whined, "It's not fair that Kristi gets to have a guy come with and not me."

My mom laughed and relayed my complaint to my aunt who passed it on to Kristi. A few seconds later my mom motioned for me to get on the phone and when I put it to my ear my cousin was on the other end.

"Now don't get all hot and bothered girl," she said quickly, "Mike's brother should be available and from what I hear he would be just your type."

For a moment I was tempted to ask Kristi exactly what she considered to be "my type" of a guy but I thought better of it. After all, she probably knew better than me! Kristi went on about how she would call Mike and find out if Sam was available so I handed the phone back to my mom after which she and her sister made plans for the day.

Kristi called back later and said her boyfriend's older brother was not only available but ready and willing to come. Again I was tempted to ask Kristi exactly what he had been told about me to make him agree so easily but then again, I really didn't have to ask if I knew my cousin. I hung up when we were finished and told my mom who just shook her head in mock despair.

"Oh great," she said with a long theatrical sigh, "Now instead of having one guy along to do the work we'll have two guys who will be thinking more about trying to make out with our daughters than helping out with the boat!"

I just laughed, twirled around and headed up the stairs to my room. It was now time for the first big decision of the day – which bikini to wear. For a girl this is NOT an easy decision to make, trust me! On the one hand we were heading out to a public beach so I knew despite how much fun it would be that I couldn't wear my "Kelly's little slut bikini" (as my dad referred to it) since odds were I would either arrested or tossed out of the park for indecent exposure.

Eventually I settled for second best and chose my new yellow thong bikini. It was pure bright yellow with no markings or designs on it. The bottoms were extremely high cut and barely concealed my pussy – one of the reasons I shave! While the rear wasn't just a few strings like my sluttier bikini, it wasn't exactly a whole lot more as none of the material was ever more than a couple of inches wide at any point. My bikini top tied behind my back and neck. I liked to keep it loose so that it didn't take a lot of maneuvering to give anyone I wanted a peek at my boobs.

Checking myself out in the mirror I smiled as Kristi had not seen this one yet so I was excited to see what her reaction to it was.

"Well you go girl!" my mom exclaimed from my bedroom door.

I turned to see her standing there in her own bikini. My mom may not have the same figure she had twenty years ago but she was still pretty outstanding for her age. Most women in their forties that tried wearing a bikini like hers would just look a bit silly, sadly appearing as an older woman trying to recapture her lost youth. Not my Mom! She didn't have to recapture anything because she still had a better figure than most women did ten years younger than her.

As if to prove that genetics work, my mom's younger sister, my Aunt Linda, was blessed with similar youthful looks and more than once when I was in bed with them I found myself praying their lucky genes had been passed on to me. Judging from how slowly I had matured in my teens compared to many of my friends, I was betting the odds were good! Hopefully there would be a payback in my later years for the suffering I went through as a young teen who always felt years behind her friends when it came to her development.

I turned around slowly to show off my bikini to my mom since she was the one who had bought it for me although she had not yet seen me wearing it until now. I heard her enter the room and when I turned to face her she put her hands on my shoulders and pulled me to her. We gently kissed and I put my arms around her waist, feeling the softness of her as she pressed against me.

"Oh mom," I whispered huskily, "I love you soooooo much!"

My mother looked at me with that look I rarely saw but the one that never failed to make my heart flutter and my stomach feel like it was filled with butterflies. It was that look she would give me when somehow in her mind I went beyond being just the daughter she doted over and loved and became her lover and confidante.

"Mmmmmmm, Kelly my little darling, you are so beautiful," she responded. "I want you... Oh god I want you so much right now."

We kissed again, this time though it was more passionate in the way that two lovers would after a long separation. My mom and I have a fantastic mother-daughter relationship and I also consider her to be my best friend. I trust her more than anyone else on earth and share everything with her – all of my experiences, dreams and even my deepest and most erotic fantasies. Even so, maybe 99% of the time our relationship is strictly that of one between a mother and her daughter. But then there were those rare moments like this, when the line between mother and daughter blurs and actually disappears to where my mom becomes my lover.

Looking back over my life I can think of many profound moments that literally changed my life but only a few that happen on a recurring basis. For instance, losing my virginity was a milestone in my life but needless to say you can only do it once. The first time I had sex with my dad is a moment I will never ever forget and although it thrills me to please him as much as possible since then, that "first time" feeling was something unique.

With my mom, though, it's different. We've made love only a couple dozen times whereas I have fucked my dad hundreds of times. Each time had such a profound impact that I can actually remember every one in detail. I wish every girl could know her mother in this way as even in our daily lives it has an impact because when things start to get rough I always remember what we share and it helps things from getting out of hand.

I should note that my wording here was stated rather deliberately – I "fuck" my dad and "make love" to my mother. Read more in the "About Me" section of my diary where I describe the difference between sex with my mom and dad in more detail. In short, sex with my mom is all about emotion and is so much harder to describe which is why I do not discuss it much in my stories as I am afraid no matter how hard I try that it will not sound right and would give people the wrong impression of our time together.

My mom and I spent the next hour in bed and when it was over I just laid in her arms, feeling incredibly loved and secure. My pussy was still tingling from her lovemaking and the aftertaste of her strong yet sweet cum was still fresh in my mouth as we kissed softly, our tongues tenderly reaching out to explore the other. I think we could have spent the entire morning this way if the realization of the time had not finally sunk in and we knew we had to get going if we were going to make it out of the house at all today!

We didn't bother showering – let the others smell our sex! Instead, I put back on my bikini and then added some shorts and a tight cami along with a pair of pink canvas sneakers over my bare feet. I tied my hair back in a ponytail which made me look a bit younger and left the makeup off except for a little lip gloss. My face had a radiant glow after my time with mom which was better than any blush I could have applied.

My mom was walking out of her bedroom as I left mine. She was dressed similar to me although her shorts were not quite as revealing as mine. We drove over to Aunt Linda's house and just walked in the back door unannounced – as we usually did.

Well, maybe it was just that kind of day or something because when we arrived we found Kristi and Aunt Linda in each other's arms kissing, just as my mom and I had been not long before. Seeing it was just us, they didn't allow our interruption to stop them. My mom and I looked at each other and we both winked. I knew what she was thinking – it would take only a small suggestion and our boating trip would be cancelled for a day of lovemaking. For a brief moment I considered it as it had been a long time since the four of us had been together like that but I was excited about boating too.

"Hey you two!" I said sternly, like a parent catching her kids making out, "Get a room or let's get going!"

My aunt released her lip lock on her daughter and Kristi just sighed as she rolled her eyes melodramatically. I had a feeling their morning had been similar to ours and I knew only too well the conflicting feelings that Kristi must be having.

Kristi was just as close if not closer to her mother than I was to mine. Her father had left town immediately after the divorce and never returned so she had never known him leaving only her mother to look to for love and comfort as she grew up. They had shared a bed from the very beginning so unlike me, having sex with her mom was not something that had a definite "first time" episode. Instead, their intimate relationship had evolved over the years starting in her early childhood and then blossoming once she entered puberty.

As close as Kristi and I were with our moms, I could count on one hand the number of times the four of us had actually been together sexually but during each of these times I had a strong sense that there was something between Kristi and her mom that was even closer and more intimate than what I had with my mother. It was just a feeling but I know it is something that I will never be able to understand, just as people who do not embrace incest cannot fully understand the relationship between my parents and me.

I've read about identical twins and how close they are, in some cases in an almost supernatural way, and it was almost something like that when I saw my aunt and cousin making love. I really don't know how else to describe it and unless you have witnessed it I doubt I can ever fully make someone understand what they share.

## 2. The Brothers

We all wanted to go boating so any further thoughts were put aside as we gathered up the picnic supplies and piled back in the SUV. Kristi gave directions to my mom on how to get to her boyfriend's house which was only about ten minutes away. My mom pulled up to the curb in front of this huge Victorian brick house with a slate roof and immaculate lawn – their parents obviously were doing well!

Soon Kristi came bouncing out (literally), followed by two good looking guys dressed in jean shorts and muscle shirts. Each of the boys was carrying a small bag with who knows what inside. As they walked up to the SUV I quickly sized them up. Now I have to admit that I'm terrible when it comes to making first impressions based solely on how people look and how they carry themselves but usually I find that I am correct in my assessments.

Although I'd never met him, I knew instantly that Mike was exactly the typical Kristi "boy toy" type. She had told be before that he was seventeen making him a year behind her in school. Kristi had always preferred younger guys and now that she was eighteen she was having to be a little more discreet in her choices (no more thirteen year olds!) but she still wanted them as young as she could get away with.

Mike was the more muscular of the two brothers – another characteristic that I knew turned Kristi on given I think she has fucked the entire wresting team at one point or another. A few inches shorter than his older brother Sam, Mike was built like a tank – compact and strong. Damn, the kid must live in a gym! His head was all but shaved off along with the rest of him and he sported a great tan. He was a Kristi guy alright, no mercy fucks for her, just the hot guys.

Sam, Mike's older brother, was nineteen and even though that made him two years older than Mike he looked much older. Taller and thinner but not scrawny by any means, Sam looked more like a men's clothing model than an athlete – a nice build and he carried himself with an air of confidence but not a swagger either. Instead of going to college he chose to work at his father's store. Based on the house the store must pretty successful!

Unlike Mike's shaved look, Sam had a thick head of light brown hair that was trimmed nicely in such a manner that while he looked mature he didn't look "old" or nerdy. I was intrigued by one thing though – his moustache. Like his hair, it was well trimmed and extended just to the edges of his mouth and down to his upper lip. It had filled in well and was probably one of the reasons he looked older than his years. He was registering about a nine out of a possible ten on the Kelly boy meter with the only thing keeping him from getting a ten was his height. Taller than Mike, he still looked well shy of six feet and I loved a taller man the best.

After my quick fifteen second assessment they had made it to the SUV and Kristi made the introductions. I smiled inwardly as I noticed the second look they were getting from my mom and aunt as well. For my mom, I knew it was just curiosity as she would never cheat on my dad by doing anything with them in that way. However, for my aunt I knew it was a different story.

It wouldn't be the first time by any means that my aunt had helped herself to one of her daughter's playmates – regardless of how old they were! Not that I’d ever heard any complaints!

I sat in the front seat between my mom and aunt while Kristi sat in the middle of the two guys in the backseat. I guess the four of us could have crammed in the backseat but for now it seemed the best solution. Depending on how the day went, I would hope that the seating arrangements would be different on the way home!

It only took about 45 minutes to get to lake but there was already a long wait at the launch area so we got in line and everyone bailed out of the SUV. The guys took off the boat travel cover and removed the tie-down straps between the boat and the trailer.

I'll never forget the day my dad forgot the straps holding down the stern. He was sitting in the boat as my mom backed it into the water and nothing happened! He started the motor and gunned it until finally he realized what he had forgotten. He looked soooooo embarrassed! I learned long ago that if you wanted some perverse entertainment, just watch people trying to put their boats in the water or remove them – there's always someone who has no clue that gives everyone a chuckle. My dad was mortified to be one of those people that day but I hugged him and loved him anyway. I can guarantee we will never forgot those straps again!

My mom also checked the drain plug to be sure it was installed – as you might guess that was the culprit for yet another embarrassing moment!

There were still about ten boats ahead of us and even thought there were two launches in operation, it was clearly going to be a while before we got to the front of the line so since we had our swim suits under our clothes it was a simple matter to strip off our clothes and toss them in the back of the SUV.

It was an interesting moment because the guys and girls each got their first look at the others in their swimwear and I'm not sure who was more turned on! Kristi and I both were wearing very revealing bikinis as usual and our moms definitely didn't look like the typical soccer moms you saw cruising the mall in their minivans. At the same time, Mike and Sam were definitely getting all of our attention as well.

Mike cemented his reputation with me as a Kristi boy toy by wearing a tight Speedo which clearly outlined his "package" to such an extent that I had to wonder if he wasn't hiding a sock in there as well. If was all him then he was definitely Kristi material as she loved big cocks – the bigger the better whereas I typically preferred something more in the middle of the road range since it made giving head much easier for me. Kristi enjoyed sucking cock as much as the next girl but what she really looked for was a cock to fill her little pussy so the longer and thicker the better so far as she was concerned.

Looking at Sam, again I saw the similarities yet at the same time the sharp contrast between the two brothers. Whereas Mike was wearing a second skin over his crotch, Sam had on long shorts that were not much shorter than the denim shorts he had worn coming here. They were too baggy to show off his cock so I was left having to figure out for myself what he was hiding underneath.

The four of us walked around the launching area while my mom and aunt hung around the SUV, periodically starting it and inching it along in line as the boats one by one made their way into the water. As I mentioned before, watching people launching their boats can be considered a wicked form of entertainment and so we sat on the cement which lined the launch ramp, rudely commenting on the skills – or lack of them, of some of the people.

Probably the worse to watch was the backing up. My dad had dragged me over to a huge parking lot and made me spend an afternoon learning to back up using the mirrors and I felt I was reasonable adept at it. Well, a LOT of people needed my dad's lessons! It made the time go by and before long it was my mom backing our boat down the ramp – finally! Fortunately Mom was pretty good at it and indeed she put on quite the demonstration of proper technique and I was proud of her, especially after all the bozos we had been watching before her.

Just before she got to the water's edge I jumped in. As the boat settled into the water I started the engine and pulled the boat back off the trailer. I headed over to the pier as mom pulled the trailer out of the water and parked the SUV and trailer.

# 3. Some Simple Boating Around

Everyone piled in and finally we were off!! It was an incredible day with not a cloud in the sky and temperatures in the 90's. There were a lot of boats near the marina but as we drove further away the congestion dwindled and we broke out the gear.

For the next couple of hours we alternated between water-skiing and tubing. In reality, it was mostly tubing as neither of the guys could ski and even Kristi wasn't exactly the best. Tubing was fun but for me nothing beats a slalom ski. I loved jumping the wake and throwing up the biggest rooster tail I can make behind me as I lean over and almost touch the water with my shoulders as I cut from one side to the other.

It seems not that many people ski anymore with most folks seeming to settle for the easy way out and just lay on a tube. I guess that is part of why I loved to ski as well, to show off in front of everyone on the lake. Plus, laying on a tube doesn't let you show off your bikini nearly as well either!

We were having a great time but it didn't take too long before we all were exhausted and needed a break. My mom drove the boat back to the marina area where we tied up to another pier and grabbed our picnic baskets and coolers from the SUV. We spread out a blanket near a picnic table and watched the action out on the lake as we enjoyed sandwiches and Arizona Teas.

Fortunately my mother didn't subscribe to that old wives’ tale about waiting an hour after eating to go in the water so as soon as we were done both Kristi and I were ready to head out again. Our mom's shook their heads, saying they were too tired and for us "kids" to take the boat back out ourselves. I was too keyed up at the prospect of getting back out on the water to bother protesting her "kids' remark and before long we were off, waving to my mom and aunt back on the shore.

As I drove off, Sam sat up front with me while Kristi and Mike stayed in the back. I could see in the rearview mirror that Mike's hands were starting to wander more and more over Kristi and needless to say she wasn't doing anything whatsoever to discourage him. Somehow she slipped her hand into his tight swim trunks and I could tell from the expression on his face that she had quickly found what she was looking for.

# 4. Taking A Dip and a Dick

My attention was on them so much that I almost smacked another boat so I figured it was time to make the day a bit more interesting. Nodding back to the two in the back, I told Sam that it looked like they weren't too interested in tubing anymore so would he mind if I pulled over somewhere? Needless to say Sam didn't mind so I found a small cove to pull into. It wasn't exactly a private beach but it would do. With the boat anchored we could swim on the shore side of the boat without drawing too much attention to ourselves, not to mention anything else we might do...

"Cool Kelly!" Kristi exclaimed once we had the boat anchored in place. "Now THIS is more like it!"

With that she pulled her hand out of Mike's suit, quickly stripped off her bikini and jumped in to the water, initiating a skinny dipping party. Mike rapidly followed suit and I look at Sam who just shrugged his shoulders and started pulling his own pants down. As I stripped I finally got a good view of what had been hiding all day under his shorts and was truly impressed. Although it was still pretty soft I estimated his cock was probably in the seven to eight inch range making it better than average in that category and it was surrounded by a thick bunch of dark pubic hair which, as anybody who knows me will attest, is a definite positive for me. He didn't seem shy about me seeing him and as he turned to jump in I couldn't help but lick my lips at the tight white ass in front of me.

I was the last to hit the water and then we were all in. The water was fairly shallow and the bottom was sandy which was a relief for me. I hate mud bottoms as they always make me feel like there is something slithering around below me. In this case I was able to keep my head above water but the rest of me was submerged. The water was surprisingly clear for a Pennsylvania lake but still not quite enough for anyone to see more than my boobs and the same went for Kristi. I could see Mike and Sam's chests but that was about it.

Mike swam over to Kristi and she squealed with a big smile on her face as his hands disappeared under the water and touched her only lord knows where. He was behind her with his arms wrapped around her lower body, pulling her against him. I had little doubt that he was getting pretty hard and that she was feeling something poking her in the back by now.

Both Sam and I just swam around for the time being, watching the show developing in front of us. Mike maneuvered Kristi back over to the stern of the boat where the there was a platform at water level for getting in and out of the boat. Kristi grabbed the wood decking for support and I saw Mike reach down between them. He must have been guiding his cock in her as before long he was humping her ass and obviously fucking her, a fact that was soon established by her moans and cries.

"Oh yes Mike, fuck me harder!" my cousin the little slut begged.

I tried to imagine what was happening under the water and felt myself getting wetter than what was being caused by the lake water against my pussy. I turned to Sam who was now right next to me.

"What do you think Sam, ever watched your brother fuck a girl before?" I asked.

For the first time so far today my assessment proved to be wrong. I had just assumed that based on their comfort with stripping in front of each other that they had probably had sex together as well – not with each other mind you but with other girls or maybe even sharing a girl. Obviously I was surprised by his response.

"Actually no Kelly," he said, "Can't say I have ever seen Mike like this before. Actually, I’ve never watched a guy fucking a girl for real. I have to admit though, it's pretty hot to watch!"

The way Kristi was pushing back into Mike with each thrust and the cry she would let out each time he drilled her I had to agree with him. Needless to say Kristi was no virgin so when she was looking this hot a guy must be doing quite a number on her.

I was quickly growing tired of watching though, especially when I had a hunk like Sam naked in the water next to me! It seemed like there was some definite cock going to waste!

I turned to Sam and in as seductive of a voice as I knew how to make, said, "So tell me Sam, who fucks better – you or Mike?"

Sam grinned and turned to me as well. "Well, I don't want to sound egotistical but my little brother may be good, he could still learn a few things from his big brother."

I reached down and grabbed his cock and once again found myself wrong – twice in one day! But if you have to be wrong, this was definitely the way to be. I had judged him to be above average in cock size but he was evidently the type that started out smaller but grew a LOT when he got erect. My hand barely fit around the monster I was holding and though I couldn't see it through the murky water, I had a damn good idea of what it must look like. I normally like a more average sized cock because it is easier to suck but from the looks of things today was going to dominated by fucking so a big cock was more than welcome.

"Wow Sam!" I couldn't help but gush, "I guess you weren't just being chronological when you called yourself his 'big' brother."

Sam smiled and looked just a little bit satisfied with himself but who could blame him? He had to know what he was blessed with and I am sure I wasn't the first girl to be wide-eyed when she realized what was waiting for her. My pussy throbbed as I stroked his giant cock and I knew I had to have him in me sooner than later so I pulled him along by his dick until I was side-by-side with Kristi who was still being fucked hard by Mike. Actually only a couple of minutes had passed since they had started, it guess it just seemed longer due to my preoccupation with such a big male specimen.

"Hey girl, mind if I join in?" I asked her.

"Oh my god Kelly," she gasped, "God I love this! ...I love fucking in the water!!"

Usually I’m a big fan of cuddling and sometimes I can spend the entire night doing it without even fucking but this wasn't one of those times. At this moment though I just wanted to be fucked and fucked hard so there was going to be no foreplay, kissing or anything. I just wanted that big cock in me as fast as I could get it in! I could feel \Sam reaching between my bare legs and then he started pushing his finger deep inside of me. I gasped as he fucked me with his finger while his other hand reached around and started to play with my clit.

He must have wanted to fuck my pussy as bad as it wanted to be fucked because the next thing I knew I could feel the head of his cock pressing up against my ass. He squatted down to allow it to move down the crack of my butt and then it slipped down between my legs. I could feel it slide under me as he drew it back until it was properly positioned just outside my waiting pussy hole. For just a second though he hesitated, as if unsure he should be going this fast. It was less than ten minutes since we left the shore and here he was already nude in the water with a new girl and he was about to fuck her already!

"Do it Sam," I begged, "fuck me... damn it don't wait any longer, just fuck me with your great big cock!"

Sam obliged and I immediately felt the pressure from his cock head increase as his fingers spread my pussy lips apart to make way for him. I groaned from a mixture of pleasure and then pain as it felt like I was going to be split in two as his cock head forced its way into me. My God he was huge! It had been a long time since I had a cock anywhere near this size in me. The last time was around Thanksgiving last year at a frat party and actually I was beginning to think Sam's was even bigger than that one which would make Sam the biggest cock I had had (so far at least!). It felt like he was filling my pussy and so far only the head was in me!

"Oh... my... god!!!" I exclaimed as he shoved it roughly further up into me. It was like a huge log was inside of me, actually forcing my legs apart like I was having a baby except this monster was going IN instead of OUT! Each time I thought I had all I could take in me he shoved it in me deeper, pushing yet another inch of his engorged penis into my welcoming pussy.

Finally I felt the base of his cock pressing against my ass and I knew he was in me all the way but I didn't know whether to feel relief or what. I had never felt anything like this before; it was unreal the way it filled me. Once in me Sam didn't just hold still. He began fucking me, stroking his horse-sized cock in and out of my stretched-out pussy.I soon was getting accustomed to the size of him and the pain mostly disappeared, replaced by an incredible sense of pure pleasure as I quickly reached my first orgasm. Kristi was in the middle of one herself and the two of us moaned in unison as the brothers fucked the cousins. I turned to her and we kissed and I could feel her body moving as our lips touched, humping the cock that was in her just as I was to the one in me.

I heard a boat as it went by but I never even looked up as my body was consumed by the roaring fire of my orgasm. The sensation expanded as my pussy was being rubbed from his cock and I squeezed down on it and grabbed him while my pussy pulsed and throbbed. For just a second he had to hold still as my pussy muscles gripped him so hard he couldn't pull out to me. "Damn Kelly!" he exclaimed, "you're going to pop my cock if you grip any harder on it!"

Kristi overheard him and managed to let out a laugh between her moans. "That's my cousin, strongest pussy grip in the 'burgh!"

As our orgasms dwindled I looked over at Kristi and our eyes met again. We both must have been thinking alike because each of us said the same thing - time to switch! The brothers were listening and both of them pulled out from us and traded places.

Kristi and I remained in place and it was only a few seconds before I felt another cock trying to violate my still-throbbing pussy. Mike's cock slid in me easily after the trail blazed by his brother but it still felt good. In a way it felt better because I was able to concentrate on how he was pumping it into me instead of wondering how I was going to take him all in yet again. Kristi must have been getting her first sample of Sam's monster because she let out a large squeal with a touch of pain in it.

"GOD!!" was all she could get out before she bent her head down and squeezed her eyes tightly shut.

Kristi was very petite and her pussy was smaller than mine. Many times I had watched my dad fuck her and even though he was nowhere in Sam's class I was still amazed every time my dad entered her that he was able to get it in her. I could only imagine what her pussy must be going though as Sam penetrated her.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she moaned and then I heard her say something I had never heard before. "Oh fuck it's too big, I can't take it! Fuck me it hurts!"

Sam wasn't deterred though. Mike was fucking me pretty good at the moment but I knew at this moment both of us were simply going thought the emotions as our attention was riveting on the erotic scene taking place right next to us. Sam had his hands on Kristi's waist and was pressing himself into her as hard as he could. Kristi had her head down on the wood platform on top of her hands, crying out and complaining about how much it hurt and begging for Sam to stop. Sam wasn't going to stop though, I could tell that from the look of animal lust in his eyes. He was going to fuck Kristi no matter what, even it meant raping her.

"Take my cock you little bitch," he ordered her, "you're going to take every inch of it."

Kristi moaned even loader as Sam took used a giant final thrust to ram his cock the rest of the way into her tight pussy. Kristi may have fucked well over a hundred guys in her life but she wasn't a fan of oversized dildos, fisting and other practices that stretch out girls early in their life so her pussy was still almost as tight as when she was just starting to have sex. Sam's fat cock was probably stretching her apart further than she had ever been in her life and it was letting her know it!

"Oh god... oh god... I can't believe this!" she screamed.

For a moment I wondered if anyone heard her but the noise from all the boats on the lake surely was drowning her out. Sam started humping in and out of her and soon she was responding by bucking her cute little butt back in to meet him. Sam grabbed her hair and used it to pull her head back up saying, "Yeah that's it slut, you know you like it now beg for it, beg for me to fuck you," I could see that Kristi was really getting into it now. From my own recent experience with that giant dick I knew exactly what she was feeling. First there was the initial shock and awe of having something bigger in your pussy than anything you had ever played with before, followed by the most intense sensation of pleasure, deeper and better than anything I could have ever imagined.

"Oh yes Sam, fuck me... oh god yes fuck me you bastard," she pleaded, "Fuck me with your huge cock. Split me open with it!"

Mike started pumping me harder, matching up with his brother's strokes and the two of them fucked us in harmony. They speeded up and I knew it wasn't long before they were going to be cumming. I was afraid Mike would pull out and deprive me of his cum so I turned my head to look back at him saying, "Cum in my pussy Mike, stay in me. Fuck me."

Mike was too close to cumming to be able to answer but from the grip he took on my hips I knew he had the message. He gave one last hard push and held himself deep in me as his cock began to shoot one load after another of his life-giving cum into me. Each time I could feel his cock swell and then explode as a burst of warmth emerged from him that I could sense deep inside of me. Just as it faded another burst would erupt.

Sam was also cumming and I could only imagine the amount of cum he was depositing into my cousin's pussy. If it was proportionate to the size of his cock he would be dumping at least a gallon into her! As it was, I love the feel of any man cumming in me. Even though I am on the pill and know I won't get pregnant, there is still this primal instinct in me to mate, to have intercourse with a male and have him deposit his seed within me. As a man pulls out he leaves something of himself behind, millions of living invaders, all trying to work their way even deeper into me to fulfill the evolutionary need to procreate.

The worst feeling in the world, well maybe not the worst but close, is for a man to wear a condom and for me to feel his cock bursting in me yet not be fulfilled by the feeling of his cum emerging into me. It is like waiting for a finale and the curtain closes just before it.

Sam was still humping Kristi when he turned to his brother to say, "Damn Mike, why haven't you shared these two sluts before!"

Mike just laughed, "Oh yea, one guess big brother! Would you want to share?"

My body tingled from the aftermath of my orgasms and I just floated in the water with his cock still in me. I could have stayed that way all afternoon but suddenly I heard a boat horn honking and looked over to see a speedboat with four guys in it all waving to us and making obscene gestures. Sam and Mike both gave them the thumbs up gesture while Kristi and I just grinned.

I felt Mike slip out of me, leaving me with that momentary sense of emptiness I always feel after a cock has been in me. Sam did the same and from the look on Kristi's face I bet she wasn't sure whether to feel sad he was out or glad her pussy could return to its normal size again. I dove under the water and took Mike's cock in my mouth briefly and then returned to the surface. He grinned and motioned to Sam to get back in the boat.

"Hmmmmmm," he said, "I think I could use a bit more of that! Let's get back in the boat and see what other talents these two have."

Kristi looked at me and we both let out a laugh. I knew what she was thinking – they hadn't seen nothing yet!

## 5. Fun All Around the Lake

The guys got in first and I loved the view from down in the water as they climbed the ladder while we watched from below. Both of them had a great ass and I wanted to get to know them a LOT better. I just knew they were going to feel great in my hands while I sucked their cocks! Kristi got in the boat next with me coming in last. Kristi as usually was the first to make a suggestion.

"Hey, that was cool when those guys went by. What do you say we drive around the lake like this for a while?"

I was all for it but I could tell Sam was a little hesitant at first until he saw that Mike was OK with it so he relented. I started the motor back up while the guys brought in the anchors. When all was clear we took off and the next thing we knew I had steered us out into the middle of the lake with all of us wearing nothing but our birthday suits! I guess for the guys it wasn't as big a deal since while they were seated it was really almost impossible for anyone to notice they were missing their swim suits but for Kristi and me it was blatantly obvious to anybody who could see us that we were at the very least topless and it would be up to their imagination as to whether or not we had anything on lower down.

There was no sense being stupid and getting the park rangers after us so I steered away from any family groups while keeping an eye out for ski boats or pontoon boats with groups of just young people with them. If they responded back positively, I would circle back around for another pass and as you may well imagine, with each pass we got a bit more daring, starting out with just giving them a view of our bare tops and then sitting on top of the seat backs so they could see we were bottomless as well.

Moving along, there was one boat with three couples in it that cheered loudly each time I circled around and it wasn't until Sam offered to drive so I could look back that I realized why – Kristi was blowing Mike on the back bench seat! It was pretty high and given the war whoops the other boat's occupants gave as we passed by I am sure they could see enough to figure out what was going on even if they couldn't actually see Kristi's mouth on Mike's hard cock.

I couldn't help but feel a bit envious at the attention she was getting – God what a little slut she was! People who didn't know her think she is just this petite pretty teenager who looks so naļve and innocent. If they only knew!

Not to be outdone by my sexpot cousin, I started to blow Sam as well. There was simply no way I was going to take all of his cock in my mouth so I settled for getting the head and the first couple of inches in and left it at that. Besides, at this moment it wasn't the blowjob that was so important as letting people see me giving it!

Even though he was sitting on top of the seat back with his feet on the seat, the windshield and side of the boat prevented anyone from seeing what I was doing but that was OK, it was enough just to suck such a big cock. Honestly it was really too big for me to give him my best blowjob. Huge cocks are OK for porn movies but in real life I prefer one more on the average size so I can take it all in. Sam's dick was simply too large to fit down my throat so I had to be content with getting only about half of it down. He didn't seem to mind though!

I had one hand on the lower half of his shaft and the other on the seat to steady myself against the bouncing of the boat against the waves. It seemed I was doing more work stroking him with my hand than I was with my mouth. I held his head and sucked more than stroked him while my hand slid up and down his thick shaft. Sam was getting close to cumming and he pushed my hand out of the way and started stroking his cock himself.

"Keep it in your mouth slut," he yelled over the din of the engine as I started to let him loose but after his demand I just sucked even harder on the head as he stroked himself.

All the while he was steering the boat but by now he had slowed down to keep it from bouncing so hard (I think he was probably afraid I might bite it off if we hit a big wave unexpectedly!)

I couldn't see where we were or if anyone was nearby but I didn't care. Now that I had one hand free I was stroking my clit and about to cum again myself when Steve groaned and rammed his cock hard into the back of my mouth. I gagged briefly but I was able to take it as Steve started to cum. With his cock filling so much of my mouth most of it leaked out around his shaft onto my chin and dripped to the seat back below him.

"Fucking right!" Steve called over to his brother, "You should see her taking this Mike, what a fucking whore!"

I barely heard Mike's reply but it had something to do with Kristi not being too bad herself so I let Sam's cock slip out of my mouth and raised my head to see what was happening in the back of the boat. Damn, leave it to Kristi; she was kneeling on the bottom of the boat with her elbows on the padded seat and her legs spread wide. Mike must have just cum as there was sperm all over her ass and back. He must have still had quite a load left after cumming in me earlier as some had even shot up into her hair! The boat was still and I wondered where we were so I lifted myself up and took a look around. Sam must have driven off into another cove because I didn't see anyone, allowing me to stand up and put my hands on my hips.

"What's with the mess Mike?" I pouted, "Looks like a waste of perfectly good cum. Guess I'll have to help out now."

I carefully maneuvered to where Kristi was still on her knees. She was looking back at me and wiggled her ass for me as I approached. I put one hand on her ass and the other on the seat and then leaned over until I could lick the cum off of her butt. I lapped up Mike's sperm and moved my way up her back to get the rest of his stream. Halfway through I looked up at Mike and Sam who were watching intently.

"Mmmmmmm, at least I get a snack out of the deal."

Kristi laughed and the boys just put their hands over their faces as they laughed. They were both a bit soft now but I had a feeling it wouldn't take much to get those young cocks hard again if I really tried. I finished up lapping the cum from Kristi's back and stood back up again, using my finger to push the cum that had collected on my cheeks and chin into my mouth for a final taste.

Kristi stood up and we hugged each other at first and then kissed. Her tongue met mine and I knew she could taste the cum that was still lingering in my mouth.

We both looked back at the boys while maintaining our erotic kiss. They were both motionless, staring at the two of us as we kissed like two horny lovers.

I caught a glimpse of the time on the clock and realized how late it had gotten. My mom and aunt were probably wondering what had happened to us! Well, they probably knew but they would still be wondering when we would be getting back. For some silly reason none of us had brought our cell phones so that meant we had to get going.

"C'mon girl, let's jump in and get cleaned off," I said and the two of us jumped in the water.

I helped her to wash off the sticky cum, especially from her hair where it had coalesced into a gelatin-like mass. We didn't have any soap and it WAS lake water so a good shower was going to be welcome but for now we were at least acceptable for public display. Climbing back into the boat, I was the first up the ladder and as I got ready to get into the boat I looked down and saw Kristi giving my ass a good look. Her eyes caught mine and she smiled.

"Nice view from down here!" she laughed. I just grinned and shook my head in mock disbelief. The boys had already put on the swim trunks and in a few minutes Kristi and I had our on as well. I cranked up the motor and we headed back to the marina.

## 6. Driving Home

When we got back to the dock Sam and Mike helped tie up the boat while Kristi ran off to find our moms. They came back with the SUV and fortunately there was a lull in the launch traffic so we were able to get the boat out pretty fast. We all jumped back into the SUV except this time the four of us squeezed into the back seat leaving just mom and Aunt Linda in the front with Aunt Linda driving home.

Actually Kristi and I were sitting on the boys' laps, not the car seat. We hadn't bothered putting on our other clothes so through my thin bottoms I could feel Sam hardening once again underneath me. Judging from the way Kristi was squirming, Mike was obviously doing the same.

Kristi spread her legs enough to let her reach between them and press on Mike's cock. She smiled and kissed him as she started to rub it through his tight suit. I did the same to Sam and both brother's looked first at each other, then at our mothers in the front seat and finally at the two of us with a "what the hell are you doing?" look on their faces.

Kristi had this devilish look going herself. She pulled Mike's suit over to release his stiff cock and then did the same with hers. Wasting no time she lifted herself up and off his lap, lined up his cock with her pussy, and promptly sat down again, driving him inside of her. She gasped and Mike looked totally confused, not knowing whether to enjoy it or jump out of the SUV before her mom saw them. Kristi rocked on his cock, moaning loud enough for my mom to turn around in the seat to see what was going on.

"Hey Linda, you should see what your daughter's doing to this poor boy," my mom chuckled with a grin.

Then she looked at Mike saying, "Oh don't worry there poor boy, we would have been disappointed in her if we got all the way home without her fucking you." Then she looked over at me with a questioning look, "So what's wrong with you daughter? Feeling OK? I would have thought you couldn't keep up with your cousin!"

"Mommmmmm!" I pouted, "Give me a chance! Besides, wait until you see THIS!"

I lifted myself off Sam's lap and looked back at Sam. "Well, are you just going to sit there or take off those damn shorts and show my mom what you've got in there?"

Sam was still in a bit of shock from the entire situation so he reacted more to my command than thinking about it and quickly dropped his shorts to his ankles. He may have been a bit confused but his cock certainly wasn't. It was sticking straight up, all ten inches and so thick I could barely get my hand around it!

My mom's eyes widened and her voice was suddenly hoarse as she said, "Damn! Linda, you've GOT to see this dick. Holy shit!"

Aunt Linda took a quick look over her shoulder and let out a whistle. "You sure you can take that Kelly?" she said incredulously.

I had been rubbing my fingers over my pussy to get it good and wet. Using one hand to guide him into me, I settled down onto his big cock until his head was pressing firmly against me. I remembered the last time and took a deep breath. My mom was watching me and frankly I wanted to show off for her by taking in his giant prick without looking like I was having any problems. As I put my weight down on his cock at first he wasn't going in so his shaft started to bend under my increasing bodyweight. Finally it was like a bow that had been bent until there was enough force for his head to stretch me apart enough to enter. Once again I thought I was being split in half when his head suddenly popped into me and I literally sat down on his cock, driving it deep into my pussy in one smooth motion. God! It felt like I was going to explode from the pressure of him in me!

"Yea! You go girl!" my mom exclaimed, "Damn you look hot! I have never had a cock like that in me you lucky little slut."

I was rocking on Sam's fat cock just like Kristi had been doing to Mike's. Sam held me with one hand on each hip and was helping me to bounce up and down on his monstrous cock. There was little danger of him slipping out of me – I would have had to practically stand up for that to happen!

I looked down and watched his cock sliding in and out of my stretched-out pussy. Having had him earlier, this time wasn't nearly as painful as the first time was and I closed my eyes and laid my head back, just letting the pleasures that were emanating from my pussy flood me with passion.

Suddenly I heard a honk and I opened my eyes to see a truck next to us with the driver looking down from his rig at me. He was getting quite the show and he gave a big thumbs up as we passed on. My mom and aunt were laughing up front, joking about whether or not they should slow down and give him a show. Common sense won out and we continued on our way. It was for the best as who knows what kind of wreck there would have been on the news that night had she not!

Kristi had been bouncing on Mike's cock like a wild girl and her efforts were about to pay off. Mike reached around her and grabbed both boobs, one with each hand. He was groaning and about to cum any minute from the look and sound of it.

Sure enough, he must have started to squirt his cum in her because Kristi suddenly squealed with delight and planted herself firmly in his lap as he humped underneath her, driving his cock as deep as possible into her. My mom dutifully reported her daughter's progress to her mom who was trying to pay attention to her driving yet at the same time monitor her daughter's progress behind her.

"Damn Linda, Mike's cumming in Kristi right now – nothing to say to him?"

Linda looked in the rear view mirror to see what she could. "Fuck her good Mike. You better give her enough to satisfy her!"

Mike finished and let out a big gasp. Kristi stayed on his cock and looked over at me saying, "Your turn Kelly, I can only imagine what it feels like for a dick that big cumming inside of me!"

I was sweating heavily from the exertion of fucking Sam and had already cum twice by now so I was more than ready for him. "C'mon Sam, give it to me," I begged, "Cum in me now!... God I need it soooooo fucking bad!"

My heart skipped a beat it seemed his cock literally burst inside of me, releasing a huge load of cum that felt like a giant ball of heat suddenly exploding deep inside of me. God it felt incredible! Sam unleashed one load after another, pumping me full of his hot sperm and I all I wanted at that moment was for him to just keep going on and on and on.

After the second time I felt my orgasm returning yet again and it was like I had landed on another world with everything else around me just fading away leaving nothing but the intense feeling of his swollen cock exploding in me, driving my orgasm higher and higher with each spurt.

I let out a load gasp as I fought to catch my breath and I ground my tight ass into his crotch, trying to force him even deeper than he already had violated me. He stopped cumming but I was far from finished. My hand was rubbing my clit furiously as my now ultra-sensitive pussy could feel the giant male organ that was now still but throbbing with his rapid heartbeat.

Even though it was already beginning to shrink, it was still stretching me out more than anything ever had before and my inner thighs ached from abuse they were taking. I let out another load moan and now I could hear my mom in the distance excitedly describing everything that was going on to her sister.

It made me feel so proud to hear her bragging to Aunt Linda about how hard I was being fucked and how I was taking such a huge cock. Sam had his arms around me, pulling me tightly to his chest with this hands cupping my boobs. My nipples were like hard steel between his fingers as he massaged my breasts. I simply leaned back, leaving his cock in me and enjoyed the attention. His hands would leave one breasts and wander around me, once touching my still swollen clit making me jump from what felt like an electrical shock that ran from my toes to my hair.

I glanced over and saw Kristi still on Mike's lap but not fucking him.

She was sitting sideways on his lap, her feet up on the seat with her arms around Mike's neck. They were kissing passionately while he squeezed her little ass with his hand. Her bare right breast was pressed against his chest and she was playing with her left one from time to time.

From the front of the SUV I heard a new set of moans. I looked forward and could tell from the way they were seated and moving their hands that our moms were masturbating in the front seat! Apparently seeing and listening to their daughters being fucked so hard had been too much to take and even though she was still driving, my Aunt Linda had one hand down her bikini bottom while my mom had slipped down the passenger seat enough to make it easier for her to masturbate.

Sam obviously heard them cumming as well as I felt his cock twitch inside of me. He was pretty soft by now but even so he filled me better than many a boy had with a full erection! While I suspect that he had a suspicion that he and Mike would be fucking Kristi and me today, I am sure he never dreamed that he would be doing it again right in front of our mothers AND that our moms would masturbate afterwards in front of them.

I couldn't help but smile at the thought of what they would say if they knew what else we did with our moms! My mom finally finished with herself and sat back up in her seat again. She twisted around and looked at the goings on in the back seat.

"Damn Kelly, is he STILL in you?" she said incredulously. Then she looked at Sam saying, "Hope you didn't mind Linda and me. You kids were just too hot to just sit and watch you know."

Sam had his composure back by now and responded, "Not a problem Mrs. Wells. You've GOT to be the hottest pair of moms ever!"

We were almost home now so I reluctantly lifted myself off Sam's lap. My pussy felt such an emptiness I wanted to reach down and push him back in me again but we were only a few blocks from his house. Pulling up to the curb in front of their home, Aunt Linda put the SUV in park and turned around to say goodbye to the boys. From the lustful look on her face as she eyed their crotches I had a feeling Kristi was going to be inviting them over to her house before long.

Being married my mom might get off looking at the boys but she wouldn't fuck them but my Aunt Linda wasn't under such constraints and this would not by any means be the first time one of Kristi's boyfriends found out the side benefits of being with Kristi.

All in all it had been a great day and before long dad would be getting home. I couldn't wait to be sitting in the hot tub with him, describing the day's events. No matter how incredible Sam's cock had been, there was still none that I preferred to my dad's. Mmmmmmm, should be a great night!

# (Jun 19) Chapter 85: Father's Day

Story codes: MF F-solo oral inc father daughter
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Kristen - cousin (18)

Father's Day is always a special day and it's no different in our household. Every girl wants to give her dad something special on that day but I doubt many can compare with my gift to my father!

## 1. Worried About Father's Day

I'd been home from school for just over a month now and so far summer break was going great. After the local schools had finally let out, I was requests from a number of families to baby-sit for them. Most girls quit once in their mid-teens, especially after high school, but I didn't want to work at the mall or some fast-food joint and babysitting was a pretty good way to make money if you could stand it.

Truthfully, I really getting tired of the gig myself but I decided to take on a few of the easier, better paying families. It gave me some extra play money so I didn't have to beg dad for it all the time - not that I minded begging him, especially when you consider how he made me "earn" it.

Other than that, so far my summer break pretty much consisted of spending time with my friends and family, going shopping, seeing movies, eating out, and boating. Mixed in, of course, was a bit of casual sex. Although at my age I wasn't ready to tie myself down to a steady boyfriend, there were a few guys still around from high school that were happy to learn I was back in town - and I'd like to think even happier after they took me out. It was all just for fun, though. Like I said, I wasn't looking to establish any kind of emotional bond with anyone for now.

One of the holidays I look forward to every year is Father's Day. Mother's Day, of course, is important, but Father's Day provides all sorts of opportunities. When I was little there was the traditional ugly tie or "World's Greatest Dad" gift in one form or another but as I got older my presents became more "personal". After all, once you given yourself, literally, to your dad, an ugly tie just doesn't seem to cut it anymore. Every year it got harder as I tried to think of something to do better than the year before. This year I wanted it to be something that would surprise him but my mom wasn't exactly providing me with a lot of help.

"C'mon mom, what should I do this year for Father's Day?" I whined like a little girl who wasn't getting her way. Just because I'm twenty years old doesn't mean I can't act childish at times.

"Well, you're going to have to come up with something pretty wild if you plan on beating last year's gift," my mom responded absentmindedly, not even looking up at me from her book.

I rolled my eyes in exasperation - no help there! Mom loved her romance novels and once she was immersed in one, the house could have been burning down around her and she wouldn't have noticed so I was probably lucky to get even THAT much of a response.

Speaking of last year's gift, I smiled as I recalled the look on my dad's face last year when he opened my present. A camera nut friend of mine had helped me make up a calendar using a dozen "up close and personal" shots of my pussy and ass, decorated with an appropriate theme for the month. Given there was nothing that identified me in the photos, he actually showed it off to the guys at the office, letting them think he had been given it as a gag gift. It must have been pretty hot seeing them looking at the photos without them knowing it was his own daughter's pussy that was covered with candy hearts in February!

## 2. Inspiration Through Masturbation

Somewhat dejected at my lack of inspiration, I slowly retreated to my bedroom and flopped on my bed face down. I needed some motivation but all I could think about was the strong odor of sex that remained imbedded in my sheets from our activities earlier in the morning. Although the wetness had long since evaporated, the distinct scent of my pussy remained where I had cum this morning and soaked the sheets in a large circle under my ass.

My dad had already hurriedly fucked me earlier this morning and left for work, leaving me to finish myself off and as I laid there I remembered how good it felt to touch myself, knowing even though he was gone, his incestuous cum was still deep inside of me. The more I thought about it the hornier I was getting and it didn't take long for my hand to reach under the loose T-shirt I was wearing and cup my pussy with my palm. God it felt so warm! My middle finger pressed inward, forcing itself between my pussy lips and up against the entrance to my pussy hole.

As I pressed harder, my fingertip penetrated me, reminding me even more of how my father's finger had been in me when I woke up. As I tried to clear the sleep from my eyes I could feel his long finger pushing its way deeper inside of me. Overall, it wasn't a bad sensation to wake up to! My finger moved in and out of me, just as my dad had done only a couple of hours earlier, rubbing against the walls of my pussy and stimulating the bundles of sensitive nerve endings that lined the inside walls of my pussy.

When my finger was wet from the moisture of my pussy, I dragged the wetness from my pussy hole up to my clit, spreading my pussy juices around it to moisten it which made it easier to slide my finger around it. I loved the way my dad would run circles around my clit, teasing it slowly until I would beg him to do it faster and so I did the same, running my middle finger around and around my hardening clit. I gasped and cried out, again begging for him to rub me faster except it was my own finger that responded.

Awake and horny, I had wanted him to fuck me so I simply asked him. All I needed to say was, "Fuck me daddy." He knew I wanted it but it was sort of a game we played where I had to ask for it before he would give it to me. The "daddy" part was important - he would just ignore me until I said it right!

He didn't say a word in response but simply got on top of me and as I held his cock in position, he thrust himself quickly inside of me. My eyes were closed as I recalled the wonderful sensation I get whenever a dick first penetrates me, especially when it was my dad's. Now I used two fingers from my other hand and pushed them in me, imagining it was his cock once again that was violating me while I continued to rub my hard clit with my other hand.

"Mmmmmmm, fuck me daddy," I murmured to myself as I plunged my fingers into my pussy and then started to stroke them in and out of me - just as his wonderful cock had fucked me this morning.

"Oh fuck me daddy!" I gasped again, then repeating myself over and over and over again as I played with myself using my fingers.

I could almost feel his hot breath again on my face as he pumped his cock in and out of me, driving me down into my bed with each hard thrust of his hips against my crotch. Then he had stopped breathing, holding himself up with his head thrown back while he grimaced as he held himself back.

Finally, he couldn't resist any further and a loud breath escaped him and he sucked in a lungful of air as his cock erupted like a volcano inside of me. In response, my hips lifted high up off the bed as I thrust another finger inside of me, pushing all three now into me as deeply as I could as I tried to imagine that once again his hot cum was streaming into me, each load feeling like a bloom of heat inside of me momentarily.

"Oh daddy, cum in me," I begged for the second time that day. There wasn't anything I loved more than the feeling I got when my dad came inside of me. Sure, I enjoyed it when any guy came in me but this was different - totally different. This wasn't some horny guy getting his rocks off with me to fulfill some perverted fantasy. No... this was my father giving his daughter his most precious and intimate gift.

When my dad came in me it was the most incredible sensation imaginable. I felt loved, secure and sexy all at the same time. Love because I knew my father would never fuck me if he didn't love me. Secure because it was my father and he respected me as his daughter. I knew I could submit myself to him completely and never have to worry that he would take advantage of me. Finally, I felt sexy because he wouldn't be cumming if I didn't turn him on. I loved to see that look of lust in his eyes when he got horny and wanted me!

# 3. Kristen Inspires Me Even More

I finally opened my eyes and I blinked as I focused on a shape in the doorway.

"Well, that must have felt good! I could hear you all the way downstairs in the kitchen!" It was my mom, of course. God, how long had she been watching? Of course I didn't mind that she had seen me masturbate, I just liked to know when she did. She stepped into my room and stood at the head of my bead, her hands on her hips over the thin cotton robe she was wearing. It was enough to cover her - barely, and I was reminded once more of what a sexy mom she was. There was no doubt in my mind the neighbors saw her as a MILF - and I bet she loved it!

"I guess I got here just in time for the grand finale," she giggled, "Damn girl, what's got you so horny this morning? What's the matter, my husband wasn't enough for you this morning?"

"Oh mom!!!!" I just frowned at her, trying to appear irritated without cracking up. Somehow I managed to twist around and get myself up and out of bed. Reaching down to the floor, I grabbed the t-shirt I had been wearing last night and pulled it over my head.

"Kelly, that's dirty!" my mom scolded me. "Why can't you ever put your clothes in the laundry without me saying something? This room's a disaster!"

I may have been twenty but sometimes my mom still seemed to think I was six. As usual, I just ignored her and tugged the t-shirt down until it just covered my ass. I went over to her and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. She smiled at me and patted me on the head, something I hated but I knew she meant it well.

"Well, I guess I can't say anything. When I was your age I was always horny too," she teased me, "Now how about handing me those sheets. From the looks of things I have a feeling they could use a good washing."

Well, there WAS this large wet spot right in the middle so how could I protest? We stripped off the sheets and even the mattress cover was damp where my ass had been. My mom took them to the hallway and dropped them down the laundry chute that lead to the basement where our washer and drier lurked. I smiled as I thought about how she always did the easy direction. Too bad it didn't have a "reverse" as I seemed to be the one that had to carry them back UP later!

Have you ever had one of those moments when you're working on a difficult problem that seems impossible to solve when suddenly it's like everything becomes

"I think it took him about three strokes," she said, sighing as if she was saddened by the results. "Oh well, that's what you have to expect with a boy that age."

I was still in just my t-shirt while Kristen was wearing her usual summer outfit - super short cutoffs and a tight tank top with no bra. I swear she must have a drawer full of both since it seemed that was all she ever wore. Now that she had gotten hat off her chest, I moved up closely behind her and put my arms around her. My fingers unsnapped her shorts and my hand slipped down inside. God, the girl WAS horny as hell - her pussy was soaking wet and hot as an oven.

"Mmmmmmm, I was hoping this was what you had in mind when you asked me over," she purred.

Actually, it hadn't been but now that the opportunity was here, I figured why not? There was plenty of time to talk about my dad's present.

I slipped her shorts to the floor and helped her to pull her tank top up and off of her. She turned to me and did the same with my t-shirt and that left us both naked in the middle of my room. Kristen looked over to my bed, all freshly made up now, and grinned at me.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" she asked. We both giggled like two girls heading down the stairs on Christmas morning, full of anticipation of what was to come. I quickly laid down on my back and she hopped on top, her pussy in my face and her own face quickly lowering itself to my own crotch. We had both done this enough we dispensed with the formalities and went straight to work.

For the next twenty or thirty minutes or so, we just enjoyed each other. I think we both came at least twice and once again, my sheets were a mess. Oh well, being with my cousin like this was worth facing my mother's wrath! After we had finished, I finally got to take the shower I had been trying to get in all morning. Of course, Kristen joined me so it was better than I had originally anticipated. Who needs a shower massager when you have a hot cousin like Kristen available?

When we were finished, Kristen put her shorts and tank top back on while I put on a similar pair of shorts and a tube top. The two of us went downstairs where I was surprised to see my Aunt Linda having coffee with my mom. Kristen hadn't bothered to tell me that her mom had come over with her. My aunt had the same powers of perception as her sister and she instantly read my face and knew I was surprised.

"I guess Kristen didn't mention I was here," she laughed. The she looked at Kristen and shook her head solemnly, "So girl, did you get it out of your system for now?"

For a moment I thought Kristen might actually blush. I didn't think ANYTHING could embarrass her and as it turned out, she was just still flush from the shower. She DID look surprised, though, when her mom sprung a surprise on her.

"Well, maybe if you stopped over here more often you stop molesting the neighbor kids!" my aunt teased her.

"Mom!" Kristen protested, looking at my mom as she was the most innocent girl in the world.

My mom just shook her finger at her saying, "Sorry, your mom has already spilled the beans so cut the act." She paused for a second and then a mischievous look appeared on her face.

"Thirteen?" was all she said, as if she couldn't believe it. We all laughed, except Kristen who just stood there glaring at her mom.

Having embarrassed her niece enough, my mom turned her attention to me.

"OK Kelly, so what's your big idea for Father's Day?" she asked.

I sat down at the table next to my mom and looked around at the three of them. As I began to explain my idea, even my mom looked a bit surprised - and perhaps even a bit shocked which was saying quite a bit for my idea.

"But... what if you get caught?" my mom was the first to ask after I had finished, "You know, there ARE some things that we simply can't ever tell people and this is cutting it awful close."

"I've checked everything out," I assured her, "And it's no problem. Nobody goes in there at that time and besides, there are ways to keep people out.

Everyone had questions which actually helped in the end as they made some good suggestions and the finished plan was much better than my original. The only thing now was to put it into motion...

## 4. Father's Day Wakeup Call

The next morning was Father's Day and I made sure to set the alarm in my room to get me up well ahead of my parents. All night I had tossed and turned, thinking about today and now it had finally arrived. I had masturbated several times and still couldn't seem to realize enough to get any measurable amount of sleep but I knew with all the adrenalin I had going that it wouldn't make any difference today.

Throwing off my covers, I turned and got out of bed. I could hear my dad snoring in their bedroom next to mine. He didn't snore THAT loud, certainly not as loud as some men I had known, but it was still plenty noisy to let me know he was still asleep, Sneaking into their bedroom, I made my way to the foot of their bed. Our old wood floors creaked now and then but I knew from years of experience where the nosiest ones were and so I was able to arrive at my destination without waking him OR my mom.

The bedspread had been tossed to the floor and just a sheet was covering the two of them. My dad was flat in his back, which was probably why his snoring was louder than usual. Of course, he hadn't shave yet so there a light stubble on his face and his hair was a mess but that didn't matter to me. What I was interested in was a bit lower on his anatomy.

Pulling gently on the sheet, I slowly uncovered him, baring first his hairy chest and then his stomach. It wasn't as flat as I am sure it was when he was younger but by no means did he have anything near a "beer belly". Then I saw the first hint of his pubic hair and finally his limp cock was revealed.

I pulled the sheet down just far enough to uncover my favorite part of my dad and then gently worked my way on the bed and to his side. His legs were too tight together to get between them so I went along side of them instead. Kneeling by his side, I reached out and gently picked up his flaccid cock in my hand. It felt so small and soft. It wasn't often I was around my dad when his cock was this limp!

Using my hand to flatten down his thick pubic hair around his cock, I lowered my face and gently took the head of his cock in my mouth. His breathing hesitated for a moment and so I froze, holding his cock between my lips without moving. His regular breathing resumed, as did my movements on his dick.

I am not sure what exact mechanism makes a man get hard but I am sure it is not something he consciously controls. If he did, then men wouldn't get erections in places they shouldn't - like a husband looking at me in the mall sitting next to his wife! In any case, whatever sense was involved, my dad's was in full wake mode as I continued to suck gently on it.

At first I wasn't sure it was him or me but it didn't take long for it to grow enough that I was sure it was him that was getting larger on my mouth. This was SO cool as it was seldom I got to start with a dick that was completely flaccid. Most

frothy mixture of sperm and saliva and then sucking it back into her mouth again before swallowing it.

"Mmmmmmm, that tastes so good," she gloated, looking over to my dad and licking her lips. Suddenly her opens opened wide and I felt her body stiffen under me.

"Crap!" she exclaimed, "We have to be in church in half an hour!"

Oh my God, had it really gotten to be so late? My dad started to suggest we just skipping church today but I had plans that depended on us going. I said something about it being Father's Day and how we had to go and he rolled his eyes and hurried off to the bathroom to shower.

## 5. Fucked By My Dad During Church

Somehow or another we made it in time, barely getting into the sanctuary as the opening hymn was being sung. Kristen and my Aunt Linda had saved some seats for us near the back and I was the first to slide in the row, putting me next to Kristen. She looked at me and whispered in my ear so I could hear over the loud organ music.

"God, you have that 'I've just been fucked' glow about you."

I poked my elbow into her side but the smile on my face told her all she needed to know. Kristen whispered again into my ear.

"Well, are we still doing it?"

I winked at her and again, the even bigger grin on my face was all she needed to see. Of course we were still doing it!

My dad was sitting next to me with my mom on the outside next to the outer aisle. As the hymn finished and we did the "greet your neighbor" routine, she looked at me and nodded. Everything was ready to go as planned. As people began to take their seats, she whispered something to my dad and then left for the back of the church and disappeared from sight. I knew it was something about using the ladies room... and I also knew it was a complete fib on her part.

The announcements were read and mom still hadn't returned. It was up to me now. I leaned over to my dad and he bent his head down so I could whisper to him.

"Dad, I think we better check on mom."

He looked at me and said something about her not being gone that long.

"Dad, really, I think something is wrong," I insisted. He gave me a strange look but I was giving him my total sincerity look and he fell for it. We silently left as everyone stood to sing the next hymn and exited out the back of the sanctuary. The restrooms were down some stairs and I led the way. At the bottom of the stairs, instead of turning into the restrooms, I kept on going into the basement.

"Hey Kelly," my dad called out softly to me, "Isn't your mom in the ladies room?"

I grinned and even before I answered, his expression changed and I think he realized something was up.

"No, just follow me," I said, turning back around and walking briskly in front of him.

He HAD to know something was fishy but I doubted he realized just HOW fishy things were. We passed through the basement and into the main building and down to where the chapel was. Nobody was around and I didn't see another soul the entire way. We could listen to the service playing through the speakers in the hall and I grimaced at the usual mangling of the hymns.

"Kelly, where the hell are you going?" my dad called out to me, still about twenty feet or so behind. Not exactly the most appropriate language in church, mind you!

I stopped at the chapel door. Actually, it was more like a prayer room as the real "chapel" was much larger and even used for small services. This room was built over a hundred years ago when the church was first erected and as a little girl I use to think of it as the dungeon with its stone walls and lack of windows. I don't know what its original purpose was but today it was used for private prayer and counseling. What I liked best about it today was that it HAD no windows, not even in the door, and the door could be locked.

Once inside I let the door shut behind me. My mom was waiting for us.

"Took your sweet time getting here, didn't you?" she asked, a little huffy if you asked me.

"I had to wait for the announcements, Mom," I whined a bit, "Pastor was a bit long-winded today. Besides, you heard him."

Like most of the rooms in the church, there was a small speaker in the room over which the service was being played so we could hear what was happening. It was "Children's Time" and for a moment my thoughts drifted off to when I was a little girl and couldn't wait to get up front and listen to the story. Of course, the best part was we got to leave for Children's Church afterwards and escape the boring adult service.

My thoughts were broken when the door swung open and my dad appeared in the doorway. He stepped in and the door automatically swung close behind him. "Alright, what's the story with you two?" he demanded, "I thought the whole point in hurrying to get here was so we could attend the service?"

My mom smiled and looked at me before answering. "Your daughter thought it would be nice it on Father's Day you attended a more private service," she explained, "or maybe 'private servicing' would be more appropriate."

I just grinned at him as his face contorted as he tried to figure out what she was talking about. Then I saw the comprehension in his eyes and he wagged his finger at us. "You've GOT to be kidding," he said, "Here?... Now?"

We both just giggled like school girls at his response and he said, "But the service is going on for cripes sake. We can't do it NOW... can we?

I stepped up to him and took his hand, looking up at him with all the love and adoration a daughter can have for her father.

"Well, this way you can listen to the Father's Day message and at the same time I can give you my present," I said seductively.

"Present?"

"Well, I didn't know what else to give you this year so I decided it would just have to be me, but I wanted it to be someplace that would make it something you would always remember," I explained.

My dad looked at my mom and asked, "And what about you? Are you in on this too Mary?"

My mom laughed and waved her hand. "Oh no, I'm just here to watch the show," she said with a smile. "This was all your naughty daughter's idea."

"Well, how could any father say no to a present like that?" my dad said, kissing me on the forehead as he put his hands on my shoulders. I was wearing my new Easter dress with thin shoulder straps and fairly low cut in front. It wasn't the shortest dress in my closet by any means, about six inches above the knee, but then it WAS for Easter after all. It was a light floral pattern which, if the sun was behind me, was a bit transparent but nothing too slutty.

I reached out and put my arms around him and hugged him tight. "Happy Father's Day daddy. I'm all yours... ALL yours."

My dad looked around and turned back to me to say, "God, I can't believe we're doing this - and in here to boot!"

It DID seem a little sinful, having sex in a prayer room. It wouldn't be the first time I had sex in church, not by a long shot, but it had always been in more common places - classrooms and such. This just so much more, well, intimate. The pictures on the walls, the small alter with a cross set in the center, the bible to one side and a book of meditations on the other. Even the lighting was warm and reverential. At the same time, all this just made it all the more exciting for me!

I looked up at my dad and he smiled down at me, then lowered his head to kiss me. As our lips met his hands caressed my back and slowly worked their way down until he was holding my ass I his hands. He almost lifted me off my feet as he squeezed my butt and pulled me up into him. An overwhelming sense of love for my father ran through my, making me almost shiver with anticipation. I was all his now and I couldn't wait to see what he wanted to do to me.

"I love you Kelly," he whispered as our lips parted slightly, "I'm gonna fuck you... oh god I'm gonna fuck you so good now."

What sweeter words could a father say to express his love and respect for his daughter? I know my father loves sex but he has never cheated on my mother in over twenty years of marriage. Fucking a girl half his age has to be an incredible turn-on for him but I knew in my heart he would still never do me unless he truly loved me as only a father can love a daughter.

I would never submit myself to any man in the way I give myself to my father because he is the only man in the world I trust enough to do so, the only man I know who respects me enough to never do anything against my wishes, to always act in my best interests, that would put me first no matter what his lust or desires might be.

"Whatever you want daddy," I whispered in response, "I want to make you happy."

His hand began to pull up on my dress, bunching it up above my waist until my bare ass was in his hands. "Mmmmmmm... no panties today?" he teased, "You're such a naughty little girl."

Normally, with a dress this short, I would have worn panties, especially going to church. The last thing I needed was some sanctimonious old lady spreading the word that Kelly didn't wear panties to church! Anyway, it was usually more of a tease to flash your panties and let them wonder what was underneath.

Today, though, I had one goal in mind when we left the house for church - to turn my dad on and I knew he LOVED it when I wore a skirt with nothing on underneath. Different guys get off on different things and for my dad, a bare bottom was just what the doctor ordered!

He let my dress fall back down and his hands returned to my shoulders where he pressed gently down on them and I knew what he wanted. Even so, it's always nice to hear him say it out loud and he didn't disappoint me.

"Suck my dick," he commanded me. From the tone of his voice, it wasn't a request but an order, one I was glad to follow. "Suck your daddy's cock, you little slut."

I smiled at that last remark from him. He loved to call me his "little slut" and I knew it was meant to be a term of endearment, not something demeaning. When he called me his slut, I knew he meant that I was HIS slut, ready to do anything he wanted.

I bent my knees and dropped down until my head was facing his crotch. Reaching out, I unbuckled his belt and undid his pants as he let his hands hang to his side and watched me. Grabbing his pants on each side, I pulled them down until they fell on their own to his ankles and then did the same with his black boxers.

The tails of his dress shirt hung down and covered his crotch until I lifted them up and there in front of me was my father's wonderful cock, hanging loose from him amid a thick growth of black curly pubic hair. It didn't matter that I had just sucked it not more than an hour before, I loved seeing it for the first time when he undressed and exposed it to me.

One thing I DID notice, he was still flaccid when normally under conditions like this he would have already been hard as a rock. Well, it WAS only an hour since he blew his wad in my mouth and dad wasn't exactly a teenage boy anymore. It was going to be a challenge to get the mechanisms to respond again this quickly but that was a challenge I was more than ready for.

Taking his cock in my right hand, I held it up and leaned forward to take him in my mouth. As soft as he was, he was pretty small compared to his erect state and so it barely filled my mouth. Actually, I enjoyed the feeling of a soft dick in my mouth. Rather than some hard shaft it was soft and flexible and when I sucked on it, it would stretch out and then snap back again. With my other hand, I caressed his hairy balls and rolled them gently between my fingers. At first he wasn't responding but evidently it was still feeling good.

"That's it, suck on it Kelly," he said softly, "I love watching you with my dick in your mouth."

I was glad he wasn't saying anything about how soft he still was. I have been with older men who have a hard time getting an erection and I know that once they get worried and anxious about it, the more difficult it makes it.

Fortunately, I have sucked my dad so many times in the past that this wasn't the first time we had faced this situation. Had it been a few minutes after he had cum I might have been facing an impossible task but an hour later, and under these circumstances, I knew it was just a matter of time.

The only problem was, we didn't HAVE all that much time! I could hear the service in the background and even though I couldn't see a clock, I could tell from what I heard that it was already about half over. Once it was over, the halls would fill with people and it would be impossible to keep from drawing attention to ourselves in here.

There WAS one thing I had in my favor. If there was any man who I knew how to blow, it was my dad. Different guys like their cocks sucked in different ways. One of the things I think that makes me so good at sucking dick is that I can quickly pick up on what turns a guy on (and off) and adapt my style to meet his needs. Some prefer a lot of tongue action while others want my hand as much as my mouth.

With my dad, I knew EXACTLY how to suck his cock and get the quickest response. This had come in handy more than a few times in the past when he wanted me to suck him off in some places where we didn't have a lot of time and this was definitely one of those time.

With my dad, the key was to keep as much of his cock in my mouth at any one time as possible and let my lips and tongue do the work on his shaft. I knew he really got off watching me as well so I made sure my hair was pulled back and he got a good view of his dick in my mouth. Another thing that turned him on was for me to look him in the eyes when I sucked his dick. I think for him that it reinforced the "submission" aspect of my sucking his cock.

It took a few minutes but my dear old dad finally began to respond and once the process started it seemed to accelerate. I could feel his cock begin to stiffen in my mouth and as it grew it moved deeper inside and filled my mouth more and more. He put his hands on the back of my hand and gently, but firmly, pulled me into his crotch as if I needed to be reminded to keep his dick in my mouth as much

dress lift up and the cool air on my ass as he exposed me again. I spread my legs apart to make it easier for him to get to my pussy and wiggled it suggestively for him.

Turning my head to the side, I saw my mom sitting in one of the chairs, watching intently as her husband moved in behind her daughter, his erect dick in his hand as he prepared to fuck her daughter. God, what she must have been thinking right then! I was a bit surprised she wasn't touching herself a little by now.

Many times when my dad fucked me and she was in the room, she just read her book or watched TV, content to let us do our thing. Sometimes, though, she seemed more interested and those times when she watched, she almost always masturbated, even if it was just rubbing herself through her clothes. The only thing I could think of at the moment was she was concerned that someone might come by and she needed to be "normal" if that happened. The odds were highly against that but my mom was always the practical one.

My dad didn't waste any time as I felt the head of his cock pressing against the entrance to my pussy. It hadn't been that long since he had fucked me so it wasn't as resistant as usual to his initial entry but I still couldn't help but gasp with delight at the feeling if his thick head splitting me open as it penetrated me. Obviously my dad has fucked me many more times than any other man but I still feel almost like it's the first time when he does.

When another guys fucks me, I like the feel of it and enjoy the physical pleasure. I know they don't really care about me, though, and it's just for them to satisfy their lusts. One reason I like being fucked by married guys is that when they first put themselves in me, I know they have just done something they can never take back, that they are now committing adultery against their wives and they don't care because they want so bad to fuck me. But that's an emotional high driven by another man being bad by his lust for me.

When my dad fucks me it is totally different. After all, he is my FATHER and nobody else can make that claim. He doesn't fuck me out of lust or to cheat on his wife, he fucks me because he loves me. My dad fucks me because I am his daughter and it is his right as a father to have me. Sure it feels good when he does, but my emotions at the time are more about how I am fulfilling his needs and desires than my own.

I enjoy being fucked from behind but the problem is that without twisting my neck enough to make it sore later, I can't really watch what he is doing. With some guys, that's not such a bad thing, especially if they aren't all that good looking. But with my dad I like to look at his face and see the lust in his eyes, to see his cock as it strokes in and out of me, to feel him inside of me at the same time I see him push into me. Thus I was thrilled when he pulled out of me and twisted me around. My pussy, though, was crying out to be filled again and I squirmed as I wondered what he would do to me next.

"You want more, don't you?" he teased me, "My baby girl can't wait to get more of her daddy's cock, can she?"

"Daddy!" I whined a little, "Stop teasing me."

He laughed a little at that and reached behind me to pick up the cross and set it on the floor. Then he grabbed me by the waist and lifted me up and set me down on the altar. I could feel the softness of the cloth that covered it against my bare ass and for just an instant, wondered if rubbing your bare butt against an altar cover wasn't going a little too far!

Spreading my knees apart, my dad moved between me and up against my crotch. I put my hand just behind me so I could lean back a little and I watched as his dick moved in closer and then quickly disappeared once again inside of me. At the same time I felt that feeling you get when a cock is in your pussy and it was almost over whelming to realize that the feeling I was getting was from my dad's cock that I was watching push inside of me.

My dad's hands were back on my hips again, pushing and pulling me in sync with his thrusts in and out of me. It felt wonderful!

"Oh daddy... fuck me," I moaned softly, "I want you to cum in me... make me yours"

He probably would have cum about then except for one minor detail - the knocking on the door. My heart skipped a beat as I wondered if anyone had bothered to lock the door! Fortunately, my mom's precautions paid off and she went to the door and opened it slightly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I thought I heard something and I just wanted to be sure everything was OK?" a voice came in from the hallway.

It sounded like one of the elders in church and if it was the one I was thinking of, he was a busybody that loved to stick his nose in everyone else's business.

As my mom told him it was just her and she was sorry if anyone as disturbed, my dad and I were literally frozen in place. It was about as surreal of a scene as I could have ever imagined. Here I was, bare ass on a church altar, my own father's hard dick deep in my pussy, while my mom talked to an elder of the church as if everything was fine and normal! Well, it may have been "normal" for us, but somehow I doubted out church would have been so understanding if they found out someone was committing incest in the prayer room right in the middle of the church service!

Even though neither of us was moving a muscle, I could feel my dad's dick throbbing inside of me and I clenched my pussy to squeeze down on him. He obviously wasn't expecting me to be doing anything like that as he jumped just a little and then had to cover his mouth to keep from making a sound. He looked at me sternly but then he cracked a smile but wagged his finger at me as if to say I should behave myself. Yeah right, like I was the one with his dick in his daughter on top of an altar!

My mom shut the door and I heard the distinctive click of the lock this time. She resumed her seat and shook her head slowly at us.

"Now you two behave yourselves and keep it down," she admonished us, "Thank god he knocked and didn't just come right in!"

We responded with a "yes, Mommy" and "yes, Dear" and it was back to the business at hand. Well, there wasn't anything business" at all to what we were doing but the phrase fits. If anything, I think almost getting caught made the two of us even hornier than ever.

Given the way society views incest, my dad was always careful to be sure we were never caught in public yet he still seemed to love the thrill of pushing the envelope to where we ALMOST got caught. As disastrous as it would have been to be found fucking in church, ALMOST getting caught was obviously a huge turn-on from him judging from the way he was banging me harder than ever right off the bat.

"Here it cums baby," he groaned softly, his eyes shut tight and his face tense, "Daddy's cumming in you!"

I looked over at my mom and a huge smile broke out on my face as I felt him releasing his sperm inside of me. She knew what that smile meant and she mouthed "I love you," to me as my dad shared himself with me. It wasn't nearly his normal load but what could you expect under the circumstances? Besides, when he came in my pussy it was not so much how MUCH he came but the fact he did it in the first place that made me happy.

When his orgasm had expired, my dad pushed himself deep into me and we just stayed that way for a few minutes, a father and daughter joined intimately, sharing their love for one another. Finally it my mom who brought us down to earth.

"OK you two, get it together, we need to get out of here before the service ends."

I listened to the service and realized our pastor was delivering his post-sermon prayer. That meant we had only a little time during the final hymn to sneak back in to the service. For me it was pretty easy, I just dropped my dress back down and straightened my hair. My dad's cock was rapidly shrinking as he pulled his pants back up which was good as it meant he wouldn't have to hide himself on the return trip. My mom straightened out the altar and then I heard her mumble something under breath.

"What's the matter mom?" I asked.

Look at this, you go the altar cover all wet!" she huffed, "Here, help me turn it around and try to hide it.

I shrugged my shoulders as if to say, "not my fault" while my dad just chortled.

"Give the poor girl a break Mary," he said, "I know someone else that use to soak the car seats in my parents car!"

My mom playfully slapped him as she put the cross back in place and straightened everything out. Then she shooed us all out and we left the room together. We hadn't gone twenty feet down the hall when our friend the elder walked by. He looked at the three of us and a surprised expression came to his face.

"Hey John, good to see you again," he said, putting his hand out to shake my dad's. "Sorry, I didn't realize the three of you were in there together. Anything I can help with?"

I bit my tongue hard to keep from breaking out laughing. If he only knew what kind of help he would have needed to give had he joined us! My dad just shook his head and move forward, leaving the guy behind. I wondered if he had any suspicion at all of what the REAL story was but then, why would he? I mean, how many people would suspect that a father would commit incest with his daughter right in the middle of church?

When we got to the sanctuary, everyone was standing and the organ was blaring for the final hymn. I slipped in first into the pew next to Kristen followed by my mom and then my dad.

"Well?" Kristen asked.

I just grinned and nodded and her eyes widened.

"You REALLY did it?" she said. She wasn't so much surprised as confirming what she knew. I quickly put my finger in my mouth and then took it out and she just rolled her eyes at me and grinned.

Once the service was over, we all streamed slowly out and stood in line to shake the pastor's hand. Standing there, I could feel my dad's cum starting to drain from my pussy and I prayed that the line would hurry up so I could get to the restroom before something embarrassing happened. For once I was happy he had not cum a lot in me, as then it would have been a real possibility but it was just a feeling of dampness for now.

When it was our turn my dad shook the pastor's hand and he greeted us, commenting that it was nice to see our whole family back in church again. I suddenly felt incredibly horny as I wondered what he would have thought had he ANY idea of what we had really been doing during the service.

As soon as we passed by him, I told my mom I needed to visit the little girl's room and Kristen came with me. Surprisingly, nobody else was in there, I guess everyone was too anxious to get back home and use their own toilet. The heavy door shut behind us and Kristen checked out the stalls to be sure nobody was in there with us before she turned to me with a huge grin on her face.

"Well, was it like you planned?" she asked, the curiosity burning her up.

"Almost," I said and then I told her about our little "interruption". She giggled and then I reached under my dress and rubbed my pussy. Sure enough, there was a little wetness where my dad's cum had drained out a bit so I ran my fingers over it and then held them out to Kristen.

"Wanna taste?" I teased her?

Kristen sucked on my finger and grinned. "You are SUCH a slut, you know that don't you?"

"Oh? And I suppose you're not?" I retorted.

We both laughed as I washed my hands and we headed back to our parents. Our plans were to go to lunch to celebrate Father's Day but so far as I was concerned, the celebration had already been held. After all, it was only noon and already I'd been fucked twice by my dad, including once in church.

I certainly hoped this was going to be a Father's Day my dad would always remember!

# (Jun 25) Chapter 86: Crashing Steve's Wedding

Story codes: MF F-solo oral inc father daughter
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Steve - ex-boyfriend, married Cindy (22)
Larry - best man (22)

It was almost six years ago when I gave Steve my virginity. Today I'm twenty and have been fucked by dozens of guys and sucked well over a hundred more since Steve moved away but I'll never forget my first time with him. I may not have been his first but I like to think I was his best. Hopefully at his wedding I could leave him with something to remind him of that when he was with his new bride!

## 1. Persuading My Daddy

I was just starting summer break after finishing my sophomore year in college when I opened up a fancy envelope in my mail and almost fainted when I saw what it was - an invitation to Steve's wedding! The wedding was to be held in a Chicago suburb where his fiance was from which worked out good for me since my grandmother lived not far away. I don't have a car and my parents weren't going to drive eight to nine hours one-way for a short weekend so somehow I had to convince my dad to buy me a ticket to fly there. Fortunately I knew there was always one way to ensure he would say yes...

That day my dad was watching TV, sitting back in his Lazy-Boy drinking a cold glass of ice water. It was a hot day and even though the air-conditioning was taking care of things he was still wearing nothing but the gym shorts he had on while doing some yard work earlier. My mom was getting supper ready upstairs in the kitchen and I knew the time was perfect to "persuade" my dad to buy me that plane ticket.

I went to my dresser and pulled out my favorite bikini - a skimpy string thong which was more string than thong. The only actual material was three triangles of jet black cloth that covered my pussy and nipples but not a whole lot more. The

even had me and my cousin fuck some of his clients. He told them that we were dirty street whores he had hired to entertain them. I know he especially loved it the fact that he could fuck us in front of them without having them knowing that he was fucking his own daughter and niece.

As I lowered myself down I slowly twisted my hips in a circle as if I was screwing his cock into me. Well, I guess that is why they call it screwing! I don't think I will ever tire of the feeling I get whenever a man enters me for the first time when we fuck. My pussy feels like it is being spread apart and I can feel the head pressing its way into me like a big fat worm trying to tunnel into the earth. I can feel the pressure of his cock in me, feeling like I am being stuffed full by this hard warm invader. Deeper and deeper I let him into me, feeling his cock more and more within me as the sensation of his cock filling my pussy worked its way up from the bottom of my crotch towards my stomach.

My father doesn't have the biggest cock in the world but it still feels wonderful whenever it is all inside of me. My ass was grinding into his shorts as my pussy bottomed out against the base of his cock. I moaned loudly as I started to hump his cock, lifting myself up and then dipping back down on it. It was good to be able to control the pace and penetration while I fucked him. "Yes daddy, fuck me!" I cried out. "I want your cum in me. Please daddy, cum in me!"

My dad grunted as he lifted his hips up to meet me when I dropped down on his rock hard cock, trying to drive himself even deeper into me with each stroke. Sometimes we would fuck for hours in various positions and places with me sucking him at times and him eating my pussy. Tonight though I was in a bit of a hurry knowing my mom had supper almost ready to it was going to be was just an old-fashioned fucking - nothing fancy or wild as his cock fucked me while my pussy grabbed him, trying desperately to drive him over the edge until he couldn't hold back any longer.

My boobs bounced as I fucked my daddy and I leaned forward so he could take them in his mouth. I pulled my bikini up so he could take my bare nipple in his mouth and I put one hand under each boob and alternated them to his mouth. He sucked hard in my nipples and between that sensation and his cock ramming in and out of me I quickly came. I dropped my head back and let out a loud yell.

"OH GOD DADDY!" I cried out. "FUCK ME DADDY, FUCK ME!"

My pussy clamped down on his cock as my orgasm surged through me. I held it in me, circling my hips around it as I gripped it like a vise with my cunt. The harder

I cum the harder I grab a guy's cock. Some guys have actually had to ask me to not grab them so tight because it hurt their cocks! My pussy cum poured down over him, soaking his shorts as I ground my dripping pussy into them.

God I was in heaven! My wonderful dad was fucking me, I was cumming hard, and there was nothing better than this! Just as my orgasm began to settle down I could feel his cock swelling and I knew he was about to cum in me. I loved it when my dad came in me, filling me with his most precious gift he gave only to those few women he loved. To be joined together as we were, both physically and mentally, and then to feel him deposit a part of him within me was the truest expression of his love for me the I could ever ask for.

"Please cum in me daddy," I begged, "Fill your daughter with your love! Give me your love daddy. Oh please, show me how much you want me, show me how much you love me."

He suddenly jerked upwards. "Oh yea, take it slut," he grunted, "Oh fuck... Oh yeah, I'm cumming now Kelly!"

Cum he did. The first load was huge and I could feel it surging from his cock deep inside of me creating a hot flash deep inside my womb as my father's cum filled his daughter's starving pussy. Again and again he released his love into me. I dreamed so often of this prized moment.

This was the time when my dad truly showed me in a physical way how much he loved me, how much he lusted for me, how much he wanted me in that special way only he could. Feeling my dad cum in me, knowing my own father was giving me the most personal and precious gift he had, made me feel more loved than any daughter deserved. He could give me anything else, presents, money or whatever and it meant nothing in comparison to how I felt when his cock surged inside of me.

When he had finished, he collapsed in the chair in exhaustion and I sat in his lap with his throbbing cock still in me. Now and then he would twitch and I could feel him move slightly inside of me. I kissed him again and we held the kiss for the longest time until suddenly our moment of bliss was interrupted by a voice calling down from upstairs.

"Hey you two sex fiends!" my mother called down the stairway, "Finish whatever deviant things you are doing and get you here. Supper's ready."

We smiled at each other like two kids sharing a secret as I reluctantly lifted myself up and off of his cock. I would have rather sat there all night, waiting for him to get hard again and fucking me over and over. Well, it wasn't going to happen tonight so I got up off from the chair and then leaned over him, taking his limp wet cock in my mouth and licking it to clean off the mixture of our cum that was covering it.

Mmmmmmm it tasted so good! I loved the taste of a man's cum and I especially loved the flavor of my pussy so mixing the two together made for a succulent taste I wished I could bottle! His cock was still sensitive from our fucking and he jumped as I sucked briefly on it.

"Damn Kelly," he moaned, "You have simply got to stop or else I'll have to fuck you again and you know what your mother would say."

I would have gladly let him do it but like he said, I knew my mom would be pissed if we ruined her supper so I stood up and adjusted my bikini bottom. My dad's shorts had a big wet spot in the front now and it looked like he had an accident but I knew that was the last thing he was concerned about. I gave him a kiss on the cheek and giggled as I turned and ran up the stairs ahead of him, wiggling my butt suggestively for him to watch.

I sat down at the kitchen table and my dad soon joined me as my mother served supper. I was still so excited from the fucking my dad had just given me that I squirmed around on my chair like a four year-old that has to go to the bathroom. My dad still had the wet spot in the crotch of his shorts so it didn't take a Harvard graduate to figure out what we had been doing!

My mom looked at both of us and laughed saying, "Well, from the stink of sex coming from the two of you and Kelly's non-stop squirming I would say you two must have had a good time. Hmmmmmm, Kelly wasn't down there that long John so I take it she must have really been horny tonight judging from the way she came on your shorts!"

I beamed at that, knowing that yes indeed I had been horny for my dad and the proof of my dad's love for me was in the cum I could feel leaking from my pussy.

"So Kelly," my dad said after we prayed and started eating, "I know that you just didn't come down to let me fuck you no matter what you say. Not that I would ever want to discourage you but c'mon, you have something up your sleeve so spill it girl, what's the story?"

I sighed deeply but after all, this WAS why I fucked him tonight so I explained about the invitation to Steve's wedding and begged my dad to let me fly there. I was even ready to get under the table and "persuade" him more if I had to but my parents just looked at each other and shrugged. He agreed and I squealed with delight, hugging and kissing them both. Immediately after supper I got on-line to book my flight.

## 2. Flying Sucks

The next day I mailed my RSVP and Steve called me a few days later. We arranged it so he would pick me up at O'Hare and take me to my grandmother's to stay so I wouldn't have to pay for a hotel room. It was only a couple weeks before the wedding so I didn't have much time to look for a dress but by the fateful weekend I was ready with a hot dress and numerous masturbation sessions behind me as I dreamed of the times I had with Steve.

My mom drove me to the airport since my dad was working. She dropped me off at the departures area and since I had already checked in on-line I headed straight for the gate. When I got to the security area I was amazed at the hassle I had to go through. The last time I had flown was almost eight years ago when my parents and I went to Florida for a vacation. Things certainly are different now!

What really pissed me off though was the extra search they put me through after I went through the metal detector. Even though nothing went off some older woman in a uniform pulled me over and claimed I had been selected "randomly" for a more thorough search. I was wearing a pair of jeans that I had to lay on my bed and pull as hard as I can with both hands to get them on. They were so tight I couldn't put anything in the pockets and with no panties you could see the outline of my ass perfectly and even my pussy lips if I spread my legs. On top I had on my favorite pink cami which was also skin tight and left no doubt as to the fact I wasn't wearing a bra either. Where in the world was I going to hide anything in this outfit!

Needless to say, the ridiculousness of the situation meant nothing to this Nazi woman who insisted that she had to run her hands over practically every square inch of me. When she rubbed up between my legs I had a brief thought about this could be the start of some porn movie episode where they led me off for a more "private" search but it was soon over. She handed me my boarding pass and it was off to the gate for me.

When I got to the gate it was packed. It seemed everyone in Pittsburgh was heading to Chicago! Finally the gate attendant started to call off rows for boarding and I joined the line to get on board. When I approached my seat I realized I was stuck in a center seat between two men, both looking to be business guys maybe in their thirties or early forties.

I excused myself and asked the guy in the aisle seat if I could get in. The guy was reading some report and at first he had a look of exasperation as he realized his empty middle seat was about to be filled. Then he looked up at me and I almost laughed at the transformation as he smiled and his eyes traveled up and down me in a quick survey. From the way he looked at my chest I knew he was a boob man and with me not having a bra on something told me I knew where his eyes were going to be the whole flight!

I sat down between them and buckled myself in, trying not to appear too pleased at the attention I was getting. The flight was short so I just read the airline magazine and listened to some music. I found myself daydreaming and imagining myself pretending to be sleeping while each of the guys next to me started to let their hands wander over my legs until lone was brave enough to slip between them and feel the warmth of my pussy.

I dreamed of waking up and smiling at them and giving them both a hand-job to the utter disgust of the matronly flight attendant. Unfortunately with a full flight there was no way anything was going to happen like that so I just dreamed and felt myself getting hornier until finally we reached Chicago. It was a good thing it wasn't a longer flight or I would have had to slip into the toilet and take care of something!

As we were standing up to leave the plane I pressed my ass into the guy's crotch behind me and wiggled it just enough to let him know it wasn't an accident. I never looked back at him but he didn't pull back! I bet he had some wild dreams that night as he masturbated and thought of initiating me into the mile-high club!

## 3. Picked Up By Steve

At the airport I my luggage was the last to come off the ramp and I hurried out to the curb to wait for Steve, hoping he hadn't given up on me after my long wait for the luggage. Suddenly I heard someone call out my name and I turned to see someone approaching me. I vaguely recognized the face but the rest of him was a total stranger. My god had Steve ever changed! He was no longer a skinny and short sixteen year old teenager boy. The MAN running up to me was tall (he must have been over sex feet) and VERY handsome with a body that had obviously been a frequent visitor to the gym. He ran up until he was by me and stopped a couple of feet away and looked me over with a big grin on his face.

"Kelly?" he said with an inquisitive look on his face. I nodded, not sure what to say and he continued, "Damn, you have certainly grown up. Wow! Look at you girl!"

I must have flushed a bit because I could feel my face getting warmer. "Hi Steve, I almost didn't recognize you. God, you have changed a bit yourself." I laughed nervously, "I seem to remember being the same height as you and now... well now you're head and shoulders taller!"

What I didn't say was that now he also had the body of stud and I couldn't help but wonder what else had grown on him. Steve's cock was the first one I ever sucked and it had pierced my virginity so I guess I was still a bit biased when I recalled the size of it. Somehow I had a feeling I wouldn't need to inflate my memories today with it.

We then hugged and I was a bit disappointed he didn't kiss me. It was over five years since we'd last seen each other and I guess over that time I had many a dream about how we would meet again someday. There were so many times I would be playing with myself in bed imagining how he would sweep me off my feet and kiss me with all the passion of a long-lost lover.

I don't need to say what I imagined happened next but it certainly wasn't this rather platonic greeting that was happening now in real life. I was thrilled to see Steve but I was reminded of why I was here. He was getting married so there was someone else in his life now. Well, he may love her but I knew deep down he had to remember fucking me. I wasn't his first but I was now determined to show him I was his best.

Steve had parked in the garage when I didn't show up so he could go inside to see if I had made it. When we got back to his car he tossed my luggage into the trunk and we drove to my grandma's house. Along the way we exchanged small talk and it was a bit awkward given it had been almost a year since we had even talked and many more since we had been face-to-face.

Steve was obviously in love though with Cindy, his bride, and as much as I was happy for him I couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. Thankfully Steve was the first to open the door to the subject I knew we both wanted to talk about but I wasn't sure how to initiate the discussion.

"You know Kelly, there are still times when I think of you. I mean, Cindy's great and I love her to death but I will never forget the times we had back then. It's hard today to believe you were barely out of eighth grade when we did it that first time!"

I smiled and nodded my head. "Yea, those were some great times!"

The rest of the way home we reminisced about some of the things we had done together. We laughed at some of the more crazy antics and both of us reminded the other what ridiculous chances we had taken at times. I found that while I enjoyed our conversation, at the same time it was difficult sitting in the front seat with him like just any other passenger.

Thoughts of what I use to do when we drove around kept coming to my head and my pussy was getting hot and wet as I looked at him now. He had grown into such a handsome man and I could see from the rise in his pants that my earlier suspicions about how the rest of him had grown were correct! Six years ago I would have been unzipping his jeans and pulling it out but today all I could do was imagine how wonderful it would be.

We finally arrived at my grandmother's home and he leaned over to give me a quick kiss on the cheek as I got ready to exit the car.

"It's great to see ya again Kelly. See you at the wedding!" he called out to me as I closed the door behind me.

## 4. Surprising Chat With My Grandmother

As he drove away I started to wonder if this was all such a good idea. Talking to Steve on the way home had just reminded me of the incredible times we had together and had opened some old wounds from when he left me that had taken years to heal. Like most memories, perhaps I was guilty of inflating the good and pushing aside the bad times.

I caught myself questioning myself, wondering if it had really been as great as I remembered it or were these just the memories of a young teenage girl infatuated with her first lover? Was I setting myself up to ruin all those memories?

I started to wonder if maybe I should have just stayed home and left things the way they were. Seeing Steve in love with another girl was turning out to be so much harder than I had ever dreamed it would be.

In my heart I had to admit a small part of me had been hoping that when he saw me again he would want to leave his bride to have me back. I knew one thing for

The one thing my mom had not talked a lot about though was how my grandma had been through those years. I did know she had never even once had sex with her daughters but yet she had encouraged the two sisters to satisfy their dad's needs. Other than that my mom had not said much more so this night I was learning a LOT more! At one point I couldn't resist any more so I asked her why she had never joined in. My grandma smiled and shook her head slowly.

"Well Kelly, I was raised in a very strict home so I guess despite everything I have never gotten that brainwashing out of my head. I truly have never wanted to have sex with a girl, not even in a fantasy so I must not be wired the same way you are. To have sex with my daughters was even less imaginable then and still is. It's not some sort of moral issue; after all I loved watching Bill as he fucked our daughters because I knew they could satisfy him in ways I couldn't. I couldn't blame him for wanting to have sex with two beautiful teenagers who were somehow hornier than hell 99% of the time. We knew they were doing each other anyway so why not let him indulge? I was also happy that he did it with our daughters and kept it in the family rather than seeing other women." Listening to her talk I couldn't help but feel a bit horny. She told me about some of the places my mom and grandpa had fucked and how exciting it was especially when she and my aunt were still young and eager to learn and do new things. I couldn't help but laugh as she described how shamelessly sexy they could be at times in front of their father. At least I knew where my sex genes had come from!

As she kept talking her face became flushed a bit and I was a bit shocked at first to realize that talking about all of this was turning her on as much as it was me.

"So Grandma, do you like to think about those days?" I asked, knowing the answer but wanting to hear her say it.

She sighed and closed her eyes. "Oh yes Kelly, I miss Bill so much. I'm sure if he was still here tonight that he would be wanting to have sex with you as well. He always talked about you as you were growing up and I know he couldn't wait to have you. There were times when you stayed here back then that he would go off to our bedroom and masturbate to relieve the sexual tension in him that built whenever you sat on his lap or pranced about in your little bikinis. Frankly, looking at you now I can imagine watching him fucking you on the floor in front of me and I have to admit that it makes me more than just a little bit excited."

Her eyes were still closed as one of her hands slipped away from mine and I watched as she opened her robe and reached down to her pussy and started to rub herself. Oh my god! My own grandmother was masturbating right in front of me! She was 62 and still looked good for her age but it still was a bit unnerving at first.

After the initial shock wore off though I found that seeing an older woman masturbating next to me on the couch was one of the more erotic things I had witnessed in a long time! It didn't hurt that my grandma was really getting into it!

"Oh Kelly," she moaned softly, "Tell me how you would want your grandpa to fuck you."

Well, this evening was certainly turning into something different than I had ever expected! Not to be outdone by a woman three times my age, I undressed quickly and laid back against the end of the couch.

I spread my legs and started to touch myself as I watched my grandmother fantasizing about me fucking the husband she missed so much. She slid down the couch a bit and spread her legs wide as both hands went to work on her hairy pussy.

I started "talking" to my grandpa, telling him how much I loved his cock and how bad I wanted him to fuck me with it. Although I would have loved for her to watch me as well, my grandmother's eyes stayed closed for the entire time we masturbated together, even when I cried out as I imagined him cumming in me.

She came several times, humping her hips violently into her hand as she whispered for him to fuck me and to cum in me. Then she told me to please my grandfather, to be a good granddaughter for him. As for myself, I had two of the most incredible orgasms watching my grandmother getting off as I fantasized for her about my grandfather fucking me.

I would have loved to have kneeled in front of her and tasted her pussy cum but I respected her feelings about that and somehow found the willpower not to even try, probably more because I didn't want to hear her say no more than anything else.

When we both had finished she took me in her arms and held my naked body tight against her. Her robe had come off long before and it felt strange to be naked against my grandmother. She sighed and looked at me with such love in her eyes.

"Oh Kelly, thank you for that. You have no idea how much I needed it. Mmmmmmm, I remember holding your mother like this after we would masturbate together. I felt so close to her when we shared that experience, just as I feel now with you. You're a wonderful daughter and granddaughter!"

Well, we certainly were closer now than we had ever been or I had ever dreamed I would be - physically as well as emotionally. We laid like that for a while longer before going to bed. That night I masturbated for the longest time, cumming several times.

## 5. Memories of Steve

At first I couldn't help but imagine what might have happened tonight if my grandfather was still alive. God what an evening this would have been! My grandpa had died years ago and my memories were a bit vague but I could still imagine how erotic it would have been to feel his cock entering my pussy for the first time while my grandmother watched, encouraging us and masturbating as her husband fucked his young granddaughter's tight pussy.

Then my thoughts turned to the first time Steve fucked me, tearing away my virginity as his cock entered where no other had gone before. Then I dreamed again of some of the times and places we had done it afterwards.

We shared so many first-time experiences, at least for me. There was the night in the movie theater when I first sucked his cock and tasted his hot sperm for the first time. I knew I loved sucking his cock from the start but never would I have believed what my craving for cock and cum would drive me to later!

After Steve there were not many boys I went out with who I didn't suck before the evening was over and those few I never dated again. Although I loved sucking their cocks, I wouldn't let the majority of them touch me and even fewer ever got to fuck me but I love giving blowjobs and as long as he is clean that is all it takes to convince me. It wasn't long after I started sucking him before that fateful day in his basement where I gave him my virginity.

We fucked like horny rabbits after that, two and three times a day sometimes, everywhere we could. Nothing was sacred when it came to fucking - he even did me on the church altar once and another time in the pastor's study on his desk. We loved being a bit naughty when we had sex to make it fun and exciting like when he fucked me on a school swing set where anyone could have stopped by and seen us.

I smiled as my fingers caressed my swollen clit as I recalled teasing his brother and then fucking him later on. His sister Sharon and I were good friends and she loved to hear about what her brother did to me, especially since she wanted him to do it to her as well. That never happened so far as I know but she did spend an evening with us when she shot my first set of nude photos while Steve watched.

I finally fell asleep, totally exhausted after hours of masturbating and cumming more times than I could remember. The sheets were soaked but I didn't care, it was my cum anyway. The next morning I slept in and didn't get up until after 10:00AM. I quickly got up, threw on a t-shirt, and went to the kitchen to have breakfast with my grandmother. She smiled at me as I sat down at the table.

"Good morning Kelly," she greeted me, "Just so you know, my clit is sore this morning from the workout I gave it last night but it was well worth it. You are such a sweetie. I can't believe how much you remind me of your mother when she was around your age."

I gave her a devilish smile and said, "Well you know Grandma, I could always lick it and make it feel better." As soon as I said it I couldn't believe that I had but fortunately she just laughed and sat down across from me.

"Well, you certainly are your mother's daughter," she laughed, "She was always after me that way as well. Much as it I am sure it would feel good, I'll take care if it but thanks for the offer."

I couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment. I had woken up incredibly horny and could have easily jumped into bed with her if she hadn't been making breakfast already. Oh well, I guess I would have to see what opportunities came up (literally) today to relieve myself. After breakfast I hurried upstairs to shower and get myself ready. I would have given anything to have the door open and my grandmother step into the shower with me.

I masturbated in the shower thinking of her hands moving over me, exploring another woman's breasts and pussy for the first time after all those years of just watching. A mild orgasm filled me as I stood in the hot shower stream. I imagining her cumming as I licked her pussy which hadn't been fucked in so many years. Then I thought of how my mother must have stood in this same shower when she was a teenager, doing the same thing I was now as she dreamed of being more intimate with her mother. I felt a tingle between my legs as I imagined her and my aunt going at it in this same shower and my grandfather would open the shower door and join them. Mmmmmmm, there were times I wish I had a sister. Kristen, my cousin, was about as close as anyone could be but seeing my mom and aunt together I knew there was a bond between sisters that not even cousins could share.

The wedding wasn't until 2:00PM but I wanted to get there a bit early to see Steve and his family. I had brought with me my new slinky peach colored dress with spaghetti straps that clung to me like saran wrap. I loved the feel of the material against me and without a bra it outlined my boobs perfectly and my perky nipples showed through nicely. I figured I didn't know anyone at the wedding besides Steve and his family so I may as well look as good as I could. The dress was so short that it barely covered my ass so I pulled on a matching peach thong that tried valiantly to cover my pussy but failed at hiding much of anything else.

The last touch was a matching set of three inch spike heels that showed off my legs and ass as well as possible. Grabbing a tiny purse that held just my driver's license and more importantly, my dad's credit card, I went out to the living room where my grandma was watching TV. She turned and grinned as she looked at me.

"Oh yes, I see your mother so much in you now." she said. "I remember her and Linda going out on dates looking like two little whores. They use to drive the poor guys crazy."

I imagined my mother at my age, dressing in her sluttiest clothes to go out with my dad. In reality, when she was my age they were married and had me but that didn't stop me from fantasizing about it.

She laughed then and looked at me with a grin, "Somehow I doubt you picked out that dress planning to keep it on for long!"

"Oh grandma!" I said with a fake pout, secretly pleased she had read my motives.

## 6. Last Time Before His Vows

My grandmother was letting me borrow her car so I left and drove off to the wedding. Even after the shower I was still horny and having my grandmother tell me about my mom hadn't helped things. My dress was so short that it kept wanting to ride up my thighs as I drove. It seemed there was a stoplight every block and all of them red so I had plenty of opportunities to tug it back down.

As I drove, thoughts of my parents kept flashing through my mind and I found myself imagining my mother in the car with my dad on a date, dressed in a dress even sluttier than the one I had on now. I had no doubt she put on a pretty good show for my dad and probably for the people in the cars around them as well.

At the next light I stopped and decided to put the time waiting to better use so instead of tugging at the hem I pulled my dress up even higher until it was up to my stomach and I was sitting bare-ass on the leather seat except for my thin thong. I pulled it over to the side so I could get my finger on my clit directly. Tracing my finger from my clit down to my pussy hole I felt the wetness of my cunt and I dragged the moisture up to make my clit slippery. Suddenly red lights weren't so bad!

Even with the heavy traffic it was only about thirty minutes before I arrived at the church during which time I masturbated most of the way, finishing myself off in the church parking lot before I got out.

I was still plenty early and when I went inside everyone was scurrying about getting things ready. Looking around I saw Sharon, Steve's sister and my long lost friend and we hugged each other.

Steve's mom greeted me as well and looking at her my thoughts instantly flashed back to that day in their living room when she "caught" Steve fucking me and then to my total surprise she joined in and let him fuck her! She was all flustered about something to do with the ceremony so we exchanged a quick "Hi!" and that was about it.

Sharon and I left the noisy bridal room and sat off together on a couch in a lounge area of the church where we tried to catch up on the six years that had passed since they had moved away.

A little later Steve came by and joined us. I guess being the groom at a wedding isn't as hectic as being the bride because he said for the moment there wasn't anything he needed to do but wait around and look pretty. Sharon and I both laughed at that one but looking at him he really did look hot in his fitted black tux.

I gave Sharon with an inquisitive look and winked but she just shook her head and smiled ruefully. As usual Steve missed that exchange entirely but I knew what it meant. Sharon had always had a thing for her brother and I was wondering if she had ever made her dreams come true. Well, evidently not from her cheerless response.

Steve took my hand and motioned for me to stand up, telling Sharon that he need to show me something. Sharon just grinned and didn't say a word but from the look on her face she knew exactly what was going to happen. Hopefully she was right as I was also thinking about the groom in some nasty ways his bride would not have approved of!

I followed Steve to a room off a deserted hallway in the church and he silently shut the door behind us. There wasn't a lock but I doubted anyone would be coming back to this out of the way part of the church any time soon.

Steve looked at me at smiled saying, "Kelly, all I could think about after I dropped you off last night were those times we had together. Cindy would kill me for this but I simply can't get married without having you one last time."

Wow! I couldn't believe what he was saying. Not that I was upset or anything by it but rather just the opposite - I couldn't believe my wildest dream was about to come true. I was actually going to be the last girl he fucked before he got married; and at the church he was soon to be married in to boot!

I know there are people who would condemn me for doing something as deceitful as this but honestly I didn't feel even an ounce of guilt. After all he wasn't married yet so there were no vows to break. His bride would have him for the rest of her life so why should I be denied this one last chance to be fucked again by the guy who held my virginity?

Steve unzipped and unbuttoned his pants as I pulled my dress up to my waist and stepped out of my thong, leaving me bare-bottomed with my dress bunched up under my boobs. Fortunately the material was the type that didn't wrinkle so I left it on rather than fooling around with taking it off and then later having to get back into it again - not an easy task! I felt my pussy heating up and my mouth going dry as he pulled his cock out from his pants. Wow! He really HAD grown up!

Steve stroked his cock as I knelt in front of him and took it in my hand. He was already almost two hands long and my hand barely went around the thick shaft - and he was STILL growing! He put his hands on my head and moved me towards his engorged cock until it was pressing against my mouth. I opened my lips and allowed his head to enter my waiting mouth.

Instantly I was transported back to the dark movie theater where I tasted this same cock for the first time so long ago. Damn, if it had been this big back then I would have probably been too scared to suck it! I started to suck it, rubbing my tongue around it as I did, taking a bit more if him into my mouth with each stroke.

Steve started fucking my mouth, swinging his hips to drive himself in and out of it. He was so big now I was having a hard time getting him in all in but if there was one thing I knew with all certainty and that was that today he was going to be all the way in my mouth one way or another! I relaxed my throat and let the smooth head press its way down into it, driving into my throat as he groaned from the pleasure it gave him.

For a moment I thought I would gag but my many hours of practice saved me and I soon had all of his cock in my mouth with my face pressed up against his crotch. His coarse, thick pubic hair trickled my cheeks and I could smell some cologne on him but it was being overwhelmed by the muskiness of his sex that was being released by his lust for me. I couldn't breathe with his cock down my throat so I had to let him out but I deep-throated him several times that way before I heard that old familiar groan.

When we fucked years before I always knew when he was going to cum from his distinctive groan and I was thrilled that he still did the same thing. I wondered for a moment if he did that with Cindy but seconds later my thoughts were brought back from this tangent as he jerked and I felt the first stream of his creamy cum striking the back of my throat. I didn't want any cum to get on me or my dress and I was sure he didn't want cum stains on his tux so I worked hard to keep his entire load in my mouth. It wasn't easy though as not only had his cock grown over the years, but the load he delivered was much larger than he had in the past as well. He even tasted the same as I remembered and I swallowed his cum just like I always did for him.

When he was finished I sucked every drop out of him that I could and then finally I released his cock from my mouth but kept my hand on it, stroking him to keep him hard. He was so damn horny there was no way a single load was going to drain him and his cock was still as big as a horse as I smiled up at him with just a trace of his cum dripping out the corner of my mouth.

"Jesus Christ!" he gasped, "I had almost forgotten how damn good you were at that Kelly. Fuck! You are a natural born cocksucker!"

"Better than Cindy?" I asked with an impish grin.

"Better than ANYONE!" he exclaimed. "She's NEVER given me a blowjob anything like that!"

I stood up and kissed him, my mouth still flavored with his slimy cum. I used his cock like a leash as I led him to the desk in the back of the room. This must have been a classroom for small kids because the chairs were all a bit smaller than normal and from the looks of the posters on the wall I guessed it was a fifth or sixth grade classroom. We got to the desk and I turned my thoughts back to the guy whose cock I was holding...

"I'm glad you like your first wedding present Steve. Now it's time open your next one," I said seductively, "C'mon and fuck me Steve... oh God I want you to fuck me again soooooo badly. Fuck me like you use to... PLEASE!"

I sat on the desk top with my cunt at the edge, legs spread wide open for him. I could tell from the look in his eyes he wanted me, that he wanted to violate my pussy once again with his huge cock, just like he had done so many times before.

Steve held his cock in one hand as he lifted my right leg up and over his shoulder which had the effect of lifting my butt up slightly and making it easier for him to enter me. I gasped as I felt his big cock head pressing against my pussy hole, trying to force its way into me. He rubbed it up and down and it slid between my wet pussy lips until it was poised at the entrance to my pussy like a train about to enter a tunnel.

"Fuck me Steve, oh PLEASE fuck me," I begged. I wanted his cock in me so badly I wanted to just scream. My pussy felt like it was on fire and I knew the only thing that could satisfy it was that thick hard piece of warm flesh I could feel pressing up against it. He just held it there, driving me crazy with lust as I tried to lift my hips and drive him into me. I knew he wanted to fuck me just as bad so it wouldn't be long before he couldn't hold off anymore.

Steve looked up and I heard him softly say, "Forgive me Cindy."

Damn, I was so lost in my own pleasure I had forgotten for a moment where we were! The lust in me grew even more if that was possible as I thought about his bride down the hall, getting ready to marry the man of her dreams, the same man who was getting ready to fuck his old girlfriend just minutes before pledging his life to her. I would have loved for her to open the door and see her husband-to-be fucking me, seeing his wonderful cock entering me in the very church they were to be married in shortly. YES! He was going to be standing at the altar in just an hour and here he was about to fuck me again like a young boy in heat!

Steve held back as long as he could but he'd never been able to say no to my pussy before and today was no exception. He pushed forward and I felt my pussy spread open and my legs parted even more as his big cock penetrated me. God, I thought I was going to be split in two! He was big but it felt great as he slowly slid deeper and deeper into my wet cunt.

I was so wet that as big as he was he still was able to slide into me easily and just as I was starting to wonder how far I could take him in the base of his cock pressed up against my crotch and I knew he was all in me. I was in heaven - my Steve was fucking me again after all these years!!

I looked down and saw his hairy crotch pressed tight up against my bare pussy. I thought back to the first time he was in me this way and how amazing it was then to realize that his cock was actually inside of me, surrounded by my pussy. Back then he didn't have nearly as much hair and my own pussy was covered with fuzzy new pubic hair which mixed with his longer coarse hair. Today I could feel his bushy pubic hair tickling my bare skin around my cunt and it felt wonderful.

I loved to watch a man fuck me, to see his cock disappearing inside of me knowing that we were actually joined together as only a man and woman can be. For this moment we were one body as I gave everything to him that I had to give. Steve was soon pounding me, his breath getting faster and his strokes deeper and harder.

Steve moaned and cried out so loud I was afraid someone might hear, "Oh fuck Kelly your cunt feels soooooo good. Take my cum you little whore, take it all!"

While I freely admit to and in fact am proud to be a slut, I draw the line at being a whore but at that moment I wasn't going to argue. He could call me anything he wanted right then and I wouldn't have dreamed of objecting. All I knew was he was about to cum and I wanted it more than anything else. It was only a couple more strokes before my wish came true as his cock jerked into me even deeper than any time before and suddenly it was like a burst of heat inside of me as he came.

Even though he had just cum a few minutes before he still had quite a load this time around and I could feel him ramming his cock into me as deep as he could with each spasm. He grunted each time his cock unloaded another stream of sperm into me and I threw my head back and moaned loudly as I came with him. I didn't care who heard me at that moment. I just knew my first love was cumming in me again, just as he had so many times before and it was so beautiful.

Finally his store of sperm was exhausted and he fell down over me on the desk, kissing me as my cunt jealously held onto his now spent cock. I knew that from now on it would be Cindy's pussy that would enjoy this wonderful cock and I didn't want to give it up a moment before I had to.

# 7. Sharing With Sharon

Suddenly the door opened and for a brief second I thought we were in MAJOR trouble - or at least Steve was.

"Hey you two, there's a wedding about to start and they need a groom!"

Thank god, it was Sharon. I looked over at her and saw that she was taking in a nice view of her brother fucking an old girlfriend. I smiled at her and she smiled back, shaking her head with her hand to her mouth in mock disbelief. Steve pulled out of me quickly - too quickly as my pussy suddenly felt like it had a big hole in it that needed to be filled again.

I sat on the desk with my pussy dripping cum as Steve quickly rearranged himself. His cock was still a bit big but hopefully by the time he made his way to the wedding party it would have calmed down a bit. Besides, who would ever suspect that the groom had just fucked another girl?

After he left Sharon came over and helped me to gather myself and fix my dress. She handed my some tissues saying, "Here, your pussy is dripping pretty bad. Damn, he must have really cum hard!"

I took the tissues and wiped myself off. I got up and saw the desk was wet with my cum and there were spots of his cum where it had drained from me. I looked at Sharon and we both grinned as the same thought came to us both so I left the cum on the desk and wondered if anyone would notice it later. Putting on my thong, I knew it was going to probably get pretty wet sitting in the pews with me being this horny and no doubt there would be some of his cum leaking out of me but what else could I do? Fortunately the material didn't show all that much so hopefully nobody should notice. Then again...

Sharon broke my thoughts saying, "Well, I figured you wouldn't let him get married without one last fuck you naughty girl," Sharon still has a big grin going as she said, "Everyone was looking for Steve so it's a good thing I found you two first. Can you imagine if someone from her family had!"

We giggled and left to rejoin the events. On the way we stopped at the bride's room to see how things were going. I still hadn't met Cindy, Steve's fiance, and when I saw her in a stunningly gorgeous wedding dress I had to admit to myself she was even more beautiful than he had described. At least he wasn't marrying some ugly fat girl. Sharon introduced me as an "old friend" and we exchanged perfunctory greetings. Obviously Steve had not told her about our past relationship or else she was great at concealing her emotions because she seemed to have no idea who I was.

Sharon and I left to take a seat in the sanctuary. Sharon had invited me to sit next to her so I had a nice view of everything. As I sat through the service I found myself wanting to cry and there were a few times some tears made their way down my face. People probably thought I was just happy for the newlyweds but that wasn't the case at all. Steve was getting married for god's sake!

Even though I knew in my heart I never would marry him, it was still tough to see the man who had taken your virginity pledging himself to forever be faithful another woman. It didn't help that I could feel the wetness of my pussy from being fucked by him just an hour ago and there he was telling Cindy how much he loved her! During their vows I made one of my own - I was going to make sure that this was one promise he didn't keep!

## 8. First Time After His Vows

After the wedding I drove myself to a nearby hotel where the reception was being held. It was a big Marriott with a beautiful courtyard in the middle. We were served some snacks and cookies (plus beer and wine for the over-21 folks) before the reception while we waited for the wedding party to arrive. It took over an hour for them to appear with all the picture taking after the ceremony plus driving all over town.

We were herded into the reception hall when word came they were near and the disc jockey announced the wedding party as they arrived. Then Steve and Cindy were finally introduced as "Mr. And Mrs." and everyone rose to clap and cheer. They looked so happy but I remembered my earlier vow.

There was the traditional cake cutting, toast by the best man and then dinner was served. Afterwards there was the usual garter and bouquet throwing. I was pulled into the line for catching the bouquet but you can be sure I made no effort to catch it! The newly married couple danced and finally the ceremonial crap was over and the disk jockey played dance music and everyone started having fun.

People were lining up to dance with the bride and groom and eventually I got my turn to dance with Steve. You can imagine my surprise when he whispered to me saying, "Meet me out by the elevators in ten minutes."

I looked him in the eyes and I recognized the smirk on his face - it was the same one he use to flash at me when we would talk about where we wanted to fool around next and I found myself wondering just what Steve had in mind. It was one thing for me to fantasize about fucking the new husband but for crying out loud he had been married for only a few hours so he couldn't be thinking about cheating on her already - or could he? He kissed me on the cheek when the dance was over and we separated.

I waited a bit and then worked my way out of the room and went over to the elevators. Almost twenty minutes passed and I was about to leave, figuring he must have had second thoughts, when I saw him hurrying across the lobby.

"Sorry I'm late," he said as he caught his breath and pushed the elevator button, every old broad in the place wanted to dance!". The door opened immediately and he put his hand on my back and gently directed me in. "Let's go before someone sees us."

The doors shut and he pressed the floor button. Then he turned to me and without another word pulled me tight against him and kissed me. This wasn't the little peck on the cheek he was giving everyone and his grandmother in the reception line. No... this took me back almost six years and suddenly it was if I was fourteen again and he was kissing me while we laid on his bed, two horny teenagers going at it.

If we had more time I think it could have gone farther but the elevator stopped and the doors opened to let in another couple who, fortunately, we didn't know. The next stop was our floor and Steve led me down the hallway to one of the rooms.

"This is Larry's room," he explained. Larry was his best man and quite a hunk himself. "Lord knows what we'll find in here but I figured it was the best place to go where we wouldn't be disturbed."

Steve opened the door and we both hurried inside. I could just imagine someone we knew coming down the hallway and seeing the newly married Steve entering a hotel room with a girl in a streetwalker dress!

Steve closed the door and then turned to me and kissed me. "I can't believe that during my own wedding ceremony I was thinking about fucking you," he exclaimed. "Damn, I almost had a hard-on in the middle of the altar ceremony thinking of how good you sucked my dick just a few minutes before!"

I didn't waste any time as we didn't have long because people would wonder where Steve had gone. I pulled my dress up over my head and quickly stepped out of my thong leaving me naked in front of him with just my heels on. I knelt down in front of him as he undid his pants for me once again.

"God I can't believe I am doing this," he sighed, "What the hell is it with you Kelly? I have never had another girl that could make me do the things you make me do. Fuck, I have been married only a few hours and already you have me cheating on my wife. Damn bitch, I haven't even fucked my own wife yet!"

I looked up and smiled at him. "Oh quit fussing and give me that cock," I ordered playfully. This is one wedding I was never going to forget!

We both knew the risks he was taking being away from the reception with me so it was one of the fastest blowjobs and fucking that I had had in a while. It was ok with me though as I wasn't really doing it for pleasure. I was like a hunter stalking a trophy rather than hungering for meat. What I really wanted was for Steve to fuck me now that he had pledged himself publicly to his new wife. I wanted him to crave my sexuality to the point where he would cheat on his wife literally within hours of marrying her.

As he fucked me in the dark hotel room, I felt so incredibly sexy and hot knowing when he came deep inside of me that I was getting the first seed of his marriage instead of Cindy. Even though she would never know what I had stolen from her, I knew that Steve did and that when he made lover to her in their wedding bed tonight he would be thinking of me and how much more I satisfied his needs than she ever could. I couldn't imagine someone wanting me more badly, someone desiring and lusting for me more than Steve must have at this moment for him to break his wedding vows before the reception was even over.

It reassured me knowing I could make him do this, that my body and sexual energy was enough to drive him to this level of decadence. In all honesty I had no desire to break up his marriage or when it really came down to it, for Cindy to ever know. I wanted Steve to be happy and for his marriage to be long and loving. It was enough for me to know that whenever he fucked his wife that somewhere deep down he would remember fucking me this day and wish for maybe just a moment that it was my pussy or mouth that his cock was fucking.

When we were done we silently dressed and left the room without another word between us. Really, what was there to say? I hoped that Steve loved Cindy enough to at least feel a little guilty but at the same time I knew that he probably wouldn't have done this with anyone but me and after today I might never see him again so what did it really hurt? Besides, I sort of liked thinking that I might be the only woman he cheated on his wife with. Who knows, maybe someday I might visit him and fuck him while his kids played outside, never knowing that their daddy loved fucking another girl more than their mommy.

We decided to take separate routes back to the reception room and from the looks of things nobody had noticed that we were gone. I sat down at my table and watched as Steve hugged his new bride and danced with her as if nothing had just happened.

## 9. Steve's Best Man

I was watching them kissing and hugging and I felt that familiar twinge between my legs as I wondered what she would say if she knew his cock was covered with my pussy cum as he kissed her? Sharon sat down beside me and leaned over to whisper in my ear.

"You little slut!" she hissed, "I can't believe you Kelly. I always knew you were insatiable but this is going over the top, even for you!"

I looked at her and acted as if I had no idea what I was talking about. Sharon just rolled her eyes and grinned, taking the edge off the moment. "Oh give me a break girlfriend. You think nobody noticed that the two of you were gone? Well, I certainly did and it didn't take a computer to figure out what you were doing. I have to admit it Kelly, you must really be hot as that is the fastest I have ever heard of a groom cheating on his wife! Crap, look at her out there with him. She has no idea her new husband just fucked you!"

I just smiled and looked dreamy. It wasn't hard as that was how I felt. I could still taste him and my pussy still was stretched out from his big cock. Sharon, though, was always able to surprise me when I least expected it and now she did it again.

"Well, since you were so willing to fuck the groom, what about the best man?" Sharon asked.

I looked over at her and tilted my head the way a dog does when it is curious.

Sharon licked her lips and grinned saying, "Larry has been staring at you all day. If you had managed to take your eyes off of Steve for a moment you would have noticed. Want me to introduce you to him?"

I looked over at the dance floor and say Larry standing off to the side with a drink in his hand. He was handsome and looked like a nice guy so I nodded to

Sharon and the two of us hit the dance floor. At first we danced with each other and I loved knowing most of the guys were watching us as we were the two hottest girls in the floor. My dress didn't give me much leeway to dance and Sharon wasn't exactly in a modest outfit herself. Sharon maneuvered us over to where Larry was and as we passed by she stopped and pulled me over to him.

"Hey Larry, you meet Kelly yet?" she asked.

Larry of course had not so we danced for a while and then sat down at one of the tables to talk. Sharon stopped over and whispered something in his ear. His eyebrows raised and he looked at me a bit differently, like a starving dog would look at a fresh slab of meat. He turned back to Sharon and whispered something back and she just laughed and walked away, giving me a wink as she did.

"Well," I asked, "Are you going to tell me the big secret?"

"Sharon says you wanted to show me something in the courtyard," he answered. "Something to remember tonight by."

He grinned and I knew she had said more but he was putting it in more diplomatic terms. From the way he was licking his lips unconsciously I knew she had undoubtedly told him that I wanted to fuck him. Well, I did!

We left the room and walked over to the doors leading to the now darkened courtyard. It was getting late so not many people were around and I doubt anyone noticed us as we worked our way to the center where some benches were set up under a tree. Both of us sat down and just looked at each other, waiting for the other to make a move. I was never one to flinch from getting things started with a guy so I kicked things off.

"So Larry, do you believe in wedding traditions?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "I guess it depends on which ones you mean."

"How about the best man screwing the maid of honor?

Larry chuckled, "Well that would be nice but she's not available."

I took a breath and decided to just go for it. "Well, you could pretend I was the maid of honor..."

Steve laughed a bit but his eyes never left my boobs. "Damn, Sharon said you weren't shy and I can see she was right. I have a room upstairs, want to head up there?"

I shook my head. I couldn't tell him I had just been in that bed and fucked Steve not an hour before and besides, the courtyard looked like a pretty cool place to fool around. I had a thing for fucking in public places and this was about as public as you could get without spotlights.

I pressed my hand on his crotch, feeling the promising start of an erection underneath. "Why not just do me here?"

An even bigger grin opened up on his face and he started to run his hands over me. "Well, you have definitely talked me into it," he said. I felt his hands as they brushed over my boobs and I grabbed them and put them back on me. He quickly took the hint and began to massage and play with my boobs. The material of my dress was so thin that as soon as my nipples started to respond they poked through like little bullets.

I rubbed his cock through his pants and felt it growing. He reached forward to try and kiss me but I pulled back. "I just want you to fuck me. Is that OK?"

That may have sounded like a stupid question but it really was more of an invitation. After all, what man would ever say he didn't want to just fuck a girl! I reached down with my other hand and started to unzip his pants. After undoing the buttons - damn a tux is a pain, I reached inside his underwear and pulled out his hardening cock. Well, it wasn't going to remain that way for long if I had anything to say about it!

I leaned over and took it in my mouth and as I did I thought about how this was my third blowjob of the day and the second cock. Not bad considering I was at a wedding! I have always loved trying out a new cock as everyone has its own personality and characteristics. No two cocks taste exactly the same or smell quite alike. Actually it is the odor of a crotch that really distinguishes one man from another if you look beyond the actual cock shaft itself.

Larry was not nearly as large as Steve but his cock was more than respectable and I couldn't wait to feel it exploding in my mouth. Larry lifted up enough for him to pull his pants and underwear down to his ankles which made it a lot easier for me to suck him. He was sitting bare-ass on the bench now and I looked up at all the rooms surrounding us and wondered if anyone in them knew there was a nice show in the courtyard that night. As dark as it was I doubted anyone could see anything even if they knew where to look but it was still exciting to have his dick in my mouth in front of hundreds of potential viewers.

I cupped his balls with one hand as my other hand held his firm butt. My mouth moved up and down his shaft as I gently massaged his balls and squeezed his butt at the same time. He ran his fingers through my hair and kept pulling it back out of the way so he could watch me blowing him.

"Mmmmmmm," he moaned, "You really ARE good! God your tongue is incredible."

In my humble opinion a talented tongue is the key to a great blowjob. I have watched so many girls just take a cock into their mouth and bob up and down on it like their pussy had moved north. My experience is that nothing drives a man crazier than to have my tongue working their cock as my lips slide up and down their silky shaft. Men also love it when I take their cock in my mouth until my face is buried deep in their crotch and they can feel the tip against the back of my throat (or down my throat in a more rare cases).

I can't believe how many men have confided in me that they have never been able to cum from just a girl sucking them. These poor guys have to help out at the end or have her stroke them with her hand. Well, I have never failed to be able to make a man cum in my mouth (when I wanted him to) which is a resume I am extremely proud of.

In Larry's case, I knew my record was safe. He was so horny it didn't take more than a few minutes before he was spurting his sperm into my waiting mouth. He tasted good and I wouldn't have minded a second helping but I knew there was more I needed for him to do to me.

I let his cock drop from my mouth and stood up in front of him, I lifted my skirt and pulled aside my thong to reveal my smooth bald pussy. As he stared at it I felt sexy as hell as I knew at that moment there could be only one thing running though his mind - fucking me. Well, I was certainly not going to keep him from doing that any longer than necessary so I leaned over until I was holding myself up on the bench seat next to him.

Larry stood up and got behind me as I spread my legs to give him a nice view of my ass and pussy. I looked back and saw him stroking his cock as he moved into position behind me. I gasped involuntarily as I felt the head of his still hard cock pressed against my waiting pussy and I wiggled my ass as he rubbed it up and down my pussy crack to get it wet and slippery.

When he finally pushed it into me I felt that sensual glow throughout me that I always get whenever a man's cock first enters me. It's hard to explain but I guess you could say it's like someone lights a match inside of me and my whole body catches fire like it was soaked in gasoline. At first it always feels like my pussy is too small and that he can't possibly fit it into me. Then as he forces his cock head into me it spreads me apart and stretches me to let the rest of him enter behind it. Larry's cock came about an inch or so into me and then he held it there, rotating it around my pussy with his hand and moving it slightly in and out as he did.

God it felt incredible to have him do that! The first part of my pussy hole is the most sensitive and when a cock head penetrates me for the first time these nerve endings are awakened and release an incredible surge of sexual pleasure that radiates outward from between my legs to every part of my body. When a man wants to really pleasure me he stops when he first enters my cunt and lets his cock head move around in that area and guaranteed it will make me cum faster than anything else. Too many guys are so anxious to bury themselves in me that they pass right by and start pumping away. Sure his stroking usually produces an orgasm in me although often I help by playing with my clit, but a guy who knows how to really fuck a girl and wants to maximize her pleasure knows to take his time filling her cunt.

Well, Larry was one of those rare guys who really knew his way around a girl's pussy and he was driving me insane with pleasure! I felt my first orgasm quickly rise to a peak and my pussy clamped down hard on his cock as it gushed pussy cum out onto his cock. Everything around me disappeared into the fog as I could think of nothing but the incredible sensations that were wracking my body. My pussy was so wet and I squeezed even harder on him as another convulsion hit me.

"OH GOD THAT FEELS GOOD!" I cried out, forgetting for the moment we were in the middle of a hotel with hundreds of people nearby.

I didn't care, all I wanted was more - more of his cock in me, more of the incredible waves of pleasure cascading over me, more of his cum, just more sex!

My pussy released its grasp on his cock enough to let him start thrusting in and out of me again like the piston on a steam engine. Each time he pushed himself into me I felt his body slap up against my ass creating a smacking sound. Then he would pull out until his head was barely in me, sometimes it even came just out of me and then suddenly he reversed course and was drilling his way back into me again.

"Fuck Kelly," Larry groaned, "You have an incredible cunt. God I love the way you grab my cock so tight with it."

Larry then pulled out of me and twisted me around. I was curious what he wanted to do when he grabbed me by the ass with both hands and lifted me up into the air until I was over his cock and then lowered me down until his cock was back in my pussy again where it belonged. I wrapped my arms and legs around him as he bounced me up and down on his rigid pole of a cock. Then he turned around and while I was still mounted on his dick he sat down on the bench seat. My knees were on the seat so now I could do the work and I rode his cock like a bull in a cowboy bar.

I love being on top like this because it let me control his cock in me. I can vary the depth and speed to what felt best for me and I was soon cumming again as I fucked his cock and played with my clit while he sucked on my nipples and held my little ass in his big hands. I raised up until he was about half way in me and rotated my hips like I was trying to twirl a hula hoop. This had the effect of rubbing his cock around inside of my pussy and it wasn't long before I felt yet another orgasm rising in me. I soaked his crotch with my cum this time as I groaned and moaned from the animal-like pleasure I was feeling.

"God I love a cock in me," I purred, "fuck me Larry... cum in me... let me feel you cum inside of me!"

Finally he couldn't hold out any longer. "I'm going to cum!" he cried out and true to his word the next moment I felt the first surge of sperm spewing from his cock and driving its way deep into my pussy.

"Oh yea Kelly, I'm cumming babe, cumming in you," he kept saying over and over as he released one load after another of his manhood into me.

Finally he stopped bucking under me and I sat down on his cock, feeling it slowly softening and withdrawing from my cunt as I leaned forward into him and he held me in his arms. We eventually agreed it was time to get up and I lifted myself off of what was left of his once hard cock. It looked so much smaller now, wrinkled and glistening in the soft light from a combination of our cum.

I knew that it wouldn't take much work to revive it and for a moment I was tempted to suck it back to an erection but I also knew there was a wedding reception to get back to so it was time to head back in. As we straightened out our clothes, I couldn't believe what Larry told me next...

"That was great Kelly, you are an incredible lay. You should know Kelly that Sharon told me everything you and Steve did today - before AND after the wedding."

My face felt like all the blood rushed from it. What did Sharon tell anyone?

"Don't worry, I think it is wild although Cindy might be so enthusiastic about it," Steve reassured me, "And just so you understand the whole picture, Sharon and I are engaged to be married next year sometime. I wanted to tell you but Sharon thought it would be more erotic to have us get together this way instead."

Well imagine that! Ol' Sharon had really pulled one over on me this time! Sure enough, as we left the courtyard you can guess who was there to greet us. Larry and Sharon both kissed and it was obvious to me then that they were in love with each other. Sharon looked over at me and giggled.

"Sorry Kelly, I didn't mean to deceive you but from the looks of it you had a good time!" she said. Looking at Larry, she said, "Well, was she as good as I said she would be?"

"Fuckin' right she was," Larry said with a big smile, "Of course I always want you babe more than anyone else."

Well, that was nice of him to say but I was curious what a lie-detector would have revealed. We walked together back to the hall just in time for the waning moments of the reception. Larry went off to grab a last drink before the bar closed after he left Sharon looked me in the eye with a no-nonsense stare.

"Now listen Kelly you insatiable slut, just because I let you fuck Larry tonight don't go off getting any naughty ideas about messing around with him at MY wedding!" she said but this time there was no giggle to take off the edge and I knew she was being serious.

She continued, "Remember, I know what you are and I'll will be keeping a close eyes on you!"

We both laughed but deep down I wonder what she would have said if she had really known what I was already planning for Larry and me at her wedding next year. Hmmmmmm, this could be interesting...

# (Jul 01) Chapter 87: First Summer Sex Party

Story codes: MF FF oral group
Me (20)
Beth - BFF (21)

After a lot of debate I finally let Beth talk me into another one, my first of the summer. Well, it turned out better than I dared hope. I got to participate in the initiation and even convinced a newlywed to commit adultery. Yeah, I had a good time!

## 1. What's a Sex Party?

Beth and I were talking on our cell phones one night about a movie we had both been wanting to see when she suddenly switched the conversation over to a totally different topic.

"You know Kelly," she said with a giggle, "It's been a long time since you joined one of our parties. How about tomorrow night?"

She didn't have to explain what she meant by "one of our parties". I knew EXACTLY what she meant. Last summer Beth introduced me to the bizarre world of sex parties. I think some people might refer to them as orgies or swinger parties but to me that gives the wrong impression.

When I think of an orgy I picture a room of people all going at it, switching partners, etc. Swinger parties involve couples sharing partners. At Beth's parties we certainly have sex but it is more of a laid back situation involving unassociated people. Folks do it with one another for a while and then may just watch someone else or have a bite to eat or drink. Boyfriend and girlfriends showing up together was discouraged and married couples were outright banned. The emphasis also seem to focus more on small groups or one-to-one than large groups or "gangbangs".

Access to these parties was by invitation only and only people who have been actively involved for a long time were allowed to invite someone. If you do invite someone then you are also responsible for them and could even lose your invitation privileges if they didn't work out. Beth was one of the more frequent attendee at these ever since she had turned eighteen and so far me and my cousin were the only people she has risked inviting. I would like to think we more than met expectations!

Last summer I went to four parties in all, each with a different theme. They were all fun in their own way and certainly provided me with some unique experiences. The first one caught me by surprise in that I learned that all new people had to be initiated which meant having sex at the outset with the current host - in the middle of the room with everyone watching!

The last one was just before I went back to school so I decided to make it a truly memorable experience and fucked twelve guys in a row (that's how many guys were there). Actually each one fucked me until he was ready to cum and then I finished him off in my mouth while the next guy got started. It was a one-time experience for sure but I don't regret for a minute trying it.

During my sophomore school year I tried out some escorting and even worked at a couple of bachelor parties. The bachelor parties were a lot of fun and even though I ended up doing the guys it was different than being gangbanged at the past party. I think it was because as a dancer I felt an obligation to please my clients in whatever way they wanted whereas at the parties I only did it to please myself. I quit the escorting after a close call and hadn't done any more bachelor parties but I still would like to do them if the opportunity arises.

Back to Beth, I was intrigued by her offer. In reality I hadn't planned on doing any of these parties this summer, I guess I had a sort of "been there done that" attitude. But as she said, it HAD been a long time since I had been to one and my curiosity finally got the best of me so I agreed to go.

When I told my parents at supper about the invitation, neither of them objected to my plans but as always, they were concerned for my safety and security. Fortunately they didn't mind me going to one of Beth's parties since they were so well controlled and the people were known to each other. There had never been a case of STDs stemming from these parties, at least so far as Beth knew, and I had been on birth control since I was fourteen. My mom still counseled me to make the guys use condoms though and in the past I had usually followed her advice when I didn't know the guy that was fucking me.

At the end of dinner they even joked that the only real problem they had with my latest plan was that they weren't invited! Of course, even if they had been they would not have gone since they had always been faithful to their wedding vows. For my parents, even if they both "consented", fucking someone outside your family was still adultery no matter how you sliced it and that was a sin they would not commit.

## 2. Before the Party

Late the next afternoon I started to get ready for the party. I looked through my closet and as always struggled with the decision as to what to wear. It seems I face this same dilemma before every party. Obviously in the end it didn't matter a great deal since I didn't plan on wearing anything for long once the party started but there was still the time when the new person was initiated plus I liked to make a good impression on people when I arrived.

In the end I chose short denim skirt, the type that is tight and straight around your ass and then ends with a ruffled bottom. It was just long enough to barely cover my ass so underneath I wore a black thong which left little to the imagination. A skin-tight cami showed off my boobs and with no bra, my nipples could be clearly seen through the thin fabric. A nice set of three inch heels finished off the outfit. I was looking at myself critically in the mirror when I heard someone at my door.

"Damn girl! Lookin' HOT!" Beth exclaimed as she entered my room. "Thought I'd stop by early and see how things were going. Hmmmmmm, from here things are looking just fine!"

I grinned at her and spun around in a circle to show off my outfit. She was dressed pretty hot herself with a pair of cutoffs that were so short and had so many holes in them they may as well have been off. All she had on top was a cutoff t-shirt that barely covered her large breasts when she stood up but all she had to do was raise her arms over her head and I bet her boobs would have been on full display! No heels for her, just a pair of sneakers. With her hair tied back in a ponytail she had the fuckable girl next door look that I knew from my own experience drove guys nuts. I grabbed my purse and we kissed briefly on my way out of the room.

On the way down the stairs we met my dad coming up. He looked at the two of us and just shook his head saying, "Damn! I guess there's not much doubt what you two have planned. You girls make a hell of a sexy pair you know."

Beth looked at me and winked. For a split second I thought to myself that she was just kidding but then she grabbed my dad's crotch in her hand and I knew we wouldn't be leaving as soon as I had thought! Beth looked at my dad and licked her lips in as seductive a manner as she could as she rubbed my dad's rapidly expanding bulge.

"Sexy enough to fuck?" she purred at him.

Beth lifted her t-shirt to expose her full breast to him. She cupped one in her hand and began to massage it while her other hand was still on his crotch. I watched as my friend teased my dad mercilessly. I thought for a moment he might just screw her right then and there on the stairs but to my amazement he just kissed her on the cheek and gently pushed her hand away. He squeezed between the two of us and continued upstairs.

"Sorry girl," he said looking back at us, "but I promised Kelly's mom to take her out and if she catches me fucking you two there'll be hell to pay!"

My pussy ached and I realized that I'd been hoping Beth would have been able to convince him to take the two of us upstairs with him. It had been a while since I had seen him fuck her and I loved having my best friend watch my dad fuck me. Well, it wasn't like we were going to be going without any cock today so as much as it would have been fun to stay we went out the front door and got in her car.

Beth must have been even hornier than me though because she was acting crazy all the way over to the party. We pulled up next a couple of guys at a stop light who definitely had an interest in us. Beth looked over and grinned at them. Then she pulled her t-shirt up and wiggled her boobs at them. The guys were howling and begging us to stop when the light turned green and Beth took off away from them.

"Woo-hoo!" she yelled as she sped down the road with her boobs hanging out.

I was laughing so hard tears came to my face. People were staring and pointing at her and it was a wonder she didn't cause an accident.

## 3. My Initiation

Before I knew it we were at the address of the party. We pulled up to the curb she dropped her T-shirt back down and we went to the front door where we were met by one of the most gorgeous guys I had ever seen! He was just wearing a pair of jeans with no belt or shirt. God he was a hunk! Tanned and muscular, there wasn't an ounce of fat anywhere! Not only did he have a hot body but he was handsome as hell too with that rugged outdoorsy guy type of look. He recognized Beth immediately of course but he had to look at me twice along with a questioning look at Beth.

"Don't worry Mike," she said, "Don't you remember Kelly? She came a few times last summer. She's been away to college so just don't stand there, let us in!"

Mike looked me up and down and I felt my knees go weak. God I wanted him to fuck me! We went in and everyone was already seated in the living room. I quickly counted twenty people beside Beth and I so based on previous parties I figured we must have been the last to arrive. Sure enough, Mike followed us in and made the announcement.

"OK everyone, our last stragglers finally showed up. Let's party!" Mike then pointed at a girl seated on the couch next to a guy who was looking around at everyone with a bit of bewilderment in his eyes.

I had a suspicion that he was a rookie which was exciting for me. At every party I'd gone to before it the new person was always a girl so I was curious about his initiation requirements. Well, it turned out not to be all that different than mine or the others I had watched afterwards.

"Cheri, introduce your friend to us," Mike said to her.

A girl got up and pulled the guy sitting next to her up with her, introducing him as her neighbor. Andy was twenty four and still had a bit of a look of apprehension. This was his first time at a party like this and it was obvious he was more than just a bit nervous at having to stand up in front of the group. Well, if he was anxious now, wait until he found out what was in store for him! The girl sat down after the introduction and Mike took over.

"Welcome Andy. I guess Cheri 'forgot' to tell you about our little initiation ceremony."

Poor Andy, he suddenly had this "deer in the headlights" look and he glanced over at the girl who brought him. Mike laughed and patted him on the back. He explained to him that it was traditional for the host to get to fuck the new person in front of everyone. Andy suddenly had a look of panic and everyone cracked up laughing. Mike just shook his head and explained that since today's female host couldn't make it, he would get to choose someone to take her place.

Andy's face immediately showed a huge sense of relief. Poor guy, he must have thought he was going to get banged by Mike! Mike looked around and my heart jumped when he stopped and pointed at me.

"This is Kelly's first time with us in quite a while," Mike announced to everyone with a devilish grin, "So even though she's not technically 'new', what do you say we get the two of them to show us what they've got?"

Everyone cheered and Beth kissed me on the cheek, whispering in my ear, "Go for it girl! Make me proud!"

I stood up and Andy looked at me and then back at Cheri. She just shrugged and sat back to watch. Mike took the spot on the couch where I had been sitting and put his arm around Beth, his hand reaching down to cup one of her gorgeous boobs. She in turn put her hand on his crotch and I wondered briefly if they were going to wait until the initiation ceremony was over!

Andy was just standing there, uncertain what to do so I figured it was up to me to get things started. The living room had been arranged so all the furniture was against the outer walls leaving the center of the room empty except for the two of us.

This wasn't the time for a lot of subtlety or foreplay so I knelt in front of him and proceeded to unbuckle his belt and dropped his jeans to his ankles. He was wearing boxers so they were the next thing to go. His shirt tails were still hiding his cock so I lifted them and took him in my hand. He was still as limp as could be but looked to have potential.

I took a quick glance around and saw that everyone was watching me intently. I felt a familiar twinge between my legs. God I loved to be watched and this was the biggest "audience" I had ever had for something like this. Well, I was going to do my best to impress them!

I stroked him gently a few times and admired the thick pubic hair that surrounded his dick. With my other hand I cupped his balls and let them gently roll between my fingers. Leaning forward, I took him in my mouth and buried my face in his thick coarse pubic hair. He smelled, well... he smelled like a man's crotch! Musky and strong, I breathed it in deeply as I felt his soft dick in my mouth. My tongue rolled around the head of his cock and I could feel his pulse as he slowly began to grow.

I've sucked a LOT of cocks but I'll never get over the thrill when I feel it responding to my mouth and tongue. It just fascinates me how a cock can grow and harden the way it does and I feel incredibly sexy and hot knowing it's me that's causing his erection. I put my arms around him and grabbed his butt with my hands, pulling him into my face as I worked his cock with my mouth. Andy was finally getting into it and he grabbed my head with both hands and started pulling and pushing my head onto his cock.

I looked over to where she was sitting and saw her stroking Mike's cock which was now hard and sticking out from his shorts. Even so, both of them were staring at me and smiling.

Just then Andy took my clit between his teeth and tugged gently on it and I thought I was going to jump out of my skin! God I was cumming now! Beth and Mike faded away in a haze as my eyes rolled back and I let out a long lustful moan.

"Ohhhhhhhhh fuck!" I cried out as I gushed cum in his face.

His tongue somehow stayed on my clit as I bucked my hips in his hands. I was still cumming when he quickly got up and got onto his knees behind me. I could feel the head of his stiff cock pressing against my wet pussy hole. Several people were calling out encouragement, telling him to fuck me hard! Well, I certainly hoped he was listening to them!

I gasped as suddenly he rammed himself into me. My throbbing pussy felt something warm and hard filling it, expanding it. He thrust himself into me until the hair of his crotch tickled my butt as he buried himself completely in me. God it always felt soooooo good to have a cock in me! I closed my eyes again to concentrate on the warmth of the hard dick that was violating me.

Andy didn't hesitate as he began to fuck me, just as I had asked him to! I was rocking on my knees in sync with his thrusts into me, banging my ass hard into his crotch when we met and then feeling him pull out until just the tip of the head of his cock remained in me. He would hold it there and tease me as if he was going to pull it out of me and just as I was about to beg for him to push it back in he would jam it into me as hard as he could.

"Fuck her Andy!"

I looked over and saw the girl that brought him sitting at the edge of her seat, obviously turned on seeing him fucking a strange girl. I turned my head around and look over my shoulder at him with a grin, "You heard her Andy, fuck me!!"

Andy just shook his head with a devilish smile. He pulled out and literally flipped me over on my back. I felt the rough carpet on my ass and then he lifted my legs up in the air and over his shoulders. Just as quickly he was back inside me again, fucking me with his hard cock as he held my ass off the carpet and onto his lap. I looked up and watched his stiff cock as it moved in and out of me. I have always loved watching myself being fucked, seeing a man's cock as it disappeared inside of me. There was just something about seeing a man's hard dick approach my pussy and then the sensation deep in me as I watch it vanish inch by inch.

Feeling myself joined at the hips with a man was simply something I wish could just last forever! My hands were at my side as I used my arms to lift my ass up into his lap. Andy was pumping faster now and from the way his eyes were rolling and his face was grimacing I knew he was about to cum.

Sure enough I felt his cock swell and then suddenly let loose a burst of hot sperm inside of me. Before he could cum again he pulled himself out of me and the rest of his cum sprayed onto my pussy and stomach. My legs dropped around his waist and he rubbed his dick in the cum that was pooled above my pussy, spreading it around on me.

Everyone clapped and he gave a little bow over me as if he had just concluded some sort of performance. Well, I guess he had! Everyone was hot and horny by now so there were no calls for an encore as the party got started in earnest. Beth and Mike had a head start and she didn't waste any time as she sucked his hard cock.

Andy got up to pursue another girl he had his eye on, leaving me laying there in the middle of the living room covered with his gooey cum. Taking a deep breath I got up to head to the bathroom to clean up a bit.

## 4. Fucked While Cleaning Up

Looking in the bathroom mirror, I saw that one of his shots must have been more energetic than I had realized as there was a thick trace of cum in my hair as well as more all over my torso. Well, just another good reason for having a guy cum in my mouth or pussy - no messy cleanups! Using a washrag I wiped myself off and then used a comb to try and get the cum out of my hair without totally screwing it up. As I was leaning over the sink to get closer to the mirror I felt two hands grab my waist from behind and then the unmistakable feel of a hard dick pressing against my lower back. Looking in the mirror I could see it was one of the older guys at the party.

"God you looked so fucking hot out there!" he said as he rubbed his cock up and down my back and then against my ass. "I was pissed, though, when he came in you - I wanted to be the first to do that."

I spreads my legs apart and leaned over more to make it easier for him. After all, this was what I was here for so why not get right down to it. I looked over my shoulder at him and licked my lips seductively. "Well what are you waiting for?" I said in a deep voice, "Are you gonna fuck me or not?"

There it was again, those words that were music to a man's ears and once again it got the results I wanted although I don't think it was necessary to tempt him any more than he already was as he was already bending his knees to lower his cock to my pussy. His left hand reached down and lifted my leg up so my knee was resting on the counter top. Then I could feel the head of his cock sliding against my thigh and up against my bare pussy, trying to find the entrance to my cunt.

The head of his cock rubbed up and down my pussy slit, getting wetter and slipping between my pussy lips more with each stroke. I reached down and pressed the cock head into my hole with my fingertips and at the same time he lifted himself up to drive his cock into me. As wet as I was from my recent fucking he easily slid in until his crotch was tight against my ass and he lifted me up onto my toes as he pushed harder into me.

"That's it, fuck me," I begged. "Yea, cum deep inside me."

The guy (I never did learn his name) was humping me like a dog fucking a bitch in heat. He had started out rock hard and evidently had gotten pretty turned on by my earlier performance as it was only a few minutes before he was ready to cum. The whole time he hardly shut up, telling me how good my pussy felt around him, what a slut I was, and just in general how bad he had wanted to screw me from the moment he saw me. He brushed my hair from my neck and kissed it, licking me all over my neck and ears. Both of his arms were around me, his hands on my breasts as he pulled me back tight against his body. Suddenly he pushed himself even harder into me and held himself there.

"Oh fuck I'm going to cum!" he swore, "Take it you fucking bitch! Take it all!"

A bloom of heat swelled inside my pussy as his cock exploded and a huge load of cum burst from it. It was followed by another and then several more as he held himself in me while his cock throbbed and his groin jerked against my ass with each ejaculation.

"Damn that felt good," he whispered, almost more to himself than me it seemed.

With that he pulled out of me and just left the bathroom without saying another word to me. Well, I guess that was what you would call a pure fucking! I used another washcloth to wipe off the cum that was leaking from my pussy. Checking myself again in the mirror, I finally left the room to join the party once more.

# 5. Banged on the Couch

Things were now in full swing with at least half the people fucking while the rest watched and either played with themselves or fondled someone next to them. I finally found Beth in the dining room, laying on the hard oak table with her legs hanging over the edge getting fucked by some guy. I hung around to watch for a while. Beth and I had been friends forever it seemed and she looked really hot as she bucked her hips in time with his thrusts into her.

I couldn't help but smile as I thought of us as little girls when we first started masturbating together. Who would have thought then as we innocently watched one another that someday we would be doing anything like this!

Wandering back into the living room, I noticed the couch was open so I laid back and just watched the activities going on around me. It was interesting to me because other porn flicks and my family, I really never got to watch other people fucking. I don't really care for porn as it just seems so fake to me that I can't enjoy it and I usually don't go to parties like this one.

I slowly rubbed my clit as my other hand traced lightly around my boobs, just the fingernails grazing my sensitive hardened nipples. So far I had been fucked twice but only cum once and my pussy was definitely letting me know it was being neglected! My finger tip worked its way barely into my cunt as the rest of the finger rubbed against my demanding clit and I gasped as it responded by sending a jolt through my entire body.

As I continued to masturbate two guy came over and stood by the couch to watch. They were both nude and their cocks were both hairy and thick – just the way I liked them! I smiled at them as I continued to work my pussy and they just smiled back. First one and then the other held his cock, slowly pulling on it and stroking himself as they watched me make myself cum.

An audience always makes me feel hot and together with the still lingering feeling of sperm in me it didn't take much more for me to cum. My hips lifted up off the couch as I shoved first one and then two fingers into me. I moaned as my second orgasm of the night wracked my body, raising goose pimples all over me as I bucked like I was being fucked except it was just my fingers in me although I was looking at their cocks and imagining it was them inside of me instead. Finally I just laid there with my legs spread wide open, flushed from my orgasm and ready for the real thing. Thankfully my audience didn't wait for an invitation.

The first guy got onto the couch and kneeled between my legs. Bracing himself by putting his hands on my inner thighs, he lowered himself down until the tip of his tongue teased my now ultra-sensitive clit. I jerked involuntarily at the first touch, unable to control the spasm.

In the meantime, the other guy moved closer to the couch and hung his semi-hard cock over my face, teasing me with the smell of his crotch and an upward view of his balls and dick. I tried to reach up for it but just then my pussy exploded as a tongue pushed its way into me. God he must have had a snake for a tongue the way it was able to reach inside of me! His nose pressed against my clit at the same time resulting in another orgasm. My pussy gushed over his face and I wondered how much sperm was mixed in it from my previous fucking. My head arched backwards as I groaned from the pleasure he was giving me. Damn this guy could lick pussy almost as good as a girl!

My eyes were closed as I just let the waves of pleasure flow up and down my rigid body when I felt the unmistakable touch of a hard cock to my lips. Instinctively I opened my mouth and took him in and then started sucking on him like a baby with a bottle. He pushed himself in further and I could feel his balls rubbing against my cheek as he slowly stoked himself in and out of my mouth. His thick pubic hair smelled wonderful and tickled my face just a little as I breathed in the scent of his manhood. It was immediately obvious to me I wasn't the first one he had been with today though. His cock had the distinctive flavor that only comes from a woman's pussy and I wondered briefly whose it was, as if it really mattered.

I glanced downwards to see how my other partner was doing and I saw he was on his knees reaching for a cushion. I lifted myself up so he could push it under me, all the while not losing my grip on the cock that was deep in my mouth. With my pussy up off the couch it made it easy for the guy to move in closer to me. He lifted my inside leg up so it was resting on the top of the couch and my other was barely on the edge of the seat. The cushion was under the middle of my back, allowing my ass to rest on his lap as he guided his hard cock to my hungry pussy.

For the third time in less than an hour I gasped as a stiff penis penetrated me. He was considerably thicker than the others and I felt like I was going to split in two as he pushed it into me further. When he was about half-way in he suddenly grabbed my hips and pulled me up while at the same time ramming his cock to the hilt into me. The shock of him suddenly filling me up so full made me forget myself and I accidentally closed down on the cock in my mouth. The poor guy jumped and grimaced with pain.

"Hey, careful down there," he said to his partner, "she almost bit my cock in two when you did that!"

The guy fucking me just laughed in response and started stroking himself in and out of me at a steady pace. "Sorry mate," he said with a bit of an accent, "God what a pussy though! You have GOT to try her out for yourself."

"Well I don't know about her cunt," the first one replied back, "but she damn well knows how to suck a cock! Fuck she's incredible!"

I would have loved to have thanked them both for the compliments but with my mouth full of dick I couldn't get a word out. I reached around him and held his firm ass in my hand. He must have been a frequent visitor to the gym to get such a rock-hard butt! I used my other hand to play with my boobs as I concentrated on licking and sucking this tasty cock.

He held still for a few minutes, allowing me to use my tongue more on his head, running it around the smooth cap and tickling the hole at the top. His ass tightened as I sucked hard on it, then reaching my head up to take more of him in.

"Damn! Look at her," he said to the guy fucking me, "She wants it all the little tramp!"

He lowered himself down a little more making it easier for me to take more of him in. He pushed his cock down into my mouth until it reached the back of my throat and my lips were pressing against him crotch. His thick coarse pubic hair filled my face and smelled of sex and sweat. I fought back the momentary gag reflex I always get when a guy first pushes his cock down my throat and then took the rest of him in.

"Shit she did it!" the guy exclaimed, "The fucking whore's deep-throating me! God that feels incredible."

I leaned back to let him out just enough so that I could breath. It was good timing in that just after I sucked in a big breath of air he started to cum in my mouth. It wasn't the biggest load I had ever had by any stretch of the imagination but it was enough for me to get a good taste of him and then swallow it down as he watched. In the meantime his partner was fucking me furiously now, stroking himself in and out of me as fast and as hard as he could. I was still sucking out the last of his friend's sperm when he unloaded himself into me.

"Damn dude, are you cumming in her?" his friend asked as I sucked his softening cock softly.

Well, I could have told him that he certainly was! I could feel his crotch pressed tightly against mine, rubbing and moving against me such that his hairy groin was tickling my bare pussy like a soft hair brush. Again I was treated to that wonderful sensation I feel whenever a cock releases its warm load of sperm inside of me, that feeling of warmth like a fireworks that explodes and then fades away only to followed by another and then yet another. I had been sucking the guy's cock until his friend started cumming in me but once I felt his cum in me I let the dick drop from my mouth and I stroked it with my hand while I enjoyed the feeling between my legs. God I love it when a man cums in me and I let him know it!

"That's it, cum in me... more, yeah fuck me more." I begged, wanting him to never stop pumping his manhood in to me.

I wanted it just for the pleasure in this case, just for the wonderful warm sensation it gave me, just for the way it felt to feel his hard cock inside of me as he came. I love it even more when my dad cums in me because then not only do I feel incredible but I also get the intense emotional satisfaction of knowing my father has given me something truly extraordinary because he loves me.

For me, sex is 10% physical and 90% emotional. It's not hard to get the 10% physical part, that's pretty much just a matter of mechanical technique. For me to really enjoy sex requires an emotional element and the more of it I get, the better the orgasm it leads to. I guess that's why I don't attend a lot of parties like this one. Sure I was feeling well and enjoying myself but in these situations I always feel like there is something missing, something a complete stranger can never give me. But hey, I was here and so I was going to enjoy myself as best I could. After all, a little unattached sex just for the fun of it never hurt anyone!

I figured we had reached the end of our time but to my surprise the guy I had just sucked off wasn't through yet. He must have been on Viagra or something because he was still hard!

"I want some of that pussy now," he declared to his buddy, "Move over, sloppy seconds never bothered me."

The first guy pulled his cock out and it was only a matter of seconds before the other guy had replaced him. He slid easily into me thanks to the natural lubrication of my pussy cum mixed with his friend's sperm.

"God damn!" he exclaimed, "I can't believe she's still so tight after having just fucked you!"

His friend just laughed and shook his head as he stood by to watch. I reached over for his cock and started to pull him towards me using it like a leash. The guy who was fucking me now laughed saying, "Shit, the slut wants more cock! You'd better give her what she wants!"

I assumed he would just move over and let me suck him like I had his partner but they seemed to have this team fuck thing down. Before I knew it the guy had pulled out of me and was maneuvering me around. I didn't understand what he was trying to do at first but eventually we worked it out and soon I was being fucked in a new way for me. He was kneeling on the floor with the pillow under his knees which protect them and also lifted him higher.

I was on my stomach with my legs straddling him and he was screwing me from behind. In front of me his friend had laid down with his legs wide open so my face was buried in his smelly crotch. My arms went under his legs and my hands were on his butt cheeks, pulling him into my mouth like a warm fuzzy watermelon. Even though it wasn't nearly as hard as it was, I loved the taste of his cock, primarily because I could taste the unmistakable flavor of my own pussy. Every pussy has its unique identity and over the years I had tasted mine so many times I could instantly identify it.

Despite the unique position, it was just another good old fashioned fucking. Honestly, he may as well have been fucking an inflatable doll for all the personal attention I got. I mean like, yeah his cock was in me and he was stroking himself quickly and out of my cunt, but it was like he was just trying to get himself off and didn't care whether I did or not.

Now I'll never complain about having a cock in my pussy but at the same time I knew I was never going to cum under these circumstances so I just let him do his thing and hoped for a fast conclusion. Fortunately, despite having cum just a few minutes before, he managed to get himself off again pretty quickly. I would like to think it was because my pussy felt so good but I couldn't help but wonder if he had just masturbated if the results wouldn't have been the same.

The other guy was now flaccid and wasn't going to cum anytime soon so my mouth was just enjoying the taste of him more than anything else. In a way I almost wished they had just quit after the first time as this was rather anticlimactic to say the least. When he came he only shot a couple of small bursts into me and then as fast as he came he was out of me.

Since as far as these guys were concerned I was essentially nothing but a wet pussy to fuck and open mouth to be filled, it didn't surprise me that they didn't hang around now that they had fucked me. They left me laying on the floor on my stomach like a cast-off whore. I wiped the cum that had dripped from my mouth off my chin with my hand and then wiped it off on the couch fabric. Oh well, whoever's it was should expect a little cleanup afterwards!

## 6. Fun With Beth

I started to get up and once on my feet I felt a bit faint and dropped down to sit on the couch to let my head clear a little bit after my recent fucking. I blinked a few times, took a couple of deep breaths, and slowly stood up again. It was OK this time so I walked around and watched various people and groups going at it.

Then I saw Beth over in the corner of the family room, riding some guy like a cowgirl. She was facing him on her feet, knees bent and lifting herself up and down on his stiff cock. Beth had incredible breasts, 100& natural 38Ds that felt as wonderful as they looked (as I knew from personal experience!). Riding his cock like she was, they were bouncing in rhythm with her movements and looking sexy as hell. I walked over until I was next to her and smiled.

"Hey girl, having fun?" I teased her. "How many does this make for you so far?"

Beth looked over and a big grin broke out on her sweaty face as she saw who it was.

"Just my second," she replied ruefully, "Shit, I didn't think the first guy would EVER cum. I used every damn trick in the book and still he just hung in there."

We both laughed while Beth caught her breath as she continued to fuck his cock. Looking at him and then back at her, I grinned and said, "So... mind if I join in?"

Beth smiled and replied, "Sure - all yours kid! I'm sure what's-his-name won't mind."

I laughed a little at that. It was always a bit weird having sex with someone and not even knowing their name! Oh well, who cares so long as it works.

I kneeled down next to his head and then swung one leg over him so I had a knee on both sides of his head while I faced Beth. My pussy was positioned right over his face and I knew it was still glistening with sweat and cum from my last fucking. I slowly lowered myself down to his face and was rewarded by the feel of his nose and tongue against my pussy. He lapped his tongue up and down the outside of my pussy and then worked his way between my lips and then back to my clit. I groaned as his tongue danced around my clit, still oh so sensitive from my last orgasm.

Beth stopped her humping and dropped to her knees, letting her ass press down tightly to his groin and pushing his cock deeper inside of her. This also allowed her to lean forward towards me and we kissed, quickly letting our tongues explore one another. I couldn't resist reaching for her beautiful boobs, feeling the firmness and smoothness of them and marveling over what it must be like to have such incredible breasts. Her nipples were huge and when she was stimulated as she was now they stuck out like magnum bullets. Running my fingers over them, she let out a low moan. Since at the same time she was rotating her hips around his cock and grinding her ass into him I could only hope it was my attention that she was moaning about!

In the meantime my own pussy was getting a good working over. One of the interesting things about these parties was the differences in styles and techniques you get to experience in a short time span. This guy wasn't bad but he was certainly not in the same league as the last guy to have licked me. Whereas the previous guy had a snake for a tongue, this guy was more like a little stump, barely able to get into me at all. Although he didn't do a bad job with my clit, it was nothing compared to the virtuoso performance I had been given earlier.

The only thing I can say is that there is no such thing as a BAD pussylicker – anything is a far cry better than nothing! He was never going to make me cum at this rate though so I leaned back away from Beth and gazed hungrily at her crotch where I could barely see the base of his cock before it disappeared into her pussy. Beth could see the direction of my eyes and put her hand to her mouth as she giggled.

"What's the matter Kelly, haven't had enough cock yet tonight?" she taunted me.

"You know better than to ask that girl!" I said with a sly grin. "Have you EVER known me to have enough?"

Beth gave me a sly grin and rose up until he slipped out of her, flopping like a wet sausage onto his stomach. We quickly traded places and I slid his dick into me as she took my position over his face. My technique was a little different than hers. I find that standing on your feet and bending your knees can be really tiresome so if you want to go at it for more than a few minutes and you're not a gymnast then the best bet is to be on your knees. By rocking back and forth I can make him move in and out of me just as well as lifting myself up and down with only a fraction of the effort.

I especially like to sit down and put my full weight on his crotch so he presses as deeply into me as he can. Then I like to rotate my hips around his cock making him rub against the walls of my pussy in all directions. From what men tell me, they enjoy it just as much as I do and I enjoy it a LOT! Beth and I resumed our kissing and this time it was her turn to massage my breasts.

I felt a bit self-conscious after having held her boobs but then mine aren't all that bad, especially compared to how they were most of my teen years. I was always so jealous of the girls who got their boobs early. When I was fourteen I looked like most twelve year olds and it seemed I was always two to three years behind the mainstream. My mom tried to make me feel better by telling me that someday I would be glad I looked younger than I am but when you are a teenager that is little consolation.

After fucking him this way for a while he seemed to be getting a bit more agitated so Beth lifted herself off of him and asked if he was almost ready to cum. He just nodded so I lifted myself off of him and Beth and I kneeled down on both sides of him and shared his cock. We took turns licking it and sucking the head. He reached down and started to stroke himself to get himself off. Normally I hate it when a guy does that. I take it as sort of a personal insult that he assumes I can't get him off with my mouth. With the two of us though it seemed to work out OK.

Beth and I put our heads together with our mouths open and tongues out, waiting for our reward for a job well-done. He groaned and shot his first load into Beth's mouth and then the next into my tongue. The last couple didn't really spurt but instead flowed out over his hand and cock. Beth and I worked our way down his cock, licking the sperm from his cock and hand. He must have been drinking because his cum had the bitter taste guys get when they do, one reason I stay away from guys who drink a lot!

When he was finished Beth and I got up on our knees and hugged each other, kissing and tasting his cum on the other's mouth.

# 7. Can't Turn Down a Challenge

Well, that made it five cocks for me and even though we'd only been there a couple of hours, I was about ready to call it a night. Yeah, it had been fun and all, but I didn't see anything else for the night except more of the same and I get easily bored, even with sex sometimes!

I told Beth I wanted to leave and she looked really disappointed. I knew she usually spent all night at these and for her leaving early would be like going hunting and quitting without getting your limit while you were surrounded by easy game. I apologized to Beth but told her I was really ready to go when her face lit up and she grabbed my hand and pulled me into the kitchen.

"I don't believe it - you're bored? Here?" she said incredulously. "Well, if that's the case I think I have something just for you then."

If anyone else had said that I would have just brushed it off but with Beth, anything was possible. She led me to the entrance to kitchen where I could see seated at a table was one of the older people at the party - he looked to me in his mid-thirties or so. Unlike everyone else, he was still fully clothed and was drinking a beer. One thing I immediately noticed was the wedding band on his ring finger which he was playing with almost absentmindedly.

I looked at Beth with a questioning expression, wondering what the story was. She explained to me that his name was Martin and he had been a periodic participant at the parties for the past few years. Although never known to be too wild or outrageous, he had a reputation for being polite and concerned over his partner's needs. It was like whenever he needed to blow off some steam now and then he would show up and have a few girls and then disappear for months at a time. Apparently he had just gotten married a few weeks ago and his new wife had no idea he had attended these in the past and of course, no idea he was here now.

Evidently once things got started this time he got cold feet and had been sitting at the table all night debating whether or not to cheat on his new bride. According to Beth, he had asked the host if he could just have a few beers while he got his thoughts sorted out and from the looks of things he was still undecided.

Beth hugged me and giggled, nodding her head towards him, "Well Kelly, you're always the brave one wanting something new and different. So... up for the challenge or do you still want to go home?"

I just gave her a sly smile. She knew damn well what my response was going to be! How could I turn down an opportunity like this? I slapped her on her bare bottom playfully saying in a soft sultry voice, "Watch and learn girl. You're about to see a master at work."

Beth laughed and spanked me in return making a loud smack as her hand slapped my naked ass. We kissed and I went alone into the kitchen where I took the chair next to him. I introduced myself to him and he looked at me a bit warily, undoubtedly wondering who I was and what my intentions were. Then his eyes lit up and he smiled at me.

"Oh yeah," he said, "You're the girl the new guy fucked. Damn, you know you two were really hot! I was especially impressed by the way you instantly agreed to do him in front of everyone without even a second thought. You're a real slut if I ever saw one!"

I had already decided to be a little less aggressive and more the temptress so I bit my lower lip and gave him my best little girl look as if I was embarrassed that he had remembered. He walked right in to my web saying, "Oh don't take me wrong, really I meant that as a compliment. Please, I didn't mean to embarrass you."

It took all my willpower not to laugh. Little did he know I loved being a slut and there was little he could ever say to embarrass me. But still, that opened the door for what turned into a rather lengthy conversation. It was sort of surreal to be sitting there next to him in such an atmosphere. I could hear people fucking in the other rooms while others were talking about them and some even cheering them on. Men and women were walking in and out of the kitchen in various stages of dress - or undress if you will.

In the middle of it all I was sitting at the table stark naked drinking a diet Pepsi next to a guy almost twice my age with, based on the stack of empty cans, a six pack of Miller Lite in him while he told me intimate details about his wife and their love life. It may have been the beer, the guilt, the lust, or who knows for sure what reason but he described to me his entire sexual history from the time he lost his virginity in the back seat of his parent's station wagon (how cliche!) to meeting his wife at a company picnic several years ago.

It was obvious to me he was deeply in love with his new wife so I was having a hard time understanding why he was here in the first place. Apparently he was rather conflicted by it as well as he made several attempts to explain his thoughts and feelings. Half-way through he would stop to reset and start over again from a different angle. I eventually concluded that he truly loved his wife and probably deep down wanted to be faithful to her but after years of an active sexual lifestyle he just wasn't sure he could be happy sticking with one woman for the rest of his life.

During all this I hardly said a word as the feelings and emotions seemed to pour out of his heart. For a moment - a brief one mind you, I debated whether I should pursue this any further. What he really needed was a good slap in the face and a ride home to what appeared to be a loving and beautiful wife who wanted nothing more than to be faithful to and please her husband.

Even so, just as I was sure Beth knew would happen when she put me in this position, I really wanted nothing more than to be the one that tempted his lustful desires to the point where he would break his marriage vows just to have me for a few minutes. For me it would be like being with a virgin, knowing that he was giving me something he could only give to one person in his entire life.

There would only be one girl in Martin's lifetime that he would cheat with for the first time, only one girl that was tempting enough for him to break down that wall for the first time as he rationalized the ultimate act of marital deceit. I wanted so bad to be the girl he would remember for the rest of his life, even if he never cheated again. I wanted to be the girl he betrayed his wife for, the one he risked everything for just to possess for a brief moments of ecstasy. Needless to say, Beth couldn't have dragged me home now with a team of wild horses! I took Martin's hand in mine and looked him straight in the eyes.

Moving close to him I whispered softly in his ear, "Martin, would you like to go upstairs with me?"

Actually this would be violating one of the cardinal rules of the party. All activity was supposed to stay within the open living areas - living room, family room, dining room, and such. No private sex in the bedrooms. There were a couple of excellent reasons for the rule. First and foremost was safety. Sometimes things can get carried away and even thought the drinking was kept to a minimum and everyone was supposedly checked out, stuff happens. With people around though the odds were greatly reduced that anything would and even if it did then it could be dealt with quickly. Secondly, the whole purpose of the party was to enjoy sex with others. If you wanted to fuck someone in private, this wasn't the place. People came not only to have sex with new people but to watch it as well.

I had noticed in the past and even tonight that a few people seemed to enjoy watching more than doing. Everyone had to participate somewhat - this wasn't a free show, but there were no requirements as to number of minutes, partners, etc. Asking Martin to go to the bedroom with me was a bit risky if I wanted to be invited again. However, this was a rather unique situation and I was sure that Mike would understand once it was explained to him if it came to that.

Martin seemed to tense at my suggestion and I was worried maybe I had pushed him too quickly but we didn't have all night after all! I squeezed his hand, slowly licked my lips and then in my best little schoolgirl voice said, "You DO want me Martin... don't you?" I pouted just a little and he let out a deep sigh.

"Oh crap, you know I do," he replied. He started to say something which appeared to be a protest from the way his shoulders were squaring so I cut in saying, "Just hush. C'mon, let's go upstairs."

His shoulders slumped back down and a look of resignation came over him. I stood up and keeping his hand in mine, tugged him gently in the direction of the staircase. He looked me up and down and I guess that final review of my nude body was enough and he followed me as we quickly ascended the stairs.

I had no idea what room was whose so I just picked the first one we came to which appeared to be a guest room from the lack of furnishings and rather sterile feeling. It had a queen bed though stacked with pillows and I let go of his hand to jump up on top of it. I perched myself in the center, sitting with my legs crossed under me Indian style and a big grin on my face.

"Mmmmmmm, why don't you get out of those clothes for me," I said to him. Any lingering inhibitions seemed to disappear as he unbuttoned his shirt and dropped his pants. He was wearing black silk boxers and at first I thought he was going to leave them on. They looked sexy but now was not the time for them.

"Uh-uh buster," I teased, "Everything off and that includes the boxers! Show Kelly what you're hiding under there."

Martin rolled his eyes in mock exasperation but he dutifully dropped the boxers to the floor. His cock was hanging down, limp and unmoving. I was a little bit disappointed in that I had hoped I would have caused a little more reaction by now but men vary a lot as to what they respond to and how quickly.

That was OK with me actually as I loved starting with a man who was soft and then bring him to a full erection. It especially felt good to feel him grow in my mouth so before he started to grow and I missed out on it I got down on my hands and knees and approached him like a lioness after her prey. He was standing at the edge of the bed and I took his flaccid cock in one hand and lifted it up so I could take it in my mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," I hummed as I felt his soft dick between my lips.

My tongue played around the head and ran under the edge of it. Martin groaned and I knew at that moment whether he knew it or not that there was no turning back for him now. I only wished his wife was at the door to see her loyal husband break the sacred vows he had made, vows he had promised to keep for life but was already about to violate just a few weeks later.

I felt a glow in my pussy as his cock began to warm and stiffen in my mouth. I've always been fascinated with cocks, in particular the way they could go from a small limp piece of flesh to a large thick hard organ capable of giving me so much pleasure. I knew from long experience that men loved having their dicks sucked and would do almost anything for me to do it to them. Feeling it grow was like a testimony to me, a demonstration of his lust for me and how much I turned him on.

I knew right then that Martin was thinking of nothing but my mouth on him and the way my tongue was playing up and down his hardening shaft, teasing the sensitive spot on the back of his cock and then licking up and down the length of it. I let go of his cock and held his hairy balls gently in my hand, softly massaging them and rolling them between my fingers. God he was getting big! Like trying to judge a book from its cover, I never knew what a cock would be like when he was hard based on the soft state. Some men hardly grew while others doubled or more in size. Martin was definitely one of the latter. As his cock grew it filled my mouth until I could barely take him all in.

Finally his dick got to where in order to bury my face in his thick hairy crotch I had to take him down my throat. Most men aren't long enough to do that but those that are tell me it feels incredible, like fucking a tight pussy in the back of my mouth. I could tell Martin loved it from the way he was groaning and talking to me.

"God that feels soooooo good... suck it baby... yeah right there," he moaned in a husky voice.

I could tell when I was really pleasing him as he would start moving his hips back and forth in time with my mouth on him, driving himself as far into my mouth as he could. I opened my mouth and let the head of his cock slide back and forth on my tongue as I looked up at him. Guys seem to love it when I look at them as I blow them so I make an effort to do so.

arms were under my knees to hold my legs up in the air and his hands slipped under my little ass to lift it up off the bed. Oh yea, he was mine now and there was no turning back! He stared out in space as if someone was standing there and I could barely him whispering to himself.

"Oh God, forgive me Marie... please forgive me," he whispered softly.

I had a feeling that when we were done he was going to realize just how much forgiveness he needed because no matter what there was no way to undo what he was about to do. I was also sure that regardless of what guilt and consequences it might bring, he was always going to remember the blow job I had just given him and then how it felt fucking me knowing his wife was sitting at home thinking he was out playing cards with the guys. The poor thing probably trusted her new husband unconditionally, not even considering that the jerk might be out cheating on her already with a slut like me just a week after returning from their honeymoon. God I would have loved to see the look on her face if she were to appear in the doorway now!

Martin held his cock in his hand and rubbed it up and down my pussy, slowly working it inside my pussy lips and then rubbing the head of it against my clit. I almost jumped off the bed I was so horny by now. I said before that sex was 10% physical and 90% emotional and this was another example of that. As much as I enjoyed the physical pleasures from being fucked by the other five guys, just the slight feel of Martin's cock against my clit was enough to send me off on my best orgasm of the night.

I cried out and Martin looked down to see me cumming, wetting the bed cover under me. It was like the room went foggy as my entire body sizzled and tingled like the air was filled with static electricity. A loud moan escaped from my mouth as I begged and pleaded for him not to stop.

"That's it Martin, rub my clit with your dick... oh yeah – like that!" I cried out as he rubbed his cock head in little circles around my swollen clit.

It was like he was a fleshy electric cord plugging himself into my clit as it got even more sensitive with each pulsation of bliss it sent through me. I kept cumming and cumming as if it would never end – and I was hoping it never would! If this is what it feels like to get high on drugs then I understand why addicts have such a hard time quitting. But in this case I couldn't just pop another pill to keep it going and eventually the throbbing lessened. Fortunately I knew though how revive it and I pleaded with him to do it.

"Fuck me NOW!" I demanded.

No more cutesy schoolgirl talk. No more pouting No, it was now Kelly the slut who was in full sex mode and she needed a cock in her more than anything at that moment!

"Put it in me... damn it hurry up and fuck me!" I pleaded.

As wet and horny as I was Martin easily slid into my pussy. I felt the head of his cock push into me and my orgasm surged back to life again as my pussy was filled with his cock. I could feel the expansion inside of me and the sensation deep in my lower stomach of his cock as it violated me. Each inch that went in me seemed to drive me even deeper into this incredible orgasm.

God I loved being fucked like this! The more he fucked me the more I thought of his faithful wife sitting at home, clueless to what I was doing now to her husband, what I was taking from her, and the higher my orgasm went! I was literally crying with pleasure and tears streamed down my face as my pussy exploded from the intense emotions I was feeling.

Martin was fucking me hard, ramming himself into me and then pulling out until he almost slipped out. A few times he went too far and would fall out of me and instantly my pussy cried out for him again and I would whimper and cry for him to fuck me again. His crotch slammed into my but with a loud smacking sound that the people downstairs could probably hear and I slipped back and forth on the bed cover as he alternately pushed me to the center of the bed and then pulled me back to him. His hands clenched my ass so hard I was afraid my butt was going to be bruised but it felt wonderful.

"Cum in me," I said in a firm voice, "give it to me... fill me!"

I felt a momentary feeling of fear that he wouldn't cum in me, that I wouldn't get his sperm, that somehow his wife would still be the only one to have that. I wanted it in me as my trophy, a final confirmation of his surrender to me, proof positive of my sexuality and desirableness to men.

Martin groaned and I could tell he was getting close. "Oh fuck yes I want to cum in you!" he gasped, "Oh God... Oh God I'm cumming!!!"

He slammed his hips into me and held himself tight against my pussy as he spewed his sperm into me. As I was the only girl he had fucked tonight and his balls must have been overflowing judging from the load he gave me. He pulled out after the first two ejaculations and sprayed my wet pussy with the remainder of his cum.

After his last shot he dropped me to the bed and flopped on his back beside me, his chest heaving up and down as he gasped for air.

I laid back and closed my eyes, reveling in my conquest, feeling his cum oozing from me. The hell with the party, this was the best sex I could have asked for tonight! My entire body was still tingling from that incredible orgasm and I didn't think it could get any better. I was about to sit up when all of a sudden I felt two small hands pushing me back down and a playful tongue on my cunt! I lifted my head to look down and there was Beth licking his cum from my pussy! She looked up at me with her green eyes and smiled.

"Just so you know, I watched the whole thing you little fucking whore!" she exclaimed with a huge grin on her face. "Well, I hope that worth sticking around for! Damn Kelly, you're one naughty little slut with a capital S."

She went back to licking my pussy clean and then kissed my clit quickly before standing up. Martin was watching us , his eyes widened as he saw Beth smacking her lips after licking up his sperm from me. I turned to him and kissed him on his cheek.

"Now you go home to Marie," I instructed him, "but for the rest of your life when you fuck her you're going to remember fucking me."

With that I smiled at him and then got up to join Beth, leaving him lying on the bed. From the look on his face he was probably beginning to realize what he had just done and the reality of the consequences were just starting to sink in. Well, for the rest of marriage he could never go to his wife and claim to be faithful to her without lying about what he had done with me.

I smiled as I thought that no matter how good she was in bed, he was going to remember tonight and the way it felt to fuck me Maybe I'm being mean but for me it was like winning the lottery or earning a trophy, an experience I'll never forget myself.

So anyway, everything was cleared up last July Fourth when we ended up having our first family "orgy". I hate that word but it describes best, I guess, what happened. It's so much that I don't like saying we had sex with one another as a group, it's the implication that somehow it was perverted or naughty that I object to.

So here it was, a year later, the Fourth of July once again.

## 2. Dad Wakes Me Up With His Dick

I woke up like I often do when I'm home, to the feel of something warm and smooth pressing against my cheek and lips. My mind was groggy and my eyes full of sleep as I tried to open them and focus on what was next to my bed. My lips were dry so I licked them and as I did I felt something against my tongue. Blinking a few more times, my head finally began to clear and I realized what it was that was directly in front of my face - a hairy thatch of pubic hair from which a large dick was protruding. The dick that was pressing against my face, rubbing up against my cheek, like a cute puppy dog begging for attention!

The male muskiness of my father's crotch before his morning shower was almost overwhelming yet at the same time intoxicating. A smile slowly came to my face. Mmmmmmm, my morning wakeup call was right on time! Of course, the actual setting for the time of that "call" was whenever he wanted to come in my room so it was ALWAYS on time, but why quibble over details? I reached out with my tongue and playfully licked the end of his cock and smiled up at him.

"Good morning baby," my dad greeted me.

"Mmmmmmm, good morning daddy," I said, my voice a little husky yet from having just woke up.

I reached out and held his cock still with my hand, kissing just the very end of it at first, and then briefly sucked on the head. "I just LOVE my personal alarm clock," I whispered, speaking more to his cock than to him.

"Trust me Kelly, it loves waking you up as well," my dad said. He then let out a long sigh and exclaimed, "God I love watching you suck my dick! You look incredible with a cock in your mouth, like it's just natural for you."

I grinned at him as he described how much he loved me sucking his cock. Nothing made me feel better than knowing I was pleasing him and I could only imagine the kind of thoughts that must be going through his head as he watched his cock disappear inside his daughter's mouth. It must have been even better to rub it against my face when I was sleeping, then seeing me wake up and suck on it like a baby hungry for its morning bottle.

Over the years I've sucked literally hundreds of cocks, but there was just something special about this particular one. Of course, in large part that was due to knowing it was my own father's dick and not just some regular guy. It made me feel special knowing he wanted his daughter badly enough to come to her and insist that she do this to him, even though he knew that as his daughter it was my duty to so do anything he asked. Whenever I sucked my dad's cock, knowing I was satisfying his needs the way no other girl could, it made me feel more loved and respected than anything else he could have said or done to me. Well, almost more than anything... there was more to come if I was lucky..."

As I laid there on my side with my head on the pillow, my father began to slowly move his hips back and forth, driving his cock in and out of my mouth like he was fucking my pussy. At first he just pushed about half of his cock in but as he got worked up and hornier he started to fill me mouth with more and more of him.

My dad may not have the biggest cock in the world and I have sucked many that were a lot longer or thicker than his, but he was just about perfect for me. He was big enough that when he fucked me my pussy it would stretch out just enough to feel good yet when I sucked him it was small enough to fit in my mouth without making my cheeks hurt after just a few minutes. He was about an inch or so longer than my mouth alone could take so when he got to the point where he was pushing most of his cock in me, not only did his coarse pubic hair brush my face, but I could feel the tip of his cock pushing against the back of my mouth, forcing itself down into my throat.

I drew in a large breath and thought about how much I loved the feeling of his thick dark pubic hair caressing my face and the distinctive odor being created by the combination of his sexual muskiness and body sweat was getting stronger all the time. On the next thrust he reached the back of my throat and instead of automatically retreating as he had been doing, he stopped and then slowly pushed forward even more.

Realizing what he wanted, I relaxed my throat and concentrated on blocking the automatic gag reflex as I felt his dick pressing down my throat until his crotch was finally pressed tight against my face and the head of his cock was down my throat. My dad held himself in that position, wiggling his hips somewhat which moved his dick around in my mouth like it was a thick live snake. He pulled my head tightly into his crotch with his hands and my tongue worked against the base of his cock inside my mouth.

"Oh god baby, that feels so damn good!" he groaned, "That's it, take it all!"

Needless to say you can't breathe when your throat is blocked with a hard cock so after a few more seconds I had to pull back before I gagged. As horny as he was, he understood why I was doing what I was doing and he allowed his cock to draw back out of my mouth while I gasped for air. Once I had caught my breath, we repeated this cycle several times. Finally he pulled out for the last time and I turned over on my back, still panting as I fought to breath normally again.

"It never ceases to amaze me the way you can take it down your throat that way. You know, you're one hell of a little cocksucking slut!" my dad said.

Although someone listening in for the first part might get the wrong idea from what he said, I took the "slut" comment as a compliment.

"Now, move over here so I can get some of that tight teen pussy."

"Daddy, how many times do I have to remind you, I'm not a teenager anymore!" I protested, pretending to be annoyed by his forgetfulness.

"It doesn't matter," he replied, "You'll always be daddy's little girl, no matter how old you get!"

Now THAT was what I loved to hear! If my dad decided tomorrow to stop having sex with me, I would disappointed but would accept his decision. After all, the main reason I let him fuck me is for HIS benefit, not mine. At the same time, so long as he wants me I will always be his to do with as he pleases, no matter how old I get or what my family situation is. You only have one true father and as his daughter, the bible says I am to respect him and obey him.

Now that I was feeling good after what he had told me, I flipped myself over, holding myself up on my elbows as I bent my knees to keep my feet over the bed. My dad stood at the side of his bed, his hard cock sticking out proudly. He then spread my tanned legs apart and kneeled on the floor right at the edge of my bed. Putting one hand on the inside of each of my smooth thighs, he pressed my legs even further apart as he lowered his head down towards my crotch. The whole time he was doing this, his eyes never lost contact with mine and I couldn't help but squirm a bit in anticipation of what was about to happen to me.

"You want your pretty cunt licked, don't you baby?" my dad teased me, his mouth hovering just inches away from my pussy, blowing softly on me – which he knew drove me crazy!

"Oh Kelly!" he cried out softly as his hips jerked and his cock throbbed in me. "I love you Kelly," he repeated over and over as he shot one load of his cum into me after another.

This, beyond any doubt, was the most intimate and erotic moment that could ever occur between the two of us. A father and daughter, physically joined in the most intimate manner a man and woman can be, as his lust and love for her was demonstrated by the eruption of his cock deep in her womb. He wasn't just fucking me, he was mating me, wanting me not just as his daughter, but as his personal slut who would gladly satisfy his most base desires and fantasies.

A surge of emotion ran through me as the implications of what my father was doing to me raced through my mind. It was these emotions that drove me to an orgasm even more so than the physical act of him fucking me. My pussy automatically clamped down on his incestuous cock as if trying to squeeze every bit of cum from him as I moaned loudly underneath him.

Although not as intense as my previous orgasm, this one somehow seemed more fulfilling, more satisfying as I felt his cock slowly dwindle in me, with an occasional twitch as if it was trying to say it still had life remaining.

We remained in this position for a while, basking in the afterglow of the love and lust that had driven us for the past hour or so. Although my dad didn't actually say it, I knew I had satisfied his needs and fulfilled my duties as any daughter should for her father. It was like the satisfaction of a job well done except in this case I had gotten quite a reward for myself! Finally my dad pulled his withered cock out of me and kissed me on the forehead before getting up out of my bed.

"That's for being the most incredible daughter a father could ask for," he said with a smile.

Dad went to the bathroom to shower while I remained in bed, looking up at the ceiling as I thought about all that had just happened. Amazingly, as much as my pussy had just been fucked, it wanted even more and my hand couldn't stay off of it! I rubbed myself gently, almost absentmindedly, as I listened to the shower start.

## 3. Morning Duties

I must have drifted back to sleep because the next thing I knew I was being awakened again - except this time it wasn't my dad's cock in front of me.

"C'mon sleepy head, they'll be over soon and I need your help with some things."

I felt even groggier than I had the first time I woke up but I recognized the voice of my mom anyway.

"Let's go girl," she insisted, "Your dad's downstairs and if he can do it after that little performance than so can you!"

That was my mom alright. It was funny sometimes how she would joke and tease me about fucking my dad. Fortunately, my parents had a fantastic marriage and they loved and trusted each other totally. My mom understood her husband and his needs so it didn't bother her that he used his daughter to help meet them. She was completely secure in her position as his wife and lover and she knew that nobody, not even me, could ever change that relationship. Instead, she seemed to enjoy teasing me and joking about it after my dad and I had sex. She would call me "his little cocksucker" or "my husband's young slut" and other cute things like that but I never took them seriously as I knew she was just teasing me.

I somehow dragged myself out of bed and headed to the bathroom where I showered and washed my hair. I normally don't wear a lot of makeup when I stay home other than some blush and maybe some lip gloss and eyeliner. My hair was a disaster! What the hell, it was a holiday at home so I just pulled it back into a ponytail and let it go at that.

Back in my room, I debated what to wear and then just gave up and pulled out a pair of cutoffs and a bikini top. The cutoffs were REALLY short but I didn't think anybody was going to mind today, to say the least. The bikini was from an older suit I had worn the year before at the public pool where my favorite thong outfit was banned. My boobs had grown a bit so it didn't cover me very well but then I wasn't exactly trying to hide myself either. I really didn't like running around nude but why wear more than necessary either?

I checked myself out in the mirror and smiled. Lots of men said I looked like the "girl next door" and while on the one hand I realized it meant I wasn't some gorgeous model when it came to looks, it also meant they liked what they saw. I would have to say the image in the mirror fit that description perfectly today.

Bounding down the stairs I found my parents in the kitchen sitting at the table drinking coffee. My mom was the first to greet me.

"Well, she walks among the living," she teased, "Hungry for anything?" She looked at my dad with a sly smile and then back at me and corrected herself saying, "And I wasn't referred to his dick either!"

When I started to protest she just laughed, "Don't even TRY to tell me that wasn't on your mind; I saw how you were looking at him."

I gave a dramatic sigh as if I was being horribly wronged but couldn't help but smile a bit - my mom could read me like a book most of the time. I WAS hungry though so I grabbed a box of cereal and some milk and poured myself some breakfast while they finished off their coffee.

My mom reminded us that my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen would be over before lunch as they always did on the Fourth. We traditionally had simple burgers and hotdogs on this day along with some salads and other condiments my mom and aunt would make. I imagined we would probably spend some time in the hot tub and then it would be steaks on the grill and eventually the town fireworks would be visible from our deck. This same routine had been followed for as long as I could remember although last year we added something new as I mentioned at the start of this story.

## 4. My Aunt Linda and Cousin Kristen Arrive

After breakfast I did the dishes and while my mom finished off some of her food dishes I went out on the deck and helped my dad set up the cushions and clean things up. Our house was, like most homes in Pittsburgh, built on the side of a hill such that our garage was at the level of our basement which meant the driveway dipped sharply once you turned into our house. The deck was built on top of the garage making it at the same level as the first floor. Thus it was easy to see my aunt's car arrive in the driveway below us.

I went to the railing and waved as the two of them got out of the car. Kristen headed straight into the garage while my aunt opened the back door to grab a bowl of something. I went back into the kitchen where Kristen was already at the top of the stairs and we hugged each other and squealed like little girls as we greeted one another.

Kristen was dressed in these ridiculously short cutoffs which made mine seem downright conservative by comparison. They were ripped high against the pockets and held together in the crotch by only the thinnest piece of denim. Her ass hung out provocatively on both sides and I was sure if she sat down the crotch would disappear inside her pussy slit.

On top all she had on was a t-shirt ripped apart such that it hung down just below her boobs. It was white with the words "Bad Girl" in dark script letters emblazoned across the front. The only thing keeping it from riding up and exposing herself was the fact it was so tight it may as well have been painted on. Her nipples weren't even hard and they still showed through plain as day! Her blonde hair, bleached even blonder by the summer sun, was pulled back into a short ponytail. The whole outfit looked even better with the dark tan she had and knowing her I doubted there were any tan lines to be found!

Kristen was two years younger than me, making her eighteen, but she had always looked younger than her age and with the outfit she had on and the hair and lack of makeup, she looked more like fifteen or maybe sixteen at the most. Although this bugged her when she was trying to get into an R-rated movie, at the same time she played it to her advantage with the boys who loved fucking a girl who looked as young as she did and often she would even tell them she was younger.

Not surprisingly, it didn't deter many of the older boys (realizing that "older" to Kristen was anyone over seventeen). I once overheard her tell a guy she was thirteen and he believed her - and STILL wanted to fuck her even though he must have been at least twenty five!

"Damn Kristen, you're looking fucking hot today!" my dad complimented Kristen as he entered the kitchen.

I noticed he wasn't even pretending not to stare at her and who could blame him - she DID look pretty damn hot.

Kristen just grinned at him and then reached up on her toes to kissed him on the cheek before heading up to my bedroom with me.

# 5. Playing With Kristen and My Computer

No sooner were we in my room than she jumped up on my bed and turned around to face me, sitting Indian style with her legs crossed underneath her. Needless to say, as I had anticipated, the shorts surrendered without a peep, exposing her shaved pussy lips on each side of her crotch. There was more of her ass on display than covered but when you had an ass like Kristen's, why not let people see it?

"Feeling horny today?" she asked with this terribly naughty look on her face. I grinned mischievously at her and she laughed saying, "Ohhhhhhhhh, I see, he already fucked you this morning, didn't he?"

It was more of a statement of fact than a question. She shook her head ruefully as she continued saying, "You know, it's been over a week now since your dad did me," she said, "I guess with you home he must be getting enough young pussy."

I just shrugged my shoulders and lifted my hands as if to say there was nothing I could do about it but inwardly I couldn't help but feel a little pride knowing my dad preferred me over her, especially considered what a hot little slut she was - and Kristen WAS a slut in every sense of the word. I at least made an effort to appear "nice" in public, especially since I planned to try to get a teaching position around here someday.

Kristen, on the other hand, didn't seem to care at all what people thought about her and if anything, she seemed proud of her reputation and flaunted herself without any shame at all. Her mother certainly didn't seem to mind. If anything, she even joined in with a couple of Kristen's hotter boyfriends so they made quite a pair. Aunt Linda was divorced so it wasn't like she had to worry about a husband or anything. I didn't see anything wrong with her lifestyle. She was happy and that's what counted in my book.

"So, get any new dirty pictures for me lately?" Kristen asked.

Although Kristen wasn't into chatting and such with strangers on the Internet like I was, she got a kick out of what people said about her based on what I told them and what they read about her in my diary. What really made her hot was when guys sent in "tributes" to her. They would print out a photo of her that I sent them and then jerk off and cum on it. Some guys just took pictures of their cock shooting sperm on her although most would just send back her photo covered in cum. Both of

I opened a video file and we saw a video of computer monitor with the face of her mom full size on it. In front of the monitor you could see a guy holding his cock, masturbating to her picture. Suddenly he started to cum and Kristen gasped as his cum spurt out all over the monitor, covering the photo of her aunt with cum that then dripped down the face of the monitor.

"I don't believe it - what a MESS!" Kristen said. At the same time, I noticed she was staring at it pretty intensely so I played it over again.

"Damn, that is SO hot," Kristen whispered from behind me, "I love the way he cums all over my mom's face. Can you imagine the nasty thoughts that must have been going through his mind when he was doing this?"

Just then who should appear at my bedroom door but my Aunt Linda. I was about to close the window with her pic on it but she was already in my room and saw it.

"What the HELL is that?" she asked, "Is that... God, is that someone jerking off on that old picture of me?"

Kristen and I both just grinned. I knew my aunt wouldn't mind but at the same time she was probably wondering what was going on so I explained to her about the tributes guys sent me.

"Well, at least you send out some decent photos of me," she said. Turning to leave the room she paused and said, "Well, I just wanted to see what you two were doing - don't let me interrupt you anymore!"

With that she left, shaking her head and I could just imagine what she would be telling my mom. Since my mom had already seen most of my collection, it wouldn't be news to her. In fact, she had been the one to be "honored" by a few tributes as well.

I turned and saw Kristen pulling her shorts off. "Now what are you doing?" I asked her, as if I didn't already know the answer.

"Sorry, I was horny enough as it was when I got here but now... well now I simply HAVE to do something about it. You gonna just stand there gawking or what?" she responded.

Well, why not? I dropped my shorts as well and the two of us quickly took up our usual positions at opposite ends of my bead, leaning against the railing with our legs apart so we could watch each other masturbate. Kristen pulled her t-shirt up over boobs and played with them using one hand while her other worked between her legs. Leaving my bikini top in place, I used both hands on my pussy, one to toy with my clit and the other to work inside my pussy. We were both watching the other as we got ourselves off.

"God, can you imagine what those guys would be doing if they could see us now?" Kristen said as she grinned at me.

I just shook my head at her thoughts and focused on her pretty pussy as my clit reacted to my fingers. We were both pretty horny after watching the videos and seeing the tribute photos so I didn't figure it would take either us very long to get ourselves off.

As it turned out, we took even less time than I expected as Kristen's eyes rolled up into her head and she moaned loudly while her fingers rubbed over her clit in a circular motion as fast as she could move them.

"Oh shit," she moaned, "That feels so damn good."

My orgasm was hitting me now as hers built higher. There wasn't much better than cumming together with your cousin in a 69! We were both "gushers" as compared to those women who claim to be "squirters" when they cum. Must be in the genes, I guess, as both of our mothers are the same. I could feel myself cumming as her pussy juices covered my face.

Mmmmmmm, she tasted so incredibly sweet! Overall, it was about the same as my pussy tasted and I eagerly lapped up every drop my tongue could reach. Her tongue was doing the same and I could feel it up and down my pussy like some puppy was licking me.

Exhausted, she fell to her side and we both laid there, our heads next to the other's pussy, gently running our fingers over each other's hyper-sensitive pussy and clit. I loved the way her pussy looked after she had cum, her lips all swollen and wet and her clit practically a miniature penis it was so hard and swollen!

Finally I twisted around and we hugged each other and gently kissed. Both of our faces were covered with the other's pussy cum and I could only imagine the smell of sex that must be permeating my room by now.

"Well cuz, THAT was a nice way to start the day off," Kristen giggled, "Too bad your dad didn't come up and join in!"

We hugged and I whispered softly in her ear, "That's OK, we'll get him later!"

We both giggled again like two little girls sharing a private secret, even though it was no secret at all, at least so far as our family was concerned. For some reason I found myself wondering what my pastor would say if he knew what Kristen and I had just done - or what our plans were for my dad later? It's not that I felt guilty about it, not in the least. It just seemed such a shame that we had to keep something secret that meant so much in our lives.

We both went off to the bathroom and washed ourselves off. We would be hitting the hot tub shortly so I suggested that we skip the shower. Actually, I wanted us to get downstairs with our parents and I had a feeling that if Kristen and I took a shower together that it might be a while before we were finished!

## 6. Memories Lead to My Dad's Dick

We both dressed and headed downstairs where we found our parents sitting out on the deck eating lunch.

"I thought I told you to get Kelly and bring her down, not get her off," my Aunt Linda teased.

Kristen and I both tried to act innocent, as if nothing had happened but our moms would have nothing to do with that.

"Don't try that look on us," my mom said, "It may work on your dad but you can't fool your mothers!"

After we ate, it wasn't long before all of us were soaking in the hot tub, nude of course. Unless someone was visiting I can't remember ever having worn a bathing suit in our hot tub, even as a little girl. It's true, when nudity is not taboo or treated as something to be ashamed of, it loses the sexual connotations that most people seem to assign to it in such situations. Because it was "normal", it was also something I didn't try to flaunt.

Although nothing would have been said I ran around nude in the house, in reality it was something I very seldom did. For me, I prefer wearing SOMETHING, like one of my dad's dress shirts in the evenings and during the day some form of shorts and a cami top. When it's colder maybe a sweatshirt replaces the shirt but you get the picture.

At the urging of our mothers, Kristen and I took turns telling about some of our hotter sexual adventures. Both of our mothers seemed to live vicariously through their daughters' adventures. Kristen once told me that her mom loved hearing about her dates when she got home and my mom was no different. My dad even got a kick out of hearing about them as well although typically he heard everything second-hand from my mom or Aunt Linda.

Well, today he was getting them first-hand and it was a little erotic to see his cock getting hard as we each tried to outdo the other when it came to recalling details and how we felt at the time. I had a suspicion that Kristen was embellishing hers a little bit but I was doing the same so I couldn't complain.

After a few rounds, my dad was obviously getting horny as hell. Aside from the obvious, the big bulge between his legs, he started to interrupt us to recall once some his own favorites. Finally he started to talk about what had happened exactly one year before on this same deck, the first time the five of us had been together in a sexual way.

"Shit Kelly," he laughed pointing his finger at me, "I can still recall the look on your face when Kristen started sucking my cock. I can't recall EVER surprising you that way - before or since."

Even though I was already flushed from the heat of the water I could feel my face redden. "Well dad, it's not every day a girl finds out that her daddy's been fucking her cousin for almost a year and never said a word about it!"

My cousin giggled at that and I turned to her pretending to be angry at her. "Yea, go ahead and laugh you little slut. Knowing you, I bet you loved fucking my dad even more knowing I didn't have a clue what was going on!"

Kristen just laughed all the more as she knew I was only teasing her. "Yea," she said with a huge grin, "Guilty as charged! But still, it was better once you knew and we didn't have to hide it from you."

Kristen slid over in the tub so she could sit next to her my dad. Her hand dipped below the frothy water where I knew from my dad's reaction she had quickly found his cock.

"Yep!" she exclaimed, "I have to agree it's nice to just reach down and stroke him while you watch." She looked up at my dad and grinned, "Hmmm, from your reaction I think you like it too, don't you Uncle John?"

My dad smiled her and then looked over at me with a smile, "Well Kelly, are you just going to sit there and let your cousin have all the fun or what?"

I wasn't going to let THAT go without a response so without another a word I slid off the seat and dived underwater where I took the head of his cock in my mouth while Kristen's hand held his shaft in place. I sucked it hard and then popped back up to get some air. The aftertaste of the tub water was in my mouth but I just ignored it.

"Well," I said gazing into his eyes, "Does that answer your question?"

Not to be outdone, Kristen went under for a little oral action of her own. My dad groaned as I saw her blonde hair floating to the top of the water while her head bobbed up and down on his cock.

"C'mon dad," I encouraged him, "sit up on the edge so we both can do it."

As soon as Kristen popped her head out of the water my dad lifted himself up and sat in the corner on the edge of the hot tub with his legs still in the water. His pubic hair was plastered down flat around the base of his cock and he looked so hot and sexy sitting there naked with his erect cock sticking up into the air. I turned to Kristen and she looked at me and we both grinned before each of us simultaneously reached out for the other and hugged. Her wet nude body felt wet and slippery to me and we kissed long and hard, our tongues touching and exploring the other's mouth.

I looked out the corner of my eye to the opposite corner where our mothers had been sitting quietly, watching their daughters playing with each other. It must have reminded them of their teenage years as my mom use to tell me how they would spend all night kissing and fondling each other in their bedroom.

Just as that thought went through my mind I heard my mom say to her sister, "Ahhhhhh, isn't that SO sweet! I just love seeing the two of them together, don't you Linda?"

My Aunt Linda responded with a sly grin on her face, "Yeah Mary, brings back some fond memories, doesn't it?"

"Well, maybe some fondling memories!" my mom joked as she reached out to her sister. They hugged and kissed while Kristen and I did the same. My dad just watched, stroking himself as he did. I guess it must have been quite a turn-on for him to see two generations of women playing right before him. I reached my hand over and pressed his hand out of the way so I could have his cock for myself. God was he hard!

"Mmmmmmm, Kristen..." I said softly, "I want to watch you suck my dad."

Well, Kristen didn't have to be asked twice, that's for sure. She winked at me and took my dad's cock in her mouth and started bobbing her cute blonde head on him. God she looked so hot sucking my dad's stiff dick!

I reached underwater between her legs from behind and started playing with her pussy. She immediately spread her legs apart to let me have easier access and my fingers slid over her slick hairless pussy. I worked my finger between her pussy lips and up into her cunt. She looked back at me with my dad's cock in her mouth and I could see she was trying to smile at me.

## 7. The Moms Join In

My mom and aunt were still watching us as they lightly fondled each other. An idea came to my mind and I put my mouth close to Kristen's ear and said, "Hey, I've got an idea... Let's each lick the other's mom." Kristen didn't stop sucking my dad but instead looked up at him as did I. He just grinned and said, "Why not? Go for it!"

Kristen and I turned to our moms, who hadn't heard what I had said with all the noise of the hot tub. We slowly moved towards them, grinning from ear to ear and they knew something was up.

"Alright, now just what are you two up to now?" my aunt said with a smirk.

It became obvious what our intentions were as I approached my aunt while Kristen did the same with my mom. We put our hands on their knees and then looked over at each other, each of us grinning with anticipation. As one, we spread them apart and moved in closer between their legs. I suppose it goes without saying that neither of them resisted one bit! My mom looked at us and then at her sister, her face beaming. "You know sis, I think our nieces have something in mind for us."

The two older women each lifted themselves up and sat on the edge of the hot tub, a similar position as my dad who was on the opposite side. I quickly glanced over my shoulder to see what he was doing and was pleased to see he was stroking himself as he watched the four of us, the four women closest to him, getting ready to have some fun of their own.

Unlike their daughters, both women had quite hairy pussies although they trimmed them enough to keep the hair from showing around their bikinis and thongs. They also trimmed themselves to keep it from being too long and creating a bulge in their bottoms. I have seen the most conservative girls sport the most obvious growth of pubic hair through their bikini bottoms, especially when they just came out of the pool. I know some of them thought that girls like me who shaved themselves did it just to be sluts but really, who was being the exhibitionist, me who kept a nice, clean appearance, or girls like them who made it obvious what was underneath?

Another similarity to my dad was that their crotches were dripping wet from the tub which had the effect of plastered their thick pubic hair down tight, making it easier to see their pretty pussies underneath. With their legs now spread wide apart, I knew they were waiting for us to get started. Just before I did, I glanced upwards and saw them exchanging grins and I couldn't wait any longer no more than they could. Kristen gave me one more wink before I saw her head disappear between my mom's long legs and I quickly did the same with her mom.

Aunt Linda's pussy tasted at first like hot tub water but as my tongue worked its way into her pussy the flavor changed more and more to that of her beautiful pussy. It really WAS beautiful. The layers of her pussy lips, the way her clit was already hard and poking out from under its hood, the subtle opening of her pussy hole hinting at what lay inside, all were miracles of God so far as I was concerned. It seemed impossible that beneath those moist layers of skin lay more nerve endings than anywhere else in her body, each one of them now waiting for me to stimulate them with my mouth.

My tongue licked over and around her pussy, teasing her at one moment and then trying to plunge inside of her the next. I could feel her legs tense up under my hands when I would hit an especially sensitive point, keying me to remain there until she would gasp or moan out loud.

Kristen must have having a similar impact on my mom as both women gasped and I looked up to see them laying their heads back as they enjoy what their nieces were doing to them. My nose pushed up against her clit and I rubbed it around and around it as my tongue pushed its way onto her. My arms rested on her thighs as the water supported me up and I floated just off the bottom of the tub as I continued to lick my aunt.

"Mmmmmmm, so what do you say Mary, how do you like the way I taught my daughter to lick pussy?" my aunt asked my mom.

"Almost as good as her mom!" my mom responded with a laugh.

I could count on one hand the number of times I had actually seen the two of them together, and still have some fingers left over. Watching two sisters, each around forty years old, still enjoying each other after having been doing each other for almost twenty years, was one of the most sensual and erotic sights I have ever seen. At times I tried to imagine them when they first started, just eleven and thirteen, experimenting in bed together, exploring each other in ways they probably didn't even quite understand yet.

As the older sister, my mom was surely the aggressor at first but my aunt seemed to be the dominant one now. Sort of the same way it was with Kristen and me. Being a couple years older I had a head start on her but now she was the "wild" one, urging me on to try and keep up with her at times.

"First things first... a little cock sucking from each of my favorite ladies," he said, a broad grin on his face as he rubbed his hands together like a little boy about to open his Christmas presents.

My mom was the first, opening her mouth as she supported herself on her hands and knees. For a moment I was reminded of the first time I had ever seen my parents having sex. As open as my family was about sex in general, including masturbation, the key to remember was that all of it dealt with how we acted as a person. How you dressed (or didn't) didn't directly impact anyone else so as long as you were clean and maintained good hygiene, it really didn't matter. When you get down to it, masturbation is a personal thing so whether you did it or not, where you did it, and whether or not anyone saw you, was really up to you as well since nobody else was directly impacted. So while I tell people I was raised in an "open" atmosphere, it was really just about yourself, not anyone else.

Sex was something else. My parents certainly didn't hide the fact that they enjoyed one another intimately, they just never did it in front of me or where I could see them. It was something special they reserved for themselves, especially since I wasn't directly involved. It wasn't until I started having sex with them that they allowed me to see them making love although even then, it wasn't like they went out of their way to put on a show for me or anything.

If there was anything my parents taught me, it was that making love (I'm not talking about fucking but rather the act between a husband and wife) is deeply personal and something that is shared equally between a man and his wife, an act of mutual love and respect that defines a marriage.

Seeing my mom's head bobbing on my dad's cock out here on the deck took me back to that night years ago when I arrived home early from a party and saw them making love in the hot tub through the window in my bedroom. My bedroom overlooked the deck and with the lights off, they had no idea I was watching – or so I thought at the time.

It was one of the most beautiful sights I had ever seen, nothing like the type of sex I was having with my boyfriends. Seeing the love expressed between them, the intimacy and respect, was almost overwhelming and it was then that I realized I wanted to be with them in that way. Although I did indeed start having sex with them not long afterwards, I still have never quite felt my father was making love to me in the way he did to my mom. He fucked me and I know he enjoyed it immensely, but there was something special in his eyes when my parents made love.

That look was in his eyes even now as his hips seemed to almost instinctively respond to her mouth on him and he pumped himself gently in and out of her mouth. I started to squirm as I wanted to have some of it for myself and my dad must have noticed as he chuckled and pulled his cock from my mom's mouth.

"Sorry hun," he said to my mom, "Somebody's getting a little antsy over here."

I grinned up at him as I opened my mouth like a baby chick waiting for its mother to deliver the worm. In this case the worm was my dad's hard dick and he held it in one hand as he directed himself into my waiting mouth. Mmmmmmm, it was MY turn now!

He didn't stay with me quite as long as with my mom, I guess he wanted to give all of us some attention without having to wait too long. After me it was my cousin's turn and I could only shake my head in mock disbelief as she literally attacked his dick. God that girl could suck cock!

My specialty, if you could call it that, was the deep, long strokes that would even extend down into my throat. I loved to hold a guy's cock all the way in my mouth for as long as I could hold my breath, feeling him pulsing and throbbing inside of my cheeks and tongue. Kristen, on the other hand, was all about hard and fast. Her head bobbed on him like a jackhammer, going about half way down his cock each time. For a moment I was afraid she was going to twist her neck or something!

My Aunt Linda was last in line and as if to make up for her wait, my dad let her suck him the longest. There was always something unique about seeing my dad with my aunt. It wasn't the same love that he showed my mom but there was still some emotional attachment that was special between them. It was almost more like the respect you see between two athletes, each aware of the other's special talents and although assured of their own, still respecting the other as an equal. I guess when you have been with someone for as long as my dad has been with my aunt, you can't help but form a special bond.

One pass seemed to be enough to satisfy his oral needs and he walked around behind us. It was almost like one of those movies where the drill sergeant was inspecting the troops except instead of checking out our uniforms and weapons, he was checking out our asses and pussies!

"Now THIS is what I call one fine sight," my dad declared, "Four of the best pieces of ass a man could ask for!" I heard him smack somebody's butt and from the resulting squeal I knew it was my aunt's.

"Damn Linda, I guess all those real estate 'commissions' must really work," he teased her, "Easy to see how you keep breaking records flashing that cute thing around!"

Kristen was next and I heard her giggle as I imagined he was probably fondling her butt by now.

"Yep, like mother like daughter," he observed, "Hate to say it Linda but your daughter has an even finer ass than you did at her age."

Kristen giggled and my aunt pretended to protest.

"I think you've forgotten a bit over twenty years," she said, sounding a little miffed and I couldn't help but wonder if it was really just all a put-on.

Aunt Linda was quite proud of her body, even these days as she wore some truly suggestive clothing when she showed houses. As much as she loved her daughter, I could easily imagine that she wasn't too keen on having anyone say Kristen was hotter than she as at the same age!

His hand groped me next and I felt his finger run down the crack of my ass, over my asshole and then down to my wet pussy. He pushed it inside of me just a little and I moaned softly as I wiggled my butt for him.

"And then there's Kelly, dear sweet little Kelly," he sighed, "what more could a father ask for?

It pleased me that he seemed happy with me but I would have preferred he make a few more comments, especially about my ass. Growing up was never happy with my boobs and it seemed forever before my body took the right shapes but my ass was always the one part of me that I was the most proud of. Kristen's was really cute and overall, she had the better overall package but I would still put my butt up against anyone's (figuratively and literally!).

My dad moved over to my mom and without a word, he took his cock and pushed it into her waiting pussy.

"Of course, then there's Mary, the love of my life," he said softly, lovingly, as he started to stroke himself in and out of her.

What more did he need to say? Although my mom did indeed still have a great ass for her age, I don't think it would have mattered to my dad what it looked like. She was his wife and he loved her unconditionally, period. It may sound materialistic and shallow, but I wouldn't be surprised if he stopped fucking me if I was to gain a lot of weight and not look hot for him anymore.

My dad certainly didn't care what her motives were -he just seemed to love fucking her and who could blame him? I bet just about any guy his age, if offered the chance, would have done her too!

Again, my aunt was last and again, it was interesting to watch the interplay between them. It wasn't the same as when he fucked my mom, but it was worlds apart from when he had just done his niece. No wonder she had to divorce her husband. I could see where having to choose between her family ties and just him she was left with little choice but to let him go.

Once he had done each of us, it then became almost like some scene from a porn movie. He would slip into each of us, stroke a few times and move to the next like it was literally a fucking assembly line. A question that had to be going through each of our minds was, who would he finish in? For that matter, would he even cum in one of our pussies or what? It was really all about him at this point.

I noticed then that none of us were even touching ourselves as I would have thought we would in such a situation. It was like we were there for his amusement only. Actually, it wasn't too surprising at all when I looked back at it later. It was one of the reasons I am not a big fan of group sex affairs. They never seem to be as intimate or personal as 1-1 or at most, a threesome, goes. That was the case today it seemed; we were there to please my dad and although it wasn't like it wasn't enjoyable or anything, just a difference in the entire outlook. Meantime, my dad was certainly having a blast!

He was fucking my aunt once again when the time came. He quickly pulled out of her and scurried in front of us, gripping his thick cock in his hand, stroking it as if to keep him on the edge of whatever he was about to do.

"Gather around ladies," he invited us, "There's enough for everyone!"

The four of us moved in and managed to get all of our heads together in front of his crotch.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming," he groaned as his cum began to squirt out. The first load caught Kristen right between the eyes and she had to shut them to keep it from getting in. The next was mine, striking me on the right chin and nose. The third barely reached my mom's chin and the next few he had to put his cock up against my aunt's tongue and shoot it out and over her tongue.

Ever the one to take advantage of a situation, Kristen pushed her way forward and with her eyes still closed, took his dick between her lips and sucked on him like she was trying to get more cum for herself.

"C'mon girl, share a little," I whined.

"Now girls, don't fight over it," my dad said, sounding quite proud of himself. I guess he had to be. Other than a fake porn movie, how many guys got to experience four naked women taking his cum, even fighting over who would get it? For most guys it would always be nothing more than a fantasy but for my dad, he was lucky enough to have his dream come true. Under the circumstances, how could he sound anything other than a bit boastful?

By the time I had his dick in my mouth he was already starting to shrink down but a couple of drops of sperm were still left in him for me to suck out. I used his cock like a squeegee to push the cum that was dripping down my cheek into my mouth and swallowed it quickly down.

"Here Kristen," I heard my aunt say, "wipe that out of your eyes."

She handed her daughter a towel and Kristen used it to clean the cum from her face before handing it to me so I could do the same. Our mom's had their own towels and my dad stood back like a cock ruling over the roost as his women cleaned off the results of his orgasm.

"Now THAT'S what I call an anniversary," he announced, leaning over to kiss my mom.

## 9. The Rest of the Family Stops By

Just then the phone rang and my mom hustled to the kitchen. My dad slapped her naked bottom playfully as she went by and she wagged her finger pretending to scold him. The rest of us rearranged the cushions and I was about to get back in the tub when my mom hurriedly returned to the deck.

"That was Shari," she announced, referring to one of my aunts on my dad's side, married to his younger brother, "They're on their way over!"

She looked accusingly at my dad and said, "So when were you planning to tell me about this?"

My dad looked sheepish, almost like a little caught with his father's Playboys.

"Sorry, Jim called earlier this morning and I was about to tell you when Linda and Kristen arrived... and then I sort of forgot," he tried to explain. "Hey, don't blame me, I'm not the one that started all this!"

My mom just rolled her eyes and looked upward as if seeking relief from heaven.

# (Jul 06) Chapter 89: Babysitting Husband

Story codes: MF F-solo oral adultery
Me (20)
Keith (29)

Unlike most girls when they get to my age, I still enjoyed babysitting. I just don't understand why anyone would want to wait tables at minimum wage when you can get twice the pay (in cash) by taking on a job where more than half the time the kids are in bed? In addition, there are side benefits in that most parents with kids at this age are not that old meaning the husbands can be quite... well, interesting. Usually that just means some teasing and flirting but in this case it went a little bit further.

## 1. Babysitting For Keith and Kathy

Even though I'm going to be a college junior next semester I still baby-sit a lot. There are plenty of parents who want an older girl for their kids and more than willing to pay the bug bucks for the security of knowing a supposedly more mature girl is taking care of their kids. I can't blame them; personally I can't imagine entrusting my future children in the care of some hormonal fourteen year-old princess who will spend most of the time on her cell phone than paying attention to the kids. I'm not being harsh, just recalling what I was like way back when I was that age!

In a few cases I think it's less about security and more that they're afraid to let go of the apron strings and let their kids stay home alone. These sort of people insist on having someone older in the house even though the kids are (at least in my opinion) plenty old enough to take care of themselves. I have actually "babysat" thirteen and fourteen year boys and girls! Needless to say you can't hire a fourteen or fifteen year-old girl to watch them.

Take the case of Keith and Kathy who are 29 and 26 respectively. Both work as real estate agents which was how I got connected with them in the first place. My Aunt Linda is also a realtor and one day she overheard them complaining about the low quality of some of their babysitters and so she gave them my name and number.

They didn't even flinch when I quoted my rates even though they are at least twice those of the younger girls.

As realtors, Keith and Kathy sometimes have to meet clients in the evenings or on weekends, often on the spur of the moment. In such times they often had problems getting one of their regular babysitters so they would call me to see if I was available to watch little Ashley. At three years old, she was an absolute doll baby and I always looked forward to taking care of the little angel.

As it worked out Kathy and I got along great. She really wasn't all that much older than me so it was more like we were friends than the typical mom and babysitter relationship. She was always saying how we should go out for lunch or something but with our schedules as full as they were, that just never seemed to happen.

Kathy seemed very sweet, your stereotypical girl next door from the Midwest who married her high school sweetheart. Although personally I thought she spoiled Ashley a little too much, who was I to say anything being an only child myself and oft accused of being spoiled rotten? No doubt my babysitters had thought the same about my mom when I was Ashley's age and I think that I turned out OK.

There was one other reason I enjoyed babysitting for them, and it wasn't something I could ever tell Kathy. There was something in the way her husband Keith looked at me whenever Kathy wasn't around that made me tingle just a little in all the right places. Whether she admits it or not, EVERY girl notices when a man has his eyes on her and Keith wasn't very good at hiding his interest in me - or to be more specific, my ass and boobs. Sometimes I honestly wondered if he had any idea what I looked like from the neck up! Naturally I encouraged him a bit by wearing suggestive outfits such as my short cutoffs in the summer or tight jeans in the winter along with a tight shirt or cami that emphasized my boobs. Just leaving a few buttons undone or a teasing look is all that is needed sometimes to get the desired results.

Kathy seemed rather oblivious to the little game I was playing with her husband. It was probably the same with the other girls who babysat for them as well although I would like to think I pushed the line a little more than most. It was just all innocent flirting anyway so far as I was concerned. The two of them seemed quite happily married and so far as the way Keith looked at me, well, MOST men did so for me it would have more unusual if he hadn't!

In comparison with me, Kathy was conservative although not overly. A pretty brunette, she kept up with the latest fashions but didn't go overboard. We were about the same height although she hadn't quite shed all her weight after pregnancy. It's not like she was fat but her thighs and hips seemed to be hanging on to whatever they could despite her best dieting efforts.

As a realtor, I guess she had a different approach when it came to selling houses than my aunt did who relied on her sexuality and flirting (or whatever else was necessary) to get the sale. My Aunt Linda was the type that wore slinky outfits and all but threw herself at the guys - whether or not they were married. From what my mom had told me, more than a few of her sales were finalized in the bedroom rather than the kitchen table - and not always with just the husband!

## 2. What Do Babysitters Do When They Are Alone?

One day Kathy called me first thing in the morning to see if I could sit for Ashley. As usual, it was a last-minute request but I loved sitting Ashley; she was always in a good mood and never gave me a hard time. It was about a mile or so to their house but it was a nice day so I decided to walk, arriving at their house just before noon.

Kathy answered the door with a look of relief on her face and quickly explained to me what was happening. Apparently there was a couple from out of town who only had a few days to find a house so they couldn't waste any time. As Kathy gathered her briefcase and purse, she apologized over and over for the late notice. She warned me that it would probably not be until almost dark before she returned unless a miracle occurred and they found the house of their dreams earlier.

Before she left, I asked what time Keith would be home and Kathy frowned, explaining to me that Keith was out of town at some convention. He wasn't going to be back until Friday night which was still a couple of days away. What surprised me was how she sounded a bit peeved at him, muttering something about hoping he was having a good time while she was stuck taking care of everything at home AND trying to keep her job. I didn't say anything, figuring it was probably best not to get in the middle of a domestic crisis.

Kathy stuffed her laptop into her briefcase and turned as she tried to put on a happy face for me. "Well, how do I look?" she asked.

I gave her the once over and smiled. She really WAS pretty cute, even if she could use a little more time on the Stairmaster and fewer fast-food lunches with clients. As I mentioned before, it wasn't that she was fat, just a little more than necessary around her hips and thighs. The outfit she had on did a nice job of smoothing it all out. She wore a sharp pair of black pants with a matching black jacket that had a wrap tied in the front. A bright pink cami underneath covered where most girls would've been showing off their cleavage.

"You look great," I encouraged her, "Now get out of here and sell them a house!"

Kathy sighed and shook her head, checking out her purse one last time as she hurried to leave. "Thanks so much for helping out Kelly. I really don't know what I would have done without you today. You're a life saver!"

Kathy gave me a friendly hug, kissed Ashley goodbye, and headed out the door with a wave towards Ashley. For the next couple of hours I entertained Ashley. At just three years of age she already had quite an impressive doll collection and she loved dressing them and pretending to be their mommy. Predictably, in the middle of the afternoon she started to act a bit cranky and I knew she was due for her nap.

Ashley's bedroom was down the hall from the family room where we'd been playing so I lead her by the hand to bed and then sat next to her for a few minutes. She fell sound asleep almost instantly and from past experience I knew she would be out cold for at least an hour or two so which gave me some time for myself. THIS was what I loved about babysitting - getting paid to do whatever I wanted!

As this wasn't the first time I'd babysat for them, I'd already checked out the house and knew exactly where to go - their bedroom. Actually, I make it a point to check out every home where I sit. Believe it or not, in my experience almost everyone has something hidden somewhere that's interesting. Sometimes it's the husband hiding things from his wife (you wouldn't believe what I have found on some people's home computers!)

Some wives have the most incredible lingerie collections. A few couple are secretly kinky - the bondage stuff and leather, which never has really turned me on. A few time I have gotten lucky and found pictures, and even videos, or what could be called the "Bedroom Olympics". Usually it's just the husband taking photos of his wife but there have been a few more adventurous souls who apparently get off taping themselves having sex.

As nice as couple as they appeared in public, Keith and Kathy were a little more adventuresome in private. Her top drawer was filled with a marvelous collection of teddies and baby doll negligees. Nothing weird or kinky but very sensual. But that wasn't my most interesting "find". With their Mr. and Mrs. America outward appearance, I bet the neighborhood would've been shocked to learn that that Kathy and Keith enjoyed making home videos - and NOT the type they showed at family reunions!

Now whenever I'm alone in their house, I make it a point to check out his top dresser drawer which is where he keeps their "collection". So far it consisted of half a dozen videos. All but one of them was just him taping her in her lingerie and then stripping it off for him. The sixth one was my favorite. In that one she starts out sucking his cock and from there they fuck until he finally cums all over her boobs. I remember the first time I plugged it in the VCR and saw what was on the tape. God, I was wet almost instantly!

The fact the tapes weren't hidden all that well wasn't surprising. With Ashley being only three I'm sure they weren't worried about her finding them and of course they probably never have even dreamed that their babysitter might go looking thought their personal things! (Warning to parents - most of the girls I know DO look through your stuff so keep it in mind and act accordingly!)

With Ashley safely in bed, I went to their bedroom and opened up his dresser drawer. Unfortunately, any hopes of finding a new one were dashed. Oh well, I knew which one I wanted to see again I picked it out and headed down to their family room where the big screen TV and VCR were.

On the way I checked on Ashley and was pleased to see the little doll was sound asleep. Someday when I have a girl I pray that she is as well behaved as this one. What a little angel!

When I tried to put the tape in the VCR it wouldn't go in which was when I realized that there was already a tape loaded. When I ejected the tape, I realized what it was and my heart skipped a beat. No Barney crap here, that was for sure. It had the same type of label as they used for their other "personal" videos and I smiled when I saw it was labeled with the date of this past weekend. Hmmm, I wondered if they had a nice going away session before he left?

Setting aside the older tape, I reloaded the new one back in and hit the PLAY button. As the VCR cranked up, I backed up and sat on the edge of the couch as I watched the TV. At first it was just black and then someone must have turned on the lights and the camera moved into the right position. From the looks of things, it must have been on a tripod next to this very same TV because the couch I was sitting on was in the center of the screen. Nobody was in the picture yet but I could hear voices barely in the background.

Then Kathy appeared, dressed in a sexy baby doll negligee that didn't hide a thing! It was sheer pale pink and clasped together with one hook in the center with matching sheer panties that made it easy to tell that she didn't shave. What made it hot for me was her complete lack of embarrassment or shame. I've seen a couple of other couples tapes and in both of them it was obvious it was the husband's idea and the wife was being coaxed into doing something she wasn't thrilled about - at least at first. In this case, Kathy was certainly wasn't shy!

Kathy looked really hot and it was hard for me to imagine that this was the same sweet, "innocent" woman I had just been talking to a few hours before. Her boobs were large but didn't sag all that much and she had the most incredible nipples that poked through the thin negligee like pencils. Her hair, normally tied back or in some other conservative way, was down past her shoulders and flowed as she twisted and turned for the camera.

What really caught my eye was Kathy's hot ass. She loved to wiggle it and show it off for the camera and from the way the camera zoomed in tight on it, Keith obviously loved it as well given the time the camera was fixated on it.

After a rather quick strip tease, Keith made his on-screen appearance. He was already nude and his dick was as hard as a tree branch. They didn't mess around with a lot of foreplay so it wasn't long before I was watching sweet little Kathy being fucked like a cheap whore by Keith right in the middle of their family room!. It started with Kathy on her hands and knees with Keith fucking her from behind on one knee. As always, I was instantly wet as I watched them and my tongue ran over my lips looking at Keith's cock. God, it looked absolutely yummy as he slowly pushed it in and out of his wife.

As I watched more of the video, it suddenly dawned on me that Kathy must have been watching this while Keith was gone and had forgotten to take it out when she was finished. I looked around and tried to imagine where she had masturbated while she watched herself being fucked by her hunk of a husband.

Looking at the couch cushions, I licked my lips as I imagined her laying there with her hand between her spread-open legs, fondling that hairy little pussy of hers. Was she was dressed while she watched or did she wear something from that sexy collection of sexy lingerie she kept in her dresser? Hmmm, maybe she wore the one she was wearing at the start of the video.

With that thought in mind I hit the PAUSE button on the remote. Hurrying back to their bedroom, I rummaged through her lingerie drawer as the 1sweet scent of her sex filling my nose. I felt a tingle between my legs when I pulled out a sheer pink one and realized it was just the one she had been wearing in the video! Well, either she hadn't been wearing it earlier when she was masturbating or must have done laundry soon afterwards.

With the outfit in hand, I hurried back to the family room where it only took a few seconds to strip off my shorts and top. Standing there nude in the middle of the room, I put on the lacy negligee and hooked it together between my boobs. Surprisingly, it fit fine! The panties fit as well as these outfits are typically sold to cover a range of sizes.

There was a mirror over a table by the wall and I walked over to took a look at myself in it. Damn, the entire outfit was so sheer I may as well have been wearing nothing all. The baby doll top only came down to my midriff so without the panties, my pussy would have totally uncovered but that wouldn't have been so bad. There was only a single clasp holding it together between my boobs which meant it didn't do much to cover them either.

Resuming my place on the couch, I pushed the PLAY button on the remote. As I stretched out, I wondering if this was the same position Kathy had been in when she was watching this very same video. Next to the TV were several wedding pictures of Kathy and Keith.

It was hard to imagine such the sweet and perfect looking couple in that photo could be the same two people fucking like horny rabbits on the video. Actually, it wasn't so amazing they were fucking, they HAD produced Ashley after all. What was hard to believe was that they TAPED it! Kathy always seemed so sweet, maybe even a little naive at times. Who would have known she had this side to her?

As I continued to watch the two of them fucking, my hands wandered down between my legs and I spread apart wide on the couch. Dam, these panties simply HAD to go so I quickly slipped them off and dropped them to the floor. They were already a little damp in the crotch but not so much that it was too noticeable. My pussy was already soaking wet and I spread my pussy lips apart so my other hand could rub my clit, moving up and down my pussy slit to wet my fingers so they could slide more easily over my sensitive clit which was becoming harder by the minute.

Frankly, I don't know what was turning me on more, watching this hot couple fucking or doing myself while I wore her nightie! All I knew was that the combination of it all was making me horny as hell and I masturbated furiously.

When I masturbate with the intention of cumming as quickly as possible, it usually doesn't take me long to reach my goal and this afternoon was no exception. Ashley was asleep upstairs but I didn't know for sure how long that would last and then of course, there was always the possibility of Kathy coming home early for one reason or another. I was pretty confident I would hear her car pull up in the driveway but it wouldn't hurt to get myself off as soon as possible.

My own moans began to drown out Kathy's on the video and soon I wasn't even watching as I closed my eyes and relished the surges of pleasure that my pussy was generating. It was moments like this that I live for, for the intense feelings generated inside of me when my orgasm hits me.

My pussy cum began to literally pour from my cunt as I humped my hips up and down, imagining it was me that Keith was fucking and not Kathy. Oddly enough, the thought that I had better flip the cushions when I was done crossed my mind but disappeared quickly.

I was cumming so hard that I never noticed the slight movement at the door...

## 3. Caught Masturbating By Keith

"Whoa!... Now THIS is what I call a nice homecoming!"

My orgasm was at its peak and there wasn't much of anything that could stop me once I got to this point. As much as hearing a voice in the room should have shocked me and brought me to earth, I simply couldn't take my hand away from my pussy. I HAD to finish, I HAD to make myself keep cumming. You may as well ask an addict to stop getting high as ask me to stop my orgasm, especially one as intense and pleasurable as this one. Besides, it was probably just a voice from the video anyway as nobody should be entering the house, let alone a man.

Actually, I don't even think it really registered with me that someone might be in the room. I was too caught up in my own emotions and the incredible surges of pleasure that were emanating from my pussy and flowing out every pore of my body. Besides, I didn't hear anything more and with my eyes tightly closed, I used my left hand to take over rubbing my clit and put two of the fingers of my right hand deep into my soaking wet cunt.

"Fuck me... oh yeah fuck me Keith," I moaned softly, dreaming it was me in the video being nailed instead of Kathy.

My imagination was running in overdrive, picturing her watching me now, seeing me in her sexy lingerie, masturbating as the video of her being screwed by her husband played on the big screen TV in front of me. God, what would she say if she heard me begging her husband to fuck me? For that matter, what would HE say?

Thinking of them watching me just made my orgasm all the more intense as it just kept going on and on and on. Poor men, they just cum for a few seconds and it's like, game over, go to sleep. I loved being a woman, the incredible feelings I get when I orgasm, especially when it just seems to never stop, driving me insane with the sheer pleasure that it gives me. As my mind exploded, all I could think about was how I wanted her to watch her husband fuck me, for Mrs. America to see Mr. America screwing their babysitter. What would she say when he came in me, when her high school sweetheart betrayed his vows to her right in front of her, not caring what shame and horror she was feeling.

"Cum in me Keith, that's it... cum in me," I groaned, imagining his cock swelling inside of me, releasing his sperm deep in me, imagining the look of shock on Kathy's face as she realized what her husband had just done to me. To take her husband's sperm, to have him mate me in front of her, to show her how much more he wanted to fuck me than her, was all I wanted.

As much as I would have liked it to go on forever, my orgasm began to slowly wind down. I pulled my fingers from my pussy and licked them like a couple of popsicles, savoring the sweet taste of my pussy cum. Some of my friends think it's gross to taste your own pussy but I have always loved the smell and taste of my own pussy, even back when I was only eleven and just starting to explore and learn more about myself. My left hand cupped my crotch, pressing against it without stimulating any one area too much, just feeling the warmth of my pussy as it throbbed and involuntarily convulsed now and then. God I felt so incredibly good at this moment; what could possibly make it any better?

The world around me started to come back into focus and it was then I heard a shuffling sound behind me. My heart skipped a beat as I looking back over my shoulder to see who was there. God, did Ashley get up early? Did she see what I had been doing? Even worse, did she see her parents on the TV? How was I ever going to explain this to Kathy?

Those thoughts flashed through my brain in an instant so you can only imagine the look of total surprise when I saw who was actually behind me. There was Keith, standing there with a grin stretching from ear to ear with his arms crossed. Oh my god, how long had he been watching me? How embarrassing to be caught masturbated on their couch, wearing his wife's lingerie and playing their private video on the TV!

"Now don't let me stop you from anything important," he said with a bit of a chuckle.

I bolted upright and sat there with my legs crossed and my hands covering my breasts, feeling like a little girl whose brother had walked by while she was dressing.

"Oh come on," Keith chortled, "Don't give me this innocent little girl routine. Shit, I've been watching you for the past twenty minutes, ever since you came down from the bedroom."

No wonder I hadn't heard him come in. God, talk about incredibly bad timing! He must have drove up and come through the door while I was in their bedroom searching though Kathy's lingerie. How could I have not noticed him when I came back down? Well, the reason was obvious, I guess, given how horny and distracted I was at the time. Even so, God, I couldn't believe he had been watching me the whole time!

"You know damn well I love looking at you when you come over but I have to admit, THAT was the sexiest thing I've seen in a long time!" he said. He was obviously trying to calm me down but didn't seem to realize he was having the exact opposite effect.

"I just have one question. Would you have done it if you knew I was watching?"

God, how could he ask me THAT? I knew what the answer was - of course I would have! At least, I like to think I would have. But how could I admit to it without sounding like some sleazy slut? My dad has always told me that I will never make it as a poker player and once again my face gave me completely away.

"Hmmm, that's what I thought but it was fun sneaking a peak anyway," Keith chuckled.

My emotions were on some kind of cosmic roller coaster now. On the one hand, my pussy was still in full horny mode, not quite settled down from the fantastic orgasm I had just experienced. On the other, I was still somewhat embarrassed at being caught by Keith. It wasn't that he saw me masturbating, I could have explained that away easily. But to be caught doing it while wearing his wife's negligee and watching a video of the two of them having sex, now THAT was a stretch, even for me.

For lack of anything better to say, I asked, "Uh, Keith, what are you doing home? I thought you weren't getting back until this weekend?"

Keith rolled his eyes at my transparent attempt to change the subject. "Don't look so surprised, it's pretty obvious what you were thinking," he said with a bit of a chuckle, "To answer your question, the conference ended early due to some screw-up with the main speaker's schedule so I figured I'd come home and surprise someone. I just hadn't figured that someone would be YOU."

Keith paused for a second and I realized he was staring unabashedly at my naked body. It was a sign of the state of shock I was in that the idea of doing anything else with him never even entered my mind. Instead, I instinctively tried to cover myself with a pillow from the couch.

Keith moved in a little closer and I clutched the pillow even tighter to my body. What was on his mind anyway?

## 4. Doing Keith a Favor

"Tell you what," he offered, "I won't tell Kathy about your little secret if you do me one favor, OK?"

I had a nasty suspicion just what THAT was going to be. Whenever a man made that sort of suggestion to me it meant only one thing - he was going to use this as a bribe to fuck me. Not that it would have been such a bad thing, not from the way I watched him doing Kathy on the video at least. The problem was I'd been at such an emotional high for one minute and then completely crashed the next, leaving me now a little confused and disoriented.

My mind seemed to be a compete mess as I didn't know whether to grab my clothes and run out of the room or what. As much as I had dreamed of Keith fucking me, that's all it was until now - dreams. Kathy was such a sweet wife and friend (even if she DID act like a whore when she was getting fucked) that I wouldn't feel right doing her husband, no matter how much I might enjoy it.

I didn't say anything in response so I guess he took that as permission to continue. Actually, I was quite surprised at what he offered.

"Needless to say, it was really hot watching you playing with yourself," he confessed, "But you didn't know I was in the room. Now I want you to do it again, but this time for me."

Wow, so Mr. America was a perverted voyeur at heart. Then again, maybe he WAS Mr. America and didn't want to cheat on his wife but wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to catch a private show. For a moment I caught myself almost wishing he HAD asked to fuck me. Now I was left to wonder if he didn't find me sexy enough to want to cheat on Kathy. Did he want his cake and eat it too? Was he looking for just want the cheap thrill of seeing me masturbate but still stay faithful to Kathy? Did he think I was going to perform for him like a trained seal without the satisfaction of having him cheat on his wife with me afterwards?

A surge of anger filled me and suddenly I felt this tremendous urge to rip off her damn negligee and burn the tape. God, I couldn't believe he would pick her over me! How dare he? Well, if he wanted to see me masturbate, I'd show him just how hot and nasty I could be! He would see that I was sexier than Kathy, that I could be more of a slut and freak than she ever dreamed of being. Then, when he was all hot and bothered and begging to fuck me, I would get my revenge and tell him "no", leaving him all hard and horny, wishing he could have me and regretting he had ever considered staying faithful to his wife instead of fucking me when he had the chance.

Had we gone on just flirting it would have been one thing, but here he was with practically an open invitation to fuck me and he was turning me down!

Determined as ever, I stood up and dropped the pillow to the side. The clasp between my breasts was quickly undone and I dropped the negligee on the floor next to the panties. I pointed the remote at the VCR and stopped the tape and then turned off the television so now the room was deathly quiet, like a funeral service was in progress.

"OK, if that's the way you want it... sit at the end of the couch and watch me," I said in a naughty tone of voice.

Keith chuckled and instantly agreed. As he sat down I noticed that he had to maneuver his pants a bit as apparently the bulge in his crotch made it uncomfortable to sit at first. I laid back with my head on the arm of the couch, putting one leg up on the back of the couch and the other draped over the side with my foot barely touching the floor. This has the desired effect of spreading my crotch open wide for him, giving him an completely clear view of my bare pussy and clean asshole. I was still completely wet and my pussy lips were spread apart slightly, waiting for attention. I put one finger at the top of my slit and traced little circle around me.

"Soooooo... do you like watching me play with myself, eh Keith?" I asked him in a little girl voice.

Keith has rubbing himself through his pants and I made a mental bet with myself as to how long he could hold out before he let something loose. His tongue licked his dry lips as his eyes were fixed at the sight between my legs. He never once looked up at my face, his eye were fixed on my pussy.

"God I love your pussy," he murmured, almost to himself more than me.

"I love to watch myself play with my pussy in the mirror, " I teased him, "Will you be my mirror today Keith?"

My fingers were wet again with my pussy juices as I played with my pussy hole and then my clit. Keith just grunted when I teased him and sure enough, he started to fumble with his belt and pants. He finally got them undone and quickly pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankles. His shoes were still on so he just left them bunched up and grabbed his cock as he continued to stare at my crotch.

With Keith watching, it didn't take me long at all to get back on the wagon again and soon I was moaning with the pleasure of another orgasm again. I LOVED being watched when I masturbated and this situation was so erotic I was surprised it took as long as it did. I was fingering myself and humping my hips, simulating a guy fucking me as I drove my fingers in and out of me. My eyes were closed and I actually forgot about Keith watching me as my mind erupted with pleasure as every pore of my skin seemed to be covered with intense pleasure.

"Damn, you are one HOT fucking babysitter!" I heard him say.

I opened my eyes and smiled at the sight in front of me. Keith was stroking his hard cock slowly now, his eyes still locked on to my pussy, hardly even blinking! It has always been a massive turn-on for me to see a guy masturbating when I know his thoughts are all about wanting to fuck me.

Just seeing him jerking off doesn't do it, just as your everyday porn isn't a turn-on for me either. It's the INTENT when he jerks off that makes all the difference. It's KNOWING the effect that I am having on him that makes me hot and bothered. I had no doubt in the world as to what Keith was wishing he could do at that moment. So why wasn't he going for it?

# 5. Keith's Daughter Interrupts

Just then I heard the sound that every parent must hate to hear at times like this.

"Daddy?" a voice called from the back bedroom, then a little more forcefully, "Daddy!?"

I looked at him and saw the disappointment in his eyes as he seemed to instantly switch gears from horny voyeur to concerned father. He quickly pulled his pants up but left his shirt out to cover his hard dick even though little Ashley would have no idea why her daddy was sporting this big bulge in his crotch, if she noticed anything in the first place.

"Coming sweetie!" he called out to her. Then he looked at me and sighed.

"Yea, I know," he said with a sigh, "Damn, just when it was getting to be fun... kids!"

He got up and headed off to her room. As for me, I stood up and gathered up my clothes and scampered off to the closest bedroom, just in case some little girl decided to make her way into the family room unannounced. Now that she was awake, there was no predicting what a three year-old would say or where she would go so any thoughts of continuing our little game were on a definite HOLD for now.

It only took a few seconds to jump back into my shorts and pull my top back on. Leaving the bedroom, I saw the pink negligee in the middle of the floor and quickly scooped it up along with the panties. Just then Keith reentered the room with Ashley in his arms.

"Daddy's home!" she announced to me, as if I couldn't see for myself. From the way she was hugging him she obviously loved her father. Too bad she didn't know what her sweet daddy was doing a few minutes before!

"Ummmmm, you better put that nightie away right away," Keith said. I gave him a pout but he just shook his head saying, "That's her favorite and if it's missing there could be some interesting questions! I will say one thing - you look a hell of lot sexier in it than she does!"

Now THAT was more what I wanted to hear from him. Reluctantly I returned the nightie to its original location. I don't know what I was thinking anyway. There was no way I could keep it without drawing her suspicion. It was bad enough that it probably smelled of my sex but it wasn't like she hadn't been fucked in it before so she probably wouldn't notice. Even if she did, I couldn't believe she would ever even consider what the REAL story was, probably more that she had forgotten to rinse it out after her latest escapade.

While I was there, I looked in the mirror over her dresser and gasped. God, I looked an absolute wreck! My hair was a total disaster so I used one of her hairbrushes to try and straighten it out as best I could. Once I was reasonably back in shape again, I returned to the family room where Ashley was still hugging her dad. She had obviously missed him a lot!

"Hi Kelly, I finished my nap!" she announced proudly with her cute little voice.

I gave her a peck on the check and started to explain to her that I was going to leave now since her daddy was home. Both of them looked glum - but for totally different reasons. Keith pulled his wallet out to pay me and handed me a hundred dollar bill!

"Oh Keith, I can't take this much," I protested. It wasn't like I really needed the money anyway and it sort of made me feel cheap that he would pay me for just masturbating.

"No, no!" Keith said as he put up his hands defensively and stuffed the bill down the front of my tank top, "I just want you to know how much I appreciated not only what you did today but for all the help you've given Kathy over the past few months.

I frowned but took the money - I may have principles but I'm not stupid! I kissed little Ashley again and turned to leave. Just as I was about to reach for the door handle, it opened by itself and who walked in but Kathy!

"Hey girl," she greeted me, "Is Keith home? I saw his car in the driveway."

I explained to her that he had just arrived and that I was about to leave. She looked past me and upon seeing Keith, squealed in delight and rushed to hug him. He explained how his convention had been changed while she excitedly told him how she had sold this couple on the first house they had looked at. They seemed to be enamored with each other so decided it was a good time to make my exit and opened the door to leave.

"Kelly," Kathy called out after me, "Hang on a second."

I paused while she came up to me with her purse.

"I forgot to pay you," she apologized.

I explained it wasn't necessary and that Keith had already paid me. She looked at Keith who just nodded in confirmation.

"Well, thank you SO much anyway for helping me out on such notice," she said as she gave me a hug. I hoped she didn't smell the scent of sex on me as I hadn't had a chance to wash off but if she did, she didn't say anything or give any sign of it.

"Hey, you're not planning to walk all the way home this late," she insisted, "Let Keith take you home."

I started to protest but she insisted and I noticed Keith wasn't putting up any arguments. Keith gave her a hug and a kiss and I followed him out to his car. Actually, it was an SUV, nothing as fancy as my dad's but still a monstrosity in its own right. I guess it's like they say, the older the boy, the bigger his toys. I jumped in from the passenger side and he backed out of their driveway into the street.

## 6. Keith Drives Me Home - and His Dick Into Me

"Guess it was a good thing Ashley woke up after all, eh Kelly?" he tried to joke with me as we drove down the road, "God, I can't imagine what would have happened if Kathy had come up ten minutes earlier!"

"Maybe she would have joined in?" I teased him.

"Noooooo, not a chance," Keith said, vigorously shaking his head. "As I guess you've noticed, Kathy may let it loose in the bedroom but she's not into any of that kind of stuff. I tried to bring to up once and you would have thought I had said I wanted to adopt a whore or something!"

"Have you ever cheated on her?" I asked nonchalantly.

"God no," he responded quickly, "I love her dearly and would NEVER do something like that to her."

"But what about what we just did?" I asked.

"Oh... THAT," he said, as if he had forgotten all about it. "It's not like we did anything you know."

"But didn't you want to?"

"Now don't even go there," he said, but with a big grin.

"Why, don't you think I'm sexy enough to fuck?" I asked in my innocent little girl voice.

He didn't get a chance to answer as we were almost to my place now. As he pulled into our driveway, suddenly I felt this tremendous urge to be fucked by him. It wasn't just the typical horny feeling like when I just feel a need to get laid. No, I specifically wanted HIM to fuck me. It was killing me that I had to be the one to convince HIM to fuck ME. After all, this was NOT how the game was supposed to be played. Nope, HE was supposed to want ME and then I was the one to make the decision as to whether to let him fuck me or leave him hanging. The fact he was married, and apparently happily so, only made it all the more impossible for me to resist him.

All in all, it was a matter of principle for me now, a matter of personal pride and ego. The way things were, if he just dropped me off at home and left me hanging I think I would have been upset for the rest of the night – and probably a lot longer. Actually, I wasn't sure how I would react since such a thing had never happened to me before. I was always the one in charge, the one to decide whether or not he would get to have me. Being at the mercy of Keith... well it just sucked!

As he put the truck in park, my mind went into full gear. He turned to me to say goodbye but before he could say anything I quickly pulled my shorts to the floor in one swift motion and then lifted one bare leg up on the seat, leaving the other on the floor. My pussy was there for his viewing please and I couldn't believe he would say no now.

"You never did get to see me cum again," I teased him, letting my fingers run slowly over my bare stomach and pussy.

Keith looked all around, a little panic maybe in his face.

"Kelly, what the hell are you doing? What if someone see you!" he gasped.

"Nahhhhh, my parents won't be home for another hour at least and the neighbors can't see me in here with these windows," I replied seductively, "So who's to watch... except YOU."

"But...," he tried to say but I wouldn't let him finish.

"Why don't you just shut up and enjoy the show Keith," I insisted, "After all, you paid for it!"

Leaning back until my head was resting on the door, I lifted my left leg up and behind the driver seat, hooking it on the center console while I played with myself. Actually, I wasn't paying so much attention to my pussy as I was the expression on Keith's face. Knowing Kathy, I doubted that she had ever done anything quite this voyeuristic for him ever before. I could picture him writing a letter to some porn magazine, starting out with the usual "I never thought this could happen to me..."

"What's the matter Keith, aren't you gonna play with yourself for me?" I asked sweetly.

Once again he looked around, as if certain there were a hundred telescopes trained on the two of us. Apparently he needed a little bit more of a nudge.

"C'mon Keith, show me how you play with yourself," I asked him again, "You know, I loved looking at your cock before. It looked so big and hard. I want to see it again."

Finally, the little head grabbed control from the big head and he let out a deep breath and undid his jeans. After yet another glance around us, he slid them down just below his knees and his cock popped up in the air from his thick pubic hair like an ancient idol rising from the depths of a dark jungle. God, what I would have given at that moment to reach over and suck it but the time wasn't right for that - at least not yet.

"Mmmmmmm, you have such a great cock Keith," I said slowly, seductively, "Stroke it for me while you watch me make myself cum."

The fastest way to get an orgasm is not to play with yourself faster but to put yourself in the right emotionally charged atmosphere. This situation certainly qualified. Here we were, in the remaining daylight, parked at the top of my driveway, and both of us were masturbating like we were in the privacy of our bedrooms. It wasn't anything too out of the ordinary for me but I had a feeling it was a new experience for Keith.

I scooted forward until my ass was up on the center console, lifting my butt off the seat and putting my pussy in full view for him.

"Make me cum, Keith," I begged him, "Touch my pussy and make me cum."

Keith hesitated, long enough that I started to worry that maybe he was going to be able to resist me after all. Like he had said before, mutual masturbation was one thing but to have actual physical contact with another woman was another thing entirely. Even so, oral sex wasn't really "sex" so just touching me certainly didn't qualify as adultery. He must have been able to rationalize it himself as his hand slowly worked its way towards my pussy.

"That's it Keith, touch it," I encouraged him, "I want to feel your hand on me so bad."

That seemed to do it and I felt his fingers on me, caressing me and exploring me. I didn't know what made me feel better, his fingers on my pussy or knowing that I had convinced him to at least touch me. One step at a time...

"Put your fingers in me," I instructed him, "fuck me with your fingers."

He obediently first put one finger in me and as wet as I was, was able to quickly follow it with a second. He pushed them in and out of me like he was fucking me while one of my hands played with my clit and the other reached under my top and started to caress my boobs.

"God you have such a pretty pussy," he said softly, "I've always wanted Kathy to shave hers but she keeps refusing."

Mmmmmmm, now THAT was a good sign. It was the first time he had mentioned anything about something about me that turned him on more than Kathy and it was music to my ears. It wasn't enough just to get him to cheat on Kathy; after all, any whore could do that for a hundred bucks. No, I wanted more. I wanted his lust. I wanted him to want me more than Kathy, to be willing to do anything to have me, even if it was only for a few minutes here in his truck.

What I really wanted was for him to briefly forsake his wife out of his adulterous lust to have sex with me. Sure, when we were done he would go back to her; but I knew he would always remember how for just a few moments in time, he had abandoned her in favor of me. THAT'S what I wanted from him now. Any girl can get most any guy to fuck her, but to have a place in his soul forever was the ultimate prize.

We didn't have a lot of time as I knew if he was too late getting home he would never be able to explain it to Kathy so I did what normally I would have despised myself for doing - I faked it. Yes, I faked an orgasm. It's not that hard really since guys don't seem to have a clue what one really is anyway and just think of the shows put on by porn stars. Besides, they can vary so much from one time to another that few girls really know when another is faking it.

"Oh yes, Keith, make me cum harder," I pleaded with him. It wasn't a TOTAL fake, not like some whore playing a role to please her customer. I rally WAS enjoying it, I just wasn't cumming. It didn't matter as he thought I was and that's what counted.

After a few more theatrics - guys always seem to think every orgasm requires odd body contortions and lots of moaning and gasping, a totally wrong concept by the way, and I slumped down as if I was finished. He started to pull his fingers out of me but I grabbed his hand and held it in me.

"That felt so good Keith," I whispered to him, "I want more... I want you to give me more."

Thinking I was referring to his finger fucking, he started to move his fingers around inside of me again until I looked at him and gave him a seductive smile.

"I wasn't referring to your fingers, you know" I teased him, "I was thinking more of that incredible dick."

For a moment my heart raced and I thought maybe I had pushed too hard or too fast. His fingers stopped and then he pulled them out of me quickly. Before he could think too much more about it, I twisted myself around, getting on my knees and leaning over the console. I reached for his dick which, despite any other second thoughts he might be having, was still hard and ready for action. Mmmmmmm, the cock never lies!

"Kelly... I don't think you should do that," he said weakly, his hands brushing mine away but without much vigor.

I knew token resistance when I saw it and this was even more token than usual. He just needed to resist a little to satisfy his conscience so that later, when he was feeling guilty and wondering why he had done what he had done, he could shift the blame to me. In his mind, he would rationalize it by saying it wasn't his fault that I had seduced him and taken advantage of him. Yeah, like I was going to force someone twice my size to do anything he didn't want to!

Personally, it didn't matter how he managed his guilt, it was his actions that counted and I knew once I had his dick in my mouth it would be all over but the shouting, I mean fucking. The important thing was that I had his cock in my hand now and I could feel the warmth of it in my palm as my fingers wrapped themselves around it.

"I want to suck your hard cock," I said, looking up at his face.

He was the perfect picture of a conflict of emotions. I knew from the way his lips were dry and his breathing had quickened that he wanted it but at the same time I could see the decency and shame in him trying to stop himself. Well give me a break! There was no guy in the world could say no to a girl like me who says she wants to suck his cock.

"It's OK, it's not really sex you know," I assured him, "I'm just gonna suck it."

As I mentioned previously, so far as I was concerned oral sex really isn't "sex", at least not in the biblical sense that determines whether a man is committing adultery. That said, it doesn't mean he isn't lusting for me which puts him in jeopardy with another commandment, but an adultery charge wouldn't stick. When I say I will never cheat on my husband, even with his permission, that doesn't mean I can't suck off a few of his friends now and then. I just would never let them fuck me.

Keith weakly tried to protest one last time but I wasn't listening any more as I lowered my head to his lap. My lips met the soft tip of his cock and I kissed it gently, just on the very top of the head. Then I reached out with my tongue and softly caressed the head of his cock, running just the tip of my tongue over and around him, slowly working my way further down, letting more of the surface of my tongue press against his cock as I descended. I could tell from the musky scent of his crotch he was horny for me, some things just can't be faked!

So many girls seem to think the ol' head bob is all they are obligated to do when sucking a dick. Certainly, no guy is going to push her away for it but I know they appreciate it when I take my time to put out the extra effort. Using my tongue is one of the most effective means for stimulating a guy. I have had guys that I could have "bobbed" forever and they never would have cum, and they often claimed as well that no girl had ever made them cum with just their mouth. Well, add in a little of the right tongue and lip action and so far I have never failed to make any man cum using just my mouth - a record I am quite proud of by the way!

Keith seemed to be appreciating my efforts as well.

"Oh my god, what are you doing to me?" he asked rhetorically. "Damn, I've never felt anything like this before."

Inwardly I was beaming like a girl betting first prize at a recital. Kathy didn't look the type to have sucked a lot of cocks; it wouldn't have surprised me to find out that his was the only one she had ever blown. Not so for me. First, I was fortunate to have a great tutor in my mother, plus the advantage of having sucked literally hundreds of dicks by now in my life. Practice makes perfect they say, and that certainly applies to sucking dick.

"So tell me Keith, do you like the way I suck your dick?" I asked softly, raising my head from his cock for a moment to catch my breath.

"Oh god yes," he moaned, "Don't stop... please don't stop."

It was time to REALLY show him my skills so this time when I went down on him I didn't stop three quarters down like I had been doing. This time when he filled my mouth I worked my lips and gently eased him down my throat. The gag reflex almost got me but once you're past that it's home free. Ina few moments my mouth bottomed out on his dick and my face was pressed hard against his thick scented pubic hair.

"Oh Jesus, how do you DO that?" he groaned.

I would have taken bets that Kathy had never done THIS to him before! I twisted my head back and forth and then raised my head up until just the head of his cock was between my lips. Catching my breath, I descended once again until I felt his dick filling my throat.

"Damn, now THAT is incredible!" he gasped, "God, look at you!"

His hips thrust upward against me and I felt his hand pushing me down on his cock but there was no more to take in. I felt myself getting light headed and pushed up hard to make him let go of my head so I could breathe again. Again I lifted my head off of him and brushed my hair back so I could see his face.

"I bet Kathy never sucked your dick like THAT, has she?" I asked with a sly grin on my face.

"Hell no," he gasped, struggling for breath himself, "I mean, NOBODY has ever sucked my cock that way before."

Well, I guess that meant Kathy wasn't the only one to have sucked his cock but that was OK as I would have bet the farm it was someone BEFORE he married Kathy.

"Had enough? You want more?" I teased him.

"Do you even have to ask?" he sighed. Yep, he was mine now and it was time to drive the stake in his heart.

"I promise to suck you more... later," I whispered to him, trying not to be too overwhelming. "But you have to fuck me first - NOW."

"Oh god Kelly, please don't ask me to do that," he pleaded.

I almost felt guilty as I saw the struggle that was playing out within him. Of course he wanted me, every man I was with did. But deep down I could see he still wanted to remain pure for Kathy, to be loyal to her and not betray her. There was only one small problem he face - ME. Had he asked to fuck me back in the house, I might have refused, who knows. What he didn't seem to realize was that the more he resisted me, the more it meant to me when he finally caved in; and cave in I knew he would eventually. No man had ever resisted me once I had set my sights on him and I wasn't about to have Keith break that record!

"You know you want to fuck me," I told him, "I see it in your eyes every time I come to your house."

"Hell, every guy WANTS to fuck you Kelly," he countered weakly, "but I'm married."

"Kathy will never know, it'll be our little secret," I promised, "Hey, look at me and tell me you really don't want to fuck me."

Keith's eyes rolled back into the top of his head as he heaved a heavy sigh. It was at that moment I knew the battle was won!

"God, you know I do," he groaned, "Shit Kelly, I've always wanted to fuck you."

Now that he had resigned himself to giving in to his lust, it was down to a matter of logistics. Doing it in the split front seats wasn't exactly what I had in mind and getting out to go through the back doors wasn't an option in our state of dress – or should I say, undress.

Necessity is the mother of invention so I was the first to work my way over the console and into the back seat. I can only imagine what he was thinking as my bare ass passed right by his face! Once in the back seat, I laid back and threw one leg over the back head rest.

"C'mon Keith, I'm ready," I teased him, "Get back here and fuck me."

He was a lot bigger than me, of course, so squeezing into the back seat was a little more of an interesting exercise for him but he had determination on his side. Things got sort of awkward for a moment as he literally fell into the back on top of me but he quickly got into position over me. You had to give the guy credit; once he had made up his mind he just wanted to get it over with as fast as he could without having to think about what he was doing any further.

"God, I can't believe I'm doing this," he mumbled as I once again grabbed his cock in my hand. Then I held his cock up against my pussy, waiting impatiently for him to push it into me and complete the adulterous act.

"Fuck me," I said to him, again saying those two words that every man loves to hear me say, "Fuck me Keith."

Keith didn't answer me with his voice but his cock did a lot of the talking from this point on. He pushed up against my pussy and his cock bent slightly as my tight pussy refused at first to give him entry.

"Shit, never thought you'd be so damn tight," he murmured.

Interesting comment; I guess he figured a slut like me would have a loose pussy from being fucked so many times. One thing I kept in mind was that Kathy was his frame of reference and unlike her, I hadn't had the equivalent of a bowling ball pushed out of me. Compared to her, I had to feel practically like a virgin to him.

"C'mon Keith, push it in me," I said with a hint of impatience in my voice.

Keith groaned even louder as he pressed harder against me until suddenly my pussy opened up and welcomed him home. He didn't stop pushing until he was completely in me, his cock totally surrounded by my tight pussy.

"That's it Keith, keep it there, keep it in me," I moaned, "It feels soooooo good deep inside of me."

Of course, being a typical horny man he couldn't do such a thing. Holding to the back of the seat to keep his balance, Keith began to fuck me, starting out rather quickly at the beginning, apparently not wanting to waste any time with the slow stuff to start.

"Oh yeah, that feels so good Keith... fuck me!" I cried.

He was banging me pretty hard and for a moment, I remembered where we were and wondered if the truck was rocking or moving at all such that the neighbors might wonder what was going on inside. People pretty much keep to themselves in our neighborhood so I doubted even if they noticed that anyone would do anything but you never knew. It wouldn't have bothered me so much but I was sure Keith would be horrified. I had a feeling that at this moment, that was about the last thing on his mind!

"Almost there," he moaned and I felt him positioning himself to pull out of me. I wrapped my legs tightly around him as best I could to keep him inside of me.

"No... stay in me," I begged him, "I want you to cum in me."

He wasn't thinking rationally or he would have least have asked me if I was protected; or maybe he just assumed a girl like me was, I don't know. Either way, he stayed in me without protesting any further and I felt the warm bloom of heat in me that told me his first shot of sperm was now in me.

"That's it Keith, cum in me," I urged him, "Mate me Keith, give me your sperm."

With each load he groaned and his hips thrust himself deep into me. Each time it seemed he was as far into me as he could get but the next load went even deeper. Finally he was spent and he stayed inside of me as he panted from his exertions. I wiggled my ass under him, making his cock move around in me, stirring his adulterous sperm in me like a mixing spoon.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT feels good inside of me," I purred.

It has always amazed me the change that comes over a guy after he has cum. It's like all the sex drive shoots out of him along with the cum, leaving him befuddled and in some cases, remorseful. Such was the case with Keith as he shook his head and mumbling to himself. All I could make out were bits and pieces about him not believing what he had done, about Kathy, about his shame and guilt. Despite all his comments to the contrary, he was leaving his cock in me so I knew his little head was still in control, even though I knew it would be relinquishing that control as fast as his cock withered inside of me.

"Oh my god, I've got to get home, Kathy will be wondering what happened to me," he said with a note of panic in his voice.

He grabbed his pants from the front seat and hurriedly tried to get them back on in the confines of the back seat.

"C'mon Kelly, get dressed," he urged me, "Damn, how could I be so STUPID!"

"I don't think you were stupid, Keith," I said softly, "In fact, I thought you were great! No wonder Kathy loves fucking you so much."

I was about dressed by then, it didn't take much to get my skimpy clothes back on. He buckled his pants and zipped them up.

"Please don't talk about Kathy that way," he said plaintively, "She can't EVER find out about what we just did."

"Don't worry Keith, I will never tell her," I said with a nasty smile. "Of course, there may be a price to pay for my silence. I enjoyed this today"

"I'll pay you anything, Kelly," he said, sounding frantic, "Anything at all."

"I wasn't talking about money Keith," I teased him, reaching out to poke him in the crotch.

He understood what I meant but didn't respond as we both stumbled out on opposite sides of the truck. No sooner did I close the door than I saw one of our older neighbors across the street working on his lawn. He had often stared at me when he thought I wasn't looking and I wondered what he thought had been going on in the truck that had been parked for so long in our driveway?

He wasn't THAT old so I hoped maybe his imagination would be at work tonight and maybe jerk off a bit thinking about me. Keith never noticed him, thankfully, or he might have freaked.

I waved goodbye to Keith as he drive quickly away. I wonder how he was going to explain the sweaty smell of sex that had to be covering him when he got home to Kathy? Oh well, I was already looking forward to the next time I babysat little Ashley!

# Postlude

I really hesitated as to whether or not to publish this one. There are so many ridiculous stories on-line about babysitters being fucked by either the kids or the parents that I feared this would be viewed as just another fantasy story about something that would never happen. In the end, as you can see I chose to publish it. Like many of the events in my life I have chosen to write about, this one helped to make me who I am today and if nothing else, maybe people will realize that every babysitter isn't abusing their kids or waiting for them to get home so she can jump in bed with them. Maybe all that happens in some father's fantasy, but not in real life.

# (Jul 15) Chapter 90: Second Summer Sex Party

Story codes: MF FF F-solo group oral
  Me (20)
  Beth - BFF (21)

My first sex party of the summer was just two weeks ago so I was a bit surprised when my best friend Beth invited me to another one soon afterwards. While these parties were interesting, to say the least, they really weren't the type of thing I wanted on a regular basis. Fortunately, as things turned out, this one worked for me.

## 1. Sex Parties

At was just last summer that I first became involved with the local sex party scene. My best friend Beth was responsible for this as she was the one with a "lifetime membership" and had invited me along as her guest. In all, I attended four of these extremely private affairs last summer. While overall I found them to be fun and arousing, from an emotional perspective they left me with a rather empty feeling. I mean, in most cases I didn't even know the guy's name yet I gladly allowed him to fuck me and even let most of them cum inside of me.

Even though Beth all but begged me to attend more of them, I decided to limit myself to these few. They were more for the occasional "fun" factor than anything else. Sort of a "been there, done that" type of thing.

This summer I had no sooner returned home from school for summer break than Beth was already urging me to join in again. I put her off at first but finally gave in around the beginning of July. As before, the party itself was fun while it lasted and while I'm definitely not sorry that I did it, it wasn't exactly an emotional rollercoaster. As far as I knew, Beth was aware of my true feelings about the parties and so in the past she had always waited for a "cooling off" period before she invited me to the next one. Knowing that, I was a bit surprised when barely two weeks later she was on the phone trying to convince me to join her yet again.

"Oh c'mon Kelly," she implored me, "You had such a great time at the last time... oh admit it you slutty girl, you know you did!"

"I don't know Beth," I answered, trying to stall for time while I debated it inside my head, "It's not like I'm hurting for sex or anything. I'm pretty satisfied I guess."

Indeed, so far this had been the best summer in my life so far as sex went. Even better, much of it had been something new or unusual which always turns me on. A fun day at the lake, the wedding of the first guy who fucked me (back when I was just fourteen), the father of one of the kids I baby-sit, and several family "adventures" to mention a few. Also included in the middle of it all was the first sex party of the summer, just a couple of weeks earlier.

"Don't even TRY to pull THAT one on me, sister," Beth chastised me with a hint of laughter in her voice, "Like, I've never seen you 'satisfied'... not ever."

Well, she had me there so what could I say? It's not like I am a drug addict or anything, I just happen to enjoy sex - a LOT. Some people have accused me of being a nymphomaniac but I honestly take exception to that characterization. Like, I don't HAVE to have sex, I just enjoy having it as often as possible. Personally, I think most people would have it more often if they could and so they look at people like me and get jealous which leads them to criticizing my lifestyle when it's their own that's the problem.

The next party wasn't until Friday night which left me a couple of days to ponder it. About all the wait did was give me time to imagine what MIGHT happen. Every one of these I'd been to was unique in its own way. I can still remember my first party vividly, like it happened yesterday. You can imagine my surprise when I learn that I had to be "initiated".

Actually, it wasn't all that bad so far as initiations go. All I had to do was let the host fuck me in front of everyone to start off the party. In the end, it turned out to be a great way to let everyone get to know me right off the bat, and I really mean "know" me!

## 2. The Week Before the Party

Thursday night before the party I was watching TV with my parents in the family room. There wasn't anything on that interested me so I was just laying back on the couch, daydreaming about nothing in particular when my thoughts turned to the upcoming party.

Probably one of the craziest things I've done at one was last summer. There were twelve guys there and I let them fuck me one after the other, almost like an assembly line. A guy would fuck me until he was ready to cum and then I suck his cock until he came while the next guy in line had a go at my pussy.

It was the most guys I had ever been fucked by right in a row like that. None of them fucked me all that long so I wasn't sore afterwards, but my stomach churned a bit which I guess was a result of all the cum I swallowed. As if I needed to be told, I was sure that I never wanted to be porn star! Even though I probably will never do such a thing again, it's still gets me off to think back about it.

Being it was after supper and I wouldn't be going anywhere else that night, I had already changed into my standard evening wear - one of my dad's clean and pressed dress shirts stolen straight from his closet. It was a pale blue with long sleeves and tails that that hung down to my knees when I stood up. Usually I would fasten a few of the buttons in the middle just to keep it from flying around and then roll up the sleeves.

There was no need to wear panties around the house and it felt good anyway to be bare-ass under the loose-fitting material. Actually, I normally only wear panties when I'm having a heavy flow or wearing an outfit that is too short to get away without them. About the only exception is when I'm out on a date and I want to tease the guy a bit by flashing him my panties. The same principle applies to bras. Unless the outfit and circumstances demand that I wear one, they are more for show and teasing than anything else.

The more I recalled the memories of that night, the deeper my concentration became and the more I tuned out what was on the TV, not to mention my parents who were kicked back in their matching Lazy-Boys. I wiggled my butt a bit to settle into the couch better and next thing I knew my hand was between my legs. Honestly, I couldn't even remember putting it there; it was just an instinctive reaction. The shirt tails parted and fell to the sides of my hips, leaving me with easy access to my shaved pussy.

At first, I just held my crotch in the palm of my hand, pulling upwards on it to put a little pressure on me. Damn I was warm! A tingle ran through me raising goose bumps all over my body in its wake causing me to tighten my legs together to further squeeze my hand up into my crotch. Mmmmmmm, I could tell my naughty pussy was hungry from the way I felt it throbbing under my hand and fingers. My middle finger pressed in harder and worked its way between my pussy lips until it was just inside of my pussy hole, which was getting wetter by the second. My finger then pulled out, dragging the wetness up along my pussy slit. I repeated the process until my entire pussy and clit were covered with my pussy juices.

My head was filled with memories of anonymous cocks slipping in me, of hard dicks attached to guys I didn't know and never would. I moaned softly to myself as my finger pressed itself into me further, reminding me of how their cocks felt as they slid into my swollen cunt one after the other. Once again I shifted my ass around to try to get more comfortable and finally I just gave up and draped my inner leg up onto the top of the couch, exposing myself even more to make it easier to masturbate. Mmmmmmm, this was MUCH better!

With my free hand I quickly undid the few buttons that were done which allowed the shirt to fall to my sides, exposing my breasts and nipples which had already hardened into bullets. One at a time, I caressed each with my hand, pulling gently on the nipples and then letting them slip between my fingertips until they suddenly let loose and snapped back. God I loved to play with my boobs, especially my nipples which were easily aroused and so sensitive once they were.

My eyes were shut all this time and in my mind the guy fucking me was about to cum so he pulled out from me and immediately shoved his swelling cock in my open mouth. I took my finger from my pussy and started to suck on it, savoring my pussy the same as I had on his cock that day. Damn it tasted so good!

Of course, the one thing my finger couldn't do was cum like their cocks had cum in my mouth. Instead, I put my finger back into my pussy, reminding myself of the next guy in line who was now entering me and getting himself off by violating my body. My tongue wet my lips which I then unconsciously licked as I remembered how good it felt and tasted when the cock in my mouth exploded with sperm. The gooey mixture would fill my mouth and cover my tongue, sometimes even spilling out over my chin and cheeks.

Of course, everyone was watching us and I loved the look in the other girls' eyes when they saw each guy take his turn in my mouth and then cumming in my mouth. By the time I was done, my face was covered in cum, despite my best efforts to keep it in my mouth as much as possible.

By now, one finger in my pussy wasn't enough so I pushed a second in alongside the first. I slowly pumped my fingers in and out of me, as deep as I could press them inside my cunt. God I wanted to be fucked so badly - but with a real cock! Gradually at first, and then faster as it seemed to gain momentum like a snowball rolling down a hill, I felt my orgasm building in me.

Sometime when I came, it was out of the blue, like stepping in front of a Greyhound bus and suddenly being smacked hard from out of nowhere. In those case it was generally incredibly intense, like fireworks that rose quickly and then flared brightly in the sky. Just as the fireworks display dies away quickly, so usually did those type of orgasms making them extremely intense but relatively brief and fast to fade away. I would say these types of orgasms were the most common for me given the forms of sex I tend to have. When a guy fucks you there isn't a lot of time to savor a long orgasm and a quick, intense one works out best in most cases.

As it turned out, the "fireworks" version of my orgasm was NOT on the menu today. Instead, I could tell this one was going to of the more rare "smolder and burn" styles. The best way I can describe it is to compare it to starting a fire with flint. A spark starts ignites a small flame that has to be nurtured and then gradually builds and becomes a strong fire. Like a fire compared to a firecracker, this orgasm burns in me much longer and then gradually dies away, leaving its embers to smolder long afterwards.

Most of the times when I make myself feel this way is when I masturbate as it is then that I have the time and patience to touch myself in just the right way to trigger things. Other than masturbating, the vast majority of these are associated with my mom and aunt, two older women who know how to treat me the way a woman loves to be treated.

It was like a fire was now in my pussy, spreading out across my entire body until every pore on my skin seemed to be dripping flames. I was driven to drop my leg down from the top of the couch and then turned on my side until I was facing the couch, in practically a fetal position, with my hand still between my legs. During the whole time, I never stopped rubbing my hardened clit and fingering my wet pussy.

My thighs were now pressed tightly together with my hand squeezed between them, my fingers doing all the moving between them. The sexual pleasure within me was becoming so intense I wanted to cry out to tell the whole world how I felt.

Instead I bit my lower lip and moaned so softly that I doubt anyone could hear me more than a few feet away. My free hand was soon on top of my first, pressing the inside hand even tighter against my crotch.

The sheer bliss of my orgasm at this point was almost unbearable. It was one thing to run up the mountainside, hit the peak, stay there briefly and enjoy the view, and then quickly climb back down again. It was another thing to ride the slow chairlift up, and then spend the afternoon at the high altitude before a leisurely paced trip back down. Just as a person can get lightheaded if they remain at the mountain peak too long, so it was with an extended orgasm. For a moment I thought I might even pass out as my vision narrowed and things went out of focus.

It was like fighting the devil and angel in each shoulder. My little devil was forcing my hand to keep touching myself, prolonging the agony of such incredible pleasure. At the same time, what was left of my consciousness, as represented by my angel, was screaming at the top of her lungs at me to stop before I blacked out – or worse.

What made it more interesting was that anyone watching me probably would have thought that I had fallen asleep. I was laying on my side, curled up tightly like a baby, with my head tucked in against the back of the couch. The only clue would have been the way I periodically jerked reflexively as a spike of pleasure nailed me and then quickly ebbed away. Perhaps if they were close enough they might hear the almost constant low moan that was coming from somewhere deep down inside of me. If they were REALLY observant, they might even see the small but steady flow of pussy cum that was draining from me and down the back of my ass onto the couch.

Slowly, ever so slowly, such that it took me a bit to even realize it was happening, the fire in me began to consume its fuel and gradually died down. At this point I wasn't even moving, holding my head steady against my pussy, peeling the rapid pulse of my heart as it pounded inside my chest. It was like I was floating down from the peak on a balloon with a slow leak, gradually descending until finally I was back safely on the ground.

Back on earth once again, I heaved a heavy sigh and then turned onto my back. I stretched my arms and legs out straight in front of me and shook off the last feelings of the incredible orgasm I had just had. God I felt so damn good! My nasty pussy was still throbbing and pulsing, even without me touching it. Trust me on this one, had a guy been there with a real cock to fuck me, I probably would have hit the ceiling at the first feel of his cock pushing itself inside of me.

Eventually I opened my eyes and from the TV I could tell that I must have been at it for longer than I thought. The show we had been watching was long over - as well as the one after that! Damn, it hadn't seemed that much time had passed when I was masturbating but there was no disputing the evidence. I turned onto my side such that I now facing away from the couch and saw my parents were still in their chairs. It may seem odd to some people, but the thought never crossed my mind the entire time that they might be watching me.

My dad was the first to notice that I was looking at him and he just flashed a grin back at me. With his leg rest up and laying back the way he was, I couldn't see his crotch which meant I couldn't see whether he was hard or not. Somehow I suspected he was and in fact, I would have been more than a little disappointed if he wasn't.

My mom was working on some new crocheting project but she must have heard me stir as she was looking over at me as well. Unlike my dad, she didn't really seem all that interested in what I had been doing. I guess over the years such a thing becomes less newsworthy the more you see it done and this wasn't by any means the first time she had seen me masturbate. Heck, she was the first one to teach me!

"My, looks like someone's pretty worked up tonight. So what's the story miss horny?" my mom asked.

I was speechless for a second as I hadn't really expected her to say anything since she typically didn't under such circumstances. Usually it was my dad who was the one making the sly comments with the sexual innuendos mixed in.

I told them both about the party I was going to the next night and my mom just rolled her eyes and went back to her project. That didn't bother me as I knew she would be first in line when I got home tomorrow night to hear all about my adventures.

My dad, on the other hand, had his interest peaked and he asked me a number of questions about the party, none of which I really could answer. How many people would be there? No idea. What was the theme? No idea. How many guys did I plan to let fuck me? Again, no idea.

My dad looked at me with a questioning gaze and I could almost hear him asking me, "Well, what DO you know about it?"

The truth was, like all of the previous parties, I had absolutely no idea what was waiting for me. Actually, that was what was part of the appeal for me, the suspense and thrill of the unknown. Would I be fucked by just one guy or twenty?

Would they fuck me alone or in a group – or both? Would I just be with guys or would maybe some girls want me as well? Well, there was only one way to find out – go!

In the end I just shrugged my shoulders with a blank look on my face. My dad looked over at my mom who shrugged her shoulders as well. He seemed to give up on the subject and went back to the TV program he was watching, leaving me alone to my own devices (literally) on the couch.

My pussy was still throbbing like crazy. In a way, I was a little disappointed as usually when I would masturbate like this in front of my dad he would get hot and horny, providing me with a great opportunity to satisfy him. Evidently, whatever he was watching on TV must have been more important than fucking me so I decided to go upstairs and take care of myself in private so I wouldn't distract him from his precious TV program. I guess when you're not in the mood, you're not in the mood and this was one of those rare times when my dad wasn't.

I gathered up my dad's short around me and announced I was heading up to take a shower. Neither of them even bothered to respond so I just rolled my eyes and huffed dramatically before walking up the stairs. Outside the bathroom I let the shirt slide from my shoulders and I gathered it up in a ball and dropped it in the laundry chute which emptied out in the basement by the wash machine. Now that I was nude, I stepped in the bathroom and turned on the light over the sink along with the overhead fan.

The loud rustle of the fan always annoyed me and this time it seemed especially loud and squeaky for some reason. As much as it was a pain in the ass, my dad was a stickler for using it as he claimed the damp air would damage the wallpaper unless the fan was running to take it out. Well, maybe someday he would replace this old clunker and then my mom and I wouldn't mind running it as much.

I slid the door aside on the shower and reached in to turned the knob to HOT. Our water heater must have been in the next county or something because it always took ages for the water to heat up and then when it did, you could have cooked lobsters with it if you weren't careful. The instant the water started to heat up, I quickly dialed back the temperature until it was nice and hot, but not TOO hot.

Gingerly I stepped over the edge of the tub and carefully planted my feet on the bottom of the slippery porcelain. Sliding the glass door closed behind me, I turned and let the water cascade down from my head, over my shoulders and down my back and butt.

One of my favorite household "appliances" has got to be our shower massager. With more settings than anyone could possibly ever need, it was attached to a long stainless steel clad hose that allowed it to be detached and pointed anywhere you wanted – and I do mean anywhere. When we were in the store looking to buy our latest version, my dad was teasing me about never getting out of the shower if we bought this one.

To my utter amazement, the teenage clerk who was trying to "help" us started going on about how good it felt on your back. The clueless kid looked totally confused when both my dad and I started laughing. Somehow I had just assumed that everyone knew why women wanted one of these babies in their shower. We didn't want to embarrass the poor boy so we never told him the real reason why we were laughing. Oh well, maybe someday his girlfriend will tell him the facts of life – at least so far as shower massagers are concerned.

My pussy still hadn't completely calmed down from my earlier adventures and I could almost hear it calling out to me, "Kelly... I want a massage!" Well, who was I to say no to my own pussy? After all, it never tells me no when I want something from it! Turning around, I reached up and pulled the massager from its holder. It was still set on a steady stream, like any normal shower head would provide, and I directed the stream down between my legs. The hot water struck my crotch with a firm but gentle force and almost instantly I could feel that familiar tingle returning.

Under the circumstances, the easiest position for me was to lean against the shower wall tile, using opposite the side of the tub to brace myself. My right foot was planted on the bottom of the tub and I lifted my left up to rest it on the edge against the shower door track. This left the shower controls to my right which made it easy to let the hose drape down and gave much better access to my aching pussy. With my left hand I reached down and caressed my poor pussy, rubbing my fingers over its wet surface to start. Even though I knew it was coming, when my fingers passed over my sensitized clit I couldn't help but jump and let out a gasp. God I was still so responsive! Was it EVER going to calm down?

Closing my eyes to allow me to concentrate better, I used my fingers to spread apart my pussy lips and then directed the flow of water directly against my exposed cunt. The sensation of the hot water flowing over me was incredibly and almost immediately I felt myself building up once again. Between my fingers rubbing myself and the water streams striking me, it was like instant orgasm. No long buildup this time, no gradual rise until the bonfire was lit. Nope, this was automatic ignition time.

One second I was the quiet rocket on the pad, all ready to go. The next instant the countdown went to zero and my pussy erupted like it was being launched to the moon.

The transition was so sudden, so unbelievably strong, it was like someone had punched me right in the stomach. My first instinct was to bend over as I was unable to even breath for the first few seconds. Someone looking would have probably thought a bad cramp had just struck me which was exactly what I would have thought had it not been for the incredible pleasure I was also feeling throughout my entire body.

If there's one thing that truly defines the sexual differences between men and women (besides the obvious physical ones), it has to be the way we each orgasm. Admittedly, I don't have a penis and so I have no first-hand experience as to how it feels to get an erection and then spew out a stream of cum, but I have witnessed hundreds of men go through the process, usually with me as their incentive.

From my perspective, men are like balloons. Sometime I wonder if that isn't where the term "blowjob" really came from. Basically, sucking on a guy's dick has the same effect of blowing into a balloon, it gets bigger! I don't know if the balloon necessarily gets anything out of it, but men certainly seem to enjoy the process! If I stop any time before he cums, he just stays the way he is and then gradually shrinks back down again. However, if I "blow" him long enough, then it's like blowing into a balloon too long and suddenly it explodes, usually without a lot of warning.

Once it explodes, there's no going back. To carry the analogy to completion, the explosion doesn't last very long, especially when you compare to how long it took to get there. Once it's done, it's all over with a bang.

It's the same with guys. Once you reach the point of no return, they're cumming and there's not a damn thing in this world that can stop them, not even if their mom shows up just at that moment (trust me, I know!). Considering all the buildup, the grand finale is really short, a few quick spasms, a load of cum and game over. In the old days you lit up a cigarette but today he typically just rolls over and sleeps.

Even though most men claim to realize that a woman's orgasm is a lot different from a guy's, you wouldn't know it from the way they act. Attention Guys!!! Unlike you where the end justifies the means, for the girl the buildup IS the mean. The anticipation, the thrill of being naughty, the emotions, the circumstances, all of it contributes.

I find it hilarious the number of books and article written on the subject of why so many women never reach a true orgasm. Obviously, nobody asked them because the answer is really simple. For many women, just the buildup is enough to satisfy them. Ask a man if having a girl suck his cock and then stopping just before he cums is enough to satisfy him. If my experience is worth anything, the answer is pretty obvious.

Unfortunately, because men are unsatisfied when events don't lead to an orgasm, they incorrectly assume that it's the same for a woman. The worst part is that many women are made to feel guilty if they DON'T cum, as if it's some failure on their part. What makes it so sad is that many of them would be perfectly happy if the guy didn't made a big deal about whether they came or not. Is it any wonder so many women faking an orgasm? They don't do it for themselves, obviously, it's all to satisfy the fragile male ego!

That said, while for many women the buildup is great and satisfies their sexual needs, for those like me it's not always enough. An orgasm is one of the most incredible experiences any woman can have to the point they can become almost addicting. Sometimes I feel an actual physical NEED to have one. Although I have never done drugs, I imagine it is like the difference between having a headache and taking an Tylenol or cocaine. One makes you feel better and if you didn't know any better, you'd be satisfied with the results. However, once you've had a taste of the "real" stuff, then you realize just how good you CAN feel and you want more and more of it to the point where you become addicted to it.

There have been people who accuse me of actually being addicted to sex, or at least to my orgasms, but I don't agree with them. Sure, I enjoy them a LOT but it's not like I can't say no to myself, I just don't WANT to.

Earlier I had mentioned the two general "categories" of orgasm I experience, although that makes it sound all too clinical if you ask me. What I had just done to myself downstairs in the family room was a classic example of what to me is the ultimate orgasm - long and drawn out, like floating in a sea of the most unbelievable feelings of pure sexual pleasure with waves of animal lust breaking over you.

Once again, that brings up another difference between men and women. If a guy had just cum as hard as I had, he would probably be sleeping now, or at the very least his sexual needs would be temporarily met. Not me. Even after such an incredible orgasm I still wanted more.

Truthfully, I can't think of a single time when just having an orgasm eliminated the feelings of need in me. In other words, while I love them beyond words, orgasm are no "cure" for horniness. Many times I've masturbated after being well fucked by a guy. Out of courtesy I usually try not to let him know, as most guys take it as some sign that they didn't satisfy me. The point is, they made me feel good but no amount of fucking will ever totally "satisfy" me. It may take the edge off and make me feel better, but given the opportunity I'll ALWAYS take more!

So you may ask, what DOES satisfy me? Good question and hopefully by now you realize it's NOT something merely physical. Only by meeting my physical AND emotional needs can I ever hope to feel true satisfaction. Sure, an orgasm can help in that direction as the act of getting one drives much of my emotions, but it's rare that my emotional needs are fulfilled, certainly NOT by your average horny boy.

So who meets my needs the best? Easy answer - my mom. Most people would have expected me to say my dad given the incredible satisfaction it gives me to submit to him, but it is mostly by meeting HIS needs that I am satisfied. When I am with my mom we concentrate on meeting each other's needs in an equal partnership. Until I'm married, I suppose sex with my mom is the closest I'll ever come to making love with someone. So you see, fucking never satisfies a woman. Making love does.

With the remnants of my last orgasm still hanging around, this one was easy to bring about. Some women claim it is difficult for them to orgasm. Personally, I think they just don't let themselves go enough to do it. Once you learn the signs and how to encourage it within yourself, I think cumming to an orgasm isn't all that hard at all, especially when I'm as ultra-horny as I was today.

Finally I was able to take in a breath and I let it out again with a loud gasp that echoed in the bathroom. I turned the shower massager flow to my breasts and let the stream strike my hard nipples and run down my cleavage while my hand continued to work my cunt. Like a rocket after hitting apogee, I was already descending although my breathing was still like I had just finished running a mile as I fought to fill my lungs once again. Damn, that was one intense orgasm!

Ordinarily I would have washed myself off, done my hair, and maybe even shaved. Just as I had replaced the shower massager in its holder and was reaching for the shampoo, the door slid open and there stood my dad. It really didn't surprise me to see that he was nude, nor was it any revelation to see his cock was fully erect, standing out from his thick thatch of pubic hair like he was pointing a fleshy gun at

and down my spine. As they dropped off the bottom of my boobs and onto my stomach, he turned his hands over and caressed each of my breasts with one of them.

"God, you're so beautiful," he whispered to me, his voice husky and deep with the lust I knew was building inside of him, just waiting to be released. "I love the feel of your tits, so firm yet so soft."

"Touch me daddy," I said softly to him, "Just tell me what you want."

"Oh baby, you KNOW what I want."

"I want you to want me daddy... show me how much you want me."

He put his arms around me and pulled me in tight to him. I could feel his strong body pressing against me, his erect cock digging into my stomach. I hugged him as well and for a moment, it was like I was his little girl again, just being hugged by my daddy, feeling safe and secure in his arms as only your father can make you feel. I loved him so much and I knew he loved me and would never allow anything bad to happen to me. No matter what he wanted of me right then, I would have given it to him without hesitation.

"Suck my dick," he commanded me in a barely audible whisper, "Put it in your mouth and suck it."

My heart fluttered at his demand. I loved it when he was direct and to the point, none of this flowery language so many guys tried to use with me. "Suck my dick" - how much more direct and to the point could he be? What really turned me on, though, was that it was my DAD who was demanding it of me.

Many a guy has asked me to suck his cock and some even try the domination thing. In this case, though, the man telling me to blow him was the same one who use to tell me to clean my room, to look both ways before I crossed the street, to stop squirming in church. Now to have my dad now see me in a sexual way, as an object of his deepest desires and lust, commanding me to perform oral sex for him, made me feel so much more grown up and mature. It was like the first time he allowed me to drive the car but so much more satisfying.

"Yes daddy," was all I said, as if I was once again that little eight year old girl obeying my father's demand that I clean my room. The only difference was that this time I was happy to obey him!

For the next ten minutes or so, I'm guessing at the time and it could have been a lot longer, I sucked my dad's cock using every technique I knew. Frankly, I think I give a pretty damn good blowjob when I set my mind to it. Some of my skills I'd been taught early on in my sexual "career" by my mom, but most of them were the results of years of experience sucking hundreds of different cocks. No two were ever the same which is what keeps it interesting and fun for me. Of course, the one I knew the best and blown the most was my dad's I knew exactly what he liked, exactly how to switch between licking him with my tongue and taking him in my mouth. I knew how far he liked me to take him in and when to just nibble on the head or deep throat his entire cock.

Best of all, I could recognize the signs of when he was getting close to cumming and know how to either back off enough to keep him aroused or when to finish him off for the grand finale. Privately, my dad has told me that I blow him even better than my mom, which is about the greatest compliment he could ever give me!

Several times he almost came and I tasted his precum. I knew if I kept pushing it that sooner or later he wouldn't be able to stop and I had more ideas of what I wanted to do with my dad than just a BJ. Holding his cock in my hand, I stood back up. My dad had turned off the water shortly after I had started sucking him which made it easier for me so I no longer felt the heat of the stream against me. I looked up at him with my best "innocent little girl" look I could muster.

"Don't you want to fuck me daddy?" I asked him softly.

My dad hugged me tightly once again and again I felt his dick digging into me, even more so this time if that were possible. His hands reached around and grabbed my firm ass, one butt cheek in each of his large hands. I felt him squeeze my ass and pull my naked body in even tighter against his.

"Oh baby... you know I do," he replied, just a gentle whisper in my ear.

"Tell me what you want daddy," I begged him, wanting to hear him say it.

I knew perfectly well what he wanted of me at that moment but it still thrilled me to hear him say it, no matter how many times I had heard him repeat it before. It was a little game I played with him at times and he usually went along with it to make me happy.

"Oh Kelly, I want to fuck you so bad," he said, a little louder as his lust grew even stronger. "I want to feel my daughter's pussy around my cock. I want you to do be a good girl, to do whatever your father tells you to."

"Then fuck me daddy," I pleaded.

My pussy wanted his cock so bad I thought my crotch was going to explode. Masturbation's great and all, but nothing beats having the real thing inside of you, especially your dad's. "Please daddy, PLEASE fuck me."

across a tight string on a violin as his hard dick rubbed against the sensitive inner lining of the opening to my pussy. When his head would almost come out of me, the increased diameter would stretch me out just enough to send a chill through me until he re-entered me again. God, this was what I had been wanting all day and I was finally getting it!

"Fuck me daddy, fuck me faster," I pleaded, rocking my ass back and forth in time with his strokes.

"Oh yeah," he groaned, "God I love fucking you, fucking my little slut."

Between my blowjob and now the feeling of my tight pussy around his cock, I knew my dad wasn't going to last long and sure enough, I could tell from the way he was pounding himself into me and the frequency of his strokes that he was ready to cum.

"Cum in me daddy... I want to feel your cum inside of me."

One of the things I loved about fucking my dad was he wasn't into the "cum all over the girl" thing like porno movies seem to have convinced guys that girls supposedly love. While most girls I know, including me, put up with it and pretend to like it because we know it turns a guy on, the reality is that I would much prefer it go where God intended it - my mouth or my pussy. Cum is a mess to clean up, especially when it gets in your hair and besides, it just feels good when a guy cums in you.

I heard a loud gasp from my dad and he pulled me back into him as he drove himself forward, trying to penetrate me as much as possible. I knew what that meant, he was cumming any second now.

"Oh god, here it comes," he groaned, "Take your daddy's cum you little horny bitch."

He didn't have to tell me that as I already knew what I wanted. I wanted my dad to cum in me, to release his sperm into me, to complete the ultimate act of incest with me - the act of mating his own daughter. I mean, he wasn't just cumming in his wife, lover, or just any old girl. No, he was now shooting load after load of his cum into his own daughter, the one girl in the world that he was most responsible for taking care of and protecting. How could he possible demonstrate his love and respect for me more than what he was doing at this very moment? What more could I as his daughter ever ask for?

He may have been my father but he was still a man, That meant his own orgasm didn't last long and it was over quickly. Just like a man, when he was done, he was done. Being he IS my dad, he did try to make an effort to appear interested in me after he had cum but I knew the truth. A few more jerks and he let his last load loose in me and it was all over. Holding himself in me for a few moments to savor our time together, he soon pulled out and gave me a kiss before exiting the tub.

I stood up and watched him dry himself off. When he was done he turned to me and smiled.

"Shit, you really ARE something else, you know that don't you?"

I just smiled as if I was embarrassed by the attention although my heart was swelling with pride at being able to take care of my father in this way.

"Well, I hope this helps you to just remember your dear old dad tomorrow when all those guys are fucking you," he said with a grin as he left to get dressed again.

It certainly did! As soon as he was out of sight I turned the shower back on. For a moment I started to reach for the shampoo but my pussy was feeling so hot and bothered after just having been fucked that it wasn't ready to quit!

"OK, one last time and that's all - you hear?" I jokingly said to my pussy. With that, I went back to work yet again. Yep, like my dad had observed, there are times when I just can't get enough!

## 3. Beth Picks Me Up

Friday night eventually arrived although all day I could have sworn something had happened to the space-time continuum or whatever as the clocks seemed to grind to a halt. Beth picked me up before my parents got home from work (late as they usually were) and we set off for the party, wherever it was going to be this time as I had no idea.

"Well, well... someone looks like she's been getting some," Beth teased me as I settled into the passenger seat.

"Why do you say that?" I responded, trying to act innocent.

"Ohhhhhh, you just have that glow about you," she giggled, "You know, that 'I've just been fucked' look."

I just grinned and kept my silence but she wasn't going to let it drop that easily.

"Let me guess... Daddy?" she teased me, "C'mon, fess up... did Kelly get it from her daddy recently?"

I reached over and slapped her leg playfully. She was wearing something that was supposed to be a skirt, I think, but it was so short it wasn't easily identified! That was OK with me as Beth had some of the greatest legs of any girl I knew. Looking her over quickly, the blouse she was wearing obviously had no intention of staying on too long either given it was almost sheer with only a couple of the buttons done up.

I've been jealous of Beth's boobs since I was fourteen and trying to convince my mom I was ready to move up from a training bra while Beth was already a B cup and almost a C. These days they were at least a D and probably more likely a DD, that is, if she worried about what bra size she wore. Most girls with boobs her size wore a bras as much out of practical necessity than anything - but not Beth. She loved to bounce and jiggle and it was amazing how firm she was given the size of her boobs.

"Alright, so don't tell me," she huffed, "But don't think I don't know!"

We both laughed at that. If anyone would know, it was Beth. Although I'm not the least bit ashamed of it, incest is not exactly the type of thing you advertise to the world so as a general rule, I don't discuss it with anybody outside my family. It's actually one reason I like to write about it and publish my diary as it's the only opportunity I have to really discuss it with people.

Beth has been my best friend since I can remember, yet it actually wasn't until last year that we played around together sexually. Perhaps it was the closeness of our relationship that prevented us, I don't know but anyway, even now we didn't fool around with each other all that much other than maybe masturbating when we were together. As a result, Beth was like another member of our family so even though it shocked me at the time, I guess it was inevitable that she would someday be fucked by my dad.

I say I was shocked because if anyone knows anything about me and my parents, they know that we believe in the sanctity of marriage. My parents have never cheated on one another in over twenty years of marriage and I can't believe they ever will. Both of them are in love with the other even more today than they were on their wedding night. To commit adultery, even if one of them gave "permission", was something neither of them could ever condone.

So when I watched my dad give in one day and fuck Beth in our hot tub while my mom watched from my bedroom window, you could say I was more than a bit surprised. Although he has only done her twice, and probably never will again, I guess I have rationalized it as she is "virtual" family given our close relationship over our lifetimes.

Although Beth wasn't exactly thrilled by it at the time, I later returned the favor and seduced her father until he fucked me as well. I was pretty proud of myself, actually, as he didn't want to do me at first. Well, I was sure he WANTED to, it was just he didn't think he should. Judging from the way he avoids me now, I'm pretty sure he regrets doing it but that doesn't matter to me, I got what I wanted out if it and I know he loved it at the time.

So again, if anyone knew how I was feeling, it was Beth!

## 4. The Party Gets Started

It didn't take long to get to the home where the party was being held. It wasn't anything out of the ordinary, your standard brick Pittsburgh house with a slate roof and manicured lawn. A couple of cars were already in the driveway so Beth parked on the street.

Getting out of the car, I noticed a neighbor across the street watching – and so did Beth. The natural tease in her took over and when she got out of the car, she let her skirt, what there was of it, ride up and reveal a thin black thong. It was nothing but a few strings in the back and in front it barely covered her pussy but it was still technically a thong. I'm sure the old fart got a good view of her in the remaining sunlight and she made sure he did before pulling the few inches of material down to cover herself.

The two of us held hands as we walked up to the home. Someone must have been watching because before we could knock the door opened and a cute couple, a blonde and rather handsome guy, greeted us. The girl looked familiar but the guy was a total stranger to me. Since I didn't make many of these parties and I knew the attendance varied, that wasn't surprising.

Beth and I stepped in and as I passed the guy, I felt a hand grab my ass and playfully squeeze it briefly. I ignored it and acted as though nothing had happened but I would have loved to have known who it was that had grabbed a feel – him or her?

So far it appeared not many people were there yet. There were two other guys and one other girl that I could see as we walked down the entry hall and into the living room. So far it looked like I was the only one not in a skirt. It's not like the shorts I was wearing were exactly conservative - my dad referred to them as "Kelly's streetwalkers". I was wearing a tube top that helped to emphasize what boobs I had. They practically screamed "she's not wearing a bra!" from the way my nipples poked through the material.

Like the other girls, I was wearing strap-on heels although mine were only about four inches whereas some of the others were almost qualified to be called stilts. All said and done, the dress code today seemed to be slutty skirts but someone apparently forgot to send me the memo. As for the guys... well, they were dressed like guys. Jeans and t-shirts were the order of the day, apparently without a whole lot of attention to fashion. I suppose in the end it didn't matter since I doubted they would be wearing them for long, but a little class sometimes goes a long way for me.

Beth and I took a place on a love seat that was unoccupied and I was pleasantly surprised when one of the guys offered to get us something to drink. Beth asked for some white wine while I stuck to my usual Diet Coke. I've never been much of a drinker, not out of any moral or ethical concerns, but mostly because I simply don't care for the taste. Beer, especially, is vile so far as I am concerned.

Now and then I might have a nice glass of wine with my parents along with dinner but that's about it. Not many people can say they've never been drunk in their lives, but I'm one of them. If other people want to drink, that's their business but nothing turns me off more than a drunk horny guy!

At first you would've thought we were at one of my parent's bridge clubs or something. We introduced ourselves, discussed the weather, local events and such without anyone committing to anything serious. About ten minutes after Beth and I arrived, two more people showed up, a guy and girl, leaving the count now at four guys and four girls. Typically, attendance at these events ran about twenty or more in total so I wondered where everyone was.

Mike stood up at this point and got everyone's attention. Knowing his name was actually pretty significant. Normally there were so many people it was impossible to even think about remembering anyone and typically we never got around to any type of introductions in the first place. With only eight of us, by now each of us knew the other's names which already made this a little more personal for me than any of the previous parties.

Everyone there had apparently been at one of these before so Mike announced that there would be no initiation ceremony. A collective sigh went up and we all laughed at our simultaneous response.

Understandably, Mike and Tanya especially looked disappointed since as the hosts it would have been their responsibility to "initiate" the newcomer in front of the rest of us to kick things off. I remember when it was my first time and I learned that I had to be initiated. My first reaction was to run out, my second was to slap Beth, but then finally I said "What the hell?" and let him fuck me in front of everyone. It turned me on and actually was a great way to get yourself involved when you were new and unsure of yourself.

Without an initiation to get things rolling and start the juices flowing (literally), it seemed a bit awkward at first, especially with a group this small. Other than Mike and Tanya, there didn't seem to be any other "couples" in the group so there was no natural pairing off or anything at first. This was exactly why I've not always found these parties to be my favorite thing to do. I couldn't help but feel like I was some cheap whore at a club waiting for a guy to pick me out from the crowd so he could fuck me in the back room.

Beth, bless her horny soul, wasn't about to wait for anything and so she took some initiative and went over to where two of the guys were drinking beers. Although I couldn't hear what she said to them, from the grins on their faces I could easily imagine. The three of them walked out towards what looked to be the kitchen where I was willing to bet that Beth was going to be finding something good to eat pretty quick.

On the couch across from me, Lizzie and Spencer started to make out so it looked like they would be busy for a while. That left two girls and one guy, including me, so I wondered how things would match up. My expectations were that they would approach me for some threesome action and sure enough, the two of them quickly moved over to stand in front of me.

"Hi Kelly," Tanya started off, "I remember you from last year - the pool party I think."

She was vaguely familiar but I couldn't quite place her but that really didn't matter. I didn't say anything so she continued.

"That's so cool because Mike and I first met at that party," Tanya continued, "He's got a great cock, wanna suck it?"

Well, I guess THAT is what is called getting straight to the point. Still, I wasn't offended as after all, isn't that why I came?

"Sure," I answered, "You going to help me?"

I reached for Mike's jeans as he moved up closer to me but to my surprise, Tanya shook her head. "Noooooo, I'm not really into that," she explained to me, "I just want to watch."

Well, if that was all she wanted, then that was fine with me. I was just trying to be polite in the first place when I asked her to share with me. I didn't blame her at all, I prefer to have a guy's dick to myself also unless it's with my mom or cousins.

After I unbuttoned his jeans, I unzipped them and pulled them down to the floor where he pulled his sneakers off with his feet and then stepped out of his jeans. Another surprise - he was wearing boxers. Most guys didn't bother wearing underwear to these parties, I guess because they figured it just a waste of their time.

Mike's were black silk so they felt really good in my hands as I pulled them down and off of him. Again a surprise (when would these end?), he was still flaccid and small. Wow! Now THAT was self-control! He raised his t-shirt up and over his head to take it off as well, leaving him standing nude right in front of me. Not a bad deal for me!

Overall I would have given Mike maybe an 8 of 10 in a body contest. He was in pretty good shape with just a hint of love handles starting to show on his waist. As for his age, I was guessing late twenties or early thirties. Of course, the thing I was most interested in was hanging down between his legs. Tanya was right, he DID appear to have a pretty decent dick! He was limp so it was hard to tell what the results would eventually be but it looked promising.

The one thing that immediately turned me off, though, was that he was totally shaved over every inch of his body except his head - and I do mean every inch. It was horrible of me to feel this way and I tried to block it from my mind but no matter what I did, I still couldn't help but look at his bald crotch. Oh well, it was still a cock so I would just have to make do.

Reaching out, I took his dick in my hand and pulled on it gently to see how far it would stretch. It was still pretty limp which gave me hope that he had plenty of growth potential. Looking over at Tanya, I saw she had taken a position on the arm of the loveseat and was sitting there watching us, not doing a whole lot herself. Taking in a deep breath, I leaned forward and took the head of his dick in my mouth and gently sucked it, licking the tip with my tongue inside of my mouth.

"C'mon Kelly, suck him," Tanya urged me.

Well, if there was one thing I really didn't need any encouragement to do, it was to suck a cock, that's for sure. Over the years I've been a little particular regarding whose cock gets inside of my pussy, but when it comes to blowing a guy, so long as he's clean that's about all I care about. Why get all worked up over what he looks like or weighs when all you care about is his cock? Frankly, I didn't give a damn about Mike as a person; all I was here for to get a good taste of his dick.

Under the circumstances, my goal was to get him to cum, not to see how long I could make this last. After all, it wasn't like his was the only cock around or anything. Holding his balls gently in my right hand, I started to suck more on his dick, pulling on it gently between my lips and licking it with my tongue. The response was even quicker than I had expected as almost instantly I felt his cock begin to grow in my mouth.

Feeling a guy's cock grow in my mouth is an incredibly erotic sensation for me. It just seems rather surreal to feel this thing in my mouth GROWING and stiffening. What turns me on more about it was knowing WHY it's doing it - because of me. Some guys take a while to get erect while others seem to have a pump hooked up straight to his dick.

Mike was definitely one of the latter as his cock seemed to grow each time my head went down on him again as I did a traditional head bob. Now and then when I would bottom out on his cock, my face would press against his bare crotch and I found myself wishing he had that bush of hair to cushion and tickle my face.

As things turned out, Mike wasn't quite as well-endowed as what Tanya had led me to believe but he was a respectable five or six inches once he got erect. Actually, that was by far more typical than all these guys claiming to have eight inch dicks. One good thing was that while he wasn't as long as a lot of guys, he as pretty thick and damn hard as well. Once he was erect it would have taken a vise and hammer to bend that cock!

I ran my tongue up and down his smooth shaft, looking over at the same time to see how Tanya was doing. Apparently, quite well for herself judging from how fast her hand was moving under her skirt. I hadn't noticed if she originally had panties on or not when we started but she definitely didn't have any on now. She had a shaved pussy as well which I guess went along with Mike. I just hoped they both kept themselves well shaved or the stubble wars might have been hell!

"Cum on her face Mike," Tanya called over to Mike, her voice sounding a bit strained and I wondered if she was about to cum herself. It wasn't the advice I would have given but then I was just the girl sucking the guy's dick so what say did I have in the matter!

Mike must have seen a few too many porn movies because just as I could feel his dick beginning to swell in preparation for his cumming, he pulled himself out and grabbed his cock in his hand to finish himself off.

"Open your mouth," he said quickly, jerking himself off furiously, right in front of me.

A ray of hope entered my mind – maybe he would aim for my mouth and not get it all over my face? In the end, that may have been his intentions judging from the way he held himself in front of my mouth. Unfortunately, it was not the will of the gods apparently as when he came he jerked so badly that he sprayed himself all over my face, hair, and body.

God! He was like a fire hose, spewing sperm all over me in what seemed to be endless streams of cum. Some of made its way into my mouth giving me a nice taste of his cum, but the majority of it missed and was now god knows where on me.

"Mmmmmmm, nice job baby," Tanya congratulated him, stepping over to take him away from me. The she bent over and I thought for a minute she wanted to kiss me but her mouth veered at the last second and I felt her tongue along my chin.

"Nice," was all she said as she lifted her head away and I saw her tongue covered with the sperm he had deposited on me just a few minutes before. Then she leaned over one last time and kissed me on the lips briefly before getting back up again.

"C'mon Mike," I heard her say as they walked away, "My turn now."

For a moment I thought maybe she meant with me but apparently she was looking to get fucked by one of the other guys. I had a pretty good idea now whose hand had fondled me when Beth and I first walked in.

# 5. Fucked While Cleaning Up

I need to get his cum cleaned up from me before someone else wanted to be with me so guessed it was on the other side of the kitchen and so I went in the kitchen to see. For a moment I had forgotten about Beth but when I turned the corner it was sort of hard to forget her any longer. She was naked except for her micro-skirt which was pulled up around her waist. She was riding one guy's cock who was sitting on a kitchen chair while sucking the dick of the other. Her ass was facing the guy she was fucking while he had his hands on her hips, helping her to keep it going.

My timing was perfect as just when I walked in the guy she was blowing erupted and spewed cum all over her face. Unlike me, Beth loved it when guys did that and she didn't even open her mouth to let any of his cum inside. He had a pretty good load himself and I saw globs of it in her hair. I just shook my head because I could already hear her complaining later about how hard it was getting it out. Oh well, she asked for it!

Beth looked at me with a nasty grin on her cum-covered face and I winked at her and kept on walking until sure enough, I found the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I realized I was more of a mess than I had imagined and it wasn't until that moment that I realized that this was what Beth had seen on me when we were just together. No wonder she had grinned at me the way she had.

I started to wash myself off when the door suddenly opened, making me realize that I hadn't locked it behind me. To my surprise, in walked Mike.

"I figured you'd be fucking Tanya by now," I teased him as he apologized for intruding. Despite his words, I noticed that he wasn't making any attempt to walk out either. I also noticed that he was still sporting a decent hard-on as well. You had to hand it to him, the guy had stamina!

"Oh, she got sidetracked by your friend back there," he responded, "What's her name... Beth?"

I nodded and he chuckled saying, "Well, your friend is one hell of a nympho. I don't think I've been to a party here she wasn't there as well. Tanya couldn't resist joining in with her again, they make quite a pair you know."

Well, THAT was news to me. Beth had never mentioned anything about a regular girl-girl gig at these parties. Hmmmmmm, the things you learn about your best friend!

"So then, why are you in here?" I asked, my eyes fixed on his dick which he was starting to stroke slowly to keep it erect.

"This IS the only bathroom on this floor, you know," he laughed.

"Yeah? Then why aren't you taking a pee?" I countered.

Mike chuckled and replied, "Well, let's just say we have some unfinished business."

I looked at him with one eyebrow cocked. What was he talking about? My expression must have told him that I didn't know what he was talking about because he then proceeded to explain.

"You DO give one hell of a BJ, you know, but I didn't get a chance to screw you."

It was a little crude but effective in its own way. Looking at his erect cock, the prospect didn't seem all that bad to me either. I guess I could have teased him a bit and pretended to be uncertain but what would be the point of it all? Frankly, I wanted him to fuck me just as bad as he did. So I just did what any other horny girl would do under the circumstances.

"What are you waiting for then?" I asked, turning to expose my butt to him and then spreading my legs apart and leaning over to let him get an eyeful of my nice ass and pussy. Despite his bravado, for whatever reason I seemed to have caught him off guard; maybe he was expecting me to banter some more with him without giving in so easily. Well, it wasn't like we were at some church party after all, so why not get down to what we all came for?

"Well, are ya going to fuck me or not?"

That got Mike moving and he grinned broadly as he moved in behind me. As for me, I didn't care whose it was, all I wanted was a dick in me, the hell with any foreplay or whatever. Fortunately, Mike must have been thinking along the same lines because I immediately felt his cock pressing up against my asshole. Wrong move!

"Not there," I warned him, reaching between my legs to move his dick to my pussy.

What is it with the anal crap anyway? I have never understood why any guy would want to stick in dick in the same hole my shit exits from when a perfectly good pussy is waiting for him! I have to admit that it feels pretty good when a guy licks my asshole but I'll be damn if I will even kiss him afterwards, let alone return the favor.

Fortunately he didn't put up a fuss like some guys have when I tell them no anal. No sooner than he felt himself against my pussy then I was almost knocked off my feet as he grabbed me by the hips and rammed his cock deep into me in one hard motion. For a moment it hurt as his cock violated me without warning but that was quickly overwhelmed by the sensations created when his dick began to stroke quickly in and out of me.

"Damn, you're fucking tight," he said between grunts as he banged his crotch up against my ass with each inward stroke.

If there was one thing I was proud of about my body, it was the way my pussy was still as tight as it was back when I was sixteen. My dad said I was even tighter than Kristen, who was two years younger than me. Then again, Kristen had probably been fucked twice as much as me and she loved her big dildos whereas I preferred my own fingers. Still, it was nice to know I had something about me that was better than my cute cousin.

In retrospect, I'm not sure what this says about me, but at the moment, the only thing on my mind was the feeling of his cock inside of me. What would he have said if he knew that I really didn't even care much about who he was or anything about him other than what he had between his legs to fill my pussy with? Under the circumstances, facing away from him as he drilled me from behind was the best position as I wasn't even interested in looking at him.

Frankly, if there was some way to detach his dick from him and just use it to fuck me, that would have been fine by me! (Alright, don't say I should just use a dildo – they aren't the same as the real thing.)

Mike wasn't exactly doing anything to make this a Kodak moment himself. He was just fucking me in the purest sense of the word. Neither of us said a word to the other. This was the epitome of why I tell people I don't do sex parties that often – it was just cold, impersonal sex. Yet at this moment, that was what I wanted.

When my dad fucks me, I have to be sure that his needs are met, that his lust is fulfilled in whatever way he wants. That's not to say I don't enjoy it; of course I do. The point is that his feelings and needs come before mine. When other guys fuck me, it's just for the sexual thrill and pleasure but I still can't help but be concerned somewhat about the guy's needs. If nothing else, I would hope that when we are done his memories of me are of the best fuck he has ever had. There's also the little matter that he's certainly going to tell his friends and a girl's got to think about maintaining her reputation!

This was one of those rare times when I could just let a guy fuck me and not give a damn about him. This was sex in its purest and rawest form - unemotional and uncaring, each partner only concerned about self-gratification. The funny thing for me was that as much as I crave a good orgasm, I wasn't even trying for one now. Was it that I didn't want to give him the satisfaction?

In any case, unlike him, I don't NEED to always cum to fulfill my needs. What I DID need, though, was for HIM to cum. What good as it just to have his dick in me if he wasn't going to fill me with sperm at the end? What I wanted was to know that me and my pussy could get him to the point of no return, to that event which he couldn't stop once it was in progress, all because of sexy little me.

It was a little more than that as well. There is just something that hits my emotional buttons when a guy cums inside my pussy. I can't even imagine how much sperm has been released inside of me but it never fails to thrill me as much as it did the first time my boyfriend came in me back when I was only fourteen years old.

In my mind I imagine his dick inside of my pussy, the head surrounded by me, caressed by me and then suddenly I feel the warmth in me and I try to imagine how it must look when his sperm shoots out from the tip of his cock and spreads out inside of me. I imagine all those millions of live sperm, futilely making their way deeper inside of me in search of an egg that isn't there.

Mike was about at that point now, judging from the way he was holding himself deep in me, pressing his crotch tight up against my ass like he was trying to push his dick up to my throat. Then it happened. Mike groaned as if he was in pain as I felt him jerk behind me and that warm glow I loved so well swelled deep inside of my pussy. Mmmmmmm, he was cumming and nothing was going to stop him now until he was finished.

There was something about the finality of it, the knowledge that once set in motion this wouldn't stop until we were done, that thrilled me. It would be like watching a tidal wave heading for you on shore, knowing that it was coming and there was not a damn thing you could do about it.

Considering he had just cum not that long ago, Mike was still able to give me a respectable load of sperm. When he was done I wondered for a second what he would do next. God, the last thing I wanted to do at this point was snuggle!

Mike abruptly pulled his dick out of me and without a word, he turned and left the bathroom, leaving me bent over with his cum dripping from my pussy. I stood up and looked in the mirror. Damn, now I really looked like a mess! There was a brush next to the sink which I used to try and straighten out my hair somewhat. Splashing some cold water on my face, I dried myself of with a towel from under the sink, rubbing my face vigorously and then drawing the terrycloth over my boobs and then between my legs to wipe up his cum.

Well, THAT was interesting, to say the least!

## 6. Gangbanged

I gathered myself up and headed out of the bathroom and back into the kitchen. Beth must have wrapped things up with her guys as nobody was in there. I opened the refrigerator and was pleased to find my drink of choice was available – Diet Coke. Opening up the can, I leaned back against the sink and took in a long swig. The carbonation helped clean out the cum taste that was still in my mouth from my earlier BJ of Mike.

I could hear something coming from the living room but couldn't make out exactly what it was. I had about half the can down and was debating what to do next. Honestly, I think if Beth was to walk in and say it was time to go home, I would have gladly left. It had been an experience tonight and so far the party was just as I would have expected – simple and impersonal. I'd sucked a cock and been fucked adequately so what more could I ask for?

I had been in the kitchen all alone now for about ten minutes and I was beginning to wonder what was going on. Eventually my curiosity overcame me and I walked over to take a look in the living room. What I saw both turned me and yet at the same time pissed me off a bit.

In the middle of the living room carpet was Beth with the other girl, each laying on her side with her head between the other's legs. Surrounding them, seated on various chairs and the couch, were the three guys, each stroking himself as he watched the 69 show being put on in front of him. Now why hadn't I been invited to this little session?

Then I noticed that Mike and Tanya weren't in the room. Hmmm, something told me that Tanya hadn't quite approved of Mike's bathroom antics. I suppose having him walk out with his dick covered with my pussy juices might have tipped off

Tanya that he hadn't just gone in to take a pee! If that was the case, it seemed pretty stupid of Tanya considering she had to have known what a guy like Mike would be doing given the opportunities at this party. Maybe one of them wasn't feeling well either and so they had to leave but somehow I didn't think that was the case here.

When I walked in, the guys noticed me first but they seemed more interested in the lesbian show. Beth was laying such that she could see me when she looked up but she seemed too interested in the hairy pussy her face was buried in to notice I was there. I couldn't believe she hadn't invited me to this. Admittedly, I had sort of isolated myself from the party being with Mike so much, but that didn't excuse her completely.

Since the girls seemed happy with their situation, I figured the guys were fair game. A sudden urge struck me to show that I could be part of this too and I could party just as much as Beth and the other girl. Sure, I may prefer 1-1 sex when I'm on my own, but that doesn't mean I can't keep up with anyone else when it comes to sexual games. (Well, maybe not my cousin Kristen but then, who could?)

Walking over to the nearest guy, I leaned over and said seductively, "Wouldn't you rather do something besides just watch and jerk off?"

Spencer (I think that was his name) looked up at me and then ran his eyes up and down my nude body. "Whatcha have in mind?"

"Well, how about the three of you fucking me?" I suggested, "After all, it only seems fair since the girls seem to be taking care of themselves without you."

The other guys were looking over at me now, probably wondering what was going on. Spencer motioned for them to come over to where he was sitting on the couch. I switched places with him such that the three of them were standing in front of me as I sat there like a queen holding court.

All three of them were pretty good looking but their cocks were all unique. Spencer, the first guy I had approached, definitely had the biggest cock. It wasn't huge but by comparison to the other guys, he was at least an inch or two larger. Andy had the smallest dick. The poor guy must have been teased all his life. Damn, I have been laid by fifteen year-old boys that would've put him to shame! Then there was Simon, who like the Momma Bear, was in between the other two. He had the classic dick, about five or six inches at most with a bit of a banana curve to it. All of them had nice hairy crotches so that pleased me as well.

"Hmmmmmm," I stalled as I debated how to do this. Then a light went on over my head and I knew what I wanted.

"OK, here's how it's going to go down... Spencer - you fuck me while I blow Andy and Simon fucks my boobs."

Seemed simple enough to me but they looked confused. Typical guys!

"All together or one at a time?" Andy asked. He looked a little panicked and I wondered if he had ever gangbanged a girl before. With his small dick he probably was a little shy around girls, let alone do it with other guys.

"All at once, silly!" I admonished him, "Now let's get going, I'm horny."

That was certainly true. It was hard to believe a few minutes before I had been contemplating leaving and going back home. I guess I can be forgiven for changing my mind when three naked studs are standing in front of me sporting erections, each wanting a piece of me for themselves. Spencer look the most happy with the situation, which was easy to figure out since he was assigned to fuck me first.

Turning to Andy and Simon, I said, "Don't worry guys, you'll get to fuck me before it's over so don't think Simon's getting all the pussy."

From the looks on their faces, I guess I had underestimated how badly they all wanted to fuck me. Spencer, who had previously looked like the cat who had just eaten the canary, looked a little crestfallen on learning he had to share my cunt with the other guys. The other two, though, both looked noticeably happier with the arrangement.

Laying back on the couch, I started to rub my boobs and pussy to tease them a bit.

"Well, what are you all waiting for... an engraved invitation?" I teased them even more, "C'mon boys, come and get it."

The three of them looked at one another as if uncertain how to proceed. I guess they hadn't done this before at a previous party which sort of surprised me but then I didn't know what they had done in the past. Andy took the initiative and started to straddle my chest but I knew that wouldn't leave room for Simon.

"Other way around," I said, motioning for him to get on above my head. He appeared confused at first but then seemed to figure it out and he kneeled behind my head and lowered his cock to my face. His hairy balls surrounded my nose as his cock slid into my open mouth. Mmmmmmm, he smelled so damn sexy with a mixture of his male musk and sweat.

With Andy's ass covering my head, I couldn't see much else but it didn't take a psychic to figure out what was happening below. Simon took the position that Andy was first inclined to and I felt his hands on my boobs, pulling them together to surround his cock. I didn't have the world's greatest boobs and so this was not something I normally had a guy do to me, but they were at least big enough to be able to rub the sides of his cock although not nearly as much as your typically porn movie would show.

With two dicks working on me, Spencer was the last to take up his position. His hands spread my legs apart until my outer leg actually fell off the couch and then he raised my inner leg until it rested on the top of the couch. I was still pretty wet from my previous fucking, not to mention the remnants of Mike's cum in me, so he had an easier time of getting his dick in me than Mike had. He went right to work without any further fanfare, stroking himself in and out of me slowly.

It had been a long time since anything like this had happened to me. Three cocks were working me over, two of them in me and the other rubbing against my boobs. Not a bad situation to be in if you asked me! For a girl who loved cock as much as I did, this was about as good as it gets!

To be perfectly honest, it was hard to concentrate on all three of them. My attention would wander between the cock in my mouth, to the one in my pussy and then to the feeling of the other on my boobs. It wasn't like I went in a continuous circle between them but instead went from one to the other in a rather random order. Andy's little dick was easy to take in my mouth while Spencer's larger cock was making my hungry pussy respond.

Three horny guys fucking one slutty girl didn't exactly set the stage for a long, intimate love making scene. They had been stroking themselves pretty vigorously when I came in to the room so it wasn't like they were starting from scratch or anything. If nothing else, it was like they were in a race to see who could cum first!

If it WAS a race, Andy won. Actually, the boy caught me by surprise. It is a rare day when a guy cums and I'm not ready for it as there are usually all sorts of signs to warn me. Usually he starts to stroke himself deeper and faster, there is the faster breathing, and then the almost imperceptible swelling of his dick as the cum prepares to explode from him.

Maybe it was because I was distracted by the other two that I missed these in Andy, or maybe he was just fast, but whatever the reason his cum burst into my mouth so quickly I almost choked on it. Recovering quickly, I sucked hard on his cock, trying to draw every drop from him that I could. He only had a couple of large loads, followed by a few smaller ones before he pulled back from my mouth.

I knew what Andy wanted, why he had pulled out of my mouth just after cumming. Like most men, he wanted to see the fruits of his labors, to see his cum on my tongue and in my mouth. He needn't have worried; I wasn't going to disappoint him by swallowing it down immediately. I stuck out my cum-covered tongue and then blew cum bubbles between my lips. It was all a show for him as I would have been happy enough just to swallow it and get things over with.

The best thing about Andy cumming first and getting off of me was that it let me see Simon in front of me. I lifted my head enough to see his dick sliding between my boobs. It was just in the nick of time as it turned out. Maybe it was the sight of seeing Andy's cum in my mouth, maybe it was just his time, but whatever the reason it was Simon's turn. He didn't know how lucky he was! Not many guys get to cum between my boobs but in this case I made an exception and I felt the warm cum hit me on each of my boobs and then on my upper chest.

Simon wasn't exactly the mother lode of cum either but he shot a respectable load. He used his dick to spread it around my boobs, running the tip of his cock over my nipples until each was covered with sperm.

With Simon and Andy out of the way, that left Spencer. If you had asked me from the start, I would have bet on Spencer as being the first to cum. After all, his cock was fucking the ultimate cock-pleaser - a girl's wet pussy. It wasn't like he was holding out THAT much more though. Within a minute of Simon getting off of me, Spencer finally came and for the second time at the party I felt a guy's dick releasing his load in me. I guess Mike had spoiled me because Spencer didn't have near the same amount of cum but I wasn't complaining.

Unlike the other two, who had immediately dismounted once they had cum, Spencer didn't appear too willing to throw in the towel. After he had finished cumming, he kept his dick in me and actually started stroking himself in and out of me again. You had to give him credit, he was taking all the pussy that he could get.

"Sorry big boy, I promised Andy and Simon they could get some pussy too."

Spencer looked a little dejected but he accepted my decree. Reluctantly, he withdrew from me and my pussy had that empty feeling I always get whenever a cock suddenly leaves it. Fortunately, in this case there were two more waiting.

Thank god for the resilience of youth! Had my dad been one of them, he would've had to wait an hour or two usually before he was hard enough to fuck me again. Not these guys though! Both of them had just cum and yet they were still horny enough to stay hard to fuck me. Pardon my ego, but I like to think some of it had to do with the girl they wanted to fuck as well.

Andy and Simon looked at each other, sizing up the other to see who would go next. Not surprisingly, the guy with the bigger dick took control. He was about to settle in place where Spencer had been but I wanted more than just another fucking like the first. After all, variety is the spice of life! To Simon's surprise, I got up from the couch and pushed him back down into it until he was sitting on the edge. His cock was still nice and hard, pointing up like it was training itself on me like some heat-seeking missile.

"Mmmmmmm, nice cock," I murmured as I turned around and backed into him.

He spread his legs to let me in and I settled down into his lap, letting his dick slide into me in the process. With Spencer's cum in me and having been fucked twice now, he slide in pretty easily and I leaned back to push him in further.

Spencer and Andy were watching intently and I wondered if they were even breathing they seemed to be so still. I smiled at them and began to rock on Simon's dick, letting it move in and out of me as a result.

"God I LOVE to be fucked," I whispered, loud enough though to be sure they could hear me.

Simon just sat there, letting me do the work which was fine with me. One nice thing about being on top is I get to control the depth and speed of his cock in me. Another benefit of this position was I could see the other girls as well. By now, of course, they had realized what the guys were doing with me. Interestingly, they didn't seem to care! Now and then I would catch one of them stealing a peek at me but for the most part, they were more interested in licking each other's pussy than watching me being fucked.

My hands were free in this position so I put them to good use. So far I hadn't even come close to an orgasm and it seemed a waste of good cock not to cum at least once at the party. With a dick moving in and out of my pussy, I knew it wouldn't take much on my part to bring about the desired results so I just went the most direct route and went straight to work on my clit and nipples. I had to hurry because I wanted to cum before Simon and I knew he wasn't going to last much longer, regardless of the fact he had cum just a little bit before.

It wasn't really a fair race, I had all the advantages. Having two guys watching me play with myself while a third was fucking me was the icing on the cake for me. If there was one thing that beat masturbation, it was masturbating with an audience! I love it best when my dad watches me, even if he doesn't always do anything in response. Just knowing he can see me pleasuring myself, knowing what I am doing to myself, is enough for me.

As my orgasm struck, my pussy clamped down on Simon's dick and I could hear him groan with the simultaneous pleasure and pain it must have caused him.

"God damn, you're going to flatten my cock!" he squealed as my pussy cum began to flow over his hard dick.

"Shit, look at her cumming," I heard one of the others say, Spencer I think, "God, it's all over his prick."

I didn't have anything to say myself, I was just taking in the moment and enjoying myself. I forced myself to loosen up on his cock enough so I could bounce on it and I fingered myself enough to keep my orgasm peaking.

"Cum inside of me," I begged him, "Make me cum harder."

Having a guy cum in me while I was in the middle of an orgasm was about the best thing I could ask for. If anything could push me deeper into outer space, that was it!

Simon was a guy and guys are easily manipulated and Simon was no exception. What choice did he really have? He had a slutty college girl riding his cock, moaning with pleasure as she maintained her orgasm with her fingers, begging him to shoot his load in her. If he HAND'T cum then and there I would have been more surprised. Sure enough, the poor boy did as I expected and I felt my orgasm surge as his cum was released in me. God, this was heaven!

I couldn't concentrate enough to bounce on his cock at this point so I just plopped down hard on his lap and ground my ass into his crotch. I could feel his pubic hair smashed against my ass and it was like a soft brush caressing my butt. He didn't have much to give me this time but as they say, it's the thought that counts.

Once he was done I stopped playing with myself to let myself wind down faster. I probably could've sat there longer, mounted on his cock like a butterfly in a collection, but I knew I had yet another dick waiting for me and if there was one thing I hated, it was to leave a cock waiting!

I lifted myself up and off of him and for a moment I felt a bit unbalanced. My orgasm hadn't completely wound down yet and just standing up was enough to stimulate me to where I felt like I was about to collapse on the floor.

"Not bad," I managed to say, grinning at Simon, "Now it's Andy's turn."

and I worried that if he slipped I might not be able to hold myself up and would break his dick off. Can that even happen? Well, thankfully I never had to find out.

As strong as Andy was, I knew he wasn't going to be able to keep this up for long but I was willing to go along with it as long as he could. He was grunting pretty good after a few minutes and finally he must have had enough because he turned to face the couch. For a moment my heart skipped a beat as I thought he was going to drop me but what he did was basically fall forward such that I landed on my back with him on top of me

Amazingly he stayed in me throughout the entire maneuver. As they say, it's not the size, it's how you use it. Now we were back to more conventional, missionary style sex. Sure, Andy's cock didn't fill me nearly as well as the others but it did the job and in the end, that's what counts.

"That's it Andy," I encouraged him, "Fuck me harder... you can cum in me if you want to."

Given the other three guys had already left their loads in me, it should've been obvious to Andy that he was more than welcome to cum inside of me as well but it never hurt to massage the fragile male ego. Besides, I've never had a guy tell me he didn't like hearing a girl ask for it.

"Ahhhhhh," Andy groaned and I saw him close his eyes tightly and grimace as he tried to hold back for as long as possible. Finally it was more than he could bear and with a loud gasp I felt his hips push tightly into me and then jerk, his ass clenching under my hands as I pulled him into me.

"Give it to me Andy... give it all to me."

He was doing his best, you had to give him credit for that. Maybe it was some form of compensation for having such a small cock, but when he came a second time I could have sworn it was bigger than the first. When he was finished, he just stayed in me, holding himself still and I could feel his cock twitching inside of me.

I hadn't really paid a lot of attention to what was going on around me once Andy had started banging me so now that he was done I turned my head to look around. Now that all of them had fucked me, the guys were already heading off to the kitchen for another beer or whatever. Even Andy didn't stay for long and quickly pulled out to go join them. It was the ol' male sex switch again, going to OFF once he had fucked me.

My interests turned to Beth and the other girl. Apparently, they had finally had their fill of pussy and were sitting together in the middle of the floor, watching Andy and me finish up. I looked at Beth who was grinning and I just shrugged my shoulders as if I had nothing to do with anything that had just happened.

"Hey, what can I say, you guys looked like you were busy so I had to find SOMETHING to entertain myself."

Beth and the other girl laughed and I was glad to see they were cool with me. Beth got up on her knees and then worked her way to her feet and sat down next to me.

"Well Kelly, from the looks of your pussy, you certainly were entertained!"

I looked down between my legs and had to smile. She was right, I was swollen and wet with an almost steady stream of cum draining from me. For a moment I thought she was going to dive in and lick it out of me but unfortunately she didn't seem to be interested.

It was back to the bathroom again to clean off except this time nobody barged in to fuck me, much to my disappointment. When I came out I was still half expecting Beth to want to fool around some more with me and the other girl but apparently, she was happy with what she'd had for one night. My guess was that with such a small group, once she had fucked the guys and licked a girl, doing it again was redundant and so things ended quickly as compared to the larger parties where more combinations were available.

Well, I was OK with it as I sort of felt the same way. Once a guy fucked you it was sort of "been there done that" the next time unless you had plans to see him afterwards. For casual sex like this, once you had the notch on your belt, doing it again was just more of the same.

Beth and I got dressed and said goodbye to everyone. I had a feeling the three guys weren't through yet and if the last girl remained, they might get to repeat their gig they had just had with me. For guys, it didn't seem to matter how many times they fucked you, they were always ready to do you again.

When I got home, I noticed my parents' cars were in the garage so I snuck in quietly and found them sleeping in front of the TV set in their Lazy-Boys. Well, I had been fucked pretty well so there was no sense in waking them up and I quietly went upstairs to my bedroom.

I quickly stripped and toyed with the idea of a shower. I really did need one as I was sure I reeked of sweat and sex but I made the mistake of laying back in my bed once I had undressed. A wave of sleepiness rolled over me instantly and I suddenly realized how exhausted I was. Oh well, I would probably need a shower in the morning anyway assuming my dad gave me his extended wake-up call that he liked to give me on weekends.

I closed my eyes and fell asleep with dreams of cocks surrounding me, all of the cumming on me at once in a massive collection of cum that covered my entire body. Not a bad way to fall asleep after a day like today.

elementary school district. It's one of things where they are old enough to tie their shoes yet still young enough to love their teacher.

In many ways I'm a bit old-fashioned, even down-right conservative when it comes to family values. When the time is right I hope to marry the man of my dreams and live in a brick house with our two kids and a dog - but not for a while yet. At the moment I don't even want to be tied down with a boyfriend, let alone a husband!

My dad is a senior partner in a corporate law firm while mom is RN working in hospital administration so money has never been an issue during my upbringing. OK, we may not sail a yacht or live in a multi-million dollar mansion but I've always had pretty much anything I needed - and most of what I wanted (STILL working on that car though!).

Although I've never had to hold down a mundane job such as being a waitress or a store clerk, my parents have always insisted I do something to learn responsibility so I baby-sit a lot. Don't laugh - babysitting is NOT that easy and it brings in more money than most kids earn at the mall (and it's tax-free).

Speaking of my parents...

## 2. About My Parents

What can I say except that they are the greatest parents in the world! (OK, I'm a bit biased but who can blame me?) Unlike most teenagers and young adults I can honestly claim that the two closest friends in my life are my mom and dad. I share everything - and I mean everything - with them. They raised me in accordance with their strong religious and moral values which emphasize respecting other people and cultures while taking full responsibility for my own actions.

As essential as these things were, perhaps just as important is what they did NOT teach me - silly taboos and any sense of moral superiority.

Over the years my parent's love for one another has matured from a teenage infatuation to a solid relationship built on a foundation of genuine affection and admiration for the other. I respect them not only for how they love one another but how they treat others as well, always holding themselves to the highest moral and ethical standards.

My parents believe strongly in their wedding vows and they have always been faithful to each other. They don't swing, date other people, or anything like that. They do have a deep sense of family unity which they have in turn passed on to me.

them together. My mom never told him about her "family" relationships until he proposed after which she disclosed her relationship with her father and sister and warned him it would continue after they married. My dad accepted the situation, undoubtedly helped by the fact he was allowed to continue with both sisters even after they were married.

A couple of years later, my aunt informed her new fiance about her incestual relationships just as my mom had done, which now included her brother-in-law (my dad). Like my mom had told my dad, Aunt Linda told him that he was welcome to have sex with her sister (my mom) after they were married.

Unfortunately soon after my cousin Kristen was born her dad became jealous and demanded that my aunt stop her incestual activities. He went so far as to threaten to leave unless she turned her back on her family! As much as she loved him, she could never do that so she filed for divorce and took full custody of my cousin.

For the first sixteen years of my life I was totally unaware of the incestuous nature of my parent's lives. Of course I knew that my aunt was very close to my parents and she enjoyed a nudist lifestyle but I certainly had no idea whatsoever that my dad was having sex with her regularly! My parents understood that no matter how they felt, we still live in a society which sees incest as a sin and so they were very discrete. Not only that, they never wanted to put me in a position where I might do something I would regret later in my life.

## 4. Nudity and Masturbation

My parents raised me to view sex as a natural part of life, that sex is as much a part of our being which was created by God as anything else. Indeed, it is a gift from Him which, like all gifts, is intended to be enjoyed and respected. I would never say we had an "open" household in the way some people like to describe themselves. It wasn't that we were "open" about sex, it simply wasn't an issue the way it is with most people.

Another example of how I was raised is the topic of nudity. Again, I would never say we were "open" about nudity. Instead, I was taught that nudity was nothing be ashamed of but we never roamed about nude in our house – what would be the point of that? At the same time, when we were in the hot tub we never wore bathing suits. Again, it had nothing to do with sexuality but instead a simple matter of

When I left for college, without me around my dad started fucking my cousin almost immediately and they continued throughout my freshman year. While my dad also fucked me whenever we got together for holidays and such, it wasn't until the following summer that Kristen and I learned about what the other was doing with our parents. The best part of knowing was that it also opened the door for the two of us to be together more intimately.

Since then my sex life has been incredible as our family relationships are now complete (at least on my mom's side). There have been some tough periods at school when I had to make it through sexual "dry spells" (as in no sex, not the state of my pussy) thanks to the ridiculous rules my school dictates which prohibit all forms of sex. That is not to say I follow them, just that they are a nuisance.

Fortunately my freshman year included a bi-sexual roomie who became my first lesbian relationship (besides my mom and aunt who really don't count). My boyfriend dumped me shortly after I left for college and I was separated from my parents for the first time so having Brenda to sleep with each night was a life saver for me!. Karen, my sophomore roomie, is a dedicated virgin (she wouldn't even masturbate!). Not only do we not sleep together, she won't even discuss sex but at least I have matured enough to better handle the separation from home and consequent drop in sexual activity.

It's still tough being away from home and having to rely on masturbation to relieve myself but I have found ways to deal with it. This fall as a junior I will be sharing an on-campus apartment with five other girls. There are three bedrooms which means I will have one close roomie and four others. I know a couple of the girls but not all of them so it should be interesting to see how things go. So far it looks like another year of heavy masturbation!

By now you should have figured out that my incestual relationships are restricted to my mom's side of the family. When it comes to sexual relationships my parents' families have totally opposite views. My dad's side of the family tree is your stereotypical blue collar WASP family.

## 6. My Uncles & Cousins

Unlike my father, who pursued a high-end lawyer career, his brothers work in construction; one as an electrician and the other a brick layer. Ultra- conservative and staunch Republicans, they fly the American flag and hate the commies. They

# 9. Helping Out My Dad

After the service our parents were talking and they decided to have us all over to my aunt and uncle's for a pool party. It was such a hot day I couldn't think of a better idea, not to mention the opportunity it might give for me to tease my uncle. Also, Tammy had mentioned she had a new bikini so I was looking forward to seeing her in it (although OUT of it would have been even better).

We made a quick stop home to change clothes and gather some food to take over. I ditched my dress for a pair of denim cutoffs, a pink cami, and a pair of cotton sneakers. The cami, like all of mine, was at least a size too small which made it ride up to expose my midriff while at the same time my nipples poked through like I was wearing wet t-shirt. The shorts were similar to the ones Daisy Duke made famous wearing them in the Dukes of Hazzard TV show.

As I checked myself out in the mirror I wished I LOOKED like Daisy Duke as well! Oh to be blessed with long legs and huge boobs! As I headed downstairs my mom caught a glimpse of me as I passed by the kitchen.

"Hey Kelly!" she called after me, "you know your Aunt Shari thinks I let you get away with murder as it is. I'm going to hear about it all day if you wear that little number over there. Don't you have ANYTHING that fits?"

I just laughed and grabbed the picnic basket from the table and headed down the stairs to the garage. Our house was on a steep hill so the garage was level with the basement where the family room was. The deck with our hot tub was on the roof the garage such that you went out from the kitchen or dining room to get to it. Trust me, if you don't like stairs then Pittsburgh is NOT the place for you! My dad was already in the car drumming his fingers on the steering wheel as he waited impatiently for me and mom.

"For crying out loud I swear your mother will be late to her own funeral," he griped as I hopped in the back seat of the SUV.

I giggled from behind him saying, "What's the rush dad, can't wait to see Tammy in her new bikini?"

In the rear view mirror I could see his eyes rolling but no matter how hard he tried to pretend otherwise I knew he had been thinking about her ever since the little show she had put on at church. I leaned forward and reached around the driver seat and put my hand on his crotch. Damn! His cock was hard as a rock!

"Hmmmmmm, what's my daddy been doing out here all by himself?" I asked in a sultry tone. He smiled and I continued, "So you HAVE been thinking about her. Ha! Busted!!"

He laughed and look at me in the rear view mirror replying, "Now don't get jealous, I saw you looking at her ass in church just as much as I was you little slut. I bet you were soaking wet before the sermon started!"

While he was talking I had reached my hand up the right leg of his shorts and then under his boxers until I had his stiff warm cock in my hand. He was already hard, stiff as baseball bat so I started to stroke him gently.

"Hmmmmmm daddy, is this what you want Tammy to do to you?" I purred.

His eyes were closed and his head was leaning back on the headrest as I manipulated his thick cock. It was hard for me to reach him from the backseat but I had done this lots of times before so I knew how to position myself to make it easier. He started to swell and then let out a loud groan and I knew he was about to cum when suddenly we were interrupted by a voice from the passenger side of the SUV.

"Oh for god's sake, can't I leave you two alone for even a minute these days?" my mother asked rhetorically. She had just a hint of laughter in her voice to take the edge off and I knew she wasn't really upset. "Now John, get your daughter's hand out of your pants and let's get going. We're running late so you'll just have to fuck her later when we get home."

My dad just let out a deep sigh and I took my hand out without him having to even ask. God he was so close to cumming it must have been almost painful for him to have me stop. It was tempting to just continue as I knew he was going to explode any second but I knew my mom wanted to get going, even though she was the real reason we were so late.

I sat back in the seat and strapped myself in with the seatbelt. I put my hand to my face and smelled the strong musky scent of my father on it. A chill ran through me as I thought of how wonderful it would be to just stop then and there so I could suck his cock right in the middle of the driveway. Well, like my mom said if nothing else there was always tonight to look forward to! It only took a few minutes to drive to my Aunt and Uncle's home. When we had parked my mother looked over at my dad and smiled with a twinkle in her eye.

"Well, at least you aren't quite as noticeable as when we left. Did you ever bother to think about how would you explain to your brother why you were walking into his house with your dick sticking straight out from your shorts?"

I almost burst out laughing as I thought about my dad telling his brother that he had an erection while getting stroked by his own daughter while fantasizing her was fucking his brother's thirteen year-old daughter. Now THAT would have been an interesting conversation to listen in on!

## 10. Changing Clothes With Tammy

We went inside without knocking and my mom went straight to the kitchen to help get lunch ready. My uncle showed up with two beers in his hands and offered one to my dad. They immediately started talking sports and quickly disappeared into the den where the large screen TV awaited them. I looked around but didn't see any sign of my cousin. Aunt Shari must have noticed my eyes anxiously darting about and called out to me.

"The kids are out back on the porch Kelly. Go call them in as lunch is ready."

I made my way out the back door and found the three of them behind the house. My cousin Rick was wearing his old high school gym trunks and a light blue tank top which showed off his tanned physique to its best. He was going to be a senior in high school this coming fall and I had a feeling the girls would be throwing themselves at him even more this year. Hmmm, I knew I certainly was willing to!

Kate and Tammy were also there, sitting on a pair of lawn chairs, still in the same dresses they wore to church. I guess they figured why bother changing twice since they would be going in the pool as soon as we finished lunch.

As usual, the contrast between the two sisters couldn't have been more evident. Kate was wearing a dress that extended just below the knee and was sitting with perfect posture and her legs discreetly crossed. Tammy, on the other hand, was sitting cross-legged in the chair with her skirt not even under her ass, little cotton panties in full view. I greeted them all and told them lunch was ready.

The four of us headed back to the kitchen which had a large eating area. It was soooooo hot outside and the pool had looked so inviting I was tempted to say heck with lunch and just dive in!

Lunch wasn't anything fancy, just some sandwiches my mom had thrown together and a macaroni salad but then with the pool to look forward to, nobody wanted to be stuffed anyway. We finished quickly and after we cleared off the table Aunt Shari told everyone to get changed and meet out at the pool.

Their house was a ranch style with three bedrooms. The master bedroom was on one side of the house and my aunt and uncle headed towards it. Rick's bedroom and the guest bedroom were on the opposite side while Tammy and Kate shared a bedroom in the basement. It was pretty small and I had always wondered why they didn't get the bigger bedroom upstairs instead of Rick. Whatever the reason was, there wasn't room for two beds on the floor so they still slept in the same old bunk beds they had been in since they were little girls. Naturally Tammy as the younger one was stuck with the upper bunk.

When we were all in the bedroom the three of us started to undress. I had my bikini in a small carry bag - it didn't have to be very big to hold it. Their bikinis were laying on dresser top where they had dumped them from the last time they were worn.

Kate was always the shy one and although she didn't make a big deal out of it, she tended to turn away whenever she was dressing and today was no different. I had no idea why she was so shy as she looked great and should have been proud to show herself off.

Tammy, on the other hand, was just the opposite as usual. It was if Kate's share of boldness had been given to her instead making for a double dose. Tammy started to strip right in the middle of the room without batting an eyelash.

Needless to say, I had no problem with nudity either and so I waited to fold up my clothes until they were all off and I was naked in front of the two of them. I didn't rush putting away my own clothes and wasn't going to put on my bikini until they were taken care of.

In the meantime, Kate had put on her bottoms as soon as her panties came down and then did the same with the top, putting on her bikini as soon as she released her bra

Tammy seemed to follow my lead, undressing at the same slow pace and doing the same ritual with her clothes as I was which served to extend the time she was nude. I loved it because it left the two of us totally naked just a few inches away from each other. I noticed she was looking at my pussy and so I decided to see where it might lead to.

"See something that interests you?" I asked her in a low calm voice.

For the past few years I had been shaving myself bald. For a while last summer I decided to try a few things new in my appearance including leaving a small "landing strip" above my pussy slit. It wasn't much but most of the guys seem to like it. That

"Well, it looks like my little cousin isn't so little anymore," I replied. "Actually, you look great and I bet the boys will be falling over when they see you!"

The reality was I wanted to tell her she looked ready to fuck but I wasn't sure what her reaction would be. Besides, Kate would have freaked!

Tammy laughed saying, "No boys. Mom told me I am absolutely forbidden to wear it anywhere but here or to let anyone see me in it. It should be OK today since it's just family."

We gathered up our towels then and I just thought about what my dad was going to be thinking when he saw his little fantasy girl prancing about like a little nymph in next to nothing. Tammy would probably be shocked if she knew! Well, no more than she would have been had she known what her older cousin had been thinking about her, especially the past few minutes.

The three of us went out together to the pool where my dad and Rick were in the pool throwing a Frisbee back and forth. Uncle Jim sat on the edge watching with his legs dangling in the water and the ever-present beer in his hand. My mom and Aunt Shari were laying out on two chaise lounge chairs, trying to work on their tans and trading gossip.

Hearing our footsteps everyone naturally turned to look at us and I noticed that my dad's eyes were fixed on Tammy. Good thing he was in the pool because I had a feeling something was getting larger under his swimming trunks! I felt a little thrill myself as my Uncle Jim gave me the same look my father was giving Tammy. This was pretty cool, two fathers checking out the other's daughter - and their own nieces at that! Even Rick, who usually tried to act all nonchalant whenever I was around wasn't able to hide his interest as I stood at the edge of the pool, checking out the water temperature.

The funniest thing, though, was my mom and aunt. My mom took one look at Tammy in her surprisingly tiny bikini and gave Aunt Shari a feigned look of horror. Fortunately I was able to overhear most of their conversation.

"Wow Shari, I didn't know you let the girls wear thongs," she said in a low voice.

Aunt Shari just shook her head with a rueful look, "Well, it's just Tammy. You know Kate, she wouldn't be caught dead in something like that. Tammy begged and begged for it and I can't believe I caved. Besides, look who's talking! You've always let Kelly wear next to nothing half the time, and not just at home. Oh well, I DID tell her though that she could only wear it at home and not in front of anyone but I told her it was ok for her to wear it today since it's just family and nobody will notice."

I almost choked as I tried to keep from bursting out laughing. Either Aunt Shari was blind or clueless. Nobody will notice - yea right! My father was practically drilling holes in Tammy with his eye, especially when she leaned over to spread out her towel on a lounge chair.

What DID surprise me, though, was seeing her brother Rick paying an unusual amount of attention to her as well. Usually he avoided his sisters like the plague but today he was looking at Tammy in a way I'd never seen him look at her before. I found myself feeling a bit of mixed emotions about that. On the one hand I liked it when he was ogling me and so I was disappointed he wasn't focused on me. On the other hand it was erotic as hell to see an older brother looking at his sister in the naughty way he was at that moment.

My dad called out to me, "C'mon Kelly, get in!"

I dipped my toe in the water. It was lukewarm so I took a deep breath and just jumped in like a cannonball. The initial shock of the cool water hit me but I quickly adjusted to it. My nipples immediately reacted and if anything my swim suit accentuated the outline of my nipples making it all the more obvious how hard they became. I swam over to my dad and gave him a hug. I let my leg slip between his and I could feel the bulge in his swim suit. I whispered in his ear, "I think there is something inside your swim suit that wants out!"

My dad knew exactly what I was referring to and he just grinned at me, pushing me away but using the opportunity to squeeze my ass as he did. For a brief moment I considered swimming back and taking care of what was hiding under that swim suit but then I remembered where I was and just had to dream about it.

We played in the pool for most of the afternoon. At one point I climbed on my uncle's shoulders and Tammy did the same on my dad's. We "fought" to knock the other off and I could feel my crotch pressed up against my uncle's neck, rubbing up against him as we moved about. Tammy's was doing the same with my dad and I bet dear old dad was nursing a raging hard-on.

My uncle was holding my legs to help me keep my balance and more than once his hands "accidentally" moved up a lot higher than necessary. A few times he even let go of my lower legs and put his hands on my thighs, getting a good feel of them in the process. Needless to say I didn't do anything to discourage him!

My dad was doing the same with Tammy and I wondered if the two brothers could see the other as they were feeling up each other's daughters? Rick soon joined in with Kate was his partner. We all were knocked over at one point and Kate was the first to recover. She was evidently not thrilled to be on her brother's shoulders so she took my place on her dad's leaving me with just Rick as a partner. We looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders and he turned to let me climb on.

This was the first time I had ever been this close to Rick and I couldn't help but admire the cut of his body and the strength he had. I wrapped my legs around his head and wondered what it would be like if he turned around to face me!

The play got rougher as we went on and finally Tammy and I were going at it, each of us pulling at the other to knock the other off her perch. We both went over together and I felt her top rip away in my hands as I was going under the water. At the same time I felt my own top pulling off as she held onto it while she fell.

Next thing I knew we were both topless in the water! We were in the shallow end so when we stood up to get air we ended up standing together naked from there waist up with the other's bikini top in our hands. It was as if time had frozen as we both stood there speechless for a moment, everyone else staring at us. It was interesting to see who was looking at who. My dad was totally locked on Tammy as my breasts were nothing new to him. My uncle and cousin though seemed to be torn between Tammy and me, their eyes shifting back and forth between my 34Bs and Tammy's training bra sized mounds.

"Tammy - get your clothes on!!" her mother yelled.

That was enough to get the clock started again and we quickly put our hands up to hide our boobs. We both burst out laughing. We had each other's bathing suit in our hands and quickly traded, slipping under the water as we put them back on. Tammy looked embarrassed but I had to admit to myself I loved it and would have preferred it if I had lost the whole suit and left it that way. Kate looked horrified at her topless sister and had her hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp.

In then end nobody really knew what to say so we just continued on as if nothing had happened. That was the end of our little game unfortunately and the rest of the afternoon passed rather uneventfully. All of us girls took some time to lay out while the guys drank beer and talked sports. We helped put lotion on each other and while it never led to anything naughty just the feel of my cousin's hands running all over me was titillating.

fingers slide past her pussy hole and up the slit of her pussy until I felt her clit under my fingertips. At the touch of my finger she jumped and finally her voice broke the silence.

"Oh Kelly, that feel soooooo good!" she sighed softly.

I saw her take one hand and move it to one of her budding breasts and begin to massage it softly. I let my finger slide down her slit until it was just outside her pussy hole and started to run it around the outer rim in small circles. She squirmed under my touch and finally I began to let it dip barely inside of her and then back out again.

Each time I would let it go a little further inside of her until finally I kept in it her, my finger about half way in her like a tiny cock. In the meantime my own pussy was craving attention so my other fingers were busy giving it a nice workout as well. I masturbated the two of us as she started to moan softly and wiggle her ass under my hand.

Had we been home alone who knows where this might have led to but suddenly the bathroom door burst open and Kate stuck her head in. With the clouded shower doors I was sure she couldn't see exactly what was going on. Thank goodness as she probably would have died on the spot. As it was she could see enough to know we weren't just washing up.

"Hey you two, supper's ready," she said. The with a more curious note in her voice she added, "What the heck are you two doing this long in there anyway?"

Tammy's butt had clenched the instant the door had opened and she stood upright instantly which ended our little session together. She turned and gave me the sexiest little smile and opened the door for us to get out.

"Don't worry sis," she said with the exasperated voice of a younger sister frustrated with her sibling, "we were just enjoying the shower. After all, what else would we be doing?"

Kate was so naive and uptight about sex I doubted that she would even think in her wildest dreams that her sister and cousin had been playing in the shower together. I'm sure Tammy was thinking the same thing which is why she asked that question. It effectively ended the standoff and we got dressed for the evening. I was back in my cutoffs and cami while the two sisters both got into similar outfits although their shorts were considerably less revealing than mine.

# 13. In Her bedroom Alone With Tammy

Supper was fairly uneventful. Everyone was a bit fried from the sun to one degree or another, especially the adults. At one point the conversation turned to the afternoon's activities and Rick didn't pass up the opportunity to tease his little sister.

"Remember when Kelly and Tammy pulled each other's tops off? Tammy looked soooooo embarrassed!" he said looking at her to see what her reaction would be. I noticed he didn't mention anything about me being embarrassed!

"Well, hope you enjoyed the show pervert," Tammy fired back.

"That's enough Tammy," Aunt Shari said, "Rick, stop teasing your sister." Order restored, supper resumed until we were done. My aunt got up and picked up a DVD from the kitchen counter. "Hey everyone, want to watch a DVD? I borrowed this 'Left Behind' movie from the church library today."

It was just like my saintly aunt, picking up one of the most boring and crappy movies I had ever seen. The book series were poorly written and the movie was even worse with awful special effects. I couldn't imagine getting stuck watching this stink bomb again. Fortunately, Tammy came to the rescue.

"Mommmmmm! Kelly was going to show me some things on the computer. We've already seen it anyway," she pleaded.

This was news to me but I went along with it, anything to get out of this movie. Rick bailed out by simply saying he didn't want to watch it and skulked towards his room. From what Tammy and Kate had told me before about what they had found in his room when he wasn't home, he was probably going to pull out his stash of porn and masturbate all night! Hey, nothing wrong with that! The parents and Kate went in to the living room to watch movie while Tammy and headed back to her bedroom.

"So Tammy, what did you want me to show you on the computer?" I asked.

"The girls at school were talking about people with web cams and how they watched people doing nasty things. Can you show me how to see that?"

I laughed a little, "OH? And what makes you think I would know anything about that?"

Tammy looked down for a second as if she wasn't sure if she should say something. "I heard some things at school about you and mom is always telling dad what a slut you are so I just figured you would." She stopped and put her hand to her mouth, as if she was afraid she had said something wrong.

"Oh really? So what have you heard about me?" I asked with as much nonchalance as I could muster, trying to hide my curiosity.

"Well, just that you have a bit of a reputation for, um, doing it."

I wasn't going to embarrass her anymore by making her explain what "doing it" meant. I had a pretty fair idea anyway! Instead I just smiled and we sat down at her desk by her computer. It was a bit old, probably a hand-me-down from someone else in the family, one of the blessings of being the youngest. At least they had high-speed internet from their cable company. I don't think I could even use a computer today if it was on dial-up. She didn't have Yahoo! Instant Messenger installed so I showed her how to get on-line to download it.

After I installed the program and it came time to sign in, I used my account instead of my usual home account as my friend's list there was a lot more likely to have someone available to do what she was wondering about. For that matter, there was nobody on my daily account that would! As usual I was signed in automatically as invisible and I scanned through my friends list to see who was on line. As I did, I explained to Tammy how to use the program and how it worked.

I noticed there were a lot of people signed in for a Sunday night so I changed my status to "available" and almost instantly three people popped up. I have never figured out how some people can message me so fast just after I sign in! In all the time I have chatted this way I have very rarely ever initiated a conversation.

Usually I end up having to ignore the majority of people as I can't chat with more than three or four people at the same time. Tonight was a case like that and after I answered the first three people I changed my status to "Busy" and ignored the rest of the people. It makes me feel bad to do that but what alternative do I have?

I started chatting while Tammy watched, fascinated by some of the things these guys were telling me. Her eyes widened when one guy started talking about how he had masturbated earlier thinking about me sucking his cock.

"Kelly!" she exclaimed, "Do those guys really all think about you that way?"

I couldn't help but grin at her innocence. "Yeah, isn't it cool?"

"Wow, they must really think you're sexy," she answered.

"This is nothing," I replied, "You should see what some of them will do. Watch..."

One of the guys had cammed for me a number of times in the past. He had a great looking cock and loved to send me tributes of him cumming on photos of me. I decided to be a bit more forward than usual and asked him if he was horny. That

that point lapping them up like a cat with a bowl of milk. I used my hands to spread her tiny ass cheeks apart and buried my face in her crotch. She had her hands under my ass, pulling me up into her face.

This time we came together, each of our cunts convulsing as the other kept on licking it. It was simple and quick yet I will remember it as one of the most incredible 69's I have ever experienced.

Tammy slipped off of me and we laid in the bed on our sides facing one another. We kissed passionately this time, tongues meeting and arms around each other. I could taste and smell my puss on her mouth and face. Mmmmmmm, she felt so small in my arms, so tender and precious. There had been times when I had dreamed about such a moment as this that I worried whether or not it was the right thing to do.

Now that I felt her arms holding me tight and the love in her kiss I knew beyond any doubt that it was. I knew neither of us would ever forget this night as long as we lived and I would forever be the first person to have sex with her, even it wasn't intercourse. She was still a virgin and I had no intention of taking that from her with some fake dildo. For that she needed a real cock and while I previously had hopes of who it might belong to, based on some things I had witnessed today I wasn't sure about that anymore.

Suddenly it dawned on me that the movie was probably about over. After all, we weren't exactly alone in the house and in a way it was a miracle we hadn't been discovered since the door didn't have a lock on it. Reluctantly we got dressed and as it turned out, just in time as Kate came in not five minutes afterwards.

"God what a boring movie!" she said with a loud exhale. "What have you two been doing anyway?"

Kate suddenly got a funny look on her face and sniffed the air like a hunting dog on the scent. "What's that smell in here anyway, it stinks!"

"It must have been that old perfume bottle I spilled," Tammy said, the first to think of something reasonable. She quickly sprayed some air freshener. I could have kicked myself for not thinking of it earlier. With all the pussy playing in the past hour the room must have smelled something fierce of female sex. I also thought of how the two of us must smell as well and motioned for Tammy to follow me out of the room.

"Wash up with me quick and put on something. If your mother smells you she won't be fooled as easily as Kate!"

# 14. The Ride Home

With that taken care of we went upstairs where my parents were getting ready to go. We all hugged and told each other what a great day it had been. Well I don't know about the rest of them but I know so far as Tammy and me it was certainly one that had been all that and more!

On the ride home my mother turned around in her seat and gave me a piercing look. "OK young lady, I wasn't going to say anything with your aunt around but what the hell were you and Tammy doing? I could have sworn I heard someone moaning and then the two of you appear all flushed with enough perfume on you to gag a skunk. So what's the story?"

I giggled and my mom's eyes opened wide.

"No, tell me you didn't. Don't tell us you did anything with Tammy!" My huge grin told her everything she needed to know. "Are you crazy?, she said, her voice raising at least an octave. What if she tells anyone? You're twenty years old don't forget that even if she consented you could still get in a lot of trouble."

"Oh Mary, calm down," my dad said in a reassuring voice. "You know what Tammy is like. She's destined to be a slut, no different than your own daughter. Besides, there's nothing my stupid sister-in-law is going to be able to do about it. I think it's great she at least got off on the right foot with Kelly."

My mom just rolled her eyes and sat back in her seat with a huff. Then she turned her head to my dad saying, "Well, I guess a little girl action isn't so bad. Just you know though buster, I saw the way you were looking at her today. Hell, I can't believe Shari is so blind she didn't - and I know if she had she would have said something for sure. Let's get one thing straight - you keep it in your pants with her - OK?"

I knew personally how bad my dad wanted to fuck Tammy so I could imagine the inner turmoil in him. But there was a reason they had survived over twenty years of marriage and it wasn't just because the sex was good. My parents loved and respected each other completely and neither would ever do anything to hurt the other. I knew then no matter how much he might fantasize about Tammy in the future, Tammy was never going to feel my dad's cock in her, at least not for quite a while!

That night in bed I masturbated furiously as I recalled the events of the day. I began to plot my strategy for helping her to lose her virginity. Problem was, I wasn't even sure who it should be to take it. I had some ideas but all of them had at least one flaw that made them impossible or dangerous.

Oh well, in the meantime there was always my Uncle Jim. Who knows, maybe my cousin Rick would be interested as well...

# (Jul 23) Chapter 92: First Time With My Uncle Jim

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter uncle niece
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Uncle Jim (38)

When people hear I have sex with my family they immediately seem to assume something is weird or kinky about me or even that my parents are abusive. Nothing could be farther from the truth so rather than just explain what happened this day I think you should know a few things about me so you'll better understand the circumstances. If you want to know more I have written numerous other stories explaining my past further and my views on incest and my relationships with my parents.

## 1. My Life at Home

I was raised in a home environment which could best be described as sexually "open" although I hate to use that word. Sex was not something to be suppressed and hidden but rather viewed as being natural and ALWAYS to be respected. Although nudity was acceptable we rarely ran around the house naked unless sunning on the deck, soaking in the hot tub or running between the bedroom and bathroom.

My parents also taught me that masturbation was a natural response to my inner sexual nature and nothing to be embarrassed or secretive about. My parents never tried to hide from me when they masturbated; if anything they encouraging me as I got older to do the same. For instance, if my father is watching one of his porn channels, I don't mind if he strokes himself. Really, why should he just sit there suffering with his erection when he can so easily address his needs?

Similarly I chat a lot on my computer, sitting on the couch in our family room while my parents watch TV or talk. Quite often I will get turned on by someone and

avoided like the plague but this morning I surprised him by asking if I could tag along.

"Are you sure Kelly?" he asked me with a curious look on his face, "You'll be the only one there besides us. Jim told me that everyone was going to be out doing things today. Rick has a game and the girls will be at some party for one of Kate's friends."

"What about Shari?" my mom inquired.

"Oh she'll be there," my dad answered, "I just didn't think Kelly would be interested in going without the kids being there, especially Tammy." My dad winked at me and my mother slapped him on the side of the head saying, "Now you know what I said about her last week!" Then she turned to me with this piercing look in her eyes and suddenly her eyebrows lifted as if a light bulb had just flipped on in her head."

"Now wait just a minute young lady, what do you have going on inside your twisted little mind this morning?" she said in a tone that indicated she already knew the answer to her question.

As for my dad, he wasn't an overpaid corporate lawyer for nothing; he immediately caught on to my mother's train of thought but his reaction was substantially different. He sucked in a big breath and then sighed saying, "Oh Kelly, you're not thinking about trying to seduce my brother are you? Mind telling us just what made you suddenly dream this one up?"

I couldn't help but smile and roll my eyes. God, am I really THAT transparent these days? I couldn't believe how fast my parents deduced my true intentions but then if I am honest with myself, why shouldn't they? At this point though I still wasn't sure where they were heading so I figured I may as well go for it and find out.

"Well, you guys must have noticed how Uncle Jim is always looking at my ass and down my tops whenever he can?"

My dad tried to suppress a smirk and my mom just grimaced. Yep, they had noticed!

"Then last week in the pool, don't you remember his reaction when Tammy and me "accidentally" pulled each other's tops off?"

My dad definitely remembered THAT moment, he was staring at Tammy and my uncle was drilling holes in my chest with his eyes.

"AND, did you know he felt up my crotch while we were playing in the pool and I was riding his shoulders?"

My dad smiled broadly at that last one and shook his head. "Well Kelly, I have a suspicion that most guys would look at your ass if you give them a chance. Even though they may THINK about fucking you, it doesn't mean they would. Just because Jim let himself get carried away once in the pool doesn't mean that he meant anything serious by it. I know for a fact that Jim has never cheated on Shari, even though their sex life has been crap for years - and don't you DARE mention that to anyone by the way! It could be very awkward for all of us if you tried anything and he didn't go along with it."

My face must have betrayed my disappointment. I'd been masturbating all week dreaming up ways to seduce my uncle and now I couldn't believe my own dad, the last person I would expect this from, was the one putting a cold towel on my dreams.

I looked to my mom for support; if anything I thought she would be the one to encourage me since if I brought my uncle into our special family circle then she would have another cock for herself as well. My mom hadn't fucked another guy besides my dad in the past twenty five years and although I knew she loved my dad unconditionally, having another cock was something she certainly dreamed about.

My mom has confessed to me how she wished they had been able to have another child and that it would have been a boy so when dad was having sex with me she could have had him as well. I use to dream in bed what it would have been like to have a brother. I could never decide which would have been better - an older brother who would have taken his younger sister or a younger brother who I could teach and let him experiment with me.

My dad started to laugh. "Oh come on, don't even try your pouting look on me this morning. OK... I tell you what; you can come with me and do whatever your dirty little mind can dream up but you have to promise me one thing - if he resists at all, even just a little bit, you have to quit and pretend it was all just a joke or something."

We both jumped at the sound of a coffee cup slamming down on the table. My mom looked at him with her eyes open incredulously. "Good lord John, you've GOT to be kidding! Excuse me but just what were you planning to do about Shari? God, she would have a seizure if she caught Kelly just teasing Jim let alone anything else your horny daughter might be planning."

My mom could see that my dad had made up his mind though so she finally she gave up protesting and just shook her head saying, "Well, I had better come with you two. After all, someone has to make sure Shari is occupied."

She paused and seemed to think it over one more time and then said with a note of resignation, "Well, I just hope the two of you know what the hell you're doing."

I got up and gave my mom and dad each a big hug and a kiss, thanking them for being so wonderful and supportive. Once again my parents proved why they are the best in the world! In describing it now the whole situation seems surreal. I mean, how many husbands and wives sit around the breakfast table debating whether to not their daughter should fuck her uncle?

Even for my family this was opening up new territory since other than my one time with Tammy, nobody on my dad's side had ever been involved with us sexually. There was certainly an element of danger but the rewards were so promising it was worth it in my mind.

## 3. Getting Off On-Line

The ballgame, or whatever it was, didn't start until sometime in the afternoon so there were still a few hours to kill before we headed over. I decided to go up to my room and chat on-line for a while. There were a few people available and as usual, everyone started out with, "How are you?" or some variation on the theme. Ugh! I get soooooo tired of answering that question twenty times a day.

I recently was chatting with another girl who has her own web site and she even has posted a notice on her site begging people to be original and NOT ask that question. As usual most of the guys just wanted to meet and fuck me. I have spent hours writing up articles on my web site explaining my views on that but nobody listens!

Just as I was about to log off in exasperation a good looking guy volunteered to cam for me and I played with myself lightly as I watched him masturbate. I don't think I will ever get bored watching men masturbating on-line for me to watch. Seeing a guy stroking his erect cock, telling me how badly he wants me to suck it, how much he wants to fuck me with it, is so incredibly erotic for me even though in reality he knows so little about me. I'm not afraid to admit it boosts the ol' ego knowing that I'm sexy enough to excite him to the point where he cums all over himself - just for me! I can't believe that any girl, no matter whether she is a prude or a slut, could possibly watch such a show and then honestly say that it didn't turn her on - not to mention making her horny as hell.

A number of people also send me pics of their spouse and family which is also a big turn-on for me. It makes it so much more personal for me to know their families. For married men I get turned on seeing pics of the wife he is willing to betray just to be with me. I love looking at them, imagining his wife catching him fucking me, then forced to watch me seducing her unfaithful husband, watching me take his lust which should have been given to her. Sometimes I dream of being with their son or daughter too. Well, it never hurts to fantasize!

## 4. Showering With My Dad

After cumming as I watched him and then chatting with some other people, I decided to check out just how horny my dad still was this morning. As usual he had woke me up to fuck me but I could always go for another round! My mom had stayed in the kitchen to clean up after breakfast and was probably on the phone with a friend

I saw my dad go into the bathroom and soon afterwards the shower started. Shutting doors was not something we bothered with so by looking out my bedroom door across to the bathroom (which was directly across the hall), I watched as my naked father stepping into the shower. His cock was hanging loose from his thick cluster of coarse black pubic hair and my mouth watered at the sight of it, not to mention the twinge I felt between my legs!

I waited for him to get started with his shower and then stripped off the t-shirt I had been wearing this morning and walked silently into the bathroom. I could see the blurred image of my nude father through the wet shower stall doors and my hand instantly reached between my legs where my pussy was still wet from my recent on-line shenanigans.

I knocked on the glass shower door and asked, "Hey, want some company?"

The door slid open a few inches and my dad peeked out with a big grin on his face. "Sure! There's always room in here for my little girl!"

"Dad! I'm twenty years old now!" I protested, although not very hard.

He just smiled and said, "It doesn't matter how old you are, you'll always be my little girl." He opened the door enough for me to get in. The shower stall really wasn't all that large so it was impossible to be in there without our bodies touching. I could feel his cock pressing against my back as I leaned back against him. Damn! He was already hard!

Those were the words I craved, a compliment that meant more to me than anything. I want desperately to please my father and to hear him tell me what a wonderful daughter I was to him was the sweetest thing he could say to me at this moment. I would do anything to make him happy, give myself to him in any way he asked, anywhere he wanted me, anything to have my daddy's love.

Finally I felt his ass tighten under my hands and he pulled my head into his crotch, driving his cock even deeper into my mouth. I felt his cock surge in my mouth as a huge load of cum surged down my throat, almost gagging me with the warm sticky fluid. It was followed by another and yet another stream of his cum, overflowing my mouth already filled with his hard cock. The cum dripped out of the corners of my mouth and down to the bottom of the shower stall where it was washed away down the drain. I kept his cock in my mouth and continued sucking him after he had finished cumming.

He jumped a bit and groaned loudly when suddenly the door slid open and my mom popped her head into the opening saying, "Well I should have known. For heaven's sake can't you two EVER be in the same room without going at it?"

I let my dad's now soft cock slip from between my lips. My dad turned off the shower and I looked up at her, still on my knees holding my dad's ass with a big grin on my face, "Sorry mom... just couldn't resist."

My mom just laughed and opened the door the rest of the way. "Well, if you two are about finished, how about letting me have the shower?"

I stood up and gave her a kiss. As she opened her mouth to touch tongues I spit some of my dad's cum into her mouth. She swallowed it down and smiled at me. My dad and I got out of the shower and she closed the door to get cleaned up.

My dad smacked me on the ass playfully saying, "Well, get going and get dressed if you want to come with me!. Then he added on with a grin, "Well, on second thought, don't get TOO dressed!"

I giggled and ran off into my room where I tried to decide what to wear as I dried my hair. At first I just let it hang naturally at first and then on second thought I pulled it back into a ponytail and looked into the mirror, holding it back with one hand. Something about a ponytail makes me look a couple of years younger so I decided to keep it that way.

# 5. Getting Dressed

Rummaging through my dresser I pulled out a pair of denim cutoffs that should definitely attract some attention. Not only were they cut ridiculously short, leaving barely any material in the crotch and letting my ass cheeks hang out, but they were ripped in a few places in the ass which was going to let my bare butt show through since I had no intention of wearing any panties today.

I debated between a tight cami and a tube top. Each had their strong points but it seemed like everyone was wearing a cami these days so I went with the tube top. It was only a few inches wide so it didn't cover much but then I didn't want it to anyway. The thing I liked about it was I (or someone else?) could easily slide it up or down off my breasts, depending on the situation and whether I wanted to strip or just give someone access.

I finished the outfit off with my sneakers and looked at myself in the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. Well, if nothing else I knew my Aunt Shari would be horrified when she saw me and normally that would have been satisfaction enough. She was always lecturing my mom about for letting me dress like a slut but my mom just ignored her. Today though I had more on my mind than upsetting Aunt Shari. If Uncle Jim didn't get the hint when I wore this outfit, it was indeed a lost cause!

My parents were already down in the basement in the family room waiting for me. My mom was also in a shorts outfit with a plaid blouse which was not nearly as revealing as mine to be sure. My dad had jean shorts and a Pitt college t-shirt on so we looked like a typical all-American family heading out for a day at the park.

Both of my parents looked me over as I entered although I think with different inspection criteria. Mom just rolled her eyes, probably anticipating the lecture she was sure to get from Aunt Shari later on. My dad smiled and walked over to me, grabbing my butt with his strong hand.

"Now THAT'S what I call a pair of shorts!" he declared, "You've always had a sweet ass and these are perfect for showing it off."

# 6. Flirting With My Uncle

We all got in the car and drove over to their house. Shari met us at the door and as soon as she saw me I saw her lips purse and her eyes narrowed. I had the distinct feeling she was already preparing her speech for mom! She and mom went off to the kitchen while my dad and I headed into the family room where Uncle Rick was already watching TV.

My dad was leading and since the chair was facing away from the door, Uncle Rick didn't realize at first that I was with my dad. They bear-hugged and my uncle started in about how great the game was going to be and all that jabber when my dad interrupted him and pointed over to where I was hanging back at the doorway.

"Hope you don't mind but Kelly asked if she could watch the game with us," he said.

My uncle turned his head and saw me. His eyes widened involuntarily and I noticed they immediately dropped to my ass before he caught himself and said, "Sure John. Come on in Kelly! Didn't know you were interested in the game or we would've invited you in the first place."

I walked in and plopped down on one of the couches. Their family room was laid out almost exactly like ours was with two recliners positioned in front of the big screen TV and a couple of couches on the side walls. I sat Indian style with my legs crossed under me which I knew gave him a great view of my crotch. The crotch material was so narrow that if I wasn't shaved then I would have had pubic hair flowing out from each side. I smiled coyly with a glance at my dad who was enjoying the view just as much as my uncle.

"Well Uncle Jim," I said softly, "just goes to show there's a lot of things that interest me you may not know about."

I left it at that and hoped he got the message. As the game started I noticed several times that Uncle Jim was eyeing me but trying not to be TOO obvious about it. I naturally pretended not to notice but made sure my legs were always spread wide apart for him. After about twenty minutes I excused myself to go to restroom but what I really did was just turn the corner and listened to them.

"Fuck John," my uncle exclaimed, "Kelly has really grown up. I don't know how the hell do you do it. I mean, sure she's your daughter and all but you can't not see she's sexy as hell."

I could hear my dad laugh a bit at that. "Yea, and it's hard to believe her mother was younger than her when I married her."

"Yea, she does remind me of her mom back then," my uncle agreed, "Shit, remember the times we had together with the sisters back then?"

My ears perked at that. I knew my uncles had fucked my mom and her sister when they were teens before my dad married Mom but they never really said much about it. I was hoping to get more details but my uncle switched the conversation back to me again - not that I minded the subject material!

"You know Kelly drives Shari absolutely bonkers the way she dresses and teases when she's over here. She also complains that she's a bad influence on the girls, especially Tammy. So just between us, is she just a tease or what?"

My dad must have been hesitating to answer because Uncle Jim pressed him for an answer saying, "Oh come on John, we're brothers so spill it!"

"Well...," my dad strung him on for a bit longer but then he said, "she is certainly a tease as you can see today. Now don't tell Mary but she puts her mother to shame in the slut department. Believe it or not she tells us everything when she comes home from a date - and I do mean EVERYTHING. I have to tell ya, it gets pretty hot sometimes!"

Uncle Jim whistled softly. "Damn!... I have to tell ya John, if she weren't your daughter I would be seriously considering cheating on Shari. I've kept my dick at home so far but a girl like her would be worth it."

I held my breath, knowing that I couldn't stay away much longer and at the same time, this was a great opening if my father wanted to use it. Good old dad, he never missed anything. "So what does her being my daughter have to do with anything?" my dad said. A long pause passed and finally my uncle made the next move. "Ah John... are you saying what I think you are?"

I would have loved to be able to see them, to see the looks on their faces. My dad probably was looking all smug and mysterious, leading his brother on while Uncle Jim was hopefully starting to get hard at the thought of fucking me and now suddenly realizing that maybe there was actually a chance of it!

"Well, why not" my dad replied. "She's IS twenty you know, not a teenager anymore, so she can do who she wants. Besides, she thinks you're hot although god help me if I know why."

I didn't hear anything but my uncle must have given my dad a questioning look because my dad continued on, "Well, I told you she tells us everything. Remember last time we were in your pool and you had your hands between her legs? Well, that was all she could talk about when we got home. Just how high DID you reach between them anyway you sex fiend? She was really turned on is all I know!"

I figured the die was cast so no need to wait any longer. I coughed and then walked back into the room as if I had not heard a word of what they had been discussing. I noticed immediately that my uncle was sitting with his legs crossed, most likely so I wouldn't notice the hard-on he probably had at the moment.

I acted naive and innocent saying, "Um, why are you both staring at me?" I shifted my weight between my feet which had the effect of making my hips move back and forth seductively. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Oh no!" they both said in unison.

It was like catching two kids with their hands in the cookie jar but declaring they were innocent. The truth was written all over their faces. Instead of getting back on the couch, this time I laid down on the carpet in front of them with my legs bent up at the knees and spread just enough to let them have a partial view of my crotch. With my legs like this my shorts were pulled up deep into my pussy slit and it must have looked like I had nothing on at all.

Suddenly I heard Aunt Shari coming and I quickly crossed my ankles so she didn't see what I had been showing her horny husband. She was carrying a tray of chips and salsa and put them on the table between the two recliners. She asked how the game was going but was clearly bored by it and didn't hang around very long. As soon as she was gone I resumed my position, spreading my legs just a bit more to give them an even better view of my crotch.

A few minutes later it was my Dad's turn to excuse himself, muttering something about only renting it. As he walked by me he reached down and spanked my bottom. I squealed like a schoolgirl and pretended not to like it but couldn't help but giggle a bit. When he was out of uncle's sight he turned and winked at me. I knew what that meant - "go for it girl!"

Well, it was now or never. Still laying on my stomach, I reached my hand underneath me and between my legs and then started to rub myself through my shorts. I would have rather pulled them to one side and touched myself directly but the shorts were so damn tight the crotch material was already stretched between my pussy lips so I just rubbed around them. I was already pretty worked up from listening to them earlier so I was damp and easy to slide over.

It always feels good to touch myself so it wasn't long before I was squirming on floor but so far my uncle didn't say a word and I didn't hear anything except for what sounding like him shifting his weight in the chair. It wasn't long before my Dad came back. He made enough noise for me to hear him coming so I stopped playing with myself just before he entered the room again. I sat up on the floor after he was back in his chair. My uncle's face was a little red and I smiled at him coyly. Then I walked over to my dad and put my hands on my hips.

"Daddy, do you mind if I sit on your lap for a while?" I asked him.

I looked over at my uncle who had a questioning look on his face, probably wondering what a twenty year-old girl was doing asking to sit on her dad's lap.

"Sure babe," he responded and positioned himself in the chair for me.

I sat down such that I was sideways in the chair with my legs over the arm of the chair and his arm behind my back. I was actually facing away from Uncle Jim at this point so he couldn't see the expression in my face. I smiled at my dad and stuck my tongue out like I was trying to lick something. He got the message - I wanted to lick my Uncle's cock!

Mmmmmmm, I could feel my dad's cock growing under me. For a moment I considered touching it but then common sense returned as I knew that as hot as my uncle may be over me, he still was light years away from being ready to know that his brother was fucking his own daughter. After about fifteen minutes or so my dad complained that I was getting too heavy for him and I needed to get off. I protested that I wanted to sit in his lap when my uncle came to my "rescue".

"Hey Kelly, you can sit on my lap if you want to," he offered.

Bingo!! He finally made a move and my heart fluttered as for the first time today I was certain that it was going to happen! It was just a matter of time now, time to go through the little games men and women play which lead up to the ultimate moment they both want from the start but have been conditioned all their lives not to say directly.

I looked at my dad and he just smiled and shrugged his shoulders as if he had no say in the matter. Oh yea, as if he had nothing to do with getting things along as far as they were so far!

Just as had I sat with my back to my uncle when I was on my dad's lap, I did the same on my uncle's lap. I knew it would frustrate my dad who probably had hoped to watch everything but I knew my Uncle Jim was still going to be a bit shy

circles on the soft skin of my inner thigh. I closed my eyes and moaned softly to let him know I was enjoying it. I tilted to the side so my hand could reach underneath my butt and press down on his crotch.

I was pleased to find that he was erect; indeed I would have been deeply disappointed if he hadn't been! I traced the outline of his cock against his shorts and saw his eyes widen. He started to take his hand off my leg but I used my other hand to put it back on my leg again. I started rubbing him through his shorts, still not saying a word.

## 7. Crossing the Line - Sucking My Uncle's Dick

"Uh... Kelly...I don't know about this," he stammered. Evidently he was having second thoughts. I twisted my head around and saw my dad watching our every move.

"It's ok, isn't it daddy?" I asked my dad, "Tell Uncle Jim it's ok."

"Of course babe, do whatever your Uncle Jim wants Kelly." He chuckled for a second, "After all, I KNOW what you want!"

I turned my attention back to my uncle saying, "C'mon Uncle Jim, I've seen the way you have looked at me in the past. You want me and I know it. Time to quit playing games."

I could tell from his expression that my uncle was having a fierce moral debate within himself. I have no doubt he has masturbated in the past thinking about me, especially after the "lost top" accident in their pool the last time I was there and I was sure he wanted me.

On the other hand he had two huge conflicts. First, of course, was that he was married but I knew from past experience how easily that barrier could be overcome! The bigger problem he seemed to be having was the fact that I was his niece. No matter how horny he may have gotten over me before, it was an entirely different thing to make a move on a girl whose father was your brother - and he was sitting right next you!

"John, you really sure about this?" he asked yet again.

My dad let out a deep breath in frustration. "For crying out loud I told you before she's twenty and can do what she wants. You don't need my permission. Sheesh, what happened to my sexual daredevil brother? Damn boy, Shari's got you pussy-whipped!" Uncle Jim snorted at that but my dad kept on. "Shit, don't give me that! Now are you going to fuck her or not? If so you'd better get going before your missionary-only wife decides to return!"

I've heard it said numerous times that life is stranger than fiction and boy was I getting a lesson in that today! I have dreamed of fucking my uncle for years and masturbated more times than I can remember fantasizing about how it would be the first time we did it.

Well, absolutely NONE of those dreams had ever come even close to what was happening now in real life! My fantasies centered around me teasing him or him spying on me in private, all of which eventually led to our first sexual encounter. In some of those dreams my aunt was nearby but always safely tucked away, involved in something or another that kept her away from us as long as was needed.

My parents were never involved in these dreams, at least not the "first time" ones. Well, now that it was really happening everything was upside down. My mom and aunt were in another room and could walk in at any time with little or no warning. Hopefully my mom was handling things but with my stubborn Aunt Shari you never could be sure.

My dad was acting more like my pimp than my father; practically daring my uncle to fuck me right in front of him. The whole thing was like some bizarre fairy tale which was starting to make me feel a little out of control, not a sensation I enjoy to be honest. My head was spinning as I tried to take everything in - my uncle's hand which was now pressed tightly on my wet pussy, rubbing my clit though my shorts and driving me crazy; my dad watching and doing who knows what else by now; and finally there was my mom and aunt having coffee, my aunt having no idea that her husband was not only about to commit adultery for the first time, but with his own niece at that.

To make it even worse (at least front her perspective), two of what she considered to be mortal sins were about to take place just a few rooms down from where she was!

Well, the cards had been dealt and I had to play the hand I was given or fold. Quitting was NOT an option at this point - we had all crossed the line and now there was no "the jury will disregard the pervious events" proclamation that could be made. I put my mouth to my uncle's ear and whispered the two words I knew were guaranteed to turn on every heterosexual male...

"Fuck me!" I whispered hoarsely, "I want you to fuck me Uncle Jim."

My dad was smiling. Although he couldn't hear I am sure he knew what I was saying - after all he had heard those same words himself many times and I knew they never failed to do the trick.

Today was not going to be an exception either from the response I got from my uncle! His hand cupped my whole crotch and he pulled upward, gripping my whole pussy in his hand and sending a surge of pleasure through me as my clit was compressed under the pressure of his hand. I got out of the chair and dropped my shorts as he watched. I pulled my tube top down such that it encircled my torso just below my boobs.

"So what do you think Uncle Jim?" I asked seductively. I wasn't really looking for a verbal response as the lust in his eyes and the bulge in his shorts was all I had to see. It was time to free that bulge so I unzipped his shorts.

He lifted his hips to help me to pull them down to his knees. He was wearing boxers which quickly followed his shorts revealing a nice hard cock surrounded by a lush bush of coarse pubic hair. Hmmmmmm, the family resemblance was uncanny! With the recliner down Uncle Jim scooted to the edge of the chair so his balls hung free and his cock was sticking straight out, all hard and ready for me!

I kneeled in front of him and held his cock with one hand, playing with his thick thatch of pubic hair. I cupped his balls in my other hand and gently rolled them with my fingers, careful not to squeeze them too tightly. I looked up at him with a smile on his face and he was staring at me, licking his lips unconsciously in anticipation of what we both knew I was about to do. He glanced quickly over to my dad who now had his hand down his shorts, getting himself off as he watched his daughter preparing to give his married brother the best blowjob of his life.

"Oh fuck, you can't do this!" he whispered but he didn't do anything to back up his words.

I just smiled in reply and let my mouth go to work on him. I took his head into my mouth and felt him jerk as my tongue immediately went to play over him. I believe that using my tongue is the most important element of a good blowjob. Too many girls seem to think all they have to do is use their mouth like another vagina and just stroke the guy in and out. Sure that eventually works but they are missing the one element that I'm told makes a blowjob so satisfying when done well - using the snake in my mouth to caress and toy with every sensitive area of his cock. Just as most girls (me included) love having their clit played with when being fucked, guys

Sperm was dripping from my chin so I used his cock to scoop it back into my mouth. I opened my mouth one more time to show them both his present to me as it pooled on my tongue and then swallowed it down.

Uncle Jim leaned back in the chair, panting and sweating. I wasn't finished yet, he hadn't fucked me and not only did I want it, frankly I felt I'd earned it. I stood up in front of him and reached for his head with both hands and then pulled him to my hungry pussy. His tongue reached out and licked my pussy slit, reaching my clit and my knees went weak as an instant orgasm hit me.

Uncle Jim wrapped his arms around me and pulled my pussy tightly into his face, smearing my pussy cum all over it and letting his tongue lap me like a cat with a bowl of milk. He was damn good, I had to give him credit for that! I lifted my right leg up onto the seat next to him to give him better access to my pussy and he drove his talented tongue further up inside of me. He wiggled it inside of me and I pulled his head even tighter into my crotch, trying to drive him even deeper. I could feel myself starting to cum again and I wanted it to happen badly.

"Don't stop," I begged him in a hoarse whisper, "Please don't stop now... make me Cum...oh God please make me cum hard Uncle Jim."

Naturally he couldn't answer with his face buried in my pussy but I knew he heard me from the way his tongue moved even faster and deeper into me. His nose was pressed against my clit, rubbing it simultaneously as he his tongue flicked in and out of my pussy.

I moaned, almost letting it loose but somehow remembering I couldn't as I sank into a haze of sexual pleasure. Nothing existed for me at that moment but the feel of his tongue on me. Each time it touched me was like a jolt of electricity shooting through me, giving me the most incredible sensations that I only feel during sex.

This is what drives me to sex, what makes me plead for it and beg for it if need be; what forces me to masturbate every opportunity I have. It is like a drug that sends me to an incredible high and leaves me wanting it again and again and again. My pussy gushed cum onto my uncle's face, covering his face with it and he licked it up as best as he could. Finally it subsided and I returned from wherever it was my orgasm sent me to see my uncle looking up at me. His face glistened with my cum and he licked his lips along with a huge smile on his face.

"Cum hard?" he asked.

"Oh yea," I answered, "but not nearly as hard as I will when you fuck me."

Uncle Jim looked over at my dad saying, "Are you sure John? Sorry, I just feel strange doing your daughter."

## 8. My Uncle Fucks Me

My dad is so wonderful! How many fathers would not only offer their daughter to their brother but proudly watch and get off at the same time? He just grinned at his brother, "Go for it Jim, remember you owe me one!"

My uncle laughed and I wondered if he realized just how serious my dad was OR how soon he hoped to capitalize on the favor his brother was going to owe him! I felt good though knowing that not only was I going to finally get fucked by my favorite uncle, but it looked like it might help my dad realize one of his dreams as well. Cool!

I turned around to show my ass to my uncle. At his age I wasn't sure how quickly he was going to be able to recover from his first orgasm but I need not have worried. His cock was rigid again and sticking up from his lap like a firm fleshy banana. Mmmmmmm, he was ready to go and so was I! I moved backwards into him and bent my knees to lower myself down to him. He put one hand on my pussy, spreading the lips apart with his fingers and the other on his cock to guide it home. I lowered myself until I felt the head pressing against my pussy and then I paused, savoring the moment.

"You ready to fuck me Uncle Jim?" I asked in a little girl voice. Then I changed to my patented slutty voice and purred, "Mmmmmmm, I know you've been wanting to. You wanted to in the pool, didn't you."

"Oh hell yes, but I think you want it just as bad you little slut," he said, "Now quit yakking and sit on my cock."

Mmmmmmm, he was definitely into it now. I loved the "slut" comment as I could never have imagined him calling me that in front of my parents before. I obediently lowered myself down, the weight of me forcing his hard cock to penetrate me. Like my dad, he wasn't especially large but he was more than adequate. I felt that familiar pressure between my legs, forcing them apart as this warm hard piece of flesh violated me.

This was always one of the best times when I am fucked, that first time a guy enters me and I feel my body resisting, trying to keep the invader out, then being overcome and yielding to it, welcoming it and absorbing it. The ridge of his cock head passed into me and then I just dropped down to drive him into me in one fast motion.

I sat on his lap, my body literally impaled on his dick like a corn dog on a stick. Looking down, I tried to imagine how his cock looked inside my pussy, looking at my belly knowing that just inside was my uncle's cock, throbbing and moving in me. I rose up again until he was barely in me and then lowered myself down again as slowly as my trembling legs would let me. I repeated this several times until I heard him groaning behind me and then speeded it up until I was literally bouncing on his lap. My ass made a slapping noise each time I hit his lap and he would grunt when I would drop my full weight down upon him.

After doing him this way for a while I lifted myself off and turned around. My pussy was screaming at me to get his cock back in it again so I straddled him and put my knees on the chair on each side of him and lowered myself down and started fucking him again. He held my ass in his hands, squeezing my butt while he sucked on my nipples, alternating back and forth between them. I had one hand on his shoulder and the other fondling my clit as I rocked back and forth on his cock which had the same effect as lifting myself up and down but without all the hard work.

I looked over at my dad and he had his shorts pulled down now and was jerking his cock faster. It was so cool to see him pleasuring himself as he watched me fucking his brother! It must have been like when they were teens except now instead of it being my mother they shared it was her daughter. The second generation had arrived and for a brief second I wondered if someday my daughter would be in this position. But that was a fantasy for another day as Uncle Jim grunted for me to get up and he traded places with me.

I laid back in the chair until my pussy was at the edge and my feet were on the floor. Uncle Jim spread my legs far apart and put his finger into my pussy, stroking it in and out of me while he jerked his wet cock. He then put two of the them in me and used them to spread me open again for his cock to reenter me. I lifted my head to watch as he rubbed the head up and down my pussy slit and tickled my clit with it. Then he pushed it into me as I watched and felt it disappear into me.

I love watching myself being fucked, knowing that he is actually inserting a part of his body deep into mine. For a few moments we are joined as one, two people coupled in a way only sex can make them. I thought for a moment about my uncle fucking me, how it was the first time I had another cock in me that was from someone in my family other than my dad. All those years of teasing and flirting and now he was finally fucking me, mating his niece. I simply felt wonderful!

Just as I thought it couldn't get better, my dad's lust finally got the better of him. He got out of his chair and stood to the side of me. He was stroking his hard cock next to my face and I reached to grab it. My uncle kept fucking me as he watched in amazement as I pulled my dad's cock to my mouth and started to suck it. This was now heaven - my dad's cock in my mouth and his brother's in my pussy.

My dad must have been close to cumming which is probably what drove him over the edge and it was only a few minutes before I tasted his familiar cum in my mouth. Uncle Jim was watching wide-eyed but he wasn't about to stop fucking me no matter how weird things got for him. My dad groaned as he unleashed his love for me.

Normally I would have taken him in my mouth but I think he wanted to show off a bit for his brother as he pulled out and shot his loads all over my face. I could feel it dripping down my cheeks and one shot almost hit me in the eye! I stroked his cock, milking every drop from him. I licked the finals drops as they emerged and smiled up at them both.

Uncle Jim was pounding me now and I knew he was about to cum soon from the intensity of his strokes and his heavy breathing. I kept fingering my clit furiously, determined to cum with him. I wanted him to cum inside of me and so I panicked for a moment, afraid he might pull out when he came.

"Cum inside me Uncle Jim," I begged, "PLEASE stay in me. I want your cum in me."

His pounding of me continued but he was able to gasp, "You protected?"

My dad helped me out on that one. "Hell Jim, she's been on the pill since she was fourteen! Give some credit man."

I was starting to cum and I wanted him to cum as well. It turned out perfectly; just as my back arched upwards from being consumed by the sexual pleasure of my orgasm, he started to ejaculate which was like putting the afterburners on for my orgasm. The most intense pleasure I can feel comes from having an orgasm but the best orgasm happens when a man starts to shoot his hot sperm in me right as I peak.

It takes perfect timing but this was one of those times when everything worked out and I groaned loudly as I lifted my hips up to meet his wonderful cock, that beautiful cock that was pouring his seed into me. I didn't care who heard me or what happened, all I cared about was making it last, making this fantastic feeling stay in me as long as possible. My hips gyrated under him, circling around his cock. My pussy gripped him hard, squeezing his cock to force every drop of semen from him.

Eventually all good things must pass and so it was with our sex. I laid back on the chair, motionless and totally drained. His cock slipped from my pussy and for just a moment it felt like a part of me was missing, as if his cock had merged with my pussy and now something had been taken away. I opened my eyes and saw my uncle standing in front of me, pulling his underwear and shorts back up quickly.

"Hurry up and get dressed Kelly, I can't believe nobody heard you!" he whispered, a worried look in his face as he glanced towards the door to the hallway.

## 9. Almost Caught

I sat up and saw that my dad had his shorts back on place as well. Fortunately it only took a few seconds to put on my shorts and lift my tube top back in place; just as I laid back down on the couch my mom appeared at the doorway!

"What the hell are you guy doing?" she asked, a perturbed look on her face. My uncle looked like someone had punched him in the stomach but he had it all wrong. He thought my mother knew nothing about any of this and that she was about to kill us all. She saw my uncle's look and laughed.

"Oh don't worry Jim, I know all about what's been going on in here. Why do you think they brought me with anyway? Somebody had to keep Shari busy! Speaking of whom, she'll be here in a second so behave yourselves!"

Just as my mom had predicted, Aunt Shari showed up about a minute later. She looked a bit puzzled saying, "What's going on? Sounded like someone was dying in here! How am I supposed to carry on a conversation with Mary with all this racket?"

My uncle explained that the game was going badly and that we were maybe getting too emotional but that we would quiet down for them. He was careful not to look at me as I am not sure he could have kept a straight face if he had!

Aunt Shari went back to the kitchen in a huff. Before my mom left she went over by my dad, smacked him playfully on the side of the head and said, "I can't believe you stayed in here, I figured you would join Shari and me. Couldn't resist watched your daughter getting laid, eh?" she teased.

Then looking over at my uncle, who obviously thought he was now in some Twilight Zone episode, she continued, "I mean, it's not fair you got to watch and not me." She twirled around then and left to follow my aunt.

Finally we had a few moments to ourselves after our fucking session. My uncle looked over at his brother saying, "Damn John, I can't believe your own daughter gave you a blowjob - my god John, that's incest!"

My dad had covered for me before so it was my turn to respond saying, "Heck that's nothing Uncle Jim, he fucks me every day!"

Uncle Jim truly looked shocked at that one. "What? You're screwing you own daughter? How long have you been doing that?"

I thought my dad had better handle it from here which he did, promising to tell John all about some time over a beer. We finished watching the game without anything further. I wasn't too interested in the game actually, all I could think about was what I wanted to do with Uncle Jim the next time I was over in the pool!

control was non-existent and although people may not have known the reason why, they did now that having babies with your family members just didn't work. Today such aberrations can be prevented, or at least fixed, so I don't understand why incest is not only allowed but encouraged.

In my case I am closer to my parents than any other girl I know and I can claim them to be my best friends. There are so many families with problems and with the divorce rate so high you would think maybe the idea would get across that more love in a family would only help, not hurt! But things are as they are so my dilemma was figuring out how to overcome Rick's cultural programming.

Given the number of guys I've had sex with and the ease with which I could go out at this moment and get laid if I wanted to, someone might wonder why go through all the hassle and potential problems of trying to seduce my cousin.

For me it is more than just Rick but rather the idea of bringing our families closer together. I know how wonderful it is to have my Aunt Linda and Kristen over and now I was looking forward to seeing Uncle Jim joining in so my mom could have someone else to fuck. With Tammy now at least on her way to a more sexual lifestyle, one which I hoped to encourage and develop with her, having Rick in the mix would make it really erotic.

## 2. Seeking My Mom's Advice

I'd been masturbating all the past week over the possibilities, especially when it came to Tammy being with her father and brother. I wanted so bad to give them the gift I had, to help them become close as a family. But it was one step at a time and for now Rick was the next brick to be laid in my plan - literally as well as figuratively!

As usual whenever I had a problem or question I went to my mother to get her advice. Over the years we have shared everything in my life and our relationship today goes far beyond that of a typical mother and daughter. I knew if anyone could help me figure this out that my mother was the one.

One morning after my dad had woken me in his special way and left for work, instead of going back to bed for a while (or chatting on-line for a few minutes to let myself settle down), I went to their bedroom where my mother was still asleep.

I crawled in bed with her and slipped under the blankets. My mother loved heavy comforters and she kept the room pretty cool so it felt good to snuggle under them. She was laying on her side, facing her edge of the bed so I slipped up against her and fit my body next to hers. The warmth of her smooth bare skin felt so good against mine. My naked breasts pressed against her back and her ass was cupped in my crotch.

I put my arm around her and held her large breast in my hand. Her nipple was hard and I wondered what she was dreaming about! I buried my face in her hair and just laid there, enjoying the comfort and security of being close to my mom. I fell asleep this way only to wake up to find my mother on top of me, kissing my breasts and running her hands all over me.

"Good morning sleepy eyes," she said in a cheerful voice. "I woke up to find a surprise in bed with me. What's the matter, didn't your dad take care of you this morning?"

We both giggled at that. She knew better than that - my dad hadn't missed a morning with me since I got home from school. I played along though, knowing what she really wanted.

"Why don't you check for yourself?" I said coyly

My mom grinned and hummed a "Mmmmmmm" after which she moved her head to between my legs. I spread them apart for her and she started to lick me while I laid my head back on the pillow and enjoyed it. Nobody knows how to lick my pussy better than my mom, not even my dad. I don't know if it's because she is just damn good at it or if somehow as my mother she just knows what is best for me. It doesn't matter, all I know is that my mom licks pussy better than any other girl I have ever known!

My mom's also a darn good teacher when it comes to sucking cocks and I owe much of my reputation to her teachings over the years. It doesn't hurt either to have a father who provides plenty of feedback and instruction to go along with it!

We spent the next couple of hours in bed together loving one another. I will always be my dad's little girl, his only daughter who strives to please her father in every way she can. With my mom it is more mutual, more like the intimacy shared between two lovers.

It's almost how I envision it will be with my husband someday, the only man to whom I will ever "make love" too. I say "man" because I firmly believe I already have that relationship with my mom. I have a hard enough time writing about my sexual experiences as it is but I find it almost impossible to put into words how I feel about

would have been thankful to anyone who would have helped me get started with my dad sooner than I did. I look at the years before I first had sex with my dad and can't help but feel remorse at all the lost opportunities, not to mention the guilt I will always have for not giving my dad what would have been the greatest gift as a daughter I could have given to my father – my virginity.

I have dreamed many times of how it would have been if I had first given myself to him, the love and tenderness he would have shown, the patience to make sure every was perfect for me, that incredible moment when I felt a cock entering me for the first time, knowing it was my father's and realizing how much he must truly me to want to do this to me.

Together my mom and I came up with a plan. I wanted to be clever and give it some sort of code name like a spy novel but nothing came to mind so we just referred to it as The Plan.

The basic element of The Plan was simple and direct – throw myself at Rick! We debated the pros and cons of more subtle approaches but figured all of them had the same basic flaw in that they gave him too much time to think about it and thus the opportunity to chicken out. We concluded that a full frontal assault (pun intended of course) was the best strategy and then it was on to how to get the job done.

We thought about waiting for another pool party or something like the TV ball game episode the other day with my Uncle Jim but decided against this. I had pushed my luck pretty far and barely escaped getting caught the last time so to do it again might bring on disaster.

One thing we agreed upon and that was that Aunt Shari could not know ANYTHING about all of this or she would probably go postal. Listening to my dad tell me the things his brother had confided in him about their sex lives, it was amazing they had been able to reproduce!

The safest approach was to get to Rick away from their house in a location that was completely private. That pretty much left just one place – our house. With the logistics in place we spent the next hour or so debating how I was to seduce Rick. When we finished we were giggling like two schoolgirls, each of us talking about how we dreamed the day would go. Well, there was no time better than the present to see if it would work so why not go for it!

# 3. My Mom's Puts Our Plan Into Action

My mom picked up the phone and called Aunt Shari. They chatted about nothing for a while and I teased my mom, running my fingers over her and between her legs. She slapped at me playfully and I giggled, thinking about how shocked Aunt Shari would be if she had any idea of what was going on at the other end of the line.

Eventually my mom brought up the subject of some lawn work that my dad was way behind on because of his heavy work schedule of late. She sighed as she told Aunt Shari that she had signed up for some of the boys in the church youth group but apparently they were overwhelmed with requests and never even called us back.

I could hear my aunt's loud obnoxious voice through the earpiece as she ranted about how poorly the program was bring run by the new youth pastor and how someone should do something about it. After her rant though she asked my mom if Rick could help out in any way. My mom gave me the thumbs up sign when Aunt Shari said he was even free today if we needed him.

Rick must have been in the same room because we could barely make out someone protesting in the background about having plans with friends. Aunt Shari told him to shut up and get working if he wanted a car which evidently motivated him. He would be over in an hour which left us little time to get prepared. We wouldn't want him to catch us in bed together but then again...

The truth was that my dad kept up with the yard work pretty well but my mother remembered that the deck needed some dirty sections cleaned. We usually had it professionally cleaned and sealed every year but there always seemed to be patches where it needed touchup work throughout the summer. My dad had been planning to do the work soon and so the cleaning supplies were already laid out meaning everything was ready to go. So much for the setup work – now for the bait.

As part of The Plan this was of course – me. Just like when fishing, the trick was to put the bait where the fish would take it which in this case meant the hot tub. I had the perfect bikini for the occasion, one which normally I would've never worn in public but this wasn't a public pool by any means.

My mom of course wanted to watch so she set up a chair by my bedroom window, making sure the shade for the other window in my room was pulled to keep the room dark and thus difficult to see into from the sunny outdoors. It was rather ironic that she would be watching me (or at least hopefully would be) fuck my cousin for the first time from the very same window I first watched her and my dad making love in the hot tub, a moment in my life which changed everything for me forever.

There wasn't too much else to do as we waited for Rick to show up. We had decided that the best course of action would be for me to stay out of sight at the outset and let my mom handle things so I went up to my room and started chatting, something I typically did whenever I needed to pass some time away.

Before long the doorbell rang and I could hear my mom answering it and then heard Rick's voice. She thanked him for being so prompt in helping out and led him through the house to the deck off the back of the kitchen. I moved over to the window in my room and watched as my mom showed him what had to be done. My mom, who wanted Rick just as badly as I did, had dressed up in a pair of cutoffs and a bikini top with no shoes. Although not as revealing as mine, they still showed off her assets (sorry, another pun I couldn't resist) and with her boobs being so much larger she didn't need her bikini top to be as small as mine to flaunt them.

Several times she bent over to pick up something from the deck and I almost laughed as she blatantly kept her legs straight so her ass stuck out as much as possible when she leaned over. Rick was seventeen and thus horny 100% of the time and he didn't let us down. His eyes never left her ass and when she would lean over to show him how to do something his eyes went straight to her ample bosom which she made sure left plenty of cleavage in view. The funny thing was that here he was getting teased by my mom but in the end it was going to be me he was going to fuck. Well, it wouldn't be long before he found that out for himself.

My mom left him to get to work and went inside. I had to give him credit, he was an industrious boy and went straight to work, probably hoping to get finished faster so he could get to whatever party he was missing. A few minutes later and my mom was at my side, watching him with me out the window through the shades. Rick was wearing cutoff jeans which went almost to his knees and a muscle-shirt from school. He looked so handsome and strong not to mention positively fuckable.

"Mmmmmmm, nice buns," she murmured, "You don't think I over-did it do you?"

I laughed together with her, "No way, he was soaking it all up. I loved the way he stared at your ass whenever your back was to him."

My mom smiled at that. She may be almost forty but she still has a great ass and knows it. "You know I was tempted to just take him myself and do the Aunt-nephew thing myself," she said. "I bet he would have gone for it too."

I pretended to be horrified at the prospect of not having him first and then we both broke down and laughed together. My mother was just as horny as I was so once I started playing with myself as we watched Rick it didn't take long for her to join in.

For the next fifteen minutes or so we both played with ourselves as we shared the view. It was mid-afternoon and sweltering outside so it wasn't long before he stripped off his shirt and revealed his tanned muscular frame. We both moaned simultaneously and then giggled at our joint reaction.

## 4. Sucking My Cousin's Dick

It was time for the next phase of The Plan. I already had my bikini on so it was just a matter of wrapping a towel around me and heading downstairs. When I opened the door to the deck and stepped out, Rick look over to see who it was and when he recognized it was me he grinned and greeted me.

"Hey cousin, how's it going?" he said.

I just said something it being OK and all and then moved over to the hot tub. "You don't mind if I use the hot tub while you're working out here, do you Rick?"

"Heck no Kelly," he replied quickly. "You can do whatever. I shouldn't be too much longer anyway This wasn't very hard, I'm actually surprised your dad couldn't get to it by now."

I asked Rick to help me with the cover and we placed it off to the side where it was out of the way. I started the pump and jets and the water quickly turned into a frothy cauldron. From this point on the plan was simple - get straight to the point as quickly as possible and simply overwhelm him.

I glanced up at my bedroom window where I knew my mom would be watching but as we hoped it was too dark to see her inside. In one quick motion I dropped my towel to the deck revealing my skimpy bikini to him. It was nice to see his eyes widen and his mouth involuntarily drop open just a bit as he looked me up and down before realizing what he was doing and diverting his eyes away. While he was trying to look like he was not trying to look at me, I stripped off my suit and stepped into the tub.

As I slowly lowered myself into the steaming hot water I smiled at him and said, "Oh! hope you don't mind Rick, but my dad has a strict rule here - no swimming suits in the hot tub. Something about soap residue or something contaminating the water. Besides, it's not all that much different between this and that little bikini anyway don't you think?"

I was fully under the water by then and the bubbles kept my body from view but not before I am sure he was able to take in a good view of my naked body. He didn't answer my question and was about to turn away when I knew I needed to keep up the pressure.

"Hey Rick, why don't you take a break and join me?" I asked him. "I know you always like to go swimming with me in your pool so it's time for me to repay the favor."

He stammered for a second and then lamely said, "Love to but I can't, I didn't bring a swimming suit."

I pouted at him and shook my finger at him saying. "Didn't I just say that my dad didn't allow swim suits in here? Come on, we do this all the time so it's no big deal - really. After all, it's not like I haven't seen a naked guy before or anything."

He was still hesitating so I kept up the pressure by standing up in the tub and letting the water and bubbles drip from me. I put one hand on my hip and the other reached out to him seductively. "Now tell me Rick, don't you want to get in here with me? C'mon, let's have some fun."

I pulled my hand in and cupped my breasts with both hands, lifting them up for him. That was enough as finally he quickly lowered his shorts and underwear which was all he had left on by then. I smiled when I looked at his crotch and saw he was sporting a huge erection. He started to cover himself with his hand and his face reddened but it was exactly what I had hoped to see.

For a moment I thought of my mother watching from above and I knew where her eyes were fixed now. He may be just seventeen but Rick was already the man of the house. His cock was easily and inch or two bigger than his dad's (or my dad for that matter) and considerably thicker as well. It was all I could do to keep from jumping out and sucking it as he stood there but that would have been too much even for The Plan.

"Don't hide it for heaven's sake," I said in exasperation, "I've been waiting for a long time to get a view of that dick and it looks like it was well worth the wait! Now get in here with me so I can get a closer view."

Rick pulled his hand reluctantly from his crock, freeing his dick which immediately stuck straight up in the air. God he was hard! Even as he walked it just trembled like a tall tree in the wind. He lowered himself into the churning water slowly, gasping at the heat. Well, time to keep up the pressure so I maneuvered myself over to him and spread his legs apart so I could slide between them.

I reached down under the water and ran my hands under the backs of his legs until they were under his firm butt and lifted him up. His head almost slipped backwards into the water before he put his arms out and held onto the sides as I kept raising his hips until his cock stuck out of the water like a fleshy periscope. It looked so inviting I didn't hesitate another second and moved forward until my mouth was over his cock.

"Ever have a girl suck this before?" I asked him.

Rick was just staring at me and he vigorously shook his head. I smiled at him seductively and took his cock into my mouth as far as I could right off the bat. He was big enough that he didn't fit in my mouth but I didn't take him down my throat right away and instead held onto the bottom quarter of his rigid cock with one of my hands as I held him up with my free one. He was helping me now, arching his back to keep his hips up out of the water so it didn't take as much effort on my part to keep his cock exposed. I started to stroke his cock in and out of my mouth and he groaned even louder.

"Oh Kelly!" was all he could say, repeating it over and over as I sucked his beautiful dick.

I looked him in the eye and held his cock in my hand as I licked my lips seductively in preparation. "Watch me," was all I said as I took a deep breath and went down on him.

I felt hic cock pressing against the back of my throat but I kept going down, another couple inches to go. I kept my eyes locked on his as I pushed his dick down my throat. No matter how many times I do this I still can't get over having a moment where I think I am going to gag but when you know what to expect it makes it easier to take and I kept pushing my head down on him. His cock filled my throat and I felt it slide downwards. Finally my lips were tight against the thick base of his cock and my nose was pressed into his wet pubic hair.

I turned my head from side to side to rub his cock in my mouth as he stared at me, not even blinking. I needed to breath so I pulled up and then took another deep breath and did it again. This time he put one hand on my head and pushed me down. I felt myself getting lightheaded and I pulled my head up against his hand and sucked in a deep breath of air.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed, "I can't believe you took it all in your mouth!! That was amazing!"

"So you've never had a girl suck you before?" I asked.

"No!" he said quickly, "I never thought one ever would, just a porn thing."

I gave him a few more good strokes with my mouth and then looked up at him again, my hand running up and down his shaft in a twisting motion. "I want you to cum in my mouth now."

"You sure?" he asked but I could tell he wanted it from the lustful look in his eyes.

No need for a reply, I went down on him again and felt his ass tightening up under my hand. He moaned loudly and I held his cock an inch or so from my open mouth, waiting for his cum. I stroked his cock with my hand and aimed it best as I could for my mouth. Just then a huge stream of cum emerged from the tip of his cock and I felt it pooling on my tongue. The next load missed and hit me on the cheek while the third one was back in my mouth again.

I took him in my mouth then and sucked his dick as he spurted several more smaller loads of his sperm into my hungry mouth. When he was finished I kept sucking on him, feeling him quiver as my tongue ran circles around the head of his cock, savoring the flavor of him.

I knew some of his cum was on my face, I could feel it dripping down but I left it there for him to see. It must be something like a male dog marking a tree because guys seem to love seeing their cum on me. I prefer it go somewhere a bit more useful like my mouth where at least I get to taste it or my pussy where I get to feel it entering me and then keep it in me for a while. This time though I wanted Rick to enjoy the moment as much as possible so if that meant leaving his cum on my face then I was more than happy to do so.

# 5. Rick Eats My Pussy

"My turn," I said as I took his hand and pulled him up as I moved to the opposite side of the tub. Essentially we swapped places with me laying back and letting my hips float up to the surface. My bald pussy was surrounded by bubbles of air and I spread my legs wide for him. Rick looked a little apprehensive so I helped him along a bit.

"Get on your knees and hold my butt up unless you want to do this underwater," I told him. He did and I loved the feel of his large hands as they cupped my ass and lifted me up until he had practically my entire butt clear of the water!

"Just lick it," I instructed, "Don't worry about where for now, just lick it up and down."

Rick tentatively reached out with his tongue and I felt a twinge as the tip of his tongue touched me. He licked me more like a dog, just lapping me up and down without any penetration. I reached down with one hand and spread myself apart for him. He took the hint and soon his tongue was running between my pussy lips and up and over my clit. I jumped each time he went over where my clit was growing harder by the second. I noticed he must have assumed my response meant he was doing something bad because he started avoiding it. Wrong!

"Feel that under your tongue?" I asked, "Lick under the hood where you feel that bump sticking out. Mmmmmmm, that's it, that's my clit Rick and it loves your attention."

Rick was a fast learner, I had to give him that. Before long he was sucking on my clit and trying to poke his tongue up my pussy. I glanced upwards and even though I couldn't see her I knew my mom was watching. I could imagine her playing with herself as she watched Rick eating my pussy, wishing it was hers I am sure! As horny as I was it was no surprise that even with his rather amateur oral abilities he was bringing me to a climax.

I wrapped my legs around his head, crossing my feet on top of his back with his head clamped between my thighs. I groaned as I felt myself cumming, that familiar yet never repetitious feeling of the most purest of pleasures. I arched my back further to drive myself deeper into his face and I could feel myself cumming. God it felt so good! I could feel my pussy cum gushing which evidently surprised Rick as he started to pull his head back away from me. I tightened my grip with my legs and stopped him.

"Fuck no!" I cried, "don't stop now, I'm just cumming!"

Rick seemed to understand that it was ok; hell it was a LOT more than OK, and renewed his tonguing of my pussy. I wondered what he thought about it, the taste of a girl's pussy for the first time, the taste of her cum. I loved the taste of a horny pussy, especially my own. There was something delicious and naughty about reaching under my skirt to wet my finger and then smelling and tasting it, especially when I was somewhere where I "shouldn't".

Just like I had never sucked two cocks that tasted and smelled exactly the same, so it was with pussies. My mom and aunt may be sisters but I could tell the difference between them blindfolded if you let me smell their pussies. I remembered my petite cousin Tammy a couple of weeks before and how sweet she tasted and the light odor that came from her when she was hot. It was so different compared to the stronger muskier smell of my mom. From the way he was licking me I figured Rick must be enjoying my pussy as well!

## 6. Rick Finally Fucks Me

Once my orgasm had finally settled down enough for me to think more coherently, I unwrapped my legs from being around him and lifted his head from my crotch with my hand. I stood up and turned around. Leaning forward, I put my hands on the side of the tub and spread my legs for him to get a close-up view of my ass and pussy. I wiggled it suggestively for him and invited him over.

"Fuck me Rick," I said loudly over the din of the hot tub, "Enter me from behind."

Rick clearly wanted to if his still erect cock was any indicator but for just a moment he seemed to panic. I knew then it was more than just fucking his cousin that he was thinking about, he was indeed a virgin! It was a long time ago that I had my first virgin and since his mother was obviously never going to take it who better than his cousin to give it to? Well, maybe Tammy would have been a better choice but I admit to being a bit selfish, I wanted him!

Rick put on hand on my hip to steady himself and I looked over my shoulder to see how he was doing. He used his other hand to guide his cock to me but when he got to my butt he seemed to stop, probably uncertain as to what to do next. I reached between my legs and took his cock from his hand. Guiding it to the entrance to my pussy hole, I centered it on target and pressed back against him slightly.

"That's it Rick, right there." I encouraged him, "C'mon, you DO want to fuck me, don't you?"

"Oh yes Kelly," he moaned, "I've wanted to do this soooooo badly, never thought it would happen!" With that he pressed himself into me. At first my pussy resisted and so he pressed harder until suddenly his cock head slipped into me. Mmmmmmm, Rick was no longer a virgin!

"Don't stop," I instructed, "Keep pushing it all the way in."

I felt his cock sliding into me, feeling my warm pussy embrace it, welcoming it finally to the home where it belonged. He was big alright! My crotch felt like it was being split apart as he penetrated me deeper and deeper. He was so incredibly hard it was like having a steel stake inside of me, one that throbbed and felt so warm! His crotch met with my ass and I felt his body pressing against mine. He had one hand on each hip now which let him rock me back and forth against his dick that had me impaled.

Male instinct took over and he began fucking me, slowly at first and then building up speed. Having just cum, I figured he would be a bit more lasting this time so I let him fuck me for a while before calling for a new position.

"Time for something new," I said.

I pushed him back and out of me and turned around to face him. I sat on the seat in the corner of the tub and put one leg up on each side of the tub, spreading myself wide open for him in the process. Motioning for him to move up, I grabbed his steel pole and inserted him into my anxious pussy. He started stroking himself once again in and out of me, faster than ever. His hand held my shoulders to steady us both so I put my right hand between my legs and played with my pussy while my other hand went to my breast and massaged them, squeezing my nipples between my fingers and pulling on them.

I could only imagine how this must have looked to my horny mother looking down from above! Between his monstrous cock slamming in and out of me and my finger on my clit another orgasm was building in me and I leaned my head back with my eyes closed as the raging fire engulfed me.

God this was incredible! So many times I had looked at him in the pool and at family gatherings and wondered what it would be like to have him in me and now he was! My pussy clamped down on him and he pushed hard to get himself back into me all the way where he just held himself while I enjoyed the feel of him throbbing in me as my body simmered with the sensations that were running through it from head to toe.

As I eased up on him he renewed his assault on my pussy and was now stroking himself as fast as he could. He wrapped his arms around my shoulders and I put mine around his waist as we pressed tightly together. He was in me deep and he stayed there for motionless for just a moment when I felt his hips lunge and he shot his cum deep inside of me. I felt a bloom of heat as his sperm emerged from his stiff cock and was propelled even deeper inside of me. Another one was followed by yet another.

I love the feeling when a man releases himself in me, mating with me and shooting his sperm deep into me in that vain attempt to impregnate me. I feel the warmth inside of me and try to imagine millions of sperm cells moving inside of me, created by someone else and now living in me.

We held onto each other for several minutes that way, just our naked bodies pressed tightly against each other and we remained coupled on the ledge of the hot tub. My mother must have realized what had happened and that we were close to finishing because I heard sounds of footsteps and looked over Rick's shoulder to see my mother standing at the opposite side of the hot tub, hands on her hips and a huge smile on her face.

Rick must not have heard her soft steps and with his back to the doorway obviously didn't see her coming either so he just held onto me, periodically thrusting himself back in me as his cock shrunk and dried to withdraw from me.

"That's it Rick, keep it in me," I whispered with a wink to my mom. "I want to feel your cock pulsing inside of me."

"Oh god that felt so good," Rick said in a husky voice, "I mean, that was incredible! I didn't mean to cum in you though. Damn you're not going to get pregnant now are you?"

I pulled the cushion from the chaise lounge off and laid it on the deck, pointing at him to lay down. As he laid on his back his cock was so stiff it was pointing almost straight at his head as I climbed aboard. Sitting up high above his waist I grabbed his dick and pointed it upwards to ward my lowering pussy, guiding it in me as I kept on moving downwards.

I was so wet and swollen now that his cock easily slid into me and I dropped down hard on his lap, driving his dick deep into me. He gasped partly from my weight as it struck him and partly from the feel of his cock being rammed into me.

"My turn to control," I said as I started bouncing on his cock. I loved this position because it lets me control the tempo and the depth of his penetration in me. I sat in his lap and ground my ass into his crotch, making his cock move and twist inside of me, driving me crazy with the pleasure of it.

"Sit up," I told him.

I stayed in him as he raised up and then moved my legs so instead of being on my knees I was sitting in his lap with my legs out behind him. He put his arms around me and pulled me tightly to him until my boobs were pressed into his bare chest. The he loosened his grip and lowered his head so he could suck on my boobs while I sat there on his lap with his cock up my pussy. It was like an electric shock went through my chest as he sucked on my hard nipples.

We rocked on the cushion, driving his cock just a little bit in and out of me in the process. I sighed as a third orgasm rocked me, not as intense as the previous ones but just general feeling of elation as his cock pressed up inside of me.

"I want you to cum again," I demanded. He just rolled his eyes but his cock was still stiff in me giving me hope. I enjoy being fucked by older men but there is one area where the young guys have them totally outclassed - the ability to cum again and again! I wondered if even Rick would be able to do this again once the initial euphoria of his first fuck wore off! Oh well, I wasn't complaining, that's for sure!

I pushed him back down and got on my knees once again, all the while keeping him firmly in place. I worked my around on his cock until my ass was facing him. I leaned forward so he could watch himself in me and get a great view of my ass. Turning my head to my side, I looked back and saw him staring at my ass with his cock deep in my pussy.

"Like the view Rick?" I said in teasing voice.

"Damn it Kelly, you have such a great ass. I still can't believe I'm fucking you!" he replied.

I rocked on his cock and bounced on it, sitting on it at times and at others raising up until he was barely in me, teasing the head of his cock and then driving it back into me. I loved being on top of him and controlling his cock in me!

Rick started moaning louder and I had a feeling he was about to cum yet again! I knew what I wanted this time though and I quickly hopped off of his cock and kneeled by his side to take his cock in my mouth while I pumped it with my hand. I felt it swelling in my hand and then the head swelled in my mouth and I took his load again in my mouth. It was only a small amount but as this was his third time I was pleased just to get it. Heck, most guys can't do it twice without a break and for Rick to do it three times was nothing short of incredible!

I stood up over Rick who just laid back on the cushion exhausted. His cock was finally expended and it lay to the side a mere shrunken facsimile of its former greatness. It had served its purpose well though and my pussy was still feeling the afterglow of its efforts. I reached down to grab my towel and gave him a little wave and a smile. He looked up at me and returned the smile. God he looked so sexy on his back stark naked in the sun!

Heading back into the kitchen my mom was waiting for me. "Couldn't resist one more time, you little slut!" she said with a laugh. "God, THREE times? The boy's a fucking machine!"

I reached up and kissed her. As her mouth opened I gave the cum I had been saving in my mouth to her with my tongue. She licked it from my tongue with hers and smiled at me.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT'S what I call a nice present!" she said licking her lips with a big grin on her face.

I twirled around her and called out, "I love you!" as I pranced up the stairs to take a shower. As I basked under the massaging stream of warm water I wondered what my mom and Rick had to say to each other when I left. I had a feeling Rick wouldn't be complaining about coming over to help out anymore!

# (Aug 05) Chapter 94: My First Married Couple

Story codes: MF MFF oral first adultery
Me (20)
Richard (42) & Melissa (40)

They were pillars of the community, icons at the church. Who would have guess how bad her husband wanted me? Who would have guessed what she was willing to do to please her husband?

## 1. Meeting People

People are always asking me where I meet the people I date and have sex with. Although I chat a lot on the Internet, I've never met anyone I have chatted with nor do I ever intend to. I know this frustrates people but I am totally open about it. Some people choose to ignore me and push for it and once in a while I will lead them on but I don't feel guilty about it - they deserve it for not respecting me in the first place.

I chat on the Internet for fun. I enjoy talking to different people and exchanging ideas, fantasies, opinions and such. It's like the difference between playing a video game against the computer and being on-line. Interacting with other humans is always much more interesting and that is how I feel about chatting.

So where DO I meet the people you see on the sexual history chart I keep posted on my website for people to keep track of me? Well, here it where 99% of the people I have had sex with have come from, in the general order of success:

Recommendations from my friends
School (well, at least back in high school)
Church (you'd be AMAZED at how many people I meet there for sex)
Parties (just at the party, never afterwards)
Neighbors (including babysitting)
My dad's office

Escorting Service (I was the escort - I wasn't hiring anyone!)

One thing they all have in common that is different from people I chat with is that NONE of them know anything whatsoever about my sexual relationships at home. I didn't list family members above because I certainly don't look at my parents and relatives in the same way as I do the other people I have sex with.

This leads up to another reason I don't meet people I chat with. Although I post a website that contains a lot of personal information and such, I figure the odds are negligible that anyone I care about will recognize us. If I were to date people from on-line then someone outside my family would have direct knowledge of who I am, where I live, etc. which is NOT something I want anyone to know that isn't in my family (and even then only a few selected ones know.

## 2. Melissa Confides in Me

In this case I met Richard and Melissa at church. They are an older couple with two kids in the youth group that I was working with. Richard was 42 and Melissa was 40. Melissa was 32 when she had her first kid so even though they are older than my parents I still baby-sit their kids! The two of them keep in shape though and most people are surprised to hear their real age, figuring them to be at least five to ten years younger. Actually, my mom suspects that Melissa has had a little modern technology when it comes to keeping her figure but I don't see anything wrong with that.

One night after youth group I was helping Melissa put things away in one of the classrooms. We were alone and most of the people were out in the main gathering area. Melissa started to say something to me and then seemed to change her mind and went back to work. This repeated several time until the last time we both burst into laughing over it.

"Melissa, is there something you want to ask me or whatever?" I finally managed to ask after we calmed down.

Melissa took a big breath and motioned for me to take a seat. We both sat in those ridiculously small chairs they put in the preschool classrooms. Melissa took my hand and I looked at her with a quizzical look.

"Ummmmm... I hope you don't mind me discussing this with you Kelly," she started out, "Just let me know if this make you uncomfortable and I will drop it," "Sure Melissa, but you can say anything to me," I replied.

Melissa took yet another deep breath and started over yet again. "I was in the kitchen earlier tonight and there was a bunch of the young boys talking. They didn't know I was in there and I was about to shoo them out when I overheard what they were talking about. They were talking about you Kelly, and I hate to say this but not very nicely either."

I looked at her intently as if I had no idea what she was talking about, I had a good idea what boys she was talking about but they were only fourteen to fifteen years old. Sure they all looked at me whenever they thought I didn't see them and more than a few times I had seen them with a small bulge in their pants while I was teaching them but to be honest, I didn't mind it a bit!

Actually I thought it was kind of cute that they were turned on by me and I could only imagine the masturbation sessions that probably took place when they went home later. Although I had a bit of a reputation with the boys at this church during my high school years (that I was a quite proud of by the way!), this was the first time I'd heard that it had continued down to these kids!

Melissa looked upset though, probably thinking I would be hurt by what she was going to say. "My goodness Kelly," she said with her hand over her mouth, "They said when you went to school here that you were having sex with almost every boy in your class! Well, they DID talk mostly about oral sex but still, sex is sex!"

Melissa paused to gauge my reaction. I just sat there listening so she continued on saying, "Then they talked about the clothes you wear around town and I couldn't believe the nasty things they said wanted to do to you. Finally I couldn't listen anymore so I made some noises and it scared them away."

Melissa looked at me in the eyes, "Is any of that true Kelly? I have to admit that I have always thought you dressed a bit... well let's just say... inappropriately at times but I can't believe a good girl like you could be the slut they were making you out to be. My goodness, all of the parents here just adore you and you do such a great job with the kids. Richard and I have trusted you to baby-sit our kids for years now!"

With that she stood up with her arms crossed. She just shook her head in disbelief and then looked at me solemnly saying, "Well, no matter what you did back then, I assume that now that you are going to such a nice Christian college that is all behind you now. I mean, it IS, right?"

I couldn't help but smile mischievously at her and she knew instantly what I meant by it. Her face turned red as she blushed and looked away from me. "Oh my god Kelly," she said, "Your parents are such wonderful people, I can't believe they condone that kind of behavior!"

"Well..." I said, "I don't hide anything from my parents."

I expected Melissa to faint at any moment but instead she just went silent for over a minute. I wasn't sure where this was all leading so I just sat there quietly waiting for her to continue. When she finally broke her silence she turned to me with a look that took me totally by surprise. She was smiling at me! Well, if that surprised me it was nothing compared to how I felt when she made her next remark.

"Well, I have to admit I was sort of hoping you would say that," she said softly. Her smile became a bit naughtier as she saw the surprise in my face. She licked her lips and said, "Kelly, I were wondering if you would ever be interested in being with an older couple?"

"Being with?" I asked innocently. I knew full well what she was implying but I wanted to hear her say it.

Melissa put her hand on mine as she answered. "You know what I mean Kelly... Richard and me."

Now THAT is what I call coming in straight out of the blue! Wow! I had indeed always fantasized about doing such a thing with a married couple but so far never had the opportunity. (I don't count my parents since we don't have sex out of lust as this would be.) Well, once I had done it with my neighbors but they were swingers and it wasn't like it was anything too terribly naughty.

THIS, however, was totally different. Richard and Melissa were pillars of the church community and although Richard had sneaked a peek at my ass a time or two, every guy in church did so I never considered it any big deal. In all the times I had babysat I had never gotten anything even remotely like a hint that they were interested in any such thing with me - anyone else for that matter.

Like everyone I babysat for, I had poked about their house a bit when the kids were gone and they were one of the few homes where I never found any pornography, sexy lingerie, "personal" photos/videos, or anything like that. They may have just done a better job of hiding it but I doubted that this was the case in their situation. Of all the couples at church their age they would probably be the last one that I would have expected this to come from.

I was quiet while I contemplated all this and Melissa must have thought it meant I must have been upset by what she said. "Oh god, I hope I didn't offend you Kelly," she said with a worried look on her face. She let out a deep sigh and her face was beet red. "Oh dear, this is soooooo embarrassing," she said softly, "I can't believe I said that."

"Oh no!," I quickly responded, "You just caught me by surprise. I mean, it's just that I never would have dreamed that you and Mr. West were into this sort of thing."

"Richard," she corrected me, "please call him Richard and no, we really aren't into 'that sort of thing'. Truth is, we married each other as virgins and neither of us has ever had sex with anyone else. Trust me on this one - he has NO idea that I am talking to you about this! It's just that after I had the kids and with all the stuff we are involved in, we just don't do it that much anymore and when we do it's become sort of stale and routine. Oh Kelly, I wanted to bring some spice back into our lives. It would just be for one time, just something to get us started again. This is so embarrassing but I'm desperate Kelly, I still NEED sex."

Well, I could certainly understand that. After all, my mom and aunt were about her age and their sex drive certainly hadn't diminished one iota from what it was when they were teens! I took her hand and smiled at her as I asked, "So tell me Melissa, exactly what were you thinking about doing?"

Melissa let out a deep breath and seemed noticeably relieved. "Well," she sighed, "Until tonight I had considered a number of things, everything from hiring a call girl, going to a swingers party, even just getting some porn flicks. But so far nothing seemed quite right and I have been at a loss until I overheard those boys and right then I knew instantly what the answer was! Oh Kelly, I just know Richard would go wild if someone like you were in bed with us and frankly I have always had a touch of curiosity in that area myself. Plus we know you so well it wouldn't be like we were inviting some hooker to be with us. The more I thought about it tonight the more it just seemed perfect. Like I said, it would just be for one time, think of it like a jump start for our dead sex battery. I just know that once we get the old engine started again everything will be OK."As wild as this all sounded, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt. What she was saying had me wet already just thinking about it but at the same time I want to be sure it was the right thing to do. "But it's so beautiful what you two have," I protested. "How many couples today can say that they have only had each other? That is soooooo special! Are you SURE you wouldn't be losing something even greater than what you may gain?"

Melissa shook her head vigorously as she replied, "Kelly, if he doesn't start having sex with me more I am going to have to go find someone who will and THAT would be much worse. I'm trying to save our marriage, not destroy it. The way I see it either of us would be cheating, you would be more like a counselor helping us in a... well more physical way than most."

We talked some more and eventually I agreed to do it with them. We worked out a date and arranged for me to be there ahead of time. She wanted to surprise Richard by making him think they were going out for a romantic evening at a nice hotel only he wouldn't know what waited for him!

# 3. Thinking Things Over

That night as I lay in bed I found myself thinking about all we had discussed at church and I wondered if it was going to be as innocent and easy as Melissa thought. What she didn't know was that my fantasy about being with a married couple was NOT exactly about helping them. Noooooo, quite the opposite! My dream fantasy was that the wife would want me at first but then she would be devastated when she saw how much her husband loved fucking me more than her.

However, in this case I liked Richard and Melissa so much I couldn't see myself doing anything to harm their marriage and besides, half a fantasy fulfilled is better than none! Oh well, I would just have to see how it goes. Even though I had promised Melissa I wouldn't tell my parents, I never keep any secrets from my mom so the next morning at breakfast I told my mom about what Melissa had asked me to do. Her eyes widened and a sly smile came to her.

"You have GOT to be kidding," she laughed, "Richard and Melissa! No way!" She shook her head in disbelief. "They are the ones always preaching to the kids AND the parents about sexual immorality and how our society has become so corrupt and decadent. Don't worry, I won't say anything but it's going to be damn hard keeping a straight face next time I see them. Just wait until I tell your dad... you know he thinks Melissa is hot don't you?"

I just grinned at that last statement. My dad loved my mother totally and I knew without any doubt whatsoever that he would never cheat on her no matter how hot he thought another woman was. That was one of the key values I had learned from them growing up - respect for the sanctity of marriage. My mom and dad were so in love and so confident of the faithfulness of the other that one could openly discuss such thoughts and feelings without offending the other.

I knew that when I was married I would follow the example they had set for me and only have sex with my husband and family. I knew that at times it must have been difficult for them but the results of such a faithful marriage were more than sufficient proof of the rewards it brought. Even swinging where both partners agreed it was OK for the other to have sex with someone else was not acceptable for my parents since they knew someday it would come back to haunt them.

Deep inside I respected Richard and Melissa for maintaining their wedding vows all these years and it almost seemed a shame to be the one to help them break them but that would be their choice in the end so I felt no real remorse. I only hoped they didn't either once they gave it up and then realized that they could never reclaim it.

## 4. Getting Ready at Home

On the day we had arranged Melissa picked me up early in the afternoon and we drove to a nice Hilton hotel situated near a major industrial park not too far from where we lived. She checked in and gave me one of the key cards. We went up to the room and found it to be a beautiful suite with a separate living area and master bedroom with a king size bed and a Jacuzzi! Melissa looked around one last time before we left and took my hand.

"Oh god Kelly I'm so excited!" she said looking like an innocent schoolgirl instead of a mother of three. "Richard is going to be so shocked when he walks in and finds you in here! I tried to figure out this week if he knew your reputation with the boys but he didn't seem to have any idea but I DO know he has sneaked a peek at you at church and at church camp - especially when you were at the docks in your bikini!"

Melissa laughed and shook her head, "You know, he may be over twice your age but that doesn't mean he doesn't have the same fantasies every man has."

We stepped out and as she closed the door she lifted her finger as a thought struck her. "Oh Kelly, I almost forgot. Can I bring a camera?" I almost laughed but I kept my composure. This was getting a bit kinky now! "Sure, you can take a video for all I care."

She gave me a peck on the cheek and for a minute I felt a bit guilty. She seemed so excited about this and was so naive in thinking this was going to SAVE her marriage. I didn't want to ruin their marriage - not exactly good publicity for me, but I seriously doubted tonight was going to help anything!

When she dropped me off at home my mom asked me how things were going. I told her about the room as she just shook her head in amazement. "Wow, STILL I can't believe the West's would ever do such a thing. So Richard doesn't even know anything about it. I just can't imagine straight ol' Melissa planning such a tryst!"

I nodded my head in reply. My mom lifted my head by the chin so as to look me right in the eye.

"One last time, do you really know what you're doing girl?" she grilled me, "I mean, this could turn very ugly and I don't think you want to be named as the 'other woman' in a divorce proceeding."

I had to admit that this was still bothering me too, But on the other hand it was such an incredible opportunity so how could I pass it up? My mom finally sighed and relented but I could tell she had some reservations.

I went up to my room and debated what to wear. It really didn't matter what I wore to and from the hotel as nobody would be seeing me. No, the big question mark concerned my lingerie drawer. I finally picked out a baby doll nightie that was pink and sheer as could be with matching lace panties. A long white sheer robe that hung to my ankles seemed appropriate. Since tonight was fantasy night I picked out a pair of three inch white heels.

I laughed as I put them in my bag. I mean, what demented person first came up with the idea of wearing heels to bed? Men seemed to love it though and I just had this feeling that Richard was going to like them on me was well.

I took a nice long shower, masturbating as usual in the shower me as I dreamed about the approaching evening. I then filled the tub and soaked for almost an hour as I added sea salts and fragrances to the water to let them soak into me and make me smell good for the upcoming night. I carefully shaved myself as I didn't want any nicks tonight spoiling the view.

I leaned my head back against the tub as I ran my hands up and down my freshly shaven legs and pussy. Mmmmmmm, they felt so smooth and soft! Just my nipples rose above the soapy water, two hard bullets rising like little mountain peaks above the clouds. As the water moved they were stimulated and sent a tingle down my spine and legs that made me shiver. Really, I could have laid in there all night! My eyes were closed as I slowly played with myself when suddenly my reverie was broken by the sound of my dad's deep voice!

# 5. Getting the Room Ready

When I arrived at the hotel I went straight to the suite. Walking thought the double doors I felt a sense of anticipation not to mention just a little bit weird. The room was so peaceful and calm that it was hard to imagine what might be happening here in just hour or so. The place was huge compared to most hotel rooms I had seen and even had a video player for the TV set. I was tempted to turn on the TV but I was afraid they might hear it when they came to the door and that would tip Richard off that something was going on.

I put the CD player out of site in the living room and then I set out my lingerie and stripped off my jeans and blouse. Standing there naked I then walked over to the big window looking out over the hillside. Some guys were jogging up the road leading to the hotel and I wondered if they could see the naked girl standing in the window! It would have been fun just to stay that way and great them at the door stark naked like this but that wasn't our plan so I went back and put on my lingerie.

After slipping it on I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror. It was quite the transformation and if anyone who had seen me when I came in the hotel were to compare me to how what I looked now I was confident they would have been amazed! White high heels instead of shoes, my baby doll negligee instead of a blouse, and a sheer robe in lieu of jeans. Hmmmmmm, from "girl next door" to slut in less than five minutes!

I hid my clothes away in the bottom dresser drawer and then fixed up my makeup as well as putting some perfume on - a little bit all over, and I mean ALL over. A touch of lipstick, a little rouge, some eye shadow and liner. Nothing major but just enough to hide the little things we all wish would disappear and enhance the things we like about ourselves.

I looked in the bathroom mirror again and smiled. I was willing to bet Melissa really had no idea what was waiting for them! If she was expecting the "innocent girl next door" I worked so hard to be at church... well was she in for quite a surprise!

Looking around I tried to decide where to wait for them. Remarkably, we had not covered that when we laid out our game plan for the evening. Should he see me immediately or let them come in and get comfortable and then pop the surprise? I decided on the latter. Let him think this was their romantic getaway and then see the look on his face when he realized I was part of the package!

It was time for them to show up and if there was one thing I knew about Melissa, she was always on time. Even though I had made sure I arrived early, it was really more for me than her. Sure enough, on the dot I heard voices outside the door. I scurried to the bedroom as the door unlocked and the two of them entered. I went into the bedroom bathroom and listened, feeling a little naughty as if I was some voyeur listening in on two lovers. Only problem was, it wasn't two lovers as I had expected.

## 6. Richard and Melissa Arrive

"I still don't know why you spent all this money to stay in a hotel only twenty minutes from home Melissa," I heard Richard griping. "I mean look at this place, you must have spent a fortune for it! Not to mention the sitter for the kids. Damn it, what's into you tonight anyway?"

Poor Melissa! I felt my heart breaking as he went on about how she was always spending too much money. I knew how badly she had wanted for this night to go well and here he was just making a mess of everything she had worked so hard for. Well, small wonder their marriage was on the rocks!

I heard Melissa trying to coax Richard into enjoying the night. "Oh please Richard, I love you and we need this. I just want some romance back in our lives. You use to do the sweetest things for me and now it's just basketball practice, church meetings and work. Honey, I just want my sexy husband back."

"Oh get a grip Melissa," Richard came back to her. "You know that since I started taking those blood pressure pills I can't get it up anymore. C'mon, we have a good life, good kids, good home. What's so bad about that?"

Melissa was getting upset now I could tell from the tone of her voice. "Well, you don't seem to have a problem 'getting it up' watching those porn flicks on cable... yeah I know what you do at night after I go to bed. Well, if that's what it takes then I have a little surprise for you."

That was my cue. I knew the code words were about a surprise for him but all the stuff about impotence and porn was a shock. Damn, what WAS I getting into? Melissa hadn't bothered telling me a few important details! Anyway, I was here so why not go for it so I stepped into the room and saw them standing in the middle of the living area. Richard was facing away from me so it was Melissa who first saw me enter the room. She smiled at me but her eyes widened when she saw how I looked.

I'm not sure what she was really expecting but I think I exceeded her wildest expectations. Richard saw her looking at something behind him and he turned around. He saw me and his eyes widened as well but his mouth about hit the floor.

"Kelly???" he stammered, "Is that YOU?" He looked back at Melissa with a face filled with shock and amazement at the same time, "Melissa, just what the hell is going on here?"

Melissa kissed him and replied, "Oh honey, I told you that we needed some spice in our sex life and Kelly has graciously volunteered to help." She looked at him with a sly smile, "Besides dear, I know you think she's hot."

Richard was now totally off balance. On the one hand I know he wanted to stare at me as I walked in closer to them, slowly swinging my hips sensuously and licking my lips. On the other hand he didn't know quite what Melissa was expecting him to do and under any other circumstance he knew she would be smacking him for looking at me like that. I was up to them now and I threw my hair back and ran my hand up his arm.

"It's OK Mr. West," I said in my sexiest voice, "Melissa recently found out I have a bit of a sexy side to me and she thought maybe you might like spending an evening with me. Don't worry, nobody else knows, this is just between us tonight."

Richard was just staring at me with his mouth hanging open. I ran my fingers through Melissa's hair and then slowly down the front of her dress between her breasts. "You know, you have a pretty wonderful wife who really loves you. Not many wives would give their husband such a gift. Now why don't you just have a seat and enjoy..."

## 7. Putting on a Show For Richard

I pushed him backwards and he hit the couch and dropped to his knees. Melissa snuggled up next to him with her arm around his neck and her breasts pressed against him but his eyes were fixed on me.

I pulled out my stereo and started the CD player. I knew just the song to get him started, I even have the lyrics on my web site. I dropped the robe and carefully stepped up onto the coffee table in front of them like a stripper on stage as the music started and the most sexiest voice began to ask him naughty questions like, "Doncha wish your girlfriend was hot like me?" and so on.

I began to slowly gyrate to the music, teasing him and taunting him at the same time. My negligee was so sheer it may as well been off but every girl knew that it was the act of stripping that was far more sensual than merely being naked. I would thrust my hips at him like I was being fucked when the music hit a hard note and his mouth just hung open further as he stared at me.

About halfway through the song I turned away and slowly lowered my panties, not bending my knees so as I got them to my ankles my ass and pussy were in full view for them. I tossed him my panties and he held them in his hands, looking at Melissa as if asking her permission to smell them. Melissa was staring at me too, probably wondering where in the world this sexy slut had come from! She wanted Richard to get hot but I don't think she expected anything THIS hot.

I slowly stripped off my negligee with about minute left in the song and paraded myself in front of them. With thirty seconds or so to go I got off the table and stepped between his legs and started to fondle myself in front of them. As it ended I got on the couch on my knees so I was in his lap and bounced on his crotch as if I were fucking him. Well, he may have been on medication but there was definitely some action going on down there!

The CD music shifted to some soft instrumental music that was just enough to maintain the mood without overpowering everything else like the first song had. I gave Richard a lap dance as I slowly swayed to the music. I grabbed his hands and put them on my hips as I ground my bare pussy into his crotch.

He was wearing pants but I could have sworn I could feel his bulge getting a bit bigger. At first he seemed hesitant to touch me, still not sure what he could do with this naked young girl on his lap while his wife had her arms around him at the same time.

"Oh God," he groaned, "I can't believe this is happening. It CAN'T be happening! Kelly, what would your parents say if they knew about this?"

I licked his cheek and whispered seductively in his ear, "Mmmmmmm, don't worry about them, Mr. West... I've seen the way you look at me in church... I know you want me.."

Richards eyes looked up to the ceiling and he let out a deep sigh. "OK Melissa," he said softly to her, "Are you SURE this is what you want?"

Melissa pushed up closer to him and replied, "Yes Richard, take her. I brought her here to be yours for whatever you want tonight. Just let me be here with you."

# 8. Richard Takes Me

I had a sneaky feeling that somehow that last part was probably something Richard would have rather not heard but if that was the price he seemed willing to pay. He leaned forward and started sucking my nipples and his hands moved behind me and grabbed my ass. To my surprise, Melissa actually reached out to touch me as well, running her hand along my bare leg and then up and down my back. It was actually more erotic for this forty year old soccer mom to touch me than her dirty old husband!

It did feel good to have him suck my nipples though and I would never turn down anyone who wanted to play with my ass so I was doing OK for now. I reached down between my legs and put my hand on his crotch. Yep, there was definitely something going on down there!

I unbuckled his pants and unzipped him while he continued to suck on my boobs. Melissa was just running her hands gently all over me as she watched every move I made. As I reached into his underwear, searching for his cock as I looked over at her and saw her wink at me. I slid down off his lap and kneeled in front of him with my hand still holding his cock.

Melissa helped me to take his pants off and he was soon sitting on the couch bare-ass with his shirt still on. I started strolling his cock while Melissa removed his shirt. I was about to start sucking him when suddenly Melissa gasped.

"Hold on Kelly, I forgot something!" She ran to her suitcase and pulled out a video camera. Ahhhhhh, she had forgotten to tape us. Hmmm, too bad she missed my stripper routine! She quickly put up a tripod and started the recorder. She got back on the couch again and smiled at me saying, "OK Kelly, go of it!"

I didn't need any more encouragement to start sucking a cock - any cock for that matter. Richard was going to be a challenge though. I don't know what his medication did to him but it sure seemed to be stifling his erection! By now I would expect any guy I was with to be hard as a rock whereas Richard was not even about half-way there.

Well, I always was up for a challenge and this looked to be a tough one that would test my oral sex skills so I took him in my mouth and felt the softness of his cock. Actually I liked to start with a cock in this condition and then feel it grow and harden in my mouth. Knowing it was my mouth that was making him change was just plain sexy as far as I was concerned.

His crotch was extremely hairy as was most of his body. I also had a feeling he had not showered either before coming over because his crotch odor was really strong - a mixture of smelly sweat with the musky odor that comes when a guy has sex. He tasted ok though which was important and his head was nice and large, another feature I appreciated in a cock. I took his while cock in my mouth and sucked it, running my tongue around it and teasing it.

"Oh god that feels so good!" he gasped in a husky voice.

His cock was actually responding now and I could feel it getting harder and longer with each minute. I had a feeling it was as much the fact that a twenty year old "innocent girl next door" from church was sucking him as it was my skills. Sex was as much mental as physical and I knew that with his condition I could be the best cocksucker in the work but if he wasn't turned on it would not matter. The key was to meet his mental and physical needs so while I was sucking his cock I worked on feeding his emotions as well.

"You like me sucking your cock Mr. West," I said in my little girl voice as I stroked him with my hand.

I deliberately called him Mr. West instead of Richard to emphasize our age difference and make him think even more about the fact I was less than half his age. I sucked him a few more strokes and then looked up at him again with a sly smile.

"I bet when you see me in church you wished I would do this to you, didn't you. Mmmmmmm, I saw you looking at my ass last Sunday; you wanted to fuck me didn't you Mr. West?"

I went back to sucking him but I made sure I looked at him the whole time, letting him see my eyes as he felt my mouth on his stiffening cock. He was responding nicely and I wanted him to get even more horny than he was which meant getting more senses involved. I had him listening to me and, of course, feeling my mouth on him, now I had to get him talking.

"Tell me how bad you wanted to fuck me Mr. West. When did you first want me?"

"Oh you nasty little bitch," he said in a rough tone, "Every guy in church knows you're nothing but a tease and a slut. Running around half dressed on retreats, coming to church without underwear, screwing every boy in your class. I've been wanting you since I saw you in that slutty bikini at church camp years ago. God I've dreamed so many times of you doing this!"

"Ohhhhhhhhh," I moaned as he entered me.

I was thrilled to think that I was the first pussy he had ever felt other than his wife's. Technically he was now committing adultery as he was breaking the vows he had made to his wife so many years ago, vows he had been faithful to despite everything in their marriage.

"God your cock feels so big inside of me, fuck me Mr. West, fuck me fuck me fuck me!"

Richard seemed more than happy to accommodate my request. I bounced on his lap, making my bare ass smack on his thighs each time I ground my pussy down on his cock. Melissa was watching each stroke her husband was making in me. I looked at her and told her to sit at the end of the couch. When she did I got off his cock and laid down on the couch with my head in her lap. I put on leg off the edge of the couch and the other I draped over the top of it which left my pussy wide open for him. I looked up at Melissa and smiled at her.

"Tell him to fuck me Melissa, tell him to screw me, to fuck me harder... tell him!" I commanded her.

She hesitated at first but then she looked at her husband with this huge hard-on and a look of pure animal lust on his face. She was seeing him in a way she had not seen in many years, if at all. I wonder if even when they were young if she had ever been able to drive him to this level of sexual hunger and desire. He was going to fuck me now no matter what either of us said but I still wanted to hear her say it.

"Yes Richard," she said softly, "fuck her."

"Louder," I insisted, "Tell him know how bad you want to see him fuck me. Oh Melissa, just look at him stroking himself, look at your husband now."

Melissa hesitated but in the end she couldn't resist me. "Fuck her hard Richard!!!" she said in a much louder voice, "Oh please, please fuck her Richard, fuck her for me."

Richard got on top of me as he held his cock in one hand to direct it to my cunt. I felt the big head pressing against me, trying to find my pussy hole so it could force its way into me. I felt a thrill in me as I realized that at this point I wasn't in control anymore, that from here on there was no stopping Richard. He was going to fuck me again on his terms this time no matter what I did - there was nothing I could do to stop him! I lifted my hips to make it easier for him and cried out with pleasure as I felt him push himself into me, spreading my pussy apart as his cock violated me.

As he started pumping his cock in and out of me, it was like he was in another world, slamming himself in me, groaning with his eyes rolling back in his head. He was ramming himself so hard into me that I was pushed up onto Melissa's lap. My boobs bounced with each blow as he rocked me back and forth while he fucked me harder and harder.

"That's it Mr. West, fuck me hard," I cried out to him, wrapping my legs around him and pulling him into me. "Show Melissa how good you can fuck me, show her how much you want me."

Melissa's eyes widened a bit at that but her eyes were transfixed on my pussy as she watched her husband's cock disappear inside of me and then reappear all wet with my pussy juice. He was hard as a rock now and I wondered when the last time she had seen him like that. How did she feel seeing her husband fucking me when for years he had been unable to do it with her? I loved the feel of his cock in me but seeing her watching was what was making me cum! I moaned loudly as my orgasm hit and my pussy gushed over his cock.

"Oh god I'm cumming!" I moaned.

My back arched and I thrust my hips against his crotch to drive him deeper inside of me while the fireworks exploded in my pussy sending shock waves throughout my entire body. I couldn't believe it, I was fucking this old guy right in front of his wife and cumming so hard!

Richard didn't wait for my orgasm to subside but instead just pulled out of me and leaned back, motioning for me to turn over as he said, "On your knees slut, I'm going to fuck you from behind."

I turned over and got on my elbows and knees with my legs spread apart so my soaking wet pussy was wide open for him to see. I reached under and between my legs and thrust two fingers in my pussy. Melissa was on the couch in front of us, still fully dressed as she watched her loving husband turn into the lust- crazed maniac, fucking me without even looking at her anymore.

I looked at her and saw she was watching his face, probably wondering what was really happening. Richard put his cock against me and I pulled out my fingers and licked my pussy juice from them as Melissa watched. Then he thrust himself quickly inside of me again, slamming his crotch into my ass so hard I almost fell forward into her lap!

"Damn you're SO tight," he groaned, "just like I always dreamed you would be."

I smiled at that while Melissa frowned just a bit. Richard's inhibitions were disappearing even more the longer he fucked me and I loved hearing him say how much he wanted me even before tonight. I knew every guy in church would fuck me given half a chance but it still felt good hearing it. Especially with his wife right there in front of us!

His motions were getting even faster and I knew he was getting ready to cum.

"Cum in me," I begged him, "I want to feel you cum in me. Please Mr. West, give me your sperm!"

"Richard!" Melissa exclaimed.

She couldn't keep silent anymore as things were evidently going way beyond what she had expected. "Don't cum in her, you CAN'T do that!"

She looked down at me, pleading now, begging me even saying, "Don't let him cum in you Kelly... PLEASE!"

I could barely talk with the banging I was getting so I just smirked at her as I gasped, "Too late!"

She had asked for this and I wasn't about to pass up the opportunity to feel him cum inside of me. He was about to give the most precious thing he could give to his wife and I wanted it for my own - and I wanted her to see him give it to me.

At that moment Richard let out a loud groan, "Oh fuck it, I'm cumming!"

He thrust one last time into me and held himself still inside of me as his cock began to spew his cum deep into my waiting pussy. It must have been building up for some time now as it felt like he was exploding in me! One after another he let loose a hot stream of cum and I felt each like a heat bloom inside of me. Each time I felt that sudden warmth in me which quickly died until the next one arrived I thought of his sperm shooting into me.

My God! He was actually mating with me, something he had never done with any woman other than his wife in his entire life. I gasped as I watched Melissa curl up on the couch with her hand to her mouth, seeing her beloved husband doing the ultimate act of betrayal to her.

Finally Richard's cock was spent so he pulled out of me and collapsed on the couch. I loved being fucked by older men but the only problem was that once they came it was game over! I turned around and kissed him on the cheek. We had not actually kissed yet and to be honest, I really didn't want to kiss him on the mouth.

## 9. Melissa Joins In

He laid back against the arm of the couch and just sighed as he struggled to catch his breath. I laid there with my head still in Melissa's lap. I could feel his cum dripping down from my pussy to my ass. Looking up at her, I smiled at said, "Lick his cum from my pussy."

Melissa's eyes widened like saucers and she took in a sharp breath of air. "Hell no, you betrayed me Kelly. I wanted my husband to want me more, not you. You fucking little bitch."

I twisted around so I was laying down but facing her now. I had one leg on the couch above her head and the other hanging off the side so she had a clear view of my cum drenched pussy. "He's all yours now Melissa and I think he will fuck your brains out later tonight after this. Look at my pussy... see his cum?... I want you to lick me."

I gyrated my hips to move my pussy around for her and I could see the lust in her eyes coming back. She had never even kissed a girl in her entire life and now one was asked her to lick her husband's cum from it so it was understandable for her to be hesitant. I looked back at Richard who was watching intently.

"See, he wants to watch you lick me," I assured her, "Show him how hot you are."

Melissa looked overwhelmed with everything and her shoulders slumped. She was still fully dressed as she leaned down towards my pussy. She reached out and touched me, using her finger to spread his cum around my cunt and then played with my clit just a bit. I was still super sensitive there and almost jumped off the couch as she hit me right in the perfect spot.

"That's it Melissa, you know what I want," I whispered to her seductively. "Show Richard how you want to be licked, show him how to lick a girl's pussy."

Melissa slowly lowered her head further until she gingerly stuck her tongue out to just touch my cunt. Then she started to slowly lick my pussy up and down from my clit down to my pussy hole. I watched as she licked her husband's cum from my crotch and then she pushed her tongue deep inside of me as far as she could press her face against my soaking wet pussy.

I grabbed my boobs as she put her hands under my ass, gripping my butt in her hands as she lifted me up into her face. God she was making me feel soooooo good! I wanted to cum so bad on her face and I knew I was almost there.

"Make me cum Melissa," I begged her, "eat my cunt!"

I gushed as I came and Melissa kept her face tight against my pussy, letting my pussy juices cover her face as she tried to lick it up at the same time. Richard was watching the whole time as his lovely wife licked the same pussy he had just fucked a few minutes before! My back arched as my orgasm reached its height and it was like I was on fire from the tips of my toes to the last strand of hair on my head.

I groaned and moaned loudly as she kept her face on me, kept teasing my clit and driving me even higher than I thought I would go. When I finally came down I was exhausted and I laid there breathing heavily while she watched me from between my legs.

"Not bad for an old soccer mom, eh?" she teased me with a smile. She looked over at her husband who I saw was now stroking his cock which was back to about half-mast. "Ready to go again?" she asked him in a husky voice.

I took this as my cue and I got off the couch and quickly left to go back to the bedroom. I didn't bother showering or anything, I just wanted to leave as quickly as possible so I threw on my clothes and headed for the door. My stereo was still playing but I knew Melissa would get it back to me. I then remembered the camera - would they let me see it later? I certainly hoped so!

I glanced at the couch and saw Richard was undressing Melissa. Well maybe it would work out for them after all. I actually hoped so. They were such decent people and did so many things for other people that I was glad to help them out this way. Not to mention I had a great time too.

In the week and a half since then Rick has fucked me almost every day! He's as horny as a seventeen year-old boy can be and anyone who knows me knows I am not exactly shy about pushing the limits so we had some crazy times. Besides out first time on our deck, some of the places we have done it are in his bedroom - with his ultraconservative prudish mother in the house who would have killed us both if she had ANY idea what was going on, his car at the mall parking lot, a MacDonald's restroom (THAT was a quickie if there ever was one!), and just yesterday in my bedroom (with my mom watching through a crack in the door).

I am sure it comes as no surprise that Rick was not the first guy in my pants and that my relationship with my parents is anything but typical. Actually, Rick was the twenty fifth guy since my first time over six years ago when I was just fourteen and gave my virginity to my boyfriend in his basement. Yeah, I keep score - after all, that's what a diary is for!

Actually I've been fucked a lot more than that over the years but most of the other times were at parties and such where I let multiple guys do me. Although such events are physically enjoyable, most of the time I leave without knowing their names and so I really don't count them no more than I count a blowjob as sex.

Indeed, I'm a bit picky when it comes to who I let fuck me which is why I've only averaged about four to five new guys a year. That may be a little more than average but I don't think it classifies me as a nymphomaniac either.

When it comes to blowjobs my standards are a LOT lower, in general simply, "Is he clean?" and "Does he have a cock?" I haven't bothers keeping score of those since most of the time that's all I allow - no touching me or anything else.

For me a good blowjob is a great way to spice up a date and besides, most people don't even consider it sex anymore. Now when it comes to me letting a guy under my blouse or in my pants... that is another thing entirely! I figure that if I am going to let a guy go that far I may as well let him fuck me.

Until just recently, my dad was the only guy in my family to have an entry in my diary. Unfortunately, we didn't get started though until I was already sixteen but since then my mom, her sister, and my cousin Kristen have created a delightful incestual relationship that we have been careful to keep a secret from my dad's more conservative side of the family.

My mom was actually my first girl to have sex if you don't count the times I masturbated together with my girlfriends but we never touched each other. Although I like being with a girl, so far I have only been with a total of eight women - half of

excited when I saw my mom later and we quickly drew up a game plan for the next day. I couldn't wait for morning to arrive.

## 3. Horny Mother and Daughter in the Morning

The next morning found me laying in my bed, trying to catch a few more winks after my usual sendoff for my dad before he left for work. The weather had been hot and muggy for days so even though the air conditioning had been working overtime, I was still sweating a little although in fairness to the poor A/C unit, most of the heat buildup in me had nothing to do with the room temperature!

I turned on my side and squeezed my hand between my bare legs. I thought about how good he had felt in me this morning and my fingers easily slid over my still swollen clit, slipper and wet thanks to the cum he had left behind in me. I hadn't really intended to get myself started again but the feel of my fingertip on my sensitive clit sent a shiver all through me and I curled almost into a fetal position as suddenly I went from hot and sweaty to chilly with goose pimples all over me.

I gripped the edge of my bed with one hand while I slowly masturbated with the other. My dad's cum was slowly seeping from me and I pulled it up my pussy slit to spread over my clit. Wetting my finger, I put it into my mouth and sucked the slippery goop off my finger and licked it clean with my tongue. God I loved the way my cunt tasted when it was mingled with my dad's sperm! I curled my finger and slid it into me, followed by a second and then a third. My thumb moved over my clit while my fingers reminded me of my dad's cock as I pushed them in as far as I could. My little finger was wet from rubbing against the outer lips of my pussy so I let it slip down until it was toying with the outer edges of my asshole. It was so tight that even my tiny little finger had a hard time opening it up but I was able to drive my little finger up into my ass.

I could feel my other fingers in my pussy as I pushed my little finger deeper up my asshole. I usually only did something like this in the shower but damn I was feeling so horny and hot again! Between having just been fucked by my dad and dreaming about what I might do later at Rick's house, I was suddenly overwhelmed with animal lust and sexual energy. I drove my little finger all the way up into my asshole and my butt cheeks clenched tightly at the feel of this foreign invader between them. My other fingers were still fucking my wet pussy while my thumb continued to rotate around my hard clit making it send out waves of passionate pleasure that radiated down my legs and up my torso to the top of my head.

My orgasm was so intense I never noticed my mom entering my room and suddenly you my surprise I felt her soft smooth body pressing up against me from behind. Her firm boobs squeezed up against my back while her tongue ran up and down my neck. All the while her hand ran itself all over me, tracing her long fingernails over the sensitive spots on the side of my face and forehead.

"Mmmmmmm, sorry to interrupt honey but you looked so hot I couldn't resist," she whispered in a voice husky with lust. "Cum harder for me... show your mommy how you can make yourself cum baby... that's it Kelly, cum for me."

I didn't skip a beat as she kissed me and fondled my nude body. I pulled my fingers out of my pussy and asshole and started rubbing my soaking wet bald pussy furiously. My mom's put her arm around me and caressed my boobs in her hand, squeezing them just enough to drive me nuts but too hard. God she knew exactly how to and where to touch me!! Well, who would know better than my own mom, the woman who gave me life and to who I owed so much to?

I turned over to face her and her hand replaced mine as she fondled my wet pussy. My orgasm had been starting to wane but her hand on me immediately drove it to a peak again and I put my free arm around her and pulled her close to me. We kissed gently as I writhed in her arms on the bed, trying to contain myself but unable to do so as my orgasm reached even higher than the first time.

"Oh god mom, I love you soooooo much," I said, tears streaming from my eyes as the intensity of the love and emotions I was feeling right then completely inundated me.

"Don't stop... Ohhhhhhhhh PLEASE don't stop now." I humped my hips and crotch hard into her hand like I was trying to fuck a guy.

Damn, would this orgasm never end? Well, I certainly hoped not! My mom was a pro when it came to knowing exactly how far to push me and when to relax a bit so as to maintain me on that razor's edge between collapse and uncontrolled fury. My pussy was gushing cum now, flooding her hand and soaking the sheets as I came and came and came. Barely able to breath, it was like I was in another world. My bedroom was filled with this foggy haze and I could barely hear even her as she told me how beautiful and hot sexy I was I

"OH GOD!" I screamed as finally I couldn't hold it in any more. "OH FUCK ME!" I cried out at the top of my lungs.

I convulsed and straightened out completely, becoming stiff as a board as a tidal wave of ecstasy almost drowned me. I couldn't breathe, my lungs felt paralyzed and even the hairs on my head felt a tingle like electricity. Finally just in time I let out a whoosh of air and then sucked in a huge breath as my vision had begun to narrow and I probably would have passed out if I hadn't breathed. Exhausted and panting for air, I collapsed in my mother's arms, totally spent and unable to move even a finger as my pussy throbbed.

"Yesssssss... that's OK Kelly... you're still my little baby girl," she said in a soothing and motherly voice as she ran her fingers through my hair.

I laid my face on her breast and let her cuddle me like she did when I was a child, feeling safe and secure in my mother's loving arms. We laid like that as I fell sound asleep and it was an hour later before that I woke up to find her still holding me, still gently stroking me, talking lovingly and softly to me like I was her little baby girl again.

I laid there with my eyes closed for a while, listening to her as she sang a lullaby to me in a soft, gentle voice. I felt like I was eight years old again, laying against my mom in her bed, feeling her warm softness against me tender young body, feeling so utterly loved and secure. Finally I stirred and she realized I was awake again.

"Mmmmmmm, that was nice, wasn't it honey?" she murmured to me. Her fingertips slowly ran up and down my side from my neck down my hips and over my legs, sending a tingle through me and making me jump when she hit a ticklish spot. I looked up at her and kissed her softly. "Oh mom, I love you so much!" I said, tears again flowing from my eyes as I realized how fortunate I was to have a mother like her, one who loved me as much as she did, one who made me feel so delightful, so fulfilled, so happy. She just smiled and wiped my tears away.

"Come on sleepy head!" she said suddenly, "We've got a big day ahead of us!"

I looked over at my clock on the dresser and couldn't believe it was already almost 10:00! I had the shade pulled and so didn't realize the sun was already blaring outside. I knew my aunt and cousins would have left early to get to the outlets when they opened so if we were going to get over to Rick's I had better get going.

# 4. Getting Ready

I jumped into the shower while my mom took advantage of the time to remain in my bed and pay a little attention to herself. By the time I was out she had evidently finished and was in her room rummaging through her dresser. As I dressed she stopped by and held up two bikinis. Once was a bright red thong which had practically nothing for material in the ass except for a quarter inch strip of material that was certain to be pulled up her ass crack from the moment it went on.

The other was also a thong with a little more fabric but a killer bikini top that tied together with strings making it extremely easy to remove should the need arise. The second one was bright yellow and a bit sheer so with her bushy pubic hair I was thinking that it would show through the material, especially if it was wet! This was exactly why I shaved, well one reason at least.

Too many outfits these days showed whatever hair you had but if you kept your pussy bald it didn't appear as blatantly obvious that you were showing off. Not only that but for whatever reason guys seem to love a shaved pussy. I know most won't admit it but my personal theory is that it's because they like to fantasize going back to their teenage years and dream about fucking a hairless little pre-teen virgin!

"So girl, which one do you think Rick would like the best?" she asked, holding one in each hand to the sides of her. She was still nude so I couldn't help but giggle.

"The one in the middle," I replied with an impish grin on my face, enjoying the sight of her still nude body.

She hesitated for a second and then shook her head at me as she realized what I meant. "Oh come one, you know he'll see me naked but until then, which one will turn him on more do you think?"

It was not that easy to decide but finally I pointed to the yellow one. Mom had a nice ass for her age and the red one would have left it hanging out nicely but I thought it might excite Rick to see her dark pussy through that sheer bikini. Every stripper knows that it turns on guys more to NOT see everything but just enough to get a hint and then let the imagination do the rest. Few girls can compete with a guy's imagination so why not put it to work for you? My mom flashed a smile, twirled around and headed off to her room to get dressed. Apparently she wasn't going to shower and was just going to let the odor of me stay on her like a sexy perfume. That didn't bother me as I loved the smell of me on her or dad.

As for me, I didn't bother picking out a bikini as I intended to get what I wanted from Rick as quickly as possible in order to leave plenty of time to let my mom have her fun. I smiled as I thought of him at home, probably jerking off at this very minute as he thought about me coming over and what he planned to do to me when I was there. Hmmmmmm, imagine how hard he would be stroking if he knew what my REAL agenda was for the day!

## 5. Rick Fucks Me

My mom drove us over to my aunt and uncle's house. I went in the house first and she hung back so that Rick wouldn't know she had come with me. The garage door was open and I went in the inside door into the laundry room and then the kitchen but Rick wasn't there! I went to the patio doors and looked out at the pool but I didn't seem him there either.

I was about to turn around when I nearly jumped out of my skin as a voice suddenly said, "BOO!" Rick must have sneaked in behind me and now was laughing his ass off as I tried to regain my composure.

"That wasn't funny," I said softly, pretending to pout. Rick wasn't having none of that though.

"Oh fuck you Kelly," he laughed.

"Promise?" I shot back with a wink.

Rick rolled his eyes, "Sure. C'mon, let's get out to the pool and I'll do you there if that's what you want."

He opened the patio door and led the way. All he had on were some loose gym shorts and I followed behind him admiring his muscular tanned body with special interest in his tight ass which even the baggy shorts couldn't hide. I ran up to catch him and squeezed his butt playfully from behind. He laughed and slapped my hand away.

It was just after noon and the sun was intense. I knew the pool water was warm enough by this time of year not be a shock when you entered it so I couldn't wait to jump in! Kicking off my sneakers I quickly dropped my shorts and pulled my t-shirt up and over my head, leaving myself naked next to him. He started to reach for me but I twisted out is his grasp and jumped feet first into the pool. The initial feeling of the water against my naked body was exhilarating and I surfaced to look back at him.

"I'm not going to be so easy today buster!" I teased him, "If you want a piece of me you'll have to catch me first!"

Rick just grinned at my challenge and slipped off his shorts. I couldn't help but lick my lips as I saw his cock was already rock hard. It was nicely curved such that it stuck straight up as if at attention. I have never figured out how guys can deal with their cocks when they get so big and stiff. I mean, how do they walk? Oh well, I was just happy they had them!

Rick dived in but I had already started to swim away so when he surfaced I was halfway across the pool from him. I am a pretty good swimmer but the pool was only so big and he was a lot stronger than me so it wasn't long before he had me cornered in the shallow end.

"Got you now you little slut," he said with a grin. "Hmmm, now what was that about me promising to fuck you?"

"Words, words" I teased, "I want some action!"

He lunged forward and I almost dodged him but he was able to grab me by the ankle as I tried to avoid him. He roughly pulled me back to him and reached down to grab my other ankle. I was left on my stomach, paddling as I fought to keep my head above the water. The water was just deep enough I couldn't reach it with my hands but the ladder was right in front of me.

I grabbed the chrome bars and was left stretched out as I held onto the rails with my hands while he pulled me back by the ankles. He loosened up for a second and I started top sink and then he pulled me back again. I felt his cock between my legs this time and then he pulled my legs tight against me and I realized he had moved forward until he was right behind me. Then he seemed to have second thoughts and moved back again. I felt my body twist as he flipped me over on my back. He released my ankles and put his hands under my ass, lifting my up and partly out of the water. I looked down at my freshly shaved pussy glistening in the bright noon sunlight. My nipples were hard and erect as well, begging for attention.

"Damn, that's one inviting little pussy!" he said as he stared down at my shaved cunt.

I rolled my eyes and said, "Well don't just look at it silly, eat me!"

When it came to anything sexual, he didn't have to be told twice, that much I could say for him. He held my ass up in his hands and started to eat me like he was holding half a watermelon. Rick had claimed the first time he fucked me that he had not eaten pussy before mine but I didn't believe him for a second. Nobody is THAT naturally good - obvious he had had some instruction and practice along the way! He knew just how to slide his tongue up and down my pussy slit and exactly how to run it in circles around my clit to tease me and get me going - as if I needed any more incentive!

I looked over at his shoulders as his face was buried between my legs and I could see my mom watching us from behind the patio doors. I was wondering how long she was going to wait. After all, even if he didn't know it yet, today was really supposed to be her day with Rick and as much as I was enjoying it so far, I wanted to see my mom with him even more!

Rick's tongue suddenly pushed up into me and I gasped as the pool water lapped at my ass while his tongue penetrated me. Rick had an exceptionally long tongue or at least he was able to stick it out farther than most guys because it felt almost like he was fucking me with it the way it was able to go up so far inside of me. His hands squeezed my butt as he shook his head between my wet legs, rubbing his nose against my clit while he tongue fucked me. It felt so good I forgot all about my mom watching me so it was a surprise when I felt a shadow over me and looked up to see my mom standing at the edge of the ladder wearing nothing but that wild yellow thong bikini.

## 6. Mom Watches Rick and Me

"Well, well... what DO we have here?" she said in a teasing voice. "Looks like someone really knows how to eat some pussy!"

Rick looked up and saw my mom. It wasn't like the first time she had watched us having sex so he was shocked the way he back on our deck when she appeared while I was riding him. I think he WAS surprised for no other reason that she was there at all since I had never hinted to him that today it was going to be anything but me.

"Wow Aunt Mary, that is some bikini! How come you never wore that here before?"

He was just teasing my mom and we all knew it. Rick knew as well as anyone that his frigid mother would have had a stroke if my mom were to ever wear anything like that in front of her, especially if Uncle Jim was around. She got all prissy even when I wore my more conservative bikinis which actually covered the majority of my ass and most of my boobs.

and stood there looking so beautiful in the bright sun. It was enough that Rick stopped licking me and stood up to look at her.

We both stared as she performed a perfect dive headfirst into the pool. Her momentum took her underwater the length of the pool until she surfaced right behind Rick.

## 7. Mom Sucks her Nephew's Big Dick

Pulling her wet hair back she moved in behind him and put her arms around his waist, reaching down to grab his cock.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, "nothing quite like a nice hard teenage cock. God it's been a long time since I had one of these in my hands."

I pulled away gently and Rick took the hint, allowing me to drop down to my feet so I could stand at the edge of the pool. Rick just stood there like a statue, as if he was afraid that if he moved he would wake up from this wet dream. My mother moved up tightly behind him and pressed up against him, her hands never leaving his crotch as she stroked his stiff cock slowly with a playful smile on her face.

My mom looked over his shoulder and winked at me. I barely kept myself from laughing; poor Rick had no idea before how horny my mom was for him but he was starting to find out! I lifted myself out of the pool and sat on the edge with my legs hanging in the water. I leaned back on one arm and spread my knees apart as my free hand worked its way down between them. My forefinger run up and down the wet slit of my pussy, sliding easily between the slippery flesh and over my clit.

Rick was watching me as my mom ground her crotch into his bare behind. She still had her bikini on which just made it all the more hot for me watch as she continued to put her arms around this handsome nude teenage boy. It was hard for me to see below the surface of the water but I could see just enough to let my imagination do the rest.

Rick finally relaxed enough to turn around and face my mom. She must have been conscious that I was watching and knew that I would like to see what was going on so she twisted the two of them such that I had a side view of what happened next. My mom dipped down under the water and I could see her head move up tight into his crotch. Judging by Rick's reaction I knew she had his cock in her mouth!

Rick looked up at the bright sky and his eyes closed as a look of sheer pleasure came to his face. I bet it was the first time he had ever been blown underwater and getting from my mom I knew had to make it extra special. She stayed under for at least ten or fifteen seconds and then popped back up to the surface for air. She stood up and looked up at his eyes, her hand stroking his cock underwater.

"So, does my hot young nephew like his dick sucked?" she asked in a teasing tone. "Tell your favorite aunt what you want."

Rick hesitated for a few moments. Obviously each of us knew what he wanted! I bit my lip as I rubbed my clit and listened for his reply. Rick took a deep breath and like a good horny teenage boy, swung for the fences.

"I want to fuck you Aunt Mary!" He paused, looked over at me and then back to her.

A smile came to his face as his confidence grew. I think somehow he had caught on to the fact that he was the one actually in control. "Besides, that's what you want too isn't it? You want a piece of what your daughter got."

My mom turned her head to me, "Now THAT'S what I call a nephew!" she called over to me. She gave him a push on the chest with both hands, almost knocking him off his feet. "Well let's go tiger, get up on the edge of the pool! You talk big; let's see if you can deliver."

Rick obeyed his aunt and to my surprise and delight, he chose to sit right next to me. I looked down and saw his hard cock was still pointing up like a flagpole as stiff as ever. It was certainly tempting and I felt a flutter in my stomach as for a brief moment I considered trying to get to it before my mom did but my mom was already there waiting for him.

Putting one hand on each of his knees, she spread them apart and moved between his legs. Her hands moved around him to grab his butt and she lowered her head to his crotch and licked the tip of his cock with her tongue. She ran her tongue around the head in slow circles and then slipped his cock into her open mouth, slowly moving down farther and farther until her face met the wet pubic hair plastered to his crotch as the base of his dick. Her lips closed down on him and she twisted her head around his shaft as she slowly raised back up and let him slip from her mouth. This was repeated several times and Rick was in ecstasy, groaning with pleasure each time her head bottomed out in his crotch.

"Ohhhhhh Aunt Mary... god damn that feels so good... oh yeah, like that!" he moaned.

I got a kick out of him calling my mom "Aunt Mary" as if they were having a casual conversation. Somehow it sounded almost naughty, like somehow she was taking advantage of him. Well, from the way he was breathing hard and flexing his hips against her mouth, I wasn't sure who was taking advantage of whom!

My mom's wet hair was hanging down making it hard for me to see her mouth on him but I had more than enough experience to know he was just another stroke or two away from bursting. My mom must have recognized it as well because the next time she took his whole cock in she stayed down and shook her head back on forth on him. His hips rose up and a long groan escaped as he came in my mom's mouth. I could see her trying to stay on him, some cum leaking between his cock and her lips down to his thick wet pubic hair.

Rick bucked up against her face as he shot more loads into her and she had to lift up to get some air before she gagged. As her mouth opened to release him a pool of cum escaped and dripped from her lips. She looked up at him and a drip of cum stuck to her chin and hung down like a sexy beard. She pursed her lips and pushed more cum out between them, blowing bubbles with it.

Then my mom did something that surprised even me. She moved over to where I was frozen in place, the finger in me motionless as I was transfixed by the site of my mom sucking him off. God did she ever look sexy! I was wondering what she was thinking when she leaned over and kissed me, his cum on her face sticking to mine. Our mouths opened and she pushed the remaining cum in her mouth into mine and I tasted his salty sperm.

We both looked out of the corners of our eyes at the same time over at Rick where I saw him watching his aunt and cousin kissing and exchanging his cum. He was stroking his wet cock and I could only imagine what nasty thoughts were going through his teenage mind!

# 8. Rick Fucks His Aunt

My mom reluctantly pulled away from me but I knew it was only because she had more in store for Rick. She climbed the stairs out of the pool and stood behind him. She was still wearing her bikini but that was about to change. Mom quickly slipped it off and stood there in the brilliant sunlight, her wet body glistening like a gem in the sun, water dripping from her pussy as it drained from her body.

Walking over to the nearest chaise lounge chair, she pulled off the cushion and threw it on the concrete behind us. Rick and I were both looking at her with lust in our eyes as she got down on her knees and then fell forward onto her elbows leaving us with a straight-on view of her beautiful ass.

Mom may have been 39 but many a twenty-something girl would have killed to have her butt! She shifted her weight and spread her knees apart so her pussy was clearly visible and then reached under and between her legs to start playing with herself. Inserting her finger into her pussy, she pushed it all the way in and then looked back around her shoulder at Rick to make sure he was watching.

"Damn Rick, are you going to just let me masturbate?' she taunted.

She turned her head back and fucked herself faster with her fingers, as if to say to him if he wasn't going to do anything then she as willing to take care of herself. Rick responded by moving over next to her and kneeling at her side. He started to run his hands over her stomach and moved up to her large breasts.

My mom's breasts were 38Ds and while not as firm as they were twenty years ago, they were still in pretty good shape like her ass. My dad claimed to be torn between who had the better boobs, me or my mom. She was obviously the choice of the tit-men while I had the smaller but more perky ones for the guys who liked the teenage look.

I doubt Rick had ever felt boobs as big as my mom's before and soon he had one in each hand, squeezing them and pressing them together. Leaning over, he took the nipple on the closest breast in his mouth and started sucking on it. Rick took both hands and cupped her breast between them, pushing it up as he sucked on her erect nipple. My mom loved her breasts to be played with and she moaned loudly as he sucked on her like a baby boy.

"Harder!" she moaned, "Suck it harder... that's it, bite it if you have to."

Mom was still playing with her pussy while Rick was licking and sucking her breasts, one and then the other, switching back and forth between them. Her nipples were like magnum bullets as he ran his tongue around them in circles and then put them between his teeth and gently shook his head to pull on them. I noticed his cock was pressing into her side and he was humping her with it, rubbing his sensitive cock against her smooth skin. He was practically masturbating! Then he started to move up as if to kiss her but she quickly turned her head away with her lips tight together.

"Sorry, no kissing," she said, "I AM your aunt, you know, not your lover. Now are you going to fuck me or what?"

I turned to face them so it would be easier to watch. Rick started to move around my mom but she twisted herself over and got on her elbows and knees such that her ass and pussy were right there for him. She moved one arm back and started to play with herself while we watched, quickly inserting one finger into her pussy and stroking it in and out of herself. Damn her ass looked so hot sticking up in the air like that!

I would have loved to have kneeled behind her and plunged my face into her crotch and eaten her in front of Rick but he wasn't wasting any more time the horny bastard! Rick kneeled between her legs and took his cock in his right hand while he used his left to spread her ass cheeks apart.

My mom took her finger out of herself and spread her pussy lips apart to make it easier for him. This also helped Rick since Mom didn't shave and her wet pussy hair was plastered down in a thick matt against her cunt. Rick scooted forward until his cock head was up against her pussy hole. As he started to push I could see her pushing pushed back, driving him quickly inside of her.

Rick then grabbed her hips and pulled her back into him as he rammed his cock forward until his crotch bottomed out against her butt. Instantly he started stroking himself fast in and out of her, fucking her hard from the start without any further fanfare.

It was incredible watching my cousin fuck my mom! After all, this was the first time I had ever seen anyone else besides my dad do her and for it to be this young horny hunk made it all the more erotic. I was still masturbating myself and soon was on the edge of my own orgasm as my mom was having one of her own. I hoped hers was as powerful as mine was and if anything I was sure that with a cock in her it was even more so for her. I only wished he was in me instead!

I tend to be the "quiet moaner" when it comes to orgasms. I guess that comes from having sex in so many public places and having to be more subtle when I came. Face it, you really can't cry out "Fuck me!" in the middle of a movie theater! My mom, on the other hand, was what guys call a 'screamer". When she would cum there was no doubt about it and today was no exception. Rick was pumping her like a madman when she started yelling at him and crying out.

"Oh god fuck me!... fuck me harder dammit... OH MY GOD... fuck me you bastard," and on it went as her orgasm peaked.

I can remember many a night as a young girl listening to my parents making love. Although they had kept the door closed when they did until I started fucking them, even a little girl didn't need to have it explained to her what was going on behind that door when she could hear mommy screaming for daddy to fuck her!

Rick was about to cum as well and I feared he was going to pull out. This I knew was the last thing my mom would want. There was no danger of anything happening since she couldn't have any more kids after the problems she had with me so I couldn't help but interrupt.

"Stay in her Rick," I urged him, "cum in your Aunt! Show me how you can fuck my mom Rick! Show her how you fucked her daughter!"

Rick looked over his shoulder at me and cocked his head in an "oh well!" expression. He pushed himself as far into her as she could and then started to cum in her, pumping my mom with one load of cum after another. I knew she could feel him cumming in her from the way she resumed her outbursts when her orgasm rose back again from the warmth of his cum being released inside of her.

"Oh fuck yes!" she yelled, "Screw me Rick, cum in me, fuck me!"

It was wild! I had never seen my mom like this in all the times she had fucked my dad. I don't know if she was just channeling his youthful energy or what but she was like a mad woman, throwing her head back while she cried out for him to keep cumming. She was rocking violently back and forth against his cock which somehow seemed to be staying just as hard as ever, even after having cum twice now.

Finally she collapsed on her elbows as he leaned forward onto her, trying not to dump all his weight upon her. Well, well, apparently even a young stud can get tired if he fucks hard and long enough!

# 9. Aunt Shari Comes Home

I had some ideas about what he could do with that still hard cock when suddenly I heard a sound coming from the direction of house. Oh my god, the garage door was opening! I caught a glimpse of my aunt's SUV coming down the street and then disappearing in front of the house. Damn, they must have come back early for some reason!

I yelled at the two of them that his mom was back and the look on Rick's face was priceless. As desperate as I was feeling I couldn't help but laugh at the expression of sheer panic. His eyes were like saucers and his jaw dropped as what was probably his worst fear in the world was being realized. My mom looked concerned but kept her wits about her.

"Hurry up you two, get dressed!" she urged, "Rick, get back in the pool and Kelly you sit over at the table."

She hurriedly put her bikini on which had dried somewhat in the sun and didn't show through as much now. She threw the cushion back on the chaise lounge frame where she then laid on her back as if she had been sunning. Rick's cock was still hard and poked out from his trunks like a tent pole. You had to give the boy credit; as panicked as he was he wasn't losing an ounce of that erection!

Rick jumped into the pool and stayed close to the side where he could hide his obvious problem. Fortunately for my mom and me, we didn't have such an obvious sign of our horniness and the flush look on our faces could easily have been taken as being from the heat of the afternoon sun. We were in place when the back patio door opened and my aunt called out to us.

"Hey, I didn't know you were coming over Mary. Hang on and we'll join you!"

I looked over at my mom and she gave me a wink. I looked at her in that skimpy bikini and wondered how she was going to explain that to Aunt Shari. She had never worn anything even close to it before and even had a couple of one-piece suits just for when we swam here. If it upset Aunt Shari when I wore a skimpy bikini, I wondered what she was going to say when she saw my mom, especially with her son around!

Well, we were soon to find out as within a few minutes she and my two cousins joined us in their swim suits. Aunt Shari started to explain how the air conditioning in the SUV had broken so they decided to come home when I saw her eyes widen as she realized what my mom was wearing.

"Uh, Mary," she stuttered, "is that a new suit? I don't think I've seen it on you before."

My mom replied with a sly grin, "I was just trying to get a better tan for a new dress John bought me. It has a low cut back and I didn't want any tan lines showing."

I don't think my aunt bought that for even a second but then my mom suggested the two of them go into the house for some ice tea. That left the four of us by the pool. The problem was that while Tammy and Kate had their suits on, I didn't have mine with since I hadn't expected to need to wear one!

Somehow we got through the rest of the afternoon although Kate kept asking Rick why he was hanging around the edge of the pool. The poor boy must have finally calmed down because he eventually got out of the pool without too visible of a lump in his suit.

Tammy was looking hot, even in a relatively conservative two piece suit but there wasn't going to be any hanky panky between us today with Rick ad Kate there. I couldn't help but wonder what might happen if Kate would go away but she hung around like glue.

We finally all went in the house and my mom and I said our goodbyes. She and Rick locked eyes for just a second longer than usual but I doubt his mom caught it. I knew that this wasn't going to be the last time Rick got to fuck his aunt and older cousin!

# (Aug 17) Chapter 96: Third Summer Sex Party

Story codes: MF FF FFF group oral
Me (20)
Rick - cousin (17)
Beth - BFF (21)

I figured what the heck, why not go to one more? This time, in addition to the eight guys that fucked me, I had my first lesbian party sex featuring my best friend Beth and two other girls.

## 1. My Past Sex Parties

It had been more than a month now since the last time my best friend Beth was able to talk me into going with her to one of her sex parties. It wasn't like she hadn't tried, believe me. Sometimes it seems that she spends half her evenings at the crazy things!

As for me, I have never understood the big attraction. Sure, they're fun to go to every now and then but so are lots of other things and I don't do them all the time. I guess I'm just more conservative and not a party girl like Beth or more cousin Kristen. Kristen goes with her quite a bit, but we really don't talk about it much other than a hint or a knowing look now and then. Actually, I hear more about Kristen's "extracurricular activities" from my mom who gets her information from Kristen's mom, who has always been quite proud of her daughter's exploits.

Every party Beth has taken me to over the past two summers has been unique in its own way, yet there is a common thread that runs through all of them, at least for me. Of course at each one I have sex with any number of guys in a variety of locations and positions - that's the whole point going after all! What I am referring to is a common denominator where the sex has always been with men, never a woman.

It's not that I don't like sex with girls - THAT certainly has it's time and place. It's just that from my perspective, being fucked by a guy seems more suited to this type of situation. I mean, so far in my life sex with guys has revolved around various forms of fucking and getting off without a great deal of intimacy. Sure, I've had crushes on a few boys but looking back, that's all they were.

Thus you could say I liked being fucked by a guy for my own pleasure. I'm not afraid to admit that it's quite an ego booster when men fall over themselves to have me, including cheating on their wives and girlfriends. Although letting my uncle fuck me is more out of a sense of family obligations than actual attraction, I still enjoy it or I wouldn't let him do it. My father has been the only man in my life with whom there has been any sense of an emotional bonding, but that should be obvious.

In contrast to being with men, many of whom I have no idea even what their names were, my lesbian experiences have involved women I am close to, such as my mom and aunt, or my younger cousins Tammy and Kristen. Outside my family, the only girls I have done it with has been people I am close to, like my college roomies Beth and Jen, my mom's friend Tammy or my best friend Beth. So you see, lesbian sex is much more intimate and emotional for me, not something I would normally think about doing with stranger at a party.

There have been a few notable exceptions, but very limited. To put it in perspective, in my life so far I've had sex with 139 different men (100 of those were at parties so someone were to ask me I would normally say I've had sex with 39 men) but only 19 girls. Of course, I don't count slumber parties when I was in high school where we masturbated together, that was just typical girl stuff and in any case, it didn't involve any sexual contact with other girls.

## 2. Sunday Morning - Masturbating Before Church

So now it was the middle of August and the weather was typical for that time of year - hot and muggy. It was Sunday morning and I was concentrating on what to wear to church. One look out my bedroom window and I knew from the clear ski and bright sun it was going to be another scorcher.

While most of our church is air-conditioned, the sanctuary is huge and being built over one hundred years ago, not well insulated so air-conditioning was never installed. They kept lots of fans running, especially on days like today, but all it did was move the hot air around. If I had my druthers, I would just throw on a pair of shorts and a bikini top and stay cool but it WAS church and I was raised that a certain decorum applied. I mean, it's not like the old days where people wore suits and long dresses, no matter what. But still, our family "dressed up" for church and for me that typically meant a dress or at least a skirt and nice blouse. No shorts, jeans, etc., at least not for services.

My dad was out of town for the weekend which meant no "wakeup call" for me this morning and I was definitely feeling even hornier than usual as a result. It's funny how you can take something for granted and it's not until it's gone that you realize how much it means to you. It felt strange just waking up on my own and getting out of bed without having first taken care of my dad's needs. I thought about him in his hotel room and wondered if he was jerking off thinking about what he was missing this morning. To be honest, I was hoping he was and that meant he missed me!

Having just gotten out of bed, I was still nude as I stood in front of my closet. Typically I don't bother putting anything on until I have finished in the bathroom since it was right across the hall from my bedroom. Like, what would be the point to through on a shirt or something just to drop it again a few minutes later?

I started sleeping in the buff back when I was barely twelve. At the time, it was more that I was wanting to act grown-up and be like my parents than anything else. Over time, once I got accustomed to it, it got to the point where even a light negligee felt restrictive when I was in bed. There is just something about the feel of cool sheets against your bare skin that feels good at night. Besides, I've never understood the reason for covering yourself up in bed. It's not like I run around the house nude or anything but when I throw back the covers, the night shirt doesn't come off until just before I slip between the sheets.

Turning slightly, I looked at myself in the mirror mounted on the closet door and did what every girl does when she sees herself in the mirror - criticize myself! While I certainly am not fat, I can't claim to have the petite figure of my cousin Kristen. My boobs are finally respectable and perky without any sag but when I compare them to my best friend Beth's, it's easy to understand why when we are together the boys always look at her chest first.

My fingers pinched the nipples on both of my breasts and pulled on them before letting go and allowing them to snap back. They tingled a bit and I smiled as they responded, growing harder and more pointed as I toyed with them. While I may not have always had the most spectacular boobs, even in a training bra my nipples have always been extremely sensitive and responsive to even the slightest attention. Just wearing a loose blouse that rubs over my nipples as I move is enough to get them poking out like bullets from my chest.

me except these were flames of pleasure. My bedroom disappeared and I was consumed by pure lust, my body aching for a cock to be in me. I could feel my pussy cum pouring over my hand as I kept my fingers in my pussy, stroking them in and out like a dick was in me instead. Just as I thought I was going to pass out, a giant gasp erupted from me and I took in a huge breath of air.

"Oh god!" I moaned over and over as I shook like I was freezing to death. It was like I was quivering like a guitar string that had been plucked, except that it was my fingers playing over my pussy that was producing the sensational music inside of me.

Finally I couldn't even stand anymore and I slid down the door until I was sitting on the floor, my legs spread wide apart and now both hands pressing against my crotch. I had two fingers in me with the other hand pressing them tighter inside of me. I was exhausted, unable to even move my hands.

"Hey! We have to be at church in a half hour silly, couldn't this have waited?"

I forced my eyes open to see my mom standing over me, hands on her hips. She was dressed and ready to go and here I was, still naked and sitting on the floor with my fingers up my pussy, caught like a kid with her hands in the cookie jar.

"No... it couldn't'," I protested.

"Well, quit playing with yourself and get going, we're going to be late."

It was tempting to just get dressed and go to church smelling like sex but I knew that wouldn't go over well with some of the people there. I took a FAST shower, being careful not to get my hair wet and quickly got myself ready. Fortunately, I have never been one of those girls that takes two hours to get ready so in twenty minutes I was bouncing down the stairs to join my mom.

"You know, you're not twelve anymore Kelly," my mom chided me, "Someday you are going to have to learn some self-control!"

It was the same speech she had given me a hundred times, just in a different format, so I ignored it for the hundredth time as well. I mean, a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do!

"Hey Kelly, I'm gonna fuck Beth during Sunday School - wanna watch?" he said, almost choking on his words with his excitement. "You're going to fuck Beth? Here? Now?"

"Yeah, I know, I wasn't supposed to tell you but I couldn't resist once I saw you."

"So... is that why you were so horny that you fondled my mom's ass right smack in the middle of the parking lot?"

Rick grinned sheepishly and said with a wicked smile, "Oh, you saw that. Well, she DOES have a nice ass you know."

I had to concede that point to him as my mom did indeed have a great looking ass! Not to mention boobs that still were hanging in there and not a line on her face or thighs.

"So... does Beth know you're planning on fucking her?" I teased him. Really, I was having a hard time believing him as Beth had never told me she was doing anything with him.

Rick rolled his eyes at me in exasperation. "Very funny - gimme a break, Kelly."

My mom was calling after me by now so I just giggled at him and ran off to catch up with the rest of my family. My parents attended a session intended for married couples while I split off to the college group. Just as I was about to go into the room I looked down the long hallway and saw Rick poking his head around the corner, gesturing with his arm to come down and join him.

Out of curiosity, more than anything, I decided to see what he really wanted as honestly, I still thought he was just jerking my chain with all that talk about fucking Beth. Beth was my best friend and I couldn't believe that she was screwing my cousin and hadn't told me about it.

Beth was the only person outside my family that knew about my "special relationships" at home and indeed, was the only girl my dad had ever fucked outside our family since he married my mom over twenty years ago. That alone should tell you how close of friends we were and how much a part of our family she was considered to be. Thus it was unimaginable to me that Beth would have been fucking Rick before now and not telling me about it.

"Move your ass and get in here," Rick hissed at me as I approached.

He was leaning out of a doorway leading to one of the older rooms in the church. These days it was now pretty much used for storing junk and not much else. Indeed, I couldn't even remember being in it before.

"Hide over there - Beth should be here any minute," he said in a low voice, as if he was afraid he would be overhead.

Being at the end of the hallway in this relatively unused part of the church, the odds of THAT were pretty remote. Heck, I hadn't even been down here in years myself.

Rick was pointing towards a pile of boxes stacked against one side of the room that were labeled as having the various props for our annual Christmas pageant. In front of them was a clothes rack filled with costumes for the same pageant. So this is where they kept all that stuff! Rick pulled the clothes rack out far enough for me to hide between it and the boxes. Just in the nick of time, too, as it turned out. No sooner was I squatting down behind the clothes, peeking out between the costumes, then I heard a familiar voice - my best friend!

"Alright, let's get going before someone catches us down here," I barely heard her whisper.

At first I couldn't actually see her or Rick but then someone closed the door and they moved over to an empty table which was almost directly in front of me, giving me virtually a front row seat to whatever was about to happen.

Beth was dressed rather conservatively - at least compared to her usual outfits. It was just a simple floral dress that came to just above her knees with thin spaghetti shoulder straps and a "peasant girl" style bust. God I loved her boobs! I'd been jealous of them since I was just twelve, when she was already into a B cup and I was in a training bra. Today they were a full D cup but didn't have the sag and droopiness most bigger girls had to deal with.

Her long brunette hair was hanging down to the middle of her back, nothing special other than the hours of combing in her bedroom I knew she spent. From her flushed appearance and the way she kept staring at his crotch, I knew my best friend well enough to know she was one horny girl at the moment. Well, that made two of us!

"You're late. I was afraid you weren't going to show up," Rick whined slightly.

Beth moved in closer to Rick and pressed her hand on the growing bulge in his pants. "And miss out on this?" she responded seductively, "Mmmmmmm, not on your life."

God, was I getting turned on! It's not like I hadn't seen Beth with a guy before. Beth was a charter member of a local group that met frequently for private sex parties and she had invited me to a couple already this summer. Beth was heavily into the group sex scene, much more than me. Although the two of us have been best friends forever, even fucking some guys together, we had never fooled around with each other until this past winter. The most amazing thing about Beth, so far as sex goes, is that my dad has fucked her as well – twice actually.

I say amazing because my parents are VERY strict when it comes to adultery. Neither of them has cheated on the other since they were married which I believe has been a major factor in the success of their marriage. My parents have taught me that once you're married, sex with anyone outside your family – even with the consent of your spouse, is forbidden, a violation of the Ten Commandants (you know the one – Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery). Given their strict interpretation and the lectures they had given me growing up on the subject, you can imagine how shocked I was when my dad joined me and Beth in the hot tub and then fucked her while my mom looked on from my second floor bedroom window. I guess it just goes to show how close Beth and I are that my dad considers her as another virtual daughter. My only issue is that she doesn't know about MY relationship with my dad – something I hope someday I can share with her.

Since Beth didn't know my family practiced incest, there was no reason she would even suspect that Rick was fucking both me and my mom on a regular basis. Well, I should say it was more my mom a lot more than me but that's a technicality. Even so, I was a little curious as to why she hadn't told me before this that she was fucking my cousin. It's not like anyone could blame her for wanting him. Rick was quite a hunk and from what I've heard, over half the girls in school either had been fucked by him or WANTED him to.

So as I said, I've seen Beth in action plenty of times before but there was something different about seeing her with Rick that was different. Maybe it was nothing more than the voyeuristic element, the "peeping tom" thrill that came from watching her without her knowledge, I don't know. Whatever it was, seeing her squat down, pull his nice cock out of his pants, and without hesitating for a second start sucking his cock was making me wet as hell!

Rick groaned as Beth took his dick deep in her mouth. I couldn't help but smile to myself, though, thinking that it didn't take much to get a guy off – especially a guy as young as Rick. I knew Beth a LOT better than he did so I knew she wasn't nearly as into giving head as I was. For her, it was just something that a guy expected and so she did it more out of some sense of obligation than anything else.

Beth loved to be fucked more than anything - and by as many cocks as possible at the same time. I guess that's why she loves her parties as there she can have three of four guys at once. Although I am unwavering when it comes to anal sex (as in NONE), Beth loves it and has told me (actually more like bragging) several times about her experiences with double penetration. Of course, having a third or fourth cock to suck while two guys were fucking her ass and pussy at the same time was just icing on the cake for her.

With all that, it didn't surprise me that Beth only sucked his dick for a couple of minutes before some internal alarm clock went off. Her cocksucking duties fulfilled, she sat back on the table top, legs spread wide apart. I couldn't help but smile as it was about as unladylike a pose as you could imagine, more like watching whore in one of my dad's porn movies opening up for her sex scene.

"Alright now, I want that fucking dick in me," she said in a commanding tone. There was little doubt who was running the show here!

Rick wasn't saying anything at this point. He was so hard and horny the only thing his mind could cope with at this moment was whatever it took to fuck this sexy girl exposing herself in front of him. As he stripped his pants and underwear off, Beth lifted her dress to reveal her pretty pussy underneath. Yep, that was typical of my best friend, showing up for church without any underwear on!

By now I had lifted my own skirt up and pushed my panties off to the side, letting my fingers have access to my own pussy which was practically dripping to the floor by now. My fingertip brushed up against my clit and it was all I could do to keep from gasping out loud as it was like being poked by an electric prod. It hadn't been all that long since I had masturbated at home and the poor thing still hadn't completely calmed down. As I watched Rick slip his big cock into Beth's open pussy, I slid my own finger up into me, imagining he was fucking me instead of my lucky best friend.

"Ahhhhhh, fuck!" Beth moaned, wiggling her hips as Rick pushed himself deeper inside of her, "Stuff it in me! Shove that cock up my pussy!"

Rick pulled her straps off her shoulders and pushed the dress down to expose her monstrous boobs. Even from across the room I could see how hard her nipples were! My hands felt my own boobs through my top and I sighed silently as my breasts tingled from the attention. God I would have loved to rub our boobs together!

immediately dropped to her knees in front of him. She held her face up, looking at him with her mouth wide open and tongue hanging out like a puppy waiting for a treat. She didn't have to wait long as Rick jerked himself off with just a few strokes and then my eyes widened as I watched his sperm spew from the tip of his swollen cock, landing all over her face and hair. Miraculously, it didn't appear that any made it on her dress which was always a concern of mine, especially when I was doing it somewhere where I would have to go back in public after being fucked.

When he stopped shooting cum, Beth took his spent cock in her hand and used it to rub his cum all over her face, spreading it like some facial cream over her cheeks, chin and forehead. Her entire face shown in the dim light with its covering of messy cum.

Rick was still panting from his exertions and I saw his firm butt clench involuntarily as she took his sensitive dick again in her mouth, suck every last of the cum from him. Satisfied she had all he had to give her, she dropped his dick with a smacking sound from her lips. Then she looked at her watch and stood up with a broad smile on her face.

"Now THAT'S what I call a church lesson!" she said with a grin. She looked over to where there was a full length mirror and frowned at what she saw.

"Good God, I can't go out looking like THIS!" she said, more to herself than anything.

She twisted around, looking for something to wipe herself off. Her boobs were still hanging out as she hadn't bothered straightening up her dress yet. That's my Beth, never missing a chance to show off those tits, even if it was just my cousin there to see them (or so she thought).

Then, to my horror, she seemed to see something in the clothes rack in front of me and started to head my way. I crouched even lower and she never seemed to notice me as she reached for one of the robes and used it like a towel to wipe Rick's cum from her face. In my head I thought to next Christmas and wondered which sixth grade shepherd boy was going to have my cousin's cum stains on his robe when he donned his costume for the pageant!

Rick had pulled his pants back up but his cock was still firm enough to push out against the fabric. He certainly didn't seem to mind, assuming he was even aware of it, and I guess it really didn't matter one way or another. From my experience, it seemed like most guys his age were walking around with erections half the time anyway!

For a moment I contemplated how I could take care of his "situation" and my pussy gave a sharp twinge at the thought of his dick pushing its way up into me but common sense stayed in control. It wasn't that I was worried that Beth would be embarrassed or anything like that because I saw my cousin fucking her. My real concern was that it might lead to some difficult questions about whether or not I was letting him fuck me as well. I wasn't very good at lying to Beth – she knew me too well to even try!

Once Beth had her face cleaned off she took out some lipstick and powder from her purse and made some quick adjustments in the mirror. I couldn't help but smile as I noticed she STILL hadn't bothered covering up her boobs. Well, if I had boobs like hers, I would be showing them off as much as possible as well.

Finally, Beth stood up and straightened out her dress and pulled the top back up and over her beautiful boobs. She had to know Rick was watching her every move, which was probably why she made such a show over it. As she made her way out the room, she patted Rick's crotch like someone would pet their puppy when it was being good.

"You know Rick, anytime you want to fuck me, all you gotta do is ask," she murmured with a naughty grin on her face.

A smile came to my face as I realized she had taken the words right out of my mouth. Yep, my cousin could fuck me anytime he wanted as well! With that she left and as soon as Rick was sure she was gone, he motioned for me to come out.

"Well, what did ya think?" he asked, sounding more like a little boy seeking approval from his mommy.

"Hmmm, not bad I guess. I just want to know why you didn't fuck me instead of her," I said, pretending to be a little upset with him, although maybe not pretending as much as I first thought.

"C'mon Kelly, gimme a break," he begged, "It's not like we've been doing it for that long, you know."

"Oh really? And just how long have you been screwing my best friend?"

Rick hesitated, as if he was afraid to answer. Then he finally responded in a low voice saying, "Ummmmm, I guess it's been a couple of years now."

Damn! How had Beth kept this from me all that time? That little slut! God, he was only fifteen back then as well.

"Well, just so you know, I expect to get it more than her from now on – understood?"

Rick just grinned stupidly. I suppose any seventeen year-old boy would do the same if his older cousin was insisting that he fuck her more than her best friend. Heck, I think he would be more than happy just being able to fuck me period! To be perfectly honest, it wasn't his enjoyment that I was concerned about anyway - I wanted it just as much as he did.

## 4. Beth Invites Me to Another Party

As much as I was tempted to give him a quickie BJ, it was getting close to the start of the church service. We had to get moving if we were going to meet our families in time to sit together. Our parents were waiting, rather impatiently I might add, outside the sanctuary when we showed up and without a word they turned and let the usher seat us in our usual pew. I was at the end with my mom next to me so when leaned over to whisper in my ear, it would have been hard for anyone to overhear her.

"What's with you two anyway? Rick's got that smile on his face and you're all flushed." She hesitated and then looked me in the eyes and continued, "Oh for crying out loud, were you two just fooling around?"

I couldn't help but giggle just a little and then I turned to her to answer, "Not me... but you'll never guess who was."

My mom looked me in the eyes with curiosity. Trying to keep quiet as the service was about to start, she gestured as if to say, "Well, then spill it girl!"

Just then Beth and her family were coming down the aisle and I rolled my eyes in the direction of Beth. My mom's mouth dropped openly momentarily before she caught herself and regained her composure.

"Really?" she whispered in a barely audible tone.

I just nodded and smiled as Beth passed by us and our eyes met. There was a twinkle in her eyes and I felt a little twinge in my pussy again as I could only imagine how good her freshly fucked pussy must be feeling about now. Without any panties, I wondered if any of Rick's cum was going to drip down her legs. God, I could only imagine what people would say then!

Beth and her parents took a seat further down so my eyes switched to my cousin's crotch and it took all the willpower I had not to reach over and unzip his dress pants, pulling his dick out and sucking him right in the pew in front of everyone! God I was SO horny now, even more than usual. Yep, THAT would have

caused a scene alright! My squirming and crossing of legs must have attracted my mom's attention as she leaned over and whispered in my ear,
"Horny?"

I just smiled at her and licked my lips just enough to let her know she was right on the mark. As our praise team took over and the sound level rose, and I looked around, wondering what people would think if they had any idea at all what my thoughts were at that moment!

Over the next hour or so, somehow I made it through the service without playing with myself - or someone else. Afterwards, as we made our way out to the parking lot, I found myself walking next to Beth.

"Hey girl, you're looking really hot this morning," I teased her, "Hmmmmmm, if I didn't know better I'd say someone got laid this morning."

Beth giggled and that twinkle reappeared in her eyes.

"Well, you never know..."

"Oh my god, you DID get laid, didn't you," I gasped, as if I had no idea what had happened earlier. "Who was it?"

Beth just smiled and didn't say a word, obviously she had no intention of telling me so I let it drop. Then just as quickly, she looked around to be sure nobody was nearby and then turned to me and whispered in a conspiratorial tone.

"Hey Kelly, there's a party Wednesday night - wanna come?"

Well, at least I didn't have to ask what KIND of party it as, With Beth, there was only one kind - one of her group sex parties.

"Nawwwwww, I don't think so," I said, trying to worm my way out of it.

"Oh come on Kelly, don't be such a spoil-sport all the time, loosen up and have some fun!"

I knew it was hopeless to talk her out of it so I just shrugged and we were on for Wednesday night. We hugged and I got in the car with my mom.

"Well, did she say anything?" my mom inquired.

I spent the rest of the short trip home telling her as much as I could remember. She just kept shaking her head as I went on.

"I should have known something was up when he squeezed my ass," she said with a hint of a laugh.

We let it go at that but I imagined she told her sister about it before the day was over. Given the two of the shared about everything - including a husband and a daughter, this wasn't something to keep secret.

Now as much as I try to claim that I don't really get off from Beth's parties, I have to admit I was horny as hell for the next three days waiting for it. It was like I crossed the lone and decided to go for it, everything took on a different context. God, I must have masturbated a dozen times, not to mention almost attacking my dad when he got home from his trip Monday night (not that he minded!). Thus by the time Beth picked me up Wednesday night I had worked myself up to such a state that I think just about anything would be OK with me this time.

## 5. The Party Gets Started With an Initiation

This was going to be my third party for the summer. While that seemed a lot to me, I knew Beth sometimes did three in just one WEEK! In any case, I knew what to wear - and what not to. Actually it was pretty obvious when you thought about it as the idea of the party was to have sex and everyone there knew it. Thus there was no need for underwear and such since it was just going to come off right away anyway. In fact, this time the only thing I was wearing was a short skimpy sundress. It was pale yellow and fairly transparent, letting my nipples show through plainly. With the sun behind me it didn't leave a lot to the imagination, that's for sure. Even in normal light, if I had not been shaved you could have seen the darkness of my pussy through the fabric as well.

Beth was dressed almost as simply, but in her case she had on a pair of denim shorts and a super-tight tank top she grew out of years ago but showed her boobs off nicely.

We arrived at a house which was considerably smaller than the ones we had gone to in the past. I was curious to find out how they were going to deal with it as I suspected there wasn't a large family room or even a dining room for people to spread out.

That pretty much left just bedrooms which was unusual since one of the cardinal rules in the past was that all sex had to take place in a public area of the house. That was as much for personal safety as anything else. Even everyone was supposed to know the rules, sometimes people can get carried away when the sex gets heavy and nobody wanted any problems.

We must have been the last to arrive because as soon as we came in, the host announced for everyone to gather in the small living room. For a small house I was surprised at the size of the group. I quickly counted up the people and found there to be a total of twenty - ten girls and ten guys of course, balanced as always. That is, from a chromosome standpoint as you never knew about the actual sexual orientations.

As I learned so vividly my first time at one of these parties, whenever someone was attending for the first time there was a surprise waiting for them - an initiation. It wasn't really all that bad, especially when you took into account WHY people were there. Basically, the person had to let the host (or hostess if it was a guy) fuck them in front of everyone else.

I can still remember my own initiation vividly. Beth hadn't given me a clue what was going to happen and my initial reaction was a bit panicky. The host was great, though, and had me suck his dick for a while after which he drilled me like an oil rig right in the center of the living room. At first I was a bit apprehensive, from the surprise I think more than anything. Once I got into it, I found I truly enjoyed it, especially the audience aspect of it.

Most of the parties I had attended didn't have anyone new and in the ones where there WAS an initiation, it had always been a girl. Thus it was a pleasant change of pace to learn that tonight the newcomer was a guy! At first it seemed a little odd and it was then I realized how conditioned I was with regards to the roles our culture assigns to us. For instance, when a girl was new and thus effectively was "dominated" by the host, effectively she submitted herself to him for his pleasure and the enjoyment of the rest of the group.

Now THAT seemed "normal" to me, based on the cultural norms I was raised in. Now that the shoe was on the other foot, though, it seemed awkward having the guy submit to the hostess. It made me think as I watched, that why it is a turn-on for most people to see a girl give herself to a guy yet when a guy does it to a girl we consider him weak, kinky or even "pussy-whipped"?

In the end, I guess it didn't really matter as far as I was concerned, at least. It was funny to see the look on his face when he was informed of what was about to happen. Most people come to these parties for the first time nervous enough as it is. Then to find out the first order of business is to be publicly fucked, well, that is almost too much for a few of them to handle.

This guy appeared ready to bolt until the girl who brought him (his girlfriend?) convinced him it was OK. What was he thinking anyway when he came, that we would serve tea and chat about politics?

Knowing everyone enjoyed the initiations but at the same time, were anxious to get things rolling themselves, the hostess and new guy quickly stripped naked. The typical thing to start out with would have been a blowjob but in the case it was the guy getting initiated so she made him eat her pussy to get things rolling. Someone tossed her a pillow and she laid on the carpet in the middle of the room with the pillow under her ass, making her pussy elevate up and easy for everyone to watch and evaluate his pussy licking skills.

I wasn't holding my breath for anything spectacular. One of the reasons I don't push much to have a guy lick me is the general poor quality of pussy eating skills that most guys have. Oh sure, EVERY guy thinks he is God's gift to women when he starts in between her thighs but I guess that is our fault as women in that we allow them to think that. Truth is, I would rather masturbate than have the average guy lick me.

Now girls are a different story but that's to be expected. After all, a girl knows what a girl wants. It's for that very reason I have never understood why guys don't like to suck dick. After all, they must certainly understand better what feels good and I would think the typical guy could suck another guy off far better than most girls can. Oh well, I guess that will remain a mystery for me.

The new guy seemed to be average and I had to give the hostess an Academy Award for her performance. Things picked up when he moved up on top of her kneeled between her legs, pulling her feet up and over his shoulders so her pussy was lined up with his dick. He had his arms around her legs as he fucked her and the harder he pumped the more he seemed to be able to ignore the audience around him. He had a decent sized dick and the hostess seemed to be enjoying it.

I found myself watching his girlfriend almost as much as I did the couple on the floor. It wouldn't be the first time someone decided to bring their boyfriend or girlfriend along with, thinking just because they enjoyed the group scene that swinging with their partner would be fun as well. Usually it worked out but I knew of several cases where seeing their partner being fucked by numerous other people – and enjoying it, was too much for their egos. It seemed sort of hypocritical to me. After all, it was OK for them to be fucked a dozen times over so why not their partner?

It only took him about five minutes or so of steady fucking before he was cumming. He pulled out just before and sprayed a line of cum that reached from her chin to her navel with the first shot! I had to give him credit for range, if nothing else! The next couple of shots landed on her boobs and stomach with the remainder sort of dropping out onto her hairy pussy.

Laying on her back still, covered with the new guy's cum, the hostess announced the party was ready to start and so everyone jockeyed for their initial positions - literally. I had been curious earlier about how so many people would fit and indeed, in this case they spread out to all the different rooms of the house. Normally I didn't see much of the homes other than the living rooms, family rooms and dining areas.

## 6. Having Fun at the Party

I found it interesting that the house had a couple of rooms that were obviously for the kids of the hosts. I hadn't noticed them wearing a ring before but I guess that didn't mean anything when it came to children. There were some family pics hanging around and from the looks of it, their kids were still quite young, a boy who looked to be around eight and a girl I was guessing at around five. No wonder they were out for the night - WAY too young for me to get involved with them.

Over half the people stayed in the living room, though, and with the limited space tonight it turned into more like an orgy scene than normal. Usually the parties had groups of anywhere between two and five people, fucking and then splitting off to form new groups.

Tonight I found myself in a group of sixteen and it appeared the intent of everyone was to stick together as one group, at least for the time being. I wasn't too sure how this was going to play out but I figured what the heck - why not try? Looking around, I noticed that Beth had disappeared so I figured she must have gone to a more "private" setting. It surprised me a bit as I would have expected Beth to be drawn to this like a bear to honey.

I found it interesting that nobody actually said anything yet we all started to undress as if an unspoken command had been issued. For me it was simple, I just pulled my sundress up and over my head, and hung it up over a hook in the entryway. When I returned to the living room, everyone as nude or almost there and a few of the guys were already well on their way to a full erection.

The guys ranged in size but nobody seemed to be extraordinarily large - or small for that matter. The typical size seemed to be around five or six inches with a couple looking maybe to grow into the six or seven inch range. Overall, most of them were not bad looking although one of them I had to wonder how he managed to get in with the scruffy beard and generally unsavory looks.

As for the girls, well what more can I say than they were all sexy as hell. There's no more of an even playing field than standing in a room naked alongside seven other women. No clothes to hide behind, just your nude body on display for everyone to see and criticize. (Face it, we all do it. The only reason most women watch Miss America is to put down the contestants). Most of us were shaved totally with a couple of "landing strips" here and there. The remaining ones were on the hairy side but still neatly trimmed so they didn't look like something was nesting between their legs.

My boobs were probably in the mid-range of those on display, not the biggest by a long shot but still respectable when compared to a few smaller girls. My final assessment was that as a group the girls were a LOT hotter than the guys!

What exactly happened the next hour or so I can't really say. It seems like everything is a bit of a blur when I look back on it, sort of like trying to remember a dream just after you wake up. Snips and pieces of it are in my memory but try to put it all together into a coherent timeline and... well, just forget it. The best thing I can compare it to was that it was like living out a wild orgy scenes from one of my dad's all-time favorite porn movies - Taboo.

One that that made the orgy scene different from most groups I have been with was that I don't think any of the guys fucked me for more than a few minutes at a time before the next one moved in to replace him. Note that I literally meant it when I said "move in" in that one guy would pull out and as quickly as possible the next one would replace his dick in my pussy. What made it more interesting was that each guy wanted me in a different way - doggy, missionary, cowgirl, etc. It was definitely a guy thing, with the men calling the shots and the women doing whatever they told us to do.

Overall eight guys did me, at least that how many were there. It's hard to know for sure because I know at least a few of them did me more than once. It was also hard to tell all the time who was doing me, especially when I had my head buried in some guy's crotch and the guy fucking me traded off with someone. I know at least two of them came in me and a couple of others came either in my mouth or on me.

As a result, after an hour or so I was a complete wreck. I could feel the clots of dried cum in my hair and my body was literally covered with sweat and cum. The vast majority of my time was spent with the men although a couple of pussies appeared in front of me at times, one of them covered with cum. Lord only knows who it belonged to but it tasted pretty good, which is what counts, especially being mixed in with her pussy wetness.

It must have been well over an hour by now since things got rolling and I was already exhausted. You had to give the guys credit as I knew at least of couple of them had cum twice and they STILL managed to get it up again. Under normal circumstances I can almost always outlast a guy but today was anything but normal.

I was on my hands and knees, rocking back and forth such that my ass would meet up with the crotch of the guy behind me as he fucked me. I could feel his hands on my hips, helping to rock me back and forth in sync with his thrusts. My head was dropped and my eyes closed as I concentrated on the feeling of his hard dick in my pussy.

God, even after over an hour of almost non-stop fucking, it still craved more! It felt so wonderful to feel him pushing himself into me, filling my messy cunt with his dick. This guy was one of the bigger ones and I could feel his dick pushing up even higher into me than the last guy, stretching me apart and drilling deep into me.

"How's it going girl?"

Well, someone was speaking to me so it was only polite that I raise my head and open my eyes for her. As it turned out, I banged my head into her boobs instead.

"Hey, I know you want my boobs but watch it girl!" she chuckled at me.

My eyes focused and I saw it was Beth kneeling in front of me. She was nude, needless to say, and had that "I've just been fucked" air about her (and smell!). I grinned at her as I continued to rock forward and backwards.

"Damn, looks like you guys have quite a thing going here," she marveled, "I don't suppose you would be up for something more... say something more intimate?"

It was hard enough just to breath let alone try to respond in any verbal way so I just nodded my head at her.

"Hey buddy, you ready to cum yet or what?" Beth asked the guy fucking me from behind.

"Almost there!" he grunted almost unintelligibly, "God damn it, I'm not stopping now."

Just then I felt him pull out of me and he groaned loudly as I felt his cum splattering all over my bare ass and lower back. Damn, another wonderful mess to clean up. I suppose at this point it really didn't matter given the filthy state I was in but it was the principle of the matter. Why in the world would a guy want to cum on my body when I was more than willing to let him shoot himself off in my pussy or mouth? Heck, in this case I couldn't even SEE the results, let alone taste them or carry them away inside of me. What a waste of perfectly good cum!

He didn't hand around once he shot his load and Beth pulled me up to my feet as soon as he had finished.

"C'mon, he's done so let's go back to the bedroom and have some REAL fun."

## 7. Nothing But Pussies

I followed her down the hallway to what appeared to be a young girl's room, maybe eight to ten years old judging from the posters and the way it was decorated. Inside on the bed I saw two other girls, including the hostess who had been fucked by the new guy at what seemed to be ages ago.

"Sorry, girls only!" Beth said to a guy trying to make his way in from the hallway along with us.

She closed the door behind us and I had a feeling right off that this was going to be something different, something VERY different. If I was with three other guys, that wasn't hardly worth writing home about but three girls? Now THAT was a different story entirely.

The two girls were in a 69 when we came in, with one on top and the other directly over her. They both looked up from the pussy they were licking to see who it was and once they recognized Beth, they went back to their mutual pussy licking. I wondered if Beth had made it a threesome earlier but she didn't say anything and I wasn't asking.

"You know, I've been craving your sweet cunt from the moment I picked you up tonight," Beth whispered in my ear.

I felt her lips on my earlobe and then her tongue explored, kissing my ear and running her tongue all over my smooth neck and the side of my face.

"God, you smell so nasty!" she giggled, "Mmmmmmm, let me guess... Scent de' Whore'? What do you think?"

I just grinned at her lame sense of humor. Beth may have a great body and be one hell of a fine fuck, but when it came to academics and humor, let's just say she's "challenged". Oh well, when you have a body like hers, who needs to be smart?

I closed my eyes and just stood there naked in the middle of the room as Beth began her magic on me. I loved the way her fingers felt as they ran through my hair, pulling on it a bit when they encountered a clot of sperm that had found its way there. She was in back of me, at first pulling my hair aside so she could kiss my neck and running her hands all over my bare back, until she was low enough to fondle my little ass. Gradually her hands worked their way around me, cupping my boobs and gently pinching my sensitive nipples, causing me to quiver slightly as tingles ran through me like small electric shocks.

"God Kelly, you feel so good," she murmured in my ear, "So warm and soft... I LOVE touching you this way."

That was fine with me; in fact, she could have touched me that way for the rest of the night! Gradually she maneuvered me over to the bed, where she pushed me backwards into it such that I was sitting on the edge, away from the girls who were still at it in their 69 position. Beth kneeled between my legs and I could feel her as I watched her hands work their way from my knees to my beckoning crotch, gently caressing the sensitive inner sides of my thighs.

Looking down at her, Beth was looking up at me and our brown eyes met and we both knew what was about to happen. Other than my mom, nobody could lick my pussy better than Beth and on a good day, she might even be a little better.

"Lick me... please," I said softly to her.

Beth was more than ready by now and she plunged her head into my crotch, taking my pussy in her mouth and running her tongue up and down my pussy slit. Using her fingers to spread my pussy apart, she used the tip of her tongue to tease my clit, running around in tight little circles and then just lapping up and down like a cat licking itself. Periodically she would dip down and gently grab my clit between her lips, massaging it with her mouth until I was writhing with pleasure. My legs were shaking so bad that it was a good thing I was sitting down on the bed or I would have fallen down.

"Oh Beth... Oh Beth," was all I could say, repeating it over and over between my moans of pleasure.

I wanted to tell her how wonderful she was making feel, how incredible her tongue felt on me, how beautiful and sexy she looked with her head lodged between my thighs and her hair spread out over my legs. She was absolutely stunning with her face covered with my pussy juices and her nude body kneeling in front of me. I wanted to run my hands over her spectacular naked figure, over her bare back and tight ass.

Yes, there were lots of things I wanted to say and do but instead it seemed all I could do was lay back on the bed and watch my best friend lick my pussy, driving me to one orgasm after another. Her face was drenched with my pussy cum but she certainly didn't seem to mind as she kept her face on me, almost relentlessly as she never gave me a break. Finally I just collapsed, my arms to my side and my head against the back of the bed, unable to move or even say anything.

"Looks like someone's feeling good!" Beth said, raising her head from my crotch finally. My clit throbbed like a drum beating. For such a little thing it felt like my entire body was under its control and all I could do was lay still and let it do whatever it wanted.

Beth moved up on the bed next to me and draped her leg over me, rubbing her pussy up against my upper thigh, almost like a dog humping me but slower and more deliberate. I could smell my pussy on her face as she nuzzled up to my neck, kissing me gently and licking my ear. Her hand roamed over my bare body, making goose bumps rise all over me as her fingers teased my nipples and her hands massaged my boobs.

"Mmmmmmm, you feel so good," she murmured, "Oh God, you are SO beautiful Kelly."

Gradually I caught my breath and was able to respond to her. Turning towards her, we embraced and I felt her larger boobs pressing against mine. Her nude body felt so warm and smooth against mine. Guys feel so cold and hard when they lay next to me but having Beth was entirely different, she felt like a comfortable warm blanket against me.

"I love you Beth," I whispered to her.

Meanwhile, there were two other girls in the bed with us although with all that Beth had been doing to me I had totally tuned them out until now. As Beth rested her head on my shoulder, pressing her body up tight against me, I looked over at the other side of bed to see what had been going on over there. Needless to say, they weren't exchanging recipes! The two were still in your basic 69, laying on their sides with their upper legs lifted up and over the other's head. At first it didn't seem like they were even moving but then I saw one of their heads repositioning.

"Wanna join them?" Beth's voice broke me from my steady gazing at the other girls. Actually, I hadn't even thought about doing such a thing as it felt perfect just having Beth in my arms. Yet once she mentioned it, it seemed like the natural thing to do. I mean, I could be with Beth most anytime but how often do I get the chance to be with a couple of other hot girls I had never met before? The two of us kissed briefly and then we got up and moved more onto the bed.

"Mind if we join in?" Beth asked.

The two of them rolled in opposite directions such that they were on their backs. The smiles on their faces said more than anything else they could. Beth and I looked at each other. She had a nasty grin on her face and I knew she was ready to go so I just nodded to her and we made our moves. She took one girl while I took the other. We each climbed over our girl and without much fanfare, just went down on her while our pussies hovered over their faces.

My girl was shaved around her pussy lips while keeping a large triangle of hair above it, trimmed down to maybe a quarter to half an inch. Her pussy was wet from being licked by the other girl and her clit was enlarged. When I touched it with my tongue I felt her body tense under me and I knew she was pretty horny. Then I felt her mouth move up against my pussy and her tongue explore me. She was rather simple, just lapping her tongue up and down my slit like a puppy dog was licking me.

Turning me head slightly, I could see Beth's head buried in the crotch of her new partner. For a minute I felt a pang of jealousy, wishing it was her tongue on me again. It wasn't exactly a bad situation, though, as I drew in a deep breath and savored the aroma of her dripping cunt. Some girls don't keep themselves as clean as they should but she was obviously not one of those as her pussy smelled like heaven! It also reminded me of my cousin Kristen, who always seemed to have a great smelling cunt.

For the next half hour or so, we played around on the bed. We finished in a circle, each licking the girl in front of her. Honestly, I enjoyed it but it wasn't the most thrilling thing for me. For me, being with a girl is so much more intimate, that it isn't the same when it's with a stranger. I mean, being fucked by a guy, any guy, is enjoyable at the very least and I don't even care sometimes if I see his face or not. But when I'm with a girl, I like to know about her, be more personal with her. So when we were done, I was feeling pretty good physically but something was missing emotionally.

Beth and I left to find out clothes. A few people had left but most of them were still going at it. I had never stayed at one of these to the end so I had no idea how long they would keep going. As for me, I was satisfied and ready to go. Somehow I had the feeling from the way Beth was looking at the guys that she wanted more though.

The ride home was pretty quiet. I think both of us were pretty exhausted, physically and mentally. When Beth pulled into our driveway, she leaned over and we kissed goodbye.

I waved her goodbye as she drove off and went back in the house. It was pretty late but my mom was still up. It seems no matter how old I get, mom still worries about me. Oh well, that's why I love her so much. My dad was sleeping in his chair, snoring a bit. The two of us went up to the kitchen and sat at the table while I told her about the night's events.

As I told her, it seemed almost impossible I'd just done what I was describing. I could only imagine my dad's reactions when he learned about everything in the morning!

# (Aug 24) Chapter 97: Sex With My Youth Pastor

Story codes: MF nc oral adultery
Me (20)
Pastor Ken (26)

Not every sexual experience I have has been positive although I tend to only write about the ones I enjoyed. Yet the "negative" events in our lives are often the ones that truly shape us and make us who we are. This was one of those events for me.

## 1. Working With the Church Youth

This story may not be to everyone's taste if you're expecting something along the lines of most if my other diary entries. If you decide to read further, don't complain to me - you've been warned!

All my life my family has attended the same Presbyterian church. It's fairly typical of the old large protestant churches with about two thousand members on the books and maybe three to four hundred who attended regularly. Christmas and Easter the place is jammed but in between the attendance is much more sparse even though we still need two services to make it comfortable. The Sunday services are well organized and are usually quite boring with none of the arm raising or theatrical oratory that many new churches offer today. To be brutally honest, in many ways our church is really more of a big social club which includes just enough religion to appease everyone's conscious.

Church has always played a central role in my life and I was been involved in a number of youth programs throughout my childhood and high school years. Now that I'm in college, I still remain involved in various bible studies and serve as a helper to the youth group leaders. It's fun most of the time and challenging in many ways. Our big night of the week, like most churches, is Wednesday night when everything is catered to the kids and we make our biggest outreach to the community.

If you've been reading my diary entries, especially my fantasies, then you're also undoubtedly waiting for me to spill my guts about a few other things so here it is. The kids I work with range generally from twelve to fifteen years of age. This doesn't make me that much older than them and frankly, it's hard sometimes to look at them and not feel a twinge of temptation. I have written a fantasy story about being with a couple of the ones that really make me horny and even shared some pics of a few of them with guys I chat with as we discussed my secret lust.

The truth is I've NEVER touched any of them inappropriately (and that is defined as their parents would interpret it so don't try stretching the definition); nor can I imagine EVER actually doing so at any time in the future. Despite my personal views on sex and morality, I understand that most people have different attitudes and I respect that although I wish it went both ways. The guiding principle for me is that these parents entrust their kids to me and expect me to enforce their rules and morals, regardless of my own. This is a trust I take seriously and one which, no matter what thoughts might cross my mind, I would NEVER violate.

It's always fun to fantasize, though, and I just hope people are mature enough when reading my diary to understand there is a BIG difference between fantasy and reality. Unfortunately some people don't seem to be able to comprehend that and even worse there are those who can't keep them separate in their own lives which is why sex offenders need to be put in jail.

I should say that there has been one exception so far for me and that is my cousin Tammy who was barely thirteen the first time we did anything together (I was twenty). At the time we just played and masturbated together. Given she is still a virgin, it can't be said I led her TOO far astray. I can rationalization my behavior in this situation because she is my cousin which makes it a family affair more than anything.

Like most people, I enjoy a healthy fantasy life which I use as an outlet at times. I'm not afraid to admit that I get a certain sense of guilty pleasure when I chat on-line with fathers and we fantasize about doing things with their wives and kids. I get turned on when a guy first breaches his internal barriers, steps out of his normal comfort zone and actually begins to discuss his thoughts about doing naughty things at home.

My opinion is that most people have these thoughts but they just don't express them so I don't think anything I do is going to convert a father into a child molester! In any case. I'm not so naive to believe that they would actually do what we talk

him taking a good look at it. What is it about guys that they somehow think they can stare at a girl without her knowing it (even if she doesn't appear to - trust me, she does). Well, here's a news flash for you guys! EVERY girl has a first time experience and I don't mean anything to do with her virginity. What I'm talking about is the first time she notices a boy (or man) looking at her in "that" way - as a sexual object rather than a person. It may be a boy her age but more likely it's an older boy and possibly even an older man. After growing up innocent of such experiences and perhaps not even realizing how others are starting to see her, this can be traumatic for some girls.

I remember what an emotional experience it was even for me when I first realized that an older man in church was looking down at me with this hunger in his eyes, giving special attention to my little ass. He was looking down my dress and I didn't even have anything to look at yet! He was like a wolf drooling over a lamb and I wasn't sure how to feel - scared or excited that I was getting to the stage where a man could see me that way.

## 3. Talking to My Mom About Pastor Ken

After I went home after church I sat down and discussed it with my mom. Fortunately I was raised by parents with whom I have never been afraid to discuss anything and this was one of those times my mother's counsel was needed badly. I remember telling her about how he had looked at me like I was a thing, like something in a zoo. My mom explained everything to me and tried to make me view it as compliment more than anything. She explained that men sometimes allow their lust to drive them to do things they can't even explain themselves.

For now though she just advised me to flirt with them and pay them back by driving them crazy with their desire to have me - but yet never would which is the ultimate revenge! I took her advice to heart and to this day I count it as the highest compliment a man can give me when he gives me "that" look.

Well, Pastor Ken was certainly the master of "that" look and he gave it to all the hot teenage girls - even a few not quite qualifying for that title in my opinion. Naturally I told my mom about it and we agreed that so long as all he was doing was looking, what was the harm?

Of course the last thing our church needed was a pedophile for a youth pastor so I kept an eye on him. It was as good an excuse as any since keeping an eye on

Pastor Ken was actually quite an enjoyable chore for me. As I said before, more than a few times I've returned from church only to quickly changed out of my clothes and lay in bed naked, fondling myself as I imagined being with him. My mom caught me once and teased me from the doorway.

"Hmmm, so let me guess, just home from church and horny as hell... Pastor Ken wouldn't be on your mind again, would he?" she taunted me.

My bed faced the door so I spread my knees further apart to allow me to see her between them while my fingers remained on my pussy.

"Oh Mom!" I whined and she laughed at my pitiful protest.

She continues to watch me from the doorway, allowing me to finish my latest fantasy about how he was fucking me on the church altar. That was how I always envisioned being with him - somewhere in the church, usually with something happening elsewhere in the church that we could hear going on as he fucked me. With my mom watching I came especially hard as I loved to show off for her and besides, I knew she enjoyed seeing me masturbate.

## 4. Getting to Know Pastor Ken

Over the course of the summer I got to know Pastor Ken and Cheri even better and had a couple of meals with them. There were always other leaders with us so it wasn't like it was a personal dinner or anything but I still got to talk to them on a more social basis and not so much church-related.

Pastor Ken expressed an interest in my college studies, especially since I was attending a strict Christian university, and we spent a lot of time comparing notes between mine and a similar one that he had attended. We both got a good laugh especially in comparing the morality requirements. At my school they are called "Lifestyle Guidelines" whereas at his it was "The Pledge". His school was even more strict than mine in that he had to actually sign a document pledging not to engage in certain activities and agreed to discipline including expulsion for any violations.

For me, we have "guidelines" under the pretense that they aren't mandatory. Of course, attendance at school is not "mandatory" either so there was an implied threat that if you don't follow the guidelines you can't attend school there.

Things got more interesting when we started to compare how well we actually followed the rules. It started out innocently enough - more about drinking and dirty dancing than anything else. Then it got to the point where our confessions got a bit more risqu,. Although we didn't go into the details TOO deep, but by the time we were done we both knew the other had no respect for the "no sex" and "no immorality" sections of the rules.

I found this especially interesting for him given his intent to be a pastor but then I guess that was being unfair. After all he was a man and all men are animals deep down; it's a question of how house-broken they are! It wasn't until I laid in bed that night with my fingers pretending to be Pastor Ken's cock in me that I thought about the longer term implications of our little confessional. Although neither of us directly said it, the implication was that we both shared an interest in recreational sex and that that interest for him had not diminished after school - or even after marriage!

Hmmmmmm...

After that my mom and I had another of our little mother-daughter talks when I told her about my discussion with Pastor Ken and how he seemed to be eyeing me more openly now. In fact, once he even patted me lightly on the ass as he told me to go help someone which would have been rather innocuous except the last pat was more of a grab! He turned away and I didn't get to see his eyes afterwards but it left me wondering...

My mom, as usual, was ever my guardian angel who helped keep me grounded and out of trouble. She expressed concern over me even considering getting involved with Pastor Ken, not so much because he was married since she knew my infatuation with cheating husbands, but more because of the potentially damaging personal consequences should anyone at the church ever find out. That included her and my dad since they would be drawn into whatever scandal might erupt from the newly married pastor screwing one of his college leaders - something that many people would see as wrong on so many levels but just makes it all the more exciting and erotic so far as I am concerned.

In the end, my mom didn't outright tell me NOT to do anything with Pastor Ken (like she had with my cousin Tammy after our recent little get-together); but she warned me to be especially careful and discrete, not exactly my strong points unfortunately. That was good enough for me. With my mother's blessings (well, she didn't exactly say "no", did she?) I felt confident in going forward and seeing where this little adventure might end up.

Normally when I think a guy is interested in me, especially the married ones, I go straight for the jugular, putting him in a position where he has to admit his desire for me or face the consequences of his flirting becoming known to his wife.

In my experience, 99% of them don't make the first move out of fear of being denied and then reported, not because they don't want me. Thus by me being more forward, it eliminates the awkwardness and lets us get down to business as quickly as possible. Pastor Ken, though, was a case where I was going to have to be a little more subtle than usual which should prove interesting for both of us.

One the one hand I figured Pastor Ken would never initiate anything the way things were going unless I gave him more incentive to do so. On the other hand, I didn't want it to be where if someone were to find out that he would try blaming me for coming on to him. Even though such an excuse would not save his career, it would do exactly what my mother was afraid of and put the spotlight straight on my family.

Somehow I had to find a way to make Pastor Ken seduce me. Actually this shouldn't be too hard given he was already interested. Plus, from the way our last discussion went it would not be the first time he broke his pledge to someone about sex. OK, I'll grant that a marriage vow is a bit more binding than a collegiate pledge, but the principle is essentially the same.

## 5. Teasing Pastor Ken

The next time I saw Pastor Ken was at the Sunday morning service so I made sure to wear a flouncing sun dress where the material was so light it swirled around my waist with a twist of my hips. From the way my dad looked at me and winked when we got in the car, it must have looked good on me.

I winked back as my mom was in the car already. She must have told him about my new mission which didn't surprise me since she always told him everything we discussed. Dad's wink was his little way of saying, "Go get him girl!".

I made it a point to seek out Pastor Ken a couple of times that morning on the pretense of planning for the next Wednesday night activities. The last time I dropped a quick line to start the ball rolling.

In my best schoolgirl imitation I asked, "Pastor Ken, do you think we can talk about a problem I'm having at school? I thought a lot about our last talk and now I've been wondering whether or not I should get your advice."

Pastor Ken touched my bare shoulder lightly and replied, "Of course Kelly, you know you can come to me anytime you need something. Would you be able to come in a bit early though? I have a meeting scheduled right after the Wednesday service."

I agreed and over the next few days I spent most of my spare time dreaming and masturbating about me and Pastor Ken. Wednesday morning I even caught myself thinking about him in the morning while my Dad and I were having our regular sex before he went to work. When my dad came in me for just a moment I wondered how it would feel to have Pastor Ken cum inside of me but quickly banished the thought and focused on my dad's cock in me.

When Wednesday evening finally arrived I went to the church early and arrived at his office a little earlier than we had agreed upon. It was empty and so I settled down to wait for him. after much debate I had finally chosen to wear a skirt outfit. Whatever I wore had to be presentable afterwards and the church was a little strict about wearing anything TOO revealing to church activities.

For many years they had enforced a one-piece swimsuit policy on girls until finally everyone simply revolted and ignored it. Of course thongs and risqu, bikinis are still taboo, but every year it seems that the rules get stretched just a little but further. Personally, I would have loved to have worn a tight sheer cami without a bra but that would have surely drawn the ire of the religious fashion police so instead I picked out a white blouse that was about a size too small for me.

The bra was still missing though, something I refused to wear except under the most extreme circumstances. My boobs were a lot more ample than they had been back when I was sixteen but nobody ever said anything to me although the senior pastor's wife, who serves as the chief morality cop, had given a few of my outfits the evil eye over the years.

I looked at the clock and it was still about ten to fifteen minutes before our appointed time so apparently he wasn't going to show up early - bummer. I looked around the office and saw pictures of him and Cheri everywhere. Some were of them alone while others had them together. Most looked to have been taken before their wedding based on the location and weather.

Pastor Ken looked hot in them all and I found myself looking at one in particular on the table next to the chair I was in. He must have been at some southern beach and it showed him coming out of the water soaking wet and dripping water, the waves behind him and the sun showing off a deep tan over his rock-hard body. It looked like it could have come straight out of a magazine advertisement for some men's product.

I imagined myself on the beach, beckoning him to come to me as I laid on the hot sand with nothing on but a terry beach towel under me. Of course, in my dream he wasn't wearing the swimming trunks he had on in the picture, but instead was slowly approaching me like a Greek god emerging from the sea to take a mere mortal for his sexual pleasure.

My hand slipped under my skirt and I pulled my panties over to the side and started to masturbate. My finger reached inside of me as I imagined him taking me and forcing himself upon me, driving his god-like penis deep inside my mortal womb. God I was so wet and horny! I put another and then yet another finger in me as his cock grew and swelled within me. Using the palm of my hand, I massaged my clit while my fingers fucked me faster and faster.

I could feel my orgasm beginning to emerge and was almost there when suddenly I heard a noise like a door closing and I quickly pulled my finger out and straightened out my skirt. I managed to sit upright just as Pastor Ken came through the doorway. I knew I had to be flushed but hopefully in the dim light of his office he wouldn't notice. My fingers were still wet though but fortunately he didn't try to shake my hand but instead gave me a brief hug and sat down in his office chair behind his desk.

"So what's the story Kelly?" he asked, "I'm glad you felt comfortable enough to come see me. To be perfectly frank, I've been wanting to talk to you as well so your timing was perfect."

I drew a deep breath and started to relate to him a totally watered down version of my dilemma at school with sex - or the lack of it. I didn't tell him anywhere close to the number of guys I had been with or the number of times I was accustomed to being fucked when I was home, but I did allude to the fact it was a substantial number.

When I had finished I was on the edge of my chair so I pushed myself back and crossed my legs. My skirt rode up to my ass but I made no effort to do anything about it or even pay any attention to it one way or the other. His eyes shifted briefly and I know he took in a good look of my legs and ass but he didn't say anything. He took a few seconds to absorb everything and then it was his turn to take a deep breath. I was a little surprised at his reply though as it wasn't exactly what I had expected him to say - not in the least!

## 6. Losing Control of the Situation

"Well Kelly, as I said there were a few things I needed to discuss with you. Frankly your admission about sex at school doesn't surprise me at all. From our conversation the other night plus a number of little things I've heard about you since I came here, I assumed you weren't exactly a virgin. Honestly, the church may not agree with my position on this but really I don't care if you are or not."

Pastor Ken paused for a moment and stared at me as if trying to gauge how I was responding. I did my best to stonewall so he continued, "What I AM concerned about is your conduct here at church. You must know that the young girls here all look up to you and I'm sure you know a lot of the boys do too - except they're trying to look up to you in a different way - like up the skirts such as the one you're wearing tonight. Tell me, do you think it's right for someone like you to have such an influence on them?"

Wow, that speech certainly caught me off guard! I quickly debated a response and blurted out the first thing that came to my mind.

"Well, I've seen you looking at the girls enough yourself!"

For just a moment he looked a bit startled but he quickly recovered his composure saying, "Well, I guess we seem to have some common interests. The question is, can we both separate our fantasy world from reality? I am not going to BS you and tell you I don't find some of them attractive, but I would also hope you know that nothing would ever happen, no matter what the circumstances. What about you though? Can you say the same if the opportunity should ever arise?"

"Well... I guess that would depend on what other outlets I had," I answered coyly back to him.

My initial shock had passed and I was trying to take back the initiative. I switched legs but without straightening out my skirt causing it to end up higher than before to the point my panties were starting to be revealed. If there was ever an opening for him, this was it. Thankfully he took it - or so I thought.

Pastor Ken got out of his chair and took a seat in the one next to me. With his hands folded between his knees, he look down thoughtfully at my legs and ass, not even trying to pretend he wasn't staring at them.

"You know Kelly, this is EXACTLY what I was referring to. What do you think it tells the boys when you sit with your skirt up like that? I've seen you tease them like this a number of times. I take it you're accustomed to getting your way by using your sexuality, am I right?"

I clasped my hands over my knee and intertwined my fingers, using my weight then to rock slightly in the chair.

"I don't really care what the little boys think," I said as I licked my lips seductively, "I only care what the big boys do."

He twisted in the chair until he was facing me. He unfolded his hands and put one on my hands on top of my knee saying, "Don't think you're playing me Kelly. I know for a fact you know EXACTLY what the big boys think when you do this. It's been a while, though, since I've had to deal with one of your kind."

I looked at him with a questioning gaze, "My 'kind'?" I asked.

"Oh come off it Kelly, you know what I mean. We're both adults so let's stop playing around," he said in a suddenly forceful tone, one that I had never heard from him before.

Then I saw it - The Look. The difference was in this case he went beyond just leering at me. His hand started down my legs and dipped under my skirt until he was groping me with his fingers at the start of my crotch.

"You're a predator, a lioness among the lambs, consuming whatever game you put your eyes on, accustomed to the whole world bowing at your feet doing your bidding. Oh yes Kelly, I know you. You're may be a slut but you're a complicated one. You flirt and tease, leaving most men helplessly grasping for you long after you have whisked out of their reach. You came here tonight like a vampire on a blood hunt, to draw me into your web of lust and sex like a black window, expecting to leave your prey stunned and helpless."

This was getting weird. I had never heard anyone describe me in these terms and yet I could relate to what he was saying. His voice was firm and deep, like a sorcerer chanting a spell and indeed he was casting a hex over me as his hand worked its way between my legs. Without thinking about it I uncrossed them and unconsciously spread my thighs apart just enough to let his fingers move in from the top of my panties down until they were playing with my pussy.

"I noticed your scent as soon as I walked in here, as I'm sure you wanted me to. You were preparing yourself to seduce another helpless victim, to take him like a well-planned hunt with me as your trophy. Well, let me tell you something Miss Wells, there WILL be a trophy mounted tonight but it won't be my head. You see, I'm the one in charge now and you'll do exactly as I say. Do you understand me slut?"

I felt contrasting emotions, both fear and yet overwhelming lust. He was like he wanted me to be his slave. It wasn't that I would be submitting myself to him, but rather that he would be taking me. My head throbbed and I felt like I was in a daze as I obediently nodded in agreement. Even so, it wasn't enough for him to take control, he wanted a conquest.

Suddenly, without warning, he clutched my panties and literally ripped them apart, tugging them off of me in shreds. Then, cupping my pussy in his hand, he literally lifted me off the chair as he pulled upwards on my crotch. I wanted to cry out but at the same time I felt an incredible surge from my pussy as it responded to the pressure.

"I asked you a question slut," he hissed, "I expect an answer, not some weak nodding of your head. So let's try this again. Do you understand me slut?"

"Yes," I said meekly. Did I just say that? What was going on here? It was like someone else had taken control of my body and mind and I was looking in like a bystander as this stranger responded to him.

"Yes what?" he barked at me, his fingers sliding into my pussy.

"Yes Pastor Ken," I cried out as he roughly shoved two fingers deep inside of me, "yes I understand you."

I let myself slide down on the chair such that my pussy was at the edge where he could see and reach me better. He rammed a third finger in me which was still dry and so it hurt me slightly as it forced its way into me the first time. I cried out involuntarily from the sharp pain but it quickly receded as his fingers stimulated my pussy. My mind raced as I tried to understand what had suddenly come over me!

"That's for moving without my permission bitch," he said sternly. "From now on you don't do anything except what I tell you to do. Understand?"

"Yes Pastor Ken!"

Well, he couldn't say I wasn't learning fast! Normally I prefer a guy to be in control, or at least THINK he is control so submission in this manner was not one of my strong suits. My mind was still racing when he pulled one of his wet fingers from me and started to trace circles around my asshole. Then suddenly he slipped it into my ass! It hurt at first but then he started stroking all his fingers in and out of me, one in my ass and the other two still in my pussy. I could feel them rubbing each other through my flesh inside of me and it felt, well it felt different is all I can say. On the one hand it physically felt great but the thought of his finger in my ass where I had recently crapped just wasn't a thought I wanted to have.

I guess that's why I've never been into anal sex; I just have this cleanliness thing that says anything in your asshole can't be too clean after it comes out. Well, Pastor Ken obviously didn't care how I felt about it. He wanted to do it and so he did it whether I liked it or not. At this moment I was afraid to tell him to stop!

Just as quickly as he started he slipped his fingers from me and stood up. Moving my legs apart he stood between them and unzipped his pants. He reached inside and pulled out his cock which surprisingly, was still flaccid - not quite what I expected after playing with me the way he had. Most men by now would be erect as the Washington Monument but not Pastor Ken; he obviously needed more encouragement.

"Suck my dick you fucking slut," he commanded me. "C'mon dammit, hurry up. I don't have all night you know."

I reached to grab his limp cock but he slapped my hand sharply, making it sting as a red mark immediately began to show.

"Did I tell you that you could touch it bitch?" he scolded me. "Disobey me again and you'll have to be punished."

I wasn't sure if I wanted to be punished or not. I had never been into the master-slave thing in the past and definitely never into pain so somehow or another I figured I had better be a good girl. His cock was dangling just inches from my mouth so I reached forward and took it between my lips for the first time. His crotch smelled strongly of sex and not just his male odor either. My nose picked up the distinct smell of a woman's pussy and I looked up at him with an inquisitive expression. He anticipated my question, always a step ahead of me it seemed.

"That's right, I fucked Cheri just before I came over here. I wanted you to smell her on me and then mix your scent with hers, like an animal marking her territory over that of the competition, claiming it as hers. Mmmmmmm, that's better, keep sucking my cock like that. Damn you're such a fucking whore."

His cock was slowly hardening in my mouth, a sensation I loved but rarely get to experience a most guys are already hard long before I start giving them a blowjob. Pastor Ken was limp when I started and so I was able to feel the first pulses of blood as it started to fill his dick and stiffen it. It didn't take long for him to become fully erect and as he grew I started to suck him faster and harder but he put his hands on my hand and held me still.

"That's enough of that," he said harshly, "You're not getting my cum THAT easily bitch. Now get up and bend over that chair."

He stood over me with his feet planted and arm out as if he was prepared to "punish" me if I didn't react fast enough. I meekly obeyed his instructions, putting both hands on the seat of the chair which was still warm from my bare ass sitting on it. He grabbed me by the hips and roughly positioned me as he wanted me. Then he slapped my ass with one hand, not too hard at first but then more sharply. I could hear the smack as well as feel it and the next couple were really hard. Damn, I was going to be sore later!

"Ouch! That hurt!" I finally cried out as he spanked me especially hard.

I was rewarded by an even harder slap that hurt even more. My butt must have been beet red by now and it tingled with pain. I had never actually been spanked this hard before and was about to say something again about it but then thought better of it.

Pastor Ken certainly wasn't the Pastor Ken I'd been dreaming of all week, that's for sure. In fact, I wasn't sure WHO this imposter was behind me, but I knew I was under his control for now and I had better put up with whatever he wanted or who knows where this could lead? As if for good measure he used his other hand to smack the other cheek and from the sting it left behind I had images of a red hand print centered on my butt cheek.

With my punishment completed, I felt one hand spreading my pussy apart and then the head of his cock pressed against my pussy. There was no playing around or slow motion entry the way I normally loved it but rather in one swift hard motion he shoved himself all the way into me until his crotch smacked against my ass. I could tell his cock hadn't been perfectly lined up when he pushed at first. Had he taken his time his cock would have centered itself and slipped easily into me as for God knows what reason, I was soaking wet. Instead he pressed hard against the side of my hole until his cock must have sprung like a bent bow and forced its way into me.

Like his finger in my ass, it didn't hurt all that much but was still something I wasn't all that thrilled about. I had little time to commiserate because he started banging me like a dog in heat. His cock rammed its way into me and then he would quickly pull it all the way out and drive it into me again. Surprisingly, I found it was actually quite pleasurable - and all the more as he fucked me harder. Despite my fears he might do something if I spoke out, I moaned softly as his cock violated me over and over again.

"You like that don't you?" he asked between breaths, "You like to be fucked hard, to have a cock bang that tight pussy. Well, this is for me bitch, just for my pleasure and so don't you forget it."

He was stroking in and out of me like a madman now, his balls slapping against my ass and I could feel his pubic hair tickle me. Once again I was about to cum when he pulled out! Damn!! I looked back over my shoulder, dying for him to get his cock back in me and make me cum.

As it turned out, he wasn't going to give me that pleasure. He stroked his cock with his hand until he came and I could feel his warm sperm hitting my ass, coating it with load after load of his adulterous sperm. When he was finished, he spread it around with his cock, smearing my entire ass with his cum.

"How's it feel to get so close and then have it taken away from you bitch?" he asked rhetorically. "Now it's your turn. Time for you to get a taste of what you've been doing to all those men you love to play with, toying with them and teasing them, making them think they have a chance with you and then ripping their dreams away without a shred of remorse. How does it feel to almost be there and then see it slip from your hands?"

He pulled my skirt down and used it to wipe his cum from my ass. Well, so much for that outfit! Picking my ruined panties from the chair, he had me stand up and he stuck them down the front of my blouse. I started to say something but he put his finger to his lips, motioning for me to be quiet.

"No... not another word Kelly," he said in a softer voice but still firmly in control. "I want you to go home now; you can't go to church in that outfit anyway."

Like a light switch being flipped from one position to another, the wild monster that had all but raped me a few minutes before was replaced by the sensitive Pastor Ken. His face softened and he kissed me on the cheek.

"I hope you learned a valuable lesson tonight Kelly," he said softly. "Not every man is out there for your pleasure. Those little boys and girls out there aren't small animals under the domain of the lioness, ready to be taken at her whim and pleasure. There are consequences for your actions, unexpected results, unintended penalties. I don't expect us to talk about this night ever again and what we did here tonight will never be repeated to anyone. Like I said, I've known girls like you before and believe it or not I had your best interests at heart tonight. I knew from the moment I first met you what you were - you simply radiate sex even when you don't try.

From what I observed and heard about you afterwards, I knew a night like this was inevitable and it was just a question of when and where so when you asked to meet me I didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what you had planned for this evening. Without going too far, and face it Kelly, some men would have gone a LOT farther than I did tonight, I wanted you to discover that you can't control every situation or every man. Now go home little girl."

I was overwhelmed at that moment and burst into tears. I had never had anyone talk to me this way before and deep down I knew he somehow knew me better than I did myself.

He put his arms around me and hugged me, like a grandfather instead of a relatively young man only five years older than me. Then he put his hand on my chin and lifted my head until our eyes met.

"If there's ever a day Kelly you decide you need to talk about your life; if you ever reach a point where you question whether what you are doing is really what God wants for you; if you just need someone who can talk to you and be totally honest and frank about how the lifestyle you have chosen is truly affecting you; just know that I am here. Don't ever make the mistake though of thinking you can seduce me or control me - I recognize the beast in you and you can't hide it or disguise it from me. Good night Kelly."

With that he turned and went back to his desk. I wiped the tears from my eyes and walked out of his office, never looking back. I remembered my panties and quickly dropped them into a trash container and hurried out to my car before anyone saw me.

# 7. Back Home

I drove home in a daze, arriving in my driveway suddenly and not remembering how I had gotten there. I noticed my dad's SUV was gone so one or both of them must be gone and it turned out to be my father as my mom was in the kitchen having some desert when I walked in. One look at my disheveled outfit, messy hair and tear-streaked face and she instantly jumped up and hugged me.

"Oh god Kelly, what happened?" she cried, "What did that bastard do to you?"

I broke down in tears again and sobbed onto her shoulder as she hugged me tightly. What was I going to tell her? I wasn't crying from the fucking he had given me, the spanking or the slap on my hand which was still red. I think I was crying because I had looked into a mirror and wasn't sure if I liked what I saw. I was shocked that I could be read so thoroughly by Pastor Ken, that he could know me so intimately.

It's hard to think of yourself as being unique and different and then out of the blue have someone classify you like a bug in a museum collection, especially when you find that you fit so neatly in the display case.

My mom and I talked for hours that night. I knew that I would be talking more to Pastor Ken though. My mother relates to me as a woman but we are too much in love for her to strip me down into pieces the way Pastor Ken had done so quickly and skillfully. Once the shock wore off I, I realized that I wanted to hear more about myself from someone who could look into my soul and extract my inner being, only to throw it in my face to be questioned and debated. I doubted I would be changing my outlook on sex but it never hurts to understand yourself better.

So... what do you think? Do you know yourself? Are you ready? To paraphrase those immortal words of Jack Nickelson, "Can you handle the truth?"

# (Aug 25) Chapter 98: School Sendoff

Story codes: MF oral inc father mother daughter uncle niece
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Mary - my mom (39)
Uncle Jim (39)

End of summer and one last chance to be with my family. I was expecting my parents to give me a special goodbye but having my uncle show up threw in something extra!

## 1. Mornings With My Dad and More

I woke up in much the same way as I had every morning of my summer vacation, to the sensuously wonderful feeling of my loving father's hard cock in me. The very first morning after I had arrived home for summer break he had woke me this way and so we made a pact right then and there that we would start every morning this way before he went to work.

Although there were a few times when one of us was especially tired or not necessarily in that horny of a mood, we stayed true to our promise. Even on those days by the time we were finished both of us felt better! So it was that the first thought to enter my groggy mind this morning was that we had done it! My dad and I had fulfilled out little contract by not missed a single morning the entire summer.

If you want to be technical, I guess it could be argued he didn't actually fuck me EVERY morning as sometimes he just masturbated while he watched me sleeping so that when I finally woke up I found myself covered with his dried cum. At those times I would smile to myself and then lay back to masturbate as I dreamt of him stroking himself looking down at his twenty year-old nude daughter as she peacefully slept.

When we were done he would leave for work while I basked in the warm afterglow that arose from the knowledge that my father loved me so much that he wanted to be intimate with his daughter in a way possible only through. I mean, what

to be interesting to see how these relationships would evolve and I especially found myself wondering what it would be like to be fucked by a father-son combination? Hopefully someday soon I would find out but little did I know as I laid in bed with a warm load of my dad's fresh cum deep inside of me that before the day was over I would find out!

## 2. Contemplating School

Today was one of those days you can't wait for and then hate when they arrive. I love school and looked forward to returning but on the other hand it meant leaving my family. I love my parents dearly and would just as much even if there wasn't a sexual side to our relationship. Of course, when your parents are your best friends in the whole world AND also your favorite sex partners it makes it all the harder to leave home! On the other hand, I was going to be a junior this year which meant I was finally going to get into the meat of my education as an elementary teacher.

I also had a lot of friends at school who I was looking forward to seeing again. Perhaps the highest on that list was my old freshman roomie Brenda with whom I had shared so much (including her brother!). My sophomore roomie Karen was sweet and considerate but even though she was gorgeous and sexy as hell she was a steadfast virgin who was adamantly opposed to sex in any form before marriage - even masturbation. She was going to switch to a closer college so I wasn't expecting to see her again.

Now I found myself wondering what life with my new roomie would be like this year. I figured she had to be something in the middle of my two past ones since they had been such opposite extremes. This year instead of a dorm I would be staying in an on-campus apartment with five other girls. Even though it was just across the street from my last dorm, having my own apartment with no RAs watching my every move was going to be great.

I had already said my goodbyes to most of my friends and for the most part was packed and ready to go. My mom had given me her Avalon to take to school and it was filled with all my stuff. She had a new BMW so don't think she was being TOO generous! I had not really made any plans for today other than some last minute packing. So far as I knew there was nothing special planned by my parents either. I had spent the previous night at my aunt's house along with my cousin where the three of us enjoyed a final summer night together.

# 3. Back to being Fucked By My Dad

Well, I guess I got sidetracked from my story. It was early Friday morning and I woke up to the feeling of my dad's hard cock pushing its way into my pussy. I was on my back as my eyes opened to see my father's face in front of me with a wide smile and a twinkle in his eye. I lifted my head off the pillow enough to look down between my legs where I saw his cock was about half-way inside of me and disappearing more with each push of his hips. I sighed softly and unconsciously lifted my hips upwards to meet his thrusts, helping to drive his cock deeper inside of me.

"Good morning baby," he whispered in my ear as his tongue licked the side of my neck. He knew I loved the feeling of a wet tongue running over my neck and face. "Mmmmmmm, I was hoping to get all the way in before you woke up."

That was something that he only accomplished a couple of times during the entire past summer. Most of the time I woke up either when he entered the room or first touched me. It was rare for me to remain asleep once he started touching my pussy with his cock and even in those few times I almost always woke once he started to violate me. I had to be really tired for it to get as far as it did this morning which wasn't a surprise given the amount of sleep I had the previous night at my aunt's house! There were only two times all summer when he actually had his cock buried to the hilt in me without waking me and we were both turned on afterwards when he described to me how he felt fucking me while I was basically unconscious!

My nude body was much more awake than my mind was as his hands moved over all over me, caressing me softly in his large hands. He cupped my breast and squeezed my boob gently, massaging it and teasing my nipple between his fingers. Then he slowly moved down, tracing circle on my stomach and then moving between my legs until he reached my clit. My body jumped uncontrollably as he rubbed it with his finger.

"Mmmmmmm, somebody's horny this morning I think," he teased me. "You were already wet before I even touched you. God you're such a dirty little slut!"

As he rubbed my clit his dick was sliding in and out of my soaking wet pussy, first pushing deep inside of me and then slowly withdrawing until just the swollen head was in me. He would hold himself there, making my cunt cry out for him to come back inside and then slowly push himself against me until I could feel the base of his cock pressing against my pussy. When he was deep in me I wiggled my hips up

He sat up with his legs over the side of the bed and I could see he was really going to go.

"Please daddy," I begged, "Please fuck me again. I need you so much, I love you so much. Please let me show you."

I sat up quickly and reached for his cock before he could stand. It was slippery with the mixture of our cum and was already pretty soft. It wasn't often that my dad could cum twice in a row but I was determined to at least have a try at it this morning. I knew this was going to be the last time for a while that I got to have him like this and I didn't want it to end this quickly.

My dad looked at me and sighed, "Oh Kelly, are you really THAT horny this morning?"

I just smiled and slipped off the edge of the bed so that I was between him legs, kneeling in front of him, never letting his cock slip from my hand. I took him in my mouth and started to suck on his soft cock. God he tasted wonderful! I loved his cum and I loved the taste of my pussy so mixing the two together and then using his cock as a serving tray was the ultimate snack! His dark thick pubic hair was wet with my pussy and I could feel it rubbing against my face as I took him all in and buried my face against the base of his smelly crotch.

My arms reached around his hips and I held his ass in my hands. He groaned loudly as my tongue circled around the head of his cock inside his daughter's mouth.

"Oh baby, you're such a good little cocksucker," he said loudly as he held my head in his hands, pulling me into his crotch. I was so proud that my father felt that way about the way I sucked his cock. My mom had taught me early on what he liked and since then I had learned a few tricks of my own. It was all paying off this morning as I felt the throbbing begin in his cock and knew that he was going to get hard again for me!

Slowly it grew thicker and longer again. For me this was always an incredibly erotic moment when I sucked a guy. To feel a cock grow in my mouth was so sensuous! Knowing I was hot enough to make a man react this way, knowing he lusted for me, that all he could think about was how bad he wanted to fuck me, that he was turned on by me such that his cock had no choice to react this way, made me feel like the sexiest girl in the world at that moment.

It didn't take long before my dad's dick was once again fully erect and hard as wood, filling my mouth until it had to go partially down my throat in order for me to get it all in. Now that he was hard I wanted him back in my pussy so I stood up and turned away from him. Looking over my shoulder I wiggled my ass seductively at my dad and gave him my little girl pout.

"See anything you want daddy?"

My dad just grinned. His cock was standing straight up from his lap and I couldn't wait to feel it back in me again. My father reached out for me, grabbed me by the hips, and then pulled me back to him saying, "Oh god Kelly, you have the sweetest little butt. Sit on my cock and let me watch that tight ass while I fuck you."

I reached between my legs and held my dad's warm dick to direct it to my pussy as I lowered myself onto his lap. I felt the head pressing against me and I wiggled it just enough to let it slip between my still wet pussy lips. I heard his suck in his breath as I let my weight press down on him and he slid back into me again. His hands squeezed my hips and I felt him pull me down onto him.

I could feel his hair legs against my bare butt as I ground my pussy onto his dick, rotating my hips in a circular like I was trying to screw his cock into me. I guess that is why people call this "screwing"! My hands were on my knees as I rocked forward and then back on my dad's cock. I don't think my dad was sorry I had kept him from being on time to work!

"Ohhhhhhhhh, Kelly," he kept moaning over and over as I literally bounced on his lap as I fucked his cock.

His hands had moved to my butt and he was squeezing my ass and rubbing it as he watched his cock appear and then disappear again into his daughter's pussy. "Damn your ass feels so smooth and firm!"

"Cum in me daddy!" I begged him again, "Give it to me one more time... show me you love me daddy."

## 4. Mom Watches

Just then I heard something from the direction of my bedroom door. I looked over to see my mom standing there! Judging from the tousled hair and sleepy eyes, she must have just woken up. She must come here straight from bed as she was still nude and as always I was struck by how beautiful and sexy my mom was. I wondered how long she had been watching because she was rubbing her pussy slowly with her right hand as she leaned against the doorway. When she realized that I had seen her a smile came to her face.

the aftermath of a good fucking! He kissed me on the cheek and gently pushed my mother to the side.

"All yours," I barely heard him whisper to her as he winked back at me. He raced to the bathroom for a quick shower. Late as he was there was no way he was going into the board room late smelling like he had just been fucked!

## 5. Me and My Mom Finish the Morning

I laid back on my bed with my legs apart as my mom came into my bedroom. I smiled as she silently crawled up onto my bed and kneeled between my legs. She reached forward and stroked my cum covered pussy with one finger, scooping up a mixture of her husband's and daughter's cum and then licking it seductively off her finger.

"Mmmmmmm, soooooo good," she murmured. "Did my horny little slut of a daughter get enough this morning?"

Well, it is safe to say that there was no way in hell as I looked down between my legs and watched my nude mother licking my cum from her fingers that I was going to say I had! My answer to the question was to raise my hips up so she had a better view of my shaved pussy. She understood perfectly! I watched as she put one hand on each of my thighs and lowered her face between them until I felt her tongue caressing me.

We spent the next hour or more together in my bed. For that short time my mom and I loved one another as only true lovers can. I love fucking my tongue, don't get me wrong, but there is no more intimate and loving time in my life than when I am alone with my mom and this morning was even more intense than usual. Maybe it was that my dad had just fucked me, maybe because we knew we would not have time alone like this for quite a while again. Whatever the reason the two of us were totally spent by the end and we just laid together in each other's arms, our sweating nude bodies pressed tightly together as we kissed softly.

Finally she got up and took a shower leaving me to lay back in my bed, the sheets soaking wet with cum and sweat and room filled with the scent of our love. I closed my eyes and was overwhelmed with emotion as I realized how much my parents loved me and I them. Tears came to my eyes as I knew I would be leaving them shortly and wouldn't be able to share my love with them like this.

I heard my mom finish her shower so I wiped the tears from my eyes and went in to clean myself up. By the time I had finished my shower and had gotten dressed it was already almost 11:00! Returning to my room, I picked out a slutty pair of denim shorts and a cami that was at least a size too small. Naturally the panties and bra stayed in the drawer!

My mom poked her head in my room and gave me one of her patented motherly smiles I always loved to see. "Hey sexy, let's say you and I go for a girl's day out?"

That sounded great and I hugged her tightly. My mom is without question my dearest and best friend in the entire world and I love to spend any moment with her I can. I lifted my head to face her and out eyes met. She looked so beautiful with the afterglow of our sex still flushing her face. God I loved her soooooo much!

We kissed again standing together in each other's arms in the middle of my bedroom. My heart was pounding as her tongue touched mine and her hands grabbed my ass through the tight shorts I was wearing. Her breasts pressed against me and our passion erupted like a flame as our kiss lengthened. Finally we broke apart and she smiled at me lovingly.

"We'd better get going or else we'll back in that bed again!" she said with a giggle. If she hadn't pulled away and led me downstairs by the hand our girl's day out would have probably changed to a girl's day in bed!

## 6. Out on the Town With My Mom

It was getting close to lunch time so the first thing we did was look for a place to have a light snack for lunch. I love Pittsburgh and especially my home town where there seems to be a multitude of small diners that look like little holes in the wall but serve up some great food if you know where to go. Having lived here all our lives, we knew a few favorites and so we grabbed a couple of salads and some ice tea before heading off to do some serious damage to my dad's credit cards.

We found our way to one of the more expensive malls in the area which had a number of specialty shops filled with the latest fashions and cosmetics. For the next few hours we both had fun trying on clothes, smelling new perfumes, and of course buying a few choice items.

Both my mom and I picked out some sexy negligees and I had a feeling we would be getting a chance to model them before the day was over. Actually my dad was pretty good at picking out sexy lingerie which I guess wasn't surprising. After all, lingerie is for men and so I guess who better to select it than a man?

I say it's for men because if I had my way I would just go to bed nude and get it over with. But men are wired differently and seem to love the visual stimulation of a woman wearing a naughty outfit and the sensual joy that comes from getting her out of it. Face it, some of those damn outfits are downright uncomfortable! I wonder what a guy would say if he knew I was more interested in getting that damn teddy out of my ass crack than anything else when I am stripping it off! Oh well, a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do! The things we put up with to please our men! After we filled the car with shopping bags and in the process setting back my dad's budget considerably, we headed off to a small coffee shop for a couple of espressos. The two of us sat at a table near the front and we both giggled like teenagers at the looks we were getting from some of the men that came in. Although not necessarily dressed to kill, we both wore shorts that showed off our legs - and my mom's legs were still pretty damn good yet!

I wondered how many of them realized we were mother and daughter, especially given the way we liked to hold hands and look at each other in a way most mothers and daughters don't. It was fun to flirt and I never missed an opportunity. Like mother like daughter I guess! Finally it was getting close to the time my dad would be getting home and during the day we had made plans for his arrival so we got back in the car and headed home. It had been a great day and it made thoughts of leaving the next day all the harder for me.

## 7. A Surprise Foursome

We were both relieved for once that dad was late getting home - as usual. We quickly grabbed out bags and headed upstairs where we pulled out our new purchases. My mom had selected a totally sheer black teddy. It was so simple in style that it looked super sexy, just sheer black that molded to her like it was painted on and left absolutely nothing to the imagination. With it she had bought a set of fishnet stockings that reached to mid-thigh which added another element of sensuality to her outfit. The outfit was capped by a set of four inch spiked heels which just looked nasty! God she looked sexy!

For myself I decided to go with the innocent little girl look, picking out a sheer pink nightie with a matching sheer thong that barely covered my pussy let along

My uncle replied, "Hell, it was enough of a surprise when you asked if I would be interested in fucking Mary again after all these years. God this brings back memories!" Then he looked at me in my sexy outfit and whistled. "I was hoping to get another shot at her before she left for school. Damn girl, you sure know how to show off that body!"

My dad put his arm around me and rubbed my breasts with his other hand, cupping them and then lifting them up like a storekeeper displaying his wares to a customer. "Yea, she's my little slut. Sexiest daughter a father could ask for."

He kissed me and ran his hand up between my legs, giving my pussy a quick feel as it passed over my crotch. "That's enough yakking, time for some serious fucking!"

Hearing my dad, Uncle Jim stopped his humping causing my mom to slap his hairy chest playfully, "Hey! What the hell are you stopping for? "

Uncle Jim looked puzzled for a second. "Sorry... I just figured you would be getting off to be with John so that I could fuck Kelly."

It was my turn now to laugh. Obviously my dad had yet to tell him that I did more than just blow him! I gave my uncle a seductive grin saying, "Oh don't worry Uncle Jim, you'll get your chance but my daddy always gets me first !"

Uncle Jim gave a hearty laugh and resumed his humping under my mom. "Shit John, why didn't you tell me you were screwing her? God and to think I thought it was wild that she gave you a BJ at our house that time! You're kidding, right? I mean, you don't really fuck your own daughter do you?"

My dad and I just ignored him for the moment and we kissed standing there as I held his rapidly growing cock in my hand. There was plenty of room on the bed for all of us so my dad got up and laid next to his brother. I dumped the thong right off the bat but left on my nightie and started sucking his cock in a 69, lowering my pussy to my dad's face to let him lick me.

It's always hard in such a situation to know what was feeling better, his tongue on my clit or the feel of his pulsing cock in my mouth. Well, there were certainly less pleasurable dilemmas to be in, that's for sure! When my dad was good and hard I climbed on top to match my mom's position. We both loved cowgirl although we used different techniques.

My mom prefers to be on her toes and bend her knees, using her leg muscles to lift herself up and down on the guys cock. I liked this method for her because it was easy to watch my dad's cock fucking. As for me, I find it terrible tiring and my

my mom's ass to raise her hips up. I lifted my head for him and watched up close and personal as he entered her.

I went back to licking her pussy while his cock slide back and forth right in front of me. In the meantime my uncle was straddling my mom's face, a knee behind each shoulder with his crotch right over her and his hairy balls hanging in her face. She was getting quite an eyeful of his ass and balls I bet.

I could feel his cock press up against my wet pussy and then felt that wonderful sensation of my pussy being stretched to accommodate an invading penis. My mom's tongue also went back to work and the four of us all just enjoyed the sucking and fucking. God it felt good! Having another guy with my parents added a whole new dimension needless to say!

It wasn't long before my dad made the announcement, "Switch!". I felt my uncle's cock slip out of me and watched my dad pull out of my mom's pussy. It was only a few seconds though before we were back in operation again, this time with my dad fucking me and my uncle's cock right in front of me instead.

This went on for a while and again my dad made an announcement, "Rotate!" I couldn't help but laugh at that one, it just sounded funny but I knew what he meant. This time the guys stayed where they were but it was my time to lay in the bed with my mom on top.

Not only was this different from the perspective of how her pussy was presented to me, I got a whole different view of the guy. On top I was looking down on his cock whereas on the bottom I was looking up. We started with my uncle fucking me and my dad fucking my mom which meant my dad's balls were rubbing my face as he pumped himself in and out of my mom.

By now he was getting hot and sweaty so his balls smelled strongly of his male odor as they brushed past by nose. It was easy to tell that my mom was loving it from the way she was squirming under my tongue. It was hard to keep it on her though the way everyone was shoving and pumping! In the meantime my uncle's cock was splitting me apart and I could feel the penetration of his cock deep in me. I felt my first orgasm starting to rise up inside of me and I moaned as my uncle pumped me faster.

"That's it Jim," my dad panted, "I think she's cumming!"

I barely heard him as by now I was in the midst of a full blown orgasm and when that happened there was only one thing on my mind - my pussy and the incredible waves of pleasure that flowed from it and took residence all through my

My dad had always assumed his brother was faithful to his wife and never even brought up the subject out of worry that his relationship with my Aunt Linda might cause issues. I had a feeling that Uncle Jim and possibly even my cousin Rick were soon going to be finding that life in the Well's family had a whole lot more opportunities than they ever realized! I was thinking about how my next Thanksgiving holiday was going to be when my dad once again took on the role of director of our little play.

"Hey Jim, you've got to see this. Watch the ultimate mother-daughter position."

I knew right away what he was talking about. In reality my parents and I had very view threesomes. It wasn't that we only had sex when one of the others was away, it was just that normally all three of us didn't get involved. Usually my parents made love in their bedroom. and when I was young they would close the door. Even when they masturbated they didn't close the door so I knew that whatever they were doing was a very private thing between them and they just wanted to be alone. I never took it as hiding anything from me but more just something between the two of them.

I guess that is why the first time I saw them having sex in the hot tub had such an impact on me. I always knew what they were doing but it wasn't until I actually saw them in the act that I realized I wanted to be involved with them, to share my emotions and love in such an intimate and loving way.

The cool thing was that once I started having sex with them they stopped shutting the door. Even though they never objected the few times I watched from the door, I usually left them alone assuming it was their time and they deserved to have it to themselves. Even the time I watched from the door it was just for a short time as I didn't view my parents' sexual activities as entertainment.

Outside the bedroom it was different. If we were all watching TV and my dad wanted me I would just climb up on his lap in his recliner and we would do it right then and there. If mom happened to be there then she just let us go although I know she was please whenever her husband and daughter got together.

Sometimes my aunt would be horny and would come over to fuck my dad so it depended on what we were doing at the time as to where they did it. Again, if we were watching TV she might just mount up and go for it but sometimes my dad and her would go off somewhere more private.

The bottom line was sex was something we shared and there really were no hard and fast rules about it. If I feel like masturbating, I did. It is just that simple. If

was through he just sat back on his heels and admired his handiwork! "Mmmmmmm, nothing like two pretty pussies covered in cum."

After that we usually tried to include the position any time we did all get together and my aunt told me once he did it with her and Kristen as well. She wasn't especially fond of it saying it felt like something out of a porn movie which made me laugh since that's exactly what it was!

My mom and I "assumed the position" and my dad was the leadoff man. My uncle stood off to the side of the bed, stroking himself slowly as he watched my dad demonstrate his technique. He wasn't very patient though and it wasn't long before he was tapping my dad on the shoulder like a guy on the dance floor wanting to cut in. My dad was nice though and pulled out of me to make room for my uncle.

Uncle Jim was a natural and he even tried showing off a bit by seeing how fast he could go between the two of us and a few times it was funny when he missed our pussies entirely with a rapid switch and ended up fucking the air. I tried to stifle a laugh when I felt his cock slip between me and my mom instead of nailing me.

Finally I moved over to lay at the side of my mom and then we turned over and assumed a doggie position for each of them. My uncle took me while my dad took my mom as they put their hands on our hips and started fucking us both from behind. For a while they actually stayed in synch with one another causing my mom and me to moans together as well. When they started getting close to cumming though it was a different story though as each assumed the most natural pace for themselves. It was like they were competing to see who would cum first and then my uncle was the first to cum. He groaned loudly as he pressed himself deep into me and began to spurt his cum into me.

After I felt his second shot in me I heard my dad cry out and my mom gasp as the first of his loads were released in her. The two brothers then came together then with my dad finishing first followed closely by his brother.

My mom and I looked back at them smiling and the two guys gave each other a high-five with their cocks still inside of us. "It's been a long time brother!" my uncle said in a voice husky with sex. "To think I thought screwing two sisters was hot, well I never dreamed I would be fucking Kelly in front of the two of you!"

My mom laughed at that, "Oh???? Does that mean you wanted to fuck her but just not in front of us then?"

My uncle chuckled, "Well Mary, you have to admit, she runs around like a hot little slut so can you blame me?"

We finally ended up lying together on the bed, my mom and me in the middle with my dad outside of me and my uncle outside my mom. She and I were on our sides with one leg draped over our guy pressing our pussies up against their hips and our breasts against their sides. We were so tight together so I could feel my mom's ass pushing up against mine.

I laid there feeling a sense of fulfillment and general satisfaction as I played with my dad's cock absentmindedly, just running my fingers around it and twirling his pubic hair around my fingers. It felt so good to be together like this as a family on my last night home.

I only wished that Aunt Linda and Kristen had been able to make it but they had made arrangements for the weekend a long time ago. I wonder if they had known what our plans were if they would have somehow found a way to stay home another night? I bet they would have!

Perhaps the only regret I felt was that my Uncle Jim was alone. I had no doubt that in the future his son would be more involved but it was sad to think that Aunt Shari and the girls weren't a part of our inner relationship.

Now Tammy... well who knows about Tammy but Kate and Aunt Shari are probably lost causes. I couldn't help but feel a sense of sorrow that my aunt not only was missing out on what could have been an incredible relationship but she was depriving her husband of it as well. Sure Uncle Jim got to be with the rest of us but he would never know the sense of love and fulfillment of being together the way my family was at this moment.

Oh well I guess, I was happy for what I had and I couldn't imagine a greater place to be right now than between my parents in bed. What a way to spend my last day of summer break!

# (Sep 03) Chapter 99: Beth Joins the Family

Story codes: MF MFF FF oral inc father daughter
Me (20)
John - my dad (40)
Beth - BFF (21)

My dad had fucked my best friend a couple times but she still didn't know that he did me too. Was it time for her to find out?

## 1. Beth and My Dad

One of the things I've always admired about my parents was the love and faithfulness they have towards each other. Since their marriage neither has ever cheated on the other and if anything, I think they love each other more now than the day they were married, certainly in a more way. People seem to think that because of the sexual nature of our family that they "swing" or otherwise have some weird sex life.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. My parents believe strongly in the sanctity of marriage and that sex outside of marriage, even if consensual with the other person, is still adultery and adultery is a sin (one of the "top ten" at that!). Of course, my parents also believe that sex with members of their immediate family is not outside of marriage or "cheating" which is why my dad never stopped fucking my mom's sister and in the past few years has sex with me and my cousin. My mom was sort of stuck though in that none of the men on my dad's side of the family knew about his sex life and it wasn't until I broke the ice with my uncle and cousin that she started having sex with them.

So anyway, enough of all that. The point is, for over twenty years of marriage my parents have had one of the most wonderful marriages anyone could ask for and I feel so thankful to have been a part of it.

Then last year something happened that made me think twice about it all. My best friend in the whole world is Beth. We have been best friends since before we knew what best friends were. As we entered our teens we both realized we loved sex although we never did anything with each other. Although we never discussed it, we just avoided it and I think deep down we both knew that having sex would change the special bond between us. Who knows, it might make things even better but neither if us was willing to take the risk. We both had our sexual lives which varied actually quite a bit but it gave us something to talk about, that's for sure. Beth even introduced me to her world of sex parties although I had to admit that I wasn't into them nearly as much as she was. Sure they were fun but it was just that - something to do for fun now and then.

The only thing I never shared with Beth was when my dad first fucked me. Sex with my parents was something more intimate than anything in the world, something so much so that I didn't even want to share it with Beth.

Then came Thanksgiving Break during my sophomore year and to make a long story short, we had sex for the first time. As amazing as that was, what happened next was even more so. My parents saw us in the hot tub going at it and before it was all over my dad actually fucked Beth right in front of me. Of course, he didn't fuck me and Beth had no idea how much I wanted him to as I watched but I was a bit overwhelmed at how my parents had agreed for him to do it.

In the end I rationalized it as she was like one of the family after all these years we had known each other so it was OK for my dad to fuck her. It just made me realize though for myself that when I got married how important it was to stay faithful to my husband. Things just get too complicated once you open the doors to adultery - no matter how well intentioned!

My dad had sex with Beth once again a month later and that was the last time (at least so far as I knew and my parents had never lied to me about such things so I trusted that they would have told me if he had).

## 2. Playing With Beth

I was about to start school again for my junior year now with Beth and I spending our last times together for the summer. It had been a fun summer with her taking me to a few of her parties. Now that we knew we could be together more intimately without hurting our friendship we tended to spend more time alone together instead of with a bunch of strangers which suited me just fine.

I noticed during the summer when we would get together in the hot tub that my dad looked at her in "that way" but for whatever reason he never did anything with her which also suited me just fine. It was so hard to see him fuck her and not get anything for myself!

Beth and I were up in my room, having some fun with a few guys online. Although Beth was not the "chatter" I was, she would sometimes watch me as I chatted with all the people who contacted me. Of course Beth didn't know anything about my website and I was careful to avoid the subject of incest when I chatted. At the moment some guy was jerking off for me, holding up a picture of me and my cousin while he did. Beth looked at me and laughed.

"God Kelly, I can't believe you sent him those pics of you!" she said with a giggle. "Oh look - he's cumming!... Oh wow, he's squirting on you and Kristi!"

I loved it even more than she did. There was just something sexy about seeing a total stranger get so horny over me that he would allow me to watch him masturbate and then cum on a picture of me. Of course, he wanted me to cam for him but I knew better than that. It's all too easy to capture web cam images and given the bad experiences of a friend of mine I wanted to control what pictures of me people had. Who knew where they would end up?

I looked over at Beth and she was playing with herself. We both had on just our bikinis and there was precious little material between the two of ours. I loved watching Beth masturbate and I was pretty horny myself so I started playing with my pussy as well. Before long we forgot all about the horny guy jerking off and made our way to my bed. We got there but the bikinis never did as we both jumped on the bed totally nude.

Beth was blessed with boobs that were incredible and as we held each other close I could feel them pressing against my smaller ones. My nipples fired off shocks through me as hers touched them and we kissed passionately as only best friends can. It wasn't so much sexual as two people totally trusting the other, wanting to share themselves with the other.

We didn't say anything - there were no words necessary. We both knew what the other wanted, what the other needed and wasted no time in doing it. We quickly got into a 69 with each of us on our side, our upper leg lifted to let the other lick a pussy. God she knew just how to lick my pussy! Sure other people could lick my pussy and make me feel good. Nothing was as emotionally fulfilling as to have my mom or dad's head between my legs but with Beth it was different. She was simply the best at giving me the most pure pleasure from oral sex!

## 3. Dad Fucks Beth in Front of Me and My Mom

We were so absorbed that I doubt an earthquake could have disturbed us so when I looked up for just a second I was surprised to see my parents standing at the door to my bedroom, smiling as they watched me and my friend enjoying one another. I smiled at them and went back to Beth's pussy, licking her big lips and sticking my tongue down into her pussy hole as far as I could reach. My parents often watched me having sex with a boyfriend so it was not big deal for me that they were now. What DID surprise me was what happened next...

I was licking Beth when suddenly something pushed itself in front of my face - it was a hard cock! I looked up and saw my dad standing there stark naked with his dick pressing against Beth's wet cunt. She was on her side with her ass facing the side of the bed so with her leg up for my head he had been able to push up against her butt and get his cock in position to fuck her. Looking to the door my eyes met my mother's who just smiled and shrugged shoulders. Beth look up from my pussy and grinned at my dad.

"Mmmmmmm, hi Mr. Wells," she said in a seductive tone, "It's been a while... so you going to just stand there or fuck me?"

It was surreal to say the least. I had thought this wasn't going to happen again and now it was - and right in my own bed with me right there! Hell, he could have waited another day and fucked her after I left for school rather than making me have to see her getting fucked and not get any for myself! With anyone else my dad fucked I was able to participate so it didn't bother me like it did now. Crap, I wanted to be fucked too! Beth rolled over on her stomach and lifted her hips up with her legs spread. She reached under her stomach and used her fingers to spread her wet pussy lips apart for him. I felt obligated to support him so I sat back in the bed and started playing with myself like I was being turned on.

"C'mon Dad," I said with the best smile I could muster, "fuck her."

My dad got up into my bed and kneeled behind Beth, working his way between her legs holding his hard cock like it was a weapon. I watched as he pressed it against her pussy and despite everything I felt good for him as I watched his cock disappear inside of her.

"Oh god!" Beth moaned, "Fuck me Mr. Wells, fuck me!"

## 4. Beth Learns the Truth

I looked over at my mom standing there in the doorway. I couldn't understand how she could watch. How could she let him fuck Beth and not me? I decided then and there that this was not going to go on, that I was not going to hide anything anymore. If my dad wanted to fuck Beth then she had to really become part of our family. That also meant she had to know all about our family and that meant what my real relationship was with my dad.

I took a deep breath and got on my hands and knees next to Beth so my ass was up in the air along with hers. Beth looked over at me, grunting as my dad fucked her but looking at me with a quizzical look. I grinned at her and then looked over my shoulder at my dad who was also apparently confused by what I was doing. Well, not for long...

"Alright dad," I said in a strong voice, "It's time to show Beth what a good daughter I am. Fuck me dad!"

Beth's eyes widened like saucers and I just grinned at her even more. My dad kept fucking Beth though, as if he had not heard me.

"Dad!" I whined, "it's my turn - fuck ME dammit!"

My dad stopped and the room was suddenly quiet. I saw him look back at my mom who just nodded and I saw her lips form the words, "Fuck her John," as if she was afraid to say it out loud.

My dad looked at her, then at me and then back at her again. Finally he just shrugged and then leaned back, letting his cock slide from Beth's wet pussy. He moved in behind me and I felt him push his head against me, pressing harder and harder until it entered me. As many times as I have been fucked there has never been anyone who makes me feel the way my dad does when he first enters me. It's

and then suddenly my pussy felt the warm sensation of his sperm being released into me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh," he moaned as his hips convulsed while he came in me, shooting one after another shot of sperm into his daughter. I watched Beth and smiled saying, "He's cumming in me Beth!"

It was incredible to have my best friend watch me fuck my dad. For the first time in my life someone other than my immediate family knew about me and my dad. It felt good to finally not have to hide this from the one person with whom I shared so much else. My dad pulled out of me and sat back on his rear, his softening cock covered with a mixture of his cum and my pussy juices.

"Lick my pussy Beth," I whispered to her. "Lick my dad's cum from my pussy."

I knew she had no problem with him cumming in her mouth - THAT was for sure from past experience. I also knew she loved licking my pussy so it was only natural that she should like liking his cum from my cunt. After all, she was getting both at the same time! I could feel her face pressing against my ass, her nose between my butt cheeks as her tongue lapped up his cum as it drained from my pussy. She licked my clit and that was finally enough to make me cum. I moaned loudly as the culmination of the past few minutes finally erupted in an incredible orgasm. God, it was so incredible - seeing him fuck Beth, then having him fuck me in front of her, then having her lick his cum from me. Not to mention my mom watching the whole thing!

I collapsed on my stomach as my orgasm slowly died down. Beth laid next to me, draping her naked leg over me so her pussy was pressed up against my hip. I turned my head and we kissed. Mmmmmmm, she tasted like pussy and cum! I recognized my pussy taste and it was so erotic. My dad silently got off the bed and went to my mom at the door where they hugged and kissed. The disappeared and I had a feeling my mom as about to have one incredible fucking!

Beth got up we both sat on my bed with our legs crossed under us.

"Ok girl," she said with a sly grin, "So spill it. I have a feeling there's a lot you haven't been telling me!"

I took a deep breath and for the next hour is so we discussed the importance of incest in my family and what role it played in making us so close. Beth just listened mostly, periodically asking a question or repeating something I would say. I told her about my mom - which REALLY made her eyes open, especially when I confessed she had been the first girl I had been with. She smiled knowingly as I described my relationship with my cousin Kristi - she said she had a suspicion something was going on between us but she had not realized it had been THAT. So far as my uncle and cousin went, that didn't seem to faze he after everything else. When it was over she threw herself back on my bed, facing the ceiling and letting out a deep breath.

"God Kelly, I mean... I still can't quite believe it. No wonder you looked sort of pissed off when you dad started fucking me today."

"Sorry Beth, at least now you understand," I replied. "I feel so much better now that you know everything. It's been so hard not talking about this with you."

I leaned over and kissed her. I could hear my parents in the next room as they made love and I smiled. I always enjoyed listening to them, not for anything erotic or sexual but in the satisfaction it gave me knowing my parents were in love. Beth and I spent the next couple of hours in bed, two friends just enjoying their last time together for a while. There's nothing like a best friend!

## 2. Consoling Jeremy

Well, on this particular night Jeremy and I had done our usual "smile and peek" routine and now I was watching him from across the room as he tried to start a conversation with one of the girls. Knowing how shy he was it must have taken an incredible amount of courage for him to even say hello to her so I was praying inwardly that she would at least be nice to him. She wasn't all that hot herself and I know she didn't have a boyfriend so hopefully he had a shot.

My heart sunk though as the little bitch brushed him off with a "Go away dweeb!" and then to make matters worse she laughed at him and went over to tell a group of girls about what he had done. They all looked over at him and giggled and pointed at the poor kid. Jeremy looked soooooo embarrassed and I felt a pang in my heart for the poor kid. Most teenage girls are just mean by nature and I was about to go over and give her a piece of my mind when I say Jeremy quickly walk out of the room with a crestfallen look on his face.

I followed him out of the room just in time to see him duck into one of the darkened rooms at the end of the hall. I quietly went to the doorway and listened. The poor boy was crying little sobs and I knew I had to do something for him so I silently entered the room and in the light of the outside street lamps I see him clearly as he sat at one of the tables with his head down in his folded arms. He was trying to be quiet but there was no mistaking the soft sobbing sounds emerging from him as his shoulders shook. I reached out to put my hand on his shoulder and he almost jumped out of the chair as I touched him gently.

"Who is that?" he exclaimed. Turning around he saw it was me and he quickly wiped his face saying, "I'm not crying Kelly, I just had something in my eye."

It was all I could do to keep from laughing at that pitiful excuse but I knew that would've been the worst thing I could've done to him. I pulled up a chair and sat down next to him. I reached out and took his hands in mine and leaned over towards him.

"Oh Jeremy, I'm soooooo sorry," I said softly, "You know, don't pay attention to those mean girls. They really don't intend to be mean to you, they just haven't learned yet how it hurts people when they act like that."

Jeremy slumped in his chair. I could see the tears forming once again in his eyes and one ran down the side of his face. He didn't even try to brush it away this time as he sobbed, "The girls all hate me Kelly... I hate me... I hate the way I look... I hate the way I act. She was right, I AM just a dweeb."

I scooted my chair even closer until our knees were touching and put my arm around his shoulder and pulled him next to me. "No Jeremy," I whispered, "You're a handsome young man and I think you're wonderful.

Any girl would be lucky to have you as a boyfriend and someday that girl will realize what a mistake she made turning you away."

Jeremy shook his head saying, "You're just being nice to me Kelly. I know different. I haven't even kissed a girl and I'm going to be seventeen soon! I'm such a pathetic loser."

## 3. Building Jeremy's Self-Confidence

At that moment I wanted to make him feel better, to restore his confidence and make him realize what a good boy he really was. I hated seeing him this way, his self-esteem crushed and confidence in the tank. I didn't even think about his age. After all, he was almost seventeen and was taller than me! Besides, this wasn't for me, it was for Jeremy.

I smiled at him and softly said, "Do you really want to kiss a girl Jeremy?" I paused as he looked at me curiously and then continued, "I mean, would you like to kiss me?"

Jeremy's eyes widened like saucers. "You?" he stammered, "I mean, you want me to kiss you?"

I knew he would never say more so I just leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips. He was as stiff as a board and his lips were tightly closed but he didn't pull away either. After a few seconds I leaned back again and smiled at him saying, "Now that wasn't so hard, was it?"

Jeremy licked his lips and stared at me as if he didn't believe that I had actually kissed him! I kept a smile on my face as I leaned forward again and put my face up next to his. "Relax, nobody ever died from kissing a girl."

Once again my lips met his and this time they softened up a bit and then he pressed back against me. I opened my mouth just enough to let my tongue touch his lips but he kept his mouth tightly closed.

"Open your mouth a little Jeremy," I said softly, "let your tongue touch mine."

sure! Besides, my boobs weren't all that huge and I thought they looked pretty good without any support.

Jeremy was obviously happy with them and his eyes hardly even blinked as I released his hands and slowly started to unbutton my blouse. He kept licking his dry lips as one by one the buttons were undone until finally they were all loose and my blouse hung open on me. I felt a tingle run through me as I sat there in front of him, ready to expose myself to the boy. God, was I really going to go through with this? I felt so horny though that any doubts didn't make me even hesitate a second as I took his hands and pulled them up to my boobs, letting him touch them through the material.

"I know you've been wanting to touch me, Jeremy," I whispered, "I see the way you look at me, just like all the other boys do. Now you can do what none of them have - touch me Jeremy. Go on - it's ok."

Jeremy gingerly pushed his open palms against my boobs, pressing them against my nipples. He gently squeezed them as if he was afraid to hurt me.

"You can squeeze them Jeremy," I encouraged him, "Don't worry, I like it when you do that."

Jeremy got a bit more aggressive as he realized I was not going to stop him as he played with my boobs. I pulled my blouse to the side so his hands could be on my bare skin.

"Grab my nipples Jeremy," I whispered to him, "Pull on them with your fingers."

He was a quick learner and I felt his fingers on my nipples and my pussy began to throb as my boobs responded to his attention. My nipples were hard as bullets now and as he played with them it was like they were sending out little shocks through my boobs and chest.

"Suck my boobs Jeremy," I said.

Jeremy wasn't hesitating any more now. His head moved down to my chest and he took my right nipple in his mouth. God it felt so good for him to suck my boob!

"Harder!" I said with a little more force, "Suck it harder."

I gasped slightly as he did exactly that, pulling my nipple until it hurt just a little. I looked down and watched him sucking my boob like a baby on a mother's chest. My hand was on his leg and I moved it up to his crotch and pressed my hand between his legs. Damn, he was so hard!

My other hand held his head to my breast as he tried at first to pull away when I first touched his cock through his jeans. He seemed to get the message though and

I could feel him relax a bit and allow me to massage his erect cock through his pants. I imagined his teen cock waiting for me and I wanted it so bad!!!

## 4. Enjoying Jeremy's Cock

"Pull your pants down for me," I told him.

This time he did hesitate and I saw him glance at the open doorway. "Don't worry, nobody knows we're in here. Hurry up Jeremy, we don't have much time. C'mon, just DO it."

I played with my boobs as I watched him undo his belt and jeans, unzipping himself and then pulling them down to his ankles. He was wearing white underwear which he left on though.

"Underwear too Jeremy," I prodded him, "Mmmmmmm, you have no idea how long I have waited to see your hard cock."

I am sure no girl had ever said that to him and before this was over I knew he was going to hear a few more things for the first time. I felt so hot talking to him like that knowing I was the first to do it. It didn't hurt that when he pulled down his underwear his hard cock sprang up like a hard banana, sticking straight up in the air like a tent pole. I was pleasantly surprised to see he was as big as most men who had fucked me, maybe even on the larger size. Damn, if the girls in his class could get a glance at this maybe they would think differently about him!

Jeremy had a nice thick thatch of pubic hair and he stood there with his pants and underwear down to his ankles, uncertain as to what to do next. I didn't waste any time - I wanted that young cock! I held him in my hand and I felt it swell as I gently stroked him.

"Mmmmmmm, you have such a wonderful cock Jeremy," I purred as my hand reached down and caressed his hairy balls.

God was he stiff!! His cock was quivering and I could hear his breathing quicken as my hand held him. I reached behind him and felt his ass with my other hand. He had such a hard butt! I ran my hands over his buns as I held his cock in my hands.

"Do you want me to suck your cock Jeremy?" I asked in a small voice.

His eyes widened once again and he nodded. That's wasn't good enough for me though, "Tell me Jeremy... tell me what you want me to do."

"Oh Kelly," he gasped, "That feels so good."

I just waited for him to continue, admiring his nice ass and big cock. Finally he whispered what I wanted so badly to hear. "Suck me Kelly. I want you to suck me."

My face was just inches away from his cock at the time and I could smell the faint odor of his crotch. I could see the outline of his hard dick in the dim light and for just a moment I hesitated. God, what was I thinking anyway? If someone caught me sucking his cock I would be kicked out of school and who knows what else - maybe even arrested. It was foolish of me to even have gone this far but I still had the chance to put a stop to it all.

My breast rubbed against his leg and my nipple felt like it was on fire making my pussy twinge even more and that was all it took. I wanted it now, I wanted to be fucked by Jeremy - hell I NEEDED to be fucked by him. Forget the rationalizations about helping him through a bad night, I wanted to be fucked and fucked by this young man. My pussy was almost hurting from the lust it was generating within me and so I took a deep breath as I leaned forward and took him in my mouth.

Jeremy gasped as my tongue played around the head of his hard cock and then I took him all the way in my mouth until my lips were at the base of his dick and his pubic hair was smashed against my nose and cheeks. I was in heaven! He tasted so good and my nose was filled with his musky male scent. My mouth was filled with his cock and I could feel the head of his cock against the back of my throat as I twisted my head around his cock.

"Ohhhhhh," he moaned and I quickly looked up at him to try to make him keep quiet.

I stroked his cock in and out of my mouth just a few times but it was just too much for him to take. His cock surged and suddenly the first shot of cum was in my mouth. His cum tasted so good - fresh and salty without any bitterness! The first load was quickly followed by several more as his hips convulsed and he instinctively clenched his ass and pushed himself deeper into my mouth.

I took it all and when he was finished I lifted my head up to him and swallowed it all down in one big gulp. I could still feel some of it sticking to my tongue and I swished it around in my mouth until I was able to swallow the rest down.

"Mmmmmmm, your cum tastes soooooo good Jeremy," I whispered in a husky voice to him. "Did that feel good?"

Jeremy was struggled to catch his breath but he managed to pant to me, "Oh Kelly, I never dreamed it would feel THAT good!"

# 5. Taking Jeremy's Virginity

My mouth was back on his cock now and he was still as hard as ever. God I love the endurance of a horny teenage cock! A drop of cum emerged and I licked it off and then lifted myself up to look him in the eyes. "Do you want to fuck me Jeremy?" I asked softly.

Jeremy's face betrayed a look of panic and uncertainty. "What's the matter Jeremy?" I asked him, "Don't you wanna fuck me?" Jeremy responded in a voice so low I could barely hear him, "I've never done that. I... I don't really know what to do."

I stood up in front of him and held his head in my hands. "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything," I said in a nurturing, reassuring tone.

I undid my jeans and dropped them to the floor, stepping out of them and leaving myself bottomless with just my unbuttoned blouse on. I reached down and ran my fingers over my bare pussy.

"Do you like my pussy Jeremy?" I asked him gently.

Jeremy could only nod, his eyes were locked on my pussy as I ran my finger up and down between my wet pussy lips. I sat down on the table with my ass barely on the edge. Leaning back, my hips lifted up to show him my hungry pussy, already wet and waiting for him. Spreading my legs apart I used both hands to open my pussy for him.

"Come over here now," I told him, "Look at my pussy Jeremy - see how wet it is? Mmmmmmm, see how bad it wants you?."

Jeremy stood up and shuffled over to me since his pants were still around his ankles. He still had his shirt on but his cock was sticking out from under the shirt tails and I licked my lips in anticipation of what he was about to do to me with it. When he was within reach I grabbed his cock in my right hand as I used the fingers of my left hand to spread open my pussy lips.

I gently tugged on him to pull him closer to me until his cock was pressed up against me. I guided the head up and down my pussy slit and then used it to massage my swollen clit. God it felt soooooo good! I placed the head up against my pussy hole and looked up at his face. Instinct began to take over and I could feel him pushing gently forward, his cock wanting to enter my pussy where it knew it belonged.

"That's it Jeremy," I encouraged him, "Now fuck me... Push your cock inside my pussy... Mmmmmmm, watch it now – watch your dick disappear inside of me."

Jeremy pushed himself forward and I guided his cock into me. His cock head spread my pussy hole apart and then it forced its way forward until the head was completely inside of me. No matter how many times it happens, I always love this feeling – the first moment when a cock has just entered me. It is like no other feeling in the world and almost impossible to describe. On the one hand my most private area is being violated, taken advantage of by some outside entity intent on forcing its way inside. On the other hand my pussy is welcoming something it needs to make it complete, as if an emptiness is being filled and a lustful hunger satisfied by the one and only thing that it truly wants – a hard male cock.

Then on top of everything I felt a naughty thrill as I realized that Jeremy's virginity was now mine, that I was the first girl to have sex with. What a thrill to know that no matter what happened in his life or who he ever married and made love to in the future, I would always be in the back of his mind as his first girl – the first girl he fucked and no woman could even take that place in his heart.

"Ohhhhhh Jeremy," I moaned as softly a I could, "your cock feels so good in me. Push it in deeper... fuck me Jeremy... oh please fuck me."

Jeremy didn't say a word but he did as I asked, pushing his way deeper inside of me. I could feel his cock sliding inch by inch into my wet pussy, rubbing against the walls of my cunt and filling me with his manhood. Finally his cock was in me all the way and the base of his crotch pressed up against my pussy. His thick coarse pubic hair pressed tightly against my bare pussy, tickling it perfectly like a brush moving against me.

"That's it Jeremy," I encouraged him, "Mmmmmmm, how does it feel to fuck a girl?"

"Oh Kelly," he groaned, holding himself in me. That seemed to be all he could say, just my name over and over.

"Lift my legs up," I said to him. He reached under my thighs and I helped him lift my legs up until they were on his shoulders, one on each side of his head. I grabbed the edge of the table to keep from being pushed backwards as he pressed harder into me. I could feel his young cock throbbing in me and I wiggled my hips to move him around in me.

"Stroke it in and out now Jeremy," I instructed him, "Oh Jeremy... fuck me with your wonderful cock."

As much as I would have loved him to fuck me longer and in different ways, I knew he wasn't going to last long though, even though he already cum just a little earlier, and I was right. One thing I know and that's when a man is about to cum!

"Oh god, I think I'm going to cum again Kelly," he moaned softly.

He started to pull back to take his cock out of me and so I dropped my legs to wrap them around him and stop him from pulling out of me. Just as quickly reached out to him and pulled him in closer to me. At that moment all I could think about, all I wanted, all I NEEDED, was to have his young cock erupt in me, to release his sperm deep inside of me. I wanted to be the first girl he gave this wonderful gift to, the most personal part of him he could share with a girl in the most intimate way possible.

"No Jeremy, no!!," I gasped, "Don't take it out... Cum in me, oh yes I want you to cum inside of me."

It was a moot issue at that point as Jeremy couldn't hold it back any longer to argue with me. His cock erupting and the first spurt of cum emerged inside of me. Instantly I felt the bloom of heat blossoming inside of me that always characterized the feeling of a warm cum as it was released in me. I imagined how it must be have been spraying out of him, shooting deep inside my womb.

"That's it Jeremy," I moaned, "Cum in me more... oh god yes!... cum deep inside of me."

He pushed forward, driving himself in me as far as he could while unloaded himself in me just as I wanted him to and when he was finished he fell forward against me. I pulled him into me with my legs and I could feel the throbbing of his spent cock inside my ultra-sensitive pussy. It was the type of moment that you wish could just go on forever, physically pleasurable while at the same time an element of danger since literally anyone could walk in right now and see what we had just done.

I suddenly imagined his mother stepping in to see her son panting as his cock pulsed inside an older girl's pussy, a girl who had just taken her dear son's virginity! It wasn't really all that far-fetched as his mom was at the church right now helping out in the kitchen! It didn't matter at that moment. I didn't care what the consequences might be, I just wanted to hang onto this feeling as long as I could. Jeremy started to pull out but I clutched him to me.

"Stay in me for a minute," I whispered to him, "Just hold still and let me feel your cock resting inside of me with your cum."

# (Oct 28) Chapter 101: Potential Boyfriend

Story codes: MF oral
Me (20)
Larry (26)

Everyone is always asking me if I have a boyfriend. Well, I have always had LOTS of boyfriends, but when it comes to boyfriends, that's a different story. Finding one while at school is especially difficult under the circumstances, so when an opportunity arose, I went for it (or should I say, him).

## 1. Meeting Larry

When deciding to go to a religious university for my teaching degree, I knew there would be compromises. On the positive side, I love the beautiful campus, the personal relationships with the faculty, the outstanding academic curriculum, and the Christian atmosphere. On the other hand, the rules are extremely strict, especially regarding personal conduct including sexual promiscuity. Overall, I still think I made the right decision although there have been times when I have gotten so horny I thought I might explode!

Most of my life on campus revolves around school and church activities. Classes and homework takes up most of my time as I try to maintain a good GPA. I'm also heavily involved in the women's bible study ministry on campus as well. In addition, I have an active role in the youth ministry at the church next door to the campus which takes whatever spare time I might have available.

As busy as I am, I still like to get out now and then although the night life in a small mid-Ohio town is not exactly like it was back in Pittsburgh. Technically, the school's rules apply to us 24/7 so you still have to be careful what you do off-campus as there are plenty of little snitches who would turn you in if they saw you drinking or fooling around. The drinking part doesn't bother me unless they ban Diet Coke but sex is another story entirely. Now that I have a car in campus it makes life a lot easier as I can drive to the malls and movie theaters whenever I want instead of having to bum rides all the time.

Given 99% of my life is spent there, most of the guys I meet are from either school or church. Guys are guys, even at my school, so I know they're interested in me but we all have to play the game where we pretend we're all innocent naive virgins, uninterested in the "ways of the world". Yeah right! I don't doubt for a second that the vast majority of them go back to their rooms at night and masturbate just like I do! Still, it makes it difficult to flirt with any intent of going further.

One day I was shopping for some snacks and such at the local Kroger grocery store. Believe it or not, shopping at a grocery store can be a lot of fun - under the right circumstances. Back home I like to go with my mom or cousin. We dress up in short shorts or tight short skirts and tease the poor husbands stuck trailing their wives, wandering slowly through the aisles like sheep being led to slaughter. I don't feel back teasing them to death. Hopefully it even helps them get through the day better.

Today I was wearing just my jeans and a school sweatshirt. The jeans were as tight as I could wear them which caused them to show off my ass nicely. The sweatshirt, with our school initials and mascot, countered the naughty jeans by practically announcing, "she doesn't put out". Admittedly, it sent a confusing message to the guys but in truth. In this case it didn't really matter since for once I was only interested in shopping and really had no intention of goofing around.

My original shopping list had only a few items so I was carrying one of those little baskets instead of pushing a cart. When I came upon the aisle with the drinks, though, I saw there was a great sale on my favorite drink - Diet Coke. I started to lift one of the big packs and tuck it under my arm when I slipped and the box crashed to the floor, breaking open and spreading cans all over the place. God, I was SO embarrassed! It seemed like EVERYONE in the store was staring at me.

"Need some help?"

I looked around to see who was talking to me and my eyes met those of your stereotypical tall, dark, handsome stranger! It was practically a scene ripped from some cheap movie. He looked to be in his late twenties (I found out later he was 28) and to my surprise, he was black. The only reason I say "surprised" is because in this town, diversity was still a foreign concept. Even at my school, we had far more foreign students than black students.

"Thanks, I've got it."

I tried to gather up the cans but when I lifted the broken case it completely fell apart this time, allowing all of them to fall to the hard tile floor again in a crash. This time, there was no doubt in my mind that everyone in the store must have heard it! My face felt flushed and I would have crawled into a hole if there had been one available.

"Don't worry, it's OK. Here, let me help you this time."

It was the same guy but this time he had a pleasant smile on his face. It wasn't like he was laughing at me but rather more amused. I was too embarrassed to turn him away this time and he quickly scooped the cans up and dropped them into his shopping cart.

"Thank you so much," I said, slightly out of breath from the whole affair.

"Here, let me carry one of these out for you."

I nodded in acceptance. Sometimes even I can overcome my stubbornness. Besides he was pretty good looking and well dressed. To be perfectly honest, the fact that he was black also gave him a bit of intrigue. Personally, I don't perceive myself as being racist or such, it's just that during my life I've had limited opportunities to interact with black men. At the same time, I wasn't sure if I ready to become another white girl - black guy couple (why is it that's never the other way around?) for people to stare out and talk behind your back.

We made our way to the self-checkout area where I paid for my stuff which Larry (he had told me his name on our way to the front of the store) then offered to carry out to my car. It was easier to accept than protest so I just led the way to my Avalon which was parked near the exit door. Larry placed the groceries in the trunk and I turned to thank him.

"Thanks for the help Larry, it's not often a guy offers to help a girl these days."

"Well, it's not often a guy gets such a golden opportunity to help a girl as pretty as you."

Note to guys: compliments and ego-building comments are ALWAYS appreciated. I couldn't help but blush a little and look down to the ground. Then I opened the driver's door and turned to get in my car, figuring that was the end of it.

"Hey, can I take you out to lunch?" Larry offered. "That is, if you haven't eaten already."

I hesitated for a minute and tried to quickly weigh the pros and cons of his offer. He DID seem like a nice guy and he was just offering lunch, not a date, so why not? Then again, I really had no idea who he was. In the end, the free lunch was the overriding factor so I agreed and we decided to meet at a local Chinese restaurant. It was a regular sit-down style with good food, not one of those all-you-can eat pig-out joints with the bland crap.

It was only a short drive to the restaurant and on the way over, I looked around me to see if I could identify him in his car but without success. I couldn't help but wonder what I was getting myself into. Would this just be a nice lunch without anything afterwards or would he expect some form of "payment" from me afterwards like so many guys seem to expect. Not that I would necessarily mind it, judging from the way he was built! Even though it makes me feel guilty to admit it, I DID wonder a bit to myself if there was any truth to the legends of black guy cock size!

When I got to the parking lot there was no sign of Larry so I wondered if I had been stood-up. It didn't seem likely as he just didn't have that type of air about him. Stepping into the restaurant, I saw that he was already there and I shook my head in disbelief. How in the world had he gotten here so fast? Larry greeted me as I entered and the host took us to a booth.

"Hey, you made it! I was afraid you might chicken out."

I gave him a questioning look as we were seated on opposite sides of the booth.

"C'mon, you can admit it, you weren't sure about having lunch with a black guy."

Once again I felt my face flush with a hint of embarrassment and he knew from my reaction that his remark was on the money.

"Hey, don't sweat it, it's only natural given the little WASP island you go to school at."

Even though he was right, it seemed a little presumptuous on his part. I let it go, though, and for the rest of the next hour or so we had an excellent lunch and a pleasant conversation. At one point I couldn't help but grin a little and I could see the question in his eyes.

"OK, so what's so funny?"

"Well, I guess I didn't expect you to... well, talk this way."

Larry laughed softly, as if I had just asked him if the color of his skin was permanent or some other silly racial question.

"Well, not every black guy sounds like he's from the hood, you know babe," he tease me.

"I know," I said, trying to dig myself out of the hole I had made for myself, "It's just that if I closed my eyes, you know, you would sound..."

"Just like a real guy?" he finished my sentence. "Well, allow me to let you in on a little secret. Black guys ARE real guys."

I felt like a racial bigot. The more I talked the deeper a hole I seemed to be digging for myself.

"Oh, and while we're on a roll, yes, it IS bigger," he teased me.

I couldn't help but cringe a little at that. Was I really appearing THAT naive to him? Thank God he didn't know everything I was thinking. For instance, since when was a black guy named "Larry"? It just didn't have the right "ring" to it and once again, I kicked myself as I realized that once again my inherited racial biases were showing up.

We finished lunch without any more embarrassing moments and overall, I had to say I had a pleasant time with Larry. When the bill came, he paid it without making a big deal of it which I was thankful for given my wallet was a bit bare at the moment. As we exited the restaurant, I thanked him for lunch and turned to head back to my car, figuring that would be the end of it.

"Hey Kelly," Larry called after me, running up to catch me before I got to my car. "Can I see you again?"

It's amazing how many thoughts can go through your mind in a split second. Not once during lunch had I seriously considered doing anything more with him. Oh sure, I had imagined what it might be like to be fucked by a good-looking black stud but that was just idle imagination at work, nothing different than any other time when I daydream. When he had made the comment about being bigger, I DID wonder for a moment how big his cock really was and what it would be like to suck it. There's a long step, though, from just playful imagination to actual doing something with someone.

"What did you have in mind," I responded, stalling for a moment to think some more.

"Hmmm, I was thinking dinner and a movie to start."

"To start?"

"Oh no, don't worry," he protested, "I meant to start our first date, not to start the night out. I know you're not that kind of girl."

It was all I could do to keep from crying out in pain when I bit my tongue hard not to laugh. Little did he know, but I WAS "that kind" of girl! The only question was, was he "that kind" of guy?

"Well... how about Saturday night?" I offered.

He agreed and we made plans for him to pick me up in front of my apartment. He knew where the campus was and it was easy to find your way to our building so everything was set and we parted way without so much as a kiss.

## 2. Fooling Around at Dinner

Saturday came quickly and as the afternoon passed I got ready for my date. My roomie, Jen, was curious of course and pumped me for information. I told her all about the grocery store incident and lunch but left out one crucial detail, which I am sure you can guess.

"And he's HOW old?" Jen questioned me.

"Twenty-eight, but he doesn't look that old."

"Where does he live?"

"He never told me."

"Did you get his phone number?"

"No, and he didn't get mine either."

"So let's see, you don't know his last name, where he lives, or his phone number. Geeze Kelly, what DO you know about him?"

She had me there. The truth was, I didn't know much at all about this guy. After our lunch, I realized that most of our conversation had been about me with him doing very little of the information giving. God, what if he was some unemployed nut-case?

In any case, I decided to stick with it. When the time came, the outfit I chose was fairly conservative - jeans, a plaid cotton blouse and a bra. Yeah, don't be so surprised, I chose to wear a bra. It wasn't so much for modesty as it was to determine his intentions. Going braless with this blouse, as tight and thin as it was, would have been pretty blatant and given him a clear signal as to my "availability". The outfit as a whole was not TOO conservative but just enough not to elicit any commentary from my roomies. It wouldn't do to have them see me in one of my sluttier outfits!

I was still working on my hair with my curling iron, trying to coax some body into the straight and limp strands of hair, when the doorbell rang. If it was him, then he was about five minutes early. Jen went out to check and she came running back in and shut the door.

"Kelly, your date's here," she announced. Then she put her hands on her hips and gave me a solemn stare. "So just when were you going to tell me?"

"Tell you?" I repeated back in my most innocent tone.

"Don't give that Kelly," she reproached me, "You know darn well what I mean."

"Ohhhhhhhhh, you mean that he's black?" I asked, as if it was the first time I had thought about the matter of skin color.

"Well DUH!" Jen exclaimed.

"Hey, it's not like we're getting married or anything," I protested mildly. I turned off the curling iron and grabbed my jacket and purse.

"You're not prejudiced, are you Jen?" I teased. It was unfair, just as that line of response always was because it put the responder in an awkward position, sort of like asking a guy if he had stopped beating his wife.

Jen just glared at me as I blew her a kiss and went to meet Larry outside the front door. He was the perfect gentleman, holding the car door open for me and then closing it behind me.

It was almost an hour to the movie theater and I had no idea where we would be eating along the way and he didn't offer me any information. Along the way we chatted and I learned a little more about him. He worked in the manufacturing section of a large company in town and specialized in testing the final products. He wasn't a native of the area, having just moved in from Houston about three months ago. In that time, he hadn't met many girls and had just a few friends, mostly work-related. We seemed to share many things in common when it came to our religious and political beliefs (yes, we DID talk religion and politics). He attended a church in a nearby town that was mostly black.

One thing I liked about Larry, so far as a date went, was that he was in charge and didn't put the burden on me to direct the events of the evening. Although he eventually told me of his plans, it was more for my information than my input or approval. I am sure that had I disagreed with his choices he would have listened to me but since I didn't we spent the evening as HE had planned it.

To my surprise, we went to a Japanese steak house where we joined in with six strangers to watch our meal cooked in front of us. It definitely was NOT some small, intimate meal where he might make a pass at me. We sat at the end of the table without backs to the wall which prevented anyone from seeing what went on under the table yet the meal was half over and he had not even "accidentally" bumped me. Wow, I couldn't even remember the last time I'd been on a date and a guy had kept his hands off of me for this long! In a way, I was starting to wonder if this was just going to be a platonic event. It wouldn't have been bad if that turned out to be the case.

Larry was funny and managed to keep up a never-ending conversation without seeming overbearing. He had everyone at the table laughing with his jokes. I DID notice a few glances now and then from a couple of the people seated with us. They were all white and I wondered what they thought of a mixed couple dating? In its own way, it sort of thrilled me that they should thinking that way, as if I was being a little naughty in the process.

The chef was about finished when Larry finally made his first move. We were working on the shrimp when I felt something on my thigh and a bit of a pleasant chill struck me when I realized that it was Larry's hand touching me. It was more of an exploratory gesture, a trial to see what my reaction would be. Not wanting him to get the wrong impression, I just smiled at him and put my hand on top of his, pulling it a little higher up on my leg to signal my interest. Nobody could see anything so after a few seconds, I pulled it in tighter so his hand was pressed against the inner side of my upper thigh.

"Hmmmmmm, I was starting to think you were really the prim and proper little catholic school girl," he whispered to me.

I just grinned at him and pulled on his hand once again, this time bringing the side of his hand up against my crotch. I tightened my legs together, pinching his hand between my legs. He responded by squeezing my thigh and pushing his hand up against my crotch. Instantly I felt myself respond and a tingle ran thought me like a blast of cold air.

'Trust me Larry, there is NOTHING prim, or proper, about me."

Given how our time so far had gone, this was sudden course change and I wondered for a moment if I hadn't gone TOO far. Then I looked down at Larry's lap and my heart skipped a beat at the size of the bulge his pants were trying to contain. Maybe this evening was going to be more interesting than I had originally expected!

Larry chuckled softly and then pulled his hand out from between my legs so he could continue eating. Eventually we finished and he paid the bill. I grinned as he held his coat in front of him as we walked out.

"What's the matter Larry, spill something on you?" I teased him, nodding at the coat he was holding at his waist.

"Like you don't know," he said, shaking his head at me in mock exasperation.

## 3. Movie Snacks - Popcorn and a Dick

We got in the car and I looked over at him once we were seated. Yep, he had one promising bulge going on between his legs!

"Hmmmmmm, looks like someone has something on his mind he hasn't told me about yet," I scolded him softly.

Larry actually looked a little embarrassed. Poor guys, when they get horny there is nothing they can do to hide it. As for me, my pussy was dying for his dick yet there was no way he could look at me and know. Such differences are what give girls an incredible advantage in little games like this.

As Larry drove to the theater, I debated whether I should do anything more or wait and see what developed. Ordinarily I would have reached over the center console and started playing with his cock through his pants, eventually leading to a blow job while he was driving. It was a rare date, a VERY rare date I should say, where I didn't at least suck the guy's dick and I didn't see why this should be an exception. At the same time, I was interested to see what Larry's plans were for the evening. Sometimes it's nice to let the guy think he's in control and see where it leads - so long as it ends up where I want it to go.

We talked about dinner and neither of us mentioned another word on what I was sure both of us wanted to talk about. It was only about ten minutes to the theater which didn't leave a lot of time for much of anything. Once there, Larry bought tickets for a movie that had been out for a while and my first thought was to wonder if we would be the only ones in the theater!

After he bought some snacks and a drink, we made our way to the theater where we weren't the only ones but pretty close to it! All of the theaters here were of the newer "stadium" style seating and we found some seats near the top center which put us several rows above the other couples. There were no kids and by the time the film started, a total of maybe twenty people were there, with none close to us.

Sitting next to Larry, it reminded me of some of my first dates back when I was in high school. I could remember vividly sitting next to a boy, wondering what he was going to do, of anything, and if he did, how I would respond. My first blowjob was given in a theater much like this one and I had even let a couple of guys fuck me during a movie. Looking back, I can't recall a single date with a movie where I watched the entire thing! Feeling Larry's shoulders against mine, I wondered if that streak would end tonight or continue on. Fortunately, it didn't take long to find out!

Once the eternal previews had finished and the movie started, Larry put his arm around me and held my shoulder with his hand. He didn't say anything and looked straight ahead so I leaned into him more as a sign of my acceptance. Unlike some of the theaters back home, this one didn't let you raise the arms up between the seats (a really cool feature which was what allowed guys to fuck me back in high school) so we were stuck with this thing separating us. Well, we weren't in high school anymore so there wasn't any need to play the same games of tease and provoke like I did when I was a young teen.

I twisted in the seat so I could reach over the arm rest and put my hand in his lap. My palm pressed down on his crotch and I was pleased to feel the firmness under his pants. With one hand, I tried to undo his pants but it was difficult so he used his free hand to help me and before long, his belt was unbuckled and his pants were undone with the zipper pulled down. I slipped my hand under the elastic of his boxer shorts and immediately my fingertips came in contact with the head of his dick. I pushed my hand in further until I could wrap my fingers around his hard smooth shaft and I took a deep breath as I held his warm cock in my hand, feeling it swelling and pulsing with his heartbeat.

"Mmmmmmm, nice cock," I whispered to him as softly as I could.

Larry's eyes were glancing around to see if anyone was looking our way but the movie had just started so everyone was engrossed with the opening scenes. With his free hand he pulled the elastic band down, allowing his dick to pop free out into the open. In the dark it was difficult to see but there was enough light from the projector to let me get a good idea of his dick. Two things struck me immediately. First, he WAS on the bigger side of the scale although not abnormally large. I would say maybe one to two inches bigger than my dad's cock (which I consider to be average) and about half again as thick.

The really interesting thing for me, though, was that he was uncircumcised. Although I had seen uncircumcised cocks in my dad's porn videos and at parties, I had never really had a good chance to explore one, let alone suck one for any length of time. I know that at a couple of parties I have been fucked by, and even briefly sucked, an uncircumcised cock but never on a one-to-one basis. As erect as he was at the moment, most of the foreskin was pulled back to reveal his head but I found that I could stroke him and pull the foreskin up until his head was covered again which was really weird.

Again, I had this feeling of being a young teen, touching her boyfriend's cock for the first time, nor completely sure of what to do with it. Well, these days I certainly knew what to do with it but the thrill of the unknown was still there. I could even smell his crotch now, the thick musky scent of his sex growing stronger as I stroked him slowly.

For a while, all I did was stroke him slowly, periodically running my fingers up and down the shaft or reaching between his legs to play with his hairy balls a bit. It had been a while since I had a dick in my hands and for the time being, I just savored the feeling of having a thick long dick in my hands. Larry certainly didn't seem to mind!

The more I stroked Larry's dick, the more I wanted it in my mouth. The damn armrest made it all but impossible to lean over and suck him without notifying the entire theater of what I was doing. Since I was wearing jeans, kneeling on the floor wasn't THAT bad of an option, even if the concrete floors in these places weren't exactly clean as my mother's kitchen floor.

Funny how things change as you get older. Five or six years ago I wouldn't have given a second thought to dropping to the floor to suck a guy's cock, no matter how disgusting or filthy it was. What had happened to that wild girl? Had I really gotten that conservative and depressing as I grew up?

Well then, the hell with it. I wasn't going to let myself become what so many girls allowed as they got older. I wanted to continue to have fun and be free in body and spirit. With a sense of moral determination, I slid off the chair to my knees on the floor as quietly as I could. I looked up and saw Larry watching me with a look of curiosity on his face as if he couldn't believe what I was doing.

With a grin, I used both hands to pull his pants down just enough to free his cock without him having to hold his boxers down for me. Larry was looking all over now, trying to be sure nobody was watching. I didn't really care at this point as my mind was focused entirely on the delicious sight not a foot in front of me - a hard, hairy dick.

Licking my lips a few times, I leaned up and forward and pulled his dick toward my face with my hand until I could put the tip of his head between my lips. At first it felt a little odd against my tongue. With as any dicks as I've sucked in my life, I probably know my way around one as much as most guys - more so if you look at it from how one feels in your mouth! The feeling of his foreskin against the tip of my tongue took some getting used to but when he was really hard it was just like any other dick.

Larry pulled my hair back and held it behind my head so he could watch me suck his cock in the dim light. I looked up at him as best I could while I bobbed on his cock. One of the things I learned early in my "career", if there was one thing guys liked better than watching themselves getting a BJ, it was seeing a girl's eyes looking up at them as they did. While I am not quite sure WHY this is, I DO know it turns them on something fierce so I try my best to look up at hem whenever I can.

Sucking his cock was doing more than just getting Larry hard – my pussy felt like it was on fire. Kneeling like this pulled my jeans up tight into my crotch, pressing against my clit and nurturing the feelings it was creating inside of me. God I would have loved to forget about everyone else and just crawl up on his lap and sit down on this wonderful dick! It wasn't the fact that they would see me that stopped me; if anything that would have just made it all the better. Common sense told me that we would be kicked out at best, or maybe ever arrested at worst.

If his cock couldn't fuck me, the least I could do was play with myself. I tried running my fingers over the stretched denim between my legs but it wasn't doing the trick. Holding his cock in my mouth, I took my hands off of him and reached down to undo my jeans. They were so tight I hadn't bothered with a belt so all I had to do was unbutton them and slide down the zipper. Sounds simple but it would have to be during one of the quiet portions of the movie and the zipper seemed unnaturally loud when I pulled it down.

In the theater, nobody could probably hear it but to me, it sounded like it was playing over the speaker systems! I pushed down hard to drop them off my hips and down to my knees so I could still kneel on the denim rather than the floor. Now that I was "available", my right hand slipped between my legs while my left returned to help me blow Larry's dick.

God, was I wet! I had a nasty suspicion I was going to be the one holding a jacket in front of me when we left. The crotch of my jeans must look like I wet my pants! My clit was already hard and swollen and when my finger touched it I almost bit Larry's dick I jumped so hard. As I ran my finger over my pussy slit and my tongue up and down his shaft, I imagined how it would feel had it been his cock in place of my finger, my wet pussy lips caressing him as he slid his shaft back and forth between my legs.

I pulled my head back until I just had the tip of his cock in my hand while I placed my fingertip at the entrance to my pussy. Slowly, as slowly as I could bear to go, I took his dick in further into my mouth while at the same time pushing my finger into my pussy. My finger helped me to imagine how it would feet to have his dick push into me while at the same time my mouth simulated a pussy for his cock. The further I took him in with my mouth, the more I pushed my finger inside of my pussy.

As I took him in deeper, I felt his cock head pressing against the back of my throat as my finger was in me as far as I could reach with it. I took as deep of a breath as I could and relaxed my throat as I descended even further onto his dick. No matter how many times I do this, the immediate reaction is to gag. Fortunately, with practice I have learned to overcome that initial reflex and relax enough to take a guy's cock further down into my throat. Larry's dick was pretty fat though, and I felt like I was being choked as I pushed my head down further. I was tempted to pull back up when his hand was on top of my head and he pushed me down even further onto his dick.

"That's it, take it all in," I barely heard him whisper. With his help I bottomed out and my face was pressed into his coarse pubic hair, my nose filled with the odor of his crotch.

"Fuck, that feels so damn good," he said with a hint of a groan in his voice.

Basically, having a dick down your throat is like plugging your breathing and as much as my finger was getting me hot between my legs, I wasn't able to hold my breath for long so I pushed my head up against the pressure of his hand. Thankfully he relented and allowed me to pull up so I could breath. I have guys get so carried away when I deep throat them that they forget I can't breathe and they hold me down on them, sometimes with both hands. Once I had to actually bite down on his cock to get him to realize the problem I was having!

I repeated the maneuver a few more times until I was too out of breath to do it again. During that time I still had my hand on my pussy but it was more the absent-minded type of touching, like when I watch TV or something and forget what I'm doing. Deep-throating a guy's takes all your concentration!

As I sucked and licked his cock again, I went back to work on myself, fucking myself with my finger and then playing with my clit, rubbing it with my fingers held together. God it felt so good to touch myself! As a little girl my mother would tease me that I was going to "wear it out" if I kept touching myself so much but thankfully, her dire warning never came true. If anything, the more I played with it, the more it wanted! Although I would never consider myself a slave to my clit the way guys are to their dicks, I would have to admit that it DOES exert a lot of influence over me.

The only question at this moment was who would cum first - Larry or me. Personally, I was trying to be first as I knew once he had cum things would change. He was no teenager anymore and I doubted that he still had that teenage Energizer Bunny ability to keep going and going and going! Some young guys amazed me with how they could cum and then go right back to fucking me again. Then you have the older guys, like my dad, who may need HOURS before they are ready to have a go at it again. I doubted Larry was at that stage yet but odds were, when he came it would be game over for him for at least a while.

Fortunately, I had control over both his cock AND my pussy so it wasn't a fair contest. When I would feel him begin to stiffen and his hips begin to lift upwards, I would back off his cock just enough to keep him on the edge without going over. A few times some pre-cum would leak out but I knew how to keep a guy going without ruining things. Meanwhile, I was masturbating myself for all I was worth!

There are times when just feeling my pussy respond and making the guy cum is enough for me, although usually before the night is over I will end up masturbating to make up for it. Tonight was NOT one of those nights. I wanted to feel my orgasm welling up inside of me like a pot boiling to the point where it overflowed. Nothing in the world felt quite like an orgasm and nothing in the world could give me the same sheer physical pleasure I got when I came. Finally, it happened.

As my pussy began to tighten down on my finger and the feelings of pleasure began to surge through me, covering every inch of me inside and out, I moaned as I held his cock between my lips. The humming sound against his cock must have felt good because he was moaning softly as well, just loud enough for me to hear. The wetness spilled out onto my hand as my cum was released, covering the palm of my hand with its wetness. The urge to just drop my head in his lap and let out the loudest moan possible almost came through and I barely stifled it in the nick of time.

Maybe it was the feeling of me moaning with his dick in my mouth because it wasn't like I was actively blowing him when Larry came in my mouth. I was still dealing with the sensations from my pussy when suddenly my mouth was covered with cum as he pulled his shaft from my mouth and directed his streams of cum over me like a fireman. I could feel his cum strike my cheeks and forehead yet somehow he managed to keep it out of my eyes. The last few drops he left on my outstretched tongue and I tasted his thick warm cum. Mmmmmmm, I loved it! Lord only knew how I looked, though, as I had no idea how much cum he had shot all over my face.

With my own orgasm finally dwindling, I tried to pull up my jeans but it was impossible in my kneeling position. The only option was to sit back in my chair and pull them up with my legs outstretched in front of me, just as I did on my bed back at my apartment. I looked over and saw Larry had easily pulled his underwear and jeans back up and he turned to watch me struggle with my jeans, It didn't help they were at least a size smaller than they should have been!

As I finally got them back in place, I realized he hadn't even touched me. Well, that wasn't so unusual actually for me. Most of my dates included a BJ but I didn't always let the guy touch me. Don't ask me why, but somehow blowing a guy doesn't seem nearly as intimate to me as letting him touch me.

Even in the dark theater I could see my crotch was dark with my pussy juices. Yep, it was going to be jacket in front of me time on the way out! Of concern at the moment was what kind of mess my face as in.

"Here, you can use this," Larry whispered as he handed me his handkerchief. Now THAT was sweet of him!

I wiped what I could off of me until I was reasonable sure that I had gotten all of it. I didn't see any on my shirt, thank goodness! I licked my lips as the aftertaste of his cum filled my mouth and covered my tongue.

We still had about half the movie to go and the rest of the time we actually watched the show. It wasn't all that good and I was happy I had spent the first half doing something MUCH more enjoyable. When it was over and the lights came on, we got up with the rest of the people. As we walked out, I noticed a few people looking at us and when they were ahead of us, one couple was whispering between each other and then the guy looked back at me. The girl jerked his arm to pull him back and looked pissed off at him. Whether she was mad because he was looking at me or maybe it had something to do with me being with a black guy, I wasn't sure. Either way I thought it was pretty cool though!

We both headed to our respective restrooms and when I looked in the mirror, I had to hold back a gasp and I realized why people had been staring at me. While I had done a pretty good job on my face, there were a couple of nice loads of cum stuck in my hair over my forehead. My cheeks puffed as I let out my breath in frustration. It wasn't like this was the first time such a thing had happened and you would think that by now I would learn to check myself out BEFORE the movie ended when the restrooms were empty. Since nobody knew me it didn't bother me. If anything, I would love to have heard what they said about me when they were out in their cars afterwards!

My purse had a comb in it so I pulled it out and was just starting to work it through my hair when someone came out from the one of the stalls. I had no idea anyone was in there with me so it caught me by surprise with my hands over my head pulling the comb through my hair. It was an older woman, maybe in her forties, and she started to say hello or something to me as she washed her hands when she realized what I was doing. Ah yes, a Kodak moment! At first I don't think she quite understood what it was that I was trying to get out and then a look of recognition came over her face as I looked at her with a "something wrong" type of expression.

"Well I never!" she gasped as she hurriedly dried her hands. She headed out but before she got to the door she turned and huffed dramatically, "You girls today... you're all so disgusting. You should be ashamed of yourself, you nasty little whore."

With that she glared at me and left. I figured the hell with it and fluffed my hair up enough to cover most of the mess and headed out where Larry was waiting for me in the hallway.

"What happened in there?" he asked, "Someone came out and you should have seen the expression on her face!"

I just took Larry by the arm and headed out of the theater. When we got to the car I explained to him what had happened and used the vanity mirror to work on my hair again.

"Sorry, didn't mean to cause you so much trouble."

"Well... you COULD have just cum in my mouth," I said, trying to sound exasperated. Larry just laughed, seeing right through me.

"OK, so next time a girl blows me in the movie theater, I'll be sure to aim for her mouth."

We both laughed at that and he drove off. When he dropped me off, I debated for a moment whether or not I just be a little more forward and suggest going to his place but it WAS just our first date so I guess a LITTLE bit of proprietary was in order. I mean, we hadn't even kissed yet so I guess fucking could be perceived as being a bit ahead of things. After all, I didn't want him to think I was THAT kind of girl!

# (Nov 05) Chapter 102: Football Party

Story codes: MF group oral exhib
Me (20)
Larry (26)
Bill (26)
Gary (30)

A little over a week ago I met Larry and we hit it off. I thought he was just a regular handsome black guy but it turns out he had a kinky side as well, especially when it came to being loyal to his friends.

## 1. School and Larry

Going to a religious school has its benefits. The faculty treats you like a person, not a number. The general atmosphere is pleasant and focused on my Christian faith and learning. Overall, I would have to say I have no regrets making the choice I did, especially when I compare my daily life with that of my cousin Kristen, who chose to attend a public school closer to home. Then again, she gets laid most every day and goes to all the parties she can handle while most of the time while I'm at school, my only source of sexual relief is my own two hands.

It's not like everyone here at my school is a virgin, saving themselves for marriage. Everyone has the same needs and desires. The difference is we all had to pledge to follow a strict set of Lifestyle Guidelines that, among many other things, forbids any sexual conduct. As a result the peer pressure is incredible and more than one girl has been expelled since I've been here when she was turned in for violating the rules.

As a result, I have shied away from any "personal" relationships and stuck mostly with group dates and school-sponsored activities. For someone accustomed to sex like I am, now and then the "hunger" can get overwhelming and finally it's like a dam bursting. It's happened to me a few times and during such times I've probably gone a bit overboard - working an escort, stripping at bachelor parties, etc. which relieved the pressures inside of me but almost always caused me to at least question my actions later.

Frankly, if the school officials would just recognize that sex is a normal activity between consenting people and allow us a bit of freedom, such lust and desire wouldn't build up to the point where I seem to forget what I'm doing and just lash out for anything to relieve me. So see - it's their fault, not mine!

My first year as a freshman would have been positively unbearable had I not been lucky enough to have a roomie who liked girls. In contrast, as a sophomore I actually had a virgin for a roomie who didn't even believe in masturbation! Back then I was still learning how to deal with not having all the sex I wanted, which led to some bizarre results.

Before you judge me, be real and try to understand my situation. If you start having sex at fourteen and then did it almost daily until you went to college, wouldn't you find it an adjustment to go cold turkey! It was the second semester of my sophomore year that I really went crazy, to the point I actually signed up for an escort service. Fortunately I quit early on before I was seriously hurt.

Now that I'm in my junior year of college, I feel I've matured a lot since I first started here as a lowly freshman. One of the major areas where I've changed has been how to deal with a lack of sex. Of course I still crave it as much, if not more, than I ever have. The point is, I'm not a teenager anymore and I can control myself better, at least I like to think so. There ARE still times, though, when my thoughts wander and naughty ideas come to mind.

A week ago I was shopping for some snacks and such at the local Kroger. To make a long story short, I needed some help and a helpful guy assisted me and later we went to lunch. That led to a date where I sucked him off in the theater but drew the line at letting him fuck me. After all, it WAS out first date!

Larry was calling me the very next date and this time we didn't bother with the pretense of dinner and a movie or anything like that. We went straight to his apartment and I all but threw myself at him I was so horny. Since then we've been seeing each other every day. I like to think of him now as my boyfriend but I suppose some people might say we are just fuck-buddies. Does it really matter?

Oh... did I mention Larry was black?

## 2. Making Larry an Offer

Saturday night I was over at his apartment again. We had just finished another round of incredible sex and I had thrown on one of his shirts from his closet, just like I would have done had I been home with my dad. Of course, Larry didn't know anything at all about my home life - at least not about the incest part of it. It would have been interesting to get his response had I told him but I had been taught long ago to NEVER share that piece of information with ANYONE outside our family.

I was in the kitchen, looking through the refrigerator for something to snack on. As I leaned over, my ass poked out and even though it was covered by the tails of his shirt, it must have presented a tempting target as he smacked me on the butt with the flat palm of his hand. It didn't really hurt but it DID make a loud slapping sound.

"Hey! What was THAT for?" I teased him, turning around to face him and pretending to pout.

"Well, you've been a naughty girl and deserve a spanking."

I snuggled up to him and put my arms around him. He was still naked and I could feel his cock pressing up against my stomach. Even though he wasn't hard, I could still feel it against me and immediately thoughts of having it back in me came to mind. God I loved being fucked by Larry!

Larry kissed me on the forehead and patted me lightly on the bottom. One of the interesting aspects of our "relationship" was that while we had fucked and sucked, so far we had never kissed, at least not a REAL kiss. Maybe neither of us wanted to be that close or intimate, just happy with the fun we were having. Oh well, I wasn't complaining!

"Well... I guess I can forgive you... but you have to do something for me."

I wiggled up against him, making his cock rub against me. "Hmmmmmm, as long as it involves your cock and my pussy... anything you want."

"Well, it sort of does."

Larry explained to me that he was having a couple of friends over the next day to watch the football games on TV. Long story short, he wanted to know if I would "entertain" his friends.

"I see," I said slowly, "and by 'entertain', does that mean what I think it does?"

Larry chuckled and reached his hand under my shirt and cupped my pussy. I was still a bit sensitive from the fucking he had just given it and his cum was still draining from me. "Yeah, like you're going to tell me you wouldn't want to do it," he laughed at me, "Give me a break Kellygirl, you're the nastiest slut I've ever known."

I grinned up at him with that remark. It WAS a compliment when you thought about it.

"Well, if I'm such a nasty slut, then why aren't you fucking me right here and now?"

Larry didn't say a word but literally ripped his shirt off of me, leaving me naked in the middle of his kitchen. I smiled at him as I knew what we would be doing for the next hour or more!

## 3. Thinking About Larry

Later that night when I returned to my room, I took a shower and washed my pussy. A sense of satisfaction I hadn't felt in months came over me as I cupped my pussy in my hands and dreamed of all the times Larry had fucked me in the past few hours. The guy was like a machine! Even though he was 28, he still had the stamina of a horse!

Lying in bed, I played with myself gently as I imagined how it was going to be with his friends the next day. Larry had warned me that they knew nothing about me and that I would be a surprise for them when I showed up. He claimed they would be turned on by everything but I had to admit to being a little bit concerned. I had been in situations similar to this before only to find out that it is one thing to boast about your supposed sexual exploits with your drinking buddies but it can be something entirely different when it comes to putting your cock where your mouth is, if you know what I mean.

Sunday morning means Sunday School and church so I was up early to get ready. Looking back now, I have absolutely no idea what was preached as all I could think about in the service was what was going to happen in the afternoon. More than once I caught myself as my hand instinctively dropped to my lap and I all but started to masturbate right there in the pews. Now THAT would have livened up the service! During the part where people offered praises and concerns, a naughty thought came to mind and I imagined standing up and offering a praise for my boyfriend's black dick that had fucked me at least a dozen time in the past week!

For some of the people in this rural Midwestern community, I think it would have been more outrageous that I was dating and fucking a black guy more than anything. Prejudice here runs high and it can be seen even when it's not heard. All you had to do was count the number of black families that attended our church to get a quick feeling for people's attitudes. Larry was the first black guy I'd been serious with and it sort of thrilled me in a voyeuristic way to see people stare at us and whisper to one another when we would go out together in public and hold hands or hug.

It wasn't that I had anything against dating black men, this was just the first time the opportunity had come about for me. Personally, I don't get what the big deal was. Well yes, Larry DID have a nice cock but then it wasn't any different from many others I've had (OK, there IS the skin color but who cares when it's inside of you?) When I sucked his dick it responded no differently than any other cock and when he fucked me and came in me, I loved it just as much as any other time. Maybe he got off screwing a white chick but he never made any such mention of that to me.

## 4. Larry and His Friends Fuck Me

Since I knew now where Larry lived, I just drove myself over once I had changed clothes after church. There more cars than usual on the street so I guess his friends were already there. Larry met me at the door and gave me the once over. I stood there with my coat open as he took in my short skirt and camisole that I was wearing underneath. My bare legs were helped by the four inch heels I was wearing and my boobs were clearly outlined under my cami as I wasn't wearing anything else underneath. As for what was under my skirt, he would just have to find out for himself!

"See something you like?" I teased him.

"Damn, looking good bitch!" Larry said as he opened the door for me to enter.

He took my coat like a gentleman and hung it in the closet. I stood there wondering what was coming next. Usually this was where we both just stripped and went at it – neither of us was much into foreplay the past week. I could hear the game on the TV in the living room and the sounds of other people as well so obviously somebody else was here.

"C'mon in and meet the guys," Larry said, pulling me by the hand.

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised but it still caught me off-guard to see that one of the guys sitting on the couch was also black. I don't know why I wasn't expected one or both of them to be black, maybe it was that Larry didn't act "black" when he as around me. No funky language or other actions like you see on TV all the time. If I had been blind, I would have thought he was just another guy on campus.

"Hey guys, meet my new girlfriend, Kelly," Larry said.

Then he introduced me to Bill and Gary. Bill was the younger and later I found that he was twenty six while Gary was already thirty. Bill had a darker complexion than Larry whereas Gary was 100% Caucasian, to the point he looked pale. Both were single and were from the Columbus area. Now I knew what it felt like to be a prize heifer at the fair from the way Larry was showing me off. The guys were commenting on me as if I wasn't even there, remarking about my boobs and legs especially. Inevitably, one of them looked at my ass.

"Damn Larry, nice booty too... for a white chick!"

I pretended to be embarrassed by the attention but in reality I was loving it. What girl doesn't like to hear three guys talking about nothing but her, even if it WAS to comment just on her looks? Of course, so far they had no idea what Larry had in mind. I could only imagine what they would be saying if they knew THAT!

The three of them went off on some discussion about the game in progress, ignoring me for the moment. I took the time to have a seat and size up the guys. Given I had a feeling there was pretty good chance I would be fucked by them before the day was over, it seemed appropriate.

Bill was rather short with longer hair but he was in decent shape and seemed to be well educated, just from the way he spoke. Gary, on the other hand, was at least six feet tall and must have weighed about 300 pounds. Let's just say he was a big boy. His head was shaved and unfortunately, he was one of those guys with the lumpy skulls who could have used a little hair to even things out. Both of them were wearing baggy jeans and sweatshirts. Unlike Larry, who generally wore nice dress shoes, they had on sneakers which looked like they must have cost a bundle. All in all, I would say of the three of them, I had the best in Larry by far!

"Hey bitch, grab me a beer, would ya?" Larry called over to me from where he was still debating some player with the guys.

I just shrugged and walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle from the refrigerator (it had a LOT more than it did yesterday!) and brought it back to him. Handing it to him, he thanked me and then Gary started to laugh and poked Larry.

"Hey bro, you've got your slut trained pretty good!"

I huffed a bit and crossed my arms, looking at Larry to say something. When he finally did, it certainly wasn't what I was expecting!

"What can I say? Shit, this ho will do anything for hard black cock."

My eyes opened wide and my mouth must have dropped wide open as I stared at him. What happened to the nice guy who was such a gentleman to me, at least when he wasn't fucking my brains out? Bill and Gary hooted and high-fived Larry who seemed quite pleased with himself.

"I beg your pardon? What did you call me... a ho?"

Larry winked at the other guys, clearly enjoying himself.

"C'mon bitch, you know you want it. Show my guys what you got."

There are those days when things don't go as you planned and you have to make a decision - give it up or adapt. Although I had assumed Larry was expecting me to put out for his friends, I had thought it would be something that would develop over the course of the afternoon, maybe a little teasing at first and pretending to be hard to get. At no time had I imagined things would start right out with Larry all but demanding that I whore myself for him and his friends!

Well, either I said the hell with it and went home, and probably never see Larry again (or his wonderful cock), or I play along and see where it went. If anything, it promised to be something unusual for me so maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Besides, as horny as I had gotten myself all morning, if I DIDN'T get laid this afternoon... well, I didn't know what the hell I was going to do. In the end, more than anything else it was the intense craving in my pussy that drove my decision. I needed to be fucked and it didn't really matter all that much to me what I had to do to get it.

I put my hands on my hips and stared at Larry's crotch.

"Well, what if I DO?" I asked seductively, "Whatcha got for me?"

They were all getting worked up now and his friends were urging him to "pull it out". Larry laid back against the couch, and then he unzipped his pants.

"Why don't you find out for yourself bitch."

"Mmmmmmm..." I groaned as I leaned over to reach into his pants. My skirt was pretty short to start and leaning over while keeping my legs straight caused it to ride up to where they got their first look at my bottom. I was wearing a white thong which rode up into my ass crack and barely covered my pussy but it was still there, trying in vain to hide anything under my skirt.

"Yep, like I said, damn fine ass!" Gary announced.

In the meantime I was reaching into Larry's jeans. They were plenty loose and he wasn't wearing any underwear for once so it was easy to grab hold of his dick and pull it out through his zipper opening. It was still pretty soft but hard enough not to just flop over.

"Mmmmmmm, love your cock," I purred like a naughty kitten as I stroked it slowly in my hand.

"Yeah, she wants it," Bill crowed, "Look at that ho, she wants to suck that black dick."

Well, he WAS right about one thing; I DID want to suck Larry's cock. I kneeled down between his legs, not bothering to pull my skirt back down but instead letting it ride up to keep my all but bare ass in view. I took Larry's cock I my mouth and started a pretty much standard BJ on him, just bobbing up and down slowly on his cock. I didn't have to look over to know the guys were staring at me. God I loved to be watched! If there was one thing that turned me on more than sucking cock, it was being WATCHED while I sucked cock.

"That's it, suck it harder," Larry groaned as I went to work on him.

It certainly didn't bother him to have his friends watch his dick being sucked. Somehow I had a feeling I wasn't the first "ho" for them. It didn't matter, I knew I was going to be the one they remembered in the future!

"Damn, look at her playing with herself!" Bill said to the others.

Indeed, I had my free hand between my legs and had pushed my thing to the side so I could get to my bare pussy. I had my middle finger deep I my already soaking wet cunt and used the palm of my hand to rub my pussy as I fucked myself with my finger.

Looking at them out of the corner of my eye, I lifted my head off of Larry long enough to turn to the others and grin.

"Well, if nobody else is going to take care of my cunt, then I guess I have to!"

The three of them laughed and teased each other. Bill, however, seemed to be the lonely one to really listen to what I had said. I saw him getting up and loosening his belt and undoing his jeans.

"Sounds to me like Larry's bitch needs to be fucked by another big black cock!"

"Oh yeah, so what are you getting up for?" Gary teased him.

Bill just ignored him and I could feel him fumbling around behind me and then there was the unmistakable feeling of his hard dick pressing between my ass cheeks. I wiggle my ass against him, tempting him to fuck me. My pussy was screaming out for his dick. Well, it would have been happy with any dick about then for all I cared. Really, the only thing I wanted at that moment was to feel his cock inside of me!

"Fuck her!" Gary encouraged Bill, as if any of that were needed.

For Bill, it was just a matter of getting into place, pulling my thong down to my knees and spreading my ass apart with his hands to expose my wet cunt. I had no idea of how big his cock really was as he had pulled it out after he was behind me. Well, I was about to find out!

"OHHH!" I cried out as best I could with Larry's dick in my mouth.

Bill had shoved his cock into me without much more warning and my pussy was already responding. The thick head split me open and it was followed by the shaft of his dick as it disappeared into my pussy like a snake going down a hole. It was all I could do to concentrate on Larry's cock as Bill began to stroke his dick in and out of my pussy.

"Fuck, she's damn tight!" Bill exclaimed, "Damn Larry, you need to fuck this bitch more - she's had too many white-boy dicks!"

Judging from the feel of him in me, and you could say I've had my share of cocks to compare him with, Bill wasn't anything extraordinarily large but he was more than adequate. I wiggled my butt against his crotch as he thrust himself as deep into my pussy as he could. As he held himself in me, I squeezed down with him using my pussy. Bill groaned as his dick must have felt it was being held in a fleshy vise.

"Oh fuck, you're going to flatten my cock!" he protested! "God damn, that's one hell of a pussy!"

I released him and then pumped his dick using my pussy, pressing down on him and releasing him like my pussy was milking his dick. It was like I was in a haze. Even in my wildest imagination I hadn't thought things would progress so fast. God, I hadn't been here ten minutes and already I was sucking my boyfriend's cock while one of his friends was fucking me from behind. Everything was becoming a blur as Larry took my head in his hands and started to pump me up and down on his cock.

"Watch this dudes, she can take it all!" Larry boasted.

Well, it was a good thing I could because one way or another, it was going to happen. Larry's hands grabbed my head firmly and literally shoved me down on his cock, like he was thrusting a melon down on a spike. I felt his dick force its way into my throat and for a horrible fraction of a second, I thought I was going to puke!

Normally I get a chance to prepare myself and relax my throat to help it take in a guy's cock. If anything, this was just the opposite - relaxed the last thing my throat was! It didn't matter as with the force he pushed down on me I couldn't have resisted even if I wanted to and now my face was pressed against his musky crotch. With Bill still slamming into me from behind, I felt myself rocking on his dick, my nose rubbing up against his smelly pubic hair.

Fortunately he had enough sense to let me back up for air. Gary was grunting and making weird noises as he cheered on his friends. Finally he must have reached the point where he couldn't just sit by and watch as he undid his pants and pulled them down to his ankles. Well, so much for the concept that BLACK cocks were the biggest. My God, Gary the white guy had a huge dick - and it was hard as a rock! My eyes widened as I watched him grab his thick shaft at the base and even with a hand as large as his, it still didn't conceal even half of that monster. I was guessing maybe nine or ten inches, one of the bigger ones I have ever seen outside one of my dad's porn movies. I wondered if my hand would even fit around it!

"Alright Larry, let's see if your little ho can take THIS dick!" Gary boasted. Of the four of us, the one who was the most concerned was ME. I've had a couple of big dicks in my life, but not in quite a while had I seen one like this.

I lifted my head off of Larry's dick but Bill didn't seem as willing to quit. Being on my knees, I didn't have a lot of leverage to do much about it either.

"Fuck off Bill!" Gary yelled, "Let me have her for a while."

Well, you don't argue with a guy the size of Gary, that's for sure! Bill pulled out of me leaving me kneeling on the floor, not quite sure if I was ready for what was about to come. Standing up, I let my thing drop to the floor and I gingerly stepped out of them, keeping my heels on. I still had my cami on, apparently none of these guys were big tit fans, and lifted my skirt to reveal my bare pussy, all wet and puffy now from having just been fucked by Bill.

"Get over here," Gary growled, reaching out for me.

I looked at Larry with sort of a plea in my eyes as if to say, "do I have to?". He just shrugged his shoulders and stroked his cock in front of me, apparently just as interested in seeing me take Gary's cock as the others were. I moved over and stood between Gary's legs and reached out to grab his dick. My god, my hand barely went around it! It throbbed like there was a beating heart in it (well, I guess in a way there was) and it felt hot, almost like it was burning up.

"Wow, now THIS is what I call a dick," I whispered hoarsely but loud enough for them all to hear me.

"Think you can take it?" Gary said with a grin, "Don't be afraid to say no, most girls can't."

"Damn it," Bill gushed, "her pussy's so damn tight I don't think she can."

I gave Bill a nasty look and then I grinned maliciously at him. "Oh, and what would you be willing to be that I can?"

Bill just laughed and then he said, "I'll let you suck my dick if you can."

I just rolled my eyes and shook my head over that one, as if it was the stupidest thing I'd heard - which it was. I hiked up my skirt and then huffed and said the hell with it to myself. Reaching to the side, I unzipped it and let it fall to the floor and kicked it over to where my thing was laying. Now I was left with my cami and heels, a combination which seemed to please Gary just fine! Climbing up on the couch, I straddled his lap and stood up as high as I could on my knees. Even then my pussy barely cleared his erect dick!

"You ready?" I asked Gary with a nasty grin.

"Born ready bitch," he growled in response, "Let's see what you can do."

With a deep breath I grabbed him by the shoulder with one hand to steady myself as I held onto his huge dick with the other. It was probably unnecessary to guide him in. He was as stiff as a flagpole and it certainly wasn't hard to miss! Usually once I've been fucked the first time, the next time the guy's cock would just slide right into me. Well, that wasn't going to be the case tonight, that was for sure. As soon as Gary's cock head started to penetrate my wet cunt, I knew I was in trouble.

"Oh shit," I couldn't help but blurt out as I started to spread apart for him. It was like I was having a baby - except this one was trying to get back in!

"You can do it Kelly," Larry encouraged me.

I looked at him and raised my eyebrows as for the first time I began to wonder if I really could. God, I had never felt anything stretch me apart this far before!

"Ohhhhhhhhh!!" I moaned loudly as I lowered myself another fraction of an inch down onto him.

There was no faking this time, I was REALLY moaning and it wasn't like it was from the pleasure either. God, it was like being fucked for the first time only more so. For a moment I lifted myself back off of him but before he could say anything I dropped back down again for another go at it. If I could only get the head in me, the rest would be easy - relatively.

"Ughhhhh!!!" I groaned as I circled my hips around his fat dick, trying to literally screw his fat cock into me.

Finally, I decided it was like taking off a Band-Aid; the longer you stretched it out, the worst it felt. With a look of determination, I held onto both of his shoulders and gave my hips a quick downward thrust. A piercing pain shot through me and I thought I was going to cry when suddenly it was in me; his big fat cock head was finally in me! Instantly the pain disappeared and was replaced by this incredible sensation of pleasure, unlike anything I had ever quite experienced before. Never had my pussy held a cock head as big as this before and it was creating the most unusual feelings in me as I felt my pelvis stretch apart as if my legs were going to split apart.

"Damn, she's doing it!" Gary announced gleefully to the others, "The little bitch actually has it in her!"

I felt a surge of pride at being able to take him and I allowed more of him to enter me as I slowly slipped down until my ass met the base of his shaft. His dick was so far up in me it was pressing against my cervix, like he was up in my stomach almost. Never had my cunt felt this full of cock before!

"Ride it baby," Gary said in a husky voice. I couldn't help but notice it was the first time had hadn't referred to me as a bitch or whore or something like that.

Once he was in me, I wasn't about to let him out and do THAT all over again. Riding his cock was a unique experience indeed. Normally when I bounce on a guy's dick I have to be careful not to rise up to far or he flops out of my cunt - something that tends to ruin the moment. With Gary, he was so big that even when I got up on my knees he was still a little bit inside of me. Without making a concerted effort, he wasn't about to pop out no matter how hard I rode him!

Bill wanted to get back into the game and he moved in behind me. I had a bad feeling about what he had planned and Larry musty have realized the same thing I did.

"She doesn't take it in the ass," Larry warned Bill.

I was pleased that finally Larry was sticking up for me. Bill didn't seem too happy about it but he listened to Larry and backed off.

Riding Gary, I was happy to be on top where at least I could control the tempo and penetration. God, I couldn't even imagine if he as screwing me from behind or on top of me! As it was, I was enjoying his big dick more with each passing moment. How many times have I chastised guys for worrying about cock size, telling them not to sweat it as it really didn't matter. Well, 99% of the time that was true, size didn't matter. It was only when you went to the extremes, either a really small cock or a really large one, that I noticed anything significant. Well, Gary was certainly at one end of that extreme range! I had to say, when you have a dick the size of his in you, size DOES make a difference.

I wasn't going to get off of him until he came. The last thing I wanted was for him to want more and come to me looking to suck this monster dick. There was no way it was going down my throat and even taking a cock that size in your mouth was an adventure. Nope, Gary was going to have to cum inside of me before I relinquished his fabulous dick.

Gary's hand cupped my ass, one cheek in each hand and he helped me to get the right rhythm to make him cum. I looked down between my legs and it made my heart skip a beat to see this monster dick disappearing and then reappearing from my cunt. It was almost surreal as it didn't seem possible such a dick could fit into me. If it hadn't been for the feeling of fullness inside of me I might have thought I was seeing things instead.

"Fuck me Gary... cum in me."

"Yeah! Listen to her, she wants it Gary!" Bill cheered his friend on.

I looked over to see Larry was still stroking himself, watching his new girlfriend getting fucked by his friend's giant cock. Larry wasn't packing exactly a miniature model between his but he had to feel a little inadequate. I mean, what guy wouldn't when comparing himself to Gary's monster dick? I smiled at him as best I could under the circumstances. As good as it felt, I was a long way from an orgasm and right now, I just wanted Gary to cum in me and get it over with.

Faster and faster I pounded his dick as my pussy became more accustomed to the huge creature that was invading it. The whole couch was creaking as I rode him like a bucking bronco, pounding myself down into his lap when I took him in.

"C'mon, cum inside of me," I begged him between the moans that seemed to be streaming from my mouth nonstop. "I want to feel your cum deep inside my pussy."

He was getting close based on the way his eyes were starting to roll back into his head and the conversation came to a standstill. We were both concentrating on one thing - his dick inside of me. Finally he groaned and started to pant and then his hands pulled down on my waist, driving himself as deeply inside of me as he could.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned even louder as I felt his first load erupt DEEP inside of me.

God, it was so high inside of me, more so than anything I had ever felt before. He must have been spilling a river of cum into me from the way the intensity of the heat bloom in me would explode and then linger on for what seemed forever.

Over and over streams of sperm erupted from his cock's head just to emerge inside of my hungry pussy. Damn, how much cum did he have? I don't know exactly how many times he erupted but it had to be at least ten I would say. God, I could just imagine the mess my pussy was at the moment!

Finally he moaned softly and it was like he collapsed but with me still mounted on top of him. He was breathing so heavily and his face was so red that with his weight I started to wonder if the poor guy was going to have a heart attack or a stroke. Fortunately he survived (imagine the headlines in the local news if he hadn't!) and eventually I slipped off his dick.

Even with it being only half erect, it still felt like I was pulling a long sausage out of me! It flopped down against his lower stomach and I hovered over it. I concentrated and squeezed down on my pussy, forcing his huge load of sperm to emerge from my pussy and drip down onto his cock. Then I lowered myself back down again and slide my pussy up and down the length of his dick, which even now was longer the average guy when hard. I felt his shaft rub up against my clit and the slippery mixture of cum over his cock made it glide easily under me and between my pussy lips.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels soooooo good," I moaned gently as I closed my eyes.

It wasn't like looking at Gary was a big turn-on. A big beer belly and floppy man tits did away with any hope of that. Yet with my eyes shut and concentrating on the feel of his cock sliding up and down along my pussy, it was actually not a bad experience at all. My pussy felt like it had been thoroughly fucked, I could definitely say that, but that didn't seem to matter to the other two guys.

"Alright, alright, that's enough of that," Bill growled, "My turn again."

Oh well, it wasn't like he was going to stretch me out any further or anything so what the hell? A girl can NEVER get enough cock. I put my weight on my left knee and essentially flipped over so I was sitting on the couch next to Gary. Well, if he wanted a whore then a whore he would get! I laid back and raised my legs straight up in the air, heels and all. Slowly I spread them apart, revealing my cum drenched pussy to him.

"Wanna eat my pussy?"

"Hell no!" Bill sneered, "No way I'm eating cum."

Well he may not have wanted to taste another guy/s cum but he certainly didn't seem to have an aversion to putting his dick in it. Grabbing my ankles, he lifted me up until my ass was off the couch and my pussy was level with his dick. I had to keep my arms to my side with my hands on the couch to keep my balance as he thrust his dick into me again.

After being fucked by Gary, I think a horse could have fucked me without causing me any pain so Gary's little cock was a piece of cake. Apparently, he didn't mind that I was a little looser than before as he started to pump himself in and out of me.

"Oh yea, now THIS is what I call having fun," Bill cried out as he thrust his hips into me to drive his cock even deeper.

The fact he wasn't half as big as Gary didn't make as much of a difference as people might image. Sure, the feeling of being literally stuffed with cock wasn't there, but my pussy still gripped onto his dick and he was still able to stimulate me where I needed it most. Hell, a guy with a one inch cock could have done it. Most of the pleasure a girl feels is in the first inch or so of her pussy and so long as he can get in that far, it works out fine for me. The longer the cock, the longer the stroke and the more it stimulate me. Think of it as a bow on a violin. Sure, a short bow can create the note but the long bow lets it glide over the string longer, producing a more powerful tone.

Bill had been stroking himself the while time Gary was fucking me. Together with the time had been fucking me before, it wasn't like we were starting from scratch. In any case, Bill did not impress me as the kind of guy that cared about the girl anyway; he as just in it for his own pleasure and the hell with the girl. That was obvious when less than five minutes after he started fucking me, the guy was already shooting his load.

"Yeah bitch, take some REAL cum in that cunt now," he gasped as he unloaded himself in me. "Time for the good stuff - once you've had black there's no going back!"

Well, to be honest it didn't make a hill of beans to me WHAT color his cock was, the sperm all looked the same to me and it made my pussy feel just the same as well. I wasn't exactly impressed by his "real" cum. A few shots and he was through. Big deal!

No sooner had he finished than he pulled out and dropped my legs to the floor unceremoniously. Yep, I had him pegged, I felt sorry for whatever girlfriend he might have someday. I had a bad feeling he was going to be in the newspapers someday for being an abusive husband.

## 5. Halftime With Larry

Wow, what a wild afternoon it had turned out to be and it was still the first half of the ballgame! Frankly, I was exhausted and Larry still hadn't fucked me. If he pushed it I am sure I would have found the strength to let him do me but in a real show of class, he came over and took me by the hand and helped me to my feet.

"Hey babe, you look like you could use a few minutes," he whispered to me in my ear.

I smiled gratefully up at him and headed off to the restroom. My cami was damp with sweat so I pulled it off and hung it over the shower head to dry. Lord knows where my skirt and panties had gone to. My feet were killing me so I unbuckled my heels and I slipped them off as well. Someone knocked and I knew it had to be Larry. God knows, his friends weren't the type to knock!

"Here," he said as he reached in with a shirt of his in his hand, "I thought you might want to wear this."

My heart swelled at the sweet gesture. Frankly, although Larry had treated me courteously and as a lady since the first time we met, this was the moist intimate thing he had ever done for me. I pulled his hand so he would come in and then closed the door behind him. Without a word I reached up and kissed him on the mouth, reaching up and putting my arms around his neck.

I saw his eyes widen at the unexpected move on my part but he didn't pull away. We shared our first kiss then, just the two of us in the bathroom. I felt so close to him at that moment, even though my pussy was still throbbing from the fucking his friends had given to me.

The longer we kissed the more I never wanted it to stop. His arms around me felt so secure and in a way, I felt like I hadn't felt since the last time my dad had held me and kissed me. My body cried out for him and all I wanted at that moment was to let him fuck me. Not the way his friends had, where I may as well have been a latex doll. No, I wanted him to treat me like a lady and fuck me like he cared for me.

"Fuck me Larry," I whispered to me, finally breaking our embrace. "I want you to fuck me good."

Larry took a deep breath and sighed. He nodded towards the living room and rolled his eyes and I knew what he was trying to say. So long as Gary and Bill were here, we needed to get out there with them. I had a feeling his intention was to finish off the game and then when they left, fuck my brains out. Me, on the other hand... well I had other ideas which he was soon to find out about.

I didn't bother buttoning the shirt, it wasn't like I was trying to hide anything from the guys. It DID feel more comfortable to have it on though. Just something about having a LITTLE protection made me feel better than being nude. Even at home I rarely ran around the house nude. I would wear at least a T-shirt or one of my dad's shirts if nothing else.

# 6. The Second Half

When we got back to the living room the two guys looked at me and smiled, apparently quite satisfied with themselves. I could only imagine how much better their fucking got the more they told the story to their friends later! Most likely I would be cumming over and over and begging them for their dicks. Oh well, it didn't matter to me, they could have their fantasies.

Larry took a spot at the end of the other couch and I laid down the length of it with my head in his lap. He had changed into a pair of sweats somewhere along the line and as I laid there I let my hand rest on his crotch over his dick. It was just TOO tempting to leave completely alone. Apparently, he liked it because I could feel him swelling up against the soft cloth of his pants. One thing I liked about these sweats was that unlike many pair, these had a crotch opening. Someone must have been thinking ahead!

After I had been gently caressing his dick through his sweats, he seemed hard enough that a next step was appropriate so I reached inside of his pants and down until I had his dick in my hand. At first I just held it, like it was some sort of security blanket or something. We watched the game and Larry was joking and debating the plays with Gary and Bill as if nothing was happening in his crotch. Well, from the stiffness of his dick, he knew full well what was happening!

Reaching through the opening in his sweats, I tugged on his cock until it was clear and then moved my head over until his dick was touching my face. At first I just let it rest against my cheek, moving it slightly around the softness of my face with my hand. God I loved the way his smooth head felt as it caressed my sensitive skin.

Another time or place I might have just remained like this for the rest of the afternoon. There's something comforting about having your head in a man's lap while he caresses your body with his hands and runs his fingers through your hair. Holding his cock and feeling it against your face just lent an extra element of intimacy.

Today, however, was definitely NOT one of those days. My pussy was still pulsing and wet from the fucking the other guys had given me and looking across the room, I saw they were still keeping an eye on us even though the game seemed to draw most of their attention.

Not only was I considering putting on a better show for his friends, Larry's patience seemed to be dwindling as well. His hand reached down and covered mine, directing his dick to my mouth. It didn't take much to figure out what he wanted, that's for sure! I have never met a guy who did not like having his cock sucked but Larry LOVED it even more intensely than the norm. I think I could hold his cock in my mouth all day and he wouldn't get enough of it. Sometimes I had to wonder if he liked it more than fucking me!

This time I started out slow, just teasing the tip of his dick with my tongue as I kept my head down on his lap. My lips gently caressed the head of his dick, just touching it as softly as I could, like I was kissing someone more so than giving a BJ. Holding the head in my mouth, I moved my hand down under his crotch and held his hairy balls in my hand. Frankly, a guy's balls didn't do all that much for me but I knew most guys liked them to be played with - gently that is! I moved them in my hands like I was shuffling poker chips, rolling them slowly between my fingers and running my fingers through his pubic hair that surrounded them.

"Suck it Kelly," he whispered to me, barely audible over the TV noise.

I smiled as I knew that his patience had indeed been pushed to the limit. Mmmmmmm, he wanted me to suck his cock and at this very moment, there was nothing more in the world that I wanted to do. Between the feel of the firm hardness of his head that was barely in my mouth, the feel of his balls in my hand, and the thick musky odor of his crotch that reeked of sex, I couldn't wait to give him what he wanted - a Kelly BJ. The fact his friends were seeing him getting such a great BJ didn't hurt the ego either!

"C'mon, suck my dick!" he whispered a little more urgently as he broke me from my reverie.

Don't think too badly of me for saying this, but I love it when a guy begs me to suck his cock, when he is so horny and driven by lust that he will do literally anything just for me to take him in my mouth. God, the things guys have done just to get a BJ from me!

As slowly as I could, I turned my head downwards which caused his dick to move further and further into my mouth. Finally I was facing directly down to his crotch and his dick was against the back of my throat. At first I just stayed in that position, my tongue running over his shaft inside of my mouth while my lips sucked slowly on the bottom portion of his hard shaft. It was sort of like having a popsicle in your mouth, sucking on it to keep it from dripping out of your mouth. The difference was that THIS popsicle was warm and smooth, with a bushy base of curly pubic hair, and best of all, was attached to Larry's crotch.

"Damn, that feels so fucking good," Larry moaned, as much to himself, I think, as to me.

It was a little hard to breath in this position so I let about half his dick out of my mouth and then just laid there, sucking on his cock like a baby on a mother's breast. I wasn't in any hurry so I just relaxed and enjoyed the feel of his stiff dick in my mouth. Now and then I would let it out completely and lick up and down the shaft, kissing it all over and then taking it back in my mouth again.

As much as Larry loved a good BJ, there were practical limits all guys seemed to have as to how long they can go without wanting to fuck the girl. Growing up on a date, this was where it got tricky sometimes because for me, there is a hell of a difference between merely sucking a penis and allowing that same dick to penetrate my pussy.

For me, blowjobs aren't any different than kissing a guy. Frankly, I've been out with more than a few guys who I preferred to bury my head between their legs than look them in the face and kiss them. If anything, kissing seemed more intimate to me than sucking a guy. Cocksucking was for fun and pleasure, kissing seemed to imply that there was something more personal between the two of you.

Fucking, though, was NOT something I allowed every guy to do to me, not by a long short. I have probably sucked off three times as many guys as I've fucked, and that is a conservative estimate. I mean, letting a guy put his dick in you and then cum inside of you IS a little personal, you know?

With Larry, it wasn't a problem as I wanted him to fuck me probably more than he did. Even though I had been going out with him for a week now, I still felt like I was in need of it after going so long without getting any. As much as I was enjoying the slow BJ, my pussy was craving another dick. If I could have talked to it, I would have asked how it could possibly want more after the abuse it had taken already this afternoon, but it was like talking to a deaf and mute person where all I had to go by were the signals it was giving me. Trust me, those signals were like flares shooting into the sky – there was no doubt what my naughty pussy was craving!

I sat up on the couch and snuggled up to Larry. His dick was still poking out from his sweats and I held it gently in my hand as I reached up to whisper in his ear.

"I want you to fuck me Larry... I want you to cum in me."

As much as the game seemed to be interesting, nobody had ever turned me down when I made that offer and Larry wasn't about to be the first. He held me and pushed me down on the couch until we were spooning. In the process he had dropped his sweats to the floor and I could feel his hard dick poking me in my lower back through the shirt I was still wearing.

His strong hand lifted my upper leg up in the air and he put his own leg between mine, positioning his cock at the opening to my pussy. The guys were watching us now, as even the game wasn't enough to draw their attention from seeing a white girl being fucked by a black man.

"Mmmmmmm, so you want me in you?" Larry murmured in my ear, shifting his weight to put just a little pressure behind his dick so it pushed just slightly against my wet pussy hole.

"Oh my god yes... fuck me."

Larry pushed a little harder; not enough to penetrate me but enough to tease me with the possibility.

"Put it in me Larry, I want it in me."

"Then beg for it, you little bitch."

"PLEASE Larry, just do it, stop teasing me... PLEASE fuck me NOW!"

It wasn't just a game for me by now. No, I really WAS begging him. Riding Gary's cock before wasn't like this. He had treated me like some whore, some plastic doll that was there just to get him off. Larry was being gentle with me, fucking me the way a guy should fuck his girlfriend. Even though he was teasing me terribly, I knew he meant well. He was a guy, after all, and guys loved to have a girl beg for it and I didn't mind doing it.

A quick thrust of his hips against my ass and his cock pushed open my pussy and I looked down to watch as head disappeared inside of me as simultaneously my pussy all but screamed out with delight. This was one of those moments I simply loved, the moment when I watched a man first violate me as I felt myself being split open and violated. Of course, after the other guys I wasn't exactly to virgin standards of tightness, but that didn't take away from the emotional high I got when I saw and felt a dick disappearing inside of me.

It was Larry's turn to reciprocate for the BJ I had given him. Rather than just humping me madly until he came, which was essentially what his friends had done, he slowly moved in and out of me, sometimes pausing for a as much as a minute or two when he was either totally in me or sometimes when his was just barely between my pussy lips. It was his cock's way of treating my pussy the way my mouth had earlier treated him.

Larry's arm wrapped around me and he pulled me in close to him, his hand caressing my boob through the shirt. Other than what I had done to myself, this was actually the first real attention my boobs had gotten today. As I noted earlier, these guys were definitely not tit men! Now and then I would feel his lips against my neck and his tongue would caress the side of my neck and ear.

At one point Larry just held himself in me and we just laid that way for the longest time. I closed my eyes and just concentrated on the feel of his pulsing dick inside of me. My pussy would involuntarily spasm now and then, gripping him tightly and then releasing him again.

After what seemed to be an hour, but was probably just a few minutes, I reached down and gently started to play with my clit while Larry just remained still inside of me. My entire body seemed to light up with a blaze of lust and passion as my clit sent out wave after wave of the most incredible sensations a girl can feel. Finally, it was time... time for me to cum and I rubbed myself faster to bring myself to a climax.

My body stiffened and my pussy gripped his dick tightly as my orgasm washed over me like a tsunami striking the beach. In this case the wave didn't bring destruction but instead a surge of lust ran through me as my pussy held onto the invader within it, as if it didn't want it to ever leave.

My mind tuned out everything around me - the TV, the other guys, even the sound of Larry's groans as his dick was squeezed tightly by my raging cunt. At that moment all that existed in my world was my pussy and his dick, coming together to drive me all but insane with pleasure. Later Larry would tell me I was moaning so loud the guys had to turn up the TV to hear the game but I wasn't sure I believed him - how could they pay attention to the game when a girl like me was having the most incredible orgasm right in front of them?

Gradually, at first so slowly as to not hardly even be noticed, my orgasm diminished until finally my pussy released his dick and the world returned to focus.

"Mmmmmmm, that's my baby," Larry whispered to me, "You really came hard, didn't you."

I couldn't even begin to speak at that moment but I looked back at him and grinned. My face must have been beet red as it felt incredibly hot and flushed. There was no hiding the fact I was feeling wonderful. Now all that remained was to get him off, to complete the pact between us, to allow him to mate me. I just laid there, letting him fuck me anyway he wanted.

Larry pumped his shaft in and out of me like a mechanical piston, faster and faster as he rose to his own orgasm. Finally I heard him groan and his cock swelled imperceptibly and I knew he had reached the point of no return. I loved it when a man was in this state, when I knew he was about to burst and flood me with his sperm and there was nothing in the world that could stop him. At this moment I had no control over the situation, no choice remained. He was going to cum in me now whether I wanted him to or not. Of course, there was no doubt in my mind as to what I wanted.

"Oh my god!" he groaned as he squeezed me with his arm around me as I felt him push up against my ass, driving himself in me.

His first load was released deep inside of me and I felt like it was in the pit of my stomach. Then he started to pull out until his head was all that remained in me. The rest of his cum was left just inside my pussy and I could even feel some of it dribble down my pussy and onto my leg and ass. He had quite a load for me and I loved every drop he gave me. When he had finished, he sat up and lifted my leg higher, as if to display his handiwork.

"What do you say guys, nice cream pie?"

So that was what he was doing - cumming at the entrance to my cunt so the sperm would dribble out and make a nice display for his friends to see. Sort of like showing off a prize buck to friends after a hunting trip. Well, it wasn't like they hadn't a piece of me earlier.

The game was ending by then and Gary and Bill got dressed although I think they both would have liked to fuck me again if they had been given a chance. Pardon me for saying so, but who could blame them!

As for me, I probably should have been heading back home. After all, I'd been fucked now by three guys in the past couple of hours, one of which had the most amazing big dick. For most girls, that would have been enough to call it a day. Well, this girl had gone months without getting laid and I was going to get all I could while I had the chance. Looking at the hard-on Larry still was sporting, I didn't think he would mind.

# (Nov 21) Chapter 103: First Time With My Junior Roomie

Story codes: F-solo FF oral
Me (20)
Jen - junior roomie (20)

Jen was my Junior year roomie and cute as a button. She had a boyfriend with whom she is definitely no prude but had never been with a girl. From the day we met I dreamed we could be closer but never actually dared to hope that our relationship would get as close as it did!

## 1. My College Roomies

It was the start of my third year of college and I was now a junior! Finally I was not going to be in a dorm but instead an apartment. No more RAs breathing down my neck to keep the room clean and police what I do all the time. It was an on-campus apartment which meant the rules were still pretty strict - no boys at ANY time for instance, but I was used to that.

In the past I had to wonder about what my one roomie would be like. Well, this year I had FIVE. The apartment had three bedrooms so I would only be sleeping with one and sharing a bathroom with four more. The bedrooms were all larger than my previous dorms rooms so I wasn't expecting any issues.

Although I was curious about all five of them, one in particular was on my mind - Jen. I had gotten her bio and introductory e-mail once the room assignments were made and we'd chatted a few times so I knew a bit about her. You never knew what a person was really like until you actually met them and the introduction letters were so sterile it was impossible to know how they would be when you actually met. Take my previous roomies for example...

My freshman year roomie was Brenda. Brenda lives in a nearby town about ten miles or so away. Her parents thought it would be a good idea for her to spend her freshman year on campus to help acclimate to college life. It worked out well for her even though she still went home most weekends. Sometimes she would let me come along which made for a nice getaway from the dorm room.

When I first left home for college I had a steady boyfriend with whom I had thought I would maintain a long-stance relationship and see whenever I got back. He went to a local college and we had been dating for a few months and I was starting to think maybe he even loved me.

Brenda took me home with her one weekend shortly after school started and we had fun taking pictures of me for my boyfriend. The photo session got pretty hot and eventually led to my first lesbian experience (OK, technically I have been having sex with my mom and her younger sister since I was sixteen but that is completely different from doing with a girl not related to me).

I was about to send them off to my boyfriend when an e-mail arrived from him telling me he was seeing another girl and just wanted us to be friends. Naturally I wrote the bastard back telling him what he could do with that proposal AND he certainly didn't get the pictures I had made up for him. I felt more hurt than I had ever been in my life. How could I have been so blind not to realize that he was just like all the other teenage boy that dated me just for sex?

Brenda was fantastic, though, and she helped me through those times, helping me forget my ex-boyfriend in a number of ways which including us sleeping together. We continued that for the rest of the school year and to this day I still consider her one of my closest friends. Unfortunately her parents weren't about to pay for another year in the dorms which meant I had a new roomie my sophomore year - Karen.

Karen was a multitude of conflicts. She was one of the sweetest girls you could ask for - and one of the most naturally sexy ones as well. On the one hand she was a confirmed virgin who was so up-tight about sex she wouldn't even masturbate, but on the other she had a figure I would have killed for and loved to dress in sexy clothes and skimpy bikinis. She was wonderful to be around and loved by everyone but was quite demanding as a roomie.

Things had to be Karen's way, though, which meant me sleeping with something on instead of nude as I have been since I was twelve. It was crazy in a way. People talk about their college years as the times they did wild things and here I was actually being less open about myself than I had ever been. Needless to say Karen never knew much about my sex life although I think she suspected I was not everything I portrayed myself as at school. She certainly never had a clue why I was so happy to spend a weekend at Brenda's! At the end of the year we parted as close friends but she transferred to a school closer to home so I never saw her again and we didn't stay in touch.

From what little I knew of my latest roomie, I expected Jen to be in between the two extremes I had experienced to date. She was smart and had skipped a year of grade school when she was younger so she would be a full year younger than me. She had also been a cheerleader in high school and I immediately had memories of the little bitches at my high school that made up the cheerleading squad. I certainly hoped she had put that behind her but she still seemed quite the perky one when we had talked on the phone.

From her pics she had sent me I could see that she was quite pretty and even if she had not told me she had been a cheerleader I would have guessed. She just had THAT look - little miss perky with the brilliant smile and glowing eyes that had every guy in school drooling over her. Hopefully that meant she wasn't the prude that Karen had been but I realized that being so lucky as I had been with Brenda would take a small miracle.

It was move-in day and for the first time I drove myself to school in my "new" car. I should say it was my first car as it was mom's old Avalon that she gave up to get her new BMW. It had over a hundred thousand miles on it but still ran well and was comfortable to drive. My gear was packed in the trunk and back seat so I pulled up on the curb outside the apartment. It was easy to find - right across the street practically from my old dorm.

I looked at the girls moving into the dorms and smiled to myself. I should have rightfully been out of there last year but there was room in the apartments for only about two-thirds of the sophomore class so a lottery was held and wouldn't you know it but I lost. Better late than never though and I started carrying my stuff in and in the process met my new roomies.

Jen hadn't arrived yet so I got to pick out which bed and closet I wanted. I had everything in and was chatting with my other roomies when Jen and her parents showed up. They had driven in from Wisconsin where they lived in some town by a lake so it had taken them longer to get here than I did. I greeted Jen and in the process did a quick assessment. She was actually shorter than even I was at barely 5'2" and couldn't have weighed more than 95 pounds. She was indeed the bouncy perky type but in a pleasant way. She had a great figure and a smile never seemed to leave her face.

Jen's parents were wonderful and I noticed that the first piece of personal stuff she put in the room was a picture of her boyfriend. Later after she had moved in and said goodbye to her parents we sat down and got to know one another. Over the course of the next few weeks we grew closer and told each other more personal things during which I learned more about Jen and her boyfriend.

First of all, Jen was at least no virgin. This was actually more than just a minor confession for any girl to make at our school where sex was outright forbidden and premarital sex considered all but a mortal sin. We were both relieved to find that the other was actively having sex at home although we were totally different in that regard.

Jen had not lost her virginity until the summer after her freshman year of college and since then had only had sex with a total of three boys, two of them only once. Her most recent boyfriend, Alex, was the first and only boy she had given a blowjob to.

Needless to say I didn't tell her I had had one-to-one sex with dozens of guys by then and a total more than 100 if you counted the faceless guys at various parties I had gone to. It was a bit funny in a way in that while I played down my sexual history it seemed she was trying to impress me with hers. Apparently once she found Mr. Right the barriers came down and they had been fucking like rabbits all summer. It should go without saying that she missed Alex - a lot, and it wasn't his glowing smile she was missing already!

## 2. Jen Misses Her Boyfriend

As the weeks went by I could tell Jen was missing Alex more and more as it seemed she was getting hornier with each passing day. This worked in my favor as gradually we opened up to each other more and more in terms of discussing sex. I love to sleep nude and I can still vividly remember the shock on Karen's face the first (and last as it turned out) time she saw me slip under the sheets with nothing on.

Jen's eyes widened a little bit the first night but she didn't say anything and in fact the next night I noticed that she was sleeping nude as well. I smiled at her as she dropped her robe, revealing her petite nude body before quickly covering herself under her blanket. Her face reddened as she held the covers up to her chin and told me that sleeping naked was something she always wanted to do but her parents would have had a fit! After that night we didn't say anything more about it but it was the last time either of us wore anything to bed.

I loved to chat with people on-line about sex at night and while I could never get Jen into it (none of my friends do either unfortunately) at least she didn't interfere with me. Although she knew I was chatting a lot she never really knew about what and certainly never knew that at times I was discussing my incestual relationships!

Sometimes she would get on the phone with her boyfriend as I was chatting and it was at those times when I could tell she was missing him a LOT, and in more ways than one judging by the way she squirmed when they talked. Sometimes she would get up and take her phone to the bathroom. I would just sigh, wishing she wouldn't feel she had to hide when she played with herself while she talked to Alex. I would have loved to have heard what she was saying to him as well!

The real breakthrough came after about a month or so of us being together. Although I tend to be a night owl, mornings have always been my peak sexual time. I seem to always wake up horny as hell, my pussy wet from whatever nasty dreams I must have been having. At home my dad stops by my room before he goes to work which helps me out but usually he doesn't have a lot of time and I still will often masturbate even after he has fucked me. At school I am left to take care of myself - literally.

At first I just fingered myself quietly under the covers, trying not to wake Jen. Apparently I wasn't totally successful because one morning when I thought she was sound asleep I must have been a little louder than I should have been when I came. Jen was on her side turned away from me but to my complete surprise I could tell from the way she was moving that she was doing herself!

When she had finished she turned over and we both looked at each other and then broke out into laughter. Apparently we were both horny in the morning and each of us had been trying not to let the other know. Well, from then on we didn't try to hide it when we played with ourselves and as we grew more comfortable with each other we got more open about it. It wasn't like we were putting on a show for the each other but at the same time we didn't hide it either.

For me it was almost like being home where masturbation was nothing to be ashamed of and I felt free to do whatever I wanted at any time. For Jen, though it was an entirely new experience. Her mother had always told her masturbation was something "bad girls" did and so she had always been shamed when she did it but at the same time couldn't stop herself no matter how hard she had tried. She had never masturbated, or even touched herself for that matter, in front of anyone, not even Alex and certainly never another girl.

I asked Jen if she hadn't done it together with any of her friends during a sleepover or anything like I had when I was in high school. Jen looked shocked when I asked as if she couldn't believe a bunch of girls would ever even consider doing anything like that. Well, I guess they raised them pretty conservative in mid-Wisconsin!

Although Jen had never been with a girl and so far had really showed no interest in it, I have to admit that during many of our masturbation sessions while she was dreaming of Alex I was imagining being closer to her. Once we started playing in front of each other in the morning she started being more open about her feelings when she had phone sex with Alex, something that seemed to get more frequent and naughty as time went by and she got hornier for him.

While she was fingering herself telling Alex how much she wanted him in her pussy I would be sitting in bed alone with my laptop, chatting with people on Yahoo! and fingering myself. I am sure she thought I did it because of the conversations I was having with my on-line friends but in reality I was imagining what it would be like to help her get herself off as she masturbated while she talked to Alex.

## 3. Getting Closer To Jen

For the next month or so we grew more and more comfortable with each other. At first we would wake up and masturbate under the covers, each knowing what the other was doing but not really showing anything. Over time we became less inhibited. First the covers dropped to reveal our boobs and slowly moved downward with each passing day until I could see her hand between her legs while she played with her pussy.

Finally one day I had my knees up and I let the covers slip over my knees to reveal my open pussy for her to see. She looked over and saw my hand in my pussy and at first she quickly looked away, as if having seen something she shouldn't have. Her curiosity and lust soon overcame her trepidations and she kept stealing glances back until finally she just watched. I spread my legs apart to make it easier for her to see and I was rewarded with the sight of her playing with herself even more vigorously than usual. It took a few days of this for her to follow suit but finally she allowed to see her entire nude body as she played with her clit and pussy.

I love watching other people masturbate - boys and girls, and it makes me even hotter to see them bring themselves to an orgasm, especially when I know it is me that is helping them get there. Knowing that I was the first to see Jen masturbate made it even more special for me and when she would cum, lifting her hips high off the bed as her back arched and her eyes were tightly shut. It made me want to just reach over and hold her tightly to me.

The two of us continued to masturbate regularly but thus far that was as far as we ever went. Although I noticed she seemed to enjoy watching me, there was never even the slightest hint that she wanted to do anything more. If anything, it seemed she just talked about fucking Alex even more once we started doing it together. Sometimes I would talk about a boyfriend or two that I had fun with back home but I never even hinted at the "special" relationships I had with my family.

## 4. Crossing the Line With Jen

So it went until it was the week of Thanksgiving break. It was a short week and everyone was waiting impatiently to go home Wednesday afternoon. Jen had tickets to fly home and from her most recent phone calls with Alex, I had a feeling Alex had better be ready for some serious sex when she got there! She was as horny as I had ever seen a girl be and was masturbating two and three times a day - at least so far as I knew. I figured if there was ever going to be a time to try to make that next step with her, this was it!

Monday morning arrived and we were both up early going at it in our respective beds. The covers were thrown back and we both were on our backs with our knees bent and spread apart to let the other see as best as possible. Neither of us had an early class on Mondays so usually on this day we would get off and then hit the bed for another hour or so of sleep to let ourselves wind down. I climaxed first as I dreamed of what I was about to do with Jen if only I could work up the courage.

Jen was fingering herself with one hand while she cupped one of her small boobs with the other. I could smell the distinctive odor of her wet pussy as she stroked two fingers in and out of her. Taking in a deep breath, I released it slowly as I got out of bed, went over to hers and sat down next to her. She opened her eyes as the weight of my body tilted the mattress under her but then just closed them again as she continued without another moment of hesitation. At first I just sat there, my heart pounding as I looked at her pussy from as close a view as I had ever had.

Her fingers were wet as she put one of them in her pretty pussy and then used the others to spread the wetness over her pussy lips and clit. I couldn't help but lick my lips in anticipation as her finger moved over her swollen clit making her body convulse as the pleasure it created spread out through her.

I put my hand between my legs and felt my own wet pussy, the bare skin around it slippery from my pussy juices and moaned softly as I touch my clit and felt a shiver go up and down my spine. For the next few minutes I masturbated with her on her bed, the two of us next to each other but other than the feel of her bare hips against me as I sat there, still not touching one another.

I knew that if I didn't do something soon I would lose my courage so with my heart beating so fast I was sure she could hear it, I took my left hand and gently placed it on her upper leg, letting my fingers lightly touch her inner thigh and then slowly dragging my fingertips over her skin which was as soft and warm as I had imagined it would be. Now THAT got her attention and she opened her eyes and stopped her masturbating. I took note that she didn't take her hand off her pussy though which was hopefully it was a good sign.

"Um, Kelly... what are you doing?" she asked softly, a sly grin coming to her face.

"Shhhhhh, " I replied softly as I lifted my hand off of her, "Nothing, don't Worry... don't let me stop you." She closed her eyes again and soon started to finger herself again so I put my hand back on her leg again and this time she didn't' do anything to stop me. Encouraged, I let my hand move quicker over her silky smooth thighs, going from leg to leg but passing north of her pussy and over her belly as I did. Jen opened her eyes and looked at me as if seeing me for the first time.

"Kelly.. I mean really, what are you doing?" she asked but not stopping her masturbating this time. I didn't say a word but just let my fingertips continue to lightly trace little circles as I moved my hands over her lower body. "Kelly, you know I have never done anything with a girl before," she said, this time in a bit louder voice. "I'm not a lesbian!"

"Mmmmmmm, don't worry Jen," I said, trying to reassure her, "I'm not one either so don't worry. I love boys but it can be fun with a girl sometimes." Her body seemed to loosen a bit and she giggled when my fingers passed over her side just above her hips.

"That tickles!" she giggled.

I slowly moved to her stomach and made little circle around her belly button. She giggled again and twisted just a bit as she said laughingly, "Kelly! Stop tickling me!"

I grinned at her and slowly worked my hand down to the top of the short line of pubic hair she kept when she shaved her pussy. "C'mon Jen, just close your eyes and imagine it's Alex touching you."

Fortunately her incredible lust for Alex won out over any concerns about me and she did indeed close her eyes and resumed her masturbating. Oh my god she looked so hot! She was so small yet had such a beautiful petite figure. Her pussy scent was so much stronger this close up and I licked my dry lips in anticipation of tasting it for the first time. I knew that I still had my work cut out for myself if I was going to make THAT part of my dream come true!

I continued to slowly trace my fingers all over her body, moving from her legs to her hips (where I she was still incredibly ticklish!) over her tight little stomach and then at first just around her boobs which were so petite like the rest of her naked body. My fingertips moved in ever reduced spirals around her boobs until they were touching her pointed nipples.

Jen gasped as I pinched them softly between my fingers, pulling on them gently. I put my finger in my mouth to get it wet and then used it to rub her nipples, the moisture lubricating her hard nipple under my fingertip.

"Ohhhhhhhhh yes," she moaned softly, "That feels soooooo good."

Emboldened by her response, I worked my way back to her stomach and then just touched the top of her hairline of her close-trimmed pussy hair. Jen trimmed her pubic hair but didn't shave it off the way I did. Apparently Alex liked to play with it and so she made sure there was some for him to have fun with.

I gently lifted her hand off her pussy and place it on her breast. Her wet fingers immediately started to knead her boobs while mine went back to her now empty crotch. She was soaking wet from masturbating for the past hour and probably cumming at least once or twice in that time. My finger easily slid over her clit and I felt her tense up as I started to play with it.

"Oh I don't know about this Kelly... I just don't know," she whispered in a hoarse voice.

I noticed her hips were starting to move under my fingers so whatever uneasiness she was trying to vocalize, her body was betraying her true intent.

"Just imagine Alex's big cock forcing its way into you," I said as I began to push one of my fingers just inside her swollen pussy.

Even though she must have been expecting it, her hand immediately flew to her crotch on top of mine. My finger was into her pussy up to the first joint and I held it there to see what she was going to do. After a few seconds she pulled her hand back and went back to massaging her boob. She opened her eyes and looked at me, her face a mixture of emotions, lust, embarrassment and confusion all in one!

"Oh god Kelly I really don't know what to do... I want it so bad but it's not right," she cried out as tears actually started to flow from her eyes, "I just don't understand this, how can something so bad feel so good?"

I tried to calm her but she kept babbling on saying, "I know it's wrong to do it with a girl but yet I want you to touch me! ...Oh Kelly I just don't know what to do!"

I pushed my finger deeper into her and then started to stroke it in and out of her as if it was Alex fucking her. I leaned over and took her free nipple into my mouth and sucked on it tightly. Licking her nipple with my tongue, I whispered to in a voice husky with lust, "Tell me what you want Jen... Tell me what you want me to do... Please tell me."

I went back to sucking her boob as she moaned loudly. Thank God the walls were pretty soundproof as I wouldn't want our roomies next door to hear any of this!

Jen lifted her hips up under my hand and in a throaty voice said, "Oh god Kelly, I want it, oh yes I want it! ...Oh god Kelly don't stop, do anything you want to me."

She opened her eyes then and we looked directly at each other.

"Anything," she repeated softly and distinctly.

I knew she probably wasn't yet to the point where she could verbalize exactly what she wanted but I knew from the away she said it what she meant. I felt a twinge in my pussy as I knew I had succeeded in my quest - Jen was mine now and all I had to do was take her. It felt so incredible I almost didn't want to go further and spoil the sense of lust and anticipation. I wondered if this was how my boyfriend felt when I gave myself to him as a virgin, when I told him it was OK to fuck me and I submitted myself to him completely? Is this how he felt when he realized that a virgin teenager was giving herself to him and letting him do anything he wanted to her?

All I knew was that seeing Jen lay there, waiting for me to do whatever it was I wanted to do to her, wanting me to have my way with her, was one of the most sensuous and erotic feelings in the world!

I got up and spread her legs wide apart with my hands. She watched me intently, licking her lips and breathing heavily. I climbed onto the bed with her and kneeled between her open legs, gazing at her open wet pussy that she now was presenting to me without hesitation or shame. Leaning down, I placed my hands on the sides of her hips and reached under to hold up her tight little ass. Then, without breaking eye contact so as to maintain the spell between us, I lowered my head between her legs until I drew in a deep breath to savor the musky scent of her pussy.

Finally I worked up the nerve to plunge my face into her crotch and my tongue searched out her clit and ran circles around it as she gasped and arched her back. God she tasted so good! I had been wanted to taste her for so long it seemed almost like a dream that my face was finally pressed against her pussy for real, that the wetness I felt was her actual pussy juice and not my vivid imagination as I masturbated. I pushed my tongue between her pussy lips and into her pussy hole as far as I could. She tasted so sweet and strong.

"Oh Kelly," Jen moaned, "That feels soooooo good. Please don't stop. No matter what I say or do, don't stop!"

I pushed one finger into her pussy and went back to work on her clit with my tongue. She was bucking against me now and gibbering like a baby, telling me how good it felt and how much she loved it. I inserted a second finger into her and got it good and wet and then took it out. Then I did something I had never done to anyone before except myself, I pressed it against her asshole and started to push it in.

"Oh no!" she yelled at me, "Don't touch me there... I can't take it, please Kelly, no!"

Well, she was the one who said don't listen to her say NO so I didn't. I pushed my finger further inside of her until it was to my second knuckle. It was weird, I had never felt anyone else's asshole before and even my own was not something I touched very often. I had always thought the feeling would disgust me but with Jen it was anything but that. I could feel my fingers together, one in her pussy and one in her asshole, rubbing each other through her. My mouth was still sucking her clit when she was ready to cum.

"Cumming!" was all she could get out but man did she ever!

Her pussy cum flowed over me and I felt her asshole pinch down on my finger as it violated her. Her pussy cum was delicious and I lapped it up eagerly with my tongue. God she tasted soooooo good! She finally collapsed as her orgasm died down, exhausted from my efforts on her.

I moved up and laid next to her on my side, my breast pressed against her side and one leg draped over hers. I ran my fingers up and down her body, letting just my fingernails once again trace themselves over her lightly. I let two fingers run over her breast and nipples and she gasped as her eyes were closed and she just laid there not moving a muscle. She didn't even have the energy to close her legs back together again.

I would have loved to have had her lick me in return but for now this was wonderful enough. I knew this would not be the last time we did this and I was sure she would be returning me the favor.

## Postlude

It took a while to get this story to print and since then events have occurred which might be of interest so I thought I would add this before publishing the story. Somehow we made it to class that day but as soon as we were back Jen was hungry for more and yes indeed, she did return the favor.

As it turned out, Thanksgiving break was soon upon us and Jen went home where she fucked her boyfriend's brains out. Returning to school, she wasn't nearly as horny as she had been that week just before break and actually seemed embarrassed to even discuss it so we held off doing anything more than masturbating for a few days. Finally I sat her down and we discussed it. That lead to us being back in bed together and we have been there regularly since.

I doubt we will ever be able to recreate that intensity of our first time together but I'm happy with the way things turned out!

mom more than me! Guess it must be some "older woman" fantasy or something for him.

Needless to say, my dad was just as happy as I was to see me home again from college for Fall Break. At least, he hadn't wasted any time showing me how much he missed me. Let's just say the erection poking through his shorts when I walked in the door was a clued. There was one thing I could count on from my dad when I was home – my morning wakeup call. There was no alarm clock involved, but rather an alarm COCK. A long time ago we had started our little "tradition" to now where it seemed if I didn't get fucked first thing in the morning I walked around wanting it for the rest of the day!

## 2. Thanksgiving Morning Masturbation

Given the marvelous consistency of which my dad kept up his side of our tradition, you can imagine my surprise when I woke up Thanksgiving morning and realized something was missing – my dad! I rubbed my eyes and as my bedroom slowly came into focus, I verified that I was indeed all alone. Hmmm, what could had happened that was more important to my dad than his own daughter, especially on Thanksgiving morning when not even he went to work?

As I sat up in bed, I started to scratch an itch on my cheek when my fingers felt something a bit sticky. Looking down at my boobs, which were also itching a little, I grinned as I realized what had already happened this morning. My dad must have come in earlier and as exhausted as I was from the past week, I must have been hard to wake up so he let me sleep. As horny as he probably was by then, he must have jerked off looking at my nude body and then cum all over me.

Normally, I get more than a little perturbed when guy makes a mess on me. Guys, the porn movies don't show what happens AFTER the whore gets covered in cum. Trust me, cleaning cum off of you is not the easiest thing in the world, especially when it's in your hair or dried on your skin. Of course, in my father's case I was ready to make an exception. God, what I would have given for a video of him jerking off over me, looking at me, wanting to fuck me. It thrilled me to know he found me desirable in this way, that he could fulfill his lust and needs just by looking down at me as I slept without even touching me.

The more I thought about it the hornier I got until my pussy suddenly turned on like a light switch had been thrown. I an instant, I simply HAD to touch it and so my hand slipped down between my legs and at first I just cupped my shaved pussy in my hand, pressing up against my crotch like a bikini bottom pulling up against me. Damn, it felt like I was on fire down there! Even without pressing my fingers inside if me, I could already feel the wetness as I imagined my dad brushing the head of his stiff cock over my face as I slept.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I traced the tip of my finger in little circles around my clit. Now and then I would drop down and pull some more wetness up from my pussy hole to keep it slippery. It was like I was teasing myself, playing with my clit just enough to make me feel good but not enough to drive me to an orgasm. In my mind, it wasn't my finger on my pussy but my dad's tongue, licking me up and down my pussy slit and rubbing it up against my clit.

"Yes daddy, lick me," I whispered to myself, wishing he was there to hear me.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore and I put two fingers just outside my pussy hole.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered to my imaginary father.

"He" responded by pushing his cock into me and my two fingers worked their way in as I pretended that it was his dick that was violating my tight pussy. While I fucked myself with one hand, the other was fondling my boobs, just as he would be doing if he was drilling me.

"Make me cum... oh god make me cum daddy," I cried out, a bit louder this time but there was nobody upstairs to hear me anyway. With both hand on my pussy now, I used the one to push its fingers into me while the other worked full time on my clit. God it felt so good!

"OH MY GOD! FUCK ME DADDY" I cried out to the empty room as my orgasm struck me. like a sudden summer storm. My hips rose up off the bed as my back arched and it felt like every inch of my skin was sweating fire. All I could think about was his hard cock in me, his wonderful erect dick that he would give me when I was a good girl, that he rewarded me with when I had earned it. Mmmmmmm, if only he could see me now, his young daughter making herself cum on her bed thinking of nothing else but her desire to have her father fuck her.

My pussy was gushing cum and I knew my bed must be getting soaked under me but it didn't matter to me a bit. They say practice makes perfect and when it comes to masturbation, I had tons of practice! I knew just how to keep myself on the sharp edge of an orgasm, to twiddle my clit just right that I didn't go so far to where

I had to quit because it overwhelmed me, but just enough to keep me peaking, to keep the incredible sensations alive in me.

I have no idea how long this went on as I tend to lose all track of time when this happens to me. Sometimes I get so exhausted I simply am forced to quit but when I catch my breath, it's back to the races and to that mountain peak once again. Poor guys, it's like a few quick shots and its over but I could keep myself going like this forever.

## 3. Morning Routines

Who knows how long I might have gone on this way when my mom appeared at the door to my room. Really, I had no idea how long she had been watching me but when she spoke I couldn't mistake her presence.

"Hey lazybones, how about you stop playing with yourself for once and get down here and help me?"

On the one hand, I knew she wanted me to help her but I also knew she was teasing me a bit too. When I was younger and first starting to learn about my body, I use to constantly touch myself - and I mean constantly. Well, I mean, can you blame me? Sometimes I would forget about where I was and Mom would poke me in church or wherever and hiss at me to "stop it". More than once, she threatened me that my clit would "fall off" if I played with it too much! Even now that I'm older she still likes to tease me about how often I masturbate, even though I knew she does it a lot herself. On average, I probably do it two or three times a day, not a record I am sure by any means.

Throwing on a tank top, I hurried downstairs to help her with the chores of getting ready for dinner. As I stood there in the kitchen, I couldn't keep still as my pussy was still acting up something fierce and even just walking was enough to stimulate it.

"Wow, you're certainly horny this morning," my mom teased me, "What's the story anyway?"

I explained to her what dad had done to me earlier and she just shook her head and smiled.

"Yeah, I can see him doing that. My guess is that it's because you let him do it. Frankly, I'm not waking up to a bunch of dried cum all over me - and he knows better than to try!"

I just laughed at her and she poked me playfully. As we worked in the kitchen, the conversation turned to the day's events and eventually to my favorite uncle and cousin (well, my only male cousin for that matter).

"You know, just because you've started screwing your uncle and Rick, it doesn't mean you have to do it TODAY you know," she warned me.

"Oh Mommmmmm!" I whined.

"Don't 'oh mom' me young lady," my mom chastised me, a little more seriously now. "The last thing we need around here is for your bitchy aunt to get any clever ideas. You know she thinks you're a slut as it is – and not in the cute way your father refers to you."

I just hung my head sullenly. What was the fun of fucking your uncle and cousin if you couldn't do it when it was naughty? Especially my Uncle Jim. It's not like he was the greatest guy ever to screw me. In fact, if he hadn't been my uncle, there would certainly have never been a second time. What really made it hot was that my Aunt Shari had no idea of how much of a slut I REALLY was. God, if she complained about my bikini and shorts (or lack of them), just imagine what she would say if she knew her husband and son were doing me behind her back!

We didn't talk about it anymore and when I was finished I headed back upstairs to get dressed. As a rule, we didn't dress up for Thanksgiving so I just wore a tight pair of jeans and a school sweatshirt. The jeans were a pain to get on and I could barely sit down in them. As hot as they looked on me, they were pretty much overshadowed by the baggy oversized sweatshirt. It was so big you couldn't even tell I wasn't wearing a bra underneath. Heck, for that matter you could barely tell I had boobs!

Actually, the outfit was a compromise between my mom and me. As usual, I knew she was right to be concerned about my aunts, both of whom I am sure thought my mother let me get away with murder and that it was outrageous how she allowed me to dress most of the time. Still, that didn't stop me from wanting to push their buttons a little bit.

My dad had been waiting the TV in the basement all this time and he turned it off as my mom and I came down the stairs carrying the food. He looked at me and shook his head.

"Wow, being a little conservative today, aren't we?"

I just rolled my eyes as my mom glared at him. I figure she must have been thinking that he last thing she needed was him egging me on today. Mom was sort

to the basement. It was completely finished and didn't have that "basement" smell or feel to it.

Hurrying down the hallway, trying not to pee on myself, I grabbed the doorknob and wouldn't you know it, someone was in there! God, was there no mercy on me? Dancing from foot to foot, I knocked and to my surprise, the door opened and who was there but my cousin Rick!

"What's the matter, gotta pee?" he teased me, standing in my way.

I just glared at him and roughly pushed him out of the way, expecting him to leave and close the door behind him like any normal person would have done. Instead, the jerk closed the door alright, but with him still in there with me.

"Ummmmm, do you mind?" I said, now just one step away from peeing in my jeans.

"I want to watch."

"What? Are you some pervert or what?"

"No really, I've never seen a real girl pee."

Another time and I would have questioned what he meant by "real girl" but at that point I just didn't care anymore. I quickly pulled my stubborn jeans down and planted myself on the toilet. No sooner than my bare butt hit the seat than I released a flood of pee. God, it was almost as good a feeling as getting laid!

"C'mon, let me see!" Rick insisted as he moved over next to me.

"Go away, I'm not putting on a show for you, you pervert!"

By now I had finished and I wiped with some toilet paper and was about to get up when he pushed me down with his hand on my shoulder. He was standing right next to me and I couldn't help but notice the ever-increasing bulge between his legs.

"Hey, let me up, I need to get back upstairs," I protested.

"That can wait. I've got something you need right here, he said in a husky voice. I could tell just from the tone he was horny as hell, and the raging hard-on he was still hiding only emphasized it. He was so close now I could even smell the muskiness of his crotch.

"Well, what makes you so sure I need it, eh? Why don't you show me what it is?" I said, trying to go with the flow. I mean, what the hell, I was horny myself and the thought of going all day with this testosterone around and NOT getting laid was disheartening at best.

Rick undid his belt and pants and pulled down his zipper. He was wearing jockey shorts but they weren't able to contain his massive erection as the tip of his dick was peeking out the top of the elastic waist band. I just sat there as he dropped his pants and underwear to the floor in a heap around his ankles.

"Well, what do you think?"

As much as I would have liked to tease him and string him along more, I was so horny by now I simply couldn't resist and so I reached up to grab his hard dick in my hand. He was sticking straight up in the air like a rocket ready for launch and stiff as a board.

"Yeah, I knew needed it," he whispered to me as I stroked his cock gently with my hand. Then he laughed softly and said, "You know, I think I know you pretty good by now. Shit, - you just can't get enough dick, can you?"

Well, I was definitely guilty as charged. I will freely admit that I LOVE cocks in every way. I love to look at them, to hold them, to suck them and to feel them fuck me. What I REALLY love about them is the way they get hard because of me and then cum, spraying their sperm inside my pussy, in my mouth or sometimes all over me. It really didn't matter to me what the rest of the guy was like so long as he wasn't totally gross. With many a guy, it was just his dick I was interested in so whether he was fat or bald or older didn't make any difference to me so long as he could get hard and cum (although in a few cases it took the help of modern medicine - AKA Viagra).

"Rick, why don't you just shut up and let me suck your dick?" I said, my last words as I leaned forward and bent his dick down for me to take into my waiting mouth.

My tongue reached for the tip of his cock and I played it slowly around and then ran it up and down his hard shaft. God he was so hard and hot! Taking his dick in my mouth, I sucked the head first, pleased to hear him groan as my lips sealed around his shaft and my cheeks drew in as I drew a suction on his dick. He must not have showered this morning as his crotch odor was really thick and strong. It wasn't bad, though, and if anything, I loved the pungent musky odor that permeated it. Then, without warning, I plunged my head down on him, taking his entire cock in my mouth until his dick pressed against the back of my throat. There was still maybe an inch to go which would have to wait for the next time down.

Drawing my head up slowly, I let my tongue drag on his shaft as I let his dick flop from my mouth with an exaggerated lip smacking sound. This time I took a deep breath and moved back down on him again. This time when I encountered the back of my throat, I relaxed and let him push his way down into it. My initial reaction was to gag but over time I've learned to control that reflex and the final inch or so moved down into my throat.

"Oh fuck, that feels incredible!" he moaned.

I looked up at him until our eyes met with my mouth tight against the base of his hairy crotch. I wanted to smile at him but with a mouthful of rigid cock that's pretty much impossible.

Running out of breath, I lifted my head again and then for the next few minutes just pumped about half of his cock in and out of my mouth. My hands reached around him and I grabbed his firm ass in my small hands, squeezing his solid butt in my hands, pulling him even tighter into my face.

Rick reached down and I could feel his hand on my boobs through the thick sweatshirt. It was better than if I had a bra on but still not the best so I lifted up my sweatshirt high enough for him to touch my bare breasts. His fingers pinched my nipples, sending little shocks through my boobs and chest.

"Stand up," he ordered me in a stern voice.

I was several years older but he still viewed himself as the guy and thus "in charge". The reality was he would do anything I told him to do but for now, if it made him feel better to think he was dominating me, that was OK. After all, who had their most tender organ between my teeth!

Dropping his cock, I stood up and wiped the spit from my mouth, grinning at him like the cat who just got the canary.

"Something you want, cousin?" I teased him, holding his warm cock in my hand as I faced him. It was sort of odd in that both of us were standing with our jeans down around our ankles. My sweatshirt fell down and covered my chest again and he still had on his flannel shirt.

"Yeah, like you don't want it too!" he said, grabbing me by the waist and spinning me around to face away from him. I almost tripped on my jeans and we both laughed for a moment before getting serious again.

"Bend over," he said, again with the strength of his mistaken authority. Dutifully I bent over in response. No matter what he might think, though, it wasn't because he told me to but rather because I wanted to.

"God, what an ass!" he moaned as I felt his dick pressing up against my bare butt. His hands roamed over my smooth bottom and he squeezed my firm ass cheeks in his large hands.

"Fuck me Rick," I said softly, not wanting anyone waiting outside the door to hear me. "Hurry up and put it in me."

Well, what would you have expected me to say? I really DID want to be fucked and with a seventeen year-old boy lined up behind me with a cock that was so hard it could bend steel, how could anyone blame me for begging for it?

As it was, Rick really didn't need any encouragement. At seventeen he had enough hormones raging that I doubt I could have stopped him from fucking me at this point even if I for some reason wanted him to. Face it, he was a LOT bigger than me and if really he wanted to fuck me, there wasn't much I was going to do about it. Fortunately, stopping him was about the last thing on my agenda.

Just then there was a rapid knocking on the door and I heard someone call out, "Hey, anyone in there?" Damn, it sounded like Kate! Shit, just what we needed, little miss sanctimonious listening in.

"Dammit, go away Kate, I told you never to bother me when I'm in here," Rick called out over his shoulder to her.

"You better hurry up Rick," she threatened, "or I'm going to tell mom you're doing it again."

I couldn't help but grin at that last one from Kate. I had a good idea about what she was referring to. Something told me that Kate had caught Rick jerking off before! Oh well, so long as she thought it was just him stroking his cock, that was fine with me.

"Hurry up," I hissed at him over my shoulder, pressing my ass back against his dick.

"Oh just hold your horses," he retorted although I knew he was in just as much a hurry to get his dick in me as I was.

Despite all my willpower and preparation, I still couldn't help but moan softly when his dick pushed its way into me. The feeling of his cock head spreading me apart and then rubbing up against my inner pussy was incredible!

"I heard that! Rick, I know what you're doing in there and I'm telling mom!"

As much as I wanted to concentrate on how good his dick felt in me, I couldn't help but smile at the thought of the little brat running up to her mom, telling her that her big brother was jerking off again in the bathroom. Hopefully nobody would notice I was missing as well and start putting the pieces together, regardless of how unimaginable it might be.

My thoughts quickly returned to the task at hand as his crotch smacked into my ass, sounding almost as if he had slapped me. I was pushed forward just a bit as the weight of him pressed against my butt, driving his dick even deeper into me. I put my hands against the cool tile wall, using it for support to keep me from being pushed forward onto my face.

"Oh yeah... that's it Rick, fuck me... fuck me," I whispered as softly as I could.

Between him being so horny and the BJ I had already given him, it wasn't going to take much to get Rick off and I knew a few well-spoken words would hasten things along. As much as I would have loved to spend the entire afternoon with his dick inside of me, I knew we had to hurry before someone got suspicious. As he kept stroking himself in and out of my wet pussy, I kept whispering to him, telling him what a great cock he had, how good it felt in me, how much I wanted him to cum inside of me. Although I prefer to have a guy cum in my pussy any time, at this time it was doubly important as I didn't want to have to worry about what cum I had missed if he shot it all over me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh," he groaned as I felt his cock push into me and then he held it still. I could tell he was trying to hold it back, to stop the flood of sperm and enjoy this moment of ecstasy as long as possible but after a few seconds he surrendered and suddenly he was cumming in me like a water hose. The feeling of warmth it created in me, coupled with the knowledge that his was his incestuous sperm being shot into me that was creating that sensation, was enough to make me almost cum.

"Oh shit that felt good," he sighed as he shot his last load and then promptly pulled out of me. Teen boys, they're all the same, slam-bam and then they're done. One second he was horny as a dog in heat, the next he was totally oblivious to my bare ass sticking out for him to play with!

## 5. Uncle Jim Gets His

"Hey, what's going on in there?"

The voice from outside sounded like my Uncle Jim's and from the look on Rick's face, I was sure of it.

"Just a sec dad, be right out!"

"No, open the door NOW," his dad demanded.

Well, it wasn't like what we were doing would be any surprise to his dad. I couldn't help but grin at the thought he was probably going to be more upset that it wasn't him that had just fucked me. Rick unlocked the door and opened it a crack. His dad promptly pushed it open enough for him to look in and see me struggling to pull up my jeans over my bare bottom. Rick's underwear and jeans were up to his waist be he hadn't time to zip or buckle anything. All in all, it was pretty obvious to just about anyone what had been going on.

"Don't sweat it, nobody's out here," he grumbled. "Shit, your mother is having a hissy fit thanks to Kate. You know how she feels about your 'private moments' in the bathroom. Jesus, couldn't you two have waited until later?"

Rick just stood there in silence, for once being smart enough to realize that saying nothing was probably a better option than opening his mouth and giving his dad more to gripe at him about.

"Now hurry up and get to your room before someone sees you," he ordered Rick. Rick didn't even bother to look back at me as he held up his jeans and rushed down the hall to dart into his bedroom.

"As for you, my cute little slut of a niece," Uncle Jim growled, trying to sound angry but the grin at the edges of his mouth couldn't be completely subdued. "Well, just let me say you have no idea how close you came to your aunt coming down here and seeing this. Get yourself together and we'll talk about it later."

At that his scowl turned into a nasty grin and he winked at me. There wasn't much doubt that his definition of "talking about it" didn't involve the need for a lot of words. From the way he was staring at my bare pussy, I think he would have fucked me right then and there had he not been so concerned about his wife. I was sure that my aunt was already wondering what was taking so long and it wouldn't do to find me like this!

Just when I thought he was out, his head popped back in and this time he WAS grinning.

"Yep, I knew it. No way did you have panties under those things!"

With that, Uncle Jim closed the door and I quickly locked it again. Taking a spare towel out of the closet, I used it to wipe the cum and pussy juices from around my pussy and down my legs where it had run after draining out of me. Looking in the mirror, I grimaced as my hair was a total wreck but some quick work with a brush and it as essentially back in place again. After some cursing and half killing myself in the confines of the bathroom, I was finally able to get my jeans back on. With jeans this small, it was a lot easier to pull them up laying on my bed than it was standing up in the bathroom. I guess I could have laid down but there was no way I was going to lay down on a bathroom floor where three teenagers reigned!

Peeking out the bathroom door, the coast was clear so I quickly stepped out and headed upstairs. About halfway up the stairs I met Kate, looking like a girl on a mission.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed, "Your mom was wondering where you were but nobody seemed to know."

I just shrugged, figuring it was better to just ignore the little bitch. She was nothing but a tattle-tale and anything I said would go straight back to her mom. Back in the kitchen, everyone was working hard. My mom saw I'd returned and steered me over to the side of the room.

"For goodness sakes, where have you been? Everyone's been asking about you"

"Downstairs. I had to go to the bathroom"

"For over half an hour?" Then she looked me in the eyes and let out of loud breath of air. "Oh god, don't tell me. I mean, you didn't... not already?"

Really, what was the point in going through the motions? She knew darn well with the absence of Rick and me at the same time what that meant. For whatever reason it seemed to make her feel better to ask me and have me confirm it.

"Well, you'd better behave yourself the rest of the day," she warned me. I just nodded but a little grin managed to work its way out as I thought that my definition of "behaving" was probably not the same as hers.

"You know what I mean!" she added in, catching me in the act. How is it that mothers never seem to miss anything? Well, I guess that doesn't include my Aunt Shari. God, her son had just fucked me almost right under her feet and the woman was clueless! Actually, it was probably more that such a thing would never even be something she could imagine in her wildest nightmares.

Another half-hour or so and dinner was ready so the men were called in off from their couches and chairs where they had been watching TV. We all sat down, my Uncle Paul gave the blessing, and for the next hour or so we had a wonderful family time of eating and sharing. I was seated next to Laura, who kept asking me about school and other girl stuff. Kristi was seated on the other side of me and she kept rubbing her hand on my leg under table, teasing me more than anything.

After dinner it was back to standard American family tradition - the men went off to watch football and fall asleep while the women cleaned up after them. I really didn't care about the game so it was just as well. When everything was finally cleaned off and put away, the women sat down in the dining room and the gossip session began. Well, I shouldn't say gossip. As my mom says, my Aunt Shari doesn't gossip, she "shares"; and when the gossip is really juicy, she "shares in love". She heard that from some comic one day and thought it was hilarious and I had to say, it fit my aunt perfectly.

Listening to some of the stuff about people they knew, I found myself looking at my mother and Aunt Linda and winking at them. What would my other aunts say if they knew some of the goings on in our own family? There were times like this when I wanted to blurt it out, just to see the look on their faces. Fortunately, common sense always won out and so I never said anything stupid. But the thoughts of it still roamed through my head.

I was getting bored so I went in the living room to see what was going on there. Sure enough, my dad and Uncle Paul were fast asleep in their chairs, thankfully not snoring too loud. Uncle Jim and Rick were watching the game along with Laura and Ginny's husbands. I had to say one thing, they married well. Both of them were pretty good looking and I was imagining how it would be to join them in a threesome when Uncle Jim asked me if I would get him another beer. Rick chimed in, saying he wouldn't mind one as well but his dad just gave him a look that got the message across. Something about your dad's eyes that told you all you needed to know sometimes!

I went back to the kitchen and retrieved my uncle's beer along with a couple more for the other guys. When I handed his to him, my uncle gave me that "look" and just as Rick had known what his dad was thinking a few moments before, I knew exactly what he was thinking now about me. Checking quickly on the other guys and seeing them riveted to the TV, I winked at my uncle and licked my lips a little seductively for him before leaving the room again.

Taking a seat next to my mom in the dining room, I started to daydream and thoughts of my uncle came to mind. Frankly, the primary reason I let him fuck me is to please my dad. I mean, sure I would have let him do me once, no different than I would with most any other married guy. With my Aunt Shari being such a prude, it made it hot for me when he fucked me knowing how totally outraged she would be if she knew he even harbored such thoughts about me, let alone acted on them. The problem for me was that my uncle was the type that was dominating and sometimes forceful in sex, not at all like my dad. Sure there were moments, like when Uncle Jim

Turning to my mom, I whispered to her that I would be back in a little bit. She looked at me with a question mark in her eyes and I just smiled. She cocked her head and rolled her eyes at me and then turned away before making a scene of it. My mom knew better than to try to talk me out of anything when I was in this sort of mood. Most likely she figured I was just going off to take care of myself or else she probably would have had more to say to me.

Walking back to the living room, I really had no idea what I was going to do. The only thing I was confident of was that if Uncle Jim knew he had half a chance to screw me, he would figure something out. It was as if time had stood still in the room since I left. Everyone was in the same position and the only indicator they had been alive in the interim were the empty beer bottles that I had brought in before.

At first I just stood there, trying to think of how I could get his attention without being TOO obvious about it. There was a time when I could have jumped in my uncle's lap and teased him but now that I was twenty that might have raised some eyebrows so I had to be a little more subtle. Turning to my uncle, I pretended to be confused about something.

"Hey Uncle Jim, where did you put our coats? I think I left my cell phone in the pocket."

"They're all on the bed in the back bedroom," he responded almost absentmindedly, his attention more on the TV than me.

"Thanks. You know, I really NEED it."

Well, maybe he wasn't being as inattentive as I had thought as he picked up on my tone of voice. It looked like he got my message in that what I needed wasn't my cell phone!

"Well, do you need any help finding it?"

I grinned as my confidence in my Uncle Jim was not misplaced. Now it was him that was helping things to move along.

"Would you mind Uncle Jim? That would be so cool."

As he got up out of the chair, it was if the two older guys never even hear a word as they argues over some silly play from the game. Rick, on the other hand, knew full well what my intentions were.

"Need any help dad?" he offered, not so innocently.

Uncle Jim just waved him back, again with a look that spoke volumes. The message was clear - she's mine this time. I thought it was pretty cool to see this father-son struggle over who got to fuck me. Was I to be the fantasy cousin or the naughty niece? Well, this time it looked like I was going to be the niece.

I followed my uncle down the hall to the bedroom. Fortunately, it was in the opposite direction from the dining room where everyone else was. Nobody should have been aware that my uncle and I were doing anything at all, let alone heading to his bedroom for something half the people here would be aghast to know about.

Once in their bedroom, my uncle looked down the hall and seeing that it was empty, quickly shut the door. Unfortunately, there wasn't a lock but I doubted that with it closed that anyone would come in. The bathroom has an entrance from the hallway so even if someone needed to use it, they didn't need to go through the bedroom.

With the door shut, he turned and what I would have given for a photo of the look on his face. The way his eyes stared at me, the slight opening of his mouth, his tongue on his lips, the flaring of his nostrils, everything was a classic portrait of a man consumed with lust. It was a look every girl learns about from the day she begins to change into a woman and the men around her start looking at her in a whole new way. It's a look I love to see in men when I "dress for success" where "success" is defined as getting laid. Even my dad looks at me this way some days when he is really horny. I mean, he IS a guy you know. Now, behind closed doors and having all but told him what I wanted, seeing that look I knew there was only one way I would walk out that door again. Where his cum would be was the only question - pussy, mouth, or over me?

"So, I take it Rick wasn't enough for you?" my uncle started out, a slight smirk to his tone of voice. "Yeah, I think you need a real man's cock to satisfy you, not some teenager's."

I stood on one foot and twisted my other on the floor. My eyes were cast downward as if I was uncertain what to say. My uncle stepped closer to me.

"C'mon, I know you Kelly, you're just a cock-hungry little slut, aren't you. Can't ever get enough, can you?"

I quickly debated how to play this out. What he said was essentially true. Really, how could I deny it? I DID love cock and I never DID seem to get enough of it. Yet, somehow I don't think he was looking for me to be some typical slut. After all, I WAS his niece and even though many men tell me they fantasize about their nieces (even though some of them can be quite young sometimes!), all of them seem to look at them differently than they would just any girl. It's like some protective instinct or maybe a cultural thing, but they all seem to want their niece to be naive and innocent (even when they dream of fucking them).

"Uncle Jim!" I pretended to protest, "How can you say that about your own niece?"

"Oh don't pretend to be so innocent. I mean, it's not like you were playing cards with my son in the bathroom earlier."

That was my cue in our little play. Time for Act 2 - transition from little girl to slut. I moved up close to him until I was right up against him. My hand lowered until it was lightly pushing against his crotch. My pussy gave a twinge as I felt the stiffness of his throbbing cock through his pants.

"Did that turn you on Uncle Jim?" I whispered to him in a husky voice, dripping with sexuality, "Did it make you hard thinking of your son's hard dick in my wet pussy?"

I could tell from this breathing he was getting more and more turned on. His hands grabbed my shoulders and he pulled me into him.

"Fucking right it did," he whispered hoarsely, "Shit, all I could think of today was getting a piece of your little ass."

Well, it wasn't exactly the most romantic compliment but as they say, it's the thought that counts.

"You wanna fuck me Uncle Jim?"

"Hell yes!"

"You want me to suck your dick?"

"Oh you know it!"

"Tell me Uncle Jim, I want you to say it."

"Crap Kelly, you know I want to fuck you dammit. God, I want you to blow me so fucking bad."

"Mmmmmmm, you want me more than Aunt Shari?"

"Screw her, I want to fuck you."

We could have dragged this little play out longer but there WERE other people in the house and so we didn't have all day. As for me, I heard what I wanted. Listening to a man tell me how bad he wants me, especially when it's more than his own wife, is about as erotic a thing that can happen to me. Of course I KNEW he wanted me but it made it so much better when he came out and actually put it into words.

He started to unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants while I "assumed the position" - kneeling in front of him, waiting for his cock to appear. It only took a few seconds as his pants and boxer shorts dropped to his feet. He wasn't wearing shoes so he just stepped out of them, kicking the pile to the side. He left his socks on which was sort of weird but I wasn't concerned about his feet. No, what had my attention was now at eye level and standing out from his crotch.

Uncle Jim put both hands on the back of my head and pulled me into him. It was clear what he wanted and frankly, I was more than agreeable to it. As I said before, in a situation where my only interest was in getting a cock, it really doesn't matter who it's attached to. I mean, all I typically want is to suck it and be fucked by it, not marry the guy. This was the case now. Uncle Jim definitely wasn't the kind of guy I would date. In fact, Sometimes I couldn't imagine he was really my dad's brother they were so different. But hey, he DID have a decent cock and when I'm as horny as I was now, I wasn't being picky.

His dick was about two inches in front of me and I could smell the rich odor of his crotch. Most of it was just the normal sweat that built up between showers but there was a hint of sexual musk or whatever you called it that came out when a man gets horny. My dad is pretty hairy but my uncle is like a bear, covered in thick black hair and his crotch was a virtual forest of stiff curly pubic hair. His dick emerged from it like the stem of a weed shooting out from a lawn except it was no thin stem that faced me. It wasn't the biggest cock in the world but at this close range it looked plenty big enough. It was pointing straight out from his crotch, the tip of it staring me in the face like some fleshy eye.

No matter how many dicks I suck, like snowflakes it seems no two are the same. I quickly learned as a teen that how a man looks when he is soft is not a sure indicator of what the end result is when he gets erect. Some men are quite large, even when flaccid, but then all that seems to happen when they get an erection is it gets hard without a lot of growth. Then there are the guys who look like wimps when they are soft, their dick barely poking out from their pubic hair. But when they grow, it's like Jack in the Beanstalk and it increase several times over in size. The vast majority of guys are relatively short when soft and then grow modestly to maybe five or six inches and perhaps double in thickness. This is why I hate it when guys send me cock shots but as always they are these huge dicks and frankly, I just haven't found such oddities to be the norm!

Besides the differences in size and the change when they become erect, the other distinction I find is how they stand out from the guy's body. When a guy masturbates for me on his cam, I always ask him to stand up and let his cock hang hands-free. Some of them curve upwards such that they point skyward, like a rocket ready for blast-off. Most stand out at some angle like my Uncle whose dick stuck out like a nasty spear ready to be thrust into me. Surprisingly, some of the biggest ones have the least stiffness. They get hard enough to fuck me but feel more like a thick sausage rather than a stiff pole.

So anyway, all I had to do in the current situation was open my mouth and my uncle took care of the rest. Holding my head still with his hands, he thrust his hips forward, driving his dick into my mouth. I was careful to keep my teeth off of him as at first he just put in the first couple of inches or so. It wasn't really a BJ, it was more like he as fucking my mouth, stroking himself in and out of me. As time went on he kept pushing a little more into my mouth until his pubic hair began to rub up against my lips and cheeks. I had this sudden urge to itch as it tickled me but I was holding onto his legs for support to keep from tipping over backwards He was holding my head but it was more to manage his dick in my mouth than giving me any support for balance.

"God I love seeing my cock in your mouth," he gasped between his thrusts. "You know, you're even better than your mom and THAT'S saying something."

Thankfully my mom didn't hear him say that as although she has never been jealous of me having sex with my dad, she IS pretty protective over her reputation. So far as my mom is concerned, NOBODY gives my dad a BJ as good as hers. She likes to tell me, "I taught you everything you know, but not everything I know." Well, I've had a LOT of experience since my mom first taught me about sucking cock and even my dad has secretly told me that my BJs are the best but he would never dare tell my mom. Privately, I have to admit that it made me feel good to hear my uncle compliment me that way as having seen my mom in action, she IS pretty damn good!

"Mmmmmmm," was all I could get out with a mouthful of cock.

By now I had enough of my mouth being his little fuck toy so I reached up and grabbed the base of his dick and started to give him a real BJ. My mouth had been getting tired from holding it open for him to fuck so it actually felt good to be able to close down on it and grasp it with my lips. I twisted my head around his dick, running my tongue around the head of it in side of my mouth. Rather than just bobbing on his dick like I was at a party trying to get an apple out of a tank of water, I savored his cock, sucking on it like a popsicle and running my tongue around it like it was a melting ice cream cone and I didn't want it to drip on the ground.

"Oh yeah, sweet Jesus you can suck dick!"

I looked up at him and saw he was watching me. Our eyes met and he grinned as I managed to keep his dick in my mouth even with my head turned upward. I keep sucking him, taking my hands off of his shaft and just letting my lips do the work on him. My hands reached around and I held his butt. Unlike Rick, who had a nice firm ass, Uncle Jim's was more flabby and covered with thick hair but he seemed to like it from the way he groaned as I ran my hands over it.

We had been at it for a while now and despite everything I was doing I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if suddenly the door opened and my Aunt Shari made an appearance. God, I could just imagine her reaction to seeing her nice kneeling in front of her husband with his cock deep in her mouth! She would probably just faint dead away but afterwards I have no doubt there would be serious repercussions. No doubt the element of danger was a turn-on for my uncle and even for me it added a bit spice. Even so, the longer we went on the more it went from being naughty to something truly dangerous.

Apparently, he must have been thinking the same thing, or maybe he was just motivated by something more basic, but in any case it was apparently time for the next act. Grabbing my hair, he pulled my head back from his cock and I let his dick slip from my mouth. It was as hard as ever, staring straight at me.

"Sorry, didn't mean to be so rough much as I love your mouth, I HAVE to fuck you."

I got a bit of a kick out of his so-called apology. Like I was going to argue or complain about getting laid? True, most guys whose dick I sucked didn't get to fuck me (by my choice, not theirs), but I can't remember a time when there was a guy who I truly wanted to fuck me who didn't, given there was the right opportunity. As I once heard said, a man is only as faithful to his wife as his options. Boy, I can second that one!

I stood up and wiped my mouth off when he grabbed me by the waist and steered me backwards to the bed. When I got to the edge he just kept pushing me, causing me to drop backwards onto the pile of coats piled there. I could say one thing, it was quite comfy!

"Show me your tits," he demanded as he fumbled with my jeans.

I wasn't wearing a belt but he was still having a bit of a hassle getting the tops undone. Well, that was his problem so I lifted up my sweatshirt, exposing my bare breasts to him. My nipples were hard, sticking out like bullets. I couldn't help but grimace to myself whenever he called them "tits". To me, they are my boobs. When I am trying to be more formal, then "breasts". If I was goofing around or what not, maybe "the girls" or something like that, but never "tits". I really don't know why it turns me off so badly; just sounds demeaning to me I guess.

In any case, he stared at my boobs as he finally undid my jeans and unzipped them. I held my boobs, one in each hand, as he struggled to pull my jeans off. Yes, they WERE damn tight. If he was having so much trouble getting them OFF, imagine what I went through to get them ON! He persevered, just as I knew he would. After all, there was no way a pair of tight jeans was going to keep my uncle from fucking me.

With my jeans off and my sweatshirt pulled up to my neck, I was left lying nude on the bed with nothing else on but my white anklets. I debated pulling off the sweatshirt altogether but it seemed like a reasonable precaution in case someone came in. Looking back, it was pretty silly of me to even think that way as what difference was a sweatshirt going to make if we were caught fucking? But at the time it made me feel more secure and that's what counted.

I could feel the coats under my ass and I wondered whose winter coat was rubbing against me. In my head I made a mental note to check before this was all over. It would be cool to see them wearing it, knowing my bare ass had been all over it not too long before.

"Damn!" was all my Uncle Jim could get out as he stood there staring at my all but nude body. His dick was practically quivering he wanted to fuck me so bad and I wondered why he didn't just get to it.

"You like my pussy Uncle Jim?" I said in my little girl voice. Guys always seemed to like it when I spoke that way, as if somehow I was ten years old or something.

"God, you have such a sweet cunt!"

"Well, it's waiting for you," I said softly, as if I was a little girl taking it for the first time. My right hand reached down between my legs and I pulled it up as it caressed my pussy on the way. My middle finger ran between my pussy lips, showing him how wet and ready I was for him.

"See, it's all wet and ready."

"Spread your legs apart more."

"You mean... like this?" I asked innocently, widening my legs apart which gave him a complete view of my cute ass and pussy. I don't think calling it cute makes me superficial or whatever. All through my teen years guys have told me that my ass is my best attribute so what the heck, why not call it cute?

"Spread your pussy apart for me," he demanded as he started stroking his cock. Crap, there was no need for him to stroke himself when my pussy was ready and willing to accommodate him! In any case, I did as he asked, using both hands to spread me wide open.

My pussy was practically aching as it waited for his dick. You would never know it had been fucked not long ago by Rick but it was insatiable, always demanding more. Most of the time I like to think I control my pussy, not the other way around. There are those times, though, like now, when my pussy wants it so bad it takes control and I'll do most anything to satisfy it. Case in point - my brief but brilliant career as an escort which was a response to my pussy when I wasn't getting any in college.

Uncle Jim moved up between my legs, not even holding his cock as he prepared to fuck me "no hands". With the way his cock stuck out like an arrow heading for its target, all he had to do was line it up with me and push it in.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh," I groaned, almost too loudly as his dick spread my pussy part and his cock head pushed its way into me.

At this instant it didn't matter he wasn't that good looking, or that he was overweight, or even that he was covered with body hair. The only thing about him I cared about at this moment was the appendage sticking out from his crotch, or more precisely, that part of him that was now inside of me. Nothing else makes my pussy feel this way, the way it feels when a real dick is forcing its way inside of it. Dildos just don't cut it for me because in the back of my mind, I know that it's just a hard piece of plastic in me. My own fingers feel good, but their MY fingers, not someone's dick. Tongues and whatever else someone may use on me canal be enjoyable, but NOTHING even comes close to comparing the incredible sensations I feel throughout every inch of my body when I feel a real hard cock violating me.

"Yeah, this is what you really wanted, isn't it you nasty slut," he gloated, as he kept pushing himself into me, one bit at a time.

"Oh yes Uncle Jim, fuck me... oh please fuck me," I cried out to him in as low a voice as I could control. If someone had their ear on the door then it would be all over with but the burning at the stake! Frankly, I just didn't give a damn anymore. I wanted to be fucked, to be laid, screwed, drilled, you name it. As long as it meant putting his dick in me, I didn't care what it was called.

"Damn, you really need to talk to your aunt," he teased, still pressing himself ever so slowly into me, "teach her to enjoy my cock like you do."

That almost made me lose it as I fought back a giggle. Oh sure, I could just imagine me teaching my Aunt Shari how to let herself go when her husband fucked her. Instead, I used what he said and twisted it around to suit me.

"You like fucking me more than her, don't you Uncle Jim?"

He had pushed himself all the way in me by now and was on the way out as slowly as he had entered. As horny as I knew he was, it was quite a display of willpower on his part not to just start fucking me hard and cumming.

"Shit, she just lays there," he complained.

"Do you think of me then?"

He was now stroking himself in and out of my pussy fairly quickly as he replied, "Hell yes, that is, when we ever do it."

That was a turn on to me. I could imagine him in bed with my aunt, getting hard thinking of me and then fucking her. She would think he was turned on by her when all the while it was actually my nude body that he was fantasizing about fucking. When he came in her, I bet he was dreaming of his dick in my tight pussy, not in her loose hairy cunt.

He fucked me like that for a few minutes. Actually, with the time limits we had, I didn't really expect anything more than that but he was going for it, one way or another.

"Turn over bitch," he demanded after suddenly pulling out of me.

I knew it was better not to question him once he got in this frame of mind so I flipped over and laid on top of the coats. The soft fur lining of someone's jacket (I think it belonged to my cousin Ginny) pressed against my boobs and the fur felt good against my boobs. I was far enough on the bed that my legs hung out straight and so he grabbed me by the ankles and pulled me back towards the edge until my pussy was right on the edge and he was holding up my legs by grabbing them under the thighs.

"Fuck, you have the sweetest ass," he groaned as I felt his cock moving up against my ass. He put the cock head against my asshole and I flinched. Turning my head around my shoulder, I scolded him.

"Now you know better than that, Uncle Jim."

"Oh come on, you'll like it once you get started," he protested.

"NO!" I said, loud enough that anyone in the hall probably would have heard.

"OK, OK, I get the message," he said in a more humble tone.

Figuring things were going to be uncomfortable this way, I rolled to my side and gathered in several coats under my stomach, so that when I rolled back over onto my stomach again, it raised me up and my pussy was more at an angle for him, making it easier for him to fuck me without having to lean over or bend down.

"Good idea," he complimented me and before I could answer, he had slipped himself back into me again. After being stretched out by his first fucking of me, and given how incredibly wet I was, his dick slid into me like it was a greased pig.

"Oh yeah, that's better," I moaned softly, once again feeling the pleasure of having his cock inside of me.

I was actually on my knees and elbows now, the coats pushed under my stomach to help support me. Now that he didn't have to hold my legs up, he used the opportunity to play with my ass, squeezing it and rubbing his hands all over my butt.

"Oh my god, did I tell you what a great ass you have?" he groaned.

Of course he had but it didn't matter, he could tell me a hundred times and I wouldn't mind. Really, what girl in the world would get mad because a guy complimented her ass too many times?

Being on my knees like this, I was able to rock in time with his strokes which helped to drive him deeper into me when he pushed in. On the way out it took a little more dexterity as too much by either of us and he would slip out of me. Even when that happened, it was only a matter of seconds before he had himself back where he belonged.

"God damn it, I'm cumming, turn around," he groaned as he pulled out of me.

This was NOT on my agenda but there wasn't time to argue, just to do as he said. I flipped over and literally slid off the bed onto my knees in front of him as he stroked his cock the final few times he needed to get off.

"Open your mouth dammit!" he hissed as he put his cock in front of my face. It wasn't like I didn't want him to cum in my mouth. Heck, if anything I wished ALL of his cum would end up in my mouth but that was just wishful thinking on my part as it turned out.

"Arghhhh!" he groaned as his hips jerked and his cock jerked as well in front of my face. God only knows where that first shot went but it was "just a little outside" as the movie goes. All I knew was he missed my face entirely and it flew past to the left of me. The next shot was right on target, hitting my mouth and landing on my outstretched tongue. It seemed especially bitter today, maybe because of the beer he had been drinking.

The rest of his cum went everywhere. Some I could feel on my cheeks, some in my mouth, and the rest was simply a mystery for now. When he finished shooting I took his dick back in my mouth, sucking out the last of his cum that I could from his rapidly dwindling cock. He shuddered when I first took his cock in my mouth, as if it was ultra-sensitive. I imagined it was like my clit after an orgasm. Heck, all I needed was a pair of tight jeans after I came and it was off to the races again for me.

"God that felt so good," he moaned.

Then suddenly, he was all business, just like his son had been earlier. It didn't really surprise me to see the Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Hyde routine again. After all, most men acted this way after they had cum with me. Super horny and hot one second, back to work the next.

"C'mon, get dressed before someone comes in here!"

Funny, a few seconds ago the entire family could have walked in and I doubt it would have fazed him but now that he had been satisfied, it was all he worried about. He was actually right in pushing me to get going as had it been up to me, I might have laid back down on those coats again and masturbated until I came.

I stood up and pulled my sweatshirt down. If someone came in now they would see I didn't have any jeans on but at least that's all they would see. How I would have possibly explained the disappearance of my pants never crossed my mind at the time but it made me feel better at the time for some reason. Reaching down, I grabbed my jeans. The easiest way to get on a pair of tight jeans is to lay back on your bed and work them up so I laid back on the coats once again and managed to eventually get them back up and buttoned. By that time my uncle was dressed and ready to go. When I stood up he looked at me and grinned.

"What's so funny?" I inquired.

"Well, maybe you had just better look in the mirror."

There was a large mirror over the dresser and I instantly say what he was referring to. Damn, he had sprayed cum all over my sweatshirt! Crap, now what was I gonna do? I wasn't wearing anything underneath, not even a bra, so taking it off wasn't an option. Then I looked closer and saw that my face still had some cum on it and there was one especially large blob at the hairline over my forehead. Damn, this was going to be a pain!

"You go back, I have to clean up," I said to him.

"Well, you're a great fuck Kelly," he said, his hand on the doorknob. "My brother's a VERY lucky guy!"

With that he left, leaving the door opened. I quickly made my way to the bathroom which thankfully had a lock on the door as no sooner was I in there than someone knocked on the door and tried to enter.

"You in there Kelly?"

Whew, it was my mother! I took in a breath and opened the door to see her standing out there alone.

"You OK hun? You've been gone for quite a while."

I opened the door fully to let her in and she saw my predicament.

"Oh for crying out loud Kelly, why didn't you take it off?" she scolded me. So typical of my mom. It wasn't the fucking that she was worried about, it was always about being responsible.

"I was afraid someone might come in," I replied, the answer sounding even more lame when I said it out loud.

"Oh right, like THAT would've made a difference," my mom laughed, easing the tension a bit. "Here girl, let's get you cleaned up."

She helped wash off the cum from my face and hair, even finding some on my neck I had missed. As for my sweatshirt, we decided it best just to let it soak in and claim I had spilled some water without really explaining how it managed to strike me in such drops. For whatever reason, we left the bathroom through the bedroom door which turned out to be fortunate. As we walked through, she looked at the coats still piled up from when I was being fucked.

"Oh Kelly, do I have to do EVERYTHING for you?" she whined. "God, you would think you were fifteen again or something."

She was printing at the coats and it was then I realized where that first large shot of cum had gone that I hadn't accounted for. It was all over one of the coats.

"You're pretty damn lucky, you know it don't you?"

I nodded because I recognized the coat - it was my mom's.

"You owe me for a dry cleaning now girl," she teased me as she folded the coat so nobody would see the cum stains.

Looking down the hall before we left, she turned to me with a motherly smile.

"Well, I can't say I approve of you deserting everyone in the middle of Thanksgiving but did you at least enjoy it?"

I nodded and grinned and she hugged me and kissed me. It was a good thing that nobody was in the hall as it wasn't just a peck on the cheeks either!

"OK, that will have to do for now, let's get back," she said. "Hopefully getting it twice is enough for you until we get home!"

I looked at her and just grinned. It was great having a mom who was so understanding and supportive. I thought of my Aunt Shari and how differently my life would have been had she been my mom. Well, I wouldn't trade my mom for her in a million years, not for any price!

# (Dec 10) Chapter 105: My Dad's Office Christmas Party

Story codes: MF Mf FF Ff exhib oral inc father daughter
Me (20)
John - my dad (41)
Mike (45)
Sandy (16)
Candice (18)

It was time for Dad's annual office party. My dad bought me a sexy "elf" outfit and after I thanked him in my special way it was time to party. In short, by the time it was over I added another married guy to my sexual history chart. I also met two sisters who I hope will be good friends in the future after having a great time with them and five guys in their hotel room playing a game of strip poker!

## 1. Life at Home

It was Christmas Break time and I had only just gotten home the day before from school after an exhausting week of finals. Although it had only been a couple of weeks since I was home for Thanksgiving, I was still thrilled to be back.

As a college junior I was now dealing with the separations from home better than I had in my first two years but there's no place like home! My dad and I go things started off right the night I got back and the next morning I was thrilled when he continued his traditional "wakeup call" for me. Like most Saturday's, he had to go to work so once he left I had breakfast with mom and then drove over to my Aunt's to visit with her and my cousin Kristen who was also back home for her first winter break (as they called it at her public college). I couldn't stay long because my dad's officer Christmas party was that night and I had to get home to get ready.

My dad is a corporate lawyer - the boring kind, not like the guys on Boston Legal - a show he absolutely abhors by the way! It may be boring to me but people pay him a lot of money for what he does which means I get to go to an expensive

To me, incest is just a way of expressing our love and respect for one another. It is nothing at all like the type of sex I have with other people outside my family where I'm looking more for my own physical gratification. I think it's such a shame that incest has gotten such a bad rap due to the perverts out there that have used it as an excuse to abuse their children and rape family members. Such people should be shot in my opinion but that doesn't mean incest in and of itself is wrong, jus that it requires a deep sense of love and respect.

## 2. Mom Buys Me a Christmas Outfit

Tonight was my dad's office party and as usual, I found myself debating what I should wear. I was pretty well known at his office but as you might imagine, it had nothing to do with my typing skills! I like to visit my dad's office periodically and I make it point to tease and flirt as much as possible. Sometimes it has gone a bit farther and in fact my first experience with a cheating husband was one of the lawyers that worked for my dad. I have done a few of them since then.

The only thing I don't like about his office is the head secretary or whatever she is called. This prudish church lady apparently thinks he lets me get away with murder. She has even called me a slut when my dad wasn't around but I just laugh since after all, what can she do about it? I had not been at one of his office party for years since it was usually held before I get home for break so it would be interesting to see how things went now that I was a little older.

My mom came in my room and saw me standing in front of my closet, stark naked with my hands on my hips as I argued with myself over what to wear. "What's the matter Kelly?" she asked, "Can't decide what to wear? Well, you can't go THAT way you know!"

I rolled my eyes at my mom's usual pathetic attempt at humor and then explained my dilemma as she stood there and just smiled at me.

Finally she motioned for me to shush and said, "Hmmm, so let me guess. You can't decide whether to go as a good little daddy's girl or the office slut?"

We both laughed as she knew all about my past history at the office. She smiled at me and said, "Well, even though none of them know just how much of a daddy's girl you really are, none of them are going to be fooled into thinking you are some naive little schoolgirl."

I looked at her sharply and she chuckled softly, "Oh come on girl, your dad says attendance is always the highest whenever they know you're coming in that day and I KNOW it's not just because of your bubbling personality!"

I was about to make some smart comment back when she reached around the door and pulled out a plain white shopping bag. She kissed me on the cheek and said, "Your dad and I figured you might have this dilemma so we went out last week and bought you this. Hope it fits; you know, you look like you've been visiting the speed line at the cafeteria a few too many times girl. Hmmm, have your boobs been growing?"

"Mom!" I protested.

I knew she was just teasing. Sure, I HAD filled out a little more in recent months but it just meant I wasn't as skinny as I was. Of course I don't stuff myself with pizza and chips every night the way some of the porky girls do who then complain they don't know why they are overweight. But I didn't starve myself either the way some of the waifs did on campus who couldn't seem to get any skinnier if they quit eating completely!

On the other hand, even at twenty my boobs were still not finished it seemed. Well, better late than never. After spending my entire teen years wishing for bigger boobs, I was finally in a C cup! Yes, there is a God!

I opened the bag and saw that there was some sort of outfit or costume inside. I was intrigued and pulled it out and then laid it out on my bed. I couldn't help but giggle when I recognized what it was - my parents had bought me a Santa's elf outfit! It started with long pointed red shoes with tips that curled back over the toes. Next were sheer green tights followed by a red dress with white fur trim. The skirt portion looked like something you would see in an ice skating competition long enough to qualify as a skirt but too short to function as much of anything. It was obvious everyone was going to see a LOT of my green tights.

The upper portion of the dress was strapless with white fur trim. It looked pretty low cut and the back dipped down as well. I was certainly thankful I wasn't a real elf and had to wear this thing out in the cold! There were a set of white gloves and a red elf hat with a white tassel at the end. The whole thing looked positively sexy and I turned and hugged my mom.

"Mmmmmmm, thanks Mom!" I said. "You're the greatest parents in the whole world!"

My mom hugged me back saying, "Well, you can guess who picked it out. I had my eyes on this pretty Mrs. Santa Claus outfit but your dad insisted on this one. Now get going and get ready; we have to leave in an hour!"

My mom left and I stood there admiring my new outfit. I bet I was going to be turning some heads tonight in this one! I could only imagine the stares I would get from the guys I had already fucked. A few of them were married and I wondered if their wives would have any idea why their husbands were staring at me with such a knowing look in their eyes?

## 3. My Dad Appreciates My New Outfit

I was about to head to the bathroom when heard the shower start running. My mom was in her bedroom so it could only be my dad. I hadn't even realized he was home. He must have left the office early to get ready for the party. I went in and saw him through the glass door just starting to soap up so I slide the door back open just enough to peek in. He had heard me come in of course and I was sure it was no surprise to see me.

"Hey baby, mom give you your new outfit?" he asked.

I smiled and replied, "Oh daddy! It's fantastic, the perfect choice for tonight. I bet you can't wait to see them looking at me, can you?"

He was rubbing the soap around his cock and lathering up his pubic hair. Mmmmmmm, he looked inviting and I wanted to thank him for the outfit in my special way so here was the perfect opportunity. I slid the door back some more and stepped into the shower behind him. Reaching around I took his wet and soapy cock in my hand and started to stroke him slowly. I pressed up against his butt and felt my boobs push against his back.

"I wanted to thank you for the outfit," I whispered softly to him, barely audible above the sound of the shower.

His cock hardened quickly as my hand slid easily over him thanks to the slippery coating of soap that covered it. I used my other hand to cradle his balls and gently roll them between my fingers. The water plastered his pubic hair flat against his crotch, exposing his cock to the fullest as if he was shaved.

I kept stroking his cock a the shower stream rinsed away the soap until he was just wet with water. He turned around to face me and I kneeled down in the tub to take him in my mouth. He still tasted a little of soap but it wasn't too bad as I was more interested in the feel of his hard cock in my mouth.

My hair was soaked as the shower beat down on his back as he protected me from the majority of the shower stream while I suck his firm cock. His hand pushed my head down onto him until I felt the tip of his cock press against the back of my throat. It wasn't quite enough to get him all in so I pushed down further, forcing his cock down my throat. The automatic gag reflex almost won but I fought it back and took him further down my throat until my face was buried tight in his crotch.

I twisted my head around his cock and my heart skipped a beat as I heard my dad groan with pleasure. I loved doing this for him, making my father feel good until he couldn't hold back anymore and his cum would burst from his cock into his loving daughter's waiting mouth or pussy. Usually he came in my pussy but today I just planned to suck him off until he came in my mouth. I loved it the most when he came in my pussy because it was like he was mating me, leaving a part of his love inside of me. Letting him cum in my mouth was more of an act of submission for me, a demonstration of my willingness to give myself completely to him for his pleasure, to show him that he could have me in any way he wanted.

Today I wanted to thank him for being such a wonderful father so what better way than to take his cock in my mouth and let him fill it with his cum? I knew he loved it and I knew I was damn good at it as well. Well, practice DOES make perfect as they say! I kept sucking him and stroking him in and out of my mouth, licking him with my tongues up and down his shaft and around the base of his head. He was groaning more now and louder as well. The shower stall echoed his groans making them seem ever deeper and louder than they probably were. He grabbed my head with both hands and pulled me into his groin.

"Oh god I'm cumming," he moaned, "Take it Kelly, take my cum. Be you daddy's little slut"

Well, as I always say, anything for my dad! After all, it wasn't like he wanted me to do something I didn't want to do anyway. His cock was almost completely in my mouth when I felt it convulse and the first shot of cum cam bursting forth from it and struck the back if my throat. He gave me another load and then several quick ones after that until my mouth was filled with his cum to where it was leaking out past my lips that I had locked around his quivering shaft. I felt it dribble down my chin and then wash away as the shower stream poured over my head. Finally I thought he was done and when I moved my mouth on him he pulsed one last time and then was actually finished.

"Damn baby, you are one HELL of a cocksucker," he said, "God I love you. What more could father ask of his daughter than what you do for me!"

I let his cock drop from my mouth and I opened my mouth so he could see the cum in it before I swallowed it down. I felt so happy and proud at that moment, happy that I could please him and proud that I was so good at it. There were guys who told me they had never cum from just a girl sucking their cock and they had to finish off with their hand. Well, all I can say is whoever is sucking their cock needs to learn what they're doing wrong because I had never had a guy fail to cum when I made a determined effort to suck his cock. The door slide open just then and my mom's face appeared.

"Just what I figured. Come on your two sex maniacs, we have to get going to set up for the party. Kelly - wash that cum off your chin and get going. I can't believe you let your hair get soaked this late! What am I going to do with you?"

She shut the door hard and I knew she was a bit miffed at the two of us. I rinsed my face off and then stepped out to dry myself off. I now had just enough time to dry my hair and get dressed before we had to go but I was thrilled that I had a chance to thank my dad before we did.

Once my hair was ready I slipped into my new outfit. I debated whether to wear anything under the tights but as sheer as they were I figured anything I wore would be more visible than what I had underneath. My bare butt would certainly look better than panties or G-string showing through the thin material and with my shaved pussy, it wasn't like anyone would be seeing some dark triangle. I decided to go with just the tights and pulled them up. The dress was a bit on the tight side and my now C sized boobs were almost too big. I certainly hoped they didn't come spilling out in the middle of the party! The tiny skirt barely covered my ass standing up and I knew if I bent over the least bit or even sat down that I would be showing off my butt every time I did. Well, nothing wrong with that!

I slipped on the silly shoes and put on the hat and gloves to complete the outfit. Looking in the mirror, I laughed as I imagined myself as one of Santa's naughty elves. I could certainly make a few guys happy for Christmas in this outfit! I went next door to my parents' room where they were putting on their own finishing touches. My dad had his tuxedo on and my mom was wearing a beautiful red gown that said Merry Christmas in a way only she could in that outfit. My dad gave out a long wolf whistle as I paraded in front of them, twirling around to show off from every angle.

"Damn, you're going to be the apple of every guy's eye and draw the scorn of every married woman there tonight in that outfit," he exclaimed.

My mom nodded approvingly saying, "It really doesn't show a thing but god it's suggestive! Good pick John!"

## 4. Teasing Mike

We grabbed out coats and headed for the car where we piled in my Dad's SUV to head downtown. After parking in the hotel garage, we went to the room where the party was being held. Several of my dad's partners were already there with their wives and I saw the meal was being set up as well as the mandatory open bar. Part of the party package included a room for everyone and it was heavily encouraged that people make use of them if they planned to drink. After all, it WAS a party of lawyers and who better to know the ramifications of someone driving home drunk?

We took off our coats and my dad collected my mom's and mine to take to the coat check. As I removed mine I saw every eye in the room turn as they realized what I was wearing. My dad noticed as well and laughed at them all.

"Hey, like the elf I brought with tonight? Now be careful, she's Santa's special elf so don't mess with her!"

Everyone laughed but I saw that my dad's prediction was already coming true. The guy's eyes all lingered on me for what was just long enough to be considered indecent and their wives saw the same thing and each gave me a look that would have killed if they could. Mmmmmmm, this was promising to be a fun evening indeed

I noticed that Mike, one of the partners responsible for international customers, was there as well. Since he had joined my dad's firm about six years ago I had only met him a few times as he seemed to be traveling every time I was in the office. He was married but his kids had all left home years ago. His wife had been at past parties but they never seemed to be together much and my dad had told me once that Mike had a reputation in the office for fooling around on business trips. I didn't see her around tonight but she might have been around somewhere.

I went over to the reception table and started to spread out the name tags in alphabetical order. Mike came over and moved behind me to see what I was doing –

or so I thought. Next thing I knew I felt a hand on my butt! From the firmness and length of the contact it certainly wasn't a casual brush or mistake. Unbelievable as it seemed to me Mike was grabbing my ass right there behind the table!

I could see the others in the room and didn't want to make a scene so I pretended not to notice although of course it would have been impossible for me to not to know what was going on. I expected him to just get a feel and move on but he didn't let go and actually started to massage my butt. Realizing this was not just a dirty old man copping a feel, I turned my head to look at him.

"So tell me, does my ass feel good?" I asked him coyly.

Mike grinned at me devilishly. "Damn right it does - and don't tell me you don't like it." My grin gave him the answer he was looking for and he reached down a little lower to cup my butt more in his hand. "Damn you have a nice one! So tell me, is it true what they say about you?"

I gave him a little girl look as if I had absolutely no idea what he was talking about.

"Oh come on, don't play games with me," he said. "You know exactly what I'm talking about. I don't have to spell it out."

His hand had not left my ass the whole time and if anything was moving down more and one of his fingers was starting to grope between my legs! My tights prevented him from actually touching me but they weren't stopping me from feeling the pressure of his finger against me. This was crazy; we were in a ballroom with everyone around and just a table to hide his hand.

Then I saw that his wife over on the other side of the room but I doubted that she had any idea what her lecherous husband was up to. I nodded towards her and said, "Isn't that your wife over there? What would she say if she knew where your hand was right now?"

Mike chuckled and pressed his finger up into my crotch against my tights, pushing my tights up into me slightly. "Oh she would probably kill us both where we stand but look at her - she is literally twice the woman I married. Mmmmmmm, I wish Santa would bring me you for Christmas, that's for sure!"

I looked over to where my dad was talking to a group of people. "Well, Santa's right over there. Why don't you ask him?"

Mike chuckled a bit, "Well, you certainly are the tease, aren't you? Does daddy know his little girl has been fucking half the firm?"

I ignored that and wiggled my ass against his exploring hand. "Well, are you just going to feel me up or what?"

From the look in his face I quickly surmised that up until now he had just been playing around and that he really hadn't expected anything to come of it. He probably had gotten more than he'd expected in the first place and was waiting for me to slap him or at least pull away. But instead I had called his bluff and now he found himself having to decide whether to fold or go all in.

Frankly, I didn't think he had the nerve which is what made me be so bold with him so I was surprised when he said, "Fine, enough of the teasing. If you're really the slut I've heard you are, meet me in the empty conference room next door in five minutes."

His hand released my ass and he walked over to where his wife was and started saying something I couldn't make out. Well, he had better not put his hand anywhere near her nose! I thought about his proposition for a few seconds and smiled to myself. The party hadn't even started yet and here I was contemplating whether to get fucked already! Well, why not?

## 5. Mike Fucks Me

I looked over to my dad again and saw he was now looking at me. I winked at him and nodded slightly at Mike who was still in an animated conversation with his wife. My dad grinned and shook his head as if he couldn't believe it. I knew what he was thinking, that his daughter had taken less than fifteen minutes to find her first fuck of the night!

I left the ballroom and once in the hallway I looked up and down. The coast was clear so I slipped into the empty conference room and shut the door behind me. It wasn't completely dark as a few of the lights were on dim but it was dark enough to make it hard to see if anyone else was in there.. I waited by the door and a few minutes later Mike came in. He didn't see me at first but then as his eyes adjusted to the low light he saw me standing there and grinned.

"Wow, you really came," he said with what was either a sigh of relief or perhaps he had not really believed I would do it.

He stepped up to me and reached around me with one hand to grab my ass again. The guy seemed to have a one-track mind! To his surprise, I pulled away and said to him a business like tone, "Before we do anything there's a couple of things I want to know. One - do you always cheat on your wife this easily? Two - when was the last time? And three - what made you think I'd be so easy?"

Mike rolled his eyes at this. I think he was somehow expecting to just burst in and start fucking me like some whore. Instead here I was I was giving him the third degree. The guy was no dummy and he pick up quickly that I was serious. He explained that while he had cheated on his wife a number of time, it had been over three years since he'd last done it.

He gave me the typical married guy speech - how his wife no longer seemed to want to have sex, how she had grown so obese she no longer even turned him on. I'd heard this all before from other married guys and I couldn't help but feel that it took two to tango but who was I to criticize him? What interested me most though was what he said next.

"As for knowing you would be easy, you DO know you are the talk of the office don't you?" he asked.

I looked at him quizzically and he continued, "You really didn't expect all those guys to not brag about what they did to you, did you? I mean come on Kelly, they fucked the boss's daughter for god's sake! Best of all, you asked for it! How could you expect them NOT to brag about it?"

He stood back and looked me over saying, "So tonight you show up in a slutty Christmas costume. Well, what did you expect someone like me to think? You may as well be wearing a sign that says 'Fuck me!' for crying out loud!"

Always the lawyer, Mike had made his case and so the prosecution rested. What could I say - I was guilty as charged! Well, this was obviously not the time for subtlety so I decided to just go for it. I moved up close to him and put my hand on his crotch. He was already hard as a rock! "Mmmmmmm, I think you have something naughty on your mind for me."

Mike chuckled at me, "You really ARE a slutty little one, aren't you. I bet you can't wait to get my cock in your pussy, can you? When was the last time you got fucked good?"

I didn't dare tell him I'd been fucked pretty good by my dad just this morning but he really wasn't looking for me to answer anyway. Mike unzipped his pants and reached in for his cock which he pulled out of his pants for me. "Here you go, a nice hard cock for you to suck. Now let's see if you're really as good as they say you are."

Well, I was up for that challenge! Dropping to my knees, I took his cock in my hand and felt the smooth warmth of his shaft. It was still growing and I could feel the throbbing of his heartbeat as the blood engorged it further. I took the big head in my mouth and licked the tip with my tongue. Mmmmmmm, he tasted good!

I held the base of his cock between a circle formed by my thumb and first finger such that it stuck straight out towards my face. My tongue ran up and down the length of him starting from the cock tip to my hand and then back up again, covering his cock with spit which then allowed me to stroke him with my hand. I ran my hand enclosed around his dick up and down while twisting it at the same time. Mike was groaning softly so I took him back in my mouth again, this time taking all of him in my mouth.

Normally I would go until I felt his pubic hair brushing my face but in this case he still had his pants on so just his shaft was exposed. Since I couldn't get to his balls with my free hand I took advantage of the opportunity and put my hand down my tights and started playing with myself. Mike held my head and started forcing me to stroke his cock in and out of my mouth. He was pushing his cock so hard into my mouth I would have fallen over backwards if he hadn't been holding me steady with my head!

"That's it Kelly, suck it. Ahhhhhh, that's it!" Mike groaned again, "Damn you ARE good! Shit, if your dad could only knew what a sleazy slut his daughter really was!"

Well, wouldn't he be surprised if he knew that my dad DID know his daughter was a slut! If Mike was turned on now, imagine if he knew I had blown my dad just a few hours earlier! For whatever reason most guys I chat with find it hot that I fuck my dad and it's too bad that I can't tell the guys who DO fuck me that my dad has sex with me.

I was feeling pretty wet and then I realized that all I had on were the tights. Damn! If I got them wet in the crotch it would look like I peed on myself and I didn't have anything else to wear. Suggestive as I liked to be, running around the party bare-ass in a miniskirt was not exactly on the menu of things that I could do.

Well, in any case it was time to get Mike to fuck me before he came from my blowjob anyway so I let his cock flop from my mouth and I grabbed my tights such that when I stood up my tights dropped down. I pushed them down to my ankles but left them on and then turned around to face a table in the room. I turned my head around and looked at him over my shoulder, watching him as he stroked his wet cock while he looked at my bare ass poking out from under my short skirt. I smacked

drops of sperm as I sucked his cock dry. Finally I stood up and he started to pull up his pants.

"Got a handkerchief?" I asked him.

He looked at me quizzically but gave me one from his suit pockets. I wiped my pussy clean with it and handed it back to him saying, "Thanks! Now you have something to remember me by all night!" Mike held it to his noise and smiled. "Damn you are one hot fucking little whore!"

"Hey!" I shot back at him, "That's twice now. I may be a slut but I'm not a whore!"

Mike laughed at my indignant response. "True, you didn't charge me."

I had pulled up my tights by now and straightened out my outfit. His erection had subsided and there was no noticeable bulge. We were ready to head back and I started to leave for the door.

"Hey Kelly," he called to me, "All teasing aside, you ARE one hell of a good fuck. Can we do this again sometime?"

I gave him a teasing little laugh and just smiled at him as I walked out the door. Leave them always wanting more!

## 6. Meeting Sandy and Candice

I headed back to the party room where my dad was helping the DJ set up the sound system.

"Where the hell have you been?" he asked.

Then he noticed Mike coming in through the same door as I had and shook his head in amazement.

"Damn girl, already?" he exclaimed. I winked at him and gave him a naughty smile. He gave me a pat on the butt saying, "You know, sometimes I just don't know what I'm going to do with you." I gave him a wink and a smile and went over to help out my mom.

It was about time to get started and the room was getting pretty full. I noticed that virtually everyone was looking at my outfit and I loved all the attention. The next hour or so was pretty boring. My dad gave the mandatory welcome speech, telling everyone what a great year it had been and recognizing some of the people who had done especially well. Dinner was a buffet and I just grabbed a few bites. No way was I going to gain five pounds over break! Finally the DJ got started and people hit the dance floor. It was finally party time!

I soon noticed two teenage girls that were dancing and so I went over to join them. They loved my outfit and a they were dressed to kill in their own way. We all knew that every guy was watching us so we played it up to the hilt - dancing close and suggestive for a while and then each doing her own thing depending on the music.

It's always been funny to me how everyone seems to love seeing girls dancing together but you NEVER see a group of guys dancing. After a few songs we took a break and went to an empty table. I had not seen them around at other events so I was curious about them. They turned out to be sisters, sixteen and eighteen years old. Their dad was new to the firm and they had just moved to Pittsburgh from Boston.

I started pointing out the various guys and filled them in on who was cheating on their wives and all the other gossip. There were a few cute guys there as well and we laughed as they made a few suggestive comments about them. It was just girl talk as they didn't seem the type to fool around like that. A lot of girls are like that - they enjoy teasing and flirting but other than that it's strictly hands off! They asked about my costume and I told them that my dad had bought it for me and their eyes widened.

"Your DAD bought THAT for you?" said Sandy, the sixteen year-old. "Wow, our dad wouldn't even let us OWN something like that let alone buy it for us."

Candice, the older sister, nodded in agreement, "Dad about had a fit when we got these outfits, I can just imagine what he's going to say about yours on the way home!"

We all laughed at that and it made a nice break point for us to hit the dance floor again. I noticed Mike had gotten his wife out on the dance floor but I think it was just so he could get near me again. As the floor got more crowded they brushed up against me and I felt a quick pinch on my ass. Mike's eyes met mine for just a moment and there was a naughty twinkle in his so I knew who had just felt me up. I saw his wife look at me and her lips pursed noticeable in disapproval. Well, if she had any idea what her husband had done to me not too long ago she would have done more than that!

A few of the single guys started hitting on us. I doubt they knew how young Sandy was. In her slinky dress she looked a few years older than she was but she was still jailbait! I danced with a few guys as well. It was fun and I enjoyed the evening as it wore on. People were drinking heavily and things got louder and more obnoxious. It was a good thing they all had rooms for the evening!

I was beginning to think that the night was going to end this without anything else happening when one of the interns asked me to dance. It was a slow song and so we danced holding on to each other. I never have learned to properly dance but he was even worse than me but it really didn't matter. His hand started on my back but as the song wore on it slowly worked its way down until it was at the top of my ass. He was looking down but most of the time it was past my face and more trying to look down my dress to see my boobs which were pressed against him. Finally he worked up the nerve to ask me what I knew he had been wanting to ask from the start.

"I don't know about you Kelly, but I'm getting tired of all this. Want to get away for a bit?" He asked.

I looked up at him and answered, "What do you mean by "get away"?

He looked a little tentative but I didn't say a word. Finally he answered, "I mean up to my room. A few of us were about to head up there and we were wondering if you'd like to join us?"

Now THIS finally sounded like something interesting finally. I didn't want to seem TOO anxious to leave with him though so I pretended to be hesitant and unsure of myself. I suddenly realized I didn't even know his name for crying out loud and here I was thinking about going up to his room with him. Not only that, lord knows who else was going to be up there. I had no illusions we were going to play Monopoly!

"C'mon Kelly, it'll be fun," he said, a sly smile on his face betraying exactly what kind of fun he was talking about.

Then an idea came to my mind, "Can I ask my friends?"

He looked uncertain but I didn't give him a chance to respond. I hurried over to where Candice and Sandy were sitting and quickly explained to them the situation. They looked at each other and then back at me.

"I don't know," Candice said, "What do they expect us to do?"

Sandy poked her older sister. "Oh you're always such a stick in the mud Candice. Sounds like fun to me."

The two of them were definitely sisters! They argued back and forth in that way it seems only siblings can get away with as I listened. I sometimes wished I had a sister to share things with. Even a brother would have been nice. There were a lot of advantages to being an only child but at the same time whenever I was with another girl and her sister or brother, there was just something between them that I realized I was missing out on.

Finally it looked like Sandy won the battle and the two of them got up to come with me. We all went out to the hallway where the guys were waiting for us. There four more of them in addition to the guy who invited us - so much for "a few of us". Oh well, the more the merrier I guess. They all looked to be in their early twenties and I had to admit that they were a hot looking bunch.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" I asked.

Big smiles appeared on each of their faces and we headed for the elevators. Once on I finally asked him what his name was. He laughed and told me it was Nathan. He rattled off his friends' names as well but they just went in one ear and out the other. Candice and Sandy introduced themselves and then one of the guys asked Sandy how old she was. "Eighteen and three months," she said and I was impressed at how well she lied through her teeth!

A couple of the guys smiled knowingly as I don't think they bought it for a minute but who was going to argue with her?

## 7. Christmas Party Gangbang

We got to the room and I realized immediately that it was going to be a bit cramped with eight people. The sisters and I hopped on the one bed while the guys sat on the chairs, dresser, and on the edge of the second bed. Nobody spoke at first and since Nathan seemed to be the ringleader everyone looked to him to get things started.

"Well, what do you girls want to do?" he asked lamely.

Candice and Sandy looked to me since I was the one that got them into this. I just rolled my eyes at the question and said, "Well, since YOU asked US to come up here, I would have thought you already had that figured out." Actually, I had a good idea that Nathan never really expected me to say yes let alone bring along two other girls. I'm sure he had played out this fantasy in his mind while masturbating many a time but like most guys, now that the opportunity was actually in front of him he was panicking.

"Hey, how about some strip poker?" one of the guys called out.

He looked to be a bit drunk and his inhibitions were lower than the others apparently. I looked at my new friends and their eyes had widened at first but Sandy just shrugged her shoulder and even Candice seemed OK with the idea after she thought about it so we all got around one of the beds and a pack of cards appeared from nowhere. My parents didn't gamble and I had only watched poker on TV and that wasn't the kind we were playing. The game was called five card draw and I had no idea how to play. They quickly told us the rules and the game started.

I soon realized I was at a distinct disadvantage as I had virtually nothing to take off that didn't expose something whereas the guys had underwear, socks, ties and all sorts of things. Sandy and Candice weren't in much better shape than me but they at least had bras and panties.

The guys lost the first few hands but it was no big deal. Then I lost one hand and gave up one of my shoes. It wasn't long before all three of us girls were shoeless and the guys were missing shoes and socks but the next loss meant something big for me. Finally it happened and I was stuck. I stood up and took a big breath. Every eye was on me and the room was suddenly quiet as I slowly lowered my tights.

I turned away and they got a great view of my ass as I bent down to slip the tights off my legs. I sat back on the edge of the bed and I could see the guys trying to get a peek at my pussy under the edge of my short skirt. Fortunately the guys went on a losing streak and most of them were down to their pants or underwear before a girl lost again. Then it didn't take but a few hand before Candice was down to her bra and panties and then Sandy was as well. I was hanging in there but the luck finally left me and I lost a hand. Everyone knew what that meant and this time the room wasn't nearly so quiet.

"C'mon, take it off!" one guy yelled. I turned to Nathan and asked, "Isn't there something I can do instead?" I pleaded. Nathan looked at the guys and they seemed uncertain until Nathan raised his finger as if a brilliant idea had struck him.

"Ok Kelly, you can leave on your dress if you do this," he said. He looked at me and then Candice and Sandy before he continued. "You have to kiss one of them. I don't mean some little girl peck on the cheek, I want to see some tongue action!"

Well, I was up for that but Candice looked like she had been jolted with a shock. Sandy on the other hand got this mysterious look on her face. I leaned over to her and she closed her eyes and leaned forward to me. Our lips met and then we scooted together and held each other. Our lips parted and our tongues touched as the guys hooted and hollered for us to "do it".

"Just do what I do," I said to her and she looked a little less tense. She became my mirror at that point, mimicking my every move. Fortunately the guy she was sucking had a somewhat smaller dick so it was easy for her to suck and even take completely in her mouth.

As it turned out, the girl was a natural! I doubted her technique with her tongue was anywhere near mine and some of the lip action I used was hard to demonstrate but the guy certainly didn't seem to care. Soon Nathan was about ready and I tapped on Sandy's arm to watch.

I held Nathan's cock so the head was barely in my mouth and stroked his dick as fast as I could. My tongue played around the head when he suddenly groaned and his hips rose up from the bed. I felt the first burst of cum squirt from his cock and it hit my tongue. Leaving my mouth loose on his cock, this allowed his cum to drip from my mouth and down my chin. With each load I had more in my mouth but even more dripping from me onto him. Sandy was watching me with her guy's cock in her mouth but she was motionless as she watched me take his cum in my mouth, her eyes as wide as saucers. I kept stroking his cock which was now covered in cum, getting it all over my hand.

The rest of the guys cheered and then started chanting for the other guy to cum too. Sandy again mimicked me and held his head in her mouth as she stroked his shaft. It wasn't long before he shot his first load but Sandy quickly took her mouth off of him after the first load hit her mouth. She grimaced as she spit it out and then he hit her face and hair with the rest of his cum. After he finished we both sat up and she looked at me with a mixture of defiance and disgust on her face.

"How do you take that in your mouth?" she asked, spitting the rest out, "Ewwwww, it's disgusting."

Based on my own personal survey, about one quarter or less of girls really like cum and maybe another quarter tolerate it enough to let their guy cum in their mouth but then they spit it out as fast as possible. It didn't surprise me therefore that Sandy hated it. I guess it's like anything else, some people loved it and others don't. I happen to be one of the 25% or so that LOVE cum which certainly helps when it comes time for a guy to blow his wad. I used my finger to wipe some of the cum from her cheek and then I licked it off and smiled at her.

"Well, I happen to love it but don't worry, you don't have to take it in your mouth, most guys love to shoot it all over you anyway."

please another one. The main difference is of course you don't get the feedback you get when you touch yourself so you still have to learn the little idiosyncrasies that every person has (just like sucking cocks - every guy needs something a little different).

Sandy was obviously well experienced in pussy touching, even if it was just her own, and I felt a tingle though me as her fingertip toyed with my clit. Just like when we gave the blowjobs, she seemed to follow my lead. I worked my way into her pussy and she did the same with mine. When my finger was wet with her pussy juice I took it out and put it on her lips. She pulled back just a little but I pushed it into her mouth and she instinctively sucked it, I had no doubt she had tasted herself at least once but this was the first time it was served this way to her! She did the same and I loved the taste of my cunt on her finger.

I rolled her on her back and softly said to her, "Just relax now... enjoy this."

I turned and put my hands on each side of her hips. My boobs were rubbing against her stomach as I lowered my face between her legs. She spread them apart in submission to me as my tongue began to work on her cute little pussy. God she tasted good! I looked around and every guy was stroking himself like crazy. As the makers of porn films know, every guy dreams of seeing two girls get it on and here we were doing just that right in front of them! I worked my hands under Sandy's ass and grabbed her butt with them. Damn she had a firm little ass! My tongue raced around her clit and I could hear her moaning even above the groans of the guys around us.

Out of the corner of my eye Candice was watching but I could see she wasn't looking as horrified anymore and her hand was actually between her legs! It wasn't moving much - yet, but it was a good sign. As I licked Sandy I lifted my leg and draped it over her so I was straddling her face. I felt her hands on my hips, pulling me down to her so I dropped myself down to her until I felt her face and tongue against my ass.

The thought of this little virgin licking my pussy, the first one she had ever smelled and tasted other than her own, was the final straw for me. I felt a surge from my crotch and then my entire body went rigid as every pore seemed to electrify and tingle. I groaned in ecstasy as her tongue pushed into me as I came, drenching her with my pussy cum. Unlike the sperm, she lapped up my cum from me like a dog with a fresh plate of food.

I looked over at Candice and sighed, making sure she understood her sister had just made me cum. That seemed to set something off in her and Candice reached in her panties and started playing with herself. I wanted Sandy to cum too so I moved around until I was between her legs facing her, just as I had been when I was sucking Nathan. I look up at her and her eyes were fixated on me. As I licked her pretty pussy my ass was up in the air again. God it felt hot after my orgasm, not to mention unnaturally empty. I lifted my head up from Sandy's cunt and looked around at the guys.

"I can't believe my soaking wet cunt is still empty with all these hard cocks around," I said to them all, "Are you all gay or what? So who is going to fuck me dammit?"

They all looked at each other and as if on signal went racing to the end of the bed. I went back to Sandy's pussy, figuring they would work it out for themselves. Sure enough, after the sounds of a scuffle and a few harsh words I felt the head of a cock pressing against me. His hands spread my ass apart to expose my swollen cunt and then came that wonderful sensation I get when a cock first forces it way into my tight cunt. It always seems like it won't go in but it always does (thank God!).

I was in heaven, a cute little pussy in my face and a hard cock in my own pussy. What more could a girl ask for? He wasn't interested in much technique, just stroking himself in and out of me, driving my face against Sandy's pussy when he pushed and pulling it away as he pulled back. Sandy was getting into it now herself, humping her hips up and down like she was fucking my tongue in her. She had been quiet up until now but as her orgasm started she let loose.

"Oh my god that feels soooooo good," she cried out, almost scaring a coupe guys next to her who were masturbating as they watched us. "Oh fuck, I'm cumming, god I'm cumming so hard."

She certainly did. Sandy was what guys call a "squirter". Her pussy cum shot from her into my mouth and I swallowed every drop of her delicious nectar. My tongue went back to work on her clit as I drove her higher and higher into her orgasm. The bed was drenched under her ass as she flowed out a stream of pussy cum. Damn, I had never cum that much myself and I thought I was a gusher!

Just then the guy fucking me came. "Oh yea, cum in me," I cried, letting everyone know what he was doing to me.

"Fuck me!" I yelled at him.

I was up on my hands now, rocking against his cock as he filled my pussy with cum. Sandy started touching herself, keeping her pussy hot after her orgasm. One of the guys reached for her pussy and was acting like he wanted to fuck her but she shook her head vigorously. She got off the bed and went back over to Candice where they held each other tight as they watched me being fucked. Both of them were touching themselves and I would have loved to see them doing it to each other but that was going a bit too far for one night. As it was this was quite the evening for them!

After the first guy fucked me I laid on my back and grabbed a pillow which I put under my butt to elevate my pussy to be more accessible. I was so damn horny with all these hard cocks around me I couldn't wait for the next one. Looking around, they were all still stroking themselves so I challenged them saying, "Well, doesn't anyone else want a piece of this?"

One by one they fucked me, even Nathan and the guy Sandy blew. It was heaven! I must have cum another three or four times as my pussy filled with cum to the point it was overflowing. Sandy and Candice watched everything and I saw them whispering to one another at times. I would have given anything to know what they were saying!

Finally I had done them all and I just laid back in the bed with my legs apart, cum dripping from my pussy. Every one of them had cum in me which surprised me as a lot of guys prefer to see themselves cum on my outer pussy, stomach, boobs or even my face. I certainly wasn't complaining. It was a lot less mess this way plus loved the feeling when a man fills my pussy with sperm.

The guys all looked exhausted so I figured it was time to make an exit. I got up and went over to Sandy and Candice.

"Well girls, had enough?" I said with a grin.

Sandy looked at me like a groupie at a rock concert. "Oh my god Kelly, I can't believe you did all that. You really ARE slut just like they said, aren't you."

That last was more a statement than a question. I imagine in her thoughts she was close to calling me a whore but was trying not to be disrespectful.

I leaned over to kiss Sandy and then looked at Candice saying, "You know, you have a wonderful sister. If I had one like her I would be all over her!"

Candice just blushed but Sandy gave her a look such that I wondered if maybe I hadn't sparked something there. We went in the bathroom and washed off enough to be respectable. Getting dressed, I realized I was so full of cum to was still draining from me as I stood up and the crotch of my tights was wet almost instantly when I pulled them up. Oh well, I was planning on going straight to my room anyway since I was sure the party was over by now.

We said goodnight to the guys and they begged us to stay but we left anyway. Out in the hallway I said goodnight to Candice and Sandy we agreed to get together again which I certainly hope will happen soon. I got to my parents room and realized I didn't have a key. So much for a quiet entry. I knocked softly and my mom answered.

"Kelly! Jesus, where have you been girl?" she whispered. Your dad's asleep but I've been worried about you. Someone said you and those new girls went off with a bunch of guys, is that true?"

I stepped into the room and she sniffed a bit at me. "God you stink like sex girl! Well, I guess I know the answer to that one. So how many guys did you do?"

I grinned at her and held up five fingers. She just clucked at me and said, "Well, you dad told me about Mike so I guess you've had quite a night for yourself. You'll have to tell me about it in the morning though, god I'm tired!"

I grabbed a quick shower, dried my hair quickly and then slipped in bed between my parents. I was facing my mom so our boobs were touching while my ass was snuggled in tight to my dad's crotch and I could feel his soft cock against my butt. What a perfect night, fucked a married guy, made two new girl friends with some interesting possibilities, got fucked by five horny guys, and now was ending the night between two of the most wonderful parents in the whole world.

I fell asleep convinced I was the luckiest girl in the whole world!

wake up in the middle of the night and see me sleeping nude in my bed (which I have been doing since I was twelve).

My parents have always slept nude but growing up I wore silly little pajamas and then little girl nighties until one day when I saw my parents undressing for bed I wondered what it would be like to sleep without any clothes on so I took off my nightie and slipped between the sheets nude. It felt strange at first but at the same time I liked the feel of the sheets against my bare skin and besides, what girl doesn't like to be like her mom?

One morning my dad was up to get ready for work and he noticed I was nude as my covers had been thrown off during the night. I must have subconsciously realized he was looking at me because I woke up to see him standing in my door. He was nude himself but then he usually was this time of the morning. I noticed his cock was getting hard but again, it was not unusual to see my dad that way after leaving their bedroom so I didn't think anything odd about it. I smiled at him and he grinned back at me.

"So I see our little girl is growing up," he said to me. "So what's wrong, outgrow outgrown your pajamas?"

"Oh daddy!" I responded, blushing just a little bit.

My dad just smiled at winked at me and went on to the bathroom. From that time on he never mentioned anything again to me about sleeping nude but looking back now I realize that he started tucking me in bed again, something he had stopped doing years ago.

While I liked to sleep nude, I rarely went about the house nude. I typically wore a long t-shirt in the evenings and then as I got older I learned how soft my dad's dress shirts felt to wear – not to mention how accessible they were! I normally didn't strip down until I was ready to hit the hay.

## 2. Christmas Morning Gift Opening

So this Christmas I had to make a choice, wear something to bed or close the door. Rather than put up with a nightshirt just so I could leave my door open, I decided to close the door. It was weird, my room seemed so much smaller with it shut! As usual, I woke up horny as hell so my hand seemed to have a mind of its own as it moved between my legs and started to rub my already wet pussy. I found myself wishing my dad could come in and greet me as he usually did in the mornings but instead I could hear my grandfather out in the hall wishing my dad good morning.

My grandparents, at least those on my dad's side, had no idea what their son's family did in the privacy of their home. I masturbated as I imagined what he would say if he were to walk to the bathroom and see my bedroom door open allowing him a view of his son fucking his granddaughter! It made me cum thinking about it even though I knew it would never happen. Some things just can't be understood by people and I knew my grandparents would never be able to comprehend my true relationship with my parents.

I know I had to get up soon so I picked out a light blue dress shirt of my dad's I kept hidden in my closet so my mom wouldn't take it, and put it on to serve as my pajamas for Christmas. In what I guess you could call a small act of defiance, I decided not to wear anything else under it, not even a thong. The shirt tails hung down just almost to my knees so as long as I didn't get too carried away there should not be any danger of flashing my grandparents but it felt incredibly erotic anyway when I stepped out into the hallway to see my grandparents and parents there.

My mom looked at me and I think she could tell from the twinkle in my eye what I was wearing (or rather, NOT wearing) and she shot me a look of disapproval. I just grinned and rolled my eyes for her. After all, it's not like she could say anything to me at the time!

"So Kelly," my grandma said, "You all ready to open Santa's presents?"

"Sure!" I exclaimed and I bounded down the stairs ahead of them.

I was barefoot and almost slipped about halfway down but I just laughed it off and continued down the next flight into the basement where the family room was. The tree was surrounded by presents just as it had been the night before. My parents had long since given up on hiding anything so it wasn't like Santa had arrived during the night or anything. The difference was that now I finally got to open them!

My parents and grandparents soon arrived and I served as the gift presenter, handing out the various packages to each recipient. Needless to say almost everything I got was some form of clothing with a few gift cards mixed in. They were outfits I needed for school and as such were all fairly conservative.

As the morning went on and the last of the gifts were opened, I looked out of the corner of my eye to my dad. He caught my eye and I knew he understood what I was silently questioning him. He silently mouthed a "later" to me and I grinned, wondering just what he had gotten me this year but even more, how he was going to give it to me with his parents here. Grandma and Grandpa were certainly not going to enjoy seeing me in my new outfit – at last I hoped not! My worries were soon answered when my grandma stood up and pulled my grandpa up off the couch next to me.

"C'mon old man," she teased him, "let's get cleaned up and dressed so these folks can have their bathroom.

My grandpa pretended to be put off by her statement and replied, "Now who are you calling an old man anyway – old woman!"

We all laughed and they headed up the stairs. No sooner were they out of sight then my dad reached behind his chair and pulled out what I had been awaiting for – his secret present!

"You didn't think I'd forget about this I hope Kelly," my dad said with that sly grin I loved to see on his face.

I knew whenever I saw that expression that he was getting horny and so whatever was in that box must be pretty good to get him going without me even opening it. I grabbed the box from him like a spoiled child and quickly tore off the paper. The box was just plain white without a hint of where it came from or what was inside. I slipped off the top and saw tissue paper inside. Reaching through the paper I finally saw what it was and I looked up at him with a huge grin on my face.

"Oh daddy!" I exclaimed, "It's perfect."

I pulled out the outfit – it was a classic "little black dress". It was obviously low cut and from the length of it I knew it certainly wasn't going to cover much more than my ass- if that! There was just something sexy about the dress – even more so than a skimpy bikini, sheer nightie, or naughty cheerleader outfit. I stood up and held it up against me. It was practically weightless and I couldn't wait to try it on. I kissed him and twirled around and ran right to my room.

My grandparents were in their room so I closed the door and quickly stripped off the shirt and pulled the dress down over my head. There was no way a bra was going to fit under it, even if I wanted such a thing. My dad hadn't included any panties so I stayed bottomless. If I ever wore this out in public though I knew I would need something under it – probably a nice black thong.

Looking in the mirror, I saw it took only the slightest bending over to make it slip up my ass! I loved the way it clung to my body, like it was painted on me. My boobs looked great and as excited as I was my nipples were clearly visible thought the thin material. I opened the door to head back downstairs and was caught by surprise – my grandfather was just coming out of the bathroom. He looked at me and my outfit and a strange look came over his face, as if he just didn't know quite what to say. Then he just looked away and went back to their bedroom as if he didn't want to know anything more.

Oh well, I figured, may as well go for it now so I went back down to the family room where my mom and dad were waiting for me. My dad let out a wolf whistle while my mom snapped a few pics of me.

"Damn John," my mom exclaimed, "that has to be the sexiest outfit you've bought her yet. Good work dad!"

My dad was clearly proud of himself. I twirled around in front of him while my mom snapped off a few more shots.

"Oh daddy, I love it!" I exclaimed and I jumped in his lap and gave him a big hug and a kiss.

He put his big arms around me and held me tightly against him as we kissed long and hard. I loved it when he held me this way. It reminded me of when I was a little girl scared at night and he would come into my room and hold me until I felt safe again. Nothing made me feel as secure and safe as being in my dad's arms. It was the once place in the world where I knew nothing would happen to me, that he would never do anything to hurt me in anyway nor would he let anything else hurt me.

## 3. Thanking My Mom While My Dad Watches

"Hey girl," my mom called out to me, "Doesn't Mom get something for everything you've gotten this year?

I grinned at her. She must have been pretty turned on seeing me kissing my dad as usually when we were together she just liked to sit back and watch us. I gave my dad a peck in the cheek and moved over to my mom. Sitting next to her we leaned towards one another and I felt her lips meet mine as we entered into a sensuous and loving kiss.

"Slip that dress off," she murmured to me softly.

As I did she opened her robe and I saw she was naked underneath. My mom may be in her forties now but you would never know it looking at her body which looked at least ten years younger. Granted she worked hard to keep it that way with her diet and exercise but there were some things that only good genes could take

Well, I loved licking her just as much as she enjoyed me doing it! My tongue worked its way down her pussy slit until it was running circles around the wet opening to her pussy. I loved the taste of my mom's pussy. It was so much stronger than the younger girls I had oral sex with like my cousin Kristi or my roomie Jen.

That seemed to be true in general of older woman since my Aunt Linda and my mom's friend Tammy were more like my mom. I think part of it was just the fact it was my mother's pussy that I had my face buried in. This was the same pussy from which I emerged over twenty years ago and now here I was pushing my tongue back inside of it. Could she have dreamed when she gave birth to me so long ago that someday the same girl who was giving her so much pain then would be able to give her so much pleasure in return?

My mom's pussy was the first one I had ever tasted other than my own and no matter who I am with in the future I know it will always be my favorite one!

As I swirled my tongue around her clit I poked one finger inside her pussy, penetrating her as far as I could reach and then followed it with another and then yet another one. I fucked her with my fingers while my lips grabbed her clit, tugging gently on it while my tongue ran over the hard tip. My mom's ass clenched in my hands and her hips lifted up against me. I felt her hands on the top of my head, driving me down into her crotch, forcing me into her pussy. Suddenly a gush of pussy cum emerged, drenching me and flooding my face with her fluids.

"Oh fuck!!!!" she cried out, "God I'm cumming... make me cum Kelly, make me cum harder!"

Her hips bucked like a bronco under me as she fucked my face which was now covered in her pussy cum. I could hear her gasping as she struggled for breath. Then she lifted her hips up and held them there as the last great wave of pleasure coursed through her body. I never stopped licking her as I wanted her to have a great orgasm, to make her feel wonderful, to be a good daughter for my mother. As she finally collapsed onto the couch I slowly played my tongue around her pussy slit and crotch. God I loved the way she tasted!

## 4. My Dad Gives Me Another Gift

Then to my surprise I felt something pushing against my pussy from behind. It could only be one thing of course – my dad's stiff cock. Mmmmmmm, yes! He was going to fuck me! Sure enough without a word he pushed his cock harder against my cunt and I felt myself spreading apart as the head forced its way inside of me.

My mom could see him from where she was laying and encouraged him saying, "Oh yea John, fuck her... fuck your daughter good, god she deserves it after what she just did to me!"

I kept my mouth firmly on my mom's crotch so I didn't say anything. There really was no need to as my dad was going to do it regardless of what I said anyway. After all, he knew he was welcome to fuck me any time he wanted to so he didn't have to ask. One of my favorite things he did was to sneak in my room while I was sleeping and see how far he could get into me without waking me. God, what could be more erotic than to wake up with your father's cock already inside of you and wonder what he had been doing while I was asleep?!

"Merry fucking Christmas, Kelly," my dad said cheerfully as he shoved his cock with one hard push deep inside of me.

He started stroking himself in and out of me, slamming himself into my ass with a slapping sound each time. When his body met mine it would drive me forward and press my face hard into my mom's pussy which had the effect of pushing it against her clit making her gasp as well. She was still playing with her boobs and moaned each time my wet face slide in tight against her clit.

My dad was holding my hips with his hands, pulling me into him as he fucked me and then pushing me away as he withdrew. He liked to slowly pull out until his cock was barely in me, the head almost ready to plop out of my cunt and then quickly drive it in to the hilt in one smooth movement. I was so wet his cock made a sloppy sound as it disappeared inside of me and I could feel my own orgasm beginning to rise in me.

It had been ages since I had been in the middle of my parents this way and I wanted to enjoy it as much as possible so it certainly didn't take much to bring me to a climax. I moaned against my mom's pussy and she knew what that meant.

"Get ready John, she's cumming!" my mom exclaimed.

"You don't have to tell me, honey," my dad groaned, "God she can squeeze with that pussy!"

Guys have always told me that when I cum my pussy squeezes their cocks really hard – sometimes to the point they say it hurts. All I knew was that at a moment like this it felt like it was on fire, pulsing with pleasure that passed throughout my entire body. Nothing else came close to making me feel this, like I was in some dream world where nothing else existed except the tingling in my body and the sheer ecstasy that overwhelmed me.

It was only natural for my pussy to try to hold onto the wonderful cock in it that was responsible for making it feel so good! I never wanted it to end but eventually the surges running through me died down and I felt myself returning back to the world once again. If this is how it feels to be on drugs then I can understand why people are addicted! Fortunately I was able to summon it without a needle!

Looking up from my mom's crotch I could see her lifting her head to see me past her boobs. She was smiling and I smiled back at her. My dad pulled out of me and twisted my hips. I understood what he wanted and as I got up my mom sat up on the couch. I laid on my back with my head in her lap, one leg lifted up on the back of the couch and the other hanging over the edge giving my dad a clear view of my open pussy. My mom stroked my hair with one hand and reached down to play with my pussy with the other. She twiddled my clit while my dad lined up for another shot at fucking me.

I lifted my hips so he could put a pillow under my ass and then he kneeled on one knee with his other foot on the floor. Holding his cock he scooted in until it was pushing up against my pussy where my mom grabbed it and used it like a dildo to rub my clit. It felt wonderful to have my parents working together to make me feel this good and at that moment I felt so much love for them! Who could ask for better parents?! I looked up at my mom and our eyes met.

"Oh mom," I sighed, "I love you both soooooo much!"

"We love you too Kelly," my mom replied, "now hold still so your dad can fuck you again. I think it's his turn to cum now!"

I realized that I must have been wiggling my hips as my clit was stimulated with his cock head so I tried as best I could to relax and lay still while my mom directed my dad's cock to my pussy hole.

"There you go John," she said to my dad, "fuck your little girl. I want to see you cum in her."

My dad was only too happy to do what she asked and I felt him entering me again. After his last fucking my pussy was stretched out a bit so it didn't feel quite as tight as he entered me but I still reveled in the feeling as his cock filled my hungry pussy. "Ohhhhhh daddy," I whispered, "I love you in me."

My dad was going for it now, driving himself hard in and out of me, working himself to his own climax. Faster and faster he fucked me, slamming himself against my cunt, grunting with each thrust. I could feel his cock swelling and his head went back as his cock prepared to burst inside of me.

"Cum in me daddy," I begged, "Give me your love, show me how much you love me."

I knew my dad loved me unconditionally. He didn't have to fuck me to prove it but I still loved it when he did. Everyone loves to be shown they are loved and this was the ultimate act my dad could do for me. When he came inside of me it made me feel so secure and loved.

When other guys cum in me it is simply something that feels good but I don't get any emotional fulfillment from it, just physical pleasure. With my dad, while it still felt good to feel the pulses of heat in me that signified his sperm being released inside of me, it was more emotional. Having my own father fuck me was so intimate, so personal, that the final stage where he gave me the most personal gift he could was the final act of fulfillment for me.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," I moaned as I felt the first load of cum shooting into me.

My dad pushed himself tight against my pussy and held himself there as one load after another of his sperm emptied into me. When the last shot was released he pulled out slightly and thrust himself again into me, holding himself tightly against me as if to drive his sperm even deeper inside of me.

"Let me taste it," my mom said to my dad, "bring that cock over here."

My dad pulled out of me and got up in the couch next to my mom so his cock was in her face. I looked up and could see it was covered with our cum. My mom took him in her mouth and licked every drop from it. I would have loved to have a taste of it myself but it was nice to see my mom enjoying it this time.

My mom must have seen the hunger in my eyes because she looked down at me with his cock in her mouth and smiled as best she could. Then she took it out and lifted my head up to her. I twisted around on the couch and we kissed. Mmmmmmm, I could taste my dad's cum and my pussy juices on her mouth as we kissed for my dad to watch.

"Now that's what I like to see," my dad said, "my two favorite women sharing!"

We both turned to him and smiled. It was one of those moments you would like to be able to capture and replay over and over again. Here I was with my loving parents, basking in the afterglow of an incredible orgasm with a load of my dad's cum in me, kissing my mom and feeling my dad running his hands over my nude body.

We probably could have gone on like that for the rest of the morning except my mother, as always the practical one, remembered my grandparents were upstairs. They were notorious late sleepers so we hadn't worried about them interrupting us (god, what a scandal THAT would have been!) but they were due to get up any time now.

Reluctantly my parents dressed and I grabbed my mom's robe and put it on instead of getting my new dress soiled with the cum and sweat that covered my body. I headed upstairs to take a shower while my parents stayed in the family room.

Just as I was about to enter the bathroom my grandfather came out of their room, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He looked at me and I imagine he had to wonder why my hair was such a mess and perhaps he could even smell the sex that permeated my body. I didn't give him any more time to figure it out though and quickly ducked into the bathroom and cleaned up.

As I showered and ran my hands over myself I recalled how it felt to lay on the couch with my dad fucking me while my mom played with my clit. I started masturbating and my last thoughts as my next orgasm hit me was that THIS is what I call a wonderful Christmas morning!

"Hey Kelly, what are you doing here?" Kate asked. She had no reason to suspect anything so far as I knew so I thought up an excuse as quickly as I could.

"Your mom left her dish over at our house on Christmas and so I returned it," I replied. It was the first thing to pop in my head and then I realized I had not brought anything with me! Fortunately Kate and I didn't really get along to well so she just shrugged and went by me.

"Oh well, I'll tell mom. See ya, gotta get to the mall," she said and went out the door. THAT was lucky at least. I breathed a bit if a sigh of relief although I hoped she forgot about my excuse the next time she saw her mom! I went past the living room and down to the basement where the family room was. Rick was down there playing with his new toy - an X-Box 360 that somehow his dad had managed to get for him for Christmas. He was intent on it and didn't even notice I was there so I watched it for a moment - it WAS pretty cool! I snuck up behind him where he was sitting on the floor. When he hit a point where I wouldn't be breaking into anything I put my hands over his eyes and giggled.

"Dammit leave me alone Tammy!" he said pulling my hands from his face, "I told you not to..."

He turned as he was saying that and saw it was me and stopped in mid-sentence. A mischievous grin broke out on his face. "Well, well... if it's not my favorite slutty cousin Kelly!" He turned around and grabbed my ass with both hands, pulling me to himself such that my crotch was in his face "So let me guess, you came over to play with my new X-Box?"

I put my hands on his head and pulled him into my crotch. "Well...," I whispered huskily, "I thought maybe there was something else you might be interested in playing with my horny little cousin."

Rick pressed his nose against the crotch of my pants and took in a deep breath. "God you smell so hot. I wanted to fuck you soooooo bad the other day!"

I felt my pussy warming up and the sensation I get when my pussy gets wet was coming on string! God I was so horny for him! I stepped back from hi and started to undress saying, "Well, what are you waiting for? Get those clothes off and fuck me!"

Rick stood up opposite me and the two of quickly stripped off our clothes and threw them to the floor. He took me in his arms and our naked bodies pressed tightly against each other. His cock was already stiff as a board and I could feel it pressing against my stomach as he instinctively humped himself against me making his cock rub up and down my stomach. God it felt to so warm and hard against me. I wanted it soooooo badly!

We didn't waste any time kissing or cuddling. Both of us were just looking for some sex, it wasn't like we loved one another or anything. I knelt down in front of him and gazed at his incredible cock. God was he hard! It stuck almost straight up, emerging from his thick thatch of dark pubic hair like a palm tree. I could smell him, the musky odor of sweat and sex that was so distinctively male.

Reaching out, I took his cock in my hand and just held it for a moment, relishing the smooth warm feel of him. I could feel his heart pounding as it throbbed in my hand. It was there waiting for me and I wasn't going to make it wait any longer as I extended my tongue and just licked the tip of his cock. He shuddered as my mouth encircled just the head and my tongue played around in circles around it inside my mouth. Mmmmmmm, he tasted wonderful! Slowly I took more of him in my mouth and in one long drawn-out motion I took him completely in until my face was pressed against his hairy crotch. His pubic hair tickled my cheeks and I could feel his cock against the back of my throat as I twisted my head around him.

Rick lay down on the floor slowly so I didn't have to release him from my mouth in the process. I lay on my side to the side of him with my head facing his feet. My pussy pressed up against his shoulder as I sucked his cock. He brushed my hair away so he could watch.

"Oh god Kelly," he moaned, "You do that so damn good! God I love you to suck me!"

I slipped my leg over him and got into a 69 with Rick. His tongue was instantly on my wet pussy and I felt goose pimples rise all over me as it brushed my clit. I pushed my pussy down into his face, grinding my bare pussy into his mouth and nose. With one hand I cupped his balls gently and played with them as my other hand was around the base of his cock, holding it in place to make it easier for me to suck it.

hard as ever and I lifted myself over his cock and held it with one hand to direct it to my wet pussy.

"Do you want to fuck me now Rick?" I teased him, lowering myself just enough for his cock to touch my pussy but not go in.

Rick had his hands on my legs and I could feel them squeezing me as he tried to lift his hips up to push himself in me. He looked up at me and grinned saying, "Stop teasing me you little slut, you know you want it just as bad!"

Well, he was absolutely right and so I didn't waste any more time and lowered myself down until his head was pushing up against my pussy hole. I looked over at Tammy who was covering her mouth with her hand to keep from saying anything. I smiled and winked again at her as I wiggled my hips and pressed downward. His cock split me open and I felt that wonderful sensation that only comes when a cock first enters my pussy. That first moment is like I am being violated, as if my pussy is trying to keep him out but staying so tight he can't enter. Then it forces its way into me, splitting my crotch apart and driving itself inside. Then my pussy seems to accept the invader, welcoming it by gripping it and holding it.

My cunt juices flowed to lubricate him and he pressed further and further into me until finally the base of his crotch met mine and we were joined together as one. I sat down on his lap and ground my pussy against his crotch, feeling his pubic hair rubbing against my bare skin like a soft brush. Looking down it seemed impossible that he was actually INSIDE of me, that if I could see through my belly I would see his cock deep in my vagina, caressed by my swollen lips.

Tammy was still watching and I noticed her hand was now pressing between her legs. Mmmmmmm, so she was turned on seeing her brother fucking her cousin! I was so consumed with lust and pleasure my promise to my mother was long forgotten. I had to have her join us! I started humping Rick's cock, rising up and then dropping back down on him again. I loved being on top where I could control how he fucked me. This way I could set the pace and determine how far he came in and out of me. Later on I liked to have him on top when he came because at that time I felt I was submitting myself to him and it was more appropriate for him to being the dominating position. But now, at the beginning, I liked to be in control.

# 4. Tammy Wants to Learn

As I rode Rick's cock like a cowgirl on a pony, I motioned for Tammy to come over to us. At first she seemed shocked and shook her head vigorously. I started humping Rick faster and cried out, "I love your cock in me Rick. Yea fuck me!"

I motioned again for Tammy to cum and she slowly started moving over to us. When she got to the side of us I stopped humping Rick and he opened his eyes and looked up and me.

"What's wrong?" Rick gasped. I turned his head to the side and he saw Tammy standing there, watching us with a sly grin on her face. "Oh my god!" Rick cried and he just froze, as if now knowing what to do next.

"Oh silly," I said, slapping him softly as I resumed my humping his cock slowly, "she's been watching the whole time."

Rick's eyes widened as he turned back to Tammy who just smiled and shook her head in acknowledgement. Then she couldn't keep a serious face anymore and giggled saying, "Wow brother, I never knew you were so hot! So how long have you been fucking my cousin? Somehow I doubt this was the first time."

Rick just stammered so I decided to turn the conversation to something more productive. "So do you like watching us Tammy?" Tammy actually blushed a little at that but recovered and replied, "I guess so. I never really thought about watching my brother fucking someone before though."

"Well, why don't you just watch but if you do, you have to take your clothes off too," I told her.

Tammy AND Rick's eyes widened at that one. I don't think either had seen the other naked before but with all three of us as turned on as we were the inhibitions dropped quickly. Tammy shrugged and quickly stripped of her clothes and sat on the floor next to us. She looked so incredibly hot! Her pussy was just starting to get a good covering of fuzzy brown hair and her boobs were definitely beginning to make a statement.

At first she covered herself wither hands but then as she saw Rick looking at her with more than the usual brotherly look she allowed him to see her. I felt his cock twitch in me as he sucked in a breath at the sight of her young nude body ad I knew he was turned on in a way he had probably thought he would be. Tammy looked a little flushed herself and her eyes were fixated on her brother's crotch where she could see his cock sliding in and out of me as I humped him.

"Does it turn you on to see your brother fucking me Tammy?" I asked.

Tammy hesitated and seemed a bit embarrassed to be caught but I noticed she kept watching! "I don't know what to say," she whispered, "I have never seen anyone fucking before and to see my brother..."

I grinned as I stared playing with myself, "Well, you should feel what it's like to have him fuck you! Go ahead, touch yourself like I am."

Tammy didn't need any more encouragement. Her hand slipped between her legs and I saw her flinch as her fingers found their mark. He mouth opened slightly as she breathed more heavily as she began to masturbate. Rick was watching her too and he saw his little sister masturbating for the first time. I could only imagine what must have been running through his head at that moment as his cousin was riding his cock while his youngest sister was masturbating as she watched!

I took my time fucking Rick, I wasn't ready for him to cum yet as I had more plans for his cock than he knew! I lifted myself up and off of him, letting his wet cock flop noisily against his stomach. I moved to the side opposite of him from Tammy and kneeled so I was over his cock. Once again I took him I my mouth and I could taste my pussy on him. I loved that mixture of pussy and cock! Tammy was rubbing herself harder now and I could see she as breathing much more heavily. I held Rick's cock in my head and looked at Tammy.

"Here Tammy, taste your brother's cock," I encouraged her. Tammy looked at me uncertainly while I saw out of the corner of my eye Rick looking at her intently, afraid to say anything that might break the spell. "Come on, just taste it... Mmmmmmm, you know you really want to."

Tammy drew in a breath and kneeled to his other side as I was. She reached out gingerly and took her hand and placed it on his cock. At first she let it rest there, as if afraid to do anything more..

"Hold it your hand," I told her. She gripped it and I smiled at her saying, "There, doesn't it feel good?"

Tammy looked at her hand as it held her brother's cock for the first time. "It's soooooo... hard!" she exclaimed. "I can feel it move a little too."

I grinned and looked at Rick and then back at her. "Well, you know why it's so hard right now don't you?" Tammy looked at me inquisitively so I continued, "I think someone likes having his sister hold his cock."

Tammy opened her eyes and looked at Rick as his hand ran up and down her inner thighs, making her squirm just a little. "Well brother, I guess I won't mind being left alone with you at hoe so much anymore!" she said with a mischievous giggle. The she looked up at the ceiling and let out a deep breath, saying, "Oh God, imagine if Mom had walked in on us while I was sucking your cock!!"

We all laughed at that and it would have been funnier if we didn't hear the garage door going up! Speaking of the devil, my aunt was returning! We all quickly dressed as there wasn't time to clean up. Tammy pointed to her chin as she looked at me and I realized I still has some cum on my face. Now THAT would have been hard to explain! We all quickly sat on the floor around the XBOX and it want a minute later that my Aunt Shari came down the stairs.

"There you all are!" she exclaimed. "Didn't you hear me calling for you? Rick, I need help bringing on the stuff from the trunk." Then she noticed I was there and she smiled at me saying, "Why hi Kelly, I didn't know you liked these games?"

Well, I explained to her how I had heard so much about it and wanted to see one for myself. Truth was, I enjoyed the game we HAD been playing a lot except she just didn't realize it wasn't quite what she thought it was! Tammy and I looked at each other, hoping she would attribute the flushness in our faces as excitement over the game. It didn't really matter, she went back up to put her stuff away leaving Tammy and I alone in the family room.

"Thank you Kelly," Tammy said to me softly, "I would never have done that to him without you."

She leaned over to me and we kissed. I still had the taste of her brother's cum in my mouth and her tongue eagerly sought it out. I hugged her and felt a chill run through me as it began to sink in what we had just done. Oh well, no closing the barn doors now - the horses were out and it would be interesting to see where they went from here!

# 2006

## (Jan 15) Chapter 108: Another Football Party

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (20)
Ed (35)

Ed was the father of two sons who used to be in the church youth group I help to lead. They are older now but Ed still keeps an eye on me. When his kids invited their friends over for a football party, Ed asked if I wanted to join. It didn't take long to find out why!

### 1. Girls and Dildos

It was not quite a couple weeks after I'd returned to school from Christmas Break when it really hit me. This was always the hardest time for me - the first two weeks at school after leaving home. At times I would lay in my bed awake at night so damn horny my pussy felt like it was going to burst! Sometimes I'd wake in the morning and forget where I was. In the fog of my morning mind, for just a moment I would feel the excitement build in me as I waited for my dad to come in my room and give me one of his special "wakeup calls" before leaving for work. Then my mind would clear and I'd remember that I wasn't home and my legs would tighten together as I missed the wonderful feeling of being fucked by my father first thing in the morning.

The only way I can describe how I feel during this time away from home is to say it must be similar to a smoker or drug addict having to go cold turkey. I mean, one day a girl's having sex sometimes two or three times a day, then suddenly nothing but her own fingers. Even fooling around with my roomie wasn't enough to

become a bit desensitized to this type of attention and just ignore them most of the time. Sometimes, though, it seems to go a bit farther than others.

Last fall was the first time I noticed anything especially different or unusual about how Ed was looking at me. One of the parents had sponsored a pool party for the youth group and so I was hanging around in my swim suit. I called this one my "virgin suit" as in order to meet church dress code standards, it had to be one piece and could not expose your bare ass. Even so, like any swimsuit I bought, it fit me tightly and I liked the way it showed off my curves and boobs, even if they WERE concealed from direct viewing. Needless to say, most of the boys seemed to want to talk to me more than usual, not to mention their dads!

Ed and his wife were there with CJ and Dianna. They were in swim suits as well and I felt a twinge when I got a good look at Ed's physique. Mmmmmmm, it looked like he was still working out pretty regular. Nadine was looking hot as well in an all-white suit which I noticed she never got wet. With as hot a wife as Ed had in Nadine, I was surprised when I noticed him turning his head away quickly at times when I would see him, as if he didn't want me to know he was looking at me.

Out of curiosity, as a sort of "test", I tried flirting a little with Ed during the party. He was pretty cool about the whole thing, letting me do what I wanted yet at the same time maintaining just enough distance to allow for "plausible deniability" should someone catch us. I was left with the feeling it was just a game for him and while he like the attention just as much as I did, he would most likely never cheat on his wife. Somehow she didn't look to be the type that would tolerate her man dallying with another woman!

For the rest of the fall I would see Ed around the church as they dropped off their kids and attended services. We would sometimes talk but it was always about church-related or community activities. To be perfectly honest, my interest in Ed tended to be in direct proportion to my level of horniness. If I'd been recently fucked, it was just a passing interest no different than I would give to any handsome man. At times like now, when my pussy was dying for a dick, it elevated to a totally different level of interest entirely.

At times like this, when I was looking for "relief", Ed was everything a horny girl could ask for. First, he was handsome and wealthy - a great start for any guy. Next, he was married and not just to any girl but a beautiful wife who could have passed for a lingerie model, even after bearing two kids. Face it, when a guy has a wife like her, it means all the more when he pays attention to you.

Then there was the kids. There was just something about going after a married guy with a daughter that was already turning the heads of the other fathers. So overall, Ed was exactly the type of guy I was looking for when it came to a one-time thing. The question was, was he really interested in me or just flirting shamelessly? So far, it looked like I was just a game for him to play to build up his ego. After all, what guys doesn't like to have the attention of a girl young enough to be his daughter?

So here I was, horny as hell and nothing in sight to relieve me. Then I was surprised when Dianna handed me a card at the Wednesday night service which turned out to be an invitation to a party at her house. There was some football game on Sunday and they had a huge TV with all the fancy channels and sound equipment. Apparently the entire Jr. High youth group was invited over to watch the game, play games and eat food. I had a feeling most of them would be far more interested in the games and food while the dads would be watching the game on the big screen. None of it, to be honest, sounded appealing to me but then I DID have an obligation as a youth leader to attend.

I thanked Dianna and promised her I'd be there after church on Sunday. That night when I returned to my apartment on campus, I started to dream about the upcoming event. All sorts of nasty thoughts went through my mind as I started to touch myself and run my fingers over my pussy. Mmmmmmm, imagine if CJ took me to his room and I blew him for his first time just as Dianna walked in and caught us, and then wanted to join in! What if the dads all wanted a piece of me and one by one they would sneak up to the guest bedroom where I was waiting like a whore for each to fuck me?

Then I imagined Ed's hands on me as he and Nadine shared me in their bed, surrounded by photos of their family. These and maybe a dozen more scenarios went through my head as fast as I could think of them while my hand worked my warm and wet pussy. Of course, none of them would ever happen but it was still fun to imagine what might happen if they did!

## 3. Sunday Morning Masturbation

Sunday started out like every Sunday with church in the morning. Actually, that's not exactly true as it's not like I wake up in a pew just as the service starts. Indeed, when I first woke up this morning the first thing I thought about was the party later in the afternoon. My pussy felt like someone attached an electric cord to it as I crossed my legs with both hands between my thighs as I tried to contain the sensations running though me. God, talk about waking up horny!

Most mornings I wake up wet and horny, sort of like guys I know that wake up with erections (not that I mind when they do!). This morning, however, was bordering on the ridiculous as all I could think about was this intense desire to be fucked. It consumed my every thought as I turned on my side in a fetal position, my hand clamped tight to my bare pussy.

"Oh god!" I gasped as my finger touched my already swollen clit.

It was barely audible, not even close to be enough to wake my snoring roomie. Jen had one of the loudest alarm clocks I had ever heard and even THAT wasn't always enough to do the job in the mornings. I could have probably moaned loud enough to be heard outside without waking her.

It was probably good to get this out of my system now as the odds of anything like what I was dreaming about actually happening that afternoon were about zero to none. Still, as my finger worked its way into my soaking wet pussy all I could think about was how it would feel if it was Ed's cock instead. I'd never been to their house but I imagined him doing me in their bed, my imagination conjuring up a king size canopy with lace bedding that smelled of his wife's perfume as he fucked me where she would later lay that night. Then he did me in Dianna's bed, telling me how much he wanted her as he drilled me with his daughter's favorite pillow under my ass, soaking up our cum as he screwed me.

I guess it goes without saying that I have quite an imagination, especially when I'm masturbating. Now if only I was as good at writing school papers as I was dreaming up sexual encounters with a variety of men and boys! I would have no problem carrying a 4.0 average, that's for sure!

Although I don't know for sure how much time passed, it seemed like less than ten minutes before my pussy moved to the next stage and I felt my orgasm beginning to arise within me, like a smoldering volcano about to erupt. The analogy actually isn't all that bad when I think about it. At first it was just little shocks as my finger would touch my clit in just the right way, sending a pulse of pleasure rocketing through me like a fireworks that was lit in my pussy and then exploded in a blazing light all through me. My body would shudder and shake, like the beginning tremors of an earthquake, small at first and then increasing in intensity.

Then the show would begin as a small eruption would occur; not the main event but stronger than just the small fireworks variety. My pussy seemed to be teasing me, faking me into thinking my orgasm was about to blow the lid off my volcano between my legs and then die down again only to rise again a minute or two later.

There were times when I would actually try to extend the range and number of these "preliminary" eruptions, letting each one get just a little bit bigger but not too much to where I couldn't pull back from the edge and start over again. This morning I wasn't in the mood to tease myself, I just wanted to cum and I wanted to cum as soon as possible!

"Oh fuck!" I moaned, louder this time as I felt my pussy contract and squeeze down on my fingers that were paying inside of it.

My other hand was massaging my pussy lips and clit when suddenly it hit. Like a volcano erupting without warning, it was like my entire body lifted off the bed as my back arched and then my hips flew up and I bounced like I was being fucked my some sort of maniac. Oh yeah, it had arrived; my orgasm was in full swing now.

"Fuck me Ed," I groaned, my eyes shut tight as imagined his strong arms holding me tight against his chest as he drilled his dick deeper and deeper into my pussy.

It seemed to go on forever and I never wanted it to end. This is what I lived for, what got me through the tough days. This was why I masturbated, why I loved to be fucked. There was nothing else in the world that could make me feel this way, nothing that even came close. My body seemed to freeze in place, quivering like a guitar string that had just been plucked as the waves of pleasure coursed through me the way the sound waves emerged from the guitar string, except it felt more like a chord had been played than a single note.

How long it went on I'll never know for sure as afterwards I just collapsed in bed and closed my eyes with my arms and legs outstretched. It felt like my entire body was glowing, so full of pleasure and sexual satisfaction that anyone looking at me should have been able to see it shining from my every pore.

I must have fallen asleep as the next thing I knew it was Jen shaking me by the shoulder.

"Hey Kelly, wake up! We have to be at church in thirty minutes!"

My eyes popped wide open and I looked up and saw her grinning at me. I was laid out nude on my back and must have smelled like pussy to high heaven but she had learned long ago to ignore my morning "sessions".

"So tell me, who is Ed?" she asked.

THAT woke me up and I looked up at her with an inquisitive expression.

"I just mean, you kept calling out to him while you were masturbating before so I thought maybe you had a new boyfriend or something."

I relaxed a bit at that and smiled at her. If she only knew! Jen wasn't directly involved in the youth at church, preferring to work with the music ministry team instead. Odds were she'd never even met most of the kids, let alone their parents. Well, I wasn't about to tell my roomie I'd been fantasizing about being fucked by the father of one of my young teen girls!

"Ohhhhhh, just someone I use to know," I fibbed, "I guess I must've been a little homesick."

Jen went back to doing her hair and nodded. "Yeah, I know how you feel. I really miss my guy too."

Indeed she did but then she had one advantage over me. Rather than having to dream up an imaginary lover, she just called her guy in the phone and the two of them would have phone sex for an hour or so. I would get so jealous sometimes of her as she laid in her bed and played with herself while she told her boyfriend the nastiest things over the phone. I'm not sure who I was more jealous of though, her boyfriend or her!

## 4. Sunday Preparations

Fortunately I'm a quick dresser so we both made it to church with minutes to spare - not even close by my standards! As we took our place in the pews where most of the colleges students sat, I looked around to see if I could spot Ed and the family. They may have been there but I didn't see them anywhere. Maybe they'd gone to the earlier service so they could get home and prepare for the party? All I knew was that during the prayer time I prayed fervently that everything was OK at home and they wouldn't have to cancel the party. Hey, is it really wrong to ask God for good sex? I don't think so.

The service ended right on time as usual. One thing you could say for our pastor, he was punctual. It was also well known that he was a Browns fan and he wanted to be home in time for the kickoff! As we streamed out of the church, I looked for their car but nothing was in sight. Well, all I could do was hope for the best.

Back at our apartment, I got out of my Sunday church clothes and debated what to wear to the party. It WAS supposed to be a Youth sponsored gig so I had to dress appropriately which meant nothing too risque, or actually nothing risque at all if I wanted to follow the rules. That didn't mean my jeans couldn't be form fitted to my ass and my blouse had to be the right size. It's amazing what just one size too small can do for your bust line when you're trying to make do with what God has given you - even when you think God could have been a little more generous.

"So what do you have going this afternoon anyway, Kelly?" Jen asked, seeing me put on a little makeup which was unusual for me on a Sunday afternoon.

I explained to her about the birthday party and football game and she just nodded.

"Sorta pushing the line, aren't you?" she said softly, as if she was afraid of offending me but felt it was necessary to say.

I knew what she was referring to. Although I was actually wearing a bra under my blouse, if anything that just made the outfit all the more sexier as the dark outline of it was clearly visible under the light beige blouse. It probably would have actually been more conservative for me NOT to have worn a bra than to wear this combination, especially when you have boobs as small as mine at the time.

"It's not being held at church," I rationalized to her, "Besides, I thought you'd be proud of me for wearing a bra for once!"

Jen rolled her eyes at my lame excuse. She knew full well what kind of appearance I was going for and it wasn't to be conservative, that's for sure.

"Well, I have to admit you surprised me there, sometimes I wonder if you even OWN one," she giggled.

Jen was one of those girls that ALWAYS wore a bra, even though she had some of the most perfectly perky breasts a girl could ask for. She certainly didn't NEED one but she was one of those girls raised by her mom to always wear panties and a bra.

I looked over at the clock and my eyes widened. I hadn't realized it was so late already and here I was letting my roomie tease me about a silly bra. I grabbed a jacket and blew her a goodbye kiss as I hustled out to the cold parking lot and jumped in my car. I was pretty sure how to get to the house but it was in a part of town I hadn't been in before. I wasn't worried as the town wasn't anything like the hills and curves that made up Pittsburgh back home. Indeed, it took me less than ten minutes to get there.

# 5. Ed makes His Move

Their driveway was full so I parked on the street and walked up to the front door. CJ answered the door and when he saw it was me, a smile came to his face and he motioned for me to come in.

"Hey Kelly, I was hoping you'd make it," he greeted me.

CJ took my coat and from the way he was looking at me as he hung it up, I knew why he was glad I'd made it - and it wasn't for my prayer ministry skills! I followed him to the family room where people were \crowded in front of a gigantic large screen TV. There must have been some serious audio system as the sound level was off the charts and it was almost like you were at the game.

Most of the kids didn't pay any attention to my arrival but Nadine made sure to thank me for coming and asked me if there was anything I wanted. Boy, was THAT a question she didn't want to hear the answer to. "Oh yes Nadine, I'd like to suck you're husbands hard cock and then have him fuck my brains out later on your bed." Oh yeah, THAT would go over just swell!

Instead, I asked for a Diet Coke which she had one of the kids get me and I took a seat on the floor along with everyone else. The other youth leaders were there, a young couple that had married just a few months ago and the youth pastor and his wife as well. The youth pastor looked at me as I sat down and for a brief moment our eyes met and I felt a shiver go through me. I recalled the last time I had been home alone back home with my youth pastor at my home church and a familiar rage suddenly filled me. Well, someday he would pay for what he had done to me! Unlike that jerk, this youth pastor was a saint and he was great with kids so just as quickly, the moment passed and I worked to calm myself and lower my pulse rate which had suddenly skyrocketed. His wife was lovely as well and we got along great.

I checked out the crowd as I really wasn't all that interested in the game. When you're raised by a fanatical Pittsburgh Steelers fan, it feels almost like you're being a heretic to watch the Browns playing with a crowd of people actually rooting for them! I spotted Ed sitting in a large arm chair next to several other dads, all of them convinced they could solve all the problems their favorite team was having if only the coach would listen to them.

The whole scene eventually became too much for me so I got up and went into the kitchen where most of the wives were hanging out, fixing snacks and gossiping. Well, since this WAS a so-called church affair, they weren't "gossiping", they were "sharing". Some of the older girls were in there as well, as bored already with the football game as I was.

After a while the guys started wandering in and out, like cattle grazing for better food. They would get a plate filled with wings and other heart-choking fare and then return to the game, which apparently was going poorly as usual for the local team based on the groans hat kept rising from the family room. Eventually Ed made his way in and when he saw me, his eyes widened momentarily but the expression on his face was there just long enough that I knew what his first thoughts must have been. I glanced over at Nadine but she was busy pouring drinks so she hadn't caught her husband's momentary indiscretion. I discreetly made my way to the other side of the kitchen next to where he was taking his pick of the food spread out there.

"Hi Ed," I greeted him. Most of the parents preferred I called them by their first names so it wasn't unusual for me to address him that way. "Hey Kelly, I didn't think you'd made it."

"Oh, did that disappoint you?"

Ed looked at me closely after I asked that. It was probably as forward as I'd ever been directly with him and I think he wanted to be sure he'd caught my tone of voice correctly before doing anything stupid.

"Well, of course, we were hoping everyone would make it," he responded, keeping his voice neutral.

It wasn't like we were alone or anything and if we talked much more it would probably draw attention so I decided to try a little harder and nothing happened, then that was the way it was meant to be.

"Well, I was hoping you were especially hoping I would make it. I mean, that's really why I decided to come."

Ed looked at me again. This time he didn't say a word and I wondered if maybe I'd made an error in my assessment of him. It wouldn't be the first time I'd misjudged a guy but I still didn't want to be embarrassed. He turned to leave for the living room and just when I thought the worst, suddenly I felt a hand on my ass and then a solid squeeze. This was no teenage "feel" boys liked to try and steal to impress their friends. No, there was no doubt as to what this hand was trying to communicate!

At first I didn't move, not wanting to scare him aware but once the hand release me, I turned to see who it was. Ed was already heading out of the kitchen but I was sure it had been him. I watched him leave and then, just before rounding the corner, he turned back and looked at me. If I hadn't been watching for it I would have missed it so I was the only one in the kitchen that saw him wink at me. Hmmmmmm, now WHAT did all this mean?

For the moment there wasn't much I could do and I looked around to be sure nobody had spotted the little scene that had just played out. The place was a zoo and no doubt the very idea that the married host would be grabbing a college girl's ass right in the middle of everything was about the last thing anyone would have imagined. Even I was having a hard time believing it had really happened.

Now the question was whether he was just teasing or was that a signal – although I had no idea what the signal was for. I knew what I HOPED it was for, but that could just be my overactive sex imagination at work. My rational side told me he was just flirting harmlessly with me in response to my teasing and that to think it was anything more was just a delusion.

By now I noticed a lot of the kids had disappeared and when I asked about it, I learned that the basement was filled with various games and computers so I headed down to investigate. My eyes widened as I saw several pinball machines and various arcade video games along with a number of computers with a virtual store full of various video games attached. Naturally the boys were all attacking the video games while the girls were playing Ms. Pac Man and Donkey Kong. I'd never actually seen the arcade versions and it was fascinating to see the games my parents use to reminisce about.

The basement was huge, much larger than just the games area, and I got a little nosy. There was a workshop back in the far corner, filled with tools and other pieces of equipment that I had no idea what they did.

A laundry room was next door and I noticed it had a dumb waiter elevator system. God, my mom would have died for that in our house. She was always complaining about having to carry the clothes from the drier in the basement up to our second floor bedrooms. There was a chute to drop out clothes down but it was mule train time when it came to bringing them back up again!

Yet another room was filled with clothes, apparently where they kept the out-of- season stuff. It was cedar lined and I loved the smell that emerged when I opened the door. The last room had the furnace and some other pumps and stuff that apparently did something but what, I hadn't a clue.

I turned to head back over to where the kids were playing and when I did, I almost bumped straight into Ed. I couldn't help but gasp involuntarily as my heart jumped into my throat at the unknown presence that suddenly appeared.

"Hey, don't go fainting on me; I didn't mean to scare you!" Ed consoled me, holding me by the shoulders.

"That's OK," I replied, "You just surprised me, that's all."

"Well, not nearly as much as your little banter did back up in the kitchen earlier surprised me."

Hmmmmmm, now THAT was an interesting remark. Nothing like getting straight to the point. I decided to play along and see where this led.

"Oh yeah? Well, I wasn't the one playing grab ass!" I teased him.

"And you didn't seem to mind either, did you?" he countered. Well, he had me there...

"So tell me Ed, how did my ass feel?" I whispered seductively.

Ed glanced over at where the kids were playing on the other side of the room. "Ummmmm, not here. Why don't we go into the workshop and I'll tell you."

Talk about being forward! I wondered what gave him the confidence to move so quickly. A LOT of girls I knew loved to tease guys and had gone further than just wiggling their ass in the process so what made him think I wasn't just another cock tease? Oh well, did it really matter? Whatever the reason, I decided to follow him and find out.

## 6. Ed Commits Adultery – With Me!

Once we were in the room he closed the door and for a moment it was dark until he flipped on the light switch. I realized then he hadn't wanted to turn it on until the door was shut so as not to draw the attention of the kids across the basement. We faced each other and I leaned back against one of the benches, still several feet away from him and waited for him to make his next move.

"Well, I told you I would tell you so let me say this, your ass felt magnificent!"

We both laughed together at that one but so far, it was just silly banter. What next?

"You know, it's amazing what you can find out about someone with just a little digging," he said softly, looking at me for my reaction. "You've got everyone around here thinking you're some innocent church girl but that's not true back home, is it Kelly?

"What do you mean?" I asked him, partially to stall for time to figure out how to answer and partially to learn more about what he thought he knew.

"You were the class slut back in high school, weren't you?" he said, more of a statement than a question though. He obviously knew the answer so I didn't respond. Besides, I'd worked hard for that reputation and was proud of it, even if I couldn't talk about it while I was at school.

"So how did a girl with your reputation manage to get admitted to a school like yours? I would think they frown on such things."

I coughed to clear my throat and managed to reply saying, "I guess I just behave myself when I'm here, that's all."

Ed laughed but it didn't sound funny. "That has to be pretty hard for someone like you, doesn't it? Don't you ever get horny and want to do something about it?"

Wow, this certainly wasn't the conversation I had imagined in any of my dreams about being with him. I had never imagined that anyone away from home would ever know about my "activities" at home. Thank god he hadn't found out about me and my dad although I don't know how he could have possible done that. Even so, these days you never know.

"Of course I do," I admitted, digging my toe into the concrete floor like I was going to actually drill a hole in it, afraid to look him in the eyes or I would betray just how horny I really was. So far he had just accused me things but he hadn't really made a move towards me so I wasn't ready to go all-in yet, as much as I WANTED to.

"I bet you're really horny now, aren't you?"

I hesitating a few seconds before answering. "Yesssssss," I whispered, barely loud enough for him to hear even in the stillness of the closed room.

"You want to suck my dick, don't you?"

"Yesssssss," I whispered again, feeling like a little girl again confessing something I had done wrong to my parents.

"And I bet you want me to fuck you, don't you?"

"Yesssssss," I responded again in an emotionless voice.

It was almost surreal. Here we were in corner of a basement, nothing between us and a dozen young teens but a closed wooden door. The beeps and sounds effects of their games clearly were audible while the footsteps of the people above us resonated through the ceiling. It was about as unlikely a scenario as I would have ever thought of for a man almost twice my age to be interrogating me on my sexual needs, let alone me admitting to his accusations. It wasn't all that BAD either; after all, hadn't I come to the party with some vague hopes of at least getting his attention?

"Well, what are you waiting for then?" he demanded, interrupting my thoughts. I looked at him, knowing what he probably wanted but still not 100% sure this wasn't some form of entrapment.

"Good grief, quite being coy with me and get down on your knees," he huffed.

The frustration in his voice told me he wasn't kidding. Wow, he actually wanted me to suck his cock! God, how many times had I played with myself dreaming of doing just that and now here I was hesitating for who knows what reason. I guess maybe it was because in all my dreams and fantasies, I was the one seducing him and he was the one to fall under my spell and finally give in to his lust and desire for me. Never had I envisioned being the one to be ordered about, as if it was simply expected that I would suck his dick, no questions asked. It wasn't that he was being mean or overbearing, just not what I was ready for and it caught be a bit flat-footed.

Now knowing what else to do, I dutifully dropped to the floor. There was a soft rubber matt by the workbench which cushioned the hard concrete floor and I sat back on my heels with my hands on my thighs, looking up at him as I waited for his next move.

"That's better, now take out my dick and start sucking it. It's not like you haven't done it before."

He stepped forward until he was right in front of me, standing there looking down at me with his hands on his hips, like some Apollo looking down at his dominion except in this case he was dominating me instead of the world. I easily undid his belt and unsnapped his jeans before pulling down the zipper. He was wearing boxers and I reached through the opening in the front and the first thing I felt was his thick pubic hair. Then I had his warm dick in my hand and I worked it through the opening. He was already beginning to get thick so I had to work at it a little to free him but then he flopped out and his cock poked out at me through his underwear like a giant worm sticking out from an apple. At first I just stroked him but he was in too much of a hurry for that.

"C'mon, we don't have all day, suck it."

He had a nice looking dick, average overall I would say, so he really didn't need to encourage me much to take it in my mouth. Actually, I would have done that right off to start with but some men like to see a girl play with their cock a little before she starts blowing him.

"Oh yeah, that feels good," he moaned as I sucked on the head of his cock and worked my way down his shaft with my lips and tongue. "You really ARE a slut, aren't you?"

I didn't take his dick out of my mouth to answer since I figured he really was making a point rather than asking me a question. He smelled strongly of sex and sweat, so much so that I wondered if he hadn't fucked Nadine after church without showering afterwards. In a way, I hoped that he had because that meant that the cock I was sucking had just been in his wife a few hours ago and now it was being sucked by me behind her back.

"Deeper," he whispered huskily as he put his hands on each side of my head and pulled me into his crotch while at the same time he thrust his hips forward to drive his dick into my mouth further.

As I said, Ed had an average cock which by no means is meant to be an insult. Indeed, the best cocks, so far as I am concerned, are the "average" ones. Smaller ones feel like a finger inside of my pussy and while still satisfying, don't present much of a challenge. The really huge ones are great if you're shooting a porno but for "normal" sex, they are a pain - literally and figuratively. First, they really stretch out my pussy and sometimes leave me sore afterwards, not to mention making me feel like a virgin when they all but rip me open when they first entered me.

BJs, though, are where big cocks are REALLY a problem. Again, it may look hot in a porno to see a girl try to take in some monstrous dick that looks like it belongs more on a horse than a man. All I can say is that you should try being on the receiving end someday. I like to deep throat and when the guy's on the long end of the "average" scale, it's not all that hard once you learn to control the gag reflex and besides, guys love it. Big dicks, though are really hard to force down your throat and no amount of self-discipline can keep you from wanting to puke at times. Sure there are a few porn stars who can do it but then, isn't that that's why they're porn stars?.

With Ed, his dick was just long enough that when I got down to about the last inch or so of his shaft and my nose was already being tickled by his pubic hair, THAT was when I felt the tip of his dick against the back of my throat. I looked up at him and our eyes met as I used the moment to try to relax my throat as much as possible until finally I took the plunge and pushed my head down onto him until my face was firmly against his hairy crotch. I felt his dick push down into my throat and for just an instant my chest contracted and I almost gagged despite my best efforts. Then the sensation passed and I rotated my head around his dick, letting my lips and tongue run around his shaft as the head was squeezed by my throat.

"Oh fuck, that's it, take it all," he groaned as he pulled my head into his crotch to keep his dick down my throat.

One thing about deep-throating, it's like seeing how long you can hold your breath underwater and sooner or later you have to come up for air or bad things happen. Finally I had to yank my head back sharply to overcome the pressure on the back of my head. I let his dick drop from my mouth as I gasped for air and looked up at him.

"You know, I've never had anyone do that to me before," he said, shaking his head.

"What's the matter, doesn't Nadine take all your dick? She look like she would give good head." I managed to get out between gasps as I regained my breath and prepared for another onslaught on his dick.

"Shit, Nadine doesn't even blow me," he grumbled, "She says it's 'dirty' and 'gross', can you believe it?"

Actually, I could if only because I know a lot of girls who agree with her. Men get conditioned from sex magazines and movies to think that every girl can't wait to put her head between their legs and suck their dicks, regardless of how revolting or dirty they may be. While many girls, me included, DO enjoy doing just that, there are just as many that flatly refuse to suck dick. In the middle are those that do it but only to satisfy their man more than because they get any enjoyment from it.

Personally, I get my thrills from feeling a guy growing in my mouth, knowing that his reaction is being caused by his sexual desire for ME. It makes me feel good to hear him moan and tell me how good it feels while I suck him. Then, when he cums in my mouth, I take it as a validation of my sexuality, of my desirableness as a woman, even of my skill at giving head.

"Well then, I suppose you want more, don't you?" I teased him.

"You know something... why don't you just quit yakking and suck my dick," he grunted as he grabbed my head again and pulled me back into his crotch roughly.

Indeed, I sucked his cock for a while, at times deep throating him again, most of the time just stroking his shaft with my hand while I sucked and licked the head of his dick. As much as I enjoyed it, I knew we had a limited time period to get things done before someone wondered where he was and started looking. The last thing I wanted was to have to quit before I'd gotten what I wanted - his dick cumming in me.

"I want you to fuck me now," I whispered to him as I stroked his hard, wet cock in my hand.

I stood up, holding his dick in my hand. We were both essentially dressed with just his pants undone and his dick sticking out through his boxers. Even if someone were to knock on the door now, he could probably turn away quick enough to hide his dick. It would have been awkward to explain why we were alone in the back room with the door closed but at least it wasn't like we were both nude and fucking on the work bench. Perhaps that was what he was thinking as well as he seemed to hesitate now after being so forceful just a little while ago.

"C'mon Ed, I've seen the way you look at me in church. You know you want to fuck me so now here's your chance." Ed looked at the door with this stricken expression on his face. We could hear the kids and the door didn't have a lock so it wasn't like we could be 100% sure nobody would interrupt us. The odds were heavily in our favor as the kids had no reason to want to investigate a closed door in the back corner of the basement. Still, it WAS a risk and as much as I knew Ed was weighing that against his desire to fuck me.

To help things along, I undid my jeans and worked them down off my hips to my knees, exposing my bare ass and pussy to him. He just stared at my pussy, like a young teenage boy who hadn't seen one before. I put one hand down between my legs and rubbed myself while I held his cock with the other.

"You just said I suck your cock better than Nadine. I bet my pussy's a lot tighter than hers too, don't you think?" I taunted him softly. "When was the last time you got to fuck a college girl Ed?"

"Nadine was the last," he said absentmindedly, almost without thinking it seemed.

I took his hand and pulled it towards my breasts. I placed his hand on one and held it there with my hand on top. He didn't squeeze but then he didn't try pulling away either. Early on he was so confident, so demanding. Back then he was evidently just thinking he would get a BJ, something most people, including me for that matter, don't even consider "sex" when it comes to establishing whether adultery was committed. He must not have thought things would go this far and now it was his turn to be the hesitant one while I was the one pushing him to go further

I let go of his cock and turned towards the work bench and bent over with my legs about two feet apart, exposing myself to him as he stood behind me.

"See my wet pussy Ed, don't you want it? You know you do."

"Fuck, I just can't do this," he groaned as he started backing away and for a moment I thought maybe I was going to lose this one. I turned my head and looked sternly back at him.

"Well, you'd BETTER fuck me Ed," I warned him, "Besides, even if you don't I'll tell Nadine that you did anyway."

Ed's eye's flashed and he looked like he was about to punch me or something.

"You fucking bitch, you wouldn't dare," he said angrily.

"Oh I wouldn't? I'll tell her that you raped me, that you lured me down here and then forced yourself on me," I threatened him with a nasty grin on my face. "So why not just do what you know you want to do anyway and get on with it?"

"You dirty whore, I'll show you," he growled, grabbing his dick and stepping in behind me.

I DID notice that despite his supposed protests, his cock hadn't dwindled by any noticeable amount since I'd let go of it. I knew he really wanted to fuck me. Like most "faithful" married guys, he just needed some help so later he could rationalize his behavior. Whether he used this as an excuse to blame me later for "forcing" him to fuck me, well I really didn't care. He may not have known it but I knew he would never do me again anyway so if that's what it took to get him to fuck me, then so be it.

"That's it Ed, fuck me!"

He stopped talking as he concentrated on getting his dick in position. Holding his cock in his hand, he rubbed the head up against my pussy, working it in between my wet pussy lips and running it up and down from my pussy hole to my clit. I gasped as his head touched my clit, sending a jolt through me and making my legs feel weaker.

"Yeah, you want it, don't; you," he said, his voice regaining the confident tone of earlier, "You want my big dick in your pussy, don't you... don't you?"

Actually, Ed was turning out to be rather predictable. Everything from his "demands" to suck him to my supposed threats to expose him if he didn't fuck me were straight from the Kelly playbook of seduction. This was just one more element that so many men seemed to want, perhaps even needed, when they fucked me. He wanted me to beg for him to fuck him. Well, once again, if that's what it took to get him in me, then why not?

"Oh yes Ed, please fuck me!" I begged as loudly as I dared without my voice carrying outside the room. "My pussy wants your dick so bad, put it in me now... PLEASE!"

Evidently that was all it took to satisfy him, along with more moans and panting as he worked his head until lit was poised at the entrance to my pussy and he grabbed my hips to help him to thrust his dick into me. I felt the pressure against my pussy build as he pushed himself forward, trying to shove his dick in my waiting pussy.

"Damn you're really tight!" he grunted as he repositioned his dick and got himself ready for another try at violating me.

Well, since all he'd been fucking was Nadine's loose pussy for the past umpteen years, I suppose mine felt like a virgin's compared to hers after pushing two kids through it. This time I felt him push even harder until suddenly, like a rubber band snapping, my pussy opened up and his cock dipped into me. For a brief moment I wondered if he realized at that instant he became guilty of adultery, that he was now cheating on his wife and breaking a vow he had made before God. Well, if nothing else it would hit later, of that I was sure.

"Deeper Ed," I encouraged him, "Fuck me deeper, put all of that big cock in me."

Ed didn't need the encouragement as while I spoke I felt him pulling back on my hips as he shoved himself into me further. I felt his pubic hair brushing against my bare ass as his crotch met my butt with a slight slapping sound. We fucked like this for a few minutes, neither of us saying anything but him grunting while I kept up an almost constant low moan as his cock slid in and out of me with the rhythm of a locomotive piston.

Suddenly he pulled out of me and spun me around. He steered me backwards to one of the benches. We both had our jeans around our ankles so it was more of a shuffle but his hands helped me keep my balance until he lifted me up and set me down on the edge of the bench.

"Lean back, show me that pretty cunt," he grunted as he held his wet hard cock in his hand, waiting impatiently for me to respond to his demands.

I put my hands behind me and leaned back, trying to spread my knees apart as best I could with my jeans acting like shackles around my ankles. I would've had to remove my shoes to let them drop off but that was out of the question at the moment.

"Damn, look at that little bare cunt, I bet it likes to be fucked, doesn't it?"

I balanced myself with one hand so I could touch my pussy with the other. I rubbed it and then used my fingers to spread my lips open so he could see my pussy hole exposed.

"Right now it wants YOU to fuck it," I said seductively, "You've no idea how long I've waited."

Now THAT was probably one of the most honest things I had said to him yet. Indeed, I HAD been waiting a long time for this moment. I watched as he lined his dick up once again with my pussy. Looking down my flat stomach, I stared at his dick as the head nestled in against my wet pussy hole and then I felt him entering me as at the same time I could see the head disappearing from sight as it drilled into me.

"Oh Ed, that feels SO good... I love you fucking me!"

I let go of my pussy so I could use both hands to balance myself with as Ed reached under my knees and lifted my legs up in the air higher to let him penetrate me more easily. My bare butt rocked on the bench top as he pushed himself in and out of me. It fascinated me to watch his dick as it moved in and out of him. It never ceased to amaze me, no matter how many times I'd been fucked, that a man's dick could actually enter me this way and feel so incredibly good. It was hard to picture six or seven inches of dick up inside of me, surrounded by my wet and warm pussy, caressing his cock and welcoming it like a long lost lover that had finally returned to the home where it belonged.

"I want you to cum in me," I whispered, looking directly into his eyes, "I want you to fill my pussy with your sperm."

Ed didn't miss a stroke but from the look on his face he was apparently surprised at that one. First, he wasn't wearing a condom but that didn't bother me as nothing is safer than a married man who doesn't cheat on his wife (at least, until me that is).

"It's OK, I'm protected," I quickly said, "Just cum in me, that's what I want."

Ed was about there and whether it was just that time or my words drove him over the line, but in either case he groaned and then drove his dick deep into me and then held it in place. I knew what was coming - or more correctly, cumming!

"Oh my god," he groaned as I felt the pressure against my crotch as he jerked against me each time his dick shot out a load of adulterous sperm into me.

Each time he came in me I felt a joy inside of me, maybe even a sense of accomplishment. He was cumming in me, mating me at least figuratively if not literally. Each load of cum was another nail in the coffin that contained his now broken wedding vows. Each load was an affirmation of how much he desired me, an indicator of how much he wanted me such that he was willing to betray his wife's love and devotion for these few minutes with me. As much as I was enjoying the feel of his lust in me, I couldn't help but think about his wife who was right upstairs without a clue as to what her cheating husband was doing literally right under her.

Finally he was finished, his load exhausted and he was left panting over me, beads of sweat forming on his chin and dripping down onto my blouse which I was still wearing without so much as having undone a single button.

"Now tell me Ed, wasn't it so much better to fuck me than Nadine?" I said, knowing I was being naughty but not able to resist the temptation.

What is it with men after they cum, especially the older ones? It's like when they cum, their horniness and lust shoots out along with their cum and they're left totally drained. With Ed, not only had he let loose a hell of a load in me, but now I was reminding him of just what he had done and perhaps for the first time since leading me into the room, the consequences of his actions hit home.

# 7. Ed Feels Guilty

"Oh god, what have I done?" he mumbled as he pulled out of me unceremoniously and started to get his clothes back together.

"What's the matter Ed, you know you liked fucking me more than her. C'mon, do me again."

I scooting back a bit on the bench so I could get my feet up on top of it and let me knees flop apart so he could see my pussy. I squeezed down and forced some of his cum to drip from my pussy for him to see.

"See your cum in me Ed? See what you did to me? I want more of it. Fuck me again."

I was just being a terrible tease as I knew full well that there was no way, no matter what I said or did, that he would ever do me again today, if ever. Heck, even he wanted to now it wouldn't be right away as his cock was rapidly dwindling down. Some of that was undoubtedly due to the waves of remorse and regret that were sweeping over him but it was probably also due to his age as well. Once a guy hits his thirties, it seems those days of non-stop fucking are over. "I can't believe I let you talk me into this," he continued to mumble. Yeah, like I was the one that dragged HIM into the room!

I'd seen this same response in other married men after they fucked me. It was like they had to build up a case rationalizing their behavior so they wouldn't feel so guilty about what they had just done. It didn't bother me, I had gotten what I wanted so how they felt about it later wasn't really a big concern of mine. Does a fisherman worry about the fish he worked so hard to catch once it's been caught and in the boat?

Actually, if anything this made it even better for me. The only reason I enjoy fucking married men is the thrill it gives me knowing they have to convince themselves to cheat on their wives to satisfy their lust for me. Couples don't do it for me nearly as well since where's the fun if the wife says it's OK? Seeing Ed struggling with his guilt just made it all the more special for me knowing how much he must have wanted me to be able to overcome his apparent deep love for his wife. Mmmmmmm, talk about feeling sexy, I felt like Cleopatra!

Ed had his pants back on and in order by now while I was still sitting on his work bench with my bottom exposed. He looked at me and for just a second, I saw that look again in his eyes, that look of lust and desire for me that had once driven him to do what he would now probably regret for the rest of his life. Oh sure, he would probably jerk off forever when he got horny and thought about fucking me, but when he was with his wife in bed, or with his family, there would be times memories of me sitting her like this, freshly fucked and ready to give him more of it, would intrude and he would have to deal with them. Oh well, that was his problem, not like I raped him or anything!

"For god's sake, get dressed before someone comes in and sees you like that," he hissed at me as he put his hand on the door knob. "Don't come out for a few minutes; I don't want anyone realizing we were in here together."

He cracked the door open to see if anyone was around. Apparently satisfied, he slipped out and quickly shut it behind him, leaving me all alone. I looked down at my throbbing pussy and saw more of his cum had drained from me. I couldn't help but chuckle to myself as the first thought that came to my mind was, "Damn what a mess!"

Looking around, I saw a pile of rags at the end of the bench and I leaned over to grab one and used it to wipe the cum from my pussy. There were some spots left on my blouse where his sweat had dripped but there nothing I could do about those, I just had to hope that they would dry quickly. Hopping off the table, I pulled my jeans back up and buttoned them shut.

I could only imagine how I must look, not to mention smell. While none of the guys would notice, it wouldn't surprise me if the women, especially Nadine, caught a whiff of the musky scent that I was carrying after being freshly fucked. My purse was upstairs and his work shop obviously didn't have any toiletries. Heck, it didn't even have a mirror so I just did the best I could with my hair and straightened myself out.

After waiting for what seemed to be an appropriate period, I turned off the light and emerged silently from the room. The kids were immersed in their games so I headed straight for the stairs. If anyone even noticed me, they didn't make any indication of it. Back in the kitchen, Nadine saw me enter and called to me from across the table.

"Hey Kelly, where you been?"

It was more an innocent question than an accusation so I told her I'd been down with the kids and she just nodded. After all, wasn't that my role in all this? It's not like I was invited to fuck her husband, at least I'm sure that wasn't her intention.

Having met her hostess's obligation to pay attention to me, she turned back to the other women and whatever they were discussing.

I couldn't help but stand there for a moment and look at her. She really was a great looking woman for her age which made it the more special for me to know her husband had just cheated on her to have me. Some guys showed me pictures of their wives who had gained tons of weight since marriage or otherwise just let themselves go and I could understand why they might give in finally and want to fuck a girl like me.

Actually, the number one rationalization men gave me when they cheat is that their wife has lost interest in sex and so they need an outlet. Frankly, in most of those cases I couldn't help but look at the guy and sympathize with the wife. No wonder she had lost interest! Letting him do me once for the experience and notch on my belt was one thing; but in many cases I couldn't imagine what it must be like to be married to the slob and have him constantly groping me after drinking a case of beer and eating two bags of chips while he watched the football game.

With Nadine, neither scenario seemed to fit. Both Ed and Nadine had kept themselves in great shape so it wasn't like either of them was repulsed by the other. In fact, Ed had even admitted they had sex often and he enjoyed it. Looking at Nadine one last time, I couldn't help but smile to myself as I felt a glow in me as more than a little pride and self-confidence built up in me. To think Ed had risked it all, this wonderful home, a beautiful and sexy wife, two great kids, just for one quick opportunity to fuck me.

Well, on that note, all I can say is that if anyone still doesn't understand why I love fucking married men, I give up trying to explain!

# (Feb 04) Chapter 109: Dad's Business Partner

Story codes: MF oral exhib inc father daughter
Me (20)
John - my dad (41)
Andreas (48)

Last year my dad asked my cousin Kristen and me to pretend to be whores and entertain a few of his clients. Apparently it turned him on as much as me so when he asked me to do the same for one of his out-of-town business associates I didn't hesitate!

Note: This falls sort of in between another diary entry of mine, Super Bowl Sunday. It's just that it was so different from everything else that happened this weekend I decided to write it up on its own.

## 1. Offering Help to My Dad

It was an incredible weekend - one I never expected to happen. The Steelers were going to the Super Bowl! It wasn't that I was personally overexcited about it all but when you grow up with a father who is a fanatical Steelers fan a little bit can't help but rub off.

When I left home after Christmas Break just over a month ago I'd assumed that I wouldn't be back home in Pittsburgh until Easter. Then a small miracle happened and somehow my dad's favorite team was back in the big game for the first time in ten years. I was only ten years old the last time the team had played in the Super Bowl but I can still remember his disappointment when they lost. I was praying for them to win this time and so I decided to go home and help him cheer them on.

It was a three hour drive so after classes were over on Friday I quickly jumped in my car and headed home. My dad was shocked to see me when he walked in the door late that night from a meeting at work, but not TOO shocked to take me right there in the hallway! It was a great way to start off the weekend and I was so glad to be home again.

The next morning at breakfast my dad explained why he had been out so late. Apparently one of his cases involved another law firm in Chicago. One of their top lawyers was in town for the weekend so he had agreed to arrange for some "entertainment" for the guy tonight. Until now all he planned on was to take him out to some of the strip clubs and such. Of course my dad had no idea I'd be home for the weekend. He winked at me and casually mentioned that since I was home maybe it was something I might want to help out with.

I immediately understood what he meant and I felt a twinge between my legs as I recalled last spring when he had asked my cousin Kristen and me to "help him out" back then. As it turned out, he had some clients in town who wanted to meet some girls in Pittsburgh - and I mean meet in the most personal way! They expected my dad to join in which put him in a bit of a predicament since he had never cheated on my mom and wasn't about to then.

Well, Kristen and I were both thrilled to provide the entertainment. I still have fond memories of how hot it was to have my dad fuck me in a hotel room right in front of two guys who never dreamed that the "whore" my dad was fucking was actually his own daughter. Of course, the same applied when they were fucking me I front of him. I've always wondered what they would have said had they known they were fucking my dad's little girl! It was the only time we had ever done anything that crazy but my mom confided in me a few months later that he had been incredibly turned on and it was all he talked about afterwards.

"Hmmmmmm, well I don't know daddy," I teased him, "Are you sure you want your daughter whoring for you again?"

My mom just rolled her eyes while my dad just burst out laughing. "Oh yeah," he said between chuckles, "Like you didn't get off from it too, you silly slut!"

Well, what could I really say, my dad was right and he knew it. Although I would never really be a whore, pretending to be one was fun. I'd tried doing some escorting about a year before but had to quit when things got out of hand on one of my "appointments". I wasn't doing it for the money though. Although I was "tipped" when I performed at bachelor parties or met guys as part of the escort business, for me it was just for the thrill of it.

In reality I would have done it all, the bachelor parties and escorting, for free but there was something about them paying me that made it seem even more "naughty". I use to took offense when people tried to call me a prostitute when I was escorting. If I'd been doing it just for the money they would have been right and I realized that so far as the guys were concerned that I was just that. In my heart, though, I knew I'd never been a prostitute or a whore.

That said, I don't mind being called a slut - if anything I take it as a compliment. That tells me that person thinks I am sexy compared to when someone calls me a whore as that implies I have sex just for money - something I have NEVER done.

As usual, my mom was the one to bring a sense of reality to the situation. She has always been the moral compass of the family, steering us in the right direction to make sure nothing got out of hand. There were times when we were out that my dad would get horny and my mom would have to step in and put things on hold before he and I did something that might cause problems later.

In this case she looked at my dad with a serious, "I'm not joking this time" look and asked, "Are you sure this guy's OK John? I don't want Kelly getting in trouble or anything. You WILL be there the whole time - right?"

My dad let out a deep breath like he always does when he gets a bit exasperated. "Don't worry Mary, you know damn well I would never let anything happen to her. Besides, do you honestly think I would miss out on this?"

Well, how could my mom argue with that logic? If there was one thing my dad took seriously more than anything else, and I loved him for it, it was the safety of his daughter. When I was a teenager he would always want to know who I was with and where we were going. He actually encouraged me to bring my boyfriends home as he figured I was safer having them fuck them in my bedroom than hiding in the back seat of some car on a deserted road. Of course, it also had the added benefit of letting him peek in on us.

So it was all set - my dad would take the guy out for dinner and then they would go back to his hotel room where I would show up. I had the perfect outfit to wear - the "little black dress" my dad had given me for this past Christmas. I hadn't worn it in public yet as it was bordering on indecent by most standards but in this case it seemed entirely appropriate!

## 2. My Cousin Kristen is Jealous

For the rest of the morning all I could think about was what would be happening that evening. I went over to visit my cousin Kristen at her house. My Aunt Linda was out showing homes so the two of us sat on the floor in the living room catching up on things. It was her first year in college and it was interesting to compare the differences between her public school and my private religious one.

My school was ultra-conservative - bordering on the ridiculous at times. While we didn't have to wear uniforms, the dress code was strict and nothing sexy or suggestive in any way was allowed. Skirts couldn't be more than a couple of inches above the knee (and even THAT was frowned on), swim suits for school events had to be one-piece and no thongs were allowed - period. Supposedly we had to wear bras and panties although I tended to break that rule whenever I thought I could get away with it.

Our dorms and apartments were segregated by sex for everyone unless you were married, no matter how old you were. Male visitors in our apartment were absolutely forbidden and grounds for immediate expulsion on the first offense - for both parties involved. We were supposed to follow the rules off campus as well but naturally that was not followed by most of the students although peer pressure was high at times. The one rule that stood out among all others was simple - no sex. Nothing even remotely sensual or provocative. The list was extensive!

By contrast by cousin went to the University of Pittsburgh which sounded like a non-stop party from the way my cousin described it. Her dorm was coed and guys were allowed in rooms although the doors were supposed to be kept open when they visited. She could wear just about anything (and knowing her, I imagined she pushed even THOSE limits). As for sex, all they cared about was that nothing was done that was illegal.

Kristen was two years younger than me but last year she'd already had sex with more guys than I had and while my sex life went ice cold at school, hers was wilder than ever. I had no doubt she was quite popular - with the boys AND the girls. She described things that I could only dream about while I was at school.

Although she had not had sex with any of her professors, she said she did have a good time teasing them and most of them were more than willing to go along with the game even if they didn't actually do anything outside the classroom. If I even batted an eyelash at one of my professors I would've been hauled before the ethics review committee and put on probation! Oh well, overall I loved my school and besides, I was there for an education, not sex.

After we had chatted for a while I described my plans for the evening to Kristen. She put on a big pout and folded her arms to show her disappointment.

"Aw Kelly," she pouted, "Why didn't your dad ask ME to join in? Remember what an incredible time we had before?"

"Yeah, like you haven't been getting enough cock lately," I laughed.

"That's not the point Kelly," she replied, "The whole thing, posing as whores and letting your dad fuck us in front of them, like, it was one of the wildest things we have done!"

I had to agree with her on that one. We had certainly done some crazy things together but that night had been absolutely surreal. As I said before, it's not that I ever wanted to actually BE a whore, but to have those guys THINK we were was erotic to say the least. The more we talked the more horny I got thinking about what I'd be doing in just a matter of hours.

"Well... you're going to have to tell me EVERYTHING about it tomorrow," she said. "And be sure to tell your dad he owes me one!"

I laughed at that one - as if she didn't get fucked enough by my dad as it was. I was so horny I was ready to jump her right then and there but I knew I had to get home to get ready for the evening and if I let my lust get the better of me now it might be hours before I broke free. I got up to leave and just then my aunt came in from the garage carrying some groceries.

"Mommmmmm!" Kristen whined, "Kelly's dad's letting her pretend to be a whore again tonight and he didn't invite me!"

My aunt just laughed, "Yeah, I already know. Mary called me to tell me about it. Sorry girl, looks like Kelly gets all the fun tonight!"

Kristen was still pretending to be put out and she probably actually WAS to some degree. After all, I think she probably would BE a whore if given the opportunity. My aunt came over and put her arms around her.

"Awwwwww, don't worry baby," she cooed, "The two of us can have our own fun tonight."

I smiled and waved goodbye, leaving them to whatever was going to happen next. My aunt had divorced when Kristen was young and she never knew her dad. The two of them grew up extremely close, even sharing the same bed all her life. I

All the time I was thinking of these things my fingers had worked their way between my legs and my fingers were playing with my clit as the water ran down along them. I heard the bathroom door open and my dad walked in just as I was getting close. He must have heard me panting because the door cracked open and he peeked inside.

"Need some help in there?" he asked with a sly grin on his face.

"Daddy, I'm busy!" I said, pretending to be shocked that he would interrupt me while I was masturbating, "Besides, you'll be getting me later if you're a good boy."

He flashed a grin at me and left me to finish myself off which only took a few minutes more. Satisfied and clean, I spent a while drying off and fixing my hair before returning to my room. Normally not a big one for a lot of makeup, I decided to use just the minimal amount although I picked out some sexy lipstick that accentuated my lips and smile.

I left my hair loose - a ponytail just didn't seem appropriate with a slutty dress. Looking in the mirror I debated whether or not to try to put some curl in. My hair has always been a source of frustration for me. It's always straight and I've tried every combination of conditioner to get anybody to it. Technically I'm a brunette but that covers a broad spectrum of color and over the years I've tried various hair colorings. Probably the worst thing I experimented with was going blond for a summer. Looking back at those pics I cringe!

Eventually I had myself ready and I slipped on the thong. I would have loved to meet the sadist who invented the damn things. Guys love them but I tell them they don't have to wear one! Basically I walk around all night feeling like I have a wedgie! Oh the things girls do to satisfy men!

I dropped the dress down over my head and worked it downward, pulling it to get it to at least cover my ass at least a little bit. This dress should have been advertised as being good for your posture because unless I stood up perfectly straight it pulled up and revealed my butt! Sitting down and bending over to put on my heels it lifted up and I found myself basically sitting on my chair bare-ass as the thong didn't provide any coverage in the rear. Oh well, it's not like I was going to be wearing it to the mall or anything.

One last look in the mirror and I smiled. Yep, I definitely looked like a streetwalker tonight! If only my roomies could see me now! Of course, Jen wouldn't mind but my other roomies had no idea what Jen and I did behind our door. I'm sure they would have been totally shocked at my current appearance considering they usually saw me as the mousy school girl. I giggled as I tried to estimate how many milliseconds it would take for me to get kicked out of chapel if I showed up in his outfit!

I grabbed a small purse that was just big enough for a tube of lipstick and headed downstairs where my parents were waiting. My dad was dressed up in a suit – men have it soooooo easy, they can wear a suit to anything. My mom was drinking some coffee at the dinner table and when I arrived she looked up and smiled approvingly at me. My dad saw her eyes look up and turned to see me and a huge grin broke out on his face.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT is what I call an outfit," he said with a tinge of pride in his voice. Looking at my mom he boasted, "See, I CAN pick out clothes despite your lack of confidence in me."

My dad had bought me this outfit for Christmas and although it didn't stay on me very long when I modeled it for him, he never failed to remind my mom that HE had picked it out all by himself. I hated to burst his bubble but in all honesty it didn't take a tremendous amount of fashion taste to pick out a simple black dress. It was the fact it was so short and cut so low that is what made it sexy.

My dad looked at his watch and said, "Well, time for me to get going and pick up Andreas."

I looked over at him with a questioning look. "Andreas"? Instantly visions of some exotic Frenchman came to mind and I started to ask him to tell me more about him. Actually until then he had not said a word about the guy so I was curious. My dad just grinned and shook his head.

"Nope," he said defiantly, "You'll just have to see for yourself."

My mom grinned and I had a suspicion she was in on something which made me all the more curious. Just what was going on here that had her looking like the cat who just caught the mouse?

"Don't look at me girl," she said, "my lips are sealed. Don't worry, I think you're going to find tonight a bit interesting."

Damn, now just what did THAT mean? Both of my parents looked entirely too pleased with themselves so I knew something was going on that my dad had not told me about. Oh well, I trusted him that he would never do anything that would be bad for me so I guess I would just have to find out for myself.

My dad gave my mom and me a kiss and off he went. My mom and I sat down (or at least I tried to without splitting the dress apart) and tried to talk about school and church as if it was just a typical evening.

## 4. The Hotel

I kept on eye on the clock and finally the time came for me to leave as well. My dad had arranged for a taxi to pick me up so I wouldn't have to ride the T downtown and he was right on time. My mom loaned me her evening coat which was long and black and she helped me slip it on before I went out to the taxi.

I gave the driver the address of the hotel and he gave me a look as if wondering just what was going on but he remained discreet and didn't say a word to me the entire trip. I crossed my legs in the back seat and felt my clit tingle just a little as the motion caused it to rub against the tight thong just a little. God was I so horny! I couldn't wait to get there and have some fun.

My taxi dropped me off at the hotel entrance and the doorman held the door open as I entered. I noticed he gave me the once over as I passed through and I flashed a smile at him as I went in. I was sure he was thinking that someone was getting lucky tonight and he was right!

Once in the hotel lobby I couldn't resist myself and I took off the coat and draped it over my arm. There were several guys checking in at the time and it was all I could do from smiling a huge grin when I noticed every eye turned towards me. I could feel the edge of my skirt just under my ass and I knew every one of them was hoping I would bend over just a bit and reveal what I was wearing underneath - or not wearing if that be the case. It was more fun to tease them though and I slowly walked through the lobby leaving them to wonder.

Stepping into the elevator, I kept my aloof look on until the doors closed and then let out a deep breath. It was about to happen now and this was really my last chance to back out. In reality, there was no way I would even consider such a thing though and as I went higher my pussy just got hotter with anticipation.

Finally the door opened and I stepped into the hallway. Although not a suite, my dad had told me they were going to be in an "executive" room which had more space than the typical room. There was nobody else to be seen and I walked down to where the room was.

Just as I was about to knock the door opposite opened and what looked like a businessman stepped out. He closed the door behind him and then saw me standing there. I smiled at him but his eyes never went above my chest. He quickly walked down the hall, shaking his head. No doubt he assumed I was NOT there for a restful night's sleep.

Alone once again I straightened out my dress and took in a deep breath and let it out slowly. I knocked lightly on the door just twice and waited. Within a few seconds the door opened and there was my dear old dad.

"Hi, you must be Kelly?" he said with a wink at me. "C'mon in, we've been waiting for you."

I stepped in and quickly took inventory of the room. There was a huge bathroom just as you walked in with a large king size bed, a couch, and a glass-top desk with the usual phone and lamp. A TV set was hidden away in a tall wooden structure with an ice bucket chilling what looked to be some sort of white wine in it. Of course what grabbed my attention was the person waiting for me. Sitting in the stuffed chair next to the couch was older-looking man who must have been in his forties or early fifties. His head was shaved although it looked like he would have been partially bald anyways. His suit was definitely NOT off the rack and I would have guessed probably cost well over a thousand dollars judging by the tailored fit and material.

The guy stood up and I guessed him at about six feet tall with a build that suggested an athletic past if not present. The one thing though that stood out the most though was perhaps the thing I had least expected - he was black! Not brown or light tan but a deep, dark black you rarely saw. His skin was almost shiny the color was so deep. He smiled and his pearly white teeth were in sharp contrast to his face and made his grin almost seem to glow. I'd had sex with a black man before but not as BLACK as this guy was.

My dad introduced me saying, "Kelly, this is Andreas... Andreas, this is Kelly, the girl I told you about."

Andreas held out his hand and lightly shook mine in a polite manner. "Good evening Kelly, I must say you come highly recommended."

I blushed slightly and looked down before looking him in the eyes again. "Thank you sir, I hope to live up to your expectations."

God, it was like some Victorian novel! Everyone was being so polite and acting as if this were just some typical business meeting. I wondered just how to get things moving along when my dad broke the ice.

"Why don't you tell Kelly a bit about yourself Andreas," he said, "You've had quite an interesting career.

I sat on the couch and crossed my legs. In doing so my skirt slid up and basically revealed my ass. With my legs crossed he couldn't see my thong and I suppose he had to wonder if I was wearing anything underneath my dress. Andreas' eyes were locked on my legs and butt as I put my hands in my lap and listened as if there was nothing at all unusual going on.

For the next ten minutes or so he described how he had come to the USA as a child with his parents, worked his way through school and various law firms. My ears really perked up though when he casually mentioned getting married when he was young. He described his four kids - two girls and two boys all in their twenties now and living on their own, as if he was talking to just anyone. He mentioned that he was still married and he must have picked up on my eyes widening just a bit.

"Sorry, does it bother you that I'm married? he asked. "I must say I usually don't do this sort of thing but lately our sex life has cooled off a bit so when you dad made me this offer I decided it was time to finally look out for myself."

God, if he only knew how many times I'd heard THAT line before! Practically every married guy who hit on me claimed his wife was the problem and wasn't giving him enough sex. Of course, it was never THEIR problem!

That said, of course it didn't bother me that he was married and I looked over at my dad briefly who just smiled. I could have reached over and kissed him right then and there. He knew how much I loved fucking married men and someone I had a feeling that setting me up with Andreas was partly driven by the fact he knew I would be turned on because he had a wife back home.

"It doesn't matter to me one way or the other Andreas," I said softly, "After all, tonight is about YOU, not your wife."

I stood up at that point and didn't bother pulling my skirt down so as I faced him he could see my thong as it barely hid my pussy. I slowly swayed my hips as then asked him in a seductive voice, "So tell me Andreas, can your wife fit into a dress like this?"

I slowly turned in front of him as if dancing to a slow soft song. Meanwhile my dad turned on the television set and set it to one of the porn channels. A couple was fucking and he turned down the volume so it was just their images on the screen.

"Just something to help set the mood," my dad explained with a grin.

I turned so I was facing away from Andreas and leaned over so my dress pulled up completely over my ass. The thong pulled in tight between my butt cheeks essentially giving him a bare-ass view of me. I slowly dropped the thong and spread my legs apart just enough so he could see my glistening pussy, wet from the anticipation of being fucked by his hard black cock. Reaching between my smooth legs, I traced one finger from my ass, over my pussy hole and through my pussy lips until it glided over my sensitive clit.

"Damn Andreas, what do you think of that pussy?" my dad exclaimed.

"Mmmmmmm," Andreas replied, "I thought you were exaggerating about her but now I see you were actually not doing her justice! That's the sweetest looking cunt I've seen in a long time!"

"Go on," my dad encouraged him, "she's all yours - at least she damn well better be for what she charges!"

We all laughed except Andreas who really did not understand just how much this WAS costing my dad.

## 5. Andreas Fucks Me in Front of My Dad

Feeling incredibly horny and hot, I leaned over the bed to support myself, keeping my legs straight and spread apart. This was one of the few times my dad's porn magazines come in handy - they can teach you all sorts of sexy poses!

Andreas's hand gingerly reached between my legs and gently cupped my damp crotch. His middle finger began to explore my pussy, pushing it into my pussy and then wiggling it inside of me.

"Nice pussy - good and tight," he said approvingly to my dad. "God my wife hasn't felt this tight in twenty years." With his finger now wetted, he pulled his hand upward and ran little circles around my asshole. Then I felt his finger began to push against my asshole and I turned my head around to him to say, "Sorry, that's not for play."

Andreas kept pushing his finger into my asshole though, as if he never heard a word I said. I looked over to my dad for some support. He knew I hated anal sex and

I was hoping he would step in and defend me - or least my asshole! I was surprised then when he didn't say a word and instead he just watched as Andreas slipped his finger into my ass.

I had played with my asshole in the tub and shower before but never much more than that. During my last escorting gig I had been forced to do anal which was a big reason for why I quit the escorting business after that night. I might put up with his finger but he had better not try anything bigger than that.

"God her ass is tight!" he exclaimed. I didn't know what to say - should I protest and piss him off or just him go? This wasn't exactly the way I had figured the night would start out, that was for sure. The amazingly he stopped and went back to playing with my pussy.

"Don't worry, I'm not in anal myself. I was just curious how tight your asshole was."

Whew! I was relieved to hear that. I have never figured out the fascination some people have for assholes. I guess when I think about it all I imagine is my crap coming out and for the life of me I could never lick a guy's asshole. I didn't mind if a guy licks me - that's his business although I don't let him kiss me or coming near my face again afterwards.

The one time I'd been fucked in the ass it hurt like hell and I never wanted to try it again. I've had guys try to tell me I just needed more lubricant, etc. but the bottom line (pun intended) is that I have a perfectly good mouth and pussy that can handle a cock quite well, thank you, so why mess around with my asshole?

In the meantime Andreas was doing a nice job of fingering my pussy and as his fingertips toyed with my clit all thoughts of my near anal disaster disappeared. Andreas pulled his finger out of me and put it up to my lips. I opened my mouth and he slipped his finger in and I sucked it like a binky, savoring the flavor of my wet pussy on his finger.

"Ahhhhhh, you like the taste of your pussy don't you?" he said, "Well I can't blame you for that one."

He slapped my playfully on the butt saying, "OK, time to get down to some business. See that girl sucking cock in the screen? Well, I bet you can do better than that."

I stood up and glanced over at the TV. Some porn whore was sucking a huge cock but all she was doing was just going up and down on it - no imagination whatsoever! To think this girl was supposed to be a "pro". Hell, I could suck a cock twice as good as she ever dreamed. This was also a classic example of why I hate porn. It not only objectifies women, it leads men to think that it represents what women want from sex and what men expect from them. It was just like what Andreas had asked for - do it "like her".

Andreas was still standing with his suit coat off now, draped over the chair behind the desk. He stood there with his hands on his hips, obviously waiting for me to "service" him. Well, what could I really say as that's what a whore does so I went to "work". Standing in front of him, my eyes level with his chest, I reached out and undid his belt and pants. Kneeling down, my dress creeping up practically to my waist, I pulled his pants downwards to his ankles followed quickly his boxer shorts. His dress shoes were still on which kept his clothes bunched around his ankles. His white dress shirt had long tails which came down past his crotch and hid his cock from my sight.

I could already smell his manhood as nothing tweaks my nose like the strong scent of a male crotch. Pulling his shirt aside, I got my first clear view of his cock and my first thought was, "God, they're right!".

OK, I hate to admit to stereotyping people, but everyone jokes about black men having big cocks. In my own limited experience, I would say skin color doesn't matter but in the case of Andreas, the stereotype certainly fit. Damn, he was hung like a horse! His cock was still relatively soft but it hung down and looked to be over six inches long already. Not only that, he wasn't circumcised so his cock head was hiding behind the covering of his foreskin. His cock was as jet black as the rest of him and surrounded by an incredibly thick thatch of stiff curly pubic hair which, from the length of it, he apparently never shaved or trimmed.

All in all, his dick looked absolutely delicious!

I took his cock in one hand and held it so it faced me. Looking up at him first and then back at his cock, I leaned forward and slipped the end of his cock into my mouth. His musky odor filled my nose as my tongue ran over the end. My hand pulled back on his foreskin and the head popped into my mouth which I promptly started to lick with my tongue. It wasn't long before I was rewarded with the feeling of his cock twitching and the pulse in it veins promised that it would soon be hard as a steel pipe.

Andreas put his hands on my head and pulled my face tightly into his crotch. He ran his hands through my hair, pulling on it just slightly, just enough to make it tingle and drive me crazy. My had bobbed on his cock while my tongue ran over it.

While I stroked it with my one hand, feeling it growing inch by inch in my mouth, my other hand cupped his balls and massaging them, rolling them gently between my fingers.

"Oh yeah, John," Andreas called over to my dad, "This little whore certainly knows how to suck a cock!

I turned my head to look over at my dad and saw he was sitting on the couch with his pants unzipped and his own cock sticking out while he masturbated, watching his daughter sucking this guy's growing cock. I loved watching my father masturbate, especially when I knew he was thinking about me. It gave me this incredibly sexy feeling knowing my dad thought about me that way. If my own father could masturbate thinking about me, I could only imagine what other men thought about me!

Andreas grabbed me by the shoulders saying, "Shit, I need to taste that pussy. Lay back on the bed and spread those gorgeous legs.

I got up and backed into the bed. Keeping my dress on, if you could call it that considering it was now riding around my waist allowing him a clear view of my bare pussy, I let myself fall onto the bed on my back. I put my feet up on the bed and let my knees fall to the sides so my pussy was spread open for him. Andreas stood over me and just looked down at me with his cock in his hand as he slowly stroked himself.

"Damn, that is one sweet looking cunt," he said to me. I smiled as I used both hands to spread my pussy lips apart for him. He kneeled at the edge of the bed and put one hand on each of my inner thighs, pushing my legs even farther apart as his face lowered itself down between my legs. I gasped as his tongue lightly touched my swollen clit.

"Mmmmmmm, I think she likes that," my dad said. I looked over and saw he had risen from the couch to stand at the end of the bed not far from my head. "Well, let's see if she can handle another cock while you're taking care of her pussy."

My dad dropped his off and got up on the bed. He kneeled above my head and leaned forward over my face. I looked up and saw his balls hanging above my face and then he pushed his cock down into my mouth so while I was sucking his cock his hairy balls were rubbing against my cheeks and nose. As much as my pussy was enjoying Andreas' efforts, taking my dad's dick in my mouth right in front of this guy was turning me on even faster.

In the meantime my pussy was indeed getting quite the workout from Andreas. He had a long tongue and when he pushed it in my pussy he could stick it in a ways which felt incredibly good. Speaking of long, he could hold his breath a long time as well which meant he would smash his mouth firmly against my pussy and push his tongue into me as deep as he could. It was like being fucked by a tongue!

All the while I was squirming from my pussy being licked by Andreas, I was also trying to suck my dad's cock as well. It was difficult to concentrate on both ends but my dad helped by stroking himself in and out of my mouth.

"Shit Andreas, you must be doing one hell of a job eating her pussy," my dad said, "she's having a hard time concentrating on my cock!"

Andreas looked up and although I couldn't see him I imagined he had a big grin on his wet face. He was good - and he knew it!

"Well, your cock looks pretty good in her mouth right now," he said, "Hmmmmmm, I think she's ready now. Mmmmmmm, what do you say John, time to fuck this whore?"

My dad pulled out of my mouth and I lifted my head up and looked first at him and then at Andreas with a smile. "I say go for it, Andreas!" he said, "Fuck her."

How can I describe how it felt to hear those words from my father. My own dad had just told a guy I had never met before to, "Fuck her". My own father was encouraging this guy to screw his only daughter, to stick his dick in her, to maybe even cum in her and leave his seed.

What kind of father would ever do such a thing to his daughter? Well, the kind of father my dad is - a loving, wonderful man who knows what his daughter enjoys and what turns her on. The kind of father that is concerned about what his daughter wants more than he does. It made me feel so wonderful at that moment, realizing how much he must love me to do this for me.

Andreas stripped off his shirt, motioning for me to do the same with my dress. I sat up on the bed and started to lift it over my head. My dad was still behind me and he helped me take it off, leaving me naked then except for my heels which I decided to leave on. Once again, it was the influence of the porn industry at work. Why in the world would a real woman want to wear heels while she was being fucked? Well, guys see the whores wearing them in porn licks so they think girls like me should do it too.

Andreas sat on the couch, stroking his massive cock which was now hard as pole. I walked slowly up to him with my hands on my hips and watched him masturbate. Damn I wanted that monster in me! It was hard not to just jump on his lap and drop my pussy down onto it. Well, that would happen soon but first I owed them a show for what they "spent" to get me for the night.

Licking my lips seductively, I turned around and rubbed my ass with both hands. My hips gyrated my hands wandered over my ass and in front to my pussy. Leaning over with my legs straight and spread apart, I ran my fingers over my pussy slit, letting one finger slide between the wet lips and dip into my pussy.

"Alright, enough teasing. Get over her and sit on my cock," Andreas demanded.

He didn't have to ask me twice. I backed into him, straddling his legs which were tight together. Then I slowly lowered myself down onto his waiting dick. My dad who was still on the bed and I winked at him as I felt Andreas' cock press against my pussy. As usual, my pussy resisted the intruder at first. Then finally, almost begrudgingly, it split apart to allow him entrance.

The weight of my body forced my pussy to accept more his thick cock and I could feel my thighs split open as his big cock disappeared inside of me. It kept going deeper until I started to wonder if it was ever going to never stop moving further into me when finally my ass was on his lap. I lifted my legs off the floor, holding myself steady with my hands on this legs to cause my full weight to press his dick into me as far as it would go. I wiggled and squirmed, making his cock move around inside of me.

Andreas put his hands on my hips to steady me. Once again my feet were planted on the floor and I started to slowly rise and fall on his cock. First I would lift myself up slowly and then, after teasing him with just the head of his cock still in me, I would drop as fast as I could back down on his lap. Each time the sudden drive of his fat cock into my pussy would make me gasp as it felt like my pussy was going to explode from the huge thing that was in me.

Faster and faster I went, fucking his hard black cock. Looking down between my legs I could see his dick moving in and out of me, the darkness of his cock contrasting sharply with the light skin of my thighs and crotch. When I was down on him his thick pubic hair covered my pussy, hiding everything from view until I rose up again when I could see his shaft as it entered my pussy and then was out of sight.

Meanwhile my dad had stripped off his clothes and was laying back on the bed, stroking himself slowly as he watched his daughter being fucked by this huge black cock. Looking at his nude body, I was proud of him for the way he kept himself in shape. He looked so sexy laying there on the couch - no beer gut or flab like the fathers of most of my friends.

"Turn around," Andreas said in a firm voice.

Dutifully I lifted myself off his cock reversed my position. It was a little tricky keeping my balance with the heels but he held my legs and kept me from falling over backwards as I kneeled down and once again allowed Andreas to fuck me. He leaned forward and sucked on my boobs as I ground my ass into his crotch, the coarse pubic hair of his cock rubbing against my bald pussy like a thick hairbrush.

A moan escaped as my hands tightened their grip on the back of the couch. I was leaning over him, hands on both sides of his head as he used his own hands to lift me and then let me drop back down on his cock. His mouth sucked one nipple and then moved to the other, making my boobs feel like a furnace was raging inside of them. Mmmmmmm, I loved my boobs to being sucked when someone is fucking me!

Once again I looked back and saw that my dad was still in the same position, still slowly stroking himself. He really wasn't masturbating per se, it was more like when I get horny driving or something and I rub myself through my clothes. At those times it's more like scratching an itch then an overt effort to cum. It was the same with him, just as I have seen him absentmindedly fondling his dick when we watch TV and there's hot actress on the screen (his favorite being Amanda Tapping of StarGate fame). He was just enjoying seeing his daughter being fucked, no different than any proud father at his daughter's recital or school play.

"Alright, get up and kneel on the couch," Andreas commanded me.

He was being a little bossy but I sort of like it when a man tries to be in control. It's not that I want to be submissive in a master-slave sort of way, I just like it when a man takes charge. Andreas was certainly fitting the bill for me today in that regard. He knew what he wanted and he was taking it. Of course, ultimately it was ME that was always in control but it didn't hurt to let them think they were.

Following his "orders", I kneeled on the couch with my feet hanging over the edge and leaned forward so my folded arms were on the top edge of the couch. Andreas pushed my legs apart and with one hand he spread my wet pussy open and with the other he guided his stiff cock back into my empty pussy once again. It felt so good to have him back in me again. Andreas immediately went to work, slamming his cock into me and banging up against my ass like a pile driver. He fucked me for what seemed like an hour but was certainly a lot less time. Hey, my pussy didn't care; it was loving it.

"Shit I'm getting close," Andreas gasped. He suddenly pulled out of me and didn't say anything but just grabbed me by the waist and literally flipped me over on my back. My legs hung over the side of the couch and my head rested up against the back. I watched intently as he quickly stuffed his cock back in me again and started banging me again.

"Damn Andreas," my dad said, walking up beside us with his hard cock standing out from his crotch, "How long you going to fuck that bitch?"

"Don't worry John," Andreas laughed as he kept fucking me without missing a beat, "You'll get your chance soon... Watch now, I'm going to COVER this slut with cum!"

He pulled out of me yet again and started stroking his cock furiously. It only took a few seconds before a gigantic load of cum erupted, leaving a trail from the top of my head, down my face and over my boobs all the way down to my stomach! Damn he could shoot some cum! The first shot was followed by another almost as big, this time some of it falling into my open mouth and the rest over my torso. He still had several more loads in reserve and he leaned over me to shoot them on one boob and then the other.

"Hey, now how's that?" Andreas said triumphantly to my dad, "God, just look at the little cum slut. You know, I love seeing a girl with cum all over her."

He turned back to me and put one knee up on the couch next to me and then took his cock in his hand and used it to spread his cum all over my boobs and stomach until I was literally coating with cum. The cum in my mouth tasted bitter, more so than most, but I still managed to smile and pushed it forward to my lips so he could see it bubbling from my mouth. I used a couple of fingers to wipe the rest of it from my face into my mouth and then swallowed it all in one big gulp.

"Wow Andreas," my dad exclaimed, "Looks she likes your cum! Look at her swallow it down like candy."

I looked at my dad and grinned saying, "So what about you. Are you going to just stand there or fuck me?"

Andreas laughed and sat on the end of the couch. "Yeah, she's a genuine cum slut all right. I can spot 'em a mile away. Look at the way she's eying your dick. Yeah, she wants more."

My dad took control and smiled at me. It was sort of weird being in this situation as you might expect. Suddenly it was like he was just another guy, not my father. The look in his eyes was the same I've seen in dozens of other men as they approached me with the intent to fuck me. It was almost animal- like, his male instinct and lust combined to create this intense desire to have sex with the female in front of him as his, to take her as his mate.

"Lay down girl and suck my cock while John fucks you," Andreas cut in, breaking my concentration. "Damn bitch, I would have thought that little pussy would've had enough by now!"

I looked at Andreas and then smiled at my dad saying. "Well, I think it can handle a little more," I responded with a bit of a smirk.

I laid on my side and put my head in Andreas' lap where I started to suck his cock slowly. The scent of my pussy was on him, mixed in with the bitter flavor of his sperm. It was an intoxicating mixture and I loved the taste of it in my mouth.

As I sucked Andreas, my dad lifted one of my legs onto the top of the couch and pushed the other off the side, revealing my pussy to him like some pole dancer on stage. He straddled my lower leg and guided his cock into me. It was like being in heaven as I felt his hard dick slide into me, joining father and daughter once again. Yes indeed, my dad was finally fucking me - and with this guy watching who didn't have a clue that I was his daughter.

"Looking good John!" Andreas called out to him, "Shit, that reminds me. Isn't she about your daughter's age?"

"Yeah but my daughter's not a whore," he replied with a grin.

Andreas laughed and then patted me on the head like I was a good puppy or something. "Well, can you imagine what her daddy would say if he saw his little girl now?"

"Probably be pretty proud of her for being such a good fuck!"

Andreas laughed even harder at that one responding with, "Oh yeah, right."

Andreas was in a chatty mood it appeared. He laughed some more and then asked my dad, "So you think she fucks her daddy this good? You know, it wouldn't surprise me if this cute little whore was a daddyfucker. She has that look or whatever. What do you say girl, do you fuck your daddy? Probably your brother too."

It was all I could do to keep from braking out in laughter. I didn't dare look at my dad as I am sure we would have never been able to keep from giving ourselves away. Instead I let go of Andreas' cock and looked up at him with a grin on my face.

"Of course my daddy fucks me," I said in teasing tone, "Besides, who else would my mommy use to teach me to suck dick so good?"

My dad nearly choked trying to keep his composure but Andreas totally misread his reaction.

"Ha! I knew it. Shit, don't be such a fucking conservative lawyer John, he taunted my dad. "Don't try to tell me you never dreamed of fucking your daughter. Hell, I have two of them and I can't tell you how many nights I've spent masturbating about them."

He pushed my head down deeper into his crotch as he continued.

"Of course, my girls aren't in the same league as our little whore here and God knows, I would never touch them for all the world." From the way his cock was quivering, Andreas seemed to be getting off on all this talk about me being fucked by my dad and so he just kept going on and on about it.

"So tell me daddyfucker, what would he say if he saw you now? I bet daddy would be pretty pissed off knowing his personal piece of ass was out hitting the streets - or does he pimp for you? Yea, I bet that's it, daddy gets off from it doesn't he, sending you out to fuck other men and then coming home to satisfy him with their cum in you."

My dad was still fucking me slowly but I could tell from the tense grip of his hands on me that he wasn't exactly thrilled with where this was all going.

"C'mon Andreas, you don't have to humiliate her."

Andreas chuckled and replied, "Sorry John, didn't mean to hit a sore spot. Someday you'll have to let me meet your daughter though. You know, I've heard guys talk in the office about her and she has quite the reputation for being the hottest daughter in the firm! What was all this about her costume at the last Christmas party, anyway?"

My dad just shook his head and kept fucking me, "Yea, she's pretty hot Andreas. Although after hearing you now, I wouldn't let her get within a hundred yards of you!"

Andreas laughed and held his cock under my mouth. "Well, I'll say one thing, whoever's daughter she is certainly did one hell of job teaching her to suck cock. God look at her, she can take the whole thing - my wife could never even get half it down before she gagged."

Deep-throating was my specialty and I had held it in reserve until now but it worked to get him to change the subject. I didn't mind talking about being fucked by my dad but it was too surreal to be fucked by my dad at the same time he was pretending to talk about his daughter at home. Andreas groaned as his cock went down my throat. I could only hold it there for a few seconds and once I almost did gag but I managed to hold it all in despite it all.

"You ready to cum yet John? Andreas asked, "Looks like she needs another coat of cum if you ask me."

My dad normally never came on me, almost always either doing it in my mouth or pussy. The few times he came on my face or boobs was when he would masturbate while I was sleeping. Then he would cum in my hair, face or boobs so when I woke up later I knew he had been there right next to me as I was asleep, masturbating as he dreamed of fucking me and then spraying me as I slept.

I think tonight he had been planning to cum in my pussy but Andreas was expecting him to spray me and it would have been hard to explain how I preferred to have my dad leave his sperm inside of me. My dad groaned and I could feel his cock in me getting ready to explode.

At the last second he pulled his dick out of me. Actually it was a fraction of a second late as it was spraying as it came out of my pussy, leaving a little cum in me as it left a trail in the reverse order of Andreas' first shot – starting from my pussy and working its way to my boobs. He let the rest of it cover my tits and I used my hands to spreads it over me like lotion, licking the rest from my hands when I was finished. My dad's cum tasted so much better than Andreas' did but I was going to say anything about it.

"NOW she looks like a good whore," Andreas crowed, "Yes sir, nothing like a nice covering of cum to complete the look."

Both cocks were now in front of my face and I alternated between the two of them. Andreas was back to being hard again – not a bad feat for a guy his age. I had not expected him to go on but he was apparently ready to get his money's worth although technically it was my dad who had "paid" for me tonight.

"What do you say John?" he asked, "Let's take this party outside."

"Outside?" my dad questioned. "I meant outside of the room," Andreas said. "I always wanted to fuck a girl in an elevator and she's the perfect one."

My dad looked at me and I just shrugged. It really didn't bother me and after all, I'd never been fucked in an elevator before either so why not?

I grabbed my dress and thong and was going to head for the bathroom but Andreas grabbed me by the arm and stopped me.

"Hang on there slut. Now just where do you think you're going?" he asked, "Forget the dress, just throw on a coat and leave the cum on you. I want a dirty whore to fuck in the elevator."

Once again I looked at my dad who just shrugged his shoulders. The cum had pretty much dried on me already and frankly it was itching just a bit so I would have preferred to have washed it off but I could live with it. I put on my mom's coat and the guys dressed quickly although I noticed Andreas didn't bother with his boxer shorts.

When they were ready we headed to the elevators. There weren't that many people using them at the time and one came almost immediately when we pushed the buttons. As soon as we got in my dad hit the button for the top floor and off we went.

Andreas didn't waste a second as he turned me to face the wall and pulled my feet back and spread my legs apart. He lifted the coat sand I heard his pants unzip. For an old guy he sure could maintain an erection! Within five second of the door closing he was fucking me again! I can't say I was getting all that much from the fucking itself but there was something about doing it in such as public place that was a turn-on.

The elevator soon reached its destination and my dad stood in front of us as the door opened. Nobody seemed to be there so my dad checked and saw nobody was on their way either so he held the "door open" button and kept watch while Andreas kept on fucking me in the back of the elevator.

Whether it was the location or what but unlike most men who take much longer to cum the second time, Andreas was surprisingly fast this time. It was only a few minutes and he was ready to go! My dad was having a fit with the door as it kept wanting to close, but he managed to keep it open and fortunately not a soul had tried using the elevator on that floor.

"Mmmmmmm, take my cum whore," Andreas panted, "tell me you want it."

I actually did so it wasn't hard to respond. "Oh yea, cum in me... God I want you to cum inside of me!"

Well, cum in me he did although his load was noticeably smaller than his first. As big as he was I could feel his cum emerging from his cock much deeper in me than when I was with most guys.

"Oh yea," Andreas moaned, "take my cum baby!"

He emptied himself in me and then pulled out and let my coat drop back down. My dad let go of the door button and pressed the button for our floor. Back on our floor the door opened and several people were waiting there. Although they had no idea what had just happened in the elevator I'm sure they had to wonder what a girl my age was doing heading for a hotel room with two older guys in tow. Oh well, who really cared?

Back in the room Andreas plopped down in the chair and let out a big breath. "Damn, that was hot! It's been a long time since I came twice in one evening!"

He laid his head back and suddenly it was like someone had turned off a light switch and he was asleep! Now I had a lot of guys want to just roll over and go to sleep after cumming but this had to be the world record. I walked over to him and look at him - he was passed out and I had a feeling wouldn't be conscious again for the rest of the evening.

## 6. My Dad Gets His Turn

Turning to my dad, I hugged him and looked up at his eyes with a grin on my face. "So I'm some sort of daddyfucker, eh?" I teased him.

"You know it baby. Damn you were hot tonight by the way." he said with a soft voice. "Why don't you head home and when I get back you can fuck your daddy again tonight?

I dropped my coat and put my hands on my hips, "Why not fuck me now?" I asked, "After all, you DO know I haven't cum yet tonight?"

My dad's mouth opened and he looked a bit surprised at my revelation.

"Damn baby, I'm sorry. I guess I was more worried about what he was doing to you and didn't think about you that way." He kissed me and then pulled back laughing a bit. "You know, you really DO need a shower. What do you say we share one?"

I smiled at that and slipped off the heels - damn THAT felt good! My dad quickly undressed and we headed for the bathroom, leaving Sleeping Beauty behind. The shower was smaller than ours at home and had a curtain instead of doors which were a pain but I wasn't worried about technicalities. I adjusted the water temperature and stepped inside with my dad close behind - literally!

I stood up straight as my dad soaped me down, scrubbing the crusty cum that covered my boobs and face. In return, I stroked his wet and slippery cock with my

him as anything else but I knew only one person could ever make me feel this way when we were joined and that was going to be my husband.

Slowly my dad began to slide in and out of me. We stayed holding each other while his hips swung in and out, forcing himself into me and then out again. It was so gentle, so loving, so much better than what Andreas' had done to me earlier. Oh sure I liked him fucking me but my dad was making me feel loved - something Andreas certainly didn't do. It took a while but my dad eventually came in me that way - slow and soft. I welcomed his cum inside of me, a symbol of his love for me. After he came we held each other again, still in each other's arms, just holding on to the moment. I think I will always remember that moment, when after an evening of pure sex and fucking my dad showed me how simple it was to demonstrate his love and respect for me.

We dressed and my dad left a note for Andreas saying he would meet him Monday morning at the office. There was no need for me to take a taxi home with my dad there. I rode next to him and massaged his cock gently though his pants the entire trip home. I wasn't trying to get him off, I just wanted to feel him and remember how wonderful he had made me feel tonight.

I love my Dad!

# (Feb 05) Chapter 110: Super Bowl Sunday

Story codes: MF MMF F-solo oral inc father daughter uncle niece cousin
Me (20)
John - my dad (41)
Kristen - cousin (18)
Uncle Jim (39)
Rick - cousin (17)

My dad was thrilled when his Steelers finally won "one for the thumb" but I was having my own Super Sunday with his brother and son - Uncle Jim and cousin Rick!

## 1. Masturbating While Driving

It was an incredible weekend - one I never expected to happen. I mean, who would have guess even a few weeks before that the Pittsburgh Steelers would be playing in the Super Bowl! It wasn't that I was personally overexcited about it all but when you grow up with a father who is a fanatical Steelers fan... well a little bit can't help but rub off.

When I left home after Christmas Break just over a month ago I'd assumed I wouldn't be back until Spring Break, sometime in mid-March. Then a small miracle happened and somehow my dad's favorite team was back in the Big Game for the first time in ten years. Even though I was only ten the last time they had played in the Super Bowl, I'll never how disappointed he was when they lost.

I'd been praying for them to win the championship this year and when they did I decided I simply HAD to endure the trip and go home for the weekend to help cheer them on. It was more than three hour drive so after classes were over on Friday I hurriedly jumped in my car and headed home.

Once on the interstate I put the car on cruise control and settled in for the long boring trip home. My family has never been big on road trips so three hours in the car was NOT something I was accustomed to. As I drove I couldn't help but think about what else might happen this weekend besides the game and as I did, that familiar itch began to grow between my legs.

Once an itch like that starts, you can't ignore it and there's only one way to take care of it so I spread my legs apart and started rubbing myself through my jeans. Mmmmmmm, I could feel the wetness growing but the denim was in the way of really getting down to anything good.

Keeping just one hand on the steering wheel, I undid my belt and jeans and managed to work them down off my hips to my knees. Realizing that if something were to happen there was no way I could handle the car, I slipped them off entirely and tossed them on the passenger seat. Needless to say I wasn't wearing any panties so I squirmed a little from the feeling of the cool leather seat against my bare bottom. All I was left wearing was my favorite school sweatshirt which I bunched up at my waist so even if someone was to look in my window they wouldn't get a clear view of anything other than my bare legs, not that I would have cared.

Now that those pesky jeans were out of the way I had at least an hour before I had to do anything but keep my car pointed in the right direction and on the road. I'm not the fastest driver on the highway and I set the cruise control for about 60 MPH using the buttons on my Avalon's steering wheel. It was a hand-me-down from my mother but even with over 120,000 miles it was still was in pretty good shape and I loved driving it.

Finally I was ready to go and so my free hand slipped between my bare thighs, making me shiver as my fingers ran up and down my bare pussy. At first I just rubbed it lightly, almost absentmindedly the way I catch myself doing in class sometimes when I start daydreaming. A few cars passed me by and I smiled at them as my pussy tingled a little more from the thought of what they would've said had they any idea what I was doing to myself.

My thoughts began to drift to the upcoming weekend and what I might be doing. I took in a deep breath as I imagined waking up Saturday morning and I wondered how my father would choose to wake me up. His "wakeup calls" were one of the things I missed most about being away from home.

Working my finger between my pussy lips I imagined his hard cock sliding between then as I laid on my bed sound asleep. When I thought about it pushing its way inside of me I pushed my finger in as well, drawing out the wetness and spreading it over my pussy and clit. The tip of my finger traced little circles around my swelling clit and I gasped as it suddenly responded with a sharp jolt of pleasure that made my hips and waist tingle.

My finger alternated between toying with my clit and exploring the interior of my pussy as I traveled down the highway. I reached my finger to my mouth and tasted the sweet juices of my pussy. God I loved the smell and taste of my own pussy! Some girls have told me they think their pussies taste gross but not mine - it's delicious!

A few more miles down the road and I could feel my orgasm rising in me as I fucked myself with my finger. It was all I could do to concentrate on the road as a low moan escaped from me. At the moment I was alone out in the middle of nowhere and so I just let loose a load cry and moan almost at the top of my lungs as I came - and came hard. By the time I was finished my hand was covered with my pussy cum which I licked it off, savoring every taste and scent.

When I reached a rest area in Pennsylvania I pulled into an empty parking space and put my jeans back on. They were way too tight to try and pull up with the car moving! I used the opportunity to use the restroom and straighten myself out in the mirror. Getting back in my car, I realized I was almost home! Well, nothing like a little masturbation to make a long boring trip go by quickly!

## 2. Back Home Again

When I did finally arrive at home it was about 6:00 in the evening and saw my dad's SUV wasn't in the garage. Actually I would have been surprised if it had been there as he usually didn't get home from work for another couple of hours at least - sometimes a lot later. My dad may bring home a lot of money but he certainly works hard for it. Hoping to surprise him, I pulled my car into the garage so he wouldn't see it until he opened the garage door. While I had told my mom about coming home for the weekend, we had both agreed that it would be a great surprise for my dad.

I went in the house carrying my purse and bag where I found my mom in the kitchen getting dinner ready. She was still in her nurse's uniform and had evidently just gotten home herself. Even though she worked as a supervisor, she still had to wear a uniform. What was incredible was that she was still wearing almost the same size as she had when she earned her degree. When I opened the door from the basement she turned and a big smile came to her face.

"Ahhhhhh, I thought heard you pull in dear," she greeted me, "Oh Kelly, I'm SO glad you were able to get home this weekend!"

She reached out and we gave each other huge hugs and kissed for a few minutes. Then she held me out from her and looked at me in the eyes asking, "And so tell me, how was your trip home sweetie?"

I grinned a little sheepishly and replied, "Well, it started out pretty boring but I made do."

My mom laughed at me and said, "Sure - did you make do or did you do you?"

I pretended to be a bit shy about it and then couldn't hold it an any longer and burst out in a smile. Holding my pussy finger to her nose I asked, "Well, does this tell you anything?"

My mom sniffed my finger and grinned, "Now that's my little girl! Well, I hope you at least made a few trucker's day on the way home."

We both laughed and then we reached out for each other and kissed once again, only this time deeper and with more passion. Mmmmmmm, I missed the feel of her soft lips against mine! I could feel her large breasts pressing through her uniform against mine and once again my pussy began to crave attention. I imagined her pussy hiding beneath her uniform, surrounded by thick black hair, smelling strong with her sex. Mmmmmmm, I bet it would taste so good right about now!

My mom must have sensed my growing lust and she leaned her head back, taking a deep breath before she said anything.

"Ok my dear, I think we'd better get upstairs and cleaned up before your father gets home."

Seeing the disappointment on my face she smiled and gave me another peck on the cheek saying, "I know Kelly, I want you that way too but you need to be ready for your dad when he gets home. God... he is going to be soooooo surprised to see you!"

As always, my mom was pragmatic and correct. If we allowed ourselves to go any further we would probably have just stripped, gotten in her bed and odds were would've still been there when my dad walked in! Now to be sure I had no doubt that he would not have minded in the least but still, I wanted to be all fresh and ready for my daddy when he came home.

I practically skipped up the stairs leading to our bedrooms and went in my bedroom. Looking around I felt secure as it was just as I had left it, not a thing noticeably out of place. I looked out the back window to check out the view. Our deck was a floor below, on top of our garage which, in typically Pittsburgh fashion where most homes are built on the side of a hill, was level with our basement.

came must have been louder than I thought because when I opened the door and stepped out my mom was looking at me with a big grin on her face.

"Damn girl, was it THAT good?" she asked. "Surprised the neighbors haven't called to see if someone was hurt!"

I gave her a devilish grin and said, "Well, I had a few dreams about this weekend myself. Besides, your new shower head is really cool!"

She smacked me playfully on the butt and got in the shower herself. I went back to my room to dry my hair and get fixed up - no sense even trying in our small bathroom when the shower was going. The pitifully weak vent fan couldn't keep up and the humidity had a way of counteracting anything I tried to do with my hair - which was stubborn enough by itself.

Once I was done I stood naked in the middle of my room and debated on what to wear. God, how many times over the years have I been in this same situation? If there was one image I had to give to tell people what I did the most in my room besides sleep, it would have to be me standing in the middle of the room naked while I stared at my closet.

On the one hand it was tempting to just greet him at the door nude and get it over with. That plan had the advantage that I was certain I wouldn't get any objections from him! Instead I decided to just wear my universal outfit that I wore almost every evening I was home so I went in my parents' bedroom and straight into my dad's closet. Searching through his dress shirts, I picked out a pure white long-sleeved one that looked new. It felt so soft and the material was light, almost translucent. I bet it was expensive and that he would pretend to be upset I was wearing it but I knew he loved seeing me in his shirts. - especially if that was the only thing I was wearing.

As usual, his shirt was huge on me and so I rolled up the sleeves as best I could. The shirt tails came down almost to my knees and I buttoned it up about half way up, leaving it loose at the top so if I leaned over or twisted my boobs were easy to see. As I stood looking at the full-length mirror in my room the bed stand light was on behind me. I loved the way my naked body was outlined through the material almost as if it was sheer. By this time my mom had finished in the shower. She passed by my door and whistled as she saw me standing there.

"Wow, we're certainly not going for the subtle look, are we?" she said with a smile. "You should know that's his new shirt you picked out."

I smiled and twirled in a circle for her to see me. "Well, I don't think he'll mind, do you Mom?"

The answer was obvious so my mom just shook her head and went to her bedroom to get dressed herself. I smiled when I saw what she had picked out for herself to wear - almost the exact same thing except she chose a light blue version. I quickly put my hand behind her and lifted the shirt tail up. I was surprised to see her bare butt so I quickly dropped her shirt.

"Well, what were you expecting to see?" she said with a laugh.

My face reddened just a bit. To be honest, my mom usually wore panties even if I didn't so it actually HAD been a bit of a surprise to see her bare bottom. Fortunately mom worked out several times a week and watched what she ate so her ass was more like that on a 25 year old rather than a forty-something mother. My dad loved it, he always seemed to have a hand on her bottom. Fortunately I think I inherited it from her as I have always liked my ass - even when I was younger and crying over my lack of breasts.

## 3. Surprising My Dad

She was about to say something back when we both heard the garage door opening and we went over to look out the window. Sure enough, my dad was home. Now that the door was up he must have seen my car by now. Hmmm, I wonder how fast his dick got hard when he realized who was waiting for him inside the house?

I bounded down the stairs to greet him and as he opened the garage door with his briefcase in one hand, I ran to him crying out, "Daddy!" and jumped into his arms. He dropped the briefcase to grab hold of me. I hate to admit it but this maneuver worked a lot better when I was fourteen or so. Now at almost twenty- one I was getting a bit big for him to have to hold up unexpectedly but he did a hell of job rising to the occasion (no pun intended).

We kissed and then he set me down. Looking at his pants, I saw that him holding me up was not the only thing rising to the occasion! I reached down and pressed the palm of my hand against the bugle that had magically appeared there.

"Hmmm, is someone happy that I'm home?" I asked seductively.

My dad reached around me and grabbed my ass with both hands, pulling me into his crotch as be bent his knees to match up with me. I could feel the hardness of his cock pressing against me and my pussy instantly became wet as if someone had tossed a glass of water on it. God I wanted him to fuck me so bad!

Fortunately, I think the same line of thought was running through his head as he picked me up and carried me over to the couch and laid me on my back. Slowly he began to unbutton my shirt (or should I say, HIS shirt!) until it was completely undone. He gently spread it apart until my entire naked torso was exposed. He stood up straight and gazed lovingly at me.

"Damn you look better every time I see you Kelly," he said in a low but husky voice, "Now THIS was certainly an expected treat tonight!"

I looked up at him standing over me, his cock trying to burst through his strained pants. Our eyes met and there was only one thing I wanted more than anything else in the world at that moment. I smiled, feeling like a little girl again as I said in a soft voice to him, "Fuck me daddy."

My dad looked so pleased and happy after I said it that my heart wanted to burst with joy. He took a deep breath and I repeated it again, this time with a little more urgency to my voice, "Fuck me daddy... please!"

I said it because I knew he loved hearing those words from me. What father honestly wouldn't want to hear his daughter asking him to take her in a way that only he could. He started to undress and as he did he whispered back to me in a voice husky with lust, "Oh god yes Kelly, I will. Whatever you want. Oh I love you so very much... I really want to fuck you soooooo bad right now."

At that moment I can honestly say that there was nothing in the world I wanted more than to feel my dad's cock entering me. More than anything I wanted to share myself with my father and give myself totally to him in the most intimate way possible. What more could a daughter want than to be joined together with her own father, to be coupled together as only a father and daughter can be? I not only wanted to give literally everything I had to my loving father, it was my duty as a daughter to submit myself completely to him.

We are commanded to "Honor your father and mother." Well, what more could I do to honor my father than to show my dad just how much I was willing to give to him? Of course there was more than just a sense of duty involved, he was a man and I as a woman so there were physical needs to be met as well as emotional. I wanted to feel my father dick in me, to feel him cum inside of me, to have him give me his most intimate essence, to show me that he was willing to do anything for his loving daughter.

a young college girl? Sure I was his daughter but I was young and tight, my pussy gripping him in a way my mother's and aunt's simply couldn't anymore. I was fulfilling the fantasies he otherwise could only masturbate thinking about, satisfying his deepest and most basic needs.

God I loved the way he was fucking me! My hands gripped his ass and I could feel it clench as he pressed against me harder, driving himself deeper and deeper inside of me until his cock was buried as completely as possible in me. When his hairy crotch met my bare pussy it tickled me as it pressed against me. I looked at my lower stomach and tried to visualize him deep inside of me, trying to imagine my father's cock surrounded by my welcoming wet pussy as it caressed and loved him.

"Damn your cunt is so fucking tight," he groaned, "All I can think about when you're gone is fucking your hot little pussy. You're really such a fucking slut... and I love it!"

As far as I'm concerned, I love it when my dad calls me a slut because I know he doesn't mean anything bad about it. It's really a compliment as the only reason he calls me that is because he enjoys himself with me so much.

He continued to stroke himself in and out of me, slowly pulling himself out until just the tip of his cock was left in me and then just as slowly driving himself back into me. Once he went too far and slipped out of me. I mewed like a kitten crying for its mommy as he quickly worked to slip his dick back inside of me again saying, "Don't worry baby, daddy's cock will be right back in you!"

"Mmmmmmm, that's it... fuck her John," I heard my mother say.

I hadn't even realized she was watching but there she was, sitting on the arm of the couch above my head, watching our every move.

"C'mon John, show me how you like to fuck our daughter."

She had unbuttoned her shirt and I could see her massaging her hairy pussy with one hand while she squeezed her large breasts with the other. From the very start she had always loved seeing me get my dad off. I sometimes wondered what turned her on more - seeing how hot it made her husband as he fucked her daughter or the joy it gave me as I gave myself to him. I had tried asking her once but she just gave me a sly smile and never answered.

My attention was soon drawn from my mom as my dad began to literally pound me, fucking me harder with each stroke, trying to somehow push himself into me a little farther with each stroke. He lifted my legs up and over his shoulders so he could drive himself directly into me and I felt the couch shudder as he banged me into it with each inward stroke.

"That's it. Oh my God, you two look so fucking hot," my mom purred as she stoked herself faster and faster.

My father was panting and the sweat was literally dripping off of him onto me. I used my legs to pull myself up to him when he would push himself into me, lifting my hips up off the couch only to have him pound me back into the cushion again.

"Oh yeah Mary, I'm cumming," he groaned, looking up at my mother.

"Cum in her, leave your cum deep inside of her," my mother insisted.

His cock was swelling and I knew he was going to unload in me any second now. God I wanted him to cum in me so bad right then! It just seemed so natural, so inevitable, so perfect. This was how my father showed both me and my mom how much he loved me, how much he wanted and desired me. He was about to give me the ultimate gift, the greatest thing any father could give his daughter. My pussy squeezed down on his cock as if it was trying milk his cum from his dick.

"Yeah daddy, cum in me," I begged, "Oh please... cum inside of me! Show me how much you love me!"

My mom was rubbing her pussy furiously now and I could tell she was ready to cum herself. She never took her eyes off of us though, staying focused on his cock as it continued to relentlessly drive itself in and out of me.

"Give it to her John," she moaned as her orgasm started. As she gave herself over to the feelings welling up inside of her, she let her real emotions out saying, "Cum in her for me... Oh god fuck your daughter John! Fuck the little whore!"

My dad groaned and lifted his head back as his back arched. He pushed his cock into me as far as he could and held himself there for just a second when suddenly I heard him grunt and felt his hips swing to drive him even harder into me. A feeling of warmth suddenly bloomed deep inside of me followed by another and yet another.

"Oh mom, I can feel him cumming in me," I moaned as my dad mated me, performing the most sacred act a father can do with his daughter.

I was thinking to myself how much he must truly love me to give me this, to allow me to be coupled with his body in this moment of passion and lust. It was just our two bodies, naked and unadorned, sharing each other as only sex allowed us to. As the last of my dad's incestual cum burst from his stiff cock and filled my pussy, he collapsed onto his elbows and then slightly to the side of me, his cock still in me though, pulsating and throbbing in my sensitive pussy. My eyes closed as I just lay there still, soaking in the moment and absorbing the love that permeated the entire room.

"Move over John," my mom whispered. I felt my dad get off of me and then I felt something between my legs again. I opened my eyes and sure enough, there was my mom's smiling face looking up at me from between my thighs. She put her hands under my butt and lifted me up slightly.

"Mmmmmmm, your little pussy looks so delicious with your father's cum dripping from it," she murmured.

As she lowered her head she kept her eyes locked on mine and then her tongue reached out to me. My boy twitched as the tip of her tongue met my pussy and then she was lapping it like a puppy, licking up the cum that was draining from my cunt. .I wasn't sure what felt better just then - my freshly fucked pussy or her tongue licking up his sperm from my cunt. For me it was a tossup - I loved them both!

After she had licked up her husband's sperm, my mom moved up and laid next to me on the couch. She kissed me and as our mouths met she allowed his cum to drip from her mouth into mine. Mmmmmmm, I wasn't expecting to get a taste of his cum right then - at least not this much! To get it delivered from my mom's mouth made it even extra special! It was actually a mix of flavors between his cum and my pussy juices. It would be so wonderful if someone could figure out how to bottle this!

Needless to say I didn't sleep in my bed that night. Actually I rarely sleep with my parents - they snore to be brutally honest, but tonight I wanted to be with them. After another, and this time longer, round of incest we feel asleep with me nestled in between them like I use to when I was a little girl. My dad's cock was pressed against my butt while his arms surrounded me. My boobs were pressed against my mom's back and my hands rested against her warm body. It was a very intimate and loving way to fall asleep. When I was little I would lay between them much the same way. I can remember feeling my dad's hard cock against me back then too but it meant so much more to me now!

# 4. Morning Sex With My Dad

I must have been exhausted because the next morning when I woke up I felt something nice between my legs - my dad was slowly fucking me! It wasn't like he didn't try often to fuck me when I was sleeping but 99% of the time I woke up before he got very far. I guess I hadn't been this tired in a long time as he had actually had gotten himself totally in me without waking me- something he hadn't been able to do in ages!

I just laid there motionless, as if I was still asleep, curious to see what he would do to me if he thought I was still sleeping. God it felt good to wake up with his cock already inside of me! He had his hand between my legs, lifting my upper leg up just enough to open my pussy further for his hard cock. He had it all the way in me now and I could feel the thick pubic hair that surrounded his crotch against my bare butt as he pressed his crotch against me.

After a little while more he lifted my leg up higher until his knee pushed between my thighs and I could feel him shift in the bed to press up closer to me. It must have helped as I could feel his shaft slide a little more into my pussy as his balls pressed against my inner thigh. He slowly pulled it out of me about half way and then pushed it back in ever so slowly.

With his hand now free, he put it around me and cupped my perky breast with it, squeezing it gently. It felt so good I couldn't take it silently anymore. I moaned softly as he stroked himself in and out of me.

"Mmmmmmm, good morning daddy," I whispered in a voice still husky with sleep.

"Morning sweetie," he replied, "How do you like your wakeup call?"

I squirmed as my pussy tingled from the soft fucking he was giving it. I held his hand tightly to my boob as I squeezed down on his hard cock with my cunt. My mom was laying on her side away from me and I could see her naked form just in front of me. Instinctively I reached out for her and I played my fingers along her nice ass. It felt so warm and smooth! I worked my fingers in between her legs to where her hairy pussy was hiding. I gingerly pushed my finger into her as far as I could.

"She has a great pussy, doesn't she?" my dad said proudly, "It's so beautiful watching you touch your mom like that."

Suddenly an urge hit me and I turned my head over my shoulder to look at him whispering, "Let me suck you daddy, I want you to fuck my mouth."

For some reason I had this sudden craving for his cum. I love most men's cum and it seems very man has his own flavor. I think I could have picked my dad out of a lineup blindfolded just by having each of them cum in my mouth and letting me taste them! My dad pulled his cock out of me and laid back. I turned over and smiled as I saw his cock glistening in the morning light with my pussy juices, erect and hard as a rock as it waited for me.

I laid to the side of him and put my upper leg over his so my wet pussy was pressed against his thigh. My body was actually half on his leg and hip as I reached for his cock and held it in my hand. I could feel his heartbeat it was so hard!

My head leaned over and I took him in my mouth, tasting my pussy on his cock head. I started to stroke him in and out, each time dropping a little lower down on his shaft until finally I was taking him all the way in on the bottom of the stroke. I twisted my head so I could see his face. He pushed my hair out of the way so he could get a good view and then he smiled so lovingly at me.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered to me, "such a wonderful daughter to me." He moaned as I took him all the way in until his cock was pushing down my throat. "Oh god I love it when you do that!"

As I sucked his cock I worked my hips to rub my cunt against his leg. Although I wanted him inside of me, at this moment it seemed more appropriate to just suck him. It didn't take terribly long before I was rewarded with his cum streaming into my mouth. I held him just a little bit away from my open mouth so he could watch his cum shoot into my mouth. It pooled on my tongue and tried to escape past my lips and the little bit that was successful dripped down my chin.

"That's it baby, take it all in your mouth," my dad instructed me, "Take your daddy's cum in your mouth."

When he was finished I opened my mouth so he could see the cum filling it and then I closed it so I could swallow it all down. I then lowered my head back to his cock and took the now softened dick in my mouth again, suckling it like a baby with a pacifier. A little cum would drip from it as it shrank and I just laid my head on his hairy crotch as I held his dick in my mouth.

Unfortunately my dad had to work that day so our little time together had to some to a premature end. It turned out to be quite an interesting day though as he had another lawyer in town and that night we played the hooker game again where I pretended to be a street girl that my dad had picked up for him to fuck. My cousin and I had played this game almost a year ago and it was one of the most erotic times in my life. This night it was just me, though, but my dad joined in again and I loved it when he fucked me right in front of this guy who had no idea who I really was!

Sunday morning arrived bright and early - too damn early for me! When I'd gone to bed the night before I had wondered if my dad might skip our usual morning ritual given the intense night of sex we'd had at the hotel the night before.

Well, that was certainly a silly concern! It may have been a little more subdued than usual but my dad still woke me bright and early with his hard cock against my lips, rubbing himself all over my face and neck. I kept my eyes shut and opened my mouth as a silent invitation which he quickly accepted by slipping his cock in. he slowly fucked my mouth while I laid there almost motionless.

Even though on the one hand we weren't hardly doing anything, I found it to be extremely erotic to just lay there so still as he stroked his cock in and out of my mouth without any help from me. It was almost like he was masturbating except he was using my mouth instead of his hand. Despite all the sex not more than a few hours earlier, he was still my dear old horny dad and it didn't take long for him to bring himself to a climax and I felt his cum pouring once again into my mouth from his cock.

When he had spewed his last load I finally opened my eyes and looked up at him. He looked so happy and I felt so good knowing I had pleased him. It goes without saying that I would do ANYTHING for my dad and it was extra special at times like this when he just took me the way he wanted such that I simply submitted myself to him. What more could a daughter do for her father than that!?

His lust satisfied, my dad left without another word as I laid back and savored the taste of his morning cum in my mouth. The surprise came when my mom entered and smiled at me. She bent over and kissed me, allowing me to spit some of his cum into her mouth. She gladly took it and we swapped it back and forth a few times before each of us swallowed our share. She kissed me again and finally broke the silence.

"Sorry to disturb you honey but I just HAD to have a taste of that!" she said softly. With that she left me as quickly as she had come, leaving me to wonder again what had gotten her so horny this weekend? She hadn't done anything like this in ages! Not that I minded. In fact. I wished she would be this way more often!

# 5. Fun With Kristen Before the Party

Super Bowl Sunday has been a tradition at our house for as long as I can remember. It's like a second Christmas except there were no presents. My dad always threw a big party and the whole family typically showed up including his brothers and their families along with my Aunt Linda and her daughter Kristen. I guess we hosted it every year because we had the biggest TV and my dad just liked throwing the party - especially since me and my mom did most of the work!

I'd been at college during the last two Super Bowls so I'd escaped the annual ritual but this year I simply HAD to be home since my dad's favorite team was playing. My mom had so much to do we even skipped church - something we normally never did no matter what the circumstances. Today though there was housecleaning to get done and food to be prepared. Fortunately my aunt and cousin showed up just after noon to help out. My cousin hates housework almost as much as I do so you can just imagine how thrilled she looked to be tagging along!

"Hey cuz!" Kristen called out as she saw me in the kitchen, "Wow, too bad all those guys you tease on-line can't see you now!"

I just grinned back at her. I knew what she meant and it wasn't that I was looking super sexy or anything. My hair was tied back in a ragged ponytail, no makeup, and I was wearing just a pair of sweatpants with a baggy t-shirt that smelled of cooking and sweat. Certainly not the sexy "girl-next-door" image most guys likely had when they chatted with me!

My mom must have also heard Kristen teasing me because she took a good look at me and shook her head before saying to me, "You know dear, your aunt and I can finish up here, why don't you get upstairs and clean up before everyone arrives?"

She didn't have to tell me twice. Give me an out from cooking and I'm out of there!

"C'mon Kristen," I said tugging at her hand.

The two of us headed upstairs to my room where she slipped off her shoes and jumped up on my bed where she sat cross-legged smack in the center of it. She was dressed up in a yellow cami together with a semi-pleated white skirt which, when she was standing up, barely covered her ass, and now when she was sitting in this way she was giving me a great view of her pure white thong underneath. As thin and tight as it was I could easily make out the outline of her bare pussy lips underneath. Of course she wasn't wearing a bra - I doubted that she owned one even except for a couple of special ones she used to tease guys with, and her nipples were poking through like little bullets underneath.

Kristen grinned at me and started yakking about school and some of the guys there. I envied her in some ways. Going to a public school with coed dorms and no "Lifestyle Guidelines" to follow certainly made life easier for her. Whereas I had never even so much as kissed a guy from my school, Kristen sounded like she was well on her way to establishing the same reputation in college she had worked so hard for in high school - class slut.

My cousin had always been more interested in parties than me and I wondered how she ever got any studying done with all the time she spent fooling instead. Looking at her on the bed it was obvious why the guys all wanted her so bad. She looked more like a freshman in high school than a freshman in college and if I didn't know better I would have said she was fifteen at most instead of eighteen going on nineteen in a few months. Stripping off my clothes, I saw she was watching me as she continued her non-stop patter about her last sex party.

"Damn girl," I said with a laugh, "give it a rest! So tell me, how do I look these days? I can't believe I'm going to be 21 in a few weeks."

Kristen shifted her weight to get more comfortable and in doing her so her skirt lifted up more such that essentially she was sitting on her bare ass with nothing more than the thin strip of her thong between her ass and my bed.

"Well...," she let it drag out slowly, "I guess being a late bloomer runs in the family but you have definitely blossomed out finally. Hey, are your boobs still growing or is it just me?"

"34C now," I replied with emphasis on the "C".

God, it didn't seem that long ago I was barely a B and now I was a solid C, finally. I cupped my boobs in my hands and lifted them up and let them drop. I was proud of their firmness and didn't mind showing off a bit for her. Most of my teen years I had depended on my ass when it came to flirting and showing off my body so it felt good to have guys staring at my chest now in addition to my ass.

I leaned towards her with my hands on my knees and my bare boobs hanging right in front of her. I whispered in her ear, "You know Kristen, I'm horny as hell now and having you sitting like that certainly isn't helping matters any!"

Kristen tossed her hair back and a wicked grin came to her face. "What's the matter cuz, didn't your horny daddy fuck you this morning?"

Rolling my eyes as if I couldn't believe she would even think such a thing I replied, "You know better than THAT silly." I paused for a second as I thought more about it and then said, "So are you going to try to do him today with everyone here or what?"

Kristen giggled saying, "Well, it HAS been a couple of weeks now so I you can't blame me for hoping. Besides, I think it would be soooooo hot for him to do me with everyone here, don't you? God, Aunt Shari would have a cow if she knew!"

I laughed and then quickly decided it was time to spring something on her. I was tired of hearing about her college exploits and I wanted to go one up on her for once. I smiled wickedly at her and said. "Well, not nearly as much if she knew what I was planning on doing with her son today!"

Kristen's eyes widened and she put her hand to her mouth. "No!" she said unbelievingly, "You've been fucking Rick?... Wow!" The she looked at me accusingly with her eyes narrowed, "Hmmmmmm, and so how long has THIS been going on... and why wasn't I part of it?

I explained how it had begun last summer and then I was pleased to see her mouth drop open when I told her how my seventeen year-old hunk of a cousin was fucking my mom as well.

"Why you little sneaky bitch!" Kristen exclaimed, "You know damn well how much I've been wanting his cock since I was old enough to know what it was. Mom always said we weren't supposed to do anything with them!"

I sat down next to her and quickly filled her in on the events of the past six months or so including how I fucked my Uncle Jim as well. Kristen subconsciously started to rub herself as she listen to it all. Finally came the ultimate confession - I told her about how I had licked our cousin Tammy and how she was sucking off her brother and his friends these days.

"Damn! You're really something else Kelly!" Kristen exclaimed, "I still want to know why the hell you guys kept this from me for so long?"

I tried to explain how my parents didn't want to take any chances yet given that my Aunt Shari was such a prude about such things. They were worried if things got too out of hand then someday someone might make a mistake and expose everything to here. THAT would be a disaster of course. I think Kristen understood but I would've bet anything she was already plotting how she was going to get her uncle and cousin to fuck her - and soon!

"So my secretive and naughty cousin, I suppose you want to do it with them today while your dad does me?" she asked, but from the tone of her voice it was obvious she already knew the answer.

"Well, look at it this way, while you're doing my dad you can just think about them doing me," I replied in a sultry voice.

Kristen had pulled her thong aside and was rubbing her pussy which I could see was now glistening with its wetness.

"God I'm already SO horny now just thinking about it," she moaned. "This is just too much."

Kristen put her hands around me and reached for bare ass with her hand and squeezed. She put her face up close to mine and I could feel her hot breath against my cheeks. "It's YOUR fault I'm like this so what are YOU going to do about it?" she said in a lustful whisper.

Well, I knew what I wanted – that's for sure! I leaned to her and we kissed as I reached around her and pulled her tight against me so our breasts rubbed up against each other's and I could feel her hips against mine.

"God I want to lick your cunt," I whispered to her between kisses. "I can smell your pussy scent even now."

"Well, if that's the case then what the hell are you waiting for?" she responded.

Kristen got up on her knees and I reached under her skirt, grabbing her thong on each side and pulling it down. She unzipped her skirt on the side and dropped it on top of her thong before standing up so she could step out of them entirely. Her shaved pussy was now right in front of my face and I could smell her pussy odor even stronger. God I wanted her cunt so badly!

Holding her cute little bare butt in my hands, I pulled her towards my face as I leaned forward and reached for her pussy with my tongue. She gasped as I touched her lightly with just the tip of my tongue, then running it softly up and down her wet pussy slit. Mmmmmmm she tasted so damn good!

Kristen reached down with her hands and spread her pussy lips apart for me. I could see her clit was swollen already and her pussy glistened with her juices. My tongue ran over her pussy and a soft cry came from her as I felt her ass tighten as my tongue ran circles around her sensitive clit. I grabbed her clit between my teeth gently and pulled on it just enough to make her cry out again and then sucked it like a nipple. Her ass felt so good in my hands, soft and smooth like a baby's bottom. My tongue pushed its way into her pussy as far as I could and again she gasped.

"Oh my god!" she whispered to me, "That feels so damn good... Oh yea Kelly, fuck me with your tongue."

Her pussy was soaking wet now as I alternated between pushing my tongue in and out of her and licking and sucking on her clit. She leaned back against the wall to the side of my bed and pushed her hips out to me to make it easier for my tongue to enter her. My face was covered in her pussy juices and I could hear her breathing getting deeper and faster.

"Don't stop... oh please don't stop Kelly," she begged me, "Oh god, I'm cumming!"

Kristen was always able to cum fast. Even as young girls when we would masturbate together she always "won" - cumming much faster than I could and I thought I was quick! She grabbed my held and pulled me tightly into her soaking wet crotch as she came. Her pussy gushed cum into my mouth and I licked it up and reveled in the wonderful flavor it had. I ran my hands up and down her gorgeous legs, feeling the softness of her thighs and the firmness of her legs. She was gasping for air as her orgasm stretched on and finally he hips bucked hard into my face and she took in a final deep breath.

"Oh god that felt so good," she sighed, "Oh Kelly, I love it when you do that."

If it was possible I was even more horny now and I wanted something in return. I sat down on the bed and leaned back on my hands behind me. My legs were spread wide open and I wiggled my hips for her. Kristen didn't need any more encouragement as it was her turn to kneel in front of her cousin. As she kneeled between my legs she put a hand on each of my thighs and spread them apart, looking at my older pussy with pure hunger in her eyes.

"God, I've always loved your sweet little pussy," she sighed.

She lowered her head to my crotch and I felt the most incredible sensation run from my pussy to the outer reaches of my body as her tongue worked its magic on me. Other than my mom, Kristen was the best when it came to licking me. I suppose it didn't hurt that she and her own mom had been doing it to each other since she was a little girl. With her parents divorced and her father leaving them and never even contacting them again, over the years they had developed a beautiful and intimate relationship that was even closer than mine was with my mom (almost a little kinky even?).

In any case, it wasn't long before her talented tongue had me ready to burst. I pushed her head down into my pussy with one hand while I massaged my boob and nipple with the other. I looked down and all I could see was her blonde head bobbing between my thighs, her little hands on my hips for balance. She still had her cami top on but other than that she was nude and her bare ass looked so cute up in the air as it wiggled while she licked me.

Suddenly without warning my orgasm hit me like a truck speeding down the expressway as I felt my pussy cum instantly gush onto her face. She didn't moved back an inch, taking it on her face and lapping it up like a dog being served a special meal. Her long tongue never stopped, driving me higher and higher into the magical world I entered when my orgasm gets really going

It felt like every pore of my body tingled as if I was plugged into an electrical outlet while at the same time I felt almost on fire the way my pussy felt so hot. It was like ocean waves pounding a beach except in this case it was pleasure pounding my body - over and over and over the waves of pleasure hit me as Kristen never let up on my clit. She was so good at licking me it was mind-blowing!

Kristen had this marvelous ability to sense just when I was peaking and she would hold off just enough to let me stay there as long as possible and then hit me again just as I began the descent which brought me back to the summit once again. It was like one continuous orgasm instead of a series of them like I usually had.

God I never wanted it to end, I wanted to feel this way forever! I love sex so much because only sex can make me feel this way, so utterly complete and so magically fulfilled. Some people might say I was even addicted as I needed this more than food, more than anything else in the world. All I wanted at this moment was to cum and cum and cum!

Well, I had no idea how long this went on as it was like I was just in another world but finally my body just couldn't take it anymore and I collapsed back on the bed, exhausted from the incredible orgasm my cousin had just given me. The only thing missing was the feeling of warm cum dripping from my cunt but she couldn't do anything about that which is why despite the intense pleasure I got from a woman, I could never be a lesbian! Kristen looked up from my crotch with a huge smile on her wet and shiny face.

"Well, I guess you really WERE horny today," she said with a hint of a laughter. "God I thought I was going to drown in your cum!"

Kristen laid next to me on the bed and we hugged and kissed. I loved the taste of my pussy on her as I licked it from her face. I held her warm pussy in the palm of my hand as she did the same to mine. We probably would have started all over again except I knew I really had to get going before everyone arrived. Kristen ran to the bathroom first to wipe herself off quickly and then returned to put back on her thong and skirt. As I left for the bathroom to shower she smacked my on the ass.

"Well, what do you say let's see who gets it first today?" she teased me. I just nodded because I knew I would win this one easily since there was no way Rick would be able to stay in our house for fifteen minutes before he would be dying to fuck me. What he lacked in style he certainly made up for in effort!

## 6. Kristen Wins the Bet

Kristen ran back downstairs to help out while I showered. When I washed my pussy the soap bar rubbed against my clit and I almost jumped out of the shower - damn it was still so incredible sensitive! If I wasn't running so late I would have masturbated for a while but sometimes duty calls so I quickly dried off and blew my hair dry. Nothing fancy today, just a ponytail so I wasn't worried too much about how it looked.

Back in my room I put on a little makeup but nothing too noticeable really. Actually the less makeup the better for a day like I had planned - less to have to fix afterwards! Unlike Kristen, I decided to go with a more subtle look today so I picked out a pair of baggy sweat pants from school and threw on a large white Steelers jersey. A pair of short white socks finished it off. It was the perfect outfit for a day like today - easily accessible but wouldn't draw too much attention from my other relatives. Looking in the mirror one last time I smiled at what I saw. With my hair pulled back I looked more like the girl next door than the neighborhood slut which was exactly the look I wanted.

When I returned downstairs I saw my mom and aunt were in the kitchen but Kristen was nowhere to be found. I asked where she was and both women just shook their head together and my mom tilted her head to the basement door. I opened the door and started down the stairs and as I descended I could hear my cousin crying out. That little slut! Damn if she wasn't fucking my dad!

While it wasn't such a huge surprise she would try for it, I was shocked that my dad let her talk him into doing it with everyone due to arrive any minute now! I turned the corner at the bottom of the stairs and looked over to the couch in the family room. Sure enough, my cousin was on her knees straddling my dad who was sitting on the couch. She was riding his cock and bouncing up and down as he tried his best to suck her boobs. His hands had each of her butt cheeks cupped in them and he was squeezing her ass as she fucked his cock.

"Kristen!" I exclaimed. "Dad!"

Kristen turned her head and grinned when she saw me. "Sorry Kelly, no way was I going to let you beat me!" she managed to gasp between her efforts.

My dad turned his head and when he saw me his eyebrows raised and he shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Hey, what can I say?" I didn't blame home, I knew it was all my cousin's fault. Damn her, I was so sure I was going to win this one today! I just left them alone and went back upstairs to help my mom and aunt.

My mom gave me a hug saying, "Sorry girl, she told us about your bet and as for your dad... well you know your dad!"

I laughed and shrugged. Kristen always seemed to win our bets as she was always willing to go one step more than me - or two or three for that matter. It didn't really matter and so I dived into the food preparations and tried to ignore what was going on below us.

## 7. The Relatives Arrive

My dad came up the stairs bucking his pants just as a car drove into our driveway.

"Your brother just pulled in - cutting it a little close, eh John?" my mom teased him. She looked over at Aunt Linda and then back at my dad with a sly grin, "So, did you enjoy your little fun with your niece?"

My dad rolled his eyes and his cheeks puffed out as he took a deep breath and straightened out his pants and shirt one last time. "Well, I didn't hear anything from you or Linda when she dragged me down there!" he said back to her, "and yes, I DID enjoy myself. Damn Linda, I can't even imagine what your slutty daughter does at school!"

We all laughed and my Aunt Linda went over and kissed him saying, "Well, let's just say I'm proud of her."

Kristen was never one to get the best grades and athletics was something just to get close to the boys in skimpy uniforms. I guess my aunt figured if she couldn't excel in the usual things most parents bragged about then why not be proud of her for being the best slut in school? Besides, I knew my aunt enjoyed sharing her

My dad would have loved to be her first, probably even more so than Rick, but of course the odds were that would never happen. Well, he could at least dream and masturbate about it I guess! I loved it because whenever she was over it made him so horny I knew I was going to get good fucking later!

Bringing up the rear carrying a basket of food was my dear old Aunt Shari - prude extraordinaire. Sometimes I wondered how they had ever managed to have three kids! Well, it was no wonder my Uncle Rick enjoyed fucking me and my mom so much. Not only did she espouse sex for anything but procreation, she had gained a considerable amount of weight over the years as well. Somehow I just envisioned her as a beached whale while he tried to mount her to fuck her.

## 8. Rick Can't Wait to Fuck Me

The general noise level grew as everyone was talking at once and Rick quickly whispered something in my ear.

"Hey Kelly, I've been jerking off all week thinking about you," he bragged.

"Rick!" I hissed back under my breath, "not here!" Then I nodded to the basement stairs saying, "Hurry up before everyone gets settled and wonders what happened to us."

We both slipped away and headed for the basement. In addition to the family room which dominated the basement there was a big cedar-lined closet we used for storing out-of-season clothing and another room with a work shop where my dad kept his tools. I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the cedar closet and closed the door quietly behind us.

"Hurry up and get undressed!" I said to him, "Not everything stupid, just drop your pants!"

I was wearing nothing under my sweatpants so it was easy to just drop them and be instantly bottomless. As for Rick, not only did he have a belt and jeans, he also had to deal with his jockey shorts as well. He was still wearing his shoes so he couldn't get his pants and underwear all the way off so he started to reach for his shoes but I stopped him saying, "Don't worry about it, just stand up."

I pulled my jersey over my head leaving me wearing nothing but my socks. Rick's seventeen year old eyes stared at my naked body, glancing back and forth between my 34C boobs and my bald pussy. Normally I would have teased him more but there wasn't time for anything else so I quickly kneeled in front of him and held his already hard cock in my hand. Damn he felt so warm! I took it in my mouth and began sucking him without much fanfare.

Typically I like older guys because they tend to take more time with me and do a better job of fucking me. It was in situations like this, though, that younger guys had the advantage. Rick was already rock hard and he didn't care if I did anything fancy - he just wanted his cock sucked and any old way was fine with him! I didn't want him to cum yet though - he needed to cum fast but not THIS fast, so after just a few minutes of Basic Cock Sucking 101 I stood up and kept a hand holding his cock.

"Well, you ready to fuck me?" I asked in a slutty tone. I could hear everyone still talking upstairs but I knew we had to hurry if we were going to finish before someone came hunting for us.

"Why don't you just bend over and let me show you," he replied, trying to act like he was in charge.

Despite his attitude I was more than happy to comply so I leaned over with my hands on my knees. I shifted my weight back and forth to spread my legs apart and I felt his hand reach between my legs and cup my pussy. I was still wet from watching my dad fuck Kristen so his finger easily slid into my pussy.

"Mmmmmmm," he groaned, "somebody wants to be fucked bad I think!"

He was right! I knew from the start that this was going to be just a good old fashioned fucking - a slam-bam with no emotion, no foreplay, nothing but just a cock filling my pussy that had just one purpose in mind - to cum in me. Actually this was all most boys his age wanted anyway so he wasn't missing anything. For me... well let's just say it was better than masturbating!

Rick pressed his hard dick against my pussy and I could feel my pussy being forced to open wide to accept him. He slipped the first time and his cock rode up over my ass but then he tried again and this time he got it right. I moaned as my cunt stretched and his cock pushed deeper and deeper into me. His crotch finally met with my ass and if it wasn't for his hands on my hips I would have probably fallen over forwards as he pushed it into me.

"God you have such a tight pussy!" he exclaimed - louder than he should have. I hissed back at him to keep his voice down and he fucked me even harder after that but he did keep his voice lower at least.

"That's it Rick, fuck me... fuck me hard," I whispered over my shoulder to him, "fuck my little pussy!"

then a feeling of warmth filled my pussy and his cum spewed from the end of his cock deep inside of me.

I tried to imagine how it must be inside of me, his cock head buried up deep inside of me and the cum emerging from it one shot after another. His sperm was being released in me and I imagined it as it sought its way to try and fertilize me, trying to mate me and create a new life. It had no idea that it was going to be a futile journey but it was in me all the same and I loved it. It was like a small fireworks show as one bloom of heat after another suddenly was created and then would fade away.

Rick was gasping and his hold on my hips loosened so I leaned forward to let his cock slip from me and I turned around quickly to suck his cock. It was covered with his cum as well as my pussy juices and the flavor was like nothing else I can describe. Definitely NOT a Baskin-Robbins flavor of the day - that's for sure although I think if someone could come up with it girls would be buying it like crazy (and who knows - maybe a few guys as well!).

As I sucked him a few more drops of cum emerged and I could feel the hardness of his cock begin to soften in my mouth. I reached down between my legs and wiped some of the cum that was draining from my pussy onto my fingers and then wiped it on his cock. While he watched I then licked it off his cock and swallowed it. Mmmmmmm, I LOVED that taste and as my mom always said about any meal, presentation is everything. What better way to serve cum than to lick it off a nice cock?

I stood up in front of him and gave him a sly grin saying, "Well, how did it feel to fuck your cousin again?"

Rick took a deep breath as he tried to regain his composure. "Wow... I mean wow Kelly, you are one incredible fuck!"

"Better than my mom?" I asked him. It was an unfair question, sort of like comparing him to his dad when it came to fucking me, but I couldn't resist teasing him a bit.

"Oh Kelly...," he said, hesitating as he tried to answer a no-win question. "That's not fair!"

"Yeah, I understand Rick," I said as we pulled out clothes back on. "By the way, I was talking to Kristen about you today."

Rick's eyes opened wide as he looked at me. "What do you mean?" he asked in a voice mixed with trepidation but lust as well.

"You know she would love you to fuck her, don't you?" I said with a nasty grin.

"Really?" he asked as if just being told he had won the lottery.

"Sure, next time you see her just ask her!" I said and then left him with that thought as I opened the door and checked to be sure nobody was around.

Rick called out to me, "Kelly! Are you serious? Does she really want that?"

I just looked back and winked at him. I had a feeling he wasn't going to waste any time checking out what I had told him. Who knows, my Aunt Linda might want a piece of him for herself. She wasn't afraid to share Kristen's other boyfriends so why not Rick?

## 9. The Rest of the Family Arrives

Back in the kitchen it was all hustle and bustle as the food was getting set out. My Aunt Shari looked at me and narrowed her eyes with concern.

"Are you OK dear?" she asked, "You look a bit flushed."

I just smiled and replied, "I'm fine, just too much running around I guess." What I really wanted to tell her was, "I'm fine, your son just fucked me and I can still feel his cum in me!"

She seemed to accept that - after all she would have never dreamed in her worst nightmares what the truth was so we all went downstairs to watch the pre-game shows.

My Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie showed up soon afterwards. My older cousins Laura and Ginny were both married and wouldn't be making it today which meant everyone was here now that was going to show up. My dad was kicked back in his recliner while his older brother Paul staked claim to my mom's chair leaving the rest of us to find a seat on the rest of the furniture or just lay on the rug in the middle of the floor.

Kristen, Tammy and Kate all laid out together on the floor with their legs behind them. Kristen's skirt wasn't hiding very much and I could see both my Aunt Shari and Aunt Julie whispering to each other as they glanced at her apparently thinking nobody knew what they were doing. My mom certainly did and she in turn whispered something to my Aunt Linda who just put her hand over her face to cover her smile.

It was funny how different the two pairs of women were. My mom and Aunt Linda were sisters whereas Shari and Julie were not related other than by their husbands so it was natural for them to pair off the way they did. But it was far more than just bloodlines that differentiated the two pairs of women. If my Aunts Shari and Julie had even an inkling of what went on in the rest of the family I don't doubt they would have either gotten a divorce (in Shari's case) or at least never met with us again.

It was too bad really. I looked at how close Kristen and I were with our mothers and although my cousins seemed to get along OK with their parents, it was obvious they wouldn't claim that they were "best friends" like I can with my mine.

Rick was sitting on the couch with his dad leaving me to decide where to find my place - with them on the couch or with my cousins on the floor. I figured since I was the oldest I would sit on the couch so I plopped down in a narrow opening between Rick and Uncle Jim, pushing them aside as I wiggled my way between them.

"Kelly, that was rude," my mother chastised me from across the room where she and Aunt Linda shared the love seat.

"Oh don't worry Mary," my uncle laughed, "there's plenty of room here for the three of us."

I glanced over at my Aunt Shari who was sitting on a chair next to Aunt Julie. Her lips were pursed slightly and I could tell she didn't approve of me but then she never did anyway. My mom had told me before that Aunt Shari was always lecturing her about the way she let me dress and hang around with guys all the time. She even had the nerve to call me a slut to my mom's face. This wasn't the teasing kind of "slut" that my parents liked to call me but rather the hurtful kind as if I was being bad or something.

My mom hadn't talked much to her for a while after that but since then things had relaxed to a truce between them. Fortunately, no matter how slutty she thought I was, she never even considered that her son might actually be fucking me - let alone fucking my mom! She was the type that would condemn all sex except between a husband and wife (and even then only to make babies) so I doubt she would have been very understanding of her husband's activities either!

Sometimes I have to admit that I question whether it is right for Rick and Uncle Jim to fuck me without her permission. I've always felt incest was only successful and proper when BOTH parents at least KNEW about it, even if both didn't actively participate. Take my mom's life when she was growing up with her parents. Her dad had fucked her and her sister without them ever doing anything with her mom, but at least she knew about it and approved, if somewhat reluctantly. I worried sometimes what might happen if my aunt ever learned by accident what we did. Well, if it's OK with my parents then I guess it's OK with me.

For the next hour or so things went as they probably were in households around the country. We watched TV, ate junk food, and gabbed. In some ways it was almost like Christmas again without the presents and decorations.

## 10. Uncle Jims Takes His Turn With Me

Uncle Jim was drinking beer as were the other brothers and as they say, you only rent it. After about four bottles he was getting up to use the restroom. Although we had a small bathroom in the basement, it wasn't exactly soundproofed so most people avoided it when there were others around. Everyone was aware of the echo qualities of our little bathroom so nobody was surprised when he headed upstairs to use the one by the bedrooms.

Soon afterwards my cell phone went off. It was laying up on the coffee table so I had to get up off the couch to get it. I picked it up and didn't recognize the number so I answered it and was surprised to hear my uncle's voice on the other end.

"Try to just act natural Kelly," my uncle said, "Why don't you come upstairs and see what I've got for you?"

I tried my best to keep a straight face as I told my mom it was my friend Beth on the phone and I needed to talk to her privately. My mom looked at me sort of strange but she just nodded so I headed upstairs. She was the only one in the room that knew Beth was away for the weekend but her name was the first to pop in my mind

I looked back and Kristen had a smirk on her face. Now that she knew about me and Uncle Jim it didn't take much for her devious mind to figure out what was going on! As for Rick, the dear boy didn't know I had been fucking his dad and he was too dense to figure it out on his own so he didn't even bat an eye. My cell phone was always going off anyway so it wasn't like this was anything unusual.

As soon as I reached the top of the stairs by our bedrooms on the second floor, a hand reached out and grabbed my arm and pulled me to the spare bedroom at the end of the hall. Needless to say, it belonged to my Uncle Jim!

"I just couldn't take it anymore," he whispered loudly as he closed the door behind us. "All I could think about was your sexy little body as you pressed against

Suddenly I felt a flood of my cum wet my pussy as goose bumps raised over my entire body. Oh my god I was cumming!

Actually, even though he was the third guy to fuck me today, this was my first orgasm other than what I had with Kristen earlier. What can I say to describe something that has no words to describe it? How would you describe the color red to a man blind from birth? Women know what I am talking about but how can I make a man understand how it feels to cum any more than I can ever understand what it feels like to have a hard-on and cum? I love it though, as much as I love any physical pleasure in the world. Nothing a man can do to me can make me feel better than what my Uncle Jim was going right now - making me cum!

As I gushed pussy cum I watched my Uncle lapping it up from my cunt like it was liquid candy. His fingers kept fucking me as he got up and leaned over me. He kissed me then and I tasted myself on his lips and face. Mmmmmmm, I loved the taste of my pussy! Finally I was finished and I collapsed, every muscle seeming to be loose as I tried to catch my breath. He pulled his fingers out of my pussy and put them in my mouth so I could suck off the pussy cum from them.

"Damn girl, you can really cum!" he exclaimed.

He undid his belt then and pulled down his pants and boxer shorts. Grabbing my hands, he pulled me up to a sitting position where I was face to face with his wonderfully hard cock. I didn't need to be told what to do at this point as I reached my hand out for it. He pushed my hand away though and leaned forward until his cock was touching my cheek.

"No hands girl," he instructed me, "I want you to suck me with no hands, just your head."

I opened my mouth and bobbed my head around until I managed to get his cock in my mouth. Without my hands it was hard to lick it and so I just moved my head in and out to stroke his cock in my mouth. Uncle Jim groaned as I took him all the way in, his cock pressing against the back of my throat as my face was buried in his thick musky pubic hair.

One thing that definitely ran in the family was a thick growth of dark pubic hair. He smelled very strong, much more so than Rick had, and I breathed it in deeply to enjoy it like the bouquet of a fine wine. Uncle Jim grabbed my head with both hands and started pushing and pulling me away to stroke his cock in my mouth to his own rhythm. It was as if he was fucking my mouth like he would my pussy - swinging his hips in and out, driving his cock in and out of my mouth. I really didn't have to do much of anything except keep my mouth open and not let my teeth scratch against his shaft.

"Look up at me," he demanded. My eyes went upwards until they met his and he smiled down at me as he kept fucking my mouth.

"God you're SUCH a fucking slut," he said with a big grin on his face. "You love this, don't you - you love being fucked like a little whore."

Unlike when Aunt Shari called me a slut, I considered what Uncle Jim was saying to be a compliment and I felt good inside knowing I was obviously pleasing him. Men seemed to really get off on some sort of power trip when I sucked their cock, as if they were dominating me in some way. I didn't mind letting them have their little fantasy. The reality was with one bite I could cripple them so tell me - who was dominating who? LOL

"Shit, I have to fuck you," he gasped as he pulled his cock from my mouth.

Well, I was as ready as he was so I got back on the bed and laid lengthwise on it. Uncle Jim climbed aboard in good old-fashioned missionary style, rubbing his cock against my pussy, teasing me with it as my pussy screamed to have it.

"Tell me you want it," he said in a voice filled with lust, "tell me how bad you want it you dirty little slut."

It wasn't play-acting when I replied. I DID want him to fuck me and I DID want it bad. "Oh Uncle Jim, I want you to fuck me... Oh my god I NEED you to fuck me!" Then I looked straight into his eyes and said in a soft but firm voice, "I'm serious Uncle Jim, fuck me and fuck me now."

There must have been a tone in my last statement that made him realize playtime was over and I was indeed serious because he didn't say another word but instead reached between his legs to grab his cock which I could see was as hard as it had ever been with me. Holding himself off of me with one arm, he rubbed the head of his cock against my sopping wet pussy until it was in line with my pussy hole. When I felt it was in the right place I lifted my hips up and he actually penetrated me slightly without even doing anything himself.

"Alright girl!" he said, "Damn, if you want my cock that bad, well here it is!" With that he shoved himself into me until his cock was in me to the hilt. I felt the base of his cock press against my cunt and the thick hair was like a fine hairbrush pressed against me.

"Oh yea Uncle Jim," I moaned as I felt his cock filling me, "that's what I wanted."

He held himself up with both arms now as his hips swung back and forth in rhythm with my own to drive himself in and out of me like a pile driver.

"Deeper!" I moaned as he fucked me.

He pushed harder into me, pushing me down into the bed with his weight concentrated on my crotch. After the blowjob I had given him he was evidently ready for this as it didn't take long for him to utter the words I had been waiting for.

"I'm cumming... Oh yeah... Here it cums Kelly," he moaned and groaned as he reached his climax. With one strong move he pushed himself even deeper into me as suddenly his cock erupted and the sperm was ejaculated deep into my pussy.

"That's it Kelly, take my cum," he moaned, his eyes shut tight as he squeezed off one last shot of cum into me.

He fell down to his elbows, barely keeping his weight off of me which would have probably suffocated me if he hadn't. I could feel his cock throbbing inside of me as he laid there motionless above me. A little jerk came as one last shot of sperm emerged from him and it was over. It felt so good to lay there under him, feeling his cock slowly dwindle inside of me leaving his cum behind.

Uncle Jim looked at his watch and let out a deep breath saying, "Damn, we better get back before someone comes hunting for us!" he exclaimed. He stood up and started to dress as I just laid there exhausted from him fucking me. he dressed quickly and then went to the door. Before opening it he looked back at me and his eyes swept my nude body from head to toe.

"All I can say is that your dad is one lucky guy to be your father!" he said, "I'd give anything to be able to fuck you every day!"

I wanted so bad to tell him his daughter would probably let him if he only asked but now wasn't the time for that. Maybe another day I could introduce him to Tammy and then they could both have what my dad and I shared. As it was I just smiled at him and gave a little wave goodbye.

When he left I got up and grabbed my stuff and quickly made my way to the bathroom. Uncle Jim had gone downstairs with everyone else and I was alone. I looked in the mirror and smiled as I saw how flushed I still was from my orgasm. If I went down there now not even Aunt Shari could be so obtuse not to realize that something had been going on.

I decided that since I had told everyone that Beth was on the phone I may as well give her a call so I went to my room and dialed her phone. Fortunately she answered and we both just traded gossip for about another half hour until I finally felt ready to go back with my family.

When I eventually went back downstairs my mom looked at me with exasperation. "Well that took you long enough, don't you know we have guests here as well today young lady?"

"Mommmmmm," I pouted. She gave me a quick wink and I knew she was telling me that she knew what had really been going on. My Uncle Jim was back on the couch acting as if nothing had ever happened although I couldn't help but give him a quick smile as I sat back down between him and my cousin.

The big game was starting and we watched it as my dad went nuts watching his favorite team finally win a Super Bowl after so many years. Unfortunately I had to leave right afterwards to get back to school. It was going to be well past midnight before I arrived as it was so I was anxious to get back for that reason although I would have loved to have stayed home longer. I hugged everybody and said goodbye. My dad volunteered to walk me out to the street where my car was parked to be sure it was clear when everyone arrived.

"Well, you've had quite a day today, haven't you?" he said as he kissed me goodbye. "I haven't seen Jim look so full of himself in ages!"

"Oh daddy, you know I love you," I said as I hugged him tightly. Right then I didn't care what the neighbors saw and it was late anyways.

"I love you too Kelly," my dad said and then let me go.

As I drove back to school all I could think about was what a fantastic weekend I had, especially today. I wondered if I would ever have a day again when I fucked all three of them again? It wasn't long before my hand as between my legs and I spent the rest of the trip back to school masturbating as I dreamed of fucking all three of them together.

# (Feb 25) Chapter 111: Sometimes Anyone Will Do

Story codes: MF F-solo exhib oral adultery
Me (20)
Jen - junior roomie (20)
Mark (36)

After three weeks of nothing but my finger, I was horny as hell. Sometimes it doesn't matter who he so much as what he has between his legs. It's amazing how easy it is to find someone willing to help a girl out!

## 1. Horny Roommates

Another Saturday morning - another morning for me to wake up feeling horny with nobody to help me, at least not in the way I really needed. It was now almost three weeks since I'd last been fucked and my pussy literally ached as I lay in bed wiping the sleep from my eyes. God I couldn't believe how damn horny I was!

So how did I get this way? I guess before I go on a little explanation is in order. I was a twenty-one year-old college junior majoring in Elementary Education at a wonderful Christian university. Overall I loved school - the professors were great, I had lots of close friends, my roomies were the best, and I was getting a great education second to none in a loving, Christian environment. There WERE a couple of problems I have to deal with though.

First and foremost, school was over three hours away from home meaning I didn't get back often and I missed my family terribly. An "only" child, I grew up extremely close to my parents and relatives and it was hard to be away from them for any extended period. My mom was my best friend in the whole world. As for my dad, let's just say I was definitely "daddy's girl".

My biggest issue had to do with why I was in this predicament today - no sex. My school had an extremely strict set of "Lifestyle Guidelines" which explicitly forbade ANY sexual activity along with most other "fun" activities that I'd grown accustomed to. I gave up my virginity at fourteen and in the course of my high

twirled it around slowly, imagining his hips moving in circles as he teased me with just the head of his cock inside of me. I groaned as I drew my legs up into a fetal position and then I shoved my finger deeper inside of me. My pussy felt so hot and wet, eager to embrace his invading dick.

Needing more, I pushed a second finger into me which made me moan again - quite loud this time. I glanced over at my roomie and saw she was awake as well. We didn't have a terrible lot in common but one thing we shared was we both had a tendency to wake up horny! When it comes to sex some people are night people and some are day people. Jen and I were both definitely morning girls as we each loved to have sex when we first woke up.

Jen was on her back with both hands between her short but lithe legs. She had her feet on the bed with her knees up and spread wide apart so I knew without a shred of doubt who she was dreaming of - her boyfriend. I mean, he was ALL she ever talked about and it seemed she spent more hours on the phone with him at night than she did with her homework! Personally, I didn't mind since it usually included some of the hottest phone sex you can imagine. I loved to lay in my bed and play with myself while I watched her getting off telling her boyfriend the myriad of ways that she wanted him to fuck her. She glanced over at me, smiled dreamily, and then closed her eyes again as she fantasized about him fucking her.

Jen was no prude but she was still pretty conservative. She had lost her virginity when she was sixteen but had only been fucked by one other guy before she met her current boyfriend. The first two were only one-timers and so her boyfriend was the only guy to have done her more than once. She was in love with him and sometimes I feared she had sex with him just to keep him but she certainly seemed to enjoy it so what was the harm?

At first she was shy about discussing sex which I understood since the peer pressure at school kept most girls here from even admitting they have had sex. Over time she opened up as she learned to trust me and I tried to broaden her horizons a bit. First I taught her that sleeping nude wasn't something necessarily sexual but rather just more comfortable.

It took a while but eventually she opened up with me about how she enjoyed masturbating. I felt a bit sorry for her actually. The poor girl had been raised by a strict mother who thought masturbation was a sin so she had been forced to hide her "activities". Of course it didn't help that at our school, masturbation was certainly not an "acceptable behavior." She said that I was the first person to ever discuss it

seemed to be a personal preference. Most girls would play with their boobs although even that varied quite a bit. Some just massaged them, others concentrated on their nipples. Some were rough and pulled on the nipples, other were more gentle and just toyed with their hands lightly running over their breasts. There were the moaners and the silent types. Some would cum and make a fuss and a lot of noise while others seemed to simmer more when they came and kept it more to themselves.

Jen obviously loved her clit. Sometimes she would use two hands on it, one spreading her pussy apart and the other toying with her clit. Interestingly, I rarely saw her fingers in her, usually if she did it was right before she came. Her boobs were smaller than mine (she was also a year younger than me) but her nipples would poke out nice and hard a she toyed with them. She liked to hump her hips as she imagined being fucked, imaging her response to the thrusts of her boyfriend. It was so hot to watch her masturbate! She seemed so cute, perky and innocent running around the campus that I can't imagine people picturing her as I saw her now - this the naked little girl (she was only 5'1") laying on her bed moaning like a whore as she brought herself to a ripping orgasm.

We both came hard this morning and my sheets were soaked beneath me by the time I was done. I quickly headed to the bathroom and when I returned the strong odor of our sexual activities hit me like a wall as I entered the room. I guess when you are in the process of making the smell isn't as noticeable but after being in "fresh" air it was quite obvious what had been going on.

I sprayed some air freshener around as you never knew when one of our other roomies might wander in. It wasn't like we lived in a nunnery and I was sure most of the girls masturbated even if they didn't talk about it, at the same time I didn't want to be quite so blatant about what Jen and I did in the mornings.

Jen was still stretched out in her bed, flushed from her exertions. She looked sexy as hell spread out on the bed with her legs still apart and her pussy glistening with her wetness. Her perky boobs didn't sag an inch. Too bad she wouldn't let me take nude pictures of her - her boyfriend would have probably been jerking off for a week solid if he could see her now! She rolled over to face me and smiled that dreamy smile she got whenever she had an especially good orgasm.

"Gee Kelly, from the way you were going at it you seemed even more horny than usual this morning. What's up?" she asked with that cute grin she flashes whenever she thinks she's being clever.

I went over to her bed and reached down to kiss her on the forehead. "Well, apparently the same thing as you judging from the way you came this morning!"

Jen giggled and gave me a hug. Our nude bodies met and I felt my boobs press against hers and for just a moment I wondered if maybe she would want to have some fun this morning. Granted she didn't have a cock for me but then she was better than nothing, that's for sure!

My heart sank a bit when she kissed me and then ran off to the bathroom to get ready for her day. I didn't know what she had planned but as for me, it was a totally blank schedule. I had planned to go out and see a movie with some friends but the flu bug was going around and a couple of them weren't up to par so that got cancelled.

## 2. Horny and Alone

Throwing on a baggy T-shirt I pulled out my laptop and logged in to Yahoo. As always I had a ton of e-mails and a number of off-line messages left by guys (mostly men, a few girls sometimes too) that had been trying to chat with me during the night.

I don't think people realize just how hard it is for me to respond to everyone. On Instant Messenger if I show myself as "available" my screen fills up quickly with chat windows. Sometimes I try to handle three or four at once but that is all I can deal with at any one time and even then I find myself neglecting one or more of them. Usually I just stay invisible and chat with whatever random person checks to see if I'm around. Other than responding to the off-line messages, I NEVER initiate a chat. Frankly I don't trust everyone that chats with me and even though I make it a point to ask new people how old they are, I fear someday I could end up chatting with some fourteen year old and get in trouble so I always let people contact me first. When it gets to the point where there are too many people asking for me I just leave some of the windows minimized and when I am finished with one person I check to see if the next one is still available.

Being as horny as I was this morning I was hoping that someone would be on that would masturbate on their cam for me. I rarely get into cybersex although I have faked it a few times but just an open discussion about sex would be welcome right now. I never get tired of watching a guy masturbate though. It feels so much sexier

thrown on earlier it was easy for me to play with myself while I watched. I came again just as he finished pushing his cum around on my pic with his naughty dick!

By now it was well past lunch so I showered and threw on some jeans and a baggy sweatshirt. I grabbed a bite at the cafeteria and returned to my room, bored and still horny as hell - a bitch of a combination! Jen was long gone and so was everyone else it appeared so I was left alone in our room.

Jen had left her computer on so I sneaked a peak at her picture files. She didn't have any naughty ones but there were plenty of her and her boyfriend. A lot of the pics of her were from back in her high school cheerleading days. I copied some off for use later on my web site. Jen had no idea about my site and I wondered what she would have said if she saw some of the tributes that guys had sent me where they came on her. No doubt her first reaction would have been to be offended but I would bet that once she thought about it some more she would realize what a compliment to her they were. It was the rest of my web site that would have probably caused her to gasp! Just imagine if she read my diary!

Looking at her and her boyfriend together I imagined what it must look like when he is fucking her. He is quite good looking and she is so petite that it must be really hot! I would've given most anything for a nude photo of him. The way she described him fucking her, he apparently had a lot more experience than she had and she certainly loved his cock! She and I have discussed blowjobs in the past and she knew I had a lot more experience at it than she had so she would ask me for advice on how to please her boyfriend more. What she didn't know what just how much MORE experience I had, not to mention that I would have loved to have showed her using her boyfriend as a teaching aid!

The more I looked at her pictures of her and her boyfriend the more I dreamed of what it would be like to have a threesome with them. Usually I prefer 1-1 sex but in this case it would be better to have her join us for no other reason than I would have loved to have seen her being fucked after all the times she has masturbated with me.

I love the taste of Jen's pussy but it would be extra sweet to lick his sperm from it after he came in her pussy (something she said that he never did since she was not on the pill but hey, it was my fantasy!). It didn't take long to lose the jeans and sweatshirt as I slouched in my desk chair to better reach my pussy. Damn it seemed I just couldn't satisfy the poor thing today!

I played with myself as I imagined laying on a bed with Jen standing at the edge, leaning over to lick my bare pussy while her boyfriend fucked her from behind. I have to admit I think it's so cool that my pussy is the only one she's ever tasted and I love kissing her with her face covered by my pussy cum.

I put my feet up on the desk as I leaned back against the chair even further and used one hand to massage my clit while the other squeezed my boobs. As I rubbed myself I remembered how good it felt to have Jen lick me that first time we shared a bed together. Her tongue was so tentative at first and yet I could tell she wanted to explore me more with it. I felt my pussy grab my finger as I stroked it in and out of me like I wished her boyfriend would do at that moment. I wanted to see her face as he fucked me, see her as she realized how good I could fuck him compared to her and how much more he loved fucking me than her.

I felt my orgasm rising yet again as I dreamed of him ramming his cock deep in me, feeling him releasing his cum deep inside me – something which she would not let him do. My pussy gushed cum on my fingers as I imagined his cum filling me, exploding inside of me as groaned and told me how good he felt cumming in me. After that he would tell her to lick his cum from my pussy and I felt my orgasm grow as I imagined her cute face looking up at me as her tongue lapped up his cum from my cunt.

When my orgasm withered I flopped onto my bed and just cupped my crotch with my hand, feeling the heat and wetness against my palm. I felt a bit guilty about my fantasy. I never wanted to hurt Jen and I would have never done anything to make her jealous or upset.

Sometimes when I get going, though, I find myself wanting to be the girl that guys lust for more than anyone else – more than their wives or girlfriends. That is probably what drives my desire to fuck older married guys more than anything else. Of course I like the way they fuck me but it is more than just that. What turns me on the most about married guys is that I love knowing they want me so badly they are willing to betray the most sacred vow a man can take – his wedding vows. For him to risk everything – his family, his marriage, maybe even his job just for the opportunity to fuck me once makes it so incredibly hot for me.

## Warning

I will slice off my future husband's cock if he commits adultery but at the same time because I feel so strongly about the issue it's probably what makes it so hot for me when another man commits it just to be with me.

Well, it was now mid-afternoon and STILL nothing to do. I decided to work some more on my diary stories. If I was going to be horny I may as well write about some past times I had enjoyed! For the next few hours I worked on a couple of different ones. Although I never really got really into another full scale masturbation session, I did find myself playing with myself now and then as I recalled some of those times and the feeling that I had back then.

Finally it was getting past supper time and I looked at the clock and shook my head. What a day so far. I had really not done anything but masturbate and dream about sex the entire day! The problem was that despite everything I had done so far, I was actually more horny now than I had been all day!

There was only one way to deal with this - I needed to be fucked and I needed to be fucked TODAY. Needed is exactly the right word. This wasn't just something I WANTED; no, I NEEDED it. In some ways I can empathize with a drug addict. I've never done drugs, not even once, but if an addict needs drugs the way I need sex then I can understand why they will do most anything to feed their addiction.

Am I really "addicted" to sex? That may be a bit of an exaggeration to be honest. I especially don't consider myself a nymphomaniac since under most circumstances I can control my needs. There were a FEW times in my life, like today, when the need for sex, just any sex, just any cock in my pussy, has driven me to do things I might never have done otherwise. Well, I could tell that this was one of those times...

I am sure that most people would think that it would be easy for a girl like me to get fucked anytime she wanted and I guess technically they'd be correct. I've no doubt that if I really wanted to I could get laid in less than an hour no matter where and when. That's no reflection on me though as it's true for any girl. It's easy for a girl to have sex, all you had to do was let the guys know you were available and they will pounce on you like a cat to a mouse.

The difficulty comes in how to get laid without getting into trouble. By "trouble" I mean both with my school and my own personal health and safety.

Fucking a guy on campus is out - too risky with only a year left to go. Getting caught would mean automatic expulsion and I don't trust guys in general not to go off bragging about their "conquest" which could eventually lead to the wrong people knowing what I had done.

Doing someone in town is hard because if someone saw us then it was back to the rumor mill problem again. I had no desire to just walk into a bar as it seemed too much like being a whore. Being a slut was OK with me, in fact I consider the label a compliment. But as for whore - well I wasn't ready for that label (or in being one), not to mention I was only twenty and the last thing I needed was to get in trouble over being in a bar while I was underage - especially when your school forbids alcohol consumption!

Granted, if I was home this situation would have been a LOT easier to resolve but I was three hours or more away so that left an emergency trip to Pittsburgh out as a viable option. Besides, if I was home I wouldn't be in this position in the first place!

Finally I decided on a course of action to take and so I went to my closet to find just the right outfit. For what I had in mind I didn't need to look like a slut, nor did I want to. In fact, the more "girl-next-door" the better for the plan I had in mind. I selected a pleated denim skirt that came about half-way down to my knees and a white cotton blouse that buttoned down the front. I opened a package of new white cotton panties, grabbed a pair of short white socks, added my pink sneakers and I was dressed for action!

I normally never wear a bra but the more I thought about it the more it seemed to go with the outfit so I found a cute white one with lace edges that I had stuffed in the back of my drawer. God, it had been ages since I had worn a one of these things!! I liked this particular one because it clasped in front between the cups so it was easy to put on - and take off. I adjusted the straps and realized my boobs had grown a bit since the last time I had worn this one as they felt constricted when I stood up and checked myself out in the mirror. I was just putting on my blouse when Jen walked in.

"Hey! Looking cute tonight girl," she said with an appreciative glance. The she noticed the bra under my blouse and laughed, "Wow! News alert! Kelly's wearing a bra! Someone better check Hell, I think it just froze over!"

I rolled my eyes and we both laughed. She got more serious then saying, "Really Kelly, I didn't even know you owned one. So what's the story?"

I just shrugged my shoulders and pretended to look hurt. "Gee, can't a girl wear a bra without people making a big deal over it?" I pouted.

"Well, whatever it is, I probably don't want to know about it!" Jen said laughing as she changed clothes.

She then explained she was going over to one of her girlfriend's tonight that lived with her parents. They were just going to have pizza and watch a few DVDs. She invited me over with her but I declined gracefully, explaining I had "other plans". She just shrugged and left it at that. One thing I could always say about Jen, she never pried and I could trust her with anything. Maybe she really didn't WANT to know! Whatever the reason I appreciated her friendship at times like this. The last thing I needed was a nosey roomie!

I grabbed a small black purse, threw on a winter jacket and I was off with a wave goodbye to Jen. I got to my car and sat still in the driver's seat for a second before starting it. Was I really ready for this? Did I really need to be fucked THAT badly? As if on cue my pussy made itself known as I almost gasped from the sudden ache I felt between my legs. It was almost like a menstrual cramp it hurt so bad! Obviously no finger was going to take care of this! I needed a cock and I needed one bad!

I turned the key with firm resolution and left campus, heading for a town about thirty miles away where I could be more anonymous. Usually I went there for shopping or a movie. Well, tonight I was going to be shopping for something they didn't sell at the mall!

On the way I debated where to go. It needed to be a place where horny guys would be hanging out but not necessarily a joint where they expected to pick up just any girl. I preferred an older guy in lieu of some young stud who just wanted to get himself off and the hell with my needs. Why is it that until a guy reaches thirty all he cares about is himself when it comes to sex?

Well, tonight was going to be all about satisfying ME for once! It would be even better if he was married but that was hard to find on the spur of the moment. The advantage with a married guy was that in addition to the "naughty" act of fucking someone's husband, married guys tend to be more discreet usually are not looking for any type of "relationship". Most seem to have reconciled that they are stuck in their marriage and that getting out of it would be even worse than what they have now so all they want is to have me satisfy them in ways their wife won't.

# 3. Trolling for Men

The joint I finally pulled into was a sports bar that specialized in chicken wings. Yea, I realize that chicken wings are terrible for the figure but I've always LOVED the hot ones. Not even my dad can stand the heat when I order them.

Inside there was a bar with a number of television sets showing various sporting events and then there was an open seating area for the rest of the customers. It was a Saturday night so the place was packed with families and groups of men and women out for the night. From the looks of things I was going to be the only single person in the joint which would make me stand out if nothing else.

I placed my order and took a seat on a bench to wait. I still had my jacket on and although my skirt showed off my legs, it wasn't like I was some slut trolling for guys. Even so I was conscious of a number of eyes directed my way and I couldn't help but crack a smile when I saw one girlfriend poke her guy in the ribs when she caught him looking at me!

I had been waiting just a few minutes when another family came in through the door. It was your traditional Midwest WASP family - mom, dad, son and daughter. The son looked to be about twelve and the girl was probably fourteen or fifteen although it was hard to from the way she dressed. Mom and dad looked like the career professional type and must have worked on those careers for a while before having the kids because they looked to be in their late thirties at least.

I smiled as I watched - they were so stereotypical it was almost funny. The boy was an absolute brat - nonstop mayhem running around touching everything while his harried mother trying to keep him in tow. The girl looked like a spoiled little princess with that, "I can't believe I'm here with them" look so typical for a girl her age! Her jeans were so tight they looked ready to split and she had enough makeup on to join the circus.

Meanwhile the poor dad was trying to get everyone's orders and looked more than a bit flustered by the time it was over. He glanced at me briefly as he waited for their order and I noticed his eyes returned and stayed focused on my bare legs. They lingered a lot longer than what would have been considered appropriate, no doubt partly because I made of point of uncrossing them and then crossing them again. I risked a look at him and smiled but he quickly glanced away, apparently a bit embarrassed at having been caught staring at me.

Just then my order number was called and I stood up to get it. Family guy was standing near the counter and I "accidentally" bumped into him as I made my way. I looked up at him (he must have been over six feet tall!) and smiled, excusing myself as I stepped aside. He just mumbled something about it being not a problem and I was soon off to the seating area with my basket of wings and celery.

Once at a table I took off my heavy jacket and had a seat. One thing every girl learns from the onset of puberty is how to sense when she is being looked at. In this case I felt that tingle as several sets of eyes looked my way. I crossed my legs but didn't bother pulling my skirt down which left most of my upper thigh exposed. I pretended not to notice and started on my wings. Mmmmmmm, they were delicious!

Just then the family I had seen earlier sat down at the table next to mine. I noticed that the dad took a seat that gave him a nice view of me without having to turn or look obvious about it. Just coincidence? I didn't think so. Once again I caught him staring at my legs and this time his eyes wandered up a bit farther up to my boobs. I had the blouse unbuttoned as far as I could which just barely exposed my bra. Now I was glad I was wearing one as it seemed there was something more erotic about exposing a bit of bra than just more cleavage - not that I had the most cleavage to expose in the first place.

The wife and daughter were seated facing away from me so only the father and his son could see me. The boy was a typical twelve year-old and all he cared about was himself and food. I could have probably stripped and he wouldn't have noticed - but his father certainly would have! He didn't take his eyes off of me for the longest time. I would lean over to eat a wing and I knew he was straining to see further down my blouse. My hands got messy so I would suck the wing sauce off my fingers. I looked over at him while I did and deliberately did it as slowly and seductively as I could. Our eyes met and this time he didn't look away. I don't know if anyone else in the place was watching me but I didn't care, this was getting to be fun!

I took a swallow from my Diet Coke and picked up my purse to head off to the bathroom. I turned to look at him and gave him a "come hither" look that should have clearly signaled my intentions - I wanted him to follow. To be honest, I never expected him to follow me. It was just a game for girls to tease guys like that, one that I had played many times in the past and never grew tired of. Nobody in this situation ever followed me but I liked to fantasize later about what might happen if they had.

Well, so much for Family Guy and as I made my way to the girl's room I glanced at the bar to see if there were any interesting prospects for the evening. I was still unbelievably horny and I needed to get something going here instead of wasting my time teasing poor Family Guy - especially when his family was there with him. His wife was thin, almost too thin in fact, and had her hair tied back sharply. She was wearing a medium-length skirt and actually wasn't too bad looking in it but I sensed she "wore the pants" in the family from the way she was bossing everyone around, including her husband. Her voice was sort of whiney and I had a feeling she could be a real bitch!

I made it to the restroom just in time - the diet coke must have gone straight thru me!. I washed my hands and checked myself out in the mirror. I adjusted my blouse to be a bit more revealing and pushed the door open to leave. Imagine my surprise when I practically knocked over someone outside the door!. I was even more surprised when I looked up and saw who it was - Family Guy! I started to excuse myself and walk away but he grabbed me by the upper arm and held me back. Alarmed at first, I wondered what was happening. He looked around and saw we were alone in the hallway before saying...

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you," he said reassuringly, "Look, I couldn't help but notice you were flirting with me back there and I was just curious - just flirting or something more?"

Wow! Now THAT was certainly straight out of the blue, for sure! He looked a bit embarrassed when I didn't respond instantly and started to apologize saying, "I'm so sorry, I should have never said that... I just thought that the way you were acting that..."

It was like time froze as thousand thoughts raced through my mind. I make a quick decision and went for it! You can already guess what it was...

"Well, just what did you have in mind?" I asked softly, trying to give him my best "little girl" look and tone.

He looked flustered and I wondered if I had gone too far. "Ummmmm, you have to understand, I've never said anything like that to a girl before... I don't know what came over me... I'm so sorry." He started to walk away but I called to him.

"Well, if you change your mind let me know!" I said as loud as I dared. He kept walking and didn't even turn around to acknowledge me so I figured that it was over - whatever "it" was!

Back at the tables we each finished our meals. At first he wouldn't look at me but it didn't take long for his male lust to exert itself again. Men are so predictable! I dropped something on the floor and as I leaned over he got a great view down my blouse. My bra kept him from seeing my boobs but that probably just made it all the more seductive for him. Sure it was a corny thing to do but hey, it always worked. I chastised myself anyway. I mean, what next, was I going to lean over to pick up something and flash him my ass?

I smiled at him as I brought my head up and I could see him take a deep breath as he tried to answer something his wife was asking him while at the same time stare at me without her knowing it. The more I listened the more bitchy she sounded. He just seemed to sit there and take it, almost like a whipped dog.

Well, as much fun as it might have been to tease him on another day, it was not going to provide me tonight with what I was looking for so I needed to get my act in gear if I was going to find me a guy to fuck me! I was about to finish up and move closer to the bar area when Family Guy excused himself to go to the restroom again. He winked at me as he went by and I took that as a signal to follow and meet him wherever he was going. I figured what the heck, who knows? So once again I found myself alone with him in the hallway by the restrooms.

As soon as I got close to him he whispered to me saying, "Look, I've never done anything like this before but I can't keep my eyes off of you. So what's to going to cost me?"

"Hey! I'm not a whore!" I said in an annoyed tone of voice.

"Oh God, I didn't mean that! Really I didn't!" he said with a look of panic on his face.

I looked down the hallway to the dining area and responded in a more slutty tone, "But even if I was 'available', what about your wonderful little family?"

"I'm dropping off at a movie in a few minutes and then I'm supposed to stop by my office for a while before picking them back up again," he answered. "I thought that instead just maybe we could... well, you know."

I toyed with the topmost button that was still fastened and squirmed a bit as if I was a little girl listening to her father. He seemed to find that more comforting and he continued quickly.

"Look, here's my card, it has my home address on the back - it's just down the road from the new theaters. The key is under the mat so just let yourself in. I'll be there as soon as I can. If you're interested, be there. If you're not there I'll understand."

It was going so fast my head was spinning. As much as I had played along, I couldn't really believe this was happening. I mean, was this guy SERIOUS? If so, was he just a crackpot or what? Like, who in their right mind would make such an offer to a complete stranger, a girl he doesn't even know what her name is?

He must have seen the hesitation on my face so he said, "My cell phone number is on there, call me in fifteen minutes it you want to talk."

Well, what did I have to lose? So far he knew nothing about me so if I changed my mind there was no way he could stalk me or anything. Besides, the more I thought about it the more surreal it all seemed and anyone who knows me knows that I can't resist something new and naughty. Yep, if there was one thing tonight was shaping up to be - it was new and naughty!

## 4. A Married Man's Issues

I left first and sat in my car out in the parking lot waiting for them to leave. They soon appeared and piled in a minivan which then sped off in the direction of the theaters. So far so good. I followed them until they turned off into the road to the theater complex and I continued down the road. The address was on the same road I was on which made it easy.

It wasn't too far before I saw the right house number on a mailbox and turned into the concrete driveway. It was a large two-story colonial type of house, typical upper-middle class. The guy wasn't a millionaire but he apparently was doing well. I parked off to the side next to a basketball hoop. I debated going inside but there was no way I was going to go THAT far. Who knows what trouble I could get into? I left the engine running as it was a bit cold outside and I took out his card and dialed him up on my cell phone.

"Hello?" a male voice answered.

"I'm here," was all I said.

"Cool! I'll be there in a couple of minutes," he said, "Look I'm not some pervert or anything... really."

Well, THAT remained to be seen. I just said OK and hung up. About two minutes later headlights lit up my car as he pulled in and the garage door opened.

There was the usual junk, bikes, riding mower, etc. He got out of the van and I decided to go for it so I turned off the engine and got out of my car as well.

"Hurry up!" he said motioning for me to get in the garage "The neighbors might be watching."

That didn't seem too likely given the distance between houses but then you never knew I guess. As soon as I was in the garage he closed the door behind me. Well, now what? In a way I felt trapped as from this point onward there was no quick escape. The thought crossed my mind that nobody I knew had even the slightest idea where I was! This had all the makings of a cheap TV horror movie and we all know what happens to the slutty girls. Then again, it might turn out to be something to make my diary!

It didn't really matter as I was committed from this point. He opened the door to the house and we entered the kitchen through a laundry room. I had to give his bitchy wife credit, the home was quite neat, if not immaculate, and presented a general air of reasonable wealth without being rich. He turned on the lights and we faced each other in the kitchen.

"I really can't believe I'm doing this," he started out with a bit of a stammer. "You've got to understand, I've never done ANYTHING like this before."

"Oh yeah, and the check's in the mail," I thought to myself.

Then again, he seemed genuinely sincere about it so who knows, maybe he was telling the truth. I wasn't ready to believe it yet although I had to admit he was putting on a great act if he was lying. I just stood there silently, waiting for him to go on and he soon did.

"Look, my job's a hassle, the wife hates sex, my son's a brat - as you've seen, and my daughter... well I think the little princess tolerates me but only barely."

He paused as if to gauge my reaction. I've heard the same sob story a hundred times so I just shifted my weight to my other foot with my arms crossed and waited for him to continue which he did.

"I've considered having an affair but I've always been afraid of getting caught. I can't afford to leave my wife and I love my kids - despite everything, but a guy has needs!"

After this long rant he paused as if to see if I was going to just walk out but instead I uncrossed my arms, stepped up closer to him and took his hand in mine.

"It's OK," I said softly in a caring tone, "You can tell me everything."

He appeared almost desperate as he looked me in the eyes and continued in a voice that shook with emotion. Geeze, was he going to cry?

"Well, I saw you there tonight and you looked incredible. You're dressed like a prim and proper girl but yet somehow you just seem to radiate sensuality. At first I thought you were just a hooker or something but you seemed too nice for that. When you left to use the restroom I was planning just to follow you so I could see you closer. Then you surprised me by coming out so fast and well... I just found myself saying things I have always fantasized saying but never had the guts to say."

"So tell me Mark, why did you ask me here?" I asked.

"How did you know my... Oh yeah, my card," he said, looking a little stricken at first. "So what's your name by the way?"

"Kelly," I told him. He started to ask for more information but I smiled and held up my hand saying, "just Kelly - OK?"

"Well, thank you Kelly. So anyway, I don't really know I guess. I still can't believe I asked you and to be honest, I never really figured you would say yes to begin with."

"So... have you ever cheated on Linda?" I asked him.

He again looked at me in surprise as if I was a psychic or something. I grinned and nodded towards the refrigerator where there was a Valentine's Day card held in place with a little heart magnet. It hung open and I could see the inscription, "To my darling wife Linda, I will always love you, Mark."

He looked a bit sheepish as if the incongruence between the writing on the card and what he was doing now seemed to hit home. "Never," he said, "In fact, she's the only woman I've ever made love to."

His voice started to crack as he looked at the card and I had this bad feeling that this was going to lead to where he was going to get feeling all guilty and chicken out so I decided to take control. I took his hands and put them around me and I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"So tell me Mark, would you like to fuck me?" I whispered up to his ear.

I noticed that he had used the phrase "making love" when he mentioned sex with his wife so I deliberately emphasized the word "fuck" when I asked him the question. It just seemed so much naughtier - more like he was cheating on his wife rather than replacing her.

His body seemed to droop and he took a deep breath before answering. "God help me but I do. I want so bad to... well as you said, fuck you Kelly."

## 5. Mark Gets His First Blowjob

We reached his daughter's room which was easy to identify by the sign on the door declaring "Laura's Room" with a hand-printed addition to the bottom, "Keep out - this means you Brian!" I laughed at it and he just shrugged his shoulders saying, "Warned you - that's my little princess."

We went inside and it was a typical teenage girl room. Posters of guys lined the walls. Photo albums and school books were on the floor and I could imagine the pile of clothes under the bed - my favorite laundry basket growing up. Of course a computer was on her desk along with her IPod. She had a twin-size day bed with a pretty floral comforter and matching bed skirt. Stuffed animals lined the edges and a hat filled with pins hung on one post.

A quick glance and I saw she must have been pretty active in some dance club as they were similar to the pins my cousin Tammy collected at various shows and competitions. I turned to him and put my hands on his hips to guide him backwards towards her bed where I pushed him downward. He got the hint and sat on her bed while I backed up a few feet.

"So tell me Mark... when was the last time you watched a twenty year-old girl strip for you?" I teased him as I started to slowly unbutton my blouse. The answer was obvious but I wanted to get him talking and loosened up.

"Honestly?" he said, "Never. Linda's always undressed in the dark and face it, girls in strip clubs are just whores."

His hands were flat on the bed next to his side and I saw him lick his lips quickly as he watched me without hardly blinking. I soon had my blouse undone and gradually let it slide down my back and off my arms to the floor where I left it. I unzipped the side of my skirt and like my blouse, let it slide to the floor as well where I stepped out of it leaving me standing there in my underwear and sneakers. For someone who rarely wore panties and a bra, it felt sort of sexy showing off my body to him while still partially hidden by the thin fabric.

"Well?... What do you think?" I asked as I slowly turned in front of him. I brushed my hair back and flicked it from one shoulder to the next, my eyes never leaving his.

"Please... take off your bra and panties," he asked softly.

It was encouraging to see his lust taking over, breaking down his inhibitions. I unclasped my bra and let it open up to barely reveal my boobs as I left it on my shoulders. I turned so my back was facing him and I slowly dropped my panties, keeping my legs straight but bending over more and more as I slid them down to my ankles. As I got all the way down I knew he had a great view of my bald pussy from the rear. Staying bent over, I looked behind to see him staring at me and I smiled.

"Like what you see Mark?" I asked him.

"Oh my god! You look even better than I imagined," he said breathlessly.

I straightened up and turned back to him and ran my hands over myself, rubbing my crotch with my hand and then lifting my boobs with both hands and dropping them so he could see how firm they were. I took off my bra and handed it to him which he accepted like I was giving him the crown jewels.

"I bet that bitch Linda never looked like this, did she?" I said seductively.

He didn't need to answer, the way he was shifting his weight to make room for his expanding cock in his pants told me all I needed to know. I spread his legs apart and kneeled on the floor in front of him. Undoing his belt and pants, I unzipped him and then grabbed the sides to pull them down. He lifted himself up enough with his hands to let me get them off his ass along with his boxer shorts and I pulled them down to his feet. I yanked off his shoes and socks and then took his pants off the rest of the way leaving him sitting on the bed in just his dress shirt with his bare ass on his daughter's comforter. The shirt tails gathered at his waist but his cock was already poking its way out.

I reached out and held it in my hand and started to gently stroke it. Mmmmmmm, if he only had an idea of how good it felt for me to hold a real cock again! I could feel it growing in my hand and I drew in a deep breath as I knew it wouldn't be long before it would be buried deep in my pussy!

"Do you want me to suck your cock Mark?" I asked him. He just nodded but that wasn't enough for me. "I want you to tell me what you want Mark - now tell me!"

"I want you to suck my cock Kelly," he said with a more firm voice this time.

I looked at his growing dick, feeling it throbbing in my hand. Mmmmmmm, I'd been dreaming all day for a cock like this! I put my head in his lap and licked him starting at the base of his hairy crotch to the tip of his swelled cock head. I had one hand caressing his balls while the other was around him, grabbing his ass with my hand. Up and down his shaft I went, running my tongue around his shaft until finally I took his cock head in my mouth instead of running my tongue back down again.

Mmmmmmm, he tasted so damn good! His crotch smelled of male musk and sweat, a thick and heavy odor but not unpleasant at all. His crotch was hairy as was the rest of his body for that matter. His stomach was even covered with thick dark hair and I loved the feel of his hairy legs against the side of my nude body as I knelt between them. Slowly I took him into my mouth until my face was at the base of his cock and I had to close my eyes as his curly pubic hair mashed against my face. My head twisted around his cock as my tongue ran along it inside of my mouth.

"Oh my god, that feels so good," he groaned. "I've always dreamed of getting my cock sucked."

I looked up at him with questioning eyes as I stroked his cock in and out of my mouth. Finally my curiosity got the better of me and I let him out of my mouth but kept stroking it with my hand.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, "Doesn't Linda blow you?"

"God no," he moaned as my mouth went back to work on him, "She says oral sex is disgusting. I asked her once when we were dating and she looked so revolted by even the idea that we've never even talked about it since."

That was almost unbelievable. I can't imagine being married to a guy and not sucking his dick in almost twenty years! Well, he would remember this blowjob, that's for sure!

As I sucked his cock he took off his shirt leaving him naked now as he sat on his daughter's bed. His hands held my head on his cock as I alternated between sucking it and licking it. My one hand gently caressed his hairy balls while I held his cock in the space between my thumb and forefinger with my other hand flat in his crotch. Judging from his moans and groaning, he seemed to really like it when I had him completely in my mouth so I tried to do that as much as possible.

"Oh shit that feels incredible!" he gasped once when I went down on him especially hard. "I love the way it looks when you take it all in your mouth."

I jerked him off with my hand while I gathered my breathe for the finale. I grinned as I looked up at him, his slippery cock sliding inside my hand.

"I want you to cum in my mouth," I said slowly. "But is that what YOU want, Mark?"

His eyes rolled up as he responded to my hand jerking him off. "Oh yes, I've always dreamed of doing that."

He was breathing faster now and his cock was feeling even bigger in my hand so I took him in my mouth and stroked him some more. The precum emerged from his cock, salty and strong and I knew it was time for him to cum. I opened my mouth and held out my tongue while my hand stroked his cock. His head rested on my tongue while his shaft was aimed at my mouth like a cannon ready to fire.

"Oh god... I'm cumming!" he cried out.

Cum shot from his cock and flew directly into my open mouth. I could feel the first load hit the back of my throat and then the next one pooled on my tongue along with the following loads. Some of it dripped off the side of my tongue and down my chin while the rest either stayed on my tongue or slid off into my mouth. As the last shudder finished, I looked up at him with my tongue still out so he could see his cum on it. Then I brought in my tongue and swallowed it down with a couple of gulps, reopening my mouth to show him it was all gone. I used his cock like a squeegee to scrape the cum on my chin up into my mouth and then I sucked him as he shrank, drawing the last of his cum in from his cock.

"That is just soooooo sexy," he managed to say as he gasped to catch his breath. "You like it, don't you?... You love it when a man cums in your mouth - I can tell."

Well, at least he was a good judge of what people liked! His cum left a strong aftertaste and so I sucked his cock some more which helped to clear my mouth. Men are always so sensitive after they cum and Mark was no exception, Even though his cock was only half the size it was, he still quivered when I sucked him. I stood up then and wiped my chin with my hand, licking off whatever I could.

## 6. A Cheating Husband and Naughty Dad

"Your turn," I said as I pushed him backwards onto the bed. "Eat my pussy."

He laid back with his legs hanging over the edge of the bed. I crawled up in bed and swung my leg over him so I was straddling his upper chest. Grabbing the rail of the daybed behind his head for balance, I moved forward until my pussy was directly over his face. Looking down at him, I could see he was staring at my pussy as this was probably the closest he had ever had his face to one before! I slowly lowered myself down to him and he stuck out his tongue to meet me. I gently pressed my pussy into his face, burying his nose and mouth with my bare pussy.

His tongue went to work on me and I groaned whenever he touched me where I liked it to give him some idea of where to do it. I assumed he'd seen enough porn flicks to know basically what to do and sure enough, he wasn't too bad for a rookie! I ground my crotch into his face as his tongue worked its way along my pussy slit. Eventually he was trying to press it up into me but his tongue wasn't long to penetrate very far. It still felt wonderful - better even than my finger did earlier today.

"That's it Mark," I moaned, "Fuck my pussy with your tongue... oh yea, make me cum Mark!"

As horny as I had been all day it wasn't going to take much to get me to cum tonight. Sure enough after only about five minutes or so I felt my pussy clamp down and grow even wetter as my cum gushed out onto his face. My back arched as my head went back and my eyes were clenched shut.

"Don't stop Mark..." I begged, "Make me cum harder!... Oh god yes, make me cum harder!"

It felt so good after a day of nothing but fantasy and masturbation to finally cum at the hands (or should say mouth) of someone else. I circled my hips around his face, grinding my pussy into him. I don't know how he could breathe but I didn't care at the moment - I just wanted to keep cumming! Once my orgasm dwindled I moved back until I was straddling his waist again. His cock was pressing against my ass as it began to shown signs of life again.

Looking down at him I smiled saying, "So tell me Mark, do you like oral sex?"

Mark just groaned and managed a short reply, "That was SO incredible."

"Well then Mark, do you want to fuck me?" I asked.

Again, I knew the answer but I wanted to hear him say it. I wanted this husband and father of two tell me he wanted me in the most intimate way, that he wanted to cheat on not just his wife, but his family as well.

For just a while I wanted to steal him away from them, take him as mine and then throw him back to them like a fish after it's been caught being returned to the pond. Yep, catch and release was the only way to go!

"Oh god, yes!" he said in an instant.

"Then tell me Mark, tell me you want to fuck me... tell me you want me more than Linda... Tell me you want to fuck me in Laura's bed. Tell me you want to fuck me like you wish you could fuck your daughter."

This was what made it so hot for me, when a husband confesses that he wants me more than his wife, when he confesses for the first time that he wants his daughter in a way he knows he shouldn't. I love hearing a man tell me that I turn him on more than the woman he has pledged his life to. I wanted him to fuck me in his daughter's bed, to use me to symbolically fuck his daughter. He may not realize it now but I knew that after tonight, every time he sees his daughter in her bed he will remember fucking me where she is - and then despite his good intentions he will think about what it would be like to fuck her as well.

He was panting now with anticipation. "Yes, I want to fuck you more than my wife," he confessed to me. "God you are so much sexier than she is... hell, more than she ever was. You're everything I have ever dreamed of."

"And what about Laura," I pushed him, "Tell me why you want to fuck me in her bed."

"Oh fuck it," he said, caving in to me, "I would love to fuck that little bitch, pay her back for all the teasing the little slut does to everyone... Damn you Kelly, you make me want to fuck her so bad!"

He was definitely thinking with the little head now. I knew that all he wanted right now was to fuck me and he was willing to tell me anything, to confess any dirty secret he had, just for the once chance in his lifetime to fuck a girl like me. I loved it when a man reached this point, when he lusted for me this much, wanted me so badly he would do anything to have me. Well, I may not have told him but I wanted Mark to fuck me just as bad!

With him still on his back I moved backwards a little more until his cock was directly underneath me. I reached between my legs and grabbed it, pleased to see he was well on the way to recovery. It was more than ready to fuck me so I positioned myself over it and held it in place underneath me as I lowered myself down onto it. I felt myself parting as his head split me open and then worked its way inside of me. I wanted to scream out, "YES!" as my pussy was finally getting what it had been begging me for all day.

"Feel that?" I whispered to him, "Can you feel your cock coming inside of me?"

Mark moaned loudly again as I lowered myself down onto him until my pussy bottomed out on his crotch. His pubic hair felt like a coarse hair brush against my smooth ass as I wiggled it and ground myself down onto him. "Damn you're so tight!" he gasped as I began to rock slowly on my knees forward and back, pulling him out of me and then pushing him back in. Sometime I would stop just as he was about to come out of me, his head barely between my pussy lips. Then I would quickly rock back, driving him in one swift motion deep inside of me again. It was a hot poker penetrating me, filling me inside as my cunt alternately gripped him and released him as if it was milking him. I leaned forward and he reached out to caress my boobs and then lifted his head so he could suck on my nipples.

"That's it Mark, suck them... run your tongue around the nipples" I said softly as I felt his cock sliding in and out of me. His tongue played on my nipples and his large hands held my boobs.

"Damn I love your tits," he moaned, "So firm and perfect."

"I bet Linda has never fucked you like this before, has she?" I asked him seductively.

The resulting groan told me as well as anything he could say. I got off my knees and with him still inside me I started to literally bounce on his cock, lifting myself up and then dropping down on him hard enough to make him grunt and using the rebound to lift back up again. His cock was like a jack hammer drilling into me, pounding my pussy as I gasped for air. His hands were holding my waist as he helped me to fuck him. My hands were on my knees to help maintain my balance as my boobs bounced while I fucked his cock. I was sweating now and I could feel the beads of sweat on my brow from the exertion. Man, talk about a workout!

Finally I was too exhausted to keep it up so I slid off his hard shaft and told him to get up. I took his daughter's pillow and placed it in the center of the bed and laid down on it so it supported my hips and gave him a clear view of my freshly fucked pussy. He quickly got the hint and climbed back in bed between my legs and used one hand to spread my ass apart while his other hand guided his cock back to my open pussy.

"Fuck me Mark," I begged him, "Put your cock in me... Oh my god, I need to be fucked soooooo bad!"

I looked in front of me and there was a cute little stuffed bear which I assumed was his daughter's favorite since it was at the head of the bed. I grabbed it and hugged it as he fucked me from behind. He drove his cock hard into me, moving me up slightly towards the head of the bed with each thrust as his crotch met my ass and shoved me forward as he tried to drive himself deeper inside of me each time.

I held onto Laura's bear as her father fucked me on her bed. God it felt so good to finally be fucked today! My pussy felt so much better, so much more satisfied as Mark's cock gave it what it had been craving all day. As much as I love to masturbate there are simply times when only the real thing will do!

Mark wasn't saying much now, just a lot of grunts and groans as he worked hard to fuck me. Then without a word he pulled his cock out of me and before I could say anything he grabbed my hips and twisted me such that I was literally flipped like a pancake over onto my back. He pushed Laura's pillow back under my ass so my pussy was pointing upwards at him. Grabbing my left leg under the knee, he lifted it up and then straddled my right leg. His cock looked all wet and hard and I smiled knowing where the wetness had come from. He aimed his cock at my now gaping pussy hole and easily pushed it in no-handed.

By now I had been fucked enough it was open wide for him and soaking wet, making it the perfect target for his cock. He pushed himself in and pulled out of me before once again he drove it in me without using his hands. He repeated this a few times and then stayed in me, holding my leg up in the air and pinning down my other one as he fucked me almost sideways.

"You love this, don't you?" he said in a husky voice, "You just love being fucked and you don't care whose cock it is you dirty little slut."

"Yea I do - so what? Just keep fucking me!" I replied to him, squeezing down on his cock with my cunt.

"Oh you bitch! What are you doing - trying to flatten my dick?" he said in a teasing voice. "God you have a grip with that thing!"

He dropped my leg down and slipped between my legs as I wrapped myself around him and dug my heels into his back, pulling him tightly into me. "I'm going to cum again!" he cried out and I could feel him starting to pull back as he prepared to pull out of me.

"Don't you dare pull out you son of a bitch!" I snarled at him. "Cum in my pussy - I worked for it and I want it!"

Mark just smiled at me and pushed himself deep into me saying, "OK, here it comes then - take it all, take my cum you nasty slut."

His cock was buried deep in me and he groaned as it swelled even more and then like a cannon released its first shot of sperm into me. It exploded like a heat wave in me and I felt myself cumming as well. Each release of his sperm drove my orgasm higher like a series of steps until I moaned with the ecstasy of my orgasm. My pussy grabbed his cock instinctively as if to try and keep it in me while he mated me.

"That's it baby, cum for daddy," he murmured in my ear as he lowered himself down on his elbows, barely keeping his weight from crushing me as his cock throbbed inside of me and my orgasm slowly ebbed way. I wondered who he was talking to in his moment of passion - me his wife or maybe even his daughter?

that if Mark got through the night with his marriage intact he was going to have to be one lucky guy. Well so far he had been pretty lucky this evening and for his sake and his family's I sincerely hoped he made it through OK.

I love to fuck married guys but I really never want to hurt their marriages – heck if anything I like to think I have helped!. After all, Mark will probably be a much happier man at home. for at least a little while, with the knowledge of what we did that night in his mind as he masturbates in the bathroom.

I got back to my room and Jen was still up, talking to her boyfriend as usual. She gave me a quick glance when I came in, smiled and then laid back again in bed with the phone to her ear. It was pretty easy to figure out what they were talking about since she was nude and masturbating with the other hand! It worked out for me though as she didn't notice as I undressed that my bra and panties were already off and that I smelled of aftershave or whatever it was Mark was wearing.

A quick shower and I was freshened back up again for bed. I dropped the towel and climbed between the sheets. What a day it had turned out to be, certainly nothing what I would have expected at the beginning.

I ended the day the way it started – my hand between my legs and my mind dreaming of me being fucked. The only difference was now my pussy wasn't aching from a LACK of being fucked, now it ached from having just BEEN fucked! I fell asleep finally satisfied as Jen went on with her boyfriend. Damn, that girl could go on for hours! Oh well, I had been fucked today and she hadn't so I think I got the better end of the deal!

# (Mar 11) Chapter 112: Shopping For Sex

Story codes: MF F-solo exhib oral adultery
Me (21)
Ian (37)
Jen - junior roomie (21)

You know how sometimes it seems that something you dream of but deep down you know will never happen - happens? Well, that was the case in this situation. We met at church where he was a Deacon. I was young and single while he was married with children. I was offered a day of shopping and dinner in exchange for fulfillment of a fantasy. Sounded like a pretty good deal to me!

## 1. Little Annie's Dad

For the past three years I've worked at my local church as youth group helper. During that time I've got to see my "kids" grow up and mature. At the same time I've also gotten to know their parents and in a few cases, become quite close.

Despite her mature looks, Annie was learning to cope with her new hormones and body features the same as any girl her age. There were more than a few times when we shared some intimate moments when she would confide in me her new feelings and insecurities. Now don't read anything into that last statement. When I say "intimate" I don't mean we did anything sexual – there was never ANYTHING even remotely like that between us. What I am referring to is discussing things that normally would be said between a mother and daughter. The problem was, in Annie's case talking with her mom was out of the question.

Annie's parents were outwardly great people but the more I learned about them, especially her mother, the more I realized it was not the same at home with their kids. I felt sorry for Annie since I knew how important it had been for me growing up to have someone I could trust implicitly with ANYTHING. Of course, for me that person was my mom which just made it extra special for me.

Since Annie didn't have that sort of relationship with her own mom, I tried the best I could to help out. My biggest concern was that if Annie didn't have someone to mentor and guide her through these critical development years, with her looks and natural sexual magnetism, she would fall prey to the pervs and jerks who I could already see eying her around town. She may look seventeen but I knew she was barely fourteen inside.

As the relationship between Annie and I grew closer, I couldn't help but come in contact more with her parents. Her mom just gave me a cold shoulder but I didn't take it personal as she treated everyone that way. Even though she was past her prime, she was still pretty good looking for her age – and knew it. I imagined that she was one of the girls back in school that looked down on everyone else. I had her pegged as a damn cheerleader long before I visited their house and saw one of her high school pictures on the table – in a cheerleader outfit of course.

What was disturbing to me about Annie's mom was that she still tried to dress like she was a teenager. To be honest, she came close to carrying it off but she was starting to show the inevitable signs of age here and there. It must have been maddening to a woman like her to look in the mirror and see her once perky boobs lose their battle with gravity and start to sag. Her legs looked great, again for a woman her age, but I was sure she hated the "for her age" modifier. She looked at girls like me with jealous eyes but I didn't never took it personally since all the girls got the same treatment from her.

Annie's dad was a different story. From the first time I introduced myself to her parents back at the start of my freshman year, Annie's dad had given me "the look". Every girl knows what I mean when I say that but for sake of the guys, "the look" is when a man looks at you but you know he's really mentally undressing you and imaging the things he would like to do with you once those clothes were out of the way.

Annie's dad was a Deacon in the church and a "pillar of the community" as someone once introduced him at a church function, so of course he never actually DID anything. He just looked at me whenever he got the chance and more than a few times found some excuse to pass close by me in a crowded hallway such that he "accidentally" bumped in me.

To be fair, Ian wasn't any different from what had to be a least a dozen or more father's I met at church so I didn't pay any special attention to his antics. The only time he pushed things was once at a pool party for the youth group. I was wearing a two piece swim suit which was quite tame by my standards but still pushed the line when it came to the church dress code.

I noticed that Annie's dad was watching me even more closely than usual and then towards the end of the party I found out what his real motive was for keeping such an eye on me. It was only for a brief moment but I saw a camera hidden in his hand as I exited the pool. I pretended not to notice that I'd seen it and I smiled as I walked away knowing that he had undoubtedly captured a picture down my bikini top when I was bent over the pool ladder as I pulled myself out of the water. I wondered how many other pics he had managed to sneak of me and then I smiled again to myself as I thought about what he was going to be doing to them when he got home!

Annie never mentioned anything about her father doing anything to her. We even discussed the topic of fathers and daughters once after a TV show came out on child abuse. I tried to question her without being TOO obvious about my true intentions. It was enough to know that so far as she was concerned, he had never looked at her "that" way or even tried to sneak a peek at her so I either he wasn't the type to want to have his own daughter, or he was pretty good at hiding it.

I my junior year with my boobs finally were capable of filling a C cup, putting me on par with Annie who was seven years younger than me! At church I noticed that her dad was paying more attention to me than ever before. Hmmmmmm, must be a boob guy! Actually it made me feel pretty good since in the past I had depended on a guy being interested in either my ass or legs since my boobs were nothing to write home about.

As the school year wore on, I saw Annie and her parents almost every week as they were regular attendees and hardly ever missed church or Wednesday night services. As such, Annie was one of the more reliable members of her youth group and I could always depend on her to be there to help out.

I also noticed that her parents didn't seem to be as close to each other as they had been in the previous years I'd known them. It was subtle, not something most people would have noticed most likely, but I like to think of myself as sort of a "connoisseur" when it comes to interpreting people and their moods. It was just the little things - the way they sat just a little further apart from each other in church, the missing arm around her as they walked down the aisle, the rolling of her eyes when he seemed to be trying to talk to her.

It was probably no coincidence that the more distant her parents became with one another, the more interested her father seemed to be in me. Whereas for the first couple of years he never even spoke to me, now he never failed to greet me and we even engaged in some small talk now and then. He protested when I addressed him as "Mister", insisting that his father was called that and his name was Ian. I was raised to be respectful to older people so it took a few reminders from him before I felt comfortable with it although his bitchy wife gave me the evil eye when I used his first name.

## 2. Flirting With Annie's Dad

All through the fall and Christmas, my "relationship" with Ian was purely innocent. Sure we flirted but it was more of a tease than anything else. He began to talk to me more and even complimented me a few times on my appearance or what I was wearing. He seemed to be less embarrassed if I caught him looking at me - something he seemed to be doing more and more of as time went by. Finally one Wednesday night I was sitting in the youth room reading a lesson plan I was getting ready to give when Ian walked by. Seeing me sitting there all alone, he came in the room and greeted me.

"Hey Kelly, how are you doing tonight?" he said in a chipper tone of voice.

"Fine Mr. ...oops I mean Ian," I replied.

Ian passed by and then paused to look down at me in my seat. I was sitting in one of those ridiculously small child seats so he got a pretty good view down my blouse which was unbuttoned down to my cleavage. I knew he had to be getting an eyeful, especially since I wasn't wearing a bra. I pretended not to notice and waited for him to continue.

"Ya know, I just can't comprehend how you girls fit into those jeans!" he said with a disarming laugh. "Do you just paint them on or what?"

It was probably the most direct question of this type he had ever asked me. Usually it was just "looking good!" or something like that. I sensed there was more to it than that so I stood up in front of him and twisted around for him to see me.

"Nothing between me and my Calvins!" I said with a sly smile.

Ok, they weren't Calvin, but that didn't really matter. Ian just shook his head ruefully at me and turned back to go about his business. There was something in the look he gave me as he walked away that caught my attention. I doubt that even had anyone else been watching that they would have noticed it but it was look I'd seen before - one that signaled an interest, even a hunger. Whenever I saw it I knew how an antelope feels when a hungry tiger is watching it. It was also the same look my dad gives me when he's REALLY horny.

Until now, whenever I'd caught Ian looking at me I assumed it was no different than what he probably gave any girl that attracted his interest. It was just an empty glance preprogrammed in his genes as a response to seeing an attractive female.

This time it was different, though. This was the first time I felt the weight of the a more focused version of "the look". It wasn't anything major and certainly didn't motivate me to start throwing myself at him shamelessly, but it stuck in my mind for the rest of the evening. It stayed there that night as I lay in my bed rubbing myself. Every girl likes to know guys find her attractive but when she sees THAT look, she knows it's more than just appreciation of beauty!

After that night I started to make myself "available" to Ian more and more. I was curious to find out if there was really anything to this or if it was just a one-time sign that I may have even just imagined. It was my turn now to "accidentally" bump into him in crowded hallways,. I would press my boobs into his chest - actually more his stomach since he was much taller than me. Then when I had his attention, I would look into his eyes with my best "doe eyes" and smile at him before apologizing and stepping back. There were time that I could almost feel his stare boring into my ass as I walked away from him.

In the meantime, Annie and I had been talking more in private. She confessed that she was worried about her parents. Her mom was yelling at her dad more and she was worried about a divorce as her dad had started sleeping in the guest bedroom lately. She didn't seem to know what the source of the problem was for sure except that her mother had said something about "canceling the damn internet service" once under breath after she had stormed out of their study.

Well, I wouldn't have been surprised if Ian hadn't been caught doing something naughty on the internet. An amazing number of guys I chat with claim to be married and unhappy with their sex life. Who knows, maybe Ian was one of those guys! The odds were astronomical but that night when I went back to my room and logged on I couldn't help but wonder if Ian wasn't lurking behind any of the profiles.

On the one hand it excited me while on the other hand I felt a bit of nervousness. In doing what I do on-line, I had always counted on the fact that the internet was huge and that the odds were almost zilch that anyone would know who I really was. Sometimes I've thought that maybe I should pretend to be going to school in a more distant state or list my home town as somewhere else, just to maintain a bit more privacy.

Although I can't be 100% honest when chatting (there ARE privacy issues to watch out for), I DO try to keep things as close to reality as possible. The main reason is so I don't get into a situation where someone I chatted with a long time ago contacts me and next thing you know I'm saying something different than I did the time before. I guess that shouldn't matter as who really cares if someone thinks I am lying? At the same time I feel bad when people are upset with me for any reason, even on the internet.

The more I thought about Ian sitting alone at home jerking off in the soft glow of his computer screen, the more my imagination began to run wild. One night while counseling Annie I told her how to check her dad's computer to see what he was doing. She wasn't too sure about it as apparently her dad was quite strict about anyone using his study, especially his computer. Her mom never used it - she didn't think her mom even knew how to turn it on, so if anything was disturbed then her dad would know that she was the one responsible.

I laughed and told her to blame anything on Kevin. After all, isn't always the boys that get blamed for computer problems? She still didn't seem too sure but I had high hopes for her. The following Sunday she pulled me over to the side and whispered that she needed to talk to me right away. We ducked into an unused Sunday school room and her face was flushed as she looked at me.

"I did what you told me," she said in a conspiratorial tone, "and you were right!"

She went on to describe to me the contents of her father's history files and the X-rated web sites he had been visiting. She looked more embarrassed than turned-on as she told me she couldn't believe the filthy stuff he'd been looking at. Like most girls, including me, porn was more a curiosity than anything. What gets guys so turned on to look at pictures of air-brushed women with fake boobs pretending to enjoy having sex?

My interest grew when she mentioned that she had found a link to his Instant Messenger program. As I suspected, he didn't keep a desktop icon but had hidden away it in his Start Menu. Well, apparently not well enough! Evidently the dummy never suspected anyone would find it as he had the options set to save his name and password so it would automatically log. Annie had signed on as I had instructed her to and was shocked at what she found.

"Kelly... he has all these sexy girls in his contact list!" she burst out, almost in tears by now. "Does that mean my daddy's cheating on my mom?"

I hugged her and held her close as I consoled her. I tried to explain to her that he was probably just letting some of his frustrations out and that she shouldn't worry about him. We talked some more and it seemed to help her to just get everything off her chest. I wanted so badly to ask if she had noticed if one of the girls was called "pghpa_girl" but I didn't dare go that far.

Annie wiped her face and tried to perk up. She was such a little doll! We hugged again and she left me to consider what, if anything, my next move should be. I knew for sure now that her dad was into internet porn but heck, wasn't 99% of the male population? That in itself didn't mean anything.

The fact he chatted with girls didn't mean that he cheated, just that he liked to talk to girls BUT it DID tell me he might be open to it - under the right circumstances. It's easy to say you would never do something but it's not until the opportunity presents itself that you really know for sure.

Knowing that he might be thinking along those lines, I didn't think it would hurt to offer him an "opportunity". After all, he could always just say no, couldn't he? I couldn't help but smirk to myself at that thought. I mean, no guy has EVER said no to me when I offered him the opportunity and I saw no reason why Ian would be the first. It didn't make me feel guilty as odds were if it wasn't me then it would be someone else someday so why not take advantage of the situation? It wasn't like I would be going up to him and forcing him to do anything!

So began my new "project" - seducing Annie's dad. I had to be careful though, after all he might be just truly flirting and not really interested in anything more. If I went too far too fast he could even turn it against me and get me into trouble. It was a fine line but I'd had enough experience in the past to make me feel confident of success.

After I returned from Christmas break I started to be a bit more forward with him, talking to him more, basically just flirting but with more of an edge to it. It's easy to do and I enjoy it as a hobby actually. Guys respond to the least amount of attention from me and all I have to do is flick my hair back and smile to get their attention in return. The male ego is so easy to manipulate; every guy wants to think he's Don Juan and that even though they're married and not in their teenage bodies anymore, somehow if a girl just stares at them a little bit longer than normal they assume that she wants to have sex with him.

One Sunday I wore a skirt and pantyhose to church. When I got dressed Jen took one look at the pantyhose and gave me a stare as if I'd lost my mind or something. As usual she kept her thoughts to herself. She must have dying to ask me where I'd kept the pantyhose hidden way all this past year! Actually, I wore it to church more than she typically saw me as we went to different churches with different schedules.

What Jen DIDN'T know was WHY I was wearing them. Sure it was still cold out but not THAT cold. I would have loved to tell her but some things you can't share, not even with your cute roomie.

I'd noticed that when Ian got coffee that instead of leaving his empty cup on the table like most people, he went to the kitchen to rinse it out. Usually the kitchen was empty in the mornings and had it not been for the extra attention I'd been paying him lately I would've never noticed his little quirk.

Like a poker player using a "tell" to her advantage, I went into the kitchen as I saw him finishing his coffee before he had a chance to finish his cup. I put my leg up on a chair and started to pull up on my pantyhose as if it had slipped down a bit. In doing so I let my skirt ride up enough to expose my entire leg and half my ass. Someone walked in just then and thank God it was Ian! It might have been hard to explain otherwise! He must have noticed me out of the corner of his eye and he turned to look at me. I froze as if he had surprised me and then smiled meekly at him, all the while not doing a single thing to cover myself up.

"Sorry Kelly! I didn't realize you were in here," he said as he started to turn away.

"That's OK Ian," I replied, "Excuse me but this damn hose is killing me!"

I stood up and straightened out my skirt saying, "There! Does it look OK now?"

Any doubt that Ian was not interested disappeared as he turned back to me and gazed at my legs. "I would say everything looks GREAT now Kelly," he said and then he winked at me.

I walked up closer to him and smiled as I said, "Thanks Ian, I really hate wearing pantyhose but it was cold today and with this skirt my legs get so cold you know."

Ian laughed and shook his head at me saying, "Well, if you wore more of a skirt they might not get so cold!"

I gave him a pout and then said in return, "Oh? Don't you like my skirts, Ian?"

A broad smile came to his face. "Trust me Kelly, every guy in church likes your skirts not to mention what they cover - and don't cover. I must say though, my wife has a much different opinion of them!"

I moved up close to him so we were only inches apart. "Who cares what she thinks," I whispered, "You know something... I like it when you look at me like that."

He was about to say something when the bell rang signaling the start of the service. He excused himself saying he needed to get going before his wife started looking for him. As he left me there I put my finger to my lips and nasty thoughts went through my mind of what his wife might have said had she caught us alone and so close. I left wondering what he would have said to me had we not been interrupted.

After service he and his family went straight to their car so I didn't get a chance to "accidentally" bump into him again but as I walked back to my on- campus apartment I felt pretty good about myself. He certainly hadn't rejected my first overture. True, it was still all pretty harmless flirting but a good husband shouldn't be doing even THAT so I viewed the entire mission as a success.

# 3. Some Serious Flirting With Annie's Dad

It took another week and a half before I had an opportunity to talk to him again privately. In the meantime I made it a point to rub against him in the halls at church and once I even put my hand on his ass for just a moment. I think THAT surprised the hell out of him! Guys always want to feel up a girl but they seem shocked when a girl touches their butt!

The important thing for me was that he didn't pull away or even move after an initial flinch and he realized who it was that was touching him. Even though he was looking at me more all the time, he wasn't making any overt moves towards me so I decided it was time to find out whether or not he was REALLY interested in going further or just playing a silly game. That Wednesday night the kids were watching a video and I was standing in the doorway, leaning against the side of the door with my arms crossed. Suddenly I felt a hand on my butt! Turning my head I saw it was Ian!

"Hmmmmmm, just thought I'd return the favor," he whispered with a touch of a leer in his tone. I turned and just nodded to another room down the hall. Amazingly he followed me there and I quickly checked to see that nobody had seen us before ducking back into the room.

"So Ian... what's on your mind?" I asked innocently

Ian chuckled. "So we're little miss innocent now, are we? It's just I've never had a girl grab-ass me before. Got to admit, I was a bit surprised to say the least."

Ian hesitated as he looked me over a bit closer. I was wearing a pair of tight jeans with a school sweatshirt. Not exactly the most sexy outfit in my wardrobe but the jeans were tight enough to show off my ass without being totally slutty. Dressing for church was always about walking a fine line between being conservative enough not to get in trouble yet still be just a little bit naughty enough to draw attention to myself.

I could tell he wanted to say something but at the same time was obviously struggling with his conscious. Finally he broke the silence.

"You know, I really liked the skirt outfit last week better though," he said looking at my ass shamelessly, "You have great legs and you should show them off more often."

He chuckled then and added, "If you only could have heard what Nancy had to say about it! Did you know she thinks you're a slut?"

I looked down as if I were a bit embarrassed and then replied, "Thanks, Ian. You know... I'm going shopping this weekend - anything special you think I should buy?"

I giggled a bit and added, "Maybe I could find something your wife wouldn't approve of... after all, she already thinks I'm a slut."

Ian chuckled softly, "Well, that wouldn't be too hard but anything I can think of buying you wouldn't be allowed in church," he said with a hint of daring to his voice.

Hmmmmmm... was THIS finally the opening I'd been waiting for? I debated it quickly - no sense in hanging back now. It was time to go for it so I reached out and took his hand in mine which he then grasped in his large hand.

"You know, YOU could take me shopping and help me pick something out," I said softly, not wanting to be TOO aggressive and scare him off, "At least then you'd get to see it on me!"

Ian's eyes widened and I felt my heartbeat pick up as I worried that despite my efforts, maybe I had still been TOO forward. Until now we could have left and just chalked it up to some innocent flirting but with what I had just said such a possibility was no longer on the table. He looked me in the eyes as if to determine if I was just toying with him or was really serious. I gave him my most seductive smile and looked him straight in the eyes until he finally turned his head away. He let go of my hand and took a step back before turning and facing me.

"Are you serious?" he asked, "I mean, REALLY serious?"

"Sure!" I exclaimed in my little girl voice. "I think it would be fun although I must warn you - I have expensive tastes."

"No doubt," he said, almost more to himself than me. "I can pick you up Saturday after lunch in front of your apartment if that's OK."

"Sure," I answered, "but what about your wife and Annie?"

"Well, I won't tell them if you don't," he said with a hint of conspiracy in his voice.

We'd been in the room far longer than we should have and I could see him glancing back at the door. He said he would pick me up at 1:00 on Saturday and then quickly left the room without looking back.

I stood there for a moment as a tingle started to develop between my legs as I thought about what had just happened. Technically all he had agreed to was to take me shopping but I knew that was just a pretense for what could be a lot more!

I returned to my kids whose movie had just ended and were looking for something else to do. I did the bible study I had prepared during there week prior but it was hard to keep my mind on the material as all I could think of was Ian – especially one part of his anatomy!

I looked up from my bible at all the kids seated on the floor around me and wondered what they would say if suddenly I were to reach between my legs and start rubbing myself. No doubt the boys would love it and I suspected at least a few girls would have as well. After everything was over I went to get my coat and leave. Annie went running to her parents and hugged then as I watched from across the way. Ian looked back at him and barely cracked a smile – probably the most he would do with his wife there standing guard over him.

That night – and the next couple to follow, my regular masturbation sessions were dominated by thoughts of Ian. Admittedly some of them included Annie but that was just the naughty side of me coming out in my fantasy world. I caught myself more than once daydreaming in class where my hand would subconsciously drift between my legs and I would suddenly jolt myself back to the living world and look around, wondering if anyone had seen my indiscretion.

## 4. Horny Roommate

Saturday morning finally arrived and I woke up to the sounds of my roomie playing with herself. Jen masturbated almost as much as me – sometimes even more. It wasn't hard to figure out what was driving her though – the same old thing, her boyfriend. Jen had never even mentioned another guy the entire time she had been my roomie – at least not in any sexual way. All she ever talked about was her boyfriend and when she came back from a break it became almost insufferable as it seemed all she would so in her spare time was play with herself and call out to him. Judging by the way her face and chest were flushed, she had been at it for a while and the urgency of her movements signaled she was getting close to her orgasm.

I threw back my covers and laid on my back with my knees up and legs spread wide open. My hands gently started to caress my pussy and boobs. Jen must have noted the movement as she turned her head and when she saw me playing a big grin came to her face.

"Morning roomie!" she called to me but she never broke the rhythm of her stroking her pussy. Her social obligations fulfilled, she closed her eyes and laid back on the pillow again. She had two fingers deep in her pussy now and her breathing had become ragged and fast.

"Fuck me Alex!" she cried out softly, "Oh that's it, fuck me good! Oh my god I love your dick in me!"

I was getting off just listening to her but my hand still stroked myself as I watched her back arch when her orgasm erupted. Mmmmmmm, it was incredible to watch this little petite girl climaxing as she talked dirty to her imaginary boyfriend. Many a night I got to watch her do the same while talking to her boyfriend on the phone which was even more fun as I imagined him jerking off hundreds of miles away as his girlfriend described how she was masturbating while she dreamed about him fucking her.

After Jen had finished she got up from her bed and walked over to mine where I was still working on my own orgasm. Her face was beet red and her chest was mottled between her boobs up to her neck. She smiled at me and put her hand over mine as I rubbed my clit. He fingers slipped down further until they touched my wet pussy hole.

"Hey roomie, did you like watching me get off this morning?" she murmured, "Mmmmmmm, feels like someone is pretty horny this morning!"

She brought her fingers up to her mouth and licked my wetness from the tips. God, for a girl who typically looked like the typical naive girl-next-door she could certainly look sexy when she wanted to. I could just imagine what the little minx did to her poor boyfriend at home. He must have been exhausted by the time she returned to school!

Jen threw on a robe and headed to the bathroom, leaving me my own ministrations as my pussy cried for her touch. Such a little tease! We hadn't played together for some time now and it killed me when she did thinks like she did just now.

After a brief period of experimentation between the two of us, she had gone home for break and apparently came back satisfied enough to want sex only with her boyfriend. Sure we still masturbated a lot together but it certainly wasn't quite the same as when she would lick me until I came so hard I thought I would cry out loud enough for our other roomies to hear!

I was finishing up just as she was returning. She tossed off her robe and stood naked in front of her closet as she picked out some clothes to wear. I wanted to reach out and just grab that hot little ass she wiggled so seductively, not even realizing what she as doing to me.

"You cum?" she asked, as if asking me the time of day.

Her attitude was pretty casual but after living with her for so long it was just natural for us to discuss our "personal" sex lives like any other subject. The smile on my face told her all she needed to know and she turned back to her stuff.

After I cleaned up and did my hair I faced the same dilemma myself - what to wear? I didn't really want to be too slutty as I thought it might be more erotic for Ian to see me as the innocent church girl type rather than some slut throwing herself at him. I was more than willing to be the latter but it just didn't seem quite right. At the same time I knew I would be trying on clothes so I didn't want to wear anything that was a real pain to get in and out of.

The weather looked to be pretty good so there was no need to dress too warmly but shorts were still out of season to say the least. After much debate I picked out a pink pair of sweat pants that sometimes doubled for pajama bottoms when I was visiting friends or relatives. They were just tight enough to show off my butt a bit but comfy and easy to get on and off. I added an Old Navy white and pink t-shirt which was about a size too small for me so it form fitted to my boobs and revealed about an inch or two of my stomach - more if I stretched up or sat down. I had a pair of pink sneakers which completed my "pink outfit".

I decided to tie my hair back in a ponytail which always made me look a few years younger. Needless to say a bra and panties never made it out of my drawer! The soft material of the sweatpants felt good rubbing against my bare butt and the t-shirt was so tight against my boobs it stimulated my nipples which made them poke out even more than ever through the thin material.

"Whoa! ...Nice!" Jen said, giving me the once-over. "So where you going dressed like THAT?" she asked, the curiosity plain on her face.

"Oh, just shopping," I replied innocently.

Jen looked at me as if she wanted to ask more but once again my roomie proved her weight in gold as she kept her questions to herself. She had to sense there was more to my plans than just shopping but she didn't push the issue.

I didn't think it would look good to be picked up in front of the apartment by some older guy so I put on my coat and started walking down the sidewalks toward the front gate to the campus. The gatehouse was empty as usual so I stood around waiting impatiently. It was a nice day but still a bit chilly. God, I couldn't wait until summer came again! I much preferred hot summer days where I could just wear shorts or a swim suit.

## 5. Sucking Ian in the Mall Parking Lot

To be fair, Ian picked me up five minutes early. He wasn't expecting to see me so close to the road and almost drove past me but I recognized him and waved him down. He stopped the car and I ran up to the passenger door and hopped in. He did an illegal U-turn and went out back to the main road and turned right to go back into town. Turning to me finally, he looked me up and down and grinned.

"Well Kelly, nice to see you today," he started out as if he was picking me up to take me to church. Of course we were heading the wrong way for that - in more ways than one!

I said hello back and he let out a big breath as if he had been holding it for the last few minutes. Looking at me again he raised his eyebrows and said, "You know, I wasn't sure you would be there for real. This all seems a bit surreal... you know?"

I asked him what he meant by that and he replied, "Well, you've got to admit, a guy like me picking a girl like you to go shopping... it's not something I've ever done before - or anyone else I know either!"

We both laughed and the conversation stayed at the small-talk stage for the trip to the mall. It took almost forty five minutes to get there and the tension built in the car as we each pretended like this was just some ordinary shopping trip. It reminded me of when guys would take me home from babysitting and I knew they were dying to fulfill their fantasies about doing the babysitter but were too scared to do anything about it.

Although the car had bench front seats, the center section had a fold-down console for use as an arm-rest and cup holder. I noticed that it was down when I got in the car and I wondered when the last time his wife had lifted it up to sit next to him. Probably not in quite a while was my guess.

Although I had known Ian for almost three years now, we really didn't know that much about each other. He didn't even know that I was from Pittsburgh! We talked about our families and personal history - all the sort of stuff you would discuss with just about anyone. I could tell he was extremely proud of his kids but there was always this cloud that seemed to hang over the conversation anytime it went near his wife. As we approached the exit to the mall he finally let out a piece of information that helped fill in the blanks.

"Kelly, you go to a pretty strict school and I've heard about all the rules regarding celibacy and waiting for marriage and stuff. I was wondering how do you really feel about all that?" he asked.

I looked at him with a quizzical eye and he elaborated saying, "Well, Nancy and I had never done it with anyone else when we met. I admit we didn't wait until we got married but still, neither of us has ever been with anyone else - before or after we got married."

My face must have betrayed my surprise because he leaned his head back and smiled saying, "Yeah, I know that to your generation that must seem sort of quaint and backwards but I wondered if someone with your background would understand better."

Ha! If only he knew what my background REALLY was! I turned in my seat and faced him with my legs folded underneath me. "You know Ian, just because I go to a religious school doesn't mean I'm a virgin."

Ian looked at me quickly as he turned off the expressway. "Oh really? Do you mind if I ask when you first did it?"

"I was fourteen," I replied. Well, THAT certainly gathered a reaction from him!

"FOURTEEN?" he repeated back to me and then held up his hand, "Sorry, I didn't mean to react that way. I just assumed... well you know. Yeah you may flirt a bit and you've earned a bit of a reputation with the church leadership for pushing the dress code a bit but I just figured you were just another tease."

By now we were almost to the parking lot and I lifted the console up and out of the way so I could move over closer to him. He kept both hands on the steering wheel as he maneuvered the car through the lot to find an open spot. I put my hand on his thigh and gently rubbed it. "Is that what you think today's going to be?" I asked softly, "Just a tease?"

He pulled into a slot and stopped the car. He twisted slightly in the driver seat and put his arm on the back of the seat behind me.

"Well, to be honest I'm not sure what we're doing here today. I've been asking myself that question ever since Wednesday night."

Boldly, I moved my hand over to his crotch. I could feel the bulge of his cock and it was definitely responding to the situation! He shifted in his seat as if he wasn't quite sure how to react to my touching him. I reached between his legs and cupped him in my hand, squeezing him gently through his jeans.

"Well, Ian," I purred gently, "What were you HOPING would happen today?"

He licked his lips which suddenly had gone dry. He started to say something and then hesitated. All the same, he wasn't stopping me so I continued touching him and moved to undo his belt and then unsnap his jeans.

I looked up at him and smiled seductively saying, "Is this anything like you were hoping for?"

Ian looked flustered. Sometimes it's one thing to wish for something and fantasize about it but then quite something else when your wish is granted. I would've been willing to bet a lot that Ian had been jerking off all week thinking of me doing exactly what I was doing but now that it was happening. the reality of it was starting sink in. Was he having second thoughts?

He didn't say a word in response and so I took his silence as his way of saying "yes" and unzipped his jeans slowly. The sound of the zipper seemed unnaturally loud in the silence of his expensive car.

Still no response from him so I moved up close to him with my feet still up on the seat and then I reached down inside of his boxer shorts. My fingers encountered the fringe of his pubic hair and I could feel the stiffness of it as I ran my fingers through it. Reaching down further my fingers touched the tip of the head of his cock and then I held the shaft in my hand. I couldn't see anything since my hand was buried down in his underwear but the stiffening of his body told me he could certainly feel what I was doing.

His breathing quickened as he whispered to me, "I don't know Kelly... I don't know if I can really do this."

I gently stroked his cock in my hand the best as I could with the constricting underwear around it. I shushed him softly and licked my lips for him.

"It's OK," I said gently to him, "Just close your eyes and let me do everything."

I pushed his underwear down and let his cock flop out into the open. It wasn't all that bad. I would have to classify it as "average". It was pretty hard now and maybe six inches in length and my hand easily wrapped around the stiff shaft. He was circumcised and the head was swollen and large. Thick black hair surrounded it and I could smell the thick muskiness of his crotch.

Ian put his hand on mine and gave a lackluster attempt to pull my hand away.

"You shouldn't be doing that," he whispered.

As big as he was compared to me, he could have easily stopped me if that was what he really wanted. It was typical of most married men at this stage and I knew the best way to deal with it was to just ignore him and continue on as if he had said nothing.

I lowered my head to his lap and took him into my mouth, quickly taking all of him in until my face was covered with that thick matt of pubic hair. He fit rather easily in my mouth and I twisted my head around him while my tongue played along the fleshy shaft that was in my mouth. Ian groaned as I sucked hard on him and I raised my head up until just the head was in my mouth. I held him there with my lips and let my tongue do the work on his cock head, running around the hole in the tip of it and then around the lower ridge. Finally I let him loose and stroked his wet shaft with my hand as I looked up at him with a naughty grin on my face.

"That feel good?" I asked as my hand slid slowly up and down his wet cock.

Ian looked around as if afraid someone was going to see us. It was a reasonable concern for him since we WERE in the middle of a public parking lot surrounded by cars. Personally I didn't care! There were cars on both sides of us though and unless those particular shoppers happened to return the odds of anyone slipping between the cars were pretty low - as I knew from past experience! He looked down at me and his cheeks bulged as he let out a big breath.

"Oh god, I can't believe we're doing this!" he blustered. "What if someone sees us?"

He was sounding more flustered so before he could stop me I went back down on him and took his cock in my mouth again. Once I had him like that he couldn't do anything to stop me without hurting himself so now he was mine! Despite his outward protests he must have been enjoying it because he reached down and pulled his jeans and boxer shorts down enough to give me full access to his cock and balls.

I gently gathered his hairy balls in my right hand as my mouth continued to play his cock like a concert flute. If there is one thing in my life I think I am as good as anyone, it is sucking cock and Ian was getting one of my best efforts. I'd lost count a long time ago as to how many I have actually sucked but it had to be over two hundred or more. It was far easier for me to count the number of guys I had dated that I had NOT sucked as I could probably do that on one hand!

People have asked me why I love to suck cock so much. I don't know how to explain it other than I just love doing it. Feeling a cock grow and harden in my mouth is something I will never tire of, no matter how many times I'm lucky enough to have it happen. Perhaps part of it has to do with the feeling of having complete control over a man. After all, I had the most tender part of his body in my mouth, able to inflict pain or pleasure as I desired at any moment. It was addicting to say the least.

I love looking at a guy's faces as I suck him, our eyes meeting as he sees his cock between my lips. I know guys love to watch when a girl sucks them and it gets me so wet knowing how much they desire me when they watch me suck them. That just makes it all the hotter for me as most of them never get to fuck me and all they will have for a memory is the look of my mouth moving up and down their hard shaft.

Ian put his right hand on my back and his left on my head as I sucked his cock faster and faster. I still had my jacket on so he moved down until he was holding my ass in his hands through the material of my sweat pants. His fingers on his other hand stoked my hair and I wiggled my butt to let him know I liked it when he touched it. His fingers slipped in between the elastic waist band and I could eel them work their way in until his hand cupped my bare butt. He squeezed my ass gently while small moans began to emerge from his mouth as I felt his cock swelling in preparation for his orgasm.

"Oh god, I'm cumming!" he groaned as I plunged my head down into his crotch, drawing in the heavy odor of his sex and sweat.

His hand pushed my head roughly onto him, keeping his cock buried deep in my mouth as the first eruption of sperm entered my mouth and hit the back of my throat. Again and again he came as he humped his hips upward to drive his cock as deep as he could into my mouth. Some of his cum leaked past my lips and dripped down into his crotch as I tried to swallow it as best as I could.

I kept him in my mouth even after he had finished, softly sucking him as his cock quickly softened and shrank. I could taste the little bits of sperm that would emerge from it as it dwindled and he shuddered sometimes as my tongue ran along the length of it. Finally I let it slip from my lips and I sat up to look at him. I could feel the cum on my chin but I didn't do anything about it for the moment. I grinned at him and licked my lips like I had just had an excellent meal – which for me it was!

Ian looked at me, still breathing hard from his exertions. "That was incredible!" was all he could muster at first. Then after a pause he started to pull his pants back on and said, "Damn, I never dreamed it could feel so good."

I looked at him with a questioning glance. "Doesn't your wife suck you?" I asked.

Ian rolled his eyes as he replied, "Oh, she has a couple of times over the years but only when I have really pushed her and it was obvious she didn't like doing it. She never made me cum and she certainly NEVER made me feel like you just did!"

I smiled at him for the compliment and teased him, "Well, practice makes perfect."

"Well, obviously it wasn't YOUR first time," he said back to me. "Do I dare ask just how much practice you HAVE had?"

I shook my head and let my ponytail fly back and forth like a schoolgirl. "Good girls never tell," I responded in a teasing voice. "And I'm a VERY good girl."

He finished dressing as he buckled his pants and laughed, "Oh you're good alright. It's just that somehow I don't think you're as 'good' of a girl as most people think you are."

I sat back in the seat and pretended to pout before I replied saying, "Well, I guess it depends what you say I'm good at. Now after that are you going to take me shopping or what?"

We both got out of the car on our respective sides. I met him behind the car and hugged him. He didn't hug me back, probably worried about who might be watching. He looked at me and smiled saying, "Ummmmm, you'd better wipe off your face - people might get the wrong idea."

We both laughed as I pulled out a tissue from my purse and wiped off the cum that was drying on my face. I didn't say this to Ian but I was thinking that actually people would've been getting the RIGHT idea!

For the next couple of hours I had a blast. It was every girl's dream come true - open season on the mall. We went from store to store where I would try on clothes and model them for Ian. The spring and summer fashions were out so I tried on all sorts of shorts outfits, camisoles, tank tops, and more than a few bikinis - some of the QUITE revealing. We even hit the VS store and I tried on some sexy lingerie for him.

The store clerks usually thought at first that I was his daughter but after seeing the wolfish look in his eyes as he stared at me in the various outfits I figured they either thought he was a naughty dad or some perverted older guy with a young slut or maybe even an escort. Since most fathers would not be sporting hard-ons when they saw their daughter in a new thong bikini, I assumed that the clerks most likely thought they knew exactly what was going on. Even so, I bet they wouldn't have believed what I had just done to him before in the parking lot - or planned to do later.

We stopped off at the food court for a snack. By then he was carrying a load of shopping bags and I wondered how close to his credit limit he was getting. We weren't exactly shopping at Wal-Mart or Target stores, that was for sure. No clearance racks for me!

The weird thing was that for the entire afternoon he had never touched me although he certainly LOOKED at me a lot - and I did my best to give him as much to look at as possible. Even so I had not bared my boobs or even flashed him a pussy shot. It was the ultimate tease and I wondered when we would get to the next level.

We sat across from each other as I ate my salad and he munched on a burger. If you ignored the age difference, and the fact he was married, we'd were like two teenagers on a first date, neither of us saying directly what was on our minds and sort of dancing around the subject we both were interested in. It was been fun but the memory of how good his cock tasted had been on my mind all day. He must have been thinking along the same lines at times judging from the bulge in his pants when I was trying on some lingerie or a sexy outfit.

"How's your salad?" he asked me, "Sure you don't want something more than that to eat?"

That was the finals straw - I couldn't let THAT opportunity go by so I smiled at him between bites and whispered in a conspiratorial tone, "You know, I would love something more to eat. How about a second helping of cock? I'm starving for some more cum."

Well, it was out there now. Even though I'd sucked his dick back in the car, we hadn't said anything explicit all afternoon. He looked just a bit surprised but yet pleased at the same time. Ian looked around as if afraid someone might had overheard me but there was nobody within ten feet of us. He looked back at me and grinned. "Hmmmmmm, is that ALL you want?"

He was married and I knew that with married men usually needed to be reassured that what they were doing was OK. It wasn't like back when they were single and all that could happen was to be turned down. Ian was considering committing adultery, betraying his wife in the worst way possible. Who could blame him for feeling the need to know that I really DID want to do it with him before he committed himself?

The ball was in my court now, or balls in this case. I leaned forward across the table towards him and looked him straight in the eyes. In a soft voice I slowly said, "That's not all I want Ian." I paused for effect and then continued, "Ian... I want you to fuck me."

The hunger in Ian's eyes betrayed the casualness which he tried to maintain. His cheeks involuntarily flushed and his eyes blinked rapidly as he took in a deep breath. I knew full well the incredible power those words could have over a guy. Nothing else I could have said to a him would have had even half the impact of those simple words, "fuck me". Ian proved to be no exception. I reached forward and took his hand in mine and said in a low voice, "C'mon, let's go somewhere a little more private."

Silently we walked back to his car. Ian put my shopping bags in the trunk and unlocked the doors. At first I was disappointed when he didn't hold the door open for me but then I figured that he had too much on his mind to think of being courteous. When he got in I slid over next to him and leaned against him with my feet tucked up under me on the seat. Once again my hand moved to his crotch and my heart beat raced as I felt the hardness beneath his pants. Ian took my hand and pushed it over to his leg.

"Noooooo, not here Kelly," he said, almost like a father addressing his daughter, "Sorry, I just can't do that again in the middle of a parking lot. That was insane!"

I put my hand back on his crotch again and this time he didn't protest quite as much. "Isn't this what you really want Ian? You weren't expecting to take me on some expensive shopping trip and get just a blowjob, were you?."

Ian's cheeks puffed out as he let out a deep breath. "To be honest Kelly, I never REALLY thought for a moment we would ever have done even THAT!."

He looked a bit confused as I gave him a questioning look myself. "Really," he continued, "I assumed you were just a big tease and we would go out and flirt and stuff like that today. It was just supposed to be some naughty fling, like some R-rate movie - NOT a porn one!"

"So you don't want to fuck me?" I asked, confused now and not certain at all what was happening.

"God Kelly, who wouldn't?" he sighed. "I never dared to even DREAM you would actually want to have sex with someone like me."

He laughed a bit at that and corrected himself, "Well, I have to admit I DID dream of it but I never thought it would come true."

I cuddled up next to him but kept my hand planted firmly on his crotch. I rubbed it gently and looked up at him. He wanted me, I knew it deep down. He wouldn't even be discussing it with me if he didn't. If I let it go now, Ian would probably regret it for the rest of his life, Every time he was frustrated by his wife's lack of sex drive he would remember how he had the chance to fuck a slutty college girl and turned her down.

It may sound a bit like twisted logic but bear me out and listen. Ian's marriage as obviously in deep trouble so fucking me or not wasn't going to make it any worse than it already was. However, maybe if he DID fuck me, maybe if he had the chance to love out his fantasy, maybe then it would give him something to feel good about. Maybe it would be something for him to remember fondly while he masturbated when his wife went to bed without having sex. If I dropped this now and they split up later, would I be partly to blame for not helping him now when I had the chance?

"Tell me Ian, don't you desire me more than your wife? Wouldn't you rather fuck me instead of her?"

He didn't answer right away but I could see he was thinking hard about something!

"It's OK Ian, you can tell me," I whispered to him in a soothing tone, "It's only natural for you to want me more than her. After all, she can't please you the way I can. She would never do the things that I'll let you do to me. She would never say the things I'll say to you."

Ian was breathing heavy now. "Damn you Kelly, you're a piece of work. Just tell me one thing. What turns you on more - me fucking you or Nancy's husband fucking you?"

I had to say one thing for Ian, he was sharp! Most men were so caught up with themselves and their own desires they never understood why I would want an older guy no longer in the best of shape to fuck me when I could have literally any man I wanted. Ian had me pegged. He was right - I DID want to fuck Nancy's husband. I wanted him to desire me so badly that he would break his sacred wedding vows - vows he had kept for so many years.

I knew full well that almost any man would fuck me given the chance, that's just nature and hormones at work. For Ian to do me meant a lot more as he had so much to lose. I wouldn't just be another notch on his belt - instead he would be one on MINE! It was even better than taking a guy's virginity as instead I was taking his vows from him. Never again would he be able to look his wife in the eyes and say he loved her and never cheated on her without knowing he was lying. Never again would he make love to his wife without thoughts of fucking me always being there in the background.

I loved being fucked by men like Ian because I knew that they were willing to give up a lifetime of faithfulness and fidelity just for the opportunity to be alone with ME for a few hours. Now if that's not enough to make a girl feel good about herself, to make her feel as sexy as possible, then I don't know what can.

So anyway... I couldn't tell Ian all this so I just smiled and said what I knew he wanted to hear, even if it wasn't 100% true.

"Oh Ian, how can you say that?" I pouted although I didn't deny what he had said. "It's you I want. It's you I want to take me and do whatever you want with."

Ian was silent for a while, thinking hard about something. I stayed quiet, letting him sort things out for himself. Finally he started the car with a purpose - maybe some sort of plan?

"Don't worry Kelly, you'll get what you want," he said as he backed out of the slot. Before he put it in drive he looked at me and shook his head with a smile finally back on his face. "Just not in a damn parking lot!"

## 6. Adultery in a Hotel Room

Without another word Ian drove out of the mall lot and down the road where I saw there was a hotel. Hmmmmmm, it had been quite a while since I was fucked alone in a hotel room. Without another word he parked outside the entrance and motioned for me to stay in the car while he checked in.

I sat there in the front seat all alone, waiting for him. My pussy tingled with anticipation and I had to put my hand inside my sweatpants to touch it. My finger touched my clit and I almost jumped out of the seat. God I was horny! It seemed like it had been days since I had given him that blowjob and all the teasing I had been doing for the past few hours had made me as hot and horny as it did him. I closed my eyes and my head leaned back as I rubbed my clit faster. I was using two fingers, each sliding long one side of my wet clit.

I was starting to really get into it when suddenly the driver door opened and Ian quickly sat down behind the steering wheel. He looked at me and then down to my lap where my hand had disappeared inside my sweatpants.

"Damn it Kelly! There are people all over the place," he exclaimed, "What if someone had seen you?"

I didn't stop but instead looked up at him and smiled saying, "Mmmmmmm, a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do."

He waved a room card at me and chuckled, "Well try to hang in there a few more minutes miss horny."

Ian pulled into a parking space and started to lead me back into the hotel when I held back and pointed to the trunk of his car. He looked at me with questioning eyes.

I grinned and said, "Well, you bought me all these outfits, I thought you might want to see me wearing one of them."

Ian's eyebrows rose and then he nodded and opened the trunk. I dug through the bags and found what I was looking for. After he closed the trunk, we headed back to the hotel entrance. We passed by the front desk where a middle-aged woman was working. Seeing me with him I bet she was wondered why he didn't book two rooms - one for him and another for his daughter. The disapproving look on her face told everything - she had quickly sized up the situation and knew what was going on! I looked at her and gave her a smile which just made the frown in her face even harder. Oh well, who cares about the old bitch?

We got in the elevator and Ian punched the floor number. It was only one floor up so there was no time for fooling around. The room was directly across from the elevator so next thing I knew we were inside. Ian turned on the entry light but left the rest of the room darkened although the overhead light was bright enough to light up the rest of the room well enough to see clearly.

Looking around, I turned on the bathroom light and turned back to him as I closed the door and said, "Have a seat while I change."

Ian smiled and I closed the door behind me. Standing alone in the bathroom I looked in the mirror and took in a deep breath, releasing it slowly. I quickly slipped out of my clothes, folding them and placing them in a stack on the sink counter top.

Looking again in the mirror, I turned and checked out my nude body. Without being too egotistical, I thought I looked pretty hot and I could imagine Ian sitting out in the room wishing he could see me like this. I smiled to myself as I thought about just how many guys would like to as well. I couldn't begin to count the number of guys at the mall today who were mentally undressing me as I walked by.

Reaching into the bag I pulled out the outfit I'd selected. It was the perfect "little black dress" that every girl wants except it was white. It was made of the lightest sheer material and I could barely feel the weight of it. It was simple - no frills or anything, just solid white with spaghetti straps and so low cut it barely covered my nipples. It fit snugly to my body, clinging to me like a magnet to steel. It was just long enough to cover my ass but not much more and fit tightly around the upper part of my legs to hold it tight and down.

There was no way I could wear a bra or panties with it without spoiling the lines and besides, why would I want to? I looked again into the mirror and was amazed at how much a simple piece of fabric could transform a person! As I checked myself out my eyes narrowed on my hair - a ponytail just didn't cut it with a dress like this. I pulled out the elastic band holding it in place and let my hair fall down over my shoulders. I leaned forward and let my hair fall in front of me and then threw my head back to fluff up my hair. I didn't have much to work with other than a small brush in my purse but I didn't think he would care a whole lot about my hair styling.

Unfortunately, I realized I had forgotten an essential part of my outfit. I didn't have any heels that would have finished off the outfit - they were still outside in the trunk. My sneakers clashed horribly so I decided to just stay barefoot. I put my hand on the door handle and took in a deep breath. "Well, here goes nothing!" I thought to myself.

I stepped out into the room. Looking around I saw Ian was sitting on the edge of the bed., his hands in his lap. Hearing me leave the bathroom, his head turned and I saw a smile grow on his face as he took in the sight of me. I stood a few feet away from him and twirled around to show off the dress.

"Mmmmmmm," he murmured his approval, "that is one sexy dress!" Then he chuckled saying, "Damn, I still can't believe a dress so small could cost so much!?"

I moved up closer to him and pressed my way between his legs which he spread apart for me. Taking his hands, I pulled them behind me and place them on my ass. There was just the light dress material between his hands and my bare butt.

I put my arms around his neck and leaned forward to whisper in his ear, "It's up to you now Ian... I'm yours... whatever you want you can have... ANYTHING."

Fortunately he took the hint and went back to rubbing my butt. Then he reached down further and pushed a finger from his other hand into my pussy along with the one from his first. Mmmmmmm, it felt good to feel the two fingers working their way around inside of me. The palm of his hand was pressed up against my clit and he rubbed it around as he played with my pussy. God it felt so good!

I reached up to my shoulders and pushed the thin straps aside and then pulled down the top of my dress to expose my breasts to him. I leaned forward until they were up to his face. My hands went behind his head and I pulled his face into me until my boobs were on each side of his nose.

"Suck my tits," I told him, "Make my nipples hard."

Well, my nipples were already pretty well stimulated just by the action of his fingers in my pussy but a little sucking never hurt! Ian took my right breast in his mouth, pulling as much of it as he could inside and then releasing it. His tongue played over my nipple, running circles around it and then licking my breast all over. I cupped my boobs with my hands and gently massaged them as he went from one to the other, licking and sucking each.

I loved the feel of his fingers in me but I wanted the real thing by now so I pushed him back onto the bed until he was lying flat on top of it. Still standing between his legs, I undid his belt and jeans and unzipped them all the way down. He helped me pull them down along with his boxer shorts and I pulled them off along with his shoes and socks, placing them on the bed beside us.

I stood up and gazed at him. Ian was now naked from the waist down with just a shirt on. His cock was stiff and curved such that instead of standing up straight in the air it was actually pointed directly at his face! I kneeled on the floor which put my face right in the center of his legs, his cock just inches from me.

I could smell the musky odor of his crotch as I reached out to hold him in my hand. I pulled it back to un upright position and lowered my mouth down over it, taking it in inch by inch until finally I had all of him I my mouth. His cock was pressing against the back of my throat as my face was covered with his thick coarse pubic hair. Mmmmmmm, I loved the odor of him, the strong male aroma generated by his lust combined with sweat.

Having already blown him once today, my objective now was to make sure he was good and hard and a bit slippery with my saliva to make it easier for him to fuck me. Mission accomplished, I stood up and lifted my dress up so I could climb up on the bed and straddle his waist. I held my dress up with one hand while I reached between my legs to grab his swollen cock with the other. Positioning myself directly over it, I lowered myself down until the head was just lightly pressing against my pussy.

"You ready?" I said with a slutty smile on my face.

Ian had pulled a pillow down from the top of the bed and was using it to raise his head so he could watch me suck him and now he could see his cock under me, just waiting for me to lower myself onto it.

"Do it!" was all he said.

Well, I wasn't going to wait for him to compose a speech so I held his shaft while my wet pussy pressed down on him. I felt my pussy lips part as his head penetrated me. I was soaking wet from him playing with me and he slid easily up inside of me as I lowered myself further until my butt was resting on his crutch. Mmmmmmm, he was in me now, fucking me.

It felt so good knowing I finally had it in me. Yes, he was MINE now! Never again would he be just his wife's lover, never again could he claim to be pure and loyal to his wife. Instead, I would always have a piece of him she could never get back. Whenever he was in bed with her, he would remember this moment, the first moment he fucked a woman other than his wife.

I leaned forward and he raised his head to suck my breasts again. As I did his cock slipped from me slightly and so I started to rock back and forth, slowly at first so he could suck my boobs. I could feel his thick shaft moving in and out of me as I set the rhythm. I like to start out on top at the beginning so I can control the depth and rate of his cock stroking in and out of my pussy. I sat back up and put my full weight on him as I ground my ass into his hairy crotch. His pubic hair felt like a stiff hair brush against my bare bottom.

I wanted him to fuck me harder so I got up on my feet instead of my knees and started to literally bounce up and down on his cock! I could see he was watching his cock as it appeared and then disappeared from view as he first pulled out and then penetrated me again, forcing him to move deep inside of me until it felt like he was up in my stomach.

Evidently Ian must have felt it was time for him to become the aggressor and so he grabbed my legs and said, "Alright," he commanded me, "get on all fours in the middle of the bed."

I lifted myself off of him and did as he ordered. He then pulled off his shirt and moved in behind me. Kneeling down he spread my ass apart with his hands and I felt his face against my butt as he licked me. Although I don't like my ass penetrated, I LOVE it to be licked and I was pleased to feel his tongue running circles around my asshole and then playfully push into it just a bit. My ass is really tight though and without being able to use his finger all he could really do was play around at the opening with his tongue.

I moaned as chills ran through me when his tongue went lower and lapped up the wetness of my pussy. His tongue pushed aside my swollen pussy lips and penetrated me. I could only imagine how good I tasted to him. Of all the pussies I've licked, I like the taste of mine the best. Of course I might be a little biased but I'm sure anyone would forgive me!

After eating my cunt for a while I was close to my first "O" and so it was a bit disconcerting when he stopped licking me but he quickly made up for it. I could feel his cock on top of my ass, then running down though my ass crack, flirting briefly with my asshole and then nestling in between my wet pussy lips. He rubbed it up and down, getting it nice and wet and making me feel intense at the same time. God I wanted him back inside of me so bad!

Obviously he had the same thoughts because it was then that I felt his cock breach my pussy once again. He quickly thrust himself into me from behind and I felt his crotch slap up against my bare ass. Ian almost knocked me off my hands and feet he was banging me so hard! Just as he was getting me going again and I was about to cum the craziest thing happened - a cell phone started to ring! It was in his pants right next to us and I saw the look on his face.

"Damn!" he said, "I HAVE to take that. It's the ring for home and if I don't answer they'll wonder where I am!"

He reached over but I was glad that he somehow managed to remain inside of me. He answered the damn phone and it must have been Annie from the way he was talking to her. Evidently Nancy wanted him to pick something up at the store and she had been delegated to call him.

This wasn't the first time a husband had been on his cell phone while he fucked me. When I was escorting, I had a guy cum in me while he was telling his clueless wife how much he loved her. God I came SO hard that time!

This time was unique in that he was talking to his daughter instead of his wife. If little Annie could only see me and her father now! If she thought a few innocent instant messages were bad, what would she say if she saw dear old dad screwing the church girl?

Ian finally ended the conversation with a goodbye, telling Annie that he loved her. That was all I needed to hear as he started to stroke his cock in and out of me again. My pussy exploded as my first orgasm struck and the initial wave of intense pleasure made me drop to my elbows and gasp for air. My eye rolled back in my head as my pussy felt like it was on fire - a fire that quickly spread up and down me until I was consumed from my toes to the outermost strand of hair

A loud moan escaped from me as my vision narrowed and everything seemed somehow less real, more remote. The room seemed to move in front of me as wave after wave of powerful feelings flooded me, emanating from my pussy as if his cock was filling me with each thrust.

Each time his cock pulled out it was like he was reloading and then when he rammed it back into me to the hilt it was as if it pumped another load of sheer bliss into my cunt which then broadcast it to the rest of me. My breasts tingled and I could feel my nipples stiffen even more as I fought to breath. Ian could obviously tell I was cumming and if anything he just pumped me harder with his wonderful cock.

"That's it Kelly, cum for me," he said in a halting manner between thrusts.

Just as it seemed my orgasm had peaked and was starting to decline he reached around and touched my clit, rubbing it between two fingers. I moaned again as like a roller coaster that had made its first dive and then was slowing up for the next hill, my orgasm took off down the hill again and my pussy clamped down tight on his cock, squeezing him as it tried to hold him inside of me.

"God damn Kelly!" he cried out, "What the hell are you doing, trying to flatten my dick?"

He moaned as he tried to move his cock in me but my pussy had a hard grip on him. The peak only lasted a short while though and soon my pussy released his cock and he resumed fucking me with it. My face felt like it was flushed beet red and I would have sworn that there were goose pimples on every square inch of me.

I rested my head on the pillow in front of me as I regained my breath while my pussy just throbbed. Ian pulled out of me and literally flipped me over like a pancake on a griddle. He grabbed one of the pillows and pushed it under my ass so my pussy was better exposed and elevated a few inches up off the bed.

I looked up at him, kneeling in between my wide-spread legs, gently stroking his own cock while he gazed at my open pussy. I imagined it looked pretty wet and swollen by now, probably a nice open pussy hole just waiting for his cock to fill it back up again.

"God... you're so fucking beautiful," he said hoarsely, staring at me and taking me in from my breasts to my crotch.

"Don't stop, keep fucking me Ian," I said to him gently, "I want you to fuck me and cum in me."

A strange look suddenly came to his face and I wondered what I'd said that was so wrong.

"God I want to," he moaned, "Can you believe it - I don't have a condom."

I smiled and just shook my head at him. "Doesn't matter to me," I replied, "I wouldn't let you use it anyway. Last thing I want is something stopping me from feeling your cum in me!"

Ian didn't seem to sure so I added in, "Beside, I've been on the pill for years - and I'm faithful about it!"

Ian shrugged his shoulders - as horny as he was he didn't need much to convince him I guess! He leaned over me and I guided his cock back into me. It slid easily into me like it was buttered after all the fucking and cumming so far. He put his hands on each side of me and leaned over me as he pumped his cock in and out of me.

"Oh Ian, I love the way you fuck me," I moaned, "Tell me how much more you like to fuck me than Nancy... Tell me you want me more than her."

"Oh god, you're so bad!" he cried out, "Fuck it though - I DO love fucking you more than her. Lord help me for saying this but yes, I want you so much more than her - God, she was NEVER like this."

"Cum in me Ian," I said softly but firmly, "I want your sperm in me... mate me Ian, make me your slut."

"Oh yea, you're a slut alright," he panted, "dirty little nasty church girl slut... so prim and proper... so nasty and naughty for real."

He was pumping even faster now and from the gasping and speed of his strokes I knew he had to be close.

"Here it is slut... take my cum."

Ian slammed into me and then held himself still, his cock as deep into me as he could drive it. I felt it swelling as then it exploded, a hot stream of cum shooting into me."

"Oh yeah," I cried out, "More... more... cum in me more."

Ian didn't need me to say anything, he was pumping me full of hot sperm like he hadn't cum n ages. It was only a few hours since I sucked him off so it was remarkable a guy his age could have built up such a load so quickly! He must have pumped six or more solid shots into me and then he held himself in me again, his cock throbbing and then pulsing to shoot a small round into me. His load spent, Ian fell down to his elbows but kept most of his weight off of me as I relaxed my legs and let them fall flat to the bed. We were both exhausted and I would've loved to have fallen sleep just this way, with him inside of me and maybe even waking me later by fucking me in my sleep.

That wasn't to be though, we had to be getting back before his wife and family started getting suspicious. I don't know if it was five minutes or thirty as I lay there in a sexual stupor but eventually he pulled out of me and got up and off the bed. I could feel his cum mixed with mine as it drained out of my pussy and down my ass crack until it soaked the pillow under my butt. I reached down between my legs and scooped sum up with my fingers and then licked it off. Ian was starting to get dressed but he stopped to watch me as I licked every drop from my fingers.

"You are so incredibly sexy," he said, shaking his heads in amazement at me. "Nancy would NEVER do anything like that."

"Mmmmmmm, tastes good," I said with a sultry voice, "You should try some!"

He laughed at that saying, "Naaaa, I think I'll take a pass on that one."

We both cracked up at that but still I wondered why most guys acted like they were allergic to their own cum. I loved tasting my pussy so why don't guys like their own cum? Another mystery of the universe I guess! Oh well, at least I liked mine!

Ian looked nervously at the clock by the bed. "C'mon Kelly," he urged, "We've been out a lot longer than I said I would be and I have to be getting home before someone starts asking questions."

I huffed but got out of bed. I threw back on my sweat pants and top and tried to fold my dress up nicely to get it back home in one piece. I checked it over for cum though - no Monicas here! I would have liked to take a shower but Ian was in a hurry. Hell, if anyone needed one he did. If Nancy was like most women she would smell my pussy on him from a mile away! Oh well, that was his problem to deal with I guess.

Ian left the door key card in the room and used the express checkout on the TV so all we had to do was go straight past the desk and out to his car. He held my door open for me and then got it behind the wheel. He started to put the key in but then paused and looked over at me.

"You know, looking at you as you are now I would never have guessed such a slut lived underneath that polished veneer," he said with a disarming smile. I just grinned at him and gave him a "who me?" kind of look.

"Sorry girl, that look will never fool me again!" he said with a laugh. "I KNOW what you are now."

We both laughed and made the trip back home with relatively little more to say. I think we were both thinking about the events of the past few hours. My pussy was still sensitive from the great fucking he had given me and now then it sort of tingled and a little jolt would run up and down my back when he hit a bump and my outfit rubbed against it just right.

Ian was pretty quiet the trip back, I would have given anything to know what he was thinking. Was he happy, feeling guilty, or what? It didn't really matter to me, he would never fuck me again as that would break one of my cardinal rules - never fuck a married man twice.

I had no doubt Ian would ask me. They all did. It would be enough for me to just say hi to his wife and Annie, knowing what their husband and father had done to me. They wouldn't have any idea why I was smiling but it still thrilled me to imagine that maybe she suspected but wasn't quite sure enough to say anything.

Needless to say, my inquisitive roomie was more than a little curious about my shipping trip. She looked at all my expensive bags and then her eyes bugged out when she saw the price tags. I don't think she bought my "daddy sent me money" excuse for even a second but as always, she was discreet and left it up to me to ever tell her the truth.

In the meantime, I got a great new wardrobe and to make it even better, it was all free - AND I'd gotten myself fucked wonderfully to boot! Now THAT is what I call shopping for sex!

# (Mar 26) Chapter 113: Spring Break Finale

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (21)
John - my dad (41)
Greg - boyfriend (24)

It was the last day of a great Spring Break. Although it was hard to leave home, I got a great sendoff - definitely a day for the diary! It started with a great wakeup call and then off to church where I was reunited with an old friend - in more ways than one!

## 1. Good Morning Daddy!

When I finally went to bed Saturday night I was exhausted. What a week! After arriving home the previous Friday night for Spring break I spent the weekend with my family making up for some lost time. Then I decided to take my cousin up on her offer to join her and some friends for a few days at Nags Head at the OBX. My cousin has always had a wilder streak in her than me and her friends fit right in with her. They may have all be a couple years younger than me but I was the one who learned a few things!

Returning home late Friday night I was greeted by my horny father. I have never refused my father and this was not going to be a first time so despite being tired from the long trip home I took care of his needs before finally getting to bed. Then on Saturday instead of sleeping in my friends dragged me off shopping and that afternoon my cousin Rick stopped by. He had told his mom he needed to "help around the house" and I wonder what she would have said if he said the truth - that he was going over to fuck the daylights out of his older cousin! My dad had to work all day but when he got home the bulge in his pants was a clear sign of what he wanted so you can imagine how the evening went from there!

Well, after all that you can see why I was sleeping so soundly the next Sunday morning. My alarm was set so I could get to church on time but in the meantime I was practically unconscious! I remember having some vague dreams but have no idea what they were. I can only remember waking up feeling something warm and

Unlike some girls, I have always found it easy to reach an orgasm. I think it's more your state of mind than anything and as I was totally comfortable with my body and sexuality I think it definitely made it easier for me to achieve a climax. Even so, when I was with my dad it seemed almost effortless. He could make me cum just by playing with my hair and running his hand between my legs.

This morning was no exception as not long after he started rubbing my hardened clit I could feel my pussy surging. I groaned more loudly as I felt the feeling grow and expand, spreading outwards through the rest of my body. Goose bumps rose as every inch of my skin tingled and then felt like it was on fire as my orgasm suddenly ignited. My pussy felt like it was gushing a stream of cum as I stiffened and reached down to hold his hand tightly against me.

"Oh my god daddy!" I cried, "Oh yea, that's it, you know how to make me cum soooooo good."

He was relentless, driving me to a peak and holding me there. He knew me so well, how my body reacted when I came and he knew how to interpret my movements and sounds. If he pushed too hard I was orgasm so hard it was like an explosion - fast and furious but quickly over. Too slow and it would fade before its time. My dad's fingers played my pussy like a fine violin, like a concert musician rising and falling with the score, keeping me on that knife edge of pleasure that blocked out everything except the feelings he was creating in me.

Finally I felt it slowly dying and he allowed me to collapse, dropping my leg and shuddering each time he would tease my throbbing cunt by letting his finger lightly rub against it. I was breathing heavily as if I had just run a race and he turned my over on my back and leaned over me. I finally opened my eyes for the first time and looked at his face. He was smiling at me and then he lowered his head to kiss me. I felt my boobs press against his chest as his tongue reached out into my mouth, running along my gums and toying with my tongue. We kissed passionately for the longest time as he put one leg over mine and pressed his crotch against my leg. His cock felt so hard against me!

Finally our lips parted and he stroked my hair softly as he gazed lovingly at me and said. "Oh Kelly, you're such a wonderful daughter. How could I ever deserve a girl like you?"

I smiled back at him, the warmth of my orgasm still running throughout me. I reached down between us and held his cock in my hand. I could feel the blood

Finally he had delivered all he could and he moved my legs down to the bed and fell forward onto his elbows just over me. His cock was still in me and I could feel it pulsing and twitching.

"Stay in me daddy," I whispered softly to him, my voice thick with sex. "Stay inside of me... I love being joined together with you like this."

My dad kissed my neck softly and murmured, "Yes Kelly, anything you want."

We laid like that for what seemed like an hour but was probably only ten to fifteen minutes. We kissed and nuzzled each other, sharing a bond that can only exist between a father and daughter. Our bodies were joined together as intimately as a man and woman can be and I felt so secure with my father inside of me.

Unfortunately my alarm clock was still set and the buzzing broke the moment. Looking at the time we both realized we need to get going if we were going to make it to church on time. My dad kissed me and slipped his now softened cock from my pussy. For an instant I felt an incredible loss, as if something was missing from me and now I was incomplete. My hand reached down to cover my now lonely pussy and I looked hungrily at my dad.

"That's my Kelly," he laughed softly, "Never satisfied. God help your husband someday because I don't know how the poor guy is going to survive with your needs."

## 2. An Old Boyfriend Reappears

With that he left and I took the opportunity to head into the bathroom. I suddenly had to piss like crazy and although my mom was in there doing her hair I sat down and quickly relieved myself. My mom looked down from holding her hairbrush and curling iron to smile at me.

"Well, did you two have a good time this morning?" she asked with a foxy smile.

"Oh mom!" I sighed. My dad did me every morning when I was home and every morning she asked the same silly question as if she didn't already know the answer.

"Well, when he woke up this morning he was horny as hell so I figured you would be getting it good this morning," she chuckled.

She finished up and left me to shower and clean up. I passed my dad as I left the bathroom and I grabbed his cock playfully as we tuned to let each other by in the doorway.

"Hey now," he laughed, "Get your hot little ass ready for church."

I giggled and ran into my room. The weather has sucked lately and as much as I wanted to wear something sexy and short I really didn't feel like freezing either so I compromised. I picked out one of my favorite "peasant girl" dresses - this kind with shoulders you can either wear up or let them slide down with a pleated bosom and long flowing skirt. At church I wore it with the shoulders up but outside of there I loved to wear them on my upper arms which made my boobs look better. As long as it was I would just wear some knee-high hose and heels.

That was it. I would be damned if I was going to wear a bra and panties to church today as horny as I was. I always felt a little thrill whenever I was walking into church with nothing underneath. Most people probably didn't have a clue but I knew there were more than a few boys- and men, that knew me well enough to know I was naked underneath. I guess it would be appropriate since I was in church to say I also knew them biblically!

I left my hair loose and flowing over my shoulders and put on just a touch of makeup to hide a few minor blemishes. I got on-line to check my mail. My computer is set up to log into yahoo automatically and as usual I had a host of messages waiting for me. I almost always stay invisible since the moment I go "available" my screen is covered with IM windows of people wanting to chat with me. Normally I look at who left me a message and I try to respond to as many as I can. As usual, I ended up chatting with a few guys but with church coming up I had to end the conversations pretty quickly.

My mom called for me from the first floor where I headed down to find my parents with coats on, waiting impatiently for me.

"How come the only time we are late to church is when you are home Kelly?" my mom teased me.

I looked at my dad and gave him a wink before replied, "Maybe it has something to do with Dad?" I said with a smirk.

They both laughed and my dad kissed my mom. We started to go downstairs when my dad turned around and moved behind me.

"Pre-church inspection," he announced as he lifted my skirt. "Hmmmmmm, just as I suspected. Now just what does my little slut of a daughter have in mind for church this morning?"

"Daddy!!!" I protested as I pulled my skirt back down. "It never hurts to be prepared," I said with a pout.

Both my parents just shook their heads as we got in my dad's SUV and headed to church. Upon arriving we said hello to the usual folks and headed for the basement where they served coffee and donuts before the service. I hung my coat up and felt a twinge in my pussy as I noticed a number of the guys taking an extra look at me. I pretended not to notice but I had sucked more than a few of them and fucked a couple so I could imagine what was going through their heads at the moment.

As we waited in line I heard a voice from behind me.

"Kelly?!" someone called to me, "Is that you?"

I turned and there was Greg, one of the guys I use to date in high school. I hadn't seen him in ages and apparently he was now going to our church as this was the first time I had seen him there. Greg came up to me and smiled saying, "Wow, you have really changed since high school!"

Well, a couple of bra cup sizes didn't hurt and my face and figure had become more, well, womanized than teenager so I guess he was right. I could imagine what else he as wondering had changed as well. Greg and I had gone out a few times when we were in high school but other than the usual blowjob I gave every guy I dated back then, I never had let him touch me, let alone fuck me. He got to see my pussy when I masturbated while I sucked him but I didn't let him touch it. That was true actually with most of the guys I dated.

Greg had been OK back then but nothing to write home about. He was a bit nerdy and although he had a nice cock, I wasn't interested in letting him have more of me. Well, I wasn't the only one to have changed! Mr. Geek was now Mr. Hunk. The glasses were gone and he had a fine ass that his trousers couldn't hide. He was a lot taller now and hovered high over me. He had a pretty nice cock back then and my eyes involuntarily drifted to his crotch where I wondered what he was now packing under those pants. I felt just a brief moment of embarrassment when he apparently realized where my attention had wandered to.

"Well, I see you haven't changed completely," he laughed. "Still teasing all the boys? Oh wait, that's right, I heard you're going to some straight religious college. Wow, that must have been a change for you!"

If nothing else, he was a lot more forward than the shy kid I had dated four years before! If he hadn't been so gorgeous I probably would have slapped him! As horny as I was this morning though all I could think about was how his cock would taste now. I always had a feeling that given a chance I wouldn't be turning him down this time either! I picked up some orange juice and we drifted away from the crowds.

"So you're pretty bold these days," I said to him to open the conversation.

"Yea, I'm not the shy geek anymore I guess you could say," he replied with a smile. "Besides, from what I remember you never seemed to mind a guy talking to you like that."

He was right of course. I have always loved it when guys were open and direct with me. Even when I chat on-line I love hearing guys tell me how much they want to fuck me. I hated playing silly games - why not just tell one another what you wanted? As that thought crossed my mind I realized I wasn't listening to my own advice. I knew what I wanted yet here I was playing footsie with this guy like two little teenagers. Well, the hell with that!

I gave Greg a patented Kelly slutty grin and said, "So tell me Rick, has your cock grown up as much as the rest of you?"

Greg actually blushed a bit at that one which I thought was rather cute. I guess he wasn't accustomed to a girl being quite so direct with him. Well, we didn't have much time so either it was get to the point or head upstairs for the service. Greg looked around nervously and hesitated so I pushed up the ante a little more.

"Well, am I going to find out or not?" I said with a sly grin. "Besides, I believe you didn't get everything you wanted our last time together and I want to make that up to you."

Well, I didn't exactly come right out and say I wanted him to fuck me but how much more blatant could I get? If he didn't take the ball now and run with it I would just say the hell with it and get up to join my parents. I wasn't worried about them as they had seen me move away with Greg and I knew that if I didn't show up they would understand why.

"Here?" Greg asked with his voice just a little bit higher than it had been. "I mean, in church?"

"Why not?" I said with a little laugh, "beats listening to a boring sermon."

"Oh?" he asked with a smile, "and I guess you know that from past experience?"

I just smiled at him flirtatiously and waited for him to make the next move. He took a deep breath and I knew his little head was now doing all the thinking!

"Well, since you're the expert, where?" he asked.

# 3. Greg Fucks Me in Church

I took Greg by the hand and led him out of the room. Out in the hallway there was a door that led to the maintenance room which I knew from past experience would be empty during the service. As we entered the room I smiled - a lot of memories in here! He closed the door and locked it behind us. Better to have someone question why it was locked than catch us!

The custodian kept a little living area there for him to relax in with an old couch, chair and even a TV set. It wasn't much but it was clean and what more could I ask for? We moved over to the couch ad he stood close to me. He started to reach out and I knew he wanted to kiss me but I wasn't here for romance - I wanted him to fuck me!

I pulled my head back without being too mean about it and smiled at him. My hand moved between his legs and I pulled it upwards to grasp his crotch. I could feel his balls and cock under the loose thin fabric of his pants and was pleased to see he was already well on his way to a nice erection.

"THIS is what I want," I said firmly, "Strip for me - now."

Greg's eyes widened but the little head was still in charge and he did what I asked. He unbuttoned his shirt and removed it, placing it over the chair back. Mmmmmmm, he had indeed grown up! His chest was well built and there wasn't an ounce of fat on that stomach. The belt was unbuckled next and he quickly removed his pants along with his shoe and socks at the same time. He stood there in front of my in his jockey shorts and I just shook my head at him.

"ALL of it!" I commanded him. I grinned and slipped his underwear off. He had to pull the waistband out a bit to clear his cock which was now in full raging hard-on mode. And when he pulled them off his cock flipped out and pointed to the sky like a dagger. God it looked even better than I had remembered!

"Sit down on the couch," I told him and he dropped down as I stood between his legs and kneeled in front of him. I reached forward and grabbed his stiff member. My hand barely fit around it! He wasn't the longest cock I had had by any means but it was nice and thick which I prefer over length any day. He was circumcised and the head looked positively delicious. I slowly stroked him in my hand and looked up at his eyes.

"Do you want me to suck your cock, Greg?" I asked in a slutty voice.

Greg was breathing pretty heavy already and his cock was so hard I thought it might burst. He licked his lips before he answered and took in a deep breath.

"Oh god yes, Kelly," he said softly, "I have jerked off a thousand times dreaming of the last time you blew me."

Now THAT was a nice compliment! I was quite proud of my oral skills and many a guy who claimed he had never cum from a girl sucking him found out just how good I was. Every cock I sucked was different and I loved trying new ones whenever I could. Greg's was going to be treat, I could tell that already.

I looked at his cock and licked my lips in anticipation. With one hand I gently stroked it while with the other first I just ran my fingers through the thick bush of pubic hair that surrounded it. Considering he was almost hairless over the rest of his body he had an incredible mass of hair in his crotch. It was if the hair from everywhere else had been transplanted between his legs!

I loved the coarse feeling of the curly hair between my gingers and the way it ran through them. I moved my hand down to gently hold his balls, rolling them gently against one another. They were covered with thick hair as well and hung low from his body.

I looked up at him one more time and then at his cock as I leaned forward and gently ran my tongue from the base up the back of it to the very tip of his swollen head. I repeated this several times, wetting his cock and making it easier to stroke with my hand. My lips softly kissed the tip of his cock and then I took just enough into my mouth to be able to hold it and run my tongue along it.

God he smelled so good! I love the musky smell of a man's crotch, especially when he is getting horny and the sex seems to ooze like from his pores like strong perfume. My tongue ran around the base of his head, under the lip that surrounded it and then ticking it where it forms a little "V".

Then slowly, oh so slowly, I started to take him in my mouth more and more in one complete motion. It was so thick I had to open my mouth wide to take him but fortunately he wasn't too long to make it impossible to take him all in. Finally just as his cock was pushing against the back of my throat I met the base and felt his thatch of hair tickle my cheeks and nose.

"Oh... my... God!" Greg groaned as I twisted my head around his cock which was now completely engulfed by my mouth. "Damn Kelly, how do you DO that?"

It was a rhetorical question but if I could have answered him I would have smiled and just said, "practice", which was the truth actually. I have been fucked by over a hundred cocks but have sucked a hell of a lot more. I guess it's only natural when you combine experience with something you love doing that you should get pretty good at it after a while! Besides, I had two of the best teachers a girl could ask for - my mom and dad!

I needed to breath so I pulled my head up until he was barely in my mouth. I like to think of sucking a cock as almost a reverse fucking. I just imagine my mouth as a vagina and do to his cock what my pussy does when he fucks me. My theory is a pussy is the natural home for a cock so anything it does has to be good so if I can mimic that with my mouth then the results should be a great blowjob.

Well, all I can say is so far nobody has disputed my theory! There is also the fact that I can do things with my mouth my pussy can only dream of plus my tongue plays a major role as well. Sucking cock is one of my favorite things to do. It's really not like having sex - Clinton was just being more honest than most people will admit. Sex involves a cock and a pussy. If either is missing you can't really call it sex. Sucking a guy's cock is more like him playing with my hair than fucking me. If nothing else, it's FUN!

I also have to admit there is a little bit of power in that when I blow a guy I feel totally in control of him. A lot of guys seem to think that when they tell a girl to suck their cock they are being dominant. Well, if it makes them feel good to think that then I won't burst their bubble but face it, who is dominant when I have it between my teeth? If you have any doubt over the dominance factor, just ask yourself why is it that a guy will do almost anything for me if he thinks there is even the most remote chance I'll suck him?

I rest my case!

I alternated between stroking his cock in and out of my mouth with running my lips and tongue up and down the sides of it along with just sucking on it like a popsicle. Finally I could tell he was getting ready to cum - his breath was coming faster and faster and the groans were getting louder. I put my hands around him and held his ass as I stroked his cock in and out no-handed. I looked up at him as I did and he was staring at me, his face looking like he was almost in pain with the pleasure I was giving him.

"I want to cum in your mouth," he whispered hoarsely.

I didn't answer because my mouth was full of cock but he got the message as I stroked his cock even faster with my mouth. I didn't take my eyes off of him as I wanted to see his face when he came. It wasn't much longer before he did as suddenly I felt his cock swell just a fraction more and his hips lifted involuntarily upward. A long moan escaped from his mouth as his eyes rolled back and his cock erupted with cum. I only had an inch or so in my mouth so it squirted against the back of my mouth and collected on my tongue.

Mmmmmmm, he tasted so damn good. Some girls don't like the bitterness of cum but I found the salty mixture to be quite tasty. The gooiness is another turnoff for a lot of my friends but I also like the feeling of it as it covers my tongue and the inside of my mouth like a slimy film. Even after I swallow the film stays behind and I can taste it for a long time afterwards so long as I don't eat or drink too much over it.

Greg's cock kept jerking in my mouth but he reached out to hold my head firmly on it. I could feel a little leaking past my lips and dripping down my chin but I was able to keep the vast majority of it in my mouth. When he had finished I let him slide from my mouth and I kneeled upright, smiling at him and then opening my mouth to show him his load of cum inside of my mouth. I even stuck out my tongue so he could see the pool of cum that had collected on it.

"God you are a sexy little slut," he said with a grin. "I've never known another girl that likes cum as much as you do."

I swallowed it all down then and stood up in front of him. His cock was still as rigid as ever which was fine with me because I was far from being finished with it. For the moment though I had other needs that required attention. I lifted my skirt and his eyes widened when he saw I wasn't wearing any panties. I ran my hand over my bare pussy as I held my skirt up with the other one.

"So, do you like my pussy Greg?" I asked seductively.

Greg's eyes were riveted on my crotch as he leaned forward to get a better view. I reached out for his hand and pulled don him saying, "C'mon, trade places - it's your turn now to satisfy me."

As Greg stood up I lifted the dress up over my head and took it off. I reached down and turned down the knee-highs until they were bunched up at my ankles with my heels still on. The heels had these horrible straps that were a pain to get on and off so I left them on. Besides, guys seem to like a girl with nothing on but high heels. Now for the first time Greg was seeing me nude and I felt a little thrill at the way he was looking at me. I could tell that he wanted me - badly.

I love it when a man looks at me that way, even if he isn't going to fuck me but in this case I knew Greg was going to be doing that to me soon which made it all the more hotter. I sat down in his place and felt the warmth on the chair where his bare ass had been. I put one leg over the arm of the chair and spread the other out to the side, giving him a wide open view of my wet pussy. He was standing in front of me, his still hard cock as hard as ever and knew he wanted to fuck me but he had to earn it first.

"Lick my pussy," I told him.

To be perfectly honest, most guys just don't seem to get it when it comes to licking pussy. Girls are by far my favorites when it comes to having my pussy licked but I know guys like it and besides - it DOES feel good so why not? Greg didn't waste any time in getting down on his knees and putting his face in my crotch. He didn't even bother touching me first or doing anything before he went right at sucking on my clit (note to guys - foreplay IS important!).

Well, simply put he licked me for a while like any other guy his age done - in a way that seems to say "Hey, if I have to do this I will so long as I get to fuck her". Most guys claim to like licking pussy but I think subconsciously the little head is saying it wants to get fucking which, of course, overrides all over commands. Finally I figured it was time to get to it so lifted his head up and looked into his face as it glistened with my pussy juices.

"Fuck me," I said softly.

It doesn't take long for every girl to learn the power of those two words. Guys just seem to melt when they hear them and their eyes just sparkle when a girl asked them to fuck her. For just a moment I thought about what a difference circumstances can make though. When I told Greg to fuck me, it was completely different than a few hours earlier when I asked my dad to fuck me. At this time it was a command, an order telling him to get his cock into my pussy. There was no emotion involved unless you call lust an emotion. It was simple a demand to satisfy me, to do something to me I needed and wanted right then. It really didn't matter if it was Greg, Dick or Harry - I wanted a cock in my pussy and I wanted his at the moment.

With my dad, it was not only a request, it was an offer. When I said those words to my father it was an act of submission as I giving myself over to him for his satisfaction more than taking care of my own needs. There was no emotion when I said them to Greg but when I told them to my dad they were words of love and respect - love for my dad and the firm knowledge that he respected me as his daughter. Yes, it amazing how the same two words can have completely opposite meanings!

Greg didn't care though about the nuances of my command to him. From the moment he first saw me I knew he wanted to fuck me and now suddenly he found himself nude with that same girl and she was asking him to do it! God how that must have turned him on. I dropped my leg from the chair arm and he put his arms under my knees and raised my legs upward. I was slouched in the chair so my pussy was raised up making it easier for him to see and then to put his cock inside of me.

There was nothing too subtle to it, he just pointed his cock at my pussy and shoved it in to the hilt. I gasped as even though I was soaking wet from his licking the thickness of his cock stretched me out more than normal. Damn it was like having a baby at first! He was even fatter than most of my mom's dildos but after the initial shock it felt like heaven on earth - an appropriate analogy I guess given the circumstances!

Greg started fucking me - again the way most guys his age did, however it made him feel good. I guess I can blame the porn flicks which seem to focus on the guy and the girls may as well be blow-up dolls. Slam-Bam-Thank You Ma'am! Oh well, I love being fucked and while some times it can be better than others, I can't say I have every NOT liked being fucked! As Greg fucked me he seed to gain more confidence and soon he was taking more control. He pulled out of me suddenly and grabbed me and lifted me from the chair.

"Now we do it my way," he said as he flipped me around and then pushed me down on all fours.

The floor was cold but clean but I was still glad that glad I wasn't wearing my dress. I realized immediately that he wanted to do me doggie style which was fine with me. I spread my legs a bit to open my pussy wider more for him and soon he was on one knee positioning his cock in me. His hands held my hips at the waist as he pulled me and pushed me in time with the thrusts of his cock in and out of me. When he banged into me our bodies made a slapping sound which at first seemed terribly loud but then I realized it wasn't as bad as I thought. He grunted like a pig in heat as he fucked pussy from behind.

"I'm going to cum in you Kelly," he said suddenly.

I noted the subtle change in tone from before. When I was sucking him he had asked me to cum in my mouth. Now that he was fucking me he was telling me what he was going to do. That's fine with me as I actually prefer a guy to be in charge! I like to say I enjoy being submissive so long as people don't misinterpret it. I am not talking the master-slave kinky kind of submission. I just like it when men take control of a situation - at least outwardly. Most men have no idea how often they are maneuvered by women into thinking they are in control but that is our special gift and I will use it! It doesn't hurt than men are handicapped by having a body part that takes control and a makes stupid decisions anytime a woman smiles at hem either!

"That's OK Greg, you can cum in me," I replied even though he had not really asked for permission. "I want to feel your sperm deep inside of me."

There was something almost animal-like when a man came in me. When his sperm fills me it is almost as if he is mating me, like a male animal subduing the female and impregnating her. I have been on the pill religiously since I first started having sex back when I was fourteen so I wasn't worried about getting pregnant but it still gave me a feeling I can't quite describe to know a man's seed is in me, struggling to achieve its purpose in life.

Another couple of stroked and Greg fulfilled his end of the bargain. Coming so close to his previous orgasm the amount of cum didn't seem to be quite so much this time but in this case it was more just the fact the he came in me at all than how much. He rammed his cock as deep into me as he could, grinding his hairy crotch against my smooth ass. It felt like a soft hairbrush caressing my butt.

After he stopped cumming I moved forward until he was out of me and quickly grabbed his cock and took it in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, nothing quite like the combination of my pussy and his cum! Greg shuddered when I sucked his sensitive cock and as he shrank a few drops of cum would leak from his cock into my mouth.

Finally we were finished. There was no need of any "afterglow" such as kissing or hugging. We both had come into that room with one goal in mind - to fuck each other. I reached between my legs and wiped some of the cum that was leaking from my cunt and licked it from my fingers while he watched.

"God you look so sexy and slutty when you do that," he said admiringly.

I reached for my dress and dropped it over my head. One nice thing about not wearing underwear - easy to get dressed fast. I was still in a bit of a cloud from having been fucked but I knew I had to get going. The service was about to be finished and before long the hallway outside would be filled with people. It would be a bit hard to explain why I looked so flushed coming out of the maintenance room with a sexy guy like Greg. I waved goodbye to him as he was buttoning his shirt and cracked open the door. The coast was clear and I stepped out quickly. I walked down and never looked back. Sure enough the service was letting out and so I grabbed my coat and met my parents out in the parking lot.

"So what got into you?" my mom asked.

"Greg," I replied after which both she and my dad laughed.

"We figured you weren't going to let him get away unscathed," my dad said as we pulled away. "It was hard sitting there during the sermon thinking about the two of you fucking downstairs - I assume you used the maintenance room again?" I nodded and then he continued, "So spill it girl - was he as good as your dear old dad?"

"Oh daddy!" I said with a bit of a pout, "You know better than to ask that."

My mom chimed in then saying, "Well, he must have been pretty good to get you so worked up you forgot to pull up your hose afterwards."

I looked down and realized in horror that she was correct! God, I wonder if anyone else had noticed. It wasn't that I was ashamed or anything it was just unlike my cousin Kristen I didn't like to be so blatant about it.

She seemed to enjoy her reputation as school slut but I wanted to teach in this community someday so a little discretion was advised.

We all ended up laughing at my silly mistake as my dad drove off to wherever he had planned to take us to lunch. I knew afterwards I would be having to drive back to school so I just sat there in the back seat, my pussy still throbbing and remembered how good it felt to fuck Greg. All in all it had been the best summer break ever and I hated to see it come to an end but at least it ended with a bang - literally!!!

# (Apr 15) Chapter 114: Easter at Brenda's

Story codes: FF MF MFF F-solo oral inc brother sister adultery
Me (21)
Brenda - Freshman roomie (21)
David - Brenda's brother (28)

It had been ages since I spent the night at my old freshman roomie's house and even longer since we shared her married older brother.

## 1. My Roomie Brenda and Her Brother

Brenda was my freshman roomie at college. She was also my real first lesbian experience, unless you count my mom but your parents don't really count. Brenda and I had a fantastic freshman year together. At times we would tease each other with fantasies about incest but needless to say I never told her that mine were a bit more than just fantasies. Sure, Brenda was pretty open-minded and I knew that she harbored a few secretive ideas of her own about her brother but I was afraid she would freak out on me if she learned that I actually enjoyed sex with my parents.

Brenda's parents only loved about ten miles away from the campus but they still allowed her spend her freshman year in the dorm to help her acclimate to college life. One nice thing about them being so close was that she as able to spend most weekends at home and sometimes she invited me along. During one of my stays her twenty-six year-old brother David and his bitchy wife and two brats stayed overnight as well. David seemed more than just a little interested in me so I hinted to him that I was "available". Cutting a long story to the bone, before the night was over he was fucking me in Brenda's bedroom.

Well, as hot as it was to be fucked by a guy with his wife sound asleep just down the hall, that was NOTHING compared to what happened next. Brenda joined us and the two of them were together for the first time. They each learned that while they both had always wanted to be together like this, neither of them was brave enough to make the first move. It made me feel pretty good to know I was responsible for finally bridging the gap between them.

I do have to say that it was incredible to watch Brenda being fucked by her brother for the first time. I'd teased her about it mercilessly in the past and she had always pleaded for me to stop because she claimed that she could never go through with it. Well, here she was doing it and right in front of me at that!

The one strange thing about it all was that while both of them wanted to be together, neither of them felt comfortable doing it with just the two of them. It was almost like that would be going too far but with me there it wasn't all about just the two of them which somehow made it OK for them. I've never quite figured this out but hey, whatever works for ya...

One result of that night was that I was invited over a few more times during my freshman and sophomore years - you can guess why! Now I was nearing the end of my junior year and Brenda was still one of my closest friends. I mean, you don't live together for an entire school year, especially the way we did, and then just drift apart. She had since hooked up with a great guy who also saw to her physical needs and they spent almost all their free time with each other. We still said hello and chatted on the phone now and then but I hadn't visited her home in quite a while.

With Easter coming so late this year, our spring break had come and gone so other than extending the weekend for Good Friday it didn't mean a lot of time off. My youth group kids at church had been practicing their Easter play for months which was going to be presented over the weekend. I wanted to be there to support them so with the short holiday I wasn't planning on going home. As much as it killed me not to take advantage of an opportunity to get back to Pittsburgh, my kids were also important to me.

During the week I ran across Brenda between classes and she asked if I was going home for the weekend. I explained to her my plans and to my surprise she asked if I wanted to spend the Easter weekend at her house. Of course I accepted and for the rest of the week it was all I could think about - especially when I would masturbate in the morning with my horny roomie Jen!

Brenda already had a date with her boyfriend on Thursday night and I had to work with my kids on Friday for a few hours to get in some last minute rehearsals. I wanted to attend the Good Friday evening service so we agreed that I would drive over Friday night immediately after church.

So there I was Friday afternoon, plans in place and just waiting in my on-campus apartment for the evening service to begin. Jen had flown back to her home in Wisconsin for the long weekend and so I was left all alone making the room seem strangely empty without her bubbly personality filling it.

I had thrown a few clothes together in an overnight bag and was ready to hit the road straight from church. Brenda's family lived out of town near a small lake and her parents were pretty laid back so I didn't bother bringing anything too fancy along with me. From past experience the two of us just wore as little as possible anyway around the house although I wasn't sure if the weather was going to hold out for us or not.

I looked at my new bikini I had recently bought with a wry smile. Brenda had a pool but it would be a couple more months before it would be ready to use. I doubted it was going to be warm enough to do any sunbathing so I shrugged and put it back in the drawer with hopes it would come in handy another time.

## 2. Waiting Around

I paced around the room like a tiger in a cage at the zoo. Finally I logged in to Yahoo to check my e-mail. I noticed not many people in my list were on-line and since I didn't have much else to do I changed my status to "Available". The results were predictable and I sighed as my screen suddenly filled with about a dozen windows as guys tried to contact me. It was overwhelming so I went back to being invisible and looked over the ones who were on my screen.

A couple of guys were inviting me to watch them on their cams so I closed the other windows and responded just to them. I was incredibly horny after thinking about Brenda all week and so I figured seeing as guy masturbate for me was better than nothing!

People have asked me why I like watching some strange guy jerking off and the answer is really pretty simple. First, you need to understand that I don't like porn because it has no personal connection to me. Watching some actor masturbating for a camera, knowing a production crew is watching and the whole thing is being faked, does nothing for me. Instead, I get turned on a thousand times more when a husband sends me a pic of his wife or daughter that he took at the last family reunion.

It may be hard to understand but when a guy sends me his family photos it's like he is sharing something personal with me that he knows he shouldn't. It's not that the pics themselves are naughty but it is the INTENT that makes me wet. Know his wife wouldn't appreciate him sending her pics to a girl that he discussed his desire to commit adultery with turns me on.

Guys camming is similar except it's even hotter. I've watched cams on adult web sites where they broadcast it out to anyone and everyone and found it doesn't really do much for me. It's like porn - cold and impersonal. They don't even know I am there so how can it mean anything to me?

On the other hand, when a guy talks to ME on his cam and I can actually watch him stroking himself, getting all nice and hard because he wants ME and desires ME, well THAT'S meaningful to me. I often get wet and usually masturbate myself as I see them get hard and stroke themselves as they chat with me and tell me how bad they want to fuck me.

I also love it when guys cum on a picture for me. Sometimes I like it to be on me or someone else in my family that turns them on from reading about them in my diary. It's even hotter when they use one of their wife or daughter, maybe a picture in a frame that has been sitting around the house. I think one of the most erotic sights for me was watching a guy cum on a photo of his own mother that was on the shelf next to his computer desk. Imagine how he must have felt next time his mom was over and saw it!

I started chatting with one of the guys and he quickly invited me to watch him. He was still dressed when his cam came on so I asked him to strip for me which he quickly did. His cock was already erect and so I asked him what made him hard. I smiled as he replied that he had been looking at some of my pictures and was dreaming about fucking me while his wife slept in the room down the hall. We chatted some more and I licked my lips as I saw his hand stroking his nice hard cock just for me to see. Mmmmmmm, he was nice and thick and getting bigger by the minute.

I put my finger in my mouth and imagined it was his cock I was sucking while I started to rub my pussy through my jeans. It became quickly obvious as I watched him jerking off that my situation wasn't going to work so I stood up and pulled my jeans down and off, leaving them in a pile by the chair. It left me with just my blouse on which I didn't bother to remove since nobody could see me anyway. I sat back down bare-bottom on my desk chair and spread my legs apart as I tried to type words of encouragement to him as best I could while playing with myself.

Unfortunately he started asking for nude pics of me which sort of took the wind out of my sail. Sending pics of me is such a pain as it is and guys always want nudes and sexual photos. Well, for one I simply do NOT send out sex shots - period. In addition, I don't send out nudes of anyone else in my family and those of me are quite limited and at least a year or more old.

I sighed and sent out a few nudes from a couple of years ago which seemed to satisfy him. He printed out one of me and my cousin sitting by a fireplace and asked me whether I wanted him to cum on me or Kristen. I smiled as I read his note while I watched him holding my photo by his cock with the head between the two of us. My cousin and I were "close" in many ways so it made me hot when guys would cum on her or me and her in a photo.

For the next five minutes or so I mostly played with myself watching him jerk off. I had to take a break now and then to send him an IM but he didn't seem to mind that I didn't keep up a constant flow of patter which I liked as it let me get myself off better as I watched him.

For once, I was faster than the guy and my first orgasm hit me as he was still stroking his cock with one hand while rubbing his balls with the other. I had to stop typing as I felt the wetness of my pussy growing and my thighs tingled as I rubbed my clit faster. I couldn't tear my eyes from his cock as I dreamed of it deep inside of me, stroking in and out of me like he was doing now to his hand.

I could almost taste it as my pussy suddenly exploded and I gasped as goose bumps erupted on every square inch of me. In my imagination he was cumming inside of me, his big cock head erupting with cum and shooting deep inside of my womb. Of course his poor sperm was doomed from the start thanks to modern pharmaceuticals!

I slumped in the chair with my hand between my legs cupping my crotch as I tried to catch my breath. He was about to cum and as my orgasm slowly dwindled I watched as he put the pic of me and my cousin under him and sprayed his cum all over it. God it was so hot to think he could get that horny just looking at a simple photo of us - and fully clothed at that. You've got to admit - that's quite the ego booster!

I looked over at the alarm clock and jumped up as I saw I only had twenty minutes to get to church! I quickly thanked him and logged off before pulling up my jeans and running to the bathroom to rinse off my face. I was quite flushed from my orgasm but there was nothing I could do about it so I just brushed out my hair and straightened out my blouse.

I stood back and took stock of myself in the mirror. My cheeks puffed out as I exhaled and took in another deep breath. Between my legs my pussy was reminding me it wasn't finished yet - I can't just turn off like a faucet the way men seem to after they've had sex. For a brief moment I was tempted to go for another quickie but common sense got the better of me and I grabbed my purse and bag and hustled out to my car.

Normally I would have walked as the church as it wasn't that far away but today I wanted to get to Brenda's as soon as possible after the service so I parked in the church parking lot and ran inside. My first stop was the girl's room to check myself out. The flush in my face was about gone, thank goodness, and overall I thought I looked OK. I wasn't that dressed up but nobody did other than Sunday mornings.

I met with my kids along with the other leaders and for the next hour or so sat in the middle of the front pew helping to direct them. They were brilliant and I was soooooo proud of them! After the service I gave every one of them a big hug. I smiled to myself as a couple of the older boys used the opportunity to press a little tighter than they might have a few years before but my mind wasn't on them tonight so I just let it go without reacting to it.

# 3. Intimate With Brenda Again

When the service was over, I drove myself to Brenda's house. This was actually the first time I'd ever driven there by myself as I didn't have a car during my first two years of school and so she or her parents would have to come into town and pick me up. Provided I didn't get lost it should only took about twenty minutes or so with most of it on rural roads. Besides, it gave me some time to think about the upcoming weekend and I wondered what Brenda had in mind. It had been almost a year since the last time we'd been intimate and I missed her - a LOT.

Brenda seemed to have a knack from the first time we were together to know just where I liked to be touched and I had many fond memories of our nights together. The more I thought of her the more I felt a warmth begin to build again between my legs and so I pressed my fingers against myself through my jeans as I drove. There wasn't enough time to get serious about anything but I felt a rush go through me like a wind as I gasped from the sensations between my legs. Arriving at Brenda's house she must have been watching for me as she ran out of the house and greeted me as I stepped out of my car.

"Kelly!" she shrieked like an eight year-old and she hugged me tightly to her.

Brenda's dad was in the garage which was open in front of us so we didn't get too carried away but from the way she looked at me I had no doubt we were in sync as to our plans for the evening. We went in through the garage entrance to the kitchen and I waved hello to her dad.

Brenda's parents were quite a bit older than mine and VERY conservative. They were sweet though and had always treated me wonderfully. I wasn't so sure how they would have reacted had they known just how "close" their daughter was with me though One thing I WAS sure of and that was how they would respond if they had a clue what Brenda and I enjoyed doing with her brother!

Inside her mom had supper about ready so we worked to set the table and get everything ready. At one point Brenda mentioned I should take my stuff back to her room and her mom just nodded her OK to us. Brenda grabbed my bag and led me down the hall to her room.

Once inside she shut the door behind us and without a word threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. This wasn't some peck on the cheek between friends. No, it was two people passionate in their feelings for the other, back together after a long separation. Brenda and I were never "lovers" and I never viewed her as anything more than a friend, albeit one I was very intimate with. We just enjoyed being together, feeling each other's body against our own, enjoying ourselves the way two people can only through sex.

Her hand palmed my boob and I could feel her pushing me towards the bed. I pulled back from our kiss and smiled at her.

"Now girl, don't go starting something you can't finish," I whispered to her with a big grin on my face.

Brenda just rolled her eyes at me saying, "That's my Kelly - always the practical one. When are you going to loosen up girl?"

It was all I could do to not laugh aloud at that. As "close" as we were, Brenda, like everyone else at school, didn't have a clue about my "real" life. Even though we played around, as far as she knew I was pretty much the naive church girl everyone saw when I was at school. Seeing how easily I fucked her brother should have made her think that maybe I wasn't quite THAT conservative but it didn't seem to register. After a bit of a pause we just giggled and headed for the door.

"All right then," she said just before she opened the door, "But just so you know I can't wait for later!"

We got back to the kitchen where her mother scolded us for taking so long but we just looked at each other and giggled. Her mom rolled her eyes and mumbled something about "silly girls" which just made us giggle all the more!

Supper was rather uneventful. It had been almost a year since my last visit and so much had happened since then it wasn't hard to keep the conversation going. Brenda was obviously infatuated with her boyfriend as it seemed every story she told me involved him in one way or another.

Personally, I would've been interested in hearing what she DIDN'T tell her parents about him since I knew they had quite an active sexual relationship as well Brenda had not been with that many guys before she met Tom and I was a little concerned she might be just a little doe-eyed over him and maybe not realizing if he was taking advantage of her eagerness to get laid. I would have loved to have him fuck me just to better judge him so I could advise her better but I doubted Brenda was going to offer me THAT chance!

After supper it was getting already into the evening thanks to my late arrival so after clearing off the table we went to their family room to watch TV and talk some more. Brenda and I sat next to each other on the couch while her parents watched from their own chairs. It struck me how similar the arrangement was to my own family back in Pittsburgh - must be a generation thing or something. There were some specials on about the Easter story and afterwards Brenda announced she and I were heading to her room for the night. Brenda's mom asked what we were going to do.

"Oh mom!" Brenda sighed, "Just girl stuff - you know."

Her mom smiled but I knew she was clueless as to what "girl stuff" Brenda was really referring to! She may have been thinking about what she did with her friends when she was our age in which case unless I was totally off base about her probably consisted of giggling about boys, painting toe nails and trying on clothes. Well, we had a little bit more in mind than that! Back in her room Brenda shut the door and locked it behind us. It wouldn't do for her mom to walk in unexpectedly! Brenda turned to me and put her hands on my hips.

"Now...," she whispered softly, "Where were we?"

We fell on the bed and immediately our bodies pressed up tight and we kissed long and hard. Our lips parted as we gasped for air and she started fumbling at my clothes. I took her arms in my hands to stop her and looked her in the eye.

"Let's quite wasting time. Why don't we each just get undressed and get it over with?" I said seductively.

We each stripped as fast as we could and in seconds I was looking at a sight I'd not seen in quite a while - my dear old red-headed, freckled roomie standing stark naked in front of me! Her boobs had always been bigger than mine and now they looked even more spectacular than I remembered. A full D-cup, there no sag to them at all and if I had not known better I would have said she had some "help" with them but I knew they were 100% real. I would have given anything to have them for a day just to see what it was like to have such a great pair of boobs. I noticed she wasn't shaving her pussy completely anymore and instead her thick red pubic hair was trimmed into a small "V" above her pussy lips.

"God... you really look incredible," I sighed.

"Well, you're not too bad yourself, you know," she replied, her eyes roaming up and down my naked body.

I leaned back as she moved towards me and then laid on top of me in her bed. Brenda had always been the more dominate one although it was nothing like a dominatrix/slave thing at all. She just liked to be in charge and make the first move which I was happy to allow her to do. After all, if she hadn't made the first move back when we were new roomies who knows how things would have turned out?

I had masturbated a lot with my friends in high school but Brenda was the first girl I'd been with sexually other than my mom or aunt. I doubt if she had not approached me that day in her room while she was taking pictures of me that I would've ever had the nerve to initiate anything. Mmmmmmm, was I ever glad she had!

We kissed for what seemed forever as our hands lightly fondling each other but not seeking out any of our more "sensitive" spots. After our freshman year she knew ALL the places that made me feel good. I felt goose bumps raise as her fingertips traced along my side and down my hips and legs. Her tiny fingers ran slowly through my hair and I felt like I was in heaven.

"God I soooooo missed this Brenda," I whispered to her softly, looking straight into her eyes that were directly over me.

Brenda didn't say anything in response but instead started to kiss me from my neck and working her way slowly down my nude body. I just closed my eyes and enjoyed it as her tongue and lips caressed me all over. My nipples were hard but they somehow seemed to grow even larger and harder as her teeth gently tugged on them while her tongue flicked over them. My stomach tingled as her tongue lightly touched and caressed it, running in little circles around my belly button.

I moaned softly and put my hands on her head, pushing her downward to where I wanted her so badly to be. Brenda put her hands around me and cupped my ass in them. She wiggled down the bed until her head was between my thighs and gazed at my pussy which was open and wet, just waiting for her.

"Mmmmmmm, looks like somebody's pussy needs some attention," she said softly as her eyes met mine with a smile on her face. She kissed me right over my clit and I almost jumped out of bed. Brenda giggled at my response.

"Yep, definitely needs attention," she murmured, almost to herself more than me.

I tensed as her tongue started at the top of my clit and ran slowly down my pussy until it flickered over the opening to my pussy. Her face pressed against my crotch as she pressed her tongue into me and wiggled it just inside of me. I was so wet already the wetness of her mouth wasn't needed to make it easy for her to slide her tongue into me Her mouth returned to my clit and she gently sucked on it while her tongue played over it. Then I felt her finger pressing against me and working its way into my cunt until she had it in as far as it would reach. She kept sucking on my clit while her finger fucked me like a small cock. Damn it felt incredible to have her back between my legs again!

Feeling me tense and listening to my breathing, Brenda knew from experience what was about to happen. She lifted her head off my clit for a moment and without stopping her finger she smiled and said, "Cum for me Kelly... I want you to cum all over me."

Resuming her unbelievably attention to my clit, she soon got her wish. I couldn't help but let out a loud moan as my back arched and I pressed my crotch up tight into my mouth. My hands held her head firmly against my pussy as it exploded into an incredible orgasm. Every inch of me cried out in pleasure as Brenda relentlessly sucked on my clit. I wrapped my legs around her thin body and pulled her tightly into me as my pussy gushed all over her hand.

Feeling me cumming, her mouth moved down and she took out her finger so she could lap up my pussy cum. Finally I was able to breathe again and I sucked in a deep breath before moaning softly as my orgasm settled into more of a glowing feeling. Feeling her trying to get up, I unwrapped my legs and she moved to the side of me with one leg and arm over me, pressing her crotch tightly up against me. Without a word we kissed and I smelled and tasted myself on her lips and face. I just laid there, totally overwhelmed as her hands gently caressed my boobs and we kissed softly. Brenda, though, wasn't finished by a long shot.

"My turn," she purred in my ear as she got up and next thing I knew she was straddling me.

Her pussy was directly in front of me and looked terribly inviting. I didn't have to wait long as she moved forward and pressed her crotch to my face. God she smelled so sexy! I reached forward with my head and pulled the pillow behind me under my neck to support me. Brenda slowly ground her crotch into my face as my tongue danced over her clit and between her pussy lips. My hands cupped her ass and pulled her into my face as I lapped her cunt like a cat with a fresh bowl of milk – except in this case the milk was Brenda's sweet pussy juices.

Mmmmmmm, I loved the taste of a horny pussy. I had first tasted mine when I was barely eleven and had loved it from the very beginning. Brenda's bare ass was rubbing against my boobs and massaging my nipples in the process which was making me feel pretty good as well! Brenda was playing with her boobs as she swiveled her hips to rub her cunt into my face when I heard her panting and I knew I was about to finally get her to cum. I didn't stop, though, but instead tried to reach even further into her pussy with my outstretched tongue.

"Oh god Kelly, don't stop whatever you do," she gasped, "Oh fuck, I love it when you lick me."

She started shaking and then it was like she suddenly froze in place. My eyes looked upward to her face and I saw her eyes were closed and her mouth was wide open when suddenly she drew in a huge breath of air and then let it out just as quick.

"Oh god... oh god... oh god," was all she kept saying as I felt her pussy contract and then my face was flooded with her cum.

Her butt clenched and her hips thrust forward into my wet face as her orgasm racked her body. Every girl I've been with has had her own unique orgasm and Brenda was no different. With her, the harder she came the more frozen she would become, almost like a statue as the pleasure of her orgasm ran through her. It was like she was afraid that if she moved that something would cause it to lessen and so she just held herself in place, absorbing every sensation she could.

When she finally began to move again I knew it was beginning to ebb and sure enough I soon heard her moaning softly. I leaned my head back so I could look at her.

"Well girl, do I know how to eat pussy or what?" I said with a nasty smile on my face.

Brenda was still trying to catch her breath but she looked down at me and held my head in her hands.

"Oh yeah," she said with a sly grin, "you're still the best ever Kelly... god I love you! You're such a slut!"

I knew she meant that in a complimentary way, much the same as when my dad called me his "little slut", so I wasn't offended or anything. In fact, I didn't mind it even when people meant to call me that. I always figure if people thought I was sexy enough to be a slut then I must be pretty damn sexy!

We spent the next hour or so lying in bed together, catching up on old times and new gossip while at the same time our hands roamed over the other. Sometimes we just kissed for a while and as her warm body pressed against mine I remembered how many nights we had squeezed together to fit on our dorm beds so we could spend the night together.

I never considered Brenda to be my "lover" or had any emotional attachment to her in that way, but we were still something a bit more than just good friends, As we talked the subject of her boyfriend inevitably came up. Brenda giggled as I pressed her for some of the more graphic details of her guy.

"Oh Kelly, do you really expect me to tell you THAT?" she exclaimed after I pushed for her to tell me how she sucked his cock.

It was sort of funny to me that Brenda felt embarrassed to discussed something like that with me. Of course, she had no idea that I had sucked hundreds cocks in my sexual "career". Sometimes I wondered what she would have said had she known the true extent of my activities outside of school. I would've thought that after fucking her brother she might have wondered a bit more about me but the subject had never come up between us.

"Well then," I replied with a mock tone of exasperation, "at least tell me about the last time you sucked David."

At the mention of her brother, Brenda suddenly became quite serious and I wondered if maybe I had pushed her too far. Then she kissed me briefly and softly said, "You know Kelly, I haven't fucked my brother since the last time your stayed here."

I was more than a little astonished. Given the way they both seemed to enjoy it the last time we did it, I figured the two of them would have been doing it every chance they could, especially since he lived in town just a few minutes away. My expression was enough to betray my thoughts to Brenda who then continued on.

"I don't know, I guess it would just be weird to have sex alone with him. When you were with us it doesn't seem so... well, you know... wrong? I wouldn't feel right fucking him just by myself - he IS my brother after all and he IS married."

She paused as if to let me respond but I just laid there next to her, listening to her and waiting for her to continue which she did eventually.

"When you are watching it was more than just being fucked by my brother. I felt so hot because I knew it was turning you on so much to see my brother fucking me. Well... I don't blame you for not understanding, you don't even have a brother so I don't know how you could have any idea how I feel."

To be honest, I didn't understand at all but I wasn't going to say that to her! Sometimes Brenda seems a little weird to me and this was definitely one of those times! Hell, if I had a brother I would have been fucking him every day, especially if he was a hunk like Brenda's! I reached forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. She was actually trembling in my arms and I whispered in her ear that is was OK, that she could tell me anything.

"Oh Kelly," she said as she started to cry softly, "I get so confused sometimes. I loved being fucked by my brother and I have wanted it so badly every time since then when I see him but I just can't do it. I even think of David sometimes when my boyfriend fucks me - now is that messed up or what?"

I assured her what she was feeling was perfectly normal. I came SOOOO close to telling her about the relationship between my father and me but I wasn't sure if she was ready for that yet. If she was having an anxiety attack over her brother doing her, I could only imagine what she would say if she knew my father was fucking me!

We talked some more about it and we began to recall the times the two of us had fooled around with her brother. David was married to a bitch of a wife who seemed to hate Brenda and me with a passion. She was undoubtedly a major influence on her two bratty kids based on their anti-social behavior. I hated her so badly that when he had fucked me I actually enjoyed the thought of her sitting at home not knowing her wonderful husband was banging the daylights out of his sister and best friend as much as I loved actually being fucked. Brenda laughed when I mentioned how much I disliked her and confirmed she was as bitchy as ever.

I looked at Brenda and smiled saying, "So what do you say then girl... are we going to fuck David tomorrow or what?"

Brenda let out a long breath and rolled her eyes at me. "Well, I have to admit that I figured that you would want to do something like that."

Then her eyes narrowed and she looked at me more seriously saying, "You know Kelly, sometimes I wonder what's the real story with you. Hmmmmmm... why is it that somehow I don't think you're quite as innocent and naive as you try so hard to make yourself appear to be in school?"

I giggled and again flirted with the idea of coming clean with her but years of family discipline won out and in the end I just gave her a smile and look that hopefully told her she was correct but at the same time I wasn't going to tell her a thing.

"Well, be that way then," she huffed but then couldn't hold back a laugh. "Maybe I should call David and tell him we can't make it tomorrow!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

Usually I could read Brenda like a book but there times when she could surprise me and this was one of those times. She looked so pleased with herself that she had managed to pull this one over me.

"Yep!" she said, "I called David earlier today and told him you were coming over. I didn't have to say anything else - he knew what I wanted. So anyway... we're on for noon tomorrow at his house."

"His house?" I said in an incredulous tone. What in the world was she thinking?

"Yea, his wife has a hair appointment in Columbus and so she's leaving the boys with him. It's the best opportunity he will have this weekend. Don't worry - the boys will be playing video games in the basement all afternoon."

I felt myself getting horny again as I considered the possibilities. At the same time I felt exhausted after a long week and then our "activities" of the evening. We finally fell asleep together in her bed, our nude bodies pressed tightly together with me spooning her from behind and my arms wrapped tightly around her. My breasts were pressed against her smooth back and my hands caressed her breasts gently as I drifted to sleep.

I woke in the middle of the night for whatever reason and it felt so good to lay there in the darkness, feeling her smooth warm ass pressed against my stomach. My hand cupped her breast and I loved the way it felt in my hand as I squeezed it gently. I reached down and cupped her pussy I my hand. For a moment I was tempted to 'explore" her a little further but I was so tired that I fell asleep once again.

## 4. Sex With Brenda and Her Brother

We slept soundly until we were abruptly awakened Saturday morning by the sharp sound of her mom knocking on the door.

"Brenda?" she called through the door, "Are you girls awake? I'll be starting breakfast soon!"

We both looked at each other with our eyes wide open when the door handle shook as she tried to come in.

"Brenda?" she called out again, "Honey, why is your door locked?"

We both quickly threw on a nightshirt as Brenda hustled over to the door. When she cracked it open her mom pushed it open all the way and came into the room.

"So how are you two doing this morning?" she said smiling at me innocently.

I was tempted to say what a great night we had licking each other's pussy but somehow I didn't think that was what she was expecting me to say. We both chimed in, assuring her we had a lovely night (which was 100% true) and she left but not before warning us that breakfast would be ready in twenty or thirty minutes.

After the fuss over our door being close I was surprised when Brenda's mom shut the door behind her but then I realized she probably didn't want her husband seeing us getting dressed as their bedroom was just across the hall. Once she was gone Brenda looked at me with her patented naughty-girl look I used to love so much.

"So tell me," she said with a sly grin, "Do you still wake up all horny in the morning?"

I just nodded and rubbed myself between my legs causing her to laugh and say, "You know, I've never met another girl who masturbated even half as much as you do. God Kelly, don't you EVER get enough?"

I still didn't say anything as I was curious where she was going with this and I didn't have to wait long.

"Well, for your information you were a terrible influence on me when we roomed together. I mean, sure I had masturbated now and then in high school but I had never known a girl that did it nearly as often as you do. God, it seemed every time I came in the room you were playing with yourself."

Brenda's face grew more serious and she said in a more conspiratorial tone, "You know what? I don't think you even realize that you're doing it half the time. Like, there were time when I would try to talk with you and I would see your hand between your legs as you talked to me like nothing was going on."

She paused and then pointed at me and giggled, "Look... you're doing it now!"

I looked down and sure enough, I WAS playing with myself. It wasn't all that much, but my finger was indeed pressing against my pussy. I withdrew my hand quickly and blushed.

"Now there's a sight you don't see every day... Kelly blushing," Brenda laughed at me, "Wow! I didn't think ANYTHING could embarrass you."

I rolled my eyes at that but then in morbid curiosity I couldn't help but ask, "So honestly, do I REALLY do that a lot?"

Brenda nodded her head and replied, "Sorry, I really thought you did it to be a tease or even just to be naughty. Yes... you do it a LOT girl! You're good at hiding it though so I know there have been a lot of times when I was the only one who knew what you were doing. You DO need to watch it though, there have been a few times in church when I almost felt I needed to say something to you!"

We had thrown on some panties by now and so we went out to join her parents for breakfast. Much as I hated underwear there was a time and place for everything. Going bare-bottom at Brenda's wasn't sexy or fun, in fact it would've been downright rude.

Brenda's parents were older and definitely had not maintained themselves the way mine had. They were great people, don't get me wrong, but I couldn't imagine myself doing anything sexual with them and teasing her father was NOT something that turned me on in the least to even contemplate. Our t-shirts hung halfway to our knees anyways so even if we hadn't worn panties we wouldn't have been showing off anything but I was sure her mom would have noticed so what was the point in doing so and offending her?

After breakfast, which was more like brunch given it was already past 10:00 AM by the time we had finished, Brenda and I went back to her room to change. The weather was decent but not summer yet so we each decided on some tight jeans and a shirt. She had a nice white long-sleeved shirt that was rather traditional looking with pockets and all, almost like a man-shirt but fitted a whole lot better. I had brought with me a thin flannel shirt that was also long-sleeved that I liked wearing for comfort more than anything. A pair of socks and sneakers and we were ready to go. Needless to say, this time the panties stayed in her room!

We went back out to the kitchen where her parents were still chatting over coffee. We sat down and just talked for the next hour or so until finally Brenda announced that it was time for us to get going. Her mom asked where we were going and was a bit surprised to find we were heading over to her brother's house. Brenda somehow "forgot" to mention that his wife was going to be out and made it sound like we were just going over to say hi. I found myself wondering what her mom would have said if she had ANY idea what we were planning to REALLY do!

We decided to take my car because nobody would recognize it in town and possibly say something to his wife later about Brenda being at his house. I parked on the street in front of the house next to theirs and we went in through the side door. David was in the kitchen with the two boys. He saw us coming in and motioned for us to stay out of sight. He herded the boys and led them downstairs where we could hear him telling them to play with the video games and NOT to even think of coming upstairs until he came down again. In a few minutes he was back upstairs and heaved a huge sigh.

"God Brenda, how about some warning girl! Damn, all I need is for them to tell their mom you two were over here today. You know how she feels about you - especially Kelly!"

I was about to say something when the phone rang. God, the place was a madhouse! How were we ever going to get down to some serious sex the way things were going so far? Then I heard him talking and next thing I knew I was REALLY wondering if anything was going to happen.

"Oh really honey? Don't you have anything else to shop for?" he said into the phone.

My heart skipped a beat as I had a bad feeling about where the conversation was going.

"So when do you think you'll be home then?" He just nodded to himself as he listened to the answer. He said he loved her, then hung up and turned back to us.

"Shit. She'll be home in an hour or so," he said. "Sorry girls, looks like a no-go."

Well, I wasn't going to let THAT stop things. I was horny as hell by now and the last thing I wanted was to have to go back to Brenda's and masturbate to relieve the tension in me when right in front of me was a handsome guy with a cock I KNEW was just waiting to fuck me. I walked up to him and kneeled in front of him as I started to undo his belt and jeans. David didn't try to stop me but I could hear him chuckling.

"Damn, I take it somebody's hungry for something," he said in a low voice.

Brenda, not about to be undone, kneeled beside me and unzipped his jeans and the two of us pulled his pants down to his ankles.

"Well brother, Kelly's not the only one hungry for something," she said as she looked up at him with a sly grin on her face.

David let out a loud breath and put his hands on the top of our heads as we pulled his boxers down to join his jeans at his ankles. "God damn it," he exclaimed, "I can't believe you girls are doing this. She's going to be home in an hour and what if the boys come up here?"

Well, seeing the way his cock was reacting I knew that he wasn't all THAT concerned! I licked my lips in anticipation as Brenda grabbed his cock at the base and held it to my waiting mouth. I wasn't about to turn down the offer and my tongue reached out to lick the head and then I took him in my mouth and went down on his cock until the entire thing was in my mouth. He was only about half erect so it easily fit and I could feel the pulsing of his heart as the blood filled his shaft.

As I lifted my head up I sucked hard on his cock, pulling it out from his crotch as I let all but the head out of my mouth before going down on him again. Brenda had his balls in one hand as she stroked whatever part of his cock wasn't in my mouth at the time as I sucked his cock like I hadn't had one in ages.

"Oh fuck! God you sure know how to suck cock," he whispered loudly he quickly hardened in my mouth.

"OK girlfriend, I want some of my brother's cock now," Brenda said as she pulled his cock away from me and brought it to her own mouth.

I watched hungrily as she took her brother into her mouth and sucked him. I could tell she must have been getting a lot of practice with new boyfriends as she was obviously much more confident sucking him than I had remembered her being before. David was obviously noticing the difference as well.

"Damn sis," he said, pushing her head down onto his cock, "I guess you've been making somebody pretty happy since the last time... Shit girl, that feels great!"

I noticed Brenda was using her tongue on his shaft as she sucked him and smiled. So many girls just seemed to think that if they let the guys cock slide in and out of their mouth's enough that they were doing a good job but I learned long ago that the secret to a good blow job wasn't how far you took him in or how fast. Nope – it was ALL in the tongue action.

Sure I knew it turned a guy on to see his cock disappear completely into my mouth, especially when he could feel it actually pushing its way down my throat. But when it came to making him cum, I knew that nothing made a cock squirt faster than using my tongue on him in just the right way. Usually it took me a few minutes to figure out what a particular guy liked best.

It was no different than licking a girl – everyone has their own personal erotic zones and technique that made them cum the best. Some guys wanted their head to get the attention, especially around and under the ridge. Others preferred their shaft to be stroked up and down with my tongue and some even liked me to swirl along the shaft as I sucked them. With guys it wasn't hard to figure them out. I just tried a few different things to start out and waited for the reaction. With most guys it was pretty obvious when I struck gold!

I had told Brenda about this in the past and obviously she'd taken my advice to heart because I saw her doing exactly to her brother what I'd told her to do to other guys. With David, like most guys, it was the head that reacted the most. I noticed as her tongue swirled around it that he would tense up and moan involuntarily and then when she took her tongue off of it he would relax slightly. Sure enough, Brenda picked up on her brother's signals and went to town on the head of his cock while she sucked on his shaft as well. David was loving it but we didn't have forever and I still hadn't been fucked!

As Brenda went to work on her brother I stood up and as David watched I stripped off my clothes. Brenda was still blowing him so I undressed her as well. God she looked so hot kneeling nude in front of him! It made me just a little bit jealous actually since I never had a brother to fuck me.

David had removed his shirt in the meantime so he was standing their essentially naked with his pants and underwear at his ankles. He still had his shoes on so taking them off the rest of the way would just be wasting time - and there was no time to waste! I put my butt up against the kitchen table and slide up on my ass so I was sitting on it with my legs handing over the edge. I spread my legs wide apart to give him a nice view of my pussy and started playing with myself for him to watch. Damn I was so wet and horny, if he didn't fuck me soon I was going to go nuts!

"C'mon David," I invited him as I held out my hand and motioned to him to come to me with my finger. "Get over here and fuck me."

Sometimes it was the simpler statements that said it the best and in this case, those last two words said everything. David grinned and looked down at his sister.

"Hmmmmmm, I guess it's time to fuck your friend," he said to her as she lifted her head off of his swollen cock.

Brenda looked so disappointed that he leaned down to kiss her on the forehead. Moving over to me with his cock in his hand, he looked back and reassured her saying, "Don't worry sis, we're not through yet!"

I bit my lower lip and licked my lips as he moved between my welcoming thighs. His hand reached forward and rubbed along the slit of my pussy and then he pushed his finger up into me. I moaned at the feel of his finger exploring inside of me.

"Fuck, you ARE horny, aren't you?" he said with a smile. "Now THIS is what I call a wet and ready pussy."

I looked him in the eyes with as seductive a stare as I could make. "So... are you going to just stand there fingering me or are you going to screw me?

David chuckled at my obvious need and bluntness. He looked back at Brenda as he held his cock up to the entrance to my starving cunt. "Hey Brenda, have I ever told you your friend was a genuine slut?" he asked jokingly.

Brenda just laughed and tossed her hair back as she stood up to get a better view as he started to push his cock against me. My pussy resisted at first and so he pressed harder and then he suddenly slipped an inch or so into me. Damn it always felt so good when a cock first split me open!

Of course, nothing would ever compare to my first time, but no matter how many guys fucked me the first time one entered me it was like my pussy had shrunk since the last time and had to be stretched out all over again. Guys have told me that they like the tightness of my cunt and more than a few have been shocked to find out they weren't number two or three!

I looked over at Brenda as he pushed himself further into me and then back down to my pussy again. There was something special about feeling a cock push its way into me while I watched it disappear at the same time. It almost seemed like two different events as it was hard for my mind to connect the feeling of fullness I was experiencing inside of me was being created by the same cock I was seeing slip inside of me.

I lifted my legs and wrapped them around him as I leaned back with my hands on the top of the table. Brenda moved up alongside of David, intently watching her brother fuck her friend. Our eyes met and we both grinned as he held my legs up around him. He was just stroking in and out of me, nothing fancy or original, just good old fashioned fucking. He kept looking over at Brenda and I knew what was really on his mind. Ordinarily if I was being fucked by a guy and he was paying attention to another girl I would have been furious but in this case it actually made me feel hornier.

It was sort of weird, this incestuous relationship between them. They hadn't fucked since the last time I'd been with them and even now, for whatever reason, he seemed to think that he had to fuck me first before he could screw his sister. I imagine some psychiatrist would have some lengthy explanation but for me it was just strange! The next time he looked at her I released my legs and smiled as I looked at him.

"It's OK David, you can fuck her," I said as I gazed at her again and saw the glow in her face.

David was just grunting now. It was if his lust had become so animal like he couldn't even speak words anymore. His eyes rolled up into the top of his head as his hips jerked uncontrollably beneath Brenda's beautiful ass. I recalled just how nice that cute ass had felt when we slept together as roomies. I would never have dreamed when we first started playing together that someday I would be watching that same smooth ass pressing into her own brother's crotch and definitely NEVER would have thought that the same brother would be fucking her - or me for that matter!

Brenda lifted herself off of him and turned to face me. She leaned forward and put one hand on each side of my ass, spreading her legs to give her brother a juicy target. He stood up and quickly hit the mark and the next thing I knew she was being fucked again by him as she looked up at me with her face just inches away from mine. I could feel her hot breath against my boobs as she panted from the exertion of being fucked. She lowered her head and I heard her talking to him.

"God that feels so good... don't stop... make me cum David," she begged.

I realized she had moved one hand down between her legs and was toying with her clit as he fucked her. She had confided in me before that unlike me, she could not cum from vaginal stimulation alone but needed her clit to be touched in order to orgasm. It must have worked because before long her head lifted up and eyes were tightly shut as she moaned and gasped for air.

"Do it Brenda," I told her, "Cum for me... C'mon and cum."

"Ohhhhhh," she groaned as David relentlessly fucked her.

She was trembling as her orgasm surged through her. I could only imagine how it must feel to cum with your brother fucking you. God sometimes I wished I had a brother!

"Fuck me harder... that's it - oh yea fuck me!" she whispered to him.

His motions were getting faster now and his breath was labored and quick. I knew he was about to cum and Brenda did as well.

"I want you to cum inside of my pussy," she begged him. "Please David... cum in me... cum in me now!"

Much as I would have loved to have him cum in ME, I could think of anything hotter now than to see him filling his own sister with his sperm. I was amazed once again at how incest between a brother and sister was so different from what I did with my father. With my dad, sex was about showing him my love for him, my total submission to him as his daughter. We enjoy it, of course, but sexual gratification in and of itself is not the reason I give myself to him. Feeling him cum inside of me is not so much sexually rewarding as it gives me a sense of security and especially the feeling from knowing that my own father wanted me enough to express his love for me by giving me such a precious gift.

Watching Brenda and David I could see that incest between a brother and sister was almost just the opposite. There was no love or submission between them. Instead, it was all about lust and self-gratification. It was not really that much different from sex between any two people except that it was so much hotter than just two strangers fucking. Their sexual lust and desire was enhanced by their sibling relationship in a way two ordinary people could never experience. I guess it must have been something like how I felt when I fucked my cousin Rick or his father except in this case the closeness of a brother-sister relationship seemed to make it even more intense.

"Cum in me David," Brenda panted. "Fuck me you bastard."

David leaned forward over her and pressed himself tightly against her ass, ramming his cock deep into her pussy. "Here is comes sis," he hissed into her ear as I saw his hips jerk and I could only imagine how she felt as his cum was shooting from his cock and depositing itself inside of her.

"Oh fuck yeah!" she growled, "Give it all to me."

His hips lunged into her time after time until finally he was spent and he pulled out of her and dropped back into the chair exhausted. His cock looked so good all hard still and wet, covered with a mixture of his cum and her pussy juices. He just leaned back in the chair and breathed heavily with a look of satisfaction on his face. Brenda looked at me and smiled but I wasn't quite finished - not yet!

"Let me lick you," I whispered to her.

She stood up and I slipped off the table and kneeled under her. I leaned down and put my head between her legs as she put one knee up on the table to open herself for me. Mmmmmmm she tasted heavenly! Some if his cum began to drain out of her and I took it in my mouth but didn't swallow it, just collecting it like a rain barrel until I had a nice mouthful of sperm and pussy cum.

I stood up and kissed Brenda, spitting the slimy mix into her open mouth. I heard her murmur her appreciation as we swapped it back and forth until both of us has some in our mouths. We seemed to each have the same idea simultaneously as we turned and opened our mouths and stuck out our cum-covered tongues for David to see. He just grinned and we each swallowed our respective share and then kissed some more while he watched.

Unfortunately, or fortunately as it turned out, our bliss was interrupted by the sound of fighting from the basement below. I guess it was a small miracle that the two brats had gone this long before going at it and actually I'd forgotten all about them. God! It would have been interesting to say the least should one or both of them pop their heads in the kitchen about now! David looked at his watch and gasped.

"Damn! It's almost time for her to be home," he said as he frantically started to dress. "Hurry up you too, she'll kill us all if she finds you like that."

Personally, I think it would've been fun to have her walk in and see him fucking us but practically I knew that was out of the question. Fortunately Brenda and I didn't have much to put on and in less than a minute we were back to a "decent" state of dress. Only one problem - the room smelled of sex and I knew our faces were all flushed and probably had some cum on them.

"You girls have GOT to get out of here," David said in a worried tone. We both kissed him and I patted his crotch one last time.

"It was SO nice seeing you again David," I purred.

David just slapped me playfully on the butt. He looked at Brenda who was standing there looking back at him with an interesting look on her face I wasn't quite sure how to read. Something non-verbal was communicated between them at that moment, something only a brother and sister could share. Suddenly the spell was broken and we both waved goodbye and headed back to my car. Once inside Brenda started to fasten her seatbelt but I stopped her.

"I want to see her come home," I told her.

Suddenly I felt this morbid curiosity to see the wife of the man we had both just been fucking. It was only another minute before her car pulled up and it dawned on me how close we had been to actually being discovered by her! She got out of the car and opened the trunk to get a bag out and went into the house. I felt a tingle as I imagined her kissing him and talking about her day, not knowing that she was standing right where her loving husband had just betrayed her.

"It turns you on, doesn't it? Brenda asked.

"What do you mean?" I replied innocently.

"You know, seeing her after fucking her husband... I think you get off more from the betrayal, the act of adultery, than the actual sex, don't you?"

I didn't reply but just started the car and began to drive back to her house. Brenda twisted to face me in her seat and kept up her questioning.

"Remember earlier I said I thought there was more to you than you let on to me? Seeing you fucking my brother I couldn't help but feel that you enjoyed it much too much to not have done something like that before."

Brenda looked at me for a while as I silently drove on. "Ok, so don't tell me then but someday I'm going to find out the truth about you Kelly!"

I looked over at her and just winked. She burst out laughing and during the remainder of the short drive back to her house we exchanged notes about how it was to be fucked by her brother. She ordinarily didn't like to discuss the subject much so I took advantage of the moment to listen to her perceptions of how it was to be fucked by her own brother.

In the end, though, I still was left with this feeling that as much as she loved it, there was still something in her that told her it was wrong. I guess a lifetime of brainwashing can be all but impossible to completely overcome. In any case, we were soon back at her house and in her living room talking to her parents again. Needless to say we didn't mention anything more than we had to about our little excursion. She certainly didn't need her parents mentioning anything about our visit when his wife was around later on!

I had to head back to town to help with a rehearsal at church. Brenda stayed behind to help her mom with preparations for Easter dinner the next day. I guess I don't have to say how we spent our night together other than to say while it wasn't quite as passionate as the previous night when we both had been apart for so long, it was a great way to spend a night with a close friend!

Sunday morning I had to wake up early as I would be spending the morning and much if the afternoon at church. I said goodbye to her parents and thanked them for a great weekend. Brenda and I hugged as closely as we dared with her parents with us and I winked at her as we split apart.

"Catch ya later roomie," I said as I went to my car. Yes, I would always think of her as that for the rest of my life. She was the first girl I shared a room with, the first girl outside my family that I had sex with, and the first girl I watched having sex with her brother (actually still the ONLY girl for that experience!).

As I drove back to school I thought about how I loved Brenda as a close friend and confidante. Mmmmmmm, what a great Easter weekend it had been!

# (Jun 06) Chapter 115: First Time On-Line

Story codes: FF first oral inc mother daughter
Me (21)
Mary - my mom (40)
Charlene (35)

Guys from on-line have been trying to get me to meet them for years and so far, none of them have. Who would have thought that the first person I met from on-line would be a woman - and a married mother with three kids at that?

## 1. An On-Line Relationship With Charlene

I guess most people would say my sex life is not what you would call boring, to put it mildly. I usually masturbate at least twice day, try to have sex at least daily, have fucked well over a hundred guys - including my dad and his brother although most were at parties, tried out the escort scene, entertained at bachelor parties, and in general just have had some fun times. The one thing, though, that I have never done is meet with anyone I have chatted with on-line. There are a number of reasons why which I have tried to explain a thousand times but the basic reason is simple - why should I? When I chat I have no idea who is really out there talking to me and at the risk of sounding narcissistic, it's not like I have any problems finding someone to fuck me or anything so why risk it? Indeed, I have had some incredible offers - trips, flights, vacations, you name it. There have been times when I was sorely tempted but the risks of getting on a plane to meet a total stranger are just too high for me.

While I realize that this may be frustrating to the people I chat with, it's been fine for me. Things changed a few weeks ago when I was chatting with a woman on line who was telling me about her husband and kids. Charlene was 35 years old and had gotten married right out of high school when she was only eighteen. She had very little experience with men other than her husband and he was actually the only one she had ever gone all the way with sexually. Charlene said that loved her husband dearly and during their seventeen years of marriage she had always been faithful to him with no desire to ever be with another man. She claimed to have never kissed another girl, not even for fun at a party or anything, although sometimes she couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to be intimate with another woman.

One evening she asked me if I had ever been with an older woman other than my mom and her sister. Her question started me thinking because if you take away my mom and aunt, the only older woman I have ever been with was my mom's best friend Tammy and that was only once, and years ago at that. Charlene and I chatted along those lines for a while and later that night when I masturbated I started to dream about what it would be like to be with someone like her. I had been with a couple of girls my age and younger for their first times but never anyone even close to Charlene's age.

The more I thought about it over the next few days the more I got turned on by the idea. The only thing was, was Charlene really interested or was she just chatting to have some fun and appease her sexual curiosity though me on-line? Until recently I thought I had a pretty good idea of who she was. We have been chatting off and on for months and traded photos of ourselves and our families. She had a sixteen year old daughter and two sons at ages fifteen and six (yes, she admitted the six year old was a "surprise").

Her daughter looked very sexy and she often expressed her concerns about how the boys were drawn to her like bees to honey except in this case it was more like hungry wolves to an innocent lamb. The older son was just getting into girls while the youngest one obviously had no interest whatsoever in the opposite sex. Charlene knew all about my family history and while she didn't judge me for it, she made it clear that she was not interested in her kids in that way in the slightest and I respected her for saying so from the start. She knew her husband sometimes gave her daughter the once-over but she was confident it was just his male hormones at work and not a sign of any real interest in her. Charlene didn't even like to discuss incest but she WAS interested in what I had done with my mom's best friend Tammy. Tammy had been about Charlene's age when I was with her so I think in some way Charlene related to that story in my diary more than the others.

As we chatted about Tammy I used the opportunity to try to figure out where Charlene's real interests were without being TOO obvious about it. I enjoyed chatting with her and I didn't want to lose her as an on-line friend given how few "real" girls I get the chance to talk to other than my friends. At the same time I was questioning myself as well. Was I really interested in doing anything with her or just teasing myself as much as anyone? I had sworn to my parents that I would never meet anyone from on-line so what was I doing even thinking about her in that way?

The difference for me in her case seemed to be that she was unique in so many ways such that all the things that had scared me away from other people were not a factor. She lived close by - actually only a few miles south of me in an upscale community. She and her husband weren't "players" where I would be just another notch on their belt. She didn't want her husband involved; in fact she couldn't even bring herself to discuss having a threesome with me let alone seriously even consider it. Charlene wasn't looking for a "relationship", she just wanted to experiment with something she had never done before she got too old and then wished she had done it. Her kids were completely out of the picture. Although we talked about my sexual interests and experiences, I always had this feeling she really didn't approve of a lot of what I did but at the same time it seemed to excite her.

So here was the dilemma I faced: should I meet a local married mom from on-line who had only had sex with one man (and never with a woman) who was looking to meet a younger girl for a one-time rendezvous just to satisfy her curiosity? I wondered if such an opportunity would ever make itself available to me again.

## 2. Seeking My Mom's Advice

Finally I did the smart thing and decided to discuss it with the one person I trusted explicitly and whose opinion I valued more than anyone else's - my mom. The next morning after my dad was done with me, instead of going back to sleep in my own bed I hopped in bed with my mom. She had been sound asleep so needless to say she was pleasantly surprised.

"Morning honey," she yawned as her eyes barely opened.

I slipped under the covers and rubbed up close to her. My pussy was still sensitive and wet from the fucking my dad had just given me so when I pressed my crotch against her thigh I felt a surge run through me. Mmmmmmm her naked body felt so smooth and warm under her comforter. It could be the middle of August and my mom still slept under a pile of blankets! She was laying on her stomach so I draped one leg over her and pressed my wet pussy against her hip. My arm went over her and my boobs were tight against her side. I couldn't help but move my hips slightly against her to rub my clit against her.

"What's the matter dear?" my mom asked in a groggy voice, "Didn't your dad take care of you this morning?"

"Oh mom!" I pretended to pout, "You know better than that!" I lightly traced the tips of my fingers up and down her spine from her ass to the top of her neck. She stirred slightly which didn't surprise me as I knew from past experience she loved being touched like this.

"Mom... can I ask you a question?"

"Of course honey. What do you want?

I started to explain to her about Charlene, how we had chatted for months and now what I was thinking about doing. When I mentioned the possibility of actually meeting her my mom's eyes opened wide and suddenly she wasn't so sleepy anymore!

"Kelly!" she said, turning on her side to face me, "We've talked a lot about that and you know how I feel."

She stroked her fingers through my hair, making goose bumps rise on me as I shivered. There was just something about the feeling I got when anyone played with my hair and my mom knew it. "You promised you would never meet anyone like that so what's so special about this woman?"

Well, at least she was curious which was better than I had feared things might go at the beginning. I explained to her all the ways Charlene was different from other people I had chatted with. My mom wasn't buying it though.

"You know better Kelly. How can you be certain who she is?" my mom asked. "She could be anyone, maybe not even a woman! Just because she sends photos doesn't mean they are of her!"

"Well mom, if you would let me have a cam then she would turn hers on and I could see her."

As soon as I said that I realized I had crossed the line. If there was one thing that was not negotiable it was a web cam. After the little "incident" in our neighborhood a few years ago my parents made me swear I would never get one. I could have kicked myself for even mentioning one because I knew better than to bring it up. If there was one thing that got my mom mad, this was it.

"I thought that subject was settled, Kelly," she said slowly in a stern voice usually reserved for when I was really bad.

Realizing I was digging myself a deeper hole by the second, I immediately looked to change the subject. Suddenly an idea burst into my mind that just seemed brilliant at the time - as do most of my really stupid ideas when they hatch.

"What if you met her with me?" I asked, "Then you could be sure who she was before I did anything with her."

I said it as soon as the idea hit me so I hadn't had time to think over the ramifications. Would Charlene even meet me under those conditions? I guess it didn't matter because unless my mom was on-board with the idea nothing was going to happen anyway! An expression of deep thought came over her face and finally she smiled and reached forward to kiss me. Our tongues met and I knew from the passion in her kiss that she had reached a decision and it was almost certain that she was going to go along with me. Now I just had to convince Charlene! We laid in each other's arms as we both fell back asleep again. As I drifted off I wondered how Charlene would feel against me as compared to my mom……

That evening I chatted with Charlene and finally got the courage to ask her about meeting. I was thrilled when she immediately accepted and told me she had been hoping I would want to do that. Then I took a deep breath and typed in my next question - would she be willing to let my mom join us for lunch? I struck the Enter key sharply and then sat at my desk as I nervously waited for her response. It seemed like forever but was probably only a couple of minutes before she responded. My heart skipped a beat when I read her response - she said YES!! We chatted for hours after that and finally settled on a time and place. I went to bed that night and masturbated for what must have been more than an hour before I came so hard I almost screamed. My parents were already asleep so I waited until morning before I told my mom.

"Are you SURE you want to do this honey?" she asked from the opposite side of our kitchen table where we were having breakfast. There was something in the tone of her voice that made me think she had not expected anything to really happen and now that it was she wasn't quite sure about her earlier decision. I assured her that I did and she just shook her head. I held my breath as I worried that she was going to change her mind now that I had called her bluff.

"Breath baby!" she exclaimed with a laugh, "I promised you it would be OK so long as I met her and I'm not going to break my word so stop worrying!"

Then I broke the last bit of news - we were going to meet that afternoon for lunch! It was my mom's day off - she worked a strange schedule at the hospital and I always had to look at the calendar in the kitchen to know when she would be home or at work. Although I knew she had the day off, I hadn't checked to see if she had other plans but fortunately she had nothing already scheduled.

"Well, if I'm going to meet some soccer mom who wants to have a fling with my daughter I guess I'd better get going and straighten up!" she said with a hint of a smile on her face. She started to walk out of the kitchen to the stairs when she turned around and looked at me with a look of exasperation on her face.

"You know girl, sometimes I really can't believe the things you get me into!" she said, waving her finger at me. "Just wait until your father gets home and hears about this one!"

She retreated up the stairs while I finished my cereal. It struck me then that I hadn't mentioned a word of this to my dad. Well, I guess that shouldn't have come as a big surprise since I had my mind on other things this morning when he was in my room. He was at work now so unless one of us called him he wouldn't know anything about it until he got home this evening. Somehow this wasn't the sort of thing I wanted to tell him about over the phone so I figured I would just let my mom break the news when he got home tonight. I could just imagine the look on his face!

## 3. Getting Ready

By the time I had finished breakfast and washed the dishes my mom was already in the shower so I laid back on my bed and thought about what might happen later in the afternoon. I unbuttoned the shirt I was wearing (one of my dad's long- sleeved dress shirts) and let it hang down to my sides to expose my boobs. The cool air blowing from the air conditioner in my room made my nipples harden immediately and as I squeezed them with each hand I felt a tingle run through my chest. Sometime boobs can just get in the way but at times like this I loved having them! Just a gentle massage was usually enough to get my pussy wet and make me feel good from head to toe!

It never ceased to amaze me how such simple things could cause such reactions in men but who was I to complain! As my left hand continued toying with my nipple my right hand worked its way down between my legs and my hips rose up to meet it. I cupped my warm pussy in my hand and pulled upwards to put pressure on my clit. I was rewarded with a warm feeling deep in my pussy and my clit sent out a wave of pleasure like a stone causing waves to ripple outward when tossed in a pond. My hand rubbed my pussy and my fingers worked their way between my outer pussy lips to wet the tips in my pussy hole. I pulled the wetness up to my swollen clit and rubbed it between my fingers as it hardened and became more sensitive by the second.

As horny as I was it didn't take long as soon I began to feel that incredible sensation in my pussy that signaled the arrival of my orgasm. God I loved this feeling! It would begin somewhere deep inside my pussy, like something was swelling up inside of me. The my clit would begin to tingle like my elbow felt when I hit my funny bone and then it radiated sharp sensations of pleasure that pulsed through me like beams of light from one of those silly balls that hung from the ceiling at discos.

Sometime the pleasure was more like a rumbling of a heavy train, deep and powerful, while at others it was sharp and almost painful in its intensity. This time was somewhere in between with a steady flow of bliss surging through me punctuated by almost random shots of intense pleasure that made me gasp for air as my lungs felt frozen as if an electric shock was running through me. My pussy gushed as my cum drenched my hand and I could feel it running down my ass down to soak into my sheets.

"Hmmmmmm, thinking about your new playmate?" I heard from the door.

I was panting as I opened my eyes to see my mom standing there naked, drying her hair off with a towel. She must have had the water set to super-hot as her body was flushed red all over. I smiled at her as I rubbed my pussy slowly to allow the remnants of my orgasm to linger for as long as possible.

"Damn girl, judging from that 'O' you must be REALLY horny!"

I was having a hard time catching my breath so I just smiled at her and winked. She laughed at me and returned to the bathroom to finish drying her hair. I let my head fall back into my pillow as my legs straightened out and laid limp on my bed. It was nice to just relax and reveled in the afterglow of what was indeed was one a hell of an 'O' as my mom put it.

I must have nodded off because the next thing I knew my mom was standing next to my bed shaking me. I looked up to see her D cup breasts hanging down over my face and for a brief moment a thought ran through my head about what they would taste like now that they were all clean and powdered. My mom straightened up though before anything could happen and walked out saying, "Bathroom's yours - you better get going if we're going to make your lunch date!"

I grinned a bit at that. I wasn't so sure I would call it a "date". After all, I was going to be with a woman almost as old as my mom! Oh well, it didn't really matter what she called it so long as the end results were the same! I showered and washed my hair quickly and then dried off. After blowing my hair dry I pulled it back into a single ponytail. Looking in the mirror, I decided against any heavy makeup and so I put on a little base and eye shadow with a light touch of lip gloss. My reasoning behind the hair and makeup was that something told me Charlene was looking for an innocent young girl to be with, not some experienced slut, and I didn't want to disappoint her fantasy!

Back in my room, I picked out a pair of tight jeans that clung to my ass like Saran Wrap. They were actually more accurate than the bathroom scale when it came to measuring my weight as all it took was just one pound to make them all but impossible to get on! I probably should have worn panties in keeping with the spirit of being "innocent and naļve" but anything more than a thong made the jeans damn near impossible to get on without bunching them up and a thong definitely didn't work with this outfit so I decided just to go without anything underneath.

With my bottoms in place it was time to take care of the upper half of me. I searched through my closet and selected a pure white camisole with a lace fringe along the top and bottom. It fit me tightly and I loved the way it outlined my boobs when I didn't wear a bra. The more I looked at myself, though, the more it just didn't seem right so I changed my mind and pulled it back off. Back in my lingerie drawer I selected a jet black bra. I snapped it together in front and the spun it around me until I could slip my arms through the straps and pull it up into place.

Pulling the cami back over, I smiled as I saw the effect in the mirror. The black bra was visible through the white cami material and I loved the erotic look it gave, almost naughty in appearance. Only thing was, it also totally destroyed the "innocent" image so reluctantly I took it back off and this time I picked out a simple plain white bra. There was one thing I liked about this bra and that was how it clasped together in the front making it much easier for the trip to second base! The cami still showed the bra underneath except now it looked more "decent" than provocative.

I looked longingly at my four-inch heels but settled for my standard pink sneakers but I decided not to wear any socks with them. I stood up and took stock of the finished outfit in the mirror.

"Ah yes... the innocent teenage girl-next-door look," my mom said with a grin as she walked in the room. "I'd figured you would go for the "teenage hooker" look myself."

"Oh mom!" I responded, rolling my eyes a bit. She moved in behind me and slapped her flat palm against my bottom. It actually stung a bit and she laughed as I jumped.

"Ok, just checking to see if you had something on under there. Wasn't too sure from the view back here!" she said quickly.

I turned to look at here and almost laughed despite myself. Wow, talk about dressing out of character! My mom is a professional nurse and usually dresses sharp and, depending on the occasion, a bit sexy as well. Fortunately she still had the body for it unlike so many older women who tried to dress like their daughters and ended up just looked ridiculous.

Today though, my mom looked more the part of a your standard plain grade school teacher. She had her hair pulled back and was wearing a plain print skirt outfit with a light colored blouse. The skirt went down about half way between her knees and ankle and the blouse covered her boobs completely without a hint of cleavage. Other than her formal dresses, I couldn't remember the last time she wore a skirt within inches of her knees, let alone far below them! In a way, the outfit made her look older than usual in a mature sort of way.

"Wow mom!" I said as looked at her in amazement. I hadn't seen her look this conservative since... well I couldn't remember when! "Are you trying to be my grandmother or what?"

My mom just laughed saying, "Well, someone has to be the grownup today. Remember, I'm just going to make sure you're OK, not to pick anyone up!"

## 4. My Mom Checks Out Charlene

By now it was past 11:30 so we headed down to my mom's car in the garage. The jeans pulled deep into my crotch as I sat in the seat and there was a distinct outline in my crotch where it pulled into my pussy slit. My mom stopped at the top of driveway and looked over at me with a questioning look.

"Well, you gonna tell me where we are going or do I have to guess which place we are having lunch?" she asked in a teasing tone of voice. I realized then that I never had told her so when I told her Eat'N Park by the mall she turned her head and stared at me.

"Are you kidding?" she said incredulously, "Not exactly the most private place in town you know."

Well, subtlety was never one of my strong suits so I guess the thought had never crossed my mind as to whether it was appropriate to meet someone like Charlene at a family restaurant considering what we would probably be talking about. Oh well, it would just have to do! I just grinned at my mom and AGAIN she rolled her eyes at me and took off down the road.

It took about fifteen minutes to get there and she found a parking spot near the entrance. I had an idea of what Charlene looked like from the photos she sent me but obviously she knew what I looked like even better because as soon as we entered the restaurant a woman approached us.

"Kelly?" she asked in a cautious tone. I smiled and she continued, "Great, I'm Charlene!"

In front of me stood a woman who looked like most any other housewife in the place. Charlene wasn't bad looking but no knockout either. She was brunette with her hair at shoulder length and a hint of a wave to it. She was wearing a pant outfit with dark blue pants and a light blue blouse with a thin white belt studded with silver. The pants were loose but still revealed a hint of a nice figure. Like her pants, the blouse was loose as well but even so I estimated her at least a D or maybe even DD bra size.

Charlene was wearing a hint of perfume and just the right amount of makeup to accentuate her facial features. If I had to guess I would say she was maybe twenty pounds overweight but it was nicely distributed and not just in her ass like so many women tended to be when they gained weight. The part I liked the most though was her smile. It practically beamed light at us as she waited for a response.

I greeted her as well and introduced her to my mother. There was a brief moment of awkwardness as they shook hands and then my mom reached forward to hug her. I could have kissed her!! The moment broke as the waitress asked us to follow her to our table and set us in a booth. I sat on one side with my mom while Charlene centered herself on the opposite side. I ordered just the salad bar while they each chose the soup and sandwich special. After the waitress left we sat there in silence until finally as if on cue we all broke out into light laughter.

"Well Kelly, I have to admit I was a bit surprised when you asked if your mom could join us," Charlene said to break the ice.

I started to speak but my mom put her hand on mine to signal me to shut up and answered saying, "Well Charlene, it was not Kelly's idea, believe me! You've got a girl so I'm sure you know how it feels when they want to do something you didn't approve of initially."

Charlene blushed at that so my mom quickly continued, "Oh no, nothing like that. I just meant we always had an agreement that she wouldn't meet people she chatted so it sort of took me by surprise I guess."

Charlene seemed to be relieved at that and nodded, "Yes Mary, I understand. Trust me, if this was Mindy I would be the same as you!"

I excused myself to get my salad and as I gathered some stuff I looked back to see them chatting away like two long lost friends. I would have loved to have known what it was that they were talking about because as soon as I returned they both quieted down. Before I could sit down my mom got out of the booth and motioned for me to sit down.

"You know Kelly, I'm just going to cancel my order and let you two be alone."

I looked at her in surprise. Wow! What had they said to each other in the two minutes I was gone? My mom laughed and kissed me on the cheek.

"Don't worry, Charlene said she'll drive you home. I love you!" Then she put her mouth to my ear and whispered, "Have fun!"

With that she left and I was left sitting there speechless. My mom never ceased to amaze me! I was practically bursting with curiosity but Charlene wasn't offering anything so I guess I would have to wait until I got home to see if my mom would fill me in.

"So Kelly, that's quite the outfit you have on there," Charlene said softly. "You know, I would never allow Mindy to wear that!"

I wasn't sure where she was going with this so I just smiled and answered saying, "Really? I thought it was fairly conservative myself to be honest.?"

"Oh yeah!" she responded quickly, "Don't take this wrong, it looks perfect on you with that cute butt and all. I just don't want Mindy flaunting herself like that is all I meant."

It was all I could do from letting my jaw drop to the table. God, I thought I was being super conservative and here she was saying I was "flaunting" myself! I couldn't help but wonder what kind of clothes poor Mindy had to wear. In a way, Charlene was starting to sound like my Aunt Shari, one of my dad's ultra- conservative sister-in-laws. Aunt Shari was that way with my cousins in that she wouldn't let them wear anything provocative. If she had any idea at all what her son and husband did to me and my mom I think she would have fallen over dead on the spot! The difference between Charlene and Aunt Shari was that I could never picture my aunt chatting with a girl on-line and then agreeing to meet her for sex!

Charlene's soup and sandwich quickly arrived and for the rest of the lunch we just traded small talk as if we were just any two friends out for lunch. After we were finished and the waitress had left the check, Charlene looked at me and I could tell from the expression on her face the time for small talk was over. She licked her lips quickly and took in a deep breath. Looking around to be sure nobody could hear, she said softly, "So tell me Kelly, do you still want to come home with me?"

It was my lips now that suddenly felt dry and so I licked them quickly before I replied in the same soft voice she had used saying, "Ohhhhhh... I would love to Charlene!"

The truth was I wanted to go home with her more now than ever. In the past when I had fantasized about meeting someone like this it was always some wild sexy meeting with both of us dressed like whores, flaunting ourselves (and in this case I mean "flaunting" the way I would define it which is a LOT more erotic than Charlene's definition!) and then maybe doing it just out of sight. Somehow this seemed so much better.

There was just something about her - straight, conservative, good looking but not gorgeous, honest, love for her family, and so forth that made Charlene so appealing. I think the phrase "MILF" was coined when someone wanted a mother like her.

Actually, I felt really comfortable with her instead of intimidated. Unless she was the world's greatest actress I had no fears whatsoever regarding my safety as she seemed in every way to be exactly what she appeared to be with one little exception - she wanted to play with a girl just once! Well, I was more than willing to give her those memories!

We went to the counter near the entrance where she paid the bill. I noticed she at first took out a credit card from her wallet and seemed to think about it and put it back and paid for the meal with cash. I guess she didn't want her husband to ask why she was buying lunch for two today although I couldn't imagine that any husband would watch his wife's credit card that close. As we stood there I noticed a couple of teenage boys were with their father. I wasn't sure who was staring at my ass more - the boys or their dad! Naturally I acted as if I didn't notice but I bent down to look at some of the cookies in the display rack by the checkout counter. I could feel the already tight denim stretch almost to the breaking point and the seam pulled up into my pussy to where it was starting to feel pretty good actually!

I didn't look back but I could only imagine the wide eyes as they shamelessly stared at my butt. I stood up after Charlene pocketed her change and we walked out together. Once we were outside she broke out in giggles.

"I can't believe you did that!" she snickered, "Have you no shame?"

I reached over and hugged her which was actually the first time we had touched so far this afternoon.

"Well, you've read most of my diary, are you really surprised?" I said with a sly grin.

Charlene shook her head as we walked across the lot. "Well, it's one thing to read them but quite another thing to see you in action! To be perfectly honest, I sometimes questioned whether or not you were exaggerating in some of them but I guess you weren't. God, I was never so forward when I was your age!" We both laughed at that and soon we reached her car, or more properly, her minivan. Wow! She really was a soccer mom! She pressed the remote a couple of times and we both got in and buckled up. We looked across at each other and when I smiled at her she actually blushed!

"You really are very pretty Kelly," she said softly as she paused before starting the van.

I just smiled back at her all the more and sat still in my seat as she pulled out of the parking lot and headed up the road.

## 5. Charlene Learns What It's Like to Be Licked by a Girl

I didn't know exactly where Charlene lived but I knew in what township and it seemed we were heading in the wrong direction. I started to speak up but she had already anticipated my question.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that I have to pick up Ryan. He's at soccer practice and I have to bring him home." She was watching the road as she drove but still managed to see the questioning look on my face. "Don't worry, he will be leaving right away to visit some friend's house, I made sure of that!"

"What about...," I started to ask. Charlene again anticipated my question.

"Mindy is heading out to the movies, she is probably pacing like a caged up tiger waiting for Ryan to get home so he can drop her off, and Joey is staying with his grandparents this week - they live up in Butler. Ron's at work and never gets home before 7:00 so don't worry - we'll have the house all to ourselves!"

Well, it seemed she had it all worked out. We were soon at practice field where waiting for us impatiently was her fifteen year old son Ryan. He started to get in the front door but then saw me and hopping in back instead. I would have loved to have seen the look on his face! He was probably wondering who I was and why I was in the van.

"Hey Ryan, how was practice?" Charlene asked.

God, it was like I was an episode of "Leave it to Beaver" or something! Minivan, mom in her pant suit, son in his sweats and now probably heading to some typical home in the suburbs with a dog! Ryan just grunted something unintelligible but Charlene just brushed it off.

"Ryan, this is Kelly," Charlene said.

She seemed to have a knack for knowing what people were about to ask and I was sure Ryan was curious about me even if he couldn't see much of me as he was directly behind my seat. "She's going to start doing some tutoring this summer and was going to see if any of my old books and stuff might be helpful."

I wasn't quite sure what she was talking about but evidently Ryan did because he didn't say a word the rest of the way home. Charlene had never mentioned anything about teaching before, she just said she was a housewife. We pulled up to a beautiful two story brick home set back in the trees. A cobblestone driveway wound its way through the trees to the open door in the three-car garage. The place looked immaculate and obviously somebody in the household was pulling in some big money!

Charlene had never talked much about her husband, only that he was away a lot on business which is what led her to start chatting on the Internet. Hmmm, I wondered what business he was in! In the garage was what looked to be a brand new black Mercedes and the other spot was empty - probably where her husband parked. Ryan hopped out as soon as the van stopped and ran into the house through a door at the end of the garage. Charlene and I got out more slowly and again she seemed to be reading my mind.

"I hope you didn't mind the van," she said, "I would have drove the Mercedes but I had to pick up Ryan and sometimes he is so dirty after practice!"

Well, so much for "Leave it to Beaver"! These folks were loaded! The doorway through which Ryan had disappeared led into a mudroom where had had dumped his bag and shoes and was now out of sight.

"Come on in," she invited me, "The place is a wreck so please excuse the mess."

Well, if this is what the place looked like when it was a "mess", I couldn't imagine it when it was "clean"! Just as we came in I heard a huff from what must have been Mindy. She was still around the corner in the kitchen and so she didn't see me but I could just see her. She was your typical sixteen year old and despite her mother's claims to the contrary, was dressed to the hilt complete with full makeup and an attitude to match. Her outfit was more "Britney Spears" than anything. My mom wouldn't have batted an eye if I had worn it at her age but if Charlene thought my tight jeans were sinful than I could only imagine what she thought of Mindy in her short skirt and cami!

"God Mom, could you have possibly been ANY later?" I heard her whine.

"Mindy, you know better than to talk like that. Good lord - you're not going out like THAT are you?" Charlene exclaimed. I grinned at the irony when I considered what she was planning to do herself today but at the same time it seemed almost surreal to listen to this mother-daughter exchange when in a few minutes I could very well be in bed with the mom!

Ryan was back now and like a typical guy he must not have bothered to shower before changing into his ripped jeans and shirt. He actually looked grungier now than he did coming home from practice!

"It's about time Ryan!" Mindy bitched at him. God was she ever the little princess! I heard her march off in a huff to the garage with Ryan right behind. In their rush they apparently never even saw me standing off in the corner. The garage door slammed shut and I heard the minivan start up and roar out of the garage. Charlene came up to me looking a little sheepish.

"Sorry about all that," she said ruefully, "They are at that age it seems."

We both laughed and she gave me a tour of the house. The place was huge, even bigger than it appeared from the outside. The kitchen looked like something from a professional chef's home, the great room had a gigantic fire place with a ceiling that rose to the top of the house. Every room, from the smallest bedroom to the huge family room, was something out of the Martha Stewart magazine.

Then she led me out to the back where they had a magnificent deck and incredible curved pool with a diving board and slide. It was surrounded by trees and fencing making it totally private as well. I couldn't help but imagine what I would be doing if I had a pool like that in my back yard!

"Well, what do you think of our little abode?" she asked as she turned to face me.

I let loose a deep breath and replied, "Wow! It's incredible. I can't imagine living in a house like this."

Charlene grinned at that. "I can't say it's not nice. The kids really are pretty good most of the time - you just caught them at a bad moment I'm afraid. My husband is just wonderful and he like to take good care of me as you can see. I use to teach but now I don't have to work anymore and so I just spend my time taking care of Joey and spending his money!"

Damn, not a bad gig if you can get it! Well, the tour was great and all but I was beginning to wonder whether or not Charlene was really going to go through with this. It was almost like she was stalling, using the tour to avoid having to do anything. So far the only time we had even touched each other was when I hugged her outside the restaurant. Most boys were at second base by now with me - or farther! I guessed it was going to take some initiative on my part.

"You haven't shown me your bedroom yet Charlene," I said with a seductive tone.

Charlene blushed again and for a moment I wondered if she was going to not show it to me. Then a look of resolve came to her face and she led the way back into the house. I followed her up the spiraling stairs and into what at first I thought was another living room except this one had a bed in it.

Talk about a master bedroom! This one was HUGE. A giant king-size bed with a canopy dominated the center of the room with matching furniture skillfully laid out to fill the rest of the room. An open doorway led to the bathroom which again was bigger than my parents family room. Everything was marble or granite with gold fixtures and I even wondered if they weren't real gold!

A portrait of her and her husband hung in the room. He was incredibly handsome and the two of them made a terrific looking pair. I looked back at the bed and then at the portrait again and then at Charlene.

"When was the last..." I started to say and Mrs. Clairvoyant once again finished my sentence.

"The last time we made love?" she asked. "Sunday afternoon after church."

Damn! How did she do that? It was like she was reading my mind. Well, if she could then she should know what to do next. This was definitely not anything like I had fantasized for my first time meeting someone on-line! Charlene seemed to be the perfect mother and housewife. She was faithful to her husband, loved her kids, active in church (based on the literature and bulletins I saw on the counters) and besides all that, just a very sweet and loving soul.

Then there was me, standing in the middle of her bedroom like some whore about to do a trick. Suddenly my stomach felt funny, almost ill as I felt totally out of place, almost as if I was somehow defiling something sacred. For the first time I started questioning whether or not this was the right thing to do. Fortunately Charlene finally took the initiative.

"Kelly, I have always wondered what it would be like to be with another woman. I just don't know what to do, what is expected of me. Can you help me please?"

My mind snapped out of the trance I was falling into and suddenly as I looked at her I realized how much I wanted her. She was by no means the woman she had been twenty years before but the innocence and virtue that seemed to flow from her overwhelmed me. I wanted to feel her exploring me as she touched a woman with lust for the first time in her life. I moved up close to her and put my arms around her. She was about an inch taller than me so we matched up well and our eyes met.

"Kiss me," I said to her gently.

Without another word she closed her eyes and her lips parted slightly as we moved closer until I felt her mouth against mine. Her lips were warm and soft and once committed, she didn't hold back. It was like she had finally let down her guard and released her pent up desires all at once. God it was so passionate! She put her arms around me and pulled me in tight to her, our tongues touching and playing. Finally we parted and she gasped, a look of bewilderment on her face.

"Oh god I kissed a girl!" she exclaimed softly, more to herself than to me.

It wasn't an expression of regret but rather one of amazement and wonder. She leaned forward and again we kissed, this time with even more passion if that were possible. I felt her hand move down my back and then she gingerly cupped my butt in her hands. My own hand felt their way to the front of her and I struggled to undo her belt and finally I was able to get it open. My hands worked their way into the elastic back of the pants and down inside her panties until I had her bare ass in my hands. Even though it was bigger than any I had ever held before, it wasn't gross or anything like that. Charlene was a little overweight but I wouldn't classify her as fat by any means.

"I can't believe I'm holding your ass," she whispered to me in my ear.

"Mmmmmmm, I want you to hold a lot more than that," I responded softly as I grabbed onto her ass and pulled it towards me. "Undress me," I whispered to her.

Charlene let go of me and stepped back just enough to be able to see my front. I noticed her hands were shaking just a little as she lifted my cami over my head. Then she unsnapped my jeans and unzipped them. She tried to lower them down but they were so tight she struggled to get them over my hips. I finally had to help her and once they cleared my butt she lowered them down and I tried to step out of them but forgot about my sneakers.

We giggled like little girls as she kneeled down to untie them and slip them off my feet so she could pull my jeans completely off of me. I was left standing there bottomless in just my bra which felt sort of funny since I didn't have anything else on. Charlene gazed at me, looking me up and down as if she hadn't seen a girl before!

"All of it," I whispered huskily, "Take my bra off."

Charlene expertly unsnapped my bra and lowered it down over my arms. God it felt so good to let my boobs be free again as I hate wearing bras! I stood there completely nude in front of this older woman who was still fully dressed but I loved every second of it as she licked her dry lips as she gazed at my nude body.

"Oh Kelly, you're so beautiful," she said in a voice filled with emotion. For a moment I thought she would cry! "How could anyone as pretty as you ever want me?" she said, a tear starting to form in her eye.

I didn't say a word as frankly, I had absolutely no idea what to say at the time! So instead of saying something stupid I started to undress her, slowly, one piece at a time. She just stood there as I did, seemingly uncertain as to how to react to me. Finally she was just in her white bra and pink nylon panties (yep, soccer mom!). I started to pull her panties down but she grabbed me by the shoulders. I looked up at her and she struggled to speak.

"I wasn't lying to you when I said I have never been with a girl like this," she said in a shaky voice. "I really I don't know if I can go through with this."

"It's ok Charlene," I said in soothing voice, "you're a beautiful woman and I want you."

I resumed pulling down her panties and this time she didn't resist. As her panties moved down they revealed her pussy and I smiled as I saw how bushy she was. She probably had never trimmed it in her entire life! I know some girls are so self-conscious about their pussies and even trimming them is too "naughty" for them. I wondered if she and her husband enjoyed oral sex? Well, I would find out soon enough hopefully! Her panties cleared her full ass and I pulled them down to her bare feet and she gingerly stepped out of them. I stood up, holding her panties and then I put them to my face and drew in a deep breath.

"Mmmmmmm, you smell so strong," I whispered.

For just a moment she looked at me like I was some sort of alien but didn't say a word. I guess she had never seen a girl sniff her panties before - maybe not even a guy for that matter!

I dropped her soiled panties to the floor and moved behind her. Her bra had more than twice as many snaps as mine and it was just plain easier if I could see what I was doing! I quickly unsnapped her and then moved back around to the front where she dropped her arms and the bra slid off them and down to the floor, releasing her ample boobs.

"They're not nearly as firm as yours are Kelly," she said.

I just smiled and cupped them in my hand. They were definitely the largest boobs I had ever held! They were a little bit on the saggy side but that was as much to do with their DD size as anything else. Heck, it would have taken some radical surgery to keep boobs like hers from sagging! They felt hefty in my hands but soft and warm as any natural boob feels.

I leaned down and took her right nipple in my mouth, pulling on it gently and then running my tongue in circles around it. I was pleased to hear her moaning softly as she responding to me. I used both hands to caress the boob I was sucking and massaged it gently as my mouth did most of the work.

"Oh Kelly, that feels so good!" she said, a little louder and more firmly now. Her nipple swelled and hardened and I took it gently between my teeth and tugged softly on it while my tongue licked the tip. After a while I switched to her other breast and repeated the same sequence there such that both of her nipples were rock hard, wet and sensitive.

I stood up and took her by the hand and pulled her gently but firmly to the bed. She threw back the covers and we laid on the soft sheets in the center of the bed. She was on her back and so I laid to the side of her and slightly on top so I could continue my work on her huge boobs. I looked down her body as I did and admired her. She was a little overweight but somehow manage to keep it distributed such that she wasn't overly plump on any one area. There were no mounds of fat anywhere, just a little extra meat in most places. All in all she was a very sexy looking mom! Looking down her smooth stomach I could see the hairy mound of pubic hair rising between her legs and I couldn't wait to bury my face in it!

I traced my fingers slowly down Charlene's stomach, running them sideways back and forth such that with each pass I moved a little further down towards my goal. Once when my fingertips lightly touched her side just below her belly button she jump and giggled.

"Sorry," she said rather sheepishly, "I'm VERY ticklish right there."

I just looked up at her as I kept her nipple in my mouth and smiled as I continued my teasingly slow explorations. Finally I brushed against the start of her pubic line and I could feel the coarse hair as my hand passed by. My hand stopped in the center and I pushed downwards until my fingers were intertwined with her long pussy hair. I had always loved the feel of pubic hair between my fingers - male or female. It had such a different texture and feel and the stiff curls in it pulled through my fingers as I stroked it. I was just barely above her clit when her hand suddenly clasped mine and held it in place.

"I've never been touched there by a girl before" she whispered in a quivering voice.

I looked up at her and smiled, "Don't worry Charlene... trust me."

Her legs were together as I pushed my fingers between her thighs. As I pressed harder I felt them part as she spread her legs to allow me to reach between them more easy access to her pussy. My hand cupped her pussy, my palm on top of her clit with my fingers extended downward over her pussy lips. I pressed my entire hand against her to apply an even pressure over her entire crotch, pulling upward and gently moving my hand to massage her.

Ever so slowly I let my fingers begin to work their way between her pussy lips, my hand still moving between her thighs. Mmmmmmm, they were already wet and my fingers easily slid between them and I could feel my fingertips run over her pussy

From the look on her face I could tell that she knew what I was about to do and my heart skipped a beat as I realized she was doing nothing to discourage me.

I kept my eyes locked on hers as my head moved slowly downward until it was between her legs. Even this far away I could smell the musky odor of her pussy and I glanced down as smiled as I saw it glistening in the dim light of the bedroom. I turned my head to the side and kissed the inner part of her thigh, letting my tongue run up and down it as my lips would kiss her every couple of inches. Her skin was so smooth and she softly moaned, her hands flat on the bed to her sides as she lifted her hips and rotated them slowly for me.

Looking her in the eyes again, I moved forward until my face felt the outer fringes of her hairy cunt and I reached out with my tongue until it just touched her pussy. She was VERY hairy and I started to use my hand to spread it apart when her hands reached down and pushed her hair out of the way, spreading her pussy open in the process. I looked down then and saw her pussy lips pulled apart, exposing her swollen clit which was pushing out of its hiding place for me to see like a hard little dick. I took it in my mouth, pulling on it gently between my lips as I had done to her nipples earlier.

"Oh my god!" she gasped as I felt her body stiffen.

As I sucked on her clit I pushed my finger back inside of her and slowly stroked it in and out of her like she was being fucked. She released her pussy and took her boobs in her hands, massaging them as she watched me licking her pussy. The more I licked her the loader her moans became. She was definitely what I heard guys refer to as "a moaner"!

As I fucked her first with one and then two fingers she started to hump like she was actually being fucked to the point where it was hard for me to keep my mouth on her clit. Then she put both of her hands on my head and pushed me down tight onto her pussy while at the same time arching her back and driving her hips up into my face.

"Don't stop... Oh fuck, don't stop now... Make me cum!" she cried out as she grabbed my head like it was a melon and pressed me into her.

I kept going, running my tongue on her clit and licking her pussy. Suddenly she froze and I didn't even hear her breathing. A few second later her pussy gushed out at me and she let out a huge breath as she cried out. She held her hips up, then quickly bounced down and then pushed them up again to hold them against my face, repeating this several times as her orgasm racked her body. Her legs squeezed my head as she held me tightly to her pussy and for a moment I actually wondered if I was going to be able to breathe!

Finally she literally collapsed on the bed, her arms and legs flat and her chest heaving as she gasped for air. I moved to her side and crawled up to be alongside of her and then laid next to her so our bodies pressed against each other along their full lengths. She felt like she was on fire and her skin was slick with a thin film of sweat that covered her. Her eyes were closed and her face was flushed beet red and she breathed heavily. I leaned over and kissed her softly on the lips and her eyes opened. I leaned back and smiled at her as she grinned up at me.

"Well?...," I whispered to her.

"God, that was incredible Kelly," she said in a raspy voice, "I've never cum like that before... never!"

I gave her a wink and a peck on the cheek. "Like they say, nobody can lick pussy like another girl!" I said with a sly grin.

"Damn, you can say that again!" she replied as her cheeks puffed out and she released another long breath.

We kissed again and her tongue ran over my lips and touched mine as we played like little girls exploring each other for the first time. Then I reminded myself that in a way that is what is actually was for her as she had never kissed a girl before!

She turned on her side and we took each other in our arms and just kissed for the longest time. Her large breasts pressed against mine and I felt a tingle in mine as her hard nipples brushed my own. Her hands wandered over me like a boy in a drive-in theater groping a girl for the first time, running through my hair, down my back and then cupping my ass in her hand. Then finally she pulled me tight against her and just hugged me before she whispered in my ear.

"Let me try now Kelly," she said in a voice so low I could barely hear her even though she was so close I could feel her breath against the side of my face as she spoke. " I want to make you cum the way you did for me."

Well, I wasn't going to argue with that! I had a different idea though for her first pussy tasting. I pushed her onto her back again and she looked at me questioningly.

"Don't worry... trust me," I said reassuringly to her.

# 6. Charlene Licks Her First Pussy

Once Charlene was on her back again I got up on my knees and then grabbed the headboard behind her and used it to balance me as I swung one leg over her until I was straddling her chest. She looked at me with a bit of surprise but I just put my finger to my mouth, hushing her to keep quiet and have patience.

I could feel her boobs under my ass and I gyrated my hips slowly to let them rub against my exposed pussy. I was wet from anticipation my pussy slid over her nipples. She smiled up at me and her hands held my ass gently, squeezing my buttocks and then releasing them.

I raised myself up on her until my crotch was a couple of inches above her face and look down at her in the eyes. She alternated looking at me and then at my pussy. This was probably the closest her face had ever been to another woman's crotch and I could see her licking her lips subconsciously.

"Ready?" I asked her. It wasn't necessary to say anything more, she knew exactly what I was asking her about.

She didn't actually answer but instead just smiled and nodded her head just enough for me to understand. She had this look of determination on her, as if she was approaching some new challenge and was about to give it her all. I slowly lowered myself down to her face, leaning over and holding onto the top of the headboard to keep myself from dropping down on her too fast. She stuck out her tongue and reached out to me as my wet pussy approached.

Unlike her, my pussy was smoothly shaven and so there was no preliminary touching of hair like I had felt with her. I felt a tingle run through me as I felt the tip of her tongue touch me for the first time and I lowered myself down more until I felt myself lightly touching her face. Her hands gripped my ass tightly and her tongue run up and down my pussy. I didn't say a word but let her natural instincts take over. Unlike a guy, she knew what was what down there and where it felt good.

Most guys had no clue how to lick a pussy, especially the younger ones. Heck, half of them didn't even know where my clit was let alone what to do with it. Most boys figured a girl's inner pussy was where all the action was, a mistake I guess which was only natural considering that's where their cock fit in. Even older guys would push their fingers up into me and play around with their fingertips, wrongfully assuming the deeper they touched me the better I liked it.

I was just as amazed at how many girls were too embarrassed to tell a guy what he was doing wrong and just let them fumble about thinking they were the greatest pussy eaters in history. It wouldn't be so bad except sometimes I was the next girl and had to set them right without crushing their egos too badly.

From Charlene's actions, I would have known she was a girl even if I had been blindfolded. Her tongue focused on my clit and she didn't try to smash it but instead played the tip of her tongue around it, teasing it, caressing it. She would then lick my pussy slit, working her way to my pussy hole and pushing her tongue just inside of me.

Guys always seemed to think they had to get in deep and so although they might try for a while with their tongue, they would always want to use their finger instead so they could reach in me deeper. Idiots! Most tongues were plenty long enough to reach into me where I was the most sensitive other than my clit. The first half inch or so of my pussy was the most erotic and sensitive part of my cunt and to feel a tongue playing it was far better than any finger!

The only good thing a finger in my pussy did was to stroke in and out of me and act like a cock was fucking me. Not that that was bad! The key is that a tongue just inside of me beat a finger deep in me every day of the week! Believe it or not, what I have found actually works best with guys is to show them how I masturbate. Not just laying back and closing my eyes and pretending he is not there just to put on a show. No, the best thing was to explain to him what I was doing, show him where I liked to touch myself, explain to him where I was sensitive and where I wasn't quite so much.

Charlene was, as I expected, a natural pussy eater. I gasped and moaned as she would loft her head up and push her face into my crotch. I could feel her nose pressing against my clit as her mouth and tongue played with my pussy. Her hot breath felt wonderful against me as it gently passed over my clit which was about as sensitive as it could possibly be at this point.

"That's it Charlene," I told her, "That's just what I want... Almost there... Almost there!"

Indeed I was! I could feel that odd sensation in me that I always had when an orgasm was about to strike me. It was like the calm just before a thunderstorm struck except in this case it was as if the sun was shining brightly, warming me inside as my body seemed to withdraw from reality, ready to concentrate on nothing more than the storm about to surge in me. Her tongue flicked against my clit again and the storm came crashing in. Mt back arched and my head fell back as Charlene's tongue pressed again against my clit.

"Yesssssssssss!" I cried out, loud enough that if someone had been in the house they would have probably come running to see what had happened to me.

It was simple really, what was happening was my body was literally screaming as it felt like a fire was surging through me. I felt my pussy releasing a wave of cum onto her face, almost like I was peeing on her from the way it flooded over her. I ground my pussy into her face as my hips rotated in small circles around and around.

I looked down to see Charlene's eyes wide open, staring at me as if she was wondering what wild animal was sitting on her face. I slid down her and laid on top of her, my head on her shoulder as her arms wrapped around me and help me tight against her. She turned her head towards me and we kissed, my pussy cum all over her face. Mmmmmmm, I loved tasting myself on someone else, their face cock, whatever. We stayed like that while my pussy slowly calmed down. I felt totally spent, as if she had drained everything from me when I came on her.

"Oh Charlene, that was wonderful," I whispered to her.

"I never dreamed it would be like that," she said, closing her eyes as if reliving the past moments. "I honestly never knew I could feel this way."

It was getting close to the time when any of the kids might be coming back. Reluctantly we parted and got off the bed. We both stood there naked, facing each other. It was if we both were thinking the same thing as suddenly we both burst into laughter. It wasn't that there was anything funny about what we had done, it was more laughter over how happy we both felt, as if we were releasing the last bit if tension we had been harboring. Charlene looked in the mirror and gasped.

"Oh god, look at me!" she said as she put her hands to her face, "I look like a wreck, I have GOT to take a shower."

I looked at the clock and reminded her what time it was. It was hard to believe how fast a couple of hours could go by! Charlene looked torn as on the one hand she knew her kids could be home any second but on the other she didn't know to explain the she looked - and smelled if she didn't know it. I started to dress and she finally did the same, shaking her head in disbelief at what we were doing.

I grabbed a hairbrush from her dresser and ran it though my hair as I looked in her mirror. I grinned at the face I saw in the mirror. I had that glow about me that my liked to describe as my "just been fucked" look. Basically it meant I was flushed with bright eyes and a wicked grin I couldn't wipe off my face if you punched me! Charlene doused herself with some perfume and brushed her hair into place as well and off we went.

Charlene drove me home... in her Mercedes this time. We were both a bit overwhelmed by everything still and didn't say a word the entire way back. When we reached my house she pulled into the driveway and turned off the car. She turned in the seat and faced me.

"Can we do this again Kelly?" she asked.

Part of me wanted to immediately answer with a resounding "YES!" but I knew it wasn't possible. Just as I never met again with the married guys I let fuck me, I knew deep in my heart there was no way we could ever do this again. If we left it as it was, it would always be wonderful experience for the both of us. If we did it again it would be a relationship and neither of us needed one of those. I leaned over and we kissed passionately, not caring who may see us as they drove by. We parted and I looked into her eyes and sadly shook my head.

"I'm sorry Charlene," I said slowly, "I think you know we can't do this again."

Charlene's face scrunched up but she nodded her head knowingly. "Yes, I understand," she replied, "But I still want you to know how much I appreciate what you did for me today."

I blew her a kiss and got out of the car and closed the door. Charlene backed out of the driveway and we waved to one another as she drove off. I felt conflicted, sorry to see her go yet in some way relieved. At the start of the day I had been so excited about the possibilities yet in some ways incredibly afraid. I had never done anything like this before and now that it was over I knew I didn't have to do it again.

I went into the house where my mother was waiting. She looked at me with a questioning gaze and didn't say a word. I stood there at first, trying my best to put on a blank face. Then suddenly I couldn't hold it back anymore and I smiled and rushed into her waiting arms. We hugged and kissed and then she held me at arm's length.

"Well?" was all she said.

"Let's go upstairs and I'll tell you all about it," I said with a nasty grin.

She looked at me and then smiled in return, taking my hand as she led me to her room., Nothing beats an evening with my mom and tonight it was especially hot as I told her all about my day. What a way to end what was one of the most incredible days I had had in a long time!

# (Jun 12) Chapter 116: My Best Friend's Father

Story codes: MF FF exhib oral adultery
Me (21)
Beth - BFF (21)
Mr. Anderson - Beth's Father (49)

Beth has been my best friend for what seems forever. In fact, she is so close to my family that she is the only girl outside our family that my dad has been with - and the only one to know what he enjoys doing to me as well. Was it time for me to repay the favor?

## 1. Was It Adultery?

Everyone has a best friend, that person you've known since childhood who has always been there for you. She's the one you confide in, yell at, and in general feel free to say or do anything yet you know she will always be there for you later. You share everything with your best friend, right?

For me, Beth has always been that best friend. I've said before that my parents were my best friends but that is more from the standpoint of the type of relationship we have. After all, my parents can't just walk away from me! Beth and I met when we were little girls and went through school together, grew up in church together, and partied together.

Beth and I certainly have our differences but I think that is what has made our relationship so special. Had we been clones of one another I doubt that we would have been able to stand the sight of each other after a while. Our strengths and weaknesses complement each other and as a pair we were stronger than the two of us individually.

As an only child, I never had a sister whereas Beth was the youngest of what had been a virtual tribe at home. She was the next-to-youngest of five kids - three boys and two girls. Her older siblings had all finished school and moved out leaving just her and her younger brother Tony at home as she finished school at a local college. For me, Beth was almost like a sister to me, at least the way I dreamed having a sister would have been. She was a regular fixture at our house as we grew up and it was almost at times like she actually WAS a member of the family. I spent a lot of time at her house as well and her parents were more like my aunt and uncle than your typical older couple.

From the time I started having sex, I'd always preferred more one-on-one sex than groups. It's not that I have anything against orgies or gangbangs, it's just that I like the intimacy. To be completely honest I have to admit that I prefer being the center of attention as well.

In contrast, Beth's first time was with two guys and she never looked back. As she got older, some of her partners would invite her to private parties and soon she became a fixture at the local sex party scene. Of course I knew she went to them since we shared most of our experiences; but the whole sex party scene never sounded like something I really wanted to get involved with.

It wasn't until I was nineteen and home on break after my freshman year of college that she convinced me to join her at one of her so-called parties. As things turned out, it was quite an experience and over the next few years I attended a few of them. Each was a little different and offered me new experiences so I found them fun but purely from a sexual perspective. The problem was that afterwards I was always left with this cold empty feeling when I realized I didn't even know the names of some of the guys who had fucked me! It wasn't that it was important to me that I knew their names, it was the fact that they never told me them in the first place and then pumped me full of their cum that was the problem for me.

One of the interesting things about Beth and I was that as close as we were, we had never done anything of an overtly sexual nature with each other except for some playing around at the parties. That really didn't count for me since everyone was doing it so it wasn't like we were being exactly intimate with one another. I don't know if it was actually a conscious decision or more of something that just never happened. Maybe it was something in the backs of our minds something told us if we went down that path that maybe there was a chance we might change our relationship into something we weren't ready for.

Then one day everything changed. I was home on fall break from my sophomore year in college when we were in the hot tub together and had sex for the first time. It wasn't something we planned but rather something that just happened. What really made it incredible was that it didn't end there. My parents came home while we were making out in the hot tub and to my complete shock and amazement, my dad ended up fucking Beth right in front of me and my mom!

I should say at this point that there WAS one thing I had not shared with Beth up to that point and that was my "special" relationship with my parents. Thus when he did her all I did was watch and didn't join in. It just didn't seem to be the right time to tell her - if there would ever be such a time for that matter.

Seeing my dad having sex wasn't exactly new - I'd seen him fuck my mom and aunt many times before this but there was a good reason for me to be shocked seeing him do Beth. As close as we were, Beth was not actually my sister and for my dad to fuck her was technically adultery and a sin. Since marriage, neither my mom or dad had ever had sex with anyone not in their immediate family. This had held true for over twenty years of marriage and I'd always considered it one of the major pillars in the success of their marriage. Thus at first I wasn't sure how to take it but the more I thought about it the less it bothered me. After all, I only had one best friend and if there was anyone that should be able to fuck my dad it would be her.

A month later when I was home on Christmas break my dad did Beth again. That was the last time they did it until finally in September of last year we did it together with my dad. That was another significant moment because until then I had never told anyone outside my family about what I did with my family. It felt great to be able to finally openly discuss it with my best friend! It didn't hurt that having her watch while I rode my dad was an incredibly erotic feeling.

As it turned out, that was the last time my dad did anything with Beth. I know she would love to do him again - he's not bad at all when it comes to sex, but he hasn't shown any interest and I have never wanted to push the issue. Although neither he or my mom ever said anything to me about it, I can't help but wonder if perhaps they have had second thoughts about whether he should be fucking Beth. Not so much that it was Beth as the fact he was committing adultery. If there was one thing they'd both had drilled into me growing up was to be careful what doors you opened because even though you may just peek inside, unless you're ready to face whatever is on the other side, don't open the door. I wondered if perhaps my dad had chosen to shut this particular door while he still could...

In any case, my dad never mentioned fucking Beth again and never showed any interest in doing her. We have sort of avoided the subject and the whole affair made me understand the wisdom in my parents' position on adultery. Even if both partners agreed to it there was never going to be a happy ending.

## 2. Playing In the Pool

Beth had invited me over to her house to spend the night. The weather was great and I couldn't wait to go over and jump in her family's beautiful in-ground pool. I drove over to her house and she greeted me at the door with a squeal and a hug. Her parents were in the living room and waved hello as I passed though. I'd been to their house so many times and spent so many nights there they didn't even bat an eyebrow when they saw me.

Beth and I went straight to her room where we traded gossip and caught up on our latest adventures. I even told Beth all about my day out with Charlene - the soccer-mom who the first person I had ever met from the Internet. Beth was stunned at the news to say the least.

"Oh my god, Kelly," she gasped as I concluded my account of that day.

Needless to say I left out the parts about what I did at my own house with my parents but she was plenty turned on hearing about what I had to say as it was. "And her I thought you'd sworn NEVER to meet anyone that way - no matter how tempting."

I shrugged my shoulders and smiled. She was right, as usual. I had indeed sworn never to meet anyone from on-line and for years I'd managed to stick to that promise. I tried to explain to Beth that is was strictly a onetime thing and I would probably never do such a thing again. Besides, it was with a woman not a man. Heck, my mom had even met Charlene before I went off alone with her.

At that point Beth asked me if I was ready to hit the pool and I only had to be asked once! I'd brought along a bikini of course - we never swam nude in her pool as her parents were pretty conservative and definitely not into that kind of thing. Admittedly it wasn't MUCH of a bikini - more like some small pieces of cloth held together with some colorful string. In fact, this was one of my outfits my dad liked to joke that the care tag had more material than the outfit!

Beth had a similar bikini only hers was a deep red instead of bright yellow like mine. As she stripped and briefly stood there naked in front of me, I couldn't help but admire her beautiful body. Beth was a little heavier than me but by no means would anyone have considered her fat. Her boobs were definitely bigger - a full D cup at least. Beth had been one of those lucky girls whose boobs had developed at an early age. Even back in seventh grade while I was praying for a training bra she already the boys staring at her chest, dying to play with them. Fortunately for them, she was always more than willing to let them! Beth's poor bikini top strained to contain he boobs and for all practical purposes she may as well have been wearing nothing the way it barely covered her nipples and showed off most of her breasts.

Once we were dressed we headed off to the pool. We passed through the kitchen where a large glass sliding door separated the house from the pool deck. In the kitchen Beth's mom was preparing supper and when she saw us she just let out a melodramatic sigh and shook her head in disbelief.

"Good God! I can't believe what girls are wearing these days!" she exclaimed, blushing slightly as she said it. "I mean, you may as well be swimming naked."

Beth started to speak up at that moment but her mom cut her off saying, "And NO!, no skinning dipping in the pool. At least you're wearing SOMETHING, even it doesn't leave much of anything to the imagination."

Beth grinned at me and winked; obviously this was not the first time they'd had this discussion. We both giggled and quickly went out the door onto the wood deck. The back yard was relatively small, basically consisted of a pool surrounded by a huge wooden deck and then by a tall wooden security/privacy fence. Thus even though we were right in the middle of town, it was almost like being all alone since the fence blocked out much of the outside traffic noise as well.

The pool was great. It even had a diving board and a small water slide which added to the fun. We didn't have long to play as her mom soon came out with dinner. Her dad soon followed and we all sat down on the table outside for dinner. It worked out well because Beth and I were dripping wet from the pool not to mention it was a fantastic evening. The temperature was perfect and the wind was just a whisper.

During dinner I couldn't help but notice that Beth's dad kept sneaking looks at me. Obviously I wasn't the only one to notice because at one point Beth's mom elbowed him with a sharp, "Donald!". She didn't have say anything else but based on his reddening cheeks he knew perfectly well what his wife was referring to. The cute part was that I didn't even have do flirt or anything overt - my bikini did it all for me in ways words could never accomplish.

It wasn't like I intended to flirt with Beth's dad - some things just happen on their own. What was more important to me was what he did NOT do and that was make any such covert glances at his buxom and all but nude daughter. In fact, Beth's dad didn't display any interest in her other than what would be expected from a father and I respected him for that. Still, I appreciated the looks he was giving me!

As we were cleaning up after dinner, Beth's mom reminded Beth and her dad that tonight was her bingo night and so she would appreciate it if we would finish up dishes as she was running late and needed to get going. I laughed to myself over it - like how could we have forgotten? Beth's mom was addicted to bingo and she hadn't missed her Monday night fix as long as I had known her. She was one of those women you saw there with a dozen boards in front of her and I never could figure out how she manage to mark them so fast.

Beth's mom dried her hands off with a dish towel, kissed Beth's dad goodbye and then waved goodbye to us all. As for Beth's dad, he retreated to the house after dinner to watch TV. With the two of us alone once again, we jumped in the pool, climbed on a couple of rafts and then just floated next to one another.

"Wow Kelly," Beth exclaimed when she got herself situated on the raft, "Did you see the way my dad was looking at you? I guess he really liked your new bikini!"

I blushed a little bit despite myself. I'd known her dad for a long time and this certainly wasn't the first time he had stared at me that way yet for some reason the way she said it made it seem naughty, even a little perverted.

"It was no big deal. How old is your dad anyway Beth?"

"Forty-nine."

"Do your parents still do it?"

Beth giggled at that one. "Well, not as much as yours but I still hear them now and then in the bedroom late at night. I would say they still do it a few times a month."

"Does your dad masturbate?"

Beth rolled her eye at that one. "C'mon Kelly, do you know ANY family other than yours where everyone masturbates openly without being embarrassed?"

She had me there! "Noooooo," Beth continued, "I've NEVER seen my dad jerk off but he IS a guy so I imagine he must do it - don't they all? Besides, it's not like exactly something I would want to see anyway, you know?"

"Why not? He still looks pretty good if you ask me."

"Kelly!!!!! He's my dad for god's sake!" Beth exclaimed. She looked a little red in the face and I wasn't sure if she was embarrassed or mad. "Sorry, I didn't mean anything by that. I guess we should have talked this over before so why not just get it over with now?"

I looked at her with quizzical eyes. I didn't say anything a I wondered where she was going to with this line of thought.

"Ok, let me explain it this way. Yes, I loved being fucked by your dad. Yes, I loved watching him fuck you. But that's with YOUR dad, not mine. Ewwwww, I have no desire to do anything with my dad like we do with yours - OK? I mean, it's OK that YOU do you-re your dad but I just could never do that with mine."

"Whoa - down girl!" I said, trying to take the edge off what could become an awkward discussion, " I was just asking because I was curious. I didn't mean to imply anything about you and him so let's forget about it and enjoy the pool."

We both laughed at that and so I leaned over towards her and I was relieved when she leaned towards me as well and we shared a brief kiss. Beth and I were best friends and so we often had some frank discussions but this time she seemed particularly disturbed.

I couldn't resist the temptation and so I pushed on her raft and dunked her in the pool! Beth flopped in and went completely under before jumping up and throwing back her wet hair. Her eyes were wide open and she got a nasty grin on her face. Next thing I knew I was in the water too and we were splashing each other and having fun. I reached out and grabbed her and gave a tug on the knot behind her head and her bikini top dropped and I pulled it off of her.

"Kelly! What the hell are you doing?"

I just laughed and ignored her and before she could react I grabbed the sides of her string bottom and pulled them down leaving her naked in the pool. I threw her bikini out of the pool onto the deck as far as I could and then just as quickly stripped mine off and threw it there as well. The two of us stood naked in the pool and for just a second we just stared at each other, motionless until finally she broke the spell.

"You know, my mom would KILL me if she saw us swimming nude, especially with my dad home."

"So what? She's not here and your dad's in the house glues to the TV. Nobody can see us anyway." I reached out and held her boobs in my hands. "So what's the big deal? I mean, it's not like you're shy anywhere else!"

Beth didn't protest at my touching her so I took it as approval and moved around behind her and started to run my hands over her smooth naked body under the water. Her boobs floated in the water and I cupped on in one hand while my other hand reached down further between her legs. She gasped softly when my finger slid easily between her wet pussy lips and found her clit.

"Oh god that feels so good Kelly," she moaned softly. I kissed her softly on the neck and she sighed as my tongue ran over her soft skin.

"Now isn't this a better way to spend our time in the pool?" I murmured in her ear. Beth glanced nervously towards the house. Even though we'd played together in her pool before, in the past her parents were always gone when we did anything naughty. This was the first time her dad was home while she as swimming nude, let alone fooling around and with another girl at that!

"What's the matter?" I asked, "Afraid your dad will see us?"

She turned and kissed me and then smiled at me saying, "Sorry, I just can't help it. Like, I've been fucked by plenty of guys out here but NEVER with my parents home. I don't know what I would do if he came out here now and caught us like this. My dad would probably freak if he saw me kissing another girl."

Actually the thought of just that scenario excited me but I knew the odds were all but non-existent. I knew her dad well and once he settled into his lounger for a night of TV it would take a load of dynamite to dislodge him. I grabbed Beth by the hand and pulled her to the steps to get out of the water.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"C'mon, just follow me," I said with a sly grin.

We stepped out and I pulled her by the hand to the other end of the pool where the diving board was. When we got to it I climbed up and she followed but I could tell from the look on her face she had no idea what I had in mind. Finally her curiosity got the best of her.

"OK, I give up. What in the world are we doing?"

I just grinned at her and got down on the board and lied on my back with my head close to end. I spread my legs apart and used my hands to start playing with myself.

"Mmmmmmm, see anything you want?" I asked in my naughtiest tone of voice.

"Kelly! Have I ever told you what a crazy bitch you are girl?" she said with a chuckle.

"Many times!" I laughed in response, "Now are you just gonna just stand there staring at me or what?"

"Hmmmmmm, maybe I'll just watch you masturbate," she teased.

"Fuck that! I want my pussy licked," I said as I raised my hips just enough to make it easier to put a finger up inside of me.

"Well, if you really want it THAT bad...," she sighed as if somehow I was forcing her to do something she didn't want to do.

Beth got down on her knees between my legs and put her hands on my thighs, using them for support as she lowered her wet head to my open crotch. I felt a chill run up my back as her talented tongue touched my horny pussy and she began to go to work on me. God she was good! Beth was much more into girls than me to the point she'd probably been with more girls than guys over the years. As a result she was a master at pussy licking and it didn't take long for my first orgasm to appear on the horizon.

"That's it Beth, make me cum!" I begged her as I held her head in my hands.

For some reason I turned my head to look back at the house and I could have sworn I saw the curtain in the bathroom moving as if someone had just moved it back in place. Oh God, was her dad watching us? He was the only one in the house so maybe he had to go to the bathroom and while he was in there maybe he had been checking us out!

Beth's tongue swirled around my clit and all thoughts of her father were swept from my mind as my orgasm began to rock my body. My back arched and my hips rose up off the diving board as I felt this intense wave of pleasure run up and down my entire body. Beth's hands were under my ass now, helping to hold me up as I pressed my crotch into her face. It was pure bliss for me and I could feel my cum pouring out onto her face. Finally I dropped down and just laid there gasping for air.

"Hmmm, nice 'O'," Beth commented. "God you came really fast, you must be horny as hell. What's up?"

I licked my lips and looked her in the eyes. I debated for just a second as to whether or not to say anything but the answer was predetermined.

"You know... I think someone was watching us from the bathroom when you were making me cum," I said in a teasing voice.

Beth look at me, to figure out if I was serious or teasing her as I so often did. I just smiled at her and she realized then that I was dead serious and she twisted her head to look back at the house. This time we both caught the same thing – just a small flutter in the bathroom window.

"Oh... my... god!" was all she could say at first until she gathered her wits. "You don't think he actually watched what we were doing!"

"Mmmmmmm, I hope so!" I said with a smirk. I bet he was jerking off too!""

"Ewwwww, now that's just gross!" she said, turning up her nose.

"Well, I don't think so," I said, smiling at her. "Hmmm, I think I need to use the bathroom myself."

"Oh I bet you do," Beth said with a frown. "Well, just so you know I am staying out here so whatever you do, you're on your own girl!"

I kissed her briefly and then said, "Oh well, that's your loss ...I'll be back in five minutes unless I get lucky."

Beth suddenly realized I was serious and got this panicked look in her face so I said, "Hey, it's only fair. You got to fuck MY dad after all!"

"Well, that was TOTALLY different and you know it Kelly," Beth said with a huff, "My dad cheated on my mom once before they were married and I guess it almost broke up the engagement. He's been faithful to her their entire marriage, though, and I would hate anything to mess that up? ...Understand?"

"Don't worry babe," I reassured her, "C'mon, you saw how he was looking at me at dinner. He wants me so why not? Your mom's not home so who would know?"

"Well, me for one!" she countered, "Look, just promise me you you'll just flirt... nothing more, OK?"

I just grinned at her and shrugged, "Well, he's a big boy and he can make his own decisions."

Beth shook her head at me. "You forget who you're trying to bullshit here Kelly. I KNOW you and I know what you can do to guys so hands off my dad - got me?"

I just smiled. After all, I could do a lot with no hands!

## 3. Teasing Beth's Dad

Turning away from Beth, I walked toward the house where I grabbed my bikini and hurriedly put it back on. I started to open the doors and I looked back at Beth. She had grabbed a towel to wrap around her and was now sitting at the edge of the pool with her feet dangling in the water. I waved at her and she just glared back at me without anything more.

Sliding open the glass door, I stepped where the cool air instantly caused goose bumps to rise all over me. As I walked past the living room towards the bathroom I noticed her dad was in there watching TV, just as I knew he would be. He was so engrossed in whatever he was watching that he didn't even look my way as I went by.

Actually, I really DID need to pee so I used the opportunity to take care of that little problem. After I'd straightened myself out in the mirror, I stopped off at the entrance to the living room and stood there until finally he looked over at me.

"Ummmmm, Do you need something Kelly?" he asked. It seemed to be more out of politeness than an actual offer as once he said it he turned back to the television.

Seeing I needed to give him a little more incentive, I walked slowly into the room until I stood right front of him. Now I was blocking his view of the TV but he didn't seem to mind as his eyes moved up and down my scantily clad body.

"You know... I saw you watching us," I said in a soft tone. He started to protest but I cut him off saying, "Don't worry, it's OK, I really didn't mind. Did you like what you saw? Did you like me better when I was nude?"

He was looking distinctly uncomfortable now and so I wondered for a moment if maybe I'd misjudged the situation. I've never been turned down by anyone that I've actively pursued since I was fourteen (not that I was then either, it's just that's when I started) so I wasn't about to give up before I even got started.

"Um... Kelly," he said hesitantly, "I really don't know what you're talking about."

I heard what he was saying but his body language was talking totally different. He was squirming in his seat with his hands on his lap and I knew full well what he was trying to hide. Cool, he must have been masturbating! I love it when guys jerk off because of me. Lots of guys have done it for me on their cams which makes me feel hot and sexy but when a guy does it for "real" and I can see the results, well nothing beats the real thing!

Thinking about him watching us in the pool and jerking off in the bathroom made me think about one of the most famous scenes ever where Phoebe Cates caught a guy masturbating after watching her in Fast Times at Ridgemont High. In the movie she is disgusted which is exactly the opposite of what I would think in that situation. After all, what better compliment can a guy give me than to get so horny over me that he plays with himself to the point he cums, all the while dreaming he is fucking me or I am sucking him?

So anyway...

I was still standing across the room from him wearing nothing more than a slutty bikini with my hair all wet and pulled away from my face. My nipples were still hard from the orgasm I'd just had compliments of his daughter and they were poking out like pencil erasers through the thin bikini fabric. It didn't hurt that there was no liner in the top. I could feel the bottom pulling up into my pussy crack which must have been creating white a nice camel toe for him. The rear was really nothing but a few strings running up my ass crack and then around my hips to the thin "V" of material that tried its best to cover my pussy. Fortunately I was shaved completely because this little thing wouldn't have covered even the landing strip I sometimes left when I shaved! I wet my lips as if they were dry and slowly walked over the room until I was standing up close next to him.

"Watcha hiding there Mr. Anderson?" I asked coyly. He looked more embarrassed than anything. It seemed sort of funny that he was more concerned about hiding his erection than looking at me.

"It's OK Mr. Anderson, really it is. C'mon, show me what's under your hands."

He still wouldn't move so I leaned over and reached down to pull his hands away from his crotch. He didn't fight me very much, probably more because my boobs were practically hanging in his face as I did it. Leaning over like that gave him a full view of my boobs as they hung down from my bikini top and although I didn't look at him so as not to scare him but I knew he had to be looking at the new scenery!

Once his hands were free I could see the bulge in his shorts which was still there from his most recent masturbation session. I reached down and put the palm of my hand on it, pressing down just enough to get the feel of it through the fabric of his shorts. He wasn't rock hard anymore but there was enough stiffness there to know it must have been not too long ago.

"Damn it Kelly, you have to stop right now... you know better than to do this."

My response was to just press a little harder and then he grabbed my wrist and started to pull my hand away from him. I resisted and added my second hand to the mix to give me a little more power.

"God dammit, I'm serious Kelly, I really don't want you to do this," he protested, "Oh God, it's not like I don't want you - I just can't do it. I AM married you know."

Yes! He may not have realized it but that was just the opening I was waiting for! I knew he wanted me just like every guy did, at least sexually, so now all I had to do was make him an offer he couldn't refuse! Of course he HAD to protest, that was all part of the game. If he didn't then he couldn't rationalize his "failure" later when he had to live with himself for betraying his wife.

As much as I get turned on by fucking married men, in this case I wasn't sure what was more of a turn-on for me - him being married or being the father of my best friend. Somehow it seemed important to me to have sex with Beth's dad, like somehow it would balance the scales of our friendship once again.

I was still rubbing his cock through his shorts but he'd stopped trying to stop me. Even better, his dick was starting to react to my attention as well, despite whatever intentions he might have. All of this was playing right into my hand - literally! I chuckled to myself. God... men are so easy! A girl can be horny as hell but she can make herself look to a guy like she is totally disinterested. A guy may want to do the same but he can't control his cock which tells me everything I need to know!

"C'mon Mr. Anderson... I saw the way you were looking at me at dinner... I know what you were doing while you watched us," I purred to him. "Did you know it turns me on when men do all that for me?"

He just groaned, as if he was being tortured by the lust he was trying to suppress. "I'm old enough to be your father - I'm older than your own father for crying out loud."

Beth's dad may not have realized it but he was right on schedule. First came denial, then the mighty protest, and now he was making excuses. What was even better was that his being married wasn't even one of the excuses he was using! Yep, it was time to land this one before he shook the hook!

## 4. Beth's Dad Gives in to His Lust

I stood up and once again dropped my bikini top and bottoms as quickly as I could. I dropped to my knees and began rubbing his cock again through the denim of his shorts. He was getting a quite visible bulge now and from there way he was shifting in his seat it must have been getting uncomfortable. Guys have told me when it grows sometimes it needs to be "adjusted" in their clothes so I guess it was time to "adjust" Mr. Anderson's cock. I unzipped his shorts and undid the snap at the top and reached in to grab his cock through his underwear. He didn't move a muscle but I could hear his breathing quicken.

Taking his hand in mine, I pulled it up to my breast and held it against me. He didn't squeeze it or do anything but then he didn't pull away either. I smiled as I knew at that moment he was mine.

"Oh Kelly, why are you doing this?" he groaned, "Crap, what if Beth came in Here? For heaven's sake, what if Marlene comes home early?"

"Trust me, Beth won't be coming in," I assured him, "and you know Mrs. Anderson has never left a bingo game early in her life!"

He started to say something else but by now I'd worked my way into his underwear and I held his hard warm cock in my hand. He was about average size which was perfectly fine with me. Big cocks were nice for fucking and small ones easier to suck but an average cock was good for both! I felt his hand press harder against my breast and his fingers began to work against my nipples almost instinctively. His hands were large and easily held my breasts in them.

"Oh god you are SO fucking gorgeous," he moaned.

It was almost like he was saying it to himself more than to me and I recognized he was now in the next phase of my seduction schedule - rationalization. This was when the guy knew he shouldn't be doing me but his little head was now taking over operations leaving his big head to seek an excuse as to why it relinquished control.

I let go of his hand on my boobs and using both hands I was able to pull his underwear and shorts down far enough to free his cock. It was surrounded by thick, curly pubic hair and smelled of male musk yet it was nice and clean. I didn't hesitate but instead went down on him, first running my tongue from the tip of his cock to the base and then back up the other side. I repeated it a couple of times and then took the whole head in my mouth and sucked as hard as I could on it, flicking my tongue against the hole at the tip.

"Oh my god!" he groaned louder this time, "That feels fucking incredible! ...oh yeah, suck it... suck it just like that."

Those last words were the ones I was waiting for. He was progressing quickly to the next step - capitulation, which meant he was giving in to his inner lust and desires.

As I sucked his cock, taking him first deep in my mouth until my face was buried in his coarse black pubic hair and then letting him out until just the tip was in my mouth. My tongue kept working all over him, especially under the ridge of his head and along the underside of his cock where I knew men went crazy.

He was playing with my boobs now, rubbing it and squeezing them, while his other hand moved to the top of me head and pushed me down on his cock. He didn't press hard, just enough pressure to let me know he wanted me to take all of him in my mouth. Some men wanted their cocks licked more, others liked me to literally fuck their cock with my mouth where I bounced up and down on it letting it slide in and out. Then there were those like Mr. Anderson, guys who just wanted to watch me take as much of their dick into my mouth as I could.

"That's it Kelly, suck it harder... Mmmmmmm, take it all in your mouth... oh yeah – just like that!"

He was getting more and more into it as his inhibitions crumbled like a stale Girl Scout cookie. I have learned over the years that nothing makes a man forget his morals and inhibitions like a good blowjob, not even a good fucking has the same effect. When I give head to a guy he can sit back and just enjoy it as I do all the work. I have heard some girls say they don't like giving head because it makes them feel like a slave or some prostitute because it gives too much control to the guy. My perception is completely the opposite. A man is never under my control so much as when I am sucking his dick. I mean, think about it. The most sensitive organ outside his body is his penis and when I blow him I have it between my teeth, giving me complete control over him! Like, how can that make me a slave? No – it makes ME the one in charge, the one in complete control of the situation; which is why I love to suck cock. OK, I enjoy doing it too but you know what I mean.

He was beginning to hump now, using his hips to thrust himself harder into my mouth. As the speed quickened I realized if I continued this way much longer he would cum and I wasn't ready for him to do that yet. I could cheat with a teenage boy and get me a nice mouthful of cum and still get fucked, but when guy is Beth's dad's age he can never cum again anytime soon and I wanted him to fuck me so it left me with little option but to stop sucking him. I pulled my head off of his cock and went over to the couch where I lay with my back against the arm and put one foot up on the back of the couch and let the other hang over the edge, offering him a wide spread view of my shaved crotch. His eyes never left me as I looked at him and grinned like a little slut.

"Soooooo, do you like my little pussy Mr. Anderson?" I teased him.

I rubbed myself slowly with one hand while I cupped my firm breast with the other. He wasn't trying to protest anymore as he sat there and watched me intently.

He was stroking his hard cock, slowly stroking himself and I wondered if he even realized he was doing it!

"Well? ...Are you going to just sit there or are you gonna lick my cunt?" I asked him seductively.

I saw his chest rise as he took a deep breath and rose from his chair. It was only a couple of steps and then he kneeled down next to the couch. Silently he put one hand on each of my thighs and then reached out with one hand to explore my bald pussy. His fingers gently touched me and he softly ran the tips of his fingers up and down around my pussy lips. He wasn't actually touching my pussy yet it sent a tingling feeling through me. He looked up at me, as if he was seeking approval to continue. I smiled at him.

"It's OK... you can lick my cunt."

His face was only inches away from my crotch now. He took in a deep breath and sighed, "Oh god you smell so sweet, ...God I love your pussy."

He lowered down more until his tongue touched my skin just about my pussy and then he licked me with just the tip of his tongue. His fingers moved down and ran between my pussy lips, parting them and passing over my clit. I shuddered when he touched it and he continued down until his finger was pressing against my pussy hole opening. While he moved his tongue down to my clit he pushed his finger into me. When his tongue flicked over my clit I jumped and moaned.

"Oh yeah, lick me right there Mr. Anderson," I whispered to him as little jolts like electricity erupted from my clit as he pressed harder with his tongue.

His finger was moving in and out of me, like he was fucking me with it. He moved his tongue down my pussy crack, licking my wet pussy hole and then back to my clit. Each time he reached my clit he would run his tongue around it and then press down with the flat of his tongue on it. While he was licking me lower his nose would press against my clit, keeping the pressure on it and pushing me closer and closer to my first orgasm.

I could feel myself drawing into myself, shutting out the rest of the world and focusing only on what he was doing to my wonderful pussy. The closer I got to my orgasm the more I would do this until finally it was like I was in another world consisting of nothing but me and my partner.

Suddenly that world exploded like a sun going nova. My entire body felt like it was on fire - a good feeling, intense and incredibly pleasurable. I felt my pussy release and then my pussy cum gushed out onto his face.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" I moaned, "I'm cumming! ...Oh God I'm cumming!"

He kept licking me like a dog lapping water from a dish. I knew how good my pussy tasted when I came and he was trying to lick up every drop. My hips automatically thrust up against his face as my pussy begged for a cock to be in it. God I wanted to be fucked bad! He looked up at me when I finally settled down a bit and I knew I couldn't wait any longer - I wanted his cock in me and I wanted it now.

"Fuck me Mr. Anderson... I want you to fuck me," I told him softly.

I can't think of any time I have said those words to a guy and been refused and I wasn't disappointed this time. He hesitated for just a second, probably realizing that as "bad" as it was to allow me to suck him and for him to lick me, fucking me would take things to a whole different level. After all, Bill Clinton let Monica give him a blow job and people didn't get too upset overall (at least the rational ones). Had he fucked her it would have been a while different story!.

He finally got up and put one knee on the couch, holding his cock in his hand and moving in position. With one hand he spread my pussy lips apart and with the other he held his cock up close to my wet pussy hole. He hesitated again at this point and looked at me with a conflicted expression.

"Are you sure?" he asked me. I think the question was really more for him than me.

"Fuck me," was all I said in reply using a soft yet firm voice.

It was all he needed. Beth's Dad bit his lower lip and pressed his cock head up against my wet pussy hole, pressing against it but not hard enough to force his way in my tight little pussy. He let go of his cock and put one hand on each of my legs and I watch and felt him as he thrust his hips forward, forcing my pussy open and driving his cock head inside of me.

One of the most intense moments for me when a guy fucks me is when he first enters me, that moment when my pussy first stretches out to allow his cock to enter me. I loved the feeling as I felt myself widen and the thickness of his cock held me that way as his cock head violated my most private and intimate part of my body.

"Mmmmmmm, that's it Mr. Anderson," I moaned, "deeper... put it all in me... God I want your big cock all the way in me."

Every guy likes to hear his cock is big so I say it even if he's just average like Mr. Anderson. As he pressed harder I felt my pussy widening as his cock moved slowly deeper and deeper into me. He didn't do like most young guys would, thrusting himself into me with one hard push. Instead he just pressed harder and harder, driving himself slowly and steadily into my pussy, letting me feel him filling me rather than just a sudden jolt. I loved it and I looked down to watch as I his cock disappeared while I felt him inside of me.

Finally he was in me completely and he fell forward and held himself up with his elbows just enough off of me to keep from crushing me. I felt his hot breath against my neck as he held himself there, his firm cock literally throbbing deep inside of me.

"Damn your cunt feels so tight!" he groaned. I noticed he called it a cunt this time instead of a pussy. Oh yeah, he was getting into it now.

He started to pump himself slowly in and out of me, lifting his hips up to pull out and then driving it back into me. He pulled his cock out until the head was barely in me and then pushed it back in until the base of his cock pressed against my crotch. The coarse pubic hair that covered his crotch tickled my pussy when he rubbed it against me, especially when he would rotate his hips and corkscrew his cock in and out of me. Both of us were moaning and crying out as he fucked me harder and harder.

"Cum in me Mr. Anderson," I begged him, "Stay inside of me and cum in me. Fill my pussy with your sperm."

"God Kelly, you really are such a slut," he grunted as he fucked me faster and faster. "Well bitch, get ready -cause here it cums!"

He thrust especially hard against me and held his cock inside of me as deep as he could drive himself. He groaned and I felt a burst of warmth deep inside, almost like an enema of sperm and I loved the feeling I got as he squirted his cum into me.

"Oh my god, give it to me!" I cried out, "oh yeah... fuck me, fuck me harder!"

Over and over he jerked his hips and each time another load of his cum would erupt into me. He grunted like an animal as he drilled his cock into me, unleashing his sperm as far inside of me as he could. Finally he gave a one hard final thrust and then he held himself still inside of me, his breathing loud and fast from his exertions.

"Swish it around in me," I whispered to him.

He didn't say anything but I felt his hips swivel slowly, like a mixer forcing his cock to rotate around inside of me and I moaned as I felt my second orgasm erupt like a volcano.

"Cumming!" was all I could get out before I was overwhelmed and could only think about the incredible sensations that were washing over me, concentrating in my pussy and then radiating out like a bomb blast. My pussy squeezed down on his cock like a vise and he moaned as I gripped it tightly. My cum washed over his cock and I could feel it running out of my pussy and down the crack of my ass onto the couch below me. Finally we both just went limp with him lying on top of me, barely holding himself off of me enough to let me breath.

"Oh God, what have I done?" he said as I felt him lifting himself off of me.

His cock slipped out of me, leaving my pussy feeling suddenly empty and cold. Face it, my pussy was designed to hold a cock so it was only natural that it always feels better when one was inside of it. Sometimes I think I could have a cock in me 24 hours a day and not be satisfied!

Mr. Anderson stood up, his now flaccid cock hanging limp from his crotch, still glistening wet with a mixture of our cum and my pussy juices. I could see that he was now in the final phase of my "schedule" for him but this one has two options - satisfaction or regret. Some husbands that fuck me want to do it again another time and it doesn't to bother them in the slightest that they have just cheated on their wives, breaking the most sacred vow they can make.

A small number, though, fuck me and then when the feelings of lust clear from their head they start thinking about what they have done. The magnitude of the seriousness of their sin hits them like a brick and then they wish there was some way to undo what they had done. Of course they can't - which is what thrills me even more than the guys who are satisfied as I know they will always remember the time we spent together and can never again look at their wives and say they are faithful to them without thoughts of me in their head.

Personally, I believe adultery is a terrible sin, (the Sixth Commandment after all!). Personally, I don't feel I have sinned Since I am not married) and they SHOULD feel guilty for betraying the trust and love of their wives. In this case I had known the Andersons forever and although I never talked a lot with him, I couldn't help but feel I knew him better than most dads after all these years. Well, now I "knew" him in the biblical sense of the term as well!

I could tell he wasn't quite as thrilled though. It always amazes me the transformation that comes over a guy after he cums - like turning a switch or something as it is like all his lust and strength leaves with his sperm! That is exactly what was happening now with Beth's dad as he covered his face with his hands and I could almost swear he was sobbing! He turned his face away from me, gathered his clothes and headed out of the room, I guess to their bedroom or bathroom to clean up and dress. He turned to me before leaving and looked at me with s stricken face.

"So tell me Kelly, are you happy now?" he said in a low accusing voice. "Am I some kind of trophy for you, just another notch on your long-lost chastity belt?"

I just sat there silently not really sure what to say as he continued.

"You know, I always figured you were a real slut but what could I say, my own daughter is one too. Yes... I know what she does, more than she knows I suspect. But now... now I think you're just a damn whore. I know I can't blame you entirely for what we just did, I know I made the decision to do it, but damn you, I have this feeling you only did it as some form of sick game or conquest. Do you realize how much what you've done can hurt me and my wife?"

I sat up and looked pointedly at him to reply saying, "Well Mr. Anderson, your wife will be only hurt if YOU tell her and besides, from the way you fucked me and then came in me, well don't try to tell me you didn't love it ...and I know you would do me again if I let you!"

"Fucking bitch!" was all he could say to that and he stalked off and I heard a door slam down the hallway.

# 5. Making Up With Beth

I picked up my bikini and headed out to the pool again where Beth was waiting for me. I was still nude - no sense in getting cum all over my bottoms until I'd rinsed off. There was a shower mounted by the pool and I headed straight for it. Beth saw me washing off, scrubbing my pussy which had the added benefit of teasing my clit which was still ready to go again!

"So I guess my dad must have fucked you then, eh?" she asked, walking over to talk to me as I showered. "You know, I thought I asked you specifically NOT to do that!"

"Oh? So you didn't watch?" The disappointment in my voice was obvious.

"Fuck no," she replied, "Ok... so I thought about it but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. It was bad enough knowing you were doing it, I can't imagine actually watching him fuck you though. God that would be so perverted to see my dad screwing you"

"You must be kidding!" I laughed. With all the parties and guys you fuck... YOU would be embarrassed. C'mon, you're the last person I can think of that would be. Besides, you didn't seem to mind it when I watched you fucking MY dad!"

Beth just shook her head. "It's weird, I know it. I mean, it was one thing to watch you fuck YOUR dad but I just couldn't look at MY dad fucking you. My God Kelly! My dad has always been faithful to my mom. The more I think about it the more I can't believe you actually went through with it. I really thought you were just going to tease him!"

"So what's the big deal about me fucking your dad anyway?"

Beth glanced down at the ground and circled her foot around on her big toe. "I don't know... I guess I've always looked at my parent as being decent and moral. With everything else I do it was nice to come home where everything was 'normal'. Whenever I look at my dad now I will know he fucked you and cheated on my mom. I guess I-m just a little disappointed in him."

Then she started crying and sat down on a bench. I had my suit back on by then and held her in my arms.

"You know, I thought you were my best friend!" she sobbed.

"I AM your best friend, Beth," I said, trying to console her, "I always will be too."

Beth looked at me with tears running down her face and said softly to me, "Then how could you have done that to my dad. I don't blame my daddy - I know you only too well and I have seen what you do to guys. He didn't stand a chance against you and what's worse, he knows that I know about it. I mean, how can I face him again?"

Needless to say it wasn't exactly how I'd planned for this to end. Beth and I stayed up until late talking about a number of things and eventually she settled down. We'd been best friends far too long for anything to break us apart - even something like this. Finally it just seemed natural to kiss and be close to each other. It was nothing like out at the pool, this was just two best friends doing what best friends do - making each other feel good.

I didn't see her dad again until breakfast when her mom and dad joined us. I saw her dad exchange glances with Beth but he never looked me in the eye during the entire meal. Beth's mom was all cheery - she had won a nice jackpot at the bingo game the previous night and when she asked how our evening went, all three of us went suddenly quiet. I finally spoke up and said that we all had a good time. I left soon afterwards, giving Beth and her mom a hug and then I went over to her dad who was still at the table.

"Goodbye Mr. Anderson," I said softly, "Thanks for all your help last night!"

I winked at him but only he could see and he just pursed his lips and said a terse goodbye. I left feeling pretty good. Obviously I would never be fucking him again but that didn't matter as I don't fuck married guys twice anyway, not even my best friend's dad. I caught myself fingered myself as I drove home, reminding myself of how he had fucked me the night before.

Mmmmmmm, I can't wait until I tell mom about this one!

# (Jul 01) Chapter 117: My Mom's Best Friend Returns

Story codes: MF FF oral inc father mother daughter
Me (21)
John - my dad (41)
Mary - my mom (40)
Tammy - my mom's BFF (41)

Back when I was seventeen and enjoying the summer before my senior year of high school, I had what can only be called an "interesting" experience. It was almost four years since I'd last seen my mom's best friend. An unexpected visit allowed us a chance to see if our last time had just been a fluke or whether there was really something between us.

## 1. Tammy is My Mom's Best Friend

My mom's best friend without a doubt is Tammy. They are about the same age (Tammy is a few months older) and have known each other since they were little girls. Unfortunately, Tammy's husband was transferred to Oregon about seven years ago and since then they've relied mostly on phone calls to keep in touch. They still manage to meet each other at least once or twice a year for a week or so. Tammy's husband travels a lot so she uses his frequent flier miles to get either her or my mom a plane ticket. My mom always looked forward to these visits but the last time Tammy came to our house, I got to know another side of her - and Tammy learned a few things about her best friend and her family as well that at first shocked her but eventually got her curious.

Since then, schedules and such had kept Tammy from coming our way although my mom had visited her and her family a few times out in the Oregon high desert where they lived near a beautiful ski resort. As for me, I'd never been west of Illinois so someday I hoped to join her on one of these trips but they were my mom's special times and so I didn't want to just butt in. Even so, Tammy would send photos of her family and judging by the looks of her husband and two boys, I couldn't help but dream about making the trip!

That said my mom assured me that while Tammy may have experimented with me during her last visit, she was really just your typical housewife. Early in her marriage she had cheated once on her husband but those days were long past and now they had a great marriage. Although Tammy's husband had no idea that my dad had been Tammy's first back in high school, he had no cause to worry when Tammy visited our home as my parents were both committed to their marriage and I was confident that they would never cheat with a woman outside the family, even if she was my mom's best friend.

My mom had been planning a trip to Oregon later in the summer so it came as quite a surprise when we got a call from Tammy asking if she could join us for a couple of days. Apparently she was going to be in Pittsburgh for some sort of conference and was hoping to stop by and see my mom while she was here. Needless to say, my mom was thrilled and I couldn't help but wonder how things would be between Tammy and me after her last visit.

Tammy's conference schedule kept her busy during the week but rather than leave Friday night, she had delayed her flight home until Sunday so she could spend part of the weekend with us. I was out Friday evening and by the time I got home, Tammy had already arrived and was sound asleep in the guest room. The door was closed and my mom told me that she was exhausted from the long week and had gone to bed early.

## 2. Tammy Watches My Dad Fuck Me

Saturday morning I woke up horny - which was nothing unusual for me. I started to touch myself but then a thought came to me. Why do myself when there was someone else available that was sure to be willing to help out? So I threw back the covers and got out of bed. Looking at myself in the mirror, my hair was a disaster! I fluffed it up and let it fall back to my bare shoulders. It wasn't exactly the best but it would certainly do, at least for what I had in mind. My eyes took in the rest of me. I was naked, just as I normally was getting out of bed, and I made a critical review of my imagine the mirror.

All in all, I was OK with myself. I would never be posing as a model for a fashion magazine but at the same time I didn't think I looked all that bad either.

After years of teenage angst over my boobs, they had filled in nicely and as far as I was concerned, were just the right size. My hips had filled out a bit since high school but I wasn't fat either, just a little shapelier I liked to say. I was keeping my pussy shaved for the summer although thoughts of growing it out came to mind now and then. Well, maybe this fall when it got colder, and I didn't have to worry about my pubic hair spilling out of my bikini or shorts, I might let it grow out a bit but for now I was shaved bare as a baby's bottom.

I ran my hand between my legs and cupped my smooth pussy in my hand. Without thinking much about it I started to rub myself but quickly realized what I was doing and pulled my hand away. I knew from plenty of experience where this would lead to if I didn't nip it in the bud early! I turned and looked back over my shoulder and smiled. One thing I'd always liked about myself way my ass and it was looking great this morning even if I do say so myself!

Satisfied finally with my appearance, I walked out to the hallway and to my parents' bedroom. The door was open as usual as the only time they shut it was when they were making love and wanted to keep things between themselves. I looked back and saw that Tammy's bedroom door was still shut. It was only 7:00 AM so it didn't surprise me that she was still asleep, even with the jet lag that I would have thought would have her awake by now.

Looking my parent's bedroom, they were both sound asleep as well. My dad was usually an early riser so I was a bit surprised to see him in bed this late in the morning. My parents had a king-size bed and they were making full use of it today. Both of them were sort of sprawled out. My mom was tucked under the comforters, staying nice and warm. It may have been July now but with the air conditioning cranked up she preferred to keep herself covered whereas my dad was just the opposite. Even in the coldest part of winter he would throw off his covers as he slept.

At the moment, my dad was on his back with his head turned away from the edge of the bed and thus away from the door where I was standing. I didn't need to see his face to know he was sleeping. My father hated to hear it but he snored pretty loud when he slept on his back; nothing too terribly but it was always enough to know when he was passed out. He was sensitive about it and hated to be teased about his snoring so if he was snoring I knew he wasn't faking being asleep. His arms were down at his side and his hairy legs were stretched out straight. Without the snoring you might have thought he was laid out for a funeral; although at a funeral he would have had some clothes on! However, what really caught my eye this morning was what was in display between his legs.

More often than not, when I come into my parents' bedroom in the morning I find my dad's cock is erect, even though he's sound asleep. Whatever he dreams about those mornings, it must be something pretty hot judging by the stiffness of his dick! This morning, though, he was soft and it was flopped over to one side almost buried in the thick pubic hair that covered my dad's crotch. For whatever reason my dad is quite proud of the fact that he has never shaved or even trimmed his pubic hair and from the outgrowth that emerged from his crotch, it was easy to believe! Impulsively I licked my lips as I looked at his wonderful cock. Even when it was limp I still enjoy looking at him. Mmmmmmm, it was hard to believe how much a single part of him could cause so many things to happen.

As I stared at his dick, I thought about how there is nothing I enjoy more than the feeling of my father's dick when it first penetrates me and pushes its way inside of me. Of course I enjoy it physically although in reality it's just another cock and really doesn't make me feel any different than any other guy's dick that has fucked me. What makes sex more than just physically fun is not the size of the cock but rather whose it is and how I feel about the guy who is fucking me. For instance, if you blindfolded me and had my dad put his cock in me and then do the same with a few of my boyfriends, I would be hard pressed to tell you who was who although technique CAN be quite different between guys. Compare that to when I KNOW it is my dad fucking me. THEN it creates an entirely different feeling inside of me, something different from when anyone else does me. Simply put, an overwhelming flood of pleasure and excitement fills me whenever I know it is my dad inside of me.

There is something about knowing my father loves me so much that he would have sex with me that brings me such an incredible feeling of love and trust that it can be almost more than I can take sometimes. My dad is also a man and I know how much he loves pretty women so knowing he finds me beautiful and sexy enough to want to have sex with is one of the greatest compliments he can give me. The most fulfilling thing he can do to me, though, is to cum inside of me. When I feel his cock swelling and then that bloom of heat emerges inside of me, I know his sperm is entering me and at that very moment we are as close as any man and women can possibly be, let alone a father and daughter. I know that he wouldn't cum in me if he didn't love me and when he eventually leaves me I treasure the cum in me, a piece of him left behind as a symbol of his respect for me.

I shook my head to clear it as I caught myself just standing there daydreaming about my dad's dick. He stirred just a bit and I knew I had better get moving if I was to accomplish my mission before he awoke. Walking tip-toe softly over to their bed, I leaned over him and gently cradled his soft cock in my hand. It seemed so small! I let it down on his dark bed of pubic hair and lightly ran my fingers through his pubic hair and down and around his balls, then back over his flaccid cock. I loved the feeling of the coarse, curly hair against my hand and fingers! Gripping his cock with just a couple of fingers, I positioned it so that it stood up straight into the air, at least as much as it could when it was so limp. I glanced up at him to check that he was still asleep and just then a loud snore emerged and I knew I was cleared to launch.

Bending over him, I supported myself with one hand while the other continued to grip his soft cock. Licking my lips a few times, I opened my mouth and touched the tip of my tongue to the head of his cock, then lightly ran it around the head. I could smell the odor of his crotch much more now that my head was right over it, a strong mixture of sweat and sex. I wondered how many times my mom and dad had done it last night? Opening my mouth, I let his cock slip inside. As small as he was he easily fit into my mouth and I sucked on him like a baby on a bottle. Mmmmmmm, he tasted every bit as good as he smelled!

As I started to suck his cock, my dad started to stir but that's not what caught my attention. Out of the corner of my eye I could have sworn I saw something move in the doorway. Sure enough, peeking around the corner was Tammy! I turned my eyes away so as not to let he know I knew she was watching. Wow, this made it even more special for me. It was fantastic enough just to suck my dad's cock while he was sleeping but knowing Tammy was watching just made it all the better.

Being watched when I was having sex has always been one of my most erotic fantasies. For it to really turn me on, one of the people involved has to not know the other knows about it. For instance, in this case Tammy was watching but she didn't know that I knew she was. If she had known, that wouldn't have been nearly as erotic for me. The fact my dad didn't know she was watching made it all the better. Of course, he was barely conscious anyway at the moment!

"Oh god, that feels great," I heard him mumble, barely audible but in the stillness of the bedroom I was sure Tammy must have heard as well.

"Good morning daddy!" I announced triumphantly, taking my mouth off of him for the moment and just stroking him with my hand in the interim.

if I raised any further. I stayed in that position for a brief moment with nothing but the dick head inside of me. Then I dropped down again, instead this time I rotated my hips in a circle as I did, simulating a corkscrew as I drilled myself down onto his nice cock.

Things started to get more serious after the first couple of slow and sensuous strokes. I put my hands on my dad's shoulders and starred to rock back and forth on my knees. As I went forward, his dick would pull out of me and then when I leaned back it would drive it back into me again. It was like being in a rocking chair, back and forth and back and forth as I pumped his cock in and out of me.

After a while my dad grabbed me by the hips and started to pull me to one side. One thing nice about fucking the same guy for a while is that you get to know his moves and desires and I knew what my dad wanted - to be on top of me. I leaned forward and he put one arm around me, pulling me tightly to his chest. He rolled over, trying to protect me to keep his weight off of me while at the same time keeping his cock buried in my cunt.

"Fuck me daddy," I moaned after we had made the transition and he was now on top of me. In all honestly, while I knew he loved to hear me ask him that, it was more for Tammy's benefit than his this time.

As my dad pumped his dick in and out of me, I forgot all about Tammy and concentrated on nothing but the incredible sensations that were pouring from my well-fucked pussy and out into the rest of my nude body. As much as I wanted to cum though, it was my dad I was mostly concerned about. I wanted to make him happy, to please him and to satisfy his needs.

"Cum in me daddy," I begged him, "Mate me, give me your sperm."

"Oh fuck, you are SUCH a little slut, aren't you baby? You like your daddy's dick cumming in you, don't you."

"Oh yes daddy, give it to me! Show me how much you love me... show me!"

Indeed, that as exactly what I wanted. I wanted my dad to show me in the most intimate way possible that he was being satisfied by me, that his needs were being met and his lust fulfilled by me. Most of all, I wanted him to show me how much he appreciated me and loved me - in a way only a father can love his daughter. There was nothing he could do to show me his love and respect, nothing more personal, more intimate, and more remarkable, than to cum in me after fucking me hard.

"Oh yeah Kelly, here it comes baby!"

# 3. Tammy Debates Incest

Eventually mom and Tammy got up and got dressed as well. Tammy didn't make any sign that she had seen anything this morning so I didn't bring up the subject. I knew sooner or later it was going to have to come up so it would be interesting to see what happened as the day went on.

We decided to go out to lunch and headed down to the Strip District to find something different than the usual stuff in town. There was one restaurant that featured open air seating under umbrellas. The tables weren't that close together and we were a little early for the lunch crowd so we had a little more privacy than might have been expected.

As we chatted about this and that, nothing in particular, I noticed Tammy seemed to be a bit distracted, as if there was something on her mind but yet she was afraid to say anything. Well, I knew what it was all about but I hadn't clues my mom into it so she finally reached the point where her curiosity got the better of herself.

"Ummmmm, Earth to Tammy," she prodded Tammy as it seemed she was lost in thought on something or another, "What's with you this morning Tammy?"

Tammy looked at me but I just acted all innocent and naive. If she was going to say anything, it was going to be her decision, not mine. She started to speak a couple of times but as her mouth opened she just shut it and sat back again as if trying to regroup her thoughts. Finally my mom had enough of it.

"For crying out loud Tammy, say something!" she said with barely concealed exasperation.

"Alright then," Tammy said with a look of fire and determination in her eye suddenly, "How in the world can you allow your husband to fuck your own daughter? I mean, that's incest and it's just sick.

"My mom's look was priceless as for a moment she lost her composure and looked genuinely shocked at Tammy's assertion. Then she looked at me and I just shrugged as if I didn't know anything about it. Tammy took advantage of her hesitation to keep going.

"Last time I was here Kelly mentioned something about her dad and her but I just assumed she was trying to mess with me and tease me. No way did I actually believe her or I would have said something to you back then Mary."

My mom looked at me again, this time not looking exactly pleased with me. I just shrugged; I guess that was one detail I had neglected to tell her last time. Tammy continued...

"Well this morning I saw them... I saw it all Mary. Your slut of a daughter here just walked in and started sucking John's cock while he was sleeping and then he fucked her. That was bad enough but he even came in her. I almost packed my bags and left right then. You people are perverted."

She seemed serious and for the first time I started to wonder if maybe I had totally misread Tammy. Maybe she was just a typical housewife these days. After all, it was over twenty years since she had fooled around with my dad and his brothers. I had just assumed that it would turn anyone on to see me fucking my dad and to hear her say we were perverted hurt.

"Now Tammy...," my mom said softly. She reached out to hold Tammy's hand but Tammy pulled back away from her. My mom looked visibly upset at that.

"Now Tammy...," she started over again, this time keeping her hands to herself, "If you saw them then you had to see it wasn't anything sick or perverted. She's his daughter and she was just trying to please her father."

"Well, there are a LOT of ways for a girl to please her father without letting him have sex with her!"

"True... true... but does that make it wrong?"

"I don't know, I just don't understand how you can lay there next to them while they do it, like nothing is even happening."

My mom smiled for the first time since Tammy's little tirade had started. This time when she reached out to Tammy's hand, Tammy didn't pull away. "I've never told you this Tammy, but my father took my virginity."

Tammy's eyes widened like saucers and her mouth could have drawn flies it was so wide open.

"What? You never told me that. You said John was your first."

"I know, but can you blame me? What would you have said had I told you the truth back then?"

Tammy looked puzzled, as if she was being overwhelmed by everything. "OK, but did he do you after that?"

"Of course he did, he was my father and so I let him whenever he wanted."

Tammy had this weird look on her face, like she had just eaten pizza and found an anchovy.

"I'm sorry but I just can't imagine my dad EVER doing that to me. I could NEVER imagine doing anything with my sons for that matter."

My mom tightened her grip on Tammy's hand. "That's fine Tammy, it's not for everyone. But you saw them this morning apparently. Did it look like he was abusing her?"

Tammy smiled and laughed for the first time. "No, can't say that."

Then she looked over at me for the first time and asked, "So you really don't mind it when your dad has sex with you? Don't you feel like he is taking advantage of you?"

I shook my head solemnly and replied, "No, not at all. I mean, he loves me and respects me as his daughter. For me, it makes me feel closer to him than anything else. I feel like I'm giving him my most precious gift when I give myself over to him."

My mom and I sat silently as Tammy seemed to mull over all of this. Finally she said softly, "Well, I guess I never looked at it that way before. I need some time to think about it, OK?"

My mom moved over to hug her. Tammy hugged her back and for the rest of the afternoon, the subject never came up again.

Later the night after supper, my dad suggested we get in the hot tub and relax for the evening. Tammy looked at my mom and then at me, undoubtedly wondering whether or not she should say something or not. Evidently, she decided not to because she agreed without another word about it.

## 4. Tammy Loses Control in the Hot Tub

By the time I made it out to the deck, my parents had already gotten the hot tub going and it was frothy from the jets, making it impossible to see beneath the surface. I didn't need to see to know my parents were nude. It would have been far more surprising if they were NOT since for as long as I can remember, none of us wore anything in the hot tub. Even when I was a little girl, I never gave it a second thought to jump in naked with my mom and dad. For me, that was just the way it was.

I dropped the towel I had tied around me and gingerly stepped into the tub. As always, the hot water took some getting used to but eventually I was submerged with the exception of my shoulders and head. Each of us was occupying one corner of the tub, sitting in one of the molded seats and enjoying the feel of the jets against out back and sides.

"See Tammy on your way down?" my mom asked.

"No, I thought she was already down here."

Just then the door to the deck opened and out came Tammy.

"Don't worry, I'm here!"

I looked over and saw she was wearing a full one-piece bathing suit. Granted, Tammy hadn't aged quite as well as my mom and a bikini probably wouldn't have been the most flattering thing for her to wear. It was the fact she was wearing anything at all that made for a potentially interesting scenario!

"C'mon in," my dad encouraged her. Tammy stepped over to the hot tub and it was then I think she realized for the first time that my mom and I weren't wearing anything, at least on top. With the jets running she couldn't see if we were wearing anything below but I think she figured out the situation pretty quick.

"Ummmmm, maybe this wasn't such a good idea," she said hesitantly, "I think I'll just watch some TV if you don't mind."

"Don't be silly!" my mom replied, "Don't worry, you look great!"

"Yeah but... I've never done anything like this, you know?"

"Like what?" my dad asked. "We're just enjoying the tub. C'mon, you know, it's not like it's anything I haven't seen before."

Tammy actually blushed at that. She rolled her eyes and said, "Well, that was a long time again John Wells. I'm not exactly a freshman in high school anymore, you know."

"Don't worry about it Tammy, it's just us," my mom encouraged her, "Besides, it will feel so much better without that suit on."

Tammy hesitated for another moment and finally her cheeks puffed out and she let out a loud sigh.

"Alright, but don't you dare tell Brad!"

I couldn't help but giggle a little at that. Her poor husband would probably faint if he knew Tammy's history with my dad, let alone if he heard she was joining us in the hot tub nude. Tammy dropped her suit and quickly entered the tub, as if she wanted to get in as fast as possible to hide herself under the water. Despite myself, I couldn't help but feel a little excited as she stripped. Knowing that she and my dad had done it back in high school and now she as once again naked in front of him was pretty erotic, even if they weren't doing anything. I also noticed that my dad's eyes didn't leave her for an instant either. I could only imagine what was going on between his legs just now!

Once she was in the water and the conversation turned to the day's events and such, Tammy seemed to settle down and relax. I don't know if she thought she was going to be attacked or have to take part in some orgy or what. It was similar to what I encounter from most people when they first hear about my parents and me. They seem to assume that just because we have an incestual relationship that we are having sex all the time.

After about twenty minutes or so, my dad's face was getting pretty red and my mom was getting concerned about him.

"John, don't you think maybe you should take a break for a few minutes? You know what the doctors say about staying in here too long at one stretch."

My dad nodded and he lifted himself up with both hands to the side until he was sitting on the edge of the tub with just his lower legs dangling in the water. What made it interesting was that he was also sporting one heck of an erection! Tammy noticed it as well and her eyes widened. The three of us all saw her reaction at the same time and I waited to see what, if anything, someone was going to say. Nobody did, though, so I decided to break the awkward silence.

"Ummmmm, Dad... something on your mind?" I teased him.

Tammy laughed nervously, as if she felt she needed to make some sort of response but didn't know what to say. Even so, her eyes stayed on my dad's crotch.

"Well, can you blame me?" my dad laughed, "What do you expect when I'm with three beautiful women, all of the naked and hot?"

My mom moved over to Tammy and put her arm around her. Their naked bodies were pressed up against each other but I don't think Tammy even noticed.

"So Tammy, does it still look the same?" my mom teased her.

"Ahhhhhh, I guess."

"It's OK, it's not like you have to worry about anything. You know John and I don't swing."

"Yeah... BUT... " she blurted out, looking at me as she did. Obviously she was referring to what she had learned this afternoon about my dad and me.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, you mean THAT," my mom said, as if the thought had never crossed her mind. "Kelly, why don't you show Tammy what we were talking about this afternoon?"

"That's OK Kelly, you don't have to do it for my sake," Tammy quickly responded. "I mean, well... I'm not so sure I'm ready for that."

"Oh nonsense!" my mom exclaimed, "I told you it as something she liked to do so just relax and watch the show."

Tammy didn't seem to know what to say so I shrugged my shoulders and moved in between my dad's legs. His dick as was hard as ever, still wet from the hot tub with his pubic hair plastered down in a matt around it. I had been wanting to suck him since I first got in the tub so I didn't waste any more time but instead went right to work on my dad's dick. Taking the head in my mouth while I held it in place by grasping the shaft close to his crotch, I sucked on the just the head like it was a tasty popsicle. Actually, it didn't taste all that great to start with as the bromide smell and taste in the hot tub water was covering him. Gradually the taste faded away as I sucked him more but the scent of the chemicals was still strong.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," was all my dad was able to say as he groaned softly when I took more or his dick in my mouth. Each time I bobbed my head on his dick I took in a fraction of an inch more each time until finally I had his entire cock in my mouth. With my face buried in the base of his dick, I twisted my head back and forth, rotating his dick in my mouth as my tongue played along the shaft.

"Damn that feels good Kelly!" he groaned again. I looked up at him and our eyes met as I held his dick in my mouth and tried to smile as best I could with a mouth full of cock. Then I looked to the side where my mom and Tammy were sitting. My mom still had her arm around Tammy and Tammy's hand appeared to be clasped in front of her as she watched me suck my dad's dick.

"So what do you think Tammy? Can my daughter suck cock or what?" my mom bragged to Tammy.

"Yeah, you could say that," Tammy replied, "But still, I just can't get over the idea that she's sucking her own father! It's unreal."

"But don't you see how wonderful it is?" my mom pressed her, "It's so beautiful seeing her pleasing him like that. I just think it's wonderful they're so close, don't you?"

I turned back to my dad's cock and after that it was hard to hear what the two of them were saying with the noise of the hot tub pumps and jets. It didn't really matter what they were discussing. What DID matter, though, was the feeling of my dad's cock in my mouth. Of course, knowing Tammy was watching made it all the more erotic for me. I sucked and stroked my dad for maybe ten minutes or so, keeping him aroused but being careful not to cross the line to where he couldn't help but cum. No way did I want him to lose that erection yet!

Finally I needed to catch my breath so I moved to the side of my dad and stroke his dick slowly with my hand. I looked over and saw my mom's hand on the arm she had around Tammy had drifted down until she was cupping Tammy's breast in her hand. Tammy appeared not to even notice but she had to know my mom was fondling her.

"God, isn't she beautiful?" my mom asked Tammy. Tammy seemed mesmerized by everything and just sat there motionless. My mom bent her head down and kissed Tammy on the lips. THAT brought her out of her reverie!

"Mary!" she gasped. She tried to pull away but without much effort behind it and my mom easily kept her arm around her. They kissed again and both my dad and I watched as the best friends quickly became more passionate with each other. It was like Tammy had been holding back and now that the door had been opened, she was letting it all out at once. I noticed my mom's other hand was under the water in the area of Tammy's crotch and I had a good feeling from the way Tammy suddenly jumped that her fingers had found a sensitive spot down there!

After a few minutes they parted from their kiss and Tammy had a dazed look on her face, as if she was in some sort of dream and was just waking up. My mom had a huge grin on her face and I knew she was thrilled to finally be doing this with her best friend.

"Do you want to see him fuck her?" my mom asked Tammy. It was a little surreal, like she was showing me off or something. Tammy just looked at her as if she didn't know what to say in response.

"Seriously Tammy, would you like to watch John fuck Kelly?" my mom repeated herself to Tammy. I pressed my thighs tight together as my pussy felt a little jolt as the thought of having her watch my dad fuck me made me even hornier than I was already.

"I... well I guess so," she stammered, "I'm sorry, it's just I still can't quite get over that yet."

"What do you mean, that I let my husband do my daughter?"

"Yeah but it's still incest!" Tammy protested.

"Your point?" my mom countered. Tammy didn't have an answer ready so my mom hugged Tammy and I barely heard her say, "Go on, tell him to fuck her."

"What? You want ME to say that? Why?"

"Trust me Tammy, just do it," my mom urged her, "See how it makes you feel."

Tammy looked at her and then at my dad and me. I could see her shoulders move back as she took in a deep breath, as if she was about to embark on a major effort.

"Alright then, do her John."

My mom slapped her shoulder playfully. "Oh come on Tammy, you can do better than that."

"Ummmmm, fuck her John," Tammy tried again but my mom still wasn't happy and urged her to let her feelings out. Tammy rolled her eyes and this time she let herself go.

"Fuck her John... I want to see you fuck your daughter!"

"That's it!" my mom encouraged her, "Didn't that feel hot?"

"Oh my god, I can't believe I said that!" Tammy said, her hands covering her mouth as if to keep anything else from escaping. It was OK with me; I was getting incredibly turned on by everything and from the stiffness of my dad's cock in my hand, so was he.

"You heard her daddy, fuck me!" I said playfully.

I moved over to the side of the hot tub adjacent to where my mom and Tammy were sitting tightly together. Leaning over the edge, my ass was just above the water line and I spread my legs apart to present an unobstructed view of my wet asshole and pussy. My dad made his way through the water, his cock sticking up above the waterline like a periscope from an attacking submarine. Moving in behind me, he gripped his dick in one hand and steadied himself by holding onto my hip with the other. I could feel the head of his cock pressing against me and I wiggled my ass, signaling my desire for him to enter me.

"So is this what you wanted me to do?" my dad teased Tammy.

Actually, he was teasing me even more as my pussy practically cried out for his dick to come inside. Tammy was obviously overcoming her initial fears and her inner lust was emerging as she got hornier by the minute between my mother's touches and now the show that was about to take place right next to her.

"I can't believe you are going to actually do it," was all she could say at first. Then she gasped as my mother must have come in contact with something sensitive again. "OK John, stop fooling around and show me how you screw your daughter."

It was like her words were the firing of a starting pistol as my dad's cock immediately began to force its way into me as soon as the words were out of her mouth. I gasped as his cock head split me apart, penetrating me like nothing else in the world can.

"Oh daddy, fuck me," I gasped between my non-stop moans.

I couldn't seem to stop moaning, they just kept coming out from my mouth as I felt that incredible sensation I get whenever a hard dick is making its way into me for the first time. Finally I felt his crotch pressing up against my ass and I wiggled my butt against him.

"Oh that feels so good inside of me," I groaned as I rotated my ass around his dick.

"Look at them," I heard my mother saying to Tammy, "Have you ever seen anything so wonderful?"

"I still can't believe he's actually fucking her," Tammy gasped, "I mean, I know what you said but I guess I never quite believed it. Oh my god, he's actually fucking her... his own daughter for god's sake!"

She sounded like she was having a hard time with it but the look in her eyes and the smile on her face as she stared at the two of us told a different story entirely.

"Go on, sit up next to her," my mom urged her. At this point, Tammy probably would have jumped off the deck if she had asked so she obeyed without question. I smiled at her as she sat next to me as I rocked back and forth in time with my dad's thrusts in and out of me.

"Spread your legs babe," my mom urged her. Tammy did and my mom plunged her head in between her thighs and began to eat her pussy. Tammy's eyes widened like saucers and she gasped as my mom's tongue went to work on her. I smiled as I knew how she must be feeling. My mom was an absolute expert on eating pussy and I always looked forward to our rare times together.

"Shit Mary, what are you doing?" she gasped as she jumped from what must have been a particularly good lick from my mom.

After a little but my dad pulled out of me and turned me around such that I was now sitting next to Tammy with my legs spread apart like hers. Instead of eating my pussy though, my dad went back to fucking me, sliding his cock back into me and fucking me slowly in a rhythmic motion. I looked over at Tammy and smiled.

"What do you think Tammy?"

"Oh god, this is incredible," she gasped between breaths. "I never even dreamed I would ever do anything like this."

A mischievous thought came to mind. It was treading on a thin line but I figured it would be OK.

"You want to suck my dad's dick with me?"

"What?" Tammy answered, a startled look on her face, "I mean, I'm married... hell, HE's married."

I grunted as my dad thrust himself particularly hard into me. He could obviously hear what we were discussing and I could only guess what was going through his head. My mom looked up from Tammy's pussy - she must have been listening as well.

"It's just a BJ Tammy, not like you're having sex with him," my mom cut in.

Poor Tammy, she was trying to be logical and make her point but at the same time my mom was playing with her pussy and she was watching her best friend's daughter getting drilled by her own dad. Not exactly the best of circumstances to make such a decision.

"C'mon Tammy, my dad wouldn't mind, would you dad?"

My dad just grinned. The answer to that was obvious. What guy would ever turn down a double BJ anyway?

"You sucked him all the time when you were in high school, don't you want to do it again?" I teased her.

"I guess... but what would Brad say if he found out?"

"Well, unless YOU tell him, how will he ever find out?" my mom countered.

"Well, anyways, I can't do it while he's fucking Kelly," she argued, as if that was going to get her out of it.

I up at my dad and grinned at him. He got the message and he pulled out of me, his hard cock standing out straight from him, glistening in the dim light with my pussy juices covering it.

"Don't you want to taste me on my dad's cock?" I asked innocently, as if I was asking her what flavor ice cream she wanted.

"Forgive me Brad," she mumbled, barely audible over the noise of the hot tub.

My mom moved back to give her room and Tammy slipped into the water until her head was at the level of my dad's dick. She reached out and grabbed it in her hand, stroking him slowly at first and just staring at it like it was the first cock she had ever seen.

"Bringing back any memories?" my mom asked.

Tammy giggled; apparently she was starting to get over her initial concerns. "God, it seems so long ago. Shit, it WAS a long time ago!"

I slipped in beside her and our faces were both inches away from my dad's dick now.

"Suck my dad's cock," I whispered to her, "Show me how you use to blow him."

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she mumbled again as her head moved forward those last few inches.

She didn't just nibble on him or lick him to start. No, Tammy went for it all from the start and took my dad's cock into her mouth, all of it. She choked just a bit as she hit bottom, more probably from the sudden entrance into her mouth than actually choking on him. She wiggled her head around his cock and then began to do a good old-fashioned head-bob on my dad, bouncing her head up and down his cock, taking him all the way in each time and then pulling up until the tip of his cock just cleared her lips and then repeating the process over again.

"Mmmmmmm, you taste so good on him," she said quickly with his cock out of her mouth briefly.

It was wild to see my dad getting blown by Tammy. All these years I'd known her and now to see her sucking on my dad's cock was incredibly erotic. The more she sucked him, the more she seemed to be getting into it. Any hesitation on her part, any signs of indecision or concern, all of that was gone now as she went down on my dad like a wanton slut. Just how horny she was getting, though, was even more than I had expected.

"Fuck me John... god I need to be fucked hard," she begged, stroking my dad's cock as she looked up into his face.

My dad looked at my mom, as if he didn't know how to respond.

"God Mary, tell him to fuck me," Tammy begged, "Brad hasn't been able to get it up for over a year and I need it SOOOOO bad."

Damn, this was NOT something I had expected. Frankly, just getting Tammy naked in the hot tub was a major score so far as I was concerned. To have her watch my dad fuck me was a bonus and now to see her sucking my dad was what I had thought would be the ultimate. I had never even dreamed about my dad fucking her! It was almost a relief to hear my mom's response.

"Now Tammy, you know better than that."

"What do you mean?" Tammy protested, stroking my dad quickly now, " Like, it's OK for him to fuck his own daughter but not your best friend? That doesn't make any sense!"

"Well, she IS his daughter, and that's why it's OK," my mom tried to explain. "It would be adultery for him to fuck you - for both of you."

Tammy looked stricken, as if the rug had been pulled out from under her. First she didn't even want to show herself nude to us and now she was apparently getting mad because my dad wouldn't fuck her! God, now THAT is what I call a quick change in attitude!

"Shit, what am I doing?" she exclaimed, as if she was suddenly awoke and was aware of her circumstances. She released my dad's cock and quickly climbed out of the hot tub. Grabbing her swimsuit, she hurried into the house, leaving the three of us in the tub to ponder what had just happened.

"Well, now THAT was certainly interesting," my dad mused.

My mom got out of the tub as well. "I had better check on her," she told us as she grabbed a towel and went after Tammy.

That left just my dad and me alone in the tub. My dad looked at me and I just shrugged. We both broke out laughing.

"Well, where were we, anyway?" my dad teased me.

"Hmmmmmm, I said, moving up against him until I felt his stiff cock poking me in the stomach, "I seem to remember something about your dick inside of me."

"That's funny, so do I," he teased me, "I guess I had better put it back, don't you think?"

I put my arms around his neck and hugged him. "I think that would be a GREAT idea daddy."

I felt his hands reach under my ass and lift me up until my pussy was hovering over his wet cock. He lowered me down and at first we had a hard time getting his cock to line up with me but after a few gyrations and wiggles, it hit the target and he dropped me down onto him, driving his dick deep inside of me.

"Oh daddy!" I cried out, "That feels so good in me... fuck me daddy."

Rather than try to hold me up and keep his balance on the slippery hot tub, he dripped down to his knees such that we were submerged under the water up to our chests. I felt like I was floating over his dick as he fucked me by lifting me and then lowering me back down on his underwater cock. In addition to his dick sliding in and

It made my heart flutter to hear my father say that about me. What could make a girl happier than to know she can please her father this way? Hearing my own father tell me how good it felt to fuck me, to feel his cum spurt out of him inside of me, made me feel more sexy and self-confident than anything else he could do for me.

"I had better make sure Mom and Tammy are OK," I finally whispered to him. I didn't want to leave his arms but I knew it was the right thing to do. He hugged me tightly one last time and then let me go. We didn't say anything else as I dried myself off and then went into the house.

My expectations were that I would have to go upstairs and find my mom consoling Tammy in her room, maybe wiping away the tears as she confronted what she had just done. Even though sucking guy didn't count as sex in MY book, I am not so naive as to think it doesn't for others. Tammy had obviously gotten caught up in the heat of the moment and now I was afraid she might be having second thoughts about even our relationship. With all that in mind, you can imagine my surprise when I entered the kitchen and heard sounds coming from our formal living room!

As I silently approached the entrance to the living room, the sounds became clearer and I could make out most of the words. Well, it turned out not to be so much actual words but more like moans and groans. What the hell was going on? It sure didn't sound like anyone was too upset.

I poked my head around the corner and in the darkness of the living room, lit only by the light streaming in the front windows from the streetlight out front; I could make out two figures on the floor, well actually on the rug that was covering the hardwood floor. Lo and behold, my mom was on top of my aunt as they licked each other in a classic 69!

Something told me that for once, discretion was the better part of valor so I quickly backed away and left them alone. Actually, I was starting to feel pretty tired so I just made my way to my bedroom and literally fell into my bed. It had been an interesting day, that was for sure!

## 5. My Dad Does Me While My Mom and Tammy Watch

The next morning arrived and I woke to the feeling of a dick pressing against my pussy. I didn't even have time to wipe the sleep from my eyes then I heard a grunt and the pressure behind the dick increased and it pushed its way into me. As groggy as I was, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what was happening - my dear old dad was fucking me again!

"Oh daddy!" I moaned softly, stretching my arms out with my eyes still just partially open.

"See, I told you she liked it," I heard my mom saying to someone. I opened my eyes more and there in front of me, watching my dad fuck me like it was some play being acted out in front of them, was my mom and her best friend Tammy.

"I gotta say, once again I stand corrected," Tammy laughed, "I just couldn't imagine she would like waking up with a dick in her. Hell, I have enough problems getting Brad to fuck me when I'm wide awake!"

She and my mom both giggled at that one. Apparently, they had discussed this already and now it apparently was demonstration time. Oh well, it wasn't like I minded! If it involved my dad fucking me, I was all for it.

"You didn't see him cum in her last night, did you, my mom asked Tammy in a matter of fact tone. She could have been asking her if she caught the ending of a particular TV show from just the tone of her voice.

"Noooooo, I seem to remember a certain girlfriend eating out my pussy instead!"

Again, the two of them laughed loudly. I could tell things were back to "normal" between the two of them and felt a sense of relief.

"C'mon John, let's see it!" Tammy cheered him on. It was amazing how much someone could change overnight. If she had any concerns remaining over incest, they certainly seemed to be well-suppressed.

My dad was behind me, spooning me with my upper leg draped over his and his cock coming in from the bottom of my crotch and slipping into my clock from underneath. His wasn't the longest cock by any means that had fucked me but it was just suitable for this task. In this position, the two of us were lying on our sides and were looking directly at my mom and Tammy. All they needed now was a bag of popcorn to watch the show!

"I think he's about ready," my mom whispered to Tammy, "Watch closely now."

My dad wasn't saying anything at the time. He just seemed to be concentrating on his dick in me, as if he was willing himself to cum. This time, though, instead of pushing himself deep into me like he usually does when he cums in me, he pulled almost all the way out of me until just his head was buried in me.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" he moaned as I felt his cum bursting out of him. As close as he was to the entrance to my pussy I could feel the heat of his sperm as he ejaculated inside of my pussy.

"Damn, he really does cum in her, doesn't he?" Tammy observed. On hearing her remark, I just shook my head slightly, more for myself than anything else. Despite everything she had seen so far, despite how everything we had told her had turned out to be the truth, for some reason she still seemed skeptical that my father would fuck me without a condom and actually deposit his sperm inside of me.

"Pretty hot, don't you think?" my mom asked her. "Imagine your sons cumming in you."

Tammy slapped her playfully, "No don't even go there sister. I would NEVER let one of my sons fuck me."

After my dad was finished, he held me in his arms and we just lay together for a while with his dick softening inside of me. Tammy and my mom got up and started to leave when Tammy turned and look at us thoughtfully. She looked at my mom with a naughty smile on her face and turned back to my dad and me. Kneeling at the edge of my bed, she pulled my dad's cock out of me and held it in her hand.

"Mmmmmmm, sorry but I've just GOT to get a taste of this," she murmured softly. I felt my dad shudder behind me as she took his half-erect cock in her mouth and sucked on it. It was too bad he wasn't going to be able to respond, at least not for a little while. I couldn't help but wonder how many times my mom would say no if she asked my dad to fuck her.

She sucked him for just a few minutes, enough to get the taste of his cum and my pussy into her mouth. The she giggled like a little girl and ran out of the room leaving my dad and me alone again. My dad looked at me and just laughed.

"Don't look at me baby, I don't know what is going on either!"

We just laughed together and then everyone got ready for church. As we drove to church, Tammy was in the back seat of our SUV with me while my parents were in the front seat. Tammy looked at me and just shook her head in apparent amazement.

"You know, if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes I never would have believed that you would be going to church with a cunt filled with your dad's cum!"

I grinned at her and lifted my skirt to reveal my panties (my skirt was way too short to risk going to church bare-bottom). Pulling them to the side, I pushed a finger into my pussy to wet it and then licked the juices off my pussy.

"Wow, you really ARE a naughty little slut, aren't you?" Tammy laughed.

"I told you so!" my mom called back, evidently overhearing Tammy's remarks.

We all laughed as we pulled into the church parking lot. Unfortunately, Tammy's flight was not long after church so we had to take her straight to the airport after the service. She kissed each of us goodbye when we got there.

"Well, that was certainly a different weekend than I expected!" she giggled as my dad helped her with her luggage.

"Say hello to Brad," my mom said, a naughty grin on her face.

"And your boys too!" I chimed in.

Tammy was gone and we were left to our memories. I took consolation in that in just a couple of weeks my mom and I would be traveling to her house. I wondered if we would have a chance to be naughty while we were there? Mmmmmmm, maybe I could help Brad get it up again? You never know!

ponytail. Some of my friends who tutored had warned me about some of the pitfalls of showing up looking like a slutty high school girl as apparently it wasn't the way to impress the parents on your first day. I figured that once I got to know them, then I would adjust my attire if necessary and it proved to be appropriate.

When I rang the doorbell, Nathan's father answered and introduced himself. I tried to keep a straight face as he instinctively did what most guys do when I first meet them - give me the once over. Well, hopefully he was pleased with what he saw. As conservative as I tried to be, it wasn't like I was dressed like a nun. The jeans were just tight enough to show off my ass without being painted on. My blouse was buttoned appropriately but not to my neck. It was the right size for me (or at least "right" as defined by the store guides), although maybe a little on the small side which helped to show off my boobs just a little bit. My bra felt uncomfortable (God I HATE them) but without it my nipples would have been poking through and a much as it would have been fun to see his reaction, I didn't think it was appropriate on our first time meeting one another.

Nathan's dad invited me in and as I stepped inside and got a look around, it was all I could do not to stare at the interior furnishings. When I said they were well-off, that was obviously more than a bit of an understatement. The furniture was immaculate and I doubted all paintings on the wall were just reproductions. He led me through the house without saying a word and then up a staircase to a door about midway down a long hallway.

"We set up a study room for you to use when you're here," he explained, "Nathan will be in shortly. Make yourself at home."

I stepped into the room and looked around. I heard him hesitate at the door for a second and then his footsteps disappeared down the hall. No doubt he took a good look at my ass before he left but that was OK with me. Really, what's the point in dressing to show off your ass if nobody looks at it?

Looking around, I was impressed. The room as set up like a miniature school room. There was a desk for the "student" and a larger one for the "teacher". An new Apple computer sat on a table to one side and a nearby bookshelf was filled with various books and computer programs. There was a white board, various supplies and even a video camera although I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do with THAT. I smiled to myself as I thought that maybe daddy had some ideas about making a "naughty schoolgirl" video.

My thoughts may have gone further in the gutter had not the door opened again and in returned the father with young Nathan in tow. Nathan certainly didn't look too thrilled about the situation but then he saw me and for just an instant, the frown on his face softened but then quickly returned as he continued his protests.

"Come on Dad, I can't believe you're making me do this. It's summer!"

"Dammit, I told you to behave yourself," his dad hissed at him under his breath as if he was trying to keep me from hearing.

It was clear enough for anyone in the room to hear but I pretended I didn't hear anything and stood up to greet Nathan. Introductions were made, we shook hands, and then dad made his exit.

During the first tutoring session with a new kid, I try to spend most of the time getting to know the kid rather than trying to get any real instruction accomplished. The whole point of having a tutor is to individualize the instruction and in order to do that, I need to know more about the individual.

Soon I learned that Nathan was an only child (not a surprise) and both of his parents worked (again, not a surprise). Apparently dad had an office over the garage (it held three cars it's not like the office was a closet) where he ran some form of accounting business. Mom worked as some kind of manager at some expensive clothing store at the mall and was generally gone most of the day, leaving Nathan on his own most of the time.

It's surprising what kids will tell you once they start talking and before the hour was up, I knew about his parents marital issues (nothing unusual so far as I was concerned but Nathan seemed to be bothered by a few things), his friends at school (all boys), his sports (from the lack of trophies and such I figured he sucked at them), and more. From the way he kept glancing furtively at my boobs, I was tempted to ask him if he was going to jerk off dreaming about them after I left but of course, I never would have asked such a direct question.

The hour went by quickly and when I left for the day I stopped by his dad's office to say goodbye (and collect my money - cash only please). Glancing up from a pile of paperwork, he lowered his reading glasses down his nose and looked at me over them.

"Everything go OK?"

It was almost like he was surprised that I had survived the hour intact. My curiosity must have showed because he grinned at me and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, it's just that the last two girls bolted before the first hour was up," he shared with me, "Nathan can be a bit of a pain sometimes."

It seemed odd to me because overall, the kid had been quite nice to me. Certainly I'd had other boys who were REALLY pains in the ass so it was surprising to hear this about Nathan. Then he looked at me again, this time with more of a leer than a smile.

"Nathan is fine, really," I responded, "Besides, I think I do pretty well with most kids."

"Well, pardon me for being blunt but with Nathan it may have more to do with... shall we say your 'assets', than anything else. And I must say, yours are considerable better than those of his previous tutors."

Well, even though I knew immediately what he was referring to and it pleased me to hear it, I still pretended to be a bit embarrassed and put my hand to my mouth.

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend you," he hurriedly said. "I really meant it as a compliment. Besides, can't say I blame him."

He was just flirting a little bit, that was obvious. I've learned to tell when a guy is flirting just to be a bit "naughty" as compared to trying to see if he could get anywhere without committing himself. My quick assessment was that this guy was just enjoying himself and I felt no inkling whatsoever that he held any "promise" for the future. Of course I was a little disappointed as he was quite a god looking guy, but better to know up front so I wouldn't waste time just to find out later he was just a tease.

"Well, in that case I'll just have to try harder to keep his attention in the future," I teased him back, enjoying the little repartee.

He just smiled and handing me my cash and went back to work as I said goodbye and went home. As I drove home I wondered what Nathan would do next time if I left the bra at home? Somehow I didn't think his dad would mind either.

Later that night at dinner I was telling my parents about my day and when it came to my new tutoring job I finally got my dad's interest away from the daily newspaper.

"You know, I think I met this guy once; he does taxes for some of the guys at the office. Must do pretty well for himself. Is the house as good on the inside as it looks from the outside?"

I described the house and both parents just shook their heads. When I mentioned my parting conversation, my dad grinned at me.

"So, anything going to happen there you think?"

I sadly shook my head and explained how I felt about it. My dad just chuckled.

"Oh well, too bad I guess. You can't expect every guy to cheat on his wife," my dad consoled me. Then he grinned and teased me saying, "I bet your tutoring rate would have gone up considerably!"

"Dad!" I protested, pretending to be shocked at the implication he was making.

My mom just sat there quietly, a slight grin on her face as she listed to the two of us teasing each other. It was always interesting to see how differently my parents could view the same situation. My dad was thinking about me doing the father whereas my mother was obviously coming at the situation from a different angle.

"So are you going to tease the poor boy some more next time?" she asked.

"Oh I guess," I answered, then paused before continuing by saying, "He IS kinda cute and besides, his dad certainly seemed to think it helped keep his attention."

"So I assume that's ALL you're going to do, just tease?"

"Mom!" I whined, "You don't have to treat me like a teenager you know. I know better."

My mother was the moral compass of the family, apparently making it almost a crusade of hers to keep my dad and me on course. She knew about most of the things I'd done with a few younger boys before; but even then, none of those had been as young as Nathan, even when I was that young. Personally, I didn't see why she would think I needed to be constantly reminded to behave myself. As much as I loved my mom, sometimes she could be a bit overbearing.

## 3. Keeping Nathan's Attention

The next time I was scheduled to tutor Nathan, I dressed in almost the same outfit but with a few subtle changes. Of course, the first thing to go was the white bra. However, rather than doing away with it entirely, I thought I would raise the ante a bit by switching to a lacey black version that was cut considerably lower than the standard white one I'd worn the last time. You could see it outlined through the white blouse which in some ways I think made it more sexy than not wearing one at all, especially when it came to stimulating a young boy's imagination. The blouse I chose this time was a size smaller as well, which helped to show off my bust line better and forced me to leave two more buttons undone, letting my cleavage show this time, especially if I leaned over just a little bit.

As I gathered my things and prepared to leave, my mom caught just a glimpse of me as I walked by the kitchen and called for me to let her see how I looked.

"Hmmmmmm, not bad," she mused, "A bit showy but not TOO slutty. So tell me, is all this for the boy or his dad?"

"Mom!" I protested once again, "I thought I'd told you the dad wasn't interested."

"Hey, I was just hoping for your sake so don't get all up tight," she sighed as she rolled her eyes at my response. OK, maybe I overreacted a little bit but she knew better.

We kissed briefly and then I was off. Soon I arrived at the house, or should I say mansion. Nathan's dad again answered the door and again, he gave me the once-over but this time I noticed it took a little longer.

"Nice. I guess from the looks of things you took my hint," he said with just a hint of a smile.

"Well, I'll do anything if it helps me keep your son's attention," I replied softly, "And I DO mean anything."

"Ummmmm, you ARE tutoring him in MATH, right?" he teased, not taking the bait. Oh well, it was worth another shot, even if he WAS remarkably loyal to his wife. I chose just to nod in response then and he stepped back to let me in as he continued. "OK, just checking."

Nathan was waiting for me this time in the classroom and when I walked in alone, his eyes involuntarily widened and again, they fixated on my boobs. I probably could have walked with no jeans on at all and he would have stared at my boobs!

It was all business so far as I was concerned for the next hour although I couldn't help but notice Nathan's attention continued to be more on me than his text books. I never made any mention of it, though, and acted as if I had no idea where his interest really lay. There were a few times when I would move in closer to him until my boobs rubbed up against his arm. As I was taller than him, I could look down and see his attention shift to my open blouse and bra clearly visible underneath. It was hard to ignore the hard-on he was sporting for almost the entire session but somehow I managed!

On my way out, Nathan's dad had my cash and as he handed it to me, he shook his head slightly.

"I have to tell you that this morning the first time Nathan has ever told me that he was looking forward to his tutoring session. Looks like we finally found a girl who knows how to grab his attention."

Although that was all he said, a glance at my boobs and then a slight grin was enough to tell me that he knew what was drawing his son's attention to me, not to mention his own.

## 4. Raising the Stakes

Now that I had been there twice and gotten the same "message" both times, I decided the next week to crank it up yet another notch. This time the bra stayed home entirely and instead of wearing a blouse, I chose a tight cream colored tank top that clung to me like saran-wrap. It was too short to tuck in and unless I continuously tugged at it, it rode up and exposed a few inches or so of my tanned midriff. My jeans had been replaced with a tighter pair that rode further down my hips hugging my ass tighter and showing off the curves better.

The results, not surprisingly, were exactly as I had hoped for. My nipples were already hard by the time I got to the house, poking out through my tank top like little missiles as I anticipated the response I would be getting from the two of them. The jeans must have helped because for the first time, Nathan showed some interest in my ass which was encouraging. It was all I could do not to say anything a few times during our session when his attention went totally off track as he literally stared at my boobs.

Although I can't say how much math he was absorbing, his father didn't seem to have any issues when he paid me. In fact, he just dropped another "hint" as I started to leave.

"How in the world can you bear to wear those jeans in this hot weather?" he mused, "I thought most girls wore shorts when its gets so hot outside?"

I just shrugged but I definitely took the hint. The next two week I shifted from jeans, to a longer pair of white shorts, and then finally to a pair of cutoffs that left little to the imagination. In the process I learned that Nathan was much more of a leg "man" when I exposed some skin than he had been with the jeans covering them up.

like yesterday. I remember how excited I was the day I got dressed to meet Steve, knowing it was likely to be the last time I looked in the mirror and saw a virgin. My boobs were barely out of my training bra and my legs may have been ridiculously skinny but at the time I felt incredibly sexy and grown up.

Seven years later, I was starting to think about working out and my boobs were almost to the point where a bra might be a sensible thing to wear, if not the most desirable. Back then I remember being so proud of the new fuzzy hair that was finally covering my virgin pussy. Now I just frowned at my shaven crotch as I realized I hadn't shaven in two days and if I didn't do it soon, I'd be breaking out again in a rash when I eventually did.

What must it be like for a woman my mom's age or so when she looks in the mirror? At least my boobs were still perky enough I could get away without a bra most of the time (for now at least). My upper arms weren't sagging and my stomach was pretty flat. Like always, I loved my ass and there still wasn't any flab or cellulite back there to worry about.

Overall, I guess, I was content with the girl looking back at me in the mirror. My only regret was that I couldn't carry off the "teenager" look any more, unlike my cousin Kristen who still looked sixteen or seventeen at age twenty. The only reason that concerns me is that I think it turned guys on more when they knew I was a teenager. For some reason, telling a guy I'm twenty one just doesn't seem to be as naughty as back when I said I was eighteen. Even so, I'm not about to lie about my age - not yet at least.

"Staring in the mirror again?"

I turned to see my mom smiling at me from the bedroom door.

"Yeah, I have to get going soon."

"Tutoring Nathan again today?"

"Yeah, last time too. They're heading for Europe tomorrow."

My mom entered the room and stood behind me. I felt her hands on my bare shoulders as she rubbed them gently. "Well, don't you think you've teased the poor boy enough this summer?"

"Mom, you know I haven't done anything bad!"

Indeed, other than wearing some clothes that were a LITTLE provocative but by no means shameful, I hadn't done anything untoward with Nathan. Oh sure I didn't stop him from staring at me and looking at my shorts or between my legs, but I never let him so much as rub against me nor did he ever see anything more than he would have seen in a Sears catalog. Especially important, I'd never so much as laid a hand on him, not even in encouragement. When it comes to my professional life, I take my responsibilities seriously and the last thing I need is a reputation for being a slutty tutor when I eventually apply for a teaching position (even if I was).

"Well, I'm not trying to say you've been BAD. It's just that I see from the outfit you've got laid out that you're not exactly meeting the school district dress code."

She was referring to the skirt and blouse I had spread out on my bed. The skirt was made of denim and was tight around the hips with about a two inch pleated section on the bottom. It covered my ass, at least when I was standing up. The light-blue blouse was rather sheer and probably at least one size too small for my measurements. The black thong I'd chosen covered my pussy but that was about it as the back side was not much more than some strings to hold it on me. There wasn't a bra but that I hadn't worn to their house one in weeks now and besides, I doubt she even noticed as I normally never wore one anyway.

"Hey, isn't that the outfit your dad bought you?"

I nodded as indeed it was. My dad loved to buy clothes for me and as a man, he knew what turned him. He would bring them home and give them to me and then I would pose for him afterwards. He had loved this outfit and so far, the only time I'd worn it was for him.

"Don't get me wrong, Kelly, I don't mind you wearing it for him; but don't you think it's a little over the top for public consumption?"

"Oh Mom, I'm not fourteen anymore," I huffed. Maybe not, but I could certainly whine like one still! It was the first thing to come to my head, undoubtedly from having thought so much about being fourteen again before she'd come in my room.

"Exactly," my mom said softly, not reacting to the aggressive tone of my response. "It was easier to get away with things back then, people just thought it was 'cute'. Now you're an adult and frankly, you look like a street walking whore in that outfit. That's OK for your dad to see you in but are you really sure you want to wear it today?"

I felt myself stiffen at her words. Wow, she usually wasn't quite so direct with me and calling me a whore was NOT typical at all. Maybe she was right, was I going too far?

"Well, it's up to you I guess," she said wistfully as she turned to leave, "You know how I feel about it."

and told him how much I loved it seeing it got hard all those times when I was teaching him. Indeed, THAT wasn't merely a fantasy of mine. The poor kid DID seem to have perpetual erection throughout our tutoring sessions. As horny as he obviously was, why he never came and wet his pants was a mystery to me.

I pulled my finger out and pretended to reach out for his hard young dick, as stiff as a steel rod, waiting impatiently to enter its first pussy. It felt warm and stiff in my hand, the pulse of his rapid heartbeat throbbing against my fingers.

"Fuck me Nathan, oh God fuck me," I groaned as I slowly inserted my middle finger in me again, pretending in my mind that it was Nathan's young hard dick instead. I imagine the look on his face as he felt a real pussy consume and surround his cock for the first time, feeling the wetness and warmth of a woman's hungry cunt for the first time in his life. God I wanted to bad to be his first! If he suddenly appeared at my bedroom door at this moment I don't know if I could have held myself back.

"Make me cum Nathan, that's it, you can do it!"

Actually, my dream was moving more to coincide with where my body physically was at the moment than anything else. Indeed, I could feel my orgasm beginning to build deep in the pit of my stomach. As it began to spread out to my entire body, it started as a light tingle and then slowly grew, like the sun rising at dawn.

"Oh god, fuck me Nathan!" I cried out as I plunged another finger into me while I used my other hand to rub my clit. The room seemed to darken and withdraw, leaving me alone in some form of a sexual universe where it was just me, my starving pussy and his imaginary cock as "Nathan" fucked me with everything his young cock could give me.

"OH MY GOD, I'M CUMMING!" I groaned loudly, feeling my pussy gush out over my fingers, wishing it was his cock in me instead, covering his dick and balls with my pussy cum.

My hips bounced on the bed as I imagined bucking up against him, trying to draw every ounce of gooey cum from his erupting dick into my empty pussy, not letting a single drop escape. It seemed my orgasm would never end – not that I wanted it to, but eventually it started to die down. I tried to open my eyes but I couldn't find the energy as I collapsed on my bed, my swollen pussy throbbing with a pulse like the drumbeat of a hard rock album.

I must have laid there like that for ten or fifteen minutes, just savoring the lingering sensations in my pussy and the general glow that seemed to surround me. My only regret was that Nathan's cock wasn't really in me.

"Hey Kelly, you going today or what?" my mom called up the stairs.

I turned to look at my alarm clock and gasped. Damn, I had about twenty minutes to get to their house or else I would be late and I had NEVER been late, not even once, to a tutoring appointment. My little "exercise" had taken a lot longer than I'd thought!

Trying not to panic, I ran to the bathroom where I tried to straightened out my hair and dab on some makeup. One thing I certainly didn't need was blush! There was no time for a shower, I would just have to smell the way I did. A splash of perfume would have to do for covering up the majority of it and besides, I doubted that Nathan would even recognize the lingering odor of my pussy after sex anyway, although his dad certainly might if he got close enough.

Fortunately, it didn't take long to dress as it wasn't like there was a lot to put on. Actually, my heels took the longest as the straps were a pain in the neck the way they wrapped around my ankles before being buckled in. A few last second brushes through my hair and I was ready with minutes to spare!

I had to pass by the kitchen to get to the stairs leading to the basement and garage so there was no avoiding my mom. She saw me as I hurried by but to her credit, she didn't say a word although the tightening of her jaw said volumes. No sense in stirring up trouble so I didn't say anything more but rather grabbed my purse, kissed her goodbye on the cheek, and then headed to my car and quickly drove over to their house.

## 6. How Far Should I Go?

Nathan's family lived in a quiet neighborhood and in the past, I'd never even seen anyone out and about. This time, as luck would have it, an elderly woman was out working on her flowers next door. When I pulled up in a hurry I must have gotten her attention as when I stepped out of my car, there was no doubt from the look on her face that she was watching me. My first thought was that it was too bad someone wasn't taping the scene as her expression was priceless. I could have probably been nude and not seen such a look of intense revulsion and disgust God, talk about being up-tight! She turned her head away but I could see her muttering and lord only knew what the local gossip would be before long. Oh well, it wasn't my family that lived here!

As always, Nathan's dad answered the door. In all the time I had been tutoring him this summer, I had never once seen his mom as she always seemed to be working when my days were scheduled. Hmmm, was that just a coincidence? I was always on time so he must have been waiting for me because as I reached for the doorbell the door opened before I could ring it.

"Hey Kelly, nice to see you again," he said politely.

The way he was looking at me, though, was anything BUT polite. Gee whiz, talk about undressing someone with your eyes! He had me stripped and spread eagle on the bed in seconds judging from the look on his face as he took in my outfit.

"My, I see we've come a long way since that first lesson, haven't we?" he said softly, not even bothering to divert his eyes as he normally did.

"True, but I don't think that you mind, or do you?" I asked coyly.

He chuckled and finally looked at me above my neck. "Oh no, I wouldn't want you to get the impression I don't like it!"

"Well, I guess I'd better get to my lesson with Nathan then," I said as I turned to go up the stairs.

Normally at this point our little banter would end and he would head to his office while I made my way to the stairs leading to where the school room was. Well, not today. I could practically feel his eyes boring into me as I made my way across the room. It wasn't like I was hurrying, either. Indeed, I made sure he got a good eyeful and as I went up the stairs, my skirt rode up and I pretended not to notice. With the skimpy thong I was wearing, from the back I may as well have been wearing nothing and for the first time, he got an eyeful of my all but bare ass. Given all the effort I was making, I certainly hoped he was enjoying the view! Not for the first time I felt frustration over his loyalty to his wife. On the one hand I respected him for it but selfishly, I hoped that he was at least thinking a few naughty thoughts today, even if he didn't act on them.

Once I got to the top of the stairs and started down the hallway, I pulled my skirt back down and took a deep breath as I approached the room where I knew Nathan was waiting impatiently for me. Although I'd worn some pretty skimpy shorts before that showed off most of my legs and even a good portion of my ass, I'd never worn a skirt and so this would be the first time he got to actually see between my legs and my behind.

Regardless of how horny I was, I remained totally professional during his lesson. Well, at least what I SAID was professional. We talked about math but I made sure when I sat on my desk that he got more than a few lessons that weren't in the text book. After all, visual aids are all a part of teaching, aren't they? Throughout the lesson, I acted like a total klutz, dropping things all the time such that I had to bend over to retrieve them. Of course, they always seemed to drop in such a way my ass was up in the air facing Nathan when I leaned over for them. Of course, he didn't seem to mind!

Normally I would sit behind the teacher's desk or in the extra student desk next to his when I taught him. Today, I sat on top of the teacher's desk, letting my legs hang off the front edge. Sometimes I would cross my legs to hide my crotch although that just lifted my skirt up over my ass. The desk was a bit cold on my bare bottom but it was worth it to see the look in his eyes as they gazed at my naked ass. At other times I would leave them uncrossed and I have to confess I wasn't very lady-like at those times, "forgetting" to keep my legs together the way my mom taught me which let him get a great few of my barely hidden pussy. My thong was so tight it would bunch up and pull between my pussy lips, not leaving much material to cover me to the point where it was pretty useless so far as hiding anything. Again, Nathan didn't complain so I didn't worry about it.

One thing to remember is that teasing and flirting isn't just for the guy's benefit, it's fun for the girl as well - and I had a LOT of fun that day. When I was finally ready to leave, for the first time I hugged Nathan to say goodbye. Other than a perfunctory handshake, it was the first time I'd allowed Nathan to touch me in all of our sessions. My firm boobs pressed up against him and he quickly tried to take advantage of the situation as his hands grabbed my ass. They stayed on top of my skirt but I was impressed by the little perv! That was all I was going to allow, though, so I left the room with a smile on both our faces. Seeing his stiff dick trying to burst through his jeans, somehow I had the distinct impression Nathan would be using the bathroom pretty quickly!

As always, Nathan's dad was downstairs waiting for me as usual. He handed me a single bill and my eyes widened as I realized it was a hundred dollar bill! Nice tip!

"Kelly, you've been the best tutor we've ever had," he said in explanation, "And I don't mean just for Nathan."

He grinned at me and for just a moment I wondered what might have happened if I made a move but I actually respected the guy too much to do that now. After a summer of flirting and teasing he'd never made an overt move towards me, something not many men can say. I had a feeling he wouldn't respond and the last thing I wanted to leave things in an uncomfortable situation. Besides, maybe he would hire me next summer!

The neighbor lady was gone when I came out although I could have sworn a curtain moved in the house next door but I couldn't be sure. Oh well, let her have her gossip for the day!

When I got home my mom was watching TV in the family room as my dad hadn't gotten back from work yet. I went over to her and gave her a hug and a kiss. She still had a bit of a stern look on her face, though.

"I STILL can't believe you wore that out in public," she huffed.

"Don't worry mom," I assured her, "Nothing happened, I just teased the poor kid to death."

"Well, wait until your dad gets home," she sighed, "I can just imagine what HE will say."

I grinned as I knew exactly what my dad would say! He wouldn't give a hoot about Nathan and his dad. All my dad would want is for me to dress in that outfit again for him and I knew where it would lead from there!

I leaned over to kiss my mom again. Her lips felt soft and warm as our tongues met and for a moment I was about to climb in her LazyBoy with her but I needed a shower BAD so after a couple of minutes we reluctantly split apart and I hurried up to my bedroom.

Back in my room I looked at the clock and realized my dad would be home before too much longer. Well, no sense in changing yet as I may as well get a full day's use out of his outfit. I didn't think he would mind seeing me wearing it and at least I knew I wouldn't be just teasing him either! Oh well, so much for the shower! I laid in bed and pulled my thong to the side. Mmmmmmm, I was going to be ready when my dad got home!

# (Jul 14) Chapter 119: First Time K9

Story codes: F-solo FF best oral
Me (21)
Sam - girlfriend (21)
Sandy - Sam's golden retriever

Years before my little Yorkie licked me between the legs and that was all I ever thought I would do with a dog. Then a friend dared me to have sex with her best friend and the next thing I knew I was doing something I never even dreamed I ever would!

## 1. Fun With My Friend Sam

Almost six years ago when I was in bed my little four pound Yorkie became fascinated with what was between my legs so out of curiosity I let her investigate. As it turned out, she had quite the talented tongue and she was even able to make me cum. Like many things I've done on the spur of the moment, I chalked it up to being just an experiment, a one-time experience which I never would ever do again. I've seen a few clips of girls having sex with dogs and even horses but for me the very thought of having sex with an animal has always been somewhat repulsive to me. It seemed to be something that only ugly girls in poor quality foreign porn movies did. The idea that I would ever even TOUCH a dog's dick, let alone suck one or be fucked by one, was not even something I fantasized about.

Samantha (Sam) was one of those friends I include in my short list of close friends. We'd grown up together and while I'd watched her masturbate during some of our slumber parties, it was no different than any of my other friends since we all eventually did it. We never actually touched one another even though it became fairly public knowledge that Sam was an avowed lesbian. So far as I knew she'd never even had sex with a guy even though she was the same age as me - twenty one. Sam was beautiful and she still teased and flirted with guys but it was just out of cruel sport so far as she was concerned. She had a great body and enjoyed showing it off, even if she had no interest in them beyond that. Although I'm bi, my preference is for guys and I've never made a show out of being attracted to girls and so Samantha and I remained good friends but in a totally platonic manner.

It was the middle of my summer break and the newness of being home and away from the stress of school was wearing off. My best friend Beth had been trying to get me to go with her to some of her sex parties like I had in previous summers but for some reason they just didn't appeal to me at the moment. I was horny as hell yet the idea of having sex with some nameless stranger just so he could get off in the hope that I would as well just wasn't working for me. In any case I was getting plenty of cock from my dad, not to mention the occasional fuck from my uncle and cousin, but it wasn't the same as getting laid by a guy outside the family. I loved fucking them but I also needed that thrill that came from a new conquest and a new cock.

It just happened that I was masturbating on my bed when Sam called me. I didn't tell her what I was doing but I kept playing with myself as we talked. God I was so horny I couldn't stand it! We were just gossiping about who was doing what with who and so on but as I toyed with my wet clit I found myself thinking about Sam and wondering what she looked like as we talked. I wondered if she was doing the same thing as me - playing with herself as well and just not telling me. Was she thinking about fucking me? As we talked I found myself thinking more about how her pussy smelled, how it would taste, how her mouth would feel between my legs. I felt my orgasm rising and a soft moan escaped I came.

"Kelly... Ground Control to Kelly?" I heard Sam calling to me over the phone, "Are you still there? What the hell ARE you doing girl?"

I shook my head and realized that I had no idea what she'd just said and so I wondered how long I'd been phased out while my orgasm was at its peak.

"Sorry Sam," I said laughing a little, "What did you say?"

Sam laughed over the phone, "Ohhhhhhhhh, I get it now... Why didn't you tell me you were getting yourself off?"

"Sammmm!" I exclaimed over the phone, pretending to be embarrassed.

Sam just laughed even harder. "Hell, if you're THAT horny girl you need to get out." She paused for a second and then asked, "Hey, you want to spend the night at my place? We can relive some of our old pajama party nights... if you know what I mean."

I grinned to myself as I knew EXACTLY what she meant! What the hell? Masturbating with Sam had to be better than doing it alone and who knows, maybe we might do something else. As horny as I still was, the idea of sex with Sam was getting me even hornier. We agreed to a time and after we hung up I masturbated for over an hour afterwards, dreaming of sex with Sam and how it would be our first time together. Little did I know at the time what I was getting myself into!

My mom was working a double shift and as usual, my dad was working late so I just left them a note on the kitchen table telling them where I was. I arrived at Sam's house at about 8:00 that night and she greeted me at the door. Sam's parents had money - a LOT more than even mine. She had decided not to go to college and instead was working for her Dad. Rather than move out into her own apartment, she still lived at home but had moved into a basement apartment in their huge house so she had some privacy (as did her parents). It had a small kitchenette and bathroom plus a living area and bedroom so it was perfect for the single girl. As I entered I was unexpectedly greeted by someone else - a big golden retriever.

"Down Sandy!" Sam ordered as the dog tried jumping up on us. It didn't bother me as I could tell he just wanted attention from the way his tail was wagging fiercely as he nuzzled up against us. "Sorry, forgot to warn you about him. My parental units said I had to keep him down here."

Sam hugged Sandy around the neck and he rolled over on his back. She rubbed his belly which he obviously loved. I couldn't help but notice his cock, or at least what I could see of it beneath all the hair. My little Yorkie is a girl so when I rubbed her belly I didn't have to worry about where my hand was wandering - not so with Sandy!

Sam asked me if I wanted a beer or wine which I politely declined. I HATE beer and only drink wine on special occasions. It's not a moral issue or anything, I just don't really enjoy the taste. Fortunately she had my favorite - Diet Coke. We sat at the table and picked up our conversation where we'd left off on the phone - minus the references to masturbation.

"Hey, do you like porn Kelly?" Sam asked. It was like totally out of the blue and for a second I hesitated, not sure how to respond.

"Not especially," I finally managed to get out, "It always seems so... just so fake to me."

"Yeah, I agree," Sam replied, "But the girl-girl stuff is way better I think." She looked at me with a nasty grin on her face and said, "Wanna watch some with me?"

I shrugged and went along with her. My dad enjoyed watching lesbian sex and so I'd had seen quite a bit of it as a result at home but it had never held any special fascination for me. About the only part about it I liked was it never failed to get him hard and horny and usually that meant fun for me! I followed her to the bedroom where she had as small twin bed but a massive large screen TV. She opened a cabinet and I saw it was full of various DVDs, most of which were labeled such that I knew her collection was largely dominated by lesbian porn. I also noted that there were quite a few that seemed to refer to animal sex as well but I just ignored those, figuring everyone has their fetishes and Sam was no different.

"C'mon, let's get undressed," Sam said, pulling off her clothes. God she looked incredible as always! I'd given anything to have the perfect boobs and incredible ass she was blessed with. I couldn't help but notice she seemed to be keeping an eye on me as well.

We both quickly stripped and I reached in my bag for my nightie.

"Oh Kelly, you're not going to wear THAT, are you?" Sam said in an exasperated voice. "C'mon, we're not in high school anymore!"

Sam jumped on the bed nude with the TV remote and was motioning for me to join her. Once again I marveled at her incredible figure. She was more beautiful than ever with her summer tan - no tan lines I noticed, and I didn't mind one bit squeezing on the bed with her. She giggled and started up the DVD and before long the giant screen was filled with almost life-size images of girls fucking one another. There wasn't much of plot but then who needed one?

Almost on cue, we both started to touch ourselves and before much longer we were each masturbating heavily. I wasn't sure if Sam was masturbating more to the movie or me but I knew in my case what it was. I wanted her - not some silly movie! God she looked so hot leaning back against the pillows with her legs apart and hand massaging her pussy! Even though I'd seen her masturbating many times before, there was something different this time, almost as if this time she was doing it for me.

"God I want to cum!" Sam moaned, "Touch me Kelly... make me cum girl!"

Needless to say I didn't need a second offer. I reached over and she lifted her hand and then pressed mine against her pussy. She was soaking wet! Her clit was swollen and hard as my fingers played around it.

"Oh yea, that's it... oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Sam gasped. Her hips rose up off the bed as my hand stayed with her pussy and she began to buck like she was being fucked.

"OH MY GOD!" she exclaimed and I saw her pussy suddenly overflowing with cum as it poured out of her like she was peeing. I wanted to taste it and so I maneuvered myself between her legs and bent over until my face was just above her cunt. She smelled so strong! Her hands grabbed my head and she pulled me into her crotch.

"Lick it Kelly!" she begged me, "Make me cum again!"

I reached out with my tongue and started to lap up her cum as if I was a dog. I couldn't help but smile as I heard Sandy whining at the side of the bed, thinking how I was licking Sam like I was dog myself. Mmmmmmm, she tasted soooooo incredibly good! I've always loved the taste of a woman's pussy, starting back from my pre-teen days when all I had to taste was my own. My mom use to scold me when I was little when I would reach inside my panties and then taste my fingers. I just wanted to taste myself and didn't understand all about what was proper in public. As hot as Sam was, I figured it wasn't going to take much to get her off again and I actually overestimated the time as within a couple of minutes of me licking her she was cumming again!

"Oh fuck me Kelly!" she groaned, "God you do that so good!"

I had her tight butt in my hands and I could feel her smooth ass clench as she came, more pussy cum flowing out but this time all over my face. I was covered with her juices and I swallowed as much as I could lap up. Finally she flopped back on her back and just groaned long and loud.

"Damn that felt so good!" she sighed. "OK, your turn!"

As quickly as she had relaxed she was back up and pushing me onto my back. She pushed my knees apart and gazed down at my bald pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, you have a beautiful cunt Kelly," she said softly. I realized I wasn't breathing as I watched her intently while she reached out and caressed my pussy with the palm of her hand. Her fingers rolled over my clit and gently pulled on it, making me shiver as my crotch exploded with pleasure.

Sam looked up at me, her eyes locked onto mine as she opened her mouth slightly and lowered her head to my pussy. A sly grin came over her as she stuck out her tongue and touched just the tip of it to my throbbing clit. Even though I was waiting for it I still could not help but jump at the gentle touch of her warm smooth tongue as she flicked to over my clit, not applying too much pressure but rather just teasing it.

"Oh Sam!" was all I could mutter as she expertly licked my pussy, running her tongue all over me and up and down my pussy slit, pushing it into my hole and then running it hard up my slit again to my clit and back down again.

"Mmmmmmm, I've always wondered what your pussy tastes like," Sam said, her voice muffled by my pussy as she lifted her head just enough to speak but still touching me.

I wanted to tell her that if I would have had an idea how good she could lick pussy I would have let her find out a long time ago but I couldn't do anything more than moan and groan as my voice seemed paralyzed. My eyes rolled up into my head as my I stretched my neck back and lifted my hips to push against her wonderful mouth. She reached under me with her hands and massaged my ass, squeezing each butt cheek in one hand. My eyes tightened shut yet it was like I was looking into a night sky full of fireworks as my orgasm slammed through me. I could feel the cum gushing from my cunt onto her face as she hungrily licked me and rubbed her face against my pussy. I wanted to cry out for her to stop as the feeling that were running through me threatened to overwhelm me but my hands defied my brain and pulled her tighter into my crotch. Her mouth and tongue never stopped and just licked me even faster, driving me higher and higher than I even thought I could go. Damn it felt good!!!

Finally I could feel myself returning to the real world and my eyes opened to try and focus on where Sam was still gently licking my pussy. She was looking up at me, watching me as I tried to clear the fuzz in my brain left over from wherever it is my orgasms take me. Seeing me looking at her, she smiled and moved up alongside of me. We laid together in each other's arms, hugging and kissing as our breasts pressed against each other's and legs intertwined. We had jumped right into licking each other so fast we had not even touched each other so this was really the first time I'd ever felt Sam like this.

Although I've always said I prefer guys to girls, what that means is I prefer to be fucked by a real cock. A man's body is not something that necessarily feels good physically - it is more the emotions and feeling that I get when I'm next to a man more so than the actual touch of a hairy smelly guy. With a girl, though, it's completely different. Sam's body felt like warm velvet against mine, smooth and soft to the touch. Her breasts felt firm yet soft against mine and my nipples would tingle when they touched hers. She smelled heavenly, a mix of perfume and pussy that would make anyone a billionaire if they could bottle it! Her hair flowed down over her shoulders and onto my face and upper body, soft and silky, smelling faintly of shampoo. My body was still reacting to the last orgasm, especially my pussy, but in her arms I felt completely happy and content.

"That was beautiful Kelly," Sam whispered. We stayed like that for a while, two girls just enjoying one another.

## 2. Sam Wants More

Eventually Sam got restless and she pulled her face back from mine and looked at me with a strange grin on her face.

"God, I hate to say this but I'm still so fucking horny," she said with a giggle in her voice as if it was something dirty.

Actually, I was too. The only problem with girl-girl sex is I don't get a cock in me. I don't care what some girls say, a dildo simply is NOT the same as a real live throbbing dick. My mouth could taste a hard cock, the feeling of its smooth warm skin against my lips and tongue. I wanted... no, I NEEDED a cock in me. I was craving the feeling of it as it pulsed and shot its load of cum in me. I didn't say anything in response but the way I was squirming told her everything she needed to know.

"Yeah, I figured from the way you were doing yourself when we were on the phone and how fast you were willing to get it on tonight that your horny factor was up in the stratosphere," Sam said with a little laugh. "Actually, I know how you feel," she continued, "as much as I love getting licked, nothing beats a real dick in you, does it?"

I looked at her sort of strangely. What was she talking about? Everyone knew Sam was a pure lesbian so what was all this about getting fucked? Sam rolled her eyes and smiled at me.

"Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking," she said, "Sam's a lesbian so what does she know about dicks in her - right?"

"Well...," I started to say but she cut me off.

"Just because I don't fuck guys doesn't mean I don't get fucked," she said, obviously pleased with herself at her cleverness in confusing me.

"I don't get it?" I started to ask but again before I could say anything more Sam got the most mischievous look on her face and glanced over at where Sandy was pacing around on the floor besides the bed.

"Well, it isn't just men that have cocks you know," she said, teasing me to make my own conclusions. I looked over again at where her eyes were focused and suddenly it dawned on me - she was talking about Sandy! My reactions were completely involuntarily as for just a second I started at her and then back at Sandy, my mouth hanging open like a fish out of water. No... she HAD to be teasing me! Any second now she would laugh and tell me what an idiot I was for even thinking of such a disgusting thing. It didn't happen.

"What's the matter Kelly?" she teased me, "Don't tell me that you've never thought about getting fucked by a dog before."

"Well, I haven't!" I exclaimed.

The quickness and shrillness of my answer must have convinced her I wasn't joking and she got a bit more serious. Evidently she has expected me to be more open-minded about it and my shock at her revelation seemed to surprise her.

"You really shouldn't condemn something before you try it," she said a little bit defensively this time.

"Well, I don't have to eat shit to know I would never do it," I responded, perhaps a little bit TOO indignant but I was operating on reflexes and not even thinking about what I was saying.

"Well, you don't have to say a word, just watch me," Sam said as she reached under the pillow wand pulled out a little leather bag. It had a drawstring at the top and she opened it up to pull out a number of smaller leather backs, each again with drawstrings at the top.

Without saying a word, she pounded her hand on the bed and Sandy obediently jumped up on the bed between us. He was a beautiful dog and I couldn't help but automatically reach out and stroke his silky coat. Sam motioned for him to roll over and he laid back on his back. It was obvious this was a routine they both were well accustomed to doing. Sam pulled each bag over his paws and pulled the drawstrings up snugly.

"Have to be a little cautious," Sam explained, "Sandy gets carried away sometimes and so I use these to protect against his claws."

His leather booties in place, Sam started to pet Sandy, stroking him up and down his chest and belly. At first it was no different than any other time I'd seen or touched a dog, just innocent petting and loving. Sandy was well-trained and laid almost motionless on his back. Sam's stroking started to go further and further down

– it was getting what it had been wanting all night, a hard hot cock. I wanted to just push Sandy away, to fend off the demanding cock that trying to defile me. It was almost like I was being raped except it was a dog that was doing me!

Then Sandy thrust himself forward hard and I felt his cock slide into me. It wasn't as thick as I liked a cock to be but it was long and when he stroked himself in me it drove me crazy as it passed over the outer edges of my pussy. There was no technique or finesse, just hard fucking and yet that's exactly what I wanted a this moment. I wanted a cock to fuck me and now I had one so why complain? Once again, as usual, my pussy won by a knockout.

"Oh my god," I panted as he pushed up against me, his hips thrusting his long cock in and out of me.

Then he fell to the floor and my pussy virtually screamed at the feeling of sudden emptiness. "Oh no.. I want it again.. put it back in me." It was like I had suddenly gone mad and all I could think about was being fucked. I wanted his cock in me and I didn't give a damn that it was a hairy dog screwing me.

"Get down on the floor... quick," Sam urged me.

I got down on the floor on all fours like she directed and she pushed my legs farther apart. I felt her hand slide between my legs and realized she was oiling me up similarly to what I'd done to her a little while before. Her hand sliding up and down my pussy was driving me nuts. I wanted that cock back in me so bad I felt like I was going to scream! I took a breath and for moment I thought about how just a few minutes ago I was swearing I would never let a dog fuck me and now I was like a bitch in heat, begging for the very thing that disgusted me just minutes before.

"C'mon Sandy... fuck Kelly," Sam commanded.

Sandy was ready and willing and quickly mounted me. I felt the weight of him on my back as his paws dug into my side. His cock was poking me and it jabbed me over and over as he tried to find my pussy hole. I looked over my shoulder and watched as Sam reached in and grabbed his dick and helped him into me. With one thrust he invaded my pussy and impaled his cock in me. God it felt so good! His cock felt hotter than a man's and he was banging me hard in a way most men are afraid to. Sandy didn't care about my feelings, whether I came or not, or even if I felt good. He just wanted to fuck me and I was just another bitch to him.

At that moment he could have done about anything to me and I wouldn't have cared. I was overwhelmed by the entire situation This was more than just your average fuck. For God's sake I was being fucked by a DOG! I was doing something

# (Jul 31) Chapter 120: Waterskiing Adventures With My Mom

Story codes: MF MMF FF exhib oral inc father mother daughter
Me (21)
John - my dad (41)
Mary - my mom (40)
Mike (25)
Tom - Mike's brother (24)

One of the hottest times I had on a lake was when Kristen and I went waterskiing with one of her boyfriends and his brother. Kristen wasn't available this time but a couple of guys didn't seem to mind that it was just me. The only question was, how far would they go with my mom there watching? Would she just watch?

## 1. My Only Athletic Skill

When it comes to sports and athletics in general, I'm the ultimate klutz. How anyone can hit a moving ball with a round stick is simply beyond my comprehension. My sadistic high school Physical Education teacher even announced to my entire class that I was the worse tennis player he'd ever seen. I don't work out or run unless it's absolutely necessary. Someday I guess I may pay for not being as active as I suppose I should be; but for now Mother Nature has been kind to keep me in good shape without a lot of effort on my part. Perhaps she feels guilty about taking so long to give me my boobs!

Despite the fact I proved to be a total failure at snow skiing, the ONE sport that I do can do is waterskiing. Maybe it's because my parents started me out really young, I don't know, but whatever the reason I can hold my own when it comes to being towed behind a boat riding a slalom ski. It doesn't hurt either that it's one of the few sports where you get to wear a bikini other than beach volleyball which is WAY too much work for me!

Most people are surprised when I tell them I water ski. These days it seems folks don't want to go through the hassle of learning to ski. It takes a lot of work and patience not only on your part, but also those in the boat who have to put up with the constant falls and starts. As a result, everywhere you look today, all you see are people being pulled along in tubes or out running around on jet skis. It's become a rarity to see someone even trying to ski and even then, it's usually on two skis which to me is the equivalent of riding a bike with training wheels.

As you might have guessed, for as long as I can remember my parents have owned a ski boat. Usually we travel to one of the state parks in northern West Virginia where there are several large lakes with lots of room to run around. The local rivers in the Pittsburg area have never been too appealing - too many obstacles and questionable cleanliness.

Usually we take along friends or family but there are plenty of times when we just make it a family day out. Actually, given my relationships with my dad, those are some of the most "fun" days now for me. Trust me in this one, if you think giving your father a BJ while he's driving an SUV in traffic is fun, that's nothing compared to giving him one while he's driving an open boat all around a busy lake!

As I mentioned, one of the reasons I love waterskiing is that all you need is a bikini and a life jacket. Actually, that's not QUITE true in that all you really need is a bikini BOTTOM and a life jacket. Many times I considered how wild it might be to ski topless but my parents drilled safety into me from day one and I would never even consider skiing without a life jacket, no more than I would drive a car without my seatbelt fastened. I suppose I could have tried going without the bottoms as well but there's a fine line between flirting and getting yourself arrested!

## 2. Satisfying My Dad's Morning Needs

One of my most memorable skiing adventures to date has to have been last summer with my cousin Kristen. Whenever you're out with Kristen, you never know what is going to happen and that was especially true on that trip. We picked up a couple of guys one we got to the lake and the both of us ended up getting fucked repeatedly, both on the boat and in the lake. Although we hadn't had a chance to try and repeat that adventure since then, we still love to talk about it sometimes when we get horny and masturbate together. Naturally each time their cocks get bigger and their cum spurts farther in the telling!

My dad arrived home late from work one Friday night and announced that he was going to take the entire Saturday off for once. That was good news for me as he usually worked at a half day most Saturdays and it would be nice to have him home for once for the entire weekend. We discussed over dinner some alternatives and finally the decision was made to head down to the lake and do some boating and skiing.

My mom immediately called up her sister to see if she and my cousin were available but unfortunately they had already made plans and couldn't join us. I could just imagine the sulking look on Kristen's cute face when she heard her mom had turned us down. I didn't know what they had planned but I hoped for her sake it was something hot - and I don't mean anything to do with the summer weather!

With everything that would have to be done in the morning, I went to bed early Friday night assuming my dad wouldn't have time for his usual weekend wakeup call. As disappointing as that might be, I wasn't really too concerned as I knew there would be plenty of opportunities later in the day to make up for whatever we missed. As I so often did, I underestimated my father's determination when it came to fucking me!

Saturday morning arrived and I woke up with the strangest feeling that something was happening to me but at first my mind was too groggy with sleep to quite figure it out. Well, believe me when I say it doesn't take long to shake loose the cobwebs when someone's got their index finger lodged up your pussy!

I was laying on my side, facing the wall, so I couldn't see who it was but there weren't many options. Actually, unless something REALLY odd was happening, there was only one person whom it could be and that was my dear father. My first coherent thought was to wonder what time it was and if we had time for this. Well, that was pretty silly of me looking back. My dad was the one setting the schedule so we had whatever time he wanted and obviously, fucking his daughter was the first thing on his agenda for the day.

"Morning baby," he whispered in my ear. Thankfully he must have taken time to brush his teeth first as his breath was fresh (a lot fresher than mine) as I felt the warmth on it brush against my cheek.

"Mmmmmmm, morning daddy," I murmured, still half asleep but waking up quickly. "You want me NOW daddy?"

"Kelly, you know I do."

"Then tell me you want me daddy."

I loved it best when he came right out and said exactly what he wanted of me. Of course I knew what he wanted, it was just nice to hear him put it in words and tell me. We had played this little game so many times I could never even guess how many; yet when I heard those words from him it still thrilled me just as much as the first time.

"Right now I want your pussy baby... Mmmmmmm, I want nothing more right now than my daughter's hot little pussy."

"And what do you want to do to it, daddy?"

"Oh my god, I want to put my stiff cock in it. All the way inside of you."

"And then what daddy? What are you going to do when you're inside of me?"

"You know what I'm going to do. I'm gonna cum inside of it. I'm going to fill you with my sperm."

"Mmmmmmm, yes daddy, then do it to me. Fuck me daddy."

His hand raised my upper leg up higher and then I felt him nestle up close to me from behind. I could feel his cock pressing against my bare ass at first, rubbing up and down my ass crack as he moved himself in closer behind me. His strong arm reached over me and his large hand caressed my breast, pinching the nipple gently between his fingers.

I love it when my father holds me close to him, feeling his nude body against mine, nothing between us. It makes me feel so secure yet it was so erotic at the same time. Mmmmmmm, talk about safe sex, how much more safe and secure could a girl could feel during sex than to be in the arms of her own father?

My hand reached down between my legs and he dropped his cock down until I could grab it in my hand. Mmmmmmm, I was pleased to feel that he was already warm and hard, all ready for me. When I moved it up to my pussy, I rubbed the head of it up and down my pussy slit, taking special care to treat my clit to a little extra treatment.

"You want it, don't you?" he asked in a voice hoard with his lust. "You want your daddy's cock in your tight little pussy, don't you?"

"Yes daddy, I do... I want you in me. Please put it in me... please."

"No, YOU put it in you if you want it so bad... that's it, put your daddy's cock where you really want it."

There was no doubt in my mind where THAT was so I moved his cock down until the smooth head was positioned just outside my wet pussy hole. As soon as he felt the wetness of my hole, he pressed himself up against me as he thrust himself forward, driving the thick head of his cock into me.

"That's it daddy, push it in me. Fuck me daddy, fuck me... please fuck me."

Another thrust and I felt like my pussy was being split in two as his cock disappeared inside of me. He draped my leg back over his and then put his own leg in between mine with it over my lower leg, letting his crotch push up until the base of his cock hit me and I knew he was finally all the in. Looking down, all I could see was his thick pubic hair covering my bare pussy like a bad toupee. Just the base of his cock was barely visible as he just held himself motionless inside of me, savoring the feel of his daughter's pussy as it enveloped his throbbing incestuous dick.

"Ahhhhhh, this feels so good Kelly, just to be in you."

His dick throbbed in me like a beating heart as both of us laid together, a dutiful daughter in her father's loving arms, sharing an intimate moment together. Sometimes I was happy just with this, just to be joined together with him, sharing myself with him out of my respect and honor for my father. As for me, how much more can a father express his love and respect for his daughter than to physically join with her in the ultimate act of love?

My dad was also a "guy" in addition to my father, meaning he had needs that had to be met as well; needs which required more than just laying together in bed with his dick up his daughter's pussy. After all, what sane man his age doesn't dream of fucking a pretty college girl when he sees one? When my dad first came to my bed this morning, 'm sure he was thinking of me as his darling little girl, someone he wanted to just love and be with. Who could blame him if after a while his thoughts turned more to the needs of his dick to be in my pussy than anything else. Heck, if he DIDN'T eventually think of me as some slut to fuck then I would have been concerned!

Without a word he started to roll me over. From experience I knew what he wanted so I helped as best as I could. Sometimes we could accomplish the transition without him falling out of me but this morning it didn't work out so easily and I felt his dick drop from my pussy for a moment. It was to be a short-lived respite as once I was over on my stomach he lifted me by the waist until I was on my knees and elbows with my face buried in the pillow until I turned it to the side so I could breathe. Still holding me with two hand on my hips, I felt him twist his hips to position his stiff dick back in position. Since he had already penetrated me once, the second time was a lot easier and he accomplished his mission without even having to use his hands.

Now, I knew, things were definitely changing from intimate father-daughter time to man fucking a young girl time! It was like Act 3 of our little play where Act 1 was when he would fondle me while I was sleeping to get me horny and wet, then Act 2 where we would join and just enjoy the father-daughter intimacy thing, and then now in Act 3 where it was down to pure sex. Most mornings he had to get to work so things ended when Act 3 was over.

Depending on the time we had, such as on a weekend like this, I got treated to Act 4. Actually, Act 4 was just a continuation of Act 3 with a different script. Most mornings, he would cum as quickly as possible so he could shower and get to work, leaving me to masturbate to finish myself off.

When he had time, though, my dad would try to be sure I came at least once and sometimes even more, before he would cum together with me. Don't think badly of him because usually he just gets himself off, after all, the main reason I submit to him is so he DOES get off. If I do too then it's just an added bonus!

My dad was banging me behind hard enough now to make the bed creak and if wasn't for the pillows in front of me he might have driven me into the headboard. Each time he thrust forward it as like he was spanking me the way his crotch would slam into my bare butt. His hands gripped my hips tightly as he pushed and pulled me towards and away from him in sync with his thrusts to drive himself into me as deep as he could each time. I knew he must be loving it and it made me glow inside knowing I was pleasing him.

"That's it, squeeze my dick with your cunt," he groaned.

Over time I developed the muscles and technique to where I could grip a guy's cock like a vise with my pussy. Some guys even complained it was TOO tight at times, to the point they said it even hurt. My preference was to tighten and loosen quickly, sort of like I was trying to milk his dick using my pussy, similar to what I do when I suck a cock.

Today was obviously going to be one of those where he was taking his time as he would start to slow down, and even stop at times, when he got close to cumming. Finally, he pulled out sat on the edge of my bed, like some nude Santa Claus patting his lap, enticing me to sit on it.

This wasn't my first rodeo so I knew what he wanted and I moved to the side of him and then twisted to wrap my leg around him, leaving me on my knees, sitting on his lap facing him. His cock was poking up between us, his large head surrounded by my dad's thick pubic hair that was ticking my bare pussy. I put my arms around his neck and we kissed. This wasn't your typical father-daughter kiss you see after she stars in the school play; no, this was a kiss between a father and his daughter where

unequivocal NO. One of the major reasons I feel that way is based on the example that has been set for me by my parents. Neither of them has ever cheated on the other in over twenty years of marriage. As a result, my mom knows with 100% certainty that my dad loves her above any other woman. She has told me that she finds security in the knowledge that her husband would never cheat on her, and that he only makes love to her and her alone. When her husband fucks me she knows he is doing it with his daughter, not some floozy woman as part of an extramarital affair. She understands, as few women can, it is something unique between a father and daughter and that as wonderful as it is for me, it can never be the same for him when compared to being with her. Someday I want to have the same trusting relationship with my husband; which is why I can emphatically state that I will NOT ever have an "open" marriage!

Anyway, back to my mom...

"For drying out loud, are you two are STILL going at it? I thought we were going to get an early start John?"

My dad realized that she was watching and I couldn't help but giggle as he looked like a little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar, except now he was a big boy with his dick in his daughter's pussy - same concept, just a bigger boy. It wasn't that he was guilty of fucking me per se, it was just he knew he should have been done by now!

"C'mon Mary, lighten up. We'll be done by the time you finish your shower."

"Whatever...," she huffed as she turned and went across the hall into the bathroom. I hugged my dad, wiggling my but in his lap to move him around in me.

"Guess you'd better hurry up," I suggested playfully, "She sounded pissed!"

"Don't worry... almost there baby... hump it faster girl."

Rather than just rock and wiggle around his cock, it was time for some serious fucking so I started to bounce up and down as quick as I could on his hard dick. My boobs bounced a bit and my nipples rubbed up against his chest.

"That's it Kelly... don't stop... faster," he gasped.

"Cum in me daddy... I want you to cum in me."

"Oh yeah, I'm gonna fill your tight pussy, get ready Kelly... NOW!"

When he announced he was cumming, I dropped down hard onto his lap and put my full weight on my ass to drive his dick in me as far as it would go when he came. Sure enough, I was immediately treated to my reward - the feeling of my very own father releasing himself in me, committing the ultimate act of incest.

the air, he got out of the bed and the set me back down on it like I was some sort of a doll. Leaning over, he kissed me again on the forehead and then joined my mom in the bathroom, leaving me alone in my bed.

Try to picture me at this point. I'd just been fucked by my dad and now my parents were occupying the bathroom so what else was there for me to do other than get myself off? As horny as I was, it didn't take long before I was on my stomach with my hand underneath me and between my legs, fingering my wet clit which was now leaking my dad's cum. Nothing special, just your everyday self- pleasuring and it only took a few minutes before I was finally enjoying my own orgasm. Afterwards, I just laid in bed with my finger slowly moving up and down my pussy slit, my eyes tightly shut as I recovered from getting myself off. Small wonder I never heard my parents leave the bathroom.

"Oh John, you selfish bastard, look at your poor daughter. After all she did for you this morning, I can't believe you left her to take care of herself."

"ME? And who as it that insisted I get in the bathroom?"

My parent's voices brought me out of my daze and I slowly sat up in bed and saw them standing at my doorway looking down at me.

"Well, looks to me like she didn't have any problem dealing with it herself."

"John!! That's not the point," my mom exclaimed, playfully slapping him on his bare bottom. I just grinned at them both and they left to get dressed in their bedroom while I got up so I could take my own shower.

## 3. Flirting With Mike and Tom

Eventually we were all dressed, packed and ready to go. The cooler and picnic basket were in the back of the SUV. Just as we were about to get in the SUV my dad's cell phone went off. I could see the battle being waged in him as he debated whether to answer it to not. The look in my mom's eyes made it obvious what her position was - don't answer it! Realize that my dad is a senior partner in a large corporate law office so not answering the phone could have significant consequences and thus he finally answered, although he studiously avoided my mom's glaring eyes. What happened next was exactly what all three of us expected from the moment his phone rang.

"What can I say Mary?" my dad pleaded as he closed the phone, "We have to have the depositions ready by Monday and with Martin out somebody has to fill in to get it done."

"Yeah, but why does it always have to be you?" my mom complained.

Actually, my mom fully understood the reality of the situation. There's a price to pay for everything but it still seemed ironic that in order to pay for the SUV and boat my dad had to work so much he didn't get to use them most of the time!

"Well, you girls go on and have a good time anyway," he encouraged us, giving my mom a kiss. He headed back into the house to change, leaving my mom and me alone in the driveway once again.

"Well, what do you think?" my mom asked, "Girl's day out on the lake?"

"Sounds like fun!" I replied. "Hmmmmmm, maybe we can pick up a couple of cute guys while we're at it and REALLY have some fun!"

"Yeah right," my mom answered, shaking her head at me. I was just teasing her and she knew it. My mom would NEVER cheat on my dad, no matter how great the temptation, but that didn't mean I had to be a nun either!

Even though it only took a couple of hours to get to the lake, once there we still had to get the boat ready, fueled, and such. Usually my dad handled all these details but my mom knew what to do. This wasn't the first time we had been left to our own devices thanks to my dad's work obligations. My mom parked near the marina where we uncovered the boat and got it ready for the day. Once underway, our first stop was the marina gas station to get fuel.

While we waited in line for our boat to be fueled, my mom and I stripped off our outer garments as both of us were wearing our bikinis underneath. My mom may have just entered her forties but I was always impressed by the way she took care of herself. Most women her age wouldn't dare wear a two piece bikini, let alone one as skimpy as hers. Sure, it wasn't exactly a thong or something like that, but it was still quite revealing and showed off her legs and boobs well.

As for me, I was wearing one of my newer bikinis. It was pure black with gold metal circles between where the material joined such as between my breasts and on each hip. I prefer halter styles over shoulder straps and this one tied behind my neck which allowed me to control how loose or tight it was up front. I have a collection of swimsuits from which I choose based on where I am and who is going to be with me. At the conservative end of the spectrum is what I wear at school or church camp - a simple one-piece that covers my boobs completely and stays low around my ass. Needless to say, I don't wear that one very often.

At the other end of the bikini spectrum is my dad's favorite which he calls "Kelly's slutty bikini". Really, it wasn't more than three triangle of red cloth barely big enough to cover my nipples and pussy held together with red strings. This one was reserved for home on the deck where I liked to have a little bit of tan line to emphasize my tan.

In between I had a number of suits. For the public pool, a fairly revealing version with high hips and low cleavage but just "decent" enough to where the mothers couldn't complain and have me kicked out - something they'd been known to do with a few a my friends in the past. The one I was wearing today was more on the risque side, definitely NOT for the public pool. The bottoms were a thong which revealed most of my cute ass (if I say so myself). It covered my butt crack and pussy but not much else. The halter top was a size too small which lifted my boobs to where it looked like they might flop out at any time, although they never had (at least not yet). All in all, I thought it was the perfect choice for a day like this.

There were still a couple of boats ahead of us and my mom was getting impatient. I heard her muttering something, "he couldn't be happy with just a BJ, now we're late and the crowd's here" or something like that. Knowing my mom as well as I do, the best thing to do in such a situation is to ignore her and let her blow off steam.

Looking ahead of on the dock I was reminded that one of the things I liked best about the marina were all the good looking guys that hung around. A few of them supposedly worked there although it seemed that they let the boaters did most of the work. Their primary goal seemed to be to hit on every good-looking girl that stopped by, plus most of the others as well from what I could tell. Well, I certainly didn't mind and couldn't wait until lit was my "turn". After all, why go through the trouble of wearing what I was if nobody made a big deal out of it?

We finally made it to the gas pumps and once we were tied up I stepped out on the dock and stood at the edge as if I was actually interested in what was going on. In reality, that was the least of my interests; I was far more concerned about giving the guys a nice view of my almost bare ass. Well, I'd tossed the bait in the water so now all I could do was wait and see what was biting. Unlike most fishing trips though, this was more like fishing in a stocked pond where you could throw about anything out and get a strike right off the bat. I couldn't help but think to myself that it was almost TOO easy when the first bite of the day struck.

"You going skiing?"

I turned around to find two guys behind me. They were dressed similar in denim shorts and sleeveless T-shirts. They looked similar and could have easily passed for brothers. My guess was somewhere in their early to mid-twenties. What made me the most interested was this air of self-assurance about them, almost to where it could be a sign of a puffed up ego which instantly set off alarms for me. While I like a guy who is self-reliant and comfortable with himself, it's just as much a turn-off when they think they are God's gift to women. From their arms and necks I deduced they spent a good deal of time in the gym although I wouldn't say they had the bulked up look of bodybuilder enthusiasts. That was fortunate as THOSE guys were almost always stuck on themselves.

"Maybe, what's it to ya?"

First rule of flirting - never answer with a straight answer. Always put it back on the guy to pick up the conversation.

"Nice boat. That your mom?" the same one tried again.

One looked just a little older than the other and so far he was carrying the conversation while the other guy was taking what little bikini I was wearing off of me with his eyes. It didn't bother me as like I said earlier, what's the point of wearing next to nothing if nobody looks at you and second, I wouldn't have minded seeing him drop his shorts as well.

"Yeah, is that a problem?"

Both of them shook their heads and pretended it wasn't but there was no missing the disappointment in their eyes. From their perspective, I was now off-limits so far as anything they probably had in mind when they first saw me as somehow I doubted their intentions were to discuss politics. We bantered about some small talk and then they finally introduced themselves as Mike and Tim. Mike was the oldest at 25 and Tim turned out indeed to be his younger brother at 24.

Meanwhile my mom had finished paying for everything and she came up to where I was still talking to Mike and Tim.

"Hey Kelly, who's your friends?"

As I introduced Mike and Tim to my mom, I almost cracked up seeing the looks on their faces. It was almost like they were thinking, "No way is that your MOM!" Indeed, my mom and I sometimes enjoyed cruising the mall, pretending to be sisters rather than mother and daughter. When it comes to flirting, we could get away with a lot more as sisters than as mother and daughter. I would said today she definitely had that MILF (Mom I'd Love to Fuck) look about her. Honestly, I was quite proud of her!

"Well girl, time for us to get going," she said, "Nice to meet you guys." Then she turned to go back to the boat without another word.

"Just a minute mom," I called after her. Looking at the guys, I asked, "Hey, you two want to come with?"

The brothers looked at each other and although I had a feeling they both wanted to instantly accept, when saw my mom coming back after she heard my offer, they suddenly seemed to hesitate.

"It's OK if Mike and Tim come with us, isn't it Mom?"

I could just imagine my mom's thoughts as she undoubtedly wondered what her daughter was getting into this time. These guys were almost young enough to be her sons! To her credit, she knew I wanted them along - and WHY, so she played along.

"Well, with your dad missing in action it's not like we don't have room today," my mom replied, shrugging his shoulders as if she didn't care one way or the other. It was a masterful performance!

"C'mon guys, you said you wanted to ski today!" I taunted them, giving them my best teasing smile.

They looked at each other and finally both nodded in agreement. I jumped up and down with glee, clapping my hands as my boobs bounced. Perhaps I was overdoing it a little in the little girl impersonation department but what the heck. The three of us made our way to the boat where my mom was waiting impatiently, although not nearly as impatiently as the jerk in the boat behind her who was waiting to get fueled.

Ignoring the guy's rude comments, my mom fired up the engine and we headed out for the middle of the lake. Naturally I was going to be the first to ski so on our way I got out my life jacket and put it on. As much as I would have loved to ski around the lake topless with the guys watching me, safety comes first and I would no more ski without my jacket than drive without a seatbelt.

Unfortunately, the jacket also had the effect of covering my upper torso but at least my ass was still on full display - a point neither of them seemed to have overlooked judging from where their eyes kept roaming. I glanced at my mom and winked which drew a smile from her. At this point I had absolutely NO idea where this was going but I knew she wouldn't mind one way or the other. Now had my DAD been with us, I know what he would have been hoping for!

Once out in an open area lake I jumped in the water and the chill of the lake water made my nipples instantly harden. I felt a tingle run through my boobs as the sensitive nipples rubbed against the inner lining of the lifejacket. Of course, nobody could see but I was getting incredibly horny, even more so than before!

Tim threw out the slalom ski to me, followed by the ski rope as my mom drove off slowly to take up the slack. I quickly slipped on the slalom ski and was ready to by the time the line went taunt. Signaling them with a thumbs up, my mom hit the gas. One thing I loved about our boat, it had LOTS of power and I was yanked out of the water before I knew it and heading over to ride the wake.

The guys all cheered as I put on a bit of a show for them. I crisscrossed the wakes, flying up in the air, landing on bent knees and taking off again. It was thrilling! We passed by other boaters, most of them towing one or more tubes, and I noted that with almost no exceptions, the guys in every one of them turned their heads to look at me, not to mention a few of the girls. One thing about skiing on a busy lake, if you're good, you can really show off. Of course, some of them may have been more interested in my near-naked ass than my skiing skills.

My legs could have gone on longer but my arms soon tired out so I signaled to stop and my mom cut the throttle, letting me slowly drop into the water like the Wicked Witch of the West melting away into the castle floor. My mom circled the boat around to pick me up and Mike put out the ladder for me to get back in. As I climbed the ladder, both of them were there to help me although they seemed to be more interested in looking down the life vest than anything else.

"Wow, you're really good!" Tim gushed when I finally got in.

When I took off my lifejacket, I gave my top a twist which caused both boobs to pop out. Both guys let their mouths drop for a moment as I pretended not to notice their stares and absentmindedly pulled my top back over my perky boobs again. Even with the top on again, my hardened nipples were poking out like bullets through the think material. Needless to say, I hadn't bothered with any cup liners.

My mom was next and while she was out doing her thing, Mike sat next to me as I drove leaving Tim to keep an eye on my mom (a task he wasn't complaining about). Mike kept pushing up tighter to me with each bounce of the boat and then on one particularly heavy bounce, his hand "accidentally" landed on my smooth upper thigh as he struggled to keep his balance.

Figuring it was my turn to send a message, I put my hand over his and then pulled it up higher on my thigh until his hand was almost in my crotch. My legs parted, just enough to hopefully get his attention.

Mike got the message alright, loud and clear, and without a word his fingers moved to the inside of my thigh and started to stroke along the inner part of my thighs. Like a stripper on stage, I spread my legs further and I think he was about to try being a little more naughty when my mom cut her hand across her throat, signaling for us to stop. Mike's hand pulled off of me as he and Tim worked together to help my mom get back in the boat again.

Just like when I got back in, neither of them missed an opportunity to look down my mom's bikini as she climbed out of the water. Her boobs were a lot bigger than mine and even though her bikini was less revealing, when she bent over they got a great view of her cleavage. What I knew that they didn't was that my mom was taking at least twice as long as usual to climb in, obviously enjoying the attention she was getting from these two young studs.

It was so cool watching my mom flirting with these guys! It was a side of her I didn't see very often, at least not this blatantly. When she finally managed to get back into the boat her bottoms had been pulled down from the weight of the water and she took her time fixing them. Damn, she was even letting them have a great view of the crack of her ass! Go Mom!

Mike deferred to Tim, telling him that he could go next. Was he really being polite to his brother or was it more about the stiffening of something under his shorts that he maybe he didn't want to put on display in front of my mom?

It sort of surprised me to see that Tim wasn't a bad skier himself. With my mom back in the boat, Mike was keeping his hands to himself. I wanted to scream, "My mom doesn't care if you touch me!" but I kept my silence, figuring he would get the message sooner or later. Then again, maybe if he took his eyes off my mom maybe he would be more interested in me!

# 4. More Than Just Teasing

After both Mike and Tim had skied my mom suggested we find someplace to have lunch. As many times as we had been on this lake, my mom knew all the little coves and inlets where we could find some privacy, even on a busy day like today. We wound our way out of sight from the rest of the lake into a small cove where we anchored out in the middle, away from the shore enough that the breeze kept most of the bugs at bay. My mom got out the picnic basket and started to get lunch ready.

"Hey, it's going to be a few minutes before lunch is ready. Why don't you kids take a dip or something to keep yourself occupied."

Well, I think I knew what the boys would have LIKED to do to keep their dicks occupied but neither of them seemed ready yet to come out and say it. The guys both dived in while I stayed on board and started to help out my mom.

"Not exactly big on taking hints, are they?" my mom said in a low voice.

"I know!!" I huffed, "God, I practically stuffed Mike's hand right into my pussy and he STILL didn't get it."

"Well, I can handle lunch, why don't you try being a little less subtle?"

Well, that certainly was a broad suggestion but it was typical "mom advice", not always specific but just enough to push me in the right direction. I gave her a quick kiss and moved up to the bow of our boat where I like to lay out and work on my tan. Spreading out a beach towel over the hot fiberglass, I sat down and watched the guys swimming below me.

"You guys don't mind if I take off my top to work on my tan, do you?" I teased them.

Needless to say, there were no dissenters as I untied the knots behind my neck and back. When I slipped off the halter top, my perky 34C breasts were exposed to them. Even with this broad of a hint, the guys still didn't seem to know whether they should be looking or not with my mom being there. I laid back on my back and let the warm sun beat down on me. All I needed now was a couple of nice hard cocks and it was killing me that there were two of them almost within reach of me and they weren't in me, not even close.

My mom soon had everything ready and called out to us to come and get it. The guys climbed back in and dried off while I gathered up my things and stepped back into the boat, strategically "forgetting" to put my bikini top back on.

"Um, Kelly, forgetting something?" my mom said, nodding her head towards the guys. I looked at her with a "are you crazy?" look and grinned. She knew full well I hadn't forgotten anything and this was just her way of trying to get the guys to be more aware that she really didn't care so I played along with her.

"Oh mom, what difference does it make? It's not like we're out in the middle of the lake or anything. Besides, Mike and Tim don't mind, do you guys?"

Obviously unsure how to respond, both of them kept quiet and just nodded in agreement. My mom rolled her eyes and didn't say anything more. Were these guys gay or what?

"Why don't you take yours off mom?" I teased her, figuring maybe if we upped the ante it might help these guys along. Out of the corner of my eye I could see both our guests noticeably taking a deep breath. Seeing a girl their age expose her boobs probably wasn't all exceptional as I imagined the girls were drawn to them. Seeing a forty-something mom's boobs, especially one as sexy as my mom with her topless daughter next to her, now THAT was something I was sure they didn't get to see every day.

My mom gave me a "I can't believe you said that" look but then she also must have seen the expressions on the boys' faces. What the heck, it wasn't like she was letting them touch her or anything. I wasn't sure if she was doing it for their benefit or for real but either way she shrugged and slipped it off, exposing her white boobs which looked even hotter with the dark tan surrounding them like a frame. I grinned as she couldn't resist flirting a little.

"So what do you think boys? Not bad for the mother of a 21 year-old, eh?"

It was SO naughty of her! I'd never seen her tease any of the boys I dated like this, at least not so blatantly. Heck, for that matter I'd never seen her bare her boobs to anyone outside our family before! Judging from the way her large nipples were pointing out, she seemed to be turned on a bit herself.

Neither of the boys answered and to be honest, I doubted that my mom really expected anything from them. Their stares were more than enough to make her happy. It must have made her feel good to know that even at her age she could still get the undivided attention of two young boys, even with her daughter sitting bare-chested next to her!

That was enough for now. Tossing my top and towel over to the side, I grabbed a plate to start eating. Our two guests remained silent but I caught them looking at each other with a "Wow, is this really happening" look on their faces.

Speaking of baring boobs, growing up in my teen years I was always embarrassed by my breasts or, should I say, lack of them. My best friend Beth was already into her B cup when my mom was just starting to buy me training bras. It seemed Mother Nature was always forgetting me year after year as I watched other girls my age and younger sprout incredible breasts while mine remained no bigger than most young thirteen year-olds. They WERE nice and perky without a bit of droop and my nipples would harden and enlarge just as much or even more as girls with bigger boobs; but that didn't help when it came to filling out a halter top or skimpy bikini top. As a result I would wear a lot of tube tops and other tight fitting outfits which made the most of what I had but you can't wear those to church. Now, at the ripe old age of 21, I was finally proud of my boobs and today I loved the way they looked with the sun beating on them. Maybe someday I would have great boobs like my mom and turn head when I am her age!

As we ate, we chatted about some a number of things, nothing of any great importance. I got up to get another Diet Coke out of the cooler (my favorite drink) and as I reached into the cooler I made a point of not bending my knees but instead bending at the waist, drawing my thing up tight into my ass crack and even somewhat between my pussy lips. THAT should have gathered some looks although I didn't dare look back without having to admit I was doing it just for show. When I got back, I looked at Mike and Tim sitting together on one of the side cushions.

"Do you guys mind if I sit between you?"

Tim looked at Mike and they quickly moved apart, leaving me plenty of room to sit between them - too much room if you asked me as even with me seated they were at least six inches away on both sides. I finished eating and set the pop can in the holder behind us.

"Ahhhhhh, guys, you know I don't bite."

My intentions were clear but they both looked at my mom who tried her best to pretend she was oblivious to what was going on just a few feet away. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that she was listening in on every word but she managed to hide it well. Both of them scooted a little closer but still weren't as tight up against me as I would have preferred. I put my hands between each of their legs and pulled on them to all but drag them in closer. They both dutifully scooted over until I felt their wet shorts against my warm, sun-dried legs. Most important, I left my hands on their legs and closed my fingers down enough until I was firmly gripping them through their shorts.

"Hey mom, look what I've got!" I called over to her at the other end of the boat where she was now eating her lunch in the driver seat behind the windshield.

My mom turned to look at us, acting as if that was the first she had seen or heard anything. She frowned and shook her head at me.

"Now Kelly, stop teasing the poor boys."

"Ahhhhhh, they don't mind. Do you guys mind?"

Both of them seemed to have lost the ability to speak but they shook their heads to indicate I wasn't. Liars!

"Now THIS is teasing," I announced as I let my hands move upward until I had their crotches cupped in my hands. I could feel both their dicks under their shorts and I gently rubbed them through the denim material.

"You guys don't mind me doing this, do you?"

"Ummmmm, no, we don't mind," Mike quickly replied. Tim shook his head to indicate it was OK with him as well although I knew both of them were more than a little aware that my mom were sitting not more than a few feet away.

"What's the matter Mike, you don't think I asked you guys to come with us just so we could water-ski, did you?"

"Ahhhhhh...," was all he could get out. Surely in his fantasies he had envisioned something happening but with my mom along for the ride any real hopes he might have had undoubtedly didn't include something like this.

"So, which of you two has the biggest dick?" I asked, in the same tone as if I was asking them what the time of day was. They were both too stunned by the off-the-wall question to respond so I just got up and stepped in front of Mike and reached down to grab his zipper.

"Well, if you're not going to tell me then I guess I'll just have to find out for myself then."

Mike suddenly realized what I was doing and his hands covered mine to stop me from unzipping him.

"Ummmmm, Kelly, your mom?" he said softly, trying not to let my mom hear.

"What about her?" I responded in an annoyed tone of voice.

"Well, I mean, she's right there!"

"So what, you got something against her watching? Look at her... does she look like she cares?"

My answers were obviously not what he was expecting and for a moment he just sat silently, looking back and forth between me and my mom.

"Don't worry Mike," my mom called out to him, "Kelly's a big girl, she can do whatever she wants. Besides, it's nothing I wasn't doing when I was her age."

Mike's hands relaxed enough for me to continue unzipping him but I could tell the rest of his body was tense. I guess I could understand his nervousness. Perhaps the biggest fear most guys have is getting caught fucking a girl by her parents and here I was, unzipping his shorts right in front of my mom. Well, apparently not ALL of him was nervous. It amazes me sometimes how independent a guy's dick is from the rest of him. I guess that's why people call it a head - because it has a mind of its own and does what it wants to do.

I reached into Mike's shorts and was pleased to see he wasn't wearing any underwear which gave me immediate access to his cock. It was already pretty hard but I was still able to maneuver it out through his zipper without having to unbutton his shorts. Once free, it flopped out and stood up in the air with the bright sun showing it off...

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT looks pretty good. Let's see what Tim's packing over there."

I moved over to Tim, who had been nervously watching the entire thing with his brother. He knew what was coming when I started to go to work on him and after what I had done with his brother, he didn't protest or try to stop me. Once his cock was free I stood back as if I was evaluating them.

"Hmmm, they look pretty close. It's hard to tell, though, with those shorts on. Let's go, take them off!"

Neither of them moved a muscle. Instead, they both looked again over to my mom who was watching with about the same expression as if she was watching the evening news on TV. I had to give her credit, it wasn't like I made a habit out of doing this in the past so I knew she had to be a little turned on yet she each remained passive and almost looked bored.

"Well you guys quit looking at my mom's boobs and listen to me?" I said sternly. "OK, what if I take mine off first, would that be better?"

Actually, there wasn't a whole lot of difference between having mine on or off so it wasn't quite the same as asking them to strip but who was going to argue over square inches of material? I quickly slipped my thing down off my hips and they fell to my feet where I quickly stepped out of them one foot at a time. Reaching down, I picked it up off the deck and tossed it over to where my halter and towel were. Now I was totally nude as I stood back in front of them.

"C'mon, are you two just going to sit there or what?"

The brothers looked at each other and from their expressions I could see they figured, what the heck? From the erections they were sporting it was obvious they were horny and if there was one thing I knew from my life experiences, it was that I could get a guy to do damn near anything for me if I got him horny enough.

They stood up together in unison and almost as if they had practiced it before, together they unbuttoned their shorts and pushed them down and off their legs. Their cocks sprung out from their damp crotches and I could see the family resemblances were in more places than just their faces.

"Hmmm, let's see what we've got here," I purred as I stepped up to Mike and reached down to grab his dick. It was decent sized, nothing to brag about but not to be embarrassed by either. I could feel the hardness in my hand and the warmth of his erect cock as he throbbed in my grip.

"Mmmmmmm, not bad, not bad at all. Now let's see how Tim compares to his older brother."

Moving over to Tim, I grabbed his stiff cock and stroked it gently. It felt about the same as Mike's, at least close enough that I couldn't really determine which was bigger.

"Hmmmmmm, they're pretty close," I mused. I turned to my mom and asked, "What do you think mom, who's got the bigger cock?"

My mom grinned and answered saying, "Hard to tell from here, guess you'll have to use something else to compare them."

I was still holding Tim's dick so with a glance and a wink to my mom, I dropped to my knees and took his dick in my mouth.

"Holy shit!" Tim gasped. Up to that moment, he must have thought the whole thing was some practical joke or something but when I started sucking his cock, he finally seemed to realize that I was dead serious about all this. I could just imagine the thoughts running through his head, not the least of which had to be, "God, NOBODY is going to believe this back home."

Tim wasn't so big that I had to deep throat him to take him all in my mouth so it was pretty easy to take him in until my lips bottomed out against his hairy crotch. I took note of how far he felt inside of my mouth and then let him slowly withdraw until he popped free and was pointing straight up to the sun.

"OK, I have a pretty good idea about that one, let's see how Mike compares."

I repeated the process with Mike while Tim watched his brother's cock being sucked. I wondered if either of them had actually ever seen the other one being blown before. From the way they were looking, I was pretty sure today was a first!

"Hmmmmmm, I really can't tell any difference. What do you think mom, you want to give them a try?"

Oh my god, for a camera to capture the looks on their faces when I said that. For a brief moment I think they thought my mom might actually suck their dicks!

"No, I think I'll have to pass on that offer," she said seductively, "Although I must admit, they're mighty tempting."

The look of disappointment on their faces was priceless as my mom shook her head. Who could even guess how many guys have fantasized about having me and my mom suck their dicks at the same time?

"Just in case you were wondering, my mom doesn't do other guys," I finally confessed to them. Both of them tried to protest as if the thought had never entered their minds but I just laughed at them and said, "Don't give me that, I know what you were thinking. What's the matter, aren't I enough for ya?"

Once again the assurances and protests flew. At the same time, I was keeping an eye on their dicks, just as I could tell my mom was too. It must have been hard for her to resist an offer of two young cocks, especially when they were practically being delivered to her on a silver platter!

"Hmmm, so what do you guys want to do to me," I asked in a seductive tone.

The answer was obvious as a man's dick is the surest sign of his intentions. I had always thought it amusing how little control a guy has over his cock when you compare how much control it seems to have over him. It was like when it gets hard it just takes control and guys will do just about anything to satisfy its demands.

Neither of them seemed willing to verbalize their desires, though, and from the frequent glances they gave my mom, it was obvious why. I really couldn't blame them, I had the same "problem" with other boys I have brought home back when I was in high school. Sometimes I would start teasing them in the family room while we watched TV with my parents and they would freak out. Most of them couldn't bring themselves to do anything with my mom and dad in the room although there were a couple of memorable moments. Even though they KNEW my parents were OK with it, the conditioning they had been subjected to by our society prevented them from enjoying what could have been an incredible experience.

"Ahhhhhh, don't worry about her," I tried to reassure them, "In case you haven't figured it out yet, it's not like she hasn't seen me with a guy before."

Mike, as the oldest, was the one I assumed would take control but surprisingly it was Tim that finally spoke up.

"Well... you know... we just want to do it," he stammered.

"Do what?"

"You know... IT."

"Ahhhhhh, you want to fuck me, is that it?" I said slowly, as if it was news to me. "Then why don't you just say so?"

Mike then stepped in and took over. "Alright then, we both want to fuck you. Is that better?"

"Well, all you had to do was ask, silly. Who's first?"

They looked at each other and I knew each wanted to be the first. After all, who wants sloppy seconds? At the same time, this was undoubtedly a question they had never been asked before and I hoped my bluntness wasn't too intimidating for them. It wouldn't be the first time that I was this way with a guy and even though in his masturbation fantasies I was sure he had a girl offer herself to him, when it came down to reality it was too much for him to handle.

"Well, I tell you what. Since you can't seem to decide, here's what we'll do. Mike's the oldest so he gets to fuck me first and I'll suck off Tim at the same time. Sound OK?"

They both nodded and I think their horniness was letting them forget the audience so I reminded them just to keep them aware.

"What do you say mom, sound like a plan?"

"Whatever suits you," she replied with a smile, "I just don't understand what's taking you so long today."

I decided to let the guys figure out for themselves what she meant by THAT comment. Poor Mike and Tim, I bet they had never run across a mom like mine before!

"Have a seat Mike," I directed, pointing to the cushion behind him.

When Mike sat down his stiff dick was pointing straight up in the air, like a skewer waiting to poke inside of me and I was more than ready for it. All this teasing had me just as horny as they were and I could feel the wetness inside of me growing as my pussy hungered for their dicks. In another time or place I could have teased them for a lot longer but there was also the reality of where we were. It wasn't like we were in the most private location in the world although it was highly unlikely anyone could sneak up on us. In any case, I was damn horny and the thought of being fucked by the two brothers, right in front of my mom, was driving me bananas.

I leaned over him, putting my hands on his shoulders. My boobs hung in front of his face and his eyes were fixed on them. I put my head close to his ear and whispered so just he could hear me.

"You know something, I knew you were going to fuck me from the moment I first saw you."

His breathing was already getting fast and heavy and I knew he wanted me badly. There is just something about knowing a guy desires me so bad he'll do anything to have me that gives me this feeling inside of me I can't really describe. It's certainly not a bad feeling, I can say that!

"I want your cock in me Mike, I want you to fuck me. Is that what you want to do to me Mike? Do you want to fuck me?"

"Oh god, I want to," he whispered hoarsely back to me, "I want to fuck you so bad."

I turned to my mom with a victorious gesture, "See mom, I told you I was going to get fucked by two hot guys today, didn't I?"

My mom just smiled again and sat back to watch the show. She looked fantastic with her large boobs on display for these two younger guys to look at.

Finally Mike was horny enough to let loose his inhibitions and he started telling me more about what he really wanted. It wasn't enough for me just to KNOW he wanted me; I wanted him to TELL me, to openly express his lust and desire for me. I loved hearing a guy confess how bad he wants me and what he would do to have me.

Mike probably didn't realize that I wanted his dick in me just as much, if not more, than he did. There were plenty of signs of my desires if he had been a bit more observant - the hardness of my nipples, the wetness of my pussy, my heart rate which was pounding in my chest. None of these were as obvious as a guy's erection, though, so most guys never knew that the girl who was teasing him and playing hard to get was often hornier than they were!

Turning around such that my ass was facing him, I pushed his legs tight together so I could straddle them more easily. Then I backed up until my bare bottom pressed against his flat stomach. Looking down, I could see his hardened dick sticking out between my legs and I licked my lips at the prospect of where it was going to be in just a few more seconds. Finally I looked back up to where Tim was standing a couple of feet away, watching every move I made.

"You ready to see your brother fuck me Tim?"

Tim just nodded, licking his dry lips and subconsciously holding his hard dick in his right hand.

"Mmmmmmm, that's my boy! Now watch your brother fuck me."

I bent over and then reached down and grabbed his cock. I wiggled around until my pussy was just over the head of his dick, like an arrow pointed at a bulls eye. I carefully lowered myself down until his head was just able to rub up between my wet pussy lips and then I moved his cock so the head was rubbing against my clit. A moan erupted from me involuntarily as my clit responding forcefully to the touch of his dick, sending shivers up and down my spine. God I loved the feel of his hard cock against me!

Rather than let him enter me immediately, I slid his cock up in front of my pussy as I lowered down on him, causing his shaft to rub up against my pussy like a bow on a violin. I gently thrust my hips forward and back, drawing his cock along my pussy, stimulating my clit even more. It had to be killing him to feel his dick rubbing its length along my wet cunt and not be inside of me. Hell, it was killing ME! He put his arms around me and his hands cupped my boobs for the first time. Each one squeezed one of my boobs and then his fingers pulled on my nipples, letting them bounce back and then grabbing them again.

Finally I couldn't delay it any more. I simply HAD to have this wonderful dick in me and I was about to scream with the need that was building up inside of me. I lifted up enough so he had the right angle and the next time his dick passed by my hole I let it go further so his head was up against it and then pressed myself down onto it. Another loud moan escaped from me as I felt myself split apart as he violated me. I moved my hips in a circular motion as I continued to slowly drop down on him, as if I was literally being "screwed". Finally my ass met his lap and I let my weight settle down on top of him until my feet were just barely touching the deck of the boat.

"Oh god, you feel so damn good inside of me," I groaned as I just sat on him, feeling him pulsing inside of my pussy.

"Damn, you're really tight," he gasped. It probably didn't help that I was deliberately squeezing down on his dick with my pussy muscles as well, making his dick probably feel like it was in a wet and warm vise.

With Mike's dick finally I me, it was time to pay more attention to Tim. I had been ignoring him for the past few minutes and I looked around to see where he had gone to. Imagine my complete and utter shock when I saw him seated on the opposite cushion with my mom kneeling in front of him, sucking his dick like a porn star whore.

"MOM!" I practically screamed as I froze, not sure what to do. Oh my god, my mother was sucking Tim's cock! She still had her bottoms on but she had pulled them to one side and was paying with her hairy pussy as she used her other hand to stroke Tim's dick while she sucked him. Hearing me cry out, she lifted her head off of him and shrugged her shoulders at me before responding.

"Well, what did you expect Kelly? Was I just supposed to sit there and watch you have all the fun?"

Seeing the shock in my eyes, she then added on last thing before returning to his dick saying, "Don't worry, I'm just sucking his cock. It's not like we're having sex you know."

Well, by the book (a.k.a. the Bible) she was right but still, it WAS the first time I'd seen my mom rely on a technicality to suck another cock. Just when you think you know everything there is to know about your mom, she goes off and surprises you.

"Fuck that feels so good," Tim groaned as her tongue ran over his enlarged cock head and then down his shaft as she took more of him in my mouth. I remembered when his cock was in my mouth for a "measurement". Well, she was doing a whole lot more than "measuring" him, that was for sure!

As I watched my mom go to work on Tim's cock, by leaning forward I had pulled out a bit from Mike's dick so now I started a motion to where I would rock back and forth. When I leaned back, it would drive Mike into my pussy and then I would lean forward to reverse the process. Thoughts of my days on a see-saw came to mind, except in this case it was Mikes hard dick that was moving in and out of me instead.

As Mike fucked me and my mom sucked Tim's dick, I couldn't help but feel incredibly fortunate. What a fantastic way to spend a day - waterskiing on the lake, and then having incredible sex outdoors with two brothers along with my mom enjoying herself as well. Just goes to show that you never know what is going to happen sometimes!

Both of the brothers were groaning and panting pretty hard although neither of them was saying a word. Something told me one or both of them was about to cum but I wasn't ready for that yet. True, they were still in their mid-twenties, but once a guy was out of his teen years it seemed his ability to cum and stay hard for another round began to decrease quickly and I wasn't taking any chances. I stood up, letting Mike's wet cock flop out of me. To be honest, I wasn't sure who was most disappointed at the moment, him or me!

"I think it's time to trade places, what do you guys think?"

My mom didn't say anything but she stood up as well, letting Tim get up so he could trade places with his brother. It probably would have been easier for me and my mom to trade places but things worked out. I motioned for Tim to lay down on the seat cushions this time rather than sit on the edge the way his brother had. I think at this point I could have told him to jump off a cliff and he would have so he didn't even question me.

Holding the side rail, I straddled his waist, barely able to fit given the narrow width of the cushion. I love being on top of a guy as it allows me to determine the rhythm and depth of his penetration in me. It doesn't have a lot of intimacy, though, which is why when I submit to my father I prefer him to cum in me when he's on top of me in the standard missionary position. All that was moot as I wasn't submitting anything to these guys. Nope, I was the one in control today which was exactly the way I wanted it to be.

## 5. Mom Enjoys Young Cock

Meanwhile, Mike moved over to where my mom had taken the opportunity of the break to slip off her bottoms, leaving her now nude along with the rest of us. Unlike me with my shaven and smooth pussy, she had a thick thatch of curly pubic hair covering her pussy which both brothers couldn't seem to stop staring at. With so many girls shaving themselves today, I wondered when the last time was they say a hairy pussy? Mike took the same spot Tim had vacated and my mom went down on him immediately. The thought of her tasting my pussy on his dick made me so hot!

Meanwhile, my now empty pussy was begging to be filled again so I didn't fool around this time and instead lowered myself on Tim's cock as quickly as I could. It was like a sense of relief and pleasure both rolled into one as his cock filled my needy pussy once again. Now that I had my pussy at least partially satisfied, I turned my attention to Mike who was watching his brother's cock fuck me while my mom was going down all the way on his hard dick..

"So what do you think Mike, can my mom suck cock or what?"

My mom turned her head on his dick so she could see me and I saw her trying to grin but it's hard to do when your mouth is full of cock (try it sometime if you don't believe me). Mike didn't answer, he just groaned and moaned as my mom worked her magic on him. Of course I had seen her sucking my dad's cock before but this was an entirely unique experience for me! I almost forgot for a moment she was my mom as all I saw was this incredibly sexy older woman sucking on a boy who was about half her age. Talk about a Kodak moment!

This wasn't going to be some long, drawn out orgy style affair, I knew that from the start. These guys liked to talk up a big story but while I knew they weren't virgins, I also had a strong suspicion they had never encountered a pair of women quite like me and my mom before. There was no way they were going to keep themselves from cumming pretty quick, and under the circumstances that was just fine with me. In less than five minutes my prediction proved to be true.

As Tim was getting ready to cum in me, I thought about how neither of them ever mentioned or indicated any interest in using condoms. It was a bit odd as most guys these days at least mention it, even if they really don't want to use one. Personally, I hate the damn things so it was fine with me to ignore them. It's funny how in any discussion over condoms it always seems that the concern is over the guy's feelings, or lack of them. Why doesn't anyone ever mention what the girl misses out on? I suppose it's because almost anything written on it is by guys who only think of the guy's concerns.

Think about it for a minute, what is the biggest difference between being fucked by a dildo and by a real dick? Other than the physical intimacy, so far as your pussy is concerned there's not much, if any, difference in feeling which is why strap-ons are so popular with lesbians. If anything, a dildo is bigger and fatter than most cocks making them even better by some standards. For me, the reason I want a REAL cock in me, the reason I don't like using dildos, is what happens when a guy cums. Again, this is where the guy and girl have opposite feelings.

Guys may complain that some condoms de-sensitize their cocks but once they cum, it doesn't matter if they are wearing one or not, they're shooting inside of me and that's all they care about. Sure, they may not have the imagery of their sperm being spread inside of me, but so far as what they FEEL, I can't imagine there's any difference at all. However, for me or for that matter, any girl, there is a HUGE difference. When a guy wears a condom and cums in me, I can feel from his motions and the way his body reacts that he is cumming but there is no sensation within me other than the movement of his dick. What I'm missing is the bloom of warmth that I feel when a bare dick shoots his load of cum deep inside of me. It only lasts a few seconds at most but each time he shoots another load, it's like another flare goes off in me and I know when I feel it that it means another load of his sperm is being left behind inside of me. I take the pill religiously so it's not like I want to get pregnant, but there is still that evolutionary instinct within me that wants a man mate me, to unleash his sperm inside of me, even it's all in vain in the end. Some ancient craving is satisfied when I feel him cumming in me that satisfies me in a unique way nothing else can.

Tim was the first to cum. He groaned loudly as his hips rose up and I felt him instinctively try to drive himself as deep as he could before he unloaded inside of me. With a grunt he jerked under me and I felt it, that feeling in me I get when a cock shoots its cum into me.

"Oh yeah, that's it Tim, give it to me," I moaned. I swiveled my hips around Tim's erupting cock, grinding my ass into his crotch as he let loose one load after another into me.

Tim must have shot at least six or seven loads in me before he finally collapsed on his back and lay still like he had passed out. I could feel his dick throbbing in me still as I sat still on him for the moment, savoring the wonderful feelings he had unleashed inside of me.

"Your turn," I called over to Mike.

He grinned and held up a single finger, signaling he was about to cum. Sure enough, he gasped and I could tell from the way his hips jerked that he was unloading himself in my mom's mouth. I was so proud of my mom – not a drop escaped as she took his entire load in his mouth.

What happened next surprised me probably even more than the guys. By now, they were probably beyond the point of being surprised by much of anything when it came to me and my mom. No doubt they had never even fantasized of anything like this before I met them on the docks. No, it was me that was surprised, maybe even shocked, as I knew my mother better than they did – or at least I thought I did.

After taking Mike's load, she stood up and quickly moved over to me. With her mouth shut she motioned for me to dismount from Tim and lay down on one of the cushions. Once I did she moved in between my legs and putting he hands on my knees, spread my legs apart to expose my pussy, dripping now with Tim's cum.

Placing her head just over my freshly fucked pussy, my mother opened her mouth and out fell a long stream of Mike's cum, landing all over my bare pussy! That wasn't all though, although it would have been enough for me. Then she lowered her head down even lower until she could lick the cum back up again, this time going down to my pussy hole and getting a sample of Tim's cum as well.

Once she had a good mouthful, she moved up to look at me face to face. I then realized what she wanted and opened my mouth as she opened hers to let her load drip into mine like a mother eagle feeding her young! God, I couldn't believe I was getting a mouthful of cum from two guys and straight from my mom's mouth at that! We had shared my dad's cum a few times but this was completely different. I could only imagine what the two brothers must be thinking see this sexy mother-daughter team in action!

We kissed and swapped their cum a few times before both of us swallowed what we had. Looking over at the two guys, it was like they were frozen stiff, their eyes fixed on the incredibly sensual sight in front of them!

When we were done, my mom and I sat next to each other, kissing each other and holding each other tight. I loved her so much!

We all ended up jumping in the water nude to wash up. Once we were back in, we all put on our suits again and prepared to leave. Just as my mom was about to fire up the engine, a pontoon boat with what looked to be a couple of families drove into our "private" cove. There must have been five or six small kids and their parents on board. We all looked at each other and I knew we were all thinking the same thing - what if they had come in just ten minutes ago! Well, they hadn't and I am sure they had no idea what we had been up to so we waved as we slowly drove out to the lake, leaving them behind.

We were all tired and so we decided to head back and forego any further waterskiing. We dropped the guys off at the marina. As they left the dock, I noticed they were greeted by some friends and they all left together as a group. I wondered if they were going to try to brag about what had happened this afternoon and if they did, would anyone believe them? I mean, what would you say if a friend of yours came back with this story to tell?

As my mom and I docked the boat and put everything away, we both stayed away from mentioning anything that had gone on during the afternoon. On the way home my mom finally broke the silence, at least so far as our sexual escapades went.

"You know Kelly, you dad doesn't have to know EVERYTHING we do as mother and daughter."

I grinned at her and we both burst out giggling. Then she looked serious again.

"Just so you know, today was NOT something I intend to repeat, at least not anytime soon, so don't get your hopes up."

"Oh mom!" I giggled, "But you really seemed to enjoy sucking Mike's cock."

"That's beside the point," she countered. It was silent for a moment and then she giggled again. "He DID have a nice cock, didn't he?"

We joked and teased each other the rest of the way home, comparing notes about the two brothers and how we felt. By the time we got home, though, it was understood that all was said and done.

Good thing my dad doesn't read my diary!

came, it didn't make a whole lot really for me to convince him to fuck his teenage niece. As it turned out, once he started fucking me he decided he may as well get back together with my mom again. All this was fine with my mom, especially since she couldn't stand her frumpy sister-in-law and the opportunity to fuck her husband behind her back was too much to resist.

The more interesting thing for me was that only a couple days after doing my uncle for the first time, I went after his seventeen year-old son Rick. Needless to say, my poor cousin never had a chance - not that he resisted in the slightest. The final piece of the puzzle fit in when Rick had sex with my mom as well, completing the family circle. The only negative thing for me was once he fucked my mom, he wanted her more than me!

So much for the quickie synopsis of the sexual relations between our two families. What was probably the most intriguing for me was my cousin Tammy. Tammy was about four years younger than her brother Rick and about a year and a half younger than her sister Kate. Kate was a miracle of modern science - a clone of her mother. She was always all straight-laced and totally against sex before marriage.

Tammy, on the other hand, was the typical younger sister. She rebelling in any way possible against being anything like her sister. This, of course, created quite a conflict between her and her mom and they were constantly bickering over her tastes in clothes and such with Tammy wanting to wear as little as possible while her mom wanted her dressed like a nun.

Fortunately her dad sympathized with her and gave her some money on the side to let her buy some outfits she wore when her mom wasn't around. One of these was a little bikini that she preferred over the one-piece monster her mom would buy for her. Sometimes she would be over at our house and we would all go in the hot tub together. With just my family we would never wear bathing suits or anything but with cousins or anyone else we naturally did. Tammy would come out on the deck in this slutty little bikini and my dad would get instantly hard! I don't know if she ever noticed or not but I certainly did and I use to tease my dad by reaching under the water and grabbing his hard dick, asking him if he wanted to use it on her. He usually would just smile and roll his eyes but I knew full well that he would have loved to strip off whatever little bit of cloth she was wearing and take her right then and there!

her true feelings were about it. The fact she didn't say anything rather than freak out was a good sign though and I didn't push the issue.

As much as I had thought about it, there was still one quandary I didn't know how to address. On the one hand I've always regretted not giving myself to my dad first yet here I was planning for Tammy to give her virginity to someone other than her dad. I wondered if someday she would also wish that her dad had been her first and blame me for not letting it happen that way. All this left me torn between doing what I thought was "right" - letting her own dad have her first, or quenching my own guilt by helping my own dad take her virginity.

As it turned out, the problem worked itself out on its own. One day when my uncle was fucking me along with my dad, my dad asked him if he ever wanted to the same thing with one of his daughters. My uncle had responded saying he would love to fuck either one of them but he would never dare as his wife would put him in jail - or worse, if she ever found out. Actually I thought it was more than a little funny given she would have killed him anyway if she had any idea what he was doing to me at that very moment but hey, it left the door wide open now for me and my plans! Of course, the idea that maybe I could have helped change his mind about his own daughter didn't enter my thoughts...

The temperatures had been unbearably hot for the past several weeks. The good side of all that was that my cousins had a swimming pool so I tried to visit them whenever possible. When she was at home, Tammy's mom made her wear a conservative two piece swimming suit. The two pieces were so large it didn't even qualify as a bikini! Instead, it looked like something you saw girls wearing in the old Elvis movies. Actually this year's model was a significant improvement as in the past her mom required the girls to wear one-piece suits all the time.

Fortunately, Kate preferred to hang around her mom more than with us, leaving the three of us alone in the pool, something we tried to take advantage of whenever we could. We had to be a bit careful as the pool was visible from the house but that didn't stop us from doing anything we wanted.

Once, when just the three of us were in the pool I watched as Tammy sucked her brother's cock underwater. I couldn't just stand by and watch so I helped out with my hand whenever she was gathering her breath. Finally he came and it was interesting to watch the stream of cum emerge from his cock and linger as a long string of cum in the pool. Tammy dived under it and came up with a bunch of it strung out in her hair. Well, that was fine for her at the time but she would find out

"Fuck me daddy," I moaned as my hips moved around under his.

I gasped as his cock started to pull out of me and he stopped only when the head was just barely in me before he drilled me with it again. Faster and faster he fucked me with long full strokes. I heard a big truck go by but with the darkening skies and tinted windows I could barely make it out so I was sure he couldn't see what was going on in the back seat even though it wouldn't have bothered me in the least if the driver got an eyeful.

If there was one thing about incest I didn't like, it was that I can't tell anyone that my favorite guy to fuck me is my own father! At least when someone saw us anonymously it allowed someone to see how much my dad loved me and how much it meant to me to please him, even it was someone we would never meet.

"That's it baby, squeeze my cock with your cunt," he grunted.

I was gripping him pretty tight, almost to the point it was hard for him to push himself back into me but I knew he loved it when I did that. I think one of the things my dad loved about fucking me was my tight pussy. It wasn't really fair to compare mine to my mom's as she had one child and twenty-one more years of being fucked than me but it still gave me a feeling of satisfaction to know I was satisfying his needs. I suppose my cousin's pussy was just as tight but then she wasn't his daughter so no matter how sexy and cute the little slut was, I knew I pleased him in ways she never could.

My dad was fucking me fast and hard now which was a dead giveaway that he was getting ready to cum. Even though I knew 90% of the time he would stay in me when he came, I also knew he loved me to ask him for it. For that matter, almost ALL men do for some reason but that didn't matter, I liked to ask for it as it made me feel a little slutty and sexy to beg for a man to release his sperm in me.

"Cum inside of me daddy," I begged him, "Let me feel you cumming deep inside of my pussy... Give it to me daddy!"

My dad was breathing heavily and his eyes were glazed over in that way he gets when his lust for me overcomes him and all he wants is to fuck my brains out. He was getting ready to cum in me and I knew nothing in the world could stop him now. Although I had never tried nor wanted to, something told me that even if I did try to stop him, this was indeed a point of no return.

Actually this realization wasn't something bad to me, in fact it turned me on knowing that I could make my father so hungry for me, make him want me in such a way that he would take me as his. I felt I was totally under his control now, completely submitting myself to him, totally offering myself for him to have and do whatever he wanted to with me. I have been fucked by over a hundred men and my dad is the only one I ever feel this way about, the only man I surrender myself to.

"Oh god I'm cumming baby," he moaned loudly, "Here it cums baby... Oh god!"

I felt him jerk his hips into me and suddenly a blossom of heat bloomed deep inside of me, so deep it felt like he was almost in my stomach. I knew he was cumming in me, giving me the most intimate sign of his love possible. I lifted my hips upwards to meet his thrusts as he spurted out one load of cum after another.

"Yes daddy, cum in me," I cried softly, "Oh daddy I love you so much!"

One final thrust and he was spent. He tried to hold his weight off of me but his lower body pressed down on me, keeping his cock firmly in my pussy. My dad lifted his head and looked me in the eyes.

"God I love fucking you," he said softly and then he kissed me gently on the lips. His tongues pressed against my lips and I opened my mouth to let it in. Our tongues met and he pressed harder against me. As we kissed I could feel his hot cock getting smaller in me and occasionally I felt his stomach tighten against me which made his cock twitch inside of me. In response, I tightened down on his cock with my pussy, squeezing him as if I was trying to milk the last bit of cum from him.

"Hey, there's a rest area coming up, you two horny toads about done back there or what?" my mom called back.

My dad kissed me a few more seconds and then lifted himself off of me. I felt his cock slip from my pussy, leaving it with an empty, cold feeling. I looked down and saw his softened cock glistening in the soft light of the passing cars, shimmering with the mixture of my pussy juices and his cum that covered it.

"Ok honey," he finally answered my mom, "be ready in a minute."

He looked down at me as I lay still on my back, my legs still spread open for him as his cum had started to drain out of me. I reached down and ran my finger up my pussy slit and then put it in my mouth to taste the results of our union. My dad's pants never did get off so all he had to do was pull them up and then slip his t-shirt back on over his head and he was dressed.

In the meantime my mom had pulled into a space at the end of the parking row. She hadn't warned the others that she was going to stop so they were still on the road ahead of us. My dad opened the back door and stepped out, taking one last look at me.

"Damn if I don't have the sexiest daughter," he said, shaking his head as he looked at me as I started to play with myself.

"Daddy!!" I protested, "close the door!"

My dad laughed and hopped in the front seat. My mom had scooted over and then she turned her head around to see what I was doing.

"I take it you're not getting dressed yet Kelly?" she asked. "What's the matter, didn't your daddy make you cum?"

I looked up at her and pretended to pout and then closed my eyes and continued to masturbate. My dad was pulling out of the rest area then and she smacked him playfully in the shoulder.

"You selfish brute," she scolded him, "Don't you ever care about anyone but yourself?"

My gave her a "Who me?" look and she smacked him again. "I can't believe you didn't make her cum! Now look, she's back there doing herself – aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

My dad looked back at me briefly after he had merged into traffic. "Sorry babe, I just got carried away," he said in a sheepish voice.

I smiled up at him as I couldn't never be mad at him right after being fucked by him. I was getting close now as to be fair, I had actually been pretty close to cumming while he had been fucking me. I had two fingers in me now, ramming them in and out of my pussy while my other hand was playing with my clit. My leg was still draped over the top of the seat and as I got closer I dropped it down and lifted my other leg up onto the seat as well.

I started humping my hips up and down as if I was being fucked, gasping as I tried to breath. My eyes were closed as I dreamed my dad was still fucking me, that my fingers were his cock as I rubbed my clit furiously. God I was so close yet I couldn't seem to get over that last little bit to cum. I moaned loudly as my hips bucked harder and harder, my body desperately wanting to orgasm.

Finally it happened, just as I knew it would. In an instant everything in the vehicle seemed to disappear as nothing existed for me but my pussy and the incredible feeling as the cum literally gushed from me like a faucet. Like the shock wave of a bomb blast, a surge of pleasure radiated from my pussy outward, enveloping me in the most incredible orgasm. Every pore of my body seemed to tingle like I had plugged a live electric cable in my pussy. Even my hair seemed to stand on end and my toes curled involuntarily as my legs flopped down flat on the seat and I just laid there.

To anyone watching, they might have thought I was asleep except for the movement of my hand between my legs. It didn't stop but instead changed from a sharp, intense feeling to one of just total fulfillment, as if I was floating in a pool of warm pleasure that just enveloped me from head to toe. A low moan escaped from my lips as my pussy would periodically convulse and grip my finger which was still inside of it.

It felt like hours passed but in reality was probably maybe five or ten minutes and then it slowly subsided. It was like waking from a deep sleep as the rest of the world gradually intruded once again. Eventually I opened my eyes again and glanced up to see my mom looking back at me over the front seat. She was smiling at me, obviously pleased with her daughter's performance.

"Wow Kelly! That must have been quite the orgasm," she said. "I was starting to wonder if you were ever going to quit!"

I looked up at her and gave her a wicked grin. I took my hand from my pussy and reached it out to her and she put it in her mouth and sucked on it like a popsicle except this one was warm and was covered with my cum. I pulled it back and she grinned at me.

"Mmmmmmm, you always taste so good," she said as she licked her lips.

"Hey Kelly!" my dad broke in, "We're getting close to the exit. You might want to think about getting some clothes back on girl!"

I looked at my mom and we both burst out laughing. It was nice riding down the road this way but practical matters sometimes had to be dealt with. I knew my uncle would probably stop for gas before leaving the area around the interstate and even though he wouldn't mind seeing me like this, my aunt was quite another matter. It would be awfully hard to explain why I was laying in the back seat all flushed and smelling of pussy cum.

By the time we pulled into the gas station I had my clothes back on and I jumped out to head to the bathroom and wash up a bit. When I came out my dad and uncle were talking by the gas pump and as I approached I saw my dad whisper something in his brother's ear. My uncle's eyes opened and he looked at me and then back at my dad. A big grin broke out on his face and I knew my dad had just clued him in on what we had been doing on the ride down. I looked at my uncle and licked my lips slowly and winked at him as I got back into the back seat. From the look on his face I could tell he was wishing he was getting in with me!

## 3. Tammy and I Suck Her Brother's Dic

The rest of the trip was rather uneventful and we finally reached the park as dusk was settling in. My dad and uncle checked in and came out with the keys to our cabins. We all drove down the winding dirt road to the cabin area. Each of the parents had their own one-bedroom cabin while the rest of us were to share a two-bedroom one. Each of our bedrooms had two twin beds and Kate, always the crybaby, whined that she and Tammy had to share a small twin bed while Rick had a whole bedroom all to himself.

"Don't get yourself all worked up Kate, Tammy can sleep with me," I volunteered. Kate didn't even wait for anyone to answer before dumping her sister's stuff onto the other bed where mine was. My aunt thanked me for helping out but little did she know why I really wanted her daughter in bed with me! We all got ourselves arranged while my dad and uncle went down to the docks to check out the boat. They returned shortly and confirmed that everything was ready to go for the next day.

By now everyone was pretty tired and it was pitch black outside so we decided to have a campfire the next night and just get to bed so we would be rested in the morning. Rick went into his room and as he shut the door, I saw him looking at Tammy. He smiled and winked at her and then closed the door. Kate didn't see any of this but I wondered if Rick and Tammy were this blatant about things at their house. God, if Kate or her mom had the slightest idea of what Rick and Tammy had been doing they would have had a fit!

Once we were in our room alone, we all got undressed and slipped into our night clothes. I would have loved to sleep nude with Tammy but with Kate in the same room that wasn't an option. Instead, I opted for a long t-shirt which covered my ass but not by much. Tammy was wearing a similar nightshirt but hers was longer and reached below her knees. I noted she had taken off her panties and not put any fresh ones on and I wondered if Kate had noticed. Obviously not since the little prude would undoubtedly have said something about it.

Speaking of prudes... Kate opted for the full pajama set with pants and a shirt. Of course she was wearing her panties underneath and I thought for a moment she was going to keep her bra on until she removed it at the last minute. She turned her back to us when she did and had her shirt ready to put on so I didn't get even a glimpse of her bare boobs. She and Tammy got in their respective beds after which I turned off the light switch by the door and then crawled in with Tammy. It was pretty close quarters in the twin bed but she laid on her side and I climbed in behind her, the two of us basically in a spooning position.

It was totally dark in the room as the curtains were pulled and there was no night light in the room or even a clock to provide any illumination. That was fine with me! I put my arm around Tammy and pulled her in tightly to me. She wiggled and squirmed to press her little ass tightly in against my stomach, in the process making her t-shirt pull up a bit after which I helped out by reaching down and pulling it up over her hips. The covers were over us so even if a light should suddenly come on nobody could see what was happening anyway. My own t-shirt had ridden up when I got into the bed and I didn't bother pulling it down so the result was Tammy's cute little bare ass was now pressing against my bare stomach. It felt so warm and smooth against me!

My hands slipped under her shirt and I touched her boobs which were finally started to develop from little knobs on her chest to actual breasts. They were still small enough for even my hand to fully encompass but the nipples responded to my touch and hardened to become like pencil erasers. She put her hand over mine through the single layer of thin cotton and we laid there like that until I fell asleep.

For some reason I woke up a while later and for a second I was unsure of where I was in the dark until finally it came to me I was in the cabin at the lake and not in my bedroom. As my mind cleared I realized I was alone in bed and again it took a few seconds for me to remember that Tammy was supposed to be with me. Now where had that girl gone? Instantly the answer came to me and looked over to where Kate's bed was. The moon had risen and a sliver of light was shining in between the curtains, just enough for me to see the lump in her bed where she was sleeping soundly.

I silently got out of bed and slipped out of the room, closing the door back behind me and walked across to the other bedroom. The door was closed but when I placed my ear to the door I could definitely hear that something was going on and I had a darn good idea what it was! I carefully opened the door and peeked through. The drapes were open in his room and with the rising moon there was enough light now for me to get a pretty good view of the room.

little mouth filled with dick and I knew she was just trying to tease me. I reached out and took his balls in my hand. I gently rolled them in my hand and massaged them, feeling the thick pubic hair in my hands that surrounded them which was damp with his sweat and her spit from sucking him. After I played with his balls for a while I moved up and took the base of his cock in my hand and gently stroked him in rhythm with Tammy's BJ. Finally I just couldn't take it any more - I simply HAD to have that cock!

"C'mon Tammy," I said in a firmer tone, "Let me have it for a while."

Tammy looked me in the eyes again but this time she winked at me and lifted her head enough for his cock to slide out from her lips. Rick was impatient, though, and before I could lean down to suck him I heard grumbling.

"Look, how about at least ONE of you sucking my cock?" he whined. Tammy turned her head around and snickered at him.

"Hang in there big brother," she scolded him, "Besides, did I say you could quit licking me?"

Sometimes seeing them like this I would forget they were brother and sister but listening to them bickering reminded me again of their true relationship. I ignored their playful banter as the sight of his hard cock sticking straight up in the air was all I wanted to think about. It had been a while since I sucked him and I couldn't wait to take him in my mouth again!

I licked the tip of Rick's cock playfully, running my tongue in tight circles around his cock head and then up and down the length of his beautiful dick. He was still wet from Tammy's BJ and so I took the tip of him in my open mouth and sucked on the head like it was a hose and I was siphoning gas with it. My cheeks sucked in and I pulled up on his cock with my mouth, stretching him up from his crotch.

In the meantime, Tammy had simply sat up straighter and was grinding her ass in Rick's face, twisting back and forth as she rotated her cute little butt like a hula dancer. She looked incredibly cute with her puffy boobs and perky body, sitting all nice and nude on her brother's face. I was so proud of my little prot,g,!

I released the suction on his cock and lowered my head further down onto him, slowly taking his cock into my mouth inch by inch until finally my face felt his curly pubic hair brushing against it. His crotch smelled like a mixture of sweat and sex which at the moment was just perfect so far as I was concerned. I buried my face in his pubic hair and twisted my head around on his cock which was now pressing against the back of my throat.

"Oh god!" I heard him groan, "Suck my cock Kelly! Damn you know just what to Do... Ahhhhhh, take it all!"

Indeed I did. I had sucked his cock more than a few times before and by now I pretty much knew just what he liked. When it comes to blowjobs every guy is unique and if you really want to please them then you had to be conscious of how they react when you first started sucking their dick, figuring out what they like best.

Face it, I think I could just bob my head on most guys and they would be happy but that's not how to build a good reputation for giving a BJ. After all, I wasn't known as the best cocksucker in school for nothing! You just have to be sensitive to the slightest movements that tell you when he is getting turned on more or less. Sure, every guy groans and bucks every now and then. Even the most basic blowjob can do that to a guy as it doesn't take much to make a cock hard - they are pretty simple things when you get down to it. When I feel him twitch in my mouth, his stomach tighten, or his ass clench just that little bit, it tells me that I have hit a sweet spot. Most guys love a tongue against them when it's in the right spot. The trick is to keep sucking him at the same time whereas most girls just suck or lick and don't take advantage of the effect you get from doing both at the same time.

Rick was getting close to cumming but I wasn't ready for that yet so I had to drop him from my mouth. I got up on my knees on the bed and lifted one leg over him so I could straddle him.

"You sure you don't want him to fuck you instead ?" I asked Tammy as I positioned myself over he brother's cock. As I expected, Tammy just shook her head. For some reason she was pretty adamant that she didn't want Rick to be her first. Whatever it was, she had never told me. It wasn't just a sister- brother thing either as so far Tammy had never let any of his friends fuck her either even though she was more than willing to suck their cocks all night.

My first guess was that it was not so much "who" as "when and where". I think every girl dreams about her first time and Tammy obviously had some big dream sequence worked out where her Prince Charming would ride in and take her virginity. At the moment it didn't really matter to me as all I wanted was Rick to fuck me - and fuck me sooner than later!

"Here, you put his cock in me," I whispered to Tammy.

She reached down and took his cock in her right hand and positioned it under my cunt as I slowly lowered myself down to it. Tammy rubbed the tip of his cock against my pussy, parting my pussy lips and then rubbing it against my clit. I couldn't help but smile - the girl remembered her previous lessons well!

"Hold it still," I told her.

I was still on my knees, straddling him with my pussy hovering just over the tip of his dick. Tammy dutifully held his cock firmly in place and I let myself sink down slowly onto it. The head of his cock head pressed against my tight pussy hole and as stiff as he was, his cock still bent slightly as my pussy resisted him. I sat down harder on him and suddenly my pussy gave up and I felt myself splitting open as his cock pushed its way into my pussy hole like an invading army breaking down the castle gates. The moment I felt him enter me I stopped dropping down and his bent cock acted like a spring to push himself an inch or so inside of me without me having to push down any further.

As I had taught her before, Tammy began to move his cock around like she was holding a joystick, rotating him inside of me like she was using mixing a batch of cookies inside of me. God it felt so good! The entrance to my pussy is the most sensitive area part of my body besides my clit and when his thick head was just inside of me the way it was now, it caused my pussy to react like he had set off a firecracker in me, especially with Tammy spinning it around in me.

"Oh god... that feels so good!" I moaned as I began to gyrate my hips in the opposite direction she was twisting his cock.

I slowly sank down on him with my hips moving in tight circles. It was like I was screwing his cock into me (hmmm, is that why people call it "screwing"?). When I got far enough down Tammy had to let go and she sat up straight on Rick's face. I let myself just drop down then, plunging the final couple of inches into me as I sank down on his stiff hot cock. I leaned back with my hands on his knees, letting Tammy get a good look at her brother's cock that was now completely enveloped by my pussy.

"Hmmmmmm, do you like watching your brother's cock in me?" I asked her with a nasty grin on my face.

With my eyes adjusted to the dark and moon shining through I could almost see like it was daylight now and her face was beaming with delight. Tammy licked her lips and for a moment I thought she might change her mind and ask to trade places but she just kept quiet and watched as I fucked her brother some more.

Leaning back, I could see his tongue playing with her little pussy and she was obviously loving whatever it was he was doing to her cunt. I started to lift myself up and then dropping down again, more of a swinging motion of my hips than actually elevating myself up and down but it worked so far as sliding his cock in and out me went.

Tammy began to moan more now and I think seeing me fucking her brother while he licked her from below was getting her close to cumming. Her hands were holding her small boobs and she was moaning louder and louder until finally I hissed at her before she woke up her sister, even she was two closed doors away!

"That's it Rick, don't stop now!" she cried out softly, "Ohhhhhhhhh yeaaaaaaah... lick me Rick... make me cum!!"

She grabbed the sides of her head with her hands and her eyes were shut tight as her head leaned back and she didn't seem to be breathing for the longest time. Her entire nude body tensed and just when I was wondering how long she could go without breathing she suddenly let out a huge gasp and her eyes opened wide as saucers. Her mouth opened wide but it was like she was struck dumb and couldn't say a word as her eyes rolled back in her head and she seemed to sway back and forth like she was about to pass out.

I suddenly realized that I was frozen in place on his cock, completely forgetting for a moment about his cock in me. I was totally fascinated as I watched this little slut cumming while her brother licked her virgin cunt.

It seemed like she would never stop but finally her entire body seemed to just give in at once and she sank down on his face. He had to actually push up on her ass to breathe after which she just rolled over on the bed next to us. Tammy shook her head with a look of amazement on her face.

"Oh god, that was the most incredible orgasm I have EVER had," she gasped between her panting while she tried to catch her breath.

After that she didn't say another word but just laid back with one hand between her legs, her palm flat against her pussy as if she was trying to control her aching pussy. Her head was propped up on a pillow such that she could see me and Rick was able to lift his head now to see who had been squatting on his cock. Of course he knew it was me but I had never known a guy yet that didn't like to watch his cock slide in and out of me as he fucked me. Heck, I loved to watch it too but in this position it was hard to see as I was leaning way back and besides, I could feel him sliding in and out of me anyway!

Rick reached forward and grabbed my waist, pulling me forward to him so I was leaning over him now, my boobs hanging down and swinging slightly as I humped his cock. His head reached up and I leaned over more so his mouth could suck on my nipples. God it felt so good and his teeth grabbed my nipples hard - almost too hard in fact.

"Not so hard!" I protested, "You trying to chew them off or what?"

Rick went back to using his gums and lips which suited me better. He pushed me back up after a little, back to where I was more upright on his cock.

"Turn around Kelly," he instructed me, "Rotate around my cock... careful now - don't let it come out of you!

I lifted up my one leg and gingerly turned around on top of him. His cock was barely long enough to let me do this but after a few close calls I had done it.

"God I love your ass!" he groaned as his hands squeezed my butt, one hand per ass cheek.

I couldn't see either of them now which was sort of a turn-on, knowing they were both right behind me watching his cock sliding in and out of me. I reached down and started playing with my clit, rubbing my pussy slit up and down with special attention to my clit as my finger slid by it.

I was so horny now I knew it was no longer a question of whether or not I was going to cum but rather just a question of when! Rick was still squeezing my ass like he was checking out melons at the market, running his hands over me and then grabbing my butt. I could feel it coming as my pussy began to get even wetter and I would jump as if startled each time I ran over my clit. God I wanted to cum so bad!

Then it hit me like a truck coming out of nowhere and my cunt convulsed and grabbed onto his cock like it would never let go! I moaned out loud, not caring who could hear me as I stretched my head back and cried out to the ceiling with nothing but pure lust in my voice.

"Fuck! What the hell - you're gonna break my cock!" Rick grunted as my pussy continued to grip him.

It was almost like a cramp except instead of pain my pussy felt like it was filled with the most pleasurable thing I could imagine. Tammy knew what was happening and understood. Only a girl can truly understand the intensity of an orgasm, the way it originates in your cunt but then suddenly blossoms throughout your entire body like you dived into a pool of hot water and every pore of your skin was dripping with bliss. Men would cum in me and then in a few seconds it would be over and I mean OVER.

When I orgasmed like this it just went on and on for as long as I could stand it. I toyed with my clit just enough to balance myself on the razor edge between losing my orgasm and just going insane; speeding up when I felt it dying and then just pressing on it when I felt I just couldn't take it anymore. My pussy loosened up on his cock and I began to rock like a lunatic on Rick's cock, feeling his cock slide in a and out of me like a warm hard sausage.

"Cum in me Rick," I begged. "I want you to cum in me NOW!"

If he was nothing else, Rick was your typical eighteen year-old horny teenage boy and it didn't take much to get his rocket lit. Having his older cousin rocking on his dick, her pussy still convulsing around his cock, her ass in his hands, and now listening to her beg for him to cum was more than enough to send him over the edge. Heck, I doubt even a more mature man could have held off much longer!

"Oh fuck, here it comes!" he groaned as I felt his hips rise up to push himself deeper into me.

"Oh yea!" I encouraged him, rubbing my clit faster again, "Cum inside of me... give me that hot cum!"

No sooner than I said that then I felt Rick's cock burst inside of me, spewing his load of incestuous cum deep into me. It was amazing that as hot as my pussy felt and as intense my orgasm was still going that I could feel the heat of his sperm in me but indeed I could. Nothing is more amazing to me than to feel a man exploding inside of me, pouring a part of him into my welcoming cunt, in effect trying to mate me! It was almost animal-like in its intensity as he unloaded one shot after another of sperm into me.

As he finished I just sat down on his cock, slowly rubbing my clit as I let my orgasm begin to dwindle. I couldn't sit completely still, my pussy was just too sensitive to do that, so I rocked just a little bit on him, squeezing down on his cock now and then just to feel it in me.

"WOW!" I heard from behind me. The softness and soprano tone told me it was from Tammy. With everything else happening I'd forgotten all about her! I turned my head and looked over my shoulder at her with a grin on my face. She was sitting back against the headboard, her fingers slowly working her pussy as she watched us.

"So what do you think?" I asked her, "Did you enjoy the show?"

I leaned forward and allowed Rick's now limp cock to slip out of me. Normally he would be ready to go again by now but I think I really took it out of him this time! I got up and laid on the bed alongside of him with my head up against Tammy and

brother?? To be honest, I was sort of glad she didn't ask for it then as I still had hopes for my dad to be the one to take her virginity.

I got up and dropped Rick's cock which by now was hard and ready to go again. I looked at Rick and then over at Tammy and smiled.

"Well, I'll leave you two to finish," I said, "Don't stay up all night - we have a big day tomorrow!"

I left the room quietly and when I turned back to close the door I saw she was already on top of him, back in their 69 position again and each seemed to forget already that IU had been there. I slipped into our bedroom and saw Kate hadn't budged an inch. I was exhausted and it was morning before I woke again. Tammy was in bed with me when I awoke and I wondered when she had come back in. Suddenly my eyes were open and I gently nudged her.

"Tammy... Tammy... get up," I whispered in her ear. Tammy started to groan but I clamped my hand over her mouth. "C'mon, get dressed girl, we can't let Kate see us like this!"

Tammy's eyes opened then as she realized what I was saying. As tired as we both were last night we had both evidently just crawled into bed and forgotten all about our t-shirts! I don't know how we would have explained it to Kate if she had woken first and see the two of us lying next to each other completely nude! Fortunately our shirts were by the nightstand next to the bed so we quickly slipped them back on.

Tammy was already starting to doze back off again (what time DID she come back anyway?) and so I covered her and let her go back to sleep.

# 4. Morning Sex With My DAD

When I woke up again I saw that Kate hadn't moved a muscle the entire night and was still in the exact same position she had been when she went to bed. I was wide awake though and even though it was only 6:30 in the morning I was ready to get going. I brushed my teeth and looked out the door. The camp area around our cabins was dead still and I looked over at the other two cabins and didn't see anything going on that indicated anyone was up yet.

A nasty thought came to my head just then and I grinned like a lunatic. I quietly opened our door and walked across the damp grass to my parent's cabin. It was surprisingly cold for August and the grass was wet with dew and I gingerly stepped over the rocks and branches that were in the way. I peeked in the window and saw my parents sleeping in bed. My dad was on his back with my mom draping herself over him, her arm over his chest and top leg over his. The covers were over most of them but I knew they never slept with anything on - I don't think my mom even owns pajamas or a nightie other than to dress up for my dad. I tried the door and was surprised but happy to find that it was open.

Inside the cabin it was much different from ours. There were no separate rooms, just a big bed on one side and a kitchen/living area on the opposite side. I stepped softly over to their bed, cringing every time one of the old floor boards would squeak in the slightest. Fortunately they didn't wake and my dad was snoring up a storm laying on his back like that. How my mom slept with it I never figured out!

I gently pulled the covers over to one side to expose his waist and crotch. Sure enough, underneath was his bare body with my mom's pressed up tightly to it. His cock was flaccid and laid over to one side, almost hidden in his thick crop of black curly pubic hair. My pussy was tingling with anticipation as I reached down and gently cupped his cock in my hand, wrapping my fingers around it and then gripping it firmly.

My dad shifted slightly and for a moment I thought he was going to wake but he was still out cold. For a moment I wondered just what he and mom had done last night to be so tired this morning? I mean, I had a pretty good idea but details are always fun to have!

I knew he was getting close and I couldn't wait for him to cum but at the same time I wanted to give him more than just a blowjob. Even though I knew he would be satisfied with that, I wanted to give him more. I wanted to show him just how much I loved and appreciated him. Admittedly, it was more than just pleasing him if I was being honest with myself. I wanted it for me as well - I WANTED my father to fuck me.

I felt so special when he was in me. It was completely different from what I felt with any other man and why shouldn't it? He wasn't just any other man, he was my FATHER and no other man could ever take his place in my heart - or my pussy. I let his cock slip from my mouth and moved up close to his face. For a moment we both just stared at each other. He knew, of course, what I was about to say but at the same time I knew he wanted to hear me say it.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered to him.

The smile on his face told me everything as he reached out to pull me to him. He pulled me into bed with him, my body pressing against his as his hands roamed over me while we kissed passionately. He pulled my t-shirt up and over my head as we separated just long enough for him to pull it off of me.

My dad pushed me over on my back and reached between my legs. His large hand cupped my bare pussy and pulled up between my legs, putting pressure on my entire pussy. His middle finger pressed in more and pushed its way between my pussy lips and then into my wet hole. I groaned as we kissed and his finger explored me. He lifted his head and looked at me, running his eyes up and down my naked body as I lay in bed beside him.

"God you are so beautiful," he whispered huskily to me, "I want to fuck you so badly right now... I want to fuck you so hard."

"Take me daddy... give me your love," I begged him, "You can do anything you want to me... ANYTHING!"

Without another word he moved on top of me as my legs spread open wide to offer myself to him. I could feel his stiff cock pressing against my stomach and the coarse hair surrounding it tickled me.

I looked over to my side and saw my mom had awakened and was watching us. We both looked at each other, not exchanging a word but yet at the same time communicating everything that was necessary. She had once told me that loved to watch my dad fuck me because she knew how much it meant to both of us. He had just fucked her a few hours ago and I knew that what we were about to do was so different. She was his wife and soul mate while I was his daughter. He loved us both but in different ways.

Someday I will get married and I am sure that my relationship with my husband will be as special as the one my parent's share. For now though my thoughts returned to my dad as I turned back to him. He had seen me look at my mom - how long had she been awake? He smiled as he lifted himself off of me and got on his knees between my legs.

My dad lifted my legs up in the air and rested them on his shoulder. Then he put his hands under my ass and lifted my hips upward and pulled me into him. His hard dick met my pussy and he moved my into position such that his cock tip was tight against my pussy hole. He thrust forward and his cock pierced me, forcing my tight pussy to spread open and accept him.

"Oh yeah," I said to him, my hands to my side to help position myself against him, "Fuck me daddy... push it in me more! Show me how much you love me!"

He grunted as his cock pushed its way into my tight pussy. He kept pushing until I felt the hair of his crotch tickling me between my legs and then pressure of the base of his cock against my crotch. For a moment he paused and it was suddenly deathly quiet in the room as the three of us just looked at each other. It was a moment I would always remember, all of us in bed in a remote cabin, my dad's cock buried deep inside of me while my mom looked on, touching herself. What could be better? Well, I was about to find out!

## 5. My Dad Finally Fucks His Niece

My dad had just started stroking his cock in me when we heard what sounded like a muted gasp from the doorway. All of us looked and to our mutual surprise, there in the doorway was my cousin Tammy! She was standing there with her eyes wide open and her hands covering her open mouth, unsuccessfully trying to keep us from hearing her. Once she realized that we had seen her, Tammy started to turn away as if to run out but my mother, always the practical one, was the first to recover and she called out to her.

"Tammy! Don't go!" she called as she swung her legs off the side of the bed and stood up.

My mom started walking quickly across the room to where Tammy had frozen like a little statue at the sound of her voice. In the meantime my dad had stopped pumping his cock in me and just held still although his cock would still involuntarily throb and pulse inside of me.

I watched as my mom reached out to Tammy and took her hand and then bent her knees to lower herself down to hug Tammy. She was still nude but that didn't seem to matter to Tammy who hugged her back. My mom took her by the hand and brought her over to her side of the bed where she picked her up and set her down. She was still wearing her long t-shirt while the three of us were totally nude but nobody seemed to care. My mom ran her fingers gently through Tammy's short hair to calm her.

"Well, I guess now you know about Kelly's special relationship with her father," she started out. "You've seen your brother fuck her, haven't you?"

Tammy just stared at me and my dad. It was a little surreal to have him on top of me, my pussy gripping his cock while she stared at us like she seeing someone having sex for the first time.

I reached out with my hand to touch her leg. "It's OK Tammy, this is how I show my dad I love him." I looked back up at my dad and smiled. "C'mon daddy, show Tammy how much you like to fuck me... show her how well a daughter can please her daddy."

I suddenly felt incredibly horny. I wanted my dad to fuck me with her watching us. I knew my dad probably wanted to fuck her right then but he was in me now and I wanted him to screw me in front of the girl he dreamed of fucking. I bucked my hips up against his cock, driving him deeper inside of me.

"C'mon dad, fuck me! I want Tammy to see you do me," I begged him.

My dad didn't say anything but once the initial shock of having Tammy discover us had passed, his natural instincts were returning. After all, he DID have his cock buried to the hilt in his daughter's cunt and he WAS a man so it was only natural that his hips started to move again and he began to slowly push himself in and out of me. Well, I had my own instincts as well and I couldn't help but moan softly as my dad fucked me again.

"Now see Tammy?" my mom pointed out, "Isn't it wonderful to see them together? Kelly is such a wonderful daughter to let him do that to her, don't you agree?"

Tammy's voice finally returned and her first words showed she was still unsure of what was happening.

"But it's your dad... Oh my god Kelly, you let your own dad in you?" she said softly, "Sorry... I just can't imagine my dad ever wanting to do anything like that to me."

There was something in her voice, though, that sounded more like curiosity than condemnation. I quickly picked up on the fact she said she couldn't imagine her dad "wanting" to fuck her, not that she couldn't imagine him fucking her. I was a bit confused myself. On the one hand I loved my dad fucking me but on the other I couldn't take my eyes off Tammy.

I looked up and saw my dad was looking at her too. I knew how badly he had always wanted to fuck Tammy and I would have loved to know what he was thinking at this moment. He may have had his cock in me but I had a pretty good idea of where he wanted it to be. Ordinarily if he was fucking me and I had ever thought he was thinking of someone else, I would have been insanely jealous.

In this instance I felt just the opposite if anything. My emotions were like a roller coaster. One minute I wanted nothing more than him to fuck my brains out and suddenly now, for the first time I could ever remember, I wanted my dad to stop fucking me! If this went on much longer I would be a basket case!

With all the confusion in my mind, I decided that it was now or never so I looked up at him and then at Tammy.

"Daddy, I want you to fuck Tammy," I said softly. My dad stopped pumping me and Tammy's eyes widened even further than I thought possible. "It's OK Tammy, I've always wished he was my first and I know he wants to be yours."

My dad withdrew from me and laid on his side with his hard cock glistening in the dim light. Tammy looked at my dad as if she was seeing him for the first time. Then she looked at my mom. My mom didn't say anything and I knew she was probably not entirely pleased with my suggestion. My mom had made it perfectly clear in the past that my dad was not to grope her or even "accidentally" let Tammy see his cock when she was over, not matter how horny he would get when she would show up in some tiny pair of shorts.

I always thought it was cute the way he would get hard whenever she was around as I knew exactly what was going on in his mind. It didn't bother me or make me jealous. I gave myself to my dad out of love and respect, not just to get fucked. I knew he fucked me because he loved me and wanted to show me in the most personal and intimate way he could.

she would be one hot young teenage - not that she wasn't hot enough now to get my pussy wet!

"Just think of Rick... think about your brother now... remember the first time you sucked his cock and how you didn't know what it was going to taste like or how it would feel," I told her. "Remember how good it felt in your mouth then... how hard he got and how he shot his cum in your mouth that first time."

As I said that my hand moved between her legs and pressed inside her thighs to touch her pussy. She moaned softly and I wasn't sure if it was me touching her pussy or thoughts of her first blowjob that were turning her on but maybe it was both! I reached down with both hands and pressed her legs apart. As I put pressure on her inner thighs she spread them apart for me and I could see her cute little pussy clearly. She had a thin covering of fuzzy brown pubic hair and I thought about how despite the beauty of her pussy, no cock had yet to enter her. Well, hopefully I would help to solve that problem!

I motioned for my dad to get up and I pretended to be holding a cock and sucking it. He dad is no dummy and he knew exactly what I was trying to tell him. He winked back at me and crawled up the bed until he was kneeling by her head. I bit my lip in anticipation as I watch him stoking his hard cock a foot or so over her face with her eyes screwed shut tightly.

My dad looked at me and I nodded - she was ready. He held his cock and forced it downward until it just touched his niece's lips. She couldn't keep her eyes shut any longer, she had to see what it was touching her. When she saw it was his dick pushing against her lips, her mouth opened to release a gasp which that allowed my dad to quickly push his cock into her mouth. The expression on her face started off as one of surprise but then she closed her eyes again and opened her mouth further for him.

If there was one thing I knew about Tammy, she was truly a born cocksucker of there ever was one. From the moment she first latched onto her brother's cock, she had sought out every chance she could so get it back in her mouth again and as many others as possible as well. This morning it may have been her uncle's cock and she may have been unsure of the situation but once her mouth had a taste of his dick her natural instincts took over and she just had to suck him.

Now I LOVE to suck cock, more than anyone I know. That is, anyone I know except Tammy. The girl was insatiable! Rick was always telling me or my mom how she was in his room every free moment, practically begging him to let her suck his

Her ass felt so small and firm, even in my small hands so I could only imagine how my dad's hands had grabbed it earlier. I pushed my tongue as deeply as I could in her and then pulled it out and played wither clit, running over it with the flat of my tongue and then running circles around it with the tip. Tammy began to pant harder and faster and then her body went rigid as her back arched and she grabbed my head and pushed it into her crotch.

"That's it, make me cum... oh I'm cumming Kelly... Oh I love this!" she cried out.

I could taste her cum mixed with the remain of my dad's cum that was being flushed out of her as she orgasmed into my mouth. It didn't last long, I think she was getting close to exhaustion at this point. Finally she just slumped and laid motionless in bed, eyes closed and gasping for air. Gradually she calmed down and I laid alongside of her, hugging her close to me. Her naked body felt so hot against mine, it was like she had a fever!

Tammy turned on her side and pressed in tightly against me, burying her face in my breasts with her arms around me underneath mine. She began to sob and I pulled back a little to see what was wrong.

"Tammy?" I asked, "Are you OK?"

Tammy's whole body was shaking now as she cried and held on tightly to me. I was starting to be genuinely concerned when she lifted her head back and smiled at me.

"Oh Kelly, I feel so wonderful," she said between sobs, "I can't believe how incredible I feel right now!"

I looked over my shoulder at my parents who were holding each other now. My dad's cock was flaccid now but it still looked as delicious as ever and under different circumstances I would be sucking it hard again for another round. Right now I was happy just hugging my young cousin, happy knowing her first time was something she would always remember with wonder and joy.

We must have all laid there like that for another ten or fifteen minutes when dear old mom, ever the practical one, spoke up.

"You know, I hate to say this but if you and Tammy don't get back soon, someone may notice and this could be a little hard to explain to her mom."

I understood what she was saying, I could just imagine the reaction my Aunt Shari would have if she were to walk in right now! Tammy was about to fall asleep so

I shook her gently and helped her get her T-shirt back on. I put mine on as well and after reaching over to kiss my Mom and Dad, I started to help her from the cabin.

"Tammy!" my dad called out. Tammy and I turned back and my dad smiled at her. "Thank you Tammy, I will never forget what we did this morning."

Tammy smiled and blew him a kiss. "Me neither Uncle John... thank you."

The two of us scurried back across to our cabin and went inside. I shut the door behind us and when I turned back around, to my surprise there was Rick standing the doorway of his bedroom.

"Well, well," he said, "And just what have you two sluts been up to this early in the morning? Out for a little morning fun?"

I just ignored him but the look on Tammy's face told Rick everything.

"Oh... my... god!" he said, "Do you mean you did it? With who?"

Suddenly his mouth dropped as he finally put everything together which shouldn't have been TOO hard as there weren't many options really for him to consider.

"Noooooo!" he said with an astonished look on his face!

I just gave him a flirty look and directed Tammy back to the bedroom leaving Rick behind. He would undoubtedly start masturbating now, imagining god only knows what about what he thought had happened. The cool thing was that no matter what he might dream up, it wouldn't be as hot as what REALLY happened!

Somehow Kate was still in the exact same spot as when we left. Damn but that girl could sleep through anything! Tammy and I slipped in bed and she fell sound asleep. The poor thing had quite a trip already and I could only imagine how the rest of the weekend would go. I hoped she wouldn't be too sore as I had a feeling my dad would be wanting more before the weekend was over!

## Postlude

Tammy was a little sore on Sunday but not enough to stop what turned out to be one of the hottest sexual events of my life - my dad and uncle swapping daughters! But that's another story...

my Uncle Jim knew his son was doing my mom (and me occasionally), he wasn't aware of what I had awakened in his youngest daughter. He knew my dad fucked me but I had never seen any sign from him that he was interested in that type of relationship with his own daughters, and I doubt he knew just how badly my dad wanted to fuck Tammy!

Getting the three of them to have sex with me was a good start but I had bigger ideas. The next "step" in my plan came during Christmas break. I arranged for Tammy to "accidentally" catch her brother fucking me and her natural curiosity took over from there. The first thing I did was to teach her how to do a blowjob although it didn't require much on my part - she proved to be a natural.

Even though she liked to suck Rick's cock, Tammy steadfastly refused to let her brother fuck her. I had to give her a ton of credit for her incredible willpower. She would let him rub his erection against her pussy and even allowed him to cum on her but when it came to penetration the answer was always the same - a solid NO.

You can imagine how Tammy's refusal to let him fuck her was driving Rick nuts at times but he wasn't complaining TOO much given her skill at blowjobs. As it turned out, Tammy loved sucking cock as much as I do which made her quite popular with his friends to say the least.

Of course, Rick wasn't the only guy that wanted to fuck Tammy as she matured and developed. As I mentioned before, my dad masturbated regularly dreaming about doing her and there were times when she would put on her skimpy little bikini and parade around in front of him that I thought he was going to burst through his pants!

It didn't bother me or make me jealous in the least that my dad wanted Tammy in that way. One of my deepest regrets in life is that I did not give myself to my dad for my first time so I thought that maybe if I helped him to realize his dream with Tammy that maybe it might atone for what I had denied him. It didn't matter to me that technically it wasn't my fault, since I had no idea at the time he wanted me, but I still felt guilty about it - and still do somewhat to this day.

So this was how things went until this summer. The relationships were complicated, to say the least, and it wasn't exactly what I would call the best of situations. The most difficult part concerned my Aunt Shari, one of the most uptight and sexually repressed woman I have ever known. She would have killed the lot of us if she ever had an inkling of our activities! Kate, the middle daughter, was a clone of her mom and there had been several times when she almost caught us fooling around. She was probably going to be a virgin AFTER she got married so you can imagine the attitude she wore on her sleeve regarding premarital sex.

When discussing incest I tell people that I believe everyone on the family should be involved for it to work and here I was, violating my own rules. I guess the fact that we had long-term, mature incestual relationships on my mom's side that we thought we could deal with the issues on my dad's side. So far it seemed to be working but only time would tell.

Tammy had turned fourteen at the end of June and her new bikini revealed how much she had grown up over the past year. Needless to say, this just made my dad even hornier for her. When the opportunity came during an overnight waterskiing trip to the lake, he didn't hesitate to make his dream come true and so he took her virginity - with a little help from me of course! Even my mom, as concerned as she was about the whole thing, pitched in to help.

That's what made it so wonderful for me - the fact that I got to be there when my dad became Tammy's first. I kept thinking the entire time as I watched them how much I wished it had been like that for MY first time; but at least now I had done this for my dad and I hoped he would forgive me for what I had done - or not done as it were. What I had NOT anticipated in earlier fantasies was that my mom would be there as well. While I can't say she overly enthusiastic about what happened, I think she felt better being there to be sure everything went OK. She was very protective of Tammy, just as she always was with me.

One of the side effects of all this was that Tammy now knew about me and my parents. This reduced the number of secrets I was keeping considerably, making life easier in many ways. Keeping a secret is hard and stressful at best. On the other hand. it was one thing for Tammy to know her brother was fucking me, for some reason that didn't surprise her at all. Finding out that her dad was fucking me was a little more of a stretch but I think she was more concerned that he was cheating on her mom than she was about him fucking me. She really couldn't say anything about an uncle doing his niece - after all, she had just given her virginity to her own uncle. However, it WAS a big deal for her to learn that my dad was doing me.

For a father to have sex with his daughter was a totally new concept to Tammy, one she had never even considered before - at least not regarding "normal" people. I could understand her confusion over it. In fact, I'd felt much the same way when I was her age. The idea of having sex with my dad never even crossed my mind when I

never done them both together and looking at them now I couldn't help but wonder which I would prefer to suck while the other was fucking me.

After the initial shock my aunt dealt with the situation by simply ignoring me the rest of the day. She didn't even speak to me which was fine with me. Rick was super horny, like always, but today my interest wasn't so much in him. Today all I was thinking about was what had happened early in the morning and where things might be going as a result.

It's not like all I did all day was dream about sex - we also had a lot of fun. I love being out on our boat and waterskiing is the only sport I excel in - other than sex. It was thrill for me when I was out slaloming and showing off. Most people these days don't seem to want to take the time to learn to ski so they just jump on a tube and get pulled around. Tubes are fun but skiing is so much more!

Water skiing also gives me an opportunity to show off in other ways as well. I have to wear a life vest so my top is covered but my bottom is on display for everyone to watch once I get up on the ski. I love the way guys look at me when we pass them and they get a good look at my all but bare ass. In some cases they probably have to look twice to see if I am wearing ANYTHING at all on my bottom given the way my thong pulls up my ass and the front is so small. I have gone out topless at times when I am just with my parents but that was more for my own thrill since the life vest covers me up.

My cousins can't ski although they did try a few times so most of the time we just tubed. As the day wore on the sun was hot and people would tradeoff between staying on shore for a break and going out on the boat so we had a constant mix of riders on board. My dad drove so he was always out but other than that all of us stayed behind at some point or another. It gave me an opportunity to lay out on the dock and work on my tan - not to mention draw the attention of every guy that went by! My mind was so occupied with thoughts of my dad and Tammy that I wasn't even thinking about flirting too much with them but I still couldn't help but enjoy the way they looked at me.

At one point the combination worked out that the parents were out on the boat and the kids (including me) were left behind. After they left the dock Rick came up to me with a sly grin. I had a pretty good idea what was on his mind and as it turned out I was right on target!

"I'm so fucking horny for you... let's go fuck," he whispered in my ear.

I motioned with my eyes toward his sister Kate. Kate was the middle child and unlike her siblings, took after her mom 100%. Whereas Tammy was the "bad" daughter by wearing a revealing bathing suit, Kate was the "good" daughter with her one-piece suit that as conservative as they come.

If there was one thing I knew for sure, it was that Kate would be a virgin until she was married and might even be one AFTER she got married for all I knew. She was cute but I guess being the older daughter she was closer to her mom whereas Tammy seemed to have to rebel for attention.

"So what - who gives a crap about her?" Rick said in a low voice to me.

I just rolled my eyes and gave him an exasperated look. This was the problem with doing what we did without the entire family being involved. If Kate ever even suspected that Rick was fucking me she would certainly tell her mom immediately who then would go ballistic. I wished my aunt would just take the position that my grandmother had with my grandfather and my mother. She was never involved with incest but at the same time she didn't stop her husband and daughter from doing whatever they wanted. I really didn't care if my aunt ever wanted to get involved, I just wished she could know about it, ignore it, and allow us to do what we enjoyed.

Rick put his hand on my bare bottom and squeezed before I could react.

"God I love the way your ass looks in that thong," he whispered in a husky voice that I knew was filled with nothing but lust for me. Even though sometimes I would tease him and pretend to push him away, I actually loved it when he grabbed my ass but at the same time there WERE issues with all the people around us.

I grabbed his hand and pulled it away. "Dammit Rick, you know better!" I hissed at him, maybe a little too loudly. Kate was not that far away and for a moment I thought she had seen and or heard what was going on between Rick and me but she was too busy talking to Tammy and didn't appear to be even interested in the two of us.

"Well, why the hell do you wear your 'fuck me' outfit then if you're not going to put out?" Rick whined.

"To tease guys like you!" I answered with a naughty grin.

"Well, you're doing a pretty damn good job," he griped. He turned away muttering something about me being a "cock-teasing slut". What could I say, he was right!

Striking out with me, I watched as he went up to Tammy and whispered something in her ear. I couldn't hear but I had a darn good idea what he was telling her. To my surprise, Tammy grinned at him and Rick smiled in return. Kate and I joined them at the end of the dock and Rick announced he was going to take a nature break. I teased him, asking why he didn't just go in the lake when he was out the last time. Rick ignored me and headed off. Tammy then announced she needed to go as well and ran off to join him, leaving me and Kate behind.

"Well, just you and me girl," I said to Kate as we took a seat on a picnic table near the dock. We chatted about school and church and the day in general. It was just small talk as Kate and I really didn't have much in common and I knew she looked down at me for being a slut, just as her mother did.

It has never really bothered me when close-minded people like her think badly about me. They're entitled to their opinions and if anything, it made me feel good knowing I was hot enough to make them look at me that way. I doubt they understood that calling me a slut was a compliment so far as I am concerned!

About fifteen or twenty minutes had gone by and still no sign of Rick or Tammy. Kate was looking in the direction of the restrooms, obviously wondering what was taking them so long. Finally she huffed, her cheeks pushing out as she let out a long breath.

"What in the world is taking them so long?" she said, more to herself than to me.

Well, I knew EXACTLY what it was but it wasn't something I could tell Kate. Another five minutes went by and she was getting restless and about to go looking for them when the two missing siblings finally appeared in the distance. Rick was grinning like a moron while Tammy was keeping a straight face and didn't say a word as they approached.

"What happened, did you fall in?" Kate teased.

Rick waved her off and Tammy motioned for me to come over by her. Facing me with her back to Kate, she opened her mouth and it was all I could do to keep a straight face and not react. Tammy shut her mouth and gulped down the cum that she had just shown me, licking her lips like a cat after drinking a bowl of milk. She grinned at me mischievously and twirled around, her blonde ponytail flying out straight as she did. I didn't say a word but when I looked at Rick he just winked at me and I shook my head at him as if to say I couldn't believe they had done that.

Just then I heard the boat coming back and Kate ran down to the dock, leaving us behind.

"I can't believe you blew him!" I exclaimed to Tammy, "Where in the world did you do it and not get caught?"

With Kate gone Tammy was now looking like the cat who just ate the canary except instead of feathers coming from her mouth she still had a little cum to swallow. Rick was obviously quite pleased with himself as he explained quickly while we walked down to join Kate.

"Yep, she sucked me right in the stall like a good little slut - that's my sister!" he said, patting her on the head.

"Oh Kelly, it was soooooo cool," Tammy blurted out. "Someone came in right when he was cumming and it felt so hot sucking him knowing they were right outside the door!"

I knew from a similar experience just how erotic such a thing could be so I understood how excited she must have been feeling. Sucking dick is ALWAYS fun but when you add an element of risk or danger it makes it just that much better.

We reached the dock which forced an end to our conversation as our parents got out of the boat. I was surprised they had come back so quickly but I soon learned why when my aunt stumbled out of the boat. Evidently whatever she had eaten had not agreed with her and she was feeling sick to her stomach after bouncing around on the waves so they had returned to let her get back on dry land again.

My dad said something about taking the boat out of the water but my aunt protested, saying she didn't want to ruin everyone's day and that she would feel better if she just laid down for a while back in her cabin. My mom graciously offered to stay back with her so the rest of us could go out again.. Nobody was surprised when Kate announced she would stay to attend to her mom as well.

Tammy and I got in the boat and Rick was about to join us when his dad held up his hand.

"Rick, you stay back and make sure your mom's OK," he told him, "I would feel better if there was a man around. Besides, we're low on gas so this will be the last time out and I need you on shore to help your uncle take the boat out when we get back."

Rick looked frustrated but he knew better than to argue with his dad. He still couldn't resist a mild huff which his dad just ignored and as we left the dock we watched the four of them heading back to the shore. He couldn't complain TOO much though, not after just getting his dick sucked by his cock-hungry little sister.

didn't mind because it meant each was always trying to prove to the other who could fuck me better.

To be perfectly honest, my uncle's technique was a little better than my dad's but there was one thing my uncle could never offer me - my father's cock. It was fun to let my uncle fuck me, especially since he was married and I knew he loved fucking me more than my stuck-up aunt, but he really wasn't that much different than fucking anyone else in terms of emotions. THAT was the department where my dad held all the trump cards. There was nothing in the world that compares to the feeling I get when I feel my father entering me and knowing that we are literally transforming from being just a normal father and daughter to joining physically and emotionally together to become as one.

When my dad cums in me and gives me that sacred part of himself to keep inside of me, it is simply the single most incredible act of love and respect that he can do for me. My uncle was like any other man in that he just got off cumming in me because it felt good; whereas my father did it out of love and respect for me. That didn't mean I didn't enjoy having my uncle fuck me - not at all! It was just that while he could certainly deal with my physical desires, he could never fulfill my emotional needs.

I put one foot up on the seat with my other still on the deck which displayed my pussy even better for my uncle as he advanced toward me. Tammy took his seat up front next to my dad and turned to watch. I could only imagine what must have been going through her mind at this moment, seeing her own father approaching her older cousin, knowing full well what his intentions were for her.

Well, if there was any doubt at all about those intentions they must have disappeared as he dropped his swim trunks and stepped out of them, standing there totally nude in the center of the boat. Our boat is pretty deep and so it would have been pretty difficult for anyone to see him from the waist down unless they were right next to us but it was still awesome to see my uncle standing there with a massive erection while we idled along on the lake in broad daylight!

Tammy was watching as well and I realized that this was probably the first time she had ever seen her dad nude, not to mention with his dick sticking out like a missile prepped for launch! The same thought must have struck my uncle at the same time because he turned to his daughter with a look of uncertainty, as if he wanted her approval.

"Well, what do you think of your old man now?" he asked her with a grin.

"Well, if you insist, then I guess I'll have to do it," my uncle joked with my dad.

He looked at me and held his cock in his hand, slowly stroking it right in front of me. "Well Kelly, are you ready for some of this?" he asked me.

What did he expect me to say? Of course I was so I didn't bother saying anything and just gave him a nasty grin. Not only was I was ready for it, I'd been thinking about him fucking me all day!

Leaning forward. I took his cock from his hand and started to stroke it with my own hand. He felt so warm and hard! His crotch was covered in thick pubic hair which blended in with the hair on his stomach and legs. I rubbed his cock head against my chin and cheeks and gave him a quick kiss on the tip of the head.

"Alright, Alright... quit teasing me slut and suck it," my uncle commanded me.

I grinned up at him and with our eyes locked together I took his cock in my mouth and sucked it hard, stroking it in and out of my mouth without taking my eyes away from his. Uncle Jim groaned and leaned forward, pulling my head into him with both hands.

"God damn it that feels so fucking good!" he groaned out load. I glanced to the side and could see other boats on the lake. They were all a good ways off and so long as they didn't have binoculars, I was sure they couldn't tell what was going on, not that I really cared to tell the truth. In fact, it would've been pretty hot if someone DID see us! I loved to be watched so what would be the harm?

My uncle maneuvered his way to where he was sitting on the cushions next to me. I leaned over and kept his dick in my mouth, not letting it slip out even once in the process. As good a blowjob as I was giving him, it wasn't what my uncle was craving. He wanted to fuck me. Not just fuck me though, he wanted to fuck me in front of my dad!

Even the idea of fucking me in front of my dad wasn't what I think was really getting him horny now. It was the idea of fucking me in front of his daughter that seemed to be foremost on his mind. I wondered if he had any thoughts of fucking her as well? I couldn't see how he could NOT but you never knew, some men are funny about that. I've been with fathers who loved fucking young girls and fantasized about their daughters but in real life they would never actually do it. Somehow I didn't think my Uncle Jim fell in this category but until it actually happened I couldn't say for sure.

"Get up here and sit on my dick," he demanded.

Dutifully I started to climb on him so I would be facing him but he grabbed me by the hips and spun me around.

"Nope, I want you to see them," he said, "I want you to face them while you show them both what a fucking little slut you are."

I wasn't sure what my uncle was thinking but if it made his day then so be it. It didn't bother me at all to see Tammy and my dad watching me get fucked – both of them had already anyway. I WAS interested in watching Tammy though because this wasn't her brother fucking me now, but rather her dear old dad. Her face was a constantly changing mirror of her emotions as I stood between her dad's legs and lowered my pussy down onto his cock.

I sighed as my uncle's stiff cock pressed further and then forced its way into me. With my legs close together like this it made my pussy even tighter than usual and his cock was straining to find its way into my resisting pussy hole. It's not like I WANTED him not to violate me, it was just the way I was down there. I loved it because the harder it was for him to enter, the better it felt when my pussy finally surrendered and opened up for him.

Such was the case this time as suddenly it was like my pussy waved a white flag and the head of his cock expanded my cunt and forced its way into me. God he felt so big in me! My pussy felt like it was being stretched open and a surge of pleasure erupted from between my legs which spread upward through the rest of me as his cock went deeper and deeper inside of me.

My ass was finally sitting on his lap and I looked down to see his cock as it disappeared inside of me. It was always fascinating for me to look between my legs when a man was fucking me and actually SEE the cock I was feeling inside of me moving in and out of me. For some reason it was just intriguing to see a part of him actually penetrating me and at the same time feeling it up inside of me. I wasn't the only one interested in seeing me being fucked.

I looked up and saw my dad and cousin were just as mesmerized at the sight as I was. Tammy saw me looking at her and a broad grin broke out on her face.

"So what do you think Tammy?" I called over to her, "What's it like seeing your daddy fuck me?"

Oh yeah, she liked it! The little vixen was getting turned on more by the minute as evidenced by the hand that had slipped between her thin legs. She was rubbing herself through her bikini bottom and I could actually see the wet spot where she was soaking though it already!

I turned my attention back to my own pussy and the incredible feelings I was experiencing having my uncle fuck me. I have always maintained that sex is 20% physical and 80% mental and this was just proving my theory. I had fucked guys in just this way dozens of times yet for some reason it was more of a turn-on now than ever. It was easily explained - I wasn't just being fucked in some hotel room all alone with some horny guy, not at all!! No, I was being fucked by my uncle AND being watched by my own father and young cousin!

While my uncle may not have been my father, there was still something about fucking him knowing my Aunt Shari was back on shore without a clue in the world what her husband was doing to me! The entire setting was erotic in every way - boats driving by and waving to us without a clue that I wasn't just sitting on his lap but being screwed by him as well! None of them came so close as to be able to see I but it was still wild just the same.

Knowing my dad, it surprised me that he could just sit there and watch me being fucked. In the past when he watched my uncle fucking me he would at least masturbate or show some sign he was turned on. Today he must have been too occupied with driving the boat as he didn't openly respond other than to watch as much as he could.

It must have been getting to him, though, as he turned into the next inlet. The waterway made a bend and after turning he nosed the bow of the boat against the shore such that we were facing the lake but with some trees and brush between us. Even then, someone would have had to come in the inlet as well to see clearly what we were doing. Turning off the engine, he stood up and stretched. I was still bouncing on Uncle Jim's cock, just having a good time. I could have gone on all day like this but unfortunately men have their limits.

"Slow down girl," my uncle warned me, "We don't want to rush things here."

I didn't just slow down, I stopped and sat down on his lap with his dick up in me. Needless to say, it was impossible for me to keep completely still with the feeling of him in my lower abdomen so I would wiggle and squirm just enough to feel him move slightly in me.

lined up his cock with her little pussy hole and I saw his butt clench as he thrust his dick forward. There was just a moment of resistance but he pushed harder and quickly he was in her. He pushed about half his cock into her and then just held it there, letting her grow accustomed to it again. So far it had gone easier than this morning and I had no doubt it was because Tammy was so much more turned on at the thought of being fucked in front of her dad.

"God Jim, she's so fucking tight!" my dad groaned.

I turned my head around to my uncle and winked. He got the idea and we stood up together such that he stayed in me as I took a position next to my cousin. Now both fathers were fucking the other's daughter side by side. I looked at Tammy next to me and we both smiled and then we reached out to kiss one another. It was to keep together though as our dads were each fucking us to their own rhythm so we were being pushed and pulled out of sync with one another.

"This is SO fucking incredible!" my uncle exclaimed, "God damn it John, I can't believe we're doing this!"

"Better than doing the sisters?" my dad responded. Tammy looked confused but I knew he must have been talking about my mom and her sister. Tammy didn't know about what my dad and I did with my Aunt Linda – at least not yet.

"Shit, that was NOTHING compared to this," Uncle Jim said, starting to pant as he fucked me using a continuous rhythm.

"Yeah, I guess not many guys get to fuck each other's daughter," my dad said, laughing at his own joke.

It was true though. I could say something similar as well. How many girls get to be fucked by their uncle – with their own father fucking their cousin right next to them? I was loving it just as much as they were and from the look on her face, so was Tammy.

It was all so erotic I can't describe in words what it was like to be in this situation. In the calmness of the lake I could literally hear them fucking us, their crotches slapping up against our asses, our pussies sounding so wet as their dicks worked their way in and out of us, the dirty things they said to us as they fucked us. But most of all I felt my uncle's dick fucking me, that wonderful, incredible sensation of a man's cock as it moved in and out of me, stimulating me in ways nothing else can, in places nothing else can. I could be fucked 24 hours a day and STILL not be satisfied!

were animals while they were fucking me and then cried afterwards as they realized what they had done and how no matter what they ever did, their act of adultery could never be taken back. I had a feeling once my uncle's sperm count revived he would looking to fuck Tammy again! For now I just had to get her through this without screwing her head up completely.

"Damn! Look at the time. We better head back before they send out a search party for us!" my dad said.

We all quickly slipped on our bathing suits, not that it took much time to do that, and my dad pulled us away from shore and headed back out across the lake. Tammy was sitting next to me and I had my arm around her. She looked dazed and confused as I tried to explain to her why her father had reacted the way he had.

Indeed, to confirm my theory he was already rebounding and had stopped talking to himself about what he had done and was back to bantering with my dad about everything. He looked back and saw the two of sitting there and the look on his daughter's face. Leaving my dad to drive, he came back to us and sat on the opposite side of Tammy and hugged her.

"Sorry baby, I don't know what got into me," he consoled her. "I love you and I just want what's best for you."

"But why are you so sorry you had sex with me?" Tammy said in a tearful voice. "You seemed to like fucking Kelly. Wasn't I good enough for you?"

"Oh baby, baby," he said, hugging her tight, "You were incredible! I mean my god, did you see how hard I came? YOU did that to me, not Kelly."

Tammy brightened up a little at that but she still didn't seem completely convinced. She looked at her dad and asked, "Do you want to do it again with me?"

Uncle Jim kissed her on the forehead and replied, "We will someday baby, we will. For now we have to keep this between us though, OK?"

I knew what he meant, that she shouldn't be telling anybody, including Rick. Rick was a typical eighteen year old horny boy and if he knew his dad was fucking his sister, I doubted he would kept the secret very long. There was no way she would tell her mom, he didn't have to tell her that. By the time we had reached the dock everyone seemed happy again and Tammy was the first to jump out when we were tied up. She ran to her mom who apparently had recovered and was waiting for us and gave her a big hug.

"Gee, where in the world did you guys go off to?" my aunt asked. "I was expecting you back a half hour ago! Everything OK?"

my sexual history is that I didn't give my virginity to him. Helping him to take Tammy's, who was the same age as me when I lost mine to my boyfriend, made me feel better, as if I had somehow wiped an unpaid debt from the books.

One of the key questions in my mind now was what would happen now between Rick and Tammy - if anything. Rick was just your typical horny teenage boy so it didn't take much for me to convince him to fuck me just over a year earlier. Although I had played around a little Tammy even before Rick, it had been relatively harmless. I was as surprised as anyone when she "caught" Rick and me going at it during Christmas break and instead of turning us in to their uptight mother, she actually let me teach her how to give a blowjob - with her brother as my teaching aid! Her older sister Kate was like her mother - a complete prude, and I think it was more rebellion on Tammy's part than sexual drive that drove her it.

From what the two of them told me, she'd been sucking her brother's cock almost daily ever since, not to mention those of most of his friends as well. Tammy obviously loved sucking cock but despite their pleading and begging, she had been adamant in refusing to allow any of them to penetrate her in the slightest which must have drove them nuts!

To make it worse for the guys, Tammy just seemed to be born with everything it took to be the perfect cock teaser. She let them lick her pussy and touch it. She would let them rub their cocks against her bare pussy, even let them rub it up and down her wet slit. All that sort of stuff was fine, they were even allowed to cum on her but the moment any of them started to press up against her pussy hole she stopped them dead in their tracks.

I can only imagine how many times Rick must have masturbated as he dreamed of fucking his little sister. My biggest fear had been that one day he would just rape her to get it over with. They could be such intimate siblings sometimes, such as when he was on top or her and rubbing the length of his hard cock along her wet pussy slit, that it wouldn't have taken much for him to do it so I had to give him some credit for not taking advantage of his sister in that way.

Now that Tammy had lost her virginity and realized that all the horrible results that her mother had tried to brainwash her wish had never happened, would she allow them to fuck her as well or stick with the blowjobs? Rick knew she wasn't a virgin anymore as well as who had taken it but that was all. What he still did NOT know, at least so far as I knew, was that his own dad had already gotten what he had been wanting so desperately - to have sex with Tammy.

From my own perspective, now that she had been fucked by both of our dads and realized how good sex really was, Tammy had little basis for refusing her brother's desires other than to just be mean to her older brother. I thought Rick was actually quite handsome and a pretty good hunk of an eighteen year old. I really enjoyed it when he fucked me, as did my mom who had been with him a lot more than me, so it wasn't like Tammy needed to worry about whether or not he would be any good.

Of course, as I mentioned Tammy might not let her brother fuck her just on principle alone. I've witnessed a number of sibling rivalries and fights but it would be the cruelest blow I'd ever heard of if she started fucking other guys and still refused him!

There was just something about that look in her eyes when she was having sex that I left me with no doubt that she was going to be quite the little slut. She was probably already craving her next fucking so with a hunk of a brother at her disposal virtually any time she wanted it, why not take advantage of the situation?

I often wondered what it would be like to have a brother who could do me any time either of us wanted it. True, my dad did me a lot but that I would think it would be a lot different to be fucked by your brother than your dad. With my dad it is more me being a good daughter who is trying to satisfy her father's most intimate desires and needs. With a brother I would think it would just be fun!

## 2. Sibling Debates

It was an uneventful Tuesday and I was being lazy, laying around in bed until almost noon. My dad had awakened me just before 5:30 AM and I was so tired at the time that I could barely remember him fucking me before he left for work. One thing I knew, it wasn't a dream - the evidence had dried on my pussy and sheets. Unfortunately, I was still recovering from the weekend and trying to be responsive at that early of an hour was just too much to ask. From the evidence left behind, obviously my dad didn't mind fucking me while I was all but asleep and unresponsive!

In any case, I drifted back off to sleep immediately after he left and now it was almost mid-day and I still hadn't even gotten out of bed yet!

I was finally awakened once and for all when my cell phone rang. I wasn't going to answer it until I saw it was my cousin Tammy calling. She was excited about something and was calling to ask if she and Rick could come over to my house for a while since she knew I was home alone. I guess that my mom must have told her mom who told Tammy. Anyway, she was going to tell her mom that they were going to go to the mall for a while but she hinted at other plans that they would tell me about when they got to my house. Naturally I was curious so I told her it was fine with me.

When I hung up I finally rolled out of bed to get cleaned up before they arrived. While I was in the shower I made sure to make an extra effort when I shaved my pussy and legs as something told me that they weren't coming over to watch TV.

I debated quite a bit over what to wear and decided the less and looser the better. My old pair of gym shorts were so baggy that when I sat down in them or laid down on my stomach they allowed a pretty good view up the legs and then you know where further up. A tube top is always a good choice when you want to make sure someone has easy access to your boobs so I slipped on a small rainbow- striped one, arranging it so it barely covered my boobs. Besides, it wasn't like either of these two hadn't seen me naked before so what was there to hide!

I pulled my hair back in a ponytail so it would be out of the way. No need for socks or shoes since we wouldn't be leaving the house. I splashed a little Charlie on my neck and pussy (what I can I say, my mom got me hooked on it). A quick final check in the mirror and I headed downstairs to wait for them. I decided to hang out on the deck since I could hear when their car pull in and not be surprised.

Heading downstairs, I grabbed a glass of water as I passed through the kitchen and then opened the door at the rear of the kitchen leading to our deck. Since our house was on a typical Pittsburgh hill, the garage was at the rear of the house and actually level with the basement thanks to the steep slope. Our deck essentially formed a roof over the garage so it was quite large - the same area as our two-car garage. We kept some outdoor furniture out most of the time and today the chaise lounge beckoned me so I fell back into it and closed my eyes to keep out the sun.

It wasn't the clearest of warmest of summer days but even with a little cloud cover the sun was still bright enough to make me wish I'd brought out my sunglasses. Fortunately it was still plenty warm out, even if you couldn't hardly see any shadows, enough to warm the cushion on the lounge chair so when I laid back on it I could feel the heat against my back and legs.

From where I was I could see the top of our driveway and still no sign of Tammy and Rick. Well, where were they? I started to think of all the possible reasons

My pussy was getting so wet, just like it had while my dad and uncle had fucked me over and over throughout the weekend. Without really thinking about it, I slipped my tube top down to free my boobs after which I started to play with my nipples with one hand while I used the other to play with my clit. My eyes were shut tight and I was getting so close to my orgasm when suddenly I heard a noise from the house and the door to the deck burst open. I hadn't realized how much I had shut off the rest of the world while I was masturbating but thankfully Tammy and then Rick appeared.

"Damn girl, couldn't you wait a few more minutes?" Rick teased me.

I just glared at him and pulled my hand from my pussy.

"Whoa! I didn't mean you had to stop," he said.

From the smug expression on his face I could tell he was serious. Typical horny teenage boy - just thinking about himself. He didn't care if I got off so much as he just wanted to watch me get there. Normally I would have treated him to his little fantasy and finished myself off while he watched but Tammy was here and I couldn't wait to talk to her. For some reason, habit I guess, I pulled up my tube top, grabbed my shorts and quickly slipped them on. Soon the three of us were sitting around the glass-topped table on the deck. Rick cranked opened the umbrella even though the sun wasn't all that bright.

"So, what brings the two of you over?" I asked, acting as if I had no idea.

Rick was the first to responds saying, "Well, to be blunt, after this weekend I've been so fucking horny but with mom and Kate around all the time... well there just hasn't been any time to do anything about, if you know what I mean." He looked over at Tammy who actually blushed! Rick continued. "Besides, I have a couple of questions now for you two, and I want the truth - OK?"

Tammy and I looked at each other and then we both turned to look at Rick. We each had our poker faces on and waited for Rick to finish.

"OK, I see neither of you is going to make this easy," Rick said, as the two of us pretended to not have any idea what he was talking about. "Saturday morning, when you two came back in the cabin, you both seemed awfully excited. So Tammy - did Uncle John really fuck you or where you two just trying to tease me?"

Well, I could see that Tammy certainly didn't have a career as a poker player in her future as the look on her face gave everything away in an instant. Rick's eyes opened wide. Somehow, even though he probably fantasized about it, I think he wasn't really convinced it had actually happened. Now that he knew the truth, it was a bit mind-boggling for him. I suppose I could understand, it's not every guy that finds out his sister's first fuck was with her uncle! Then again, it's not every guy whose sister sucks him off whenever he asks either!

Rick quickly regained his composure and continued. "So what happened when you guys went out on the boat with dad and Uncle John on Sunday? I don't buy the 'we just drove around the lake' excuse!"

I was the one to answer this time but instead of confirming his suspicions I answered his question with another question, "So Rick, what do YOU think happened?"

Rick took a deep breath before answering this time. "Well, to be perfectly honest, until just now I figured my slutty cousin and sister were giving out blow jobs to their uncles. Now... well now I can only imagine what went on."

He hesitated for a second, as if unsure he should say something. Then a look of determination came over him and he asked, "Assuming Uncle John fucked Tammy again, God I still can't get use to saying that, did our dad fuck you Kelly?"

I couldn't help but grin at that one. I turned to face Rick directly and then asked in a naughty tone of voice, "So what makes you think you're so special that you're the only guy in your family that gets to fuck me?"

Rick stammered a bit at that but quickly regained his composure. "Well, I didn't mean THAT. So tell me, how long have you been getting laid by my dad?"

I grinned mischievously and replied, "Well, let's just say he's been doing me longer than you have. Besides, you like fucking my mom better than me anyway so what's the big deal?"

Tammy's mouth opened like a bass going for a lure. "You WHAT?" she exclaimed, looking at Rick with eyes wide.

Rick immediately realized what he'd said and tried to downplay his last statement saying, "It's not like it sounds Tammy."

I coughed into my hand with a muffled "bullshit" under my breath and Tammy looked at her brother with her arms folded and demanded in an incredulous tone, enunciating each word slowly, "What? You... fuck... Aunt... Mary?" Rick got defensive and said, "Well, you're screwing Uncle John so what's the difference? Besides, you're only fourteen so don't preach to me."

Tammy glared at him and replied, "Well, my being fourteen never seems to bother when you want your dick sucked." I stepped in before this brother-sister argument got out of hand. "What difference does it make? So you each fuck my parents - what's the big deal?" Rick and Tammy just stayed quiet so I continued, "You know what I think? I think you're jealous Rick."

Rick tried to laugh as if I was talking nonsense. "Oh come on... that's just ridiculous! Tammy's my sister for crying out loud."

"What's THAT got to do with anything?" I responded, "You've been dying to fuck your sister since the first time she blew you and you know it."

Rick didn't answer but his silence spoke volumes. I turned to Tammy who had been quiet during this last exchange. "And as for you, are you going to let your brother fuck you now or just stay a major tease?"

Tammy's nose crinkled up looked like a skunk had just gone off next to us. "Ewwwww - you mean let HIM fuck ME? Earth to Kelly, have you forgotten he's my BROTHER!"

Rick heaved a heavy sigh of frustration. "Oh for crying out loud sis, you've been sucking my dick for months. So what if I'm your brother. What's the big deal anyway?"

Tammy scrunched up her face at him and replied, "I don't know, it's just... different I guess. Sucking your cock is fun and besides, almost all of my friends do it too. I just can't imagine my own brother actually fucking me though. Besides, isn't that incest!"

In my mind I wanted to just scream with frustration. For God's sake, what did she think letting her uncle and dad fuck her was if not incest? Of course, I didn't say it out loud, but it took all the willpower I had to keep it bottled up in me.

In a way, I guess I could empathize with her dilemma. From my own experience, I knew that letting your dad fuck you was something a daughter SHOULD do if for no reason than to respect her father's authority so it was relatively easy for her to rationalize having sex with her dad. On the flip side of the coin, allowing her brother to fuck her probably seemed to be just indulging his perverted lusts and fantasies.

I mean like, it wasn't as if Tammy needed to let her brother fuck her if all she wanted was to have sex. Indeed, that is one area where girls have it all over guys. A girl can get laid virtually at any time so long as she's not overly picky. At her age and with her looks, Tammy could easily get all the sex she wanted. Rick, on the other hand, was probably not getting it or at least not as much as he wanted so being able to screw his own sister would be a dream come true.

In the meantime, Rick had gone back to debating his sister. "Well I hate to be the one to inform you of this, what do you call letting your uncle fuck you if not incest?"

It was Tammy's turn to be defensive but she stuck to her guns. "Silly, that's different and you know it. Like I said, you're my BROTHER and nice girls just don't fuck their brothers."

"Ohhhhhh? But it's OK to blow them?" Rick asked, more as a point in the debate than a question.

"Well, that's not sex," Tammy answered weakly, "besides, everyone does THAT."

"Oh yea, I'm sure that's what Mom would say if she caught you with my dick in your mouth," Rick said as he laughed.

We all laughed at the thought of their mother which helped to break the tension that had been building.

## 3. Tammy Surprises Her Brother

I decided it was time to move on so I pushed my chair back from the table and stood up between the two of them.

"Well, on THAT note, you two didn't come over here to debate so let's quit wasting time and have some fun!" I said.

Rick laughed and pointed at Tammy saying, "Sounds like a GREAT idea - get over here sis and suck my dick."

"Say please," she taunted him.

Rick reached over and grabbed her, pulling her up against him. "What do you mean saying I have to say please, you little slut? I think YOU should be the way saying please!"

It was crude but yet at the same time I got a kick out of their little banter. I thought about what he had said about their mom catching them and tried to imagine what she would say if she had just heard this exchange between Rick and his sister. If anything, it just made what they did seem all the hotter to me knowing that their prudish mother would go totally ballistic if she even had a clue of what they did behind her back! Tammy grinned and moved over to where Rick as sitting.

"Well, if you want so bad for me to suck it, why are you still dressed?" she said with a sly smile.

Rick didn't need to be told twice and I watched as he quickly stripped off his shorts and sneakers and sat back down again. One look at his hairy crotch was all I needed to verify that he was already hard and my mouth watered as I saw his rigid cock extending from his crotch but Tammy wasn't satisfied.

"I meant everything and you know it," she demanded.

Although Rick sighed in mock exasperation, he quickly pulled off his t-shirt such that he was now sitting there nude. I admired his cut body and no matter how Tammy might have felt about him fucking her, I certainly was open to the idea!

Tammy had this big grin on her face. No matter how she might feel about being fucked by her brother, I knew she LOVED to suck his cock more than any other guy's. Looking at him, I couldn't blame her. There he was, leaning back in the chair with his legs spread apart, his cock rising from his lush pubic hair like a ballistic missile on the launch pad.

It wasn't just Rick's erection that caught my eye. Rick had a nice looking cock too. Some guys just have weird looking cocks with strange colors and covered with birth marks but Rick's was classic, with a large smooth head and a darker ring around his shaft below the head. The rest of him was sleek and smooth and tasted wonderful. For a teenage boy he was also better than average in personal hygiene. I don't mind a little smell of sweat and musk but some guys don't seem to believe in daily showers and can get downright raunchy. Rick was almost always clean and I loved to bury my face in his crotch and take in a deep breath of his pure male scent.

"Now THAT'S what I like to see - a nice hard cock waiting just for me," Tammy teased Rick.

She got down on her knees and reached out to grab his shaft with one hand. As I watched, she slowly began to stroke him and tease him.

"I bet you wish you'd been out on the boat with us, don't you?" she said, winking at me. Without waiting for an answer - it was obvious anyway, she continued, "Uncle John loved the way I sucked his dick; but I love your cock the best."

I sat back down on my chair and watched as my little cousin nestled her way in between her brother's bare legs, never losing her grip on his cock. She rested her arms on his thighs and looked up at him with a smile. "Tell me what you want," she said in a sultry voice.

"God I want you to suck my dick so bad," Rick groaned, "I want to watch you take it all in your mouth."

better access to her fuzzy little cunt. Rick began exploring her pussy with his fingers and eventually got one up inside of her.

"Hmmmmmm, wet already," he commented, "I think somebody's horny."

Tammy just mumbled something but otherwise just let him grope her how he wanted. I didn't mind, I was enjoying the sensation of his cock in my mouth as I knew where it was going to be before long - even if he didn't.

"Turn around and show me your ass," Rick commanded Tammy.

She did as she was told and he pushed her on the small of her back saying, "Now bend over, I want a good view of that little ass and tight pussy. Tammy leaned over until she was lying face down on the table with her feet on the deck. Rick pushed her legs apart and as I looked to the side, I could see her cute little butt with the fuzz of her pussy poking out for us both to enjoy. Rick reached in and pushed his finger up into her, wetting it with her pussy juices. Then he pulled it out and smeared her wetness around her asshole, toying with it around the edges with his fingertip.

"Rick, what the heck are you doing?" Tammy said, turning her head to look behind her.

"Shut up slut," Rick admonished her, "If you're old enough to get screwed, you're old enough to let me play with your ass."

"But Rickkkkkkk!" Tammy whined, "That's so dirty."

"No it's not. Besides, I know you took a shower before we came over," Rick said in reply, "C'mon, spread your cheeks apart for me. Shit, you love showing off your ass any other time."

Despite her earlier protests, she reached behind her with both hands and pulled her butt cheeks apart without another word. Seeing her showing off, I was literally went on hold so far as sucking his cock went. It may have had it about half-way in my mouth, but my attention was focused on what the two of them were doing now. Rick knew I wasn't into anal so he didn't dare ask me to do what Tammy was doing but it seemed he had found someone more compliant to his wishes. I have never understood the fascination guys have with assholes but they seemed to love sticking their fingers and dicks in them. Rick was no different as sure enough, he reached out and pressed his first finger up against her pink asshole until it went in her up to the first knuckle.

"Stop it, that feels weird," Tammy protested.

Other than her words, though, she didn't let go of her butt, let alone do anything else to stop him, which Rick took as her unspoken permission to keep on going. He pressed his finger in further until two knuckles were now up her asshole.

"Owwwwwww, now that REALLY feels weird," Tammy said, a little louder this time. Rick twisted his finger around in her asshole and then pulled it back out to the first knuckle before pushing it back in her again. He paused for a few seconds, as if unsure of whether or not he should continue. Tammy seemed to be quickly adapting to the new sensations though.

"Well, if you're going to do it then do it dammit," Tammy growled. "Don't start and then quit!"

Rick grinned broadly and continued playing with her ass but as he did he looked down at me and used his other hand to push my head down onto his cock more.

"Speaking of starting something and quitting, who told you to stop sucking my cock?" he said harshly to me.

It was typical Rick; he liked to think he was the one in charge when we had sex so I usually indulged his little fantasy but sometime he could be a pain in the neck. In reality, it was ME that held all the power since all I had to do was quit sucking his cock and he would be quickly reduced to begging for more. Oh well, if he wanted to think he was the dominate one, I was more than willing to let him so long as he fucked me good!

After a while more of this I eventually dropped his cock from my mouth and stood up in front of him. Rick looked up at me and grinned, thinking I was going to ask him to fuck me like I usually did after I sucked his cock. Well, it was true he was about to fuck a girl, he just had no idea what I really had planned for him!

"OK Rick, get your finger out of your sister's ass and lay down on the chaise lounge so we take care of you?" I suggested.

Needless to say, he didn't protest and I quickly stripped off my clothes so now all three of us were totally naked out in the open on the deck. Fortunately by being on top of our garage nobody could see us without a telescope on the next hill over. I lowered the back of the chaise lounge until it was flat and then laid out a beach towel over it. Rick sat down and swung his legs up on it and then laid back flat. It was sort of funny the way his cock stood up straight in the air. If the sun had been out we could have used it for a sun dial! As it was, it beckoned for someone to sit on it and so I decided not to keep it waiting any longer than usual.

"I'll ride him while you straddle his face," I told Tammy, taking charge of the situation.

She nodded eagerly and moved to the top of the chair. I lifted my left leg and stretched out over him. It was a bit of a stretch to straddle the chaise lounge but it also spread my legs wide apart making it easier for me to maneuver his cock into me. I was pretty wet from my earlier masturbating and sucking of his cock so he slipped inside without much protest from my pussy. I dropped down on him and sat on his lap, wiggling my butt on his crotch so I could feel his cock moving in me. I held myself up with my hands behind me on his thighs while I lifted my feet up on the lounge chair beside him letting him get a good view of his cock as it disappeared inside of my bare pussy. His cock was being pulled back making it rub hard against my pussy as I rocked on him, forcing him to slip in and out of me just enough to stimulate the inner lining of my pussy.

"Like what you see?" I teased him.

He started to say something but just then Tammy decided she had waited long enough and she pulled herself up over his face. She was too short to straddle the lounge chair so she left her left leg on the deck and just raised her right leg up and over his face, pulling his head to the side of the chaise lounge such that his face was nestled in her fuzzy little pussy. She looked at me with a huge grin on her face as his tongue started to work on her pussy, licking her like a cat with a bowl of milk.

"Feel good?" I asked her.

"Oh yeah!" she said with a giggle, "Tickles a little bit actually."

Tammy started to giggle more and squirm as her brother licked her pussy even faster. In the meantime I was rocking on his cock, letting him slide a little more in and out of me now. I could have gone on all day like this but at some point a thought came to me and I couldn't wait another minute to put it into action. I slipped off his cock and stood up. Tammy looked at me with a question in her eyes.

"Don't stop - I just have to go get something!" I said as I hurried into the house.

I went up to my parents room and quickly rummaged through their dresser until I found what I was looking for. I grabbed it and rushed back down to the deck where I saw Tammy hadn't wasted any time. She had gotten up on the chair and straddled him such that now they were in a 69 with her sucking his cock while he continued his work on her pussy. I should have known she wouldn't be able to resist seeing his cock just standing there without going after it. I watched them silently for a few minutes. I was tempted to go back in the house and get my camera God they looked so hot together! Seeing this young girl on top of an older teenage boy was erotic in and of itself. Knowing she was his sister just made it all the better!

It was obvious that Tammy had been practicing quite a bit as her technique was better than mine when I was her age. Of course, I didn't have an older cousin giving me hints either although my mom did a pretty good job of teaching me how to suck a guy well. As it was, I was so mesmerized by the sight of my cousins getting it on that I just stood in the doorway, playing lightly with myself.

Finally, I knew that if I didn't move on I wouldn't be able to stop touching myself and I had other plans in mind for this afternoon. I licked my pussy finger off and then stepped back out onto the deck.

"OK you two, take a break, I have an idea for a fun game," I announced, "C'mon, get up for just a second."

Neither of them seemed too enthused about pausing for even a minute from what they were doing but reluctantly Tammy lifted her head from her brother's crotch and the two of the stood together to see what was on my mind. Even so, Tammy still had one hand holding her brother's cock, as if she couldn't stand to be separated from it for even a minute. I took the cushion and beach towel off of the chaise lounge and laid them out on the deck.

"There, that's better. That lounge chair is just too hard to get comfy on," I said with a theatrical sigh of relief. "OK Rick, assume the position."

Rick laughed at my poor acting job but he followed my directions and laid down again. I was pleased to see he hadn't softened up one bit but then, that would have been difficult with his sister's hand on him the whole time! Then I then opened my hand to show what I had been hiding since I came back - my dad's sleeping eye shades, the type they give you on airplanes for covering your eyes when you try to go to sleep.

I don't think either of them recognized what they were right away as they had been crumbled up inside of my hand but when I reached down and slipped them over Rick's head, they both murmured as they realized what my plan was. Fortunately, Rick didn't protest as I pulled them down, covering his eyes and effectively blindfolding him. Then he seemed to think about it some more and started to protest but I shushed him and he stayed quiet after that..

"OK, the name of the game is 'Who AM I' and you have to guess which of us is doing something to you," I announced.

Tammy looked at me with a "what are you talking about" look so I explained further. "One of us will do something to Rick and he has to figure out which of us it is."

Rick cut in saying, "And what do I get if I'm right?"

I kicked him gently but enough to let him know he was being a goof. "Frankly, I think the whole game is your reward so just shut up!" I said, grinning at Tammy who was now smiling as she realized what the game was. "OK, you have to be still now and see if you can figure out which of us this is - no hands either!"

I looked at Tammy and silently pointed to myself to indicate to her I wanted to go first. She frowned but nodded in agreement so I quietly kneeled down next to him and kissed him on the lips. He responded and our tongues met briefly before I pulled back and stood up.

Rick licked his lips as if he had just tasted a great dessert and said, "Shit, that was easy - Kelly; nobody tongues me like that."

"Score one for the goofball," I announced.

Tammy raised her hand and I debated whether she could go or me again. Should we try to fool him or would he expect us to swap back and forth or what? I couldn't decide one way or the other so I decided to let Tammy have her way. I nodded and so she was the one to kneel down this time and she gently sucked the left nipple on his chest. She licked it pulled on it with her teeth gently and then sucked it hard like a baby with a nipple on a bottle. I think she would have gone on for quite a while so I tapped her on the back and she reluctantly backed off and stood by me, waiting for his verdict.

"This is too easy - Tammy," he declared.

I asked why he thought so and he responded saying, "Kelly has never been a big fan of sucking my nipples so it had to be Tammy."

I'd never really thought about that before but he was right. I didn't suck a guy's nipples normally unless he asked me too. It's not like I ever sat down and made a conscious decision NOT to, I just never got into it I guess.

The score was now 2-0 in favor of Rick. This called for a new game plan! Tammy indicated she wanted to go again which seemed reasonable as I figured Rick would expect it to be me the next time. This time she remained standing and used her foot to play with his dick. She rubbed it against his stomach under the ball of her foot and then used her toes to run up and down the shaft. Rick didn't even wait for her to finish this time.

why not her brother. If anything, I would bet it would be easier for her to get him to fuck her in the future than her father anyway so why not get started now?

Sure enough, Tammy looked over at me, shrugged and took in a deep breath. I watched closely as she stepped over Rick with one foot on each side of his hips. She started to lower herself down but then stopped and looked at me as if she needed one last push, one more affirmation that it was OK.

I nodded at her and mouthed, "Go for it!".

She rolled her eyes and shook her head as if to tell me she couldn't believe she was doing it but she did anyway. I watched intently as her knees bent and his cock was just inches away from her pussy. It wasn't like she was a virgin anymore so the suspense of her first fuck was no longer there but it was still a "first" in that it was the first time she would be fucking her brother.

Tammy used one hand to spread her pussy apart and the other to hold Rick's cock in position. Fortunately she was still soaking wet from their recent 69 and his head started to pierce her pussy until it stopped about halfway in her. She repositioned herself, this time kneeling on each side of him instead of standing. It was a lot easy to control her decent by starting out lower than it was before.

This time when his cock was stopped by the tightness of her pussy but she grunted softly and pushed herself down hard onto it. Rick even groaned this time as his cock, as hard as it was, started to bend under the strain of pushing into her tight cunt. Tammy was determined, though, and if there was one thing I could say for her, she didn't give up easily. If our dad's cocks could fit into her, his certainly should be able to although I had to say that Rick's cock was as least as large as his dad's.

With another grunt Tammy pressed down hard on her brother's dick and it was like something just gave way as suddenly she dropped down onto his lap and his cock was buried to the hilt inside of her.

I finally took my first breath from the time she had first started taking his dick in her. Damn, Rick was actually fucking his sister after all these months of frustration - and he didn't even know it! How hot was THAT?

"Awful tight today but of course that's Kelly," Rick said, actually a little sad in his tone.

I think he was wishing that somehow his sister was riding him instead of me but he knew that she would never do it - at least , that is what he THOUGHT.

I motioned for Tammy to stay on him and I straddled his face and lowered my pussy down to his tongue. He started to lick me but as soon as his tongue touched my cunt he stopped.

"What the hell?" he suddenly asked.

He ripped off the mask and looked up at me, his eyes wide as saucers. "I thought so but I didn't believe it. It HAD to be Tammy on my face but there's no hair so that meant it was you."

He paused for a second and his eyes even widened further. "If YOU'RE on my face, then who the hell is riding my cock?"

Of course he knew but it was fun to hear him ask anyway. I laughed and moved off to the side so he could look down. He lifted his head and stared at the sight of his cute little sister riding his cock.

"Oh... my... God!" he exclaimed, "Oh yeah, I'm fucking you! God damn I'm fucking my sister! ...Finally!"

He was so surprised and happy at the same time that I couldn't help but laugh at the situation. It was interesting to note the differences between how her father had fucked her compared to her brother. Her dad had actually been a little remorseful immediately after fucking his daughter for the first time. He had seemed unsure as to whether or not what he had done was the right thing for a father to do with his daughter (although it didn't take long for him to reconcile with that).

In contrast, Rick was ecstatic at the realization of what was happening. After all those months of being teased by her, of her letting him get so close yet at the last possible moment denying him, she was finally doing what he had undoubtedly masturbated so many times thinking about - riding his cock!

Tammy was rocking on her brother's dick ever so slowly. She grinned at his outburst and nodded her head at me saying, "Well, you should thank Kelly here, she's the one who convinced me."

I waved her off and shook my head, "Yeah right, like it took a lot of convincing. I knew once you finally got the feel of a cock in that pussy that you wouldn't be turning it down again any time soon - no matter who's it was."

"Well, it DOES feel pretty good," Tammy agreed with a big grin as she rocked harder and faster, "Even if it's my brother's."

"You know Rick, your little sister is becoming quite the little slut, wouldn't you say?"

"Harder!" she barked at him as she rocked back on forth on her elbows and knees. With his sister doing all the work, Rick had been just kneeling behind her and enjoying the ride!

"OK, you asked for it sis," he replied.

With that he suddenly swung his hips forward, almost knocking her down to the deck. He grabbed her by the hips and pulled her roughly back up to him and then banged her again. I started to speak out as I was afraid that he might be hurting her but she turned her head toward me and grinned.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S the way I like it" she said, "Fuck me hard Rick.. fuck me!"

Well, so much for not wanting her brother to fuck her! Now that she had his cock in her she was singing a different tune, just as I knew she would. From my own experience I know that in almost every case, any worries I had about fucking a guy in a certain location or situation disappeared once his cock was in me. There is something about getting laid that trumps everything! Rick was only Tammy's third guy so she was learning that lesson for herself. As much as she was once positive that she never wanted her own other to fuck her, now she wanted nothing more. I had a feeling that Rick's cock was going to be spending a lot of time in her pussy from now on! Rick wasn't going to be complaining about not getting enough, that's for sure!

As much as I was enjoying the show - and getting myself off in the process, I was getting fed up with being just a spectator. With Tammy on her elbows her face was close to the deck while her ass was pointing up towards the sky. Not only did this make it easier for Rick to screw her, it also gave me an opportunity.

I got up from the chair and sat down in front of Tammy and pushed myself forward so my legs were on each side of her and my pussy was below her face. Grabbing a cushion from the hair, I stuffed it under my bare ass, lifting it higher towards her sweaty face. She quickly took the hint and buried her face in my wet cunt. Her mouth was pressed against my clit and I could feel her pushing into me each time Rick banged into her. I was up on my elbows so I could watch the two of them, Rick pounding her pussy and Tammy was between my legs.

Tammy wasn't able to really concentrate on licking me bit who could blame her? This was only the third time in her life she was getting fucked so if anything I was probably being a bit selfish but then, who could blame me as well? As much as I loved to masturbate, it was always better to have someone else and when that someone was your little cousin, all the better.

"Please," she whispered plaintively.

Rick pushed himself up into her once again, his cock sliding easily into her pussy thanks to the recent lubrication of his sperm. He pushed himself all the way into her and then the two of them just laid still in each other's arms, now coupled together physically as well as emotionally.

"Just stay in me for a while," she whispered to him, "hold me."

Then I watched in amazement as they kissed as I had never seen them kiss before. As far as I knew, they had NEVER kissed passionately before, just a quite thank- you or hello type of kiss so this was a first for them. Had I not known who they were, I would have thought they were boyfriend and girlfriend, maybe even lovers. It was almost too much to believe that only a matter of minutes before they were bickering like a typical brother and sister and now they were hugging and kissing like they were deeply in love, not to mention his cock was buried in her as well!

Damn, did one simple fucking do this? Of course not; I didn't believe for one minute that just the act of fucking her once could have changed everything so drastically. Obviously there had been something there before and she had just been either hiding it or, more likely, subconsciously suppressing her feelings for her brother. Maybe that was why she had been so adamant about not letting him fuck her - she knew how she felt about him and it scared her.

Watching them together, I couldn't help but be a little cynical. I was as positive as I could be that for Tammy, this was truly an emotional moment for her that she would remember for the rest of her life. On the other hand, Rick was a teenage boy and would be willing to do whatever she wanted so long as it meant he could fuck her, even if he had to pretend to put up with an emotional scene such as this one. Maybe I should be giving him more credit but my gut feeling was that all he really wanted was to fuck his sister.

I sighed as my heart reached went out to Tammy. I could only guess at the conflicting flood of emotions that were she was having to deal with. She had been refusing Rick for months. Was it really because she didn't want him or was it just because she didn't want to give her virginity to him? Until now I had thought it was just a brother-sister thing and she just didn't want to let her own brother fuck her. I couldn't have blamed her, it was what society had taught her. Now I was leaning more towards the "not to him" theory where she wanted him, but not for her first time. I wondered who she really had wanted for her "first". I couldn't believe it was my dad, that was something that just happened. Was it her father? Would she ever tell me? Needless to say, I was quite confused at the moment.

The two of them were snuggled up close so I decided to leave them alone for a while and went into the house to use the bathroom. Imagine my surprise when I walked into the kitchen and up from the basement appeared my mom! She explained that she had found someone to work the next shift so she didn't have to put in a double shift. I couldn't understand how I had missed hearing her coming down the driveway but I guess I must have been too engrossed with what had been happening on the deck. She asked me where Rick was as she had seen the car parked in the driveway. I smiled as I knew what she was interested in where he was! Nothing like a little teenage cock after a long day at work to make the weary bones feel better.

Well, she was in for a surprise today! I told her to be quiet and led her to the door leading to the deck. She gasped as she saw the two of them out there. From the way they were laying you could just make out Rick's dick as it disappeared inside of his sister's pussy. My mom looked back at me with a look of total astonishment ion her face. Actually, I wasn't sure why it should be such a surprise after what had happened the previous weekend.

I took her hand and pulled her back into the kitchen. I explained to her everything that happened and I could see from her expressions that she was getting pretty turned on. Tammy had no idea that her brother had been fucking her aunt regularly for some time now and I didn't think that today was the right time to bring her up to speed and my mother reluctantly agreed. Even so, she couldn't totally resist being involved in some way so against my protests she went out onto the deck and stood over the two of them. Rick was the first to notice and he didn't seem to be bothered in the least. On the other hand, Tammy almost freaked when she lifted her head up and instead of seeing me, as I was sure she expected, she saw her Aunt Mary.

"Aunt Mary!" she cried out, "What are you doing here?"

I almost laughed as the answer was obvious - she lived here! My mom was cool and just motioned at Tammy to settle down. Tammy's instinctive reaction was to cover up and with her brother's hard dick in her it wasn't as easy for her to move as she would have liked.

"Don't worry hun," my mom said softly, "It's OK, I just wanted to say hi."

It was such a natural thing for her to say, as if Tammy and her brother had been sitting at the table watching TV or something. What made it seem surreal was that of course, that was NOT the current situation and for my mom to just act as if it was no big deal seemed to calm Tammy down. Rick was looking at her as if he was wondering what she was going to do - maybe even join in? Instead, my mom just smiled, told them to have a good time, and came back to the kitchen where I was watching.

"Damn that is hot!" she whispered to me under her breath.

I wasn't expecting that from her as she was always saying how Tammy was too to be having sex but I guess if her partner was about her age then it was OK. She headed upstairs to her room and I had no doubt one of her toys as about to get a workout! I looked back out on the deck, expecting to see them getting their clothes on and heading back in. To my surprise, instead of stopping they were back at it again! Rick had rolled her over on her back and he was now pumping away in her missionary style. Damn, how much fucking were they going to do, anyway.

I debated what to do for a second and then headed up the stairs to my mom's room. I had a feeling she wouldn't mind some company about now!

my uncle. It was the first, and so far the last, time I ever did a father-daughter "swap"!

As I mentioned, once Tammy lost her virginity it was like a dam had burst and events seem to flood during the course of the next week. The following Tuesday, just two days after Tammy's cherry-busting weekend, Rick and Tammy came over to my house. My assumption was that we would do our "usual" thing where Rick would fuck me while Tammy and I played together and both of us would suck him off. It would be a gross understatement to say that things didn't turn out that way, not at all!

Apparently, Tammy's reluctance to having her brother fuck her had disappeared along with her virginity. It was similar to how it was back when she first started sucking cock - once she got started she couldn't get enough of it. Well, I could understand how she felt - I felt the same after my first time with my boyfriend. The difference was that for me, I only fucked Steve at first and nobody else until Steve moved away. Tammy had already been fucked by her uncle and father, something that I didn't do until I'd been having sex for a couple of years, so I guess it was only natural for her to expand her horizons faster than I had.

To finish the story, by the time they left for home, Rick had FINALLY fucked his little sister. What was interesting to me was that once Rick fucked his sister, it was as if someone waved a magic wand and it changed their entire relationship. When I had watched my dad fuck Tammy, she clearly enjoyed it but I could tell that it was just a physical thing for her. With her father, she responded to his needs and lust just as any "good" daughter should, but it was clear that it was more for her dad than her. When Rick fucked her there seemed to be something more, a new connection between them. It wasn't love in any sort of kinky way, but it was still something quite emotional. When they left I couldn't help but think that things were certainly going to be different from now on.

I was right.

"together" than ever before. Since then, Kristen and I played around quite a bit and even shared my dad a few times.

I was sipping from a can of Diet Coke when Kristen shifted in her chair and gave me "the look", meaning she had something serious to say and I needed to pay attention.

"So tell me Kelly... when were you planning to tell me how you convinced Tammy to let your dad do her first?"

I almost choked on my drink as it was certainly not the type of question I Had expected. Where in the world had she come up with THAT? How did she find out so fast?

"Oh don't act so surprised silly goose. Come on, you didn't think what you've been doing this past week was going to stay a secret forever, did you?"

I had no idea where she had gotten her information or how much she knew so I figured I'd better play it safe for the moment. Kristen was a master at the art of interrogation and for all I knew she only had a hint from some rumor and was fishing for details.

"Oh? And just what have I been doing that's so special?" I asked innocently.

"C'mon Kelly, spill it. NO? ...Let's see if I got it right, your dad fucks her for the first time Saturday morning, then you and your dad go out on the lake for a 'father-daughter' getaway with her and her dad, then just yesterday the little vixen FINALLY puts out for her horny brother. God, I thought she would never let him do that. So... did I miss anything?"

Well, she certainly had her sources, that was for sure!

"Well, I guess it WAS pretty hot seeing her and Rick finally going all the way," I confessed.

"Yeah, I bet that was cool but it must have been wild seeing your dad and then her dad doing her. What's with that anyway? Your dad wouldn't do us until we were sixteen and then he goes off and does his fourteen year-old niece."

"What's the matter, jealous of your cousin?" I teased her.

Kristen just rolled her eyes at me. I wasn't being exactly sympathetic. Really, it wasn't like the little slut wasn't getting fucked whenever she wanted it.

"Noooooo, I'm jealous of YOU!" she said accusingly. "You've been keeping Tammy for yourself and not even giving me a whiff at her."

"Oh well, sorry about that," I replied, even though I really wasn't.

Truth was, it felt sort of good having Tammy for myself and not letting Kristen in on it. At least for now that is. It seemed Kristen was always one-upping me in the sexual escapades department and this was one time I had something that she wasn't doing more of or earlier in her "career".

"I'm sure she knows what a slut you are, after all, doesn't everyone?" I continued, taking a different approach. "But she doesn't know everything about you, especially what you do with your mom and my dad. My dad wouldn't surprise her - after all, he's fucking her already. But she might freak if she knew what you do with your mom, not to mention her boyfriends."

Before she could debate it with me, I continued with the offensive. "You know, maybe if you let Rick fuck you more often, then she might want to be closer to you. That's really the only time she and I do anything, when he's fucking me."

Kristen frowned at that and replied, "Ugh, he's such a jerk. Too much like his dad if you ask me. Besides, he's a bit old for me."

Typical Kristen. Ignoring my dad and a few situations he had orchestrated for the two of us, she pretty much stuck with the younger high school boys although I knew she did a lot of guys at college. The college boys were more to earn money, while the younger guys were her "toys" she loved to play with. I figured it had more to do with Rick himself than his age. It was true, he WAS sort of a jerk. But my god, the stud could stay hard all night!

"He's only eighteen," I countered, "Well, nineteen soon."

"Your point?" she responded with a twinkle in her eye and a naughty grin on her face.

There was no way that I was going to let myself go any further down that rabbit hole with her. Kristen knew full well how I felt about her doing the younger boys. I mean, it was one thing if she just wanted to dabble here and there. Kristen, however, seemed totally infatuated with young teenager boys. To her credit, she wasn't cruising the middle school but high-schoolers were fine, even the freshmen. It guess went both ways. While I couldn't understand her infatuation with what to me were just kids, she had never been able to comprehend my fascination with older married men.

"So anyway, what was your point in bringing this all up?" I finally asked, trying to put closure on the topic.

"Well, I just don't think it's fair that apparently everyone else is in on this and I'm not," she pouted.

The was a pause on the phone as he seemed to be thinking about the question.

"Well, let's see.. Kate has her dance lessons at 1:00 tomorrow afternoon. That usually gets her and mom out for a couple of hours at least. How about then? They'll probably leave at least a half hour before then."

That was certainly OK with me. They had a large pool which was a lot easier to play in than our hot tub. The hot tub was perfect for individuals or couples but more than two or three people in it and it started to get crowded.

We eventually got things sorted out and I called Kristen back to let her know.

Now that I finally had most of everything in place, I left the phone on my nightstand and stretched out on my bed. The house was so quiet! My dad was working late and my mom was at some board meeting for church. I had no idea when either of them would get home so it was just me in the house for now.

Lying in bed, I tried to imagine what it might be like for the four of us cousins to get together. The odd thing about it, for whatever reason I wasn't finding myself getting really all that turned on by the idea. Of course it would be fun, especially with Kristen there as she was always good for something unexpected. I'm not a big fan of multiple partner sex, (in other words, an orgy), to start with. They have their time and place, that's for sure, but for me it's more something I would do with strangers than with family. It probably had more to do with WHY I have sex with family members than anything else. In short (or in other words, VERY brief), here are my primary motivators:

Dad — As his daughter it's my duty to satisfy his sexual needs and I love pleasing him. Plus it never hurts to get laid!
Mom — What can I say, she's my mom! I love her, especially the intimacy we share.
Aunt Linda — We don't do it often and it's more for her than me.
Cousin Kristen — It's all about FUN! She's always got something new for me.
Uncle Jim — My dad wants me to, enough said about that.
Cousin Rick — He's a jerk but a great fuck so why not?
Cousin Tammy — She's cute and impressionable so why not?

One look at that list should tell you that there isn't a whole lot in common between them, at least so far as why I have sex with them, so it shouldn't be all that mysterious why we don't. I enjoy getting fucked by Rick but I don't particularly care for him as a person so sharing him with two other girls, even my favorite cousins, doesn't make me all wet to think about it.

Kristen's a blast to party with and she's always got something naughty up her sleeve. That's usually a recipe for fun but I couldn't see how it applied to being with our cousins. Tammy's almost TOO cute and I just enjoy being with her when she learns about new things, seeing the amazement on her face and the look of pure happiness as she enjoys new experiences. ALL of these are fun, by themselves, but mixing them up was like trying to mix oil and water of you asked me.

Well, I guess it couldn't hurt to try but thinking about it more at the time obviously wasn't going to get me off. It was frustrating to be as horny as I was at the moment and yet the thought of tomorrow's plans still weren't enough to get me started. Well, it was all Kristen's fault so I picked up the phone and dialed her cell phone.

"Now what?" was what I heard when she answered the phone. Obviously she'd seen my number on the caller ID.

"OK, so tell me again why we're doing this."

There was a pause on the line as she must have been trying to figure out why I was calling her and asking her such an odd question.

"Well, I think it started when you decided to start fooling around with OUR cousin and not including me," she started out slowly, as if feeling her way blindfolded through a minefield.

"Oh, so it's my fault then?"

"Well, it's not like I'm the one doing father-daughter swaps at the lake and then getting together with her brother so he can fuck her," she whined.

"Whatever... so then why don't you just do them yourself and leave me out of it?"

"Kelly, give me a break," she snorted over the phone, "Hello? Is this Kelly, my always horny cousin who's fucked a couple of hundred guys and fools around with every married man she can get her tentacles into? Since when are you opting out of an opportunity like this?"

She had a point but I have my pride and as such, wasn't going to concede it to her.

"Besides," she continued, not waiting for me to respond anyway, "Someone's got to keep one of them occupied while I do the other." She laughed over the phone as if what she had said was hysterical or something.

"Oh really? And since when don't you like threesomes?"

"Hey, I never said I didn't," she defended herself, "But you can't blame a girl for wanting a little one-on-one her first time with her cousins, do you?"

"I don't get it. You've fucked Rick plenty of times, what's the big deal?"

"Hmmm, besides the fact he's a dork?"

We both laughed at that one. It was true, we both felt the same way about our only male cousin. He was just lucky to have a cock with the most tremendous staying power of any guy I've fucked. I knew that was probably the only reason Kristen had sex with him as well.

"No silly, I meant what's the big deal about having him join in then if you're not all that keen on getting laid by him?"

"Well duh, earth to Kelly... Oh sure, YOU'VE seen the two of them fucking but I haven't. What makes you think I wouldn't enjoy watching them just as much as you do?"

"So what am I there for then?" I went back to my original question.

"Well, SOMEBODY needs to take the pictures," she said with a naughty giggle.

That was pure Kristen for you. Only a slut like her would even THINK about taking pictures of cousins getting together. Lord only knows what she thought she would do with them afterwards. It's not like they would be something you showed at school or wherever.

"You know, you're such a slut!" was all I could think of to say back at her.

"Ahhhhhh, now that was SO sweet of you," she taunted me back. We both giggled.

This was going nowhere fast so I said goodbye and hung up the phone. If anything, I was all the more frustrated than I was BEFORE I called her.

## 3. Dad Helps His Horny Daughter

Letting out a big huff, I flopped over on my stomach, bunching the pillow under me and then burying my head in it. I kicked with my legs like I was trying to swim across my bed and then just shook as the most intense feeling of pure horniness all but overwhelmed me.

"What's the matter, my little girl horny tonight?"

I didn't have to turn around to know who it was asking me such a silly question. Wow, my dad was home early tonight. Sometimes I was all but ready for bed before he finally got back but tonight he was early if anything.

I flipped over and laid my legs down flat so I could see him better. He still had on his office clothes although his tie was loosened up a bit. He looked tired but at that moment it was like a cramp struck my lower abdomen. My pussy was so horny it was dying for a cock and it was reminding me that I now had one at my disposal. Well, why not?

"Fuck me daddy!" was all I had to say to him.

What more did I NEED to say. I knew he was probably a bit on edge himself after a long day at the office and odds were he would have asked me for some "relief" anyway so what was wrong with me doing the asking up front?

"Wow, I guess you really ARE horny then," he chuckled. "Well, I think that's one thing today that I can take care of."

I didn't say a word as I laid there in anticipation. He didn't disappoint me, just as I knew he wouldn't. As he approached my bed he started taking off his tie and then unbuckling his belt. His slacks were unclasped and unzipped to the bottom just as he made it to my bedside. I turned on my side to face him and watched as he dropped his slacks and underwear to the floor together in one messy heap, followed by his dress shoes and socks, leaving him there in just his unbuttoned dress shirt.

"Mmmmmmm," was all I said as I reached forward to take his cock in my hand. He was still pretty soft but I could already feel the pulsing of his heart as it delivered more blood to him, growing and strengthening it as I stroked him gently.

"Suck it," he whispered softly to me, so low I could barely hear him. He didn't have to ask twice!

I slipped my dad's dick between my lips and began to gently suck on it. He was still pretty soft so it bent and molded to my mouth as I pulled it in and out of my mouth to suck on him.

"Oh yeah baby, that's it," he groaned gently, "I love this SO much."

As I tugged on his warm dick, I could feel it growing and stiffening in my mouth with almost each stroke. My heart fluttered as I realized it was because of ME that his cock was reacting the way it was. A cock is the world's best lie detector test as men can't control them and depending on whether it got hard or not was the surest sign in the world as to whether he was turned on by me.

Feeling him grow erect in my mouth, it made me feel wonderful to know my own father was feeling this way about me, wanting me as more than just a daughter but as some sort of sex object as well. Even if they felt that way deep inside of themselves, not many fathers were open enough and secure enough to openly show their daughters how they felt about them.

After a long day at work his crotch smelled of sweat and musk as his cock kept growing and growing in my mouth until it was finally fully erect, standing out straight from his body like a sword or something. I loved the way his thick pubic hair caressed my face like a stiff brush. His balls hung down low and loose in their sacks as I gently fondled them while I continued to blow him.

"Deeper," he whispered softly as his hands both took my head and pulled me in tighter to his crotch.

My dad has a decent cock but nothing that would get him a gig on a porn video. It didn't matter all that much to me. It was my dad's cock and that was all that really mattered to me in the end. Even when I took all of him in, the tip of his dick was barely able to reach the back of my throat. I closed my eyes as his pubic hair was pressed between him and my face, ticking me more than anything else.

"Faster," came the next one word command.

There was no need for me to do much as he had the situation well in hand now. Actually, all I had to do was hold my head still and he was doing all the work, thrusting forward and then pulling back and thus effectively fucking my mouth in the same way he would my pussy later - at least the way I hoped he would.

"Get on your knees," he ordered me.

Actually, it wasn't like he was being overly bossy or anything bad. He was just making his needs known and I was actually happy that he was taking control. It's a lot easier when he controls things and besides, I knew he would never ask me to do anything that was out of my comfort zone.

His cock dropped from my lips as I silently said goodbye but I knew I would be sucking it again soon. As I turned away from my dad's pleasantly smelly crotch, I got on my hands and knees sideways on the bed for him, facing the wall away from my dad. My dad's hands grasped me by the hips and pulled me closer to the edge of the bed. Without looking back, I knew where he was as I could feel the tip of his cock teasing my ass and pussy.

"Damn, you really want it tonight, don't you?" he said, shaking his head in amazement.

There was no need for me to say anything else, he knew what I wanted from him. If I had been blowing him I would've asked him to cum in my mouth but since he was fucking me, my pussy was the logical place for him to release his incestuous load of sperm.

"Oh god yes," was all he said as I felt the warmth in my lower abdomen that signaled he was cumming in me.

This was the moment I loved the best, those brief few seconds when Mother Nature took over and my dad came inside of me. There was no stopping him once he started, even if either one of us for some strange reason would want such a thing. It was the ultimate gift a father can give his daughter, the most special sign of his love, the perfect indicator of the respect he had for me. There was only one man in the world who could fuck me and then cum in me resulting in this same emotion – my future husband, which meant for now, my dad was the only man in the world who could fuck me this way. And to think that people still continue to question why I like to be fucked by my dad!

"So, what got you going today anyway?" he asked me.

He may have been my dad but he was so much like other guys at this moment. One minute he was fucking my brains out and the next, it was if nothing had happened and we were just having a casual conversation. True, it wasn't like your typical conversation in that his dick was still inside of me – a sure attention getter to be sure.

As I started to reply he pulled out of me and gathered his clothes from the floor. I knew he would be taking a shower as soon as he left me so there wasn't much sense in getting dressed again.

"So let me get this straight," he murmured as he held his stuff in his arms and looked down at me, "You're getting together with your cousins tomorrow for some sort of cousin orgy?"

"It's NOT an orgy, daddy," I corrected him, "Kristen just feels left out that she hasn't been involved with Tammy and Rick yet."

"I just don't get it, it's not like Kristen's exactly lacking for sex from what I've heard," he said, shaking his head as if to clear some cobwebs out. "Besides, what if their mom comes home early or something and see you guys together? C'mon Kelly, I thought you knew better."

"Well, YOU try saying no to Kristen then," I challenged him.

"OK, OK, I get it," he chuckled. It was the perfect argument as he had no answer. My dad knew from his own experiences how difficult it was to turn away Kristen once she had her mind set on something, especially if it had something to do with sex which was pretty good odds when it came to her.

"So," he continued, "Do you mothers know about all your plans?"

I shook my head in response. It was true, we had planned all of this just today and there hadn't been an opportunity to discuss it with either one of them.

"Well, just one word of advice then," he said in a low conspiratorial tone, "Don't!"

He didn't have to explain further, I understood what he was trying to warn me about. My mom was the moral and social conscience of our family and if anyone would have objected to the risk I was looking to take tomorrow, it would be her. Although my Aunt Linda herself most likely wouldn't have minded, telling her was a sure way to let my mom find out as they didn't keep anything secret between them.

He smiled at me then and turned to leave the room. Before that though, he smiled at me and asked, "Feeling better now?"

What a silly question! Here I was laying on my back, his incestuous load of cum now oozing from my pussy after having just been fucked, and he asks if I'm feeling better! My broad smile told him all he needed to know and he left for the bathroom across the hallway.

My mom was home shortly afterwards but by then I'd showered as well. I didn't bother telling her about my dad fucking me as she probably wouldn't have really cared one way or the other. All she seemed concerned about at the moment was getting some groceries put away that she had picked up on her way home.

The rest of the night went by rather uneventfully. Before I knew it, it was morning and my dad was at my bedside for his usual wakeup call, otherwise known as "Fucking Kelly before she wakes up". Well, at least he TRIED to. Most of the time I wasn't all that tired come morning and so I would wake up before he actually fucked me but he still tried. Got to give the old guy credit for his perseverance!

Once he got off and showered, my dad left for work and I stayed in bed to catch some more sleep. I turned off the snooze alarm which turned out to be a mistake because it wasn't until after 10:00 before I woke back up again! Fortunately with what I had planned, I didn't have to worry much about what I wore or how I did my hair. I fully expected to be in a chlorinated pool in less than a few hours so what difference did it all make?

# 4. Kristen and I Watch A Brother Fucking His Sister

My mom had left for work by the time I got up so it was just me to get myself breakfast. Slipping on one of my many t-shirts, I made my way to the kitchen and had some cereal. For the rest of the morning the only interruption I had was when the doorbell rang as the UPS guy was delivering something for my dad. It was our "usual" guy so it wasn't the first time he saw me in just a t-shirt but I still liked the way he looked me up and down. There was none of this "fucking the delivery guy" you see in the porn movies tho9ugh, just some innocent flirting and then he was gone. Too bad, really. He was quite a hunk and I loved the shorts he wore!

It was tempting to call Rick to be sure everything was on for this afternoon. The only reason I didn't was I assumed that if anything WAS wrong that he would have called and by calling them, his mom might answer the phone and wonder why I was calling.. My Aunt already thought I was a slut and barely tolerated me as it was when we visited. I didn't want her to get any ideas when the hope was she would be leaving the house for a few hours this afternoon.

As I got ready to leave, out of habit I reached for my bikini drawer before I stopped and slapped myself playfully. Stupid me, I wouldn't be needing one today! Instead, I just threw on some shorts under my t-shirt and pulled my hair back in a ponytail and left for my cousin's house. Surprisingly, either Kristen was late or she had been dropped off because my car was the only one in the driveway. Kristen being late by itself wasn't the surprise. My mom claimed she would be late for her funeral someday. It was just she was rarely late for something like this and if anything, I figured she would be early to try and get a piece of Rick before I arrived.

As it turned out, Kristen HAD arrived before me but just by a couple of minutes. When I walked in through the side door into the kitchen, she was standing there around the bar along with my two cousins.

"Hey Kelly!" my little cousin Tammy squealed as I came in through the door. She ran up to hug me and wrapped her arms around me. She was such a cutie! Actually, she looked a lot like me at her age, skinny and rather flat-chested, especially compared to most of the girls in her class. Who knows, maybe that was why we seemed to relate so well with other.

"Look who's here," she said excitedly, "Kristen came over today too!"

I looked at Rick with a questioning expression. If he had told Tammy what he was SUPPOSE to have told her, then why did she seem to be so surprised that Kristen

before, obviously, but I doubted she'd ever been in this type of a situation before where it was more than just me watching. For a fourteen year- old, it was probably a bit intimidating, especially knowing Kristen' reputation - and who in town didn't?

"Now quite teasing her, Kristen," I chastised her, "Why don't YOU just suck him off and get it over with?"

I motioned for Tammy to come over by me and I had her sit on a chaise lounge chair next to me as Kristen needed no further encouragement to go to work on her well-hung cousin. She might complain about him over the phone to me, but I couldn't help but smile at how quickly she put all that aside when his cock was within reach! Actually, this was as new for me as it was for Tammy, at least in terms of actually seeing Kristen blow Rick. Of course I knew he had been fucking her for the past few months but I'd never done him together with her.

Kristen was squatting down with her face level with Rick's crotch. She was probably squatting rather than kneeling to avoid burning her knees on the hot concrete by the pool edge. Watching her, it was a rather classic pose and I wished that I had brought a camera as Kristen had once suggested. I was sure a shot of her taking on his cock would've been a great addition to most anyone's porn portfolio - especially my dad's although I bet her mom would have loved it just as much. Kristen had one hand around the base of Rick's hard dick, the other between her own legs fondling her clit, and her mouth around his cock, sucking him as her head slowly bobbed up and down on his wet dick.

"So what do you think Tammy," I asked as I put my arm around her nude little body.

Tammy was sitting up tight next to me and her cute little nude body felt warm and soft against mine. At first it was if she didn't know what to say as she just stared at her cousin while she blew her brother. If course she'd seen me suck Rick's dick before, but I didn't think she had seen Kristen doing it until now (and neither had I). For that matter, other than me I suppose she had not seen ANY other girl sucking off her brother except for maybe herself in a mirror.

"You know Kelly, I didn't know she and Rick were doing it," she finally whispered to me, as if she was afraid they might hear her.

"Oh really? Is that OK with you?"

"Well of course-I mean, I know he does other girls and after all, he does you too. I just didn't know he did Kristen too."

Then she leaned up to my ear and whispered in a more conspiratorial tone, "She's such a slut you know!"

I couldn't help but grin at her last comment. There was no need to whisper actually, Kristen would have probably taken her words more as a compliment than anything although I doubt that's how Tammy intended them. She didn't sound upset or anything, just more of a statement than anything. I tried to pry a little more.

"Do you mind it when he does other girls?"

"Why should I?" she answered a little sharply, as if I shouldn't have even asked the question. "Good grief, he's my brother Kelly! I'm not dating him you know."

I remembered then how obstinate she had been about letting him fuck her before she lost her virginity. There was something in her tone that made me wonder if she really enjoyed sex with her brother or just tolerated it? Hmmm, maybe she just did him so she could do his friends without having to get involved with them? I decided to pry some more.

"Tell me something... does it turn you on watching Kristen suck his cock?"

Tammy hesitated a moment before answering but she just shrugged and said, "Well... sorta - I guess. She IS pretty good at it - almost as good as you."

I couldn't help but smile at that comment. Indeed, Kristen was putting on a blowjob clinic in front of us. Yes, that girl certainly know how to suck cock! She wouldn't have been pleased to hear Tammy's verdict, though. We had sort of a running friendly competition on who could suck cock better. Most guys privately told me I was better but then maybe they said the same thing to her!

"Say, would you like to show Kristen how good you've gotten at sucking his cock?"

I felt her tense up next to me and she didn't answer at first.

"Don't worry Tammy, there's nothing to be embarrassed about," I assured her, "Remember, Kristen's done a LOT more guys than you have so of course she's pretty good at it... oh yeah, a LOT more guys."

We both giggled at my poor attempt at humor but it seemed to relax her a bit and I could feel the tension drop in her shoulders.

"I guess so... Do you think Kristen would mind?"

I smiled to myself as by her asking the question, she had essentially agreed to do it. Now it was just a question of logistics.

"Ohhhhhh, I don't think she would mind if you sucked his cock, would you Kristen?" I said, raising my voice so Kristen could hear me.

Kristen looked our way, keeping Rick's dick deep in her mouth the whole time. She winked at me and so I got up and helped Tammy to her feet as well. Leading her over to her brother, I brought a cushion along and set it on the concrete for her to kneel on. Not only would it make it easier for her to kneel, it would raise her up a bit as she was a few inches shorter than Kristen.

"OK Kristen, hand it over," I teased her.

Kristen acted as though she was giving up the Hope Diamond but I knew it was mostly just an act for Tammy's sake. Granted, it WAS a hard dick and as such, I was sure she had been enjoying it despite who it was attached to. I knew, though, that she was more interested in seeing a brother-sister act than just another cock exploding in her mouth. After all, she could suck cock just about any time she wanted but how often do you get the chance to see a REAL brother and sister having sex?

"It's OK... you can do it," I encouraged Tammy.

A couple of words of encouragement and suddenly she went straight to work on her brother. It was like once she got started, the ever growing slutty side of her took over and she started sucking on her brother's dick. I had to admire her concentration as it was as if neither Kristen or I was there. Not only that, the kid was a lot better at sucking cock than I was at her age!

"So, what do you think cuz?" I whispered to Kristen as we took our place back on the chaise lounge and watched as the erotic scene unfolded right in front of us.

"Damn they're hot, aren't they" she gushed. "You know Kelly, I've never seen a sister blowing her brother before."

Neither of us had a brother, a missing element in our lives that we had discussed many times over the years. Although each of us enjoyed being an only child MOST of the time, the idea of having an older brother around to fuck us anytime we needed it was a fantasy we both shared. I'm sure our mothers wouldn't have minded having a son around either!

Yes indeed, Kristen was definitely getting worked up as she watched Tammy with her mouth around her brother's dick. It wasn't long before she started to play with herself, licking her lips as I was sure she was imagining how it would be to do her own brother if she had one. Well, she wasn't the only getting horny as I slipped my own hand between my legs and felt my wet pussy react as my fingers toyed with my sensitive clit. God, I couldn't believe how horny I was already and I hadn't even touched myself until now!

"Fuck her Rick!" Kristen called out, apparently trying to act like a director for the sexy show being played out before us.

Rick looked down at his cute sister who still had her mouth around his hard dick. Their eyes met and I could almost hear the silent question between them. Should they do it? I had no doubt at all that Rick was game but what about Tammy? As it turned out, there was nothing to worry about as her answer was in her actions. She stood up, still hanging on to her brother's hard dick, and looked at Rick, waiting for him to tell her what to do next.

"Do it over here!" Kristen called out, pointing to a spot right in front of us. Needless to say, she wanted a front row seat for the next act in this play.

By now Tammy didn't even appear to be thinking for herself, instead she looked dazed and seemed to be following whatever her brother told her to do. Rick laid some cushions down in front of Kristen and me, so close they were practically over our bare feet, and then like a gentleman, helped Tammy to lay down on them on her back.

Evidently Rick was planning for some good old-fashioned missionary style which was fine with me. Sometimes the classics can be better than anything else. Tammy laid there motionless, her eyes dull as she became not much more than some sort of blow-up sex doll ready to do whatever her brother wanted. She didn't even look over at her cousins as we both sat on the edge of the chair, rubbing ourselves almost absentmindedly as we watched Rick position himself over the nude figure of his sexy little sister.

"C'mon, do it... fuck her," I heard Kristen whispering under her breath. She was masturbating faster now as she waited impatiently while Rick wiggled around, trying to get his cock into the right position.

"Jesus, what's his problem? Just stick your damn dick in her," I barely heard her whisper angrily to herself.

"Finally!" she hissed as Rick pushed forward and his dick began to disappear inside of Tammy's tight little pussy. I marveled that her tiny pussy could even take a dick the size of Rick's but as usual, she came through and took all of him.

I put my arm around Kristen and let my other hand slide between her tanned and smooth legs. She moved her hand out of the way and spread her legs apart so I could reach in more easily and soon I had one finger in her soaking wet pussy while the palm of my hand was pressing on her hard clit. I could feel her breathing fast

"Almost," she replied, a touch of disappointment in her voice that she tried but couldn't hide from me.

"Well, don't worry. Cousin Kelly will take care of THAT for you now, OK?"

She just nodded but a smile came to her face. Indeed, Cousin Kelly was the first girl to have ever licked her pussy and she knew how good I could make her feel. Now I think she really prefers boys to girls but she has never turned me down whenever I have offered to lick her!

The flavor of the various liquids that had mixed together in and around her pussy was incredible. The salty mess of Rick's cum was diluted down by her own pussy juices and in the mix was the strong smell of musk and sweat from their sex. Damn, he must have really unleashed a load in her as it seemed the more of his cum I licked from her pussy hole, the more just kept dribbling out after it.

"Oh Kelly, that feels so good," I barely heard Tammy whisper.

It wasn't much but for Tammy it was literally a speech for when she was having sex. Typically she would just lay there with her eyes closed as someone fucked her, maybe a moan escaping now and then but she wasn't a "talker", that was for sure. Maybe as she grew older and gained confidence, who knows?

Indeed, it must have felt good because I felt her body stiffen under my hands and her hips raised up as my tongue played her clit and pussy like a bow over a fine violin. I heard her gasp and a little river of pussy cum mixed with even more of her brother's cum surged from her little pussy. Even though I tried to lap up as much as I could, some of it still dripped down to the cushion where no doubt it would leave a stain for their mom to wonder about later. It went on for several minutes until she collapsed and lay still once again, not saying another word.

"There, feel better now?" I asked sweetly, as if I had put something on a cut to ease the pain. I guess in a way I HAD eased her pain as I know how painfully frustrating it can be when a guy fucks you and then takes off before you get a chance to cum.

Tammy just nodded and smiled as she opened her eyes and looked at me with the most angelical little face you could imagine. It was almost impossible to believe that this cute little "innocent" girl could also turn into such an intensely sexual creature.

In the meantime, Kristen and Rick had been going at it furiously. Kristen was the complete opposite of Tammy when it came to voicing her feelings as a non-stop stream of cursing and moaning emerged. Between the moans and load sighs she urged her younger cousin to fuck her harder and faster and everything else you could imagine. As I was accustomed to her ranting during sex, I'd automatically tuned it out while I'd been paying attention to Tammy but now it struck my ears like a clanging gong. God, for someone who looked like such a "nice" young girl, Kristen could certainly turn on the sex talk!

"Wow, she sure talks dirty, doesn't she?" Tammy said softly to me, her eyes wide open probably more at the coarseness of Kristen's vocabulary than the actually fucking that was going on.

"That's just her," I said, hugging her closer to me, "Some girls like to talk during sex. Maybe someday you will too!"

Tammy looked at me with a "you've got to be kidding" look but didn't say anything more about the subject. We continues to watch and listen as the two of them went at it. Heck, even I typically learned a few new phrases each time I watched Kristen getting laid.

There was one more thing that was different for Kristen when compared to Tammy. While Tammy had been left without an orgasm of her own, Kristen was more selfish. She was going to make sure she came! She had enough experience to know that in situations like this, you're really doing it for yourself so she was going to make damn sure her orgasm arrived before his. As far as she was concerned, if Rick didn't get his rocks off that was his problem, not hers.

As it turned out, they both got off as Rick came all over her for the second time in less than twenty minutes. Looking at the white cum spattered all over her, once again I was reminded that I don't playfully call my cousin a "cum slut" for nothing! Amazingly, even after Rick was finished cumming on Kristen he was just as hard as when he first started fucking his sister. Damn, the boy was a one heck of a sex MACHINE.

I hugged Tammy as we watched Rick shake a few remaining drops of cum off in Kristen's general direction. My own pussy was starting to tingle even more as I knew whose turn it was now to be at the receiving end of Rick's dick! As much as I enjoyed eating out my little cousin, and as much as in another place and time I would have jumped at the opportunity to play with Kristen, the thought of being fucked by Rick's hard cock overwhelmed any other desires I might be having. People are always asking me if I'm a lesbian or bi-sexual. Technically, I guess I would have to check off the "bi-sexual" box if there was ever such a survey as I do enjoy having sex with both men and women.

That said, if forced to make a choice, however, I would always take a hard cock over a wet pussy. Sure, some girls claim a dildo in the hands of another girl puts together the best of both worlds but for me, nothing beats the feel of a REAL dick in me, warm and hard and ready to explode in me. Dildo's don't WANT to fuck me. You can't tease a dildo. Dildo's don't shoot real live sperm inside of me. Dildo's don't make the person they're "attached" to commit adultery or do other things they normally would never do except for their deep desire to have me, even if for only a few minutes.

So yes, I wanted Rick to fuck me - badly. The fact that he was my cousin really didn't matter all that much to me. I mean, so what if he was? It's not like I was planning to marry him or have his baby. We both just wanted to have some fun and enjoy ourselves so what's the big deal if he is related to me in some way?

Rick stood up and faced me, his wet dick glistening as the sunlight bounced off Kristen's pussy juices that still covered him. A few drops of cum dripped from the tip of his dick as approached me, leaving Kristen behind to clean off the cum he had just sprayed all over her.

"I bet you want it next, eh?" he teased me, standing just far enough away that I couldn't reach him. "So... you get wet watching me fuck them?"

I grinned and leaned back, supporting myself with one hand while I spread my legs and ran the middle finger of my other hand down through my soaking wet pussy lips. Putting my finger in my mouth, I drew it out slowly, savoring the taste of my pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, what do you think?" I responded softly.

"Yeah, look like you're horny all right-as usual," Rick chuckled as he grabbed his cock with his right hand and started stroking it slowly as he watched me. "You know what? I want you to play with yourself... let me see how you do yourself for a while."

Rick may have still been hard but evidently after cumming twice already he wasn't as hell-bent to get his dick in my pussy as he would have been normally. Heck, usually he was trying to fuck me before I could get my clothes off! I looked around and saw Kristen grinning at me while Tammy, who was still lying next to me, had this odd look on her face as if she didn't understand why her brother would ask me to do such a thing when he could be fucking me.

"Well, you asked for it," I warned him.

I didn't mind and if anything, it turns me on when a guy watches me masturbate. When I was in high school sometimes I would just let a boy watch me masturbate and not touch me. It was incredibly erotic to make myself cum while all he could do was watch and nurse his erection, wishing more than anything he could fuck me.

My hand returned to my horny pussy and I slowly rubbed my fingers over my entire crotch in a circular motion, rubbing my clit in the process. God I was so wet! Rick was watching me as was Tammy and Kristen. Tammy was just sitting still, staring at me as if she had never seen another girl masturbate before. Kristen, of course, had seen me do this countless times but she was still fingering herself as she watched me tease Rick.

"Put your finger inside," he told me after clearing his throat.

He was clearly turned on and I loved having him tell me what I should do to myself. Usually when I did something like this the guy may not have known it, but he likely wasn't going to get a chance to fuck me which is why I was masturbating in the first place. In Rick's case, he knew without a doubt that eventually he would be replacing my finger with his dick but that still didn't make it any less a turn-on for me to have him watch.

As wet as I was, my finger easily slid into my pussy up to the first knuckle and I twirled it around inside of me, stimulating the incredibly sensitive nerves that lined my pussy interior there. A gasp escaped me as it felt like little shock waves ran up though me while I finger-fucked myself.

In the meantime, I noticed Kristen wasn't going to be content just watching and playing with herself. She had moved over to the other side of Tammy and stretched out alongside of her. They started kissing as Kristen's hands roamed over her soft little body. Most of Rick's cum was still on Kristen's nude body so as she pressed up against Tammy it made a bit of a mess on her as well but she didn't seem to mind having her brother's cum on her. After all, until she had finally started letting him fuck her and cum inside of her, that's where it ended up anyway when they played around together.

As the intensity of the feelings in me increased, my attention was drawn away from the two of them and back to my pussy. Rick was still standing right in front of me now, stroking his cock over me as he looked down and watched his older cousin masturbate. Like me, I don't think it was the "cousin" thing that turned him on; he just liked fucking sluts like me! Kristen told me that he had acquired a bit of a reputation for being a good fuck with the girls in school but I doubted he got to do any college girls like me.

"Put another finger in," he said, his voice hoarse with lust.

For whatever reason, I had learned early that guys loved to see me put my fingers up inside of me and the more the better. Usually I drew the line at two because that was all that really felt comfortable. I could force three and even four if I really tried but it felt best with one or two.

I added my index finger to my middle finger and pushed them both in as far as I could. I don't know what was turning me on more, the feeling of my fingers in me or seeing Rick watching me and stroking himself at the sight in front of him. After all, how many boys got to see a real girl doing this? Heck, I have been told by many a married man that their wives wouldn't masturbate for them!

With all that that had been going on, bringing myself to an orgasm wasn't especially difficult. Indeed, if anything I had to slow down a bit so as not to rush into it TOO fast. After all, the buildup can sometimes be almost as good as the main event! At one point, though, it just became too much to hold back and I knew I was right on the verge.

"Watch me cum Rick," I panted as I rubbed my pussy furiously, "I'm gonna cum for you now!"

I just stared at his stiff cock as my fingers drove me higher and higher. I imagined it was that wonderful dick right in front of me that was in me, that it was his cock that was making me cum, the same cock that had just fucked his sister and other cousin so well. God I was cumming and I wanted his cock in me so bad it was about to drive me insane!

"Put it in me dammit," I gasped as my pussy exploded, cum gushing from me like a fountain. I didn't want to wait until it was over, I wanted his dick in me NOW! "Fuck me Rick, I want you to fuck me!"

If Rick had been really coy and tried to tease me more by holding back, I'm not really sure what I would have done but fortunately he was as horny as I was by now and he couldn't hold himself back any more either. I doubted that if I told him NOT to fuck me that it would have made any difference at this point. Regardless of what I said or did now, he was going to fuck me. At times I've been in such a situation with other guys and it can be a little frightening at times, knowing that the guy I was with was so horny, so filled with lust, that he was going to fuck me no matter what I said or did at that point. Fortunately, I can't think of such a time when I didn't WANT him to fuck me!

Taking my hand from my pussy, I kneeled down between my legs and pulled myself up onto his thighs until my bare pussy was pressing up against his wonderful cock. That was all he needed as without any further fanfare, he simply drove it into me all the way, ramming his incredibly hard shaft deep inside of me.

"OH MY GOD, FUCK ME!" I cried out, tears draining from my eyes as the feel of his dick in me intensified my orgasm to an unbelievable height.

I had been wanting this so bad after seeing him fuck Tammy and Kristen, and then masturbating for him just made my desire all the more intense If he hadn't entered me soon I think I might have screamed in frustration!

After a bit Rick leaned forward and I slid down his thighs as he moved on top of me, keeping his dick in me the entire time. He held himself off of me with his outstretched arms as he drove his cock in and out of me like some sort of monstrous fucking machine.

My entire world had collapsed into just my pussy and his cock. It was as if nothing else existed. Every thought, every sensation I felt was centered around my throbbing pussy and his stiff dick that was violating it. The rest of my body had been stimulated to the point where it was almost numb as I just laid there with my arms stretched out like I was being crucified, except instead of nails it was Rick's incredible dick that was being driven into me.

"You love this don't you? You love me fucking you, don't you?" Rick managed to get out in gasps between his heavy breathing. Well DUH!

"Cum in me Rick - I want you to cum in me," I begged him, shaking my head back and forth as I tried to keep from going insane from the sensations inside of me. God, if he didn't cum in me soon I just might go nuts!

"Oh yeah, here it comes," he gasped yet again, lifting his head and straining his neck back as his hips drive his dick deep into me one last time.

"That's it, give it all to me," I pleaded as I felt the first load of sperm emerge from him, creating a brief sensation of warmth in my already hot pussy. "I want ALL your cum in me."

"Ohhhhhh!" he groaned as he deposited one load after another inside of me. God, where did this kid get it all from! It was if the more he fucked the more cum he produced!

Finally he was done and he dropped to his elbows, barely enough to keep from crushing me under the weight of his sexy body. His teenage dick throbbed in me and I squeezed down on it with my pussy to show it my appreciation. Then he rolled over, drawing his dick out of me, leaving my pussy suddenly empty. He was laying on his back on the hot concrete but it didn't seem to bother him as he struggled to catch his breath. I noticed that his dick was finally showing some signs of softening, although I had a feeling that with the right "attention" it would be ready to go again soon.

Looking over, Kristen and Tammy had gotten themselves into a 69 and I don't think they had even noticed that Rick had just finished fucking me. Tammy was a lot like me in that she preferred boys but Kristen was a true bi-sexual creature. For her, it wasn't a choice between men and women, it was more a question of who was available. Odds were it was her that had instigated their little maneuver but from the looks of things, Tammy was enjoying it. She was the one on top and didn't show any signs of wanting to stop.

"So what do you think of your little sister now?" I said to Rick, nudging him with my elbow.

Rick just shook his head, more in amazement and wonder I think than anything else. What was it with guys that they loved seeing two girls getting it on? Of course, in this case one of them was his youngest sister so I could only imagine how that influenced him.

"Shit, they're hot," he whispered as if he was in awe and didn't want to interrupt them.

It looked like they were going to be at it for a while so I figured why not take advantage of the situation? Rick's dick was just lying there, all alone without any attention being given to it and it seemed such a shame to leave it so lonely. I twisted around and leaned over his waist to take his dick I my mouth again. I smiled to myself as I tasted the distinct flavor of my pussy on him. It was hard to imagine that this same dick I was sucking on had actually been INSIDE of my pussy just minutes before!

Rick just laid back, his head turned to watch the lesbian exhibition as I sucked on his cock slowly. It was more like I was just sucking it to enjoy the feel and taste of him than to get him off. He wasn't as hard as he had been which made his dick a little bit flaccid in my mouth but actually felt rather erotic. He tasted great and I think I could have laid there like that for the rest of the day; my head on his lap with his cock in my mouth while my hand gently touched my pussy, just enough to feel good but not too much to get my "engine" started up again.

As the oldest I guess it was my responsibility to make sure we didn't get into trouble and somewhere inside of me was that little internal alarm clock we all seem to have. It's the same one that wakes me up one minute before my alarm goes off in the morning. It doesn't always work but usually it's pretty accurate and today, thank goodness, was one of those days. Suddenly I felt this premonition that I needed to know what time it was so I asked Rick who was still wearing his watch (although that was ALL he was wearing).

Rick reluctantly turned his head away from the show and looked at his wrist. He didn't answer me, nor did he need to as the expression his face said it all.

"Shit, Mom and Kate are going to be home any minute!" he gasped. He looked panicked and whatever time it was, I had a feeling it was well past when we should have been preparing for their return. "C'mon Tammy, Mom will kill us if she catches us out here like this!" he pleaded as he went over to his sister and tried to get her attention.

Tammy looked up from Kristen's bare pussy and frowned at him. She was about to say something when she seemed to think better about it and gave a big sigh instead.

"Shit!" was all she ended up saying. Reluctantly she got off of Kristen, who looked even more upset at having to quit but she didn't say a word. We grabbed the towels and clothes and rushed into the house. As we entered the kitchen I heard the garage door opening and sure enough, out in front was their minivan with Kate and my Aunt Shari. We scurried to the bedrooms in the basement and threw our clothes on just in time before we heard them entering the kitchen from the garage.

"Tammy?... Rick?" I heard my aunt call out. Kate came bounding down the stairs to her bedroom where the three of us girls had just taken seats on the bed and by the computer.

"Hey, when did you guys get here?" she asked, looking at Kristen and me.

I answered for us, explaining we had just been driving by and thought we would stop in for a minute. It was actually a pretty lame excuse but thankfully Kate wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer.

"Cool, where's Rick?"

"Who cares?" Tammy answered, trying to act like a typical sister would if asked about her older obnoxious brother.

It seemed to be enough for Kate as she shrugged her shoulders and went back up to the kitchen to grab something to eat or drink. I watched her as she left and noticed she looked pretty hot in her dance outfit. Too bad she was such a prude, I imagined she would have fit in nicely with our little group by the pool!

With Kate gone the three of us looked at each other and then we all broke out into giggles. When we got up to leave I looked over at Kristen and pointed to her chest, just under her chin, where a big glob of Rick's cum remained. God, what if Kate had seen it? Of course, she probably wouldn't have recognized what it was but her mom most certainly would have if I hadn't caught it. She wiped it off and licked it from her fingers with an exaggerated motion. Again, we all giggled and finally went up to see my aunt.

Up in the kitchen we all said hi to Aunt Shari. She didn't seem to have a clue that anything had been going on in her absence but then why should she suspect anything? I'm sure that the last thing she would ever suspect her daughter of doing was playing with other girls, and the thought of her letting her brother fuck her was likely something she couldn't have even imagined, let alone suspected. My Aunt was about as straight as they come and she would have undoubtedly been totally shocked that Tammy was even having sex, let alone with her brother. If that was "bad" enough, imagine what she would have said had she known her own husband had fucked their daughter as well!

After a few minutes Rick joined us and he played his part perfectly, pretending not to be interested in us at all and if anything, a bit disdainful. I stole a peek at his crotch and couldn't help but imagine what his mother would say if I knelt down in front of him right now and started sucking his dick! Then I looked at Kate, who was really quite a looker and probably could have had even more boys than Tammy had she wanted them. Rick followed by gaze and I wondered if he jerked off at times thinking of fucking Kate instead of Tammy?

Oh well, with them home it was curtains for anything else we might have wanted to do. Actually, you could say it was mission accomplished as Rick had managed to fuck all three of us in the short time we had. It would've been interesting to see where it might have gone had we had all day to ourselves but those opportunities just don't come around too often. Kristen and I said our goodbyes and left shortly afterwards.

"Well, are you happy now?" I teased her on phone later when we had both made it back home.

Kristen laughed and replied, "Yeah, too bad we don't have more boy cousins."

She was right, our family DID seem to be dominated by girls. It worked out alright though, as far as I was concerned. Besides, it wasn't like we didn't have any other guys to turn to. My pussy was still a bit excited and the feel of my shorts drawn up between my legs wasn't helping. I hung up the phone and took them off. As my fingers began to roam, I had a feeling I was going to be a while with all I had to fantasize about after today!

NOTE: This was the first time the four of us got together to have sex. As it turned out, it was also the last time, at least so far. To me, that's not surprising nor unexpected. I've tried my best to get people to understand that my family is NOT just a bunch of sexual deviants and that as a rule, sex is just something we do at times and it is NOT a dominant part of our lives. Since my Aunt Shari and Kate are not involved, keeping up such activities as what we did this day would sooner or later lead to a disastrous situation. Besides, if I want to get laid I don't need my cousin Rick to get some dick, even though he IS a nice distraction now and then.

# (Aug 19) Chapter 125: Casino Orgy

Story codes: MF F-solo exhib group oral
Me (21)

After a week in Oregon with my mom visiting her friend Tammy, I was awfully horny so when we went to a casino on a nearby Indian reservation I was looking for any opportunity. When my mom dared me to take on a group of guys at the poker table, her friend Tammy learned what a slut her best friend's daughter really was!

## 1. My Mom's Best Friend

My mom's best friend without a doubt is Tammy. They are about the same age (Tammy is a few months older) and have known each other since they were little girls. Unfortunately, Tammy's husband was transferred to the Oregon and since then they have relied mostly on phone calls to keep in touch. They still manage to meet each other at least once or twice a year for a week or so as Tammy's husband travels a lot and she used his frequent flier miles. My mom always looked forward to these visits but the last time Tammy came to our house, I got to know another side of her - and Tammy learned a few things about her best friend and her family as well that at first shocked her but eventually got her curious.

Since then, work schedules and such had kept Tammy from coming our way although my mom had visited her and her family a few times out in the Oregon high desert where they lived near some big ski resort. I'd never been west of Illinois so someday I hoped to join her on one of these trips but they were hers and I didn't want to butt in uninvited.

Tammy's husband had no idea that my dad had been Tammy's first but he had no cause to worry when Tammy visited us as my parents are both 100% committed to their marriage and my dad would never cheat with another woman, not even if Tammy wanted to. Odds were high she didn't as my mom assured me that while Tammy may have experimented once with me during her last visit, she was really just your typical housewife and mother. True, very early in her marriage she had cheated on her husband but those days were long gone and today they had a great Christian marriage. Even so, judging by the photos of her husband and two boys, I couldn't help but wonder what might happen if I were ever to make the trip with my mom!

All summer long my mom had been planning a trip to Oregon for some time in mid-August so it came as a surprise when Tammy visited us in July without hardly any forewarning. Apparently there was some conference in Pittsburgh and the person from her company that was supposed to attend got sick and so she was a last minute replacement. By the time we left she and I "experimented" again, as my mom put it. So when my mom agreed to take me with her this time to Oregon I was looking forward to the trip in more ways than one!

## 2. First Time in Oregon

We had quite a long trip to get to where Tammy lived. First we flew from Pittsburgh to Chicago, a flight I'd taken before to visit my grandparents, but then a long one to Portland which was the longest flight I'd ever taken. This was followed by a small hop in a plane with propellers (another first for me - wow was it loud!) and we finally arrived at some little airport, seemingly out in the middle of nowhere. We actually had to walk from where they parked the airplane to the terminal! A sign stated the elevation was over 3,000 feet which seemed weird as I had never been to a place that was very high above sea-level before.

Tammy picked us up after we got our luggage from the lone luggage handler and then it was about an hour drive to her house. I really wasn't sure what her husband did for a living but whatever it was, he must do it pretty well! Their home was in a beautiful wooded community with golf courses, pools, and everything you could think of. The house wasn't huge but it was immaculate and decorated in an expensive but not gaudy style. No IKEA furniture in this house!

Tammy pulled into the garage and we took our luggage in and up to the guest room. Nobody else seemed to be home and Tammy explained everyone was out for one reason or another but that they would be back for dinner. The trip had been exhausting and with the jet lag I was nodding off so I left my mom with Tammy to catch up on everything while I went to take a nap.

I passed by the other bedrooms and wondered what her boys were like. There were some family photos hanging in the hallway and they looked to be quite a handsome family. Tammy's husband looked athletic and trim, at least in the portrait, and I wondered if he was a dedicated to the marriage as Tammy was. I noticed that they had a king-sized bed in the master bedroom and as I closed the door to the guest bedroom behind me, I found myself wondering what it would be like to have him fuck me in that big bed.

So much for a nap. As tired as I was there was one thing that could always keep me up and that was being horny - a condition I was definitely in at the moment. The trip here had been uneventful, despite some earlier fantasies I had where I was earning my way into the mile-high club. Unfortunately, my mom told me that masturbation doesn't count.! Now that I was actually at her house, her son's bedrooms right next to ours and seeing the bed where Tammy slept with her husband, my imagination began to work its magic.

I stripped off my clothes and laid on my back in the middle of the bed with the covers still on. My legs spread apart as my hand found its way to my already damp pussy and I shuddered as my fingers found my clit, already hard and sensitive. My other hand held my boob and I squeezed it as my fingers began to work their way around my bare pussy. Hmmm, I guess I had better shave before meeting the guys. Wouldn't want any stubble to appear around my bikini!

I must have been masturbating for at least fifteen or twenty minutes when the door suddenly opened and my mom poked her head in.

"Mom!" I whined a little at being distracted from my efforts. My mom just chuckled and grinned at me.

"Sorry, didn't mean to disturb you," she chuckled, "I thought you were so tired?"

I just gave her one of my patented looks of exasperation and she waved goodbye and closed the door behind her. Alone again, I went back to the business at hand, imagining myself in a number of scenarios. Of course, all of them involved someone in Tammy's family - even Tammy! There was one fantasy that really got me hot though. I imagined I was fucking one of her sons when Tammy appeared at the doorway. Rather than being shocked, she joined us and I got to watch her son fuck his mom for the first time.

I got off so much from the thought of that I could feel the waves approaching and as my fingers rubbed my clit furiously, my back arched and then I thrust my hips upward as if against an imaginary lover trying to ram himself deep into me. I had been trying to keep quite but I couldn't help it when a soft moan escaped as I came.

I suddenly realized I was on top of the covers and was about to make quite a mess but at that point there was not stopping to grab a towel. I felt my pussy grow hot like an oven and then suddenly it exploded with intense pleasure, as if a bomb had exploded except this bomb was loaded with the most incredible bliss you could imagine. I felt myself gushing pussy cum around my hand and down my ass onto the bedspread as I moaned a little louder this time.

God it felt so good! Goose bumps broke out all over me and I felt flushed as my fingers kept on teasing my clit, driving themselves into me and then back out again to run circles around and over my blazing hot clit. Finally I collapsed on the bed, spread eagle as I just allowed my pussy to throb and pulse, my chest heaving as I tried to regain my breath. I must have finally dozed off because my mom was waking me.

"Oh Kelly, couldn't you have at least pulled the bedspread down?" she said, almost more to herself than to me.

Oh well, it would dry! We both crawled under the covers then and I fell asleep in her arms. It felt so secure to be in my mom's arms, feeling the warmth and softness of her nude body against mine.

The next morning, as we got ourselves dressed and ready for the day, my mom sat me down next to her on the bed and laid down the ground rules for the week. My shoulders slumped as she pretty much repeated to me what she'd already said to me before leaving home. Somehow at home it hadn't seemed so real as it did now, being right next door to where Tammy's sons were sleeping. Basically, I had to behave and not in the way my dad defined it! No sex with ANY of the guys in the family, especially Tammy's husband! No flirting either, which really sucked. No masturbation outside the bedroom and no flashing. I heaved a sigh of exasperation. For crying out loud, what was there left to do? Actually, as it turned out there was quite a bit to do in this region of the country.

For the next five days it was like being on a guided tour of central Oregon. Tammy's husband (he was as handsome as in his picture!) was at work most of the time and the boys seemed to belong to every sporting activity in the area. As my mom had warned me, Tammy's family was nothing like mine when it came to sexual openness and sharing. Following my mother's instructions, I was a good girl, wearing some of my most conservative evening wear and actually wore a terrycloth robe most of the time. Even though I had left my tiniest thong bikini at home, I still wore a cute bikini but it was nothing more risque than you would buy at JC Penny.

Despite what I considered to be almost a nun's existence, Tammy's two teenage sons WERE boys after all and I caught them both looking at me rather "inappropriately" at times. I was sort of proud that her husband did a couple of times as well when he thought I wouldn't notice but other than that, they never made a move towards me or indicated any overt interest. It was sort of weird for me to have three relatively handsome men near me like this and not even flirt with them but then even I know how to respect someone's lifestyle. I knew I must have been doing well because my mom actually thanked me about half- way through the week and commended me on my restraint and respect.

Needless to say, it was hard to be around three handsome men and not even give so much as a hand-job to them. Every night before I could fall asleep I masturbated like crazy to deal with the built up passions that I had to bottle up inside during the day. Sometimes my mom would put her arm around me while I played with myself. It made me feel good to know she understood how difficult it was for me and that she appreciated my efforts.

During the course of the week we went boating, rode a ski lift up some big mountain, and even spent one day white water rafting - another first for me! We had to wear life jackets the entire time which hid my top but I know the boys got a good look at my ass when I was seated in front of them! I wasn't wearing a thing but with all the movement and tossing and turning, I often had to pull them back up into place - but not TOO soon...

## 3. The Casino

Overall I had a good time, even if I didn't get to do everything I would have liked to. We were due to return home Saturday so Thursday night the three of us women sat around the table discussing the past week and what we should do on our last day.

"So Kelly," you're 21 now - right?" Tammy asked. She knew perfectly well I was so I just nodded and waited to see she was going with this.

"Ever been to a casino?" Tammy asked, looking at my mom with a twinkle in her eye. Actually, I never had. Pennsylvania doesn't have any casinos and even though a couple in West Virginia were only an hour away or so, it just wasn't something that my parents were into all that much so we had never even discussed it before.

"Oh wow, that would be SOOOOO cool!" I exclaimed. I looked at my mom who didn't seem as thrilled by the idea. It wasn't like she was morally against gambling or anything; I just don't think it was something she enjoyed all that much for whatever reason. I reached over and held her hand. "C'mon mom, can we go?"

My mom heaved a sigh and agreed so the discussion turned to where the nearest casino was. how long it would take to get there, and other such things. Tammy explained that the only place gambling was allowed in Oregon was on an Indian reservation with the nearest one being a couple of hours away. My mom wasn't too thrilled about the long drive it until my aunt told her about a couple of small towns on the way that featured great shopping - always the perfect temptation for my mom!

Friday morning came early and we left right after breakfast to get a head start on the shopping part of our trip. Tammy was right, each town offered its own unique stores and shops and we spent the entire morning and part of the afternoon spending money - a hobby all three of us had in common.

It wasn't until the middle of the afternoon that we finally reached the turnoff to the reservation. I was excited at the prospect of my first casino experience and I thought when I saw the sign that we were finally there. Well, it turned out that it was another half hour or so by the time we wound our way through barren desert until we finally dipped down a steep mountain road and before us was the casino!

At first glance I couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed. Compared to the casinos I'd seen back home and on TV, it look tiny. A couple of tour buses were in the parking lot along with maybe twenty or thirty cars and that was it. We parked and went to the entrance. The guy asked for my ID and he smiled at me when he looked at my driver's license. He was pretty cute and I thought to myself maybe there was more to a casino than gambling!

Once inside, it wasn't much more than it looked like from the outside. It was almost entirely slot machines with one small area to the side with a poker table but the lights were off and nobody was around it. Off to the side were some stairs that led up to what I later found to be just more slots. The one thing that turned me off was all the people that were smoking - it was like being in a smokestack! The thing that struck me the most, though, was the noise! It was a small area and with all the slots ringing and making sounds it was almost deafening at first. People seemed to be having fun, though, and so I figured we may as well make the best of it.

My mom and aunt went to a window where they took out a few hundred dollars from their credit cards. I was surprised when they were given all bills as I expected to see a bucket of quarters. My perception of slots had always been putting in quarters, pulling a lever and then watching the wheels spin until all the fruit lined up. Well, I guess I was a generation too late! These machines took bills and instead of a lever, there were just button to set your bet and then make the video "wheels" spin.

My mom and Tammy gave me some quick lessons on slots to get me started. I found that most didn't have fruit but instead there was an incredible array of machines with every theme imaginable. I guess it was more efficient but somehow I felt cheated! As I played I learned quickly that it WAS a more efficient way to take my money as the dollars seemed to be disappearing faster than the credits I was earning.

Nobody ever called me the most patient person in the world and I quickly became disillusioned and started wondering what was so great about gambling. Suddenly my machine started making noises and a light started flashing and spinning on top. My mom came rushing over and hugged me - I had won $200! Suddenly my whole attitude changed and I couldn't wait to throw more money into the machine.

Another thing I learned about gambling, or at least about slots, was it was not something to share - you played alone. It wasn't any fun watching someone else! My mom and Tammy disappeared once they got me rolling and the three of us moved about on our own trying out whatever machine caught our eye.

As I played I noticed that the casino was filled primarily with old people who must have been bussed in from their retirement homes to spend their social security checks. A few younger couples were around but for the most part nobody looked all that interesting. Again, I felt like all my visions of a casino were being dashed. What happened to all the sexy girls and hunks that I saw on TV in the casinos?

As the day wore on and evening approached, I took a walk outside to clear the smoke from my lungs. My clothes were going to stink when we got back! Coming down the mountain I saw car lights approaching the casino. At the same time the tour busses were loading up the geriatric crowd. As the old timers left, the people in the cars replaced them and I noticed a distinct difference in age and attitude. The evening crowd seemed to be here for more than just gambling. Whereas the old folks looked like refugees from a Cocoon movie, these folks were dressed a bit less conservatively, to say the least.

It still wasn't like it was some hot nightclub or anything. You got the feel pretty quick here that this was a working class casino. Most everyone wore jeans but at couple of the girls wore skirts. It was stereotypical western garb for the most part, even down to the boots for many of them. Actually I fit in rather well as I was wearing some tight jeans and a western shirt we had bought earlier in the day. It certainly wasn't the most sexiest outfit in my wardrobe but the jeans were awfully tight and showed off my ass nicely - no panty lines of course! The shirt was tight, probably at least a size to small but I liked the way it fit around my boobs and there shouldn't have been any question as to whether or not I was wearing a bra (actually, I hadn't even brought one with on the trip!).

Somehow my mom had convinced me to buy a pair of cowboy boots which replaced the brown flats I had started the day in. They were still pretty stiff and personally I found them more difficult to wear than heels! My hair had what my mom called, "she woke up and just combed it" look. It really wasn't THAT bad and I liked it sometimes just to hang down loose to my shoulders. Overall, I doubted most people would have thought of me as anything but just another local girl here for some fun.

One thing that DID make me stand out was it seemed almost all of the newcomers were older than me but I guess that was to be expected since at 21, I was as young as you could be and still get through the doors. Most seemed to be in their late twenties or thirties, definitely not a teenage crowd. It was a Friday night so folks seemed to be in a party mood which most likely made the owners happy as I had no doubt they gave away their money all the faster when they were drunk.

When I re-entered the casino, I noticed that the light had been turned on over the poker table and a dealer had appeared along with a couple of hefty body guards. People had already started migrating closer to the table and before long the seats had all be taken. I liked to watch poker on TV sometimes but this was the first time I had seen it for real. Most of the players were couples while at the far end was a group of guys with one of them at the table and the rest looking on. Naturally it was the guys who got my attention!

## 4. An Easy Bet to Win

"Well well, see something interesting?" I heard from behind me. I turned and my mom and Tammy were there, both of them grinning at me.

"Well, you gotta admit they're better than the grandma and grandpas," I replied with a wink.

I noticed that both of them had a glass of wine in their hands and from the way my mom was standing I had a suspicion it wasn't her first (or second). It sort of surprised me as I couldn't remember the last time I had seen her drunk. For that matter, I couldn't remember ANY time when she had been drunk.

"Did I ever tell you my daughter was a slut?" my mom said with a slight slur to Tammy. Dear god, she WAS drunk!

"Oh really? Well, I think you mentioned she was popular with the guys," Tammy said, looking at my mom with about as surprised a look as I had on my face, "But no Mary, I don't think you ever called her THAT before!"

"Well she IS a slut," my mom said with a silly grin on her face, "You wouldn't believe how many guys she's spread her legs for. Makes me look like a nun when I was her age!"

"MOM!" I said in a little louder voice than I intended. I looked around and although a few people had turned at the sound of my voice, thankfully it didn't appear that any had heard what she had said.

"Now Mary, don't embarrass Kelly," Tammy said, putting her arm around my mom to hold her steady.

"Are you kidding!?" my mom said, laughter creeping into her voice, "I don't think she even knows what the word means!"

Tammy tried to steer my dunk mother to a couch in the lounge at the back of the casino but my mom refused to go. Instead she stood her ground and looked over at the group of guys at the poker table.

"Here Tammy, I'll prove it to you," she said in a softer voice. The she looked at me with a nasty grin on her face. "Ok... Kelly... Show Tammy what a slut you are. Go over and get all four of those guys to fuck you."

"Mary!", Tammy exclaimed, "What are you trying to prove?" She turned to me and took my hand. "Now Kelly, your mom's drunk and I know she didn't mean to say that. You certainly don't have to do anything like that."

I looked back over at the guys and thought for a minute. They all looked to be in their mid to late twenties, not bad looking and seemed to be having a good time trying to hit on every girl that walked by. Overall, not too shabby and definitely fuckable! I turned back to my mom and Tammy and put on a silly grin.

"Oh, I don't know Tammy, I think it sounds like quite a little challenge actually," I said softly, rubbing up against her slightly but just enough for her to feel my breast pushing against her. She blushed a little, although I couldn't be sure that she wasn't more embarrassed than turned on. I looked back at my mom and asked, "OK, so what do I get if I win?"

My mom just laughed at that saying, "Well, I would think getting fucked by four guys would be enough of a present for you. After all that masturbating this week I KNOW you're horny as can be! So what's it going to be girl?"

"Deal!" I said, closing the negotiations as they were.

Tammy was looking at my mom like she was some sort of stranger and I could see her lips moving as she whispered to my mom, asking what she was talking about when she said I had been masturbating all week. Well, what did she expect me to do surrounded by gorgeous men all week, none of whom I was allowed to touch! My mom knew me all too well. She was right - I WAS as horny as I could be and I was willing to do most anything if it meant getting fucked. After all, it wasn't like the thought had not already entered my mind earlier. I took a deep breath and was about to head over for my prey when my mom stepped over to me and grinned.

"Now remember - all four of them or it doesn't count!" she whispered to me.

"Does oral count?" I responded. My mom laughed at me and shook her head.

"Hell no!" she snorted, "When I say fucked that means fucked, not sucked!"

I grinned, not expecting anything less from her. Usually my mom was the "voice of reason" whenever my dad would go a little too far when he came up with things for me to do for him but now and then my mom seemed to like to live vicariously through me. Sometimes I wondered if she really told me everything that she had done when she was my age. Was she reliving her past through me or using me to realize some unfilled fantasy? I had a feeling today was the latter. Of course, a few drinks didn't hurt when it came to loosening up the inhibitions. After a week of being away from my dad I knew she was pretty horny herself and I had no doubt in her mind she was wishing she could do what she was telling me to do. I also had no doubts that the guys would have loved a mother-daughter pair as well!

I ran my hands through my hair and shook my head to fluff it up. One less button on the shirt to reveal some more cleavage and I was ready to go. I slowly walked over to the table towards the guys. Because there as only one poker table in this little casino and all the seats were filled, they were stuck having to just watch their friend but that didn't seem to prevent them from drinking beer and having a good time.

Judging from the way they were chugging down the bottles, I had a feeling they were going to be a bit drunk which usually meant that in addition to their normal mental capacities, any inhibitions would be dulled as well. Mmmmmmm, that was perfect for what I had in mind for them!

As I got closer I was able to see them more clearly and listen to them. One guy stood out as the leader, a tall, dark haired guy who looked also to be the oldest, probably in his early thirties if I guessed right. I quickly noticed one other thing about him that set him off from the others - he was the only one with a wedding ring on. He was standing directly behind the guy sitting at the table, slapping him on the side of the head when he made a stupid move and then shaking him by the shoulders when he made a good play. From the looks of things, he was getting hit in the head a lot more than which seemed to correspond with the shrinking pile of chips in front of him.

Actually, the guy playing was the most handsome of the bunch and also looked to be the youngest, just barely old enough to be playing from the looks of him. He was wearing a tight t-shirt which showed off his arms and chest nicely. The other two were your run-of-the-mill guys that seem to populate most of the world. They weren't exactly models but not ugly either. Both were probably in their mid to late twenties and seemed more interested in their beer and flirting with the girls than the game at the table.

So far it looked they were having about as much luck with the girls as their friend was having at the table but that didn't deter them from trying. The poor waitress had to deal with them with every round. She just smiled when they grabbed her ass but I noticed she moved away as quickly as possible once they paid and tipped her. She obviously knew what it took to get a good tip but I could have told them that they had about as much a chance of laying her as a snowball had in hell!

I made my way to a spot where I could watch the table as if I was interested in the game but close enough for them to hit on me if they wanted. In a way I almost felt sorry for them as it was like throwing bait into a bucket of hungry fish. I wasn't there a minute before one of the two made his way over to me.

"Hey babe, buy you a drink?" he said with his eyes planted firmly on my chest.

Now THAT was an original line if I ever heard one! I just smiled at him and shook my head. It wasn't a complete turndown like they had been getting from the other girls, just enough to say I didn't want drink but not so much that I was turning him completely away.

"You like poker?" he tried again. This time I nodded slightly and looked his way.

"I like to play," I said softly. He seemed almost surprised that I had responded to him, which was probably not to be unexpected given his .000 batting average so far for the evening.

"Oh really?" he said, moving up closer to me, "Guess you'll have to get yourself a seat at the table."

As he said it he put his hand on the table behind me that I was leaning against such that his arm was pressed against my back. Since I didn't make any move to pull away from him, he took it as a sign of encouragement and moved in a little closer to me. I grinned at him and teased him a little.

"I said I like to play, not that I wanted to play poker," I said as I pressed back against his arm just enough to let him know I was OK with him pressing against me.

He obviously didn't need much more encouragement as almost immediately I felt his hand firmly on my ass. I almost laughed at how easy this was becoming. Yep, fish in a barrel! I glanced over at where my mom and Tammy were standing, watching me and talking to each other as if they were observing some kind of sporting event. Well, I guess in a way that was exactly what they were doing. This was just a game for me after all, one I had no intention of losing!

"You DO know that's my ass you have your hand on," I said softly to him. He responded by clenching it tighter.

"Yea, and what a nice ass it is," he said, pressing up harder against me. One thing about horny guys, and slightly drunk ones at that, was they didn't waste a lot of time with small talk. He was looking to get laid, not for a date which suited me just fine as it wasn't like I had all night myself. The key now was to get the others involved as well.

"What about your friends?" I asked seductively, nodding at them over by the poker table, "Do they like to play too?"

"Nahhhhh, forget them," he said as he started to move his hand over the curves of my ass, "What you say just me and you head out for a little fun - just the two of us?"

I pulled away from his hand and touched my finger playfully to his chest, which was at eye level for me. "But I told you, I like to play... and the more the better."

For a moment I thought maybe I had gone too fast for him. His eyes narrowed and he looked at me with a little more concern this time.

"How old are you babe?" he asked. I told him I was twenty one and he looked at me again saying, "You sure?" I rolled my eyes at him this time and informed him that my ID was checked when I came in so what was he worried about?

"You're not a cop, are you?" he said in a questioning tone. I shook my head and then he said, "OK, then how much?"

I looked at him with a pout and slapped him hard enough to let him know I wasn't kidding. "I am NOT a whore!" I protested. I started to turn away as if I was disgusted but he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back to him.

"I'm sorry... Hey c'mon, forget about them," he whined, "We got a van out in the parking lot... let's go babe, just you and me."

He put his arm around me but I twisted out of it and looked at him with a pout. "If you really want me that bad then you know what to do."

His cheeks puffed out as he let out a deep breath and looked over at his friends. "Damn, then what the hell are you, some kind of fucking nympho or what?"

"Maybe, " I said with a grin, "Like I said, I like to play and tonight I just want to have a good time!"

"Fuck it then," he said, "Wait here a minute."

I smiled as he walked over to his other friend and started talking to him. I couldn't make out what he was saying but it was enough to make his friend look over at me and run his eyes up and down me a couple of times. At first he looked like he wasn't believing what he was being told but when I returned his looks with a smile of my own, that seemed to convince him. Both of them went to their leader and I knew this was the make or break point. He was married, or at least he wore a wedding ring, so was he into this sort of thing or just here for the gambling? Like the other guy, he turned to take me in and then his eyebrows rose and a grin appeared so I knew he was hooked as well.

The guy at the table apparently didn't get a vote. The leader tapped him on the shoulder and informed him that he was finished whether he liked it or not. I noticed the player didn't protest and I had a feeling that the leader didn't tolerate much backtalk from his minions.

My pussy was tingling now as I knew I had them hooked – as if there was ever any doubt. The rest was all downhill. I glanced again over at my mom and Tammy and grinned. Tammy had this look on her face of total disbelief. I think she was shocked at how easily I had reeled in my catch while my mom just shook her head like she usually did whenever I did something that she couldn't quite believe I had done. Even though in this case she was the one to egg me on, somehow I had a feeling she hadn't really believed it would actually happen.

Well, she should have known better given my track record - which she knew completely. Just then the group came over to me and literally surrounded me. Naturally, the leader set himself in front of me and he led the conversation as well.

"So, Jimmy here says you're looking' to play around tonight," he said, nodding his head to the first guy.

"That depends," I said, licking my lips slightly, "on what you've got to play with."

They all laughed and he replied to me saying, "Don't you worry about THAT sweetie. I've got plenty, if you can handle it."

I rolled my eyes as if I had heard it all before and shook my head slowly, "Well, I guess we'll just have to find out."

He looked around and then back at me, "Say, you here alone babe?"

"Does it matter?" I answered. I wasn't sure where this was leading and I didn't want to lie and possibly get myself in trouble. I wasn't too keen that they thought I was alone because then who knows what would keep them from getting out of hand. On the other hand, do I tell them my MOM is here?

"Just curious if you had a friend to join us," he said, looking at me more and more like he was ready to take me right then and there. Well, what could it hurt?

"Well, my mom and her best friend are here with me," I said as if it was perfectly natural for them to be here when I was doing this sort of thing.

"Yeah right," he said in a disbelieving tone, "And my mom is here too so maybe we should get them together for coffee or something."

"Seriously," I replied, "They're right over there... by the slots." I pointed them out with my finger and the lot of them turned to look.

My mom and Tammy saw me pointing at them and realized what must be happening. I grinned as my mom just sighed but Tammy quickly turned away as if she was embarrassed to be seen.

"Damn, you're not kidding, are you?" he said. "Let me guess, mom turned away and her friend is the horny looking one?"

He was partially right - my mom WAS the horny one but he had them reversed otherwise. I was about to correct him when a nasty thought came to my mind. Hmmm, this could REALLY get interesting!

"Good guess," I giggled, not actually saying what he said was true but giving them that impression.

"God, I can't believe that's your mom," he said, "What kind of mother..."

He let it go at that but I knew what he must have been thinking. In a way, I had to agree with his thoughts. What kind of mother indeed! I would have loved to have told him what a fantastic mom I had for allowing me to have fun like this but then I could also see where it would have been easy to get the wrong impression. Besides, it's not like she was pimping me out or anything. Meanwhile, my mind was racing with a nasty idea I had forming. I looked back at my mom and then at him again and gave him a wicked grin.

"Would you like her to join in?" I teased them.

As if on cue, all four of them let out a collective sigh. What is it with guys that they are so into a mother and daughter thing? In a way I could understand as I had always dreamed of being with a father and son. I didn't give them a chance to respond but instead pushed my way between them.

"Let me go ask... OK?" I said in a cute little girl voice, as if I was going to ask them something entirely innocent.

They were punching each other and mumbling about how incredible this was going to be and I had the same thoughts actually. I went to my mom and Tammy and whispered to them as soon as I approached.

"Just go with this, ok?" I said softly. They both looked at me, not understanding what I was up to but appeared to be willing to do as I asked. I put my arms around Tammy's neck and hugged her as if she was my mom. I looked back at the guys and they were watching as if it was the only show in town.

"What is this all about Kelly?" Tammy asked, whispering in my ear.

I whispered back, explaining quickly that I had told them SHE was my mom and that she might want to join in. Tammy gasped and her eyes met mine, as wide open as saucers.

"You've GOT to be kidding!" she whispered back to me, "NO WAY!"

"Ah, c'mon Tammy," my mom joined in, "You could have fun!"

As much as my mom and I tried to talk her into it, Tammy was adamant that she would not join in so I looked back at the guys and shrugged my shoulders. It was a long shot knowing Tammy but then again, it would have been fun if she HAD joined in. I returned and explained to the disappointed group that she wouldn't join us.

"But she doesn't care if her daughter messes around with some total strangers?" one of the guys asked.

"Hey, it's not like I am going to get married or anything," I said in a flippant tone. "So what's the story, you guys up for some fun or what?"

Needless to say, they were all starting to get "up" and I was even feeling a bit warmer between the legs at the prospect of what was about to happen. Sure I had done some pretty wild things for my dad before, but never anything even remotely like this when my mom was around! I wondered for a minute what was going on with her. Was she trying to impress Tammy somehow?

Despite a couple of "lapses" with me, I knew Tammy was extremely religious and straight these days so was my mom trying to show off how slutty her daughter could be? Maybe I was making too much of it; maybe it was more simple than all that and she was just horny and with the drinks had let it get the best of her. That's usually what happened with my dad. Sometimes he just got to wound up that it seemed he needed something more to satisfy his needs than just fucking me so he would have me do things that he normally wouldn't.

I smiled as I remembered the time he asked my cousin Kristen and me to pretend to be whores for him and some clients. My mom wasn't too pleased about that one but she found out about it too late to do anything about it. The more I thought about it the more I concluded it was just her own needs that were driving the events tonight. Even though she couldn't do it herself, having me be a slut in her place was the next best thing! "Let's go baby," the leader said.

He planted his hand firmly on my ass and directed me towards the door. I looked back at my mom and Tammy, who had turned back now to watch. There was something in Tammy's face that made me feel really hot, a look of total disbelief and shock. It was one thing to tease about it, still another to watch me tease the guys, but to actually watch me leaving and knowing what they were about to do to me seemed to be more than she could believe. My mom had her arm around Tammy and that was the last I saw of them until I returned later.

## 5. Fucked by Four in a Parking Lot

The sun had gone down but there was still enough light to see clearly with the parking lots on. The lot was about full now as we walked out to the middle aisle. About three-quarters of the way down there was a large dark-colored van, maybe deep blue. I almost laughed when I saw that is was a Grand Caravan. Four hot guys driving around in the classic soccer-mom van just seemed silly I guess.

The leader (I still didn't know anyone's name but Jimmy's) reached in his pocket and pulled out the keys. It figured, the married guy owned the van. I couldn't see any self-respecting single guy driving a loser-cruiser around! The security alarm beeped a couple of times and then he lifted the rear gate. Again, I almost snickered as he pushed aside some toys and a small jacket that must have belonged to one of his kids. I wondered if he was the same big-shot with his wife around as when he was out with the guys. Somehow I didn't think so!

"Well, whatcha waiting for?" he said suddenly, breaking my thoughts about his family and bringing me back to the task at hand. From experience, I knew guys like these loved to be dominating and in control so I figured I would have a little fun with it.

"Ummmmm," I said hesitatingly, "I never said anything about getting in a van."

"Give us a break, you fucking slut," one of the guys said, "You knew exactly what we wanted."

I pretended to be a bit scared and I looked about me like a mouse cornered by a cat. "Hey guys, really... How about just a blowjob for each of you?"

The parking lot was empty, not a car coming or going. The leader looked around, undid his belt and unzipped his jeans. He wasn't wearing any underwear which made it easy for him to reach in for his cock and hold it out to me.

"Stop talking and suck my dick bitch," he said in a harsh tone.

I got a kick out of guys when they demanded I suck their cocks. Who did they think they were kidding? All I had to do was bite down hard and that was all it would take to put him in place - forever! Yet somehow he thought HE was in control. What a joke! I didn't suck a cock if I didn't want to and tonight wasn't going to be an exception.

The truth was, I had been wanting him to pull it out just as much as he wanted to do it himself. It had been a week since I had sucked a nice cock and his looked delicious! I dropped to my knees on the hard blacktop and eagerly grabbed his cock and took it in my mouth. It was warm and smelled of sweat, just beginning to grow into the hard cock I was craving.

"Oh yeah!" he gasped as my tongue raced around his shaft. "She good?" one of the guys asked. I looked up at him with his cock still in my mouth. Our eyes met and he just groaned in reply. "Guess so!" said the guy who had asked.

The other three were standing around us and if anyone had come out they would have had to look closely in the dusk light to tell what was really happening. They had pulled out their own cocks and were stroking themselves as they watched me suck his cock. He was nice and thick but not too long and I was able to take his whole cock in my mouth easily, burying my face in his smelly pubic hair. I pumped his cock with my hand and looked up at him, our eyes meeting as I held his dick in my mouth for him to watch. I allowed it to slip out and I grinned up at him.

"I bet I suck it better than your wife," I said seductively.

The others laughed and he just grinned and pushed my head back on his cock. He grabbed a handful of my hair and pumped my head on him like he was masturbating, just using my mouth instead of his hand. Out of the corner of my eye I could see off in the distance there were some more headlights so I knew it would only be a few minutes before they were pulling into the lot but I was making the best of it. Two of the other guys stood to each side of us and I grabbed their cocks with my hands, jerking them off as I sucked on the one in front of me. Sure enough, it was not long before we heard the sound of the cars coming our way.

"Get in the van - now!" the leader commanded me.

I jumped inside and stretched out on my back on the floor where he had lowered the seats. It wasn't exactly the most comfortable bed but it would do. His cock quickly appeared again in front of my face and I started sucking on him, enjoying the flavor of his dick and the odor of his crotch.

"God damn it all!" he groaned, "fuck, you really know how to suck a dick."

As I blew him I felt hands on me and my clothes being undone. I didn't want my buttons torn off so I helped undo my short while my jeans were being roughly pulled off of me. In a matter of seconds I was naked and just then a car drove by behind us. Everyone ignored it so I guess the people in the car couldn't see what was going on inside. A hand reached between my legs and I felt fingers explored my pussy, quickly finding my wet pussy hole and pushing inside of me.

"Damn! she's soaking wet already," someone exclaimed, "I think the fucking whore wants something."

I started playing with myself, pushing my finger up into me as my mouth was being fucked with his cock. I couldn't see in the I dark what the others were doing but they must have been able to make out what I was doing.

"Christ, look at her... she's got her fingers up in her!"

"Fuck, look at that little body. I can't wait to fuck that cunt!"

"Look at her suck that cock, she really loves it!"

I loved hearing them talk dirty about me, it made me feel sexy and hot. Meanwhile, the leader pulled his cock from my mouth and looked down at me. I could barely see the leer in his face as he stroked his cock just above my face.

"I know you want it," he sneered at me, "Tell me, you want this cock?"

I moaned like a whore in heat and plunged my fingers deep inside of my pussy. "Oh fuck me!" was all I said and all I needed to say.

"God, listen to the little whore," the leader crowed to the others, "I think she wants it as bad as we do!"

To be perfectly honest, he was right! I wanted to be fucked terribly. Actually, I NEEDED to be fucked. A week without a cock in my cunt was a torture I should never have to bear when I'm away from school. At the moment it didn't really matter to me who was attached to it, I just wanted one inside of me, filling my pussy the way it loved to be filled.

"Fuck her Ramone!" they said over and over, almost chanting as they went on.

Ramone worked his way awkwardly in the cramped quarters until he was over me. I spread my legs wide so he could get in between them and reached down for his hard cock. I found it immediately and literally pulled him into my waiting pussy. I positioned his cock at the entrance to my pussy hole and lifted my hips up to him to make it easier to penetrate me.

"Give it to me," I hissed at him, "Push it in me dammit!"

Ramone groaned and shoved his hips into my crotch and I felt his cock sliding into my wet pussy. It felt so good to feel my pussy split open, at first resisting his cock but then surrendering to the pressure and accepting the intruder. He kept pushing and pulling until he was buried in me to the hilt and his pubic hair tickled my bare pussy. For a moment he just held himself still in me and I could feel his hard cock throbbing inside of me. I moaned loudly at the incredible sensations it produced throughout my entire body.

"Hey, I think she likes it!" one of the guys called out to Ramone. "Yeah, fuck her harder!" another guy cried out.

Ramone didn't waste time with anything subtle. He started pounding my pussy with his cock and crotch. By now I was so wet his dick made a slurping sound as it slid in and out of my wet pussy. The feel of his cock rubbing against the walls of my pussy was like a bow being drawn across the strings of a violin, but instead of making music it produced surge after surge of the most incredible sensations in me, the most intense pleasure you could imagine.

Actually this was exactly what I had wanted - just to be fucked. It was dark, I couldn't really see him and I really didn't care if I did. The only thing I wanted was what he was putting in me - a wonderful hard cock that was making me so damn good! There was something about being fucked by a guy that no dildo could ever replace. Knowing a man was literally mating me like some animal in heat, fucking me without a care about me other than my pussy around him, was incredibly erotic and simply made me feel sexy as hell.

"That's it, give it to me," I moaned, "Deeper... push it deeper inside of me... Oh god yes, fuck me!"

It was like being in heaven. The bumps and lumps of the van floor under me disappeared as it was like my body was suspended in midair. All I could feel was his cock inside of me, stroking in and out of me like a fleshy piston. I reached down and played with my clit while he kept fucking me, driving me even more insane with pleasure.

I didn't want it to end. All I wanted right then was to keep going all night this way. Unfortunately, he must have been even hornier than I thought because he didn't last very long. It seemed like only a few minutes had passed by when he groaned even louder and I knew what was about to happen. I squeezed his cock with my pussy, increasing the pressure of his dick against my sensitive pussy walls while my fingers worked furiously around my hardened clit.

"God I'm gonna cum!" he cried out.

"Cum in me," I begged him, "Cum in my pussy!"

"Here it cums bitch," be groaned, a grimace on his face as he tried to hold back for as long as he could. Suddenly he lurched forward and I felt his cock surging in me, releasing his warm load of sperm inside of me.

"Give it to me," I begged him, wanting all of his cum inside of me. "That's it, keep cumming in me!"

It was like a flood of sperm was being released in me. The warmth of his cum quickly disappeared but I could feel him throbbing me as my body responded to the sensations of his orgasm. My pussy felt like it was on fire as it convulsed and gripped his cock like a vise. My back arched under him and it was like every square inch of my body was suddenly tingling like your foot when it falls asleep. I moaned and groaned as I writhed beneath him, my orgasm overwhelming me.

"Fuck! She's cumming!" someone exclaimed.

If he only knew how right he was! It was like a week's worth of pent-up frustration was all being released at once as my pussy exploded again and a wave of pleasure coursed up and down me from head to toe. Finally it began to die down and I just laid there, completely spent and motionless with his cock still impaled in my pussy. Ramone pulled out of me then and my pussy suddenly felt so cold and empty . I wanted more though, this had gone too quickly so thank god there were more of them!

"Alright, who's next," I said as I ran my finger around my pussy.

Some of his cum was leaking out of me and I scooped it up in my fingers and made a show of tasting it. Ramone was still in the back of the van so he called up to the guys in front and told them to drive the van to a different spot in the parking lot. This area was more secluded and we backed into the spot which hid us even more from anyone that should around this way. Ramone raised up the back hatch and crawled out backwards, pulling his jeans back up as he stood. He looked at me and motioned for me to get out.

"C'mon bitch, get out of there!" he demanded.

I was still nude but it seemed secluded enough so I managed to get out and sit on the outer edge of the van. I smiled as I saw the next guy was already dropping his jeans. My pussy tingled - it wanted more! He moved in between my open legs and then lifted them up and over his shoulders. I leaned back on my elbows and held my ass up to let him see my crotch more clearly in the light of the overhead lamps

"Damn, look at that pussy! Now it's my turn," he said to nobody in particular, least of all me.

Yep, this was just pure fucking. No emotion, no concern for each other, no "did you cum" lines at the end. He was horny and just wanted to fuck me and I could have been a plastic doll for it mattered to him except my pussy was real. He struggled a little to keep his balance but I couldn't help him as I was trying to hold myself up to watch as his dick entered me. I could feel the tip of it pressing against my now cum-filled pussy and he easily slid inside of me.

Just then I was surprised when a car drove by right in front of the van. I hadn't heard it coming and apparently neither did the guys but by being in the back we were hidden from prying eyes. This was so cool! I couldn't believe I was being gang-banged in the middle of a parking lot. OK, it wasn't the MIDDLE of the lot but it was close enough.

I wondered what my mom and Tammy were talking about inside. It would have been so cool for them to have been able to watch, even more if they had joined in!

It didn't take long for #2 to cum, he had been stroking himself watching his friend fuck me so soon I was filled with a second helping of sperm. The third guy moved in quickly but first he twisted me around so I was leaning forward into the back of the van, As I did, the last guy made his way to take my place where I had been sitting such that my arms were now straddling his body with my hands on the floor.

It was obvious what they wanted and as I bent over I felt #3's cock pressing into me. I leaned forward even more and as his cock pressed into my pussy I took the last guy's hard dick in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, now I had a cock in me in both of my favorite holes!

I felt the guy behind me grab my hips and push me and pull me onto his cock. The resulting motion caused me to automatically rise and fall on the cock in front of me. Both guys seemed to be enjoying it and I had to admit, so was I. It was just what I needed tonight, just pure fucking. I suppose it ranked only a step above masturbation but who cared so long as a real dick was in me - that was what counted so far as I was concerned.

Then somehow I remembered my bet with my mom and I knew I had to get the fourth guy to fuck me as well. I could have easily lied to her but why would I when I could accomplish my mission for real?

"I want you both to fuck me," I said with a devilish smile on my face. They looked confused and I laughed gently, "Noooooo, not at the same time silly, switch back and forth."

They looked at each other and shrugged and the one guy pulled out of me to make room for his partner. Each one would stroke himself in me a few times and then pull out so the other could have his turn. I smiled and though they may have thought it was due to their efforts, the reality was I had just officially won my bet with my mom! They seemed to be both getting close so I directed them some more.

"OK, one of you cum in my mouth, the other in my pussy," I demanded.

I was still bent over as they fucked me from behind so the one that had started fucking me first moved to have a seat on the van while his friend took sole possession of my pussy. There was already some precum on the guy's cock when I took it in my mouth so I knew it wouldn't be much longer. Sure enough, his groans got loader and then he took his cock in his hand, pulling it from my mouth.

"Open your mouth bitch," he said, stroking himself with one hand.

I did as he commanded, trying to stay lined up with his cock which was beginning more and more difficult as the guy fucking me was getting ready to cum himself and was banging into my ass like a pile driver. Just as I feared, at the same moment the guy in back almost knocked me off my feet, the guy in front began to cum and the first shot hit me right on the forehead and God knows how much was in my hair.

I regained my balance and took the next shot straight in my mouth but he was stroking himself wildly and the next two loads fell on my face and some even hit my eye. Damn, what a mess! People wonder why I don't like guys cumming on my face! I didn't have much time to reflect further when the guy in back began to cum. Like his idiot friend, he also pulled out of me and shot cum all over my back and ass! I could even feel it between my shoulder blades and again I wondered if somehow he had managed to get it in my hair as well. I felt him spread the cum on my ass around using his cock like a squeegee. I could taste the guy's cum in my mouth and swallowed what little there was. Mmmmmmm, it tasted pretty good and I wished he had given me his entire load to enjoy!

"Hot damn, good job guys!" Ramone said, clapping his hands at their performance. "Shit, look at her - now she really does look like a fucking whore!"

I stood up and tried to wipe the cum from my eye so I could open it again. I could feel the cum drying on my face already and I knew my back and ass must have been a mess from the way I could feel it running down my back. Someone threw a small towel at me and I used it to wipe off my face. As I opened my eyes I squinted and could see them all piling in the van. What the hell was going on now? One of them threw my clothes on the ground at my feet and closed the last door behind him. Ramone was in the driver's seat and he stuck his head out the window and called back to me.

"Thanks for the sweet fuck bitch, gotta run now!" he said, laughing along with all his buddies as they pulled out of the parking spot and then headed to the exit, leaving me standing there.

I just stood there I a daze, completely confused at how quickly things had changed. One minute I was getting fucked like there was no tomorrow and now here I was, nude, covered with cum inside and out, standing out in the open in a public parking lot.

Suddenly it dawned on me what my situation was and I ducked behind the car next to me just in time as a couple came strolling down looking for their car. Fortunately it wasn't one of the ones around me and they quickly disappeared out of site.

I used the towel to clean myself off as much as possible using what light I could get from the parking lot and my reflection in the car window. I tried to reach my back and get off what I could but I knew I was missing most of it. My ass was easier to reach and I was pretty sure I had all of it off but by then the little towel was getting pretty covered with cum. I slipped on my clothes and tried to straighten my hair but I had left my purse with my mom so all I could do was run my fingers through it. It felt like a little cum was in it but there was nothing I could do about it out here.

I slowly headed back to the casino. On the one hand, it had felt good to be finally fucked and I didn't mind so much that they had left me but I really would have liked a little more to be honest. It had all gone by so quickly!

## 6. Claiming Victory

As I walked up the steps it was almost surreal – did this really just happen to me? The warmth in my pussy told me it was for real but rather than taking the hours I had expected, I must have been gone for less than an hour. Would my mom even believe me? The place was even louder than ever when I entered and I looked around for either my mom or Tammy. I finally found them in the lounge, each of them with an oversized margarita in front of them. "Well, look who's back!" my mom said with a look of surprise on her face. "So soon? Guess I won, eh?"

Tammy looked at me over her shoulder and then straight at me as I sat down, never taking her eyes off of me in the process. There was a look in her eyes I hadn't seen before, as if she was seeing me for the first time.

"Nope, I won," I declared proudly.

I then explained to them all that had happened. My mom broke in a few times to clear up a detail or ask for more information but Tammy just remained silent the entire time, staring at me like I was some sort of freak or alien from outer space.

Finally, as I finished Tammy looked at me and asked, "OK, did you REALLY do all that or is this some sort of practical joke between your mom and you to play on me?"

The question actually threw me off balance for a moment. I had never even thought about such a thing although the idea was pretty clever. As proof I leaned over and showed her where I thought the cum was in my hair and smiled at her.

"Well, this isn't hand lotion," I said softly, "Why, don't you believe I would actually do such a thing?"

Tammy looked at me, then at my mom, and then back at me again. "Honestly," she started out, "I didn't... I just figured it was your mom and you just teasing me. I never once thought you would actually do such a thing!"

My mom started to say something but Tammy cut her off, "Good Lord Mary, doesn't it bother you that your daughter's a whore?"

"Now Tammy!" my mom exclaimed, "Don't say that about my Kelly. She may be a slut but she's not a whore. Those guys didn't pay her for sex."

Tammy looked like she was going to be sick. I didn't know quite what to do but my mom turned to me and told me to go to the girl's room and clean myself off. I did as she told me although I suspected it was more to let her talk to Tammy alone than it was for my benefit. Indeed, when I returned Tammy appeared to have settled down a bit but she wanted to go home.

It was a long ride back to her house with the first hour being fairly tense, to say the least. However, once the initial shock wore off, Tammy's curiosity became more apparent. She started asking me questions about when I started having sex, how many guys I had fucked, and so on.

I found it interesting that she never once asked me about my dad. It's not that she didn't know about us, but with everything else I guess that was just too much for her to think about now. Her eyes widened several times, especially when I told her how many guys I had been fucked by, but she didn't say anything in response to any of it. It seemed like there wasn't much more I could shock her with anymore. Eventually things seemed to be back to normal but she had one last question to ask me.

"OK Kelly, I hate to ask this but I have to," she said softly, indeed acting as if she was afraid to ask, or perhaps more afraid of the answer, "Did you fuck my husband or sons this past week?"

"Tammy!" my mom exclaimed, "You know better than that!"

"That's OK mom, I understand," I said. Looking at Tammy right in the eyes, I slowly said, "No, not even once Tammy." It was like a wave of relief ran over her and I couldn't resist throwing in one last line, "I WANTED to but my mom said no."

"Kelly!" my mom exclaimed again, this time directing herself to me.

"I guess I should say thank-you," said Tammy softly. "God, I never dreamed I would be thanking someone for NOT fucking my husband! This is all just so weird!"

Just then we pulled up in her driveway. It was late and everyone was passed out in the living room with the TV set still on. My mom and I went up to our room and I took a shower to get the gunk off of me. God I hate it when men cum all over me! There is nothing worse to get out of your hair than dried cum and it itches when it dries on your skin. The shower felt great and as I stepped out of the bathroom, Tammy was there waiting for me.

"I'm sorry Kelly for being so close-minded," she said, giving me a hug, "I guess with two boys I just have a hard time understanding how girls behave these days."

Then to my surprise, she kissed me! Not just a friendly peck on the cheeks, but a real, open mouth, tongue to tongue kiss! When we finished, she looked at me and smiled. "See, I'm not really so narrow-minded." With that she went to her bedroom and I returned to ours.

My mom was already in bed and so I dropped my towel and got under the covers with her. We cuddled for a bit and I relished the feel of her soft warm skin against mine. When I told her what Tammy had just done, she looked surprised and then kissed me except hers was even more passionate than Tammy's had been.

"Can't let her have all the fun," she whispered to me with a smile on her face. "You know, I was so proud of you tonight."

It made me feel so good to hear her say that and I hugged her tightly. I felt our breasts pushing against one another and then she wrapped her leg around me, pulling me in tighter until her pussy was pressing against my leg that was between hers. I sighed softly as I realized it was going to be a while before I got some sleep, but somehow that didn't bother me at all!

# (Sep 04) Chapter 126: School Sendoff

Story codes: MF MMF oral inc father daughter uncle niece
Me (21)
John - my dad (41)
Uncle Jim (40)

It was time to leave for my last year of college. In the past my dad was always the one to fuck me last but this year he was joined by his brother. It proved to be a "different" experience but then sometimes two can be better than one!

When I read this over I realized that I really rambled on a lot about things. If you're looking for a straight slam-bam style story, you might want to skip this one. If you continue on, don't gripe at me later - you've been warned!

## 1. Why Incest?

People always ask me why I have sex with members of my family. In a way, I sort of resent the question as it implies there is some reason why I should NOT have sex with them but that's another issue. Well, there is no simple answer as there is a different reason for each one. I have explained all of this in lots more detail in other article in my diary so this is only a short review to help to explain the events of this day. First let me reiterate that in my view it is NOT adultery for a man to have sex with a woman other than his wife provided that woman is a member of his immediate family. Adultery is having sex outside of marriage and a marriage is more than just one man and one woman - the entire family is a part of it. This is why family is so important to me.

My parents believe strongly in their marriage vows. Thus my father would never even consider committing adultery yet he does have sex with several women besides my mother with but ALL of them are within his marriage family. This includes two of my cousins (primarily Kristen), my Aunt Linda (my mom's sister), and, of course, me. Similarly, my mother enjoys being with my cousin Rick and his father (my Uncle Jim) but wouldn't dream of giving herself to any other man (except my husband someday, of course).

So let's start with the easiest to explain - my parents. I shouldn't even have to explain why I have sex with my parents; the answer is obvious. I love my parents more than anyone else in the world and would do anything to please them. The bible commands that we honor our parents and in my mind, what greater honor is there than to offer myself physically to them, to present myself totally to them for whatever they desire and need without reservation or conditions?

Even so, there ARE difference between my parents when it comes to sex. With my mother it is more of an equal relationship than it is with my dad. When I have sex with my mom it is like being with a female "lover". The bonds between us from just being mother and daughter evolve to another level to where we become "equals" in bed.

On the other hand, when I am with my dad I am ALWAYS his daughter and as such it is my duty to submit myself to him. Now don't get me wrong as needless to say, I enjoy it physically but my greatest emotional feelings arise from the knowledge that I am pleasing my father and satisfying his deepest needs. When he cums in me it is not like it is when any other man does it. With my dad, it is more than just a physical turn-on created by the feeling of a man's sperm filling my pussy. When I feel my father cum in me it is a physical indicator of his love and respect for me, not to mention proof of the lust I have successfully created within him.

As for my cousin Kristen and me, it's not complicated - we do it just for fun. Period. Really, what more can I say? I love my cousin but she is such a slut, and just loves sex. I simply have a great time being with her. It's all physical! Besides, not that many people really have an issue with girls having sex with each other, even if they are cousins.

Many people are surprised when I say this but it's true... Kristen's mom, my Aunt Linda, and I haven't really been together a great deal. When we have, usually it is in conjunction with someone else such as my mom or Kristen. My aunt is an incredibly sexy woman and she certainly knows how to make love to a woman so I enjoy being with her, it just doesn't happen all that much. While she seems to like younger men, younger girls just aren't all that interesting to her in a sexual way (other than her daughter of course).

My youngest cousin, Tammy, is more of a "project" for me than anything else. I recognized early that she was going to be the sexy, rebellious girl in the family (her older sister Kate is SUCH a prude). My goal was to teach her about sex so she

Anyone who knows me knows that I love having sex with married men. There is no way to adequately express the way it makes me feel when a man fucks me and I know he has a wife back home who has no idea that her loving husband wants me more than her and is willing to risk everything just to have me. With my uncle, this feeling is all the more intense because of the relationships involved. My aunt would crucify her husband (and probably have me burned at the stake) if she knew he was fucking me!

Bottom line then, I have only been fucked by my uncle a few times and then primarily just for the thrill of doing it without my aunt knowing - especially later when I would see her, sometimes with a load of her husband's cum still in me!

I apologize if this has been boring but with that all said, hopefully it will make it easier for you understand why I did what I did on this day. Actually, it wasn't something I DID, as that would imply I initiated it, but rather something that I ALLOWED to happen once it was started by someone else. I guess in my book there is a big difference between the two as they indicate the state of mind I was in and how I felt about what happened.

## 2. Dad Does Me in the Garage

It was the end of summer break and I was almost finished packing up my things to return to school. I have my own car now so my parents didn't have to drive me over three hours to school and then back again. While overall I think they appreciated not having to make the long drive, it DID mean that our goodbyes had to be said here at home and not at school - something that got pretty interesting in years past.

Down in the garage, I was standing behind my car with the trunk wide open and what seemed like a never-ending pile of stuff surrounding me as I pondered how I was going to fit the last of it in. Somehow during the past few hours, what had seemed to be a huge trunk earlier had shrunk dramatically! It was like a Twilight episode or something.

"Hey baby, how's it going?"

I turned to see who was talking to me and there was my dad at the door leading to the basement from the garage. Our house is on a typical steep Pittsburgh hill so the garage was attached to the basement at the rear of our house. Thus the door from the garage lead to the basement where our family room was. We had a

there is no need for panties or even a thong unless I plan to be teasing someone later. My 34C boobs are plenty firm enough to let me get away without a bra in most outfits unless the material is excessively tight or sheer. I had my hair pulled back in a simple ponytail and was wearing just the bare minimum of makeup so it wasn't like I was looking super sexy or anything, at least not to me when I looked in the mirror. Actually, some guys seem to prefer me this way, saying it gave me that "girl-next-door" look. Maybe so but to me I am never sure if that means I am sexy or just plain.

"Oh yeah baby," my dad said with a twinkle in his eye, "And daddy's little slut knows what he wants, doesn't she?"

That was my dad's favorite nickname for me, "Daddy's little slut", and I just LOVED it when he called me that - and he knew it. As for me, I loved calling him "daddy" when we were fooling around with each other instead of "dad" like I usually did (or "father" when I was perturbed with him). I NEVER can even remember calling him John, not even in jest. I know some girls who call their parents by their first names but that just seems so disrespectful to me.

As for the "slut" part, well what can I say about it? After all, I AM a slut and quite proud of it actually, especially in the sense that my dad intends when he calls me that. When most people call me a slut I know that it means that they see me as someone who is sexy and not afraid to show off a bit or even do something about it. From that perspective, why would I consider it a slur? Of course, some people use it as a way to be mean or to criticize and naturally I do not like it under those circumstances. I know my dad doesn't mean it that way and when he calls me a slut it is like the ultimate compliment that he can give me! There is something special when my dad says it though. He is telling me that I am HIS little slut which makes me feel especially good and warm inside.

Looking at my dad, indeed, there was no doubt in my mind whatsoever what he wanted. My dad had one thing on his mind now and that was to fuck his daughter! I felt a shiver down my back as I realized that for all practical purposes, it was a done deal now. No matter what my plans or intentions may have been even a few minutes ago, there was no way I was NOT going to be fucked in the next few minutes.

When my dad was in this mood there was only one way for things to turn out - he was going to fuck me. I was OK with it and actually I was proud of the fact that in the past five years since I first gave myself to my father, I had NEVER refused him. Sure there had been times when it was inconvenient or frankly, I just wasn't in the mood. That wasn't the case today, not by a long shot. Today there was no problem for me at all - I was just as horny as he was knowing that once I left for school, the odds of having sex (at least with someone other than myself) were pretty poor.

My car was the only one in the garage as my mother was out shopping and my dad had left his SUV out in the driveway so I would have more room to pack. I had pulled in the middle of the garage and had all the doors open as well as the trunk to make it as easy as possible to find just the right place to stuff that last thing I couldn't fit anywhere else.

Not only did our property slope sharply from front to back, thus allowing the garage to be attached to the basement in the rear, but it also sloped side to side going down the street in front of us such that each house was about half a story lower than the one preceding it. Our driveway ran down the side of our house before turning into the garage so there was a retaining wall on one side to keep the neighbor's house from falling into ours. The result was that once you were about half-way into our garage, unless you were actually standing in our own driveway or lying flat on our neighbor's driveway, there was no way for anyone to see inside.

At this moment that was proving to be convenient. I slowly walked from the rear of my car to the front fender ahead of the driver's door and leaned over onto the hood, putting both hands flat on the hood and looking back over my shoulder at my dad.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, I think I have an idea what you want," I said seductively as I started to seriously tease my dad.

When he got this way I loved to tease him a bit at first rather than just throw myself at him. Of course, he wouldn't have objected had I simply walked up to him, pulled down his shorts and started sucking his cock right then and there on the steps. Truthfully, that didn't sound like such a bad idea the more I thought about it! Even so, I knew that it would be worth it in the end to tease just a little bit at first and flirt, even if he was my father (or should I say, because he was my father!) This wasn't the same as when I flirt at the mall with the men and boys. Then I have no intention whatsoever of allowing them to so much as touch me, let alone do anything else.

Fooling around at the mall was the definition of true flirting - or cock-teasing as the guys preferred to call it. With my dad, though, it was more like giving him an appetizer or a preview. No matter how much I pretended that it was not decided one way or the other, in the end he knew he was going to get it. Still, I think it's more fun to do it this way and at least pretend he had to try to work to have me. I wiggled my butt at him a little and giggled like a little girl.

"So daddy, see anything you like?" I said as I kept giggling at him like an eighth grader.

"Hmmmmmm, I THINK so," he replied with a clever smile, "But how can I be sure with all those clothes covering you up?"

He was so silly sometimes! I laughed and flipped my head around, making my ponytail fly out straight which always felt fun to me. Sometimes I would shake my head back and forth just to make it whip from side to side. Sometimes I toyed with the idea of cutting it shorter or letting it grow longer but this length seemed to be a good compromise. Indeed, one of the worst things I ever did to my hair was to bleach it blonde one summer when I was nineteen. Not only that, but I had it cut it a bit shorter than usual and I almost cried the first time I saw myself in the mirror (actually I did cry but it wasn't the girl's fault - I asked for it). Not only did it drastically change the way I looked more than I was expecting, but people treated me differently afterwards.

It may sound like a cliche but yes, people DO treat blondes like they are stupid. The only good thing, if you want to call it that, was they also expected me to be "looser" than your typical brunette. Before I got my contacts I use to wear glasses - and sometimes I do when my eyes are bothering me. During those times it was just the opposite as people seem to treat a brunette with glasses like some sort of nerd! Not only that, but guys automatically assumed when they first met me that I was Little Miss Prude. Needless to say, it was an impression I soon changed once they got to know me!

Turning around, I leaned back against the fender and grinned at my dad as I slowly undid my belt and unbuttoned my jeans after which I slowly slid the zipper down to the bottom. I spread the waist open but without any panties to reveal there was nothing showing but bare skin. My pussy was still well hidden as the jeans were much too high on my waist to reveal anything of importance. Putting my hands to my side, I rested them on the fender and smiled at my dad again.

"Is this better daddy?" I asked innocently as if I had actually done something significant.

Of course he shook his head and just folded his arms as if he was prepared to wait me out until I did what he wanted. I grabbed the sides of my jeans and pulled them down and off my ass until they were down to my knees. I leaned back again and the cold steel of my car met my now bare bottom. Having just shaved this morning, my pussy and legs were smooth as a baby's behind without a single hair showing.

My dad nodded his approval and motioned with his hand for me to keep going. I looked out through the open garage door and all I could see was the wall on the far side of the driveway as I was far enough inside that the house next door was up too high to see from my angle. Well, if I couldn't see them, then I guess they couldn't see me. It was an older couple next door to us in that direction anyway and I rarely even saw them so it wasn't a big concern of mine.

I wiggled my ass with my legs closer together resulting in my jeans falling from my knees to my ankles. Although I tried at first to kick them off, my sneakers foiled my initial attempts so I slid them off, leaving my socks on so that I wouldn't have to go barefoot on the garage floor. My dad kept it pretty clean but it was still a garage floor. This time the jeans came off and with the second leg they flew across and hit the wall!

I put my hands to my mouth as I couldn't believe I had kicked them that hard but my dad just laughed. Besides, he wasn't looking at the jeans - he was more interested in what the jeans had been covering up until now. A grin came to face as I saw his eyes zooming in on my bare pussy. It made me feel good to see him looking at me that way.

For the moment I was bare-bottom, leaning back against the car. It was more comfortable for me as for whatever reason, I've always enjoyed running around with a top on but bare-bottom down below. At night around the house I usually wear either one of my dad's dress shirts or a t-shirt without anything else. While my dad's shirts were big enough to cover me enough to make me decent at a church sleepover, most of my t-shirts were not all that long and usually left my ass showing and everything else as you might imagine.

It wasn't just the sexual nature of the clothing, although that was certainly a factor at times, but as much an issue of comfort for me. I just didn't feel comfortable running around with my boobs hanging out and even the slightest protection of a t-shirt was enough to make me feel more secure. It wasn't the same with my ass. If anything, I loved the feel of cool air against my butt and the way it felt when I sat down on the couch or a chair. Also, not having something pulling up my crotch was a pleasure all in of itself. Like bras and panties, there was a time and place for "camel-toe" outfits but for general everyday living, just not for me. So after all that is said

not even remotely going through his head. My father deserved my trust and I never had regretted putting myself in his hands - literally as well as figuratively.

As we kissed passionately, I lowered my arms and reached inside the elastic band of his shorts to search for his cock. It wasn't hard to find, that was for sure! Damn, if had been just a little bit longer it would have been poking out the top of the waist band! As it was I found it almost immediately upon venturing inside his shorts. I grabbed the shaft with my right hand, encircling it with my palm and fingers as I gently stroked it up and down in slow motion as we continued to kiss. I felt my dad's breath quicken for a moment when my hand first held his cock and I also felt another twinge in my pussy as it reminded me in not too subtle of ways that it was still waiting for what I had promised it not too long before!

As we kissed my dad started to unbutton my blouse. The buttons on this one were a little harder to deal with than most and he fumbled around so much I was tempted to reach up and deal with them myself but that would have meant letting go of his cock NOT something I wanted to do now that I had it in my hand. Besides, it would have been a blow to his male ego. Men always seem to have such fragile egos when it came to sex and I didn't want to disturb my dad's pleasure in any way. He eventually got them all undone and his hands reached inside my now open blouse where each one cupped one of my boobs and gently squeezed them. He let my nipples poke between his fingers which then tightened down on them causing them to pull just enough when he gripped my breast to send a tingle through me. My nipples were hard and pointy and I loved them to be played with when they are this way.

"God you feel so fucking good," he whispered to me as his hands began to move over my bare body, caressing my smooth skin with his fingertips. I loved it when he touched me like this, like a teenage boy exploring a girl for the first time. His hands roamed all over my upper body, eventually working their way down to my lower back and then finally cupping my ass. His hands were so big that it felt like they covered my entire butt and he lifted me up to my toes as he squeezed them and pulled me in tighter to him.

"I love your tight ass," he murmured to me, "It feels so warm and smooth; I could just hold it all day this way."

"I love you to touch me daddy," I sighed back to him.

I wasn't saying it just to make him feel good either. Since I was a little girl I have loved my ass to be touched and played with, even it was just my own hands

"Oh yes daddy, I want it... Oh my god I want it... please fuck me daddy," I moaned as I pulled on his cock.

Under other circumstances I would probably sucked him for a while to get things started but today it seemed that my dad was so horny for me that he wanted to get right to it. Slipping the blowjob today was fine with me as my pussy was dying for a cock!

"Oh yeah baby, you just love to be fucked, don't you... you're such a fucking Slut... you want your daddy's cock, don't you?"

"Yes daddy... I want it."

"Do you want to be a good daughter for your father?"

"Oh daddy, yes! ...you can do anything you want to me... anything... just show me how much you love me."

I went on for a while longer, telling him over and over how much I wanted him to fuck me, how badly I wanted to please him, how much I wanted to be a good girl for my daddy. My father has always been so wonderful to me and I owe him so much that to offer myself to him and give myself totally over to him seemed almost inadequate. I would have done anything he asked and allowed him to do anything he wanted to me because he was my father and I trusted him totally. He would never do anything to hurt me and it made me feel so fulfilled when he would just leave his cock in me after he had cum and just hold me in his strong arms, feeling our bodies joined together and knowing what he had he just left inside of me.

On a bit of a side note, while I LOVE my father to cum inside of me, it is NOT my intention or desire to ever get pregnant from him or anything weird like that. Frankly, the very thought of such a thing is revolting to me. Think about it - I am his daughter, not his wife or lover, so why would I even want to dream about having his baby? The reason I love my dad to cum in my pussy is because of the love and respect that it shows for me from him. I am not just any girl to him - I am his only daughter and for him to fuck me and then leave his sperm in me builds a very special bond between us that can only be shared, and possibly even truly understood, by a father and his daughter.

So anyway, I could tell from his breathing and voice that he was entering that state of mind that he sometimes did when he was totally consumed by his lust and sexual desires. His eyes seemed to lose their focus as it was like he entered this world where nothing mattered but sex. I knew once he was in this state that there was no turning back. The only result that was possible from here on was for him to fuck me.

I think the entire neighborhood could have gathered at the entrance to our garage at this point and he wouldn't have even noticed, let alone stop what he was doing. It was almost scary in a way as I sometimes wondered if he even remembered who I was. It was like he was some sort of animal that was in heat and the only way to bring him back was to allow him to consummate his desires. I say scary only in that I have no idea what is his mind when he fucks me in this state and afterwards he never talks about it. At the same time, it is a bit thrilling as I know that he must want 'em even more than usual to get this way.

Without another word he grabbed me by the waist and lifted me up onto the hood of my car. I leaned back on my hands behind me and spread my legs wide for him. I still had my blouse on but it was hanging to the side, revealing my boobs in full for him. He stood back for a second, stroking his cock as he stared at my pussy and licked his lips in anticipation.

"That's it you fucking little slut, spread those pretty legs apart," he said slowly in a deep voice, "Mmmmmmm, you know I'm going to fuck you so good."

I didn't respond verbally but instead just watched as he moved up closer to me and held the head of his cock up to the entrance of my pussy. He rubbed it up and down my pussy slit, wetting the head of his cock and teasing my hard clit. My hips squirmed as my clit shot out bolts of lightning that ran through my body like electricity.

"Yeah, you really want it bad, don't you," he teased me, "God, you can never get enough, can you?"

"Fuck me daddy," was all I had to say then.

It was all he needed to hear as well. He placed the head of his dick at the entrance to my pussy and pushed forward. He grunted as my pussy resisted at first but he didn't let up the pressure and suddenly his cock head just popped into me and disappeared from view as I watched him fucking me. I could feel his head in my pussy which almost screamed with pleasure as his dick rubbed against the sensitive nerves that lined the entrance to my cunt.

"Damn, you're always so fucking tight," he said, almost to himself more than to me.

Although my dad loved my mother more than anything and she was the only person he truly "made love" to, even she would freely admit that my father was enamored with the tightness of my pussy, especially when he compared mine to my mom's. It wasn't her fault - childbirth and decades of fucking take their toll!

In addition to the advantage of youth, another thing I think helps to keep me tight is that I am not a big fan of dildos so the only time my pussy gets stretched out is when I'm actually fucking. Even then, most guys have dicks that are a lot smaller than your average dildo (sorry guys, but it's just a fact of life). I know some girls that love these monster dildos and it's no wonder that they get loose fucking themselves with those atrocities! It's like a smoker complaining about lung cancer - you have to pay for your actions sooner or later. I was proud of my tight pussy, even if it DID make it a bit hard sometimes to get started.

My butt slid on the smooth clean car hood as he grabbed my hips and pulled me in tighter against him, driving his cock deeper into me in the process. By holding myself up instead of just laying back and taking it, I was able to watch his dick as it disappeared inside of me and I smiled as my pussy hungrily took in my dad's cock.

"That's it daddy, push it in me," I encouraged him, "I love to feel it inside of me."

"You like it when my cock's all the way in you, don't you?" my dad asked, almost rhetorically. Well duh, OF COURSE I did! What girl doesn't like a cock deep inside of her? Well, I guess there ARE those who claim to be happy just with girls but even so, don't most of them still rely on a dildo? And even those, I bet, if you could offer them a cock without the guy attached, they would much prefer the real thing than some plastic replica.

"Mmmmmmm, yes daddy, I want you ALL the way in me," I purred as he continued to slowly push himself deeper and deeper into me.

Finally I felt the base of his crotch meet up against mine and I looked down again and saw nothing but his pubic hair pressed tightly against my bare pussy, his cock nowhere in sight and a shiver ran threw me as I realized my dad and I were now joined together as closely as a father and daughter could ever be. It was like we were one now, a parent and child reunited through one of the most intimate and loving acts two people could share.

My dad began to stroke himself in and out of me, slow and first and then gradually picking up speed.

"Oh Christ, your cunt feel so damn good!" my dad groaned.

He reached down and lofted my legs up from where they had been hanging over the edge of the car hood and draped them over his shoulders. Afterwards, it felt like his cock was even deeper into me when he was pushing it in and I grunted a little each time he banged into me. My dad wasn't even looking at my face anymore but seemed to be concentrating on my body and especially down at his crotch where his cock was putting on quite a show for us.

I wasn't saying much by now as I wasn't sure he was actually listening to me anymore. From the vacant look in his eyes and the grimace on his face as he struggled to fuck me even faster, it appeared that he was 100% focused on me and nothing else. In fact, he was SO focused that he didn't even appear to hear the voice behind us - although I certainly did!

## 3. Uncle Jim Joins In

"Well, well, well! Looks like someone's getting in a last minute screwing," a deep voice called out from the garage door opening.

I looked over and while I couldn't see much with the car in the way, I certainly recognized the voice. It was my Uncle Jim, my dad's younger brother. Actually, I was a bit relieved that it was him. I could only imagine what the reaction would have been had one of our neighbors stopped by to borrow the lawn mower or something! Now THAT would course quite a stir in the neighborhood!

Although I had no illusions that people thought I was some naive innocent girl, at the same time I didn't think they thought me as some kind of whore either and certainly NOT the type of girl who fucked her dad! What I mean is that although in my view I don't see anything whatsoever wrong with incest, I am not so naive as to think everyone shares my point of view. It would certainly have been a major topic on our town and I could probably hang up any aspirations of teaching should THAT ever get out. We were both so sure that nobody would interfere that I wasn't worried about the door being up while we did it but now with his brother there it hit home just how big a risk we were taking on!

"Uhhhhh, earth to John!" my uncle called out, "Anyone going to say hello or are you just going to ignore me and keep fucking your slutty daughter?"

I frowned a little at that. When my dad called me a slut it was cute, sort of his personal pet nickname for me. My Uncle Jim, on the other hand, called me a slut more as a slur than anything else. I fucked him the first time partially for the fun of it but mostly as a little bit of revenge against his bitchy wife. I had let him fuck me a few times after that more out of respect for my dad's wishes than anything else.

My dad didn't skip a beat but just kept on stroking himself in and out of me in a rhythmic way. He DID slow down a bit though until he was almost a clock with one stroke in each direction every second or so.

"So what do you say Kelly?" my dad asked me, looking me in the eyes for the first time since he had started fucking me, "Do you mind if I let your uncle fuck you for a while?"

I smiled at the tone of his voice and the way he said it. For him it wasn't so much a question as to whether or not I wanted my uncle to fuck me, but rather a statement that my DAD would decide if his brother was going to have a piece of his daughter's pussy. It was subtle one way and it was my decision whereas the other way made it his choice as to whether another man would fuck daughter - or not.

In the past I my dad had actually acted like my pimp, such as the time he recruited my cousin Kristen and me to act as "prostitutes" for some important clients of his. It pleased me to see him take control, to be the one responsible for who would have sex with me - and how. Again, I didn't worry because I trusted him implicitly so whoever I always consented no matter who he asked me to have sex with. In this case it was just his brother so there wasn't any big deal anyway.

"Anything you want daddy," I replied.

Indeed, I really DID want him to do anything he wanted so far as I was concerned, and I DO mean ANYTHING. It wasn't until you stop holding back anything, that you released yourself into someone else's care totally, that you could feel the true love between you and that person.

"Anything sweetie?" he repeated with a broad grin.

"Yes daddy... ANYTHING."

My dad looked over at his brother and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, looks like it's your lucky day little brother," my dad chuckled.

He pulled his dick out of me but kept his death grip on my hips as he pulled me off the car hood. He twisted me around to face his brother and then pushed me in the back, causing me to lean over. I put my hands on my knees and kept my legs spread apart at about shoulder width as I felt my dad's hand groping my ass and directing his cock back into me again from behind. In the meantime, my uncle shut the driver's door leaving his crotch about two feet in front of my face. He was fully clothed but that didn't hide the growth of something under his jeans!

"Why don't you help him get ready Kelly?" my dad "suggested".

It more of a command than a suggestion but that didn't matter to me - I was more than happy to comply! I reached forward where my uncle was already unzipping his jeans and probed through his underwear until I had his dick out in the open. He was already pretty stiff But I knew a little attention from my tongue and he would be hard as a rock before long.

While my dad continued to fuck me slowly from behind, I took my uncle's cock in my mouth and started to stroke him in and out of my mouth in sync with the strokes my father was making with his cock in my pussy.

"God damn John! who taught her to suck cock like this?" my Uncle Jim groaned, "Shit, she is absolutely INCREDIBLE!"

"Well, I know Mary gave her a few lessons early on but I think she was born to it, don't you think?" my dad said proudly.

"Oh my god, you said it brother," Uncle Jim replied.

Listening to them, I went all the way down on my uncle's cock until I had it all in my mouth. I shook my head back and forth to cause it to rub around in my mouth and on my tongue and my uncle just shuddered from the sensations I was giving him.

"Oh god, look at her now... Christ, she has the whole damn thing in her mouth now!" Uncle Jim gasped.

He put his hands on the back of my head and pulled me in even tighter into his crotch, almost making me gag before he allowed me to pull my head back and catch a breath.

"OK, my turn to fuck her now," Uncle Jim said to my dad.

I looked back over at my dad, expecting him to consent to his brother's wishes. I was just as surprised as my uncle when I saw him shaking his head instead!

"Nope, I have a better idea," my dad said in a secretive voice. What in the world was he up to now anyway?

"What do you say we BOTH fuck her?" my dad asked.

Now THAT got my attention, to say the least. My first thought was he wanted one of them to fuck me in the ass while the other did my pussy. Some of his porn videos had scenes like that in them and I thought at first he was trying to live out one of those fantasies. I couldn't believe he would offer such a thing, especially since he knew how I felt about anal sex! He must have sensed my trepidation or seen my face grimace as he quickly added more to his statement.

"Don't worry baby, I know how you feel about THAT!" he laughed at me. "What I meant was two cocks in your PUSSY at the same time!"

Amazingly, with all the guys I have been fucked by, I'd never done anything like that before. It wasn't that I turned it down, the opportunity just had never arisen, or at least I didn't realize that it had. I know that guys love to watch me with another girl but when it came to having sex with me and another man, now THAT was a different story entirely. To have their cocks actually touch each other, even if it WAS inside of my pussy, was apparently an act leading to homosexuality or something as "bad" as that. None of the guys I had been with seemed to want to do it at least. My uncle wasn't too keen on the idea either from what I could tell at first.

"Both of us in her.. at the same time?" he said, as if he hadn't heard my dad correctly the first time.

"Sure! Why not?" my dad said like a little boy with a new idea.

I knew full well why he didn't want to but I figured this was one debate that was best for me to stay out of so I just shut up and listened. My Uncle Jim hemmed and hawed but eventual he shrugged his shoulders and gave in. He pulled away from me such that I wasn't sucking his dick anymore and waited for my dad to make the next move.

"Hmmm, now let's see how we can do this," my dad said as he pulled out my cunt as well.

Damn, here I was with two hard dicks right next to me and neither of them was in me or in my hands! Well, at least THIS didn't happen very often. He went over to the side of the garage and pulled out a blanket that had been stored on a shelf and spread it out on the floor. I should say - the HARD cement floor. I glanced over at the door leading to the basement and wondered to myself why we didn't just go inside where it was comfortable, not to mention not out in full view of the neighborhood. Well, maybe that was an overstatement but still, someone COULD walk by at any time. My dad was the one to get down on the floor so at least he wasn't making me do it! He laid back on his back with his hard cock directed at his face, parallel to his stomach as he reached down to direct it skyward.

"Get over here Kelly and sit on my dick," he commanded.

Well, who was I to complain about THAT command! I more than willingly positioned myself on top of him with my knees on the hard floor and my feet back up behind me resting on his legs. I quickly lowered myself onto his cock, which slid MUCH easier into me now that he had been fucking me for a while.

"Mmmmmmm, that's better," my dad said with a grin.

I don't know how he could stand laying on the hard floor with nothing more than a blanket between him and the cold concrete but he didn't seem to mind one bit. I guess his mind was on something else!

"C'mon Kelly, lean over," he said, "That's it baby, now put your hands on my shoulders."

As I leaned forward his cock automatically pulled out of me just a bit and I could feel the movement inside of me. Uncle Jim was standing right behind me, taking in the view as he stroked his stiff cock with his left hand.

"So what do you think Jim?" my dad called out to him, "Think you can fit it in?"

"Damn, John, you know she's awful tight as it is and that's with ONE cock in her," Uncle Jim said in a tone that indicated he still wasn't quite sure about the whole idea. I looked back at him saw him grinning mischievously. Uh-oh!

"That is... unless someone's ready to take it up her ass!" he said with a laugh that didn't take the edge off as I think it was meant to. He wasn't joking. Nope, he was damn serious!

I glared at him.

"Oh come on Kelly, a cute little asshole like that needs to be fucked sooner or later," my uncle went on, "Besides, it looks so damn pretty and pink - not at all like the dark brown hole in the middle of my wife's fat ass!"

It seemed odd, but I knew that as far as some men were concerned my asshole was "pretty". So far as I was concerned, it was just that - an asshole and assholes are where I crap from so it doesn't turn me on in the least thinking about having a dick up in there as well. For those that like anal sex, I don't mind if they LICK my asshole. Heck, even I have to admit that it feels pretty good to have my asshole played with and licked.

The farthest I have gone is to play with myself in the shower and bath tub where there is lots of running water. With just one finger it wasn't all that bad but then my fingers aren't all that big compared to most guys and nowhere as big as even a small cock. Bottom line, this was NOT going to happen. People have asked me what I would do if my dad asked to fuck me in the ass but that's not a fair question. My father knows my feelings about the subject so I know he would NEVER ask me to do it so asking what I would do if he did is just moot.

"Better back off Jim," my dad recommended. I had stopped rocking on his cock during our little exchange and he obviously didn't want to ruin the good thing we had going.

"Oh all right, don't get all hostile on me," Uncle Jim said with a distinct note of resignation.

I wondered quickly if he had ever tried to fuck Tammy in the ass. God, she was so small it would have probably hurt her, and I mean physically harmed her! Tammy had never even mentioned the subject but then she didn't talk about her dad fucking her either, at least not to me. My thoughts were brought back to earth when I felt my uncle moving in behind me, trying to push his finger in my pussy alongside my dad's dick.

"Shit, she's so fucking tight I can't even hardly get my finger in her," Uncle Jim whined. "How the hell am I going to get my dick in there?"

"There should be some lotion in my glove box," I offered. I usually kept a small bottle in there for emergencies. You never knew what you might need it for although admittedly, this was NOT one of the reasons I had anticipated!

Uncle Jim went around to the passenger side and opened the glove box and rummaged through my mess until he found the small tube. There wasn't a lot left in it but I knew it should be more than enough. As he walked back to us, Uncle Jim squirted some of the lotion out on his hand and used it to lubricate his cock by sliding his hand up and down his cock as if he was masturbating for us. By the time he got to me again his dick was all covered with white lotion and he put some more on his hand before reaching down to my ass. He spread it over and around my pussy which left us both ready for what was to come next (hopefully him if I can apologize for the bad pun).

"There, that should be better," he said softly to himself as he worked his way behind me. I couldn't see quite how he as positioned but somehow he managed to get the head of his cock to my ass and I felt it slide across my butt cheek and briefly rest on my asshole.

"Uncle Jimmmmmm!!" I said in a warning tone of voice.

He got the message and laughed, tugged my hair just a bit to tease me as he said, "Now don't get your panties in a bunch, just giving you one last chance to reconsider."

I didn't bother correcting him about the panties - hard to get them in a bunch when you don't wear them! Instead, I concentrated on how it felt as his cock slid down my ass from my asshole until it was down to my pussy. I was holding still to make it easier for him to do whatever it was he was going to try to do to force his cock into me alongside my dad's. I was still not too certain about all of this. Were they both going to fit? I knew theoretically a baby could pass through my pussy but I also knew it wasn't without a lot of pain and tearing so forget that theory. I felt his finger pulling my pussy to the side, trying to create an opening big enough to push his cock into.

"Ow! That hurts!" I complained.

When it comes to sex, I am a definite wimp. Nothing that causes pain or humiliation - that's my motto. No bondage, whips, handcuffs, or any of that crap so far as I'm concerned. I don't even have any piercings, at least not after one misguided flirtation with my belly button - a foolhardy effort that I gave up on after a few weeks of pain. I couldn't even imagine getting a real tattoo as the very thought of a needle piercing me hundreds or thousands of times is enough to make me puke.

My uncle didn't seem to hear me, or more likely he was just ignoring me, as he pulled my poor pussy apart even harder. Then, just as I was about to complain again, I felt him pressing his cock head into me. From the pressure I could tell he was pushing with everything he had and I was surprised that his cock didn't bend in two! I guess it just goes to show you how hard he was!

My uncle repositioned himself and tried again. Then he repositioned himself and tried again. To be honest, the thrill was beginning to dissipate - this was more like work than sex! I was about to say something about trying another time, anything to get him to stop, when I heard him groan and it felt like my hips were being split apart.

"Oh yeah, here we go!" my uncle gloated.

I couldn't help but cry out a little as he pushed himself into me and then just kept pushing and pushing until he must have been as far into me as he could go because he let out a deep breath and I felt the pressure stabilize. I felt them both start to move and then they both stopped. After a brief pause they started again and once again they both stopped. Both of them started to laugh and my dad was the first to speak up.

"Well, you gotta admit... this looks a lot easier in the porn movies!"

My uncle laughed even harder and responded saying, "OK, do we do this together or what?"

"Guess we better stay together then," my dad offered, "On second thought, I'll lead."

"Oh sure, you always get to go first," my uncle whined. God, it sounded like an Everyone Loves Raymond episode except I never saw one where the brothers discussed how to fuck one girl at the same time. Maybe I should write in and recommend it! Nonetheless, I sat still as I let them try to stroke their cocks in me. My dad was right - it DID look a whole lot easier and hotter in the movies. I guess it also helps if you have a pussy as wide open as a barn door like those porn sluts probably have. Finally, after a few minutes of almost comical efforts, I felt my uncle pull out of me (it wasn't as easy as you might think either!) and he fell to the floor and sat down next to us. I can't say I was all that disappointed.

"Crap, now THAT was one fucking horrible idea John," he said with a disarming grin, "Any more insane fantasies you'd like to try?"

My ears perked up at that and I quickly spoke up before he DID have any more!

"Hey, what if I sucked you both at the same time... how would that be?" I offered. It was a spur of the moment idea and as soon as I said it my jaws were already starting to hurt but I couldn't take it back.

Not surprisingly, they both looked like they thought it was a great idea so I stood up and let my dad's cock slip from my pussy. What a difference to go from being stuffed with two cocks to being empty! Before they could do anything I looked around and saw one of the seat cushions left over from an old deck chair in the corner of the garage. Maybe my dad didn't mind the hard floor but my knees hurt from the short time I was on it so I needed something to protect me better than just a thick blanket. I tossed the cushion to the floor on top of the blanket and dropped to my knees. I pointed a finger, one at each of the hard disks in the garage, and motioned with my finger for them to approach me.

"I think she wants to suck our dicks," my uncle joked with my dad.

"Oh, and what gives you THAT silly idea?" my dad replied, playing along.

"Will you guys just shut up and let me suck your cocks, gee whiz anyway!" I huffed as I rolled my eyes in mock exasperation.

They both stepped up to the plate, which in this case was about six inches in front of me such that their cocks were practically tip to tip. To my dad's everlasting shame, his brother's cock was at least an inch or so longer and considerably thicker. It really didn't matter to me but I knew it always bothered him so I rarely mentioned it. In this case, however, it was sort of hard to ignore. My uncle knew all about my dad's penis phobia and poked him in the side to tease him a bit about it.

"Still smaller, I see," he gloated, "So who's the 'little' brother now?".

"Ah shut up," was all my dad could come up with. Not exactly a snappy response but I think he had other things on his mind at the time!

I took both cocks, one in each hand and started to stroke them. They both had some of the lotion from my uncle's cock although naturally my uncle had more. Even though my dad had plenty of my wet pussy on him, it wasn't as slick as the lotion so it was easier to stroke my uncle's cock at the start of things.

At first I just sucked them one at a time, starting with my dad first, doing a few simple head bobs and then switching to my uncle. One taste of his cock and I learned a valuable lesson - don't use hand lotion to lubricate a cock if you plan to suck it later! Ugh, it was gross! Fortunately, it dissipated rather quickly but there was still an aftertaste when I sucked him.

After a few minutes of switching back and forth, I decided it was time to try out two dicks at the same time. I normally prefer one-to-one sex and when I DO get involved in a gang-bang, usually there is more fucking than sucking involved. As a result, this was actually a first time for me! I wasn't sure how to go about it - take them both at the same time or put one in my mouth and then try to fit the other one in? If my pussy experience had anything to say, maybe it would be best to do them both at the same time so I took them each in my hand and put the tips of the heads together. I couldn't help but tease them a little by rubbing them together like two sticks when trying to start a fire.

"Crap, that's gross Kelly!" my uncle complained, "bad enough to see his miniature cock but don't rub it on mine!"

My dad playfully smacked him, although maybe not as playfully as he could have judging by the sound! I figured I had better get to business before it got ugly so I opened my mouth wide and pushed them inside. At first it really wasn't all that bad. They actually went in without much problem although I had to watch my teeth more closely than normal to be sure I didn't chew on their dicks. As I got more of their cocks in my mouth I started sucking on them like they were just one fat cock. It seemed a little less then optimal to me but they must have liked it because I looked up to see them winking at each other and then giving high-fives to one another.

"Holy shit, what the HELL is going on out here?"

Now THAT was not something I expected and I practically choked on their cocks as my breath seemed to disappear. I turned my head and there standing in the garage opening was my mom with a bag of groceries in her arms. She had evidently parked at the top of the driveway and walked down to put some things in the freezer which was in the basement. I bet she never expected to see this when she turned the corner!

"Hey Mary, nice to see ya again!" my uncle said, the first to respond and acting as if we were all just sitting around having a cup of tea. My dad just had this sheepish grin on his face as my mom just stood there as if she couldn't quite believe what she was seeing. It certainly wasn't the fact we were having sex. Hell, she fucked both of these guys herself on a regular basis so what was the big deal with me doing them both together? I soon found out.

"Do you horny bastards realize that the old folks next door are outside?" she said with a look of her eyes towards the driveway. "Hell, if they weren't so hard of hearing they would have heard you by now. Cripes sake, I could hear you from halfway down the driveway!"

"Don't worry, we'll be done in a bit," my dad assured her.

My mom gave him her classic put-down look and said, "I figured as much knowing you two."

"Ouch!" my dad responded, "damn Mary, now THAT hurt!"

Meanwhile, what was I supposed to do? There wasn't much for me to say so I just kept sucking them off. My mom wasn't through though and her next words added some urgency to my efforts.

"Well, just so you know, I was just on my cell phone and Shari is going to be over here in about ten minutes to pick up some of the stuff I got at the store for her."

Red Alert! My Aunt Shari was the self-appointed Family Prude - and proud of it. Frankly, I don't know how she and my Uncle Jim ever even had kids! God, if she were to walk in right now the papers would have headlines tomorrow about the mass murder in Pittsburgh! Even with this threat on the horizon, my dad and uncle were too horny to quit now. Men! My dad quickly took control of the situation.

"Well, no time to lose so let's get going," he said. He pulled from my mouth and pushed me down onto the cushion.

"Sorry Jim," he said to his brother as he kneeled down between my legs, "parental privilege, you know."

My dad quickly kneeled between my legs and reaching down, grabbed me by the upper thighs and pulled my ass up onto his lap until my pussy was up to his cock. Using one hand to guide his cock while the other held me in place, he was soon inside of me and fucking me quickly. Mmmmmmm, it felt good to have my dad fucking me again. I had been afraid that he was just going to have me finish the blowjob and then cum on me or in my mouth. Since this was my last day and home and I would be leaving for school shortly, I had been hoping to leave with a nice load of daddy cum in me!

"Oh well, I guess beggars can't be choosers," my uncle sighed as he moved up to my face and offered me his cock.

It was a lot easier to suck just his cock alone and I was soon blowing him as hard as I could while my dad was plowing my pussy, working to cum as quickly as he could. I was curious who would cum first but if I had to lay money down, it would be on my Uncle Jim. It wasn't anything really to do with him per se, it was more that he as the one getting the blowjob and I was quite proud of my ability to make a guy cum pretty damn fast with just my mouth.

Some guys claim that they can't finish off with just a girl's mouth on them and have to stroke themselves to finish. Personally, I think they just have watched one too many porn movies where the stereotype is for the girl to suck until the guy is ready to cum and then he strokes himself off until he shoots all over her. Hogwash! That is just for the porn movies, or least so far as I was concerned. Think about it – how could I get a guy so hard and excited and NOT be able to make him cum using my mouth? It just didn't make sense to me and any guy that claims he can't cum that way just hasn't had the proper blowjob!

There was only one problem with my logic – my dad was a super horny toad today. Sure enough, as I prepared myself for my uncle to cum while my dad was fucking away at my pussy, suddenly I heard my dad groan and to my surprise I felt him cumming in me! God, he really WAS horny today to cum that fast!

Fortunately for my ego, my uncle was less than a minute behind him. I locked my lips on him, determined to keep his cum in my mouth and not all over my face but he had other plans for me. As I said, my uncle can be a bit of a jerk at times and apparently this was going to be one of those times. Just as I felt his cum starting to erupt onto my tongue, he pulled his dick from my mouth and spurted his cum all over my face, hair and boobs. If it hadn't been for the pleasure I had gotten from my dad's cock cumming in me, I would have been really pissed off so my uncle got off pretty lucky (no pun intended this time!). Even so, I could feel his cum dripping down my chin and face. Then I looked down and saw that it was running all over my boobs and upper chest as well. God only knows what was in my hair!

Again, the two of them exchanged high-fives and my dad let me slide down his lap, his cock withdrawing from me in the process. Both of them were no teenage boys, that was for sure, as I noticed their cocks were already only about half the size they had been just a couple of minutes earlier. Lack of stamina had its pros and cons and today the pros undoubtedly won out.

With Aunt Shari on the way, we had to get moving and they were out of service for at least the next few hours so there was no temptation to keep going and risk my snotty aunt catching us. I grabbed a cloth from the rag pile and used it to wipe the cum as best I could from my face and body. I looked over at my uncle as I did it and frowned. He knew exactly what I was frowning about and just shrugged his shoulders at me - the jerk!

"What can I say Kelly?" he said with a stupid grin. Well, maybe next time I won't suck him when he wants me to!

I checked my face out in my car mirror and sighed as I saw several strands of cum in my hair. From past experience I knew better than to try and rub them out with the rag - they would have to wait for a shower. My dad and uncle quickly dressed as I gathered my clothes and disappeared into the house to shower. As I passed my mom going up the stairs, she noticed the cum still in my hair and the flush look on my face.

"You know girl, sometimes I really don't know about you," she said with a strange look on her face, "I guess I never dreamed when you were little that one day I would come home to see you sucking your father's and uncle's dicks in the middle of the garage - with the door open at that!"

At first I thought she was being serious and was unhappy with what had I had done but then she couldn't hold it back anymore and broke out laughing.

"Good grief Kelly, you are so easy sometimes," she said with a smile on her face. "Now you had better get going... and for crying out loud, make sure you get all that cum out of your hair. Let me guess... Uncle Jim?"

I nodded and she frowned, for real this time.

"Yeah, he CAN be an ass sometime, can't he?" she said sadly. Then her face brightened up and she giggled, "But he DOES have a pretty nice cock, doesn't he?"

We both giggled like two schoolgirls sharing a naughty secret. She spanked me playfully on my bare ass and then called up to me as I went up the stairs, "Now don't you DARE tell your father I said that!"

I smiled at her, just a mother and daughter sharing a little secret between them. Just as I reached the top of the stairs I heard my Aunt Shari coming in the front door. God, what would she have said if she saw me now; nude, clutching my clothes with a flushed face and cum in my hair! It would have been especially interesting if she knew whose cum it was! I went into the shower with a smile.

Not a bad send-off for my last year at college!

# (Sep 09) Chapter 127: New Boyfriend

Story codes: MF oral
  Me (21)
  Michael - boyfriend (22)

So what's the big deal about having a steady boyfriend? During my first three years of college I didn't have one so why should my senior year be any different? Well, as it turned out, Michael was the difference.

## 1. Meeting Michael

I was finally a college senior! Woo hoo!! It was the beginning of September and I had just returned to school, quickly getting settling in for my last year of college. True, I was still living on-campus in the same apartment as last year, but I had a new roomie and besides, with student teaching I knew that I would be pretty busy this year - probably more busy than any previous year. With everything else going on, about the last thing on my mind was a boyfriend. That's NOT to say BOYS weren't on my mind, just not a boyfriend.

Every year the hardest thing about coming back to school has been having to switch over to a totally different lifestyle. Don't get me wrong, I love my school and I don't regret for a minute my decision to come here, but there is ONE thing about it that's especially hard to deal with - the code of conduct ("Lifestyle Guidelines" as they like to refer to them) we are required to follow. Of course, technically they are just "guidelines" and as such aren't mandatory, but it was made clear to us that attending this school isn't mandatory either! Most of the rules are just common sense and actually are perfectly reasonable; but the part about abstinence and no sex is a bit over the top, to say the least.

My freshman year was probably the hardest in terms of dealing with the rules but by over the past three years I have found ways to deal with my frustrations and general horniness in numerous ways, some better than others as it turned out, and so I was confident that this year would go well. After all, it is my LAST year! All I have to do was hang in there for nine more months and I graduate!

Sitting alone in my bedroom, my thoughts wandered back to my freshman year at about this same time. God, I thought at the time I was so mature and confident when in reality I was incredibly naive and maybe even a bit over-confident. My assumption had been that my boyfriend back in Pittsburgh would wait for me to return, especially after the naughty goodbye present I had given him. Yeah, right! Not two weeks later I got an e-mail from him telling me he wanted to break up. Can you believe it - an e-mail!! Well, the joke was on him as I had just spent the weekend at my new roomie's house and she had taken a bunch of pictures of me for him - pictures that I am sure would have had him jerking off in a heartbeat BUT he never got to see them of course.

If there was silver lining in that bad experience with my boyfriend, during the weekend at her house I also learned a few interesting things about Brenda, my roomie. To make a long story VERY short, she was my first lesbian experience, at least outside my family. It wasn't her first time as she preferred girls, but I was still hooked on cocks so while it was fun to play with Brenda, she couldn't satisfy me in the way a guy could - if you know what I mean.

I also learned a valuable lesson from my jerk of a boyfriend; just because a guy claims to love me doesn't mean that he loves ME. Odds are it probably just means he loves to fuck me. Being so far from home, I decided it wasn't worth getting into another long-distance relationship. After all, with all the rules and restrictions at school, what was the point in having a boyfriend if we couldn't have sex?

It didn't help that I never trusted the guys outside of school in the local community. It was previous obvious that all they wanted was to get into my pants. That may have been fun for some fun now and then, but wasn't what I was looking for in a relationship. All-in-all, for the next three years I steered clear of any serious relationships.

Actually, there WAS one time when I thought that maybe things might work out with a local guy. Unfortunately, he got too serious and I had to break it off when he started to use the "L" word. Once I graduate I can start looking for a serious relationship but until then, my plans are to just take whatever comes my way. There WAS one promise that I had made from the start of this school year and that was that I wouldn't go off and do anything silly this year like I had done in the past when my sex drive got out of control. Fortunately, I had come through everything pretty well even when my brief escorting career had ended on a sour note.

One of the questions I get asked a lot is where guys can find girls like me. My assumption when they say that is what they really want to know is where can they find a girl who puts out on the first date. Well, I learned long ago that one of the best places to meet guys is at church and I would say that goes the other way as well. There is something that seems to appeal to guys when a girl plays a little naughty in church and I find it fun as well.

While at school I am active at the local church I attend where I help out with the youth group. A lot of young guys attend the church from the nearby area. My suspicion is that they are attracted more by the abundance of 18-21 year-olds from the university next door than the quality of the religious services. Indeed, this was how I met my one "boyfriend" I mentioned earlier. You would have thought I would have learned my lesson from him but as it turned out, even I can be blind in the right circumstances.

In my opinion, the rules at my school are so ridiculously oppressive that I don't feel guilty when I tweak them a bit, particularly with regards to clothes. We aren't allowed to wear anything risque or even the slightest bit suggestive at school which means I need two different wardrobes - one for home and one for school. There is one advantage in that it makes it easier to pack as I leave my school clothes behind when I go home and vice versa.

When I attend church I usually wear a long skirt to the services and jeans with a blouse to the youth activities. My silent "rebellion" comes in that I rarely wear underwear and I find it quite erotic to sit in church with nothing between me and the father next to me but the thin fabric of my dress. With his wife and kids on the opposite side of him, it thrills me when he steals a glance now and then at me during the service as I pretend not to notice. Of course, I cross my legs and do other subtle moves to encourage him.

My experiences at church are proof that attitude is as sexy or even more than clothing. Heck, any girl, even the overweight ones, can get a guy's attention with a short skirt and low-cut blouse. It takes a lot more effort to do the same attention with a skirt hanging to my ankles and a blouse buttoned almost to my neck! Don't get me wrong, I don't blatantly throw myself at men and openly flaunt myself. It takes just the right look at just the right time to draw their attention. Walking the fine line between being naughty and getting expelled is a skill so far as I am concerned, one at which I am highly effective!

As I mentioned before, with all the college girls at church, it's a magnet for boys in the community looking for that "catholic school girl". Well, first of all I'm Presbyterian, not Catholic, and I'm clearly not innocent but I don't think it really matters. This year I noticed several new faces and I smiled to myself, wondering if any of them would turn out to be more than just someone to flirt with. The odds were heavily against it but then you never knew.

One of the new guys was Michael. I noticed him immediately when I entered the church and I was pleased that he was giving me the once over as well; that is, until I saw that he was checking out ALL the girls as well - and not being exactly subtle about it! Did he really think he was going to draw the attention of any of the girls by leering at us?

For some reason or another, Michael seemed to focus more on me, which I didn't mind as he wasn't a bad looking guy. I hadn't ever seen him on campus so I figured he must have been one of the locals. Our eyes met briefly and I flashed him a smile before heading to the ladies room to fix my hair.

There is a paved walkway between the campus and church but it was windy outside today so by the time I made it, my hair was a total disaster. When I exited, I noticed he was leaning against the wall opposite the doorway with his arms folded and one leg crossed over the other as he stood there looking quite confident and full of himself. As I passed by, he straightened up and caught up with me.

"Hi, I'm Michael and I'm new here, would you mind telling me where the service is at?"

What a come-on line! There was only a sign about two feet high with a big arrow under it pointing the way ahead of us. There was ONE thing I noticed, though, and that was his accent. It was something British or maybe Australian, definitely not from boring old mid-Ohio! I pointed out the sign and started to walk away but he quickly stepped up to come alongside me again.

"Sorry to bother you again, but if you don't have anyone to sit with, would you mind if I joined you?"

Well, you could say what you wanted about him but the guy DID move fast. Normally I would've just gone in and looked around for someone I knew and had a seat. I guess it didn't hurt in this case to indulge his request and so I tilted my head towards the sanctuary and we headed off that way together. On the way we passed the Pastor and I introduced our new guest to him. My Pastor asked him where he was from and he said Nottingham, England and that he was here on an internship with a company in town. Cool - Robin Hood himself was in the building!

With the service about to start, there wasn't much time for us to talk with the Pastor so we went in the sanctuary and found a seat about half-way down on the aisle. There was still at least five minutes so Michael filled me in on some new details about himself. It turned out that he was out of England for the first time, at least to this continent, and he had just arrived a couple of weeks before. I couldn't help but smile when he confessed that he wasn't normally much of a churchgoer but the guys at work had recommended he come here to meet girls! At least he was honest - worth a few points in my book.

Michael seemed a bit young for a company to be investing this much money in him (I learned later he was twenty two, just a little older than me). My dad sometimes hired interns for his law office but he always picked them from the local universities where they then became essentially "slaves" in the office - working ungodly hours for peanuts. He would never have brought anyone over from a foreign country, at least not for an internship. Michael explained it was a special program the company was offering and he had already graduated the past fall so once the internship was over he had the potential to become a full employee. I had to admit I was becoming a bit impressed with Michael.

The service started and for the next hour or so, it was business as usual. I was wearing a long peasant style dress that hung to my ankles but at least bunched around my boobs enough to accentuate my breasts. I caught Michael taking a peek more than once at me as we went through the rituals of the service. I wonder what he would have said had he known under that dress there was nothing but me and a little baby powder!

After the service we headed out and I expected to just say goodbye and get back to my apartment and out of this silly dress. I guess they raise them to be bold in the UK as instead of saying goodbye, Michael offered to buy me lunch! He warned me that he wasn't too familiar with the surrounding area yet so he would leave it to my discretion as to where we went. I didn't have anything THAT pressing to do back at my room so I figured why not accept a free lunch? The campus cafeteria wasn't bad, not bad at all actually, but it was still nice to get out and about and besides, I WAS a little interested in this guy.

We walked out to his car in the parking lot. It was a small rental and he apologized, saying he hadn't had time to find a car yet, but that didn't bother me under the circumstances. He even opened the door for me! Not many guys do that anymore and Michael rose yet another notch in my book.

I gave Michael directions to a local restaurant next to a bowling which served decent fare. On the way we discussed the sermon and the church. I found that I loved listening to Michael. What is it about a British accent that just melts you? It seems that all the ads on TV use British actors to sell their junk because for some reason, people seem to trust them and buy from them. It was sort of the same thing for me with Michael. Just listening to him made me willing to trust whatever he told me. Honestly, he could have been a completely different person than he claimed to be but for some reason or another, I was buying it all - hook, line and sinker.

In the restaurant we were taken to a booth where we sat facing one another. Michael mentioned he was still getting use to American food - especially the size of the portions! I told him to look around and see the results and we both laughed softly at the sight of so many obese people.

During the course of lunch, Michael did almost all the talking, telling me about his home and family back in Nottingham. At the start he warned me that the Robin Hood jokes were already getting old so I tried to refrain from mentioning anything along those lines. He DID confirm that there was indeed a Sherwood Forest but that most of the locals didn't view Robin Hood quite like Hollywood portrayed him.

Michael was an only child, like me, and his parents were both back in England. We both were astonished to find out that our fathers were both lawyers although his mom took care of the home instead of working at a formal job. He tried to explain what he did but I got lost after the word "Engineering". All I could understand was that they made big machines that were sold around the world which was all I cared to know in the first place.

Overall, it turned out to be quite an enjoyable lunch. Michael was the perfect gentleman, probably the most polite and non-intrusive of any guy I had been out with in ages. Most guys were trying to grope me before the salad was served! He asked if I would be interested in seeing him again and I quickly agreed. When we got back in the car to take me back to school (he DID open the door for me again!), he started to drive off but stopped before we left the parking lot. Michael looked over at me and I could see he wanted to say something but he was obviously a little embarrassed or maybe just too shy to get it out. I sat there patiently, letting him work it out and eventually he smiled and cleared his throat.

"If you're really not THAT busy this afternoon, would you like to come over to my place?"

Wow, the boy really DID move fast! I wondered if he had been watching too many TV shows where all the American girls were sluts and that he should make his move immediately if he wanted anything. The funny thing was, although he probably would have been slapped by 99% of the girls he had just pulled this one on, he was just lucky enough to be sitting across from a member of the 1% who met the stereotype he had been given! Still, I wasn't going to be THAT easy though; he needed to work at least a little for it.

"Oh?" I said with a hint of surprise in my voice, "And just what did you have in mind when we got back to your place?"

Actually, I really DID want to know. For all I knew, maybe he WAS the perfect gentleman and all we would do is sit and watch TV and discuss politics. Now THAT would be a horrid way to spend a Sunday afternoon! It was then that I looked down at his crotch and saw the unmistakable signs of an erection pressing out against the zipper. Hmmmmmm, it looked like the boy might have some potential after all! It had been a couple of weeks since my dad and uncle had fucked me before leaving home and I was more than overdue for a nice dick to suck and fuck!

Michael saw where I was looking and he appeared a bit embarrassed and his cheeks had an unmistakable reddish glow to them.

"Ahhhhhh, I don't know; I just thought maybe you would like to be with me," he stuttered.

I grinned at him but in a nice way. I didn't want him to feel any more embarrassed than he was already. There WAS one way to bring him out and so I reached over and put my hand on his crotch, pressing down until I could feel the outline of his hard cock underneath his pants.

"Something tells me you don't want to just talk about US-UK politics... am I right Michael?" I said in a low soft voice to him as I moved my hand slightly over his dick.

"Well...," was all he could get out. He looked down at my hand on his crotch and from the look on his face, I had no doubt that he had never dreamed that this would really happen.

Well, maybe he had DREAMED about it and maybe even masturbated while imagining some American slut fondling him in his car, but I couldn't believe that he thought it might really happen. Then again, if all he knew about American culture was from TV and magazines, maybe he DID think all girls were like me! I wasn't about to burst his bubble although I had a feeling the next girl he was with was in for quite a surprise!

"Take me to your place then, Michael," I purred, "I think I know what you really want."

For the rest of the way to his apartment, neither of us said a word. I took my hand off of him once he started driving again (I was worried enough about his tendency to drive on the wrong side without distracting him any further!)

While he drove, I sat back and thought about what had just occurred. It was interesting just how fast a relationship could change. All through church and lunch he had been the perfect upstanding young gentleman, polite and well-spoken. In a matter of seconds, all that went out the window and now he was just another horny guy lucky enough to have found himself a girl who was just as horny - if not more!

It was actually a bit surreal. Waking up this morning, I had masturbated dreaming about my dad fucking me without any inkling that I might be getting laid later that day. Of course, I wasn't in the sack yet and touching Michael through his pants was a long way from him fucking me, but I had a suspicion that I would be getting it this afternoon. I mean really, what guy in his right mind would turn down a 21 year-old college girl who was all but throwing herself at him? Maybe I should have played it more tactfully but what would have been the point? He was a guy so it was a no-brainer as to what he wanted. As for me, I was horny as hell and looking for it. Under the circumstances, it just made sense to cut through the nonsense and get down to what we both wanted!

As we drove along, I realized that I had never been to this part of town before. The neighborhood didn't look all that bad - typical mid-Ohio middle class. Nothing impressive but at the same time well-kept and relatively safe looking. Michael pulled up in front of what looked to be a two-story apartment building. Judging by the mail boxes on the outside, there were four dwellings although there was only two doors. Michael stopped the engine and turned to me with a questioning look.

"Well, I guess this is it. My place is the one to the right on the second floor," he said, as if he was a realtor showing me around.

I was about to open the door when I hesitated for a second. Really, what did I know about this guy? Just because he went to church didn't mean much. I had met all kinds over the years and being a Christian was no guarantee as to what type of guy he was. After all, I had been all but raped by my own Youth Pastor once - and he was married! A couple of years ago I had tried out the escorting business and quit after only a short time once I realized the dangers of following strange men to their hotel rooms. Was this that much different?

At that moment I almost told him to take me back to my apartment. Then I looked at his lap and saw his hard-on through his slacks. God, he must have been incredibly horny to be that hard still! My pussy started to throb and I felt the wetness between my legs - he wasn't the only one in the car that was dying to get laid!

I took a deep breath and opened the door. Michael followed suit on his side of the car and he quickly ran around to shut my door for me. He reached out his hand to me with this lost puppy dog look on his face and I smiled back at him as I took his hand and followed him up the narrow wooden steps to the apartment building entrance. I glanced about and wondered if anyone was watching and if they were, what they might be thinking. Was this something they saw regularly, did Michael bring home girls all the time; or was this something unusual, something they would be talking about between themselves?

In any case, he quickly unlocked the door and we stepped inside what looked to be an entryway. A door leading to the first floor apartment was to the right with nothing more than a small number "1" painted on the outside with no other indication of who might be living there. Michael led the way up a steep set of wooden steps where at the top was a door identical to the one at the bottom except it has a number "3" painted on the exterior. It was quite dark and I noted that the lone light bulb in the ceiling wasn't on - burned out maybe?

"Be careful, the last step is steeper than the rest," Michael warned me as he pushed open the door. I was able to see better once the door was open and I gingerly stepped into his apartment.

My first impression was one of surprise as it was neat and clean, not your usual image of a single guy's apartment. It wasn't cluttered but at the same time what furnishings were there were in good shape and a reflection of good taste by someone. Of course, the standard "guy toys" were present - big screen TV, several video game consoles, a collection of CDs and DVDs, etc. I was expecting something like a British flag on the wall or some other sign of his nationality but there was nothing to be seen.

"Home sweet home," Michael announced as he held out his arms like an announcer for some game show showing off the latest prize package, "Well, what do you think Kelly?"

I just nodded and raised my eyebrows, trying to show I was impressed. It was a bit awkward, the two of us standing there in the middle of his living room, each seemingly waiting for the other to make the first move. I figured I had been forward enough and it was time for Michael to assert himself. After all, if he wanted me the least he could do is make a little bit of effort! Fortunately, I wasn't to be disappointed.

"Would you like to see the rest of the place?" he asked.

Given the tiny size of the apartment, there was only two things that could possibly be left to see - the bathroom and the bedroom. Fooling around in the bathroom would be a bit kinky so I presumed he meant to show me the bedroom. Well, that was fine with me as I hadn't any desire to play his latest video game.

I remained quiet and followed him past the bathroom, or at what I presumed was the bathroom since the door was closed, and down to the open door at the end where again I was pleasantly surprised. Unless he was psychic, there was no way he could have known he would be bringing a girl back home from church so whatever state the room was in was what was its natural state. If that was the case, Michael was indeed not your average guy. First, the bed was made! Thankfully, it didn't have an ruffled bed-skirt or I might have started to get a bit worried but it was covered with a plain white quilted comforter.

The dresser drawers were all closed with a couple of pictures of what looked to be his parents on top. Thankfully, there weren't any girlfriend photos nor were there any porn magazines on the floor. All in all, the bedroom was the final straw in convincing me that Michael was a relatively mature and decent person. Of course, looks could be deceiving but the odds were in favor of my being right.

## 2. Sucking Michael's Dick

"So tell me Michael, why did you bring me to your bedroom?" I teased him, twisting my hips so my skirt flowed around me. I loved the way the material felt against my bare butt and I wondered if Michael had a clue that I wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"Ummmmm, I just thought you might want to see it," he said in a low voice. Well, he wasn't going to get away with THAT answer, that was for sure.

"Come on Michael, I want you to tell me why you brought me here."

"No special reason... really."

"Michael!" I said in exasperation, "If you want something, sometimes you have to ask for it. Last chance - why did you ask me up here. Don't worry, I just want to hear you say it."

I folded my arms and waited for his response, like a teacher in a classroom waiting for a reluctant student to answer. Michael was looking down at his shoes and for a moment, I thought maybe I was wrong about him. Was he really just a wimp?

"Oh alright," he said suddenly, "I was hoping we would fool around a little. There, does that make you happy now?"

I couldn't help but giggle a little bit. I love it when men finally break down and do what I ask when they realize it's necessary if they are going to get their hands on me. Well, I wasn't quite satisfied yet; time to push a little harder.

"Now that's better!" I said, licking my lips a bit for him, "So basically, you just want to fuck me - right?"

If I could have captured the look on Michael's face at that moment, I would have posted it on my desk at home as an example of the most shell-shocked look imaginable on a guy. It was so hilarious, I almost broke out in laughter. His eyes widened and his mouth just opened and shut like a fish out of water.

"What's the matter Michael, hasn't a girl ever talked to you like this before?"

"Well... no!" was all he could say. I smiled seductively at him and walked up closer to him and put my hands on his chest.

"You DO realize Michael, that girls sometimes want it too... sometimes as much or even more than the guy," I whispered to him as I moved my hands over his shirt and then started to unbutton it slowly starting at the top.

"I want you to fuck me Michael," I whispered softly, looking up into his eyes, "I want to suck your cock and then have you stick it in my pussy and cum in me."

I was down to the bottom button and had to pull his shirt out of his pants to get at the last one. Meantime, he wasn't saying a word.

"Well, aren't you going to say anything?" I asked, pushing his unbuttoned short off of his shoulders and down his arms, revealing an incredible chest and smooth torso. He either shaved or had almost no body hair, at least so far as his chest and back were concerned. His shirt dropped to the floor and I started to run my hands over his luscious bare chest and sides.

"I want you to suck me," he said, so softly I could barely hear him.

I was unbuckling his belt now as he just stood there motionless, as if he was afraid to move and break the spell. With his belt undone, I unbuttoned his slacks and pulled the zipper quickly down to the bottom. I reached inside under the elastic of his underwear and was rewarded with the feel of his warm hard dick in my palm. My fingers wrapped around it and I held it firmly.

"Mmmmmmm, your dick feels so good," I purred, "Tell me again what you want me to do to it."

"Oh god, Kelly, I want you to put it in your mouth," he gasped as I pulled my hand out and started to push his pants down to the floor along with his underwear at the same time. No sense wasting any motions!

As his underwear moved down over his cock, it suddenly popped out as it was freed and I smiled at the sight of it. He was circumcised and looked to be about six inches or so - about average for most guys from my experience. It was the type that curved upwards from his crotch when he was erect such that the head was pointed straight to the ceiling. As for thickness, again I would put him in the "average" category, meaning my hand would wrap around him and he would fit nicely into my mouth.

Pardon me for a word on cock size. Does size matter? Yes and no. Frankly, I don't like the huge cocks you see in the porn movies. Sure, they are great to watch, but have you ever tried sucking one of those monsters? It's a pain, literally, and frustrating in that I don't feel I can do my best in terms of technique and satisfaction. Getting fucked by one is another pain - again quite literally. I find myself worrying more about how damn big he is and whether he is going to hurt me than the satisfaction I am looking for.

At the other end of the spectrum, I have had a few guys who were ridiculously small - to the point I would be better off with my own finger. Those are pretty rare and in all fairness, 99% of guys are "average"; maybe five to seven inches and about the same thickness. There's nothing wrong with these guys, not in my book at least. They are relatively easy to suck and when they fuck me, if they can stay in me then they are long enough.

One other thing, I have found though, and that is cock size has absolutely nothing to do with the amount of cum a guy produces. I wish there was some way to predict it as I love nothing more than to have a guy cum and literally fill me with sperm. It is also better when it shoots out of his dick in a forceful stream such that I can hold it away from my mouth and watch it shoot into my open mouth, or feel it emerging from his dick in my pussy and shooting far up inside of me. So anyway, seeing Michael's cock all erect and pointing upward was a good sign of what was to cum - pun intended!

With his slacks down to his ankles (he hadn't removed his shoes yet so he just stood there with his pants and underwear gathered at his ankles), I kneeled down and quickly took his cock in my mouth, pumping my head swiftly up and down his shaft and then lifting my head up towards him.

"Is this what you wanted Michael?" I asked him softly. It wasn't like I didn't know what the answer would be, I just wanted to hear him say it.

Michael took my head in his hands and ran his fingers through my hair. As much as I had been forward on the trip to this apartment, as much as I had hinted to him what a slut I was, I had a feeling that deep down he probably thought I was just a big tease. Now that I had actually put his cock in my mouth, even if just for a brief moment, there was no denying that I was indeed everything he was hoping for.

I wondered how that made him feel, what thoughts were going through his mind. He most likely had masturbated many times dreaming of a girl doing just what I was doing and now his dream was on the verge of coming true. God, what I would have given to be able to hear his thoughts right now!

"Oh yes Kelly... that's exactly what I wanted," he managed to finally say. Then, to my own pleasure, he said, "Suck my cock again... please."

There was something about hearing a guy beg to have his cock sucked that turns me on something fierce. I don't know exactly how to explain it but so much for anyone's theory that sucking cock is submission by a girl to a guy! Quite the contrary, I view it as complete control over a guy. After all, I'm the one with his most sensitive organ between my teeth. I'm not the one begging for it, willing to say and do anything for it. Although I will never know for sure how a guy feels when my mouth is around his cock, it must be pretty wonderful from the way it drives them crazy when I do it!

I was still fully dressed ( if you call wearing just a dress with no underwear fully dressed), as I remained kneeling in front of him next to his bed. My right hand grabbed his cock at the base as I dipped my head back down on him again. With my left hand, I reached around and put in on his firm ass and squeezed it as best I could. Up and down I went on his cock, sucking it until my cheeks pulled in and running my tongue around it as I did.

At first I only went about half-way down using my fingers to stroke the lower half of his cock. As I heard him breathing harder, I released my hand and used just my mouth on him as I grabbed the other half of his ass with my right hand, pulling his crotch into my face. My nose was inundated with the rich musky odor of his crotch. He must have showered earlier as I could make out the lingering scent of his soap but it was overwhelmed by his strong male scent. At the same time, the thick growth of pubic hair that sprouted from the base of his cock tickled my face as it dipped down deeper on his dick. It was incredibly erotic for me to take his cock deep in my mouth until my face was covered by his thick, wiry dark pubic hair that smelled so strongly with the scent of a male consumed by lust.

"Oh my god, Kelly, that feels incredible," Michael said as he groaned almost non-stop while I worked on his cock.

He tasted good, again it was apparent he had showered as there wasn't any of the aftertaste I get sometimes when a guy hasn't washed his dick for a while. His hands were still holding my head and I could tell from the pressure he would apply that he loved it best the deeper I took him. Some guys actually seem to like it better when I lick their dicks like a popsicle, using my tongue to touch him up and down his hard dick as if I was trying to keep an ice cream cone from dripping on a hot summer day. Other guys seem to have a thing for more attention to the head of their cock, especially when I would run my tongue around the bottom ridge and then tickle the slit at the tip. The vast majority, though, want me to take their cock deep in my mouth - the deeper the better. I have asked different guys and gotten different answers as to why, and I'm not sure I believe many of them anyway.

Personally, I think it has more to do with porn movies than pleasure. Guys see the whores in porn flicks taking some huge cocks down their throats and so they think they it makes them like one of those guys and I am their favorite porn whore. The second reason I think guys like me to deep throat them is somewhat the same thrill I get when I see a guy's cock disappear inside my pussy until it completely disappears and I know all of his dick is inside of me. There have been times I could see myself in a mirror when I give a guy head and I have to admit that it looks really hot when his dick is completely down my mouth and throat and my face is up tight against his crotch.

I was twisting my head around his dick, rubbing his pubic hair against my cheeks, when I heard him groan especially loud and his body shuddered like he was suddenly chilled. I looked up at him and saw that his head was tilted back while his hands were pulling me more tightly into him. His grip on me was such that when I tried to pull my head up to keep from choking on the cum I knew was about to erupt from him, I couldn't pull back and just then I felt his dick swell and the first shot of cum spewed into my mouth.

For a moment I thought I was going to gag as he was so far into my mouth that it went straight down into my throat. My reaction at that point was involuntary as I more or less panicked and forcibly shoved my head back to give me more room in my mouth. His cock was still about half-way in when the next few shots sprayed from his dick into my mouth and I couldn't help but choke just a little, causing his cum to spill out of my mouth and dribble down my chin. I really didn't want to get it on my dress (that may be fine for Monica but not on my favorite church dress!) so I tightened up my grip on his shaft with my lips to keep the rest of it inside of my mouth.

"That's it... oh yeah," Michael groaned, almost shouting as he pressed his hips forward, trying to drive his cock back down deep into my mouth and throat, "Swallow it... eat my cum!"

I would have been more than happy to accommodate his demands but when you have a thick dick in your mouth and it's still shooting out little bits of sperm in your mouth, swallowing is not exactly the easiest thing to accomplish! At this point I had little choice as it was hard to breathe through my nose and I really needed the air so I pulled back again and this time was able to get his dick out of my mouth. It popped out like it was a spring and pointed back up in the air again, glistening with a slimy coating of his cum and my saliva.

As I gasped for air I held it in my hand and stroked it slowly as if I was milking him. Indeed, a little more cum emerged from the tip of hid cock as I squeezed it out of him like the last drops of toothpaste from the tube. My tongue reached out and licked it off lightly, just enough to take it from him.

"God that feels so fucking good," Michael groaned when my tongue returned to his dick, licking the head as I tasted the sperm that coated it.

I surprised him by suddenly taking his cock deep in my mouth again, shoving my face down into his crotch again and sucking on it as hard as I could. This time his hands were pulling me off of him rather than pushing me down.

"Fuck Kelly, that's enough... I can't take it when you do that!" he gasped.

I released his dick and rubbed it over my face and chin with my hand, using it like a squeegee to spread the cum that had escaped from my mouth over my face. Usually I am not a big fan of getting a covering of cum on my body as frankly, when it dries it tends to itch more than anything. In this case, I knew he was watching and if he was like most guys, seeing me use his dick to rub his cum over me was a turn-on and well, it was my goal to please him as well as take care of myself so why not?

## 3. Begging Michael to Fuck Me

Michael grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me up to my feet saying, "C'mon now, stand up for a second."

I stood before him, still in my dress while he was naked down to his ankle where his slacks and shoes remained. He looked down and grinned a bit sheepishly.

"Guess I should take these off," he said in a low voice and he kicked off his shoes and reached down to pull his slacks and socks off. Now he was totally nude in front of me and I admired his lean body and muscular chest and arms. His dick was still standing at attention despite having just climaxed and I knew he wasn't satisfied yet. Well, neither was I for that matter!

"Mmmmmmm, you look really good," I said softly, running my hands over his bare chest and arms.

His hands were on my shoulders at the edge of my sleeves and he was fumbling with them. I knew he wanted to take my dress off and for a moment I was about to have him undo me and slip it over my head when another idea came to mind. Looking Michael straight in the eyes, I smiled seductively at him and in a firm but soft voice said, "Are you ready to fuck me now Michael? I hope so, because I want you to."

Michael stammered a bit and despite several attempts, couldn't seem to get the next words out.

"What's the matter Michael, hasn't a girl ever asked you to fuck her before?" I teased him.

"Ummmmm, not really," he sputtered, I mean, not using those words."

I pressed up against him and felt his wonderful hard cock pushing against my stomach through my dress.

"You know, sometimes girls want it just as badly as boys do," I said, "What's wrong with a girl telling a boy she wants to get laid?"

Michael looked a little uncomfortable but he still managed to say, "Well, I just didn't think girls did that."

A little giggle escaped from me at that. "Ohhhhhhhhh, I get it. You mean, 'nice' girls don't ask to be fucked... is that what you mean Michael?"

Michael's eyes widened and he started to open his mouth to protest but I wasn't letting him off the hook that easily.

"So do you think I'm not a nice girl Michael?" I pressed on, "Do you think I'm some sort of slut, a skank or something like that just because I asked you to fuck me?"

"Oh no Kelly!" Michael finally blustered, "I didn't mean that at all... you're a nice girl."

So predictable but then, he was a guy so it wasn't his fault.

"What if I told you that I wasn't a 'nice' girl, Michael?" I said as I traced little circles around his hardened nipple

Looking down, I noticed that despite everything his cock was still as hard as ever. My pussy tingled at the sight and I knew it was time to finish up with the theatrics and get down to business.

"For your information Michael, I AM a slut and quite proud of it," I declared as I turned my back slowly to the bed and stepped backwards until I was pressed up against it. I sat on the bed and scooted back until my knees were hanging over the edge. Gathering up my skirt, I pulled it up until he could see that I wasn't wearing any underwear. I kept my eyes fixed on his as I reached down with one hand and slowly began to rub my bare pussy that was now exposed for him to see.

"See my pussy Michael? So tell me, do 'nice" girls go to church with nothing under their dresses? Has a 'nice girl ever sucked your cock the first time you took her out? Would a 'nice' girl ask you to fuck her?"

Michael was too mesmerized by the sight of me playing with myself in front of him to respond. Not that I was really expecting anything from him; it was fun just to talk dirty to him and tease him a little.

"You see Michael, I'm NOT a 'nice' girl," I continued as I pushed a single finger up into my already wet pussy, "I like to be fucked and I want you to fuck me now."

Michael stood there as stiff as a statue. That was fine with me so far as his cock was concerned but I was wishing he would be a bit more flexible elsewhere. His reaction really didn't surprise me all that much. It wasn't the first time I had a boy freeze when I was being forward with him. Boys seem to think that they are the ones that are suppose to be in charge and when a girl is the aggressor it is like the rules of the game have been broken and they don't know how to respond. I've had a few tell me later that it was always a big fantasy of theirs to have slutty girlfriend but when it actually happened they were freaked out.

My guess was that if I could read Michael's mind about now, that I would find he was thinking that exact thing at this moment. This had to be one of his wildest dreams - to have a girl lifting her skirt, playing with herself for him to watch after having just sucked his cock, begging for him to fuck her. Now that the dream was reality though, he was finding that he wasn't the super stud he liked to think of himself as being. Well, all that didn't matter to me about now, I was just interested in getting that hard dick inside of me as soon as possible! Keeping my hand on my pussy, I reached out with the other one and motioned for him to move towards me.

"What's the matter Michael? Don't you want to fuck me?" I asked in my best little girl voice.

Michael finally seemed to break out of his stupor and moved towards the bed. He reached for the top of my dress again as if to undress me.

"Noooooo, leave my dress on Michael," I resisted, "I just want you to fuck me and that's all."

Michael looked at me a bit strangely but by now the hormones were in overdrive and I don't think it mattered what I said or did from this point onward. There is this look a guy gets when he is set on fucking me that is unmistakable. Once that look appears, there is no stopping him until the act is complete. It's like a sexual point of no return, where once crossed there is no recall, no going back. The male conscious mind seems to turn off and all that is left is his lust driving him to complete the mating ritual. Millions of years of evolution are lost in that moment when it is like the most primal emotions and drives take over, the need to mate and procreate overwhelms all rational thought and actions. It is a look I have seen many times in my father's face after I have teased him and toyed with him to the point where fucking me is no longer an option - it is a foregone conclusion and requirement. I would imagine it is the look a woman sees when she is about to be raped except in this case I wanted it.

"Alright, you asked for it," Michael said in a deep voice that sounded more like an animal's growl than anything else. He was breathing heavily and his cock quivered, looking like it might just explode if it got any bigger or harder.

My own heart was starting to beat rapidly as well as I understood what was happening to him and the consequences it meant for me. There would be no more teasing, no more conversation, no more euphemistic exchanges between us. I knew at that moment that no matter what I might want from this point on, I was going to be fucked before I left the room. Even though that was EXACTLY what I wanted, the finality of the situation, the loss of control, the inevitability that was now in place made me a little anxious despite my own cravings and lust.

It was like I had jumped out of a plane and now was wondering what I had done. Nothing could bring me back inside of the plane - I was committed now and completely dependent on my parachute to save me. In this case, my parachute was my knowledge of men and how they reacted under these circumstances. I knew Michael wasn't going to hurt me, he just wanted to fuck me - no, make that he HAD to fuck me. The parachute wasn't going to open and bring me to earth safely until his cock was deep in me, spewing his next load of sperm inside my hungry and waiting cunt.

Michael put one hand on each of my knees and pushed my legs further apart. He stood with his legs up against the bed and then grabbed me by the waist and pulled me towards him until his crotch met mine and his cock was laying over my pussy. He grabbed his dick and positioned it up against the opening of my pussy hole.

"God you have a great looking pussy," he whispered, almost more to himself than to me.

"Put it in me Michael, put your cock inside of me" I pleaded with him, feeling like I was begging him now to push his dick inside of me. "Oh please Michael, I NEED it in me."

Michael moved his hips forward and as stiff as his cock was, it still bent noticeably as it tried to violate me. I prided myself on having a tight pussy and it wasn't unusual for guys to have difficulty the first time they tried to enter me; but I knew that once he was in me that he wouldn't have any trouble fucking me after that. Finally his head slipped into me and half his dick was quickly inside of my pussy. He didn't hesitate after that but instead immediately began pumping his dick in and out of me.

"Damn your pussy's tight," he said with a bit if a grimace. Even as he said the words though, I noticed his efforts were getting easier with each stroke of his cock in me.

I looked down at my pussy, watching as Michael's cock fucked my pussy. There was just something about seeing a man's hard dick moving in and out of me while at the same time feeling the warmth and hardness of him inside of me that was the ultimate erotic experience for me. As he continued, each stroke seemed to penetrate me just a little bit more until finally he was moving the full length of his dick in and out of me with each stroke.

This was where it really didn't matter what size a guy was. While a guy is fucking me this way, my pleasure comes more from the stimulation of the inner walls of my pussy just inside my pussy hole than anything else. Moving deeper into me doesn't add a whole lot to the sensations nor does it really matter how thick he is. Think of a bow as it stroked over the strings of a violin. Although a longer bow provides a longer note, it really doesn't make a whole lot of difference with regards to the pitch of the note being played. All I wanted was to feel him moving against me although at times it was nice to have him just be buried deep in me and hold still for a while allowing his dick to throb noticeably inside of me. Michael was holding me with his hands on my waist as he pulled and pushed me in sync with his thrusts in and out of me. I was leaning back on my hands, lifting my hips upward to meet his thrusting groin.

"Oh Michael, this is what I wanted," I panted as I tried to speak while barely able to breathe myself, "God your cock feels so good inside of me!"

One good thing about sucking a guy off before he fucks me, besides the obvious of course, is that he usually lasts a little longer when he finally fucks me. This strategy works better the younger the guy is as when they get to my dad's age, their six-shooters become musket loaders - one shot only before they have to take a long time to reload. For teenage boys and most men up to a little older than Michael, it's almost mandatory to get them off at least once before they fuck me or else they end up coming almost before they're even in me all the way. It's not that I mind the fact that they cum in me, it's more that I wouldn't mind a little more stimulation first.

Someday maybe I'll understand this but for whatever reason, when a guy cums after I blow him, he usually wants to keep on going without even a break. Yet at the same time, if he fucks me and cums then it's like game over, mission accomplished. Thus my usual strategy is to do just what I did today with Michael - suck him until he cums and then get him to fuck me right away afterwards to maximize his longevity.

After Michael had fucked me for a while this way he pulled out of me and motioned for me to turn over. I looked at him and his impatience was more noticeable now.

"Turn over," he said impatiently, "Show me that cute little ass."

I giggled and quickly slid down until my feet were back on the floor and then turned around to face the bed. Michael lifted my skirt up almost to my shoulders as I leaned over the bed and rested myself on my elbows, allowing my ass to stick out for him to see. My feet were spread apart and I felt his hands grab my ass like he was palming a pair of basketballs.

"You've got a GREAT ass," he complimented me as he squeezed it like a housewife checking out melons at the supermarket. I turned my head around and looked at him over my shoulder.

"Well, are you just going to stare at my ass or you gonna fuck me some more?"

Michael laughed at that, acting more and more assertive as his confidence grew. He no longer seemed to be nearly as intimidated by me as the lust inside of him drove him onward.

"Don't worry you dirty little slut, you'll get your fill of my cock soon enough."

I pretended to be exasperated but inside I was getting a kick out of his transformation from shy little school boy to man-in-charge. I liked to tease a guy at first and even intimidate him a little but eventually it grew wearisome and I liked it when he had the confidence and self-assurance to try to take control of the situation. Of course, little did he know that he might THINK he was taking control but it was only me LETTING him, and then only for as long as I was willing to allow him. In the end, I need to be in control of any sexual situation I am in for me to feel good about what I am doing. The only time I allow myself to actually submit to a man's authority is when I am with my dad and that is a completely different situation from this.

"Oh Michael, stop teasing me... I want you to fuck me dammit!" I pleaded.

It was true but I have to admit the tone was a bit theatrical. Of course I wanted to be fucked - that wasn't ever in doubt. The begging and pleading was for his sake though, and I hoped it was turning him on to hear me begging him to do me. Some girls fake orgasms, I fake begging for cock - was there really anything wrong with either so long as we're both satisfied?

I felt Michael spreading my ass cheeks apart with his hands and then the pressure of his cock head against my butt. For a moment his dick was pushing against my asshole and I was just about to warn him off when it moved down to my pussy hole. With a sudden push of his hips and pull of his hands on my hips, his cock easily slid into me from behind and I felt his crotch pressing up against my bare bottom with his thick pubic hair once again tickling my cheeks only this time it was my butt cheeks and not my face that was getting the attention. I moaned long and softly as he held himself deep inside of me, rotating his hips as he moved his dick around inside of my cunt.

"Yeah, you like this, don't you Kelly," he said, with a smirk I couldn't see but could clearly hear in his tone of voice, "You like having a big cock in your tight little pussy, don't you?"

"Oh yeah, I love it in me, I love your dick in me," I repeated over and over, trying my best to sound like the whore that I knew deep down he wanted me to be for him, "Oh fuck me Michael, keep fucking me... fuck me harder."

As much as his staying power may have been extended by my sucking him off, I had a feeling Michael hadn't been laid in a while and my suspicion was that he wasn't going to last very long the second time around either. As usual, my female intuition was right on the mark.

"God I'm going to cum again," he moaned.

I would have preferred he cum in my pussy, especially since I had already taken him in my mouth once already today but it wasn't going to work out that way it seemed. Michael pulled out of me and stepped back, stroking his cock to keep it going.

"Turn around and get on your knees," he commanded me.

There wasn't time to argue and there was no sense in letting him cum in his hand so I did as he asked. No sooner than I had dropped to my knees and opened my mouth than the first shot of cum emerged. The first time he had cum it was in my mouth and while I felt it hit the back of my throat with some force, I was still not prepared for what was about to happen. His first load was like a shot from a paint ball gun or something. There was none of this weak stream or dribble that so many guys produced, especially the second time around. No, not my Michael; he shot the first load over my head! At least, it seemed to go over my head but a little was on my forehead and I knew there must be quite a load on the top of my head and probably some on the back of my dress. So much for keeping my dress clean!

As it turned out, that shot was the least of my worries so far as my dress was concerned. Michael was holding his cock but the way he was stroking himself it was spraying about like a charged fire hose running wild, spreading cum all over the place. Some of it hit my face and a little managed to make it into my mouth and outstretched tongue. The majority of it ended up either on my face or on my dress and shoulders. To make it worse, it wasn't like it was a secondary load that was only a portion of the first one. Michael's balls must have been filled to the bursting point with sperm as this load was just as big, or bigger even, than the first. I thought he would never stop spraying me with his cum as one load after another shot out and made an even bigger mess of me. Finally he finished and stood there with his still stiff cock in his hand.

"Damn that felt good," he said between gasps as he tried to catch his breath. From the way he was breathing and the flushness of his face and chest, you would have thought he had just finished running a marathon.

He dropped his cock and reached down to pull me up. For the first time we kissed which seemed a little bit backwards - first kiss AFTER we fucked? It wasn't anything too prolonged although our tongues did play a bit with each other's. I lowered my dress and tried to straighten it out a bit as he reached for his clothes. So much for cuddling afterwards!

"So, do you fuck every guy you meet the first time?" Michael asked.

I wasn't sure from his tone whether he was teasing or serious. Michael must have seen the question on my face as he shook his head and said, "That's OK, you don't have to answer, I was just curious."

Now I had a feeling he wasn't just teasing me, but rather was actually wondering whether I did or not. Well, I HAD told him that I was a slut so what did he expect? Truth was, I did NOT fuck every guy the first time and for that matter, not even a majority of them. OK, I DO suck off most guys I go out with but that is for my enjoyment as much as theirs. Besides, sucking cock isn't really "sex" in the first place. What's the difference between kissing a guy and sucking his cock? If anything, I think kissing is more intimate than a blowjob.

"Noooooo, silly," I rebuked him, "I don't do that."

Michael seemed a little relieved at that which just confirmed my belief in the ultimate stupidity and gullibility of the male side of the human race. What did he think, that he was someone special and that this was the first time that I had gone to a guy's house and asked him to do me? Men!

Michael looked at his watch and a look a panic came over his face.

"Shit, I forgot I'm supposed to meet some guys this afternoon," he said, speeding up his actions as he straightened himself out. It didn't take me much - just flattening out of my dress with my hands and I was ready. I looked in the mirror and saw several stain marks where his cum had landed but there was nothing I could do about them at this point other than get home and hit it with a stain stick as soon as possible. Hopefully I could sneak in to my apartment without anyone seeing me and asking any difficult questions. As for the cum on my face, I wiped it off with a handkerchief from his dresser and whatever was in my hair would have to wait for a shower.

From that point, to leaving his apartment, and then driving back to the campus, neither of us said another word. Although I am sure the thought of having sex with me had crossed his mind when we left church earlier, I doubted that he ever seriously thought it would actually happen. Now that it had, was he having second thoughts about me or was he just working up the courage to ask me out again? It wasn't until we pulled up in front of my apartment that I found out the answer.

"Can I see you again sometime Kelly?" he asked as I undid my seat belt.

I turned to him and smiled, "Of course Michael, I would really like that."

Michael looked like he had more to say and I knew what was undoubtedly going through his head that he was too shy to ask so I helped him out.

"And yes, you can fuck me next time too."

Michael actually blushed when I said that and I couldn't help but giggle a little. Obviously he had never been with a girl quite as forward as me but he didn't seem to mind it overall. I stepped out without saying another word and waved at him before turning my back and walking to my apartment. I didn't look back once until I heard him drive off and then I watched his car as it disappeared from view.

I wondered what was going to happen in the future. Would Michael really ask me out again? Would we do something besides sex or would we just use each other for our own mutual satisfaction? Today's events had certainly been unexpected and who knew what was in store for the future. One thing I DID know - my pussy was still warm from being fucked and so if nothing else, we had gotten off to a great start!

# (Sep 23) Chapter 128: 24 Hours of Dick

Story codes: MF MMF group oral exhib

Me (21)
Michael - boyfriend (22)
Rob (22)
Jeremy (24)
Dave (26)

My new boyfriend Michael confused me sometimes. There were days when he could be the most wonderful guy in the world and yet on others, he could be a total jerk. You'll never guess what he was asked me to do for some friends. I'll let you decide if he was being naughty or nice this day.

## 1. My Boyfriend Michael

A common questions for me is where guys can find girls like me. By "like me", I assume they mean a girl who puts out on the first date. Most guys are surprised by my answer - church! There is something about a girl who is a little naughty in church that seems to appeal to guys and I find it fun as well. I have always been active I my church and at school I attend a local church where I help with the youth group. A lot of the students attend this church as well as a number of single guys from town who I suspect are attracted more by the abundance of 18 to 21 year-old girls than the quality of the religious services. During my high school years, I had met most of my boyfriends at church and we had a bit of fun more than once during services!

The school I attend is a private religious university. Although it is coed, anything sexual in nature or even suggestive is expressly forbidden and even as a senior I am forbidden to have guys in my on-campus apartment. Early in my senior year I met Michael at church. He was a year older than me and worked for a local company. He was actually British and assigned here as part of an internship for young employees though to have high potential. To make a long story short, I learned on our first time out together that while he may or may have not been a business whiz, he DID have a nice cock... and he knew how to use it.

For Michael I think I was a bit of an enigma to him at first. I don't know what girls are like in the UK, but apparently I was rather unique in that I was quite forward with him. The first time I told him I wanted him to fuck me, his jaw almost hit the floor. It wasn't that he didn't WANT to fuck me, it was just that he'd never had a girl come right out and ASK him before. After the initial shock, he seemed to enjoy it when I talked dirty to him and generally acted like a slut. After our first "date", if you call going out for lunch and then straight to his apartment for sex a "date", we'd gone out a number of times. For me, it was great since one of the things I find hardest to adapt to after being home for the summer is the lack of sex at school. I've been fortunate enough in the past to have had a bisexual roomie my freshman year and one at least not afraid to masturbate in front of me my junior year. Unfortunately, this year was more like my sophomore year when my roomie was not into breaking the rules regarding sex. Having Michael available as a "relief valve" for my needs was an unexpected pleasure that I'd not expected to have when I started my senior year!

Michael would take me out to dinner, movies, and such but our evenings ALWAYS ended up about the same no matter how they started - with his hard cock in my mouth and/or pussy. I liked Michael and he was a decent person but not my type so far as an emotional boyfriend attachment was concerned. The plain facts were that he as available for me about anytime I wanted him to be and he was adequate enough in terms of sexual technique to satisfy me.

Michael confessed to me once after an especially hot night of sex that he had never met a girl quite like me, at least one that wasn't a whore and just playing out a fantasy for him. I tried to explain to him that most girls loved sex as much as I did but in a way it was sort of like the problem guys have - they're afraid to go out and just ask for it. It's not that they're afraid of rejection - what boy would ever say no to a girl asking for sex? Instead, most girls worry about their reputations whereas I thought it was pretty cool to know that people who knew me called me a slut - often to my face. Of course, at school I never let on to what Michael and I did as it would have gotten me expelled.

One weekend Michael and I had been planning to take the entire day and do nothing but fuck all day. I'd confided in Michael about my fantasy of having a guy's dick in me for an entire day - even in bed that night, parting only as needed for biological reasons. Michael thought it would be pretty cool to try it out as well so all week I had been masturbating like crazy as I imagined what it was going to be like later today.

Ali, my roomie, could tell I was excited about the weekend but she didn't have a clue what I was planning of course. I warned her I might be staying the night at someone's house at which she gave me a bit of a sideways glance but I assured her nothing was going to happen - yeah right! I knew that Ali was more aware of my masturbation needs than she thought I knew, but we more or less avoided the subject so long as I wasn't blatant about it. Face it, most girls masturbated and Ali knew it. We just all pretended we didn't and were good little Christian girls.

Although I was planning to stay the night out, I didn't take much with me except my purse. By now I'd stocked Michaels apartment with the essential toiletry items so I could clean up and not worry about returning to my apartment smelling like sex with cum on my face. I wasn't planning on wearing my clothes for long once I got to his apartment so why bother with bring more for the next day?

Michael picked me up just after noon and we headed straight to his apartment. As soon as I got in his car my pussy tingled like it was connected to an electrical outlet as I looked at his crotch and saw the bulge he seemed to have anytime he was around me. My first thought was to reach over and free his rigid dick from its prison where I knew it had to be aching to escape. I would have loved to start sucking him before we even left the campus but caution for once got the better of me and as it turned out, it was a good thing as the guard was at the entrance was checking out the cars as they left for the first time in ages. It wouldn't have gone over very well if he had caught me with my head in my boyfriend's lap with his dick in my mouth!

Although it seemed like forever, it only took a few minutes to get to his small apartment and I followed him up the stairs where he opened the door and I followed him in. Now I don't claim to be stupid or anything and usually catch on to things pretty quickly, but for whatever reason it never dawned on me that his door was unlocked when we arrived, something he normally never allowed when he was away.

## 2. Meeting Michael's Friends

As it turned out the reason for the unlocked door was that his apartment wasn't empty but instead the living room had three other guys planted in one position or another playing some silly video game. My heart sank as my dreams of an all- day fucking session were apparently not to be realized today. What the hell were these guys doing over here? I had never seen them; for that matter I had never seen anyone before in Michael's apartment.

Michael acted as if nothing was out of the ordinary and quickly introduced me to his buddies. There was Rob, 22 years old but looked not a day over eighteen with a youthful face and long hair, was apparently a neighbor friend. Jeremy was 24 and a coworker from where Michael worked as was Dave, the oldest at 26. To be honest, they all looked pretty hot and under different circumstance, I could imagine some interesting times together but today had my heart set on being fucked continuously and THAT was not going to happen now, no matter who these guys were.

Michael must have seen the disappointment in my face and he hugged me. Then he did something I had NOT expected him to do - he kissed me and cupped my crotch in his hands right in front of the other guys!

"David!" I exclaimed, wondering what the hell was going on.

David laughed as did the other guys and I looked at him, wondering what was the story.

"Don't worry, I told them all about you," David said, rubbing my crotch again as if to drive home the point.

"You WHAT?" I asked him pointedly, "Just what does THAT mean?"

"He said you were a slut who loved being fucked," Dave spoke up at this point. As the oldest, he seemed to be the most forward, even more so than Michael. The straightforward tone of his voice softened the words somewhat so they didn't seem as outrageous as what they might have. It was if he was saying I was a waitress who enjoying working at the local bar. I looked at David who just shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you DID say you were proud of it, didn't you?" he said, his face looking like "who me?"

"I didn't say you could tell all your friends though, did I?" I countered, "and just what else did you tell them?"

Jeremy spoke up for the first time at that. He pointed at Michael and laughed, saying, "He said you dreamed of being fucked all day and dumb fuck over here was scared he couldn't do it so he called in the cavalry."

THAT was not at all what I expected to hear. I looked at Michael, this time with more of an accusing look than anything else. What in the world was he up to?

"I didn't think you would mind," he said lamely.

"Mind??? You mean you never thought you might ASK before you called your friends over and invited them to have a good time fucking me?"

David spoke up again and I was quickly getting the idea he was not going to be my favorite from the hint of arrogance in his voice.

"Hey, give Mike a break. From the sounds of it I don't think you mind the idea all that much. You don't exactly look like the type that says 'no' very often so cut the BS."

Now THAT wasn't going to go unanswered, even if he was correct I couldn't let him get away with being so nasty to me so I stepped over to him and slapped him across the face. It was a pretty hard slap at that and my hand stung a bit afterwards so I knew his cheek must have hurt, especially from the way it was reddening. Rather than getting mad though, David just laughed and rubbed the side of his face gingerly.

"Damn Mike, she's a feisty one, isn't she. Does she fuck as good as she hits?"

Mike started to say something but when he say the look on my face he quickly retreated and shut up. I put my hands on my hips and stared at Dave.

"For your information mister, I fuck BETTER than that; not that YOU'LL ever know."

Everyone but David was whooping it up and laughing at that. David didn't get angry though and if anything, he just smiled and I realized he knew full well it was just a little game between the two of us and that sooner or later he would be fucking me no matter how much bluster I may put up in front of the other guys.

"So what's the story, Michael?" I finally asked after it had calmed down a bit.

Michael hesitated and then looked at the other guys, all of them looking at him as if to say get it over with and tell her!

"Well, you said you wanted to have a cock in you all day and night," he started out. I grinned and nodded so he continued, "But you didn't say it had to be the same one, did you?"

I'd been suspecting as much but it was good to get it out in the open. Actually, the idea had not occurred to me. In my dreams when I would masturbate about this, it was always just one guy as my preference was to be with one guy at a time for these type of things. Being with multiple guys was fun at times but generally seemed too impersonal for me to want it that way too often. I prefer the intimacy of being with a single guy. Maybe it's a little bit of ego and selfishness as well as I normally wouldn't like to have to share a cock with another guy if I cared about him.

The more I thought about what Michael was proposing, the more interested I became. It DID address the major concern I had, which was how he would stay hard enough to keep in me for a long time and when he got sift, how would I keep him from slipping out? With four guys working in shifts, the odds of going a full 24 hours with a hard cock in me the whole time were greatly improved.

"Well, I guess the IDEA is OK, but what about their cocks, especially Mr. Big Mouth's over there?" I said, pointing at Dave, "I don't want no tiny dicks, you know."

Inwardly I cringed at my crude English but it seemed to fit the moment. Frankly, I could have cared less about their cock sizes so long as they had something between their legs. I was just trying to give them a bit of a hard time by making them worry about whether they were adequate or not. Every guy in the world seems to worry if his cock size is OK so why not make them sweat a little?

They looked at me as if uncertain what I wanted so I put it more bluntly for them. "Let's see em' guys, pull out those boys for me get a look at."

The four of them looked at each other as I think I caught them off-guard a bit. Dave was the first to comply - what a surprise. He pulled his jeans down and then his boxers, revealed a rather impressive dick at that. It was flaccid but looked to have potential. It's really hard to judge a guy's erection size when he is soft and many a guy has surprised me when my expectations weren't met. It worked both ways - guys with big soft cocks didn't grow much when they hardened while some guys had what appeared to be tiny dicks when they were soft but grew like a balloon when they got excited.

Dave's dick looked pretty decent even when soft but not TOO big which was usually a good indicator for later. I knew Michael's cock quite intimately by now so I didn't pay his a lot of attention at this moment. Jeremy was right on the heels of Dave and looked to have an average dick. Nothing to write home about but adequate for the job at hand. From the way Rob was hemming and hawing, delaying taking down his pants, I had a bad feeling that he was going to have a cock as youthful as his looks. Dave was sitting next to him and slapped him on the back.

"C'mon Rob, show the girl that monster you keep in there."

That made me all the more suspicious as I figured Dave was just teasing Rob and being sarcastic. As it turned out, he was just being accurate as when Rob dropped his jockey shorts he revealed the biggest cock of the bunch - by a mile! Damn, even soft he was bigger than I suspected the other three would soon be once I got to work on them. Not only that, it as thick and he had the bushiest thatch of pubic hair surrounding it that I had ever seen on a guy, especially one as young as him. It was like a forest down there! I must have been staring at it because even Michael started laughing at my reaction.

"What's the matter Kelly, too big for ya?" he called over to me.

I wasn't about to let that challenge go uncontested. Without a word I walked over to where Rob was sitting on the couch, his jeans and underwear around his ankles and his cock lying there like a giant sausage between his legs. Before I did anything, I looked around at the three of them and gave them a bit of a haughty look.

"Well, I guess it's time for me to show my credentials," I teased them.

Rob was in the center of the couch so I sat down to the side of him sort of sideways on the couch and then reached over to grab his dick. My hand barely went around it and all I could think that he was still soft - my god, what would he be like when he got hard? For all my bluster, I was wondering if I would be able to take him all once he was aroused. There hadn't been many men in my "career" that I hadn't been able to take down my throat and it was looking like Rob might be one to add to that short list.

I lowered my head to his lap and took the head of his dick in my mouth. The scent of his crotch was strong and I doubted he had showered that morning or else he had been doing some work before he came over as not only was he strong with the musk of his male lust, there was a pretty strong sweat odor as well. I didn't mind at all actually, so long as it wasn't TOO overpowering.

"God, look at her go!" I heard Jeremy say.

"Guess you were right Mike," Dave said, "She IS a little slut - and a damn cute one at that!"

With Rob as soft as he was, I was able to rather easily take his cock all in my mouth and I buried my face in that thick bush of hair at the base of his shaft. I had never felt so much pubic hair against me before, the guy was a human hair brash! Slowly his cock began to harden and I could feel it growing in my mouth. I slowly lifted my head upwards, sucking on his dick and stretching it upward as I went until finally the head passed my lips and I would lose suction and it would slip from my mouth, springing back to his lap. Each time I repeated this, it would snap back a little less as it became less flexible. God, it was so big I wondered where all the blood was coming from to fill it? That old joke about there not being enough blood for both head seemed to be for real with Rob.

As I sucked his cock, it was like I was on American Idol with three judges rating me.

"I think she likes sucking his cock..."

Damn, look at the way she sucks him, damn girl's a vacuum cleaner!"

"He's getting bigger, I bet she can't take him all in for much longer."

Actually, that last comment was similar to a concern going through my head. He WAS getting big and the last couple of times I had gone all the way down on him he was about to the back of my throat. I had practiced deep throating a lot over the years and generally could fight back the gag reflex now without gagging or choking but never had I tried it with anyone as large as Rob. I was determined, though, to take him as I knew the others were watching and what I did with Rob was going to set the tone for the rest of the day.

Finally the time came when I felt him hit the back of my throat but there was still almost an inch of him to go. I rose up and then slowly descended on his cock, concentrating on his dick and my mouth as I tried to block out everything else in the room. When his dick hit the back of my throat I pushed down harder on him and I felt his dick pushing its way into my throat. For just an instant I felt the natural gag reflex try to make me give it up but I fought back the impulse and pushed down even more on him, driving him past the gag pointing my throat. My face hit the base of his cock and I held myself there, his cock filling my throat.

"Holy shit, look at that," Jeremy explained, "She's doing it!"

I needed to breath so I slowly allowed my head to rise up on his cock, letting them see his cock as it emerged from my mouth inch by inch until he was free of my lips. I looked around at them triumphantly.

"Well guys, what do you think? Can I suck cock or what?"

They all started to talk at once but I just ignored them and went down on him again. He had grown a little more and it was harder to get him all the way down this time, more because he was thicker than the added length. Once you got past the gag point, it really didn't matter how big he was after that. The worst case scenario was to have a guy just long enough to make it to the gag reflex but no farther as it was like you were constantly having to fight it back. Rob was well past that, though, so once I had him down my throat he could have gone down a couple more inches with no problem.

After that I alternated between sucking his whole cock and sucking only half of it while I stroked the lower half. As much as I prided myself on my mouth being able to make a man cum, I had to admit that there was something about a hand around a cock that seemed to work better than a mouth, no matter how talented. Thankfully, as it was a bit of work to suck him, it didn't take terribly long for him to reach the point of no return and I tightened my lips around the base of the head of his cock, forming a seal so when he came his cum would stay in my mouth. I felt his legs tighten under me and then his hips shuddered as the first shot of sperm shot from his dick into my mouth.

Another thing about trying to judge a cock is that I have found it nearly impossible to predict the size of a man's load. Some men seem to cum in quarts while others barely cover my tongue. Even the same guy can vary dramatically depending on some unknown factors so you never know what to expect when you first feel him starting to cum in your mouth. As big as Rob's cock was, when he came I was a little surprised at the small amount of cum that resulted. Maybe he masturbated a lot or maybe he had a lot of sex lately, who knew, but the result was that he just shot out a few little squirts and that was it. Oh well, a little sperm was better than none!

"Shit, he's cumming!" I heard Jeremy, speaking out first as usual.

"That's my girl!" bragged Michael, "See, I told you she would take it in her mouth."

After Rob had finished, I sat up and opened my mouth for them to see. I stuck out my tongue for them to see the cum I could feel pooled on it. Then I shut my mouth and swallowed with some emphasis and then reopened my mouth, like a patient proving to the nurse she had taken her pill.

"Oh yeah, we got ourselves a little cum slut here," Dave chortled, "Now get over and take care of me."

## 3. A Solid Day of Fucking

As much as I normally would have jumped at the invitation, sucking a bunch of cocks wasn't what my plans had been for the day. I mean, there wasn't anything WRONG with doing so, just not what I had planned. As such, I stood up and crossed my arms across my chest and looked over at Michael who still had his cock in his hand.

"Ummmmm, Michael, I thought we had something planned for today?"

"You're serious about that?" Michael exclaimed, "I thought you were just teasing me to be honest."

"Well, if you and your friends aren't up to it, then I guess not," I said, raising my eyebrows at them as if daring them to back out.

"Whoa!" Dave said, cutting into the conversation, "Don't go off the deep end now on us. Nobody said we wouldn't do it - did we guys?"

Dave looked around and the other guys all looked a little surprised at first but after all, they were guys and what did guys want even more than beer and football? Sex. I took charge at this point and load down the ground rules.

"OK, first, the name of the game is 'Fuck Kelly' so no matter what, that takes priority over everything else - OK?'

I looked around and nobody was disagreeing so I continued.

"It's now 1:00. Until 1:00 tomorrow afternoon, one of your cocks has to be in me at all times. You get just enough time for one of you to pull out and then the other had to be in me as quickly as possible."

Again, no response so I went on. Actually, I had dreamed and masturbated about this so many times it was like I had already established all the ground rules.

"You can cum in me as many times as you want, but no complaints about 'sloppy seconds' or anything else about the previous guy's cum in me when you fuck me."

"If you cum, you have to cum in my pussy - none of this pulling out crap. I'm on the pill and have no more desire to get pregnant than you do. I expect a LOT of cum in me by the end of this so no holding back!"

"If you cum and you can't keep hard afterwards such that you can't stay in me easily, the next guy in line will have to step up to take his place so if you're on deck - be ready!"

"I don't mind sucking your cock while someone else is fucking me so long as you're ready to go when it is your turn. I want you to be hard when you're in me, not soft because you can't get it back up again after a blowjob."

"I expect to be actively fucked even if I fall asleep so no sleeping when it's your turn. If you have to trade off, don't feel you have to wake me, just do it."

"Speaking of which, you don't have to be going at it like crazy all the time but don't just stay still all the time. The least you can do is wiggle it in me a little now and then!"

"Last and important - do NOT even THINK about pissing in me. If you have to go, tap out and trade off while you go to the bathroom. If I have to go, I'll let you know and we'll uncouple just long enough of me to address my problem."

I looked around and all four of them were just staring at me. Did they ever think they would ever be in such a situation before? For that matter, sure I had fantasized about this before but did I really think I would ever actually DO it? I have heard of porn stars who fucked a hundred guys or more but this was different. I wasn't expecting them to fuck me raw, just stay in me most of the time. I hoped four guys would be enough though, to keep a constant supply of hard dick on tap.

"Well, who's going to be first?" I asked. Needless to say, they ALL raised their hands so I pointed at Michael and smiled.

"I think it's only fair that Michael gets me first," I declared and Michael winked at me.

It was then that I realized I hadn't really though out all the logistics. Where would we do this? What position? What about dinner? Did I want to be nude or partially dressed? Oh well, I shrugged to myself and figured we would just play it by ear. I felt a little shiver run through me as I thought about what I was about to embark on. God, was I really ready for this? Would my pussy survive? Years ago I had been fucked by a dozen guys at a party and I was a little sore afterwards. Damn, what would my poor pussy feel like after 24 hours of non-stop cock? This was different in that the dozen guys all were working my pussy pretty hard but still, it was a fairly tender part of me and not exactly accustomed to a lot of sex lately other than what Michael was giving me.

I went into the bedroom and stripped, laying my clothes out on the bed carefully since I would need to wear them tomorrow. Looking around the bedroom, I knew this was not the place to do this as after a few hours I was sure boredom would set in pretty good so I went back out to the living room. I was nude when I walked in and everyone turned to stare at me.

"God, look at that!" Rob exclaimed. I noticed his dick was back to his flaccid state but something told me it wouldn't take much to awaken it again.

"Hmmmmmm, nice little shaved beaver, I see," Dave said, pointing out the obvious.

"Ready to fuck me Michael?" I asked. It was like I was there to watch the game and I was asking him if he wanted more chips to eat or something. Michael was indeed ready - stripped down and stroking his dick slowly to keep it up. I moved to the couch, pushing Jeremy from it so I had it all to myself, and laid down on my back with my head resting on a pillow at the end. I raised one leg and rested in on the back of the couch and let my other leg hang over the side. The end result was I was in the perfect position to be fucked - and Michael quickly took advantage of the situation.

Michael got up on the couch and kneeled on the cushions between my legs. He leaned over me and balance himself with one arm on the back of the couch while he reached down and directed his cock into my waiting pussy. With a quick shove, his dick violated me for the first time that day and I looked over at the clock.

"1:20 and the clock is running!" I declared. Looking at Michael I grinned and said, "No remember big boy, take your time. The object is to see how long you can stay in me, not to cum right away!"

"How long does he get before one of us gets a chance?" Jeremy asked. It was a legitimate question. With the four of them, if we went on until the first three couldn't stay hard anymore the fourth guy might have to wait all night before getting his chance at me.

"OK, new rule," I declared, "One hour maximum and then you have to let the next guy in - how's that?"

Everyone nodded in agreement and Michael went back to work. It was sort of surreal being fucked like this in front of his friends. It wasn't like I had never been fucked in front of other people before but this situation was a little unique. Each guys knew he was going to have a lot of time in the next 24 hours to fuck me and I wondered how they were feeling about the prospect. I was sort of curious myself how it would turn out. Would I have a significant preference for one over the others? For that matter, would there be one I did NOT like compared to the others? Would it really matter after a while whose dick was in me? How many loads of cum would I be getting? Who would be in me the longest?

It was then I realized that if I wanted to have a good record, I had better start keeping track now so I asked Rob to find me a notebook and pen. Michael told him where to get one and when he came back I started keeping a log that would record who was fucking me, when, and how many times he came in me. It was a little odd writing in a notebook while a guy was fucking me - THAT was one thing I don't ever remember doing before. Another thing that was going to be different was the TV. Although I have been guilty of looking at the TV a few times when I was having sex, I never made a conscious effort to watch a show while a guy was in me. Yes, this was certainly going to be a unique experience and I was only into the first ten minutes!

"Do you like fucking me with your friends watching?" I asked Michael.

Michael rolled his eyes and looked around. Since we had just started, they were all pretty interested in watching us and although I was accustomed to it, I wondered if Michael had ever done it this way before.

"Well, first time for everything, I guess," Michael said with a shrug as he slowly stroked himself in and out of me.

"I think you should cum in me and then let the others have a chance so everybody gets to fuck me once at the start," I suggested to Michael, "What do you guys think?"

Michael didn't seem too pleased by my suggestions but needless to say the others were more than in favor of it. Michaela went along with it though, and speeded up his stroked in me. He was pretty horny and it didn't take long for me to get my first load of what I had a felling would be a significant number in the next 24 hours. He groaned as he came and I smiled as I looked to the others while he came in me.

"Mmmmmmm, I can feel his cum in me guys... who's gonna be the next one to cum in me?"

I wasn't exactly surprised that Dave asserted himself and moved over to the couch. Michael was finished now and he looked to me as if wondering how this was going to be done.

"OK Michael, when Dave says he's ready, you pull out and let him get in. Dave, you get that hard dick in me as fast as possible - got it?"

Dave tapped Michael on the should and Michael quickly slipped out of me, My pussy barely had time to register the emptiness when I felt Dave's pushing its way into me. My pussy was still pretty fresh so he had to press a bit to get in me but it was only a few seconds after Michael was out that my pussy was once again filled with a hard cock. Funny thing, if I closed my eyes I really couldn't tell you whose cock was in me. Unless it was abnormally big or large, once a dick was inside of me they all feel pretty much the same. Dave was fresh and horny so he wasn't about to just let it sit in me and immediately began to stroke his dick in and out of me.

"Dang, she's still pretty tight!" he noted to Michael. In the meantime, I was filling in my notebook with the time he had started and put a little mark by Michael's name to indicate he had cum once inside of me.

"Well, I guess you get to fuck me after all," I said with a sly grin.

"Don't be so cute," Dave said, grunting as he fucked me faster, "You knew you wanted this cock from the moment you walked in the room!"

Theoretically, he was correct in that as a general rule, my first thought when I met any new guy was what it would be like for him to fuck me and Dave had been no exception. Where he was wrong was in personalizing it as not many men actually got to fuck me, despite whatever thoughts I might have had about them. Sure, I had indeed thought about him fucking me but nothing more than normal. He was doing a nice job though, and I certainly wasn't minding that he got to do me!

"Ready for a real load this time?" Dave asked me as his thrusts got longer and deeper. I nodded and he just grinned at me and said, "Yeah, you certainly are one hell of a little cum slut."

Just then he came and again I felt the heat of a man's sperm as it filled the interior of my pussy. Dave was true to his word, he DID have a big load for me and it felt much warmer than when Michael had cum in me although I had no intention of inflating his ego any further by telling him.

"Well, who's next?" I said, looking over at Rob and Jeremy.

Dave was still stroking himself in me and I could feel him shudder as a few last shots of cum erupted from him. I didn't mean to rush things but I found myself getting a bit turned on by the impersonality of the entire affair. It wasn't like parties where I felt the impersonal sex to be a detriment to my enjoyment, Here, the entire eroticism was all about the fact it WAS impersonal, almost like business. Checking off my log and talking to the next guy in line while the guy who was currently fucking me was cool!

Jeremy was next. He followed the same instructions that Dave had with Michael and the switch went smoothly. He entered me rather easily thanks to a combination of his smaller dick and the additional cum in my pussy. He had been stroking himself as he watched me being fucked by Michael and Dave and it was only about a minute after he entered me when he came.

"God, you came ALREADY?" Dave exclaimed, "Jesus, what a wimp!"

I knew it was because he had been so worked up already and that the next time he would last longer so I hugged Jeremy as Rob got ready to take over. Seeing his giant cock, I was glad he was the fourth in line. As wet as I was and even though lubricated with three loads of sperm, his cock still felt like a giant log trying to force its way into me and I groaned in a mixture of pain and pleasure as he pushed harder to force it into me. Pardon the analogy, but taking in a cock the size of Rob's is like when you have to really go to the bathroom and you're a bit constipated. It hurts a bit at first but once it starts it feels better and when it's over you feel really good.

In this case, rather than getting something OUT of me, Rob's dick was moving IN but the concept holds. When his head stretches me apart as it pushes its way in, it's like my hips are being dislocated and my first reaction is to push him away. Once his head cleared and made its way inside, his shaft followed easily and from there on it felt incredible as it was like I was being pumped full of cock.

"Oh god... you feel so big in me," I moaned softly. It was loud enough, though, for the rest of them to hear me as well and it was like I had a cheering section rooting for me as they made lewd comments about my pussy and how I was enjoying being screwed by Rob's giant cock.

Rob kept the pressure on, drilling into me deeper and deeper and I thought his cock was going to burst into my stomach when finally I felt his crotch meet up with mine and I knew I had him all in me.

"Hold it there Rob... let me just feel it in me," I whispered to him with my eyes closed as I concentrated on the feelings of pleasure his cock was producing in me, even as it lay still inside of me. I could actually feel his heartbeat in my cunt as his cock pulsed and I instinctively swiveled my hips slightly under him to move it around just enough to let me feel the length of it in me.

"OK, fuck me now Rob," I whispered hoarsely as I lifted my hips up against him.

Rob responded without a word by slowly withdrawing until his head was all that was in me, and then driving himself back in me, again ever so slowly such that I could feel every inch of him pass into me. He kept stroking in and out, in and out, speeding up slightly each time until finally he was banging me pretty good. I was so wet and sloppy that I could hear the sound of him moving in and out, a slurping sound like a baby sucking on a pacifier.

This was his first time in me and there was a long way to go for the rest of the day so I wasn't too anxious to have Rob wear me out in the first couple of hours. He was going at it pretty hard and rather than trying to control him and make him last, I let him go at it, hoping he would cum quickly. My wish was granted as without a warning he suddenly let go inside of me and I felt the warm bloom of heat generated by his emerging stream of cum deep inside of me.

"That's it Rob, cum in me... give it to me," I panted as he drove himself as far into me as he could and just held himself there as his cock erupted time after time inside of me.

Finally he was finished and he gasped for air while he held himself still in me. God, I had already been cum in four times now and the day had barely started. I wondered just how much cum my pussy would hold! I could feel something wet dribbling down my ass and I had a feeling Michael's couch was going to be in dire need of a cleaning when this was all over!

There' no way, short of writing a small novel, that I could describe everything they did to me for the remainder of the 24 hours. Here is the final scorecard:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Michael: | 04 hours & 15 min | came 5 times |
| Dave: | 05 hours & 10 min | came 7 times |
| Jeremy: | 02 hours & 45 min | came 4 times |
| Rob: | 11 hours & 50 min | came 8 times |

The reason for the large discrepancies was that Jeremy just couldn't stay in me that long without cumming so he was by far the lowest. Michael and Dave were actually pretty close until towards the end when Michael was just too tired to stay awake. Rob was the longest for the simple reason that he WAS the longest. What I mean was that once he was in me, even if he went soft he was still plenty long enough to stay in me without accidentally slipping out. A lot of the time he was in me was later in the evening when I was falling asleep. We found that if I was on top, it was easier for him to keep himself in me, even if I was sleeping. Thus while he had the longest accumulated time, I probably remember him the least!

Rather than try to describe the events chronologically, I thought it might be easier just to make some comment about things in general...

First, being fucking for 24 hours straight was not what I thought it would be. Frankly, after about six or seven hours, I was a bit bored! We tried to mix things up a bit, different positions, etc., but still, it almost became difficult to imagine I was going to last 24 hours!

Yes, I WAS sore by the time it ended. Not so much sore in terms of being raw but more in due to muscle soreness. My hips felt like I had been exercising all day and my back was killing me. Even my neck was tight. The last couple of hours were more like finishing a marathon than anything else. Even though it wasn't really that

Speaking of which, I was glad that Michael had invited his friends over. There was no way he could have pulled this off by himself and even with the four of them, if it hadn't been for Rob's long dick there were a few times when I was concerned any of them would be hard enough to fuck me. When I had dreamed about doing this in the past, it never occurred to me that a guys couldn't fuck me as long as he would want to, I just figured he would stay in me when he got soft until he hardened again. After all, this is what most guys did when they wanted to fuck me longer. What I learned was that while that technique might work for an hour or two, going 24 hours straight was a different story entirely. My recommendation to anyone silly enough to try this would be to have at least six guys standing by.

So much for the commentary, I suppose there are some questions most people would like to ask...

Would I do this again? That's easy to answer - NO! Like many experiences, such as the time with my friend's dog, it was interesting to try it once and have the experience to look back on, but I have no desire to repeat the performance. It's sort of cool to be able to say "I was fucked for 24 hours straight once", but I'll take a good ol' fashioned one-on-one fucking for an evening any time.

Did I tell my parents afterwards? Of course - I tell them everything I do, at least sexually, provided it is interesting. My mom's reaction was funny, she couldn't believe I would want to do it in the first place. Needless to say, my dad offered to try it when I was home but I had to tell him not to get his hopes up.

Did we record it? No. Dave tried to convince me to let them take some pictures and video but I refused. I didn't need to have something like that circulating around town - I didn't believe for a moment that they would keep it to themselves.

The last guy to fuck me was Michael. Actually, it should have been Dave as he was the one that was in me when the 24 hour mark approached. We agreed that Michael should have the "honor" or being the first and last to screw me since he was the one that had arranged everything.

When it was over, Michael withdrew from me and for a few minutes my pussy felt really weird as it was empty for the first time in over a day. In a way it was also a relief to have it over. I never would have dreamed in my earlier fantasies that I would be glad when it was all over!

I made my way to the bathroom (surprisingly, I had only made two trips during my 24 hours of fucking) and closed the door behind me. Looking in the mirror, I was an absolute mess. Although I had fallen asleep quite a bit during the night, it was never for all that long and I doubted that having a dick in you was the recommended way to get a sound night's sleep! My eyes looked a bit puffy and dark and my hair was a disaster.

As I sat on the toilet, I flood of cum drained from me and dripped into the toilet, almost like I had just douched. Now THAT would be an interesting product to take to market - sperm douche! I took a long hot shower and emerged to find the guys all dressed. Typical men - they must have stunk like sex but they dressed anyway without even taking a shower!

After all the time they had spent fucking me, there really wasn't much to say. Dave started to say something about getting together with me again but I shook my head and said this was a one-time event and I wasn't about to be their toy in the future. They looked a bit disappointed as I had no doubt they figured any girl that would do what I had just done would be willing to fuck them any time in the future. As I explained to Michael on the way back to campus, that was one of the differences between being a slut and a whore. Besides the obvious - being paid, whores did anyone at any time. As a self-proclaimed slut, that meant I enjoyed sex but did it on my terms with whomever I wanted.

When I got back to my room I laid in bed and dropped off to sleep almost immediately. I don't know exactly when Ali returned but she as in the room when I woke. She asked me how my night went and when I told her it was rather uneventful, she looked at me a bit strangely. I was sure she was suspicious but even so, I doubted in her wildest dreams that she could ever have imagined what it was that I'd REALLY done!

# (Oct 31) Chapter 129: Halloween Party

Story codes: FF F-solo oral
Me (21)
Michelle (20)

My church considers Halloween to be a pagan ritual so we have an "alternative" party for parents who don't want their kids to be demons for the night. Even so, I found that you can still be a little devilish, even at the most unlikely of places!

## 1. A Halloween Rant

When I was growing up as a little girl in Pittsburgh, I loved Halloween. It was a time to dress up silly, go around the neighborhood collecting candy, and have fun at a party or two. Sure there were some scary costumes and movies, but that's all they were - movies and costumes. Nobody I knew took it any more serious than that, let alone look at it all with any religious connotations. That was then...

As a senior in college, one of my biggest activities outside of school is working with the youth at the local church. Although not my specific brand of religion (I was raised Presbyterian), it worked for me Most of the kids I worked with were between twelve and fifteen, boys and girls. I dealt mostly with the girls and it never ceased to amaze me how even in your stereotypical WASP church in middle-America, kids still had issues that their parents might never believe - or even want to know about. Think just because your fourteen year-old daughter goes to church, gets good grades, and dresses like a princess that she doesn't have problems? Think again. Teen pregnancy, STDs, sexual molestation, and just plain sexual curiosity are just as much a part of their lives as any other kid.

Admittedly, the really big ticket items - STD, pregnancy, etc., have been few and far between. The biggest issues I have had to deal with mostly center around a parent's inability to address the sexually-related questions and changes every teen girl has as she grow up. I was amazed the first time a girl asked me about her period. My god, why didn't her mom tell her anything about it? Birth control? Well, I guess some mothers figure if they don't talk about it, then it won't happen. Yeah, right. What's worse moms - telling your daughter about birth controls or letting her get pregnant? She's going to have sex whether you like it or not so why not protect her as best you can?

Pardon my rant but it helps to explain my issue with Halloween at the church I help out at. Someone managed to convince the masses that Halloween is based on some pagan ritual and exploits our children by convincing them that satanic ritualism is OK. What a line of BS! Nonetheless, these politically-correct fear-mongers have managed to eliminate the traditional Halloween in favor of what they call "Harvest Festival". All brought to by the same type of hypocrites who complained when Pittsburgh started calling the Christmas Season "Sparkle Season:.

So now instead of dressing up like goblins and witches, the dress code requires something "nice" like a princess or action hero. No ghosts or other harbingers of the apocalypse. The party has most of the trappings of the usual party - apple bobbing, pin-the-tail, and such but no mention of anything with a straw broom or that rattles in the dark. No haunted houses but we did have a "Holiday farm House". Don't even ask me about it!

Oh well, at least the kids will grow up to be wonderful human beings with high self-esteem and family values. (If you believe that, I have some good swamp land to sell you!)

## 2. Getting Ready

It was my responsibility to act as a chaperone during the event. That meant primarily keeping one eye on the little monsters *oops - no monsters allowed, I meant "young-ins") to be sure they stayed in sight. Despite all the rhetoric, everyone knew they were still young adolescents and you know what that means!

My partner in crime for the evening was Michelle, a twenty year-old sophomore from town. She didn't go to school but instead had chosen to do the beauty school route and now did old ladies in some local hair shop. Michelle's family had been in town for several generations although she was the only one to go to this church. The rest of her family were traditional Baptists and from what she said, quite horrified that she was going outside their religion! It sounded more like she was converting to be a Muslim than just another branch of the Christian Church but that's how some people are.

Michelle said her parent's church was boring and she enjoyed being with the college age crowd that attended this church, even if most of us were students and for the most part a great deal more religious than she was. Personally, I don't think Michelle is really saved but she knows the right words to say and when to say them so nobody hassles her. At least she attends church and I figure maybe something will rub off given time. She started coming about the same time I returned to school and in the space of a couple of months we had become good friends, even if the only time I ever saw her was twice a week at church.

The day of the party I was still fretting over what to wear. For a moment I found myself daydreaming about what I might have chosen had it been for a party with my friends back home. My, now THAT would be interesting! My dad use to buy me outfits for Christmas that I would dress up in after we opened our presents and put on a private fashion show for him and my mom. Most of them were what you might expect, the traditional schoolgirl skirt and blouse, the naughty nurse, the ever-favorite French maid, and so on. It was all just for fun and it use to give me a bit of a thrill to try them on and show myself off in them. What made it best was knowing my dad had bought them, especially for me!

It goes without saying that such outfits weren't going to be in vogue at my church's party. Being I was just going to be a chaperone, it really didn't matter all that much what I wore anyway but I couldn't go in just jeans and a shirt. Finally, out of desperation I went to a friend of mine, Kristen, who was on the cheerleading squad. Kristen was about my size and figure so I pleaded with her to let me borrow her outfit for the night.

Kristen wasn't too thrilled with the idea. There were supposedly rules about when the uniforms could be worn and she wasn't sure a costume party met the guidelines. When I explained it was for the church party, she finally caved but told me I'd better not go anywhere else with it on. That wasn't too hard a promise as being a cheerleader wasn't exactly on my list of lifetime goals I hoped to achieve. I'd never even tried out to be a cheerleader and in fact, throughout high school I genuinely despised most of the little wenches. Of course, there WAS that time when my dad gave me a cheerleading outfit for Christmas but it was a little more revealing than your average school version!

Back in my room, my roomie had returned and she laughed when she saw me carrying in a cheerleader outfit.

"Well I'll be," she laughed, "And I thought you hated cheerleaders!"

I gave Ali a "don't go there" look and tossed the outfit on the bed and started to get undressed. Nothing like waiting until the last minute. I had to be at the church in just over an hour and here I was just starting to get ready!

My clothes were quickly in their usual location - a pile on the floor, leaving me standing in the room naked and a bit chilly. Ali had turned back to her computer and wasn't paying a bit of attention to me. Ali was a great girl and overall a wonderful roomie but she didn't have the slightest bit of interest in girls. Now BOYS were another matter entirely but even then, she was really just a big flirt and had only been with one guy so far and that was way back in high school! She was quite pretty and many a time I'd watch her undress and wish she would turn and let me kiss her all over!

Over my almost four year career at college I'd been lucky to have a wide range of roomies with varying interests and values. Brenda, my freshman roomie, also turned out to be my first girl I had sex with (not counting my Aunt Linda and my mom). She was certainly more than I ever dreamed of getting in a roomie, especially at a religious university! What made it even better was her brother - who just happened to be married and very horny!

Karen, my sophomore dorm roomie, was about as opposite as you get, at least sexually, from Brenda. Karen was a knockout but totally frigid. She wanted to keep her virginity for marriage and even considered masturbation a form of sex and thus totally abstained from it. I don't know how she did it and as you might imagine, it put quite a crimp in my lifestyle as she would get upset even if just slept naked, let alone masturbated.

Fortunately, my junior year I was blessed with another roomie who enjoyed sex. Jen had a boyfriend back home whom she loved to carry on explicit phone sex calls while she masturbated. She wasn't into girls, however, until I finally convinced her to try the other side for a while. In the end, she stuck with her boyfriend and didn't return for her senior year so that she could stay home with him.

So of my four roomies, Ali ranked probably third in terms of sexual awareness. She didn't get hung up if I walked by her nude and so long as I didn't make it TOO obvious, pretty much ignored me if I masturbated in my bed. I guess you could classify her as "tolerant" - she didn't stop me from doing most things I wanted but didn't participate herself. At least she let me take care of myself without making me run to the bathroom like I had to with Karen!

Oh well, once again I gave up on getting a reaction from Ali and wrapped myself in a towel to go to the bathroom. Our three bedroom apartment had just one bathroom but fortunately it was large and let two of us have our own sink at a time. There were separate showers and bathtubs and two toilet stalls but you can imagine how crowded things got when we all were getting ready at the same time!

For once I had the bathroom to myself and I stepped in the shower for a quick rinse. When I first checked out the bathroom I remember laughing at the shower stall. For a school where sex was taboo and masturbation was off-limits for discussion, there in the shower stall was a girl's best friend - a shower massager with a six-foot stainless steel hose! I didn't know for sure about the others but I know me and Mr. Massager had shared more than a few good times together!

As I pointed the pulsing water to my pussy and rubbed myself clean with body lotion, my fingers lingered over my pussy for a few seconds and I felt a little tingle that I knew would quickly grow if I allowed it to. Just then someone walked in to use the toilet so I decided to wait for another time, even if it WOULD have been nice to get off once before the party started.

Although I would never have admitted it to anyone, there were a few of my charges that were pretty hot for their ages and I often dreamed after returning home of what it would be like to add a sex-ed class to our curriculum. It wasn't just the boys either. Some of the girls had all the right looks and moves for a future career as class slut and from what I had heard, some of them were already well on their way.

Whoever it was taking a dump certainly seemed to be taking her time about it and for a moment I was tempted to offer Mr. Massager but then thought better of it. I wasn't sure who it was and some of the girls in school were so uptight about sex that they didn't even like to joke about such things. Time was running out so I breathed a heavy sigh and gave up on any idea of pleasuring myself and rinsed my hair before getting out to dry myself off.

As I rubbed the towel over me, the toilet flushed and sure enough, it was Cindy, the apartment virgin who made sure everyone KNEW she was a virgin and how perfect she was when it came to avoiding the "sins of the flesh". She was just the type that would turn you in if she caught you even masturbating so I had made the right call, even if it was frustrating at the time. I almost laughed but managed to hold it back as she deliberately averted her eyes so as not to see my nude body. If it had been her in the shower, she would have dried off with the curtain shut and not come out until she was "decent" for all to see. What a bitch!

My hairdryer was back in my room so I wrapped my towel around me loosely and scampered back to my room where Ali had moved over to her bed and was laying down with a book to read. I spread my towel over my chair seat and sat down. I was still nude but Ali didn't even seem to notice, as usual. On the one hand, it was nice that she wasn't hung up about nudity and I did try not to flaunt myself TOO much around her. On the other hand, it would be nice if she at least showed a LITTLE appreciation!

Since all I was planning to do with my hair was pull it back into a pony tail, I just blew it dry and brushed it out. A little blush and lipstick was about all I felt was needed tonight. Sometimes I liked a dash of Johnson's baby powder between my boobs, especially if I was hoping to have them fondled by some horny guy that night. There was something about the smell and feel of the soft powder that just seemed to drive guys wild! Well, if there was one thing I was sure about, it was there was no worry about THAT tonight.

Ready to get dressed, I pulled Kristen's uniform out of the plastic clothes bag and spread it out on my bed. The panties were lined so I assumed the intent was that additional panties were not needed. For a moment I was tempted to sniff them to see if Kristen's scent remained but then I remembered Ali was behind me and with my luck, might just be looking when I did and think I was weird or something.

The skirt zipped up the side and then buttoned over to make doubly sure it stayed on. I guess with all the moves the girls were making these day you couldn't be too sure! The top was snug and for a moment I thought about going without a bra until I looked in the mirror and saw the clear outline of my nipples through it. Ordinarily that wouldn't be an issue for me but around campus and church, revealing yourself in that way was a major violation of the "Lifestyle Guideline" we had all sworn to adhere too. Technically, these applied 24/7 no matter where you were but my view was that what I did off campus - stayed off-campus!

Taking the top back off, I went over to my dresser to pick out a bra. Ali must have been watching more than I had known.

"Awwwwww, isn't that just too bad. Guess you're going to have to break down tonight and wear one, eh girl?" she teased me from her bed.

I looked back over at her and she rolled back on her bed, evidently quite satisfied with herself and her little joke. There were times when I think Ali suspected that I wasn't the naive little schoolgirl I tried so hard to portray but she never let on to what she was thinking so I just let her guess and wonder.

Taking out a simple white bra from the back of my drawer, I turned to her and rebutted saying, "Well, there's a first time for everything you know."

I grinned to let her know I was joking, although not as much as she may have thought. Ali just shook her head and went back to her book, leaving me to wrap my bra around my waist. I quickly latched the two hooks and swiveled it around so the cups were in front. Reaching down, I put my arms through the straps and pulled it up and over my boobs. It was like I was encasing them in some sort of medieval torture device. God I hated wearing a bra!

This time when I pulled over the top my boobs looked "decent" and I checked myself out in the mirror before turning to Ali.

"Well, how do I look?"

"You sure that's OK to wear to church?" she asked, her eyebrows lifting a bit at the short skirt and tight top.

"Well, if the girls can wear it out in front of everyone at the games at THIS school then I think it should be OK for church, don't ya think?" I answered.

Ali just shrugged as if she didn't care one way or the other. After all, it WAS my decision and my ass that would be in jeopardy if someone complained. Even so, it wasn't like it was the most risque cheerleader outfit in the world either. Now if I were to wear the one my dad gave me, then there would be quite an uproar, especially since it didn't come with panties!

It was a little chilly so I grabbed a light jacket before leaving.

Saying goodbye to Ali, I went out through our living room and out the door into the evening air. It was a bit of a walk to the church but fortunately there was a paved walkway that was lit up at night between the school and the church parking lot. There were quite a few other students on their way to the church as well and I smiled to myself as I noted a number of the boys taking a second look at my short skirt. My jacket hid the cheerleader top but there was plenty of leg for them to see – a lot more than we were normally allowed to expose. A few of the girls also took note, except in this case I caught a few frowns from some of the more uppity ones who probably thought I was being some sort of slut wearing such an outfit to church. It WAS sort of walking a fine line but then, that's what made it fun.

# 3. Flirting With Michelle

I got to the church just as Michelle was driving up in her little blue Honda. It was old and a bit ragged but it was all hers, bought with her savings after her first year of working, and she was quite proud of it. I almost felt guilty driving around my Avalon when I thought of her. Sure it was used but my mom hadn't put that many miles on it before she gave it to me and with the leather seats and power everything, was a serious upgrade compared to Michelle's little beast. On the other hand, she seemed even more thrilled by hers than I did with mine so maybe there IS something to earning your own way. Well, I'm don't complain when my daddy pays the tuition bills, that's for sure!

Michelle was dressed up in some outfit that was supposed to represent a lady bug or at least some form of bug or insect. She had on black shoes, black tights, and an orange hunting vest over a dark back top. The vest had black spots painted on it (I wonder if her dad knew about those!). A pair of funny antennas she must have bought at the store finished it off and she looked pretty good in it overall. The black tights were modest yet at the same time could have been painted on for as tight as they were on her and if you looked closely you saw they outlined one fine looking ass!

"Hey girl, 'what's that you got on?" she called out to me as we approached in the parking lot. I pulled off my jacket to reveal my outfit and she covered her face as her eyes widened.

"Wow, they gonna let you wear that?" she said softly.

"Why not, it's OK at school and you know the dress code there." I responded, "Besides, last year they had a fund raiser and the cheerleading squad all dressed up when they came to the school to do a routine."

Michele didn't seem to give it another thought and the two of us went inside to meet with our adult sponsors. Two married couples were in charge of the youth group we helped out with. One was in their thirties and had a daughter in the group while the other had only been married for a couple of years and had one little boy in the nursery. Both couples were great and I enjoyed working with them.

"Hey Kelly!" Judy called out to me. She was the older wife and was about as close to the stereotypical soccer mom as you could imagine. She wasn't fat but had clearly put on few pounds over the years although overall she still didn't look too bad. Her blonde hair was cut shorter and she usually wore pants rather than skirts.

And yes, she drove a minivan! I liked her particularly because unlike so many of the adults at church, she didn't treat me like I was "just" a student but more like a friend and peer.

"Wow, that really looks cute on you!" she remarked as she took in my outfit. The nice thing was she meant it as a compliment without any hint of innuendo. I guess I get so accustomed to people always looking at me more as an object than a girl that it feels nice to have a friend who accepts me for who I am and doesn't have any hidden agendas.

"I'll say!" her husband added in, having just joined in time to hear his wife's assessment of me. Don was the other half of the "average" family, clean cut and heavily involved in the church.

"Now Don, behave yourself!" Judy chided him. She was just teasing as I knew Don might glance my way now and then but he was probably one of the last husbands in church that would have cheated on his wife with me. I accepted that and if anything, it made it easier to work with him.

The two of the them went off to the classrooms, holding hands like two teens in love. It was nice to see a marriage that actually worked. Other than my parents' marriage, it was rare for me to see a couple married for that long to still be in love with each other so openly.

"You know, she's right. You DO look cute in that outfit," I heard just behind me. To my surprise, it was Michelle. "I don't think I've seen you in a really short skirt before. You've got great legs!"

It was probably true that she hadn't since the only time we saw each other was at church where I had to adhere to the dress code. I wore skirts now and then to the services but nothing TOO short although I did push the limits at times. I almost always wore jeans to the youth nights. Sometimes I wore shorts but like the skirts, there were limits on how short they could be so most of the ones I wore back home I had to leave behind when I was at school.

There was something about the way she was looking at me that was different than usual. Michelle and I had known each other for a couple of months but it was a relatively distant friendship in that we mostly talked about church activities and such. I think because I was a student at a university known for being strict about how we conducted ourselves, Michelle was probably a little concerned about opening up to anything more personal about herself. It was obvious to me that she wasn't exactly your naive and innocent young woman just from the way she carried herself and looked at the men around the church - including some of the younger ones in our group.

"Well, you know how it is here, we have to all be good little girls," I replied, providing her an opening to see if she was interested in discussing something besides church.

Michelle laughed and shook her head. "Oh? I thought all of you over there WERE good little girls!"

"Well, maybe at school but if you think this skirt is short, you should see some of mine back home."

It was meant as another nudge, just enough to get her reaction without saying TOO much.

"Oh really?" Michelle remarked, appearing to be a little more curious now. "I suppose all the boys are after you back home then."

"Well, not just the boys," I teased. As soon as I said it my heart skipped a beat as I figured I had probably gotten carried away and now I'd gone and said something I shouldn't have.

I don't know what I was expecting Michelle to say at this point but it didn't matter as she just smiled at me with a bit of a twinkle in her eye and looked at her watch.

"Time to get going," she reminded me. It also served as an artful dodge for her not to respond to my last comment.

As we walked to the auditorium for the opening, I caught her quickly glancing at me again but she just turned back away as if nothing had happened. Well, I had made my "move" so now it was up to her. As we sat there listening to the opening remarks and songs, I wondered what I was trying to do. Michelle had never shown any interest in me in "that" way before so was I taking a couple of innocent comments and blowing them out of proportion? I didn't want to say anything else as if she wasn't interested in girls, then it would make things pretty awkward for us in the future.

Normally at this point the groups would break up and go to various classrooms for the evening activities. Tonight, though, was different and everyone stayed in the auditorium where we had games for everyone to participate in as well as a table full of snacks and drinks. There was a costume judging contest and through it all, Michelle and I would cross paths now and then but never really had much of a chance to say anything to each other besides what was needed for the activities.

Finally the evening was over. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy it; it was just a lot of work. Fortunately, a group of guys had been volunteered to clean up so with the kids gone just the leaders remained. We all gathered in a circle and prayed, thanking God for the successful evening. When it was over, Michelle came over to me.

"Hey Kelly, I was wondering if you wanted to go out for some dessert with me? Some ice cream sounds perfect right now!"

"Sorry," I apologized, "I can't wear this out in public. My friend made me promise to only wear it here at church."

I was about to suggest that I run back to my apartment and change but Michelle already had an alternative plan.

"Well, why not come over to my place then? I should be able to scrounge up something."

Why not? We had never gotten together outside of church so this would be an opportunity to get to know her better. Maybe I could even influence her a bit to get more involved in church and maybe even join my bible study!

We agreed that I would follow her to her place as I had no idea where she lived. As it turned out, it was just a small apartment in one of the, shall we say, less affluent areas of town. Judging by the looks of things, doing hair didn't pay all that well.

"Sorry for the way this place looks," she apologized as we entered.

Did I say the place was SMALL? It really was one giant room with a partial wall between the living room and bedroom and there was just a bar separating the kitchen. There wasn't even room for a kitchen table so she must eat all her meals at the bar or on the couch watching a small TV. The furniture looked like thrift store rejects. Heck, my apartment on campus was bigger than this and better furnished as well.

Michelle saw me looking around and I instantly felt guilty as I must have allowed my face to show what I was thinking.

"You probably come from a rich family, going to that school," she said softly. "This must seem like a dump to you."

"Well, I'm not going to lie to you, my parents do make a good income," I replied, trying to be honest with her but at the same time not appear to be looking down on her. "But hey, I don't have my own place so you should feel good you at least have this!"

It seemed to take the edge off the moment and she smiled again. We took off our coats and she sighed as she struggled to take off the hunting vest.

"God, I've been waiting all night to do that!" she exclaimed, dumping the vest on the couch. "That thing was so hot!"

Then she pulled down the black hose she was wearing, revealing a black thong underneath. It wasn't the most revealing thong in the world but any thong shows more than standard panties so her ass was looking pretty good!

"Hope you don't mind," she said, tossing them aside, "Damn hose was KILLING me!"

I laughed at her and pointed at my chest saying, "I know how you feel, this bra is killing me too!"

"Yeah, I noticed you usually don't wear one," she observed, "Well, why not take it off then? After all, you're not at church anymore."

She said it in such a casual way I wasn't sure if she was just having fun or if there was a more subtle reason for her suggestion. Oh well, did it matter? I tried to reach behind me under the sweater top to unsnap it when Michelle moved in behind me.

"Here, let me help."

She reached under my sweater top and quickly unhooked me. I pulled the straps down and over my arms and then dragged the entire contraption out and under the front of my sweater. Straightening out my sweater again, I twirled the bra in my hand and smiled at Michelle.

"Ahhhhhh, MUCH better!"

"Well, I don't know why you wore it in the first place. If I had your boobs I'd never wear one!"

Again, it was the type of remark that could be taken a couple of different ways. Michelle was at LEAST a D cup and probably DD. I suppose wearing a bra was something she about had to do just to support them.

"Yeah, bras and panties - who ever invented them!" I said with a giggle, once again trying to subtlety push the conversation along.

"Well, I don't think the Pastor would've been too happy if you wore that outfit tonight without the panties!" Michelle said with a sly grin. "Can you imagine the look on his face if you leaned over and he saw you weren't wearing any!"

We both laughed as Michelle made her way to the kitchen.

"Hope you like strawberry, it's all I have," she called out as she opened the freezer door. She soon returned with two bowls of ice cream and we sat down next to each other as we ate ours.

We got talking about boyfriends and I learned that Michelle had once been engaged but broke it off just a week before the wedding.

"Yeah, mom and dad were pretty pissed," she said. "Kicked me out and told me to live on my own if I wasn't going to get married. Haven't been out with a guy since - almost six months now."

"Wow, you must be pretty horny then," I joked, "Dildo or fingers?"

Michelle laughed, obviously a little surprised at my remark.

"Dildo of course! You know, you're pretty cool," Michelle remarked as she finished off the last of her bowl. "I figured you were just another one of those stuck-up girls that seem to populate that school. I've heard most of the girls are lesbians."

Didn't I wish THAT rumor was true!

"No, I wouldn't say that," I replied, "A lot of them claim to be saving themselves for marriage but I think most of them are just putting on a show."

"What about you?"

I paused for a moment, not sure how to answer. "Well, at school we have to live by the Lifestyle Guidelines so that means no sex."

Michelle wasn't going to let me off THAT easily. "No, I meant are you saving yourself for marriage?"

I couldn't help but laugh a bit at that one. Oh lord, if she only knew!

"No. Actually, I lost my virginity when I was fourteen."

Michelle's eyebrows raised at that one. I think I surprised her a bit. "Oh really? Shit, I thought I was young when I did it at fifteen."

"Boy or girl?" I teased. It was a shot in the dark but the way the conversation was going, it seemed to be the right time to broach the issue.

"Oh a boy of course," she laughed, "Why, was yours with a girl?"

I paused and then said more gently, "No, I didn't do THAT until I was eighteen."

"Really?" Michelle said again, apparently I was not exactly the girl she thought I was. "You've done it with a girl?"

The tone of her voice surprised me. To be honest, I had for some reason assumed Michelle was bisexual. Maybe it was her ease around girls and guys, maybe the way she had looked at me earlier. Whatever the reason, I was surprised that she apparently had never done anything with a girl.

"Sure, haven't you?" I replied, just to verify my suspicions.

"Oh no, I'm not a lesbian," she quickly responded. The way she said the word lesbian was almost like it was something bad, like a disease. Then she blushed and put her hand to her mouth/

"Oh Kelly, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say anything about YOU!"

"Well, I'm not a lesbian either," I said softly, trying to calm her. "Actually, I prefer guys. It's just that being with a girl can be fun too sometimes."

Michelle scrunched her nose and frowned. "I just can't imagine kissing another Girl... or anything else."

"Why do you say that? What's wrong with it?"

Michelle just shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. I guess I always thought that girls who did that were... I don't know... weird?"

"Well, you've known me now for a while. Do you think I'm weird?"

I could tell she was genuinely confused, as if she was struggling to sort out this apparent contradiction in what she always had believed and what she was being confronted with now.

"Noooooo, not at all. You always seemed normal to me."

I couldn't help but laugh just a little at that and this time I put my arm around her before I answered. She tensed at first but then seemed to relax again once she realized I wasn't going to attack her somehow.

"So now, just because I told you I've done it with other girls, do think I'm abnormal?

"Shit, now I don't know WHAT to think," she huffed, the frustration clearly coming across.

"Haven't you ever touched another girl, even just for fun? Say maybe in a game of Truth or Dare? What about sleepovers? Haven't you seen other girls and wondered just for a minute what it might be like to be with one of them?"

Michelle got even redder and I knew she was holding back something. It probably wasn't anything major but to her it must have been something she was embarrassed about.

"Well, I did have to kiss a girl once back in high school during a party after I lost a bet. But we just barely did anything."

Well, it was a start. At least she was now starting to open up to me a bit.

"Didn't you ever masturbate with your friends during sleepovers?"

From the startled look she gave me the answer was obvious but I waited for her to say something.

"Oh my god NO! Only the slutty girls did things like that."

"So you saw them doing it?"

"Well, it's not like I watched or anything."

"So you've never masturbated with another girl before either?"

Michelle was looking at me like I was some sort of alien from another planet. I guess when you grow up with the family and friends that I had, you don't even think about the fact that there are a lot of other girls who grew up in totally different environments, much more restrained and restricted.

Then she rolled her eyes and giggled at me saying, "Ahhhhhh, I get it. You're just teasing me. I can be so naive sometimes, you know? You never did any of that stuff, did you?"

If she thought I was exaggerating about what I had told her so far, imagine what she would have thought had I told her about everything I had done. I'm not sure what would have shocked her the most - letting my dad fuck me or doing a dog once. Well, obviously we wouldn't be going there tonight!

"You don't believe me, eh?" I asked her.

"Nawwwwww, you're just pulling my leg."

Hmmm, sounded like a challenge to me and I was never one to back away from a challenge, especially when it had to do with sex.

# 4. Michelle's First Time With a Girl - ME!

I stood up in front of her and pulled down my panties, then stepped out of them and sat back down next to her, leaving them on the floor in front of us.

"Uhhhhh, Kelly... what exactly are you doing?" she asked carefully.

I had a feeling she thought I was still just trying to tease her but that I wouldn't actually DO anything. Well, was she in for a surprise! I lifted my skirt to reveal my shaved pussy. Her first reaction wasn't about what I might be doing but rather what she saw.

"You shave it all off? Cool, I just trim mine. I never got the courage to shave mine completely."

"Yeah, I know how you feel," I replied, "But once you do it you'll never want to fool around with all that hair again. Besides, it feels better this way."

To prove my point, I reached down between my legs and started to touch my pussy. Michelle immediately began to wiggle next to me, clearly uncomfortable with what I was doing.

"See, it's so much easier to masturbate without all that hair in the way."

I heard her breathing get heavier but it was probably more due to shock and surprise than anything lustful. Several times she seemed to start to say something but then it was like she thought better of it and held her tongue. As for me, I figured so long as she wasn't telling me to stop, I was going to go for it. My middle finger reached down and slid between my pussy lips while my other fingers ran along the outside as I stroked myself slowly. When I touched my clit I couldn't help but jump just a little which seemed to galvanize her to finally say something.

"I can't believe you're doing that... I just can't believe it."

I was heartened by the tone of her voice. It didn't sound like she was upset or outraged at my behavior, but more like she was just genuinely amazed that I was doing it. It was one thing to supposedly joke about masturbating with another girl, quite another to actually witness it for the first time.

"Take your panties off Michelle," I encouraged her.

She didn't say no but she didn't say yes either. Instead, she seemed to just stiffen, as if I had asked to drop them in front of the congregation or something.

"Go on, take them off... it's just me."

I didn't push her any further, not wanting to put her in a position of doing something she didn't want to do and then getting angry at me for putting her there. I had planted a seed and now it was time to water it so I returned to my own pussy and let her do as she pleased, which for now was just to watch me.

"Did you say you had a dildo?" I asked her. Normally I wasn't a big fan of them but in this case I figured it might come in useful.

"Uhhhhh, yes," she stammered.

She quickly got up and went to her dresser, apparently happy for the chance to do something besides just watching me do myself. She returned with a blue dildo, just your standard "torpedo" design as I like to call it.

"Sorry, needs new batteries," she stuttered. I grinned slyly at her and she reddened again. I didn't have to say anything about WHY she needed new batteries, the answer was obvious.

I took it from her and was pleased when she resumed her place next to me on the couch. At least she didn't sit somewhere else or stay standing. I put the dildo in my mouth to wet it and I could smell the faint odor of her pussy. Something told me she had been using this not too long ago! Reaching down, I used the tip to rub up against the outside of the opening to my pussy, toying with myself for a minute or so before I began to insert it into me.

"Oh that feels so good," I moaned softly, pushing it deep up inside of me. Even without the batteries it felt good although I would have preferred a real cock anytime. For now, having her watch me using it was just as much a turn-on as actually feeling it in me!

"Here, you do it," I said, taking her hand in mine and pulling it over to the dildo buried in my pussy.

Michelle resisted a little at first but it was half-hearted so I kept up the pressure and she relented without a word. At first it was as if she didn't know what to do which was obviously not the case as I would bet she used it quite frequently on herself.

"Just do it the way you would on yourself," I instructed her. "Pretend it's your pussy."

She started to stroke her dildo in and out of me, just a little at first as if she was afraid of hurting me or something.

"That's it... deeper," I encouraged her, "Put it in me just like you do with your own pussy."

I leaned back into the couch and spread my legs wide, letting her natural instincts take over. Using the dildo on me didn't seem to be that much a stretch for her. After all, she wasn't actually touching me even, let alone doing anything more. After a while I reached down and took it from her and pulled it out of my pussy. I offered it to her to taste but she wrinkled her nose and shook her head so I put it in my mouth instead, savoring the strong taste of my pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, do you ever taste your own pussy Michelle?" I asked after I took it out of my mouth and inserted it back in my pussy. This time I didn't even have to encourage her, she took the dildo from me and started to work it in and out of my pussy on her own.

Michelle shook her head and whispered, "Oh no, never, that would be nasty."

"NEVER?" I challenged her.

It was hard to believe that she had NEVER even experimented once. I first tasted mine when I was a little girl, curious about myself. Of course, that may have been partially because I saw my mom doing it when she masturbated.

Michelle shook her head again and I took her for her word, even if it DID seem almost too much to believe.

"C'mon, take off your panties," I urged her once again as she seemed to be getting more and more into helping me masturbate.

I don't know if it was because she was getting a bit horny from using her dildo on me or she was just tired of saying no to me. Either way worked so far as I was concerned. What was important was she slipped them off under her ass and let them drop to her ankles where she lifted her feet up and out of them. Sure enough, I saw her pussy was covered with a trimmed layer of dark black pubic hair. Once they were off she went back to her dildo in me without making any reference to her new "bare bottom" style.

"Now touch yourself," I whispered to her. Nothing more, just a gentle nudge. She hesitated and so I took the dildo from her so her hands were free and repeated myself.

"You can do it, touch yourself," I encouraged her, "Pretend I'm not here."

Slowly she put one hand down between her legs. The dildo in my own pussy was still as I sat there motionless, afraid to do anything that might distract her. At first she just cupped her pussy. Then, as she worked up her courage, she started rubbing it slowly with her fingers. She just rubbed over her clit, running her flattened out fingers over it in a circular motion.

"That's it Michelle, just do what you always do."

I noticed her eyes were closed and I would have given anything to know what images were In her mind right then. Was she thinking about an ex-boyfriend, some fantasy lover, or maybe even me? I wanted so bad to ask her but I didn't want to break the spell that seemed to have settled over her. As she rubbed herself more, it must have made the rest of her body respond as well as she leaned back and started rubbing her pussy more aggressively. God she looked so hot! It was almost too much to believe that I was the first person to watch her touch herself this way!

Pulling the dildo from my pussy, I reached over and rested the tip of it against her inner thigh. She quickly took it from me and started to use it on herself. Maybe it was the familiarity of her own dildo or she was just getting use to me watching; whatever it was she seemed suddenly to be much more into it than before.

"Ohhhhhh," she gasped as she pushed her dildo almost entirely into her pussy, holding onto the last part of it to keep from having it disappear inside of her.

I reached down and took it from her. She didn't resist and so I started to stroke it in and out of her pussy, sometimes taking it out to rub up against her clit but most of the time fucking her with it. Finally I couldn't resist so I took it out and put it in my mouth. The smell of her pussy combined with the distinctive taste and I just wished I was getting it straight from the source instead. Putting it back in her just long enough to get a fresh coating of her pussy juices on it, I pulled it out again but this time offered it to her. She turned her head away but this time I was more insistent and pressed it against her lips.

"Try it, just a little," I whispered to her.

It reminded me of a girl at a party I was at that didn't want to suck a dick at first. The guy she had been playing with held his cock up to her lips and she just kept them tightly shut, refusing to let him push it in her mouth. Finally, she parted he lips just enough to let the tip of his dick enter, just as Michelle did at this moment, opening her mouth just enough to get the tip of the dildo in but not enough to take it all in her mouth. Then, just as the girl at the party had done, her tongue extended and I could tell she was getting a good taste of her pussy. Apparently it was enough to overcome her fear as again, she mimicked the party girl who finally opened her mouth and let her guy quickly push his dick into her mouth. So too did Michelle, letting the pussy-covered dildo fill her mouth.

"Tastes good, doesn't it?"

Michelle didn't respond. Well, it would have been hard with a dildo in her mouth but all the same, she managed to signal her answer from the way she sucked on the dildo like she was trying to draw off every bit of moisture from her own pussy. She finally opened her eyes and looked over at me while a smile tried to crack her face.

As much as she may have enjoyed her newly acquired taste, apparently she preferred the dildo in a different hole and so it was returned to her pussy where it belonged. Any hesitation she may have had before about masturbating with me there was no history as she closed her eyes again and went to work on herself, essentially ignoring me as she seemed to focus on her own pussy.

I could smell her sex as she played and the aftertaste of her pussy remained in my mouth. As much as I enjoyed watching her masturbate, I wanted more and now that she was fully engaged with her own pussy, I doubted she would mind if I helped out a bit more. I slowly got off the couch and kneeled on the carpet in front of her. Her legs were spread apart so I crawled up between them and put one hand on each of her upper thighs. At the touch of my hands she opened her eyes and looked down at me. She seemed to know what I was about to do but in her current state of mind she wasn't going to protest any longer.

Leaning forward, I put my head to the side of her dildo, which she had buried once again inside of herself, and licked her pussy lips around the dildo. Mmmmmmm, her pussy smelled so good up close and the flavor was stronger licking it directly from her pussy instead of off a dildo. She pulled out the dildo and I knew that it was her way of telling me what she wanted, even if she didn't have the courage yet to speak for herself.

My face was plastered up tight against her fuzzy pussy. She had it trimmed so short that "fuzzy" seemed more appropriate than "hairy", like my mom's pussy. My nose was up against her clit while my tongue extended out as far as I could reach into her wet pussy hole.

"Oh Kelly... what are you doing to me?" she sighed. It was more a statement than a question, as if she couldn't believe the sensations I was creating in her pussy.

I could understand how she was feeling. I remembered the first time a girl ate my pussy (actually it was my mom back when I was sixteen). It was a totally different experience than all the times a boy had tried doing it before. Undoubtedly Michelle has done oral sex with a guy but no guy has ever been able to lick my pussy the way another girls can, something Michelle was learning for herself about now.

I don't mean it as a put-down for guys when I say girls eat pussy best. It seems only natural to me that it should be that way. After all, what guy really knows how it feels to have a clit and a pussy? Only a girl knows what to do and how to do it based on her own experiences. Personally, I have never understood why guys don't like guys to suck their dicks. I mean, it's not like I have one to understand how it feels. All I have to go by is the feedback guys give me after I suck them. It just makes sense to me that a guy would give the best BJ yet for whatever reason, most guys would never dream of allowing such a thing.

"Making you cum," was my response as I briefly lifted my head from her awesome pussy.

For a moment I wondered how many guys had fucked this pussy, how many cocks had been where my tongue was now. In the end, what did it matter. I was her first girl and I thought that was pretty fantastic myself.

"Don't stop," she gasped as my noise rubbed up against her wet clit. I used one hand to rub her clit while my tongue snaked into her pussy like a miniature dick and my other hand fondled her ass. It was hard to keep my tongue in her as she wiggled her hips under me, gasped and moaning as I ate her pussy.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed as her back arched and her hands grabbed my head and pulled it in tight to her pussy. "Oh SHIT!" she cried out as I felt her pussy flex and the pussy cum gushed out over my face and down her ass crack. I was relentless, not letting up for a moment as she began to actually cry from the intensity of her orgasm. Finally she just slumped back, her eyes still tightly shut, just as they had been the entire time.

With her orgasm settling down, I stood up and looked down at her. She wasn't asleep but at the same time she just sat back on the couch motionless, her breathing fast and shallow with her face flushed bright red. I pulled my sweater up off my head and sat down beside her, essentially naked except for my sneakers. I ran my fingers through her long black hair and then gently stroked the backs of my fingers down her face and cheek.

"Felt good, didn't it?" I whispered to her.

She opened her eyes and looked at me. Her eyes clanked down and she saw that I was naked but she didn't make any reference to it. She was still wearing her black pullover top so I decided to be forward once again and I grabbed it at the bottom and started to lift it off, waiting to see what her response would be. I smiled as she leaned forward, allowing me to more easily slip it off of her. Her large breasts were encased in a black bra which I reached behind her and unsnapped, freeing her boobs which flopped out of the cups as I lifted the bra off her arms and tossed it aside. "Oh Kelly," she sighed softly.

I didn't know exactly what she meant by that. Was she just expressing how good she felt? Was she trying to tell me she wanted more? Maybe she was trying to put up a token resistance to anything further I might have in mind for her. In any case, she wasn't physically doing anything to resist me so I took that as permission to go a bit further.

I put one arm around her and caressed her large boobs with my other hand. God, they were huge compared to mine, bigger than my mom's. Her nipples were sticking out, large and erect, waiting for me to pay more attention to them. I wasn't about to let them wait much longer as I rolled them between my fingers and tugged gently on them. Michelle sighed again as I pulled out on her nipples and then let them snap back.

Although it seemed a little backwards, now that I had gotten her off I felt it was time to take it a bit slower and just be intimate for a while. Actually, there are days when that alone is enough for me. I've spent entire afternoons or evenings with my mom in bed, doing nothing more than kissing and fondling one another, feeling the warmth of her smooth naked body against mine.

Leaning over, I kissed her gently on the mouth. At first it was just a little thing, no more than you might give to a relative, assuming you kiss them on the mouth at all. Her head lifted as if she was trying to get me to be closer so I kissed her again, this time lingering longer and reaching out just enough with my tongue to lick her lips.

"Oh Kelly," she sighed yet again.

Apparently that was the extent of her vocabulary for the time being as that seemed to be all she could say, repeating it several times as I kissed her more, each time staying longer and reaching further with my tongue. Finally she responded with her own tongue and our tongues touched and played with one another as we kept our mouths together for as long as we could. As I played gently with her boobs, she responded by reaching for mine and I felt my boobs tingle as she cupped them in her hand, squeezing them gently at first and then harder as our kiss intensified.

"Let's go to your bed," I suggested.

It was a bit of a gamble to take a break like this as sometimes you can lose that special magic but I felt it was worth the risk. As it turned out, the few seconds it took to pull back her comforter and nestle under the cotton sheets were well worth it as we laid up against one another, our boobs pressed up together and arms wrapped around each other's body. It was like once she got over the hurdle of the initial contact with another girl, she couldn't get enough of me as we spent the next couple of hours just kissing and touching one another.

Eventually I had to go home as I had classes the next morning. It was too bad that it wasn't a weekend night as it would have been tempting to stay the night with her. It would have been nice to try a 69 with her or some other positions but I wasn't about to complain about anything. As it was, the evening had gone better than I could have dreamed - and I have a pretty good imagination!

Later that night, as I laid in my own little bed listening to my roomie snore softly, I thought about what had just happened between Michelle and me. As much as I enjoyed it, was it the right thing to do? I wondered if she would be in church next Sunday? How would she react when we met at youth group next Wednesday night? Would we just be friends or was tonight the start of something more between us? I have never had any desire to become "lovers" with any girl, but still, would we be more than just friends if we continued having sex?

As I laid there in bed, contemplating all these things in my head, my fingers were back to their usual hangout - high up between my legs. As I started to masturbate, I imagined what Michelle and I might do the next time we were alone together. As I mentioned, I have a pretty good imagination so you can only imagine what I was dreaming about as I spent the next hour or so masturbating. God I love doing myself! Hopefully, I would get the chance to do it more with Michelle.

# (Nov 25) Chapter 130: My Cousin Rick and His Friends

Story codes: MF MMF F-solo exhib oral inc father daughter cousins
Me (21)
John - my dad (42)
Rick - cousin (18)
Tom (18)
Gary (17)

Rick was bragging to his friends about all the sex he was getting but he couldn't tell them who "she" was. Finally he begged me to help him and show that his boasts to his friends were for real. I didn't mind the sex part but we certainly didn't tell them that I was his cousin!

## 1. Rick's Proposal

I've been fooling around with my eighteen year-old cousin Rick almost a year and a half now. You can read about it in my diary so I won't go into too much detail about it here only to say that since that first time, we've done it off and on whenever I'm home from school. Actually, much to my chagrin, Rick prefers my mom more than me! My mom tried to explain it to me as being something about a "Mrs. Robinson" thing or whatever but all it sounded like to me was that some young guys apparently get off screwing older women. Go figure!

Last Christmas Rick's sister interrupted one of our "sessions" and to make a long story short (VERY short), she ended up giving her brother her first blowjob. Tammy didn't give him her virginity though, but soon after she eventually lost it, whatever hang-up she had about fucking her brother disappeared. Whether it was her age (she is four years younger than he is) or the fact she is his sister, the one thing I do know is that she gets it more than I do from him!

My point is that while I enjoy getting fucked by Rick, it's not like I'm the one in the family he does the most. It's OK with me, though, as it's not like I NEED Rick's cock. If I'm horny there are plenty of ways to take care of myself but still, he IS my cousin and not only that, he has incredible stamina so I miss it a bit whenever he's not "available" and I want him.

One day while after I had just finished giving him a quick blowjob I his bedroom before his mother got suspicious, he mentioned something that shocked me - and I'm not easily shocked.

"You know Kelly, I've told a few of my friends about you," he said with a sly grin. I was instantly mortified. God, how could he have blabbed something like that to someone outside our family? I guess my face must have turned pale or something because he started laughing and continued.

"Don't worry silly, I didn't tell them WHO you were or anything," he assured me, "I just said I was getting a nice piece of college girl ass."

I looked at him with my eyes narrowed.

"Nice piece of college girl ass?" I questioned in a stern tone, "So is THAT how you think of me?"

Rick laughed even harder at my response and said, "Well Kelly; after you ARE a nice piece of ass and you ARE a college girl so if the shoe fits..."

"Yeah but still, it makes me sound like I am just some kind of slut," I protested.

"And your point is...?" he replied, grinning the whole time.

I just shrugged. What could I say, he was right. It didn't really bother me to be called a slut, so long as it was meant in a sexy way and not as a putdown or anything. My dad loved to call me his "little slut" and every time he said it I couldn't help but smile at him.

"So what's your point?" I asked, "Why even bring this up?"

Rick stopped grinning and frowned. "Well, frankly they don't believe me, especially that you're a senior," he said rolling his eyes, "They said that if I was really pounding an older girl she must be fat and ugly or she wouldn't let me fuck her."

Now that sort of surprised me. Rick was actually pretty handsome and athletic so there was no reason for anyone to say girls wouldn't be attracted to him. Besides, if they had seen him in the locker room then they must know how blessed he was below the belt as well! Maybe it a little jealousy on their part, who knows? Somehow I had an idea of where this was leading but I let him go on as if I was clueless.

"Still, what does this have to do with ME?" I said, trying to sound exasperated.

"Well...," he stalled, as if he as trying to get up the courage to ask what I figured he was going to ask me. "Would you let them watch me fuck you?" he finally blurted out. As soon as he said it his face turned beet red and he covered his mouth as if he couldn't believe he had let that one escape.

"That's it? ...Just let them watch?" I questioned, "Doesn't sound all that exciting."

"Well...," he stalled again. This time he had to do it on his own, assuming he was going to say what I thought he was going to say. His eyes looked at the floor as he zipped his jeans. "They MIGHT want to join in too," he said in a low voice.

I knew exactly what had happened now. My well-hung but stupid cousin had bragged to his friends about how easy this girl was he had been fucking. They didn't believe him and so he had upped the ante and told them that he could get her to put out for them too. Now he was stuck having to live up to his bravado. Well, he was fortunate to have a cousin like me to bail him out!

"So let me get this straight, and stop me if I get anything wrong," I said in a deliberate voice, as if I was upset with what he had done - exactly the opposite of what he had ACTUALLY done.

Truth was, between the blow job I had just given him and now this conversation, I was getting horny as hell as I thought about the prospect of doing three teenage boys all at once. I wasn't about to let Rick know this, at least not yet. It was too much fun toying with him a bit and anyway, I wanted to see how far it would go.

"So now you want fuck me in front of your friends and then let them join in as well? Do you really expect me to let two strangers fuck me just because your ego needs to be protected?

"It's not like THAT Kelly!" he protested.

"Oh give me a break Rick, it's EXACTLY like THAT," I responded back to him in a domineering voice, "You want your friends to believe you've been fucking some college slut - you didn't call me a whore, did you? And to make it better, you want them to owe you for letting them get a piece of her as well?"

Rick's initial silence was all the confirmation I needed. Actually, as I said before, the thought of it didn't bother me at all and if anything, it was quite the opposite. Then he took a deep breath and plunged ahead.

"Well it's not like you don't just about any guy you can so what's the big deal?" he asked.

"That's not the point," I responded, "You're not my pimp you know."

He looked a little shaken, as if he realized that perhaps he had gone too far. I guess it was partly my fault as well. He was right - I DID fuck a lot of guys and so far as he knew, he probably didn't know of any that I had refused. I guessed I had been hard enough on him so I had better get things back on track before he chickened out.

"So who are you going to say I am?" I asked.

Rick's eyes opened up wider and her perked up as he realized that I was thinking about doing what he was hoping for. "Not much really; just a girl I met at church," he replied.

"Do these friends happen to know that you've got a cousin that looks like me?" I asked.

"Oh no, Kelly, they have no idea who you are," he said quickly. He seemed to be sensing that I was leaning all the more toward accepting his idea, which made him all the more eager to satisfy me and thus making it all the more easier for me to manipulate him.

"So when do you plan on doing this?" I asked.

"Well...," he said, once again stalling for time. "What about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow???"

"Well, I may have said something about you being home for Thanksgiving."

"Oh you DID, did you?" I said with a knowing smile, "And what would you have done if I'd said no?"

Rick blushed again but he had a wicked grin when he replied, "Well, frankly Kelly, I didn't think there was much of a chance of you turning it down... knowing you and all."

"You're a bastard, you know that don't you?!" I teased him, playfully spanking his butt. He was right, of source, about me not turning it down, but that didn't make it sound any better.

"C'mon Kelly, give me a break," he teased, "Do you EVER say no?"

I spanked him harder this time. "Sure I do!" I insisted.

"Oh yeah, like when?" he chortled, leaving me behind to smolder.

I smiled to myself as I tried to think of one time I HAD said no and shook my head. The kid had a point! Well, if nothing else it looked like I had something to look forward to the next day.

## 2. Turning on My Dad

Later at supper as we ate leftover turkey from the day before, I mentioned my plans for the next day to my parents. Of course, my dad just got this big nasty grin on his face and I didn't doubt the only thing he was thinking of was how much he would like to watch himself! My mom, on the other hand, was the conscious of the family as usual, pointing out all the flaws in my plan.

"So do you know who these boys are?" she asked, "Do you even know how old they are?

Of course the answer was "no" so I just looked down at my plate sheepishly.

"You know Kelly, if you plan on getting a teaching job here next year you can't get a reputation for fooling around with some underage boys, " she lectured me, "You need to start being a little more careful now."

I wasn't too sure what to say in response but my dear old dad stepped up to defend me.

"Oh come on Mary, they won't know who she is," he said, "And besides, who said they were underage anyway? I would think if they're Rick's friends then they would be about his age."

"Oh quit trying to defend her John," my mom said sternly, "I was just making the point that with graduation getting so close that she needs to start considering those type of things when she plays around."

I just sat there as they sparred. They weren't fighting by any means, just talking about me as anyone's parents would. At least they cared enough to be concerned about me! By the time it was over my mother just shook her head and let out a sigh, her usual sign when she had made her point and wouldn't pursue it anymore.

My dad playfully kicked me under the table and winked at me. I knew he was turned on by the idea and to be honest, it would have been cool if he COULD watch me but with us doing it at one of Rick's friend's house there was no way that could happen. I smiled to myself as I recalled how it was when I was in high school and I would "sneak" boys up to my room for sex. The poor guys had no idea that my dad would usually watch through the bedroom door I left cracked open - and sometimes even my mom! It had been quite a while since my dad had seen someone fucking me and I made a mental note about planning something for Christmas break.

After supper my parents went down to the family room to watch some TV. I went up to my room to change out of my clothes into my nightshirt. As I dropped my jeans and started to unbutton my blouse, I closed my eyes and imaged it was Rick stripping me while his buddies watched. I could feel the warmth growing between my legs as my imagination took over and I started to dream about him fucking me in front of them.

I tossed my clothes under the bed (my mom would yell at me about it later but I didn't care at the moment) and laid back on my bed, nude and not just a little bit horny. As I dreamed of the nasty things I hoped that Rick would do to me, I masturbated using my left hand on my pussy and my right hand on my boobs. God it felt so good to touch myself that way! I had gotten so horny talking about it over supper that it was like this huge load was being lifted from me as the pleasure created by my finger rubbing my clit replaced the lust that had built up inside of me.

It didn't take long before I felt that familiar sensation between my legs that signaled the onset of my orgasm and I thrust two of my fingers into my wet pussy while I moved my other hand from my boob to my clit. I fucked myself with my fingers while I imagined how it would be to have three dicks all seeking my attention at the same time, three cocks cumming on me and in me at the same time. My hips rose up and a cry escaped my lips as my orgasm struck like a hurricane making landfall. It was like when you hit your funny-bone except the tingling sensation was over my entire body and not just one arm. Then it grew and the tingling was replaced by this enormous sensation of heat as it was like I was burning up except the heat was inside of me and struggling to escape.

I moaned loudly as I thrust my fingers deeper into me and held them there as my other fingers rubbed my clit furiously, driving my orgasm higher and higher until it was like I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't open my eyes yet it was like I was seeing flashes of bright multicolored lights in front of them and I bounced my hips up and down like I was being fucked - and fucked hard!

Finally I just dropped and with both hands I cupped my throbbing pussy, laying still as it pulsed and sent out little aftershocks of electricity up and down my body. I was panting like I had run a marathon, my chest heaving up and down as my heart pounded. God I love to cum! It's the most incredible sensation imaginable and all I have to do is play with myself to get it so who could blame me for wanting it as often as possible? I've known a couple of girls that claimed not to ever masturbate. God, how do they do it? I can't even imagine going more than a day or two without doing it!

Finally I caught my breath and opened my eyes. As the room came into focus I realized that there was somebody standing in the doorway to my room. It was my Dad! God, how long had he been watching? Well, judging by the size of the erection he was stroking, evidently for a while! He was staring at me with this shit-eating grin on his face, like a boy seeing his older sister in the nude for the first time.

"Hmmmmmm, I see someone must have been pretty horny!" he said with a twinkle in his eye.

My voice seemed to have disappeared and I coughed to clear my throat. I smiled back at him while I watched him stroking his wonderful cock. It made me feel good to see it that way, all hard and thick, especially knowing WHY it was in the condition that it was!

I don't think I'll ever get over the thrill of seeing my father getting sexually excited by me. Really, what greater compliment could he ever give me? Heck, anybody can SAY anything without necessarily meaning it but a guy can't fake an erection and whenever I see my father looking at me with that bulge in his crotch, I know what his true feelings are for me!

"I don't think I'm the only one who's horny around here," I responded seductively.

"Well, what do you expect a guy to do when his sexy daughter puts on a show for him like the one you just did?" he teased me.

I grinned at him and noted he was stroking his dick faster and I knew what was about to happen.

"Aren't you going to share something with me?" I asked in my little girl voice, sounding disappointed as if he was withholding something from me.

In truth, he was. It simply wasn't fair that he was about to cum right in front of me without giving me the opportunity to have some of it. My dad didn't reply but answered by stepping into my room and standing next to the side of my bed by my head. I turned on my side and took over from him, replacing his hand with mine. I could smell his masculine scent, a combination or sweat of sexual musk that never failed to turn me on. I licked my lips and gently took his sensitive cock in my mouth. He was already so close to cumming that there was no need for any fancy moves. All he needed was a warm mouth to set him off - and whose better than his own daughter's?

"Oh god Kelly...," he moaned, "That feels so damn good... Fuck it, I'm cumming!"

Naturally I couldn't say anything with his dick in my mouth, and I wasn't about to risk letting it out and have him cum all over me and the bed, so I kept sucking on him while my hand stroked the base of his shaft. Suddenly he groaned even louder and I was rewarded with the feel of his first stream of cum shooting into my mouth and hitting the back of my throat. I swallowed it to avoid choking and kept sucking him as he followed it up with several more warm shots of sperm. I could taste his cum on my tongue and as it lined my mouth I sucked every drop I could get from his dick.

"That's it baby, don't stop!" he groaned as I felt him shudder when my tongue ran over the head of his sensitive cock. Finally he stopped jerking and a loud sigh emerged.

"Damn Kelly, I just love watching you suck my dick while I cum!" he gasped.

I let his dick drop from my mouth and I looked up at him and grinned. I stuck my tongue out and teased him by showing him some of his cum on it and then swallowing it down and proudly presenting him with my empty mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, I love your cum daddy," I said softly. Another drop had formed at the end of his cock so I gently took the head in my mouth and softly sucked on it like a baby on a bottle.

"Oh baby, you look so damn hot sucking my cock," he said again.

I smiled to myself, pleased that I had satisfied him and made him happy. Everything I did sexually with my dad was for his pleasure. Now I don't mean to say I didn't enjoy it too - not by any means! My point is that I, like most girls if they really wanted to, can get laid about any time I want to. It's not like I NEED my dad to satisfy my sexual requirements. I love my father and pleasing him, in any way he desires be it sexual or not, is one of the most fulfilling things I can do. When he cums, it is a testimonial to me that I have accomplished my goal, that I have satisfied my father's most intimate and personal needs and desires.

As much as I like my dad to cum in my mouth, it means the most to me when he cums inside of my pussy because that's as physically intimate as a man can be with a woman. For a girl's father to love her enough to take her in that way is the most beautiful sign of a his love and respect that he can give to her.

My dad's cock has pretty much dwindled in my mouth by now so I released it and he ran his fingers through my hair lovingly, just as he use to do when I was a little girl sitting on his lap. He kissed me on the forehead and left to go to the bathroom, leaving me to roll on my back once again and close my eyes as I relived how he had just cum in my mouth. I could taste his cum - the aftertaste hung around forever if you didn't wash your mouth out with something, and once again I thought of how it would be to have THREE guys cumming at the same time!

## 3. Turned On By Fan-Mail

The next morning I woke up hornier than ever. I don't remember what I dreamed about but it must have been interesting judging by how wet I was! Feeling the wetness between my legs reminded me of my plans for the day and my hand wandered again between my legs. I must have masturbated for at least a half hour, cumming a couple of times before the urge to pee overwhelmed even my more naughty feelings.

As I crossed the hall to the bathroom I noticed my parents' bedroom was empty so they were evidently already up and about. Amazingly, whatever gene it was that made them both morning people apparently wasn't passed on to me. Me, I could sleep in all morning and stay up late and be happy as a lark. Many a time when my dad would visit me in the morning before he would go to work, I would be barely awake while he fucked me and more than a few times I woke up to find his cum on me and realized I hadn't woken up at all!

My cousin Rick wasn't supposed to pick me up until around noon so for the time being I just slipped on an old t-shirt and headed downstairs for some breakfast. My parents were nowhere to be seen and I found a note on the refrigerator door from my mom explaining they had gone out for breakfast and some shopping.

I smiled to myself at that, knowing how much my dad hated shopping. My mom must have given one hell of a blowjob this morning to convince him to go - or at least promised one when they got back! Hmmm, maybe she had promised him WHILE they were shopping. I sort of doubted that knowing how my mom was about public sex but it was fun to think about anyway. I grabbed some milk and had a large bowl of cereal.

While eating breakfast I was still feeling a bit horny. Somehow I had a feeling that nothing was going to satisfy me today until I'd been with Rick and his friends. Even so, I crossed my legs tightly as the itch between my legs became almost unbearable. After quickly finishing up my cereal, I rinsed out the bowl and headed back to my bedroom. Looking around, I contemplated what to do for a few seconds and finally ended up seated at my desk and turned on my computer. Opening my e-mail, I saw a couple of them had attachments so I checked those out first to see what someone had sent me.

The first e-mail was from a younger guy (he claimed to be 20), with his parents. He said he didn't have any brothers or sisters so he was just sending along a family pic for me to see. I prefer to get this type of photo much more so than some silly cock shot as it shows me some sincerity on the person's part; plus it is always interesting to see his family. In this case they looked almost like your all-American family, missing only a girl and a family dog to make the stereotype complete. His parents looked like your typical suburbanites and if I had to make a quick call it appeared he was a nice guy so I write out a response to him quickly and moved on to the next e-mail.

The second e-mail was quite a bit different from the first. I guess you could say technically it was a cock shot since it was a photo of his dick but what made it special was what was ALSO in the picture - a photo of my Aunt Linda in her bikini on a boat. It was a pretty good photo of her which showed off her legs and new boobs nicely. About two months earlier she had a small boob job - just a lift with no implants as she has some medical issues that prevented her from having them. Even without them, they look pretty nice plus they still feel natural (trust me - I know!).

The picture was taken after what must have been a hot masturbation session as her photo was literally covered with cum and there was even a small drop of cum still dripping from his cock! God, I loved it! It's hard to explain why I love these type of photos to be sent to me. It just makes me feel hot and sexy knowing that men get off looking at me and my family that way - enough to jerk off and cum all over ours pics in the process! The guy who sent it to me claimed he had been married for over twenty years with a couple of kids which made it even hotter as far as I was concerned. I sat there and imagined what his wife would say if she knew what her dear husband was doing when she wasn't around. Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait to show it to my Aunt Linda! Most guys sent them of me and my cousins but a few got off on my Aunt and she is always appreciative from what her daughter, my cousin Kristen, has told me!

The more I looked at the photo the more I thought about how my Aunt would react when she saw it. It wouldn't be the first time I had showed her a "tribute" that someone had sent me for her so I had a pretty fair idea what was going to happen!

Obviously the guy had gotten off looking at her - the evidence was there for all to see. What was less obvious was how much it made me feel - and my Aunt in this case or whoever else's picture the guy used.

The first time I showed my Aunt and cousins a "tribute" sent for them, their reactions were are all exactly the same - a gasp and wide eyes along with disbelief. Then, once the initial shock had passed, they would look at the picture and stare at it as they realized what it represented.

I consider getting such a photo returned to me as one of the ultimate compliments a stranger can give to me. He has no idea what I am really like or much more about me than what I have written in my diary, yet he gets turned on by me enough to jerk off and then cum all over my photo and even take the time to photograph it and send it to me afterwards! Considering many of them are married and some even have kids only makes it even all the more erotic.

Had I had more time, there was little doubt where this train of thought would had led me. I almost lifted the phone to see if my Aunt or cousin were home so I could share this new photo with them - and then enjoy the results of the emotions that were raised. Unfortunately, I knew I had to be ready for Rick soon so there wasn't enough time to indulge in more than just my fantasies about what might have happened.

As I sat there I spread my legs slightly apart and my hand pressed between my thighs. As I touched my clit and shivered at the response it gave, I closed my eyes and imagined myself watching through a barely opened door as a man I had never seen before stroked his cock as he dreamed of fucking me. My fingers ran over my slit and pussy as I "listened" to him whispering to himself as he fantasized about taking off my clothes and me sucking his cock. His hand was stroking his hard dick faster as he looked at my picture and imagined fucking my mouth and then my pussy. God, the filthy things he called me and wanted me to do to him! Then his head leaned back and he stroked his dick even faster as in his mind, he fucked me and came deep inside of me.

In this case, instead of cumming in my pussy, his sperm spilled out all over my picture, staining it and desecrating it. In my fantasy I entered the room and he gasped as he realized his ultimate fantasy had come true, I was standing nude before him, asking him to fuck me. I pushed a finger up into me as I imagined his cock, hard once again in my fantasy, pressing against my wet pussy, trying to enter me and then finally achieving its ultimate goal. My breathing quickened as I imagined his

## 4. Rick Picks Me Up

I looked at the clock and gasped. God, how could over an hour have passed? It seemed like only minutes since I had sat down and started to masturbate. I quickly took a shower and washed my hair. As I blew my hair dry, I debated what to wear and how to look. They were expecting a college girl and not a hooker so it wouldn't be right to dress up too sleazy. When my hair was dry I looked at myself in semi-disgust in the mirror. All those damn commercials and advertisements about the wonders of various hair products yet it seemed none of them worked for me as my straight hair hung down past my shoulders. What I would give for the full and bouncing hair that they promised!

I finally just sighed and pulled it back, working it through a stretch ponytail holder. I've always looked a little young for my age and with my hair in a ponytail this way it made me look more like I was eighteen or younger than twenty-one but somehow I didn't think the guys would mind. When I use to chat on-line the guys were more interested in me when I was eighteen than when I turned twenty-one. Heck they probably would have liked it even more had I said I was sixteen - or younger!

I sprayed on a little perfume and put on a minimum of makeup. Back in my room, I looked through my closet and debated once again what to wear. It was late November although you wouldn't have known it from the weather. Maybe the scientists were right about global warming! Even so, it still wasn't THAT warm! I ended up selecting a tight pair of jeans and white blouse. Not exactly the sexiest outfit in the world but I added a few extra touches. The blouse was sheer and underneath I decided to wear a black bra which showed clearly through the thin white material. I left the top buttons undone so it was open down to my cleavage.

Normally I would have gone without panties but knowing what was probably going to happen shortly I chose a tiny black thong to match my bra. It wasn't the smallest thong I owned - it actually had some material in the back! What I liked about it was how it rode high on my hips such that it was barely covered by my jeans. Finally, I picked out a pair of black heels. They weren't my fancy pair with the five inch heels but rather a more modest pair. Finished, I stood in front of the mirror and then turned around and looked at myself over my shoulder. Hmmmmmm, my ass was looking good in these jeans! I took a profile position and smiled as the bra lifted my boobs and made them look much bigger than they really were. To top it off, the blouse was so sheer you could almost read the label on the bra!

It was almost noon so I headed downstairs to wait for Rick. My mom was on the phone with someone and hung up just as I came into the kitchen.

"Hey girl, nice outfit!" she said as I approached, "Love the blouse by the way."

I smiled at her compliments as after all, she was the one who had bought the blouse for me.! Actually, both of my parents bought me most of my clothes. My mom tended to go for the outerwear - jeans, blouses, shorts and such. My dad, on the other hand, was a regular at Victoria's Secret. He loved to buy me slinky lingerie and fantasy outfits, especially for Christmas. In the past, he had dressed me up as a nurse, schoolgirl, French maid, and a number of other typical male fantasy figures. He was the one who bought me the bra I was wearing. I think the part he enjoyed most about buying me clothes was when I modeled them for him after he gave them to me - although taking them off of me was probably a close second!

My mom saw me as I looked at the clock and asked, "Soooooo, when's my favorite nephew coming over?"

My mom had a naughty grin going and I knew exactly what she was thinking about.

"Oh mom!" I said, trying to sound exasperated but not pulling it off very well, "He's just picking me up and won't even be coming in so don't even think about it!"

She pouted but I knew she was just teasing me. It seemed that ever since she had first fucked Rick that she couldn't get enough of his young cock. Well, who could blame her? Rick was nothing more than a boy toy for her and he knew it but he certainly wasn't complaining about it! After all, how many boys can only fantasize about fucking their hot older aunt and here he was actually getting to do it!

"Well, I hope you have a good time," she said, "You're sure that these boys are OK?"

"Rick said they were cool. He actually didn't tell me much more than that but I trust him."

"I do too but still, just don't get yourself into anything you can't get out of," my mom warned me.

I rolled my eyes and sighed. My mom was always worried about me but I guess that was her job as a mother. Even so, sometimes it got annoying, even though I loved my mother unconditionally and trusted her totally.

Just then I heard a car horn blaring. It had to be Rick so I gave my mom a quick kiss on the cheek and grabbed my black leather jacket. Opening the front door, I saw Rick in his family car waiting at the curb for me. He honked again just as I stepped out and I ran out to the car where he as waiting for me impatiently.

"Damn it Rick, give me a chance!" I huffed as I closed the passenger door behind me.

Rick just laughed at me and drove off. He waved and I looked back and saw my mom was standing outside the front door waving to him. God, was she hot for him or what? I was sure she wouldn't have complained if I told Rick to turn around and stop by for a quickie! It was just a physical thing with her so far as he was concerned but all the same, it was still sort of weird seeing your mother acting like some teenager with the hots for her boyfriend. What was cool was that my dad didn't mind; if anything he seemed to think it was all rather amusing and he teased her relentlessly about him. I shook my head; mothers - what are you going to do with them!

Although I didn't know exactly where we were going, I had taken from the way Rick had talked before that his friends wouldn't be that far away. Nonetheless, Rick wasn't about to lose out on any opportunity! He held the steering wheel with one hand while he started to rub his crotch with the other.

"C'mon Kelly, how about something to warm things up before we get there?" he said to me with a leering smile on his face. I just rolled my eyes at him and folded my arms on my chest.

"Just hold your horses," I admonished him. Then I looked at his crotch, an obvious bulge was there and at any other time I would have gladly accepted his invitation.

Rick loved it when I sucked his cock while he was driving and it was a turn-on for me as well knowing people might see my head in his lap and wonder if I was really sucking him or just faking it. THAT was one thing my mom wouldn't do for him as she was too shy about getting caught but for me, getting caught was half the fun!

"So tell me more about these guys we're meeting."

"You're gonna love them Kelly, they are really cool."

"Oh really, and just how old are they anyway?"

Rick hesitated for a second which set off a warning bell in my head. He answered, though, saying, "Tom is my age and Gary is a year younger."

I frowned a bit at that. That would make Tom eighteen and Gary only seventeen. As much as I have always loved being fucked by younger boys, lately I have tried to be more discrete about it since I was getting close to graduation. After all, as much fun as it was, I had to keep in mind that I would be applying for a teaching job soon. The last thing I needed were rumors getting around that I was having sex with underage boys; not exactly a resume builder for a prospective elementary school teacher! I guess I could deal with seventeen, so long as they weren't going to go out and brag about it with all their friends. In all, it made it all the more imperative that Rick not tell them who I really was.

"You're sure that you haven't told them who I really am?" I asked softly.

"Hell no!" Rick protested, "Give me a break Kelly, even I know better than that."

"OK, but just don't forget or I'll tell mom and it's curtains for you!"

That was the ultimate threat so far as Rick was concerned. He shut up after that and it was only a couple of minutes before he pulled into the driveway of this old stone house. I was a bit impressed. We were now in one of the more exclusive sections of town and in my town, that was saying something. The place was HUGE and the driveway weaved around to the back of the house where Rick parked. We both got out and I followed him to a door at the back of the house. There was nobody waiting for us and so Rick just walked right in, waving me to follow him inside. We entered into what looked to be a laundry room and then went into the kitchen where his friends were waiting.

# 5. Gangbanged by Three Teenagers

"Hey guys!" Rick called out as we entered, "Look who I have with me."

The two of them turned and their eyes ran up and down me. Both of them grinned and one of them, who looked to be the older one, slapped Rick on the back.

"Damn Rick, you really brought her," he said. From the sound of his voice I got the immediate impression that they thought Rick was just making it all up and that they hadn't expected someone to really show up with him.

Rick grabbed my hand and pulled me into the center of the kitchen. He introduced me to them and I learned that Tom was the older one and that the other guy, who had yet to say a word, was Gary. As it turned out, it wasn't that he was shy or anything, just that he hadn't spoken yet. I soon found out that he certainly wasn't shy!

"So Rick, this is the slut you've been fucking?" Gary asked. Nope, not shy at all!

"Gary!" Tom huffed, "Have some manners for once you jerk!"

Gary protested, "Well, that's what Rick calls her so what's the big deal?"

I looked at Rick with narrowed eyes and he avoided looking back at me. It was one thing for HIM to call me a slut; I knew he meant it in a sexy and complimentary way. I had no illusions, though, that Gary had no such intentions. From the way he was looking at me I could see he thought of me more as a whore than anything, a girl that would put out for anyone at any time. It made me wonder just what Rick had been telling them!

"So... and what else has Rick been telling you?" I asked in a sultry voice, speaking up for the first time?

Gary was the first to respond and I quickly came to the conclusion that he might have been the youngest one of the group but he was certainly the most outspoken and crude. I wondered how much of it was bluster and how much was based on actual experience. I have found that usually the ones that are the most outspoken are the ones trying to compensate for their lack of getting the real thing and somehow I had Gary pegged for being just that type - all talk. Well, it wouldn't take long to find out!

"He said you put out whenever he wanted it and that you would do it for us today," Gary said quickly.

Well, if nothing else he went straight to the point. Rick looked at him like he was from another planet. I had no doubt that Rick had said exactly that but I was just as sure he had never intended that those words be repeated back to me, at least not this early in the game.

"Oh he did, did he?" I said with a grin. Rick was still avoiding my eyes but he had a grin on his face that he couldn't wipe off. "And exactly what is it that are you're expecting me to do for you today?"

This time Tom punched Gary before the little pervert could answer. It didn't matter, the nasty look in his eyes told me everything.

"Why don't we go to the family room first," Tom proposed. Gary was giving him the ol' evil eye but he stayed quiet, at least for the moment. Rick and I just followed along as we walked through the house. I wasn't sure whose house it was, Tom or Gary's, but SOMEONE had some bucks, that was for sure! The place was incredible. I also noted a few portraits on the walls of the family that lived there and then I stopped so suddenly Rick almost bowled me over from behind.

"What the hell?" I said under my breath, staring at the photo.

"What do you mean?" Rick asked and then looked at the pic and mumbled under his breath.

"Damn!"

Gary and Tom were ahead of us and didn't notice what we were doing. I turned to Rick and looked in sternly in the eyes.

"Well...?" I whispered, "Was there something you were going to tell me?"

Rick just shrugged his shoulders. After all, the photo said it all. There in living color was a family portrait with the parents and their three kids. The younger daughter was in the middle with the two sons flanking their parents. It must have been a recent portrait as Tom and Gary looked just as they did today. So they were brothers! It didn't really bother me as doing two brothers had always been a bit of a fantasy for me. It just bugged me that Rick hadn't told me about it. I playfully punched him in the stomach and turned back to follow Tom and Gary. They must have noticed we had stopped because they were standing at the entrance to their family room and looking back for us.

"You guys coming?" Tom called to us. Rick responded saying, "Well, somebody couldn't help but notice the family portrait in the hallway."

Tom's eyes opened wider and Gary just grinned and was the first to speak up, of course.

"Well, has your slut ever fucked two brothers?" he asked in a leering tone. I wondered what he would have said if I had told the truth - including the minor fact that the two brothers were my dad and uncle!

I looked at Rick and cocked my head. He took the hint and rebuked Gary saying, "C'mon Gary, her name's Kelly, not 'your slut'." Then he looked down at me and then back to Gary with a smile. "Besides, if you keep calling her that you'll still be a virgin tonight."

I wanted to laugh out loud at the look on Gary's face when Rick said that. God, it was precious! His face went bright red with embarrassment and he just stuttered as he tried to regain his composure. Well, I was right about Gary after all - all talk. As I said before, it was so typical. Although I was amused at his response, I was also turned on a bit by the prospect of not only getting to be fucked by my first pair of brothers, but to have one of them be a virgin was icing on the cake.

Tom was starting to appear as the most mature of the three. He smacked his brother on the back of the head and pointed a finger at Rick.

"You idiots, quit being so stupid and let's get going here, OK?"

I was starting to think I was with the three stooges so it was nice to see at least one of them acting decent. The four of us proceeded into the family room and I looked around quickly to take it all in. The room was pretty big, maybe twice the size of my family room at home. There was a pool table, a huge plasma or whatever TV and several couches and stuffed chairs. The floor was a dark wood covered by several large rugs and at the end of the room was a huge fireplace with a stone hearth that filled half the wall. Then I noticed on thing that seemed out of place - a tripod with a video camera mounted on it. I pointed it out to Rick.

"Uh, Rick... what is THAT doing here?"

"C'mon Kelly, we just wanted to have something to remember this by," explained Rick in a plaintive voice. He looked at the other guys with a "what can I do?" shrug of the shoulders.

"No cameras - period," I said sternly, "I told you before, no photos, videos, nothing - understand?"

Rick looked at Gary and Tom and they started to protest but Rick just raised his hand and they both promptly shut up. With a dejected look, Gary dismantled the camera from the tripod and started to set it on the floor. I started to say something and he understood immediately and put the camera back in its case. There was no way I was going to have them sneak the camera out and capture whatever happened on tape. I could just imagine such a tape getting around the neighborhood until someone recognized me and pointed out I wasn't Rick's slut but more like his oldest cousin! Goodbye teaching career!

The room was dead quiet for a few moments as we all just stood there looking at each other. Somehow I think in the back of their minds, none of them, maybe not even Rick, had really believed that this would actually happen. I could imagine them sitting around watching porn flicks and bragging about what they would do to Rick's girlfriend if she dared to show up. Well, it was now time for them to find out what they REALLY would do. I just stood there with my hands on my hips, waiting for them to make a move. So far I hadn't even so much as unbuttoned my jacket and it was starting to get awkward so I figured as the oldest one there, it was up to me to break the ice.

"So... what else did Rick tell you about me?"

That brought a grin to the brothers although Rick looked down at the floor, as if he was afraid to look me in the eye. I could only imagine what he had told them! Not that I could complain as no doubt most of it had been true!

"Well... he said you give the best blowjobs of any girl he's ever met," Tom said in a low voice as if he was embarrassed to say it

"And he said you love to give them in the car and other places," Gary chimed in.

I thought about this for a moment and then replied, "Hmmmmmm, OK... and what else?"

Now that the dam of silence was broken, both of them started to talk at once.

"He said he fucked you in their pool - while his mom was home."

"You're shaved."

"You let him cum inside of you - without a rubber."

"You swallow."

"You never wear panties on a date."

It went on like that for a while and I couldn't help but smile. Indeed, almost all of what they said was true, or at least it was based on something that had really happened. I had no doubts that Rick had embellished a few details here and there but other than some comment about "gangbanging her school basketball team" (God, where did THAT one come from?), I wouldn't have argued with anything they said. There was one thing that I was thankful for and that was that there was no mention of fucking my mom or his sister - or anyone else in my family! At least Rick had enough sense to keep THAT to himself! I guess he could have said something about incest without implicating himself but why risk it?

"OK, OK, that's enough... so tell me then, do you want to see a little more of me or what?" I teased them.

It was like shooting fish in a barrel. Three mouths gaped open and they were reduced to the equivalent of bobble-head dolls. That's what I love about younger boys - they are SO appreciate of just about anything you do for them. Taking control, I motioned for them to have a seat on one of the couches and the three of them obediently followed my instructions and sat in a row on the couch like three munchkins. Their eyes remained fixed on me as I stood in front of them and pondered briefly as to where I should start.

Had I wanted to, I was sure that I could have dragged this out all afternoon but what would be the point of that? I quickly took off my coat and hung it over the back of one of the chairs. I had no doubt that they could clearly see my black bra under the sheer material of my blouse as I turned slowly in a circle, giving them a full view of my entire body. My jeans were tight enough for them to pull up into my crotch, giving me a nice "camel-toe" for them to view.

"Well?" I teased them some more, "Is this all that you wanted to see or what?"

Rick finally asserted himself and spoke up. "Quit being such a tease Kelly, you know damn well what we want to see."

I grinned at him as I knew exactly what he meant. It didn't matter though as I wasn't going to be THAT easy. With my hands moving in slow motion I unbuttoned my blouse and pulled it out from my jeans, letting it hand open and loose on my shoulders. My black bra was displayed in the middle as I flashed them by pulling the blouse open and then letting it hang down back together. Finally I just dropped it off my shoulders and let it hand down my arms before pulling it off completely, leaving me standing in just my jeans and bra.

My attentive audience was sitting quietly now, staring at me while no doubt waiting to see what was going to come off next. Not to keep them waiting TOO long, I carefully unbuttoned the top of my jeans and slowly pulled the zipper down, spreading the top open to let them see my black thong hiding underneath. I couldn't help but look at Rick and smile. I don't think he had ever seen me wearing underwear before!

Turning away from them, I leaned forward and slowly dropped my jeans to my ankles, keeping my legs straight to give them a nice view of my firm ass and legs as I slowly let them fall to my ankles. With the jeans down to my ankles, I sat down on the floor and pulled off one heel at a time, letting my pant legs pass over my foot and then putting the heel back on again. With my jeans finally off, that left me in just my thong and bra as I once again twirled around in front of them.

"Is this better?" I said softly as I rubbed my ass with both hands. The thing certainly didn't cover much of it and I could feel my bare skin under my hands.

From the looks I was getting I would have bet most anything they were wishing it was THEIR hands in place of mine! This was all probably going quicker than even their wet dreams had imagined so it wasn't a surprise to me that even Gary seemed at a loss for words. Rick, who had seen a LOT more of me in the past, wasn't as wide eyed and if anything, I noted that he seemed to be as interested in the reactions of his friends as much as he was in me. He stretched his arms out to me.

"How about a lap dance?" he suggested.

I smiled and moved forward to him. He spread his legs and I stood between them, slowly gyrating my hips and rubbing my boobs through my bra. He sat back in the couch and I climbed up and put one foot on the outside of each leg. I wasn't naked but pretty close and Rick's hands immediately grabbed my legs and started to rub them up and down. My heels made it hard to keep my balance so I leaned on the back of the couch with one hand and removed them one at a time with the other leaving me barefoot. Maybe not quite as sexy but definitely a whole lot safer!

I pushed Rick's head back against the couch and leaned over him, balancing myself by putting my hands on the top of the couch on each side of his head. My boobs were right over his face and I could see his eyes moving between them as my bra stretched and flexed as I moved. Rick's hands began to wander higher until I felt him touching my ass. I didn't mind, I loved my ass to be played with and the more he touched it, the better as far as I was concerned.

I stood up straighter and pushed my pussy up close to his face. His hands started to work more towards the front and that was where I was drawing the line at the moment. I pushed his hands gently back to my ass and whispered in his ear, loud enough for the two brothers to hear.

"Not yet, just my ass... for now."

I looked over the other two and smiled at them as they watched me tease Rick.

"Hmmmmmm, now I suppose the two of you want a dance as well, eh?" I asked. The answer was obvious but I wasn't going to let it be that easy for them. Half the fun was to see what I could get them to do in return for putting out for them!

"Alright now, I want to see what you've got first," I said as I continued to rub up against Rick.

Rick's hands were grabbing my ass like he was trying to lift a basketball but it just felt all the better for me. The brothers didn't seem to understand what I was talking about so I figured I needed to be a little more basic in my directions.

"Don't look at me like a fish out of water!" I admonished them, "now take off those pants and show me what's hanging between your legs!"

This probably wasn't in the script they had rehearsed when they masturbated thinking about what would happen today. No matter to me, it never hurt to dominate guys a little bit. I smiled seductively at them and motioned for them to take off their jeans. Gary and Tom looked at each other and I started to wonder if they had ever been naked together, at least in a sexual situation. Locker rooms and school showers were one thing but having your brother see you with an erection was probably something new for them judging from their hesitation and the way they were exchanging looks. Well, so much the better!

"That's better!" I encouraged them as they undid their belts and quickly pulled down their jeans, "Underwear too!"

In a moment they were both sitting bare-bottom on the couch and I couldn't help but smile at the sight before me. They were both sporting a full erection with their cocks sticking out from their crotches, pointing to the ceiling. Neither one seemed to want to look at the other. They were obviously so aroused it was almost laughable. There was no doubt that I probably could have asked them to bark like a dog and they would have done it without even thinking. Instead, I had better things for them in mind. I stepped off of the couch and looked at Rick.

"OK Rick, you too," I told him. Hopefully he didn't think he was going to get away with not performing for me as well!

Rick puffed his cheeks out and let out a loud breath as I stood there, waiting impatiently with my arms crossed and fingers tapping. It didn't take long for him to show off his incredible cock. Of all the men in my family, Rick had the biggest cock, at least when he was aroused. His made the other two look rather puny but it really didn't matter to me. I knew Rick's cock pretty well by now so I was just as interested in the two new ones as I was in his.

I love trying out a new cock as each one has its own personality and characteristics. No two guys tasted and smelled the same, some even varying depending on the day. It was always fun to try out a new one and learn where it was the most sensitive and how it felt in my mouth. Oh well, I was pretty sure I would be finding out soon enough so it was back to having fun with them. The brothers looked at Rick and I wondered what they were thinking about his cock as it looked to be about half again as big as either of theirs. Guys are so self- conscious about their cocks! Big ones LOOKED sexier but when I came down to it, size really doesn't matter so long as you don't go to extremes.

I sat back on the chair that was closest to the couch and lifted my right leg over the arm, giving them an unobstructed view of my crotch although it was still being mostly hidden by my thong. I started rubbing myself through the thin material and I could feel a hint of moisture through the fabric. They certainly weren't the only ones in the room that were hungry for more sex!

"Here's how it's going to go," I told them, almost like I was back to my student teaching again and they were my eighth graders all listening attentively, "I'm going to sit here and play with myself while you guys watch."

The three of them exchanged glances but Tom and Gary were now looking mostly at Rick. This certainly wasn't going down the way he had promised. What they didn't know was that the best (from my perspective at least) was yet to come.

"Now... while I play with myself I want you guys to jerk yourselves off. The first to cum gets the first blowjob."

Now THAT got their attention. Like cock size, I have never understood why guys are so hung up about masturbation. From what I've seen, they ALL do it but yet they act like it is something secret or dirty. Girls just seem to understand it more and I started masturbating with my friends at sleepovers when I was only thirteen or so. I was never embarrassed by it - why should I be? We only did it to feel good and there was never anything at all sexual between us so what was the harm? But just even mention doing the same thing to a guy and they act like it is the worst thing in the world.

My threesome today was no exception. All three has this deer-in-the-headlights look and so far, none of them was reaching for his dick. Rick had masturbated for me before when he was really horny but he had never done it WITH another guy so far as I knew.

"C'mon guys, don't you want any of this?" I teased, pulling my thong to one side to reveal my smooth shaved pussy to them. My finger rubbed up and down my wet slit and then I plunged it deep inside of me.

The three of the let out a collective gasp, even Rick who had seen me masturbate many times before. Maybe it was because he HAD seen me doing something like this before, Rick was the first to regain his wits and next thing I knew he was stroking his cock like crazy. Tom and Gary noticed what he was doing, they looked back at me as I played with my pussy, and finally gave in to their our lust. They were a bit tentative at first but once they got started their little heads took control from the big ones and they started masturbating for me. I loved it, especially knowing that at least for Gary and Tom, they had never jerked off together before. For a quick second I wondered what else I could get the two brothers to do with each other that they had never done before!

"Mmmmmmm, now that's JUST what I wanted to see," I purred, "Oh yea, three teenage boys all jerking off... and just for me! God this is so hot!"

I stopped playing long enough to take off the rest of my clothes. The thong was the first to go and my bra quickly followed, leaving me naked in front of them except for my heels. You would think seeing a guy masturbating would be old hat for me by now but I simply couldn't take my eyes off of what was happening in front of me. I'd never had three boys jerk off for me like this before and it was making me hornier by the minute as I watched them.

As they masturbated together, I wondered who would be the first to cum. My bet was on Gary - he certainly seemed to be the horniest of the three. Frankly, I was sort of pulling for him as I thought it would be hot to give him his first BJ in front of the other two before anyone else had anything of me. It was turning me on so much to watch them that I wasn't even paying a lot of attention to myself. It didn't seem to matter to them though, they were staring at my pussy for the most part where I was rather absentmindedly toying with my clit. I licked my lips seductively for them and then brought my hand from my pussy to my mouth where I licked my pussy juices off my fingers. Mmmmmmm, it tasted soooooo good! My eyes remained fixed on their dicks, seeing their hands running over them and imagining how they would soon taste in my mouth!

Seeing me licking my pussy juices from my fingers was evidently the last straw - at least for one of them. My heart skipped a beat as I realized that Tom was looking to be the front-runner as he was stroking something fierce but then, just moments before Tom came, Gary came out of nowhere and he shot a load of cum at least a foot into the air, landing on his legs and hand. A second shot had emerged before his brother let out a groan and began to cum as well. Tom also shot his load up in the air but it was more out in front of him and landed on the carpet. It was so cool to see the both of them stroking their dicks as even more cum emerged and my first thought was how much I would have loved to have felt them cumming in my mouth and pussy together. Well, I had little doubt that it would happen before I left the room!

As it turned out, Rick was a distant third, not cumming until both of the others had run out of their own sperm and were laying back against the couch, panting from their exertions. He looked at me a little sheepishly, apparently a bit embarrassed at his failure to win but it was fine with me since I was more interested in the brothers than him, at least at this moment. I lowered my leg from the chair and stood up in front of them.

"Well, well," I said with a grin, "Looks like young Gary here is the winner!"

Tom looked at Gary and glanced down at his brother's still hard cock for just a second and then looked away, evidently still a little embarrassed to look directly at his brother's dick, especially now that it was covered with cum. Gary was grinning broadly, of course, and I was just as anxious as he was to award him with his well-deserved prize.

"OK - strip!" I commanded. It was aimed at all three of them as they still had their shirts on and I wanted to see them nude. In a moment they had been removed and I was left with three horny teenage boys sitting on the couch in front of me, still with these massive erections! Mmmmmmm, there was one thing you had to say about young guys - they could cum and keep on going! They were Energizer bunnies! It was truly an incredible sight that any girl would appreciate - what more could a girl ask for than to see three teenagers dying to fuck her?

"Mmmmmmm, I want that cock," I murmured seductively as I approached Gary.

Gary was sitting in the middle and as I kneeled in front of him I saw the other two watching my every move. Gary's cock was proactively quivering as he just sat there with his hands to his sides, his eyes fixed on me as I leaned forward and put my hands on his bare thighs. He had a nice covering of brown pubic hair and there was a few traces of cum left from his recent masturbation session. Reaching forward with my right hand, I grasped his cock at the base and slowly stroked it.

"Such a nice, hard, cock," I whispered just loud enough for them to hear, "Tell me Gary, do you want me to suck it?"

Gary's eyes were staring down at me, not even blinking as he seemed unable to even breath, let alone talk to me.

"C'mon Gary," I encouraged him, "If you really want me to suck your dick then you have to tell me."

If there was one thing Gary DID want, it was a blowjob and he licked his dry lips as he took a deep breath before answering me.

"Oh yeah, I want you to suck it."

"Suck what Gary?" I teased him.

"Dammit, I want you to suck my dick," Gary finally blurted out, "Oh my god, PLEASE suck it!"

"Mmmmmmm, now was that so hard to say?" I said to him. It was so cool to hear him begging for me to suck his cock. If only he knew I wanted to do it as much as he wanted me to!

I reached out to the tip of his cock with my tongue and gently started to tease the head with my tongue. I ran my tongue around it in circles, paying special attention to the underside of his head where I could feel him flinch each time I licked him there. Finally, I looked up at him and while our eyes met I slowly took him in my mouth, taking all of him in with one long smooth motion. His pubic hair pressed against my face as I buried the last bit of his cock in my mouth and then twisted my head around it. God, he smelled so good!

I started to bob up and down on his cock, fucking his dick with my mouth while my tongue ran around it. I reached behind him and grabbed his firm nude butt as I gave him his first blowjob. It was hard to imagine what must be going through his mind as his cock was being sucked for the first time. Was it what he had imagined? I knew one thing, he would always remember his first BJ which meant he would always remember my mouth on him. For a moment, I let it slip from my mouth as I held the base of his cock and looked up at him.

"So tell me Gary, is it what you dreamed it would be?"

Gary was breathing hard and he still had his hands to his side, as if he was afraid to touch me.

"C'mon Gary, tell me... do you want more or not?" I teased him gently. Of course he would want more - I have never met a guy yet who asked me to stop giving him head!

"Don't stop," he panted hoarsely to me, "God that feels so good!"

I took just the head of his dick in my mouth and sucked on it like it was a candy sucker. In a way, at least for me, it was! Besides, I would rather suck on a nice hard dick any day than a piece of candy! After sucking him for a while longer, I could tell he was getting close to cumming again so I again lifted my head and looked up at him.

"Do you want to cum in my mouth?" I asked him. Again, I knew exactly what the answer would be. Some guys liked to cum on my face and boobs but nobody had yet declined an offer to shoot his cum into my mouth.

"You can do it Gary," I said to him, "You can cum in my mouth... you just have to ask me."

"Do it Gary!" Rick joined in, "Cum in the slut's mouth."

Gary looked over at Rick and grinned. Then he looked back over at Tom who encouraged him even more.

"Go for it Gary. God, it would be just like that porn movie we watched last night!"

I could only imagine what he meant by that but I was game for just about anything. I gave Gary a questioning look and suddenly he was Mr. Macho in front of his brother and friend. He pushed me back so I was sitting up on my knees and rose from the couch to stand in front of me where he started stroking his cock in front of my mouth. The head of his dick was only an inch or so away and I knew when he came it was going to spray all over me if I didn't get it in the mouth!

"Open your mouth, bitch," he said, "Stick your tongue out for me to cum on."

Yep, he had definitely seen one too many porn flicks but I wasn't about to ruin his fantasy. He had probably jerked off numerous times just dreaming about saying that to a girl and now he was finally having his chance to do it for real. As he undoubtedly was hoping, I obediently opened my mouth wide and stuck my tongue out as far as I could.

In the meantime, I figured why not go for it all and so I started to play with my pussy with one hand while I rubbed my boobs with the other. It didn't take long for him to cum. I watched his dick closely and suddenly this stream of white cum shot out from it and thankfully landed on the back of my tongue. I could taste the bitterness immediately as another shot hit home. Gary was pumping his cock hard now and his aim began to stray so the rest of his cum landed on either my cheeks or my chest.

When he appeared to be finished I grabbed his cock from his hand and pulled it into my mouth. He shuddered and groaned as I sucked his sensitive head, drawing a few more drops of sperm from him. He collapsed back onto the couch, groaning and mumbling something about how incredible it was. I wiped the cum off my cheek with the back of my hand and grabbed the nearest shirt that was laying on the floor, using it like a towel to wipe the rest of his cum from my face and boobs. It made a mess of whoever's shirt it was - I think it was Tom's, but I didn't care. Swallowing down Gary's cum, I grinned at all three of them.

"Well, that was a nice way to get started," I chuckled, "So who's next?"

Both Tom and Rick started to speak up but it didn't matter, I already knew who I was going to next. After all, why suck just one cock when you can have two? I motioned to both of them to come closer.

"Come on boys, give me both of those wonderful cocks."

Tom and Rick looked at each other, a bit confused at first and then they realized what my intentions were. Their homophobic fears surfaced once again as they hesitated but I wasn't going to let that stop them.

"Well, if you want to me suck your dicks then you'll both have to get over here," I encouraged them.

As I've said numerous times before, once you get a teenage boy good and horny there's not much you can't get them to do and so it was with Rick and Tom. Despite their uneasiness about having their cocks touching, they both wanted a blowjob even more so they stood next to one other in front of me while Gary watched from the couch. I took a cock in each hand and slowly started to stroke them.

"Mmmmmmm, nothing like two nice teenage cocks at the same time," I said, grinning up at them.

I pulled them closer to me, using their cocks like a leash, until they were side by side with me in the middle. Both cocks were next to my face and I took each in my mouth, one by one at first, alternating between the two of them while stroking the one that wasn't in my mouth at the same time. With all the blowjobs I've given over the years, there have actually only been a few times when I have sucked more than one at a time so this was as erotic for me as it was for them.

After a while I took them both by the base and pulled them closer together until I was able to put both of them in my mouth at the same time. It was quite a mouthful to say the least! I wondered how they were feeling, having their cocks against each other's while my mouth surrounded both of them. I dropped them both and looked up at them.

"How do you like this boys?" I asked seductively. The two of them exchanged glances and grinned.

"Sort of weird," Rick admitted, "Never felt another guy's cock next to mine before." He looked at Tom and shrugged. Tom grinned back at him.

"Hey now, don't get any weirdo ideas," Tom said to Rick with a laugh.

I giggled at their exchange and went back to work on their cocks again. It wasn't easy to take two cocks in my mouth at the same time and there was no way I could get all of the them in together so I stuck mostly to sucking their heads. My mouth was actually getting tired from being stretched out so far so I would rest at times and just stroke them with my hand.

"So who's going to cum on me first?" I teased.

Both of them were as hard as steel and from the way they were both groaning I had a feeling it was going to be a tossup. As it turned out, it was pretty much a tie. I had just dropped them from my mouth again and was stroking them when I felt both cocks beginning to swell in my hands and just as quickly both of them were cumming again. Neither of them had a chance of hitting my mouth and I felt their cum hitting each side of my face, neck and shoulders. There was probably a few loads in my hair as well which I knew would be a pain in the ass later to get out but what could I do at the moment?

I quickly leaned forward and took them one-by-one again in my mouth, sucking whatever cum was left and taking them all the way down to the base of their crotches. I kept hold of them for balance as I struggled to get up on my feet. My knees were starting to get a bit tired after all these blowjobs!

"Now be good boys and sit down on the couch with Gary," I instructed them, "I need to get myself off now."

Although the three of them were far from being limp, their cocks were not 100% erect but I knew it wouldn't take much to get them back in shape again. Rick had actually fucked me four times once without having to wait any significant time between cumming - something his father certainly wasn't capable anymore - or his uncle for that matter. I sat back on the chair again and once again lifted my leg up over the arm and rested back in the opposite corner of the chair. I really DID need to get off - all this cocksucking had made me horny as hell! As much as I wanted to get fucked, I knew the three of them weren't going anywhere so why not have some fun first?

I love to masturbate and one of the things that makes it even better for me is to be watched when I do it. Sometimes I pretend I don't notice that I am being watched which makes it pretty hot since the guy think he is catching me doing something he shouldn't be seeing. My favorite, though, is to have someone watch me like I was performing or something. One of my biggest fantasies is to be on a stage and have sex with a crowd of people watching. Of course, it would start out with just me on the stage, masturbating while the entire crowd got to watch and wish they could fuck me.

For the next fifteen to twenty minutes, it was just the Kelly Show as the three of them sat there mesmerized by what I was doing to myself. I came twice, the second time being the best as I gushed pussy cum and felt it running down my ass and onto the chair. I could only imagine how Gary and Tom would be explaining the stains on their furniture to their mom! By the time I was finished I was now as horny as I'd been all day (which is saying a LOT) and I desperately needed a cock in my pussy. As much fun as it was to masturbate for them, at this point it was ME that needed THEM. God, I needed to be fucked so bad – and fucked hard as well!

Being Gary was the virgin, it seemed only fair that he fuck me first, even if he did get the first blowjob earlier. His cock had fully recovered although to be fair, so had the others. All signs of shyness had long since disappeared and the three of them were stroking their cocks shamelessly while I was masturbating. I walked over to the couch and motioned for them to move off after which I laid down and stretched out on my back.

"You can touch me now," I said softly to them as I rested my head back and closed my eyes.

I waited and it wasn't long before I felt the soft touch of the first pair of hands. I wanted so bad to open my eyes to see who was the first to be brave but I kept them shut and allowed them to explore me in any way they wanted. I had done this a long time ago with a boy I dated that was shy and it was so incredibly erotic that now I liked to do it with other young guys. With older guys, it would have been just like I was being groped but with the young boys there is this sense of mystery and naughtiness that can really get you hot!

Soon I felt the hands of the others on me and the three of them were touching me on my legs and chest. At first they seemed to stay away from my pussy and boobs but eventually someone got the guts to touch my pussy and eventually to press his finger between the folds of my pussy lips. My boobs were the next to get attention and it was all I could do not to open my eyes to see who was doing what to me. I had a feeling that by not looking at them it helped them to be a bit braver so I just kept them shut and enjoyed their explorations. It took a while but eventually whoever was playing with my pussy got the nerve to push a single finger up into my pussy and I couldn't help but gasp. The finger quickly withdrew, apparently mistaking my gasp at the pleasure it gave me with something bad.

"Oh no, keep it in me," I whispered to whoever it was playing with my pussy. He must have heard me because once again I felt the explorations again in my pussy.

One thing I DID know, it couldn't have been Rick. He had toyed with my pussy plenty in the past so first, he wouldn't be so tentative, and second, he never would have pulled it out when I gasped. Somehow I had a feeling it was Gary as Tom had probably felt a girl before and whoever was touching me was certainly being tentative about it!

I allowed them to play with me for as long as I could stand it. As erotic as it was to let these three teenagers explore me without any interference from me, now I REALLY needed to be fucked so I opened my eyes and too in the scene. Sure enough, it was Gary down at my hips, his hands both on my pussy. Tom was closest to me and Rick was in the middle, the two of them each tending to one of my boobs. They were so close I could feel their hard cocks pressing against me and all I could think of was having one of them in me - and in me NOW!

"God I need to be fucked," I whispered in a husky voice. Rick started to push Gary to the side but I didn't want him to be the first.

"I want Gary fuck me first," I insisted. Gary's eyes widened and I smiled at him saying, "Don't you want to fuck me Gary?"

I grabbed one of the pillows from under my head and pushed in under my ass to lift me off of the couch and make it easier for Gary's first time. Gary seemed a bit confused. As many porn flicks as he must have watched, it just goes to show you that nothing beats the real thing when it comes to learning how to fuck. I motioned for him to get on the couch between my legs as I lifted my knees up until my feet were flat on the couch. My knees spread as far apart as I could make them and I reached out for him with both hands.

"That's it Gary," I encouraged him, "Get on top of me."

Fortunately it was a wide couch, especially with the pillows that made up the back removed. Gary scooted up and then leaned over me, holding himself up and off of me with his hands to my sides. I could feel his cock rubbing against my lower stomach as Gary's lowered his face down close to mine.

"You can kiss me," I said softly.

It just seemed appropriate that I should make his first time more intimate so it wasn't like he was just fucking some plastic doll. Under the circumstances, even though I didn't feel ANYTHING emotional for him, I figured the least I could do is let him kiss me. Hopefully it would allow him to feel more like I was a girlfriend submitting myself to him rather than just some slut that would have fucked anyone and he was just the one who happened to be doing me now.

Rick's lips touched my gently and then I opened my mouth and touched them with my tongue. His lips parted and his tongue met mine and we kissed for several minutes. He was actually not a bad kisser! In another place and time I could have gone on like this for hours, just feeling his warm naked body against mine, his stiff cock pressed against my stomach as he kissed me. Unfortunately, we had an audience and not a very patient one at that!

"C'mon Gary, fuck her!" Rick encouraged him.

"Yeah Gary, let's get going," his brother chided him, "Some of us would like a piece of the slut too ya know!

Gary ignored them at first but I DID want to be fucked more than just make out so I reached down and grabbed his hard cock. I guided it to my pussy hole and lifted my hips against it.

"Push it in me Gary," I said in a whisper, our lips barely apart, "Fuck me Gary."

Gary seemed to hesitate just a moment. After all, it WAS his first time and maybe he was thinking that this wasn't how he had imagined losing his virginity? I doubted that even in his wildest masturbation moments he had imagined he would be fucking a girl for the first time in front of two other guys, one of whom was his older brother!

"Please Gary, I want you in me... please fuck me," I begged him. It was partly for him that I said it but it was mostly for me. I really DID want him to fuck me and the feel of his cock head pressed against my wet pussy was almost more than I could stand. Gary's face was just above mine and I barely heard him as he whispered.

"Oh god, I want to so bad... I'm sorry, I don't know how," he said. I was pretty sure the others didn't hear him as they would have undoubtedly teased him mercilessly. For me, it was really quite cute; suddenly he wasn't the big macho man anymore but a scared teenage boy about to take a major step in his life. Seeing the fear in his eyes, I was glad that I had let him kiss me and I knew it was up to me if this was going to happen so I wrapped my legs around him and literally pulled him into me.

Feeling me pulling him in, he finally responded by pressing his hips in towards me as he tried to push his cock into me. He grunted as it failed to penetrate me. As wet as I was and as much as I had been playing with my pussy, it was still pretty tight and so it was able to resisted the invader. Gary grunted again as his cock pressed harder against me and as stiff as it was, I could feel it bend slightly as he pushed harder and harder.

"That's it Gary, keep pushing," I encouraged him more, "You're almost there."

Finally it was like my pussy simply surrendered and his head popped into me at least an inch or more. God it felt so damn good to finally have a real dick inside of me! My pussy felt like it was being stretched out and there was this incredible pressure building inside of me. Gary pushed harder and now that his cock had finally violated me, he slid easily deep inside of me until his crotch met mine. I wiggled my hips under him as I felt his pubic hair pressed against my bare crotch. It sort of tickled and I liked the feel against me, especially since it signified that he was as deep as he could be in me and now there was nothing was between us as my pussy welcomed his cock.

"Oh Gary, that feels so good," I sighed as Gary held his cock in me, "Move it in and out now."

Gary didn't say anything but that didn't mean his audience was quiet, not by a long shot!

"That's it Gary, fuck her!" I heard Tom call out.

Both Tom and Rick kept up almost a nonstop commentary, like two sportscasters at a football game. Gary stayed in the missionary position; I think he was so overwhelmed that he was actually fucking me that any thoughts of doing me any other way never even entered his mind.

"Does my pussy feel good Gary?" I asked him, "Tell me how it feels to fuck me. How does it feel to have you cock inside of me?"

I love it when a guy talks to me while he is fucking me, the dirtier the better. Gary was evidently so engrossed in what was going on between his legs that he wasn't saying a word until I finally encouraged him to speak.

"God it feels so good... so tight and wet... so good," he managed to finally gasp between thrusting himself in me again.

He just kept pushing himself in me as far as he would go and then drawing himself almost all the way out before immediately pushing himself back in again. Not exactly the most imaginative technique but it worked. Sure, I loved the physically feeling of a dick in me but it was the emotional aspects that made a simple fucking into a great one. Knowing I was Gary's first was more than enough by itself but to have his brother watching, well THAT was even more special. Having my cousin there, and the other two not knowing that we were related was indeed the icing on the cake!

Gary was on the verge of cumming and even in his state of mind he had enough sense to realize he wasn't wearing a condom and I felt him reposition his arms so he could pull out of me when he came. Well, I wasn't going to tolerate any of that nonsense so I wrapped my legs around him and crossed my ankles over his ass.

"Don't you dare pull out, dammit," I warned him. He looked at me like I was crazy and I smiled back. "I'm on the pill silly, don't worry."

In response, Gary pushed himself hard against me, driving his cock in as deep as it would go.

"That's it Gary, cum inside of me," I whispered to him, "I want you to cum in my pussy."

Well, I got my wish as Gary groaned and I felt the warmth of his cum as I spurt from his cock and into the innermost regions of my pussy. Each time it died quickly and then was followed by another as Gary came inside of a girl for the first time. The peanut gallery kept up the commentary.

"Yeah Gary! Fuck her!" Rick cheered.

"Give it to her bro," Tom followed up with, "Fill her cunt!"

Gary collapsed onto his elbows and nearly crushed me as he finished. My boobs were pressed tightly against his chest and I could feel his sweaty body covering mine. Despite his exhaustion, he looked me in the eyes and grinned.

"So Gary, did it feel good to fuck me?" I said softly.

"Oh my god, that was so incredible!" Gary gasped, "I can't believe you let me cum in you!"

"Mmmmmmm, I loved it when you came in me Gary," I murmured to him, "Now let me suck your dick... I want to taste my pussy on it."

Gary lifted himself up and off of me, his cock, which was STILL pretty hard, leaving my pussy. He leaned against the couch next to my head and I turned on my side to take his cock in my mouth. God it tasted so damn good! Nothing beats the taste of a guy's cock just after he has fucked me. The mixture of his sperm with my pussy juices together with the strong odor of his crotch made for an incredible turn-on. Gary shivered as my mouth sucked his sensitive cock and he actually let loose a few more drops of cum for me to savor.

"Hey, when's it our turn?" Tom cut in.

I couldn't blame him as so far his brother was getting most of the attention. What the hell, I wanted him to fuck me too so why wait any longer?

Gary was finished for the moment so it was time to take on his brother. Tom was no virgin and while I had no idea how many girls he had fucked, it was obvious this wasn't his first time. I stood up and faced him with this sort of "Well, what do you want?" look on my face. Tom knew exactly what he wanted!

"Bend over on the couch," he demanded.

Gary had moved to the end of the couch where he was sitting and watching. I wondered if he even realized he was holding his cock or was it just a subconscious thing after fucking a girl for the first time?

I spun around and bent over, holding myself up with my outstretched arms. I spread my legs apart and looked back over my shoulder. Tom grinned at Rick and moved in behind me, holding his hard dick in his hand. I wiggled my butt at him and teased him to hurry up.

"Well, are you going to just stand there holding your dick or are you going to fuck me?"

"Shut up slut," Tom said playfully, "This time you're getting screwed by someone who knows what he's going."

For whatever reason, the phrase "screwed" has never been one of my favorites. Just something about it I guess, it just doesn't sound sexy. Maybe it seems like something a guy does to a whore - something I definitely do NOT claim to be. In this case I just ignored him and waited for him to back up his words with some action. Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long. I felt Tom's hand on my ass and then it worked its way down to my asshole. Then, in a totally unexpected move, the little pervert tried to press his finger into my asshole! I quickly slapped his hand away.

"Sorry, you can play with it but nothing goes IN," I admonished him.

I then realized what he meant when he bragged that he "knew what he was doing" - he wanted to show off by fucking my ass. I wondered if he had ever really had anal sex before from the clumsy way he approached it but in any case, I wasn't going for it. My ass was definitely a one-way street! Actually, I loved my ass and even my asshole to played with. If a guy wanted to lick my asshole, he was more than welcome to it. Just don't kiss me later and don't expect me to reciprocate!

"Ahhhhhh, come on," Tom whined, "Rick said that you would do anything I wanted."

I looked at Rick and then back over my shoulder at Tom. "I don't give a damn what Rick says, one more word about fucking my ass and I'm out of here!"

For a moment the room was deathly quiet. Maybe for the first time they saw me as a girl, as a real live person and not just some imaginary figure from out of a porn flick. No matter, I still was horny and ready to be fucked again so I quickly stepped in to restore the mood.

"Enough of all that, now are you going to fuck me or do I have to let Rick do it for you?"

Rick snickered at that and Tom did what he had to do to maintain his dignity - he stepped up to my rear and started fumbling with my pussy. He seemed to have a hard time navigating, even with my pussy as swollen, wet and open as it was whenever I had just been fucked. He may not have been a virgin but I was getting the impression Tom wasn't exactly a gigolo either! I didn't want to embarrass him but on the other hand I wanted his dick in me sooner than later so I reached between my legs and spread my pussy open with my fingers.

"That's it Tom, put it right here," I said softly, trying not to sound like I was telling him HOW to do it but rather encouraging him instead. I felt the head of his cock slip between my fingers and he slid rather easily into my pussy thanks to the results of his brother fucking me. On advantage of "sloppy second", it was a lot easier to get your cock into me the first time!

"Oh yeah Tom, that's it... push it in me deeper," I moaned for him.

Tom was gripping me with both hands on my hips and I felt him pull me back as at the same time he pressed his cock into me. The result was his cock slid into me until I felt his crotch press up against my ass and I wiggled it again to move it around inside of me. I looked back over my shoulder again and saw Tom grinning like the cat who ate the canary while he started stroking himself in and out of me. After a few times he overestimated his cock's length and it slipped out of me but he had the mark now and he quickly slid it back into me without missing a beat.

"Go Tom!" Gary exhorted from his position at the end of the couch, "Fuck her!"

"Damn, she's tighter than I expected!" Tom gasped as he rammed me time after time with his hard dick.

"Yeah, you would never know she was a real slut, would you?" Rick chimed in, evidently trying to impress them with his "experience" with me. I felt a little bad that

Rick still hadn't fucked me but it wasn't like he didn't know what it was like. When I had first heard his plans for today I had expected that he would be the one I fucked the most with the other two guys just watching but once I found out about them being brothers - and one a virgin at that, all my plans went by the wayside and all I wanted was to be fucked by the two of them. Still, Rick had an impressive cock so I decided it was time to get him involved as well.

"Get over here Rick, I want to suck your dick while Tom fucks me," I said to Rick in a seductive voice.

Rick seemed rather hesitant at first. It wasn't that he didn't want me to, it was more a question as to HOW I was going to. I motioned for him to sit on the couch in front of me and he quickly scampered over and sat down in front of me. I put my hands on his legs and leaned over to take his hard cock in my mouth while Tom kept fucking me from behind.

Getting it from behind was OK but not my favorite position because it was so hard to see what he was doing. I loved to watch myself being fucked, to see his cock sliding in and out of me while I felt it inside of me at the same time. Sometimes I would try to look underneath and back but it was uncomfortable to say the least. This was one time, though, that it worked out for the best as it made it easy for me to suck Rick at the same time. Actually, although I had been fucked my multiple guys at one time before, it was usually more one after the other and not two at the SAME time. This felt sexy in that it was like I was being fucked from both ends - my pussy and my mouth, at the same time.

"God your cunt feels so good!" Tom exclaimed and I knew he was getting close to cumming again.

I wanted to tell him to be sure to cum in my pussy but I had Rick's cock in my mouth and I didn't want to let go of it, not even for a few seconds. Tom should have gotten the idea of what I wanted anyway from when his brother had just fucked me. Thankfully, he wasn't as stupid as he seemed to be at times and when he came, he did it exactly where I wanted it - in my pussy again!

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" Tom grunted as I felt his crotch push up tight against my ass.

His hips twitched against me as he unleashed his sperm inside of me, joining whatever was still in there from his brother. When he finished he didn't stay in me but instead just flopped down on the couch between his brother and Rick. I had sperm from two of them in me so now it was time to make the trifecta. I let Rick's cock slip from my mouth and I looked up at him as he stared at me, probably wondering what I had up my sleeve - if I had been wearing one. I grinned at him and started to work my way up onto the couch. Rick quickly grasped my intent and he closed his legs together to make it easier for me to straddle him. I was finally on my knees with his cock pointing up at my wet, dripping pussy like an arrow aimed at its target.

"You ready to fuck me too?" I asked him softly, but loud enough for the other two to hear.

"Hell yeah!" Rick all but shouted as he grabbed me by the waist and literally pulled me down onto his cock.

I was so wet and open by now that his cock slid in me like he was fucking my mom. Tom's cum was dripping from me and some of it had landed on Rick's crotch but he didn't seem to care, if he even noticed. I sat down on his cock and wiggled my ass around in little circles.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT is where it belongs, doesn't it?" I gasped as the pleasure of his cock ran through me. He may have been the third cock in me this afternoon but I still loved it just the same.

Rick's hands cupped my ass and he helped me by lifting me and then lowering me up and down on his stiff dick. I looked over at the two brothers and they were watching Rick fuck me, of course, but I loved it that they were also stroking their own cocks at the same time. Hard to believe that the two of them didn't even want to be in the same room naked not too much earlier!

I briefly toyed with the idea of seeing how far I could push them, maybe even have them jerk each other off, but that would have probably been a little much, even if they were as horny as they were at the moment. Instead, I turned my focus back to the wonderful feeling of a male dick filling my still starving pussy. Rick could have called over every friend he had and the way I was feeling now, I would have fucked every one of them!

"God Kelly, you're such a fucking slut!" he whispered to me and then he winked.

I grinned as we were both probably thinking the same thing - if the brothers only knew the truth about the two of us! It would have been thrilling to tell them and see the expressions on their faces but as horny as I was at the moment, I still knew better than to do such a stupid thing. Even Rick, just a few seconds from cumming again, knew better. Hopefully we would never see these two guys in church or wherever when we were together as a family but since I had never seen them before the odds of that happening were pretty remote.

"I am, eh?" I teased him as I raised myself up and then lowered myself down slowly on his stiff cock.

I loved being on top sometimes because it let me set the tempo and penetration of a the guy's cock who was fucking me. So many guys get on top and just bang away as fast and hard as they can until they cum. Not that doing so is always bad - not by any means! It's just that there are times, like this, when I like to savor the feeling more, to be able to concentrate on every inch of his cock as it passes in and out of me. Sometimes I lift up until the head is just barely inside of me and the rest of his shaft is exposed. The best is when I look down and allow myself to drop as slowly as possible onto him and watch his cock disappear inside of me at the same time I can feel it penetrating me and warming me inside. See a guy fuck me is such a turn-on!! Sometimes my dad takes videos when he fucks me and later when we watch it on the big-screen TV we both get soooooo horny!

"Oh yeah, you're the biggest slut I know!" he confirmed.

"Then fuck me like a slut!"

Rick grinned at me when I said that. He looked over at his friends who were still nursing their hard-ons, probably wishing they could be inside of me again. He lifted me off of him and spun me around and then pulled me back down onto his lap again. My pussy was so wet and swollen that he easily slipped back into me again and I sat on his lap with my feet on the floor and hands on his knees as I rocked on his dick. I could feel his hands gripping my waist as he lifted me up and then pushed me down on his cock. I looked down and saw his thick cock appear and then disappear again as it stroked in and out of me. Both of the brothers got up and stood in front of me to watch as my boobs bounced from the rapid motions I was making.

"Cum in me Rick!" I panted. I really DID want him to cum. I wanted the two brothers to see his cock cum in me and mix with their cum that was still in me. Most of all, I just wanted to be fucked and fucked and fucked even more!

"Do her Rick!" Gary cheered, "Fuck the little slut!"

"Here it comes!" Rick groaned from behind me and I felt his hands squeeze me tighter as he stopped stroking himself in me and just sat still. I leaned back and looked down to see just the base of his cock visible below my pussy as suddenly he jerked and I saw his cock push upward at the same time I could feel him cum in me, so deep in me it was like he was pushing up against my stomach inside.

"That's it Rick, cum in me!" I encouraged him, "Fuck me Rick!"

Again and again I felt him hump me as he ejaculated inside of me. Each time I felt the warmth of his cum in me and all I could think about was what it must be like inside of me to have his sperm released in me, coating the inside of my pussy with his slimy sperm. .As he came I played with my pussy slowly, rubbing my clit until I could finally feel my orgasm rising in me. Rick was through cumming but there was no way I was moving - not now! I closed my eyes and leaned my head back as I felt my pussy squeezing down tight on his cock.

"Oh my god, that feels so good!" I moaned, "You're making me cum!"

Suddenly it was like I was going to the bathroom as the cum gushed from my pussy and covered Rick's thick pubic hair. I even forgot about the two boys watching me as all I could think about was how good my pussy felt at that moment with Rick's dick impaled in it and my finger running circles around my aroused clit. I feel forward, going to my elbows on his knees and my face almost to my legs as my orgasm struck.

It wasn't the most incredible orgasm I had ever had but there was no such thing as a bad one! I just kept moaning and telling them how good it felt as it was like my entire body suddenly tingled and if wasn't for Rick holding me, not to mention his dick acting like a post for me to be mounted on, I probably would have fell to the floor. Finally I leaned back again against him and his hands moved up to cup my boobs as I opened my eyes to see the two brothers still stroking. I was rather surprised they hadn't gotten themselves off again but maybe twice was al they thought they could do.

When my head cleared I stood up and as I did Rick's cock fell from my cunt and it was like a stopper had been removed from me and his cum mixed with more of mine drained from me. I reached down and gathered some up with my hand and put it to my mouth to lick off.

"Mmmmmmm, nice dessert," I said with a naughty grin as I slowly licked the mixture from my hand and fingers.

Well, I had sucked and fucked the three of them so that should have proven out Rick's boasts. Indeed, Rick was looking more than satisfied as was Tom but Gary was still horny from the looks of it! He looked like he had something to say and then he finally blurted it out.

"Can I fuck you again Kelly?" he asked. I almost laughed at the plaintiff tone, almost like a little by asking for another piece of candy he know he shouldn't have. I was tempted, to say the least. As horny as I still was, I could have fucked all three of them again but somehow it just seemed like it was time to call it quits with them. I wanted them to think of me as a slut, not a whore!

"Maybe another time," I said as I reached out and grabbed his cock. I stroked it a few times and smiled at him before dropping it and reaching down to gather my clothes.

My pussy was still leaking so I grabbed another one of their shirts and used it to clean myself off. I wondered if their mom was going to recognize what was staining their shirts when she did laundry the next time? The guys reluctantly dressed as well. I didn't bother with my bra or thing this time, what was the point? I hated wearing them unless there was a good reason so I just bunched them up and held them as I turned to Gary and Tom.

"OK, now hand it over!" I said to them. They looked at me as if they had no idea what I was talking about but I knew better!

"You know what I mean - hand it over!" I insisted. Rick truly didn't seem to understand but Tom and Gary did. They frowned and walked over to the fireplace mantel where they pushed aside a couple of pictures to reveal the video camera that was hiding behind it.

"What the fuck?" Rick said incredulously. He turned to me and his face told me clearly he had not known about it. Then he turned to the other two and pointed his fingers at them.

"You motherfuckers!" he said accusingly, "You promised me that you wouldn't do that!"

Gary just sighed and raised his hands palm up as if to say he tried but hadn't gotten away with it. Tom took out the DVD and handed it to me with a smile.

"Well, you can't blame us for trying!" he said.

"Yes I can," I said with a huff and I walked out with the DVD in one hand and my underwear in the other.

"C'mon Kelly, don't get mad," Tom called out after me.

I didn't look back until I was out the door and then only to see if Rick was following. He was close behind and so he unlocked the car and we got in and left. As soon as we were out of sight I broke out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Rick asked.

I held up the DVD and smiled saying, "Well, I never thought I would get a DVD of the afternoon... pretty cool!"

Rick reached over to grab it but I pulled it away.

"Nope, just for me," I teased.

On the way back we talked about what had all happened. Rick went on and on about how they hadn't believed him before but now they would trust anything he said in the future! My pussy hadn't settled down yet and the tight crotch of my jeans wasn't helping matters. It was SO tempting to reach over and suck in Rick's cock on the way home but I held off. There would be plenty of opportunities to do that another time.

Rick was carrying on so much about how cool it was to do me with them that he didn't even seem to think about doing anything on the way home anyway. It only took a few more minutes and he dropped me off at the curb. I leaned over to give him a kiss goodbye and hustled into the house where I found my mom in the kitchen, almost like I had just left her. She turned and saw me entering.

"Finally back I see," she said and then she noticed what I was carrying. "Don't tell me, you didn't tape it, did you?"

My grin was enough to confirm it but I also waved it at her as if to flaunt it.

"Well, I bet your dad's going to want to see that one, now THAT'S for sure!" she laughed. "Come over and have s eat and tell your dear old mom all about it - and I mean ALL about it!"

She brought me a glass of juice and I sat down at the kitchen table and started to tell her. As I did, I couldn't help but think about how cool it was going to be to surprise my dad by starting up the DVD later tonight and seeing his reaction when he realized what he was watching! I had a feeling my day wasn't over quite yet!

# (Dec 14) Chapter 131: Last Night Before Break

Story codes: MF F-solo oral
Me (21)
Ryan (37)

I had held out for most of the semester and tomorrow I would be going home for Christmas. I got myself so horny thinking of home that something had to give!

## 1. Too Horny to Wait

After breaking up with Michael, for the rest of the first semester of my senior year it was just me and my fingers when it came to sex. Of course Thanksgiving Break provided some "relief" but in a way it only intensified my feelings when I was back alone in my apartment. Not for the first (or last) time, I found myself wishing that my roomie Ali was into girls! God she was so hot! Seeing her nude while she was dressing or even just being close enough to smell her drove me nuts!

Finally the end of the semester arrived. Finals were over and everyone was just packing and having fun, anticipating our return home the next day for Christmas Break. By the way, I attend a Christian university so yes, we call it Christmas Break and not Winter Break! Ali was out in the living area with some of my other apartment roomies. Our on-campus apartments had three bedrooms with two girls in each that shared a common living area and kitchen.

Until a few minutes before, I'd been out there right along with them, laughing about the events of the past semester and talking about our plans for the upcoming break. Of course, I never told them about my REAL plans - that I intended to get fucked the minute I got home and as often as possible after that! Although I may not have been saying it aloud, the thoughts were certainly filling my mind, making me so damn horny that finally I couldn't take it anymore and excused myself to go to the bathroom.

No sooner had I shut the door behind me than I was yanking down my jeans and taking a seat. Actually, I DID have to pee but that wasn't my primary reason for being here. I quickly finished THAT business and my finger was on my clit before the toilet was half done flushing. I almost cried out as it was like I was applying an electric shock to my clit instead of just a fingertip. God I was SO incredibly horny, it was like I was going to burst. As I used one hand to play with my clit, I took the other and shoved a finger up my already soaking wet pussy. I wanted, NEEDED, a hard dick in me more than anything and as good as my finger felt up in me, it just wasn't the same.

Normally no matter how horny I am, masturbation settles me down and allows me to stay in control, if not satisfied. Not tonight. My heart was racing and it was almost like I was having an anxiety attack as my breathing quickened into fast, short breathes and my pussy felt like it was going to jump out of my body at any moment. Tasting my fingers, I could smell and taste my pussy and I dreamed of sucking a cock with my pussy cum all over it.

That was it. Last straw. I simply HAD to have a dick and there was no way I was going to make it until tomorrow without having a nervous breakdown. You would think after all the weeks without getting any that I would be able to hold out for twelve more hours but that wasn't the case, not by a long shot. Now I can say I really do understand how a cigarette smoker feels when she hasn't been able to smoke for a while, or a drug addict waiting for her next fix. In MY case, my "fix" was sex and if I didn't get some, and get it quick, I might do something stupid like attack Ali! As incredibly hot as that idea made me, I still had enough common sense left to know she was off-limits. Indeed, anyone at school was out of bounds for me, male or female. Sex was grounds for expulsion and as much as I wanted it, I wasn't going to get expelled with just one semester to go!

Therefore, the only question was where to find a dick? Well the obvious answer was below the waist of some guy so that meant all I had to do was find a guy willing to fuck me. THAT wasn't difficult for me to find, just as it isn't for any girl who is really serious about getting laid. What WAS difficult was finding someone who was discreet and wouldn't come looking for more later. I didn't want a boyfriend or a date, I just wanted a guy to take me and fuck me like there was no tomorrow - and never talk about it later with his friends!

Near my school is a factory with several little bars surrounding it where the workers hang out after their shift. In all the years I'd been going to school in this town, I'd never gone near any of them as I could only imagine the type of guys that frequented such establishments. For a single girl, and a college one at that, to walk into such a place would be like a lamb walking into a lion's den. Somehow that sounded like just the ticket tonight, though. I had a sneaky suspicion that getting laid in such a place wasn't going to be much of a challenge! So what if they weren't the most handsome and sophisticated men? The only thing I wanted was below their belts anyway.

I gave up masturbating. As good as it felt I knew I could rub my clit raw tonight and never be satisfied. Pulling up my pants, I exited the bathroom and returned to the living room.

"Wow, that was fast!" Ali whispered to me as I took a seat next to her on the couch.

Although we never really talked a lot about sex and I never did anything overtly with her around, she knew I masturbated - frequently. Heck, so did she but at my school, that sort of thing isn't discussed openly with most people so we both pretended not to notice the other.

"I only had to pee," I replied, pretending to be innocent.

"Yeah, right!" she teased me, tickling me innocently. If she only knew what it did to me when her hands were on me!

We both giggled and then I turned to her and whispered, "I need to run out and take care of some things before tomorrow."

Ali looked at me suspiciously, not buying my cover story for an instant.

"What do you need that can't wait until you're home tomorrow?"

"Just stuff," I replied, trying to avoid giving myself away.

Ali frowned at me. Even though she wasn't believing me, I doubted she had a clue as to what I was REALLY planning to do. I quickly gathered my purse and just headed out as I was dressed. It WAS December and although the winter had been pretty mild, it wasn't fit for shorts and so I was wearing a pair of jeans and a flannel shirt. As usual, I hadn't bothered with anything else, especially since I hadn't planned on leaving my apartment when I got dressed earlier. My hair wasn't exactly at its best but sometimes all I did was just comb it out and let it hang so this would just have to be one of those times.

Out in the parking lot, I climbed in my car and looked in the rearview mirror. Ugh, I had to do SOMETHING to be a bit more presentable although I suspected the guys I'd be meeting wouldn't be looking above my chest anyway. I found a wrap in my purse and pulled my hair back into a single ponytail so it didn't look so plain. A little lipstick and blush and my face wasn't so pale. A splash of perfume and that was it. Well, it would just have to do.

As I drove to the bar my pussy suddenly reminded me that it wanted something in it - something hard and warm. It was almost like a cramp it hit me so hard! I rubbed myself through my jeans and then forced myself to hold off as I didn't want to walk in with a wet spot between my legs. Even for me that would have been going a little too far!

It was only a short drive to the bar but I don't hardly even remember the trip. It was like I was in a fog, like some girl in a bad vampire movie who was being called by the vampire and robotically responding without really understanding what she was doing. In my case it wasn't a vampire but a nice cock that was calling me. Even though I didn't know where it was yet, I knew there would be one for me, nice and hard, eager to satisfy me.

## 2. Getting What I Needed

When I got to the bar I saw there were about a half dozen or so cars parked outside. Actually they were all trucks which gave me some insight as to the type of men who frequented the place. For just a moment I sat in my car with the engine off, contemplating what I was about to do. It was like for just a moment the vampire's pull on me had been broken and I realized what I was doing. God, I could be hurt or who knows what else! This was beyond stupid, it was flat out ridiculous. All I had to do was wait until morning and drive home. I was sure my dad would be waiting for me at the door, hard dick in hand, ready to welcome me home as only a father can. Why do this when my dad would be available in literally hours?

The struggle for my mind resumed and once again my pussy won out. It was all I could do to not just pull my jeans down and masturbate right there in the parking lot. Damn, I couldn't remember EVER being THIS horny before! What had happened to me? It wasn't like I'd woke up this way or anything. Something about tonight had triggered this inside of me, like a virus that had been activated by the proper code word and now was set upon driving me crazy if I didn't satisfy the manic lust that it had created within me. Oh well, did it really matter WHY I was feeling this way? All that mattered to me at that moment was to respond and accept it, to satisfy it... to get fucked!

As I walked to the front door I looked around and shuddered. It wasn't exactly the type of neighborhood I'd grown up in, with all the nice middle-upper-class homes, well-lit brick streets, and pleasant neighbors. Without the moon it would have been pitch black except for the beer signs lit up in the window and the dilapidated sign out front with the bar name under a Pepsi logo. The parking lot wasn't even paved and the exterior of the bar apparently hadn't been painted, or received any other form of attention, since before I was born. Under any other conditions I wouldn't have been caught dead here! Unfortunately, this was exactly the type of place I knew where I could go and get a guy quickly and with no questions asked.

Stepping inside, it was almost comical. It was like one of those cheesy westerns where the bad guy steps into the saloon and everyone stops whatever they're doing and the place focuses on him. Indeed, that was me tonight. As soon as I opened the door every head turned to see who was violating their private little bar. As soon as they saw it was a girl, their faces went from sullen to eyes like saucers. Undoubtedly I was about the last thing they had ever expected to appear at the door this evening - or any other evening for that matter.

"You lost or something honey?" the bartender called out to me. Obviously he didn't think that I would actually be entering here unless I was forced to.

"Noooooo," I replied softly and innocently, "Why, can't I come in here?"

What I REALLY wanted to say was, "Anybody here want to fuck me?" but that would have been a little TOO forward, even in my current condition. Dropping my jacket and hanging it over my arm, I stepped up to the bar and took a seat on the stool. It felt a little odd as I had never actually been in a bar like this before. As I walked through the room it was like every pair of eyes in the place was staring at me with the majority either at my boobs or ass, which was perfectly OK with me.

"OK, what can I get ya?" the bartender asked.

"How about a Diet Coke?"

The bartender laughed and shook his head. I knew he wanted to say something more but he held his tongue like a good bartender.

"Here, on the house," he said with a grin as he set the glass in front of me. "So what brings you in here tonight anyway? You're not exactly the type we get in here very often."

"Oh? So just what type am I?" I teased him, letting my voice take on that little girl lilt to it that I knew men liked so much.

He didn't have a chance to answer as I was drawing men like flies. Before I knew it, there was one seated on each side of me. The guy on the left was rather young and good looking, probably early twenties at most. To the right was an older guy, not THAT old but probably in his thirties at least. He was a little rougher looking, starting to bald and obviously hadn't shaven since early morning. Both guys were wearing wedding rings, something a girl looks for instinctively when approached by a strange guy.

"Hi, I'm Simon," the younger one started out, "So what's a babe like you out alone tonight?

Well, so much for originality!

"Forget him," the older one broke in, "You look like you need something and I've got it."

He was patting his crotch and the bartender overheard him and saw what he was doing.

"Nice one Ryan," he scolded him, rolling his eyes, "nothing like being a gentlemen. Be careful or I'll tell Ruth on you!"

Any other time and I probably would have slapped this Ryan character but not tonight. I wasn't in the mood for some drawn out repartee with a guy like Simon. Sure he was younger and better looking and his breath was undoubtedly more palatable as well, but I was looking for someone more direct and wasn't in the mood at all to play games. I turned my back to Simon and gave my full attention to Ryan.

"That's OK, I like a man who says what's on his mind," I said softly. The I looked down at his crotch where the creep was actually rubbing himself through his jeans! Oh well, why not?

"Looks like you have a lot of things on your mind," I teased him, nodding to his crotch. Even with that he didn't take his hand away. Well, you had to give him credit for chutzpah!

Ryan looked around and glared at the other guys who turned away and pretended to ignore what was happening at the bard. Obviously he was the alpha male in this wolf pack. Even the bartender moved away as if he didn't want to be involved.

"Let's stop fooling around," he said in a conspiratorial tone, "You're not a cop, are you?"

I was shocked at that one and I guess my reaction was answer enough for him.

"Don't be offended, I was just checking. You know how it is."

"Well, I'm NOT a cop or anything like that," I said huffily.

"I didn't think so - the cop whores aren't as good looking as you anyway," he continued, "So what's it going to take?"

I looked at him with a blank stare. Damn, I wasn't a whore! Was THAT what he thought I was?

"I'm NOT a prostitute," I said firmly.

"Well, you're obviously not here for the atmosphere," he chuckled, reaching over to put his hand on my thigh. I didn't make any move to resist him which he took for permission to move it up closer to my crotch where he started to squeeze and rub his hand over my leg.

"Can't a girl just be looking for a drink?"

Ryan almost burst out laughing. "Yeah right, like you needed to come in here for a diet pop. I think somebody needs something a little more substantial."

"Oh?" I replied naively, "And what would THAT be?

His hand suddenly moved forward and his fingers pushed against my crotch through my jeans. At the same time his other hand was rubbing his dick which had obviously grown under his jeans.

"Why don't we go in back and I'll show you."

Well, there it was. Time to go for it or back away before it was too late. As crude and disgusting as he was, it WAS rather erotic in a way. It wasn't like your typical boy-meets-girl where the two dance around their real feelings all night - or longer. He clearly wanted to fuck me and he wasn't making any bones about it (no pun intended). Wasn't that exactly what I had gone out looking for?

"Well, are you sure you can handle me?" I teased him some more.

"Baby, the question is, can you handle ME!" he retorted, obviously full of himself.

With that he got up and motioned for me to follow. He stopped by the bartender who was now at the end of the bar.

"Gimme the keys to the office," Ryan demanded.

"I'm not supposed to let anyone in there," the bartender resisted.

"God dammit, if you don't give me these keys I'll take them from your cold stiff fingers," Ryan growled.

"Alright, alright, here," the bartender gave in, handing over a key chain with a single key on it and a round tag attached by a string that I could just make out said "office" on it in dirty letters.

"Get in here," Ryan said to me, apparently no longer caring who heard him or what they thought. I wondered if this was something he had done before or if it was all a show for his buddies. Something told me from the way he looked and acted that it was more bluff than anything. Had this been a frequent affair then he wouldn't have needed to make such a demonstration.

Once inside he shut the door and turned on the light. It was a small room that smelled of stale beer and potato chips. The only furniture was an old wooden desk and a couple of chairs that had clearly seen better days. Ryan turned to me and leered at me like some drunken fool. Actually, I didn't think he was all that dunk but rather just an idiot.

"Well?" he questioned me.

"What do you mean?" I responded, pretending to be confused.

"Shit, are you going to strip or what?"

It wasn't as if I was having serious second thoughts, but it WAS a little faster than I'd even dreamed about when masturbating earlier. I needed a moment to get myself calmed down a little as my heart was racing like a beating drum.

"Who's Ruth, anyway?" I asked.

"Fuck her," he grumbled, "my old lady... stupid bitch."

If Ryan's marriage had been all that good I doubted he would've been a regular at this bar but even so, he seemed almost ready to spit the words out when he mentioned her.

"Ah, so then you must fuck girls like me all the time then I take it?" I accused him as I started to unbutton my shirt.

"Yeah, lots of them," he answered as his eyes were fixed on my chest as my cleavage was more exposed.

There was something in his tone that told me he was lying. Ryan was a blowhard and I had a good feeling that he'd never had the nerve to actually cheat on his wife. So why was he doing it now? Had he gone up to me and flirted, never expecting to actually score with a girl like me? Had I called his bluff? Would he go through with it?

I was naked by now, standing in front of him like a piece of meat being checked over by an FDA inspector. Actually, I felt quite comfortable considering the circumstances. He may have been an overweight boorish letch, but at the same time I was clearly the one in control no matter how much he may try to bluff. It was becoming more clear to me by the moment that he had never dreamed that I'd actually go through with this and if anything, his face was showing a little anxiety - at least in between the leering looks and lip-smacking.

"So... what do you think," I teased as I spun around in a circle with my arms over my head, lifting my boobs up tight and showing off my firm ass. I was proud of my body and not afraid to show it off. If anything, it made me feel good to see the approval in his eyes.

"Damn fuckin' incredible," he almost whispered. I would've been willing to bet this was the closest he'd been to a nude college girl in his entire life - he didn't look like the type to have married a professional woman.

"Ever watch a girl masturbate?" I asked him with a sly grin on my face. I wanted to add, "besides in a porn video" but that would have been too much, even for this jerk.

He didn't respond but the way his eyes popped open told me all I needed to know. I scooted up on the desk, pushing the papers and magazines away without worrying about the mess I made - who would have noticed anyway? Leaning back on one hand, I spread my legs for him and started to run my fingers lightly over my crotch. My fingertips gently traced their way over my smooth shaved crotch, moving around my pussy without actually touching it.

"I bet Ruth's pussy doesn't look like this," I taunted him.

"You can say THAT again," he practically blurted out before he had time to think of it. He was breathing heavily and he was so fixated on my pussy that he wasn't even rubbing himself through his jeans anymore. The bulge there, though, told me he didn't need to touch it to make it any bigger!

"Now watch me play with myself," I encouraged him, as if THAT was necessary. I pressed my middle finger into the folds of my pussy and reached down to my hole and pressed it inside of me as far as I could.

"God that feels so good," I sighed.

Indeed it did. There was something about him watching me that was like adding gasoline to a fire, making my pussy almost feel like it was burning with pleasure as my finger stroked in and out of me. I was masturbating for HIM, not me, and I knew full well that men loved to see a girl put her fingers up her pussy so I ignored my starving clit for the moment and concentrated on fucking myself.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the way your jeans are bulging Ryan," I sighed again, "When are you gonna show me what you're hiding in there?

Ryan took the hint and unbuckled his belt. His jeans were tight, probably a couple sizes too small at least thanks to what was probably an ever increasing waist line. As he dropped his pants and dirty underwear, I couldn't help but wonder when the last time he looked down and actually saw his dick? I put away the thoughts of his bulging stomach and man tits as his hard cock came into view. Who cared if he was bald, overweight, and generally as uncouth as they come? He had the one thing that mattered to me the most at this moment - a wonderfully hard cock surrounded by a literal forest of thick, stiff pubic hair. Mmmmmmm! God, I HAD to have it.

No sooner had he stepped out of his pants and shorts than I was off the desk and on my knees in front of him. This was no time for a show, I wanted that dick - NOW! Grabbing it by the base to steady him, I leaned forward and took his dick in my mouth. God he tasted wonderful! Sure he needed a shower - badly, but that didn't take away from the unmistakable scent of his male musk, generated by his intense lust for me. His swollen cock head was nice and large, no marks or weird angles that some cocks seems to have. He felt so warm and smooth in my mouth, like a warm sausage fresh from the oven. After a few head bobs I let his cock drop from my mouth and looked up at him.

"Do you like that Ryan?"

"Fuck yes!" he whispered hoarsely, as if his voice would fail him if he said any more.

I sucked on it a while longer and then again looked up at him as my hand stroked his stiff wet shaft.

"So Ryan, does Ruth suck you as good as I do?"

"Shit, the bitch has never sucked my dick," he answered almost angrily. He definitely had some issues with Ruth!

Once I started sucking on his dick again, he grabbed my head and held it still as he moved his hips back and forth, driving his dick in and out of my mouth as if he was fucking it. Ryan didn't have the biggest cock in the world, not by a long shot, but he was large enough to where I could only take about two thirds of it before it struck the back of my mouth. Feeling his cock head against my throat, he stopped his thrusts and instead he pulled my head down onto him, like he was trying to mount my head on his cock like an apple on a stick.

"Take it all, babe," he grunted, driving his dick down my throat, "take my big dick."

I tried to relax but for a moment I thought I was going to gag - or worse. Then it made it past my gag reflex and I felt my throat fill with the head of his cock. After a few seconds I needed to breath but he was pulling my face tight against his crotch, plastering his sweaty pubic hair against my cheeks and face. Finally I pulled back hard enough to get his dick from my throat and I sucked in air past his dick.

"Too much for ya babe?" he teased me. Like all men, he obviously was looking for penis reinforcement and I didn't see any reason not to give it to him. I let his dick drop from my mouth and grabbed it with my hand as I looked at him yet again.

"It's a wonderful cock... I love it," I purred as if he was the original porn star, "Give me more of it."

He certainly didn't have to be asked twice! It went back and forth, from me bobbing on his dick to him fucking my mouth. Talk about a straight BJ, it was about as exciting as watching grass grow but hey, it WAS a dick so it couldn't be all that bad, could it? As much as I liked the taste of him, there was another part of me that was craving his cock far more than my mouth.

"Fuck me... I want you to fuck me," I said, getting up from my knees with my hand still holding his cock.

For a brief moment there was look of panic on Ryan's face. Yep, I was now sure of it. Ryan hadn't cheated on his wife before, despite his bravado, and he hadn't really planned to this evening either. He had bluffed, assuming I would never go through with anything, and now that his bluff was being called, he wasn't sure how to react.

I leaned over the deck, wiggling my bare ass at him and then spreading my smooth legs apart so he had a good view of my tight asshole and wet pussy from behind. I reached between my legs and fingered my hungry pussy as he watched.

"C'mon Ryan, wouldn't you rather see your fat dick in me than my finger?"

"Oh god," was all he could say as he stared at my ass and my hand on my pussy.

"C'mon Ryan, you're not worried about that cunt Ruth, are you?" I teased him, "I just can't believe you don't want to fuck me... You DO want to fuck me, don't you?"

"God help me, I do," he replied.

Gone was all the bullying and play-acting he'd done for his friends. Obviously it was all an act for his barroom buddies. Now I was seeing him the way he REALLY was - a pussy-whipped blowhard that was so scared of his overbearing wife that he was afraid to fuck the girl of his dreams, or at least his WET dreams.

"Last chance to fuck me, Ryan," I said, delivering my ultimatum, "Do you want to feel your dick in this tight, wet college pussy or not?"

It was a calculated bluff on my part. If he only knew how I was feeling at the time, he might not feel so intimidated. The reality was that I wanted to just scream at him, to beg him to fuck me and give me his hard cock. What would he say if he knew that I wanted his wonderful dick even more than he wanted my pretty pussy. My pussy was starting to cramp again with lust as I looked behind me and saw his marvelously erect dick pointed just inches away from me - yet so far. God, what if he chickened out now? I don't think I could have handled rejection after being this close to getting what I needed.

As for what MIGHT have happened had he chickened out and not screwed me - well I'll never know - thank God! Fortunately, his instinctive male lust took over, just as it has done with every other guy I've ever been with. No man had EVER turned me down when I was determined that he was going to fuck me. usually all I had to do was say, "Fuck me" and that was the end of the debate, if there had really been one to start with.

"Oh what the hell," he sighed, more a statement than a question.

Ryan moved in behind me and without ceremony or even a little style, he rubbed his cock up against my bare ass. At first he ran it up and down my ass crack and then he lowered it down to between my legs, searching for the entrance to my anxious pussy. Impatiently I reached between my legs and took his cock head in my hand, directing it to the moist opening between my legs.

"Push it in me Ryan, push your dick inside of me" I finally begged him, "PLEASE fuck me!"

FINALLY I felt it, that incredible sensation I'd been dying for all night, that feeling I was willing to do literally anything at times to experience. There is nothing in the world that feels like the moment a hard dick forces its way between my tight wet pussy lips and then moving up inside of me, penetrating me for the first time. Paradoxically, as bad as it wants a dick, my pussy always initially tries to fight off the very thing it has been begging for, sometimes not even letting the head enter without practically bending his cock in half from the pressure.

Fortunately, in the end it always relinquishes and then the head pops in me like a vacuum cleaner was inside of my pussy, sucking it in. Think of a balloon that won't blow up. You blow so hard until your ears pop and then suddenly it gives in and swells up and everything goes in easily after that. When he first entered me it was like my crotch was being split open, my legs being forced apart. Sometimes I experience a slightly painful sensation if the guy is too big but that certainly wasn't a problem with Ryan. But then again, he was big enough for the job and that was what counted in the end.

"Oh god yes," I moaned, "That's it Ryan... Deeper... Push it deeper inside of me... ALL the way in me... Give it to me!"

His hands gripped my hips as he thrust his stiff pole deeper into me with each push. I felt the length of his shaft as it slid into me, gliding against the walls of my pussy like a bow across the strings of a violin, driving me almost insane with non-stop delight. Oh yeah, now I was glad I'd done this. It just felt SO DAMN GOOD to be fucked!

"God you're fuckin' tight," he groaned as he tried to push himself in even deeper.

Yep, tight - and proud of it! I've been fucked hundreds of times by more than 150 guys but I was still tighter than most girls my age, even those who didn't fuck a lot. Most of that I attributed to my genes as my mom, even at her age and after a kid, is tighter than most women her age - at least according to my cousin Rick and his dad. The other major factor, at least in my opinion, is my aversion to dildos, especially the monsters that some girls seem to love so much. No way was I stretching myself out to accommodate any of those nasty things. Most guys who fucked me commented on the tightness of my pussy and I was naturally quite proud of it. My dad has even told me privately that I'm tighter than my cousin Kristen and she is two years younger than me. Kristen loves dildos and has been fucked by at least twice as many guys as me - which may explain why.

I could feel Ryan's fat hairy belly hit my smooth ass as he stroked his tool in and out of me and then, as he got in deeper, his pubic hair would also brush up against my butt as if a feather duster was teasing me. What felt the best, of course, were the sensations I got from having his dick thrust up inside of me. By facing away from him, all I had to concentrate on was the feeling of him fucking me - and it was incredible!!!! Masturbation is ALWAYS good but nothing beats the feeling of a REAL dick inside of me.

"Tell me you like fucking me more than Ruth," I demanded, trying to make him admit openly about his unfaithfulness. The bastard was cheating on his wife and I wanted to make sure he knew it - as if somehow he couldn't have known what he was doing.

"You little bitch," he groaned, "You know damn well it your pussy feels better than hers."

Well, he may have thought I was a bitch, but he didn't stop fucking me, not even a slowdown.

"I want you to cum in me," I demanded again, "I want her cum... I want you to give it to me instead of your wife."

"What's with all the wife crap?" he huffed as he began to stroke himself in and out of me longer and harder.

How could I have explained to him what it meant to me to be fucked by a husband, even a lousy one such as him, while his wife sat home without a clue as to what he was doing behind her back to me? In all fairness to Ryan, how could most anyone have understood? How do I explain that it was MY ego being stroked, that it was MY emotions that were being tied in knots knowing I was able to seduce him, to get him to fuck me against his better judgment. Did he have any idea of how it felt to be the first girl he had fucked other than his wife since he married her (at least I was assuming it based on his actions)?

"Whatever... just fuck me and shut up," I replied, realizing I may have pushed him too far. Well, not every guy likes to be reminded about his wife when he's betraying her by fucking another girl!

"Cum in me," I panted after he had fucked me a little more, "Cum inside of me."

Even if this wasn't exactly the most thrilling screwing I'd received in terms of varied positions and style, that hadn't been my goal from the beginning. Simply put, all I wanted was to be FUCKED, nothing more, nothing less. Just the fact that his adulterous dick was inside of my pussy was enough. I didn't need to play Kuma Sutra this evening to satisfy me. This was all intended just to satisfy the most base desire any female of any species can have - the need to be mated. Anything more than that was gravy, as they say.

"No, I can't do that," he resisted, sounding a little frantic but not pulling out of me either.

"You know you want to dammit," I chastised him, "Don't you DARE pull your cock out of me. You had better cum in me you bastard."

Having made his required pitiful plea, that was last time Ryan protested and I could tell from the intensity of his breathing and thrusts that he was about to cum. It wasn't much of a surprise as I hadn't expected someone like him to last long with me in the first place. Indeed, suddenly he gasped and he squeezed my hips so hard it was a wonder he didn't bruise me as he pushed himself tight up against my ass, driving his engorged cock as deep inside of me as he could.

"Oh god!" he gasped as he started to cum in me.

It was incredible! This was the one thing that masturbation (or even a dildo) could never duplicate. There is NOTHING in the world like the sensation of feeling the warm seed of a man being literally pumped into my pussy, his penis shooting load after load of sperm into me. This was finally it, the feeling I had craved all night, the feeling of being mated, of submitting myself to a male, of accepting a part of him inside of me. Even more, with Ryan it was knowing I was effectively stealing it from his wife, taking something from him she would never have allowed me to have had she known. By cumming in me he was sealing his act of adultery, the final straw in demonstrating his lust and sexual desire for me over his own wife.

Once he had finished shooting his cum in me, Ryan pulled out almost immediately. What is it with guys? It was like his lust had been stored in his balls and now that he had cum and emptied his balls, his lust was gone as well. Ryan almost immediately began to go limp although I loved the way his dick glistened in the poor light with the mixture of male sperm and my pussy juices covering it. I turned around and reached for his dick, hoping to get a taste of it with my pussy adding to the flavor. He pushed me away, though, a look of panic on his face.

"Shit, I can't believe this," he muttered, more to himself than to me.

"What's the matter Ryan, didn't you like fucking me?" I said softly.

Ryan looked at me and shook his head, his eyes rolling to the top of his head.

"No, that IS the problem," he said so low I almost couldn't hear him. "You need to get out of here."

My pussy would have taken more. Indeed, I was starting to wonder if maybe someone else in the bar wanted to make a trip back to the office. Ryan, though, wasn't having any of that.

"Shit, hurry up and get dressed," he hissed at me, pulling his pants up as he struggled to snap them under his ponderous belly.

I only had to pull up my jeans and throw on my shirt so it wasn't like it took me that long to dress. Since he had cum in me it wasn't like I had to clean myself off the way I have to sometimes when guys cum on my face - or who knows where else. From the way it had felt when he came in me, I was pretty sure he had dumped a pretty big load in me which meant it would be draining out of me before I got home but then who would see me?

The two of us returned to the bar area where everyone looked but nobody seemed to want to say a word. Seeing their expressions, I wondered if Ryan had crossed some invisible line? It was one thing for them to all sit back each night and brag about their conquests and manliness, but another to actually DO it. Ryan had just fucked a girl, cheating on his wife, and everyone in there knew it.

Oh well, that was his problem to deal with.

## 3. Finishing Myself in the Parking Lot

I grabbed my jacket and went out to the parking lot again and quickly sat down inside of my car. Before starting the engine, I sat back with my head against the headrest, taking a deep breath and trying to believe that everything had actually happened. God, what had I just done? The throbbing in my pussy was enough to convince me it had not all been a dream and the warmth I felt in my belly and throughout my entire body told me it was worth it. I was about to start the car when my hand touched my crotch and I could feel the wetness through my jeans already.

I couldn't leave yet - I needed to cum. It was great being fucked but without cumming, the night still wasn't complete. I couldn't go back now for seconds so it was up to me to finish myself off. The hell with it, why not just do it now? I pulled my pants down to my ankles and started to masturbate behind the steering wheel. The leather seats of my Avalon felt cold at first but quickly warmed. My pussy was slick with his sperm as I ran my fingers over my clit. All I could think about was Ryan fucking me. God I wished he was fucking me again. Well, at least his cock. The horrible hunger I had felt for a dick was partially satisfied, enough at least to make it until I got home to my dad in the morning, but I still wanted to cum.

A few minutes later I was on the verge of an orgasm. Somehow, even with the initial surges of pleasure that were beginning to signal my orgasm, I noticed a car pulling into the parking lot. The gravel flew as the driver came to a fast halt and the door was thrown open the instant the engine stopped. In the dim light I made out a LARGE woman with a look that could kill, making a beeline for the front door of the bar. Hmmm, maybe that was Ruth? I had a feeling someone had blown the whistle on Ryan - that bartender probably. He was SUCH a weasel it wouldn't have surprised me. Had Ryan known he would do that? Was that why he had hurried me out?

Somehow the thought of Ruth barging in on her adulterous husband was all I needed to go over the top and my orgasm hit me like a loaded freight train. My pussy gushed as his sperm and my cum flowed from me like I was peeing on my seat. I could feel the wetness as it ran down my ass and then to the seat and finally under my butt, making a mess but I couldn't have cared less at the moment. The sensations that were overwhelming me were more than worth whatever short term untidiness I made of my car.

Wave after wave of pleasure flowed through me, sometimes likes waves on the beach - swelling and cresting, and then other times more like a lightning strike - brief but oh so powerful. As I came all I could think about was the feeling of Ryan's dick in me, of his adulterous cock sliding in and out of me, of his sperm spewing into me.

I might have gone on even longer but for the interruption outside. Sure enough, it must have been Ruth because she was bitching at Ryan as the two of them came out to the parking lot. God she was pissed! With my windows close it was hard to make out just what she was saying; but from the way she was gesturing and the loudness of her voice, she wasn't giving him hell just for being out late! Fortunately they got in their respective vehicles and drove off without appearing to have noticed me. Lord only knows what she would've done had she known the slut her husband had just screwed was in the car right next to hers!

I took some left-over napkins from the glove box and tried to clean up the mess under me before pulling my jeans back up. It only took a few minutes to get back to my apartment where everyone appeared to have gone to bed. Slipping into my bedroom as quietly as I could, I noticed Ali was in bed and apparently asleep. Stripping off my clothes, I dropped a t-shirt over my head and climbed in bed.

"I don't suppose you're going to tell me what you've been doing?" a muffled voice sounded in the quiet from the direction of Ali's bed. I didn't respond so she answered herself saying, "I didn't think so."

Oh well, better for her to wonder about it than to confirm it. At least I'd gotten what I needed. Of course I was still excited about going home the next day so getting to sleep took a while. As I laid in bed I contemplated my actions. Should I have tried harder to hold off until tomorrow? After all, it HAD been only twelve more hours until I was back home and could have all the cock I could handle. Well, I didn't regret it a bit as my pussy felt SO much better. It wasn't that it felt better actually, but more like you feel when you have this terrible itch and it finally goes away. As crude as it sounds, it's like that incredible sensation you feel after a good dump!

I woke up the next morning with my sheets damp underneath me from the drainage during the night but they were being washed that day anyway so it didn't matter. Ali gave me the strangest look but I just pretended nothing had happened. We both were heading home in a few hours and by the time we came back next year, hopefully she would have forgotten about it. Looking the mirror, it was almost like last night had been a dream! Had I REALLY done it? Had I REALLY gone out and just fucked the first guy I could at some sleazy bar? If it wasn't for the mess on my bed, I might have thought it really WAS a dream!

my freshman year of college. As things turned out, it was an "interesting" experience and since then I have attended several of them with her. Each was a little different and offered me a new experience. They were just fun from a sexual perspective and afterwards I was left with an empty feeling when I realized I didn't even know the names of the guys who fucked me! It wasn't that important that I remembered their names, it was the fact that they never told me that was the problem.

Like most girls I knew, Beth and I would masturbate together when we both were horny. Other than that, we had never done anything of an overtly sexual nature with each other except for some fooling around at her parties - which I don't really count. It was like it was a conscious decision that we ever discussed, it just never happened. Then one day that all changed. I was home on break during my sophomore year when we had sex for the first time in our hot tub. What really made it even more incredible was that it didn't end there. My parents came home while we were in the hot tub and to my complete shock and amazement, my dad fucked Beth right in front of me!

As much as I knew he wanted to, my dad didn't fuck me when he did Beth because there WAS one thing I had not shared with Beth - my sexual relationship with my parents. When my dad fucked her, technically he committed adultery which is why I was so shocked at the time. Until that day, throughout their marriage my parents never had sex with anyone not in their immediate family. After twenty years of marriage, I considered it one of the major reasons for the success of their marriage. At first I wasn't sure how to take it but after all, I only had one best friend and if there was anyone that my dad should be able to fuck, it was Beth.

A month later, when I was home on Christmas break, my dad did Beth again and once again, I didn't get any of his cock. I thought it would be their last time but in September of last year we both did it with my dad. It was a little scary at first as I'd never told anyone outside my family about me and my dad but in the end it was a relief to finally be able to discuss it with my best friend. Besides, seeing her watch me as I rode my dad was incredibly erotic.

As it turned out, that was the last time my dad did anything with Beth. Although neither he or my mom ever said anything to me about it, I can't help but wonder if perhaps they have had second thoughts about whether he should be fucking Beth. One thing they have both had drilled into me growing up was to be careful what doors you opened because even though you may just peek inside, unless you're ready to face whatever is on the other side, don't open the door. I wondered if perhaps my dad had chosen to shut this particular door while he still could? We have sort of avoided the subject and the whole affair has helped me to understand the wisdom in my parents' position on adultery.

Things got interesting at Beth's house last summer when she invited me over to her house to spend the night. During dinner I couldn't help but notice that Beth's dad kept sneaking looks at me. Obviously I wasn't the only one to notice because at one point Beth's mom elbowed him with a sharp, "Donald!" After her mom left for bingo later that night, I shocked Beth by returning the favor with her dad although in this case I was the one to make the first move. I was quite proud of myself, actually, as although he may have enjoyed looking at me, her dad really had no plans of actually doing anything so it took some "convincing" on my part. Beth wasn't exactly pleased with me afterwards but it was only a "notch in my belt" type of thing and I had no intention of ever doing him again so she got over it eventually and we never discussed it again.

## 2. Playing With Beth

Now it was almost six months later and I was finally back home for spring break. Beth was on break as well from her college so we spent lot of time shopping and just generally hanging out together. We returned to her house shortly after having lunch and when we pulled up I noticed another car in their driveway. Since both of her parents worked during the day, I wondered who it was.

"It's Tony's," she sighed a bit dramatically, "Damn, I thought he was at school today."

Tony was her younger brother. At sixteen, he was still in high school which didn't start the winter break until tomorrow – or so Beth had thought. Well, it looked like she had her dates mixed up. I loved Beth dearly but sometimes she could be pretty flighty – even if she was a brunette!

We went into the house and checked out the family room. Beth's home was a rarity in my neighborhood – a single floor ranch with a pool in the back. Most lots weren't large enough or level enough for such a house but they had one of the few exceptions. Coming in through the garage, we passed through the kitchen and then into the family room. Sure enough, planted on the floor was Tony with his X-ox controller playing some silly game on the large screen TV. He looked up just enough to see who it was and went back to his game without saying a word. Beth looked at me, rolled her eyes and led me to her bedroom where she shut the door behind us.

"He's such an idiot!" she complained, "All he does is play that stupid game day and night."

I couldn't help but take the opportunity to tweak her buttons a little. It wasn't that nice of me but then, what are best friends for?

"Well, he may be an idiot but he IS a good looking one you have to admit."

"Kelly!" Beth exclaimed as she stared at me in disbelief, "He's my sixteen year-old brother. Don't you go off and get any ideas now - hear me?"

I just grinned mischievously at her which set her off more than anything I could have said.

"I mean it Kelly. He's off limits!"

"Does he have a girlfriend?" I asked, "Has he done it yet?"

Beth knew exactly what I meant by "it" and from her expression she wasn't too pleased about my line of questions.

"Yes, he does, and yes, he has."

"Oh really? And how would his sister know THAT?" I pressed onward.

"I caught them one time in his bedroom. She was just sucking him but I am sure they were planning to go farther than that."

"God, that must have been hot to see your brother getting a BJ!" I gushed.

"C'mon Kelly, he's my brother. The last thing I need to see is THAT!"

I could tell she was getting agitated so I dropped the subject and we went back to the usual gossip and secrets we had to share from the time we had been apart. Beth was still into the party scene and she kept pressing me to go to the next one with her. She averaged about one a week which was way beyond anything I was willing to do. It had been quite a while since my last one and to be honest, the next one wasn't high on my priority list.

Beth started telling me about the last one and how many guys had fucked her and all and it all seemed so impersonal. She knew most of the people so it wasn't like they were all strangers to her like they were to me, which undoubtedly helped to some extent. Even so, after a while I would have thought she would get bored with them! Finally, just to shut her up about them I thought up a brilliant scheme - brilliant to me at least.

"OK, OK Beth, I get the picture... I tell you what - I'll come to your next one if you agree to help me with someone I want to fuck."

Beth looked at me and she was so wrapped up in the thought of taking me to her next party, she didn't think through her response.

"Sure," she agreed, "Although I can't picture who you would need my help to get you slut!"

We both laughed. Beth would often call me a slut thanks to my maneuverings with guys and I playfully called her a whore because of all the guys she fucked at her parties. We both knew it was just teasing on the other's part so neither of us took the nick=names in a bad way.

I grinned and started to speak in response when her face drained of color and her mouth gaped open wide. Somehow I had the feeling she had figured out what I was up to.

"Oh no - wait just a minute girl. You promised you wouldn't go near my dad again. Please Kelly, he couldn't look me or my mom in the eye for a week after you seduced him and he didn't even know that I knew about it!"

I just grinned at her and shook my head.

"Nope, I had someone else in mind... someone a little younger if you know what I mean."

Beth wrinkled her nose and thought for a second. I guess the idea was so foreign and unbelievable to her that she couldn't bear to think about it at first but then a frown appeared and I knew she had it figured out this time.

"Oh don't tell me you mean Tony, do you?" she said, her voice sounding more disgusted than anything else, "Christ Kelly, he's only sixteen."

"You don't have to watch if you don't want to," I assured her, "It could be just like your dad, just stay out the way and let me have a go at him."

"Yeah, but what if the little perv tells someone?" Beth mused, "God, that would be all I need. I'd never hear the end of it."

Beth dropped back on her bed, her head all but buried in her large pillows. She just stared up at the ceiling as if lost in thought. I looked at her and couldn't help but admire her large boobs, which even the sweater she was wearing couldn't begin to hide. I was barely out of a training bra when Beth was wearing a "C" cup and now she was at least a "D" or better. The amazing thing was they were still almost as firm as mine and you would hardly know it when she wasn't wearing a bra so long as she stood still! I could tell she was wearing one now from the outline through her tight sweater. I guess there was one thing about being smaller in the boob department, you didn't have to wear a bra to keep your boobs from banging around uncomfortably.

Like me, Beth was wearing jeans and she had one leg stretched out with the other bent so her foot was flat on the bed next to her other knee. Her arms were at her sides and if she hadn't been breathing and staring upwards, you might have thought she was out cold! It had been quite a while since the two of us had played around - at least on a sexual sense, and the more I looked at her the more appetizing she became. Hmmm, maybe there was a way to convince her to go along with my idea after all!

I laid down beside her on my side with one arm over her stomach just below her boobs and one leg draped over her outstretched leg. I nuzzled my face up to her neck and through her hair until I could just touch her neck with my tongue. I gently flicked my tongue on her neck and then ran it up to her ear and around her earlobe. At first she didn't move a muscle but then when I started to softly kiss the side of her neck, she couldn't stay quiet any longer.

"Mmmmmmm, what have you got on your mind girl?" she whispered softly.

"You," was all I said in response before my mouth went back to work on her hair.

"Don't start anything you're not ready to finish," she warned me.

"Oh I won't," I replied with a little giggle.

My hand moved upwards until it held her breast through her sweater and bra. God her tits were incredible! They were so large that I couldn't cup them completely and they felt impossible firm in my hand. All that clothing couldn't hide the hardening of her nipples under my fingers, though, as I gently rubbed them through her garments.

"Ohhhhhhhhh Kelly," Beth moaned softly as she began to squirm almost imperceptibly.

I reached down lower and pushed my hand up and under her sweater, reaching up underneath until once again could fondle her breasts. For a while I rubbed them through her bra until I reached under the bottom elastic and pulled it up and over her breasts. It was pretty tight around her in the process but once it was up and over it stayed tight above her cleavage. I couldn't see anything, of course, but my hand felt the softness of her breasts and the warmth they generated.

"That feels soooooo good Kelly," Beth whispered. She had closed her eyes and was just lying there now, by her silence signaling to me that she was allowing me to do anything I wanted to her.

I pulled her sweater up and this time she gave me a little help as it was bulkier than it looked. It was now all bunched up under her neck along with her bra, revealing her breast and flat stomach to me. Her jeans were cut pretty low so her belly button was well above the waist. Beth had a perfect figure and her soft yet perfectly flat stomach felt so good as I ran my fingertips around and over it. I shifted my position so my head could move down lower and soon her beautiful breasts were right below my face. I blew softly on her nipple and was rewarded by her chest pushing upward, as if she was trying to will me to take her into my mouth.

"Suck my breasts, Kelly," she whispered softly to me, "Bite my nipples."

I looked up at her and her head was back with her eyes closed. I wondered what she was thinking about. Was it really me or someone else. Since she wasn't watching me, I assumed she was dreaming about someone else. It didn't bother me so much as made me curious. Who would Beth be dreaming about while I was fondling her? As I said, it really didn't matter so I lowered my head and took her nipple between my lips and gently pulled on it, then sucking it into my mouth and letting my tongue play over it. Beth gasped and I sucked harder on as much of her boob as I could get into my mouth - which wasn't a large percentage, I can assure you.

As I licked and sucked on her closest breast, my free hand held the other, squeezing and massaging it. They were so much bigger than mine, which I could cup in one hand. The softness and warmth of them felt good against my hand and mouth. As I touched her, I wiggled up closer to her until our bodies were pressed tightly together. My upper leg was wrapped around her and I used it to pull myself even tighter against her such that my crotch was pressed up against her hip. I instinctively ground my crotch against her, slowly rotating my hips to rub my pussy through my jeans against her.

Beth remained still, her hands to her side and her eyes closed. I wanted her more with each passing minute. This was the girl I rode bikes with as a girl, giggle with as we talked about boys for the first time, shared some of my most intimate thoughts and feelings as we both went through puberty and the pains and joys of teenage life. I knew her so well in so many ways but could count on one hand how many times I had known her physically in this way. Actually, on just a couple of fingers for that matter.

It was a bit odd, I guess, when you look at it. For most people, having sex with your parents or brother is something they would never think of because they were so close. For me, having a sexual relationship with my parents just seemed the natural thing to do yet when it came to Beth, the one person outside of my family that I was closest to, the thought of having sex with her was one of those things that I never really even considered. Oh well, someday maybe some shrink will have a field day trying to figure me out!

As much as I was enjoying her boobs, the feelings that were rising in me drove me to take my hand from her breast and work its way slowly down her bare torso to her belly button where I playfully tickled her. Beth giggled softly and then I pressed my fingers between her jeans and body. They were so tight that I couldn't reach very far but it signaled my intent.

Beth was breathing harder and I continued to suckle her nipple like a hungry baby on a bottle. Pulling my hand back out, I worked on undoing her jeans but they were hard to deal with using only one hand. I was pleased when Beth's hands pushed my gently out of the way and she unbuttoned the tops and unzipped them for me. She finally dropped her raised leg and lifted her hips up off the bed enough for the two of us to pull her jeans down off her hips. As they opened up, I was amused to see she was wearing plain old white cotton panties. Obviously she hadn't been expecting to be revealing them to anyone today! No matter; they wouldn't be on her for long.

Beth kicked off her jeans and I got up on my knees and reached over her to grab her panties on both sides of her waist and pulled them down and off her legs as she lifted her hips up to help me again. I looked down and drew in a breath as I gazed at her incredible figure. Growing up, I'd always been jealous of Beth's body. Wherever we went, the mall, the beach, anywhere, the guys always looked at her first and then me. She had the legs I would have given anything for, the incredible hourglass figure, the perfect skin tone. The more I looked at her, the more I wanted to touch her, taste her, feel her against me.

Moving to the end of the bed, I gently pushed her legs apart and crawled up between them. For the first time, I saw her looking down at me, a weird smile on her face as she looked over her bunched up sweater and bra. I grinned back at her as I put my arms in and under her legs, lifting her ass up off the bed and onto my forearms. Her pussy was already wet and gleamed in front of me. Beth had a dark landing strip of pubic hair that she kept trimmed short leading from the top of her pussy slit to her bikini line. At the moment, it was like an arrow pointing me to her beautiful pussy.

I lowered my head down close to her crotch and I could smell the scent of her pussy. God it smelled so good! I rubbed my cheek up against the smooth skin of her inner thigh, kissing her leg gently, allowing my tongue to just touch her now and then. Slowly, very slowly, I worked my way up her thigh until I felt my other cheek against her crotch. Turning my head, my face was directly on top of her cunt and I couldn't hold back any longer.

My tongue reached out and I licked her from her pussy hole to the top of her slit, just missing her clit to tease her a little bit. Back down I went until I was over her clit and I let my tongue flatten down against it. Beth moaned and her hips moved slightly under my mouth as I took her clit between my lips and pulled on it gently.

"Oh Kelly, that feels so good," Beth moaned softly. She reached to her sweater and pulled it up and over her head such that she was now completely nude on the bed. As for me, I still was fully clothed but at the moment it didn't matter. I was going to eat out my best friend's pussy whether I was clothed or not.

My hands were cupping her ass and I lifted her as best I could upwards as my mouth pressed down against her. She tasted so sweet and strong! I have loved the taste of a pussy from the first time I sucked on my fingers after touching myself. Overall, I would have to choose a cock over a pussy if I was forced to make such a terrible decision; but I love eating out a girl and to have a pussy as sweet as Beth's was a dream come true. My tongue pushed up into her cunt as far as I could reach and I wiggled it like a little worm was in her. Beth was moaning almost constantly now, not really saying anything intelligible but rather just a low series of moans and groans as she twisted from side to side. I looked up at her and she had her eyes closed again, concentrating on what was happening between her legs while she played with her boobs.

"Oh god, I'm gonna cum," she struggled to say, "That's it Kelly, right there, don't stop!"

My tongue was working over her clit at that moment so kept it moving against her enlarged clit while my fingers worked their way into her pussy. I stroked two fingers in and out of her as my tongue pressed tightly against her clit when her back arched and I could feel her ass clench in my hands.

"Oh my god!" she repeated over and over as my face was awash in her pussy cum as Beth's orgasm rolled through her. Her hips began to buck up and down as if she was being fucked and it was all I could do to keep my mouth on her.

"Fuck me Kelly... oh shit fuck me!" she panted.

She was starting to get louder and for a brief second I wondered if Tony could hear here but Beth's bedroom was at the end of the hallway, far enough from the family room that we could have probably left the door open and he wouldn't have heard anything. Oh well, so what if he did? Most guys seem to get off watching two girls together and I doubted Tony was an exception, even if one of the girls was his own sister.

My face was covered with her cum and I lapped up as much of it as possible but Beth was quite the "gusher", even by my standards, and I imagined there was probably a growing wet spot on her bedspread. Eventually she began to calm down and finally I lifted my face from her crotch and looked up at her with a big grin on my face.

"Feel better?" I asked softly.

Beth reached her arms out to me and I moved alongside of her again. It felt a little strange to lay there with all my clothes on and her completely naked but I figured that would be rectified sooner or later. She turned to me on her side and we held each other in our arms, two best friends enjoying one another. We kissed and her face was wet with the pussy cum from my face.

"Mmmmmmm, I can taste myself on you," Beth murmured.

Amazingly, I know some girls who can't stand the scent or taste of their pussies but that didn't apply to Beth or me. When we masturbated together over the years we both would finger ourselves and then lick the pussy juices off our fingers. It was always just our own - we didn't lick the other's fingers, but it was still fun to watch. I liked what we were doing now - letting her taste herself by kissing me and licking my face. I couldn't wait for when I could taste myself on her!

# 3. Horny For Beth's Brother

We just kissed and snuggled for a while, not in any hurry to do anything else at the moment, just content with the way things were. I became more conscious of my clothes but another idea was forming in my mind that coincided with other feelings inside of me. I'd just been home a few days now and although my dad had fucked me already a number of times, I hadn't had anybody from outside my family and I was horny as hell. Letting my dad fuck me was more for him than me. Of course I enjoyed it but he was still my dad and when I was with him I was always conscious that I was his daughter so it wasn't like I could feel I was in control or manipulating him.

When I have sex with regular guys, I need to be in control - even if I let him THINK he is. I love manipulating men, pushing their envelopes so to say, to see what they will do to have sex with me. That's why I love having sex with married men, because I know they are making the ultimate betrayal of their wedding vows, vows they made to their spouse and God, just because they want me so badly. It makes me feel so sexy and frankly, is a hell of an ego booster for those times when you're feeling down!

"I need to be fucked," I whispered to Beth.

"Well, let's get you undressed then so I can take care of you," Beth replied in a low husky voice.

"No, you don't understand, I need to be fucked... I need a dick in me."

"Want one of my dildos?"

"Beth, I am so fucking horny now... I NEED a man to fuck me, a real cock, something to cum inside of me."

It was like I was pleading with her now and in a sense I was. My pussy was throbbing now and it hadn't even been touched yet. The last thing I needed was some cold piece of plastic shoved up inside of me. No, I needed a warm hard cock to fill me with sperm and mate with me. I needed a man to want me, someone that would just fuck me like a slut. There are times when you just need sex, not love, not intimacy, just pure lustful sex and I was trying to get Beth to understand.

"So what do you want then girl?" Beth asked, a puzzled look on her face, "Go out and find someone or what?"

I hesitated a moment and took in a deep breath. "Well, if I'm not mistaken, there's a nice cock just down the hallway."

"KELLY!" Beth hissed at me, "I thought we already discussed him."

I pressed my crotch up against her and squirmed. "I know, I know... you don't have to be involved, just let me go."

"What makes you so sure he'll do it?" she asked. Then her eyes rolled and she sighed, "Sorry, that was stupid."

I grinned at her and giggled a little. I wasn't sure if she meant that of course he would want to fuck me or that she knew even if he didn't, that I would be able to convince him just as I had his dad that time. Either way, the end was the same so I didn't press her for more details.

Beth kissed me passionately again and then pulled her head back and looked me straight in the eyes.

"OK, one on condition though and NO negotiating. No more sex with anyone in my family - got it? That means never ever again."

I smiled, glad to have overcome her resistance but I couldn't resist teasing her a little as well.

"Oh? I thought maybe I'd see what you mom was interested in sometime?"

Beth realized I was just joking but she playfully smacked me in the cheek anyway.

"Yeah, right, now THAT would be beyond even your talents," she said, shaking her head. Her mom was about as far from being bisexual as anyone I knew except maybe my Aunt Shari but at the same time, the gauntlet was being thrown and for just a second, I wondered if I COULD seduce her mom but that idea quickly faded away to be stored in my closet of dreams that would never be fulfilled. I was just happy that Beth was willing to go along with me doing her brother.

"Well, you better get going then. I'll stay here though - I can't even imagine seeing my brother doing you," she said, shaking like she was shivering at the grotesqueness of the very thought of watching her brother in a sexual way. Maybe it would be different if I had actually grown up with a brother but for me, I would think it would be cool to see your brother screwing another girl - and even better if he was doing me!

I gave her one last kiss and got off the bed. I opened the door and turned back to give her a wink and then with a little wave of my hand I stepped into the hallway and closed the door behind me. My face still felt wet and as much as it would have been fun to let Tony see me this way, it might have been a little over the top when it came to getting things rolling so I went into the bathroom across the hallway.

Looking into the mirror, I realized it was a good thing I'd done so as my hair was a wreck and my face glistened with its coat of pussy cum. In an act of compromise, I wiped my face and hands off with a towel but didn't wash them, thus drying myself off but leaving most of the strong scent of Beth's pussy on me like a sensual perfume. I brushed my hair out until lit looked reasonably straight, pulled at my clothes to get them back in shape and took one last look in the mirror. I saw a horny girl that needed to be fucked so rather than waste any more time, I stepped confidently out of the bathroom and worked my way down to the family room.

Amazingly, or maybe not, Tony was in exactly the same position as when I last saw him. It was like time had stopped in the family room while Beth and I had out fun. I had no idea how anyone could be THAT involved in a silly computer game! Tony glanced up to see who was coming in and when he saw it was me, he just turned back to his game and ignored me.

I guess I shouldn't have expected anything less. Over the years I'd been over at Beth's house countless times and so it wasn't like I was a stranger to him or anything. If anything, he was probably NOT thrilled to see me as Beth and I had not exactly been kind to him over the years. He was five years younger than us, making that ten years in teenage boy time, and until recently, had been more of an immature jerk than anything. I had to admit, though, that since his sixteenth birthday he had grown up quite a bit - in more ways than one. There was a certain mental maturity although he WAS still just sixteen which made him pretty much just above the maturity of your average dog but that was only getting batter as time went on.

The most impressive changes were in his physique. He wasn't exactly going to be a body builder but he had joined the school wresting tem and the workouts were having an obvious effect on him. I sat down on the couch behind him and tried to figure out what he was doing on the TV. Frankly it made no sense to me but then I wasn't really all that interested in it anyway. No, my interest were more in what was between those legs that were spread out behind him!

To be honest, this was more of a challenge than what you might think. Normally, it is the guy who's after me and I'm the one doing the controlling and manipulating. Since I already know he wants to fuck me, I get to decide whether or not to just give him a hand-job, blow him, and ultimately, if he gets to fuck me. With Tony, things were a little different. Granted, he was a boy and would probably fuck any girl that offered herself to him without a moment's hesitation, but I was still his sister's best friend, not to mention Beth claimed he had a girlfriend with which I had no idea how deeply he was involved. It wasn't that I thought he would turn me down because her was "in love: with his girlfriend; heck, if I can get a man who has been faithful to his wife for twenty years to do me then Tony would be like shooting fish in a barrel.

The issue was how to initiate things. I guess one possibility would be to just strip and offer myself to him. Actually, that would probably work as well as anything but then it would be like I was giving in to him and submitting myself to him. That would never do as there was only one man in the world I willingly submit myself to, and that is my father.

It wasn't like I had all day so sooner or later I was going to have to make my decision. One way or another, I needed a good fucking and the thought of getting it from Beth's brother just made me all the more horny. It was just getting laid - one nice thing about being home from school was that here I have friends I can call if I ever get THAT desperate. I wanted it from Tony because he was Beth's brother. It was the same way I felt when I contemplated fooling around with her dad. He certainly wasn't the most sexy guy in the world, to say the least!

The whole point in getting him to do me was because he was married to my best friend's mom which meant all sorts of good things to me. First, he was married - always a good sign. Second, he had never cheated on his wife - all the better because what fun was it if he didn't feel guilty about it later? Third, he was Beth's dad and since she had been fucked by my dad I only thought it was fair that her dad should do me.

The clock was still ticking and all it seemed I could do was sit and daydream. I shook my head and felt this sense of determination inside me. It was time to act! Just then a light bulb went on over my head. Suddenly it was crystal clear to me what I could do to get Tony's attention and it had been right in front of me the whole time! I got up and off the couch and laid down next to him on the carpet floor. I wasn't pressed against him but at the same time, I was pretty close.

"This look pretty easy," I said in an off-hand manner, "Can I try it?"

"Wait a minute," Tony said gruffly, a hint of annoyance in his tone.

His hands were flying over the controller and to be honest, it looked anything BUT easy to play. I had never gotten into the action video games, preferring a good book or a video for entertainment, so I watched him and tried to figure out what he was doing. If nothing else, it looked horribly violent as he kept shooting at people, killing them or maiming them as he worked his way through the game.

"C'mon Tony, I want to try," I whined and pouted.

Tony just ignored me at first but then apparently he must have reached some place of sanctuary because he hit a button and the game paused. Then he did something else that must have saved where he was because he reset it and it was back to the start screen. Tony turned to me and handed me the controller with a grin.

"Well, if it's so easy, let me see you do it then."

I didn't even know how to start the game and he quickly sized up the situation and grabbed the controller from my hand.

"Girls!" was all he said as he huffed under his breath.

"Please! Gimme a break, at least get me started," I pouted some more.

"Yeah? And what do I get out of it?" he retorted. Typical sixteen year-old boy, only thinking about himself with a hint of care for anyone else.

"Name it," I replied, challenging him with a sly grin. I put one finger to my lips and smiled at him as seductively as I could.

"Hmmm, now THAT sounds interesting," he said as he turned to face me.

I noticed his eyes were giving me the once over, stopping briefly at my breasts and then again at my crotch. He was interested in me, that was for sure, but I could tell he wasn't quite sure if I was just teasing him or being real. Couldn't really blame him after the way Beth and I had treated him as we were growing up. I figured he needed further encouragement so I unbuttoned the next two buttons on my blouse, letting it spread open and show about my half my boobs underneath.

"Does this make it any more interesting," I said softly, licking my lips for him seductively.

"Naaaa, I'm not falling for THAT one again," he said, laughing a bit at what he must have thought was a joke I was playing on him. Then I remembered how Beth and I had teased him terribly a couple of years ago, pretending to be strippers in front of him. Of course we didn't show him anything but he got hard just the same despite himself and we both teased him for getting turned on by me and his sister. He was SO embarrassed at the time! Well, who could blame him for thinking I was just setting him up again. Yep, more persuasion was in order if I was to have any hopes of getting laid this afternoon.

"So what would it take to convince you I'm not teasing this time?"

Tony looked at me with his eyes squinting a bit, as if he was trying to see inside of me as if there was some way he could figure out if I was telling the truth.

"Well, you could always strip," he said half-heartedly. It was if he didn't expect me to say yes to anything he asked so why not just ask the most outrageous thing he could think of. Well, was he in for a surprise!

"OK," was all I said in a flippant way, as if he had asked me to get him a drink of water. I stood up and started to unbutton my blouse the rest of the way. Tony sat up with his legs crossed under him and arms folded, staring at me with a strange look on his face. It was almost like he was waiting for someone to yell, "surprise!" because in his mind there was no way this could really be happening.

I pulled my blouse out of my jeans and undid the last button. It was now hanging open, barely covering my boobs. I stood facing him with one hand holding each side of the blouse and grinned at Tony.

"Still think this is just a tease Tony?"

"Well, so far you haven't shown anything, just teasing as usual," he said with his arms folded in a defensive posture. God, had Beth and I been THAT bad to him? Any other guy would be up on his feet trying to get my clothes off of me but poor Tony was acting more scared than anything, as if he was waiting for the other shoe to drop and somehow be embarrassed once again by his sister's best friend. I bent my knees and lowed myself down until I was face to face with Tony, just a foot or so away. I took in a deep breath and pulled my blouse open, revealing my bare breasts to him. Needless to say, I wasn't wearing a bra so he had a full view of my 34C boobs, complete with nipples that were already beginning to poke out and harden.

"So Tony, what do you think now?" I asked him seductively.

Tony's eyes were the size of saucers now. His mouth was slightly open and he wasn't moving a muscle. I think he was caught completely off-guard and had never expected me to do anything for real.

"You said you wanted me to strip... Do you want me to keep going Tony?"

Tony just stuttered and stammered and it took all my self-control not to laugh at him. Instead, I just shushed him and dropped my blouse to the floor, leaving me topless with just my jeans and socks. My hands cupped my breasts as I watched his eyes staring at them.

"Like my breasts Tony?"

The way Tony's eyes were fixated on them, the answer was obvious!

"So tell me Tony, are your girlfriend's breasts as good as mine?" I asked him softly as I massaged my boobs slowly for him to watch. My nipples were like little bullets as I tugged on one and then the other with my fingertips.

on with it. Still, it was sort of fun to play this little game with him so I continued a little more.

"Does she suck your dick?" I asked, my tongue running over my lips sensuously.

"Noooooo, she thinks oral sex is dirty," he said with a lower tone to his voice. Well, at least it was more than one word back to me.

"Does she play with herself for you to watch?"

Tony looked at me with an odd expression.

"Oh no, she would NEVER do anything like that!" he exclaimed.

"Do you wish she would?" I tempted him.

"Well... I guess so," he replied, a little uncertain as to where this was all going but I had a plan up my sleeve (or I would have if I had been wearing something!).

"You wanna watch me play with myself?" I offered. Just the thought of it had my pussy tingling but when I said it aloud to him it was like someone had lit a match in my crotch as I felt my pussy getting wetter and hotter by the minute.

Tony suddenly seemed to drawback just a little, as if he was wondering if I was just teasing him again and perhaps this was all an elaborate trap after all. Talking to him more probably wasn't going to change his mind at all so I figured the best thing to do would be to just do it. I sat down on the couch, rearranged the pillows a bit and laid back against the side arm with a couple of pillow to support me. I kept one leg draped over the side of the couch with my foot almost touching the floor and lifted my other leg up on top of the back of the couch.

"Sit over there," I said, pointing my finger to the opposite side of the couch.

Tony stood up and I couldn't help but notice his jeans had a significant bulge in the crotch, so much so that he had to pull up his pants a bit to rearrange himself. I have never understood how guys deal with that thing sticking out between their legs in the first place, especially when it was as stiff as his seemed to be now.

"You know Tony, sometimes I like to watch myself play in the mirror... Will you be my mirror?" I teased him. It was a corny line, actually one I remembered from watching one of my dad's porn movies so it wasn't even original but I doubted Tony had heard it before. Even if he dad - so what?

Tony was sitting sideways on the couch, one leg underneath him with the other over the side and his foot on the floor. From the time he moved from the floor to the couch, I don't think he blinked or took his eyes off of me once. Sitting where he, Tony had a straight-on view of my open pussy as I started to slowly masturbate for him. God, it felt so good to finally touch myself! My pussy felt warm and already a bit wet when my fingers ran over it and when I pushed my index finger inside it slide in easily. Drawing my wet finger out, I used it to lubricate my clit and upper pussy slit and started to run little circles around it.

"Does Michelle let you touch her pussy?" I asked him softly.

Tony stuttered so badly at first he couldn't get two consecutive words out but finally he composed himself enough to answer.

"Yeah, she lets me," he answered in a hoarse voice.

"Would you like to touch my pussy?" I teased him gently. Tony didn't even try to speak after that question but instead just nodded his head vigorously. Well, it wasn't going to be THAT easy for him! He started to lean forward as if he was expecting me to tell him to touch me but instead, I waved him back.

"Not so fast, I want you to just watch me," I said with a grin and then added, "for now, that is."

For the next fifteen minutes or so I masturbated on the couch while Tony watched me intently. I guess I could have sped things up but honestly, I love to masturbate and having my best friend's younger brother watch me was a major turn-on. I came twice; both times were average so far as orgasms go but there is no such things as a mild one - by definition. Other than some moans of mine, a few of which Beth must have heard even at the end of the hall with her door closed, neither of us said a word. Most of the time I had my eyes closed as I remember what I had done with her dad on this very same couch! What would Tony say if he knew that his dear old dad had fucked me almost in the very spot he was sitting now!

"Do you want to taste my pussy?" I asked him after my second orgasm had waned.

Tony's eyes widened and subconsciously he licked his lips in anticipation. Compared to your average girl, guys were not the best pussy-lickers in the world and with no prior experience, I had no expectations that Tony was going to dazzle me with his technique or anything. That didn't matter to me. What turned me on the most was the anticipation of knowing my pussy would be the first one his mouth had ever touch,, the first his tongue would ever taste, I used my finger to tell him to get over on my side of the couch.

"Touch me," I commanded him. He seemed scared stiff but not TOO scared to do what I told him to do. Tony scooted over closer to me and when he was within arm's reach of my crotch and stretch out his hand towards my pussy.

"Get closer, silly," I encouraged him, "Just rub me the way you saw me doing myself."

Surprisingly, the boy had been paying attention in more ways than one. He went straight for my clit, probably because that is where I had paid the most attention to myself when I was masturbating.

"That's it, Tony, you know what to do now," I encouraged him, "Oh yeah, right THERE!"

I let him play with my pussy for a while. He probably would have been satisfied with just that but not me. No, I had more plans for Tony than to just be touched by him. There was the matter of that even larger bulge now in his crotch that was begging for my attention. That would come soon enough, a few more things to teach him first, though.

"OK Tony, put your finger up inside of me," I told him. He gingerly inserted his fingertip into my pussy. Fortunately, he had no nails so I wasn't going to be scratched up the way some guys had a tendency to do.

"Push it in and out of me Tony, like it was fucking me," I instructed him, "That's a good boy.. put another one in me now.

Tony pushed a second finger in me and it slid easily into my soaking wet cunt. It felt better to have the two of them in me instead of just one skinny finger. I could have probably taken a third one easily, maybe even a fourth, but for now the two of them felt too damn good to do anything that might make them atop for even a moment. I reached down and started to play with my clit as he fucked me with his fingers and soon was on the verge of my third orgasm.

"Oh god, I'm gonna cum again Tony," I panted, "Don't stop now... Oh my god, don't you even dare think of stopping now... OH MY GOD!"

With that the best orgasm of the afternoon struck me and I came and gushed pussy cum all over his fingers and hand. All the while I kept calling out his name, telling him how wonderful he was making me feel.

"Oh Tony, that felt so good," I sighed as I went limp on the couch. He still had his fingers ion me, as if waiting for my permission to withdraw them.

"Taste your fingers Tony... See what I taste like."

Tony put his fingers to his nose, took a whiff of my pussy juices on them and then shrugged and put his fingers in his mouth. He grinned as he licked my cum off his fingers.

"Taste good Tony?" I asked him.

"Mmmmmmm," was all Tony had to say which told me enough.

"Lick my pussy now," I told him, holding my pussy lips apart with both hands. My crotch was soaked by now and I could only imagine the mess I was leaving on the couch but who cared? Tony slowly moved his head down towards my pussy. I could tell he wasn't quite sure about doing this but he was too horny to say no to me about anything so I was going to take advantage of the situation.

"Just lick it with your tongue Tony... right here," I said softly as I pointed to my clit with my finger. Tony's tongue reached and just barely touch me but it was enough to make me jump a little and he quickly pulled his head back.

"Don't stop.. it's OK," I assured him, "It felt good."

Tony looked up at me and I smiled as our eyes met. Then he looked back down at my pussy and started to lick it slowly with his tongue. God it felt so good to feel his wet tongue on me!

"Suck on it softly," I instructed him, "Not TOO hard... that's better."

It didn't take long for Tony's inhibitions to melt away and soon he was like a kitten with his first bowl of milk. He wrapped his arms around my legs and his hands gripped my ass under me. They felt so strong and firm as he held my bare butt in his hands and squeezed my ass.

In the meantime, I started to play with my boobs as his wonderful tongue worked its way around my wet pussy. My nipples were SOOOO sensitive that combined with Tony's tongue on my pussy I was soon feeling my orgasm beginning to build inside of me. Suddenly it struck and I gasped as my pussy felt like it was on fire. My hips pushed upwards against his face and I gripped my boobs tightly as I moaned loudly. At first I couldn't even breath but finally something had to give and I sucked in a huge breath and groaned even louder than before.

"Oh my God Tony, don't stop... don't stop now!" I begged him as I felt my pussy gushing, covering his face with my cum. I wasn't sure if he understood what it was but he didn't seem to mind and kept licking me all the more.

"Fuck me Tony," I pleaded with him. I had originally intended to suck his cock for a while before we got down to actually fucking but I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted his cock so bad at that moment I wanted to scream for him to put it in me. Tony looked up at me, a look of uncertainty in his eyes.

"Don't just look at me, dammit... fuck me," I said in a more firm voice, "Put you cock in me before I go nuts!"

have been if Beth had joined in. God, it would've been incredibly hot if just as he as pushing himself deeper inside of me, his sister surprised him and let him fuck her after he was done with me. Well, it made for a good fantasy and a few times I thought I heard a noise from the hallway but when I looked there was nothing there and I knew it was just the workings of my overactive imagination but it still made me horny as hell!

Meantime, I felt Tony's crotch pressing up against my mine and the feeling of his cock deep inside of me made me shudder with excitement. At first he just held it still inside of me and even though I was bucking a bit underneath of him, I could still feel the throbbing of his pulse as his dick throbbed within my pussy.

"Oh yes Tony... now THIS is what I've been craving," I whispered in his ear. Tony just looked at me silently. His face was beaming, though, and I could tell from the way he was involuntarily starting to thrust slightly in and out of me that his male instincts were about to take over.

"Fuck me now... Oh god Tony... let me feel you move in and out of me." Once he got started, Tony went to work on my pussy, thrusting himself in and out of me like a piston on a train. Our hips moved together, pulling away from each other and then ramming ourselves back together again. Over and over and over again he filled me with his cock, only to pull it most of the way out again before shoving it back in. A couple of times he managed to accidentally slip out of me but I quickly reached down and guided him back in again and he barely missed a beat in the process. His movements were becoming faster and his breathing more labored. Usually that meant only thing - Tony was about to cum.

"Cum in me Tony... I want you to cum inside me."

Tony's movements slowed for a second as he looked down at me with almost a look of panic.

"It's OK, you can cum inside my pussy."

Tony started to say something but I cut in before he could say anything saying, "Haven't you ever cum in a girl before Tony?"

I knew the answer but I wanted him to say it anyway.

"Nnnnnnno," he stammered.

"Trust me Tony, it's ok."

To escalate the matter I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him into me like I was trying to shimmy up a palm tree. Tony seemed to accept the inevitable and he went back to work, pumping me like a jack hammer, relentless and hard. Finally it happened and I felt his ass punch into me as suddenly a faint feeling of warmth emerged inside of me, like a flower blooming in the wilderness and I knew I was feeling his sperm emptying into me. Instinctively he drive himself as deep as he could into me, trying to mate with me, trying to inject his seed ad deep into my empty womb as possible. As I was on the pill, his sperm was facing a hopeless quest, doomed to failure before they even started their journey, but what did that matter? This was one time when good intentions were good enough!

"Yes Tony, fuck me, cum in me... oh god I can feel you cumming inside of me," I moaned as I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him down on top of me.

My breasts were crushed against his firm, hairless chest and I could feel the heat of his body as we molded together as if one body. This was the moment I had been waiting for, the moment I had been dreaming of. As much as I loved being intimate with a girl, as much as I enjoyed masturbation, this was the one thing only a man could do for me - to fill me with his cum until it dripped from my pussy.

The last few loads of sperm erupted from Tony's cock and it was like he collapsed on top of me in exhaustion. He was too big and heavy to stay on top of me so I pushed him over and on his side like a sack of potatoes only this one had a cock still in me so as he turned over his dick slipped out of me and glistened in the light with my pussy juices covering it. He actually fell to the floor next to the couch but it didn't seem to bother him and I turned on my side to look down at him as he laid there on his back with his arms stretched out above him and his legs flat on the floor. His cock was still hard, for that matter the only thing about him that seemed to have any stiffness. I put my hand to cup my pussy and I sighed deeply as I felt his cum draining from me and covering my hand. He just lay there, eyes closed and chest heaving as if he had just finished running a marathon or something.

The more I looked at his, athletic nude body below me, the more I wanted more of it. He may have been finished after fucking me but I certainly wasn't finished with him - not by a long shot! I got off the couch, stepping over Tony as I did and pulled a couple of pillows down and laid them on the floor next to Tony's prone body. Kneeling down on one of the pillows, I reached out with my hand and grabbed his still incredibly hard cock. God, you had to love the resilience of a horny sixteen year-old boy! Had it been my dad, he would have been asleep with his cock already shriveled down to next to nothing by now. In contrast, while Tony may have been working on catching his breath, sleep was about the last thing on his mind and his cock was still as hard as it was when he first entered me. I wasn't about to let such an opportunity go to waste so I leaned over and took the head in my mouth. Tony shuddered as I sucked gently on the head of his cock.

"Oh wow, that feels good," he managed to croak out.

I held his cock in my hand again and looked up at his face where he was watching my every move.

"You like your cock to be sucked, eh Tony?" I teased him gently. I wasn't trying to play hard to get or anything, I just wanted him to tell me how much he wanted me to suck him.

"Always wondered what it would be like...," he said on almost a dream state as I stroked his cock slowly with my hand.

I took his head again in my mouth except this time I let my tongue go to work on it, running the tip of it around the soft smooth head of his dick. Damn he tasted good! Most of the flavor was my own pussy which I always loved to taste, either on my fingers, a face, but especially on a dick like this. Knowing he had just been inside of me and that the smell and flavor was a mixture of my pussy with his cum was almost overwhelmingly erotic.

"OHHHHHHHHH!," he cried out suddenly as I took all of him in my mouth until he was practically down my throat and I had my face buried in his smelly pubic hair. I grinned to myself, thinking that Beth HAD to have heard that and I wondered if she was wondering herself what was going on between me and her youngest brother.

God, how could she be resisting joining us? Many times I had dreamed of what it would be like to have a brother and how it would have been to let him fuck me as much as he wanted. I would masturbate thinking of my dad fucking me while my imaginary brother fucked our mother. I know my mom would have wanted it - heck, she had TOLD me so enough times!

One good thing about letting Tony fuck me before I blew him was that it helped him to have a little more stamina in terms of holding off cumming. The first time had been pretty quick and while I still loved it, it would have been Ok with me if he had held off awhile longer. If I'd started out sucking him like this, no doubt he would have already cum in my mouth! As it was, I was able to enjoy sucking him for almost ten minutes before I felt his ass tightening and his balls pulling up against him.

This time I didn't have to say anything, I just kept my mouth clamped on his cock like a hose as he came once again. It was almost as much as the first time and I felt my mouth quickly filling with his bitter sperm. Somehow I managed to keep it all in, though, and after about six or seven loads he stopped jerking and I had his entire load in my mouth.

Lifting my head off of him, I turned to face him and opened my mouth so he could see his sperm pooled on my tongue. I couldn't really say anything so I just smiled and closed my mouth. Rather than just swallowing it down, I leaned over his STILL erect cock and let the sperm drip from my mouth and down to cover his cock. Once it had a nice coating, I leaned down further and sucked it all off once again.

I repeated it again and this time when I sucked it up I swallowed it down in several gulps. Once the last of it had been cleaned up by my tongue and my mouth was relatively clear of it (if you ever had a mouthful of cum, you know that no matter how much you try, you can never get ALL of it out of your mouth until you finally get to have a drink or something else to wash it out your mouth), I sat up on my knees and looked down at him. He just had this look of total bliss on his face so I let him lay there and stood up. Gathering up my clothes, I held them in a bundle and nudged him with my foot.

"Well Tony, I hope you remember me next time you're with Michele," I said seductively.

Tony just sighed and I doubted he had the energy left to reply even if he knew what to say. I blew him a kiss and returned to Beth's room where I found her on her bed, still nude and still playing with herself. God, had she been masturbating the entire time I had been fucking her brother?

"Damn girl, you STILL going at it?"

Beth gave me a sly look and I knew something was up. She hadn't been fingering herself for the last hour so, so what HAD the little minx been doing? Suddenly it dawned on me and I dropped my clothes in a heap as I jumped up in bed with her.

"You little slut, you watched me fuck your brother, didn't you?" I accused her, "I bet that was you I heard in the hallway, wasn't it?"

Beth actually denied that part but she couldn't lie to me about the rest.

"I couldn't help myself, I hated myself for doing it but I HAD to see what was happened once I heard you getting off." Beth rolled her eyes and smiled at me saying, "For god's sake Kelly, it's a good thing the windows were closed, the neighbors would have been calling the police if they had heard you!"

She couldn't hold it in anymore and burst out laughing saying, "So tell me, did my little brother REALLY fuck you that good or were you just playing to his ego?

"Well, you'll just have find out for yourself someday," I teased her.

Beth smacked my bottom playfully and I leaned over to kiss her. I could tell from the way she pulled back quickly that she hadn't expected to find the taste of her brother's cum on my mouth!

"Ewwwww, that isn't what I think it is, is it?" she asked with a horrified look on her face. I winked at her and she smacked me again, a little harder this time.

"You little slut, how could you do that to me?" she said, a little more accusing than I would have expected to be honest.

Beth could never stay mad at me long so we laid down next to each and just hugged. I noted she wasn't kissing me anymore! Oh well, maybe someday I would get her and her brother together. I figured Tony would be the easy one to convince and it would be Beth that would be the speed bump for my fantasy. But then, you never know!

# 2007

## (Mar 18) Chapter 133: Party at My Cousin's Dorm

Story codes: MF FF F-solo exhib oral inc cousin
Me (22)
Kristen - cousin (19)
Neil (22)
David (21)

When it came time to choose a college, I decided to attend a religious university based on its personal learning atmosphere and impressive academic credentials. In comparison, my younger cousin Kristen chose hers based on being close to home and having a good time; apparently a degree was an afterthought. I get frustrated at times with the strict rules but I'm sure in the future I will not regret my choice. When I was home on break, I got to experience dorm party life at my cousin's university which was just a little bit different from mine.

### 1. Cousins

My favorite cousin Kristen is about two years younger than me and in many ways we are more like sisters than cousins. We both started having sex at about the same age (fourteen), both of us have enjoyed it ever since, and we both have incestual relationships within our family. Kristen's mom is divorced so she never knew her dad but my dad has "filled" the position for her - literally I guess you could say.

As much as we are alike, we still have our differences. While our birth certificates say she was born a couple of years after me, most people think I'm really four or five years older. Kristen has that natural "young girl" petite look that fools people all the time. Then there is our hair - she's a blonde and I'm a brunette (don't even ask about the time I experimented being a blonde!). Kristen is slightly shorter than me now but I weigh a bit more than her. I don't think I'm overweight so much as she is just very petite.

Appearances aside, the biggest difference between us is what you might call our "wild" factor. Sure, nobody is ever going to call me a wall flower, especially when it comes to my sexual side, but it's like Kristen has always tried to do everything one step beyond me (or more). I've been fucked by quite a few guys, over thirty intimately and almost 140 if you count the parties.

Most people would probably say that is quite a few but it pales in comparison to Kristen. She doesn't keep a diary like I do, but she thinks her total is maybe as high as 300 by now, driven primarily by the fact she loves parties and being the center of attention.

Our public demeanors vary quite a bit as well. My career plans are to return to my home town after I graduate and get a job teaching in my old school district. A slutty image as a student might be fun but doesn't look so good on your resume! Sure, back in high school I had a bit of a reputation with the boys. However, I never did anything more than a little innocent flirting with any of my teachers or staff, certainly no more than most girls did at one time or another. There were times I might have dressed a bit on the edge but usually nothing overly naughty that would earn me the attention of the principal.

When I use the word "slut", it usually has a different meaning than from what most people think when they hear it. For instance, my dad loves to call me his "little slut" but he means it as a compliment to describe likes the way I dress and act around him. My Aunt Shari, on the other hand, is a super conservative bitch and when she calls me a slut, I know it's NOT intend it to be a compliment. Finally, there are the boys at school and when they call Kristen a slut, that is their way of saying she is sexy AND willing to fuck about anything on two legs.

While in high school, Kristen all but wore a "Class Slut" crown on her head. She had a well-earned reputation for being willing to put out for just about anyone - including a few teachers according to the rumor mill. We discussed what people thought of her at times and she was quite proud of it. She also had the support of her mom, who even bought some of her most risque outfits to wear to school. Kristen's motto was that if you're going to step over the line you may as well go for it and she never held anything back. More than a few times she had been sent home from school for a skirt that was WAY too short or a blouse that was WAY too sheer (without a bra of course). One thing you couldn't argue - she got the results she wanted - passed her classes (one way or another, usually ALL the way) and had as much attention from the guys as she could handle.

My school's policy was that freshmen HAD to live in the dorms. Half of the sophomores got to live in the on-campus apartments but I lost the lottery and had to spend a second year in dorm hell. Guys were allowed in the dorm only when we were moving in and out and during special occasions that were heavily chaperoned. Getting caught with a guy in your room was grounds for immediate expulsion.

All students are required to pledge to a strict set of "Lifestyle Guidelines" which prohibit any form of sex, lewd behavior, etc. Actually, we are not REQUIRED to pledge to them, but then we were also informed that we are not REQUIRED to attend school here either! The dress codes is not Amish by any means, but still pretty conservative.

There have been times when it has been frustrating to the point where masturbation just wasn't enough to satisfy my emotions and physical needs. Unfortunately, it was when I got to the breaking point that I found myself doing things I normally wouldn't have done (a brief stint in the escort business was probably the craziest thing I tried to satisfy my needs). Overall, I love my school and I know I'm getting a great education. It's not like I am going to be here all my life and I still manage to have some good times.

Kristen could have lived at home during college and taken a bus into school every day, but it would have been a hassle and besides, in her mind living in a dorm was half the fun of going to school. My Aunt Linda is a successful realtor (not so amazing considering how many of her deals are finalized in a the bedrooms of the homes she sells!) and was able to afford the extra expense. It didn't hurt the tuition at a state college was a fraction of what my school charges. Besides, she knew what Kristen's motivations were and wanted her daughter to enjoy her college years.

I was a junior when Kristen started her freshman year so I got to move to an on- campus apartment which I shared with five other girls, two to a bedroom. Although many of the rules were still as strict as they were in the dorms (no boys allowed), at least there were no RA's and I had a bit more room and privacy.

Kristen and I e-mail or phone each other almost every day and even though I thought I knew my cousin pretty well, I was still amazed at how quickly she adapted to college life - or should I say college parties. As it turned out, Kristen's reputation preceded her at college as many of the guys who had been fucking her over the years were there already. From the way she described things, I had to wonder how she ever got any schoolwork done!

Unlike my dorm, Kristen's not only allowed guys, it was coed! Not that the guys shared rooms with the girls; each sex had their own floors but they were allowed to mix freely. From what I gathered, Kristen's room all but had a red light over the door and quickly got the reputation for being party central on her floor. Whenever we would talk about what went on in her room, I would be amazed at how two school could be so different. God, if my school found out that I was doing that sort of stuff OFF campus that she was doing in her room, I would be expelled.

In my diary I maintain a "sexual history" where I record the first time every guy does me (just when I get fucked as I lost track of the number of blowjobs years ago). Due to the rules at my school, my list doesn't change while Kristen's headcount (pun intended!) skyrockets. I have to admit that it gets a bit frustrating when she complains about not getting laid the previous night when sometimes I go for months without getting a real cock for myself. Hell, sometimes I get the impression she gets fucked more often than I masturbate - which is quite often by the way. Over time, the newness of college seemed to wear off and with it, Kristen's bragging about her school sex life. Even so, I knew she was still getting it as much as ever.

I was nearing the end of my senior year and spring break was about to start. While many of my friends were heading to Florida and Mexico, I decided to stay at home and study for the state boards which I would have to pass this summer if I want to be certified to teach. One disadvantage of going to school out of state is that as part of my curriculum I have to pass the state boards but that is for Ohio, which of course isn't recognized by Pennsylvania. Since I won't be graduating from a PA school, I have to wait until mid-summer to take the boards whereas the PA graduates will already be getting their results back, letting them apply for jobs before me. Thus I have to be sure to pass the boards the first time and as much as Cancun sounds like fun, I had a career to consider.

Kristen's spring break was the week before mine so when I arrived home, she was already back at school. A while back Kristen had invited me to spend a night in her room so I could get a taste of what "real" dorm life was like. When Kristen said "taste", I had a feeling it had a more literal meaning to it than most people would have thought.

## 2. Thoughts of My Dad

Although my break officially started on a Friday and everyone was suppose to be off-campus, I got permission to stay in my apartment until Saturday so I could help out with an event for my church youth group on Saturday. It was lonely that night as the campus was practically deserted. Lying in bed that evening I kept thinking about how I could have been home right then and how wonderful it would have been to be with my family instead of wasting away the evening watching TV all alone.

The more I thought about being home the more the tingle between my legs grew stronger. Nobody was around so I turned off the TV, stripped down, and laid back on my bed naked with my head supported by a pillow. Reaching down with my right hand, I cupped my warm crotch with my hand. Just the slight pressure of my palm against me was enough to make me gasp slightly as goose bumps instantly raised all over my body. With my left hand, I traced my fingertips lightly over my firm stomach and slowly moved up to my boobs, running little circles around my nipples which quickly hardened in response. Using two fingers, I pinched my left nipple and tugged on it, then letting it snap back. A shiver ran up and down my spine as I repeated it on my right breast and then back again on my left one.

My eyes closed as I imagined being home, watching TV in the family room with my parents. I would be wearing one of my dad's favorite dress shirts, the long tails hanging down to cover my bare ass with only a couple of buttons at the bottom buttoned, just enough to keep it from opening completely. My dad would be in his Lazy-Boy, wearing his Nike shorts and t-shirt while my mom would be in her chair, typically in a long nightshirt that draped below her knees.

My dad loves to watch StarGate, not that the show itself is so great, he's enamored with Amanda Tapping. Something about a pretty young woman who is smart and can take care of herself seems to turn him on enormously. Whenever she is on the screen he becomes more alert and sometimes even starts rubbing himself. In my dream, she had a large role in tonight's episode and thus was seen more often than usual, making my dad so horny he finally had to pull his hard cock out of his shorts and then he started stroking himself.

While the image of seeing your dad masturbating to a woman on TV might seem odd to most people, at my house it wasn't all that unusual. I'd been raised to know that fundamentally, masturbation was no different than scratching an itch - a physical response to a need your body had at the time. It was certainly nothing to be ashamed of and while it wasn't polite to flaunt it, doing it discreetly when the need struck was not only acceptable, it was expected. What was the point in putting it off until later when you could 'scratch the itch" now? Let me be clear that while growing up, I never saw any sexual connection between my father's frequent urges to masturbate and me. After all, I was his daughter so why would he think of me that way? Of course, looking back it was all quite obvious but I guess when you are young and naive that even when it's right in front of you the message doesn't always get through.

Usually I masturbated in my room but in a few cases, such as when a sexy guy was on TV, I would do it on the couch or even in the backseat of our car when we traveled. Obviously, I was aware that my dad would watch me but I assumed it was just his concern for my well-being, not that it turned him on in any way. Again, I didn't think father's thought about their own daughter's that way. When I saw my dad's cock, I certainly didn't think about him the same way as when one of my boyfriends would take his out for me.

Well, I was a bit off-base with that assumption but you can't blame me when you consider the environment I was raised in. It's interesting to me that being raised in an sexually "open" home, the idea of incest just didn't occur to me whereas had I been raised like most of my friends, many things about my dad's behavior would have been taken in an entirely different light. For me, it was just normal family life.

Of course, once I started having sex with my dad back when I was sixteen, I realized what the real story was so now when I see my dad masturbating outside my room I know it's me he's thinking of. Even though I now know that when I masturbate in front of him that it turns him on, I still do it if I felt the need to but it feels different knowing he is not only watching me, but that he wants to fuck me as well. Sometimes now I to it just to please him, knowing he likes to see me playing with myself.

As I dreamed of my father stroking himself as he stared at Amanda's hot body, I imagined myself playing with myself across the room for him, unbuttoning the few remaining buttons and letting the shirt fall to my sides, revealing my nude body to him. As much as he was turned on by his TV fantasy girl, I know he loves seeing his daughter masturbating even more and tonight I dreamed I was putting on a real show for him, just for his entertainment.

My fingers started to roam about my pussy, running between my pussy lips and toying with my clit. I let my fingertips drag gently against the soft inner skin of my thighs and then slowly move back to my impatient pussy. My hips gyrated slowly under my hand as I imagined my father watching me, his lust for a TV fantasy girl forgotten now as he thinks about what he wants to do to his own daughter. How long would he hold out before he came to me, before he used me to satisfy his most base urges, to let me fulfill his lust and desire for a young woman?

My pussy was responding to my finger, getting that feeling of wetness as my own sexual urges began to unleash themselves. In my mind, my dad was getting out of his chair now, looking over at my mom who just grinned and nodded her head, giving her permission for him to use her daughter to satisfy himself. He approached me with that hungry look in his eye, like a hungry wolf approaching an innocent lamb. At some point between his chair and the couch, I knew that in his mind I had changed from being simply his daughter to a young girl that existed at that moment solely for his pleasure, willing to give herself to him in any way he wanted. Whenever I saw him like this my heart would race and I would feel such an incredible sensation of love and security knowing my own father wanted me in that way.

My middle finger pushed itself just inside my now wet pussy hole but in my mind it wasn't my finger but my father's, checking out my pussy to see if I was wet enough for him. Of course I was and I pushed my finger in even farther as I moaned out loud, then softly urging my father to take me, offering myself to him unconditionally, just as a daughter is expected to yield herself to her own father. Every child is commanded to lover and honor their parents. How could I honor my father in any way more intensely than this?

A second finger followed my first and my hips rose up to take in my dad's imaginary cock as he started to fuck me. I stroked myself as I dreamed of his hard cock moving slowly in and out of his daughter's pussy. In the haze of my own lust, I could see my dad's face just above me, see that look of pure incestual lust as he took me in a way only a father can with his daughter.

I felt my orgasm rising in me, like the waters of a flood slowly rising until they overflowed their dikes and spilled out to flood the rest of my body. It was like every pore of my body was on fire, pleasure consuming me from the trip of my toes to the outer reaches of my hair.

"Oh fuck me daddy," I cried out into the silence. "Cum in me... PLEASE cum inside of me!" I begged my imaginary father.

Thankfully nobody was anywhere near my room or I might have had some explaining to do! As it was, I could feel him releasing his cum in me, feel his incestuous sperm filling my empty womb. Whenever he came in me the look on his face was always one of such pure joy and happiness and it made me feel like nothing else I had ever known to know I was responsible for his joy. His cock was gripped by my convulsing pussy as he gave his daughter his precious gift of love, shooting it deeply into me, as far up in me as he could ram his dick.

Now THIS was the moment I lived for. THIS was the reason I let my dad fuck me. It wasn't just the sex, not by any means. As much as I physically enjoyed him fucking me, let's be real; I can get laid any time I want so I don't need my dad's dick just for that. It's knowing how happy I make him, seeing that look in his eyes when he knows he has just cum in his daughter's pussy, that incredible feeling I get knowing I have satisfied my dad in a way no other woman can - not even my mom. He is my father, the man I love and respect more than anyone else so far in my life. To please him in this most intimate way is the ultimate gift I can give him. I can't even imagine withholding myself from him. To do so would be the act of a self-centered and disrespectful person.

As my orgasm waned, I laid there without moving a muscle, allowing the aftershocks to pulse periodically in my pussy and then through my entire body. God I love to masturbate! Of course, getting fucked would have been better but at times like this when the need arises, it certainly feels good. I turned on my side, my hand still cupping my soaking wet cunt, and drifted off to sleep dreaming of my dad staying in me, holding me in his strong arms tightly against him.

## 3. Sunday Morning With Kristen

The next day started out fairly typically. I woke up, masturbated in bed for a while, and then did my thing in the bathroom. It seemed weird to be the only one there, to be able to wander around the apartment without having to worry about putting on a robe. A few last minutes items to pack and I was out of there. I went straight to the church and when the play was over, set a course for home and arrived a little more than three hours later. Needless to say, I had a great homecoming and while it may not have started with Amanda Tapping on his mind, my dad certainly fucked me good that night - and the next morning before church.

to their maximum advantage. In the competitive world of real estate, it never hurt to use all your "assets" and my aunt wasn't afraid to do whatever it took to land a sale.

"Now you girls don't do anything I wouldn't do!" she warned us as she left the house. Kristen and I both laughed at that one as it pretty much left the door open to do about anything.

Once she left, we went up to Kristen's bedroom to get her stuff. Actually it was her AND her mom's bedroom since they had always shared a bed since Kristen's dad had left. Kristen's relationship with her mom was just one of many things I probably would have never been told about had I decided not to engage in incest. When my mom finally DID tell me, it was like a big "duh" neon sign lit up over my head. Sometimes I guess you don't see the things that are right in front of your face so I guess that's why when I was growing up I had no idea what else they "shared" with each other..

When Kristen and I first started masturbating together, I would sometimes wonder what it would be like to do more with a girl. Other than playing with ourselves, Kristen and I never did anything more until after my freshman year in college. Actually, it was probably best I didn't know because until I understood what incest really meant by having sex with my own parents, I think I would have freaked had I known that Kristen was doing it with her mom long before she was even a teenager!

"So, have you been bringing home quite a few boy toys for your mom lately?" I asked her, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

Kristen giggled and replied, "Nahhhhh, actually it's been a while. Mom's been getting plenty on her own lately it seems judging from her commission checks."

I was sure she did and it certainly didn't hurt that she had a nineteen year-old sex-crazed daughter to offer as well when the deals got stuck. Unlike housework, I had a feeling Kristen never complained when her mom asked for her "help" at work.

It didn't surprise me the first time Kristen told me about what she did to help out her mom sometimes to seal a deal. As much as I know it turns on guys to see me with another girl, it's nothing compared to the intensity created when they ask me if they have sex together with my mom and me. While that will never happen (my mom would NEVER have sex with a guy not in her family - back to the adultery taboo), it still amazes me at how strong a fantasy that is for men. About the only thing guys seem to want more is to see me being fucked by my dad - another fantasy I don't quite understand.

I have to admit that there are times when I envy Kristen as her mom isn't married. Thus my aunt doesn't have to face any issues over committing adultery and thus two of them can do things my mom and I can't. Lately I have been thinking about asking my aunt if I could pretend to be her daughter at one of her "sales meetings" but Kristen gets such a thrill from them that I haven't had the nerve so far to ask.

The dynamic duo didn't limit themselves to just work-related fun. Sometimes they just shared their dates for the fun of it. As I mentioned before, Kristen prefers the young boys over her mom's older companions so she likes it better when she is the one to bring home the guy. That said, she certainly didn't complain when her mom came home with one of her older dates. Although there was probably no way she ever would have done a guy that age on her own, with her mom it was different and hopefully someday I'll get to experience it myself.

"Hey, want to see something?" she asked, bringing my head down from the clouds. Well duh, what was I supposed to say - no?

Indeed, it was more a rhetorical question for her as she didn't wait for my answer and instead went over to the nightstand and opened up the top drawer. She pulled out several pages of paper and handed them to me with a big grin all over her face. Looking through them, I was a bit surprised, to say the least, to find they were printouts of some of the more recent tributes I had forwarded them from guys who had sent them to me. Most were of Kristen since she seems to be a popular "target" for most guys; but a number of them were photos of my aunt, mostly in her bikini. Of course, they all had one thing in common - they were splattered with some horny guy's cum!

"So I guess you didn't mind that I passed these on to you, eh?" I asked, the answer being obvious with the evidence in my hand.

"Crap, I remember the first time I showed them to my mom, she about freaked," Kristen chuckled. "Not the messy stuff..., she thought I might be sending out nudes or something as well to get them off this much."

Well, that was certainly nothing for either of them to be worried about. Although I have been asked literally hundreds of times for nudes of my aunt and cousin (not to mention the rest of my family and of course, me), I have always refused since I didn't have their permission nor would I expect to get it. It is one thing to be a slut in person; but to have your photos circulating around the world is another thing entirely.

Back when I first started fooling around on the Internet, I use to send out nudes of me to just about anyone and even ran a web site for a while where guys could download them. Then I started seeing them appear on other people's profiles and web sites so I quit sending them out as a general rule. After all, I figure if guys want nude pics of young women there are millions available for free on the Internet so why did they need any of me? So now my philosophy is that if someone wants to see what I look like and get off from that, it's fine with me but al they will get are "regular" family photos. That's one reason why I love it when guys use them for tributes as it shows they want me more for who I am than just cumming to a nude pic that could be anyone.

"So, did you two get off from them?" I asked, "You know, guys always ask me if you do and I have always just assumed you did. I mean, you are always asking me to get you more."

Kristen giggled again. "Oh yeah, more than a few times. Remember those videos you passed on that showed a guy cumming on me in different outfits? You know, the ones with the audio where he kept saying how much he wanted to fuck me? Well, they got me so horny that I simply HAD to show them to my mom and then both of us just HAD to do something about it, if you know what I mean."

I certainly did! We both had a good laugh over that one and then she put the photos back in the drawer as we changed clothes before leaving for her school. It was a nice day outside but still a bit on the cool side so we both decided to wear jeans. I added a new sweatshirt I had just bought from the school bookstore, figuring I may as well advertise the home school a bit. Kristen just threw on a light blouse which didn't do much to hide of what was underneath. From all appearance, most people would have thought we were just two typical college girls, even if we did have anything but typical plans for the evening.

The next day started out fairly typically. I woke up, masturbated in bed for a while, and then did my thing in the bathroom. It seemed weird to be the only one there, to be able to wander around the apartment without having to worry about putting on a robe. A few last minutes items to pack and I was out of there. I went straight to the church and when the play was over, set a course for home and arrived a little more than three hours later. Needless to say, I had a great homecoming and while it may not have started with Amanda Tapping on his mind, my dad certainly fucked me good that night – and the next morning before church.

As always, we attended church on Sunday morning as a family, sitting in the same pew with my aunts, uncles and cousins. It was the first time I had seen Kristen in months and we squealed and hugged like little girls when we met. She was looking incredible, as always, as did her mom. Both were wearing dresses that pushed the boundaries of the unofficial church dress code just a little bit without being overly risque. Kristen had that young high school girl look while her mom was a definite MILF.

As usual, my dad had his eye on his sister-in-law and I had a strong feeling that my aunt would be stopping by our house this afternoon once Kristen and I had left. It wasn't like she was hurting for sex so much as she just enjoyed doing it with my dad. At thirty eight, she still looked almost ten years younger (probably where Kristen got her youthful looks from).

My dad had been doing both sisters since they were all barely teenagers and marrying one of them didn't change a thing so far as that relationship was concerned. Actually, I think screwing his sister-in-law gave him a similar thrill to what he got when he fucked me. It wasn't just the sex, although I knew from seeing her in action that my aunt was quite talented in that area, but rather it was doing his wife's sister that made it hot for him. After all, how many guys had their wife's permission to fuck her sister anytime they wanted?

Speaking of having her permission, many people ask me how my mom feels about all of this; I mean her husband having sex with her sister and daughter. Remember that as I just described, I believe my dad gets off from fucking the us mainly because of his relationship to him us, not the sex (OK, he IS a man and he loves women just as much as the next guy so don't think I'm THAT naive). Most people assume my mother gets jealous or insecure. Actually, nothing could be further from the truth. When your husband has available to him several younger girls and an older woman, yet he always returns to you, doesn't that say something about his love and respect for you?

When my dad married my mom, he promised before God to love her and protect her until death, above all others. Nobody that I know of has ever questioned his total commitment to that vow. My dad truly loves my mother like no other woman in earth and he would NEVER cheat on her. There is only one woman in the world he has ever made love to - my mother. Sure, he fucks me and some relatives, but we are all part of the same family and thus fall within the boundaries of his marriage.

An important distinction to make when discussing incest is that opportunity does not necessarily translate into reality. Just because it is "legal", none of us feel obligated to let him fuck us. Speaking for myself, I let him do it because I WANT to as a sign of my love and respect for him as his daughter. Although as I said, it's not an obligation where I feel forced to do anything, I still feel strongly that as his daughter I should always strive to honor my father. Frankly, if that means letting him fuck me, then what's the harm? After all, it's just sex, a natural act between a man and a woman. In the past six years I can't remember a single time I have refused to honor my dad's desires and I have no intention of ever refusing him so long as he wants me in that way.

So much for my soapbox speech. After church I kissed my parents goodbye and went home with my cousin and aunt for lunch. We discussed school for a while and eventually my aunt asked Kristen how things were going "recreationally".

"Oh mom!" Kristen huffed but her eyes twinkling at the same time. Then she got a sly grin on her face and looked at me and then back to her mom.

"You would have loved the guy I had the other night, Mom. God! He had such a big cock, just the way you like them."

We all laughed, especially her mom. Kristen had told before me how she sometimes would bring home a boy from school and then surprise him with a little mother- daughter action. She knew the types her mom liked, that was for sure! While my aunt dated mostly guys around her age, I guess it's only natural for an older woman to want a young cock now and then, no different than most older guys seem to always have a desire for a young pussy. The way my cousin explained it to me, her mom got off as much from seeing the guys go nuts watching a mother- daughter scene as anything else.

Unlike me, Kristen likes her guys young, TOO young if you ask me. It's not that I don't think about it at times, but having sex with a young teenage boy isn't exactly a resume builder when you want to be an elementary school teacher! My aunt has told me that even she has had to avoid more than a few of Kristen's prizes. Bringing home a college guy, though, wasn't a bad deal for any of the three of them.

Had it been another day or time, things might have gotten interesting between the three of us as it usually did when the talk turned in this direction. Unfortunately, today my aunt had an open house on the other side of town and had to hurry off to get things prepared. I noticed she had changed out her relatively conservative dress for one that was considerably shorter and lower cut, showing off her legs and boobs to their maximum advantage. In the competitive world of real estate, it never hurt to use all your "assets" and my aunt wasn't afraid to do whatever it took to land a sale.

"Now you girls don't do anything I wouldn't do!" she warned us as she left the house. Kristen and I both laughed at that one as it pretty much left the door open to do about anything.

Once she left, we went up to Kristen's bedroom to get her stuff. Actually it was her AND her mom's bedroom since they had always shared a bed since Kristen's dad had left. Kristen's relationship with her mom was just one of many things I probably would have never been told about had I decided not to engage in incest. When my mom finally DID tell me, it was like a big "duh" neon sign lit up over my head. Sometimes I guess you don't see the things that are right in front of your face so I guess that's why when I was growing up I had no idea what else they "shared" with each other..

When Kristen and I first started masturbating together, I would sometimes wonder what it would be like to do more with a girl. Other than playing with ourselves, Kristen and I never did anything more until after my freshman year in college. Actually, it was probably best I didn't know because until I understood what incest really meant by having sex with my own parents, I think I would have freaked had I known that Kristen was doing it with her mom long before she was even a teenager!

"So, have you been bringing home quite a few boy toys for your mom lately?" I asked her, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

Kristen giggled and replied, "Nahhhhh, actually it's been a while. Mom's been getting plenty on her own lately it seems judging from her commission checks."

I was sure she did and it certainly didn't hurt that she had a nineteen year-old sex-crazed daughter to offer as well when the deals got stuck. Unlike housework, I had a feeling Kristen never complained when her mom asked for her "help" at work.

It didn't surprise me the first time Kristen told me about what she did to help out her mom sometimes to seal a deal. As much as I know it turns on guys to see me with another girl, it's nothing compared to the intensity created when they ask me if they have sex together with my mom and me. While that will never happen (my mom would NEVER have sex with a guy not in her family - back to the adultery taboo), it still amazes me at how strong a fantasy that is for men. About the only thing guys seem to want more is to see me being fucked by my dad - another fantasy I don't quite understand.

I have to admit that there are times when I envy Kristen as her mom isn't married. Thus my aunt doesn't have to face any issues over committing adultery and thus two of them can do things my mom and I can't. Lately I have been thinking about asking my aunt if I could pretend to be her daughter at one of her "sales meetings" but Kristen gets such a thrill from them that I haven't had the nerve so far to ask.

The dynamic duo didn't limit themselves to just work-related fun. Sometimes they just shared their dates for the fun of it. As I mentioned before, Kristen prefers the young boys over her mom's older companions so she likes it better when she is the one to bring home the guy. That said, she certainly didn't complain when her mom came home with one of her older dates. Although there was probably no way she ever would have done a guy that age on her own, with her mom it was different and hopefully someday I'll get to experience it myself.

"Hey, want to see something?" she asked, bringing my head down from the clouds. Well duh, what was I supposed to say - no?

Indeed, it was more a rhetorical question for her as she didn't wait for my answer and instead went over to the nightstand and opened up the top drawer. She pulled out several pages of paper and handed them to me with a big grin all over her face. Looking through them, I was a bit surprised, to say the least, to find they were printouts of some of the more recent tributes I had forwarded them from guys who had sent them to me. Most were of Kristen since she seems to be a popular "target" for most guys; but a number of them were photos of my aunt, mostly in her bikini. Of course, they all had one thing in common - they were splattered with some horny guy's cum!

"So I guess you didn't mind that I passed these on to you, eh?" I asked, the answer being obvious with the evidence in my hand.

"Crap, I remember the first time I showed them to my mom, she about freaked," Kristen chuckled. "Not the messy stuff..., she thought I might be sending out nudes or something as well to get them off this much."

Well, that was certainly nothing for either of them to be worried about. Although I have been asked literally hundreds of times for nudes of my aunt and cousin (not to mention the rest of my family and of course, me), I have always refused since I didn't have their permission nor would I expect to get it. It is one thing to be a slut in person; but to have your photos circulating around the world is another thing entirely.

Back when I first started fooling around on the Internet, I use to send out nudes of me to just about anyone and even ran a web site for a while where guys could download them. Then I started seeing them appear on other people's profiles and web sites so I quit sending them out as a general rule. After all, I figure if guys want nude pics of young women there are millions available for free on the Internet so why did they need any of me? So now my philosophy is that if someone wants to see what I look like and get off from that, it's fine with me but al they will get are "regular" family photos. That's one reason why I love it when guys use them for tributes as it shows they want me more for who I am than just cumming to a nude pic that could be anyone.

"So, did you two get off from them?" I asked, "You know, guys always ask me if you do and I have always just assumed you did. I mean, you are always asking me to get you more."

Kristen giggled again. "Oh yeah, more than a few times. Remember those videos you passed on that showed a guy cumming on me in different outfits? You know, the ones with the audio where he kept saying how much he wanted to fuck me? Well, they got me so horny that I simply HAD to show them to my mom and then both of us just HAD to do something about it, if you know what I mean."

I certainly did! We both had a good laugh over that one and then she put the photos back in the drawer as we changed clothes before leaving for her school. It was a nice day outside but still a bit on the cool side so we both decided to wear jeans. I added a new sweatshirt I had just bought from the school bookstore, figuring I may as well advertise the home school a bit. Kristen just threw on a light blouse which didn't do much to hide of what was underneath. From all appearance, most people would have thought we were just two typical college girls, even if we did have anything but typical plans for the evening.

## 4. Kristen's "Game"

We grabbed out backpacks and walked down to the T-Station. It was a bit of a hike but I didn't to leave my car overnight in the city lot. We could probably have asked my dad to drive us but it was a nice day for a walk and I hadn't seen the old neighborhood in a while anyway. After an uneventful train trip to downtown Pittsburgh, it was an quick and easy bus trip to the main campus.

Walking around, the first thing that struck me was how everything was so different from my school. Here we were, all the fun things of a big city around us, traffic galore and people everywhere. In contrast, my school is on the outskirts of a relatively small city in the middle of nowhere, without even so much as a bus to get you around. Now that I was back in my home town, I realized just how much loved being in the city and all it had to offer. Thankfully it was just a few more months before I would be graduating and leaving Hooterville.

As we approached her dorm, without seeing the sign out front you would have thought it was just another big office building crowded in among the others. In contrast, mine was out in the open with grass and open areas surrounding around it. We entered through the front door where Kristen had to show her ID card to get through security and then sign me in as a guest at the front desk. I guess with all the issues today on large campuses that a little tighter security was required. My dorm had a guard but I think he was there more to keep the boys out than the crooks.

We went through the lobby and then took an elevator to the third floor where her room was. It may not have seemed like much to her, but I would have KILLED for an elevator at my school back when I was in a dorm. Fortunately, there had been only three stories but freshman were all on the top floor. In my head I could vividly remember traipsing up and down those damn stairwells so many times! Kristen nudged me and pointed to the ceiling. Looking up, I realized we were under surveillance and so I waved to the camera. Kristen pulled me towards her and planted a big kiss on my lips. Not to be outdone, I returned the favor and we held it until the chimes indicated we were at our floor. I could just imagine some poor security guy getting a hard-on watching us! We both were still laughing when we reached her floor and the doors automatically opened to let us out.

Kristen's room was about half way down the hall from the elevators and I marveled at the crap some of the girls had posted on their doors. Some of it was all but obscene - well, maybe some of it WAS. There weren't any nudes or anything like that, but some if it got pretty suggestive. When we got to her room, she pulled a key out from her bag and opened the door. A big "Kristen and Sara's Doll House" sign was taped front and center on the door and I half expected to see a signup sheet under it.

Inside the room as about what I expected - a dump. Kristen was never one for housecleaning and evidently neither was Sara, her roomie. Clothes and underwear (the bras must have been Sara's as I don't Kristen even owns one) were strewn about everywhere and the walls were plastered with posters and pictures.

One photo in particular caught my eye - it was a picture of her in her bikini at the beach. Ordinarily it wouldn't have been anything to draw my attention (although Kristen DID look terribly sexy in the outfit). In this case, however, the photo included a guy's cock at the bottom and his cum was plastered all over her! My jaw dropped as I realized that my nasty little cousin had one of her tributes hanging up on display for everyone to see! It was like a kid bringing home her homework with a star on it and posting it proudly on the refrigerator door.

Seeing me staring at it, Kristen grinned and said, "Oh yeah, I get a LOT of comments on that one!"

Just then a guy stuck his head in the door and called over to Kristen saying, "Hey girl, glad to see you're back."

Despite the fact I knew the dorm was coed, I still had to shake off years of conditioning as I instinctively started to cringe when I realized that a guy was at the door. Trust me, such a thing had NEVER happened during my dorm years, that was for sure!

"So who's the new babe?" he continued, his eyes mentally undressing me without a hint of shame.

Kristen patiently explained how I was her long-lost cousin from a school far, far away and that I would be staying the night with her. Then she walked over to the door and whispered something to him in his ear just low enough I couldn't quite make it out except for words like, "the game" and "she will" that I more lip-read than anything else. When she was finished, the guy gave Kristen a thumbs-up and left with a big grin on his face..

"So what was all THAT about?" I asked when she came back in the room.

"Oh, he just wanted to know if the game was on tonight," she said, knowing she was teasing me by telling me just enough to be curious without actually spilling the beans about anything else. As much as I hated myself for falling for it, my curiosity WAS peaked so I took the bait and ran with it.

"Game?" I repeated innocently.

"Oh, it's just something Sara and I do," she teased, "Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough."

From past experience at similar exchanges, I knew better than to try and pump her for more information. Once Kristen made her mind up about something there was no changing it so I figured I may was well wait until she was ready to share. We left the room and for the rest of the afternoon she gave me the grand tour of the campus. Although I had driven through it many times in the past, I never really looked at it from a student's perspective. Kristen showed me where her classes were and the hospital where she hoped to take nursing classes someday. Most of the time we spent scoping out the various clubs and restaurants she liked to hang out at. Rather than subject me to more cafeteria food, we ate at an interesting joint where everything is served with French fries and sauerkraut piled on the meat between the bread. Sounds sort of weird but it tasted great!

We got back to the dorm again just in time as it was starting to get dark and the weather had chilled down enough to make my sweatshirt a bit inadequate. This time on the way to her place we stopped by a number of other rooms where she introduced me to some of her friends so by the time we actually got to her room it was well into the evening.

The two of us were standing in the hallway as she unlocked her room when another guy stopped by.

"So, everything still on for tonight?" he asked. From the anxious look on his face I had a feeling he wasn't talking about a study group get-together. Now if I had been at school I really would be getting ready for bible study, but somehow I doubted he meant THAT either.

"Geeze, hold your horses, Tracy," Kristen scolded him, "You know how it works so if you want in, you had better get going."

Needless to say, by now I was practically bursting with curiosity but I was doing my best to appear nonchalant. Damn, what sort of game was Kristen going to be playing and even more important, what did it have to do with me?

Tracy just nodded and then he reached down to drop a folded slip of paper into a can by the door. I hadn't noticed it before and when I looked closer I saw it was full of similar pieces of paper, each folded in half like there was going to be some sort of drawing. Kristen gathered it up after she opened the door and we went inside where she closed the door and locked it this time behind us.

"Hmmm, let's see who we've got for tonight," she mused, dumping the pile out on her bed. She started opening them up and dividing them into two piles. It was then I realized each one had a name and phone extension written on it.

"Hmmmmmm, got to keep him!" she muttered, throwing it into the smaller pile.

"Ewwwww, not tonight," she grimaced as she tossed the next into a much larger pile. I just sat back and watched as she separated the contents into two piles. When she was finished, she gathered up the larger pile, crumpled them together into a big wad and tossed them into a nearby garbage can.

"Some guys just can't take a hint," she muttered to herself cryptically, rubbing her hands together as if washing away the dirt from holding those pieces in her hand.

Then Kristen gathered the others and started to sort them out into some sort of order. It didn't appear to be alphabetical so I had no idea what criteria she was applying. She was deep in thought and so I just kept watching and waiting to see what this was all about. It looked like there were about fifteen or twenty of them that had survived whatever weeding-out process she had just conducted. When she was done, she thumbed through them one last times, rearranging a couple until she sat up with a pleased look on her face.

"Been a while since I have this so I guess everyone wanted to get in on it tonight," she told me, even though I was still clueless as to what she was talking about.

"OK, OK, how about cutting out the theatrics for once and just tell me what's going on," I blurted out, unable to contain myself anymore.

"Oh, I thought you knew about my little game?" she answered acting all innocent, "I could have sworn I told you once."

Enough already! I let out a big sigh of despair and dramatically rolled my eyes towards the ceiling until she cracked up and finally broke down and explained everything to me.

"Well, as you might imagine, if we just opened the door and let anyone in, the place would be packed with horny guys," she explained in a matter-of-fact tone, as if it was all perfectly routine. "So Sara and I came up with our own system."

I may not be the sharpest knife in the drawer, but I can usually hold my own and so I quickly picked up where she was leading. Sure enough, she explained how periodically they would play a game where guys dropped off their names in the can and then one of them would select the names and order. It was then required that the other had to let the guys fuck her in that order. Usually there were more guys than time (or stamina) so they would go on until the one getting fucked called it quits. Sometimes this might be after just a couple guys while typically it would go on for most of the night. Kristen said there had only been one time they ran out of names and that was back at the start before many people knew about it.

"And just how often do you two play your so-called 'game", eh Kristen?" I asked her quietly, not too sure how to respond yet so I stalled for time.

Frankly, had anyone else tried to tell me about such a "game", I would never have believed them, thinking they were exaggerating or simply pulling my leg. With Kristen, though, such thoughts never even came to my mind. I didn't doubt for one moment she was completely serious about this - or her claims that she had done it many times in the past. What can I say? As innocent as she may look, my cousin's a complete slut in every sense of the word and loves it. So when it came to my younger cousin, you never knew what she was going to do next which I guess is part of why I found it exciting to hang around with her..

"Ohhhhhh, I think this will be the sixth or seventh time," she said, thinking for a minute as she counted silently on her fingers, trying to pretend she didn't quite remember. "We didn't start it until this year so it's still sort of new. It keeps getting more popular - I wonder why?"

Yeah right, she had no idea why it was popular. And I was the Queen of the Nile! I didn't buy all that crap for one second but I didn't try to refute her.

The more I thought of it, the more it sounded like a college boy fantasy than reality or something you would read about in some porn letter. I wondered who had thought of it? It wouldn't have surprised me to find out one of her boyfriends planted the idea in her pretty blonde head but at this point even she probably didn't know for sure.

"So what's with the names you threw away?" I asked.

"Oh, those," she said flippantly, "Well, when you have as many guys signing up as we do these days, no sense in messing around with the jerks, fat guys, and such. By now I know most of guys around here - if you know what I mean."

Well, how considerate of her, I thought to myself a bit sarcastically.

Kristen then frowned and shook her head in mock disgust. "Well, I just don't let ANYONE fuck me, you know." She saw the sly grin appear on my face and feigned disappointment in me.

"C'mon, Kelly, you know I really do have SOME standards, even if they're not as rigid as yours," she insisted.

I guess that was true but until now I just assumed it meant he had two legs and a dick. Well, at least she weeded them out ahead of time.

"So... how does this game of yours work?" I asked.

"Well, tonight you're here so I did the picking," she informed me. "So I guess you know what role you'll playing tonight."

Well, duh. As if I hadn't seen THAT coming! Anyway, she continued on with her explanation.

"OK, it's really pretty simple. You see, now that I've chosen the names, we start with the guy at the top of the pile, call him, and then he has fifteen minutes to get his ass in here and do his thing with you. Then we kick him out and move on to the next name. Game's over when you've had enough or we run out of names." Well, I couldn't see using up all those names in the pile so it was going to be interesting to see how long this "game" went on tonight. I was curious about one thing though.

"What about the other girls on your floor. Do they know what's going on in here?"

"Oh sure," Kristen said, waving it off like it was nothing, "Heck, nobody cares what anyone else does so long as it doesn't get too loud or anything."

Damn! If a boy even tried to set foot in my dorm back home there would have been half a dozen do-gooders turning him in before you could blink. Here, the only concern seemed to be whether the music got too loud. God bless the public school system!

"You ready?" she asked.

"I don't know," I shrugged, "Don't I have to get ready or anything?"

"Nahhhhh, the first guy will take care of that, trust me!"

Kristen took the top name from the list and smiled. "Mmmmmmm, Neil was one of the first guys I did when I started here last year ...Damn nice cock too! I think you'll like him, he's your type."

There was something surreal about listening to my cousin talk about some guy I had never met this way. And what was "my type" anyway? Heck, even I didn't wasn't always sure what "my type" was so how did she know?

Unsure of what else to do, I just sat back and watched as she picked up her phone and called Neil to inform he that he was lucky enough to be the first one tonight. It all seemed to be happening in slow motion, almost like in a haze. Teasing about all of this with Kristen before was one thing, but now that it was apparently really going to happen, well that was another story to be sure.

# 5. Neil is First

Neil must have literally flown down the steps and hallway as it seemed to be only seconds after Kristen hung up that there was a rapid series of knocks on the door. Kristen grinned at me and then walked over to unlock the door and opened it just a crack. Seeing that it was Neil, she opened the door wide enough to let him in. My first impression of Neil was that her description was pretty accurate. Handsome, tall and judging by with bulge already growing in his pants, probably well hung as well. Hmmm, maybe we WAS my type! Neal was wearing some well-worn jeans and a school T-shirt which showed off his muscular physique quite well. He looked a little older and I was guessing that he was a senior or maybe even a grad student.

Neil noticed me sitting on the bed and after taking a good look at me, he turned back to Kristen with a hint of puzzlement in his face.

"Ok, so where's Sara?" he asked. "And who's this?"

Kristen quickly explained who I was and that it was me he would be fucking tonight. My thoughts were a bit jumbled and confused as I struggled between my natural attraction for a guy like Neil and an unexplainable shyness. Under normal circumstances I would have loved to flirt with him and tease but there wasn't anything "normal" about this. Even when I was escorting I was still under control of the situation but here it was like Kristen was pimping me and that was for some reason causing me some issues.

For better or worse, I wasn't going to have a lot of time dealing with my internal issues. As conflicted as I was, I felt a wave of relief that he didn't look disappointed at the prospect of having me instead of Sara or Kristen. Things began to focus and come into perspective as I realized that he was just another college boy with only one thing on his mind - getting laid. As far as he was concerned, I was sure it didn't matter who I was so long as I let him fuck me.

Kristen was suddenly being quiet herself, for once, so Neil took the initiative. I had a strong feeling this wasn't his first time playing Kristen's little game. He moved over closer to me and grinned broadly, showing off a perfect set of white teeth.

"Damn, wish I had a cousin that looked like you!" he whispered under his breath just loud enough for me to hear. He started to undo his pants and then seemed to finally realize that I was still just sitting there quietly, "Well, you just gonna sit there or what?"

I may not have been quite sure what to expect when Kristen had invited me to her dorm room for the night, but this entire affair was certainly NOT even remotely anything I had considered. My initial instinct was to just get up and leave. After all, what right did Kristen have farming me out like some piece of meat for something could only at best be called a "quickie" with a bunch of horny college boys?

In case you're wondering why someone like me would be having the issues I was having, you need to understand that for me, sex is 80-90% mental. The same guy that bores me fucking me in the bedroom can drive me insane if he does me at the beach in the water surrounded by people. When my father fucks me it isn't his overwhelming technique or cock size that makes it so special, it's that he is my father. Being fucked by a married guy if his wife is watching doesn't make me cum nearly as hard as if he is doing me while talking to his wife on the phone - and she has not idea is he is cheating on her at the same time. Looking at porn doesn't do much for me but seeing a pic of me with a guy's cum on it and his cock gets me instantly wet. So you need to understand - for me It's all mental.

The mental thing was main reason I was as perturbed as I was over Kristen's plan. She hadn't forewarned me about it to allow me to absorb it and prepare for it. Over the years I have found that there are many things I don't mind trying IF I have time to think about it first and prepare myself mentally. Most of the "bad" times I've had weren't necessarily all that "bad". "Unexpected" would be the more correct way to describe them.

Well, this situation certainly qualified as one of these times! My point is that if Kristen had told me about all of this back at her house, maybe even with her mom there to egg us on, by now I probably would have been practically dripping with anticipation. I mean, it's not like I hadn't been fucked by a string of strangers before! Unfortunately, thanks to the unexpected turn of events, I was feeling like some freshman at her first high school dance, unsure of herself and hoping to be wanted by the guys yet wary of the lewd boys were circling her like vultures.

Feeling a hint of panic, I looked over at Kristen who was now motioning for me to get going and strip. When she saw the way I was looking at her, she faked a big huff and stood there with her hands on her hips, probably wondering what was wrong with me. Seeing my cousin disappointed in me wasn't helping matters, that was for sure, but feeling guilty wasn't the same as feeling horny and my pussy certainly wasn't responding yet either.

Neil, obviously, didn't have a clue as to the dynamics in the room and had already stripped off all of his clothes. Before I knew it he was standing in front of me, totally nude except for his watch which he kept looking at with all the patience of someone late for work waiting for a bus. It was pretty obvious what he must have been thinking; his fifteen minutes of fame was flying by and when was he going to get his share of my pussy? The more I looked at him the more I saw what a hunk he was. Hmm, maybe this wasn't such a bad thing after all.

You know how it feels when suddenly your entire mindset suddenly shifts, when it's like a spell has been cast over you and suddenly you "see the light"? It was like that now for me as my eyes locked in on his horny cock and my pussy suddenly ached so hard it was like I was having a menstrual cramp. Who cared what led up to this? Who cared what he thought of me? In that moment my logical mind suddenly checked out and my physical needs and emotions took over. You could say I went from running under full control to letting myself just respond by instinct. It's not something that can be explained, it just happens!

Neil wasn't exactly a master at reading people so he missed whatever signs there might be in my posture and expression that would have told him I wanted him like a bitch in heat. Most of the change was in my head and inside of me, notably my pussy, so it wasn't like a neon sign was suddenly flashing over me announcing "Fuck Me". Kristen knew me well enough to recognize what was happening and she was smiling now as she knew what was going on inside her cousin's head.

"Here, I'll help you," Neil said with a definite note of exasperation in his voice. He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me onto my back leaving my legs hanging over the edge of the bed.

You had to say one thing, the boy was certainly ready to go! His cock was now hard as a rock, one of those that had a bit of an upward curve to it such that when he was standing it pointed up at the ceiling like a heat-seeking missile ready for launch. Kristen had been right, he DID have a nice cock! Other than my dad's, I hadn't had a hard dick in ages and this one was looking better the more I saw of it. In the end, while this may not have been exactly the type of situation I had been expecting, I HAD expected to get fucked one way or another. After all, THAT was pretty much a given if you hung around with Kristen for more than a few hours.

Neil roughly undid my jeans and quickly pulled them down and off of my legs, leaving me bare-ass on the bed. Evidently he wasn't a big tit-guy as he didn't appear to be too concerned with my sweatshirt. He just pushed it up and out of his way as he kneeled on the floor between my legs and immediately started to lick my pussy with his outstretched tongue. If I had anything to say about it, he could have started with some light touches and some attention to my thighs but under the circumstances I guess his actions were understandable. Besides, what guy really likes foreplay anyway? Most I have known just want to get right down to it and only act "sensitive" to appease me.

"Mmmmmmm, not bad," he murmured, his voice barely recognizable with his face pushed up against my crotch.

To be perfectly honest, I would have preferred Kristen to be eating me out while I sucked him or something like that as my cousin was a million times better at licking my pussy than this guy. That said, he wasn't much different than most guys I've been with. For whatever reason, men just don't get it when it comes to licking pussy, no matter how many times I've tried to teach them and even demonstrate for them on another girl. Well, that's not a really fair thing to say. There ARE a small number of them out there that have mastered the art so girls, if you find one of these rare treats, hang on to him like a blood diamond because they come few and far between (no pun intended)!

Kristen actually had a kitchen timer going on the desk across from me so I could see from the time remaining that Neil had already used up half his time. Seeing the timer for the first time, I couldn't help but think that this was the first time I had sex with an actual timer running! Neil was looking at his watch periodically, keeping track of the time remaining as well. Realizing how much time had already gone by, he must have decided it was more important to fuck me than eat me. Without any warning he suddenly just pulled his head out from between my thighs and then stood between my legs, stroking his wonderful hard cock slowly with his right hand. There's just something about seeing a guy getting horny because of me, to the point where he is rubbing his own cock right in front of me, that has always been a turn-on.

So far I had yet to say a word or even really make a move for that matter. But then, did it really matter? Neil certainly didn't seem to need my help; he was all but using me as a sex toy to masturbate with for all the care and concern he had for me personally. Granted, he only had fifteen minutes to "git er done" so it wasn't like we had time for formal introductions and tender foreplay, but we hadn't even said one word to each other up to this point.

Neil started to move his cock closer to my pussy when he looked back at Kristen and grinned, "Well, I guess it's safe to say that she's no virgin."

Kristen laughed like it was the funniest thing she had heard all day and responded with a nasty smirk, "I guess you could say that."

Damn, I wanted to yell at both of them and say, "Hey, I'm here you know so you can stop talking like I'm not." At the same time, it was a bit my fault as so far I was just going along with things and besides, I may have been horny but that didn't mean I was in some great conversational mood. It didn't help things that his pussy licking skills were so lame it hadn't even really turned me but at least he had gotten me wet with his spit so even though I wasn't exactly flowing with pussy juices it wasn't like I was dry either.

Neil turned back to me and with one hand he held his cock to take aim at my pussy while he used the other to spread apart my pussy lips, revealing my pussy hole for him. I felt the pressure of his cock as he pressed it up against my pussy and then the sudden mixture of pain and pleasure as he gave a hard push and forced it deep into me.

"Damn, she's fucking tight!" he said to Kristen.

Ummmmm, hello! What was with this anyway? Couldn't he talk to ME? After all, I was the girl he had his dick inside of at the moment. The least he could do it direct his comments to me and not my cousin.

Once he was in me, Neil didn't waste any time, stroking himself hard and fast, in and out of my cunt. Now that I had a cock in my pussy, things were getting better. It didn't matter what mood I was in or what I was doing, there was just something about having a dick in my pussy that made everything else pale in comparison. Sometimes I think I would be happiest if I just had one in me 24 hours a day!

"Ummmmm," I moaned softly as he fucked me non-stop, "Oh yeahhhhhhh."

"Ahhhhhh, she can speak!" Neil exclaimed, "You like my dick in you, don't you?"

At least he was talking to ME now. And yes, I DID like his dick in me so it wasn't hard to respond softly to him with the words I was sure he wanted hear.

"Oh yeah, you feel so good in me."

"Shit, how come your pussy's still so tight," he groaned as he pushed himself deeper in me, "Hell, even Kristen's isn't this tight."

Well, NOW he had my attention. It was the first time anyone had told me my pussy was tighter than Kristen's and I could see her frowning now behind him. If looks could kill!!!!!

"Two minutes," Kristen announced, still sounding a bit miffed at his last comment on her pussy. He hadn't earned any extra time for himself, that was for sure.

"Don't worry," he said between panting, "Almost there... god DAMN it feels good!"

I felt him thrust himself extra hard against me, driving me back on the bed with the force of it as he buried his cock as deep inside of me as he could. I lifted my head to look down but all I could see was the base of his crotch butted up against my pussy, his thick pubic hair pressed tightly in between. His cock was nowhere to be seen but I knew from the feeling inside of me where it was!

"Ahhhhhh, here it cums," he groaned, "Take my cum bitch."

Sure enough, a sudden feeling of warmth blossomed deep inside of me as his cock released its first load of sperm into me. It was quickly followed by another and then yet another with a number of small "aftershocks" after that. Each time he shot a load he would press tighter against me as if trying to deposit each one even deeper inside of me.

"Time's up!" Kristen announced.

Neil started stroking me anyway, ignoring Kristen.

"HEY!" she said, stepping up and spanking him on his bare butt, "I said time was up. Get your damn cock out of my cousin... NOW dammit."

Reluctantly, Neil withdrew and I could see his cock was still hard but now it was glistening in the dim light, covered with a mixture of my pussy juices and his cum. He took a deep breath and stared at my pussy as I pushed his cum from me for him to watch. Then he quickly dressed and as he started to leave, Kristen stopped him at the door.

"Hey, forget something buster?" she said sternly with her hand outstretched.

Neil sighed and then reached in his pocket, pulling out his wallet. He opened it up and pulled out some bills which he gave to Kristen who took it eagerly.

"Well, thanks and hope you had a good time!" Kristen said to him as he left.

Once she had closed the door and locked it again, I sat up in the bed letting my oversized sweatshirt fall back down again to my bare hips.

"OK, what the hell was THAT all about?" I demanded.

Kristen looked at me with her classic doe eyes, as if she had no idea what she was talking about.

"Don't give me that look... You know damn well what I'm talking about girl. So what's with the money?" I said, insisting on an answer, "You know, I'm no fucking whore."

"Hey, a girl's got to make ends meet," she said with a serious look, "Not everyone has a rich lawyer for a daddy you know."

Unconvinced, I just folded my arms and remained there on the edge of the bed. At this point I had no idea what to say to her. Kristen was my favorite cousin and I loved her dearly, but I never dreamed she would prostitute herself! Then I remembered how when I tried out the escort business and my mom had asked me back what I thought the men who hired me thought of me, whether they thought I was just an extra slutty date or a prostitute. At the time, I had insisted that since I wasn't doing it for the money it meant I wasn't a whore. If I was to be honest with myself though, how much different was that from what Kristen was doing?

Kristen sat down next to me and I felt her hand on my bare bottom, rubbing me slowly.

"So anyway, did Neil fuck you good?" she asked in an transparent attempt to change the subject. "From what I saw, you wanted it pretty bad yourself."

Even though she was asking me about it, oddly enough, it was almost as if it had never happened. Things had gone so quickly, and to be brutally honest he was so forgettable, that if wasn't for the cum still oozing from my pussy, I could almost convince myself it had never even happened. Of course I LOVE to be fucked and it HAD felt good to feel a hard dick in me again, even if it wasn't something I would go home and brag to my mom about.

# 6. Contestant Number 2, Come on Down!

When I didn't say anything in return, she got up and looked at her list of names. Kristen picked up the phone and called the next guy, a conversation that lasted all of about ten seconds.

"Well, here comes number two!" she announced.

As much as I was starting to accept all of this, I still couldn't help but frown. Technically I hadn't agreed to do another guy. Since I hadn't protested, she took it as acquiescence on my part. That's just how I was thinking about it now, doing it for HER, not me.

My thoughts were interrupted by a timid knock at the door and Kristen opened it to let the next guy in. First impressions this time were polar opposites of the first, leading me to wonder about the criteria for weeding-out process. Crap, if this guy made the cut, I could only imagine what the guys she tossed out must have been like! He looked like the classic geek; short and skinny, bad haircut, thick black rimmed glasses, clothes that looked like his mother had picked out for him this morning. Probably the one thing that stuck out the most, though, was the expression on his face. "Deer in the headlights" was never a more appropriate description for what he looked like.

With the bitchy mood I was in, had your typical macho guy come in and started ordering me about just so he could fuck me any way he wanted, I might had just crossed my legs and told him to go to hell. For some reason, this guy (Kristen hadn't even told me his name yet) caught me off guard and my instincts kicked in. If there was one thing that turned me on, it was to tease some poor guy who wasn't sure of himself.

Scooting back on the bed, I put my feet on the edge and opened my legs like some shameless stripper flashing the guys in the front row. My sweatshirt was still hanging down onto my lap, covering up most of my crotch but I was sure he could see enough to know I wasn't wearing anything else underneath, at least not so far as my bottom was concerned. Once again the light switch in my head flipped and suddenly I was feeling incredibly horny and my pussy was tingling like crazy. Had I been alone I would've been masturbating like mad. As it was, here was this dorky guy, wanting to fuck me, standing just a few feet away so why not take advantage of the situation?

"C'mon, David, can't you see she wants it?" Kristen teased the poor boy. Then she lowered her voice and whispered to him, "By the way, you DO know you're paying whether you fuck her or not, don't you?"

David, at least I knew his name now, hesitated again so I figured he needed some more "incentive". Unlike his predecessor, it was sort of cute to watch the geek's reactions. Obviously he must have wanted to have sex with a girl at some point or why put his name in Kristen's can? Maybe he had done it on a dare, figuring the odds that his name would actually be pulled to be impossible. How many times had he masturbated dreaming of being called to come to Kristen's room and fucking her or Sara - or both? Undoubtedly, in his dreams he had been in charge and a great lover, making the two sluts cum again and again until finally he came all over their faces. Only problem was now he facing a real girl, not just some imaginary dream, and he was back to being his usual geeky self.

I pulled myself to the edge of the bed and stood up. The sweatshirt dropped down to cover my bare bottom but that didn't matter at the moment. All I had on my mind was getting my hands on this shy boy's dick, to do everything he had ever dreamed a girl could do to him. By the time I was done, he would be jerking off three times a day remembering me!

Since he wasn't helping out by moving forward, I stepped up to him and then dropped to my knees in front of him. Quickly, I grabbing his belt and undid it and then unsnapped his jeans. When I drew down the zipper it sounded incredibly loud in the stillness of the room. Kristen wasn't making a sound and David was just staring down at me as I pulled his jeans down to his ankle. I couldn't help but smile when I saw he was wearing classic Haines jockey shorts but my attention quickly turned to other things as I saw his dick was threatening to pop out the top of the elastic waistband.

"Mmmmmmm, let's see what we've got under here," I murmured softly, speaking for the first time as my fingers grabbed each side of his shorts and started to pull them down. I had to pull them out and away from his body to keep his hardening dick from catching which then flopped out when it was freed from the confines of his restrictive underwear.

I heard Kristen draw in a breath as we both stared at the dick that was now just inches in front of my face. Damn, shy little David was hung like a horse! I glanced over at her with a nasty grin on my face. From the hungry look on her face, it was obvious she was wishing she had taken on this one. It was probably meant to be a joke on her part, bringing in the geeky David, but now it was looking more like the joke was on her!

"Back off cuz, it's all mine," I teased her as I reached for his fat cock and grabbed it in my hand.

He had what I like to refer to as a "two-hander plus", meaning that I could use two hands on him and still leave his head sticking out like the knob at the end of a baseball bat. Unfortunately, our time was limited so I wasn't going to be able to fool around playing with it as much as I would have liked. Oh well! Taking a deep breath, I just went for it and opened my mouth wide to take him in.

To my delight, David started to moaned softly as I took about half of him comfortably into my mouth and started to do a head bob on his dick. As much as I would have normally loved to have sucked him for a while, what I REALLY wanted was to be fucked by this wonderful dick so the blowjob was more just to get him nice and hard than anything else. That was certainly not going to take a lot of effort judging from the rate at which his cock was blowing up like a balloon at a fair booth.

Actually, when a guy is this big I prefer being fucked over a BJ anyway. Most of the time, the age-old adage, "size doesn't matter" was actually true as far as I was concerned when it came to sex. It was only when the extremes were reached that I cared. A small cock was easy to suck but if it was TOO small, then there was a lack of sensation in my cunt.

On the other hand, an extremely large cock was difficult to blow. About the only reason I liked to suck big cocks was to show off as over the years I've gotten the deep-throat technique down pretty well. As much as it turned guys on though, it is a pain and honestly, a cock down your throat isn't the most comfortable thing in the world as you can't breathe! When an extra big cock was fucking me, though, then it WAS better. It had to be pretty large to make much difference but in David's case, I couldn't wait to feel that dick deep inside of me.

Knowing Kristen, I had no doubt that she was making a mental note of David's cock and I had a feeling she would be calling him back for an encore performance before long. She loved big cocks as a rule, and now that she knew what David was packing there was no way she would be letting this one run around without getting a piece of it for herself. Knowing she would be sucking him, I wanted to be sure to set the bar high for her so I dropped his dick from my lips and looked up at David.

"Get ready David... watch this!" I forewarned him.

After taking a few deep breaths to hyperventilate, I went down on his cock but this time I didn't stop when my mouth felt full but instead I dropped down even further onto his cock. About three-quarters of the way down, I felt the tip of head pushing against the back of my throat. Despite my anticipation, for just a second I thought I was going to gag but then I relaxed my throat as best I could and pushed my head down on him further. His cock forced its way down into my throat and once it went in a little, the gag reflex went away. I felt him filling my throat as my face went down to meet the base of his dick. A sense of thrill and accomplishment filled me as I took his entire cock in my mouth with my lips tight around the base of it in his crotch.

One thing I had noticed earlier was that David had a decent covering of pubic hair and from the faint odor of soap, he must have washed himself before making his entrance. Even so, as I sucked him more his male muskiness started to overpower everything else as he got more worked up and I could taste the distinct flavor of his swollen dick.

"Oh my god," he groaned, "That's incredible."

It wasn't clear whether he was talking about the way it felt or the sight of his cock disappearing inside my mouth. Different guys tell me different things about how it feels to get their cocks sucked. Some claim to love the feeling, especially the 3way I use my tongue on them. Others tell me it is watching a girl take their cock in their mouth that really turns them on. Personally, I think the latter guys are more into the domination aspect more than anything. Somehow they think that a girl is being submissive when she sucks his dick. Frankly, I look at it just the opposite - who is controlling who when I have his most tender body part between my teeth?

From his reaction, I wondered if any girl had ever taken David's cock all the way down before? For that matter, had he even HAD a BJ before? With a monster dick like his, surely word had to have gotten around so I doubted that he was a virgin. Even if he had been sucked before, I would be willing to bet hard cash that none of them were able to do to him what I was doing at this moment.

Since it's physically impossible to breath with a dick down your throat, I couldn't stay this way very long. Twisting my head around his shaft, I slowly raised my head and then let his cock pop from my mouth, then quickly drawing in a deep breath of air. Looking over at Kristen, I winked at her and from the grin on her face, I knew she understood the challenge I had just thrown at her. She wasn't a bad cocksucker herself from what I had seen in the past.

David was as hard as an iron rod by now and time was flying by so if I was going to be fucked by this great cock then I knew I had to move things along. In one swift motion I pulled the sweatshirt up and over my head, dropping it on the end of the bed and then stood back a little from David. My pussy tingled as his eyes roamed over my bare body, staring at my boobs and pussy the most. No girl in the world could ever say she didn't like a guy looking at her the way David was looking at me now. He wanted me... he wanted me bad and I loved it.

"You ready to fuck me now, David?" I asked him softly, with just a little flirting in my voice.

"Uhhhhh, sure!" he said after a moment's hesitation. Like he was going to say no. I would have bet good money that this was the first time in David's life that a decent looking girl had ever stood naked in front of him and invited him to fuck her in such direct words.

"Then do it," I said seductively as I turned him around and steered him backwards to the bed.

It was all just a little silly in that he still had his pants down around his ankle so he had to shuffle his way; but then it was only a few feet until we were there. I put my hands on his shoulders and shoved him such that he fell back on the bed. Reaching down, I lifted his feet, sneakers and all, until he got the hint and twisted his hips so he was now laying the full length of the bed on his back with his head on the pillow.

Kristen was still watching intently and unknown to David, she had quietly brought out her phone and was starting to take some pics. We had never discussed doing any photos but I figured I didn't have anything worry about since I wasn't the one who went to school here. Somehow I didn't think David would be too thrilled about it, though.

Time was still passing quickly so I jumped up on the bed and straddled his legs, holding his cock with one hand while I brushed my hair out of the way with the other. My pussy was still pretty wet from my last fucking, not to mention the remains of Neil's cum which I doubted David had any idea was waiting inside of me to lubricate his cock along with my pussy juices.

"I'm gonna ride your cock now David, is that what you want?" I said with a naughty grin, "You want me to ride your nice, big cock David? C'mon, tell me."

David's arms were at his sides with his hands were flat on the bed as if he didn't know what to do with them. Fortunately, I knew what to do with mine as I scooted up on him until I was positioned over his throbbing dick. God, it felt so damn big in my hand! My pussy was really craving this big cock by now and so I hurried as fast as I could to get him in me. Holding him with my right hand, I dropped down until I felt his cock head just start to push up against my anxious pussy. Wiggling my hips, I felt it move under me until the tip was just trying to push its way inside of me and at that point, I literally just sat down on him.

David's cock was now stiff as a steel pole and with my pussy being so wet together with the full weight of my body pressing down on him, his cock had no place to go other than straight up inside of me. I couldn't help but cry out as it felt like I was being ripped apart momentarily as his fat dick opened me up and drilled its way into me like a railroad spike being nailed into the ground with a sledge hammer. Just as quickly, an incredible surge of pleasure consumed me as I felt him filling me up inside with my bare ass pressed against his coarse pubic hair. One quick lift and another drop, just as quick as the first and I was there.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming," I gasped to the delight of Kristen and the astonishment of David.

His cock had to feel like it was in some medieval vise as my pussy clamped down on his cock and squeezed it tightly as my muscles convulsed involuntarily around his dick. I had one hand on each of my boobs and I gripped them like a climber making her way up a mountain wall, my fingers pressed deeply into them.

"Go girl!" Kristen cheered me on. With my eyes shut tight I didn't see her but I could imagine what she was doing. Either she was taking more pics with her phone or she was playing with herself. Knowing Kristen, it was probably both.

It was a relatively short orgasm, as orgasms typically go for me, but extremely intense. Beyond the incredible sensation of a cock this size inside of me, there was something about David that just got me turned on. Not that I would ever want him as a boyfriend, not in a million years. He claimed he wasn't a virgin yet I had a suspicion either he was flat out lying or whatever experience he had, it wasn't much – and certainly not with a real slut like me. That was probably why he had signed up for Kristen's little house of prostitution, to get fucked really good for the first time in his life. Well, he would remember this time, that was for sure!

"C'mon Kelly, make him cum," Kristen urged me, "We don't have all night, you know."

It would have suited me fine to have just turned off the kitchen timer but at the same time, it WAS nice to know there was a cutoff point already established. It made it less awkward to tell a guy that I was done what I wanted with him and that he needed to go. Looking over at the desk, I saw I had less than five minutes so it was time to kick things up a notch.

"Your turn now," I told David as I started to hump his cock like I was riding some kind of mechanical bull. Leaning forward, I put my hand on the back of the bed behind his head and rocked on my knees forward and back, causing his dick to slide in and out of me without him having to do a thing - which was good because up until now, he had just been laying there like a corpse.

"You can touch me, you know," I encouraged him, "You can suck my tits, too."

My boobs were handing right over his face as I fucked his cock and that little encouragement was all he needed as he lifted his head up and grabbed one of my boobs like a calf going for its first taste of its mother's milk. At the same time I felt his hands on my bare bottom and his fingers moving over my bare ass. I loved my ass to be touched and played with, especially by someone like David, who had probably never felt a girl's ass like mine before, if he had ever felt one at all.

There wasn't any time for theatrics, multiple positions, etc. so I just humped his cock the same as if he had been masturbating. Of course, I would like to think my warm and wet pussy felt a lot better around his dick than his hand! There was no doubt in my mind that it wouldn't be long before this kid was cumming and sure enough, I felt him begin to squirm under me and I knew the time was near.

David looked up at me and I saw panic in his eyes.

"Oh my God! You gotta get off, I don't have a rubber on!" he gasped, as if THAT was going to make me give up this glorious dick in me. Fat chance.

"It's OK, you can cum in me," I assured him, "I'm on the pill."

I didn't bother adding that at this point, it really didn't matter. Once the male launch sequence was engaged, there was no extinguishing the fuse and David's countdown was well underway. Personally, I find it intriguing that guys can't stop themselves from cumming. If I don't feel like cumming, nothing on earth can FORCE me to. David couldn't stop what was about to happen if you held a gun to his head, which was just fine with me!

Feeling him tensing under me, I leaned back and sat up straight on his dick, letting my full weight bear down on his crotch to drive him in me as far as he would go. From the way it felt, that was quite a ways!

"C'mon, you can do it!" I encouraged him, wiggling my ass around him causing his cock to move around in me.

He was looking down at where my pussy was joined up to him, where his nice thick cock completely disappeared inside of me. My hand instinctively went to my pussy where I rubbed my clit in front of him as I waited for the inevitable results of my efforts.

"Ahhhhhh," was all he said as I felt his hips push up against me.

As much as I love KNOWING a guy is cumming in me, how much I actually FEEL can vary quite a bit. Some guys either don't cum a lot or it's a weak ejaculation and although I can tell from his reactions that he is doing it, I can't really feel his cum when it emerges from his cock and shoots into me. At the opposite end of the spectrum were guys who came in me like a garden hose had been pushed up inside of me and faucet was suddenly turned ON except it felt warm and the feeling faded away quickly after a few moments. The vast majority of guys fall somewhere in between but when you were lucky enough to have one of the latter ones, you just want him to never stop cumming!

David was one of those, one of the ones that could make me scream out with happiness when he came in me. God, when he came in me it was like my whole lower abdomen was suddenly flooded with warmth and I felt his cock jerk into me just a little bit more as his primal instinct to mate me took over, overwhelming any concerns he might still have about getting me pregnant. I like it best when a man shoots his sperm as deep as he can into me and fortunately, it seems most guys like that as well.

"Damn that feel so good," I moaned softly, throwing my head back and rubbing my clit even faster.

I was just on the verge of cumming again when the damn kitchen timer went off.

"That's it David," Kristen announced, "Time's up."

"Fuck that," I told her in a hoarse voice as my pussy was about to explode. There was no way I going to stop when I was this close to cumming, no matter what her silly timer said.

Just then my orgasm struck me and again I groaned loudly and my pussy gripped his cock tightly as if trying to make sure he couldn't pull it out, as if that thought would ever cross his mind.

"Oh God... YES!" I moaned, "That's it... that's what I wanted!"

It was a good thing I was sitting on his lap as my legs felt like butter under me and I feel forward onto his chest. His cock stayed inside of me and I felt him moving in and out of me ever so slightly. As sensitive as my pussy was at that moment, it might have been only a fraction of an inch but it felt incredible. Even had I wanted to, I couldn't move or speak. I just me laying on top of him like a dead weight, my entire body tingling was my orgasm kept throbbing in my pussy and emanating throughout my body. My head was buried in the pillow next to his head and it was all I could do to breath let alone say anything.

"Now THAT"S what I call a good fuck," Kristen announced.

I didn't have the energy to lift my head to look at her so I could only imagine what she was doing. Even though the primary shock of my orgasm was waning, it was like a multitude of aftershocks keep bursting as his cock throbbed in me. Each time he would shift his weight or squirm a little bit under my weight, it would rub his cock against the inner walls of my pussy and deliver yet another pulse of pleasure for me to enjoy.

"C'mon Kelly, we need to get things moving girl," my cousin urged me, sounding a bit impatient now..

Personally, I could have laid there another hour with his cock still in me and his cum draining slowly out of me. It just felt so damn GOOD and I tried to imagine how it must look to Kristen, seeing his dick from behind me and between my legs, pushing its way inside of me and disappearing from view. She probably wanted it for herself more than anything else.

Reluctantly, I rolled over on my side, allowing his dick to slide out from inside of me. Suddenly my pussy felt so cold and empty and for an instant I toyed with the idea of remounting him. Better judgment took over, though, and I allowed him to escape from under me and he got out of bed. As for me, I rolled back over onto my stomach and laid there like I was dead. Somehow I found the willpower move on my side just in time to watch David pull up his pants and tuck in his shirt. God, seeing his dick, still hard and wet from my pussy, disappear from view as his shorts were pulled up and over it, I wanted so bad to just jump out of bed and have him fuck me again and again.

David started to leave but it wasn't going to be that easy for him. Kristen met him at the door on his way out, little can in hand.

"Well David, looks like you fucked my cousin pretty damn good," she giggled, "Now don't forget something for me."

David sighed and pulled out his wallet, dropping some bills into Kristen's can. I couldn't see how much it was but then did it really matter? Too bad he didn't know that any guy with a cock like his could fuck me for free anytime he wanted to - and I meant just about any time.

## 7. Kristen Cleans Me Off

"Damn Kristen, he was a LOT better than the first guy," I said to her as soon as the door was shut and we were alone once again.

"Yeah, it looked like you were enjoying it, that's for sure," Kristen agreed, "Made me want to jump in for a little of it myself!"

"Well?" I said slowly and drawn out, "Why not girl?"

Kristen laughed and flung her blonde hair back and forth. "Maybe some other time," she agreed, "But tonight, someone was to keep track of things."

Then I saw the look in her eyes and the way she was licking her lips and I had a feeling the next name wasn't going to be drawn out right away. Boy, I sure can call 'em!

"Of course, that doesn't mean we can't take an intermission break," she giggled, moving in closer to me.

I knew exactly what my horny little cousin wanted and it was the same as what I wanted to do as well so I certainly didn't resist. If anything, I encouraged her by rolling back over on my back and spreading my legs apart for her to see my wet pussy with David's cum still dripping from me.

"Hmmm, looks like somebody needs to be cleaned up before the next guy anyway," she rationalized.

I had a pretty good idea how Kristen intended to "clean" me and what she would be using to do it with - her incredibly talented tongue.

Kristen never even bothered to undress, not that she was wearing all that much to start with. She just maneuvered herself quickly between my legs and without another word or even a sound, stuck her blonde head straight down into my crotch and began to lick the cum from my pussy. I almost jumped off the bed when her tongue flicked over my hypersensitive clit.

"Oh god Kristen," I moaned, "That feels so damn good!"

As Kristen licked me, my pussy would contracted, forcing more of the cum out of me which she would then lap up like a cat with a bowl of milk. Her tongue made long, sweeping runs up and down my pussy slit, starting from the top edge and going down just past my pussy hole and then slowly back up again.

"Oh yeah, that's it Kristen, right there," I groaned as she worked her incredible tongue around my clit, driving me practically insane with pleasure.

"Oh my god YESSSSSS," I cried out, louder than I probably should have, as yet another orgasm hit me. This time it was different from the previous two, which is only obvious when you consider the others were with a guy and this one was with my cousin.

My pussy was already soaked but I could still feel the wetness of my orgasm draining from me and onto her face. Kristen looked so incredibly cute down there between my legs, her blonde hair contrasting against my light olive skin and her deep blue eyes staring up at my brown ones. Other than her mother and mine, Kristen was the best when it came to licking my pussy and I never turned down an opportunity when she was available.

When my orgasm finally waned, Kristen got up and stood up next to me, her mouth a grin from ear to ear and her face was covered with my pussy cum.

"Hmmmmmm, you know, he tasted pretty good in you," she declared, like a wine connoisseur after tasting a freshly opened bottle of the finest wine. "Damn, I'm gonna have to get a piece of that for my own sometime."

After what she had done to me, I was exhausted and left panting heavily on the bed. Even so, Kristen was relentless, calling up the third guy she pulled from the can. I looked at her with almost desperation. Damn, I really needed a break!

It didn't matter, I wasn't about to get one as someone knocked on the door once again. For the rest of the evening, it pretty much went on like that. In all Kristen claims that ten guys in all did me. I have to take her word for it because after the fifth or sixth, I simply lost count. It was almost like I was covered by a dense fog, except this was a fog filled with sensual pleasures. If you were to base everything only on my memories, one guy just blends into the next, none of the rest really standing out on their own.

A few facts about the night, some of which I have to take Kristen's word for it.

As I said earlier, a total of ten guys fucked me in all although I only remember the names of the first two. For some reason it seems like it was more but I don't think she would have lied to me about that. It's not like my total was threatening her by any means!

ALL of them came just once and ALL of them came in my pussy which was sort of a statistical anomaly. Usually, when I get gangbanged at least ONE guy will want to cum on me somewhere where he can see it. For whatever reason, that never happened this time around although I can attest that I wasn't disappointed - I HATE getting dried cum off of me and out of my hair afterwards.

Kristen claimed to bring in a total of $250. She charged different guys different rates but she wouldn't let me in on what her pay scale was. Personally, I think she should at least double her rates!

We quit early, around ten o'clock, because she claimed I fell asleep and wouldn't wake up. Obviously I disagree with her testimony but I don't even remember the last guy so who knows, maybe she is right.

We spent the night in bed together and in the morning took showers such that I was ready to head back home when she went to her first class. More than a few of the girls on her floor gave me some pretty strange looks but nobody said anything to either of us. Even so, I doubted it was any secret what Kristen was doing in her room with a constant parade of men going and out at regular intervals. I would have loved to hear what the other girls had to say about her little business adventure!

When I got home my mother immediately cornered me and demanded to know all the details. She was a little shocked at the turn of events at first but then considering who I was with, it really didn't surprise her all that much. I sort of "forgot" to tell her about the money side of things as I wasn't sure how my mom would react knowing her sweet little niece was a college prostitute. It wasn't like she was hooking on street corners so I didn't feel bad about keeping it as Kristen and my little secret.

# (Mar 21) Chapter 134: Youth Pastor, My Revenge

Story codes: FF oral adultery
Me (22)
Cheri - Pastor Ken's wife (26)

During summer break, just before my junior year, I had my eye on our Youth Pastor. Although he was married, I could tell he still had an eye for the girls so when I thought an opportunity had arose, I went for it. What happened next was completely opposite of what I expected. It was almost two years before I finally got my revenge.

## 1. Why I Hated My Youth Pastor

All my life my parents have attended the same Presbyterian church which means as long as I lived at home, so did I. It is fairly typical of the old large protestant churches with about two thousand members on the roles and maybe five to six hundred who attended regularly. Pastor Ken became the youth pastor at my parent's church while I was at college. Not quite six feet tall, he is lean and muscular with a warm face that made me melt whenever he smiled. He and his wife Cheri were the stereotypical youth leaders, young and good looking, full of energy with bubbling personalities. They got along great with the kids and from what I have seen whenever I'm home, they have developed the best youth program the church has ever had.

When I was home from school during summer break between my sophomore and junior years, I helped out with the church youth so I got to know Pastor Ken and Cheri pretty well. It was a little weird for me in that Pastor Ken is only five years older than me. Early on there was one thing I have noticed that I doubted most people did - Pastor Ken had a wandering eye for young girls!

As for me, other than a wandering look, he never made any move towards me or gave any indication he would ever be unfaithful to Cheri. Of course, that didn't stop me from fantasizing! Finally, I was about to head back to school again so after discussing it with my mom, I decided to go for it (don't blame her, she wasn't thrilled nor did she endorse my idea).

The details of what happened are in my diary entry for 2005 (Aug 24) Chapter 97: Sex With My Youth Pastor. In short, I did my best to come on to him but what happened was totally different from what I expected. First, he accused me of being a slut and a bad influence on the younger girls in church. He even questioned whether I should be involved with the youth at all given my reputation for promiscuity.

Then, just when I thought I might be in real trouble, he started feeling me up. He accused me of being a "predator", consuming whatever "game" I wanted, accustomed to the whole world bowing at my feet doing my bidding. He said he knew what I was trying to do with him and that he recognized me for what I was. It started getting scary then, as he told me that HE was now the one in charge and that I had to do exactly as he said. I was helpless to do anything other than let him fuck me. The funny thing is, that is exactly what I had wanted him to do from the start except now it was more like being raped. Just as I was about to cum he would stop and frustrate me, laughing that he was teasing me the way I teased other men.

When it was all over, he claimed that the only reason he had fucked me to teach me a lesson. He told me that he wanted me to learn that not every man was put on earth for my pleasure and that I couldn't just go after anyone I pleased without there being consequences. Then he warned me to never to talk what happened or he would have to give me another "lesson". I will never forget his final words to me as I left his office, my pussy sore from the hard fucking he had just given me.

"If there's ever a day Kelly you decide you need to talk about your life; if you ever reach a point where you question whether what you are doing is really what God wants for you; if you just need someone who can talk to you and be totally honest and frank about how the lifestyle you have chosen is truly affecting you; just know that I am here. Don't ever make the mistake though of thinking you can seduce me or control me – I recognize the beast in you and you can't hide it or disguise it from me. Good night Kelly."

That was over a year and a half ago. Although we never did discuss it again, I remembered what he did to me every time I saw him or even thought about him.

Someday I would find a way to make him pay for what he did to me.

## 2. Revenge Feels Good!

Almost two years later I was a senior, home for Easter Break with just a couple of months left before I graduated. When I attended church with my parents, I saw Pastor Ken with his wife, Cheri, and for what must have been the thousandth time, remembered what the bastard had done to me. Sitting in the pews, all sorts of nasty ideas came to mind as to what I could do to him but none of them were something I would ever actually do. Besides, almost anything I had in mind would put myself in jeopardy as well.

As much as I hated him, I had to admit that he was looking hotter than ever. A couple more years had given him a more mature appearance and his wife Cheri looked sexier as well. Just a year older than me, Cheri was the kind of girl most women secretly hated and even I couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. She looked good no matter what she wore or how she did her hair. No doubt she would have looked sexy wearing bib overalls and work boots! Looking at her petite figure, I could only imagine her in a thong bikini. She normally dressed pretty conservatively, as was expected for a pastor's wife, but I couldn't imagine a girl with her looks and personality being quite the goody two-shoes that people thought she was.

The more I looked at her, the more a thought kept coming to mind. Hmmm, maybe the way to seek my revenge wasn't a frontal assault but something a little more subtle...

It was a Wednesday night and as usual, the church was packed with multiple activities. Most of it was centered around the youth groups although a few adult Bible studies and such went on as well. When I was younger I always looked forward to Wednesday nights as they were the most fun, especially compared to your typical boring Sunday service. At school I was very involved with the youth ministry at a church next door to my school and now when I was home I liked to drop in and lend a hand when I could.

While walking down one of the hallways in the classroom wing of the church, I almost bumped into Cheri when she stepped out of a classroom without looking to see if anyone was coming first.

"Sorry Kelly, my mind just isn't where it should be!"

I couldn't help but laugh as she had this "blonde: expression on her face. In all fairness, Cheri may be a blonde but she is actually quite intelligent and there have been times when we have debated issues and she was way ahead of me. Even so, it was almost reassuring to see she could be just as ditzy as any other blonde at times.

"Everything OK?" I asked. I wasn't laughing now as it seemed she was more than little distracted.

"Oh sure, you know how it is sometimes with these kids though."

"Yeah, they can be quite a handful at times," I agreed.

"It's just sometimes you want to just run into a room, lock the door and scream," she said softly.

"Anything I can do?"

"No, I just needed to blow off some steam. Sorry, I didn't mean to dump on you."

She gave me a quick hug and started to head down the hallway away from me. After a couple of steps she turned with an odd expression on her face.

"Hey, would you like to get a cup of coffee or something later?"

"Sure!" I replied, not even thinking about it before answering.

"Great, I'll see you later then."

With that we each went our ways, leaving me to wonder just what THAT was all about. I had spent dinners and evenings at her house before, but it was always something related to the youth and it was always with other people there, including Pastor Ken. Cheri had always been nice to me, but it felt more like she was just being nice because that was what she was supposed to do, not because we had anything personal between us. Put it this way - I would never have called her a "friend".

The rest of the evening went uneventfully although I found my thoughts wandering constantly about why Cheri would have asked me to meet her afterwards. Of course in my fantasies we would go straight to her house and have a wild evening of lesbian sex but in reality, I figured maybe it was nothing more than it appeared; she was flustered and just needed someone to talk to and relax for a few minutes before heading home and I happened to be in the right place at the right time.

After most everyone had left and I had finished putting things away, I looked around for Cheri and realized we hadn't laid out our plans very well. Our church was pretty big and I had no idea where to meet her so I just made my way to the parking lot and fortunately, she must have had the same idea as we both arrived at the same time. She asked if I could drive and the two of us got in my car and I drove to a nearby Eat-n-Park restaurant. It took only a few minutes to get there and neither of us said much as I weaved my way through traffic.

At the restaurant, we were seated in a both along the wall. Cheri ordered coffee while I just asked for a Diet Coke. We chatted about general stuff, church, weather, school, etc. until our drinks arrived.

After the waitress had left, Cheri took a deep breath and sighed, her eyes had this faraway look in them.

"Something you want to talk about?" I quietly probed.

"Oh, I don't know," she said softly, "Sometimes it just seems so overwhelming."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, like tonight. Everyone expects me to be Miss Perfect, like they can say anything to me because I'm not a real person. I'm 'the Pastor's wife", otherwise known as superwoman."

"What happened?"

"You know how those kids in the Junior High group can be sometimes. I about lost it and you should have seen the look on some of the mother's faces. It was like Billy Graham had cursed or something. They didn't help at all; it was like they expected me to be able to handle their little monsters all by myself."

She seemed genuinely upset which is the only reason I could see as to why she would open up like this with me. Even though we were almost the same age, she was married and to the youth pastor at that. I knew she hadn't finished college but quit when Ken had finished and wanted to move to Pittsburgh to take his current position. They were married shortly afterwards. Personally, I couldn't imagine being I her shoes. Heck, I couldn't even keep a steady boyfriend and here she was all married and facing tons of responsibilities.

"Sorry," she murmured, barely loud enough for me to hear, "I shouldn't be saying all this to you. It's just there aren't many girls our age in church and I wouldn't trust most of the ones there anyway. Just a bunch of gossip whores."

"Hey, that's OK" I reassured her, "I would never say anything to anyone else."

Suddenly she lifted her head and looked at me. She still looked a bit distressed but a little bit of confidence was back in her face.

"I hate to ask but would you mind stopping over at our place for a while?" She looked around at the crowd surrounding us and leaned forward to whisper to me, "Too many listening ears, you know?"

I agreed although I had to admit the first thought to come to mind was whether or not her husband was home. I didn't ask, figuring it really didn't matter one way or the other. If he was then he was and it was as simple as that.

She paid the bill and I left a tip as we got up and I drove the short trip to their apartment. She didn't say a word the entire way but just sat in the passenger seat with her hands clasped on her lap like she was praying. Well, maybe she was!

I notice their car wasn't in the lot when I drove up and when we walked in the lights were out and nobody was home.

"Ken's at some Elder's meeting they're having tonight," she explained, turning on the lights and closing the door behind us. "It'll probably go on for a few more hours if I know THAT group."

She walked to a cabinet and turned to me.

"Wine?"

THAT took me by surprise as I had never seen her drink before and I didn't even know she did, period. Although our church is not one of those that forbids alcohol, it is still heavily discouraged and I had never seen or heard of any of the pastors indulging.

"Something white or a blush?"

Normally I don't drink a lot of anything other than Diet Coke although at times I have had a glass of wine at dinner with my parents. It's not that I have anything moral or whatever against it, I just don't like the taste of most alcoholic beverages, especially beer. One thing I can say that I doubt many girls my age can, I have never been drunk in my life! A good glass of white wine, though, can be alright at the right time.

I have no idea what she poured me but I sipped and it and it was pretty good. She poured a glass for herself - about twice as much as mine I noticed, and the two of us sat down on the couch together. My eyes couldn't help but widen a bit as she drank about half her glass with the first swig!

"Wow, I needed that!" she said, looking at me with a sly grin on her face. "So, how's school been going for you?"

For the next fifteen minutes or so we just talked about school matters. She had gone to Liberty Baptist in Virginia, best known for its founder - the Rev. Jerry Falwell and I had gone to a religious college in Ohio so we had quite a bit in common when it came to how our schools were run and such.

"So tell me, can you dance with boys at your school?" she asked, "They couldn't at my school for the first few years but they've toned it down a bit recently."

I noted that we weren't nearly as strict in that department but when it came to booze and sex, it was pure prohibition. She laughed as she filled her glass - for the second time by this time while I was barely a third of the way through mine and it was only half-filled to start with.

"Yeah, it was so stupid - like girls dancing with other girls wasn't just as much a turn-on as doing it with boys," she giggled.

She took a big swallow and almost dropped her glass as she slumped back in the couch and put her bare feet up on the coffee table. She was wearing jeans which were just tight enough to show off her slim legs without being TOO tight as to call attention to them. When we started she was wearing a sweatshirt but that was lost about halfway through the second glass of wine as her body temperature rose from the alcohol leaving her wearing a thin cami underneath. It was sheer enough to show off her white bra and tight enough to provide a tempting outline of her perky breasts which I would judge to be in the middle of the B range. In many ways she reminded me of my cousin Kristen with her petite figure, blonde hair, firm breasts and giggle.

"All those stupid rules... how was anyone supposed to have any fun?" she went on, slurring her words just slightly.

I just sat there and looked at her, letting her go on. She was on a roll and I was curious as to where things were going.

"You know, I almost got kicked out once," she giggle, "I bet nobody here know THAT, not even Ken."

We were about two feet apart on the couch so I slid over a little bit closer to close the gap to a few inches and perched my feet up along hers on the table. I was dressed in jeans as well with a light blue blouse. Unlike her, though, I hadn't bothered with a bra, something I knew drew the attention of some of the moms but even more so that of the dads. I looked at her and waited for her to continue.

"Would you believe it? My roomie and I were masturbating when our stupid RA barged in and caught us. The bitch turned us in for 'promiscuous behavior' but we got off with a warning." She paused and looked at me with conspiratorial eyes and grinned mischievously, "I guess it's a good thing came in when she did. I can just imagine what she would've said then!"

I felt myself getting warmer between my legs and I would've loved to put my hand there and start touching myself but I didn't think we were ready for that - yet. God, I couldn't believe she was telling me all this! I twisted myself so I was sitting sideways on the couch, facing her with one leg under me and the other over the edge of the couch. I put my arm up on the couch behind her but didn't touch her in any way.

"So Cheri, I take it you like girls," I said softly. It wasn't an accusation or really even a question but more a confirmation of what I suspected as well as sending a signal that I didn't mind that she was.

"Well, my roomie was the only one I've ever been with. So much for my raging sex life. Did you know Ken is the only man I've ever had? I wasn't a virgin when we got married or anything but he was my first... Yep... a one guy, one girl woman... that's me."

She downed the last of her glass and leaned forward set it on the table rather precariously but somehow it didn't fall over. She flopped back against the couch again, her body almost limp as she let out another big sigh. Then she turned to me with a twinkle in her eye.

"From what I hear, though, you're quite the slut, aren't you Kelly?"

I couldn't help but look a little shocked. It wasn't so much the words but who was saying them. Despite all the wine and the comments to this point, I couldn't believe Cheri had said such a thing!

"Oh don't pretend," she said, laughing at herself, "Everybody knows it you know. Shit, don't you think I see Ken looking at you?"

That was the first time I had ever heard her use a swear word which surprised me more than anything else. Then what she said sunk in and for just a second I thought she was going to tell me she knew what happened between me and her husband. Fortunately, that didn't appear to be the case as she never made any mention of it.

She turned her head towards me and licked her lips subconsciously as our eyes met.

"I bet you've been with lots of girls, haven't you?"

"Well... a few," I confessed although I wasn't about to tell her I was related to most of them!

"I bet you've even been with some of the husbands here at church, haven't you?"

I hesitated at this one since one of those husbands was hers! Somehow I had a feeling she didn't know anything about THAT though or else I think she would have already mentioned it in the state she was in.

"Well... a few," I repeated myself and we both giggled as if we were teenagers talking about our first dates.

"Do you want mine?" she asked, her eyes boring into mine. Actually, I wasn't sure if this was a question or an offer so I punted.

"Well, he IS pretty cute but there's someone else I would rather have."

"Ohhhhhh? And just who would THAT be?" she asked, her eyes not even blinking now as she stared into mine.

I took a deep breath and decided it was now or never. I leaned over until our faces were barely an inch apart and whispered, "His wife."

Without waiting for a response, I allowed my arm behind her to drop over her shoulders and leaned forward just a little more until our lips touched. With my other arm, I took her by the hand and held it tight as my upper arm wrapped around her neck and cupped her breast through her cami and bra.

If she was going to resist, now would be the time and for a brief couple of seconds I braced myself for her reaction. I half expected that she would suddenly pull back and slap me or something but at the same time was hoping for the best. Thankfully, I wasn't disappointed.

Our lips met and she pushed back against mine, her eyes closed and her breathing quick as our tongues met and we kissed like lovers separated and now rejoined. She smelled so good - I was simply going to HAVE to find out what perfume she was wearing, we both scooted ourselves towards the other at the same time such that our bodies were firmly in touch with the other.

"I can't believe we're doing this," she whispered hoarsely as she took a breath. She may not have believed it but she certainly wasn't resisting!

I put my upper leg over hers and pressed our bodies closer together until my boobs were pushing against hers. I felt like some teenage boy groping and throwing himself at his date as she just laid back in the couch and let me do whatever I wanted without a single word or sign of protest.

I dropped her hand and put my hand between her legs, pressing my fingers between her thighs. She opened her legs for me, just as I like to do when a man starts to fondle me and I want to signal him that he's doing what I want. She was so warm I could feel it through her jeans and I could only imagine how wet she must be getting already.

"Mmmmmmm, you're so warm," I whispered as I cupped her pussy in the palm of my hand.

"Oh Kelly, what are you doing to me?" she said, not so much a question but a statement.

"Whatever you want Cheri... just tell me what you want," I whispered seductively in her ear.

"Ahhhhhh, you know what I want," she moaned as her hips wiggled under my hand as I increased the pressure against her crotch.

"I want you to tell me," I responded gently, "Tell me what you want me to do."

"Oh God, I need to be touched... it's been so long since someone touched me like Rachel did... Make love to me Kelly... please," she moaned.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that 'Rachel" must have been her old roomie so I didn't ruin the moment by asking. In fact, saying anything at this point would have been a bit pointless so I let my actions speak for me. First order of business was that cami and bra so I started to pull up on it but she wasn't wasting any time and helped me lift it up and over her head, leaving her sitting up with just her pretty white bra. She leaned forward and I unhooked the two clasps in the back and she slid it off her shoulders and then laid back again.

God her boobs were fantastic! For their size, they looked better than even my cousin's as they were virtually flawless in the way they held their shape and refused to sag even the slightest. Her nipples, perfectly centered and dark brown, were already hard as rock and sticking out from her boobs like bullets. Classic tear-drop in shape, I could have just stare at them all night! Instead, Cheri took my hand and put it on her breast.

"Touch me Kelly... touch me like only a woman can."

Her boobs fit perfectly in my hand as I cupped it and gently squeezed it - not TOO hard but enough to make her feel it. She moaned as my fingertips traced little circles around her nipples, lightly touching them and teasing them. Gripping the hard nipple between my thumb and forefinger, I pulled on it and twisted it slightly, rolling it between my fingers.

"Oh yeah, that's it... Oh god Kelly that feels SO good!"

I lowered my head and took her breast in my mouth, first on the nipple and then licking and sucking all over her magnificent breast. It was surely not the largest I had ever sucked on but it was certainly the most perfect in terms of shape and feel.

"Lick my nipples... oh yes, just like that!" she moaned as I felt her body squirming underneath me.

Looking down, I saw her hand had replaced mine between her legs as I squeezed and suck on her breasts. Cheri was rubbing herself between her thighs at a rate I was surprised wasn't wearing a hole in the denim. Well, now sense in making her work so hard so I stood up and looked down at her as she stared at me, trying to focus and weaving just a bit.

"Lay down," I told her, taking her by the bare shoulders and twisting her to the side.

She turned and I help her get her legs up on the couch and quickly undid her jeans and slid them down her legs. I couldn't help but smile at the sight of her standard white cotton panties. Well, it's not like I was really expecting a black lace thong or anything. She just laid there with her hands to her side as she waited for me to do whatever I was going to do next. Taking her panties by the sides, I pulled them down as she lifted her hips just enough to make it easier for me. My fingers traced along her gorgeous legs as I pulled the panties down and off her feet, tossing them into them middle of the living room.

"You look so beautiful, Cheri," I said gently as I stared at her incredible figure.

God what I would have given to have a body like hers! Her perfect boobs, flat stomach and softly rounded hips gave way to a hairy pussy - much hairier than I expected in this day. I guess with winter and such she hadn't the need to worry about a bathing suit so she had let it grow and it seemed such a contrast to see the wild bush of hair between her legs. She wasn't a natural blonde, though, to my disappointment, but rather more a light brown in tone and still quite a bit lighter than my cousin's (although you wouldn't know ninety percent of the time as she usually shaved it all off).

I wanted to jump on her that instant but I was still dressed but that was rectified quickly as I dropped my clothes to the floor next to the couch. With the both us of us now nude, it was time to get down to business. I couldn't wait to get a taste of that sweet little pussy below me! Climbing up on the couch, I nestled in between her legs, laying on my stomach with my legs against the arm of the couch behind me as she had her head resting on the opposite arm so she could look down and watch me. I pushed her inner leg up and had her rest it on the top of the couch while her outer leg fell over the edge and dangled, not quite touching the floor,

"Mmmmmmm, your pussy smells so sweet," I murmured, just loud enough for her to hear me in the stillness of their living room.

Indeed, I could see the wetness of her pussy as the hair around it was already damp and the odor of her sex filled my nostrils. My tongue reached out and I let just the tip of it touch the top of her pussy slit. Slowly I worked myself down, teasing her clit just a moment as I went by, until my mouth was at the entrance to her pussy.

Using my hand to pull her apart, I could see her wet pussy hole as I plunged my face into her. My face felt wet from her pussy juices and my noise rubbed up against her clit as my tongue tried to push its way into her tiny pussy. Her hips lifted reflexively and I put my hands under her ass to help hold her up to make it easier to lick her pussy.

"Oh Kelly, that feel so good!" she moaned as she squirmed under me.

I used the flat of my tongue against her clit, applying pressure to it and then lapping it up like a cat at a bowl of milk. God she tasted so good! For a moment I imagined Ken's dick in her, how he must cum in her and how it would taste to lick his cum as it drained from her pussy. I licked at her pussy, trying to taste the cum I was imagining coating it as she started to hump under me as if she was being fucked.

"Don't stop... oh my god don't stop now Kelly," she pleaded, her hands suddenly on top of my head, pushing my face into her crotch as she raised her hips up into it from the other direction.

She started to moan and even squeal a little as her passion began to overtake her. I loved the feel of her tight little ass in my hands. Even with my small hands I was able to get a good grip on her and she felt so incredible soft yet firm.

"Cumming... oh I'm cumming!" she moaned, practically pulling my hair out as she gripped my head and shoved it down into her crotch.

Her hips lifted upwards and stayed there as her body went rigid and she started to cry out from the pleasure and lust that was overwhelming her. I could feel her pussy pulsing under me, squeezing down and contracting as if there was a cock in it to hold onto. I stuck my finger in quickly to help her and her pussy grabbed onto me as if it had been offered a sacrifice.

"Fuck me Kelly, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she went on and on.

I added a second finger to the first and stroked them in and out of her pussy, literally fucking her with my fingers as I kept licking her pussy. Her pubic hair tickled my cheeks as I rubbed my face into her, using my nose to rub against her clit.

It seemed like hours but was probably more like five or ten minutes before she finally relaxed and collapsed on the couch, dropping her leg from the top of the couch onto the cushions. I wasn't quite done with her yet - not by a long shot!

"Oh I can't move," she said as she laid there, panting from her orgasm.

Nonetheless, I got up and put my right knee on the couch between her legs and straddle her cute leg while I lifted up her inner leg. Pushing forward, I advanced until my pussy was rubbing up against her and I ground my bare pussy against her hairy one, feeling the coarseness of her pubic hair against my smooth pussy. I only wished I had my double dildo with me! Normally not a big dildo fan, I LOVE my double dildo as it lets me get involved with other girls. Nonetheless, it still felt good to grind our crotches together and I could feel the wetness of her cunt against me.

"You like this?" I asked, not really expecting an answer so much as making a statement of sorts.

"I've never done this before," she finally answered, her eyes starting to glaze over. "It feels good though."

Sucking a guy while he sleeps is one thing but I wasn't into rubbing pussies with a girl after she had passed out so I was against the clock now if I wanted to get off myself. As I started to fondle myself, I knew it wasn't going to take much when I had such a beautiful woman under me, rubbing herself against my own pussy. With one hand keeping her leg from falling back down and the other fondling my pussy, I slowly ground myself against her in slow, deliberate circles.

Sure enough, it didn't take long and it was my turn to cum. I happened to look across the room and on one of the end tables I say a large photo of her and Ken on the beach, probably from their honeymoon. They made a beautiful couple and I imagined what it would be like to have him join about now. God I would love to feel a cock in me, alternating between me and Cheri and finally cumming on both of our pussies as we presented ourselves to him. The thought of Ken fucking the two of us was the final straw as I started to cum.

I didn't bother trying to talk as she was about out of it anyway and I doubt she had much of a clue as to what was happening by now anyway. That was just a well since I wasn't sure vet even if I COULD say anything intelligible in the state of mind I was in. I could myself beginning to release my cum as it gushed from me and covered her pussy hair before I ground it in with my pussy.

Finally it was my turn to be exhausted and I laid down beside her on the couch.

Fortunately neither of us was that big so we fit together nicely so long as we were tight together and I wasn't about to complain about THAT. I reached my head up to kiss her but she was out of it, her eyes closed and her breathing heavy. It was OK, though, as just the feel of her smooth naked body against me was enough to keep me horny all night! My pussy was throbbing still from my orgasm and although the primary fireworks had ended, there was still plenty of aftershocks to keep me happy. Now and then one would be particularly strong and I would tense and press against her until lit passed.

## 3. Revenge is Sweet

Who knows how long we would have stayed together on the couch, two nude young women just enjoying the feel of our naked bodies (well, at least I was as I doubted that Cheri was feeling ANYTHING at this moment). As Fate would have it, I was never to know the answer to that question. Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard a door opening and footsteps.

"Cheri?" someone called out and I immediately recognized it as Pastor Ken. Well, who else would it have been anyway?

"Hey baby, where are you?"

Before I could react he had made it into the living room where he came upon a scene I doubted had never imagined he would ever see in his lifetime - his nude wife in the arms of another WOMAN.

"What the HELL?"

I turned my head and grinned at him.

"Hey Pastor Ken, how ya doing?" I asked in a sweet voice, as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "So, do you want to join in or what?

"Shit, it would be you," he grumbled, his face turning darker and darker shades of red. It wasn't embarrassment but rage as the veins began to stick out from his forehead. "What the hell do you think you're doing with my wife?"

I stood up and faced him, gathering my clothes and slipping in my jeans quickly as I did.

"Well, THAT should be obvious, even to you," I taunted him. "Oh by the way, she's a GREAT fuck."

I had my jeans on and my blouse but it wasn't buttoned. Searching about desperately with my eyes, I remembered my shoes were by the door and thankfully I had left my keys in the car.

"You little bitch, you'll pay for this!" he growled as he approached the couch. I moved towards the door while he grabbed a blanket to throw over Cheri. The few seconds it took him to cover her were all I needed to make it to the door and grab my shoes. It's amazing how fast you can move when you are fearing for your life! Well, he may not have killed me but anything else was probably fair game.

"Well, if you ever touch me or threaten me again, I'll tell everyone what I did her tonight with your wife... AND what you did to me."

It wasn't an empty threat as I had a lot less to lose than he did in the deal. Before he could answer I was out the door and down the sidewalk to my car. As late as it was, there was nobody around, thankfully, to catch me half-dressed and I quickly slipped into my car and locked the doors. I didn't see him pursuing me but you couldn't be too careful! Buttoning my blouse, I slipped on my shoes and then headed for home.

## 4. Back Home Again

On the way home I realized I had never called to tell my parents where I was. God, they must be worried sick about me! Looking in the rearview mirror, I realized I looked pretty much like you would expect a girl to look after an evening of sex - disheveled and flushed. Oh well, they were probably asleep anyone by now, laying back in their LazyBoys as they watched some TV movie.

Once I got home and entered the basement, I saw my forecast had been correct as they both were sound asleep, my dad snoring loudly as usual when he was on his back. I used the opportunity to sneak by and head to my room without waking them. I cringed as the stairs squeaked but then they always did. Usually this worked in my favor as it signaled when someone was coming but tonight it served the other side as a wakeup call for my mom.

"That you Kelly?" she called out.

Busted! I turned back and headed down the stairs once again. Seeing my blouse hanging out and the shape my hair was in, she rubbed her eyes as if she must have been seeing me out of focus.

"What the heck happened to you?" she asked. Then she looked at the clock and her eyes widened. "And where have you been? Wasn't church over hours ago?"

All my life I've always told my mother everything about my sex life. She was even the first to learn I'd lost my virginity. I've never kept secrets from her and she even knew about my earlier problems with Pastor Ken so her ears perked up as soon as she heard who I had been with this evening. My dad must have finally realized I was home as well as he shook his head, making me have to repeat the first part of my story over again.

"You're kidding?" he said with a big grin on his face, "You really fucked her? Sweet! Damn, what I would give for a piece of that ass!"

"John!" my mom chided him, "Now behave yourself!"

"Just speaking figuratively dear," he said apologetically. Yeah right, he might never actually DO anything with Cheri but I didn't doubt he had lusted for her more than a few times at church - like probably every other man. My dad is a wonderful man, a loving husband and an incredible father but he's still a male and has the same instincts and desires that any normal man has. Next time he masturbated I knew who he would be thinking about!

Speaking of masturbating, my pussy had started back up again as I told my parents about my evening and I needed to get upstairs to my bedroom to take care of it. Of course, I'm sure my dad wouldn't have minded if I had just done it then and there but I was tired and there was no need to get him TOO aroused to where it would end up being another hour or so before I got to bed! I kissed them both goodnight and headed up to my bedroom.

Laying in my bed as I played with myself, a broad grin broke out on my face as I imagined the conversation Pastor Ken and Cheri would be having whenever she regained consciousness. Hopefully she would remember everything! God, he was furious!

Best of all, I finally felt vindicated with regards to Pastor Ken. I may not have done anything physical to him, like he did to me, but I knew I had hit him where it really hurts and where the pain doesn't go away as quickly - his ego. Based on how she talked it, he probably didn't know about Cheri's college fling with her roomie and so having taken her virginity, he undoubtedly felt assured that he was her only lover. Well, now he would always have to remember this evening, the night she had sex with ME.

What made me feel even better was that I knew that Cheri would always remember the way I had licked her pussy and made her come. Ken could never do to her what I had done, no man could, and it made me feel warm inside knowing I would always hold a special place in her heart - well at least in her pussy, that he could never regain.

Moral of the story - Don't fuck with Kelly!

# (May 19) Chapter 135: Graduation

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter uncle niece cousins
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)
Uncle Jim (40)
Rick - cousin (18)

It's almost impossible to believe that four years could pass so quickly. I was graduating from college today! It was a special weekend in my life, one my dad was all too happy to make even more special for me.

## 1. Pre-Graduation Gift From My Dad

When I sat down to write this, I tried to imagine what people would say when it was posted. There was a definite temptation to write out some hot fantasy story and publish it as if it really happened. Honestly, I have a feeling many of the people who read my diary would probably prefer such as story.

It was easy to imagine what people would write me later to say what they liked about it. In such a story, my parents would have driven to my school for graduation the night before. My dad would have fucked my brains out in the hotel all night while my mom watched and masturbated. Then in the school parking lot before graduation, I would have blown my dad and wore some of his cum proudly on my graduation gown. After graduation they would help me get my last things from my apartment and my dad would had fucked me yet again as sort of a going away present. All the way home, my cousin Kristen and I would be making out in the back seat until finally my dad would pull over and fuck us both at a truck stop.

Well, what do you think? Do I have it right?

I guess by now you've figured out that this is NOT what happened. To be totally honest, it was actually quite the opposite. Most of my family drove up packed in a couple of cars early Saturday morning. Both my uncles and their families, as well as my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen, were there. I was totally surprised to see Tammy, my mom's best friend (not to be confused with my fourteen year-old cousin) step out of my parent's SUV. She lives in Oregon and to make such a trip spoke volumes of her ties to our family.

Thanks to my mom's forewarning from her cell phone, I was standing by to greet everyone in the parking lot. From there we all went in town to have breakfast together at Bob Evans. Given our class photo was scheduled for 9:00 AM, I didn't have a lot of time. The ceremony started at 10:00 AM and was over before noon so afterwards we celebrated by going out to lunch.

Finally, I packed up the last of my things in my dad's SUV as my car was full. I drove my old car (150,000 miles and counting) home with my cousin Kristen, following my parents as best as I could given my dad drives like a maniac! We got home just before supper time, went out for yet another meal, and then returned home to get all the last minute things prepared for my graduation party the next day. We were all so exhausted by the time we were done, everyone just fell into bed. I think that I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

Soooooo, believe it or not, it was a "normal" day for me, at least normal by most people's standards. There was so much to do and I was so busy that there was NO sex whatsoever other than me quickly masturbating in the morning when I first woke up, something I do almost every morning anyway, like brushing my teeth.

It's funny, but I almost feel like I have to apologize for not getting laid on my graduation day! Everyone I have chatted with and exchanged e-mails was expecting that after months of me not getting any dick, this to be a wild day of unabated sex, especially between my dad and me. Maybe I'm getting old or whatever, but I have to say that I enjoyed the day just the way it happened! I guess it just goes to show that not everything has to involve sex to be good and/or fun.

Before you start thinking maybe the girl's lost it, that was Saturday. College graduation is something that occurs only once in your life so making it the center of my day isn't something I'll ever regret. That said, don't think I wasn't horny! Even so, who knows how long I might have slept the following morning hadn't it been for something persistently rubbing up against my face. I was only barely conscious and when I reached up to scratch where my cheek was tickling my fingers touched something warm and smooth. I knew instantly what it was - my dad's dick!

"Morning baby," he said softly to me as he held his dick in his hand and traced the tip of it around my face.

Oh my god, how I had missed this! My eyes were still barely open but I didn't have to see to do what comes natural when any girl has a hard cock put in front of her face - I took it in my mouth and sucked on it. As my mouth surrounded his dick, I heard him take in a deep breath.

"Oh yeah... that's it Kelly... suck your daddy's cock," he whispered to me. "God I missed your mouth on me."

It felt so good to hear him say that. As much as he may have missed my mouth on his dick, I missed having it IN my mouth even more! Sure, while I was away at school he still had plenty of opportunities with my mom, not to mention her sister and his niece, my Aunt Linda and Kristen. Even so, I knew that as his daughter it was extra special for him to have me suck his dick and I loved nothing more than to please him and satisfy his hunger.

I only had maybe a couple of inches of him in my mouth as I sucked on him like a pacifier had been placed in my mouth. Actually, that's not a bad analogy as I could have laid there half asleep all morning just sucking gently on his cock no different than a baby in a crib with a binky. As his only daughter, it just felt so natural, so "right", to do this for him. I felt as if I was being totally submissive to him, giving myself completely to him for his own pleasure and fulfillment of his lust for me. Just as the Bible commands, I wanted to honor my father and what better way to do so than in the most intimate way I knew how.

I felt his large hands roaming over my nude body, his fingertips tracing gently over my sensitive boobs and flat stomach as he made his way slowly down my body. It wasn't like he was fondling or groping me; more like he was taking me as his possession, demonstrating his control over me, proving to himself that he could do anything he wanted to me.

"Oh daddy!" I gasped as he touched my bare pussy, running his finger over my sensitive clit and teasing it just the way he knew I liked it.

My dad rolled me onto my back and climbed on top of me, straddling me on all fours. I still hadn't opened my eyes completely but I could feel his dick rubbing against my smooth stomach as he stroked it up and down against my body.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered hoarsely to him, "Please fuck me. Take me. I want your love... I want your love IN me."

It was so hard to just lay there and wait for him to enter me. I wanted to reach out and grab his cock, then pull it inside of me. Damn, I wanted him to stuff his cock in me NOW. More than anything else I wanted my dad to literally mate me, to bond with me by joining our bodies together in the most intimate act a man and woman can perform with one another.

More than anything else at that moment I wanted my dad to take me as his prize, to be his possession. I wanted to be the perfect daughter for him, submissive to him in every way. I wanted my dad to show me how he felt about me, to prove to me how sexy he thought I was, to demonstrate how much I turned him on, how much he desired me and wanted to fuck me.

"Yeah... you want it, don't you?" he said gently to me, dragging his cock head over my pussy, driving me crazy with desire as it passed over my clit. "Tell me how bad you want your daddy's big cock in you."

God, what does a girl say at such a time? My whole body was screaming for his dick to be in me. More than anything in the world I wanted to be one with him, to have our bodies joined together, to feel him in me and then release his sperm inside of me as a symbol of his love and respect for me. When I feel my dad him cum in me, it shows me just how much he loves me as his daughter to give me something so personal and intimate.

At the same time, it also proves to me just how much he respects me by staying in me and not pulling out like I was some cheap whore he wanted to spray cum all over. My dad would only give his sperm to someone who deserved it, someone he respected and loved, so to feel it bursting from his dick and filling my pussy was the most incredible thing he could do for me.

"YES daddy! I want your cock in me," I begged, "I want it more than anything... I want YOUR cock in me... I want my daddy's cock in me... Please give it to me... Please love me... PLEASE!"

OK, it wasn't Shakespeare but he got the idea. I felt him line up his dick with my moist pussy hole and then there was the pressure of his cock head as he started to push himself into me.

"Oh yeah baby, here it comes... Daddy's gonna fuck you now."

I lifted my hips up against him, trying to get him in me faster but he didn't need the help. With a grunt and a hard push he drove his stiff dick into me, forcing me apart like a wedge between my legs; filling my hungry pussy as he quickly drove himself in to as far as he could. Once he had it all the way in, he held it there for a moment and I could feel it throbbing with his heartbeat as we laid there motionless, taking in the moment. God, my dad was finally in me again... my father was fucking me! Really, what more could a daughter ask for?

Slowly he pulled it back out until just the head was in me. He let it sit there and then moved it in and out just enough to let me feel it. What felt like millions of nerve

me down into the bed. Then he would pull out slowly, letting me feel every glorious inch of his wonderful dick as it glided over the interior of my pussy until his cock was barely in me and then start all over again by pushing it back in. Finally he had it all the way in and pushed himself even harder against me, like I was a butterfly being pinned to the bed with his dick.

"Here it comes baby," he groaned almost like he was in pain. I knew it wasn't pain he was feeling but rather the pleasure his daughter was giving him. I felt so proud!

No sooner had the words left his mouth than I felt him jerk like a spasm had hit him. A bloom of warmth emerged deep inside of me as his dick began to spew his incestuous sperm into my full pussy. His dick swelled and exploded again, followed by another and then another, Each time I felt it I knew what it meant - my dad was cumming inside of me! I tried to imagine how it must look inside of me, his dick surrounded by my pussy as it erupted, each time sending a stream of milky cum deep inside of me, every bit of it hoping in vain to perform it's biological function - to mate a female. Of course I didn't want to actually bear a child, especially my own father's, but I LOVED the process of mating.

"Oh Kelly, my little Kelly," he sighed as the last of his sperm was given to me.

He collapsed to his elbows, barely keeping his full body weight off of me. We laid like that for several minutes, father and daughter savoring the experience, just enjoying the feel of being coupled together for a few more minutes.

By now I was awake enough to notice that someone was at the door of my bedroom.

"Morning Mom!" I called out. Although I couldn't see who it was, who else would it be? "Did you see him cum in me? I think daddy likes me being home again!"

"Well, that's obvious," a voice replied, a voice that did NOT belong to my mom!

In my excitement I had forgotten that Tammy, my mom's best friend, was staying in the guest room down the hall. Evidently all the commotion had either wakened her or at least drawn her attention which wasn't a surprise given my dad had left my bedroom door wide open and we hadn't exactly been quiet!

Fortunately, it wasn't like Tammy didn't already know my dad fucked me. Tammy was actually a fairly typical housewife, the classic "soccer mom". Happily married with two teenage boys, she never cheated on her husband and was fairly conservative in most of her views - including incest and lesbianism. As good of friends as they were, my mom and Tammy hadn't had sex together when they were growing up although I knew they had shared a few guys.

It was sorta cool to me that I was her first lesbian experience back a number of years ago during one of her visits to Pittsburgh. Of course she knew I was sexually active and over time she eventually learned about me and my dad. It definitely shocked her at first but once she saw the type of relationship we shared and realized that it wasn't some bizarre sexual abuse of a daughter by her dad, she accepted it for what it was. At the same time, I knew there was no way her sons would ever be fucking her!

I had no idea how long Tammy had been watching but obviously she'd been there for at least the finale. I moved my head to the side and saw her standing at the doorway, robe drawn around her with a silly grin on her face.

"Morning Tammy," I corrected myself.

"Well, I see you two didn't waste any time getting back together again," she said, shaking her head in mock disbelief. I just smiled at her and laid my head back down against the pillow. The creaking of the floors told me she had left.

"Daddy, I need to get ready for church you know," I reminded my father, who seemed perfectly content to just lay there with his now withered cock barely in me.

He kissed me on the forehead and then I felt that funny feeling I get whenever a cock slips out from my pussy after being fucked, leaving it empty once again. He didn't say a word but just patted my now messy pussy with his hand as he left the room, leaving me there with his cum inside of me.

There wasn't much time before church so I rushed to the bathroom and showered quickly, not even taking time to masturbate with the shower massager (yet another thing I missed while at school). It was looking like a gorgeous day outside so I threw on a light sundress that barely covered my boobs and came about halfway to my knees down my legs - something I wouldn't have dared wear back at school. Some heels and bling and I was on my way.

## 2. Cousin Rick Fucks Me Before the Party

The rest of our family arrived at church at almost the same time so we congregated in the parking lot and gabbed for a few minutes as we usual did on Sunday mornings. It was so nice to be back home and back together with my family again!

As usual, my cousin Rick was eyeing me with barely concealed lust. He hadn't fucked me in months so it wasn't hard to figure out what was on HIS mind. Well, he was quite a hunk and I knew he didn't have much trouble getting laid, not to mention the fact he had his younger sister Tammy available as well!

Speaking of lustful looks, I noticed my dad was all but staring at my cousin Tammy who was wearing the cutest little dress that showed off her skinny legs and tiny boobs to their best advantage. God, I couldn't believe her bitchy mother had let her wear such an outfit period, much less to church! Even though my dad was the one to have taken her virginity the previous summer, my mom had confided in me that he hadn't fucked her in ages and it was all he talked any time they had been with his brother's family. My mom poked him in the ribs when he started becoming TOO obvious and he looked at her sheepishly. Geeze, he had just fucked me so you would have thought he wouldn't be so horny already! Well, that's my dad for you.

I also noticed that my Uncle Jim was keeping a close eye on me as well. He was a fat jerk and I only let him fuck me as a favor to my dad. He didn't seem to realize that and so he was always trying to get in my pants. I supposed that now that I was back home again he was expecting to get his piece of me sooner than later. Unfortunately, I knew my dad would want me to let him so I smiled at him as best I could, trying not to imagine his hairy body over me.

Church was actually rather uneventful. The best part was sitting there and feeling the wetness between my legs, knowing it was my dad's cum that was trying to drain from me. I finally had to excuse myself and take a quick break to the little girl's room to wipe myself off before I made a mess of my skirt and maybe even the pew!

After church everyone returned to our house for lunch and my graduation party. I wasn't about to stay in a church dress so I left everyone to go to my room to change. I guess that I shouldn't have been as surprised as I was when Rick jumped out from behind the door as I entered.

"Dang it Rick, you scared the crap out of me!" I scolded him as my heartbeat raced.

"Well I've got something down here that will scare you even more," he teased me with a devilish grin as he patted his bulging crotch.

Glancing out my window which overlooked our deck, I could see everyone milling about, socializing as my mom was working frantically to get lunch ready. I should be helping her, not teasing my cousin!

"Don't worry, they won't miss us," he huffed impatiently, "They're all clueless anyway."

Well, I don't know if "clueless" was really a fair description, but I had to agree that the majority of our family, on my dad's side at least, would have been shocked, to say the least, to know about the amount of incest that occurred regularly in our family. Even if they DID notice Rick and I weren't around, I had no doubt that none of them would even think that he was standing in my room with the intention of fucking me.

"Hey, you just gonna stand there or are we gonna fuck?" he huffed again.

Rick was your typical teenage boy with just one thing on his mind - sex. Only thing was, he WAS good looking and he DID have a pretty nice dick so I was ready to overlook his impatience and lack of couth if it meant getting a good fucking from him. Actually, he preferred my mom even though she just treated him like some sort of sex pet. I guess the "Mrs. Robinson" complex is just as alive and well today as ever before.

"Let me get out of this dress, I don't want to ruin it when you can't control yourself," I told him.

I had learned through bad experiences that Rick had a bad tendency to spray his cum all around like some demented firefighter. I knew that if I was wearing anything when he came that it was pretty much a dead certainty it would be stained. I took my time taking off my dress and then hanging it back up in my closet. In the meantime, Rick had slipped his pants off, leaving his shirt on such that his hard dick poked out like some snake from its lair. Yep, he was horny alright! From the way my pussy suddenly throbbed, I had to admit that the sight of his young stiff dick was making me feel a bit anxious as well!

"Geeze, you gonna take all day?" he complained, stroking himself now in apparent desperation.

"Shit, Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie are here," he chuckled. "Imagine if they knew what I screwing the guest of honor right above them!"

I couldn't help but grin at the thought myself. Uncle Paul, my dad's older brother, was eight years older than my dad. Unlike my Uncle Jim, Rick's dad, my dad and him had never been involved with girls together growing up and even today, their relationship was more distant than that shared by the two younger brothers. Needless to say, Uncle Paul and his wife had NO idea who my dad was fucking at home! They had two daughters, Ginny and Laura, both married. I had attended Laura's bachelorette party a few years back and that was about the only time we'd done anything even remotely wild together.

"God, there she is," Rick sighed.

I leaned over to see who he was talking about and there was Laura herself with her hubby, talking to some neighbors. A buxom blonde, she looked hot in a tight dress that showed off her figure nicely. Her husband wasn't too bad either. Hell, I'd let him fuck me!

"You know I would give anything to fuck that cunt," he sighed again. Maybe so, but that was a hell of a thing for him to say when he was fucking me!

"Hey, somebody forget where his dick is now?" I griped, a little miffed.

"Shit Kelly, you know what I mean. Can't blame me for wanting a piece of her."

Actually, I wouldn't have minded a piece of her myself! Her older sister Ginny looked hotter but she had fake boobs whereas Laura was all real. Unfortunately, so far as I knew she didn't even like girls, let alone her own cousin, at least when it came to sex.

"Too bad you weren't at her bachelorette party," I teased Rick. He looked at me with questioning eyes and I grinned as I continued saying, "She even fucked one of the male strippers right in front of all of us!"

"No shit!" Rick exclaimed, startled enough to pause fucking me, "Laura? Damn, I never heard about THAT!"

"Well if you don't keep fucking me you'll have more to worry about than that!" I scolded him.

A chastised Rick resumed but in a few minutes he brightened up yet again

"Hey, I got an idea," he said, pulling himself out of me and stepping back, "You lean up against the window sill so we can watch them while I fuck you."

Enough was enough.

"Hey, you gonna fuck ME or just stand back there talking about your sisters and cousins?"

"Sheesh, what's with you?" he whined, "You know, my dick IS in your pussy at the moment in case you haven't noticed."

God, talk about setting himself up for a small dick joke! I let it go though, refusing to take advantage of his lack of wit.

"Well, it would be nice if you at least ACTED like it was as well."

"Ahhhhhh, Kelly's jealous I think," he taunted me.

"Huh? Why should I be jealous?" I challenged him, "As you said, I AM the one with your dick in me. I just think it would be polite to pay some attention to me at the same time!"

"Women!" he sighed, "Never happy. Fuck 'em and they still bitch."

Well whatever. At least he stopped yakking about the women below us although I suspected he was still looking.

"Kelly, you up here?"

Damn, my mom was calling me! What did she want now? Can't a girl get fucked without someone always breaking in on her? Sure enough, she poked her head in my room and saw Rick fucking me by the window.

"Oh for heaven's sake Kelly, what are you doing? You know, you should at least close the door if you're going to fool around with people here. Really, did you think about what might happen if someone came up here to use the bathroom?" she sighed in mock despair - or maybe not so "mock".

"Sorry mom, you know how it is," I replied with a grin, nodding my head towards Rick. Indeed, she knew all too well what it was like to be fucked by Rick. After all, she'd had him a lot more than me!

"Well, you kids hurry up and get finished. People have been asking where the graduate went off to. I can't exactly tell them she's getting fucked by her cousin!" she said as she closed the door to my room and returned downstairs.

Rick started banging me faster and I looked around at him to see what was going on.

"Hey, you heard her, I'm trying to hurry up," he said with a naughty grin on his face.

To be perfectly honest, between his musing over my cousins and now my mom's interruption, some of the wind was out of my sail so far as being fucked by

Rick and all I really wanted was to get it over with. I knew it wouldn't be long before Rick came and if anything, it took less time than I had even expected.

"Cumming!" he announced as if the Pope were making an entrance.

Just as I had been worried about when I took off my dress, Rick pulled out of me and started to spray cum all over my ass and back. I could feel each load land on me like raindrops. THIS was something my dad would never do to me as he respected me far too much to treat me this way.

"Damn, sorry to make such a mess but my balls were about to explode!" he said, gasping to catch his breath.

I reached over and grabbed a towel from an earlier shower and handed it to him.

"Well, the least you could do is wipe it off me then."

"Demanding today, aren't we?" he teased, "Just because you're a big college graduate now doesn't mean you can order me around. Be careful or you won't get any more of THIS."

As if I was worried. Regardless of what he said, he did try to clean his cum off of me. When he was done I looked at the towel and was surprised by how much cum was on it. I knew he had done a big load on me, but not THAT big!

"Well, you'd better join in the party first," I told him, "It might be better if we didn't both go down at the same time."

Rick pulled his pants up and tucked his still hard cock in. I wondered if he realized just how much he was bulging out? No doubt a few of the women would notice and who knows, maybe it would work out for him for the best! Either that or he would get slapped.

With him gone I raced to the bathroom to wash off my face and hands. Looking at myself in the mirror, I didn't see any cum on me so I returned to the bedroom and got dressed in some denim shorts and a tank top. They weren't TOO revealing but still showed off my "assets" well enough to make me happy – and hopefully some of my guests as well.

# 3. Uncle Jim Gets His

When I finally showed up on the deck, everyone turned to look and then they clapped and cheered for me, the new college graduate. It felt awesome to finally be done with school! The next couple of hours were just your typical family party. My mom served lunch and we all eat more than we should so afterwards most everyone was a bit slow and sleepy.

"Hey Jim, would you go down to the garage and bring up some more ice?" my mom called out to my uncle.

"Sure - where is it?" he answered back.

"I'll show him!" I volunteered before I thought it through. As I passed by my mom to follow my uncle she pulled me aside and whispered in my ear.

"Now don't take TOO long this time, you hear?"

I looked at her with a puzzled expression until it finally sunk in. Evidently she thought I had volunteered so my uncle could fuck me. To be perfectly honest, until that moment I hadn't even thought about it but now that she mentioned it, I knew my dad would want me to let him do me sooner or later so why not get it over with now? At least then I wouldn't have worry about it later when I wasn't as horny and ready to let him do me.

"I wouldn't worry mom; you know Uncle Jim," I sighed softly, "He never lasts very long."

"Tell me about it!" my mom giggled, trying not to be TOO obvious about it.

Obviously it had all been a setup between my uncle and mom as no sooner did I step out into the garage than my Uncle grabbed me and started groping me, running his hands over my boobs especially . Oh well, I knew that he was a serious tit man from past experience!

"Good to have you home again Kelly," he greeted me. He ran his hand between my legs and pulled up with his palm against my crotch, almost lifting me off my feet.

"So did I beat Rick?" he asked. My silence told him the answer and he swore under his breath, "Damn, I told the little shit to leave you for me first. So when did he get you, at church? I saw you slip out."

I giggled and teased him saying, "Nope, just a few minutes ago. Didn't you see him looking out my bedroom window as he fucked me?"

"Shit, should have known," he fussed. "Oh well, sloppy seconds is better than nothing."

My, how caring and romantic - NOT!

He started to unzip his pants and pull out his cock for me.

"C'mon, we don't have a lot of time. Take those shorts off!:

Unlike him, who could just pen up his zipper and pull out his cock, I had to let my panties drop to the concrete floor to let him gain access to my pussy.

"Where do you want me?" I asked, resigned that he would be calling the shots one way or the other so I may as well ask now.

"Shit, not so fast. How about a little BJ action first?" he answered. "Tammy's getting better all the time but she's still not in your league."

Considering I was the one to help Tammy with her first blowjob, that wasn't a huge surprise. Tammy was more than willing to learn but most guys are just concerned with getting off, not teaching a young girl to properly suck a dick. Now THAT'S what they should be teaching in sex ed, instead of all the other crap about abstinence that nobody listens to. Besides, I doubt there would be a problem finding volunteers for the girls to practice on!

My uncle's dick was sticking out from his unzipped crotch. Although I'd never dared to tease him about it, I knew he was conscious of that fact that his teenage son had a bigger cock and that his was somewhat on the small size. In all fairness, he knew pretty well how to use what he had and had he not been such a jerk, he would've been a pretty good fuck. As it was, he was far too demanding and overbearing for my tastes. Bending my knees, I squatted on front of him rather than getting my knees dirty and took his dick in my mouth without even using my hands - a maneuver he seemed to appreciate for some reason. Oh well, I aim to please!

"Shit, that's so hot the way you suck it without touching it," he sighed. "You've GOT to teach Tammy to do that more often."

One nice thing about a small dick, it's easier to suck and take all the way in your mouth without having to go through the effort of deep-throating the guy. Needless to say, it didn't take long to get rock hard.

"Shit, now THAT'S the Kelly I remember," he groaned, "God you're such a fucking slut."

I just ignored him even though I knew when he called me a slut it wasn't in the loving manner that my dad intended when he sued the word. It was sort of funny in a way I guess. My Aunt Shari was always accusing my mom of having a slut for a daughter but it was only something she suspected. What would she say if she found out why her husband KNEW I was a slut?

I took his stiff cock completely in my mouth and then twisted my head around it, letting my tongue run all over it in the process. One thing I try to emphasize anytime I teach a girl about sucking cock - you HAVE to use your tongue. Otherwise you may as well use a plastic toy on him. Anyone can just bob their head up and down a dick but to REALLY satisfy a guy you have to do more. It amazes me how many guys say their girlfriends can't make them cum and they have to finish themselves off with their hand. If that ever happened to me when I was with a guy I would be highly insulted!

"Shit, that's fucking incredible the way you suck it!" he groaned again as I sucked on his musky smelling dick as hard as I could, my cheeks drawn in tight around his cock as I bobbed on him.

"You know, you probably should fuck me before my mom comes down and gets after us," I reminded him.

He didn't say anything, not that I expected him to, so I stood up and held onto his hard dick with my hand, feeling the warmth of his shaft in my palm. He may have been a jerk but he DID have this cute little cock so I guess he wasn't ALL that bad! I backed up to the hood of my car and slid back up into it. The metal hood felt cool against my bare ass as my legs hung over the side. Spreading my legs apart, I looked at my overweight uncle, standing there with his wet dick sticking out and this nasty look in his eyes as he stared at my pussy that was waiting for him.

I wondered what he was thinking, what thoughts were going through his head knowing his niece was basically offering herself to him like some street whore in a cheap hotel room - except I was free. Not exactly one of my prouder moments but I managed to grin, trying to be as seductive as possible. The last thing I needed was to have him going off telling my dad I hadn't done my best for him!

"See anything you want Uncle Jim?"

"Shit, I love the way you shave your pussy," he said, "Shari's looks like a fucking fur coat."

"Well, if you like my pussy so much, why isn't your dick in it yet?" I kidded him.

"Shit, give me a chance you fucking slut. You can wait just a little longer for it."

He moved up closer to me and grabbed me by the ankles, lifting my legs up and then over his shoulders. My ass was halfway off the hood as I leaned back on my elbows and watched as he got ready to fuck me. His dick was standing almost straight up so he had to hold it down as he moved his hips in tighter against my bare thighs. Between his protruding stomach and not being very long (MAYBE five inches if I was being generous), he had to get in pretty close before he could penetrate me but as slick as my pussy was from his son's recent fucking he slid easily inside of me.

"Shit Kelly, not so tight anymore, are you?"

Bastard. Now THAT remark was uncalled for. For crying out loud, what girl's pussy wouldn't be a little more "flexible" after being fucked twice already that day? It took all my willpower but I managed to ignore him and let him continue to do his thing with me. My dad owed me big time for this!

"There you go slut, now you're being fucked by a REAL man," he grunted as his cock entered me.

My guess was that he was trying to compare himself to his son and as much as I wanted to tell him he wasn't even in Rick's league, I held my tongue yet again. After all, what was there to gain by pointing out what a little dick he had, especially when compared to his hunk of a teenage son? Besides, I knew once he had come that would be it whereas his son could go all night it seemed!

"Fuck me Uncle Jim, "I panted, trying my best to sound like he had the best cock I'd had in ages. Gee whiz, the things a girl did for her dad!

"Too bad Aunt Shari can't see us now," I teased him wickedly. Truth of it was, if she ever DID find out what he did to me, let alone actually see it, she would probably go berserk. Even then, that was nothing compared to what she might do if she ever found out he and her son were fucking their youngest daughter as well - AND her uncle was doing her as well!

"Shit, sometimes I almost wish she did," he panted as he fucked me a little faster. "Serve the bitch right."

He was about to say something else when he groaned louder and his head tilted back as he thrust himself deep inside of me and held himself there. Just as I thought he was about to cum in me, he pulled out and began shooting cum all over my pussy and tank top. Jerk! Like son, like father.

"Oh Uncle Jim, why did you have to cum on my top?" I complained as he rubbed his dick in the sperm on my pussy, spreading it all over me.

"Sorry babe, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do you know," he said with a smirk, "Just shut up. You don't want me telling your dad you didn't make me happy now, do you?"

What an asshole, a phrase I reserve for only the worst men. He knew I would do literally anything my dad asked me to do, even let a slob of an uncle like him fuck me. He also knew the last thing I ever wanted to do was displease my father and he took full advantage of it.

"Sorry Uncle Rick," I apologized, trying to make it sound from the heart.

He laughed at me and patted his now soft cock against my pussy. "Don't worry about it, you're always a great fuck you know."

With that he put his dick back in his pants and zipped them up. One last wink and he left the garage with me sitting on the hood with his cum all over me. Before anyone surprised me, I hurried up and grabbed some rags and wiped his cum from my pussy. Pulling up my shorts, I raced to my room before anyone saw the cum stains on my top and slipped on a different tank top.

## 4. Dad Gives Me a Car... and More

Back on the deck, my uncle was already mingling and my mom pulled me aside as soon as I stepped out.

"What happened? And why are you wearing a different top?"

"Shit mom...," I said with a grin. We both laughed at my little reference to my uncle's favorite way to start every sentence it seemed.

"OK, I think I understand," she sighed, "He really IS a jerk, isn't he? I need to talk to your dad sometime about you and him. He shouldn't be asking you to keep putting out for that asshole. It's not like he gets Tammy hardly any more."

"It's OK mom," I replied, "At least he doesn't take forever to cum and if it makes dad happy, I really don't mind. Well... just so long as he doesn't ask me TOO often."

My mom hugged me and whispered in my ear, "You're such a wonderful daughter. Just wait until you see your dad's graduation present!"

I looked at her in hopes she would spill the beans but she pursed her lips and shook her head to indicate she wouldn't tell me anymore. All afternoon I thought about what my mom had mentioned about my present. What gift had my dad gotten me? He bought most of his gifts for me from Victoria's Secret or some porn shop, usually something for me to model for him and the strip out of so I could "thank" him properly. For my graduation I could only imagine what his vivid imagination had dreamed up this time!

Most of the guests left in the mid afternoon with the remainder out by supper as my mom hadn't provided anything for a second meal. Tammy and my mom were cleaning up and I tried to help but they shooed me away, saying it was my party and I shouldn't have to clean up afterwards. Things were eventually picked up and put away. In the meantime, I was practically bouncing with anticipation. My mom and dad couldn't help but notice and so they teased me mercilessly which didn't help either. Even Tammy was in on it, winking at me and smiling like a Cheshire Cat whenever I tried to pump her for information.

Finally it was time and my parents sat me down in the family room. They brought in some cards and boxes that people had brought to the party which I dutifully opened. Most of them had money in the cards - the perfect present for a new graduate to be honest. The rest were mostly gag gifts for a graduate that were cute, but I knew they would soon be on the curb. Finally it was time for my parent's gift - at least so I assumed since there was nothing left to open and they hadn't given me anything yet. I guess you could say a four year degree for free was quite a present already but I knew they would have something extra special for me - they always did!

"We have to go get your present now," my dad said with an air of mystery. Hmm, what could it be that we had to drive somewhere for it? We all piled in the SUV and drove to the south side of town where he turned into a car dealership. Oh my god, I was getting a car!!! I squealed like a little girl as my mom and Tammy grinned at me.

"What's going on? You think you're getting something here?" my dad called back from the front seat. I just sat up straight and grinned like a kid at Christmas.

He stopped the SUV by the door and we went in to where a salesman was waiting, Being it was a Sunday evening I was surprised to see they were open but then it became apparent we were the only ones there so my dad must have arranged something special with the guy.

"So you're the new grad. Congratulations!" he said as he offered to shake my hand. I was practically shivering now with excitement, wondering what was coming next. I had a pretty good guess going but I couldn't believe it could possibly come true.

"Follow me, it's all ready for you."

Nervously we followed him back to the service area. There in front of me was the most perfect car in the world - MINE! It was a bright red Saturn Ion, just the right size for me, with a big red bow in the roof and a sign that read, "Congratulations Kelly!". The salesman handed me the keys with a grin.

"I think these are yours young lady."

I grabbed them and then turned to hug my dad! I kissed him on the cheek and hugged him again. God, what an incredible father!

"Check out your new car before you break my neck," he chuckled.

The salesman tried to point out the features but I don't remember a word he said. It smelled so new and all I could think about was that it was MINE! Apparently my dad had already signed all the papers the day before so I was free to drive it home. My mom and Tammy rode back with me as my dad had to bring the SUV. I don't ever remember being so excited driving a car before!

Back home I pulled it into the garage and waited for my dad to join us. Once again I hugged him and this time, since there wasn't a nosey salesman around, I kissed him the way a daughter should kiss her father - a full kiss on the mouth, tongue and all!

"Mmmmmmm, now that's better!" he chuckled as I finally let go of him.

The four of us looked it over again in the garage. It was a lot smaller than the Avalon I'd been driving but then it was my mom's hand-me-down and I always felt it was for an older woman like her, not a college girl. This car was perfect!

"Hmmm, back seat's pretty small," my dad mused. I knew what he was thinking about!

"Oh daddy, I'm not in high school anymore. I don't need a big back seat."

"Still, I was sort of hoping we might break it in right," he said, scratching his chin.

"Now?" I asked, a little surprised actually. I figured I would be thanking him later upstairs or in the hot tub, not in the backseat of my new car!

My dad looked at mom who just rolled her eyes and shrugged her shoulders. She knew him pretty good after being married to him almost 25 years so it wasn't like she was surprised. Then he looked over at Tammy who help up her hands and shrugged her shoulders as well.

"Hey, don't look at me... you guys do whatever you want, it's OK with me," she said with a big grin.

My dad turned back to me and opened the back door.

"Well, what are we waiting for then?"

It was a bit surreal actually, climbing in backwards and seeing my mom and her best friend standing back watching, like we were putting on a show for them or something. Well I guess in a way we were!

I sat on the seat sideways with my feet on the garage floor. My dad kneeled down and pulled off my shoes and then reached for my shorts. I laid back on the seat, smelling the strong new car smell of the leather upholstery. He undid my shorts and pulled them down my legs and then off my feet and handed them back to my mom who took them and held them against her with her crossed arms. The leather seat felt cold at first under my ass but quickly warmed.

"Now that's what I call a nice back seat view," my dad laughed as he stood back and looked at me with my bottom exposed. "Where's the camera Mary?"

My mom reached into her purse and pulled out our digital camera and handed it back to my dad who snapped a couple of shots of me with my legs spread part showing off my pussy.

"That top has to go," he said to me so I pulled it up and over my head and tossed it to him. He just handed it back to my mom where it joined my shorts. Well, for the first time I was nude in my new car. Not bad considering I'd had it less than an hour!

A few more shots with the camera and my dad cursed silently.

"Dammit Mary, I thought we had more room than this left."

"Hey, you're the one that had to take all the ones at her graduation and then didn't download them so don't blame me!" my mom protested.

My dad handed her the camera with a frown but then he smiled as he turned back to me.

"Oh well, the real thing's always better anyway."

My dad quickly undid his belt, unzipped his pants and then pulled them down together with his underwear. He still had his shoes on so rather than slip everything off he just let them gather around his ankles. God he was hard! It seemed like ages since he had fucked me this morning and even then, I had only been half awake so this was the first time I got a real good look at my wonderful dad's cock. I loved the way it was so hard because of me. Knowing I turned my own father on was one of the best feelings a daughter can have.

"Well, I guess it's time to initiate my new car," I said with a huge smile on my face. I didn't what was better - getting a new car or having my dad fuck me in the back seat of it for the first time!

My dad shuffled up to the door and leaned inside. I put my legs up and rested my feat against the sides of the door, opening up myself for him. It was like I was offered an offering to the gods except I was certainly no virgin!

And so my dad fucked me in the car. It was the fourth time I'd been fucked so far today and after going without it for so long at school, you can imagine my pussy was starting to feel the effects. Even so, I would never had said anything at all to my dad. I didn't know if he knew about Rick and Uncle Jim fucking me earlier and I didn't see any reason to raise the question unless he did - which he never did.

As cramped as things were in the back seat, it was just a quick fuck but it was the thought that counts as they say. It was all a blur to me really, I couldn't believe it was happening. The LAST thing I had expected today was to be laying in the back seat of my new car with my dad's dick in me!

"Well, how do you like your new car?" my dad said with a grin as he slowly slid himself in and out of me.

"Oh daddy... I LOVE it. And I love thanking for you for it this way as well!"

It didn't take long for him to cum in me. I think it helped to have my mom and her friend watching. My dad was the type that loved to "perform" and even though he didn't fuck Tammy, I think he secretly wished he could so having her watch him fuck me must have really turned him on. Feeling his warm cum drain out of my pussy and down my ass, I loved the thought that my new seats were getting their first taste of cum. It wouldn't be the last time if I had to bet on it.

When we finally emerged from the car, my mom and Tammy were still in the same spots they had been when I started so I assumed they had seen everything. Good assumption!

"Well, what do you think?" I asked them.

My mom just grinned and said, "If you had ANY idea of how many times I've had to listen to him fantasize about screwing you in the back seat, you'd understand what a relief it is to finally get it over with!"

We all laughed and then Tammy said softly, as if a little shy to say anything, "Well, I don't think I'll EVER quite get over your dad fucking you in the first place, but I have to say it was pretty hot."

That was probably about as far as Tammy was going to go and I appreciated her candor. I could only imagine what she must have been thinking watching us with my mom at her side. I wondered if my mom said it was OK if she would let my dad fuck her? Of course THAT would never happen as Tammy was not part of our family, there HAD been that exception she made for my best friend Beth, even if it was just for a short while. Who knows? Of course, there was the fact Tammy had often said she would never cheat on her husband, but something in her eyes when she looked at my dad's cock glistening with our cum made me wonder.

By now it was getting late and so we all went into the family room to watch TV. As messy as I was I didn't bother to put my shorts on but I did grab a t-shirt from the laundry my mom had just finished which I pulled over me like a nightshirt. It didn't exactly cover my ass but then I didn't think anyone in the room really cared anyway.

Well, I was now an official college graduate, with my own car and I'd already been fucked in it!

# (May 21) Chapter 136: Mom's Gift to Her Best Friend

Story codes: MF MFF oral inc father daughter aunt nephew cousins
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)
Mary - my mom (40)
Tammy - my mom's BFF (42)
Rick - cousin (18)

Tammy was in town for my graduation party. Before she left, my mom had a special gift for her - my cousin Rick. As amazing as that was, it wasn't the biggest surprise waiting for Tammy.

Note: This Tammy has nothing to do with my cousin Tammy. Sorry for any confusion but it's not my fault they have the same first names! This story has nothing to do with my youngest cousin.

## 1. My Mom and Tammy

Tammy is my mom's best friend. They'd been BFFs in high school long - long before "BFF" was an acronym. Once they graduated, their paths diverged and neither of them ended up living anywhere their original childhood homes in the suburbs south of Chicago. My mom, along with her sister, ended up in the Pittsburgh area while Tammy married a guy with roots out west in the high desert of Oregon.

Through it all they've stayed in touch with each other and now, almost twenty five years later, they still talk on the phone almost daily. At least once a year one of them travels to visit the other. Last summer I had the opportunity to go to Oregon to Tammy's house and visit with her family. At home, Tammy is pretty "straight" although I know back in high school she and my mom use to have some "interesting" adventures but those are the teenage experiences that bond girlfriends for life.

Even in their heyday though, she and my mom never did anything sexually with each other. That it made it all the more special for me when during her more recent visits, Tammy and I have gotten pretty "close", if you know what I mean. Personally, I think that has more to do with her letting herself be a little "wild" while away from home than anything else. It all started between us about five years ago rather innocently, just a little fun between us girls (OK, she's twenty some years older than me but who's counting).

Then last summer Tammy caught my dad fucking me which sort of blew her mind at first as you might imagine. Fortunately, by the time she left for home she seemed to have accepted it and even sucked my dad's cock briefly with me one time in the hot tub. It was the first time she'd sucked another man's cock since getting married and actually it was my dad's first time a woman not in his family had blown him since he pledged himself to my mother (putting aside that time with my friend Beth).

Now before you think badly of either of them, I firmly believe that oral sex is not "sex" in the biblical definition. No, I'm not trying to be like a past President who was trying to rationalize his bad behavior. What I AM trying to do is differentiate between sex that is classified as adultery and just having fun.

To commit adultery (which is a sin), my dad would have had to penetrate her pussy with his cock, something that definitely did NOT happen! Same goes for Tammy. Although her husband may have had a different opinion if he knew about it, in my eyes she technically wasn't cheating on him just because she sucked another man's dick.

Unless it's adultery, which is forbidden by the Bible, what's important to me is the INTENT. If my dad ever had oral sex with a woman because he was dissatisfied with my mother and was seeking relief outside his marriage, that would wrong. By the same token, if it's OK with my mom and just for fun, then why not? Seems pretty simple and straightforward to me.

Tammy had made a special trip to Pittsburgh just for my graduation party. Given the distance and time to get there, she decided to stay on for a few days to visit as well. Graduation had been on Saturday with a party for me on Sunday. After the party my dad had taken us all to get my graduation present - a new car! I was thrilled as you might imagine. What made it even better was when we got back home and my dad "initiated" the back seat with me while my mom and Tammy watched. Even though she had seemed rather reserved about it afterwards, I couldn't help but notice that when we climbed out of the back seat and my dad's cock was glistening without cum in the soft light of the garage, that Tammy's eyes were glued to his dick. Interesting...?

## 2. Daddy Does Me in the Morning

Monday morning was sort of a milestone for me. It was the first weekday of my life that I wasn't either in school or waiting to go back to school. It was still hard to believe I had finally graduated! I wasn't the only one to be glad that I was back home. My dad had obviously missed his mornings with me while I was away at school and he didn't waste any time reestablishing our little "tradition". Of course, he had done me Sunday morning before church but that seemed different somehow – good, but different.

Ever wake up in the morning with a cock in your pussy? If you haven't let me tell you that every girl should have it done to her at least once. Of course, if she had it once I doubt she would want to stop there. Sort of like once you eat that first potato chip and then suddenly the entire bag is gone!

It's been my good fortune to have woken many a time that way and this morning was one more to add to my "count". It's hard to explain what it feel like to suddenly find yourself awake with your eyes half closed and your mouth feeling yucky, yet at the same time aware that there is SOMETHING between your legs. For the first few seconds it doesn't quite register for what it is. It's like when you wake up and for a moment not know where you are. That's the way it felt, like I KNEW something was down there but whatever it was just wouldn't come into focus.

Of course "whatever it was" wasn't just sitting there still, it was moving in and out of me and then, as if the proverbial light bulb went off over my head, it became clear what was happening to me – I was being fucked! Of course, there was only one person who could have been doing that to me in the sanctity of my own bedroom – my loving dad.

"Morning sunshine," I heard him murmur in my ear from behind.

He was spooning me, evidently sliding in bed behind me as I slept on my side and lifting my leg over his to spread open my pussy for him. God, I must have really been tired to stay asleep as his dick forced its way into me the first time!

"Morning daddy," I mumbled, trying to make my mouth work again as I slowly came back to life.

"Mmmmmmm, I missed this baby. Did you?"

What a silly question! My god, of course I missed waking up this way, what girl wouldn't be thrilled to wake up in the morning with her dad's stiff cock in her pussy? So many mornings I would wake up in my college apartment and feel my heart sink as I realized once again my dad wasn't going to be there for me. No matter how hard I masturbated, it just wasn't the same.

"Oh yes daddy, I missed this SOOOO much!" I sighed softly, feeling like I didn't even come close to expressing my true feelings.

I just laid there on my side, motionless as I felt the security of his strong arms around me, his hands cupping my boobs and fondling me. His hot breath brushed against my neck as he worked to pump his rigid warm cock in and out of me using slow, long strokes that maximized the sensations of his shaft as it glided over my pussy nerve endings. In a way it was almost surreal, like it was just a wonderful dream and any moment now I would wake up with that all-too familiar ache between my legs.

"God your skin feels so soft," he whispered to me as he ran his hands all over me.

I could feel the goose bumps rising as his fingernails lightly traced their way over my stomach and hips. He kept whispering into my ear, telling me how much he loved to hold my boobs, fondle me all over, touch my legs and thighs. Of course all the while there was the steady rhythm of his wonderful dick as it moved non-stop in and out of my wet pussy like a piston on a steam locomotive. He wasn't doing anything particularly special as he fucked me. If anything, what made it erotic was how NOT special it was - the relentless rhythm, never speeding up or slowing down, just in and out... in and out... in and out.

The floor boards squeaked and I looked to my door where my mom and Tammy were standing, watching us without saying a word. My mom, of course, was nude having just got out of bed. Just as my mom was "dressed" exactly as I would've predicted, so was Tammy as she had a long terry robe that came down to her knees and up to her neck. To fit in the doorway my mom had her arm around Tammy but she didn't act as if she even noticed my mom's nude body pressed up against her. No, her attention seemed to be focused entirely on me and my dad.

Of course Tammy had seen my dad doing me quite a while ago during a previous visit. Not only that, but this was actually the second time in the last twelve hours or so that my mom and Tammy had watched my dad fuck me, the first being last night's "initiation" of my new car's back seat. Even so, from the expression on

# 3. Tammy Meets My Cousin Rick

I must have fallen asleep at some point because the next thing I knew the sun was shining through my windows and I looked at my alarm clock and it was after ten in the morning! God, had it really been four hours since my dad had fucked me? For matter, had it been just a dream - an incredibly intense and erotic one at that? A quick touch between my legs told me otherwise, as if the wet stain on my sheets wasn't enough. Of course my dad was long gone to work by now and who knows where my mom and her friend had gone off to.

I somehow managed to get out of bed and I thought I heard something outside the window. Looking out the back onto our deck, lo and behold who was down there but my cousin Rick! It wasn't just Rick either, as my mom and Tammy were sitting in the patio chairs apparently having coffee while Rick was cleaning around the hot tub.

It only took me about ten minutes to get myself cleaned up and dressed with dressing probably taking the least amount of time since I just threw on a long T-shirt and nothing else. It wasn't like I was dressing to go out or anything, just something comfortable to wear around the house. Soon I was out on the deck joining in with my mom and Tammy except I was having a glass of water instead of coffee.

"Morning Kelly, I see you finally got up," Tammy was the first to speak.

"Well, she did get OFF earlier don't forget," my mom reminded her, patting her on the arm with a twinkle in her eye.

Tammy laughed, "Like I would forget about THAT!"

I took a seat between them and looked at Tammy.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?... What did you think this morning when you watched my dad fuck me?"

Tammy blushed. I don't think she was expecting me to come right out and ask her such a question first thing in the morning. I waited silently for her to compose herself.

"Well... Ummmmm... it was nice."

"NICE???"

"You know what I mean... sexy," she said hesitantly.

"Oh? So did it turn you on?"

Tammy glanced over at my mom who was doing her best imitation of a Cheshire Cat. She looked back at me and her face was practically crimson.

"Well... of course it did. I mean, how could it NOT?"

"Cool, so you want to watch him do me again tonight? I'm sure he would if you asked him."

Poor Tammy looked so flustered. My mom mercifully stepped in to save her by diverting our attention to something different, although as it turned out, as equally difficult for Tammy.

"Kelly, be nice," she playfully chastised me, "Besides, why talk about all that when we have our own private hunk of a pool boy to ogle.

Tammy's eyes widened as she realized my mom was referring to Rick.

"Stop it Mary," she protested, "You're not going to pull that one on me. I already know he's your nephew so don't pretend he's some hunk to play around with."

"Nephew or not, he's still gorgeous, don't you think?" my mom teased her.

"Well...," Tammy hesitated, "From a totally impersonal perspective, of course he is. How old is he anyway?"

"He's eighteen but he'll be nineteen in August," I cut in.

Tammy laughed at me, "Ahhhhhh, that was quick. I suppose you're going to try and help your mom with this one. Sorry, not falling for it."

She sat back with her arms crossed. She was wearing white shorts and a blue tank top that was pretty low cut for her - she must have borrowed one of my mom's. With her arms folded they supported her boobs and gave her cleavage a boost as if she was wearing a WonderBra.

Rick was trying to pretend he wasn't listening or looking but I caught him glancing at Tammy now and then. With her legs crossed she was showing a lot of thigh and for an older woman, she wasn't all that bad. My mom kept herself in better shape but Tammy could still turn some heads - including Rick's, but then he was into older women anyways thanks to my mom's influence on him. Besides, Tammy was "fresh meat" I his mind if I knew his thinking at all!

"So you think I'm just trying to pull your leg, eh?" my mom said mischievously

"No, I don't THINK you are, I KNOW you are," Tammy insisted, "Don't forget Mary, I've known you for thirty years."

My mom looked at me and winked. Now I have to say that in general my mom is the family "conscience", keeping me and my dad under control when we tend to start to go overboard with something. My dad refers to her as that family "wet blanket" at times, but in the end he knows she's just doing what's right. The circumstances were different now, though, as it was HER idea that was fermenting. Needless to say, I wasn't about to be the one to put the brakes on this runaway train!

"Ohhhhhhhhh Rick!" she called out to him, "Would you might coming over here for a minute?"

I almost burst out laughing at the speed at which Rick dropped his cleaning rag and was standing next to my mom. It was almost like he had been waiting for her call - and maybe he had.

"How old are you Rick?" she asked him, as if we all didn't know already.

"Eighteen Aunt Mary, but I'll be nineteen in July."

"I bet all the girls are after you, aren't they?"

Rick looked at Tammy and to my surprise, he actually blushed and just shook his head.

"Ahhhhhh, don't be all shy now. When was the last time you fucked a girl?"

Rick looked at Tammy again and then at me. Well, I knew the answer to that question - it was ME, just yesterday in my bedroom during my graduation party.

"That's OK, you don't have to answer if it embarrasses you," my mom assured him, "Why don't you show Tammy here that nice ass of yours?"

"Mary!" Tammy exclaimed softly, "Really!"

"Oh shush Tammy! Go on, look at it. Tell me, when was the last time you saw such a gorgeous young ass?"

My thoughts immediately went to my memories of her two teenage boys I had met last year at her house when my mom and I had visited. Both of them were hot as hell - more than Rick ever dreamed of being. Unfortunately I had promised my mom beforehand to behave myself with them; otherwise I would've been hopping in bed with both of them before the week was over, not to mention her hot husband David! Knowing Tammy though, the thought of her own sons' firm asses never even entered into consideration.

"Here, get a better look at it. These damn shorts hide all the best parts. I hate them!"

Rick was just wearing a pair of baggy swim trunks. Whatever happened to Speedos and bulging crotches? Anyway, my mom grabbed them by each side and yanked them down to his ankles in one swift movement, leaving him essentially nude. All of us, even Tammy, couldn't help but stare at his dick. At the moment it was flaccid but it still hung down a good six inches or more. OK, maybe not porn star material but certainly better than your average housewife sees every day!

"Why Mary! What do you think you're doing," Tammy gasped.

It was a study in contradictions. One the one hand I could tell she was genuinely embarrassed yet at the same time her eyes didn't look away from his crotch either. Meanwhile, poor Rick was just standing there with this look of bewilderment, not sure whether he should be covering himself up or showing off for the ladies.

"So what do you think Tammy? Is my nephew hung or what?"

Tammy was in a state of shock still, never believing for a moment my mom would pull such a stunt. What didn't seem to register yet, though, was why she thought she could do it with Rick in the first place. After all, how many boys would just stand there after their aunt had pulled down their swim trunks, showing off their dick?

My mom reached out and grabbed Rick's soft dick in her hand and held it out towards Tammy.

"Now don't tell me you wouldn't like a nice big teenage dick like his."

"Mary, you shouldn't be touching him like that," Tammy finally was able to say when she found her voice. I almost laughed. It was an interesting comment to a woman who let her husband fuck her own daughter in front of her.

"Yeah, you're right," my mom said. Her tone made me instantly suspicious, and for good reason as it turned out. "I shouldn't be holding it, this cock needs to be sucked."

With that she leaned over and took Rick's dick in her mouth and slid the entire thing in until her face was pressed up against his hairy crotch. She sucked on it for a few seconds before slowly letting it out and then looked up at Tammy while she continued to stroke his now wetted shaft with her hand.

"Yep, THAT was MUCH better, don't you think Rick?" she said with a naughty grin. It was obvious she was having a great time needling them both. "C'mon, Tammy, wouldn't you like to try it?"

Tammy tightened her arms even tighter in front of her and just shook her head like a kid trying to keep from having to swallow her medicine.

"Well, if you don't then I bet Kelly would."

Well duh! I certainly didn't have to be asked twice. Rick's dick was already responding to my mom's caresses and was started to stiffen more every moment. I squatted down in front of him and took his semi-flaccid dick in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, I loved the way it felt to suck his dick as it was growing.

Dicks are the only thing about a guy that is ALWAYS honest - they never lie. When a guy is turned on, his dick gets hard and when he isn't, it stays soft, simple as that. Feeling Rick's cock getting bigger every second, filling my mouth more the longer I sucked him, told me that I was indeed turning him on.

"Now Tammy, don't tell me you wouldn't like to take a turn," my mom pressed her, "You'll just be sucking his dick, not like you're having sex with him or anything."

"Oh yeah? Try telling that to my David," she countered.

Well, duh, of course her husband wouldn't appreciate it if she started sucking another man's cocks since he would never know, who cares? My mom's point was that it was no different than going out and spending money on an expensive new outfit. Sure, her husband may not like it but it's not like she would be cheating on him.

I let them discuss it as my focus was more on Rick's cock at the moment. Rick wasn't exactly the kind of guy I would want as a boyfriend, but he DID have the biggest dick in our family and I enjoyed giving him blowjobs, even if he didn't fuck me with it.

"See? Look at Kelly, she seems to be enjoying him," my mom continued.

Looking out the corner of my eye, I could see that Tammy was watching me intently. She may be SAYING she didn't want Rick's cock, but the look in her eyes betrayed her true feelings. Well why not? What older women with an ounce of hormones wouldn't want a young stud's dick once more in her mouth?

"Your turn," I said to Tammy, holding Rick's slippery dick in my hand as I turned my head towards her.

The three of us all looked at Tammy who was obviously having a hard time with her decision. Finally I don't know if it was the peer pressure or her horniness that won out but she heaved a heavy sigh and got up and out of her chair. Walking over towards me, she motioned me to move back with her hand.

"Alright, if for nothing else than to shut you all up I'll do it," she said with a smile. Yeah right, as if she wasn't hot for Rick's hard cock!

"You know Mary, it's been a long time since I held a teenager's dick," she said with a grin towards my mom as she squatted down in front of Rick. At first she just stroked him with her hand, spitting on him to keep him slippery.

"Gee whiz Tammy, :you can do better than a hand job if I remember back when," my mom teased her. "Or has it been too long since you sucked cock - need some help?"

I knew from my mom that Tammy's husband didn't like oral sex - saying it was dirty. Such attitudes always amazed me but then what can you do about it? Until she mentioned it I had forgotten about it so it made it all the more hot to watch her gaze at Rick's dick with her mouth now just inches away from it. It must be close to 25 years since she'd tasted a cock (not counting my dad's that one brief time a few years back)! God, I couldn't imagine going 25 DAYS without sucking one, let alone 25 years.

"Well, here goes nothing,' she sighed, perhaps more for her own benefit than ours.

Tammy leaned forward and took the head of Rick's dick in her mouth. He groaned as she sucked on it and appeared to be playing with it with her tongue. Then without warning she apparently decided enough was enough and plunged her head down on his dick, taking about two-thirds of it in her mouth holding onto the base of it with her right hand. She head-bobbed him for a while and then dropped him from her mouth, continuing to stroke him with her hand.

"Damn Mary, I have to say you were right - it DOES feel nice to suck a dick again," she said with a smile towards my mom. Then she looked up at Rick.

"No wonder you have all the ladies around you wanting it so bad,: she said softly to him, "You have one incredible dick!"

With that she went back to work on him. Obviously she was a little rusty after more than two decades but at that same time, some things are just instinctive. I get a kick out of the porn movies where a girl has to be "taught" to suck dick. Sure there are a few techniques that can be learned but the basic instinct for sucking cock seems to be inborn for every girl I've ever known - no different than licking pussy.

My mom and I played with ourselves as we watched. It was more just something to keep my hands busy than to get off as my attention was riveted on Tammy. There was just something about seeing her sucking my cousin that was so erotic. Maybe it was her "typical housewife and soccer mom" lifestyle that made what she was doing all the more "naughty". I would be willing to give long odds that not a single one of her friends back home would believe it if she tried to tell them what she had done - although of course she never would tell!

Rick must have been getting close to cumming from the way he was groaning. Soon her took his shaft I his hand while Tammy held the head of his cock in her mouth, licking the tip of it while he stroked his dick with one hand and held her head in place with the other hand.

"I'm gonna cum in your mouth," he declared.

Tammy's eyes widened. Apparently she wasn't expecting to have to taste his cum. Well, she didn't know Rick!

"Oh yeah!" he moaned as his hips jerked forward and the first load shot from his dick into her mouth. The feeling of his orgasm must have distracted him as his grip on her head loosened enough to allow her to pull her head back and off his dick. The next shot hit her on the forehead, right between the eyes and the rest sprayed over her neck and boobs. She quickly pushed the cum from her mouth, not spitting it out but just letting it drip from her lips over her chin, forming like a stalactite of cum hanging down from her chin. From the expression on her face, I could tell she wasn't thrilled about the taste it left in her mouth.

"Sorry, it's just that think it's so gross to have it in my mouth," she apologized, not to anyone in particular.

"Hey, not bad after a couple of decades," my mom consoled her.

"You know, you don't have to make me feel THAT old!" Tammy whined playfully, trying to keep the cum out of her eyes. "OK, somebody got a towel or something?"

I handed her a bath towel and she wiped the cum from her face and then looked down at her chest and then at Rick.

"Dang it, you can really cum you naughty boy, can't you?" she said with a smile.

"Well, I aim to please," Rick finally said.

"Sorry, from what I see, you can't aim at all!" Tammy teased him, wiping his cum from her boobs.

"Well Mary, I have to say, THAT was certainly not what I expected to be doing today," Tammy said to my mom.

"It's been a while since you've have a teenage dick, hasn't it?" my mom said. I could see it was a leading question but Tammy took it differently.

"Well of course, like, what other kid would I have been doing?"

"That's not what I meant, Tammy. Look at his dick."

We all looked at Rick's cock which was still standing at attention, ready for action without any sign of going soft after just one orgasm.

"One nice thing about teenage boys, they're like the Energizer Bunny; they keep going and going," my mom said with a wicked smile.

"Sheesh, now what? You two gonna blow him again?"

My mom just giggled and pointed at me and then motioned towards Rick. I knew exactly what she meant, even if Tammy was clueless. You couldn't blame her though. After all, she didn't know what my mom and I had been doing with Rick.

I got up and walked seductively over to Rick. Grabbing his cock, I gave it a few tugs and then turned away from him and leaned over the table. Spreading my legs apart, I wiggled my butt a little and grinned.

"God, I should have known," Tammy sighed as she watched Rick move in behind me and position his dick under my ass. "Well, I guess if your dad's doing you, what the hell, why not your cousin?"

I didn't respond as Rick was pushing his dick into me and my attention was being drawn to my pussy. God it felt good to be fucked again by him. As I keep saying, he's not boyfriend material but he certainly can fuck!

"So what do you think of my daughter and nephew doing it?" my mom asked Tammy.

"Well, other than it feels a little strange to be sitting her watching like it's some sort of foreign sex show, I guess I'm OK with it."

Then she smiled and leaned over the table to my mom to say, "After all, after the trip to my house last summer, it's not like I don't know your daughter's a slut - in a good way."

"I don't blame her for doing him,: my mom replied, as if I wasn't there and they were talking about me over morning coffee. "He's not a bad fuck for his age."

It was weird trying to concentrate on Rick fucking me while at the same time it was intriguing to listen to this conversation between my mom and her best friend. Tammy was starting to understand more and more and this time, my mom's subtle hint didn't pass by unnoticed.

"And you know this because?" she started to ask, and then answered herself, "Oh God Mary, don't tell me... YOU?"

My mom just grinned back at her.

"Hey, a BJ is one thing but letting him FUCK you? How could you Mary?" She asked with a high voice, obviously a little stressed out now. Then she laughed and sat back in her chair.

"OK, got me... this time you HAVE to be teasing."

My mom sighed and shook her head as if she was getting frustrated at Tammy's insistence on denial. She got up and took a position next to me, leaning over the table and pressing her nude body against mine as I bounced back and forth with each thrust from Rick.

"OK Rick, show her," she commanded.

Tammy watched, her eyes even wider than any time before, as Rick pulled out of my pussy and started fucking my mom. I sat down next to Tammy and put my hand on her arm.

"There's nothing wrong with it, he IS her nephew so it's not like she's cheating on dad or anything."

"Not cheating? Earth to Kelly - your mom's fucking someone besides your dad!"

"Yeah but Rick's family. It's just like when dad fucks me - it doesn't mean he is cheating on mom."

"Well, maybe if he was her son I could buy that argument... but a nephew?"

"It's OK, that's as far as it goes," I told her, "Mom would NEVER cheat with anyone not in the family."

With that we all went silent for a few minutes to watch Rick do my mom. I knew there was nothing emotional about this for her - it was all about pleasure, the kind of please a forty year-old woman can only get from a boy twenty years younger - or more.

"Wouldn't you like to try him on for size?" I asked her finally.

Tammy looked showed that I would even mention it.

"Oh no, don't EVEN go there," she warned me. "I would NEVER cheat on my husband.

"I bet he doesn't fuck you as good as Rick would," I said, trying to change her mind.

"That's not the point," she countered, "There are just some lines I can't cross Kelly."

We were interrupted from anything further when Rick announced he was ready to cum again. Sure enough, he grabbed my mom's bare hips and started thrusting his dick into her as deep as he could, holding it for a moment as he ejaculated each time he was in her all the way.

"You're letting him cum inside of you Mary?" Tammy said, apparently not believing my mom would do that.

"Well, he cums in my daughter so why not me?" she countered.

"Yeah but...," Tammy started to say and then got quiet after rethinking her opposition.

Rick pulled out from my mom and she turned to show us her ass and freshly fucked pussy. She squeezed down and pushed some of his cum out of her, forming a virtual cum river that flowed from there pussy and down her ass and leg.

"Unbelievable," Tammy sighed, trying to take this all in at once.

"Back to work Rick," my mom said, shooing him off. "Be a good boy and maybe Aunt Mary will let her fuck her again tomorrow.

I wanted to burst out laughing as obviously the entire thing was being staged for Tammy's sake. I'd never heard my mom say anything like that before.

"And put some shorts on before somebody see you," she called out to him as he reached for his cleaning equipment.

"Well! Now THAT was fun!" my mom exclaimed. "Anyone up for some lunch out?"

## 4. My Dad Finally Fucks Tammy

For the rest of the day we left poor Rick behind, undoubtedly he had been hoping for another shot at my mom and me and who knows, maybe even Tammy. Oh well, it wasn't like the boy couldn't masturbate. My mom often complained about how much time he spent jerking off when he was at our house instead of doing his work.

That night my dad came home and as we sat around the table for dinner, the conversation inevitably drifted to talking about our respective days and how they went. When my dad looked at Tammy and asked her how things were going, she blushed and my dad looked at her with a questioning expression but she wouldn't budge.

After dinner and dishes, we retreated to the family room to watch some TV. One of my dad's favorite shows is StarGate, most likely more because of Amanda Tapping than the sterling plots and acting. As it happened, tonight was an episode that featured her and although she never showed anything sexy, I knew my dad was still turned on by her. For that matter, there were a few guys on there that I wouldn't have minded getting some one-on-one time with either.

With Tammy in the room, my dad was apparently too shy to masturbate. It looked like it was going to be one of the only StarGate episodes we had ever watched where his dick wasn't in his hand before the ending. It wasn't anything "special: to me to see him jerk off as he'd been doing it since I was a little girl and for me, it was just a natural reaction to something that stimulated him on TV. All the same, it was a shame to see him sitting in his recliner knowing he was undoubtedly hard and hurting. Well, what were daughters for if not to help their dads?

At the time, I was wearing one of my dad's dress shirts with the sleeves rolled up. It hung on me like a sack but was comfy as hell. Tammy was laying back on the love seat across from the couch where I was laid out. My parents were in their usual positions - their recliners at the end of the room opposite the large screen TV.

Without trying to make a show of anything, I reached under the shirt tails and started to play with myself as I watched TV. It wasn't anything TOO blatant but if anyone was to look at me, it would have to have been pretty obvious I wasn't scratching an itch - other than one in my pussy. It felt good to feel my fingers playing over my clit. I glanced over at Tammy who was still fixated on the TV and though about this afternoon. God I wish she had let Rick fuck her!

I'm not sure where I was hoping it would lead to, but before my actions could get any attention, my mom announced that she was tied and heading up to bed. My dad exchanged glances with her and said he would go as well, leaving Tammy and me behind.

"It's awful early for them to be going to bed, don't you think?" Tammy asked me after they had gone up the stairs.

"Oh Tammy, give me a break," I said with a grin, my hand still between my legs but covered by the shirt tails.

Tammy suddenly looked as if the light bulb had turned on over her head and blushed.

"Ohhhhhh, I get it now. Sorry, I can be pretty slow now and then."

"Just now and then?" I was about to reply but thought better of it.

"You know, when I was growing up I didn't even think my parents HAD sex anymore, let alone knew when they were doing it," Tammy mused.

I laughed and replied, "Well, I guess that means SEEING them having sex was out of the question."

"Oh god, the very thought of seeing that makes me shiver even now," she giggled, moving her shoulders about. Then she looked at me wither eyebrows down a little as she squinted over at me.

"Oh don't tell me," she sighed with her eyes tolled up in her head, "You watch your parents having sex?"

I explained her to that actually I had not until I was sixteen and even then, the first time was by accident as I came home early from a party and they didn't know I was home. As open as my parents were about sex when I was younger, for instance masturbation was never hidden, the act of sex was something they kept private for themselves. I don't think it was so much that they were ashamed of me watching or even worried that a child was looking in. It was more of a personal thing for them that they reserved for themselves and them alone.

Of course, once you start having sex with your parents, seeing them doing it isn't such a big deal anymore. I mean, don't get me wrong; I LOVE watching my parents doing it but more because of the love it symbolizes between them than for anything else. I guess for most people, including Tammy, seeing your parents fucking isn't something "normal".

"Have you ever seen them fucking?" I asked.

"Well, back in school before we got married, we use to double date and sometimes things got a little carried away. It wasn't like they did it while I watched, it was more like they did it while I was around. Besides, that was a LONG time ago."

"Would you like to watch them now?"

"Huh? You mean, go up to their bedroom and watch them making love?"

Tammy's voice sounded incredulous, as if she couldn't believe I would even ask such a thing, let alone actually do it.

"Why not, they won't care. Besides, I think my mom wants you to."

"Why is that?"

"I think she has a surprise for you?"

Tammy just chuckled at that one.

"I don't think ANYTHING she did at this point would surprise me!"

"So you wanna come up with me and watch them?"

"I guess so - you sure you want to stop what you're doing?"

She was obviously referring to my mild masturbation attempts.

"Who said anything about stopping?"

"My god, does it ever end?" she sighed, getting up from the couch with a look of exasperation. I don't think she meant anything bad, more like she was being overwhelmed by the events of the day.

Tammy was wearing pink cotton panties and a pink sleep shirt that came to her knees (I knew about the panties from when she was up on the couch with her legs pulled up.) She was sexy more into an erotic way than purely physical as her prime days were behind her. I wondered when the last time she ran around her house in such an outfit? Her husband would probably be shocked to see her in something even as discrete as this. I playfully patted her on the butt and she smacked my hand gently away as we giggled like school girls up the two flights of stairs to the bedroom.

Entering my parents room, my mom and dad were in a 69 with my mom on top, sucking my dad's cock which looked to be at full mast. My dad had his face buried in my mom's ass until he heard us entering and then he let his head fall back into the pillow to see us.

"Well, well, looks like we have an audience Mary," he joked.

My mom looked over and winked but she didn't let his cock drop from her mouth. Tammy and I took a seat next to each other on a small love seat they kept in their room. It was barely big enough for the two of us so we were tight together.

"So what do you think?" I whispered to her.

"This is weird... I feel like I'm watching some sex show or something."

"Aren't they amazing together though?"

Tammy didn't respond so I added, "Do you and David fuck a lot."

Wrong question. Tammy's lips all but disappeared as she pursed her lips and tried to ignore me. Obviously I had struck a raw nerve. Well, maybe she NEEDED to talk about it.

"When was the last time your husband fucked you?"

Tammy took a deep breath and was about to answer when our attention was brought back to my parents. My mom had gotten up and positioned herself on my dad's dick, riding him cowgirl style with her butt facing him for him to play with. Tammy sighed as she watched her best friend being drilled by her husband. I was willing to bet it wasn't something she had experienced much lately.

"Well, David has... issues," she finally came out and said.

"Can't get it up?" I put it in more blunt terms.

"Well, I guess you could put it that way. I thought it was me but his doctor said it was due to his blood pressure and diabetes medicines. He IS 49 you know.

"Wow... so when was the last time?"

"Three years ago... plus or minus a few months."

I turned to her with my jaw dropped and eyes like saucers.

"Three YEARS?"

"Yep, it just doesn't work anymore."

By "it" I assumed she meant her husband's dick. God, that was horrible. I would think that such a thing was grounds for divorce - or at least rationalize a little extracurricular sex.

"Don't get me wrong, I still love him as much as I ever did. A woman can still take care of herself when she needs to," she said with a wink.

With that, my mom suddenly dismounted from my dad and got off the bed to come over by us. It wasn't like her to stop in mid action so I wondered what she was doing or up to. She looked at me and smiled.

"Tammy's told me all about this a long time ago Kelly. That's why I wanted her up her for a little surprise so thanks for taking care of your part.

My part? I knew that earlier in the day she had mentioned she had a surprise in store for Tammy but I had no idea what she had in mind beyond just watching her being fucked by my dad. Obviously, Tammy was just as clueless as I was.

"Listen Tammy, and stop interrupting me," my mom said firmly, "John and I have talked about this and we both agree on it."

Tammy listened together with me. She was probably wondering what "it" was. Knowing my parents, it could be about anything.

My mom took Tammy's hand and leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. Then she pulled her up to her feet and hugged her. I could barely hear as she whispered in her ear.

"I want you to let John fuck you."

Tammy pulled away and her face looked if not terrified, then at least a bit in shock.

"Oh Mary, I'm so sorry. I could never do that to my David.

"Why not? This isn't going out and pulling in anyone from the street," my mom retorted.

"No, the BJ was enough for one day, I just can't do this... sorry, I know you meant well."

She started to walk out from the room but my dad had gotten up and was sitting on the side of the bed as she walked by, nude with his dick nice and hard. He reached out and grabbed her, putting his arms around he and pulling her down to the bed beside him. His dick, still wet from my mom's pussy, was standing up like a rocket ready for launch from the thick bush of pubic hair that sprouted from his crotch. He reached under her shirt and pulled her panties down to her knees.

Tammy was so surprised by his sudden actions that she didn't even try to fight back - at first. "What the hell are you doing John?" she finally got out. He quickly pulled her panties off her legs and reached under to cup her now exposed crotch with his hand.

"My god, what ARE you doing... stop it John!" she fought back, although not as hard as I would have thought she could have if her heart was fully into it.

"Why don't you just shut up and do it, you know you want it," he grunted, forcing her legs apart so he could mount her missionary style.

Tammy looked over at me and my mom as we just sat and watched. "Damn Mary, are you just going to watch while your husband rapes me?" she pleaded.

"Well, I TOLD you I had as surprise for you," my mom teased her, "Like he said, you know you want it so quit pretending and enjoy yourself."

"I'm serious, stop it John!" she said, louder this time as she tried to push her legs back together to no avail.

My dad just grinned and chuckled. "If you want me to stop so bad, why are you so damn wet?"

Tammy seemed to collapse as she quit fighting him. "What the hell, why not?" she sighed, pulling her night shirt up and over her head to leave her nude in bed under my dad.

"That's better," my dad murmured as I could tell he wanted to fuck her - BAD,

My mom was watching every move and I couldn't help but wonder what we going through her mind. Other my best friend Beth, my dad had never "cheated" on her. I guess she was using the same rationale as with Beth. Beth was like one of the family and in her own way, so was Tammy. It was a little bit of s stretch but if it made her happy, I was OK with it.

"Damn, pretty tight for an old broad," my dad teased as he tried to penetrate her.

"Yeah, any longer and I might have qualified as a virgin again!" she laughed. Spreading her legs further as she tried to help my dad get in her.

"There we go!" my dad announced as he pulled his hand from between their legs and leaned over her, supporting himself on his arms on each side. "God your pussy feels good!"

Tammy had her eyes shut as my dad started to stroke his dick in and out of her. What was she thinking about? Was she just enjoying my dad's dick in her or was she trying to pretend it was her husband's cock in her instead?

"Fuck me!" she gasped.

Again, I wasn't sure who she was really talking to - my dad or her husband. In a way, I hoped that it WAS her hubby in her mind. Tammy was an incredibly devoted mother and wife. It wasn't her fault nature had taken her husband's sex drive from him. That said, EVERY woman needs sex, just as much if not more than guys do. Women just don't make such a big deal out of it publicly as men do. Tammy was no nun - she need sex just as much as my mom did and for her to go THIS long without a dick in her must have been excruciating!

My dad seemed to be enjoying it as well. It wasn't too often he got a fresh pussy to fuck - or at least a different one. Once he had fucked Tammy, my youngest cousin, he had sort of hit the end of the road so far as available pussy went in our family. The only women he hadn't fucked were those he wasn't ever going to. I could only imagine how excited he must have been when my mom proposed this idea to him.

"Fuck her John, fuck her for me," my mom said loudly to be heard over Tammy's moans. I noticed she was masturbating pretty hard herself which only caused me to touch myself all the more.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" my dad cried out as he started to cum. His hips plunged downward as he thrust his hard dick deep inside of her, pushing the tip of it as far up inside of her as he could when he released his sperm.

When he had finished he pulled out and threw himself on his back next to Tammy so the two of them were lying motionless on their backs.

"Oh my god, I can't believe I just did that," Tammy sighed. It sounded more like contentment than concern.

My mom moved over to lay on the opposite side of her as my dad. She was on her side and wrapped one leg and arm around Tammy, drawing their naked bodies tight together.

"I wanted him to do that for you, I love you so much!" my mom whispered to her as they kissed. It wasn't sexual but more two friends just enjoying themselves and kissing.

"Oh Mary, thank you... I needed that SO bad."

"Well, I TRIED earlier!" my mom teased her.

"No, this was better," Tammy replied, "It means so much more to me for you to share your husband."

"Tried WHAT earlier?" my dad asked out of curiosity. Then he shook his head as he realized what she meant. "Oh, of course, I forgot our horny little nephew was over today."

"Dad, he's not so little you know!" I protested.

"Well, maybe in THAT department, but I could care less about that - although I know you certainly enjoy it," he teased me.

"Daddy!" I whined, trying to sound upset, "You know I love it when you fuck me!"

We turned the TV on in the bedroom and I fell asleep before long. When I woke up it was morning and my dad was gone to work and my mom and aunt were having their usual coffee. I wondered if Rick would be coming over again? Tammy still had another day before she left so now that the barn door was open, what other new things would she let herself succumb to before she left?

# (May 26) Chapter 137: Closing the Deal

Story codes: MF FF adultery inc father daughter mother daughter cousins
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)
Aunt Linda (39)
Kristen - cousin (20)

Realtors use all sorts of gimmicks to sell homes and my Aunt Linda is no exception. In her case, however, she offers a special "deal" most buyers can't refuse (especially the men). When that's not enough to close the deal, her daughter Kristen is there to help out. This time she was facing a critical deal with a difficult client. With her job on the line, she asked me if I wouldn't mind helping out. Of course I agreed!

## 1. Aunt Linda the Realtor

My Aunt Linda is a couple of years younger than my mom. Unlike my mom, who has been happily married for over twenty years, my aunt divorced her husband after just a few years. She had told her future husband everything about her incestuous relationship with her dad and sister so once they were married, she continued to have sex with them. Apparently her husband didn't deal with it as well as he had promised. Fortunately, my father is much more secure and understanding. Knowing how close my mom and her dad were, he never interfered although he never got involved either.

Now a single mother and unemployed, in order to support herself my Aunt Linda became a licensed realtor and over the years has done pretty well for herself. Granted, with only one income and it being unpredictable given the cutthroat competition, she wasn't rich by any means but it was usually enough to keep her and my Cousin Kristen under a roof and fed. I knew my parents occasionally helped out but it wasn't something we made a big deal out of or even discussed. It was just something families did for each other and I was brought up that your family is the most important thing in the world.

As a single woman, Aunt Linda dated and I always knew she was a bit of a flirt, to put it nicely. She has always had a great figure which she doesn't hesitate to show off with the shortest skirts and tightest tops although she knew the limits. She dressed her age, maybe pushing the boundaries a little, and wasn't into this weird thing where mom's try to dress like their teenage daughters.

Like all realtors, Aunt Linda was looking for an edge. Some used corny slogans and ad campaigns, others discounted their pricing, you name it. As for my aunt, my mom waited until she thought I was old enough to understand so it wasn't until I was twelve that I learned the real reason she wore provocative clothing to work.

After the divorce, Kristen and her mom shared a bedroom - and a bed. As Kristen got older, she continued to sleep with her mom. As I got older and started noticing more things, I wondered where Kristen slept when her mom brought home one of her boyfriends. Of course, I never even dreamed that maybe Kristen didn't have to worry about where to go.

Although my cousin I masturbated together which was no big deal really, as like most girls I did the same with my friends at sleepovers and such. Other than maybe sharing a boyfriend we never did anything seriously together until I was nineteen. It wasn't until I was nineteen and found out that my dad was fucking Kristen while I was away at school that Kristen and I "got physical" with one another. It wasn't until then that I learned "the rest of the story" about Kristen's relationship with her mom. It was one of those things that seemed so obvious once you knew about it, but the truth is that until then, I never thought for one second that they were doing it.

It wasn't long afterwards that Kristen confided in me how over the last couple of years she had been "helping" her mom with some of her house sales. Apparently having a sexy middle age woman wasn't enough to "sweeten" the deal for some guys; but throw in her teenage daughter and well, when it was a close decision between two homes and two realtors, you can guess which one landed the deal!

So now I was officially a college graduate, coming home with my degree in hand, ready to conquer the world. Other than some tests I had to take to qualify to teach in Pennsylvania, my summer was looking to be pretty much free. Once the local schools let out I figured I might do some tutoring so I would have some spending money of my own; but for the first couple of weeks all I had planned was to rest and relax without the pressure of knowing I had to return to school in the fall.

# 2. Fun With Kristen

One afternoon shortly after getting home, I was over at my cousin's, just to visit and catch up on the local gossip. We were sitting at the kitchen table, her with one of her strange tea mixtures and me with my usual Diet Coke, when her mom rushed in through the front door. She passed by the kitchen and seeing me there, waved hello, but then hurried up the stairs to their bedroom. Kristen and I looked at each other, puzzled at what was going on, but neither of us had a clue.

About fifteen minutes later, my aunt came back downstairs and stopped by the kitchen, taking a few moments to chat with us this time.

"Sorry girls, I have to meet client for a last minute appointment. They're interested in that executive home over behind the industrial park and I think I've almost got the deal."

"Wow mom," Kristen smiled, "You've been trying to sell that one for months! Congratulations!"

"Well, it's not a done deal yet! But I think with just a little more 'persuasion' I can get the husband to sign the papers."

Kristen and I looked at each other and grinned. We both knew what she meant when she said "persuasion". She had obviously rushed home to change clothes. Looking at her, I held my breath at how hot she looked. Damn, her usual outfits were pretty risque but this one was over the top. She had changed into a skirt that was little more than a hemline (her legs were one of her best assets, even at 39) and a blouse that looked like she took it from Kristen's rack and somehow shoehorned herself into it. The top buttons were undone, including the one in her cleavage.

As tight as the blouse was, she couldn't have buttoned them even if she had wanted to and the remaining ones looked like they would pop any second under the strain. She had a boob lift about a year ago and so even without a bra, her bobs looked almost as perky as mine and her nipples were clearly visible through the thin white fabric. A black thong (the skirt was so short that it was easy to see, even when she was walking) barely covered her trimmed pussy. A pair of four inch shiny black heels finished it off.

"Whoa!," I said admiringly, "Wow Aunt Linda, you look really incredible! So how old is the guy? Is it with just him or his wife too?"

I had a thousand more questions but those would do for a start. Actually I was feeling a little jealous. It had been quite a while since I had a man cheat on his wife to have me and now my aunt was going out to have all the fun - and make a commission on it as well!

"Well, he's 38 and yes he's married although his wife's back in Philly for the weekend. She was out here all last week but had something to take care of back home with one of their kids so she left it up to him to make a final decision."

From what my aunt had told me in the past, I knew it was quite unusual for a wife to leave such a major decision up to her husband. This, although my aunt didn't directly say so, I assumed that their decision must be down to two homes, either of which his wife was willing to accept. That meant that the big question was now whether or not my aunt could persuade this guy to buy her house over the other one. As the asking price was over a million dollars, it was easy to see why she didn't want to leave anything up to chance so if there was any way she could get an advantage over her competition, I knew she would do it (so long as it was legal).

"Hey, I'll tell you all about it when I get back but I need to run," she said, sounding a little panicky as she looked at her watch. "He's got an appointment with another realtor this evening and I'd love to have him make up his mind before then."

She reached over and kissed us both on the lips. Mmmmmmm, she smelled good! I couldn't help but envy the guy. It was rare that I did anything with my Aunt but that had didn't mean I wasn't attracted to her. My Aunt was hot, even at her age, and she could be a lot of fun during those rare times when we did get together. It was times like this I was jealous of Kristen!

After she left, Kristen and I joked about the odds that this poor guy could resists her mother's charms. She then told me about the last guy her mom had to "persuade" to ink a deal and how she had helped out. As it turned out, the guy had this fantasy to have a mother-daughter thing and my mom had just the deal for him! Kristen was rubbing herself before she was done telling me the story as she recalled how she and her mom had fucked the guy together.

As I watched Kristen rubbing herself through her denim shorts, I found myself getting that familiar twinge between my legs that I get I am feeling even hornier than usual. Once again I found myself feeling a bit jealous of my younger cousin. Being married, my mother would never do anything with another guy and me so anything regarding such a mother-daughter thing would always remain a fantasy for me.

Kristen must have noticed my own hand going to work on me as she grinned at me and giggled.

"Hmmmmmm, I think somebody's a little hornier than usual today!"

"Me?" I exclaimed, pretending to protest, "I think YOU were the one who started touching herself first."

Kristen laughed more than giggled this time.

"Yeah, guilty as charged. So why are we just sitting at the table talking about it? C'mon, let's go upstairs."

When Kristen said she wanted to "go upstairs", I knew what she was really saying was, "Let's go upstairs and fuck each other's lights out." For Kristen, sex was never a casual affair; she always brought her "A" game.

Both of us were giggling like little school girls as we raced up the stairs, shedding our clothes on the steps as we went up. Arriving naked in their bedroom, we flopped onto the queen-sized bed and immediately turned to one another and hugged each other tight. Her body felt so smooth and warm against mine as we pressed tightly together while we kissed like two lovers back together again after a long separation. Her lips were full and soft and I could smell the natural scent of her body as we kissed. Our tongues met and toyed with each other's as our breasts pressed tightly together. Her boobs are barely a B cup while mine have developed slowly (God, how slowly!) into a full C but her nipples were big and rigid as mine.

"God I missed you," I whispered in her ear as we broke apart to catch our breath.

"Mmmmmmm, you know it," she replied and then kissed me again before I could say anything. She certainly wasn't wasting any time as I felt her hands roaming over my bare body, quickly zeroing in on my ass. It felt good when she grabbed my butt in her hand and squeezed it tightly.

"Mmmmmmm, you know, I've always thought you had the best ass in the family," she said with a smile on her face.

In response, I reached down and grabbed her petite butt in my hand and gave her a squeeze of my own in response. It felt so smooth and firm!

"Yeah, tell that to all the guys staring at yours when we're together!"

"Oh sure, like they're not staring at yours too! Do you know why I like yours the best?"

I just looked at her and she giggled out loud as her hand worked its way around until she was cupping my pussy in her hand.

"Because your pussy is on the other side!"

We both laughed at her silliness but then I couldn't help but moan softly as her exploring hand reached my tender clit. She traced her finger around it in small circles teasing me mercilessly.

"God Kristen... that feels soooooo good!"

From plenty of past experience, I knew what was to come but even so, it still made my heart beat faster as she slid down the bed, licking my neck, boobs, and then my stomach as she worked her way down my body. More than any other girl I knew (even me), Kristen LOVED to eat pussy and she was damn good at it. Other than my mom (OK, I admit I'm biased), nobody in the world has ever even come close to making me feel the way she does when settles down between my legs. Knowing her intent, I rolled onto my back and spread my legs for her, waiting for her brilliant tongue to reach in between my thighs.

"God, you don't know how many mornings I did myself dreaming of you licking me," I sighed as she put her face in my crotch and her tongue started to lick my pussy.

She was actually laying opposite to me, such that her own pussy was close to my shoulder but I knew she wanted just to lick me, at least to start with, so I concentrated on how good it felt to have her mouth working on me. After a few minutes of bliss, her head twisted until she could look me in the eyes and her wet face smiled up at me.

"I LOVE your pussy Kelly," she whispered softly, licking her lips slowly for me to see. "You taste so fucking sweet!"

Well, I know exactly how my pussy tastes and while I love it too, "sweet" isn't exactly how I would describe it but I knew what she meant. She turned her attention back to my pussy and grabbed my clit between her lips, softly tugging on it while she used the tip of her tongue to run over it inside of her mouth. My back arch instinctively as my pussy responded, sending a rapid series of intense pleasurable impulses coursing out through my body. Her upper arm reached around and again she gripped my ass firmly with her hand, pulling on me, hinting at me to twist over on my side.

Rolling over onto my side, I kept my upper leg up so it would be easy for her to keep her face between my legs. At the same time, she took her upper leg and lifted it up and over such that she was straddling my head. I took a deep breath and stared at her damp pussy which was now less than an inch from my face. The natural odor of her crotch was overwhelming as I turned my head to bring my tongue even closer to the source. While sometimes she experimented with different looks, today her pussy was shaved completely bare, looking as smooth and clean as a ten year-old girl's. My tongue touched her gingerly at first and then glided over her silky skin as I worked my way to her pussy slit.

I was just about to kiss her clit when she put her arm further around my butt and pushed a finger into my pussy as she kept sucking on my clit. The intense pleasure I felt as she wiggled her finger in me while at the same time using her tongue like a magic wand on my clit caused me to gasp loudly. It was so intense I couldn't concentrate on keeping my mouth on her until the initial sensations had finally subsided.

"Oh Kristen!" was all I could get out as she gently tugged on my clit.

Damn, I wanted so badly to lick her! With her mouth on me, though, it was all but impossible to concentrate on anything else. Finally, I parted her pussy lips with my tongue and tasted her pretty pussy, taking in deep breaths as I smelled her wonderful little cunt which seemed to only enhance the pleasant flavor of her pussy. Just as I was about to make it to her pussy hole, I was forced to pull back as my entire body suddenly went rigid, automatically reacting to whatever she was doing to me now.

"Oh... my... god! What are you doing Kristen?" I barely managed to gasp.

Indeed, what the hell WAS she doing? Well, I mean, I knew what she was up to but at the same time, I couldn't believe she was doing it. My petite slut of a cousin had pushed a finger up my asshole such that now she had one in my pussy and another in my ass.

Now anyone who knows me has to know that I am NOT a fan of anal sex. If someone wants to lick my asshole or run their finger around the outside of it, feel free and I admit to enjoying it (just don't touch me or kiss me with whatever touched my asshole). However, when it comes to penetration with anything larger, including a dick, my answer has always been a definitive and consistent "NO!" Lord only knows how many guys have tried to convince me otherwise but I have always stuck to my principles. Oh sure, like just about everybody else I know I've experimented a little in the shower with my finger. But at those times it was MY finger and it was all under MY control, not to mention I could wash myself off immediately afterwards. Just something about playing where I poop just grosses me out!

Kristen was either ignoring me or she didn't hear me. In either case, she wasn't responding or giving any indication she intended to so I knew it was up to me to do something to stop her. Funny thing though - I didn't really WANT her to stop! Kristen's hands are really small and thus her fingers are considerably smaller than mine so it wasn't like some guy as trying to ram a hard cock up my butt or anything. In fact, after the initial shock I was actually enjoying it! I could feel both her fingers in me and I could even feel them touching against one another. As much as I wanted to scream out and tell her how good it felt, there was the matter of her beautiful pussy right in front of my face.

It was no use, as selfish as it sounds, I couldn't lick her while she was doing what she was doing to me. The moment my tongue would reach out, either her tongue would wrap around my clit or one of her fingers would sip in or out of my asshole or pussy. Either way, it was impossible to give her crotch the attention it so richly deserved and so I just let my head roll back and closed my eyes as she continued to do wonders on my pussy.

"Oh Kristen... don't stop... PLEASE don't stop... you're making me cum!."

Well, that probably ranked up there as one of the more obvious things I could say under the circumstances. Kristen had more than enough experience to gauge how close I was to an orgasm since after all, she was responsible for quite a few of them. Still, it just made me feel better somehow to say it out loud, to let her know who much I loved what she was doing to me. It's like when my dad fucks me in that he doesn't have to say he loves me but it still makes me feel good when he does.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out as suddenly my orgasm nailed me like I'd been hit with a monstrous baseball bat. The difference was that instead of feeling pain all over my body, I was inundated with the most incredible sensations any girl can possibly experience.

I moaned loudly, almost at the top of my lungs, crying out for Kristen to keep licking my clit, to keep playing with my pussy and even my asshole. I don't know if I was making any sense to her as it seemed I was just babbling but I just couldn't shut my mouth as she continued to suck on my pussy, driving me even harder into the outer realms of my orgasm. Wrapping my arms around her tight little bottom, I pulled her tight into me so her pussy was pressing hard into my face. It felt good to have my face pressed tightly against her.

As my orgasm peaked my pussy literally let loose a torrent of cum as my orgasm continued on unabated. Kristen was relentless to the point of being merciless, driving me even deeper into some sexual universe where nothing existed except my throbbing pussy and her tenacious mouth. God, did she ever knew how to lick a pussy! I have absolutely no idea how long this went on but eventually I returned to earth, determined more than ever to please her in kind. She may be the ultimate pro when it comes to pussy licking, but I'm no amateur myself. Now it was MY turn to drive HER nuts. Pay-back time! Suffice to say we traded back and forth this way for what seemed like forever. Each of us had cum several times by now and finally we were both simply so exhausted we were simply sprawled on our backs, side by side on the bed. We both were panting so hard that someone coming in right now might think we had just finished a marathon.

"I love you Kristen!" I said softly, my eyes closed as our sweaty bodies rubbed up against each other.

"I love you too Kelly," she whispered back in a low voice..

It was a sweet and heartfelt exchange, just two cousins relaxing after an incredible girl-on-girl action. It was great to be home again!

## 3. More Fun With Aunt Linda and Kristen

We must have fallen asleep or something because suddenly her mom was standing at the end of the bed and I had no idea when she had come in.

"Well, glad to see the two of you have been having a good time. At least SOMEBODY did!"

Now that didn't sound like something she would be saying right after closing a million dollar sale. As it turned out, she hadn't. Kristen and I listened quietly as she fumed.

"God damn bastard. He said if I let him fuck me he'd sign the deal. Well, guess where the dickhead is now?"

Somehow I didn't think she really wanted an answer to that and so I just stayed quiet. Sure enough, she was answering herself before long.

"Asshole's looking at the other place, probably screwing that little whore from ERA, what's her name anyway - Allison?"

She was pacing back and forth now. Her hair was a bit out of place but that was the only thing that hinted at any special "deals" she may have been working out with the guy earlier.

"Well, was he a good fuck at least?" Kristen blurted out, trying to defuse the situation a little but unfortunately, her attempts at humor were a little mistimed and served only to set her mom off on another tirade.

"Was he good? Crap, bastard could barely get it up. Blamed it on his blood pressure pills. Bullshit."

"But Aunt Linda, what makes you so sure he's going to buy the other place," I asked. "Maybe he's just trying to get another free piece of ass?"

"Who knows? It's just I wanted to close this one quick. Crap, I REALLY need the numbers. The month of May has been a real bitch and my boss has been on my case about it big time."

"Well, can I help?" Kristen offered. From the way she licked her lips unconsciously I knew what kind of "help" my nympho cousin was offering. God, what a slut she was. I bet she was already thinking about what kind of BJ she would be giving him.

To be fair, it really was a bigger deal for Kristen than you might think as she really wasn't into older guys (older defined as anyone older than her). Sure, she lets my dad fuck her but that's because he's her uncle, not because she would do him otherwise. So far as I know, she hasn't even fucked my Uncle Jim. Yep, Kristen was WAY more into younger guys. College boys were the limit normally and I knew she was REALLY turned on by the younger ones.

Sometimes it truly concerned me when she told me about some of her exploits. She was over eighteen now and if she was caught with some fourteen or fifteen year old boy things could prove a bit interesting. For some reason, though, she didn't seem to care. She wasn't concerned about her "reputation" in the same way I was as she never was going to have to apply for a job teaching kids. My mom's guess is that she will marry some rich guy and be his trophy wife but sometimes I wondered if she wasn't going to be some awesome porn star.

"Hey, how about me instead?" I heard myself say, as if I was detached from my body and listening in on myself. It wasn't even something I thought about before blurting it out. Yet once it was out there, it seemed like the right thing to do. After all, I was the one who was into older guys - especially the married ones.

After the initial shock of my outburst, I realized that this was perfect for me in that it would be just a one-time thing. The primary reason I enjoyed being with married men wasn't that they were such great fucks. It was more about the thrill I got from them cheating on their wives, committing adultery to have me. I'm not talking about swingers or "open marriages". After all, if the wife consents then what's the big deal? No, what gets me off is driving a guy over the edge to where he abandons his wedding vows because I am so sexy and desirable.

"Really? Would you really be in interested in that sort of thing, Kelly?" my aunt asked, looking at me with a bit if surprise, "I mean, you DO know what kind of help I need, don't you?"

I couldn't help but giggle a little at that. Where did she come up with THAT one? My aunt knew all about me and the things I've done so there shouldn't be any question in her mind that I would be interested. Meanwhile, Kristen was looking a little miffed.

"You OK with that Kristen?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess so. He's a little ancient for me anyway. I've never figured out why you like the old farts."

Turning back to my aunt, I took a deep breath, lifted my shoulders and let them drop dramatically as I exhaled slowly and forcefully. "OK then, it's settled. So what exactly do you want me to do?"

My aunt grinned at me and sat in the edge of the bed next to me. She reached out and started to run her hand over my cool naked body, letting her fingers drag along lightly behind, raising goose bumps on my smooth skin.

"Hmmmmmm, I know what I'd LIKE you to do right now," she purred, running her index finger in circles around my hardening nipples. She pinched my nipple gently between her fingers, pulling on it a bit and then releasing it, letting it snap back into place.

There's just something about having an older woman touch me and caress me that makes me want to melt. It's the same when I feel my mom or her best friend against me. Not that I don't enjoy being with younger girls like Kristen, not at all. It's just "different" is the only way I can describe it. There is more a sense of intimacy versus sexuality, perhaps more of a nurturing feel to it by having an older woman attend to me that brings back memories of my childhood when my mom would hold me or caress me when I was feeling down and lonely. When Kristen touched me, I knew it was really more for her own enjoyment and pleasure. With Aunt Linda, I sensed it was more about her concern and love for me as it was for her own self-fulfillment.

I laid back with my eyes closed, forgetting all about whatever tasks she had for me with her client and just concentrated on her light touch. Her fingers ran up and down me, over my boobs, down my stomach, passing quickly over my pussy and then down one inner thigh to return up the other. Indeed, it did take me back to when I was just a little girl. Someone would tease me or make me feel bad and when I got home my mom would run her hands over me in much the same way as my aunt was now, soothing me and relaxing me, helping me to forget whatever it was that was bothering me. One little difference between then and now was that back then there wasn't anything sexual about it, at least not for me. Well, that certainly wasn't the same tonight!

Aunt Linda's hand settled on one of my boobs and then stopped moving for a moment. I cracked open an eye and couldn't help but smile at the stunning sight in front of me. Kristen had gotten off the bed while I was distracted and was now standing between my aunt's legs, leaning over and kissing her mom. Even if I hadn't known their long incestuous history, it would have been obvious to anyone seeing this that this wasn't their first rodeo. What made it so erotic was that it wasn't exaggerated or put on, just two women demonstrating their intense love for one another in a gentle, sexual exchange.

I didn't dare say anything that might break the mood of the moment. The room was completely silent except for the light sounds of their lips touching. I watched as Kristen's mom put her free arm around her daughter's gorgeous nude body, pulling her in closer until Kristen was sitting on her mom's lap. It may not have been as innocent as back in the days when Kristen was a little girl (well, if they were EVER innocent to start with), but the same feelings and emotions that only a mother and her daughter can feel for one another were there. Kristen had one arm around her mom's neck while the other hand was fumbling with her mom's blouse, unbuttoning it and pulling it open.

Aunt Linda wasn't wearing a bra, no surprise given the semi-transparent nature of her blouse, and her exposed boobs looked fantastic. Any signs of her lift from last year were gone as if evaporated and her boobs once again had the perkiness of a woman half her age. It wasn't like she needed a boob job THAT bad but as she approached her late thirties she became more aware of the growing impact of age on her body and longed for her lost youth. My mom had confided in me that she had declined implants, happy with being a solid C cup naturally. Anything larger would have looked odd anyway and I have never understood why small women go for the big boob look that just screams "fake".

Kristen bent over and took her one of her mom's boob in her mouth. I bit my lip as I heard my aunt sigh and put her head back, eyes closed as she enjoyed the touch of her daughter's tongue. After what Kristen had done to me just a little while ago, I knew exactly what she was experiencing and I didn't blame her one bit for expressing her feelings.

"Oh Kristen baby," I barely heard her murmur as Kristen took her nipple lightly between her teeth and pulled gently but firmly on it, letting it snap back after she had tugged.

Well, who would blame me for touching myself while I watched this incredible scene? While I knew (today at least) that Kristen and her mom had been doing it together since she was a little girl, I didn't actually get to see them like this all that often so it was a treat for me to watch. It reminded me in a way of when my mom and I got together. As I played with my pussy I imagined my mom joining us and it was her mouth on my pussy rather than my hand.

Aunt Linda still had her arm around Kristen still but now she was cupping her daughter's perky little boob instead of her ass. Kristen was going from one boob to the other with her mouth. At times she just sucked on the nipples and then at others she would suck and lick all over her mom's breast.

I wiggled over more to the center of the bed to give them more room which allowed my aunt to lean back and turn so she was lying next to me. Her blouse was completely unbuttoned now which let it lay open such that her beautiful new boobs pointed up to the ceiling. Kristen was grinning from ear to ear as she reached under her mom's short skirt and pulled her black thong down and over her feet, taking her heels off in the process (why do the porn whores keep their shoes on in bed anyway?). The next thing to slide down her sexy legs was the skirt, leaving her nude except for the open blouse which nobody seemed to care about.

Kristen settled in between her mom's legs, her mouth planted on my aunt's hairy pussy. When I say hairy, I don't mean a heavy bush like my mom sometimes lets her grow into, but a full covering of black hair she keeps trimmed to maybe an inch or so at most. Frankly, I liked it better that way. Something about a woman who is almost forty having a clean pussy is a bit creepy for me.

Determined not to just lay there and masturbate while they had all the fun, I turned my attention to my aunt's lovely boobs now that Kristen had deserted them. Feeling the soft but firm flesh in my mouth, I was glad she didn't go the implant route. Her nipples were rock hard and poking out like a baby's bottle for me to suck

I couldn't help but grin as she reminded me of her sister - my mom. My mom had a drawer in her night stand that was practically filled with dildo's of all shapes and sizes. She had offered it to me to use when I started masturbating but for whatever reason, the gene wasn't passed on to me and I rarely took her up on her offer. Watching Aunt Linda, I could only imagine what I had been like in their bedroom at times when they were growing up!

"Oh fuck me!" she cried out, to no one in particular but rather just a general cry for more.

It had to be hard to be her age, her sex drive still as strong as ever, and not have a husband to fuck her every day. I remembered when I was growing up that there were times when she would stop by our house for no apparent reason and just look at my dad. He seemed to know what she wanted and they would disappear for a while. When I got older I learned that those were the times when she just HAD to have it and all she wanted was for my dad to do her, no foreplay or anything.

It wasn't until I left for college and had to go long periods without a guy that I truly understood how she just had a NEED for a real dick. It's hard to explain - how would you explain hunger to someone? According to my mom and Kristen, she dated quite a bit but with today's club scene a woman had to be careful.

"Oh... My... God!!" she practically screamed as her orgasm finally took hold.

Again, I found myself comparing her to her sister, AKA my mom. When my mom cums, I can tell more because of how quiet she gets than anything else. My mom loves to talk dirty when she is being fucked but when she cums, it's like all distractions have to be eliminated, even talking, while she concentrates on her intense orgasm. My aunt's orgasm are just the opposite. She really doesn't say all that much when she is being fucked, but when she cums... THAT was a different story. No wonder my dad loves fucking both of them, there was definitely an element of diversity there.

When she started cumming she grabbed the dildo from her daughter and started fucking herself with it. God she slammed it into herself hard! I would never have dared beaten up on any woman's pussy, let alone my own, the way she was treating hers now. God, I wouldn't be able to walk afterwards!

When she was finally done, she laid on her back panting while her daughter and niece snuggled up beside her. We traded kisses and just lightly touched one another for what seemed like hours before I realized how late it was. I hadn't brought over anything to stay the night, plus I hadn't told me mom that I would, so I wanted to get home before it got any later. I gathered my stuff and kissed them good night, leaving them in each other's arms in the soft light from the street. Wow, talk about a loving mother-daughter relationship!

## 4. Making Up to Daddy

When I got home, my parents were in the basement family room watching TV. My mom was the first to react to my entrance.

"Oh, you're home. I was about to call and see if you were staying the night."

I knew she was just giving me a hard time so I grinned and sat down at my usual place on the end of the couch. I explained quickly how my Aunt's sale had gone south and my mom nodded.

"Yeah, I knew she was worried about that one. You know, she could lose her job if it doesn't sell soon."

Damn! All Aunt Linda had said was that her boss was upset, nothing about getting fired. No wonder she was so worked up over the deal. My mom took a closer look at me and grinned.

"So let me guess, the two of you made her feel better?"

A sly grin from me told her all she needed to know, as if any confirmation was really needed. The I spoke up and told her about how she had asked me to help her with the deal tomorrow. My parents reactions were exactly as I would have predicted they would be. My dad perked up and was smiling, saying something about getting it tape, while my mom didn't appear to be nearly as thrilled with the idea. My dad just sat there with this big grin on his face while my mom was the first to respond.

"Well, if you DO get involved in anything like that, you had better be careful young lady. You of all people should know what can happen when you go out with strangers on business."

"Oh mom!" I whined. I knew exactly what she was referring to - my brief foray into the world of escorting a few years ago. The first few guys were fun but then I was technically raped (long story), by the last guy after which I quit while I was ahead. So far as I was concerned, the whole thing had taught me a valuable lesson.

"Well, I'm not saying you shouldn't do it, just be careful, that's all,' she said, determined to have the last word.

One thing you could say for my mom, as conservative as she may seem at first, she still allowed me to learn things for myself most of the time. Although she might

thing - and mean it. My dad is the only man that I trust enough to give myself to completely without reservation. Of course I have said those same words to many men but that was just to turn them on. So far, my dad is the ONLY man whom I have ever truly trusted in this way. There isn't a doubt in my mind that when I get married my husband will join the list - if not I'm shouldn't be marrying him!

What makes me feel safe and secure is knowing that even though I tell my dad he can do anything he wanted, I know without a doubt in my mind that he would NEVER take advantage of my offer to do anything he knew I didn't want to. For example, take anal sex. While I know my dad wouldn't mind doing it, he also knows that I want no part of it and so he would never ask me to do it, even though technically I had told him he could do whatever he wanted to me. It means a LOT to me to trust my dad that much which probably is one of the biggest reasons it means so much to me when he fucks me.

My dad must have been turned on even more than I had realized as he was so horny he didn't even bother groping me before he had his cock positioned at my pussy's doorstep, ready to push it into me whether I was ready or not. Of course, knowing me as well as he did, I am sure he wasn't worried that somehow I would NOT be ready for him!

"Oh yeah," he groaned as he leaned into me, driving his rigid dick deep into my waiting pussy, "Here it comes baby."

"Oh daddy!" I moaned in response as I felt his swollen cock head split me apart, forcing its way into my tight wet pussy.

All thoughts of being tired were swept from my mind at the instant he violated my innermost privacy. No matter how often he did it, this moment, when my father first entered me, was always special to me. He was pushing especially hard and before I knew it, he had slipped the length of his hard shaft into my tight pussy and was grinding the hairy base of his cock against the smoothness of my shaved pussy.

"God it feels so good to be in you, you're so damn tight" he sighed as he rested on his elbows and held himself just above me with his dick buried inside of me.

I could only imagine how it felt for him to feel my pussy gripping his dick as it pulsed inside of me. What was going through his mind as his daughter's pussy held him tight and her hips pressed up against him?

We simply stayed coupled like this for a while, just enjoying the feeling of being joined together as one. I could have stayed like this all night, just enjoying the feel of his cock throbbing me with him over me, in total control of me. Eventually,

it was extra special with my dad and if I had my way he would never cum anyplace else.

"Yeah, you want it, don't you?" he growled as his orgasm drew near. The closer he came the more animal-like he would become. I could tell by the tone of his voice he was to the point of no-return, that he couldn't stop now even he wanted to, even if I asked him to. There was something about this moment that always made my heart flutter, just something about how it was now beyond our control and that what was going to happen couldn't be stopped.

"Oh yeah! Fuck... take it!" he all but yelled as he violently slammed himself deep inside of me and dumped his first load of his incestuous sperm into me.

He must have been masturbating before, or maybe even taking care of my mom, because I could barely feel the hint of warmth in me where he way cumming. It's not like it's ever the strongest feeling in the world when any man cums in me, but today I honestly wasn't sure if it a really him or my overactive imagination. It didn't really matter as I knew no matter how small the amount may be, he was still giving it to me, he was still giving me something no other man in the world could - my own father's sperm.

"Daddy... oh daddy, I love you so much," I said, starting to cry from how I was feeling so close to him at that moment.

Although mostly tears of joy, there was perhaps a little bit of sadness my thoughts suddenly shifted to my cousin and how she would never experience this for herself. Sure, Kristen has fucked twice as many guys as I have, but she will never know this feeling, this sense of total submission and unconditional love as her father's dick lays throbbing inside of her pussy after he has cum in her.

"Thank you baby... I really needed that," he whispered as he kissed me and held me tightly against him. His cock was still in me but when we parted lips he pulled it out and left me lying all alone on my bed. My pussy continued to throb, as if he was still in me even though I knew from the empty feeling that he wasn't.

Well, if I wasn't exhausted before, I certainly was now. As good as it felt while he fucked me, once he left my room I couldn't hold my eyes open and the next thing I knew it was bright daylight outside. One look at the clock on my night stand and I was hopping out of bed. God, it was almost noon and my aunt was supposed to pick me up at 1:00! Although we had worked out a quick schedule as I was leaving the night before, it wasn't much more than, "I'll pick you up at one," and so I had no idea what to expect after that.

Another reason for choosing a "costume" over just a regular outfit was the situation I knew I would be in later today. My aunt's client hadn't asked for Kelly, he wanted a young slut and I was just playing a role. If I dressed "normal", that would make it personal and he would have to deal with the fact I was a real girl with feelings and emotions of my own. However, if he was anything like my dad, I had a feeling whoever this guy was today wouldn't care one bit who the girl in the costume was. He wanted a fantasy girl, a schoolgirl slut, not Kelly. In a way, it was a lot like back when I was doing my escorting gig. Back then I knew the guys were lusting for the "whore" they considered me to be, not the sweet little daddy's girl that I prefer to think of myself as being.

Wearing the outfit around town wasn't really an option, though, as it was a little over the top in terms of how revealing it was. No sense risking getting myself arrested for street walking so I packed it in a small overnight bag along with some makeup and other essentials. It really didn't matter what I wore to the house so I just threw on a pair of denim shorts, a tank top and sneakers. I left my hair tied back in a ponytail as I assumed I could change it around when I get to the house if need be. I looked younger in a ponytail and something told me youth would be at a premium today if my past experiences in similar situations were any indication.

One last look in the mirror and I was bouncing down the stairs (quite literally in fact if you consider I wasn't wearing a bra) and I took up a seat in the kitchen to wait for my Aunt Linda to arrive. My mom was fixing lunch for herself; evidently my dad was spending Saturday at the office, as usual.

"So, you really sure you know what you're getting yourself into?"

"Oh mom, it's not like I've never done anything like this before."

"Well, Linda has a history of understating things at times. God, you wouldn't believe some of the things she got me into when we were back in school."

"Kristen didn't seem worried about it, Mom... and she's done it before so she should know.

"Yeah but I talked to Linda this morning and she's really worried about this one. I haven't seen her this frazzled for a long time. I'm just a little concerned about what she may have promised this guy. I know my sister and she doesn't always think things like this through."

Typical mom, always the one to keep things under control and in line. She was always there when my dad and I would start goofing around, policing us from doing anything we might regret later. I suppose she must have done the same thing with her sister. It's interesting for me to compare the relationship between me and my cousin Kristen to that between my mom and her sister when they were our age or younger. I'm not exactly the most conservative girl, in case you haven't figured that out, but Kristen sometimes makes me look like a prude. She's the type that will do most anything on a dare and I mean ANYTHING. I guess it makes sense when you take into account what her mom's like.

Like me, my mom was no prude growing up while her younger sister was the one always pushing the line - and crossing it most of the time from what I hear. All-in- all, I guess it should come as no surprise that my mom was the one worried about me this morning. It was sort of sweet of her but I really did feel confident I could handle myself. Besides, I assumed my aunt would be around if I needed anything.

There was no sense debating it with her any further so I just shrugged and smiled at her, which I think actually irritated her more than anything I could say. She gave me 'the eye" but let it pass without making it into an issue. We spent the next few minutes talking about the male species in general and how bad they could be, especially jerks like the one I was getting ready to see this afternoon. Frankly, I thought it was pretty rotten of any guy to make a decision on which house to buy based on how well he got laid. Especially when he was married with kids! What would his family say if they knew he had committing adultery in the house with a girl about half his age?

Speaking of adultery, some people accuse me of being a little hypocritical about adultery in that I claim I would never do it yet when I am married yet I love it when married men do it to have sex with me. Personally, I think that's because they don't understand my position on it correctly. It's really quite simple in my eyes. So far as I am concerned, adultery makes a mockery of marriage, a betrayal of your spouse, and most of all, a sin against one of God's Ten Commandments. Clear enough? That said, that's how I feel about adultery with regards to me and my family. There is no doubt in my mind that when I am married, I will never have sex with anyone outside my family - period. I will also expect, no I will DEMAND the same of my husband.

For those who have asked me about oral sex, I define sex with regards to adultery as the penetration of a man's penis into a woman's vagina (clinical enough for you?). Thus I can give a BJ to one of my husband's friends so long as I don't let him fuck me. The same principle would apply to my husband in that he could lick another girl or get a BJ from her so long as he only sticks his cock in me (well, me or an immediate relative in my family).

Note: Before I get letters from people pointing out the fact my dad has two situations over a 20 plus year marriage (my best friend Beth and my mom's best friend Tammy), let me say that nobody is without sin and people sometimes make mistakes which they regret later. Beth was something I knew he wishes today he hadn't done and as for Tammy, she presents such a unique situation that I can't ever see it applying to anyone else, As I said, my feelings about adultery only apply to me as I would never impose my morals and belief systems on anyone. What someone else does is between them and GOD. If a husband fucks me, then HE is the one who has sinned, not me, and he is the one who will have to eventually deal with the consequences. Personally, I don't feel any responsibility for his actions.

What is probably the most difficult for people to understand is that it is my rigid stand on adultery that makes it so erotic and hot for me to be fucked by a married guy. This is especially true when the wife doesn't know about it because then I know odds are she wouldn't approve or he would tell her. Put yourself in my place and I'm sure you'll agree with me. A husband is willing to betray his wife by abandoning his wedding vows to do something he can never take back or forget, just because he finds me so irresistibly sexy and attractive. Well that has to be about as big an ego booster and compliment any man can give me. After all, wouldn't most guys get turned on if someone's wife wanted him to fuck her more than her own husband and he knew he was doing it behind his back? Think about it before you condemn me for feeling the same way.

The caveat to all this is that because of what he is doing I have little respect for an adulterer as a person and would never want anything to do with him personally. This is probably the biggest reason I never fuck a married guy twice as the thrill is in the first time, not the repeats. Another reason I never do married guys twice is that I have no desire to get emotionally involved with a married man. Despite what you may think, I have absolutely no desire to and ruin or even harm his marriage in any way so sticking to my "one time" rule hopefully it keeps that from happening.

So to sum it all up, even though in my heart I despised the man I was about to have sex with, even though I knew nothing about him other than he was unfaithful to his family, at the same time it turned me on to think of having him do me. Make sense? Oh well, it makes perfect sense to me and I guess that's what counts in the end.

My aunt was running late and I peeked out the front window thought the curtains but didn't see her car anywhere in sight. Returning to the kitchen, I sat at the table and fidgeted. My cell phone was in my purse so I tried calling my aunt but she didn't answer. Small wonder as no sooner had I put it back in my purse than the door opened and in she came.

"Damn girl, hold your horses!" she called out as she came down the hall, her phone ringing in her purse, "Didn't you get my message about the change in time?"

Oops, guess I should have checked my voice mail. As she drew closer I forgot about the phone and my eyes widened as I got a better view as she emerged from the darkened hallway. Damn, she looked hot! My aunt had what looked at first to be a black business jacket except it was longer than usual, enough to cover what had to be one hell of a short skirt because the entire thing was hidden underneath the jacket. The jacket itself had four buttons but only the bottom two were done with the upper two allowing the jacket to open to reveal her ample cleavage. Like her skirt, her blouse must have been pretty risque as almost half her boobs were exposed by the jacket without the blouse even poking out a bit. Her hair, always on the short side, had been highlighted and was darker than usual. A pair of unbelievably high black strap-on heels (they had to be at least six inches) finished the look. Long sleeved and elegant, at first glance the jacket would have been quite appropriate in any business setting although a longer skirt and a less revealing blouse would have been required.

"Well for crying out loud, look at you girl!"

My mom had a dish towel in her hands, drying them off as she approached her younger sister. She was giving Aunt Linda a once-over, shaking her head slowly.

"So what the hell do you think you're doing with my daughter this afternoon?" she asked, as if she didn't already know the answer.

"Well, nothing worse than your husband's done with mine!" she replied back, a grin on her face.

We all laughed as I knew exactly what she was referring to. A while back my dad had to entertain some clients and rather than hiring some hookers, he asked me and my cousin to help out. It turned out to be quite an evening as they had no idea who we really were. What made it special for me was my dad fucked me for the first time in front of them, the first time anyone outside my family had ever seen us having sex. Of course, he didn't tell them I was his daughter but still, it was exciting for me just the same.

"Well anyway, aren't you a little bit underdressed today?"

I looked at my mom and then back at my aunt. I couldn't figure out what she was talking about. Sure the outfit was a bit on the slutty side, but it looked sharp and I really didn't see anything truly indecent about it, especially considering what our plans for the day were.

My mom looked at me and laughed. "I think you're making an assumption."

My aunt was grinning, apparently she understood what my mom was referring to but I was still totally in the dark as to what this little secret was between them.

"Go on Linda, show her."

My aunt shook her head slowly but she seemed to be willing to go along with my mom said, whatever THAT meant. She unbuttoned the two remaining two buttons and let the jacket front fall open. Well, duh, NOW I understood what my mom was referring to. Obviously she knew her sister a lot better than me because I never would have suspected the true story. It wasn't that her skirt was too short or her blouse was too low cut. The truth was she didn't even have them on! Not even the sheerest of panties or stringiest of thongs. All she was wearing was her heels, jacket and a ton of attitude.

My mom was watching me while I had my eyes remained fixed on her sister.

"Going for the kill today, I see," my mom ribbed her sister.

"Well, a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do," my aunt replied, buttoning herself back up again. Strange as it may seem, somehow I saw her differently now. For whatever reason, knowing that she was nude underneath the jacket cast her in a totally different light.

"C'mon, Kelly," she called out to me, waving me towards the door,. "We don't want to be late!"

I turned to my mom and hugged her. She gave me a kiss and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Now you be careful, you hear me?"

"Oh mom!" I said, feeling like I was fourteen again and going out on my first singles date.

"I know, I know," I barely heard her mumbling as she waved goodbye. My aunt led the way to her car and soon we were off.

Looking over at her behind the wheel, it was hard not to notice that he jacket wasn't long enough to cover her crotch when she was seated and as a result, her hairy but trimmed pussy was in plain sight as she drove. She turned her head towards me and caught me staring at her crotch and grinned broadly.

"Imagine if a cop pulled us over now!" she giggled. Yes indeed, boy could I ever imagine!

Weaving through the typical hills and turns, we eventually made it to the interstate and drove south to the exit where the home was at. On our way there, we drove by a Hilton to which my aunt pointed her finger.

"That's where he's staying," she told me, like some kind of tour director. "Bastard's probably jerking off about now. Well, he had quite the day yesterday so I can only envision what he thinks he'll get today."

Once past the hotel, we had to drive through the middle of an industrial park to get back where the estate homes were located. Looking at the luxurious homes, I doubted any of them were under a million dollars and it wouldn't have surprised me if a number of them were well beyond that. A few blocks down we turned into one of the older sections where she pulled into the driveway of this massive home. She reached down to the cup holder where a remote control was located which opened the gates and then drove around a circular drive until we arrived at the front entrance.

"Quite the place, eh?" she said, looking around us. Yes indeed it was! Actually, I couldn't remember ever being in a home this large before other than at some museum.

There was no lock box at this house; obviously showings were by appointment only and then only by selling Realtor - my aunt in this case. She opened the door with a key in her purse and bowed as she held the door open for me like some doorman. The entranceway was larger than the living room in most homes, soaring a couple of stories up with a brilliant chandelier hung in the center. Once inside, she grabbed my hand to stop me from gawking about and led me straight up a circular staircase to the master bedroom.

"Suite" would have been perhaps a better term. It was HUGE, larger than our entire second floor. The owner's furniture was still there which included a large king-sized four-post bed which dominated the room with its presence. It was draped in beautiful linens with what had to be an incredibly expensive quilt covering it. The door to a huge walk-in closet was open but the clothes had been removed. I followed my aunt to another doorway which led to the master bath, complete with a Jacuzzi tub, shower, and multiple sinks. It alone was bigger than my bedroom back home!

"Wow!" was all I could say as I looked around the room.

"Well, I guess you know what to do from here," my aunt said, heading back for the door. "I have to pick up Byron now. Don't want the poor guy to rub his dick raw before he even gets a chance at you!"

With that she disappeared, leaving me alone in this massive home. Contrary to what she had said, I didn't really know quite what to do. We had artfully avoided discussing anything specific about my "duties". Each time I started to mention it she would change the subject, dismissing my concerns with the wave of her hand.

Judging by our trip here, I figured it would take her at least twenty minutes to reverse course and get back to the hotel and then back here again. That gave me plenty of time to change but certainly not enough to just lounge around and goof off. I emptied my bag, laying out my outfit on the bed. My first instinct was to strip off my clothes so they quickly came off and next thing O knew I was standing there in the middle of the bedroom absolutely nude. It was all I could do to resist the temptation to run around the house stark naked. Imagine what the owners would say if they knew what I was doing in their precious home. What would they think if they knew that I was standing in their bedroom without an ounce of clothing on? Even better, what I would give to see the look on their face when they found out WHY I was there.

Enough of the daydreaming, I had work to do. I quickly put my outfit on and looked at myself in this huge mirror residing the corner of the room. Between having my hair pulled back in a ponytail and the naughty schoolgirl outfit, I looked more like I was just out of high school, perhaps seventeen or eighteen instead of twenty-two. My secret hope was that he would think I had just graduated from high school rather than college.

Until now I had been so busy I hadn't thought much more about what was about to happen in just a few minutes. Looking in the mirror, I started to ask myself who I was looking at. What was I about to allow myself to become? It had been a long time since I had done anything even remotely like this and suddenly I wondered if it was the right thing to do. It was the sort of the same feeling of remorse that I usually got before one of my escorting gigs and I knew back then it quickly faded once things got going. Even so, it still didn't make me feel any better about myself for the moment.

My reverie was interrupted when I heard a sharp sound coming from downstairs. Turning away from the mirror, I hurried as quietly as possible down the hallway to sneak a look. Any further doubt or questions about what I was doing were quickly put aside as my curiosity grew. Sure enough, my aunt and some guy were downstairs talking in the foyer. He was turned away from me so I couldn't see his face but between the ghostly silence and the marble floors that seemed to magnify every sound, it was easy to listen in on them.

"So Byron, now that you've see the place again, why don't you just sign the papers and get to... let's just say more important things?"

My aunt was pressed up tight against him and it was obvious that he had discovered the "benefits" of her outfit as he had his arm around her waist and his naughty hand was up under the jacket with what looked to be a firm grip on her tight ass.

"I just don't know Linda," he waffled, obviously stalling to allow for more the time to fondle her ass, "I mean, you made a really great offer last night but I', afraid I have to say, so did your competition."

My aunt reached down to his crotch and took a handful as she pushed up even closer to him.

"Well, is there anything I can do to convince you that my offer's the best?""

"Well, you DID offer some sort of bonus if I remember correctly from last night."

"Oh Byron, you naughty boy," my aunt teased, "And what would Jessica say if she knew what the bonus was?"

"Screw the bitch," he practically spit out, "She's the one that wants the expensive mansion to show-off to all her bitch friends. Well, then I can get what I want too."

"And just what is it that YOU want?"

"Oh I think you know damn well what I want," he chuckled, practically lifting her off her feet as he grabbed her ass even harder and pulled her up against him.

"Mmmmmmm, you want more of last night then?" she teased him.

"Sorry," he shook his head, "Not that it wasn't that much different than your competition."

That had to really piss off my aunt but she was a trooper and took it all in stride without any hint of how she felt inside. I bet she wanted to haul off and kick him in the balls for being such a jerk but in the end, she was all business. She swallowed her pride and played the game with him.

"Well then, what can I do to make my offer better than hers?"

He chuckled and I felt a little disgusted at the way he was making her all but beg him.

"I believe you had someone else in mind to sweeten the deal," he said, licking his lips like some dog in heat.

"Soooooo, I take it then you still want to screw my daughter?" my aunt replied softly as she rubbed his crotch some more. Her voice was so low and husky that I could barely make it out, even in the deathly silence of the room. God, she was so good at this. If I hadn't known better, I would have thought she was feeling bad that she had to use her daughter in this way and would have preferred not to have her involved.

"That depends... do you want to sell this house or not?" he replied arrogantly. The bastard knew he had all the bargaining power and he wasn't afraid to rub her face in it.

"Kelly!" she called out, evidently finished with this weird banter.

We hadn't rehearsed what would happen when she got back but I had assumed she would just lead him to the bedroom and turn him loose with me. Well, after watching her little performance, I threw out THAT idea. I stepped out into view as he turned to look up in my direction. My first impression of him was the funny way his mouth opened when he first saw me. It was obvious from his expression that he hadn't really believed that I would be there. No doubt he had assumed it was all just my aunt teasing him or otherwise trying to convince him to sign the papers for the house.

He recovered his composure quickly and from what I could see at this distance he didn't look all that bad. He was balding a bit and perhaps could afford to lose twenty pounds or so, but otherwise he looked rather handsome. I felt a little sense of relief as I had feared I would have to take care of some fat guy that smelled like he hadn't showered in a week - or even worse.

"Well, so tell me. What do you think of my daughter, Byron?"

"Damn, THAT'S your daughter," he said slowly, "Ummmmm, just how old is she?"

"Oh don't worry about that Byron, does it really matter how old she is?"

Something told me between the outfit and hair that Byron was thinking I wasn't even eighteen yet. Well, I can't say I minded THAT! It's funny how even at just twenty-two I was already starting to feel old at times, especially when I see those sixteen year-old high school girls running around the mall.

"Would it make you feel better if I told you that she was eighteen?" my aunt said, obviously implying that I was younger without actually saying so.

Byron was obviously your typical middle age guy with fantasies of reliving his teens years and having a young girl again. He probably jerked off watching Fast Times at Ridgemont High or some other teen tease movie.

"Come on down and meet Byron, honey," my aunt called to me, waving me down the stairs.

I slowly descended the stairs, feeling almost like I was in some scene from Gone With the Wind or something except instead of wearing a beautiful flowing gown I was dressed like some street whore. Byron's eyes were fixed on me, well at least on my body. We never really made eye contact as he looked me up and down, evaluating me like I was some side of beef in a market. When I got to the bottom, I stood by the two of them and waited silently for my aunt to take the next move. "Well Byron, you still haven't told me what you think of my little girl."

"Damn, she certainly looks like her mom, I'll say that."

It took all the willpower I could muster not to laugh. My to my mom's chagrin, people often say I have a close resemblance to my aunt. Even so, it was still sort of funny to see how quickly he was willing to accept the whole line of crap as being true. It just goes to show how important your inner desires can be when making a judgment call. He WANTED to believe I was her daughter so it was easy for him to accept whatever my aunt told him. Byron started to reach out for me but my aunt kept him at bay.

"Now, now, Byron, we had a deal" she scolded him lightly, "You know what you have to do before you can touch her."

"Shit, how do I know she'll put out after I sign the papers?" he questioned, suddenly back to business again.

It was like I was being negotiated as some sort of signing bonus. Well, I guess when you think about it, that's exactly what WAS being done.

"Come on Byron, look at her," my aunt replied, not giving in an inch. "Isn't she exactly the type of girl you dream about being with? So, do you want her or not?"

Clearly the negotiating strength had shifted to my aunt at this point. Byron obviously wanted me – he couldn't take his eyes off my boobs. As the blood drained from his big head to fill his little one, his lust overcame any other worries or concerns he might be having.

"OK... shit, where's the papers?" he croaked. My aunt, of course, had them standing by and in a matter of minutes, whatever she needed signed was done. Byron slammed the pen down and turned to my aunt.

"There, happy now?"

My aunt nodded and looked at me and then back to him again. Byron was back in control again - at least as far as he knew it.

"Well mom, why don't you go on and file your precious paperwork while I fuck your daughter," he said, practically throwing it in her face as if he was seeing if he could somehow embarrass or maybe even make her feel guilty. For whatever reason, he seemed to take pleasure in trying to humiliate her. Once again, I had to give it to my aunt. She is pretty sharp and picked up on his little fetish and went along with it brilliantly.

"You know Byron, you don't have to say it that way," she murmured, as if she was upset by his tone of voice and words.

At first I didn't understand why she was saying this but it seemed to be exactly the response he was hoping for as a nasty grin appeared on his face. For a moment I felt an intense hatred towards hated him; not because he was actually hurting my aunt, as I knew she was just playing along, but because I realized he was really a nasty little man. Little wonder he was cheating on his wife!

"Hey, how about if I stay? Wouldn't you like a mother-daughter 3-some?" she offered.

Actually, I wasn't sure if she was being serious or not. Was she truly concerned about me such that she was trying to hang around to protect me, or was she just paying along more to his ego? As it turned out, it didn't matter.

"Noooooo, we had a deal and now it's your turn to hold up to your end of it - or should I say it's your daughter's turn."

With that he put his hands on my waist and spun me around, spanking me sharply as he pushed me towards the stairs - and the bedroom at the top of them.

The last words I heard him say to my aunt were, "Damn, your daughter's sure got one sweet ass. I am SO looking forward to fucking her. Say bye-bye to your little girl!"

I turned on my way up the stairs to see my aunt closing the front door behind her as she left and with that I was on my own. Not far behind me was Byron, working his way heavily up the stairs. I was well ahead of him by the time I made it to the bedroom so I sat down on the bed, scooting back, and crossed my legs under me

Indian style. A couple of minutes later, Byron was at the doorway, huffing a little from the climb. He took a good long look at me from the door, then slowly walked into the bedroom until he was a few feet away from me.

"Well, well," he said gently, his eyes undressing me, "You're just a chip off the old block, aren't you. I suppose you know I fucked your mom last night. How's that make you feel?

I just shrugged my shoulder and replied, "I don't know. I mean, she fucks a lot of guys."

"Oh really," he chuckled, "So, do the two of you get it on too?"

I didn't answer that one, knowing my sly grin and faked shyness told him everything he wanted to know - and probably more.

"Yeah, I figured as much," he mumbled, nodding his head. "Ever do this before?"

"Do what?" I asked.

"You know... whore yourself for her."

"Well, first let's get one thing straight. I am NOT a whore for your information," I protested indignantly.

He laughed at me and responded saying, "Now don't go off getting your knickers in a snit. You're right. It's your mom whose making the money."

With that he got a more serious look on his face and said, "Enough of this though, why don't you just get on your knees and suck my dick."

Well, THAT was certainly one way to get things started. I was getting tired of our banter anyway, it was just making him out to be more of an ass each time he opened his mouth. Unfolding my legs, I hopped off the bed and quickly dropped to my knees in front of where he was standing. His crotch was right in front of my face and he was already unzipping his pants for me. He reached inside and pulled out his dick, which was already well on its way to a full erection.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked, "Can you suck this better than your mom?"

I reached out and took his cock from his hand and pulled out on it gently.

"Anything she can do, I can do better," I teased him, stroking his cock gently in my hand.

Without waiting for a response, I took the head in my mouth and ran my tongue all around it. My hand still held it by the base, pushing his pants down and away from it as it struck out through his zipper opening. Actually, he wasn't bad, plenty long enough to be able to keep his pants on (for now at least) and getting hard enough that I had a nice shaft to hang onto while I sucked the end of his dick.

"That's it, suck it," he groaned as my mouth and lips caressed him.

Another good thing I could say about him - he was clean. His crotch smelled like motel room soap; evidently he had at least showered before my aunt picked him up. So many guys didn't have the common courtesy to clean up before a date, somehow thinking their sweat and general stink would be attractive to me (in case you're interested - it's NOT). I DO enjoy the musky smell a man generates when he is horny but that's a lot different from general stinky body odor.

I had only sucked on him for a few minutes when he pulled my head away from him and I looked up at him to see what he wanted.

"Stand up," he said to me. I did and he ran his hands through my hair, over my shoulders, and down my arms.

"God, you really are pretty," he whispered, "And so damn young. Are you REALLY eighteen?"

I started to smile as he said the latter but held myself in check. While it wasn't the same as when I was fifteen or sixteen and older guys did me while I was legitimately jail bait, it did give me a thrill to think he thought I was so much younger than I actually was. I suppose it was a similar thrill to what my mom gets when we go out and people mistake her for my older sister. "Well, not really," I said in my best "shy little girl" voice. I left it for him to decide whether that meant older or younger. I had a funny feeling that I knew what his dirty mind would decide upon.

His fingers went to work open my blouse buttons and soon they were undone and he spread my blouse open, exposing my bare breasts for him to see.

"Damn, look at those," he whispered, more to himself than to me as he reached out with one hand and gently squeezed my boob. "All real and perky as hell!"

Then he put both hands on my chest, one on each boob as he massaged them and felt them with his fingers and hands. It felt quite good, actually, and I closed my eyes to concentrate on the effect he was having on me. My nipples were becoming rock hard and it felt wonderful the way he was massaging me.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels so good," I whispered to him, only to be rewarded by an even firmer grip on my breasts. He leaned over and took my right nipple in his mouth, sucking on it and then gripping it tenderly with his teeth, pulling on it gently.

"Yeah, that's it," I moaned, "Suck my breast."

He didn't actually spend a lot of time with his mouth as he seemed to have other things on his mind. Standing up straight again, he maneuvered me backwards to the bed until my legs were against it and then he pushed me back so I laid on the bed with my legs hanging down to the floor. Lifting up my short plaid skirt, he pulled the thong down my legs and over my heels, tossing them aside somewhere in the room. Hopefully I could find them later!

"Damn, look at that pussy, all nice and shaved like a good little girl."

I reached over and pulled a pillow down from the head of the bed and put it under my head so I could get a better view of what he was doing without straining my neck. His dick was still sticking out of his pants but he wasn't paying any attention to it for the moment. Instead, he seemed mesmerized by my pussy, freshly shaven and smooth as a newborn baby's bottom. His hands laid on my upper legs as he spread them apart while getting down on his knees this time.

"God, it's been so long time since I tasted some teen pussy," he said to me, grinning as he lowered his mouth to my crotch. "You like having your pussy eaten?"

Now if I was going to be truthful, I would have told him to skip the licking and get to fucking me. To be perfectly honest, 90% of guys don't have a clue how to properly eat pussy. It's like they just slobber all over me with no thought as to what they were doing or what needs to be stimulated. Some guys don't even seem to be aware I even HAVE a clitoris while other seem to think that's the only place a girl wants to be licked. Most guys seem to think that faster is better and have no idea how timing and variety should be applied. Most of all, when I cum almost all of them think their job is done and they quit, not realizing that was just the START of their work and if they really want me to appreciate them, to keep going and keep my cumming for as long as possible. Bottom line, I prefer to be licked by girls as they know what to do.

Of course, I wasn't about to tell this idiot the truth so I just nodded at him and grinned as if I couldn't wait for his expert skills to send me into a world of ecstasy. Watching his head descend to my pussy and his tongue extended as he prepared to lick me, I couldn't help but jump just a little when his tongue first touched me, wet and slippery along my pussy slit. At first he just licked along the outside of my pussy lips, soaking in the smell of my pussy and getting a close-up view of me. Then his head dropped another inch or so and I felt his tongue running between my lips up to my clit where it lingered. At first he used just the tip of it to tease me and then as I started to react and squirm he let the flatness of his tongue rub along me.

Speaking of girls licking pussy, I have never understood why guys don't want a guy to suck them. After all, who would know better how to suck dick than another guy? All I have to go on is based on the feedback I get from guys as I have no idea what it feels like to have your dick sucked. Granted, I've gotten a LOT of such feedback but still, I have sometimes wondered what it must feel like to have a part of yourself grow that much and then have it sucked by someone.

"Ohhhhhh, just like that!" I moaned softly.

The best part was I wasn't faking it. He really wasn't too bad at all! Then I shuddered as his finger pushed its way into my wet pussy, like a tiny dick was penetrating me. It was soon followed by a second one and my hips rose up as he fucked me with his fingers while his mouth played with my rapidly hardening clit. He wasn't saying a word, keeping his mouth on me and lapping up my pussy like a dog at a water dish. His hand reached up and grabbed my boobs, squeezing them and pulling on my nipples until they snapped back again

"Oh god, that feels so damn good," I moaned as I tried to catch my breath. "Keep licking me!"

He kept his fingers in me while he raised his head to look down my outstretched body towards my face.

"You gonna cum for me?" he said, making it more of a statement than a question.

"Don't stop," I begged him, "Make me cum!"

I had to give him credit, not many men could make me cum just by licking my pussy. A LOT of them probably THINK they did but that just goes to show what great acting skills I have. He was doing a great job on my pussy and for once I wasn't going to have to fake it. My hands were gripping the quilt under me tightly as my hips bounced on the bed like he was fucking me. Somehow he managed to keep his lips locked on my clit and his tongue was teasing me mercilessly.

"Oh god, I'm cumming!" I moaned loudly.

Fortunately, there was nobody else in the house so I didn't have to worry about keeping quiet. I took full advantage of the situation as I groaned and moaned like I was screaming in pain as my orgasm racked my body and made my toes curl from the intensity of the pleasure it gave me. My pussy was gushing by this time, covering his face and hand with my pussy cum. He never faltered, keeping his face tight up against my pussy, driving me higher and higher as it went on.

Finally I fell back onto the bed, arms outstretched and panting like a dog as he took his mouth off of me and stood up at the edge of the bed. I couldn't believe how good I was feeling right now, so much better than I had ever dreamed I would this afternoon. Damn, this guy was good!

I opened my eyes and saw him standing between my legs, his dick still poking out as he stroked himself slowly. It was almost too much to be lying there almost nude, my pussy soaked and still throbbing from my first orgasm of the afternoon, only to see a strange man with a hard dick waiting for me.

"Fuck me," I said softly, barely audible even to myself.

"Ahhhhhh, so now you want it, don't you?" he teased me.

"Just shut up and fuck me," I growled at him.

He laughed softly at my need and dropped his pants, leaving his shirt on. His hard dick stuck out between the shirt tails, pointing skyward towards the ceiling.

"Well, only because you asked so nicely," he said with a naughty grin on his face.

My pussy was about the height of his dick as I laid there so all he had to do was lean over until his weight was supported by one arm on the bed while his rigid dick was just inches away from hungry pussy. With the other hand he took his cock and aimed for my pussy with it. First he rubbed the head up and down my pussy slit, wetting his cock and rubbing my needful clit as well. Then he separated the lips of my pussy, sticking the tip of his cock right at the entrance to my pussy hole.

"Mmmmmmm, this one's for your mommy," he said as he pushed himself into me. I moaned as the head of his dick slipped inside of me while at the same time I watched it disappear out of sight. I sighed as I felt entering me, filling my pussy with its warmth.

"That's it, put it in me deeper," I groaned, lifting my hips up towards him as I tried in vain to pull him into me. "I want all of it in me."

He didn't say anything but instead groaned as he pressed himself harder into me, driving his adulterous cock ever deeper inside of me. Finally he bottomed out, his thick bushy pubic hair pressed against my bare pussy as he pressed his crotch into me.

"Oh god you're tight," he groaned.

"Mmmmmmm, tighter than your wife I bet," I teased him, rotating my hips under him to move his dick around inside of me.

"Her?!" he spat out, "Shit, haven't fucked the loose bitch in years."

"Tighter than your daughter?" I threw out, curious to see his response.

"Don't I wish," he grumbled as he started to stroke himself in and out of me, "Little cunt's just like her mother... couldn't part her legs with a Jaws of Life"

It made me wonder if he had tried but I wasn't going to pursue THAT. Then, just to get his response, I asked, "Tighter than my mom?"

He pounded his dick into me when I asked him that one, as if to make a point. "Fuck, you know better than to ask that, Of course you are!"

"Did you cum in my mom?"

"Oh yeah, I filled your mommy alright."

"You gonna cum in me?"

"Like mother, like daughter, eh?"

We both laughed together as he continued to fuck me, rocking the bed with his motions as he lifted my legs up and held them around his hips. My boobs were even bouncing back and forth as he shoved me forward and pulled me back in rhythm with his strokes, driving himself ever deeper into me with every stroked it seemed.

He pulled out of me suddenly and my pussy felt suddenly empty b the surprise move on his part. I figured he as horny and would just cum after a little fucking but evidently he was ready for more. I wondered if he had masturbated before my aunt had picked him up so he would last longer with me?

"OK, now stand up," he commanded.

I slipped down off the bed, a little weak-kneed at first but he quickly spun me around and had me fall forward until I was on my elbows on the bed. My ass was sticking up on the air and finally he pulled my skirt down and off of me, leaving me with just the blouse and heels on. At first I was afraid he was going to try and get some anal action but then he pushed his dick back into my pussy and we were back at it again. His hands were on my hips as he rocked me back and forth in time with his fucking of me.

"You like this, don't you?" he asked, spanking me on the butt just hard enough to smart a little bit but not enough to bruise me. "I think you like teasing older men, don't you, fucking them for fun like some little whore."

What was I supposed to say to that? I just kept silent, letting him go on with his little speech.

"Yeah, you're just like your mother, willing to do anything for a buck. Mother and daughter, just two fucking whores. Shit, I bet you even do each other."

If he only knew...

After fucking me a while, talking this way the entire time, I was ready for him to cum and get it over with but he wasn't it seemed. He pulled out of me again and this time motioned for me to get on the bed and he got into a spoon position behind me. I lifted my leg up and placed it back over him, exposing my pussy for him to more easily put his dick in it. Once again he entered me and once again I felt the wonderful sensation of his dick filling my pussy. Each time it was a little bit easier as my pussy stretched itself out a little more to accommodate him. He reached around and cupped my breast, squeezing it as he once again fucked me.

I looked down to watch his dick sliding in and out of me, like a wet piece of thick sausage violating me. I truly love to see a cock as it moves in and out of me, feeling it inside of me at the same time. It's almost hard to believe sometimes that the same dick that I am seeing disappear from sight is the very thing that I feel filling me up deep inside of me. Reaching down, I began to play with my clit, rubbing it with my fingertips as he fucked me. Now and then I would slide my fingers down and feel his shaft as it slid in and out of me, wondering what it looked like inside of me.

Once again I started to feel that familiar twinge between my legs as another orgasm began to well up inside of me. Evidently, he could feel my pussy begin to grip him tighter and he recognized what was about to happen.

"Yeah baby, you like my dick in you don't you?" he said, "You like a hard cock in that nasty little cunt of yours, don't you?

"Oh my god, YES!" I cried, "Keep fucking me dammit, don't stop fucking me!"

Once again I came, even harder than the first time. My pussy clamped down on his dick like a vise, holding it in me like it never wanted it to leave. I could feel myself cumming over his cock, pouring my cum over his dick and down onto my leg.

"Oh my god!," was all I could say, repeating it over and over as I focused on his dick in me and the way it made my pussy feel as I came.

For the moment, I forgot what I was doing, how I was prostituting myself for the sake of my aunt's job, how much I hated this guy who was fucking me, even the fact that he was married. The only thing I could think about was the incredible surges of unbelievable pleasure that were driving me all but insane as he screwed me.

I could make myself cum hard any day of the week just by masturbating but to cum THIS hard I had to have a dick in me. There was just something about being fucked that brings me so much higher when I cum. Having his hard dick in me told me he wanted me, that he desired me, that he wanted to literally mate me and shoot his seed in me. I knew he saw me as being sexy, desirable, something he wanted more than anything else at this moment. When he came in me, releasing his sperm inside of my pussy, it just made me feel somehow like I was complete, fulfilled in some almost spiritual way.

At a time like this, it didn't really matter to me who "he" was, just the fact "he" was real. It's the reality that drives me over the edge, the knowledge that a real man CHOSE to fuck me, that he WANTED to ram his dick in me and cum in me, that he DESIRED me. I couldn't force a man to do any of these things, it was something he decided.

All of which meant I needed just one more thing to really get off. There was one thing that would complete the act, seal the deal, put it to bed.

"Oh god cum in me!" I pleaded with him, my pussy practically cramping from gripping him so tightly. "Give it to me... Oh please give it to me!"

He was just grunting now, trying to move his dick in and out of me like a piston, trying to overcome the death grip my cunt had on his dick.

"OK shit, here it comes!" he gasped finally, as we both stopped moving and the room went suddenly quiet as he pushed himself into me as far as he could and we both waited as he held himself there.

It seemed like hours but of course it was only a second or two when suddenly he groaned and I felt his hips thrust his dick into me even deeper as he started to ejaculate in me. He held himself deep in me, driving each load into me as far inside of me as his dick could reach. Each time he thrust I could feel a faint sensation of warmth as his sperm ejected from his dick and was set free in my pussy.

"Oh god," I gasped softly, feeling totally exhausted as he held me tight to him, his dick throbbing in my pussy as we both just laid there without moving a muscle. He started to pull out but I wasn't ready for that yet.

"Stay in me," I whispered, "I want you to stay in me for a while."

He didn't say anything but he stopped pulling out and pushed himself back in me again until his crotch was pressed against my ass. I could feel his dick dwindling in me, pulling out by default as it shrank. Now and then it would throb or twitch and my sensitive pussy would spasm in response. Finally he was pretty well soft and this time he did pull the remaining bit of him out of me, leaving his load of sperm behind. I tried to imagine it in me, filling my pussy with his creamy cum, his sperm swimming in me, vainly searching for their prize.

He flopped over on his back and groaned, shutting his eyes with his arms to his side. I could have done the same but his dick was flopped over, glistening with a coating of our cum and I couldn't resist. Summoning the last of my strength, I turned around until I was laying over his side and leg, my head next to his dick. I took his wet dick in my mouth and suck gently on it.

Mmmmmmm, I could taste his cum on it together with the unmistakable flavor of my pussy. I licked it off and he shook a couple of times like he was shaking from cold as my tongue touched just the right spot on his sensitive dick.

Then, unbelievably, he started to snore! The fucking bastard had fallen asleep! Oh well, he must have really enjoyed himself. I got off the bed and went into the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I saw that looked a wreck. My makeup was ruined but fortunately my hair was still up in the ponytail and there wasn't much you could do to it when it was tied up that way. I felt this sudden need to pee and when I squatted down on the toiled, his sperm drained out me like a slimy discharge. I quickly used my finger to scoop some up and took a taste. Not bad! Of course, being flavored with my pussy didn't hurt.

I was tempted to take a shower but I didn't know how long he would be sleeping and I wasn't really into taking a shower WITH him (which I was afraid he might want to do if he woke up and found me in there). Back in the room, I found my clothes scattered about and decided to put my original outfit back on rather than the schoolgirl one. Gathering up my stuff, I took out my cell phone and called my aunt. She didn't answer and for a moment I was worried she might not have it turned on or something.

Just as I hung up my phone and was about to panic, who should walk in the room but my Aunt Linda! That was only half the surprise as in her hand she was holding a video camera.

"Uhhhhh, Aunt Linda, what's that?" I asked, pointing to the camera. Of course I knew WHAT it was. What I meant to ask was what she was doing with it but she got the idea. She laughed, still not having said a word, but turned the camera around so I could look in the viewfinder. In the tiny window I saw me kneeling in front of Byron, sucking his cock like a pro!

"Well, I had to do something to make sure the jerk doesn't back out on me," my aunt explained. "Once he sees this there's no way he'll cancel anything. He may talk big but he's really scared shitless of his wife."

We both laughed. My aunt figured he would be sleeping for a while so she decided to quickly drive me home so she could take care of the final paperwork with Byron. It was still about a fifteen minute drive back home but then he had nowhere to go anyway even if he did wake up. I wondered what my aunt would do if he wanted seconds? To be honest, Byron was a good fuck and I knew Linda wasn't about to turn much down these days so it wouldn't surprise me if she had plans of her own for Byron!

I couldn't wait to get home and tell my mom about my latest adventure. If my dad thought my little thing with Kristen and my aunt was hot, wait until he heard about THIS one! Somehow I had a feeling I was going to be fucked again before the night was over.

# (Jun 02) Chapter 138: Nephew's Birthday Present

Story codes: MF oral inc aunt nephew cousins
Me (22)
Mary - my mom (40)
Kristen - cousin (20)
Rick - cousin (18)

My mom was turning 41. While not nearly as traumatic as her 40th birthday, it's still hard to "age" another year. Leave it to my cousin Rick to make her feel young again.

## 1. My Mom and Cousin Rick

I started fucking my cousin Rick almost a year ago. His dad, my Uncle Jim, did me first and after that door was opened it seemed only natural to let Rick have me as well, especially after the way he'd been looking at me as we grew up. To my surprise, my Mom decided to get in on the action and had Rick for herself a couple of weeks later. Like me, she was taken by his teenage enthusiasm - not to mention he has the biggest dick in the family, at least of those I've seen.

To be honest, I was a little perturbed at Rick's response to my mom's desires. Maybe it was what I like to call the "Mrs. Robinson" syndrome, I don't know. Whatever the reason, he seemed to be a lot more interested in doing my mom than me, to put it mildly. Once he started fucking my mom, we hardly ever did it after that. Not that Rick was all that wonderful - if anything he is a chip off the block and can be as much a jerk as his father. I guess it's more I'm use to men wanting ME more than other women, even their wives, so having to play second fiddle, even to my own mother, was disconcerting if nothing else.

As for my mom, she behaved like a kid when it came to Rick. She loved to tease him at church and at their house when his mom wasn't looking. I suppose it made her feel young again to be fucked by a young stud like Rick. My dad didn't care one way or the other. As far as he was concerned, Rick was a walking dildo his wife used when she was horny. He knew it was nothing personal. If anything, I think he liked it because she stopped complaining about his outspoken lust for Rick's sister, Tammy.

Once the "new toy" luster wore off, my mom settled down a bit. Back home after graduation, I didn't see them together hardly at all and so I assumed it was history, or at least one of those things she did when she was especially horny but otherwise something she could keep in her dreams and memories.

So now it was my mom's 41st birthday. The last one had been rather traumatic. My mom has never lied about her age but at the same time, she is sensitive about it as most women are. Although she didn't actually come out and SAY anything, I knew adding on another year was weighing on her and so I tried to think of something that might cheer her up. What I would have loved to do was call up my best friend Beth and get my mom invited to one of her parties. Even though I'd never seen a woman there her age, I doubted that the guys at the party would have minded as my mom keeps herself in pretty good shape. Maybe even some of the girls might like her as well for that matter.

Only problem was, my mom believes STRONGLY in the sanctity of marriage and believes that adultery is a cardinal sin. As a result, she has never cheated on my dad. For her, it is the act that is the sin so no matter what the reason or "permission" she might have from my dad, being fucked by a man outside her family is taboo. Bottom line - no parties for my mom as I doubted she would be able to get away with just blow jobs all night (which are NOT sex, by the way).

## 2. Kristen Gets Horny About Rick

I was talking about my dilemma with my cousin Kristen one afternoon while I was over at her house. Her mom was out showing a house to a client so we had the place to ourselves.

"So what did you get YOUR mom for her last birthday?" I asked, perplexed with everything.

"Well, she doesn't hit the big 4-0 until next year so we celebrated her 'first' 39th birthday." Kristen replied with a grin.

"So what did you do?"

"I set her up with a date."

Kristen said it in such a matter of fact tone that I had a hard time reading her. Then she started to grin and couldn't hold back anymore.

"Of course, he was only seventeen."

Now why didn't THAT surprise me? Heck, I should have guessed it immediately knowing my cousin. She was twenty now, having finished her sophomore year in college, so you would think she would be losing her interest in the high school boys. Not Kristen. I'd lectured her enough in that past about the dangers of screwing around with underage boys but she just brushed it off, claiming nobody ever prosecuted a girl for doing it, just guys.

It didn't help her mother encouraged her as well. THAT had probably more to do with the fact her mom liked it when she brought her young studs home where they learned they were getting a two for one deal, and a mom-daughter one at that. So far as I knew, none of them turned THAT wet dream fantasy down! But this was the first time, at least that I knew of, that my Aunt Linda had DATED one of her boy toys.

"You're kidding! Who was it?"

"Well, you know Jonathan, the kid next door to us?"

Well duh, how could I NOT? I remembered him from a few years back when his parents had moved in. From the start he was just a little perverted peeping tom, always staring at me when I came and went and lord only knows what else. Of course he had grown up since then, well obviously so from the way Kristen was describing him.

"God, I remember the first time I blew him," Kristen was going on, "Poor kid didn't know whether to shit or go blind! And then when I told him he could fuck me... oh my god, I thought he was going to faint."

"OK, OK, so he was another toy, I get the picture," I interrupted, "So how did you get him with your mom."

Kristen pouted for a second, evidently peeved I had stopped her from giving me more details, but she sighed and changed the subject to what I was interested in.

"Well, I convinced my mom to take him to the mall and pretend he was her son - you know she's always wished she had one."

I grinned at that. For a woman who had slept in the same bed with her daughter since her divorce almost eighteen years ago, I could only imagine how it would have been to add a boy into the mix!

"Of course, it didn't take anything to get Jonathan to go along with my plans," she continued with a wink.

"So what happened?"

"Basically, you could say she had a chance to relive her teenage years, " Kristen explained. "You know my mom, she's always up for something new. Once she realized what my 'present' was, she took the ball and ran with it."

"As in?'

"Well, you of anyone should know how it goes - aren't malls sort of your specialty?" Kristen asked teasingly.

"Well, back in high school maybe," I mused. Thoughts of teasing clerks, fucking in bathrooms and dressing rooms, and just general flirting quickly came to mind but those days were years ago for me.

"THAT'S the whole point," Kristen exclaimed, "She got to pretend she was back in high school and just made a fun day of it."

"She let him fuck her I assume?"

"Duh, earth to Kelly, what do you think?"

"Well, that's all well and good but I can't do that for MY mom's birthday and you know it," I said with a frown. "She would never do anything like that with a neighbor boy. You've heard her anti-adultery lectures enough I'm sure!"

Kristen looked at me with an expression of exasperation, as if I was missing something obvious.

"What?" I sighed?

"THINK girl, do I have to spell EVERYTHING out for you all the time?"

Well, I wasn't as crazy as Kristen, that was for sure, but I wasn't stupid either - or so I like to think. After all, SHE is the blonde in the family! This time, though, she had me stumped.

"Geeze Kelly, I can't believe you sometimes," Kristen sighed a little melodramatically, "Do the initials R-I-C-K mean anything?

Well why hadn't she just come and said it instead of making me feel as stupid as I did now. Of course there was the perfect option - her horny teenage nephew. He was nineteen now so a little older than Kristen preferred, but for my mom he was still a "boy", albeit a boy with one heck of a cock

"So what do you think?" she asked with a big grin on her face, obviously quite proud of herself for coming up with the idea.

There were tons of logistical problems to work out but I had to hand it to her, the concept was perfect. My mom and I sometimes went out and teased the guys in the malls and such but we WERE mother and daughter so there wasn't any element of fantasy from that perspective. My mom had always said she wished she could have had a son so why not let her have one for a day? Of course, his mother, my Aunt Shari, might have something to say about it if she ever found out but then this was nothing compared to what her husband and son were doing with her youngest daughter behind her back!

I looked over at Kristen and noticed she was playing with herself under the skirt she was wearing. Actually, it would have been surprising NOT to see her as I think sometimes her hand is permanently attached to her crotch but she wasn't just doing her usual absent-minded fingering, this looked to be more serious.

"I take it someone's horny today?" I giggled, pointing at her crotch. "What's the matter, been longer than 24 hours since you've been fucked?"

Although I meant to tease her, the reality was it wasn't much of a stretch. My cousin was probably the biggest slut to ever fuck her way through my high school and in college she has majored more in prostitution than anything else. I knew this summer she was "working" for her mom, helping her to sell real estate, mostly on her back. She had confided in me she didn't want to go back to school so who knew what she would be doing in the future but one thing was for sure, it would be something kinky if I knew her. I swear the girl DID get laid every day so the 24 hour joke was more on the mark than you might think!

"I was just imagining Rick and your mom together," she sighed, pausing for a moment to talk to me. "You know, she's never done him with me there. Why do you think that is?"

Well, I knew the reason but it wasn't something I wanted to tell her. Whenever Kristen got involved in something she tended to hog the spotlight. My mom viewed her times with Rick as HER time to just enjoy herself and be pampered by a horny young guy wanting to do anything to please her. Why would she want Kristen there vying for his attention, not to mention his dick?

"She doesn't do him all that often, you know, so maybe you just haven't been there at the right time," I lied.

Normally I never lied to my cousin about anything but there's a time and place for everything. Kristen pouted but it was more put-on than anything.

"God, can you imagine him doing her in some store?" she asked with a slutty grin. "I've never heard of your mom doing anything like that."

"From what she's told me, her teen years were a little wild," I answered.

"Yeah but can you imagine your mom doing it NOW? God, she is so conservative sometimes I wonder know how you ever got fucked by your dad the first time!"

For whatever reason, I hadn't told her about my mom's dealings with Rick a little before when her best friend Tammy was visiting after my graduation. There was no particular reason, I guess I just had never got around to it. Well, no time like the present!

"Oh my god, you're kidding!" Kristen exclaimed as I started telling her about how my mom and I had sucked Rick right in front of her best friend. That was nothing to her response when it got to where Rick was fucking us for her to watch.

"Wow, I guess Rick's been a bad influence on your mom - in a good way," she giggled, "I would have never thought she would ever do anything like that."

"Soooooo, what do you think about Rick these days?" I asked her.

Kristen looked thoughtful for a moment, as if trying to figure out how to put her thoughts and feelings into words.

"He IS a jerk, just like his dad, isn't he?" she finally came out with. I nodded in full agreement and then she added, "But he has a hell of a tool down there!"

We both laughed at that but at the same time, my pussy was tingling as I recalled how good it felt to have him fuck me. Why not? I started to rub myself through my shorts and as soon as my finger passed over my clit, I small gasp erupted involuntarily.

"Ha, got you horny thinking about him, didn't it?" Kristen teased although she was playing with herself just as much as ever.

"Screw it," I sighed, resigning myself to my own impulses.

Why fight Mother Nature? It's not like I needed to worry about being shy with my slutty cousin around. I pulled off my shorts and dropped them to the floor, leaving me bare ass on the kitchen chair.

For the next ten minutes or so, the two of us didn't say another word but just sat opposite each other, playing with ourselves as we watched the other. God, Kristen looked so damn sexy when she masturbated! She looked several years younger than her twenty years and it was like watching a high school girl getting herself off before a hot date. Finally she looked at me and paused.

mouth and nose. I could smell her sex, strong and wet from her masturbation efforts earlier. Now I wanted to taste it!

As Kristen's mouth clamped down on my clit, I couldn't help but jump as if I had touched an electric fence. Although I have never ACTUALLY touched one, I could imagine the way I felt when her tongue ran circles around my clit that what I was feeling had to be similar. I could have just laid there like this all day, letting her work on my clit with her incredibly talented tongue. God the girl knows how to lick a pussy! Kristen wasn't about to go for tat, though, as she dropped her pussy lower as a not too subtle hint.

I pulled her ass into my face, my nose pressed against her wet pussy hole as my tongue worked its way between the fold of her pussy to find her hardened clit. I was rewarded by a stiffening of her body as I flicked the tip of my tongue over the tip of it, teasing her at first and then pushing harder against it with my tongue. It had been a while since we had done this and I have to say, when it comes to pussy licking, nobody beats a girl, and no girl beats Kristen! As much as I love it when my mom licks me, she has the emotional advantage whereas with Kristen, it was based on the incredible pleasure she knew how to give me. Lord only knew how many pussies she had pushed her face into - she didn't keep a diary like I did growing up. Bottom line, she was a pro! (Technically, I guess you could say that too since I had no doubt part of college entrepreneurial efforts must have included a few female clients as well.)

Kristen pushed a finger into my pussy and then a second one while she never let her tongue off my clit for a moment. She was relentless, despite the way I was squirming under her. She fucked my pussy with her fingers as she licked and sucked on my clit like it was a nipple - a VERY sensitive one at that.

It didn't take long under the circumstance for me to cum. Many times over the years, since we were barely teenagers, Kristen an I masturbated together even though we didn't actually have sex until she was seventeen. One of the games we use to play was to see who could get themselves off the fastest. It was a rare day when I didn't win and today was not to be an exception to the rule.

My orgasm began to rise, warming my entire body like I was placed in an oven. Pulses of what I can only describe as "pleasure" emanated from my pussy like the sun shining and spreading warmth to the universe of my body. Usually my orgasms hit me hard, like I stepped out in the street and got smacked by a Mack truck - a very good feeling truck. Now and then they were like today's more like a fire building from a small match flame into a blazing inferno, a little bit at a time until it consumed me totally.

"Oh god," I gasped as I couldn't keep my mouth on her pussy any longer.

I pushed my head back into the pillow and held my breath as Kristen recognized what was happening and if anything, redoubled her efforts on me. There was none of this "drive her to the edge and keep her there" today. She was going to push me until I went over the edge!

"Cum for me," she whispered quickly as she took her mouth off of me for just a moment before returning to my pussy.

She didn't have to invite me - I was already there! My eyes were shut so tight it was like stars were exploding inside my eyelids as my legs straightened out and I went rigid, unable to move a muscle as her mouth and fingers continued to play with me. My head started to feel light as I realized I wasn't breathing and so somehow I managed to take a breath or two before holding it once again in order to fully concentrate on her mouth. Oh my god, it was so incredible!

Lord only knows how long she kept me cumming. It seemed like hours but I knew later it must have been only a few minutes. Her face must have been covered with my pussy cum as the world slowly returned to focus and I was able to start to work on her again. One good deed deserved another after all.

We ended up spending most of the afternoon in bed and I can't really say how many times each of us came but by the time it was over, I was exhausted. The most physically taxing part was when we used her double dildo, trying a variety of positions as we "fucked" each other at the same time. For the last hour or so, all we did was lay in each other's arms, pressing our sweaty nude bodies up tight against each other, intertwining our legs so our pussies pressed against the other's thighs.

## 3. My Present to My Mom

We must have fallen asleep at some point as when I woke up, her mother was standing next to the bed with a smirk on her face.

"Looks like the two of you have been having a good time this afternoon," she teased us, "Couldn't wait for your mom to get home girl?"

She was obviously just teasing but I wouldn't have been surprised if I could read her mind if she hadn't wished she had taken the afternoon off from work! Personally, I wouldn't have minded either!

We just smiled at her and kissed one last time before getting out of bed. I dressed and couldn't help but notice Kristen was making no efforts to do the same. Hmmm, I wonder what she had planned after her cousin had gone home?

Back home I got in just in time for dinner. My parents were just sitting down when I walked in and kissed my dad hello. He wrinkled his nose and smiled.

"Ahhhhhh, I think I know why you are late getting home from Kristen's," he teased me.

I hadn't had time to wash up so obviously the scent of Kristen's cute little wet pussy was all over me, especially my face. My mom's ears perked up so I want over and kissed her as well, leaving her with a smile. Neither of them said another word - none was necessary in this case!

After supper I filled in my dad with Kristen and my plan for my mom's birthday. Surprisingly, he wasn't as enthused about it as I would have thought he would be. Although he never said anything, there were times I wondered just how comfortable my dad was with my mom getting fucked by Rick all the time. Of course he knew Rick's dick was significantly bigger than his own so maybe he suffered from a little male "size envy" but there was no reason for that from my perspective.

My mom didn't make love with my dad because of the size of his dick, she did it because she loved him! Rick was just a toy for her, no more than Tammy and Kristen were for my dad. If anything, I often wondered why she was never jealous of my Aunt Linda as she went back to his teen dating days. It just went to show how mature and understanding my mom was to let her husband fuck an old high school flame, even if she WAS her sister.

On any case, he gave me the green light, if reluctantly. Now I just had to break the news to Rick. Somehow I didn't think he would object and so it turned out. God, I thought his dick was going to push through his jeans when I described to him what I wanted him to do for my present to my mom.

Finally the big day arrived - my mom's birthday. Fortunately it fell on a Saturday which made it all the easier. My dad and I served her breakfast in bed - and I mean eggs and sausage, not dick and pussy as some people might start thinking. Then we gave her out gifts - both of which were nothing more than two envelopes. I told her to open my dad's first in which she found an invitation not dinner that night at one of the classier restaurants in Pittsburgh. God, it was going to cost him a fortune by the time he bought wine and dessert!

It was time for my card and she opened it with a quizzical eye. I had never done anything like this before, previously it was always some form of gift, usually clothes. She opened the card and out fell a photograph. Holding it up, she couldn't help but smile wryly when she recognized what it was. Holding it out to my dad, he grinned a wide one.

"I guess we know who THAT belongs to," he said, handing it back.

Of course, it was a classic cock shot of an erect dick - unmistakably Rick's as anyone who had spent hours sucking on it would know right away. Then she read the invitation and her eyes widened like saucers. Turning to me, she looked at me like I was crazy or at least a little touched.

"You've GOT to be teasing me," she said, "This is just a birthday joke, right?"

"Don't you like my present mom?" I pouted, "I worked HARD for it."

My mom chuckled at that and responded saying, "Somehow or another, I don't think you weren't the one that as hard." She was obviously implying that I had fucked Rick to get him to do this for me.

"No, he didn't fuck me," I huffed back.

She turned to my dad and held out the card, "I take it you've seen this John? You sure you're OK with it?"

My dad was a good sport about it all and smiled back at him, even if he didn't really want to which I had to wonder about.

"I think it would be fun for you, don't you dear?"

"Hey, didn't Kristen do something like for my sister once before?" my mom asked me.

I just shrugged my shoulders and pretended not to know. Sometimes a little white lie can be justified and this was one of those times.

"Well... I guess since you went through so much trouble, how can I not accept this," she said with a smile.

"Yeah right, like you're going to turn down an afternoon with HIM screwing you the whole time," my dad huffed. I looked at him sharply, wondering what he really meant by it but he didn't say another word.

"Oh, one more thing," my mom added, just as I was all about to leave the bedroom to get dressed, "I assume you'll be coming with to chaperone?"

I looked at her, a bit surprised and confused. THAT idea had never come to my mind. My assumption had been she would just pick up Rick and take the afternoon off to misbehave. Now that she mentioned it, though, the idea made me tingle a bit to consider.

"Well, so long as it's YOUR day and I just get to watch out for you," I compromised.

Actually, the idea was as practical as it was erotic. I knew from my own experiences that it never hurts to have a "lookout" at times when you're fooling around in public. As hot as it makes me to be naughty, it's a fine line between getting away with something and getting caught. All the fun in the world can be screwed up with just one public indecency arrest!

Way back when Kristen and I were younger we use to go to grocery stores and masturbate in the vegetable area and then putting the cucumber or carrot back to see who would buy it later, not knowing it had a coating of pussy on it. Such a thing would have been impossible by yourself as while one of us was playing, the other would keep an eye out for anyone who got too close for comfort. Well, looked like I was going to be watching out for my mom this afternoon!

I left their room as my dad was climbing in bed with my mom. I think he had his own "private" birthday gift to give her, one she would be keeping after he got out of bed! I am always amazed at people who say they are grossed out thinking of their parents having sex. For me, I love knowing they do it as it shows me what a great marriage they have and how vibrant and healthy they both continue to be. What's there to be ashamed or embarrassed about?

Back in my room, I debated what to wear on our little adventure this afternoon. Should I dress conservatively and blend into the crowd, being more of a spy sending them intelligence on "enemy " movements? Or should I dress like a hooker on the prowl, acting as a decoy to lure potential threats away from them? Anyone who knows me shouldn't have any problem figuring out which option I chose! Besides, since I had graduated I had put all my "Nancy Drew" clothes from school in the back recesses of my closet in favor of wearing things I was a lot more comfortable in.

When it comes to drawing attention, there are two things that are paramount to consider - boobs and legs. Whatever I chose had to highlight my boobs and show as much leg as possible. On top that meant a skin-tight pink camisole that exposed most of my stomach. Further down the only real decision was which skirt to wear as pants, or even shorts, weren't enough for today - no matter how tight or short.

After considerable debate (do guys have ANY idea how long it takes us to just DECIDE what to wear? Do they think sluttiness comes easy? LOL), I picked out a tight white skirt that was about as short as it could be and not be look like I had just left an ice rink. "No panties" would have been crossing that line into the public indecency area so I picked out a matching pink thong. Rather than strings in back, it actually had a little material so that it covered me enough not to expose my asshole when I leaned over - but still highly suggestive without requiring a lot of imagination. White heels to match my skirt and I had an outfit ready.

As I went across the hall to get to the bathroom, I glanced over to see how my parents were coming (cumming?) along. My mom was riding my dad's dick, facing away from him so he could see her ass which also meant she was facing away from the door so neither of them noticed me taking a look. Out of respect for their privacy I went on to the bathroom although I would have loved to have watched a while longer.

After brushing my teeth I jumped in the shower. Glancing at the shower massager, I thought about my parents fucking across the hall and thought, what the hell? It wasn't like anyone would be asking me to hurry up in the bathroom any time soon if I knew them. I took it from the holder and adjusted the spray to a pulsing flow. Leaning against the side of the stall to keep my balance, I spread my legs wide apart and directed the stream at my pussy. All I can say after that the guy who invented this baby hopefully got well rewarded. There must be millions of women indebted to him!

Between the flow of the water against me and my fingers, it didn't take long to work myself to a decent, if not spectacular, orgasm. Afterwards I stood under the shower stream as I let my heartbeat calm down and the flushness evaporate before stepping out. I dried myself off and tossed the towel into the dirty clothes chute that led to the basement. It felt good to stand there in the humidity of the bathroom, nude and fresh feeling with a bit of a tingle between my legs left over from my shower friend. Poking my head out, I could hear my mom saying something about what she wanted my dad to do to her so I knew they were a ways from finishing up.

Pulling my hair back into a single ponytail, I returned to my bedroom for my makeup and to check my mail. I must check it a hundred times a day it seems and I always love it when certain names appear as I know they have something nice to say - or even sometimes show me. Nobody was on IM so I go up from my desk and dressed. Checking myself out in the mirror, I didn't hear anyone approaching.

"Damn, who's getting laid this afternoon, you or your mom?" my dad chuckled from the doorway. His dick was still pretty hard and I noted how wet it and the surrounding pubic hair looked. Mom must have really gushed this time when she came!

"You think this will draw people away from them that get too close?" I asked him teasingly, walking over to him to grab his dick. I loved the feel of wetness on him and I leaned over to quickly take in my mouth for a taste. Yep, there was no mistaking my mom!

"Only the ones who aren't blind," he laughed.

"Mmmmmmm, you taste good," I said, standing up and licking my lips like my dog after it licks off my plate.

"Sorry, he's had about all he can take for now," my dad laughed, flipping his dwindling cock with his hand. "Maybe tonight when you get back all horny?"

We both laughed. He knew me all too well!

"So what's the story anyway" Do we have to pick him up or what?" my mom asked, stepping up behind him. God, her hair was a disaster and she looked like she had been in the sun all day from the redness in her chest and face. Dad must have fucked her good!

I explained that Rick was picking her up at 1:00 (it WAS supposed to be a date after all) and that meant she only had a couple of hours to get ready. From the way she looked, she was going to need every minute.

I went downstairs, leaving them to tend to their morning needs and whatever. So long as my dad didn't "recover" faster than usual and get things started again, she would be ready well ahead of time. Fortunately she wasn't one of those women who take forever to get herself ready, a trait I must have inherited from her.

## 4. My Mom and Rick in a Mall Restroom

Promptly at 1:00 the front doorbell rang and my mom answered it. She pretended to be surprised when Rick was standing there, holding a bouquet of roses for my mom.

"Happy birthday Aunt Mary," he said politely, handing her the roses.

"Rick, I think for today you should just call me Mary, what do you say?" she corrected him.

"OK Aunt... I mean Mary," he stuttered. It was funny - he actually seemed nervous. Here he'd been fucking mom for ages and now suddenly he was acting like a freshman on his first date.

"Well, I guess we should be going," mom said, handing the roses to my dad for safe keeping. "Oh, you don't mind if Kelly tags along, do you?

Rick took one look at me and grinned, "Not at all! Will she...?"

"No, I won't," I cut him off, knowing where he was going and not even wanting the question asked. "Just going with to play lookout and decoy."

Rick shrugged and turned back to my mom. Holding out his arm like a perfect gentleman, he led my mom out to his waiting car with me a few steps behind. Looking ahead of me, I had to give my mom credit - she was playing this to the hilt. She had picked out a short black skirt (not nearly as short as mine but quite "inappropriate" for a woman her age) and a floral peasant blouse that covered her full bosom but would provide easy access later when it counted. Her black heels were higher than any I'd seen her wear in ages and her hair looked remarkable, even more so given the way I knew it looked just a couple of hours before. I had no idea yet what was under the skirt, but I had no doubt I would be seeing for myself sooner than later.

Rick held the passenger door of his car open for her as she climbed in, not bothering to hold her skirt down I noticed. I thought for a moment I would be seeing what was under the skirt but it heroically worked to cover her ass somehow, although her long bare legs were on full display. God, it was hard to believe she was my own mother!

We had planned on going to a mall that was past the airport and almost an hour from my house to minimize any risk of someone we knew seeing us. The drive over was rather uneventful although I noticed my mom had her hand resting on Rick's crotch the entire way. I was half expecting her to lean over the center console and suck him off at some point but she managed to contain herself and hold off until we got to the mall. God, she had a lot more willpower than I would ever!

The parking lot was crammed for some reason and then I noticed the signs announcing some large mall-wide clearance sale. That was good and bad. Good in that there would be a lot of people to watch them, bad from the standpoint that it would be more difficult to find a public place that wasn't already occupied.

No sooner had my mom stepped out of the car and started walking towards the mall, holding with her nephew's hand as if they were on a date (which technically they were), than the "looks" started. Which "look" they got depended on the source. From most of the guys, it was like a lamb being paraded by a pack of wolves. From the mothers and wives, just say that if looks could kill, my mom would be dead umpteen times over!

The door we entered led to the Food Court and we decided a little lunch would be the best way to start. My cousin looked like he was about to make a suggestion for her to eat something NOT on an of the kiosk menus but then he thought better about it under the circumstances. Well, well, maybe turning nineteen had finally instilled some common sense into him!

We picked a sandwich for Rick and some salads for me and my mom and finally found a place to sit. Between my mother and I, there was a LOT of leg being exposed at our table, something that was NOT being missed by most of the male population in the area. My pussy tingled as I could only imagine what thoughts were going through their heads - especially the little ones down lower.

Leaning forward so she could talk in a lower tone, my mom looked at the two of us and asked, "Well, what do we do to get started?"

Rick looked at me, evidently figuring I was the more experienced one at these type of things so I should have all the answers. Well, had it been just me and him, maybe so, but this was my MOM after all. Finally it hit me though, she should do just what I would under the circumstances.

"Why don't you show her the men's restroom Rick?" I hinted.

My mom grinned as she picked up that I was referring to one of my early teen episodes with my boyfriend in a mall men's room. At the time she was masturbating pretty heavily before I even finished telling her about my date so I could only imagine how it must feel to be on the brink of doing it for herself.

"Well, what do you think Rick? You 'up' for it?" my mom teased the poor guy.

Glancing at the crotch of Rick's jeans, he certainly was "up", THAT was for sure! Something told me that if I could read his thoughts about then they would have been something like, "Damn, the old broad's really going to do it! Shit, I'm gonna get to fuck her here!" I couldn't help but think that all along he thought this was all just some tease, that my mom would never go through with nay of this. Well, he didn't know my mom. As conservative as she may be, when she sets her mind to something there's not much that can get in her way to stop her (just ask my poor dad).

I followed them as they went off to find the restrooms. I hadn't been to this mall in ages and had no idea where things were but as always, there were signs. Immediately I knew this was going to be a little more "interesting" than when I had first done this years ago. In my case, the mall was laid out such that the restrooms were down a long hallway away from the general public area. This made it easier to slip in and out unnoticed. Well, not here! The doors were squarely out in front of the entire food court! I hung back to watch, curious to see what they would do.

Rick went in first to check out the "availability". He quickly came back out, shaking his head. Shortly afterwards, two guys emerged which is why Rick had made the gesture. He looked at me and I realized what he wanted - a distraction. Well, I could handle THAT.

I dropped my purse and when I went to reach for it, I "slipped" and went crashing to the floor. With my skirt around my hips, the thong made a valiant effort to keep my pussy covered but it was barely up to the job. Every make pair of eyes in the food court was locked on me, not to mention a few female ones. I slowly got up, pretending to be embarrassed at "exposing" myself but actually I could feel the warmth between my legs signaling that I was getting wet seeing the looks I was getting.

Once I was back on my feet and the crowd had dispersed, I looked around to and my mom and Rick were nowhere to be seen. Well, hopefully they were where I thought they were! I had no idea how they were going to get out undetected so I took a seat and waited.

## 5. Phone Sex With My Mom

Suddenly my cell phone went off and I knew who it had to be. Sure enough, it was my mom!

"That was GREAT Kelly, you deserve an Oscar for that one," my mom congratulated me.

"Soooooo?" I asked.

I heard my mom laugh and then she said, "Well, we are in the stall and your cousin's dick is right in front of me. Pardon me, I have something to take care of."

The line went dead just as I watched several guys and a few boys all step into the restroom at practically the same time. A number thoughts flashed through my mind. I wondered how crowded things were getting in there. How private were the stalls - could anyone see through the door enough to notice there were two people in there - and one of them didn't have a dick?

About twenty minutes passed and I was starting to wonder what the hell was going on in there! Meanwhile I had fended off at least six guys trying to pick me up (maybe any other day, but not today). There seemed to be a constant parade of guys going in and out so I didn't know if they were still going at it or if they were done but couldn't get a chance to leave undetected.

The door opened and a guy walked out who hurriedly rushed over to his friend and started talking animatedly, pointing back to the restroom, Just as my heartbeat started to rise, the door opened again and my mom and Rick filed out, another guy behind them as well who clearly was interested in my mom's ass.

"Let's go dear," my mom said in a tight voice, looking around as if she thought Security might be coming any second.

As we left the Food Court, the two of them starting laughing and I looked at them, expecting an explanation.

"Sorry we took so long," my mom apologized, "But after I sucked Rick here off and then he fucked me (it felt great by the way Rick) it seemed the place would NEVER clear out. Finally I said the hell with it and just walked out, ignoring the guys standing there."

They started laughing again as Rick continued, "Shit Kelly, you should have seen the looks on their faces when you mom stepped out and adjusted her skirt and top in the mirror. You would've thought they were frozen in place!"

The chattered on about it some more and I just listened, a little jealous to be honest. Here I was turning down dicks while they were having a great time fucking away. Oh well, it WAS her birthday after all so I tried my best to push those feelings aside and look forward to the next opportunity. My mom was beaming!

Next stop was Macy's. On nice thing about most of them, they have great dressing rooms. My mom picked out some sexy bras and after looking around, she and Ryan slipped inside, undetected from what I could tell. I stood guard nearby, cell phone in hand in case something went awry. I was just getting settled in when the phone rang - my mom again.

"How's this for phone sex Kelly?"

Damn, what had gotten into my mom today (besides my dad and Rick)? Whatever it was, it certainly wasn't what I had expected. I sat there and listened as she handed the phone to Rick who proceeded to give me a blow by blow (no pun intended) description of how my other was sucking his cock! I started to reach for my pussy when I remembered where I was and I looked around for a restroom to disappear into. Finally I had to ask one of the clerks who showed me the way and as fast as I could I was locked in a stall listening to my own private sex phone call.

"Oh yes, Aunt Mary, suck it deeper," he groaned. It was like a non-stop commentary of her tongue and lips on his shaft. Compared to his sister Tammy, my mom's BJ must have been off the scale so far as he was concerned!

"So what do you want me to do next, Kelly?" my mom broke in.

She knew perfectly well what I wanted Rick to do to her but I could tell where my sexuality genes had come from, that's for sure. I often did the same thing - ask a guy to tell me something I knew already, but just wanted him to hear him say it.

"Make him lick your pussy, mom," I whispered to her, not wanting to be heard by anyone in this echo cavern masquerading as a bathroom.

She must have held the phone away as I could hear her faintly passing along my instructions and then some sounds of clothes rustling. What position were they getting into? A phone was nice but a web cam would have been greater!

"Oh god Kelly, that feel so good," she moaned in to the phone.

In my mind I pictured Rick's face buried in her pubic hair, his nose pressed against her clit as he snaked his tongue into her pussy. God how wonderful she must smell now, especially after having been fucked just a little while ago. My tongue worked its way over my lips as I imagined the strong odor of my mother's crotch blending in and complimenting the taste of her wet pussy. What I would have given to be in Rick's place right now!

"Oh god Kelly, I'm cumming," she gasped into the phone.

Damn, that was fast, even for a woman in my family! It amazed me how horny my mom was after having made a fuss earlier in the day about whether she wanted to go or not.

How many girls have had the chance to listen to their mom having an orgasm over the phone? And how many of THOSE got to listen to it as a result of her nephew licking her? Not many, I would bet.

"I want his dick in me, Kelly... tell him to fuck me," she moaned into the phone. God, what if someone was in the room next door?

My own pussy was crying out to be fucked itself! I was talking and listening using one hand while my other was playing full time with my wet pussy. Rick came back on the phone.

"Well?" was all he said, sounding impatient.

"Fuck my mom Rick," I said firmly but in a low voice.

"What? I can't hear you," he complained, sounding even more impatient with me. "Speak up!"

"I said... Fuck my mother!" I repeated myself, my voice a little louder then I cared for it to be.

"Ahhhhhh, that's what I THOUGHT you said," he laughed on the other end. Jerk! He heard me the first time, I was sure of that.

"You touching yourself Kelly?" my mom said, taking back the cell phone.

Well duh, what did she THINK I was doing, knitting?

"Oh shit, he's about to fuck me again," my mom said without waiting for my answer. "Oh god his cock is so big!"

On my mind I could imagine his thick stiff shaft sliding into my mom's hairy pussy. Was she getting it doggy style? How much room was there in the dressing room? Had she stripped or just pulled her panties to the side? It was frustrating to sit her on the toilet, nothing to do but masturbate as I wished I could be in the dressing room with them.

"Faster Rick, pump it faster," she gasped, "Now deeper, all the way in me"

"Tell him to cum in me this time Kelly," my mother pleaded between gasps and moans.

I could hear the background noise change as when handed the phone to her nephew. When I heard his panting loud and clear, I knew he must have the phone at least close to his ear.

"Cum in her Rick... shoot it inside my mom."

No response other than more animal-like groans and grunting. It sounded like the phone was being passed again and my mom was back.

"Oh god Kelly, I think he's close!" my mom gasped.

My own pussy would have given most anything to have his dick in me right at this moment. I was so jealous of my mom. If I was in there we could at least share it, swap him between our pussies in a sexual form of musical chairs - who would get his cum in her pussy?

"He's cumming Kelly... God he's cumming hard this time!"

He wasn't the only one. My own pussy was throbbing like a horror movie heartbeat and listening to my mom moaning as my cousin pumped his teenage dick deep into her pussy and release his cum into her was more than I was ready to take any longer. I heard someone entering the restroom but I didn't care. All I knew was I was having an orgasm and nobody was going to stop me from enjoying it to the fullest - NOBODY.

"Someone in there?" a voice called through the door.

I tried to answer but with my finger now in my pussy it was like it went up to my mouth, stopping me responding in any literal sense.

"You OK in there sweetie?" the voice asked.

"Oh yes, don't worry," I did my best to try and get out but it still sounded like I was constipated as at the same time my orgasm was constricting my voice.

"OK, you take care then," the voice replied as she left the room - finally!

Between my own orgasm and listening to my mom taking Rick's incestuous cum in her, I certainly was taking care of myself!

Finally it as over and I cleaned myself up as best I could before pulling my thing back in place. Looking in the mirror there was no mistaking the "I just came" look based on the flushness of my face and chest, the look I my eyes, and the disheveled hair. I tried to straighten up a bit and then went out to try and track the two horny toads down.

## 6. Mom and Rick Get WAY Too Public

I arrived at the dressing rooms just as my mom walked out. Where was Rick? THAT became obvious in a moment as some woman yelled for somebody to get out of the dressing rooms. Rick came hustling out with s shit-eating grin on his face and a voice was calling out "Pervert, I'll call security!"

My mom just shook her head in semi0disbelief and suggested we all get moving before Security DID make an appearance. Rick still had that ridiculous grin on his face so I couldn't help but ask him what had happened.

"Your mom thought it would be better not to walk out together so I hung back. No sooner did I start mom leave when the door next to our opened and some woman stuck her head out. Well, that was what started all the commotion you heard."

Back out in the mall community area, we took a seat on a bench to rest for second and plan our next move.

"Well, what's the naughtiest thing you've ever done with a boy in the mall, Kelly" my mom asked.

As if she didn't know. My mom knew EVERYTHING about me and with her memory, probably MORE about me in the past.

I thought for a few minutes, trying to determine what I should tell her since it was obvious it was her intent to recreate that event but substituting herself for me.

The it hit me, why should she simply repeat what I had done? Why not create her own experiences, as unique as she was?

"I have an idea... Why don't you make out with Rick?"

My mom's mouth momentarily dropped until she quickly regained her composure.

"You mean HERE?" she responded disbelievingly, "Out in front of everyone?"

"Why not? Nobody here knows you."

My mom may have been a little disconcerted but Rick was obviously not as worried. He put his hand on my mom's leg, moving it up until his fingers were just under the hem of her skirt. She put her hand over his, not pushing him away but at the same time keeping him from going any further.

"So just what do you think we should do Kelly?"

Actually, I hadn't thought this through before blurting out my idea. NOW what was I supposed to say? It was a great idea but as they say, the devil is I the details.

"Well, for someone who just turned 41, you're still pretty hot mom. What do you think people will say if they see you making out with an eighteen year old boy?"

My mom couldn't help but smile. "Well, if it was ME, I would say she was robbing the cradle, trying to relive her teenage years, a Britney Spears concert mom."

"So you don't want to do it?"

"Well, I never said THAT," she replied with a naughty grin, "I'm just saying what I would think if I saw a woman my age making out with Rick."

Standing up from the bench, I look back down at her and grinned.

"Well, I have shopping to do. I'll leave you two to do... well, to do whatever it is you want to do."

Of course I had nothing to shop for, so I just headed over to the other side of the room and found a seat where I could watch them and the people as they came and went. Looking back across the way, this time it was my turn for my mouth to drop open just a bit. Frankly, I had expected my mom and Rick to maybe steal a kiss and snuggle up tight to one another, but not act like two teens with raging hormones making out in the back seat!

My mom had her legs crossed, causing her skirt to ride up and expose her upper thighs. I could only hope that I inherited whatever genes kept her legs looking that trim and sexy twenty years from now! Any "decent" woman her age would have pulled it down to cover more of her legs but then, a "decent" woman wouldn't be wearing skirt like hers in the first place. Rick had his arm around her, his hand firmly planted on her bared leg, holding on like he was trying to pull her inside of him. His other arm was around her shoulder, his hand holding her upper arm, just an inch or so away from her swelling breasts.

Not only was Rick wrapper around my mom like she was some young girlfriend, they were kissing like two lovers reunited after a long separation. Damn, even I didn't make out like that in a place like this when I was a teenager!

Watching the crowd, it was fascinating to see the widely varying reactions. Of course, there were the older men who tried not to look but you could tell their attention was riveted on the hottest bench in the mall. More than a couple had their wives with them whom when they saw what their husbands were looking at, either smacked them or pulled them away with the most disgusted looks imaginable. The teenage boys were the best, unabashedly staring, undoubtedly wishing they were in Rick's place. Probably the least affected were the teenage girls who seemed to just ignore what was going on under their noses. Well, for that matter, they seemed to ignore just about everything else too!

No matter how horny my mom might have been, to say the least of Rick, there WERE limits to what they could do without getting tossed out, or maybe even arrested for public indecency. I decided that enough was enough, and that I had better "rescue" them from themselves before something DID go too far. As I walked back towards them, I realized I was none too soon as Rick's hand started to work its way up my mom's skirt, obviously getting a feel of her ass.

"Ahem!" I coughed, pretending to be unintentionally interrupting them, "Maybe you two should get a room?"

Rick wasn't paying any attention to me. Damn, he didn't seem to care a whit that he was in the center of mall feeling up a woman twice his age. My mom, on the other hand, realized that enough was enough and started to push Rick away. Not soon enough, though, as it turned out.

"Excuse me, would you mind explaining what's going on here?" a strong voice said from behind me.

I looked and my face must have turned white as a uniformed security guard was standing there, arms folded as he tried to look as menacing as possible. Well, he was doing a damn good job of it!

Well, THAT got Rick's attention and he bolted upright as my mom belatedly pulled her skirt down and adjusted her top.

"How old are you kid?" the guard asked Rick.

"Eighteen."

"Got something to prove that?"

Rick pulled out his wallet and showed him his driver's license.

"And how about you lady, how old are you?"

My mom pursed her lips and answered defiantly, "None of your business."

"What you were doing here made it my business," the security guy rebuffed her.

My mom reached for her purse and took out her license. The guard looked at both IDs and then his eyes narrowed.

"What the... Rick Wells and Mary Wells?" he said, his voice raising up the scale a little higher, "You two related?"

"I'm his aunt," my mom said, taking the role of the adult.

"You gotta be kidding?" the guard replied shaking his head, "What are you, some sort of perverts?"

My mom had enough by then. She stood up and held out her hand for her license.

"Is that all you wanted?" she spoke firmly.

The guard handed back the licenses and pointed to the exit.

"I think it's best the two of you leave... now!" he said a little too loudly if you asked me. Then he looked at me.

"You with them I suppose?" he asked me. I nodded and he pointed to the exit again.

"Should have known. You people are fucked up."

We left without looking back. A crowd had gathered by now and I could feel the stares drilling into my back - or maybe my ass when it came to the guys. Once out the door, we couldn't hold back anymore and we all burst out laughing.

"Oh my god, can you believe it?" Rick said, looking as if he couldn't himself.

My mom was muttering something about a "fucking rent-a-cop" but then she brightened up.

"Well, I guess that puts me one up on you girl. You've never been thrown out of a mall before I bet."

Actually I HAD but I wasn't about to tell her about that embarrassing moment. Besides, it was over six years ago, almost seven.

"So now what?" I asked, "Was that enough for a birthday present?"

My mom laughed and hugged me.

"Oh Kelly, you know better than that. It was a GREAT present."

We went back to the car and when we got there, my mom took the keys from Rick and handed them to me.

"Why don't you drive home Kelly, Rick and I have some unfinished business to get to in the back seat."

At that point, I was more surprised that I was surprised than anything else. Well, it WAS her birthday and why not end it with a bang - literally.

We weren't out of the parking lot before my mom was sucking on Rick's dick. To was pretty cramped back there so all she did was blow him in the way home and we were only about ten minutes from the mall when he came. It wasn't easy driving with one hand between your legs as you listened to your own mom sucking off your cousin behind you!

Rick dropped us off and when we went in the house, my dad was waiting for us.

"Well?" was all he had to say when we came into the family room.

My mom kissed him and after a long, passionate kiss my dad leaned back and grimaced a little.

"Damn, did the kid just cum in your mouth or what?"

My mom looked a little embarrassed as she knew my dad was about as straight as it came and eating his OWN sperm wasn't a thrill so tasting his nephew's was undoubtedly a turn-off for him.

"Sorry dear, let me go up and clean up a bit," she apologized.

My dad kissed her again, which I thought was incredibly unselfish of him. I knew the thought of Rick's cum had to be in his mind but he loved my mother enough to take it if that's what it took to make her happy.

"Love you babe," I heard him whisper to her.

"Love you too," she replied.

She blew me a kiss and headed upstairs. My dad took my hand and had me sit by him on the couch.

"OK girl, spill it," he laughed, "What happened? I want details."

I started to try and tell him but I knew it was a waste of time. There was no way I would get even half-way through this tale before he started fucking me. Oh well, the things a girl does for her mom and dad!

their nephew fuck HER anytime he wanted. Rick was only seventeen the first time they did it but I guess in her mind that was a lot older than fourteen and so it was OK. Rick was almost nineteen now so legal age wasn't an issue but even so, the same problem was there if his mom ever found out he was fucking his aunt!

So anyway, they dropped the subject and we finished our meal without any further discussion about Tammy.

## 2. Tuesday Evening - Me and Dad in the Hot Tub

After dinner I retreated upstairs to my bedroom where I started to change into a t-shirt but changed my mind and went into my dad's closet to pick out a shirt. I chose a white dress shirt with long sleeves that hung on me like a sack but felt quite comfy. It always felt good to dress down for the evening. Running around the house nude wasn't my thing and I knew my dad enjoyed seeing me in his shirts, even if he pretended to complain about it. I thought he could use some cheering up after the Tammy discussion and hopefully seeing me wearing it would do something for him - in more ways than one.

Heading back downstairs, my mom was alone in the kitchen, putting away the dishes.

"Hey mom, where did dad go?"

"Out back, I can hear the tub running," she answered. She looked at me and shook her head.

"You know that shirt's new, don't you?"

"So?"

"Well, keep it away from the hot tub. The chemicals yellowed the last one you wore."

Whatever. I just shrugged and headed for the door at the back of the kitchen. Our house was situated like most homes in the Pittsburgh area - on the side of a steep hill. Our driveway dropped an entire story in the length of the house making the garage level with the basement. Rather than just roof the garage, my dad built a deck over it so it was huge - the size of a two car garage. The kitchen was at the back of the house so the back door led out to the deck. With the trees and sloping hills, plus the railings on the deck, it was surprisingly private given we lived in the middle of town.

I held his shaft at the base with my hand to steady it and then took his dick in my mouth and bobbed on it a few times before dropping it from my mouth and looking back up at him again.

"You're thinking about HER, aren't you?" I accused him playfully.

My dad didn't rise to the bait and just groaned as I worked on his cock. After six years I'd sucked his dick hundreds of times so I was pretty "familiar" with it. I knew just how to make him feel good, just where to touch him, where he preferred to be licked, when he wanted to be stroked or when he wanted to be sucked. He had told me once, VERY privately, that I blew him even better than my mom which thrilled me to no end. Of course, neither of us would EVER say that to my mom who prided herself on her cocksucking prowess.

His dick tasted like hot tub water, the smell of bromine heavy in my nose. Holding his balls in one hand, I gently rolled them in my hand, being careful not to get TOO rough with them. Given his "warm up" before my arrival, it wasn't long before he was ready to cum.

"Cum in my mouth daddy," I begged, "Let me taste your love for me."

Again, it was a totally unnecessary request as nine out of ten times when I sucked him off, that's where he did it. There were those times when he seemed to enjoy spraying it on me but fortunately those were pretty far and few between. Even then, it wasn't so bad when I did him in the hot tub as I could wash it off right away but when we were in the SUV or watching TV, I either had to go to the bathroom or stay with him and have it dry on me.

My dad grabbed my head with both hands and held it down on his dick, signifying to me his intent to release himself in my mouth. Sure enough, he soon started to ejaculate.

"Oh fuck, that feels so DAMN good!" he exclaimed, his hips humping up against my mouth as one load after another of his cum .

I was pretty happy myself at that moment, knowing I'd been successful at making my dad cum. Actually, I loved it when any guy came when I sucked him. I guess you could say it is sort of a validation for me in way. A guy can't fake an orgasm like a girl can so when he cums, it means I was the one that made him do it. With my dad it was extra special. After all. how many fathers cum as a result of their daughter actually sucking them instead of just having to imagine it?

My dad's warm cum flooded into my mouth, as if I was holding a bottle of water with a squirt top to my mouth and squeezing it, except his sperm was warm and sort of slimy. Damn, he was horny tight! He released at least five or six decent loads before he jerked a few more times and then called it quits. I let his dick drop from my mouth and looked up at him with a big grin on my face. Opening my mouth, I stuck out my tongue so he could see his cum that was pooled on top of it.

"Damn, you really do love that stuff, don't you?" he teased me as I swallowed it down. It took me a few gulps to get it all down before I could answer him.

"You know I love your cum daddy!"

"Yeah, I know. But I also know you love any guy's cum, period, don't you?" he corrected me.

It was more a statement than a question, he knew the answer. Now that his lust and tension released, my dad slipped back into the hot water and sat down next to me, putting his arm around me and holding me tight to him.

"Thanks baby, I REALLY needed that," he sighed.

For a few minutes we just sat there and I enjoyed the secure feeling of being close to my dad. I imagine it would have been a tender sight to anyone who might have seen us, a father and his daughter being so close and intimate. Suddenly my dad sat up straight and pulled his arm out from behind me.

"God I'm so selfish!" he exclaimed. "I bet you need to get off too, don't you?"

Well duh! Of course I would have liked it but that wasn't why I'd come out to the deck. Not that I was ready to turn anything down that he might be offering.

He maneuvered me such that he had his arms under my back and shoulders with my feet up on the corner of the tub. Holding me up so I wouldn't fall back and sink, he helped me get closer until the jets in the corner were striking my pussy. The warmth and force of the water pulsing against my pussy and clit felt wonderful! At first I just rested in his arms, letting my head fall back against him as his strong hands held me up.

"Hey, you're not falling asleep on me, are you?" he teased.

Sleep was about the LAST thing on my mind as my clit responded to the attention. My mouth still had an aftertaste of my dad's cum and as I let the water massage my pussy, I imagined how it would taste if I licked it from Tammy's pussy instead after he had just fucked her. The more I thought about him and her together, the hornier I got and soon my hand was helping the jets get me off.

"That's it, get yourself off for me," my dad said, just barely loud enough for me to hear. "Tell me what you're dreaming about baby."

My dad had always liked it when I talked to him about sex. It could be about my latest date, what I did with my boyfriend, or even just a fantasy. It didn't really matter, it seemed, so long as I was the one telling the story.

"Oh daddy, I'm thinking about you fucking Tammy... about your big cock in her little pussy, seeing her take the cum from your cock."

"Oh god yes," he groaned, "I want her again so damn bad!"

"I want to see you cum in her daddy... see your cock jerk as your cum fills her little cunt and then let me lick it all out of her."

"That's my girl. But you want her for yourself too, don't you? Don't you want to lick her pussy for me to watch?"

"Anything for you daddy... you know I'd do anything for you."

Indeed I would. There was little I enjoyed more than pleasing my father. To see him smile and be happy was the greatest gift he could give me. He loved me so much it made me cry sometimes to think about it. I knew I didn't HAVE to let him fuck me. He would love me just the same no matter what. No, I let him fuck me BECAUSE he loved me. Somehow it seemed to satisfy some primal need deep inside of him. I could see it in his eyes when we was lusting for me, that almost animal-like look of deep lust and sexual desire that I knew could only be fulfilled by me. It wasn't that I was his lover or anything kinky like THAT. No, it was that only I could claim to be his daughter and there must have been something special for him to do his daughter.

As I dreamed of my dad fucking Tammy, my pussy erupted and even with the surrounding water of the tub I could feel my pussy gush as I came. My dad could tell from my reaction what was happening.

"That's my girl, cum for me, cum for your daddy."

I loved it when he urged me on, encouraging me to cum harder. Even before we started having sex he use to watch me masturbate and encourage me to satisfy myself all the better.

"Oh daddy, I love you!" I cried out as my orgasm peaked. Yes, I loved my daddy but it was the deep love of a daughter for her father. It was a love born of respect, a love that went beyond just a feeling of duty to yield myself to him. It seemed my orgasm would never end. The beating of the jets against my crotch was relentless as my hand worked its way over my pussy and clit. Finally it began to die down and I slumped into his arms as he pulled me back and took a seat back in the corner again, his arms around me as I let him hold me up.

"You know, it's silly for the two of us to sit here masturbating when she's only a few miles away," my dad lamented.

He was right, of course, but I was perplexed as to what to do about it. It didn't help that my mom wasn't all that in favor of it. Maybe next year when she turned sixteen my mom would quit griping but for now, I wasn't sure what to say to her. Then it was like the cartoons where a light bulb appeared over my head. I knew exactly what to do!

"Daddy, I have an idea..."

I told my dad about my brilliant idea and he agreed that it might work. Sometimes a little honey worked better when it came to getting someone's buy-in and I knew how to push my mom's "hot button" when I really wanted something from her. Of course, it had always been easier to talk my dad into things as all I had to do was show some ass and grab his cock. For my mom, it took a little more effort but I had just the idea - and the bait.

My dad and I got out of the tub, put some towels around our waists and headed back into the house. As I grabbed the shirt he grinned and poked me.

"I bet you didn't think I would notice what shirt you picked out tonight, did ya?"

I grinned at him and gave him a kiss, pushing my hand against his cock through the wet towel. It never failed to divert his attention! He kissed me for a few minutes, sharing his tongue with me as I rubbed his dick. By the time we started heading back in again, not another word was spoken about his shirt!

## 3. Wednesday Morning - Convincing Mom

The next morning after my dad had gone to work, instead of going back to sleep as I usually did when he was done with me, I went to the bathroom to wash myself off and then slipped into bed besides my mom. She was working the evening shift this week and so she was still so tired she didn't even seem to notice me. As she was laying on her side facing the edge of the bed, I nestled in behind her and put my arm around her. The warm softness of her bare skin felt good against mine and my boobs pressed in against her back as my hand cupped one of hers. The arrangement made me feel more secure than erotic actually. It was like when I had a teddy bear growing up except now it was my mom that I was holding onto for her strength and love.

"What's with you this morning?"

Apparently I'd fallen asleep as I awoke to my mother looking over me, holding herself on one elbow while she had her other arm around my waist as I lay on my back.

"Morning mom," I whispered, trying to get my voice to start working. "I just wanted to be with your this morning."

"Hmmmmmm, what's the matter baby, didn't your dad see you this morning?"

"Yeah, he was running late though so he just fucked me quick and had to go."

"Well, THAT wasn't very considerate of him, was it," she chuckled.

Sometimes I wondered what my mom really thought of my dad's "wake-up" calls in the morning that he liked to give me. On the one hand, she was NOT a morning person and I think it took a load off of her not having to worry about dealing with my dad's morning "needs". Although I wouldn't claim to be a morning person either, I DID wake up horny more times than not and it seemed my biological sex clock was timed to alarm first thing in the morning.

That said, now and then she would make funny little comments like she just had, leaving me to wonder what she REALLY thought about it. She had never expressed any jealousy of me and for good reason. She and my dad were as deeply in love as the day they were married almost 25 years ago and she knew that he considered her his soul mate and lover. There was something else, though, something more associated with the "tradition" itself. Once she started to say something about things her dad had done to her and I wondered if that wasn't the issue. Oh well, if there was anything she wanted to tell, then she would when she was good and ready and there was nothing I could do to change her agenda.

"Oh well, at least he got off and I guess that's what counts, isn't it?" I countered, trying to provoke her a little into opening up more with me.

"I guess so," she murmured. Then she turned to me and said, "You know Kelly, you don't HAVE to let him do that EVERY morning."

"I know mom, but I could never say no to him even if I wanted to."

"Kelly, a girl can ALWAYS say no," she said with emphasis. Again, I caught that tone and look in her eye that told me she wasn't saying everything but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Oh well, did it really matter?

"Mom, why do you give dad such a hard time about Tammy? You know, it's not like she's some innocent virgin or anything."

My mom looked at me sharply, obviously not expecting that line of questioning at this moment. Then she seemed to be suspicious of me.

"Did HE put you up to this?" she asked in an accusing tone like I was being questioned on a witness stand.

I gave me my best "who me?" look but she wasn't buying it.

"Sorry girl, I know your father and don't forget, I know YOU. So what's the REAL story here anyway?"

"Well, I guess I don't understand why it's OK for Rick to fuck you but it's not OK for Dad to fuck his sister."

"Well for starters, Rick's eighteen and Tammy's fourteen. So as your father would say, case closed."

This was going nowhere. Time to change strategy.

"So mom, when was the last time Rick fucked you?"

My mom seemed relieved to get off the Tammy topic as she relaxed just a bit and fell on her back with her head on the pillow, letting out a long sigh.

"Oh god, it's been quite a while now."

I laughed at her pitiful attempt to discount what I knew was a hunger for Rick's young cock. My mom may be a mother and a wife, but she's still a woman and what older woman wouldn't love to have an eighteen year old stud again? Rick may not have had the best technique in the world but I swear the guy never goes soft! My poor dad needs more time every year before he's ready to reload but Rick's like a sexual machine gun, ready to fire over and over again without stopping.

"Oh come on mom, you don't have him over here mow the lawn every week whether it needs it or not just to make the house look nice!"

My mom couldn't help but smile at that one.

"OK, so you got me there. But do you know what gets me really hot when he's here?"

I had probably a dozen guesses of which eleven had something to do with his incredibly hard dick, but I didn't interrupt her to try and guess.

"It's knowing that bitch mother of his is sitting at home thinking her precious son is over here mowing the lawn without a clue what he's really up to. I mean, if that sanctimonious prude knew how many loads of cum her son had given me, she'd faint dead away on the spot!"

I knew how she felt. I had the same feeling when I let married guys fuck me. It wasn't just the sex that turned me on, it was the emotions that went with it that made it something special. When they cum in me, I love imagining their wives back at home with their kids, thinking their poor husband is out working so hard! They had no idea that their so-called faithful husband and loving father was out breaking his sacred wedding vows just for a shot at having me for a few hours!

"So what do you say if I get Rick over here along with Tammy? Rick could do you while Dad did his thing with her."

My mom huffed loudly and looked a bit frustrated with me.

"I take it that I can assume you're not going to let that drop, are you?"

I grinned at her and said, "Well, I DID sort of promise Dad that I would find a way to convince you."

"Ha! I knew it!" she exclaimed with a smug look on her face. "So you thought by getting me all wet thinking about Rick that I'd go along with anything you asked?"

I grinned sheepishly and lifted my shoulders.

"Well, it DID seem like a good idea at the time."

My mom bent over me and we kissed long and soft. Her lips and mouth felt so warm and gentle compared to my dad's. Her breast pressed against mine as she leaned over me, her nipple teasing mine as we moved tighter together. Finally she picked herself back up and got out of bed. I watched her walk around the bed and head for the door, wondering what the story was. Then she stopped at the doorway and looked back at me, leaning against the opening.

"Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt - but ONLY so long as they came over here. None of this basement of their house while their mom's upstairs crap you seem to like for some reason."

I smiled broadly as I watched her turn around again and head for the bathroom. Now all I had to do was talk Rick and Tammy into it. Rick certainly wouldn't be a problem; his only issue was trying to keep his dick down when my mom was over at their house. My fear was about Tammy, whether she would do my dad again. I guess there was no reason for her NOT to, but what excuse could I use for her to WANT to do it?

## 4. Sunday at Church - Planning With Rick (and He Fucks Me)

This wasn't the type of thing you used the phone or e-mail for so I waited until the following Sunday when I knew I'd be seeing the two of them again. My dad pulled into the church parking lot just ahead of my Uncle Jim's van so we waited for them to park before we made our way into the church. As we walked I grabbed Rick's arm and pulled him to the side.

"What's with you?" he asked, looking a bit surprised.

"We need to talk - privately," I whispered to him in a conspiratorial tone. Rick grinned at me.

"Ohhhhhh, I see. Somebody horny this morning?"

"No, I just wanted to ask you something you little perv!" I whispered back. Actually, he was several inches taller than me now days so "little" didn't really apply but it made my point. He looked at me with a disbelieving face as I answered.

"OK, OK, so what if I AM horny. But that's not why I need to talk to you."

We agreed on a place to meet and walked into the sanctuary with our parents. After the first hymn I excused myself to go to the bathroom. Rick was also excusing himself as well and my dad didn't miss the fact that we both needed to go to the bathroom at the same time.

"Couldn't you guys wait until after church?" my dad teased me, whispering in my ear as the next hymn almost drowned his voice out.

"Daddy!" I pretended to protest, acting as if I was aggrieved. He knew better, of course. Well, I guess there was no reason we couldn't do more than just talk while we were at it.

We didn't meet at the bathrooms but instead in a large utility room located next door to them. The room was full of various tools and cleaning equipment that the custodians used to maintain the church. Nobody ever came in here during church - lucky for me in the past!

"OK, so what's so important?" Rick said as soon as he shut the door behind us. I explained things to him as quickly as I could, not wanting him to have that much time to think things over. In the short run I knew that his lust and horniness always won over his sense of responsibility and ethics. However, given enough time to think about it he might decide against it so I hurried through my prepared speech. When I was done he was looking at me like I was some Martian freshly arrived on Earth.

"So let me get this straight... YOU promised YOUR mom I would fuck HE all afternoon if Tammy came along for your dad. Is that right?"

"Sounds good to me," I replied. "So what do you think?"

"But what do YOU get out of this?"

That was a good question actually. Here I was doing all the arranging yet it looked like everyone would be getting fucked except me. Oh well, the things a girl will do for her father! Rick would never understand even if I tried to explain it to him. He may be almost nineteen but his level of maturity was more like that of someone several years younger. His little head did most of the thinking these days so unless the answer had something to do with cocks and pussies, he would never comprehend. I just shrugged and smiled, waiting for his answer.

"OK Kelly, I tell you what. I'll do it but on one condition."

Oh great, here it comes. God only knew what conditions he was going to demand but I had a pretty good idea. Like I just said, he only thought in terms of sex so the possibilities were limited. I kept silent and waited for him to continue.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he huffed, "You know what to do."

It wasn't like it was such a terrible thing. It was his attitude that I didn't care for, as if he controlled me somehow and that I would automatically respond to his demands without him even having to ask me. Only one problem, he was right, at least in this case. Rick held all the cards in this little game and I knew what I had to do if he was going to play them.

This morning I was wearing peasant style pink sundress, the type with the spaghetti shoulder straps and bunched up bosom that didn't require a bra - even if I'd been inclined to wear one. It wasn't nearly as short as I would have preferred but it WAS church and so a little decorum was required. Underneath I was wearing pink cotton panties, again in deference to church as a black thong would have been a lot sexier but just a bit too risque as the dress was a bit sheer. My first action was to drop the shoulder straps off my shoulder and lower the top to release my boobs. My nipples were already getting hard and when the material dragged over them it sent a tingle through me like a small electric shock.

"Well, you gonna help or make me do all the work?" I whined, pointing at his pants.

"OK, OK, hold your horses," he laughed as he unzipped his pants and opened them to reveal his white Hanes underwear.

Rick grabbed the waist and dropped his pants along with his underwear down to his ankles. His dick was already nice and hard, no surprise there. I squatted down in front of him and unceremoniously started to suck his cock. I wasn't trying to impress anyone, just working to get him off as quickly as possible. I could tell from the sounds coming from upstairs about where the service was and I knew we didn't have all day to do this.

"Oh yeah, that's great," he moaned as my mouth and tongue moved up and down his cock, sometimes circling it, sometimes just licking it and down like a popsicle.

Rick put his hands on my head and ran his fingers through my hair as he allowed me to continue to suck him off. Actually, I had pretty much expected that this would happen. It would have been a lot stranger to be in a room alone with Rick and NOT suck his dick!

My free hand worked its way down to my crotch where it pulled the panties over to the side and I began fingering myself. I was already soaking wet so my finger easily slid up into me as I sucked his incredibly hard cock.

"You like me sucking your dick, don't you?" I asked him, stroking his dick with my hand as I looked up at him and waited for an answer.

"You know it!" he responded between groaning and repeating himself over and over as to how much he loved it.

"Well, you better not get any cum on my dress," I warned him, trying to act seriously but undoubtedly failing in the attempt.

"I want to fuck you," he broke in, "God I want to fuck you so bad right now."

Well, THAT hadn't been on my agenda but I wasn't going to complain. It had actually been quite a while since he'd fucked me. There had been several blow jobs in his bedroom when we visited their house but we didn't dare fuck with his mom not all that far away.

Rick's dick slipped from my mouth as I stood up and wiped my mouth. There was a tall stool available so I reached under my dress and pulled my panties down and slipped them off, setting them on the work bench next to us. Lifting up my skirt to my waist to explore my pussy for him, I sat back on the stool and flirted with Rick.

"Well then, are you gonna fuck me or what?"

Imagine the scene now... Me sitting on a stool bare-ass, my dress pulled down to reveal my 34C boobs. My mouth tasted like cock as he shuffled over towards me with his pants still gathered around his ankles. Rick's hard dick was pointing at me like some erotic cock compass, pointing the direction to the nearest pussy - in this case mine. Had anyone walked in about now, I don't think there would be much interpretation required to figure out what we were up to - or what Rick intended to do to me.

"Like mother, like daughter," Rick mumbled. He surely wasn't referring to our pussies as I kept mine shaved and bare while my mother kept hers trimmed but covered. It probably had more to do with our mutual desire for his cock than anything else.

Rick reached down and grabbed my ankles, lifting my legs up and over his shoulders. The stool had a back on it, thankfully, or I would have fallen on my head behind me. With my legs spread shoulder width apart, he had unrestricted access to my hungry pussy and I knew that he was going to make use of it.

"Put it in me... hurry up RICK, I want your cock in me NOW."

Rick rubbed the head of his cock up and down my pussy slit, wetting it and tickling my pussy in the process.

"We don't have all day for goodness sake," I urged him on, "Hurry up and fuck me."

Rick grinned and laughed a little, obviously his ego enjoyed being stroked almost as much as his cock.

"You asked for it," he warned me as he lined up his swollen cock head with my wet pussy hole and then without further warning, thrust himself quickly into me. I gasped as my pussy hole suddenly expanded forcefully as it stretched out to accommodate him.

"More... I want it ALL in me, push it in," I encouraged him.

When I looked down I could see his thick dick as it slid into me. It always amazed me when I tried to relate the feelings inside of me as a cock filled my pussy with the sight of that same dick as it entered me, knowing that it was the thing that was creating those wonderful feelings in me. Rick's dick felt good in me and that's what was important now. It's not like I loved my cousin or anything strange. Except for the sex, he was just your typical teenage dork. But what the heck, if a girl's got a cousin like him to fuck her now and then, why not take advantage of it?

My mom seemed to enjoy the fact that a young guy like Rick just wanted to fuck her in the first place. I think it made her feel young again in some erotic way. Since her marriage vows precluded her from fucking anyone that was not in her immediate family, it didn't leave her many options either which I'm sure had some impact as well. Probably the most satisfying element was as she had said before, getting fucked by her nephew when his mom would have crucified them both if she knew about it.

As I said, Rick hadn't fucked me in some time, getting just a BJ now and then when I was over at their house. It felt a little weird knowing he seemed to enjoy fucking my mom more than me to be honest. Oh well, I knew my mom was upstairs now in her pew and she HAD to know why the two of us had been MIA for so long. I could only imagine how her pussy was tingling now, knowing her daughter was getting fucked instead of her! Oh well, a little healthy competition between a mother and daughter never hurt.

By now, Rick was consumed with his lust and was banging away at my pussy without much regard for me. How typical for a guy his age! To think people question me as to why I prefer being fucked by older men! Oh well, it felt good so I could love with it.

"That's it Rick, fuck me harder," I moaned, "Give it to me."

He was about to cum and I just hoped he remembered his promise to keep it I me and not get it on my dress. First, it was pain to wash out (ask Monica) and second, I still had to get home and I didn't want people seeing cum stains on my dress, even if they didn't know what they really were...

Fortunately, I didn't need to worry as Rick loved cumming in me. Evidently, most of the girls he fucked weren't on any protection so either he had to pull out or wear a rubber. He had told me once that I was the first girl to ever let him stay in and shoot his load directly into my pussy without having it caught by a condom. Personally, I have no idea if that makes any difference to a guy other than emotionally, but it make a world of difference to me. First, I can FEEL him cumming in me and then I can SEE his cum dripping from my pussy. That's a whole lot better than having some cum-filled condom tossed in the garbage!

"Oh fuck, here goes," he groaned.

Talk about a straight, simple fucking. A little bit of a BJ and now just five minutes or so in just one position and the boy was already getting off. I guess with him that was all that counted anyway and as for me, I was just going along for the ride - literally.

"Oh yeah!" he gasped as his hips thrust into me, driving his stiff pole into me all the way until his crotch met with mine and his cock disappeared completely inside of me.

A bloom of warmth emerged in my lower stomach as his dick began to unleash its loads of fresh warm sperm into me. Each time he shot one, the feeling dissipated rapidly, only to be followed by another and yet another. My cousin was horny this morning, that was for sure!

No sooner than he had cum than he pulled out of me, mission accomplished. Personally, I was just getting started and ready for round two but in typical teenage boy fashion, it was all about him. He'd gotten off so who cared about me?

"We'd better get back before my mom goes on some rampage and comes looking for me," he said, pulling his pants up.

I looked around and found what looked to be a clean rag and wiped up his cum that was started to seep from my freshly fucked pussy. I tried to squeeze out what I could so it wouldn't soak into my panties while I was sitting in what was left of the church service. At first I panicked as I couldn't find my panties but then I remembered where I'd tossed them and pulled them up quickly. After adjusting my top and pulling down the hem, I was ready to go.

"Uh Rick, is THAT going to calm down any time soon?" I teased him.

Rick looked down to where I was pointing and wrinkled his eyebrows at the sight of the bulge in his pants. HE may have been finished but his cock certainly wasn't! I licked my lips, thinking that if we had more time I would have gladly taken care of his "problem"; but for now I think he was just going to have to carry something in front of him. Anyway, he was a guy so he and didn't seem to care. We just headed back upstairs to the sanctuary where the sermon was just ending. That meant a hymn, the perfect time to sneak back into the pews.

Back in the pews, I stood between my parents. Both of them were looking at me with a mixture of curiosity and concern. Curious because I knew they would want to hear all about what Rick and I had been doing. Concern because they didn't want us to get caught and as long as we had been gone, the odds were somebody could have heard or found us.

The service finally ended. Now I love church for the most part, but Sunday morning services were just boring and that was that. As we walked away from the church to our parking spots, I moved over to Rick and poked him in the side.

"Saturday afternoon, 1:00 - OK?"

Rick just grinned at me and nodded. I couldn't wait for the week to go by!

On the way home my parents grilled me about missing the service.

"So what was so important you had to miss the entire service?" my mom inquired.

Before I could answer my dad responded for me.

"C'mon Mary. Let's see... Kelly leaves, Rick leaves, they're both gone for 45 minutes, they both return at the same time, Rick's wearing a shit-eating grin and

sometimes my dad gets off having me with my mom or cousin Kristen, but those times are more for his benefit than mine.

Saturday morning arrived bright and early - too early. My "alarm clock" went off promptly at 7:00 AM and I struggled to open my eyes as I felt my dad's cock rubbing up against my lips and cheek. This alarm clock didn't have a snooze button!

"Mornin' baby," my dad greeted me.

I just squinted as my eyes adjusted to being awake and tried to bring the world in focus. God, I was SO tired! It would've been great to just close my eyes again and drop back asleep but my dad obviously needed me. His needs weren't the only thing in my mind though. As tired as the rest of my body was, there was no denying the "need" between my legs that had to be satisfied as well. Whatever it was I'd been dreaming about before my dad woke me, it must've been really hot because my pussy was already wet and ready to go, even if the rest of me was still numb.

"My, tired this morning, aren't we," my dad observed. "Well, just lay back then."

Gratefully, I did as he said. Of course, that didn't mean he was leaving me. As much as my dad loved me sucking his dick, I knew what his top priority was - fucking me. If I was asleep, that was OK with him. It was my pussy he wanted, not my inspiring conversation. Not that I minded!

My dad climbed in bed with me and spread my legs apart so he could lay between them. I felt his warm breath against my face as he lowered himself down to his elbows, keeping most of his weight off of me but pressing down enough to feel my boobs against his chest. The hair on his chest tickled me and my nipples responded. Then I felt the unmistakable feeling of his hard cock rubbing against my bare pussy and stomach. Even with my eyes closed I could imagine seeing it drawing down along my pussy and then pushing back up against, working its way between my wet pussy lips and then the shaft of it sliding over my clit, like a bow drawn over a taut violin string. It may not have created any music for my ears but it was music to my soul nonetheless.

"Oh daddy, I love you so much," I whispered in his ear as he buried his face against the side of my neck above my shoulder and started to kiss and lick me. He hadn't shaved yet and the rough feel of his morning beard scraped against me but yet somehow it felt good.

I felt his shift his weight to position his dick lower such that the head was now pushing up between my legs, desperately seeking the entrance to my pussy. Without using his hands, he rubbed it up and down until it worked its way through my pussy lips and nestled in up against my pussy hole. Another push and he would be in me but he held himself there for a while, as if savoring the moment like a diver at the edge of a cliff before committing himself.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered to him, "I want to show you how much I love you."

Of course he would have done it whether I asked him to or not but I knew he liked hearing me ask and it made me feel good inside to offer myself to him in that way. He had fucked me a half dozen times in the last week and over the years I would not even begin to guess how many times we'd had sex yet every time I felt the same way at this moment. It was at this moment when a decision was made by both of us as to whether or not my father would fuck his daughter. No matter how many times he did me, there was always this little feeling I would get at this moment when I wondered if he would really do it again, if the dream would continue. I dreaded to think that there might be a day when he did NOT choose to fuck me.

"Oh baby, yes," he groaned softly in my ear as I felt his hips thrust downward, driving his cock into my pussy.

There was that initial feeling of resistance, when it seemed impossible that my tight pussy would ever absorb such an invader, then quickly followed by the most intense pleasure as my pussy filled with his cock.

"Oh daddy, that feel so good! I love feeling you inside of me... DEEP inside of me."

I still had my eyes close with my arms raised over my head. My legs were just sprawled out on my bed, spread-eagled for my dad. In effect, I was just lying there letting him violate me and fuck me however he wanted. It felt wonderful to submit to him and be controlled by him, something I could never do with any other man as I couldn't trust anyone else the same way I trusted my father, at least not yet.

I never knew when we would start out like this exactly how my dad would fuck me. Sometimes he went hard and fast, going for his orgasm as quickly as possible, like chugging a beer. Then there were times like now when he could be slow and gentle, taking his time before he came, like savoring a fine wine. Usually that also meant multiple positions but not today as he just stayed on top of me. Sometimes instead of stroking in and out he would push himself deep in me and then rotate his hips, causing his dick to move around in me to stimulate my pussy in a different way.

It really didn't matter to me so much HOW my dad fucked me, but just that he DID. As tired as I was this morning, feeling my dad in me, being joined together with him, was something I would never turn down.

My dad started stroking faster and groaning louder which obviously meant one thing - he was getting ready to cum. Soon my intuition was proven correct.

"Oh god, this feels so damn good!" he groaned as the last of his incestuous sperm was left in me.

Once he had cum we just laid there for a while with his spent cock in me. It felt so natural, so perfect. Neither of us moved other than the periodic throbbing of his dwindling cock inside my pussy. Personally, I could have stayed like this all morning. What a better way to start the day than to have my dad on top of me with his cock up inside my pussy, joined together with him all morning as a father can experience only with his daughter.

## 6. Saturday Morning - Masturbating After My Dad Fucks Me

Suddenly I opened my eyes and was startled to find myself all alone in bed. I knew that I hadn't been dreaming and so I must have fallen back asleep. I wondered how long he had remained in me once he realized I was sleeping? Usually it was the other way around in that he was trying to fuck me while I was asleep without waking me. It just went to show how considerate my dad was of me that he had been so careful not to wake me up when he left my bed.

My pussy was throbbing and when I put my hand between my legs I knew for sure it hadn't been a dream from the messy mixture of his cum and my pussy juices that had been draining from me. I could only imagine what the sheet looked like under me. As I pressed my fingers against me I recalled how good his incestuous cock had felt in me just a little bit before. Then I remembered what today was! My goodness, assuming everything went off as planned, in just a matter of hours my cousin Tammy was going to feel that same cock in her!

One good thing about incest, at least for me, is that there is never a problem with jealousy. Oh sure there are times when I wish my dad would fuck me instead of my cousins or even my mom, but that was just me wanting my dad's attention more than being jealous per se. I think it helped being his only daughter as well since there was sister to "compete" with me for his fatherly attention. No matter how he

# 7. Saturday Afternoon - My Dad Finally Gets Tammy

The three of us eventually made our way to the basement family room where my dad turned on some golfing show on the TV while my mom read her latest romance novel. As for me, I curled up on the couch and fell back asleep again until I was awakened by the doorbell.

"Kelly, why don't you go let them in?" my mom asked me.

Instantly awake and fully alert, I nodded and ran upstairs to open the front door where I saw Tammy and Rick standing. My heart skipped a beat as I realized they'd actually made it! For some reason all week there had been this nagging doubt in the back of my mind that something was going to happen where they wouldn't make it but such doubts were now laid to rest.

"Hey guys, come on in!" I greeted them.

Tammy was dressed in a cute pair of denim cutoffs and a tight pink plain cami. Her little boobs were clearly outlined underneath and her ass was half hanging out from the tight shorts that barely concealed anything. I wondered if she had left the house that way or changed on the way over. I couldn't imagine her mother letting her wear anything close to it. Rick was also wearing shorts but his came down past his knees. He had a dark blue tank top on as well but it was baggy and hung on him like it was several sizes too big. It was interesting to see how similar types of clothing could be worn so differently by a boy and a girl.

"Hi Kelly," Tammy said softly as she entered the house and went by me as I held open the door. It was almost like she was being shy but then shy girls don't show up at their relative's home dressed like a slut with the intention of fucking their uncle!

"Hey Kelly," my cousin Rick greeted me, grabbing my ass under my t-shirt. Well, HE certainly wasn't being shy about anything as his hand squeezed my bare ass.

"Ahhhhhh, someone forgot her panties again I see," he teased me.

I swatted his hand away playfully. He looked good, hot actually. For a moment I felt like taking him to my room and letting him do me instead of my mom. Better judgment kept me from doing so but it WAS tempting.

Turning to Tammy, I reached down and gave her a hug. Even though she was almost fifteen, she was still barely five feet tall and some people might have mistaken her for being closer to twelve or thirteen. It seemed to run in my family. My cousin Kristen was always complaining that people thought she was still in high school instead of having already finished two years of college. Although I wasn't as youthful looking, my body development certainly lagged behind most girls. Anyone who says girls mature earlier than boys should have seen me stuffing a bra when I was seventeen!

"Mmmmmmm, I'm so glad you made it today," I told her, feeling her hug me in return.

Tammy looked at Rick with a frown and the way his eyes narrowed I had a feeling there was something going on between the two of them that I didn't want to know about. Having never had a brother or sister, I lacked experience in such sibling interactions but even so, something told me that it hadn't been as easy as Rick just inviting his sister to come along.

Hoping to avoid getting off the on the wrong foot, I quickly led Tammy and Rick downstairs to where my parents were still planted in their chairs. Based on the discussions I'd had with my mom earlier in the week, it surprised me to find them exactly where I'd left them instead of upstairs in the bedrooms.

"Hi, how you guys doing?" my dad greeted them, breaking what was starting to be an awkward silence.

It wasn't like this was a normal thing for us to do. Typically, whenever we had sex it was usually the outcome of something else that led up to it rather than making it a stated intention from the outset. Of course Rick's "yard work" visits were pretty obvious that was something unique between him and my mom. I couldn't think of a single time that my cousin Kristen had come over JUST to be fucked by my dad. Now with her mom... well that was a different story but things were different there. As for me, I had never gone over to my cousin's house just for sex and the few times my uncle had fucked me had been as much a surprise to me as anything else.

"Hi Uncle John, Aunt Mary," Rick replied. Tammy just nodded along with him, not having said a word yet since she'd arrived.

At this moment I wasn't sure WHAT to do. It was completely ad lib from this point forward as I'd never been in this sort of predicament before. It all started with the intent of getting my dad an opportunity to fuck his little niece but now it seemed to have morphed into something entirely different - exactly what, I still wasn't sure at this point.

"Why don't you come over here and sit on my lap, Tammy," my dad offered, waving her over like a Santa Claus at the mall. The only difference was Santa didn't sport a hard-on under his suit - or at least not so anybody noticed.

Once again she looked at her brother but it was so fast that if I hadn't been looking for it I would have missed it. Whatever it was she put on a smile and walked over to my dad's chair and climbed on board. My dad was wearing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt and probably little else if I knew him. Normally he wore underwear but when he was pretty sure he would be getting some he left them off to make things easier. Tammy sat sideways in his lap, her thin, coltish legs draped over the arm of the chair, leaning back against her uncle's strong arm that he easily wrapped around her tiny body.

With Tammy in place I took my usual spot on the couch, feeling pretty useless and not just a little bit out of place. For a moment I considered leaving the room and letting them get on with it without me acting as a spectator but my own horniness vetoed the idea. I hadn't seen my dad fuck Tammy since that fateful weekend last summer when he took her virginity and I would be dang if I was going to miss it now!

That left Rick standing alone in the middle of the room. Rick was almost nineteen and he did what most any nineteen year-old horny boy would do in this situation - he walked over to my mom's chair and took a position to one side of her and promptly started to undo his pants.

"Whoa young man, you in a hurry or something?" my mom exclaimed, pretending to be surprised at her nephew's boldness. With Rick, it would have been more surprising had he done anything else. It wasn't like he needed to seduce my mom or work for it - he KNEW what he was there for and he KNEW what my mom wanted him to do to her so why bother playing around pretending otherwise?

"Here, get on the other side then," she instructed him. I realized she was positioning him on the other side so that my dad could see what was going on from his chair. My dad must have appreciated it as seeing his wife suck his nephew's hard cock would have to be a lot better than looking at the boy's bare ass.

Rick shuffled around, trying to hold up his pants as he went around her chair and leaned up against the arm. He let go of his shorts and they dropped to the floor, leaving him standing in his white Hanes underwear. The tight jockey shorts were having a hard time constraining the erection hiding beneath them and his cock head was starting to peek out over the elastic waist band.

her hands so she wouldn't fall backwards but letting her lay almost parallel to the floor. Her feet slipped up and went up over his shoulders such that she was practically laying on top of him with my dad's cock bent forward, still imbedded in her. Tammy humped her hips, providing the motion to move his cock around in her pussy.

It was interesting to me as he had never done that with me. In all fairness, I would have been a lot heavier to hold up like he was doing to her but still, he hadn't even tried. Oh well, I guess it was like anal. My dad knew I never wanted to do it and like a good father, he respected my wishes and didn't even try to convince me otherwise. One chance at my best friend Beth, though, and he was up her ass in a heartbeat!

Even Tammy, as little as she was, must have been tough on his arm muscles as after a few minutes he pulled her up and had he lift her legs higher. Then he twisted her around and she spun on his cock like a nut on a screw until she had turned completely in the opposite direction. Not a bad move! Then he was able to let her lay back against his chest, her legs having to the side of his as his dick naturally curved to fit into her little pussy.

Seeing her outstretched over my dad, laying still at first savoring the feel of him in her, the thought came to my mind that it was a wonderful opportunity to lick her pussy while he was fucking her. It was the perfect position, her clit was exposed and his dick glistened in the low light of the family room as he thrust his hips upward to drive himself in her, and then relaxed to let it pull out about halfway.

"Where do you want it Aunt Mary?"

My eyes went back to my mom and Rick, who was evidently about to cum again. I knew what MY answer would have been but then with my mom, you never knew. Just as she had taken his first load on her boobs, something I would have preferred NOT to have done, maybe she wanted his next to be somewhere else. So far as I was concerned, though, if a guy's fucking my pussy then he damn well better cum in my pussy!

"All over me... cover me with cum!"

Sure enough, dear old mom was playing the part of a cum slut tonight. Her boobs already had one load of cum dried on them so I guess she figured what did it hurt to have a little more?

"Almost there!"

"John! What the hell?"

Don't worry, I'll cum in just a second," he interrupted her, deflecting her questioning tone.

Again, I thought to myself that my dad had never fucked ME while I sat on my mom's lap! I recalled how some of my friends use to complain that their younger sister got to do so many things they never did. Was this sort of the same situation?

Tammy leaned back against my mom, her eyes closed and her mouth open as she seemed to be in like a dreamlike state. Her head rolled from side to side as my dad's cock plunged into his niece's little pussy time after time. My mom put her arms around her as if she was hugging her to keep her from falling to one side or the other.

"Now is THAT hot or what?" Rick said to me, having worked his way over to me without me even noticing.

Rick was standing to the side of me, stroking his cock which, of course, was nice and hard. Did the guy EVER go soft after sex? It was like he was some sort of machine - a fucking machine.

"God, I wish MY mom would get into this. Could you imagine my dad fucking Tammy like that while she sat on my mom's lap?"

I glanced up at Rick, not sure if he was joking or being serious. From the way he was staring at my parents and his sister, jerking away on his cock, I had to conclude he was horny as hell and speaking what was really on his mind. I had to admit, it would have been pretty hot but then again, we may as well wish to win the lottery as we had a better chance at that than my Aunt Shari ever even thinking about such a thing. I think she would rather die than ever take part in something like this. It was a shame. It's not that she was all that great looking but that wasn't what mattered. She was their mom and in an incestual relationship, THAT was what counted.

"I bet you'd like to fuck your mom, wouldn't you?" I asked Rick.

It was a shot in the dark, something we'd never discussed before, not even jokingly. It was a sign of how horny he was that he answered without even seeming to think about it.

"Fuck yeah, I'd love to screw her."

Well, not exactly a romantic reply but undoubtedly more truthful than some flowery statement. Then again, I doubt there were too many women I could've named at that moment who he WOULDN'T have wanted to fuck!

"Give it to me," was all I said.

I opened my mouth and Rick grabbed me by the back of my head and pulled my face towards his engorged dick. My hands were at my side, keeping my balance on the couch as he stroked himself a couple more times with his cock just inside of my mouth.

"Shit!" he cried out as I felt the first load hit the back of my mouth.

Another load followed almost immediately which a few more close behind. Mmmmmmm, it tasted incredible! When he finished I opened my mouth for him in the classic porn movie style, showing him his cum that was now pooled on my tongue and trying to drip back into my throat.

"Swallow it," he insisted.

I was going to do it anyway so I gulped it all down in two swallows and opened my mouth again, like a child showing her mother she had swallowed her medicine.

As I finished I turned in time to see my dad pulling out of Tammy, leaving her with her legs spread wide open on my mom's lap. Her well-fucked pussy LOOKED like it had just been fucked, especially with his cum starting to drip out of her. My mom used one finger to get a sample which she promptly tasted and smiled, like it was a good vintage wince.

"God I want to fuck her,: Rick groaned. His cock had diminished a LITTLE but I had no doubt a few strokes or licks and it would be ready for action again.

"Who?" I asked, not really sure who we was referring to.

"My sister... shit, look at her," he said with a voice filled with lust. He started to move towards my mom and Tammy while my dad collapsed in his chair, exhausted from his recent efforts.

"No Rick," Tammy said firmly, not even opening her eyes but knowing what was on his mind.

"Oh c'mon sis," he begged.

"You promised...," she started to say, and then stopped in mid-sentence as if she didn't want to say any more. Yet again I had this feeling I didn't know everything that was going on but then that was between them and she hadn't asked for my opinion.

"Besides, we better get home before Mom wonders what we're doing," she reminded him.

She seemed all business now which was totally incongruous with the image in front of me. If I had taken a photo of her now and shown it to someone, they would

didn't turn down my pussy when it was offered and when he was horny, it wasn't hard to manipulate him.

I laid back on the couch and thought about what Rick had said about his mom. Too bad there wasn't some way she couldn't get involved. It was so hard having to always hide things from her and I was afraid that someday she was going to find out anyway. Oh well, THAT was never going to happen but it didn't make it any less fun to fantasize about.

The water in the pipes got noisy meaning the shower must have running. I could imagine my parents having fun together and I smiled. Even as a child it made me feel secure knowing my parents loved each other so much. With so many divorces and dysfunctional marriages today, I felt lucky to have the family I was blessed with.

Were they talking about Tammy? When would my dad get to fuck her again. In some ways I wondered IF he would fuck her again the way she had acted today. Oh well, it gave me something to think about as finally I succumbed and started masturbating.

# (Jun 17) Chapter 140: Father's Day Quickie

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter uncle niece cousins
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)
Kristen - cousin (20)

What do you do on Father's Day for the greatest dad in the world (besides a "Greatest Dad" coffee mug)? Every year I struggle with this but this year things worked themselves out on their own.

## 1. A Day on the Lake

When I was ten or so, Father's Day was easy. A silly tie, a hand-made card, Greatest Dad coffee mug, and everything was taken care of. Now that I'm twenty-two and a recent college graduate, it's not so easy. The past few years I've tried to come up with something new and original but like Christmas presents, it gets harder every year. Of course he says I don't need to get him anything, that he's happy just being my dad; but I see the look in his eyes when I do something special for him and that makes it all worth it.

Now that I've graduated, I'm living at home for the time being, at least until I get a job that pays enough for my own place although from the looks of things, that may take a while. The good news, at least so far as my dad is concerned, is that he can have me just about any time he wants me. The bad news, at least when it comes to doing something special Father's Day, is that he can have me just about any time he wants me. I mean, your basic wake-up blowjob just doesn't make the grade as a "surprise" when it's something he can have any other day as well.

So here I was, just a day before Father's Day, and all I had was a silly card for him and not even a new coffee mug. Since we were planning to go to the lake for the day, it didn't look like I was going to have any opportunity to get out and shop for anything else leaving me in quandary.

The lake I referred to is at a state park in West Virginia where we go to boat and ski. I suck at most athletic endeavors, to put it bluntly, but I CAN water ski pretty damn good. My parents started me out when I was only six so I've been doing it for quite a while now. These days, it seems most people aren't willing to put in the time and effort to learn and so instead they just ride a tube. Not me. I love getting up on my slalom ski and showing off. If course, a sport where you can wear a thong and nothing on top but a life jacket can't be all that bad no matter how good you are!

We were supposed to have left for the lake before lunch since it takes over an hour to get there. Unfortunately, my favorite cousin was late as usual. Kristen, who was twenty and soon to be a college junior, was like the sister I never had. We did everything together and it wasn't unusual for her to tag along wherever we went. It certainly didn't hurt that her petite figure was stunning - and she knew it. Kristen was the biggest slut in school with an insatiable sex drive. I guess it goes without saying that those qualities have made her my dad's favorite niece. As such, he usually looks the other way when it comes to putting up with her quirks, one of which was a tendency to ALWAYS be late.

So here we were, noon time now past, and still no Kristen. I finally called her to see what the hold-up was only to be reassured that she was on her way. Eventually she showed up, wearing just her small bikini top and a pair of ridiculously short denim cutoffs. She ran down the driveway to greet my dad, jumping in his arms and wrapping her already tanned legs tightly around him. His hands immediately grabbed her little ass and he held her up as she kissed him hello.

"Sorry I'm late Uncle John," she giggled, "Can you forgive me?"

I couldn't help but grin at the way she worked him - typical Kristen. She was every older man's dream or should I say wet dream. Having turned twenty a month ago, she was plenty old enough to legally fuck but she looked more like she was sixteen or seventeen. Kristen was well aware of her "assets" and she exploited them to the fullest, just as she was now doing with my dad. His hands clenched her cute little butt, which was half exposed given the cut of her shorts, and what could he do but grin at her?

"C'mon you two, plenty of time for that later!" my mom called out from the deck above the driveway. "Let's get going before the whole day is shot."

The rest of the day went pretty much as I would've expected. The weather was incredible and the water was already warming up for the summer. Evidently a lot of other people had the same idea for the weekend as we did as the entire state park was jammed with people everywhere. It took over an hour of waiting in line just to get our boat launched!

By the time we finally got out of the water at the end of the day, it was getting late and everyone was tired from the hot sun and skiing. My mom suggested we get something to eat and spend the night instead of trying to drive home. We could then hit the lake again in the morning before going home for the Father's Day party my aunt and uncle were having in the afternoon. My dad looked relieved as I don't think he was looking forward to driving home.

Eating wasn't an issue but we hadn't realized just how hard it would be to find a place to stay. In the past, we had booked one of the cabins in the park. On such short notice, none were available so we drove around looking for a hotel with a vacancy and found it surprisingly hard to find one. Eventually we came across a Holiday Inn which advertised a vacancy. We all went in to check in and I listened as my dad asked for one room with a king-size bed. The clerk, an older woman that I would have guessed to be on her forties, looked at the four of us and suggested a roll-away. The look on her face when my dad told her that one wouldn't be necessary was priceless! It probably didn't help that Kristen was rubbing herself up against me, knowing full well she was watching us. When we left I looked back and saw her staring at us and whispering to the other clerk. I can just imagine what was going through her mind!

Fortunately, my mom is the type that is ALWAYS prepared so she had packed some minimum toiletries and stuff just in case something like this happened. That one small bag was the sum of our luggage so we just headed straight to our room for the night. My dad closed and locked the door and then flopped on the bed with a big sigh.

"Too much today dad?" I asked, concerned that he looked so tired.

"I'm OK," he replied, "You girls just wore me out!"

I laughed and snuggled up next to him and put my hand in his lap.

"Well... you know we can always do it again," I said seductively.

"God Almighty, didn't you get enough today? I'm only one man!" he moaned. My cousin jumped on the bed on the other side of him and added her hand to mine.

"Oh Uncle John, you know better than THAT!" she giggled, "A girl can NEVER get enough."

"OK you two, I think you wore him out plenty already today out on the boat so leave my man alone," my mom chimed in as she walked out of the bathroom and saw what was happening.

We both pretended to pout although I can't say I was pretending ALL that much. Sure my dad had fucked the two of us a couple of times today, cumming in me the first time and then spraying it all over Kristen the next. That said, I could've easily done with another good fucking and I had no daughter Kristen wouldn't say no (is that word even in her vocabulary?).

Ever since the first time he did me way back when I was sixteen, I've loved giving myself to my dad. Even though I'd been with a number of boys already since my first time back when I was fourteen, I knew from our very first time that there was something quite special about having sex with your father. Whatever it was, it was something that no boy have ever given me or has since.

My thoughts drifted to when my dad came in me earlier today out on the lake. Just like every time he does me, I recalled having the most incredible physical and emotional response but with a distinct sense of love and security that was unique to having sex with him. It didn't matter at the time that my mom and Kristen were watching; he was mine at that moment and he was giving all of himself to me - literally as well as emotionally.

"It's time for the old folks to get some sleep. You two can watch TV or whatever," my mom said, helping my dad undress. He must have gotten more sun than he thought as his shoulders seemed pretty red and he looked really tired.

## 2. Watching Porn With Kristen

My parents stripped and crawled in bed together while Kristen and I fought over the remote. She wanted to check out the adult channels but that really didn't interest me. We debated heading over to the pool until we found out that for some ridiculous reason, it had closed at 8PM. I finally relented and handed her the remote. She promptly switched to the sex movie selection and I was amazed at the number of movies available in your hotel room. God, what if parents fell asleep and their young kids started to check things out! It wasn't just soft porn either - it had full penetration and all!

It's not that I've never seen the stuff before. My dad has a rather fine collection himself and he enjoys watching it. Sometimes I will be around but generally I just ignore it although I will admit to having picked up a few pointers from the whores in them! I can't ever recall a time, though, when I was home alone and chose to delve into his stash and get myself off from it. To me, watching porn is boring. The actors are being paid to have sex and there is no sense of emotion or connection between the people. All the scenarios are staged with whores - c'mon, you don't REALLY believe they just go out and pick up girls from the street? Really, what's the point of it all?

Kristen, on the other hand, seemed to really get off from it. We started with one where this guy with an enormous cock was drilling a so-called "first time amateur" (yeah, first time today maybe). I had to admit, it WAS one hell of a dick. Yet for me, it was just "interesting", not erotic. It makes me feel a lot hornier to have an average guy cam for me and jerk off to a picture of me or someone in my family than to watch this freak of nature fuck a girl who was pretending to be shy and naive.

Kristen was masturbating from the moment the first cock got on the screen and she encouraged me to join in but it just wasn't doing it for me. After a while, she huffed and changed to another movie that featured girl-girl action. My same complaint about staged scenes applied, though, and I was getting restless.

"C'mon Kelly, doesn't this turn you on at least a LITTLE bit?" Kristen pressed.

I just shrugged my shoulders and laid back on the opposite arm of the couch we were sitting on. Regardless of the movie, I WAS horny and so I started to masturbate but thinking more about what we had done this afternoon than the scene on the TV screen.

"I know... let's try doing what they're doing!" Kristen offered. I looked at her with my eyes narrowed, not quite catching her drift.

"God, do I have to explain everything?" she huffed. "Look, I'll be the blonde and you be the brunette. See how the blonde's eating the brunette's pussy?"

I nodded, THAT much was pretty obvious. Kristen grinned and kneeled on the couch, looking at me on all fours.

"Well?" she quizzed me, "Are you going to spread them or what?"

Call me dense or whatever, but I finally got what she was talking about. Sure enough, the brunette was perched against the headboard with the blonde's face planted in her pussy. Well, this may not be so bad after all!

We watched the entire movie, mimicking as many of the moves as we could. Of course it felt good, that would be hard NOT to do with Kristen's tongue all over me. At the same time, it didn't really satisfy my "needs" as it seemed we were always under pressure to keep an eye on the TV and then switch to what they were doing whether I really wanted to or not. I guess a career in porn movies is not in my future!

When the movie was finally over we each took a position on opposite ends of the couch and with the TV and the lights off, we masturbated in the dark. There was just enough light from the edges of the curtains to let me see her outline across from me but I didn't need to see her to know what was happening. Kristen was a definite "moaner" when it came to masturbating and she must have been especially horny tonight from the sounds of things. My parents must have been super tired as they never even stirred the whole time.

It was past midnight before we joined my parents in bed. In the dark I could barely make out my dad with his arms wrapped around my mom and her head buried in his chest. Kristen and I took up residence on the remaining portion of the bed. She laid down on her side on the inside portion, facing my parents, while I snuggled up behind her in a spooning position with my arms around her nude little body. God her naked body felt so good against mine! We fell asleep almost immediately with my boobs pressed against her back as my pussy tingled with the memory of her incredible tongue.

## 3. Getting the Morning Off to a Good Start

It was just an illusion but morning seemed to arrive earlier than usual with me being the first to wake up. Apparently Kristen and I hadn't moved the entire night as we were in the same position I last remembered. My mom was laying curled up I a fetal position next to my dad who was flat on his back, snoring loudly. How she could sleep right next to him when he was doing that never ceased to astonish me. I guess when you get to be 42 those things happen to you and my mom had just grown accustomed to it over the years, like people who live next to railroad tracks learn to ignore the trains. By the way, the way he was snoring, that's a pretty good analogy!

I had no option but to get up to pee. Must have been all the Diet Coke I drank the night before. When I came back, even while I was rubbing the sleep from my eyes I couldn't help but take a look at my nude father as he laid stretched out in front of me with nothing to cover him. As usual, my mom had hogged all the covers. Naturally he's not in the same shape as he was twenty years ago, but he still looks pretty good for an old guy!

Needless to say, what caught my eye was his limp dick laying over to the side on top of the thick bush of pubic hair that covered his crotch. So far as I knew, he had never trimmed it and I licked my lips as I recalled how I loved to run my fingers through it and curl it around my fingertips.

Kristen was started to stir but for the moment, I was more interested in my dad. The thought occurred to me that it was now officially Father's Day and even though a wakeup BJ was a little cliche, I didn't see what harm it could do. Kristen turned over to see what I was doing, yawning and stretching as she tried to wake up. Her blonde hair was disheveled and her eyes were puffy with sleep but she still looked positively yummy. I put my finger to my lips, signaling her to keep quiet and she grinned as she instantly caught on to my intentions.

I carefully moved to the side of the bed and reached over to grab my dad's soft dick with my hand. Truth be known, it wasn't that often I got to touch him when he was this flaccid! Usually by the time I got my hand in his pants he was already ahead of me and getting hard. As much as I LOVE a nice hard dick, there's just something fascinating about them when they are soft and limp. It's hard to imagine that they can grow into such wonderful erections! My dad's seemed so small when it was like this but I knew the promise that it held.

Kristen was up on her elbow now, peering over my sleeping mom to keep an eye on what I was doing. She caught my eye and grinned; for once having the common sense to stay out of what I was doing, at least for the time being. There would be plenty for her later but for now, it was all mine.

I bent over him further until I was able to take his wonderful cock in my mouth. It felt strange to have such a limp dick in my mouth as usually most guys I sucked were getting hard long before I got it between my lips. I pulled on it gently to stretch it out, then let it sink back down again while I sucked on it gently. My heart fluttered as I felt it begin to react to my mouth, the first pulse of his heartbeat as his cock began to fill and harden. At first it was hardly noticeable but after a few minutes there was an unmistakable increase, particularly in the thickness of his dick. At this point I could easily take it all in my mouth, burying my face into the thick growth of smelly pubic hair that surrounded it.

Under the circumstances, it took all my willpower not to really suck on it hard but at the same time I was trying to not wake him. My goal in this type of situation is to see how far I can get him before he wakes up and discovers what I have been doing to him. After all, turnabout is fair play. There have been plenty of mornings when I was sound asleep in my bed and he would slip behind me, trying to fuck me without waking me. Almost every time I would wake before he penetrated me but there have been a few times over the years when he was able to get himself all the way in me, a couple of times even fucking me for a while before I returned to the living. For whatever reason it's incredibly erotic for me to wake up and discover a guy inside of me. It makes me feel sexy to think about what he might have been doing to me while I'm essentially unconscious and totally at his mercy!

Kristen was starting to get going herself as she watched my dad's dick harden in my mouth. I took it out for a moment and stroked it with my hand as I watched her starting to play with herself, her eyes fixed on my dad's ever enlarging dick. My hand slowly rotated on it as I moved it up and down, like his dick was threaded and my hand was a nut being turned around it. It was so warm and I could feel it pulsing in my palm as my fingertips played over the tip of his head. I couldn't help but feel a little pride inside of me as I knew it must have been killing her to have to watch me play with it and suck it!

With the show for Kristen over, I leaned back over again and took him back in my mouth, losing sight of Kristen with my mom between us. My mom hadn't moved a muscle since I started on my dad but with he being completely covered I couldn't really see to tell for sure. However, since I knew she would want to be watching if she knew what I was doing, I figured it was pretty good odds that she was still sound asleep.

As I continued to suck my dad's dick I felt the bed move and turned my head towards the foot of the bed to see my cousin had gotten up and was trying to get on the bed next to me without making too much of a fuss. I couldn't help but smile (well, as best as I could with a dick in my mouth) as I had figured it wouldn't be too long before she couldn't hold back anymore. Put Kristen within eyeshot of a hard dick and it was a safe bet where she would be soon. The way things turned out, apparently sucking him was NOT what she had in mind as she straddled my dad's hips, pushing me not so subtletly out of her way.

Despite her aggression, I managed to keep his cock in my mouth and I looked up at her as she settled into place. Her bare pussy was just inches from my face and I could smell the muskiness of my father's crotch below it. God, she had to be horny as hell to be as wet as she was already! Her small breasts dangled above me and I could see her nipples were pointing out, already hard as pencil erasers. I knew what she wanted, though, and since my dad would probably be waking up any second now, I also knew I had better get on with it if we were to do it while he was still asleep.

Taking my dad's now rigid cock in my hand once again, I pointed it up towards Kristen's little cunt. She expertly used her hands to spread herself open as I guided him into her wet little pussy hole. This wasn't her first time doing this by any means so she knew exactly what to do as she wiggled her hips around just enough to settle him in place and then lowered herself onto him. It is always an incredible sight to see my dad's cock disappear inside of her and even more so now as he continued to snore away! I couldn't help but wonder what he was dreaming about. Did he have any idea, at even the subconscious level, of what was being done to him?

Kristen didn't stop lowering herself down until my dad's cock was completely buried inside of her. It looked a little odd to see all of his thick pubic hair around her bald pussy, as if she had suddenly sprouted a wealth of black curly crotch hair. As my cousin settled in on top of him, she couldn't help but moan and I saw the covers over my mother start to stir. Sure enough, they soon were pulled back and the sleepy face of my mom poked out.

"What the hell?" she groaned sleepily, "Dear god, don't tell me you girls are at it already!"

If there's one thing I can say about my mom, it's that she is definitely NOT a morning person, especially when it comes to sex. On the other hand, while I'm not exactly what you would call a morning person when it comes to getting up and going to class or whatever, for some reason as a rule I am always the horniest when I first wake up. Maybe it has something to do with my dreams, I don't know.

All I DO know is that unless I have to REALLY pee, the first thing I do every morning before getting out of bed it to masturbate. Many times, even if I get fucked first thing in the morning, I STILL masturbate. It may be all in my head but if I don't, then for the rest of the morning I can't concentrate or focus on much of anything else other than the "need" between my legs. Once I get myself off I have no problem going back and spending the rest of the morning in bed as I would classify myself much more as a "night person" when it comes to my overall lifestyle.

Actually, this difference between my mom and me works out pretty well for us. When my dad makes a morning visit to my bedroom before he leaves for work, she just sleeps in and enjoys the quiet. Don't get me wrong, it doesn't mean she just ignores whatever is happening to her husband, especially when it's going on right next to her. Like now, she just gets this "I can't believe this" look on her face.

With all the commotion, my dad would've had to be unconscious not to recognize something was going on and sure enough, after a couple of loud snorts, his eyes opened to little slits. He started to move but soon realized that with his niece planted on his cock he wasn't going anywhere too easily, even if she did weigh less than half he did. I reached up and kissed him on the cheek (give me a break - this isn't the movies where morning breath doesn't exist!).

"Happy Father's Day daddy!" I whispered to him, "Like your present?"

From the look in his eyes I could see he was still mostly out of it. That didn't deter Kristen, who must have figured since he was awake there was no sense being subtle anymore and so she started to rapidly rise and fall on his stiff dick. Obviously, it got a reaction from him!

"God damn, now THIS is a wakeup call!" he whispered in a voice hoarse from sleep.

We all laughed, even my mom. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I was a bit surprised to see some movement under the covers that looked suspiciously like she was playing with herself. It was pretty unusual to see her masturbate before noon, no matter what was going on around her, so this was one for the record books (or at least my diary). I didn't say anything to her and pretended not to notice but it made me feel good to know she was getting turned on seeing her niece cousin riding her husband like she was in some sort of rodeo.

Taking a breather, Kristen leaned down and kissed my dad on the other cheek. As she did, her perky boobs grazed the hair covering his chest and I saw her wiggle to run it over her sensitive boobs and nipples. I couldn't blame her as I enjoyed doing exactly the same thing when I rode my dad. His abundant chest hair was soft and fuzzy, unlike the more stiff pubic hair that covered his crotch. It was like running a feather duster over your boobs! As she leaned forward, his cock drew out of her pussy and I moved behind her to get a better view.

With my front row seat I watching as my dad's dick slid in and out of her sweet little pussy as she humped her ass up and down while at the same time leaning over him to allow him to suck her boobs. It wasn't long before it got to me and my hand began to rub my own pussy wishing he was in me instead. Well, for the moment she could have him but I knew it wasn't going to be long before a finger up my pussy just wasn't going to be enough. Damn, my pussy was practically wetting the bed as I gazed at his cock which was now coated with my cousin's pussy juices as it slid in and out of her tight little cunt.

My dad's hands gripped Kristen's tight ass cheeks and pulled them apart as he squeezed them. Her asshole was in plain view and I watched him play with it with his fingers as she humped him. Normally, anal sex is NOT a turn-on for me but Kristen's ass was so incredibly cute and smooth for once I couldn't take my eyes off of it. Her asshole was pink and tight, without any sign of stain or even darkness in skin tone around it.

Suddenly I had an idea - a positively naughty one at that! Crawling up on the bed between his legs, I licked my fingers and then reached out and pressed my index finger to the entrance of her asshole. Slowly but surely I started to put pressure on it but she was so incredibly tight it wouldn't go in! Damn, how did she even take a shit with an asshole this tight? Finally I found the right method and my finger slid in up to the first knuckle.

"Oh wow Uncle John!" I heard her groan, obviously thinking my dad was doing it to her. I pushed a little harder, this time getting my finger in until it was up to the next knuckle. She pushed back and my finger finally went in all the way. Good lord, I had my finger up my cousin's butt!

Despite my trepidations about playing with my cousin's ass, Kristen seemed to be enjoying it. She stayed bent over and just used her hips to lift up and down on my dad's cock while my finger just stuck in her asshole like it was a cork.

"Ummmmm, Kelly?" she questioned as she looked back and realized who's finger was in her, "Oh Kelly, you naughty girl!" she teased me as she turned her head away again. She wiggled her ass a little extra, obviously for my benefit (and hers as it turned out as well).

A few minutes of this was more than enough for me as the whole thing was starting to freak me out. I pulled my finger out and even though it looked clean, I immediately ran to the bathroom to wash my hands - with LOTS of soap and water. Well, I tried but there is just something about the whole anal thing that makes me shiver - and not with delight.

When I came back, Kristen was rocking slowly on him but now sitting upright once again with his hands on her boobs. They were small enough he could cup them in his hands and cover them like a human bra, which would be about as close to any bra those boobs ever saw. Well, enough was enough. He was MY dad. This was Father's Day, not Uncle's Day, and thus he should be fucking ME!

"OK cuz, my turn," I said gently, trying not to be too pushy but the tone in my voice should have been unmistakable.

"Ahhhhhh, c'mon Kelly, just a little longer," she whined, about the exact response I get when I baby-sit and the kid is being told it was bedtime.

"Kristen!" I said, a little more sternly this time. Again, it was like when I babysat and had to tell the kid yet again it was time for bed. I used the same tone of voice and Kristen just looked at me and stuck her tongue out. Dang it, she was being such an annoying little tramp!

"Mom!"

It was my turn to do the whining and who better to complain to but my mom. Fortunately, she took my side this morning.

"Kristen baby, why don't you let him fuck Kelly for a while now.. it IS Father's Day you know."

I looked at her with triumph in my face and she just frowned but she did lift off his dick and it flopped all wet to his stomach where it laid there waiting for my pussy. I wasn't going to let it stay cold for long as my pussy was hot and ready to warm it back up again. My cousin had been riding him for a while now so I figured it was time for something different. I turned my back to him and then laid down in bed alongside of him, pressing my bare ass against his hips. He quickly got the hint and twisted himself over to get in behind me and I felt his hard dick pressing against the small of my back as he put his arm around me and cupped my breasts in his hand.

"Couldn't wait any longer, eh?" he whispered in my ear, "My little slut just had to have her daddy's cock, didn't she?"

It was all part of a game the two of us liked to play. The primary reason we even HAD sex was for HIS pleasure and for me to satisfy him (as any daughter should for her father). As part of that, I knew he loved it when I made it seem like it was me that wanted it more than anything rather than him. He loved to hear me beg him to fuck me and to tell him how much I loved having sex with him.

Now don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't enjoy him fucking me, it's just that when it comes to sex with my dad, it's all about him so far as I am concerned. I mean face it, as a half-way decent looking girl I can get laid in a heartbeat if I'm really horny so I don't NEED my dad to fuck me so far as just sex goes. Think about it... how many men over forty will ever get the chance to fuck a girl half his age? Sure he did me mostly because he loved me but even though he's foremost my dad, he is STILL a man and as such has all the lusts and desires any man would have for a girl like me. The fact that I can satisfy those desires such that he is not tempted by adultery is what makes incest with him so special.

"Oh daddy, I want your hard dick in me so bad," I moaned softly, playing directly to his fragile male ego, "Oh yes daddy, fuck me daddy!" "Hey, why don't you two turn over so we can watch?"

My dad was just reaching down for his cock when my mom cut in and we both let out of groan at the interruption. Rather than debate and waste more time, I jumped out of bed and then climbed back in from the middle as my dad turned over.

On the other side of the bed I noticed my mom and Kristen were laying together, my mom behind Kristen as they nestled their nude bodies together. What I would have given for a camera just then as this was not something I got to see very often. Although my mom grew up playing with her sister from the time they were barely teenagers, she was not exactly what I would call bisexual. Indeed, she was my first woman but then I am her daughter, which put a whole different perspective on the issue compared to making out with one of my friends.

So far as I knew, my mom hadn't into other girls before she got married and even after marriage, although technically oral sex is not an act of adultery, she still never got it on with any of her friends or even a stranger woman. Knowing this, you can understand why seeing her own nude body cuddle up to Kristen, her hand reach over her niece's silky smooth body and down to her wet pussy, was indeed a sight to remember!

I twisted and squirmed until I was on my side, facing my cousin with my mom behind her, looking over her shoulder to see me. I grinned at them both as my dad worked his way back into position again, lifting my upper leg up and over his to expose my hungry pussy to them. He reached around me and grabbed his cock, rubbing it against my pussy slit and clit. A soft main escaped from me as his hard dick head rubbed up against my swollen clit.

"Oh daddy, that feels so good!" I whispered huskily.

"C'mon John, you gonna to fuck her or what?" my mom teased him from the opposite side of the bed. Kristen was squirming a bit now as I saw my mom had one finger bent and in her pussy, slowly stroking it in and out of her.

"Just hold your horses Mary, I'm working on it!" he retorted in the same her he does when she is nagging at him to take out the garbage.

My thoughts about her were interrupted when I gasped as his swollen dick found the mark and his cock head pierced me just enough to get the tip inside of me and maybe half the head. That was followed by another push and then another as he lunged his hips forward, each time driving his dick into me like a pile driver, forcing

bad deal when you looked at it - being able to please your dad while at the same time getting laid!

My dad's arm reached under my knee and lifted my leg up in the air, leaving my other leg flat on the bed. This had the combined effect of letting him push just a little bit deeper in me while the improved angle also gave my mom and cousin a better view as well - and they were both watching intently. Kristen was fondling her breasts while my mom was still slowly working her pussy, not enough to distract her from me and my dad, but enough I was sure Kristen was well aware of what she was doing.

My mom's not exactly what you would call tall but Kristen is so petite she looked like a little girl against my mom's nude body. Every now and then she would jerk just a little as my mom would touch her clit or some other sensitive spot. When it comes to making your pussy feel good, either with her mouth or hand, not many women are in my mom's league!

Between my BJ, Kristen playing cowgirl, and now me, my dad was about ready to explode. Actually, I was hoping he would as he was breathing hard and his face was turning red to the point I was starting to worry about him.

"Cum all over her tits!" Kristen encouraged him, "C'mon Uncle Jim, shoot it all over her."

That dang little slut! I turned my head towards her and glared. She grinned mischievously at me and I knew exactly what she was up to. Kristen knew as well as anyone that I'm no fan of being sprayed with cum. In fact, if I had my way the only place a guy would ever cum would be in my pussy or my mouth. Kristen, on the other hand, was a regular little cum slut who seemed to get off on seeing how much of her body she could get coated in cum at any one time. To me, it was just a mess and waste of perfectly good sperm.

"No... cum in my pussy daddy," I said to him, resisting the urge to say something nasty to Kristen. "You know I love it when you give it to me there."

"Ahhhhhh, almost there," he groaned as he began to pump me fast and hard with his dick. I gave Kristen a look of defiance. I knew my dad better than she did, even if he did fuck her all the time when I was at school. Once his dick was planted in me and ready to cum, he wouldn't pull out of me no matter what happened.

"You can do it daddy," I whispered, humping my hips under him. I was starting to feel my own orgasm beginning to gain strength and I knew it just need a match to light it, like a room full of gas needing a spark to explode.

"Give me your cum daddy... mate me... pump your sperm deep in me," I begged, pleading with him no-stop.

"Oh yeah!" he groaned as his back arched and he threw his head back. Then he thrust himself forward in me as hard as he could, driving me backwards into the pillows at the head of the bed as his cock buried itself as deep in me as he could force it. Then he lowered his head and leaned forward, grimacing as he held back as long as he could. Finally, he let out a deep breath and I gasped as I felt his ass thrust even harder into me and the first load of incestuous cum spurted from his cock into his daughter's waiting womb.

As I felt his cum being released in me, fulfilling his innate desire to mate me, it set off my own orgasm and my pussy clamped down on his cock, trying to hold it deep inside of me, trying to keep his sperm as deep in me as possible. The thought of my father taking me, thrusting himself into me, releasing his cum into me in the most intimate form possible, set me off like a bomb had exploded in my pussy.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out, not caring if the people in the adjoining rooms could hear.

All I cared about at that instant was my dad's dick in me as it pumped one load after another into me. Each time he thrust I felt a warm release deep inside of me and then, just as it was fading away, the next would explode in me. It felt like every fiber of my body was screaming out of control with pure sexual lust. A flood of tears poured down my cheeks as my emotions went completely out of control, confusing the love and happiness that stemmed from his display of love for me with the sadness of it being over already.

"Oh daddy... oh daddy, I love you so much!" I cried out to him, wrapping my legs around him as he completed his delivery and held himself in me, my pussy convulsing around his spent dick as my orgasm raged on.

My world had shrunk down to just me and him as the hotel room and even my mom and cousin faded into the dim background. The only thing that existed, the only thing that I cared about, was being joined with my father, his still hard cock inside of me making us one. My body's thermostat went out of whack as one moment I was burning up and sweating; then the next it felt like I was freezing with goose bumps raising all over me only to be replaced by the sweats again.

His hot breath brushed against my face as he struggle to catch his breath. Finally he just groaned and rolled over on his side, his arms too weak to continue holding himself off of me. I felt his dick slip out of me and my hand immediately cupped my crotch as it felt suddenly cold and empty.

Like a blur, Kristen was up and bent over him, hurrying to suck the cum off her uncle's cock. It was like when a dog has been waiting at your side when you're eating and then gets offered a bone. From the way she was licking and sucking his slowly dwindling cock, I could only imagine how good his dick must taste now that it was covered with a mixture of my pussy juices and his sperm. I poked a finger in my pussy and then put it to my mouth, taking a taste of it for myself. God it tasted so good. I had learned when I started masturbating how good my pussy tasted, especially after an orgasm, and with my dad's sperm as seasoning, it was all the better.

I turned to my mom and she just smiled at me and then she winked, which I took as a sign that I had done good by her. Her approval was a perfect example of what was so wonderful about my mom and dad's marriage. They both loved each other unequivocally and trusted each other so implicitly that she could watch her husband fuck her daughter and be totally comfortable with it. She knew who his true love really was and was confident that no matter how much Kristen and I may address his more base male needs, he would always come back to her for her love.

## 4. Heading to My Uncle Jim's House

My dad eventually got up to take a shower, leaving the three of us to rest on the bed together. We were all a bit exhausted, even my mom seemed to be tired although I suspected that was as much a holdover from yesterday's activities as anything. Maybe it was a good thing Rick hadn't been able to make it over after all. With my eighteen year-old hunk of a cousin around she would have been a LOT busier yesterday than just driving the boat and watching her husband screw his daughter and niece!

It wasn't until then I noticed the clock and saw it already almost 10AM! Gee whiz, not only we need to check out in an hour, but most of the morning was already shot. My mom and dad debated our options and finally decided we would just have to put off going to the lake again and head home. At least everyone was in better shape than we were last night after a day of sun and boating. Personally, I wouldn't have minded just hanging around the marina for a while, flirting with the boys that

today anyway, most likely just our two families. It seemed that since their girls had gotten married and moved away that my Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie didn't come around as often. They only lived a little bit south of us so I didn't know what their real problem was. Dad had never been as close to his older brother as he was to Uncle Jim, probably due to the greater age difference.

My mom's father had died quite a while ago but my dad's parents were both still alive and kicking. Had they been home we probably would have been gathering up at their house which was north quite a ways in Grove City. Thankfully they were off this year on some Alaskan cruise for a few weeks so we were spared the trip. After our trip to West Virginia I would have hated another two hour drive to get to their place.

Being family, we just walked in the front door but it seemed nobody was home until we got back to the kitchen. The kitchen dining area opened out to the back yard where the in-ground pool was and it was there we found them all. My Uncle Jim was fooling with the propane tank on the grill, giving some sort of series of instructions to my cousin Rick.

Rick was eighteen but was soon to be nineteen in about another month. Mmmmmmm, he just got better by the day and I realized it had been a while since he and I had been together. I looked at my mom and caught her eyeballing Rick and I knew she must have been thinking the same thing as me. She looked my way and our eyes met and we both grinned a bit at each other's antics My cousins Kate and Tammy were splashing about in the pool. I suspected that Kate, now sixteen, was really a secret experimental clone of her mom. Of course, she was in an ultra-conservative one-piece suit but it wouldn't have surprised she to see her in one of those 1900 era swim suits that covered your arms and legs as well. It was a shame, really, as she was quite a pretty girl and I knew she has to be fending off every perverted boy in school but she was determined to keep herself "pure" for marriage and I had no doubt that included kissing and masturbation.

Tammy, on the other hand, was at fourteen the exact opposite of her sister. With just two weeks to go before her fifteenth birthday, she was well on her way to taking up our family tradition of being the class slut. I couldn't help but feel a bit of pride in my role towards that achievement although truth be told, she was a born flirt. In many ways, she reminded me of a younger Kristen with her slim body and pre-teen look.

It was hard to believe she was any older than eleven or twelve, let alone fifteen!

Tammy had virtually unlimited potential as a slut - just ask her brother and his friends! I noticed she wasn't in her usual two piece suit but instead was actually wearing a legitimate bikini. Damn, how had she ever talked her mom into THAT? I had to poke my dad in the ribs as he was staring at her, probably wondering the same thing.

Aunt Shari was getting the picnic table ready under the deck awning. She really wasn't all that bad looking, maybe a few extra pounds here and there, but unfortunately was a complete and utter prude. My uncle had confided in my dad, who then confided in me, that she was pretty wild in the bed when they had first gotten married but three kids seemed to have taken it out of her and these days he was lucky to get laid period. No wonder he loved fucking me and my mom so much! Too bad he was such a pain in the ass sometimes!

## 5. Dad Does Me in the Kitchen

After the initial formalities and greetings, I jumped in the pool with the rest of my cousins and we played around while the parents got lunch ready. It wasn't anything special, steaks for the dads with hamburgers and hotdogs for the rest of us. After all the exercise I'd had this weekend already, a hotdog or two wasn't going to hurt the hips too badly so I dug in and had my fill. My Aunt Shari couldn't help but use my appetite as an excuse to needle my mom.

"Hmmmmmm, you better keep an eye on Kelly over there Mary. With all she's eating, it won't take much and that that bikini may just pop right off her."

My mom just rolled her eyes at the poorly disguised dig at my bikini. Personally, I didn't care as I had seen how Rick and my uncle had looked at me when I took the wrap off and as long as they liked it, then I didn't really care what my bitchy aunt had to say about it.

For the next hour or so, we just played in the pool or got some sun while our parents talked about whatever it is people their age do. Finally, all the Diet Coke I had been drinking began to take its toll and I headed to the house to use the bathroom. I didn't think anyone had noticed other than my mom who never missed ANYTHING.

It didn't take long to pee and on my way back I looked out the kitchen window over the sink from where I could survey the entire pool area. My mom, aunt and uncle were under the umbrella to the side, facing away from the house to keep one eye on the pool. My cousins were busy in the pool and didn't seem to be missing me, which was fine by me. Rick was standing up at the edge, tossing a Frisbee back and forth to Kate who was in the middle of the pool, trying to tread water and catch the Frisbee at the same time. God he looked good in his swim shorts. His stomach was flat as a board and it as easy to see why her was one of the top wrestlers in the county.

I should have been getting back to the poll but my pussy ached and I thought once again how long it had been since my sexy cousin had fucked me. with his impressive cock He may not be the greatest when it comes to technique, but in the stamina department he was the gold medal winner. God, he had come in me at least three times in the past and STILL been hard as a rock, ready to go again.

My hand somehow magically found itself between my legs and I pulled the bikini bottom to the side so I could play with myself. God I wished it was Rick feeling me up about now! I moaned softly as I watched him by the pool, dreaming of his dick sliding in me from behind, his crotch slapping up against my bare ass.

Then, like in a dream, it actually DID feel like he was pushing his dick against my pussy and it took me a few seconds to realize what was really happening. It dawned on me that the one person missing from the back yard was my dad. Well, duh, now I knew where he was! I started to turn around to face him but he held me by the hips and pushed me against the sink counter top.

"Don't turn around, keep watching," he whispered in my ear, his hands moving off my hips and around to my ass instead. "He turns you on, doesn't he?"

"Oh daddy!" I protested in vain.

"That's OK, I understand. What I wouldn't give to be his age again." Then he laughed and continued, "What your mother wouldn't give for me to be his age again. From what she tells me, he never goes soft."

That would be my mom. It felt a little odd to have a boy like Rick prefer my mother over me. Frankly, I didn't like it for a boy to prefer ANY woman over me but in this case I guess I could understand. My mom refers to it as her "Mrs. Robinson thing" from some old movie where a college kid was seduced by an older woman but in this case I think it was more mutual. Rick still fucked me now and then but I felt like it was more like I was his backup plan for when he couldn't have my mom. Oh well, so long as he could fuck as long and hard as he did, I could live with second place, especially if it was my mom who was ahead of me.

me, not to mention a little that had dripped down my leg and even a few spots on the floor under me. Wow, he must have cum in me a lot more than I had thought!

In the meantime, my dad had tucked his softening dick back in his swim shorts. He was still semi-erect - a fact that was clearly noticeable still. As for me, I rearranged my bikini bottom which was still wet from the pool so I figured any additional cum from inside of me wouldn't be noticed. We hadn't finished a moment too soon as I saw my Aunt suddenly get up and practically bolt for the kitchen door!

"Dad!" I whispered sharply, "Red alert - Aunt Shari!"

My dad, clearly aware of the state of the union below his belt, hustled out of the kitchen towards the bathroom. No sooner had he left the kitchen than the sliding door opened and in walked Aunt Shari, heading like an arrow straight for the oven.

"Darn, I hope these didn't burn!" she mused, ignoring me for the moment which wasn't all that unusual when you came down to it. She must have been upset as "darn" was as close to a swear word as she would come. Then she seemed to notice me for the first time and looked around at me.

"What are you still doing in here Kelly?", she asked with an accusing eye as if I was out to steal the family silver or something. "Ah... I just came in for something to drink," I stammered, lamely hunting for any excuse.

"Well, there's plenty outside, just ask next time and I'll get it for you."

# 6. The End of Father's Day

Fortunately given how fast she had rushed in, together with the burnt odor arising from the oven, I knew there was no way she could smell my dad's sex on me. Still, I knew better than to push it so I quickly made my way outside and went straight to the pool and jumped in. The water was warm but it still felt like ice water had been poured on my hot pussy! God, talk about a cure for horniness. Too bad my dad couldn't jump in now; his cock would be down to nothing in seconds! In any case, the chlorine would mask any residue of sex so at least now I didn't have to worry about that.

My dad emerged from the house about five minutes later. I tried to watch without being too obvious as my mom got up and met him before he even got to the table where my Aunt had brought a tray of burnt cookies. She said something to my dad and then looked over at me and I could tell from the expression on her face we were busted! Well, that just goes to show one reason I've always been open and honest with my mom. No matter how hard I try I've never been able to lie or hide anything from her. Besides, she undoubtedly had it all figured out anyway when she realized that my dad and I were alone in the house for so long. Even so, I was curious if she knew WHERE we had done it. Now THAT would have probably pissed her off as she didn't like it when we took such risks.

It was another couple of hours before we finally returned home. We had been snacking all afternoon so dinner wasn't necessary. Once my parents retired to the family room to watch TV, I walked into my dad's closet and picked out a nice light blue dress shirt for me to wear. It looked almost new which meant my mom wouldn't be thrilled I was wearing it but it was Father's Day and so I wanted to look good for him.

Dropping the rest of my clothes to the floor and kicking them under the bed to be dealt with later, I put the shirt on and checked myself out in the mirror. I debated whether to button it or not and finally compromised by fastening two the lower half. The shirt hung down practically to my knees but the sides were cut such that most of my thighs were visible. Yep, this was the look I was hoping for. On the one hand it appeared at first to be a little conservative yet with a hint of naughty when you considered it was all I was wearing.

I started to head downstairs and then remembered I had forgotten something important. I hurried back to my room and grabbed the card I had bought for my dad a few days earlier. Back I went downstairs where my parents had assumed their standard positions in their designated LazyBoy recliners.

"Happy Father's Day!" I announced as I ran down the stairs and handed him the card. I stood next to the chair as he opened it and listened to him read it aloud. It was some sappy Hallmark card and I really hadn't even worried about the words. What was important were the ones I added to the end.

"Daddy, Thanks you so much for everything you do for me. I love so very much! Your little girl forever, Kelly"

"Ahhhhhh baby, this is sweet," my dad said, reaching around me and pulling me in closer with his hand blatantly planted on my ass but still on the outside of the shirt.

"I know you've already had me twice today daddy, but I just wanted you to know your little girl's still available."

I reached down and kissed him, reaching my hand out to steady myself as I lost my balance. Of course it was pure coincidence that my hand landed squarely on his crotch (and if you believe that, let's talk real estate!). He couldn't help but laugh as he took my hand away.

"Tell me something Kelly," he started out, sounding ever so solemn.

"Yes daddy?" I answered, wondering what could be so serious at a time like this

"Don't you EVER get enough?" he finished, followed by a burst of laughter and even my mom couldn't help but add a smile.

"Well... you know I would never say no to you daddy," I purred, wiggling my ass slightly under his hand.

With that he pulled me onto his lap and we watched TV for a while. I could feel his dick beginning to harden under me and my mouth rose into a sly smile. Something told me this Father's Day wasn't over yet!

# (Jun 21) Chapter 141: Vacation Bible School Mom

Story codes: FF oral first
Me (22)
Jill (32)

Every year since I can remember, June has meant Vacation Bible School. This year's session proved to be a little more interesting than any in the past when one of the mom's started asking some questions about me. Curiosity may kill the cat but it can also lead to some new experiences with people you least expect.

## 1. VBS and Me

For about as long as I can remember, I've been involved in a variety of church youth group activities. Sunday School, Pioneer Clubs, church camp, mission trips, Wednesday nights, you name it. As I got older and my interests turned more towards the boys, I quickly learned that church was also a great place to meet guys - and not just boys my age. Although most of the time it was just flirting and teasing, I knew a lot of the fathers kept a close eye on me as well although most were too scared to do anything, even though the opportunity was there whether they realized it or not.

Since losing my virginity the summer before I started high school, I've had sex with quite a few people. Depending on your point of view, I guess that makes me either "sexually active" or a slut - or worse in some people's view. Yet when you average it out, I've only had sex with about five new guys a year if I only count those guys I was with on a one-to-one basis. Personally, I don't think that's exactly is a HUGE number when you look at it that way. Actually, the total number of dicks that have entered me is well over 150. I deliberately put it in those terms as when I'm being fucked by half a dozen guys at a party, I really don't count that the same as being with six guys individually on different nights.

While I check off the "bi" box in sexual questionnaires, my preference is for guys (they have the something special down under). Thus when it comes to girls, it's a bit of a different story. In comparison to the number of men I've been with, the girls are not even half that and even then, most of those are either in my family or my close circle of friends. Rarely do I do anything with a woman I don't already know. If you take into account my mom, her sister and daughter, and another cousin of mine; then put them together with a couple of roomies and a few best friends, that leaves only about ten girls in comparison to well over a hundred guys that show up in my official "history " of people I've had sex with.

The only reason I mention all this is to help explain why when people ask me if I'm bisexual, my response is typically something like, "I like girls but I prefer guys." For whatever reason, I find sex with other girls to be much more intimate when compared to men with whom I sometimes just enjoy going out with to release some "tension". Thus I don't typically flirt with other women or even actively pursue a "relationship" with them. Usually what happens just happens and I leave it up to God's will to decide when.

I have always loved Vacation Bible School (VBS) - both as a kid and now as a leader. To be sure, it has never been a "turn-on" for me as it deals with the younger kids in church. Despite the naughty fantasies I've had at times babysitting and teaching school, those always dealt with older kids than those at VBS. Virtually all of the leaders and helpers are women, most of them mothers, and the majority don't exactly dress to the nines when it comes to VBS. Bottom line, VBS is personally and spiritually fulfilling and can be a lot of fun - but NOT "that" kind of fun. When I volunteered, sex was the furthest thing from my mind!

Now that I've graduated from college and looking to start a teaching career, I've noticed that people treat me different, especially the women. For instance, at VBS I'm no longer one of "the kids" helping out, they actually treat me as a peer and talk TO me instead of AT me. Having attended the same church all my life, it seemed a little surreal even at first, but it made me feel good to be accepted in this way.

As with anything, there were a few exceptions. One of the things about attending the same church all your life is that people get to know you pretty well having watched you grow up. Although I didn't flaunt myself as badly as some of the girls did, my "reputation" with the boys was certainly not a secret from most of the women and there were a few who still raised their noses when I was around. Although I didn't wear anything TOO revealing, I do like to wear short denims shorts in the summer and camis or tank tops.

The first day I saw a few of the older women looking at me and when I passed by I overheard little sniping comments like "slut" being whispered as if they didn't realize that I could hear them. Oh well, what they didn't know was I was proud of my reputation and had worked hard to get it so what they said dint bother me in the least!

## 2. Jill Confides in Me

This summer I was teamed up with Jill, a 32 year-old housewife who had two kids, both in VBS, two boys ages five and six. I don't know how much we actually "taught" this age group. It seemed more like we were a week-long babysitting service than anything else. Jill's boys were little terrors and I wasn't sure if it helped or hurt more to have her in the same class with them. Sometimes I've found that kids actually behave a lot better when their parents are NOT around. Jill didn't seem to have much control over her two brats and at times I could see the look of frustration and embarrassment in her face.

It was Wednesday, half way through VBS, and Jill and I were having a conversation as the kids worked on a project, coloring some picture or another. There were a couple of high school girls helping out so it didn't leave much for us to do for the next half hour or so but to make sure nobody ran off or got hurt. For some reason she seemed a bit more frazzled than usual today and I notice her temper seemed even shorter than usual. It seemed as if there was something bothering her but she didn't want to bring it up so finally I thought maybe I could help out a bit.

"Something bothering you today Jill?" I asked gingerly, trying to sound supportive but not aggressive.

"Oh nothing," she sighed, shaking her head. I just sat there quietly to see if she would follow that up with anything and eventually she sighed again.

"Just be glad you're young and single Kelly," she admonished me, "Don't rush out and do something you might regret later."

I couldn't help but smile and replied, "Don't worry, I have NO intention of getting tied down any time soon."

"Yeah, so I hear," Jill said off-handedly and then, apparently realizing what she'd said, she covered her mouth and then tried to apologize. "Sorry, I didn't mean to say that."

I knew what she meant but as I said, such comments never bothered me much so long as they didn't get out of hand. Then she sat up straight and looked at me in the eyes.

"Tell me Kelly, how do I look?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know, as a woman, how do you think I look?"

I was a little surprised at her question and unsure of how I should respond. Jill was only about ten years older than me and still looked pretty good if you asked me although she had put on quite a few pounds having her kids that she never lost. She had curly brown hair that she usually let just hang without much adornment. She was pretty in her own way, much more so than many of the women at church, and typically dressed sharp and carried herself with confidence. Her boobs looked to be maybe 40DD and always seemed in the verge of bursting out of her bra. The pink tank top she was wearing today didn't help matters as it was tight and showed off the outline of her bra as it tried to contain her massive boobs.

Besides her big boobs Jill's main attraction was her legs and she obviously knew it. Some women are just born with the gene that gives them proportionality longer legs and Jill had that gene in spades. Long and nicely shaped, I could only imagine how they must have looked in her teen years. Even with her considerable weight gain, they still didn't look too bad and she seemed to enjoy showing them off as I couldn't ever remember her wearing pants – always a dress, skirt, or shorts like she was today. The white shorts she was wearing today showed off her legs without being TOO short such that they would draw attention as being inappropriate for church, but shorted than most women of her proportions would wear.

Some women gain weight and just look fat. There are a few, though, like Jill that seem to manage to carry the extra weight and still somehow look sexy. Perhaps the tight tank top was a little over the top as it hugged her stomach a little more than it should have, and maybe the shorts could have hidden a little more of her heavy thighs, but somehow it all seemed to work for her. I would have classified her as a MILF if I were a guy in church.

Indeed, I noticed that more than a few of the husbands often took a second look when she walked by and even some of the younger teenagers seemed to enjoy sneaking a peak at her big boobs when she leaned over to help out with something. As heavy as she was, the shorts did a nice job of showcasing her ass, much to the apparent enjoyment of the men and judging from some of the whispering I overheard, not entirely appreciated by the women, especially the married ones.

"You look great Jill!" I eventually answered. OK, it was a copout answer but what else was I supposed to say?

Jill stretched out her heavy tanned legs in front of her and cupped her large boobs in her hands, giving them a hefty bounce as if she was comparing two water melons in the store. (I started to write cantaloupes but in her case, water melon seemed more apt!)

"I mean, I think these are pretty good, don't' you?" she asked, almost as if she was seeking my approval. I looked around and saw that none of the kids were paying any attention, thankfully.

"Well, to be honest, I think your boobs and legs look great," I responded, trying to be supportive. God help me if I ever gained that much weight but if I did, I would hope that I looked like Jill and not some of the other fat moms I worked with.

"Yeah, well tell that to my bastard husband," she suddenly pouted. Whoa, not THAT wasn't exactly where I'd expected the conversation to go. After all, we were in Bible School, not a confessional.

"What do you mean?" I couldn't help but ask, my curiosity building.

"I know I shouldn't be telling you this, but I think he's cheating on me." she burst out, tears suddenly welling from her eyes.

Wow, talk about coming at you out of the blue! What do you say when someone tells you something like this? Jill's husband didn't have to carry two kids and he still looked as fit as he probably was in high school. It wouldn't be the first time I'd heard of a husband becoming disenchanted with his wife for being "twice the woman he married". Sure Jill was overweight but not incredibly so - she wasn't going to be on The Biggest Loser anytime soon or anything like that. Still, men are such visual beasts that I could believe, if not approve of, that her husband might find her less attractive. But to go out and cheat on her?

"Why do you say that?" I asked softly, trying to comfort her before anyone noticed what she was doing.

"He doesn't know it, but I found his chat logs on Yahoo - he uses a different name but the Focus on the Family internet site told me where to look to find the logs. Then I used the name to check his email -the bastard is so cocky he didn't even bother changing from our usual password. Oh my god Kelly, the things they were telling each other! It was nasty!"

For just a moment my heart skipped as I wondered if her husband had been one of the guys I'd been chatting with recently! Then I got a hold of myself, confident that the odds of such a coincidence were so astronomical as to be insignificant.

"Maybe it was just chatting and nothing else," I said, trying to offer an alternative scenario, "Lots of men chat and fantasize but that doesn't mean they go out and cheat on their wives."

Jill sobbed even more at that and I knew I must have said something wrong, although I had no idea what.

"Noooooo, one of the e-mails was for a hotel reservation confirmation and some of the messages talked about how wonderful it had been when they were together."

Well, as my dad would have said, I rest my case. If all that was true, it looked like her husband was indeed cheating on her. Still, when you got down to it, why was she telling me? Sure we worked together but it wasn't like we were close friends or anything.

"Sorry, I shouldn't be saying this to you but I had to tell SOMEONE." she said, trying to wipe the tears from her face.

Jill's eyes were red and her face flushed. Anyone looking at her would know she'd been balling her eyes out recently.

"Here, why don't we go to the restroom and get you looking better," I offered, looking around to make sure nobody as watching.

## 3. Helping Jill to Feel Better

Jill nodded and I held her hand as we went to the restrooms. I decided to go for the one down the hall even though it was the furthest away. I didn't want any of the youth girls to walk in on us with Jill this way. Fortunately it was meant for just one person, having only one stall, and so it had a lock on the door which I made sure to turn after I closed it. Once in the restroom, Jill looked into the mirror and frowned.

"God, I look a wreck!" she mumbled, wiping the tears from her face.

Jill started to turn the knobs to run some water to wash her face. The faucets were old and didn't work all that well. I knew from past experience they splashed badly so I stepped up to warn her.

"Be careful, these tend to splash and you don't want that top to get wet."

Indeed, as tight as it was, any wetness would have REALLY shown off her big boobs. As it was there was enough evidence to know she had large nipples. Jill reach down and grabbed the bottom of her tank top and started to pull it over her head.

"Can you give me a hand Kelly, I'd better take this off until I get done then."

As she pulled it off and over her head, I saw her huge boobs straining for release from the confines of her large white bra. It was interesting to see the number of hooks in the back. There must have been six of them to keep it together whereas my own bras, when I chose to wear them, usually had two or three at most. I guess that's a difference between 40DD and 34C I hadn't considered before. God, what a pain it had to be to clip them together every morning and undoing them had to be a trial as well.

As she leaned over the sink, her bare belly hung over her shorts but I tried not to notice. It did, however, remind me that I'd put on a couple of pounds since graduation and maybe I needed to start working out. No way was I ever going to let myself look like THAT!

"God it feels so good to get that damn thing off," she sighed, "I must be allergic to the material or something, felt like I've needed to scratch all day. Maybe it was that new laundry soap. That's what I get for buying the bargain junk."

She shook her shoulders as if trying to rid herself of the itching. I reached for her back and started to scratch the top of her back above her bra with my fingernails.

"Oh god Kelly, that feels good," she sighed.

I kept scratching as she leaned over the sink, resting with her hands on the sink edge.

"Kelly, I hate to ask you this, but would you do under my bra strap? God, it's killing me!"

No wonder, it must have been three inches wide! I tried to fit my fingers underneath it but it was too tight to allow me to effectively scratch.

"Dang it, that's not working," she sighed. "Oh well, just undo it."

Undoing a bra strap from behind was NOT something I have a great deal of experience with other than helping out a roomie or my mom, especially since I rarely wore one myself. It's different undoing them from the opposite direction, like trying to button someone's shirt for them. I fumbled with the snaps but eventually undid the last one and her bra strap snapped to her sides like a rubber band that had been freed. It was then I noticed she wasn't showing any tan lines. Hmmm, was Jill sunbathing without her top in her back yard? Did the neighbors notice? Jokes about whale watching ran though my head until I told myself to behave!

"Oh yes, not THAT feels so much better," she sighed as I worked her back with both hands. Unlike my mom's back, which was firm and tight, Jill's rolled under my hands but still felt smooth and soft. If nothing else, it beat doing some hairy man's back, that was for sure.

As I scratched and rubbed her back, I saw her bra straps had slipped off her shoulders and down to where they caught on her elbows, in the process allowing her boobs to free themselves from their confinement. Again, I couldn't help but compare her breast to my mom's. My mother's may not be as perky as they had been twenty years ago, and her days of not wearing a bra were long past her (except when she was teasing my dad or going out with me), but they still were fairly firm to the touch. In contrast, Jill's sagged and if they hadn't been so large, might have looked positively droopy but with the additional mass from her weight gain they somehow managed to look pretty good.

Had anyone described the circumstance, it would have been inconceivable to me that I would have any sexual feelings towards Jill. She was ten years older than me, probably weighed a hundred pounds more, was married with two brats, and now she had just dumped this huge sob story on me to deal with. OK, then why was I unable to take my eyes off her boobs? Was it really her boobs that drew my attention or were they just something to focus on? Was it that her husband was cheating on her and I felt sorry for her, enough to want to offer her something to console her? Something a little more intimate than a back rub?

In the mirror I could see Jill had her eyes closed, a look of peace on her face as she seemed to be enjoying the attention I was giving her. Slowly, like a teenage boy making his first moves on his virgin girlfriend, I let my fingers wander more to her sides, working their way around until I lightly brushed against the side of her boobs. Eventually, instead of scratching her back, I was scratching her sides, letting my fingers run up further along the side of her boobs as I did.

The silence in the room was ear-shattering. Not a sound could be heard except the faint sound of the exhaust fan and her deep breaths as she leaned motionless over the desk. How she didn't hear my heart pounding in my chest, I'll never know! It was strange role reversal for me. Normally it would have been me sitting still, waiting anxiously for a boy to work up the nerve to fondle and grope me. God, how many times had I just wanted to grab his hand and pull it to my boobs and tell him to get on with it! I didn't want to scare them off though, or have them think I was THAT kind of girl so I let them think they were getting away with something and in some way seducing me. Hey, whatever works.

Now it was my turn to be the shy aggressor. It had become a little game for me; how far could I get before she said something? I didn't want to rush and then have her lose her nerve and stop me. At the same time, we didn't exactly have all day either. Sooner or later someone would wonder where we were and come looking for us.

Taking in a deep breath, I worked my fingers further around her until my hands were solidly on her breasts and I could feel her nipples between my fingers. God, they were already rock hard and pointing out like missiles! I took each between two fingers and gently pulled on them and then held her big boobs in my hands. I couldn't get half of them in my palms!

"What are you doing Kelly?" she whispered softly.

My heart skipped a but until I realized she wasn't making any effort to stop me.

"Do you like it?" I replied, avoiding the question.

"It feels... strange," she answered back, "but a GOOD kind of strange."

I started to massage her monster boobs in my hands, feeling the largeness of them as I pulled them upwards and then slowly let them drop. Again I played with her nipples, making her gasp as I t twisted them and then pulled them out and let them snap back. I'd never touched breasts this large before. God, how much did they weigh?

"Ever had a girl do this to you before?" I said softly in her ear from behind.

"Noooooo," she sighed, "never."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Oh no!" she came back quickly, "I like it."

"I bet your husband likes to play with these," I said, trying to make her feel better about him. Oops, wrong assumption!

"No, he doesn't," she said a little more louder than before. "He says I'm fat and my tits are too big."

I could feel her body tense under my hands. I kept my hands on her and brushed her hair in back with my face until I could kiss her neck softly. My tongue played along the back of her hairline softly and my lips kissed her gently. The tension seemed to evaporate from her until she was almost limp.

"You're beautiful Jill," I murmured softly, "He has no right to say that to you."

"Ohhhhhh... I wish he would touch me again like this," she said, her voice starting to crack with emotion, "I dream all the time of him kissing me just like you are, like he used to."

"Then just imagine it's him again Jill... Imagine it's his hands on you, exploring you, touching you gently."

"God I want that so bad," she sobbed softly. "It's been so long since he touched me like this."

My hands started to work their way further down her plump body. He stomach was hanging over her shorts so I had to reach under it to get to unbutton them. It certainly wasn't the easiest task, that was for sure. The shorts were at least a size too small which made her ass look good but when it came to undressing her, it was a nightmare! All the while she stayed in the same position, as if afraid that if she moved the spell might be broken.

With her shorts finally undone, I unzipped them and spread open the flaps. She was wearing standard yellow nylon panties and so I reached my hand in between her lower stomach and the panties, sliding it down inside until I could feel the first signs of her pubic hair.

"Noooooo, you shouldn't touch me there," she said, barely audible her voice was so low.

As with her boobs earlier though, she wasn't making any effort to stop me. Again I felt the role reversal effect. This must be how the boys felt when they made a move on me and I just let them do it without responding, assuming they would take my silence for approval. All I could hope for was that Jill was acting the same as I had in those situations, using her silence to tell me it was really OK without having to actually come out and say so.

My hand moved down further, her long pubic hair, slipping between my fingers until I felt the top of her pussy slit. Emboldened by her continued silence, I moved my hand down further until I was at her crotch. I tried to slip my hand between her thighs but they were too tight together. Just as I thought she was at her limit of what she was willing to do, she moved her legs apart but maintained her grip on the sink edge with her hands. My hand quickly took advantage of the situation and slipped between her heavy thighs. I cupped her hairy pussy with the palm of my hand and pulled up gently against her pussy.

"Oh god, I can't believe this is happening," she moaned, moving her hips involuntarily at the firm touch of my hand.

Personally, I couldn't believe it either! Here I was, still fully dressed, with Jill in front of me half naked with my hand down her panties! My own pussy could have used someone's hand on it about now as well!

I pressed one finger up against her and felt it slip between her pussy lips. Damn, she was soaking wet! It easily slipped in against her pussy hole and with one more bit of pressure, I slipped my finger up into her wet and warm pussy.

"Oh god," she moaned, "That feels so good."

My finger was wet with her pussy juices and so I pulled it out and spread the wetness along her pussy slit, going back for more and after a few times she was wet all over. When my finger first touched her clit, I thought she was going to drop to her knees for a moment until she regained her balance. "That's it... right there," she gasped, as if I hadn't figured THAT out.

It wasn't the easiest to do this with her shorts still up but I made the best of it. I would have loved to have dropped them to the floor but under the circumstances it seemed best to just reach inside. Then again, what was I worried about? Even of someone DID manage to come in despite the door lock, would it make any difference seeing her shorts on the floor given what was happening now?

I pulled my hand out and tried to pull her shorts down. They were so tight it was difficult and for the first time she lifted herself up and stood as she helped me to drop her shorts to the floor along with her panties. She stepped out of them and left them lying on the tile floor. Then, for the first time since we entered, she turned to face me. Her face was positively glowing, all signs of tears disappeared.

"Are you sure about this?" she asked.

Actually, I think what she really meant was whether or not SHE sure about it. Jill seemed to be almost in another world, like in a daze. I didn't say a word but instead I leaned over and took one of her large nipples in my mouth. It was by far the biggest nipple I'd ever sucked on, almost like that on a baby bottle. It felt good between my lips as my tongue ran little circles around it.

"Oh my god, what are you doing to me Kelly?" she sighed.

I glanced up and her eyes were closed as she leaned back against the sink using her hands on it to steady herself. My hands were on her large waist, holding the soft flesh in my fingers as I sucked on her breasts like a newborn baby. I bent my knees and slowly worked my way down her stomach, running my tongue over her gently.

Finally I was squatting in front of her, her hairy pussy in front of my face. She must not ever shave because the pubic hair was shaggy and full without any lines or definition where she might have trimmed it to keep from poking out of her bathing suit or panties. My face was so close I could smell her sex, the strong odor of her pussy that was so wet after my playing with it earlier.

Looking back up again, I saw her eyes were still closed, as if she was afraid to look down and see what I was about to do. She wasn't moving a muscle, like a virgin laying stiffly on a bed as she wait for her boyfriend to fuck her the first time. Oh well, why not?

"Oh Kelly... oh my god," she whispered hoarsely as my tongue stretched out to touch the tip to her sensitive clit.

God, she smelled like she'd just been fucked! My tongue touched her clit and I ran it up and down her pussy, pausing at her pussy hole to push it in just a little. With my face that low my nose and forehead were pressed against her hairy pussy, rubbing up against her clit once again. She tasted wonderful, almost exactly like my own mother. As I moved back to her clit, I inserted a finger up her pussy, stroking it in and out as if I was fucking her. Her hips involuntarily thrust forward, as if she was trying to draw me further inside of her. The longer I licked her, the louder and more prolonged her moans became. Damn, I just hoped nobody had their ear to the door!

I must have hit just the right spot with my tongue because she jumped and then put her right hand against the back of my head, pulling my face in tight against her hairy crotch.

"Oh god, that's it... lick it right there... oh shit I'm gonna cum!"

Her hips were gyrating to where it was hard for me to keep my face between her legs, let alone nail a specific point on her pussy but I did my best. Finally she pushed my face down to her pussy hole while with her other hand she started to masturbate, fingering her clit with her hand.

"I'm cumming...,"she moaned again, long and drawn out as if she was howling at the moon.

Her pussy flooded my face with her cum as she fingered herself furiously. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good! OK, I like MY pussy the best but Jill wasn't bad herself. I tried to lick it all up as she came, savoring the strong scent and even stronger flavor.

# 4. Jill Has Second Thoughts

When she was done she took both hands and just pulled my face inn against her and held it there. Her pubic hair filled my face until finally I had to pull back to breathe. Standing up, I looked her in the eyes - at least towards them as I waited for her to open them. Finally she did and an anxious look replaced the smile.

"Oh god, what did we do?" she gasped, holding her arms to cover her bare breasts as she looked around for her shorts and top. It was sort of funny seeing how she wasn't wearing anything on her bottom either but I guess her natural instinct was to hide her boobs. I held her by the shoulders, trying to calm her.

"It's OK Jill... Didn't you enjoy it?"

"THAT'S the problem," she whined, "I LOVED it... But I can't believe we did it."

"We?" I giggled, "Seems to me YOU were the one having the orgasm."

Jill looked at me with horror in her face. She was breathing so fast and hard I was afraid she might pass out. She kept mumbling to herself about how she couldn't believe it and how embarrassed she was. Frankly, it reminded me of the girl who screams rape when her dad catches her fucking a guy, even though she'd been enjoying it up to that moment.

"You can't tell ANYONE about this... EVER!" she gasped. "Oh my god, what if anyone finds out? What if my husband hears about it?"

Then she suddenly stood still and stared at me, just as calm as she was crazy only a moment before.

"It's true, isn't it, about you," she said, more an accusing statement than a question, "I always figured it was just jealous girl talk, couldn't believe a girl like you could really be that bad."

She started to straighten out her outfit, zipping and buttoning her shorts with a look of determination.

"It's your fault, you took advantage of me, fucking whore," she practically hissed at me, "How could you do that? What kind of person are you?"

Wow, now THAT was about the last thing I expected to hear. OK, the odds were we would never do it again anyway, but I hadn't expected this outburst of rationalization and self-righteousness, let alone the accusations. "You just stay away from my kids, got it?" she said, pointing her finger in my face.

Now THAT was going too far. I was getting so pissed off I couldn't hold myself back. Knowing I would regret it even before I said it, I held up my finger that I had fucked her pussy with and grinned nastily at her.

"So I take it you don't want to lick your cum off my finger then?"

OK, so it was a bad thing to say but I felt better. Her eyes opened wide and her mouth pursed so tight her lips were slivers. Her face was beet red, but not from her orgasm any longer.

"Lesbian whore!" she hissed at me as she unlocked the door and stormed out.

Fortunately the wasn't anyone out in the hallway to see her leave the restroom which avoided any questions as to why the two of us had been in there when it had accommodations for just one person.

I was feeling a mixture of emotions. Licking her pussy had been fun and making her cum for the first time by a girl was certainly one for the diary. At the same time, I was concerned as to what was going to happen now. In my heart I had a feeling it was just her conscience making the noise and that once she settled down that she would get over it. I mean come on, she DID have an orgasm so it couldn't have been THAT bad! It wasn't like I'd tied her up and forced her to do anything.

For the rest of the day Jill studiously managed to avoid me. On the good side, the look of anger she had when we left the restroom was replaced with more of an anxious one. Maybe she was worried that she had pissed me off and now I might tell someone about us just to get back at her. After all, apparently I didn't have to worry about MY reputation! She was the one that all the talk would be about should anything ever get out. Even so, why would I be the one to say anything? There was no payback in that for me, that's for sure.

The day finally ended and as luck would have it, when I went out to my car I found myself parked next to Jill's car where she was fumbling in her purse, trying to find her keys. When she noticed my approach, at first she looked away as if trying to pretend she hadn't seen me. My instinct was to just get in my car quickly and leave but then I couldn't leave things the way they were.

"Everything OK Jill?" I called across my car to her.

She fumbled in her purse some more and then drew out her keys before she turned to me with a blank expression on her face.

"Couldn't find the damn keys," she huffed.

I thought that was going to be the extent of our dialogue when she walked around the car and stood next to me.

"I don't know what to say Kelly," she said softly, her voice shaking slightly, "I should never have said those things to you."

"That's OK, Jill, I understand," I said, trying to console her.

"No, it was my fault... all my fault... everything," she said, her voice cracking as if she was about to cry, "It's my damn husband's fault, not yours."

She started crying, burying her head in her hands as I put my arm around her and hugged her.

"It's OK Jill, sometimes people just need to let things out."

"But what we DID Kelly... it was so... so nasty!"

"But didn't you like it?"

"Yes but that's not the point... it was wrong."

I hugged her again for a moment before continuing.

"It wasn't wrong, it was something you needed."

"You won't tell anyone, will you?"

Thoughts of my diary and my expectations that this was going to become the next Chapter came to my head. Well, I wouldn't tell anyone at church about it but at the same time, who knew how many people around the world would soon be reading about it! There was no need for her to know THAT though.

"No, that was something special just between us, Jill," I assured her.

"Promise me that we won't do it again," she asked me.

"Not unless you want to," I promised, if you can call that a promise.

Jill was wiping her eyes with a tissue from her purse. She seemed to be regaining her composure. Gathering herself up, she hugged me back finally and then started to leave. After just a step she spun around and smiled at me.

"You know, I've never had my pussy licked like that before! You're pretty good."

With a naughty smile she quickly moved around the car back to hers and got inside after which she drove off without another word or look. As I settled down in my car, my pussy tingled as I recalled what we had done earlier. Hmmmmmm, it would take me only a few minutes to get home but why wait? Driving one-handed can be dangerous but it was worth it!

# (Jun 24) Chapter 142: Casino Trip

Story codes: MF FF oral inc father daughter
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)
Nancy - girlfriend (22)
Joe (23)
MJ (24)

It was practically a high school reunion, Nancy was an old girlfriend while Joe was one of my earliest boyfriends. Add in Nancy's fiance MJ and you had all the makings for a quickie road trip to the nearest casino.

## 1. Nancy Shares a Secret

Back when I was in high school and the girls were catty and bitchy to the point I would sometimes come home in tears, my mom would to try to console me by telling me that it wouldn't matter in a few years, that most of the girls I knew in high school would be nothing more than bad memories after I graduated.

While at the time the advice didn't help, like most of my mother's predictions it turned out to be true. Once I left for college the majority of my friends went off to their own schools, moved away, got married, or any of a number of things that swept them out of my life. There have been a few, though, that I have kept in touch with.

Beth is my BFF and I don't think anything will ever split us up, no matter where we may end up. We've even both been fucked by the other's father - talk about sharing! The circumstances in each case were entirely different but results are what count. Beth was also the one responsible for introducing me to the sex party scene. That all said, our relationship is primarily based on mutual support and respect. We never even kissed (for real) until a few years ago.

Nancy is another girlfriend that I spent a lot of time with as well. My relationship with her was much different that with Beth. Beth and I shared everything, and I don't mean just sexually. Nancy was what you would call a "good friend", something who was there for you when you needed to talk, someone to go out and have a good time with, but not in the same category that someone like Beth was in my life. Of course, nobody else was other than Beth so it was no reflection on Nancy.

Nancy is my age, twenty two. Actually, she is five days older than me but close enough. We have gone out on dates together but never did anything even remotely sexual together. Oh sure we use to masturbate together along with the other girls during sleepovers and such back when we were younger, but then who doesn't? It's one thing to get a bit horny and feeling naughty talking about our favorite hunks and playing a little with ourselves as we did. It's quite another, though, to actually touch another girl intimately. Maybe the closest we came during a game of Truth or Dare where she had to kiss me once but that was all in fun and nobody took it seriously.

With summer now in full swing, I was enjoying being a newly minted college graduate. Nancy and I were sharing lunch at a local deli, comparing notes about our college days, already referring to them as "those days" as if college was a distant memory. Nancy had graduated from Grove City college, north of Pittsburgh, so her experiences were similar to mine in many ways. I had actually be accepted to Grove City and was seriously considering it until I went to the orientation and discovered the school seemed hell-bent on marrying off as many of their students as possible before graduation! Obviously that had failed when it came to Nancy as she was still single and dating. Or so I thought.

"Can you keep a secret?" Nancy whispered across the table to me, looking around to make sure nobody was listening.

"Sure." I replied. What else do you say when someone asks you that?

Nancy reached into her purse and pulled out a small box. She opened it up to reveal a ring box and within that, a diamond engagement ring. I gasped and smiled at her.

"You've GOT to be kidding! You?"

Nancy quickly shut the box and put it back in her purse.

"I'm not supposed to tell anyone until he tells his parents," she whispered again.

"WHO?" I said, perhaps a little too loudly but then I was consumed with curiosity. Here was one of my best friends and I didn't even know she had been dating seriously, let alone accept a proposal.

"Remember MJ?"

I nodded. Well, duh, of COURSE I did. MJ (he was very careful NEVER to tell anyone what it stood for) was a couple of years older and a star on the football team back in high school. All the girls, and I mean ALL of them, wanted him more than their favorite bar of chocolate and he took full advantage of them. Rumor had it that his cock was one of the biggest in school but I always put THAT down to bragging by the few lucky girls that got to go out with him. I actually got to date him once and had my chance to appraise his assets (hey, my aunt's a realtor so give me a break). True to my suspicions, he was well hung but NOT the biggest in school and if anyone should know, it was me. After he graduated I hadn't heard any more about MJ, there were other boys to chase after and flirt with to worry about him.

"Did you know he went to GC?"

Now THAT I definitely didn't know and it surprised me. MJ hadn't seemed the type to pick a religious school, let alone one like hers.

"We started dating before he graduated and since then we've kept in touch and this past semester he was there almost every weekend," Nancy went on to explain, "Then yesterday he gave me THIS!"

Wow, you never know about anything, or anyone, it seems. I would never have imagined in a thousand years that MJ and Nancy would be getting married but there were stranger matches made in heaven I guess.

We giggled like two grade school girls sharing their first blow job experiences. She said he was traveling to his parent's home down south to tell them and tomorrow she should be able to let the cat out of the bag.

"So when's the wedding?" I asked.

"We haven't set a date probably this fall sometime. You know I've always wanted a simple church wedding so it shouldn't take much to plan."

We talked about wedding dresses and she asked me to be her maid of honor! I felt touched that she asked me and we both ended up crying before it was over but they were tears of happiness.

"You know, he'll be back this weekend, would you like to go out and get to know him?"

I had to think about that one before I answered. I couldn't remember if I had told Nancy about my date with MJ. Heck, it was like six years ago and I couldn't remember half the guys I blew, let alone which ones I told my friends about. Something told me that Nancy didn't know that I already "knew" MJ a lot more intimately than she may realize. Sure, he hadn't fucked me but some girls don't like to hear their fiance has his dick sucked by her maid of honor, even if it was like a lifetime ago.

"Sure, what would you like to do?" I answered diplomatically.

"You know, we've been talking about going to Wheeling forever, why not invite someone with and we can make it a double date?"

In their ultimate wisdom, my state legislature had fought off the horrors of casino gambling until recently so most of us went to West Virginia if we wanted to gamble with Wheeling being one of the closer casinos. I really didn't enjoy the gambling so much as the atmosphere. All the people, the noise and excitement was thrilling if you're a people watcher like me.

We left it at that and now all I had to do was come up with my half of the bargain. A few names went through my head until I thought of Joe, an old friend I'd known since I was a freshman in high school. He and I were an item for a while, doing it on the beach and even a BJ in a restroom once but nothing TOO wild. Eventually we split up but we remained friends and we went out now and then. Most of the time it was just platonic but when one of us was in "need", the other usually didn't mind helping out. Joe seemed the perfect choice for such an outing as no matter what happened – or didn't, I knew we would still have a good time. Not to mention, he was one heck of a blackjack player!

For the rest of the week, I kept in contact with Nancy and we made our plans. MJ wasn't flying back until Saturday evening so we were left with Sunday afternoon and evening. So long as I made it to church, that was fine with me. Maybe a few extra prayers would come in handy anyway!

Joe, of course, was more than willing to accept my invitation. Not only that, he had something of his own to offer. Apparently he gambled there more than I knew and he had some "comps" due to expire soon if he didn't use them. From the sounds of things, we would be eating free and could even stay the night free if it got too late. That last part surprised me – what was Joe thinking? Well, even if we didn't stay the night, it wouldn't hurt to have someplace we could go to relax of needed – or who knows what else? Just in case, I warned Nancy to pack a small bag for the night. She didn't bat an eyelash at the offer. This was one marriage, I knew, where the bride certainly wasn't going to be a virgin!

Sunday turned out to be a nice sunny day and after church my family and I went out to lunch before returning home. While I had told my mom of my plans, we really hadn't discussed them all that much so this was an opportunity for me to explain that I might not be home until the next day. My dad raised his eyebrows just a bit at that.

"Dad! It's just Joe you know," I teased him.

"Yeah, I DO know and that's what I'm thinking about," he responded, trying not to smile but failing miserably.

"You're just jealous!" I teased some more, rubbing my hand on his leg.

My dad just rolled his eyes but I knew I was right! My mom, as was typical for her when we got into these exchanges, just looked away as we continued our harmless little banter. She had told me before that sometimes it was more like she had to put up with a brother and sister squabbling than a mature husband and daughter.

Back home, I slipped out of my church dress and debated what to wear. I figured I had two options - the shorts or a skirt. The shorts were easier to run around in as they fit tight and I could let half my ass hang out without getting thrown out. On the other hand, shorts were a pain for any fooling around as they WERW so tight and hard to get out of the way when compared to a short skirt. The only problem with a skirt was that I had to wear a thong (even casinos had SOME sort of dress code against bare asses showing) and you had to be at least a LITTLE discreet on when and where you let it ride up.

In the end, I picked out a pair of denim shorts. They were hemmed rather than cut off which made them a little more presentable but they still were so short it was like my crotch had a continuous massage going and my butt threatened to poke out at any moment. Together with a pair of medium height heels, they showed my legs off quite nicely.

That address the bottom half, now for the top. I rummaged through my closet for the new cami my mom had bought me. It was perfect for today - about a size too small but stretchy enough not to feel like I had a strait jacket on. It was the type that was too short which meant about an inch or two of my midriff was always exposed. On top, it plunged to show off my cleavage with a lace edging that made it look classy. There was no way I was even going to think about wearing a bra under it - after all wasn't that the whole point in wearing one of these anyone, so you didn't have to? Looking in the mirror, my nipples were already sticking out like pencil erasers and I wasn't even cold!

Rather than mess any more with my hair than I already had for church earlier, I pulled it back into a pony tail and then found a Steelers baseball cap through which I threaded my ponytail so it stuck out the back of the cap. I left it more on the back of my head so the brim was sticking up, giving it a more casual appearance on my head.

I was ready. For what, well that was the question, wasn't it? There were at least a dozen permutations or more for what could happen today, ranging from us all just gambling and coming home broke to spending the day fucking in the hotel room and never even making it to the casino floor. No doubt neither extreme would be what actually happened but where in between it would fall, who knew?

The "wild card", if I could call it that, was MJ. He may have been the alpha male in high school, but how was he now after four years of Christian university and a couple more working in the ministry (Nancy had mentioned to me that he was looking to be a youth pastor)? Had the tiger been tamed?

Then there was Nancy. Despite hanging around girls like Beth and me, Nancy had been one of the "sluts" in high school. Oh, she was no virgin but she was still considered by most to be one of the "nice" girls. I knew Beth had tried getting her to go to one of her sex parties but she had always refused. So far as I knew, she had never done anything with a girl either.

Joe, well I knew all about Joe and I was confident he would go with the flow, as would I. It was really up to Nancy and MJ to set the tone and it would be interesting, if nothing else, to see where they set the bar.

## 2. Dad Demands a Quickie

"I take it that outfit is supposed to distract the dealer?" my dad chuckled from my bedroom doorway.

I turned and grinned to him, hands on my hips as I did a slow turn for him to get an eyeful of me.

"Well, it would work if I was dealing!" he laughed. Then he looked more serious and asked, "So any expectations?"

I knew my dad well enough to know he wasn't asking which craps table I would be playing. The problem was, I really did NOT know what to expect so I just shrugged.

"Well, looks like you're ready for anything," he chuckled again, "Damn, you look HOT in that outfit!"

My dad had changed into a pair of sweat shorts and t-shirt after church. As baggy as the shorts were, they did little to hide the growing erection inside. I walked slowly over to him and placed my hand squarely on top of his dick and grabbed it through the shorts.

"Hmmmmmm, looks like someone likes my outfit," I teased him as I stroked his cock slowly through his shorts.

"Well, then quit teasing and suck it you little cock teaser," he said, sounding a little exasperated.

I looked up at him and laughed gently.

"But daddy, they'll be here any minute!"

"So? You wouldn't leave your dear old dad all frustrated, now would you?"

"Oh daddy!" I sighed, "What am I going to do with you?"

"Suck my dick, that's what!" he exclaimed as I squatted down on the backs of my heels.

My shorts were so tight I thought they were going to split but they held in there for me. Hurriedly I reached for his cock and pulled it up and over the elastic waistband of his shorts, pushing the shorts down and under his balls to keep them out of the way. There was no time to play with it so I just took him in my mouth and started to go to work on him without a lot of foreplay.

"Oh god, now THAT'S what I'm talking about," he groaned, holding my head in tight to his crotch.

"Kelly, your ride's here!" my mom called up from downstairs. I started to sit up but my dad pushed down hard on my shoulder and pulled my head even tighter into his hairy crotch.

"Where you going slut? Not 'til you're finished."

I stroked his shaft with one hand while I sucked his dick and licked his shaft with my tongue. My free hand grabbed his ass to keep my balance as I bobbed my head on his cock as fast as I could.

"That's it... that's how I like it... don't stop... almost there!"

I could feel his hairy ass clench and his hips thrust outward, a clear signal that he was about to cum so I took his dick such that just the smooth head was in my mouth and held it there as I stroked the shaft.

"Here is come baby... take it all in your mouth," he gasped as the first shot of warm sperm erupted from the tip of his cock and splashed against the back of my throat.

I sucked on his dick, like I was milking a cow but instead of milk I was getting cream - the creamy cum of my dad's dick. He jerked over and over, each time sending another shot of cum into my mouth as it began to pool on my tongue. Finally, the eruption as over and the sperm volcano came to a rest as I continued to suck on the tip of his cock.

"Oh god Kelly, I can't take any more of that!" he gasped, pushing my face back from his sensitive dick.

I stood up and opened my mouth, showing him the results of his labors on my tongue before closing it again and swallowing it down. Again I opened my mouth, like a kid showing her mother she had taken her yucky cough medicine but in this case, I wanted seconds.

"Kelly, they're waiting!" my mom informed me yet again, except this time she sounded a lot closer. Then I saw her coming up the stairs to see what was going on. Well, THAT was perfectly clear judging by the sight of my dad's dick sticking out from his shorts and me swallowing the final remnant of his cum.

"Oh for God's sakes, I don't believe it," she sighed heavily, "You know they're waiting for you outside."

"Don't yell at her, it was my fault," my dad stepped in, valiantly trying to take the blame.

"I don't buy THAT for a minute," she said with a grin, looking at me as I licked my lips like a cat that had just had a canary snack, "You forget I know my daughter."

She smacked me on the bottom and I grabbed my bag, but not before kissing her and slipping a little of the cum that remained in my mouth into hers. She swallowed it and grinned but then got serious again.

"Now don't go off thinking I'm THAT easy to buy off," she warned me.

## 3. Getting Started With A BJ For Joe

Before she could say anymore, I waved to them both and hustled down the creaky stairs and out the door to where there were two impatient people waiting for me - Nancy and MJ.

"Sorry, I had to finish something," I panted from the exertion of hustling so fast outside.

"It's OK, Joe just called to say he was late so it probably works out for the best anyway," Nancy answered. "What did you have to finish?"

Nancy was NOT aware in any way, shape or form of what me and my family did sexually. For that matter, Beth was the only one who did and even she didn't find out until a couple years ago. I could still taste my dad's cum in my mouth and I almost found myself laughing at the thought of what she would say if I told her the truth? Well, I didn't, needless to say.

"Just a project my dad was working on," I said vaguely. In a way, it wasn't exactly a lie, even if a few details were missing.

"One of your airplanes?" Nancy came back.

God, she as a chatterbox this afternoon. My dad and I flew model airplanes -the kind with four to six foot wingspans. I was the only girl into the local club which meant I was never hurting for anyone to help me out!

"Yeah, he was having a hard time getting something off," I replied. I had to turn away so she wouldn't see my trying not to smile. Well, I had better be careful before I got TOO clever with my answers and gave something away.

By then we were getting close to Joe's house and I saw his car parked on the street. MJ honked briefly and surprisingly, Joe came out the front door almost immediately. Wow, the boy was finally starting to learn to be on-time. I use to tease him that the only thing he ever did early was cum in my mouth!

With the four of us packed in MJ's car, it was about an hour's drive to Wheeling during which we talked about their engagement and upcoming wedding plans. It had been years since I had seen MJ and to be honest, I was more interested in the honeymoon plans after getting an eyeful of him. The guy was still a hunk! Unfortunately, it seemed all he had eyes for was Nancy - to the point Nancy had to yell at him to watch the road more than a few times when he would start to drift over into the other lane.

In the meantime, Joe was in the backseat with me but during the trip we just talked and didn't even sit up against each other. I would say it was familiarity breeding contempt, but more like we knew each other so well, that any thrill from paying in the backseat had disappeared years ago. Typically, when we went out it was either for a pleasant evening of perhaps dinner and a movie, or we just skipped the pleasantries simply went straight to bed at his house or mine. It worked for both of us so I didn't complain.

By the time we got there, the weekend crowd had already begun together and it took a while to wind around the parking garage until we found a spot. Once settled in, we left our stuff in the trunk and hiked our way in. MJ and Nancy had their arms around each other, looking like a three-legged race more than anything while Joe simply took me by the hand.

"You'd never know they just got engaged," Joe joked quietly to me as we followed a few step behind. Then he looked down at me (he was about six inches taller than me - WITH heels). "Damn, have I told you that you really look hot today?"

I smiled, not wanting to tell he was not only late telling me, but he wasn't even the first. Joe dropped my hand and reached for my ass. I didn't try to escape him, instead allowing him to palm my tight butt with his hand like a basketball.

"God, I LOVE your ass, you know that?"

I smiled even more this time. If there was one thing I knew, it was Joe loved my ass. He was always touching it, squeezing it, and when he could, kissing it and rubbing his hard dick against it. He had long given up trying to get me to do anal but I knew if I ever so much as breathed that I was interested he would have his dick up in me so fast I wouldn't know what was happening. Well, actually I was sure I WOULD know exactly what was happening which is why I wouldn't let him do it!

"Better than Nancy's?"

He squeezed my ass again, as if he was testing it to be sure, like my mother checking out a melon in the grocery store. Then he looked ahead at Nancy, as if he could tell how her ass looked through the loose shirt she was wearing.

"Yeah, I think so."

"You THINK so!"

Joe laughed, obviously quite pleased with himself for supposedly teasing me. Then he leaned over so he could whisper in my ear.

"Wait until later and I'll show you just how much I REALLY admire it!"

By now we were inside and after showing our ID's (why do they always look at mine like it's a fake?) we entered the casino. The nose of the slot machines hit me like a physical blow and the flashing lights an bright signs drew me like a moth to a flame.

It seemed every sort of person imaginable was there; young, old, pretty, ugly, rich, poor. Some people were dressed like bums while others wore diamonds and fancy dresses. Most people just looked like typical town folk in jean or pants. The majority were older while those our age were a clear minority.

If there is one thing I love, it's to walk into a crowded bar, or in this case a casino, and have every guy there stare at me when they notice me entering. God, it makes me feel so incredible hot and sexy! Joe seemed to sense it as well as he subconsciously drew me closer to him, like he was keeping for his own like he was shepherding a lamb through a pack of wolves. Only difference was this lamb enjoyed the wolves. It was like their eyes were boring through my clothes, as if I wasn't already showing enough ass to get me thrown out of many places and my nipples were popping out like headlights from the rush I was feeling. I wondered how many of them were wishing they could take me to a room and fuck me!

As many times as I've been to a casino, I still have no idea how to play most of the games - or at least how to play them with any sense of trying to win. Sure, everyone knows how to play blackjack but I never win. The roulette tables LOOK easy but obviously not based on how money is lost whenever I watch. Then there's craps, which totally befuddles me. Slot machines are fun but there's a reason they are called "one-arm bandits", even if their "arms" have been replaced with buttons. For me, the fun isn't the gambling, it's being with someone and watching the other people. Of course, there's always the extra fun and flirting and teasing.

It was sort of fun to watch Joe and MJ. Each of them considered themselves "pros" with their own "systems". To be fair, neither of them seemed to be working very well but it was their money. Nancy and I played the roles of supportive girlfriends, cheering them on when they won and consoling them when they lost (which was most of the time). Eventually we decided to get something to eat so Joe took us to the buffet where his comps got us in for free - cool!

After dinner, Nancy and MJ announced their intentions to try out the roulette games. As they walked off, arm-in-arm like they were engaged, Joe looked at me, waiting for me to decide what to do next. Well, the roulette table was about the last thing on my mind.

"You know, I could use some dessert," I said seductively.

"Oh? Why don't you get some then. I don't mind waiting."

Men! Sometimes you have to hit them over the head with a sledge hammer it seems. Did I have to spell it out for him? Apparently so.

"I was thinking of something not on the menu," I said softly, reaching for his crotch as we sat in the booth.

"Ahhhhhh, THAT dessert," he said with a grin, although he was looking around to make sure nobody saw me massaging his dick through his jeans.

Well duh, what other dessert would I want? I remembered when we entered the casino that after we got off the escalators there were a number of conference rooms off to the side near the restrooms. They hadn't looked busy and so an idea came to mind.

"C'mon, I have someplace in mind."

Joe followed me out of the buffet area, shaking his head at my eagerness. Yeah, as if he didn't want it as bad as I did. After spending a couple of hours getting stared at and groped, I was hungry in a way no buffet would satisfy. It seemed the closer we got, the more all I could think about was his dick hiding behind the jeans like some snake waiting to emerge from its den. Only this snake got bigger and fatter when it was excited!

Joe didn't seem to understand where I was going but once we got to the conference room area he finally seemed to catch on. I peeked into one of the rooms and saw it was empty with just a couple of overhead lights on. The chairs were stacked to one side while the tables were on the other. There really wasn't any place to hide behind but the place was deserted and who would be coming in on a Sunday evening anymore? Even so, Joe didn't seem all too sure about it.

"Hey, why don't I check in and we go to a room instead of here?"

"Ahhhhhh, where's your sense of adventure?" I taunted him.

"Well, what if someone comes in?"

I giggled and put my finger to my mouth saying, "And so what if they do?"

We closed the door behind us and Joe looked at me with a smile on his face.

"God, you haven't changed a bit, have you?" he chuckled, "Still out to be naughty all the time, eh?"

I pointed at his obvious erection in his jeans and grinned saying, "Well, it doesn't look like you're too upset about it."

Joe looked down at his crotch where his dick was struggling to be released. Then he pulled me over to the side so that if someone SHOULD come in, they might not notice us right away, if at all with the lights as dim as they were.

"OK, so have it your way," he said, "What are you waiting for?"

A huge grin popped on my face that I couldn't have wiped away if I tried. Yeah, like I was waiting to suck his dick. I'd show him!

"Here, let's get that bad boy out of there," I murmured, undoing his buckle and snap, then unzipping his pants and spreading the top open to reveal his white Jockey underwear.

"Mmmmmmm, I've been waiting all day for this," I said softly as I pulled his dick out from his underwear, pushing his jeans down along with them to reveal his wonderfully hairy crotch.

Joe had a decent enough dick, more than enough for me. I loved the thick black pubic hair that surrounded it, making it look like a fleshy tree emerging from the forest. He was already rock hard and his dick curved upwards on its own. Oh yeah, he was a horny boy alright and I was just the horny girl to take care of him. Reaching down, I took his hard dick in my hand, loving the feel of his warm shaft in the palm of my hand.

"I love your dick, you know that?" I purred to him as I started to stroke it with my hand.

"Never would have guessed that," he laughed.

"Do you want me to suck it?" I teased him.

"Oh god," he groaned as my hand worked its magic on his wonderful dick, "You know I do."

"Tell me then," I urged him, "I want you to tell me what you want me to do."

"Damn Kelly, you know what I want," he sighed. I stood there patiently, slowly stroking his cock waiting for him to continue. He let out a deep breath finally and said, "OK, Ok, I want you to suck my cock... I want you to blow me."

"Well, why didn't you just say that to start with?" I said teasingly as I squatted down to put my face at the level of his crotch. "Was that so hard - I mean saying it, not your dick."

Joe didn't respond but instead took my head with both hands and pulled me gently towards his incredibly hard dick, making it obvious what he wanted. Well, I wanted the same thing so it wasn't like he had to convince me. Reaching out with my tongue, I let it touch the tip of his head and then ran it around the head in little circles. The scent of his crotch was strong, a thick musky smell combined with his sweat that threatened to overwhelm me as I took in a deep breath of it.

"Put it in your mouth!" he urged me on.

I looked upward at him, our eyes meeting as I continued to lick his dick. Then I smiled at him and without looking away I took his cock in my mouth just a little and sucked on the head, still letting my tongue tease it inside my mouth.

"Oh god, that feels incredible," he groaned, never taking his eyes off of me for a second.

Slowly I took more and more of his shaft into my mouth, twisting my head from side to side as I descended onto it. My lips hugged his shaft like I was trying to from an airtight seal as I was careful not to let my teeth hurt him. About three quarters of the way down I felt it pushing against the back of my mouth and I held him there for a moment, savoring the feel of his throbbing cock in my mouth. God, I had wanted to feel this since the first time I saw him get in the car!

"All of it... I know you can do it," he encouraged me, pulling my head more firmly into his crotch as he tried to drive his cock down my throat.

His cock started to press against my throat and immediately I felt the automatic reflex to gag but I fought it back and tried to relax my throat as much as possible. It wasn't helping that he was pulling me in even harder now. This was something I needed to do at my own pace to keep from gagging! Once his cock head made it into my throat the rest was easy after that and my head slipped down his shaft until my face and nose were buried in his pubic hair.

"Oh yeah, that's it, take it all," I could hear him groaning, more to himself than to me it seemed.

I needed to breath so I pulled back against his hands and let his cock slip from my mouth as I continued to stroke the wet shaft with my hand.

"You like that?" I asked softly, knowing full well what the answer was but wanting to hear him say it anyway. "Oh my god yes," he sighed, "I love it."

I smiled and went down on him again, twisting and turning my head around his stiff shaft like I was screwing my head down on him like a nut on a bolt. My tongue never left his shaft, running along it all the way down as once again I took him all and my face was tickle by his coarse pubic hair.

Meanwhile, my pussy was screaming for attention. As I reached down between my legs, I was reminded of why I had debated between shorts and a skirt. A skirt would have made things a lot easier right about now! Squatting down as I was, the crotch of my shorts was pulled up so tight against my pussy it worked its way between my pussy lips. Fortunately I was shaved or my pubic hair would have been poking out. As it was, there was no way I could slip my fingers inside to reach my pussy so all I could do was run myself through the denim. Even so, I was so sensitive already that just that was enough to send shivers through me from head to toe.

"God, that's it, just like that!" he groaned as my tongue played around the underside of his cock head. Now and then I would run it up and down the length of his shaft, letting the tip of my tongue lightly graze the underside of his dick, eliciting a deep moan every time so I knew he must really like it when I did that.

All the time I was rubbing myself as well, trying to scratch that "itch" I get whenever I want to be fucked badly. It was tempting to stop and just pull my shorts down but if I did that then it wouldn't stop there and we'd be fucking before it was over. Not that such a thing would be so bad, it just was something better done later when people weren't right outside the door. After all, there are risks which make sex fun and then there are stupid risks which just land you in trouble. If there was one thing I DID know, it was that I didn't want to wait much longer to head for that free hotel room!

"Oh god, I'm cumming," Joe groaned in a deep guttural voice. "Open your mouth."

Joe reached down and held his cock while I dutifully opened my mouth like some trained seal waiting for its reward after a stunt. Actually, the analogy was a little more applicable than I sometimes care to admit. After all, I HAD done what I was "trained" to do and I WAS waiting for my reward. In truth, I would have much preferred to keep sucking him and let him cum with my lips wrapped around his shaft, trying to keep it all in my mouth.

I loved the feeling of a dick when it swells and fires it's loads into my mouth like a fire hose, not to mention it's a lot less messy. Guys can't seem to be able to aim their shots cum any better than when the pee in the toilet! Plus, the whole thing of me squatting in front of him while he stroked himself that last little bit until he came just seemed so... pornographic I guess you could say. It reminded me of those girls my dad watched from his porn DVDs.

It was only a few stroked before he started to cum. Sure enough, he missed the target entirely on his first shot, landing it on my forehead and leaving a trail between my eyes and on my nose. The next one was a little lower and struck my open mouth such that I could feel the bitter salty taste of his warm cum on my outstretched tongue. After that, it seemed to go everywhere - my cheeks, hair, and a little in my mouth. I could only imagine the mess I was going to have to clean up - all because he wanted to watch himself cum on me.

When he was finished I grabbed his hard cock and pulled it into my hungry mouth once again, sucking on it like a baby on a nipples as I drained the last bit of sperm from his dick. Joe's dick was ultra-sensitive after his orgasm and he practically shook as I sucked his messy cock. Finally he was empty but I still kept him in my mouth, not yet willing to give it back to him.

"Damn, that was something else," he sighed to me as he lifted me up by my shoulders. Then he looked at me and couldn't help but grin saying, "Ummmmm, hate to say this but you are one hell of a mess. Sorry."

Oh sure he was! What is it that makes men want to spray their cum all over a girl? Frankly, I don't understand the attraction. After all, I have a hungry mouth and pussy standing by, waiting to take very drop. It took a few gulps to swallow down what had made it into my mouth but the aftertaste lingered, as I knew it would for a long time unless I got something to drink or eat to cover it up. I wouldn't have minded kissing him but from the way he was pulling back, I knew he never would so long as his cum was on my face and tongue. Boys are so homophobic in general. It's just cum after all, the same stuff they expect me to eat by the load.

There were some tablecloths folded up on a table near us so I went over and took one to use as a towel to wipe the cum off my face. It should have gotten the majority of it at least, but it was hard to tell without a mirror. Indeed, I had learned my lesson about the range of a man's cum long before when I found people giving me strange looks after emerging from having given my boyfriend a BJ in a public place.

"I have to use the restroom," I apologized to him, although I'm not really sure why I was the one making the apology. It was HIS fault after all. Had it been up to me, every drop would have been inside my mouth! Oh well, not like I was complaining all that much at the time.

I peeked out the door and didn't see anyone looking out way so we quickly exited the conference room. No sooner than Joe had shut the door behind us than a casino worker stepped out of the one next to us and saw us. He looked at us a little oddly and then grinned. I don't know if it was because he knew what he had been doing or maybe I had missed something on my face, but in any case he just turned around and went back in the room without saying a word to us.

The restrooms were just down the hall so I quickly made my way there and looked in the mirror. Sure enough, there was a big lump of sperm in my hair to the side I'd missed so I took a paper towel, wetted it, and tried to get it out before it got any harder. A comb would have been nice except I didn't bring my purse in - one less thing to worry about losing in a crowded casino. I did the best I could and then rinsed my face off as best I could without removing all my makeup. Fortunately I've never been a big one for a ton of makeup so it wasn't like I had that much to worry about in the first place.

Back out in the hallway, Joe was waiting impatiently for me. I playfully punched him in the shoulder.

"You jerk, you could have told me there was cum in my hair!" I playfully chastised him.

"There was?" he pretended to be surprised. He couldn't pull off the fake clueless look for long before he burst out laughing. "I thought you might like showing it off."

He deserved to be smacked - so I hit him again, a little harder this time, but he didn't seem to mind. Instead, he led me over to the check-in desk where he presented his room comp and got a room card. It only took a few minutes before we were headed back to the casino with him flashing the card like it was some magical pass.

## 4. Getting Started in the Hotel Room

It took a while to track down Nancy and MJ but we finally found them at a blackjack table where, no surprise, he appeared to be losing. Of course, if he had paid half as much attention to his cards as he as to Nancy he might have had better luck. Talk about two love-birds!

Joe took a seat next to MJ but waved off the dealer, explaining he would be leaving in a moment. Nancy turned to me and asked how it had been going with Joe and me. When I whispered to her (as softly as the loud background noise permitted) about what I had just done to Joe, her eyes widened.

"No way, you didn't do him already?"

"Just a BJ, not like we fucked or anything," I responded, acting as though it was nothing.

To my complete surprise, I saw the dealer including Joe in the next round. Apparently he had changed his mind about not playing. Men! He just HAD to show MJ he was better, didn't he. Here I was, my mouth still tasting of his cum, ready to go to his room and let him fuck my brains out, and he wanted to play cards! Who would believe me if I told them?

Disgusted with him, I turned to Nancy and asked her if she wanted to play some slots with me. She seemed surprised at first and then, seeing the two guys totally ignoring us as they concentrated on who could do better than the other, agreed.

My goal was NOT to play for a lot of money but just to occupy myself until our two card sharks had their fill so we headed over to the nickel slots where all the high rollers were gathered. Most of the players seemed to be fresh off the bus from the nursing home so you can imagine the looks Nancy and I got from the old perverts when we walked through the aisles hunting for a machine to play on. I really didn't know one from the other so we finally picked two that looked interesting and took a seat.

Nancy was wearing her engagement ring and I was obviously her friend but do you think that would deter the men? Ha! We hadn't been playing five minutes before the vultures began to circle. At first it was just a couple of guy looking our way - much too often to be a coincidence. Then the "flyovers" started - guys that seemed to need to pace back and forth in the same area we were playing, looking down at us as they passed, probably hoping for a peek down our tops. Of course we ignored them all and to be honest, not one of them seemed the slightest bit interesting.

Then the marines landed. Two guys approached us, looking to be in their late thirties or forties, each taking a seat next to us and thus boxing us in between them. I didn't pay any attention to them until the one next to me tried to strike up a conversation. I was polite until he put his hand on my bare leg.

"Look, don't touch," I admonished him. I almost laughed at the sound of it, like some stripper doing a lap dance for a guy.

"Ah baby, you know you want it," the perv replied, keeping his hand on my leg and if anything, moving it up a little higher.

"Take your hand off my leg - NOW!" I said forcefully, loud enough to get the attention of the people around us, including a security guard who came over to see if everything was OK. I just looked at the perv who took his hand off me and got up to leave, muttering something about a "bitch" under his breath.

That scene sort of scared off the vultures for a while, leaving Nancy and me to play without being pestered constantly. If it had just been me alone, maybe I would have toyed with the guy a little more before calling in for an air strike. He didn't have a chance in hell of getting me but he didn't have to know that, at least not for a while until I was tired of him.

Just then Nancy's machine started to make all sorts of noises and lights flashing. She had won something big apparently. As it turned out, she had won 10,000 of something or another which she explained to me were nickels since we were playing on a nickel machine. Since the machines no longer use tokens, all she got was the sound and light show without the tokens falling from the machine forever. Still, $500 was a lot of money from playing just a nickel!

Thanks to Nancy's winnings, we played for a while after that and before I knew it, a couple of hours had passed and I was wondering what the boys were up to. We cashed out and held onto the cash slips from the machines as we tried to track down the guys. Not surprisingly, they were still at the same table although neither of them seemed nearly as happy as Nancy and me. Nancy waved her cash slip in front of MJ who seemed shocked that she could have done that much better than him - playing slots at that.

Putting my hands on Joe's shoulders, I leaned down to whisper in his ear.

"You know, I hear the VIP room is open if you're interested."

Joe looked puzzled at first and then he caught on to what I was referring to and smiled. He reached around and grabbed my ass - a few too many drinks I think.

"Yeah, I've had enough of this... let's go."

Joe said something to MJ who just nodded and gathered his chips. Apparently they had been talking while we were gone since he didn't seem at all surprised, assuming Joe had told him what I think he did. I turned to Nancy and grinned.

"Hey girl, looks like it's time to go for the jackpot."

Both guys seemed a bit tipsy when they stood up, not a good sign but at least they didn't fall down. Neither of them had a lot of chips so we passed by the cashiers and headed straight to the hotel. Once in the elevator, I turned to Joe and kissed him, letting my hand drift quickly to his crotch once again.

"Gee whiz Kelly," Nancy sighed, "Can't you wait two more minutes?"

I just ignored her as MJ didn't seem to mind watching us until Nancy grabbed his chin and turned his head towards her again. Just then the elevator chimed and the door opened to our floor. Our room was only a few doors down and before you knew it, we were in. It was a standard hotel room with two double beds and a bolted down TV on the dresser. Well, what do you want for free - a suite?

Joe had apparently had more to drink than even I had thought as he flopped backwards on the bed, arms out to his sides as he groaned.

"Someone make the room stop spinning," he said in a slurred voice. Great! We finally get to the room and he's drunk.

Then, unbelievably, he passed out. I don't mean he fell asleep, the jerk literally passed out - unconscious to the world. Never would I have expected THIS. Now what?

"Looks like Joe had a little too much to drink," Nancy murmured, her grasp of the obvious brilliant.

I felt like the wind had been taken from my sales. My hopes were to get in the room, strip as fast as possible, and have his dick in me before he could catch his breath. Instead, I was the infamous "third wheel" with MJ and Nancy, freshly engaged, in the room with me. Well, if I'm nothing else, I'm flexible. Since my original plans weren't coming to fruition, it was time for Plan B, whatever THAT was.

My mind raced and seeing Nancy and MJ, there was only one logical thing to do. Only problem was, would Nancy go along with it? After all, MJ wasn't just her boyfriend, he was her fiance. Obviously this was going to take a little finesse, not exactly my strong suit, especially when I was as horny as I was at that moment.

It became readily apparent that Nancy and MJ weren't concerned about my issues with Joe, especially MJ. He grabbed Nancy and held on to her as they dropped to their bed and started going at it like two teenagers in heat. They started stripping each other's clothes off, totally oblivious to me as I sat on my own bed next to Joe and watched. Who needed to turn on the TV and watch a porn channel when I had my own private show right in front of me?

This was the first time I'd seen MJ naked. For that matter, it was the first time I'd seen Nancy naked other than dressing or some other non-sexual circumstance. There was one time when on a dare she posed for some nudes but that was several years ago and so far as I know, it was a one-time event. MJ was ready to go with his dick already hard and sticking out from his crotch like a branch from a tree. In my opinion, I would rate his dick maybe a 6 or 7 on a 1-10 scale. I like it when a guy's dick gets so hard that it stick out and even better if it hold itself and points to the sky. Some guys never get that "steel rod" hardness and while their dicks get firm and big, the just hang there.

I guess you could compare my dick preference as similar to the way some guys rate boobs. Some like the perky ones, not so big but standing up on their own with nipples pointing straight out. Then there are those that prefer the big ones, even if they do hand down and need support to look good when dressed.

Nancy was just a pretty as ever. She was a blonde, but not a "natural" one as the dark small patch of pubic hair she kept as a "landing strip" over her pussy. She has GREAT boobs, though, boobs I would have killed for, looking like maybe 36D or even DD. Not only did she have great boobs, but her legs were long and trim and her overall figure made me incredibly envious - and horny. Too bad she had never expressed even the slightest interest in girls!

Laying together naked on a hotel bed, an engaged couple totally in love and consumed with deep lust for one another, it was the stuff porn movies only wish they could capture. There was no acting going on here. No fake moans or ridiculously staged orgasms, just two people making love - and doing it just a few feet away from me. Who would blame me for feeling as horny as a girl on her first date with the school stud?

Joe was out so I just crawled up on the bed and bunched up the pillows so I could lean back on them. Stripping off my clothes (hey, if MJ and Nancy could be nude, why not me?) I took a position such that with my legs spreads apart I could see the show being conducted next to me. My hands immediately reached for my boobs and pussy and I slowly began to masturbate, more subconsciously than anything else as I was mesmerized by the site of the two lovers.

At first they just kissed and hugged, pressing their nude bodies up against the other as their faces merged and their tongues reached out. Eventually MJ laid on his back, putting his erection on full display. It actually pointed back up towards his head but didn't touch his stomach thanks to the stiffness of his erection. Without ever taking so much as a glance my way. Nancy moved between his legs and got down on her hands and knees with her face positioned over his crotch, stroking him with her right hand as she looked at him with the most perfect picture of a girl in love with her man.

"Suck it," I barely heard him say as he whispered his desires to her. Nancy smiled and nodded before dipping her head down to take his dick in her mouth. She didn't use her hands, just taking the tip of his dick in her mouth and then moving her head to cause it to move deeper in her mouth. She took him in slowly, like a she was swallowing a sword in a circus. She only got about half way down before she stopped and just held it there like she was sucking on a warm popsicle.

It was killing me watch them. After sucking Joe's cock earlier, all I had been thinking about since was how much I wanted him to fuck me and now here I was, playing the part of a voyeur, forced to masturbate I looked over at Joe and I wondered just HOW passed out he really was? After all, I've gotten more than a few guys good and hard even when they were sound asleep. Oh well, what did I have to lose?

Reaching over, I undid Joe's belt buckle and then unsnapped his jeans before pulling down the zipper all the way to the bottom. Pulling the flaps apart, I once again saw his underwear underneath. It was a bit of a struggle but I managed to pull his jeans and underwear down to his knees and then with a final tug, got them completely off. His shirt was still on but that wasn't stopping me from getting to where I was headed - his dick. It was limp and flaccid, nestled in his pubic hair like a baby in a crib.

Taking it in my hand, it felt warm and soft, so much smaller than it had been the last time I had held it. A last look over at MJ and Nancy, who was still sucking on his dick nice and slow, and I dived down to his crotch and took his limo dick in my mouth. It felt so soft, stretching out as I tugged on it with my mouth.

At first there was no reaction at all from Joe, not even a twitch of a muscle. After a few minutes I was about call it a failure when I felt it. It wasn't much just a little pulse, but his cock had definitely moved in my mouth. I redoubled my efforts, sucking on it more like a nipples than a dick, like I was trying to bring life back to it once again. My efforts were rewarded as I felt his dick start to grow, almost imperceptibly at first and then there was no doubt - he was growing an erection! There was no change in his expression or anything else to indicate he was concisely aware of what was happening to him, but his dick certainly knew.

As his dick continued to swell and lengthen in my mouth, my heart was beating faster and I wondered how far I would be able to take him. There's just something about the feeling you get when a guy's dick swells in your mouth that I never will grow tired of. It's like it's a validation of my sexuality, of my ability to cause a man to become sexually excited. His dick wasn't growing because he was turned on by some Playboy model. No, it was ME that was making this happen. It was MY mouth that was making his dick grow.

I looked over at Nancy and for the first time, I noticed her looking my way. Our eyes met and she grinned, at least as best she could with her fiance's dick in her mouth. I smiled back at her and gave her a thumbs up. Now THIS beat hanging around a smoky casino floor any day!

By now, Joe's dick was nice and hard once again. Admittedly, it would have been better had he been conscious and could tell me how I was doing but his dick was doing a pretty good job in its own way. Hey, a hard dick's a hard dick and when you're horny, you take what you can get!

Over on the other bed, Nancy had mounted MJ and was rocking back and forth with her hands on his chest to support her. I could just make out his dick as it slid in and out of her almost hairless pussy. Judging from the way she was moaning, it must have felt pretty good! I thought about it for a moment and then figured, why not? Although I had sucked more than a few guys while they were asleep, as a rule they woke up once things got going. It was definitely one wake-up call they never complained about! In his case, Joe wasn't showing any signs of waking up so it was time to take things into my own hands, or should I say pussy?

Letting go of Joe's dick for the moment, I got myself up and straddled his still body. Lowering myself down on him, I felt his hard cock up against my pussy and I swung my hips such that it rubbed up against me and moved back and forth over my pussy. God I wanted him in me so damn bad! Reaching back down again, I took his cock in my hand and positioned it just under me and rubbed the head of his dick against my pussy hole, just barely letting It penetrate me. Once again I looked over at Nancy and this time it was her that was watching me. She was sitting on top of MJ, his dick shoved deep inside of her, while the two of them had their heads turned to see what was happening in the next bed.

"You're going to fuck him?" she asked me, a tone of disbelief in her voice, "Like THAT?"

She may have been incredulous but MJ, like a typical guy, was grinning from ear to ear. Even with his girlfriend mounted on his dick like a stick in a caramel apple, his interest was focused on another girl. I bet he had never seen anything like this before, let alone live and just a few feet away.

"Well, you didn't offer to share MJ, so what choice do I have," I responded, a little tease on my voice but underlying it I was more than a little bit serious about what I said.

Before she could respond, I turned my attention back to the dick I was holding and held it still as I dropped my ass down onto it. I felt his head push against my pussy hole and then it penetrated me, forcing my pussy open as it drilled its way into me.

I gasped as I felt that incredible feeling you get when a cock first enters you. It doesn't matter if it's the first time or the 200th time, it still makes me shiver when I feel this warm object filling my pussy. God, I had wanted this SO damn much. Who cared if the guy it was attached to had no idea what was happening? All I wanted was his warm hard dick in me, not to listen to him.

Once the initial thrill of seeing me all but date-rape Joe (can girls really do that?), MJ and Nancy seemed to lose interest, or at least were more interested in each other than me. Couldn't blame them - why watch when you're involved in the real thing? As I fucked Joe's dick (I guess that's what you would call it), I watched the two of them move into various positions, going from the initial cowgirl to doggie and then spooning. From the way she whined every time his dick pulled out if her, even if it was intended to in order to change positions, you would have thought she had never been fucked before.

I let my weight settle down on Joe's lap and just wiggled my hips enough to feel him move inside of me. Amazingly, he had stayed hard as a rock - or maybe NOT so amazingly I guess when you consider most guy's inbred level of horniness. Using my fingers, I played with my pussy, rubbing my wet clit with my finger tips and then letting them touch his hard shaft just as it penetrated me. Feeling his dick, it seemed almost impossible that this was what I was feeling deep inside of me.

My orgasm arrived without much warring, like stepping out into a street unaware and suddenly being struck by an incoming truck. I felt my pussy tighten its grip on Joe's dick, squeezing down on it hard. Had he been awake, he probably would have been groaning from the sensation of my pussy tightening and my cum being released like a flood, soaking his crotch with my pussy cum. My head dropped back and I closed my eyes as my world shrunk to where the only thing that existed for me was my pussy where my fingers were rubbing my ultra- sensitive clit and his dick was deep inside of me. I swung my hips forward and back, driving his dick in and out of me just enough to keep my orgasm on a pinnacle of the most incredibly sensual feelings.

Exhausted (after all, I was doing all the work here!), I leaned forward and dropped down to his chest, letting my boobs press against his hair chest and hugging him with his dick still buried in me. My pussy throbbed and I wished that he would cum but so far, that hadn't happened. Actually, I wasn't sure if he could when he was passed out this way. How much of his orgasm was purely physically versus mental. My guess was that it was probably about 90% physical but even then, without the last 10% could he cum? So far, the answer was no. Oh well, at least I had!

Nancy and MJ were still fucking. They were back in the doggie position with Nancy facing away from me and MJ standing on the floor with her ass at the edge of the bed so he could stuff her pretty pussy with it. She seemed to be enjoying it if her moaning and cries of "Fuck me harder!" were any indication.

# 5. He's Only Engaged, Not Married

It didn't seem quite fair. Oh sure I had technically been fucked but it may as well have been a warm dildo for all the personal attention I had received. Yeah I had cum but then I would have had I kept masturbating. It was a bit of a thrill to do something I had never done before - screw a sleeping guy.

Once again, I figured I had nothing to lose. If I didn't try, then I would always be left wondering what would have happened if I had. I don't think a jury in the world would have convicted me for what I was about to do.

Getting out of bed, I moved over to their bed and took a position next to Nancy, except I wasn't on the bed but just leaning over it with my legs spread apart.

"Would you like to fuck me too MJ?" I asked seductively, wiggling my wet pussy like a teen teasing as she walked down the mall.

MJ had his hands on Nancy's hips as he thrust his dick in and out of her but he stopped once I made my offer. He looked confused and who could blame him. He was screwing his beautiful fiance and now another girl was offering herself unconditionally to him. It was probably every guy's wet dream but Nancy had yet to weigh in.

"What the hell?" she asked, twisting around to see what was going on. She saw me and instantly knew what I wanted.

"Kelly, we're engaged!" she protested, "He's going to be my husband!"

"Well, he's not yet so why not let him have some fun while he can?" I rationalized for her. Looking at MJ, a huge grin plastered over his face, it was obvious what his vote would have been had I asked. Only problem, his vote didn't count.

"No, it's not right," she protested.

"I don't think MJ agrees with you," I teased her, "I think he wants two pussies tonight, don't you MJ?"

"MJ...," Nancy threatened, "Don't you DARE fuck her."

"Oh Nancy, lighten up, let the poor boy enjoy himself." I countered. Turning back to MJ, I grabbed my ass with both hands and pulled my cheeks apart to expose my asshole and pussy to him. "C'mon MJ, fuck me, you know you want my pussy."

Looking back, I didn't think he would do it. Although Nancy wasn't being TOO vocal about it, , kept the pressure on MJ. To my surprise, he pulled his dick out of her and I saw him move his wet cock over and behind me and without any fanfare, pushed it in my pussy and started fucking me.

"Oh MJ, that feels so good," I moaned.

"I can't believe you're fucking her," Nancy huffed, "You know you're screwing my maid of honor, don't you?"

I grinned at her and said, "Well, I know that traditionally the best man is supposed to fuck the maid of honor but you haven't told me who he is yet so the groom will just have to do for now."

"You're impossible, you know that?" Nancy muttered as she dropped to her side to watch MJ fuck me.

Seeing her with her pussy glistening in the soft light, I would have loved to have her in front of me so I could eat her pussy while her fiance fucked me. THAT wasn't going to happen, just him fucking me was already more than I had ever expected.

MJ has grunting, his thrusts taking on a sense of urgency. God, was he about to cum?

"Cum in me," I begged him, taking the chance that he was on the verge.

Although I couldn't see him behind me, I knew he must have looked to Nancy as she just shrugged and looked a bit dejected.

"Why the hell not?" she huffed, "Hell, may as well do it all to her while you're at it 'cause you're not getting any of THAT pussy again."

"You heard her MJ, give it to me," I urged him, "Fuck me and cum in me."

"Oh shit," he suddenly groaned and he rammed himself deep inside of me. His cock started to surge and the first load of warm cum spurted for his dick into my waiting pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, more... give me all of it," I moaned, loving every drop of cum he was depositing in me.

"Go on MJ, do it, it's what you wanted, isn't it?" Nancy chimed in. Somehow she didn't sound too sincere but I don't think MJ was in any condition to notice such subtleties.

Finally he let go his last shot and I felt his thick hairy crotch press up against my smooth ass,. It felt good knowing his sperm was in me, especially under the circumstances where it should have been given to his fiance. Well, it wasn't like they were actually married, at least not yet.

"Happy now?" Nancy taunted me. I nodded and she pointed to the other bed, her intentions obvious. She wanted her man back!

Nancy sucked on MJ until he was ready to go again. Not bad in terms of recovery time! I slipped under the covers, leaving Joe on top with his pants removed. At some point I must have fallen asleep because he next thing I knew the room was lit with sunshine and I woke to the sound of MJ snoring. God, he was louder than my dad! Nancy and he were under the covers but I could tell from the lumps and positions that Nancy was draped over him as he lay on his back.

## 6. Joe Does the Future Bride

Joe hadn't moved an inch but when I moved up close to him he started to wake up.

"God, what happened?" he asked, still in a bit of a haze. "Where the hell are my pants?"

Joe looked at me accusingly and then it was like the light bulb went on and he knew what must have happened.

"So did we...?" he started out, obviously not remembering a thing.

I reached over and kissed him on the cheek, avoiding his mouth until he got up and brushed his teeth.

"You were great baby," I whispered huskily to him. I didn't bother telling him that he hadn't been awake for any of it then who cared? After all, I'd gotten what I wanted and since he wouldn't have remembered it anyway, did it matter if he was awake or not?

"I take it they must have a good night as well?" he asked, looking over at the still figures of MJ and Nancy. I just grinned, leaving him to wonder what THAT was all about.

Joe reached for me, his intentions obvious. This time he wanted to remember it!

"Ummmmm, shower first?" I said to him, trying not to be mean but he needed one badly!

Joe rolled his eyes and go off the bed, his shirt was pulled up and his ass looked not as he walked to the bathroom. Yeah, I could definitely have some more of that!

Joe hurriedly took his shower. I think he was horny and anxious to get back for a piece of me. While he was in the shower, I was looking over at MJ and Nancy and by the time he came back, I knew what I wanted.

"There, better now?" he announced, using a towel to dry his hair as he came back in view all clean and nude. He started to get in bed with me but I pushed him away.

"What now?" he asked.

I nodded my head over towards MJ and Nancy and said softly, "I want you to fuck her first."

"What?" Joe responded incredulously, "She'd kill me, not to mention what MJ would do."

"Look at them, they're out," I pushed him, "By the time she wakes up it'll be too late for her to say anything. What's the matter, never fucked a sleeping girl before?"

"As a matter of fact... NO," he answered firmly.

"But I bet you want to," I teased him.

"God you're such a tease."

"And you love it."

Joe just grinned even broader at that one and I noticed he was getting hard.

"Did he fuck you last night too?" Joe asked, assuming he had fucked me as well.

"What do you think?" I said, trying to look innocent.

"Yeah, you did," he teased, "I can see that look in your eyes.:

"So now it's your turn - go on, do her," I urged.

Joe had this giant smile on his face and held his hard dick in his hand as he approached their bed. He cautiously lowered the covers until the nude forms of the two of them were exposed.

"How do I...?" Joe asked quietly, looking back at me. She was on her side, almost over her stomach, with one leg draped over MJ.

"You can do her, just fuck her," I encourage him.

Joe got up on the bed and reached down for her pussy between her legs. He gently pushed one finger up her pussy, drawing the wetness from her to lubricate himself and her pussy. I held my breath, afraid to even sigh as I watched Joe maneuver himself into position. Slowly and carefully, he started to push his dick up inside of her!

He was maybe half way in when she stirred, her hand reaching back to swat away whatever it was that was intruding on her sleep. Her hand met Joe's nude body and she instantly awoke.

"What the hell?"

Nancy struggled to move but Joe had her pinned down as he started to stroke himself in and out of her.

"You're fucking me!"

Well duh, glad to see she recognized what he was doing. I quickly moved over to her bed and leaned over her and stroked her hair.

"I just wanted to repay your hospitality last night."

"You're crazy girl," she protested, although I noticed she wasn't trying to wiggle free anymore.

"Joe's got a great cock, don't you think Nancy?"

"Oh shit... god he does," she sighed.

Not having cum the night before, even though he had been asleep when I played with him, Joe must have built up a huge load of cum in himself because he certainly wasn't lasting very long this morning.

"I think he's about to cum in you," I whispered in her ear, leaning over her.

Nancy wasn't talking at this point. Her eyes were shut tight and she was letting Joe do the work as she just pressed up against MJ while Joe fucked her.

"Cumming!" Joe announced as I saw his ass clench as he prepared to unleash himself in Nancy.

Joe rammed his dick in her for the first load and then he pulled out and started shooting cum all over her ass and pussy. God, he must have had a quart of it stashed away somewhere from all the mess he made all over her, not to mention the first, and probably biggest, one he'd let loose. I reached down and scooped some of his cum off her pretty ass with my finger, taking a taste of it and then offering it to Nancy who sucked it off my finger. What I would have REALLY loved would have been to put my face to her pussy and lick it out but she had already gone past her personal limits as it was

I took Joe by the hand and led him back to our bed where we laid together, leaving Nancy to savor her morning wake-up call. As we moved around, it must have been enough for MJ to finally awaken. Nancy kissed him and before you knew it, the horny girl with the freshly fucked pussy was wanting more, but this time from her man.

You ready for another round?" I teased Joe, reaching down to grab his wonderful dick. Thankfully he hadn't gone totally soft yet and I knew he just needed a little BJ to get back in the saddle again,

Eventually we fucked to the point we were hungry and ready for breakfast. Nancy went in to take a shower and didn't seem too surprised when I joined her. I wondered if she realized how much she turned me on and how I would have let the boys go down and gamble the rest of the day if she would have gone to bed with me. Oh well, maybe someday, who knows?

The rest of the day went relatively uneventful. I would say by the time we left we were about even when it came to our winnings and losses, not a bad deal for the time we spent there. On the way home we discussed their upcoming wedding but didn't talk about what happened in the hotel room. If there was one thing I wouldn't let Nancy forget though, and it was her offer for me to fuck the best man. Now all I had to do was find out who he was. Who knows, maybe the groom would be available as well - whether she knew it or not!

My first year in college was a challenge, just as it is for most every student. On top of all the cultural and social adjustments, I had the additional issue of having to go practically cold-turkey without sex. The Christian university I attended was quite adamant about the rules that forbade any such conduct. As luck would have it (or maybe an answer to prayer?) my roomie was bi and she quickly became my first true "lesbian" partner (I didn't really count what I did with my mom and aunt as being that type of relationship).

What I didn't know was that back home my dad was having similar "withdrawal" issues and so he turned to my younger cousin for relief, It wasn't until the following July Fourth after my freshman year was over that I learned the truth. I wasn't really all that surprised and besides, it also opened the door for Kristen and I to start fooling around more together. Our double dates became a LOT more interesting as you might imagine!

When it comes to sex, Kristen and I have quite different attitudes and preferences. Over the years, I've been fucked by my fair share of guys but I really prefer a one-to-one relationship over some impersonal gangbanging at a party. Kristen, on the other hand, LOVES parties where "the more the merrier" is her motto. She simply LOVES being the center of attention so the fewer girls there, the better so far as she is concerned. I've probably had twice as many guys on my own as she has but when you take into account the parties, she has me more than doubled in a total cock count. That is a conservative estimate as well since she doesn't keep a diary like me.

Another difference is our age preferences. While I enjoy a good fucking from a young stud as much as the next girl, I find it to be repetitive and emotionally unsatisfying in that all they seem to care about is getting in your pants and adding another notch to their belt. It's typically the old slam, bam, thank you ma'am style where once they cum, the party's over. My preference is older men, maybe in their thirties or forties although I've done older, who seem to be as anxious to please me as themselves.

Maybe it has to do with the fact most of them can only cum once before having to take a break so they try to stretch it out as long as possible. Personally, I think it is mostly just an indicator of maturity. For me, the ultimate pure "fuck" is a married guy with kids, preferably a teenage girl. The fact that a married man will break the most solemn vow he has ever made to his wife before God, just to spend a few hours with me is about as erotic and ego-building as anything I can think of. Pile onto that a father-daughter role play and you have the makings for a great evening!

As for Kristen, the easiest way to explain her preferences for men is to simply reverse everything you just heard about me. She never dates older men, excluding my dad of course who really doesn't count as a "date". The way her mind works, the younger the better (well, they have to be at least fourteen - I think). It COULD have been hard for her when she turned eighteen as her appetite for younger boys didn't change just because she reached a particular birthday. The reason I say "could" was that she simply ignored the issue and went right on as if nothing had changed.

Another other area where Kristen and I differ dramatically is our relationships with our mothers. Both of us enjoy close relationships but with my mom, most of the time I would describe her as my very best friend. I've always been able to confide anything with her and her advice and counsel to me over the years has been priceless. Although we do periodically have sex, it didn't start until after me and my dad started and even then, we don't do it very often. When we do, it's usually quite intense and extremely personal and emotional. To put it into perspective, with my dad it's all about pleasing him and satisfying his needs. With my mom it's about two women making love, sharing one another in every possible way.

As I mentioned earlier, since she didn't have a father and her mom didn't have a husband, the two of them started sleeping in the same bed right after the divorce. Of course, at that age nothing happened between the two of them, it was for emotional support and security instead. As Kristen grew older, she became more curious about her mom, especially when it came to masturbation, dildos, and the things she did with her dates that she brought home, especially in their bedroom. Even they can't say precisely when they started doing one another, it was instead the sort of thing that just gradually grew between them, as natural as her budding boobs or the awakening of her pussy.

Another significant difference involving our mothers is due largely to the fact that my mom is married and my Aunt Linda is single. Although my mom may have spied a few times when I brought a boy home for sex, she has never participated or even hinted at such a thing. My mom loves my father even more today than when they were married and the thought of committing adultery would NEVER even enter her mind. My Aunt Linda doesn't have that sort of bond or "restriction", if you want to refer to marriage in that way. She dates frequently and has a healthy sex life.

It's easy to see where Kristen gets her love of young boys from - her mother. While my aunt dates guys her age most of the tine, she doesn't mind dallying with a few younger guys now and then. Normally this means over eighteen but I personally know of at least a couple instances where Kristen shared a boy she had brought home. When you think about it, what sixteen or seventeen year-old boy would turn down the opportunity to be tag teamed by a sexy MILF and her daughter?

Finally, Kristen chose to attend a public university close to home but still lives in the coed dorms where she quickly gained a "reputation". This was in comparison to the virtual nunnery of a school I attended where (not only did we NOT have coed dorms, even as a senior having a guy in my on-campus apartment was grounds for expulsion. Personally, I was more interested in the school's education department reputation despite the rules whereas Kristen was more interested in the school's party reputation despite the education! Not that the school she attended was all that bad, but you get the picture.

So now I'm the college graduate and Kristen is getting ready for her junior year. We often get together; not just for sex but just because we had grown up so close together in "only child" families that we were virtually sisters.

## 2. Watching Tributes With Kristen

Sometimes when she comes over I show her my e-mails and tributes that people send me after reading my diary. Many times, these have included "tributes" to her and her mom. (For those who haven't heard, a "tribute" is where a guy takes a picture of a girl and pays "tribute" to her by masturbating as he looks at and then cumming all over it, taking a pic later of the results.)

"Damn, look at all that cum!" she remarked as I pulled up a particularly well-splattered photo of her in her bikini. She had just dropping in with her mom a little earlier and while the mothers had coffee, Kristen and I had retreated to my bedroom where I wanted to show her some of the latest tributes that had been sent to me for her.

"Yeah, and look where most of it went," I pointed out.

"Oh yeah, all over my pussy and tits," she laughed. "Well, I guess we know what he was thinking about when he came!"

"Here, watch this one," I said, double clicking on a movie file I'd recently received. "Oh my god, it's mom!" she giggled. The video showed a picture of my aunt on some guy's computer screen with him stroking his rather sizeable cock in front of it.

"Wow, he's pretty big," Kristen commented, as if she had to tell me!

"Can you imagine what he must have thinking when he was doing this?" I asked her, leading her on to see how horny I could get her.

"Oh for sure," she said, laughing out loud finally. "Let's see... my mom on the screen, hard dick in his hand, hand stroking hard dick... I think I can figure this one out for myself!"

I sized the windows so we could watch the video of the guy jerking off to the pic of her mother while at the same time we could see several examples of photos paying tribute to her in various outfits.

"God, I can't believe all these guys send these to you!" she gushed, her voice starting to sound a little husky as I could tell she was getting more and more turned on.

I reached over and put my hand between her legs. She was wearing denim shorts ripped high enough that there was only a sliver of material running through her crotch and even that was being pulled up between her pussy lips, not leaving a whole lot to the imagination.

"Mmmmmmm, I think somebody's horny," I chuckled.

"And your point?" she teased me back, pushing my hand out of the way so she could put her own in its place. "God Kelly, you show me all these pics and now a movie of a guy stroking himself while he looks at my mom. I mean like, what did you expect?"

"Watch close now," I broke in as the video got close to where I knew it was about to get exciting. I'd watched this particular one dozens of times, each time getting horny as hell even though I knew what was going to happen.

"Oh my God, look at that!" she exclaimed, leaning forward with her hand still between her legs. "Damn, he's cumming on the screen. Oh my, what a mess!"

Sure enough, the guy's cock was shooting one stream after another of sperm that landed on the computer monitor screen and dripped down to cover most of my aunt's photo that he had been jerking off to. The same thought went through my mind every time I saw this, how did he clean it up afterwards!

"Fuck, that's just so damn hot!" she moaned as the video automatically started again from the start. She stood up and quickly dropped her shorts to the floor where she stepped out of them and kicked them away with her bare foot. Sitting back down again in the chair next to me, she leaned back and let her bare ass move forward until her cute little pussy was at the edge of the chair seat.

"God, I could watch this a hundred times!" she remarked as she started playing with herself.

Not to be outdone, I dropped my shorts as well and sat on the edge of my own chair, duplicating her masturbation position. I don't know what was making me wetter, the tributes on the screen or watching my cousin play with herself as she watched them.

"Like the good old days, eh!" I teased her as the two of us sat side by side, masturbating together.

"Yeah," Kristen giggled, "except we didn't have pics of guys cumming on us back then."

We both broke up laughing and after that it was quiet except for the on and off again sounds of one of us moaning as we each worked on bringing ourselves to an orgasm.

Kristen may outnumber me in the sexual partner department, and she may be a better cock teaser and all around boy magnet, but when it came to masturbation I was the master. Maybe it was due to four years of college where most of the time my fingers were all the sex I got. Maybe it was just sheer determination and willpower. Maybe it was even psychological or something in my head compared to hers. Whatever it was, it was a rare day Kristen ever came faster than me when we masturbated and I wasn't about to let today be the start of any new trends.

"Ha, ha!" I crowed as I felt that familiar uprising between my legs, signaling the start of yet another orgasm, "Beat ya again cuz!"

Kristen made some smart aleck remark in reply but I wasn't hardly listening to her anymore. All that was on my mind was being generated between my legs and spreading rapidly throughout my body like some virus or plague at work. I leaned my head back and stared at the ceiling before shutting my eyes tight and yielding to my orgasm.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out in a husky voice. "It feels SO good!"

I may have beaten Kristen to the mark but she wasn't letting that hold her back. As I came I could almost feel her as she stroked her pussy like crazy. Sure enough, within a few more seconds she was having an orgasm of her own. She didn't hold back, letting her body hump up and down as she touched herself, crying out so loudly that I was afraid the neighbors might hear, even if the windows WERE all closed.

I really have no idea how long we went on. It would be interesting someday to participate in a study of shared orgasms. I mean where two women cum together but alone in that they masturbate together but don't touch one another. Over the years I couldn't help but notice how often Kristen and I would orgasm almost at exactly the same time and then at almost the same time as well. Even when I was younger and a group of us would play with ourselves at a sleepover or party, it was the same. Even at that young age it was like we were somehow synchronized, the vast majority of us cumming together within a minute or two of each other. I had read in my psych books about how women kept together adjusted their periods over time to match up with one another. Maybe something similar to that was associated with orgasms?

Kristen was still staring at the computer screen as she came. I wondered what she was focusing on or maybe it was just everything in general. Was she more turned on by tributes to her or to her mom. From what I had seen so far, it looked like it was the video of her mom that had pushed her over the edge tonight. Who could blame her? After all, how many girls get to watch a video of their own mother being covered with cum by some stranger, even if it was just a photo of her?

## 3. Just Fooling Around the House

When we were done and had caught our breath, Kristen turned to me and grinned. The air was thick with the smell of our wet pussies and it was tempting to just tell her to shut up and get down to lick her pussy for the next hour or so!

"Hey, I've got an idea!" she exclaimed, as if she had just struck gold or something. If there was one thing I learned long ago, when Kristen prefaced something with "I've got an idea", you can bet something wild is about to be happen.

"One of the guys I dated last week has an older brother... interested?" she teased me. I knew what she was referring to. Undoubtedly she would take the younger brother and then I would get the older one. The only question - what were their ages? Older and younger were very relative terms in Kristen's dictionary.
"Sounds like fun. And just how old are these guys?" I asked.

"Well... Tony, the guy I've been dating on and off the past couple of years, just turned seventeen last month. I think his brother Terry is at last eighteen, maybe even nineteen."

No wonder she wanted me to have the older one. Anyone that could be pushing twenty was ancient in Kristen's mind and even eighteen tended to offend her sensibilities when it came to who she wanted to date.

"Sure he's not getting too old for ya?" I teased her.

"Oh Kelly, give me a break," she huffed, "Not everybody wants someone on Social Security to fuck her you know."

Knowing from bitter past experience that she was just hoping for an argument, I just ignored her comment,. Kristen really didn't like guys I sometimes dated. Oh well, her loss as far as I was concerned.

"And just when is your little tryst supposed to occur?"

"What time is it?" Kristen asked, looking around for a clock.

"Right there computer girl," I said, pointing to the bottom corner of my computer screen for what have been the umpteenth time over the years when she would ask that question.

"Oh yeah," she said sheepishly. Then she thought about it for a minute (Kristen isn't exactly a Rhode's scholar, especially when it comes to math).

"How about three hours from now?" she said with a perfectly straight face. Hmmm, maybe she wasn't so dumb after all judging from the way she had just set me up.

"Well, it WAS going to be at my house but seeing how we're here already and you DO have that wonderful hot tub down there, so why not do it here?"

"But everyone's here," I reminded her. It WAS a Sunday afternoon so my parents were home and her mom was here as well.

"You know my mom won't care," she snickered, "and I doubt yours would either. Who knows, maybe they'll want in too! Then there's always your dad..."

"Kristen!" I admonished her, knowing what she was implying. "You know my mom can't do THAT. Besides all that, you know my dad' he would never do us in front of a couple of our boyfriends."

"I know, I know," she said, waving her hand at me like she was trying to drive off an annoying insect or something. "But still, it's fun to think about, don't you agree?"

She didn't wait for a response but rather went back to discussing the logistics of her plans for the evening.

"We can still do it here, the guys don't have to know our parents are around."

It HAD been quite a while since I had last brought a guy home for sex and let my dad spy on us. Who knows, maybe even my mom would want to see her daughter in action as well. If I remembered correctly, the last time the two of them watched me being fucked they disappeared in their bedroom and didn't come out for hours!

Finally I agreed and Kristen was grinning from ear to ear as she grabbed her cell phone out of her purse and called the boys to give them her change in plans. I only heard her side of the conversation but from the sound of it, there wasn't any objection from the other end. Now it was up to me to inform my parents. Maybe it would have been better to ask them FIRST but I didn't think they would object; at least, I knew my father certainly wouldn't!

I quickly grabbed my shorts and pulled them back on before heading downstairs. Our moms were seated at the kitchen table, talking about something or another. I started to explain to them what we were planning when I noticed my aunt looking behind me. I turned and there was Kristen coming in the kitchen except that unlike me, she hadn't bothered putting on her shorts!

"That a new style dear?" my aunt teased her daughter.

Kristen paused and the three of us looked at her as she looked confused at first. Then she realized where we were looking and I honestly think she had forgotten all about her shorts until then. It didn't surprise me. In my family nudity was something we didn't make an effort to necessarily hide but we didn't flaunt it either and running around nude without a good reason was considered inappropriate. However, Kristen and her mom were often nude around their house although normally when they were over at our house they tried to conform to our more conservative dress code.

"Oops!" she snickered, hunching her shoulders and looking embarrassed. It wasn't the fact her pussy was on display that embarrassed her, (THAT was one thing I knew for sure), but rather the fact she had forgotten her shorts and she knew how my mom felt about running around the house nude.

Kristen ran back up the stairs to recover her shorts while I finished describing our plans to our moms.

"And how old again did you say these boys were?" my mom asked. I repeated myself and she looked at her sister with a frown.

"So Linda, when are you going to teach your daughter about the pitfalls of fucking underage boys?" she said softly. I wasn't entirely sure if she was just teasing or actually being serious.

"Oh Mary, lighten up," my Aunt Linda responded, "Just be glad she didn't invite the Gaylord twins!"

The boys she was referring to were twin fourteen year-olds who lived down the street from us. A bit young for me (I use to baby-sit for them when I was in high school but they were too young to even fantasize about back then), I wondered if she was joking or was she hinting that Kristen was doing them as well?

My mom started to object when her sister held up her hand to stop her saying, "Just kidding, gee whiz, lighten up girl!"

Even so, I had a suspicion she was just placating my mom. Hmmmmmm, I was going to have to ask Kristen about this later!

"Alright, but you have to promise to behave yourself," my mom said to my aunt. "You know how it is with John's work, we can't have anything like that going on here."

Now THAT comment I took seriously as it was one of the few times I had heard my mother express concern over any legal issues regarding sex and how that might affect my dad. Give my dad's position as a senior partner in a large corporate law firm, it wouldn't go over well if he was charged with endangering a minor by allowing a party where underage boys were being "entertained" by his sister-on- law!

We all knew this anyway so for her to repeat it showed a genuine concern by her which I knew needed to be taken seriously. Even Linda knew better than to even joke about it so she just accepted the comment and moved on. "Alright, I promise," she said, almost like a kid promising to be good at a birthday party or something. Then she gave me a sly smile and said, "You girls sure you don't want to do it at our house?"

"Linda!" my mom chided her. My aunt just grinned wickedly at her and laughed.

"God you're easy today sis," she laughed. "Let the girls have their fun. Us old women have to stick together. Besides, there's always John."

My mom just rolled her eyes at her sister. Sometimes Aunt Linda just didn't seem to know when to quit. No wonder Kristen had exactly the same characteristic!

"Alright, go tell your dad," my mom said as Kristen finally appeared behind me once again, this time with her shorts back on although if she leaned over it really didn't matter all that much.

"Let me tell him!" Kristen giggled as the two of us went down the stairs to the basement where our family room was.

We had a formal living room upstairs but we rarely used it. There wasn't even a TV in it. As a result we spent most of our time in the downstairs family room where my parents had matching Lay-z-Boy recliners, a couple of couches for me and whomever, all positioned around a big screen HDTV with a Bose surround sound system my father was enamored with.

My dad looked up from some papers from work he was reading as the two of approached. He lifted his reading glasses (a recent concession to his age which he was quite sensitive about) and grinned when he saw who it was.

"Well, how's my two favorite girls doing today!" he greeted us. He was wearing an old pair of sweat shorts and a ragged t-shirt in deference to yet another hot weekend day this summer. He had papers lined up on a tables to one side of him, most of them in small print which I wouldn't have understood even if I could read them.

"Great Uncle John," Kristen exclaimed, grinning like a little girl.

Kristen took the lead and quickly explained the situation. My dad seemed relatively unfazed by the entire thing. He knew Kristen (in more ways than one) and so it probably wasn't all that much of a surprise to him.

"What about your mothers?" he asked us after Kristen had finished. I took over at this point and explained to him that they would probably watch from my bedroom window. They hadn't actually SAID that to us of course, but I knew my Aunt Linda and there was no way Kristen and I were going to be getting laid by two young boys without her watching if she had the opportunity.

"They might need some company," Kristen hinted, a nasty grin on her face.

"Oh really?" my dad teased her back, "And when was the last time your mom got laid?"

"Uncle John!" Kristen exclaimed, "None of your business!"

"Well, I think I might just have an idea of when the next time will be," my dad replied, teasing my cousin even more.

Kristen wasn't about to be one-upped by my dad, not by anyone for that matter. She leaned over my dad's arm rest and put her hand under the papers on his lap, rubbing his dick through his shorts.

"And is this the nice cock that wants to fuck my mom?" she taunted him.

"What's the matter you little slut, jealous of your mom now?" my dad fired right back.

Kristen came back up and closed the basement door behind her. Once again, she appeared to have forgotten her shorts.

"Umm, Kristen, shorts again?" her mom hinted.

This time Kristen lifted up her hand and showed her shorts to demonstrate she hadn't forgotten.

"I didn't want to put them on until I'd showered," she explained.

She looked down and we followed her eyes to her pussy where I could see why she decided to leave her shorts off for the moment. God, my dad must have been REALLY horny from the way his cum was still draining out of her! My mom was the first to respond, and not what I would have expected to hear her say.

"Like I was saying, the bastard had better have saved some for later," she said, trying to sound stern but then breaking into a grin.

"Anyway, you'd better get up there and get cleaned up," Aunt Linda told her daughter, "Your boy toys are due to arrive before too much longer."

Kristen and I both giggled at that one and we headed upstairs to get ready. She jumped in the shower while I debated what to wear. It wasn't like it was all THAT important as I knew whatever it was it wouldn't be on for long. But there is that little matter of first impressions and I wanted to make a great first impression on Terry and Tony.

Kristen wasn't long in the shower and her shorter hair dried quickly using my megawatt blower and she rejoined me in the bedroom with just a towel around her.

"Hmm, that's right, I didn't bring anything else to wear," she noted.

I'm not exactly a huge girl but Kristen was still a couple of sizes smaller than me so anything I might have would definitely be too big for her.

"Wait, I've got an idea!" I exclaimed and pointed at her to take a seat on my bed while I dashed out and into my parent's bedroom.

Opening my door to dad's closet, I picked out two of his newer dress shirts. Both were long sleeved with one being off-white and the other pale blue. My dad liked to pretend he was irked when I used his shirts for night shirts but I also knew it turned him on seeing me in them so I didn't feel guilty about it. I quickly returned to my bedroom where I displayed my prizes to her.

"Which one do you want?" I asked.

Kristen started to point to the blue one but then changed her mind and reached out for the white one. I wasn't surprised. The white one was more transparent and if it got wet it may as well not even be on. Kristen is a little shorter than I am and the shirt fell almost to her knees while mine came down a few inches above.

We rolled up the sleeves and took a look in the mirror. It was obvious from the way our nipples poked through that we weren't wearing anything on top underneath. Kristen's especially showed through, undoubted still stimulated from her little session with my dad. As low and loose as they hung on us, the guys would just have to guess as to whether or not we were wearing anything down below. Of course, if they knew anything at all about Kristen and me it shouldn't be much of a surprise.

We headed back to the kitchen where our moms were still seated. Both of them looked at us as we arrived and my aunt smiled while my mom just shook her head again.

"Oh Kelly, do you always have to use his new ones?" she complained rhetorically. I just smiled and ignored her. She knew better than to ask.

We sat around for another half hour or so until we heard a car pull in. My mom looked out the kitchen window and announced, "OK girls, your toys have arrived."

"Mom!" I whined, getting a little fed up with the constant references to them as "toys". It was cute at first but like anything else, repetition took the cuteness factor out of it after a while.

My mom just laughed at me as she and Aunt Linda went upstairs before the guys could find out they were home. Now doubt they would be headed to my bedroom which overlooked the deck out back. The deck was actually on the roof of our garage which, like most Pittsburgh homes built on the hills, was level with the basement. You went out the kitchen door to get to the deck so in my room that put you one floor higher.

As I thought about them watching us later from the window, it seemed almost ironic in a way. It was through that same window that about six years ago I'd watched my parents making love in the hot tub. It was actually the first time I'd ever seen them making love and it arousing feelings in me I'd never felt before, feelings which ultimately led me to "seducing" my father in order to have sex with me so I could share a similar love with him that I saw he had with my mom. Of course, I had no idea at the time he'd been waiting for me to do just that for years! Now it would be my parents watching me instead! Again, quite ironic.

# 4. Fun With the Brothers

The guys came to the front door (I had made sure the garage door was shut so they wouldn't be tempted to come in through the basement) where Kristen opened the door and greeted them before they could even ring the doorbell. I stayed back out of sight in the kitchen and listened as she welcomed them inside. She led them through the hallway to the kitchen area where we saw each other for the first time.

"This is my cousin Kelly," Kristen started out, "Kelly, this is Terry and Tony."

Twins they were not, that was for sure. In fact, if I hadn't known I wouldn't have even suspected they were brothers. Terry, the older one, had long blonde hair, reaching almost to his shoulders, a thin but strong physique (almost to the point of being skinny), with a few freckles on his face and hesitant smile. Tony, on the other hand, was dark, almost swarthy, was tight curly black hair, more of a body builder type with the almost cliche upper arm band barb w-ire tattoo. Although at seventeen he was a year younger than his brother, Tony seemed more the leader and much more self-confident. It remained to be seen which of them was packing the most but so long as there was nothing too out of the ordinary, to me that was a minor detail so long as it was functional!

One thing they both had in common, neither seemed afraid to stare at me. In fact, it was almost comical the way the two of them ran their eyes over me, like a judge at the county fair looking over a prize cow or something. Kristen apparently noticed as well.

"Uh guys," she broke in, "I'm here too."

Typical Kristen, always wanting to be the center of attention. We all had a good laugh and I led them out to the deck.

"Wow, this is cool," Tony commented, looking around the deck, "It's incredible how private it is right here in the middle of the neighborhood."

It WAS one of the features I liked about our deck. I guess technically if someone had a telescope they could see us from some of the homes on the other side of the valley but anyone to either side of us would have had to put in quite an effort to see anything. Once you were in the hot tub, then it was almost impossible except for someone flying overhead to see what was going on.

We initially sat down on the deck furniture, taking our places around the glass-topped table with an umbrella mounted in the center. The sun was heading down so the umbrella was pretty useless other than as a decoration. Kristen started things off and when she mentioned I had just graduated from college, the boys looked at me with surprise.

"Yeah, I turned twenty-two last March," I confessed, "You boys don't mind being with an older woman, do you?"

They looked unsure at first if I was joking or being serious but when Kristen giggled they realized I was just fooling with them and laughed nervously. Somehow I was getting the impression that this was the first time they had done something like this before. Well, it never hurt to find out.

"So tell me Terry, ever double date with your brother before?" I asked innocently.

"Ummmmm, not really," he stammered.

"Oh? SO I guess you've never seen a girl sucking Tony's cock before then, have you?"

It was sort of mean of me to be so forward so early but I couldn't resist. Kristen looked at me with daggers in her eyes. She was probably concerned that one of them, especially Terry, would chicken out if we rushed things but I felt just the opposite - the longer it stretched out the more time he had to consider it and chicken out.

"Well no!" he replied, as if he had never been asked that before. Well, odds were he hadn't!

"Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have him watch YOU get your cock sucked?" I continued, keeping the pressure on.

"Ummmmm, no," poor Terry replied, started to squirm a little in his seat. I turned my attention to Tony who seemed to be getting a kick out of his brother's discomfort.

"Well, how about you Tony, would you like to see me suck Tony's cock?"

Tony grinned and sat up in his seat, probably more to allow room for his growing cock than anything from what I could see under his shorts.

"Hell yeah," he answered in a strong voice. No hesitation there! It was easy to see why Kristen had been going out with this brother and not the other.

I grinned at him and looked at Kristen with a victorious expression. Ha! I was going to get a mouthful before she did. Well, it seemed fitting after her fucking my dad earlier that I should get it first.

"Take your shorts off," I told Terry in a demanding tone. He looked surprised at my bluntness but something told me that this was exactly what he needed now - a girl to control him. He looked at Tony who just grinned at him and then back at me as if he didn't know for sure what to do.

"I tell you what, I'll strip first if that would help," I offered.

He nodded and I just pulled the shirt up over my head without bothering to unbutton it. Standing there naked in front of him, I felt a sense of power and lust as he stared at me as if I was the first naked girl he had ever seen. Kristen had assured me he wasn't a virgin but odds were the only nude girls he had seen before (other than a porn movie) were in a dark bedroom or back seat of a car. It was obvious from his reaction a girl had never stood directly in front of him in the sunlight without a stitch of clothing on before, especially one hell bent on sucking his cock and who knows what else before it was over!.

"There, this better," I asked, leading him on. Terry just kept staring at me, as if he had been hypnotized or something.

"Dang it, do I have to do everything?" I huffed rhetorically. I reached down and undid his belt and pulled his shorts down. At first he just sat there but he eventually got the hint and lifted himself enough to let me slip them off, leaving him with his bathing suit on.

"Oh, I guess Kristen didn't tell you guys but bathing suits aren't allowed in our hot tub," I said with a grin as I went for those next. This time he was quicker to lift up and I had them off in a few seconds, leaving him sitting there bottomless on the seat cushion.

"OK, now the shirt," I sighed, lifting his t-shirt up over his head until finally he was naked. His body wasn't anything to write home about but better skinny than fat I guess. What mattered most was the wonderful dick I saw standing up straight from his crotch. It looked like a tree growing up from a thick thatch of brush as his erect dick stood up from the midst of dark curly pubis hair. No shaving by this boy, that was for sure!

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT'S better," I said with a seductive smile, reaching down to grab his cock. "What a lovely dick, don't you think Kristen?" Kristen was sitting there watching us and she had a strange smile on her face but I figured she was wishing it was her hand on this cock instead of mine. I wondered how long she would be able to hold herself back and just watch. No matter, I had my own issues to worry about, namely how to suck this wonderful cock!

"You like having your dick sucked Terry?" I asked him, stroking his cock slowly in my hand.

"He's never even HAD a blowjob!" Tony broke in, pointing his finger at his nude brother. "Shit, he's only fucked one girl, and that was a pity fuck by Kristen."

Now THAT was something I hadn't expected to hear. I looked over at Kristen and she just shrugged with a "Oops, forgot to tell you something" look. I didn't buy it for a moment! I guess I should have seen it coming. The entire evening was a big setup by her although for the life of me I was sure what the point was, at least from her perspective. Oh well, what could it hurt. After all, it's not that often these days I get to suck a guy's cock for his first time! Kneeling in front of Terry, I ignored his brother and focused on him.

"Well, in that case I'm going to give you one you won't forget for a while," I told him, licking my lips in anticipation.

I put the tip of Terry's dick up to my mouth and began to run my tongue around the head of his cock, kissing it now and then with my lips but not yet actually taking it into my mouth. My tongue ran in circles over his nice hard head, feeling the soft silkiness of his skin while I drew in the scent of his crotch. My hand was still holding his shaft at the base, slowly turning and stroking him as I gently licked his dick.

"You like this?" I asked him softly, turning my eyes up to him.

He was watching me in total silence, his eyes fixed on what I was doing to his cock. It thrilled me that I was doing something to him that no other girl had ever done. My mouth was the first one to ever touch his cock, my tongue the first one to ever taste him.

"Feels good," was all he could say but I could tell from the way he was breathing heavy and tenseness of his body that he was enjoying it.

"Do you want me to suck your dick Terry?" I asked. It was, of course, a totally superfluous question but I like to hear a guy tell me what he wants, even if I already know it. Face it, what guy does NOT want his dick sucked? If there is one out there, I haven't met him yet!

Terry nodded but that wasn't good enough for me.

"C'mon, if you want a blowjob you have to ask for it," I teased him just a bit.

"Go on wimp, tell the slut you want her to suck your cock!" Tony "encouraged" his brother.

From the tone of his voice it was more derision than encouragement. Kristen, I noticed, was remaining remarkably silent for once. It made me wonder if there want something else she was still hiding from me.

Terry seemed completely overwhelmed now and I realized that maybe I had pushed a little too hard. Obviously this was NOT the situation I had expected and he appeared to be a lot more inexperienced than I had thought even a few minutes ago.

"Ah shit, let me show you how it's done," Tony said, sounding totally exasperated with his brother's lack of assertiveness. He stood up, undid his belt and pants, then lowered his zipper until he cock was free.

"Get over here bitch," he barked at Kristen, "Get over here and suck my dick... now!"

Sheesh, what a jerk! It was a good thing he was directing his comments to Kristen because otherwise I might have bit his cock off. It never ceases to amaze me that guys haven't figured out that no matter how much they try to dominate a girl, once she has his dick in her mouth, SHE is the boss. All to takes is one little bite and it's curtains for him!

Kristen didn't seem to mind his blustery tone. If anything, she seemed turned on by it. Well maybe she was more into S&M than I thought! Leaving her shirt on, she got out of the chair and then took the seat cushion off and set it on the deck in front of Tony. Kristen dropped to her knees on the cushion and immediately took Tony's cock in her hand and started sucking him. There was no tongue licking or anything else subtle for that matter. She went straight to taking him all in! She looked at me out the corner of her eye and grinned as best she could with a mouthful of Tony's dick. It was then I realized what she'd done - she got a mouthful before I did. Damn, the little bitch!

"Now THIS is what I'm talking about," Tony bragged to his brother, pointing his finger down at Kristen's head as she stroked his cock in and out of her mouth.

He took her head in both hands and started to push and pull her in and out of his crotch, ramming his dick in her mouth on the in stroke and then brining it almost all the way out on the out stroke.

Suddenly I felt sorry for Terry. With an idiot like Tony for a brother, it was no wonder he as so timid. I looked him in the eye and smiled, no longer teasing or taunting any more.

"Don't worry Terry, just sit there and let me do the work."

I licked the head of his dick again for a little while and then slowly began to work his cock into my mouth. I was trying to use my tongue on him as much as possible which gave a better show if you asked me, not to mention most guys told me it felt better anyway. Each time I went down on his dick I let a little bit more enter my mouth until I was getting about half of him in. Of course, this wasn't nearly all I wanted to take in so I continued sucking and licking him until finally I had him all the way in my mouth. My face was literally buried in the thick pubic hair surrounding his cock. His crotch odor was strong but more musky from lust than from being unclean. I loved the feeling of his coarse pubic hair against my cheeks and chin.

As much as I was taking my time with Terry, Kristen was going to town on Tony and I could see the horny boy was about to cum. It wasn't necessary for me to look as Tony was telling the world how he felt anyway.

"Oh yeah, not THIS is what I call a blowjob!" he crowed in victory, "Watch this Terry, you've just GOT to see what I do to her.

Tony pulled his dick out from Kristen's mouth and started to stroke himself. Kristen sat back on her heels, licking her mouth and then opening it wide to receive his sperm. Tony, though, had other plans for his cum.

"Oh god yes, I'm gonna cum all over you Kristen!"

Well, at least Tony was a man of his word. His first shot hit Kristen squarely between her eyes, leaving a trail from her forehead to the tip of her nose. The next sort of crisscrossed her face, hitting her in the eye and then moving down over her mouth to her chin. The next couple he directed to her chest, and then after that he stuffed his still pulsing dick into her mouth where she sucked out the remaining sperm.

When he started cumming I had released Terry's dick so I could turn more easily to watch Tony and Kristen but I was still stroking him almost absentmindedly with my hand. I guess after you've handled enough cocks it sort of just becomes second nature when your hand is holding it. Terry was watching as well with his eyes opened wide and a look of astonishment on his face.

Kristen looked pleased with herself as she spit out some cum back onto Tony's still hard dick and then sucked it off again, repeating the move several times before swallowing it down for good. She looked at me with a grin of triumph, as if she wanted me to see just what a cum slut she was - as if I didn't already know! God she was a mess! Kristen got up and sat in Tony's lap, he bare ass covering his still rigid dick. She put her arm around his neck and sat there, watching me while acting as if she was totally oblivious to the cum dripping down her face and chest. The only concession she made was to wipe the cum from around her eye where it was probably stinging a little bit.

Well, I guess that made it my turn now. I turned my attention back to Terry and smiled up at him.

"Your turn to cum now Terry," I encouraged him.

I put my mouth back on his cock again, this time using my tongue and lips to stimulate his dick as best as I knew how. He wasn't going to last long if I had anything to do with it!

"You can do it Terry!" Kristen called over to us, trying to encourage Terry for me.

"C'mon, cum all over her," Tony said, adding his two cents to the discussion.

Well, I had my own ideas about THAT. Kristen may get off covering her body with sperm but it's not exactly my idea of a good time. I allow men to cum on me if they really want to, but just to satisfy their fantasies, not for my benefit. What I wanted from Terry was a mouthful of sperm. I wanted to swish it around in my mouth like mouthwash and let it bubble between my lips. Finally, I wanted to swallow every drop, to take all his sperm in my belly and then show him my empty mouth so he knew where it had gone.

As Terry approached the point of no return, I went to work on his cock like a whore being paid by the blowjob. I had my hands on top of his thighs and my head over his crotch as I bobbed on his dick without using my hands on it. Each time I took him completely in my mouth, dropping down on him until my lips hit the base of his shaft and my nose was buried in the thick hair that surrounded it. Terry started to raise his ass off the cushion, his body reacting instinctively as his orgasm approached. Just as he started to swell in preparation for his first shot, I dropped him from my mouth and held his shaft in the middle with my hand.

It only took a few more strokes before the first shot of cum emerged from the tip of his dick, flying out straight into my waiting mouth where my tongue was hanging out like a dog on a hot summer day. I had his dick just far enough away from my mouth that I could see the cum spurting out but close enough to direct it where I wanted it - in my mouth.

By the time he was finished, my mission had been accomplished. All of his cum was now in my mouth although it was hard not to choke as some of it started to drain down my throat. I stuck out my tongue to show him his sperm pooled on it and then closed my mouth and blew through the cum to form a frothy mix of cum bubbles. Sucking it back in, I leaned my head back and with a big gulp, took down most of it. The rest took me a couple of more swallows to completely get out of my mouth although I knew the aftertaste would be lingering for some time.

"Mmmmmmm, your cum tastes SO good," I said to Terry but loud enough to be sure my cousin and her own boy toy could hear.

"Alright Terry!" his brother cheered, "Way to go man! So how was your first BJ?"

Terry seemed almost embarrassed at the attention and didn't answer. Even so, I noticed his cock was still standing at full attention as if nothing had just happened. Mmmmmmm, as much as I love being fucked by an older guy, there WAS something to be said for the staying power of a teenage boy!

While everyone was remarking over Terry's inaugural BJ, I decided to take advantage of their chatter to get one up on my cousin. Standing up, I leaned over to Terry and whispered in his ear so only he could hear me.

"I want you to fuck me Terry... NOW!"

Terry's eyes got like saucers. He HAD to know coming over what was waiting for him and that the odds of getting laid were all but a lock but I suspected he hadn't expected it to be THIS easy and quick! Well, he didn't know me and my cousin!

I sat on the edge of the round table and spread my legs apart so Terry could see my waiting pussy, all eager for his cock to violate it. The table wobbled a bit but I knew from previous times with my dad that it would handle my weight.

"C'mon Terry, get over here and fuck me!" I called to him.

Terry quickly got to his feet and moved between my legs. I lifted my legs up so my feet were on the table, my knees spread out wide to help him get to my hungry pussy. I looked over and saw Kristen glaring at me, obviously caught off guard as I was sure she had intended to get fucked first. Well, for once I was going to get it before she did!

"Here, let me help," I said to Terry, reaching out to grab his beautiful hard dick in my hand and drawing him in to my pussy.

I rubbed the head of him against my clit, feeling my body shudder in response. I would've loved to have played with it longer, to rub his dick up and down my swollen pussy lips, spreading the wetness of my pussy hole all over me. There wasn't any time to spare, though, as Kristen was already whispering to Tony and I saw she was getting up and leaning forward as though she wanted Tony to fuck her doggy style.

"Push!" I told Terry, holding his dick with one hand at the entrance to my pussy hole while I spread myself apart with my other hand. "Push harder!"

As stiff as his dick was, it still bent slightly as he pushed it hard against my resisting pussy. With as many dicks that had made their way through it, you would think by now I would be loose as a mother of five but that wasn't the case. Most guys commented on how tight I was and it was a source of pride for me when my dad one day mentioned my pussy was as tight now as it was back when I was sixteen. Terry was a trooper though, keeping the pressure on and then he suddenly entered me as if there was no resistance at all, his head disappearing completely in me.

I moaned loudly as my pussy practically exploded. God his cock felt so good in me! Somehow it made it even better when I saw that Kristen was still waiting for Tony to get his cock into hers. I held Terry's dick in my hand, keeping him from entering me any further, savoring the feeling of his large cock head as it stimulated the inside of my pussy, just barely in me.

When guys worry about cock size all it tells me is that they don't have a clue how to please a girl if they think just a fat cock is going to do it. Of course a larger dick feels better when it's all the way in simply because I can feel it filling me more. But to really please me, all a guy needs to do is get the head in me far enough to rub against the multitude of nerve endings that are just inside of me. Think of it like eating. The taste and enjoyment comes from the taste buds in your mouth but the overall long-term satisfaction comes from the fullness of your stomach. Of course, if you eat too much your stomach hurts!

That's how it is with my pussy. It's at the entrance to my pussy where all the action takes place so far as stimulation goes. It feels good when a guy strokes me as his cock acts like a violin bow playing over the "strings" just inside of me. When his cock pushes further in me, it's like he is filling me up, giving me that feeling of satisfaction I crave as well. Any cock size can accomplish the first part. Maybe if I wasn't so tight a larger dick would be better but if anything, TOO big a cock can hurt as it stretches me out to force its way get inside of me. When it comes to filling my pussy, the bigger the better to a point after which, like an overfilled stomach, too much of a good thing can be bad as well.

For the moment, I was happy having the largest part of his dick just in me, moving slightly as Terry fidgeted. He was anxious to push himself in further and I knew it had to be hard for him to get this far in me without going all the way. It's funny how some guys seem to fumble and hesitate when they first try fucking me but once they get in me, it's like a rubber band that is released and next thing you know they are shoving themselves in as fast and as deep as they can.

"Oh that feels so good Terry, I love your cock in me this way," I moaned. The moan was involuntary but the words were for his benefit so he would maybe understand why I was holding him back. Finally, at least I'm sure that's how Terry viewed it, I released his cock and leaned back on both hands, turning my pussy upward in the process to better receive his stiff dick.

"OK Terry, you can push it all the way in now," I told him.

Terry groaned as he didn't waste a second, ramming his cock in me so fast and hard that he practically pushing me across the table.

"Oh yeah Terry, all the way in me," I moaned again as the base of his dick met up to my pussy. The stiff hair of his crotch tickled my pussy like someone was rubbing a brush over me. "Fuck me Terry... fuck me harder."

As Terry began to stroke his dick in me, I heard my cousin getting anxious as she tried to get Tony to listen to her.

"C'mon you idiot, you would think you've never fucked me before," she huffed as she leaned over with her hands on her knees as Tony tried to get his cock into her pussy.

"Not THERE!" she complained. Evidently he was either trying to fuck her ass or just too excited or incompetent to differentiate between her asshole and her pussy. Sheesh, he really was an idiot!

Terry wasn't paying any attention to his brother by now. He had his hands on the backs of my thighs, pushing my legs up and back even further, lifting me feet off the table until my knees were almost back to my head. My butt was curved up and I could feel him penetrating me further now as he had a more straight-on shot at my pussy.

"That's it Terry, hard and deep," I encouraged him.

For the first time, my eyes looked up to my bedroom window and I suddenly remembered that my parents and aunt were most likely watching through the curtains. With the lighting as it was, I couldn't see inside the window and I wondered for a moment if they were watching and if so, what they were saying to each other about their slutty daughters. Were they just watching or had we inspired them yet to have a little fun on their own? Not being able to see anything, I put them out of my mind and returned to what was more important at the moment - Terry's dick in me.

Terry was obviously not all that experienced in fucking; maybe it was true that the only time he'd gotten laid was with my cousin. Lord only knows what THAT was like! It reminded me of back when I fucked my first boyfriend's brother. He was a couple of years younger and a virgin. I only did him to turn on my boyfriend. The poor kid probably thought he would be getting it all the time but I never did him again, figuring it was the ultimate tease to fuck him silly one day and then never even let him touch me later even though I saw him often when I went to Steve's house. Had Kristen done the same with Terry, fucking him once just to get a notch on her belt to turn on Tony?

Regardless of his past experience, Terry was no different than any other guy. Once their cock was in my pussy then a millennia of instinct took over and if nothing else, they pumped away like an oil rig until they came. There are lots of things a guy can do to make it more pleasant for the girl but in cases like Terry, they didn't have a clue to it was just in and out, in and out, until finally they couldn't hold back anymore and they came.

"Mmmmmmm, I love it when you fuck me Terry," I moaned softly, not having to fake it at all. Terry was panting by now from his exertions and from the speed of his strokes, I figured he was getting close.

"Cum inside of me," I begged him, "I want you to cum inside my pussy."

Terry was too far gone by now to even react to what I was saying. Frankly, I'm not even sure he heard me nor if he did, that it would have made any difference. Most inexperienced guys cum in me automatically unless I say something. I guess the thought of pulling out doesn't even enter their minds given how overwhelming the situation is for them at first. It's easy to see why so many teen pregnancies occur, guys just think with their cocks and it's not until they get older that some semblance of responsibility begins to emerge.

Meanwhile, Tony was finally fucking Kristen from behind. She had pulled another chair in front of he and was leaning on the arm rests with both hands while Tony fucked her hard and fast. Tony was more experienced than his brother, that was obvious. Whereas I had Terry just fucking me in one position until he came, Kristen and Tony would stay in one place only for a minute or two before moving to something different. It must have been quite a show for her mom to watch from upstairs!

"I think I'm gonna cum," Terry panted, dragging my attention back to him again, as if that was so difficult with his cock still stroking in and out of me.

"Put it deep inside of me," I instructed him, I want your cock to cum as deep in my pussy as you can shove it."

Terry had no problem complying with my request, which was probably unnecessary to start with. He gave one last thrust, ramming his hard cock in me as far as it would reach until he was pushing hard against my pussy.

"I'm cumming!" he announced, as if he needed to tell me.

Although he had just cum from the BJ I had given him not all that long ago, he must have had quite a reserve left over judging from the intensity of the heat bloom inside of me. It was still fading away as the next one was released in me followed by more.

My fingers were rubbing my clit as he held his cock in me, the warmth of his cum adding to the sensational pleasures being generated by my sensitive clit.

"Stay in me," I begged him, "Stay inside of me Terry!"

What I wanted was to bring myself to my own orgasm while his cock and cum were in me. It wasn't going to take much and I could have tried showing him how to finger me but time was of the essence.

"Oh my god!" was all I could utter as my orgasm suddenly swept over me like a tsunami hitting the beach.

My pussy gripped his dick tightly, squeezing down on it like a vise making Terry groan from the mixture of pain and pleasure I was causing him. A mixture of his sperm and my pussy cum gushed from me, surging along my dick until it was dripping down my ass to the table top.

Maybe it as my orgasm that set her off or maybe it was just Tony fucking her, but whatever the reason Kristen was not far behind. I tend to be a moaner when I cum but Kristen gets loud, sometimes to the point of being embarrassing.

"Fuck me harder dammit," she ordered Tony, "Give it to me!"

I was in that zone where the world seems to be moving on around you but you just seem to be in your own place outside of it somehow. Terry was dutifully keeping his dick in me, periodically it would pulse or twitch, sending little shock waves through me no matter how small the movement. My entire body just seemed to glow and I just leaned back and watched my cousin being fucked, almost like I was just a spectator watching a movie, detached from the action but still interested in what happened.

By this time the two of them had tossed a cushion to the deck and Kristen was in her usual position – on her back getting fucked. It was almost like watching two dogs fucking with each of them panting and speaking to each other like they were filing some porn flick.

"C'mon, you can fuck me harder than this!" she whined, thrusting her petite hips up against him each time he slammed down into her.

"You asked for it you fucking slut," he responding, making her grunt as if the air was being pushed out of her each time he rammed his dick hard into her pussy. The banter went back and forth like that, one of them accusing the other of underperforming and then the other responding back by upping the momentum a little.

"Cum in me!" she insisted as she got closer.

"Fuck you," he replied, "I'll cum where the hell I want."

"Don't you even THINK about pulling out now you bastard!"

"Oh yeah? Just watch me!"

Terry and I just watched, his dick still me - and amazingly still hard! Tony pulled himself from her grasp and stood up over her, jerking away on his cock. Kristen was obviously pissed off but not so much she was willing to turn away from getting sprayed once again by Tony. A few more strokes and Tony started ejaculating all over Kristen, spreading his cum out all over her from head to toe, like he was holding a hose and watering a flower bed. By the time he was done, she cum in her hair, on her boobs and belly, and even some on her legs. About the only place that did NOT get at least a splattering was her pussy - the very spot she wanted it in the first place.

"Bastard!" she said to him, "Hope you enjoyed that."

"Oh yeah, I most certainly did!" Tony replied, a big grin on his face as he whipped his cock, splattering a few last drops on Kristen.

"So what do you think of my girlfriend and her slutty cousin?" Tony said, walking over to terry and me. "Shit, you STILL got your dick in her? Guess you found it a home!"

Terry looked a little sheepish and stepped back, causing his cock to flop out of me. It was still hard, though, and resumed it's "takeoff" look as it curved upward from his crotch to point to the sky.

"Damn Terry, I didn't know you had it in you!" Tony laughed upon seeing his brother's stiff dick. As for Tony, his cock wasn't exactly flaccid but it was in definite need of some recharging before it was ready for action again.

"Hey, if you're so fucking horny, why not go get a piece of her?" Tony offered Terry, pointing over to where Kristen was now sitting up on the cushion.

Well, it wasn't like he'd be getting sloppy seconds or anything as Kristen's pussy didn't have a drop of cum anywhere near it, let alone inside. Knowing my cousin, she was always ready for another dick, no matter how many times she had been fucked. I can't think of a single time when she EVER turned down the chance to be fucked - not once.

Terry looked at me with some hesitation, as if now that he had fucked me he needed my permission or something to fuck another girl, especially one just a few feet away.

"Don't look at me," I laughed, "I'm sure she won't mind, would you Kristen?"

"Hell no," Kristen responded. In many ways, she was SO predictable! "C'mon Terry, do me in the hot tub."

Not a bad idea really considering what a mess she was. We all took off the covers and Kristen was the first to lower herself slowly into the hot water. My parents prefer to keep the temperature at the upper end of the scale so most people had to take a little time to get used to it at first. Once she was in, she used her hands to rub off as much of Tony's cum as she could although it was going to take a shower and soap most likely to get all of it.

"Let's go Terry," she teased him, "You gonna fuck me or not?"

The three of us soon joined Kristen in the tub and she came after Terry like a shark to her prey. She put her hands down into the water to find Terry's crotch and she grinned as she seemed to discover something.

"Crap, you're still hard as a pipe!" she said, as much to all of us as to Terry. She went to the edge of the hot tub and put one knee up on the edge while she stood on her other foot.

"Fuck me from behind Terry," she said, sounding like a seductive spider luring her prey into her web of lust.

Terry was losing his shyness and he started to move over and behind her. Well, he SHOULD be more confident by now after getting blown and fucked already. Tony and I took a position in an opposite corner with Tony putting his arm around me and using his other hand to grope my boobs.

"Well, I have to say one thing, you DO have bigger boobs than your cousin," he complimented me, trying to keep his voice down over the din of the tub.

"I heard that!" Kristen called back over her shoulder, waving her finger at Tony as if he was being naughty.

Terry was working his cock into Kristen as Tony and I watched. I noticed that his hand was moving south pretty fast until he had my pussy cupped. As Terry probed my cousin with his dick, his brother shoved his finger up unto me making me gasp .

"You like that, don't you?" he smirked. "Guess it runs in the family. Your mother like it as much as hers?"

I looked at him with my eyes narrowed somewhat. Now just what the hell did he mean by THAT?

Tony laughed, as if he had pulled one over me. "Hey, I was just wondering if your mom does her daughter's boyfriends too. Last time I saw her at the store she was looking pretty hot!"

Ohhhhhh, NOW I understood. Evidently Tony was the lucky recipient of one of my Aunt Linda's adventures where she shared one of Kristen's boyfriends. Actually it surprise me as I didn't think Tony would be the type that turned her on all that much give how crude he was. She usually went for the more intellectual ones. Then again, maybe the temptation of a seventeen year-old with a nice cock was just too much to ignore.

"Sorry, my mother doesn't do my boyfriends." I said rather coolly.

"Hey, whatever!" Tony quickly replied, trying to defuse the situation, "I just meant that IF she did... well you know."

Oh yeah, I knew all right!

"Fuck me faster Terry!" Kristen cried out, bringing my attention back to my slut of a cousin as she got drilled by Terry's nice dick.

He was splashing water all over the place as his hips thrust back and forth against her cute little ass. Growing up I had always loved my own ass more than my boobs but I had to admit, Kristen has the ultimate little ass! It wasn't the sexy Latin style big ass ala Jennifer Lopez; but more firm and round with just the right amount of curve in all the right places. She was so petite that even with my small hands I could grab a nice feel of it and for men with larger hands, like my dad, they could practically grasp the whole thing in their hands.

Terry was holding Kristen by the waist as he pushed and pulled in rhythm with his strokes. Unlike with me, he wasn't satisfied with staying in one position. My how fast we grow up! He pulled out and whirled her around with his hands and then picked her up and dropped her on the edge in the corner. She put her arms around his neck for balance as he set one foot on each ledge leading away from the corner.

Kristen was practically doing the splits now, her cute little pussy open and waiting for him to revisit it.

"You like watching your brother fuck her?" I asked Tony. His finger was still in me but it was still as both of our attentions were on the action in the corner opposite us.

"It's OK I guess," he mumbled, "I'd rather be fucking YOU about now."

I just ignored his last comment. I'd been fucked already and unlike Kristen, I didn't have to fuck every cock in the room to be satisfied. I was more interested in the moment to see how my protege was doing with my cousin.

"Guess you don't take a hint as well as your cousin," Tony grumbled as he got up from the seat and turned to face me.

I looked up at him and wondered just what his intentions were now. His cock seemed to have recovered, standing out nicely from his crotch. Unlike his brother's cock, which pointed straight up when hard, Tony's stuck out straight from his crotch parallel to the floor, like a spear ready to impale me. It was then I realized that he intended to do just that - impale me with his spear!

"Well, you gonna help out or what?" he asked impatiently.

Oh well, what the hell. It never hurt to get fucked by a guy you hadn't had before. I slid my butt forward with my arms out to my side along the ledge of the tub, letting my body stretch out across the top of the water. To his credit, Tony quickly figured out what my intentions were.

"That's better," he approved, "I knew you couldn't turn it down."

Well, THAT was a little egotistical. I wasn't so much doing it for HIS dick as I was for A dick, quite a difference in my book.

Tony moved between my legs and reached under my thighs to lift my hips up to the top of the water, exposing my shaved pussy like some desert island rising up out of the water. I didn't say a word as he wiggled his hips to get his cock in the right place and then push it into me. Think that as "wet" was I was from the hot tub water, not to mention having recently been fucked by his brother, that it would be a piece of cake for him to penetrate me. Well, water isn't the same as my pussy juices when it comes down to lubricating qualities. He actually had to shove pretty hard to get his dick in me but he was a lot more experienced than his brother and it didn't take long for him to overcome the obstacle.

"Damn, you're tighter than she is!" Tony exclaimed.

"I heard that!" Kristen chimed in once again, reminding me of her and Terry who was still going at it, fucking her pussy like there was no tomorrow.

Actually, I WAS tighter than my cousin, every guy who had us both, even my dad, had told me so. Well first of all she had probably fucked twice as many guys as me. There's also the fact she LOVES her dildos, using those to masturbate when I generally just use my fingers. Whatever it was, it never ceased to make me feel good when someone would compare us and at least in this one area I beat her out.

Terry was getting a workout with Kristen! She had him sit in the corner while she straddled him, her feet to the outside of the tub. She had her arms around him to keep from falling backwards while he fucked her sitting on his lap. She was actually doing most of the work, wiggling her ass around in circles and then back and forth, making his cock move all around inside her pussy.

Tony was fucking me while he watched his brother fuck my cousin. Despite having cum twice already, he was ready to cum again - a lot faster than I had expected. I didn't say anything, deicing it would be best just to let him do his thing and not make a fuss over it. After all, even if he DID cum all over me, I was in the tub and could wash off afterwards. To my surprise though, he stayed in me.

"Fuck, here it cums," he groaned as his hips instinctively thrust forward to drive his dick that last little bit into me.

As warm as I was from the hot tub water, I could still make out the war glow as he released his sperm into me. Surprisingly, he didn't say a word the entire time but rather just grunted each time he thrust himself forward to release yet another load into me.

"Hey Kristen!" I teased her, "Guess what Tony just did in me!"

"You're kidding!" she retorted, "That bastard!"

Then she looked at Terry and gave him a warning look saying, "Now don't get any a ideas lover boy about pulling out or anything."

Tony pulled out of me and let me sink into the water as our attentions both turned to the couple across the hot tub.

"That's it, keep cumming," Kristen was crying out.

Evidently Terry was at it again, shooting his load in another pussy this time. For a moment I felt a slight twinge of jealousy, wishing he was cumming in me yet again but then it wasn't like he was my boyfriend or something like that. He was just a boy toy, someone to fuck and forget about..

We stayed in the hot tub for about another ten minutes but that was all we would take of the heat. I was going to have to talk to my dad again about the temperature setting. He liked to creep it up, thinking nobody would notice but this time it was just too damn hot!

Finally it came time for them to go. I put my dad's shirt back on while Kristen preferred to stay nude. Terry gave me a hug and then for the first time he kissed me. It almost made me laugh as I realized we started out with a triple from the beginning, totally disregarding first and second base. Most dates started out with a kiss and if he was lucky, he got to fuck the girl. Tonight Terry got to fuck me first and THEN we kissed!

"Can I see you again?" he asked.

I just shrugged my shoulders. If I had answered I would have said no so better just to say nothing and leave him with his dreams - or least his wet dreams. I mean, it's always interesting to be fucked by someone new but that didn't mean I had to do them again.

Tony walked by me and then turned to grab my ass one last time. He smirked and leaned over to whisper in my ear, saying, "Don't forget I'm available if your mom needs a young cock?"

I wanted to smack him silly but instead I just rolled my eyes and huffed dramatically. Kristen looked over at me as if to ask what the problem was but I didn't say anything, figuring I would speak to her later about it. I could just imagine what my mom would say when I told her later!

With the boys gone, Kristen and I went upstairs where I found my parents had retired to their bedroom, evidently along with my Aunt Linda. The door was closed, something they only did when they wanted me to know they were "busy". Well, that's one difference between fucking your daughter and making love to your wife. My dad would NEVER have closed the door to my mom when he was fucking me but they almost always did when the two of them were together. I guess to today mom wanted her sister to join them as well. I just hoped that Kristen and my little "adventure" earlier was part of their inspiration!

"Well, looks like it's you and my cuz," I said, looking at Kristen who was standing nude next to me outside their door.

"Hmm, I think we can make do," she giggled, going into my bedroom and jumping on my bed. I dropped the shirt and went to join her. It was looking like this evening wasn't over yet!

# (Jul 08) Chapter 144: Truth or Dare

Story codes: FF oral
Me (22)
Beth - BFF (23)
Samantha - girlfriend (22)
Nancy - girlfriend (23)

When people think of Truth or Dare, usually it's with a wink and a smile. How it's played depends a lot on who is playing and the circumstances. When four girls who have been friends since grade school get together, the game takes on a different twist.

## 1. Best Friends

Friends tend to come and go but there are a few girls that will always be my friends, a sort of "inner circle". Beth, of course, is my very best friend and we have shared everything together for as long as I can remember - even our dads although under totally different circumstances. Samantha and I will always share a rather unique bond in that she was the one to introduce me to sex with her dog. It was a onetime thing for me (definitely NOT for her though), an experience I'll never forget, that's for sure. Finally, there's Nancy who has always been the most conservative of my friends while ironically, also the one with the hottest body. God, I would die for her boobs and legs!

Throughout high school the four of us were virtually inseparable. After graduation we all went to college yet somehow we each managed to choose a different one. During our college years we weren't able to see each other as often as we would've liked, but we still stayed in touch by phone or e-mail. During those rare times when we were all back in town together, we would catch up on our lives and relationships.

Through the years we shared a lot of good times, as well as a few bad ones. As close as we were, we didn't have sex together although I can remember many a night when we would masturbate together as we reminisced about some hot guy or another. Granted, none of us were exactly shy about sex (well, maybe Nancy) and while touching our own pussies was easy to do among ourselves, I think we all knew somehow that it would alter our unique relationships if we started actually touching each another. Besides, back in our high school days Beth was the only one interested in girls that way.

There IS one other thing probably worthy to note about my best friend. Beth and I had something we shared that not even Nancy or Sam knew about. Imagine what they would have said if they knew that Beth and I had each fucked the other's father? With Beth and my dad, he finally was able to do what he had been wanting for years – to fuck Beth. As for me and Beth's dad, I had to tease and seduce her father into it and we both knew that he would never do me again. It was something that bonded us together. After all, how many girls can say this about their friendship?

This particular summer was extra special for all of us. We'd all graduated from college this past spring and now we were looking forward to our own futures and careers. Personally, I was committed to staying in the 'Burgh, as was Beth; but both Sam and Nancy had aspirations for supposedly bigger and better options. Our differences were probably most influenced by our respective family situations. Beth and I had most of our family in the area whereas both Sam and Nancy's had relatives that resided in other states. Although none of us openly mentioned it, we all knew that days like this were likely to be limited in the future. Perhaps that was what made the day so special in the end.

Everyone was gathered at my house to enjoy the hot tub and deck for a sunny July afternoon. Of all the things in our house, I think I love the hot tub the most. Over the years I've spent uncountable hours in it, both during the day and at night as well. The jets felt wonderful, better than any shower massager, and God only knows how many times I'd cum with my legs spread apart in front of one, imagining who might be there.

My favorite spot was along one side where the tub was molded to allow me lay on my back with a jet right in front of me. Try to imagine me laying there with one leg draped over the side of the tub and the other hanging to the bottom of the tub as I enjoyed the wonderful sensations created when the warm water washing over my horny pussy and clit. Probably the only thing better was when I actually got fucked in the tub. Of course, my dad was usually the one but many a boyfriend had done me in it as well and I'm sure stories of me and my hot tub made the rounds in the boy's locker room in high school.

Beth was the first to arrive but she had barely had time to say hello when Nancy and Sam arrived together. With the weather as hot as it was, all three of them were wearing practically the same thing - bikini tops and denim cutoffs with their bikini bottoms on underneath. No sooner were we all on the deck, though, than the cutoffs disappeared and we all sat around the glass-topped patio table drinking pink lemonade. Beth, being practically a member of my family, disappeared into the house and quickly emerged with a bottle of wine she'd helped herself to from the basement wine rack.

"Lighten up Kelly, you can't expect us all to drink Diet Coke and lemonade like you," Beth teased as she poured a glass for her and Samantha.

Nancy stuck with the lemonade, though, as I knew she felt the same way I did about alcohol. It wasn't that I'm some sort of prude or anything, For one, I don't care for anything that affects my mind and makes me lose control of myself - like alcohol or drugs. OK, maybe a glass of wine with dinner is fine but that's to enhance the dinner, but not to get drunk. Seeing how fast the contents of the first glasses disappeared, I had no doubt both Beth and Sam were well on their way. Beth, as usual, was the most forward of the group and she quickly led the conversation to her favorite topic - sexual gossip.

"OK, let's see," she said, shifting her stare between the three of us, "Can I guess who got laid most recently..."

The three of us just grinned. Yep, that was my best friend for you! Beth started her inquisition with poor Sam.

"Hmmmmmm, I'd like to say you got it this morning girl but I'm talking about being fucked by a man - so I guess that leaves you out, eh Sam?."

Sam slouched down a little in her chair and pretended to pout while the rest of us laughed. Even Nancy knew what Beth was referring to. I guess Golden Retriever cock didn't qualify today in Beth's game.

"And there's our sweet Nancy," Beth mused, "Always so innocent and naive."

We all giggled as each of us knew that while Nancy might APPEAR to be that way to most people, when she DID when she got alone with a guy had earned her a reputation with the boys for being a quite the hellcat.

"Yep, I bet you got it last from that hunk Nathan, but not in the last week."

Nancy folded her arms defiantly with her best Cheshire Cat grin, refusing to give away whether Beth was on track or not. Well, she might try to pretend to be neutral but Sam and I knew Beth must be right or else Nancy would've said something in rebuttal. Beth then turned her large brown eyes to me.

"That leaves Kelly... my dear best friend Kelly, our own little resident daddy-fucker."

Nancy and Sam smiled mischievously at her naughty, but accurate, description of me. Actually, I was the only one of the group that had been fucked by her own dad. The others had always marveled that I did it but none of them were the least bit interested in doing it themselves with their own dads. These girls were the only people in the entire world outside my family that knew my little secret. Even so, I never worried even for a moment that any of them would ever breath a word of it to anyone else. Besides, they had a few skeletons in their own closets as well.

"I'm betting dear old dad fucked you before leaving for work this morning - don't pretend to be shocked, I know ALL about your little tradition," Beth taunted me, obviously having a good time at my expense. "Sorry though, if I can't count Sam's hairy friend then I can't count your dad either so that means it's probably been a week or so for you, hasn't it?"

Like the previous two "victims", I just tried to smile noncommittally and left her to guess the answer. I wasn't about to give her the self-satisfaction of verifying that she had hit it right on the money. Exactly seven days earlier I'd been fucked by a couple of my cousin Kristen's teen boy toys and brothers at that!

"Oh come on, are all of you just gonna sit there and grin or what?" Beth whined.

To no one's surprise, it was me that came up with the answer to her dilemma.

"Hey, why don't we play Truth or Dare?" I offered, "Then everyone HAS to speak up."

Sam rolled her eyes and sighed, "Shit Kelly, grow up, will ya?"

"What do you mean?" I asked her, "Lots of people our age still play it."

"Sure, in porn movies maybe," Sam snickered.

"Oh really Sam?" Beth cut in, "So tell us, just how do YOU know THAT?"

"Hey, some of us DO like to watch it, you know," Sam replied in a tone that sounded a little less light-hearted than perhaps she meant.

"Well, I think it's a GREAT idea Kelly," Nancy finally chimed in. I looked at her and smiled; she was always so supportive and positive.

"Alright, alright, let's do it then," Beth huffed as she sat back down in her seat again. "Who's gonna start?"

# 2. The Game Begins

Since it was my idea, I raised my hand and the others turned to me, waiting to hear who I pick to be the first to answer. Well, I had a million questions I would've loved to ask each of them so which one would I start with? Alright, there really was no choice when you come down to it. In situations like this you HAVE to pick your best friend.

"OK Beth, Truth or Dare?"

"Truth," Beth responded quickly, taking what she probably thought was the safe route, especially with me doing the asking.

"Hmmmmmm... let's go with your line of questioning first. When was the last time you got laid?"

"Last night," she answered simply.

"Oh really? With who?" I quickly responded, my curiosity up..

Beth grinned at me, a twinkle in her eye, "Noooooo, that's TWO questions. You just asked WHEN, not WHO."

There was nothing I could do but huff and frown at her. Since when was she one to play by the rules anyway?

Beth wiggled her hot butt in her seat as she looked around at each of us and got ready for her selection.

"Nancy - Truth or Dare?"

Knowing Nancy, her response of "Truth" didn't surprise me a bit, especially with Beth asking the question. You couldn't be too careful with her.

"Chicken," Beth teased her and then asked, "Of all the guys in high school, who do you wish you'd been laid by? It has to be someone you didn't do - BJ's disqualify him too."

Nancy sighed and appeared to be in deep thought. I knew she was faking and so did the others. After all, there are some things every girl keeps in her heart and one of them is the guy who got away. If Beth had asked me, I could have answered in a heartbeat. For me, it would have been Todd, the nerdy little guy in my advanced chemistry class. Honestly, I'd been fucked by or blown most of the hunks in school, at least the ones I wanted, but I never did Todd.

What turned me on the most about Todd was I knew he didn't even have a girlfriend during high school and I doubt he'd even kissed a girl, let alone come close to fucking one. I would imagine what it would've been like to take him up to my bedroom and give him what he'd only dreamed about all his life until then. I bet he would've jerked off the rest of his life remembering what I did to him. For some reason or another, it never worked out as he was much too shy to even be near me but still, it would've been fun and I still think about him now and then. So you can imagine my shock when Nancy gave her answer.

"I guess it would have to be Todd, the dork that always hung around the chemistry lab."

Nancy could've confessed to lusting for a little green Martian and I wouldn't have been more surprised. Evidently the look on my face betrayed me because Sam started giggling and pointing at me.

"Oh crap, look at Kelly," she giggled.

Even Nancy was staring at me now, wondering what I was so embarrassed about all of a sudden. Under the heat of their stares I crossed my arms in front of me and defiantly refused to ask anything, using the game as my excuse not to talk. Hopefully by the time it was my turn, it would be all forgotten about.

Now it was Nancy's turn and it was only logical that she pick Sam, since she hadn't had a turn yet.

"Well?" Nancy asked, waiting for the answer to the obvious question.

"Truth," Sam quickly replied, completing round one with a 4-0 record for Truth. Well, that record wouldn't hold up for much longer if I knew these girls at all. The second glasses of wine had disappeared so it wouldn't much longer before they kicked in.

"Hmmmmmm," Nancy hesitated, then her face brightened and then she got the cutest little naughty expression on her face.

"OK Sam, you asked for it... given a choice, would you rather have a man's dick in you or a dog's?"

Beth and I sat up for that one as neither of us had expected anything like that from Nancy, at least not this early in the game. Meanwhile, Samantha just sat there with this amused expression.

"Well, men are ALWAYS nice to have but there's something special about Sandy..." she drifted off with this faraway look in her eyes, pretending to be mesmerized by the memories of her Golden Retriever.

We all giggled like a bunch of little girls. Actually, Sam's preference for the K9 species was well known among us but we rarely made a point of talking about it. It was just like they all knew that Sam had talked me into trying Sandy myself one time

- with emphasis on the ONE time. Nobody ever brought it up because they knew how I felt about it afterwards. Hey, try letting yourself be mated by a dog and see how YOU feel afterwards about it when your mind is clear.

Thankfully nobody tried adding anything witty so Sam took it as her cue. She could've easily gone to me as it was her option now to pick anyone and I'd been "free" the longest from any inquisition. Instead, she went right back at Nancy in an almost vengeful act.

Nancy again chose truth, causing a collective sigh to go up as we were getting ready for something a little more on the daring side but it was Nancy so what could you expect?

"OK, here goes then," Sam said, winding up as if she were some kind of verbal pitcher. "Did you swallow when Sandy came in your mouth."

Nancy's eyes widened like saucers and I could see her face immediately redden. Beth and I were both shocked and Nancy hadn't even answered yet. Heck, it really didn't matter what her answer was, it was the question itself that was outrageous for what it implied. Had Nancy sucked off Sam's dog? No way!

"Sam, you promised...," Nancy whispered almost inaudibly, her face now red as a beet. Sam, on the other hand, was looking positively joyful at her "outing" of Nancy. I had to admit, I would NEVER have guessed that Nancy had ever so much as touched a dog's dick, let alone sucked one.

"The witness will answer the question," Sam rebuked her, as if Nancy was on trial for some sordid crime. To Nancy, that may have been how she felt.

"Yes," came back the answer although if I hadn't been so close to her I would've never heard it was so low.

"DAMN Nancy, that's soooooo fuckin' hot," Beth whispered, her voice a little hoarse from being immediately turned on by Nancy's little revelation.

Nancy made a point of ignoring Beth and just stared at Sam. Clearly she wasn't thrilled at being made to describe anything about that time - whatever it may have been. I couldn't help but wonder if Nancy had just sucked Sandy's dick or if she had let the dog fuck her as well. Sam had Sandy trained well so I knew what the dog's instincts would have been.

"Your turn again sister," she said, her voice tight but controlled.

"OK, I'm ready for it... dare," Sam replied, taunting Nancy somewhat.

"You'd better be ready. OK, Show us what you were doing while you watched me."

Sam just smiled and stood up long enough to drop her thong bottoms and sat back on the chair cushion with her cute little bare ass touching the material, not there was much difference in coverage now that she'd removed the string thong. It was really nothing more than a small triangular piece of cloth held in place by several colored strings that made a mockery of any attempt at decency. Sam put both feet up on the edge of the chair and allowed her knees to spread naturally open to reveal her pretty bare pussy. An image of a dog's nasty looking long dick violating such a cute thing suddenly filled my mind. Then, without saying a word, she started to play with herself using just her right hand.

Now seeing Sam masturbate wasn't exactly something new for any of us but having her do it as a show for us certainly was. Like us, she might start playing with herself in the middle of a hot TV show or porn video, or even if we were just talking about some hot subject that turned her on, but at least then there was a good reason for it. What she was doing now was more like what I would do to turn on a boyfriend. There is something about a girl playing with herself that just seems to grab the attention of every guy I've ever don't it for,

Sam was rubbing her clit using two fingers that circled over the sensitive spot. I find it interesting while some girls like to stick their fingers up inside their pussy when they masturbate, there is a large percentage that don't. Not that I've ever done a survey, but in my experience the "don'ts" definitely outweigh the "dos" which has always mystified me. Sam was one of the "don't'" crowd, preferring to just rub herself on the outside and keeping her fingers out from inside of her. Come to think of it, the only thing I'd ever seen up her pussy was a dog's dick. Personally, I LOVE the feel of my fingers in me as it helps me to imagine a man's dick moving inside of me.

Another thing I noticed about Sam when she masturbated was that she didn't touch her boobs once during the entire time. I've known a few other girls who were that way, not really caring to play with their own boobs. As for me, I LOVE touching my boobs and rubbing my nipples between my fingers. As a young teenager, it also helped to make them feel better when they would hurt during a growth spurt (not that mine ever grew all that fast). Oh well, to each her own.

Sam apparently was enjoying her audience as she wasted no time in getting down to it and bringing herself to a climax as quickly as possible. Less than five minutes had passed when she started her pre-orgasm moans and hip thrusts and then I knew she was cumming. God, she must have been really horny if her sound effects were any indication! She kept herself going for a solid minute or more before letting her wet fingers rest on her wet pussy mound, her body literally quivering from her orgasm.

"Your turn Beth," Sam whispered hoarsely, apparently feeling too spent to continue with the game for the moment. There wasn't much doubt in my mind who Beth would be asking the next question of and I'd already made up my mind what my answer was going to be.

"Dare" I said before Beth could even get out the question to me.

"Hmmmmmm, somebody sounds horny" Beth giggled, "Guess watching Sam here got you going, didn't it you nasty slut?"

I just nodded, turning my eyes back to Sam who was still holding her pussy tightly with her eyes shut, a soft moan emerging now and then as she would flinch every now and then as if someone had pinched her.

"OK, let's see just how much she turned you sister," Beth said with a naughty smile on her voice, "I want you to lick Sam's pussy and clean her off."

Well, THAT was more like a dream come true than a dare but I wasn't about to file a complaint. I'd licked Sam once a long time ago while at her house so it wasn't like it was a virgin pussy for me. Since Nancy had obviously been at Sam's before, as I now knew, I was sure she'd done the same so seeing me take to Sam's pussy certainly wasn't going to shock her, as I was sure it wasn't to Beth either but she obviously wanted to watch me do it again. Well, who was I to disappoint them?

Sam had overheard Beth's demands and opened her eyes to watch me approach. As I drew near she pulled her hand back from her pussy to let me see it. God, she soaked and swollen so horny I could smell her sex even while still a couple of feet away. She was still breathing hard and I paused to admire her firm smooth thighs and her flat tanned stomach. God she was beautiful and incredibly hot!

I rested my hands on her knees as I slowly lowered myself to the deck in front of her. Ever so slowly I moved my hands up her long legs, caressing her silky skin and letting my fingertips gently touch the sensitive insides of her thighs. I looked up and our eyes met as we both smiled in anticipation of what I was about to do. Memories of our last time together flooded my mind, except this time there was no Sandy laying in the bed to watch us this time. Instead, I had our two best friends as my audience.

"Don't just goggle-eye each other," Beth said impatiently, "C'mon, lick that cunt."

I didn't give her the satisfaction of responding but instead did just as she demanded. As my moved in closer to her pussy, the scent of her sex all but overwhelmed me. Hungrily, my tongue reached out and I felt the tip of it barely graze her clit, just enough to make her jump in the seat like I had nailed her with an electric cattle prod.

"Wow! Someone's got a touchy clit." Beth taunted Sam in a sing-song voice.

My tongue licked Sam's pussy, the taste of her pussy cum covering my tongue like a rich dessert after dinner. God I loved the taste of her pussy! Up and down I went, lapping her like her dog would have had she brought him along, a technique that did not go unnoticed by the others.

"Hey Nancy, does that remind you of anything?" Beth teased poor Nancy. Sam was concentrating too much on what I was doing to put in her two cents and the last thing I was going to do was pull my mouth from her pussy.

"OK, OK," Beth interrupted, "It was a dare, not an invitation to an orgy, enough already you two!"

Reluctantly I gave Sam's pussy another kiss and got back up and took my seat once again. My face felt wet from Sam's pussy and I wished I could have spent longer between her thighs - a LOT longer.

Surprisingly, at least for this group of girls, so far Sam was the only one who had stripped down and even that was just to remove her bottoms, which really didn't cover anything anyway to start with Well, THAT needed to change and it didn't take long. It was my turn again and who better to pick than Beth? She deserved something hot so I waited for her response when I pointed to her, even though I knew what it would be.

"Oh it HAS to be a dare with Kelly at the wheel," she said with a grin at the others.

"Alright then, I want you to finger yourself," I said in a calm voice, trying not to betray what I had in mind.

"Huh? Is that it?" Beth reacted incredulously, "Sheesh, I was expecting something more than THAT from you."

I grinned mischievously and added, "Oh but I'm not finished... I want you to finger yourself in your asshole."

Even Sam's mouth dropped open at that one and I could have sworn Nancy actually gasped. First of all, they all were well aware of my position on anal sex (no pun intended) and while I never tried to impose my personal beliefs on them, being my friends it was just not something they typically discussed around me. Second, while we might play with ourselves a bit around each other, fingering our assholes had never been a part of our "activities". Personally I had always been glad they didn't as for me, there was just something about it that went beyond friends having fun with each other. Thus for ME to be the one to ask Beth to do anal must have come as a total surprise to them.

"Oh yeah, that was a good one Kelly," Beth said admiringly, "I never saw THAT one coming... at least not from you. Hmmmmmm, do you mind if I do it in the hot tub?

I didn't have any objections so Beth got up and took the opportunity to strip off her clothes. She knew the rules at our house - no swim suits in the hot tub. Stepping in gingerly, she slowly lowered herself into the hot water. The jets were running except for the little pump that always kept the water circulating so we could see below the surface.

Beth was a pretty girl and for a moment I had a flashback to that first time in the tub when my dad fucked her. Technically my dad shouldn't have done it as one of the strictest rules my mom and dad had was their "no adultery" rule. Even if it was "OK" with your spouse, they knew that sex outside of marriage was wrong before God. What helped was their belief that marriage was the union not just of two people but their families as well. That meant sex within the family was OK but nothing else was legal.

As for Beth and my dad, the only reason my mom had rationalized it was the long history she had with our family. I was an only child so in many ways Beth was like the sister I never had. Thus when my dad fucked her, it was like he was fucking my sister which evidently made it OK for my mom.

Once she was in the water, the first thing Beth did was turn on the jets. The hot tub roared into action and soon the surface was covered in the froth created by the jets. Beth then backed up against one of the corner jets and let the surging water strike her ass and pussy as she bent over. We all stood around and watched in fascination. Sam still bottomless while the rest of us remained in our bikinis, at least for the moment.

Of course, Beth knew we watching which, if I knew my best friend, was turning her on more at this moment than the jet that was shooting against her pussy. Slowly her hand appeared from under the bubbles and then reappeared between her legs as she started to play with her pussy and asshole. Being all wet, she was able to easily slide her finger inside her asshole and I watched in fascination as she started to stroke it slowly in and out of her. It was one of the more erotic sights I'd seen in out hot tub and at my house, that's saying quite a lot.

"I don't believe this," I heard Nancy commenting to Sam, "God, look what she's doing!"

"Fuck, what's the big deal anyway?" Sam retorted, "Don't tell me you don't do the same thing in the tub or shower at home yourself."

"Sam!" Nancy replied, playfully hitting her on the shoulder. I noticed she didn't say anything about NOT doing it. Heck, even me, the anti-anal girl, had experimented a little that way but never anything even remotely like what Beth was doing to herself in the hot tub at this moment. Like they say, this wasn't her first rodeo!

Beth looked over at us to make sure we were still watching and grinned with her finger pushed up as far as she could into her ass. Again, I got the distinct impression she was more turned on by us watching her than anything else.

"Well, is this what you wanted to see?" she called over to me.

To be honest, it really wasn't As hot as Beth was and as much as I knew that she easy enjoying it, there was just something it that made me uncomfortable. People tell me all the time how I should get over my issues over anal sex and give it a shot but try as I might, the only thing I could think of was the same place where her finger was exploring was where her poop came from - not exactly a sexy image, at least not for me.

"Hey, why don't we all get in?" I offered as an attempt to diplomatically bring an end to the foolishness I'd started.

Sam and Nancy agreed with me and we all stripped before joining Beth in the tub. We each took a corner of the tub and I loved the feeling of the jets as they pulsed against my back and bottom. Beth evidently realized we weren't all that interested in her fingering her ass anymore so she took a seat as well in her own corner.

# 3. The Games Gets Naughty

"You know, I seem to remember that game use to be a lot more fun," I sighed dramatically. Beth, of course, had her opinion which she wasn't afraid to share with us.

"Well, that's no mystery. Back when we were teenagers we actually had to debate whether to say or do something. These days I don't think any of us is afraid to admit to anything... or do anything."

The rest of us nodded in agreement and I had to admit she was on to something. Back in high school, Nancy would have NEVER admitted to doing anything with Sam's dog, even if she had. As wild as Beth was, she might have at least hesitated before masturbating her asshole. As for me, I'd never had sex with a girl other than my mom and aunt until I went to college so being asked to lick Sam's pussy clean would have been a LOT more shocking than it was this afternoon. Nowadays I WANTED to do it so what was the bid deal in being dared?

"So what's this mean then," Nancy asked philosophically, "Have we all become so jaded that we can't shock each other anymore?"

"Well, there ARE a few topics I think we still avoid," Beth mentioned mischievously. Although we all had a pretty good idea what she was talking about, something in us made us curious enough to want to listen further. Beth could see she had our undivided attention and looked at each of us.

"Let's see, we all joke about it but we don't REALLY talk about Sam and her dog. Then there's Nancy who I KNOW is holding out on us, not to mention her own adventures with the canine species, and finally there's Kelly, whom we all know is the incest girl among us but yet we all seem to tip-toe around the subject."

"So what about YOU?" Nancy countered, "What's Beth holding back from us?"

Beth look thoughtful for a moment, as if she was mulling over her response but I think she knew from the start what it would be.

"To be honest, I think I'm the only one in our group who ISN'T hiding something, or at least something we don't discuss."

"OK, so now that you've pointed out the obvious, so what?" Sam retorted back to Beth.

"I don't know," Beth shrugged her bare shoulders which were barely out of the swirling water, "Don't you think it's time we stopped playing games like Truth or

Dare and just opened up with each other. Dammit anyway, we may not be together like this again for who knows how long!"

In my heart I agreed with her. It was a little odd that four girls could be such close friends, sharing so much over the years and yet in some ways we hid certain things, even though we all knew about them.

"Well, what do you say I start my own version of the game then," Beth announced defiantly. "Let's start with Kelly."

I looked at her sharply. What the hell was she up to now?

"As I'm sure you all know, even though we haven't talked about it, Kelly's dad fucked me for the first time right here in this very hot tub. At the time, I didn't know he was doing Kelly; hell, NONE of us knew about THAT back then. So tell me Kelly, heck tell all of us, how did it make you feel to see your dad fucking me and you couldn't say anything?"

Despite my misgivings, the memories of that day came flooding in as if it were yesterday. Actually, as much as it had turned me on at the time, I was shocked that my father, who had NEVER cheated on my mom, was fucking her. All my life they had preached to me how adultery was breaking one of the Ten Commandments. Although I understood the "sister" rationalization, it still seemed a bit contrived. At the same time, I couldn't believe how much it turned me on to see him fucking Beth – my best friend who had been part of our family for so many years. There was so much I could have said in response to her questions yet all that came out was a lame answer.

"Well, I guess I was turned on and I wanted badly to join in."

"As long as we're on the subject, I've always wondered why did you keep what you do with your dad a secret from us for so long?" Nancy asked, joining in on the questioning, "Didn't you trust us?"

I felt a little uncomfortable in answering as the truth wasn't flattering to your best friends.

"My parents and I agreed that we wouldn't tell anyone – not even my closest friends. Think about it; what would you guys have said back when we were just freshmen and you found out what my dad was doing with me?"

Nancy looked uncomfortable herself but she still found the courage to speak her mind saying, "Well, you know Kelly, and PLEASE don't take this wrong because you know I love you. Personally, I STILL don't quite understand how you can fuck your own father. Sorry, it just seems... so wrong somehow, you understand?"

I wasn't going to debate it and so in order to keep this from getting into something we would regret later, I turned the questioning to her because there was something I knew about her that I was positively certain she didn't know I knew, and that none of the others knew either.

"Isn't that sort of the kettle calling the pot black, Nancy?" I asked, letting the others to wonder what I was talking about but it was obvious from Nancy's expression I'd hit the bulls eye.

"Hey, what the fuck are we doing?" Sam cut in, "This was supposed to be our great last get together before we all split up and went on with our lives. Why are we being so heavy?"

Nancy looked relieved and from the way her eyes bored into me, I could tell she wasn't happy with my near-revelation. Indeed, what would Beth and Sam had they said if they knew what Nancy, the shy and conservative one of our group, was actually a pedophile? I had only learned it by accident through the comments of several people that by themselves, meant nothing, but when pieced together described a very troublesome side to my friend. I may have been guilty of fantasizing about some of my young charges when I babysat, but I never actually did anything and can't imagine how I ever could have. Nancy, on the other hand...

Sam continued, breaking my concentration as she said, "Well, not only did we not discuss things as teens, how the hell did we all fool around so much and never do each other? Now THAT'S a question worth exploring, don't you think?"

## 4. Enough of the Games

For a moment we all were silent with nothing but the noise of the hot tub to break the silence. Then we all started to talk at once and again in unison, went quiet to let the others talk. We then broke out in laughter at ourselves.

"Well, why don't we go inside then?" I offered, leaving my hopes unvoiced but I think they all knew where I was trying to lead them.

Without further ado we stepped out of the tub and dried ourselves off before heading back into the house and then down to the family room in the basement. The basement felt almost cold in comparison to the hot outdoors, especially after sitting in the hot tub, and I could feel my nipples tingle and noticed the others having a similar reaction. The four of us stood in a circle (was it technically a square?), each waiting for the other to make the next move.

"Oh fuck it, what are we waiting for?" Beth huffed, "We all want the same thing so why are we acting like shy teenagers?"

Sam was the first to react and she turned to Nancy and put her arms around her, pulling Nancy's gorgeous tanned nude body tightly into her own before kissing her softly. Nancy responded eagerly, putting her arms around Sam's neck and drawing her into her like two teen lovers on a hot date. Beth turned to me and smiled.

"So tell me again why didn't we just do this from the start?" she said with a naughty grin. We both hugged and then we kissed. Beth's full lips felt so soft against mine and I could feel her large boobs pressing up against mine, making my nipples tingle even more.

"I love you Kelly," she whispered softly to me.

I knew exactly what she meant. It wasn't the type of love you have between two lovers or a husband and wife but the kind of love that only the closest of friends can share. I replied the same to her and we kissed more passionately as we slowly dropped to our knees on the soft carpeting in the middle of the floor. Sam and Nancy had already done the same.

Maybe it was because we were such good friends, or maybe it was just that we were all horny as hell, but somehow we worked ourselves into a circle without anyone saying a word of direction. Each of us was licking a pussy while someone else was licking our own. I had Nancy's pussy in my face while she had Sam's and Sam was doing Beth's who was doing mine. In all the years we had sat in a circle, masturbating and touching ourselves, we'd never done anything like this and yet suddenly it just felt like the most perfect thing to do.

After that it was just a couple of hours of non-stop "lesbian" love making. I only use that phrase as there were no men involved. Although I don't think any of us would have protested had a few dicks been available, at the same time that would have changed the dynamics entirely. Even though there were four of us, I hesitate to call it an "orgy" because that phrase seems to degrade the experience into something only sexual in nature. Instead, what we shared was unique. Only four girls who had grown up together and shared so much could understand what I mean.

This wasn't like at a party where a bunch of girls started playing with each other to turn on the guys. This had nothing in common with the sex parties Beth loved so much. It wasn't at all like anything I had experienced as an escort at a bachelor party. And it definitely wasn't anything like being with a group of guys. This was four of the closest friends simply enjoying one another in the most intimate and basic way possible.

I'm sure someone will want to ask me how many times we each came. Well, I don't know about the others as we didn't keep a scoreboard or anything, but for me I lost count. It seemed at times like it was just one after the other as licked and rubbed up against one another. I even somehow managed to break away to run to my bedroom where I pulled out my trusty old double dildo which we used in various combinations.

My favorite was when Nancy and I both got on our hands and knees, our bare butts close together as Beth and same helped push the dildo into our pussies. We rocked back and forth, sometimes smacking our butts against one another, driving the dildo deep inside both of us at the same time. It was almost like being fucked doggie style by a guy and we both came so hard we each collapsed, pulling the dildo out of her and leaving it still in me until Beth stole it for her to use with Sam next.

We might have gone on all night if the basement door leading to the garage hadn't suddenly opened and in walked my parents! At the time Sam and Beth were engaged in a 69 while I was lying next to Nancy on the floor, making out like two teenagers at a party.

"What do you say Mary? Looks like the girls have been having a good time while we were out," my dad observed to my mom. Sheesh, talk about being the master of the understatement!

My mom just pushed my dad along to the stairs, clucking at him to behave himself and leave us alone. Of course, my dad would not have actually done anything, even if she hadn't, but why subject the poor guy to such temptation? It was like waving fresh meat in front of a starving lion, could you blame him for wanting to eat it?

As much as they tried not to spoil it for us, the appearance of my parents seem to break the spell we all had been under. We each pushed for one more orgasm but after that we ended up just lying on the floor in each other's arms. In retrospect it was probably a good thing as I was so flushed it felt like I was burning up!

Eventually we all calmed down and headed back up to the deck where we'd left our clothes. My parents had evidently decided to take advantage of the hot tub themselves while we were "occupied". At least with my friends they didn't have to worry about wearing anything and as always, it warmed my heart to see them together with my dad's strong arms wrapped around my mom's beautiful naked body. I could imagine how hard he must have gotten seeing the four of us going at it in the basement. After all, he might be my father but he was still a man and what man wouldn't react to such a scene? I silently bet to myself that my dad hadn't wasted any time fucking my mom once they were in the tub. For that matter, had he even waited that long?

The rest of the evening was relatively uneventful as we each discussed our plans for the future while my dad grilled dinner for all of us. It was if we all didn't want the evening to end. Something magical always seemed to happen when the four of us got together and I think each of us somehow knew that the magic would not reappear for a long time after tonight. Nancy was due to leave the next day and Sam would be off herself in a week or so. Thank goodness Beth would still be around!

Unfortunately, everything must eventually come to an end and so it was without last evening together. We were all in tears as we said our goodbyes but I knew while we might be physically separated, there was always our cell phones, email, and web cams to keep us in touch. Thank god for technology!

# (Jul 13) Chapter 145: High School Regrets

Story codes: MF FF oral
Me (22)
Nancy - girlfriend (23)
Todd - Nancy's boyfriend (22)

If you're like me, it's probably more the things you DIDN'T do in high school that you regret more than anything you did. Even then, it's not really WHAT I didn't do so much as WHO I didn't do. Although we can't go back in time and do things over, sometimes you get another chance at it later in life. The question was, what would I do when such an opportunity arose?

## 1. High School Class Slut

While I was in high school I would imagine that if you asked most people who the smartest kid was, who the richest kid was, who was the class clown, etc. that you would have gotten pretty consistent answers. We all knew who those kids were when we were in school. Many of us had label that may not have been listed in the yearbook but were well-known by everyone. For instance, there was nothing listed next to my picture but I'm pretty confident that most people still remember me as the class slut. Every class has one and I worked hard for my position (no pun intended).

Actually, being THE class slut isn't as easy as you might think. First, there's a lot of competition from other slutty girls, all of whom would scratch your eyes out given half the chance. Then there's the pressure from people always having such high expectations of you, especially the guys. It seemed like every day some new guy would hit on me, expecting me to at the very least suck his dick on demand if not more.

Contrary to popular belief, being a class slut takes a of work. It's more than just spreading your legs for every guy that asks, any girl could do that. In fact, when I look back at it I really didn't fuck all that many guys while I was in high school compared to some girls I knew - only about a dozen by the time I graduated. When you consider I'd been having sex throughout all four years, that's not exactly a lot of guys. OK, more than most girls but nothing for the record books. Just because a girl had fucked more than me didn't confer on her the same "status" I enjoyed in high school.

It's all in the intangibles - your attitude, clothes, makeup, hair, and especially the way you act when you're around people. My class had its share of girls that fucked just about every guy in school they could lure into bed with but that just earned them the reputation for being whores, not sluts. It's a fine line!

Based on what people have told me and asked me, apparently most people thought that as the class slut I could get laid by just about anybody I wanted, any time I wanted it. Unfortunately, that's wasn't exactly true. Of course there was always some horny boy wanting to get in my panties (that's only a figure of speech).

Then there were those boys who were so ridiculously shy that I could've literally hog-tied and dragged into my bedroom, stripped right in front of them and they STILL wouldn't have done anything because they were so unsure of themselves. There were also a few diehards that genuinely believed that sex before marriage was wrong and I respected their beliefs. Some guys had girlfriends they wouldn't cheat on. I know, that sounds ridiculous that they would not take advantage of what was available to them but those kind of guys are actually out there.

Two boys stand out in my mind from my high school years that I never was able to add to my "sexual history". First and foremost on my list was Todd who worked in the chemistry lab. Many a day Robin, my lab partner, and I would tease him mercilessly as he spied on us from behind the curtains in door to the supply room at the back of the classroom. We knew he was jerking off back there even though we never could catch him in that act. Maybe it was the way he would look at us and try to hide his erection that endeared me to him but try as I might, I was never able to get him to even talk to me because he was so shy. Something about the fact that I knew he masturbated about me in class (and probably at home as well), together with his insane shyness, made me want to be his first.

The second boy was totally different from Todd. Whereas Todd was ridiculously shy, Rich was the class hunk. My only problem was that he was "in love" with one of the hottest cheerleaders and refused to date any other girls. Personally, I don't think he was just being true to her so much as scare she would dump him if he cheated on her. I'd done everything I could to let him know I was "available" but he wouldn't even give me the time of day, especially if the bitch was around. The more he turned me down, the more determined I was that I was going to get him one way or another. Well, it never happened, one of the few times in my life that I really wanted a guy and he turned me down.

## 2. Nancy Puts Her Plan Into Action

After high school I went to college about of state and other than during summer and various holiday breaks, I didn't see much of the hometown and I had no idea what happened to either guy. With time, memories fade and I hadn't really even thought about either of them in ages until I played Truth or Dare with my friends and Nancy mentioned that one of her secrets in high school had been the desire to fuck Todd. You can imagine the shocked look on my face we I learned that we both had wanted the same nerd to fuck us.

After our "Truth or Dare" get-together, the next time I had lunch with Nancy we discussed her answer about Todd. Of course, neither us had wanted him as a boyfriend and would have dropped him like a hot rock after the first time, but each of us felt the same way - that he was the "fish" we both had let get away. Guys aren't the only ones that occasionally look to add a notch in their belt.

A couple a days later, Nancy called me and asked if I wanted to go out the following Friday night with her to see a movie. There were several we hadn't seen yet and since I had nothing planned I figured why not and accepted. Nancy was the quietest in our infamous little foursome that dated back to when we were all in preschool. As one of her closest friends, I knew that "innocent and naive" Nancy could get just as horny and naughty as the rest of us, she just didn't express it publicly to the degree the rest of us did. She was always more the follower than the leader, willing to go along with about anything but hardly ever initiating anything herself.

Friday night came along before I knew it and I got myself ready to go. I figured we would go to the movie and then probably grab something to eat afterwards, maybe at a local Eat 'N Park restaurant or TGI Friday. It was just going to be the two of us and while we may have gotten a bit carried away the previous week at my house, I had no expectations whatsoever that anything would happen like that again between just the two of us. We were good friends and I enjoyed being with her, trading stories and gossip. When I went out with my cousin Kristen or best friend Beth, I never knew what was going to happen; but with Nancy, it was a pretty safe bet we would have a pleasant, rather uneventful evening out.

With that in mind, I decided to stick with a simple pair of tight, low cut jeans and my favorite pink tank top. Even if I was with Nancy, I was STILL out in public so why not look good? You never know, maybe some hot guy would walk by while we were having dessert! The tank top was a bit too small for me but I liked the way it clung to me as if it was painted on. Without a bra, my nipples poked through as if nothing was there and you could even make out the full outline of the entire areola.

Nancy had volunteered to drive so I waited on the couch in the living room, watching out the picture window. It wasn't long before I heard a car approaching, the noisy brick street in front of our house amplifying the sound of the tires. Soon her little red Saturn appeared and pulled up to the curb. Nancy didn't bother get out of the car but instead just beeped her horn quickly a couple of times to let me know she was there.

Since my parents were out for the night, I turned off the lights, grabbed my purse, and locked the front door behind me. I jumped in the front seat and Nancy immediately took off almost before I had the door closed, not even bothering to say hello. She seemed to be nervous but at the same time she had this mischievous smile on her face that she always got whenever she was trying to hide something, a habit which just made her attempted deception all the more obvious.

"Well, hello to you too girl!" I huffed, trying to put on my seatbelt as she took the turn onto the main road sharp that I was thrown against the door, "Ummmmm, is there something I should know about?"

"You could say that," she replied with an air of mystery. It wasn't like Nancy to be so mysterious so what was she up to anyway?

"And are you gonna tell me or what?"

"Well, if you'd paid the least bit of attention when you got in the car, you would've noticed."

Now what the heck was she talking about? The hair seemed to stand up on the back of my neck suddenly and I looked over my shoulder to the back seat. It was then that I noticed for the first time that we weren't alone. Holy crap, there was a guy in the back seat! I turned to Nancy with my mouth wide open. What the heck? My expression couldn't have been hard for her to read.

"What's the matter Kelly, don't tell me that you don't know who that is!"

I looked back again where he was sitting with his hands on the seat next to him, a grin on his face but so far not saying a word. He looked to be tall and while not skinny, he wasn't overweight by any means. He had thick blonde hair that he'd let grow over his ears, which seemed to stick out from his head a little more than necessary. One thing that immediately caught my eye was that he had the most piercing blue eyes. It was like they could shine in the dark they were so bright and when he looked at me, it was like he was seeing into my soul. He was dressed casually, jeans and a polo shirt. Overall, he was your typical decent looking guy you might find anywhere and walk by without noticing. Why she thought I would know him was beyond me.

"Oh come on Kelly, I can't believe you don't recognize him," Nancy teased me, "Maybe I should've had him wear his lab coat with his hard cock poking out of it."

The poor guy grimaced at that one, as if her last comment had caused him physical pain but he was a good sport and kept silent. Lab coat? Erection? What the heck was she talking about?

"God Almighty Kelly, you're supposed to be the smart one but you can be so blind sometimes. Really girl, don't you remember who we talked about the other day... the guy we both wished we'd done back in high school?"

No, it couldn't be! Todd? Geeky and skinny little dork Todd? Where was the acne, the horrible black rimmed glasses, the ever-present pocket protector? No crew cut? How did he grow up so much since high school that I didn't even recognize him?

"You've GOT to be kidding... Todd?" I said to him, staring at him like he was the latest exhibit at the zoo.

"Yeah, it's me and...," he started to say, the grin broadening on his face but Nancy cut him off before he could finish.

"Well, after we talked the other day it hit me... why not see if Todd was still around? So I called up some people who called some other people and it didn't take long to find him. Did you know that he still lives around here, just on the North Side now?"

I looked back at Nancy, still unsure exactly what was going on. Had aliens abducted my friend and replaced her with this replica? The Nancy I'd known all these years would never have done such a thing.

"OK, like so I called him told him about what we talked about and then asked if he wanted to join us tonight."

"You told him about THAT?" I asked, feeling a little funny inside now. This was getting to be WAY too weird for me.

"Hey Todd, why don't you be a good boy and tell Kelly what I asked you about," Nancy called back to Todd as she drove on. It was then I noticed we weren't heading to the theater but instead were going almost exactly OPPOSITE the way I would have expected.

Todd's face reddened a bit as he seemed to be working up the courage to speak. Well, at least he still had some of the old shyness about him.

"Nancy told me about your game last week and asked if I had wanted to do either of you back then."

"And then what did you tell me?" Nancy pressed on.

"Well heck, EVERY guy in school wanted to," he said, swallowing hard, "It wasn't just me."

"And do you still want to?" Nancy pushed him more.

"I guess," he stammered, "Are you really serious about this?"

Nancy slapped her hand onto my leg sharply and asked, "What do you say Kelly, are we serious?"

Sheesh, what COULD I say at that moment. Talk about your night's plans taking a sudden detour. First off, I still couldn't believe Nancy had done such a thing. Second, how had she convinced him to do this in the first place? Finally, I was still trying to get my head around the fact that this guy in the back seat was really the same dork I knew back in high school!

"OK, what's going on Nancy?" I finally managed to get out. "Why is he here, for real I mean?"

"Well, after we talked about him the other day I couldn't get him out of my head so that's why I tried to find him," she explained, "I just figured we could go back to my place and get to know each other a little better, if you know what I mean. Sure beats a movie, don't you think?"

Well, that all made sense based on the direction we were heading. At the speed she was driving, we would be at her house in a few minutes provided we didn't get pulled over in the meantime. That didn't leave a lot of time to say yea or nay to the whole idea. Of course my first instinct was to say yes. After all, it wasn't like he was still that stupid dork at school so why not take advantage of an opportunity to get laid? Besides, it had been a while since I'd been fucked so this was like a dream cum true! On the other hand, the whole thing seemed rather manipulative. What was REALLY happening? What was I missing here?

Before I could say anything more, Nancy pulled into a parking space in front of her apartment building. I'd been to her place several times, but it was always just to visit, never anything like what I thought she had in mind now. For that matter, Nancy and I had NEVER done anything together like what I starting to suspect she was plotting. Boy, you think you know someone like the back of your hand and then she pulls something like this on you!

We got out and quickly went up the wooden stairs to her apartment. Todd fell in behind and didn't say a word but I had a feeling I knew where his eyes were focused as Nancy and I made our way up the stairs right in front of him - at least I knew where his eyes had BETTER be. Nancy unlocked the door and we both followed her inside. The first thing I noticed was the place was empty, even though I knew she shared it with another girl. What exactly Nancy's relationship was with her was a subject of controversy among the rest of her friends as she steadfastly refuse to even discuss it. Whether she was doing that to tease us or hide something I hadn't quite figured out yet Nancy must have noticed me looking around for her.

"Yeah, Julie's out with her guy tonight... probably won't see until tomorrow if I know her."

Was that supposed to be a hint that Julie wasn't a lesbian or did it mean she was bi? Nancy didn't bother to elaborate as she headed for the refrigerator and called back to us, "Beer anyone?"

I breathed a sigh of relief when Todd refused as I hate the taste of beer and even more so, what it does to the flavor of a guy's cum. As much as I normally LOVE to eat as much cum as I can get, there is an unpleasant aftertaste when the guy has been drinking too much beer that I've never cared for. Nancy knew better than to expect me to drink any so she wound up bringing out a few Diet Cokes.

"So tell me Todd, what do you think?" Nancy asked, a naughty grin on her face.

Todd looked bewildered, sort of like a little lost puppy. Apparently Nancy really hadn't told him a lot and I was getting the impression her call to him had put him in an awkward position where he couldn't refuse her request to meet us without seeming rude. I had a sneaky suspicion that until the past few minutes he really hadn't believed that anything was going to actually happen and probably was prepared for it to turn out to be some kind of practical joke.

"Ummmmm... what do you mean?" he said, his voice sounding a little strained as his eyes moved between the two of us girls.

"Oh Todd," Nancy said seductively, shaking her head slowly, "You know what I mean. Kelly and me... do you still want us?"

This was an interested side of Nancy, one I hadn't seen before. To openly taunt and tease a guy wasn't her usually M.O. and I wondered if she was doing it more for my benefit than his.

"Yeah right, like you're REALLY serious," he said, sounding a little annoyed now if anything, "I should have never gone along with this."

He started looking around as if he was waiting for the cameras to emerge and someone to yell "surprise!" Well, there was one way to demonstrate our intent (well, at least what was already Nancy's intent which was now becoming mine as well). If for me it was like some kind of dream and the reality of the situation hadn't quite sunk in yet, I could only imagine what was going through poor Todd's head! At times like this a person just responds automatically and with my past experiences, I was undoubtedly much better equipped to handle the situation than he was. But first I had a couple of issues to clear up that had been bugging me for years while I had the opportunity.

"So tell me Todd, did you masturbate when you peeked through the lab door window blinds at Robin and me in Chemistry class?" I asked. Of course we both had been convinced at the time that he did but there had never been an "official" confirmation.

"Ummmmm," Todd looked decidedly embarrassed but managed to answer, "I guess so."

"Ha, I KNEW it!" Nancy cried out, hearing the answer, "I TOLD you he was doing it."

"Hey, don't blame me... it was your fault," he tried to explain, "I mean, wearing those short skirt outfits and showing off your legs and ass all the time. Damn, what did you EXPECT a guy to do?"

"Well... we expected you to do exactly what you did," I replied with a smile. "So if you did THAT, then why did you avoid me all the time whenever I tried to get close to you?"

"I don't know," he stammered, "I mean, look at the reputation you had. I figured you were just teasing me and having fun at my expense like the other girls did. I knew you never would have gone out with someone like me."

I was starting to realize that while Todd had matured into a good looking guy, he was still a little on the insecure side. Well, I knew I could fix that!

"Do you know what I would have done if you had asked me out, Todd?" I asked in a low, seductive voice, deliberately licking my lips just enough for him to notice.

"Ahhhhhh, I'm not sure," he said, hesitating before he answered.

"You said I had a reputation. So what do you think I would have done?"

Todd's face was flushed now and I knew I was getting awfully close to crossing the line in terms of teasing him versus embarrassing him. I'm sure there were enough guys telling their friends about me that there was no doubt he knew exactly what I liked to do on a first date. Judging from the growing bulge in his pants, he was probably thinking about that reputation right now.

"Well then, since I didn't get to show you back then, would you like me to show you now?" I asked with a wink towards Nancy who was grinning from ear to ear, obviously pleased with herself for setting up this little encounter.

Without waiting for Todd to respond, I stood up and quickly stepped up in front of him where he was seated on the center cushion of the couch. Reaching to my waist with my arms crossed, I grabbed my tank top with both hands and with one swift motion, lifted it up and over my head, dropping it to the couch beside him. For a few moments I just stood there in front of him, wearing just my jeans and shoes with my now bare breasts on display for him.

"So what do you think, Todd, worth the wait?" I asked him as I cupped my boobs and bounced them a little in my hands..

The way his jaw dropped and his eyes zeroed in on my boobs like a laser told me more than anything he might have said if he had found his voice. I loved the way it made me feel when guys like Todd stared at my body. It made me feel sexy and good about myself.

Moving up closer to him, I leaned over him and put my hands on his shoulders so that my boobs hung down in front of his face. At barely a 34C, it wasn't like they swung like pendulums or anything but he was getting a pretty good eyeful of what I had.

"You know, you CAN touch them if you want to," I whispered softly to him, "I don't mind."

Todd hesitated and then reached out and put one hand on each of my boobs. At first he just planted his hands against them with his palms flat. Then his fingers slowly curled, just slightly at first and then more as he started to squeeze my boobs.

"Well, do they feel good?" I asked.

Todd just nodded and then squeezed them some more, letting my hard nipples poke out between his fingers as he did. I looked over at Nancy, who was watching our every move, and motioned with my head for her to join in. After all, it had been her idea to do all this in the first place so why should she be relegated to spectator status? Nancy took a deep breath and moved in besides me, dropping her blouse and bra along the way.

"Here Todd, why don't you try Nancy's now," I said as she moved up tight against me. She felt so warm and soft and for a moment I recalled being with her not so long ago at my house with our friends, Her boobs were more like a 36D - or bigger and they hung down a lot more than mine but at the same time, it gave him a lot more to grab onto.

"Mmmmmmm," Nancy purred as he massaged her hefty boobs, "Suck on them."

For a moment I almost bent over to grab her boobs between my lips but then I realized she was talking to Todd. He dropped his head and took one of her nipples in his mouth and began to gently suck on it. As Todd seemed to be happy sucking on her larger boobs, I decided to stop messing around and get down to business.

I dropped to my knees on the carpeting in front of him where I pushed his legs apart and then reached in to unzip his jeans. His belt was a pain to undo but I figured it out and unbuttoned his jeans. Pulling the jeans apart in the middle, I reached in under the elastic band of his Jockey underwear (it would have been a lot easier if he'd worn boxers, or better yet, none at all) and finally found the head of his dick. Not surprisingly, he was already erect and I released his cock from the containment of his underwear and it popped out, evidently happy to have been freed from its cotton prison.

"You know Todd, I bet this is what you wanted me to do when you spied on us in Chemistry class," I said as I grabbed his dick in my hand.

Todd took a couple of seconds away from sucking on Nancy's incredible boobs to answer saying, "Oh my god, you have no idea how much."

"So have you had a girl suck your dick yet, Todd?" I asked him, stroking his dick with my hand slowly. Based on my experience, I placed him at about six inches but he was nice and thick, more so than average for his size.

"I've had a couple of girls in college who did it," he admitted before Nancy pulled his head back to her chest which shut him up.

I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. It would've been hot to give him his first BJ but then again, he WAS 23 and it was a bit much to expect any boy that age not to have had his dick sucked at least once. But still, you can't blame me for wishing he hadn't.

Keeping his mouth on Nancy's nipple, Todd helped me pull his pants down and off his ass until they were gathered at his ankles. That was good enough for me, at least for the moment. I took a long look at his dick and wondered how many times had he masturbated and then squirted cum out of it dreaming of me doing what I was about to do now.

Lowering my head to his crotch, I took just the top of his dick in my mouth and then let my tongue tease him, poking it into the tip of his dick and then running it around the smooth skin of his engorged cock head. As I breathed in deeply, I noticed that he smelled especially good, a little musky and sweaty but then it WAS hot outside and who could blame him for having a little body odor to him?

Taking my mouth off of him, I let my tongue run down the length of his smooth dick and then back up again until I was circling the swollen head once again. Mmmmmmm, he tasted pretty damn good too! Finally I went down on him, taking his entire dick in my mouth until it pushed down my throat slightly and my kips met the hairy base of his cock. Holding it there for a few seconds, I slowly lifted myself off of him, twisting my head back and forth as I did as my tongue worked around it to stimulate him even more.

"Mmmmmmm, you have a great cock Todd," I murmured to him, looking up at him where he still had Nancy's large nipple deep in his mouth.

"Nancy, you have GOT to try this bad boy out for yourself," I invited her.

Nancy pulled back away from Todd who then laid back against the couch, looking down at me as I stroked his stiff dick and waited impatiently for Nancy to join in. She kneeled to the side of him, leaning over and taking his wet dick in her mouth as I held it by the base of the shaft to steady it. Her incredible boobs rested on his thigh as she bobbed a few times on his dick before letting it loose and grinning at me.

"Shit, he DOES have a nice dick," she said as she paused to get her breath back, talking to me as if he wasn't there to hear her.

I took the opportunity to take him back in my mouth once again and for a while we just swapped back and worth, once of us sucking his dick while the other leaned back and watched. Meanwhile, Todd was watching everything with his hands to his side, letting us do all the work. He didn't say a word, probably because he couldn't believe what was happening! This was the sort of situation he had probably dreamed about many times when he masturbated. I could imagine how it must seem almost unreal to him that one of his jerk-off fantasies was coming true.

"So Todd, ever have TWO girls sucking your dick at the same time?" I asked. He didn't answer but shook his head vigorously to indicate he hadn't. Well, something told me that he would remember this time for the rest of his life.

Nancy was clearly enjoying his cock so I took the opportunity to strip off my jeans and shoes while Todd watched. Standing up, I worked the tight jeans over my hips and finally got them off. This particular pair of jeans was more accurate at measuring my weight than any scale. It didn't even take an excess pound to make them virtually unwearable so they kept me honest when it came to watching my weight! Of course, there was no way I would be caught dead wearing panties under my jeans, no matter where I was or who I was going out with so with my jeans off that left me nude for Scott to take in an eyeful of before I sat down at the end of the couch and turned to face him. Spreading my legs wide apart, I let him see my pussy like I was some cheap whore exposing herself on stage.

"Since you masturbate thinking about me, I guess it's only fair I return the favor" I said in a teasing tone.

Of course, to be honest I had never actually SEEN him masturbate but then did it make any difference? As Nancy continued to suck his dick, I started playing with myself, at first just running my fingers over my horny pussy and then slowly working them in tighter inside my pussy lips, spreading them apart until he could finally see my wet pussy hole. When it came to masturbation, there was only one thing I liked more than touching myself and that was to have someone WATCH me touching myself. Sometimes I think I get more turned on being watched than the actual physical stimulation! The mind and imagination can be more powerful than the finger when it comes to making yourself feel good.

It also didn't hurt I was able to watch Nancy as she give Todd one incredible BJ. She was stroking his dick with her hand as she sucked on the upper portions of it, bobbing an twisting on his shaft with her beautiful full lips. I gasped involuntarily as I pushed my middle finger up inside my pussy. The more I watched them the more I debated what I wanted more, Todd's dick in me or Nancy licking my pussy. Actually, in the end it was a no-brainer. How could I EVER choose NOT to take a guy's dick? Sure I loved it when a girl ate me out, but NOTHING beats being fucked by a real cock. For the moment, though, Nancy was in control of his dick so the best I could do was plunge my finger deep inside of me and wish it was Todd's cock instead.

"Fuck her," I heard myself saying, allowing myself to get a bit carried away, "Fuck Nancy for me Todd."

Personally, I would have preferred to have been the first to get his dick in my pussy but then it WAS Nancy who had set this all up so she deserved it - I guess. For the moment it was just me and my finger as I watched my friend in action.

"You ready to fuck me now?" Nancy taunted Todd. The poor guy was totally in shock but there are some things a guy can do in his sleep and fucking was one of them.

"Come here," he said in a soft but surprisingly strong voice.

Todd reached out and took Nancy by the waist with both hands and helped her to climb up on his lap, his hard dick poking straight up like a missile ready for launch. Nancy straddled him and squatted over his steel-rod dick. As her pussy wet his dick, she paused and leaned over to kiss him briefly.

"God I can't wait to get your dick in me," I heard her whisper to him.

As hot as I was for Todd, seeing my supposedly shy friend morphing into an outright slut right in front of my eyes was REALLY hot for me. Nancy wasn't paying any attention to her audience, namely me. The only thing that she seemed to care about at the moment was the fleshy pole that was bending just a little as she dropped down onto it until it suddenly slipped inside of her and the head disappeared from sight. Her head dropped back as she moaned softly and closed her eyes tightly as his dick disappeared into her cunt like a snake into its hole.

"That's it Todd, fuck her deeper," I encouraged him, as if any encouragement was necessary.

Nancy was clearly enjoying herself but then what girl in her right mind wouldn't love riding a dick like Todd's? She gripped the back of the couch behind him as she rode his dick like the finals of a championship bull-riding contest. Todd's eyes were also closed as he concentrated totally on Nancy's hot pussy as it slide up and down around his dick, rubbing him and stimulating him in was that his hand could never do. Her hips would sometimes swing around with his dick barely in her, like she was trying to keep a hula hoop going and then at other times she would drop down until her weight was completely on him and then grind her shaved pussy into his hairy crotch, burying him as deep inside of her as possible. Todd started to groan louder and his head fell back against the couch. From the quickening efforts of Nancy, I knew she was as aware as I was of what was about to erupt!

"Cum in her, Todd," I whispered hoarsely, not really caring if he heard me or not but more like a wish for myself as I watched him fuck my friend.

"Oh fuck!" he finally gasped, his eyes widening as he approached his climax. Nancy dropped down on him again and started to swivel her hips around, literally stirring his cock around inside of her pussy.

"Oh yeah, do it!" Nancy whispered as I saw Todd's ass clench and then his body shook and jerked as he started to cum inside of her. God, he was so deep in her that his cum had to be way up inside of her!

I tried to imagine the sensations Nancy must be feeling now as his hot sperm shot from the end of his throbbing cock to be deposited inside her pussy. It was enough to make my own orgasm finally take off. My pussy felt like it was on fire when my hips rose up automatically, as if I was trying to get Todd to bury himself deeper in to me instead. My orgasm struck me like a Mack truck, taking away my breath as I squeezed my eyes shut and it was like stars were exploding in front of me. Low moans escaped from my lips as waves of pure pleasure hit me like I was standing in the water at a beach after a storm. When I finally opened my eyes, I saw the two of them were watching me, both smiling as Nancy remained perched on his dick like she had been mounted there like an insect on a pin.

"I think somebody's ready to be fucked, Todd," Nancy said as she turned back to him.

She lifted herself off of him and my eyes remained fixed on his wet dick as it slipped out of her dripping pussy. It was covered with his cum mixed with her pussy juices, looking like the most delicious thing I'd seen in a long time! I wanted to suck and taste it but even more than that, my pussy was practically screaming for it to be in me.

I could barely breath with anticipation as Scott made his way over the couch and kneeled between my legs. I hadn't moved from the position I was in when I was masturbating before and my soaking wet pussy was wide open, waiting for him. I tried to look him in the eyes but he was staring at my pussy like a hungry kid looking through the window at a candy store. Damn, the guy had just fucked Nancy but he was still as horny as ever! Todd lowered himself down over me until his dick was poised at the entrance to my pussy.

"Put it in me, dammit," I growled at him, impatient now and wanting him to fuck me and stop fooling around. There comes a time when you just want to be fucked, when you NEED to be fucked and I was way past that time already.

Scott just grinned, any hints of shyness seemed to have disappeared now that he had two girls begging to be fucked by him. Amazing how that works. Then without any warning, he suddenly rammed his still stiff dick forward, driving it into me all the way to the hilt in one swift motion. I thought I would scream it felt so incredible! One second my pussy was empty, pleading for him to fill it, and then the next it was like I'd been stuffed by some huge object, making me feel all swollen and full. The dramatic change in such a brief moment, coupled with the remaining vestiges of my earlier masturbation, set me off again and I came instantly, before he even had a chance to start stroking himself in and out of me.

"Oh fuck that feels so damn good," I cried out as my legs reached up and tried to wrap around him so as to pull him deeper into me if that were even possible.

"Shit, she's already cumming Todd!" I heard Nancy exclaim. I couldn't see her with Todd hovering over me but I knew she had to be watching. We'd masturbated together enough times over the years that she could recognize the signs, even if I hadn't said anything.

My pussy had clamped down on Todd's dick, gripping him to keep him from escaping to the point it was almost like having a cramp. Todd moaned and I didn't know if it was from the pleasure of my orgasm or maybe even the pain of my pussy squeezing his dick so hard. In any case, he didn't try to move for those first few seconds when my orgasm first hit. Then, as my grip loosened just slightly, his instincts took over and he started to stroke in and out of my pussy like a steam engine piston. It had the effect of making my orgasm peak yet again and I cried out loudly as again my pussy gripped him tight enough to keep him from moving.

"Turn her over," I heard Nancy say, acting as the director for our little show.

Todd acted as though he didn't even hear her, slamming his dick into me as hard as he could, driving me back onto the couch with a grunt as I felt the base of his dick strike my pussy hard.

"Hey, I'm here too you know," Nancy whined, "C'mon guys, turn over for me."

Todd must have decided he'd better listen to her because just as abruptly as he had shoved his hard cock into me, he pulled it out in one fast move, leaving my pussy with this suddenly weird empty feeling, like something was missing. Well duh, something WAS missing - Todd's dick! Todd grabbed me by the waist, pulling me up and flipping me over so I was facing Nancy now. He lifted up on my waist and tucked a large pillow under my stomach to keep my ass up in the air, making it easier for him to get to my dripping wet pussy.

As Todd maneuvered himself in behind me, Nancy was ready for me as well. She was on her back with one leg draped over the back of the couch and the other hanging over the side with her pussy just inches from my face.

"After last week I've been wanting to do this with you again so bad," she said to me, her voice filled with unexpected emotion.

I wasn't about to turn down the chance to eat her delicious pussy again and as I started to lick her I felt Todd spread my butt cheeks apart and then the relentless head of his dick started to push against my asshole. I quickly lifted my head off of Nancy enough for him to hear me warn him.

"No Todd, not there!"

Thankfully, he didn't try to press the issue and instead dropped his dick down to where I really wanted it – my pussy once again. Once he had it in position, he put his hands on my hips and pulled me against him as he pushed himself into me. Once again, there was no hesitation or slow motion. His dick split me open again and he drove it home in one quick motion. I gasped as I tried to suck on Nancy's clit but it was hard to keep my mouth in place with the force of Todd's dick ramming into me over and over again.

Eventually I just let him do the work, placing my tongue on Nancy's pussy and letting the motion created by Todd's fucking of me to run my tongue up and down her pussy. She was holding her boobs, massaging them and pulling on her nipples as she enjoyed her pussy being licked.

Nancy's freshly fucked pussy tasted wonderful! I could even make out the remains of Todd's sperm which was now mixed thoroughly with her pussy juices. Damn, her pussy smelled so strong! My thoughts went back and forth between what Todd was doing behind me to the way Nancy was squirming under my face. .Finally she stiffened and then she pressed her pussy up against me as I held onto her clit with my lips.

"Ooh Christ I'm cumming Kelly," she moaned as her orgasm took her.

Once again I was a little surprised at her reaction. When we use to masturbate together back in high school, Nancy was the one that never made a sound when she came. The rest of us would be moaning and squirming like we possessed but cute little Nancy would just stiffen up and smile. Well, not today, that was for sure! No, today Nancy was practically screaming as her orgasm consumed her and overwhelmed her. Damn, the neighbors would be calling the police if she didn't calm down a little! If I didn't know better, I would never have known it was Nancy with all the fuss she was making.

Apparently it was turning on Todd even more than me to witness Nancy's reaction as I felt his grip on me tighten and he pushed himself into me as far as he could before finally cumming in me. The first shot was the biggest, creating a quick bloom of warmth deep inside of me. Then he started to pull out of me and for a brief moment I feared he was going to spray the rest of it on my ass and back instead of leaving it inside of me. Fortunately that wasn't his plan but the rest of his sperm he shot off with his head barely inside of me. I knew what he was doing and I wasn't going to complain. Somebody must have been watching a few too many porn movies and wanted to see a "cream pie".

"God... that is SO hot," he gasped as he pulled himself out of me and I immediately felt his warm cum start to drain out of me. He was behind me, evidently watching his own sperm as it emerged from inside of me.

I would have thought that Nancy was too exhausted from her own efforts to do anything but as soon as she realized what Todd was doing she somehow got up and off the couch and made her way behind me.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT looks delicious," she said in a sultry voice, "Want some Todd?"

I twisted my head around in time to see Todd grimace. What is it with guys that they won't eat their own cum anyway? It was really no matter as Nancy was just being polite. She was the one who really wanted my cum and now she didn't want to wait any longer for it. I felt her hands on my bare ass as she got her balance and dipped her face into my ass so her tongue could go for the sperm as it drained out of me.

"Wait, I have a better idea," I offered, trying to get up.

The two of them looked at me, wondering what I was doing, and I grinned as I explained to Nancy what my idea was. She laid on her back on the couch as I straddled her face and lowered my pussy until it was just an inch or so from her open mouth. Squeezing down like I was trying to take a pee, my pussy pushed more of his cum out and it dripped down and into her open mouth. The cum drained out of me in long strands of goo as she took it with her tongue and tried to suck it down into her mouth. Todd was watching intently, his hand subconsciously stroking his dick which was still as hard as ever.

"Mmmmmmm," was all Nancy could say as her mouth filled with more cum.

Finally, the main part of his load seemed to have dripped out of me and Nancy sat up. It was my turn to lay down now and she put her face over mine, letting the cum drip from her mouth into my own. It was such a turn-on to have her give me my own pussy cum and his sperm fresh from my pussy! Finally we both sat up and while Todd watched, we kissed and exchanged his cum back and forth between us before finally we both swallowed down what was left in our mouths.

"So you like watching us swap your cum?" Nancy teased Todd. He just rolled his eyes and nodded as I doubt he even knew what to say at this point. Nancy reached over to where his hand was rubbing his dick and took it in her own hand.

"You know, we can do it again if you can give us some more," she offered.

Twice in a short time wasn't bad, although I knew guys who could cum a lot more often than that and still stay hard. Todd's dick was definitely softer, despite his efforts to stroke himself hard again. He look exhausted so I thought maybe Nancy and I needed to give him a break. I had never seen Nancy this way before and I didn't want to miss out on a golden opportunity. While Todd sat back and slowly stroked his soft dick, Nancy and started making out on the couch, kissing and touching each other.

Before the night was over, Todd managed to fuck each of us again. Well, actually us both together by which I mean we each got up on the couch next to each other on our hands and knees with our butts facing him and pussies available. Todd would stick his dick in one of us and after a few stroked, switch over to the other. It was like a slot machine, which one of us would he cum in? To my chagrin it turned out to be Nancy but this time at least I was the first go the cum from her mouth as we did another exchange for Todd's benefit.

Eventually we were all exhausted and got dressed to take Todd and me home. It felt a little weird as Nancy drove to his house with him sitting alone in the back seat. It was physically the same arrangement as when we were on our way to Nancy's place but it sure didn't FEEL the same. Maybe I should have rode in back with him and sucked him off!

After we dropped Todd off and had driven out of sight, both Nancy and I suddenly started laughing and giggling.

"Oh my God, can you believe that!" Nancy squealed, "He's gonna be jerking off nonstop for the next week now."

"Month as least," I corrected her with a smile.

The rest of the way to my house we talked about what had happened. Both of us skirted around whether or not we would ever do Todd again and the subject of the two of us together was carefully avoided as well. I think we each knew this was one of those "once in a lifetime" opportunities that we had taken advantage of, but never expected to happen again. Would we? I guess only time will tell.

One of the best things, though, when I look back at this day was that I finally got to fuck Todd after all these years. How often do you get to go back and correct a mistake in your past? Well, now there was one less regret in my little closet of secrets!

# (Jul 18) Chapter 146: Dad's Office

Story codes: MF F-solo oral inc father daughter adultery
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)

It had been quite a while since I visited my dad's office but it was midsummer and I was bored so why not? Most of the guys there have known me since I was little but there were a few new faces. One of them wasn't exactly "new" at 56 years old, but I'd never had a grandfather do me before so why not take advantage of the opportunity?

## 1. Keeping Up With Our Morning Ritual

When I was a teenager in high school, one of my favorite things to do was to visit my dad's legal office in downtown Pittsburgh. Sometimes he would bring me with him in the morning but usually I would just ride the "T" and then walk a few blocks to get to the office building. Supposedly I was there to help with some minor office work - filing, mail, that sort of thing. In reality I preferred to flirt with the guys in the office more than anything. As such I'd wear short skirts, revealing tops, and do just about anything to tease them mercilessly.

Needless to say I also made it a point to take advantage of my dad's spacious office for some fun with him. My dad just loved to fuck me while I looked out the windows over the city, watching the people so far below us while wondering what they would think if they could see up into his office. The thought of them possibly seeing us made it hot for me just as I knew it had to for him.

My dad wasn't the only one I played with at his office, something I assumed was known although of course nobody had any idea what I was doing with him when his office door was closed ? and locked. In fact, my very first married father was one of the older partners back when I was just sixteen. OK, so he did me at his house while I was babysitting and not in the office but that's just a technicality.

Over the years several more of the guys earned a spot on to my "sexual history" list. The ironic part was so far as they knew my dad didn't know anything about it so I think they got a thrill from fucking the boss's daughter. Naturally I always told my dad everything soon after and there was even one special time when he actually encouraged me to do a few of them as a "reward" for some extraordinary work they'd recently completed. Yeah, my dad's a great boss in addition to being the best father in the whole world!

This summer was my first as a newly minted college graduate. For once I wasn't simply on Summer Break, waiting for the fall school year to start. I'd been home almost two months now and still hadn't visited my dad's office. It seemed that as I got older, I visited his office less and less for a number of reasons. For one, the guys started to act differently around me as I grew older and went off to college. I guess it was easier to "innocently" flirt with a sixteen or seventeen year-old high school girl than with a twenty or twenty one year-old college student. When I was a younger teenager, the age difference made it less "real" when I flirted with them, more like teasing than anything serious.

Also, as I got older I think it became a little more awkward for the guys. You have to keep in mind that none of them had the slightest clue that he didn't mind that any of them did me much less that my dad was also fucking me practically right under their noses! Had they known I'm sure things would've been a lot more interesting! Besides the age factor there were now secretaries and clerks younger than me so "helping" with the office work wasn't "cute" anymore but instead I think some of them thought I was threatening their jobs! Finally, now that I'm twenty two, it wasn't like it was "take your daughter to work day" anymore so there was little excuse for me to visit the office for more than a few minutes.

My "office hours" may not be the same but one thing hasn't changed as I grow older - my dad's sexual lust for me. From the first time he fucked me almost six years ago my dad has always looked for any opportunity to have me. One of our most cherished "traditions" was my morning "wakeup call". Even if I woke up earlier on my own, I would wait in my bed for my dad to get up and come into my bedroom. Sometimes he was the first to wake and these were usually my favorite mornings as he would let me sleep while he jerked off over me or tried to play with me such that I didn't wake up. I really love it when I wake up feeling his dick pressed against me, even more when he manages to actually get it inside of me without waking me right away although that was rarely achievable despite his best efforts.

Some mornings when I am really tired I will wake up and find his cum on me from him having jerked off without me waking up at all. Normally I don't really enjoy having him (or any man) spraying his sperm all over me but this was an exception. I think it is more the thought that he had jerked off watching me sleeping naked in my bed and then cumming on me than the actual cum that had dried on my face or boobs.

This morning was one of those morning when I woke up totally disoriented. You know what I mean, that feeling of not knowing what day it is or where you are. It's like you're lost in some sort of fog, trying to clear the cobwebs from your mind as you rub the sleep from your eyes. There was one more thing, quite a significant one – my pussy felt incredible! It was only then that my mind cleared enough such that I realized why – I was being fucked! It wasn't anything wild and crazy, just this feeling of a nice warm dick in me, not even moving at the moment but rather just resting inside of me, filling my pussy and making me feel incredibly horny.

"Morning baby," someone whispered in my ear. Of course it could only be one person – my loving father.

"Oh daddy... that feels soooooo good," I sighed softly, squirming a bit to get a little more comfortable.

At the moment I was on my side with my dad nestled in behind me. He'd apparently lifted my bare leg just enough to get his erect dick inside of me and so I repositioned myself to be easier for him to fuck me. My reward was the feeling of him thrusting himself even deeper into his daughter's pussy and I could feel the warmth of his naked body pressed again mine.

"You must have been tired this morning," he chuckled softly, "I thought just maybe for once you weren't going to wake up before I'd finished."

I didn't say anything in response, instead moving my hand down between my legs where I placed it over his hard dick, my fingers on each side of his hard shaft at the base of his dick where he was pressing it into my wet pussy. He resumed his slow strokes in and out of me and I could feel his incestuous cock sliding between my fingers as well.

"Oh yes... that's it... fuck me slow daddy," I moaned ever so softly, my body wakening a little more each second as despite my plea he couldn't help himself and started to pump in and out more a little more quickly.

"You know it baby... Damn I love fucking your sweet pussy first thing in the morning."

"Mmmmmmm, me too. You feel SO good in me daddy. I love you so much!"

As he slowly fucked me his hand cupped my bare breast, supporting it and gently massaging it. My hardened nipple was between his fingers and he would squeeze and pull on it as he played with my boobs. God it felt SO damn good! As his incestuous dick slowly moved in and out of his daughter's welcoming pussy, I reached down to touch my throbbing clit, rubbing it ever so slowly with just the tip of my finger, making little circles around it.

"Harder now daddy," I moaned as my finger on my clit made me jerk and my pussy gripped his dick even tighter, "Fuck me harder... harder please."

"Oh yeah, I think somebody's finally waking up," he said with a little bit of a laughter mixed in, "Well, at least her pussy is, THAT'S for sure."

He was right - my pussy WAS wide awake now as well as feeling like it was on fire as my finger tip continue to toy with my aroused clit. His thick hard shaft rubbed against the sensitive interior of my wet pussy as he stroked himself in and out of me over and over again. Suddenly I stiffened as it felt like my entire body had been shocked or struck by lightning. I gasped as my orgasm struck me and my pussy trembled, gripping his dick and then releasing it and gripping it again.

"Oh yeah baby, that's it... cum for daddy," he encouraged me, kissing the back of my neck and upper back as he fucked me hard and fast, making my orgasm peak even higher.

"Cum in me daddy... oh god cum in me NOW!" I begged him, wanting to feel his sperm inside of me before my orgasm subsided.

Lord only knows what he'd been doing to me before I woke up and it excited me to think about what he might have done. Had he masturbated looking at me? Had he rubbed his dick against my sleeping face and lips? How long had his dick been inside of me before I realized what was going on? Was he ready to cum yet or did he need to work on it some more? I really had no idea what the answers were to any of these questions. Thankfully, whatever had happened earlier must have made him horny enough to cum quickly now. His grip on my boob tightened and he pulled me against his nude body as he thrust his wonderful dick in me even further. He grunted and then his hips thrust hard against my bare tight ass and then he groaned loudly as he began to shoot his cum deep inside my pussy. Mmmmmmm... oh yeah, my father was cumming in me!

"That's it daddy, cum in me," I begged him as he filled me with warm cum, "Oh yeah, I want it all, I want it ALL in me daddy."

My dad just kept grunting as he shot one load after another of his love into me. I marveled at the thought of his horny dick deep inside me, the fleshy tip of it as far up inside of me as he could push it. I tried to imagine how it would look to see the warm sperm erupting from the tip, shooting into my pussy, trying futilely to mate with me. Of course, any other man cumming in me also a great feeling, don't get me wrong. There's just something special when I know the dick buried in my pussy belongs to my dad and that the sperm he is giving me comes from the same place the sperm that he gave my mom to create me. To have my own father lust for me this deeply is more erotic than anything I can truly describe. After all, this wasn't just ANY horny man... this was my DAD!

"God I love you Kelly," he gasped as he deposited the last of his cum inside of me, "I needed you so bad this morning."

I sighed and put my hand over his, pushing it against my breast saying, "I love you too daddy... I love it best when you cum inside of me."

He started to pull back but I reached behind me with my hand and tried to push him back into me.

"Stay inside of me for a while daddy... please stay in me," I whispered as I held my legs tightly together, squeezing my pussy down on his dwindling cock, savoring this moment when I truly belonged to my father in such a special way.

"Anything you want baby," he said gently back to me, "Anything you want."

I closed my eyes and just let the emotions inside of me swell and wash over me. To be in my father's strong arms, his spent cock still inside of me, knowing his sperm was now in me... what more could a girl ask for first thing in the morning? For that matter, any time of day?

Finally he kissed my neck a few times and pulled his hand from my breast.

"Sorry baby, I really do have to get to work," he said softly as he slipped his dick out of me. Suddenly I felt so lonely, so empty, like something had been taken from me. It was at that moment I knew what I would be doing later that day - even if he didn't.

My dad left me in my bed with my pussy still throbbing from my orgasm and the memory of his cock in it. I felt like I had a fever as my entire body was flushed. Indeed, I was so light-headed that it felt like I was about to pass out. Oh God I wanted him to fuck me again! I wanted to feel my father's dick slip back into me, spreading my pussy so wide apart as the mushroom head on his cock forced its way into his daughter's waiting hungry pussy. I wanted to feel him sliding into me, his cock stimulating my pussy the way a bow stimulates the strings of a violin as it is drawn across them. I wanted to feel it pumping in and out of me, to listen to him tell me how good my pussy felt around his dick, to hear him tell me what a great fuck I was. Of course, what I REALLY wanted more than anything else was for him to cum in me over and over again, to flood me with his sperm and groan and moan as he told me how much he loved me.

My dad stopped back in my bedroom just before he left. Instead of his naked body I loved to touch and feel against me, he was in his typical suit and tie. He kissed me and told me he would miss me. Well, he wouldn't be missing me as much as he thought if I had anything to say about it!

## 2. Masturbation With a View

After my dad left I fell back asleep until I woke about an hour later when mother nature made her demands known. After peeing I showered and washed my hair, paying special attention to my pussy and ass to make sure I was as clean as I could be for my dad later. To be sure I had no intention that he would actually DO anything with my asshole but I still liked to keep it spotless in case he wanted to lick me anyways. Throwing on a long nightshirt I made my way to the kitchen where my mom was on the phone with her sister, my Aunt Linda. Knowing from past experience THAT conversation could go on all morning I fixed myself some cereal and sat at the kitchen table, watching the morning news on the little TV we kept in the dining area of the kitchen.

By the time I'd finished my cereal my mom was STILL on the phone. They seemed to be talking about one of my aunt's recent home sales from what I could gather hearing only half the conversation. My Aunt Linda was a realtor who managed to remain a top seller even in the housing market turndown we were in at the time. Of course she had a special offering to go with her home sales pitch that most other realtors didn't - she was willing to fuck her clients to close the deal! My mother, ever the voyeur, was listening intently, dropping in a few questions here and there to clarify things as well as giving me a partial understanding of what was happening.

Oh well... As I said earlier, this conversation could, and often did, go on for hours so I went back upstairs to get dressed. It was always an issue for me when deciding what to wear to my dad's office. When I was younger it was pretty simple - a skirt as short as I dared wear in public and a blouse at least one or two sizes too small. The goal back then was to show off my legs and boobs (at least what boobs I had) as much as possible without actually revealing the goods. As I got older, I went away from the teenie-bopper, ditzy high school girl thing to more the college girl-next-door look.

Hmmmmmm.. now that I'd graduated, what WAS appropriate office wear? Well, I guess I should say what was appropriately inappropriate? It was a professional office so it wasn't like I could just waltz in looking like a street walker. On the other hand, most of the lawyers and staff had known me since I was a little girl so coming in dressed like a nun would probably raise more eyebrows. In the end after much debate I decided to go relatively casual - designer jeans and a large belt with a tight yellow cami that showed off a little belly and hugged my 34B boobs like a sixteen year-old boy copping his first feel.

When I finally returned to the kitchen my mom was STILL on the phone. Oh good grief, how long could my aunt talk about getting laid by one of her clients? In all fairness if my mom was grilling her for details the same way she did back when I came home from a hot date then it wasn't all that hard to believe. My mom always had to know everything, and I mean everything.

Rolling my eyes, I gestured for her to take a break and my mom told my aunt to hold on for just a second. Quickly I explained to my mom that I was heading downtown and she instantly knew where I was off to. She just winked at me and kissed me on the lips quickly and then was back on the phone with her younger sister again. God, they were worse than two fourteen year-old girls gossiping on the phone!

Although I could've driven myself downtown, I dreaded the traffic through tunnel and bridges, not to mention the expensive downtown parking garages which were generally creepy anyways. Instead, I headed down to the "T" station behind the main part of town, parked the car and hopped on the next one that came by. The "T" is actually a light rail train that shuttles around the south side of Pittsburgh and then into the city. Once I made it to the end of the first line I got on another that took me downtown, actually travelling under the streets until I got out and climbed the stairs up to the main street level. It was only about two blocks or so to my dad's office building which was good because the heat was starting to rise already and I knew it was going to be another typical Pittsburgh July day - hot and muggy. Well, if things went the way I planned it was going to be hot and sweaty inside as well.

After getting out of the elevator I made my way to the office and waved as I walked past the receptionist. She smiled at me to be courteous as it was her job but other than that she didn't seem inclined to give me the time of day. Oh well, she was new and I didn't know her so I didn't take it personally. At the same time I wondered what people had told her about the boss's daughter to make her so sullen about me without really getting to know me first? Oh well, who cared what she thought of me anyway? As I entered the main waiting area I saw that there were several clients waiting but I just went straight through the door to where the legal offices were all located. In a way the place reminded me of Boston Legal on TV with the glass walls and all. The comparison ended there as there weren't a bunch over over-sexed women and men chasing around after each other - too bad.

As I walked down the hall, the office decor noticeably changed when I entered the area reserved for the partners. Unlike the other conference rooms and offices, these were not glass-walled and open for anyone walking by to see inside. Rank hath its privileges and the partners had the rank so their offices had solid walls and doors that locked, two things that has come in quite handy over the years, that's for sure.

I really wasn't paying as much attention to where I was walking as I should have so when an older gentleman stepped out of his large office reading a file I didn't see him until he was right on top of me and we bumped together slightly. His file dropped to the floor and after he'd leaned over to pick it up, he looked up at me to see who the imbecile was that had gotten in his way. Fortunately, just as it seemed he was ready to bark and take off my head, he recognized me. The scowl disappeared and he grinned at me, more of a leer actually but I took it as a grin.

"Oh excuse me Kelly, I wasn't watching where I was going," he said apologetically. Then he took another look at me, or more so my boobs, and smiled. "My, you've certainly grown up since I last saw you!"

Actually for all practical purposes I hadn't grown an inch for the last few years but my bust WAS a cup size bigger and I like to think a few other areas had smoothed and rounded out as well. I grinned at him as well, acting like I was shy and embarrassed by his remarks.

"Oh Mr. Connelly, I AM 22 now you know."

"Kelly, you can call me Martin now, you're not a kid anymore," he corrected me. Then he added under breath in a voice so low I wasn't sure if I was supposed to hear him or not, "THAT'S for damn sure."

Mr. Connelly, or Martin, was one of the older lawyers in the firm, mid to late fifties I think, and one of the founding partners. He'd actually hired my dad many years ago and even though my dad was now a senior partner, some partners are more equal than others and none were more equal than Martin Connelly.

"Have you seen my dad Mr. Connelly, I mean Martin?" I corrected myself as he opened his mouth to say something.

"I believe he's in the middle of a deposition at the moment. It should be over in about an hour at the most. Do you want me to tell him you're here?"

I shook my head vigorously. All sorts of ideas were shaping up in my mind as to what to do during the next sixty minutes or so and none of them included my dad knowing about them – at least not yet.

"Well, you can wait in his office until then, or you can stay in mine if you want," Martin offered, I have a meeting I'm already late for."

I politely declined the offer for his office and said I would just hang out in my dad's until he was available. Even though I hadn't been there in quite a while, it was like I'd just been in yesterday with everything in the same place. I headed for my dad's office, wiggling my butt as I knew he was watching me. Once inside I closed the door behind me. Nobody would normally come in unannounced with the door closed but just for good measure I locked the door securely as well.

My dad's office was huge, bigger than our living room back home. Besides his monstrous desk and leather chair it had a huge leather couch with matching arm chairs around a beautiful antique coffee table. There was even a small wet bar area. The mandatory library of legal books were there (does anyone ever actually READ them or are they just for show?) What I loved most about his office wasn't the furnishings. What I really loved was the view! His office opened to the west which gave me a postcard view of downtown and the Point where the three rivers joined. Actually, two rivers joined to form the third but that's enough geography.

Being up about twenty floors, the view today was spectacular. It was bright and sunny outside without a hint of clouds and the air was clearer than usual for a hot summer day. The new football and baseball stadiums were visible across the Allegheny River. Looking down, people were just little dots below me as they scurried about like ants. There were some other buildings nearby but I didn't think anyone in any of them was paying attention to what was going on across the street. Besides, the windows were tinted so ever if they were I doubted they could see me.

Anyone who knows me knows that I have a bit if an exhibitionist streak that gets me in trouble now and then. Usually just the thrill of knowing someone COULD see me is enough without actually being seen. For instance, driving down the road without anything on below the waist is thrilling because the people who drive by me don't know that I'm half naked right next to them; but I know I am and that's what's important. Grabbing my boyfriend's dick at the top of the Ferris Wheel is fun because all those people below us don't have a clue what I'm doing right above their heads. Sure it would be wild if they DID know, but the thrill of being naughty is what makes it fun for me.

I say all this because the first thing that came to my mind standing at the window with the city before me was to strip down and stand naked up against the window, pressing my bare boobs against the cool glass. Although the odds were negligible that someone WAS seeing me, the fact that someone COULD if they had just the right angle at just the right moment turned me on tremendously.

Feeling naughty with my clothes off, I stood there stark naked as I stared out the window. My hand naturally made its way between my legs and I started masturbating at the thought of some hot guy watching me from the office building across the street. God that would be so erotic to see him standing at his own office window, maybe even with his hard dick in his hand, sticking out from his suit pants. I imagined him jerking off as he watched me masturbating. Wouldn't it be hot if both of us could cum together? When we were done we would wave goodbye and close the blinds. Would I bump into him on the street later? Would he recognize me with my clothes on?

My hand was getting me pretty horny so I turned away from the window and laid on the cool leather couch with my back to the door so I could continue to look out the windows. I raised my right leg up onto the back of the couch and let my left one hang over the side which left my pussy wide open and easy to reach. Using just one fingertip I circled around my wet clit, then rubbed it up and down and then back into the tight circles again. My sensitive clit was tingling like an elbow does when you hit your funny bone, making me jump at times as an especially sharp feeling of pleasure would emit from my pussy and run through me like an electric shock. With my other hand, I started to rub my boobs, squeezing them and then pinching the nipples, pulling on them and then letting them spring back as my nipple would slowly slip through my fingers.

# 3. My Dad Takes Over - Or So I Thought

As deep as I was into my private masturbation session, my ears still managed to pick up at the sound of the office door lock being opened. Other than the cleaning staff there was only one person who had the key to his office meaning it had to be my dad so I pretended not to notice. If anything it made me feel even sexier to know my dad was about to "catch" me playing with myself although he'd seen me masturbating since I was in middle school. The door made a slight click as he must have tried to close it without making too much noise and then I heard the soft rustle of his pants as he moved slowly through the office until he was right behind me.

"Oh daddy, that feels so good." I moaned as I pretended to fantasize about my dad fucking me, "Fuck me daddy... oh fuck me more daddy... make me cum."

I could only imagine how it must've turned him on to hear me masturbating to the thought of him fucking me! Hopefully his dick was getting as stiff as a steel rod and I wondered if he was rubbing it yet. Still, as much as I wanted to turn around and grab his dick I continued to play with myself, pretending not to notice he was right behind me.

After a particularly sharp moan and humping of my hips up against my hand my dad reached in from behind me, one arm on each side of me. He started by putting his hands on my bare shoulders, massaging them gently, running his hands up and down my smooth upper arms. Then he pulled my hair to one side and I could feel his hot breath on my neck. I shivered as I felt the touch of his wet tongue on the side of my neck, just below my ear. He gently licked my neck and ear, then worked his way around and did the same to the other side. All the while he was licking me, his strong hands continued to massage my shoulders with his thumbs pressing into my shoulder blades. Well, as horny as I was I couldn't pretend to ignore him anymore at this point!

"Mmmmmmm, that feels so good daddy!" I said softly, continuing to masturbate without a pause.

My dad didn't say a word as his strong hands started to work their way down my bare chest, slowly approaching my bosom. I pulled my hand away from my boobs as he grabbed them both, first cupping them in his hands like he was measuring the weight of a melon in the grocery store (OK, I can WISH my boobs are the size of melons, can't I?) Then he put his hands over them and started to knead them like he was making bread. At first it was just a slight squeezing motion but as he got going he grabbed them more firmly and pinched my hard nipples. As always I loved it when someone played with my breasts. My dad is what you would call a "pussy man" so usually he would go straight for my crotch and ignore my boobs so it was nice to have him spend this much time on my boobs for once.

"You know I love it when you touch me like this daddy," I moaned as I felt my orgasm starting to build within me. With my extra hand I pushed a finger inside my pussy while I continued to rub my clit with the other, only now using two fingers instead of just one.

"I'm cumming daddy!" I announced as my body stiffened and my hips rose up off the couch. "Oh God!" I cried out as my entire body was racked with the most incredible sensations. Indeed, having an orgasm feels like nothing else in the world!

My dad was breathing heavier as he kissed me on the neck again. I collapsed on the couch, my hands cupped against my crotch, one over the other, as I pressed my hand up against me. The pressure alone against my clit was enough to keep my heart pounding. There was just one thing I wanted at this moment, only one thing that would satisfy my needs and desires.

"Fuck me daddy... please fuck me now," I begged him softly, sounding more like a young girl begging for her daddy to hug her but I wanted a lot more than a hug - a LOT more!

"Sure, I'd love to if that's what you want," a deep voice whispered in my ear. It was exactly the words I wanted to hear but there was just one teeny little problem - it wasn't the VOICE I wanted to hear.

Horrified, I flipped myself over and found myself face to face with the last person in the world I would've expected to see, at least under these circumstances. It wasn't my dad that had been playing with me, it was Martin! What the hell? I completely froze in place, not knowing whether to cover myself, scream, or what.

"I'm pretty sure that I'm not who you thought it was, eh?" he said with a grin on his face.

"Mr. Connelly!" I gasped, "What are you doing in here? Why are you touching me?"

"I think the real question is, what are YOU doing in here?" he chuckled, "And how many times do I have to tell you that it's Martin. So tell me Kelly, is this what you do every time you visit your dad?"

I was on my stomach with my arms up on the side of the couch so I was relatively covered, if you don't take into account my bare ass. Besides, it wasn't like he hadn't seen the whole package anyway so what was there to hide? Even so, I felt distinctly... well naked. Maybe "exposed" would be a better term.

"How DARE you? How could you do this to me?" I exclaimed, still trying to get my wits back about me.

As hard as I was trying to be outraged at his behavior, my pussy apparently hadn't received the memo. Instead the darn thing was still pulsing and feeling hot which was in distinct contradiction to how the rest of me was feeling. OK.... so it wasn't ALL my pussy's fault. Once it got going it didn't calm down for a while no matter what might happen, not even an embarrassing situation like this. I say embarrassing because I could feel my face grow hot, even more flushed than it had been after my orgasm.

Martin smiled again and said, "Oh come now, nothing to be embarrassed about. You think I didn't know what you were doing in here? Damn girl, you're really hot! If I were your dad I'd be doing you too."

If possible, my face felt even redder. I'm not normally one who cares if someone watches me masturbate. In fact I've teased many a boy on a date making him watch me play with myself but not letting him touch me. In almost any situation I would tell you I get off having someone watch me do it. THIS was different though. To make it worse, he heard me asking my dad to fuck me! What did he think about that? Would he just attribute it to my fantasy or would he realize that I was speaking from the heart? From his words he seemed to think it was real.

"Soooooo, tell me little girl... you still need to be fucked by daddy?"

My eyes widened as the question at me from out of the blue. My god, it was the senior partner and technically he was old enough to be my grandfather! Not to mention we were in the middle of my father's office with an entire law firm on the other side of the door. What if my dad were to walk in and find us? Sensing my hesitation, he raised the ante.

"Tell you what, let me fuck you and I'll forget all that stuff you said about wanting to fuck your daddy."

There it was. I had a feeling he was going to bring THAT up sooner or later.

"You really want to fuck me Mr. Connelly?"

"Hell yes!" he responded in a flash, "Shit Kelly, every guy in this firm wants a piece of your cute little ass – and you damn well know it. From what I hear more than a few had done it as well." He paused to look around the office and continued, "Not to mention one of our senior partners!"

He paused for it to sink in and then added, "And PLEASE, stop with the 'Mr. Connelly' crap, you make me feel like I'm robbing the cradle."

I was still trying to figure out his comment about forgetting about me wanting to fuck my daddy. Did that mean he took it as a fantasy and wasn't going to tell people about it? Maybe it mean he assumed I WAS fucking my daddy and if I let him do me then he would forget about THAT? Mr. Connelly was a pretty sharp lawyer and he rarely said anything that wasn't EXACTLY what he meant to say. I had a feeling he was being deliberately ambiguous, just to make me all the more confused. Well, if I was going to go for it, I may as well go all the way. Besides, what choice did I have?

"But you're married Martin... what if your wife found out?"

Martin literally grimaced. "Shit, she's so damn old and wrinkled I haven't been able to get it up for her in years."

"OK Martin, then go ahead and fuck me... let's see what you've got," I said seductively, licking my lips slowly and looking him straight in the eyes.

Well Martin certainly didn't waste any time! He quickly stripped off all his clothes, even the black tube socks (thank God). I sat up on the couch with my legs spread apart obscenely like some porn shoot, playing with my pussy almost absentmindedly as I watched him drape his clothes over the back of one of the chairs.

Seeing Martin standing there naked I thought how it was lucky that I was as hot and horny as I was because he wasn't exactly what you would call a male magazine model. At his age things shift and rearrange themselves. He had a bit of a pot belly and a rather flabby ass. His chest was like a bear rug with a thick covering of black and silver hair. Not only that, his back and shoulders were also covered with long dark hair. God, he was some sort of ape man! His legs were too thin to be proportionate to the rest of him and they were wrinkled as well. Honestly, there wasn't a sexy thing about him. Well, almost nothing...

There WAS one good thing about Martin. Fortunately, under the circumstances it was probably the most important characteristic. His dick was absolutely incredible! Martin was probably the last guy in the world I would've suspected of packing such a monster. Although still flaccid and hanging down limply, it still looked to be a good 6-8 inches long and thick to boot! Like the rest of him his crotch was ridiculously hairy, so hairy in fact it was like a bush had sprouted between his legs.

"Oh wow!" I gasped as I stared at his dick. Yes, I was impressed as it was all I could look at.

Martin grinned and took his cock in his hand, bouncing it like he was holding a cucumber and trying to guess its weight.

"Surprised you, didn't I?" he bragged, "Bet you never would've guessed that I'm the best hung guy in the firm, did you? Bigger than your dad's I bet."

Now wasn't exactly the right time to ask just HOW he knew that for sure but I was willing to take his word on it. God Almighty! It had been quite a long time since I'd had a dick the size of his.

"Well, are you just gonna sit there and stare at it or what?" he teased me.

He didn't have to say it twice. Damn, I couldn't wait to get my hands - and mouth, on that bad boy! As I picked it up with my thumb underneath it and my fingers wrapped around the top, it had some genuine heft to it. He was still fairly limp but even so it was bigger than most dicks I'd had the pleasure of holding when they were fully erect! I stretched it out with my hand, tugging on it gently as I picked up his balls with my other hand and gently rolled them around with my fingers.

"Suck it," he whispered in a deep voice to me, "Put it in your mouth." He then put his hand on my head and pressed me firmly in towards his crotch.

Again, I didn't need a second offer OR his hand pushing me as I wanted it for myself regardless. Holding it up out from his crotch I took just the thick head in my mouth and suckled it like a nipple - a damn BIG nipple at that. As soft as he still was it easily fit in my mouth as it moved under the pressure of my gums and tongue. Mmmmmmm, he tasted great and his crotch had that distinctive male musk odor a man gets when he's been working for a few hours and then gets horny. I worked his dick with my hand and sucked on it, sometimes taking it all in my mouth and at other times just licking it and kissing it up and down the shaft while I stroked him. For me sucking dick is always fun and I loved the feel of his soft dick in my mouth. There was just one problem - he wasn't growing! Growing more determined, I sucked on him harder and faster, trying to get some reaction from his lifeless dick.

"Fucking blood pressure pills and diabetes," I heard him grumble.

I don't know if he meant for me to hear him but I had a bad feeling about what I thought it meant - good 'ol ED - erectile dysfunction. God, hadn't he heard of Viagra? Even if he took it now I knew from other guys with this issue it could take an hour or more before things started "working" properly again. Even then, as limp as he was I had to wonder if even Viagra would help. Well, I've been fucked by a LOT of guys and sucked probably two or three times more than that. Never once have I failed to eventually get the desired response from a willing partner and Martin was definitely more than willing. The problem was, the more time that went by without getting any response the more frustrated he became which was probably making it harder for him to have an erection even if he didn't have ED in the first place! Once this vicious circle started, it was like a death spiral and I knew that all that was ahead of us was a crash landing unless I did something quick.

"You like to eat pussy Martin?"

Martin opened his eyes after having shut them to concentrate on whatever it was he did to try to arouse himself (I was afraid to ask what). He grinned and nodded so I sat back on the couch again and put my feet up on the edge, letting my knees spread apart and exposing my shaven pussy to him.

"Eat me Martin."

It wasn't quite the same as "fuck me" but it served the same purpose. Martin got down on his knees and put his face on my pussy without a moment's hesitation and started to lick my pussy. He actually wasn't bad at it - better than the vast majority of men for that matter.

"I want you to play with yourself while you eat my pussy Martin."

Hey, you don't fuck over a hundred guys and not pick up a few tricks here and there for your sexual arsenal. One guy in the past who had problems getting it up with me confessed that he got more pleasure from eating a girl than fucking her. Well, I should say he got turned on more at the beginning by the thought of giving ME the pleasure. It was amazing how once he started to lick my pussy and I made sure he knew I loved it - regardless of how it really felt, his dick responded and then we moved on to what I wanted - to be fucked. Hopefully it would work in Martin's case. No doubt it would take a little while so I sat back and enjoyed the oral sex.

As I mentioned, Martin was quite good at what he was doing, even rivaling a lot of girls I knew as well and that's saying something. Maybe it was that he was so much older and hence more experienced? It seemed an extension to my observation that the older a guy got the better his oral skills became. My personal theory is that is has to do with more than just experience. Older men are so much more mature and emotional stable and seem to be able to give a girl pleasure without seeking so much for themselves. At the other end of the spectrum, teenage boys just want to get themselves off. To them it seems that oral sex is naughty and more a badge of honor than something to please the girl he was with.

Through it all I kept up a constant string of sex talk, praising his oral skills and telling him how good he was making me feel. The longer he went the dirtier and nastier I got until it became a stream of positively filthy dialogue. He was stroking his dick faster and faster as we went on and I was hoping like heck that SOMETHING was happening.

"Oh shit, kiss my smelly cunt you fucking bastard!" I exclaimed as my second orgasm of the day began. He started to lift his head to respond but I pressed down on it with both hands and pushed it back to my crotch.

"Don't take your damn mouth off my cunt, eat me dammit... make me cum you dirty old man!"

There was no need to fake an orgasm for his benefit, this was the real McCoy! I felt my pussy gushing as I covered his face and tongue with my cum. He lapped it up with his tongue, ticking me and driving my orgasm even higher as his tongue touched my hypersensitive clit.

"Oh god I want you to fuck me Martin... Oh PLEASE, fuck me now!"

It was a risk but at some point I had to take it. If he wasn't turned on and hard enough to fuck me by now then it probably wasn't going to happen. Fortunately for both of us my little ploy appeared to have worked as I saw when he stood up holding his dick in his hand. He wasn't exactly a steel rod but he definitely had some stiffness to him. Plus, as thick and big as he been to start it wasn't going to take much to get him to where he could at least entire my pussy. I also knew we needed to hurry as the effect probably wouldn't last long.

"Put in it me now Martin... Oh god, put that monster dick deep in my wet cunt and fuck me hard!"

He held his big dick against my waiting pussy which was indeed soaking wet and as ready for him as it would ever be. When he first tried to push his cock into me it turned out that it wasn't THAT stiff and so it bent instead of entering me. Actually, had he been a little smaller it would've been easier as getting his bulbous head in me was going to be the hardest part. Anxious to have in in me, I reached down and spread my pussy apart for him, using my fingertips to press against the head of his cock to push it inside of my hungry pussy. Finally his head just popped into me and from there it was easy street as the rest of his shaft followed while I held it to keep it from bending again as it entered me. He may not have been the stiffest cock in the world but as thick as he was, he sure felt good inside of me!

"Oh god, I can't believe I'm actually in you!" he gasped as he pushed his hairy crotch into my shaved pussy.

Was it that he couldn't believe he was fucking ME or that he couldn't believe that he was able to get his dick IN me? Most likely a little bit of both. I wondered when the last time he'd been able to get his dick into a pussy? Looking at all I had to do tonight, I was guessing it had been a while unless his wife knew my tricks.

"That's it Martin, I knew you could do it!" I praised him, "Now fuck me... I want you to fuck me and then cum inside of me.

Without another word he started to pump his huge dick in and out of me. He didn't pull out very far, probably because he was afraid he might not get it back in me again. I wasn't sure at first if he was getting bigger or smaller or staying the same.

"God it feel so good to fuck your young cunt!" he gasped, pressing himself deep into me and just holding himself there, savoring the feeling of my hot pussy as it surrounded him in its warm, wet embrace.

Suddenly I could feel him distinctly growing inside of me. It was like his dick had finally decided to become fully erect after all this time. Something told me it was a harbinger of what was about to happen and as usual my sexual instincts were right on the money. I was a little surprised he was cumming so fast but then I suppose it had been quite a while since he had fucked a pussy as young as mine ? without paying for it at least.

"Oh god, I'm cumming!" he groaned as he held himself tightly against me. I felt his hips thrusting into me as he came. There couldn't have been much sperm because I couldn't even feel him cumming in me other than the movement of his dick but if he said he was I was happy to believe him.

"Oh my god... Oh my god," he groaned again as he pulled out of me, his dick glistening in the light with the mixture of our cum wetting it.

Amazingly, his dick started to immediately shrink like a balloon with a big hole in it. As fast as it has risen just before cumming in me it was now shrinking back to its normal state even faster. It was really weird, something I was definitely going to have to ask one of my boyfriends about later. It was as if every bit of sexual tension in him had been let out through his dick when he came and now suddenly he was all business and back to being Mr. Connelly again.

Without looking at me he quickly went for his clothes and started to dress without saying another word. It wasn't until he was fixing his tie that he turned to me where I was still in the same position he had left me after cumming in me. His cum was now draining from my pussy and a small trickle was running down my ass - good thing it was a leather couch and easy to clean! His eyes went to my pussy where his handiwork was there for him to appreciate.

"Damn you are really something else," he said, shaking his head.

"Now remember, you promised you wouldn't say anything to my father," I reminded him.

He grinned at me and winked. Again, I wasn't sure what he meant. Did he mean he wasn't going to tell my father? Or did he mean he didn't NEED to tell my father? Did it matter in the end? I wonder what her would say if he knew that I'd be telling my dad all about it soon?

Martin checked the hallway to be sure nobody was watching and then quickly slipped out of the office, letting the door lock once again behind him. Back to the couch I resumed my masturbation session that I had been into before Martin had "interrupted" me. With any luck, my dad would walk in behind me again - and this time it would be my DAD!

# (Jul 31) Chapter 147: Tutoring Mom

Story codes: FF oral
Me (22)
Julie (37)

Usually when I tutor, it's the students or their father I have to keep an eye out for. Well, that wasn't the case in this situation!

## 1. Summer Tutoring

Now that I've graduated and finally have my degree, I can charge more than ever to tutor. Surprisingly, people seem to be more than willing pay me to help their darling little angels get ahead. Actually, in my opinion most of the kids I tutor don't "need" tutoring to make it through school. The parents hire me so theoretically they will have an advantage over the other kids in their class, sort of like hiring a private coach for their son to help him become the star quarterback.

With all the pressure of getting into the "right" colleges these days, I also find that many of the "kids" I tutor aren't in elementary school anymore but in high school. At 22, that doesn't make me whole lot older than some of them which can be a bit awkward at times, especially with the boys. Despite all the witty stories on the Internet about babysitters and tutors having sex with their charges, in reality this hasn't been my experience. Indeed, the LAST thing I need is when applying for a job with the local school district is a record (or even just a reputation) for having sex with any of my students. Talk about a career buster!

More than a few of the dads, however, HAVE paid "special" attention to me but then they are guys so what else would I expect? As such I don't really get too concerned or worked up over it. After all, most guys look at me that way and after a while you tend to become a bit numb to it unless there is something special about him. My usual attire when tutoring in the summer is jeans and a tank top or cami, nothing TOO revealing but comfortable. Even when dressed conservatively I still catch a few dads, and some of my students, looking at my ass and boobs. I can't say it bothers me as after all, what girl doesn't like to be looked at? The only girls I hear complain about being "objectified" are the ones who really aren't.

One of my better paying clients was a family that lived in one of the fancier sections of town, and in my town that's saying something. Nathan was getting ready to start his senior year and his parents wanted him to take several accelerated courses so he would have some of them out of the way when he started college. He needed to pass an entrance exam first to be accepted into the courses so it was my job to prepare him.

Nathan was a sweet boy, a bit on the nerdy side, but smart and I think he could have passed without my help but his parents weren't taking any chances. I enjoyed tutoring him because he caught onto everything right away. It didn't hurt that I think he had a crush on me and seemed to want to please me as much as anything. I plead guilty to teasing him a bit but it was pretty innocent stuff. Probably the "worst" was the time when I wore my short cutoffs and low- cut tank top (without a bra, of course). Scholastically, it was a horrible lesson as he couldn't seem to concentrate on anything but starting at me whenever he thought I wasn't looking. It was the only time I pulled such a stunt but I think that it was worth it for both of us.

Since I always tutored Nathan in the afternoon, I never saw his father. Julie, Nathan's mom was usually be there but typically the only time I actually saw her was when I was getting ready to leave and she would come around pay me. I never really gave her a second thought until the day I wore my cutoff outfit. I could have sworn she was looking through what little I was wearing, just as most guys would. She never said anything, though, or did anything overtly so I just filed it away as one of those "interesting" moments and let it go at that. Nathan mentioned she was 38 one day in conversation which made her about the same age as my Aunt Linda. Indeed, Julie bore a remarkable resemblance to my aunt, especially her smile and the way she wore her hair, not to mention an incredible figure for her age.

One time when I was tutoring we took a break and I learned how Julie kept herself in such great shape. As it turned out, they had an entire workout room loaded with about every piece of equipment imaginable. It had a large glass wall that overlooked this amazing pool in back of their house. It was dark and empty at the time, but judging from Julie's physique, it was used regularly.

# 2. Skinny-dipping With Nathan's Mom

It was the end of July and the weather was hot and muggy. It didn't really matter as their house was well air-conditioned and indeed, they kept it on the cool side if anything. I'm sure Nathan didn't mind the way my nipples reacted when I was there as it was like being in a refrigerator and they would pole through my thin tops like they were made of saran wrap. Had I been a more suspicious person, I might have accused Nathan of deliberately turning the thermostat down before I arrived!

After our lesson, we went to the kitchen to get a glass of water when his mother popped in. She must have been working out as she was flushed and sweaty with her hair pulled back. She was wearing a sports bra, some tight bicycle shorts, and sneakers with low-cut athletic socks. Julie was also carrying a towel which she was using to wipe the seat off of her face and arms. God, she looked incredible for a woman her age!

"Um Nathan, did you forget about something?" she said, pointing to the clock on the wall.

Indeed, Nathan must have because his mouth dropped open and he mumbled something like "crap" under his breath.

"Well, just don't stand there with your mouth open like some fish out of water," she admonished him, "Get going before they fire you on your first day!"

Nathan quickly said goodbye and hustled out to his car and quickly drove off.

"He's supposed to be starting his new job today," Julie explained, obviously seeing the curiosity in my face, "just a bag boy at Giant Eagle but he needs SOME responsibilities."

"That's good of you to push him like that," I said, trying to act mature, "Too many kids think everything should just be handed to them on a silver platter."

Julie dropped the towel to the floor as she reached for her purse on the counter. She opened up her wallet and took out the cash for my lesson.

"Here you go, I can't tell you how pleased Nathan's dad and I have been with the progress he's made."

"Really, he's a smart kid, no problem at all," I assured her, taking the money and stuffing it in my jean pocket.

"Sorry I'm such a wreck," Julie apologized, shaking her head as she looked down at herself, "Seems to take more and more to keep myself in shape these days, not that YOU would know anything about that."

I couldn't help but blush a little and she laughed at my being discomfort.

"Hey, don't be embarrassed, I would give anything to be your age again and have a body like that without even thinking twice about it."

Now I DID feel embarrassed. She reached down to grab her towel and I couldn't help but notice what an incredible ass she had. The bicycle shorts hugged her like they were painted on and there didn't look to be an ounce of cellulite anywhere. The way she took her time it was almost like she WANTED me to look at it.

"Hey, I'm going to jump in the pool to cool off, want to join me?" she offered.

"Maybe next time," I replied, "I didn't bring a suit with me."

Julie just shrugged her shoulders. "Hey, it's just us girls, who needs a suit?"

She said it in such an off-hand manner that it seemed like a natural response and not some sort of sexual overture. In any case, she was right, why worry about one if it was just the two of us? It's not like my bikini hid all that much to start with even when I DID wear it. I shrugged and smiled, silently accepting her offer.

"Great, you can undress in the guest room by the pool."

I followed Julie out to the pool and she pointed out the guest shower room. As I walked in I looked back and saw she apparently didn't worry about where she undressed as she just dropped her clothes quickly in a pile by the edge of the pool and jumped in. In fact, she undressed so fast I barely had time to take in her large breasts and naked figure. I didn't even get to see her pussy and I wondered briefly if she was shaved or what. I DID, however, not that there was no sign of any bikini lines, at least not that I could see from my vantage point. Something told me that Julie didn't worry much about wearing suit any other time as well.

Feeling a bit overly-conservative in comparison to her openness, I went in the guest room where I undressed, folding my clothes and leaving them on the bench seat. There were some large beach towels folded in a pile and so I grabbed the top one and wrapped it around me before leaving for the pool. Julie was still in the water but now at the pool edge, her arms folded in front of her on the concrete while her naked body floated out behind her.

"Ahhhhhh, somehow I didn't think you would be the shy type," she laughed softly at me as I held the towel tightly around me.

Normally being nude in front of someone was no big deal for me but I couldn't help but feel a little intimidated for some reason. Maybe it was Julie's natural sensuality, or perhaps the way she held herself all confident and composed. This was clearly a woman comfortable with herself and clearly accustomed to being in charge.

"Ah come on, drop the towel and jump in, the water's great!" she encouraged me.

Feeling sort of silly now for acting so immature, I dropped the towel and stood there naked in front of her. Her eyes quickly passed over me from head to toe and I wondered what she thought of me. She didn't waste any time telling me.

"Damn girl, that is one serious body you've got there," she said softly, smiling as she locked her eyes on mine. "I can't believe you don't work out."

"Well, I don't," I answered lamely as I started to make my way to the pool edge.

"Well, enjoy it while it lasts, sister. I use to feel the same way when I was your age. Well trust me, your day will come!" she said with a smile that took the edge off what she said. It was more like she was teasing me than admonishing me.

I dove in the pool and she was right, the water DID feel great. Not cold but at the same time, not overly heated either. This time of year my cousin's pool felt more like hot bathwater whereas this seemed to be at just the right temperature. I swam over and held myself up on the edge next to her.

"Wow, this is perfect!" I gushed, enjoying the feel of the water against my nude body.

"Yeah, it actually has a temperature control that keeps it right at the temperature you set," Julie explained. "My husband loves his toys."

We both laughed and then just remained that way for a few minutes, enjoying the water surrounding us and talking about life in general. I'd never really spoken with her a whole lot other than to discuss Nathan's tutoring needs so it was interesting to learn more about her. She asked a lot of questions about me as well, including whether I had any boyfriends, but nothing TOO personal.

# 3. Comparing Pussies

Eventually Julie invited me to get out and we walked over to a couple of lounge chairs where some dry towels were spread out. She dropped on her back and just laid herself out naked, not attempting to cover herself whatsoever and not seeming to care whether I looked at her or not. This obviously wasn't anything unusual for her. As I took a similar position on the chair next to her, I noticed for the first time that she wasn't shaved but instead was trimmed quite close so while her pussy hair was wet, it didn't form the thick packed-down pile like my mother's did when she got out of the pool or hot tub. Apparently Julie had taken a look at my own situation as well.

"What's with all you young girls these days? Everyone seems to be shaving their pussies. God, it's bad enough we have to shave our legs and armpits, why add to the hassle?"

I just shrugged and answered, "Well, I don't worry as much about what I wear this way."

Julie grinned at me with a twinkle in her eye. "Yeah, I can see that given the stuff you girl wear these days. Is that the ONLY reason?"

She was fishing for something and from the way she kept glancing at my crotch I had a good idea what it was. It seemed time to take a bit of a chance.

"Well, it DOES makes it easier during oral sex," I said with a little giggle. For some reason, confiding in Julie, a mother and wife, seemed a little naughtier than with just another girlfriend. She was almost the same age as my mom and I had no trouble discussing such things with her but then Julie wasn't my mom.

Meanwhile, Julie had turned on her side and her breasts hung down but still managed to look firm and full, not saggy. Her nipples were hardened and something told me it wasn't the pool water that was the only thing causing her reaction. Too bad she wasn't a guy. It would have been easy to gauge her thoughts simply by looking down and seeing what was growing!

"Yeah, my husband had been pestering me to shave mine. Can you imagine that? Here I am, 38 years old, not some teenager anymore. I told him that I needed to act my age."

"My mom feels the same way," I found myself confessing to her, "She doesn't even trim herself close the way you do."

Julie pulled her upper leg in tighter, allowing her pussy to be more exposed.

"So tell me Kelly, what do you think? Should I shave it all off?" she asked, running her fingers over the short hair. It was more like stubble and wasn't even long enough to poke out through her fingers as she started rubbing herself.

"Why not?" I answered, "I mean, it IS a pain in the neck at first but once you get used to it then it feels pretty good."

Julie continued to run her fingers through her pubic hair. She briefly shut her eyes, as if focusing on what she was doing and then she opened them again and sighed.

"I don't know, I can't hardly remember being bald down there. I can't even imagine what it would be like."

She closed her eyes again and continued to rub herself. It wasn't anything flagrant, like shoving a finger up inside of herself, but it was obvious from the way she would twitch now and then that her fingertips were hitting all the right spots. It was just enough that she was touching herself but not so much that anyone could accuse her of masturbating in front of me. I just laid there at first, and then turned on my side to face her. I didn't touch myself but my pussy was certainly telling me that it wanted some attention. Suddenly Julie jerked and she pulled her hand away and bit her lip as she looked at me.

"Oh god, you must think I'm terrible touching myself that way in front of you," she said softly. Somehow the tone of her voice didn't match the words she was saying. She certainly didn't SOUND like she was sorry at all.

"Hey, you know what they say. If it feels good...," I replied, trying to let her know I didn't mind it without actually coming right out and saying it. I wasn't quite sure what was going on yet although I was getting a pretty good idea by now.

Julie laughed a little at that, putting her hand back to her crotch again but just letting it rest there without hardly moving it this time.

"I was just trying to imagine myself without any hair," she offered up as an excuse. "It's been a long time since I touched a bare pussy. I must have been about eleven or twelve when I started growing in."

She was looking at my pussy now so I reached down and ran my fingers over my crotch for her.

"Well, what can I say, feels pretty good," I giggled like some teenage girl playing with herself in front of her friends for the first time.

# 4. Playing With Julie

There was an awkward silence as both of us laid there. Our hands started to go to work on ourselves but yet not really quite masturbating as we each seemed to wait for the other to take it to the next level. I had a REAL good idea now what she wanted but at the same time, she didn't seem to have quite the courage to go for it, leaving it up to me to make the first move.

"Would you like to touch mine to see how it feels?" I offered, trying to sound like it was the most natural thing in the world to offer although the edge in my voice surely betrayed me.

"Oh I couldn't do that," she hurriedly replied. She may have SAID that but she was looking at my hand on my pussy the whole time and I knew what she really meant to say.

"Why Julie, haven't you ever touched another girl's pussy?"

Julie's face flushed a bit and I suddenly realized I may have been wrong in my initial assessment. I had assumed Julie was bi and was looking to hook up with me. From her reaction, something told me she wasn't as "experienced" as I may have thought for being as forward as she had been so far.

"Well?" I pushed her.

"Back in high school I once kissed a girl's nipple on a dare," she finally confided, "But that's as far as I've ever gone with a girl."

If that was true, then I didn't understand why she had been so forward with me so far. You would think a woman her age that had never had sex with a girl wouldn't have been so "outgoing" with someone like me, a girl sixteen years younger and not someone she knew very well either. She must have been reading my mind.

"Well, I've heard rumors about you," she said slowly and softly, "You've got quite the reputation you know."

Although it didn't surprise me all that much that I would indeed have a "reputation" in town, given my past, but it DID surprise me that someone like Julie would have heard about it.

"Oh, I overheard Nathan talking to his friends about you back when you first started," she explained. She chuckled and continued, "I must say, they were all quite jealous of him!"

"So why today?" I asked.

Julie shrugged and almost grimaced.

"I don't really know, it just seemed like a good idea when I saw you today. I think I started thinking about it after you wore those cutoffs a couple of weeks ago. God, I would never had had the courage to wear anything like that back when I was your age. Damn, half your ass was hanging out girl!"

"So then, do you want to touch me?" I asked softly, ignoring what she had said about my outfit but trying not to spook her.

Julie looked around suddenly, as if afraid someone might be watching. We were surrounded by luxury homes but Julie's had a tall security fence that shielded the pool area from any voyeurs although there were a few homes had second story windows that overlooked the pool.

"I really don't care one way or the other if anyone sees me out here naked," she said in a low voice, "But some things are probably best done inside."

Suddenly those windows took on a whole new meaning. God, did people really look about at them and watch her sunbathing nude... and she didn't mind? I bet she was quite popular in the neighborhood! As for me, I didn't care who was watching me since they wouldn't know who I was, but I could understand Julie's concerns. I went to the guest room and returned with my clothes after which I followed her nude body back into the house. Once inside, she took my clothes from me and put them on the kitchen table and took me by the hand.

"C'mon, follow me."

Julie led me up the stairs and down a long hallway. The sight of her nude tanned body ahead of me was mouthwatering! About half way down the hall we reached a door with a massive sign with letters in dark red, almost blood in color.

"KEEP OUT - NO PARENT ZONE"

So far as I knew, they only had the one boy so I knew this had to be Nathan's room. She reached down and opened the door and I followed her in, wondering why we were here and not in her own bedroom. Once inside she left the door open and turned to me.

"I can't do this in my bed, sorry," she said apologetically, "Besides, I thought it might be hot to do it on Nathan's bed. What do you think? Am I being too weird?"

I could have said any one of a number of things but this didn't seem to be the time or place to discuss her relationship with Nathan - or least her fantasies about him. Then she reached under the mattress and to my surprise she pulled out a pair of panties and a bra.

"Nathan thinks I don't know about his little fetish," she giggled, handing them to me.

I immediately could tell what her son had been doing with his mom's bra as the distinctive odor of dried sperm was as overpowering as it was unmistakable. Both bra cups were heavily stained with sperm and judging from the size and amount, he must have been using it for a while. The panties didn't appear to have anything on them though, something Julie must have seen that I noticed.

"I've never actually SEEN him jerking off with them but my guess is he must be smelling my panties while he uses the bra to jerk off with," she said, almost with a hint of pride in her tone of voice. "Boys will be boys."

Actually, although I tried to look surprised, it was by no means the first time I'd heard of this sort of fetish. A number of guys who get in touch with me through my web site have sent me pics of them using various bras, panties, and even dresses to capture their sperm when they came. Quite a few guys have cammed for me and shown me their wife or daughter's panties, bras, even a bikini top once which they then used to rub their dicks and cum on. This, however, was the first time I'd actually witnessed the results first hand.

"Does he have any idea you know what's going on?"

"Heck no, I think he'd be embarrassed out of his mind, don't you?" she said with a sly grin, "Oh well, I just thought you might get a kick of that."

With that Julie tucked her well-used undergarments back under the mattress and turned to look at me, standing there in front of me without moving other than to twist her head as needed to look me over from head to toe.

"You are so beautiful," she whispered, almost more to herself and I just overheard her.

I was quite conscious of the fact that we were both standing there nude in the middle of her son's bedroom. What if he or someone else should come home and discover us? Sure, the odds were heavily against it but why risk it?

"I want to kiss you," she said in the same soft tone, breaking into my thoughts. Our eyes met and I felt a tingle up and down my body as I realized she was dead serious about this.

Words are unnecessary at this point and so I stepped forward and allowed her to put her arms around me and pull me close. Our faces were up close to each other's and our nude bodies touched. I could feel her large firm breasts press against my smaller boobs and then our lips met. Immediately I felt her mouth open and I did the same, allowing our tongues to explore and touch. God, her body felt so incredibly warm and soft against mine! We continued to kiss as she steered me toward Nathan's bed where we sat down next to each other, never letting our mouths part the entire time. We laid back down on the bed, our legs dangling off the edge, until I pulled myself up and on top of her, allowing my entire weight to press down on her beautiful nude body.

"Fuck me Kelly," she said gently but firmly, our lips separated for the first time, "I've never been fucked by a girl before."

She had her eyes closed, as if she couldn't bear to watch what she seemed so desperately to want. I kissed her lips, then her cheeks and moved to her neck, licking her all over and tugging gently on her ear lobes with my lips. As slowly as I could force myself to go, I worked down her chest and down into her cleavage, letting my wet tongue run up and down between her full breasts.

"Suck my nipples," she whispered, barely loud enough for me hear. So far she hadn't moved a muscle, just lying there letting me do whatever I pleased.

I moved my head over and took her right nipple in my mouth. It was already hardened and she gasped softly as I first tugged on it a bit and then used my mouth to suck on her like a baby on a mother's milk-filled breasts. After a while I moved over to the opposite breast and went to work on that one while I tugged and twisted the other's nipple between my fingers.

"Oh Kelly, that's feels soooooo good," she moaned quietly.

I moved to the side of her on the bed and while I continued to work on her boobs with my mouth, I let my fingers start to work their way down lightly over her stomach. As I approached her crotch I met her short pubic and felt it between my fingers. As short as it was, it felt stiffer than when I touch my mother's pussy. As my fingers went further down, I let them just glance off her clit, just enough to let her know I was there and then moved down inside her smooth thighs as far down as I could reach. Up and down I went, rising up to her crotch and just gently touching it or only a brief moment and then back down the other leg.

"Stop teasing me and touch it," she finally begged as she started squirming under my hand.

As I brought my hand back up, I let my fingers touch her lower in the crotch, almost down to her asshole, and then dragged my middle finger up towards her clit.

She was already so wet my finger easily slid between her pussy lips and I quickly located her hardening clit. I pressed my finger down on it and rubbed it in tight circles.

"Oh my god Kelly, that feels so good," Julie said as she started to wiggle almost uncontrollably underneath of me, "Don't stop!"

I ran my finger up and down between her clit and her pussy entrance, sticking my finger inside of her just enough to get it wet and then using it to moisten the exterior of her pussy. When it was good and wet I concentrated on her clit, moving several fingers gently over it to rub and stimulate her. The entire time I had her nipple in my mouth my head turned so I could see myself touching her. It was getting harder and harder to think about sucking her nipple as she grew more and more turned on from what I was doing between her legs. Turning my head back towards her face, I smiled even though her eyes remained closed and she didn't see me. I sucked hard on her nipple and let it snap back into place as I released it from my lips.

"So, are you ready for me to lick your pussy?" I asked, my heart pounding as I waited for her answer.

She opened her eyes and looked down at me and smiled broadly. "God, I was beginning to wonder if you ever were going to do that!"

Close enough to a "yes" for me.

Her legs were still dangling off the edge of her son's bed so I quickly got off the bed and kneeled between her legs, pushing them further apart so I could fit between them. I placed on hand on the inside of each of her firm thighs and looked up at her. She had pulled one of his pillows down and put it under head so she could watch what was going on between her legs. I smiled at her, determined to give her the show she must have been hoping for.

Licking my lips for effect, I leaned over and put my face a few inches above her wet pussy. The heavy odor of her horny pussy filled my nostrils and I took in a deep breath through my noise to savor her scent. God, if I didn't know better I would say it was my mom's pussy under me as she smelled almost exactly like my mom.

Sticking out my tongue, I slowly moved closer until just the tip was touching her clit, letting it slowly run a small circle around it. Julie jumped almost the instant I touched it and then let herself settle back down again. Dropping my head a little lower, I took her clit in my mouth much the same way I had taken each of her nipples just a little while before. Her hips lifted instinctively as she reacted to my mouth on her. I gently sucked on her clit, not taking it too far into my mouth but rather just sucking on it with my lips as gently and slowly as I could restrain myself to do.

"Oh my god, that feels so damn good!" she moaned, reaching for my head with her hands as my hair draped over her crotch, "Suck it harder!"

I have often made the argument that women are much better at licking pussy than men and this was one of those times when I could prove my theory. Granted, I LOVE my pussy to be licked but most men just don't have a clue how to do it right. What they really need to do is ask me sometime when we are NOT having sex as that's when I can tell them what they really need to do.

The absolute WRONG time for a woman to tell a man what she wants is when he's already licking her as then it's all about needs and emotions rather than what she REALLY needs. For example, when Julie begged me to suck her clit harder, that was her lust and emotions expressing themselves. Most men would have listened and dutifully done exactly what she said - exactly the WRONG thing to do. Sure, Julie would have enjoyed me sucking her clit faster and harder, but I knew she would enjoy it even MORE later on. What would drive her crazy at this moment was NOT what she asked for, but to keep doing what I was doing - gentle teasing and lightly sucking it. Patience is the key to licking pussy!

So ignoring her pleas and tugs on my hair, for that matter ignoring my own impulses as well, I took her sensitive clit gently between my lips, just far enough that my tongue could run over the tip of it when it was in my mouth. Instead of licking her hard and fast as she asked, I slowly inserted a single finger into her pussy, rotating it in small circles as I worked it inside of her until it was in as far as I could.

While I'm on a rant about properly licking a pussy, let me say a word to guys about putting a finger in a pussy as well. Sure it feels good going in, but that's because it's like a small dick and it rubs against the inner walls of my pussy when it's inserted. However, once inside it's NOT a dick so unless you're filming a porn movie, shoving it in and holding it there or moving it around is a waste of time.

Where I am the most sensitive is just inside my pussy hole for the first inch or so. THAT is where you need to concentrate on and that is exactly what I did with Julie. Once my finger was in her and all wet and warm, I pulled it back out until just the first knuckle was left in and twisted and turned slowly in her pussy, like a chick rotating on a grill. Meanwhile, I took just a little more of her clit in my mouth, this time enough for my tongue to run around it as well as over the tip. The results, if predictable, were wonderful.

"OH MY GOD!" Julie exclaimed, "What the hell are you doing to me?"

It was more a rhetorical question so I didn't take my mouth off of her to answer. She was writhing under me like she was in pain but I knew what she was feeling was anything BUT pain. My own pussy was tingling as I knew what she must be feeling about them and I would have loved to have had someone doing it to me as well.

Julie grabbed my head and pulled it hard into her crotch. I stopped teasing her and put as much of her clit and pussy in my mouth as I could, sucking on it hard and using my tongue to drive her crazy with desire. It was actually getting difficult to keep my mouth positioned on her clit as her hips were bouncing up and down so hard it threatened to throw me right off of her and down to the floor.

"Oh fuck, don't stop... don't fucking stop!" she moaned, louder than ever now. It wasn't long before she announced what I'd been waiting for.

"I'm gonna cum... oh shit I'm almost there," she groaned, letting out a loud, long moan.

Suddenly it was like she froze stiff, her entire body went rigid and her legs wrapped around me like she was trying to hold onto me for dear life. A soft cry, almost a whimper, escaped from her lips and it just kept on going and going, getting louder and more guttural as her orgasm overtook her. I kept my lips locked onto her and pushed my finger deep inside of her again, holding everything still as her back arched and then dropped to the bed hard and then arched up again. I could feel her pussy clamping down on my finger, as if it was a little dick inside of her. Her moan stopped just long enough for her to suck in a huge gulp of air and then started up again right where it left off.

I felt her body start to relax so I started back to work on her clit again, this time driving a second finger into her pussy alongside the first. My efforts were rewarded with a renewal of her orgasm as she cried out this time, not so much words as just a soft scream like she was being tortured, except I knew what she was experiencing was anything BUT torture.

Each time she started to relax, I would go back to work on her pussy, not overdoing but just enough to drive her back to the top again and then I would wait for her orgasm to start to sag and drive it back up again. I must have done it five or six times until finally her body just went limp and she didn't make a sound except for her gasping for air. The sudden change was so extreme I lifted my head to look up at her to make sure she was all right. She opened her eyes and met with mine and wide grin appeared on her face as she pushed my hair out of my face so she could see me better.

"Oh... my... God!" she gasped between breaths, "What the hell did you do to me?"

I smiled at he and thought to myself, "welcome to the world of girl-girl sex!".

No dildo or finger in the world can replace a man's dick in me, so let me just get that off the discussion table from the start. Given a choice between the last man on earth or the last woman, the guy wins every time hands down. I LOVE to be fucked more than anything else, at least sexually, so don't confuse anything else I might say as meaning anything different from that. When it comes to oral sex though, I'll take a girl every time, even if she has never done it before.

A woman simply knows instinctively what another woman wants. Face it, by the time a girl is faced with licking another girl's pussy, she has undoubtedly masturbated untold number of times so she KNOWS what makes her feel good down there. No guy can ever truly understand how it feels to have your pussy licked and touched, no matter how often he does it or how many times a girl tries to explain to him what to do. It's like the difference between riding a bike and just reading about it. You can read about it all day but unless you're in the saddle, you'll never really know how to ride one.

I moved back up on the bed alongside of Julie and we kissed. I was conscious of the fact that my face was covered with her pussy juices and wondered if she had ever kissed her husband after he licked her pussy. From her initial hesitation, something told me that she hadn't, which based on discussions I've had with a lot of women, didn't exactly surprise me. I'm amazed at how many woman think tasting their own pussy is somehow dirty or perverted! I remember doing it back when I just a little girl, curious about myself as I would explore my body at night in bed. I guess it's like swallowing cum, you either like the flavor and odor or you don't. Me, I LOVE it, especially my own.

Whatever her past experiences, once our lips touched she went at it without any further hesitation. We both got up completely on the bed and laid in each other's arms, our legs intertwined such that out pussies rubbed up against each other's leg. It was almost like she was still under the influence of her orgasm, acting more out of instinct than reasoned thought.

Meanwhile, my own pussy was literally screaming for attention. Feeling her smooth leg pressed up against me, I started humping her leg like I was trying to fuck it. It was my turn now, time for her to taste her first pussy.

Just as I was gathering the courage to tell her what I wanted, I heard a sound like a chime coming from downstairs. Julie stiffened and her head lifted up as if to try and make sure she had heard what she thought she had.

"OH SHIT!" she exclaimed, "What's he doing back home already?"

As for me, I had no idea whatsoever what she was talking about. Julie quickly got out of bed and motioned for me to follow.

"That's the garage door opening," she breathlessly explained as she took my hand and literally pulled me from Nathan's bedroom, "My husband set up an alarm as part of the security system so we would know if anyone tried to enter through the garage. It has to be Nathan. God, what's he doing home?"

She led me to her bedroom where the thought seemed to hit both of us at the same time. My clothes were downstairs on the counter!

"Stay here, I'll be right back!" she said hurriedly as she grabbed a robe from the bed and hustled out of the room.

I was still nude and didn't see another robe but I wanted to know what was going on so I slipped out of the room and followed her out. By that time she was already heading down the stairs and didn't see me coming down the hallway. I stopped at the head of the stairs, not daring to go further in my condition. Not that having Nathan see me nude would have necessarily been so bad, but this just wasn't exactly the right time or place for it.

I heard the kitchen door to the garage open and Nathan must have walked in as I heard him say hello to his mom. It was hard to hear everything he said but it was something to do with an orientation on his first day so he didn't have to work the entire shift. The rest of their conversation was too low to understand so I returned to the bedroom as quietly as I could. Julie was back a few minutes later, carrying my clothes and shoes. She explained to me why he was home and I didn't let on that I had overheard them already.

"So what did you say about my clothes?" I asked, curious what tall tale she had fabricated. Certainly she hadn't told him the truth!

"I just told him we decided to go swimming and that you were upstairs getting dressed and forgot your clothes."

Well, I guess she HAD told him the truth, although not all of it. Fortunately for her, the flushness of her face and the heavy scent of sex probably hadn't registered with her son. After all, she was his mom so why would he even suspect such a thing might happen between her and me? Sure he might use her bra as a cum catcher but I had no doubt that was just a teenage boy "thing" and had nothing whatsoever to do with any real desire to have sex with his mom. She was simply the closest female for him to fantasize about.

I quickly dressed and we kissed again briefly before I left the room. As I walked out of the bedroom I met Nathan coming down the hall from the stairway. He meekly said hello to me, a little shy still which was understandable. He disappeared into his bedroom and I wondered if he had any idea what his mom and I had been doing in there literally just minutes ago? His bed had been a wreck before we did anything so it's not like he would have noticed something was different.

I let myself out of the house, just as I had planned to back when Nathan's lesson had concluded. As I sat in my car, I slipped my hand between my legs and cupped my horny pussy. God, I needed something so bad! It just wasn't fair that I hadn't had a chance to get it licked. For a moment, I actually felt resentment toward Nathan for having interrupted us just as Julie was about to lick my hungry pussy.

Just as I was about to put the car in gear, I took a deep breath and knew there was absolutely no way I was going to make it home in this condition. Looking around to make sure nobody was walking by on the sidewalk, I quickly slipped off my shorts and sat bare-ass in my car. It wouldn't be the first time I'd driven one-handed! It wasn't a long drive home so I was able to keep kept one hand on my pussy the entire way. Pulling into our driveway, I drove down to the garage and turned off the engine. Laying the seat back, I spread my legs further apart and masturbated furiously. God it felt so good!

When I finally came, it was like all the emotions and tensions that had been building up in me while with Julie suddenly released themselves all at once. My seat was soaked under my ass as I came and came hard. All the while all I could think about was how much better it would have been if Julie's mouth had been on me instead of my fingers.

It would be another week before I saw Nathan again for his next lesson. I wondered if his mom would make a point of being there, or make a point of NOT being there. I knew which option I was rooting for. Now I just had to wait to find out.

# (Aug 04) Chapter 148: Amateur Night

Story codes: MF exhib oral
Me (22)
Kristen - cousin (20)
Beth - BFF (23)
Nancy - girlfriend (22)
Steven (28)

A night out at a bar or club isn't usually top on my priority list but there are those times when it can be fun. Besides, you never know who you are going to run across from your past!

## 1. Dressing For the Party

While I'm not a "party girl" in the sense many of my friends are, I still enjoy spending a night out with my girlfriends now and then that includes a little more "fun" than your standard evening at the bar and grill gossiping and trading stories. At the far end of the spectrum are what I call the pure "sex parties" that my best friend Beth is really into. She has somehow convinced me to attend a number of them in the past and while I have to admit I've always had a good time, I don't see how I could handle a steady diet of them. More typical are the nights we go to a sports bar or club where people get a little carried away now and then but some semblance of public order remains.

Tonight was supposed to be one of those nights where we would show up as a group, flirt and maybe fool around a little as the evening progressed, but when it was over nothing "serious" was going to happen. In the area I live in there are lots of small bars and grill which don't appear to be much from the street but often have a small restaurant in the back in addition to the bar. Many have patios where they hold various events designed to bring in people to eat and drink. The one my friends and I were planning to attend was just such a place. You had to walk through the bar and then past the eating area to get to the fenced-in patio out back. I'd been there before and they usually had someone playing music with tables and chairs set up with a small stage for karaoke and games.

Getting ready for the evening didn't require a lot of imagination. The standard "uniform" for most girls at these events was anything that showed a lot of leg and ass, not to mention as much cleavage as you could legally expose. For me, that usually meant either a really short skirt or a pair of "Daisy Duke" cutoffs matched with a tube top, halter or cami. Thongs have become almost a requirement these days, replacing sexy sheer lace panties. Bras are always an option. On the one hand I love the way my boobs look loose and free but then there is the teasing aspect of a bra that can be even more fun under the right circumstances. My philosophy is that if I intend to let the guy fondle my boobs then the bra stayed home but if my goal was primarily to tease and flirt then I would pick out one of my sexier versions.

After changing my mind at least a half-dozen times, my bed was covered with different outfits. I finally sat down on the chair by my desk and stared at them all. If guys only knew how much effort a poor girl has to go through to tease him! As I sat there contemplating my dilemma, my mom passed by my room and then turned around and came in. "Looks like someone is having a hard time deciding on what to wear," she observed astutely, waving her hand at all the clothes I had out.

"Yeahhhhhhh, what do you think Mom?" I asked, "Skirt of shorts?"

She put her hand to her cheek as if lost in deep thought and then walked over to my bed and picked up a cute denim skirt, one of my favorites.

"Oh! So this is supposed to be a skirt?" she teased me, holding it out in front of her and shaking her head as if she couldn't figure it out, "And here I thought it was some sort of belt."

"Mommmmmm," I whined, "You bought that for me, don't you remember?

My mom sighed heavily as if the weight of the world was on her shoulders from trying to be a good mother. She put it back on the bed and picked up a pair of cutoffs, the ones with more holes in them than anything. She started to say something to me again but then shut her mouth and shook her head some more.

"What happened to that sexy little pink dress your dad bought you?"

I knew exactly which one she was referring to. It was a halter style dress with a thin spaghetti strap running around my neck. It was cut really low and showed off my boobs incredibly well. It wasn't the shortest dress in my closet by any means, I think my dad was drawn to it because of how good my boobs looked in it. I hadn't worn it in quite a while and so I found it interesting that she should remember it.

"It's back in the my closet somewhere," I replied.

"Why don't we see how it looks on you now,?" my mom suggested.

I shrugged and opened up my closet where I rummaged through everything and finally found it hanging towards the back. As I took it off the hangar, I marveled at how light it was. It was like I was barely holding anything in my hand! My mom stood back and watched as I stripped and held the dress up against my naked body.

"As cute as you are standing there naked like that, why not try the thing on?" my mom said as I waited for her assessment.

Not rising to the bait, I just smiled and pulled it over my head and let the silky fabric fall down and settle over me. I cupped my boobs and adjusted them into the top and straightened out the bottom hem.

"Wow, that really looks cute on you!" my mom praised me, "It's easy to see why your dad loved it so much."

We each glanced at my all but totally exposed cleavage and then we laughed together. Yeah, it was REAL easy to see what my dad liked it on me. Although it was more formal than I had planned to wear, the thin material felt so loose and soft against my skin I knew immediately it was going to be perfect for me. Fortunately, I had a naughty pink thong that I'd picked up only a couple of weeks before that would go perfect with it. It certainly didn't hide a whole lot but it would keep me legal when my dress flew up or I sat down too quickly. Note I said "when" and not "if"!

"Too bad your dad went in to the office today, he would have loved seeing you in that again," my mom mused, checking me out from all sides.

Even though it was a Saturday, it seemed life never took a break at my dad's office and I figured from her statement that it was unlikely he would be getting home before I was due to leave. Too bad as I would have loved to have shown it off for him - without the thong of course. Memories of the last time I modeled it for me made my pussy tingle. Needless to say, it hadn't stayed on me for very long!

"So what are you doing tonight mom?" I asked.

"Ahhhhhh, I was sort of hoping your dad would get home early for once," she sighed, "I guess it is starting to look more and more like just me and Mr. Weasel though."

We both laughed but I could tell that she didn't think it was quite as funny as I did. My parents have been married for a long time yet they still enjoy sex with each other as much now as they ever have. So many husbands chat with me and write me about how their sex lives have deteriorated. While in many cases, I have to wonder if it is really the wife's fault, the fact remains that so many marriages seem to lose that "spark" after a while. Not so with my parents! I've heard a lot of people joke about how gross it is to hear your parents making love.

Personally, I've never understood why anyone would think two people making love making is gross, especially if it's your parents. If anything, you should certainly hope they enjoy it! With just an thin wall between our bedrooms, I've been listening to my parents since I was a little girl and I think if anything, my mom cums louder now than she did ten years ago.

The reference to "Mr. Weasel" was to one of her favorite dildos. My mom kept a veritable museum of dildos, vibrators and other toys in the drawer by her bed. Duracell should send her Christmas cards thanking her! Since I started masturbating, she has always made it clear they were mine to use as well but for whatever reason, I never found myself as attracted to them as she is. For me, my fingers have always been available and they still do the job just fine, thank you very much. In addition, I have always had this fear that if I used large dildos that they would stretch out my pussy. It makes me proud when men still marvel over how tight I am when they fuck me. Personally I think part of that is due to me not using big dildos.

"Well, be sure to think of me!" I teased her, "Wish I could watch."

We both giggled like little schoolgirls at our teasing but there WAS an element of truth in it all. While my mom had never flaunted it in front of me, she was instrumental in teaching me as I was growing up that masturbation was natural and nothing to be ashamed of. When I was younger I would even go in her room sometimes when I heard her vibrator running and watch. I guess I found it fascinating to see her doing herself and I even learned a few things to try on myself as well.

As I got older, I no longer deliberately watched her but there were still times when I would go by her bedroom, see her going at it, and pause for a moment to take in the view. Funny thing though, she never did the same with me. Although she wouldn't leave the room or avert her eyes if I started masturbating, she never went out of her way to actually watch me as if I was putting on some sort of show for her.

It was getting close to the time my cousin would be picking me up so I grabbed my thong and slipped it on while my mom helped me put away the myriad of clothes I had covering my bed. I gave her a quick kiss to thank her for her support and rushed into the bathroom to finish up some makeup and hair. I had just shaved yesterday and I rubbed my pussy to see how it felt. Not perfectly smooth but good enough for tonight. It wasn't like I had any intention of getting laid. At most maybe a blowjob but even that would be icing on the cake for me.

"Kelly, Kristen's here!" my mom called up the stairs.

I started to reach for a small pocket purse that matched my dress but changed my mind at the last minute. Leaving it behind, along with my money and driver's license, I rushed down the steps to the front entrance. One nice thing about being a girl at these events, you never had to worry about money!

"Now don't do anything I wouldn't do!" my mom pretended to admonish me.

"Yeah right!" I joked. Like there was ANYTHING that she wouldn't do. From what my dad told me, my mom was the ultimate party girl when she was my age with quite the reputation for putting out as well.

## 2. Flirting at the Party

Out in the car my cousin Kristen was waiting rather impatiently. I didn't even have my seat belt fastened and she was already pulling away from the curb. I gave her a quick glance and smiled. Good thing I hadn't chosen my favorite denim skirt or someone might have thought we were twins. In the car sitting down it barely covered her ass and I could easily see the black thong she was wearing underneath. Her smooth tanned legs were bare as was most of the rest of her with just a black bikini type top on that made the most of her B cup boobs. God she looked hot!

"Haven't seen you in that dress in a long time Kelly," she remarked, 'Looks good on you though. What's underneath?"

I pulled up the bottom hem and showed her my pink thong.

"Oh yeah, I remember you buying that one... remember that poor boy who was watching us at the store?"

We both giggled as the memory of some teenage kid who had been spying on us as we went through the lingerie, trying to appear as if he was wasn't looking but it was SO obvious. He probably spent the night jerking off thinking of us wearing them, which I would have taken as a compliment.

Kristen put her hand to her mouth and gasped saying, "Oh wait... now I remember! Isn't that the dress your dad bought you for your birthday?"

Since she was looking at me instead of the road, I nodded and pointed to the road ahead of us, trying to hint at her to pay more attention before she killed us both.

"Did you know he told me all about it one time?" she said with a devilish grin, "Sounds like you had a lot of fun modeling it for him... and even more after he took it off you!"

Well, he hadn't told ME that he had told her but then it didn't surprise me as he liked to tell me about his exploits with her sometimes too. It was fun to remember but I didn't see the point discussing it now so I changed the subject to the upcoming party for the rest of the short drive. When we got there the lot was almost full and I could hear the music coming from the speakers in the back.

"Ready for some fun?" Kristen asked as she got ready to get out of the car. She didn't expect, nor did I give her a response as we both got out and headed for the entrance.

When we got to the front entrance I was surprised to see a guy was there checking IDs. Technically this wasn't a problem for me as I was 22 but Kristen was only twenty, and didn't LOOK a day over seventeen or eighteen at most. Oh well, that had never stopped her before. She lifted her chin a bit and strolled in like she owned the place.

"ID girls?" the guy asked, staring at our boobs from the moment we turned up the steps.

"Do I LOOK like I'm carrying ID on me anywhere?" Kristen responded, rolling her eyes as if it was the dumbest question she'd ever heard. Indeed, she wasn't carrying a purse and in that outfit, it would have been hard to hide a postage stamp let alone a driver's license.

"Sorry, just doing my job," he replied sheepishly, his face turning a little red. He look to be maybe barely 21 himself and must have been pretty low on the seniority list to have pulled ID duty with the party going on out back.

"Soooooo, are you going to let us in or not?" I interrupted him, acting as impatient as I could.

"Sorry, got to have those IDs, you know how it goes," he sighed, as if he'd been through this several time tonight already.

"Yeah, we KNOW how it goes," Kristen came back. She stood in front of him and lifted her bikini top up to reveal the cutest perky boobs the guy had probably ever seen. "Here's my ID, want to check it out?"

The guy couldn't help himself, he WAS a guy after all. His eyes went straight to her chest and if they opened any wider, they would have popped out. Kristen giggled and dropped her top back and adjusted it, taking more effort than required so he could see her playing with them.

"Uhhhhh, I guess that's OK then," he stammered.

Guys were so easy! Kristen motioned for me to follow and she strutted by the poor kid, winking at him and smiling broadly. Yep, that's my cousin for you!

We made our way to the back where it was already pretty crowded. Fortunately, Beth and Nancy had gotten there ahead of us and had saved us a couple of seats at one of the tables near the back. There must have been a hundred people packed in already with more coming in behind us. The music was loud and the poor waitresses were trying to keep the drinks coming. Our table had a couple of pitchers of beer on it but I had no idea who had bought them as there were people coming and going constantly. It didn't matter to me anyway since I never touched the stuff but Kristen quickly found a glass and poured one for herself.

"Hey, glad you two finally made it. We thought you might have changed your minds or something," Beth said to me as I sat next to her.

Beth was dressed in the same type of skirt that Kristen was wearing but with her bigger boobs, she had on a sheer white blouse that was buttoned below her bosom which allowed the black bra underneath to be almost completely visible. Actually, her bra hid a lot more than Kristen's bikini top so it wasn't like it was all that revealing.

Next to Beth was Nancy, another of my long-time friends. She also had on a skirt (now I was starting to feel a little out of place wearing a dress) with a tight cami that made her incredible boobs look even better, if THAT was possible. Nancy had the best figure of all my friends by a long shot but she was also the most conservative about showing it. Go figure.

As was typical in such events, it looked like the guys outnumbered the girls by about three or four to one. Not that I was complaining. Beth liked to refer to this type of situation as a "target rich environment", probably picked up from her dad's military experience. Whatever you called it, it was open season on us, that was for sure. Just walking through the crowd I felt at least a half dozen hands on my butt! Sitting at the table, the four of us may as well have been rock stars from all the attention we were getting. Everyone seemed to want to buy us a drink, most likely in hopes we would get drunk rather than being polite. "See that guy in the black shirt over there?" Beth said in my ear, pointing towards a rather good looking guy standing over by the bar. "Remember him?"

I looked again but although he was certainly eye candy, there was nothing about him that set him apart from several others like him. I shrugged and looked at her to tell me what it was she was referring to.

"Oh come on Kelly, you have to remember him," Beth laughed at me, "Don't you remember the first party I took you to?" Still wasn't ringing a bell so she huffed and rolled her eyes as if I was totally out of it.

"Damn girl, he was the host for your initiation... remember him now?" she continued, "Maybe if you could see his dick again, THEN you might remember!"

OMG, now I knew who he was. It had been years ago and lord only knows how many guys since that fateful day but she was right, I SHOULD have remembered. It was the first sex party Beth had brought me to and one of the "minor" details she had "forgotten" to tell me was that the host had the right to fuck me first since it was my first night. Not only did he get to fuck me first, but he had to do it in front of the entire group at the start of the party before anyone else could do anything. Memories flooded back into my head and I felt a twinge between my legs as I remembered how it felt to be fucked in front of a roomful of people for the first time. So that was him? Hmmmmmm, he looked better than ever!

Beth had her hand on my bare leg under the table and felt me squirming. She giggled at me and squeezed my thigh saying, "Yeah, I figured once you remembered that you would get all horny. Damn! Calm down girl!"

We both sat back and watched the goings on in front of us. Nancy was sipping a beer as yet another guy tried hitting on her. Kristen was never one to sit for long and she was already out on the dance floor. She started by herself but it didn't take long for the sharks to smell blood and began circling. Soon she was surrounded by guys, all of them trying to outdo the other to gain her attention. Beth nudged me in the side and pointed to her.

"C'mon, let's go join her and drive the guys nuts, what do you say?"

For the moment I was still getting acclimated to the noise and crowd so I just shook my head and smiled at her. Beth shrugged her shoulders and headed out to the middle of the dance floor to join Kristen. The guys began to hoot and holler as the two of them started to bump and grind. The girls had the guys eating out of their hands - and they knew it. The night was still young so I figured things wouldn't be getting TOO carried away yet and I was right. Although they put their hands on each other's hips and shoulders, they stayed away from anything more naughty, letting the guys' imaginations of the work instead - and I had a feeling they could imagine a LOT!

After a couple of songs they both returned, laughing and giggling. A couple of guys tried to tag along but they gently pushed them away. It wasn't long before other girls took their place and the wolf packs were back in business.

"So... what do you think?" Beth asked Kristen as they caught their breath.

"The guy in the cowboy hat was cute!" she gushed, her eyes seeking him out again.

"Gonna do him?" Beth asked quickly.

"Beth!" Kristen exclaimed, pretending to be offended that Beth could say such a thing. Then she smiled her naughty smile and winked at her, "Sooner or later..."

Again, that was my cousin. If we made it home before she did half the guys out there it would be a surprise to me. Well, maybe that was a bit of an exaggeration but she wouldn't be going home empty-handed, that was one thing I knew for sure (or should I say - empty pussy).

As for me, I still had my eye on the guy from my past, the stranger at that first party who had done me so willingly in front of so many people. I wondered if he recognized me? He certainly must have noticed Beth was here. Would he remember me as being her best friend? There was just something about the fact that he had fucked me so long ago and now here our paths had crossed again. Was it just a coincidence or was fate involved? Beth quickly picked up on my interest.

"His name is Steven and he's 28," she said, answering the question with me asking, "And it's STEVEN, not Steve. He hates being called that."

"Do you think he remembers me?"

Beth frowned and looked me in the eyes. "Well girl, as much as you may think no guy could ever forget fucking you, it WAS a long time ago and it was only that one time. Give the guy a break. After all, YOU didn't remember him and it was YOUR initiation! He's probably initiated a dozen or more girls since you."

She had a point. It WAS a bit egotistical for me to think a guy who must have fucked a ton of girls since then would remember a one-time quickie with me. Still, it didn't hurt to hope.

The noise of the crowd and music was overwhelming now and it was hard to even hold a conversation. I saw Nancy looking out at the dance floor, her eyes focusing on several guys. Considering she could have had any one of the eating out of her hand with just a smile, I wondered for maybe the millionth time why she was always so shy about taking advantage of her "assets". Once she got going she could be as crazy as anyone but it seemed it took quite a lot to get her to loosen up to start with.

I got up and went around the table to where she as sitting and reached out my hand for her, motioning for her to join me on the dance floor. She shook her head and her eyes went to the table but I reached over and grabbed her hand and started to pull on her. As I expected, she didn't resist, she was just waiting for someone else to provide the spark to get her going. She looked up and smiled and I knew she was ready to go so I turned and led her into the crowd.

With everyone out dancing there was hardly any room for us but we worked our way in and slowly danced with each other. She looked phenomenal! I would have killed for her boobs and her legs seemed so much longer than mine even though we were about the same height. Sometimes we would get pushed together and I could feel her boobs pressing against mine. She didn't make any effort to pull back and if anything, seemed to overreact when someone pushed on her just so we DID press against each other. Finally I just said the heck with it and put my arms around her, my hand firmly on her cute butt and we moved together on the floor. Nancy responded by planting her hands on my ass as well and it wasn't long before the guys noticed.

"Yeah, go girls!" someone yelled out, followed by a number of other cheers and then numerous "suggestions" as to where our hands should go next.

Nancy's skirt was so short that it easily slipped up and I soon had one hand on each of her bare ass cheeks. God her ass felt so tight! Her thong was just a thin sliver of material between her butt cheeks so it was if she wasn't wearing anything at all so far as the view from behind her went.

Nancy didn't make any effort at all to counter me lifting her skirt. I felt her rubbing my ass through my dress but as long as it was, lifting it up enough to reveal my butt would have been impossible to mask as being "accidental". The party wasn't that wild yet for that type of stuff and judging by the location and clientele, probably never would be. It was OK with me. Nancy's hands felt good on my ass and I loved thinking about how the guys around us were almost certainly wishing it was their hands instead of hers. Of course, I am sure the same could be said about my hands on her butt.

Two guys were being especially loud. They were each holding a beer, obviously not even close to being their first, and whooping it up pretty good. When neither of us responded to them directly, one moved in behind each of us and they both started grinding their crotches into our butts. One thing I had to say about the one behind me, he must have been packing something pretty good as I could definitely make out the bulge pressed against my ass.

Nancy and I kept dancing together as nothing was happening behind us. She looked at me and grinned and I knew she was as much aware of her "partner" as I was of mine. Then I felt his hands around my waist and they quickly moved up until they were just below my boobs. I would have allowed him to stay like that except I could feel his fingers starting to move up and touch the underside of my boobs and I knew I had to get things under control.

Taking one hand off Nancy's butt, I put it over his wandering hand and pressed it back down away from my breasts. He tried to push up again and this time I pushed him down AND turned around and shook my head at him. The jerk didn't seem to get the message so I was left with no alternative but to swing my hips and push him away.

"Whoa, she's not putting up with you Joe!" somebody yelled out, taunting the guy who had been behind me. Obviously his name was Joe and fortunately Joe wasn't so drunk yet that he tried to make another move. If he had I probably would have turned and kneed him between the legs. THAT always gets a guy's attention!

The music changed and I'd had enough so I told Nancy I was heading back to the table. Nancy was wound up now and stayed behind. Something told me Joe had a better chance with her now than he had with me.

# 3. Steven Fingers Me in Public

On my way back to the table I almost bumped straight into a guy and when I looked up my eyes widened as I realized who it was - Steven.

"Can I help you get back to your seat?" he offered.

I had a feeling the offer implied he was planning to take a seat with me when we got there but that was OK with me. Steven worked through the crowd, muscling people aside and spreading them apart like Moses at the Red Sea. When we got back, Kristen was still gone but Beth was waiting with a couple of guys fawning over her.

"Steven!" she cried out and stood up to give him a hug as we approached. Steven and Beth hugged like old friends and I couldn't help but wonder how many times he'd fucked her at the parties they attended together.

"I see you met Kelly," she said with a sly grin, "You DO remember her, don't you Steven?"

Steven laughed and reached over to give me a hug. "How could I ever forget the hottest initiation ever?"

Well, he was undoubtedly exaggerating but it still made me feel good. I remembered when I first found out that he was going to fuck me - and fuck me in the middle of the living room surrounded by all those strangers. I am sure at first he must have thought I was some shy prude but once we got started, I think I gave him about all he could handle. I'd of been really disappointed if he had forgotten it.

Steven took a seat next to me and pushed the chair close to mine so he was tight against me. He put one arm around my shoulders and placed his other hand square on top of my upper leg, pushing my dress aside without so much as an "excuse me".

"You know, you look different with your clothes on," he said with a grin, "Your boobs are bigger now too."

Well, he was nothing else if not forward, that was for sure. I just smiled at him, wondering exactly how I should respond but he didn't wait for me.

"You mind?" he asked, taking his hand off my leg and reaching for my boobs. I wasn't sure what he meant by that and he must have taken my hesitation for approval as next thing I knew, he had my right breast cupped in his hand!

"Nice... very nice," he said approvingly, as if he was at some county fair judging melons.

"What are you doing?" I finally managed to say as I pulled his hand away from me, "There's a million people watching!"

"Never knew you to be the shy one," he chuckled, putting his hand back on my leg although a couple of inches higher this time, "You didn't seem to mind being watched last time I met you, that's for sure."

Did I really have to spell that out for him? There was a little bit of a difference between being in a private home with people where sex was expected versus in a public place where the suggestion of sex was undoubtedly anticipated but not the actual practice. I knew full well before coming here that I would be fondled and groped; , heck, that was half the fun. I just hadn't anticipated it would start right out in the middle of things!

Beth, on the other hand, didn't seem to be having any such qualms. She had a guy on each side of her and both were practically mugging her. Although they stayed on the outside of her clothes, their hands were all over with her with one guy focused on her boobs and the other with his hand planted squarely over her crotch. It wasn't going be long before some bouncer came by and told them to get a room!

Steven wasn't paying them any attention and seemed totally focused on me. His hand was slowly but relentlessly moving up under my dress until he was just an inch or so from my crotch. Then, like a runner making his final lunge for the finish line, he quickly slipped his hand up top my pussy and I felt his fingers pulling my thong aside. Before I knew it, he had a finger up inside of me, aided by the fact I was wet as could be already.

"Ummmmm, getting a little friendly down there, aren't you?" I asked, a hint of teas in my voice to take the edge off.

"I prefer to think of it as renewing an acquaintance," he laughed, "Still shaved I see."

Nobody could really SEE what he was doing but it wouldn't take much imagination to figure it out from his hand disappearing under my skirt and the look of contentment on my face. As much as I knew I should stop him, he knew how to touch me such that I instantly began to feel a buzz inside of me and I knew I would cum pretty easy if he kept it up.

"You like that, don't you slut," he said in a low deep voice.

Well for goodness sake, what girl wouldn't? As he finger fucked me his thumb moved over my clit and rubbed my wetness over it and massaged it. God it felt so good and even more so with the pressing crowd of people all around us.

"God don't stop," I gasped as my pussy craved more and more of his finger. It was all I could do to keep my hands off my boobs or joining his hand between my legs. Instead, I tried to appear outwardly as if nothing was happening when my pussy was literally screaming at me to beg him for more.

"You're gonna cum, aren't you," he pressed me, "You're such a fucking slut you're gonna cum right here. God you're hot!"

"Just... don't... stop," I hissed at him, trying to keep my face from expressing the incredible urges that were filling me now from head to cum. Damn, I was about to have an orgasm right here in the middle of a huge crowd and none of them knew it! Well, most of them anyway. Beth was looking at me with that all- knowing face she gets when she knows exactly what I'm thinking or feeling. She knew what was happening and from the way she was watching me and licking her lips, she was loving it.

"Oh god," I gasped, my face feeling like it was suddenly totally flushed as my orgasm hit and my pussy contracted on his fingers. It was so surreal, these feelings that were consuming me as I looked out over the crowd, wondering how many had even a clue as to what was happening at my table, or at least beneath my table.

## 4. Paying Steven Back

Finally it died down and I started to pant slightly, trying to catch my breath that I had been holding as I came so as not to scream out loud. I turned to Steven and smiled, saying, "Wow, I can't believe you just did that to me."

"Well, then how about a little payback?" he asked. I knew exactly where he was going.

"Well, just so you know, I'm NOT going to suck your dick out here in front of everybody," I said with a bit of a laugh to soften the message.

"Damn, and just when I was getting my hopes up," he said jokingly. Judging from what I could see, his hopes weren't the only thing that was up.

"Follow me," I instructed him, pulling my dress down and getting up from the table. I looked back at Beth and winked. She grinned and gave me a thumbs up.

The only place I could think of going at the moment was the restroom inside in the restaurant. It wasn't much but it would have to do. The door was locked when I tried it but almost immediately a woman opened it and stepped out. She saw me and Steven standing there and it didn't take a rocket scientist to see what our intent was.

She just rolled her eyes and headed to the restaurant. Evidently she wasn't involved with the party out back and I could just imagine her telling her husband how some party slut was waiting to use the restroom after her so she could bring her boyfriend in with her.

"In here?" Steven questioned, his face looking a little disgusted with the location.

Hey, beggars can't be choosers so I pulled him in behind me. Once inside, we each knew what we wanted so there was no need to play any silly games. He wanted his dick sucked and I wanted to be fucked. Pretty simple.

"You know, I always wondered if I'd get another shot at fucking you," he said as he quickly stripped my clothes off of me and then took his own off as well. "You were one hot little bitch that day, you know?"

What could I say? Maybe he wasn't exactly the most romantic of the species but he certainly wasn't afraid to speak his mind. Actually, I'd rather a guy be like him and tell it like it is than pussyfoot around issues all day.

"Remember me better now?" he teased me, waving his dick in front of me as I bent my knees and dropped down in front of him.

My response was to grab his dick and then push it in my waiting mouth. He was about half erect already and it felt warm and thick in my mouth.

"Damn, that feels so fucking good," he groaned, holding onto the sink to steady himself as my mouth and tongue went to work on him.

Whether or not he really remembered me or if it was just Beth's suggestion when I hadn't been looking, one me thing I was going to make certain of and that was he would never forget THIS time with me. I could feel him growing in my mouth as my tongue licked him and my mouth slid up and down his lengthening shaft. Mmmmmmm, I loved the feeling of a warm dick growing in my mouth!

As he got harder and my mouth had to take more and more of him in, he put his hands on my head and grabbed my hair, using it like a handle to pull my face in tighter to his crotch. Like most any guy. Steven wanted his dick in my mouth as far as he could get it and I pushed my face down onto him until my cheeks and nose were pressed against his thick pubic hair. He had the wonderful deep odor of a male in heat, that raunchy muskiness mixed with sweat that made a male crotch so distinctive and attractive.

Soon his cock was like a steel rod, inflexible and stiff as he pushed it into my mouth and then he started fucking my mouth. His hands held my head still while his hips thrust his horny dick in and out of my mouth, driving himself into my mouth like he was fucking my pussy - something I was starting to wish he would do! After a few minutes of this he pulled his dick out and lifted me up by my shoulders to my feet.

"Here... sit up on the sink," he said hoarsely as his voice was thick with the lust that had been building in him.

He was looking at me now with the eyes of a man who had one thing on his mind - fucking me. It never failed to thrill me to see man in this state, almost animal-like in his intensity and focus. I knew without a doubt he was going to fuck me and part of the excitement for me was that deep down, I knew I couldn't stop him now even if for some silly reason I wanted to.

Sometimes I wonder if that is the look a woman sees when a rapist is about to take her. I wonder if all the experts who claim that a woman should never stop fighting have ever been on the receiving end of the eyes of a man who was totally under the control of his most basic sexual drive, so consumed by lust that he no longer views her as a person but as merely an object to satisfy his needs and desires.

Steven was breathing heavy, his mouth half open as his eyes stared at me, telling me without a word spoken that he intended to mate me like some animal in heat. Under these circumstances it was thrilling but to a woman being raped I could see where it would render her hopeless to where she would simply give in to him.

My butt felt cold on the sink as he put his hands on my inner thighs and spread my legs apart. He lowered his head and for a moment I thought he was going to lick my pussy but instead he was just checking out the goods to verify I was ready. Just to make sure he spit on my pussy, wetting it even more on the outside as if I wasn't wet enough already! He let my right leg drop and hang off the edge as he held my left one in the air and used his free hand to grab his hard dick and direct it to my waiting pussy.

"You want it, don't you?" he taunted me as his dick teased my pussy, rubbing up along the slit and the his head would touch my clit and then move back down to where he would press it against my pussy hole just enough to feel him but not enough to penetrate me. "Fucking little whores like you always want it... I bet your fucking cunt can't get enough hard cock, can it? Well then, beg for it if you want it in you."

He wanted it as bad as I did, I was sure of that. Technically, all I really had to do was sit there and sooner or later he would ram it in me no matter what I said - or didn't. At this point there was no denying his own lust any more than he could stop breathing. What the heck though, why not play his little game and build his ego a bit?

"God I want your dick in me... fuck me with it... oh god fuck my cunt with your hard dick!"

OK, so it wasn't Shakespeare but it got the intended results. He placed his dick right at the entrance to my pussy and then with one hard thrust of his hips, rammed it up inside of me until his shaft was about half way in. He pulled it mostly out and then pushed again, repeating the process as each time he would push it in me a little further until finally his dick was completely buried in my pussy. God it felt incredible to have his cock filling me up!

"That's it Steven, fuck me... fuck me with your big cock," I moaned as he moved his hips in a circular motion, keeping himself in me as much as he could but stirring his dick around inside of me. His thick pubic hair rubbed up against my bare crotch, stimulating and tickling me at the same time.

"You like my dick in you, don't you slut?" he said, almost as much to himself as it was to me, "Oh yeah, your nasty cunt needs a dick to make it happy. You can't get enough of it."

"Yes... oh my god yes... I need it in my cunt... give it to me... fuck me harder." I ranted on in an almost continues litany of dirty talk as he pumped his cock in and out of me, driving in me as deep as he could until his crotch bumped into mine and then pulling out until his head barely stayed in me.

"OHHHHHH, put it back in me!" I begged him as he accidentally withdrew too far and slipped out from my wet pussy.

I reached down frantically for his dick, grabbing the slippery shaft and all but pulling him into my pussy again. It wasn't an act any more for his benefit, I truly wanted him back in me, NEEDED him back in me. He may have put it crudely but he was right - my pussy really did crave his dick, I really did want nothing more than to have his hard cock in me at this moment.

"That's it bitch, keep begging for it, tell me how much you want my dick," he grunted as his thrusts seemed to increase in urgency. All the signs were that he was getting close to cumming and it wasn't going to take much now to drive him over the edge.

"Cum in me Steven... give me your cum!" I urged him, "I want to feel your dick cumming inside of me."

"Fuck that," he grunted as he gave me a few more deep strokes and then pulled himself out of me. He stroked his dick a few times and then started to ejaculate, spewing cum all over me. The first shot hit me in the middle of my chest and a bit struck me on my right breast while the rest landed on my stomach and then finally the last part of it on my pussy. God he had a lot of cum in him! It was all over me, running down my stomach and then from my pussy down to my ass.

"Damn, you look like such a fucking cumslut," he said with a grin as he stroked his dick and admired his handiwork.

"Why didn't you cum inside of me?" I whined a little. In the meantime I was scooping up some of his cum with my fingers and bringing it to my mouth to taste. I slowly licked it off my fingers as he watched and grinned.

"Looks like you're happy as it is," he chuckled, "Yep, I had you pegged as a cumslut from the start. Here, suck the rest from my dick bitch."

What could I say? He was right, I DID love cum but if he was going to have me eat it then he should have shot it in my mouth instead of making me a mess in the process. His cock looked so inviting, all wet and slick with my pussy juices over it along with the last of his sperm dripping from the tip. I slid off the sink and bent my knees so I could reach his dick with my mouth again. Mmmmmmm, it tasted fantastic! I have always loved the taste of my pussy to begin with and to savor the flavor on his dick together with the sharpness of his sperm was the perfect mixture.

His dick started to soften as I sucked the last of his cum from him. After it had dwindled down almost to it normal size, I stood up and licked my lips seductively for him.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT tasted good," I said in a deep low voice.

"Too bad we didn't have an audience this time," he said with a grin, "I think you like it when people watch you, don't you?"

I just grinned at him. He had me pretty well nailed, in more ways than one. About the only thing that would have made this hotter would have been to do it out on the stage but somehow I didn't think the management would have been as thrilled about the idea as I was.

I pulled out some paper towels from the dispenser and tried to clean myself off. God I was such a mess! What I really needed was a shower but that wasn't going to happen until I got home. Steven was dressing and saw me going through one towel after another as I wiped his slimy cum off of me.

"Guess I made a bit of a mess, didn't I" he said with a grin. He wasn't apologizing but more like bragging about his workmanship.

"You bastard, you COULD have just cum in my mouth or pussy you know," I said in a teasing tone.

Really, what could I say? So many men seem to get off spraying their cum on a girl. Personally, I blame the porn industry since that seems to be the standard practice in most porn flicks. In real life, though, I guess I don't understand why a guy wouldn't prefer to feel my mouth or pussy surrounding his cock as he came.

"Yeah but then I wouldn't get to see you looking so fucking slutty," he said with a big smile.

Steven was dressed now and like most men, now that he had gotten his rocks off he was ready to hit the road. I was still naked, trying to wash off the last vestiges of cum from between my legs, checking myself out in the mirror as best I could to make sure I wasn't leaving any on me.

"Well, thanks for the great fuck," he said and then he left, closing the door behind him.

## 5. Taking Care of My Own Needs

When I finally had myself cleaned up, I reached for my dress but then I put it back down again. God I was still so fucking horny! Steven may have gotten off but not me and my pussy was telling me it wasn't happy about it. I suppose I could have gone out and dragged the first guy I met back into the restroom but that always had the risk that he would get off before me like Steven had. No, sometimes when you need something done, the best way is to do the job yourself!

I sat down on the toilet and slid forward a bit so I could lean back against the tank behind me. Spreading my legs wide apart, my hand quickly moved between my legs and cupped my crotch. Mmmmmmm, I was still soaking wet and hot! Memories of Steven's dick as he pumped it in me flooded back and my finger pushed its way in and I started to fuck my pussy with two fingers as I remembered how good his dick had felt in me.

Just then someone knocked on the door urgently but I just called out and said it was occupied before returning my attention to my pussy. Whoever it was, they were just going to have to wait until I was finished. I needed to cum and cum badly and I didn't care who wanted in, I was going to cum first.

As I finger fucked myself I used the fingers on my other hand to play with my clit and outer pussy. Damn was I wet! Perhaps it was fortunate that Steven HAD not cum in me as with the huge load he had dumped on me I was sure that his sperm would have been leaking out of my pussy for the rest of the night.

After having just been fucked, it wasn't going to take much to drive me to an orgasm and before long I could feel those unique sensations throughout my body that I only feel during one event - an orgasm. My entire body was tingling like I had just stepped out of my hot tub and into the cold winter air. Goose bumps rose up all over me and I could feel my face and chest flushing as my legs stretched out in front of me and my fingers thrust themselves deep in my pussy.

"Oh god, fuck me!" I moaned to myself as I dreamed of Steven cumming in my pussy, flooding me with that huge load of sperm.

"I'm cumming... Oh god I'm cumming... keep fucking me!" I went on, talking to myself like I was being fucked still by Steve. Damn I wished he was with me again, his hard dick thrust deep up inside of me, making me feel complete and whole as I only can when my pussy is filled with dick.

My pussy was cumming hard, flooding my fingers with my cum. I brought my hand to my mouth licking my cum from my fingers and thinking about how good they tasted. God I loved the taste of my pussy. Well, I love the taste of just about every pussy but mine is special to me. I traced my wet fingers lightly around my nipples which were now so sensitive I could barely stand to touch them. They were poking out all hard, begging for more attention but then making me gasp when they got it.

By the time it was over I was left exhausted on the toilet seat, panting for breath with my head back against the wall behind me. Damn I needed that! As much as I loved being fucked, there was something about masturbating that just made it all the better. The knocking at the door resumed and I knew I had better get going before someone came with a key to see what was happening in here for so long. I rinsed my hands quickly and threw my dress back on. It was tempting to leave my thong off as I knew it was going to be drenched as soaked as my pussy was now but I put it on anyway as I had nowhere else to put it and I wasn't about to throw it away.

When I looked into the mirror I could only shake my head. My hair was as best as I could do with just my hands and fingers to straighten it out. Why did I leave my purse home? My face was still deeply flushed and I realized I should have made him hang up my dress when he stripped it off of me instead of throwing it to the floor.

Oh well, it was the best I could do under the circumstances. When I walked out there were several girls waiting for me and they all looked at me suspiciously. Odds were they could smell the sex on me as I worked my way past them in the narrow hallway. If there was one thing a girl can smell from a mile away and that's another girl's sex. My mother always knew from the instant I walked in from a date whether or not I'd been laid!

When I finally got back to the table, Beth and Nancy were there, surrounded by guys as usual. Kristen was still nowhere to be seen and I wondered where the little slut had gone off to. It wasn't long before I found out. Some guy was up on the stage announcing the start of a wet t-shirt contest. Beth and Nancy were tempted and the guys around them encouraged them to go on up but they held their ground. Nancy I could understand but Beth was usually up for such things. Being I was in a dress, it pretty much took me out of consideration. I guess I could have taken off the dress and worn the t-shirts they had with my thing but frankly, I was worn out! My pussy was still throbbing like crazy and if anything I was tempted to make a return trip to the restroom and go for seconds.

Suddenly Beth squealed and pointed to the stage. One of the girls in the lineup was none other than my slutty little cousin! Kristen had evidently shed her black bikini top in favor of the thin t-shirt they provided as it would have been clearly visible through the thin cotton. Instead, you could practically see her nipples instead. Standing up on the stage, it was a good thing she was wearing her thong with that ridiculously short skirt.

There was no doubt in my mind that anyone up towards the front of the crowd was getting a pretty clear shot of her crotch. Some of the girls were just wearing their panties or thongs while a couple were actually in jeans so it made for quite a diverse group. I may be a bit biased, but I thought my cousin was the hottest one up there! A couple of the girls were not exactly svelte to start with. One girl had such huge boobs they looked almost comical as they hung down to her belly. Then there was another who was almost flat chested so Kristen stood out from all them like some sex goddess.

Situations like this are not exactly suspenseful. Everyone knew what was going to happen and there weren't any real surprises. The one thing I noticed was Kristen glancing about and seeing the other girls in just their underwear. It only took a second for her to realize who the favorites would be so she dropped her skirt right on stage and stood there in just her thong. It didn't hide much, that was for sure, and she quickly became the crowd favorite as she wiggled it around and teased the guys in the front. The announcer made a point of stressing that the t-shirts had to stay on so that took out a bit of whatever suspense there may have been. In any case, once the pitchers of water hit the thin cotton, they basically became transparent anyway so it didn't make all that much difference. I had to say I was proud of my sexy cousin as she looked damn near naked on the stage in the tiny thong and skin-hugging wet t-shirt. I was even prouder when it was announced that she had won!

The rest of the evening was rather uneventful. Kristen eventually returned to our table and was inundated with new admirers. She actually didn't "win" anything in the contest but she was thrilled to have been proclaimed the best looking girl up there.

It was getting late and time to leave so the four of us gathered our things and headed for the door. No doubt we could have had a dozen guys each accompany us if we had wanted them but I was exhausted and been fucked pretty good anyway. As I was about to leave I felt a hand grab me by the upper arm. It was Steven!

"Hey, leaving already?" he asked.

I nodded and started to pull away to catch up with the others when he pulled me back again.

"I know a few guys who wouldn't mind watching you," he said in my ear, "Sure you don't want second helpings?"

He we grinning at me and I actually think he was expecting me to go along with the idea. I just shook my head and pulled away from his grip. Well, maybe someday at another time and place but not tonight! I couldn't wait to get home as it was so I could tell my mom all about it.

There was a brief pause from the other end but then she answered, "Oh? Well I guess she must have told you about Matt. Ummmmm, just WHAT did she tell you anyway?"

"Just that he's adorable and that you shared him with her."

"Really? Is that what she told you?" Tammy exclaimed. It wasn't like she was upset, more surprised than anything. I really don't know why she would have been as she knew Kristen and I were more like sisters than cousins. We shared everything - including a few boyfriends now and then, not to mention our own parents.

"Yeah, she didn't give a lot of detail but she was definitely impressed by him - or at least one part of him, you know Kristen. Anyways, sounds like you've got a hot one there."

"Yeahhhhhhh," she said in a dreamy tone as if she was imagining him more than talking to me, "I like Matt... A LOT!"

"Soooooo, when are you going to see him again?" I pressed, hoping she would get the hint but it didn't seem to work.

"Oh he's coming over this morning," she said, sounding quite excited.

"What about your mom, won't she be home?"

"She's getting ready to go shopping and get her hair done as usual."

"And Kate?"

I was actually more concerned about her older sister Kate than her mom. If Kate ever got any idea of what her younger sister was doing, I was positive that she would go straight to her mom and tell her everything. Kate was actually quite hot but she dressed and acted extremely conservative, much like her dowdy mom. My dad had often remarked how great it would be to do the two sisters together but that was one fantasy I knew that would NEVER come true.

"She spent the night at a friend's house. I don't expect her home until this afternoon."

Well, it sounded like the little slut had everything figured out! That left just one wild card, her older brother Rick. As much as I hate to say it, Tammy isn't exactly the smartest girl in the family, even compared to my blonde cousin Kristen, but for once she seemed to anticipate my question.

"Just in case you're wondering," she offered, "Rick promised to stay away this morning. We made a deal."

Fortunately we weren't using video phones as it would have been impossible to hide my reaction to that last statement. I could just imagine the "deal" she'd made with Rick. Knowing him, there was only one thing she could offer him to make him go along with something like this. The only question I had, but didn't ask, was how many times she had agreed to let him do her!

"Wow, guess you've got everything taken care of," I commended her, "Sounds exciting."

"Yeah," she replied, "Matt's a LOT better than the last guy I was seeing."

Damn, she definitely was NOT taking any hints so I figured it was now up to me if I was going to get laid this morning.

"Well, he sounds really hot. Do you really like to share him as Kristen told me?"

This time the pause was longer on the phone. I held my breath, not wanting to say another word until I got her reaction.

"I guess it depends," she finally said, "I don't think I would like it if one of my friends wanted it."

"But it was OK to do it with Kristen?"

"Oh sure! That was different. Kristen's been teaching me a lot of things so it wasn't like I felt she was competing with me."

"Well, haven't I taught you a lot as well?"

Tammy giggled and then said, "Well duh."

"Soooooo, would it be OK to share him with me then, too?"

There, I'd come out and just said it. Since the indirect approach hadn't worked, it was time for the direct method.

"You mean this morning Kelly?" she asked, sounding a little curious.

"Well, would that be OK?"

Another pause but then she said, "Well I guess so. He's going to be here in an hour though."

That wasn't an issue for me and so before she could change her mind I told her I would be right over. After I hung up, my pussy was wet with anticipation. If I'd had more time, I would have masturbated again but I wanted to get over to her house before he got there and so I resisted the temptation. On my way out, I passed by my mom in the kitchen. I'd forgotten that she had the day off by switching to a different shift

"Hey girl, you heading out somewhere?"

When I told her that I was heading over to see Tammy, my mom looked me over and frowned.

me either. In fact, it was quite the opposite as she seemed to be flaunting herself for me more than anything. We stayed in the living room for the moment as she wanted to keep an eye out for Matt.

"Soooooo, how do you want to do this?" she asked once we'd sat down.

Actually, I hadn't given a whole lot of thought to any agenda. All I'd been really concerned about was getting fucked and to be honest, it didn't matter a whole lot to me HOW it happened. That said, obviously we needed SOME sort of plan so the gears in my head started spinning.

"Does he know I am going to be here?"

Tammy laughed and shook her head, "Noooooo, he hasn't a clue about that."

"What if I hid until you guys got going and then surprised him?"

Tammy thought about that for a moment but shook her head. "No, I did that with Kristen the first time and it just didn't seem right."

The phrase "first time" didn't go unnoticed and I wondered just how many times my sluttier cousin has joined the two of them. The sneaky little thing hadn't told me she'd done him more than once.

"So you just want me to be here when he comes in?"

Tammy shrugged and then nodded. "I think that will surprise him enough, don't you? Besides, it's not like he's going to leave or anything when he sees you, at least not in THAT outfit!"

"Just how 'experienced' is Matt?" I asked, trying not to imply he slept around a lot but at the same time curious about what he HAD done.

Tammy laughed at that and for a moment I wondered what I had said that was so funny.

"Didn't Kristen tell you?" she giggled. When I just stared at her she answered herself saying, "Noooooo, he isn't all that 'experienced". Not at all... I was his first and Kristen was his second. That's all that I know about anyway."

Wow, now THAT was a surprise. While I hadn't expected him to have fucked a dozen girls, or anything like that, I certainly hadn't figured that Tammy had been his first, not to mention my cousin being second. Wait until I talked to Kristen next time; the girl has been holding out on me again!

"So then I take it that I would be his third?"

"Well, you'd BETTER be," she said sharply. The tone in her voice reminded me of when I had first asked her if she liked to share him. Obviously not, at least not with someone outside her family. Before she could say anything else, I saw her face brighten and she stood up to look out the front window.

"Oh god he's here," she said, as if some movie star has pulled in instead.

## 4. Matt Fucks Tammy

Tammy flew to the door, motioning me to stay where I was. A moment later she opened the door and in walked Matt. My first impression was "WOW!". No wonder my cousins both adored him. What was really hot for me was that even though they both CLAIMED he was sixteen, he certainly didn't look it. Had I passed him on the street I would have guessed him to be more like thirteen or fourteen. Tammy wasn't exactly the tallest girl by any means but he was maybe even a little bit shorter considering she was barefoot and he had his shoes on.

Matt's eyes were locked on Tammy and he never bothered to even look around so he didn't see me on the couch in the living room. The kid didn't waste any time, that's for sure. He put his arms around her and quickly slipped it under her T-shirt, grabbing her tiny little ass and pulling her closer to him. They kissed in the entranceway as he squeezed her ass with both hands, one grabbing each butt cheek.

"I couldn't wait to get here!" he exclaimed, "Wow, you look really hot in just a T-shirt."

Tammy was beaming of course. Then she looked over in my direction and Matt followed her eyes. I knew when he saw me as his eyes widened and his mouth hung open just a bit. The funny part was that he didn't loosen his grip on her ass one bit. I doubt much of anything would have torn his hands away from fondling her.

"Oh Matt, this is Kelly. She's a cousin of mine, like Kristen."

Matt didn't say anything, whether it was him waiting for Tammy to finish her explanation or he just didn't know what to say, who knows? I would have put money on the latter, though..

"Earth to Matt!" Tammy giggled, "I told her what we did with Kristen and she wanted to do the same. Is that OK with you?"

I took that as my cue to stand up and show him what I looked like.

"Hi Matt!" I greeted him, "I've heard so much about you - ALL of you for that matter."

Matt suddenly seemed to be a little shy. Was it that I was so much older (and taller) than him or maybe he wondered exactly what it was that I had heard about him. I tried to reassure him by saying, "Oh don't worry, Kristen gave you quite a glowing recommendation!"

Matt was still staring at me. Not only was I seven years older than Tammy and two years older than Kristen, but both of them looked younger than most girls their age so I must have seemed relatively ancient to him. It wasn't just age either, if where he was staring was any indication - my chest. Whereas Tammy was barely an A cup and Kristen was a solid B, my C size boobs must have looked pretty good to him. I also knew that as cute as Tammy's ass was, it was tiny and not nearly as round and hot as mine. I almost felt a bit guilty as he kept staring at me and all but ignored Tammy - almost.

Tammy must have noticed where his interest had shifted as she took a little action of her own to regain his attention. Her hand moved down to his crotch and she started to rub him through his jeans.

"So Matt, are you ready to fuck me?" she said casually, as if it was just a natural thing for a girl like her to ask him.

Well, THAT got his attention and he grinned back at her.

"That's better, now let's go down to my bedroom," she appeared to offer, although I don't think she was really open to any alternatives.

The two of them headed down the stairs to her bedroom and I followed right behind. Her bedroom was small and even though she and Kate had a set of bunk beds, it didn't leave a lot of room for three people. Oh well, I was sure we would work something out.

"Well, you gonna take off your clothes or what?" Tammy teased him as she quickly pulled her t-shirt up and over her head, leaving her standing nude in front of him. As always, I admired her cute little teenage figure. It had a lot of filling in to do yet but there was no mistaking she had everything in place to be quite the hot little babe before long, not that she wasn't incredibly cute already.

Matt didn't need to be told twice and he stripped took off his clothes, leaving them to drop on the floor in a pile. I smiled as I saw he was already erect. It certainly wasn't a large cock, not by any stretch of the imagination, but I was pretty sure that I wouldn't be seeing it soft for quite a while which made my mouth water all the more for it.

Neither of them seemed to paying any attention to me so I just undressed and once I was nude, took a seat on the chair by her computer desk and watched the two of them as they immediately went straight to work on one another. One thing about

## 5. My Turn With Matt

Matt dutifully slid over to the far side of the bed, somehow finding room for himself without falling off. It was a good thing they were both so little as they easily fit next to each other on the twin size bed. I grinned at them both and put my hands on Tammy's thin inner thighs and lowered my head down to her pretty little pussy. The residual smell of their sex grew stronger and stronger the closer my nose came to her pussy. Finally my mouth was on her and I could taste the sweetness of her young little cunt. As I started licking her, I knew that Matt was watching. God, he had to SO be turned on seeing me licking his girlfriend's smelly pussy right after he had fucked it. Indeed, as I licked her his cum began to ooze out of her pussy and I lapped it up eagerly, like a kitten at a bowl of milk. I looked over at him and our eyes met as he watched me licking his cum from Tammy's pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the taste of your cum after it was in her," I said softly, smiling at him as I licked my lips.

It wasn't something I said just for his benefit as I DID love the taste of it. OK, granted I LOVE a guy's cum to start with, but to taste if after it's been deep inside my cousin's sweet pussy just made it all the better.

With my face covered with her pussy wetness and a mouthful of his cum, I moved up to kiss Tammy and as we did, I let some of his slimy sperm drip into her mouth, keeping my lips above hers just enough so Matt would see his cum as it dripped from my tongue to hers.

"I bet that you like to watch us do this, don't you Matt?" I teased him gently. Matt nodded, as if he was afraid that if he tried to speak that his words would fail to come out. "So tell me Matt, are you ready for me to suck your dick now?"

It was a silly question in terms that I KNEW without a doubt what his answer would be. I can't remember a single time when a guy ever said no to me when I offered to give him a blowjob! I motioned for Matt to move over and sit on the edge of the bed. Then I kneeled on the floor in front of him and gently pushed his legs apart to better expose his crotch. Even in the dim light I could see his cock clearly and my mouth watered as I anticipated how it would feel in my mouth shortly. It was maybe four or five inches long and not that thick but he had a nice growth of dark brown pubic hair surrounding it. Oh my god, it looked as hard as a steel rod!

"Mmmmmmm, you have a great dick Matt," I complimented him, not yet touching it but looking at it like I was studying it for some art class and then back to

"Oh Matt, I love your ass," I moaned softly, enjoying the aftertaste of his dick in his mouth and ready to go for more.

"I like it when you put it all in your mouth," he finally spoke out in a barely audible whisper.

I took the not-so-subtle hint and dropped back down on him again and kept my face buried in his crotch this time. Actually, one advantage of him being so small was I was able to keep my head all the way down on him and still breathe whereas with most guys I could only hold it like that for a short while and then had to lift up to catch my breath.

It was like having a warm steel rod in my mouth only it tasted and smelled so much better. I wanted so bad to feel him inside of me but before that I was determined to make him cum in my mouth. Tammy wasn't always that keen about taking a load in her mouth, much to my dad's chagrin sometimes, but knowing my super slut of a cousin Kristen, I was sure it wouldn't be Matt's first time. I started bobbing my head up and down on his dick, keeping my hands on his tight butt. His dick was too small to try and stroke at the same time I sucked him hands-free, letting my mouth and tongue do all the "work". By rotating my head as I moved up and down, and letting my tongue slide over his shaft as it went in and out, I knew he wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer and as usual, I was right (at least when it came to predicting when a man would cum).

"Don't stop... keep going... please don't stop now," he groaned.

Matt had been leaning back with his hands on the bed but now he leaned more forward and put his hands on my head, pushing my face down onto his smelly crotch. I recognized it was instinctive on his part so I didn't bother telling him that is was also totally necessary. There was no way his dick was leaving my mouth until he had cum! Even if Tammy's mom walked in about now, I think that would have kept on sucking him.

My hands could feel his ass clench and then his hips thrust forward as the first shot of sperm shot from his dick into my mouth like water from a Super-Soaker gun. It hadn't been all that long since he had cum in Tammy's pussy but it was still a sizeable load and I was pleased with the way it felt as it filled my mouth. I opened my mouth and let some of it drip out and over his cock and then I went down on him and sucked it all off again before repeating the process.

"Oh wow, that was incredible," he groaned, leaning back on his hands once again.

"Well, we're not done yet - you ready to fuck me Matt?" I said, standing up such that my wet and hot pussy was right in front of him. I put my hand over my pussy and let one finger press its way inside of me as I purred to him saying, "My pussy wants your dick soooooo bad right now, do you know that?"

Yes indeed it did! I wanted his dick in me BADLY, so badly that when Tammy started to say something I just hissed at her to lay back and watch. Letting Matt stay where he was, I turned around and wiggled my ass for him before lowering myself down to his STILL hard dick. God, the kid was insatiable!

"That's it Matt, I want you to watch your dick go in my pussy. I want you to watch yourself as you fuck me. You DO want to fuck me, don't you Matt?"

It was so much fun to taste him and see the look of eager desire on his face. It was especially hot knowing that I was only the third girl he would have fucked - which was probably three more than most of his friends had done. This had to be like a fantasy come true for him, one of those experiences that even if he told his buddies about it, they probably wouldn't believe him. I could imagine the jeers from his friends at school when he tried to convince them that a hot twenty-two year old cousin of his girlfriend had wanted to fuck him while his girlfriend watched, and that after an incredible, one-of-a kind blowjob!

"Well Matt, do you want to fuck me or not?" I asked him again as he sat there silently, his eyes fixated on his crotch where my wet and ready pussy was just inches away from the tip of his dick, ready to drop down when he gave the word.

"Tell her Matt," Tammy suddenly chimed in, "I want to hear you tell my cousin that you want to fuck her."

Actually, I wasn't sure if that was some voyeuristic desire on Tammy's part as much as maybe a little bit of a threat because she really didn't want him to fuck me and so was making it harder for him to do it. Well, harder emotionally, that is, as his dick hadn't wavered one bit. Frankly, I didn't care what she said so long as he got his dick in me sooner than later. At this point the last concern on my mind was how Tammy felt about her boyfriend fucking me.

"I want...," he started and then hesitated as if not sure what to say. Then he got this determined expression and said, "OK, I want to fuck you. I REALLY want to fuck you"

Well, that was good enough for me. I reached between my legs and grabbed his stiff dick and quickly lowered myself down onto . I felt the head press against my pussy hole and the it slid rather easily inside of me thanks to a combination of my being soaking wet and his small dick. Once the head was in me I let go of his cock and dropped down onto his lap, sitting on his lap and feeling him under my bare ass. It didn't fill me anywhere near the way most cocks did and for a moment I recalled being fucked Tammy's older brother in this very same room. Damn, talk about a contrast! Rick had a big cock. It wasn't porn star huge but still bigger than his dad's (or my dad's). At the moment, though, I had Matt's dick in me and face it, ANY dick inside of me is a lot better than ANY dick that's just in my memory.

"Oh Matt, your dick feels so good in my pussy," I sighed, trying to make him feel like a stud.

Actually, it DID feel good in me. It wasn't so big it hurt the way big cocks did at first. The only problem was as I started to lift myself up and down on his dick, I had to be alert not to pull up too much as it slipped easily out of my pussy if I wasn't careful. At least between being as hard as he was and the way it tended to point upwards on its own, it easily found its way back in. Even so, I hate it when a cock slips out of me when I'm riding a guy!

"Oh Tammy, now I know why you and Kristen like to be fucked by Matt so much," I sighed yet again as I started to rock forward and back on his cock rather than trying to lift myself up and then back down again. This method actually worked just as effectively in terms of stroking his dick in and out of me and accomplished it with a LOT less work.

"Can you see your dick moving in and out of my pussy Matt?" I asked him gently, "Tell me Matt, do you like to watch yourself fucking me? Does it feel good?"

Matt didn't respond but I knew he was watching every second. I could only imagine how he felt, being as inexperienced as he was, seeing his rigid dick as it slid almost effortlessly in and out of my super-wet pussy.

To his surprise, I suddenly lifted myself off his cock and moved over to the desk where Tammy's computer was. There was plenty of room for me to sit there so I lifted myself onto the desk and spread my legs wide open like a porn slut.

"C'mon, fuck me some more Matt," I encouraged him, using my finger to indicate he should come over to where I was.

Mat quickly lifted himself off the bed and as he quickly made his way over to the desk, I admired the way his cute cock stuck straight out from his body like he was in some perverted form of a jousting. As he approached I reached out for his dick and once I had it in my hand, I literally pulled him in between my legs and then lined up his luscious dick up to my open pussy hole once again.

'Oh GOD yes! I'm CUMMING!" I practically shouted as my orgasm continued to build relentlessly, threatening to drive me crazy as always but always feeling good none the less.

I felt my pussy squeeze down on poor Matt's dick. Even as short and thin as his cock was, I was still able to grip it tightly such that for all practical purposes I had it locked inside of me. Matt simply stood still, not even trying to stroke himself in and out of me while I was at this stage.

"Cum in me Matt," I begged as my orgasm continued, "Oh god, cum in me dammit!"

As tight as my pussy had become, Matt was determined enough that he was able to resume fucking me. God it felt so good! I knew he had to be close after what all we'd already done and so long as he came sometime soon, I was confident my orgasm would still be going strong.

"Do it Matt, cum inside of her," Tammy encouraged him, taking her mouth off of me enough to watch her latest boyfriend cum in my pussy.

"Oh yeah, that's it Matt... I can feel you in me... cum in me... that's what I want," I cried out as I felt him jerk up against me.

His swelling cock jumped inside of me just before he started squirting his warm sperm into me. Damn, the kid was practically a one-man sperm bank! I could feel the slight increase in warmth inside of me that signaled his potent sperm was being deposited in my pussy. For whatever reason, I just loved the fact that I was being "mated" by this young kid, sort of like I was "robbing the cradle".

# 6. All Three of Us

When Matt finished he quickly pulled his spent dick out of my pussy. As I sat there with my pussy wide open, I could feel his cum as it start to drain out of me almost immediately and work its way down my ass.

"Come here and lick my pussy Tammy," I demanded.

Again, it wasn't like I was asking her to do something she hadn't done before, I mean so far as licking cum from my pussy. The only difference here was that in the past it had been either my dad's or her brother's cum, not a boyfriend's. As she hesitated I could sympathize that the situation put things in a different light. It was one thing to lick their cum from me before when it was her duty as a daughter, or as a gift from a sister. With her boyfriend, though, I am sure it was a little more personal for her in that he was supposedly HERS, at least for the time being. It had probably been hard enough for her to see him get off fucking me, but then to lick his cum from my pussy afterwards might have been harder than I originally thought about when I asked her to do it. Oh well, it turned me on so that was good enough for me. Besides, the odds heavily in favor that she would grow tired of him and trade him for a new one soon anyway, so what was the real harm?

Tammy bit her lower lip as if she was some innocent virgin but then she literally shoved Matt aside so she could get in between my legs. Even though I was getting a little tired from holding them up, I knew I could go a little longer if it meant getting my pussy licked by Tammy. Tammy glanced over at Matt and then a grin came to her face as her lust simply took control, wiping out any other thoughts she may have had. She literally plunged her head into my crotch, clamping her mouth like a suction cup against my wet and messy pussy, pushing her tongue into me as far as she could as if she was trying to suck his cum out of me. I squeezed down on my pussy and was rewarded with the feel of more of Matt's cum as it continued to drain from my pussy. Tammy's little tongue was working vigorously as she tried to lick it all up before any more of it could drip down past my asshole and onto the desk top.

"That's it Tammy, show Matt how much you like licking his yummy cum out of my pussy." I said to Tammy. Then I turned my attention to Matt who, by the way, was STILL hard as ever even after having cum three times. Young teenage boys, you gotta love them! "What do you think seeing her lick your cum out of me, eh Matt?"

it was, I was right on the money as she lifted her head away from my pussy a couple of inches and started to pant and gasp for air.

"That's it Tammy, cum... cum for me and Matt," I urged her.

"Oh god, I can feel it... I can feel her cumming," Matt exclaimed as he held himself as deep as he could inside of Tammy. Tammy herself still wasn't saying anything but from the look on her face, the way her eyes were shut tightly, and then the way she started to shudder and almost buckle to the floor, it was obvious what was taking place inside of her. Yep, my little cousin was experiencing a full-blown orgasm! Finally Tammy moaned loudly and then started whimpering again as her orgasm struck her even harder.

"Oh... my... god!" she cried, tears of pleasure starting to run from her eyes, "Feels so good!"

Matt was humping her again and I could see from his fierce look of determination that he was about to cum - AGAIN!. Well, he'd already cum in Tammy's pussy once so I figured why not go for another spot this time? "Suck Matt's dick, Tammy" I suddenly blurted out, hoping I was fast enough to get her turned around before he lost control.

Tammy wasn't exactly in the mood to be ordered about as she cupped her pussy and continued to cry tears of lust and pleasure. Matt helped out, though, by pulling out of her and moving to the side of her, positioning his cock by the side of her flushed face. He poked her cheek with it and I grinned as she instinctively turned and took it in her mouth - yep, that was my little slut of a cousin all right!.

As it turned out, Matt let loose his fourth orgasm of the day. The first shot went straight into Tammy's open mouth but he couldn't keep himself under control and the remaining load streamed out over her hair and face, covering her with more cum than I would have thought possible at this stage. It was enough that he could get off four times this quickly but to deliver such consistently big loads of cm was quite an accomp9ishment.

I rubbed my own clit as I watched him shake the last few drops onto her outstretched tongue and then Tammy took his sensitive dick in her mouth, as if she wanted very last drop to make it into her mouth if possible.

For a few minutes it was as if we all just went brain dead, trying to sit there and absorb everything that had just happened between us. As for me, I was ready to either suck some more dick or lick pussy. Why not take advantage of a situation when you can?

Suddenly I felt this vibration against my bare ass and I turned to see a cell phone was on the desk top and I must have pushed back into it when I got on the desk. It was a pink Razor and I reached behind me to pick it up.

"Shoot, that's mine," Tammy said, reaching to take it from me. She quickly answered it, trying not to sound as winded and tired as she was. She listened and her eyes opened wide and then her mouth dropped before she answered whomever was on the phone.

"OK Mom, I'll be ready," she said into the phone and I knew exactly who it had to be - her mom, my Aunt Shari!

"That was my mom," Tammy announced as she turned off the phone, as if neither of us had figured it out listening to her. "She's gonna be home in about thirty minutes and wants me to go with her to get some groceries."

We all looked at each other but I think it was Matt that appeared to be the most shaken by the news. He hurriedly started to dress, not even bothering to wash up.

"God, if you're mom catches me I'm history," he mumbled.

I took one look at Tammy and grabbed her gently by the arm.

"C'mon girl, we need to get you cleaned up. Wouldn't do to have your mom find Matt's cum I your hair!"

Amazingly, Mat was already dressed and he reached down to kiss Tammy.

"Wow, thanks for inviting your cousin over," he said to Tammy with a smile. Then he got this shy look on his face as he found the courage to ask a question.

"Say Tammy, do you think Kristen would like to join in too again sometime. That would be SO cool to have all three of you at the same time!"

"Don't EVEN go there," Tammy responded in a firm voice, "Be happy you got what you did."

Matt took the hint and didn't say another word except to say goodbye to the two of us. I noticed he took one more long look at me, standing there nude besides Tammy. If looks could kill, Tammy would have been up on charges! He quickly scooted out the door, leaving the two of us alone in her bedroom.

"God, what a mess!" Tammy exclaimed, looking at the messy bed and computer desk top.

"Well, that's nothing compared to what your face looks like about now," I reminded her, "Wow, does he always have that much cum for the fourth time?"

Tammy giggled and looked at me as she stood up straight. "Well, to be honest, that was the first time I've seen him cum that many times in a row."

Knowing Kristen had joined in at LEAST once with them before, that was little hard to believe but it was possible I guess. I smiled to myself as for once, it seemed I had finally managed to one-up my sluttiest cousin.

By the time we had Tammy all cleaned up and her room straightened out, there was barely enough time for me to get dressed before her mom made her entrance. She started to say something to Tammy but then realized I was there as well. At first she was quiet about whatever it was she had started to say to Tammy and instead looked at me and her face quickly turned beet red.

"Oh Kelly! I just can't believe your mother lets you go out in public Dressed... well dressed like THAT," she exclaimed.

Whether it was my too-short shorts or thin narrow tube top - or both, what difference did it make? She was going to condemn me and my mom no matter what so there was no sense in worrying about it.

Instead of arguing with her, I simply said goodbye to Tammy and walked out, ignoring my aunt's angry stares.

"I'm going to have another talk with your mother about this," she declared as I walked out the door. Yeah right, like my mom would care one whit what she said. I would have loved to tell my aunt that my mom was probably going to be masturbating before I got half-way through the telling of what happened today! Actually, I couldn't wait to get home and do just that!

# (Aug 19) Chapter 150: Private Bachelor Party

Story codes: MF exhib oral inc father daughter
Me (22)
John - my dad (42)
Brad (24)

I've done a couple of bachelor parties, both involving rather large groups of men. I was about to learn that not all bachelor parties require a dozen horny guys dying to fuck me. Indeed, when you come down to it, all that's really needed is the groom!

## 1. Dad Gets Horny and Needs Me

Bachelor parties can be a lot of fun, especially when you're the only girl there. How can I possible describe the naughty feeling I get as I look around and see a dozen or so guys with their hard dicks in their hands, each of them wishing more than anything else in the world that they will be the next in line to fuck me?

If you think THAT'S hard to explain, it's even more difficult to express the thrill I get when a man, literally hours away from taking a vow to devote his life to one woman, has so much lust for me that he forgets about his fiance for the moment and fucks me. Really, to think that people actually wonder why I enjoy doing these things!

Until now I'd only done two such parties. Both parties were while I was away at college and none of them involved anyone from anywhere even close to my home in the Pittsburgh area. Now that I'd graduated and lived at home, I figured the odds of getting involved in anything like that again were slim to none. They were fond memories, though, something to look back upon as a part of growing up

As was typically the case, it was my dad that presented me with a new opportunity. For whatever reason, it seemed to turn my dad on to have people think his daughter was some sort of prostitute or whore, especially if he got to fuck me in front of them. Of course, they knew that that he was my father but the important thing was that HE knew. Once he had asked me and my younger cousin Kristen to help out with some business clients who had no idea who we really were and how we were related. We all had a great time so I guess I shouldn't have been surprised when he came to me one night with a new, but somewhat related proposal.

"Hey baby, you busy?" he asked, sticking his head in my bedroom through the open door.

One look should have told him all I was doing was chatting on my computer but as always, he was trying to be polite, something I appreciated about my dad.

It was fairly late and so I was dressed in one of my typical night-time outfits. In this case that meant one of his white t-shirts although more often I would steal a dress shirt from his closet to wear around the house. The T-shirt was pretty baggy on me but with me sitting on the chair with my legs folded up under me, I suppose it didn't leave a lot to the imagination, at least in the downstairs areas of my body. Actually, I caught him taking in a good look at my ass and I just smile as I knew he loved to look at it - and usually a lot more as well.

"No daddy, it's OK," I replied, a grin on my face., "C'mon in, I was just chatting with some horny guys."

I was smiling because I assumed that he was horny and looking for a blowjob or maybe even to fuck me. My dad is more of a morning sex type of man so it was unusual, although certainly not unheard of, for him to be seeking me out later in the evening for sex. Still, there were those nights when I knew he got himself worked up watching porn or something on TV and needed some "relief" before he went to bed. My mom was working the evening shift so it was just the two of us. Had she been home I had no doubt he would have sought out her talents first but for now it was a choice between me or his hand. Some choice!

My dad came in my room and stood behind me, his large hands working my shoulders gently as he looked to see what I was doing on the computer.

"Damn girl, you're one hell of a tease, you know that, don't you?"

He was right. I had four separate chat windows up and trying to keep up conversations with each of them. Needless to say, all four were expressing in their own way how much they wanted to fuck me and I was replying by telling them how much I desired them as well. It was all a game but still, I enjoyed it. I'd never meet any of them so what difference did it make what I said to them? We both got to fantasize and feel good so no harm, no foul. As he watched me chat for a while, an invitation to watch a guy's web cam popped up.

to be in my father's arms with his cock buried inside of me, to be actually physically coupled together as he kissed me and licked me.

"Mmmmmmm, you're such a hot fuck," he whispered in my ear as his dick bored into me.

"And you have a wonderful dick daddy," I replied, "It feels SO good when you fuck me this way. I love it."

"God, I'm so close... almost there," he groaned as his thrusts became more extreme and he started to stroked faster and faster in me.

"Cum in me daddy," I pleaded softly, "I want you to cum inside of me."

It wasn't like I really had to ask him but I knew he liked to hear me say it. When he was fucking me like this there was no turning back, no pulling out, no stopping him. He loved to cum inside of me more than anything and I knew it. There were times he would cum in my mouth but usually that was when all I was giving him was a blowjob. No, my father's preference was clearly to cum in my pussy. Just as I had wondered earlier how many times I had sucked his cock so far, I also was curious how much cum he had pumped into me over that time. It had to be in the gallons by now!

"Oh god Kelly, I'm cumming baby!" he groaned as his body stiffened and I felt him push himself into me as deep as he could, depositing his sperm inside of me as far as he reach.

"Mmmmmmm, I love you daddy," I whispered to him as his orgasm finished and laid behind me with himself still in me. I dropped my leg and let his cock nestle between my thighs as it barely stayed in me when it shriveled back down in size.

"You know you'll always be my baby girl," he whispered in my ear as he kissed the side of my neck, "You'll always be mine."

"Oh yes daddy, I'll always be yours," I answered him back softly.

Indeed, I would always be his little girl, his only daughter, the only girl in the world he could fuck like this. No other woman in the world could claim to be his daughter, to feel his incestuous cum spill into her the way I get to when he fucks me.

## 2. My Dad Asks a Favor

As we laid there backing the afterglow of our sex, I remembered that all this has started with my dad wanting to say something to me.

"Daddy, was there something you were going to ask me?" I finally said, breaking the silence in the room.

"Oh yeah, there WAS something I had meant to do when I came in your room,: he said, and then added, "Besides fuck the most perfect daughter in the world that is."

"Oh daddy, stop that!" I said playfully back to him.

He then explained to me a situation at work that he needed some help with. As soon as I heard it involved his office my ears perked up since anytime in the past the subject was raised it ended up in some really wild situation. This time one of the partners had a son who was getting married. His dad was looking to upstage the regular bachelor party by bringing in a hooker to spend the night with his son - sort of a private bachelor party.

Since my dad had arranged prostitutes for clients in the past (of course, the guy didn't know he was using me instead of some street walker), he thought maybe my dad might have some advice on finding one suitable for his son. The biggest concern he seemed to have was that he didn't want to be directly involved. He just wanted someone to help take care of his son. "Plausible deniability" is the term I believe guys like to use in such circumstances.

Immediately I had a ton of questions. Who was it? How old was his son? What if his fiance ever found out? How was I supposed to meet him if it wasn't a party? Was I just stripping for him or was sex expected as well - and to what extent?

In the end I knew I would said yes regardless of the answers. Really, what's a girl to say when her dad's dick was still in her after a good fucking and he asks her to do a simple favor for him? Besides, it sounded like fun! As we got out of bed and cleaned up, he explained the plan he had worked out and how we would pull it off. It all sounded perfect to me and I couldn't wait until the day arrived.

As it turned out, the only night that worked out close to the wedding day was Sunday. Apparently the night before he was being taken out by his best man for a more traditional bachelor party. The wedding was the following weekend and this wasn't the sort of thing you typically did during the week with work and all that day. I didn't think there was any blasphemous with doing it on a Sunday so that aspect didn't bother me at all.

My dad already had it all worked out for me - the schedule, the timing, even what to wear. He had even gone out and bought me a new black lace bra with a matching thong and hose. Of course he made me model it for him to make sure it was OK for the evening's events! It didn't hurt to practice stripping it off in front of someone either. Rather than change when I got there, my dad set out a long winter fur coat that came below my knees. I immediately recognized it as one of my mom's but he swore that she had given permission for me to wear it. Oh well, it's not like I would be wearing it all that much anyway.

In preparation for the evening, I took a long hot shower and shaved my legs and pussy until they were as silky smooth as a baby's behind. I touched my clit with my fingers and instantly felt that sensation I so much enjoyed. I quickly removed my hand as a few more seconds and it would've been impossible to pry it from my pussy until I had finished masturbating. Well, there was going to be plenty of opportunity to get myself off later without doing it now!

When I was finally ready I presented myself for "inspection" to my parents. My mom, who knew everything that was being plotted by me and my dad, just smiled when she saw me in my outfit. She knew my dad had bought it for me and how much it must have excited him to see it on me that first time. She was still grilling my dad on his plans, though. One thing about my mom, she always was on the look-out for my well-being. It's not that my dad didn't mean to but she knew that sometimes his lust clouded his judgment and he tried to do things that he would have later regretted had she not stepped in.

It was about a half hour drive to get to the house and on the way my dad didn't say a whole lot. I wondered if now that we were getting close to actually doing it that he wasn't having second thoughts. It wasn't the fact that I was expecting to be fucked by some guy I didn't know, THAT certainly wasn't anything new for him to digest. I had a feeling that he was more concerned about leaving me alone in the house with some strange guy.

"OK, now you know what to do if anything goes wrong, right?" he asked me for what must have been the third or fourth time.

"Dad!" I finally whined at him, "It's not like I'm still a kid you know. I HAVE had a bit of experience in this sort of thing before, or have you forgotten?"

"Trust me, I will NEVER forget. Sorry but I just want everything to go perfect for you."

I smiled at him and sat silently for the rest of the drive. Indeed, I knew he loved me dearly and would never do anything or allow anything to hurt me. He had to be turned on thinking about what was going to be happening to his daughter in the next hour or so. Like, what father wouldn't be turned on to be dropping his daughter off at a strange guy's house to be fucked like some cheap hooker?

We finally arrived at the house and I was impressed. I didn't know at the time if it was his, his father's or whose it might be. It was a huge two story colonial with a giant attached three car garage. The landscaping was impeccable and the entire place had this air of wealth and expensive taste about it. My dad pulled into the circular drive and turned in his seat towards me.

"Well baby, are you ready?"

I just nodded at him vigorously, unsure of my voice as I prepared to get out.

"You know what to do if something goes wrong, right?" he asked yet again. This time I just waved at him and ignored him.

# 3. Stripping

Walking up the entranceway, I arrived at the large double doors and rang the doorbell. A young guy answered the door and looked at me with a curious expression. I guess it's not every day a girl on al long fur coat and heels shows up at your door.

"Ummmmm, can I help you?" he asked politely but not opening the door for me to enter.

"Hi Brad, I'm Kathy and your dad sent me along with this."

I handed him his dad's business card which had a note scrawled on the back of it. It simply said I was a gift from the "old man" and his for the night to do with whatever he wanted.

"So let me get this straight," he asked me with a look of bewilderment on his face, "Are you some kind of hooker or what?"

I tried to look a little crestfallen and then looked back up at him and smiled.

"Well, I like to think of me more as your entertainment for the evening," I said as seductively as possible, "Do you mind if I come in Brad?"

He seemed hesitant and if anything, a little distracted. Then I heard something that chilled me.

"Honey, who is it?"

Oh crap, his fiance was there! This was one situation my dad hadn't prepared me for, that was for sure. Just as I was about to bail out and run back to the SUV, a girl appeared behind Brad.

"Brad... who is she? What does she want?"

Poor Brad looked a little stressed to say the least. He didn't seem to know what to say so he handed her the business card. She looked at it and then flipped it over and read the back of handed the business card to her. As she read it, she looked at me and then back at the card and then back at me again. Her eyes widened a bit but surprisingly she didn't seem to be nearly as shocked as her fiance was.

"You know, this sounds like something your asshole father would do," she said accusingly to him, "I guess last night wasn't enough?"

"Honey, let's not start into that again," Brad said, trying to somehow extricate himself out of the mess his dad had put him in, "Don't worry honey, I'll just tell her to leave."

"The hell you will," she protested, much to my surprise - and Brad's. I was frozen in place, standing there feeling very much like I wanted to crawl under the nearest rock. This wasn't exactly how I had envisioned this at all. Just as I was about to turn around and just leave without another word, she called out to me.

"Well get your ass in here girl and do your thing. We wouldn't want to disappoint his rich daddy now, would we?" she said in a tone that was definitely not a reflection of her words. "We wouldn't want to piss off your precious daddy and have him cut you out of the will, would we?"

"For crying out loud, what are you doing Claire?" he grimaced, looking at me and then back in her as if he was now totally confused. I didn't blame him. I was confused as hell myself!

"Your daddy's already paid the whore so let her in and make her earn the money."

"What?" he whined, "Are you serious Claire?"

His fiance pushed past him and opened the door for me, motioning me to come in. There wasn't much politeness in her eyes, though, the way she was glaring at me. Brad was starting to look like he might be happy with the way things were going. You could almost see the letter he was writing in his head. "Dear Penthouse, you would never believe what my fiance let me do the week before our wedding..." Well, he was pretty naive if he thought it was going to be THAT easy.

"Oh no Brad, don't think you're getting off the hook THAT easy," she continued as I stepped inside and she closed the door behind me, "You get to watch her do her thing, BUT I get to watch too."

It was like a balloon deflating as Brad's shoulders dipped and his face was almost comical in the way he was looking so distressed.

"Well, you don't think I'm going to trust you with her alone, do you? Especially after what happened last night, do you think I'm stupid or what?"

Whatever had happened at his bachelor party the night before, it must have been pretty good as he grimaced again, as if she had sucker punched him squarely in the stomach. Something told me that he had been a bad boy at his bachelor party and someone had squealed on him to Claire.

Claire herded us into what looked to be the family room or at least some sort of entertainment center. There was a huge flat-screen TV, what looked to be an incredible sound system, chairs and couches along with games tables and pinball machines plus an assortment of other games and flashing lights. She pushed Brad back into a large brown leather couch in the middle of the room which looked to be the primary seating location for watching TV. She took a seat at the end of the room on a bar stool. That left me standing in the middle of the room with my mom's fur coat still wrapped tightly around me.

"Well?" she huffed, staring at me like I was a lab rat in some bizarre experiment. "I've always wondered what a stripper does for these type of private performances... let's see it."

Oh well, it could have gone worse so I pulled out a CD from my coat pocket and handed it to Brad. He put it in the player and started the music. As he took his seat again as the music started. The first song was one of my all-time favorites when it came to teasing men. Simply stated, "Doncha" by the Pussycat Dolls has got to be one of the most played songs in every strip club in the world! My heart started to beat faster as the music started.

As surreal as the situation had become, at the same time I couldn't help but feel a little horny having the two of them watching me. Obviously he WANTED to enjoy watching me but with his fiance seated right behind him I figured he would be a little muted in his reactions.

Claire, on the other hand, was a lot harder to read. She just sat there like a statue with one foot on the floor and the other propped up on one of the crossbars of the stool. She sat up straight with her arms folded tightly in front of her, almost defiant. Her face didn't give a thing away as to what she was thinking. Was she doing this to make her fiance suffer by forcing him to watch a hot stripper and not be able to openly enjoy it? I really didn't know what was going to happen as my mind raced to try and figure it out.

Now that the music had started, I started to sway back and forth with my coat still on and then slowly allowed it to fall open, revealing my lingerie underneath. Poor Brad! He kept looking at me and then back his shoulder at Claire. It was if each time he was hoping she wouldn't be there so he could enjoy his dad's gift, only now it was turning out to be a nightmare for him as he was torn by his lust for me and his guilt.

I dropped the coat and tossed it aside to one of the chairs and stood there in front of him in my lingerie and heels. I then gave him my best imitation of a strip club dancer, moving about slowly and seductively, teasing him that I might take more off and then backing away from it just as it was about to come off. The music blared out and I loved listening to the words. "Doncha wish your girlfriend was hot like me..." I wondered how many girlfriends absolutely HATE that song when they look in the mirror and then think about the bitch singing the song. They knew the song was as true as it was seductive. Claire was pretty but a little overweight. She had to know what was going through Brad's mind at that moment. There was no way he could be thinking anything BUT he wished Claire was hot like me!

After teasing him a bit I started to head towards Claire, curious to see if she wanted a show for herself as well. She quickly realized what I was doing and pointed me back to the center of the room, shaking her head as if to answer my unspoken question to her.

Instead of dancing for her, I decided to start out with a lap dance for Brad. I was still wearing as much clothing as I would at the public pool, perhaps even more depending on which bikini I had on. Of course, my bikini wasn't made of sheer black lace! I may have been covered, but I certainly wasn't hidden. As I stepped up onto the couch I thought for a moment about removing my heels so they wouldn't poke through the leather but then decided the heck with it. They didn't have THAT pointy of a heel and I knew guys loved it when girls kept their heels on so I decided to risk it. Heck, it wasn't MY couch anyway so who cared?

As I straddled him and started to dance in front of him, my boobs moved in close to his face and I had to put my hands on his shoulders to keep my balance. His hands were laying on the couch to his side with the palms down flat and his arms stiff.

"You know Brad, you ARE allowed to touch me," I said to him seductively, openly inviting him to fondle and grope me, "Go for it."

Brad looked back again at Claire who just tilted her head to one side and raised an eyebrow. Brad HAD to be getting pretty horny by now and it was if he just assumed that her silence implied permission. His hand reach up and he grabbed my lower calf on each leg. I just grinned at him and kept moving, wondering if he had the courage to do more or if I needed to provide more "encouragement". Once again he looked back over at his shoulder towards Clair. This was getting old fast.

"You know, why don't you have her sit next to you so you don't have to keep straining your neck?" I suggested to him. Claire must have overheard me as she stood up and grabbed the stool. She walked over to the other side of the room so she was close to the TV but still about ten feet away from us. Brad now had a great view of her and it was my turn to have to look over my shoulder to see her. Obviously she wasn't interested in getting THAT close to him while I was dancing. So much for my hopes in getting her to join in! Oh well, that meant I just had to make

Brad forget about her, a task that would now be harder given her new position in the room.

Even thought my thong wasn't covering much of my ass to start with, it still managed to barely hide my pussy. Whereas most girls seem to prefer to strip by taking their tops off first, and in some cases not going any further, when you grow up with tiny boobs you learn to show off other parts of you. In my case, it was my ass and I found early in my teens that I loved to run around bottomless and flirt using my butt. To this day I never wear anything on my bottom around my apartment at night. Sure, over the years my boobs finally developed but habits and prejudices are hard to break so I still find that I enjoy taking off my bottoms before my top.

I quickly dropped my thong and stepped out of it, hanging it over his head such that the smelly crotch was positioned over his nose. He didn't seem to mind the scent of my pussy so I left it there as I stood up and pulled his face into my crotch. I don't think he was expecting me to do that and so it was easy to get his face into my pussy but he quickly pulled back. He pulled off the thong from his face and set it down besides us. I could see his eyes were looking past me towards Claire. Damn, she really WAS ruining this for him - and me as well. Then again, I think that was her intention in the first place.

## 4. Getting Claire's Attention

Determined to get Brad's undivided attention, I started to play with my pussy as my hips moved suggestively to the music. My pussy was now only a couple of inches in front of his face as I ran my finger over it and then pushed it up inside of me. After I finger fucked myself for a bit. I pulled out my wet finger and placed it on his lips. At first he resisted but then his instincts took over and he parted his lips to let my finger push its way in. I felt his tongue run over my finger, tasting my pussy. Now that he had a taste of it, it was time to try again so I grabbed the back of his head and pulled it forward into my crotch. This time he didn't resist and I rubbed my pussy against his face, feeling his nose press against my sensitive clit.

"Lick me Brad," I said, leaning down so he could hear me better. "It's OK, you can do it."

He undoubtedly wanted to see what Claire's reaction was to my words but I held his face tightly into my crotch, refusing to allow him pull it away this time. His reaction was as quick as it was predictable. What male in his early twenties would

NOT lick a girl's pussy when she was shoving his face into it and asking him to lick it? Well, unless he was dead or gay, none I had ever run across!

At first his tongue just barely touched me, landing lightly on my pussy and hardly even getting in between my pussy lips. The more he licked me though, the fewer inhibitions he seemed to have and he became more aggressive. His hands went up from my calves to my bare ass, squeezing my firm smooth butt cheeks and pulling me tightly into his face. His right hand dropped down and reached around further, pressing between my legs as he searched for my pussy. His fingers pushed up into me as his tongue played over me, making me moan from the feelings he was creating deep inside of me.

Although he may not have realized what I was doing, I turned my head to look back at Claire and grinned at her, making it obvious that I was enjoying her fiance's tongue. For a girl who was planning to marry this guy in less than a week, she being incredibly calm about it all so far. Claire's face was expressionless as she watched Brad eating what she must have thought of as a prostitute's pussy. If only she had known who I really was! For that matter, imagine if Brad ever found out that he had licked the pussy of one the senior partner's daughters! For me, the thought of that just made me all the more horny if that was possible.

As Brad kept licking me (once that boy gets started, he doesn't quit!), I unhooked my bra and took it off, tossing it on top of the thong. I bent my knees until my boobs were smack in the middle of his face, burying him between my cleavage. His hands moved up to my boobs, squeezing them like he did earlier with my ass, sucking on each nipple a bit before moving to the other. He was being a little rougher with them than I would have preferred who could blame him? After dealing with Claire's sagging boobs, he must have been thrilled to feel and lick breasts that didn't hang to a girl's belly when she took off her bra. I grinned to myself as I thought that it would have been a great line in the song, "Doncha wish your girlfriend had boobs like mine?"

All I was wearing now were my heels, hose and a smile. There was no reason to remove the hose as it just made my legs look all the better. Brad seemed content to continue fondling my boobs but I wanted more. So far this was all most likely what both of them had expected to one degree or another. Claire probably hadn't figured I would be so aggressive in getting him to lick my pussy while he was probably thrilled that I had. For both of them, a naked lap dance was probably about the extent of what they were assuming would be the paid entertainment for the evening. Well, I had news for them if that was the case. This girl had plans to do more - a LOT more.

I pulled away from Brad and to his apparent surprise, got off the couch and stood in front of him, dancing slowly and seductively to the music. He watched, seeming to be curious as to what I was going to do as I played with myself, fondling my boobs and then running my hands slowly down my body until I was barely touching my hungry pussy.

Pushing a finger up in me, I then removed it and sucked my pussy juices off of it right in front of him like it was a pacifier. As always, I loved the taste and smell of my pussy and it knew it would get even more tasty as the evening went on. Brad's dick was pushing up against his pants, looking as if it was about to burst the seams. Yep, the boy was turned on and barely paying any attention to Claire any more as I danced nude in front of him. He was getting ready so I figured it was time to up the ante a bit.

"Hmmmmmm, shall we see what's trying to get out of there Brad?" I teased him, pointing down to his crotch with the obvious bulge.

THAT made him look again at Claire and so I turned to see her response as well. While she seemed to avoid looking directly at me, she maintained her impassive look and just shrugged as if to say she didn't care. God she was a cold-hearted bitch. Either she should be storming out of the room, demanding I leave, or joining in with us. For her to just sit there solemnly and allow her fiance to have his way with me without expressing any emotion at all was just weird.

"Do you need me to help?" I offered, starting to move forward towards him.

Brad shook his head and quickly unzipped his pants and pulled them, along with his boxer underwear, down to his ankles and then off his feet, leaving them in a pile in front of him. Sure enough, his dick WAS hard as a steel rod, standing straight up and pointing to the sky like some Titan missile ready for takeoff. Almost immediately he grabbed it and instinctively started to stroke his dick in front of me. Mmmmmmm, it looked SO delicious.

As tempting as it was to just jump on his dick and feel him fuck me, instead I let him watch me dance for him as he stroked his dick almost absentmindedly. He was hot to watch and I LOVE to watch men masturbate for me, seeing them getting all hard and excited just because of me. When they make themselves cum, I like to think that they're dreaming of fucking me, their hand taking the place of my pussy. For a moment I wondered if he had ever masturbated in front of Claire before? Did she enjoy seeing her fiance jerking off now, knowing his mind focused on me instead of her? She simply had to realize that he was dreaming of what it would be like to fuck ME, not her. How could anyone just sit there like nothing was happening?

Slowly I advanced and then kneeled down between his legs, grabbing his dick from his hands. It felt so warm and stiff but yet smooth and enticing. God I wanted it so badly and I wasn't going to bother asking him if he was ready for a blowjob. I mean, like he was going to say no? I can't say I've ever been in this position (literally) where a man turned down a blowjob, regardless of the situation. Brad wasn't going to be an exception, of that I was certain.

I put my elbows out so they rested on his legs and leaned forward to take the tip of his dick in my mouth. I could feel his dick quivering with excitement as I took a little bit more of it inside of my mouth each time. Finally my head was buried deep in his smelly crotch, his coarse pubic hair spread out against my face. He was only about five or six inched long when erect so he fit easily in my mouth without me having to do anything theatrical.

"God DAMN that feel so good," he groaned, finally starting to talk more to me. Hopefully that meant he was starting to forget that Claire was there.

From his reaction I had to wonder if Claire ever gave him head. If so, did she suck his cock very well or was she one of those girls that did it because she had to and not because she enjoyed it? Had other girls sucked Brad's dick before? Wow, maybe this the first time he was experiencing just how good a girl's mouth can feel on his dick!

Claire was now behind me so I couldn't see her reaction to Brad's response. What I would have given for a mirror at that moment. What was she thinking as she watched me on my knees between Brad's legs, my bare ass in plain view as my head was planted in his lap, bobbing up and down it as I sucked on her fiance's cock?
"Christ Almighty, I'm gonna cum!" he gasped as I tasted the first drops of his precum that emerged from his dick. I wasn't ready for him to cum yet, I had more plans for him. I took my mouth off his dick and squeezed the base of his cock, hard enough to be just a little painful to him and stop the countdown to his eruption. It was just in time as I was sure a few more seconds and he would have been past the point of no return.

"Not yet Brad, you can't cum until you fuck me," I said to him, making sure I was loud enough for Clair to hear.

I stood up and turned to face Clair. My ass was right in front of Brad and he must have been dying to get his cock in my wet pussy but I was curious to see how far I could push things.

## 5. How Far Will They Go?

"You want to help put his cock in my pussy Claire?" I said, almost taunting her in the process, daring her to help her fiance get fucked by the whore her soon- to-be father-in-law had hired.

Actually, I honestly thought she would say yes. I mean, if it had been me watching my fiance getting blown by a naked prostitute, I know I would have been horny as hell by now and ready to get involved in the action. Instead, Claire was just sitting there with her hands in lap, not even close to touching herself or otherwise looking turned on. It was almost like it was clinical to her, like when you discuss sex as fornication at church or at school with all the lust and desire stripped away. Claire didn't even respond to my query but just sat there looking almost bored. It was like she was thinking she just wanted to let Brad get this out of his system and the sooner the better.

Despite her lack of response, I decided to sit back on Brad's dick so I could face Claire and hopefully catch some form of excitement or even lust on her part. Reaching between my legs, I grabbed his dick and positioned myself over him.

"Ready to fuck me Brad?" I asked, turning my head back over my shoulder to look at him. He just nodded so I asked him again.

"You can do better than that Brad. Do you want to fuck me or not?"

Oh he wanted to, that was for sure. You could see it in his eyes, feel it in the throbbing of his dick, hear it in his rapid breathing. Oh yeah, Brad wanted to fuck me and fuck me badly. Yet despite everything so far, I still saw him look around me so he could check for Claire's response. I turned my head back to look at her too and grinned at her, smiling to let her know I had her fiance right where I wanted him - well, almost; a few inches more and he would be there.

"Yes," he groaned as softly I felt his dick swell even more in my hands.

"Yes WHAT Brad?" I pushed him, "Speak louder so Claire can hear you."

"Hell yes, I want to fuck you, alright?" he finally blurted out, starting to sound frustrated now as I knew he wanted in me a lot more than he wanted to say in front of Claire.

"That's more like it Brad," I purred, "You know, I want you to fuck me too. I want you to fuck me in front of Claire. Show her how good you can fuck me."

Alright, maybe it was a little over the line but I wanted to get SOME reaction from the ice queen. She didn't waver, just staring at us so I carefully lowered myself down, feeling his cock head pressing up against my wet pussy hole. For a brief moment the pressure built up and I could feel his cock straining in my hand but I kept it straight and pressed down harder. Then I gasped as his head stretched my pussy hole open and he slipped into me, his entire head popping into me.

"Mmmmmmm, you dick feels so good in me Brad," I moaned softly, holding myself there for just a moment to savor the incredible rush of emotions that I felt whenever a man entered me for the first time. The fact the girl he would be marrying shortly was watching was just icing on the cake!

At that moment it didn't matter that Brad was someone I'd never even met before and never would again after today. Right now he was simply a man, a man who lusted for me and desired me more than anything else. His erect dick was now inside of me, penetrating me and moving ever deeper into me as I put more weight on it. I could feel his stiff shaft sliding into me, inch by inch it rubbed against the sensitive inside of my pussy as it entered me, stimulating the millions of nerve endings that created such an incredible sensation between my legs. It wasn't limited to my crotch. Imagine throwing a rock in a still pond and seeing the ripples spread out across the lake. The feelings in my pussy emanated outward in the same way, washing over me like waves crashing onto a beach, incredible surges of pleasure rushed through me as Brad started to fuck me.

"God you're so fucking tight," he groaned as his dick pushed hard each time to get deeper into me.

I smiled at that, wondering if Brad was comparing my pussy to Claire's. Even though I would have bet the lottery that I'd been fucked by at least a hundred more guys than Claire, my pussy was still damn tight, probably even tighter than hers.

Leaning forward, I let his cock withdraw from my pussy until if flopped out, all nice and wet from me riding him. Turning around, I straddled him with my knees on the couch and once again, lowered my pussy to meet up with his waiting dick. This time I put my hands on his shoulders and wiggled my hips around to get his erect dick in me without touching it. My pussy hole was more open now after his initial fucking and so it was easier to do that now. Once I felt the tip of his dick entering me

I leaned back and quickly let him push up and into me all the way until I was sitting on his dick. I looked into his eyes and grinned at him mischievously.

"I bet you never dreamed you'd be doing this today, did you Brad," I teased him as slowly I rotated my hips in a circle around his dick.

Then I turned my head back and looked at Claire and grinned even more saying, "So what do you think Claire, is your guy fucking me good enough for you?"

Claire just frowned (hey, at least she reacted) and then leaned back into the chair more. She wasn't going to give me the satisfaction of a response but I could deal with that. After all, who was the girl with Brad's dick planted in her pussy at the moment? I was definitely getting the better deal.

My point made, I turned back to Brad and started to hump his cock. Damn it felt good in me. Brad may not have had the biggest dick but he was hard as a steel pole and I loved the way it would stay in me regardless of how close it came to flopping out of me, just by virtue of how stiff he was.

"Get off, I'm gonna cum soon," he gasped, his hands tightening on my hips where he had been holding me like a bucking bronco on his cock.

I knew what he was worried about. For whatever reason, some guys seem to think that by cumming in a girl that somehow that is cheating more than just fucking her. Well, give me a break. Either way his dick is violating me so the only thing he is doing by pulling out of me is depriving me of the wonderful sensation of his dick spewing his cum inside of me. Yet in some ways, it was more an emotional high for me to have a guy cum in me as it WAS more like cheating. Brad was about to take one step beyond fucking me, he was about to MATE me. E even though I was on the pill and the actual act of impregnation would never occur, it was the symbolism of the act that mattered to me.

There WAS one factor that I hadn't taken into consideration, Brad was a guy and a lot stronger than me and in the end, he had the power of veto in this house. He put his hands on my waist and then literally lifted my up and off his dick! Then he stood up (the guy was pretty strong) and all but threw me back to the couch on my back. His dick was dripping precum and I knew he wanted to finish himself off badly. With my left leg hanging over the side, he lifted my right leg up in the air and twisted me onto my side. The he put his left foot on the couch while standing with his right on the floor. With my legs split apart, he had an easy shot at my pussy and I was thrilled when he pushed his dick back into instead of jerking himself off and spraying me with cum as I had thought he was going to do.

As Brad began to pump his dick in and out of my wet horny pussy, I could literally feel the urgency in him to cum. He had both hands on my right ankle, holding my leg up in the air as his cock thrust in and out of me like a car piston at Daytona. Then he slammed himself into me, arched his back, and groaned so loud I thought for a moment he was hurt!

"Fuck! I'm cumming now!" he cried out as his ass clenched and he spewed his first load of cum into my pussy.

As I felt his dick thrust into me as deep as he could force it in, a gentle feeling of warmth erupted inside of me and I knew what it had to be - his sperm was filling my pussy. Each time he pumped himself into me, I felt it again and I tried to imagine how his dick was shooting it out and forcing it into my pussy like a syringe in a vein.

Laying on my side as I was, I could see Clair watching intently. For the first time her hard veneer cracked. She knew what Brad was doing. She could see her fiance consumed with lust for another woman, completing his wanton act of sexual desire as he filled her with his cum. She could see how much he loved it, how much he was enjoying fucking this girl he had never seen before, this intruder in their lives, and a prostitute at that. As nasty as it may have been of me, I couldn't help myself from smiling at her.

"I can feel his cum in me Claire," I said in a low voice, sighing as I did. "God Claire, it feels so good when Brad cums in me."

It was the straw that broke the camel's back. The veneer wasn't just cracked, now it was shattered. Claire began to cry, the tears streaming down her face as she tried to cover her face with her hands to hide them. The act she had been putting on, the air of indifference, the "I don't give a damn" attitude, it all melted away instantly as the tears flooded her eyes and she began to sob uncontrollable, her body shaking.

Well, call me what you may for feeling this way, but for me it was the hottest thing to watch in the world at that moment. Between the final thrusts of Brad's dick in me, the feeling of his cum in me, and now Claire's tears of remorse as she clearly regretted letting any of this happen, I was struck with the most amazing orgasm. My pussy cramped and gripped his now empty dick, squeezing down on him like I was trying to milk the last bit of cum from him. My back arched up high and then I flopped down and lifted my hips to meet his crotch, loving the feel of his dick in me. Even my hair felt like it was tingling at the roots! I looked back over at Claire who, as much as she probably wanted, couldn't seem to tear her eyes away from us.

"I'm cumming Claire," I moaned, trying not to scream from the incredible pleasure filling my entire body at that moment, "Oh god, watch me cum Claire!"

My hips thrust up again up against Brad's dick, keeping him in me even as he began to dwindle. My hands gripped the coach, squeezing the cushions as I felt like I had been hit by a truck, but in a good way. It was like my entire body was being tickled and lit on fire at the same time. Between Brad's lustful fucking and now Claire's tears at seeing the pleasure he had derived from fucking me, I was so horny only an orgasm like this one had a chance of addressing the needs that had been building up inside of me, making me ready to explode.

Finally, Claire couldn't watch anymore and she turned her head away, twisting in the chair in a fetal position so she didn't have to watch the decadent scene that was playing out in front of her. Obviously she never really expected THIS to happen. Perhaps she had thought that should could control it, make it a test of Brad's fidelity. Had she really expected him to turn me away at the last minute and proclaim his undying love for her with my naked body available for him to do anything he wanted? Well, if that had been her game plan, had played her cards about as badly as she could be and it was backfiring big time on her.

My orgasm eventually dwindled and I laid back, totally spent. Brad pulled his cock from my pussy, making a wet slurping sound as he withdrew. God I was soaking wet down there! The couch must have been a mess underneath me. He let my right leg down which was good as all the blood had drained from it and it started to tingle fiercely as the blood flow resumed. I looked up at him and grinned mischievously.

"Happy Wedding Day Brad," I said, "From you father... and me."

## 6. Claire Finally Reacts

Being a man, it shouldn't have surprised me that once his dick was spent, it was like Brad's lust had been behind in my pussy with his sperm. He looked over at Claire and suddenly his expression changed from satisfied pleasure to one of unease and worry. He walked over to Claire but his dick was still semi-hard and glistened with the moistness of my pussy and cum. He reached for her but she pushed him away in disgust.

"Don't touch me! Wipe off your dick and put your clothes on you asshole," she practically spat at him.

I was already gathering my things, realizing I had better leave before the real fireworks started. I didn't bother trying to dress but instead just put on my coat and was about to leave when I looked back at the two of them. Brad was trying to pull up his jeans and I could hear him trying to rationalize what he had just done, assuring Claire that I meant nothing to him and he only did it because his dad had sent me over and Claire made him do it. Yeah right, like THAT was going to get him off her shit list! I had seen the look on his face and the gleam in his eyes when he was cumming in me. Don't try and tell me that he didn't want to fuck me just as bad as I wanted him to. Nobody had to talk him into it, THAT was for sure.

Smack! I was shocked as suddenly Claire practically decked Brad with an open palm slap to the face that must have left a mark!

"You goddamn fucking bastard. You whore-mongering piece of shit. I SAW you. You enjoyed it, didn't you," she accused him, "You didn't do it for your precious daddy, you WANTED to fuck the bitch. I saw it in your face - you loved every minute of it, didn't you. God you're such an asshole!" Yep, time for me to leave without further ado! Without another word I quickly left them in room, her voice getting even louder and her language filthier. Just as I was about to close the front door, I heard another loud smack. Damn, he was going to be bruised in the wedding photos - IF there was still a wedding.

Thankfully my dad had never left so I didn't have to hang around waiting for him. I quickly walked to the SUV and slipped into the passenger seat.

"Better get moving daddy!" I said with a naughty tone to my voice, "Things are about to explode in there!"

"What do you mean?" my dad asked me, the curiosity clear in his voice, "I take it he fucked you? Why would things explode now when it's over?"

I giggled and then told him the entire story as we drove out of the neighborhood. When I told him that Brad's fiance had been there and that she watched the entire thing, he looked at me incredulously.

"Oh come on Kelly, give me a break, stop embellishing things," he chastised me, clearly not buying my story.

"Daddy, I'm telling you she was there!" I whined, a little perturbed at his disbelief. After everything else I'd done in my life, he wasn't going to believe me NOW?

# (Aug 22) Chapter 151: Wednesday Night Church Dad

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (22)
Stewart (34)

Stewart was a loving husband and the proud father of a teenage boy. If people only knew what this icon of the community did with girls like me behind closed doors while his family was occupied at church!

## 1. The Perfect Bait

People are always asking me where I meet guys, especially the married ones. Well, believe it or not, in my experience the best place to find married men looking to cheat is also one of my favorite ones - church. Bars and clubs are just filled with people trying to impress and show off. Church brings out the best - and the worst, in people. While everyone tries their best to act pious and godly, it also demonstrates just how hypocritical so many people really are. Still, rather than fret over it why not take advantage of the situation?

Even as a young girl I noticed men looking at me "that way" when I was at church. Every girl knows what I mean when I say "that way"; it's that look that tells you he interested in you in ways he shouldn't be - or least ways society says she shouldn't. It didn't help them that my mom loved to dress me in little skirts and frilly dresses that showed off my skinny legs and often my cotton panties.

As I got older, the skirts and dresses became more sophisticated, but the results were the same. Even a pair of tight jeans during a youth activity was more than enough to catch the eye of many of the dads. Of course I enjoyed the attention of the boys more my age but there was always something special about having their fathers look at me hungrily that turned me on even more.

One of the dads I'd had my eye on for the last several years was Stewart. I think he was in his early thirties, married with three kids. The oldest was Duane who was is 14 and in the youth group I helped out on Wednesday nights. The other kids, both daughters, were several years younger so I didn't see them nearly as much as Duane. He was a cute kid and I often thought might be a good match for my cousin Tammy, even if he was younger and considerably less mature. To be sure I had a few harmless fantasies about him now and then but I would never consider doing anything for real with such a young boy. After all, it's not like I'm sixteen anymore you know.

It wasn't Duane that I was really interested in - it was Stewart. Pardon my cynicism but he was the perfect example of the typical church elder. While at church he would walk around and greet people using all the standard Christian jargon and buzz words. From what I heard from my parents, he ran his local landscaping business completely different. He had a reputation for being indifferent to the customs and needs of his mostly ethnic employees and he seems to always be trying to squeeze another dime from his customers.

Stewart was not only a hypocrite when it came to business ethics, he also had an eye for the young girls. Many times during youth group I catch see him staring at the teenage girls and it wasn't just to monitor what they were doing. Trust me, when you're a girl you learn quickly the difference between a man looking at you and a man looking AT you. There was a cold hunger in such a man's eyes, a thirsty lust that he couldn't totally hide. Stewart had those eyes - in spades.

What made me interested in him wasn't his voyeurism regarding the teenage girls. Even when his wife was with him, who was beautiful by the way, he would look at my boobs first when he greeted me. My cousin Kristen use to joke with me that he doubted if Stewart knew what her hair color was. Even my mom claimed to have been the recipient of his mental undressing.

Whether Stewart's wife knew about it was unclear to me. She certainly didn't appear to notice and if she did, she certainly didn't do anything to reign him in or otherwise keep him under control. To be fair, so far as I knew all he did was look so maybe she was one of those wives who felt that her husband could window shop so long as he didn't buy the merchandise. It wasn't like she was shy to show herself off to all the guys at church, that's for sure! My mother use to shake her head and grumble something about she thought Stewart's wife still thought she was a cheerleader in high school.

Over the past few years I'd flirted with Stewart a few times. Then again, I flirted with just about all the dads at one time or another. Most just ignored me but I never had one tell me to stop. It was nothing special or forced, just the typical stuff like "accidentally" rubbing against him, "forgetting" to button my blouse as high as most people would say I should, that sort of innocent playing around. Stewart never rejected me but while he took advantage of whatever I had to show him, he never asked for anything more either. In the end, I filed him under the category of "peeping tom" and assumed he would never be available for anything more than a bit of voyeurism.

## 2. Setting the Hook

It was a beautiful Wednesday night and we had the youth outside to play some games behind the church. Maybe it was the pleasant weather but whatever the reason there were quite a few parents there that night, including Stewart and his wife. Since it had been planned ahead of time for tonight's events to be outside, I was wearing a pair of faded denim shorts and a light yellow tank top. Because it WAS a church activity there were dress codes which had to be adhered to, including prohibitions against anything TOO short or TOO revealing. The rules were written with the teenage girls in mind but the helpers were expected to set an example.

Under the rules, my favorite cutoffs were strictly verboten - I would've been sent home in a heartbeat and probably told not to help with the youth again if I dared to wear them. Likewise, I was even wearing a bra under my tank top as hard nipples poking through your top were another major no- no. As if all that wasn't conservative enough, for once I was wearing a tank top itself that was actually my size, one of the few I owned that was a little loose on me.

Stewart and his wife were on the sidelines, watching Duane playing soccer. Stewart was in khaki safari shorts - the type with all the pockets, and a Steelers t-shirt while his wife was actually dressed very similar to me. She may have been around ten years older than me but she looked great! I also noticed that the "no nipples" rule apparently didn't apply to parents. I would have bet a lot of money that her boobs were fake but even so, they looked magnificent even if they were as rigid as concrete.

The one thing I DID notice was that the two of them were standing several feet apart and not talking to each other which was odd as usually he had his arm around her or least stood right next to her. Hmmmmmm, were there problems in paradise? The two of them were always trying to act like they had the perfect marriage, even sponsoring weekend marriage retreats and counseling young couples about marriage. As much as I hate to say it, it wouldn't have bothered me to see a few cracks in that crystal podium they'd set themselves on. Really, don't you just hate the "perfect" families, especially when they flaunt it?

About half-way through the first game, I noticed Stewart and his wife arguing over something and then suddenly he just shook his head, threw up his arms and walked back into the church leaving her stewing. Hmmmmmm, now THIS could be interesting...

There wasn't much for me to be doing at the time and I doubted anyone would miss me so I left without saying anything to see where Stewart was off to. When I got in the church, it was deserted and he was nowhere to be seen. Just as I was about to turn around and head back out to games, I heard a toilet flushing and a little bit later Stewart appeared from the men's restroom. My heart sank as I realized he'd come back just to go to the bathroom! So much for there being a genuine riff between him and his Barbie-doll wife.

"Hi Kelly, didn't know anyone else was in here," he said to me the door closed behind him and he approached me.

My heart fluttered back up again as I looked at him. God he was hot! OK, so he was ten years older than me but I prefer older men anyway so that wasn't an issue. He obviously worked out from the way his muscles stood out in his chest and abs, his arms muscular and his legs strong and lithe. A summer tan didn't hurt either and only made his short blonde hair look even more heavenly.

"Cat got your tongue?" he teased me, bringing me back from my daydreams. God I was so embarrassed. It's supposed to be the guy staring at the girl, not the other way around!

"Oh, sorry Stewart," I stammered, trying to regain my composure. Most of the parents I addressed as Mr. or Mrs. but long ago Stewart had insisted I call him by his first name, saying his father was called "Mr."

"No problem... was there something I could help you with?" he asked, now just a few feet away from me.

Have you ever just reacted to someone by saying the first thing that pops in your head? Then, after you say it you ask yourself how in the world could you EVER had said such a thing? Well, that was me as I responded without completing clearing the fog in my brain.

"Ohhhhhh... there's a LOT of things you could help me with," I purred with what was clearly seductive intent. Stewart was no dummy, he picked up on it right away.

"Oh really," he said with a grin, "And just what might some of those things be?"

My eyes widened. It wasn't so much what he said as my delayed reaction to what I had said. Did those words actually come from MY mouth? Stewart moved up right next to me. Although he didn't touch me he couldn't have moved another inch forward without smothering me.

"You know, there's a LOT of things you could help ME with as well," I said ever so softly.

OK... so it was to be cat and mouse, thrust and parry, point - counterpoint. The game was afoot and we both knew it. If either of us had simply come out and said, "Let's fuck!" I am sure we both would have raced to the nearest private location, or at least I think he would have. Instead, we each had our roles and we played our obligatory parts. It was sort of like a failsafe device where even though I knew at that instant he wanted to fuck me (don't ask how I knew, it's something a girl just knows), by adhering to our little ritual there was always the possibility that one of us would reduce the DEFCON level and bring the adventure to a halt. Better to play the game a bit than make a stupid mistake.

I slowly put my hand on his arm and even though I felt him stiffen just a little, he fought what must have been the temptation to pull away.

"I can be VERY helpful, you know that, don't you Stewart?" I said in a sultry tone.

Stewart just smiled as he gazed at my boobs and then into my eyes and said softly, "So I've heard. You've DO have a bit of a reputation for being 'helpful' you know."

"A GOOD one I hope," I said wrinkling my nose like I was some little girl.

"Well, it's actually very BAD but then I guess that's good," he chuckled.

"Cool! So tell me Stewart, do you like bad girls?" I taunted him, looking down at his crotch deliberately.

Stewart laughed a bit and gently took my hand from his arm. "OK, that's quite enough Kelly," he chuckled as if I'd just told him a good joke, "WE ARE in church you know."

"All the better, don't you think?" I countered, "Who would ever suspect anything?"

By now I was going further than I probably should have and if things didn't work out as I hoped, I was setting myself up to be quite embarrassed. My gut (or was it my pussy?) told me that all I needed to do was sweeten the deal a little more and he would be mine. Rarely, if ever, am I wrong in these situations, and there was no reason to suspect I might be this time around. After coming this far, there was no turning back so far as I was concerned so I took his hand and pulled it up to my bosom. Although he didn't do anything but leave it there, he didn't resist me either.

"Don't you want me Stewart?" I said in my best little girl voice, "You DO like me, don't you?"

Stewart looked nervously towards the door and then I felt his hand tighten on my boob. YES! Victory was mine! He'd taken the bait so now all I had to do was set the hook and reel him in. My hand reached out for his crotch and I grabbed him firmly so there could be no mistaking my intent. His response was to squeeze my breasts even tighter and my heart sped up even faster as I knew without a doubt what was going to happen next. It was all I could do to keep from giggling like a goofy cheerleader. I mean, men can be SO easy sometimes! All you had to do was wait for the right moment of weakness and then get the little head to take control.

"Let's go upstairs before someone see us," he said breathlessly, as if he had been holding his breath for the past few minutes. Perhaps he had.

# 3. Reeling Him In

In any case, he took me by the hand and we quickly went up to the second floor where he led me in to the Elder's Room, sort of a conference room where they all met each week. The room was dim with the fading light but there was plenty to see by. Besides, turning on a light would have drawn the attention of people outside wondering why someone was in this room. Once inside, he turned to me and put his hands on my upper arms, staring at me intently.

"OK, how do I know you're not just teasing me to get me in more trouble with Rebecca?"

Soooooo, there WAS something going on between him and the perfect trophy wife. I was dying to ask him what it was all about but I didn't want to break the mood. From the way he worded it I had a suspicion it had something to do with some infidelity, either real or suspected. Was Stewart an adulterer? Well, if he wasn't, he was going to be soon if I had anything to say about it.

"Alright then, let me prove it to you," I said, responding to his challenge. I crossed my arms, took hold of the bottom of the tank top on each side of me, and then lifted it up and over my head in one quick motion, leaving me in my black lace VS bra.

"Well?" I taunted him, "Satisfied?"

He smiled but didn't move and then said, "You're beautiful Kelly BUT hey, I've saw less on you at the pool last week, a LOT less, so is that it?"

Well, if THAT was how he was going to be, I would show him! I reached forward and grabbed his shorts by the waist and yanked them down to his knees. Then I grabbed his boxer shorts and they quickly followed. His T-shirt hung lower than his waist, covering his crotch so I lifted it up to see what he was packing. My first reaction was thinking that now I knew why he had such a babe for a wife. Damn, Stewart wasn't just a hell of a hunk. He also had one nice looking cock!

When I say he had a nice looking cock, what I mean is that it LOOKED nice. A lot of men have big cocks, thick cocks, etc. but some of them can be really ugly. Stewart's dick was like something right out of the pages of a Playgirl magazine. It was decent sized, my guess was it would be five or six inches long when erect although THAT was always a crapshoot. The head was smooth and without a blemish on it, a nice mushroom cap on a gorgeous shaft. His dick was light in color with a dark circle around it just under the head. A thick bluish vein ran up the shaft. At the base was a heavy covering of coarse, curly pubic hair. He wasn't shaved but evidently trimmed it just enough to keep the growth from getting out of hand. His balls hung loose, large and also covered with thick pubic hair.

What can I say? I LOVED his dick! Without waiting for him to say anything, I grabbed his cock in my hand and moved up close to him until my breasts pressed against his chest. I gently stroked it as I looked up into his face.

"So is this any better?"

Stewart reached around me and expertly unhooked the two clasps of my bra strap and took off my bra. I let loose of his dick just long enough for him to run the straps past my hand and he tossed the bra to the table top next to my tank top. My bare breasts were now fully exposed to him and he started to fondle them. My boobs may not have been the double D's his wife as so proud of but they were 100% natural C's. Rebecca probably had to be careful near hot surfaces or hers would melt!

"God your tits feel nice," he whispered to me, rubbing one with each hand.

As much as I would have enjoyed feeling his caress them longer, we WERE on the clock as the kids wouldn't be outside forever. Dropping to my knees, I immediately took his dick in my mouth and started to suck his pretty cock.

"Damn, you ARE serious about this, aren't you?" he gasped as my tongue played with his head and then ran down the underside of his shaft and back up again to the shaft.

For crying out loud, what did he THINK after I pulled off my top and let him take off my bra? Did he believe I was NOT serious? We weren't exactly teenagers copping a feel in the pews. If I was going to go this far then by God I was going to get fucked!

His dick responded nicely, swelling and growing longer in my mouth the longer I sucked it. It was only a few minutes before he was fully erect. By the time he was finished he'd grown to where I couldn't take him all in my mouth which meant he must now be a couple of inches longer than I had guessed he would be. You never know with a guy's dick the first time, do you?

Well, it proved to be an excellent opportunity to show off my cocksucking skills. I took just the tip of his dick in my mouth and the slowly worked it in. My tongue would reach out and move down his shaft just a little and then my lips would work their way down to follow it. It was like an inchworm working its way down his shaft. Little by little I took more and more of him in my mouth until finally I felt his dick pushing against the back of my throat.

There was still an inch or more to go so I took a deep breath and continued down. As always, my instinct was to gag when it started to press into my throat and the urge to puke was almost irresistible. It had been a long time, though, since that impulse had won and I knew from plenty of practice how to control it. The trick was to not stop and fight it but to get past that point in my throat as quickly as possible.

It seems once an object in your throat makes it past the gag point, the impulse disappears and you are home free. Most girls who claim they can't deep-throat are simply too scared to push on past that point, thinking they will throw up. What happens is they stop and try to control the impulse which gets only worse the longer you have his dick in that far. Then sure enough, they gag and puke and everyone is unhappy. Fortunately I had an excellent instructor with the perfect teaching tool - my mom using my dad's dick!

"Sweet Jesus!" he gasped as my face buried itself in the thick pubic hair at the base of his dick.

His cock now completely in my mouth and pushing down my throat. I imagined his head could feel the tightness of my throat around it, almost like he was in a tight pussy instead of my mouth.

The requirement to breath finally forced me to pull my head off his cock and I looked up at him as I caught my breath and stroked his wet shaft with my hand.

"So you like that?" I said with a naughty grin on my face.

"Hell yes," he said, catching his own breath as once again it seemed he had quit breathing himself. "Nobody's ever done that to me like that before!"

"What's the matter Stewart, can't Rebecca take you all the way like I can?"

OK, so sue me, I was fishing for compliments but hey, can you blame me? I'm damn proud of my cocksucking talents and like anyone who has worked hard on a skill, I liked to be told I'm good at it, ESPECIALLY If it means I'm better than his beautiful wife.

"Are you kidding, she won't even give head," he muttered; obviously I'd struck a nerve.

"Bitch," I muttered and then went back down on him to do it again. I left it to him to interpret what I meant by it - it was a bitch that she didn't do it or was I calling her a bitch? Actually, I meant both so I was safe either way.

Once again I took him in, repeating the same technique I had just demonstrated, only working him a little faster this time so I could stay down on him a little longer before having to get a breath of air. When I lifted my head up and looked at him again, he groaned and his cheeks puffed out as he let out a big breath.

"Oh god, that felt SO fuckin' incredible!" he groaned.

I was more than willing to do it a few more times and under different circumstances, most likely would have. The imagine of a crowd of kids running back into the church accompanied by their parents was enough to expedite things. I stood up and quickly slipped my shorts off. I was wearing a black thong (remember the dress code?) which I just as quickly disposed of as well, leaving me now nude except for my sneakers and white ankle socks. Turning towards the conference table, I put my hands on the edge and then backed up a step, leaning forward and spreading my legs so as to expose myself shamelessly to him.

"Fuck me Stewart," I said softly but firmly. He seemed to hesitate for a moment so I said it again, "I mean it... I really DO want you to fuck me Stewart."

It NEVER failed. How many times had I seen a man unsure of committing the ultimate act of treason with his wife only to falter and give in to his most base impulses upon hearing those two simple words, "fuck me"? Maybe in the back of Stewart's mind, despite the blowjob, despite the nudity, he was still not convinced that he could actually have sex with me. Perhaps there was some shred of decency left in him, some vestige of the wedding vows he'd made to his bride, that was tugging at his conscience. When I saw a man in that state, all I had to do was speak those two syllables and it was if the lust that was building in him burst free and took control, wiping away any last remaining morals.

"Shit... I can't believe I'm doing this," he muttered under breath.

He probably hadn't intended for me to even hear him but it didn't matter to me. The only thing I cared about at the moment was what he was going to DO, not how guilty he might be feeling about it. Besides, as easy as he had been to talk into this, I couldn't help but wonder if it wasn't actually intended for me to hear it, as if somehow it made him less culpable for his actions and more my fault. Well, if that's what it took to get his dick in me, lay the guilt on me!

I watched over my shoulder as he moved in behind me. He had stepped out of his shorts and boxers, leaving them on the floor a few feet back. As he approached me he pulled off his t-shirt and dropped it on top of the pile behind him. God he was a hunk! Even in the ever dimming light I could see the muscles in his chest and arms as he held his stiff dick in his hand. The tan lines from his bathing suit were evident and it popped into my head that he must sunbathe in a lot skimpier bathing suit than he wore at the city pool! Made me wonder what Rebecca wore at home with him!

My thoughts were quickly brought back to the present when I felt his hand on my lower back. The head of his dick touched my butt at the top of my ass crack and he slowly worked it down between my firm bare cheeks and past my tightly closed asshole until he was up against my bare pussy. I fidgeted as he moved it around my pussy hole, trying to line it up for entry.

"Put it in me Stewart," I whispered to him urgently. It wasn't so much now I was worried about the kids coming back. No, I WANTED him in me and I wanted him in me NOW.

He started to pull back and I heard him groan as if he was in pain. With a cock as stiff as his was, maybe he was.

"Oh god, I can't do this, not here... not like this."

If he thought for one minute that I was going to get me this horny and this close to being fucked by a brand new married dick, well he had another thing coming, I'll tell you that. No way, I was NOT going to be denied my prize, my reward.

"You know you want me Stewart, please fuck me," I pleaded, not really having to fake the "please" part of it. Fine, if I had to beg then I'd beg. Anything at this point just to ge5t him to fuck me. By now my pussy was screaming for a dick and if he didn't put it in me soon I might scream myself out of frustration.

"C'mon Stewart, I've seen how you look at me, you know you want to fuck me so do it.. do me now."

He didn't say a word and for just a second, I thought the impossible was about to happen. He was going to chicken out! God, how could he dare to DO that to me? How could he refuse me? I was almost certain when suddenly, without warning, his dick slammed into me and I felt my pussy resist for just a moment and then spread apart for him to enter. His head thrust inside of me and he held himself there, with just the head of his wonderful dick inside of my pussy.

Mmmmmmm... YES! He was fucking me!

"Alright then, take it you little bitch," he groaned as his hands gripped my hips and then I felt him thrust himself deeper inside of me. Each time he went into me further until finally I felt the hair of his crotch tickle ass and the pressure of his crotch pressing me forward.

"Shit, I didn't think you'd be so fucking tight!" he complained as he just held himself at that position, his dick now firmly implanted inside of me.

For a brief moment I was a little pissed off. What the hell did he mean by THAT? Did he think just because I had a reputation of being the neighborhood slut that my pussy was going to be loose like some ancient whore? Then again, maybe it was he was so use to his wife's pussy, loosened irrevocably through the process of bearing three children, that feeling a tight young pussy around his dick as ancient history for him. At that thought I felt better and gave him the benefit of the doubt.

He started to pump his dick in me, slowly at first but rapidly building up speed until he was almost driving me into the table with force of each impact when he slammed into my ass. The sound of him hitting me was almost like I was being spanked. Between that and the loud grunt he would let out each time he pumped it into me, it was a good thing nobody was walking by or I don't know how they could have not heard us. At this time of night, nobody ever came up to this floor so we were pretty safe. Still, the thought of someone peeking in to see what was going on was incredibly erotic for me.

"Turn around," he demanded when suddenly he pulled out of me and spun me around by the waist.

Once I was facing him he grabbed me and set me up so I was sitting on the edge of the table, my bare sweaty ass sliding on the polished wood. Reaching down to grab my ankles, he lifted my legs up as I leaned back on my elbows. With my legs straight up in the air in a large "V", he leaned forward and his dick easily slipped into my well lubricated pussy once again. God he felt so good to be back inside of me again.

Neither of us said a word as each of us looked down to where our bodies were joined together. I loved to see this, to watch a man's hard dick sliding in and out of my pussy. What made it so incredible to watch was not just the way he would disappear inside of me but that at the same time I could FEEL him filling me up inside. It was almost hard to reconcile that the same fullness and pleasure I was feeling inside of me was being caused by that thick smooth shaft I was watching as it disappeared from sight between my legs.

"You like fucking me Stewart?"

"Fuck yeah, damn your cunt feels so good!"

"Mmmmmmm, so you like my tight cunt, eh Stewart?"

"If you squeeze any harder on me, you're going to smash me flat!" he groaned as I pressed down on his dick, almost like when you have to push hard to get out dump except I was feeling intense pleasure at this moment, not the pain of constipation.

"Tell me Stewart, I want to know if you like fucking me better than her?"

"Her?"

"Your wife... tell me you love fucking me better than Rebecca."

OK, so sue me again as once again I was fishing for compliments. Only this time, it would mean a lot more than just a love for my blowjobs. I wanted him to tell me he loved sex with me more than his own wife. It was bad enough that he was betraying his wedding vows by his actions; I wanted his heart and feelings to betray her as well. Maybe not so much betray her as to put me ahead of her. I wanted him to tell me I was hotter and sexier that his wife.

"Yes, I do," he said between pants as he fucked me faster and harder.

"Yes you do what?"

"Love fucking you... I love fucking you more than her."

"That's it Stewart, tell me what you want, tell me how you feel."

"I love your tight pussy, your perky boobs, the way you get so god damn wet!"

"Don't stop Stewart... make me cum!"

Indeed, as much as I loved him fucking me, hearing him say those words while his adulterous dick was inside of me was enough to set me off. My pussy clamped down even harder on him and he grunted as my cum gushed over his dick, making me even wetter than he had felt before. I dropped to my back and spread my arms out like I was being crucified but instead of being nailed to a cross, Stewart was nailing me with his dick to the table. God it felt to good! I never wanted it to stop!

"Tell me more Stewart," I managed to cry out as my pussy felt like it was about to explode. My entire body felt hot and tingled like running out into the winter cold after getting out of the hot tub.

"I've been wanting to fuck you for so long... since you were in high school and teased all the boys in those ridiculous short skirts you wore."

"Fuck me now then... cum inside of me... give it to me Stewart!" I begged as I literally was in tears from the pleasure that had consumed my entire body.

"Oh god!" he groaned as he suddenly pounded himself into me, lifting me up off the table slightly to get his dick in me even deeper.

Then I felt it, that vague warm sensation when a man releases his hot sperm into my pussy. He must have really had a load for me as I could feel it deep in me, like a warm bloom of heat, a fireworks exploding in me and then fading away until the next one went off.

"That's it Stewart, cum in me, mate me," I sighed as I just laid their totally limp, accepting his gift and allowing him to finish himself off in me. "Mmmmmmm, did you know I can feel your sperm when it comes out of you?"

Stewart lowered my legs down and left them dangling over the edge of the table. I felt him pull his dick from my pussy, leaving me with this horrible feeling of emptiness I always get when my pussy no longer has a dick inside of it. It's like my pussy isn't complete without a cock inside, like something is missing and it's never happy again until it has a dick back in it again.

"We HAVE to get going, I think I hear people downstairs," he said hurriedly as he grabbed his stuff and started to dress. As of me, I couldn't move.

My body was still overwhelmed with the physical and emotional extremes it had just been subjected to and I wanted nothing more than to just lay there and savor the aftershocks of my orgasm as my pussy pulsed and my boobs tingled.

"Damn it Kelly, get dressed!" he hissed at me, a twinge of panic arising in his voice.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me up until I was sitting. As I sat up his cum drained from my pussy and pooled on the table top below me. I smiled and tried to scoop it up and taste it.

"For God's sake Kelly, what are you DOING?" he said, a definite tone of panic this time.

He lifted me up and set me on my feet. I almost fell over as my knees seemed too weak to support me but he steadied me and handed me my bra and thong. He was full dressed now and I could only imagine the thoughts that must have been going through his head about being caught in her with a naked girl and a pool of cum on the table behind her. Personally, I thought it would be pretty hot. Of course, that was my pussy doing the thinking at the moment and my head knew better so I quickly dressed myself.

"Ummmmm, about THAT?" I said with a giggle, pointing to the mess on the table. Not only that, but the polished top clearly showed the imprint of my damp ass.

"Shit," Stewart mumbled as he quickly ran out and then returned with some paper towels from the restroom next door. He cleaned off the table and tossed the used towels in the wastebasket.

"Ahhhhhh, maybe not such a good idea?" I questioned. Surely the towels would reek of sex and anyone emptying the basket or perhaps even coming into the room until it was would notice.

"Shit!" he hissed yet again as he gathered them up and disappeared again, the sound of a toilet flushing clearly audible this time when he returned.

By now I'd dressed and rearranged myself but I could only imagine how I must look. Whenever I orgasmed hard I knew my face and upper chest usually flushed a bright red and it could take a while for it to go away. The room was almost dark by now so he probably didn't notice but I imagined that once we returned to the well-lit classrooms downstairs people would notice - at least the women would. I had no doubt that if Rebecca saw the two of us returning together with me looking as I did - and him probably not much better, that she would go into orbit. As it was, I would be surprised if she didn't smell the distinct odor of sex on him later when they were close together, say in the car. Oh well, that was his problem to deal with. Hopefully he was smart enough to wash up in the restroom beforehand.

To be honest, it was NOT my intent to cause a rift between Stewart and Rebecca. I was satisfied with what he had done to me, my game had been bagged and tagged and I was ready to leave the woods. In this case that meant it was time for me to head home. Stewart could explain I had been ill and that was why the two of us had been away for so long. Rebecca probably wouldn't buy it but without the evidence (me) there to prove anything, she would just have to be suspicious.

I managed to get back to my car without running into anyone. When I got him my mom was there (dad was working late as usual). I told her everything that had happened and she was hysterical with laughter. Like me, she knew Stewart was nothing but a phony and also like me, she thought Rebecca was way too full of herself so she thought it was great that I had burst the bubble a bit. I was thrilled to, not to mention he hadn't been a bad fuck as well! I wondered how we how look at me the next time we met at church. Would he want to fuck me again? Well, even if he did, he wouldn't get to. I only fuck married men once and Stewart was no reason to break that rule. Still, I wouldn't mind staring at the BEAUTIFUL cock all day.

I am NOT my father's girlfriend or lover, not even as a fantasy. I am his daughter - period.

Enough about all that. I graduated from college this past spring so this summer was my first summer since I entered grade school that it was not "summer break". Actually, that feels a bit strange, especially now that summer is almost over. It's hard to shake the feeling that I have to return to school in a few weeks.

This past summer I tutored mostly, expecting to get a job as a substitute teacher in the fall. When it became clear that the best I was going to get was a part-time substitute position, I decided to put off teaching and get my Master's degree. Sooner or later I would be required to get it so I figured if I got it now then maybe it would help me move up the waiting list a little faster.

During the summer my dad made sure to take advantage of the fact I was back home again. True, when I was gone he still had my cousin Kristen to help quench his appetite for younger pussy, but I knew nothing satisfied him as much as getting a piece of his own daughter. For most of the summer he returned to our "tradition" where he would come into my bedroom before leaving for work and either masturbate over me if I was sleeping or fuck me if I was awake (and sometimes when I wasn't!) Now that I'm home permanently, the sense of urgency to get in as much sex as possible while I'm home seems to have dissipated. Over time it had gone from every morning to every other morning to know where I get a visit maybe once or twice a week at most.

Other than that, it was really a somewhat "calm" summer so far as me and dad were concerned. No office parties, no "escorting" for clients, etc. I kept busy with my tutoring and friends and he always seemed to be occupied with work so things just seemed to naturally work their way out between us. As such, you can imagine why he caught me a bit off guard one day when he approached me with a new fantasy idea. Actually, it wasn't that he came up with the idea and then asked me, it was more like something that just happened.

## 2. An Idea is Formed

We were having lunch after church one day when my mom mentioned one of the neighbors who had gotten divorced a few months back.

"Have you seen the girl he's been dating lately?" my mom said in a low voice so as not to be overheard by the folks in the booth next to us. "Good grief, I doubt she can even vote yet! I bet she doesn't know he has a thirty year-old daughter and two grandkids!"

My dad and I both laughed together. Actually I'd seen the girl in question myself earlier in the week and my mom was right; I could have sworn she was a babysitter except I knew he didn't need one anymore. Naturally my dad, being a guy, had a different take on the situation than the women in his family.

"So what's the big deal? Hey, if the guy can screw a teenage girl at his age, I'm certainly not going to blame him for going for it!"

My mom just snorted and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, figures you would say that. Men are such pigs and you all stick together!"

My dad leaned forward across the table and grinned at my mom. I could barely hear him whisper, "Just in case you've forgotten Mary, your 42 year-old husband likes to bang his 22 year-old daughter."

"And his twenty year-old niece, not to mention his fifteen year-old niece as well," I added, earning a sharp glance from my mother, apparently for not keeping my voice low enough.

My mom wasn't THAT easy to win an argument with, though. She countered with, "True, but at least you're not dating them out in public and making a spectacle of yourself."

That effectively ended the discussion so we went on to other things as we finished our lunch. On the way home, my dad was quiet, as if something was on his mind, but he wouldn't say what it was. It wasn't until later that night during supper that he eventually spilled the beans on his new idea.

"You know, I bet that guy loves it when women like you get all worked up over him dating a girl half his age," he started out with my mom.

"Who cares? I STILL think it looks ridiculous," my mom fired back. "He should be dating someone more his own age. She's just like Anna Nicole Smith."

My dad turned to me with a grin. "OK then, how would you feel Kelly, dating an older guy. Would you like people to stare at you and make gossip if you went out with some older guy?"

Immediately I had a premonition on where this was leading to but I played along.

"Why not, I think it would be fun!"

"See Mary," my dad countered smugly, "Your own daughter thinks it would be fun."

My mom shook her head and sighed. "So John, don't tell me that now you want to go out on some sort of date with Kelly, do you?"

"Why not?" he answered, acting as if it was the most innocent thing in the world for us to do.

"Well, what is someone sees you that knows you?"

"We could make it a road trip. You've been wanting to visit your girlfriend in Cleveland, why not make a night of it? We could stay in a hotel, have dinner on the town and visit a few clubs and places."

My mom was clearly not convinced. She tended to be the more conservative one in the family when it came to our sexual escapades, like a referee ready to blow the whistle when the action got out of hand.

"I'll think about it," was all she would say as she got up to clear the table.

My dad winked at me. We both knew when she said that it meant she just needed some time to digest it further. The odds were heavily in favor of a positive outcome, we just had to be patient. Pushing her now would only result in her taking a position contrary to whatever we wanted.

My mom was working the day shift so by the time she got home the next evening I had dinner ready but as usual, my dad was running late. My mom had learned long ago not to wait for him to get started or else we might starve some nights! As we sat down across from each other, we talked about her day at work as I patiently waited for her to say something about my dad's idea. From bitter experience, I knew it was always best to let HER bring up the topic.

"So, you still think your dad's idea is something you want to do?" she finally asked me.

"Sure, why not?"

"I don't know. Sometimes your father just gets these bizarre ideas. At least this time you won't be his hooker!"

We both laughed at that one. I knew back then she hadn't been 100% behind THAT idea but when it all worked out she was the first to ask for all the gory details.

She sighed and took a drink before continuing. "Well, I suppose if nothing else he'll owe me a night out too."

There it was, in her own round-about way she was going along with it. My mom didn't always come right out and say she agreed with some of the things my dad and I did. It was more like she didn't DISAGREE. It was all I could do to not jump up and give a big "YES!" so I immediately started to think about what I should wear and such. I didn't know where he planned to go exactly so it was hard to make a firm choice but I knew I had something for just about anywhere. If nothing else, it might prove out to be a great excuse to pry some money from him to buy me some new outfits.

The week seemed to crawl by. For the rest of the week, my dad didn't fuck me once. I even offered a BJ one night but he turned it down! It was like he was storing up sperm or something for the weekend. Well, if nothing else, he was going to be horny as hell! As for me, well I must have masturbated a couple of dozen times as I fantasized about how our "date" might go.

Of course, my imagination can get out of hand as I dreamed of him doing me on a restaurant table and then on a bar stool at a nearby club. Nothing was so outrageous that I couldn't get off thinking about it. Of course, it didn't help he wasn't fucking me which only added fuel to my masturbation needs. I suppose I could have called in a couple of guys I knew who were more than happy to meet my needs when they arose, but that seemed wrong somehow knowing my dad was going to be wanting me so badly at the end of the week.

## 3. Dad Makes a Bet at the Restaurant

Finally, Friday arrived and somehow or another my dad managed to take off work early. My mom had traded her hospital shift for another and so she was home already when my dad arrived. She had everything packed so as soon as he got home, we loaded the SUV and were on the road.

The trip to Cleveland was rather uneventful, especially when you consider how many of our road trips went. It was like we were all on our best behavior in anticipation of my dad and my "date". I didn't even masturbate on the way so that alone should tell you how serious I was about reserving the atmosphere!

We checked into a downtown Hilton hotel where my dad had reserved a suite. It was a bit of an extravagance but it made me feel special somehow. My mom had originally planned on visiting one of her friends that lived in the area but she had changed her mind at the last minute, deciding that she would rather watch the two of us having fun. It was a bit voyeuristic but then my mom often watched the two of us having sex at home. It was EXTREMELY rare for her to join in. She seemed to prefer watching her husband and daughter enjoying themselves and then be with each of us privately some other time. It was fine with me as having sex with my mom as compared to sex with my dad was like trying to compare night and day.

AS they unpacked I quickly ducked into one of the bathrooms where I carefully took a shower so as not to mess up my hair that I had paid over $100 to get done earlier in the day (well, dad's credit card actually paid for it). Normally my hair is so straight and lifeless but tonight I wanted it to look more bouncy and yet sophisticated at the same time.

Fortunately, my wardrobe already had the perfect "little black dress" so I hadn't had to go out and buy a new dress although it was tempting to do it anyway. A girl can NEVER have too many dresses! The dress was classic and simple, yet looked elegant because of its simplicity. It was solid black and hugged my body like it was custom form-fitted just for me. It was strapless and barely covered my boobs, showing as much cleavage as my c-sized boobs could produce. It stayed just as tight all the way down to my ass, clinging to me like fresh Saran Wrap. The bottom hem was no more than a couple of inches below my butt, threatening to reveal a thin black thong if I did much of anything more than just stand up straight.

My legs were firm and tan after the hours I had spent on our deck this summer so I wasn't wearing any hose. On my feet were some killer heels with five inch stilettos. I say "killer" partially because they made my legs and ass look great but also because they absolutely killed my feet when I wore them. Oh well, the sacrifices a girl has to make to look good for her date!

My mom came in as I was making some last minute adjustments to my outfit. I saw her behind me in the mirror, giving me a good look-over.

"Well, I guess you look slutty enough, even for your perverted father," she mumbled under her breath. I knew she was just joking, well, at least about my dad being perverted. As for me looking slutty, I certainly HOPED I did after all this work! What was the whole point of the outfit if not to be my dad's slutty date for the evening?

When I stepped out of the bathroom, my dad was waiting for me in the living room area of the suite. I entered the room and he let out a long, loud wolf whistle.

"Wow Kelly, you look REALLY hot tonight!"

I walked slowly over to him, my hips moving and legs crossing as I tried to be as sexy as I could.

"Think the other guys will be jealous?" I asked him seductively.

"Shit, I would say so," he replied. "Damn, I'm tempted just to stay here tonight!"

"Now John...," my mom intervened, wagging her finger at him

"OK Mary, I know. Don't forget, it WAS my idea to do this tonight after all."

It was getting past eight so we decided we had better get going. First stop was some steak place that my dad loved. They had a branch in Pittsburgh he loved to go to so it was a no-brainer for him when he made the reservations for tonight.

On the way through the hotel lobby, I walked with my dad while my mom trailed a discreet distance behind as if she wasn't associated with us. My dad put his arm around me and just before we went out the front glass doors, he turned to me and leaned down to kiss me. It wasn't very long but enough for everyone to get the idea we weren't just business associates. The valet even winked at my dad as he handed him the keys to our SUV which was now waiting for us. He must have been pretty surprised when my mom hopped in the back seat. Oh well, I guess we would be providing the gossip for the valet staff tonight!

At the restaurant, my dad parked and my mom stayed in the back seat while the two of us made our way to the entrance. The concierge found our reservation and as he gathered the menus to lead us to the table, I noticed he gave me the once-over. I smiled at him and he discreetly looked away but I could only imagine what he was thinking about me being with this older guy for the evening. Did he think I was his girlfriend, an escort or maybe even a prostitute? Of course, he would never know the truth about us. No doubt the option that I might be this guy's daughter never even crossed his mind from the slutty way I was dressed not to mention he couldn't have missed how my dad kept fondling my ass as he led us to our table!

My mom entered the restaurant alone a few minutes after we were seated. I could barely see her but we were close enough for me to see that the concierge seemed surprised when she asked for a table for one. Small wonder as how often does a good-looking forty-year-old woman go to a fancy, expensive restaurant all by herself?

Earlier in our hotel room, I found it interesting that my mom chose to leave her wedding ring at home while my dad had kept his on. At the time I wondered if my mom had plans to do a bit of teasing herself. Of course I knew she would never actually DO anything with another guy, but that didn't mean she couldn't have a little fun leading some poor guy on to think that she might. For my dad, I think it gave me a bit of a thrill for people to see his wedding ring since I wasn't wearing a ring, obviously, so anyone with even a passing interest would have to think that he was cheating on his wife. Even though I knew he would never even consider such a despicable act, it still didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the notoriety. After all, fantasies are NEVER bad!

My mom was led to a small table at the side of the restaurant almost opposite from us, making it all but impossible for me to see her clearly and I had to assume she was having the same problem. Oh well, it was still good enough to know we were there and since the rest rooms were on our side of the building, she had a ready-made excuse to pass by now and then for a closer view.

One nice thing was that since I'm now over 21, my dad can order wine AND I can drink it - legally. Although normally I'm not a big fan of anything alcoholic, a good glass of wine that compliments dinner is OK now and then. Actually, my parents have allowed me drink a little wine during dinner since I was just a little girl but it was never enough to get me drunk or even a little tipsy. At parties, I'm strictly a Diet Coke girl as I hate beer!

The wine guy (or whatever their fancy title is) brought a bottle and a stand to our table where I sat back and dutifully watched the little ritual. I had my legs crossed with the leg closest to him crossed over the other such that my skirt exposed my bare thigh as well as the majority of my ass to him. He pretended to be looking down at the bottle but his line of sight was clearly on another vintage. I wasn't sure what was going to pop first - the cork or his pants!

My dad ordered dinner for the two of us and later as we talked, I tried to see who was around us and what they were doing. Most of the people seemed to be business associates, guys for the most part on expense accounts. There was an older couple celebrating a wedding anniversary, probably their fiftieth from the looks of them. A couple of teenagers rounded out the crowd, the boy evidently trying to impress his girlfriend but instead just looking out of place and silly in the process. Well, for his sake I hoped she made the exorbitant bill worthwhile after dinner. I remember my mom's advice when I was dating - it's not polite to let a boy take you to a nice restaurant unless you're willing to blow him afterwards as a thank-you.

"God, you look incredibly sexy tonight Kelly," my dad said in a low voice over the candle glowing in the middle of our table.

Believe it or not, I actually blushed! He was making me feel like a princess, all dressed up and feeling so sexy here with a man that everyone thought was cheating one his wife. Actually, most people seemed to be ignoring us except for one table where four guys who looked to be in their late twenties and thirties were obviously well past their first round.

"I think those guys like you," my dad whispered to me, trying not to be overheard or appearing to look at them.

I grinned at him and glanced over at their table. They didn't even bother pretending to look away as two of them actually smiled back at me while the other two just leaned their heads back and rolled their eyes. God, talk about a bunch of drunk letches! My dad must have caught me looking over at them as he leaned over the table with that grin on his face he gets whenever he's about to ask me something naughty.

"So what do you think?" he asked me in a teasing voice, "How many of them?"

I had to cover my mouth to keep from breaking out laughing. Leave it to my dad to turn this into something naughty.

"Dad! Is that all you ever think about?" I replied, practically choking on my words as I struggled to get them out without bursting with laughter.

"Well, you of all people know the answer to that."

"Hey, I thought YOU were supposed to be dating ME tonight. What's this about me doing these guys anyway?"

He reached out and I let him take my hand in his. In doing so, I had to lean over, exposing my cleavage for him to see - as well as anyone who wanted to take a closer look.

"Awwwwww, don't worry, I'm the only one who's going to fuck you tonight, don't worry." he reassured me. THAT took me a bit by surprise, in a good way as I was starting to wonder whether or not he might have other things on his agenda. What was the story then?

"So what are you talking about then? You want me to just blow them?"

"Well, why not? Tell you what... I'll bet you can't get all four of them to cum before our entrees arrives."

My dad squeezed my hand and looked into my eyes. God, he was serious!

"Just look at them dad... they're drunk. You SURE you want to bet on that?"

My dad just looked at me, his mind going to work as he seemed to be deciding what direction to take at this crossroads. It had been intended to be just a night out between the two of us so this didn't exactly fall into the scheduled itinerary. I waited silently for his decision.

"Well, it would have to be all four of them but I'm sure you can handle that. It's the 'before the entree" part that I think would be a challenge - even for you baby."

Damn! My dad was essentially daring me to suck them so how could I turn away from such a thing? Oh yes, my dad knew his daughter all too well. Had he just bet me, I might have turned him down and gone on with dinner. But now he was DARING me, for all practical purposes questioning my ability to turn those guys on quickly. Under the circumstances, how could I do anything but accept the dare if I wanted to defend my honor and reputation?

"Well, what about just three of them? What of one of them is married or has ED."

My dad chuckled at that. As a skilled lawyer he recognized a weasel answer when he heard one and he wasn't about to let me get away with it. Oh well, I had to at least TRY.

"What's the matter? The stakes too high for ya? Don't think you can handle them?"

My mouth turned up in a naughty grin and I answered with a determined face, "That's not fair and you know it daddy."

My dad just shook his head, silently calling my bluff. Then he whispered to me saying, "OK, here's my final offer. All four before the entrees gets here and I buy you a new dress. If you fail, you clean house for your mom for a week."

Now THAT was an incentive for me. I can ALWAYS use a new dress and if he was buying it for me, then shopping for it would be half the fun. As for the possible consequences, I HATE housework so there was no way I was going to lose this one.

With our agreement in place, there was no time to lose as it was already pushing things pretty tight for time. Even though I knew it would be at least another twenty or thirty minutes at a restaurant like this before we got our meal, that was pretty damn fast to suck off four guys, even if they were prepared and waiting already.

"OK, just watch me old man."

"Hey, don't talk like that to your father!" he called out to me as I got up and walked away from the table.

Although my skirt had ridden up a bit while I was seated, I didn't bother to pull it down or straighten it out but instead walked directly over to the table with the foursome. I figured I had only twenty minutes at most so there was no time to tease or fool around.

"You boys like what you've been watching?" I said demurely when I reached their table, resting on my hands and leaning over to give them a solid view of my boobs. Fortunately, they were drunk enough to answer honestly.

"Hey babe, ain't you a little young for that guy?" one of them asked.

In the few seconds it had taken me to move from our table to theirs, I had debated how to approach this. With the time limit I faced, there was really only one option I could think of - direct and to the point.

"Not at all. Matter of fact, he's my daddy and he bet me I couldn't suck each of you off before our meal arrives."

God, what I would've given for my digital camera at that moment. Each of the simply froze in place, their mouths hanging open like fish out of water. Of course, not one of them believed the "daddy" line which, of course, was exactly what I had counted on. The good point about that was I didn't have to make up a story, yet to them I had handed out a whopper. Really, what father would be going out to dinner with his daughter dressed like I was? Without calling me a liar, all they could do was wonder what the REAL story was.

"Seriously?" one of them finally asked. The rest just kept staring at me - or at least at my boobs.

"Well, meet me in the men's room in one minute and find out," I taunted them.

Well, I had done it; thrown down the gauntlet in the most direct and straightforward way possible yet still managed to leave them speechless and disbelieving. It wasn't until I headed for the restrooms that they probably started to think I might really BE serious. As much as I wanted to do it, I never even looked back until I was finally in the hallway where the two restrooms were located.

Now if a guy were to walk into the women's restroom, there would be shrieks and orders to get out immediately. Not surprisingly, the reception I got in the men's room wasn't quite the same. There were two guys in there when I pushed the door open (no door knob or lock I noticed right away) and stepped in like I owned the place.

"Ah sister, I think you got the wrong door," some guy said who was washing his hands at one of the sinks.

A quick glance and I saw there were two urinals and two stalls with two sinks on the opposite wall. It wasn't really that bad a place with various men's toiletries on the sink and real hand towels instead of paper ones. The second guy was up against one of the urinals in the classic pose a guy takes when he's peeing.

"That's OK, I'm meeting some friends for a blowjob," I said offhandedly, as if it was the most perfectly normal thing in the world for me to be doing.

It's amazing how the truth can work to your advantage as once again, I was met with a look of total disbelief. The guys peeing must have heard me as well as he quickly turned his head over his shoulder to take a look at me.

"I don't EVEN want to know!" the first guy said as he dried his hands quickly and practically ran out of the room.

The second guy seemed to be in the same state of either disbelief or denial. I could only imagine what he would be saying to whoever he was having dinner with when he returned! He didn't even wash his hands in his rush to escape what seemed to be an uncomfortable situation. I smiled sardonically at the whole series of events. Personally, I would have thought I had just presented them with their wildest fantasy yet both of them panicked when faced with the real story. Typical men.

I'd been in there almost thirty seconds by now and was starting to wonder if my entourage was going to arrive. Just as I was being to doubt them and started to head for the door before some other guy barged in, the door swung open and in walked my targets.

"Shit, she's really here!" The guy who spoke was the one who spoke first earlier at the table. He must have been the leader of the bunch, if not in job title than at least in personal stature.

"Of course I am," I replied a bit briskly, as if I was fed up with their tardiness. "Now who's first? C'mon, be good boys and drop your pants so we can get going."

They all looked at each other and I wasn't the least bit surprised at who my first victim was. Well, so far he was the only one to even say a word to me so I guess it made sense I should suck his dick first. I squatted down and sat on my heels as I motioned for him to approach me.

"Hurry up, I've got a deadline!" I said, as if I was telling a kid at some fast food joint to rush my order.

As he stepped forward, unzipping his pants, I looked at the other three and waved my hand as if dismissing them.

"You guys too... let's GP... get 'em out and start jerking off so you're ready when your turn comes - and I DO mean CUMS!"

The entire situation was surreal. In fact, it was so weird that I found that I wasn't even all that sexually excited. Sure, my pussy felt familiar twinge I get whenever I see any guy's dick, but I wasn't feeling that all-over electricity I normally get when I'm really horny for a dick. This was too mechanical, to unemotional, and most of all, too EASY. God, less than five minutes earlier I'd been talking with my dad and now here I was in the men's restroom getting ready to suck the first of four dicks! Yep, WAY too easy!

It's strange how some things work out. There have times in my life when the most simple act has be incredibly erotic, like the touch of an anonymous hand brushing against my leg when I'm seated on a crowded bus. Then there are times when you would think it would be the most sexually exciting time ever and it falls flat on its face.

Unfortunately, that's what happened here. Maybe it was my worry over meeting the deadline. Maybe it was the fact that this had just happened WAY too easy, without any real effort on my part or need to seduce or tease. Then again, maybe it was because they were all just drunk perverts and I've never cared much for guys when they drink too much (although the pervert part wasn't much of a problem with me).

Whatever the reason, the next fifteen minutes were probably the LEAST memorable blowjobs I've ever given. I guess I owe a little bit of a description but I'm not going to waste my time with anything more than a summary.

Guy #1 (I hadn't asked their names nor did I really want to know them) had a decent cock but nothing to write home about. Despite all the alcoholic drinks he was pretty hard which meant he was either not as drunk as he was letting on, or he had extraordinary erection powers compared to most guys I knew. As it turned out, he lasted the longest, going for at least five minutes before he blew his wad all over my face.

Without waiting for me to clean up, in his place stepped Guy #2. I don't think up to now I mentioned one of them was black and that turned out to be the second guy. Although I hate to admit it, I was a bit disappointed when his cock didn't transform into some monster dick but other than being darker than the others, it was about average sized and his cum squirted out into my mouth no different than the other three.

Guy #3 was the least impressive of the bunch. He had a decent enough dick but an attitude that would have turned off any girl I knew - even the sluttiest ones. He was a bit rough, grabbing my head and holding me still while he fucked my mouth, obviously trying to impress his buddies with his "expertise". Well, for all his bravado, he lasted the least of any of them, probably less than two minutes, tops. He also dribbled instead of squirting, barely missing my dress which would have pissed me off had he messed it up.

Guy #4 looked like he was about to chicken out. I didn't see a wedding ring on his hand although he may taken it off before coming in here with us. I just stayed squatting while his buddies all teased him and finally cajoled him into letting me blow him. Like most every guy I've ever met, once his dick was in my mouth he changed his tune and stopped protesting.

Remarkably, I finished them all off in just over fifteen minutes. Some mention was made about fucking me but I rebuffed them and they left the restroom mumbling unhappily about it, leaving me behind as I pulled myself up using the sink for balance. One look in the mirror was enough to make me reach for the towel dispenser. Thankfully, I looked a LOT worse than I felt!

I was wiping my face off when the door opened and in walked some nice looking guy. Needless to say he was a bit surprised to see me, to the point he even backed out momentarily to check the sign outside the door.

"Ummmmm, excuse me miss but aren't you in the wrong restroom?" he called to me from just inside the door.

When I turned to him he got a view of my face, still half-covered with cum and he quickly sized up the situation.

"Sorry... I'll come back later," he hurriedly said as he moved out of the restroom. He actually looked embarrassed! Too bad he hadn't stepped in about five minutes earlier - then he would have had something to be embarrassed about!

I couldn't help but smile at myself in the mirror. God, what had he been thinking when he saw all this mess on my face and in my hair? I quickly wiped the rest of it off and ran a comb through my hair in an attempt to get out the few drops that had missed my face entirely and landed on my head. Somehow or another I had managed to keep them from ruining my dress which made me happy.

Back at my dad's table, I took a seat and smiled at him.

"Well, no entree yet I see," I said with a grin. I glanced over at the table where the guys had been and saw there were all watching me and I waved at them discretely.

"Get all four?"

"Daddy!" I whined, "I can't believe you even asked that!"

"Well, I figured as much from the looks on their faces when they came back from the restroom," "So, are you proud of me Daddy?"

My dad just shook his head back and forth ruefully and then he looked me straight in the eyes and smiled at me, like a loving father should look at his little girl.

"I would be proud of you no matter what you did in there, baby." I wasn't going to let him get by with THAT lame response.

"Ahhhhhh, you know what I meant daddy!"

"Alright, if you insist, I WAS proud of you. Not many girls would have the guts – or the skill, to do what you just did."

I looked around to see if my mom had been watching. Did she know what I had just done? From the way she was looking at me, I would say that she did!

## 4. Dad Does me In the Parking Garage

Our dinner arrived and I put the guys out of my mind as we ate the most incredible steaks and then topped it off with dessert to die for. God, it was a good thing my dress stretched as I must have gained a COUPLE of pounds just eating it all! It was nice just to spend some time with my dad like this, intimate yet public. I hated always having to hide our relationship from people and it was refreshing to have him treat me the way I knew he wanted to back home. With dessert over and the credit card in the waiter's hands. We debated what to do next. Well, there was only one option so far as I was concerned.

"I want you to fuck me daddy," I said, cutting off whatever he had been saying at the time. Something about his work but I was too horny to listen anymore.

My dad smiled at me, a mixture of fatherly love and male lust on his face. Yes, he wanted me! It made my heart practically burst from my chest to see the fire in his eyes as he stared at me. I could only imagine what he was thinking as he stared at me like I was his own personal toy and he was just debating how he wanted to play with me.

"Ready to go back to the hotel then, I take it?" he asked with the grin still on his face.

"I never said THAT!" I teased him.

"OK then... so where?"

I bit my lower lip as I thought about all the possibilities. Although I was sure sooner or later that he WOULD fuck me in the hotel room, for now that was about the LAST place on earth I wanted it.

"What's wrong with the parking garage?"

My dad's smiled broadened and I thought I caught what might have been a look of relief. Lord only knows where he thought I might want him to do me!

"Sort of public, don't you think?" he countered.

"Your point?" I responded.

My dad laughed at that one. "Yeah, I suppose I should have caught onto that right away."

The check came back and my dad signed the bill and put away his credit card. He stood up and offered me my hand to help me up. As I joined him, I looked over at the table where my friends had been. They were no place to be seen and the table easy cleared so I guess they must have finished earlier and I hadn't noticed. I saw my mom was paying her bill as well and we left before she was finished but she knew where to find us!

The parking garage was your standard downtown concrete monolith. It was pretty full yet there was little traffic. Evidently everyone had already arrived for the evening and they must be staying where they were for the time being. As we made our way to the SUV, my dad grabbed my ass and gave me a playful squeeze.

"Daddy!" I protested.

"OK, tell me how you do it," he demanded.

"Do what?"

"Well, walk in that outfit. If the dress was any tighter you would pop like a tube of toothpaste and those heels are like stilts. Speaking of the dress, how the hell does it stay UP and DOWN at the same time? I mean, what keeps it from falling off your tits and riding up your ass?"

I just grinned at him as pushed him good-naturedly. "Well, some things a girl has to keep a secret."

By now we had reached the SUV and he beeped the doors open. He opened the passenger door for me and rather than get inside, I just leaned forward over the seat, letting my ass stick out towards him. Of all the parts of my body, I love my ass the best when it comes to showing off and I wanted him to get a good view of it. I was rewarded for my efforts as my dad reached between my legs and ran his hand upward.

"God you have such a sweet butt," he groaned as his hand reached my crotch.

The force of his forearm against my dress made it ride up, exposing my entire butt and letting him see the thong that was trying valiantly in its futile attempt to try to cover a least a little of my ass. "Well, this has GOT to go!" he huffed as he grabbed my back of my thong and pulled it down to my ankles where I stepped out of it.

"Please fuck me daddy... I've been wanting you to do me all night!"

"You heard her John, what are you waiting for anyway?"

We both turned and saw my mom standing a few feet away. With her heels I don't know how we had missed her approach but I guess when all you can think about it your dad's dick, things tend to get overlooked.

"Well dear, what are you looking at me for?" she said, shaking her head in exasperation at my dad's attention to her, "Don't look at me, SHE'S the one's that's been horny all night."

He smacked my bare bottom with the palm of his hand, making a sharp sound that echoed through the empty garage that sounded a lot worse than it felt.

"You ready baby?"

"Dad!" I whined, hopefully sounding as frustrated as I was feeling. Damn, I wished he would just fuck me and get it over with instead of goofing around like this!

"OK, OK, I get the message!" he laughed, undoing his pants to free his cock.

Needless to say, he was fully erect already so he wasted no time in pushing it up against me as I spread my legs to make it easier for him to enter me from behind.

"That's it John, quit stalling and give it to her," my mom encouraged him as I felt him moving his dick around between my legs, searching for my pussy hole.

Reaching between my legs, I spread my pussy apart with my fingers to help him out. He quickly found the mark and I could feel the smooth head of his wonderful dick pressing harder and harder.

"Oh yes... fuck me daddy," I moaned softly, pushing my ass back against him to drive him into me, "Show me how much you love me."

He grabbed my hips with both hands and I was thrown forward with the sudden force of him penetrating me. Usually he would enter me slowly and deliberately, letting me feel him entering my pussy, swallowing his hard cock like some hungry snack taking its prey down its throat. Not this time. Tonight my dad must have been too horny to be deliberate about anything. His crotch met up against my ass and I felt the thick pubic hair surrounding his dick against my sensitive bare ass.

"Oh yeah, that's what I wanted," I moaned softly, concentrating on the way his dick filled my pussy.

What more can I say? It was wonderful! I could feel the thickness of my father's cock pushing its way into me, forcing me to open and accept him, demanding that submit to him. His cock felt warm inside of me as it slid in and out, rubbing against the sensitive walls of my pussy, sending the most sensational feelings shooting throughout my entire body. Yes, this WAS exactly what I wanted, to feel my own father in me as he satisfied his deepest desires for me, listening to him groan with lust as he coupled his body with mine, feeling the urgency of his touch on me as he mated me with his dick.

I buried my head between my arms as I leaned down on the seat and just let him fuck me. My dad was now stroking his hard incestuous cock in and out of me like a piston, going in deep until his crotch smacked up against my bare ass and then pulling out until he was just barely in me before drilling it in me again. A few times he pulled out too far but my pussy was stretched open now and he easily slid it back in without missing a beat.

After spending an entire evening waiting for this, it must have been almost like a sense of relief for him to finally feel himself in me. What thoughts were going through his mind at a time like this? How did it feel to take me in a way only HE could? What was it like for a father to know his only daughter was giving herself to him completely and without reservation just to please him and satisfy his most intense desires?

"Suck it baby," he demanded in a voice husky and thick with his lust for me. No sooner than he pulled out than I twisted around and squatted down on my heels in front of him. I only had a moment to admire his cock before he had it in my face, pushing it against my mouth which I quickly opened to accept him.

As I took his dick in my mouth, I could taste my pussy on him and smell my scent in his crotch. Mmmmmmm, it smelled so good! It was almost like when he was fucking me from behind except now he easy fucking my mouth, driving his hard cock in and out with the same purpose and intensity that he had just done with my pussy. I reached between my legs and played with my clit as he pumped his wonderful dick in and out of my mouth while my tongue slid along it.

"Car!" my mom warned as she stepped in closer to shield us from view.

There weren't any parking spots open around us and for a moment the person slowed, maybe hoping we were getting ready to leave. My mom must have gestured or something because I heard the engine speed back up and the car went on into the garage further. Meanwhile, my dad hadn't even hesitated as he continued to fuck my mouth, which was perfectly fine with me!

As I sucked his dick I couldn't help but compare what I was doing now with what I'd done earlier with those idiots in the men's room. For me, sex is more emotional than physical which was why sucking my dad like this was SO much better. Those other guys didn't give a damn about me; they just wanted their dicks sucked and didn't give a damn who did it.

In stark contrast, I knew without a doubt that my dad was more turned on that it was ME, his little girl, that was taking his dick in her mouth even more than the actual blowjob I was giving him. He loved me and I was sure that he understood that I was sucking his dick out of my love and respect for him, not to just enjoy yet another cock after literally hundreds of prior ones. My emotions almost overwhelmed me as I looked up at him and saw the pleasure I was giving my father with my mouth!

"Here, sit up on the seat," he said, trying to catch his breath as he grabbed me by the shoulders and lifted me up.

Reluctantly I relinquished his dick - I could have sucked it all night! The cool leather of the seats felt good against my ass as I backed into the SUV. I had to sit on the edge so he could reach but as it turned out, it was about the right height as he plunged his cock back into my warm wet pussy that had missed him.

"Oh daddy," I moaned, "I love you to fuck me!"

"Car!" my mom warned yet again.

This time, though, it didn't slow and my dad just ignored it. I guess maybe someone MIGHT have gotten a brief glimpse of us but who cared? Certainly not me or my dad! At that moment I WANTED the whole world to see us. I wished everyone could see my dad with his dick inside of me, to show them just how far I was ready to go to please my father. I wanted people to see the way he looks when he drives his cock into me, to see how much he loves fucking his daughter, to see him cum in me and mate me in this ultimate act of union between a man and woman - father and daughter to be more specific on our case.

My dad was pumping faster now and I could tell from the grimace on his face and the tense grip he had on the door that he was trying to hold himself back, trying to savor the moment as long as possible. It must have been hard for him to battle the instinctive desire to release his sperm in me, mating me like some bitch in heat, against the fatherly love and respect for his daughter that drove him to fuck me longer and harder.

"Cum in me daddy," I urged him. It had been so long since I had felt him cum in me - almost a week now, and I wanted it badly. "I want you to cum inside of me!"

"Oh god!" he groaned as he leaned hard into me.

I felt him convulse as his warm cock erupted in me and flooded my pussy with his fatherly cum, his incestuous sperm. It felt so damn good! As always, I felt inundated when he came in me, overcome with the joy and happiness that comes from this totally intimate outward sign of his love and respect for me.

He finally pulled out of me and opened my pussy with his fingers. I knew what he was looking for and I squeezed my pussy to force out some of the cum he had just deposited in me. The majority was deep inside of me and would drain out later, but there was always some that I could push out of me for him to see.

"Oh yeah, look at that Mary," he said to my mom, obviously proud of his handwork.

My mom looked but seemed rather indifferent. Maybe in another time or place she might have even licked it off of me, but out here in public she was clearly uncomfortable with the situation.

"Well, somebody better clean off that seat before I get in!" she teased him.

My dad pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to me. I wiped up the pussy that had dribbled from my pussy first, and then reached down to get what I could from the seat before I slid forward and wiped it up with my ass instead. Not that I minded cum on my butt, it's just it made a mess and I needed to pull my dress down sooner or later!

"Well, the two of you horny toads had enough fooling around for one night?" she asked.

My dad looked at me and then we both looked back at my mom, grins plastered all over our faces. Personally, I was ready for another round!

"Well, we can head back to the hotel but I'm not so sure your daughter's ready to quit for the night," he chuckled.

Indeed I wasn't! Heck, I hadn't even cum yet after sucking off four guys and now being fucked by my horny dad so one way or another I had things to do tonight. I hopped in the back seat while my parents got in the front.

# 5. Mom and I Put on a Show For My Dad

This time on the way to hotel I masturbated as there was no way I could keep my hand off my hot pussy after having just been fucked by my dad, not to mention knowing there was more dick where that came from waiting for me in our room. Who knows, maybe mom might join in as well?

When we arrived at the hotel I was so engrossed with what I was doing in the back seat that I didn't even realize where we were until the valet came to get the keys from my dad. I quickly pulled down my dress but he probably got a brief glimpse of what I had been doing. Not that it really mattered. Actually he was a pretty hot college guy and for all I cared, he could have joined me in the back seat!

As the three of us walked through the lobby, I could feel the stares of the men and I wondered what they would say if they knew how hot my pussy was at the moment. I was so damn horny I could have taken them all on but I knew better things waited for me up in our room. Once in the elevator, my dad started teasing me, reaching under my dress to rub my pussy with his fingers.

"John, they DO have cameras in these things nowadays you know," my mother hissed at him.

It was a moot point as we quickly arrived at our floor and soon were back in our room. No sooner than the door was closed than my mom hugged my dad and I stood by as I watched them kiss. If there is one thing I feel fortunate about, it's the love my parents have for one another. Hopefully when I get married, twenty five years later I'll still be loved by my husband as much as my dad loves my mom, and the same for my mom's love for him.

People are always asking me if they swing or if they ever would have sex with me and someone else? All I can say is anyone who asks such a silly questions doesn't have a clue about my parent's marriage. Neither one of them would ever cheat on the other. It has nothing to do with getting "consent", as neither of them would deny the other something they truly wanted. No, they simply wouldn't do it out of respect for each other. I can't ever picture my dad fucking another woman; it's not even something I fantasize about!

"Would you want to watch tonight?" I heard my mom whisper softly to my dad.

My heart seemed to skip a beat when I heard her say that. Normally whenever my dad fucked me, my mom would not get involved, at least not directly. If anything, she might watch and masturbate but as for making it a three-some, that just wasn't the norm. She had explained it to me once that so far as she was concerned, my dad fucking me was something she allowed because she knew how much he wanted it. Since I was their daughter, it wasn't like he was cheating by fucking another woman. Instead, she saw it similar to when he masturbated watching some porn movie. Sure the movie turned him on and helped him get off, but it wasn't like it changed anything between them. So it was with him fucking me. I satisfied his needs and made him happy, but he never substituted me for my mom. Thus for her to join in would be like interrupting him when he was masturbating.

Despite all that, my mom recognized that my father WAS a male and he DID have certain fantasies and needs that she could satisfy without compromising her marriage vows. What guy doesn't jerk off thinking of two women getting it on. Other than twin sisters, most guys tell me a mother-daughter relationship is the hottest thing for them to watch. Why should my dad be any different?

My dad grinned at her suggestion and she steered him over to the sofa where he took a front row seat for the show she intended to put on for him. Then she turned back to me and smiled. I could feel goose bumps rising all over me in anticipation. God, it had been like forever since we had done anything like this!

"What do you say Kelly, shall we give him a show?"

Well duh! I didn't need to answer as she knew perfectly well how I felt about it. I couldn't say which aspect turned me on more, having my dad watch us or just being together with my mom. We hadn't done anything sexual together in over a month, which wasn't all that unusual and actually it typically was longer than that between times. In contrast, my dad enjoyed doing me every chance he could! The difference was my dad did it to get off and what could turn him on more than fucking his daughter (putting my mom aside for the moment)? My mom and I were more like close friends, maybe even lovers, when we met in bed. Sure it felt good to be with her, but emotionally being with her was the most intense and intimate experiences of my life.

We met in the middle of the room and she kissed me as we wrapped our arms around each other. Her lips felt so soft and full! God she smelled wonderful and I tingled as she ran her hands through my hair while her tongue explored my mouth. My father may dominate me in that I submit myself to him out of respect as his daughter. My mom also dominates me sexually but it is her maturity and experience that drives our roles rather than me feeling I am required to submit myself to her.

"I love you mom," I whispered softly as our lips parted ever so slighty.

"Yes Kelly, I love you too," she sighed as I grabbed her ass in my hands through her dress and pulled her in tight to me.

As if an unspoken command had been uttered, we parted and quickly dropped our dresses to the floor. Neither of us was wearing anything underneath them which meant the only thing left was to kick off our heels and leave the jewelry on the nightstand. The two of us stood apart and I gazed at my beautiful mother's nude body. Oh sure she wasn't twenty two like me, but for a woman her age she was still remarkably fit and sexy.

My mom took me by the hand and led me to the bed where I climbed on and laid flat on my back with my head supported by a couple of pillows. My mom laid to the side of me, draping her upper leg over me and pushing up against me until her crotch was pressed against my high. She ground her pussy into me, rubbing herself against my leg as she put her arm over me and held my breast in her hand.

"God you feel so soft and warm," she murmured as she buried her face in my hair, tickling my ear lobe with her tongue.

Her large breasts pressed against me as she let her hand wander all over me, fondling me gently as she let her fingertips do most of the touching. When her hand reached my crotch, she rubbed her middle finger down along my pussy slit and then to my pussy hole where she pushed it up inside of me. Once she wetted her finger in me, she pulled it out and used it to wet the rest of my pussy and clit before bringing her finger to her mouth to taste me.

"Mmmmmmm, I think you still have some of your dad's cum in you," she giggled. "He must have really left a load in you!"

Indeed he had but at the moment, all I could think about was the feel of my mother's nude body against mine. It was one thing to lay next to her in bed nude watching TV or just falling asleep. There wasn't anything really sexual or erotic about that. This was different. She wasn't laying against me just because we happened to be next to each other. No, she desired me and loved me and wanted to share herself with me. What more could a daughter ask of her mother?

"I think I need to get a closer look," she giggled as she sucked on her finger again.

I watched as she moved down to the end of the bed. Spreading my legs apart for her, she kneeled between them and reached out to run her hand over my pussy and inner thighs.

"You know, you've really become a beautiful woman," she said, our eyes meeting as her finger found my clit. My body tensed and my hips lifted upward as her fingertip rubbed me in just the perfect way to set me off. God my mom knew EXACTLY how to touch me!

She reached over to grab a pillow and as I lifted my hips she stuffed it under my ass to raise my pussy in the air. Smiling at me the entire time, she dropped her head into my crotch and blew softly on my sensitive pussy and clit. The arm breath felt incredible against me, sending shivers throughout me from head to toe.

"My oh my, a horny little girl, aren't you?" she teased me after seeing my overreaction to her touch. Talk about the understatement of the year!

Her tongue reached out and I almost came on the spot as it twirled around my clit in tight little circles, periodically crossing over it and sending chills through me each time. She kept two fingers in my pussy, stroking them slowly in and out of me as she lapped my clit like a kitten at a bowl of milk.

"Oh mom, that feels soooooo good!" I moaned. I had both hands on m boobs, one over each breast. With the pillow behind my head I could watch her between my legs, see her tongue as it played over my clit like a bow over a fine violin.

My orgasm came quickly and surged as she kept up her relentless assault on my clit. Even as I cried out from the overwhelming surge of emotions coursing through me as my pussy literally screamed with pleasure, she never let her tongue rest for even a second. It was like she was watching some seismograph, judging my orgasm's intensity and adjusting her touch accordingly to keep me right at the peak. I almost felt like I was pissing on her as my pussy overflowed and my cum poured out over her fingers.

"I can't take any more!... Oh god stop, stop mom!" I cried out. No, I didn't REALLY want her to stop but yet something in me was making me say those words. Hell, I didn't want this to EVER stop but at the same time I felt totally out of control, completely helpless as it was like her mouth and tongue had total control over me.

Everything around me faded into black as the only thing I could possibly think about was what was happening between my legs. It was like I was blind and deaf as all I could see was her face buried in my pussy, all I could hear was the lapping sounds of her tongue on my pussy. My entire world was condensed into its bare essence, nothing left but my pure sexuality.

How long it went on I couldn't say but it felt like forever on one hand but only a moment on the other. My mom slipped back up alongside of me and kissed me.

groaning but my mom loved to talk - LOUDLY and moan, again, LOUDLY. I would have bet that most people who thought she was this gentle and quiet mother, never swearing or causing a fuss, would have been shocked to hear the stream of obscenities flowing from her when my dad fucked her! With me she tended to not go quite so overboard but she could still moan up a storm!

I plunged my finger into her wet pussy as I tugged on her clit with my teeth, gently pulling it out and letting it go to snap back. Gripping it with my lips, I pulled on it and sucked it until she was crying again for me to make her cum. Well damn, I was doing the best I could!

Sensing she was close, I lifted my leg and straddled her, letting my pussy hover over her face. As I dropped my pussy down closer, she wrapped her arms around my hips and put her hands on my ass, pulling me tighter into the waiting face. She was too absorbed in my mouth on her clit to do much with mine but I could feel her hot breath against my pussy and then her face moving under it as I dipped it down closer now and then.

She was cumming. Her hips thrust up and almost pushed me off her as her back armed and she tightened her grip on my ass. I could feel her cum as it erupted from her pussy, smell the thick odor of her female scent as she orgasmed even harder with my mouth all over her pussy.

My mouth was getting tired and my tongue actually hurting from extending it so far but I wasn't going to let up on my mom that easily. She had driven me so far into the stratosphere with my orgasm that I had wondered how I was ever going to land again so I had to do the same for her. She was bucking under me, humping my face like my dad was fucking her instead of my tongue. Finally she suddenly just collapsed, breathing heavily as she fought to regain her breath.

My first instinct was to do the same but I might have smothered her if I had so I twisted around until I was lying next to her almost just the reverse from how we had been before. This time it was me with my leg over her and my crotch was the one pressing up against her leg. We both smelled strongly of sex and I could feel her heart racing as I laid my head on her breast.

Gradually we caught our breath and I moved up higher on her until our lips met once again and we kissed. For the longest time that was all we did, kissing each other long and soft, savoring each other as our bodies pressed together as if we were trying to merge them as one.

# 6. Dad Can't Hold Back

My mom and I might have gone on all night had it not been for the dick that suddenly appeared in front of us!

Looking up, we saw my dad had stripped and from the looks of things, his dick had made a full recovery and was ready for action once again!

"I think someone needs to be fucked," he said softly as he stroked my mom's hair. At first I thought he meant me since normally that was what he did when it was the three of us. Not tonight it appeared!

I rolled over on my back, leaving my mom laying exposed to my dad. She smiled at him as she realized what his intentions were and raised her arms out to him. He climbed on top of her in typical missionary style and his cock quickly homed in on her busy without wither of the touching it.

"Mmmmmmm, looks like our daughter has you all ready for me," he said with a grin and a wink to me.

"I love you John," was all my mom had to say.

Suddenly something dawned on me that I had never realized before. Never in my life had I ever heard my mom ask my dad to fuck her. In contrast, I was asking him to fuck me all the time but then, I did it because I knew he liked to hear me say it. It was yet another sign of the true love that they shared. She didn't say it because she didn't have to, he knew she wanted him. At the same time, he didn't need to hear her say it to get off, he KNEW she wanted it as badly as he did. Aren't my parents just incredible?

I watched closely as his hips thrust down and forward and his cock slipped easily into her wet pussy. Of course, a forty something mom with a kid isn't going to have the tight pussy of a teenager, but he didn't seem to mind one way or the other. He wasn't fucking her anyway, he was making love to her which was an experience I had never enjoyed yet in my life.

I didn't have to make love myself to recognize how special it was between them. Watching two people totally in love with one another making love is like nothing else in the world. It was special to them as well. Growing up my parents didn't care if I saw them masturbate yet they NEVER let me see them make love. It wasn't until I was sixteen and came home early to see them in the hot tub that I first saw them making love. It was then I sensed the incredible relationship they had and what led to my wanting to share part of that relationship myself as much as possible. Of course, I am talking about when I first gave myself to my dad.

I didn't even masturbate as I watched my dad and mom together. It would have seemed almost sacrilegious to get myself off in the midst of their love making. This wasn't something to get off from, it was something to admire.

When my father finally came in my mom, it wasn't like when he came in me. With me it was like he was fulfilling some fantasy, like he was realizing some goal he had set for himself or satisfying this lust that had grown in him and needed to be released. As he released himself in her, it was like watching a man giving a precious diamond to his lover, like he was giving my mom something more than doing it for his own pleasure. It was so beautiful I practically cried!

My parents fell asleep in each other's arms soon afterwards, leaving me next to them on the bed. As I load there I contemplated the evenings events and overall, I had to say it was quite the successful evening. As I turned over to fall asleep, I resolve to be the first to wake up. There was no need to put out a room service request, I knew there was going to be a nice sausage for me to enjoy come morning. Yes indeed, my dad was going to enjoy his wakeup call if I had anything to say about it!

time we did that and as it turned out, it was also the last. time, at least until now. To understand why I have to explain a little more about our families.

Almost a year before all this I let my Uncle Jim fuck me in front of my dad for the first time. I'd teased my uncle mercilessly over the years, sitting in his lap and flashing him but had never really seriously considered getting fucked by him. After the first time I would let him fuck me now and then but as he is a genuine jerk in my opinion, I really did it more as a favor to my dad than something I really wanted to do.

A couple of days after I did my uncle, I started fucking his son, my cousin Rick. Rick is not exactly the greatest guy in the world but he has a great dick that never seemed to go soft, no matter how many times he came, so it's been fun. The idea of fucking a father and his son was pretty hot to fantasize about but it never happened with my uncle and cousin. The biggest reason for our "discretion" wasn't anything to do with the two of them but rather was my Aunt Shari, the most autocratic and shrewish woman on earth, particularly when it came to sex. My aunt was always making nasty comments to me my mom about the way I dressed and flirted. It would have bad enough had she found out that her husband and son were fucking me and I could only imagine what her reaction would be if we made it into e three-some!

## 2. Getting Started at the Lake

So much for background stuff. With summer officially closing as of Labor Day weekend, my parents decided to take advantage of the weather and head down to Cheat Lake in West Virginia. Located in a state park, the lake was clean and large and was one of our favorite destinations being relatively close to home. Unfortunately my dad's schedule didn't allow for an overnight trip this year but by skipping church and leaving in the morning, we still had most of the day available. My dad invited my aunt and uncle before checking with my mom, something that didn't exactly thrill her, or me, all that much. It was too late to change since they had already been asked and accepted the invitation so we would just have to make the best of it. My mom and aunt didn't get along all that much and I knew my dad was more interested in seeing Tammy in her bikini than anything else!

Since our boat was still docked at the marina, all we had to do was pile in the SUV and drive for a little over an hour. As it turned out, my cousin Kate already had something arranged with some friends for the entire weekend so she couldn't come which was just as well for me as she was just a nasty clone of her screwed-up mother. Rick had once joked that Kate would still be a virgin a year AFTER she got married. Needless to say, Kate had no idea what her bother and younger sister were doing when she wasn't around!

Without Kate that left just six of us so we didn't have to take two vehicles. Being we were the smallest, Tammy and me were assigned to the more cramped back seat while my aunt and uncle squeezed in the middle seat with my cousin Rick. While Tammy and I were quite comfortable in the close quarters of the rear seat, I noticed Rick was distinctly unhappy with having to sit with his parents, even though his mom took the middle seat. Having turned nineteen just a couple of months earlier, it wasn't like he was some little boy anymore. My Aunt Shari isn't exactly svelte, to say the least, and my Uncle Jim was losing his own battle of the bulge, so Rick didn't have a lot of room for himself. Something told me that rubbing up against his fat mom wasn't exactly a turn-on for him! No doubt he wished my mom would trade places with his - THEN he would have been happier the tighter she pushed up against him, I'm sure.

Tammy and I wear dressed almost the same - loose denim shorts and t-shirts over our bikinis so we wouldn't have to change when we got there. If there was one thing I did NOT like about the place, it was the restrooms. Between the bugs and the things nasty people left behind, they grossed me out and I hated changing in them. At twenty-two, I was seven years older than Tammy but I noticed that her boobs were developing nicely, especially in the past year or so giving her quite an incredible figure for her age, a fact not missed by many of the boys in school from what I heard.

Tammy's mom was also well aware of her daughter's emerging "assets". She was always trying to make her youngest daughter wear more conservative one-piece bathing suits but unlike her subservient older sister Kate, Tammy was a bit rebellious, to say the least. Somehow or another she always managed to wear the skimpiest bikini she could get her hands on. As much as I knew it drove her mom crazy to wear them, I also knew it was nothing to what her reaction would have been had she known the full effect it had on the three men in the car - including her own husband and Tammy's father!

My Aunt Shari was wearing conservative blue shorts and a light blue blouse. Odds were that she didn't have a bathing suit underneath as she never went in the water. She was grossly overweight and I overheard my dad joke once that if she went near the water someone would call 911 thinking there was a beached whale that needed to be rescued. Seeing how she had let herself go, who could blame my uncle for wanting to fuck Tammy and me? The thing that really amazed me was that he wasn't out cheating on her with other women!

One thing to make clear from the start, while they may be brothers, my father and Uncle Jim are like night and day otherwise. The primary reason I submit myself to my father is simply because it's the right thing to do (not to mention one of the ten commandments as in "honor they father and mother"), but at the same time I enjoy doing it. My father also respects my wishes and limits and genuinely seems to try and please me, or at least most of the time he does. I think it helps that I accept the fact that he's a man as well as my father, and that sometimes leads to some questionable situations.

In comparison with my father, I don't fuck my uncle out of any sense of responsibility or even true sexual desire. The reason I allow my uncle to fuck me is simply because my dad wants me to. At first I didn't understand why he pushed me so hard to let my uncle fuck me but I soon figured out. Quite simply, if he lets my uncle fuck me then hopefully he can fuck Tammy more often.

"Soooooo, have you two sluts been behaving yourselves back there?"

"What do you think?" I taunted him in returned, flashing my boobs to him quickly so the people around wouldn't notice. "Bet you wish you were sitting between us instead of next to your mom."

"Yeah, what's the matter big brother, you been horny or something sitting by her?" his sister continued. She glanced around to see if anyone was nearby and flashed her own boobs at him and giggled.

Rick looked around and I knew what was going through his head. He was crazy if he thought we would do anything with our parents due back any second. Besides, the rest area was full of people, many of them walking by the SUV without any warning.

"Well, just so you two know, I'm going to fuck the both of you when we get there."

"In your dreams," I teased him back.

"In your WET dreams," Tammy corrected me.

Just then the door opened - my Aunt Shari was back already. I hadn't even seen her approach so it was a good thing I hadn't given into my cravings and found myself sucking Rick's cock with his mom staring at us. I could see the newspaper headlines already; "Mother goes berserk at public rest area, kills incestuous cousins!"

"Ugh, those restrooms were disgusting!" she huffed, scooting over next to Rick who had turned to face the front again but not before he winked at the two of us.

She carried on about how all state workers were lazy scoundrels and how uncaring government was in general until finally my parents and my uncle returned to "rescue" us from her non-stop tirade. The rest of the trip went on uneventful and we finally arrived at the marina. Parking the SUV, we all climbed out and the guys grabbed the picnic supplies from the rear end. Tammy and I wasted no time in stripping off our outwear and tossing the shorts and t-shirts back into to the SUV for safe keeping.

"You put that T-shirt back on young lady! I can't believe you wore that," her mom reacted almost instantly, "Good gracious Tammy, where did you get that... that THING anyway?"

"Oh Shari... it's OK, let the poor girl be," my mom tried to gently interject.

She put her hand on Aunt Shari's shoulder to try and calm her down. My aunt's face looked as red as a beet, either from embarrassment at her daughter exposing herself in such a slutty manner or from anger that Tammy had defied her mother's express orders.

"Yeah, easy for you to say Mary. I mean, look what YOUR daughter's wearing," my aunt rebutted, "Really Mary, how can you let her go out in public like that anyway? My goodness, she may as well be wearing nothing!"

I couldn't help but grin at that one. Obviously she couldn't grasp that was the whole point of wearing a thong bikini - so it looked like you were wearing nothing, especially from behind.

"Now Shari, let's not get carried away today, OK?" my mom replied softly, trying to play peacemaker.

Indeed, they'd had some heated discussions in the past over how I dressed but if anything, it only resulted in my mother encouraging me to be even naughtier the next time. There wasn't a lot of love lost between them, that's for sure.

Aunt Shari huffed dramatically and resumed walking to the marina but at least she stopped insisting that Tammy put more clothes on. Tammy DID look hot in her teeny red bikini which exposed every curve and bump on her. As we walked together I swear every guy we passed took a good long look at us, and as much as I hate to admit it, she got the most looks.

While the guys uncovered the boat and got it fueled, the four of us women sat back and watched patiently. Well, maybe not TOO patiently as I couldn't wait to get out on the lake and water ski. I can't sing or act or do much of anything athletically but I CAN ski - at least on the water. Snow skiing is so hard and besides, I prefer a bikini to a parka any day. Nothing beats slaloming on the lake and showing off in front of all the guys.

Eventually, after what seemed like hours but was probably less than twenty minutes, my dad announced we were ready to get going. For the next couple of hours we were all over the lake, sometimes just cruising and other times waterskiing or tubing. It was a lot of fun, especially when Tammy lost her balance and was dragged behind the boat before she remembered to finally let go of the rope. The force of the water pulled her bottoms down to her knees and it was a miracle she didn't lose them entirely. We all pretended not to notice but from the stares of the guys and the furious look on my aunt's face, it was obvious we'd all seen her cute little white ass as it was being dragged behind the boat!

# 3. The Dads Do Their Own Daughter First

It was well past noon by now and we were all starving so my dad headed back to the marina to refuel the boat and grab some lunch. As we headed in, I noticed my dad and uncle talking to each other but with the loud din of the motor I couldn't hear a thing they were saying. From the grins on their faces and the occasional leering look back at Tammy and me, I had a pretty good idea what they were discussing - and it wasn't anything my aunt would want to know about.

Back on shore, my mom and aunt went off to find a picnic table to set up. My uncle pointed at Rick and ordered him to carry the picnic baskets. With the wives setting up and Rick with them, that left the fathers and daughters on the boat, a not so subtle point that even Rick didn't miss and I could tell that he was pretty upset with his dad. Although I couldn't hear what they were saying at the end of the pier, it was obvious from the heated gestures and stiff body language that Rick was royally pissed off at his dad. I remembered his "promise" back at the rest area to fuck the two of us and so I assumed he thought he might be missing out on some 'action". I couldn't blame him because if my expectations came true, he was right!

While Rick was arguing with his dad, I saw my dad talking to my mom who wasn't looking all too pleased herself. She kept glancing towards Tammy and me, shaking her head at my dad. From the way her shoulders eventually slumped, I think my mom finally resigned herself to the inevitable. After all, it wasn't like this would be our first time. My dad and uncle returned as a clearly miffed Rick ran to catch up with his mother.

"Well, it's a go!" My dad said to his younger brother, flashing a double thumbs up sign.

"Fantastic! Guess I owe Mary one later, eh?" my uncle replied, the grin on his face even larger than ever. Something told me that was one debt he was looking forward to paying off.

There was no mention of Rick as Tammy and I took our seats in the stern. It was funny how both of us just seemed to understand what we needed to do without anyone actually coming right out and telling us. Well, it's not like it wasn't obvious after all. It was just over a year ago that a similar scenario had played out and I was positive that Tammy remembered the circumstances just as vividly as I did. The key differences were back then Tammy was still dealing with the recent loss of her virginity and had no idea at the time what her own dad had planned for her. Well, it was a distinctly different Tammy with me today, THAT was for sure. It still astounded me how quickly and seemingly effortlessly she'd transformed from being just another little tease at school to achieving "class slut" status. Of course, she DID have a couple of cousins to mentor her.

Given the time constraints we faced, I knew that this year there weren't going to be any games, no pretending that we were heading out to ski or anything like that. We all knew that there was only ONE reason why my uncle and dad would head out to an open lake with the two of us while leaving the rest on the shore. I looked at Tammy and smiled as I saw her anticipation clearly being expressed in the way she was squirming and licking her lips without even realizing it. God she was quite the little sex pot these days, even more so than I was when I was fifteen and that's saying quite a bit if I do say so myself.

Tammy looked over at me and our eyes met and it was like we were somehow linked telepathically. We both knew what we were expected to do next. After all, it didn't take a doctorate in rocket science to know what our father's both wanted - and it wasn't to watch us water ski.

"Ready?" I said with a grin as she leaned closer so she could hear me over the noise of the engine below us.

Tammy nodded and as if following the instructions of an unseen director, we both slipped off our bikini bottoms and dropped them to the deck at our feet, leaving us bare-bottomed on the sun-warm bench seat. There was enough of a seat back that anyone going by wouldn't have been able to see that we were both lacking our bikini bottoms as we kept our tops on, but the naughty thrill remained anyway. Up front, my uncle looked back and seeing what we'd done, gave us a thumbs up while tapping on my dad's shoulder to get his attention.

Looking back at us, my dad also grinned broadly and then turned his attention back to the busy lake, trying to find somewhere we could anchor where we wouldn't be interrupted. Fortunately, the lake was surrounded by numerous tree-lined coves and inlets and eventually he picked one that looked promising. Pulling in slowly until we were out of direct sight of the lake, he killed the engine and dropped the anchor.

"Well, well, looks like we have two horny little sluts with us, eh Jim?" my dad gloated with a grin.

"Yeah, looks that way John," my Uncle Jim replied, "What do you think we should do with them?"

duty over my head. Uncle Jim, on the other hand, had made it known to Tammy early on that it was her duty to satisfy him, even more so since her sister didn't do her part so Tammy had to fill in for Kate as well.

It wasn't like we had all afternoon and I was getting a bit anxious at the delay. My mom would only be able to stall my aunt for so long so if we were going do anything, there was no point in playing these games or pretending we all didn't want the same thing. A sense of relief filled me when both men stepped forward and we each grabbed our assigned cock, stroking them a little and then leaning forward, as if synchronized together, to take their stiffening dicks in our hungry mouths. God it felt wonderful to suck my dad's dick again!

What is it about sucking a dick that girls love so much? I've tried to describe that so many times and each time I realize afterwards that I didn't even come close to properly explaining myself. Feeling a guy's dick in my mouth, my lips surrounding his thickening shaft and the tip of his cock head laying against my tongue produces one of the most amazing sensations in the world. Then when you make that my DAD'S dick, it takes it to even another level above that.

Finally, add in the thrill of being watched by my uncle and sexy little cousin and well, that is just an unexplainable phenomenon. Taking a man's dick in my pussy is more natural, an act of procreation, if you want to look at it that way, shared by many creatures in the animal kingdom. On the other hand, no other species in the world has the female taking the male's dick in her mouth for the sole purpose of pleasuring him. It's an feat unique to human beings and thus to many people that makes it an "unnatural" act. In my opinion, as well as those of people once in high government office, it's not "sex" as there is no act of mating involved, no penetration of a vagina. It's simply an act of submission and obedience by a woman to her man.

It's important that men realize that last statement. If the act of sucking on a stiff fleshy stick was pleasurable for a woman, then we could simply use a dildo like many women do to simulate being fucked. Other than a few porno films where a whore masturbates while sucking a dildo, I've never known a girl that gets off from it except when it's done to tease a guy. No, it has to be the REAL thing to make me feel good. Even then, it's not the dick itself that does it for me but rather it's ALL about the act of my submission, all about HIS pleasure, that makes it hot for me. Knowing what I can do for a man with just my mouth, knowing what he will do just to have me suck him, creates one of the most erotic sensations possible.

anxious I was at the time. It was one thing to tell my boyfriend to fuck me, but adding that simple "daddy" to the end of it added another dimension entirely. Just as I loved to say it to him, I knew he loved to hear it. Perhaps it helped him to deal with the complexities of fucking his own daughter to hear her say she WANTED him to fuck her. It wasn't that it was just OK to fuck me, I was telling him I WANTED it which was so much more powerful.

"I want to fuck you too baby," he whispered, barely audible over the panting and moaning of my horny little cousin. "God I love fucking you."

From the sound of it, on the other side of the boat they'd gotten right down to it as my uncle was already thrusting himself in and out of his youngest daughter like some sort of wild man. She looked like such a tiny and innocent thing compared to him as he hovered over her small body. Well, she may LOOK all innocent and sweet but with my eyes closed she sounded like a bitch in heat twice her age as she moaned and cried out for her daddy to fuck her harder and deeper. How much of it was real and how much was an act intended to please her demanding father was impossible to tell but I was sure that he didn't care one way or the other.

Rather than just slamming his rigid cock into me and fucking me like a whore as his brother was doing with Tammy, my dad pushed his dick firmly against my pussy but didn't force himself in right off the bat. Indeed, it was more my pushing back against him that eventually drove his cock into me, forcing my pussy to spread open to accept the fleshy intruder. The harder I pushed back, the deeper he penetrated me until finally I felt my bare ass pressed up against his hairy crotch.

"God your pussy feels so good," I heard him moan as I started to rock back and forth while he stood there rigid as a statue - and not just his dick.

It was like it was more me fucking him at the moment as his dick stood still and I moved back and forth on it. For god knows what reason, the words of an old science teacher about relative motion popped into my head which I quickly pushed aside. Did it matter to my pussy if I was moving relative to his dick or if his dick was thrusting in and out of me like a piston? What counted was the feeling his cock created in me as I felt the shaft glide in and out of me, rubbing against the inside of my pussy and stimulating the millions of nerve endings that awaited it (at least it FELT like millions).

"I love your dick in me daddy! I love it when you fuck me!"

I knew he liked me to talk when he fucked me and so I tried to keep up a running commentary on the way he felt inside of me, like a sportscaster calling the plays. I moaned and told him how good his dick felt as it spread my pussy apart. Between groans he heard how much I loved it when he pressed it deep inside of me. Between sentences it was like the patter of an auctioneer or old- time preacher, repeating myself over and over as I begged him to keep fucking me and do it harder and how good it felt.

## 4. Swapping Daughters

"OK Jim, that's enough, don't you think?"

My dad's words to my uncle hit me like a rock over my head. Damn, here I was doing everything I could for him and apparently all he was thinking about was when it was going to be his turn to fuck my cousin. Was how my mom must feel at times when my dad fucks me in front of her? My mom had never mentioned anything about it in that way to me but still, did she? I mean, was I just some sort of warm-up for him to get him hard so he could fuck Tammy. I made me feel like I was on the set of some porn flick and I was just one of the whores on the set whose job it was to keep the star hard while waiting for his next scene.

"Give me a break John, why not just fuck your own daughter?" Uncle Jim protested.

"Dammit Jim, you never complained about fucking Kelly before. Besides, you STILL might not be fucking Tammy if it wasn't for me."

The absolute surreal thing about their banter was my dad never stopped drilling my pussy with his dick the entire time but it was if he wasn't even realizing what he was doing. All he seemed to worry about was when he would be able to fuck his younger niece. Sure, it had been a while since he'd last done her, but it still seemed a little insensitive towards me. It took all my willpower not to tell him that if it wasn't for ME, neither of them would be fucking Tammy in the first place.

"Oh all right then, whatever," Uncle Jim huffed, clearly unhappy.

No sooner did he say it than my dad pulled his dick out of me and headed for his prize. My pussy suddenly felt so cold and lonely, like it had been abandoned. In fact, I felt that way all over. Suddenly the thrill of the afternoon was gone and I just wanted to go back to shore and leave the three of them to whatever it was they wanted, which obviously wasn't me.

"Hey, wake up and turn around!"

I realized I must have drifted off again as my uncle grabbed me by the waist and flipped me over, then pushed me to my knees again. His dick had softened and apparently he was expecting me to rejuvenate it by sucking on it.

"Well, what are you waiting for bitch? Suck my dick," he demanded, grabbing a fistful of hair at the side of my head and pulling me roughly into his crotch.

The scent of Tammy's wet pussy was all over his dick and overwhelmed my senses. Normally that would have excited me except this time as I drew in the distinctive odor I could head my dad fucking her and telling her how much he enjoyed fucking HER. While he never said he loved fucking her more than me, or even mentioned me for that matter, I knew what he must have been thinking. Taking his dick in my mouth, I could taste Tammy's unique pussy flavor on his dick. I started to stroke his shaft as I sucked the head but he would have none of that.

"C'mon, you know better than that dammit! No hands, just your mouth," he hissed at me.

How could I have forgotten? He only yelled at me every time I did it in the past. I reached for my pussy with one of my free hands as I sucked his dick but he wasn't going to let me even have THAT.

"Hey, what are you doing bitch?" he complained, "Pay more attention to my dick."

Sure... Like having three quarters of his cock in my mouth wasn't paying attention to it?

He quickly hardened once again and as soon as he felt ready he pulled his shaft from my mouth and lifted me roughly by the shoulders.

"Alright, now just sit back and lift your legs."

I started to say something, trying to be sexy for him but he grabbed my mouth and chin and stopped me.

"Hey, no talking, just assume the position."

Feeling more humiliated at being treated like a piece of meat than anything else, I sat down and leaned back, lifting my legs up and grabbing my knees to pull them up to my chest, leaving my pussy fully exposed for him.

"Ahhhhhh, now THAT'S better," he growled as he bent his knees to line his shaft up with my pussy.

Amazingly, I was still as wet as ever, a perfect illustration of how my pussy sometimes seemed to have a mind of its own. My uncle's dick easily slid in since my pussy had just been fucked by my dad. He didn't seem to take that into consideration though.

"Shit, you're not so tight these days, eh Kelly?" he complained.

He didn't actually say it but I knew what he was thinking, "You're pussy's not as tight as Tammy's." Personally, considering how many time's I'd been fucked the past eight years I thought I was still pretty tight but after having just been fucked by my dad, what did he expect? Comparing me now to Tammy getting her first dick of the day was totally unfair!

Uncle Jim grabbed my legs and straightened them out, lifting them up and over his shoulders which lifted my ass up and off the seat. He grabbed me under my ass and pulled me up into him even deeper. As much as he revolted me, I couldn't ignore the fact it felt good to be fucked like this - damn good to be honest!

"Fuck me Uncle Jim," someone said and then I realized it was me talking!

"Ahhhhhh, that's better. THAT'S the little whore I love," he chuckled as he drilled me deeper with his dick, "You know you're such a fucking slut... Never could resist a dick, could you?"

Even though I knew I would hate myself for it later, I actually WANTED him to fuck me now. Yes, I wanted his hard dick inside of me and yes, I wanted him to push it in as deep as he could. Believe it or not I even wanted him to cum in me and leave his sperm inside my pussy. The hell with my dad and Tammy, all I was thinking about at the moment was MY pussy and the dick that was filling it NOW. At time like this did it really matter who it belonged to? What was most important was that it was IN me.

"Cum in me Uncle Jim... shoot it in me," I moaned as I felt his dick swelling and his thrusts getting more erratic.

"Shit, I'm almost there!" he groaned.

Just when it seemed everything was alright once again, my uncle ruined everything for me. Rather than cum in me as he had promised, he ruthlessly pulled his dick from me without any regard for my feelings whatsoever and started stroking it with one hand until he started to cum. A stream of warm sperm shot from his dick and some of it struck me in the face while the rest splattered over my boobs and stomach. Load after load emerged without one drop in my mouth or pussy but instead landing all over my hair and body.

Finally they separated and Tammy stood up. Almost instantly his cum started to drain from her pussy and so she reached down to take it up with her fingers and taste it. God what I would have given to have that cum draining from my pussy now instead of feeling it drying on my skin in the hot sun.

Tammy was acting like a little girl at Christmas, practically hopping with glee as her pretty boobs bounced up and down. She bent over to kiss my dad and I heard her thank him for fucking her so good. Needless to say, my uncle hadn't gotten a kiss or compliment from me! Tammy used a towel to clean up the cum and then looked at me with a smile on her face.

"That was so much fun! Did you like it too Kelly?"

Well, what could I say. Really, what could I say at such a moment? Certainly not what I WANTED to say so instead, I said what everyone was expecting me to say.

"Oh yeah, that was incredible. Look what your dad did to me!" I said, pointing at his cum splattered all over me, pretending to be proud of it.

"Oh daddy," Tammy pretended to scold Uncle Jim, "Look what a mess you made out of Kelly! You were a bad boy!"

She was just teasing but she was right, he WAS a bad boy and not in a good way. There was no way I could go back this way so I jumped into the water to wash off the cum from my hair and body. The warm lake water felt good after having to endure the sweaty body of my uncle overhanging me. Tammy jumped in next to me and we quickly washed off and returned to the boat.

"We'd better get back or Shari's going to have my ass," Uncle Jim said to my dad.

Tammy and I put our bikini's back on and I could see the glow in her face. The little slut had cum, I just knew it. On the way back my dad had me stand next to him with his arm around me. Now and then he would grab my ass playfully and fondle me. He seemed to be trying to make up for abandoning me for Tammy but it wasn't enough so far as I was concerned. It would be a long time before I forgot how he was fucking me so nice and then suddenly seemed to only think about fucking Tammy instead.

I thought about Rick back on the beach, probably horny as hell and wishing he had been with us. Rick may not be the most refined boy in the world but he DID have a great cock - the best in the family in my opinion. Hmmmmmm, maybe there was hope for a good day after all! This time I was going to be sure Tammy wasn't anywhere close by!

# (Dec 08) Chapter 154: A Night Out With My Cousin

Story codes: FF MF F-solo oral anal exhib inc cousins
Me (22)
Kristen - cousin (20)

People keep asking me what I'm doing these days and such. So much has changed in my life in the past few months it's hard to even know where to begin but hopefully this will help out. It was time for a change, that was for sure, and what better way than to spend an evening out with my cousin Kristen?

## 1. How I Came to Live With My Cousin

When I graduated from college last May with my degree in Elementary Education, I expected to return home and to hit the ground running. It was exhilarating when I left the campus, knowing I was returning to Pittsburgh to stay. I assumed that once I passed the state exams for my teaching credentials that I would at least be able to get a substitute teaching position.

So much for assumptions. There were very few positions available at my old school district where I wanted to teach and needless to say, I was at the bottom foe waiting list. Undaunted, I considered taking some grad courses but eventually decided against it when I found how much it would cost. Since most schools pay for these courses once you get a teaching position, I figured why fork out for these costs myself?

Another goal of mine was to move out of my parent's home into my own place. It wasn't that I didn't love my parents. We all get along great. It was more that I felt that I needed to be on my own for the first time. After all, it wasn't like I was a teenager anymore. At 22, it was time to start living my own life under my own rules. Unfortunately, you have to pay rent to live in your own apartment which meant I had to get some sort of job. With my teaching career on hold, the last thing I wanted to was work as a waitress or clerk in a store at minimum wage. I'd never had a job like that in my life and I wasn't about to now.

With my sparse resume, there weren't many senior management positions open to me so I ended up reverting back to an earlier "job" I once had for a brief time while in school - escorting. However, back then I did it primarily to get laid whereas this time around my goal was to earn money for my own apartment. It was more than fun versus money though. The last thing I needed was to become some sort of whore, regardless of the rationalizations. Should that ever surface, it would make getting a teaching job impossible in the future. Thus I chose an agency that specializes in girls for hire but NOT for sex. The pay is a lot less than it would be if I put out, but at least I didn't have to worry about what was going to happen back in some hotel room later.

With my first paycheck in hand, I moved into my own place and life was good. All my life I have lived with either my parents or roomies. I quickly found that there is something about living on your own that makes you feel differently - and see things differently as well. Without going into it too much, I found myself questioning my lifestyle as well as wondering if my parents had "used" me growing up as a teenager.

In my confusion, I quit my escorting job and took on what turned out to be the most boring marketing job in the world. For weeks I fought with my mom, accusing her of the most horrible things and in retrospect, generally behaved liked a spoiled brat. Thanks to some good friends and a lot in introspection, I came through it OK and now things are great for me once again.

My cousin Kristen is a couple of years younger than me. She had recently dropped out of college after two years, recognizing that a college degree wasn't in the cards for her. I love my cousin to death but at the same time, I have to admit she's not exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer if you know what I mean.

What Kristen DOES have going for her is her hot little body and generally uninhibited, and insatiable, sexual appetite. She also chose to go into escorting but in a totally different direction from me. She hates it when I say this, but my cousin is a whore. With a few exceptions (very few), she will do about anything if she gets paid enough. I had some issues with this at first and am still concerned for her, but now I have accepted her decision and just pray for her every day that she will someday recognize what she is doing and find her way out of it. The problem is, she LOVES sex and she makes a LOT of money - probably anywhere from five to ten times more than me! She also has the full support of her mom, so who am I to say anything?

# 2. Kristen Sets Me Up

Over the last couple of months, Kristen has often approached me and asked me if I would be interested in joining in with her on one of her "assignments" but I always refused. It wasn't until I was totally fed up with my marketing job that I started to think twice about her offers. Would it really hurt to go out with her? It wouldn't be for the money, although unlike when I helped her out with her "fund raising" in college I intended to get my share this time. I started to think about doing it more for the thrill of it. It was sort of like the sex parties my best friend Beth was always trying to get me to go to with her. Not the sort of thing I wanted to do often, but now and then they were "interesting".

"OK, so what's this all about anyway?" I asked her over the phone one night.

"It's nothing TOO wild, trust me," she promised. Yeah right. Coming from Kristen, that left the door wide open to about anything so far as I was concerned.

"Well, how about at least a hint."

"It's a convention downtown and this company asked for some girls for their hospitality suite."

Alarm bells immediately went off as I knew Kristen was a master of the understatement. If she said "convention", that was her way of saying it would be a group thing, not something more personal in someone's hotel room who was looking for a hot night with a couple of hookers. "Some girls" undoubtedly meant that Kristen and I wouldn't be the only girls there, making it a group thing. "Hospitality suite" my eye - Kristen only went out on assignments that involved sex and so I could only guess what kind of hospitality we would be expected to provide.

"How long will we be there?"

"Only a few hours."

Thank goodness she was not on a video phone with me or she would have seen my eyes rolling at that one. This whole thing smelled of an all-nighter and I wasn't interested in something like that at all, no matter how horny I was at the moment. She must have heard me sigh.

"Seriously, Kelly," she insisted, "I promise it won't go past 1 or 2 in the morning and probably even earlier than that."

In situations like this, Kristen's word and a dollar bought a cup of coffee but I went along with it anyway.

"So what am I suppose to wear?"

There was a pause and I wondered why it was such a difficult question. Her answer didn't seem too strange so there had to be something she was holding back.

"It really doesn't matter, they provide uniforms for the girls to wear."

I thought for a few seconds about that. Uniforms? Had anyone else said that I would have imagines of us all in French maid outfits serving drinks and flirting with drunk men all night. Anyone but Kristen, that is. There wouldn't be enough money in such an evening for Kristen so there had to be more than what she was telling me. What was she hiding?

"So are we set? I'll pick you up at 8:00 Saturday night, OK?"

Last chance for me to back out but I just shrugged my shoulders to myself and agreed. As I hung up the phone, I couldn't help but wonder just what in the world I had gotten myself involved in.

The rest of the week I continued at my boring 8-5 job, sitting in my little cubicle doing research for other people and trying not to fall asleep. It was like 5 o'clock would never come and when it did, I was the first out the door and heading for home. During those two nights before my evening with Kristen I must have masturbated more than I had the previous two weeks!

Normally I would have called my mom and told her what I had planned, but it had been months since I had done anything like this and for some reason I wanted to do it on my own for once and not involve her beforehand. In any case, I knew I would be telling her all about it afterwards so what was the harm in waiting a few more days?

## 3. Horny Before the Party

Saturday morning finally rolled around and I slept in until past 9:00 in the morning! When I woke up, I had my hand between my legs and my pussy was soaking wet. I guess you could call it the girl's version of a wet dream! The first thought that hot my mind was that in less than twelve hours I would be doing something wild and sexy. Although I still wasn't totally sure exactly what that something was, I knew if it involved Kristen and she was inviting me that it had to be pretty crazy.

Laying on my back with my legs spread part, my fingers ran up and down my wet pussy lips, sliding over my clit and making me tremble each time it was touched.

God, it had been almost a week since I'd last been fucked and if it hadn't been for my dad, the last month or so would have been pretty empty - or at least my pussy would've been pretty empty. It wasn't that I wasn't willing to have sex - heaven knows I was. It was just that with my job and all, by the time I got home I would be totally wiped and feeling as non-sexy as ever. It had been a long time since I had been involved in any form of group sex, let alone some kind of gang-bang that I was becoming increasing convinced this would be over the last two days.

My middle finger pushed up into my pussy as I imagined the first guy to fuck me tonight. I say "first" because I was sure he would be only the first of many. The only real question was, how many?

As I fondled my pussy with one hand, I used the other to massage my boobs and run fingers up and down my torso from the top of my pussy to the middle of my cleavage. I shivered as it made me tingle up and down my spine. Bringing my pussy finger to my mouth, I tasted myself and licked my pussy juices off. Mmmmmmm, my pussy tasted so damn good! Would there be just guys there tonight or would I be licking some pussy in addition to lord only knows how many dicks? Would Kristen and I get it on for someone to watch?

Thoughts of Kristen sitting on my face, spreading her pussy lips apart to make it easier to bury my face against her wet and smelly pussy, filled my mind as I put my finger back inside of me again, only this time joined by a second. Mmmmmmm, how many guys would be touching my pussy tonight? How many would want to fuck me or would some prefer just a BJ? Where would they cum the most - in my mouth or pussy or on me lord only knows where? Would they do me one at or time or what? The possibilities were endless and the closer I came to my orgasm, the wilder and more perverted they became in my head.

I was stroking my fingers in and out of me with my one hand while my other took over the duties of stimulating my now hyper-sensitive clit. God, I was SOOOOO close! In the stillness of my empty apartment, my moans must have been heard outside in the hallway as each time my finger touched my clit it was like being nailed with an electric stun gun. Only in this case, instead of being knocked out, I just got one step closer to the inevitable - my orgasm.

"Oh FUCK!" I cried out as it finally came. My back arched high off the bed and then I crashed down onto it as my pussy exploded. The wet spot I was creating on my sheets was the last thing on my list of concerns at the moment.

OK, how do you describe an orgasm? Just as I have no idea how it feels to have an erection, no matter how a guy might try to describe it, how can a man really understand how a woman feels when she cums? Based on my own personal observations, I think the problem men have understanding a woman is that they think of an orgasm as something that occurs between their legs, like the relief you get from scratching an itch - something local, intense and pleasurable in one area of their body.

Based on how they feel when they cum, I think most men have a tendency to think that a woman's orgasm is concentrated on her pussy. Well certainly there is some element of truth in that! At this moment my pussy was tingling like my arm does when I keep it under me too long - only about a thousand times more. Indeed, if that was all an orgasm was, just the sensational pleasure being generated inside my pussy, that alone would qualify as an incredible experience. My pussy always feels great when I cum - and even when I don't. It's what goes on OUTSIDE of my pussy, though, that makes my orgasms truly incredible. That's what differentiates between a good orgasm and a great orgasm (there are NO bad orgasms!).

On a 1-10 scale for orgasms, with 1 being good and ten being cosmic, (remember, even a one is good!), I would rate my orgasm this morning as a three or four. Actually, that's not bad as without a dick in me, the highest I would ever rate an orgasm would be maybe a five or six. Masturbating can make me cum and I love it, but I doubt I ever get more than a five by myself.

Sex with women is enjoyable, but nothing makes me cum like a man with a hard dick in my pussy. The key is that good sex is not just about the physical pleasure. If that was the case, give me a dildo and I'd be able to take myself to a ten orgasm every day. No, it is the emotions and interaction with your partner that takes me up to the top end of the scale. Things like who he is, why he is fucking me, where he is fucking me, etc. all combine to make the difference between an 6 and a 10.

People ask me why I like to fuck married guys. Well, it's not because they have better technique or their dicks were unusually large. If THAT were the case they probably wouldn't be cheating with me in the first place. No, it's the fact they are married, the fact their wives don't know what they are doing with me, the fact that he is risking everything to have me, and so on that drives me up the orgasm "scale". Similarly, my dad doesn't have the most awesome cock and while he's not bad in bed, I have to admit I've had better in terms of technique and staying power. It's that fact that he is my FATHER, that his own daughter is turning him on sexually, that he loves me enough to cum inside of me, that drives me to such an incredible orgasm with him.

Well, that's a long-winded way of saying that my orgasm this morning wasn't bad for getting there myself, but it wasn't as good as it could have been had I had someone with me. When I was done and laid back trying to catch my breath, I wondered if I would be cumming tonight and if so, how many times?

The rest of the day crawled by as every time I looked at the clock it was like I was in some sort of Twilight Zone time warp and evening was never going to come. Around six o'clock I went upstairs to shower and get ready. If the evening went at all as I suspected it would, putting on a lot of makeup and worrying about my hair would be a massive waste of time so I did just enough to look presentable but not like I would for a normal date. I carefully shaved myself, making sure my pussy was smooth and unblemished.

For a moment I considered putting my hair back in a ponytail just to keep it out of the way but then decided that would be going a little TOO casual. I ended up with some nice jeans that hugged me pretty tight along with a pink sheer cami which barely reached the jeans and exposed my belly with every step I took. Looking in the mirror and seeing my nipples popping through, nobody would have to wonder if I was wearing a bra. Actually, something told me it didn't matter what I wore so I wasn't going to make a fuss over it.

All this took me less than the two hours I had available to me so I ended up sitting in the living room, watching out the window for my cousin to drive up. As I waited, my dad came in the room and took a seat next to me. I reached over to him and we hugged and then started to kiss.

"Daddy, Kristen will be here any minute now," I warned him as his hands started to wander over my boobs.

"Well, can't blame me for trying to get what I can until then," he chuckled, his hands reaching under the tight cami and lifting it up to expose my boobs.

"Daddy! You're impossible!" I laughed, trying to pull my cami back down but in truth, it was more a show of effort than a real attempt to counter him.

"So I hear the two of you are doing a whole convention tonight?" he asked as his tongue started to play on my nipples, teasing them and making them stiffen more than the cool air in the living room had already accomplished.

"Oh daddy, you know better than that!"

"Well, that's how your mother described it after talking to Linda."

"It's just a hostess gig, no big deal. Actually, I'm surprised Kristen even signed up for it," I explained.

My dad lifted his head off my nipple and looked me in the eye with a broad grin on his face.

"Now baby, we both know that Kristen NEVER signs up for anything unless it involves a lot of sex and fun."

He put his mouth back on my nipple again and I couldn't help but sigh as my breast reacted to his touch. Wouldn't you know it, here I was with my horny dad on the couch and I was playing like a little school girl turning away her groping boyfriend. Kristen was running late and if she didn't get here soon I must just have to have my own little private party here at home! My dad was certainly thinking along those lines as his hand moved in between my legs and his fingers pressed against my pussy. God, all I needed was to show up tonight with a big wet spot on the crotch of my jeans! Fortunately (or not?), I heard a car horn beep and I looked up to see Kristen waving at me from the curb.

"Sorry daddy, my taxi's here," I apologized, pulling my cami back down over my boobs again. God, my nipples were so big and sensitive now that the touch of the tight material against them made me tingle all over.

"Well, you COULD invite her in and forget the convention thing," he suggested, the disappointment registering clearly on his face. His eyes kept looking down at my boobs and crotch and I knew my mom had better be ready to be assaulted after I had left. God he was so horny that it looked like his dick was about to burst from the jeans he was wearing like some alien out of a victim's chest.

"Oh daddy, stop teasing me. I love you!" I said with a kiss to his lips and a pat on his crotch. Yep, he was hard alright! Well, there would be plenty of opportunities later, of that I was sure.

I quickly left before I was tempted any further and joined Kristen in her car. She was dressed in jeans as well but with her winter coat on that was about all I could see. She greeted me and then headed for downtown.

"I saw your dad through the window," she commented, "Bet he's horny as hell tonight with you heading out with me."

I just giggled and slapped her playfully on the shoulder.

"Well, you should know. I think you've been fucking me more than me lately."

"Hey it's not my fault," she protested, pretending to be defensive, "Someone has to take care of his needs and if you aren't, don't blame me for taking advantage of it!"

## 4. Getting Ready at the Hotel

We kept teasing each other for most of the ride in. If anything, all our banter about fucking my dad was getting me even hornier and the closer we got to our destination, the more my thoughts turned towards the upcoming events. Kristen was saying anything about it though, so I just kept any more questions to myself. When we got to the hotel, Kristen pulled up to the valet parking section and smiled at the cute guy who opened the door for her.

"Hey Kristen, great to see you again!" he greeted her. Sheesh, was she THAT much of a regular here that the valets knew her by name?

"Hi Mike, get any lately?"

God, she was always such a tease! The girl never took a break from it but I knew she loved the attention and the way guys like Mike looked at her, even dressed in jeans and a heavy winter coat.

"Who's the babe?" Mike said, nodding towards me as Kristen got out of the car.

"My cousin, wanna do her?"

I just shook my head and headed for the door before it went any further. Kristen ran up to join me and grabbed my arm after we went through the revolving entrance door.

"Shit, loosen up Kelly," she teased me.

I looked at her and rolled my eyes as we headed for the elevators. Apparently she knew where to go as I hadn't a clue. As we passed a monitor I noticed it had a schedule up for some convention which I assumed was the one we were heading for. Funny, it didn't mention anything about a hospitality suite!

Kristen pushed the button for the 4th floor. We were the only ones in there and had anyone seen us, we would have looked like any other two girls our age, nothing special or sexy, just two girls dressed casually for winter. When the door opened we were on one of the regular floors and I wondered where we were headed as I had been expecting to go to a floor with conference rooms or suites. Kristen headed down the hallway without hesitation so I just followed along. We got to a room where she knocked and a woman opened the door. She looked to be in there thirties or maybe even forties and smiled as she welcomed us in.

"Good to have you tonight Kristen," she said, giving her a peck on the cheek, "And this must be your sexy cousin I've heard so much about."

I glanced at Kristen, wondering what exactly she had been telling people about me and who was this woman anyway?

"Oh, sorry, where are my manners. I'm Trish," she said, turning to me and offering her hand. I felt a little awkward shaking it, like I was being introduced at some business meeting.

"Come on in, the other girls are already here."

Sure enough, there were two other girls already in the room. Apparently Trish was the organizer or maybe even Kristen's boss (later I learned she worked for Kristen's agency to organize events like this). The other girls looked to be about our age as well. I noticed they must have worn similar outfits as well however their jeans and coats were tossed on one of the beds while the two of them were snuggled together on the other bed. I suppose I should mention they were both nude as well! One was a blonde and the other a redhead although with their pussies shaved, I couldn't confirm if that was their natural hair colors. The redhead was VERY red so I doubted it was natural and the blonde was definitely bleached.

"Kristen, I'm sure you remember Barbie and Alicia from last week," Trish said and then she turned to me and added, "I have to apologize for them being rude and not waiting for you girls, they got here early and were bored - you know how it is."

Yeah right, like I knew how it was! Maybe this was standard procedure for Kristen, but I wasn't use to this group working relationship thing. I wasn't complaining, they were both gorgeous and if anything, I felt a little self- conscious. I would never think of myself as ugly, but most guys tell me they like me for my "girl-next-door" looks, not that I am some model or centerfold. The two girls on the bed look like they were fresh out of a men's magazine shoot! I long ago reconciled myself that when Kristen and I were together, most men looked at her first but now I felt a little out of my element.

"Well, let's see what you've got," Trish said to me.

Kristen was already stripping off her clothes so I figured it was expected of me. Where was the convention we were suppose to be going to? The last thing I had expected was to get it on with two other girls and Kristen in a standard hotel room while some women my mom's age watched!

"Nice tits," Trish said approvingly, reaching out to cup my right boob with her hand.

It was like I was being inspected or something. She wasn't trying to play with me or turn me on, more like she was judging a piece of produce in a supermarket.

"Yeah, the guys are going to love you," she said as she let go of my boob and moved around to take a closer look at my now bare ass. Her hand grabbed my butt cheek as if to determine the firmness and she let go quickly.

"Oh yeah, you'll do great," she summarized, her arms folded as she looked me up and down. You're on the pill I assume?"

I nodded and she put her hand to her cheek thoughtfully.

"You don't mind going bareback tonight, do you?"

That caught me bit by surprise. Normally, I HATE condoms. Personally, wearing a condom is the most selfish thing a man can do during sex. HE gets all the pleasure and cums, regardless of whether he wears one or not. But what about me? One of the things I love about being fucked is the feeling of a man shooting his warm load of sperm into me. Depending on the guy, the amount varies and sometimes I can't even really feel it but the key things is KNOWING that he is cumming in me, KNOWING I am fulfilling his biggest desire. Wearing a condom robs me of that feeling and so I hate them. Of course, in this day and age a little caution is needed so I had already resigned myself that tonight intimacy most likely wasn't on the menu. Trish must have read the expression on my face as she pursed her lips, looked over at Kristen and then back at me again.

"Hmmmmmm, now Kelly, Kristen assured me that you knew what you were getting into and that you wouldn't have any problems with any of this," she said in a tight voice, looking at Kristen again as she continued, "We're NOT going to have any problems tonight, ARE we?"

"Don't worry Trish, Kelly's cool...," Kristen tried to say before Trish waved her hand at her to shut up.

"I'm asking Kelly so shut up Kristen...," she said curtly and then turned back to me, "So what's the story girl, you ready to put out tonight or not?"

Obviously MY definition of "putting out" wasn't as broad as hers. As much as I wanted to do this, I also knew I had to draw the line somewhere.

"I really don't care about the bareback thing, but I DON'T do anal, period," I insisted, my face feeling flushed as everyone in the room was now listening and watching the two of us.

"Oh for God's sake," she huffed, "You've GOT to be kidding me. Amateurs!"

I just stood there with a determined look on my face and finally she just sighed and shook her head as if she didn't know what else to do with me.

"Crap, it's too late to get another girl so I guess we'll have to make do with you," she said, obviously unhappy with me. She turned to Kristen and pointed her finger at her accusingly.

"And as for you - this is gonna cost you tonight, you hear? "Fifty percent off your cut and your uptight cousin gets nothing."

Damn, what a bitch! I wasn't about to tell her I hadn't been expecting to make much of anything tonight in the first place, it was mostly just for fun as far as I was concerned. I felt bad for Kristen though, feeling I had let her down a little. At the same time, I'm not a fan of anal and I just wasn't about to start in with it with a group of horny guys who didn't give a damn about me. Having made her point, Trish suddenly reverted back to her mother-hen style as if nothing had just happened.

"So... There's a little time left. You two want to warm up a bit before we go up?"

I looked at Kristen and she grinned at me, nodding towards the other two girls who were going at it on the bed. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what Trish meant by "warming up". What the hell, why not?

My immediate expectation was that Kristen and I would get on the second bed while Barbie and Alicia continued on theirs. Well, if there was one thing I was finding out quickly tonight, everything I assumed was wrong. They must have heard Trish's offer as they split apart and laid on their backs with their knees up, looking at the Kristen and me with obvious lust.

Kristen was ahead of me and she picked Barbie, the blonde leaving Alicia for me. God she was hot! Her boobs looked to be about a full D cup and natural ones at that. She had an hourglass figure I would have killed for and legs that just seemed to go on forever. Her hair, though, was what really caught my eye. It went down the length of her back as was a deep auburn red that shown in the dim light of the room. I felt a bit self-conscious as I crawled onto the bed and straddled her thin waist. She was SO beautiful!

I got the distinct impression that this wasn't the first rodeo for Kristen and Barbie as the two of them were locked into a 69 before I was even in bed with Alicia. It didn't surprise me as I knew Kristen loved girls as much, if not more, than guys and I had no doubt she took advantage of her co-workers whenever possible. Alicia certainly didn't seem to be shy as she lifted herself up and grabbed me by the upper arms and pulled me back down onto the bed on top of her. Without a word we started kissing and I felt her hands roaming all over me, with special interest to my ass.

"Mmmmmmm, I want to try out your pussy," she murmured, her lips loosened from mine just enough to talk.

I had a good idea what she wanted so I lifted myself back up again and straddled her face, holding onto the headboard mounted on the wall behind her for balance. She bunched up the pillow under her head so her face was planted firmly in my crotch. No sooner was I in place than each of her hands cupped one of my buttocks and she pulled me in even tighter to her face. Her tongue started to explore my freshly shaven pussy and it quickly found its mark - my clit. I had to say one thing for Alicia, this girl knew how to eat pussy! God it felt incredible as her mouth went to work on me. Her one hand reached under and I felt her finger push its way into my now wet pussy as her tongue continued to do its magic on my clit.

"God that feel so good," I gasped, my hands gripping the headboard so tight my knuckles were white.

I rocked reflexively onto her face, grinding my pussy into it and feeling her nose rubbing against me as her tongue flickered over my sensitive clit. I knew from the moans and groans beside me that Kristen and Barbie were enjoying each other as well but at this moment my full attention was on the incredible job Alicia was doing on my pussy. Yeah, she was a professional, there was no doubt about that!

I heard some clicks and I realized that Trish must be taking some photos of the action on the bed. I imagine it would sell pretty good, four twenty-something girls getting it on pressed tight together on a double bed. The flash was a little annoying but Alicia suddenly sped up her tongue attack on me and any further concerns about Trish disappeared as the pleasure rolled over me like a flood thanks to Alicia's fantastic tongue on me.

"Oh god, I'm cumming," I cried out.

I guess being horny all day, teasing my dad, teasing the valet, and now being eaten by this beautiful girl all conspired to bring me to my orgasm even faster than usual. Whatever the full reason, it didn't matter as I felt my pussy flood her face with my cum as she eagerly lapped it up like a cat at a bowl of milk. Finally I collapsed on her face.

Looking back, I have no idea how she was able to breathe! My entire body felt like the thermostat in the room had been raised to 100 degrees yet I was shivering with goose bumps all over me like it was the middle of winter instead. It was now my turn to return the favor and I had to admit, I was looking forward to it when Trish broke in, mother hen once again.

"Sorry girls, it's time to go."

A collective sigh went up from all four of us but Trish would have none of it.

"Don't give me any shit," she teased us, "You gals have work to do so enough of playtime."

Reluctantly I got off the bed and as I passed by Trish, she playfully smacked me on my bare ass and said, "Well, maybe you'll work out after all." Then she gave me a wink and let me by.

Kristen had mentioned something about us being given "uniforms" or some sort of costumes to wear for the night, but I didn't see anything around other than out own clothes.

"There are extra robes in the bathroom," Trish explained to me. The other girls were already heading that way so apparently this was routine but I was a first- timer to all this and had no clue how to act or behave. Kristen emerged with two of them and handed one to me.

"No uniforms?" I asked her quietly.

"C'mon Kelly, what were you expecting, French Maid costumes?" she said with a sly grin. "Welcome to the big leagues."

## 5. Showing Off the Merchandise

I put on the robe which was standard hotel issue meaning it hung down well past my knees and wrapped around me to effectively hide me completely. When we were all ready, Trish gave us all one last look-over and led us out of the door and to the elevators. She inserted her a room key card and pushed the button for the concierge level. Now THAT was more like what I had been expecting earlier when Kristen and I had first arrived. Everyone was quiet as church mice during the ride up, the four of us girls barefoot and naked under our robes while Trish wore her formal business jacket over her pant suit outfit. No doubt who was in charge!

The doors opened to a wide area with chairs and formal tables set about for people to meet and discuss whatever they had to discuss. There were several couples sharing drinks as well as a number of businessmen dressed in suits. ALL of them took notice of our arrival and from the way they whispered to each other and glanced our way, I knew they had us pegged for what were- four hookers reporting for duty. Oh well, who cared? Certainly not us!

Trish us quickly down to the end of the hall were a set of double doors awaited us. I could only imagine what size this suite must be to have such doors. I wasn't disappointed - it was like a small apartment. Indeed, I think the place was bigger than my own tiny apartment. There was a living room area with what looked to be a full wet bar, a kitchenette, another smaller room with a TV and some furniture, and then what must have been the bedroom although that door was closed at the moment. Large windows gave a beautiful view of the city and soft music filled the room. There was no sign of any corporate paraphernalia or anything else to directly connect the room to whatever company was sponsoring the event. No doubt Trish's agency had taken care of booking the room for security and privacy purposes. At the moment we were the only ones in the room at the moment although I had a feeling that would be changing soon.

"Well, what do you girls think, something you can work with?" Trish asked although I think it was more rhetorical than an actual question for us to answer.

"C'mon Kelly, let's check out the bedroom," Alicia proposed, taking me by the hand and starting towards the closed door.

"You know better Alicia, you're on the clock now so play time is later," Trish admonished her. "Take a seat in the living room and let me see when this show is getting on the road."

Trish pulled out her cell phone and she turned her backs to us as all four of us sat in a row on the couch while she retreated to the kitchenette to talk to someone She returned in a few minutes with a smile.

"They're just finishing the evening's program so get ready," she warned us.

If I'd been perfectly honest, I would've spoken up at this point and asked what the hell we were suppose to be doing. Of course it had to do with sex, why else bring four prostitutes (well, three plus one pretender) to a fancy hotel suite? What I was curious about was exactly WHAT was going to happen. Were we suppose to tease or what? I resigned myself to playing it by ear and seeing what happened.

Sure enough, it wasn't five minutes before Trish was welcoming several guys into the room. They were all dressed in matching slacks and corporate polo shirts with logos for today's convention on them. As they entered the room, they made a beeline for the bar which was obviously free for them, their eyes looking our way as they did. Trish helped them with their drinks as they started to talk about us.

"Damn Trish, looks like you done good this year!" one of them complimented her. He seemed to be in charge from the general posture of the other three when they listened.

"Well John, you know we always aim to please," Trish replied, obviously sucking up to him but he was too full of himself apparently to notice. Typical guy!

"I'm sure you remember Barbie and Alicia from last year," Trish said, walking over to introduce us, "And we also have Kristen and Kelly for you this time."

"Mind if I get a look?" John asked Trish. Trish nodded her head toward us which was apparently her signal for us to rise and drop our robes as the other three did exactly that and I tried to follow along and keep up. "Damn, you never disappoint Trish," John complimented her, licking his lips subconsciously as if we were all sheep and he was the wolf being welcomed in by a traitorous shepherd.

"So how many did you end up with for tonight?" Trish asked John. I noticed the other guys all stayed in the background but their eyes didn't leave our nude bodies for a second.

"Well, needless to say after last year word got around which is why I asked for more girls this time," John started out, "I handed out over fifty coupons this year."

Trish smiled and I was starting to get a better feel for what was going on. Apparently this was a rather exclusive thing for which guys signed up ahead of time, getting some sort of coupon which served as their entry ticket. But FIFTY of them? I didn't need a calculator to figure out what that meant. Holy crap! How many of them would fuck more than one girl? I had a feeling I was going to be setting a new personal record for most dicks in one night before it was over. The other girls didn't appear to be surprised at all by the numbers, or at least they hid their feelings it better than I did as Trish shot me a glance that got the message across loud and clear - get my act together.

"Well, I think I'll sample the goods for a while if you don't mind," John said to Trish as he gave her a kiss on the cheek. 'You wouldn't happen to be available yourself, would you?"

Trish just smiled at him and stepped back replying, "You know better than that John, you couldn't afford me anyway."

As Trish stepped back, the four of them approached us, trying to look sexy and inviting. It really didn't matter. To them we were four pussies on legs, waiting to be fucked.

"What do you say guys, start out with a little BJ action?" John said, ever the leader.

They smiled and I got the feeling he was talking to us as much as he as to them. As they got closer they were undoing their belts and slacks and the four of us dropped obediently to our knees, all in a row, shoulder to bare shoulder. John took Barbie as she was at the one end of the line while the other three each took a position in front of one of us. It wasn't long before the dicks were out of their pants and we were off! All that was needed was the bugle sounding the race to begin as the four of us started sucking our assigned cocks in unison.

This was the first time I had ever done anything like this. Like, I've sucked hundreds of dicks so it wasn't like giving BJ was anything special, but this was different. I've even been fucked by a "train" of guys, one after the other but there I was the only girl being fucked and the center of attention. To be in a row of naked girls like this, just another whore giving out a BJ, was certainly a "different" experience to say the least.

Things actually went easier once I got his dick in my mouth and could concentrate on the feel of him between my lips. He was huge pretty well, one of those dicks that grows but never seems to get that "steel rod" hardness most guys get. His was more like a fresh sausage - firm but pliable. Actually, it made it easier to suck as I was able to slide him in and out of my mouth more easily as his dick bent to conform to the angle of my head to his crotch. I tried to stroke his shaft at the same time but he pushed my hand away and seemed to like his balls massaged lightly better.

One thing I noticed right off that while I was doing my best to suck his dick, at the same time he was talking to his friends and comparing notes about how we looked and our cocksucking skills. The guy Barbie was blowing kept lifting her hair up and they all admired how long it was. Bent on her knees as she was, it almost touched the floor.

Kristen was between Barbie and Alicia, leaving me at one end so it was hard for me to see how Kristen was doing with her guy. I suppose it really didn't matter which guy we sucked, from our point of view they all looked about the same! None of them seemed to have an overly large, or small, dick so all in all, it was just your basic BJ for each of us. One thing that surprised me was that they were apparently satisfied to get their dicks sucked as none of them pushed to fuck any of us. I could tell my guy was getting close from the way he was grabbing my head and pulling me into his crotch while his hips shoved his dick deep into my mouth.

"Shit, don't stop, keep sucking my dick," he said, addressing me directly for the first time. "Fuck, I'm almost there," he said. I looked up but he was talking to the guy next to him, not me.

"Hell yeah, they're pretty good, aren't they?" his friend responded, a big grin on his face as he held Barbie's head still and fucked her mouth. “Then I guess they better be for what they charge!"

"Oh fuck!" my guy interrupted him.

He shoved his dick deep into my mouth and I felt the first shot of warm sperm shoot from the end of his cock and hit me against the back of my throat. I almost gagged as it dripped down into my throat and I couldn't hardly swallow with his dick filling my mouth. Suddenly he pulled out and started stroking himself, sending the next couple of shots such that they hit me on my nose and cheeks and then back into my open mouth again.

"Shit Carl, you've been storing that up for a while or what?" his buddy chuckled as my guy just kept cumming, covering my tongue with more cum as I felt his other shots drip down my nose and face.

"Hey, not my fault the old lady's frigid," he retorted, hitting the guy on the shoulder with his fist. "That's it, suck it all out," he said back to me again.

I obediently did as he ordered and took his quickly softening dick between my lips again, sucking my cheeks in as I licked the tip of his dick and took every last drop of cum from him that I could. Soon the other guys were cumming, one of them in Alicia's mouth but the center two were spraying it all over their girl's face and boobs. Kristen seemed to be enjoying it as she smiled and took it all like a trooper.

As they caught their breath and we took our last few tugs on their dicks, Trish suddenly appeared again to check up on our performance.

"Well, what do you guys think of my girls?"

They all chimed in and it was a chorus of "Great!", "Fucking good," and other compliments. Apparently they were satisfied that the "merchandise" was ready for prime time as they pulled up their pants and headed out the door, only to be replaced by a crowd of guys all trying to get in ahead of the other. Trish took control like a master sergeant.

"OK, Barbie and Kelly - to the bedroom…. Alicia - TV room and Kristen, you stay here on the couch. Let's go girls…show time! Make me proud."

I wouldn't have been surprised if he had huddled and stacked hands followed by a "go girls" shout or whatever but it didn't get as corny as that, thank god. Barbie and I hustled off to the bedroom while Trish tried to maintain some semblance of order with the incoming crowd of horny men.

"Well, you ready girl?" Barbie asked me as we pulled off the comforter and laid next to each other on the bed.

"I guess," I answered softly.

"So you're an amateur, eh? I take it then that you haven't done this before, have you?" Barbie asked me gently, "You sure you're ready for this?"

"Well, I'm still not entirely sure what 'this' is!" I exclaimed, looking out the door expecting men to start appearing any moment.

"Oh my God, didn't Kristen explain it to you?" she gasped, "That dirty little whore, how could she?"

I must have looked puzzled and the noise level outside was rising so she looked at me in the eyes and said, "OK, we don't have much time so just listen to me. For the next few hours just forget who you are. Forget your boyfriend, your parents, your friends, anyone who you think might care what you do here. These guys only want one thing - to fuck your brains out any way they can. Don't fight them, don't resist, and for god's sake, NEVER say no to anything. If you want to get out of this in one piece, just go with it and try to enjoy it. God, I can't believe Kristen brought you into one of the toughest gigs in town and didn't warn you!"

After her little speech I was about to chicken out and bolt for the door. Crap, what the hell had I gotten myself in to? I knew Kristen was a lot wilder than me and did a lot of things I never would have done, but I hadn't expected it to be THAT crazy tonight. I'd been gangbanged before at bachelor parties and sex parties so I didn't expect this to be any different. Well, as experienced as I consider myself, I was about to learn just how naļve I can still be!

As I said, I was one step from heading for the exit but any consideration of that was brought to a screeching halt when several guys burst into the room, all of them completely naked. Evidently the time delay from when they entered the suite to making their way in here with us was due to them undressing and leaving their clothes behind somewhere. They were followed by several more and the room was starting to fill up quickly. Barbie looked at me and winked, and mouthed a quick, "good luck" to me.

That was the last time for the next three hours I was able to look at Barbie without someone doing something to me. God, how do I even describe what was done to me? I've always talked about my definitions of whore versus slut, feeling smug about my status and looking down at girls like Kristen who sold their bodies to anyone with enough money. I once had this aura of superiority that I chose my partners and controlled my own destiny. Well, talk about a "road to Damascus" conversion! I have a completely newfound respect for the prostitutes of this world! After what I went through tonight, I have no idea how these girls do this day after day, week after week. God, one night was more than I could handle!

In trying to decide how to write about what happened for the rest of the night, decided there was no way I could do a typical "play-by-play". I don't even remember what all happened and much of what did is hazy like trying to watch a movie through a fog bank. What I decided was to pick a few of the more memorable "scenes". These did not necessarily happen in the order presented but then, what difference did it make since what I did one minute typically had no connection to what I was doing a few minutes later.

## 6. Gangbanged

This was probably the part I remembered the most and the best as I wasn't worn out and fucked out to the point everything started to blend together. The room was filling with naked men of all sorts and shapes and sizes. The best I could compare it to would be a day at the family beach where men of all ages, backgrounds, and physiques appeared showing way too much of what I didn't need to see. Of course here were more than a few guys who would have caught my eye under different circumstances, but the beer guts and hairy backs far outnumbered them. There was one thing most of them DID have in common though, erections or dicks being stroked to try and evoke one.

After Barbie's quick little warning she fell back against the pillows stacked on her side of the bed and "assumed the position" if you want to say it that way - on her back, head up on the pillows, feet flat on the bed such that her knees were up and bent, legs spread apart showing off her pretty bare pussy, and your basic "fuck me" come-hither look on her face. Figuring she knew what she was doing, I mimicked her and the two of us laid there silently, like sailors on the bridge waiting for the monster wave to hit.

"Well, I don't know about the rest of you but I'm getting my share right now!" someone said out loud over the general din of guys whispering back and forth saying god knows what about Barbie and me.

I wondered how many of these guys looking at us like pieces of meat for sale had sisters, daughters or nieces back home our age and if they could possibly realize that someone saw us that same way they viewed them. From the looks in their eyes and the hard dicks in their hands, I doubted it.

Someone broke out from the pack and headed straight for me. He grabbed me by the ankles and pulled and twisted me roughly to the edge of the bed such that my ass was at the edge and my legs were up in the air over his shoulders. He wasn't wasting any time with cuddling or foreplay, no sir! He had one goal in mind – fucking me.

"Yeah, fuck her Jack!" someone called out.

At the same time another guy was approaching Barbi, except he was looking for her to suck his dick so she rolled over on their side and took him in her mouth. After that I wasn't watching her anymore as suddenly I felt my guy pressing his dick up against my pussy, trying to push it into me. Fortunately I was still pretty wet from fooling around earlier and he entered me rather easily, although as my first dick of the night, I was still pretty tight.

"Shit, she's tight!" he crowed as the rest of them cheered him on.

I pulled my kegs back so I could wrap my arms around them and hold them back against me as he stroked himself unceremoniously in and out of my pussy. He may as well have been fucking a plastic blowup doll for all the attention he was giving me. He was more concerned about showing off his sexual prowess to his friends than the woman whose pussy he actually he had his dick inside.

Not to be left in the cold, a couple of his buddies got on the bed, one on each side of me, and dangled their dicks onto my mouth, their intentions obvious. Not really caring which I did first, I turned my head to the one who seemed the most anxious and opened my mouth, letting him push his dick inside. Meanwhile, I was being literally pushed and pulled on the bed as the guy fucking me was going at it like there was no tomorrow.

Trying to suck two dicks at once is more challenging than you may think. Fortunately, both guys weren't afraid to "help" me out, stroking themselves whenever I would do the other to keep things moving along. I say that because some guys seem to have this phobia about touching themselves in front of me. I figure that's probably because they were told that masturbation was bad when they were growing up and so had been conditioned to never let someone see them stroking themselves. Too bad for the, it just took longer to get them off!

From the way things progressed, the guy fucking me was not the first just because he was a show-off, he must have been horny as hell too as he didn't last very long fucking me. It seemed like he had just started when I heard him groan and then thrust himself deep into me and start to cum.

"Shit, he's cumming inside of her," I heard someone exclaim.

Well, the first shot WAS deep in me but then his porn movie "training" took over. Well, I can't say that for certain but it seems to me a lot of guys learn their "technique" from watching too much porn, equating hot porn with good sex - something that wasn't necessarily always the same for me. He pulled his dick out until just the head was inside of me, releasing the rest of his cum barely inside of me. Yeah, just like he learned watching "Creampie Honeys" or some other porno film (BTW - I have no idea if a movie by that title exists but it wouldn't surprise me). When he was almost done, he pulled himself out such that the last smaller shots covered my wet pussy on the outside. A regular porn film star here!

"Let's see it!" someone yelled.

"Fuck, it's leaking out of her cunt," another voice chimed in.

From the feel of it, his cum was dripping out of my pussy and down to my ass. By cumming so close to the outside of my pussy, most of it was being pushed back out again, hence the "creampie" action they all seemed to love watching.

"Alright, I can handle sloppy seconds," someone said gruffly, "Get out of the way and let someone else have a turn for crying out loud."

It was hard to see what was going on with two dicks vying for my mouth's attention but I soon felt what was going on. Another dick was pressing its way into me. With my pussy all lubed up with the first guy's sperm, he slipped easily inside of me and promptly started to stroke himself in and out of me slowly and deliberately.

"Yeah, she IS tight," he confirmed in case anyone was really interested. If that bothered him, the faster pace of his strokes masked it well because he obviously was enjoying his dick in me.

Meanwhile, one of the guys I was sucking started stroking his cock in earnest, letting me pay full attention to the other. As it worked out, they both came together, the one covering my face and the other coating my bobs and upper chest with his sperm. As it turned out, it was but the first of many loads that those areas would receive before this crazy night was over.

I was expecting another dick to show up quickly in my face but I soon found out why they were hesitating. Instead, someone dropped his dick in from behind me and started cumming on m y face from the top of my head where his balls hit me on the back of his head he sitting down so far on me. He must have been jerking off watching the other guys get sucked and now it was his turn to spray his cum over me. Most of it landed on my face but I could tell a substantial also made its way to my hair. Oh well, I knew I would be need one heck of a bath tonight so what did it matter?

The second guy to fuck me apparently wanted to watch the results more and so as he was about to cum he pulled out of me and stroked his dick vigorously until he started to spray cum all over my belly and pussy. Damn, I had barely started and already I had more cum on me than I had had in a long time.

After about an hour, things started to fit into a pattern and it was almost like a rhythm was established. The crowd changed continuously as guys came in, got off or decided to go for another girl. I don't think my pussy went empty more than thirty seconds at any one time during that first hour. After the first guy decided to go for the creampie, almost all of them pulled out and watched their cum squirt out and land on me - somewhere or another.

There simply weren't enough pussies and mouths for everyone at once, so a lot of the guys jerked off and ended up cumming before they could stop themselves. Not wanting to "waste" it, most of them tried to get it to land on me - somewhere. After only the first hour I had been hit by cum on my legs, torso, boobs, face, hair, arms, and even my feet.

As for sucking dick, it didn't take long to realize that technique was secondary when it came to assembly line BJs. After the first few guys my jaws started to tire and I knew I would never make it trying to us my usual BJ style. What I found worked the best was simply to hold my mouth open for the next guy and once he was in, just relax and keep my teeth off of him while he did the work. Hey, it worked! The guys were just happy to have their dick in a girl's mouth.

My only issue was that I LOVE cum and only a few of them came in my mouth. The vast majority pulled out and jerked themselves off so they could spray it over my face and body. I think most of it was peer pressure - everyone would cheer when they started shooting their cum on me, like guys cheering on a chugging contest at a party. Cumming in my mouth may have been more satisfying to me, but it wouldn't have given them as much to brag about later.

So it went, basically the same season repeated over and over just with different actors in the leading roles. I had absolutely no idea who was fucking me most if the time or if a guy came back for "seconds. A couple of dicks seemed familiar when I sucked them but that may have been my imagination at work just as easily. The problem was, I started getting confident, a sort of "been there done that" attitude that this was no big deal and I could take on guys like this all night. Once again, I was making an assumption at was wrong.

## 7. Losing Control

Back in the hotel room I'd told Trish there was one thing that was off limits - anything anal. She was upset at this, probably figuring she would be getting complaints from the "customers" over it but in the end she agreed to respect my wishes. About half-way through the night, I learned there was one flaw in my plan - Trish wasn't in the room.

Until now, a couple of guys had tried slipping their dick in the general direction of my ass but I had been able to redirect their efforts successfully without making a scene of it. Simply by changing position, letting them fuck me doggie style or riding cowgirl I could get their mind off my ass and then they came so quick there want time to worry about my asshole. Yep I had it all under control. Kelly was in charge.

Boy was I wrong.

I was on my knees, getting fucked doggie style by a guy when he came all over my ass and asshole. No sooner was he finished then the next guy in line stepped up and slipped his dick in my now well-used cunt (it wasn't fair to call the poor thing a pussy anymore the way it was being treated).. After a few strokes and his cock was covered with my pussy and lord only knows how many men's cum, he pulled out and I felt the head of his dick against my asshole, the pressure mounting as he pushed harder.

"Fuck my pussy, that's what it's there for," I tried teasing him. Until now, that line had worked as the guys had been too anxious to fuck me to argue.

"Fuck that, I paid for it and I want it," he growled, pushing away my hand and grabbing me on each side of my hips to hold me in place as he pushed harder into me.

Technically my asshole wasn't a virgin, going back to my escorting days years ago when someone did something without my permission. Back then it led in part to my decision to quit escorting. So far as anyone is concerned, I tell people I have never done anal as I don't like to even remember that time, let alone count it as a "first time". Since then, I have refused anal sex with everyone, even my dad. Oh sure, I have fingered my asshole a couple of times in the shower but that was just natural curiosity and never by anyone other than my own finger. So when it came to taking a dick in the ass - NO WAY. My favorite phrase has been that my ass is a one way street with an exit only sign out front.

Evidently nobody had given this guy the memo that said my asshole was off limits and he was enough of a prick to force the issue. I recalled Alicia's warning about never saying no and I knew if I raised a fuss that things could get out of hand quickly. The thought of being fucked in the ass petrified me but it was nothing compared to my fear of a gang bang turning into a gang rape.

Well, what could I do? What choice did I have? I bit my tongue and held myself there, waiting for him to do it, waiting for what I was sure would be the worst thing to happen to me in my life.

OK, now that is over I can say it wasn't the WORST thing that has ever happened to me, but it ranks up there with other things I never want to do again. Once he realized I was giving in and he could fuck me in the ass, the jerk didn't waste a moment. He took his hard dick in one hand while he spread apart my buttocks with the other. Using his hand to help keep his cock from bending, I felt the pressure against my asshole growing by the second. For a moment I felt a sense of relief as I figured he wasn't going to be able to get it in me but no, he was a determined one.

When the head of his dick split my asshole open, it made my first time being fucked feel like pure pleasure in comparison. Oh my god! It hurt like HELL! Tears were streaming from my eyes but nobody noticed as everyone's attention was fixed on my asshole where he literally forced himself into more and more.

"God DAMN she's tight!" he exclaimed.

Well, this was one time I knew a guy wasn't just being complimentary. I WAS damn tight and from the way my ass was feeling, not stretching out very willingly either.

Who the hell ever thought of doing this in the first place? How could anyone enjoy this? It might have helped had it been under better circumstances, with someone he cared at least a little about me as a person. Not this guy though. he just kept shoving it in further and further, totally oblivious to the pain he was causing me.

"Ah yeah, this is great," I heard him brag to his friends. Then he grabbed my hair and pulled my head back so he knew I was listening to him.

"Let's hear it bitch," he snarled at me as his cock inched in a little deeper, "I want you to beg for it, tell me you want it."

What I REALLY wanted was to twist my hips and break his cock off at the root. What I DID was exactly what he asked for.

"Oh yeah, I love it when you fuck me in the ass," I said, trying to sound like I meant it, even if my voice was about to crack and I broke into sobs.

Once he was all the way in me, he pulled out and it created the weirdest sensations. On the one hand it felt good, or should I say it felt less bad, as his cock came out of me and no longer violated my asshole. At the same time, I felt totally embarrassed as I could have SWORN I was taking a dump and crapping all over us. In my head I knew that wasn't the case but even so, the feeling was weird.

Although he stuck his dick back in my pussy again, any dreams that he might be satisfied with a single penetration died quickly as I realize he was just lubricated his cock for another run at my asshole. A few strokes in my pussy and he was back at the entrance to my asshole except the "exit only" sign had been tossed to the side of the road. Thankfully the second time didn't hurt anywhere nearly as bad as the first but it was still a far cry from being enjoyable. The most enjoyable part of the entire exercise was when he pulled it out of me!

As if just to prove how wrong I was about my earlier assumption that I wouldn't be fucked in the ass, he lasted longer than the usual guy as well and it must have taken him ten minutes to get off. When he did cum, he didn't even cum in my asshole, where you think a first-timer SHOULD cum. No, I felt him squirting his sperm on my ass and legs instead. Go figure!

It was bad enough that he fucked me in the ass. What made it even worse, though, was he set a precedent. At least a half dozen other guys fucked my asshole before the night was over. It didn't hurt nearly as bad with the last guy but I still couldn't say I enjoyed it.

Final note: PLEASE do not come back to me and ask me about anal sex. OK, once again I was dragged into it without my permission but shy should that have to be counted as an anal sex experience. Like taking your sins to Jesus, now that I have confessed to it I expect it to be remembered in the same manner as my other time in college – NOT. If anyone should ask, my answer is still the same – I have not had anal sex and I don't intend to have it.

## 8. End Game

By now it must have been three to four hours into the night. Damn, had he said fifty guys? It felt more like five hundred – and every one of them had fucked me. Of course that's a bit of an exaggeration, but to call me a cum slut now would be like calling Paris Hilton a little spoiled.

I would have given anything for just a ten minute break and a shot at the shower. I felt absolutely filthy as the layers of cum on me dried only to be covered by yet another layer. It was like my face would have been used for some archeological dig – sifting through layers of sperm to find the original base layer of skin buried underneath. It was like taking Elmer's glue and pouring it over your skin and letting it dry and then pulling it off in one piece – come one, we've all done it when we were little kids.

My pussy was numb. It didn't hurt but it was like running a long race and afterwards not feeling bad but I knew the next morning I would be paying for this. I could only imagine how the poor thing looked by now. Beside the "miners:, guys cumming inside of me and the "firemen", guys squirting their cum over my pussy, there were those who were one step kinkier and held my pussy open while they came into it like pouring water into well. Bottom line, my pussy had been fucked like it had never been fucked before – and that was saying something!

My ass hurt like hell. After the first guy led the charge, it seemed the next half dozen or so had to follow suit. Thankfully, the "ass craze" died out and guys went back to doing my pussy again. Even so, it was tender and I had a feeling sitting down was going to be whole new experience for me later.

The one thing that remained consistent, and that was the steady stream of guys. At times the room filled up more than at others, and a few times I even had the momentary thrill of thinking we might get a break after the next guy, but sooner or later someone always appeared just in time to keep things moving along.

Before anyone asks, I can't say I came the entire night expect for those moments I spent with Becky into the hotel room. I simply couldn't put myself in the right frame of mind for it. Guys can cum no matter what so long as you manipulate their dick enough. Hell, a guy can cum in his sleep it so independent of his head. No girl I have ever met has ever had an orgasm while she was sleeping, no matter what was being done to her. Look how many girls never have one - or least don't have one for years. For a girl it's more a frame of mind than a physical thing and trust me, my frame of mind was not centered around my own orgasm.

As the last guy left the suite, the first thing I noticed was how quiet it suddenly became. No more grunts, swearing, foul language, lewd comments, moans, groans or whatever. I collapsed on the bed in a fetal position, not sure whether I should laugh at myself for what I had just allowed to be done to me, or cry for the same reasons.

"Come on, Kelly, you need to clean up so we can go," I vaguely heard someone saying to me, their hand on my shoulder trying to awaken me. It sounded like they were a mile away and all I could hear was their voice coming out from afar.

I groaned and somehow got out of bed for the first time in hours. I almost feel to the floor as my legs felt like rubber and my sense of balance was off. I felt almost like I had been drugged or was coming out of a coma.

"That's it Kelly, you're doing great," I hear my cousin to the one side of me as someone, Alicia it turned out to be, helped me on the other.

The two of the got me in the shower and started the warm water. God it felt so good. I felt like a complete disaster. I was covered with cum from head to foot and my hair felt like I hadn't washed it in a month except it wasn't grease that had it matted down. Kristen slipped in the shower with me and helped to wash me off.

"God, you really got it tonight girl," she couldn't help but giggle. Then she hugged me under the stream of water and I felt her warm naked body against mine.

"I love you Kelly," she said, her voice starting to crack, "I'm so proud of you. I feel like such a jerk for tricking you like this."

What could I say? I really wasn't mad at her. I wasn't hurt, just exhausted. I'd been fucked by dozens of guys - how many, I really have no idea as I am sure there were a number that did me at least twice. If I was honest with myself, I knew something like this was going to happen. After all, it was my cousin I was listening to and she never told the whole story about anything!

"I love you too Kristen," I assured her, hugging back as I felt better with each passing minute under the shower. It was like washing the cum off of me was taking away the feelings of exhaustion with it.

It took forever it seemed to get the cum off of me and no doubt there would be more to find when I got home. My hair was the worst. Normally I hated it when ONE guy came in my hair because it was so hard to get out and then there was tonight, as lord only knows how much cum had been dumped in it. There was a blow drier in the bathroom and I just blew my hair dry without caring about how it turned out as who would care at this time in the morning?

When we finally exited the bathroom, all fresh again, I was greeted by clapping and cheers from Becky and Alicia.

"Bravo Kelly!" Becky said with a smile. "Knew you could do it sister," Alicia chimed in afterwards.

Even Trish seemed to have softened towards me and gave me a hug. Then we all threw out towels back on and headed down to our room to get dressed.

As we were about to leave the room, Trish pulled Kristen aside and whispered something to her. Whatever it was, Kristen hugged her and thanked her. Then Trish turned to me.

"I've got to hand it to you girl, I never would have thought you would have made it," she said solemnly. "I told Kristen she could have her full share since you carried your share of the loads tonight."

Kristen thanked Trish again but this time she hugged me and squealed as well. I had no idea how much money that represented but I would have to think with the number of guys there tonight it had to be a bundle. Trish had one last thing to say to me before we left.

"You know, we're always on the lookout for new talent. Kristen told me where you're at now and I can offer you a LOT more than you ever dreamed of making there. Think about it, here's my card if you change your mind."

I took her card to be polite but I knew I would never call her. There have been many things in my life I have done just once that I would never do again - slugging down a shot of Tequila, fucking a dog, and now being a true whore for a night. All interesting experiences and none that I would ever regret doing - ONCE. Nope, maybe Kristen can handle this type of lifestyle but it wasn't for me!

# (Dec 15) Chapter 155: Dad's Office Christmas Party

Story codes: MF oral exhib
Me (22)
Agas (28)

It was supposed to be just another typical brief office Christmas party where lunch is catered, a few gifts handed out, Christmas music plays, and maybe an appearance by Santa. You never know who you're going to meet at such gatherings – or what you'll do with them.

## 1. Getting the Party Started

My dad is a lawyer for a legal firm in Pittsburgh, specializing in corporate law, whatever that is. All I know is it's nothing like Boston Legal and incredibly boring most of the time. I'm not complaining, my dad is a senior partner and made plenty of money to spoil me when I was growing up (and I'm still growing up, at least according to him).

Every year his office has a small Christmas party. For the past several years I was away at college when they were held and so I couldn't attend. I DID manage to make it to a few of the bigger bashes where the wives and significant others celebrate at some downtown hotel ballroom. Usually I found a way to celebrate in ways a few of the wives might not have approved of had they known..

This year the office party was being held later than usual and so seeing I was home for Winter Break, my dad invited me to come, adding that I might find a few of the new attorneys to be pretty hot. He had this grin on his face when he said it, as if he was holding back some important information. However, try as I might (and I have my ways when it comes to getting my way with my dad), I couldn't get him to confess so it must have been something pretty good. Well, there was only one way to find out!

The party was scheduled during lunch as nobody wants to interfere with those precious billable hours. It was a cold winter's day so I decided drove downtown for once rather than fool around taking the small train transit (the "T") and dealing with walking around downtown. The office building where my father's firm is located has a parking garage underneath so it was easier to just park and take the elevator on up. I arrived a few minutes before lunch and just walked in as there was no receptionist at the front desk. Evidently the festivities had already begun!

I found quickly that the party was centered around the largest conference room. It was filled with people and the buzz was enough to almost drown out the forlorn boom box in the corner as it cranked out some old Christmas classics. My dad must have spotted me before I saw him as the next thing I knew he was hugging me and wishing me a merry Christmas.

"Hey honey, glad you could make," he said as he released me before it started to look awkward, "Here, let me put your coat up for you."

I unbuttoned my long winter coat and allowed him to slip it off my shoulders. As it dropped down my arms to reveal my outfit I heard him whistle behind me.

"Now THAT'S an outfit guaranteed to bring some holiday cheer!"

I couldn't help but giggle a little as I knew he would like it when I picked it out this morning from my closet. I recalled standing in front of my closet, naked and still a bit damp from my shower, debating what to wear. It was tempting to go with the elf costume I had worn at a previous Christmas party. It showed off my body, especially my legs, but I hated to wear the same outfit twice, especially to the same group of people. After pulling several outfits out and returning them to the closet, I finally settled on something I knew my dad would like. Actually my dad likes anything that reveals my legs and shows off my boobs so it wasn't THAT hard to choose.

"So I take it you like my skirt daddy?" I teased him in a low voice that the others wouldn't hear.

"Like it? You know damn well better than that. I LOVE it! Where did you pick up that cute little number? I haven't seen you wear it before."

Actually, I'd bought it months ago when the fall clothes first came out. It included a lightweight tartar skirt that came about half-way to my knees with a white cotton cami with a red button-up, long-sleeved sweater over it. The cami was skin tight and without the sweater, would have been a bit over-the-top for this type of setting as my nipples poked through it like it was Saran wrap and the darkness of my areola was plainly visible. Even though I wore the sweater unbuttoned, it was still enough to cover my such that I was "decent", at least using my definition of the term.

Under the skirt was a black thong. It wasn't one of my more revealing ones as it actually had enough material in the rear to allow it to cover most of my ass crack. A pair of 4 inch sling-back heels finished off the outfit. A pair of pantyhose would have probably made my legs look better being it was December, but other than not being tan I thought they looked good enough go bare.

"So... what are we hiding behind here?" he used as he pulled my sweater to the side, revealing my boobs, "A little snug, don't you think? And transparent too!"

The tone of his voice made it easy to recognize he wasn't critiquing me, not by any means. He quickly replaced the sweater before anyone caught he ogling his daughter's boobs.

"Yep, nice outfit... hot but just enough to keep it wearable in public."

## 2. Meeting Agas

My dad put his hand on the small of my back and guided me into the conference room. Most of the people there knew me, even if it had been a few years since I'd seem a number of them. A few new faces stood out in the crowd. My dad introduced me to most of them and then we came upon a gorgeous specimen who he referred to as "Agas". He had a Russian type of accent and a rather rough-hewn face that was handsome nonetheless. Apparently his real name was about twenty letters long and had been immediately shortened upon starting work to something more easily pronounced. What stood out the most for me was his height. Damn, he must have been at least 6'6" or more!

Agas shook my hand and then introduced me to the beautiful woman by his side. Tonya was almost as tall as Agas and he introduced her to me as his fiance. Tanya was apparently an American citizen whereas Agas was not. A more cynical person may have viewed their marriage as one of convenience for Agas in terms of getting his citizenship but they seemed to be in love so even if such a situation WAS true, it appeared to be a side benefit and not the deciding factor for the upcoming nuptials. Did I mention Tonya was gorgeous? Tall and thin as a rail, she wore a stylish black dress that hugged her figure and revealed the vast majority of her long shapely legs. All-in-all, the two of them made a great looking pair.

My dad moved me on to the next people to be introduced to but I couldn't help but notice Agas' eyes following me as I walked away. For a brief moment I thought perhaps Tanya was looking as well but I put it down as just a coincidence.

"Agas may be engaged but don't let that fool you," my dad chuckled, "I've already had two secretaries complain and threaten to file a sexual harassment suit if he doesn't stop looking down their blouses. Apparently he comes from a slightly different culture when it comes to dealing with women in the workplace."

Before he could say about it anymore, we were up to the next group of people and I was shaking the hand of the newest partner and his intern. For the time being I put Agas and Tonya out of my mind.

As I would have expected, everyone body was really nice to me, just as they always had been over the years when I would visit my dad's office. Although I knew I looked pretty good in my slinky outfit, I was under no illusion that it was my good looks that caused them to act that way. Being the daughter of one of the senior partners was enough to get most anyone to kiss ass a little - figuratively that is. More than a few gave me some looks that might have been deemed "inappropriate" by someone who didn't appreciate them as much as I did, but by and large most of the guys behaved themselves. It was one of the things I noticed over the years that as a teenager the men seemed more willing to flirt with me whereas now that I was in my twenties it was as if they were afraid to do it anymore. It was like it was no longer just goofing around but perhaps a bit too serious now that I wasn't a kid.

After being there about twenty minutes or so I was finally able to get a few minutes to myself - or so I thought. To my surprise, Agas appeared at my elbow, sans Tonya this time.

"Do you mind if I talk to you a minute Kelly?"

"Sure," I answered, shrugging my shoulders as if I didn't think it was any big deal - which I actually didn't at the time. I turned to face him, waiting for him to say whatever was on his mind.

"Sorry, I meant something a little less... public," he said meekly.

I looked at him sharply, wondering what he REALLY meant. He pointed me towards the main office area which was vacant now as everyone was in the conference room. We moved to an out-of-the way corner and he started to say something but then stopped, as if unsure about what he had to say to me.

"Well, what is it that you wanted to ask me, Agas?"

"Ummmmm... you know I've only been here a few months so I've never had a chance to meet with you before," he finally managed to get out.

"Well, I guess you've met me now then, right?" I said, trying to sound light-hearted but wondering what this was all about.

"Ok then... it seems there are some rumors here about you, you know what I mean?"

Of course I knew what he was most likely referring to and that was my flirting around the office. I didn't think even for second that he'd gotten anyone to confess to him what more "interesting" things I'd done at the office.

"Oh? What kind of rumors would they be, Agas?"

"Ummmmm, how do I say this?" he stammered, "That you like to be friendly with some of the men here, you know what I mean?"

Again, I had a pretty good idea what he was talking about - "friendly" was obviously just his way of saying flirting.

"What's the big deal Agas? Heck, I like to be friendly with all the guys in the office."

Agas looked shocked, as if I had said something totally unexpected.

"ALL of the men?" he repeated back as a question, "You mean to say that you have had sex with ALL the men in the office?"

"Whoa big boy! Who said anything about sex?" I fired back immediately, "I thought by 'being friendly' you meant flirting and that sort of thing."

"I'm so sorry, I should have said it better," he apologized, "Let me start over, OK? I meant to say that you have had sex with some of the men here before, yes?"

Well, there really was no point in denying it. Plus, if nothing else maybe he would tell me more about what he had heard about me. I shrugged my shoulders as if it was no big deal for me. Agas' eye widened and he subconsciously licked his lips which seemed to be suddenly dry as a desert.

"What does someone have to do to have sex with you?" he asked, as if he was asking what it took to have me make some copies for him or arrange his travel plans.

It was a little surreal, to be honest, and if it had been most anyone else, I would have started laughing at him for pulling my leg. With Agas, though, his earnestness and intense demeanor signaled to me he was being 100% honest with me. Damn, he really DID want to know what it took for someone like him to have sex with me! It wasn't like he was treating me like a hooker, wanting to know my price for an hour, but rather more innocent and not just a little bit naive in my opinion.

"Well, have you ever considered just asking me?" I replied, not sure how to reply but at the same time, unable to keep myself from teasing him a little bit.

Agas took a deep breath and then let it out slowly, as if he was trying to work up his courage for whatever he wanted to ask me next. It wasn't like it was any surprise when he finally got it out.

"Will you have sex with me then?" he said softly, looking around to make sure nobody was able to hear him ask me.

"Like... NOW?" I asked incredulously, acting as if his questions was a complete shock to me, "What about Tonya?"

"I am not married YET, you know," he rationalized. "So it is OK then? Is there someplace we can do it now?"

He must have assumed that since I had done it in the office before that I must knew where the more discreet locations were - and he was right. Of course, it didn't hurt that I was one of the senior partner's daughters with access to offices he normally never even went in, let alone had a key.

"We could use my dad's office," I offered.

Agas' eyes widened yet even more as he almost choked trying to get the words out.

"Seriously?" he asked, as if he couldn't believe I had even mentioned such a place, even it may have been in jest for all he knew.

"Sure but we need to hurry up then," I encouraged him as I started heading for the hallway leading to the senior partner offices. "The party will be over in half an hour."

As I passed by the conference room I saw my dad talking to a group of people. He caught me going by and raised his eyebrows, as if he was asking me where I was going. I just grinned and tossed my head just enough toward Agas that he got the picture of what was going on. My dad just grinned and winked at me before going back and paying attention to whoever he was talking to. Actually, I was glad he had seen me as now I knew he wouldn't go to his office and stumble upon us until he saw me back again.

## 3. Agas Fucks Me in My Dad's Office

Agas followed close behind as I quickly unlocked the door to my dad's office and stepped out of the deserted hallway. As soon as we were both inside I closed the door quietly and made sure that it was locked securely. I walked straight to the front of my dad's desk where I leaned forward until I was holding myself up with one arm while I reached behind me and lifted my skirt, exposing most of my tight ass for Agas to see. Spreading my legs, I could feel my thong pulling up tight between my pussy lips and I knew Agas had to be seeing just about all of me that there was to see below the waist. At first he just stood there and stared so I "encouraged" him by wiggling my butt and calling him over.

"Well Agas, are you just going to stand there and stare like an idiot or are you gonna fuck me? We really don't have all day you know."

Somehow I don't think this scenario was what Agas had envisioned. Honestly, I didn't know WHAT he was expecting but I was pretty sure it wasn't anything where I would so openly display myself and be so eager to have him fuck me. I flipped my skirt up over my back and pulled my thong to the side, giving him a better look at my bare wet pussy.

"C'mon Agas, you gonna fuck me or not?" I sort of whined to him, as if I was becoming a bit frustrated which in truth, I was.

Agas moved in behind me and I could hear him fumbling with his belt and pants, dropping them to his ankles but keeping his shoes on which made it impossible for him to take them off completely. It didn't matter as if things went as I expected, he wouldn't need to move from that spot anyway. I looked around to the back of me and I saw he had his stiff dick in his hands, already looking nice and plenty hard for me.

"Mmmmmmm, your dick looks so hot Agas," I purred, "Now put it in me... please!"

There was no way an hour ago Agas could have in his wildest dreams envisioned that he would be in the position that he was sin right now. Obviously he had learned about my reputation from someone and maybe even fantasized about how I might react but I would have taken some pretty good bets that none of his fantasies had been as hot as the real thing was turning out to be.

I turned my head back forward again and stood there, waiting impatiently for him to shove his dick in me but nothing happened. He certainly hadn't been shy about dropping his pants but suddenly he seemed to be a little uncertain about actually carrying out his fantasy. Perhaps he had never expected it to really go this far. Was he waiting for me to snap my legs shut and tell him it was just a joke, that I had no intention of going through this and I was just leading him on to see what a fool I could make of him? Maybe thoughts of Tonya were holding him back. Was he as flippant about his promise to marry her as he had tried to make himself out to be? Maybe a little guilt was creeping in now that he was actually about to DO something rather than just jerk off thinking about it?

Whatever the reason, I was horny as hell and all I really care about at the moment was having a nice warm dick in me. As much as it might bruise poor Agas' ego should he find out, I really didn't give a damn about him except for that stiff object projecting from his hairy crotch. Given the type of party and the location, I hadn't really expected to get laid today. Sure I knew there would be a lot of teasing and flirting, but actually getting some dick was not something I had seriously anticipated. Not that I would turn it down if the opportunity arose (as I was proving now), it was just not something I would have gone home all broken up over had it not happened. Now that the opportunity WAS here though, I was getting tired of the fooling around and my throbbing pussy was getting a bit impatient as well, to say the least.

"Damn Agas, what's wrong with you? I thought you wanted to fuck me?" I whined.

"I... I just don't think I can do this," he said in a small voice, almost like a little boy afraid to climb the rock wall at the fair after bragging to all his friends that he could do it.

Well, he wasn't going to get off THAT easy, not after getting me this worked up. There was no way I was letting him out of this office without fucking me... no way in hell! I turned around and pushed him backwards. He almost fell as his pants were still wrapped around his ankles but he managed to keep his balance and not kill himself as he stumbled a few steps backwards.

"Noooooo... I don't think so Agas. You're going to fuck me – just like you promised," I said with a determined tone as I gave him another shove, harder this time.

Agas lurched back and then he did lose his balance this time. Luckily for him, the couch was right behind him and he dropped down onto it, his bare ass pushing against the cold leather couch cushion. I dropped my thong to the floor and stepped out of, leaving my heels on and lifting up my skirt as I approached him on the couch.

"Well, if you're not going to fuck me then I guess I'm just going to have to fuck you," I informed him as climbed up on the couch.

Once on the couch I straddled his legs and then kneeled with him between my bare legs. He just sat there with his hands to his sides, palms flat on the cushion as he didn't hardly even blink. Reaching down, I grabbed his stiff dick in my hand and pressed it against my warm wet pussy, rubbing my clit with the smooth tip of his cock head. God it felt so good to massage my clit with his dick! He sat there without saying a word as I rubbed his dick up and down my pussy slit, making the head slick with the wetness of my pussy.

"So Agas, are you ready to put your dick in me now?" I whispered to him as I leaned forward. For a moment I thought he wasn't going to answer but then he moaned as if he couldn't resist any longer.

"Yes... yes I want to," he said in a hoarse sounding voice. Then he closed his eyes and sighed heavily.

As much as he knew it was wrong for him to be doing this, I knew he wanted it, desiring it more than anything at the moment. It thrilled me to see him literally submit to his most base desires, yet another man unable to resist his lust when faced with circumstances he had only fantasized about before.

Positioning his rock hard dick directly under my crotch, I slowly lowered myself down onto him, feeling his cock head push its way into me, forcing my pussy to spread pussy apart. God I loved the feeling it give me when a man's cock violates my pussy for the first time! Once he had the entire head in me I paused and wiggled my ass a little, making him move around just inside of me, stimulating me just the way I knew we both liked it.

Then suddenly, without warning, I quickly dropped down onto him, although not in one swift movement but slowly and deliberately, twisting my ass in circles as I took more and more of him inside of me. Finally I was able to put my entire weight on him, driving his dick into me as far as it would go.

"Mmmmmmm, I love your big dick in my pussy Agas... I love fucking you," I whispered again, barely loud enough for him to hear me.

He kept his eyes closed but his hands finally moved from the his side and he grabbed my ass, one cheek in each hand. It felt good as he squeezed my tight ass and I started to rock on his dick, grinding my pussy into his hairy crotch, rubbing my sensitive clit against him. I put my hands on the back of the couch on each side of his head and started to stroked his dick in and out of me, raising my hips until he was about half-way out of me and then dropping back down again until I was pressing hard against his crotch.

"Look at me Agas... open your eyes and look at your dick in me. It looks wonderful buried in my pussy, don't you think?"

Agas finally opened his eyes and he looked down at his lap where his dick was being swallowed by my pussy. Then he smiled and I knew he was loving it as much as I was.

"So tell me Agas, does Tonya fuck you like this?" I taunted him, "Does her pussy feel as tight as mine? Does she like to ride it like this?"

For just a moment I thought maybe I had said something wrong or over the top. His face went blank for just an instant, as if for a brief moment his mind cleared and he realized what he was doing, remembering that his loving fiance was literally just a few doors down the hallway. Then as fast as it appeared, the empty look disappeared, replaced by the one so typical of any man in this situation. Agas was no different than most men. Put his dick in your pussy and he didn't care about anything else.

"God this feels so good!' he gasped as I felt him starting to hump his hips under me, matching my rhythm.

"Tell me Agas... does Tonya fuck you like this?"

Agas groaned again, but this time it sounded more like frustration than anything else.

"God no, she won't even let me fuck her until we're married... not even a damn blowjob!"

Now THAT was a revelation indeed! No wonder the poor guy was so horny. Although I respect a girl's wishes should she want to remain a virgin until she is married, I have never understood the rationale behind it. I once had a roomie in college who wouldn't even masturbate because she considered that "sex" and she was "saving herself" for marriage. Just seems ridiculous to me I guess. What does your past sex life have to do with the man you want to marry? If you both love each other enough to get married, then who cares who you fucked before!

I knew we had already been gone long enough from the party that people might be wondering what happened to us. Tonya may be getting curious as to where Agas had disappeared to but I was confident she had no idea whatsoever what the REAL reason was that was keeping her fiance away from the party. In any case, it would be best to get this over and get back to the party before someone DID start looking for him.

"Cum for me Agas," I moaned softly, riding his dick like I was riding one of those mechanical bulls at a cowboy bar, "I want you to cum in my pussy."

"No! Let me cum on your face," he protested, "I can't cum in you... I just can't"

Well there was certainly no physical reason why he couldn't cum in me so I figured it was more guilt than anything else behind what he was saying. Like it was somehow not less cheating on Tonya if he fucked me and pulled out than to stay in me and give me his cum. Yeah right.

"No way," I came back to him, "I've got you right where I want you. Cum in me dammit, cum in me NOW!"

Although there have been a few times when I wish it was different, one of the great things about men is that they can't control their orgasms. They can protest and pretend that they don't want to do something, but in the end their dicks always betray them. Agas sight SAY he didn't want to cum inside of me but his cock wasn't getting the same message. When it came to a man's lust and horniness, I always trust his penis over his head.

Agas was pushing himself into me even faster and harder now whether he consciously realized it or not. Instinct and lust were driving him more and more. Fortunately, the closer he got to his orgasm the less his rationale side intruded.

"Oh god, YES" he groaned as he lifted his hips high off the couch, driving himself into me as deep as he could. I knew what was happening so I stopped and focused on my pussy and his dick that was penetrating me so deeply now.

"That's it Agas, cum in me... give it to me," I said one final time as I could tell he was still struggling to hold himself back but it was futile, his dick loved being in my pussy and it was about to explode in me any second, whether he wanted it to or not.

"Ahhhhhh!" he groaned as he dropped and then thrust himself into me, firing his first load into my waiting pussy.

Again and again he repeated that move, dropping down and then thrusting himself up into me as his cock shot out yet another load of warm sperm into me. It was like he was trying to not just cum in me, but to mate me was well. He was trying to shoot it as deep inside of me as he could. Eventually he ran out of cum and he collapsed in the couch. I stayed on top of him, feeling his warm dick throbbing inside of me.

Yet again Agas demonstrated he was no different than so many other men I'd fucked. Once his orgasm was over it was like someone threw cold water on him and he awakened to his situation.

"Oh my god, we have to get back to the party," he gasped, looking at his watch. I still had his dick in me and would have preferred to keep it that way for a while if possible.

"Awwwwww, don't you want to fuck me again Agas?" I teased him. I knew there was no way that was going to happen but it was fun to push him a bit.

"C'mon Kelly, get off of me," he said rather brusquely. It was a bit odd to hear that from a man whose dick may be dwindling but was still planted firmly in my soaking wet pussy!

Reluctantly I lifted myself up and I could hear as well as feel when his spent dick flopped out of my pussy, followed by some of his sperm as it started to drain out of me. I quickly got off the couch and dropped to my knees.

"Well, I'd better clean you off before you go back to the party," I said seductively as I took his head in my mouth and sucked and licked the combination of sperm and pussy juices from his hard shaft. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good!

"God you're even more incredible than they said you were," he sighed. Then he pushed my head back and stood up saying, "I never dreamed this would actually happen. I figured it was just stories they made up to tease me. Damn, you really ARE a slut, aren't you."

I was pulling my thong back on when he said that. I gave him a look straight in his eyes and grinned. "Well, you didn't seem to have any problems fucking me so what does that make you Agas?"

This time I DID push the wrong button. His shoulders drooped and suddenly it was like he couldn't get dressed fast enough.

"What's the matter Agas, didn't you like fucking me?" I asked, "I loved it when you put your cum inside of me."

"I can't believe I did that," he mumbled, more to himself to me.

It didn't really matter a bit to me how he felt NOW. What had really mattered to me was how he felt earlier when faced with the choice to either fuck me or not. THAT decision was what showed how he really felt. THAT was the moment when he had to decide whether I was worth it or not, whether I was hot enough to make him do something he might regret now for the rest of his life. There was just something about knowing I was now permanently etched into his memories. Even if we never met again he would never forget what he had done to me here in my dad's office. There was just something about it that made me feel incredibly sexy and naughty.

"You better go first," I told him as I unlocked the door, "I'll be there in a few minutes."

Agas nodded and finally smiled at me again as he left. He didn't try to kiss me and I realized that he never had the entire time we'd had sex.

For that matter, he didn't even hardly touch me at all except for my butt. Oh well, I guess what counted was that his dick HAD touched me - and as intimately as it possibly could. THAT was what counted most in my book.

As I waited for a couple of minutes I checked myself over. It was a good thing I was wearing a black thong as I could feel his cum dripping from me and knew the crotch of the thong must be getting soaked between his cum and the wetness of my pussy. It was tight in the crotch and my clit was practically burning up as the pressure against it kept stimulating it, even without any deliberate effort by myself. When I finally returned to the party, my dad saw me enter and he pulled me over to the side.

"I take it someone's been a VERY naughty girl?" he said in a barely audible voice. He didn't wait for me to answer. "Let me guess... is that why poor Tonya's been looking all over for her wayward fiancé?"

I smiled at him and he knew instantly he had me pegged.

"You really ARE something else, you know that don't you?" he sighed, "How am I ever going to get him to keep his hands off the secretaries now?"

We both laughed and hugged for a moment. It was already well past lunchtime so the party was starting to break up and the admins began cleaning up the leftovers. My dad gave me yet another hug and said goodbye as it was time for me to leave. He walked me to the elevators and then looked around to make sure nobody was within eye or earshot.

"You know I'm going to want a full report when I get home," he said, as if I was one of his interns working on a briefing paper for him.

"Don't worry daddy, would it be OK if I SHOWED you what I did with him?" I teased him as the elevator door opened.

He kissed me on the cheek and I walked in and pushed the button for the parking garage. I blew my dad a kiss as the door closed and then leaned back against the back wall of the elevator. On the way down it was like it stopped at every floor and it took forever to get to my floor. As the people came and went I could feel my pussy tingling. Was it my imagination or could I smell the sex on me? If I could smell it then certainly the other people in the cramped elevator could, especially the women. Oh well, who cared?

Back in my car, the first thing I did was pull off my wet thong. The crotch was soaked and I didn't want to drive home with it that way and get all chapped. I tossed it on the seat next to me, forgetting that I still had to pay the attendant on the way out. As he handed back my change I saw him looking across to the passenger seat where my thong was sitting out in the open. He didn't say anything and neither did I but I think we both knew what was under my skirt (or should I say, was NOT under my skirt)!

As I drove him I thought about my dad back at the office. Was he as horny as I was thinking about what we would be doing as soon as he got home tonight? Was he masturbating in his office, just as I was now driving through the tunnel to get back home? Well, in just a few hours I'd find out. Something told me dad wasn't going to be late from work tonight!

# (Dec 31) Chapter 156: New Year's Party

Story codes: FF FFF F-solo oral
Me (22)
Kristen - cousin (20)
Beth - BFF (23)
Carrie - girlfriend (23)

Just because you don't have any guys at your party doesn't mean you can't have fun. Kristen and I each invited our best friend and you can imagine what a night we had!

## 1. Making Plans

New Year's Eve is always a problem for me. When I say a problem, it's a similar problem to what I face in my favorite restaurant where there are simply too many options to choose from. Which party do I go to? Do I even go to a party? Just friends or a public affair? Stay in town or go for a road trip? For that matter, what about just staying home and watching the ball drop from bed? My dream has always to be at Time's Square but that will probably never happen so what's a girl to do? This year I opted for something in between. My cousin Kristen was over for Christmas and the subject of New Year's Eve came up somehow.

"So, what do you have planned this year, miss big college graduate?" she teased me.

"What's it to you," I came back, "Isn't that, like, one of the biggest nights of the year for girl's like you?"

Kristen stuck her tongue out at me playfully and pretended to be hurt. By now she was use to me teasing her about her "occupation". She likes to call it "Customer Relations Manager" but I preferred the more straightforward term - whore. It may sound a bit harsh but I simply mean a girl who gets paid for her "services" - which is what Kristen does to make a living, a damn good one at that!

"Well, all the more you should appreciate what I'm proposing," she replied, "How about just girl's sleepover, kinda like we use to do when we were kids."

My immediate reaction was the desire to retort that back then the most we would do is masturbate and giggle at each but I had a feeling Kristen was not going to be happy with just THAT so I managed to keep a straight face and keep my thoughts to myself. At least, I THOUGHT I was keeping a straight face. If anyone could read me, besides my mother, it was Kristen and I wasn't fooling her for a second.

"Well of course it wouldn't be COMPLETELY like when we were kids," she laughed, "But you get the idea."

I asked her who she wanted to invite and she responded instantly. Obviously she had thought this through ahead of time as Kristen wasn't always the sharpest knife in the drawer. Otherwise she wouldn't have dropped out of college for a career that depended more on what was between her legs than on her shoulders.

"I thought we would keep it a bit intimate, don't you think? How about we each bring our best friend?"

It sounded fine with me but as it was already Christmas, I was afraid that Beth, my best friend since I could remember, might already have plans. Again, Kristen was ready with the answer.

"I just happen to know that Beth is free," she said with a smirk. Obviously the little vixen had already asked Beth. "And Carrie can make it too." Carrie was Kristen's best friend, like Beth was mine. We had met a few times and she was as much as slut as Kristen was - she just didn't get paid for it. I rolled my eyes at allowing myself to be so easily outmaneuvered by my cousin - not something that happens a lot, trust me. I had to wonder if someone had helped her to set this up? Maybe one of our mothers?

So we had a plan for the night. I learned later that Kristen's mom, my Aunt Linda, had plans for a party of her own, if you can call being with one guy all night at a casino in West Virginia a party. That would leave Kristen's house to us for the entire evening. At first, I questioned the wisdom of not having any guys. One thing that would be ruined would be my record for being fucked when the new year came in. For the past three years I'd managed to have a dick inside me when the ball dropped in Times Square and it looked like THT wasn't going to happen this year. My goal was to make him cum just as the clock struck midnight. So far I'd come close but it looked like it would be another year now before a guy got another chance to get his timing right.

As the end of the year approached, I came to realize a couple of hidden benefits of going this route this year. For one, I didn't worry about buying a new dress. Sure, a new dress is ALWAYS a welcome addition but it was nice not HAVING to buy one. I didn't even bother buying any new lingerie like I would probably have done had there been plans for guys to join in. I had a feeling the "uniform" for the night was going to be pretty simple - and we'd all be "wearing" the same outfit. Besides not worrying about a dress, there was the savings of having to get my hair done. Again, it never was a BAD thing to spend an afternoon at the salon but I planned to just wear mine straight and free.

There were a few things, though, that still were important, not the least of which was my period was off by a few days last month and normally would have been in full swing at exactly the wrong time. I just had to hope it was permanently shifted now and not just off for one month. None of us, at least so far as I knew, were into dipping our tongues into the red river so I could only pray things went OK and that I wasn't all bloated in any case.

Hygiene issues were the most critical and beside my period I made sure I was shaved and waxed to make myself as smooth as possible. I think some guys wouldn't care if I had armpit hair and stubble on my legs so long as they got to fuck me, but girls are more sensitive about such things - we like our girlfriends to be cleaned up. Just before leaving for my cousin's I took a long, hot, soaking bath with some scented salts, washed my hair, and made sure I was as clean as possible and smelled good too. Lord only knew what I would smell like when I was back home again!

After my bath I went back to my room and checked myself out in the mirror. God, I'm getting so old! A few more months and I'd be 23. For a while now birthdays were just going to be another year added to my age without any significance. Like sixteen you get your driver's license, seventeen you're "no longer jail bait, eighteen and you're a legal person, twenty one and I could gambler and drink (legally at least). What was there to look forward to now but the big 3-0 and who looks forward to THAT? The one good thing was that at least I wasn't fretting about my boobs being too small or fighting a bout of acne right before a big date. I hadn't changed clothing sizes in the past couple of years now and again, that meant things would only get worse in the future if I wasn't careful. Gee, was I being "glass half-empty" this evening or what?

I was musing when my dad called to see how I was doing. I knew that he and my mom were spending the night downtown on some package deal at the Hilton which included a room, party and dinner. Sounded like fun - for old people! I teased him by telling him what I was wearing, or should I say, NOT wearing.

"Much as I like the sound of the outfit, don't you think maybe you might need to add some accessories?" my dad teased me over the phone.

"Dad!" I whined back at him in mock annoyance. Like duh, I wasn't going to be leaving the house naked. Now once I got to Kristen's house, then all bets were off!

"What's this about no boys tonight?" he asked, an amused tone to his voice now. "I thought you were hoping to nail it this year?"

He was, of course, referring to what I had mentioned before about the timing thing. Well, maybe next year he might get a shot at it, who knows? But then again, he had swung and missed once already so would he get another chance at bat? I teased him about it now and then so I guess payback was only fair play. He laughed at me and then said he need to get to the bathroom to get ready for their night out. If I hadn't just spent so much time cleaning up and getting myself all freshened and smelling good I might have considered stopping by on my way to Kristen's but that would just have to wait for another time.

For the ride over, I just threw on some jeans and a sweatshirt. No need to get a nice outfit all wrinkled up when I knew it wouldn't be on me long anyway - or least it better not be. A pair of boots and my coat was I needed. Grabbing my purse, I reached in for my keys and as usual they weren't there. Damn, I NEVER put my keys away where I could find them again. I looked all over and of course, they were in my coat pocket. Looking in the mirror on my way out, I muttered to myself that just because I was wearing my hair blonde these days didn't mean I had to act like I was a blonde!

## 2. Getting Started With Kristen

It was only a few miles to my cousin's house but the traffic was pretty heavy with everyone heading to wherever they were going for the evening. Nonetheless, I made it there in short order and parked on the street in front. There weren't any other cars I recognized so it looked like I was the first to arrive. Kristen greeted me at the door and I knew it was going to be THAT kind of evening - she was already nude and had a glass of wine in her hand.

"Hey cuz, let's get this party going!" she greeted me.

Unlike me, my little cousin liked her alcohol and I just hoped she didn't get herself too drunk too early. Actually, to be fair, Kristen hardly ever got all that drunk, just enough to where she did things even more outrageous than she normally would do. I couldn't help but take a second look at her. No matter that I had seen Kristen nude countless times and had sex with her more times than I could ever remember, she was always so beautiful and sexy. Her thin body and girlish looks belied her twenty years, much to her chagrin when it came time to be carded but it made her one of the most demanded girls in her agency. I guess nothing beats fucking a girl who LOOKS like she's underage but is legal. Right now she was standing with her weight on one leg, her hips stuck out and the most naughty grin imaginable on her face. Her perky boobs were a perfect size B and her nipples were already hard and poking out. From the flushness of her face, I had a good idea somebody had been getting herself off while waiting for her guests to arrive.

"Damn Kristen, couldn't you even wait for use to get here?" I teased her. Bulls eye - her grin got even broader as she couldn't help but look guilty.

"Well, what do you expect? I'm here all alone and got to thinking about you guys and then... well, you know."

We both giggled as yes, we both "knew". If there was one thing Kristen and I had in common, it was our love for masturbation. We had masturbated together since we were barely teenagers. Some people seem to think masturbation is for when you're not getting enough of the "real" thing. Well, Kristen and I would beg to differ. We both look at masturbation as just another form of sex no different than being with a guy or a girl, just that in this case we were with ourselves. I've had to explain this to guys who wonder why, after they spend all evening doing their best to fuck my lights out, I start masturbating as soon as when they're spent and forced to take a break. It's no reflection on them, not at all. It's just when it comes to sex, girls like me and Kristen just want more than most girls, more than most guys can deliver.

"So I take it Beth and Carrie haven't arrived yet?" I asked, just to confirm the situation.

"Well duh! Why would I be rubbing myself if they were here?"

She had a point.

"So what's the plan for this evening?" I asked, finally stepping in and closing the front door behind me.

"Well, my dear older cousin, why not start by getting out of those ridiculous clothes? How are we supposed to have fun if you're all dressed up?"

I was under no delusions that I would remain dressed for long when I left my apartment but this was a little faster than even I had expected. Then again, so what? In a way, it was a relief to get my clothes off as I quickly stripped. This was better than playing some silly game when everyone knew what the outcome was going to be anyway. The two of us were now both nude in the hallway and no sooner were my clothes off than Kristen rushed forward to hug me, pressing her warm smooth body up tight against me, pressing her leg in between mine and pushing up against my exposed crotch. It had the effect I knew she was trying for as my clit was stimulated by the pressure against it and I was already wet to begin with anyway.

"Mmmmmmm, you smell good," she murmured, kissing my neck and running her hands over my now bare body. She pulled her head back and we each looked into the other's eyes for what seems the longest pause before as if on cue, we both moved forward until our lips met and out tongues reached out to caress each other I loved kissing Kristen as she just felt so soft and warm against me, sensuous in a way no other girl was with me.

## 3. Beth and Carrie Join In

We probably would have dropped to the floor and started in on each other when the doorbell rang. Mixed emotions ran through me as on one hand I didn't want to let go of Kristen but on the other hand, I knew who must be at the front door. Sure enough, Kristen greeting our two best friends in about the same manner as she had me In walked Beth and Carrie, both dressed almost exactly as I had been, both undressing almost exactly as fast as I had after I came in. Soon the four of us were standing nude in the hallway and Kristen offered that we all head for the living room. She didn't have to extend the offer twice!

Once in the living room, Beth came up to me and greeted me with open arms. We hugged and I felt her large breasts pressing against mine. We had been best friends since I could remember but I had always been jealous of her when it came to the boob department. When I was struggling to justify a training bra, Beth was already a B cup pushing into a C. At just fourteen, she had a better rack than most of the girls in high school - or college for that matter. What made it "worse", at least for me, was that her boobs didn't evolve into overly large, sagging monsters as seems to happen to many large-breasted girls. It was like she was twice blessed with her boobs growing fast when she was young and then, just as they reached a perfect D cup, they stopped and never sagged, at least no more than you would expect for that size.

Beth planted her hand on my bare ass and gave it a squeeze. "God I love this ass!" she proclaimed to the other girls, "What do you girls think, does Kelly have the best ass or what?"

Yep, Beth was indeed my best friend!

Meanwhile, Carrie and Kristen were "greeting" one another as well. They had only met a few years before when Carrie moved in from out of state but it was "love at first sight" for the two of them. Carrie was a little surprised to find that Kristen still slept with her mom (maybe it was the fact they only have one bed in their small house that gave it away) but that was nothing compared to how she felt when she found out WHY. Carrie was a confirmed slut but still pretty straight in many ways. Sure she liked girls but overall, she was pretty much "normal" when it came to her sexual preferences and incest was NOT "normal" to her. From what Kristen told me, it took just one night in bed with Kristen and her mom to change her mind. Carrie still had no idea that Kristen's uncle (my dad) fucked her or, for that matter, that my dad fucked me. Beth, of course, knew all about me but we had been best friends for so long it was like she is a sister sometimes to me. Maybe someday Carrie would learn the whole story about her best friend but for now, we just didn't discuss it with her around.

Just to give the complete story, Cassie and I had played around a few times but only when we were with Kristen. Beth and I, of course, were "intimate" to the point my dad had even broken the cardinal family rule and fucked her, even though she wasn't part of our family. His rationalization at the time was she was as good as a member so it was OK in this instance. As for me, I had seduced Beth's father once (a long story which I have included in my diary) but it was a one-time thing that neither her father, nor Beth, were keen on entertaining a repeat performance.

Interestingly enough, this was the first time just the four of us had been together like this. Sure we went to the same parties and often did things socially together, but an overnight party where the intended goal was girl-girl sex was something new for us. That's not to say we were strangers when it came to being intimate. Kristen and I had been with Beth many times and a few time with Carrie, but never with them both before. I was looking forward to it - and from the looks of the others, so were they.

At first it was sort of funny as we were all naked and horny yet nobody just jumped right in and got things going. Maybe there is such a thing as being TOO prepared? None of us were what you would call shy and we all were more than ready to take the lead and get things rolling when we were with a guy, but it was almost like two experienced fighters meeting in the ring for the first time. Each respected the other's talents and reputation and both expected their opposite number to be the first to step forward and throw a punch.

Thus for a few minutes there is an uncanny awkwardness, almost like we were all back in eighth grade again, nervously sitting around at our first slumber party waiting to see who would be the first to touch themselves. It shouldn't come as any surprise that the certified "pro" of our group should finally have had enough and get the ball rolling. Kristen was the only one of us who got paid for having sex (at least professionally) and although she was the youngest, she wasn't afraid to take charge.

"Damn, are we all just going to stand here staring at each other or are we going to fuck?" she huffed, her hands on her hips with a look of total exasperation on her face. It was like someone had broken the spell we were all under and next thing I knew, there was a flurry of activity.

Kristen didn't wait for anyone to answer her challenge. She and I had been having sex now for years and I had no doubt that she and Carrie kept each other warm many a night, so it made sense that she had her sights set on Beth. Kristen took Beth by the hand and literally pulled her to the couch, then pushing her backwards so she flopped on her butt on the couch. Like a tiger attacking its prey, she jumped on top of Beth, straddling her with her knees on both sides of Beth's legs. Putting her arms around Beth's neck, Kristen leaned forward and planted a kiss right on Beth's lips. Beth responded instantly, putting her arms around Kristen's slim body, one hand on the small of her back while the other went lower and planted itself on Kristen's cute little bare ass.

Carrie was watching the spectacle along with me and as Beth and Kristen started making out, we looked at each other and shrugged our shoulders, each of us pretending it was no big deal and that we may as well get started ourselves if we had nothing better to do. In reality, I couldn't wait to feel her and taste her. Carrie was a little heavier than any of the rest of us but by no means fat. Her extra weight emphasized her massive boobs and large ass. She wore her long hair in a simply short hairstyle, almost butch.

Our eyes met and I started to say something I hoped would be smart and witty but fortunately Carrie saved me from myself and stepped forward to kiss me. We were about the same height so neither of us had to lean over or stretch and for the first few minutes we just stood in the middle of the room embracing one another. Her lips were full and soft and her breath was already hot and quick as our lips met tightly and tongues explored each other. Her boobs were crushed up against mine as I held her big butt in both hands and pulled her in tight against me.

I glanced over at Kristen and Beth and saw that Kristen hadn't wasted a lot of time on preliminaries but rather had slid down until she was kneeling on the floor between Beth's legs and was eating out Beth's pussy like a she was a dog and somebody had spread peanut butter over it. Beth had both hands on Kristen's head, pulling her into her crotch even tighter and leaning her head back as she moaned softly while Kristen went to work. I felt my own pussy twinge as I was well aware of how it felt to have Kristen eat your pussy. Beth was very lucky indeed!

Carrie didn't allow me to concentrate long on those two as she kneeled down on the floor and stuck a finger up my waiting pussy. She didn't even bother feeling me up or playing with me, but just reached between my legs and rammed her middle finger up inside of me as far as she could. Of course I was already as wet as could be so she slid easily in and I spread my legs apart further to make it even easier for her.

Carrie's finger was quickly followed by her outstretched tongue as she licked my pussy and soon found my already enlarged clit. I gasped involuntarily as she took my clit between her teeth and tugged on it gently. My own hands went to my boobs and I cupped each one with one of my hands and squeezed them, pinching my nipples as I did.

Unlike many girls, Beth was the type to sit back silently and just soak in the incredible pleasure a girl like Kristen was capable of giving. Even so, it wasn't long before the room was filled with her moans and cries, telling Kristen how good her tongue felt on her and giving her instructions and tips for how to eat her pussy. I was facing them while Carrie was licking my own pussy and I watched in fascination as Kristen's hand went under her face and then Beth practically shouted out, "Oh my GOD!" and her hips thrust upward as Kristen must have pushed her finger up Beth's asshole.

Meanwhile, Carrie was doing quite a respectable job on me. Granted, it wasn't a Kristen-style pussy eating but then, I doubted many girls in this world CAN eat pussy as well as Kristen. I gasped again as she put a second and then later a third finger up my pussy, fucking me with her fingers as she thrust them in and out of me like a guy stroking his cock in my hungry pussy. I felt my legs starting to feel weak as my first orgasm approached (I say "first" as I knew it wouldn't be the last by any means that night). What I really wanted was to lay down on the floor and let Carrie finish me off but I couldn't bear the thought of stopping her even for the few seconds it would take to move into a new position.

It sort of gave me a good feeling to be the first one to cum. Even though Kristen may have been better at eating pussy, I had always been easy to bring to orgasm and tonight I was ahead of Beth by several minutes - more if you figure in that she had a head start on me (sorry, pun intended). My knees almost buckled as I felt my pussy explode and my entire body tingled with the onset of my orgasm.

Carrie obviously recognized what was happening - maybe the flood of pussy cum in her face gave her a hint? She attacked my pussy with renewed vigor, forcing my orgasm even higher as it was all I could do to keep standing up. It wasn't long before I heard Beth crying out that she was cumming but I was too absorbed in what was happening inside of me to even look at her or hear much more of what she was saying for that matter.

"That's if Carrie, make me cum harder!" I finally found the strength to say as my orgasm peaked, or so I thought.

God, I loved the feelings that were flooding my entire body, when suddenly I felt Carrie's finger pull out of me and thrust up my own ass! I don't know if it was the shock of what she had done or the stimulation itself but just as I thought my orgasm couldn't get any better, I was off on another level of pleasure.

It was simply too much for me and I collapsed to the floor, my legs shaking uncontrollably. Carrie didn't abandon me but quickly got between my legs and planted her face square on my crotch once again, this time her tongue pushing up into my pussy and her nose pressed against my clit. Again she pushed her finger up my ass and again I was shocked and amazed at the results. My arms were outstretched from my body, like I was being crucified but the only thing being driven into me was Carrie's long tongue and finger. For a moment it was like I couldn't even breath and then suddenly I gasped and sucked in a huge breath of air.

"Oh god that feels so good!" I moaned yet again, repeating myself over and over. Finally, my legs went limp, as did my entire body. Carrie lifted her head from my crotch and laid alongside me, putting one leg over me and fondling my boobs with one hand as she kissed the side of my neck.

As I regained consciousness I became more aware of Beth's orgasm which was apparently still ongoing. From personal experience I knew Kristen could be almost sadistic in situations like this. There have been times I found myself overwhelmed by the intensity of the pleasure she was creating in me and I would beg her to stop, almost in a panic. Would she honor my request and ease up? Of course not. It always resulted in the most incredible orgasm but there were a few times I couldn't help but wonder if I DID pass out momentarily. Beth was evidently on the receiving end of such a "treatment" now.

"Oh my God Kristen, stop!" Beth was begging her, "I can't take any more! Please... STOP!"

Kristen didn't believe that deep down Beth REALLY wanted her to stop any more than Carrie and I did as we watched the show. Carrie's hand felt good on my breast and I liked the way her pussy was pushed up against me as she drew her leg in tighter against me.

"She's good, isn't she?" Carrie whispered to me in awe We looked at each other and grinned, like partners in crime as each of us knew from our own experience what was being done to Beth.

"You weren't so bad yourself," I encouraged her, a grin on my face. Indeed, my own pussy was still throbbing from Carrie's work on it. It was time to repay the favor so I pushed her gently aside onto her back. She knew what I intended and rolled back from me, spreading her heavy legs apart in anticipation.

I crawled around and got between Carrie's legs. Her thighs were a heavier than Beth's, and a LOT more so than Kristen's thin legs, but they were still tight and smooth and felt good against my cheeks. I kissed the soft skin and let my tongue glide up towards her crotch. Somewhere along the way I apparently hit a ticklish spot as she jumped and then giggled as I continued working slowly up to where my prize awaited - her wet and warm pussy.

As I neared her crotch I could smell her pussy, that musky odor a pussy emits when a girl gets horny and wet. God she smelled so good! Now I LOVE the smell of a man's crotch, especially when he has been working out and the odor of his sweat mingles in with the musk of his sex, but nothing beats the tantalizing aroma of a woman's pussy. Naturally the pussy I think smells the best is my own, but I am admittedly a little biased. One thing different about pussies though, whereas I said I enjoy it when a man smells dirty and horny, when it comes to a pussy, I love them clean and naturally wet best, right out of the shower all horny and dripping. Carrie hadn't just come out of the shower, but I could make barely out the scent of her soap even with the overpowering aroma of her pussy doing its best to crowd it out.

"Oh god!" Carrie whimpered as my tongue finally found its way to her pussy.

At first I just liked my way along her labia, getting a deep smell of her pussy as my tongue gently went up her wet pussy lips and then to her clit. "OH GOD!" she cried out this time as I took her clit gently between my teeth and tugged on it just enough to pull it away from her pussy and then released her and let it snap back in place again. I pulled it into my mouth, letting my tongue run around the hardness and then tickling the tip of it as I sucked on it like a nipple.

Carrie put her hands on the top of my head and pressed me into her pussy, pushing my face into her wetness. It was a little hard to breathe but I rubbed my face and nose into her crotch, licking her all over her pussy. Carrie pulled her knees up and set her feet flat on the floor, allowing her to raise her hips up against my face and then thrusting into me like she was trying to fuck my face.

"Lick me Kelly," she moaned, placing her hands under her ass to help hold herself up to my face, "Oh god, right there!" I could feel her trembling beneath me, her hips starting to jerk erratically and uncontrolled as he orgasm approached. It wasn't going to take much at this point to push her over the edge so I took two of my fingers and thrust them into her sopping wet pussy.

"Oh FUCK!" Carrie yelled out as her orgasm exploded. I felt her pussy cum in my face as she worked her hips and kept pushing herself tighter and tighter up against me.

My fingers were thrusting in and out of her cunt, like she as being fucked, as my tongue and lips stayed on her pussy despite all the bucking around.

"Go Carrie!" I heard a voice say behind me and I realize that Kristen must have been watching from behind me as I licked her best friend into a monstrous orgasm. I couldn't help but smile to myself as I thought that two could play her game. When it came to licking pussy, she might have the best reputation but I wasn't too shabby at it myself, even if I do say so myself.

I lifted myself off and pulled my fingers from Carrie's pulsating pussy. Sitting up, I looked around to see Kristen and Beth sitting arm-in-arm on the edge of the coach, enjoying the show in front of them. Both of them were grinning and I noticed Beth was still flushed from her recent orgasm. God, as red as she still was she must have really cum hard!

Carrie just laid there on the floor, oblivious to anything around her. No sooner had I taken my mouth off her pussy than she reached down with both hand and cupped her crotch with her hands, pulling upward on it and toying with her clit in the process. She was still moaning and almost crying as the last vestiges of her orgasm clung on. Eventually she just collapsed on her back, arms and legs stretched out spread-eagle as she let herself relax for just a moment. Just a moment was all she would get as Kristen stepped over to help her sit up. For a few seconds it was deathly quiet in the house as the four of us just looked at each other, amazed at what we had just done. Kristen, of course, was the first to break the silence.

"WELL, now that we got THAT out of the way, how about ordering something to eat?"

## 4. A Masturbation Challenge

Actually, she had it pegged. It WAS like we all had something to get out of our systems before we could move forward with anything else that night. I was sure that it wasn't the end of our evening, not by any means, but it had been a nice way to break the ice and set the tone for the rest of the night. Kristen ordered out a pizza and brought out some wine and beer. I had to fend for myself, getting up to go in the kitchen to get a Diet Coke as drinking wasn't one of my most favorite things (drinking alcohol, that is). Beth turned on the TV and we all sat on the couch next to one another. Our naked bodies felt so soft and warm against each other. Nobody was even thinking about getting dressed, at least not until the following morning.

The doorbell rang and I think we all jumped a little bit as we had just been relaxing for about a half hour on the couch, forgetting about the time. Kristen jumped up and grabbed the pile of bills on the coffee table that she has prepared earlier and started for the door.

"Ummmmm, Kristen?" Carrie called out to her gently but firmly, "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Kristen turned to look at her and for a moment seemed confused. Then she looked down at herself and we all broke out laughing as it seemed she suddenly realized she was naked. Knowing her, though, I wasn't buying it and is it turned out, I was right.

"Nahhhhh, don't worry, all the deliver boys around here know how I answer the door," she giggled, "Hey, it beats having to fork over a tip and I think they like this better than money anyway, don't you think Kelly?"

The other two looked at me as if I should have an explanation but I was as taken off-guard as they were. The three of us just sat there silently as Kristen answered the door.

"Hey Johnny, good to see you again," I heard her greet someone at the door, "So you have to work tonight, eh?" I couldn't hear the answer but then I saw Kristen wiggle her ass a bit, making her boobs bounce in the process. She was definitely putting on a show for someone! "Hope you liked your tip!" she said in her classic flirty tone and then she closed the door and brought in the pizza.

"We get the most amazing service here from all the delivery boys," she said with a naughty grin on her face. We all knew what she really was talking about and I just shook my head, marveling yet again at my cousin's total lack of propriety. I loved her for it though!

I was surprised at how hungry I suddenly was for something besides pussy and apparently so were the others as we polished it off in just a few minutes. Kristen belched and I thought Carrie was going to choke when she started laughing so hard. For one quick flashback it was like being with my kids in school again, each adolescent boy trying to out-gross the other.

"Well, we still have a couple of hours before midnight," Kristen said as she gathered up our mess, "Anyone have any ideas on what we can do until then?"

I don't know about the others, but I had PLENTY of ideas and none of them were suitable for network TV - or even cable for that matter. Kristen didn't wait for a response before putting out her own idea first.

"Hey Kelly, remember the game we use to play when we were little?"

I looked at her, uncertain as to what she was talking about. We had played lots of games back when we were little so which one was she referring to?

"Oh come on, you remember," she teased, "Or maybe you don't want to because I use to beat you all the time."

I frowned at her, not entirely out of fun either. I knew EXACTLY what game she was referring to now and she wasn't being exactly truthful as I actually beat her most of the time. When she was 13 and I was 14 we started masturbating together. Of course, both of us had started years before but that was when we started doing it together. We never touched each other - THAT wouldn't happen for another four years as it turned out, but it was fun to watch the other person get themselves off.

In many ways, Kristen and I are like sisters and as such, tend to be a bit competitive. It wasn't long before we were seeing who get themselves off the fastest. Regardless of what she might remember, I was the one who won the most! Kristen grinned as she saw the light pop on over my head as I recalled those times we use to have. God, we were so young and naive back then!

"I KNEW you would remember!" she chuckled and then explained the rules to the other girls. We had established a complete list of rules back then to try and keep things fair. Fingers only - no artificial stimulation including dildos and vibrators. Mental imagery only - no visual aids such as porn magazines or videos. Finally, no faking - we had to take each other's word on that one and I STILL think she cheated now and then on me.

Beth and Carrie seemed up for it. After all, it wasn't like we'd never masturbated together before, just not as a contest. Back in high school we use to have sleepovers and masturbation was generally a part of the evening's "activities". Usually it was just part of a discussion over some guy at school or magazine hunk, not really the central focus at the moment but more as an accompaniment. Now, however, the act itself was front and center. It was one thing to masturbate with your friends or even do it for your boyfriend on a date. Doing it as a contest, though, was totally different as Carrie and Beth were about to find out.

We decided to get in a circle on the floor. We each had our favorite position to masturbate in so we spread out and go ourselves ready. Kristen went for the doggie position, leaning down on one elbow while her other hand was up between her legs. Beth was more of a "spooner", acting out like she was being fucked on her side by a guy laying behind her. Carrie and I were more simplistic. We each grabbed a pillow from the couch and laid our heads back on it, our knees bent with our feet on the floor, hands between our legs as we waiting for Kristen to give us the command to start.

"Ready... set... GO!" Kristen yelled and after that, none of us spoke a word other than to moan or otherwise express the pleasure we created for ourselves. As horny as I was still, I didn't think this was going to take more than a few minutes. I LOVED to masturbate and for me, it had nothing to do with the amount of sex I was getting. For me, masturbation is something that stands on its own, regardless of how many times I get laid in a day. There's just something about the feel of my own hand in me that makes me cum as hard, or harder, than anything anyone else can do to me. I've been known to masturbate immediately after sex. More than once, I have had to soothe more than a few bruised egos when some guy took it to mean he hadn't satisfied me enough. How he fucked me had nothing to do with my need to masturbate. I guess because guys can't jerk off right after they fuck, they seem to think girls don't like to masturbate right afterwards too.

As much as I was concentrating on myself, I couldn't help but open my eyes and peek at the other girls. Kristen had dropped to the floor, her hand still under her but now pinned under her stomach as she played with her cute little pussy. Beth and Carrie were each making a good attempt but I could tell they had never tried to race with another girl before. The trick, I had learned, was to forget about everything but the orgasm, concentrating on my desire for it and my need for it over anything else. Beth and Carrie had that look a girl normally has when they masturbate, where having an orgasm is the result, not the immediate goal. Oh well, they were in for a shock.

"Ohhhhhh," I groaned involuntarily as my clit was getting more worked up with each passing moment.

I was SO close now. To help myself along, I remembered when I had been fucked by a dozen guys at a party once, one after the other, nonstop fucking my pussy. Sure, it wasn't something I was thrilled about ever doing again, but it WAS a tremendously erotic moment for me, especially when one would be cumming in my mouth as the next one fucked my pussy with the rest lined up and waiting impatiently. As I said, maybe not the best thing to actually do, but it was the hottest thing I could conjure up to get me off at the moment.

Kristen was starting to moan more herself but I had seen her masturbate enough times in the past to know she was still several minutes away. Beth and Carrie weren't even in the race but at least they were having a good time. I felt my clit surge and then it was like I felt my body going numb and I knew what it meant - I was about to cum!

"Oh yeah, I'm cumming!" I sighed as my hips jerked involuntarily.

My eyes were tightly shut as I imagined one cock after another cumming on my face, in my pussy and all over my body. OK, so maybe it's a mess in real life but that's the great thing about a good fantasy, no cleanup afterwards!

"What?" I heard Beth exclaim but I pushed her out of my mind and didn't even look at her.

She was probably thinking I must have been faking it to have "cum' that quickly but she would have been wrong if that had been the case. Mmmmmmm, I WAS cumming and it felt extra special to have the three of them watching me as I knew they were.

"Oh god," I moaned, not content to just win but I wanted to get off badly as well.

I had one hand on my pussy and the other on my boobs. My nipples were now ultra-sensitive and sticking out like bullets from my boobs. Meanwhile, my clit seemed intent on doing the same as my nipples, getting so hard and sensitive I could barely stand to touch it - but I did. "Keep fucking me... Mmmmmmm, more!" I moaned as my imaginary train of lovers kept filling me with cum, one after the other.

Finally, after who knows how long, I stopped moving my fingers and just let the palm of my hand cup my pussy, pressing gently against my clit as I felt it throbbing under my hand. I was exhausted, my breathing forced and my face felt like I had a fever from being so flushed. I opened my eyes to see the three of the sitting next to each on the floor opposite of me, like they were admiring me as I masturbated non-stop. "Well?" I said with a grin on my face, "Did I win?"

All three of them clapped for me, even Kristen although she looked a little chagrined. As for Beth and Carrie, they were looking at me like I was some exhibit in a carnival show. I could see it now, "See the girl with the incredibly fast orgasm... watch her as she masturbates herself into an orgasm faster than any other woman in the world." OK, so I was being a little melodramatic but you get the picture.

"Damn, that was amazing!" Carrie said. Beth, as my best friend, had seen me masturbate plenty of times before but come to think of it, probably never seen me do it so quickly before. When you think about it, why would she? After all, if masturbating is "about the journey, not the destination", you would expect me to take a long time to get off under normal circumstances.

# 5. Fun With Toys

We still had plenty of time to go before midnight so Kristen put up her finger as if to tell us to hold on and disappeared up to her bedroom. God only knew what she was hunting for. Something told me it would have something to do with a fake dick and sure enough, when she returned, I was spot on. She was holding what looked like a nice dildo but attached to what appeared to be a male jock strap. I had seen this before, it was one of her favorite toys with her mom as well - the strap-on dildo. Beth looked at me with a questioning look but Carrie was grinning broadly. It wasn't too hard to figure out who had the experience with the strap-on in the past. Beth and I, although was had shared a few sexual experiences, had never even come close to using such a device on one another. It didn't help that I wasn't a big fan of artificial dicks in the first place.

OK, who wants to be fucked first?" Kristen dared us as she strapped it on.

I found myself wanting to laugh at the incongruous sight in front of me. Here was this beautiful and sexy blonde girl with a giant dick sticking out from her crotch. It was almost like she was some transgender experiment or something with the best of both worlds merged into one - a warm pussy and great boobs together with a big stiff dick.

I was more than happy to allow one of the other girls to be first. As I mentioned, I am no fan of such devices, preferring the real thing. If anything besides a man's cock was going to be n m pussy, I preferred it to be fingers - mine or theirs. The only exception for me was my trusty ol' double dildo. I didn't mind that because it fit in both of us at the same time and it was the closest thing to us each fucking each other simultaneously as you could get.

As Kristen moved in on Carrie, who quickly "assumed the position" (obviously this was something the two of them had "practiced" beforehand), my thoughts went to my double dildo and then I remembered that Kristen or her mom had bought one of their own not too long ago. I knew where they kept their toys so I dashed up the stairs without saying a word.

In the bedroom, I opened up the bottom drawer of the dresser where I knew my Aunt Linda and Kristen kept their toys. God, it was stuffed full! And here I thought MY mom was into toys but her drawer was practically bare compared to this wonderland of sex toys. I rummaged through them, marveling at the ingenuity and even wondering what a few of the more oddly shaped ones were used for, until I found what I was looking for - a long, black, flexible, thick dildo with a cock head molded into each end. It was about eighteen inches long and flopped in my hand as I held it.

Back downstairs, I realized that Kristen and Carrie hadn't waited for me to return. Kristen was fucking Carrie from behind, driving her fake dick into her best friend like she was drilling for deep oil. Carrie was loving it, rocking in time with Kristen's thrusts to drive it even deeper into her soaking wet cunt. Bath was patiently waiting for me, watching the show in front of her. She saw me enter the room and immediately recognized what I was holding. Now Kristen and Carrie might be use to sharing the strap-on, but Beth and I were old friends of the double dildo. Beside my college roomie that had introduced me to the amazing device, Beth was the one I had played with the most using it.

"Mmmmmmm, I see you found one," Beth giggle as I approached her.

Beth quickly dropped to the floor on her butt, spreading her legs in preparation for me. I also got down on the floor, one leg over hers, the other under as we scooted up to get closer to each other. Each of us took one of the thick cock heads in our hands and stared rubbing it against out bare pussies. I was still wet from masturbating and even though she hadn't had time to make herself cum, Beth was well lubricated as well. For a few minutes we just rubbed out pussies and clits with the tip of it, wetting the dildo and getting ourselves ready for it.

"Ready?" I asked softly, looking Beth right in the eyes.

Beth just wet her dry lips with her tongue and nodded to me, almost a determined look on her face. The dildo had a lot bigger head than 99% of any guy I had ever fucked and getting it in wasn't exactly the easiest task as times, regardless of how wet and horny I was. We each took our end of the dildo and pressed it onto our pussies. God it was so fucking big it was like pushing a baby back inside of me! I gasped as the head finally pushed its way inside and I heard Beth do the same as her end disappeared from sight. We each push it more inside of us until we each probably had eight or nine inches of it in us, leaving just an inch or two showing between our pussies. God it felt like I was filled inside!

With the dildo in each of us, we started to rock on our butts in opposite direction, causing the dildo to pull out and then be pushed back into our pussies like we were some sort of pussy accordion. At times it was like one of us would be tighter than the other and it would stick in one pussy and all the in and out action happened with the other.

Actually, I think my pussy was tighter than Beth's as it seemed to stick the most in her pussy but I would never say that to her face. Beth was much more into gangbangs and dildos than I was which I think takes more of a toll on your pussy. At such times one of us would grab the dildo in the middle and hold it in place so we each could feel it moving in and out together. I loved the feeling it gave me as it was more than just me ramming an artificial cock in and out of my pussy. It would move in response to Beth's movements as well, giving it an element of randomness and surprise that was more like having a guy fuck me than my own hand.

As we literally fucked each other, Kristen was banging away on Carrie like she was possessed. I have never actually used a strap-on as the concept escapes me - why bother? If I want to be fucked I'd rather go out and get a REAL dick. If I'm with a girl, then why not enjoy her pussy instead of pretending she is a guy? Maybe it's OK for a true lesbian to get her pussy fucked that way without having to allow a male to touch her, but for bi and straight girls, I've never seen the attraction. Carrie had moved over to the couch where she laid her arms over the cushions to help hold herself up as Kristen slammed the dildo attached to her waist in and out of Carrie's sloppy pussy like she had been a guy all her life.

Meantime, Beth and I were enjoying our time together, each of us now touching the other's clit as he sat more still and just rocked and rotated out hips enough to move the dildo around between the two of us. I could feel her movements becoming more jerky and erratic and her breathing was getting raspy as her orgasm approached. My finger rubbed her clit as fast as I could and then her hand fell off of my pussy as she leaned back on both hands and her head fell backwards. A loud groan escaped as her hips thrust upward, driving the thick dildo deep into both of us until our bare pussies actually touched, the dildo completely inside between the two of our pussies. I don't know who had more of it but I knew there was a LOT of it in me, that was for sure.

"Ohhhhhhhhh Kelly!" she moaned in a long, loud voice. My finger left her pussy and I started playing with mine, trying to catch up with her with my own orgasm before hers let up. As turned on as I was by then, it only took a few rubs and I felt my own pussy contract around the dildo, grabbing onto it like it was a real dick in me, trying to force the damn thing to cum in me (another reason I hate dildos - no cum). Both of us were now leaning back, our crotches pressed tightly together as we rubbed our pussies against each other, the fat dildo tying us together like some erotic bond.

I don't know if it was just coincidence or the sight and sound of Beth and me cumming, but Carrie launched into her own orgasm as well. God, if only that delivery boy could see us now! Three girls all cumming with the fourth drilling her strap-on into one of the three. How long we carried on that way, I have no idea but it seemed to last forever although I have learned that "orgasm time" has no relationship to real time. There have been times when I could have sworn that I was cumming for an hour only to find five minutes had passed yet other times when it seemed time went by quickly only to find a lot more time had expired than I realized. Who cares when you come right down to it, especially in this situation where time was something we didn't care about anyway?

Eventually we did settle down and Carrie and Beth decided to trade places. I left the dildo in me as Beth scooted back to pull it out of her. The wet half glistened in the light and imagined how good it would taste if I licked her juices off of it right then. Before I could think about it more, Carrie was in Beth's place but just as she started to insert in her pussy she seemed to change her mind.

"Let's do it doggie style," she suggested and I shrugged. It was fine with me!

Leaving it in me still, I twisted over and got on my knees, leaving the dildo to hang out of my pussy like some dick that had been cut off in the middle of fucking me. It felt a little weird as it hung from my crotch but Beth helped out as Carrie backed into me. Beth lined up the dildo with Carrie's soaked pussy which was now well stretched by Kristen's efforts so it went in much more easily than it had for Beth earlier. Carrie continued to back up until our butts touched and the dildo was as far into the two of us as it was going to go - which was fortunate as I doubt it could have gone much further into me.

"Go for it girls!" Beth exclaimed as she slapped each of us on the ass, like she was smacking some horse to get it to take off. She laughed at her "joke" and laid on her back with her legs back over her head, smiling at Kristen and waiting for my cousin to fuck her. She didn't have to wait long as Kristen descended on her like a horny teenage boy, jamming her strap-on into Beth as fast and hard as she could.

The second act was almost a repeat of the first act, just different partners and positions. In this position, Carrie and I couldn't really each other's pussies so we played with our own clits instead. Kristen was pounding away at Beth when she suddenly pulled out and paused for a moment. The unexpected change caught even

Carrie's and my attention and we just kneeled there with the dildo between us, not even moving as we watched to see what Kristen had in store for Beth. Even Beth didn't seem to know what was coming but it wasn't long before she found out. Kristen moved in again with the dildo and looked about to simply put it in her pussy again when at the last second she made a detour south and pushed the head against Beth's asshole.

"Oh my god, what the hell?" I heard Carrie whisper as she watched in amazement.

Now I knew Beth was more in to anal than I was. Well, that is an understatement as I'm not into it at all and she loves it. I wasn't aware, though, that Kristen knew about Beth's preferences in that area but apparently either she did or maybe she simply didn't care if she didn't. Either way. Kristen was pushing her strap-on dildo into Beth's ass and Beth wasn't complaining one bit about it, THAT was for sure.

Beth's ass obviously saw a lot more dick than mine as the dildo slid in relatively easily. It was slick with her pussy juices which I am sure helped as well. Before long, Kristen had shoved the entire thing all the way into her ass! I wasn't sure if it turned me on or made me feel queasy as I couldn't imagine anything going that deep into my asshole - not from that direction at least! Beth seemed to love it, though, and she was pushing her fingers into her pussy at the same time which must have felt really weird as well with the dildo in her asshole at the same time.

"Cool, I want it in mine too," Carrie announced, looking for help but Kristen was too engaged and neither Beth or I were in any position to help.

That didn't deter Carrie as she pulled away from me, leaving the dildo once again hanging from my pussy and then she grabbed it and directed it to her asshole. Damn! I had a hard enough time getting it in my pussy. I could only imagine how it must feel to get that monster fake cock into her asshole. Obviously I was unaware of Carrie's preferences as well as her asshole was a lot more elastic than I had imagined it would be.

Before long, our butts were touching once again but this time the dildo was in her asshole while I kept it in my pussy. It may be OK for Beth and Carrie to do the asshole thing, but not me. My ass was a one-way street marked with an exit- only sign! OK, there have been a few times it's been violated but never intentionally.

Both Carrie and Beth were fingering their pussies as they felt a dildo in their ass. The dildo was stuck in Carrie's ass so tight it was like it was locked in place.

That wasn't so bad for me as it made the action at my end all the better but I had to wonder what Carrie was getting out of it. Apparently something as she was about to cum again. Once again I listened to Carrie as she carried on about her orgasm.

A few minutes later Beth joined her and finally it was me, last this time but by choice as I was interested in what was going on with the two of them. Kristen seemed to be enjoying herself even if she wasn't cumming but I knew she would be getting herself off before long. No way was she going to go very long without an orgasm of her own when her friends had two of them since her last one. After Beth had cum Kristen moved over in front of me and offered the dildo. To be perfectly honest, the thought of sucking it after it had been in Beth's asshole wasn't doing it for me and so I politely refused. Now if she had been fucking her incredible pussy...

By now we were all exhausted and the four of us collapsed on the floor, unable to even speak for a few minutes. I looked up at the TV and saw we had only five minutes before the ball was about to drop in Times Square. Damn, we almost missed it! I quickly sat up and got on the couch, spreading my legs apart and started masturbating as I watched the clock counting down.

"What the...?" Kristen asked, looking at me and wondering what I was doing.

"I've always wanted to cum as the New Year arrived," I explained, "Every year I seem to miss it by a few minutes so be quiet or at least help me."

Kristen looked at me a little odd but it was true, it WAS something I had been trying to do for years. The problem was, sometimes I was at a party where it wasn't acceptable for a girl to masturbate in the middle of the room while at other years, I had been fucking or sucking someone and lost track of time, regardless of how much I tried. Heck, even this year I had almost blown it. Kristen, to no surprise, chose the latter option and kneeled on the floor in front of me, leaning forward to lick my pussy.

"Well, what are cousins for if not to help each other out?" she said with a grin as her mouth descended on me.

There were only a couple minutes left but as sensitive as I was, I had no doubt I would be ready in plenty of time and sure enough, with a full minute left on the clock I could feel that familiar but wonderful feeling arise within me. Mmmmmmm, I was about to cum yet again!

"She's there," Beth observed as she and Carrie sat on the floor and watched as my cousin licked me and drove me into the most incredible orgasm I'd had yet that night. God her mouth felt good on my pussy! There was something about the way her tongue moved in and out of me that drove me crazy.

"Happy New Year!" Beth and Carrie cried out, kissing each other as the year ended and the new one began. I was glad they said it as there was no way I could watch the TV the way Kristen was making me feel. Kristen immediately moved up and kissed me, my first kiss of the New Year with her face covered with my own pussy cum.

"Happy New Year cousin," she said with a naughty grin. I was trembling too much to respond but we kissed while my orgasm went on until finally it died down enough for me to talk to her.

"Thanks Kristen, that was wonderful," I sighed as my pussy literally was throbbing.

From there we moved up to the bedroom where we spent the rest of the evening. Suffice to say that the toy drawer was opened and yes, it WAS interesting to see what some of them did!

Happy New Year!

# 2008

## (Jan 01) Chapter 157: New Year's Resolutions

Story codes: nosex
Me (22)

I've never been much for New Year's Resolutions but this year should be so different from any other year in my life that it seems fitting to take a look ahead. These aren't really in any particular order, just how they came out.

### #1 Do all things to bring honor to God.

What more can I say about this one? Anyone who knows me understands that my faith and religion are Number 1 in my life. I believe that if everyone abided by this resolution we would have a much better world – wouldn't you agree?

### #2 Honor my parents.

As one of the Ten Commandments, we all are to honor our parents and that is what I have always strived to do. Second to God, my parents are the most important people in my life and have the biggest influence on me. My father is also a man, which means he has needs and desires that only I, as his daughter, can fulfill. Of all my resolutions, this should be the easiest to keep as I enjoy pleasing him, not just sexually but in every way I can. Fortunately for me, I love my dad so giving myself to him has never been something I looked upon as being a chore or unwelcome. Before anyone asks, yes, I DO believe that a father has a right to expect his daughter to submit herself to him totally but ONLY if he shows her the same love and respect in return. Nobody has the right to hurt or abuse anybody, no matter what the situation or who they are.

## #3 Accept myself for who I am.

This may sound a little silly but the issue of self-acceptance was something I have really struggled with during the past few months. After leaving home to live in my own apartment I had a lot of time to think about who I thought I SHOULD be. In doing so, I got caught up by who I thought I should be in terms of what the world expects rather than worrying about what was best for me. As a result I did a number of stupid things which I regret today. For instance, I quit my escorting job (which I loved) and applied for what turned out to be a boring 8-5 marketing position. My "self-revelations" created tension between me and my parents, especially my mom, when I accused her of using me as a teenager to satisfy her own desires by living out her fantasies through me. Fortunately through prayer and a lot of heart-felt discussions with my friends and family, I eventually realized how far off the deep end I'd gone so now I think I'm back where I should be.

So who am I? In short, I would describe myself as a young Christian woman who is looking to simply enjoy life for the time being. I have strong ethics and morals. I am loyal to my friends and family. I realize that I have issues caused by sexual addictions which I am addressing with the help of my family. In the meantime, I will seek employment where my social behaviors are acceptable rather than conforming to someone else's requirements.

## #4 Do not pester my cousin Kristen regarding her career choices.

At first I had a really hard time dealing with Kristen quitting college and going to work full-time as a prostitute. Of course, SHE doesn't call it that but face it, she's a whore whether she want to t admit it or not. It's one thing to be a slut as I don't see anything wrong with being one. Personally, I think most girls secretly wish they had the courage to be more slutty and I have never regretted for a minute anything I've done sexually. However, It's quite another issue to sell yourself to someone without having any say in the matter. At least as an escort I always am in control and get to make the final decision. So far as sex goes, my goal is to enjoy myself, not to earn money.

Now I have come to terms with the fact that my cousin has different morals and values than me and that I really have no right to impose mine on her. While I'll never be HAPPY about it so long as Kristen remains a whore, at least I can love her for who she is and support her in hopes that someday she will change her ways before anything serious happens to her.

## #5 Do not have sex with anyone I don't want to.

This may sound strange but what it really refers to (at least for now) is my Uncle Jim. Over the years I have allowed him to fuck me only because my dad has wanted me to. My dad LOVES fucking my younger cousin Tammy and he has always felt that it was only fair that he let my uncle fuck me in return. Finally this past summer we went out on the boat and I was so disgusted with his behavior that afterwards I finally got the courage to ask me dad not to make me give myself to him anymore. Of course he said it was OK and I have to ask myself why I didn't do this years ago!

## #6 Do not gain any more weight.

What would a list of resolutions be without something about your weight? Actually, I'm pretty happy where I am now but I know if I'm not careful that it would be easy to add a few pounds living alone with my junk food.

## #7 Travel

While I tend to be a bit of a homebody, I've always dreamed of going to either Amsterdam or Hong Kong as both seem to be incredibly erotic and exciting. If I had to pick just one, I would say Amsterdam as it would offer me the opportunity to realize one of my biggest and oldest fantasies – to be fucked on stage in front of a crows of strangers.

# (Feb 17) Chapter 158: Anything For My Daddy

Story codes: MF anal oral inc father daughter uncle niece cousins
Me (22)
John - my dad (43)
Uncle Jim (41)
Kristen - cousin (20)
Tammy - cousin (15)

One of the reasons I have always been willing to submit totally to my father is that I love him and trust that he will never ask me or force me to do anything I do not want. What happens when the day comes there is something he wants so terribly bad and there is only one person who can give it to him - me, but it means I have to do something that I really don't want to. We're not talking about cleaning my room either.

## 1. My Father's Sacrifice For Me

If there is one tenant that has always determined my actions regarding sex with my father, it's that as his daughter, I willingly submit myself to whatever desires and needs he has. I'm immensely proud of the fact that I have NEVER refused to give myself to him no matter where or when and what he has asked. At the same time, it's NOT a master-slave relation in any way, shape or form. Part of the reason I submit to my father to a degree that I would NEVER do with any other man, at least until I am married, is that I know he loves me unconditionally and would never even ask me to do anything he knows I don't want or is not in my best interest.

A good example of that is anal sex. While I know my father enjoys it, he recognizes that I do not and he has never even hinted to me that he would like me to do it. Many people have asked me if I would let him fuck my ass if he asked. Sorry, I won't fall into that trap because It's a moot question as he would never ask me in the first place.

that point onward. I guess for a while things were tense between them but after all, they are brothers and brothers work through these sorts of things. Besides, it's not like my dad had nobody else to turn to. My mom was there for him not to mention my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen. Of course, there was me, even if I was living in my own place now. The only thing is, the youngest of us is Kristen and she isn't even a teenager anymore. In fact, she can legally drink in just a few months. I can only imagine how it felt for my dad to see the young girls at the mall and church and have to think about how fifteen year-old Tammy was once available to him and now she wasn't.

My dad never mentioned anything about Tammy, at least from a sexual perspective, after the day I told him about not wanting to be fucked by my uncle. Even so, at Christmas and other family gatherings, not to mention church and school activities, I noticed his eyes were always on Tammy. I made it a point not to mention her either, not wanting to pour salt in any wounds. At the same time, I noticed my Uncle Jim would leer at me and grin when he thought nobody else was looking. God, he was such a jerk!

## 2. My Mom and Kristen Gang Up On Me

After this went on for months, I stopped thinking about it as much and assumed life would go on as it was with regards to my uncle and niece. I knew my dad still lusted for Tammy but then he lusted for Amanda Tapping every time StarGate SG1 was on TV and he didn't get to fuck her either. Then one day I was having lunch at the mall with my mom and she let me in on the REAL situation.

"You know Kelly, your dad really misses fucking Tammy."

We had been talking about the new summer outfits in the store until then when she dropped this little bombshell on my lap. Damn, talk about a shift in the conversation!

"Oh really? What does he tell you?"

My mom looked around quickly to make sure nobody was standing behind her listening. The food court was crowded but even though that meant a lot of people were around, the general background noise made eavesdropping all but impossible.

"When I came home from work last night he was jerking himself off so hard he never even noticed I was in the room. He had his eyes closed and was moaning for Tammy to suck him harder and the fuck him harder. He even had some of her photos up on the computer screen."

"You sure it was Tammy he was thinking about Mom?" I asked, "I mean, what's the big deal about him jerking off when you're out anyway. He use to do that all the time if I remember correctly."

"Maybe it was the 'Tammy, oh god Tammy' part of the moans," my mom responding with a wry grin.

"Well whatever. Heck mom, dad's been jerking off about Tammy since she was twelve - at least that's when I first saw him. What's the big deal now?"

"No, you don't understand," she replied, shaking her head with her eyes looking down at the table as if she was afraid to look me in the eyes, "It's ALL the time now. It seems every time he masturbates, it's about her. He has one of her bikini photos as his screensaver on the computer. I had to poke him in church last week when he kept staring at her boobs during the service. THEN, last night when he was fucking me, he called me Tammy!"

"Kelly, that's not the point and you know it," she snapped slightly at me, "Oh sure, he'll fuck Tammy if he gets the chance; he's not THAT much of a saint. It's just that he'll never feel as good about it as he would if he hadn't found out that you had sacrificed that way for him."

At that point, what could I say? I knew it must have been terribly hard for my mom to bring this up. Something told me she probably wasn't telling me half the story as it had to be a lot worse than what she described for her to ask me this. All my life my mom was the one who protected me from my dad's sometimes "overzealous" moods, those times when he would get really horny and almost do something stupid, like trying to fondle me in public. Usually it was my mom saying "no" and for her to even propose such a thing told me more than she could ever explain.

The relief on her face when I agreed was instant, as if a huge weight had been lifted from her shoulders. As much as my stomach was churning at the moment, seeing her expression told me I had made the right decision. Now the question was, how to get it done!

I suppose I could have just gone to my Uncle Jim and announced my intentions. In retrospect, that would have been a better idea. My only concern was that he was such a boor that he might say no just to be a prick. He knew he held all the cards. How can you compare a fifteen year-old girl against one who was almost 23 when it came to a swap? Other than I weighed probably a hundred pounds less, I could have been my aunt compared to how my dad would view Tammy laying naked on the bed. I knew my mom would be too worked up to discuss it further with her and of course, I couldn't ask my dad for his ideas so who do you turn to in these times? Well, why not turn to the family whore? In my case that was my cousin Kristen.

"You've GOT to be shitting me!"

Kristen's outburst when I first explained to her my plans was as foulmouthed as it was predictable. Fortunately, at least in this case, Kristen didn't have to worry about a father who had the hots for her little cousin so she stayed a mile away from our uncle whenever she had the chance. We both shared the same opinion of him.

"Kelly, you're a saint, you know that," she sighed as she sat back in the overstuffed chair in her living room.

"Hey, a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do," I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

I had called Kristen up and explained to her that I needed to talk to her about something important. She wasn't working this particular evening so I drove over and we shared a 2-liter bottle of Diet Coke.

"So what do you think I should do now?" I asked her, sipping from my glass.

"Well, you COULD take off all your clothes and lick my cunt," she replied, a big grin on her face. I threw a pillow at her and huffed.

"Gee whiz Kristen, is that all you ever think about? C'mon, be serious for once. I have to figure this out and you're not helping matters."

"Who said I wasn't being serious?" she replied mischievously. The problem was, I knew she WAS being serious. If there was any further proof as to how much this was bothering me, the fact I was turning her down said more than anything.

"You know girl, this really IS all your fault," Kristen teased me.

"Say what??"

"Well, if you hadn't been so obstinate about living on your own and stayed home to take care of your daddy's needs, he wouldn't be thinking about Tammy so much."

I glared at her, trying to figure out from her impish face if she was teasing me or expressing how she really felt.

"Fuck you Kristen. That has nothing to do with this and you know it."

"Oh I don't know about that. He's been a LOT more horny since you moved out," she countered and then grinned, "and if anyone should know, it's me."

The dirty little whore! I knew exactly what she was referring to. It was like when I was away at college and she "filled in" for me with my dad. Now I wasn't almost four hours away, barely more than four minutes if you hit the lights right. My dad could have me anytime he wanted and I knew it. All he had to do is call if he needed me that bad.

"Well screw you Kristen!"

THAT certainly was an intelligent way to end the conversation but it worked. Even though I knew all I had to do was spread my legs a little and she would be on me in a second, she tried to be helpful, as much as my blonde cousin can. Fortunately, we were discussing the ONE subject she excelled at - sex.

"Well, first of all, you need to do the foursome thing again."

I looked at her and squinted, as if I was having a hard time hearing her. No way did I hear her say THAT!

"You know, father-daughter, swap thing, all that," she went on, ignoring the look on my face, "At least that way your dad's around to keep him under control."

Now THAT made sense finally. One of my fears was that my uncle tends to get rough and with my dad there, even if he WAS busy screwing Tammy, maybe my uncle would be a little less likely to go overboard.

"And you can't make it like you are doing this just so your dad can fuck Tammy. You need to make him think you WANT him to fuck you."

Yeah right, and next I would convince him I was an alien from outer space. She could tell from my expression that I was unconvinced.

"Look Kelly, Uncle Jim is a guy and a not too bright one at that. Just get him horny and he'll believe anything if it means getting in your panties."

She had a point. If Kristen knew anything, it was how to manipulate men. As good as I felt I was sometimes at it, I had to concede that she was the master!

Kristen went on like she was a professor giving a lecture, "The trick is to make him think HE is the one initiating it. Then he'll never suspect it is something you are trying to get him to do."

"OK, sounds good," I acknowledged, "Now just how the hell do I do that?"

"Fuck Kelly, I don't have to tell YOU how to do that," she sighed loudly, "Just wiggle that cute little ass of yours in his face and make eyes with him. It doesn't take much to get him going anyway. Just don't be TOO obvious about it."

## 3. Kristen "Inspires" Me

Then Kristen looked at me and I could see her mind had shifted gears. She licked her lips subconsciously and I could see her staring at my boobs and then my crotch. Something told me the conversation about Uncle Jim was over!

Kristen got up from her chair and walked over to mine where she put her hands on the back of the chair, one on each side of my head. She was wearing a tight tank top but that didn't stop her boobs from hanging down in my face as she leaned down to kiss me. Our mouths met and I felt her tongue instantly reach out, searching for mine. God she smelled like pussy! She must have been soaking wet already.

"Speaking of your cute little ass, why don't you get out of those clothes and show it to me," she whispered huskily in my ear, her voice thick with lust.

It wasn't like she needed to lick me to get me wet, I was already horny enough as it was from our earlier discussion. Kristen got her taste of me and then stood up and took the dildo attached to her strap-on and started to move in on me like any guy would as he got ready to fuck me. She seemed awfully anxious to get started but then, I'd never been fucked by a girl before so it wasn't like I had anything to compare against.

"Now didn't I warn you that I was going to fuck you Kelly?" she giggled as she lined up the flesh-colored dildo with my waiting pussy. She rubbed it up and down between my wet pussy lips, lubricating it with my pussy juices and rubbing my clit with it at the same time. I tried to imagine it was a real dick, like my dad's, trying to enter into me.

"Here it comes bitch," she taunted me as she pushed the dildo into me. She was merciless, driving it deeper into me as soon as she pushed it past the head. Once it was in me, she started stroking it in and out of me like a guy was fucking me.

"Oh god, fuck me Kristen," I sighed as she pushed it in and out of me. I wasn't too sure what SHE was getting out of it other than knowing she was making me feel good. In any case, who cared? I felt good and at the moment, that's what counted. Kristen started to smack my ass with the flat palm of her hand, making more noise than pain at first.

"Yeah, you're a naughty girl for letting me do this to you," she scolded me, "And naughty girls have to be spanked."

With that she smacked me hard such that the flat of her hand met my butt and it stung sharply this time.

"Ouch!!" I protested, "Hey, THAT hurt dammit."

Kristen responded by smacking me the same way, only this time harder and on my other butt cheek. God, my ass must be as red as a ripe beet.

"Damn Kristen, what the hell are you doing?"

"Shut up bitch, or I'll REALLY give you a spanking," she snarled back at me, "You've been naughty and I have to spank you."

Over and over she smacked my ass until it was stinging badly. At the same time, she was pumping my pussy with her strap-on. It was like sweet and sour, hot and cold, yin and yang, whatever you want to compare. My ass was stinging while my pussy was loving it. There was something about the contrasting feelings that set me off and I could feel my orgasm starting to rise in me.

"Oh yeah, spank me, I'm such a bad girl," I panted as my breath was getting harder to take as my orgasm began to sweep through me. Kristen smacked me especially hard while at the same time she rammed the dildo deep up inside of me and held it there so her crotch was pressed up against my bare ass.

"Oh shit...," was all I could get out as my orgasm crested. It was incredible, like my entire body was awakening after having fallen asleep, like when your arm is twisted under you in the wrong position for a while when you sleep. Every pore on my body tingled and I could feel my pussy clamp down on the dildo, trying to hold it in me but Kristen insisted on stroking it in and out of me as I came.

Kristen pulled out of me and grabbed me by the waist, literally flipping me over on my back. I raised my inner leg up onto the back of the couch while my outer leg hung over the side, exposing my convulsing pussy to her. My slutty cousin didn't hesitate a second, diving between my legs and burying her face in my soaking wet crotch, licking up my pussy juices as they flowed out of me.

"Mmmmmmm, you taste so damn good," she moaned as she looked up at me from between my legs. I grabbed her head and pushed it back down, my actions demanding that she lick my pussy more and she was more than happy to do it.

"God, don't stop now," I panted, "make me cum again." Kristen put two fingers in my pussy and pushed them in as far as she could while she licked my clit and between my pussy lips. Then she took them out and I felt her press one of her now wet fingers against my ass hole.

"Don't you dare!" I hissed at her, barely able to move as my orgasm threatened to rise again.

I looked down and she grinned up at me, that naughty grin she gets whenever she gets her way - which was most of the time. She didn't say a word but instead, pushed her index finger up my ass. I almost jumped off the couch!

"Kristen!" I whined, squirming under her finger.

She totally ignored my protests and I have to admit I - didn't mind that she did. She pushed another finger up my pussy and I could feel her two fingers, one in my ass and one in my pussy, touching each other through the flesh inside of me. God, nobody had ever done this to me before! It was enough to set off my second orgasm, an even harder one this time. When it finally subsided she pulled her fingers out of me and moved up to kiss me. The fresh taste of my pussy on her lips was wonderful and so sensual

Needless to say we didn't get much more planning done as we spent the next couple of hours playing with each other. I even tried on the strap-on for a while and fucked her. It was weird as I couldn't feel anything of course but yet I was fucking her like a guy. It made me wonder what a guy felt when his dick was in me.

As I drove home later that day, my pussy tingled the entire way as I daydreamed about sex with my cousin. Mmmmmmm, talk about providing some inspiration for fucking my uncle! By the time I got home I had my plan all worked out, now I just need to put it into action.

## 4. Flirting With My Uncle Jim

There was only one place where I regularly saw my uncle and that was Sunday morning services at church. Thus if I had any hopes at all of following Kristen's suggestions, that was where I had to make my move. Of course, there was one little problem - it WAS church so it wasn't like I could dress like a hooker and seduce him. In the past I had done a lot of things at church but the common factor was that it was usually the thrill of not getting caught or being more flirty than outright sexual. There was something about crossing your legs slowly in church seemed to turn on guys more than anything sometimes, especially when they got a look at your inner thighs in the process, just enough to make them wonder if you were wearing panties or not.

My mother was already distraught enough over the whole thing so I decided to leave her out of my plans. Besides, what could she do to help anyway? No, I was on my own this time. The day started out as most Sundays do, with me stopping by my parents to give my dad a little present before church. Our tradition of sex on Sunday mornings was more for his benefit than mine. Typically he would just lift my dress and fuck me without taking anything off. Since I almost never wore panties to church, all he had to do was lift my skirt and have a go at me.

It always seemed to be the same - I would show up late, my dad would be rock hard waiting for me, my mom would fuss about us being late for church and for him to hurry up, he would cum in me, and then there was the mad dash to get to the service on time. Sitting in the pews with your dad's fresh cum inside of you certainly makes the service a lot easier to listen to!

With it being winter - and a cold day at that, it would have been a little out of place to wear some frilly summer dress that exposed my boobs and ass so that was out of the question. Instead, I chose to go with the basics - a tight black skirt and a white blouse. The skirt hugged my hips and came down to within a few inches of my knees - rather long by my usual standards but actually it helped to show off my thighs the way it hugged them. The blouse wasn't sheer but thin enough that it wasn't a mystery as to what color my bra was underneath. Yes, I was wearing a bra. With an outfit like this, I've found that wearing a colored bra (black in this case) was actually more erotic and got more looks than going bare breasted. Even back in grade school I realized that there was something about seeing a girl's underwear that never failed to turn on the boys. Grown men are no different as they're just the same boys now with bigger dicks.

My uncle and his family were in a pew just in front of us. We were too late to get a seat next to them but I think my dad actually preferred it this way. I noted that he somehow managed to maneuver himself into a seat right behind Tammy. Every time we stood up to sing a hymn (Presbyterians STAND when they sing), his eyes appeared to be looking down at the hymnal but I knew better. If you looked closely you could have seen that they were focused not on hymnal but rather on the tight little ass in front of him. Tammy was wearing a cute little denim skirt and it showed off her bare legs nicely. I also noticed that when he sat down, the hymnal stayed in his lap! Not too hard to guess why (sorry, couldn't resist the pun.)

After the service I knew I wouldn't have much time so I was anxious to get out of the pews before my aunt and uncle left. I tried to time it so that I was stepping out into the aisle just as my uncle was walking by and then I almost fell as I "accidentally" bumped into him. He grabbed my under my arms and helped me up to my feet.

"Whoa girl, better be more careful there," he teased me. We were in the middle of a crowd of people but as I regained my balance I managed to put my hand on his crotch for just a moment, not enough for anyone to notice but long enough for him to know it wasn't an accident.

"Now you better be careful girl, somebody might get the wrong idea," he said softly as we worked our way up the aisle.

"Well, I was hoping you might get the RIGHT idea," I teased him back. People around us were busy gossiping (well, in church that's called "sharing") and I knew that even if they did overhear us, they would have no idea what we were talking about. Who would ever even think that we would be bantering about sex?

We were almost to the pastor so we couldn't continue our little exchange. After shaking hands and telling the pastor what a wonderful service it was, I headed downstairs to where our coats were hanging and waited for my uncle. As he grabbed his from the rack, I slowly put mine on. There was nobody within a few yards of us so I moved over close to him and grinned.

"So tell me Uncle Jim, just what ideas were you getting back there?"

My uncle rolled his eyes at me and shook his head.

"Nope, not falling for it kid," he said, "Your dad gave me the lecture already, remember?"

"You know Uncle Jim, sometimes girls make mistakes," I said off-handedly, "Sometimes you don't appreciate something until you don't have it anymore."

"Oh? And just what might THAT be?" he said, starting to move over closer to me.

"You know, sometimes a girl likes it a little rough, do you know what I mean Uncle Jim?"

He looked at me with his eyes narrowed, probably trying to figure out if I was just leading him on for the kill or what. I knew he was teetering on the edge. I also knew just how to push him off.

"Don't you want to fuck me anymore Uncle Jim?" I said softly to him, trying my best to sound like an eight year-old girl if you know what I mean.

My uncle quickly looked around; as if he was afraid someone had overheard me. Even with all the hustle and bustle after the service, nobody was near us and when someone did walk by, they weren't paying us any attention.

My uncle grabbed me by the arm through my coat and pulled me over to the side.

"Now listen to me sister, if you're fucking with me...," he started to say.

"Uncle Jim, don't you get it? That's exactly what I WANT you to do to me," I giggled, acting more like a dippy teenage girl than a sophisticated college graduate.

As usual when it came to men, Kristen was right - he WAS easy. God, some men will believe anything if they think it will get them laid and my Uncle Jim was probably one of the easiest in that category.

"So what do you say I stop by later this afternoon?"

God, this WAS too easy. There had to be a fly in this ointment somewhere. Was he just setting me up?

"OK, how about a little father-daughter swap again?"

He looked at me narrowly and for a moment I thought maybe I'd come out with that too quickly. Was he thinking now that this was my plan all along? Well, it WAS but he wasn't supposed to know that. I quickly took some action to put him off the scent. Moving in close to him so nobody could see, I reached down and put my hand squarely on his crotch. Yep, he was getting hard! The harder he got, the less he would be thinking with his other head.

"C'mon Uncle Jim, I thought you liked it the last time we all did it together, didn't you?"

It must have been hard for him to concentrate with my hand pressing on his stiffening dick. My heart pounded as people walked by. God, here I was in the church basement with just my winter coat hiding my hand on his crotch from view! Obviously my uncle was as turned on as I was but my pussy wasn't sticking out for all to see the way his dick was. Good thing he had a large overcoat on to hide it.

"Yeah, that WAS pretty hot, wasn't it," he mused.

"So you gonna set it up with my dad then?" He looked thoughtful for a moment, as if just one last time he was wondering if he as being set up. Maybe he was thinking it was too easy as well.

"You're really something else, aren't you," he sighed, "Yeah, I'll talk to John now about it."

He disappeared from sight so I didn't get to see him talking to my dad. I met my parents in the parking lot at our car and at first I wondered if my uncle had said anything because my dad acted as if everything was normal. It wasn't until we were about half way to the restaurant where we were going to have lunch that suddenly he turned his head towards the back seat where I was sitting and called out to me.

"OK girl, spill it!"

I acted as if I had no idea what he was talking about. I could see his face in the rear view mirror as he looked back at me and grinned.

"Don't give me that innocent face," he scolded me, "I KNOW you had something to do with this."

"With what daddy?" I asked innocently, still pretending I had no idea what he was talking about.

"What's up John?" my mom asked.

"Oh it's our horny little daughter, at it again as usual," he sighed. "You'll never guess what Jim asked me after the service."

My mom looked sharply at me in her visor mirror. She must have realized instantly that I was up to something and she probably already knew what that something was.

"John wants to do another father-daughter swap this afternoon," he said, as if he couldn't believe what he was saying, "Can you believe it? After what I told him about Kelly, I can't believe he had the nerve to ask me."

My heart sank as I anticipated what he was going to say next. Damn, after all that work and he turned my uncle down. On the one hand, I felt good as I knew what a sacrifice that was for him just for me. On the other, I hadn't expected him to be so chivalrous!

"As if that's not enough, THEN, he tells me it was all our Kelly's idea," my dad continued. My heart started beating again. Maybe there was hope?

"So what's the story girl?" he asked again.

What could I say at that point? There was just no way he was ever going to believe that I really wanted my uncle to fuck me just for my own pleasure. I had made it pretty clear how I felt about him when I finally worked up the nerve to ask my dad to keep him from me. I made a quick decision to come clean and let him know what I was planning. By the time we reached the restaurant, I had spilled my guts. The only thing I left out was my mom's role. The last thing I wanted my dad to know was that his wife had to ask his daughter to help him with his sexual needs!

We didn't say a word until we were seated. It was a Chinese buffet so we all got our first helpings and returned to the booth. After my dad gave the blessing, he looked up over the table at me with a puzzled look.

"OK, I buy everything that you've told me about WHAT you have done so far, I just don't get the WHY," he mused, "Not long ago I went to my own brother and had to tell him my daughter didn't want him doing her anymore. Any idea how that made me feel? And now you're coming on to him like a teenager in heat. I KNOW there's more to this than what you've told me."

As I sat there wondering what to say next, my mom came to the rescue. She put her hand on his arm and squeezed it gently.

"Now John, can't a girl change her mind without you having to cross-examine her?"

"Yeah but..."

My mom cut him off and gave him that look she does when she wants him to shut up.

"Enough already honey, why not just enjoy the afternoon?"

That effectively ended the conversation and we finished out meal without anything else being said about it. Even on the ride home, when my dad tried to mention it my mom would shush him and tell him to be quiet.

Back home I went straight to my room and undressed. I pulled out one of my nightshirts, the one that barely covered my ass when I was standing up and exposed about everything any other time. On a whim, I pulled my hair back into a ponytail and looked at myself in the mirror. After all, I would be effectively competing with a hot little fifteen year-old and I didn't want to look any older than I had to. Wearing a ponytail always to take a few years off of me.

Although the nightshirt was loose on me, my boobs poked out nicely. At least I had bigger ones than Tammy who was still probably an A cup although lately I had noticed she was getting a little bigger in the chest. If I noticed them, I was sure my dad had so anything to make mine look better was fine with me.

## 5. Fathers and Daughters Again

It was about 3:00PM when my uncle arrived with Tammy in tow. My mom greeted them as they came in and commented on how hot Tammy was looking these days. Indeed she was. Under that thick winter coat she was wearing a tight sweater than seemed to magnify her boobs and a pair of jeans that had to have been hell to get on they were so tight. The sweater was short enough that her tight little belly peeped out when she stretched or moved. It wasn't anything risque but yet at the same time seemed to accentuate her natural sexuality. God she was a hot little vixen! Needless to say, my uncle couldn't take his eyes off my ass as I walked in. He had always been more an ass man than a legs or boobs guy and I knew all it took to get him going was to flash my butt at him - which I naturally did.

As my mom took their coats, my dad joined us and greeted them. He took a long look at Tammy and just grinned. I could only imagine what thoughts were going through his head at that moment, knowing in a matter of minutes he would be fucking her cute little pussy again. He shook hands with his brother and asked him what excuse he had used to get out with just Tammy under his wing. Uncle Jim explained that he was coming over here to watch the race (I had no idea if there really was one on TV) and that Tammy had begged to come over and see me since it had been ages since the two of us had spent any time together. Apparently my aunt had bought the story since they both were here.

My dad looked at Tammy and then at his brother.

"She knows?" he said cryptically. Tammy must have overheard because she giggled and replied before her dad could say anything.

"What, that you want to fuck me today Uncle John?" she said with this impish grin on her face. That was my little cousin for you! I could only imagine the reputation she was building in school these days.

My mom just sighed and waved us upstairs saying, "OK, you guys go have your fun, I have laundry to get done."

In a way, it was sort of surreal. It was as if she had told us all to go upstairs and have some ice cream she was so nonchalant about it. I could only imagine what Tammy's mom would say if she had any idea whatsoever what her husband and daughter were REALLY planning when they left the house. Aunt Shari was such a pain in the ass sometimes. It was such a shame she didn't approve of even premarital sex, let alone incest. Things would be so much easier if we didn't have to worry about her all the time.

We ended up in my parent's bedroom as they had the biggest bed in the house. For a moment the four of us just stood in the room so I decided to take the initiative and get the ball rolling - or should I say "balls"? I reached over to my uncle and started undoing his jeans, quickly unbuckling his belt and undoing his zipper.

"Damn, look like someone wants something bad today!" Uncle Jim laughed, "Damn John, haven't you been taking care of your daughter?"

"Hey what can I say?" my dad shrugged his shoulders. He sat on the edge of the bed and Tammy quickly perched on his lap, her arm around his neck as she hugged her uncle and watched her dad's dick emerge from his underwear as I pulled it down to his ankles.

"Hmmm, looks like someone else wants something pretty bad too!" I remarked as his hard dick flopped out once I pulled his underwear down. There was no need to coax him at all, he was already stiff as a rail with his dick slightly curved such that it stuck out but pointed up to the ceiling.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he said harshly, "Get down on your knees and suck it!"

Something told me today was not going to be one of these slow, romantic times where there is lots of cuddling and foreplay. Nope, today it was going to be all about sucking and fucking if I knew my uncle at all.

Of all the guys in my family that I have sex with - my dad, my cousin Rick, and my Uncle Jim, my uncle's cock is the smallest. Now normally cock size isn't an issue for me, but I couldn't help but notice how easily his entire dick fit into my mouth without me even having to take him down my throat. I slipped my mouth over him and immediately ran all the way down his shaft until my face met his thick bush of hair that surrounded his dick.

"Damn John, your girl isn't wasting anytime today is she?" he commented.

My dad laughed and said, "Well, how many times have I told you know how she gets when she's good and horny?"

As I worked on his dick, I was positioned so I could watch my dad and Tammy at the same time off to the side and behind my uncle. My dad had his hand on Tammy's thigh, rubbing her and letting his hand wander to her crotch where he pressed his fingers in against her pussy through the tight denim. He rubbed her through her jeans and she started to squirm a little bit. He had his other hand around her, pulling her up onto his lap.

I watched as he started to play with her boobs through the sweater, rubbing them and cupping them in his hands. Eventually his hand moved down and then up under her sweater. The outline of his hand was visible as he stretched it out to grab her small breast in the palm of his hand. In a way it was like watching two teenagers making out. They started to kiss as her back arched and she pressed her chest up against his wandering hand.

"Shit John, quit making out like some kid and fuck the girl! That's what you want anyway, isn't it?"

"Oh go fuck yourself Jim," my dad responded.

"Now why would I do that when I've got your lovely daughter girl here for me to fuck instead?" my uncle returned with a deep laugh.

Uncle Jim looked down at me then and grabbed my head in his hands, pushing my face into his smelly crotch. One of the many things I disliked about my uncle was he didn't keep himself clean. It was one thing to fuck a guy who had been working out and was a little sweaty. It was another when the odor was simply umpteen days without a shower.

"Damn you give one hell of a BJ; I'll give THAT to you," he chuckled, "You need to give your cousin over there some more lessons."

I did my best to ignore him, concentrating instead on watching my dad as he slowly pulled Tammy's sweater up and over her head, exposing her bare chest with

orgasm struck her. Tammy was never much of one to say a lot during sex but her breathing and sighs told me everything I needed to know, she was cumming – and cumming hard!

My dad never stopped until she finally relaxed and her back stopped arching upward. He stood up, his face covered with her pussy cream and a wide grin that stretched from ear to ear as he looked down at her with her legs spread apart, her wet pussy wide open and waiting for him, totally unashamed. She put one hand between her legs, rubbing her clit as if she couldn't bear for it to be not touched even for a moment.

"Well, you gonna fuck my girl or not?" Uncle Jim teased my dad.

He was just rocking himself in and out of me now, not putting a lot of effort into it, just letting his dick enjoy having my pussy around it. One good thing about the way my uncle was fucking me, I could watch my dad as he got ready to put his dick in Tammy. As always, I couldn't believe his hard dick was going to fit inside that sweet little pussy of hers. If course, I knew from past encounters that it would, but it was still pretty amazing that she could stretch out that much. Her brother actually had the biggest cock in the family, at least that I had seen, so if he could get his thick dick inside of her, my dad certainly could.

## 6. The Ultimate Sacrifice For My Dad

I wanted to say something, to cheer him on, to tell him how happy I was that he was getting to do what he so desperately wanted to do. After all, wasn't this why I was putting up with this useless dick in me now? Still, it was all worth it as I watched his hips thrust forward and his cock head disappeared inside of her. Tammy grunted and bit her lower lip as she waited for the next thrust which he quickly gave her, driving his dick into her in one smooth motion all the way up inside of her pussy.

"Fuck she's so god damn tight!" my dad groaned as he just held himself in her, savoring the feel of her tight pussy as it gripped his dick.

As my dad started to fuck her, my uncle started getting more into it as well. Then, just as I figured he would cum and maybe I would get out of this relatively unscathed, he pulled out of me and started to push his dick against my asshole. Oh god, he wanted to fuck me in the ass. I had NEVER let him do it in the past so why did he think I was going to let him do it now?

"Uncle Jim!" I exclaimed, reaching back with my hand to push his wandering dick away from my butt hole. I felt the weight of his fat stomach press against my back and then his hot breath on the back of my neck as he whispered into my ear.

"You must think I'm really stupid, don't you?" he whispered so softly I could barely hear him, "You don't think I bought all that crap about you wanting to fuck me, did you?"

I squirmed under his weight as it was a little hard to breathe with his fat stomach on me.

"Look at them, see your dad fucking her? Do you want me to tell him why I'm letting him fuck her? Especially after that crap of you not wanting me to fuck your whore pussy anymore?"

I looked over at my dad but he was too engaged in Tammy's pussy to pay any attention to us. No doubt he just figured his brother was being dirty with me as that would have been typical of him. If he only knew HOW dirty he was being this time though! I couldn't let my uncle know that they dad knew all along what the story was.

"Well, if you want me to shut up and let him keep fucking her after this, then you're getting it up the ass - got it bitch?"

What could I do? My dad was in heaven. He looked so happy fucking Tammy. As I watched he climbed up in the bed behind her and spooned her. They were facing us and I could see his dick sliding in and out of her wet pussy while he reached around and fondled her little boobs. How could I deny my own father this? How could I betray him by resisting my uncle and this depriving him of something he clearly craved so badly? I knew all I had to do was cry out and say I didn't want it and my dad would stop fucking her and protect me but I could never impose on him like that. No, I was his daughter and if I had to do this to make him happy, then I would do it.

"Alright you bastard, go for it," I said grimly.

"Nahhhhh, not that easy bitch," he hissed, "You gotta beg for it... loud. I want them both to know you want it up your ass. You can do it you filthy whore."

I was almost in tears but I fought back my feelings of revulsion as he stood up and started fucking my pussy again. I knew what he was waiting for and I wanted more than anything for a miracle to occur and take this from me. Tammy was riding my dad now, facing him and leaning over so he could lick and bite her nipples as she rocked on his dick. He looked SO happy and the lust in his eyes was unmistakable. I had to do this. I had to do it for my father.

"Oh god I love it when you fuck me Uncle Jim," I started out, moaning and groaning like I was actually enjoying it, "I want you to fuck me in the ass... fuck my ass Uncle Jim."

I said it loudly and as much as my father was concentrating on Tammy, he still heard me and I saw his eyes widen as he looked at me. Actually, my dad would have loved to fuck me in the ass years before but he knew how I felt about it and never pressed me to do it. What must he be thinking now to hear me ask my uncle to do it after all those years of me turning him down?

My uncle pulled out and stretched my butt apart wide to get a good luck at my asshole.

"Oh yeah, I've been wanting a piece of that tight hole for a long time now," he said roughly.

"Give it to me Uncle Jim, stick it in me, I want you to cum in my ass."

Well, in for an inch, in for a yard they say, and if I was going to ask him to fuck my ass; I was going to make it sound good. I had to convince my dad I really wanted it or else he might catch on to what was really going on here.

My uncle lowered his head and spit onto my asshole and then worked up another one and spit again. I could feel his warm spit on my ass and then it drained down and must have dripped to the floor. He put his finger up to my asshole and I felt him push it roughly into me and then back out again to wet and lubricate me.

OK, so I'm not an anal virgin but I've never asked for it nor have I enjoyed it. The only time a dick has been in my ass was when I was in a situation where I couldn't control the guy fucking me. The last time was when I went out with Kristen on one of her assignments and ended up getting fucked by at least a couple of dozen guys (or maybe twice that, I don't know for sure). A few of them took advantage of the situation and fucked my ass despite the fact I didn't want them to.

This would be the first time in my life I had ever "asked" to be fucked in the ass but I wasn't looking forward to it. Each time his finger pulled out of me I could have sworn I dumped a load of shit. I hated that feeling. Well, as it turned out, it was nothing compared to what was coming next.

"Watch John," Uncle Jim bragged, "Don't you want to see your daughter taking it up the ol' bung hole?"

Again my dad looked at me as if he couldn't believe what I was doing. Actually, I couldn't believe it either but I couldn't say that. I did my best to force a smile and pretend I wanted it. Just then I felt his hard dick press against my tight asshole. It was a good thing I was already on my stomach as he was pushing really hard to get his dick into me.

"Damn, talk about being tight!" my uncle gasped, pausing his efforts for a moment, "Tammy's cunt is as loose as a whore's compared to your daughter's asshole!"

He pushed hard again and I felt the pain increase as his head forced its way into my ass. I put my head into the bed so my dad couldn't see the tears streaming from my eyes as my uncle's dick violated my ass. God it hurt! Losing my virginity was a walk in the park compared to this! I wanted to cry out for him to stop, to take it out of me and never put it in me again but I knew I had to take it. I had to do this for my father. "Damn, all that and only half way in," Uncle Jim said as he panted from his efforts.

He grabbed my hips and pulled me back into him as he pushed harder against me and forced his dick deeper inside of my ass. God, would he ever get it all the way in me?

"Ahhhhhh, there we go," he finally got out as his pubic hair tickled my ass like a coarse hair brush.

Now that he was in me, he started to stroke his dick in and out of me. At first he only pulled out a little bit so he could easily stuff it back in me all the way again. As things went, he kept pulling out more and more until finally he was fucking my ass like he fucked my pussy - nothing but long, hard, rhythmic strokes. There was no way I was going to cum being fucked this way. Indeed, it was all I could do to not cry out in pain and beg him to stop. My only hope was that he would cum and cum fast so I figured it was in my best interest to help him along.

"Oh god, that feels so good... fuck me ass Uncle Jim... cum in my ass," I pleaded, lying my ass off but they didn't need to know that. At least all my dirty talk seemed to have the desired effect.

"God damn... almost there," he groaned, pumping his dick stiff hard into my tight ass. Suddenly I felt his cum in my ass, like an enema which for me, is NOT a cool thing.

"Oh yeah, here it is baby, take it all up your butt!"

Well, he certainly seemed to be enjoying it. It was all I could do to hang in there until he had expended himself and withdrew from my ass.

Later when my dad apologized to me, I tried to assure him that he had nothing to feel guilty about. Even so, for the past week it's been like he was some hurt little puppy, moping about whenever I was around and trying to do anything he could to please me. At least THAT wasn't too hard to do as all he had to do was fuck me and he made me as happy as he possibly could!

My birthday was coming up soon. God, it was hard to believe that I was going to be 23 years old on the first of the month! I felt like I was becoming so old. It didn't seem that long ago when I was just sixteen and anyone in the twenties was ancient! The only good thing now about birthdays was wondering what my parents would be getting me. A nicer apartment or a new car would be fine with me but I knew it wouldn't be anything quite so dramatic. My dad had been hinting at something good but so far all he'd done was tease me about it without really saying anything definitive.

A client was in town and needed someone to escort him to lunch at some conference downtown. It was pretty routine, lasting a few hours and then I was back home again to find my mom had left a voice mail on my phone while I was out working. "Hey dear, would you like to join us for dinner tonight? Since it's your birthday tomorrow and everyone will be coming over, I thought you might want to spend some family time tonight before things got too busy on Saturday. Give me a call when you get home. Hope you're having fun! Bye... mom."

I listened to it again and wondered what she was up to. Since moving to my own apartment, I rarely spent the night at my parent's house anymore. Even if I was over and my dad fucked me, I returned to my apartment for the rest of the night. Since I can remember my parents have always considered their bedroom as THEIR sanctuary and even after we started having sex together, I still rarely saw them having sex. So why was she asking me to spend the night? There was no doubt in my mind where I would be spending it - in their bed, so what was up? Did this have something to do with my birthday present?

I called my mom back to tell her I would be over shortly and quickly packed a light bag with some makeup and toiletries and clothes to wear in the morning. I only lived a few minutes away from them so I would undoubtedly return home in the morning to get ready for whatever birthday celebration activities they had plotted for me. She seemed excited that I was coming but she didn't say much as I would be over there in a short while anyway.

Before leaving, I took a quick shower and shaved myself, wanting to be sure I was smooth and clean for my daddy. As the shower rinsed the cream from my pussy, I leaned back and enjoyed the feel of the pulsating water as it struck my crotch and felt oh so good. My hand moved between my thighs and my finger started to press against my clit. God I was so damn horny! My client this afternoon had been single, handsome, and about ten years older than me. He was quite polite and I got the impression most likely quite rich as well. God I would have loved to have had him fuck me! Something told me he wouldn't have minded if I'd offered myself to him but we both knew what the rules were for my agency so I just returned home with the memory of him grabbing my ass a bit but nothing more than that.

When I got to my parent's house it was still early meaning my dad wasn't home yet from work. My mom was fixing dinner so I sat down at the kitchen table to chat a bit with her. It had been a while since we had some quality mom-daughter time. Actually, except for church we hadn't really talked since my dad and uncle did their thing.

"You know Kelly, I really appreciate what you did for your dad last week," my mom started out, "After hearing what happened I feel a little guilty since I was the one that asked you to do it in the first place."

"Oh mom, that's OK, it was no big deal," I tried to reassure her. She knew better.

"Kelly, I can't tell you how much your dad appreciated what you did for him," she continued, "I know he has told you about it and such but you would have had to see the change in his attitude to really understand."

"Well, I was afraid when I asked him to tell Uncle Jim not to fuck me anymore that something like that would happen. I know how much Dad love being with Tammy."

"Yeah, he's been horny for her since she was like 11 or 12," my mom laughed, "I don't know how her mother never caught him with that whopping erection he would get whenever she was around him, especially by the pool in that hot bikini she wore last summer. How she convinced her mother to let her wear it I'll' never understand."

"What makes you sure she didn't see him and just ignored it?"

"OH god no!" my mom exclaimed, "Your Aunt Shari would have killed them both on the spot if she even had an inkling of what they were doing!"

"So has Dad fucked Tammy since then?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say I was expecting this!" my dad greeted me with a grin, "Been quite a while, hasn't it?"

Geeze, I hadn't realized that it had been THAT long ago for both of my parents to comment on the matter. Grabbing his wet flaccid cock in my hand, I grinned at him and replied, "So daddy, have you missed me holding you like this?"

I felt his dick stir in my hand as he chuckled in response to my silly question. Between the cascading water and soap it was so slippery that it was like trying to hold a wet sausage. Fortunately, this sausage was well anchored at one end! He turned so his back was to the showerhead, shielding me from most of the water.

Carefully I squatted down until my head was level with his dripping wet crotch and stroked his growing dick in my hand. It was still covered in soap and while I appreciated that my father practiced good personal hygiene, having soap in my mouth was not one of my favorite things. The more I stroked him the more the soap rinsed off his cock, and the more he grew and hardened. I gently played with his balls and ran my fingers through his matted-down pubic hair to clean out any soap that remained. Finally, there right in front of me, was one of my most favorite things - a glistening clean hard daddy dick!

Pushing my soaking wet hair back and out of the way, I looked up at him. Our eyes met and we both grinned, each of us knowing exactly what was going to happen next. Holding his cock still, I took the tip of it in my mouth and sucked on it, then the whole head was in my mouth. He still had just the slight taste of soap but it was nothing unbearable and I knew it would disappear more as I sucked him. You might say I've had some experience in the matter.

"That's it baby, suck it," he groaned as I took more of him in my mouth quickly until my face was buried in his wet clean crotch, "God I love it when you suck my cock!"

Well, if he was totally honest he would have said he loved it when his cock was sucked - period. However, I like to think that as his daughter it means a little extra special to him to look down and see his dick moving in and out of my mouth. Personally, I've sucked literally hundreds of cocks over the past nine years or so but there is one that will always be special to me - my dad's.

I grabbed the base of his wet shaft and twisted my hand around it as I sucked on the upper half of his dick. Both my head and hand were turning on his cock but in opposite directions, my tongue playing on it inside of my mouth. Then I had just the head in my mouth, holding it like a sucker as my hand ran up and down his stiff shaft, stroking him like I was giving him a hand job but with the added bonus that he got to feel my lips over his cock head.

"Damn that feels so good," he kept groaning over and over again, "Here, get up now so I can fuck you before I cum."

I gingerly stood up and he held me by the shoulders to ensure I didn't slip as I turned around and put my hands against the wall of the shower opposite the shower head. He had the shower pointed down so the back wall was quite dry and I was able to plant my hands there and lean forward, allowing my ass to stick out for my dad's enjoyment. I was rewarded by the feeling of his strong hands on my bare hips, gripping me tightly. I let my feet slide out to each side until they were pushing against the side of the bathtub and made it easier for me to keep my balance.

"Have I ever told you that your ass is fucking incredible?" he mused, saying it just loud enough for me to hear over the noise of the shower. Well, maybe a thousand times before but of course, he could tell me a thousand time more and I would never tire of him telling me.

I lowered my head and concentrated on standing up without falling down while I felt his cock press up against my wet ass and slide up my crack until he was pressed against my butt with his cock on top my ass, almost like a hotdog on a bun. He rubbed himself up and down between my butt cheeks, stroking himself like he would do sometimes between my boobs but using my butt this time instead.

Eventually my dad pulled back more and his cock dropped down between my legs, passing over my puckered asshole as it did. My dad didn't even make an attempt to press it in my ass and let it just glide by. As much as he probably wanted to push it in, he knew how I felt about anal sex and my dad would never do anything to me that he knew I didn't like - sexually at least. When his dick dropped it then slipped down to between my legs. I started to reach for it with my hand but I almost slipped and so he took his dick by himself and positioned it so it was now at the entrance to my pussy.

"Fuck me daddy," I said softly to him, trying to look back over my shoulder at him, "Please fuck me now... Show your daughter how much you love her."

Of course it was totally unnecessary for me to tell him that but from the smile on his face I knew it was music to his ears. Actually, it would probably have been harder to convince him NOT to fuck me at this moment than anything else. My dad gets horny just like any other man and just because the pussy in front of him was his own daughter's, that didn't mean he didn't want it with the same animal-like lust he would get for any other pussy. No, you could bet the bank that he was about to push that dick in me - and I was counting on it.

He gripped his stiff cock with one hand and rubbed it up and down my pussy slit, working it between my lips more with each pass I wanted him in me, wanted to feel my father's stiff cock stretch my hungry pussy open and force itself deep inside of my body. I wanted to feel him penetrate me, to feel him join his body with mine. Actually, you could sum it up by simply I wanted my dad to fuck me!

"Now daddy," I urged him, holding his dick still at the entrance to my pussy, "Push it in me now... Give me your love!"

My father's hands gripped my hips even tighter and he pulled me back into him while at the same time thrust his hips forward. I gasped as his dick slide easily into my wet pussy, driving inward non-stop until he was quickly buried inside of me. God it felt so good in me! He immediately started to pump himself in and out me, driving himself in until his crotch met with my wet ass and then pulling back until most of him was out of me and then immediately back in again. I was in heaven!

"You love this, don't you?" he asked rhetorically, "You just love a dick in that nasty cunt of yours, don't you? God you're such a fucking sexy slut!"

I loved it when he got a bit carried away and started talking to me that way. Under the circumstance I didn't take it as anything bad or demeaning but rather as a sign of how much I was turning him on. When he got so horny that his lust consumed him to the point he didn't worry about what he said to me, it was then that I knew I was making him feel really good.

"Yes daddy, I'm your fucking slut... fuck my cunt daddy, shove that fucking dick in me harder!"

He responded by simply banging me harder, slapping up against my ass so hard it make a smacking noise.

"Almost there...," he groaned, driving himself deep into me.

Any other time I would have gripped his cock as hard as I could with my pussy and wait for his to orgasm and fill my pussy with sperm. For some reason, I FELT like a dirty slut and I wanted him to be nasty to me so I suddenly straightened up, causing his dick to drop out of me. I quickly turned around and before he could protest I squatted down and grabbed his dick with both hands, stroking his and jerking on his dick as fast and hard as I could to make him cum.

"What the...," he started to say and then his orgasm hit and he just groaned loudly.

I had his dick aimed at my face and the first shot struck me on the forehead right between the eyes, quickly followed by another that hit my nose and upper lip. Again and again he shot his cum at me like a water pistol. After the first few I opened my mouth and took the remaining loads inside, my lips wrapped tightly around his dick as I literally sucked the last drops of incestual sperm from his cock. God I loved the taste of my dad's cum! When he was finished, I continued to stroke his dick and suck on his cock. I felt him shudder as my tongue explored the tip of his dick, pressing in against the tiny slit where he had just shot out his cum.

"Christ that felt good," he gasped, taking in deep breaths as he panted from the exertion.

I stood up and grinned at him. I could only imagine what I looked like with his cum all over my face. As it turned out, I didn't have to imagine it, he told me.

"You look so fucking hot with my cum all over your face," he said with a big grin on his face.

"Oh? So you like me to look like a cumslut, eh daddy?" I teased him, "And here I always thought you preferred to cum in my pussy."

He sighed and smiled at me. Then he surprised me by kissing me and sticking his tongue in his mouth. As much as my dad loved sex, he was a typical guy in that he treated cum like it was radioactive. For him to kiss me with my mouth still lined with his cum, and then to let the cum on my face stick to his as we kissed was unusual, to put it mildly.

I have to admit that one of the reasons I so easily allowed him to defile me with his cum this time was that we were already in the shower and so I could wash it off quickly before it dried like glue in my hair and on my face. I grabbed the soap and washcloth and moved past him to get to the full power of the shower and scrubbed my face. A generous amount of shampoo in my hair helped to rid it of the little bit of cum that had managed to get on it.

In the meantime, his lust had drained from him along with his sperm count and he slipped out of the shower to dry off. I heard him gargle with some mouthwash and grinned. He had made a good effort to be loving by kissing me but I'm sure the taste of his cum had been revolting to him.

By the time I was finished he was already out of the bathroom and in their bedroom getting dressed. I dried my hair and when I finally was finished and left the room, he was waiting for me out in the hallway holding one of the roses he had brought home for me before.

My dad's face looked a little sheepish, like a little boy caught with his hand in the candy jar.

"C'mon dad, admit it, you love fucking her, don't you?" I pushed him, adding little giggle to my voice to take any edge off of it.

"Well...," he said, rolling his eyes.

"Exactly," I said, as if concluding a point in a debate, "So no more of this guilt crap, OK? Besides, if you DIDN'T enjoy it, THEN you should feel guilty."

"Whatever," he said, conceding the debate, "But in any case, I just wanted to make it up to you somehow. How would you like me to take you out shopping this evening?"

Well duh! What girl would ever say no to such a question?

"We can go anywhere you want," he continued, "But just so you know, I want it to be more than just buying you things. I want us to have a fun father-daughter night out. What do you say?"

Had any other father said that to his daughter, I would have thought it to be sweet and just an innocent evening at the mall. However, when my dad uses the word "fun", it has a special meaning to it that most fathers wouldn't intend. As an example of me having "fun" with my dad, I ended up fucking a couple of his clients from work right in front of him. (Of course, they had no idea I was his daughter.) My pussy suddenly tingled and I got that feeling I get in me when I know I'm going to have a good time soon.

"Oh????" I responded innocently, "So what should I wear?"

My dad just laughed, knowing full well I was just teasing him, and then he got up and said, "Well, since you'll be trying on clothes I guess something that comes off easy would be appropriate."

"Appropriate" my ass! I knew the LAST thing my dad would want me to wear was something appropriate.

"Well, get going and we'll go as soon as you're ready."

He walked out and headed downstairs while I hurriedly scoured through my closet for something to wear. Fortunately I had left a few outfits at their house when I moved to my apartment. I frowned as noted that some of the outfits I would have loved to wear were over there now but I did have one that looked to be perfect for the occasion. It took me about half an hour to get my hair looking a little less disastrous, put a bit of makeup on, and then get dressed. One last look in the mirror to check things out and I was ready to go.

I rushed down the stairs with all the bounce and enthusiasm I use to have going down these same stairs as a little girl on Christmas morning. When I went into the kitchen, my mom and dad were sitting down with some coffee and my dad turned to look at me. His eyes opened wide and let out a soft wolf whistle.

"Wow, you look fabulous," he said, mimicking the tone of some TV comic.

I smiled and twirled about, giving him a 360 view of my outfit. It wasn't exactly original but it was perfect for tonight. The short pleated white denim skirt hugged my ass like a glove before it descended down legs just barely enough to hide the black thong underneath. About the only thing the thong hid was my pussy itself and then only barely. From the rear, unless you saw the strap that went around my waist, you would've probably thought I was naked as the one that went down my ass crack was so thin it just hid inside my crack like a wedgie (which it also felt like to be honest).

A wide black belt contrasted nicely with the white skirt. On top I was wearing a black tube top with a sheer white blouse over the top. The blouse was only buttoned half-way up as it was one or two sizes too small and never would have stretched over my boobs. This caused it to be tight and showed off the curvature of my bust under the tight tube blouse. My mom looked at me and smiled, giving me her non-verbal approval while my dad just acted like a teenage boy seeing a stripper for the first time - and I was fully dressed!

"Well, ready to go daddy?" I asked, wiggling my hips suggestively.

My dad looked at my mom and I could tell he was about to change his mind and just take me then and there but as always, my mom, the conscience of the Wells family, set him straight.

"You're not getting off THAT easy dear," she admonished him gently, "You promised her a shopping trip so get going and take her."

It was only a short drive to the mall. There were several we could have gone to and had I been intent on simply buying some new outfits, the closest one would actually have been my preference. It was made up primarily of boutique stores with a great selection of the latest, and most expensive, fashions. However, something told me tonight the shopping was just an excuse for having "fun" with my dad so the larger mall was the our destination. I behaved myself the entire way there, something which I wasn't sure if he was all that happy about to be honest. Oh well, if he wanted to have "fun" he was going to have help out a bit.

We entered the mall through the food court entrance. There were lots of people sitting around and I felt that tingle I get when I noticed some of the guys staring at me. Most of them tried to make it appear they weren't but a girl can always tell. I was sure my dad had to feel proud to have me on his arm as we walked in. At 22, all but a few hours away from being 23, it wasn't like I was obviously his little girl any more. Anyone that knew us (and I didn't see any) would have seen me simply holding my dad's arm as we walked through the food court. As for the rest, they undoubtedly had to be thinking that here was an older man going through a mid-life crisis, dating a younger girl or maybe even an escort.

Since we hadn't eaten at home, I asked him if we could grab some Chinese which we did. Sitting at one of the tables, I had to be careful to keep the skirt around me as it wanted to ride up to my waist when I sat down. There's a fine line between showing off and getting busted for indecent exposure and I like to think I'm a pro at nudging right up to the edge of that line. I smiled to myself as I saw several guys deliberately taking a path that allowed them to get a better view of my legs, probably hoping I would part them a little more so they could see what, if anything, was hiding underneath the skimpy skirt. My dad grinned at me as he realized what I was doing.

"You're really bad, you know that?" he said admiringly, "We'd better get going before you draw too big a crowd."

As we walked thought the mall, my dad put his arm around me. He didn't exactly grab my ass but put his hand on my hip so he was touching more the side of me than my butt. Again, there's a line between being suggestive and outright flagrant.

"So dad, where to first?" I asked him.

We were right in front of a jewelry store and he led me inside. It was a smaller store, not like the big chains that dominated the corners of the mall, and empty except for us and a lone girl behind the counter. No sooner than we walked in than an older couple came in behind us. The girl started to serve us as we were the first to arrive but my dad smiled and offered to wait while she took care of the older couple. The guy thanked my dad and they started talking about it being their 50th anniversary and such. Boring!

I leaned over the counter as if to get a better view of the diamond necklaces under the glass. As I did, my skirt rose up and I could feel it starting to just barely pass over the bottom of my ass. Needless to say, I didn't make any effort to pull it back down. My dad moved in beside me and this time, instead of putting his hand on my hip, planted it square on my ass cheek, his bottom finger just off the edge of the material such that it touched my bare flesh. I could see the other couple and the girl in the mirror in front of me and I just pretended to point out some of the more interesting pieces below us. Actually, I was looking in the mirror more than anywhere else.

"Now Kelly, I see what you're doing. You want them to see your cute ass, don't you my little slut?" my dad whispered in my ear so softly I could barely hear him.

With that he pulled his hand up slightly, just enough to pull my skirt up to where it exposed the bottom of my butt on that side. I could see in the mirror that the couple was facing away from us but the clerk was definitely aware of what was happening across the aisle from her. She seemed to be having a hard time paying attention to her customers for some reason!

"She sees you," my dad whispered again, "Does it turn you on to show her your hot ass?"

"Yesssssss," was all I could say back.

My pussy was tingling so bad it was all I could do to keep standing up. What I REALLY needed was to lay down on the floor, spread my legs, and rub myself like crazy! It didn't make it any easier when my dad pulled up my skirt even more - a LOT more this time. My entire ass felt the coolness of the air against it as he lifted my skirt up completely. The couple were both leaning over several pieces of jewelry the girl had brought out for them and never even threatened to turn around. The clerk, however, was now openly staring at me. A few times they would ask her a question and it was like they had to say everything twice to get her attention. I looked at the store entrance a little nervously but it didn't appear anyone was even thinking about entering the place.

"Let's give her a REAL show," my dad continued. He put his hand on my all but bare ass and squeezed my butt a bit before moving it down between my legs.

As my dad pulled the thong aside, I spread my legs apart a bit to make it easier for him, not to mention giving her a better view as well. My dad pushed his middle finger up and into my pussy. GOD! I was about to cry out but somehow managed to just keep it a minor gasp, but it was still loud enough for the others to hear. My dad quickly pulled his finger out and dropped my skirt and not a moment too soon. The woman turned her head to see what was wrong with me. I tried to pretend that I didn't notice that she was looking at me and pointed to something in the case and gasped again, saying something to my dad about how beautiful it was. Apparently she bought the ruse as she turned back and started talking to her husband again.

She wasn't even all the way turned around before my dad was going for my ass and pussy again. I think he was as turned on as I was and he couldn't wait to get his finger in me again. He wetted his finger in my pussy and then pulled it out and reached up further to my clit. OMG, I was about to cum any second! As he touched my clit it was like my legs just got weaker and I leaned more on the counter to keep my balance.

My orgasm was so close I could almost taste it. Just then the couple straightened up and once again my dad pulled his finger out from my crotch and yanked down my skirt. It was even closer this time and I don't know if he got it all the way down before they saw us. The guy didn't seem to have a clue but the wife certainly seemed suspicious. She gave me a look that clearly sent the message that she was disgusted with me, and my dad, and took her husband by the arm and led him out of the store without another word.

# 4. Shocking the Store Clerk

The poor clerk looked both disappointed and yet relieved at the same time. It was a shame she didn't make a sale to the couple but then again, now it was just the three of us in the store.

"Sorry about that," I said to her contritely, "We didn't mean to make them leave."

"Don't worry, they've been in here a dozen times now and still haven't spent a penny," she said as she shrugged her shoulders indifferently. Then she gave us both a funny look as she started to say something but then seemed to think better of it and stayed quiet. Then she changed her mind again and came over to us on the other side of the counter.

"Ummmmm, I don't know how to say this but was all that just a tease or what?"

"That depends. Would you like it to be more?" my dad said, taking the lead.

Her face flushed and she seemed again to be uncertain what to say. She glanced at the entrance but business was certainly slow as nobody was even looking in the windows. She was a cute girl, maybe in her early twenties. More the girl- next- door look than fashion model. Her blonde hair was pulled back rather severely into a bun and her clothes were that of a girl trying to look business- like. It's a shame so many girls think they have to dress like a man to be accepted seriously when there are so many feminine outfit choices today.

Seeing she was tongue-tied, my dad continued with, "Is there someplace in back where we can be a little less conspicuous?"

What he was inferring without actually saying it was that he wanted to fuck me but even he knew better than to do it in the middle of a store open to the public. It as naughty enough to feel me up where anyone walking in would have gotten an eyeful but to fuck me was another matter entirely. She was pretty sharp and I could tell from the way she looked at me that she got the message, loud and clear. Now it was up to her.

"Well, we have an office in back where they do the paperwork," she offered.

"Do you mind?" my dad said, taking me by the hand and leading me to the back even before she could respond. There was only one door at the rear of the store so it wasn't like we needed directions. My heart was pounding as we stepped into a cluttered office and the girl followed behind us. She stood in the doorway, as if wanting to watch what was going on inside but at the same time allowing her to keep an eye on the store.

"By the way, I'm Kelly," I introduced myself She simply replied, "Cindy."

"And this is my dad. You can call him John."

Until now she had been looking at us with a mixture of curiosity and trepidation. All that disappeared from her face as her mouth dropped open and her blue eyes widened.

"He's your... father?" she asked, her voice almost failing her.

"I guess you could say I'm a daddy's girl," I teased her and then reached up to kiss my dad on the lips. He responded by hugging me tight and sharing his tongue while Cindy just stood there and stared.

"You mean you've never wanted to fuck your dad, Cindy?" I continued to tease her as I dropped by thong to the floor and stepped out of it, leaving it there for the time being. "NO!" she gasped, "I would NEVER do that!"

"Well Cindy, you don't know what you've been missing," I said in a sultry tone, switching my gaze between my dad and her. "Show her how you fuck daddy."

"Whatever you want baby," he replied, undoing his pants in the process.

He dropped them the floor and left them by my thong, leaving on his shirt which hung down and partially covered his ass and crotch, but not enough to hide his dick from sticking out between the flaps. I reached down and held his cock in my hand, slowly stroking it with one hand.

"So Cindy, what do you think of my daddy's dick? Isn't it just awesome"

Something told me Cindy wasn't going to be saying much from here on out. Her mouth was stuck in a partially open position and her eyes were riveted to my dad's crotch where my hand held his stiff dick.

"Do you want to watch me suck it Cindy?" I asked her, not expecting a reply but happy with just a further widening of her eyes at the suggestion of me giving my dad a blowjob.

There was no sense waiting for a response that was never going to come so I bent my knees and squatted in front of my dad and took his dick in my mouth. Since basically this was a show for Cindy, I went straight at it and took his entire dick in my mouth, burying my face in his thick pubic hair with my nose pressed into his crotch. My dad, realizing what I was doing, kept Cindy involved.

"Oh god that feels good! What do you think of my daughter Cindy? Look at her taking it all."

I bobbed my head back and forth, sucking his cock like a cheap porn star. His cock was just long enough that the final inch or so had to go down my throat but that wasn't difficult compared to some of the longer ones I've sucked over the years. I turned my head to look at Cindy, keeping my dad's dick in my mouth the entire time. She was looking at us with an almost blank look on her face, as if she couldn't believe what she was watching. At the same time, she wasn't making any effort to stop us or even look away.

"Didn't you ever want to suck your daddy's dick Cindy?" I asked, letting his dick flop from my mouth to catch my breath. I stroked his wet shaft with both hands as I grinned at Amy. Actually, at the moment I was more turned in by her watching us than the actual BJ I was giving my dad. She just shook her head violently back and forth.

"You mean you're daddy never got hard when you sat on his lap Cindy?" I teased her some more, "Didn't you ever catch him staring when you wore a sexy bikini?"

Although she didn't say yes, at the same time she didn't shake her head at these questions.

"Looks like my daddy's ready now Cindy," I continued, "Would you like to watch him fuck me?"

The poor girl, I almost felt sorry for her. It was obvious she had never been involved in anything like this before and she was way out of her comfort zone. Yet at the same time it was like watching a horrible car accident, you know you shouldn't watch but at the same time you can't tear your eyes away.

I stood up and turned around, putting my hands on the edge of the desk. Stepping back a bit so I was leaning over onto the desk, I spread my legs shamelessly to give my dad, and especially Cindy, a clear view of my shaved pussy. Again, this was more for the fun of seeing Cindy's reactions than intimate sex so my dad didn't waste any time when it came to his turn. He lined himself up with my pussy and shoved his dick in me, pushing it in to the hilt until I could feel his lush pubic hair pressed between him and my bare butt. I gasped, a little melodramatically to be sure, at the pure pleasure that rippled through me as he drove his cock in my pussy.

"Oh God Cindy, he feels so good!" I gasped again, looking over at her to see her reaction to my father fucking me. I had a feeling she thought we were just teasing her before when I mentioned him fucking me. To see a girl's father actually drill his daughter's pussy right in front of her had to be quite a shock.

"Fuck me daddy," I said to him, making sure Cindy heard me. I made sure to include the "daddy" part because I wanted to emphasize that my own father was fucking me.

"Oh yeah baby, your pussy is so damn tight!" he groaned as he thrust himself over and over into my pussy, driving his stiff shaft as deep as he could into me and pulling out most of the way before driving himself back in again. There wasn't a whole lot of technique involved, but I was sure it had to look hot as hell for Cindy.

"I bet your daddy would love to do this to you too Cindy," my dad said, not slowing a bit as he continued to pound my pussy. "I bet your daddy still masturbates wishing he could fuck you... just like I'm fucking my daughter now."

Cindy maintained her "deer-in-the-headlights" stare. I noticed her licking her lips more and she shifted her weight about as if something was itching inside. I had a pretty good idea what was itching!

"Do you want my daddy to fuck you too?" I offered with a naughty grin as my dad's dick continued to pound me.

It was a calculated risk. Of course my dad would never actually fuck her as that would be adultery for him, but she didn't know that. From the way she acted I knew she would never say yes but I just had to see how she reacted. I wasn't disappointed. She gasped and her mouth dropped open. She didn't say anything but from the way her face flushed and she shook her head it was perfectly clear that the idea turned her on but was WAY she would actually do it.

For whatever reason, seeing her reaction was the final straw. Between everything my dad and I had done so far, the feeling of him inside of me, and now the way Cindy was staring at us as he fucked me, was more than enough to get me off - and hard!

"Oh God daddy, make me cum!" I cried out softly. Thank goodness nobody was in the store because odds were they would have heard enough to arouse their suspicions. The way my pussy was feeling though, I wouldn't have given a damn who heard me.

"Oh Cindy, my daddy's making me cum!" I called over to her, wishing she would join us until I suddenly gasped and moaned as this tremendous feeling of pleasure and lust suddenly overwhelmed me. God I felt so good! I wasn't faking it, not in the least. Cindy was getting to see me cumming for real - and really hard at that!

It was all I could do to stand on my two feet as my dad helped steady me. I dropped my head and sagged as my legs felt like Jell-O and my entire body was tingling like one giant funny bone had been hit.

"Oh daddy, that feels so damn good!" I exclaimed as my pussy tightened down on his dick like a vise.

"I cumming too baby," my dad suddenly announced.

Normally we would have stretched this out a lot longer, maybe until my second orgasm, but that wasn't going to happen under these circumstances. Besides, I was getting almost as worked up over the show we were putting on for Cindy as I was about my dad's cock inside of me.

Although my dad loves to cum in my pussy more than anywhere else, for a brief moment I thought he was going to pull out and squirt his cum on my ass for Cindy's benefit. He pulled his dick out of me but instead of shooting his cum on my butt, he grabbed my hips and spun me around. To my surprise, he pushed his dick to my mouth and I opened my lips without even thinking about what I was doing, reacting totally on instinct.

"Oh fuck!" my dad groaned as he stroked his cock a few time until he started squirting his cum into my mouth. I leaned forward to make sure his dick was in my mouth and I could feel the warm loads of cum stroke the back of my throat. The sharp taste and slimy feel of his cum in my mouth was so nice. He finally gave it one last jerk and then held still as I tried to swallow the cum they had collected at the back of my throat.

When he was finished, I turned to Cindy and opened my mouth so she could see my dad's cum that remained on it. I felt so proud of my dad! Then I closed my mouth and swallowed the rest of it down, turning back to Cindy then and showing her my empty mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, my dad's cock and cum taste so good. You don't know what you're missing Cindy," I teased her some more.

With that I grabbed our clothes from the floor and stood up. I handed my dad back his stuff and he quickly dressed while I slipped my thong back on. When we were ready I led the way back out to the store. Cindy took her position behind the counter, acting as though nothing had happened. A closer look at her would have dispelled that rumor. Her face was beet red and I could have sworn I smelled her sex.

She was really turned on! Just then a couple of guys walked in, one with what looked to be a girlfriend. Hmmmmmm, pretty hot! Too bad they hadn't come in a little earlier! My dad looked at Cindy and smiled.

"OK, so where were we? I think I like the ones in this case."

At first I thought my dad was just playing along but then I saw what he was referring to - some of the most beautiful Leo diamond earrings!

"What do you think Cindy, does my daughter deserve these?" he asked, pointing to one of the pairs.

Cindy looked at me and then smiled demurely at my dad saying, "Oh I think she deserves THESE even more."

I could have kissed her. She held out a pair of 1 caret earrings (each) and handed them to my dad.

"I think she would great walking out of the store in these, don't you sir?

My dad looked at me and smiled. He nodded at Cindy and pulled out his wallet to buy them for me. My dad is SO wonderful! After he had paid, Cindy put the earrings in my ears and I winked at her, quickly licking my lips for her benefit.

"Well, I hope this was your best sale today Cindy," I said to her softly. The others may have overheard me but there was nothing in what I said that would have told them WHY I thought it would be her best sale. Note that I didn't say her "most expensive" sale (although they DID cost a fortune.

"Oh I don't know," she said, almost giggling like a school girl passing notes in class, "It may be my all-time best!"

We said goodbye so she could serve the other customers. As we walked out my dad gave me a hug.

"Well Kelly, does that make-up for everything?" he said with a grin.

"Oh daddy, I LOVE the earrings!" I exclaimed. The look on his face as priceless! "Oh daddy, you know I am teasing you. I love the earrings but I LOVED how you fucked me before. That was SO hot!"

I couldn't wait to get home to tell my mom all about it. My mom always told me that makeup sex was the best. Well, I bet she never had great makeup sex AND an expensive pair of earrings, all at the same time.

# (Mar 01) Chapter 160: Birthday Present From My Friends

Story codes: MF F-solo oral
Me (23)
Beth - BFF (24)
Kristen - cousin (20)

You only turn 23 once and although it's not usually thought of as a "significant" birthday, my girlfriends weren't going to let it go by without celebrating it. With a little help from some friends, it was indeed a birthday to remember.

## 1. Masturbating While Thinking About Steve

When you're growing up, there are a lot of milestones marked by birthdays. Turning thirteen announces you're a teenager, sixteen allows you to drive, seventeen makes you "legal" (at least in my state), eighteen gives you the right to vote (even when there's nobody worth voting for) as well as the liability to be convicted as an "adult", twenty marks the end of your teen years, and finally twenty-one makes it legal to drink.

So far, for the most part each one has marked something new and better, more freedom and less supervision. But what about after that? It seems to me it's all downhill. I mean, who REALLY wants to turn thirty (or forty or more)? People rationalize but face it, your body starts to deteriorate, boobs sag, hips increase, arms get flabby. God, I don't want to get older! As you may have guessed, I do NOT look forward to birthdays anymore and my twenty-third was no exception. What good was it other than to remind me I was just one more year closer to that dreaded 3-0?

To be fair, there IS one thing that is good about a birthday - gifts. OK, so I'm a little selfish and I enjoy receiving gifts - sue me. Of course, there are gifts and then there are GIFTS. Most people give you something because they feel obligated. They buy you something that is good enough to fulfill their obligation but nothing more if at all possible resulting in the inevitable sweater, gift card, joke gift, and so forth. I'm not trying to say that they don't mean anything to me - hey, a gift is a gift after all.

It's just that there are sometimes one or two gifts that are special, that really mean a lot to me when I receive them.

Sure, sometimes they are expensive, like when my dad gave me a car. Other times they can be heart-warming, like when my friends all sent flowers to my school on my first day. While expensive clothes and jewelry are certainly welcome, deep down it's the ones that tug at my emotional strings that I treasure the most.

This year my birthday fell on a weekend - Saturday to be more precise. At the time, I was still working for my escort agency although interviews for a potential teaching position were going well. Thus typically my Saturday nights were booked well in advance but my agency was kind enough to let me off when I told them it was my birthday. I don't know, something about spending my evening with a total stranger just staring down my blouse and fondling my leg while telling me all about his life problems just wasn't my idea of how I wanted to spend my birthday. Instead, I figured that I would probably spend the day at my parents as this was the first time that I'd been around for my birthday after four years of college and my mom had already forewarned me that she was inviting some of the relatives over for a party. Hmmm, maybe the escorting gig wasn't such a bad thing after all!

Saturday morning rolled around and I treated myself to sleeping in. Yesterday had been a wild but wonderful day. My dad had taken me out to buy me some beautiful diamond earrings and before it was over, we were doing it in the back room of the jewelry store while the clerk watched. As he drove me home, I figured the day was over since my birthday was the next day and my mom had plans for quite the party. My cell phone rang and it was my escorting agency, asking me if I could fill in for one of the girls who had a "personal problem". I agreed and kissed my dad goodnight, knowing I would be seeing him the next day again.

The client had insisted on a late dinner and then he droned on for what seemed like hours later. Sheesh, talk about boring! Some guys just seem to need someone's shoulder to cry on and I was blessed with having to listen to his many woes concerning his unfaithful wife, ungrateful kids, and a dead-end job with a boss from hell. Well, that's what I get paid for but it doesn't mean I have to enjoy it.

Of course, he didn't just talk to me. His hand would wander under the table and fondle my leg, pulling my skirt up and trying to reach between my legs for a feel. I let him get away with touching my leg but anything more was off-limits. No doubt he wanted me to offer to go to his hotel room and must have figured that if he kept going on long enough I would cave in and head up the elevator with him (we were

around it. My lips moved and I sucked on a finger from my other hand as I played back my first BJ in my head. As much as it excited me to suck him, what was best for me was the way Steve reacted. It didn't take long for me to realize that he was completely under my control, that he would do literally anything to keep his dick in my mouth. Damn, now THAT was power and I'd never felt so controlling over a boy before - over anyone for that matter.

It wasn't until later that he fucked me and I plunged my middle finger deep into my pussy as I recalled how he had taken my virginity. Needless to say I was tighter back then, a LOT tighter although most men still tell me that my pussy is tight - for a girl my age (oh my god, that sounds terrible!). My pussy was throbbing as I remembered how hard it was for Steve to force his stiff dick into my virgin pussy that first time. Damn, it HURT, a lot more than what most people seem to say, especially in those silly sex stories where they make it sound like it is just some momentary thing that goes away quickly. Well, let me tell you the pain never did go entirely away that day, but it was true that the more he fucked me the more it was masked by the pleasure he was creating within me. Imagine fucking while someone is sticking a hot needle in you and you get the idea. The pain is still there but at least you get something to help you feel better about it.

Now I plunged two fingers into my wet pussy as memories of him pushing his cock deeper and deeper into me flooded my consciousness. I looked down at my shaved pussy, seeing my fingers inside of me and recalled how my heart leaped that first time when I looked down and saw his hairy crotch pressed up against mine, his dick nowhere to be seen. From the feelings inside of me at the time, there was no uncertainty as to where it WAS, that was for sure. It seemed almost unbelievable that his dick was finally INSIDE of me, that we were literally joined together in such as special, intimate manner.

God, you can imagine how soaking wet I was by now. With the fingers of one hand working on my clit, I played with my pussy hole with the other. My orgasm start to rise within me, just as it had my first time with Steve. As he fucked me, I felt sharp stabs of pain in my pussy as his dick rubbed against my newly torn flesh Despite that, I never, not even for an instant, wanted him to pull out as I had never felt anything this wonderful before in my life. God, I was being fucked - and I loved it! Even back then, I knew having sex was something special for me. Something deep inside of me told me that I would be having a more dicks in me - and boy was I ever right on that one!

My orgasm peaked like someone had drenched me with gasoline and lit a match. It felt like my skin was burning up, like I was having an intense fever and I could feel it over every inch of my body. Even the roots of my hair on my head tingled and my fingers and hands felt almost numb as they worked non-stop on my pussy.

Then, just when I thought it couldn't get any better, I thought about how Steve had cum in me, flooding my newly initiated pussy with a huge load of his teenage sperm. At the time it never crossed my mind that I wasn't protected. My mom obviously thought I would be waiting a little longer to have sex but she had me on the pill soon enough but on this day it was pure luck I didn't get pregnant. Was it stupid of me? Maybe and I wouldn't recommend it, but I know one thing and that is I would have regretted it for the rest of my life if he had worn a condom. I will NEVER forget the feeling of the first time a dick unloaded inside of me. Of course, I wouldn't have known the difference if he had been wearing a condom that first time but I cherish the memory now.

Needless to say, memories of my boyfriend's hot cum shooting into me, one load after another, was making my current orgasm even better. I gasped and moaned, calling out Steve's name, just as I had so many years ago as he came inside of me. My hips thrust upward and then bounced back onto the bed, only to rise up again as I called out for him to fuck me harder and faster, just as I had when I was alone with him before.

Finally, I literally collapsed onto my bed, one hand cupping my crotch, applying just enough pressure to let my clit feel it as I laid there spread-eagled, like some primitive offering - except I wasn't qualified to be a virgin offering anymore. Odds were I might have fallen asleep - or maybe I would have done it all again, who knows, if the phone hadn't rung. I flipped it open after seeing it was Beth, my best friend.

"Happy Birthday Kelly!" she practically screamed into the phone. God, it was almost too much with my head in a fog but I loved her and so I didn't hang up - as I was sorely tempted to do and would have had it been almost anyone else. I tried to answer but it must have sounded more like I was mumbling.

"Damn, are you STILL in bed girl? What the hell are you DOING?" she asked and then she laughed and answered herself saying, "Hmmm, from the sound of your voice I bet you've been masturbating - am I right?"

Well, if anyone knew me it was Beth and once again, she proved why she was my best friend. There was no hiding anything from her, even if I had wanted to. I moaned as I tried to clear my head but that didn't deter Beth from continuing to pester me.

"Hey, it's your birthday Miss Horny so get your pretty bare ass out of bed!" she commanded me, "So what do you have planned for today, anyway?"

My cheeks puffed out as I released a blast of air, signaling my frustration. I explained to her about the party that my parents were plotting for me. Beth cut me off before I was finished saying, "A day with the relatives, eh? No wonder you're so enthusiastic. So when do you think you can slip away? We've got a special present to give to you - and it can't be with the relatives around!"

I started to ask who the "we" were but I stopped myself in time. It didn't really matter as anyone would be better than my Aunt Shari! What I was more curious about was this mysterious reference to a "present". Somehow I had my doubts that it was going to be as simple as a wrapped box with a sweater inside.

By the time she hung up we had made plans for her to pick me up around eight in the evening. I tried several times to get her to spill more of the details but she refused to budge. Oh well, she WAS my best friend and I trusted her totally. Beth had always had a knack for coming up with new and "interesting" ideas so lord only knew what she had in store for me tonight.

After I hung up with Beth my pussy wasn't throbbing quite so badly and when I looked at the alarm clock next to my bed I realized I'd better get going if I was to arrive on time to my own birthday party. I quickly took a shower and washed my hair. I just let it hang down after drying it, it was usually a disaster anyway so who would notice? A little baby powder on my boobs and ass, a dash of perfume on my neck and wrists, some lip gloss and just a little foundation and eye liner and I was ready to get dressed.

Given the time of year together with the people I was expecting to attend the party, it wouldn't have been appropriate - or comfortable, to wear anything too revealing so revealing cutoffs and ultra-short miniskirts were off the menu. Instead, I picked out a tight pair of Tommy jeans, the kind you had to lay on your bed and pull up hard to get on - and then pray you didn't have to use the restroom very much afterwards! A black satin blouse with just enough looseness to allow me to go braless without drawing TOO much attention was next. Sneakers would have been my first choice but I reluctantly pulled out a pair of sensible black heels from the bottom of my messy closet. I had to look a little dressed up after all.

Looking in the mirror, I saw your average 23 year old girl-next-door. Nothing overly wild yet not TOO conservative either. You could have walked through my old cafeteria at school and seen a hundred girls dressed almost exactly like I was now (well, with bras if you were at my old college). Well, that's what having a party with your entire family present will do to you.

## 2. My Family Throws Me a Birthday Party

Only a small portion of our family was engaged in incest, something that would have shocked and likely even horrified the rest of the family if they ever found out, at least on my dad's side. My mom's side was small - just my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen as my grandmother lived in Illinois - much too far for her to travel for such an event. Of course, they were both involved but I couldn't say the same for my dad's side. Only his younger brother and two of his three kids played together, a dangerous situation when you considered how fanatical my Aunt Shari was when it came to sex - or should I say, no sex.

When I was younger, I use to tease my older uncle but that was another thing about getting old - it got harder and harder to tease without it being taken the wrong way. For a sixteen year old to jump in her uncle's lap and tease him was one thing and most people just laughed at it (expect my Aunt Shari of course). But at my age now, it didn't seem so naive and innocent anymore. God I hate getting old! Thus the time for skirts that "accidentally" rose up, or shorts that showed off a little more ass than was 'appropriate", was past for me, at least in these type of situations.

Both of my older cousins were married now and had nice husbands but again, they wouldn't have looked to kind at me 'seducing" their men, even in jest. I sighed but accepted the situation. One last thing about getting old - you start being responsible! Not many years before I would have dressed wild anyway and pissed off my Aunt Shari - not so hard to do really. Back then she would complain to my mom about how she raised me. Now I don't know what she would do if I pulled a stunt like that and I really didn't want to find out.

I finally made it over to my parent's house around noon, much to the annoyance of my mother who had apparently expected me to come earlier and help set things up - for my own birthday party! Sheesh, whatever happened to the old-fashioned surprise party where all you had to do was show up, even if it wasn't really a surprise? She DID wish me happy birthday, though, and when I kissed her, we held onto each other like two lovers. Well, it HAD been quite a while since she kissed me like that and when we finally broke apart, I looked at her with my eyes wide open with surprise.

"Don't look at me like that... it IS your birthday so I guess I have to give you some slack," she chuckled as she returned to her work.

Mmmmmmm, I loved my mom and for a moment, my pussy got that tingly feeling again as I imagined what we might be doing if she didn't have to get ready for my party. Personally, I would have gladly traded the party for an afternoon in bed with her. Now THAT would have been a special birthday present, yes indeed!

One thing I had noticed when I pulled in the driveway was that my dad's SUV was missing so I asked my mom where he was. For a moment she got this pissed-off look on her face but she held her tongue as she explained that he had gone in to the office earlier this morning. He'd promised on a stack of bibles to be home in time for his only daughter's birthday party but I could tell from her tone that she wasn't too confident. Based on past history, she had good reason to doubt his word when it came to getting home, but something told me that if he didn't return home in time today that there would be hell to pay!

For the next hour or so I helped my mom finish setting the tables and getting the food ready. I felt a little guilty over all the work she was going through as deep down inside I really didn't give a damn about the party in the first place. Had it been up to me, I'd have been just as happy to go with my parents to some local restaurant, have the staff sing me their silly birthday song and get it all over with. Oh well, she meant well and I wasn't going to spoil it by saying something insensitive. See - I AM getting old!

Finally everything was ready and we retreated to the living room for a few minutes of relaxation before people started arriving. We both sat on the couch and I leaned back and took the weight off my feet (no comments are needed as to HOW much weight!). My mom reached behind one of the pillows and brought out a small box wrapped in shiny silver paper with a pink ribbon and bow tied around it. She handed it to me with a smile and said, "Happy birthday honey. I know you'll be getting more stuff later but this is something special for you that's just from me."

I looked at her and saw she was about to cry and I wondered what in the world could possibly be in it. I carefully untied the ribbon and bow and opened the wrapping slowly so I wouldn't rip it to shreds (ok, ok, I am getting old!) It was a small jewelry box and had it been from my boyfriend I might have thought he was proposing but it was from my mom so THAT was out.

I flipped open the top and inside was a silver locket with the smallest, most dainty silver chain imaginable. It had that look that said it was old, from a different era. I looked at my mom and she smiled at me and encouraged me to open it. Inside was a picture of my grandmother on what appeared to be her wedding day.

"That's your grandmother on her wedding day," my mom explained, her voice shaking slightly. "She gave that to me just before I married your father and I have always planned to give it to you on your wedding day. I don't know why but something told me I needed to give it to you now. I know you're not getting married but it seems like your life has been through so many changes lately that it's like you were."

What could I say in reply to that bombshell? I looked at my mom and held up the locket between us. It was beautiful! Tears came to our eyes and we both hugged each other tightly. I loved my mother dearly and though we'd had a few shaky times recently, she was still the closest friend in the world to me and the only person I have ever "made love" with (and probably ever will until I AM married). At this stage of my life there was nobody in the world I felt as intimate with or as close to as I did my mom and her gift meant so much to me.

"I love you mom." It wasn't much but what more did I need to say?

"I love you too Kelly," my mom responded softly, stroking my hair and running her fingers through it. I could feel her warm breath on my neck as she leaned over and kissed me gently on the neck and around my ear. Her hand reached over and cupped my breast as I felt her move closer to me such that our bodies were tight against one another. We kissed and it wasn't just your standard, "mother kissing her daughter" type of kiss. No, this was a sensuous woman kissing her younger lover. God, I wanted her so badly right then!

"Oh mom, that feels so good," I whispered to her as her hand reached inside my blouse and I felt her caress my bare breast. My nipples were hard as bullets and sensitive as hell as she brushed the backs of her fingertips lightly over them. I leaned back against the couch and closed my eyes as she slowly unbuttoned the rest of my blouse and moved her head down to my chest.

"Oh yes!" I moaned softly as her lips touched my nipple and then she took more of my breast in her mouth. Her hand slipped down from my boobs and cupped my crotch as her middle finger pressed in against my pussy through my jeans. God, I wanted her to touch me, to put her fingers inside of me, to bring me to a climax as my mother could do to me. Yes, I wanted my mother to make love to me. I wanted to be her lover.

The doorbell rang.

"Damn!" my mom hissed through her lips as she looked up over the couch and through the front window curtains, "It's your Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie... Of all days for them to be early... Shit!"

It wasn't like my mom to swear so that should tell you how upset she was. I quickly buttoned my blouse and tried to straighten out my hair as she stood up, looking flushed with lust and yet totally flustered.

"I'm so sorry Kelly...," she started to apologize but I hushed her up, assuring her it was nothing she could have anticipated and that we would do it again sometime. It really was a shame as my mom and I don't have sex very often and moments like this, when everything just felt like it was the right time and place, didn't come around every day.

As she went to the answer the door, I stood up and wavered as I felt a little unbalanced at first. God, I was so horny I had to look between my legs to make sure my pussy hadn't wet my crotch. Much longer with my mom touching it the way she had been and it most likely would have been! My mom stood at the front door and took a deep breath, then slowly exhaled as she reached for the handle. No doubt she had been just as horny as I was and I would have loved to have tasted her pussy about now.

"Hey, glad you made it!" I heard her say as she opened the door. I smiled to myself. Liar!

My aunt and uncle came in, carrying a present that looked like it came straight from the department store, probably wrapped by Customer Service. Yep, a sweater I bet to myself. Oh well, they meant well. My Uncle Paul was about eight years older than my dad, old enough that he was always the "big brother" such that he was never as close to my dad as my dad was with his younger brother, Jim. Although I'd teased him mercilessly in that past when I was a teen, he'd never done another overt with me other than a few times when I would catch him looking at my ass or boobs.

Uncle Paul had two daughters, Laura and Ginny, who were both married and quite hot. Although I'd never been "intimate" with either of them, I DID attend Ginny's bachelorette party about four years or so ago which was the first time I'd ever had a

compensate for the fact that he was also an asshole. Sure, I'd enjoyed that dick a few times myself but I didn't see what my mom got out of fucking him so often. I guess she didn't have many other options since she didn't believe in adultery and he was one of the few males in our family that was available to her.

Tammy gave me the best greeting of all - a quick kiss on my cheek. Damn it was like she looked hotter every time I saw her and I knew my dad would be wanting to get in her pants if possible before they went home - that is, IF he ever showed up.

That left my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen. It didn't surprise me that they were the last to arrive, they were NEVER on time it seemed. Then I was shocked to see their car pull up. Wow, I'd better be careful as pigs would be flying overhead soon! I waited at the door for them as the others moved to the back deck.

"Hey old woman!" my cousin teased me as she came in the door and smacked me on the rear. I was only a couple years older than her so it wasn't like she had THAT much to brag about. True, she looked more like she as five or six years younger and I hated her for that! (just teasing).

"Happy birthday Kelly," was all my aunt said.

Now I loved my Aunt Linda. For an older woman she was pretty cool. I guess living alone with Kristen kept her young in spirit, especially since Kristen liked to share her boyfriends with her mom. My aunt and I had played off and on over the years as I grew up but not all that much. My mom told me stories of how my father use to fuck the two of them back in high school. Well, some things just never change, even after you marry one of the sisters!

With their arrival, that was just about everyone - except the most important person, my dad. I looked out the door and down the street but there was no sign of him. Disappointed, I closed the front door and made my way to the kitchen. My mom was there and she looked at me with a silent question on her face. I solemnly shook my head and her lips tightened - someone wasn't very happy with my dad!

As for the rest of the afternoon and early evening, what can I say? It was your typical family birthday party, nothing shocking or revealing. Nobody came out of the closet, said anything inappropriate, or got mad at each other. Even my Aunt Shari managed to keep her razor-edged tongue sheathed most of the time. It was too cold go out on the deck for long so most people stayed in the house and eventually split into groups with the men in the living room and the women in the dining room and kitchen. It didn't take long for the guys to get bored and they drifted downstairs to the family room where the big screen hi-def TV was.

About midway through, my mom gave up on my dad and announced it was time for the traditional cake and present opening. God, twenty-three candles is a LOT of candles to blow out but I managed it somehow. As for presents, nothing much to say there either as they were about what I expected - clothes and an Old Navy gift card. I remembered the marvelous gift my mom had given me earlier but I didn't say anything about it as it was something personal between my mom and me. Besides, I wasn't sure if my Aunt Linda knew about her mother's locket being passed on to her older sister. As for the guys, they couldn't wait to get back downstairs as some game or another was on leaving the women, as usual, to clean up and gossip.

# 3. My Cousin and BFF Give Me Their "Present"

Eight o'clock was rapidly approaching and I found the closer it got, the slower the clock moved. I wasn't sure who Beth had invited - or even IF she had really invited anyone since she hadn't told me anything at all about her plans for the evening. Kristen didn't act like anything was going on so I didn't say anything to her in case Beth hadn't planned to include her. The, with about ten minutes to go, Kristen moved up to next to me and whispered in my ear, "Well, are you ready for the REAL birthday party to start?"

I looked at her and she grinned that naughty grin she gets whenever she is about to do something she knows she shouldn't. Damn, did she know what Beth's plans were? She probably hadn't said anything until now so I wouldn't pump her for information all day. As dimwitted as my cousin was most of the time, when you least expected it she would show glimmers of intelligence. Given such moments were rare and far between, she was lucky to have a backup plan to get through life - her pussy. OK, so maybe I'm being a little hard on the whore but god, she could be SO stupid sometime! I loved her, though, despite some of the things she did.

I'd told my mom about having to leave earlier so she was expecting it. She didn't seem all that surprised leaving me to wonder if SHE knew what was going on as well. I went around and gave everyone a hug and a thank you for being there for me. Needless to say, my Uncle Jim took advantage of the opportunity to grab my ass again but it was just a quick squeeze and I ignored him. My mom was the last and I thanked her for going through so much trouble for me. She hugged me and I thought she was about to cry.

"Oh Kelly, I'm so sorry about your dad not being here," she said, the tears starting to form in her eyes.

I assured it that is was OK but deep down we both knew better. How could my dad have missed my first birthday at home in five years? He was never this inconsiderate towards me so I knew something must have been pretty important at work to keep him away. He was one of the senior partners and it always seemed like something or another was dragging him to the office. It was just I was accustomed to him finding a way out of it when something really important came up. I guess my birthday didn't qualify as something "really" important. After all, it was just my 23rd so what was the big deal?

"Beth's here!" Kristen called out from the front door, "Let's go Kelly!"

I waved goodbye to everyone as we went out the front door and I got in the front seat with Beth while Kristen took the rear seat. Before putting on my seatbelt, I turned to Beth with a determined look. "OK, so what is it?" I asked, "When do I find out what's going on?"

"Trust me, you'll NEVER guess so just shut up and sit there," Beth said in a mockingly tough tone. The grin on her face softened her words and I knew she was just giving me a hard time. Damn, what in the world was she up to now? Between her and Kristen, ANYTHING was possible so she was probably right, I never would guess so I accepted my fate and sat back and waited.

To my surprise, we ended up at Beth's house, about the last place I was expecting.

"Don't worry, everyone is out tonight so we have the place to ourselves," Beth assured me.

It wasn't like I'd never been to her house before - she WAS my best friend and all. It's just that except for one little incident where I seduced her father, it wasn't like we ever did anything naughty at her house other than for the two of us to play in her room now and then. Well, maybe what she had planned wasn't going to be naughty. If so, I was going to be disappointed!

Once inside her house she took us to the living room and I recalled the time I managed to convince her dad to fuck me. I will always consider that one of my better conquests as it prove once again that no matter how devoted and religious the father, given the right temptation and opportunity they ALL will succumb sooner or later.

"Earth to Kelly!" Beth called to me, snapping her fingers in front of my face. I must have zoned out slightly thinking about me and her dad but now she had my full attention. Actually, it was what she held in hand that had my attention - a black blindfold.

"Oh noooooo, you've GOT to be joking," I said, putting my hands out in front of me as if to ward some demon away. Indeed, it WAS like there was a demon in front of me. It wasn't Beth's fault. Other than my mom, I doubted if anyone knew that I was deathly afraid of blindfolds and even if they did, they couldn't possibly know why. Once my dad had tried to blindfold me, thinking it would be fun but I almost went berserk, ripping it off after a few minutes and running from the room.

Briefly, almost four years ago I was working as an escort while at college. I wasn't doing it for the money so much as I was horny as hell living in such a restrictive environment and I was just looking for some fun - sexy fun. The first few clients went great until my fifth one who tied me up and blindfolded me. That might have been OK except he then brought in several more guys that I had no idea were waiting for me. They each proceeded to rape me. I say I was raped in that I hadn't consented to them fucking me. Had they been more open with me then who knows, maybe I would've agreed to fuck them all anyway. The point is, I did NOT agree to have sex with them and with the ropes and blindfold I was left totally helpless to do anything about it. Ever since then, anytime a blindfold came near me I would literally freak! It wasn't Beth's fault, she had no idea what had happened to me. Still, the sight of the blindfold terrified me.

"C'mon Kelly, what's the big deal?" Kristen asked. I didn't really want to explain and I knew they both had planned something for this evening that I was about to ruin if I didn't get my act together. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes.

"OK, go for it," I said, feeling like I was surrendering myself to my worst nightmare, "But this had better be damn good!"

Both of my friends laughed and I felt ashamed of myself for being such a freak. Here was my best friend and cousin who was more a sister to me and I didn't trust them. How ungrateful could I be? Beth wrapped the blindfold around my head and my heart raced as my sight was taken away from me. God, I felt so vulnerable!

"Well, now that we're here and you're ready, I guess I can tell you what our present is for your birthday," Beth said, sounding like she was standing right in front of me. "Kelly, for one night the two of us are going to pleasure you and fuck you like you've never been fucked before."

Despite the anxiety created by the blindfold, my pussy instantly reacted. Wow, I couldn't think of two girls I would rather be with tonight than Kristen and Beth. We'd all been paired together numerous times in the past, but a threesome like this was rather unusual. Actually, so unusual that I couldn't recall when we had ever done it and I would have certainly remembered if we had. Well, maybe at a party but that would have been the three of us hooking up between other groupings. So far as a night set aside for just the three of us, this was a first.

"But why the blindfold?" I had to ask. Personally, it would be even better if they would let me take it off. I couldn't see the point in wearing it.

"Because tonight WE are going to pleasure YOU." Kristen answered, "No distractions, nothing but you just laying back and letting us take care of you."

It made sense I guess. Having my sense of sight removed would allow me to focus on my other senses. It's not like I didn't know what they looked like naked or anything. I still felt a little queasy with the blindfold on but as time went by, I was starting to adjust and it didn't hurt when I felt someone kissing me. Although they were about the same height, I knew right away it was Beth from the way her big boobs pressed against me. Kristen may have a smoking hot body, but her boobs were not even in the same league as Beth's. Actually, mine weren't either but that's another story.

"Here, let me help you out of those things while you guys make out," Kristen said as I felt her small hands unbuttoning my blouse and then taking it off of me, leaving me topless in just my jeans and heels. It wasn't long before the jeans were being pulled down and as I stepped out of them, I could feel her hands loosening my heels and slipping them off as well such that I was now standing stark naked in the middle of the room.

Beth and I kissed and fondled each other with her hands wandering all over me as mine were doing the same to her. Even though we were best friends, we actually rarely had sex together, at least not one-on-one. I guess our relationship was already so close that we both realized adding in sex would only lead to issues we didn't want to have to deal with. Of course, just as I did with my other friends we masturbated together a lot growing up - and I mean a LOT, but we never touched each other until a few years ago. It just shows how you can have a close, intimate relationship with a girlfriend without including sex.

In the meantime, I heard a rustling and a belt loosening and I figured Kristen must have been stripping off her clothes as well. My listening skills were proven to be correct as Beth and Kristen traded places and I felt Kristen's bare breasts pressed against mine. God she felt like a child compared to Beth! How many times had she and had sex together yet this was the first time I had ever been with her without my sight. It WAS more erotic, I had to grant them that.

It didn't take long for Beth to strip and the two of them guided me to the floor where Beth had spread out what felt like a thin foam mattress, the kind you see in camping stores. It was nice thought as the hardwood floor would have felt awfully HARD after a while - as I knew from personal experience.

For what seemed like an hour or more, it was I was their personal sex toy as they laid on each side of me, rubbing their pussies up against me and touching and licking me all over. It was funny how even though I was blindfolded, I still had a pretty good idea most of the time as to who was doing what to me. I'd had sex with Kristen so many times I knew her little moves and technique, especially when it came to licking pussy. I like to think I suck cock better than Kristen but when it comes to licking pussy, I have to bow before her greatness. It's not that Beth was a slacker, not by any means, but Kristen was a one of a kind when it came to oral sex. Several times I tried to reciprocate and make them feel good as well but each time I was gently pushed away, sometimes with a quiet, "It's YOUR night."

How many times did I cum that first hour, well I can't even begin to say as I lost count early on. Besides, it wasn't like each was separate and distinct as sometimes one would die down and then another emerge as they switched places or did something unique to stimulate me yet again. I felt incredible, absolutely phenomenal, as my two closest friends in the world treated me to an evening of pure bliss. I loved it when both of them were sucking on my boobs, Kristen on one while Beth had the other. My nipples were at a state where just brushing against them was about enough to drive me over the edge again so you can imagine how horny I was. Heck, I could even go for Kristen's strap-on about now so you KNOW how desperate I was to be laid.

My hips were gyrating as they sucked and fondled my boobs, dreaming of a cock buried deep in me. Their warm soft bodies felt so sensual as they pressed up against me, wrapping their legs over me and thrusting their crotches up against me.

## 4. Who the Hell Fucked Me?

"Hmmm, I think someone needs to be fucked," Kristen snickered, obviously seeing my hips doing their thing and easily deducing my needs.

"Well, what are we going to do about it Kristen?" Beth answered her back. It was like listening to a bad comedy sketch between presenters at the Academy Awards but it was fun anyway. I still had the blindfold on and I was about to reach up and take it off but Beth grabbed my hand and pinned me back down again.

"Not yet my Kelly," she admonished me, "the blindfold stays on until you've been fucked properly."

Now what the heck did "properly" mean? I was about to ask when I found out. My legs were pushed apart and then lifted up in the air and over my head. No sooner was I in "the position" than something was trying to push its way into my pussy! Damn, had Kristen gone and gotten the strap-on while Beth was distracting me? I started to reach down to feel what it was but Beth pulled my hands back and pinned me down with my hands behind my head.

A brief surge of panic ran through me as visions of my hands being bound by a rope appeared in my head but they quickly disappeared as I was penetrated further. From the warmth and feel of it, whatever was pushing into my pussy wasn't some plastic dildo, it was a REAL cock! OMG, what the hell was going on? Who in the world was fucking me?

"What the hell, who's fucking me?" I burst out, struggling against Beth's grip but she had the advantage over me and kept my arms pinned down.

"Guess right and you can take the blindfold off!" Kristen teased me. How the hell was I supposed to know who it was? Beth was really into the sex party scene and it could have been any one of a hundred guys for all I knew.

Whoever it was, he didn't say a word but instead, started stroking himself in and out of me. Other than my "rape" experience, no man had ever fucked me blindfolded and once again, I found myself understanding why Beth wanted my sight removed. Concentrating totally on my crotch and his dick was so much easier without having to worry about what he looked like, or even who he was. In fact, NOT knowing who he was made it even MORE erotic. Granted, I've been fucked by a lot of guys I didn't know at the time, but never by one I couldn't even see what he looked like (again ignoring my rape).

I found myself fantasizing about my secret lover. Was he old or young? God, what if they had pulled a trick on me and gotten one of Kristen's young boys to fuck me! Now I'll admit that I enjoy fantasizing about fucking boys that young but in reality, I have never fucked one younger than sixteen. A few times Kristen had tempted me with her latest conquest, "fresh from the playground" as I use to tease her, but it would be the end of my teaching career if I was ever caught with a kid that young.

As the mystery dick continued to fuck me, I started thinking that maybe he was old, like REALLY old, maybe in his sixties even. I don't know where they would have found such a guy but when it came to Beth and Kristen, nothing would have surprised me.

Whether it was the actual fucking that got me off or the emotional whirlwind that I was caught up in, but whatever it was my next orgasm was the best so far - DAMN it was good! The guy even had to stop momentarily as my pussy clamped down on his dick like a vise. It must have felt good because he grunted, the first sound of any kind he had made so far. I was still cumming when I sensed something was over me and then I smelled it and knew what it was - one of my friends was about to sit on my face!

"Mmmmmmm, let me rub my pussy on your face," I heard Kristen say as I felt her bare cunt press down against my mouth and nose. Mmmmmmm, she smelled incredible. I LOVE tasting pussy, especially my own, so it was a treat for me to reach out with my tongue and lick her wet slit. Meanwhile, I felt Beth's hair on my stomach as she put her mouth down by my crotch, licking my clit as my mystery man continued to fuck me, still without making another sound after that quick grunt. Let's see now... I had a pussy on my face, a dick in my pussy, and a tongue on my clit. Yep, I'd died and gone to heaven!

"I think he's about to cum," Beth warned me. No doubt he'd signaled to her and she was relaying the news flash to me. It didn't matter, he was going to do what he was going to do to me regardless of what I wanted. Face it, I'd lost all control of what was happening to me long ago when the blindfold was first put on me. Sure enough, a few second later he thrust hard inside of me, pushing his stiff cock deep into my wet pussy and I felt him thrust himself against me time after time as he came inside of me. God, whose sperm was it that was flooding my pussy? Just who was mating me? I wanted so bad to rip off the blindfold but I knew it would only spoil the moment if I did.

After he had cum, he pulled out of me and I felt Beth licking his cum from my pussy as I grunted and pushed it out for her as best I could. Meanwhile, Kristen was fingering her clit as she rode my face and I could tell she was getting herself off as well. I felt overwhelmed as it was like every part of me was being stimulated sexually.

I was exhausted, mentally and physically. Damn, what a birthday present. Well, I may be 23 now but I guess I can still be naive. They weren't done with me - not yet at least.

"C'mon, roll over slut," Kristen said, lifting herself off my face and twisting my shoulders.

"Who are you calling a slut, whore?" I teased her back as I somehow found the strength to turn over onto my stomach.

"Up on your knees," Beth demanded, "C'mon, you don't fool me. Don't forget, we've both see you do a lot more than this before so quit pretending you're too tired!"

I grinned at her as I was sure she was doing, even without being able to see her. I figured whoever it was must be wanting to fuck me again and who was I to turn down a nice hard dick. Now more than ever I was convinced it must be one of Kristen's boys or a stud from Beth's sex parties as an older guy would have needed some time to get the fires burning again - at least so far as his erection was concerned.

Sure enough, it was no surprise to me when I felt the head of his dick pressing against my pussy from behind. I moved my legs further apart to make it easier for him. As wet as I was and with his first load of cum still draining from me, his dick slipped in easily. Quickly he started to fuck me, stroking at a fast pace, in and out of me. It only took me a few seconds to realize this wasn't the same guy! His dick just felt different in me, like it was a different size, maybe a little thinner but longer? He also had a different pace than the first guy did. Every guy seems to have his own distinct style when he fucks a girl, whether he realizes it or not. For instance, as many times as my dad had fucked me, I was pretty sure I could pick him out of a "lineup" just by sucking his dick or having him fuck me and recognizing the distinctiveness of his dick.

"Now who's fucking me?" I couldn't resist asking, if nothing else to show them I knew what was happening. Let THEM figure out how I knew.

This time it was Beth who answered but with the same message saying, "Nope. Like you were told earlier, tell us who it is and you can take off the blindfold if you're right."

"Well, just as before I had no idea whose dick was in me and actually, it was to the point I didn't even want to know. There was something about having a totally unknown man fucking me that was increasingly erotic the more I did it. It was almost like those videos my dad has of girls at "glory holes" where they suck dicks poking through a hole in the wall and never see the guy, sometimes even backing up to them and fucking them. Well, in my case it was even more erotic as not only didn't I get to see the guy, I didn't even get to see or touch his dick!

He was pounding me pretty good and I tried to match up with his rhythm, moving in opposite directions such that when we came together he would slam into my butt and make a slapping sound. It felt great and I knew I was about to cum again when I heard something in front of me, like a wet sucking sound and I knew what it was right away.

"Alright, which of you is cheating and getting fucked?" I called out in a teasing voice. I was answered with several giggles and then Beth answered saying, "Do I really have to tell you?"

Of course she didn't have to tell me. It would be just like my cousin to take advantage of the situation and get herself a quickie while she could. Put that girl anywhere near a hard dick and it wasn't long before she was riding it. I had to wonder if it was the first guy she was fucking or maybe even a third. Damn, were there more waiting in the wings? How many guys did they have lined up to fuck me?

It was perfect as I came just as the guy started pumping his cum in me. After a couple of squirts he pulled out and I felt his remaining cum strike me on my butt and asshole. I guess it turned him on but I would have been just as happy if he had given it all to me inside my pussy. I supposed he was one of those "cream pie" pervs so while I was nursing the small orgasm he had produced in me, I used the opportunity to bear down and squeeze the cum he had left in me out of me as much as possible. I could feel the cum dripping down my pussy and then probably down on the pad under me.

Was there to be any more? Now it was like I was in the zone and I think they could have brought in an entire train of guys and I would have fucked them all. But it wasn't to happen as I felt Kristen lifting the blindfold off of me. I immediately looked around, wondering who it was that had fucked me but there was no sign of anyone.

"Sorry, you'll just have to wonder for the rest of your life who they were," Beth said, a big grin on her face.

"That's not fair," I whined, pretending to be upset but in reality, I was feeling pretty incredible at that moment. What fantastic friends I have! After we had cleaned up a bit and gotten dressed, we sat around and just talked about this and that, the way good friends do. It was killing me to find out whose dicks had cum in me earlier but neither of them would tell me. Sooner or later I would get them to talk, but for tonight it appeared I just had to go home with cum in me from a pair of total strangers - and in this case I mean TOTAL strangers.

Suddenly it dawned on me who it might have been. Of course, no wonder we had to go to her house for the evening.

"It was your dad and brother, wasn't it?" I accused Beth, smirking at her and feeling pretty good about myself for having figured out the mystery on my own. Beth suddenly got this weird look on her face and I knew I had it all wrong. Worse, I apparently had guessed at someone even SHE hadn't expected?

"MY dad?" she said incredulously, "You've GOT to be kidding. Damn it Kelly, you know how I felt about it when you fucked my dad even that one time so why in the world would you even THINK that? Why Kelly?"

Uh oh, I'd really messed up and stuck my foot in my mouth this time. Rather than saying any more and digging my hole of shame deeper, I just shrugged sheepishly and while it was tense for a few moments, it seemed to pass and we ignored it after that. Needless to say, it was the last name I threw out THAT idea.

From the amused look on Kristen's face, I was becoming more and more convinced at least one of them was one of her boy toys. God, just how young had he been? I knew Kristen was still fucking boys as young as fourteen, probably even younger for all I knew, so had she taken advantage of the situation to drag me into her little harem? Well, I could always claim I was coerced into it although I doubt if anyone had witnessed the event that it would stand up in court.

I looked at Kristen again and the naughty grin deepened. Yeah, that's what it was. No wonder he hadn't said anything. I would have known immediately from the high pitched voice it was a young boy. Leave it to my whore of a cousin to pull this on me. Even so, it didn't explain who the other guy was. That is, unless she had brought in two of them.

Beth finally returned me to my parent's around midnight so I could pick up my car and get home. The street lights were bright enough that I could see my dad's SUV parked in the garage. Well, he must have finally gotten home. Better late than never I guess. Since the lights were on I went inside to say goodnight where I found he and my mom waiting for me in the kitchen with a small birthday cake that had only one candle on it. Honestly, it felt better than seeing the forest fire that was on my earlier cake!

My dad hugged me and then kissed me passionately in front of my mom. He then wished me happy birthday and apologized over and over, claiming a client overseas had needed help and with the time difference he couldn't get home for my birthday party. Then he handed me a small box and said he hoped it would make me feel better. I eagerly opened it up and inside wasn't some sweater or blouse but rather the sexiest pair of panties and bra I could have asked for. They were bone-colored, trimmed with lace, and so light and sheer it was like I wasn't holding

# (Mar 22) Chapter 161: Beth's Stage Party

Story codes: MF MMF FF exhib orgy oral
Me (23)

Everyone has sexual fantasies, whether they admit them or not is a different story. Usually they just stay as fantasies - which is probably a good thing for the most part. Sometimes, though, they come true. It helps when your best friend knows about them.

## 1. My Fantasies

People ask me all the time if I fantasize about things. I think what they are inferring is that since I have had more sexual experience than most girls my age, that somehow there is nothing left for me to do or experience. First, I am not THAT experienced! Second, of course I have sexual fantasies. Everyone does and if there is one thing I've learned in chatting and e-mailing with literally thousands of people over the past five years or so, it's only a question of whether or not they are willing to open up and discuss them.

Many people are shy about admitting their more darker, "taboo" fantasies. I think it comes from the "if you think it, you're guilty" mentality from the Bible. The reality is that I believe people cannot help but fantasize about the things they WISH they could do or even just try once. For most people, that is as far as it goes and for the most part, probably a good thing too for everyone involved.

As I've said many times, I personally believe that ANY fantasy is "OK", no matter how perverted, nasty, naughty, or immoral. In some ways, I think our fantasies can actually help as they provide an outlet for emotions and urges that might otherwise be acted out. The key is whether a person can separate their fantasies from reality. Unfortunately, there are some people who can't - which is why we have such terrible sex crimes and abuse. However, I don't think that the sins of a minority should be used to condemn the practices of the majority.

OK, I'll get off my soapbox. Still, I think it's important that people understand how I feel about fantasies. Just because I fantasize about something does not mean I really WANT to do it or WOULD. As an example, there are times when I sit in front of

On the other hand, it goes without saying that I DO have a some fantasies that I hope WILL come true someday. Perhaps one of my favorites is based on the experiences of a friend when she visited Amsterdam a few years ago. She came back and told me (in rather explicit detail) about how she watched live sex shows where naked couples would actually have sex on stage right in front of a crowd of people.

Well, ever since she put that thought in my mind it's been a HUGE fantasy of mine to be the "star" of such a show, even to allow multiple strangers to fuck me in full view of hundreds of people, none of whom I have ever seen before. Over the years the fantasy has taken on various forms but the basic plot remains the same. Needless to say, there are no opportunities to do such a thing in Pittsburgh!

Beth is my best friend and has been as long as I can remember. We've always shared everything, even a few guys along the way. As we entered puberty, we started masturbating together, telling our fantasies to get ourselves off. When we were younger, these generally centered around some cute boy at school or a guy on TV. As we got older, we continued to share our fantasies and they became more "interesting" as time went by.

Beth has always been more into group sex than me so most of her fantasies tend to involve large numbers of people. She belongs to several clubs that conduct sex parties which is another way of saying they have orgies but for some reason, she doesn't like to use that term. Over the years she has somehow talked me into going with her to a few of them and while I generally enjoyed myself, they aren't really something I would want to do all the time. It's sort of like having a big helping of double chocolate cake. It's wonderful to indulge now and then but you can't make a steady diet of it.

By now Beth was well aware of my "stage sex" fantasy, although surprisingly I could tell she didn't share my interest in doing it. I guess she liked group sex but only with people she knew. Still, she indulged me and would egg me on until we both got so horny we would have to get ourselves off talking about it. Little did I know that someday she might do more than just listen to me describe my imaginary sex show!

I had just turned 23 a few weeks earlier and Beth had conspired with my cousin Kristen to make it an interesting one. Since then, we hadn't seen much of each other, mostly just talking on the phone or email or text messaging. I had just started my new teaching job so my attention was focused pretty much on that. Beth had graduated with a degree in journalism and was working for the local city magazine which seemed to keep her occupied as well so it wasn't like we had a lot of time to get together. Still, it was always nice to hear from her so when my phone rang and I saw her name and picture displayed, I eagerly answered.

"Hey girl, how was the first day on the job?"

That was just like her, keeping close tabs on my life and checking in to make sure everything was OK. But then, what are best friends for if not to love and support one another? I spent the next hour or so talking to her about it and we gabbed on about local events and friends.

"So what do you have planned for Saturday night?" she asked.

From the tone of her voice, I could tell she wasn't so much interested in what I had planned as what SHE had planned that she wanted me to join in with her. The truth, much to my chagrin, was that I didn't really have anything scheduled.

"Great! I'll pick you up at eight then!" she informed me.

I tried to get her to tell me what she had planned but she just shushed me and said I would have to wait and find out. The little stunt she'd pulled on my birthday was still fresh in my mind so my ears perked up and I wondered what she had up her sleeve this time! That was one of the things I loved about Beth, she certainly kept my life interesting.

Before she hung up, I asked Beth what I should wear and she said just to dress casual. Actually, THAT told me more than anything else she had hinted at so far. Beth was a style fanatic and so if she said to dress casual then it usually meant what you wore didn't matter. Usually it didn't matter because it wasn't going to stay on for very long.

"Hey, this isn't one of your sex parties, is it?" I asked her.

It wasn't that I would have refused if it had been her plan. Actually, it had been quite a while since I had attended one of them and the thought of doing one again didn't exactly turn me off. I just wanted to know - can you blame me?

Beth assured me it wasn't but there was something in the way she said it that made me think she wasn't being totally honest with me, or least she was parsing her words to technically be honest, which isn't the same as being straight- forward about something. Oh well, I knew Beth well enough to know that pushing her further would be useless so I hung up wondering what I was getting myself into this time.

Saturday came quickly as it seemed it was all I could do just dealing with my new job, leaving me exhausted by week's end. It was more mental exhaustion than physical, but draining all the same. Anyone who has started a new job knows what I am talking about. When I finally woke up and looked at the alarm clock, I couldn't believe my eyes - it was almost eleven o'clock already! Actually, it didn't really matter what time I got up, it was more just the shock that I could sleep in that long! Even back when I was escorting to all hours of the night I didn't sleep in this late. Wow, teaching really takes it out of you!

For the rest of the morning, what was left of it, and that afternoon I spent doing all the little things most people do on their day off - grocery shopped, cleaned around the apartment, worked on some lesson plans, and even found time to masturbate a couple of times.

Beth called me around four o'clock to check up on me and tease me a bit. She seemed to enjoy leading me on and making me speculate about what she was up to. As much as I pretended to grumble to her about it, it DID excite me as I knew any time my best friend did something like this it always turned out to be fun - and different. If there was one thing I was sure of, it would be nothing I would have guessed ahead of time. Little did I know just how right I was.

## 2. Takes Me to Church

Beth picked me up right at eight o'clock sharp. I hopped in the front seat and she was taking off before I even had my seatbelt buckled. She didn't say a word and just started driving out of town. We were heading to the west side and soon were out in the rural areas. Where the heck were we going? I looked at Beth and she just smiled at me and kept her mouth shut, keeping her cards close to her chest.

Finally Beth turned off a small side road and pulled into a parking lot next to a small old church. It had white siding with the paint peeling and a little steeple. No doubt it was nothing more than a sanctuary with maybe a basement, typical for the area. It was so run-down that at first I thought it was abandoned but then I saw the parking lot was filled with cars. There was a dilapidated sign out front listing the service times along with the current date so obviously someone was still using it. If that was the case, why were we here?

"You're actually taking ME to church?" I asked incredulously as she turned off the engine.

It was remarkable that as close as we were in almost everything we did, we were polar opposites when it came to religion. I'm a fervent, born-again Christian, pray and read my Bible regularly, and attend church regularly. I even attended a Christian-based university. In contrast, I don't think Beth has even set foot in a church for years and the only time she prays is to the porcelain god after a party. Somehow we've managed to keep our religious differences from causing any conflicts between us. Even so, it still shocked me to be sitting in a church parking lot with her, regardless of the reason. Well, there was a first time for everything.

"Sorry Kelly, you still haven't converted me," she teased me. "Really, you have no idea how hard it is to find the right place for something like this. Lucky for me one of my guys attends here and so he was able to get it for us tonight."

By "my guys", I knew she was referring to someone she hung around with at her sex parties so that certainly narrowed the field down - to maybe a hundred men or more. And what was this remark about "right place for something like this"? What the heck was "this" and what was she up to now? After my shocking birthday party surprise a few weeks earlier, I was prepared for about anything if Beth was in charge of the planning.

Beth had passed by several empty parking spots and ended up parking way in back of the church. We got out and she led me to a small entry door which was locked. She pulled out a key from her purse, unlocked the door, and sure enough, we entered a small kitchen and basement. There was nobody in sight but I could hear movement above us, evidently the people were all gathered up in the sanctuary.

"Ummmmm, Beth... why are we down here and everybody else is up there?" I asked her, pointing to the ceiling.

Something just didn't feel right about all this but I couldn't put my finger on it. If you had asked me an hour earlier, the LAST place I would have guessed I would be now would have been in the basement of a broken-down old country church.

Beth led me to a set of steep stairs which looked to lead up to the sanctuary. Just as we reached the top of the stairs, she turned to me and gave me the once over, putting her hand to her chin as if she was deep in thought about something or another. Then she looked at me and grinned, asking, "Well girlfriend, are you ready?"

I scrunched up my nose and gave her a look that clearly told her I had no idea what the heck she was talking about. Ready? Oh sure, ready for WHAT?

"OK, I suppose I'd better tell you a little bit before we go in. Remember how you're always telling me about your biggest fantasy ever?"

Of course I did but my mind was racing trying to figure out what was happening so to stall for time I joked back at her saying, "Hmmm, you mean the one about diving into a swimming pool of warm chocolate?" She frowned at me and I realized she was being serious so I nodded and said, "Sorry, the Amsterdam thing, right?"

"Well duh!" Beth said, rolling her eyes and playfully smacking me on my shoulder.

"So what the heck does THAT have to do with anything, especially at a CHURCH?"

Beth looked at me like she was almost sorry for me. A look that was saying poor Kelly, she just doesn't understand! "THINK girl... stage, audience..." Then she just stared at me,, pointing to the ceiling, waiting for it to sink in.

"No way!" I exclaimed, the realization of what she was telling me finally sinking in, "This is a practical joke, right? You can't really be serious!"

"Kelly," Beth said, her voice down low in mock seriousness, "I may joke about a lot of things but NEVER about sex."

"C'mon, do you really expect me to... to do it in front of a CHURCH?"

"Good grief Kelly, quit with the church crap," she chastised me, "I needed someplace with a stage and it wasn't like I could ask any of the schools or local theaters. Then it dawned on me - why not a church?"

"So the people upstairs... they're not from this church I take it?"

"Oh... I think a few might be but they're regulars at our parties and they helped to get everything set up. Besides, the regular church folks only meet here on Sundays so it's not like anyone cares or will even know what happens here tonight."

"And just so I get this straight... you expect me to have sex in front of all of them? Who are they? Do I know them?"

"Of course I expect you to, "Beth huffed, "I mean, like why else would I bring you here and do all this for you if not? As for who they are, I doubt you know any of them but isn't that the whole idea girl? I mean, for years now whenever you're hot and horny you've have been bending my ear about how badly you wanted to do something this so what gives?"

Beth was right, I DID want badly to do this but I guess I'd always assumed it would be something I had time to prepare myself for, not just get dumped in the middle of it without any warning. I took a deep breath and looked up at the ceiling, trying to imagine what was beyond the door in front of us and what was probably going to happen to me in just a few minutes. God, I had so many questions! At the same time, my heart was racing and I was feeling horny as hell. That tingly feeling I get between my legs when I really want to be fucked was working overtime!

"So how many guys...," I started to ask but she cut me off and grinned wickedly.

"No more questions, you'll just have to find out. Let's go, they've been waiting for us and it sounds like the natives are getting restless!"

## 3. First BJ On Stage

We walked through the door with her in front. I saw the stairs appeared to lead to an area behind the podium with a curtain blocking the view. Beth put her hand on the curtain and prepared to pull it back.

"OK, last chance to back out. You ready?"

Suddenly I felt a surge of panic. God, my hair! What about my makeup – or lack of it? I was dressed like a slob. Did I shave this morning? (Yes I did, by the way, but I was too anxious to remember). Was this all some dream and I would suddenly wake up?

"Good grief, quit fussing with your hair... you look great!" Beth encouraged me as she pulled the curtain back and basically presented me to the audience.

I stepped out, not quite sure what to expect. Would they applaud, cheer, or what? As it turned out, they did nothing – literally nothing. Suddenly the room was quiet – an almost churchlike stillness. I quickly scanned the crowd in front of me. There must have been at least fifty people or more which was a LOT more than I'd expected based on the number of cars outside. Obviously there had been some serious carpooling!

Time seemed to move in slow motion as I looked around and took in the rest of the sanctuary. It looked like something out of a museum photo. Ancient hard wood pews with no pads, cracked stained glass windows, modest furnishings with everything plain and cheap. It WAS clean, though, and looked well cared for overall.

I was standing on a simple platform in the front where a single podium most likely resided in the center under normal circumstances but was now pushed over to the side. There were a couple of wooden folding chairs leaning against the back wall.

The platform had a wood floor which could have used a new coat of varnish. In the middle, where the minister probably preached his weekly sermons was a twin-size mattress with a white fitted sheet covering it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to present the star attraction of the evening. Kelly is my best friend and favorite slut so let's give her a hand," Beth announced to the crowd.

Finally there was a response and everyone clapped softly, but still it seemed like it was more to be polite than enthusiastic. Hmmm, tough crowd! I assumed they all knew what was going to happen but from the way most of them looked at me, they seemed to be questioning whether or not I would have the nerve to go through with it. Most of them were men although maybe a dozen or so were women. They all looked to be in their twenties and thirties with a couple of older ones scattered here and there. Thank god there were no kids!

At first I just stood there, not quite sure what to do. After all, it's not like this was something I had done before! My dreams usually skipped the introduction and started out with me already with the guy so I hadn't even "practiced" this part mentally. Awkward doesn't begin to describe how I was feeling!

Fortunately, Beth came to my rescue, reaching behind the podium, she pulled out a large picnic basket I hadn't noticed until now. In the basket were a bunch of folded pink slips of paper with something written on them. She held the basket over my head and told me to pick out one of the slips. What else was I to do so I did as she told me and she took the slip immediately from me but not before I could see that it had a name written on it.

Instantly I had a pretty darn good idea of what was happening. Sure enough, Beth read the silently name and grinned, looking out over the crowd for a few seconds to increase the suspense. It suddenly seemed like some sort of erotic Price Is Right show.

"Roland!" she called out, "Come on down!"

A number of the guys looked visibly disappointed as a man towards the back whooped and jumped to his feet. He bounded up the center aisle and I could see he was maybe in his late twenties or thirties, dark brown hair that was just starting to recede slightly, tall and thin with a grin that now reached from ear-to-ear. All of these people were supposedly from Beth's inner circle of sex party friends so I had no doubt that this wasn't the first time he'd fucked someone in front of other people although I would have been willing to bet a lot he'd never done anything quite so blatant as this.

When Roland reached the stairs he turned around and faced the crowd, pumping his fist like he'd just won the lottery jackpot. Well, maybe in a way he had if I might be so bold to say.

Beth nudged me towards the mattress and then introduced me to Roland, as if we were meeting for a blind date or something. We even shook hands which made me feel a little funny to say the least. One thing I DID notice, he already had a bulge growing in his pants and it didn't look like he endowed at the short end of the scale either.

"Well, are you two just going to stand there staring at each other or what?" Beth urged us on.

She certainly wasn't wasting any time but then again, I suppose it was easier to just get going than to stand there hedging like two kids at their first school dance. Roland and I stared at each other and I shrugged my shoulders as if to say what the heck. He just grinned back, his smile seemed to be even broader, if that were possible.

Looking out at the crowd again, for a brief moment I couldn't believe what I was about to do. Damn, I was really going to get laid in front of all these people - and in a church no less! At least someone had been thoughtful enough to bring in a mattress so I didn't have do anything REALLY kinky like use the altar to fuck on. While some (ok, most) girls may have been intimidated at this point and backed down, they hadn't been dreaming of such a moment for years as I had. Suddenly my resolve kicked in and I knew I wanted to do this it more than anything else (at least at the moment). I mean like, how many times had I already masturbated thinking about doing something like this and now it was actually about to happen!

With one last smile and a little wave to the crowd, Roland had my undivided attention. Not surprisingly, he seemed a little uncertain as to what to do now that he was actually with me. Taking the lead, I stepped up closer to him and started to go to work on his leather belt and zipper. He took my cue and helped me figure out the buckle such that before long I was pulling his jeans down to the floor along with his white jockey underwear (size 36 - the things you notice sometimes!).

As I expected, a very nice-sized penis sprung out from under his NASCAR T-shirt. Without a tape measure I had to guess but based on experience I would say he looked to be maybe seven or eight inches long, respectable in anyone's book. He had one of those curved cocks that pointed back at him slightly as it stood up nice and erect like a rocket about to be launched. He was circumcised and definitely unshaven with an especially thick growth of black curly pubic hair around the base of his dick. Mmmmmmm, my kind of crotch!

Pausing for a moment, I looked Roland in the eyes and smiled and then reached forward to take his swollen dick in my right hand. Oh yeah, it felt hard and warm! We positioned ourselves sideways to the crowd so they could see what I was doing and he pulled my hair aside, just like in a porn movie (obviously he'd seen his share).

Crouching down by bending my knees, my face was only about an inch or so from his dick. I could smell the odor of his crotch and from the heavy musk scent I could tell that he was definitely turned on! Licking my lips in anticipation, I looked up at him one more time and our eyes met. I could see the lust in his eyes and the hunger - the hunger for my mouth to be on his dick. Well, I was just as hungry myself for it!

At first I gently licked the tip of his dick, putting the end of my tongue up against the opening at the end of his cock. Then I started to lick around the smooth head and then up and down his stiff shaft, all without actually taking him in my mouth. With my left hand I gently cupped his balls, being careful not to squeeze them TOO hard. Up and down his hard shaft my tongue ran, like I was licking a long fleshy popsicle on a hot day. Glancing to the side, I could see everyone was fixated on the events at the front of the church. There was a little buzz going now as people murmured to one another. Briefly I wondered what they were saying but went back to the object of my desire - Roland's dick.

Roland was instinctively pushing his dick towards me and I knew what he wanted - the same all men wanted when I licked their dick like this. After teasing him a little longer with my tongue, eventually I took him in my mouth and sucked on it gently, starting with just the head. Roland groaned loudly and I could feel his dick pulsate and throb in my mouth like it was alive. I wrapped the fingers of my right hand around the base to hold it steady. Mmmmmmm, he tasted so damn good and his crotch odor was even stronger now that my face was closer to it.

Roland put his hands on each side of my head and pulled me in tighter to his hairy crotch, thrusting his dick forward into my mouth as he softly begged me to take more of him into my mouth. As I relaxed my throat, his cock was able to push in further and further until finally it worked its way down my throat. For a moment I felt a sense of panic as I gagged slightly when he pushed it in hard but then I managed to somehow let it continue to enter until he was bottomed out. With my face now pressed against the base of his dick, I twisted my head around him, feeling his coarse pubic hair rub against my cheeks and forehead as I rolled his balls gently in my hand.

"WOW! Look at that boys and girls, she's got it all in!" Beth announced.

I heard murmurs of approval from the crowd. Being busy with Roland's BJ, I hadn't realized that Beth was staying so near to us so it surprised me to hear her doing a virtual play-by-play. I peeked over at her and received an even bigger surprise - she was videotaping us! The way my eyes widened, she must have realized I'd finally noticed because her sly grin got even naughtier. Really, nobody had said anything to me about videos or photos and so I was a little miffed. It was one thing for my parents to take photos and videos of me having sex, quite another for Beth to be doing it, especially under the circumstances.

Oh well, what could I say, especially when I had this big dick filling my mouth? As long as I got the video when it was all said and done, it wasn't such a bad thing. I smiled to myself as I imagined what my dad would say if he saw it!

As I continued to suck his long cock, Roland stripped off his T-shirt and stepped out of his blue jeans and shorts that until now had been around his ankles at the floor. I reached down to help him get them off, being careful not to let his dick slip from my mouth as I did. Soon he was standing naked in front of me which was not quite what I had expected. For what it's worth, my fantasy dreams always had me naked first. Well, the heck with dreams, this was reality!

Roland was now nude but I was still fully dressed as Roland moved to lay down on the mattress. I followed along with him, keeping my mouth locked on his dick like a terrier with a new toy bone (well, boner in my case). As I kneeled over him, I tried to keep my butt towards the back of the platform so I was facing the crowd as I sucked his cock.

Beth came over and pulled my hair back to ensure everyone kept a good view. Honestly, I don't know what was turning me on more at the moment, sucking this lovely dick or being watched by fifty people as I did it. I would have to say that being watched was winning at the moment as I tried to put on a good show for my "fans".

Roland groaned and pressed my head down onto his dick, making sure I didn't let it slip from my mouth even for a second. His hips were lifting up under me as he tried to thrust his dick even deeper into my mouth and down my throat.

"Oh crap, I'm gonna cum," he groaned as his back arched and his hand pushed my head down even harder onto him.

Although I couldn't see them, I could hear the crowd really started to buzz now. Roland must have been pretty horny to come this fast and from the rustling caused by them moving around they must have wanted to make sure they saw the final event.

"Oh fuck! Jesus H. Christ" he cried out, apparently oblivious to where he was.

He groaned again, even louder this time, and my heart skipped a beat as I felt the first burst of warm cum erupt from the end of his dick into my mouth.

My lips parted slightly such that his cum dripped from my mouth and then down onto his dick as he shot one load after another into my hungry mouth. When his last shot had finally exploded in my mouth, I went back down on him again, using my lips like a squeegee to suck up all the cum I could that was covering his already dwindling shaft, letting it drain from my mouth onto his dick again, then repeating the process. Finally, as his dick softened, I got a last mouthful and turned to face the crowd, sticking my tongue-covered tongue out for them to see and then swallowing the entire load with an over-emphasized gulp.

"Alright! Give the slut a hand folks!" Beth called out and indeed, a light clapping resulted but more to be polite I think than anything. They wanted more, that was obvious. Well, I was ready if they were!

"Damn Roland, since when do you get off so fast? Last week I thought you'd never cum!" Beth admonished him in a low tone as she handed him his pants and practically pushed him from the stage.

Roland gathered his stuff and quickly left the stage without even dressing, apparently a little embarrassed. Obviously by undressing he had originally planned to fuck me but apparently his horny dick betrayed him. Oh well, now he would just have to watch someone else do me instead.

## 4. First Girl on Stage

"OK, let's try another one," Beth said, holding the basket out to me again, "Maybe this time we can get a guy with some staying power!"

Reaching into the basket, I rustled the slips around and finally pulled one out, as if it made any difference. Beth took the slip from me and grinned as she read the name.

"Lindsey, come on down!" she called out.

Lindsey? A girl? Now THIS was a twist. For some reason, my stage fantasy always centered around me being fucked by a guy. Why? Heck if I know, it's just always been that way. Oh well, why not do a girl when you come down to it? One thing was for sure, my fantasy was about to be expanded upon yet again. There was no whooping this time, at least not from the girl who stood up, Lindsey I assumed. There WAS a lot of chatter and people talking to one another as I think even the crowd was a little surprised at this turn of events.

I watched anxiously as Lindsey slowly approached. I had never met her before but the first thing I thought when I saw her was here was one erotic woman. Lindsey just oozed sexuality. An olive-skinned brunette, I was guessing that she was in her early twenties and was stunning, absolutely gorgeous. She had straight jet black hair that looked to hang down almost to her perfectly round ass and the most awesome, piecing brown eyes. Her mouth was curved in a mischievous grin as she advanced slowly to the platform. She wasn't in any hurt - she looked good and she knew it. God was she built! Her boobs were at least a D cup, emphasized all the more by her petite frame. Although she looked barely five feet tall, her legs were proportioned such that she walked in her heels like a supermodel with the most firm, smooth legs imaginable. To be honest, I was a little intimidated as she was a LOT prettier than me and I knew the crowd had to be looking at her now, most probably wishing SHE was the star attraction.

"Kelly, this is Lindsey," Beth said when she finally got to the platform, "She's just visiting from Greece and doesn't speak a lot of English but I don't think you two plan to hold much of a conversation anyway so who cares?"

The crowd chuckled at Beth's lame attempt at humor but I wasn't paying them much attention. Lindsey and I gazed into each other's eyes and I could plainly see the lust behind them. Damn, I think she wanted this as much as me - maybe even more!

"By the way dear, she's a 100% lez so have fun," Beth whispered in my ear as she stepped back and started the video camera again.

Without a word we both stepped forward and kissed. It felt a little odd to have to lean over to kiss someone as usually I am the shorter one. My cousin Kristen was a couple inches shorter but Lindsey was at least six inches, making it feel like I was the "guy" in the make-out scene.

Lindsey smelled wonderful, with a perfume scent I'd never come across before and her lips were soft and full against mine. Instantly our tongues met and we hugged each other and pressed our bodies tight up against the other. Her boobs pressed against me and her small hands went for my ass from the start, grabbing my butt and squeezing it tightly.

After kissing for a while, we each seemed to get the same idea and started to pull the other's shirt up over our heads. I stopped to let her pull mine off but she did the same and then we both started to do it again. We giggled and I reached down and just pulled mine of myself. She followed my lead and soon we were both topless in front of everyone.

Now I'm not ashamed of my boobs like I was when I was a teenager, but damn if Lindsey's didn't put mine to shame. As big and firm as they were it was my first thought that she'd had a boob job but it was soon obvious she hadn't. They were a natural as apple pie and felt so good in my hands. I don't think I'd ever felt boobs as big as hers without them being saggy but while they weren't "perky" like my cousin's, there was no unsightly drooping to speak of. Her nipples were large as well, dark brown and sticking out like bullets - large caliber ones. I couldn't resist any longer so I bent over and took one in my mouth, sucking on it and taking it into my mouth as my tongue ran over end of the nipple.

"Ohhhhhh, yessss," I heard her moan softly, barely audible even to me.

Well, she knew a little English at least! I lifted my head up and she took her turn at mine and I loved the way she twirled her tongue when she sucked on one and then the other. God, she really knew how to make a girl felt good! Something told me she was going to be pretty good at other things as well.

Again, it was technically my show so I took the lead and slipped off my jeans and she did the same. Soon we were both completely naked on stage. I suppose the crowd would have liked us to have at least turned and shown ourselves to them but at the moment I was oblivious to them, concentrating solely on the beautiful girl standing in front of me.

We laid down on the mattress, her on her back and me to the side of her, draping my leg over hers and pressing my bare crotch up against her hip. My pussy was screaming for attention and the pressure of her against it was enough to send shivers up and down my back. Putting my hand on her large breast, I leaned over her, my boobs pressing against her as we kissed again, long and slow as we enjoyed the feel of our warm naked bodies against one another.

Lindsey was obviously as horny as I was, if not more, and her hand slipped down between her legs and she started to masturbate. Damn, the girl needed to give me at least a chance to get started before she took things into her own hands - literally. I took my hand from her boob and ran it slowly down her flat stomach, letting my fingertips drag gently over her dark skin until I was finally down to the top of her pussy. Surprisingly, she wasn't shaved but I guess that was her European influence. Judging by the fullness and length of her pubic hair, I doubted she even trimmed it.

It was hard to tell given her dark complexion if she had any tan lines and besides, at this time of year she probably wouldn't even if she was a pale redhead. In any case, she probably didn't have to worry about trimming her pussy to keep the hair from sticking out from her bikini as something told me this girl never wore one.

I ran my fingers thought the thick wiry pubic hair and then I felt her hand moving between her legs. She had one finger working her clit slowly so I placed my finger alongside hers so we were both running over it gently. Her clit was wet and slippery, hard as a rock. I felt her trembling as she pushed her own finger up into her pussy as I continued to work on her clit. Damn, I couldn't help but think again about how horny she was! She didn't seem to have any hang- ups about what we were doing, I mean so far as people watching us, and I wondered if she had done something I like this before.

"Wow... you go girl," I heard Beth say softly in the background.

I could tell from the hoarseness of Beth's voice that she was getting off from watching is. Unfortunately Beth was behind me and so I couldn't see her very well, leaving me to wonder if she was touching herself. Knowing Beth, the odds were highly in favor of it. Turning my head slightly, I looked up at the crowd and noted more than a few guys had their hands in their laps!

Enough was enough... I HAD to taste her pussy so I turned and put my head down and between her slender legs, facing downward as my tongue ran over her clit. Her pussy was beautiful. I'd never licked such a hairy pussy before, not even my mom's was this bushy but then she kept hers trimmed a little to keep it under control for her bikini. I had to use two fingers to push the hair away from Lindsey's pussy slit so I could lick her without getting a mouthful of pubic hair in the process. I loved running my fingers through it and to feel it against my face, but getting hair in my mouth, ANY type of hair, wasn't my idea of fun.

Lindsey involuntarily jerked upwards as I took her clit in my mouth and I heard her whimper a little, like a baby seal crying for its mother as I tugged gently on it and let my tongue tease it. Lindsey wanted more. She grabbed me and pulled me up onto her so I was straddling her face. Well, it was obvious what she wanted and I was more than happy to provide my pussy for her to eat as well. Yep, I was right, she DID know how to make a girl feel good!

As we 69'd, I imagined what the crowd must be seeing. Hell, even I would have liked to have seen what we looked like with our faces smashed into each other's pussy. Her tongue felt like heaven on my pussy, licking my clit and then running up and down my pussy lips and sticking it into my pussy hole. I was doing about the same to her and were both about to cum any moment. I thought I was going to be the first but just as I felt my orgasm rising in me, Lindsey thrust her pussy up into my face and I felt her cumming - cumming hard. Oh my God, she was a squirter too! It was almost like she was pissing on me as her warm pussy cum poured out and over my face. It tasted wonderful, though, not like pee, and I felt her pussy convulsing around my fingers which were stuck up inside of her.

Seconds later, it was my turn and I felt my pussy sizzle as I came over her face and pushed myself down tightly over her mouth. It was all I could do to keep my tongue working on her as my skin tingled and my legs felt weak from my ever increasing orgasm. Damn I was cumming hard!

"Good job, simultaneous orgasms! Let's give them a hand!" Beth announced, continuing her play-by-play coverage of the action, even though it was plainly visible to everyone already.

The room was fairly quiet, though, as only a few people responded to her invitation this time . More than likely the rest were already using their hands for more important things!

Who knows how long we kept each other going but finally I just couldn't hold myself up any longer and I had to lay down next to her. We reverted to our previous position and started kissing again only this time our faces were smeared with each other's pussy cum. Mmmmmmm, she tasted good! Odds are we could have just stayed that way and maybe even gone back down on each other again but we weren't alone and as the self-appointed "director" of the "show", Beth had other plans for me.

"Ok girls, I'd say get a room but it looks like you don't need one!" she said with a chuckle, another lame joke attempt that fell flat.

Reluctantly, I sat up and Lindsey seemed to get the message as well. She smiled at me and I could see in her eyes she wanted more and frankly, so did I. Beth was quick to spot it though, and moved in like a referee at a boxing match to separate us before we "clutched" again.

## 5. Finally Fucked On Stage

"Well, it looks like you're all ready to go some more so how about we get you fucked this time, what do you say girl?" she teased me.

She didn't have to convince ME, that was for sure. By now I was so damn horny I could have fucked about anything with a dick. Damn I needed to be fucked - BAD. I have been in this condition before and unfortunately, usually it's when I can't get any satisfaction which has led me in the past to do some silly things. At least tonight there was a crowd of horny men all waiting to be the next to "come on down" and fuck me.

Once again Beth and I did the selection routine as Lindsey made her way back to her seat. She didn't bother dressing and I could see quite a few guys turn their attention to her as she sat back down on the pew, her face visibly flushed, even with her dark complexion.

"OK now, everyone just settle down!" Beth called out, trying to regain control of the crowd with little success. She finally shrugged and gave up, reading the name as she called out, "And the winner is... Travis! Alright guy, come on down!"

I remained seated on the mattress as I looked to see who "Travis" was. So long as he had a penis and was capable of maintaining an erection, everything else was secondary. Sure, Lindsey was fantastic and she'd made me cum pretty good, but now but I needed something only a man could give me - a hard dick filling my pussy.

Travis turned out to be one of the older guys. "Older" is a relative term for this crowd as I would say that put him in his early thirties at most. As he stood up, he kissed the woman next to him and as he approached the platform, I learned why. The gold ring on his finger sparkled in the light and I realized he was kissing his wife! It surprised me more than you might think because in the past, all the parties Beth had taken to me had all been limited to singles. Evidently her "clubs" now included married couples as well. To come to something like this they must have been swingers so it wasn't like he was cheating on her.

I wondered what his wife was thinking as her husband prepared to perform right in front of her? Well, she must have been interested as she moved up and took a place in the front row of pews. She looked to be about his age, maybe even a little older, with a short denim skirt and when she crossed her legs, her bare pussy was plain to see.

As I sat with my bare legs curled under me, I took stock of Travis as he quickly approached. Unlike Lindsey, he wasn't putting on a show for the crowd and from the speed of his approach, he was certainly anxious to get to the platform. The first thing I noticed was that he was tall, well over six foot, and well-built but not overly like some guys who worked out a lot seemed to get.

Travis had one of those light beards, actually more a three-day growth that men seemed to be wearing more and more these days, especially on TV. Some women must think it's sexy but it tended to make me think they were just too lazy to shave. His hair was trimmed short but he wasn't bald. To top it off, he was wearing cowboy boots, straight jeans, and a NASCAR t-shirt. Put it all together with his slutty looking wife and you had the perfect stereotype of the good ol' boy family.

"Congrats Travis. Now what do you say you get yourself undressed and show us how it's done," Beth suggested as he stepped up onto the platform.

Travis smiled and shrugged. Everyone watched as he quickly stripped, undoing a large brass big belt buckle on his fat leather belt and dropping his jeans, taking off his boots and white socks at the same time. As he got naked, I couldn't help but think God, he looked yummy! His dick was already about half erect as it poked out from under his T-shirt and then it was all there for me to see as he pulled it over his head and dropped it in a pile on top of his jeans and boots. Oh, one thing I DID notice - he wasn't wearing any underwear! I guess I noticed because as much as men seem to like it when women don't wear underwear, it's not often I see a man commando.

Once he was naked, Beth moved up to Travis like an announcer interviewing a fighter about to enter the ring. "So what's it going to be Travis, BJ first or just go for the straight fuck right away?"

Travis was stroking himself as Beth did her thing. Personally, liked seeing him do that and it turned me on. It always impresses me when a man is secure enough to stroke himself in front of others without being embarrassed. So many guys are afraid to jerk off even when they're alone with me, let alone when others can see them. Some sort of "guy thing" I guess, like their homosexuals or something if they touch a cock, even their own, in front someone.

Another good thing about him handling his dick was as a result, he was getting good and hard, leaving him the option to do about anything he wanted.

Travis looked back at his wife, his dick moving in his hand, and once again, I had this eerie feeling I was on the set of some perverted version of the Price Is Right where the husband always seem to have to look back at their wives to get their advice or permission.

"Just do it... fuck the cunt," his wife responded.

Actually, I read her lips more than heard her over what was becoming a steadily increasing din in the room. To be fair, it wasn't like she was trying to be derogatory or mean towards me. The lustful grin on her face told me she was enjoying the show as much as anyone and I think she wanted her husband to get to the punch line without any more fooling around.

"You heard her Beth, I'm going to fuck her" Travis said into the microphone, like one of his NASCAR driver's responding to an interview question. Well, it wasn't quite "I'll take what's behind the curtain" but once again, the situation was eerily similar!

As for me, as soon as I saw his wife's response I started to get on my back but Travis had other ideas. He reached out to grab me and then twisted me over onto my belly, like some cowboy flipping over a calf in the ring. Then he straddled me, grabbed me by the waist with both hands and lifted me up to my hands and knees. OK, I got the idea, he wanted to fuck me doggie! Well, that was perfectly OK with me. It didn't matter at the moment what position he wanted so long as he got his hard dick in me sooner than later. As much as I love to suck dick, I was secretly pleased when his wife told him to fuck me as my pussy was simply dying by now for the feel of a hard cock filling it up.

"Alright, FINALLY she's going to get it!" Beth crowed to the crowd.

Indeed, I felt the bulbous head of his dick push against my ass as he worked his way in between my legs. He pushed my butt cheeks apart with one hand while he grabbed his hard shaft and lined it up with my soaking wet pussy hole. Lindsey had prepared me well and I knew there would be no problems getting him in me. As wet as I may have been, I was certainly tighter than his older wife!

"Shit, she's tight!" he called out to his wife as he started to push his dick into me.

I was pleased to hear him say that as I was afraid as wet as Lindsey had made me that he would slide into me too easily and think I was some stretched-out whore. I take good care of my pussy and try to avoid doing things that will stretch it out, like ridiculously over-sized dildos. It makes me proud when men tell me how tight my pussy is, especially considering the number of dicks that I've taken over the years.

My thoughts were cut short and I gasped as he pressed harder and forced the head of his dick inside of me. Oh God, I wanted this so fucking bad! As he pushed I leaned back into him letting him press himself deeper and deeper into me, feeling his hard shaft sliding into me as my pussy was filled with his dick. Travis wasn't overly endowed, not by any means, but he was a good six inches, maybe seven at the most and fairly decent girth so it felt good inside of me. Once he was all the way in me he didn't waste any time pumping himself in and out of me like he was drilling for oil.

As Travis started to fuck me, I looked out and saw everyone in the crowd was watching me. Well, almost everyone. One couple had moved to the back row and she was riding his dick as he sat in the pew. She was facing away from me as she humped herself on him Oh well, I couldn't blame her. Not everyone can just watch and not want a little for themselves.

Most of the others were watching Travis fuck me with a number of guys openly masturbating and even a few of the girls had their hands between their legs as well, including his wife. God, this was what I had dreamed about for so long. Finally, I was being fucked on stage and everyone was watching and getting off wishing they were doing me!

After a few minutes Travis pulled out and without a word he turned me on my side and nestled in behind me. He lifted my top leg up and I could feel his cock poking into me, desperately trying to find its way back into my pussy so I reached down and guided it in - my pussy wanted it just as badly, believe me. It was great to lay there, facing the audience as he started to pump himself in and out of me again. In this position they could see his dick in me much better than before and I noticed his wife especially was staring at us intently, her hand under her skirt as she watched her husband fucking this slut, No doubt she had seen him screwing many other women before, it was obvious this wasn't something new for either of them, but I wondered if he had ever been done anything as openly and flagrantly as he was doing now?

Beth certainly wasn't immune to the sexually-charged atmosphere. Thankfully, she had abandoned her silly commentary and was holding the video camera with one hand while masturbating with the other. Since we were young teens I had always loved watching her do herself and knowing I was getting her off this good made me feel even better, if that were possible.

Travis only fucked me a short while in this position, almost like he was doing it just for show and once he had his "ticket punched" he pulled out of me again and turned me on my back. He still hadn't said a word to me but the sheer animal lust in his eyes told me more than anything he could say. He wanted me, wanted me badly, and he was going to take me now, regardless of anything I or anyone else might say.

This was a look I'd seen in many men before when their sexual needs outweighed any morals or controls they may have. Even my dad would get this way with me at times when he was extra horny. Personally, it was a little scary as you realize that everything from here on out was going to happen and you had no say or control over it. At the same time, that temporary loss of control is what made it so awesome and erotic.

Spreading my legs wide apart like some whore on a hotel bed, I waited anxiously as he climbed on top of me and shoved his dick quickly back into me again. He leaned over me, holding himself up with his arms so he wouldn't crush me as he rocked himself in and out of me over and over again. I started to wrap my legs around him, trying to pull him even deeper into me but I was quickly reminded that these weren't ordinary circumstances.

"Hey! Put her legs down, we can't see!" someone yelled from the audience. Oh yeah, there WAS an audience to keep happy as well!

Travis pressed my legs down flat on the mattress and then he maneuvered himself so he was kneeling and pulled me up on his lap to keep fucking me. I was still lying flat, but now with my bare ass supported on his lap. He somehow pushed me around on the mattress to give our audience a better view of his dick as it pumped in and out of my pussy. Hmmm, it was like he had "performed" before.

Travis' strokes were getting more rapid and forceful and from the intense look on his face I knew my man was about to cum. He looked over at his wife who also seemed to sense that her husband was getting ready to explode.

"That's it, fuck the bitch Travis, fill her cunt!" she encouraged him.

We both took that to mean that she wanted him to cum in my pussy. While that was the way I personally would have preferred, given the circumstances it somewhat surprised me as I would have thought she would have wanted to see his cum spurting out of his dick and onto me. Oh well, who was I to argue with his own wife when it came to how he fucked me and where he shot his cum?

"Oh shit Barbie, here it cums!" he finally spoke out - to his wife and not me.

Travis pulled my hips up to him tighter and then held me still for a couple of seconds before he jerked convulsively and I felt his dick start to explode inside of me. He jerked hard again and again and with each convulsion he released another load of his adulterous sperm inside of me. It wasn't long before he was finished after which he held me with his dick still inside of me, throbbing slightly and twitching now and then just enough for me to feel it move.

Having satisfied his lust, Travis grinned and pulled out of me for the last time. He moved back and let me flop back on the mattress flat on my back once again. Damn, I was exhausted! Although I didn't cum while he was fucking me, it was only because I was concentrating so much on the people watching me instead of trying to go for an orgasm. Oh yeah, I was loving every minute of this!

Travis quickly gathered his things and joined his wife in the front pew. She leaned over and put her mouth on his cock, cleaning off the mixture of our cum that was gleaming on it. It wasn't a blowjob, more like she wanted to taste the results of her husband's efforts. Licking her lips, she sat back up and kissed him. Meanwhile, Beth had regained her composure and was back in charge again.

"Hey everybody, so what do you think? Was that hot or was that hot?"

Everybody seemed to respond in one way or another. Some clapped, others cheered, some just made loud crude remarks about the way I'd just been fucked. I stood up and started to get off the mattress, assuming that this was the end of the show. After all, what more did they expect? I'd sucked one guy off, did a 69 with a lesbian, and now just been fucked - and fucked well, by someone's horny husband. Personally, I thought I'd fulfilled my fantasy stage fuck fantasy pretty well. It may not have been a theater in Amsterdam but for Pittsburgh it was pretty darn good. Well, I should have known better than to assume anything when Beth was involved.

## 6. Open Season On Kelly

"OK everybody, so much for the show, now it's open season," she announced. I looked at her like she was from another planet. "Open season"? What the heck was THAT? Apparently I was the only one who didn't understand the term as everyone jumped up and started to move towards the platform.

"What the heck is 'open season' Beth?" I asked as the crowd approached.

"YOU are!" she said, laughing at my bewilderment. "C'mon Kelly, you didn't think you were going to get fucked only once, did you? Besides, this crowd isn't exactly the type to be satisfied with just watching, if you know what I mean."

About that time the first guy had made it up to the platform and I quickly realized what was going on. Yes, the "show" was over but apparently that only meant that now everyone was going to be given their own opportunity with me. What the hell, I was REALLY horny by now and didn't mind getting some more cock so why not?

For the next hour or two, it like a slut's dream come true - or should I say "cum" true. Not every guy fucked me, maybe half at most. Some of them just wanted their dick sucked and others were satisfied with just a hand job. It seemed everywhere I looked there was another hard dick in my face. My pussy was never empty more than a few seconds at a time as when one guy finished, there was always another waiting in line, hard and anxious to replace him. The same was true for my mouth. No sooner would I suck one guy off then there was yet another hard dick in my mouth. Although it was hard to concentrate with all the dicks in me and in my hands, I DID manage to cum several times which made it even better.

For the most part, the women stood back and let the men do their thing with me. I noticed Lindsey had hooked up with another girl so they weren't paying a lot of attention to what was happening to me anymore, if you get my meaning. Other than that, the rest seemed satisfied just watching and most of them masturbated as they did. As you might imagine, I was quickly covered with cum as some of the guys couldn't wait their turn and ended up just standing over me and spraying their cum all over me. It was definitely a "guy" time as the girls hung back and just watched or played with each other. I really couldn't blame them for not wanting to have to deal with the ever-growing mess on me.

Things might have gone on another hour or more as I was pretty sure some of the guys who were now fucking me had already done me once before. Beth, however, stepped in to bring things to a close.

"OK everybody, 'open season' on Kelly is now closed. How about some help getting the place back in order. This IS a church you know!"

Everybody seemed to get a kick out that last comment as laughter erupted. Finally, her lame sense humor came through! Indeed, I had not even thought about where we were in the midst of all the commotion and sex. For just a moment, I looked around at the various religious artifacts and felt a little twinge in my heart but then, didn't God endow us with the ability to enjoy sex? If so, what better place to celebrate it but in his own house?

Needless to say, there wasn't a shower in the place so I gathered my stuff and made my way to the women's restroom where Beth had been thoughtful enough to bring some body wash and towels for me. I used a washcloth to clean myself off the best I could and even rinsed my hair in the sink to get the cum off that I saw in the mirror. God, what is it with men and cumming in my hair? At least on my face and boobs it was easy to wash off. My hair was definitely going to need some work when I got home.

By the time I'd gotten myself presentable again and returned to the sanctuary, it was like nothing had happened. The mattress was gone with the podium back in its place. Someone had sprayed air freshener which masked the thick odor of sex that had permeated the place not too long before. If you hadn't known there was no sign that anything had happened here tonight. Beth was sitting in the front pew with a couple of guys, watching replays on her video camera.

"Damn, he really came on her!" one of the guys exclaimed as they all laughed at whatever scene they were watching. I gently coughed, letting them know I was back.

"Well, tell me. How was it? Was it what you expected?" Beth asked.

I grinned and leaned over to kiss her and then replied, "I loved it and you know it! God, I never dreamed it would be so much fun."

Beth kissed the guys goodnight and took my hand as we left the building. Back in her car we both got in and then just threw out heads back and sighed together. I looked down and saw the crotch of my jeans was soaked. Beth saw where I was looking and giggled.

"Damn girl, I guess you must have a lot of cum in you now, eh?"

I just rolled my eyes and retorted, "You think?"

We both laughed and she started the car for the trip back to my apartment. Amazingly, I was STILL horny! I guess you can't take that many dicks in you and just turn it off in an instant. Something told me I was going to be playing with myself for a long time when I got back to my bedroom!

# (Apr 12) Chapter 162: Homecoming

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (23)
John - my dad (43)

As much as I loved living on my own, financially I was no longer able to swing it after I quit my escorting job to be a Christian school teacher. It was obvious that my parents weren't too upset about it, especially considering how I was welcomed home!

## 1. On My Own

There are certain days in anyone's life days that signify a special accomplishment. For me that would include the first time I rode my bike without my dad holding me up, my high school graduation, college graduation, passing my driver's license exam (after only 3 tries), my first blowjob, losing my virginity, and of course, the most special was the first time I had sex with my dad.

Recently, I reached another milestone when I moved out of my parent's home and into my very own apartment. Granted, it wasn't much, but it was mine and nobody could tell me when to clean it or how to live in it. It was the first time in my life that I was on my own without a roomie or parent around.

One of the reasons I was able to finally afford my own place was that I decided to return to the escorting business. Now I don't mean being an "escort" like my cousin Kristen, who is really a whore. She may prefer to call herself by some euphemism but she sells her body for cash which makes her a prostitute or a whore, whichever term you prefer to use. Rather than fronting for prostitution, the agency I worked for specialized in providing "companionship" for out of town business men or girls for companies that needed someone to socialize with the people at an event.

Again, I did NOT do was have sex with my clients. In fact, I could have been fired if I did as my agency didn't want that sort of reputation and the associated headaches with the vice squad. Still, even without putting out it paid pretty good although not nearly as much as if I worked on my back. It was enough to finance my way into my own apartment which was good enough for me.

Now I would hope that nobody gets the idea that I was trying to "escape" from my parent's home or that I had issues with them such that I needed to move out. Indeed, some people questioned why I would give up the rather cozy, all-expense-paid arrangement I had there. My parents have always been my best friends and other than the typical parent-daughter issues that occasionally arose, we got along fine and it had nothing to do with them, per se. No, what I wanted was independence, to be on my own. After almost 23 years of living with someone "in charge" of me, I wanted to be truly an adult.

My dad reluctantly helped me look over a few places on the south side of Pittsburgh. He wasn't exactly thrilled that I was leaving but he knew the apron strings had to be cut sooner or later. Granted, I couldn't afford a great apartment but my needs were not all that great. We finally found a nice apartment complex with around 40 or so units. The one I liked was on the second floor at the end which I thought would give me more privacy. It only had one bedroom but why would I need more? All my friends lived nearby so who would be spending nights with me - at least someone who needed their own bedroom?

My moving-in day was exhilarating. My parents loaned me some old furniture of theirs and I ended up just having to buy me a new bed but it was only a twin size and not very expensive. When I kissed my dad goodbye and closed the door behind him, I wanted to scream out at the top of my lungs it felt so good. YES! I was in MY apartment.

Unfortunately, it wasn't too last long. For a number of reasons, the past few months had been some of the most turbulent in my life from an emotional perspective. My whole life was changing now that I was out of school and I struggled with who I was and what I really wanted to do with my life. At times I even blamed my parents for things that I later realized were totally my "fault", or at least I was the one who made the decisions. After failing to get a job at the public school, I was getting close to saying the heck with teaching, especially when I considered how much money I was making as an escort.

All the while, though, this nagging voice in the back of my head was telling me I wasn't doing what I was supposed to be doing. Who knows what might have happened had I not been offered a temporary position at a small Christian elementary school teaching 4th thru 6th grader. It was a major decision for me to give up my escorting career to take this job instead. The pay absolutely sucked - practically minimum wage. Most of the staff was married and so they were not dependent on their income from the school. There were also no benefits but at my age I wasn't too worried about that for the short term. When they pitched the job to me it was described as a "ministry". Myself, I looked at it as a resume builder which would hopefully get me further up the waiting list at the local school district.

After quitting my escorting job, I went into a state of denial over my finances. I had some money saved up so the next rent check wasn't a problem. It wasn't until one day I was having lunch with my mom and she asked me how I was able to afford my bills that I finally broke down and recognized the situation I was getting myself into. My mom told me I was always welcome to return home and after thinking it over, I agreed to accept her offer. Fortunately, one of the advantages of having a cheap apartment is that it was on a monthly lease so I was able to move out rather easily. The manager was really nice and he knew the people that ran the school I was working at so he even allowed me to move out with only a half-month's rent.

## 2. Saying Goodbye to My Apartment

Packing up my stuff to leave home had been exciting. This time is was heartbreaking. I felt like a failure and I was running back home to the protection and security of my parents. Fortunately there wasn't that much to pack so the move went quick. I had left the majority of my stuff at my parents, figuring I might move to a better place anyway when summer came. Several of my friends came over to help me move and my new boyfriend Duane brought over a pickup truck from his dad's business that made it a lot easier.

Finally, when everything was out and the people had gone home, I went back one last time with my dad to make one last look around and then to turn in the key. Looking around at the empty floors and walls, I felt like crying. OK, it wasn't much but as I said before, it had been MINE. A tear started to flow from my eyes and my dad saw it and hugged me.

"Hey baby, it's OK," he said softly to me, holding me tight against him, "It's really not so bad moving back home, is it?"

I sobbed a little bit into his shoulder. "Oh daddy, that's not it. You know how much I loved to be on my own."

My dad hesitated a few seconds and then he reached down and cupped each of my buttocks with his hands through my tight jeans. He pulled me tighter into him and I could feel that he was excited. "Well, if nothing else the wake-up service is better at home, isn't it?" he said in a low voice, his hands and fingers working my ass.

I couldn't help but smile. For the past few years, whenever I was home my dad and I had a "tradition" where he would wake me up before he went to work and get himself off. Of course, I was usually already awake but it was the principle that mattered. Sometimes he fucked me and other times it was just a BJ, whatever he had time for. Sometimes if I was too tired and he would just jerk off and leave his cum behind.

"Oh daddy, is that the only reason you want me home, just to fuck me every day?" I teased him.

"Well... now that you mention it... yes," he said jokingly. The only thing was, I knew it wasn't as much of a joke as his laughter indicated. It was a rare day when I lived at home that my did didn't get off with me in one way or another, even if it was just masturbating and then cumming on me while I slept. It's not like he went without when I wasn't around with my mom, Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen available to him. I was just more convenient plus I like to think that as his daughter I was a little special for him.

"But daddy, if you want to fuck me that badly, then why didn't you ever come over and do me here? You know you could have any time you wanted. Have I EVER refused you?"

My dad chuckled, "Well, I remember the time you wouldn't help clean up the house. And then there was the time you..."

"Daddy!" I cut him off, huffing at the way he was teasing me, "You know what I mean."

Of course he did but actually, why he never came to my apartment to get any WAS a question for me. To be fair and 100% correct, my dad HAD fucked me just after I'd moved in, a sort of an initiation of my new bed I guess you could say. Yet for whatever reason, after that we never had any form of sex in my apartment again, not even a BJ. For that matter, he had never even visited my apartment unless it was with my mom. Not that SHE would have stopped him if he had wanted to fuck me, but for some reason he just didn't seem to want to do it here.

My dad was quiet for a bit and I waited for him to respond. Finally he took a deep breath and slowly let it out, saying, "It doesn't really matter now, does it baby?"

What the hell kind of answer was THAT? It was very unusual for my dad to be so cagey with me about anything, especially when it was about sex. My thoughts were interrupted when he pushed himself in tighter against me and I could feel his dick pushing on my stomach through his pants. Damn, my dad was horny as hell! Not that I wasn't either.

"Mmmmmmm, Daddy... you feel so good against me. Do you want to fuck me now?"

I whispered to him softly, my hand reaching down to caress his wonderful hard erection through his pants.

Even before I had sex with my dad I loved it when he got hard around me. You don't have to be having sex with your dad to know you turn him on. Even when I was younger, I enjoyed knowing my dad thought I was sexy. Of course, when I was that age I had no idea he had any desire to DO anything about it, just that her thought I was hot.

"Oh god you know it," he replied hoarsely, his voice suddenly lustful and deep.

"So why didn't you just say so!" I said, trying to sound exasperated, "Gee whiz daddy, what's the big deal with fucking me in my own apartment?"

My dad looked into my eyes and he smiled, the kind of smile that always melted my heart. It was a special look, one I only saw at times like this. It was more intense than the typical male stare he gave me when I was walking around the house in a T-shirt, more sexy and inviting but not the kind of nasty smile he got when he was watching porn. I liked to think of it as my "I want to fuck Kelly" smile.

"Ohhhhhh, I figured you'd eventually get the hint," he teased me, gyrating his hips slightly to move his hard dick against me.

"Oh daddy!" I exclaimed, shaking my head at his silly antics. Really, why didn't he just ASK? Since the first time he had asked to fuck me almost seven years ago, I had NEVER refused him when he asked to have sex with me, not ONE single time. Like any girl, there were days when frankly, I wasn't feeling sexy or in the mood but he was my father and so I always did it anyway.

What made sex with my dad so special, besides the obvious physical benefits, was the complete and total trust I was able to place in him. Many people have asked me what I would do if my dad asked to fuck my ass, to do a dog, or other things that are on my "off-limits" list. The question is moot because my dad would never ask me to do anything that he knows I would not want to do. Thus I can give myself to him unconditionally, never having to worry about compromising myself to satisfy his needs. Without sounding sacrilegious, it's like putting my faith unconditionally in God, knowing he would never do anything to abuse that trust.

There was no need to say anything else, I knew what he wanted and as his daughter, I wanted to give it to him. To say it was my "duty" as his daughter would be technically correct but really not a proper description of my state of mind. Again, to use a religious comparison, some people look at serving God to be their "duty" but I do it out of my love and faith, not a sense that I am being forced to do anything. It's the same with my dad. I can honestly say I never feel more loved than when I feel my father inside of me, filling me with his sperm.

I unzipped his pants as he unbuckled his belt and opened his pants for me. I pulled down the front of his pants together with his boxers to allow his dick to pop out. Yep, he was horny all right. His dick was swollen and hard. It was ready for me, ready for his daughter to please him and take care of his needs and desires. My mom and others may take care of his physical needs but masturbation can do that just as well. I knew that as his daughter it meant something special to him for me to take his cock in my mouth and suck on it. I was submitting myself to him, pleasing him in one of the most intimate ways a woman can please a man, except I wasn't just any woman - I was his only daughter.

"God Kelly, that feels so good," he sighed as I took his dick into my mouth and ran my tongue around the head of it.

In a way, it was too bad he was already fully erect. I loved to take his dick when he was still limp and soft, then feel it grow inside my mouth as my father reacted to my love for him. It excites me to feel him grow and lengthen further into my mouth as I know WHY it is happening. He is being turned on by me, sexually excited by me, wanting me and lusting for me as only a father can for his daughter.

"Oh yeah, I love it when you take it deep like that!" he groaned, his knees beginning to buckle slightly as I took his entire dick in my mouth until my face was buried in his thick pubic hair, my face pressed against the base of his dick into his crotch.

He smelled so wonderful, a blend of his natural male musk generated by his lust mixed together with good ol' fashioned sweat from a day's work of moved all my things. He pulled my head into his crotch, signaling he wanted me to take his dick in as deep as I could.

My pussy was feeling like someone had poured gasoline in me and lit a match - and now was trying to put out the fire. I was feeling so hot yet wet from being so horny. I rubbed myself through my jeans, feeling the wetness soak the crotch. My clit felt so sensitive between the tight jean material pressing against it and then with the sensation of my finger over top of that. God I wanted to be fucked so bad!!

Grabbing his dick in my hand and stoking it, I took my mouth off of him and looked up at him, our eyes meeting. "Fuck me daddy," I begged him, "Please fuck me now. Please show me how much you love me." I was SO sure he would just nod his head and start to strip me that it literally shocked me when he smiled and shook his head at me.

"Why don't we go home and do it in your room?" he said softly, "I want your first day to be special and fucking you on this hard floor isn't what I had in mind."

The floor could have been gravel and I think that as horny as I was I wouldn't have minded laying on my back if that's what it took to get hid dick in me. Damn, that was about the LAST thing I expected him to say. Surely he must be joking, I thought, but then he put his dick back in his pants and zippered them up. Crap, he was serious!

"Let's go... ten minutes and I promise you, I'll fuck you soooooo good you'll be glad we waited."

As I stood up, the material in my crotch rubbed and moved against my clit and I thought I was going to double over as it sent little jolts throughout my body. God I was SO fucking horny it wasn't even describable! Ten minutes? Why not just wait ten years or ten centuries? I wanted to be fucked - and fucked NOW.

"C'mon, you can hold on for a little longer," my dad chuckled at my discomfort, "Damn girl, I haven't seen you this horny in ages."

# 3. Back Home In Front of My Mom

The trip back home only took a few minutes, thank god, as I rubbed myself the entire was, one hand between my legs and the other on my boobs. My dad kept looking over at me and smiling at my obvious distress. It was so mean of him to deny me what I needed. Well, maybe he wasn't trying to be mean but that's how I felt with my pussy feeling so lonely and empty.

Once home, we entered the basement from the garage and as I literally ran to my room, my mom was watching TV in the family room and called to me.

"Hey, what's the rush?"

I just giggle at her and headed for the stairs. It was two stories to my room and by the time I got there, I didn't intend to have any clothes left to take off. Just as I got to the top of the basement stairs, I overheard my mom asking my dad what was wrong with me. My dad just laughed loudly and replied, "She's horny." Well, that told my mom all she needed to know. She knew how it was when I got this way and she also knew there was just one way to bring me back to earth - a good fucking, preferable by my dad.

I reached my room, leaving a trail of clothes behind me on the steps such that I was naked by the time I passed through the open door. I flopped myself on the bed and turned over on my back, my head supported by a pillow such that I could see outside my room at whomever was coming. I lifted my knees up until my feet were flat on the bed and spread my legs apart for him to get an unimpeded view of my pussy when he came in. I couldn't lay still but wiggled and bounced, trying to calm the storm raging in my crotch. There was only one way THAT was going to happen and it was on its way up the stairs. To my surprise yet again, my dad entered my room (THAT wasn't the surprise) but right behind him was my mom.

"Hope you don't mind if I watch," my mom asked, "Something tells me this is going to be good."

Hopefully, that would qualify as the understatement of the year. It was so like my mom to want to watch. VERY rarely she would join in. I could probably count on one hand how many times THAT had happened unless it was for my dad like on Father's Day or his birthday. My mom and I had our own thing which worked for us but when it came to my dad, for some reason my mom loved to watch him fuck me. It was fucking me that she liked to watch, too. If I was just sucking his dick or

boob as he licked on the nipple, squeezing it and kneading it like bread. Gripping my nipple with his teeth, he pulled up gently on it and then released it, letting it snap back into place. Then his tongue would run circles around my nipples, playing over the dark areas of my areola, running over my nipple and then back over the fullness of my breast again. God it felt so good! I leaned my head back and closed my eyes so I could focus on the sweet sensations he created in my breast as he worked my boobs with his mouth, tongue and hand.

"That feel so good when you suck on them like that," I sighed softly, putting my hand over his as he fondled me.

I liked to feel his hand underneath mine, feel his fingers move and then feel the corresponding results in my chest. His hand was so much larger than mine. He could cup my entire boob, lifting it up and squeezing it just right. As he continued to suck on them, his hand moved its way down, teasing my ticklish stomach and then I could feel a single finger playing along my pussy slit, staying just on the outside of it as he dragged his fingertip up and down the length of it.

Just as I was about to burst from the suspense, his finger moved over and easily slid between my wet pussy lips and found their way to my pussy hole. He gently pushed one finger into me, probing me and inserting just up to the first joint and moving it around in me in slow circles. The thick bundles of nerve endings at the entrance to my pussy all seemed to respond at the same time, sending shock waves of pleasure coursing through me. My orgasm rose up quickly and before I knew it, I was cumming, and cumming hard, especially for my first one.

"Oh make me cum harder daddy!" I pleaded, reaching down and pushing his finger deeper into me.

He used his thumb to toy with my pussy while his fingers did their thing inside of me, toying with my pussy hole and then even moving down to my asshole. He didn't try to push it in my ass but rather just played around the outside of it, making me cum even harder.

As my pussy was still reeling from my orgasm, his mouth left my boob and he began to kiss my stomach and then the top area of my crotch. His pulled his hand back and spread my legs further apart, then traced over the smooth soft inner surfaces of my upper thighs with the backs of his fingers. He moved his entire body down until he was between my legs with his arms around my legs and his hands under my ass, gripping me and lifting me up into his face. His tongue ran over my clit and I knew another orgasm was not far behind, even as the first one was barely history.

My dad didn't eat pussy every time we fucked. In fact, he didn't eat pussy just about any time we fucked. I have never quit figured it out, it just was the way things were. It wasn't that he didn't like to eat pussy - he licked my mom and Kristen all the time. I had never really asked him directly about it and when I mentioned it to my mom, she just shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "men, who knows why they do what they do." So for whatever reason, he usually stuck with my boobs and fucking me. Today must have been really special because he buried his face in my pussy and quickly brought me to my second orgasm. My dad may not lick me often, but when he does, GOD it feels so good!

I would have loved to suck his cock some more but as my orgasm faded slowly away (it didn't help that he never stopped licking me the entire time but then, who as in a hurry?). Today, though, it was like he substituted my mouth on him for his mouth on me as now he was ready to fuck me. Sometimes I got in a say in how we fucked but once he made up his mind that it was time to get down and fuck, that was it, no further comments accepted.

I was panting from my orgasm as he looked up to see how I was doing. His face was all wet from my pussy cum and he looked like a man in heaven. He crawled up and on top of me, using his arms and elbows to support himself so he wouldn't put his full weight on me while he was on top of me.

"Oh daddy, I want you to fuck me so bad right now," I whispered to him, just loud enough for my mom to hear.

She had been sitting almost motionless throughout so far, just her hand moving, barely visible between her legs. She seemed mesmerized by the scene in front of her. I could see her eyes were fixed on where his dick was hovering over my pussy, waiting like an airplane on approach to enter my pussy.

Without another word he lowered his dick to my pussy hole. I felt the top of his head hit just above my asshole and then he slide it upward until it was just outside of my pussy hole.

"That's it, fuck her John," I heard my mom urge him on. Damn, BOTH my parents were horny as hell today. Typically my mom didn't say a word while my dad was fucking me unless it was for our safety or privacy.

Well, I wanted my dad to fuck me as bad as my mom did so I lifted my hips up to push against him. He responded by thrusting himself into me, driving his dick home in one long hard stroke. The base of his crotch met my pussy mound and he ground his pubic hair against me. I could feel him in me, his entire dick within my body as my pussy gripped him as tightly as possible.

"Damn, you're always so tight when we first fuck," he semi-complained.

Well, he could try with that act but I knew the truth, he loved my tight cunt. Compared to my mom, who had borne a child, I was much tighter, That said, I only hoped mine was as pretty and tight as hers when I got to be her age! My mom didn't shave hers, in fact she didn't even trim it half the time unless she knew it was something special. With today's things and such, NOT shaving was sort of slutty now and I always thought it looked so slutty when a girl would let her pubic hair stick out from her clothes. Maybe in Europe.

My dad pumped my pussy for a while and then he put his arms around me and we rolled the other way such that I was on top and he was on his back - all without his dick popping out of me even once. I was riding him like a cowgirl, facing him and putting my hands on his chest as I rocked on his dick to cause it to stroke in and out of me. It also gave my mom a great view of my dad's dick in my pussy as she was slightly behind me when she sat at my desk. I could only imagine how it looked to see my ass rising up and down with his dick sliding in and out of me like a fleshy piston.

I knew my dad also liked my ass so I paused for a moment to swivel around his cock, keeping it in me yet again as I changed positions. Now I could see my mom as I rode my dad, giving my dad a clear view of my perky ass. I felt his hands grip my butt cheeks as he pushed me and pulled me up and down his dick. Leaning over and supporting myself with my hand on his lower legs, I knew he could see not only my pussy with his dick in it, but my asshole as well. Granted, that was ALL he was going to see, but it still excited me that I knew he would be looking at me.

Had it been up to me, I would have stayed on top until he finished himself off. It wasn't my most preferred position for his to ejaculate in me but it was the one at hand at the moment and OK with me in any case. I was ready, ready for him to cum in me. I was rocking on his dick more than lifting myself on him as it was much less exertion for essentially the same results. As usual, my dad had other thoughts in mind. He lifted me up and flipped me over on my back again and this time he snuggled in beside me and turned me on my side. Lifting my upper leg up and behind his, he positioned his dick once again at the opening to my womanhood and without further fanfare, thrust himself into me in one hard stroke.

"Cum in me daddy, I want you to cum in me," I assured him as he began to stroke himself faster and faster in side of me, "I want you to fill me with your love."

For my dad, that was usually the way he DID cum at least 90% of the time, unless I was sucking him in which case he came in my mouth. Rarely he would cum on me and then it was usually on my boobs for some reason. Typically he did that when he masturbated while watching me sleep and wanted to leave me a reminder of what I had "inspired".

Suddenly he thrust himself hard against me, driving me against the headboard of my bead. "Oh fuck!" he groaned as his hips swung into me, his ass clenching as his dick began to release his load of sperm into me. Each time he banged into me, I could feel that slight sensation of warmth and I knew his sperm was being injected into me with each stroke. Mmmmmmm, my dad was cumming inside of me, he was literally mating me as he delivered his fresh incestuous sperm into my fertile womb. (OK, so technically I wasn't fertile being on the pill, so cut me some slack and let me be romantic about it, ok?)

He was indeed horny, delivering half a dozen decent loads into me, followed by several "aftershocks" where he just instinctively thrust himself again and again, even thought there was nothing left to give me.

When he was done, he collapsed, barely holding his weight off of me with his elbows. "Oh god... oh god," he kept repeating over and over as he tried to regain his breath. He was sweating profusely, some of it dripping onto me but I didn't care. His dick was still in me and I loved the way it throbbed inside of me, knowing it was surrounded by his cum.

Then I got the biggest surprise of the day. My mom got up and pushed my dad over on his side. He rolled over and laid there like a sack of potatoes, totally spent and exhausted. She looked up at me and smiled, saying, "Don't be too greedy, I want some of that cum too."

She lowered her head and started to lick my pussy. I squeezed down, trying to force his cum out of me. He had released it deep inside of me, though, and it was slow going to get it to drain down quickly so I sat up and then I felt it literally pour out of me and down the crack of my ass. Laying back again, my mom started to lick my pussy, gobbling up my dad's cum as it drained out of me.

It wasn't just my cum she went for either, she also made sure my clit got its fair share of attention and I felt my final orgasm surging in me. My mom sensed it as well and she pushed two fingers finger into my pussy as her lips locked onto my clit and her tongue teased the tip of it. Her tongue is what did it as I shut my eyes and felt like I was lifting up off my bed, suspended in midair as every nerve in my body felt like it was on fire.

My back arched and she held onto my, her arms wrapped around me and her hands clenching my ass as she pulled her face into me to keep me from bucking her off as I thrashed with the pleasure of my incredible orgasm. I thought the first ones were good, well they were nothing combined to this last one. OMG, it was like it would never end as my mom kept her tongue moving at just the right time to keep me on the knife edge. My pussy felt like I was draining a solid flow of cum, I must have been soaking the bed under me.

I really have no idea how long this went on but finally I just couldn't take any more and I collapsed in the bed like a sack of wet flour. My mom loved up on one side of me while my dad was on the other. She reached over and kissed me and I could taste the mixture of my dad and my cum on her mouth and tongue as we kissed softly.

Normally after sex I still feel the need to masturbate or otherwise be active doing something. Guys typically fall asleep on me but I don't care as that gives me the chance to do myself one more time. Today it was different. This time it was ME that was falling asleep as I felt like I had just run a marathon. I passed out in my parents' arms, my final thoughts being how wonderful it was to be home again. I couldn't have asked for a better homecoming.

# (Jun 03) Chapter 163: Brenda's Wedding

Story codes: MF FF oral exhib adultery inc brother sister
Me (23)
Brenda - freshman roomie (23)
David - Brenda's older brother (29)
Gary - Brenda's fiancé (26)
Doreen - Brenda's girlfriend (23)

The fact my old college freshman-year roomie was getting married was a surprise but to get only a few days' notice was a shock. It had been quite a while since we slept together back in college but sex is like a bicycle, you never forget how to ride. In fact, the entire week was filled with new experiences and surprises!

## 1. June 3, Back With Brenda

Who can ever forget their first day at college? After the hustle and bustle of moving in, getting everything settled, saying goodbye to your parents; suddenly it hits you - you're alone, more alone than you've ever been in your life. Well, not quite. There's your roomie - that wonderful person we all get to either love or hate. In my case, it turned out to be this smiling freckled redhead who introduced herself to me as Brenda.

Brenda and I got along fantastic from the start even though we were quite different in many ways. She was the perky redhead with freckles whose great boobs (ok, so I was a little jealous about those!) and whose looks were already catching the eyes of the upperclassmen. One of the unusual things about Brenda compared to the rest of the girls in the dorm was that her family lived only about ten miles from school. As she explained it, her parents wanted her to stay in the dorms during her freshman year so she could have her "college life experience" and then live at home for the remaining three years (living in the dorms IS expensive). As things turned out, I doubt they had a clue what "life experiences" she would be having. If they had, they probably would have thought twice about the arrangement!

My diary has many entries in it about me and Brenda so I won't repeat them here. In short, Brenda was my "first" girl-girl experience. OK, technically my mom and Aunt Linda were, but when it came to girls my age and non-"family", Brenda was my first. Although Brenda never did find out about my incestuous relationships at home, eventually I helped her to realize one of her long-time dreams - to be with her older brother. He was married with two boys at the time but as it turned out, HE had the same fantasies growing up about his sister so all it took was for me to act as the catalyst to get them started.

Although we only lived together for one year, Brenda will always have a special place in my heart and we keep in touch, telling each other's about our lives after college and such - or so I thought. I guess since I never disclosed my family secrets to her, I couldn't say much when I learned she hadn't been keeping me up to date on all her issues either, although they were quite different from mine.

"Hey Kelly, can we talk?"

It was Brenda on my cell phone. Damn, it was all of like 6:00 AM on a Saturday morning. What the heck was she doing calling me now? It had better be good, that was all I knew as I tried to wipe the sleep from my eyes.

"I'm getting married."

THAT woke me up. I sat upright in bed, my eyes wide open as I listened to find out more about this revelation. Married? Heck, I didn't even know she had a serious boyfriend!

"Wow, that's cool Brenda," I said, trying to collect my wits as I digested this new information. "When's the wedding?"

"Saturday."

Obviously I had heard her wrong so I asked her to say it again.

"That's right, you heard me, seven days from now."

A million questions popped into my head. Where was she? Where was the wedding to be held? Most of all, why the hell was it being held on such short notice?

"I'm in the Florida Keys now and that's where the wedding's going to be," she started to explain, "Remember all the dolphin stuff I use to be into? Well, I work for a dolphin rescue group down here now along with Gary."

I learned that Gary was the guy she was marrying. He was a few years older than her and the two of them worked close together doing whatever they did with the dolphins. Apparently, they had been working a little TOO close together and Brenda was pregnant.

"Oh Brenda, how could you let THAT happen?"

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I wanted to pull them back. That was the LAST thing she needed to hear. It was the sort of thing your mother said to you, not your best friend. I tried to apologize but she took it well.

"Hey, it's OK. I know I screwed up - literally, but I want to have the baby. We just want to be married as soon as possible so it won't look so bad for the baby later on. I figure we can always tell people it was premature."

Brenda came from a highly religious family and the fact that an abortion wasn't even mentioned as an option was no surprise to me. Well, if she loved the guy then I just hoped it all worked out for her.

"I know it's short notice - can your dad pay to get you down here? I want you to be a bridesmaid."

Wow, a bridesmaid! I'd never been one in my life as it seemed all my friends were still putting off getting married - me included. What about a dress? How did this all work?

"Don't worry, we're planning a beach wedding at his parent's house. They have a place right on the ocean. I thought we could wear bikinis - wouldn't that be wild?"

We talked some more and she told me all about Gary and his family. He was 26, a few years older than Brenda. He had just a brother, Paul, who was two years older than him and was going to be his best man. Her parents had lived in the Keys for over thirty years and from the way she described it, had a beautiful home that would be perfect for the wedding. His relatives all lived in Florida so they could make it easily.

Brenda's family was scrambling for tickets but she said her parents would make it along with David, her brother but not the rest of his family due to the cost of the last-minute flights. The other girls in the bridal party were friends from her old home back in Ohio and would also be flying down for the wedding.

Well, what could I say? There really was no choice in the matter. No matter what it cost, I was going to make my friend's wedding and that was that. It wasn't hard to convince my dad to buy me the tickets. I'd learned many years before when the best time was to ask him for things like that - in the middle of a BJ.

I flew first class.

************

My flight was to arrive on Tuesday which would probably get me to their place sometime late afternoon or early evening by the time we drove from the airport to the Keys. I was thrilled as I had never been to South Florida. Heck, I'd never been to Florida period except for a trip to Disneyworld with my parents when I was eight.

Brenda had everything planned out. Wednesday would be sort of a fun day, maybe we'd go swimming or even snorkeling, just sightseeing. Thursday was the bachelorette party and she said she had no idea what that was going to be about as her friends were keeping it a state secret. Friday was rehearsal with the wedding on Saturday. Being they planned to leave on their honeymoon immediately after the wedding, I scheduled my return flight for Sunday.

The flight down was rather uneventful. It was the first time in my life that I've flown alone, always with my parents in the past. All my friends teased me about joining the "Mile High Club" but the flight was packed and there was no chance of anything remotely like that happening. I arrived in the Miami airport and was fortunate to find all my luggage was there waiting for me. Walking outside the luggage area, I heard a familiar voice!

"Hey Kelly!! Over here! Oh my god, you made it."

I turned towards the voice and there she was, my old Freshman roomie, Brenda. God she had changed in the past couple of years! I don't mean in a bad way either. With her red hair and freckles she had always tended to shy from the sun but obviously that wasn't possible down here. She was now so tan that her freckles were barely visible and even though her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, it looked even redder than ever. I'd always been envious of her breasts but now they looked even better than ever! Damn she was built like a Mack truck! Whatever she was doing was keeping her in shape as she looked sexy and curvy as hell. She certainly wasn't showing any signs of being pregnant, let me tell you.

She was alone, explaining to me that the other girls were arriving the next morning at the Fort Lauderdale airport. They would drive down on their own and would arrive early Wednesday morning. So today it was just me and her.

It was quite a drive to the Keys, more than I had expected, so it gave plenty of time for Brenda to explain the situation and tell me about the people who would be there since I wouldn't know most of them.

Cathy was going to be her Maid of Honor (MOH). She and Brenda had known each other since they were little girls. As Brenda described her, I thought I remembered her from some events back in her hometown but I would have to wait until I met her to be sure.

"Wasn't she...,?" I started out but Brenda finished my sentence.

"Yeah, she's a lesbian," Brenda giggled.

I laughed and she continued. Celeste was another friend of hers from back home in Ohio and was going to be the other bridesmaid besides me. I hadn't met her so she would definitely be new for me. Then there was Doreen, a girl she'd met since moving to the Keys. Doreen was a local, born and raised in the Keys, and was helping Brenda out a lot with her wedding plans. Although Cathy was the MOH, Doreen was doing most of the planning for the bachelorette party. All-in- all, it sounded like a fun group of girls and Brenda seemed excited about having us all together for the week.

As we drove southward, I was amazed at the scenery - a lot different from the 'burgh back home, The Keys were beautiful and when I saw the ocean I couldn't wait until we had a chance to get out in it. We passed through Key Largo and a number of dive shops. Brenda pointed at them and told me she hoped to come back the next day and take a trip out to the coral reefs. I'd never been snorkeling before and to be honest, the idea of swimming with the sharks sort of scared me a bit but she said it was safe and easy. From the way she described the reefs and fish, I couldn't wait to see them.

We passed over several bridges and finally she turned off down a side road which led to a driveway, almost hidden by the palm trees and lush vegetation. We wound down a narrow path and then it opened up to reveal the most gorgeous view. The ocean was in front of us with a beautiful two-story home to the side. I noticed it was built up on these things like stilts which Brenda explained to me was for when the hurricanes hit. I couldn't imagine the water getting that high but she said they still had to put everything on the second floor at times!

There was also a smaller house on the opposite side of the property which Brenda explained was where her family would be staying since there would not be many of them. Gary's family would be in the bigger home while the other girls were staying at a Days Inn just down the road. Brenda turned to me and smiled, saying, "Don't worry, you get to stay here with me."

As soon as we had parked a guy came out of the bigger house and hugged Brenda and kissed her. Apparently this was Gary, and Brenda confirmed my deduction after they finally let go of each other. Wow, he was a hunk! He was tanned and in great shape, with a dark complexion and short black hair. He looked at me and grinned, something Brenda picked up on immediately and playfully hit him in the shoulder.

"Hey, eye's up fella. This is Kelly, my friend from college, the one I told you about."

I couldn't help but wonder just how much she HAD told him about me. Hmmmmmm, was Brenda going to share? THAT idea was quickly put to rest as while he was carrying my luggage into the house, Brenda grabbed me by the arm and whispered in my ear.

"Now Kelly, before you get any ideas, he's off-limits, OK?" she said in a tone more serious than I would have expected. I looked at her with a "Who, me?" expression but she wasn't buying it for a second.

"Oh right, don't give me that little miss innocent look, I know you girl!" she said in a more playful manner. Still, she looked more like a mother lion protecting her cub for a brief moment. Something told me that I had better steer well clear of Gary!

Her parents were already in the house. It had been years since I'd last seen them but they hadn't changed a bit - Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver personified. Someone else was there as well - her brother David. My pussy immediately tingled as he gave me the once over. He was here alone and I'd already been thinking all week about the possibilities. From the way he was looking at me, I was willing to bet he had the same thoughts. Hmmmmmm, this could get interesting... VERY interesting!

After that we went over to the big house where I was introduced to the groom's family. Wayne and Sylvia seemed really nice and from the looks of the place, Wayne wasn't doing too badly financially either. They had bought the property over twenty years ago and loved there ever since. I could only imagine what it was worth now but I wasn't about to ask how much that would be. Later Brenda confided in me that they had been offered over five million for the place a few years back and turned it down.

Back at her smaller house, Brenda showed me her bedroom where I would be staying as well. OMG, it was beautiful! It was in front of the building so it overlooked the ocean and beach. It was the most spectacular view I could have imagined for someone to have from their bedroom window.

As it was getting late and we had already said good night to everyone, Brenda shut the door behind us. We both stood there for a moment, just looking at each other and then as if on cue, we each reached out and held each other tightly. God I had missed her so! We kissed and I was taken back to that first day at her house when she kissed me. I remember how shocked I had been but then how wonderful it was after that.

"Mmmmmmm, I've been wanting to do that since we met at the airport," she said in a husky voice after we finally broke apart. "What do you say we get ready for bed?"

I nodded, almost afraid to try to say anything, not trusting my voice I felt so emotional. We both undressed silently and when she had stripped, I thought at first she had an all-over tan but then I realized it was just that what tan lines she did have were so small that her bikini must have been barely covering anything. Her figure was better than ever and I loved the way her ass was all tanned - her thong must have been non-existent in the back! She pulled back the covers and sat down on the bed nude.

"You know, you're the one that got me started sleeping nude," she said conversationally, "God, remember how shocked I was when you stripped that first night at school as if there was nothing to it?"

I started sleeping nude back when I was twelve. At the time, it was mostly a young girl trying to mimic her mom but as I got older, I found it to be just more comfortable. There was never any sexual reason for sleeping nude, although of course there were those times when it WAS sexual but I wasn't looking to sleep those times either so they really didn't count.

When I got to college, I found that each year my roomie reacted differently. Some, like Brenda, were a little surprised but adapted to it. At the other end of the spectrum was the one who totally freaked and threatened to turn me in for being indecent if I didn't wear at least something to bed. It wasn't like I ran around the room naked at night, just when I was in bed. It was the same when I was home. Usually I would take off the shirt or t-shirt I was wearing just before getting into bed and then when I got up, I usually headed for the bathroom first so I didn't worry about anything then, but after that I would slip something over me.

"Whoa, where did THOSE come from?" she gasped, a little overdramatic.

Brenda was looking at my boobs and I remembered that it had been a while since she'd seen me nude. I was a solid C cup these days after spending my college years pretty much a size smaller - to be generous. They were still nothing compared to hers but at least I wasn't embarrassed to be next to her now.

I sat down next to her and felt her warm nude hips and legs against mine. I wanted her so bad yet at the same time, I wanted to savor this moment. It been a while since we'd been together like this and then there was the added element of her being my first girl. It was almost like it would have been if I was with Steve again, my first guy. I could smell her perfume and wanted to lick her and taste her – everywhere. In the fading light she looked so beautiful, the outline of her breasts rising and then falling as her breathing seemed to get heavier.

After what seemed like ages I reached for her, putting my arms around her shoulders and pulling her naked body in tightly against me. She responded by wrapping her arms around my waist, hugging me just as tightly. We fall back onto the bed, embracing one another like two lovers reuniting after a long separation which in many ways was exactly what we were. One thing to be clear, in all our years together I had never considered us lovers, just very close friends. Still, the way we had sex at times it was almost as if we WERE two lovers.

We worked our way onto the bed as we kissed each other, neither of us even trying to speak but letting our mouths and hands do the "talking". There was nothing we had to say, we both knew what we wanted and we knew each other well enough to know what the other wanted as well. Our legs intertwined and I felt hers push in between my thighs, pressing against my pussy. I did the same, driving my leg upward and into her crotch until I felt the warmth of her bare pussy against me. Needless to say based on the tan lines, she shaved totally which was new for me. Back in school she liked to keep a trimmed growth of red pubic hair. Brenda was the only "true" redhead I have ever known.

"Ohhhhhh, she moaned as I pressed my leg against her pussy harder, putting pressure on her clit. If hers was feeling anything like mine at the moment, I understood totally why she was moaning! It was like we were synchronized, each of is doing the same to the other.

As we kissed and our tongues played, our hands ran up and down the other's bare back. God she felt so warm and smooth! Our boobs pressed tightly together as my hand moved to her ass while hers did the same with mine. I squeezed her butt and marveled at how soft yet firm it felt in my hand. I reached lower, letting my fingers trace along her outer thigh and then slowly worked my way in closer until my hand was working its way between my leg and her crotch. I loosened the pressure of my own leg against her so her hand could fit in better and she did the same for me.

"Ohhhhhh Brenda," it was my turn to sigh as I felt her hand slip into my crotch.

She didn't hesitate, pushing straight to my clit where her finger pressed against it. I jumped a little as my clit had ignited like a match that had just been struck and was flaring. Shortly after, I found hers, already swollen and hard from anticipation. At first that was all we did, rub each other's clit and kiss. I loved kissing

Brenda and we could have done that all night so far as I was concerned. Then again, there were other things on Brenda to kiss besides her mouth!

My finger moved from her clit down between her already wet pussy lips until I reached her tight little pussy hole. Pressing my finger against it, it slid in easily and I felt Brenda tense up as I pushed it in about half way. She gasped as I twirled it around, rubbing my fingertip in circles around the outer portion of her pussy where I knew it felt so good to be touched.

Guys see to think that the deeper they go into a girl, the better it is for them. I like a man's DICK to be deep in me but that's more an emotional satisfaction than a physical one. What makes me feel good is when I am touched closer to the opening of my pussy. A man sliding in and out of me is stimulating that area like the bow of a violin as it passes over the strings. The only difference the length of the bow really makes is how long a note can be drawn out for before having to reverse directions.

It's the same with a dick. Long or short, it feels the same as it moves in and out of me. The difference is only how long the strokes can be and I have to admit, the longer ones DO feel better. Fatter cocks tend to be a little better as they stretch me more and thus rub more against me but the difference isn't all that much. Bottom line, the old adage, "it's not the size, it's how you use it" is a lot truer than most people realize.

Brenda was the first to add a second finger so I did the same with her. She was a lot tighter than I expected, making me wonder how many guys she had been with. When I knew her in school, she liked to fuck guys (including her brother) but she definitely seemed to prefer girls. I wondered if she had moved more to the girl side but then if she had, where did Gary fit in? (no pun intended).

I was so horny it wasn't going to take much to make me cum and sure enough, a few more expert touches from Brenda and I was off to the races. My pussy gushed and clamped down on her fingers as my legs stretched out straight and my back arched and pushed by chest in tighter against hers. God it felt so good! Brenda was relentless, keeping her hand on me and making sure I came long and hard.

When it came to sustaining an orgasm, Brenda was almost in the same league as my mother. She seemed to have an instinct for when to push it and when to back off, like a balancing act between making me cum so hard I have to quit versus letting it die and wither away slowly. Any way you look at it, it lasted for several minutes and I was panting as I tried to catch my breath.

"Same old Kelly," she mused, "You always were easy to get off."

I just smiled at her. Back in school we use to have contests to see who could masturbate and get off first. I can't think of one time when Brenda actually beat me. A few times I backed off and let her do it just so she wouldn't feel bad but I think she knew it when I did it. Sometimes I felt guilty when we would touch each other and I would always be the first to cum but then, I guess I didn't feel THAT guilty about it!

Brenda usually took a little more to get her off, especially the first time. Once she was "loosened up" and had cum the first time, then she was like an orgasm machine with one after the other following. Simply fingering her usually wasn't going to do it the first time, at least not in any reasonable time and I had more planned for her than to spend the next half hour getting her off with my fingers. I pushed her over on her back and she smiled as she knew what was happening. Brenda and I'd had sex so many times, it was like we just knew what the other wanted or was about to do.

Her legs automatically spread open as she grabbed a spare pillow and pushed it under her ass to lift her crotch off the bed, making it easier for me. I put one hand on each of her inner thighs as my face moved in closer to her wet pussy. God she smelled so good! Her pussy was swollen and practically dripping as she lifted her hips to present me with her pussy. Brenda LOVED to have her pussy eaten, maybe that more than anything else when we had sex. Well, she was in luck, because I LOVED to eat pussy just as much.

My tongue reached out as my hands spread her pretty pussy apart. Really, she DID have a pretty pussy. Some girls really don't look all that appetizing sometimes but Brenda's pussy looked more like that of a fourteen year-old than a girl almost my age. Of course she was more mature, her pussy lips fully developed, but her skin was unmarked without a blemish or even a mark from shaving. Plus, as I already said but it kept reminding me with every breath, she smelled GREAT. Again, some girls don't practice the best hygiene and their pussies can be a bit skanky but not Brenda. I knew she was obsessed with keeping herself clean and it clearly paid off.

She shuddered as my tongue met her clit and I started to run little circles around it using just the tip of my tongue. As I did, I let my mouth move down closer until my lips surrounded her clit and then I started to gently suck on it like it was a nipple, my tongue teasing the tip of it between my lips. Her hips started to buck gently under me, reacting to the pleasure I knew had to be generated from her crotch and moving throughout her body.

I looked up and saw she had her head tossed back and her hands were on her breasts, squeezing them and kneading them like bread, her fingertips and thumb pinching her nipples and pulling on them. I've always told guys that if they want to know how to make a girl feel good, watch what she does when she touches herself! The same goes for guys. I've learned a lot about how to suck a cock and give hand jobs from watching guys masturbate. Although not all that many guys are willing to do that for me, those that do have been quite instructional as well as erotic to watch.

Without taking my mouth off her clit, I pushed two fingers into her pussy, stroking them in and out of her like a cock would if a guy was fucking her now. My other hand went around and under her, cradling her ass in my hand as best as I could. Yet again I marveled out how incredibly soft and smooth her ass felt in my hand! Brenda wrapped her legs around me, using them to pull me in tight into her crotch as her back arched and she cried out with pleasure. Her orgasm finally took over and her hips bounced up and down against me like she was being fucked. I tasted her pussy cum and lapped it up like a cat being offered a fresh bowl of milk. I have to say, she still tasted great!

After she had cum, I moved along side of her again. She was panting with her chest heaving up and down as she tried to regain her breath. I draped one leg over her and put my arm around her, hugging her as I put my mouth on her closet nipple and suckled on it gently. She used her hand to push her breast up against my face, squeezing it under my face.

"Fuck that felt so damn good," she finally managed to whisper hoarsely, "Like old times, eh Kelly?"

We were both exhausted. I knew she had been running around like mad all week getting ready for the wedding and with all my travel today, having sex with Brenda was the perfect ending to a wonderful day. I soon fell asleep with my head on her breast and my hand cupped around her wet crotch.

************

When I woke up it was still dark. I must have rolled over in my sleep because I realized that I was on my side and Brenda was behind me. Just as I was about to roll over, I froze. Brenda wasn't sleeping - and she wasn't alone.

"Oh yeah, fuck me," I heard her saying, obviously trying to hold her voice down but not doing a very good job of it.

"Shhhhhh, you'll wake her up - and mom and dad too if you don't keep it down!"

My heart skipped a beat as I recognized the voice. It was David, Brenda's older brother. It didn't shock me that he was fucking her - he'd been doing that for years and I take credit for helping them get started. No, what surprised me was that he was doing her NOW - with her parents right down the hall in a house that was NOT built for keeping things quiet. Even now I could hear her dad snoring!

I could feel the bed moving, bouncing gently as he was fucking her. My guess, from the way their voices sounded and the bed was moving, that he was on top of her in standard missionary style, pumping his dick in and out of his sister in a slow but constant rhythm.

As I listened to them fuck, I recalled the days when I was first staying at Brenda's house. Back then we got talking about doing guys and I had mentioned her brother was pretty hot. It was all in jest at the beginning but after a while she confessed that she had been attracted physically to her brother since she was barely a teenager. She had never dared to actually approach him about her feelings but many a night she had laid in bed masturbating about what it would be like if her brother were to come into her room at night when the parents were away.

David was married with two boys but his wife was a first-class bitch. It didn't take a lot for me to get him to fuck me, actually it would have been more fun if he HAD put up a bit more resistance. In the course of things I asked him about his sister. Of course at first he pretended it was appalling that anyone would fuck their sister but when he got good and horny he basically confessed to the same desires as Brenda - with the same worries holding him back as Brenda had. I thought it was hilarious that both of them wanted each other for all these years but neither thought they could do anything about it.

Well, I took care of THAT little problem. For the longest time they would only fuck when I was with them, as if somehow by having me there it wasn't quite as "bad" as if they were doing each other privately. Eventually they did fuck alone but I had wondered if that had kept up over the years or died down as they both grew older. Well, I had my answer to THAT question, that's for sure. For him to fuck her just days before she was to be married was even hotter. I wondered what would happen after she got married. Would she keep fucking him? I certainly had some things to discuss with her later.

************

After he had cum and quietly left the room, Brenda rolled over and I felt her put her arms around me and bury her head in my neck. I laid there, pretending to be asleep, as her hands roamed over me. It was all I could do not to react when she cupped my boob and played with my nipples. When her hand reached ,my pussy and she worked her finger on my clit, I HAD to do SOMETHING. I stirred and pretended to be surprised as I woke up. Brenda made no effort to pull away from me and she kept playing with my pussy as I rubbed my eyes and acted as though I had just woken up.

"Mmmmmmm, somebody's horny I think," I said softly, putting my hand over hers as she put her finger into my pussy a little bit. She didn't respond so I rolled over and pushed her on her back.

"Well, you're not the only one," I said to her, grinning as I reached for her pussy.

She was soaking wet, of course, from having just been fucked by David and her pussy was slimy with his cum. She had no idea that I knew she had just been fucked so I didn't say anything about how her pussy was a dead giveaway. I started to move towards her crotch again but she grabbed me and tried to hold me back.

"Let me lick you this time," she offered.

I knew that she was saying that only because she knew what was waiting for me down there. I smiled to myself as I thought the very same reason she wanted me NOT to lick her was the reason I WANTED to lick her pussy. I knew she wasn't ashamed or embarrassed that her pussy was a mess, it was probably more guilt that she had fucked David without offering me any of his dick.

"How about we BOTH do it then?" I proposed. I didn't wait for her answer because I knew what it was going to be before I even asked it. Brenda never could refuse a 69 and I knew she wasn't about to start tonight.

I moved myself not op of her and straddled her head with my crotch just over her face. I put my hands on her hips as I lowered my head to her crotch while squatting down and letting my own pussy drop to her waiting tongue. My pussy reached her tongue at the same time as my face reached her crotch and we both jerked slightly as pout clits reacted to the other's touch. She was spoon licking me while I did the same to her. Mmmmmmm, she tasted good and I could taste the mixture of sperm and pussy cum that was drinking from her pussy. I wondered if she knew that I recognized what I was eating and that it wasn't just coming from her horny pussy.

This time around she came a lot easier and we actually got ourselves off at about the same time this time around. When we finished, I got off and we reestablished our position next to each other, one arm around the other, our legs intertwined once again.

"Mmmmmmm, that was nice," she purred.

"Yeah, I hate to say this girl but your pussy tastes even better with your brother's cum in it."

I said it casually, as it we were talking about the weather, and it took a few seconds for it to register in her head what I had just said.

"Ohhhhhh, so you heard us?" she giggled.

"Well, you never were very quiet when he fucked you," I chuckled, "I use to wonder how your parents slept through your orgasms sometimes. So I take it the two of you have stayed close?"

Brenda giggled again, confessing, "Yeah, you could say that. His marriage has been pretty shaky lately and it seems he spends more time fucking me than he does with his wife - not that I really am bother by it, mind you."

"Well, don't I get a thank you?" I said teasingly.

Brenda laughed at me, "You're never going to let me forget that, are you?"

I reached up and kissed her and replied, "Nope, never... So do I get to fuck him this week too? And how come you didn't wake me and let me join in?"

Brenda frowned a little. "We actually talked about that before you got here and he seems funny about it for some reason. It's like it's ok to fuck me because I'm his sister and nothing can ever happen between us. With you it is like he is cheating on his wife. As much as they fight, I think he still loves the bitch for reason I don't understand."

Well, so much for getting fucked by David this week! Oh well, I had a feeling there would be opportunities. I was in Florida and there HAD to be a zillion guys looking to get laid!

We fell back asleep again and this time we weren't interrupted until the sun came up and flooded the room with light. I was the first to wake up and I looked at Brenda, lying flat on her back with the covers off. God she was beautiful! In a way, I envied her fiancé. He was going to get to wake up to this vision every morning for the rest of their lives!

It was Wednesday, the start of my first full day in the Florida Keys. I looked in the mirror and wondered what would happen before the day was over. If I knew Brenda, it was going to be fun if nothing else!

# 2. June 4, Snorkeling in the Keys

It was my first full day in Florida. Since arriving last night I'd met Brenda's fiancé and future in-laws as well as her own parents and brother. I was the first to wake up this morning and when I looked at the bed and saw Brenda's nude body sprawled out, my pussy tingled as I recalled our night together, the first time in ages for us. There's just something about being with her that has always turned me on. It was too bad that her brother wouldn't fuck me after he did her, but I could understand his reasoning. Who knows, maybe by the end of the week I might get him to loosen up a bit!

As I showered my hands rubbed over my boobs and I recalled how good it felt when she had kissed them last night. My pussy tingled as memories of her talented tongue on it flooded back. As my fingers rubbed my clit, I gasped as it responded quickly. God was I horny! Hmmmmmm, maybe I needed to give her a wakeup call? Actually, I was about to do just that when the shower curtain pulled back and there she was, standing there grinning at me. I had been concentrating so hard on playing with myself that I hadn't heard her come in the bathroom with the noise of the shower.

"Well, some things never change, do they, "she giggled, "You always did wake up horny as hell."

She was right. Although I guess you could say I was horny to some degree at just about any time of day, mornings were when my body seemed to naturally crave sex the most. It was a rare day that I got dressed without having first either masturbated or had sex - or both if I was lucky. When we were roomies Brenda use to tease me all the time about how horny I was when I woke up. Not she minded!

I just grinned at her without stopping what I was doing. My heart raced as she stepped into the shower stall behind me, taking the bar of soap and using it to lather me up all over. She seemed more interested in making sure my boobs were clean, rubbing the bar around them and then teasing my nipples with it. I loved the way the slippery surface felt against my hard nipples!

"Damn I love your boobs," she whispered behind me, "You know I've always liked them but now... Damn girl they are GREAT!"

It made me feel good to hear her say that. How many years did I spend as a teenager feeling embarrassed over my small boobs. I was barely out of a training bra by the time my best friend Beth was in a C cup. It seemed I was always behind the other girls but fortunately, the boys didn't seem to mind. Sure, the tended to look first at my friend's chest but I put out more easily than most of them and in the end, that trumped their bigger boobs so I was never at a loss for a guy to take me out so long as I lived up to my reputation.

I could feel Brenda's large breasts against my back as she wrapped her arms around me and pressed her nude, wet body up against mine. Her hands worked their way downward until she was 'cleaning" my crotch, using the bar of soap on my clit now. OMG, I started to cum almost immediately. Between my own touches before she came in and now with her body against me and playing with my clit, I came easily. My knees felt week and my legs trembled as I fought to even stand up.

"Oh god, Brenda... that feels SO good," I finally was able to gasp as my orgasm faded slowly away. She always did know how to get me off quick, almost as well as my mom.

Brenda let the shower rinse me off and then she patted me on the ass and stepped out of the shower. She looked back at me and grinned saying, "Just like old times, eh?"

Indeed it was. Damn... how many times had she gotten me off in the mornings when we were roomies? It must have been dozens at least, maybe even over a hundred. Funny, but I rarely did her in the morning, it was almost always her getting me off. I had tried, of course, to reciprocate but Brenda was more a "night" person in contrast to my being a "morning" person. She was more the type to wake me up in the middle of the night shaking the bed as she played with herself. It was no coincidence, I was sure, that her brother had chosen the middle of the night to fuck her.

Feeling a little better (I could have let her do me a few more times and still not been satisfied), I finished up in the bathroom and went back to the bedroom to get dressed. I chose a pair of my shortest cutoffs and a tank top that was a size or so too small and fit me like a glove. Without a bra, my nipples showed through it like I was wearing nothing. I wasn't wearing anything under the shorts, letting my ass poke out through the bottoms if I bent over even the slightest amount. My dad called this my "fuck me" outfit, as I usually wore it when that was what I wanted someone to do to me. I was hoping it wouldn't be too much for the circumstances but when Brenda retuned from the bathroom she looked at me and gave me an approving smile.

"Nice outfit," she said softly, "Yeah, you'll fit right in around here."

She just put on her bikini bottoms and a t-shirt that came to about her mid-stomach area. With her big boobs, it stretched out and she looked incredibly sexy. The bikini was really more of a thong. I covered her pussy well enough but her ass may as well have been bare for all those little pieces of string hid.

I was a little surprised, actually, that she would wear something like that with her parents around. Back home she liked to wear little bikinis but her mother never really liked it when I wore a thong and Brenda only wore them when her parents weren't around. I guess with her getting married and having loved o her own, she wasn't as concerned about what her mother thought of her wardrobe!

I moved up to her and kissed her, my hands immediately each grabbing a piece of her bare ass. "Mmmmmmm, I've always loved your ass," I murmured. She giggled as we tried to keep kissing. "Yeah, I know," she replied, "Why do you think I'm wearing this?"

************

Just then her mother called from the kitchen, announcing that breakfast was ready. It didn't really seem fair that her mother should have to cook for us while we were all enjoying ourselves but then, that was the type of mother and wife she was - a little old fashioned maybe, but loving and caring. Brenda and I made our way there and when we walked in, she looked at us and then gave Brenda a second look. Her eyes went to Brenda's butt and her lips tightened. I knew she was dying to say something but she kept it to herself, or so I thought. After a few minutes she turned around quickly and it was like she couldn't hold back anymore and would burst if she didn't say something.

"Brenda, do you really have to run around naked in front of your family?" she said, the anxiety clear in her voice.

"Mommmmmm, I'm NOT naked," Brenda protested.

"You may as well be," her mother insisted, "I can't even see anything behind you and in front... well I think it's obscene to let your swimming suit pull up into you like that in front of people."

"Oh mom, ALL the girls dress like this down here," Brenda insisted, pleading her case.

"Well your friend is at least wearing a little bit to cover herself. Why can't you wear something like she has on?"

It was sort of funny that the same outfit she use to think was too revealing on me in the past was now something she would prefer to see Brenda wearing. I guess everything is relative.

Before they went any further, her dad and brother walked in. I got a kick out of how her dad tried to pretend he didn't notice his daughters cute little ass on display for him as she served him his breakfast. Her brother was a little less circumspect, openly staring at her butt. I couldn't blame him, Brenda DID have an incredible ass and to see it all tanned and bare was about as sexy and erotic as I could imagine her being.

"David!" Brenda's mother hissed, as if the rest of us couldn't hear her.

David looked at his mom a little sheepishly and stopped staring at his sister's ass but throughout breakfast, he would use any excuse to get another peek at it. We were doing dishes while the guys went outside to look around at the beach when someone knocked at the door and then it opened. In walked a young girl, maybe eighteen or so. She was cute, maybe a few inches shorter than me with long straight brunette hair. She had the type of tan that told you she was in the sun all the time, not just for vacation. She was dressed actually quite similar to Brenda - a narrow thong and t-shirt but her top went down further and actually covered about half her all but bare ass - a cute little "bubble butt".

What struck me immediately, though, was her boobs. OMG, they were HUGE. I couldn't help but wonder if they were fake given how out of proportion they were to the her petite body. They had to be DD or maybe even bigger. From the way they moved under her t-shirt, though, they seemed to be real. As big as they were I was a little surprised that she didn't were a bra or bikini top to support them. The girl walked in like she owned the place and when Brenda saw her, they both reached out and hugged each other. Then she noticed me standing there and looked at Brenda, waiting to be introduced.

"Doreen, this is Kelly, the girl I told you about from school," Brenda said, "Kelly, this is Doreen, we work together at the Rescue Center."

We gave each other a polite hug and said a few things to get to know each other. So this was the local friend that Brenda had mentioned during our trip down here. Somewhere since I had arrived Brenda had mentioned she was bi. Looking at her incredible body, I wondered exactly how much Brenda had told her about us.

"So when are the others getting in?" Doreen asked. Brenda explained that Cathy and Celeste had taken the earliest flights they could get and should be here sometime around noon or so.

"So what's the plan for today then?" Doreen continued, "By the way, we're all set for tomorrow. You're gonna LOVE it, trust me."

I assumed she was talking about the bachelorette party. I wondered what she had planned and whether she would let me in on it the secret but that was all she said for the moment before changing subject. Brenda had obviously given up trying to pry the details out of her and let the comment go by.

"I thought we'd head up to Largo and take one of the snorkeling tours," Brenda explained, "Kelly's never even swam in the ocean and I don't think the others have ever been out to a reef before."

Doreen just nodded and they started to debate which place would be best to go. Each of them appeared to have their favorite but finally they settled on one. Personally, it didn't make any difference to me. Really, what was the big deal WHO took you out. Once you were in the water I imagined it was the same no matter what outfit took you there. Evidently they didn't share my opinion. Oh well, they knew more about what they were doing than I did and apparently I was missing something in the equation.

"Well, THAT'S settled so what are we going to do until then?" Doreen asked Brenda.

So far I had been sort of left out of the conversation but that was OK with me. Whatever they wanted to do I was sure would be fine with me. Personally, I wouldn't mind getting to know Doreen better - a LOT better.

************

It was getting on towards 10:00 so we didn't have time to go too far if we wanted to be back before the other girls arrived. Brenda suggested a few shops nearby and so it was off shopping for us. We visited a few bikini shops and I found the most incredible outfit that I JUST had to buy. Amazing how much something that barely is visible on you can cost so much! Unfortunately, it also showed off my tans lines and I knew I would have to be careful not to let myself get sunburned as those areas could be a bit sensitive!

When we returned it was just about noon. As we were getting out of the car, another car pulled up the driveway. It parked next to us and out popped two more girls, Cathy and Celeste I assumed. Cathy, the Maid of Honor, was the blonde that

Brenda had described as being someone I may have remembered but it had been years most likely since we met and to honest, she wasn't ringing any bells. She looked to be a little older and indeed, at 25 she was the oldest of our group. She looked like your average Ohio girl, a little heavy but nothing too much - "something to hold onto" as the guys liked to say back there. She was also a lesbian if I remembered Brenda's earlier comments.

The last girl, Celeste, was also a blonde. One thing that made her stand out from the crowd, at least our little one, was her boobs. As a solid C-cup, I was probably the smallest of the bunch until I saw Celeste. Her chest was all but flat, maybe an A-cup at best. She had to be a little self-conscious about them, especially with the rest of us wearing outfits designed to show ours off as much as possible. She was also a little plain, to be brutally honest, and it didn't help that her blonde hair was cut too short for her face and appeared to have been trimmed by herself in the mirror. She was also dressed the most conservative of all of us, with shorts and a loose t-shirt that if anything, hid what boobs she may have had. The shorts were the type that Brenda's mom would have approved of if that tells you anything. She was shy and I couldn't help but wonder how she was going to fit in with the rest of us, none of whom were shy about showing off anything.

We all hugged and with our little gang now complete, Brenda took us in for a quick lunch. We snacked on some sandwiches that her mom had made while Brenda's brother carried in the girls' luggage. It would have been sweet of him except I knew he had ulterior motives - it gave him more opportunity to get a closer look at us!

Brenda explained her plans for the day and both Celeste and Cathy seemed excited about snorkeling. Like me, they'd never done it before so it promised to be an interesting day, if nothing else. As we got ready to go, Celeste pulled Brenda aside and I saw them talking earnestly in the corner but couldn't overhear what they were saying. Celeste looked like she was about to cry but Brenda hugged her and seemed to be reassuring her. Hmmm. I wondered what THAT was all about?

We got back in the convertible again and headed off for Key Largo, where most of the tour companies operated for the reef trips. I wasn't sure what kind of place Brenda and Doreen had finally agreed up but it turned out to be something I hadn't expected - a state park! Brenda would later explain to me that there were lots of private outfits but most of them weren't as well equipped and they tended to be more tourist traps than anything else.

previous trip, giving me a chance to assess the people who would be going out with us.

Brenda's friend had told us that there would be a total of twenty of us on board plus the crew of three. From the looks of things, the remaining people were mostly couples with one family that included two boys and a girl. The boys were the oldest, one looking to be maybe sixteen or so with the other a couple years younger. The girl was maybe eight to nine, cute as a button. Mom and Dad looked to be worn out, probably towards the end of one of those classic "family vacations" where you actually had to return home to rest.

Of the couples, most looked to be in their twenties and one couple were newlyweds - you can spot them a mile away! It was shaping up to be quite a diverse group where a couple of the girls were pretty hot while one couple looked like they were Amish or something from the way they were dressed so conservatively. Oh well, Brenda had explained that it didn't really matter who was going with us since once we got out there we would all be on our own anyway.

The five of us hung together for the most part. I noticed the guys, even some of the fathers, glancing our way now and then. Given the way we were dressed and flirting, I would have only been surprised if they had NOT! Still, it didn't look like there was going to be any hanky-panky with a group as varied and large as this.

The one who stared at us the most, though, was the sixteen year-old who couldn't seem to take his eyes off of us. Of course we all noticed and made sure he got some good looks now and then, even Cathy. I was learning that just because you're a lesbian doesn't mean you don't like to show off your body.

Somebody said something and everybody looked over at the water. I turned and there was this huge boat heading back to the dock. Well, maybe it wasn't really HUGE but it was certainly a lot bigger than my parents' ski boat. I'd never been on a real boat before and for a moment I wondered if I would get seasick. God, THAT would screw up the day I bet.

************

The boat docked and the people streamed of in single file. They appeared to be smiling and happy so they must have had a good time. When they were off, somebody made an announcement and soon we were on board to replace them. Some of the people sat under the cover of the boat while the rest of us remained out in the sun at the rear end. Hey, I wanted some Florida sun so the last thing I was going to do was sit in the shade. Besides, I'd overheard someone say the odds of getting seasick were less if you stayed in the outside areas and could see the horizon.

The newlyweds were back with us and it was like "get a room" with them. God, they couldn't keep their hands off of each other and considering how skimpy of a bikini she was wearing, about any place he put his hands was bare skin. They didn't seem to care and neither did I. if anything, I was jealous. I wished my boyfriend Duane was with me now. We'd have put on our own show for them. The family was under the cabin shade. They looked a bit sun burnt already and no doubt were trying to avoid getting any worse.

Once we had a brief safety speech the boat got underway and we were told we could go up to the upper deck or even out on the bow. The bow looked a little scary to me so we all headed up the ladder to the top deck. As I started up the steps, I couldn't help but notice the teenage boy was positioned to give himself a great view of all the girls' asses as we climbed up the ladder. Given how skimpy some of our thongs were, he probably had a few good pussy shots as well! I didn't mind, it was sort of cute in a way.

It was about a half hour to get to the reef. First we had to wind though these channels and I kept hoping to see an alligator until Brenda laughed at me and told me they didn't love in the ocean. I felt really dumb! Doreen must have overheard me talking to Brenda because she came up to me and whispered in my ear something about seeing plenty of them before the week was over but I didn't have a clue what she was referring to. The water was beautiful! I'd never seen anything so clear and pretty in my life. We leaned over the railings, sticking our butts out and I hoped the guys were getting a good eyeful.

The only disappointing thing, if you can call it that, about the trip out was the professionalism of the crew. Damn, I flirted as much as I could with one of the hunks but he just acted as if nothing was happening. It wasn't like he wasn't polite to anything. Heck, if anything he was TOO polite. At the same time, if he reacted at all to my overtures, he certainly kept it to himself. So much for any fantasies about getting fucked by the captain or first mate!

When we arrived at the place where we would be snorkeling, I looked at Brenda a bit disappointed. We were out in the middle of nowhere with nothing around us. What was the big deal? She laughed at me and once again I felt like the stupid tourist.

"The reef is UNDER the water," Brenda sighed, rolling her eyes at me, "Why do you think we need the snorkeling gear?"

Well, somebody could have explained that to me BEFORE now. Of course I knew it was underwater. I just thought it would be visible from the surface as well. How was I to know these things?

Some of the people had their own gear and as soon as we tied up to this monster ball floating in the water, they were dressed and in the water, heading for where they told us to swim towards. For us novices, one of the crew held a brief tutorial on how to use a snorkel. It didn't look all that hard - piece of cake, right?

I sat down at the rear of the boat were it was almost level with the water and put on the fins and then adjusted the mask the way he had shown us. The snorkel tasted like plastic - maybe because it WAS plastic, and it felt funny in my mouth. I was the last of our group to go in and finally I slid in slowly.

************

The water felt perfect - not too warm but not chilly at all. I got my first good taste of saltwater right off the bat and thought I was going to puke. Ugh!

"You're not supposed to drink it!" Brenda teased me as she swam over to me. She helped me adjust the safety vest so it wasn't rubbing so much - letting her hand dwell in my crotch a little longer than necessary. It helped me to float and I started to swim along with our group. I was a good swimmer but I'd never used fins before and they took me a while to get accustomed to them.

Looking at our group, you would have thought we were all bottomless as our bare butts stuck up out of the water with our thongs pulled tight in our ass cracks. The crew was watching us and I'm sure they were taking in an eyeful.

Everyone seemed to head off in different directions. The five of us pretty much stuck together while the rest of the people who came out with us struck out on their own. At first there was nothing but grass under us but soon we reached deeper water and the reef started. Oh my god! I'd never seen anything so beautiful! The coral and fish were incredible. Now and then I still got a mouthful of seawater but I got better as time went by. I took a break for a moment and just floated. I noticed we were pretty much alone with everyone else a ways away. Apparently I wasn't the only one to notice.

Doreen was the local girl, along with Brenda who while not native, was at least living in the Keys unlike the rest of us. They were the ones experienced at snorkeling and soon the two of them started some more "advanced" moves where they would swim down under the water instead of staying on the surface. I tried it once and got a solid mouthful of sweater so I was content to stay at the surface and watch them. We were in a place where we were surrounded by the reef rocks, forming almost a coliseum type of atmosphere where Doreen and Brenda were like two gladiator in the center with Cathy, Celeste and myself watching as spectators. However, fighting reach each other was obviously the last thing on their minds.

To my shock, I saw Doreen suddenly snag Brenda's thong and pull the string, letting it loosen and fall off of her, Doreen grabbed the thong and stuffed it in her life vest while Brenda, not to be outdone, did the same with Doreen's. It wouldn't have worked with mine since it would only come off by sliding it down off my feet but I couldn't help but wonder now if it wasn't just a coincidence that the two of them both wore string-tied thongs. Something told me this wasn't their first time doing this! I watched as they swam around bottomless. Actually, from the rear it wasn't much different than before, but now I could clearly see their pussies when they twisted and turned in the water.

"C'mon, take yours off too," Doreen said to me as she surfaced in front of me." I saw Brenda talking to Cathy and Celeste, no doubt encouraging them to do the same.

It wasn't like any of us were prudes so soon all of us were snorkeling the reef sans our bottoms. From the boat, they probably never noticed anything as first they would have needed binoculars to see us that well and second, from the back most of us looked bare even WITH our thongs on. It didn't make a lot of sense to take our tops off with the life vests on so we kept those on. I remember when they first handed them to us I had wondered why I needed to wear it given I was a good swimmer. Well, try swimming for an hour in the open ocean and you'll be glad to have one to help you out!

It felt sort of naughty but good to swim bottomless around the reef. At first there was nobody around us but it was amazing how fast that could change. The newlyweds suddenly appeared in front of me but I quickly saw I didn't need to worry about them seeing anything. She was hanging onto his cock, totally unashamed to let me watch as she stroked him under the water. From what I could see, he wasn't hung too badly and I wondered for a moment what would happen if I made an attempt to share but then I decided it probably wasn't a good idea at the time.

I wondered if they planned to fuck as well? Or had they already? We weren't supposed to touch anything and fucking while floating in the water is not as easy as you might think - I know! Besides, I didn't know how salt water would act as a lubricant. Lake water wasn't all that great, I knew that much. If I hadn't been so horny and wet myself, it might not have been very enjoyable.

Cathy swam by me and I pointed out the couple to her. She just grinned and shook her head. Well, I guess as a lesbian seeing a guy getting a hand-job wasn't at the top of her "to do" list. Later, after they had moved away, Brenda came by and grinned at me.

"Did you see those two?"

"Yeah, do you think they fucked out here?" I asked.

Brenda gave me a naughty grin and answered, "Well, let's just say they wouldn't be the first ones."

My mouth opened and I almost caught a wave of saltwater for my efforts. Damn, she had done it out here herself! I wondered if it was with her fiancé or someone else. It was something I would have to ask her later, that was for sure. Brenda just laughed at me. She was still a tease, that was for sure. I also wondered just how much she and Doreen had done out here. Now THAT might be even more interesting.

************

It was getting close to the time when they would be blowing the horn to call us back in. I was off on my own a little, exploring some interesting coral formations and admitting the incredible array of fish that seemed to surround me. To the side of me, I saw the teenage boy that had been with the family that was out with us. He looked to be alone and I ignored him as I was engrossed in the beauty around me.

The kid hung around and seemed to be watching me closely when suddenly it downed on me what he was looking at. Crap, I'd actually forgotten I was bottomless! No wonder the kids was so mesmerized by me! I felt a slight twinge as I thought about this kid getting a view of my pussy. With the water, it wasn't like I was posing for him with a crystal clear view but I'm sure it was good enough for him. No doubt under those baggy swim shorts he was sporting one hell of an erection!

What do you do in such a situation? There was no way I was going to DO anything with him, not under the circumstances let alone the fact he was underage. He'd already seen I was naked, at least on the bottom, so it wasn't like I'd anything left to hide. Well, I decided to make it a truly memorable experience, as best I could at least in this situation.

I pretended not to notice he was there and slowly moved about the reef. I tried my best to keep my legs spread apart so he could see up between them and get a better view of my crotch. Now and then I would rub myself almost absentmindedly, not really masturbating but more like I was trying to rub an itch. I wondered how hard his teenage dick was and I would have loved it had he pulled off his shorts as well but he showed no signs of being willing to do that.

Just then the horn blew and it was time to head back to the boat. I surfaced and saw him there a few yards away. I grinned at him and he must have realized I knew he had been watching me because suddenly he look all embarrassed and he quickly swam away. I chuckled to myself as I slipped my thong back on and then joined up with the rest of our group as we made it back to the boat.

It was a lot harder to get back in the boat, even with a ladder, than I would have thought. Trying to pull myself up, my arms felt a lot more tired than they felt floating in the warm water. One of the crew members was there to help us in. He seemed to getting a pretty good eyeful down all our bikinis at the same time!

Once I removed my fins and life vest, the last thing I wanted to do was stand around on top like we had on the way out. I needed to sit down, lay down if possible. Brenda encouraged us to join her out on the bow where there was a flat section where she had laid out some beach towels for us all. The deck was warm from the sun and felt good on my worn-out body. The five of us laid out side by side, facing forward. I imagine the folks back in the cabin were getting a pretty good view - and I don't mean of the Keys! To be honest, although it made me feel a little horny thinking about who might be looking up our crotches, at the moment I was too tired to even think about having sex with anyone! Who would have ever thought snorkeling was so much work?

We stayed there enjoying the view and breeze as the boat rushed back to shore for their next tour group. As we approached, we had to go back through me maze of channels and by then I was feeling rested so I went back up to the top where I could see better. Damn if that boy wasn't perched at the base of the ladder, openly staring at the butts of the girls who went up and down the ladder. As I walked by him I smiled. He'd had a better view of my crotch out on the water. He actually blushed a little bit but I thought it was cute. I bet he would be masturbating about me the very next chance he got!

As we were getting off the boat, the crew guy who had "helped" us into the boat out on the reef pulled me aside. He mentioned that we might be interested in a more "personal" tour of the reefs and if so, he's be happy to take us out with just us and his buddies. I couldn't help but smile at his blatant attempt but then, I suppose he met a lot of hot girls during the day without a lot of time to do anything with them so why not be direct?

I smiled at him and told him I was just down for a wedding for a few days. His eyes brightened up and he said he did bachelorette parties. He was quite the hunk and I could imagine he would be pretty hot giving me a lap dance but sadly, I had to tell him we already had one planned. He just shrugged and ignored me after that. I guess since he didn't score he wasn't going to waste any more time with me.

One thing I learned about swimming in the ocean, you felt yucky afterwards so we all headed to a small shower set up near the boat dock. There was a big shower and changing building but it was under construction and all they had was this little nozzle. We all huddled under the feeble stream and washed ourselves off. I felt a nudge in my side and I didn't know who did it but I looked up and saw we had attracted quite a crowd of guys watching us. I bet they would have loved it had we pulled our tops off but THAT wasn't in the cards for today.

As we drove back to the house, I thought about what a great time I had out on the reef. OK, so it wasn't the greatest sexual adventure I'd ever had but sometimes, it's just fun to spend the day teasing and flirting. Tomorrow was the bachelorette party and something told me we would be having a little more "fun" than we had today!

## 3. June 5, Bachelorette Party

It was Day Three in Florida. Although Brenda's wedding was reason I'd come to Florida, today was the day I'd been anticipating the most from a purely selfish perspective. It had been quite a while since I'd attended a bachelorette party and this one was promising to be like none other. Doreen, Brenda's 18 year-old friend, was a local girl and had taken charge of the planning. So far, she had mischievously refused to share the details with any of us except Cathy, the Maid of Honor (MOH), as she is the one who traditionally would have been making the arrangements. The two of them were having great fun teasing us about it, offering little hints that meant nothing to me and then refusing to cough up any details that might give away their plans.

After snorkeling yesterday, I was nursing a minor sunburn but nothing too bad thanks to my SPF 50 sunscreen. Although I hadn't expected to have any problems with sun as I had started tanning back home, as it turned out the sun was MUCH more intense down here. It didn't help that I'd bought a new thong bikini yesterday morning which covered even less than my "slut bikini" (as my dad called it) back home. To make it worse (or better, depending on your perspective), when you snorkel your ass is facing up towards the sun so you can imagine the implications.

Doreen had warned us that we would have to leave fairly early in the morning (apparently 10:00 was "early" for her") so that left plenty of time for the five of us to hang together and have a light breakfast. Afterwards, we all piled into Brenda's rental car as it was the biggest (actually it was her parents' car). Even so, it was a convertible with a SMALL back seat and bucket seats up front so things were a little tight with three of us in back - but I wasn't complaining.

Doreen knew the way to wherever we were going so she took over the driving chores with Brenda up front riding shotgun. Wedged like sardines in back was myself, Cathy, and Celeste, the other bridesmaid besides me. With the top was down the five of us had a great time as Doreen sped back towards the mainland. As pretty as the scenery was, I wasn't really paying a lot of attention as with Cathy and Celeste on each side of me, I was more than a little distracted. We were all wearing just our bikinis and as people drove by, they would stare at us and depending on who was in the other car, one or more of us would flash them and we'd all laugh hard and had a good time. Even so, I couldn't help but notice that we seemed to be heading AWAY from civilization so it wasn't like we were heading to the beach or to a club.

Finally Doreen pulled off the road and I sat up in the seat to get a better look around. Needless to say, I was more than a bit surprised at where we were. The words "Airboat Rides" were featured on a large, gaudy sign out front. Now what the heck was THAT all about?

"Everybody out, we're here!" Doreen announced cheerily. We all quickly got out and gathered behind the car where Doreen and Cathy were grinning from ear to ear while the rest of us looked about curiously.

"Hey, I promised you something wild and different for your bachelorette party, didn't I?" Doreen quizzed Brenda, "Well... I bet you've never gotten down and dirty in a swamp surrounded by alligators, have you?"

"Oh... My... God!" was all Brenda could say.

Myself and the other girls were in shock as well. What the hell was Doreen talking about? OK, call me a traditionalist or even a little stuck in the mud, but I was expecting something more along the lines of a nude males or two... or three, but that meant naked GUY dancers, not male alligators! The very thought of being anywhere in the same county as an alligator on the loose made me shiver. The only alligators I'd ever seen were on TV or at the zoo and even then, they scared the hell out of me. And now I were supposed to go out and have a party right in the middle of a herd of them? And what was this about "getting down and dirty"? With who? There were a few other cars with out-of-state plates or rental stickers - tourists, but nothing that even hinted at the Southern Florida version of a male strip troupe.

"Oh no... not me!" blurted Celeste, "I'm not getting eaten by no alligator. You are nuts if you think I'm swimming in some swamp with who knows WHAT creatures!"

Celeste wasn't just being argumentative, she actually looked a bit pale and I thought she might pass out any second. I can't say I was any happier. This was crazy.

"C'mon girls, give Doreen a chance to explain," pleaded Cathy, seeing the three of us all looking like breakfast was about to make a reappearance, "I thought the same thing when she first mentioned it to me but it's really a pretty cool idea."

Doreen opened the trunk and brought out a zippered cloth bag. Reaching inside, like Santa on Christmas morning, she first brought out a headband and handed it to Brenda. I noticed it has silver letters along the top that read, "Bride" and a little sheer while vale hanging from the back of it.

"There, that's it. Now you have to wear it for the entire party," Doreen said as Brenda fit it on top of her head. I'd seen similar ones at stores and at least this one didn't have any condoms hanging from it!

Doreen zipped up the bag before we could see the remaining contents. Then she reached back into the bottom of the trunk again and brought out what looked to be exercise mats. They were made of dense foam and I would guess maybe three feet by two feet.

"Now you all can have a comfy seat," Doreen explained although I had a sneaking suspicion sitting on them was only one of the things we'd be doing on them. With that we headed to a little hut where the check-in was located. About half- way, thus guy came running out and greeted Doreen with a hug.

"Wow, you girls all made it, that's SO cool," he gushed, a little TOO enthusiastically for my tastes. "C'mon, your boat's all ready for you."

He led us down to a long wooden dock. On the way, Doreen introduced him as Tobi, one of the boat captains. Tobi was 30 and had lived in the Everglades all his life, and evidently was some sort of friend of Doreen's although she never got too specific about THAT part. He was going to be the one taking us out and I had to admit, I wasn't sorry to hear it. The guy was really cute and in a way, reminded me of my own boyfriend back home, Duane. Tobi had a darker complexion and longer hair but in terms of height and looks, they could have been brothers. My heart twinged a bit when I thought about Duane back home (plus some other areas of my body) but hey, he was over a thousand miles away so I had to take what I could get, right?

"Ladies, your chariot awaits you," Tobi teased us, bowing and waving his arm under him like he was introducing us to our private yacht. I looked it over with interest.

I'd heard of airboats before but never actually seen one. It look like someone had mounted a plane engine on the back of a small, flat bottomed fishing boat and put a big propeller on it. There were a number of similar boats tied up to the dock as well but this one was a little unique in that instead of having rows of sets for tourists to sit in and watch the show, this one had benches along the sides and a large open area in the middle with a plywood floor to make it flat. Towards the back was a cooler under the elevated seat for the captain. Doreen handed her bag to Tobi who put it in the cooler.

Tobi has us toss our mats into the center and then we got on one at a time and took a seat on one of the benches. Myself and Celeste took the left side while Doreen and Cathy took the one on the right with Brenda seated up in the front, facing the back of the boat when she was seated. Poor Celeste was still pale and I put my arm around her to try and cheer her up a little.

"I'm scared," she whispered to me. I hugged her harder and tried to reassure her which was a pretty good trick considering I wasn't too sure still about all this myself.

"Now is this cool or is this cool?" Doreen gushed as Tobi checked things out before we got underway.

"I don't get it, what are we doing?" I blurted out, my curiosity finally getting the better of me.

"Ok, OK, I guess I'd better explain before poor Celeste over there hurls," Doreen said with a grin, nodding towards Celeste but looking at Brenda the whole time. "Tobi here is going to give us a tour of the Everglades to start. He's lived here all his life and knows EVERYWHERE to go. Brenda told me none of you have ever been out here before so we thought that alone would be sort of fun."

She paused, looking to see what affect her words had so far. Well, the answer was simple, none. Ok, so an airboat tourist ride sounded like fun, but what about the Bachelorette Party?

"Tobi knows some places out there that are private... VERY private if you know what I mean. Since all of us like girls," she said, looking at Cathy especially, "I figured, who needs guys? From the way Brenda has described you all, I bet we can have plenty of fun on our won, doncha think?"

Well, if nothing else it was a unique idea, THAT was for sure. Even so, I STILL wasn't too sure about having a party in the middle of a swamp. Wouldn't it be all bugs and slimy things? Doreen seemed all excited about it so I just had to hope everything would turn out OK.

Tobi started the engine and it was loud - really LOUD. He had these ear protector things but they hurt my head so he gave us some things we rolled up and put in our ears which helped and didn't make us look like dorks at the same time. If I thought it was loud when he started it, it was nothing compared to when he got us going! We quickly left the dock and headed out into the Everglades. I had to admit, I WAS a little excited. I'd never done anything like this before!

The first thing that surprised me was that it wasn't a swamp. Instead, it was all water and grass with lily pads and all sorts of flowers blooming. We didn't see any alligators but there were all sorts of birds I'd never seen before. We were practically flying and our hair was blowing straight back behind us as he turned up the gas. There wasn't another boat in sight and it was like we were suddenly transported to another planet with no signs of civilization anywhere.

Doreen was the leader and so she took the initiative, removing her bikini top and letting her magnificent boobs out free. God she was beautiful! It was obvious that being topless wasn't an uncommon state for her to be in because there wasn't a tan line to be seen. It didn't take long for the rest of us to follow except for Celeste. She seemed to almost shrink into the bench, covering her boobs with her hands.

I suddenly recalled seeing her the day before with Brenda, crying about something. I wondered if she was that self-conscious about her small boobs. Granted, they looked like a small A cup at best but still, she was cute as could be and had nothing to be ashamed of. Thankfully, nobody teased her and she eventually took hers off as well. Her little boobs were like a young teenagers, firm and perky without a bit of droop to them. I bet when she got older and the rest of us were going in for boob jobs to pull ours back up that she would have the last laugh!

With the five of us topless and all but naked now in just our thongs and sneakers, we must have made quite a sight. I had to give Tobi credit, he just drove along, pointing things out to us like nothing was unusual. It felt wonderful to feel the air rushing by, tickling my nipples and almost caressing my boobs with the force of the wind. Doreen was the only topless sunbather from the looks of it as the rest of us had some tan lines, more or less. Tobi turned down this path, I guess you would call it, that seemed to be impossible for us to get through. I was amazed at how the boat skimmed over the grasses down this narrow waterway without even slowing down. A couple more turns and I was completely lost! If Tobi kicked off now, I don't know how we would have ever found our way back! A little farther and we were running down this narrow waterway. Tobi slowed way down and seemed to be looking for something in the water. Suddenly he stopped. The sudden quiet was almost as jolting as the initial noise when we started out!

"Hey girls, look over there!" he pointed down at a mud bank along the side of us. At first I didn't say anything but then I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye, and then more. Suddenly I saw them, as did the others, and we all squealed at the same time!

"It's baby alligators!" Brenda was the first to state the obvious. Sure enough, what looked to be at least a half dozen little alligators (if you call eighteen inches or so little) coming out to check us out.

"Keep your hands in the boat and don't frighten them," Tobi warned us.

"Ahhhhhh, they don't look big enough to be scary," Cathy spoke up, leaning over the edge to see them better, her boobs hanging down free and clear of the boat.

"It's not THEM I'm worried about,' Tobi chuckled at her naivety, "It's momma over there."

He pointed down the channel a ways and sure enough, there was an alligator – a BIG one though. All of us instinctively backed up into the middle of the boat, making Tobi laugh all the more.

"Naaaaahhh, don't worry, she won't bother us so long as her babies are OK," he assured us, "Now if she should WANT to, she could be in this boat in a few seconds. That's why I am up here and YOU are down there."

I wasn't quite sure he was joking at first but then he grinned at our reaction and sat back in his chair, pulling his baseball cap brim down and looking like he was about to take a nap. I guess since he wasn't too concerned about the mother alligator, why should we worry?

I was soon back on my knees on the bench, leaning over to look at the babies snapping and twisting below us. Tobi explained that they instinctively snapped at anything that moved - including our hair and fingers so we were careful to keep everything well out of reach. As I looked down at them, amazed that I was actually seeing real live baby alligators in the wild, I felt someone starting to caress my bare ass. At first I just pretended not to notice - yeah right. Then I wiggled my butt just enough to let whoever's hand was on me know I liked it. It was killing me to know who is was so I finally just had to turn my head and to my surprise, it was Doreen!

"So what do you think Kelly, like the Everglades so far?" she said in a sultry voice, her hand squeezing my butt as she did.

"Keeps getting better all the time," I teased her back. She ran her hand over my butt and then dived between my legs, running her finger along my crotch, teasing my pussy and clit as she did and then finished with a run over my asshole.

"Yeah, it really turns me on to be out here all by ourselves, nobody around us for miles," she said more huskily this time.

I saw Brenda had noticed where Doreen's hand was and she grinned, giving me a thumbs up. She was right next to Cathy and after winking at me she turned and kissed Cathy on the cheek. If she meant to get Cathy's attention, she succeeded as Cathy turned and they kissed on the lips this time, a long, slow kiss and I could see their tongues playing with one another. Meanwhile, Celeste was to my other side and I saw she was getting an eyeful herself. Brenda had told me she was bi but, as we had already witnessed, incredible shy about being with other girls. I wanted to kiss her but something told me she needed something less subtle. I reached back and started to play with her ass, running my hands flat over her smooth silky butt, squeezing it just enough to feel the firmness.

"He's watching us," she whispered to me but I noticed she didn't do anything to stop me. I quickly look up and sure enough, under that ball cap brim Tobi was watching everything going on below him. Of course, he probably would have been doing the same for a bunch of tourists under the circumstances, given all of the alligator surrounding us, but I liked to think he was enjoying his job a lot more than usual right now.

"Oh!" I couldn't help but exclaim as Doreen's finger pushed aside my thong and suddenly pushed up into my now wet pussy. Then I smiled and grinned back at her over my shoulder as she pushed her finger deeper into my pussy. Meanwhile, Cathy and Brenda had sat up and were hugging each other, their breasts pressed tight against each other as they kissed and fondled. Things were starting to heat up and our attention was being drawn from the wildlife around us to the wild life in the boat.

Suddenly the noise deafened me as Tobi started the boat. It was like the king of all alarm clocks going off and it got our full attention. Tobi looked down at us and grinned.

"OK girls, if you're not going to watch the gators anymore, let's move on. I don't like to hang around momma any longer than we have to."

He was one cool boat captain. Not a word about the five girls in front of him getting hornier by the minute but instead, blamed it on the gators. With the movement of the boat we were forced to take our seat again. My pussy was dying to have Doreen's finger back in me again. I looked over at her and she grinned at me, putting her finger in her mouth and making quite a show to of tasting my pussy on it. Meanwhile, Celeste was up tight against me, her hand on my upper thigh as she tried to keep her balance in the boat. We only traveled a little ways when the boat stopped again. This time Tobi stood up and looked further down, covering his eyes with his hand to block the sun.

"Down there...," he pointed ahead of us, "See those bumps sticking out of the water?"

We all looked but at first I didn't see anything. The I did - mostly because the bumps MOVED! Something was headed our way. If it had been a fin sticking up I would have said we in the middle of a Jaws movie as the object moved slowly toward us, shifting back and forth from side to side.

"That's the daddy," Tobi explained, "He has about a dozen or more females he keeps for himself around here. Momma back there was just one of them. He's just coming to check out who's in his territory. Nothing to worry about so long as you remember, it's HIS home."

"Ummmmm, doesn't that mean we should, like, LEAVE!" Brenda squeaked. I wasn't feeling entirely too safe as it was myself.

"Naaaaahhh, if he was going to do something, he'd already be in the boat," Tobi said, once again alluding to the fact these gators could somehow get in our boat on a whim. "It's pretty shallow here and his feet are on the bottom. Gators can jump two-thirds their length out of the water if they try hard enough."

OK, if that was true, what the hell were we still doing here? Suddenly, any thoughts about my pussy disappeared. It was my SKIN I was worried about now, as in saving it.

Damn, the daddy gator was huge! He was at least twice the size of the mother we had seen before, if not more. He seemed much wider and scarred up as well. He came within about two feet of the side of the boat and stopped, his eyes seemed to be boring straight into us. He didn't move at all then for the longest time. Neither did we. For what seemed like ages we all just sat there motionless, fascinated by the creature in front of us but scared silly at the same time.

"Can we go now?" Celeste finally spoke up, her voice sounding like she was about to crack any moment.

I had to agree with her. Seeing a gator in a zoo behind a strong fence was one thing, sitting a couple of feet from a monster that wasn't eating you simply because he wasn't inclined at the moment to do so was quite another experience!

Nobody argued although Tobi sort of laughed a little at our fears but he started the motor again and we moved off slowly, leaving the prehistoric monster behind us. My heart was pounding and I felt goose bumps all over me. God, I'd never been so scared in all my life!

As Tobi took off for our next destination, we all sat there and looked at each other. It was like a bond had been created between us, like we had all faced a common danger and somehow survived intact. OK, maybe to some people it wasn't that scary but for us, it was. Doreen was the only one who didn't have this look of relief wash over her as we put more distance between us and something that could have eaten us at any moment. Well, it was obvious she wasn't a first-timer at this but the rest of us certainly were.

I had never felt such fear and as a consequence, never felt such a feeling of relief either. It was like a rush, almost a small orgasm as I felt an almost sexual sensation, almost like just after having had sex. Damn, if I wasn't horny before I was now - in spades. Doreen looked at me as if she knew what was going through my mind. I heard her shout at me over the din of the motor.

"Feels good, doesn't it!" she said, grinning at me.

I rolled my eyes and looked down and saw my nipples were hard as rock, sticking out like bullets. Mine weren't the only ones either. All of us seemed to be having a similar aftereffect of our experience. Doreen seemed quite pleased with herself and I had this sudden realization that she KNEW this would happen. Damn, who needed a male stripper when a monster alligator was available to stir up your emotions! In this case it was more than just the usual lust, it was like my entire body was consumed now, making me as horny as I could remember being for a long time. Had we gone on much further, it's hard to tell what might have happened. I was about to start playing with myself, to try and relieve this sudden feeling of lust that was threatening to overwhelm me. Damn, I was with four beautiful girls, all of them horny like me all of them at least bi if not lesbian. How much better could it get? I was about to find out.

Tobi made a sudden turn and we went through these tall grasses where I would never have thought there was a path. Suddenly, there was like an island in front of us with trees and I could see like a hill of dry land under them. Tobi let the boat drift up to the bank and I was able to see a picnic table, a gas grill, and even the remnants of what must have been a cabin many years before. As we got out, Tobi explained his family had once owned the property and they had even lived here for a while when he was a young boy. Now they just used it as a get-away for parties or just to relax. Something to do with government leases or what not.

We all still had our sneaker and thongs on but we left the bikini tops behind, carrying just our mats. There was no way anyone would ever find us here, let alone see us. Tobi carried the cooler and another box of stuff I hadn't noticed before and headed for the grill. Meanwhile, Doreen led us to the picnic table.

"Here, put those out on the table," she directed us and soon the hard wood top was covered by a more comfortable set of mats.

Doreen grabbed Brenda and led her to the table and had her sit down on the top with her feet on the seat. She looked gorgeous with her freckled tan, red hair, and beautiful bare boobs. Her thong was barely visible with her legs together and even when she spread them apart, her pussy was only barely covered.

"We ARE here to honor our dear friend, Brenda," Doreen announced solemnly, almost like we were at a funeral instead, "So I thought what better way to send her off to her hubby than to spend the day with some close friends. And what better way to be with her friends than to have them all horny as hell... what do you all say?"

We all laughed and nodded. The effect our near-death experience was still fresh on our minds - and pussies.

"Sorry about Mr. Gator back there," Doreen apologized, "But I'll never forget the first time Tobi took me out to see him. We were alone and god, I fucked him so hard right afterwards he must have thought I was going to squeeze his dick off in my pussy!" We all laughed again and this time she turned and directed her voice to Tobi, "Isn't that right Tobi?"

Tobi may have been pretending to be fooling with the grill and food but he had been listening. He turned towards us and grinned, leaving no doubt that what Doreen had said was true.

"Soooooo, now that you're all horny as hell, what do you say we all give Brenda a bachelorette party to remember?" Brenda was sitting there with the most amused look on her face. I doubt that this was what she had ever dreamed of in terms of her party but she certainly didn't look disappointed, that's for sure. Doreen kicked things off by reaching for Brenda's thong.

"THIS definitely has to go," she said with a grin as Brenda lifted herself off the table just enough for Doreen to slip it under her butt and then down her legs and finally off. Then she slipped her own off quickly, stepping out of it and tossing it to the side where Brenda's had landed. Seeing the two of them naked together was a beautiful sight indeed!

The rest of us stood for the moment, transfixed by the sight of Doreen and Brenda together. Obviously they'd become pretty close friends since Brenda had moved here as they seemed completely comfortable with one another. Doreen spread Brenda's legs apart and stepped up closer to her, leaning forward to kiss her. Yet again I was amazed at her incredible boobs as they hung free and draped themselves onto Brenda's own breasts. Her all-over tan looked perfect with her complexion and contrasted nicely with Brenda's more pale skin. Even though Brenda was more tanned than I'd ever seen her before, she still had that redhead complexion that would never darken the way Doreen's had tanned.

Neither of them really seemed to be in the mood for a lot of kissing and making out, they were both too horny for that. Brenda leaned back and held herself up with her arms behind her while Doreen moved slowly down her torso, kissing her neck, then her upper chest, and stopping for a few minutes at Brenda's boobs to suck on her nipples, going back and forth between them, pulling them even with her teeth and then letting them snap back before grabbing them again with her mouth. Her tongue flicked over her nipples, teasing them and then she would run it all over the curvature of Brenda's boobs Meanwhile, her hands were all over Brenda's thighs, her fingers tracing lightly over her smooth legs and teasing her by running along the inner thigh and just up to her pussy but not quite all the way.

Finally Doreen made it to Brenda's bare crotch. Brenda had shifted to the edge of the table and lifted her hips forward to make it easier for Doreen to put her mouth on her. When Doreen's tongue found her clit, Brenda gasped and I felt my own pussy suddenly cramp as it reminded me that it wanted some attention as well. I was never very good at WATCHING people having sex, I preferred to be a participant.

I dropped my thong and noticed that the other two were doing the same. Hmmm, we all seemed to be on the same wavelength. I have to confess I felt a little disappointment when Cathy turned to Celeste and they started making out, their hands quickly groping one another with special attention to their butts. Oh well, I guess since they were friends back home it shouldn't have been something unexpected.

Cathy seemed to be the dominate one with Celeste, something that didn't surprise me in the least. She worked Celeste over to the picnic table where she took a seat next to Brenda and basically the two of them started in just as Brenda and Doreen had. It was simply too much for me and even with my hand rubbing now between my legs, I needed something more. I looked over at Tobi, who was working on making some sort of meal. God, from what Brenda had said he wasn't celibate or anything so how could he just go on like nothing was happening just twenty feet or so away from him? Most guys would kill to see just two girls going at it and here were four girls making out with a fifth looking for her own action and he was going about his business like it was just another typical day in paradise.

I walked over to Tobi and put my arm on his. "Doesn't all that turn you on?" I asked him, nodding toward the picnic table where the four of them were going at it hot and heavy.

Tobi looked at me and grinned. He even gave me the once-over before he shrugged saying, "Of course it does, damn, I AM a guy in case you haven't noticed. It's just this is my job and besides, I'm married."

I looked at his hand and didn't see any signs of a wedding ring. He noticed the direction of my eyes and held up his hand. "In this line of business, rings cause people to lose fingers so I normally don't wear one out here. Trust me, I've been married almost a year now and even have a 2 month-old boy."

"But Brenda said you and she...," I started to say but he knew where I was going and quickly moved to cut me off.

"Oh... THAT!" he said, rolling his eyes, "That was the beginning of last summer when she first came down here. I was engaged and it was sort of a last fling for me. I would never cheat on my wife now. Brenda knows that and she was just having some fun with you all about it."

I put my hand down to his crotch. Yep, the old lie detector once again told the truth. Tobi pushed my hand away gently and turned to me shaking his head saying, "Hey, just because I'm married doesn't mean I don't get turned on by this. Just don't confuse lust with desire, OK? Why don't you go join in with them?"

Wow! I couldn't even remember the last time I was naked with a guy and he had turned me down. For that matter, I couldn't remember ANY time such a thing had happened. I mean, usually by the time you got to where you were naked with someone, it was a pretty sure bet where things were heading. Tobi was trying to be really sweet about it and I appreciated that, but still! Now I was horny AND frustrated. A hard dick in my pussy would have been about the most perfect thing I could imagine right now and here was one right next to me and I wasn't able to use it!

Looking back at the picnic table, I saw both Brenda and Celeste were now laying on their backs, their legs spread wide apart as their partners were licking away at their pussies. One thing I DID notice, they weren't the same partners as when I had left them a few minutes ago. Evidently someone had initiated a switch while I wasn't paying attention!

Well, enough of this. Everyone was getting something except me and Tobi, and Tobi had taken himself off the menu, leaving me as the odd girl out. THAT had to change, and change FAST. Tobi was a lost cause so I made my way back to the picnic table and stepped up on the opposite side from where Doreen and Cathy were going at it with their respective pussies they were licking. I wasn't quite sure what to do yet when Brenda started to cum.

"Oh fuck that feels so good!" she gasped, grabbing at Cathy's head and pulling her face tight into her crotch, "Oh God!"

Her hips started to thrust up like she was being fucked as Cathy struggled to keep her tongue on Brenda's clit. Maybe it was a coincidence or maybe it was an effect of hearing Brenda starting to cum, but whatever the reason Celeste was obviously starting her orgasm now as well. She was the quite type - shocker that it may have been. Her eyes were shut tight and her breathing quickened as she bit her lower lip and squeezed her tiny breasts with her hands.

Doreen looked up and saw me and our eyes met but she kept her mouth on Celeste's pussy, licking her and poking a finger into her pussy. Both girls were cumming hard now, with Brenda crying out loud enough for the both of them and Celeste laid there, just enjoying her orgasm in a more subtle manner. I got back down and worked my way over to Cathy and tugged on her shoulder a bit. I wanted a taste of my old roomie's cum! Cathy reluctantly backed away and I put my face down quickly on Brenda's pussy. God she tasted and smelled so strong!

I'm not even sure Brenda realized someone else was now licking her pussy as she laid her head back her arms fell to her side, her chest heaving as she tried to gather her breath. When my tongue would pass over her sensitive clit, she would jump like someone had shocked her or something.

"Fuck that feels so damn good!" she finally managed to get out between heavy breaths. She lifted her head up and looked down and realized it was me between her legs now. She didn't say anything but as she laid her back once again, a big grin was on her face.

Cathy wasn't one to watch either so she had moved over to help Doreen with Celeste. She climbed up on the table and took Celeste's tiny boobs in her mouth, one at a time, sucking on them and licking her nipples. Celeste moaned, the first sound I'd heard from her, as the two girls worked on her. Meanwhile, my pussy was letting me know in no uncertain terms that it was long overdue for some real attention.

With Brenda laying back like she was, what better opportunity so I climbed up on the table and straddled her face, lowering my pussy to within a couple of inches of her. She opened her eyes to be greeted by the sight of my wet pussy hovering over her and she smiled even broader than before. She knew what her old roomie wanted! Her hands grabbed my ass and she practically pulled me down to her open mouth, her tongue sticking out like some lizard trying to catch a fly. I felt the first touch of that tongue against my clit as my pussy ground into her face. God it felt so good! Finally!

Celeste appeared to have been drained by her orgasm. Some girls I guess are like that, they put so much into it that they are wiped out afterwards. Doreen tapped Cathy on the top of her head and they both grinned as they looked at each other. This should be pretty hot. Cathy was the avowed lesbian but something told me Doreen was a lot more interested in girls than guys when it came to being bisexual. Sort of the opposite of me I guess, as I prefer guys over girls but at times like this, girls were definitely fine with me!

Leaving Celeste to her afterglow, Doreen and Cathy started kissing. I was sort of curious to see who would be taking the dominate position as both of them appeared to be pretty aggressive. Maybe it was age that was the determining factor, I'll probably never know, but Doreen laid down on the table while Cathy got on top, putting them in a classic 69 position. Damn, the table was getting pretty crowded! I wondered if whoever built it had ever dreamed it would be used by five girls to have sex?

Actually, it wasn't a bad idea and I lifted myself off Brenda and told her to move higher up on the table top. When she had, I dropped my pussy back to her face again but this time I put my hands on the table on each side of her curvy hips and lowered my own head to her crotch. It was hard to concentrate on her pussy when she was licking mine so well at the same time but I made a special effort as I wanted to please her. She still tasted so good after her first orgasm and I couldn't wait to make her cum again!

Doreen and Cathy were going to town, furiously licking each other's cunts. They were both so worked up and horny I was actually surprised they didn't cum faster than they did but once Doreen started, Cathy was right behind her. I didn't really see much of it as my own pussy was signaling it was ready but I could hear them moaning and gasping as they both enjoyed a mutual orgasm. The entire atmosphere was so overloaded with sex that with Brenda's tongue on me I started to cum, and cum hard.

I'd been SO incredibly horny that I'd been wanting this since we left that alligator and finally it was happening. It was such a turn-on to be licked by Brenda again, almost five years since she became the first girl to lick my pussy and make me cum. (OK, so my mom was the first female and my aunt wasn't far behind, but it is SO different to be with a girl who isn't you mother or aunt that I don't really count them as being my first "girls").

As my orgasm started to die down, I looked over at Doreen who I realized was trying to get my attention. She pointed at me and then at Cathy and I knew what she wanted. Why not? To Brenda's surprise, I lifted myself off of her and exchanged places with Doreen. Once Brenda and Cathy realized what was happening, the looks of surprise turned to looks of lust and we were off to the races again. Now that we were all warmed up, it didn't take long for us to each cum again. God, how could Tobi just stand over there and watch four girls all having multiple orgasms and NOT want to join in? The guy must have had one hell of a sexy wife - or one incredibly mean and vindictive one!

Actually, as it turned out, Tobi wasn't totally immune. He had been cooking something and I saw him bring over a plate with something covered by some tin foil. I had rolled off of Cathy and was lightly touching myself, enjoying the erratic sensations it created in me after an orgasm. I saw Tobi approach us and wondered if maybe he had changed his mind. Well, no such luck in terms of fucking us, but he DID have something for us, something pretty good indeed!

"Sausages are done, anyone want one?" he offered, pulling off the tin foil to reveal a plate full of large sausages that he had just finished cooking. They still looked pretty warm.

Doreen again took charge and she looked to have something on her mind, and it didn't appear she was hungry for a sausage, at least not to eat. She took one of them from the plate and approached Brenda with it. Brenda was up on her elbows now, a curious look on her face.

"Ummmmm, what are you doing Doreen?" she said hesitantly but I think by then all of knew exactly what Doreen was planning to do. "Just what you need, something warm and hard in your pussy, eh Brenda?" she teased as she pretended to stroke the sausage with her other hand.

"Oh god, no... you've GOT to be kidding...," Brenda exclaimed, as Doreen started to rub the sausage against her pussy.

"Oh fuck!" she exclaimed even louder as Doreen pushed it into her soaking wet pussy.

I could only imagine how it must feel in her. They looked to be pretty warm on the plate and it must have been like stuffing a heating blanket up her pussy, only this one was firm and long. Damn, it had to feel like a dick in her, even better because it was warmer.

"Oh god, it's so hot in me!" Brenda gasped but she wasn't making any effort to remove it.

Doreen had pushed at least six inches of it into her and I suddenly wondered what would happen if it broke off inside of her? Idle thoughts come from idle hands. Time to do something about that. Besides, I'd never tried anything like this before. A warm sausage certainly had to feel better than a cold cucumber or carrot!

I signaled at Tobi to come over by me and he reached out the platter to me and I grabbed my own sausage. Damn, it was even warmer than I thought and I wondered how hot it must be in Brenda's pussy. Well, there was only one way to find out. I sat on the edge of the table with one foot on top of the table and the other resting on the bench. My pussy was soaked from my own orgasms and the licking of the girls so getting the sausage into me wasn't any worry of mine. It was really warm in my hand and when I touched it to my pussy, the warmth made my clit throb with pleasure. I noticed the other girls' attention was not being split between me and Brenda with Brenda looking hot as Doreen "fucked" her with the sausage while they watched me to see me do myself.

Well, it was now or never as the sausage would only get colder the longer I waited. I pushed it into me and I loud gasp escaped from my lips as I shoved it up into me. God it felt like I was on fire inside! It didn't really hurt, but the sensations and feelings it created in me were so intense I felt like I was going to pass out. My vision seemed to narrow and everything blurred as I instantly came. I cried out, not even sure what I was saying, as I just held it in me. Between the she sensation of it filling my pussy and the heat inside of me, it was like it was cumming in me, only a thousand times more powerful than when a man cums in me.

The other girls, including Celeste, now were all clamoring for their own private cock. Soon we were all doing ourselves, even Doreen had handed over the reins to Brenda so she could enjoy one in herself as well. Although it didn't seem to make the others cum s hard and intense as it had with me, they still all came quickly. Tobi was just standing there watching and grinning away. I guess his morals about sex and marriage didn't prevent him from at least watching. Indeed, if he HAD walked away and not watched, then I would have wondered what was going on.

When we finally had finished and our "toys" had cooled down, we put them back on the platter and Tobi took them away. I wondered if he was going to eat them, or at the very least, taste them. It didn't take long to find out as he quickly returned, this time the with the same platter but with a basket of buns and condiments.

"Well, now that you girls have finished playing with your food, it WAS your lunch so you want a break to eat now? He asked. Then a mischievous smile came to his face and he added, "I mean something to eat besides each other."

We all giggled and I think by that point we all actually WERE a bit hungry. I really could do without all the bread so I just grabbed a sausage and took a bite out of it. Mmmmmmm, who needs catsup or mustard when you have a sausage that's been dipped in someone's pussy? I could distinctly make out the flavor and scent of someone's pussy and I looked around, wondering whose pussy it had been in, maybe even my own but I didn't recognize the scent and normally I can pick my own pussy odor out from anyone else's. Soon everyone was enjoying their own sausage and we all looked at each other and giggled like little school girls as I was sure we all had the same question in our heads - whose pussy were we tasting?

"Want to try some Tobi?" Brenda asked, offering hers to him, "It has quite a unique flavor you know."

Tobi just laughed and waved her off. "Noooooo, that's quite OK. I'm sure you all are enjoying them just fine as it is."

I could only eat about half mine. It was nice to be so big when it was in my pussy but other than that, it was twice what I could eat. I was going to have to pass the "recipe" on to my family when I got home, that was for sure!

Doreen then turned her attention back to Tobi. She started to run her hands over Brenda, letting the backs of her hands trace over her shoulders and boobs. It must have felt sensual and soothing to Brenda as she closed her eyes and seemed to just be happy to take it all in.

"You know Brenda's getting married in a couple days, don't you Tobi?"

"I think the 'Bride' headband and veil sort of gave that away," Tobi responded, shaking his head at Doreen's silly comment.

"Well, don't you think she needs to be fucked one last time before she gives herself to her husband?"

It was obvious to all of us, including Tobi, where Doreen was going with this. Tobi just sighed and shook his ahead again. "I told you I can't do that anymore, Doreen. Sorry Brenda, you know I'd love to do you."

Doreen wasn't ready to give up that easily. She looked at me, probably realizing that of all of us, I was the one who would love to have Tobi's dick out in the open the most. Our eyes met and she nodded her head towards Tobi and I knew exactly what she had in mind - the same as me. The two of us moved towards Tobi, still naked with our pussies all wet and slippery. Tobi's brow furrowed as he saw us approaching, probably wondering if he should call our "bluff" or not. The rest of the girls just watched as our little drama unfolded.

"I don't know about Kelly here, but I've never had a man say no to me before... and mean it, " Doreen purred as she got up close to Tobi. I moved in on the other side as we took positions on each side of him. My hand moved back to his crotch where I found his dick was just as hard as it had been before.

"I've never had one say that to me either," I said as seductively as I could, almost like a little girl complaining about something. "You're not going to be the first, are you Tobi? Mmmmmmm, I think someone wants to say yes."

Doreen's hand moved in next to mine and the two of us were rubbing his erection under his shorts. Damn, it felt like he was pretty well built under there! Tobi didn't say a word at first. He made no effort to help us in anyway, but at the same time he didn't do anything to discourage us either.

"C'mon Tobi, do it for Brenda," Doreen urged him, "It's not like you would be cheating on your wife, you'd be doing it as a favor to her."

"Oh yeah, I'm sure Dottie would see it that way," Tobi laughed nervously, trying to deflect the conversation. Dottie? Who the hell named their daughter THAT anymore?

"She'll never know a thing," I continued to apply the pressure, "Look at Brenda, you KNOW you want to fuck her."

"Shit, it's never been a question about WANTING it, I just can't do it now that I'm married," Tobi protested although it seemed he wasn't being as strong or forceful in his arguments anymore.

It was like watching control being transferred from his big head to his little head which meant it was time to up the ante a bit. I squatted down and started to work on his belt buckle. Doreen followed my example and between the two of us we soon had him undone.

"Girls, you can't do that," Tobi protested, even more weakly than ever.

He was still holding the platter but not for much longer as he tossed it aside and tried to push us away. It was obviously just to sooth his conscience as he easily pushed back and soon Doreen had his dick out in her hand. She smiled at me and for a moment I thought she was offering it to me but she took it for herself. Tobi made one last feeble attempt to pull back but it was like his feet were glued to the ground After all he's seen this morning, it was amazing he didn't pop off the instant her mouth was on him!

"Fuck that feels so good!" he groaned, exhaling loudly.

Doreen offered his dick to me and I finally got to taste his dick, taking me in deep from the start. I'd only had home for a short time when Doreen gently pushed me away and nodded towards Brenda. Of course! It was Brenda's bachelorette party and here I was being selfish with the only dick within miles! Sheepishly I stood up and moved aside as Doreen guided Tobi towards Brenda. His face showed the torn emotions he was struggling without his cock was sticking out like a hard pole as Doreen used it like a leash to pull him along towards Brenda.

As for Brenda, if she had any qualms about being fucked by someone besides her fiancé just 48 hours or so before their wedding, she wasn't showing any signs of it, that was for sure. Then again, she hadn't seem too bothered by her brother fucking her either. I wondered what she would be like AFTER she got married. I hope her fiancé is ready for it, whatever it is, because something told me this girl would never be happy with just one dick.

"Fuck her... fuck her... fuck her," the other girls started to chant, clapping as they established a rhythm to encourage him.

Brenda looked almost embarrassed at being the center of attention. I had no idea if she had ever done anything like this but she wasn't trying to back out of anything either. If anything, she scooted forward and spread her legs open like a whore for Tobi to fuck as he moved between her legs, Doreen's hand still gripping his erect penis.

"You know you want to fuck her so say it...say it Tobi," Doreen teased him mercilessly, holding the tip of his dick within an inch or so of Brenda's waiting pussy. Tobi's eyes rolled back and he let out a huge breath and then took in another before he answered.

"Oh crap, you know I do, stop teasing me," he protested.

"Noooooo, if you want to fuck her you have to say it," Doreen said, keeping the pressure applied. Brenda was squirming now. I had the distinct feeling she wanted to be fucked and was getting a little frustrated at Doreen's little game but then Tobi relented.

"OK, I want to fuck you Brenda... God help me I want to fuck you so bad," he blurted out. He looked at Doreen with a "well, I did it" expression.

Brenda was about to say something as well and Doreen seemed to realize she had pushed it as far as she could. She lined up Tobi's dick with Brenda's freshly fucked pussy (if you call a sausage up your pussy being fucked) and he took over from there, leaning forward and pushing it up inside of her with one hard stroked. Brenda was panting for air by the time his dick penetrated her. To be honest, he wasn't any bigger than the sausage had been but there was one thing different - it was a guy's dick, not a piece of dead meat! And not her fiancé's dick either!

"Oh yeah, that feels soooooo fucking good," she said loudly in a husky voice, full of passion and lust, "Fuck me Tobi...god fuck me harder."

Now that I was thinking about it, I realized that this was actually the first time I had ever seen Brenda being fucked by someone other than her brother. I knew she had boyfriends and such but for whatever reason, she never had them over when I was visiting her house. Hmmmmmm, I wonder why? It was wild to see someone I considered a close friend to be getting drilled by a relative stranger in front of four other girls, all of us touching ourselves in one way or another as we watched the erotic sight in from of us. I think we all were wishing we were in Brenda's place now, feeling Tobi's dick inside of us. Well, maybe all but Cathy and I have to admit, I don't understand lesbians. How can they deny themselves the wonder of a real cock? Oh well, it was like her choice so who was I to judge?

Tobi only fucked her like that for a few minutes as it was sort of awkward I the position she was in on the picnic table. He pulled out and Brenda quickly flipped over, kneeling on the bench with her elbows on the table in front of her, lifting her ass to him for his enjoyment. Tobi was on fire now. Any worries or concerns over "cheating" on his wife were long gone as all he seemed to be able to think about was fucking Brenda. He shoved her legs apart roughly and rammed his shaft back into her pussy as fast as he could, like he hated it being anywhere but inside her cunt. Brenda was grunting each time he shoved it into her, his crotch banging into her incredible ass and pushing her into the table each time. It was a good thing we had the mats as she would have been fill of slivers by now otherwise!

Cathy stepped in to help a bit. She sat next to Brenda, straddling the bench actually to face her as Tobi continued to fuck Brenda without missing a beat. Cathy reached under Brenda and as hot as she was already, she cried out as Cathy's hand found her clit. Cathy was fingering both Brenda and herself at the same time, with her left hand reaching under Brenda and her right between her own legs.

Brenda bowed her head to the table, unable to hold it up anymore as the waves of pleasure seemed to roll through her. God she looked so hot! I remembered her brother fucking her back home and how hot that use to be. Who would have ever thought way back then that one day I would be watching her getting screwed by some airboat captain in the middle of the Everglades, her cries of pleasure ringing out with no one to hear them but her friends and lord only knew what animal life.

Meanwhile, Doreen, Celeste and I were just watching the show in front of us, each of us rubbing ourselves but more because our pussies simply HAD to be touched than a conscious effort to get ourselves off. I mean, how can you watch such an erotic site and NOT touch yourself?

Tobi was getting close if my experience watching men getting ready to com meant anything. It was the way he started to talk to her, expressing his desire for her, the speed of his strokes, the urgency of his fucking her, it all pointed to an event that was soon to happen. The two of them also seemed to realize what was about to happen and he started to pull out but she yelled at him to stay in her and cum in her pussy. Tobi didn't seem to be willing to argue so he stayed in her and sure enough, in a few second his ass was clenched and he drilled his dick into Brenda's hot pussy as deep as he could.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumminggggg!" he groaned, grimacing as it seemed he was trying to hold back as long as he could but then he jerked forward as his first shot of cum was released in her.

Brenda cried out as well as she must have felt him shooting his sperm into her, or at least the sharp jerk of his cock in her pussy as it exploded inside of her. Over and over he jerked, like he was having a seizure almost, as he thrust his dick even deeper into her with each load of cum he was expelling into her cunt.

"Yeah, that's it! Fuck her good Tobi!" Doreen cheered, obviously satisfied with the results.

Tobi pulled out of Brenda, his cock covered with his sperm and the wetness of Brenda's pussy. Cathy quickly moved in before Brenda could do anything, licking the cum from her pussy as it slowly oozed out of her. Meanwhile, Doreen was the first to react, getting to Tobi's dick even before I could think of it. Damn, where was my head at?! She quickly sucked it and cleaned off the shaft as he dwindled down slowly. She started stroking him with her hand and looked up at him with a smile saying, "My turn to be fucked now."

Actually, I wouldn't have minded a turn myself but this time Tobi seemed firm. Having just cum, the little head had temporarily lost control and the big head was back running the show. Tobi backed away, pulling his shorts back up and snapping them shut.

"Sorry girls, it's Brenda's party so I fucked her but I can't do the rest of you – even if I COULD right now!" he protested.

This time his protests seemed genuine and I knew deep down he wasn't going to give in this time. At least, not until his little head regained control which might be an hour or more from now depending on his recovery time. Damn, and I would have loved it so much to be fucked by him. Crap, three days in Florida surrounded by hunks and I'd yet to be fucked!

Brenda hadn't moved and so I went up to her and put my hand on the back of her neck and spoke softly to her. "Hey, you OK roomie?"

She turned her head to me, looking all serious and solemn but then a huge grin appeared. "What the hell do you think Kelly! Of course I feel good!"

Tobi quickly hustled back over to his grill, as if he was almost embarrassed by what had happened and wanted to put some distance between us. My pussy ached and I wished there was some way to get him to change his mind about fucking the rest of us. Oh well, there were still a few days left to go...

With Brenda fucked and the rest of us all having cum a few times each, things started to wind down. We sat around the picnic table and talked about Brenda and the things we had done, turning the party into sort of a mini "roast". Damn, I thought I knew Brenda pretty well but I certainly learned a lot about her in that short time. I guess I had always viewed her as a bit quiet and reserved whereas from the stories her friends had to tell, she was quite the party girl although more in terms of drinking and games than sexual.

I wondered if any of them knew she was fucking her brother. I caught her attention and mouthed David's name to her but she just shook her head, obviously not wanting me to say anything about him. In a way, it made me feel good to know I was a part of something in her life that was so personal, even some of her closest friends had no idea about it.

After some more snacks and a few drinks, it was time to hit the road - or should I say the swamp, again. We pulled on our thongs but left our tops off for the time being. The sun was pretty strong now once we were out of the shade and I knew that except for Doreen, the rest of us had to be pretty careful. I had burnt my boobs badly one year sunning on our deck and I never wanted THAT to happen again! Back in the boat, Tobi cranked up the noisy engine once again and we were off. Even from a short distance away, I looked back and couldn't believe that in that mess of trees and brush there could be such a pleasant little oasis.

With the "fun" activities completed, at least for the most part, Tobi gave us a tour of the area. I've never seen so many alligators in my life. It was like they were everywhere! It wasn't just the alligators, either. Tobi was incredibly knowledgeable regarding the other wildlife and vegetation as well as the history of the region. He stopped frequently to point out birds and plants that I might have never noticed. It was hard to believe that so much had happened here over the years. Looking around, it was like we were the first people ever to be here yet from his descriptions, the place was practically teeming with people over the years.

As we approached the end of our tour, Tobi stopped for one final break. This time he didn't say a word but instead looked at us like we should know what to do. Finally, he huffed and looked at us like we were all dumb blondes.

"Uhhhhh, girls... are we forgetting something?" he said, looking directly at out chests.

Duh! I'd almost forgotten we were all still topless. In a way, it was a shame the trip had been as private as it was. It might have been fun to pass a few bats and wave at them to get their reaction. Now, as close as we were to the docks, Tobi obviously didn't think it would be appropriate behavior.

"Sorry girls, but we have families and small kids up ahead and... well, you know...," he trailed off, as if he didn't want to spell it out for us. We all could figure it out. We weren't THAT stupid after all. Maybe silly and horny at times, but not dumb.

We quickly arranged our tops and then Tobi brought us in the rest of the way. Sure enough, there were all sorts of people waiting to get on the bigger boats, including families with kids, just as he had warned. I had to agree with him, it wasn't cool to be naughty in front of little kids. That said, it wasn't like we were wearing coveralls either. I noticed more than a few boys - and their fathers, glancing our way as all we had on were our thong bikinis, but at least we weren't doing anything that could get us arrested for public indecency.

I guess Doreen had already taken care of any fees or whatever as Tobi waved us all goodbye and we blew him kisses as he headed back to the office. I wondered if his wife was around and what she would say if she had seen his latest booking. He was a cool guy, even if he hadn't fucked us all like we'd hoped. At least Brenda got it and that's what counted.

We had a great trip on the way back and when we got to the house, Brenda's parents were there as well as her fiancé. Gary hugged her and kissed her as the rest of us looked on, all of us trying to contain ourselves knowing what Brenda had been doing just a few hours earlier. Oh well, that's what bachelorette parties are for, aren't they? Besides, I'm sure Gary's bachelor party would be pretty wild. It was scheduled for that night and I wondered briefly if I could offer my services but somehow that just didn't seem appropriate under the circumstances, especially after Brenda's clear warning to me about steering clear of her fiancé. Oh well, it would have been fun but I had a great time today as it was.

We'll, so far I'd snorkeled a reef and now I'd visited the Everglades. Two days and two incredible experiences. Only one thing was missing - where were the hot guys that were supposed to be all over Florida? Who would have thought I could be here almost three days and still not get laid? Well, tomorrow was the rehearsal dinner. If you can't get laid at one of those, then when can you! The only question in my mind as I drifted off to sleep was , who would it be?

## 4. June 6, Wedding Rehearsal

So began Day 4 in Florida...

I woke up and realized I must have slept in as Brenda was already up and about. My eyes focused on the clock and I saw it was just after 9:00 AM; not THAT late but still, not exactly a qualifier for early bird status. Actually, I was surprised Brenda was up already after the night before. How many times was I awakened by the sounds and movement of her brother fucking her in the dark right next to me. Damn, how many times was he going to fuck his sister before she got married? Did they REALLY think I was asleep all the time with all the bed rocking and moaning? Actually, what perturbed me most was not letting me join in, a total mystery to me given our past history. Heck, if it hadn't been for me, they would never have fucked in the first place!

No doubt Brenda had a million things to do today. After all, tomorrow was her big day. I couldn't even imagine what it would be like for me the day before my wedding. With all the girls here now, she had lots of help. Because the wedding had been arranged on such short notice, there was a lot of work we needed to do that most people would have had professional service do for them. Flowers had to be arranged, music for the reception ripped, setting up the entire place for all the guests, getting food, the list went on and on.

The rest of the girls were staying together in the Days Inn just down the street. I suppose on the one hand it would have been fun to stay with them. Knowing them as I had yesterday at the bachelorette party, I could only imagine what was going on in their room! It also would have allowed Brenda and her brother to have had the bed to themselves at night without having to worry about me (assuming they did).

At the same time, I loved sleeping with Brenda and even if we weren't having constant sex (which we weren't), just sleeping nude with her in bed again brought back such vivid memories from our first year at school together as roomies. Of course back then we had to squeeze together on a twin bed and now we had a queen size one, but the intimacy was still there and her warm smooth bare skin felt just as wonderful against mine as it had so many years before.

Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I finally got my butt out of bed, more because I had to go to the bathroom horribly bad than anything else. Having taken care of THAT detail, I looked in the mirror and frowned. Between the salt water when we snorkeled a couple of days ago and the blowing wind and sun of yesterday's trip to the Everglades for Brenda's bachelorette party, my hair was taking a major hit. Even worse, I had a bit of a sunburn but so far nothing that was going to make me look like a lobster for the wedding photos, thank god. My boobs felt a little warm as they had gotten some sun in places where they usually didn't but again, nothing that looked too horrible and besides, we wouldn't be topless at the wedding - although THAT would have certainly been interesting.

A shower was at the top of my priority list so after brushing my teeth, I stepped in the stall and let the warm water cascade over me. I used my new razor to take care of any growth around my pussy and elsewhere on my body. Someday they need to come up with a body hair remover where you step in and all your hair is vaporized - except for your head of course. I soaped myself off one last time, letting the slippery bar rub against my pussy a little longer than good hygiene required. God I was so fucking horny! Sure, I'd had some fun since coming down here but face it, it had been days since I'd been fucked properly and I wanted some dick. Make that, NEEDED some dick. After all, a girl cannot live by pussy alone - at least not this gal.

As I rubbed my pussy, I dropped the soap but it didn't matter, I only needed my fingers The shower stall was rather small so I was able to plant my feet under the controls and lean back against the opposite wall, making it easy to finger myself while the warm water rained down on me and flowed over my body. I started to think of Duane, my wonderful and sexy boyfriend back home. By now he should be at work. I wondered if he had jerked off this morning thinking about me. Did his nice big cock miss being inside my pussy as badly as my pussy missed the feel of him in me? Did he jerk off thinking of fucking me? When he came, did his cum spray all over his hands and stomach as he dreamed of pumping it deep inside of my pussy instead. God I wanted to feel him cumming in me right now! I wanted to feel him pushing his hard dick up into me, as deep as he could, then erupting inside of me, flooding me with his warm sperm.

My finger was rubbing my clit in fast little circles as I went on fantasizing about how Duane might have fantasized about me. Damn, I'd never missed a man this way before. Sure I'd missed being fucked this badly before, but that was just my body's response to a physical craving. No, I didn't just miss being fucked, I missed being fucked by Duane. As I started to cum, my eyes were closed and I dreamed he was kissing me passionately as his incredible cock pumped in and out of me, never stopping until I was literally overflowing with his cum to where it was spilling out around his dick. God it felt so good... so warm down there, so good ALL over me for that matter. The warm water cascaded over my clit and pussy slit, enhancing my orgasm even further. A loud sigh emerged from the back of my throat as my pussy throbbed and pulsed with intense pleasure. Damn it Duane, where were you when I needed you?

"Hey, you gonna help out or masturbate about that boyfriend all day?"

My thoughts were jolted back to reality. I hadn't even realized someone had entered the bathroom! Fortunately, I knew who it was.

"Brenda! What the heck are you doing in here?"

"Well, the rest of the girls are all here and I just wanted to see if you were hungry for some breakfast. Since you weren't in the bedroom if figured you must be in here, "she explained. Then I heard her snicker and add, "Guess some things never change, do they?"

I wanted to reach out and slap her, playfully of course. I knew exactly what she was referring to. Back in our college days I had a bit of a reputation with her for masturbating - a LOT. I don't think she had ever met a girl who loved to masturbate as much as I did! One of my favorite times to play was first thing in the morning while taking a shower. Well, I guess she hadn't forgotten. By the time I turned off the water and opened the door, she had already left. Oh well, at least she had waited until I had cum before disturbing me, a courtesy she hadn't always shown back in school.

Since we would just be hanging around the house all day, I threw on some gym shorts and a tight yellow cami and headed out to the kitchen where everyone was already snacking on cereal and fruit. Like me, everyone was in shorts with various tops ranging from a bikini top for Doreen (wouldn't you know it with her boobs) to a loose t-shirt for Celeste (I guess she wanted to hide the fact hers were so much smaller). Even Brenda's mom was in shorts and a t-shirt which was sheer enough to reveal she was the only one wearing a bra in the room. Looking around, I didn't see any of the guys and then someone told me that Brenda's dad and brother had left earlier to pick up the sound gear from somewhere or another.

The wedding was scheduled for tomorrow evening at 6:00 but Brenda wanted to start the rehearsal an hour or so earlier so that by 6:00 tonight we would be ready to go through the whole thing as if it was real. That meant a lot of work had to be done before then. Of course, we still had most of tomorrow for the final preparations but anything the more we could today, the better it would be tomorrow in case something went wrong.

There's no other way to describe the rest of the day as anything but barely organized chaos. Brenda had every set up a rigid schedule that we were all expected to follow to the letter but which, of course, never worked out as planned. It was sunny and hot, typical I guess for the Keys but a lot hotter than I was used to in Pittsburgh. The house was theoretically air-conditioned but with everyone coming and going and opening the doors constantly, the temperature never seemed to be able to get down to where it should have been and I was sweating most of the day. Someone commented that we were "perspiring" as girls don't "sweat." Yeah, tell that to my poor deodorant which was working overtime - and failing miserably!

Fortunately, the house had a nice pool so now and then we would take a break for a dip to cool down. The easiest thing to do would have been to just strip and dive in, like I use to do at Brenda's house back in Ohio (at least, when her parents weren't home). Unfortunately, like most of the time back then, her parents WERE around and I don't think her mom would have appreciated five girls running around naked in front of her husband - not that I think her dad would have minded all that much and I KNOW her brother would have loved it. As it was, David always seemed to find an excuse to be out near the pool whenever we had one of our "cooling off" breaks. I got the feeling he spent a lot of time in the cool water for reasons than to just cool down!

Gary, the groom and love of Brenda's life, made a few appearances throughout the day along with Paul, his brother and best man. Paul was still single, even though at 28 he was a couple of years older than Gary. AS SUCH, Paul was the only guy who could "legally" ogle the girls and he made the best of the situation. Wouldn't you know it but I noticed he had a special interest in Doreen.

Damn! It had always killed me how guys were attracted to the big-boob girls first. When I was in high school I hated it when boys would look through me like I was glass and stare straight at my best friend Beth, all because her boobs were twice as big as mine back then. These days mine had improved quite a bit, but memories of those days still haunted me. Poor Celeste, I could only imagine how she felt with her all but flat chest, and since she was 22, there wasn't much hope for anything to develop any more than it already had. Oh well, that's why God invented boob jobs!

As the afternoon progressed and the rehearsal deadline drew closer, the groom's parents made an appearance, It was the first time I'd seen them as they had kept to themselves pretty much, even though they owned the joint. Brenda introduced them as Wayne and Sylvia. Wayne looked a little older than my dad, maybe closer to fifty or so. I might have been the hair more than anything. It was still thick and mostly in place but had turned a shade of silver throughout. They seemed like nice people, if a little aloof. Obviously they had money but I didn't think that was the issue. They just didn't seem comfortable mingling with people they didn't know. I noticed Wayne had an eye for the girls though, and more than once his wife had poked him in the arm when he became a little TOO blatant, especially when it came to Doreen's boobs (do NOT get me started on THAT again!).

Around 4:30 the minister arrived. I was sort of curious about him since Brenda had never mentioned anything about a church or anything religious about the ceremony. It was a little odd for a girl who had graduated from a Christian- based university to be so secular so I wondered what she was doing relative to a church home in the Keys.

As it turned out, there was nothing much to say about the minister. He was middle-aged, the pastor of a small Baptist church on Marathon near where Brenda lived. I got the impression that she went there more because of the convenience of the location than the theology but I didn't make any comment to Brenda, of course. He introduced himself as Pastor Wilson, no first names, which I took to mean he was a bit conservative.

My suspicions were confirmed when he learned about the wedding "dress" and bridesmaids outfits. He didn't seem too thrilled about the bikini idea but Brenda assured him they were modest and that with the wraps it would be like we were wearing skirts after which he seemed to be OK with the idea. For the rehearsal, we were all in shorts and various tops (I had on a pink tank), so at least he didn't have to deal with the issue tonight.

We all went out towards the beach. The sun was blaring as there wasn't a cloud in the sky. The beach actually looked a little crappy as there was all sorts of garbage and seaweed along where the tide was receding. Doreen explained to me that the cruise ships and other boats tossed out tons of garbage every day and every beach along the gulf looked this way unless they had people constantly cleaning them. Brenda then mentioned they had someone who was supposed to show up tomorrow afternoon to clean off the beach before the ceremony. It was too bad the tide was going OUT and had it been in, then it wouldn't have looked so bad but I guess Brenda couldn't arrange to have the moon change its orbit for her wedding day.

It was quite windy and I hoped that it would be calmer for the wedding tomorrow. We went through all the parts of the ceremony and eventually everyone knew their places to be and when to be there. I thought poor Brenda was going to have a nervous breakdown at times but it all worked out in the end. FINALLY, after over two hours to practice for a twenty minute ceremony, she declared it would just have to be good enough and we all let loose a collective sigh - something she did NOT find very amusing. For a moment it looked like Brenda was about to morph into bridezilla but Cathy pulled her aside and calmed her down. I guess that's what a good Maid of Honor is there for!

For dinner, the one part where the groom's parents get the say-so and Brenda didn't have to plan, we all piled in the cars and headed down to a seafood restaurant where a gigantic buffet was waiting to tempt us all. It was located right next to this cool drawbridge and while we waited to be seated, I stood out on the deck and watched the most beautiful boats coming in and out, the bridge raised and lowered by some seemingly random schedule. Some of the boats were incredible! Despite myself, I envied the people on them, wondering what it would be like to spend just a day on one of them.

Finally our party was called and we were ushered into a large room where there were enough tables for all of us. I found myself seated at a table with David, Brenda's brother, and a couple of younger teenagers who were friends of the grooms there to be ushers. I forgot their names two seconds after they told me which should tell you how interesting they were. Even so, as the only girl at the table, I certainly got enough attention! The food, served buffet style, was delicious and there was an incredible selection. Sighing to myself, I declared my diet was suspended and let myself pig out for once. Who knows when I would ever get to eat food like this again!

Back at the table, it was just me and David as the teenagers hadn't finishing piling their plates to the ceiling. I was eating some shrimp when I felt something on my leg. Without looking down, I glanced to the side of me and David was grinning at me. With the table cloth hanging over as far as it did, it would have been difficult for anyone to see what he was doing, even if our table hadn't been on the outer ring and our chairs against the wall. As it was, it would have been impossible for anyone to see a thing and I wondered if David had realized that when choosing a seat. In fact, as I started to think about it, he HAD sort of helped me to find mine as well. That sneaky guy!

As you might expect, my first reaction was NOT to push him away or anything stupid like that. If anything, it was quite the opposite. After having spent three nights listening to him fucking his sister next to me, totally ignoring me in the process, it was about time he did something! I slowly reached down under the table, put my hand on top of his, and then looked him in the eyes and smiled ever so slightly.

"You know, if you're going to grope me, then do it right," I whispered to him as I pulled his hand up inside my legs and against my crotch. I could feel the pressure against my pussy through my shorts and my heartbeat quickened as I looked around to see if anyone was paying us any unusual attention. The room was so crowded and noisy, he probably could have fucked me and nobody would have noticed but I wasn't about to test out THAT theory.

"Still the same ol' slut, eh Kelly," he chuckled as his fingers pressed against me on their own, "Bet it's been killing you that I've been fucking Brenda right next to you, hasn't it?"

My eyes widened and I stared at him. Damn, the bastard knew I was awake and STILL he had ignored me? What a jerk! I was pissed off now and was about ready to reach down and pull his hand away when his finger pushed hard against my clit and I almost jumped out of my seat. Bastard! He knew I wanted it and he was taking full advantage of the situation.

"Then why...?" I started to ask but he cut me off.

"It's been ages since we've done it and to be honest, the first night I thought you WERE asleep. After that, I don't know, I guess she wanted it and I just went along I guess."

Yeah, like it was Brenda's fault he hadn't been fucking me. If there was one thing I was certain of, there was more to it than that. It wasn't that I was necessarily dying so much that HE fuck me (although after three days I was getting pretty damn horny for a guy), it was the principle. Guys just don't get in bed next to me and screw another girl without doing me too. Heck, it's just not natural, especially when it came to David and Brenda. I mean, who was responsible for getting the two of them together anyway? If it hadn't been for me, they would have lived their lives out fantasizing about each other instead of making their dreams come true! If anyone deserved to be included, it was me.

About that time the teenagers reappeared, bringing what looked to be half the buffet back with them. No sooner had they sat down than a waiter arrived so serve wine which I politely refused but David had a glass of something white. The kids tried to get a glass but the waiter just looked at them and shook his head. At least he was cool about it with them. Each table had a tray full of various cheeses and crackers set in the center and so I had to just grab what I wanted. Even when David was reaching out for his share, he kept his hand in my lap the entire time. The teenagers didn't seem to notice anything odd in that he was only eating with one hand. Heck, maybe they just put it down to good manners that he used one hand while keeping the other off the table.

I found myself starting to squirm in the seat as his finger pushed right over my pussy hole. God I felt so wet down there! It would be embarrassing to get up later with a wet crotch in my shorts but I didn't know what else to do at the moment. I certainly didn't want him to take his hand off of me, THAT much I was sure of!

The dinner progressed and it wasn't long before the teens were heading back for seconds, leaving David and alone once again. I figured it was only fair that I get to return the favor so I reached over and put my hand in his crotch. I almost laughed, he was so predictable! Damn he was hard! God, if he had to stand up right now he would have all but burst out of his shorts! Fortunately for him, they were pretty baggy but at the same time, they offered no assistance in retraining him so if he HAD stood up, his stick would have been poking out in front of him for everyone to see.

"Hmmmmmm, is someone horny?" I teased him as he ate some shrimp, trying to act nonchalant. He shifted in his seat a bit which seemed to free up his cock a little. I tried to unzip his shorts but to my complete surprise, her pulled his pussy hand from my crotch and pushed mine away from his dick.

"God, we can't do this in here," he hissed at me, "Shit, what if someone notices?"

"Isn't that half the fun," I teased him, trying to push my hand back to his crotch again but once again he deflected me away.

"God, you're such a fucking slut," he sighed, "Stop teasing me."

"Me? ...teasing?" I giggled, "You know me better than that David!"

David looked around and surveyed the crowd. The place was packed; they couldn't have fit any more people in with a shoe horn. The head table was on the other side of the room and barely visible. The parents were seated at tables close to the front as well. The rest of the girls were all at one table and to be honest, I was torn for a moment as to where I would rather be at this moment, with them or David. The warmth between my legs made THAT decision a no-brainer. I wanted to get laid and sitting with a group of girls, half of whom were lesbian or close to it, wasn't going to help in taking care of my cravings.

"What do you say we go outside?" he proposed, obviously still too scared of being discovered feeling me up in the crowded room. I was more than happy to accept as I knew what he had in mind - his crotch told the whole story.

We both stood up and he straightened his shorts out to hide his erection as much as possible but anyone looking close would have noticed. He tried to keep the front of himself away from the main crowd as we worked our way slowly through the crowd until finally we were out on the back deck. It too was crowded - damn this place did a business on Friday nights! David looked around as he was a new to this place as I was. There was no place that immediately stood out so we went down the steps from the deck to the beach area. People were everywhere and I started feeling a little anxious. Damn, here I finally had him ready to fuck me and there was no place to go!

"Come on, let's go over there," he said, pulling me along by my hand.

Where the heck was he heading? The only thing ahead of us was a dock where a couple of boats were. I guess some people drove their boats to the restaurant. Pretty cool! They weren't huge like some of the ones I saw going by the bridge earlier, but they were a lot bigger than my parent's ski boat back home. As we got closer, I saw there didn't seem to be anyone around except some kid who was cleaning up the area. From the looks of it, he was the only one keeping one eye on things as the owners must have been in the restaurant. As we got closer, it became clearer to me what his plans were. He HAD to be out of his mind!

"Whoa, you're not serious, are you," I protested, pulling back on his hand a little.

"Oh come on Kelly, where's your sense of adventure?" he teased me, "Who's going to know?"

I looked back at the restaurant nervously. Adventure is one thing, suicide quite another. What if the owners were watching from the restaurant? What if they finished and came back to their boat? What is someone else questioned why we were there? Then I remembered WHY we were doing it and any hesitation melted away. Damn I was horny! Who cared anyway if we got caught so long as he fucked me first? What could they do to us? Maybe they might even want to join in.

"OK, act like we own the place and he'll never know the difference," David whispered to me as we approached the dock.

Sure enough, we just walked right by the boy with a smile and a hello and he just grinned back and otherwise ignored us. Walking down the dock, David picked the larger of the two. I couldn't believe people just left their boats deserted! OK, so the boy was there to watch but it was obvious that he wasn't providing all the great of security.

We stepped into the back end of boat and looked around. There was a small door which David opened and we quickly ducked out of site down into this small cabin area. Damn, my dorm room was like a castle compared to this! There was a small cooking area, a bar, a table with booth-like seats that appeared to be able to be converted to a bed. There was a large picture hanging up showing a large family along with a number of others of the various people in the group photo. It looked like a typical family, nothing wild or pretentious. There wasn't a lot left around besides some food and things to drink. Maybe that's why they weren't afraid to leave the boat alone - there was nothing for anyone to steal anyway.

No sooner had I taken a few seconds to gather all this in than David grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me up against him. Without a word he leaned over and kissed me, using his tongue to explore my mouth while his hands started to roam all over my body. He gripped my ass with both hands and practically pulled me off me feet as he brought me in tight against him. His dick was pushing against his loose shorts and I could feel it against my stomach.

'God I want to fuck you so bad!" he sighed as he pulled his mouth barely away from mine.

"So what are you waiting for?" I responded, "Fuck me!"

My pussy was screaming to feel his dick inside of me. The hell with foreplay - I wanted to be fucked, and fucked NOW.

"God you're such a fucking slut," he said grinning.

He pulled his shorts down along with his underwear, allowing his dick to spring loose and poke out from the shirt that hung down over it. God it looked so delicious. He was hard - VERY hard and his dick practically quivered with his horniness. I would have loved to have kneeled down and started sucking it but under the circumstances, I wanted him to fuck as soon as possible.

Keeping my eyes glued to David's stiff dick, I wasn't wasting any time either as I yanked my shorts off and sat back bare-bottomed on the table top. It wasn't the most sturdy thing in the world but I figured it should hold my weight OK. I spread my legs as I leaned back and supported myself with my hands on the table behind me. My hungry pussy was totally exposed, ready for his dick to enter me. I left the cami on as it emphasized my nudity below by being dressed on top.

As tight as it was, though, it may as well have been off as my nipples poked through and were outlined almost as if nothing were covering them. David stared at me, well at least at my crotch and boobs. I could imagine how I must have looked to him, a horny slut spreading her legs wide for him like some whore, wet and smelling of sex as I leaned back and gave him a better view of my pussy. How much more of an invitation could I give him - as if he needed one in the first place.

"Damn, you look incredible," he said in a voice hoarse with his lust.

He has holding his cock, stoking it slowly, almost unconsciously, as he stared at my pussy that was begging to be fucked by him. he must have been so turned on to see a girl like me offering herself to him, exposing herself without shame or remorse, ready to let him do whatever he wanted with her.

"Are you just going to stare at it or fuck it?" I teased him, reaching with one hand to rub my pussy for him as I leaned back on just one arm.

I let my middle finger run between my wet pussy lips with the other fingers on each side, passing over my clit which made me jump involuntarily and then back down again until I was at my pussy hole and pushed it inside. I started to stroke ,my finger in and out of me as he just stood there staring at me, his hard dick still in his hand.

"C'mon David, I'd rather have your dick in me than my finger," I encouraged him.

I was sure he needed no encouragement so why wasn't he fucking me yet? Maybe he was enjoying the show too much? Just in case, I pulled my finger out of me and stuck it in my mouth, tasting myself on it and grinning up at him with as naughty of a look as I could muster.

He HAD to want to fuck me yet instead, he put a hand on the inside of each of my thighs, pushing my legs even further apart as he took his place between my welcoming legs. He kneeled down and put his face up against my crotch, his tongue sticking out against my clit. It was like heaven! My clit practically exploded as he sucked on it, driving me quickly to my first orgasm of the evening - or at least I assumed it would be my first.

"Oh fuck, don't stop!" I moaned as my hips instinctively thrust up against his face. My head laid back and I shut my eyes tight as I concentrated on the incredible sensations being created between my legs. They started there and then it was like my entire body was being consumed, goose bumps rising all over me and even the hair on my head seemed to tingle with pleasure. Damn it felt so good!

As he continued to suck on my clit, his finger started to [push into my pussy, followed by a second. I was so wet now after my orgasm they slid easily inside of me as far as he could reach with them. It was like my orgasm was given a boost and somehow it felt even better than before although I would have never thought such a thing was possible. I must have been flooding his face with my pussy cum but he never stopped, keeping his mouth planted on my bare pussy as his tongue tickled my clit mercilessly. It was so intense I wanted to push him away yet at the same time I wanted to pull his head in tighter.,

As my body began to relax with the receding of my orgasm, David looked up at me and grinned saying, "Damn, didn't take much to set you off, did it?"

"What do you mean," I panted, trying to catch my breath, "Between you fucking Brenda next to me, touching me inside earlier, and not to mention not being laid in days... of course I came quick!

David ran his hands over my wet pussy, teasing me by just barely grazing my swollen clit and then running his fingertips the smooth skin of my crotch. "Awwwwww, somebody needs a dick in her cunt, doesn't she?"

Well duh!! Of course I did! What a week so far, Snorkeling bare bottomed, nude party in the Everglades, and now hiding out in someone's boat that we had no idea who they were or when they would be back... all without getting a dick in me even once! Shit, who would have believed me before now if I tried to tell them I could have gone through so much without getting fucked, not even ONCE!

"Alright then, quit screwing around," I said a little more tensely this time. I couldn't help but laugh at my poor choice of words. What I really wanted more than anything was for him to start screwing around - with my pussy. "Fuck me dammit, fuck me NOW!"

"Hmmm, oh well... if you insist," he responded coyly, as if he was doing ME some kind favor. As hard as he was, he wanted it as much as I did.

David put an arm under each of my legs, supporting my knees in the crook of each arm as he leaned forward and put his hands on the table on each side of me. I gave up trying to hold myself up and laid on my back as my legs were pulled up which cause my hips to rotate upwards, providing him with an even better shot at my pussy. I reached down and grabbed his dick with my right hand, pulling it into my crotch and up against my waiting pussy. Positioning it up against my pussy, I looked at him in the eyes.

"Push it in me... fuck me David... give it to me.. give me your hard dick," I pleaded with him.

This wasn't just me putting on a show for him, talking dirty to turn him on. No, I seriously WANTED him to fuck him - BADLY. Feeling the head of his dick against my pulsing pussy was almost torture. I NEEDED to feel it in me. It was like I felt so empty inside and if I didn't get something to fill me up I would die.

Frankly, although it was a turn-on to have Brenda's brother getting ready to fuck me again, at this point all that mattered was that SOMEONE fuck me. Hell, it could have been the kid at the end of the dock for all I care right now, as long as he had a hard cock for me. There was only one thing on my mind at this moment - my pussy and the cock that was about to violate it.

Usually, when a guy is fucking me and he is about to enter me for the first time, I prefer that he take it slow, easing his dick into me a little at a time, savoring the feelings inside my pussy as it expands and consumes his dick an inch at a time. I love it when he has just his head in me, stretching me apart and making me want to beg for more. In doing so, his dick focuses on the heavy concentration of nerve endings at that part of my pussy, driving me crazy with lust and passion. Well, that's NOT what David did! Instead, once he felt the tip of dick start to penetrate he suddenly thrust his hips forward, actually pushing me a few inches with the force of his entry as his cock rammed its way into me and the base of his dick literally slammed into my crotch.

"Oh my god!" I moaned.

Actually it was about all I could say as the sudden shock of his dick driving it's way deep inside of me initiated my second orgasm. I guess you could say having him enter me like this, compared to how I described the way I usually get it, is like comparing lighting the wick of a lamp versus dumping the contents into a fire. Whereas the former was good and burned steady for a long time, the latter created a gigantic blaze that while quickly consumed, provided for an explosive reaction.

My pussy contracted and I could feel his erect dick in me, locked in with the force of my pussy gripping it. It was almost like I was in labor as my pussy clamped down on him, trying to draw him in deeper, never wanting to feel empty again. Oh my god, his dick was all the way in me! I could feel his wiggling his ass as he tried to drill it even deeper into me.

"Cumming so hard... feels so good... so fucking good," I moaned over and over as it was like I was in another world. There was nothing around me, just a foggy mist, as all I could think about, all my mind could comprehend at one time, was the fantastic way it made me feel to have his stiff dick fucking me.

Somehow David managed to get his dick free of the grip my pussy had on him and he started to stroked himself in and out of me. At first it was just a couple inches in and out but as he got into it he kept increasing the length of his stroke until it got to where he barely was in me before reversing course and ramming his fat dick back to the hilt inside of me again. A couple of times he actually slipped out and I would whimper like a lost puppy until he quickly retrieved it and got back into me again. I wanted his dick in me - forever. Well, I wanted A dick in me and his was as good as any at the moment.

"Shit your cunt is so fucking tight!" he gasped as he struggled to speak while he fucked me. "Not even Brenda's this tight."

It made me feel good to hear him tell me how tight my pussy was. I had a good feeling why Brenda's was a lot looser - it was those huge dildos she loved to play with. Most girls with my "experiences" were looser than me and it made me proud whenever I fucked some guy together with them that almost always the guys would say I had the tightest pussy. Dildos have never held a huge fascination for me and it was times like this when I was glad they didn't. I don't know how girls can thrust some of those monsters in themselves on a daily basis and then wonder why their pussies are all stretched out!

Suddenly David pulled out of me and backed up, letting my legs drop as he did. He circled with his hands and I understood what he wanted without a word being spoken. I hopped off the table and twisted around. The space was so cramped I could feel his dick slide across my hip and then my ass as I turned in front of him. Leaning forward onto the table, resting myself on my elbows, I spread my legs wide apart and wiggled my ass for him as I turned to look back at him over my shoulder.

"See anything you like," I taunted him but he didn't even let me finish before he was virtually attacking me once again. What I would have given for a photo of his face at that moment. The expression was one of pure animal-like lust. He was staring at my ass, at my freshly fucked pussy exposed for him, waiting for him. I had seen this look before on other men when they got to this stage while fucking me. It was like any thoughts other than sex were banished and the only thinking they could do was fuck me, like they were being driven by some outside force beyond their control.

It made me shiver as I realized that even if for some strange reason I wanted him to stop and not fuck me, he was going to do it anyway. David was much bigger than me and I knew if necessary, we would force himself upon me now if that's what it took. Knowing I could drive a man to this most basic form of existence, where nothing mattered to him other than breathing and sex, made me feel incredibly sensual and self-confident. He would do anything now to fuck me - anything.

Without a word or so much as a grunt, he positioned his dick to my pussy and once again, as soon as he felt himself in place he drove it into me. I was crushed up against the table, barely able to even breath, as he pushed himself as hard as he could into me, trying to drive his dick all the way through me it seemed. No sooner than we were coupled once again than he started to stroke himself in and out of me, like a train piston with almost robotic precision. Each time he slammed into me, his crotch slapping against my bare ass loudly and then I would grunt myself a bit as my stomach pressed against the edge of the table, pushing the air out of me with an audible grunt each time.

"Yeah, your cunt feels so fucking good," he rambled on, "I love fucking you... fucking your slutty cunt... beg for it slut... beg me to fuck you."

It wasn't like he had to ask me. I wanted it just as badly as he did. As much as he wanted to feel my pussy around his dick, I wanted to feel his dick inside of me as well. As hard as he wanted to fuck me, I wanted it harder, to the point it actually hurt as he slammed ,me into the table. I pulled my cami up and exposed my boobs, feeling the rocking under me as he continued to drill my pussy with his cock.

"That's it David... give it to me... give me that dick... fuck me David... OH GOD FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME!" I pleaded with him, wanting more of him in me than he could give, wanting to feel him bursting inside of me, feel his seed exploding inside of me.

"Oh FUCK!" he cried out as he pressed himself into me and held himself there.

David's hands grabbed my hips and pulled me into him as I felt his hips thrusting into me in short, hard stroked. Each time I could barely feel a warm sensation deep inside of me and I knew it was his sperm spurting into me from the end of his adulterous dick. The feeling of him mating me, of him exploding inside me as he filled me with his manhood, was more than enough to trigger my third orgasm. I dropped down the table, my boobs pressed flat under me as I lacked the strength even to stay up on my elbows. If he hadn't had his dick pegged inside of me, pressing me against the table as hard as he was, I might have fallen to the floor as weak as my knees suddenly felt.

"Oh yeah, you're cumming too baby... fuck yeah, cum for me!" he cried out as over and over he jerked, as if he had a limitless supply of cum for me.

Finally he came one last time and after that he held himself in me, staying still once again as he groaned long and loud, as if an immense sense of relief had passed over him or some huge weight had been taken from his shoulders. My own orgasm was still going as my pussy throbbed so hard with the feeling of his now spent dick within me.

As my orgasm dulled to a mere throbbing sensation, he pulled out of me and then he collapsed one of the bench seats by the table. His dick was covered with a mixture of his sperm and my pussy cum, glistening in the light that was starting to fade from the windows. He was gasping for air as he tried to catch his breath. I managed to slide over and sit on the seat opposite of him, my breath also coming in hard gasps. My pussy was so hot it felt like it was burning up! I could feel his cum draining from me and running down my ass. It must have been making a mess on the seat but at the moment, I didn't give a damn.

"Damn, that was good," he said heavily, still breathing hard as he looked across the table at me. I realized my cami was still pulled up over my boobs so I pulled it back down again which made him frown.

"No reason to hide those babies," he said with a grin.

"I don't know about that... you didn't even touch them," I teased him back.

"Hmmm, guess I had other parts of your body on my mind," he chuckled.

"You're one hell of a fuck, you know that Kelly Wells," he sighed, shaking his head as if in disbelief.

"Better than Brenda?"

David frowned, as if undecided how to answer. Well, it WAS sort of a trick question. Finally he raised his eyebrows and answered, "Don't you DARE tell her but you're a hell of a lot better fuck but then, she IS my sister and how do you beat screwing your own sister?"

I just rolled my eyes but in truth, it was about what I was expecting for an answer. It would be like if he had asked me if I liked fucking him or my dad better (someone, by the way, that David did NOT know fucked me). Sure he may have been physically better and had a bigger cock, but there was no way he could possible make me feel emotionally the way I felt when my own father fucked me. The fact the he admitted that it felt like that with Brenda actually made me believe his answer more than anything.

David suddenly looked at his watch and drew in a sharp breath. "Damn, we had better get back before dinner is over."

Of course, there was also the little matter of the owners of the boat possibly arriving at any moment. We were lucky so far that they hadn't put in an appearance but how long could we ask for our luck to hold out?

We both pulled up our shorts and got ready to leave. I noticed that I had indeed left a mess on the seat so I found a roll of paper towels and wiped it clean, throwing the smelly wad into what I hoped was the trash. I searched for some air freshener as the place undoubtedly had to be reeking with sex but without any luck. Oh well, hopefully by the time the owners returned it would have aired out enough. We stepped out through that small door and back onto the dock. As I walked down the dock, my pussy felt like it was swollen between my legs. I definitely could feel the aftereffects of his dick in me, that was for sure! I laughed as we passed by the kid and wondered if he noticed I was still a little bowlegged by the time we went by him.

About half-way back to the restaurant, a couple passed us that looked familiar and then I realized where I had seen them - in the photos on the boat! It was just the two of them and they looked more interested in each other than David and me. We passed by them without a word between us and after they had gone by, both David and I could barely hold back the laughter.

"Do you think they're going to do it when they get back?" David teased me.

"Well, only if they can hold off that long," I said back, grinning as I imagined them fucking in the same place David and I had just been.

Would they notice the smell of our sex? The guy probably wouldn't but women have a much better sense of smell when it comes to detecting sex. I guess it must be something from our cave men days when it was important for a female to know when another female was in heat to after her mate. For whatever reason, I can always smell another girl when she was really horny and my mom was always able to tell when I came from a date as to whether or not I'd been laid.

When we got back to the dining room, I saw that things were just starting to break up. Whew! We'd made it back just in the nick of time. No doubt Brenda would have understood why her brother and ex-roommate had disappeared but explaining that to the other guests, especially her parents, would have been a bit more difficult, to say the least. I joined up with the other girls as David split apart to be with his parents.

"You just got laid!" Cathy exclaimed, her hands over her mouth as soon as she said it as if she couldn't believe she had voiced what she was thinking.

It was like I said, a girl can always tell when another girl has been fucking. The only thing was, MOST girls didn't come right out and advertise it. Fortunately, it was the small group of us that heard her and everyone looked at me as if expecting some sort of report or whatever.

"OK, so I got laid... big deal," I responded, trying my best to sound nonchalant and not make a big thing out of it but the others would have none of that.

"Who was it?" Doreen asked, curiosity in her voice, "One of the waiters?... No, how about the cute bartender, he was out for a while the same as you were."

I just shook my head at them, as if I was disappointed in their lack of creative thinking.

"Oh come on, spill it girl," Cathy pressed me. "Why not tell us?" She paused for a moment and then her face lit up and her eyes opened wide as saucers. "Oh my god, you didn't; fuck Gary, did you?"

"Cathy!" I exclaimed, as if shocked she would even think of such a horrible thing. Then again, it wasn't a bad guess under the circumstances given the way I was acting. I thought about it for a second. What would it hurt if they knew?

"OK, if you all MUST know," I teased them, dragging it on for as long as I could, "It was David."

"Her brother?!" Cathy gasped.

"But isn't he married?" Celeste cut in innocently. Leave it to her to state the obvious.

"Ewwwww, he's so OLD" Doreen grimaced. THAT really wasn't far, he was only about six years older than we were but I knew for some girls, guys were like dog years, especially if they preferred them younger to start with.

"C'mon, you can ride back with us," Cathy cut in as the crowd began to dissipate, "We want to hear ALL about it." We started to walk out and then she looked at me with a quizzical eye. "Where the hell did you do it anyway?"

I just grinned back at her, leaving her to wonder until we drove home. I was secretly placing bets with myself as to whether any of them would be masturbating by the time we got back to the house. Cathy? Definitely. Doreen? Probably. It was Celeste that was the wild card. How much influence had we made on her so far?

That night as I laid in bed, pretending to be asleep, in came David again for the last fuck he would have with Brenda as a single girl. As I listened to them fucking, I wondered if he was going to keep fucking her after she got married? Did Brenda know he had fucked me just a few hours earlier? Somehow I didn't, think so. Why not? It was like there was something they were hiding from me but I just couldn't understand it.

I heard David grunting and I knew he was cumming inside of Brenda. My pussy throbbed as I remembered how he had felt not so long before. God, how could he have anything left for her after cumming so hard inside me just a few hour ago? After he had done her, he left quietly and I felt Brenda nuzzle up against me, spooning me as I laid with my back to her. I felt her arm reach around me and then her hand cupped my boob as she drifted off to sleep.

Tomorrow night she would be sleeping with her new husband and instead of being fucked by her brother, she would be with her new husband. I recalled what Cathy had said earlier, how she was wondering if I had been fucking Gary. My pussy twinged as I thought about how hot THAT would have been but I knew that I could never do that to Brenda, no matter how great the temptation. Then it occurred to me that it meant I would be sleeping alone! Would I? Or would someone else be holding me in their arms instead of Brenda? Male or female? Family or friend? So many options, so many possibilities.

I feel asleep dreaming of how the wedding might go, especially the reception. After all, tradition demanded that the bridesmaids get laid – the question was, who?

# 5. June 7, The Wedding

Day 5 in Florida - the BIG day!

This was it, the reason I'd traveled to Florida. Believe it or not, I hadn't come down here to cavort off the coast bottomless while snorkeling, not to run around nude in the Everglades with a bunch of girls, not even to get laid at a rehearsal dinner. The reason I was here was to celebrate the marriage of my ex- roomie Brenda and the day had finally arrived. It had been a while since I was even at a wedding and it would be my first participating as a bridesmaid. Finally, I would be walking down the aisle, although NOT as the bride but then who knows, maybe my boyfriend Duane back home might take a hint!

On such a day, not even I, the crowned princess of late morning sleep-ins, could stay in bed. My heart started beating faster just at the thought of it. Brenda had woken up earlier, positively beaming from the start. There was no doubt that she was madly in love with Gary, her fiancé, and even if she hadn't been pregnant I had no doubt that this ceremony would have taken place sooner than later.

Just to illustrate how excited I was, imagine me getting up in the morning, taking a hot shower, getting dressed, and heading to breakfast without even masturbating once. Yep, believe it or not, it actually happened. I can't remember being so excited over something that was happening to someone else. For goodness sakes I hadn't even felt this way before my college graduation, probably one of the biggest days of my life so far, socially at least.

The rest of the bridal party was just coming in the door as I walked down to the kitchen. Cathy, the Maid of Honor, acted as if she was shocked to see me. A little melodramatic maybe, but I took it all in good humor.

"Oh my god, I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eye. So she CAN get up early in the morning!" she teased me playfully.

She was just teasing but there was an element of truth as all week I'd been late to breakfast every morning. I wondered if she knew that it wasn't a matter of me getting to breakfast, but more of what I all did BEFORE I came down to breakfast? Given Cathy was a hard-core lesbian (I think technically she was still a virgin if not physically), I had no doubt she wouldn't have minded helping me out.

Pretty soon the moms arrived, both Brenda's and Gary's. Evidently the parents had gone out for breakfast earlier and so she had already eaten. The husbands had dumped them off and immediately left to go golfing or something like that. As for the groom and his posse, not even Brenda was sure where he was, just that he had better show up later - and be on time! It wasn't like the guys had all that much to get ready. They would be wearing Bermuda shorts and a light jacket so getting dressed should take all of about two minutes at most.

For the girls, Brenda had picked out some tasteful bikinis. Nothing from Wicked Weasel or anything like that. After all, there WAS going to be children and family at the wedding and thong bikinis with strings showing off our bare asses probably wouldn't be deemed appropriate by some of the guests. Actually, they were quite conservative, to the point where I called them two piece swim suits more so than bikinis. Our boobs were fully covered and the bottoms covered more than most panties I'd worn in the past. Still, it beat the heck out of some ugly bridesmaid dress that I would never wear again.

There had apparently been a lot of debate over color but she finally settled on a pale blue solid-colored suits with white silk wraps around our waists. The wraps were long enough such that they kept anyone from seeing too much of our legs and asses. Sure it would have been fun to be all sexy and wild but I also realized that under the circumstances, it was the right thing to do. After all, this was a wedding, not a fashion show. As bridesmaids, we were supposed to be there for effect, not the center of attention. THAT role fell to the bride, Brenda. Her suit, of course, was solid white. She wore the same wrap as her bridesmaids along with a sheer veil. One thing I realized right away, the Maid of Honor was going to have it easy as there was no long trail on the wedding "dress" to keep in place.

The entire wedding party would be barefoot, including the minister who insisted on wearing pants and a suit coat. Something about wearing shorts at a wedding just wasn't his thing. Even Brenda's dad agreed to go barefoot although like the minister, he insisted on wearing some thin pants instead of shorts. Brenda teased her mom about wearing a bikini as well but to be honest, her mom's bikini days were long behind her, if they ever existed in the first place. Don't get me wrong, I loved her mom dearly but she WAS a little frumpy. Guests had been told in their invitations to dress casual but given the locale, I doubted such a warning was necessary. It was way too hot for anyone to wear a suit or a heavy dress.

The day seemed to fly by and before we knew it, the moment was almost upon us. Everything had gone remarkably smooth. The flowers had shown up on time, the wedding cake looked fantastic, and all the chairs and sound systems set up and tested without a hitch. We headed into the house to change into our wedding "attire", leaving the rest of the growing crowd behind. Our hair had been taken care of a few hours earlier so it was just a matter of sipping on our swim suits and last minute makeup adjustments.

When Brenda slipped out of the shorts and halter top that she had been wearing all day, we all gathered around her, admiring her and telling her how great she looked. There MIGHT have been just a hint of a belly staring to show but it was too little for anyone to notice really. Cathy was already naked and so she walked over to Brenda and kissed her lightly on the lips so as not to mess up her makeup. Her hand slipped between Brenda's legs and she grinned at her best friend.

"Well. It' not like you're losing your virginity tonight but I envy Gary, I have to tell you that girl."

We all giggled and I, for one, knew she wasn't just joking. Cathy was really hot, especially with those boobs. While not as enormous as Doreen's, they still were great and even without being held up by the swim suit top, they didn't sag nearly as much as other girls did with similar sized ones.

As for me, I slipped on my outfit and checked myself out in one of the mirrors. For a moment I wondered what it would be like to be the one with the white bikini. What if this was MY wedding day? How would it feel to know I was about to commit my life to one man, forsaking all others? Could I be like my mom, be faithful to my husband for over twenty five years without ever once straying? Of course, I would still have my dad and even my Uncle Jim and cousin Rick should I REALLY get desperate, but that was a whole lot different than being with another man outside your family. God, to only have ONE man fucking me, it was almost too much to imagine. Yet I also knew that I would have to be ready for that sort of commitment before I could accept a marriage proposal so I knew I wasn't ready for that yet.

It was time. We all gathered at the spot where everyone was leading off to go down the "aisle" with Brenda hanging back out of sight. One of Brenda's friends played a guitar and he had been providing the music while people were being seated. He picked up the sound level a notch when the grandmothers and mothers were seated and then it became so quiet, all I could hear were the waves on the beach and the wind blowing in the palm trees.

One of the friends of the groom was a DJ and he had music all lined up for the remainder of the service. As the bridesmaids entered, he played something classical and my heart was beating fast as I lined up behind Doreen to walk down the aisle (well a path in the sand between the chairs). When my cue came, I stepped out, feeling everyone's eyes on me as I walked slowly and deliberately. I saw David, Brenda's older brother, looking at me from the audience and I smiled at him. Even with all that was going on, my pussy tingled a little as the memory of our little tryst the night before came flooding back in my mind. I mentally shook my head to focus on the moment at hand as I reached my spot and turned to face the people.

Everyone hushed and then the wedding march music began to play. I couldn't help but feel a tear in my eyes as I watched Brenda emerge from behind a tent that had been set up, take her father's arm, and walk slowly down the aisle. God, she looked so beautiful and radiant! Her father looked like he was about to cry himself as he said the words to give his daughter away and handed her arm to Gary before taking his seat next to her mom. The rest of the ceremony actually went pretty quick and before I knew it, she was being pronounced as married and they kissed long and hard before the crowd - a little TOO long probably for some people but who cared?

Well, that was it. She was married. It seemed to take hours for all the wedding photos but it wasn't really nearly that long, it just felt that way. Finally we were finished and it time for the reception. Everything was setup right here, with tables and chairs having been brought in. A "portable" dance floor was even set up, like interlocking rubberized pads that made it easier to dance than trying to do it on the sand.

Really, what can you say about a wedding reception? At least the food was decent. A friend of the family had volunteered to cook up shrimp and chicken for the meal and it was actually pretty good, better than most catered affairs I'd attended as an escort. The "bar" was simply a line of coolers filled with soda and beer along with liquor and wine bottles set out on a table. The DJ was good, keeping people hopping even if it WAS to some of the stupid songs that seem to only get played at wedding receptions (think Chicken Dance and Electric Slide).

Brenda and Gary did the cake thing and then they danced with their parents, all the traditional things. They even stuck around afterwards to dance and talk to the guests. I guess she figured it was her only wedding so why not enjoy it all while she could. After all, it wasn't like they wouldn't have enough time for sex later. As the darkness set in and the dancing and partying went on, I found myself feeling a little melancholy. Seeing the girls dancing with their boyfriends, I was missing my own boyfriend, Duane. Sure it was easy enough to get someone to dance with me but it wasn't nearly the same as it would've been if my Duane was there.

The wine and liquor didn't appeal to me so I stuck with my usual drink - Diet Coke. After a few of them I needed to use the bathroom so I slipped away and headed over to our house. Most of the activities were taking place by the main house so I was expecting our place to be deserted and at first glance, that's exactly how things looked when I stepped inside.

Why is it that when you have to go really bad, the closer you get to the bathroom the greater the urge to pee becomes? Well, in this case by the time I got to the bathroom door it was all I could do to hold it back. Desperate, I literally flung the poor door open as I started to pull down my bikini bottoms at the same time when to my utter surprise, I was greeted by gasp and then "What the... hey, shut the damn door!"

Oh my god, who should be sitting on the toilet but Wayne, the groom's father! Judging by his thinning silver hair and the age of his son, I'd guessed before that he must have been around 50 years old or so. During the week I'd seen him around a few times but never really talked to him, not even once. OK, so he'd given me the mandatory once-over but then, so did the rest of the guys so I didn't think there was anything unusual about it.

Now before you think of me as having an oversized ego, it wasn't like I was the only girl being ogled all the time. Guys like him looked at ANY girl so it wasn't like I felt special or anything, it was just a natural male reaction. They did the same with all the girls and who could blame them given our typical state of dress - or should I say "undress".

Now had I simply stepped in while he was peeing or washing up afterwards, that would have been one thing. What made it really awkward in this case was I saw him holding his dick in hand. Even though he quickly pushed it out of sight, his stiff erection was impossible NOT to notice and then he started stammering and blushing. Oh my god, he'd been masturbating! Instantly a classic scene from Fast Times at Ridgemont High came to mind but I managed to control myself and didn't laugh or say anything to further embarrass the guy.

"Oops, I'm SO sorry, I just needed to use the restroom," I said, backing out of the room quickly, trying not to stare at his crotch, not to mention his erect dick that was proving to be hard for him to hide from sight.

Before he could answer, I shut the door behind me and headed upstairs to the other bathroom by my bedroom where I barely made it without peeing all over the floor. If there is one thing I know for sure, "water sports" are NOT my thing, at least when it comes to sex.

What a relief - the feeling was almost as good as sex as I released the pent-up contents of my bladder! After washing my hands thoroughly, I headed back down the stairs to return to the party. Well, who should be coming out of the other bathroom at the same time but none other than Wayne, a sheepish grin appearing on his face when he saw me approaching.

"Ummmmm, sorry, I didn't think anybody would be around and so I guess I must have forgotten to lock the door," he started to explain but I just smiled and waved him off.

"Hey, it's OK. After all, everybody does it."

I was trying to be nice but he seemed all the more embarrassed with my reference to him jerking off earlier. Then he started looking at me a little more closely and I wondered if he'd managed to still finish himself off while I was in the upstairs bathroom. Maybe he had to quit due to the embarrassment of being caught by someone like me and now he was all hard and horny. I'd like to say there was something in his eyes that told me it was the latter case but actually it was pretty obvious given his erection was pushing out his shorts. Unlike Brenda's dad, Wayne had agreed to wear Bermuda shorts which did little in this situation to contain his stiff dick. It was just too much and I couldn't help but giggle and nod towards his crotch.

"You're not going back to the reception like THAT, are you,?" I couldn't help by tease him a little. He glanced down and his face reddened perceptibly.

"Well, you can't blame a guy with all you girls running around half naked and such," he said in a rather defensive tone.

"Oh really? Hmmmmmm, so you like the way I look Wayne?" I said in a more seductive tone this time. The kernel of a naughty idea was forming in my mind and something told me it wouldn't be too hard to carry it through - "hard" being the operative word.

"Well, I'd be lying if I said otherwise," he admitted, shrugging his shoulders as he tried to appear innocent but at the same time not taking his eyes off of me. The room was pretty dark with just a couple of candles so it was hard for him to see anything too clearly.

One of the things I get asked a LOT is how to initiate something sexual with somebody, like a father wanting his daughters, a girl wanting someone else's husband, etc. My answer is almost always the same - just go for it. Hey, if it's not worth taking the risk then don't do it, it's that simple. It frustrates me when people just TALK about what they want to do and then are afraid to actually DO anything. To all those people, and you know who you are, all I have to say is I hope you really enjoy masturbating because if you're expecting someone else to initiate YOUR fantasy, odds are it isn't going to happen.

So it was in this case and the question I had to ask myself was, was it worth it? If not, I could have easily let it drop after some innocent flirting. A couple more risque exchanges just for fun and then off to the party we would go, never allowing ourselves to be alone together again. Another option was to seize the initiative and make a play for him.

One thing I knew from past experience was a given and that was that HE would never be the one to start anything, no matter how hot and horny he might be. Wayne was married, twice my age, and had far too much to lose to come onto a girl and be rejected, possibly even having his indiscretion exposed. I didn't blame him. Sadly, there are far too many cock teasing girls who make a game out of conning men into asking for naughty things, only to turn them down as if it was some twisted form of entertainment. Most men seem to know this and so who can blame them for being a bit cautious, especially when you're someone like Wayne?

Now if I were to say that I just flirted and let him go, like some sort of catch and release program for men, would anyone have believed me? I'd like to think I have established at least THAT much of a reputation that people would know I would never turn such an opportunity. It was time to fish or cut bait as they say. I slowly moved up close to Wayne and planted my hand squarely on his crotch, feeling the bulge of his dick underneath his shorts against my palm.

"Mmmmmmm, I can take care of this for you, you know that, don't you Wayne," I whispered to him in a husky voice, rubbing his dick slowly under my hand through his thin shorts.

He started to push my hand away but it was a feeble effort and I was able to easily maintain my position on his crotch. He was just trying to establish an alibi in case he got caught so he could say he tried to make me stop but I forced him to do more. Like anyone was going to believe THAT line of crap!

"You're just teasing me, aren't you, just like those other girls," he said, his voice a little higher as he squirmed under my touch.

Hmmmmmm, "other girls"? Now what, or should I say who, was he talking about? Had Cathy and company been teasing the poor guy as well. Given she was a die-hard lesbian, I knew it would have been just that - all teasing, maybe even just to be mean. He didn't say anything more and I knew it was probably a sore subject for him so I let it drop even though my curiosity was killing me

"Just so you know Wayne, when it comes to nice hard dicks, like this one, I NEVER tease," I said in the naughtiest voice I have.

To make my point, I reached behind me and undid my bikini top, lifting it over my head allowing my bare boobs to be exposed to him. The candle light seemed to make them look even bigger for some reason and his eyes were locked onto them. I slowly took one of his hands and placed it on one of them. At first he just left it there but then his inner impulses took over and he began to squeeze it gently.

"See Wayne, I'm not a tease," I whispered as I reached inside his shorts and slipped my hand into his underwear in search of his stiff dick.

"Oh my god, what are you doing?" he asked, sighing as he enjoyed my hand on him. At least, he certainly wasn't doing anything to make me stop.

"I'm going to suck your dick, what else did you think I was going to do?" I came back at him, looking up into his face and grinning as my hand gripped his stiff cock. Mmmmmmm, he felt so warm and thick in my hand. I couldn't wait to find out how he tasted.

"No... no, you can't do this," he started to protest in vain, as if suddenly realizing what was happening. Yeah right! All they were just words as his cock told me the truth - it felt stiffer than ever. True, his more rational mind might be telling him that this was the wrong thing him to be letting me do, but that part of his brain was swiftly losing control as his little head began to dominate the big one.

"Oh yes I can," I replied in a firm voice, "I can do anything I want and you'll let me."

Sensing his weakness the way a shark homes in on the wounded fish, I was more determined now than ever to go through with it. Letting go of his dick, I pulled his shorts down and bent my knees to dip down to his crotch with my face and I quickly took his exposed dick in my mouth without any licking or further foreplay. No sense in giving him any chance to back out. Not like he was going to anyway!

"Jesus Christ Almighty, what the hell are you doing to me?" he moaned, standing there stiffly as I started to suck his dick with more fervor.

I knew he was mine when he pulled his shirt up and over his head, leaving himself standing there nude with nothing on but his sandals. Dang, he was really a weak man as it hadn't taken much to convince him, that was for sure. He must have been REALLY been horny after being interrupted while he was masturbating. Well, who could blame him? What's more frustrating than to be close to cumming and then being interrupted for one reason or another?

As I sucked his dick, which really wasn't all that remarkable a specimen but under the circumstances, still fairly erotic, I was thinking more about where I wanted this to go than sucking his cock. It really was MY decision as I was sure I could convince good ol' boy Wayne here to do about anything I asked him to now that I had his dick in my mouth! In a way, it was really terribly unfair of me, like shooting fish in a barrel. Pathetic men like Wayne are just SO easy to manipulate once you get them in the right "position".

Actually, that's usually the hardest part - finding a way to be alone with them where I can take control without being interrupted. Yep, put me in a room with a horny older man and I don't care HOW married he is, how "moral and ethical" he is, how religious he is, whatever. Before it's all said and done he will have fucked me IF that's what I really want. Heck, in this case it looked like Wayne wasn't even going to be a challenge. He had caved in so quickly that there wasn't a shadow of doubt in my mind that he was going to be fucking me tonight, even if he didn't know it yet.

From the way Wayne was groaning and his dick was jumping, I knew he wasn't going to last long so I slowed down a little. If there was one thing I learned early on about fucking older guys, it's that they are NOT at all like the teenage boys I use to fuck who were like machine guns, cumming time after time without hardly a rest in between. At 29, even my Duane's "machine gun" was now more like a pump shotgun, requiring a little more "recovery" time than I secretly wished it took.

Sometimes I was left to masturbate while he took a break or even snoozed a little to get his dick back in shape. If that's the case for a guy still under thirty, imagine when a guy gets to Wayne's age how it must be. It's like an old-fashioned muzzle loader - one shot was all you were going to get so make sure it counted! Well, if I let Wayne shoot it in my mouth, which I was sure he was OK with, then there wouldn't be any left for my pussy, and that's what I wanted!

Even so, I have to say I enjoyed sucking his dick if for no other reason than I LOVE to suck cock. It's always nice to know you're pleasing a man and from the way he was reacting, I had to wonder if his wife had ever given him a blow job. Like, he kept groaning and carrying on about how good it felt, how much he always wanted to have his dick sucked like this, and so forth. When I grabbed his balls and softly caressed then, and then put just the head in his mouth and licked the sensitive underside of his head, I thought for a second I had gone too far and he was going to cum. His precum was already seeping out and I knew if I wasn't careful, he was going to be shooting it out a lot sooner than I wanted. Seeing he was on the edge, I let him drop from my mouth and stood up, grinning at him and licking my lips as if I'd just finished a hearty meal.

"OK Wayne, so tell me, do you like the way I sucked your dick?" I asked coyly, holding his warm wet cock in my hand but not stroking him for fear I might set him off.

"For heaven's sake YES," he sighed, his eyes rolling back into his head, "I just can't believe this is happening."

"Oh it's happening alright," I assured him, "and now it's time for you to fuck me, isn't that right Wayne?"

His eye opened wide as saucers and his mouth dropped open almost comically. I wasn't sure if it was the shock of the unexpected offer or that he was appalled at my suggestion.

"Oh no... I can't do that... I can't make love to you," he protested hoarsely, although once again it was pretty feeble. "Oh my god, my wife would kill me if she ever found out I had sex with another woman!"

"So? Like who's going to tell her?" I countered, gripping his dick a little tighter in my hand as emphasis, "And besides, who said anything about making love to me? I want you to FUCK me Wayne."

Wayne looked torn, his face alternating between eager lust and then on the verge of a panic attack. Yeah, he WANTED it alright, but he was just afraid. No problem, I could deal with that. Easy.

I untied the wrap around me and tossed it over a nearby chair, followed quickly by my bikini bottom leaving me naked in front of him. "What's the matter? Don't I turn you on Wayne?" I asked him softly, in my best little girl imitation.

"That's not the point...," he started to say before I interrupted him.

"So what IS the point, Wayne? C'mon, you can fuck me if you want... AND YOU do want to, don't you?" I encouraged him, letting him get as good a view of my naked body as possible in the dim light. He wasn't ready to break yet but that was OK with me. In situations like this one, there was a process to follow here and so far I would he was right on track, maybe even a little ahead of "schedule".

"You don't understand... I've never cheated on her - never. I've never even had another girl suck my dick until just now. Kelly, you're a pretty girl and damn sexy and my God, you have no idea how much I WANT to do this... but I just can't, OK?" he said. It was like he was pleading with me not to seduce him any further. Sort of like, "Save me before I hurt myself." Well, he was asking the wrong person.

I smiled but it was a nasty smile. He knew he was weak, that it wouldn't take much to drive him over the edge, as already proven by letting me give him a BJ. I couldn't help but feel a little touched as he practically begged me to let him stay faithful to his wife, to fight the sinful urges threatening to overwhelm him and remain true to his wedding vows. Maybe if I had any concern for him as a person, if I could think of his needs ahead of mine, then I might have honored his request and left things as they were. Regardless, it should go without saying that nothing was going to stop me from finishing his blowjob (Give me a break, I'm not THAT much of a saint).

Let's be honest. I suppose I could have done all that except for one thing - I cared more about me than him. Who really cares what he wants - I wanted to be fucked and he had a hard cock available so why shouldn't I take advantage of the situation? Really, how bad could it be? It wasn't like I was asking him to leave his wife to run away with me. You could say I just wanted to rent his hard dick for a while, to let me ride it, feel it inside of me, and then return it the same way I found it. Sure, he would always have it on his conscience but at the same time, I was willing to bet his masturbation sessions would be a lot hotter in the future!

"Oh just shut up and sit down Wayne," I ordered him gently.

There was a dining room chair next to him and he sat down in it, his hard dick poking up out of his thick pubic hair like a missile ready for launch. From the relieved look on his face, he must be taking this as a sign I wasn't going to push him to fuck me anymore. Really, how dense can a man be? (OK, stupid question, I know.) I smiled to myself as I thought how surprised he was going to be in just a few seconds. With my hand between my legs I tickled my clit just a bit, enough to make me shiver with anticipation. Yeah, I was ready for him, my pussy was wet and warm, ready for his dick!

Leaning over at him, my bare boobs on display in front of him, I whispered into his ear saying, "Sorry Wayne, I need to be fucked and you're going to do me."

"Oh God, please Kelly, no!" he protested again. It was an empty protest, like he was saying what he felt he needed to say to assuage his conscience more than anything else. Heck, he certainly wasn't DOING anything to stop me. If he REALLY didn't want to fuck me, he was more than big enough such that all he had to do was stand up and push me away. It wasn't like I was strong enough to rape him or anything. In the end, there was only one way I was going to get fucked by him and that was if he WANTED to fuck me, not just because I wanted to fuck him.

Straddling his legs as he sat on the chair, I grabbed his still stiff dick in my hand and positioning it under my hungry pussy as I stood on my toes to get over it. I rubbed the tip of his cock against my pussy, getting it all wet and slippery and at the same time, rubbing my clit with it. God I wanted to be fucked so bad! When I had left for the house, I just had to pee and the thought of sex wasn't on my "to do" list. Now, it was all I could think about! Maybe it was because I was so anxious, but for whatever reason I seemed to just fumble around with it but finally his dick was positioned right under my waiting pussy hole. With a sigh of relief, I slowly lowered myself down until I could feel the pressure of his cock against me as my pussy tried to prevent the fleshy invader from making its way inside.

"Mmmmmmm, can you feel my wet pussy Wayne?" I teased him softly, whispering into his ear, "Can you feel your wonderful dick against my young pussy. You want it in me, don't you Wayne. Tell me you want to feel yourself deep inside of me."

"Oh god, please don't do this to me, PLEASE stop Kelly," he groaned.

I looked at his face and was astonished to see tears starting to flow from his eyes. Wow, maybe he really did want to stay faithful to his wife! Too bad. Someone should have sent the memo to his penis as it was clearly operating on a totally different wavelength. His dick was as stiff as a steel rod as I felt the mushroom head begin to penetrate me, forcing my pussy to open and accept him inside.

"Tell me you want it Wayne," I kept insisting, "Tell me you want your dick inside of my pussy... TELL ME!"

It wasn't just dirty talk, I really DID want him to tell me. Even as horny as I was, I couldn't just sit on his dick and cram it into me while the guy sat there crying and begging me to stop! It was one thing to tempt a man until he caved and betrayed his wife willingly, it was another to literally rape him, even if it was just mentally. Was it fair of me to turn his own sexual lust and desires against him, maneuvering him to do something he knew he shouldn't but couldn't stop himself? It was almost like I was tempting an alcoholic with a drink. Was it really a victory if he took it but protested the whole time he didn't want it?

Damn, it was SO frustrating! Here I was, poised over his cock with maybe a third of the head inside of me, and he was still somehow managing to hold out. Give the guy credit - he was putting up more resistance than virtually any other man I knew - my dad probably being the only exception. Just as I was about to stand up and give up, about to surrender for the first time ever, he cracked. It was like the damn burst and everything that was holding him back was overwhelmed by the flood of lust he had been holding back.

"Oh the hell with it, YES, I want to fuck you, god help me but I do," he said, the tears now flooding from his eyes as he confessed to his true desires.

YES! I knew it, I knew he really wanted to fuck me and it was just his principles that stood in the way. If there was one thing that was the easiest to overcome in a man, it was his so-called principles. It may have taken longer than with most men, but in the end when faced with a choice between maintaining his wedding vows after all these years and a few moment of pleasure with a fantasy girl, it wasn't much of a surprise what he chose. After all, he was a man so what can you expect?

Quickly, before he recovered and changed his mind, I let my full weight bear down on his cock and it easily slide up inside my wet pussy until I was sitting with my full weight on his lap, my feet all but off the floor with just enough to keep my balance. My entire body was driving his now adulterous dick as deep into me as I could possibly take it. It was so wonderful as I felt this tremendous sensation of being filled inside, like I was now complete after a missing part had been restored. What can I say other than I LOVE having a dick in me, it's like it completes me, makes me whole. It's the most wonderful feeling in the world!

"This is what you wanted, isn't it Wayne," I moaned softly as I wiggled my butt around his shaft, "Tell me this is what you wanted."

"God forgive me but yes, I wanted this from the first time I saw you. I've been wanting your pussy so bad but I never dreamed for a second that I could ever actually have it," he said in a husky low voice as his dick literally throbbed inside of me.

For the moment, he was just sitting there, letting his wife- cheating dick just stay inside of my pussy, the only movement being created by me as I worked my way around his dick. I tightened my stomach and squeezed down on his cock, gripping it as I stood up and pulled upward on him before releasing him and letting his dick slide partially out of me. I repeated it again, gripping him, pulling him up and then letting him drop out of me. I was about to do it a third time when he put his hands on my hips and held me still.

"Damn girl, where did you learn to do THAT little stunt?" he groaned, "God, I can't believe how fucking tight your pussy is. Shit, I haven't felt anything that tight for a LONG time!"

Yes, I smiled. Little did he realize that he was the second guy in as many days to compliment me on how tight my pussy was. If he only knew how many dicks had actually been in my pussy during the past nine years, he might be even more impressed.

"Just sit there and let me ride you," I instructed him.

I grabbed his shoulders for balance and started to rock on his dick, letting the motion naturally draw him in and out of me as I rocked my pussy on his crotch. He wasn't nearly as big as Brenda's brother David had been the night before, but hey, sometimes a dick is a dick and I was just happy to have one inside of me at the moment. He grabbed my ass in his hands, cupping each cheek in one hand and squeezing them, lifting me up and down to assist me as I fucked his dick.

"That's it Wayne, fuck me," I encouraged him, "Tell me how much better it is to fuck me than your wife."

It was beautiful to watch a man totally surrender himself to me. Wayne was not just over the edge, he had crashed and burned. Any pretense of wanting to be faithful to his wife had evaporated like alcohol on a hot plate. His vaunted principles had deserted him, his ethics and morality nonexistent for the time being. Wayne wanted ME, not his wife. He wanted to fuck ME right now, not his wife. It made me feel incredible sexy as he started to hump himself under me, his lust and desires surfacing. It was rather symbolic in that as he drove his wooden dick into me, it was if he was driving a wood stake into the heart of his wedding vows.

"God your pussy is so much better than hers, you are so much better than she is," he gasped, barely able to breathe, let alone talk. "She never fucked me like this, never rode my dick like this, never acted like a slut for me like you are."

Now THAT was what I call the ultimate compliment. What better thing can a man say to a woman than to tell her that she is better sexually than the women he married, the same woman he vowed to be faithful to for the rest of his life? Imagine how sexy you have to be to make a man throw away everything he has worked for more than twenty five years, just to have a few moments with me.

It was SO erotic that it was enough to make me cum, that's all I know. Between his wife-cheating dick inside of me and the incredibly nasty things he was telling me about how I compared to his wife, I was so turned on I simply HAD to cum. I moaned loudly as I felt my pussy release, my cum gushing out around his cock. I plopped down on his cock and just allowed the waves of pleasure to pass through me as I sat there impaled on him like a corn dog on a stick at the fair.

Wayne wasn't moving either, apparently mesmerized at the sight, sound and feel of this sensual girl sitting on his lap as she orgasmed. Later, when I thought back on it, I realized he had probably never felt anything like this before as I doubted his wife ever fucked him like this. For several minutes the two of us just sat there, not moving a muscle as my pussy contracted on his dick and he closed his eyes and enjoyed it.

As much as I love having an orgasm at any time, there's something about cumming with a dick inside of me that just makes it all the better. Finally I opened my eyes and sighed softly, "Oh god Wayne, that felt wonderful. You made me cum SO good."

It was sort of funny in a way, like he was some teenage kid again and didn't know quite what to say or do. That was fine with me, I didn't need the guy to lead, just provide the hard cock. I lifted myself off his cock, feeling him withdraw and then flop out of me. Moving over to the table, I leaned forward onto it and used one hand to reach under me and pushed a couple of fingers up into my pussy for him to see.

"C'mon Wayne, don't you want to fuck me some more?" I said sweetly, licking my lips slowly.

The look of sheer lust and decadence on his face was almost comical. At this point I think I could have asked him to jump off the roof and he would've done it. It was like he was in a daze, almost hypnotized as he stood up and stepped in behind me.

"That's it Wayne... enter me from behind," I instructed him, pulling my fingers out and using them now to spread my pussy open for him.

Imagine how my pussy must have looked to him, all wet and open from having just been fucked. I couldn't help but squirm a little bit myself as I waited impatiently for him to get his act together. "Hurry up, Wayne, I want you to fuck me again," I pushed him.

My slutty efforts were rewarded by the incredible feeling of his hard cock once again pressing against up my pussy. This time, however, being as wet as I was from being just fucked he slipped easily into me and I soon felt the tickling sensation of his coarse pubic hair against my bare ass as he rammed himself into me as far as he could. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good to have a dick in me again, even if it had just been a minute or so since he was last in me! Wayne immediately started to stroke his dick in and out of me as I toyed with my clit with my free hand while trying to keep my balance with the other. It wasn't going to take much to make me cum again and I figured Wayne had to be pretty close himself.

"Oh god, oh god...oh my god!" I heard him groaning hoarsely as he buried himself yet again inside of me and this time held himself in me.

Wayne's crotch slammed into me over and over as he expelled his adulterous cum into my eagerly waiting pussy. This is what I wanted, to feel him cumming in me, the ultimate act of betrayal against his wife and the decisive act of sensuality for me.

"Oh yeah... that's it... give it to me," I begged him, as if I needed to say anything more to encourage him. "Cum in me Wayne, fill me with your sperm... give it all to me."

Wayne quickly finished and as he did, he gave a final thrust into me and then immediately pulled out, so quickly that he almost lost his balance. For a scary moment I thought he was going to fall down and hurt himself but he managed to back into the chair again and sit down, panting rapidly as if he'd just finished running a marathon.

Smiling broadly with my victory in hand (or should I say "pussy"), I turned to face him, leaning back against the table so he could see my freshly fucked pussy all the better. Reaching down, I tightened my stomach and forced his cum out of me, capturing some of his cum with my hand as it dripped from my pussy. Then I put my cum covered fingers into my mouth, sucking and licking his salty cum off of them while all the time locking my eyes with his and smiling as nasty of a grin as I could muster at him. It wasn't hard to look pleased as damn, my pussy felt so good!

Suddenly it was like the hypnotist had snapped his fingers and Wayne's eyes lit up and his expression totally changed. Without a word he just stood up and quickly gathered his clothes. Wayne started dressing hurriedly, muttering something to himself. It was hard to make out exactly what he was saying but he was clearly upset, to put it mildly. I moved up closer to him, still naked while he was pulling up his shorts.

"That felt so good, thank you for fucking me Wayne, you were wonderful," I complimented him, as if he was the one responsible. Wayne looked at me with the saddest eyes and once again I thought he was going to cry but instead he seemed more angry than sad. It wasn't sadness in his eyes, it was hate.

"You fucking slut... I hope you're happy now," he said slowly, bitterly spitting out each word. "I'll never be able to look my wife in the eyes the same again - and it's all because of you."

Huh? As I remembered things, HE was the one who wanted to fuck me so why put all the blame on me, as if there was something to be blamed for in the first place. I reached for him but he pushed me away. Looking hurt (and I was, a little at least), I responded by saying, "Oh Wayne, you know better than that. You seemed to be enjoying it pretty much yourself there as I recall."

"You... fucking... bitch," he muttered, more to himself than me but I could hear him clearly.

Then Wayne looked at me again as he finished dressing and was about to leave. "You're really sick, you know. Does this kind of stuff get you off? Does it somehow turn you on to seduce older guys until they can't help themselves and then take advantage of them? What kind of perverted slut are you, anyway?"

It was too much of a temptation, no way was I going to let this opportunity slip away. As much as I loved being fucked by married guys like Wayne, I also despise them for being so weak and for betraying their wives. I wondered if he knew that in supposedly berating me and condemning me, that he was actually turning me on more than anything else he might have said? Now I just had to tell him.

"Yeah, it DOES get me off Wayne. And do you know what else gets me off?" I asked him. He just shook his head so I continued, "I know that tonight when you are in bed with your wife, you'll be thinking of me, no matter how hard you try not to. I know the next time you try to have sex with her, you'll remember how good my pussy felt and how much better you enjoyed fucking me. Yeah Wayne, that gets me off... it gets me off a LOT."

He looked at me like I was some sort of abomination, the feelings if disgust like bile in his throat were being clearly expressed. His last words as he left the house were, "I just hope someday you get what you deserve... bitch!"

After he had left, I just stood there and smiled to myself. Wow, that was about as incredible as I could have ever hoped for! Now I felt so horny and hot after listening to him tell me what a bitch I was for "making" him fuck me. Yeah right, like he didn't enjoy it. I knew all that bluster at the end was just to soothe his conscience. Without a doubt he would be masturbating again soon, and this time I knew what he would be thinking about - fucking me!

I washed myself off and got dressed again to rejoin the party. That night the bed was so empty without Brenda in it. I could only imagine what was going on between her and Gary right now! As I laid there with my fingertip lightly caressing my clit, my thoughts drifted to Wayne. Was he in bed with his wife now? Was he feeling guilty about what he had done with me? Odds were he wasn't, even if he was trying to convince himself that he was. Yes, he had loved fucking me just as much as I enjoyed him fucking me. Too bad they weren't sleeping in the house instead of Brenda's parents. Who knows, maybe I could have had an encore performance from him!

I never did see Wayne again. He made a point of keeping away from the guest house the final morning of my rip. Was it because he was afraid he might be tempted again or was he really upset that he had fucked me? Did it matter? I got what I wanted.

## 6. June 8, The Best Man

I woke up alone in bed, momentarily disoriented. This wasn't my room! Where was I? Heck, what DAY was it? Then my thoughts began to get sorted out and I remembered I wasn't in Pittsburgh, I was in Florida! Last night my old roomie had gotten married and afterwards I'd fucked her dad. Yeah, it was all coming back to me now. What a wedding - and reception.

As I laid there getting my act together, I couldn't help but wonder where the week had gone? It seemed impossible that my trip was about to come to an end already when it barely seemed to have started. What a week it had been! Would I ever get to snorkel again? Doing it bottomless was an bonus, giving me a bit more to remember it by. The Everglades had been spectacular and the airboat ride had been a thrill of a lifetime! Even without fun we had with the bachelorette party, it was well worth the trip just to see the scenery and wildlife. To be up close and personal with creatures I'd never seen outside a zoo before was more than I had ever imagined doing this past week.

After several days of nothing but girl-girl sex, I had been hungry (well, more like starving) for some real cock and look who stepped up to the plate but none other than the bride's married brother! Of course, it wasn't our first time but the circumstances certainly were unique and made it memorable. Finally, there had been the wedding yesterday and then the reception afterwards. Really, who would have guessed at the beginning of the week that the groom's father would fuck me during the reception? Not me, that's for sure.

My plane was scheduled to departure until the middle of the afternoon so there wasn't a huge rush to get going so I just laid there in bed, sprawled out naked as I continued to recall all of the events of the past week. As I got horny I started to think of my boyfriend back home. Wow, what would Duane say if he knew what all I'd done this past week? For that matter, what had HE been doing. We had talked on the phone numerous times, but neither of us had told the other anything about what we had been doing sexually, if anything. It wasn't like we were exclusive or engaged but at the same time, I felt we were a little closer than just your typical boyfriend-girlfriend arrangement. Duane was well aware of the majority of my "experiences" growing up except, of course, those that dealt with incest, so it wasn't like he would have been all that surprised about the things I'd done.

The same went for Duane's sexual history. I knew he certainly wasn't any virgin when we met. Heck, the first time we ever saw each other was at a BJ party several years earlier. For that matter, he'd fucked my cousin a while back and even did her mom at the time. For him to call me a slut would certainly have been the kettle calling the pot black.

The more I dreamed of Duane, the hornier I got. He was supposed to pick me up at the airport this evening and I wondered how far we would get before I had his incredible cock out and sucking on it. Could he wait until we got back to my place or would he pull over and fuck me on the way? Both scenarios had their advantages and disadvantages and I would be perfectly happy with either one. The more I dreamed of sucking his dick in the car, the more my pussy was tingling and my fingers started to move harder and faster around my clit.

God I was SO horny for his cock! Getting fucked by David, Brenda's older married brother, on someone's boat had been exciting, and having the groom's father commit adultery with me for the first time was another notch on my "belt", but neither of those could satisfy me the way sex with Duane did. David and Wayne were just about having fun, enjoying the physical side of it as well as the naughty element each brought with them. With Duane, it was developing into much more than just sex.

God I wanted Duane's dick in me right then! I threw off the sheet that had been covering me and thrust my middle finger deep inside of me, sighing as I imagined my finger was Duane's much better endowed cock. Oh yeah, fuck me Duane! I continued to masturbate, driving myself to a couple of orgasms as I dreamed of all the ways I wanted Duane to fuck me when I finally got him tonight. I was lying there still, my hand cupping my soaking wet pussy after yet another orgasm when there was a light knocking on the bedroom door.

"Are you awake Kelly?" I heard Brenda's mom calling through the door, "Breakfast will be ready soon if you want any."

Oh yeah, once again I had to remember I was in Florida with things to do. I managed to roll out of bed, my pussy throbbing after what had turned into just over an hour of solid masturbation. Suddenly, I REALLY had to go to the bathroom so after a long pee I showered and threw on a robe, leaving my hair wet as I headed down barefoot to the kitchen and dining room.

As I took a seat at the table, memories of the previous night flooded my mind. Hmmm, which chair had Wayne been in when I was sitting on his cock? Was it my imagination or was there some dried cum still on the floor from where it had drained out of me after he'd cum in me?

The table was pretty packed with Brenda's parents and her brother David at one end, and the rest of us girls at the other. I was the only one leaving today, the rest of them either flying back late in the week or driving home. As we ate, we talked about the wedding and how wonderful it had been. Someone had already printed off some photos from the ceremony which we passed around. I will say one thing, we had made the hottest bridal party I've ever seen at a wedding!

"So Kelly, what time is your flight again today?" Doreen asked. I told her it was just after 3:00 and she did some calculation in her head. "Hmm, guess you'll be heading out soon then, right?"

It would take a couple of hours to get back to the airport and I figured I should be there a couple of hours before the flight to be safe. It was already past 9:00 AM so yeah, I guess I DID have to get going soon. It then occurred to me we hadn't really discussed how I would get back. When I arrived, Brenda had picked me but she was off gallivanting around with her new husband. I looked at the girls but they weren't much help. Doreen explained she had promised them all a tour of the dolphin rescue center and there wasn't time to do that and run me to the airport.

"Paul, can you drive Kelly to the airport." Brenda's mom asked.

Paul was Gary's brother and had been the best man at the wedding. Although he was single, he hadn't shown the slightest bit of interest in any of us girls other than an occasional glance, no different than most of the other guys. About all I knew of him was that he was a couple of years older than Gary which would have made him around 28. In my opinion, he was the better looking of the two brothers but of course, I had NEVER mentioned that observation to Brenda!

"Whatever, so long as I get back for this evening," he said, not sounding exactly thrilled over the idea of shuttling me around.

Apparently he had made plans to go out fishing with some guy in the evening so as long as my needs didn't interfere with that, he was OK with it. As he turned to walk out, he looked at his dad and then back at me again. There was something in his expression I couldn't quite make out. Oh well, maybe I would find out on the ride to the airport.

I thanked him and once breakfast was over, I said my goodbyes to the girls. They had all been really sweet to me and I had to wonder why I hadn't thought of sleeping at their hotel with them last night instead of spending it alone. Sometimes I have to wonder whether my head is screwed on straight! Odds were I wouldn't have been masturbating alone this morning, THAT was for sure.

Back in my room, I quickly got dressed and started packing up my things. One nice feature about Florida, you don't have to worry about pack a lot of bulky clothes! As I was zipping up my suitcase, the door opened and in walked David. He closed the door behind him and my Spidey sense went right off the scale.

"Good morning my little slut. It's too bad you can't stay another day or two," he said conversationally, "We could have had some more fun together, you know?"

Yeah, like he had to spell THAT out for me. I knew what kind of fun David was looking for. Actually, he should've been happy to do me the one time. My "policy" is to never fuck a married guy twice but in David's case, it was special because he was my roomie's brother and I was responsible for getting them together the first time. I had "forgotten" to mention that little detail to Wayne the previous night when he talked about me wanting to get him to fuck me again but then, who cares?

"I think you need to go home and be with your wife instead of fucking your sister and her friends," I teased him. I knew how he felt about the bitch he lived with!

"Yeah right," he joked back, understanding that I was just teasing him. He moved up to me and put his arms around me, his hands immediately starting to grope my crotch and boobs. I pushed him away gently but firmly.

"Sorry David, but I really DO need to get going. I can't miss my flight you know."

"So are you gonna join the Mile High Club; or are you already a card-carrying member?" he teased back.

I just gave him a sour look and motioned for him to leave. Since he wasn't going to be fucking me, I didn't need to waste time with his crap. Soon I was packed. It was actually just a single suitcase and my purse so I was able to carry it downstairs on my own. The girls had left for Marathon Key so it was just me and Brenda's family. They had always been so nice to me over the years while Brenda and I were at college. Of course her mom and dad didn't have a clue about ALL of the things we did, but that was probably for the best anyway.

I hugged her mom and said goodbye to her dad and brother. Paul was waiting for me by his car. He was on his phone and distracted but when I came up to him he hung up and was pleasant enough. Actually, from what I'd seen all week he was a pretty nice guy. He had helped a lot with the wedding preparations and although the guys were pretty mum about it, from what little I'd heard he had thrown quite the bachelor party for his little brother.

The trip back towards the airport was rather uneventful at the start. During the course of the week I'd made the journey from the Miami area to the Keys a couple of times now so it wasn't all new anymore. Even so, I was still fascinated to see everything and as it turned out, Paul was quite a tour guide, telling me about the history of the area and what things were as we passed them. Along the way, I couldn't help but notice he looked pretty good in his denim shorts and tank top. It wasn't like his shorts were anything like mine as guys don't wear theirs high enough to reveal their ass but they still were tight enough to show me he kept in good shape and obviously spent a lot of time outside judging from his tan.

Although Paul was pleasant enough to me, there was also something distant, even cold about the way he reacted to me. It was like he was being nice because he was supposed to be nice, not because he wanted to be. The more I watched and tried to figure it out, the more it seemed as if there was something about me he didn't like but he didn't want to say anything, probably because he knew in a short time I would be gone so what would be the point. Even so, it bugged me and the irritation in me grew with each mile and each bland comment he made. Well, I've never been very good at keeping things inside of me and finally I just HAD to ask.

"That's nice Paul and I appreciate it, but do you mind telling me what's going on?"

Paul stopped his latest guide book tale of the history of the town we had just passed through and looked at me as if he had no idea what I was talking about. "Excuse me? What do you mean by that?" he asked innocently but I wasn't buying it. Not for a second.

"Like, did I do something wrong or what? It's just I get this feeling you don't like me."

"It's nothing to worry about, you're OK."

Paul started in again on his tour guide routine, as if trying to deflect anything else along that topic but I wasn't going to let it go at that. From his last comment it seemed there was SOMETHING bugging him but for whatever reason he wasn't going to tell me.

"C'mon Paul... what's the story?"

This time he seemed to get the picture that I wasn't going to let the matter drop. The artificial smile dropped and he looked at me with a more stern expression this time. My heart started to race a bit and I had to wonder if maybe this was a box of worms I should've left closed.

"What's with it with girls like you anyway?" he griped. I looked at him, not knowing how to respond. What the heck was THIS all about anyway?

"I mean, just because you were lucky enough to be born with a hot body, why do you have to be a slut? Why do you have to treat men like shit?"

Wow, now I was really confused. Paul and I had barely exchanged a word all week so where was all the hostility coming from. Had someone else done something to him this week and he was taking it out on me?

"I don't understand...," I started to say but he cut me off.

"Do you have any idea what you did to my father last night? Do you even care? Was he just some toy for you to play with and then discard when you got tired of it? Have you even thought about him today and how he might be feeling after last night?"

The words jumped out of him in tight, staccato bursts, like a machine gun on full automatic aimed straight at my conscience. Damn, talk about coming at you out of the blue! How the hell did he even KNOW about last night? I'd figured there was no way his dad would ever confess to anyone what he had done to me, let alone to his son. Paul must have sensed my confusion.

"Just so you know, he wasn't going to tell anyone. I found him crying on the deck early this morning when he thought he was alone and that's when he broke down and told me what you did to him."

"What I did to HIM?" I responded incredulously, "It's not like someone had a gun to his head forcing him to fuck me you know."

"Well, maybe not physically but you know damn well you may as well have. My dad's a decent and loving man but not exactly the strongest in the world when it comes to avoiding temptation. I know him and he would never have cheated on my mother unless someone forced him to do it."

I felt my face redden, not from embarrassment but from frustration and anger. "Oh give me break Paul! OK, so I opened the door but he's the one who walked through it, you have to admit THAT."

"Let's just quit the games bitch, you know exactly what you did and why you did it. You're just a fucking whore who gets her kicks out of coercing men to do her bidding."

Well, the "whore" part wasn't exactly to my liking but I had to admit, he WAS right about when it came to coercing men. At the same time, so what? It was just a game for me and in the end, if we both enjoyed having sex what was so bad about it? I was willing to bet far more men went home and masturbated about being with me than regretted it. Now that Paul had started, he wasn't about to quit until he'd cleared his chest.

"I just hope someday YOU find out what it's like to have some little young whore seduce YOUR husband. Maybe it won't be so funny to you then when it's your husband that's being taken advantage of."

Well, enough was enough and I was getting a little pissed at him and his high morals. Who was he to tell me what was right and wrong? I didn't do a thing to force his father to do anything he didn't want to so enough of this blame game and rationalizations. God, next thing he would be trotting out the "devil made me do it" excuse. It was time to stand up for myself.

"You know... fuck you Paul. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done, least of all with your father.

He wanted me Paul, yes... he WANTED to fuck me. When he came inside of me, he wasn't thinking of your mother Paul, he was thinking of how good his dick felt inside of ME. That's what bugs you, doesn't it Paul. You don't really give a damn that he fucked me, it's that he ENJOYED it, isn't it? Did he tell you how he told me I was a better fuck than your mother had ever been? Did he tell you how much better my pussy felt than hers? Yeah Paul, he told me ALL those things and a lot more. So fuck you!"

After my little speech, we both just sat there steaming, each of us too mad and upset to say anything else. The airport was only 30-45 minutes away but I had a feeling it was going to feel like an eternity. What happened next was totally unexpected. Paul suddenly veered off onto an exit ramp, zoomed through the automatic toll gate and turned down a side street. Where the hell was he going? That was when a feeling of panic hit me. Was he going to dump me off in some bad neighborhood? There were more than a few areas around Miami that weren't all that safe for a white twenty-something girl to be on her own on the street. Oh my God, this could get to be a serious situation - fast!

"Ummmmm, Paul... where are we going?" I asked timidly, all signs of my earlier bluster gone. There was a time and place to be a bitch, this wasn't one of them.

"Just shut the fuck up whore," was all he said in response. His face was burning red and I could see the veins in his neck sticking out. God he looked seriously pissed off. Had I pushed a little TOO far this time?

He seemed to know the area somehow as he twisted and turned through several stop signs and stoplights. Then he turned into what looked to be some sort of warehouse or storage complex. I couldn't read the rusted sign outside the broken gate but there was junk and litter piled everyone - and not a soul in sight. My cell phone was buried at the bottom of my purse so I figured if it came down to it, I could make a run for it and then try to call someone. Only one small problem with that plan - who would I call?! Paul went around back of an old abandoned building, the doors broken from their hinges and pulled the car inside. It was dim inside, the only light coming in from the door and the broken skylights way up high in the ceiling. Paul stopped the car and then turned in his seat to face me.

"You know, I was thinking and I wonder how you would feel if someone took advantage of you the way you took advantage of my dad last night."

Uh-oh, I didn't like the direction this was going. "Ummmmm, Paul... my plane leave in a few hours. Why not just take me to the airport. You'll never see me again and we can both just forget all this ever happened, ok?"

Paul just huffed with a disgusted expression on his face. "Yeah right. And then whose gonna to tell my dad that it all never happened? How can he ever feel right again? Who's gonna pay for what you did to him?"

"Now Paul, nobody has to 'pay' for anything. What's done is done and life goes on."

"Fuck that!" Paul practically spat out the words. "I think somebody needs to show you what it's like to be forced to do something you don't want to. Yeah... that's right, you need someone to do to you what you did to him last night, make him have sex against his wishes."

"But that's not fair! Your dad wanted it and...," I tried to defend myself but Paul cut me off in mid-sentence.

"Just cut that crap, I'm tired of listening to it. For all practical purposes, you raped my father."

Paul paused for a moment, letting the impact of what he was about to say build. He looked at me with a grin, but it was like the grin of a demon. "Yeah, you know what's going down, don't ya bitch. I'm going to rape you... and I'm going to enjoy every minute of it, just like you enjoyed raping my dad."

For a moment I wanted to laugh at him but I quickly fought back the urge. Heck, an hour ago I was dreaming of him fucking me so how could he possible think he was going to somehow rape me? Hell, I had WANTED him to fuck me the stupid jerk!

Then I began to understand things a little better. In a way, I guess you could say it was indeed like me with his father. Sure his father desired me, but only as a female with a tight pussy and he would have never done it if I hadn't pushed the issue. Right now, I desired Paul but only as an object, a male with a hard dick. My thoughts until a few moments ago had been focused on getting to the airport and flying home to my boyfriend, not fucking Paul. Now, after all that had gone on between us, the last thing on my mind was fucking Paul. However, he seemed to have other plans. Paul got out of the car, leaving me alone as he walked around to the passenger door. He pulled it open and reached inside, grabbing my upper arm and practically pulling me from the car.

"Strip."

I looked at him as if I hadn't heard him. Actually, I'd heard him perfectly well but I was stalling, unsure of what he really wanted from me.

"I said strip, dammit. Get those clothes off before I rip them off for you."

Meekly, I slid my shorts down and undid my blouse. I wasn't wearing any underwear but rather than turn him on the way it did most guys, somehow it seemed to piss him off even more for some reason.

"Shit... no bra or panties, eh? That figures. God, you really ARE nothing but a damn whore."

OK, what could I say? Personally, I don't buy that going without underwear makes you a prostitute, it simply feels better. Not to mention it also can get you some nice looks from the guys - not to mention a few girls as well.

Paul then undid his shorts and dropped them, along with his jockey underwear, to the floor, stepping out of them to reveal his cock hanging flaccid from his crotch. For whatever reason, the first thought that went through my mind was it was the first dick I'd seen in Florida that wasn't already erect as soon as it was out in the open in front of me. Despite the situation, my pussy tingled a little bit as I realized just far it was hanging down. Damn, Paul was hung like a race horse! My eyes couldn't break away from his incredible dick, something he noticed as well.

"Yeah, I see you're nothing but a fucking dick-loving slut alright. Doesn't matter what the situation, put any ol' dick in front of you and you salivate like

Pavlov's dog," Paul declared with a huff. "Shit, just look at you... you're practically drooling, aren't you bitch? You want some of this dick, don't you? You're just dying to have it, I can tell."

OK, so he was a jerk, a conceited one at that. The sad thing was, he was right. God, his dick was incredible! Even with it just hanging there limp he was larger than his dad had been when he was rock hard. Holy smokes, I could only imagine how much it would grow when he became more aroused. At the same time, it somewhat irritated me that he obviously knew how glorious his dick was and it clearly made him feel good to know I wanted it – badly.

"Come on bitch, just say no... just try saying with a straight face that you don't want this dick and we'll pack up and head to the airport and do it just like you said before, just forget it all happened."

He did something to make his cock twitch and I could actually feel my pussy getting wetter as that monster dangled in front of me like a fat worm on a hook in front of a hungry fish. Hell with the airport, I wanted it. It was like the rest of the world just phased out as all I could look at, all I could think about, was his incredible cock. I started to reach out for it but he backed away, leaving my hand grasping air.

"I knew it, you can't resist it, can you? You can't say no to a dick like mine, can you? You want it.. hell, you NEED it. Beg for it slut, beg for my dick."

While I may not always be the sharpest knife in the drawer, it was obvious what he was doing. Even so, but there nothing I could do to stop him. It was like when I offered myself to his dad, teasing him with my nude body and telling him he just had to ask for it and it was his. Well, just as his dad couldn't say no to me, I couldn't say no to Paul's incredible dick either. His dad must have realized that he might never have another opportunity to have sex with a girl like me again.

For me, it was a similar situation in that I had to wonder when I would have another cock as huge as this one. God it looked incredible! Despite my feelings for Paul, even though I despised him and thought of him as nothing but a conceited asshole, I wanted his cock. In the meantime, Paul was growing more and more impatient with me.

"Well, are you going to beg for it or not, slut?" he demanded. He started to reach for his shorts as if he was going to rescind his offer.

Was he bluffing or serious? I wasn't ready to risk it. No way was I losing out on THIS opportunity! The more I thought about it, the more I figured the hell with it. Really, so what if I had to beg a little for it? As much as he might think he was humiliating me the way I had done to his father, the difference was that I didn't mind it and I also knew that later on I wouldn't regret it. Why Paul thought putting me in this situation would leave me crushed the way his father had been was beyond me. Was he that egotistical? Sure, I wasn't thrilled with Paul as a person, but in the end who cared so long since all I was interested in was located below his waist anyway? If I had to let Paul think he was somehow exacting revenge on me for somehow being the driving force behind his father's indiscretions in order to get a dose of that cock, then so be it. Yes sir, I could play this game ALL day...

"Please Paul... please let me suck your enormous dick... Oh God it's so big and I want it so bad!" I said, pretending to be overwhelmed by the enormity of his member.

He seemed to be buying my little act. If he only knew how hard I was fighting down the urge to burst out laughing at my silly little show I was putting on for him. Paul held his dick in his hand and let it flop like a large sausage right in front of me. From the looks of things, he was starting to get a little turned on himself! He grinned, probably thinking he had "won".

"I bet you haven't had a dick like mine before, have you slut?" he bragged.

Well, I wasn't about to tell him he was certainly big, but not the biggest I'd ever seen. No point in bursting his bubble and besides, he WAS most likely in the top 5 or better of all the dicks I'd ever had.

"Oh my god, it's so big...I don't think I could EVER take it all," I exclaimed, acting if I was some virginal school girl seeing her first big dick.

Paul was such as asshole with an ego even bigger than his dick that he took it all, hook, line, and sinker. He stepped forward enough for me to get my hand around him. Damn, even with it still mostly flaccid my fingers barely wrapped around it! He could never wear any kind of tight bathing suit without being arrested for indecent exposure - even WITH the suit on!

Taking a deep breath, I leaned forward just enough to let me start sucking the head of his dick. I had to open wide to take him in and to be honest, for a moment I had serious reservations as to whether or not I would be able to take him all. With all my experience, I sort of took it as a given these days that no matter what a guy may be packing, I would be able to take his entire dick in my mouth. It had been years since the last time I had any significant problem with it. Well, today was going to be a challenge, that was for sure.

"C'mon you whore, stop playing with it and take some more," Paul growled in a low deep voice.

He put his one hands behind my head and roughly pulled me into him, driving his dick into my mouth, forcing me to take more and more of it. As soft as he still was, it went in pretty easily and I was able to bury my face in his crotch, his thick pubic hair pressing against my cheeks as I took him in completely. Well, that was the easy part as it turned out.

"Play with my balls," he commanded. They were hanging loose in their sacks, large and hairy and feeling a little damp with sweat. Actually, with the oppressive humidity and Florida heat his entire crotch had a strong sweaty smell to it but that was OK with me.

I gently massaged his balls with one hand while I held his dick by the base with the other, supporting it as I started seriously sucking on it. He grew quickly and I could feel him pressing deeper and deeper into my mouth as he did until finally I had to take him down my throat to get him all in. At first he was barely able to reach down and my gag reflex almost made me puke but I regained my composure and continued. He grew even longer and now was fitting deep into my throat, deep enough to get past my gag reflex and fit tight into my throat. My mouth actually hurt a bit from having to stretch so far open to take him all in.

"Damn, you're doing it," he muttered, maybe more to himself than to me. Clearly he was amazed that I was able to take all of him in mouth, especially now that he was hard, or at least as hard as he was going to get.

One thing I've learned over the years about erections is that the larger the dick, the less rigid and upward pointing it becomes when the guy is aroused. In this case, Paul's cock was more like a firm sausage than a piece of steel or wood but it was fine for me. Most of the time I just took in the head or licked the shaft from top to bottom. Now and then I would treat him to a full deep throat and then go back to "normal" cocksucking techniques.

As I sucked his dick, marveling at the size of it while at the same time trying to keep my mouth open wide enough so as not to bite him or let my teeth cut into him as he stroked it in and out of me. It was sort of like being at my dentist when she says to open wide and it seems like eternity before you can close your mouth again. That same soreness in the jaws was how my mouth felt now after sucking Paul's wonderful dick. It got to the point where I was about to be forced to take a break and let my mouth relax for a few moments but Paul saved me, probably unknowingly but saved me all the same.

"I bet your whore cunt wants my dick now, doesn't it," he bragged to me, "You must be all wet now thinking about having my giant cock drilled up in that slutty cunt of yours."

Actually, he was right, at least for the most part. I DID want him in me but yet I knew he was just taunting me. The idea of all this, at least from his perspective, seemed to be to teach me some sort of "lesson". For me to suddenly go along with the idea of him fucking me would have been unrealistic, at least under these circumstances. I didn't want him to know that I was playing along with him, that I was really the one in control of things and not him.

"Oh Paul, please just let me suck it, it's too big to fit in my little pussy," I pretended to plead to him.

Of course, he would have nothing of that (thank God!). Oh well, little did he know my pussy had seen bigger although it HAD been quite a while since anything the size of him had been in me. I knew he would fit and I couldn't wait to try him on for size!

"Oh no... you're not getting off THAT easy, bitch. You're gonna find out how it feels to have a ten inch dick in your cunt."

Just as a note to guys who are fascinated with their own dicks and are proud of them. Yes, while size DOES matter, for me it is more important how thick a dick is than how long it is. The fatter the dick, the more it stretches me out and the more sensitive my pussy seems to become. The only thing length does it let a guy play a longer "note" in me. What I mean by that is I try to tell people that fucking me is like playing a violin where his dick is the bow and my nerve endings at the entrance to my pussy are the strings.

It feels so wonderful when a guy strokes his hard dick in and out of me. Just as running a bow over the strings provides a pleasing sound, so a dick rubbing over my sensitive nerve endings provides intense pleasure. A longer bow allows for a longer note without a break. So it is with a long cock; it allows the man to play a longer "note" within my pussy. Of course, that only applies if he is fucking me slow and deep. Doing me fast or limiting the depth of penetration creates no better feelings in me a guys with a short dick would produce.

Paul's dick was the best of both worlds - long AND thick. I didn't have a ruler but judging by how my hands fit on his shaft, his declaration that he was ten inches was probably pretty close to being the truth, maybe even an understatement. My hand barely fit around his shaft, meaning he was considerably larger than average but then I'd gripped many a guy much shorter than him who had the same girth.

"Please Paul... please don't hurt me," I pleaded to him. I hoped I wasn't going TOO overboard with the silly pleas for mercy. I didn't want him to think I was just playing him, even if I really was.

"Shit, you want it and you know it. You're just a fucking whore who loves dicks."

With that he pushed me back into the car so I was sitting on the seat with my legs out the door. I put one foot up on the door armrest and let the other rest on the ground, spreading myself open for him, exposing myself to him completely and unashamedly, just like the whore he was claiming I was.

"Yeah... I knew it," he gloated, "Look at that fucking cunt. Damn, you're soaking wet already. What a fucking whore."

"No... it's too big, you're going to hurt me," I whined as he started to press it against my pussy hole.

Actually, it DID feel too big and if I hadn't taken one even bigger in the past, I might have thought it was going to be impossible for such a monster to fit inside of me. Having the confidence that came with experience helped me emotionally, but physically I still had to deal with his larger than life dick. I was proud of my tight pussy as it put up a glorious fight, resisting the giant invader valiantly but Paul was not to be denied. I don't think he cared how it made me feel or whether to not it was hurting me. Now that he was trying to push his dick into me he was not going to stop until it WAS in me, one way or another.

Finally his dick was in me, just enough that the bulbous head penetrated me and forced its way inside of me. God, I thought I was being split in two like a steel wedge in a block of wood! It was like having a baby, only in reverse (well, as I imagine having a baby might feel).

"Shit, you're tighter than I expected for being a whore," he grunted as he gathered himself to drive himself deeper in me.

Wow, hat trick! All three guys who fucked me this week had told me my pussy was tight. Hmmmmmm, I had to be careful or I might start having a bit of an ego issue!

"Well, your dick is bigger than I expected after your father's puny cock," I retorted, at the same time lifting my hips to give him a better angle for pushing himself into me. God it felt HUGE in me! He would push hard and then relax and then push hard again. Each time his dick would drill a little deeper into me, maybe an inch or less with each push until about half his dick was in me.

"Fuck me Paul... please fuck me," I begged him, telling him what I knew he wanted to hear from me. It wasn't all that hard since I really DID want him to fuck me.

Paul pulled out a little and then pushed it back in me again to about where he was before. He repeated the process and then again and again and again. Each time he would pull out a little bit further while at the same time penetrating me a little more on the inward stroke. It was like my first time all over again as my pussy was stretched further than it was used to. I hate to even think of how it might have gone had I not been so aroused and wet. Paul never seemed to care about my feelings, only his. Had I been drier, I'm sure he would have fucked me anyway, regardless of how it tore me up.

"Oh god you're so big... it feel so big inside of me... oh god, put it all in me Paul!" I continued my dirty talking to him.

Actually, this time I wasn't fibbing or exaggerating - he really WAS big in me and I really DID want him all in me. Paul was getting pretty turned on but now as well and he was thrusting his dick harder and harder into me until I felt him deep inside of me, pushing up against my cervix which wasn't exactly the best feeling in the world but at the same time, it amazed me that he could be so far inside of me.

"How's it feel to have a REAL dick in you bitch... bet you've never had so much dick in you at one time before, have you?"

He wanted his ego massaged and under the circumstances, I was more than willing to go along with it. After all, he DID have a lot of dick in me so it was only polite to indulge him at least a little bit.

"I've never felt this full before, never felt so much cock in me before, oh my god, I'm gonna cum soon!"

I had been toying with my clit for the entire time he had been fucking me. Paul was holding onto the door and the back of the seat to keep his balance as he fucked me, leaving nothing to rub my pussy so I took matters into my own hands - literally. Between the insanity of his thick dick inside of me and the touch of my fingertips against my hyper-sensitive clit, .there was little doubt as to the outcome - and soon.

Just then Paul pulled his dick out of me in one quick movement. He grabbed his wet slick shaft with his hand and started stroking himself right in front of me.

What the hell was the bastard doing now? I was about to cum and I imagined so was he so why not finish in my pussy where I wanted it? I reached out for him, taking my hand from my pussy but he slapped it away from him.

"Oh no, you're going to have to finish yourself off - in front of me. Get going, masturbate for me and cum - NOW, before I do," he said authoritatively. He was being such a bastard and no doubt thought he was in charge. I was a little pissed because I really had wanted to feel his cum that deep inside of me. Oh well, as hot and horny as I was, I just wanted to cum and if that meant doing it myself with just my fingers, then so be it. I closed my eyes and played with myself and it wasn't long before I was moaning up a storm as my orgasm struck.

As I felt my orgasm heat up my body yet send shivers thought me from head to toe, I felt something hit my face. I opened my eyes to see Paul's' dick about an inch from my mouth, spurting cum out like a fire hydrant as he literally milked his cock in front of me. I closed my eyes again, just in time as it turned out as I felt some of his cum hit my eyelid. God, he was making me a total mess! As my orgasm slowly dies, I tried to wipe the cum from my eye so I could open it. Blinking rapidly, I saw Paul standing there, his dick already starting to dwindle but the smile on his face was large than ever. He seemed quite pleased with himself.

"Yeah, now you look like a real cumslut whore!"

I could only imagine what a mirror would tell me right now. I could feel it on my face and neck, looking down, it was on my boobs and some of it had even dripped down to the tops of my thighs and stomach. I was exhausted and my pussy felt like it had been fucked for days instead of just a few minutes. God, I hadn't been this sore even after my 24 hour marathon fuck way back when! As sore as I felt, at the same time it was a "good" feeling. Maybe it was the adrenalin coursing through me, but I felt incredibly hot and sexy. What I really wanted was to be fucked again but Paul was already getting dressed so it looked like that option was off the table.

I looked around but didn't see anything to wipe myself off with. I reached in the back seat to my suitcase and opened it up. There weren't any towels so I used one of my tops to clean myself off with. Oh well, I would be home sometime tonight and could wash it then. I quickly dressed before Paul could get any brilliant ideas about making me stay nude while he drove. Under different circumstances that might have been hot but I looked at my watch and saw I only had a few hours before my plane left and we still had to get to the airport!

As we got back on the toll road and headed once again for the airport, Paul turned to me and grinned naughtily at me. "See what it's like when someone offers you something you can't refuse? You hated me but when I showed you my dick, you had to have it despite yourself. THAT'S what you did to my dad so maybe next time you think about playing games with someone's life you'll think twice."

I just nodded, like a little girl who had been bad and was accepting my dad's proclamation of guilt and punishment. If he only knew what I was REALLY thinking! What an idiot. All along I'd been wondering how to get laid today, especially as old as he had been to me, and then he thinks he "forced" me to have sex with him? So I had broken his dad's heart by somehow seducing him and "forcing" him to have sex outside of marriage. Really? Actually, that was pretty cool from my point of view.

I don't respect men who cheat on their wives. The fact his father didn't have enough willpower to say now is HIS fault, not mine. My dad has been married to my mom for over 25 years and over that time, has faced enormous temptations with my friends and other girls in my life. Never has he given into temptation and cheated on my mother. Well if my dad could do it, so could his but his dad couldn't. Sorry Paul, not my fault. Bottom line, rather than teaching me a "lesson" or "punishing me", all he had really done was reinforce the feelings I had after fucking his father. Cool!

By the time we got to the airport I had an hour and a half to make my flight. With all the security regulations I had to check my bag or lose all my makeup but even so, I made the flight in plenty of time.

Duane picked me up as promised. As horny as I was after the incident with Paul, any bets as to what happened on the way home?

# (Jun 24) Chapter 164: On the Boat

Story codes: MF FF exhib oral inc father daughter
Me (23)
John - my dad (43)
Duane - my boyfriend (29)
Kristen - cousin (21)

I simply LOVE to water ski. About the only thing better to do on a boat is... well, you know. Combine the two and you have a great day. Add in your boyfriend and you have all the ingredients for a FANTASTIC day!

## 1. A Klutz That Can Ski

I may be known for a lot of things, some good, some maybe not so good, but athleticism is NOT generally one of my better attributes. Anything involving striking a moving object with a stick is simply beyond me. An evil high school PE teacher once told me I was the worst tennis player he'd ever seen! (So much for building self-esteem.) The only reason I would even think about going bowling would be if there was someone with me I wanted to watch my ass! Snow skiing was never something I could get the hang of and besides, it's too damn COLD! Despite being an almost universal klutz, there is one thing I can do well - water ski. Please don't ask me why I can ski on water but not snow or why I can keep my balance holding a rope but not when roller skating. Only God knows!

My parents have owned a ski boat of one sort or another for as long as I can remember. Unfortunately, with their work schedules we don't get to use it a lot but I love it every time we get a chance to take it out. They started me water skiing when I was little so I guess I learned to do it before I found out I was an uncoordinated klutz who shouldn't be able to stand on two skis, let alone one.

It seems today not many people have the patience to learn to ski and would rather just hop on a tube so it's great to go whizzing by them on my slalom ski and show off my skills a bit. Of course, as I got older I found it was a great way to show off other things as well! One thing that I love about being out on a boat is I get to wear just about nothing and nobody hassles me like they would at a public pool or something. The ski vest hides a lot on top but I guys seem quite happy to stare at my ass as I flyby them and smiled. Of course, the fact it was essentially bare with nothing but a small thong didn't hurt.

Another great thing about boats is they can be a great place for something I enjoy even more than skiing - sex. You can find some pretty private places on a big lake, even on a busy day. For those days when I feel a little more ambitious (i.e. horny), it's amazing how much you can get away with right in the middle of a crowded lake with nothing but the sides of the boat to hide what you're doing. Those who have read my diary know that I've taken advantage of both opportunities.

Usually we go skiing on a weekend when my dad can help with the boat and drive. Most summers we left the boat at the marina even though my dad wasn't thrilled about it, especially if we didn't use it much and it just sat in the water the whole time. The good thing was by leaving it at the marina, we could use it without him to help get it in and out of the water.

So far this summer it seemed something or another was always going on and so finally my mom decided to use one of her days off and just head down to the lake on our own. She had called my Aunt Linda, her sister, and invited her and her daughter Kristen along. Normally that would have been a quorum but this summer I had something that I hadn't had for quite a while - a boyfriend!

## 2. Meeting Duane

Back in March my best friend Beth had set me up on a date with a guy she knew. Normally I avoid blind dates like the plague and with Beth making the arrangements, I could only imagine what I was getting myself into. She assured me that she wasn't setting me up with some unwashed geek and as a matter of fact, she claimed that I already "knew" the guy (and yes, she used her fingers to make quote marks when she said "knew"). Now what was THAT supposed to mean? Usually when someone uses that phrase in that way it means "knowing" someone in the biblical sense which means you've had sex. She assured me that in this case it wasn't quite that but it was along those lines.

"OK, then what the heck ARE you referring to?" I finally blurted out over the phone to her in exasperation.

I could just imagine Beth smirking at the other end. We'd been best friends since we were little girls and shared everything - even dads (a couple of long stories there). She loved to tease me and to be fair, I loved it when she did. Beth and I had quite different tastes when it came to sex (get your minds out of the gutter - I mean tastes as in "interests"). I've always preferred the intimacy of one-to-one sex with a group thing thrown in here or there for a change in pace.

Beth, on the other hand, loved parties and gang bangs - the more the better was her mindset. She was involved with a couple of groups that met regularly for sex parties and over the years she had even dragged me along with to a few of them. I found them interesting, to say the least, and overall they were some fun experiences, but overall they left me unfilled and I always felt I wanted something more when they were over.

"OK... remember that BJ party we went to a few years back over at the house by the tennis courts?" she said slowly, letting it sink in as I struggled to dredge up old memories. In case you can't figure it out, a BJ party was where the girls gave the guys blowjobs. As a general rule, there was no sex although you always had the adventurous couple or two that would sneak off to one of the bedrooms.

I remembered the one she was talking about. Actually, my first memory was how sore my jaws were the next day after having blown what must have been around twenty guys. I hadn't even gotten undressed, or even unbuttoned, during it so needless to say, I didn't have sex with anyone. Sometimes I think it gets guys off more when I suck their dick while fully clothed, without letting them touch me or play with myself.

"OK, I remember it," I finally replied, "As I recall, we could have used a few more girls!"

Beth snickered, saying, "Well, you weren't complaining about the guy-girl ration back then!" Then she went on saying, "Remember a guy there by the name of Duane? He's about six years older than us, tall, dark hair, good looking, GREAT dick."

Sheesh, what did she think I was, some kind of computer that could just store away images and bring them back on demand? First, I don't remember ANY of the guys telling me their names at the party. Most of them just pulled out their cocks and stuck it in my face. Who needs introductions for that? Besides, I can never remember names and would probably forget my own if it wasn't on my driver's license. Second, as I said there were maybe twenty guys there. How many of them were tall with dark hair? As for a great dick, that was sort of in the eyes of the beholder, wasn't it?

"Sorry, doesn't ring a bell," I conceded.

"Well, don't tell HIM that," she sighed, "He sure remembers YOU!"

Well I would HOPE he did, even if I had no idea who he was back then. I'd like to think most guys remember my blowjobs. I DO try awful hard to make a good impression! I waited patiently, or maybe not so patiently, for Beth to spill the rest of the goods.

"So anyway, my forgetful slutty friend, I was at a party this past week and lo and behold, he was there. We got to yakking - AFTER he fucked me with some of his friends mind you, and somehow or another we got talking about that party. I guess it was the first time we'd done a party together. Then he mentioned some hot brunette slut who'd done a really great job on his dick and as he described her I knew just who he was talking about - my best friend Kelly! I went and grabbed a pic of us from my purse and he couldn't believe she was my best friend. The blond hair these days made it harder to recognize you as well."

"Cool," was all I could think of to say. I was getting a bit more impatient as to where this was all going.

"OK, OK, I get the hint. I'll get there... Gee whiz, have some patience. So anyway, I asked him if he would like to go out with you. I told him you didn't have a boyfriend (which he found hard to believe - just as I do), and that I could get him set up with you."

"Oh really?" I teased her back, "Like you're my pimp now or what?"

"Oh shut up girl! He's even more gorgeous than he was back when you blew him. Besides that, he's got money, and he's really a great guy. Oh, and not to forget, he still has that great dick AND he knows how to use it, trust me on that one!"

Well, to make the rest of a long story short, I did meet him and after our first date, I was able to tell Beth she was 100% on target - he WAS a great fuck! Yet as much as I enjoyed being with him, there was something more that I didn't quite realize until after he had dropped me off at home. I LIKED the guy. He was funny without being corny, intelligent and sarcastic - a form of humor I love yet find difficult to write about, well informed about local and current events, and an INTENSE Steelers fan, something my dad would have appreciated more than me. He dressed well without being "metro", worked for his dad's construction firm as a Site Manager (whatever that is), and lived in the basement apartment of his parent's mansion which was in an executive development as part of an industrial park south of the city.

I was thrilled when he asked me out again... and again... and yet again. Between dates I found myself thinking about him all the time and not just about how good he fucked me. I actually looked forward to a dinner out with him where we debated issues and had a good time without fooling around. I knew it was something REALLY serious when we had our first date where I didn't even give him so much as a hand-job.

Now I realize that NOT having sex might be a little opposite from what most girls would think signified getting serious with a guy, but not for me. Since breaking up with my last boyfriend so many years ago, dating has just been a way to get laid or suck a dick. After being dumped the last time, I realized that guys dated me because I put out, no matter what they might say about liking me for being ME. Well, if that was the way it was going to be, why not take advantage of it? Duane was the first guy in ages I didn't think about in just sexual terms.

People on-line always ask me what Duane knows about my family "situation". Well, I've always maintained that I wouldn't tell a guy about that until he proposes to me. Then, before I accepted, he would know ALL about me and what my expectations were for how those relationships would continue after we were married. Then, once he agreed and his proposal was still on the table, I would accept. I don't want to be in the position my Aunt Linda was in where her husband couldn't deal with her having sex with her sister and brother-in-law, not to mention her dad. They ended up divorced over it, a decision I never want to have to face.

While Duane may not know about my incestual background, he certainly knows about the rest of my sexual "resume". Heck, when you meet a guy at a BJ party, that should tell him SOMETHING about the kind of girl you are. Besides, it's not like he's some sort of choir boy himself. Beth told me he was a regular at her parties before I met him and has a reputation for being quite the stud, not a bad reference when you consider some of the hunks who attended those parties. About as close as he came to knowing about my more private affairs was that he knew Kristen and I fooled around but so far as he knew, it was just a party thing and nothing we did at home. Indeed, Duane had fucked Kristen a few times at the parties before we started dating (and maybe even afterwards).

So by now, Duane and I had been dating for just over three months. This was all new territory for me and I wondered where it would lead. I was even starting to think I loved him but had yet to tell him in those words. We weren't "exclusive" yet, and we both fucked other people although as a rule we didn't discuss it. What was interesting was that I was finding myself thinking about Duane when other guys would fuck me. When I masturbated, it was Duane that was becoming my "usual". While we never agreed to stop seeing other people, it seemed to be happening by default. Of course, there WERE those times such as when I went to Florida for Brenda's wedding where I got a little out of control, but in general I looked forward to being with Duane more than other guys.

So anyway...

Duane had never been out with me on the boat so I asked my mom if she wouldn't mind him coming along. My mom didn't hesitate a second before she agreed. I rolled my eyes at her because I knew she had an ulterior motive. Indeed, she'd been teasing me now for that past few weeks about how she couldn't wait for me to marry Duane so she could get a little of what I was getting. It had to be killing her to see us together when he came to our house, especially after I had been telling her all the details about our dates - ALL the details.

My mom takes her wedding vows VERY seriously so she would never do anything with him until he marries me but that didn't keep her from thinking about it, that was for sure. I sometimes wondered how Duane would react if he knew her true motives behind her playful teasing of him about marrying me and making me an "honest girl".

At 42, my mom is still pretty hot and I caught Duane stealing a look more than once when she was wearing one of her skimpier bikinis out on the deck. Something told me he wouldn't be hard to convince when the day came and I told him how married life with me was REALLY going to be.

Duane didn't hesitate to take a day off work when I asked him if he wanted to go with us. I guess what guy wouldn't take advantage of a day out on a lake with two girls he'd fucked and their hot moms? I had no idea how the day was going to go. I DID know for sure one thing, he wouldn't be fucking my mom or Aunt Linda but as for me and Kristen, that was something I was looking forward to.

My gut feeling was that Kristen was going to be a bit disappointed. Duane knew that I knew he'd fucked Kristen before but it was never anything that personal, just another pairing off at a sex party. That was a LOT different from doing her privately with me along, especially with our moms there. If only he knew both our moms would have loved nothing more than to watch him screw their daughters but that's sort of hard to explain to a guy without telling him the rest of the story behind it.

Being divorced, my Aunt Linda would have had no qualms fucking Duane; it wouldn't be the first time she had done one of Kristen's boyfriends. But in this case, Duane was MY boyfriend so it would be a little more awkward and knowing Duane as well I was getting to know him, I just couldn't see it happening.

## 3. Morning Sex With My Dad

It was almost two hours to get to the lake at one of the state parks in West Virginia. We didn't want to get there TOO early while it was still cool but we also didn't want to face the noon-time crowd. Everyone was to meet at our house and from there we would pick up the boat at the storage place and head south. My dad knew about our plans, of course, and I think he was unhappy he couldn't attend. He would never have told us NOT to go but the disappointment in his eyes was apparent the night before when he was helping my mom get the SUV ready. Well, I knew just the thing to do to help reduce his disappointment!

For the past couple of years now, my dad and I had developed a "tradition" where he would come to my room before he went to work and get himself off. Sometimes it was nothing more than masturbating as he watched me sleeping nude in my bed (one of the few times he actually saw me nude when we weren't having sex or in the hot tub). Usually that was when I was really tired and didn't wake up when he came in. Later I would wake up and find the "evidence", usually on my boobs and face. Most of the time he would put his dick in my face and I would wake up with the feel of his cock pushing into my mouth.

Sometimes I would just suck him off and other times, if he had the time, it might lead to him fucking me. On rare occasions, my favorite "wakeup call" was when I was really tired but rather than masturbating over me, he would get in bed with me and try to fuck me without waking me. Needless to say, I almost always woke up as soon as his dick penetrated me but there had been a couple of special mornings when I was literally passed out and I woke with his cum draining from my pussy.

As I said, according to our "tradition", my dad would come to my room where I would be asleep, even if I was only pretending to be. Now I can't say we do this EVERY morning, but definitely more times than not. Weekends were usually a different story as he likes to sleep in on Saturdays. Sundays were also special as he usually waited until just before we would go to church to fuck me so the cum was fresh inside of me as we sat in the pews. Tomorrow was a work day so I faced a deadline before he had to leave to catch the "T to get downtown on time for work. Not that it mattered usually if he was late but it set a bad example.

That night I set my alarm for about a half hour before my dad's usually went off. As it turned out, I really didn't need to have bothered because I woke up fifteen minutes before the alarm anyway. Damn, my pussy was already soaking wet! Evidently I must have been dreaming about Duane again! My hand instinctively reached between my legs and I started to play with myself when I caught myself and stopped. As much as I wanted (make that NEEDED) to get off, I had more important things to do. I quietly got out of bed and went to the bathroom where I straightened myself out a little. Then I sneaked into my parents' bedroom and carefully turned off his alarm.

My parents were both in bed, sound asleep. As usual, my mom was bundled up in her covers while my dad had thrown his off during the night. He was laying on his back, and snoring quite loudly. Of course he was nude (I don't EVER remembering either of my parents wearing anything to bed even once my entire life unless they had plans besides sleeping). His dick was laying over on its side, flaccid and partially hidden by his thick curly pubic hair. Fortunately he was positioned close to the side of the bed so I didn't have to worry about waking him by having to get on the bed to reach him.

I have to confess that the snoring wasn't exactly erotic, but at the same time it provided a great indication of how hard he was sleeping. My dad always tried to say he didn't snore so when he was quiet it was either he was not sleeping very soundly or he was pretending to sleep. There had been times he tried to fake being asleep by pretending to snore but he never got the "sound" quite right and I could always tell when he was trying to fool me. My mom, on the other hand, was more difficult as she slept with the covers over her and as a rule, wasn't much of a snorer unless she was flat on her back and exhausted.

Reaching out, I carefully picked up his cock by grabbing the head with my fingers and stretching it out towards his stomach. Well, he certainly wasn't having a wet dream, that was for sure. His cock was totally limp and soft and frankly, looked a little shriveled with the excess skin in his limp non-erect state. I let the tip of my fingers run up and down the back of it, gently caressing it from the tip of the head to the base. I loved the feel of his pubic hair as I ran my fingers through it softly. His legs were spread apart just enough that I could rub his hairy balls as well.

shook his head when he saw what I was doing. Too bad he didn't have more time. I had the feeling I wouldn't have had to ask twice for him to fuck me otherwise.

# 4. Road Trip to the Lake - Sharing Duane With Kristen

Finally I got out of bed, showered and put on my bikini and a pair of denim shorts. I just let my hair hang straight and didn't bother with any makeup. My mom was dressed about the same, granted her bikini top was a little less revealing than mine plus it had to be a little bigger to contain her larger boobs. She had on shorts as well which were cut pretty high, but her ass wasn't hanging out like mine was. My mom may be over forty now, but I had to admit she still made the outfit work!

My Aunt Linda and Kristen arrived not long afterwards. I smiled as it seemed we all were like following some sort of dress code where the only variant was the length of the shorts and the cut of the bikini top. Of course, UNDER the shorts was where the real difference was and I was curious to see if Kristen had her slutty thong on today, the one that was basically a piece of string with a small triangle of material in front. Odds were she was, especially since Duane was coming with us today. The little slut wouldn't miss out on any opportunity to tease him as much as possible. I'd warned her to stay away from Duane now that I was getting serious with him but I knew my cousin better than to believe her when she promised to be good. It was what she was "good" at that bothered me!

We had things about packed when Duane's truck pulled up. He parked it in the street so we would be able to get out with our SUV and came into the house without knocking. It was nice that he was getting more comfortable around my parents and such but I hoped that he never just barged in when I was sucking my dad's cock - or more. Someday if he decided to propose to me he would learn about that side of my life, but until then he was staying the dark if I had anything to say about it.

Actually, it was sort of ironic when you considered what Duane did, and did NOT know about all of us. No doubt he figured my parents knew we were having sex, it's not like we were teenagers anymore. Little did he know how MUCH I actually told them. Many a night I got my mother all worked up and we would masturbate together as I told her, in great detail, how Duane had fucked me earlier that night. If there was one person who was rooting for him to propose, it was her.

Of course Duane knew nothing about me and my parents having sex. While he knew that Kristen and I played together at parties, I think he assumed that was more to tease the guys who watched us than anything else. I wondered what he would say if he knew just how intimate we were at home - not to mention the close relationship she had with her mom. Duane had actually fucked them both but didn't know that each of them knew the other had fucked him. No doubt he thought it was hot to fuck the mother of a girl he was screwing at the parties. How would he feel when he found out the mom and daughter compared notes? Similarly, I knew he'd fucked Kristen in the past - and still did now and then if they happened to be at the same party. What he did NOT know was that like she and her mom, we both compared his sexual prowess on a regular basis as well.

Someday, if things continued on the way they were going and Duane and I get engaged, THEN he will know about all of this but in the meantime there were limits to which we would let him know about the "family secrets". I couldn't wait to see the look on his face when I told him everything!

Duane was wearing long shorts that came to his knees and a tank top that did more than show off his muscular chest. All four women had their eyes on him - if only he knew what we would have all liked to have done to him right then and there! I felt a little proud being his girlfriend. He may still fuck other girls, including Kristen and her mom, but I knew where he came to first for sex, and the most - me.

It was getting late so without much ado we climbed in the SUV. My mom was driving with my Aunt Linda riding shotgun. I got in and moved to the middle with Duane getting in after me. I expected Kristen to get in from the other side but she gave Duane a push and told us to move over, leaving Duane in the middle between the two of us. I looked over at her and she just grinned at me and winked. Oh lord, what was she up to now? With Kristen, you always knew it had to be something to do with sex but what you never knew was what she had planned. With her, it could be about anything.

It was almost two hours to the lake and so we made a pass through a drive-thru to get some breakfast and coffee. Then we hit the highway and headed south to West Virginia. For a while we all just chatted and talked about friends and some gossip, nothing serious. I could tell Kristen was getting a bit anxious from the way she was squirming in her seat. That girl was worse than the kids I had in elementary school when it came to sitting still for any length of time. My mom and aunt were engaged in some conversation but with the noise of the highway and the radio I couldn't make out much of what they were saying.

Kristen, of course, was the one to get things started. Without warning, she twisted around slightly and planted her hand firmly on Duane's crotch, squeezing down on his dick and gripping it through the loose material. She looked at me as if daring me to say anything but I just shook my head in disbelief and shrugged. Really, what was I going to do, try and stop the horny little slut? May as well try to stop the tide once she set her eyes on a guy.

I watched as she slide her hand under the elastic band of his shorts and down inside his crotch. From the way he jumped, I knew she had struck gold, or at least his cock. Duane looked at me as if asking me if it was OK with me. I just grinned and shrugged yet again, knowing it was useless to say anything else. Actually, I really didn't mind what Kristen was doing. If anything, it was kind of hot to watch.

Not to be outdone, I slipped my hand in along hers and put it over her hand as she gripped his hardening cock. Together we stroked his thickening dick while he sat there stiff and quiet, as if he was afraid to move or say a word. I saw his eyes keep glancing to the front seat, as if he was worried that one of our moms would notice what was going on in the back seat – as if they would have cared! It wasn't like we were trying to get him off, more like we were just playing with it, enjoying the feel of a nice hard dick.

I nuzzled up next to him, pressing my boobs against him and whispered in his ear, "So do you like this?" Yeah, as if he was getting this massive erection for some other reason.

Duane tilted his head towards the front seat and motioned with his eyes, as if to say, "What about THEM?"

"Who cares?" I whispered as I put my head on his shoulder, my hand slowly working his dick as Kristen moved hers to caress his hairy balls.

It must have been like torture for him, the two of us ministering to his cock and balls just enough to get him totally erect, but not enough to set him off over the edge. After a while I felt the wetness of his precum seep from his stiff dick and onto my hand. I pulled my hand out from his shorts and licked it off, the offered some to Kristen who eagerly lapped it up.

We had maybe another half hour to go and Duane still hadn't cum. There were a couple of times when I thought maybe we'd gone too far but one of us would squeeze down on the base of his cock until his breathing slowed and his dick backed down just enough so as not to cum. His cock was oozing a continuous stream of precum now as Kristen and I would take turns stroking him and licking it off our hands until finally, Kristen had enough of the hand-to-mouth thing. She unsnapped his shorts and pulled his dick out into the open. God it looked so delicious, all hard, slippery and just begging for attention. By now, Duane had forgotten all about our moms in the front seat and had his eyes shut, focusing his thoughts on his crotch and what we were doing for him.

Kristen looked up at me and grinned. I knew what she wanted. Sucking Duane's dick in front of me, knowing I considered Duane to be my boyfriend now, a claim I hadn't made to a guy in years, was just too much of a temptation for her. I didn't really mind; it wasn't like I couldn't have Duane's dick about any time I wanted it. Why not let my horny cousin have her way for now? Tomorrow this dick would be all mine again and she would be nothing but a wet dream for him.

Kristen leaned over and took his wet head in her mouth. I could only imagine how good he must taste with the precum coating the head and shaft! As Kristen sucked his dick, I let my hands wander under his tank top, caressing his firm chest and playing with his nipples just a little. God he was such a hunk! He kept his chest shaved and it felt firm and smooth under my fingers.

My pussy tingled and I looked down at Kristen sucking his dick, wishing I could sit on it and feel his wonderful hard dick pushing deep up inside of me. Sucking his dick in the backseat was pushing it with him, though. Riding his cock with my mom right up in front would have probably weirded him totally out! Still, I as almost at the point of saying the hell with it and pulling my shorts off when Kristen suddenly held her head still and Duane looked at me with an expression I can only describe as pure ecstasy. I knew what was happening and sat back to watch.

Kristen held his shaft and kept just the head of his dick in her mouth, using the lip of his head to help form a seal around his dick with her mouth to keep Duane's cum all inside - smart girl as it also provide the most room in her mouth to take whatever cum he was now filling her mouth with. I could imagine the messy sperm shooting out from the tip of his dick, striking the back of her throat and landing on her tongue as she gently stroked him, pushing every bit of cum out of him and into her mouth. Lucky girl! I LOVED the taste of Duane's cum and wouldn't have minded a few shots of my own right then to savor. Kristen wasn't going to have anything to do with that though. She kept her mouth locked down on Duane's dick as if she was never going to let go.

Despite himself, Duane let out a low groan as she started to bob on his dick again. He must have finished cumming and now she was just enjoying his dick for a few last strokes. Duane's face was flushed red as a beet and his breathing was erratic. He jumped reflexively as her tongue worked over his ultra- sensitive dick.

Fortunately, Kristen hadn't totally forgotten about me as she lifted her head up and looked at me. She opened her mouth and I could see his cum still pooled on her tongue. Then we kissed and as we opened our mouths, I felt the slimy cum slip from her mouth into mine. Mmmmmmm, he tasted so wonderful! Ordinarily I might have slipped it back to Kristen but I was too damn horny and hungry for his cum to give up what I had so I swallowed it down and enjoyed it. For what little was left of our trip, we took turns playing with his dick and by the time we turned into the park entrance, he must have wanted to cum again based on how hard he was. Oh well, there was always the trip home!

## 5. Out on the Water

My mom drove slowly through the park and parked near the marina. We gathered our things and made our way to the dock where the boat was kept. After removing the cover and stowing our gear, we refueled and then it was off to the lake. We didn't waste any time or fool around. After all, getting out on the lake was the whole reason we'd come all this way today.

Once out on the lake, we spent the first half hour or so just cruising around, taking in the beautiful surroundings and see in where the people were at - and not. It was a beautiful day, with the sun shining and barely a cloud in the sky. We all quickly shed our shorts (except Duane, of course) and sure enough, Kristen has her slut bottoms on. Duane couldn't help but take in a good eyeful of her bare ass (having a string up the crack of your ass doesn't qualify as cover). She had the greatest little butt in the world and I loved to play it myself so I could imagine what must be going on in Duane's head - both of them. He was being a pretty good boy overall. He WAS my boyfriend so he managed to keep next to me as much as possible with his arm around me. With my mom and Aunt there, he was a little more subdued than normal but that was to be expected. After all, most guys don't feel up their girlfriends in front of her mother.

I was the first to hit the skis and I couldn't wait to show off for Duane. He knew I was fairly uncoordinated at most sports but this one was my specialty and it meant a lot to me for him to realize I wasn't a complete dork when it came to athletics. It wasn't long before I was up on my slalom ski and hopping waves, throwing up a monster rooster tail behind me as I zigzagged back and forth across the wake. I could see Duane clapping and he definitely looked impressed. Of course, he wasn't the only one looking as we passed other boats and I loved the way guys would look at me as I zipped by. It didn't hurt that I wasn't wearing much below the life jacket and leaning back with my legs outstretched wasn't exactly a bad pose either.

After I was finished and back in the boat, Duane kissed me and told me he was amazed at how good I was. For a moment I frowned as maybe he was a little TOO amazed. Did he think I was THAT big of a goofball before? Oh well, he'd just learned a new side to me he hadn't known before. My mom suggested we get some lunch before continuing on since it was well past noon by now. We'd brought a picnic lunch with and my mom drove us over to a cove where we would be out of the way of the other boats and we had lunch.

Afterwards, I wanted to go for a swim and coaxed Duane and Kristen to join me. The moms said they were going to work on their tan so they stretched out on the benches while we jumped in the water. It wasn't that deep where we'd anchored and about twenty feet closer to shore or so I found that I could stand on the rocky bottom.

"You were incredible out there!" Duane said, sliding in behind me and putting his strong arms around me, "I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it!"

Again, maybe he was carrying this a little too far but I wasn't about to protest when he spun me around and kissed me. As he did, he looked back at the boat and I followed his gaze. You couldn't see my mom or aunt as they must have laid out on the benches for now. Kristen was next to us, probably jealous but who cares! I reached down and put my hand down his shorts quickly and grabbed his dick.

"Damn Kelly, what if your mom looks out this way?"

"Oh stop being such a fuddy dud," I admonished him playfully, tugging on his dick, "Besides, somebody doesn't seem to mind getting a little attention."

Indeed, his cock practically jumped to attention in my hand despite the cool water. I put my arms around him and then wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling my crotch in against his hard dick. I could feel it through the material of our suits, pressing nice and hard against my sensitive clit.

"Mmmmmmm, something feels good against me," I purred, "I want you to fuck me."

He seemed startled at my sudden request. Kristen must have overheard me as well because I heard her giggling just behind me.

"Here??? ...NOW?" Duane replied, the tone of his voice clearly one of disbelief, "You mom is right there for God's sake."

"I don't care," I answered flippantly, "I want you to fuck me... NOW!" He stuttered and was about to say something when I heard something behind me and then my mom's voice called out.

"Hey, it's too hot out here, let's get going girls!"

Duane pulled my legs down from his waist and hissed at me, "See, what if we'd been doing it just now?"

I just frowned at him and then kissed him. "Well, it's not like she doesn't know we do it."

"Yeah, but not right in front of her for God's sake," he said, grabbing my hand and leading me back to the boat. Kristen moved in alongside of me and giggled.

"Somebody horny?"

I just splashed some water at her playfully as we swam in to the boat and climbed back in. Duane helped with the anchor and soon we were off and running again. My Aunt Linda was the next to go. She needed two skis, never having mastered the single slalom ski technique but she still had fun. She didn't look bad, either, for a woman almost twice her daughter's 21 years.

Duane was next and I was curious as to how he would do. He warned us ahead of time that he wasn't the best skier and it had been a while since he had skied. As it turned out, that was a bit of an understatement. It took four tries to get him up on two skies and by the time we did, he must have been exhausted just from the aborted starts. He wasn't about to admit it though, not in front of me at least. Typical male macho ego.

Next was Kristen. She could slalom almost as good as me but today I had talked to her earlier about using two skies. I had hinted that I wanted her to be able to stay out longer and not risk falling. I'm not sure if she understood exactly what my plans were, but she probably had a good idea. As she got ready to go, I noticed Duane was more than helpful in buckling up her ski jacket and making sure the belts fit her properly. He could be such a pig at times! But I loved him anyway. It wasn't like Kristen wasn't doing every trick in the book to get his attention as well.

## 6. Duane Fucks Me on the Boat

With Kristen out on the water, my mom's job was to drive the boat and watch out for other skiers. My Aunt Linda was the designated spotter, keeping tabs on whoever was skiing and warning my mom if anything happened. That left me and Duane to act as spectators and cheerleaders. My mom was in the driver's seat up front while my Aunt was in the back corner of the boat where she could keep a clear eye on her daughter. As busy as it was today, it was important that both she and my mom pay close attention as an accident was too easy when this many boats were all in the water at the same time.

This was the moment I'd been waiting for. When I asked Duane to fuck me earlier in the water, I knew there was no chance he would actually do it, not with the chance my mom would look out and see us. If anything was going to happen, it would be up to me so it was time to take control of the situation. Duane was sitting in the front corner of the rear bench, a little behind and to the side of my mom where she would have had to twist around to see him.

My Aunt Linda was perched at the other end of the bench with one leg tucked under her, her attention focused on Kristen behind us who was about to get started. I grabbed a dry beach towel and then sat down right smack On Duane's lap with the beach towel over my lap. Duane didn't say anything but just then my mom hit the throttle and he grabbed me by the waist to keep me from flying off his lap onto the deck. When he pulled be back down, I let my hand rest under my butt and I could feel his dick under me. He was a little stiff, probably from the sight of Kristen flaunting her perfect ass in front of him just a few minutes prior.

There was not time to waste. Kristen could stay up on those skis for maybe ten minutes max and that would be pushing it. If I was going to do anything, it had to be quick. I reached between my kegs and pulled his dick out from his shorts. With my other hand I pulled my thong to the side as I leaned forward enough to get his dick under me. Just as quickly, I sat down on his cock and it plunged easily into my hot wet pussy. It all happened so fast that Duane didn't really have time to react, let alone stop me.

"Kelly!" he hissed into my ear, "What the hell are you doing?"

I ignored him and started to rock on his dick. With the waves and resulting motion of the boat, it wasn't hard to get myself to bounce on his dick, feeling him move alternately in and out of my soaking wet pussy. Mmmmmmm, it felt wonderful to be fucked by my boyfriend - even better right next to my mom and Aunt who didn't appear to have a clue that I was being fucked. With the towel over me, it probably looked like I was just sitting on his lap, bouncing to the waves.

"You're insane, you know that don't you?" he said in my ear.

Maybe so, but his dick certainly didn't seem to mind. God he felt so good in me! I'd been wanting his dick in me from the moment he walked in our front door this morning. Back in the water before, I may not have had high expectations that he WOULD fuck me, I was sincere about the fact that I WANTED him to put that wonderful hard shaft deep in my hungry pussy.

One thing I was counting on and that was that Kristen wouldn't go and fall down! Even though I knew my mom and Aunt wouldn't be bothered by the sight of me riding Duane, I had no illusions that it would have been traumatic for Duane. Even now, though he wasn't trying to stop me or hinder me in any way, if anything quite the opposite, I knew from the way he kept looking fore and aft that he was expecting one or both of them to see us at any moment and say something.

In the end, Duane's a man and his male lust overrode his fears and he came in me. With all the vibration and pounding, I couldn't really feel much when he did but from the way he was grunting and bringing his hips up to meet me I knew that he was having an orgasm beneath me. It was enough to make me cum as well and I felt my pussy clamping down on him and grab him like it was trying to milk his dick of every ounce of sperm that it had.

I was still quivering and cumming when Kristen went down. I couldn't blame her as this huge boat had just gone by and swamped her with its wake. My Aunt cried out to my mom that she was down and instantly the two of them went to work. My mom cut the throttle and swung the boat around while my aunt raised a flag and waved off approaching boats.

I took the opportunity to lift myself off Duane's lap and took a seat beside him, adjusting my thong back into place while he rearranged his crotch. He kept the beach towel over him, probably to hide the tent that was still rising from his crotch. I could feel his cum trying to ooze out of me. Fortunately my thong was still wet so it wasn't going to show anything.

Duane looked like a photo study of contradictions. On the one hand he looked ecstatic, as you would expect for a guy whose girlfriend had just rode his dick and made him cum. On the other, he kept looking at my mom and aunt, as if he was half-expecting them to make some comment about what he and I had just done. When neither of them made any mention of it, his expression turned to relief as he realized we had "gotten away with it". Yeah right.

Kristen finally made it back in the boat, totally exhausted. She took a seat next to me, trying to catch her breath. She looked at me with questioning eyes and I gave her a thumbs up to which she laughed and smiled at Duane. Duane looked a little sheepish as I think he suddenly realized that Kristen and I had plotted ahead of time for this to happen. Then she turned to me and said, "You owe me one, big time!" Indeed I did and I could only imagine how she would "collect" someday.

My mom was the last to ski and my Aunt took over the driver seat while Kristen played the part of the spotter. Duane and I looked at each other and he shook his head. He put his index finger straight up and then let it curl and I got the hint. Well, he WAS 29 and while not in bad shape, he didn't have the recovery of say, my nineteen year-old cousin Rick who seemed to be the Energizer Bunny of dicks - he just kept going and going and going! Ordinarily Duane was quick to recover but with my mom just a few feet away, it was as little too much to expect of him today.

## 7. A Friendly Competition

Before the day was over, Kristen, Duane and myself all had another shot at skiing and then it was time to head in and get home. We were all exhausted and had more that our share of sun for the day. Leaving the boat moored, we put out shorts back on, carried our stuff back to the SUV and before long, were ready to be on our way back home. Just as we were ready to go, Kristen pulled me over to the side with a conspiratorial look.

"OK, you had your fun, no small thanks to me. What do you say we give Duane something to remember on the way home?"

I knew exactly what she was leading up to. Whenever Kristen said something about giving a guy, "something to remember", it invariably involved some memory of him fucking her. Duane was cool and he was by no means shy or afraid to be a little aggressive in public when it came to sex (why do you think I love him so much?), but he DID have his limits. While I may have been stretching those limits a bit with things like sitting on his dick while in the boat, he still wasn't at all comfortable with being seen fucking me by my parents and the same would apply to doing Kristen with her mom watching. Even then, it wasn't that he didn't WANT them to watch, he was still operating under the mistaken impression that my parents were like most other parents and didn't want to see their daughter fucked in front of them. Someday we would cure that impression but for now there nothing I could do that wouldn't have had potentially dire consequences.

"Hang on Kristen, you know we can't do that," I sighed, "Duane isn't ready for that yet."

"Well... when's he going to propose to you so we can get this over with?" Kristen teased me. I just pretended to pout although I have to admit, the idea wasn't all that unattractive.

"Tell you what, I've got a better idea," I said to her, a grin breaking out on my face as an idea came to mind. "It's been ages since we raced. Wanna do it with Duane watching?"

Kristen giggled and looked at me to make sure I wasn't kidding. I looked at her and waited for a response, as if I didn't know what it was going to be before I even asked.

"What's the payoff?" she said, taking my challenge seriously.

I thought carefully and then I knew just the bait for her. I looked over at Duane who was talking to my mom and aunt as they checked over the last of the stuff in the SUV.

"Winner gets my boyfriend when we stop for supper."

Kristen's face lit up and she grinned nastily at me. "Ha! You're going to regret THAT bet. No way I'm losing this time."

"You're on!" I challenged her and we kissed to seal the deal and headed to the SUV.

"What's with you two, eh?" her mom said, seeing us giggling and playing with each other as we ran back to the SUV.

"Oh nothing," Kristen lied through her teeth. Her mom looked at her in total disbelief. She knew her daughter better than that but she also knew her well enough to not ask again.

Poor Duane had no idea what he was being led into. This time he automatically took the middle seat, as uncomfortable as it was, while Kristen and I flanked him again. Maybe the looks on our faces, but something seemed to tell him we were up to no good; he just couldn't quite figure out what that something was. We waited until we'd been on the road about fifteen minutes and his alertness began to sag as we talked about the day's events. Kristen was the one to finally get things started - as usual. She motioned for me to come in closer and we both got up next to Duane.

"You know Duane, Kelly and I have always been a little competitive in case you haven't noticed," she started off. Duane laughed and started to reply but Kristen kept going and cut him off.

"When we were teens we use to see who could masturbate and get off the quickest."

Well THAT got Duane's attention and he looked at me and I just shrugged with a "what can I say" look.

I took over the narrative at that point, saying softly to him, "So what do you say, wanna referee us?"

Duane looked a little confused, obviously not sure what I meant for him to do so I tried to explain further saying, "All you have to do is watch and determine who cums first."

Duane looked at me, then at Kristen, and then at me again as if we had become two aliens from outer space.

"I'm dead SERIOUS," I said to him, trying to get him to accept what we had told him.

He still seemed to think we were pulling his leg so Kristen backed into the corner of the seat and slipped off her shorts and thong, sitting bare-bottom on the leather seat. She put one foot up on the seat and turned to face Duane, spreading her hot little pussy apart with one hand while she cupped a perky boob in the other.

"I think she's ready to go," I giggled, "Are you? Just sit there and watch, it's all you have to do."

He didn't say anything but still I think he thought any moment we were going to laugh at him and tell him it was all a prank. If he WAS still thinking that way, it probably stopped when I did the same as Kristen was doing on the opposite side of the seat. He couldn't see us both at the same time so it was rather comical to see his head twist back and forth to try to see what we each were doing.

Meantime, my mom and aunt were carrying on like nothing in the world was going on in the seat behind them. I knew it was a bit of an act as there was no way they couldn't have known something was happening. They were just cool enough moms to ignore us and let us have fun. Duane didn't know it or he might have felt a lot more anxious than he seemed to be now.

Kristen and I started masturbating in earnest, each of us having our own distinctive technique and style. Personally, I've always been a finger girl myself, preferring to push a finger or two into my pussy and pretend they were a boy's dick in me. My clit was also a favorite target and usually I tried to pay some attention to my boobs although my crotch was the primary focus point of my attention when I was really trying to simply orgasm and get it over with. Sex toys such as dildos and vibrators are not usually part of my masturbation routine although now and then they make for an interesting diversion.

Kristen, on the other hand, was a dildo queen and seldom masturbated without one. This put me at an advantage given she didn't have one now although it wouldn't have shocked me if she brought one out from Lord knows where. Lacking one, I saw that she was focusing on her clit almost exclusively.

For Duane, it had to be a male fantasy come true. What guy hasn't dreamed of two hot girls masturbating, one on each side of him! I wondered if he thought at all about what the stakes might be in our little contest. From the way he was shifting around, I bet he would have loved to have pulled his hard dick out and stroked himself as well. With my mom and aunt not three feet away, though, there no chance of THAT happening tonight, that was for sure. Well, it certainly didn't impede me or my cousin, that was for sure.

Kristen had her eyes tightly shut but her mouth was hanging just a bit open as she must have been fantasizing about something or another while she rubbed her wet bare pussy. It would have been interesting to be able to see what she was thinking about. Whatever it was, it had to be pretty naughty from the way she was reacting so quickly to it and for Kristen to be "naughty" it had to be pretty wild.

As for me, it was easy to get myself off. All I had to do was think about Duane fucking me back in the boat earlier in the day. God his dick had felt so good imbedded deep within me. It was like I was impaled on his cock, like a hot dog on a stick. The only thing that would have made it better would have been for my mom and aunt to watch. Picturing my mother and her sister playing with themselves as they watched my boyfriend fuck me was an incredibly erotic thought. Then I thought of him fucking the two of them, screwing his mother-in- law and new aunt. If only he knew how bad my mother was hoping to be fucked by him some day!

I was concentrating totally on my crotch now as there was no way in hell I was going to let Kristen have Duane on the way home. My pussy practically screamed as I play with myself using everything I knew in terms of technique and desire. Ordinarily

I beat Kristen at this game two out of three times at least so the odds were with me, especially given the other circumstances surrounding us today. Talk about home field advantage!

In the end, Kristen didn't have a chance.

My pussy throbbed as I felt the onset of my orgasm surging up within me like a volcano erupting. I looked up at Duane who had just turned his head from Kristen and I mouthed to him that I was about to cum. His eyes opened wide, apparently finding it hard to believe that a girl could make herself come as fast as I just had. True, I hadn't made it there yet, but I was right on the verge and I wanted him to see it from the start.

Oh my God, my pussy felt so hot I thought it would burn up. As my orgasm exploded, I was literally gushing cum as it ran down my ass and drenched the seat beneath me. All the day's events, sucking my dad's cock, Kristen and me playing with Duane's dick on the trip down, fucking Duane on the boat, and now the two of us masturbating for him, all of it seemed to blend erotic happening as my orgasm overwhelmed me. My body quivered as I felt the most wonderful, most natural high a girl can feel. My nipples felt like they were going to explode from my chest as I touched them with my free hand and squeezed them.

All I wanted then, all I could think about, was the need for Duane to fuck me Again... and again... and again. I wanted his dick in me so bad I felt like I would have to scream with frustration. It was right there next to me, all hard and ready to go. What made it all the worse, all the more frustrating, was I knew he wanted to fuck me just as bad as I wanted him to drill me!

A little squeal came from across the other side and I knew Kristen was cumming now. Too late but still, she had cum really quick all things considered. Ordinarily she would probably have won but not today. To be fair, she hadn't stood a chance under the circumstances. As I slowly calmed down I could see Duane was trying to see out both sides of his head as two all but naked girls finished off masturbating for him. Granted, it wasn't the first time he'd watched me masturbate, not by any means, but it certainly had to be the most erotic setting for it ever.

Duane conveyed the bad news to Kristen. A fast as she had cum, no doubt she was sure she had beaten me and she looked at me with amazement as if she couldn't believe anyone could have made themselves cum that fast. I playfully stuck my tongue out at her but she was truly pissed off that she hadn't won and just ignored me. Oh well, better luck next time was all I had to say to her. When it came to masturbating, I am not too shy to claim I am pretty damn good.

It turned out that it was a good thing we had both gotten off as fast as we did because not five minutes later my mom took an exit off the expressway. I couldn't help but groan when I saw where it was that we were going to eat - a Cracker Barrel. Now they may be OK for breakfast but they certainly didn't top my list of favorite dinner locations. My mom, on the other hand, would eat at one seven days a week and twice on Sunday given the chance. Oh well, at least dinner wasn't my main concern anymore. I was hungry, to be sure, but what I wanted wasn't on the menu.

Kristen and I dressed quickly (well, wearing as much as we had to wear) and by the time we stopped most of the flushness had gone from my face but I knew my mom would know instantly what we'd been doing, if she didn't already know. There was no way my mom and aunt could not have known what was going on this time in the back seat yet once again they proved how cool they were by ignoring us. My mom DID grin at me and winked as she locked the doors with her key. Yeah, she knew all right!

On our way in I walked over next to Kristen and smacked her playfully on the rear and gloated, "Sorry kid, he's mine so hands off - you hear?" It was really more a threat than a question, and not such a playful one at that - I meant it! Kristen just looked at me sullenly. She could be a sore loser sometimes, that was for sure. Oh well, she could deal with it.

## 8. I Claim My Prize

Duane had no idea what kind of storm he was headed into as we made our way inside. It seemed to be a common element today - Duane not having a clue what was coming next. Oh well, it was getting towards the end of the day so why change things now? As usual, there was a waiting list so while the rest of our group browsed the store, I kept an eye on Duane who excused himself to visit the little boy's room. Once he was in and couldn't see me, I camped outside the door and watched the men go in and out until finally I figured the only one that could be left in there had to be Duane. Glancing about to be sure nobody was watching, I quickly slipped into the restroom where Duane was at the sink washing his hands. He looked up instinctively to see who was coming in and when he saw me, his mouth dropped open.

"Kelly! What the hell are you doing in HERE?" he gasped.

"Well, as you know, I won my contest with Kristen and YOU were the prize,"

I giggled at him. "You don't think we did all that just to put on a show for you, did you?"

"And if Kristen had cum first..." he started to ask, his mind racing with the possibilities but I would have none of it and cut him off.

"Oh give me a break Duane, under the circumstances do you think there was any way possible that I was going to let her win?"

He seemed dumbfounded and just stood there as if he didn't know what to say or do. I grabbed his hand and quickly pulled him towards the handicapped stall before someone came in. We stepped in and he closed the door behind us and not a moment too soon as the outer door opened and someone came in and made their way quickly to the urinals across from us. I could barely see the guy through the door as I heard him unzip his pants and start to pee. I turned back towards Duane as I really wasn't into THAT and besides, I had this little matter of Duane to take care of.

"NO!" he mouthed silently to me. Although I think he assumed this was all a joke, he said it just in case I was serious about wanting to do this. I'm not sure if he knew exactly what "this" was, but he probably had a good idea knowing me.

Needless to say, I simply ignored him and reached behind my neck to untie my bikini top. I just let it flop down, exposing my firm breasts to him. Then I stepped out of my shorts, hung them on the coat hook inside the door, quickly followed by my thong. At this point all I was wearing were my sandals (no barefoot in a public restroom) and my bikini top which was only tied around my chest with my boobs exposed. I motioned at his shorts, pointing at them and indicating he should take them off. He wouldn't do it so I shrugged and started pulling them down myself. At first he tried to stop me but more guys had come in now and he didn't want to make a fuss so he caved and let me pull them to his ankle but he wouldn't take them all the way off..

One great thing about men - they come with a built in horny level detector that they can't turn off. It's also known as a penis. No matter what man says, his penis never lies. In this case, Duane may have been trying to say he wasn't ready to fuck me in a public restroom, but his dick betrayed his TRUE feelings. No man's cock stands up straight as missile ready for launch unless he wants something, and I don't mean a new truck (well, maybe for SOME guys but you get the idea). I gazed at his beautiful dick, all hard and stiff, sticking out from his thick bush of black pubic hair like a tree trunk from the brush. Oh yeah, he wanted to fuck me! That's what made it especially hot for me. A hard dick is always nice but when a man has an erection because he wants to fuck ME, it's just that much better

If any of the guys outside our stall had any idea what was going on, there was no indication of it as they came and went, doing their thing, MAYBE washing their hands, and leaving. I put my hands out, leaned against the wall, and spread my legs, exposing my wet pussy for him to see. Duane didn't need to have to be told what to do. He knew EXACTLY what I wanted, just like a male dog reacts when his bitch "assumes the position".

Any hesitation by Duane had evaporated, any concerns about the men on the other side of the door were lost, all replaced by an all-consuming lust, the need for him to mate and drive his cock into my pussy and deliver his seed. It was about as basic an instinct as any human being has, what is left over when everything else is stripped away. The need to survive is first, but it is closely followed by the instinct to procreate the species. As sophisticated and evolved as man be today, those two basic needs still form the foundation for all our behaviors.

Despite everything, I couldn't help but gasp as he drove his dick into me with no fanfare or foreplay. Thank God I was soaking wet already from masturbating in the SUV and the anticipation of being fucked. Duane simply moved in behind me, lined up his dick with my pussy hole, and then drove himself into me, drilling his dick deep into my pussy with one hard, forceful stroke. He backed it out until the very tip was all that was in me and then literally thrust it into me again, like he was trying to drive it right through me. If I hadn't been supported by the wall and instead was just standing up with my hands on my knees, I would have been knocked forward to the ground but in this case I just felt myself pushed up into the wall by the strength of his cock ramming up inside of me.

"So you wanted to be fucked... Well I'll fuck you, fuck you hard you fucking slut," he whispered sharply in my ear.

Then he pulled back and rammed into me again. It reminded me of one of those pile drivers you seen in movies where a weight is pulled up and then dropped to force a pole into the ground. So it was with his dick. He would draw it out of me like an archer pulling back on his bow and then he would ram it back in, hard and fast like the archer releasing his bow or the pole driver pounding onto the pole. I was literally lifted off my feet on the next thrust as he rotated his hips under me a little, driving almost straight up as he pounded his dick into me, taking my up to my tip toes.

Someone knocked on the door, "Anybody in there?"

Duane grunted as he rammed himself into me again. The guy outside must have figured somebody was having constipation issues or whatever as he just gave up and left. Duane didn't even seem to notice him and he just kept fucking me slow and hard. His hands reached around me, each cupping one of my bare boobs. As he would pound his dick into me, his hands would clench and squeeze my boobs, hard enough to make me wince a little actually. His fingertips grabbed my nipples, pinching them and then pulling on them and letting them snap back.

After treating my pussy roughly, like some sexual pile driver, for a couple of minutes, he changed and instead of seeing how hard he could fuck me, it seemed to now be a question of how fast. He was stroking himself in and out of me as fast as he could, his breath sounding like some form of perverted Lamaze class where they teach the quick breathing techniques for child birth. Nobody was in the restroom, at least I didn't think so, so I finally was able to whisper hoarsely to him.

"Oh god that feels so good Duane, I love it when you fuck me like this! Fuck me Duane... FUCK ME!"

Just as I said that the outside door opened. As far as I could tell, it was someone coming in but from the way it sounded, there might have been someone leaving as well. Had someone heard us? If so, they hadn't provided any indication of it. Hopefully if someone HAD, they weren't heading to report us to management.

Suddenly Duane pulled out and I knew from experience what he wanted. I twisted around as fast as I could and bent my knees to squat in front of him (I wasn't too eager to actually kneel on the floor). He was stroking his dick and he grabbed my head by the hair and pulled my face to his dick. Dutifully I opened my mouth, anxious for him to deliver my prize. A few more strokes and I was rewarded with a mouthful of his warm cum, shooting out and collecting on my outstretched tongue. He stroked himself a few more times, milking the remaining cum from his dick onto my tongue.

When he was finished, he pulled my head back and I opened wide so he could see his cum filling my mouth and covering my tongue. I closed my mouth and pushed it up until I was blowing a frothy mixture outside my lips and then swallowed the entire load down in one large gulp. I opened my mouth again, like a patient after being given a pill, to prove it had all gone down.

Although I hadn't cum this time, I was still satisfied. Just the thrill of fucking him in here was enough for the moment. There would be plenty of opportunities to get off when I got home anyway. In the meantime, I couldn't wait to get back out where I was sure Kristen had told our mothers what was going on. I pulled my bikini top back up and was tying it again when the door when I heard the outside door open again. This time, instead of heading to the sink or to urinal, there was a knock on the door.

"Excuse me, this is the manager, what's going on in there? Is everything OK? Someone said it sounded like there was a problem."

I had to cover my mouth to keep from bursting out in laughter. Oh My God, whoever it was before must have actually squealed on us! What a dork! As you might imagine, Duane's expression was priceless. What I'd have given for a camera at that moment.

"Ummmmm, everything's ok, I'll be out in a second," Duane called out through the door, glaring at me but then he couldn't help but grin.

It doesn't take long to pull on a thong and shorts so in less than a minute we were ready to walk out. Duane looked at me and took a deep breath and opened the door. Sure enough, there was this fat guy with a manager pin on his shirt and his arms folded, waiting for us.

"Excuse me miss, this is the MEN'S restroom," he started out. He was also giving me the once over so my first thought was what a hypocrite! "And may I ask what the two of you were doing in there?"

Duane was going to be nice and reasonable, I could tell because that's the kind of guy he is. Well, not me.

"No, we would NOT like to tell you what we were doing in there," I answered back rather curtly, "That is, of course, unless you want us to SHOW you what we were doing in there."

Duane looked at me with a "I can't believe you said that" stare while the manager stammered, trying to come up with a response. Finally he managed to gather his composure and he tried to look all serious and managerial again.

"I'm afraid I am going to have to ask the two of you to leave this facility," he said. God, do people REALLY talk that way? There was no arguing and we left the place without further comment. Outside I was surprised to find my cousin waiting for us.

"Mom and Aunt Mary are in the SUV," she said with a wicked grin on her face, "We figured you'd be out shortly. I looked at her, trying to read her expression. Suddenly it hit me. I was ready to bet anything that Kristen had something to do with all this. Was it her that tipped off the manager? From the naughty grin on her face, I was positive she had. That little brat!

"Hey, don't look at me that way," she laughed, "You didn't really expect me to just sit back and let you have all the fun, did you?"

"You little...," I started out, pretending to be mad at her.

In reality, I didn't care. In fact, I was sort of glad she had. After all, I'd gotten what I wanted - fucked good with a mouthful of cum on the side. PLUS I didn't have to eat dinner here at this miserable restaurant. So far as I was concerned, it was a Win-Win situation.

We all got in the SUV where my mom and Aunt Linda were indeed waiting for us. They didn't say a word, mostly I think so as not to embarrass Duane any more than he already was. He had to know they knew and I noticed he avoided eye contact with them the rest of the way home. It was only about twenty more minutes to get home, time that went by rather uneventfully, even boring when compared to the rest of the trip. When we got back, I kissed Duane goodbye at his truck as he got ready to go.

"Well guy, I hope you had a fun day, I know I certainly enjoyed it!" I said to him as we kissed goodbye.

"You know Kelly, you have one crazy family," Duane remarked solemnly as he got into his truck. The way he said it I wasn't sure if he was joking or serious. Then he grinned and gave me one last kiss through the window. "And that's OK because I love you and any family that has you a part of it has to be OK."

OMG, he used the "L" word! I wondered if he even realized what he had said. It wasn't the first time he had used it and to date, it had always been in passing like this time. But still, it was worthy of note. I wanted to grab him by the neck and kiss him and tell him I loved him but somehow it didn't seem like the right time for that.

As Duane drove away, I watched him disappear around the corner and walked back to my house. Hmmmmmm, maybe this was going to be the guy! Any guy that could go through what he had today and still say he loved me at the end of it all had to be pretty special. Special indeed!

# (Jul 04) Chapter 165: Family Anniversary

Story codes: MF MFF FF FFF oral group inc father mother daughter uncle

Me (23)
John - my dad (43)
Mary - my mom (42)
Aunt Linda (40)
Kristen - cousin (21)

It's hard to believe that it's been four years to the day that I was back home for summer break after my first year of college and my Aunt and cousin Kristen joined us to celebrate the 4th of July. That was the day I learned that Kristen had "substituted" for me so far as taking care of my dad's "needs" while I'd been gone. Before it was over, we had our first family "orgy". Since then the five of us getting together all at once has only happened a couple of times. Would today's anniversary be one of those times?

## 1. My Aunt Linda and Cousin Kristen

My Aunt Linda is my mother's younger sister by about two years. Aunt Linda divorced her jerk of a husband after demanded that she choose between him and her family. It was really unfair of him to force her to make such a terrible position. After all, she'd told him everything about her relationships with her family before they were married. If anything, he claimed to be excited about being allowed to be with my mom as well as her once they were hitched.

Alas, some men's egos are just too big and his jealousy finally overwhelmed him to the point he demanded that my aunt stop having sex with her dad and brother- in-law. Really, what choice did that leave my aunt but to divorce him? If there's one principle I strongly believe in, it's that your family always comes first, even ahead of your husband. She and her only child (my cousin Kristen) live nearby. As a result they practically live at our house.

Kristen was only a couple of years old at the time and has no memories of her real father so in many ways my dad has been the only "father" she has ever known. Growing up, I had no idea that my dad was doing my aunt although looking back I probably should have figured it out. In my own defense, why would I have even suspected that they were doing it? My aunt is a successful realtor and dresses pretty sharp (some would say slutty but that's their opinion).

Although we would never qualify as nudist, it's not like nudity has ever been something we hid either, especially when in the hot tub and laying out on the deck. Seeing my aunt around the house in little or no clothing wasn't anything that would cause me to think twice. It wasn't until I started having sex with my parents that my mom told me about the true relationship they had shared since they were barely teenagers. Imagine my surprise when I learned that they'd started having sex with my grandfather back when Aunt Linda was in 7th grade and my mom was just a freshman. It was more that I just hadn't known about it than being shocked or anything; after all, I was having sex with my own father as well but I hadn't started until I was sixteen - not seventh grade!

Even with all those revelations finally out in the open, my mom didn't say anything about my Aunt and cousin having sex and I never even thought to ask. Again, it's easy to look back and say it should have been obvious but it's not that easy when you're so close to people. Little did I know that shortly after leaving I left home for my first year of college, my dad started fucking my cousin, sort of using her as my "replacement" while I was unavailable to attend to his needs. Nobody told tell me about it, even when I was home on breaks. I guess they were concerned that I would feel even more homesick than I already did, at least when it came to missing being with my dad.

Finally, after I'd finished my freshman year and was home on summer break, I learned the truth. Actually, it was rather thrust in my face as we were all gathered on our for July 4th and my cousin started sucking my dad's dick right in front of me, followed shortly by him fucking her. In short, before it was over we all joined in and had our first true family "orgy", if you want to call it that although it makes it seem a little dirty when I use that wording.

Now before anyone gets any ideas, this type of thing did NOT become the norm for us. We didn't suddenly turn into a bunch of sex addicts holding daily orgies or anything silly like that. It's hard to explain but it just never seemed like something we should do again as a family. My dad fucks me because I am his daughter and he loves doing me - but strictly as his daughter. He fucks my aunt and cousin, well, because he can (what more reason does a man need)?

It's important to keep in mind that my dad IS a married man and as such he can't just go out and fuck anyone as that would be adultery. My aunt and cousin were the only women "available" in the family as at that time my younger cousin Tammy wasn't in the picture yet. My mom was raised in an incestuous family so she doesn't mind him doing women so long as they are family because she realizes he is just a normal man with normal "needs". Besides, it wasn't like he was the only one with extra "needs". My mom has fucked his younger brother and eventually did her nephew!

Thus sex in my family is typically one-on-one for the most part except for some special times when my mom and I would do something just for my dad, like on Father's day or his birthday. The idea of a family gangbang just seems out of place in this type of environment, like it would be crossing some sort of line. I don't think any of us regretted what we did that past July 4th as the circumstances were special and it seemed the natural thing to do at the time. We never had actually SAID we wouldn't do it again, it was just like we had an unspoken agreement that it would have to be a VERY special time for it to happen again.

So here we were, four years later. A LOT had happened since that first time yet much was the same. I'd graduated from college and was now teaching at a small Christian elementary school. Kristen had dropped out of college to become a working girl - literally. It didn't exactly thrill me but nobody else in the family seemed to have a problem with her becoming a high priced whore so who was I to say anything?

My parents and Aunt Linda hadn't really changed much. They were all still working the same jobs, living in the same homes. I'd tried moving out on my own but accepting a position at such a small school meant having to take a very small salary which meant moving back home. On the opposite end of the spectrum, Kristen could have afforded a downtown penthouse but chose to stay at home with her mom - still sharing the same bed of course.

One of the biggest changes for me was that I had a boyfriend. Duane and I were getting pretty serious and it wouldn't surprise me if next year there wasn't a new member of the family when we got together for July 4th, 2009!

Speaking of which, I was a little perturbed at my boy. I'd assumed he would join me and my family for our annual celebration but he was off with his dad on some fishing trip! Really, the nerve of that boy, leaving me stranded on a holiday weekend! He was going to have to beg me a little to suck his dick when he got back, that much was for sure (not that I would ever turn him down of course). The only "good" thing about him being gone was it would have put a wet rag on any extra "activities" had he been around as Duane had no idea my family was involved in incest.

As usual, my dad would be cooking out on the grill only this year he had a brand new stainless steel monster with a hundred knobs (OK, maybe not THAT many) and he was quite proud of it. My aunt and cousin came over in the middle of the afternoon, just in time for his first round of hotdogs and hamburgers. After that he had more grandiose plans for supper - juicy steaks and 3" thick pork chops.

Both my Aunt Linda and Kristen were wearing shorts and tops which were quickly removed, revealing their sexy bikinis underneath. My aunt may be forty now but that didn't mean she didn't look hot in a sharp bikini. Kristen, of course, wore one that was even more revealing, not much more than strings with some triangles for her pussy and nipples. Really, what was the sense in even wearing it? My mom was also in her bikini. She was a couple of years older than Linda and frankly, had aged a little more but she still looked great and I was proud of her. I only hoped I looked as good as her when I was her age!

As for me, I also had on a pretty revealing suit, not quite as nasty as Kristen's but then she always was one up on me it seemed. Still, it would have been too revealing for the local public pool but I had to wear SOMETHING. Like I said, we weren't nudists.

My dad had on long denim shorts that came over his knees and a plain white T-shirt. It was sort of funny how the only male was dressed so conservatively while all the females were all but nude. He certainly didn't seem to mind!

Kristen and I wasted no time in getting in the hot tub, dropping our thongs and getting in nude. It's not like we revealed all that much more by taking them off! The water felt good and I loved the way it felt against my back and under my bare ass. There was one jet that HAD to have been installed by someone with something naughty on their mind as it shot straight up between my legs and when I sat down, I could angle it straight at my crotch. You can imagine where I was usually seated. There was another one at the same angle on the opposite side, which to no surprise is where Kristen made herself comfortable. Even though neither of us did anything overtly like start to masturbate or whatever, it still felt good, like when I use to rub up against the desk leg in class to feel better during a boring lecture.!

My mom and aunt gabbed away while my dad was busy on his cell phone. You would think on July 4th he could stay away from work but I guess when your law firm does business with a number of foreign companies, American holidays don't mean much to them. It was just a perfect day with the sun out and the temperature in the lower 90's with just enough breeze to make it bearable.

## 2. Kristen Gets Things Started

Looking back, it shouldn't have surprised me that Kristen would be the one to start things. All my life she'd been like my bad little sister, always the one to instigate things and get me in trouble. Now that we were older, she seemed to delight in finding ways to stretch my boundaries, as if they weren't already stretched out pretty thin as it was. One of her crowning achievements recently was to lure me to a party where she and I were the entertainment - for dozens of men as it turned out. It was one of those things you look back on and wonder how in the world you ever did it - and that you would never do it again! Not that it wasn't fun or anything, but it was like when I had sex with a dog, good for the one-time experience but now it was in the "been there, done that" category.

You had to hand it to Kristen, she was great when it came to luring people into situations where they never expected to be and then take advantage of them once they were there. I guess that's why she was in such demand as a call-girl (or whore as I preferred to call her). It also didn't hurt that even though she was 21, when she dressed right she could pass for being several years younger, something that seemed to draw men like bees to flowers. As it was, she caught me off-guard and it was too late before I realized what she had in mind. It's not that I was unhappy with how things turned out, it was being manipulated that sort of made me feel a little used.

"So Kelly, where's Duane?" she teased me.

Damn her, she knew perfectly well where he was as I had complained all week about his leaving for his "manly" trip. No girls allowed. What a crock. I could have had fun with them all, if that's what it took although I'm not too sure how Duane's dad would have handled THAT.

"Go ahead, rub it in," I replied, frowning at her for bringing it up. Well, I should have known better than to have even acknowledged her.

"Awwwwww, is someone horny? I bet you miss Duane's nice hard dick, don't you?" she teased some more.

"And what business would my boyfriend's dick be of yours?"

"Hey girl, don't forget the guy has fucked me a few times too you know," she reminded me, as if I could forget that.

To my chagrin it was true. Before Duane and I started going out he had dated Kristen and like just about every boy she'd ever dated, he'd fucked her on their first date. Personally, I preferred giving a BJ the first time and then MAYBE letting him fuck me the next time but usually never the first night. Kristen just looked at that as a waste of good dick I suppose. I sometimes think the only reason she dates in the first place is to get laid.

"So what has THAT got to do with anything now?"

"Well, I'm just saying, I can understand why you miss him. He DOES have a great cock and boy or boy, he certainly knows how to use it."

OK, what was THIS all about? It wasn't really cool to tell a girl about how great it was to fuck her boyfriend, especially when she's getting more and more serious with that guy and even starting to think about what happen in the future. What was ironic was that if I DID eventually marry Duane, then he could fuck Kristen all he wanted as she was my cousin and part of my family and I really wouldn't have any say in it.

Kristen got up from her spot and moved slowly over to me, staying underwater for the most part with just her head above the frothy water. She got up to the side of me and I felt her hand between my legs, searching for my pussy which she quickly found.

"Mmmmmmm, I knew you were horny for him, god you're wet!" she teased. Well duh, I was in a hot tub so of course I was soaking wet.

I just sat there, not sure what she was planning to do. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw our mothers were still chatting away, ignoring their two daughters completely it seemed. My dad was in the house preparing his masterpieces so it was almost like Kristen and I were alone in the tub. Suddenly I gasped as she thrust her finger up into my pussy.

"What the heck are you doing?" I asked, not sure what was going on. It wasn't that I minded her finger in me, it was just something I hadn't expected.

"What does it feel like I'm doing, my clueless cousin?" she teased, "I'm finger fucking your pussy. Just lay your head back and pretend it's Duane's dick."

"Sorry, his dick is a lot bigger," I teased her back.

"Well, just use your imagination then, it's not like you haven't been thinking of it all week, am I right?"

She had me there. God, how many times had I masturbated this week already dreaming about him fucking me and I still had a couple more days to go before the real thing was available again!

"Ha! I knew it!" she gloated as she worked her finger in and out of me, added a second one now to fill me even more. "C'mon, admit it, you need to be fucked, don't you? You need it BAD."

I'd started to rub my clit now as she kept her fingers moving in and out of me and yes, I DID want to be fucked... BADLY! I closed my eyes and my head dropped back as I felt my nipples start to tingle and my pussy felt even warmer now than the hot water could claim responsibility for.

"Oh yeah, I want it... I want to be fucked," I moaned softly, loving every second of what she was doing to me.

"You want to suck his dick, don't you," she pushed me, "You want a dick in your mouth now, don't you Kelly. You don't care who's it is, just a dick. C'mon, tell me how bad you want a dick in your mouth."

Sheesh, of course I wanted a dick in my mouth! I wanted it in my mouth, in my pussy, everywhere. As much as I loved her fingers in me and I loved the way my clit felt as I rubbed it, they were just poor substitutions for the real thing. There was something about a real dick in me that no finger or dildo could duplicate. Sucking a real dick was like nothing else in the world and I wanted to suck one so badly right now.

"Oh fuck yes, I want a dick so bad... I want to suck his dick and then have him fuck me with it," I groaned, continuing my fantasy as I closed my eyes and tried to imagine it was Duane's dick inside of me.

## 3. My Dad Joins In

I moaned again as Kristen thrust yet a third finger in me, stretching my pussy and making me feel even better. My mouth opened wide as I prepared to moan yet again when I felt something against it and suddenly something was in my mouth. Holy crap, there was a real dick in my mouth! I opened my eyes and of course, it was my father standing up behind me, his dick dropped down into my mouth with his balls hitting me in the forehead. I couldn't say anything with his dick slipping into my mouth so what other option did I have but to start sucking him.

I looked over at Kristen and if she wasn't looking like the cat who had just ate the canary! That little bitch! I bet she'd planned this all along and while my eyes were closed, dreaming about my Duane fucking me, she must have motioned for my dad to come over and stick his dick in my mouth after I started "begging" for one.

"That's better now, isn't it Kelly," she said, "Suck that cock, make him cum in your mouth... Show me how you like to suck your dad's cock."

Actually, it wasn't so much that I was sucking his cock as he was fucking my mouth. Essentially I was just holding my head back while he moved his cock in and out of me like it was my pussy instead. He was getting harder with each stroke, driving his cock deeper and deeper into my mouth as it grew. Kristen finally shut up but only because I felt her mouth on my boobs, licking me and sucking on my nipple, even biting it slightly.

I tried to look out of the other corner of my eye to see what my mom and aunt were doing but I couldn't move my head over enough to see them. There was no way they could be ignoring what was happening in the tub now, that was for sure. The question was, what would they do about it, if anything? Well, for now, apparently nothing, at least so far as I could tell.

As hard as I was trying to concentrate on my dad's dick in my mouth, my pussy was demanding more and more of my attention as I felt an orgasm starting to rise within me, quickly surging and overwhelming me. I almost choked on my dad's dick as I opened my mouth wide to groan, just as he rammed his stiff dick in and down into my throat. It didn't matter as all my thoughts focused on what was happening inside of me as every nerve in my body suddenly firing like I was being electrocuted. My dad had to see what was happening to me but he was relentless, shoving his stiffening dick in and out of my mouth even faster as Kristen held her fingers still in my pussy as it clamped down tight around them like I was having a spasm.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming," I barely heard my dad said.

Fortunately I HAD heard him as it allowed me to prepare a little for his cum, otherwise I might had gagged - or worse, on it. I was still feeling great as his cock surged and I felt my mouth filling with one shot of cum after another. He actually pulled it out of my mouth and I held it open as he squirted it into my mouth, watching his cum shoot out and landing on my tongue.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S better!" Kristen crowed, evidently pleased with herself for arranging all this.

I lifted my head up so I could swallow without choking. It actually took a couple of swallows to get it all down. God, he must have shot a quart of cum in my mouth from the way it felt!

I turned around and grinned at my dad, who was looking quite pleased with himself as well. "Thank you daddy," I said, smiling sweetly at him, "I really needed that."

"Hey, don't thank me, it was all Kristen's idea."

I turned to Kristen who was grinning from ear to ear. "Well, I can't say I didn't like it," I admitted to her.

Kristen was all too pleased with herself. "Now wasn't that better than just dreaming about Duane's dick? Besides, I love seeing you suck off your dad."

I nodded and then squinted my eyes as I looked at her, like I was trying to figure out what was going on inside that silly blonde head of hers.

"OK, that was fun but whatever possessed you to get my dad to do this today? I figured we were just going to have a quiet afternoon."

Kelly's cheeks puffed out as she tried to stifle a laugh. She shook her head solemnly, saying my name over and over like I was some naive soul. Then she nodded to my dad who seemed to have turned his interest to my mom and her sister.

"Think about it Kelly... don't you remember what happened four years ago as of today?"

Well duh, like how could I ever forget THAT. Yet what did that have to do with anything now?

"Well," she continued, "I just thought it would be fun to celebrate our anniversary, that's all. I mean, it certainly didn't take much to convince your dad!"

So it WAS a setup. She must have arranged something with my dad when I wasn't paying attention. That made more sense than him just appearing on the deck and just happening to find the two of us masturbating together. Kristen's "assignment" was obviously to get me going and I had to hand it to her, she'd done her job well - and more. So now what?

## 4. Our Moms Play Together

As if reading my mind, Kristen nodded her head towards our moms. "I made a deal with my mom that if I could get your dad to surprise you with his dick in your mouth that she would make out with your mom for us. I mean, when was the last time we got to see them do that?"

She was right, it HAD been ages. Come to think of it, it was probably four years ago on this very date since I'd seen just the two of them together without someone else being in between them (like me). My mom and Aunt Linda had played with each other since they were barely teens (or not quite as in Linda's case) and from what my dad told me, they kept pretty busy with one another throughout their teen years. What he remembered most was they loved to include him as well and I could see the look in his eyes as he would tell me about how they would put on a show for him and his younger brother when they were all in high school.

Now that they were older and more "mature", they seemed to keep things more private between them. In fact, my mom rarely even mentioned doing anything with her sister although I had a pretty good idea they still did it quite regularly, if more privately.

Which brings to mind one of my gripes. It gets frustrating at times when people seem to think just because various members of a family have sex that it's all one big gangbang and everyone knows what everyone else is doing. It's not like we hide things from one another, but there is an element of personal privacy that we all respect. Although I knew my mom and aunt enjoyed one another at times, I never pushed my mom to talk about it nor did I ever try to barge in on them and force my way together with them. So just because I can't tell a lot about what they do together doesn't mean they are secretive or trying to hide anything. It's just something personal between them, sort of the same way my parents treat sex between the two of them.

OK, so back from my rant... I was saying all that just so people reading this realize what a special thing it was for me and Kristen to see our mom's making out like two teenagers in the backseat of a car. They were on the chaise lounge chair, sitting side by side kissing one another. They were still dressed (if you can call wearing those bikinis being dressed) but I had serious doubts that it would be the case for long.

"Looks like my mom didn't have to do much to convince your mom either," Kristen whispered to me as we sat next to one another on the edge of the hot tub.

The tub water felt good but it was too hot to stay in for too long so we'd gotten out and taken a seat along the outside edge. With the main pump turned off it was a lot quieter now, making it possible for us to whisper so we wouldn't interrupt our mothers. My dad was obviously pretty turned on by the two of them kissing as well as he pulled up one of the chairs and took a front row seat to the exhibition. He stayed naked and slowly stroked his dick as he watched his wife and sister-in-law. His dick was pretty limp after having just cum in my mouth but I was pretty sure THAT condition would change pretty soon. Like, what could be hotter for him to watch than his wife playing with her own sister?

In a way it seemed a little weird to watch two women in their forties kissing and touching one another. I'm not sure why, it just did. Maybe it was because it just wasn't something I saw very often, not even in my dad's porn collection. My pussy was tingling as I watched my mom's hand caressing her sister's boobs through her bikini top, making her nipples poke through. Aunt Linda seemed more interested in my mom's crotch than her boobs, putting her hand between my mom's legs which she'd spread slightly for her sister's convenience.

"They're pretty hot together, aren't they," Kristen whispered to me. I noticed her hand was between her legs again and I started to rub myself as well. The taste of my dad's cum was still thick in my mouth and my pussy was even wetter than it had been in the hot tub!

By now my mom had Aunt Linda's top off, exposing her firm breasts and allowing her to fondle them and squeeze her nipples between her fingertips. Linda's boobs were smaller than my mom's but thanks to a lift a little while back they were as firm as a woman's half her age. She had decided to just take out the sag and not "enhance" them which I knew pleased my dad as he loved the natural feel.

Our moms were still kissing, their tongues visible now and then as they tasted one another. My aunt had my mom's bikini bottom pulled to one side so her thick pussy hair was showing, her finger pushing inside my mom's pussy as far as she could shove it in. I could tell from the way my mom's hips were moving in sync with Aunt Linda's finger that she was loving it.

My own finger was threatening to penetrate my pussy as I watched what was happening just a few feet away. God they looked so hot together! It was killing me how slow and deliberate they were taking things, as if they know we were watching and wanted to tease us like a pole dancer taking her time on a strip club stage. Of course, they DID know we were watching and I wouldn't put it past the two of them to do just that - take their time to drive the rest of us crazy.

My mom moaned, the first sound I'd heard from her, as Aunt Linda used her thumb to rub her clit as her finger was up inside her pussy. With all the hair she had, it was hard to see just what my aunt was doing to her but it must have been pretty good from the way my mom was reacting. I guess it goes without saying when two women have been doing each other for almost thirty years that they would have a pretty good idea what to do to get the other one off!

My aunt must have wanted more than just to finger my mom. It was like they had some sort of psychic connection as without a word or any signal I could detect, my mom laid back on the chaise lounge chair, pulling her bottom off as my Aunt took hers off as well, followed closely by the rest of their clothes, leaving the two of them naked.

Damn, if I looked just half as good as them twenty years from now I'll feel lucky! My aunt especially had preserved her shape. My mom's larger D-cups were starting to show the effects of gravity and sagged a little bit without a bra to hold them up. Still, nobody would have complained, I am sure! Each of them had kept their stomachs flat and their legs trim. Although I would NEVER tell her this, my mom's ass was little bigger than my aunts but then judging from the family album, that had always been the case.

It was sort of like me and Kristen. We each seemed to have inherited much of our mother's figures as she had the tight little ass while mine was more "rounded", shall we say. I'd always liked my ass, though, especially back when my chest wasn't exactly doing me any favors. Maybe that's why even today, I like to run around with something that covers my top more than my ass, like a t-shirt at night.

My aunt was the first to taste pussy as she leaned over my mom's tanned stomach and put her head between her sisters thighs. She used one hand to spread apart the thick forest of pubic hair so she could get a better view of my mom's pussy. My mom trimmed her pussy just enough to keep her bikini decent but that was about it. Even my aunt just trimmed hers, although she kept it much shorter than my mom. Must have been a generational thing, I guess, as both Kristen and I kept ours shaved bare. I'd experimented different times with a landing strip, small v-patch, and other 'designs" but inevitably I would get frustrated with it one day and just shave it all off again.

As my aunt ate my mom's pussy, my mom reached over and tugged on my aunt to encourage her to climb aboard. Fortunately the chaise lounge was a really nice one (as in expensive) and so it didn't even squeak with the weight of both of them on it although my aunt had to tuck in her knees hard against my mom to stay on board. God, it had been so many years since I had seen them in this position. Again, for some reason it was so much more erotic than when say, I saw Kristen and a friend in a 69. I don't want to say they were "too old" to do this sort of thing and they should "act their age" or anything silly like that, yet there was just something about seeing two mature women in such a sexy position, both of them obviously enjoying every minute of it.

I heard a low growl next to me and glanced over to see Kristen with her eyes fixed on her mom, her lips separated just slightly and her chest breathing hard as her hand rubbed her pussy faster and faster. Damn, she was getting off! The intensity of her facial expression, as if she was ignoring everything else around her and conscious only of the two women in front of her, was impressive, to say the least.

Damn, if she could only have focused on her studies at school as intensely as she was on her mom and aunt fucking each other, she would have graduated at the top of her class! Instead, the airhead (and I mean that lovingly) dropped out of school and became a whore. Of course, she drove a new convertible while I drove my little Saturn Ion and she had money to burn on every toy while I was forced to move back with my parents because I couldn't afford to pay for my own apartment.

It would have been an interesting question for my old philosophy professor - who was better off, the whore or the Christian school teacher? Financially, there was no contest. However, I think I had her beat in the 'self-worth" category. When I leave work to come home I feel like I've accomplished something to make the world a better place and help a young child in their life. Kristen has nothing but a worn pussy and a purse full of money for allowing some jerk to fuck her who doesn't even know her real name, not exactly a "save the world" way of life.

As for me, I was too fascinated with watching my mom and Aunt Linda to cum myself. It wasn't like watching a porn movie where you play with yourself and imagine being a part of the scene. I really had no desire to join them, it was too special the way it was to interfere. When they made each other cum I was so excited that I wanted to stand up and cheer. Kristen just came herself again, thinking of herself as usual. I couldn't help but notice that my dad was starting to recover, not a surprise given what was happening within an arm length of his chair. He would've had to be a eunuch to not get an erection, no matter how recently he had just unloaded!

Once they had both cum, they turned on their sides, facing each other, pulling in ever so tightly to one another with their legs intertwined such their thighs were pressed up against their wet pussies and their boobs were mashed against one another. As they resumed kissing, I wondered how they tasted to each other. My aunt's back was to me and I could see her ass clench and then release as she pushed her leg in up against my mom's pussy, trying to stimulate her once again. It was like watching a dig hump your leg, except in this case the women were humping their thighs into the other's pussy, rubbing up against their sensitive clits.

As they moved quicker, I could hear them whispering to each other but I couldn't quite make out what it was that they were saying to each other. Then it was like my aunt was given an electric shocked as her body straightened out and she tensed stiffly, almost quivering as another orgasm ,must have been ripping through her.

I guess as sisters their bodies must have been in sync as my mom quickly followed her and it was like two statues for almost a minute. I hadn't seen my mom cum like that before, just all stiff and tense, like she was so consumed that her body was frozen as it tried to deal with it. Then, just as quickly, they both relaxed and started humping each pother hard, moaning and sighing as hugged each other tightly and buried their faces in each other's neck. Eventually it was over and it was like they just collapsed, somehow staying on the chaise lounge but other than that, not moving a muscle as if they were totally exhausted - as they probably were.

# 5. My Dad Fucks Us All

"God DAMN that was hot!" Kristen whispered loudly, enough that my dad heard her and turned to us and smiled. He was fully erect once again and I was sure ready to bury his pussy in someone. Who would he fuck first?

Now I would be lying through my teeth if I didn't start to get myself in position for him to fuck me. After all, as his daughter, wouldn't he want to do me first? Of course, Kristen was a couple years younger than me and without a doubt the hottest female in sight at the moment. But she was a whore now and my dad, while he didn't let it stop him from fucking her, wasn't as enthusiastic about her as he used to be.

Probably my biggest "competitor" was my mom. After all, she WAS his wife so maybe he would feel obligated to fuck her first. The last person on my "list" was my Aunt Linda. Sure she was hot and probably reminded me of his high school days when he fucked her and she was still in 8th grade, but other than reliving the past, she may be a good fuck but didn't have the "pull" the other three of us.

My logic was impeccable, so of course he chose my Aunt Linda. Given my line of reasoning I was more than a little surprised but he didn't offer up any explanation. He simply moved in behind her where she was still on her side, lifted her top leg up and used his other hand to direct his now stiff dick straight into her wet pussy. It seemed to surprise her as much as it did the rest of us but she didn't do anything to discourage her.

"Bet you weren't expecting this, were you?" Kristen whispered to me, a grin on her face. Evidently it was a turn-on for her to see my dad choose her mom as the first one to be fucked as she was masturbating like crazy once again.

Sometimes I think Kristen masturbates when car insurance commercial comes on TV - anything works as an excuse for her to get herself off. You would think that someone who gets fucked as often as she did wouldn't masturbate so much but she did, and then some it seemed. I didn't respond to her taunt but the disappointment in my face must have been obvious.

"Awwwwww, you thought he was going to do you first, didn't you?" she giggled, as if it was something funny - which it was not, at least for me. "I bet you don't know just how many times he comes over to fuck my mom, do you?"

I looked sharply at her. What the heck was she talking about? I knew my dad liked to fuck my aunt now and then when she stopped over but I wasn't aware of him making regular stops at THEIR house. Damn, the things you learn sometimes in the strangest of places and times.

"So does he do you then too?" I asked, almost afraid to hear the answer.

In all these years I'd never felt jealous of my cousin when my dad would fuck her because I was certain I was his favorite pussy. Suddenly I wondered if I had been wrong all these years. For the first time I watched my dad fucking my aunt and wondered if it was right.

"Noooooo, hardly ever," she reassured me. "Mostly he does my mom and even then It's usually when I'm not home."

Well, that was a LITTLE better but still, why was he fucking her first? He'd already cum once in my mouth and even with Viagra, he wasn't going to be cumming a third time anytime soon so was he doing my Aunt instead of me?

As it turned out, later I was very disappointed in myself for having thought such crazy accusations. My father is such a wonderful husband and father that I should have known he would never do anything to hurt or disappoint me or my mom. After fucking her just a little while, he pulled his dick out of my Aunt Linda, walked around the chaise lounge chair and did the same with my mom.

Watching him doing my mom, I wondered if he was going to do me and Kristen next. It was a valid concern given his age. After my recent BJ, would he have the stamina to cum in my mom and still have enough left over to get hard enough to fuck both me and Kristen? If past history was anything to go by the odds were against it, even given the marvels of modern pharmaceuticals.

In the end, I should have realized that there was no reason for me to be so Worried. My dad had never let me down before and he wasn't about to start now. What happened was like my aunt, he only stayed in my mom for a couple of minutes before he pulled himself out of her and headed like an arrow for Kristen, quickly burying his cock, still wet from fucking my mom, in her younger pussy. After our two moms, she must have felt pretty tight, despite the wear and tear her pussy was subjected to every week.

It's not that our mothers were all that loose or bad in any way, it's just a pussy is never the same after childbirth. I've actually known women who wanted a C-section because they didn't want their pussies permanently stretched out by childbirth. Talk about allowing your vanity to get out of hand!

Knowing Kristen, she must have been impatiently waiting for her uncle's cock from the moment I started his BJ and from the way her face was gleaming, she was loving every minute of it now. I have to say this, as much as I LOVE being fucked and there are times I think I will simply not make it through the day if I don't get a cock in me, Kristen is at another level. Her addiction to dicks was probably the primary reason she became a prostitute, not the money (although it certainly didn't hurt). I'd seen her in action at parties and with clients and as hot as I like to think I am, and as good at being fucked as I claim to be, I'll never be in Kristen's league. It's something that has to be born into you I think.

You won't see Kristen in any of my situations, horny and dying for a dick but not having anyone to help me. No, my whore of a cousin goes out like a hunter and bags her own trophy dick, by whatever means is necessary. Married, single, short, tall, skinny, fat... it didn't seem to matter to her when it was just her need for dick that had to be satisfied. I love sex with married guys but at the same time, I try to be careful not to hurt their marriage and if anything, try to make it an experience for him that will help his marriage.

Not Kristen. If anything, I think she gets off from ruining marriages. Any man that trusts her when she says she'll never say anything to his wife is an idiot, no other way to say it. There are enough broken marriages and estranged spouses left in her dust to testify to her selfishness.

At the moment, though, none of that mattered. Kristen obviously was loving being fucked by my dad but then, who am I trying to kid? She would love being fucked by him just as much if he wasn't my father. I never got the feeling that having him fuck her was as emotionally fulfilling for her as it was for me. If he never fucked her again, she might miss it when she was over at our house and feeling horny, but it wouldn't devastate her the way it would me.

As for me, I can't even imagine my father not wanting to fuck me. It's not that his dick has any special powers or his sexual technique is all that great. It's the fact that it tells me how much he loves me that means so much to me. If he ever stopped, regardless of why he claimed the reason to be, I would be left for the rest of my life wondering what I'd done so wrong that he no longer desired me physically.

"Cum in me Uncle John," his blonde whore of a niece begged him. It wasn't like when I begged him to cum in me. For me it was a plead for his love but for Kristen it was all about lust and desire.

Kristen was humping her hips, driving her crotch into him, doing her best to stimulate him into an orgasm. She was good, too. I'd seen her more than a few times practically wring the cum out of a guy before he's hardly even started fucking her.

There were a few moments when I thought it might actually happen. My dad's movements, grunts and facial expression all pointed to an impending eruption at the end of his dick, which was no buried to the hilt in Kristen's pussy. Damn her, she was going to make him do it and she KNEW how I felt about it. Indeed, she turned to face me and winked, my dad not even noticing as his lust overtook him. It was like he was some werewolf who no longer could be held accountable for his actions as he turned into a beast.

"Dammit Kristen, don't you dare do it," I said sharply to her. She knew exactly what "it" meant and it looked like she was just going to ignore me for the sake of her own selfish pleasure. "I'M WARNING YOU..." I said a little louder this time.

My dad was concentrating so much on fucking her it was like he never even heard me but Kristen sure did. Finally she just frowned and stopped humping on his cock, letting him regain consciousness or whatever it was that had him so spellbound for a couple of minutes there.

"Fuck ME now daddy," I invited him, sitting on the edge of the hot tub with my legs spread apart, leaving no doubt whatsoever where I wanted his dick. I curled my finger at him, inviting him towards me.

My dad looked down at Kristen and sort of smiled and shrugged his shoulders, as if to say there was nothing he could say, that he didn't have a choice. Indeed, if anyone had a right to his cock in a situation like this, as his only daughter, I felt I was entitled, even more so than my mom. Sure she was his wife and lover, but then anyone would say he should fuck her.

As his daughter it was a much different story. After all, how many fathers actually got to fuck their daughters? Sure, a lot of them WISH they could and who knows how many would if they had a chance, but face it, there are very few fathers who ever actually get to experience the joy of thrusting their erect cock inside of their own daughter's pussy. Then to do it in front of his wife, and her sister and nice, that just made it even more special. I just wish his entire family could watch as well.

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as he approached me. His dick was standing out straight, pointing at me like some sort of spear all ready to pierce me. I knew everyone was watching and I squirmed a little from the anticipation of feeling him in me. He was staring at my pussy all the way, not taking his eyes off of it for even a second as he approached me. The was a calm, deliberate manner in the way he came to me, like a man on a mission, one that he would now complete no matter what it took.

When he was close to me he put his hands on my knees and spread me even further apart. With both hands occupied, he shuffled in closer until his dick was up against my pussy. I could see it was still wet from being inside of Kristen and it just seemed hot knowing her puss cum was about to enter me as well. At first he was a little too high and when he pushed forward it slipped up and over my pussy. I didn't; really mind because it caused his shaft to slide over my clit, like a fleshy dildo rubbing over me. God it felt so good!!

"Put it in me daddy," I begged him again, "Oh please fuck me daddy. I want everyone to see how much you love me."

Like he needed to be asked! Still, I've learned over the years that no matter how in control they were, men still loved to hear a girl ask for it. Oh that incredible male ego! I could say it a hundred times and he would want to hear it again... "Fuck me."

"OK baby, here it comes," he said needlessly as I felt the pressure of his cock head against my open pussy.

I was incredibly wet from masturbating and he was stiff as a steel rod so it didn't take much to get him in me. As mentally prepared as I was, I still couldn't help but gasp as he slid into me, the thickness of his cock filling me and stretching me apart between my legs.

"Oh daddy... that feel so good!" I moaned, leaning my head back and shutting my eyes as I concentrated on the sensations being created within me as his dick drilled its way deeper and deeper into me.

One final thrust and we both grunted as he base of his cock planted itself against my bare crotch, pushing up against me, almost sealing me off as he ground himself into me. His stiff pubic hair scratched my bald pussy like a fine steel wool pad as he gyrated his hips to literally drill his dick into me even a little bit deeper.

By now his dick had been in four pussies, two older ones and now two younger ones, in the space of less than half an hour. I'd like to think mine was the tightest of the four so I figured it wasn't going to take much for him to get off. Under the circumstances it wasn't a big deal to me how many positions we were in or how long he could go without shooting off inside of me. No, the important thing was after fucking the other three, I was the one he wanted to finish in. It made me practically burst with pride to know my dad had waited until he was fucking me to release himself. As much as he loved my mother, as much as he got off fucking his sister-in-law and her daughter, in the end it was his own daughter that turned him on the most. I may not be sixteen anymore but still, 23 isn't exactly OLD and he was a man so of course it had to be special for him to fuck me. How many men dream of fucking a younger girl than their wife? A LOT if my mail is any indication. How many of them wish that younger girl was their daughter? A lot of them as well, again if my e-mail and chats tell the story.

He was getting close, as was I. I could feel my orgasm rising inside of me, like a surging tide rising irresistibly. Men seem to think a female orgasm is the same as jerking off a dick - do it long enough and it erupts, just a matter of performing the correct procedure. Heck, men can get off sticking their dicks through holes and not even seeing the woman sucking their dick! Sure, there are times I can cum just manipulating my pussy, but the best orgasms are never straightforward but rather complicated creations, like comparing a store-bought cake mix with a pastry crafted by a French chef.

This particular one I could feel about to come was a complex mix of physical pleasure created by my dad's dick in me, combined with the emotional feelings produced by having three of the women closest to me watching me being literally mated by my father, all blended together with the satisfaction of knowing I was pleasing my father in a way no other woman in the world could.

"God I love you baby," he cried out softly as he lifted my legs higher and rammed his dick into me and held it there, his body quivering as he fought to hold it back as long as possible. "Ahhhhhh!" he groaned as finally he couldn't resist the overwhelming primal drive that dwelled within him, the evolutionary imperative to deliver his seed into his mate.

The feeling of him jerking as the first load of incestuous sperm erupted from his cock, combined with the just perceivable warmth within me of his warm sperm as it bathed the interior of my pussy, and then seeing the look on his face as the pleasure consumed him, all served to ignite my own orgasm. It bloomed in me like a match thrown into a barrel of gasoline, exploding in a fiery wave of pure pleasure that filled me from head to toe. I could feel the goose bumps rising all over yet at the same time it was like a heat lamp was on full blast, making me feel flushed and sweaty. Even my hair seemed to sizzle as my vision narrowed into a tunnel with just his face in view, that face of my father as he continued to release load after load of his cum into me. Damn, not bad for a guy his age, especially considered he had cum in my mouth not that long ago!

"Oh daddy, that feels so good in me.... stay inside of me," I somehow must have said but my voice seemed to be coming from someone else, like I was hearing myself but not saying the words.

Suddenly I felt this incredible feeling of fear, not that I was afraid of being hurt or scared like at a horror movie, but fear that he would pull his dick out of me, leaving me empty with nothing but his cum inside of me. I didn't want that, not yet at least. I wanted to feel him inside of me after he had cum, feel myself joined together with him as his dick slowly dwindled inside of me.

My dad released my legs but instead of dropping them to the deck, I wrapped them around him waist, pulling him into me so he couldn't withdraw. He reached down and put his arms around me as I wrapped my own arms around his neck. He grunted slightly as he lifted me up and off the hot tub, holding me in the air, pinned on his dick like a bug in a tray. My boobs were squished tightly against his chest as he lowered his hands and supported me by putting his hands under my butt and lifting up with one hand on each of my ass cheeks. He was sweating terribly, his body slick as the sweat dripped from his face.

"Thank you daddy," I whispered in his ear so only he could hear, "Thank you for cumming in me... for choosing me."

"You'll always be my baby girl," he said in a lovingly soft voice back to me, "How could I have picked anyone but you?"

"Oh daddy!" I sighed, burying my head in his neck, ignoring the sweat as I felt the tears rising. I felt so proud... so loved.

I could also feel my dad's dick still in me. I didn't even look around to see what the others were thinking or doing. All I could think about was how wonderful my dad had just fucked me and how perfect it was for me to be held by him like this, joined together with him in the most intimate way a father could be with his daughter.

A little cough suddenly interrupted the moment and I opened the eyes to see my mom standing in front of me.

"I know this is special but the rest of us are hungry. Do you plan on ever cooking us dinner or are you just going to fuck your daughter all night?

She said it in a disarming tone so neither of us took it the wrong way. To be perfectly honest, the second option would have been fine with me but we needed to eat and get ready for the fireworks. Our deck was positioned perfectly so we had a great view of the city fireworks display. Of course, they were nothing like the ones in downtown Pittsburgh but here we didn't have to drive and fight the crowds. Not to mention we were free to do other things should the desire come about.

Actually, cooking dinner was probably the best thing at the moment to give my dad a chance to recover. He got dressed again as experience in the past taught him that hot greasy grills and nudity don't get along! The rest of us stayed nude, a little different from the norm but somehow it seemed appropriate tonight.

"So Kelly, will we get to have Duane with us for our 5th anniversary?" Kristen taunted me.

I knew what she was referring to. It seemed lately all my mom and them could do was ask me when Duane was going to propose. Granted, the idea didn't make me shiver but still, it was a major step and I wasn't sure I was ready for him to ask me yet. Even if he did, would we get married in time for next year's 4th of July? Sure he could fuck Kristen and my Aunt Linda. Heck, he had already done them both.

The key was that unless we were married he couldn't fuck my mom. My parents were VERY strict about adultery and never were swingers or did any sort of sex outside of marriage. OK, there was that brief thing with Beth, my best friend, but she was practically a part of the family and it wasn't anything that continued on anyway. He COULD get a BJ from my mom as that wasn't sex, but penetration was out of the questions unless he was married to me and thus officially, and biblically, a part of the family.

My plans for Duane were to wait until he proposed to let him know the rest of my family "involvements". I could never marry anyone unless he fully understood my commitment to my family and the expectations I had once we were married. I would be 100% faithful to my husband and never cheat on him but I could never turn away from my family. It really wasn't a bad deal for him as he could fuck my mom and the other women in my family with my full permission and encouragement. As open minded as Duane was, I didn't anticipate any problems but then you never know for sure. The reason I didn't tell him now was we could break up or who knows what and then what if he told people about my family?

By the time the night was over, my dad had 'recovered" and this time he fucked the others while I either masturbated or played around with whoever was left over with me. It was one of the best 4th of July picnics we had ever had. The only thing that would have made it better would have been if Duane was there. Maybe next year????

It shouldn't come to anyone's surprise that knows anything about my family where the solution came from - my mom. We were talking one day about something or another and somehow the subject came up. Well, it wasn't really THAT random.

"Mom... Dad was fucking me this morning and can you believe it, all he did was go on and on about Tammy again," I whined.

"Well dear, don't think you're alone," she chuckled as she rolled her eyes, "The horny bastard was doing me last night and he actually called out her name when he came. How's THAT for something to complain about?"

We both laughed and hugged and then she got more serious again.

"Really, I've been thinking about it a lot since last night. Now that you're having the same issue, we really DO need to do something. Want to hear my idea?"

I just nodded my head, my full attention riveted on her. Of course I wanted to hear her idea!

"How about you invite her over for a sleepover at our house this weekend? It would be as good an excuse as any for her to stay the night."

"Ummmmm, mom, you're forgetting something," I said, shaking my head, "I'm not sixteen anymore and girls my age don't have sleepovers."

My mom just grinned slyly at me and came back with, "Oh yeah, so let your old mom get this right... you just sleep over at Duane's house but it's not a sleepover because you're 23?"

"Mommmmmm!" I whined again, not finishing my sentence. I then got more serious and looked at her asking, "Do you think Aunt Shari will really buy it? I've never asked Tammy to spend the night here before."

My mom just shrugged and said, "I don't see why not. Besides, we don't have to tell her it's only the two of you. Let her think it's a complete party. I bet she doesn't think twice."

We both knew better than THAT. If there was one thing my Aunt Shari DID do and that was worry about anything that had to do with me. She was convinced I was a bad influence on Tammy and wasn't afraid to speak her mind about me to my mom when they were alone. She barely gave me the time of time but frankly, it didn't bother me in the least. The less I had to do with her the better.

If Aunt Shari had REALLY known anything about me, she would realize that her attitude towards me just gave me all the more incentive to do even more around her. Knowing she would hate me for it made being fucked by her son all the better for me. As much as I despised my Uncle Jim as a man, sometimes I let him fuck me just

as I masturbated, wondering if my dad was thinking about fucking Tammy again as he fucked my mom.

## 2. Picking Up Tammy

Friday finally came and my mom and I were getting ready to drive over to my cousin's house to pick her up. I came downstairs and met my mom, purse and car keys in hand.

"Damn it Kelly, do you always have to push it with your Aunt Shari?" she sighed, looking me over, "You know she takes it out on me, don't you?"

"Oh mom!" I whined, like a girl half my age, "What's the big deal?"

My mom looked at my ass, half hanging out from my ultra-short cutoffs. It didn't help, at least from her perspective, that they were ripped in a couple of places such that you could see my bare butt thought the seat.

"I thought we agreed you wouldn't wear those out in public?"

"But we're not going out in public, just to Aunt Shari and Uncle Jim's," I rationalized.

She just rolled her eyes and then pointed at my tank top. "And as for THAT, my darling slutty daughter, wouldn't you say you outgrew that a few years ago?"

I gave her my best "who me?" look and grinned. OK, so it WAS a couple of sizes too small and was tight as hell on me but it let my nipples poke through like it was Saran Wrap and exposed a few inches of my stomach where it was too short to cover me. The top plunged to show a healthy amount of cleavage. Obviously I wasn't wearing a bra!

"We're late so I guess it will have to do. God, your Aunt is going to have a fit!"

She turned to head downstairs to the garage and I followed her, grinning the entire way. She may protest about me upsetting my Aunt but I knew she really enjoyed tweaking her sanctimonious sister-in-law. My Aunt Shari was the type that gives Christians a bad name - "holier-than-thou", self-righteous, and conservative to the extreme in dress and conduct. Needless to say, she didn't approve of me and held my mom responsible for how I turned out to be - "a slutty little whore" in her words.

I didn't help the situation, making sure I always dressed in my most revealing outfits and flirting with all the men when she was around - including her husband and son. What she didn't know, and what would have probably caused her to "go postal", was that I was doing more than just flirting with them, a LOT more! If there was any way I could tell her without her going ballistic, I would have loved to seen the expression on her face when she found out her loving husband and teenage son had been fucking me for years!

As we drove over to their house, my mom turned to look at me yet again and shook her head with a loud sigh. "You know, she MAY refuse to let Tammy come over with you dressed like that. That bitch can be pretty stubborn sometimes. God, if nothing else she's going to give me an earful, I just know it!"

"Oh well, that's her problem," I huffed, crossing my arms and feeling more determined than ever to mess with my Aunt's head.

I hated people like her, or at least really didn't like them. What right did she have to say how I dressed or what I did with my private life? Look what all her high and might so-called morals had gotten her - a husband doing their niece and kids committing incest behind her back. I'd love to see her in church sometime giving one of her pious speeches about all the ills of the earth and how the world was decaying and then stand up tell everyone there what kind of family SHE was a part of.

"Yeah, but remember that she's the one who can keep Tammy home and there goes all our plans for your father tonight," my mom replied.

As usual, she was the calm one who kept things in perspective. She may have been right but it wasn't like I was wearing my sluttiest bikini or anything. Sure my outfit probably would have gotten me removed from most public places but then we weren't going to the mall or anything like that.

By then we had arrived so the conversation ended as we got out of the car and approached the front door. Rick answered the door and his eyes immediately went to my boobs and ass - where else? I imagined his cock was already twitching. It had been a few months since he'd last fucked me as usually my mom was the one to grab him when he was over at our place. I can't say I missed him fucking me all that much but he WAS enthusiastic and damn if he couldn't stay hard a long time!

"Tammy, Kelly and her mom are here!" he called out over his shoulder, his eyes still fixed on my boobs.

"See something you like Rick?" I couldn't help but tease him.

My mom's elbow jabbed me in the side, reminding me to behave. For some reason, standing on the doorstep where anyone in the neighborhood could see me, with Rick right there in front of me, a growing bulge in his pants, and it was like all I could do to stay off my knees and start sucking his dick. One thing about Rick, he DID have the biggest dick in the family, at least so far as I'd seen.

My mom pushed me through the door, taking my mind off thoughts of his hardening dick in my mouth, at least momentarily. As the screen door closed behind us, Aunt Shari made her appearance. As usual, she was dressed in a long denim skirt with a high neck blouse, her hair pulled back tightly in a bun. It was almost funny, in a way, to see someone dressed that way on a day as hot as today was. She started to say hi to my mom when she caught sight of me and her smile instantly dropped into a deep frown. She pursed her lips and curtly told my mom she needed to speak with her in the kitchen.

"Don't you have work to do young man?" she hissed at Rick, who was trying his best to conceal the erection that was sprouting in his jeans.

Lord only knows what she would have said or done if she'd seen his reaction to his own cousin. No doubt she would have blamed me for it - and then my mom for letting me come over dressed this way in the first place.

Rick shrugged and turned to go back outside. With our mom's out of sight in the kitchen, he made a circle with the fingers of his felt hand and then poked his index finger of the other hand through it, moving it in and out. I knew what he was doing, and I just grinned at him and cupped my boobs for him, lifting them up and jiggling them slightly for him. Something told me that Rick would be needing to use the bathroom pretty soon - with the door locked!

I heard voices in the kitchen and it didn't sound like things were going to well. As much as I would have loved to hear what they were saying, I stayed well away. Despite what my mom might think, I really DID know what lines not to cross and getting caught listening in on their argument was such a line. Just then, Kate came up the stairs from their bedroom downstairs.

"Tammy said she would be right up," she said, then she looked at me and like her mom, a look of disgust came over her. Kate was a clone of her mother in many ways and I couldn't stand her - and the feeling was mutual.

"Why do you always have to dress like a whore?" she whined at me, "Don't you have any respect for yourself?"

I couldn't help but sigh out loud and roll my eyes at her. What an idiot! Just because she was likely going to be a virgin AFTER she was married, it didn't mean everyone else had to love by her rules. The truth was I DID respect myself which is exactly why I wore such outfits.

"Oh go fuck yourself Kate," I responded, fed up with her and her attitude.

"Well at least everyone in school doesn't call me a slut," she came back, crossing her arms in defiance.

"So what?" I replied, "That's better than being called the class bitch."

Our little debate probably would have gotten quite heated had not Tammy come up the stairs, a backpack hanging over one shoulder and her purse in her other hand.

"Don't tell me... are you two going at it again?" she sighed, dropping her pack to the floor.

"You're going to be just like her someday, aren't you?" Kate practically spat at her younger sister and then marched back to their bedroom. I could only imagine some of the fights they must have had being forced to sleep with each other in the same room!

I gave Kate a hug and she giggled a little at me. "Did mom see you yet?" I nodded and she giggled again. "I bet you really pissed her off. I hope she still lets me come over."

We quickly learned that answer as our moms My aunt's face was all red and I would have loved to have known her blood pressure about now. My mom just look amused. That's what was so cool about my mom. My aunt could yell at her and call her names all day and it didn't faze her a bit. If anything, even though she wouldn't admit it, I knew she secretly liked it when I dressed up for my aunt.

My aunt purposely avoided looking at me and addressed her youngest daughter. "I suppose you can spend the night but you had better behave and call me before you go to bed, you hear me young lady?"

Tammy knew her mom well enough not to say anything stupid at this point. She just nodded again and picked up her case to leave.

"Hey, don't I get a hug?" her mom reminded her. Tammy looked a little embarrassed but she did as she was told, hugging her mom and then we all headed back to the door. I was about to say something when my mom jabbed me in the side again. OK, message received, shut up Kelly!

As we went back to the car, Rick was watching us from the garage. I could only imagine the thoughts going through his deviant mind. They would have REALLY been wild had he known our plans for Tammy that night!

"So mom, did you and Aunt Shari have a nice talk?" I asked innocently as we headed back to our place.

"Well, I think SHE did all the talking," my mom replied, "And young lady, PLEASE don't wear that outfit back there again, OK?"

I smiled and Tammy was giggling in the back seat. My mom looked in the rear view mirror to see her and called back to her. "And what's so funny back there anyway?"

Tammy giggled again and then said, "You should have heard what my mom said to me after you called and asked me to stay over. It was so funny!"

She didn't elaborate, nor did she need to. Both my mom and I had pretty good ideas what must have transpired. She was probably read the riot act about behaving herself and not going out anywhere with her slutty cousin. Well, I bet she had no idea what I REALLY had in store for her daughter, and we didn't need to go out to do it.

## 3. Getting Started in the Hot Tub

It was only a short while and we were back home and I led her to my room to change into something more comfortable. Tammy, though, had other ideas.

"Hey Kelly, can we go in the hot tub first?" she asked, her eyes bright and a big smile on her face.

I didn't see any reason why not so we just stripped and grabbed some towels from the hallway closet and headed downstairs to the hot tub. This was one of the few times I ran through the house naked - between my bedroom and the hot tub. It didn't make any sense to put on anything just to take it off less than a minute later. So far as I knew I'd always used the hot tub nude unless we had company over. It was just one of those things we did as a family, not meant to be sexual.

Of course, that didn't mean the tub wasn't ever used for sex. Indeed, the first time I ever saw my parents making love was looking down from my bedroom window onto the deck and seeing them in the tub together. After I started having sex with my dad, that opened new doors as well. When my friends came over, most of them enjoyed being nude too - although they stayed dressed when my dad was home. More than a few boys I dated got to spend some time with me in our tub as well. The look on their faces when I just stripped and hopped in was priceless!

I remembered when Tammy and her family would visit and we would all use the tub (in our suits, of course). When Tammy got to be around twelve or so and started to fill out in all the right places, I would reach under the foam and feel my dad's erection under the water. He use to get SO horny when she ran around in her swim suit, even it is was rather conservative because of her mother.

Tammy helped me pull the cover off and I started up the jets. The water was hot and even thought the sun was out and it was a hot day, it still felt good to climb in and feel your skin tingle from the heat of the water. I slowly lowered myself in as Tammy did the same. I couldn't help but notice she was developing into quit the looker! Her boobs were definitely filling out, maybe a solid B cup by now. She was a little heavier maybe than she should be but not fat by any means. She had wide tans lines from the conservative two piece suit her mom made her wear. Actually, I was amazed she ever let her wear THAT as until the past year or so all she could wear were one-piece suits.

"Wow, it's so hot!" she exclaimed as the water went over her chest and up to her neck. Indeed, it did feel a little hotter than usual but that was probably because we were already so warm from the sun before we got in.

I felt the jets striking me from all sides and I recalled the first time I figured out what other things the jets were good for. We had the standard shower massager in the bathroom (why do you think women all want them?) but the jets did a much better job as they were more powerful and the force of them against my pussy was absolutely delightful!

We just chatted for a while as it had been quite a while since the two of us had been alone together. She was really curious about my boyfriend Duane and I guess I couldn't blame her. It had been a long time since I had a real "boyfriend" and Duane was special. I could actually see him proposing to me someday - and me accepting!

"So does he fuck you good?" she asked with a naughty grin, reaching over with her foot to rub my leg.

"Oh yeah!" was all I said in response, my smile telling her more than anything I could say.

"Does he know...," she started to say, dragging it on as if not sure she should be asking.

"You know better than to even ask that," I replied, maybe a little too sharply and then added, "Someday if and when he proposes I will. I don't want to be like Aunt Linda."

She knew what I was talking about. My Aunt had agreed to get married and thought her new husband was cool with her lifestyle but soon found out he couldn't handle it. Their marriage lasted long enough to bring Kristen into the household but not long enough for her to ever know her father. When he gave her an ultimatum, stop having sex with her family or he would leave, she handed him a suitcase. Family came first with her as it did with me. As much as I loved Duane and dearly hoped someday we might be married, if he wasn't ready to accept me for who I am then it would never come to be.

"Hey... Rick's been over here a lot lately," she said, changing the subject. "Who does he do the most, you or your mom?"

"You mean he doesn't brag about it when gets home?" I chuckled.

"Oh sure but I never know what to believe with him sometimes. He claims that he just fucks you mom. Is that true?"

I nodded at her and shrugged my shoulders. "It's OK, my mom gets a kick out it. So what about you? Have you been a good sister lately?"

Her eyes lit up again and she smiled broadly. "Not so much him as some of his friends. He has some really cute guys he hangs around with and now that they know he has a sister like me, they seem to want to come around more often. Hmmmmmm, I wonder why?"

She said that last part with such an innocent look on her face, as if she had no idea why a bunch of guys would want to come over to fuck their friend's sixteen year old sister, that we both burst out laughing.

"What about your girlfriends? Anything happen there lately?" I asked.

Tammy had never really gotten into girl-girl sex, even though I was the first one to eat her pussy. Sometimes I think she let me play with her more to please me than her and over time, we had sort of gotten away from it. In fact, it had been ages since the last time we played together, maybe last Christmas?

"Nah, I like boys, you know that," she reminded me, then looked at me with a haughty grin and then added, "Of course, present company excepted."

"Get over her silly," I said, motioning for her to move closer to me.

Tammy turned her back to me and I put my arms around her and pulled her in tightly between my legs/ She was quite a bit smaller than me still, even smaller than Kristen was. I felt her naked body between my legs and then the pressure of her pushing against my pussy and felt a chill run up my spine, even with the hot jet pumping out against it.

"Ready for a little jet action?" I asked, twisting around without waiting for a response.

I turned so she was facing the side of the hot tub. This wasn't the first time we'd done this and she knew the drill. She lifted her legs up and out of the eater, draping them over the side of the tub so her crotch was up close to the jet that was shooting out air and eater. I supported her from behind so she wouldn't dunk under the water and she spread her legs apart so the jet pulsed directly against her bare pussy.

"Oh wow, that feel SO good," she sighed as I felt her relax and fall back into my arms, trusting me to hold her up.

I had my arms around her, my knees resting on the bottom of the tub, barely enough to keep my own head out of the water. Her arms were stretched out to her sides, floating in the water as she relaxed even more, letting the water shoot out against her hot little pussy and taking in every sensation.

"Oh Kelly... it feel so good against me like that."

She shifted herself slightly so her crotch was up even closer to the jet. I let her rest yup against my chest as I reached down lower, trying to stretch my arm out to get to her pussy. I could feel the turbulence against the backs of my fingers as I touched her clit and felt her jump against me. She didn't say anything, just moaned as she let my finger assist the water in stimulating her pussy.

"Well I see you two didn't waste any time going at it!" my mom exclaimed as she came out on the porch to see what we were doing, "Your dad just called, he's on his way home. Don't worry, I didn't tell him a thing about Tammy being here."

I didn't know if Tammy heard her or not because as she spoke, Tammy was moaning and stretching out as I felt her start to shiver in my arms. She certainly wasn't cold which meant she was about to cum or was cumming. She must have inherited the same family Gene as me - quick to orgasm! Her hips were bucking now, like she was trying to fuck the stream of water that was shooting out against her pussy. My fingers were rubbing her clit as quickly as I could as she started to gasp and moan, like she was running out of air. Finally, her knees straightened out in one quick jerk, almost throwing me backwards and causing me to come close to letting her slide down into the water.

"Oh my god!" she moaned loudly.

My mom was standing right in front of her, smiling as she watched her niece enjoying herself. Too bad he own mother wasn't so understanding. I suppose to her enjoying yourself like this would have been a sin. Somehow I just can't buy it that

God would create us with the capacity to enjoy such pleasure and NOT want us to use it!

"Damn, that was quick," my mom observed, her eyebrows lifting, "Someone must have been pretty horny, eh?"

By now Tammy must have returned from where ever she had gone during her orgasm, at least enough to comprehend what my mother had just said, because she answered back saying, "Well, it's not I didn't have some help!"

I grinned at my mom and shrugged, as if it was all in a day's work. Tammy [pulled her ;legs back in and sat next to me in the tub with my arm around her and her head against my shoulder, resting after her quick orgasm.

"Wow, I really needed that," she sighed, still breathing hard. "I wish we had a hot tub!"

"Yeah but you have a great pool which I wish we had!" I countered.

Funny how we always want what someone else has. Actually, on a hot day like today I would have loved to have gone for a swim in their pool. With her mom home we certainly wouldn't have been able to have fun and swimming naked would have been totally out of the question. A few times I had teased Rick by reaching in his swim suit and tugging on his cock when his mom wasn't looking which on the one hand, he loved it but on the other hand, was mortified that his mom would see us.

"Your turn now," she declared after a while, looking up at me with a grin.

Actually, I had something else I wanted between my legs besides a stream of hot frothy water. I moved to the other side of the rub and put my arms out to my side, supporting myself on the upper edges of the tub. I then used my position as leverage to lift my lower body up to the surface of the water, my pussy just breaking the surface as the water seemed to boil all around it. Tammy knew what I wanted and she grinned as she moved in between my legs.

"It's been a long time," she said softly, barely audible over the noise of the pumps.

She was looking at my pussy, as if mesmerized by the sight of it. :Lifting my legs over her shoulders, it allowed me to raise my crotch up and out of the eater for her to get to my pussy without having to dunk her head under water.

"Eat my pussy Tammy," I encouraged her, my heart racing as I watched her slowly lower her head between my legs.

Tammy's little hands reached under and grabbed my ass, helping me to keep it up high and free from the water. My mom moved around the tub until she was behind me so she could get a better view. I wished I could see her, to see how she was reacting to watching her niece as she started to lick her daughter's pussy. No matter, it felt wonderful!

Since I'd been the one to teach Tammy about licking pussy, she knew exactly what to do to get me off. She knew just how to run her tongue around my clit in tight little circles, teasing it before taking it lightly between her teeth and tugging on it. I loved the way she put her finger in me, first one and then two and finally three, pushing them in and then stroking them in and out of me like a dick. Her tongue pressed up against my clit, licking me like a dog, driving me crazy.

"Oh yeah... right there," I moaned as she hit the perfect spot, making me jump with pleasure, goose bumps rising all over me despite the hot water surrounding me.

My pussy felt stuffed with her fingers and I closed my eyes as I felt my own orgasm starting to rise within me, like a rapidly approaching storm as the sky filled and the thunder began, only this was my blood pounding in my ears.

"YES! Make me cum Tammy," I cried out, arching my back and driving my pussy into her face.

It felt so wonderful, like every pore of my body was screaming out in pleasure. Damn she knew exactly how to lick me, just how to touch me, perfect in every way. I tried to open my eyes but it was like everything was blurry and the tears started to flow from my eyes as I literally cried because I was feeling so good.

# 4. My Dad Gets Home

"Whoa! What do we have here?" I heard a deep voice somewhere in the back of my mind."

Slowly it registered with me - my dad was home!. I blinked and tried to focus on the fuzzy image in front of me. Gradually he came into view and I saw my dad standing there in his dress suit, smiling as he watched his niece eating out his daughter and bringing her to an orgasm. It must have been a pleasant surprise to come home to!

"Hi daddy!" I greeted him. Tammy's eyes widened and she turned to see her uncle watching her. She too grinned and greeted him, as if this was the most natural position in the world for her uncle to see her in.

"Hey Uncle John! Are you going to join us?" she said, a naughty grin on her face. Really, was she expecting him to say no?

My mom went over and gave him a kiss, patting him on the crotch lightly.

"I need to get dinner ready," she informed us all. Then she turned to my dad and wagged her finger at him. "Now have fun dear, but don't you dare get that suit wet, I just had it cleaned!"

My dad grinned but at the same time, I could see he was a little puzzled. Not that he minded seeing the two of us in the tub, but he had to be wondering what the occasion was. It had been ages since Tammy had been over and naked in the hot tub with him. As he undressed, carefully laying his suit out on the table far away from the tub, I filled him in on the details.

"So she's staying the night?" he asked, almost as if he couldn't believe it was possible. I nodded and he shook his head as if he was dreaming and about to wake up. "How in the world did you ever convince her mom to go along with this?"

I told him about how so far as my Aunt Shari was concerned, there were a number of girls her tonight for a sleepover as she would have never approved of her spending the night alone with us, or should I say me. I knew she didn't have a clue that my dad was fucking her daughter but that didn't mean she trusted me.

Tammy and I spread apart, both of us sitting on one side with room for my dad to squeeze in between us. It must have felt good for him to feel the naked bodies of two girls against him, one on each side. As he dropped in, I saw his dick was still flaccid and I knew he was going to need some work to get going. It shouldn't take much to correct the situation, not under the circumstances. It seemed Tammy had the same thoughts as me as when I reached for his crotch under the water, her had was already in place, gripping his dick in her little hand.

"Now girls, don't fight over it," he teased us, clearly enjoying the attention.

In my mind, I was just going to stroke his dick with my hand for a while to get him hard but Tammy was apparently less patient than me. She slid off the seat, drew in a deep breath, and then quickly dunked her head under the eater. From the gasp and then the groans that started to come from my dad, there was little doubt where her mouth was at or what she was doing with it. A few second later, she was up for air and then back down again.

"Feel good dad"? I asked Tammy sucked his dick under the water.

My dad groaned as she must have hit a sensitive spot and then he tried to answer, "You knew the answer to that, she looked to be doing quite the job on your earlier as I recall."

Indeed she had, and my pussy still was feeling the residual effects of her incredible pussy eating skills. It was hard to believe she had never done another girl! This time when her head bobbed up, I was ready and I quickly dunked my head under the water to help her out. His dick was starting to harden, not yet at full mast but getting there. The bromine taste of the water was sort of yucky but the feel of his dick in my mouth more than compensated. I still was somewhat out of breath so I couldn't stay under for long before tag teaming with Tammy who was ready the moment I appeared above the water. "Here, let me get up," he offered, seeing how exhausted we were becoming.

My dad pulled himself back and up until he was sitting on the edge of the hot tub, his hard dick now at the perfect level to be sucked and played with. His pubic hair was wet and matted down, making his dick look even longer than usual. I let Tammy have the first shot at him and she went to town, hungrily sucking his dick like a kid with a new popsicle. For as girl who preferred boys her age, she certainly didn't seem to be hesitant about sucking off her uncle who was almost three times her age! I wondered if it was because he was her uncle or my dad that got her off the most. So far as I knew, besides her own father my dad was the only man who could legally drink that she had sex with so there had to be something special about it for her.

I couldn't just sit there and watch my youngest cousin sucking my dad's dick and do nothing so I started to play with myself under the water, rubbing my clit and boobs as the two of them enjoyed one another. I doubt anyone could have been in my position and NOT masturbated, I don't care whether they claim they never do or not. I quickly got myself off again as my dad just sat there with his head stretched back, his eyes rolling in their sockets as she got him closer and closer to cumming. Heck, I bet she could have sat back and read the dictionary and he would have cum sooner or later, just from the site of her cute naked body between his legs.

"Suck it just like that," he groaned, grabbing her head and holding it one particular spot where it must have felt extra special for him.

My dad groaned again and then I saw his hips buck and Tammy choked and gagged slightly as he began to pump his cum into her mouth. Damn, everyone was cumming fast the first time tonight. My dad was usually pretty good at controlling himself. I think he just wanted to cum in her mouth as quickly as he could to get things started.

When he finished Tammy leaned back and like a good little slut that I taught her to be, she opened her mouth to show off the load of cum she had just taken. She then closed her mouth and with an exaggerated gulp, swallowed it cleanly and then opened her mouth again, like a hospital patient proving she had swallowed all of her pills. God she looked so hot, like a little cumslut with just a tiny bit of his cum leaking out the cornier of her mouth and down her chin. Yep, I was proud of my star pupil!

## 5. Overnight

"Well, that's what I call good timing!" my mom declared as she came out just in time to see Tammy sticking out her tongue to show his cum was all I her stomach, "Supper is ready, that is if Tammy is still hungry after that big load!"

We all laughed, especially Tammy as she wiped the cum off her chin and then licking it off her hand while my dad watched. What a girl, getting every drop without wasting any. My mom brought dinner out on the deck so we wouldn't get things wet in the house. It felt a little odd eating nude but under the circumstances, what choice did we have without running all the way back to my room while my mom had supper waiting for us? Now that we had a few moments to relax, my dad was curious. "So what's the story, anyway?" he asked my mom, "What's going on?"

My mom explained out plans for the evening and as soon as she mentioned Tammy sleeping over, my dad's eyes widened and he looked like a little boy who had been told he was getting a new bike.

"Really, the entire night?" he asked incredulously, as if he wasn't sure he had heard her correctly.

"Yep, ALL night." Tammy chimed in, her face lit up and her eyes sparkling.

I knew what was probably killing him to ask but he was too much a gentleman to ask it so I answered it without making him say the words. "And YES daddy, she's all yours tonight. Mom and I will sleep on my bed."

"Really?" he seemed like he couldn't believe what I had said.

For him he must have thought he had died and gone to heaven. Actually, this was the first time Tammy had heard our plans for the entire evening but she didn't seem bothered. If anyone felt any sort of disappointment, it was probably me as I would have loved to have joined them in bed. I am sure my dad would have agreed had I mentioned it but I also knew this was one of those very rare opportunities that might not be available to him again for a long time, if ever. What man wouldn't want to spend the entire night with a nubile, cute, sixteen year old slut?

There wasn't much to clean up after supper as my mom has used paper plates and cups as well as plastic utensils. I sort of wondered what my dad would do, stay down and maybe watch TV and play around a little or go right for the jugular? Like it was a question at all! No sooner than we were done with dinner than my dad grabbed Tammy's hand, their eyes met and they were gone, headed straight for his bedroom. I had little doubt that was the last time we would see them until morning, at least see them and be able to converse with them. I turned to my mom and grinned.

"Well mom, I guess it's just me and you tonight!"

My mom kissed me and her hands moved to my breasts and she squeezed them lightly. "Is that really so bad?" she said in a sultry voice. "Why do you think I wanted so bad for this to happen with your dad and Tammy?"

Now THAT I hadn't expected! Actually, we DID watch TV a while and hared a bottle of wine before we slipped off to bed – in my room which meant we had to squeeze onto the double bed, as if THAT was a problem.

Before we went to bed, though, we took a peek into my parents' bedroom to see who things were going. My mom had lit some candles for them earlier and it was the only light making the room dim and hard to see. What we COULD see, thought

# (Aug 24) Chapter 167: Jewelry Store Girl

Story codes: FF oral
Me (23)
Cindy (18)

Back at the end of February, my dad and I went out and to my surprise, ended up having sex in the back room of a mall jewelry store, AND watched by the girl working there. Nothing happened so far as she was concerned. Would that be the same the next time we met?

## 1. Cindy the Store Clerk

It's always nice when a guy feels guilty and takes you out to buy forgiveness. In this case, my dad wanted me to feel better about what I had done in order to make him happy so we went to the mall where he was going to buy me something nice - jewelry. Clothes, whatever I wanted. I love it when daddy tells me to pick out whatever I want!

As it turned out, that night we did more than just buy me some nice jewelry We met Cindy at the store where, to make a long story short (read about it in my diary for the details - 2008 (Feb 29) Chapter 159: Makeup Sex With Daddy[1]), my dad ended up fucking me in the back office while Cindy watched in amazement. It was one of those one-time things which, when it was over, I assumed would make my diary and that would be the end of it.

Back in April I started dating Duane, a 29 year-old guy who I quickly fell in love with - and lately even more. Now, five months or so later, I'm thinking he might be considering proposing to me. We have joked about it now and then but never anything serious. My mom and aunt have been teasing me relentlessly about it, asking me every time after I go out with him if I had a new ring yet. I keep telling them it has ONLY been five months so give it a rest!

Well, on this day I was looking for some work clothes. I teach at a small Christian elementary school with a pretty tight dress code so I was always looking for something fashionable yet within their strict guidelines for teachers. It's sort of ridiculous - women aren't even allowed to wear pants! Skirts have to be below the knees, bras required, no cleavage, well you get the idea. Needless to say, I can't wear 95% of my wardrobe to school and I had to do some heavy investments in under-wire bras!

---

[1] This is an estimate for the closest entry to these details, as the original text said “Feb. 2, 2008”

Along the way I happened to pass by the jewelry store where my dad and I had fooled around so long ago. I'd passed it many times since, but never saw the girl working in there again that helped us out that night. As I walked by I glanced in, more out of habit than anything else, and stopped in my tracks so suddenly I was about run over by some far guy behind me but I didn't care. Cindy was behind the counter! Well, I just HAD to see if she remembered me. Being alone, I didn't have any ulterior motives other than to see what her reaction would be to seeing me back in the store again. Heck, with all the customers they have and the months since that night that had gone by, I figured she most likely wouldn't have an idea about me but it was worth a shot.

Stepping into the store, there were a number of people looking at several cases. Poor Cindy seemed to be the only one working again. She looked a little flustered as people kept demanding that she pay attention to them instead of the others. One guy in particular was giving her a hard time. He looked to be in his thirties or so, the kind of guy you know just by looking at him that the world revolves around him and everyone should do what he says - the exact kind of guy I can't stand!

"C'mon sister... Look, I'm the customer and I want service," he said loudly as she tried to put away some rings that another couple had been looking at.

God he was rude! Poor Cindy looked about ready to cry and I felt so bad for her. She didn't look all that old and for her to be left alone in the store with all these customers was really unfair of someone. Someone needed to help her and I just happened to be uniquely qualified for the job.

"And just what kind of service would you like?" I said demurely as I moved in behind the jerk.

Surprised, he turned around and then his eyes opened as he looked at me. I could almost feel my clothes dropping to the floor as he unabashedly undressed me with his dark brown eyes. He didn't seem to be embarrassed at all as he stared at my breasts - which were a lot more visible now than when I'd walked in thanks to me unbuttoning the top two buttons of my blouse before I moved in on him. It would have been better with a short skirt but as it was, I was wearing a tight pair of jeans that were practically painted on, showing off my ass as much as possible and pulling tight in my crotch.

Actually, this pair was more accurate in telling me my weight than any scale. If I gained anything at all, they had to be relegated to my "fat" drawer (don't be shocked, every girl has one whether she admits or not). My hair was down to my shoulders and I allowed my tongue to run over my lips slowly. All in all, it was the best "come hither" look I could muster on such short notice.

Why anyone would think a girl would just come on to him in the middle of the store for no reason unless she was a hooker? Whether he thought I was tricking or just a dumb blonde, either way he was so full of himself that he apparently never asked himself the question.

"You know baby, the hell with this crap... I think I'll just take one of you," he said without so much as a hesitation.

Yep, certified Grade A narcissistic jerk. There was only one good thing about such guys - they are SO easy to manipulate! I deliberately look down at his crotch, leaving no doubt as to where my attention was focused, and then responded, "Well sir, would you like that order to go or for here?"

At this point he seemed to finally start to wonder whether I was just teasing him or what. Well duh! If he only had a brain as big as his dick, maybe he would've figured that out from the start but sure enough, his ego won out and he walked right in like a moth to a flame.

"Do you do home delivery?"

"That depends on what you order."

"How about something to go along with my sausage?" he countered. Sheesh, was this guy an idiot or what! It was Al Bundy reincarnated. Oh well, at least he wasn't pestering Cindy so I went along with it.

"Hmmmmmm, I suppose that depends on what your sausage can do."

"Well baby, why don't you come with daddy and find out."

What a moron. I made a show of looking around to be sure nobody was watching, not that it mattered to me for real. Then I stepped in a little closer, reaching out with my hand and pressing against his crotch through his jeans with the palm of my hand. Feeling the hardness of the lump there, I grinned at him saying, "Wow, I think I'd like some of your sausage."

He put his arm around me and it was all I could do not to cringer as his cheap cologne all but overwhelmed my sense of smell. It wasn't two steps before he lowered his arm and planted his hand firmly on my ass. As we walked out of the store, I turned back to see Cindy looking at me with those same wide open eyes I remembered from back when she first saw me sucking my dad's dick. "Deer in the headlights" I think I described them before. I winked at her and she looked at me curiously but at the same time appeared relieved that her antagonistic customer was being led from the store without further fuss.

So far I hadn't even asked his name but that didn't matter, as I had plans for whoever he was, plans he wouldn't have liked had he known them. On my way in I had noticed that the usual security guard was lounging around near the doors (as it seems they do at all the entrances these days). Well, for once I was going to take advantage of one of them instead of being harassed.

As we left the store, the guy's hand started to squeeze my butt - hard. Enough of this crap. Suddenly my entire composure changed and I jumped back and slapped him across the face - really hard. The look of astonishment on his was worth paying admission to see as I looked over at the security guard and yelled, "Help me! This pervert is trying to touch me!"

The fat guard hustled over as best he could while the idiot just stood there and looked at me like I was suddenly some sort of alien creature or whatever.

"What the fu...." he started to protest but the guard grabbed him by the arm and started to pull him towards the door.

"Let's go fella, you need to leave... NOW!" he ordered him.

The guard looked back at me and asked if I wanted to file a complaint but I said no, I just wanted him away from me and so they headed for the doors. Meantime, I returned to the jewelry store. Cindy had finished with the other customer and smiled at me when she saw me come back.

"I guess I should thank you but you really didn't need to do that," she said with a shy smile, as if she was almost afraid to even talk to me.

"Hey, we girls have to watch out for one another," I said, nodding toward her as I buttoned my blouse again - not TOO high but enough my boobs weren't hanging out anymore. "Besides, he got what he deserved... what an asshole."

"I saw what you did with him," Cindy said admiringly, "I could never have done that!"

"Done what? Tease a guy and then dump him?"

"Well, it was more than that. You acted like you were really hot for him. You even had me fooled."

"It was just an act to get him away from you. I felt sorry for you to be honest." Then I grinned at her and couldn't help but ask, "You DO remember me, don't you?"

The way her face turned red was answer enough but she added, "Like how could I forget you! That was the craziest night of my life!"

"Oh, so you don't get father-daughter teams here every night that you take to the back office and then watch them have sex?" I teased her. Her face went from beet red to almost a deep maroon as her embarrassment deepened.

"Noooooo, that was the only time," she said so naively I wanted to hug her.

"Did you ever tell anyone about it?"

Cindy shook her head vigorously and let out a deep breath, her cheeks bulging out as she replied, "Oh heavens no, who would I tell? Besides nobody I know would have even believed me!"

Then she looked like she was puzzled or trying to remember something and after a few seconds she shook her finger the way my mom does when she is trying to make a point.

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

Odd question but I nodded.

"Do you have a photo of him?"

Even odder question but I rummaged through my purse and came up with one of the two of us that I liked to show people. We were at a party and I had my arms around him, hugging him. She picked it up and seemed to stare at it for a few moments before she giggled. What was THIS all about?

"I probably shouldn't tell you this but he was in here yesterday."

"Oh really?" I responded. She had my full attention now!

"He was looking at wedding rings."

Oh my god! So Duane was looking at wedding rings. Was her just curious or serious?

Cindy seemed to guess what I was thinking, "He didn't buy anything. He just said he was looking."

She was being so sweet! I would have loved to been able to discuss it more but then the bell went off as people walked in and broke the security beam. I looked at her and quickly asked, "Hey, when you get off? Would you like to get some dessert together?"

Cindy started to move towards the newcomers but she smiled weakly and said she would be done in about half an hour. I looked at her with a "well?" expression and she giggled and nodded. It was the most I could probably ask for under the circumstances so I left her to her new customers and headed out to finish my shopping. I felt a little weird, like I was a guy asking her out for a date. Well, I guess now I know how apprehensive a boy must feel when he asks a girl out AND how good it felt when she accepted.

I didn't know if this would go anywhere and honestly didn't expect it to. I was more curious to discuss what kind of rings Duane had been looking sat plus I also wanted to know how she felt about watching my dad fuck me the last time I saw her. When I came back, she was already waiting for me, clutching her purse as she stood looking rather forlorn at the store entrance. As I was about five minutes early, she must have been to leave sooner than she had planned. Her head perked up when she saw me approach and her smile practically beamed at me.

"You know, I was wondering if you would really come back," she admitted a little sheepishly.

"Well, I'm here so let's say we grab something at Eat-N Park?" I offered.

Eat-N Parks are a Western Pennsylvania thing, something like a Denny's and known for their smiley cookies and pies. There just happened to be one within a short distance of the mall exit so we simply walked across the parking lot to it. Again, I had this odd sensation I was taking her out on date or something like that. Well, if that was the case, I was being pretty cheap as we didn't even drive and dessert at Eat-N Park isn't exactly all that expensive.

For once the place wasn't all that busy and we got a booth right away to ourselves along one side of the restaurant. They offered a salad bar and buffet but I just ordered a Diet Coke even though it was just after 4:00 and I was starved. She ordered a coffee and we decided to split a piece of apple pie - with vanilla ice cream, of course.

"Soooooo...," she said softly, letting her voice drift off. From the way she was shifting herself around in her seat, I could tell she was uncomfortable and was probably wondering now why she had accepted my offer.

"Well, how about we start by telling something about each other. I know nothing about you and you know only a little about me."

Cindy didn't seem to be concerned about talking about herself and before long I learned her full name, where she lived, what her parents did, how she still lived with them after graduating from high school this past spring and now she was going to the University of Pittsburgh soon to be in their nursing program. The jewelry store thing was just until she started school to help pay for books and such. It became apparent her parents weren't that well off which explained her rather drab clothes. While she was neat and presentable, it was obvious she shopped at Wal-Mart.

In return, I told her about me but only in general terms. For obvious reasons I didn't get specific about my address and last name and such, as she knew a thing or two about me that could have been embarrassing should the wrong people learn about them. Thankfully, if she was curious about the missing pieces, she was too polite to ask.

After our drinks arrived and we finished our "introductions", we talked more about Duane. I didn't tell her ALL the details about our relationship, especially how we'd met. Not everyone is open minded when it came to blow job parties and I didn't want her to get the wrong impression of me - or should I say any worse than she probably already had. She seemed to have had a change in heart about telling me too many details about what he said about me. I think she was worried I might tell Duane and then he would be mad at her for ruining his surprise - which hopefully he was getting ready for me.

Eventually I tried to steer the conversation to that night back in February, when my dad and I had sex in front of her. There were people in both booths on either side of us so we had to be a little discreet and keep our voices down. Had they been just boys or something it might have been to let them overhear us but it was some old ladies in one and a couple with a baby in the other - not the kind of folks who I wanted to listen in on what we were talking about.

"So Cindy, what did you think about what my dad did to me?" I asked.

By being so blunt with my question it caught her off-guard which was what I'd hoped it would, and her initial reaction was thus a more honest one. Her face reddened again and I couldn't help but smile at her reaction. Sheesh, it didn't take anything to get this girl embarrassed! I waited patiently for her and she finally answered me, which was a relief because for all I knew, she might not want to discuss it.

"Well Kelly, to be frank, I was really shocked," she said, her face cringing a bit as if she expected me to get mad at her. "I mean, what kind of father does... well does THAT to his daughter? ...and what kind of girl does it with her own dad?" She hesitated, her face back to deep red again, "I'm sorry, I don't mean to offend you, it's just how I feel."

Before I answered, a thought came to my mind and I smiled at her and asked, "Cindy... are you still a virgin?"

Poor girl, her face was going to be permanently flushed the way things were going. Finally she nodded, but she looked rather sheepish, as if I had asked her if she was Typhoid Mary. I reached out and took her one hand in mine and squeezed it. Her first instinct was to pull back but then she let my hand cover hers.

"Hey, that's nothing to be ashamed of... not at all," I reassured her, "I had a college roomie that was virgin and she was two years older than you (Cindy had told me she was eighteen earlier). "Did it turn you on to watch us?"

Her head moved back and forth, from shoulder to shoulder as if she was undecided as to how to answer and then her eyebrows lifted and she shrugged saying, "Well... at first I was too shocked to do anything. I couldn't believe you were doing it to begin with!"

"But then how did you feel?"

"Well, it WAS the first time I'd ever seen two people having sex!"

"Haven't you ever seen a porn magazine or movie?"

She looked aghast, "Oh no, I NEVER look at anything like that!"

"So you've never touched a boy before... I mean down there?"

Cindy's eyes opened wide again and she drew in a sharp breath, "Oh no, I've never done anything like that!"

"Do you like to touch yourself." I asked, trying to shift the conversation yet again to keep her a little off-balance.

"Masturbation's not good for you," she said, almost like a robot repeating the words that had undoubtedly been brainwashing the poor girl since she was an infant. I can't understand why anyone would teach their daughter that masturbation was a sin. Talk about child abuse!

Based on her response, I let that one go and went on, "So have you even KISSED a boy, Cindy?"

She smiled at that one so I knew she was happier with her answer this time.

"Oh yeah, my boyfriend and I fool around a little," she said with a gleam in her eyes. I was sure that her definition of "fool around a little" was drastically different than mine! She probably thought a French kiss was second base!

Finally it was time to ask what I was suddenly dying to ask. "Have you ever kissed a girl, Cindy?"

Her mouth dropped opened, as if the thought was being presented to her for the first time. "Oh no, I could NEVER do that, I'm not a lesbian."

The way she spat out "lesbian" was like it left a bad taste in her mouth. Still, I smiled at her and responded with, "Well, I don't consider myself a lesbian either but there ARE times when kissing a girl can be really nice."

Our waitress appeared then with our pie, just in time to pick up maybe a little of my last response and I saw her looking at me a little odd. Oh well, I just ignored her and she moved on without saying anything take care of other customers.

"This place is sort of crowded to talk like this. Would you like to somewhere more private?" I asked Cindy, nodding toward the retreating waitress as Exhibit A for my question.

She hesitated and I could practically see the gears whirring in her head. This was all moving a little fast for her and I doubted when she reported to work this morning that she had even dreamed about the events that had occurred so far.

"Well?" I said, pushing her just a little without scaring her off.

"I guess so... my parents aren't home tonight so it should be ok," she finally gave in.

"So how do you get home? Drive?"

"No, I have to take the bus. I don't have a car."

Would you like me to drive?" I offered. She nodded in agreement. It didn't surprise me that she didn't have a car. A girl who wore Wal-Mart jeans and worked at such a sucky job probably wasn't running around in a Jaguar.

# 2. Exploring Cindy

Over her protests, I paid for our drinks and dessert. Cindy's polite resistance was just token and I could see the relief on her face that she didn't have to spend her hard-earned dollars. My car was close by so we got in and she gave me directions. On the way to her house, we didn't hardly say anything except for her to tell me when to make a turn.

As it turned out, she lived south quite a ways, in an older neighborhood with small homes. They were generally well maintained, though, and the neighborhood seemed to have that pride which is missing even in some more affluent areas of town. She mentioned again that her parents were away but she didn't say where. I didn't push the issue but it seemed odd that she had been so open about everything else but now she was being rather sheltered when it came to the whereabouts of her mom and dad. Oh well, we all have our little secrets so I allowed her have this one without any further comment.

"You can sit on the couch, I'll get us something to drink," she offered as we entered the living room through the front door, "More Diet Coke?"

As she left to go to the kitchen, I took a quick sweep of the living room. It was like going back thirty years or more. Some older furniture was centered around a brick fireplace which didn't look like it hadn't burned anything in years.

What struck me the most were the knick-knacks - they were everywhere. Just little things, not Hummel Dolls or anything too expensive, just odds and ends, a rather eclectic mix. Next were the photos. Somebody LOVED family pics. They ranged from faded black and whites from a century ago to more modern ones and everything in between. She seem to have a pretty broad family, to say the least! Oddly, I had a hard time finding any with her in them.

"That's from our last family reunion," I heard her say ash she came in the room with a glass in each hand. I had been looking at one with what appeared to be maybe fifty people in it. She pointed herself out in it and I had to say, she was one of the better looking ones in the family, that was for sure. Still, it didn't look like her now but I didn't point that out.

We both sat on the couch, each of us shifted slightly so we faced on another. We sipped on our drinks, not another word for what seemed like forever but was probably only a minute or so. Finally I decided to go for it.

"So Cindy, why did you ask me over?"

Her eyes popped open and she looked at me as if she wondered why I had just said what I did. I almost giggled as I imagined what she must be thinking. After all, it was really ME that had popped the question but I wanted to catch her off-guard.

"Ummmmm.... didn't YOU ask if you could come over?" she finally corrected me.

"Well, I may have done the talking but it was obvious you wanted me to come over."

Cindy again seemed a little flustered. "I never said anything like that!"

"Oh but your eyes said it all, I saw how you looked at me."

"They did?" she replied, incredulously.

Without saying anything, I put my hand gently on her bare leg. She was wearing a modest skirt that she had made sure to pull down when she took a seat next to me earlier. Even so, my hand reached just above her knee, slipping just under the skirt about half-way. I squeezed her firm leg slightly and smiled at her.

"Has a girl ever touched your leg like this before, Cindy?"

"Uh... no," she said, her voice cracking a little as she tried to talk. She seemed confused, as if unsure whether she should run from the room or tell me to take my hand off of her.

Ever so slowly, I moved my hand under her skirt until I was about mid-way up her thigh. My goodness, her skin felt so smooth and soft. She wasn't wearing hose or anything so it was my hand on her bare tanned legs. So far she hadn't resisted although I could feel the muscles in her leg tense more and more the higher I went.

"Do you like me to touch your leg like this, Cindy?" I said softly, reaching down from the top of her thigh to the inside, still several inches away from her crotch though. Her skin felt even more soft there and I again felt her flinch just a little as I took a handful of her leg in my hand.

"Just tell me if you want me to stop, Cindy, OK?" I whispered softly in her ear, reaching even further under her skirt.

"I want you to stop," she came back immediately. Well, that is what she SAID but her tone wasn't nearly as confident sounding about it. I had a strong suspicion that she was saying what she thought she SHOULD say, not what she WANTED to say. She was going to have to put a little more resolve in her demands if she wanted me to really quit.

I left my hand where is was and scooted over against her. I put my other arm around her shoulders, pressing up tightly against her. She stiffened a little but didn't push me away. My pussy was literally throbbing with excitement. I'd never 'seduced" a girl before like this. It was like I was her boyfriend, trying to get to first base on the family room couch with her parents away. I don't know about her but it was making me horny as hell!

Without a word I brushed her long brunette hair back, exposing her soft neck to me. Images of a vampire movie suddenly flashed through my head as I leaned over and gently kissed her on the nape of the neck. She jumped slightly as my lips touched her neck.

"I thought I told you to stop, Kelly," she said in a husky voice, almost too low for me to hear her.

Yeah right, her voice did but her body was saying something else entirely. She could say stop all night but until she actually pushed me away or clamped her legs shut, I was "staying the course".

My tongue reached out and lightly licked her neck, tracing a wet line to the back of her ear and then I sucked lightly on her ear lobe. With my free hand, I ran my fingers through her silky hair. It felt good to let the strands slide between my fingers as I stroked her velvet smooth hair. My tongue ran around her ear and then along her jawbone and cheek. I could feel her breathing becoming more shallow and faster.

"I'm going to kiss you now," I said ever so softly as moved closer to her, "Do you want me to kiss you Cindy."

"No, we can't do that!" she started to protest but I cut her off by placing my mouth over hers.

Contrary to what she had just said, she responded instantly, her lips reaching out to meet mine, her tongue just as eager to explore my mouth as mine was to be in hers. After several minutes, I pulled back and smiled at her as our eyes met. She was panting, slightly out of breath from our first kiss.

"So what do you think Cindy, is kissing a girl really all that bad?" I teased her gently, wanting to make the situation a little less heavy but keep the focus on the sensual tension that was building between us.

"I guess it's ok," she said hesitantly, almost distant.

I took that as "yes" and leaned in to kiss her again. She didn't seem to tense up as much this time although I can't say she responded back enthusiastically. Still, she wasn't saying no anymore and that was a plus. Encouraged by her lack of resistance, I moved my hand further up her soft thigh until the edge of my fingers brushed against her panties. I lightly touched her crotch through her cotton panties which brought an immediate response.

"No! Please don't touch me there!" she gasped, slightly out of breath again from our kiss.

The girl needed to learn to breathe through her nose! Her hand moved down over her skirt and pushed mine away from between her legs. I didn't try again right away, but instead just rubbed her thighs again, then letting my fingertips trace along her sensitive skin. I didn't say anything but just went back to kissing her but the tenseness had returned. She didn't fight me but her response was rather lukewarm at best. It was like she was letting me do what I wanted, but not letting herself respond. Undeterred, I gradually worked my way back up until my hand was cupping her crotch. Again she put her hand over mine but this time I didn't let her push me away.

"Noooooo...," she moaned, breaking our kiss just enough to get it out.

This time, though, there wasn't the same forcefulness as the first time and with her hand pressing on mine, I pushed my finger against her clit through her panties. Whether she intended or not, I could feel her shudder as my finger rolled over her little bump and the heat of her pussy made its way through her panties.

"Ohhhhhh," she sighed ever so softly as I rubbed her some more.

The pressure from her hand relaxed as she shifted her position slightly to let her legs spread apart slightly. I'd done this little maneuver myself enough times to know what it meant - she wanted more. I didn't know what her brain was telling her but her body was reacting instinctively whether she wanted it to or not. I would have bet quite a bit that she wanted it more than she was willing to admit.

"Your pussy's so warm....it likes this, doesn't it?" I whispered to her.

The house was deathly silent except for her breathing which was becoming more labored and forceful as my finger continued to work on her clit. I moved my hand up and quickly slipped it under the elastic top of her panties and down back to her clit again. She wasn't shaved which didn't surprise me all that much. What was the point in shaving your pussy if nobody was playing with it?

"Noooooo, you shouldn't do that," she moaned, a little louder this time as my finger touched her hard clit directly, spreading the hair away from it with my other fingers while my middle finger caressed and teased her.

I reached down between her pussy lips to her pussy hole and put my finger barely inside of her, working the tip of it in and out of her, wetting her pussy hole with the wetness inside of her and then spreading it up along her slit and to her clit, making it more slippery and easy to massage. Her hips were starting to move slightly as she reacted to the rising feelings within her. I couldn't even see anything as my hand was under her skirt and was hidden from view.

"Right there!" she gasped as my finger crossed over her clit, making her jerk involuntarily from the pleasure it produced.

It was the first time she had really given me any "directions" and I knew she was now enjoying it and wanted it. No more pretending she didn't like it or want it. I reached down and pushed my middle finger up into her pussy. Damn, for a girl supposedly as against doing this as she had claimed to be, she was soaking wet where it counted! I rubbed the inside of her pussy, trying to make her feel as good as I possibly could, moving back out now and then to rekindle her clit. The panties were a real pain and needed to go.

"Here, help me," I said to her as I got off the couch and kneeled in front of her.

I lifted her skirt and pushed it up to her waist, revealing her white cotton panties. She knew what I wanted and she raised her butt to help me pull them down and over her legs and then slipped her feet through them, her shoes still on, one by one. I looked at her and smiled as she sat there bottomless with her hairy pussy in full view, I said she didn't shave but she DID trim it a bit, probably for her swimming suit more than anything.

"You have such a beautiful pussy, Cindy," I purred, moving one hand up each of her legs slowly, making my way back to her hot little crotch. Her response was unexpected, a little giggle which seemed to be more out of nervousness than thinking it was funny.

"Tell me Cindy... do you like to touch your pussy?" I asked gently. She shook her head vigorously, as if I had asked her if she abused puppies.

"Is it because your mother told you it was bad to touch yourself?"

This time she nodded, just enough for me to see, as if she was ashamed to admit it.

"It's OK when you're with me, you know Cindy. Show me how you like to touch yourself. I know you like it."

She shook her head even more this time and I didn't push her any further - at least not for now. No sense in spoiling the mood by pushing her farther than she was ready to go at the time.

"Would you like me to kiss it?" I asked, smiling at her again.

She bit her bottom lip and I knew she wanted to say yes but too many years of brainwashing wasn't going to be overcome in a few minutes. What was promising, though, was she didn't say no! Still on my knees, I pushed her knees apart to make her pussy more accessible and lowered my head towards here. God she smelled so good! She was horny, I could smell it strongly with my head still a foot away.

Then, to my surprise, I heard her whisper to me, "I want you to."

Now THAT was the most surprising thing I'd heard from her yet! I could only imagine the courage it took her to say those words, words she undoubtedly had never thought in her wildest dreams that she would ever say. I didn't push for her to be more explicit, although I would have LOVED it had she come out and said something more like, "Lick my cunt, Kelly", but I took what she gave as it was already more than I'd expected.

When my tongue first touched her clit she jumped noticeable as I let it flick over her hard little bump. Then I kissed it and took it gently between my teeth, pulling up on it carefully and then releasing it to snap back into place where I would lick it again. She was moaning softly now, almost nonstop. Her hands were to her side, pressing against the couch as she let herself slide down a little bit, allowing her crotch to lift up and make it easier for me to eat her pussy. Looking up at her as I licked her pussy, our eyes met and I could see the lust growing on her face, feelings running through her that she probably had never experienced before.

"Show me your boobs," I murmured as best I could without talking my mouth off her for long.

Cindy seemed to hesitate at first but then she unbuttoned her shirt, pulling it open to reveal a simple white bra, probably right off a Wal-Mart shelf. I kissed and sucked on her clit, making her shoulder and she paused for a moment to take in what I was doing to her. Then she pulled the straps down and over her shoulders, pulling her arms through and then twisting the bra around so the clasp was in back where she undid it and pulled the bra off with one hand, letting it drop to the couch next to her. She still had her short-sleeved shirt on, but it was open such that her perky breasts were fully revealed, She wasn't all that big, a solid B-cup I guessed, but they were tight as a drum and her nipples were rock hard. They were almost identical to my cousin Kristen for that matter.

"Touch them," I murmured again to her, returning to her clit once again.

Again Cindy hesitated but once again, she listened to me and she cupped her boobs and just held them at first. Gradually she got more courageous and began to massage her own breasts, twisting the nipples between her fingertips as she fondled herself. Her eyes shut and she leaned her head back as she played with her boobs while I licked her clit.

As I licked her, I inserted my finger into her pussy again, sliding in easily this time as she was as soaking wet as she could possibly be by now. She was tight, REALLY tight, and I could only imagine how it would be the first time a guy tried to stuff his dick in the impossibly small hole. I wondered if she had ever had anything up her pussy before my finger, maybe not even her own?

"Oh that feels so good... don't stop... oh PLEASE don't stop," she suddenly cried out, the first time her voice had risen above a whisper as she called out to me now in a loud voice, lifting her hips up against my face and hand.

"Oh god... oh god... oh god...," she started repeating, almost like some chant at a religious ceremony.

Cindy's female instincts were taking over as her hips bucked up against me, like she was being fucked. Her hand were squeezing her boobs so tight she was leaving marks where her fingers were when she would move them. I could hear her breathing become faster and faster until she was panting like she'd just run a marathon. Oh yeah, Cindy was about to experience her first orgasm!

"OH GOD!!" she practically screamed this time, just a single outburst and then her hips lifted up and stayed up this time, like she was being hit with a bolt of electricity and being electrocuted.

Cindy's pussy spasmed and I could feel it tighten even more than it had been around my finger. She was cumming and I loved it! I had one free hand so I started playing with myself, rubbing myself through my tight jeans as I was still fully dressed.

"What happened to me?" she gasped as she finally relaxed and dropped to the couch suddenly. Her chest was beet red and her eyes were ablaze with passion.

"You just had your first orgasm, Cindy... wasn't it wonderful?"

"I never thought it would be like THAT, though," she finally managed to gasp, "That was... that was incredible!"

### 3. Cindy Returns the Favor

I stood up and sat back down next to her again. I could feel the wetness of her pussy all over my face as I leaned over to kiss her. This time, instead of sitting there like a statue, waiting for me to make all the moves, she turned to me and leaned towards me. She must have smelled and tasted herself on my face and tongue but if she was bothered at all by it, she didn't say a thing. I wondered if she had ever tasted herself before?

"Do you like the taste of your pussy on me?" I asked her, not sure if she would respond.

"Mmmmmmm, yesssssss," she sighed as the walls that had been guarding her sexuality continued to crumble. An hour earlier she would never have even dreamed of tasting her own pussy, let alone tell me how good it tasted.

"Would you like to taste mine?" I asked quietly, not wanting to push too hard but yet seizing on the moment.

"Mmmmmmm, yesssssss," she sighed again, almost like she was hypnotized and just answering automatically. Her orgasm must have been incredibly powerful and as unaccustomed to having one as she have, the aftershocks were still undoubtedly affecting her thinking.

"Undress me Cindy," I said, more as a suggestion than a demand.

I stood up in front of her and she undid my jeans and finally managed to work them down and to the floor. She looked at my bare bottom and giggled, almost like she was drunk.

"Kelly doesn't wear panties," she declared in a sing-song voice, like schoolgirls chanting when they tease some poor girl about something. "You're a naughty girl."

Yep, if I hadn't know better, I would be giving her a breathalyzer test because she was acting like she was wiped out drunk! I kicked off my shoes and stepped out of the jeans, pulling my blouse off at the same time such that I was stark naked in front of her.

"Kelly doesn't wear a bra either, she's REALLY a naughty girl," Cindy went, almost making me wonder if she hadn't slipped herself something back when she got a drink but I knew better. She was on the most powerful drug of all - sex.

I pushed her back on the couch so she was almost on her back with her ass barely on the couch. Straddling her, I stood over her and put my hands on the back of the couch behind her to keep my balance as I lowered my crotch to her face. Cindy didn't need any encouragement anymore. She reached up with her hands, planting them on my ass and pulling me into her face. I felt her mouth and nose against my freshly shaved pussy as she tried to lick me.

One nice thing about sex with girls is they already know who to make a girl feel good. Had this a guy, I would have been getting frustrated trying to get him to touch me and lick me in the right places, and what to expect when I finally did cum. Not so with a girl. Even when it's her first time, a girl instinctively knows how to eat pussy. After all, she knows what SHE likes so all she had to do is do the same thing to her partner. Admittedly, every girl has her own quirks as well but it's not on a scale like men where each wants his dick sucked differently. Cindy knew what to do and she wasted no time in doing it to me.

I could feel how hot and wet I was so I imagined my pussy must have had a strong sex scent but that didn't deter Cindy for even a second. She buried her face in my crotch like she'd been doing it all her life and went to work on my clit like a pro from the start. Damn, she was a natural born pussy eater. I wondered if she would be as good at sucking dick as she was at eating pussy? I tried to encourage her and tell her how good she was doing, maintaining as continuous a banter as I could while she licked me. It didn't take long for my own orgasm to arrive. If there is one thing I was blessed with, it was an easy-to-get orgasm!

"Oh Cindy, you're making me cum," I moaned as I felt my pussy begin to flood her face with cum.

I don't know if she was expecting all that to come out of me but she took it like a trooper, if anything lapping it up like a cat with a bowel of spilt milk.

God it felt so good to stand there naked over her, feeling her hands on my butt and her tongue on my clit. I wanted it to never stop, to keep going and going and going. My knees started to buckle as I tried to keep my composure as I came even harder. Cindy, whether she knew what she was doing or just luck, never stopped but kept on licking me and driving me to an even more wonderful orgasm.

Finally I couldn't stand anymore and once again I dropped on the couch next to her. She pulled herself up so she was closer to sitting up straight. She still had on that silly skirt, although he rest of her was nude. She unsnapped the side of it and unzipped it, sliding it down so we were naked next to one another. We turned and rolled out on the couch so we were laying naked on our sides. We barely fit but it was good enough. Our legs meshed such that we each could press our pussy against the other's thigh and the gentle pressure of her leg against me was such that I almost came again!

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, we just hugged each other and pressed our sweating, naked bodies tightly against the other. I loved the feel of her perky breast against mine and her wet pussy sliding on my thigh as she instinctively humped my leg like a dog in heat, only slower. We kissed like lovers, out tongues touching and our hands roaming over each other. It was heaven! I could have stayed that way all night but I also knew there came a time when things had to end. It was like we somehow were on the same wavelength as we both started to say something about it at the same time. We giggled at it and then kissed one last time.

As I gather my clothes and struggled to get my jeans back on, she picked up her things but kept them in a pile on the couch. No doubt she was going to shower before her parents came home and she smelled like a whore in heat.

"Well, was that what you expected?" I asked her with a grin on my face.

"No!" she said empathically. Then she laughed at having tease me and continued, "I didn't expect ANY of that so no, it wasn't what I expected at all!"

"OK my little tease, then was it good for you?"

"Oh Kelly, I don't know what to say. I never dreamed of ever doing anything like this!"

I could understand how a girl her age, having passed so many opportunities until tonight, might feel having sex for the first time. God, the emotions and feelings that she must be feeling now must be incredible!

We kissed one last time, me in my clothes and her naked this time. She was beautiful and seeing her now, with her hair a wreck, sweating and smelling of sex, she was even more pretty than ever. She could pass for a genuine slut the way she looked now! We never even mentioned getting together again as I think we both realized this was a onetime thing. Would she do it with another girl? Was her boyfriend in for a surprise the next time they were alone?

One thing I knew for sure... I was going to have to do more jewelry shopping in the future.

# (Aug 27) Chapter 168: Muse About Duane 1

Story codes: nosex
  Me (23)
  Duane - my boyfriend (29)

Muse \Muse\, v. t.
  1. To think on; to meditate on.
  2. To wonder at. [Obs.]
Source: Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary (1913)

Note: This is NOT a "stroke story" with lots of sex but rather just me getting some things off my chest. If after reading it you have any suggestions or comments as to what I should do, please send them to me!

****************

One of the more frequent questions I get asked is whether my boyfriend knows that my father fucks me. Of course, the answer has always been "NO". I've never told anyone outside my family about such things except for Beth, my best friend, who is for all practical purposes a member of the family (including being the only girl outside our family my dad has fucked since being married to my mom).

Following that question, I then typically get asked if I will continue to have sex with my parents once I get married. Well, the answer to that is an unequivocal "YES". I mean, how could I turn away my father just because I got married? So long as he desires me and lusts for me, I will NEVER say no to him and anyone who marries me will just have to accept that. It's not at all like I would be cheating on my husband with another man. I have sex with my dad because he is my father and he wants me, not at all like me going out and seeking someone for my own pleasure or fulfillment. Besides, while I would expect my husband to be totally faithful to me, he would also be allowed to be with anyone in my family as that would not be adultery so long as it remained within my own family (or his if that should be the case).

From the natural progression of questions goes to when I would tell my husband this "minor detail" about our marriage. Of course it would have to be before we got married as this is not the sort of thing you spring on a guy AFTER he has made a commitment. As my Aunt Linda proved, even if he DOES know about it, it still doesn't guarantee it will work out. I have always figured that I would wait until someone proposed to me and make that a condition of my acceptance. That assumes I know him well enough by then that I think he would agree with my conditions. If I didn't think so, I would simply have to refuse his proposal.

Like many things in life, things get a bit more tricky when reality sets in. For the past five months I've been dating the most wonderful man I have ever known - Duane. We first "met", at least according to him and Beth, years ago at a BJ party. It was the sort of thing where the girls give all the guys blowjobs but they stay dressed and there is no sex involved. Apparently I gave Duane the best BJ that night although to be perfectly honest, there were so many guys that I didn't remember him. You can't blame me when you're evening is spent with your face in one guy or another's crotch. He was seeing other girls at the time (he is about six years older than me) and I just became a fond memory, maybe good for a jerk off or two.

After that he hooked up with my cousin Kristen at a few parties (as most guys did sooner or later). It goes without saying they had sex since that's Kristen's main objective on any date. What made it more interesting was her mom took a liking to him as well. After my Aunt Linda flirted with him enough, he ended up taking her out as well. It's not like she was robbing the cradle or anything as he was 27 by then, about ten years younger than her. Of course Kristen knew her mom was going out with Duane AND what they did but Duane has always assumed his tryst with my aunt was something Kristen didn't know about. I guess they figured while it be a fantasy come true to be screwing a mother and her daughter, might make him feel awkward to know they were both in on it.

It was back in mid-March and I had just quit my escorting job to take on a position as a school teacher, my life-long dream. To celebrate, Beth and I went out to a party and Duane was there. I didn't recognize him and at the time, had no idea about his past relationships with my aunt and cousin. Beth was friends with him and introduced us.

The rest, as they say, was history. I feel head over heels in love with him. It was like being blind-sided by a Mack truck as I never saw it coming. With the changes in my professional life, about the last thing on my mind was finding a full-time boyfriend. Besides, it had been years since I did anything more than casually date a guy. After some bad experiences earlier in my life, I was always suspicious that guys just wanted to go out with me to have sex, not because of ME. Not that I didn't like it, mind you, but at the same time it wasn't the basis for any sort of deeper relationship.

Duane, on the other hand, was so much different than any of the other guys I dated. Sure, he liked having sex (I can't see myself going out with some virgin, "waiting for marriage"), but at the same time, that's not all we did. For the first time I went to movies with a guy and actually WATCHED the entire movie. I could spend the evening with my head in his lap and be happy keeping his zipper closed. I just enjoyed being with him.

As summer progressed, I felt more and more like he was "the one". Of course, while he knew my "reputation", he had no idea about what I did at home. We never even discussed incest, even as a point of conversation, let alone anything specific about me. We both got to know the other's sexual history, sort of our way of clearing away any potential obstacles. He was actually the one to tell me about my cousin and aunt, although he didn't realize that they WERE my relatives until I told him. You can imagine his shock at finding out they were related to me! Later, when I griped at my cousin for not telling me herself when she knew who I was dating, she just grinned and was more curious about Duane's reaction than anything else.

Perhaps the biggest thing to happen was just recently when I learned Duane was out looking at wedding rings (see my Diary entry for (Aug 24) Chapter 167: Jewelry Store Girl). He wasn't BUYING one yet but just the fact he was apparently interested in them was like a wakeup jolt that things might be getting serious sooner than later. Even though we had been dating for only just over five months, I know I would accept if he asked me to marry him. I'm not sure I want to be married right away but then it takes a year sometimes or more to arrange a proper wedding, at least the kind I have all planned out already.

So now I am facing the reality of what until now has been just a fantasy. Do I want to wait until he proposes to tell him about my family? That's always been an easy way to push aside the question but now I was questioning the wisdom of such a move. He would be expecting an answer from me, not a list of demands to be negotiated. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to be able to say yes when he asked me at some romantic location to be his wife. Still, I remain 100% sure that I need him to understand and agree about how our sex lives will be when we are married.

So how do you tell the man of your dreams that after he marries you that your father will be fucking you as well? It's not like I would expect that he watch us or be obvious about it, unless, of course, he was into that sort of thing. I figure it would be somewhat like my dad and Aunt Linda had been over the years. They had been fucking each other since high school and marrying her sister didn't change anything. Yet growing up I had no idea he was doing her. It wasn't until I had sex with my own parents that I learned about their intimacy with my aunt. If necessary, I was prepared to be discrete if that made Duane feel better. I just didn't want to do anything behind his back.

Just to reiterate myself as to my concept of sex and marriage (sorry if this repeats other writings of mine but it seems necessary in this context to be clear about this). When you marry someone, you pledge yourself to that person and thus sex outside of marriage is a violation of the ten commandments - "Thou shalt not commit adultery". I figure anything big enough to get into the "top ten" of God's requirements for us must be pretty important. Being so important, it's crucial to understand where the boundaries are.

First, "sex" is the penetration of a woman's vagina by a man's penis. Blow jobs, eating pussy, "massages", etc. are NOT technically sex and thus are permitted between a married person and anyone else. Of course, whether or not that is done needs to be agreed upon by the two partners and most people would not feel comfortable with their spouse doing these things with other people. While not "adultery", many people would still consider it "cheating" which may be an offense to them if not to God.

Second, "marriage" is an act which unites not only two people, but their immediate families as well. A family is the single most important group and must always remain intact, even after marriage. When you marry someone, you are in effect marrying their family as well. Marriages which do not follow this concept are typically the ones that fail as they lack the support and love that the family unit brings to its members. Thus, having sex with members of your family is not adultery as it is within the marriage "family".

So back to my question again, how do I explain this all to Duane without him getting the wrong impression? Just look at all the porn movies and internet sites that deal with incest. All of them make it out to be some family orgy or something else perverted. Look in the newspapers when incest is reported and it's more a report of child abuse under the false pretense of "true" incest.

You never hear anything about the families where incest is properly practiced because they don't want the world to know about it. Take my family, for instance. I can guarantee that while our neighbors may think of me as being a bit on the slutty side, NONE of them would ever have any reason to suspect my dad fucks me almost every morning I am home. If more people knew about the love and bonding that takes place in a family such as mine, I would think that incest would not be such a taboo topic.

Soooooo, do I just look him the eyes one night and tell him something like, "By the way, did I ever tell you my dad has been fucking me since I was sixteen and still does - and will even after I am married? Oh, and also that my mom can't wait for me to get married so my new husband can fuck her?" Oh yeah, I'm sure THAT method would go over well. Obviously something a little more subtle is required.

One thought was to make use of the fact that most guys aren't thinking too clearly after they have sex. I learned early that if I wanted something from my dad that I knew he wasn't too obliged to agree with, that if I waited until he fucked me and then immediately asked him that usually I got my way. It's like when the cum something happens to numb their brains for a little while, perhaps one of the reasons so many guys go from horny animal to sleeping soundly in a matter of minutes.

By this reasoning, I would fuck Duane's brains out, making the effect as powerful as possible, and then while he was in a daze, tell him what I needed to tell him. Of course, later on it would sink in what he had been told, but it would give time for it to filter inward and then slowly be recognized as he regained his full faculties once again. This plan has the benefit of having some great sex at the onset, but there's always that risk that the shock would be enough to drive away the mist in his head and lead to a powerful reaction.

Another idea of mine was to write him a letter, explaining what the situation was. AT least then he would have time to mull over the situation. On the one hand, it might give him time to come to grips with it and accept it. On the other, without me there to temper his reaction, it could also give him time to work up to the boiling point if he doesn't like what he reads. This idea has too much potential for disaster.

In a more fantasy world, I would let him "accidentally" catch my dad fucking me. Of course, the ultimate fantasy would be to have a situation where my dad and us were in the room watching TV or something and I just went to my dad and started sucking his cock right in front of Duane. While this might be a great idea to masturbate over, I can't see it as being anything but a fantasy.

A more sneaky approach might be to have my best friend Beth tell him under the guise that she knew he was getting serious about me and she felt that he needed to know some things about me that he wasn't aware of. While this would be the "easiest" for me as I wouldn't have to face Duane when he found out the truth, my fear is that he would feel I was hiding something from him and resent me for it.

So I was stuck in this quandary, not knowing what to do. My fear was growing that he would pop the question and I wouldn't have a plan. Then I was contacted by Heather, a professional sex therapist. She was a "fan" of my web site and while not interested in incest for her own life, she did have considerable experience dealing with incest "victims" as was interested in me as apparently she had little to no experience with anyone where incest was making a positive impact on their lives.

After some e-mails and chats, I brought up this topic with her and we had some interesting discussions. It was really helpful to discuss this with someone who was trying to have cybersex or otherwise come on to me. Heather and I had a frank, open discussion and in the end I think we came up with something together that might work.

What I am leaning to now is to use the relationship Duane already has with my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen to my advantage. Clearly he has no issue with having sex with them, something that he would be permitted to continue after we got married. My thought was to break the news to him about their true mother-daughter relationship first, and see how he reacts to that before going any further. Who know, maybe even get him involved in a mother-daughter threesome. He had already realized the male fantasy of fucking both a mother and her daughter, I doubted he would object to expanding that fantasy to include fucking them at the same time. Assuming he was OK with one situation of a mother and daughter having sex together, he wouldn't be as surprised to learn that my mother and I did also.

The next step would be to somehow insert me into the picture. He has already seen me and Kristen playing together at parties but he most likely just put that off as something we did at parties to turn on the guys more than anything else. I've never met a guy yet who didn't love watching two girls having sex and he knew I got off on men watching me with other girls, including Kristen. What I needed to do was show him it wasn't something I did in the heat of the moment of a party but also in the intimacy of a bedroom at home.

From there, I would have to bring in my aunt so he saw that I was also having sex with her. This would likely be a much greater shock than anything I did with Linda but there was least a little separation in that she was my aunt - not quite the same as if she was my own mother.

From there the decision would be whether to reveal my girl-girl relationships included my mother as well, or jump straight to my dad. So far I am leaning to including my mother as it would just be a natural extension of being with her sister, The trick is that even if he were to see her with me, he couldn't fuck he because we weren't married yet. I guess this would offer him the potential reward of marrying me - getting my mothering bed as well.

At first I thought if he knew my mother and I were sex partners, then it would be OK to let him know my dad did as well but I might get cold feet and go off on a little detour first. Again, Aunt Linda and Kristen would be the keys. Just as I introduced my mom through them, I think it would be best to do the same with my dad, letting him see that my dad fucks his niece and sister-in-law. This would be the first big test. Girl-on-girl is "normal for most guys that watch a lot of porn (Duane is one of them) so even thought it was my mom and her sister and niece, it would be within the realms of possibility for him, I'm sure. "Real" sex, though, between my dad and aunt/cousin, would be a whole different thing. His reaction to that would be very telling to me as to whether I go the next, and final step.

I still haven't decided how to break it to Duane that my dad fucks me, even if all the previous "steps" go as planned. Would I have to let him actually see my dad fuck me to make him believe it? Would watching me with my dad actually help him to understand that it wasn't about being lovers with my dad and that it would not be cheating on him when my dad fucked me? Would I be better off just telling him about it and waiting for his reaction before ever letting him watch? Hopefully by the time I worked my way to that final stage I would have the answers.

So imagine you are in my shoes. Twenty three years old, settling into the teaching position you always wanted to have (even if not at the school and salary you had hoped for). Madly in love with the most wonderful guy you'd ever met. Holding within you a secret that could either make your marriage stronger or tear it apart before it ever begins. What would you do if you were me? Do you think I have a good plan? How do you think he will react?

I called this entry a "muse" because it is about something that I have been pondering and dwelling upon almost all the time lately. Hopefully I need to act soon as the last thing I want to happen now is for him to propose to me before he knows all about me - and I mean, ALL about me. Any idea I may have had in the past about waiting until he proposes is out the window so far as I am concerned. I know he wants to marry me and that soon he will ask me to be his wife. I need to make sure he is fully aware of what it means to marry me. He already thinks of me as being special, what will he say when he learns just how special I am?

Any thoughts from anyone?

# (Sep 27) Chapter 169: Muse About Duane 2, Fan Feedback

Story codes: nosex
Me (23)
Duane - my boyfriend (29)

I received some very nice replies to my "Muse" entry. Here are some of them. What do you all think? Lots of different opinions, which one do I go with, if any of them?

*******************************

From: George H.
To: Kelly
Sent: Wednesday, August 27, 2008 10:24:36 PM
Subject: daddy

just read your comments on Duane...that's a tough one. If a guy is looking at rings 5 months into a relationship, that means he thinks he knows all about you...which he doesn't. From reading your diary, incest is a huge part of your life, and also a part that you are not willing to give up. So for him to make the decision of his life, don't you think he deserves to know the truth? On paper, your plan sounds ideal. In reality, who knows how he'll react. He certainly doesn't seem to be the most "by the book" guy, but knowing your g/f / wife is fucking her dad is quite something to take. If anything, it will be a lot for you to deal with. You can't be shocked if he needs some time to deal and doesn't accept right on the spot.

Me, I'd leave my wife and marry you in a second, but he may not be the same. It's different reading and fantasizing about you then actually dealing with that type of decision.

Let's chat sometime,
George

******************************

From: Random Tourist
To: Kelly
Sent: Thursday, August 28, 2008 1:28:47 PM
Subject: comments on muse about Duane

First some disclaimers.

I am not a health care professional or any type of counselor. Take anything I say here as data points to be used in your search for your path, but you are responsible for the decisions. Some are questions you may want to ask yourself, others just comments. I don't really know you, just have read some of your stuff, so I only have the picture you paint.

I have read some of your stories and diary entries and enjoyed them. Don't take this the wrong way, but there are a lot of "false identities" on the net. It is possible you are not who you claim to be and this is all a wonderful figment of your imagination. But if so it is quite good and I am willing to go along.

I am not putting anything in here to try and convince you or change your mind. I am not looking for an argument, just trying to provide food for thought. It's value is only what you make of it. These are in no particular order.

Now my comments on your post "Muse about Duane".

I have not read all your entries, so if I ask a question that has been answered please overlook it. Plus your analysis of the situation may have touched on these while formulating your "plan".

In my experience any plans that depend upon how people react to emotional situations better be flexible. Better yet forget planning. You can sort of predict how people will react when they are being objective and thinking clearly. But when emotional responses are involved, people are basically irrational and illogical. They don't always do what you expect. Since Duane does understand you have a robust sexual past and appetite, he might fully know what he is getting into. He may be OK with anything and everything and you guys will have a wonderful life. I wish you the best. But your post indicates you are smart and objective enough to realize there might be some issues.

Incest is a topic filled with danger. While you claim to have no emotional or psychological problems as a result of your relationships, we only have your word. And they may not have surfaced, just waiting for the right trigger. Some would say the situation you are discussing is a problem. You potentially have to choose between your father and someone you want to be your husband. That seems like a pretty big emotional problem to me.

Note that "incestuous relationship" doesn't have much of a place in our social vocabulary. All we hear about are "victims of incest". Don't be surprised if Duane's response to knowledge of your incest is a concern that you were abused or controlled. Society paints someone who voluntarily has these relationships as somehow mentally damaged and in need of help.

Even if Duane is ok with you and your father, what will he think if you and he have a daughter? Would he be ok with his daughter fucking her grandfather?

Don't forget, not only must Duane be ok with things today, but he has to be ok in the future. As a buddy of mine says the story of his life is "It seemed like a good idea at the time".

Does Duane know you still have sex with other people? (according to the diary entries) Is he Ok with sharing you with another man?

Have you had threesomes with him and another man? If so how was he the next day/week? Did you sense anything?

To Duane your Father is another man.

The fact that Duane did your cousin and her mother doesn't really enter into this. He did something a lot of men would. But he was single. Most men expect fantasy life to end at some point. Pointing out he can still have sex with them seems like a bribe. "Hey, if your ok with me fucking my father and uncles you get to fuck Kristen and her Mom? Sound's like a good deal to me." While that may sound glib, most men quickly discard the flowery language and boil things down to the basic question. And in theory it sounds good when looking at it objectively. This could easily be one of those things that if discussed as someone else's situation he would say "that sounds great, you should go for it." But when asked if he wanted the same would say no thanks, I don't think its for me.

You have done what humans are very good at. Rationalizing your decisions and situation. You want a particular outcome, so you define the situation in terms that allow your conclusion.

Society does not define marriage as a joining of the family where sex is concerned. I think the Bible (and you claim to be religious) pretty much says that when you are married you are to only have sex with your husband. Of course you have defined "sex" to leave some loopholes.

Let's say Duane is ok with your position. By your definition, not only having sex with your father is ok, but sex with Duane's father/brother/uncle would be ok also. If he requested that you not have sex with them, would you agree? If so, is the basic principle that if your husband requests you not have sex with some man you don't, why wouldn't that apply to all men? Or would it always be a negotiation, depends upon the man?

Because of your definition of "adultery" you get to keep having interesting sex with men besides your husband. I assume that if you had another guy you were really enjoying sex with now, you would give him up because that doesn't fit the definition.

Relationships change. If you told you family that if you married Duane you would be giving up sex with them, would they abandon you or look down on you. Sometimes you make sacrifices in some areas for greater rewards in others. Giving up sex with random guys seems to be a small price to pay for a wonderful marriage and your own family. Is giving up sex with your father/uncle too great a price?

Most men realize that Fathers/Daughters have a special relationship (not usually like yours). But in our society and history it is assumed that when the girl marries, her husband becomes more important than the father. She never stops loving her father (emotionally) but her allegiance is supposed to be with the husband (baring abuse and other mitigating factors).

As I reread your post and think more I might send more comments if you want them. I don't expect a response but if you want to explore any of these points further just let me know.
A Random Tourist on the Web.

******************************

From: Daniel R.
To: Kelly
Sent: Thursday, August 28, 2008 10:02:52 PM
Subject: Telling Duane

Dear Kelly,

As a father, as a fan of yours and as one who enjoys a healthy sex life I am very happy for you. He sounds like a guy who can keep up with you. I hope everything works out well for you because I could tell by your writings you haven't been happy.. Now I think you are.

My best advice to you about telling him about your relationship with your father is to first have a heart to heart with your mom. My fear is that if the news comes from you, he'll be upset and mad at you. If the news comes from your mom, whether it's during one of your "trysts' with your father or not, will, at least, carry the weight of acceptance and permission by the patriarch and matriarch of the family. That combined with his history with your cousin and aunt should be enough, I think, to at least be a subject for discussion by like minded adults.

If he's any man at all he'll realize the lucky bastard he is and go along happily with the family plan. I mean really... Your Mom, your Aunt, your cousin AND you. If he acts up send him to me so I can slap him around awhile.

I really am happy for you, I've been a fan of this site for quite a while and I hope to god you're really getting away from other peoples sex lives and focusing again on yours and in writing about that.

All the best to you and your parents who raised a lovely girl.

Dan R.

******************************

From: Denise M.
To: Kelly
Cc: daddyluvsjanie
Sent: Friday, August 29, 2008 10:48:23 AM
Subject: The Unplan

Hi Kelly, Kids off to school one more time and I have a little time to myself. Big weekend ahead and a lot to do, but I want to do this first.

Thank you again for "sticking your nose in" for my daughter. Although she didn't ask straight out, I think she was seeking some input from you. Now it is my turn to stick my nose in, it seems. But at least you did ask. So here goes.

I would be cautious about using one of those systems that hit him with a little bit and then leave him waiting for the other shoe to drop, as they say. Just how would you arrange for him to witness Linda and Kristen together? Would they cooperate with something like that? I have no way of knowing him as you do, so it is difficult to suggest a plan. However if I have it right, there is one common friend who knows him pretty well. Beth. Might you consider getting her to feel him out on the incest thing for you? She might ask him right out if he has ever been involved in anything like that. Then follow with a question as to his feelings on the subject. You and she would have to work out the actual wording. Something she could be comfortable with.

Another thing about Beth. Janie has discussed with me the idea that Duane might be your mystery birthday "guest" that she arranged. Her idea sounds plausible to me and the way she figures the timing of everything, it does seem to fit. Have you considered that if he is the one, then maybe he already knows about your Dad, since you are sure he was the other one? If so, he may be just waiting for you to open up with him about that? If so, it is time to be honest, not sneaky. Remember this. You don't really know what he already knows about you. That could throw a hammer in the works of the best laid out plan.

With that kind of possibility in mind, I have a tendency to go with the straight out, honest approach. No conniving, nor beating around the bush. Don't pick a time like just after sex, the way speak of manipulating your dad, and not at a point that is leading up to sex and he is extra horny. A neutral kind of time. Then sit down with him and look him square in the eyes and tell him that the way you are feeling about him compels you to open up with him and tell him some things about your life that he may not be aware of. Things that are very important to you, and if he is in love with you as you are with him, then they would be important to him as well. Now that you have his undivided attention and he has been reassured of your love for him, tell him. Maybe omething like, "Duane, I love you very much and I feel that you love me too. There is something you need to know about me before our relationship goes any farther, as I hope that it will. You need to know something about me that began long before we ever met. Since I was sixteen I have had a wonderful, beautiful, special relationship with my father. Ours is a very special father and daughter relationship. We share beautiful sex together." Gauge his reaction and follow up from there as you see your opening. You might reassure him that what you have with your father cannot compare with what you share with him, but it is very special to you.

If he cannot accept what you have shared with him, then you know that you have at least been honest with him. If he cannot accept you as you are, then, Kelly, that must mean there is something even better out there waiting for you. As much of a dream as Duane seems to be, I cannot imagine him turning away from you over this, IF you are honest and straight forward with him. But as much of a dream as he is, he just may not be the one. You need to be prepared for that, even though I think it is quite unlikely. This may only be a prelude, a warm up, for the real thing that is out there somewhere, just waiting. Waiting for a very special young lady named Kelly.

Maybe it's the influence of the straight forward, honest and open relationship that I have with my husband and with my eldest, and am trying to develop with my younger children, but I like that kind of thing. At least with that, you have no repercussions to anticipate from any sneaking around, conniving methods that could come back to haunt you later. This direct approach may not be comfortable for you, but think about it. And think about the things that could go wrong with the other plans that have been discussed. The only thing that could go wrong with being honest is an honest rejection. Would that really be so wrong? No one likes rejection, but if that were the outcome, could it possibly have been the right thing for you? No! And no amount of subterfuge could have made it right.

Sometimes the best plan is to not plan too much. Simplify it. Don't involve too many other people. Just get it square in your mind that you are going to do it and then do it. Do it the most natural way for you that you can. Do it as if you love him. Let me repeat that one. Do it as if you love him, enough to do what is best for him even more than for yourself. That's love.

Ask Janie about this idea. Of course, she and I have been such close friends for so long, through so much, that we tend to think a little alike at times, but I think she will agree with me on this one. And I know that she loves you very much and would want the very best for you. She is like that, and I know you hold a very special place in her heart. You know that I also want the very best for you. And I think this approach holds the best chance of meeting that goal.

I will close before I think about this too much more and maybe ruin it.

Love you, girl.

Deni

******************************

From: Jane W.
To: Kelly
Cc: Denise M.
Sent: Friday, August 29, 2008 2:07:37 PM
Subject: I concur

Hi Kelly,

Wouldn't you know my own best friend would one up me? I was actually thinking along that same line while feeding Jenny, but hadn't quite gotten it clear enough to put it together on paper yet. I couldn't have done it any better.

The only thing I know to add is a question. Do you love him that much? Do you love him enough to do what is best for him, even though it could possibly temporarily bring hurt to your own heart? I want to stress the temporary part. You would get over it, and go on to find your real true love. Best to find out now. Personally, I think you will like the answer. But then you know what a romantic I am.

You do have one other hurdle to clear that may be an even bigger bomb shell to drop on this dreamboat. What does he know of your website? Do you know if he has been exposed to it at all? Once again, not knowing just what he knows could cause trouble if you are not totally honest with him. Someone could very well have innocently mentioned it to him even before the two of you became so involved with one another.

My vote is with straightforward honesty.

Denise is right, I do want the very best for you. I would so love to see you live the dream, much like I am doing. And you helped me so much with that.

I love you, Sweetheart.

Janie

******************************

From: Random Tourist
To: Kelly
Sent: Friday, August 29, 2008 11:48:35 PM
Subject: Re: comments on muse about Duane

I don't think it would be appropriate to tell you what to do. You have to make that decision. Not only must is it be a decision you can live with, it must be one you want to live with.

I read your chat with Heather and saw that you have covered many of the questions and issues here. You seem genuinely interested in Duane otherwise you would probably not put yourself through such a "soul searching". It would be very simple (not easy) to just tell him and let the chips fall. You could weed out someone who isn't interested in your lifestyle so potentially not compatible.

I do have another comment after thinking more about it today. Don't take this the wrong way, and maybe you could discuss it with Heather or someone.

Have you asked your Father what he thinks?

You seem to really be concerned about being able to continue "servicing" him. I call it that based on my conclusion from what you have written. But why? Why do you feel it is so important to continue fucking him when he obviously can get all he wants for others. He is capable of a relationship that isn't based on sex isn't he? I assume he has co-workers and friends he doesn't have sex with.

Go to him and say "I love you, but our relationship has to change. I have found a man I love and may marry. I don't feel comfortable telling him about this and I don't want to continue behind his back. Maybe in the future we can resume, depending upon my situation. I hope you understand."

What do you think he would say?

If he says I understand and will be willing to comply, that is what I would expect any loving father to do. They would want happiness for their daughter even if it meant some sacrifice for themselves. Plus I don't see it as much sacrifice since there is so much other pussy he is getting around there.

If he argues or doesn't agree, I propose that is being selfish and greedy. He is more interested in his own needs (some pussy) than your happiness. I don't believe you should let someone like that stand in the way of your happiness.

Of course, he may argue that changing your lifestyle for someone isn'ta good idea. And it usually isn't a good idea to start a relationship with someone you plan on changing.

But we are talking a unique situation here.

As I said previously, we mature, we change. That's what life and growing up is. As time goes on, our needs/desires change. And we change with them. It is natural.

http://www.gather.com/viewArticle.jsp?articleId=281474976856549[2]

I will continue to ponder on your situation. If you discuss this with Heather I would be interested in her take on my comments.

******************************

From: Kelly
To: Random Tourist
Sent: Saturday, August 30, 2008 7:13:46 AM

Subject: My Commitment to My Father

It's not like I am obligated to do what you tell me, I'd just like to hear your thoughts and suggestions as you never know what it might conjure up in my head as I read it.

As for my dad, I guess it's hard for me to express how deeply I feel about submitting myself to my father. Since the first time I gave myself to him seven years ago, I have NEVER refused him ir denied him EVER, regardless of my own needs or feelings. Of course, he is so loving that he never asks me to do anything beyond what he knows I am willing or would desire to do (like anal sex) which is why I am able to trust him so completely. For me to go to him and even discuss this is inconceivable to me. Maybe someday he will not need me but until HE decides that the time has come to where he no longer needs me to satisfy the lust and desire that lurks within him, as it does with any man, then I will NEVER deny him.

I can understand why you would say to do this but you have to understand how deeply I feel about it and what a part of me it has become. If you could only see his face when he cums in me, to see the satisfaction and enjoyment I can give my father, then maybe you might be able to even begin to understand.

Love to hear more from you,

---

[2] Note (not from Kelly): This link doesn't work.

Kelly
*******************************

From: Jonathan H.
To: Kelly
Sent: Saturday, August 30, 2008 5:03:37 AM
Subject: Re: questions and musings.

Dear Kelly

It was just idle curiosity that led me to ask about the cum. I went to church last week for the first time in quite a while and that naughty notion popped into my head. It was just a frivolous thought. I'll respect your wishes and not ask religious questions. I think you're pretty cool about things but everybody has what they're comfortable with and what they aren't.

I read your musings about Duane and the responses so far. I can't come at it from the angle of an expert or anything, I'm just a friend who hopes that you find the love and happiness that we all seek. I agree with your thoughts that a letter is a really bad idea. It'll seem cold and cowardly no matter how good your intentions are. Having Beth tell him is only slightly better. Do ask her if he was the mystery guy you fucked at that party though. If he was that's the best you could hope for and if he wasn't then you aren't any worse off. I would also STRONGLY advise against letting him catch you with your dad. I just imagine that if he finds out for the first time that way it'll blow up. That might work if he already knows and has been playing too cool but that's the only way I predict that would end well. My suggestion is to be as straightforward as possible. Denise M. wrote some pretty good advice. Ease into it a bit without too much beating around the bush. Acknowledge that it's rare and unconventional but that it works for you. Hopefully he will respect your honesty and that'll be good for you. Remember it's not just you telling him but (hopefully) till death do you part afterwards. You wouldn't want him looking back on how he found out and thinking there was chicanery. Of course neither I or anyone else can guarantee a positive response but think beyond just telling him and think about how you tell him will affect your relationship from that time onward for the rest of your life. For this reason I advise against the more elaborate scenarios you crafted involving Kristen, your aunt or your mom.

Kelly, I wish you the best possible luck with this. If you let me know when you plan to have this talk I'll be extra sure to say a prayer for you. I would advise you to talk before he proposes instead of after. To me that just seems considerate. The catch is it'll be so hard to guess when would be best. When he looked at rings was he thinking the next few weeks or someday. I met my Kelly in either Jan or Feb, proposed in summer and we married two days before Christmas. Maybe soon I'll talk about that wedding, it was beautiful. The contrast is that my sister took a few years before she got to the altar with her guy. Even if Duane is thinking about it who knows what time frame is in his mind.

Again, I wish you every happiness and I desperately hope this goes as well as you hope. Regardless I feel you are a wonderful sweet intelligent Christian woman and whether it's Duane or someone else GOD has a wonderful sweet intelligent Christian man (or woman, who knows) who will make you complete.

your friend,
Jonathan.

******************************

From: "nojail4youtoo"
To: Kelly
Sent: Saturday, August 30, 2008 5:51:43 AM
Subject: musings

Hey Kelly,

(It's Adam, I had to change my e-mail addy 'cause of the way hushmail works. I'm saying that as if it will make much difference to you lol)

Here are my thoughts, for what they're worth, on your situation with Duane. I think I may have some small inkling of your dilemma probably very small. Someday I hope to find someone to who will want to be my wife and when I do I'll have to tell her about the fact that I'm sexually attracted to pre-teen girls. (that's going to be a fun conversation) I want to share my whole life and everything I am with her in the same way that you are now wanting to with Duane.

I just got done reading some of the responses so far. I think your worry that he might only see incest as a negative is justified. I googled "incest experiences" the other day and, after sorting through all the porn, only found negative references. I don't think the straight sit-down-and-tell-him-everything approach would be the best. Unless you did have someone talk to him first and bring up the subject of incest and get his reaction. If he actually seems like he could see it as a positive situation then maybe you could try telling him straight out. But, otherwise you might have to try and ease him into it, revealing things in increments.

As difficult as this situation is you do have a nice tool that you can work with. And you've already discovered it: his previous relationship with Kristen and your aunt. Before you bring that into play though I think there are some other things you can do. I'm guessing that you've already told him that you were raised in a way that you were able to discuss sex openly and honestly with your parents. If you haven't already, you should also let him know that your parents are completely aware of everything that goes on in your sex life. This will let him know that when it comes to sex your openness with your parents wasn't just "educational" and that you share a level of intimacy with them that goes beyond what most parents have with their children. Maybe you've already told him this but, if you haven't I think this would be good way of nudging him toward the ultimate truth that you need to tell him.

The first thing you might want to tell him is that fact that Kristen knew he was fucking her mom. You could do it in a playful way, like your letting him in on a joke. Tell him that the two of them don't keep any secrets from each other, just like you don't keep any secrets from your parents. You might even let him know that it's not the first time the two of them have slept with the same guy and that Kristen even lost her virginity to one of her mom's boyfriends. Again, if you can present the whole thing in a light way, like your letting him in on the joke, then it will probably be much easier for him to absorb.

After that I think revealing that your aunt and cousin have sex with each other would be the next step like you suggested. Just how you would do that I really don't know since I don't know him at all and have no idea how he would react to certain situations. Maybe after you let him know that the two of them sharing him was no secret you could feel him out about them having a threesome. If he thinks it's a hot fantasy he might be up for doing it for real. You might want to hold back on the fact that Linda started licking Kristen's pussy when she was 10 though.

From there I think the best progression would be finding out about you and Kristen. Another threesome? It may even be better to do this before telling him about Kristen and her mom. The fact that you two grew up together and are so close and that he's seen the two of you fooling around before could make it an easier transition. Now that I think about it this really may be the best place to start. AS odd as it may be for two cousins to be having sex, especially two hot female cousins, isn't as big of a jump as a mother and daughter. After that you and Kristen could let him in on the "joke" that she knew about him and her mom and some of the other info I suggested earlier.

If he can accept you and Kristen and Kristen and her mom being together I think the next step would be telling him that you and Kristen and your aunt have sex together. Again, it's hard for me to be specific about how you would do that. If he can accept that though, I think it would be time to stop being incremental and come out and tell him everything.

Tell him the story of your parents. What went on when they met and what your father found out when they decided to get married. The decision that he had to make, and the benefits he reaped from making that decision. And you and your father. What that relationship means to you. And what Duane means to you as well.

Of course the greatest tool that you have to work with is your parents. They've been through this before and they can help you more than any of the rest of us can.

The one thing I advise you against would be having him watch you fuck your dad unless it's something that he really wants to do. In the interview with your dad he said that he was "totally uninvolved" when it came to you mom and grandfather having sex and that he could never get into watching it. Even if Duane does accept your "family life" - and I hope he does if he's the man God has meant for you - he may never be totally comfortable about your relationship with your dad in the same way that your dad was with his father-in-law.

One question for you. Is Duane a Christian? You've often talked about God being the number one priority in your life. (and as someone who was raised in a church I wish that I felt that sense of devotion that you have and I have never been able to feel) I ask about that because I hope that's a priority that he shares.

Well, I truly hope that my own musings are of some help to you. I hope that things turn out well for you. You've let so many of us into your life and we've come to care about you even though we've never met in person. Whatever happens I hope that you can stay close to God and find his plan for your life.

Adam

*******************************

From: Philip
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, August 31, 2008 12:04:50 AM
Subject: re: MUSE ABOUT DUANE

Hi Kelly

I've not written for a long while but to get some basics out of the way, I still really enjoy your site and it's hard to comprehend that you've been running it by yourself! The email/chats obviously add to the content but it's an incredible body of work however it's viewed... I think you should be a writer, a journalist maybe...

Just for the record, I'd prefer if you don't publish my name/email if you decide to post this, you've never done before so I'm not really worried and quickly, so you know where I'm coming from... I'm your parents' age but with much younger children - three pre-teens. I'm in a long term relationship, been in a couple "serious" relationships since my early-twenties, pretty open-minded but consider myself fairly down-to-earth....

Anyway, your "muse" has definitely touched me since I remember well the hope and doubts about new love (barely mind you :o) I really hope this will work out for you. For most people, getting to this is point is hard enough and committing to a lifetime together poses lots of challenges but ... you've also got this...

I would like to suggest that you take careful note of some of Duane's natural responses.

1. Does he genuinely like & respect your parents? Your gut belief is what I'd go with... Has he had a close relationship with his own parents (not the sex of course) Does he know yet how much you and your Mom talk about?

If you start to share with him some of your history:--The way your mom helped you understand your own body-How much you told her about your dates as a teen-Their open-mindedness about you masturbating-Them encouraging you to bring your boyfriends home

You'll get an initial response about his feelings on the overall situation.... If you sense that he can't handle that basic level of intimacy between you and your parents, you may need to proceed carefully.

2. Is he a "loving" guy does he hug & kiss.... aside from sex. Do you and your parents, for that matter? If he has started to give/get hugs & kisses from your Mom

as a natural part of greetings, you can at least see the initial lead up to greater intimacy, (I realize you make a clear distinction between love & sex) I'm a guy (a really horny guy at that) but I wouldn't fuck someone I'm not comfortable with.

3. Have you had any kind of discussion on incest and, separately, on marriage? His response to incest in porn doesn't tell you very much (maybe not anything at all) but does he know of anyone who has had sex with a sister or cousin, does he ever comment about some of the cases of incest reported... Has he ever got anything at all from you on your thoughts, enough to generate a discussion. You should get some feedback before you go in deeper.

I wonder, if possibly, he knows about you already, maybe from Beth or your cousin. In one of your stories, "Truth or Dare" - 2007, it seemed that at least three other friends know about your situation, maybe he's gotten wind of it...?

On the subject of marriage as a whole, I've gotten your thoughts pretty clearly and I think you have a bit of a grey area which could pose a problem like this... Most people (men & women) sort of fit into two groups. Group 1 - Monogamous, Group 2 - Polyamorous (i.e. not monogamy) of course, very few are honest enough to admit up front that they are in Group 2! So... you want to allow sex outside of your marriage with a Select group of people, but for some people this could be seen as.... Hey, Hey, Hey! It's open season, All Year Round!

Does Duane seem like the kind of guy who will understand & respect your specific definition of Fidelity?

The communication thing is a biggy, because if you're not doing it now, you probably won't be doing it then (after marriage) except then there will be way more things you'll need to talk about (like money, your ambitions & plans, lots of things relating to raising a family, etc. and yeah, sex) and the stakes are much higher.

I'll wrap up by saying, for you I have two major concerns, one the obvious, I hope this guy is ready to work hard to make you happy & fulfilled (you've got to reciprocate) and most of all... If you get an initial positive response from Duane, is he really mature enough to commit to you and not think, "hot dog more sex for meee!" without being able to give you the respect due to someone he will share his life with; the respect A Wife deserves.

What does your Dad, and particularly your Mom think about what you're facing? Listen to their advice but follow your heart and most of all be strong. Whatever course you choose, be prepared to live with it.

I see how long this has gotten so if you've made it this far, thanks again and all the best.
Phil

******************************

From: Jonathan H.
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, August 31, 2008 5:09:55 AM
Subject: your possible choice

Dear Kelly,

You asked what to do if he gave you an either or choice between sex with your dad and him. My first response would have been something like "only you can decide, search your heart" etc. The more I think about it the more inclined I am to say move on. The reason why is that would be him giving you an ultimatum. Even if you accept it things could go badly. Maybe you would try and still have sex with your dad on the sly. I imagine at first it would only be under circumstances where there is little or no chance of being caught. After getting away with it enough times you might get careless and be caught. That could lead to a messy divorce and you'd be in horrible shape if there was a custody battle involved (I know that's moving ahead a lot). Maybe you really would move to a conventional father-daughter relationship and be perfectly chaste. Would resentment grow inside you? Would that poison your feelings towards your husband? Here's one more thing to consider. Would he trust you? Let's say that you're spending time with your family and he's not there. Would he be suspecting you of having sex with your dad even if you don't? Would you be inundated with accusations and suspicion? I know this isn't painting a very pretty picture but if he makes that ultimatum to start with things are nowhere close to what you hoped for.

I guess the easiest way to say what I believe is this. Make that promise to him ONLY if you can (A) keep it and (B) live a happy life with keeping it. If you can't/won't keep that promise or if doing so makes you unhappy then walk away. Hopefully this scenario won't happen but it's understandable to want to think about all possibilities. I hope this advice gives you some peace. It'll be best if you never need it but like a smoke detector or fire extinguisher it's something you want just in case. Take care and think happy thoughts. I'm optimistic for you Kelly.

your friend,
Jonathan

******************************

From: Philip
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, August 31, 2008 1:31:42 PM
Subject: Re: MUSE ABOUT DUANE

To be with someone who I love and who loves me, it would be a easy decision, I'd be by your side all the way.... presuming I'd had a chance to get to know your family and didn't feel I was adding to a bad situation. If your Dad was more like your Uncle Jim it wouldn't be so easy to sit by and watch you get treated with such little respect.

I'm a bit of a sex nut though so even I wonder how my feelings really fit into the rest of the world.

Hang in there

Phil

******************************

From: speed
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, August 31, 2008 2:24:12 PM
Subject: Re: Kelly

I see you are getting lots of advice from well meaning friends regarding Duane. In my 68 years I have always found that being upfront and honest in my relationships worked best. I agree with Jane and Denise, let the shoe fall and live with the results.

I am sure that he already is very much aware of your life style. If not, he should know before he proposes! Relationships cannot survive without honesty, trust and extreme caring for each other.

As a caring lurker, I wish you well and believe you will make correct decisions.

Speed

******************************

From: Tim W.
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, August 31, 2008 3:48:55 PM
Subject: Duane

I just read some of the ideas that u had about telling him about the relationship that u have with ur family. although the last idea that u have is good, I would suggest that u ask him in general how he feels about incest. breaking the news to him that ur aunt and cousin fuck might turn him on but it also might scare him away. also u might be surprised (lol help teacher I can't spell that word)that he might have a positive reaction towards incest, but the only way to know is to ask him how he feels about it. if he does not have a positive response to it then maybe he isn't for you. remember the person u marry is suppose to love all of the big parts of ur life and if they don't then it will never work out. incest will always be a big part of ur life and it's something that I hope u find a balance in, because happiness in life is the only thing that truly matters.
Tim w.

******************************

From: Jonathan H.
To: Kelly
Sent: Monday, September 1, 2008 5:23:25 AM
Subject: my (possible) response.

Dear Kelly

Oh, boy is that a tough question. What would I do if my Kelly had come to me with something like that? That is so hard to predict. I think if I was faced with it when we got engaged I would have freaked. If (GOD forbid) I lost Kelly and a future fiancé hit me with something like this I would react a ton better. Back then I was very sheltered and it just would have been so far away from what I knew, there would be no chance I would deal with it well. Since then I've had e-friends (including you of course) who are not nearly as vanilla as I am. It sounds like Duane has a healthy sexual appetite and is pretty adventurous so that's promising. I haven't lived those kinds of adventures but I'm a lot more open-minded about things than I used to be.

The thing is that this is so different from anything I've ever experienced and something I don't remotely anticipate. It's like being asked if I met an alien or suddenly had the ability to fly. I could imagine a response but it would be from a perspective of not really expecting it to happen. I can sit by the computer and think, "I'd be cool. I'd take it in stride.", that sort of thing. Would that be the reality if it happened? I have no idea. I know that's not very helpful and I'm genuinely sorry about that but I'm being honest. The catch is I'm probably not a good predictor of how Duane will act since we're different people with incredibly different life experiences. I've had intercourse with three women in my entire life. He's been having a mom and daughter as well as his girlfriend just recently. He's probably been with three women in a week, perhaps in a single weekend (I almost said day but us guys need time to recharge so that's kind of pushing it). I hope that doesn't sound bad because I'm not trying to be negative, just emphasize that we're different in many ways.

To try and answer your question simply I'd guess I'd be surprised but I'd get over being surprised and be o.k. If (as one would hope would be obvious) I loved her I think I would accept it. The possibility of being jealous over "sharing" is something to consider but it ought to be negated by getting to be with her relatives as well so that's fair. I do have to toss out one huge caveat. Please don't interpret this as being judgmental because that's not remotely how it's intended. I won't have sex with any blood relative of mine. I can imagine an in-law but that's only remotely likely if a future fiance/wife is into this to begin with. I read somewhere on your site that you think the vast majority of people should not practice incest so I'll just be part of the vast majority. Having an e-friend, a pen-pal who's into that is perfectly cool with me. Going there myself is not. I trust that you get that and know where I'm coming from.

I would almost think you should find a Duane-like person to ask. I say almost because everybody is so unique. You could find people with certain qualities, traits, demographic factors, etc. in common but there is only one person who has lived his life. There is only one Duane who loves you enough that (apparently) he's given some thought to marriage.

Kelly, I'm going to ask you to do something far more difficult than people realize and that's to have faith in GOD. That sounds easy but it's not. Let me give you one of my favorite illustrations.

There was a dare devil who did a high wire act. He had a tight-rope strung up over Niagara falls with a platform on the American side and the Canadian side. He got a wheelbarrow full of bricks and pushed it across, turned around on the other platform and came back. The crowd loved it. They were cheering and clapping and hollering. When they calmed down a bit he pointed to a guy in the front row and asked him "do you believe I can do that again?". The guy said "Sure I do. I saw you push that wheelbarrow across and back again with my own two eyes. Of course I believe you can do it again". The daredevil dumped out all the bricks and told him "Get in".

It's easy to be part of the crown and say "sure I believe". It's fantastically harder to get in the wheelbarrow. Pray about what to do. Trust yourself, trust Duane, and most of all trust GOD. GOD has a path for you. It's possible that path isn't the one you hope for and want. It's possible that path begins with tears and heartache. But even if that is the case it's the path that your infinitely loving (Heavenly) Father has for you. I love my baby girl and will always do what's best for her (even when it's not what she wants, although that breaks my heart). Although I can't get my mind around it GOD loves us far more than I love my baby or your dad loves you (and I know that's incredible). Trust that. Again I wish you every possible joy and happiness. I hope your path is a smooth one but even if it's not I believe you will walk it beautifully. As always I look forward to hearing from you again.

your friend,

Jonathan

*******************************

From: Bill J.  
To: Kelly  
Sent: Monday, September 1, 2008 3:06:41 PM  
Subject: Response to your request for comment

Kelly, First of all, delighted to see that you're keeping the site up! I'm sure I'm not the only guy who was worried.

Also glad to be invited to share comments regarding Duane, and your prospective future together. Frankly, I think it's a no-brainer. It goes like this:

First, last and always: You MUST tell him, EVERYTHING, and JUST as soon as possible. If he cuts and runs, it wasn't meant to be, and BOTH of you might as well find out as soon as can be; if he finds out by some means other than you telling him, your position is damaged, perhaps forever - how can he trust you fully?

SO...You "spill it"...what does that mean?

A single, private, unhurried conversation. NOT right after fucking - you both need to be fully clothed (in case one or both needs to "run off" suddenly, in great distress).

You lay out the following, in this order:

1. I know you've been with a number of other women, and you know I've been with other men. I love you dearly, and want to tell you a couple of things. It's just important for me to get these secrets off my chest.
2. I know you've been with both Kristy and her Mom (does he know it was her Mom?)
3. I know this because my family is really close (as you've seen), and we don't keep secrets from each other, especially as regards sex.
4. They both know it, too, and actually think it's really cool.
5. You've seen me with Kristy, and know we're all really open about sex - so is my whole family.
6. I'm really close to my extended family, and intend to stay close to them, even after I eventually get married. We all really love each other.

(OK, pause here - at this point, if he's starting to show signs of panic, slow down, and brace yourself for a negative reaction. The "easy out" is to tell him you and Kristy have sex. If THAT freaks him, there's no hope. Just stop, say goodbye, and go have a good cry. However, my bet is that he'll be "paying really close attention" to you, and saying little or nothing - that's the smart play, in his place...If he's still "there", he won't yet know where this goes, but that's OK - then you pick it up)...

7. Kristy and I have been having sex since 19XX. (Pause - still OK? Good - continue)
8. We're not lesbians or anything, we just believe in sharing sex within our family.
9. I've also been with her Mom. (Now he's bug-eyed, but if NOT screaming and clutching his chest, it's still OK - keep going...tear off the whole bandaid at once!)
10. And my Dad has been with Kristy, his niece.
11. My Mom and her sister, Aunt (I forget!) were playing with each other sexually since they were kids. When she married Dad, he became part of the family, and so he began to have sex with Aunt (X), too.

(NOW he might see where this is going, but as you can see, it hasn't yet explicitly involved YOU...Basically, everybody is fucking everybody, "except Kelly"...Keep going)

12. So basically, Duane, all the adults in my extended family love each other, and share sex with each other. (If he's ready, then…)
13. And that includes me...

(Now the reaction...If still silent, NOW you ask what he thinks. You haven't SAID you fuck your family, and haven't used the I Word, but it's all out there. At this point, the "discussion" could go anywhere, and will probably become a kind of rapid-fire Q&A between you two. At the end of it, if he seems to be on board, you must have gotten the following points out, in any order:

- I do and will continue to have sex with all adult members of my family.- My future husband will be brought into the family and embraced fully. He will be able to have sex with any family member, and they with him.- Nobody is being oppressed or tormented here - it's all completely consensual, and based on love and trust.
- None of this has to do with "cheating" or "extramarital affairs". Nobody in my family does that, I never will, once married, and my husband had better not!...Just inside the family.
- I only tell you this because I love you, and want you to understand, and to accept me for all that I am...

Now...he WILL be stunned...that is unavoidable...He might need a little time to let it all soak in - don't give him "too much time alone". He will want to talk about it again, hours or a day or two later - be there for that!

If he is incredulous or denies it, suggest that the two of you should meet with Kristy and her Mom...to see how they both know about each other, with him, and are obviously OK with it. Of course, you will have arranged in advance that it will turn into an "all 3 on Duane" event.

Unless he's a corpse, that should convince him... AND win him over...

Good luck, sweetie! Do let me/us know how it goes, please!

Bill

******************************

From: Jonathan H.
To: Kelly
Sent: Tuesday, September 2, 2008 5:37:51 AM
Subject: your mom

Dear Kelly

You asked if it was me and I didn't bolt after finding out about your family fun would I have sex with your mom. I think yes. If I was single and in Duane's shoes and know all that I know from reading your diary (or that he will find out once you tell him). I would very much look forward to being with your mom. I would also look forward to being with Kristen, your aunt Linda, and cousin Tammy(yes, he's already had 2 or the 3). Perhaps Tammy most of all. That's about a perfect age, not so young as to be creepy and sick but with the beauty and freshness of youth combined with womanly attributes. I really don't see him saying no. If incest freaks him out you won't get to the point where you say "oh by the way, my mom is really looking forward to us getting married so she can do you". If he isn't freaked out and still wants to marry you once he knows you have sex with your parents of course he'll join in. There's no way he'll say "o.k. dear, go have fun fucking your dad while I sit home and watch reruns instead of joining in with the hot m.i.l.f. who gave birth to you in the other room". I've seen pics of you and Kristen so I'm assuming hotness runs in the family. I'm also assuming the four of your wouldn't be together. I think I read somewhere that you all don't do that. I have a swinger pen-pal who has sex with her family and when they get together with swing friends nobody goes to separate rooms for privacy it's all together. Of course you don't swing and I don't think you're especially a voyeur (everybody likes to look a bit, but I'm thinking that bit is as far as you go). This one's pretty easy. He'll either bolt when you first tell him or he'll join in, nothing else is realistic.

Take care of yourself.

your friend,
Jonathan

*******************************

From: JG
To: Kelly
Date: Tue, 2 Sep 2008 13:56:48
Subject: Musing about Duane

I hadn't read your website for a while, trying to end a relationship with a woman I should have ended a long time ago. I read the new entry you put up about how to tell your boyfriend about your relationship. Having your cousin do it is something I would not do. I know if I was told this I would want it to be done by the woman I loved, because my opinion on marriage is, it needs to be completely honest. The letter idea is what I liked. There you can control the words, lay out your feelings. Personally if someone were to tell me this and it was a total shock I would not want it verbally done because who knows what argument or emotions may flow at once, it would be best if you did something one night, you left him in a place by himself away from you tell him you live him, and have something you want him to read and think about and you will talk to him in a few hours, after he seriously thinks about it. That way you give him space and time to think over all you have put down to paper to seriously and fully understand all of your feeling about him and your family and what that commitment means.

That is only my opinion if a girl was going to tell me this. I would want her to see my final reaction and think and ponder on it alone before letting her know how I feel.

******************************

From: Bill J.
To: Kelly
Sent: Wednesday, September 3, 2008 2:09:50 PM
Subject: Re: Response to your request for comment

Kelly,

First and most important, I'm sorry to hear the advice you've received isn't consistent, therefore useful. I have to admit that surprises me, but...I do hope you'll let us (at least those of us that have expressed an interest and support) how it all turns out.

On the other matter, I do understand, but just a point of irony - I'll speak for myself, but for others I'm sure, that I feel I know Kristen, thanks to your rich literature. You have made it clear that she's "easy" (perhaps understated?), AND that she works in an industry where that's not only "not uncommon", but she perhaps sought such employment IN ORDER TO act of those "personal preferences".

So you see the irony...Here's a girl that seems more than willing; a man (men) who are more than willing to pay (well, if need be - you have no idea what a shot at you would be worth to me!...and I'm not alone) for the privilege of sharing her inner beauty, if only briefly; and a "story line" that would make the "short term engagement" memorable over time - it's perfect! We even know what city (area) to look in! Alas...

No answers, I know...maybe I should get a one-month apartment in Pittsburgh and just start down the yellow pages. One question that I HOPE you can answer: Is she still working actively, and if so, does she go by "Kristen" at work, or some other "work name?"

I won't bother you again on this, but thanks anyway...

Good Luck with Duane - really!

Bill

******************************

From: ERIC B.
To: Kelly
Sent: Thursday, September 4, 2008 1:43:14 AM
Subject: MUSE ABOUT DUANE

Hi Kelly.

I read your letter and your questions and I can understand your questionings. There is some few questions you have to ask yourself before you enter into the conversation. How open he is about love and life? I know it's sound weird but I'm the kind of guy who believe that if things are done to bring love and pleasures to anyone and that it's the wishes from every parties , that it should not be a crime but you know how is the society.

Let's said that he is open minded like i am; yes it's something I will like to know, before I get married, that my future wife have been in a special relationship and that her need to be happy is to continue into it with me. To be able accept it, I will need to be introduce slowly, very slowly and not feeling pushed.

How to test him, that's another question since I do not know his way about life and how open he is about what life could bring him. a little of hint could help me to advise you.

And one thing, do not sacrifice everything because you feel he is the one because after many years your life will turn empty and filled with regrets.

*****************************

From: Chris A
To: Kelly
Sent: Thursday, September 4, 2008 11:30:46 PM
Subject: Dealing with Duane

Hello, Kelly.

You have already received a lot of feedback on this subject, much of it well intentioned, I'm sure. I read your thoughts, as well as many of the third party suggestions and comments, and I certainly don't envy you your dilemma. I won't pretend to have a solution for you but I would like to share a couple of general thoughts.

First, and most importantly, no one can give you advice on this (at least not advice that means anything) unless they know Duane personally. Otherwise, they--guys for the most part--color their commentary based on their own preferences and feelings. You already know this, of course, but it just seemed to me that so many of the responses I read were too "personal" to be helpful. The truth of the matter is that every guy would respond to such an unusual situation differently.

Second, much of your musings and the subsequent responses revolved around using other female members of your family to "ease the transition," as it were. Speaking only for myself, now, I have problem with that. The flaw I see in all these theories or plans is that no matter how you look at it, most guys will see a GIGANTIC difference between their girlfriend/fiance/wife having sex with other women (be it incestuous or not) and that same girlfriend/fiance/wife having sex with other men (especially incestuous, most especially her father). From what you've said, Duane is a pretty typical guy when it comes to women having sex with other women so I suppose it isn't unreasonable to think he could get used to the idea of you, your mom, aunt, and cousins. He might even consider himself a lucky man, as indeed he would be. But I fear that the typical guy would have an altogether different reaction to the father issue. Again, this is just my opinion; I obviously don't know Duane at all.

I hope you find the solution you're searching for. I can only imagine how stressful such a situation would be. Whatever course you choose, I think you're right in that you must be there to gauge/temper the reaction. No matter what else happens, you're right about that.

Chris
******************************

From: Jane W.
To: Kelly
Sent: Saturday, September 6, 2008 3:51:41 PM
Subject: Re: I concur

Hi Kelly,

Why would it be bad that Duane has not told you about his little tryst with your cousin and her mother? Isn't he a gentleman? Gentlemen don't kiss and tell. Or whatever it was they were doing besides kissing.

Be glad you have one of those, Sweetie. Could he have any reason to believe that he NEEDS to tell you? Are the two of you always sharing war stories about ALL of you individual exploits? It seems there may be one or two things you have not shared with him as well. Hmmmm. Let me check back a couple of pages. When you open up fully to him, then he may see the need to share with you things like this one, or even other things we don't know about. Are you ready?

You just said that you were not involved in any way, at least as far as he is concerned. So, why would he be concerned with a need to discuss it with you? I don't think you need to worry about him not talking about this yet. When the time is right and he thinks he should, then I believe he will.

If you just can't stand the suspense (that you instigated, by the way) any longer. Then tell him something rather innocent like, "Kristen let it slip that you guys had a real good time while I was away. Was she as good as ever?" Just keep it light with no spark of jealousy. Definitely don't let it sound accusing in any way. Just what would he need to be accused of? Not talking enough? I just don't think I would use this kind of thing, though.

What I'm trying to say is, don't blow this out of proportion, Sweetie. Relax. Let it happen. If you love the guy, you have to learn to trust him. Even when you "think" there might be something he should tell you. Trust him.

Let me say that one more time. TRUST HIM.

When he knows you trust him, he will feel more like trusting you. It's kind of contagious.

More on our little lady later, Hon. For now you need to cool it and just spend some time with this treasure of a gentleman you have. .

Love you,

Janie

*******************************

From: Koyu M.
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, September 7, 2008 5:00:48 PM
Subject: Musing about Duane

What do YOU want to do Kelly?

First, when you made a step forward without the fear of losing that person, you have always got out of the situation. Stop worrying about losing him. If he would react, he would react in any way. If he would accept, he would accept any way. Would you still marry him if he does not accept? No. So why worrying? What I mean is: The way "how you say" is not that important to me...

You might even say that your mother liked him very much and even thought about fucking him. You can ask for his idea. Don't think too much. Make a step forward. Whatever will be will be...

Big kisses,

KoyuM

******************************

From: Jane W.
To: Kelly
Sent: Sunday, September 7, 2008 11:27:42 PM
Subject: Re: Mad

Hi Kelly,

Honey, you have got to calm down about this. You are liable to say the wrong thing at the wrong time with him, just because it is eating you up so. Please settle down and let it ride for now. Wait at least until something more comes up about it. Either from him or from the girls.

I just hope you didn't get into it with him today at church or after. Please, listen to Mother Hen on this one.

As things stand right now, I think the biggest chance of you losing him, would be from how you are reacting about all this. Please don't let this wreck such a good thing. Your relationship has beautiful possibilities for a wonderful future together. But not if you keep acting like this.

Have you discussed this with your mother? I would like hearing her response.

Sweetie, here is an excerpt from your recent e-mail. This sounded to me like you gave the green light to this and you were alright with it, and anxious to hear how it worked out.

From you: "Before I left, and before I got yours and Deni's e-mails, I discussed some ideas with my cousin. She was thrilled with the idea of getting Duane with her and her mom so who knows what might happen this weekend while I am gone. The only good thing, I guess you could say, is I won't be there so it will just be a way of exposing him to a mother and daughter having sex. I don't even know if they will do anything, but you know my cousin, she can convince guys of about anything! It wouldn't make any difference if I tried to tell her not to do anything. If anything, that would make her all the more determined!"

Now, I want you to settle down and try to forget all about this. You have a more important project to be working on. How you are going to follow through on Denise's suggestion about being straight forward and honest, and tell him what you need to tell him about yourself. NOT speculating and worrying about something that is most likely no problem at all, unless YOU make it into one.

Now, go back and read over what she wrote to you and get to it. NOW. If you don't have her e-mail on that, one of us can get a copy to you.

I really think you need to follow through on that, and if it works for the best, then there is nothing you need to worry about regarding his little fling with Kristen and Linda.

I have explained my idea about gambling before. I only bet on a sure thing. Well, I will stick my neck out just a little this time and put my money on Duane. If you do something like Denise's unplan, then I expect to see the light glistening off of a ring, all the way down here from Pittsburgh.

Go for it, girl.

I love you,

Janie

******************************

From: Denise M.
To: Kelly
Sent: Monday, September 8, 2008 8:30:56 AM
Subject: The Unplan revisited

Hi Kelly.

Janie and I talked last night. Basically I agree with what she has advised. But let me put it in a little more brief form.

Get your mind off of what Duane has not said and get it busy on what you have to say.

I suspect that maybe a part of what you are doing with this obsession is to keep from doing what you know you have to. Forget what he has NOT told you. Now WHAT are you going to tell him? And WHEN?

In case you have lost it, here is the main part of what I wrote before. Please read it all again. Not to say I told you so but some of this points to just what is happening with you right now.

With that kind of possibility in mind, I have a tendency to go with the straight out, honest approach. No conniving, nor beating around the bush. Don't pick a time like just after sex, the way you speak of manipulating your dad, and not at a point that is leading up to sex and he is extra horny. A neutral kind of time. Then sit down with him and look him square in the eyes and tell him that the way you are feeling about him compels you to open up with him and tell him some things about your life that he may not be aware of. Things that are very important to you, and if he is in love with you as you are with him, then they would be important to him as well. Now that you have his undivided attention and he has been reassured of your love for him, tell him. Maybe something like, "Duane, I love you very much and I feel that you love me too. There is something you need to know about me before our relationship goes any farther, as I hope that it will. You need to know something about me that began long before we ever met. Since I was sixteen I have had a wonderful, beautiful, special relationship with my father. Ours is a very special father and daughter relationship. We share beautiful sex together." Gauge his reaction and follow up from there as you see your opening. You might reassure him that what you have with your father cannot compare with what you share with him, but it is very special to you.

If he cannot accept what you have shared with him, then you know that you have at least been honest with him. If he cannot accept you as you are, then, Kelly, that must mean there is something even better out there waiting for you. As much of a dream as Duane seems to be, I cannot imagine him turning away from you over this, IF you are honest and straight forward with him. But as much of a dream as he is, he just may not be the one. You need to be prepared for that, even though I think it is quite unlikely. This may only be a prelude, a warm up, for the real thing that is out there somewhere, just waiting. Waiting for a very special young lady named Kelly.

Maybe it's the influence of the straight forward, honest and open relationship that I have with my husband and with my eldest, and am trying to develop with my younger children, but I like that kind of thing. At least with that, you have no repercussions to anticipate from any sneaking around, conniving methods that could come back to haunt you later. This direct approach may not be comfortable for you, but think about it. And think about the things that could go wrong with the other pans that have been discussed. The only thing that could go wrong with being honest is an honest rejection. Would that really be so wrong? No one likes rejection, but if that were the outcome, could it possibly have been the right thing for you? No! And no amount of subterfuge could have made it right.

Sometimes the best plan is to not plan too much. Simplify it. Don't involve too many other people. Just get it square in your mind that you are going to do it and then do it. Do it the most natural way for you that you can. Do it as if you love him. Let me repeat that one. Do it as if you love him, enough to do what is best for him even more than for yourself. That's love.

Once more, with feeling:

Get your mind off of what Duane has not said and get it busy on what you have to say.

The only question here is, do you love him.

We all love you.

Deni

******************************

From: Philip R.
To: Kelly
Cc: daddyluvsjanie; denim
Sent: Tuesday, September 9, 2008 8:39:13 AM
Subject: No What? - Especially Now.... Be strong & Give love a chance.

Hi Kelly,

I know how corny that sounds, but I'm totally with Jane on this... It's times like this that your wedding vows would be tested and if Duane is still getting his head wrapped around this (just this small part of the big picture), you need to let him know how you feel and give him a chance to prove how HE feels by living up to your expectations.

I hope you understand what I'm struggling to say.

I'm really hoping for the best for you.

Phil

******************************

From: Jane W.
To: Kelly
Sent: Tuesday, September 9, 2008 4:43:39 PM
Subject: Re: Now what?

Alright, Kelly. One more time. SLOW DOWN!

I don't know if you will get this before your date this evening or not. But right now I have to think this out some more.

One. Linda was likely just going along with her daughter. You know how mother/daughter relationships can be. And as you stated, you know the daughter.
Two. While I still think Duane is an exceptional man (especially for you), he is, as you say, a man.
Three. Were they really trying to deceive you in any way? What exactly is your official claim on him right now? There has been no proposal, and no big solemn commitment that I am aware of. He is basically a free man.
Four. Do you love him? Do you still believe he just may be in love with you?
Five. And most urgent for the moment. DO NOT confront him during your date this evening. You might casually mention Kristen and Linda. Give him the opening to say anything he might want to say. I haven't heard from you that you have been with anyone else recently, besides your dad, but if you could offer something like that to him about yourself, that might encourage him to share with you as well. However you get into it, DO NOT make it confrontational. If you feel you have to get into it, use something light like, "Kristen says you guys have been together lately. Was she any good." But in your wording and manner.
Six. Most critical in the end. Are you ready to talk straight to him about you and your dad? If so, not in the restaurant or in his place. Maybe get him to park some place romantic. Or just park in front of your house and turn to him and let him know you need to talk. At least there, unless he comes back with something to call for other action, you can leave it with him to ponder and go into the house alone. And await his call or knock on the door. Which may be in a few days, if he decides to take time to think it all over.

My money is still riding on this guy, but I could be wrong. I was once. And I married the creep (not Jerry). Let me remind you that Jerry came back...to stay, and I had the added burden of telling him that I was already pregnant with my father's baby. Somehow I still want to put Duane in the same basket with Jerry.

I haven't read from you therapist's writings yet. But I will. But if she advises anything that sounds the least bit devious, talk to Mother Hen first. At least you know I love you , and have for a long time now. Hopefully she has some really good things for you. She is a professional sex therapist and a big help, I am a hopelessly incurable romantic. And what I want for you is a hopelessly incurable romance. Together maybe we can infect you with a cure for what is ailing you.

Keep one thing in your pretty little head no matter what happens. If this does not work out with you and Duane, then I know there is something far better out there waiting for you to get over this one. He may just be another step getting to the very top.

I love you and am praying for you tonight. Now pick out the right dress for this occasion. No! Not that slinky, slutty, sexy one. And wear a bra and panties. Got to hold yourself together.

Love you,
Janie

*******************************

From: Denise M.
To: Kelly
Sent: Tuesday, September 9, 2008 4:54:46 PM
Subject: Re: More Advice

Hi Kelly,

I hope I am not too late with this. But I haven't even taken time to call Janie. Sissy, however is right here with me, and she is very concerned about you and Duane. I let her read what you have written. We haven't gone to the site to read about your therapist friend yet, but we will. We wanted to get this out quickly first.

Sweetie, do not confront this man on that date tonight. Lead the conversation into some kind of opening for him if you feel you must. But do not confront him with anything.

Unless something tragic happens to prevent it, I hope you can find a time and place to open up with him about you and your father. That will straighten this other mess out one way or another. If it should go for what seems like the worse, then it is not really the worst. If all of this breaks up this relationship, then there is a better one waiting in the wings for you. Maybe that next one would be the one. And that would be infinitely better than going too far with the wrong one. I hope I said that right.

Now, go and get dressed right for a special night.

We love you,

Deni and Sissy

******************************

From: Cynthia M.
To: Kelly
Sent: Tuesday, September 9, 2008 8:09:08 PM
Subject: Duane

Hi Kelly,

I know this is too late for your date. "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date."

I was with my mom though when she wrote to you and gave you our best wishes, and I think some good advice. Did Janie write too? I do hope things go well for both of you.

For whatever it is worth, I think you should wait until you have that ring on your finger that stands for a commitment the both of you have made to one another before you start worrying so much about what "your" man is doing "behind your back." Which he hasn't really until the both of you make that commitment. It can't be behind your back unless there is something up front first. OK, that sounds kind of nutty, but you know what I mean.

I wrote an email to that therapist friend of yours, but I haven't heard back from her. I guess she is too busy or would rather not talk with a girl my age or something. It's not like I was asking her to do her sex therapy stuff with me. Or do you think I need that? lol

Love you,
Sissy

******************************

From: Jane W.
To: Kelly
Sent: Wednesday, September 10, 2008 1:17:44 PM
Subject: Fw: No What? - Especially Now.... Be strong & Give love a chance.

Hi Kelly,

I don't recognize this guy, but he seems alright to me. One more positive vote.

Love you,

Janie

From: Philip R.
To: Kelly
Cc: daddyluvsjanie; denim
Sent: Tuesday, September 9, 2008 8:39:13 AM
Subject: No What? - Especially Now.... Be strong & Give love a chance.

Hi Kelly

I know how corny that sounds, but I'm totally with Jane on this...

It's times like this that your wedding vows would be tested and if Duane is still getting his head wrapped around this (just this small part of the big picture), you need to let him know how you feel and give him a chance to prove how HE feels by living up to your expectations.

I hope you understand what I'm struggling to say.

I'm really hoping for the best for you.

Phil

******************************

From: Denise M.
To: Kelly
Sent: Wednesday, September 10, 2008 4:24:18 PM
Subject: Diary

Hi Kelly.

Well, Sissy and I read what you wrote about this incident with Duane and Kristen and Linda. If I were reading it for the sex, I could have gotten off to it for sure. I imagine any guy with a health cock would have too. What a piece of work. Wow!

Well, if Duane's other work falls through, he could make some real money as a porn stud. If you decide not to take him, you can send him to Georgia. He seems to like mother and daughter activity. My little girl got quite hot reading all that.

We are anxious to hear how things went with your date with Duane.

Sissy has also been trying to read up on some chats with the therapist you mentioned. She seems quite interested.

The kids are home now and the boys should be about finished with their snack, and will be wanting to feed me one next, I expect. The question is where they will want to feed it to me this time. Maybe one of each. One of the advantages of twins.

Love,
Deni

******************************

From: Cynthia M.
To: Kelly
Sent: Wednesday, September 10, 2008 4:38:07 PM
Subject: Re: Duane

Hi Kelly,

Anxious to get that new letter.

I did read one chat you had with Ms F. Or is that Dr. F.? That was how I got her address and decided to write to her. But, no, I haven't heard anything from her yet. And I haven't caught her on line to chat. Do really think she would chat with me? I want to go back and read more from her. Do you think I might be able to study hard in that area and someday work in her field? I would like helping young girls like you said she does. It has been so interesting and feels so good to try helping Amy the way I have. Maybe that could be my calling. In Amy's case, I really don't think I am helping her much except to be a friend. She really needs that. And I like being her friend. It kind of makes me feel needed and good for something.

Now down to business.

Mom and I read your account of the latest things with Duane. Very, Very Hot!

I had a lot of observations go through my sexy little head while reading it. Let me see if I can get them all down.

First, when you marry this guy, you have some new things to work out. Are you going to start doing anal for the man you love? It seems that he wants that with you. Understand, he had just fucked Kristen's ass hole but he WANTED yours. That's a pretty big hint as to his preferences if you ask me. If you still have an aversion to anal, then you at least have a convenient outlet for your man's needs in that department. Knowing that his fabulous dick would come home afterward. Home to the one he loves, not just one he is horny for.

You said these were reports from Kristen and her mom as well as your mom. Well, all the way through it, you can see (at least I can) that his primary interest is in YOU. That is their point of view. Just think about it. He has all this fabulous sex with a very hot mother and daughter, but he wants YOU. Now doesn't that tell you something? This guy is in love with you. Even if his lustful male ego gets him into a situation like this with the others. He WANTS YOU!

Be glad he is a very sexy, and very capable lover. You can have the best of all worlds with him. Do it, girl. Do it. Tell him about you and your dad. With what I just read, I expect he might even get turned on by the idea and you may have to soften that raging hard dick before he can calm down enough to put that ring on your finger.

I am glad my mom is not into those toys. I don't want her getting me one like your aunt gave Kristen. She can have that. Not for me.

As for him not telling you right away about that little escapade, have you told him about that jewelry store girl? Well, remember this. He wasn't in her store shopping for your aunt nor your cousin.

It is eating you up inside that you cannot seem to bring yourself to tell Duane about you and your dad. Well, just do it. It seems to me that that would help clear up a lot of things between you. And maybe, just maybe solidify your relationship.

Kelly, it looks to me like the ball is in your court, as they say. Now, do you want his balls in your court for the rest of your life, or not? Not every girl gets a proven porn stud like the one you wrote about. Just think of the scenes you could have with your very own porn stud.

There is lots more I thought about while reading what you wrote, but I cannot think of them right now. Maybe I will say more on those later. I will go back and read again.

For now, just make up your mind about telling him. I think he might want you even more when he learns what you have to share with him about you.

You love him. And he loves you. Right? Do it.

Aside. I heard Mom going in the boys' room with them just now. I think I will peek in.

Love you,

Sissy

******************************

From: Bill J.
To: Kelly
Sent: Thursday, September 11, 2008 11:53:29 AM
Subject: Sorry to hear about Duane's "conduct"

Kelly,

I'll keep this short, since you're now signaling (on the site) that you're getting lots of mostly-useless advice... I don't WANT to add to that, but here goes anyway...

OK, he knows. He didn't freak. It seems clear that if he were to be offered a shot at your Mom, he'd be on her without (much of) a fight. from that, he has NO business getting upset about you and your intentions, after marriage (if he does, he's a selfish asshole, and good riddance - tough love, girl!)

Sad to say (as a man), the issue is that he's a cheater...Set aside the foolish belief that your slutty cousin promised not to tell, and whether or not he should have believed that. The issue is that if he loves you, deeply and in a way that will accept sacrifice over time (and take it from me, ALL marriages do!), can YOU trust HIM to be there, be honest, and be loyal, within the "unusual" bounds of your family's love...?

If you told him tomorrow, he'd be relieved, and (I now know) think it's great. He'd perhaps hurry up and want to marry, to remove the "ambiguity" before he gets back into Linda, Kristen, etc...The question is, would he stop there, and honor YOUR boundaries, and if he DID stray, would he lie and conceal to cover it up...

SO, my current "free advice" (which is worth EXACTLY what you're paying for it): Confront him (privately). Seek to understand his true feelings about doing it, and being "caught"... Be discerning - and ask just one question... "Do I STILL TRUST him?" - not love - trust is different. Love will GET you married, but only TRUST will KEEP you married...

Good luck, sweetie - however it turns out.

XO,

Bill

******************************

From: Jonathan H.
To: Kelly
Date: Fri, 12 Sep 2008 8:42:21
Subject: advice re: Duane

Dear Kelly

I've read your most recent entries about Duane being with your aunt and cousin and how you felt about it. All in all I'd have to say there are positive signs about him accepting you and your family. It can't be guaranteed of course even now but it looks promising. My advice still is to be completely straight-forward. I think the idea of telling him during or immediately after sex is a bit manipulative. I'm sorry but it would kind of obviously be buttering him up. Afterwards he'll realize that and probably be a little resentful of the fact, no matter how smooth it goes at first. Like I've said before it's better to plan for a positive reaction. If things go well you've laid the foundation for a long and happy future. If things go poorly you can only react the best you can. On the other hand if you plan it assuming the worst then you've starting things off on a poor footing. I guess more than anything else I'd say that with every decision you make don't just think of that occasion or the next day or two but be deliberately thinking about how it will affect the rest of your life because it profoundly does.

I haven't forgotten about your request for a story. I will do that and I'm sorry I'm being slow. Things aren't good on my end. The most recent bad news is that one of my grandmothers is terminally ill. It might be days. There's other things too but I'm sure you don't want a list. Suffice it to say I'm very far from my best. I'll write that when I can but hopefully we can write some until then just about life. I really hope that things so very well for you and Duane. Take care of your yourself and I hope to hear from you soon.

your friend,
Jonathan

******************************

From: JG
To: Kelly
Date: Fri, 12 Sep 2008 15:32:30
Subject: Mad men

This will be a short email. Do not tell Duane while holding his dick or right after sex I for one as a guy know most men do not think straight in this scenario and you can get them to agree to something they regret later. I would just tell him on a normal day.
Joseph

******************************

From: Heather F.
To: Kelly
Sent: Friday, September 12, 2008 8:26:55 PM
Subject: telling Duane

Don't tell him during before or after sex.... it might be easier on you and sure he might take the news better but it won't be taken seriously and you won't get how he truly feels. He might agree to something just cause he getting some at the moment and then he won't express how he really feels about it later.

Sit him down and try to have a serious convo about it. I know it's harder but at least this way you get to know right away what he thinks of your participation with your family.
Heather

******************************

From: Kelly
To: all_for_girls_dr
Sent: Saturday, September 13, 2008 9:59:02 AM
Re: telling Duane

Heather,

Well, it seems everyone thinks it's a bad idea to tell him after sex - even some of the guys who wrote. I guess I won't then, even though I still think it would be a nice time to do it.

Last night I went to my dad's office as soon as school was over. My mom and a few others have pointed out to me that I have been ignoring him lately which sort of shocked me as I hadn't realized what I apparently had been doing. It's been a long time since I did anything special for him at work so I thought it would be a great way to make up for being so bad. Well, long story VERY short, I think I made him happy! It ended up being an entire evening with my dad, dinner and all.

Everyone is pushing me to tell Duane but I am so scared. I've NEVER had to make a decision this big and frankly, I don't know what to do. I'll work it out but in the meantime, I just have to hope he doesn't propose - now THAT is sort of a twist, isn't it?

How are things with you? Been masturbating a lot lately? I think you are a lot hotter and sensual than you try to let on.

Love you,

Kelly

******************************

From: Sandra A.
To: Kelly
Sent: Monday, September 15, 2008 4:33:39 PM
Subject: duane

I can't imagine someone hasn't already said this but... just in case.

I think the biggest thing is to ask him what he thinks of the overall topic. Like if you know his opinions on the subject, you can move forward. There are a million things in relationships like this. But if a guy hates dancing, you'll never get him into Salsa.

However, if he's not into dancing, you might suggest that there are other Things similar to it that he wouldn't reject and gradually pull him in further. After all, he wants to chase you down whatever road you go down ... you just have to make the route easier and give him time.

I don't think waiting until he's in a "condition" to better agree is the best way to go. If he rejects the idea later, he might feel manipulated.

-redbluegreen

# (Aug 31) Chapter 170: Aunt and Cousin Do Duane

Story codes: MF FF oral inc aunt niece cousin

Me (23)
Aunt Linda (40)
Kristen - cousin (21)
Duane - my boyfriend (29)

Lately I've been giving a lot of thought about how to approach my boyfriend about my incestual family life as I think he may want to propose to me soon. Wouldn't you know that my cousin would take matters into her own hands - literally. It was my fault - should have known better than to give the slut any ideas.

Note: Obviously I wasn't there when this took place so I had to go by what my cousin and aunt told me. Thus I had to use some "literary license" to fill in the gaps and reconcile differences in their memories. They have both read it and agree that it is a pretty accurate recollection, even if they disagree on some of the details.

## 1. My Dilemma

One of the strongest "rules" in my family is that we don't tell people outside our family about what goes on between us, at least sexually. For better or worse, incest is technically illegal (what a stupid law) and if nothing else, socially taboo, so any "revelations" would likely cause some pretty severe problems for all of us. Face it, "fucking my dad" is not a resume builder if you're a teacher!

Because of all this, I've always said that I would not tell any boyfriend about my dad fucking me until after the guy proposes to me. According to my "plan", once he did it would be a condition of my acceptance of his proposal that my relationships with my family be allowed to continue after marriage. Of course, that would mean he could join in as well so it isn't like it is just for me.

OK, so now everyone gets to tell me they told me so. To be brutally honest, I have to admit that I may have been just a little bit naive but it sounded good at the time. I always assumed that by the time a relationship got to the point where a guy wanted to marry me, that I would know enough about him that revealing this information would not be all that big of an issue. After all, what normal heterosexual male would turn down the opportunity to be married and still fuck several of the women and girls in my extended family - and do it with my blessings?

Of course, it would be up to my relatives as to whether they wanted to have sex with him or not, but as hunky as Duane is, I never even gave it a second thought as to whether or not it would be an issue. My mom was quick to inform me that he made her wet and horny the first time she met him! As for my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen, they had fucked him before we even started dating. So far as I could see, there would be no issues or problems. Boy, was I ever stupid.

My oh my, how things can change when fantasy becomes reality. After almost six months of dating, I was getting reports that Duane may be thinking of proposing to me. One thing I did know for sure was that he had been looking at wedding rings. With a potential proposal at hand (and I wanted to say YES), there was one thing that I thought would have been settled but wasn't. You would think that with as much sex as we've had between us (and with others as well), that by now I would know his opinions about incest. The reality is, I knew almost nothing. Granted, it's not the kind of topic that typically comes up in idle conversation, but still you would think it would have popped up sooner or later when we watched a porn movie together or something.

The biggest reason this started to become a concern to me was that the more I thought about it as the time approaches (as hopefully it is), the more I wanted to be able to say, "YES!" the instant he proposes. The idea of me giving him a conditional response, especially given the sort of "condition", became less and less appealing to me as the reality of it approached.

It became quite a dilemma for me and I discussed it with a lot a number of people - even to the point of posting something on my website looking for advice. While the responses were great, the suggestions have also varied widely and often conflict. As a result, I still didn't have a coherent plan as to how to handle Duane. My biggest fear was that he would I surprise me and I would be stuck without knowing what to do, maybe even ruining the whole thing for both of us in the process.

The person with whom I discussed this with the most, as you may expect, was my mother. She has always been the one I turn to when I have a difficult decision to make or face a supposedly insurmountable situation. Unbeknownst to Duane, my mom has been drooling over him since the first time I brought him home. Hardly a date goes by that she doesn't stop me on my way in to ask if he has proposed to me yet (starting with our first one). Of course, given her stand on adultery she would never fuck him until we actually tied the knot so she has been as anxious as me to get the process moving along.

Two other people I discussed this with at length have been my Aunt Linda and my cousin Kristen. They have what you might call a "unique" perspective into my situation. Duane has had sex with both of them - at different times of course. This all started long before he and I started dating and Duane has no idea that I know he has fucked the two of them. It started back a year or more ago when he went out with Kristen after a party. She took him home afterwards where he met her mother wearing nothing but a short (make that VERY short) terry bathrobe. One thing led to another and eventually he asked her out and quickly got into her bed. Actually, Duane has only done my aunt a couple of times and Kristen maybe three or four (if you don't count the party fucks) so it's not like he had anything too serious going on with either of them. Duane was 28 when he first fucked my Aunt and she was 39 so it wasn't THAT big of an age difference, nothing like when she pursues Kristen's underage boy toys.

After I started dating Duane, Kristen was polite enough to stop flirting with him, well, at least she stopped at the flirting and didn't go to bed with him. Duane also stopped asking my Aunt Linda out, perhaps because he didn't want me to know he was doing her before we had met. Of course he still fucked Kristen at parties, no big deal since every guy fucked her, and since he didn't mind if I did other guys while he was doing her, it worked out for both of us. What he didn't know, and I didn't know how to tell him, was it wouldn't have bothered me if he had fucked Kristen privately some time so long as it was just sex and nothing more personal. Heck, the same applied to my Aunt Linda but that would have been really interesting to explain!

This past Labor Day weekend my mom decided to visit her mother in Illinois and she had to drag me along for company. Grandma had just turned 66 the week prior so we would also celebrate her birthday, if a little late. I hadn't visited with her in a while but still, I could think of better ways to spend a three day weekend than driving ten hours one-way to sit in a hot house (she hates air conditioning) and listen while my mom and her talked about the same things they talk about every time they get together.

our house. I had never considered it unusual that she made herself comfortable in our home, wearing little to nothing much of the time (she has always been more of a nudist than me or my parents).

What I didn't know, though, was what was happening those times the two of them would disappear for a while. Once I was in on the full story, my aunt stopped worrying about hiding it from me so it wasn't all that unusual for her to show up at the door, asking him if he had some free time when she was a little extra horny. So you can imagine how with me and my mom both gone this weekend, I had no doubt her sister would be taking full advantage of the situation.

My cousin Kristen is a little different story. As hot as he must have been for her (he knew what she was doing with her mom a LONG time before I did), my dad didn't start fucking her until after I had left for college. She was sixteen at the time, the same age as I was the first time he fucked me. While his having sex with my Aunt Linda was just the continuation of a long-term relationship, I knew he liked to fuck Kristen simply because she was HOT and young. Besides, every guy wants to fuck Kristen so why should my dad be any different?

I didn't know if she would be at our house while my mom and I were gone, it probably depended more on her work schedule than anything else. My dad probably would have liked having the two of them together but again, what man wouldn't unless he was gay?

As I mentioned earlier, while Duane has fucked them both separately, he had no idea that Kristen and her mom had been having sex since she was a young girl. Maybe the fact they still both slept in the same bed should have given him a clue, but if he suspected anything he certainly never let on about it to anyone. You really can't blame him for not figuring it out as how many daughters have sex with their mothers?

OK, so I do with my mom but my sexual relationship with my mother is totally different than that between Kristen and her mom. For me, sex with my mom is rare and extremely intimate, like being with a lover. With Aunt Linda and Kristen, it's like all the time and when they do it, it's for fun and pleasure rather than "love", although they DO love each other but no different than any other mom and daughter love each other.

The reason I'm talking so much about my Aunt and cousin having sex is that one of my thoughts about how to break "the news" to Duane was to have him see Kristen and her mom together. This would allow me to gage his reactions to mother-daughter sex before I revealed that I did the same with my own mother. It was just one of a number of thoughts and ideas, nothing I was ready to see actually happen yet.

To give credit where due, it was Heather, a professional sex therapist that I chat with, that helped me work out the idea. However, that's all it was, an IDEA, not something I had decided on doing. I mentioned it to my cousin and she thought it was a great idea (especially since it meant she got to do a threesome with Duane) but I told her I still had a lot of thinking to do before any of us did anything rash with Duane.

So off to my grandmother's house my mom and I went. Crap, talk about a long and boring drive! Sure enough, when we called home to tell my dad we had arrived late on Friday night, my aunt's voice could be heard over the phone in the background. You had to hand it to her, she certainly hadn't wasted any time! When my grandmother heard she was with my dad, her lips pursed but she didn't say anything. Actually, I don't why my mother even mentioned it to her as my grandmother was a bit old-fashioned when it came to a husband having sex with someone else while his wife was away. I would have agreed with her had it been a hot neighbor but this was his sister-in law so what was the big deal? Besides, she knew they had been having sex for almost thirty years now!

The weekend was about as boring as anything I could imagine. The weather was perfect and all I could think about was how we were missing a great weekend on the lake. Waterskiing in my thong bikini, all the guys drooling over me as I walked down the pier, was a LOT more exciting than watching grass grow in dry Illinois. Oh well, I suppose someday I'll be her age and be happy to have my daughter and granddaughter visit me. Still, I was bored out of my mind. Lord only knows how many times I masturbated as much to pass the time as anything else.

When we finally got back home early Monday evening, Aunt Linda was gone but my dad admitted she had only left a few hours before we had arrived. My mom just shook her head at her sister's blatant attempt to take advantage of her absence to the maximum extent possible. My dad also mentioned something about her not being around all afternoon on Sunday after church, but that was just tossed into the conversation and at the time, neither my mom or I asked anything more about where she had gone, probably shopping to whatever or checking in at the office.

It wasn't until Tuesday night that I learned what had happened Sunday afternoon and who should be the one to happily inform me but my whore of a cousin, Kristen. (I can call her that because she IS a whore - she is a prostitute making big bucks selling herself to men, but that's another issue for another time.)

I'd just got home from school and was looking forward to a hot night out with Duane after not having seen him since last week when my phone rang. Kristen was practically tripping over herself trying to tell me what she had done "for me". As soon as she mentioned that, my heart leaped to my throat and my first reaction was, "Oh god, what the hell did she do now?"

What I learned, in intimate detail as she didn't want to leave a thing out, was that on Sunday afternoon Kristen had somehow talked my boyfriend, the guy I thought was getting ready to propose to me soon, into coming to her house and fucking her. That wouldn't have been so bad since Duane and I had agreed were not "exclusive" although I myself had cut way back on what other guys I was having sex with. What made me freak was when she gleefully told me that her mother had joined in!

After listening to her version of the events, I went straight to my own mother and told her what had happened. You can imagine my surprise when she was NOT surprised. Apparently it had been her suggestion to my aunt before we had left that had triggered the mother-daughter part of the afternoon. Her sister had called her Sunday night to tell her all about, while we were still at my grandmother's house! I looked at her in total disbelief. How could she have done this to me? I was going to meet with Duane in a couple of hours so how was I supposed to know about this? We had talked on the phone a ton over the weekend and he had never uttered the slightest hint as to what was happening. Come to think of it, we had a brief call in the middle of the afternoon on Sunday. He had seemed as little preoccupied but I assumed it was just the football game holding his attention. Apparently, somebody else was instead. Obviously he didn't want me knowing about it so now what was I supposed to do?

After getting the news from my mom, I immediately called my aunt to get her side of the story as well. She was quick to plead innocent and put all the "blame" on my mom and her daughter, but at the same time it didn't sound like she put up much resistance.

# 2. Duane Fucks Kristen at Church

What follows is the best I can do to piece together the stories I got from the three of them. Although my mom was only involved in the "setup", she still had some information that helped to fill in the blanks from conversations she had with her sister. It wasn't easy as in some cases their stories were a little different and in a couple of minor points, even conflicted. I guess that's the case any time you get more than one person recounting what happened at a major event. The dialog is the best I can do from what they said and how I interpreted what happened as they didn't videotape anything. I debated writing up three versions, one from each of their perspectives, but frankly, that would be too much work and most would be repetitive anyway. I had them all read it over and they made some changes, helped with the dialog, and fixed a few errors.

*************

"So did you hear about Kelly's boyfriend?"

Linda looked up from her magazine at her daughter's question and answered, "You mean Duane? What now, they didn't break up or anything, did they?"

Kristen crawled in bed next to her mom and grinned, "Oh no! In fact, the word is he's been out looking for rings. I bet he's going to propose to her soon. "

"Oh really? That's interesting considering they've only been going out for what, five or six months? Sounds kind of quick if you ask me."

"Oh mom, don't be so old-fashioned! You've seen them together. They really love each other so why put it off? For crying out loud, he's almost thirty already!"

"Hey, let's watch the old age comments kid," Linda playfully smacked her, "So has she told him about the family secrets yet?"

"No... you know better than that. But now she's all worked up over how she's gonna tell him. It was all she talked last time we went out." Kristen paused and grinned at her mom mischievously before changing the subject. "So will I be sleeping alone this weekend while Aunt Mary and Kelly are at Grandma's house?"

Linda couldn't help but grin. She knew full well what Kristen was referring to - that she would be staying the night with her brother-in-law while her sister was out of town. She ALSO knew that Kristen already knew the answer. Well duh! Even Kristen could figure THAT one out. Of course she would! Kristen silently moved in closer to her mom and started to gently massage her mother's breasts as she pressed her wet crotch in against Linda's hips.

"You know mom, I still don't get why Uncle John married Aunt Mary instead of you," Kristen went on, "He seems to like fucking you a lot more than her."

Linda brushed her fingers through her daughter's blonde hair as she felt her nipples responding to Kristen's light touch. "You know Kristen, some day you're gonna learn that there's more to a relationship than just sex. Besides, it's not like that by marrying her we don't get to have fun. In a way, I prefer to look at it as he lucked out and got the best of both of us - her personality and love, my sex drive."

They both giggled at that as Linda put her book away and turned to embrace her petite nude daughter. There was little talk after that as the two of them were exceptionally horny with Linda looking forward to the weekend with her brother- in-law and Kristen having her own thoughts about the possibilities for the upcoming holiday weekend - ideas her mom wasn't aware of, at least not yet.

As planned, Linda was off to her sister's home before Mary and Kelly had cleared the city limits. It had been over a week since she had last been fucked by her brother-in-law and the sex she'd had with one of her clients since then had been boring and unimaginative. No matter as it had been good enough to close the deal which was all she really cared about at the time.

As she approached the house, she couldn't help but remember the first time John had fucked her, way back in eighth grade. He was the first boy to fuck her and only the second guy period as her dad had been the only one until then. The look on her sister's face when she found out her boyfriend was fucking her little sister was priceless, etched forever in her memory. As she walked in the basement from the garage, she left her clothes behind on the family room couch. She wouldn't be needing them again for a couple of days if everything worked out as planned!

Meanwhile back home, Kristen was pacing the bedroom, debating for the umpteenth time what to do. Well, she already knew exactly what she WANTED to do, it was just a matter of what WOULD she do. On the one hand she wanted to fuck Duane again but then while she knew her cousin wouldn't claim to care if she did, she remembered the look on Kelly's face at the last party where Duane had been fucking her in the bedroom (one of many guys to do her that night so it wasn't like it was anything romantic) and Kelly had walked in.

Her eyes blazed at the sight of her boyfriend's hard dick in her cousin's wet pussy but she manage to put on a smile and act like everything was OK. In fact, she had laid down next to her cousin and invited the next guy in line to take her and fuck her. It was pretty obvious she was trying to get Duane jealous by having him see a train of guys fucking her but if anything it backfired as he seemed to enjoy the show, even encouraging more guys to fuck her.

Finally she picked up the phone and started to punch in Duane's number. The heck with it. It wasn't like he and Kelly were married - or even engaged. Even if they were, Kelly would have to let Duane fuck her cousin, those WERE the rules, right? Duane seemed surprised to hear from Kristen but she went right at him nonetheless.

"Hey lover boy, your precious Kelly's out for the weekend so I was wondering if you had anything that needed some... let's say.... attention?" Kristen said after exchanging perfunctory hellos. She wasn't wasting any time!

"Kelly would kill me if she found out," Duane responded just as vaguely. Kristen found it interesting that he didn't say he didn't WANT to, only that Kelly would not be happy if he did.

"Well... who says Kelly has to find out?"

"Shit Kristen, don't you get enough dick without having to go after your cousin's boyfriend?" he teased her.

"Sure... but now I want YOURS," Kristen taunted him.

There was a moment of silence on the phone and then Duane replied, "I don't think it's me so much you want as your cousin's boyfriend. Shit, why are you two so competitive all the time? That last party was crazy."

"Well, it wasn't like you complained when we bet to see who could give you the best blowjob," she retorted, "And I know you said she won only just because she's your girlfriend."

"Well Kristen, as tempting as the offer may be, I have to take a pass, OK?"

Kristen abruptly hung up on him, frustrated and a little bit pissed off. She couldn't even remember the past time a guy had turned her down and the feeling was not all that great. She sat back on the bed and started to masturbate as she plotted how she was going to get Duane's dick in her before the weekend was out, except now, it was more than just being horny. Now it was a challenge!

It was a long night for Kristen, alone in bed with nothing but a few toys and a couple of porn videos to watch. Saturday was even worse. She had a client for the afternoon but her heart really wasn't into it. Besides, he was some overweight, middle aged man who probably hadn't fucked anyone, including his wife, in years. He was so horny that he probably never noticed that the whore he was fucking couldn't have really cared less about his dick in her. Fortunately he had no idea that Kristen was imagining it was Duane fucking her instead of him. Nothing drives her crazier than to want a man and not have him. She would get Duane to fuck her, one way or another.

Saturday night there was a party at one of her friend's house. There was quite a crowd, mostly guys from high school which was why Kristen wanted to go in the first place. Kristen wasn't the only girl in town who preferred younger boys and when you're into that sort of thing, you tend to gravitate towards other people with similar interests. Most of the guys were seventeen or eighteen although a couple boys were clearly lying about their age but nobody really cared, least of all Kristen.

Normally Kristen loved these parties, especially when someone brought in one of their younger brothers (or sisters for that matter). Tonight, though, she just felt depressed and couldn't get into the spirit of the party. Her body instinctively reacted so it wasn't like most of guys knew she was distracted. Still, as one after the other fucked her and came in her, all she could think of was who was NOT fucking her - Duane.

That night back in bed, as she did her usual bed-time masturbation session, Kristen thought about Duane even more. It was like it had become some sort of quest for her. She certainly didn't want Duane as a boyfriend, he was WAY too old for her so Kelly could have him for that. She just wanted to get him to fuck her and prove to him that he couldn't resist her.

After she had cum a couple of times and was laying back in bed, feeling a little more relaxed, her brain seemed clearer and suddenly an idea popped in her sleepy mind. The more she thought about it the hotter it made her and before she knew it, she had to get herself off yet again before settling back into her pillow with a satisfied smile on her face as she fell asleep.

Normally, Kristen would have slept in on a quiet Sunday morning. With Kelly and her mom 500 miles away or so, her mother and Uncle John "worshipping" each other in bed this morning, and given that Kristen wasn't all that religious to start with, she would have blown off church except for one thing - she knew Duane would be there. It was easy for him to turn her down over the phone but she had a feeling it would be a lot harder in person, especially if she baited the trap properly.

Walking into the church entrance, Kristen was greeted by an older couple assigned to shake everyone's hand as they came in. It was all she could do to keep from bursting out in laughter as she shook their hands and noted their differing responses. The couple this morning looked to be in their sixties or so, or maybe even older. As hot as it was this morning, he was wearing a full suit and she had on a long, hot, dress.

What was funniest was not their reactions, per se, but the contrast between them. The husband kept trying to act as though he wasn't interested in her but his eyes kept glancing down at Kristen's boobs. It wasn't like they were well hidden or anything, practically bursting out of her bra that was barely concealed by her blouse which was unbuttoned at least two butto1ens lower than most girls would have considered "decent". He also seemed interested in her legs and there was plenty of them to see as well given the shortness of her skirt. In fact, it was so short she even conceded to wearing panties, or at least a thong, as it wouldn't do to flash her bare pussy in this crowd.

The husband's reactions were fun, but predictable and Kristen brushed them off as just about every other heterosexual male in the room was looking at her the same way (and maybe a few women as well). No, what turned her on the most was the barely disguised look of disgust that his wife was giving her.

As they shook hands, it was like she couldn't pull her hand away fast enough. It wasn't like the folks in church were seeing her this way for the first time and she was well aware of her reputation and the fact that most regular attendees knew her profession. She wasn't like Kelly, trying to act all innocent and sweet. Kristen's philosophy was simple, if you got it, flaunt and flaunt it some more after that.

As she made her way down the pews, she noticed Duane was sitting alone towards the back. That was unusual as usually he either sat with his parents or Kelly. For whatever reason, his parents weren't in sight, leaving him all alone, like a young gazelle separated from the herd, vulnerable and easy to hunt down. Kristen took a seat next to Duane, not bothering to pull her skirt down such that her thong was almost visible as she sat close to him and crossed her legs, pulling the skirt even higher up her tanned thigh.

"Hi Duane, I missed you last night," she greeted him with a sultry voice.

"Oh I'm sure you did just fine without me," Duane replied, rolling his eyes, "So how many did you do?"

"It doesn't matter, I was thinking of you the whole time," she whispered. "You must be wound pretty tight without Kelly around this weekend, aren't you?"

"Well, if you really must know, she called last night and you can imagine how that went," he replied, trying not to act like he was paying her too much attention.

The service started and they had to shush their banter. When they stood to sing the first hymn, Kristen "accidentally" brushed her hand against his crotch but he just ignored her. After the hymn, every greeted one another and Kristen turned to Duane and whispered in his ear, "I want you to fuck me.... NOW!"

Duane just shook his head. He undoubtedly knew what she wanted and she couldn't believe that he didn't want it too. Crap, he wasn't married or anything like that so what was the big deal anyway? Well, there was just one thing left to do. She planted her hand on his crotch and he promptly pushed it away.

"Damn it Kristen, you can't do that here!" he hissed softly to her, trying not be overheard.

"Then fuck me now," she mouthed quietly to him. "I won't stop until you do, you know."

Duane must have realized that Kristen would have done about anything to "convince" him, even resorting to this sort of blackmail, so he was probably better off giving in to her demands than trying to fight her off any further. He rolled his eyes and nodded, making Kristen grin from ear to ear as they both quickly slipped out of the pew and out the side exit. The basement was deserted, as she knew it would be.

"Let's do it right here," Kristen offered as she slipped behind one of the room dividers that move on tracks in the ceiling. It might have blocked them from being seen by anyone walking by, but it wasn't soundproof by any stretch of the imagination and anyone could have just walked around it and seen them.

Duane's eye widened and he clearly wasn't thrilled with the idea. "C'mon quite fucking around Kristen, let's go to the custodian's office or somewhere like that."

"Oh, is that where you go off to fuck Kelly?" Kristen teased him, "Well, I'm more adventurous than she is. I want you to fuck me right here, right now."

She jumped up backwards onto one of the tables, letting her skirt ride up so she was on her all but bare ass as she sat on the cool table top. Leaning back, she pulled her thong to the side and started to touch her pussy with her fingers.

"Fuck me Duane, you know you want to so just do it."

Like what else was he going to do? Duane may be almost thirty but that didn't mean his dick wasn't still thinking like a teenager's. Who could blame him for wanting her? The sight of Kristen, looking so sweet and fucking hot at the same time, her skirt hiked up around her waist with her wet pussy revealed from behind her thong, was more than any man could have turned down.

"Oh the hell with it, but we better get going before someone catches us."

Duane just unzipped his pants and bent over to let him pull his stiff dick through the opening. When he stood up, his cock was sticking out and Kristen just stared at it, licking her lips at the thought of having it inside of her in just a few more moments. She wiggled her bottom to spread her legs apart further, putting her feet on the edge of the table so her pussy was wide open to make it easy for Duane get it in her.

Now that he had given in, he was holding back a bit anymore and he held his cock in his hand, stroking it quickly as he worked his way in between her thighs. Grabbing her by the ankles, he lifted her legs up and pushed her back on her back as he pressed his dick against her pussy. He cunt was so slick already that his dick slipped and slide up through her slit, rubbing over her clit like a bow over a violin string.

"Oh god, that feel so damn good, rub your dick against me like that more," she whispered, trying her best not to scream out as the pleasure he was creating within her spread out from her pussy like ripples in a pond when a rock was tossed in. In this case the rock was his dick hitting the wet pond of her pussy.

"Umm, that's it, now put it in me," she directed him after he had stroked over her slit a few more times, "Mmmmmmm, I want your dick in me Duane... fuck me."

"Shhhhhh... not so loud! Someone might hear you!" he hissed at her but at the same time swinging his hips back to let his dick fall down until he was positioned at the opening to her slutty pussy.

"Ohhhhhh," was all she could get out as he pressed his dick into her and the head of his dick slid easily into her moistened cunt.

Her head fell back and her eyes screwed tightly shut as another orgasm rocked her as her pussy was filled with Duane's dick. What got her off was not just the feeling of his dick entering her but the thought of her cousin who was probably sitting in church right then, except she was most likely bored stiff without a clue as to who her boyfriend was fucking at that very moment. Kristen found herself wishing she could call Kelly on her cell phone and gloat over how good Duane was fucking her.

As for Duane, he was just getting off, probably nothing more deep or inscrutable going on his big head than thinking about what his little head was doing. He had Kristen's legs pinned back against her, her ass tilted up and back as he pounded her juicy little pussy. With as many times a week as she got fucked, Kristen might not be as tight as her cousin but she certainly knew how to use it! Duane was quickly groaning and the short strokes were underway before long as Kristen gripped and massaged his erect cock with her talented pussy.

"Damn! I love the way your pussy feels when I fuck you," he sighed, barley loud enough for Kristen to make out what he was saying, "I've never felt a pussy like yours before!"

Kristen grinned, quite proud of herself actually. She wondered if he realized just how many dicks she had to have fuck to learn the techniques she was using on him, or how many exercises and practicing on bed alone at night it took to hone her skills. Any girl could spread her legs and let a guy get off stroking in and out of her pussy. One reason Kristen had always been so popular, besides the fact it was slam dunk when it came to fucking her on a date, was the way she could make a guy's dick feel when he was inside of her. Sometimes she squeezed down so hard on them that the guy had to cry out for her to release him!

"Turn over," was all he said next as he pulled out and grabbed Kristen by her narrow hips to pull her off the table and then twist her around. Kristen leaned over onto the table, supporting herself on her elbows as she thrust her ass out at him, spreading her legs wide apart dutifully, submitting herself once again to him.

Duane didn't waste a moment as he rammed his horny dick back in her again, stroking himself violently in and out of her cunt. As Duane fucked Kristen from behind, his hands massaged her butt cheeks, letting his thumbs work their way into her sweating ass crack. She gasped as he pushed one of them into her tight pink asshole, pushing it all the way inside of her.

"Oh shit that feel so good," she sighed, looking back over her shoulder to look at the guy fucking her. She smiled and rocked in rhythm with his strokes, banging his dick in her pussy as his thumb continued to work her asshole.

Duane must have been about to cum but he had other ideas to fulfill first. Pulling his wet dick out of her, he simultaneously pulled out his thumb from her asshole. Pressing his dick up against her now already wetted hole, he teased her by just pushing it a little against her and holding it there..

"That's it Duane, do it... fuck my ass," Kristen begged him, waiting impatiently for him to enter her ass with his stiff cock.

Duane was too horny to tease her for long. He didn't say a word other than grunt as his dick pushed up hard against her ass. It was a LOT tighter than her pussy, that was for sure. Even Kristen couldn't help but gasp as he pressed harder, forcing himself into her asshole until he was about half-way in her.

"God that feels to good, put it in deeper," she begged him, trying to wiggle as if that would be enough to get his dick in her ass even further.

Duane was glad to oblige, practically squeezing her against the table edge as he pressed himself even deeper than before. Kristen was practically incoherent as she reveled in the feel of Duane up her asshole. As for him, he loved seeing his dick disappear in her ass, only to reappear and then disappear back in it again.

"You like your ass fucked, don't you," he observed, wasting time and energy so far as Kristen was concerned but it was still rather erotic to hear him talking to her. "Someday you have to get you cousin to let me fuck her ass... I don't understand her sometimes."

"Screw her... I don't want to hear about her," Kristen chastised him, "Just worry about fucking me, OK?"

Duane chuckled and grabbed her hips again, slamming his dick in and out of her ass as he started to feel the urge rising within him to mate her, even if he WAS in the "wrong" hole for that.

"Oh yeah, here it comes," he moaned as he buried his dick as far as he could in her ass. Kristen could feel his dick swell slightly and then the jerking of his hips and the feel of his hairy crotch ticking her bare bottom. As soon as he finished, he pulled out of her and she flipped back around and dropped to her knees to suck his spent dick, drawing every drop of cum she could from him.

"Damn Kristen, you are something else," he gasped as he tried to regain his breath and composure. Now that he had shot his load, control quickly reverted to his big head once again. "Get your skirt down before we get caught!"

He was already trying to stuff his semi-erect dick back in his pants but it just pressed out against the material, forming a huge bulge that would have been obvious to any girl in the room (and some of the guys if she heard right). Kristen stood up, weaving just a bit at first as she restored her sense of balance. Her ass felt wonderful, sort of how it feels after taking a major dump. Not that it was anything to do with poop or anything, just that wonderful sense of well-being you get. She reached her finger in through the crotch of the thong, stretching it out and down until it was back over her pussy "properly" once again.

"You'd better hold something in front of you when we go back up," she giggled, pointing at the still blatant erection in his pants, "Are you sure I can't help you with that?"

Diane looked down, frowning as he saw how far out the crotch was pushed, undoubtedly feeling his dick pressing against it. "Well, it's never going to go down if you keep talking like that!" he admonished her.

"And your point is...,?" she quickly retorted.

"God Kristen, you NEVER get enough, do you?" he said, shaking his head as he marveled over her stamina and almost unlimited sexuality, "Must be in the genes."

That last part he threw in there like an afterthought, as if he had not intended her to hear it. She DID hear it though, and knew he was talking about Kelly. She could only imagine how "high maintenance" it must be to have a girl like her as a girlfriend. In any case, it served as an opportunity to move to the next stage of her "plan".

"Well, why don't you come home with me after church and find out?" she asked. He looked at her as if trying to figure out if she was teasing him or what.

"Find out what exactly?"

"What you said... that it runs in the genes," Kristen replied, trying to keep a blank look on her face so as not to give away her intentions too easily.

"With who? Kelly's in Illinois"

"Obviously not her silly, so who else is left? ...Think about it."

The light bulb over his head suddenly flashed brilliantly. Duane looked at her incredulously and so Kristen went on to help ease him through it.

"C'mon, you think I don't know about you and my mom? ...Of course I do so do you want to do her again or what?" She paused to let it sink in for a moment and then added the final persuasion, saying, "Kelly doesn't go out of town very often so why not take advantage of it while you can? Don't worry, we won't tell her if you don't"

It was all she could do to keep a straight face as she threw in that last sentence. What kind of idiot would think that two cousins wouldn't tell each other about what they did with him? Then again, in all fairness he didn't know just how "close" they all really were. Parties were one thing as everyone played around at those. But at home???? Duane seemed to be considering it but took more time than Kristen was willing to give him.

"Damn it Duane, are you gonna come home and fuck me and my mom or not?" she demanded. Duane seemed a little taken aback by her aggressive tone yet I think that was one of the qualities he liked about Kristen - she was never afraid to speak her mind.

"Well, if you insist," he sighed, pretending he was doing it just to make her happy.

They both burst out laughing at that point and started heading from the stairs to go back to the sanctuary. Half-way there, Kristen grabbed him by the arm and said, "You know, the service is half over now anyway so walking back in might raise some questions. Besides, you will cause quite a stir with THAT!"

He looked down to follow her gaze and sure enough, the tent was still fully pitched. He just shook his head at his own lack of control and shrugged at her, as if to say it was up to her what happened next. That was fine with her, she liked to be in charge anyway. Kristen led them on a detour to the exit and they straight went to his car. She would just have to come back later to get hers.

## 3. More Fucking on Kristen's Bed

Once on the car, Kristen didn't waste any time as she dropped her panties to her ankles and settling back in the seat where she immediately started to masturbate. She made sure to hike her skirt up so Duane could get a good view as he drove to her home. Duane shook his head yet again as her unabashed sexuality.

"Good grief, you just can't stop for a minute, can you?" he marveled, "We'll be at your place in a just a few minutes you know."

"Well, do you want me to stop Duane?" she said seductively, pulling her finger out of her pussy and making a big show out of sucking the pussy flavor off of it.

"Hell no, just making an observation," he quickly recovered himself, "Go for it."

As if she needed the encouragement. Kristen managed to cum again before they reached her house as Duane barely avoided an accident when his attention was diverted by her moans and bucking. At least nobody saw her, at least nobody that they knew of.

The house was empty and quiet when they arrived. Duane looked at Kristen, a little disappointed but with maybe a bit of relief if he was honest with himself. Kristen took him by the hand and led him up the stairs to her room, well "their" room since she shared it with her mom. She couldn't quite tell Duane that her mom was spending the weekend at Kelly's place, fucking her dad the whole time. Then again, she knew that her mom had an appointment for the early afternoon so maybe she could work with that.

"Mom had a house to show at noon, she should be home soon. We can get started until then, don't you think?"

Duane just shook his head, maybe a bit unsure of whether he was doing the right thing. At this point, there was no turning back. Heck, he'd already fucked Kristen once so what did it really matter if he did her again? It's not like he was doing it in church again. Kristen was several steps ahead of him as she raced up the stairs.

Once in the room, she didn't hesitate before stripping off all her clothes, leaving them in a heap by the laundry basket (as usual). Duane was trying to keep up as he took his clothes off as well and hung them over the back of a chair. As he was getting his pants and socks off, Kristen started rummaging through a drawer at the bottom of the dresser, pulling out some strange contraption that looked like it was some prop missing from an obscene science fiction movie.

"Well, what do you think of my new toy?" she asked Duane with a huge grin on her face.

Kristen turned on a switch and it buzzed softly and it was then that he realized it was some form of dildo but with two parts, a long one and a shorter one. The longer one was now sort of twisting around like a drunk snake while the shorter one didn't seem to be moving. Each had a penis-like "head" but instead of smooth shafts, they had small bumps all over them. It was bright red and as Kristen manipulated the switch, the longer one started rotating faster and faster.

"Here, I want you to use it on me," she said turning it off and handing it to him.

My cousin showed him the control switch and then laid back on the bed, putting a pillow under her ass to help thrust it up in the air more easily. "There's some lube on top of the dresser," she pointed out.

Duane took the tube and squirted some of the gooey liquid over the longer shaft of the dildo. Kristen had her legs spread wide apart and in the light of the room, Duane took a moment to admire her pussy. God, it was hard to believe such a petite and cute little cunt had been fucked by so many dicks. What had Kelly told him once... hundreds? Just how many "hundreds"? How many gallons of sperm had been released in there?

"Hey, you gonna stick that in me or do I have to do it myself?" Kristen teased him, getting his attention back to the main event at hand. Duane looked at the dildo curiously. How was he supposed to use it anyway? Both holes to start or just one at a time?

"C'mon for Christ's sake, just shove the long one in my cunt," she said, huffing in exasperation. Finally she reached out and grabbed it from Duane, pushing it into her pussy in one swift stroke. "There... now turn it low to start."

Duane moved the switch to the first position and Kristen instantly jumped like she'd been shocked with a Taser.

"Damn that feel so weird," she gasped as she put both hands flat on the bed beside her and lifted her head up to watch it in her pussy. "I love it!"

Duane slowly moved it a little in and out of her, leaving the majority of it inside her at all times. As Kristen got use to the feeling inside of her, she motioned for him to turn it up a notch. Again, she jumped when he moved the switch but not nearly as much as the first time.

"Damn, if only it had a TV screen," she joked although Duane probably had to wonder just how much of a joke it was judging from her reaction to the strange object inside of her. It really wasn't fair for a guy to have to watch as there was no way a real dick could do what this obscene thing was doing to her.

"OK, now put the little one in my ass," she gasped.

Duane added a heavy coating of lube this time and Kristen pulled her legs back with her hands, rocking back with her hips up in the air to give Duane a good angle at her asshole. He pulled the longer part almost out of Kristen's pussy until he had the smaller one lined up with her asshole and then shoved them both inward. It took a lot more to get the smaller part in Kristen's asshole but soon they were both buried in her. The longer one was doing it's rotating thing while the smaller one just vibrated.

"There... feel better?" he asked.

It was a rather superfluous question. Anyone looking at Kristen at that moment would have known she was feeling intense pleasure with having to ask. As horny as Kristen already was, she was soon in the grips of an orgasm, panting and crying out for Duane to turn it up even higher. Duane could barely hold onto it and he had to be wondering what the heck it was doing inside of Kristen's pussy!

## 4. Aunt Linda Joins In

"Well, I see Kristen's at it with her new toy... again."

Kristen ignored the voice, concentrating on her orgasm but Duane's head spun around to see Kristen's mom standing in the doorway. She was wearing a skirt outfit, a little more shorter than your typical Realtor would be wearing, well actually a LOT shorter and the blouse was way too tight as well, which made it perfect for showing off her boobs.

"Hey, don't let me stop you," she teased Duane, who had gripping his hard dick but had stopped stroking it when Linda came in the room.

It wasn't like Linda hadn't seen Duane's dick before. Almost a year earlier, Kristen had brought him Duane from a party and they had been fucking in the bedroom when she came home, actually a very similar situation to this now. At the time, she had just smiled and left them alone. On his way out, with Kristen left lying on the bed upstairs, Linda had been by the door and as he passed her to leave, she had whispered to him seductively that if he was interested, to give her a call on her cell phone. There was little doubt as to what he needed to be "interested in, it certainly wasn't real estate, at least not land.

Duane had called her a few days later and they ended up fucking a few times over the course of the next couple of months. It was just casual sex for both of them but they had enjoyed it. He was also doing Kristen more at the same time but it was like they had an unspoken truce. They never mentioned the other when he was with one of them. In fact, Duane wasn't even entirely certain that Kristen knew he was fucking her mom. They never discussed it and Duane figured, why make an issue of something if you didn't have to?

Sure Kristen had teased him about doing her and her mom earlier at church, but he has always assumed that she was just doing that - teasing. Kristen was known for being the biggest flirt in western PA and she would say about anything when it came to sex so you never knew for sure what she was plotting. Although he was a little surprised that she had come home while he and Kristen were having sex, he quickly assumed she would simply do what she had the last time, turn around and ignore them. It was not to be. Linda walked in the room and reached down to grab Duane's cock for his own hand.

"Damn Duane, I swear you've grown since our last time. How long ago WAS that, anyway?"

Duane wasn't sure what to say as Linda started to slowly stroke his quivering cock. Kristen was still flat on her back, appearing to ignore anything else in the room not directly associated with her pussy at the moment.

"She really does love that damn thing, doesn't she," Linda joked with Duane. "Best present I ever bought her. Well, you wouldn't catch me dead with something like that up inside of me, that's for sure."

She paused and looked down at Duane's cock, in full erection mode with sexy Kristen nude next to him. In her own way, Linda was just as sexy, even fully dressed, in how it showed off her body and the way she was gripping his dick.

"You know Duane, there's something else I would rather have up my pussy about now. What do you think THAT is?"

Duane looked over at Kristen for just a second and then back at Linda, who was sitting next to him now, still stroking his dick slowly with her hand. He knew exactly what Linda wanted and he also knew what HE wanted as well.

"She'll be fine with that for the next hour or two,' Linda sighed, rolling her eyes as she looked over at Kristen as she masturbated while playing with her dildo. "Now turn around so I can sit on that lovely dick."

She didn't even bother to undress, leaving her heels and all her clothes on. Lifting up her short skirt, she revealed a jet black thong which barely concealed the heavy growth of pubic hair that covered her crotch. Linda had told him long ago that shaved crotches were for baby girls and young women. Women her age should act their age and shaving her pussy just wasn't natural. She DID trim it so it wouldn't show when she wore underwear and bikinis that were small in the crotch, but what was left was full and thick and pushed out against her thong. Reaching down, she pulled it to the side as she backed in to Duane and literally sat down on his lap, letting his dick slide up into her easily.

"You'll have to excuse me for being so wet already, but it was quite a showing this afternoon," she teased him.

Duane knew what she was referring to. Linda was a real estate agent with a reputation for doing whatever was necessary to close the deal - and that meant just about anything.

It must have been quite an experience for Duane. Every guy seems to fantasize about two things - sisters (preferably twins) and mother-daughter pairs. Sure Kristen had teased him about being with her and her mom, but he hadn't expected it to really happen.

Linda bounced on Duane's dick, holding her thong to the side as his cock slide effortlessly in and out of her pussy. Meanwhile, Kristen was working on her second orgasm, more or less ignoring her mother and Duane. Duane reached around Linda, unbuttoning her blouse and pulling her bra up and over her boobs so he could grab onto them and squeeze them.

"Ah fuck this," Linda huffed and she removed her top and bra, leaving her skirt and thong on for the moment so she wouldn't have to dismount her stud.

Linda held back her thong with one hand while she reached down and rubbed her clit while the other, all while Duane rubbed her boobs and pinched her nipples. Finally she stood up, letting the skirt and thong slid down to her ankles. She stepped out of them, leaving her heels on, and laid down on the bed nude by her daughter who was still absorbed with her dildo.

"Hey dear, mommy's home?" she teased Kristen, turning over to kiss Kristen on the lips.

Duane stood there at the end of the bed, his wet cock standing at attention as he watched Linda kissing her daughter, moving her hand to her breasts and kneading them like fresh dough. Linda looked back at Duane and smiled.

"What's the matter, can't a mother kiss her daughter?" she teased him.

Then she reached down and pulled the dildo out of Kristen's pussy and ass, leaving Kristen panting on her back, gasping for air like a fish out of water. Looking back at Duane again, Linda said, "I think it's time she had a real dick in her, don't you Duane?"

Duane didn't bother saying anything, what could he say after all? It's not every day a girl's mother invites a dude to fuck her daughter, especially when she's laying nude next to her as well at the time. If he had any reservations about fucking Kristen in front of her mom, he was too horny to worry about them. It probably could have been his own mother and he still would have stuck his dick in Kristen under the same circumstances.

"Oh god, yes!" Kristen moaned as Duane entered her, his dick sliding in easily after the workout her pussy had just had with the huge dildo. She was incredible slick between the lube from the dildo and her own pussy juices after two orgasms.

Meanwhile, Linda was rubbing Kristen's clit with one finger as she started to suck on her nipples.

"I've got to say, I love watching your dick moving in and out of my daughter. Isn't she pretty?" Linda purred to him as Duane pumped his cock in and out of her like a locomotive piston. "You don't mind me watching, do you Duane? I'm just so proud of her sometimes."

Duane just shook his head, struggling as it was to keep his breath as he worked his dick in and out of Kristen as hard and fast as he could. Linda rolled back over on her back and spread her legs apart, then looked at Duane and curled her finger at him, inviting him over to her.

"OK stud, if you're going to fuck my daughter, you have to pay me some attention too."

Duane looked a bit surprised at that one. It was OK with him to fuck Kristen in front of her mom but to fuck her mother in front of Kristen just somehow seemed altogether different. Sure Kristen apparently knew that he had fucked her mom before, but KNOWING it and WATCHING it are two totally separate things.

"Get that hard dick over here now and fuck me, do you hear me Duane?" Linda said again, a little more testy this time.

Who could blame her as she was super horny and needed to be fucked - badly. Besides, having sex with Duane with her nude daughter laying right next to her just made it all the better. Sure Kristen was one incredible hot girl, but her mom still had a few tricks up her sleeve. She was only about ten years older than Duane so it wasn't like he was doing his own mother or an old lady for that matter.

Duane realized she was serious and besides, the sight of seeing Linda on her back with her legs apart like some whore was too much for him to resist. He pulled his dick out of Kristen, leaving her to mew like a lost kitten at the sudden emptiness in her pussy, and scooted over to Linda. Just as he got there, she flipped over on her side, facing Kristen.

"Get in behind me and fuck me from behind," Linda instructed him.

Duane did as he was told and laid behind her. Linda raised her upper leg up and rested her foot on his thigh, opening herself up wide for him. As hard as Duane was and as wet and open as Linda's pussy was, he easily slid in and started to stroke in and out. Looking over her shoulder, he saw that Kristen had turned over on her side to face her mother. Her eyes were looking down and he could see she was watching his stiff dick as it pumped in and out of her mother's hairy pussy. Then he realized why Linda had wanted him to fuck her in this position - so Kristen could get a better view of him fucking her mom.

"So how does it feel to fuck me in front of my daughter?" Linda asked him over her shoulder. It was if she was getting off as much from Kristen watching as from his dick in her. Duane responded simply by thrusting a little extra hard into her - message delivered!

Kristen wasn't happy with just watching, she wanted to be a part of things so she twisted around until her crotch was up to her mother's face, one leg above her head and the other draped over her shoulder and by Duane's head. Linda eagerly started to lick Kristen's wet, bald pussy. Duane could barely see Linda's tongue as she licked Kristen's pussy but he knew what she was doing.

Damn! Linda was licking her own daughter's pussy – and right in front of him at that. It was like he was starring in some sort of erotic porn fantasy, except you know in the movies the mother and daughter were just actors and not the real McCoy. Not in this case though. No, this was the honest-to-goodness mother and daughter sex scene.

Before too much longer, Kristen moved back and Linda pulled away from Duane. Kristen "assumed the position" kneeling on her hands and knees with her legs apart, waiting for Duane to fuck her like a dog in heat. Her message was pretty blatant and as he approached Kristen on his knees, Linda reached in and grabbed his cock, directing it so it zeroed in on her daughter's anxious pussy. As soon as he felt the wetness of her pussy against the tip of his dick, Duane thrust himself forward, driving his dick all the way into Kristen, almost knowing her forward onto the bed.

Kristen grunted with satisfaction as Duane fucked her harder and faster than he had never fucked her before. Meanwhile, Linda slipped around and sat in front of Kristen, spreading her looks and moving up so Kristen could bend down and lick her pussy – it was mom's turn to get her pussy licked!

"Shit, I can't fucking believe this!" Duane groaned as he watched the girl he was fucking eat out her own mother right in front of him at the same time. No doubt he would have loved a video of the entire thing but there was no way Kristen or her mom would allow something like THAT to get out in public.

"Fuck her in the ass," Linda managed to get out between the overwhelming pleasure she was receiving from her daughter's tongue.

One thing about sleeping with your mom for so many years – you really learn how to turn her on. Duane reached over for the lube, keeping his dick inside Kristen as far as he could while he did. He squirted some around her asshole and rubbed it in a bit with his finger. Then, without warning, he plunged his finger into her ass. Kristen didn't protest at all and if anything, her moaning just got louder and more prolonged as Duane fucked her ass with his finger.

"For crying out loud, I meant with your dick, not your finger," Linda huffed, as If she was disappointed with Duane's feigned ignorance. Kristen started to raise her head to add her two cents worth but Linda pressed down on the crown of her head and forced her back down into her crotch.

Duane had a smirk on his face as he pulled his dick out of Kristen's pussy and added some more lube to his shaft, stroking it with his fist a few times to get it well lubricated. Grabbing his shaft firmly in his hand, he pressed it against Kristen's tight asshole. He pushed hard and her ass gave way more easily than he had expected but still, was several times as tight as her pussy had been. At least it wasn't nearly as difficult as it had been back at the church earlier. He wiggled his hips as he worked his way into her ass, literally screwing his cock into her as he gradually got more and more of his hard dick inside of her until his pubic hair was pressed between his crotch and her little ass.

"Shit your ass is still damn tight!" Duane exclaimed as he tried to stroked his dick in and out of Kristen's asshole. Kristen was moaning non-stop now, obviously enjoying the feeling of fullness inside of her ass yet again.

Not to be outdone, Linda got up from her position in front of Kristen and assumed the same position her daughter was in, only right next to her. "I want my ass fucked too stud," she insisted, wiggling her butt at Duane.

Granted, Linda's ass was a little heavier and wider than Kristen's, but it really wasn't fair to compare asses between a woman and a girl about half her age. Still, Duane was eager to fuck her ass as well, quickly pulling out of Kristen so he could drive his dick into Linda's asshole next. More than twenty years additional experience had left her asshole a lot more "accommodating" so his dick drove it's way home with a lot less resistance than it had met with Kristen's tight little butt.

"Oh fuck, I'm almost there," Duane groaned as he slid in and out of Linda's ass.

Linda pushed herself forward, letting Duane's dick slip out of her as both she and Kristen, as if on cue, twisted around and kneeled in front of him, mouth's wide open, waiting for his to cum.

"Suck it some more," he said, to both of them, not caring which one did as he stroked his dick in front of their open tongues.

Surprisingly, at least it was given Kristen's current job status, Linda was the first to suck his dick, taking in his cock into her mouth that only seconds before had been buried in her ass.

"THAT is so fucking hot," Duane groaned as Linda expertly licked and sucked on his dick.

Kristen wasn't content to be just an observer, she pushed her way in and took Duane's dick in her own mouth for a while before handing it (or should I say, mouthing it) back to her mom. It was sort of like some perverted game of Russian Roulette in that the question was who would be the one to get his load when he finally let loose?

As it turned out, they both did. Duane pulled back and gave his cock a couple of last strokes before the cum started to spew out the end of it, landing first on Linda just under her eye and then a direct score on Kristen's outstretched tongue. One shot after another emerged as he alternated between the two of them, getting some in their mouths but the majority of it on their face and boobs.

When he finished, Kristen was the first this time to get him back in her mouth, sucking the last remnants of cum in his cock. Then, as Duane looked on in amazement, they kissed, tongues pressing cum back and forth between them as mom and daughter shared his cum between them.

"Now THAT is the hottest thing I've ever seen," Duane gasped, panting still from his Kristen and exertions. Kristen and Linda both looked up at him, their cum-covered faces smiling like two cats that had just shared a fat canary.

"So what do you think Duane, does it run in the genes or what?" Kristen giggled, using her fingers to spread Duane's cum around on her chest and boobs. Linda looked at her with a questioning eye, no doubt wondering what she was talking about.

"Ohhhhhh, just something how not ever getting enough sex was in my genes - thanks to your mom," Kristen tried to explain, a huge grin still all over her face. Linda just shook her head, as if she couldn't believe her daughter would say such a thing.

"Well, he should already know that," she came back to Kristen, "I would think he would have figured that out being with Kelly this long."

Duane's face suddenly lost most of its excitement and he seemed a little down at the mention of Kelly's name. Was he feeling a little guilty? Kristen quickly picked up on his distress.

"Don't worry, we won't tell her about today... this can be out little secret, right mom?" Kristen said, looking pointedly at her mother who was looking a little concerned.

"Why hide it from her?" Linda asked.

"Well, if Duane wants to tell his fiance that he spent the weekend fucking her aunt and cousin while she was out of town, that's up to him?"

"FIANCÉ?" both Duane and Linda responded together. Kristen just laughed at pointed at Duane, "Well, ARE you going to make an honest girl out of her soon, right?"

They all laughed at that one as Duane avoided having to answer by flopping back and laying on the bed, exhausted. His spent dick was laying over, resting on a bed of thick black pubic hair. Linda and Kristen looked at each other, thoughts passing between them as only a mother and daughter with their level of intimacy could do. Kristen nodded and Linda just shrugged her shoulders, a sort of silent "why not?" response. Still grinning, Kristen laid down next to Duane, her face over his crotch as she started to suck his dick slowly with just her mouth, like it was some sort of fleshy pacifier.

"Oh god Kristen, haven't you had enough yet?" Duane moaned, lifting his head just enough to see who was sucking his cock.

"Hey, don't forget whose genes she has in her," Linda purred, pressing her nude body along the length of his, reaching out to kiss him while Kristen sucked his limp dick back into shape again. It might take a while, but they weren't through with him yet!

It was a couple of hours later before Kristen and Linda let Duane escape, which was almost how he felt about it when they finally let him out of their bedroom. After he had dressed and was about to leave, he looked back and was amazed to see Kristen and her mom locked in a 69, their sexual fires still not quenched. They didn't even say goodbye!

On his way home, Duane's cell phone had rung and he saw it was Kelly. "Hey lover boy, how are things going without me this weekend?" she teased him, "Been working on those right arm muscles and thinking about me?"

Duane decided this wasn't the time to tell Kelly about what he'd been doing most of the day. Maybe when she came home he would tell her, maybe not. Did she really have to know anyway? What harm would there be if she never found out?

# 5. A Final Note From Kelly

When I got home from my grandmother's, Duane never mentioned a word about any of this to me. Of course, my aunt told my mom and Kristen couldn't wait to fill me in an every detail. Really, why are men so stupid as to think a girl won't tell her friends about everything, no matter what she tells him?

Knowing what I knew, I figured Duane would tell me himself sooner or later but after a week had gone by, it was becoming obvious he wasn't planning on saying anything. To make it worse, I even caught him at their house one day when I went over there during lunch to talk to them about it some more. He didn't know I was there, he was fucking Kristen alone upstairs while my aunt was getting something the kitchen. What it DID tell me was this wasn't some one-time thing for him. He LIKED fucking my aunt and cousin!

The odd thing about it all is that if he DOES marry me, then he is free to fuck the two of them all he wants without ever having to worry about hiding it from me. It's like some "Catch 22" scenario. I want to tell him about incest because then he can be comfortable fucking them; but I can't tell him because he is fucking them and not telling me. All I can say is that this is NOT like anything I had ever dreamed about all these years as to how things would go when it came time to tell my boyfriend about incest.

Well, you could say this sort of threw a wrench n the gears of my "plan" to introduce him to the incest in my life. As I write this, I still am not certain what to do next. I have gotten tons of responses to my web site posting about it. Of course, everyone has a different idea and no two are the same!

# (Sep 11) Chapter 171: Resolving Duane

Story codes: nosex
  Me (23)
  Duane - my boyfriend (29)

Everyone keeps asking me what has happened recently between Duane and me so here it is... This is just for my fans who want to know what's happening in my life. For the rest of you, don't bother as there's no sex in this one!

I won't rehash all that's been going with me and Duane recently except to offer a brief synopsis. Read my earlier Diary entries and e-mails between me and people like Jane W., Denise M., Sissy M., and Heather F. if you want the gory details.

****************

Here's the situation... Duane and I have been dating since April and I'm madly in love with the guy. I've always assumed I would never tell a boyfriend about my incestual lifestyle until he proposed, and then making it a condition of my acceptance that he allow it to continue. Well, now that I may be facing the reality of a proposal, I've changed my mind. I want to be able to say YES when he proposes, not enter into some sort of negotiation. Thus I have to know if he is OK with things BEFORE he proposes. It's more risky, but I think Duane's worth it. After all, the guys is looking at wedding rings so he MUST be getting serious about things.

HOW to tell him is the problem. I debated this extensively, even posting a "muse" on my web site about it. Lots of people have responded and of course, everyone disagrees on how to approach it.

One idea I liked was to have him see my cousin Kristen and Aunt Linda having sex and see how he reacted to a mother-daughter situation in real life. Seeing a fake scene in a porn movies is one thing but what about when it involved women he personally knew? One thing I had going for me was he has had sex with both of them in the past, before we started dating. He did it first with Kristen and then with Aunt Linda after he got to know her.

The catch is that he always did them separately and had no idea just how "close" they really were. Foolishly, I ran the idea past Kristen who thought it was a great idea (as if there any chance she wouldn't). Over the Labor Day weekend, my mother and I visited my grandmother in Illinois. Silly me, I assumed nothing would happen until I got back and we all talked about it some more.

I say "foolishly" because I should've known better than to plant an idea like that in my cousin's head. Kristen is all about one thing - Kristen. Well, more accurately, Kristen and sex. If your cousin was a prostitute and neighborhood slut, with little to no inhibitions or morals, would you trust her with such an idea? If anyone should have known better, it was me. My only defense is I was so wrapped up in my fears about Duane, I didn't think about what I was doing when I literally lit a match in a gasoline filled room.

Long story short (the long version is in my diary), Kristen took it on her own initiative to fuck Duane at church and then bring him home where her mom entered into the equation. Needless to say, I was a little shocked when I got back, not so much because they had sex (not like they hadn't before), but that they had done it together. Fortunately, I learned that Duane is a red-blooded, all- American heterosexual male (as if I didn't already know) and had been totally turned on by the entire affair. Now all I wanted was for him to tell me all about it.

I need to mention that although we have been dating seriously for months, Duane and I are not officially "exclusive". For the most part, we both enjoy a good party and having some fun so we each have had our share of casual sex under such conditions. Until now, we have both told each other when we did it while the other wasn't around.

To be fair to Duane, we never formally said we would, we just did and so I've grown accustomed to it and more or less expect it. As for me, between my growing love for him and being busy starting the new school year as a teacher, I really haven't done it with that many other guys in the past few months (much to the apparent dismay of my web site readers!). Duane still enjoys a good fuck now and then, which I don't mind so long as he is there for me afterwards - and tells me about it.

As the days went by, not only did he NOT tell me about his little tryst with my relatives, but he even did them again! This time I was there, though he didn't know it. I used my lunch break to go to my Aunt's expecting to ask her and Kristen for more information about what had happened but Duane was already there, up in the bedroom fucking Kristen. My Aunt may have looked guilty about it at the time, but yet it was obvious she was enjoying it all the same. Needless to say, Duane didn't tell me about THIS time either.

So leave it to Kelly to over-react. Anyone who knows me knows one of my basic character flaws is to overanalyze everything and read a lot more into a situation than is there. You would think after all the problems this has caused me over the years I would learn, but it's just a part of me. Ever try telling a smoker to quit? You'll have just as much luck telling me to stop parsing someone's actions or words, or lack of them.

OK, so I went off the deep end. I blamed my cousin for ruining everything, even though what she had "ruined" I never really did understand. I was mad at Duane for "hiding" it from me. I was mad at my mom as apparently she had talked to my Aunt Linda during the weekend and knew about everything before I did - and didn't tell me. I was especially mad at myself, for even thinking my cousin could have such a "juicy" idea in her blonde head without acting on it. I was mad and upset at everyone.

Fortunately, a number of my friends (including several from on-line) calmed me down and made me realize how stupid I was being. Really, if I was to marry Duane, one of the "benefits" for him would be that he could fuck my aunt and cousin all he wanted (assuming they wanted to), PLUS my mom (and I KNOW she wants it) and even my 16 year-old cousin Tammy (again, only if she wanted it). I couldn't expect a report from him every time he fucked them. Besides, was I planning on telling Duane every time my dad fucked me? Obviously not so maybe it was a little to expect of him to tell me about his latest endeavors.

The only question lingering in my mind was whether he was hiding it from me or just not telling me because he didn't think about it in the first place. Since he went back for a repeat just a few days later, he obviously liked it. Was he embarrassed to tell me? I doubted that was the case since he had seen me and Kristen playing together at parties (no different than the other girls did) so why would be not tell me anything that had to do with her?

The more I thought about it, the more I started to think I was simply giving him too much credit. After all, he IS a man (and WHAT a man he is) which means when it comes to certain things in life he is genetically at a disadvantage. Men can be so stupid and insensitive at times but I have also learned it's usually not because they WANT to be, it is because they are born that way. It's a guy thing.

There was only one way to find out for certain. Thus the other night when he took me out to Applebee's for dinner, I was ready to ask him point blank what the situation was between him, and my relatives. Needless to say, it wasn't that easy.

God, why can't men take a hint? Finally, after going all around the issue without directly asking about it, I just put on my best smile, held his hand, and asked him how he was enjoying doing my aunt and cousin. I had to be a little discreet as we WERE in a public restaurant so I couldn't say anything like, "How was it fucking my Aunt and cousin?" Nonetheless, he FINALLY got the message.

This isn't one of my typical diary entries where I try to recreate a conversation so I'll just say what happened instead of pretending to remember it word for word. Bottom line, he was surprised that I knew about it but at the same time, didn't seem to be able to comprehend why I was concerned about it.

Men! Why do men always seem to think that girls don't tell each other EVERYTHING? It doesn't matter what she tells him, she WILL tell her friends. As to why I would be concerned, again it was just a classic illustration of how clueless men are about relationships. Apparently, since he knew that I was aware of his past escapades with my aunt and cousin, even if it was a long time ago, he seemed to think I wouldn't want to be told again. Well duh! Earth to Duane! I really love this guy and normally he is so smart, but there are times when I have to wonder about him.

So that was it. I felt like an idiot but at least he wasn't cheating on me or trying to hide anything from me. We DID made an agreement to tell each other about ALL our sexual activities in the future (well, I crossed my fingers a little when it came to my family). Don't worry, I showed him my appreciation in the car on the way back home!

So now what? At least I know he wasn't freaked out seeing a real mother and daughter having sex together. Of course, watching two whores having sex isn't the same as seeing his girlfriend and her "normal" mom in a 69, but at least it's a start. Based on what my closest friends are all telling me, I think the best plan is to just tell him straight out the entire situation rather than doling it out piece by piece as I had originally thought of doing. Now I just have to figure out how! My inclination is to wait until we've had some great sex and I'm holding his dick while I tell him but not everyone agrees with my thinking there.

Any suggestions?

# (Sep 12) Chapter 172: Surprise Office Visit

Story codes: MF exhib oral inc father daughter
Me (23)
John - my dad (43)

Lately it seems all my attention has been on my teaching and my boyfriend. Leave it to my mom to gently remind me that my dad has been trying to give me some "space" as I work things out and that it might be nice to show him my appreciation. Well, what better way than to pay him a visit in his office when he was least expecting it?

## 1. Feeling Guilty

As much as I beat myself up at times over things I wish I hadn't done, or that I Should've done, if I'm truly honest with myself there are many things in my life that I HAVE done that make me a bit proud of myself. Not that I mean to be egotistical or overly prideful, but I think it's important that people recognize the good things they do as well as the bad. I remember my first straight-A report, earning a gold star on an art project that I had worked so hard on, the first time I was able to get up on a slalom ski, graduating from college, and my first day as a real teacher.

On a more personal and intimate side of things, what girl can ever forget giving her first blowjob or losing her virginity? OK, maybe those aren't always something to be "proud" of per se, as I really didn't know what I was doing, but I think I handled the situations very well.

One thing I take great pride in is that over the years, I have NEVER turned down my father when he has needed me to fulfill a fantasy of his or to satisfy the lust that has built up in him and needs to be released. It makes me feel good to know that he can always count on me, regardless of the time or place, to submit to him and thereby demonstrate my love and respect for him.

Setting aside the domination freaks and such, being able to submit to someone unconditionally, without hesitation, requires an intimate relationship built on love and complete trust. The reason I can submit myself to my father, as I feel a daughter should be able to, is because I know with total certainty that he would never ask me to do anything that offended me or would hurt me either physically or emotionally.

Take note that I did not say a daughter SHOULD submit to her father, I said she should BE ABLE to do so. What's most important is the love and respect between a father and daughter. If they wish to capitalize on that and engage in a more intimate relationship between them as a means of showing their love, then all the better but by no means is that some sort of "requirement".

Over the past month or so, my life has been a bit of a roller coaster ride. I started my first permanent teaching job, which thrilled me but at the same time was a little scary given the amount of responsibility that I'd never had before. At the same time, things have been getting more and more serious with Duane, my boyfriend, to the point I'm wondering whether he will "pop the question" sometime soon.

My emotions have been so riled up that I allowed a completely innocent situation between my boyfriend and my aunt and cousin to get completely out of hand when I tried to turn it into something it wasn't. I've put that one, and others like it, behind me but in the process I know I've driven those around me nuts with my emotional ups and downs.

Fortunately, I'm blessed with many friends, including a number I've met on-line. My mother and Beth, my best friend since childhood, have been especially supportive of me. In all the turmoil I didn't realize it, but my father was also trying to help out as best he could in his own way. Over the past few years, one of his favorite things to do is to sneak into my bedroom in the morning and have sex with me, even if I'm still sound asleep. It's usually pretty quick but I feel good knowing he's going to work with that little extra skip in his step!

Well, without me even realizing it due to my acute self-centeredness, over the past few weeks his daily visits have diminished to maybe once or twice a week. I guess I just automatically assumed he was busy or needed some extra sleep and didn't have time before he had to leave for work. It wasn't until my mother pulled me aside and gently, but firmly, brought it all to my attention, that I came to my senses.

"Kelly, did your dad fuck you this morning?" she started out, holding my hand as we sat on the edge of my bed together. It was like I was a young girl again and my mom was asking me how I was doing with a boyfriend or something.

I had to think for a moment, as the question sort of caught me off guard. "Noooooo," I answered softly, wondering where she was going with this line of questioning.

"And when was the last time he DID fuck you in the morning?"

Wow, I suddenly realized I had to think about it. Normally the answer was at the tip of my tongue, typically something like, "This morning," but not today. In fact, when WAS the last time I'd woken up with his dick in my mouth or pussy, or even just to find the cum he had left behind? Suddenly it dawned on me what she was trying to tell me. Never the best at hiding my emotions (I have NO future as a professional poker player), my mom just shook her head at me.

"Exactly... you see what I'm talking about?" she asked gently. It wasn't an accusation, just an observation on her part. However, it DID get the point across. However, as usual I was still missing the bigger picture and went off in the wrong direction.

"So mom... is dad OK?" I asked, suddenly worried that maybe there was something wrong with my dad that I didn't know about.

"Good grief Kelly, for a girl who's so smart, you sure can be clueless at times," my mom teased me, "It's not HIM that's been having problems."

OK, so I may be clueless but even I can see the picture when it's painted right in front of me. The proverbial light bulb suddenly went on high beam over my head.

"So he's been staying away from me because of MY problems?" I said, more rhetorically than actually asking her a question.

"Well, your father may be a man, as you are well aware, but he can be surprisingly sensitive at times," my mom replied with a warm smile, "As much as he loves fucking you, he also knows you're head hasn't been in the game... sorry, couldn't resist that one."

We both giggled over her poor attempt at a pun but I got the message all the same. I hung my head down and suddenly felt like crying. How selfish had I been that my own father felt he had to give up something I knew he loved just to support me? Although I didn't say "no" to him, and thus technically hadn't ruined my "record", it could be argued that I had, in spirit at least.

"I feel so horrible now," I said softly, my head in my hands as my mom put her arm around me and hugged me tightly up against her.

"No, that's just a sign of how much he loves you and cares for you. Face it, most men would have let their lust and greed take precedence and fucked you anyway; but your father just isn't that kind of guy... guess that's why I love him so much!"

"Has he said anything to you?"

"No... although he HAS been a little more demanding at night than usual. And then there was last night. The horny bastard woke me up in the middle of the night... can you believe it? He hasn't done that in years... a LOT of years for that matter. Guess that's what made me realize we needed to talk about it."

"What should I do mom?"

"Oh I think you know," she said with a knowing smile and a naughty wink. My mom, a graduate of the Yoda school of psychology. She was right though, I immediately knew what I had to do.

## 2. Advice From Mom

The next morning I was awake in bed, having hardly slept a wink thinking about everything that had been happening to me lately and how I could make it up to my dad. I heard him get up, use the bathroom, then dress and kiss my mom goodbye... all without even peeking into my room! Now THAT just wasn't right. Most likely he knew that if he HAD looked in and seen me laying naked in bed, he might not have the resolve to leave without pulling his dick out first.

As soon as he had pulled out of the driveway, I made it into their bedroom and crawled under the covers with my mom (my dad keeps the air conditioning in their bedroom just slightly above the "frozen tundra" setting, forcing my mom to sleep under a comforter all summer, even during the blazing hot nights.

I snuggled up next to her, feeling her warm naked body against mine. I pressed up close, pushing my breasts against her and draping my leg over her so my bare crotch was pressed up against her hip. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't looking for sex, it was just my favorite position to be with her, going back as long as I can remember.

"He didn't even look at me mom," I told her sadly.

"Well, if he had, do you think he would have left so quickly?" my mom replied. Yep, we were on the same page there, both of us knowing full well my dad's lack of willpower when it came to fucking me.

"I decided that I'm going to go to his office today after school," I told her, "It's Friday and I bet it will be pretty quiet by the time I can get there after school."

"Well, I'm sure he'll appreciate it. Just watch out for that new receptionist. She watches everything like a hawk."

Again I was reminded of how much I had been unintentionally ignoring my dad. It had been so long since I'd been to his office, I didn't even know he HAD a new receptionist. Well, she couldn't be any worse than the old bitch that use to guard the fort. She'd always given me the evil eye whenever I came to visit and I could tell from the way she looked at me and then at my outfit that she disapproved mightily of my taste in clothes. I knew she suspected that I was fooling around with guys in the office, but I doubt the idea that I might be fucking my dad there never crossed her mind.

"So watcha gonna wear?" she asked.

"I was thinking of that cute schoolgirl skirt and blouse outfit you bought me last time we were out."

"Ahhhhhh," she sighed, rolling her eyes just a bit, "I remember when I use to be able to get away with wearing an outfit like that!"

"Oh mom, you look great!" I chastised her. Actually, at 42 I thought she DID look great for her age. OK, maybe not her high school tone and a few extra pounds here and there, but I could only hope I had her genes when I got to be her age.

"Thanks, but let's face it, the boys don't follow me around the mall anywhere near the way they do you."

For a moment, it was like she was in a bit of a funk but then she turned on her side and hugged me. Our breast were pressed tightly together and I could feel the heat of her pussy as she intertwined her legs with mine and pushed in tightly against me. For the longest time we just laid there together, loving each other and enjoying the loud silence. Finally, I heard the alarm go off in my room and I kissed her before jumping out of bed to get myself ready. It wouldn't do for the teacher to be late to class!

"I suppose I won't have to worry about supper tonight?" she called after me. I poked my head back in her bedroom and grinned.

"I think I'll be getting plenty to eat mom," I teased her.

Suddenly I felt a little giddy and even a bit naughty. It had been ages since I was last at my dad's office and another millennia it seemed since I'd had sex with my dad there. This was going to be fun, I just knew it in my heart!

All that day in school I had the hardest time concentrating on my class work. It wasn't very professional of me and I can't say I'm proud of it, but my pussy was wet all day! It was killing me to feel so horny and not do anything about it but given the size of our school, there were few, if any, good locations to masturbate where someone might not notice. I looked out at my students and I knew there were more than a few boys with a crush on me. What would they say if they knew their teacher was thinking about fucking her dad? by the time the last bell rang, I was SUPER horny and more than ready to get laid!

After school, I had to make a quick stop home to change. It wouldn't have been good to change at school where people might see me in such an outfit. I was supposed to be Miss Conservative at school, and wearing a skirt that barely covered my ass together with a blouse that was easily a size too small, if not two. Although it may sound odd for me, I actually picked out a bra to wear, a black one that was clearly visible through the thin white blouse, making the outfit more sluttier than it would have been with just my hard nipples showing through. I also decided to wear a thin black thong rather than go bottomless. As short as my skirt was, it didn't take hardly anything to encourage it lift up enough to put my ass and crotch on display.

A little extra makeup (I only wore the minimum amount at school), white thigh- high stockings and a pair of black spike heels finished the outfit. I looked in the mirror and realized I still had my hair pulled back from school. Teachers weren't supposed to have their hair loose unless it was really cut short. I pulled out the wrap and shook my head to let my hair bounce free again. Yep, she was back - Kelly the slut!

# 3. Surprising My Dad

As I started to head back to my car, it started raining, which turned out to be for the good. What was I thinking heading out in public dressed this way? I was going to have to ride the T to downtown Pittsburgh and then walk over a block to my dad's office building, and then up the elevator to his floor. If I didn't get arrested for public indecency, I would probably be propositioned a dozen time on my way!

Inside I went to the closet and pulled out my mom's raincoat. I called her "spy coat", as it was a black trench coat style that came down to just below my knees. I wrapped the belt around me and fastened it in front and was off once again, this time "decent" enough for public transportation.

At this time of day, most people were leaving the downtown area instead of heading towards it, so my small train was all but empty. The few people pretty much ignored me and I did nothing to bring myself to their attention. I had to switch to another train after going through the tunnel and before long I was climbing the steps up to the streets of downtown Pittsburgh. The rain was coming down harder and so I grabbed a newspaper that was laying on a bench and used it as a umbrella of sorts to keep my hair from getting soaked and my makeup from being washed away. Fortunately, it wasn't far to the building and I was able to run under a number of awnings to stay as dry as possible.

Once I got to my dad's office building, I felt like a salmon trying to go upstream to spawn as everyone was heading OUT of the building while I was trying to push my way IN. At the elevators, again everyone was heading down while I wanted to go up so I had the elevator all to myself as I rode up to my dad's floor.

The doors opened and straight ahead was the new guard dog bitch my mom had warned me about. We'd never met so she had no idea who I was as I approached. I explained to her who I was. She looked at me like she didn't believe me and actually made her show me my driver's license to prove who I was. Sheesh, wait until I told my dad about her!

Once I was past the bitch, I knew my way around the office. A number of associates were there - they NEVER went home at 5:00, not if they wanted a future at the firm. I recognized a couple of older ones but even they had to look twice at me before the recognized me.

"Hey Kelly, how are you doing?" one of them greeted me, "Damn, you're looking great. What did you do to your hair?"

Again I was reminded of how long it had been since I was at the office. I am naturally a brunette but have been toying on and off the past couple of years with being a blonde until now that us pretty much what I stick with. I was tempted to flash them and let them see what was hiding under the rain coat but that wouldn't have been too smart, not if I had any plans to play around with my dad - which I most certainly did.

As it was, I just smiled and them and let my hair twirl a bit, enough to tease them but not enough to serve as a come-on to them. I waved goodbye and blew them a kiss as I made my way to the executive suites where my dad, as one of the senior partners, had his office.

When I got to his office, the door was open and nobody was there. Dang it, I KNEW I should have called ahead to make sure he was free but I didn't want to spoil the surprise. He WAS there, the watch dog out front had confirmed it, but who knew when he would be free. I bet the nasty little bitch knew he wasn't available and she just hadn't bothered to tell me. Hmmm, I was going to have to figure out something to repay her kindness.

Under the circumstances, my initial thoughts were to close the door, strip down to nothing but my stockings and heels, and lay back on the couch with my legs spread open as an invitation to him when he returned. There was just one tiny problem - who knew who would be the next to come through the door? It would have been hard to explain to just about anyone why my dad's daughter was laying all but naked on his couch! So sometimes discretion is the better part of valor and so I just sat down on one of the dark leather chairs, leaving my coat on, and waited for him to return... and waited... and waited.

An hour went by and still no dad. Thank god for cell phones and e-mail or I don't know how I would have kept myself from going crazy waiting for him. It didn't help that I was still horny as hell, especially now that I was there. More than a few times my hand reached for my crotch and it was only with the strongest of willpower that I didn't succumb. To be honest, if it had been much longer I might have had to head for the girl's restroom and take care of it!

Just then I heard voices down the hall, one of them being my dad. I had left the door barely open and my heart leaped as my dad pushed it open just far enough to see me and then stop.

"Say Bill, why don't we finish this later. I just remembered a couple of things I need to take care of right away," he said to somebody in the hallway that I couldn't see - and thus he probably couldn't see me either.

I couldn't make out the response but it must have been agreement because my dad slipped in without opening the door further and quickly closed it quietly, but firmly behind him. I barely heard the "click" as he turned the lock. He HAD to have been surprised to see me but nobody ever accused my dad of not being quick on his feet and he had instantly recognized the situation and reacted appropriately. After locking the door and making sure the shades were drawn completely, he turned to me with his hands on his hips and smiled.

"So to what do I owe the honor of your majesty's presence today?" "Oh dad, it hasn't been THAT long since I was here... has it?"

"Well, let's see... yes it has," he teased me. I got up from the chair and went up to him where he hugged me first and then leaned down to kiss me, just a peck the first time but then with passion and lust. After a few minutes, we separated slightly and he looked me over, a quizzical expression on his face.

"What's with the raincoat?" he asked, "Not exactly your style I might add. Steal your mom's?"

I giggled and nodded.

"Since it's not exactly raining in my office, any reason you kept it on?"

Again, I just giggled and smiled. My dad smiled as well as he reached to untie the belt and unbutton the rain coat.

"Let's see... do you even have anything on at all under here?"

For a moment, I was worried that he would be disappointed when he saw I wasn't stark naked under the coat. I guess I could have gone that route but the conservative side of me was worried about the trip downtown. If anything had happened, even my slutty outfit was better than being naked! Of course, such worries were needless with my father.

"Mmmmmmm, nice outfit," he complimented me, "Is this the one your mother was telling me about?"

I nodded as it undoubtedly had been. He huffed a little at that and said, "You CAN talk you know."

"Yeah, mom helped me pick it out," I blurted out suddenly, as if I had to get it all out in one quick breath.

"Well, I have to say, you look fabulous!" he joked, trying to imitate Billy Crystal, but doing it poorly.

All joking aside, a quick glance at his crotch was all I needed to confirm that his intentions were true. Always quick to notice things about people, my dad caught me glancing down at his crotch.

"Well, are you just going to look at it or do something about it?" he suddenly asked in a more firm voice.

This was a little unusual for him as typically he likes to play along for a while before actually doing anything. He must have been really horny himself to come right out and ask for it without me even teasing him a bit first. Not that I was complaining!

I set aside the raincoat and kneeled on the carpeted floor in front of him, looking up into his eyes and I smiled as he undid his belt and pants for me. I just waited patiently as he unzipped himself and reached inside his underwear to pull out his dick for me. He was already about half erect as he stroked it slowly in front of me.

"Been a while since you've done this in my office," he said softly, his voice sounding huskier now as his lust built up along with his erection, "Suck my dick Kelly... put me in your mouth."

I reached for his dick but he pushed my hand away, holding his dick out for me to take in my mouth. The tip of his cock brushed against my cheek as he stroked his cock along the side of my face and over my lips. I let my tongue stick out and he rubbed his cock head along it before pushing it against my lips. Easing my mouth open just a bit, he pushed his dick in my mouth and I could feel it sliding across my lips, filling my mouth. His crotch smelled of sweat after a long day of work, not too strong but distinctly noticeable.

As he filled my mouth, he released his hold on his dick and pushed himself forward, driving his dick deeper into my mouth. Being he still wasn't full erect, I easily took him all in without having to take any down my throat. My tongue ran over him as I sucked harder on his cock, as if I was trying to make him grow just with the force of my mouth on him.

"God this feels so good," he groaned softly, standing there with his hands on my head, his fingers running through my hair as he started to fuck my face.

My dad held my head still as his hips started to slowly swing back and forth, driving his dick into my mouth and the pulling it back out again. "That's it Kelly, suck it... suck it hard... god I love it when you suck my dick like that!"

With each stroke he seemed to get a little longer, a little thicker. He maintained a slow but steady rhythm, pulling his dick out until the head was barely between my lips and pushing himself back in my mouth again. As he got longer, I could feel the head of his cock drive deeper into my mouth and finally down into my throat. It was difficult at first as he was just barely making it into my throat, causing my gag reflex to kick in but I fought it back. Finally he was to where he actually pushed his dick down into my throat past where I felt I had to gag. He would hold it there for a few moments, and pull it back out again to let me breath.

As I sucked my father's dick, I loved the way he felt in my mouth, the way he tasted, the way he smelled. Looking up, our eyes met and I could see it in his eyes, the way he felt about me, the way he wanted me, the way he NEEDED me. There was something special when he looked at me this way that brought goose bumps to my skin and made my pussy tingle. The kind of look only a father can give his daughter.

I knew I was pleasing him, satisfying him in a way no other woman on earth could - not even my mom. Sure, there are lots of girl who could suck his dick, some of them who could probably even do him better (although I doubt many could). There was only ONE girl, however, who could create the emotions and feelings that were flooding through him now, only one girl who was his own daughter - ME! It made me feel special knowing that I was the only girl in the world he could look down at like he was now and say to himself, "That's my daughter sucking my dick!"

My pussy was throbbing now and I reached down and under my skirt, rubbing myself through the thong at first and then pulling it to the side to get direct contact on my clit. Talk about feeling good! I reached further down, pressing my fingertip into my pussy and rubbing it, drawing out the moisture and using it to wet my pussy lips and clit, making it easier to slide my fingertip over and around my hard, sensitive clit. Shivers ran up and down my back as I rubbed myself while my dad kept stroking himself in and out of me. Finally, I needed more than just a finger in me, I needed my dad's dick!

Grabbing his cock with my free hand by the base of the shaft, I pulled him from my mouth and looked up at him with a smile and twinkle in my eyes. "Fuck me daddy. I want you to fuck me... now."

Grabbing me by the shoulders, my dad helped me to my feet and directed my backwards onto his couch. When the backs of my legs felt the leather behind them, I dropped back onto the couch, keeping my ass towards the front edge and leaning back to give him a nice view of my crotch. Grabbing my thing by the sides, I quickly slipped it down and off my feet, leaving my skirt on but pulled up to my stomach so my bare bottom was exposed for him. Reaching down with both hands, I used the fingers on one hand to spread my puss apart and then pushed my middle finger of my other hand into my soaking wet pussy.

"I'm so wet daddy... I need your dick in me," I whispered to him, just loud enough for him to hear but not such that anyone outside his office would know what was going on inside. "Fuck me daddy... fuck me... fuck me"

If there was one thing I knew that turned my dad on the most to hear, it was those three words - "fuck me daddy". All I had to do was go to him and whisper those words in his ear and it was like a switch turned on inside of him, making him instantly horny. Over the years, I've learned just about every man loves to hear a girl ask him to fuck her, but with my dad it was special because of the extra word I added for him - "fuck me DADDY". Sure, some guys liked to role- play a father-daughter situation but in the end, that was all it was - a role- play. With my dad, there was no pretending, no fantasy, it was the real deal!

My dad looked down at me as he dropped his pants and underwear to his ankles. With his shoes on they wouldn't come all the way off but in his office, my dad never liked to get TOO undressed as you never knew what surprise might be in store. His white shirt tails hung around his hard which poked through them like it was poking out to see what was waiting for it. I could tell from the way he was breathing and staring at my pussy that he wanted me.

Oh yeah, he wanted to fuck me - badly. It was like he was hypnotized or something, as if he was in another world as he just stared at my open pussy, licking his lips with anticipation. He didn't say a word, those eyes told me everything I needed to know. It was moments like this that thrilled me, like when you're at the top of a roller coaster and you know that no matter what, you were going down that hill and through the loops and there was literally nothing in the world that could stop you now. So it was now with my dad. When he was in this frame of mind, consumed by his lust and sexual desire, it was like that roller coaster. Nothing was going to stop him now from fucking me. I think the door could open and the entire staff walk in and it wouldn't have mattered. His dick was going to be buried inside of my pussy in just a few seconds, and there was nothing I could do about but then, that's what I wanted as well.

"Fuck me... fuck me daddy," I kept repeating over and over as he lowered himself to get his dick up against my pussy.

On the one hand, I wanted to lay my head back and close my eyes, concentrating completely on my pussy and his dick as it began to press against me. However, I also wanted to watch him enter me, to see his stiff cock as it penetrated me and disappeared inch by inch inside of me.

My dad reached down and put his arms under my legs, letting the bottom of my knees rest in the elbows of his arms as he lifted me upward, my ass lifting up into the air just a little in the process. With his arms busy holding my legs up, I took his dick in my hand and guided it to the entrance of my pussy. At first I used it to move up and down my pussy slit, tickling my clit with it and then rubbing it up and down again. Finally I held it in place right against the opening to my pussy and waited for him to push it on.

"Oh yeah, here it comes baby," he groaned as he pressed his dick head against my open hole.

I could feel the pressure building in my crotch as he pushed it against me harder, forcing my pussy to expand to accept him. I stared down, mesmerized at the sight of his cock head as suddenly it literally popped into me and disappeared from site.

"Oh daddy, that feels so good," I moaned, not taking my eyes off of him for even a second as he pushed himself deeper into me, "Push it in me all the way, I want it all in me... fuck me more daddy. Love me daddy... show me how much you love me."

It was such an incredible sensation to feel him as he filled me inside and at the same time watching him as he quickly pushed himself all the way into me. It was almost surreal to see the base of his dick as it met my bare crotch, pressing his thick pubic hair tightly against me. I couldn't SEE his dick anymore but I could certainly FEEL it. God, it was like he was so deep inside of me, penetrating me, even perhaps violating me in a sense.

For what seemed like forever, he just stayed that way, his dick enveloped by my warm, inviting pussy. In a way I guess you could say his cock was where it belonged - inside a woman, surrounded by her, caressed by her. It felt wonderful to lay there with my father's dick inside of me, not moving or even saying a word, just feeling him throbbing inside of me, feeling as close to my father as a daughter can feel. It was extremely intimate and loving.

Without saying anything, my dad started to slowly stroke himself in and out of me, barely even moving at first as he pulled himself out until just the head of hid dick remained in me, holding there for a moment, and then driving himself back into me again until he once again bottomed out inside of me. He circled his hips, rubbing his coarse pubic hair against my bald crotch like a thick brush to stimulate me, and then pulled back out again, a little quicker each time, a little harder when he pushed against me with each inward stroke. Finally he reached a quick pace, pumping himself in and out of me hard and fast, pushing me back into the couch when he would drive it all the way in me.

As my dad fucked me, I used my right hand to touch my clit, rubbing it in little circles as I felt my dad's dick sliding in and out of me. My left hand was on my breast, squeezing my boob through my blouse and bra. I wanted to tear off my clothes but that would have required me to take my hand off my clit - something I wouldn't have dreamed of doing at this point, not with the orgasm that was building inside of me like a tsunami about to make landfall.

"Ohhhhhh Daddyyyyyyyy!" I moaned, closing my eyes tightly as my pussy exploded around his dick, clamping down on him and grabbing onto his shaft like a vise.

Even with my eyes shut it was like fireworks were going off in front of me as my entire world shrunk down to just me and my father, more specifically, his dick and my pussy. The intense feelings of pleasure quickly spread through me, making my nipples tingle and even my toes felt a little numb. Suddenly I gasped loudly, not realizing until then that I'd been holding my breath since my orgasm had first hit me.

"I'm cumming daddy... I'm cumming so hard," I managed to whisper finally, feeling my pussy still holding onto his dick with every muscle I had.

My ass felt wet and I knew it must have been me cumming and my cum was emerging around his dick and draining down my ass crack onto the couch. "Oh daddy I love you so much!"

My dad pushed my legs back further, holding them back with his arms so he could reach forward with his hands and put one on each of my boobs. Suddenly he grabbed my blouse and literally ripped it open, tearing it and popping off the buttons that had been fastened in one quick motion. My bra was too strong for him to tear it in half and unfortunately it fastened in the back so he just put his fingers between the underwire and my chest and then lifted the cups up and over my boobs, exposing them to the cool air in his office. My nipples were already hard and pointed as he gripped each of my boobs with his hands.

If anything, my orgasm grew stronger as he leaned forward, pushing his dick tight into me as he fondled my bare boobs. Finally I felt myself coming down just enough to open my eyes and smile at him, He was sweating now but the grin on his face told me he was loving this every bit as much as I was.

"Damn girl, I thought you were going to flatten my cock," he teased me as I gasped for air and my pussy released its iron grip on his dick.

"I want you to cum in me daddy," I said to him in the most lustful tone I could muster, "I want you to mate me."

Of course my dad was NEVER going to actually "mate" me in the full sense of the word. As his daughter, there was no way I could even imagine bearing his child. At the same time, it was that ACT of mating that turned me on, knowing that without the artificial interference of a pill he would impregnate me. Neither of us wanted it to actually happen, but it was incredibly erotic and sensual to engage in the process.

My dad suddenly pulled out of me, leaving my pussy with an odd sensation of emptiness, like something was missing. He motioned for me to turn over and I flipped around, kneeling on the couch and squatting down low as I held onto the back of the couch for balance. My legs were spread apart enough that my pussy was easy for him to get to. I could feel his fingers reaching between my legs to open my pussy for his cock as he thrust it inside of quickly.

Once he was in me, he grabbed me by the hips and pulled me in and out against him in sync with his thrusts such that we came together hard enough to make a smacking sound as my damp ass slapped into his crotch. I had my hands on the back of the couch, hanging on for dear life as he savagely fucked me.

"Almost there, baby... almost there," he moaned as he literally was getting to the short strokes. "You want me to cum in you.. don't you?"

"Oh yes daddy, cum in me, cum in me deep," I begged him again, repeating myself over and over as I pleaded for him to fill me with his sperm.

"Oh yeah, daddy's gonna give it to you," he said between gasping breaths, practically knocking me off my knees as he banged into my ass, "God I love fucking you so much."

He thrust himself into me hard and then held himself still inside of me. I concentrated on his dick as I waited for what I knew was now inevitable. The roller coaster was starting down the hill and nothing was going to stop him now.

"Oh daddy! Fuck me!" I cried out as I felt his dick convulse inside of me, together with the feeling of a bloom of heat deep inside of me as his warm sperm was being released into me.

Again and again he jerked, followed by another feeling of warmth inside of me and I could only imagine what it must be like in my pussy now, as his warm sperm flooded my pussy.

Finally he was spent, his entire load now in me. I wanted him to stay in me as long as possible Ie. To stay coupled with me, joined together as one. In this position, though, that would have been difficult, at best. My dad wrapped his arms around me, pulling me tight against him as he then lifted me up and then down on the floor next to him in a spoon position. His dick was still stiff enough to remain in me and we just laid there in silence, his strong arms surrounding me as his dick slowly shrank and withdrew from me. Finally just his head remained in me and I was afraid to move an inch which might cause his dick to fall out of me.

How long we stayed that way, I can't really say. Odds were it wasn't really as long as it seem to be, but it was a moment in time I never want to forget. I remember thinking to myself how incredibly lucky I was. How many girls don't even speak to their fathers, let alone feel close to them. Of those that do, I am sure it is a very small number that get to experience what I was feeling right then.

Sure my dad loved me, I knew that already. But it's one thing to SAY you love someone and KNOW they love you and quite another thing to SHOW how much you love them in such an intimate way. This didn't involve money, gifts, or anything like that. No, this was a deeply personal and intimate exchange of feelings for one another, using our own bodies to express ourselves. I could have laid there all night with him in me, holding me tightly against him, his hand over my boobs and his mouth kissing my on my neck and back.

Finally it had to come to an end and my dad rolled over onto his back, a low groan escaping from him as he stretched his arms high above his head. I turned over to face him, my hand automatically going to his dick, gripping the now soft shaft, still wet with a mixture of his cum and my pussy wetness. I started to lean over to kiss it and maybe suck it to try and bring it back to life but he gently pushed my head away.

"No way baby," he sighed, "It's had all it can take for now."

I frowned playfully but didn't release him. Instead, I rolled over against him, draping my leg over his and pressing my crotch up against his leg, rubbing myself up against him like a dog in heat. My boobs were pressed against this side as I put my arm over his hairy chest. My head rested against his arm as I snuggled up against him.

"I love you so much daddy," I whispered softly to him, "I'm sorry I've been so bad to you lately."

"Hey, don't even say that," he corrected me, "I know it's been hard for you lately. I just want you to know I will do anything to please you and to help you. I want nothing more than for you to be happy and whatever it takes to do that, I will never hesitate to do it, understand?"

At the time I didn't realize exactly what he meant by that. Later I would, and be quite shocked in the process, but for now I took it at face value as an expression of his love and respect for me.

With that we got up and he pulled his underwear and shorts back up. How he hadn't fallen and killed himself with them wrapped around his ankle, I'll never know but at least now it made it a lot faster for him to get dressed. As for me, I pulled my bra back down over my boobs but there was nothing I could do with my ruined blouse. It just hung open, exposing my bra. I decided to leave my thong off. With the raincoat it really didn't matter. I could have been nude under it and nobody would have likely known. Instead< I handed it to my dad, like a souvenir of my visit. He grinned and stuffed it in his briefcase.

"Now THAT would be pretty hard to explain," he chuckled.

For a moment I was thinking of how sweet it would be to drop off my damp thong at the receptionist's desk, to flaunt what I had done with my dad after the way she had treated me earlier. It would have been a short-lived "victory", however, and I was mature enough these days not to do something so stupid just for the thrill of it.

"Hungry?" he asked me as I put on my raincoat once again.

I glanced down at his crotch and he just shook his head and laughed at me. "Noooooo, not for THAT. I meant how about dinner?"

Again, I glanced pointedly at his dick and again, he rolled his eyes at me. "Damn Kelly, is that all you think about?"

"So you're saying I shouldn't?" I teased him, wiggling my butt for him teasingly.

"You know what I mean little girl," he pretended to scold me.

With that, he put on his raincoat and opened the door for me. The office was still pretty busy, the ever-present interns and associates trying to impress the partners. I could feel my face flush a little as they looked at us as we left the office.

Did they notice how flushed I was? Could they smell the distinct odor of sex that must have been around us like a cloud? If so, nobody made any point of acting like they did so before you knew it, we were in the elevator, heading for the lobby.

"I think she suspected something," my dad said as we waited for the elevator to come to a halt.

I looked at him with a quizzical expression, not certain what he was talking about. "The new brunette intern, I don't remember her name. She looked at us and I could see her nose wrinkle as we walked by her."

I hand; even noticed her, I guess I was too focused on the cute young guys. Oh well, so what? If she wanted to keep her job – or one at Amy other firm for that matter, she would keep her mouth and suspicions to herself.

My dad took me to a great steakhouse and from there we headed home. I couldn't wait to get home and tell my mom all about my office visit with my dad. In the meantime, I had a feeling my early morning visitations would be resuming – and I couldn't wait for morning!

# (Nov 01) Chapter 173: Passion Party

Story codes: F-solo exhib toys
Me (23)
Barbara - party host
Wanda - Passion Parties Representative

It's been several months since I last wrote a diary entry. A lot has happened since then and I debated whether I would ever write again. Then came the events in this story and I just had to share it with my friends. It's the first I've written regarding my new job as well, and hopefully not the last!
Disclaimer: I've always said that my diary is not a reflection of my everyday life, but rather more like a "highlights reel". That is especially true with regards to this story. The reason I wrote about it is because it was something unique, NOT because it was something that typically happens. I do a lot of parties and this was the only one where this type of thing happened as a result.

## 1. Working Girl

Something I guess different about is that when I was growing up, unlike most of my friends I never had a "regular" job working in the mall or anything like that. Instead, I was the neighborhood babysitter, even through college. The pay was great and I enjoyed it for the most part. Sometimes I helped at my dad's office but I don't think that really counted as "work".

In college, I was lucky to have parents who could pay my private tuition and expenses so I was never forced to work. I DID do a brief stint of escorting and bachelor parties, but they were more due to address my sexual frustrations created by attending a school where sex was forbidden than to earn money. Those "jobs" didn't last long anyway as I quickly learned the dangers of such "careers". I was fortunate to get more of a scare than actually harmed, but I still learned a lesson.

After school I planned to be a teacher but when the job market was too tight, I tried an office job but quickly learned that wasn't for me and ended up escorting again. THIS time, however, I went to work for a professional agency which did NOT allow have sex with clients. I just flirted and let them grope them a bit but nothing more than that.

Finally I secured a teaching position which was thrilling after preparing for it for so many years. Unfortunately, I was forced to resign for reasons which I will not explain here. All I can say is that I won't be teaching for a few years unless a certain principal has a heart attack before then!

Losing my teaching job sort of threw me off balance, to say the least. All my previous "jobs" were simply something to get me by until I got my teaching credentials and started my teaching career. Thus I really had no "backup plan" if something should happen where I couldn't teach.

So here I was... 23, unemployed, and no marketable skills (at least as they are traditionally defined). I had to do SOMETHING so I turned to the one "skill" that I have - turning on men. This time was different though. I wasn't looking for something to just get by, I needed a more long-term solution. My cousin offered to get me in with her agency but I am not THAT desperate to where I would whore myself out. I've always said I'm proud to be a slut but I am NOT a whore.

After a lot of thought and debate, rather than returning to escorting where I had to deal with a single client in a one-on-one basis, I decided to pursue the things I've enjoyed the most - parties. From the start I knew I wasn't about to get involved in the type of parties my whore of a cousin Kristen does. Those type of situations can be fun as a one-time 'experience", but it wasn't anything I wanted to do on a steady basis. You might say I was willing to be in "R" or "TV-MA" rated situations but not "XXX".

With my goals established, I started by looking around for people doing adult-style parties and asking if they needed someone to help. For example, there are a number of quite legitimate sex-toy distributors that do home parties, sort of adult Tupperware parties where your typical "soccer moms" have the opportunity to feel a little naughty in a safe environment.

What I learned was that there is quite a demand for "models" at these parties. In addition, people who organize "adult" parties, such as risque birthday parties, off-site office parties, bachelor parties, etc., are also always looking for girls. The problem they face is most girls who are willing to do such parties are worn-out prostitutes - and look the part. What they need are reliable girls with that "girl-next-door" look who won't intimidate their clients while being comfortable in a more personal environment than your typical strip club.

Over a year ago I met "Wanda" (I know, I don't believe it's her real name either) at a party. What I remembered the most about her was that she sold lingerie and toys - and was quite pushy about it. She had been trying to get me to try some of the oddest shaped dildos one night. Some were really weird and in the end I just had to tell her I wasn't interested! After all, at a party where the real thing is readily available, why bother with something fake?

Now things were different so when it came time to start making contacts, I called my cousin, got her number and gave Wanda a call. My timing was perfect as Wanda's regular girl had just quit and she had some parties coming up for which she needed someone badly.

The first thing Wanda did was refer me to a website for the company she represented - Passion Parties. Reading it over, I was pleased to find it was a "legitimate" company that catered strictly to women over eighteen years old - no men. I couldn't help but chuckle to myself when they mentioned that they had tried doing "couples" parties but decided to stick with their "women-only" policy. I could only imagine what had happened at such parties with guys there as well.

The next day we got together for lunch where she told me all about what she did and the attributes she was looking for in a model. Wanda must have been around 35 to 40, not bad looking but a little past her prime. Watching us sitting together at TGI Friday, you never would've guessed what was the subject of our conversation. Most likely, people would have thought us as being just two women out for a typical lunch together. A couple of times the waiter stopped by without us noticing and I imagine he must have been curious.

Give my past experience as an escort and stripper, Wanda didn't think I needed a "rehearsal" or anything, something that made me feel even more comfortable when considering whether or not I wanted to work for her. Deep down I guess that I sort of suspected she might be using this as a front to find younger girls to have sex with. In fact, had she invited me over to "sample" the merchandise or "practice", I would have probably turned her down and walked away. My goal was to find work, not a sex partner.

As we finished out lunch, we both seemed to have reached the same conclusion about the other and agreed to give things a try. Wanda had a party scheduled for the upcoming weekend and said she would e-mail me the directions and time. She asked that I show up about a half-hour before the party started to do makeup and ensure any lines from my clothing had time to disappear - something I hadn't considered. With that, we shared a brief hug and went our separate ways.

With a couple of days to kill before the first party, it gave me plenty of time to contemplate about what I was getting myself into. Wanda had told me the upcoming party would be simply a bunch of your typical neighborhood "soccer moms", generally in their later twenties and thirties, who would be most likely more intimidated than turned-on by the party, especially at the start. Most likely their previous parties had been for Tupperware or some makeup line and this would be the first "naughty" party most, if not all, of them had ever attended.

If anything, Wanda warned me that my job was to NOT be overly sexy but instead to make them feel comfortable enough to buy something instead of just sitting there with wide eyes and open mouths, too embarrassed to pull out their purses. I found it interesting that the LAST thing Wanda said she was looking for from me was a sex show. She reminded me this was NOT a bachelor party, (or rather bachelorette party given the attendees), but rather a legitimate sales party on which most of her income depended.

Despite all that Wanda had told me, the was no getting around the fact that I would be parading around in front of a roomful of women in outfits that left very little, if anything, to the imagination. I'd looked at the web site already where I checked out the wide collection of lingerie as well as an interesting selection of adult toys and accessories. Wanda had left me with a catalog and I felt a little tingle between my thighs as I looked at some of the sexy lingerie and imagined wearing it while a group of moms and wives checked me out.

So many questions started to run through my head. Would they be jealous of me? Odds were at 23, I probably wouldn't be that much younger than some of them. Would any of them be turned on, maybe get a little horny even? How there be any closet lesbian or bi girls and if so, would they reveal themselves in front of their friends and neighbors? Wanda mentioned that wine was usually served which helped to get things going by the end of the party, just in time for them to break out their checkbooks!

What really stirred my imagination the most was the fact that I'd never done anything like this before. Whenever I had danced in front of a group at a party in the past, it was in front of men and my clothes inevitably came off. Something or another sexual happened, even if nothing more than a hand-job or perhaps a blowjob. Indeed, that was a large factor in why I did them in the first place - to satisfy my own needs and frustrations more so than make money. It was a little ironic that now that I wanted to do it more for money, I was looking at a situation where I would NOT be engaged in sex! Even so, while Wanda had told me to tone down the sexual aspect, but would I be able to control myself once things got started?

## 2. Morning Masturbation Time

Saturday morning arrived before I knew it and I woke up to the dead silence of my apartment. Not even the furnace fan was running and if not for the occasional sound of a car outside in the parking lot, it was like I was isolated from the world. Twisting over onto my back, I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and stretched my legs out, pointing my toes toward the end of the bed while my arms reached for the ceiling far above me. Despite the cold weather, my covers had been tossed off during the night as usual, and I felt little goose bumps rise on my exposed skin as I tried to rouse myself.

Lowering my arms, my hands instinctively fell to my boobs. I cupped myself, one boob in each hand, as my fingers tightened and lightly massaged them. The nipples were already somewhat erect from the cold and I let them slid between my fingers, sending a slight tingle through me. My thighs pressed together tightly in reaction to signals from my pussy that it wanted attention and my hands tightened more on my breasts. My pussy wasn't taking no for an answer so I let my right hand works its way slowly downward, the fingertips tracing lightly over my bare stomach, causing me to jerk slightly as it tickled me.

Down my hand went until it reached my pussy - which was badly in need of a fresh shave. It was like running my fingers over my dad's face in the morning before he shaved and for just a moment, my rational mind intruded to remind me that I needed to shave before I left this evening! With the panties and sort of things I was expecting to be wearing, this was not a time for me to have anything but a baby-smooth pussy.

My thoughts of shaving quickly disappeared as my clit sent out a little jolt when my fingertips brushed over it. Damn, I must have been having quite the erotic dream before waking up as I my pussy was already wet - not that it was exactly a surprise. As horny as I felt when I woke up, it would have been shocking NOT to have been soaking wet already.

What is it with mornings anyway? Is it the dreams I have that I don't remember that leave me feeling like I simply HAVE to have sex from the moment I wake up? Was it that with my body rested and feeling energized my natural sexuality just took over and made me horny as hell in the morning? Whatever the medical or psychological reasoning, mornings have always been my most naturally horny time of day. Don't get me wrong - it's not that I don't get horny all the time most of the rest of the day, it's just that mornings are like dependable like clockwork.

With rare exceptions, I can count on it as something that is always going to be waiting for me when I awake, waiting for me to regain consciousness so I can provide for the needs of my body. Of course, the BEST was to wake up is with a guy's dick already in me, or at least making a best effort, but that wasn't about to happen when you lived alone in your own apartment.

My finger slid down from my swelling clit, down between my wet pussy lips until I felt the opening to my pussy. Resisting the temptation to immediately press my finger inside, I only pushed hard enough to allow just the tip to slip in and then I quickly pulled it out, repeating the process over and over as if I was pumping it with my fingertip. At the same time, my palm was pressing down on my clit while my left hand continued to work on my boobs, pulling on my nipples and letting them snap back. It wasn't anything urgent, at least not yet, just slow and steady movements that barely caused me to stir on the bed.

As I continued to masturbate, my thoughts wandered from one thing to the next, never lingering for long on any one thought or fantasy in particular. It was like I was channel surfing with the remote control, switching from one channel to another, each time showing something totally different. One moment I was simply concentrating on how good it felt to touch myself, then the next I imagined my finger was my dad's hard dick trying to force itself into me, then a moment later it was my cousin's tongue teasing my pussy, her ever-present mischievous grin on her wet face as she looked up at me from between my legs.

A few times I imagined myself at the party I was going to be at later that night, dancing sensuously in front of a dozen women or so, all them turned on and touching themselves through their clothes and even under their skirts behind their white cotton panties. I dreamed that a couple of them even stripped and got on the table with me, licking me and masturbating next to me while the others got even more turned on by the erotic display being played out right in front of them.

Suddenly my finger plunged into my pussy, surprising me as it acted as if it had a mind of its own. As wet and swollen as I was, it slide into me easily and was soon followed by a second finger. Now I needed both hands between my legs so my left hand abandoned my breast and assumed the duties of rubbing my clit while my right hand fucked my pussy. My feet were planted flat on the bed with my knees bent, allowing me to raise my hips up against my hands, eventually bouncing as if I was being fucked by one lover after another.

My first orgasm of the day struck as I imagined one of my lovers starting to cum in me, my fingers pushed hard up inside of me as I imagined they were his stiff dick as it released its load of hot cum deep inside of me. My groan would have easily been heard all through my hushed apartment as my orgasm began to fill my body with the most incredible sensations.

How can I really describe an orgasm to a man? It's like trying to describe a color to blind man. It's sort of like the feeling you get when a roller coaster goes over the top of the hill and begins to plunge downward. That momentary feeling you get as your car slides over the leak and suddenly drops out from under you, except in this situation that sensation kept going on and on and on. Oh god it felt so damn good! My left hand manipulated my clit as only a girl can do to herself, sustaining me on that razor sharp edge where my orgasm peaked, yet without driving me so far I would have to scream out as it overwhelmed me or worse, backing off too far to where it subsided before completely fulfilling me.

It's what I love about masturbation, that ability to know exactly what you need at each instant, to keep yourself cumming and cumming and cumming! Thus as much as I love to be licked and touched by other people, when it comes to making me cum, it's pretty hard to beat my own two hands - if all I want is to feel good in a purely physical manner. Overall, however, masturbation can never replace the overall experience of being fucked. It doesn't matter that no man can make me cum by touching me as well as I can do it myself, that's not the point when you're having sex with someone.

Nothing can make me feel as complete as to be fucked by a man. It doesn't matter that the physical aspect isn't 100% as the emotional side of sex is 80% of the experience and thus easily outweighs anything I may "lose" by having someone else playing with my pussy. To sum it up, I masturbate to make myself feel good but I need sex to feel fulfilled as a woman.

After what seemed to be an eternity, I finally was so exhausted I had to stop. My bare ass crashed to the bed and my feet slipped out in front of me, leaving me lying in bed with both hands firmly cupped over my pussy, which was throbbing like a finger that had just been smashed - but with pure bliss instead of pain. Just the steady pressure of my palm against my crotch was enough to stimulate me at this point and my legs would periodically jerk involuntarily as a random bolt of sexual electricity would escape from between my legs.

Exhausted, I was panting, feeling hot and sweaty from my exertions. The afterglow of my orgasm continued to fill me, keeping my nipples hard and pointed. I could only imagine how flushed I was, my face and chest most likely beet red as if I'd just run a marathon. My eyes were shut but I wasn't about to fall asleep, not in a million years feeling as I did now.

I turned on my side and wedged my hands even tighter into my warm crotch as my legs curled into a fetal position. My chest felt like it would be burst as all I could think about was how badly needed to be fucked!. Oh god, I wanted a stiff dick inside of me SO bad right at that moment. If my doorbell had rung right then and a guy was outside, I would have run to the door, thrown it open and all but raped him right in the hallway where he stood. It didn't matter who it was attached to, if it was hard and warm, I would have let anyone fuck me at that moment.

Indeed, it was times just like this when I wondered what was keeping me from letting a guy move in with me. Certainly I had plenty of options available should I ever lean towards that direction. Imagine how wonderful it would be right now to have just masturbated while he was sleeping nude next to me and now that I was as hot and horny as a girl could be, to turn to him and take his soft dick, sucking on it as he slept and feeling it grow in my mouth.

Once I had him good and hard, I would mount him, taking him inside of my hungry pussy as he woke up slowly from a deep sleep, surprised to find his dick inside of me as I bounced on his stiff rod. Oh my god, what I would give to do that right now! Later, when my mind was more rational, I would ask myself if it worth the aggravation of a roommate just to get laid every morning. Now THAT was a serious question! So far, I just lived with things as they are.

Had Mother Nature not intruded, I might have laid there all morning, masturbating for hours. Damn, suddenly I felt the urge to piss so badly! Reluctantly, I rolled off my bed, quickly threw on a robe, and somehow made my way to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, God, I looked like a wreck! My hair was totally disheveled and my face was puffy and covered with red blotches. All I could do was shake my head and mumble to myself, thinking maybe it was a good thing I did NOT have a roommate who would see me looking this way so early in the day. Why is it that in all the romance movies the girl wakes up with full makeup and her hair perfect, her breath smelling like mint and not a wrinkle or crease line anywhere on her anywhere? As sweaty as I was, a shower was definitely in order this morning.

One of the first things I'd done when I moved in my apartment was to go out and buy myself a good shower massager. I laughed when I was at the store looking at them. The aisle should have been labeled, "Girl Toys for Showers". It's not like anyone is fooled as to the real reason people buy these things! I mean let's be real - is there ANYONE who needs all those settings and the flexible hose to simply take a shower?

While I'm on the topic, why not just put on the label, "Includes hose long enough to reach all those hard-to-get places between your legs." Perhaps the manufacturers could mark the settings as "instant orgasm", "slow boil" and "pussy-pounder" while they are at it.

My own shower massager didn't have all that many settings, but plenty for my needs. I guess they are sort of like dish washers that come with 15 different modes but then most women only use one or maybe two of them. Mine has the basic hard spray, plus the soft fountain with the pulsating massage as my usual favorite but that also depended on my mood for the day.

Today was definitely a "fountain" day. As horny as I was and as sensitive as my clit was even after having rested for quite a while after my orgasm, I didn't need anything too heavy in the stimulation department. The soft spray felt just right against me as I held it a few inches from my crotch, the hot water flooding over me like the tongue of a perfect lover, except this one never tired or had to come up for air!

My knees suddenly felt weak and I had to hold myself up by grabbing onto the bar on the side of the shower as my second orgasm began to boil up within my inner caldron. It wasn't so much as it seemed to be concentrated in any one area but rather it was my entire body reacting to the stimulus between my legs. Every cell in me seemed to working in unison as my second orgasm of the day ripped through me.

This time it was more like a hammer striking me in the sudden way it struck me. For a moment I thought I might pass out as my vision narrowed and I found it hard to breath, like some alien was trying to break out from inside of me. Even my wet hair seemed to sizzle like it was being hit with an electric shock. My thighs tightened and my knees buckled as I dropped to the bathtub matt on my knees, unable to stand anymore.

Despite everything, I never let the flood of water cease against me. It was like the most incredible lure had been put in front of me and now that I had taken it hook, line, and sinker I couldn't release myself from it. It was like I had grabbed an electric cord and was unable to let go once my body was wracked with the jolt of electricity.

Finally the shower massager simply dropped from my hands, spraying water everywhere as I struggled to run off the water before it made a mess of the entire bathroom. My legs were so weak that it took every bit of willpower I could muster just to stand up and get out of the bathtub on my own. Feeling myself about to collapse, I sat down on the toilet seat, my elbows on my knees as I leaned forward and just closed my eyes, my pussy still throbbing and pulsating uncontrollably. Damn, I must have REALLY been horny this morning to have cum this hard twice - before I'd even brushed my teeth!

Eventually things calmed down and I was able to attend to the rest of my morning toiletry duties. I didn't bother with makeup yet as I wasn't planning to go anywhere and I would just have to redo it anyway before I went out tonight. Grabbing clean a t-shirt from the second drawer of my dresser, I pulled it over me until it was just covering over my bare ass. Like the makeup, a pair of panties or a thong was just unnecessary claptrap when it came to hanging around the apartment. A terry robe was hung over the back of a chair by the door that I could throw over me should anyone come to the door but that almost never happened.

Not surprisingly, I guess, most people who write me tell me that I should run around naked but what is the sense in that? Maybe it's because I never did such a thing growing up so why start now. Besides, it just seems more hygienic to be wearing at least SOMETHING around the apartment.

Looking at the clock next to my bed, I was shocked to see that it was almost noon already. Damn, how time flies when you're having fun! With nothing else planned for the day, I spent the afternoon catching up on some movies and shows I'd taped during the week on my DVR, caught up on a few e-mails, and even chatted a little bit. The chatting part didn't last long as I quickly tired of the constant barrage of perverts who wanted me to cyber with them and give them a free nude cam show. E-mail is easier for me than chatting as I can just hit delete or spam and don't waste any time with the people who have nothing to say and seem to think I exist to be their personal source of amusement.

After some leftovers it was time to get ready for the party. Wanda had told me to dress casual - if anything to NOT dress slutty so as not to draw attention to myself as I went into the house from the street. Apparently she didn't want the neighbors to think some hooker was coming to the party!

Keeping it simple, I just threw on some jeans and a sweatshirt along with a pair of warm boots. The heavy sweatshirt was loose and felt good rubbing on my bare nipples while the jeans were just tight enough to stimulate me if I crossed my legs without making too much of a camel toe in the process. My freshly shaved pussy felt smooth against the denim and for a moment it was tempting to take them off but I had a schedule to keep and there would be plenty of time when I got back home to do that.

## 3. Modeling at the Party

It was only a few miles to the address Wanda had given me. The house was in a neighborhood I'd never been in before, nothing TOO outrageous but still some very nice homes. I parked a few doors down to leave room for the women who would be arriving soon and knocked on the front door, ignoring the doorbell for some reason or another. A sharply dressed blonde woman who looked to be in her mid-thirties answered the door.

"Hi!" she greeted me warmly, "You must be Kelly, Wanda's model? Come on in and get out of the cold. I'm Barbara but you can call me Barb."

Feeling suddenly a little apprehensive, I just smiled and responded with some automatic reply. God, what was with me anyway? There was really nothing to be up-tight over. Sheesh, compared to some of the parties I'd done in the past, this should be a piece of cake! Yet for whatever reason I was feeling like a girl on her first date!

Barbara took my coat and then led me upstairs to what seemed to be the master bedroom where I found Wanda already there, laying out her wares. The bed was covered with various shapes and colors of dildos and vibrators. A clothing rack was set up with an array of lingerie hanging from it. None of it looked like much of what you see at Macy's, that was for sure. Wanda looked up, saw it was me, and came over to give me a quick hug while Barbara quickly left to tend to her party preparations.

"Hey girl, you're looking good tonight," she greeted me, "Why don't you get undressed? There's a robe over there you can put on."

She turned back to her things and I wasn't sure she even heard my quiet "OK" or something to that affect. There wasn't anything else to say or do so I quickly stripped down, laying my clothes over a chair in the corner of the room. Wanda hardly even glanced at me as I stood there naked for a moment before wrapping the robe around me. I guess you could call it a robe, that is. It was barely long enough to cover my ass and only did that if I was standing straight up. Oh well, I guess it wasn't going to be on me too much anyway.

"Hmmm, you're just a little taller than I had thought," Barbara mused as her eyes evidently judged my height from how far the robe covered my butt. "I never did ask you your sizes but there shouldn't be a problem. Most of this stuff claims to be "one size fits all" and besides, I don't think anyone's going to notice if they are too small or tight anyway?" she laughed.

(Mental note to Kelly - check out health club memberships, the nice lady more or less implied you were a little heavy!)

"OK, so here's how it goes.... I've hung up the outfits in the order we'll be showing them along with a picture of the toys associated with that outfit, if there is one. All you have to do it change into the outfit, bring down the toy, and model it in front of them. Remember, no table dancing or anything too overt, just work the room like you were modeling swimwear or something."

"Ummmmm," I hesitated, not sure how to ask the question but finally deciding just to get it out and over with, "How do you want me to model? I mean, do I leave the outfits on, take them off, open anything up, you know what I mean?"

Wanda immediately shook her head as she replied. "Oh no, nothing like that. Just leave everything in place and turn around and let them see how it looks on you. Don't bend over or anything slutty like that. It's just a bunch of neighbor women, not a group of horny men. The idea is to let them see what the outfit looks like on a real girl instead of some Victoria Secret model."

Something about that last comment could have hit me wrong but I let it slide. After all, I would be the first to admit that if there was one thing I did NOT have, it was a body that would model for something like Victoria Secret. At the same time, what girl likes to hear someone TELLING her that!

"OK, that's cool... so what do I do with the toys? Do you want me to actually use them?"

"Oh heavens no!" she gasped, shaking her head furiously, "Nothing like that at all. Don't put anything inside your panties, not even your hand, and NOTHING goes inside of you - is that clear? I mean, you can rub yourself THROUGH the panties a bit, but don't get carried away. Crap, the LAST thing I want is for you to start masturbating in front of them - got it?"

I guess that I knew that was what she would say that but I wanted to hear it anyway just in case. In a way, it was a little disappointing. Can you b lame me for wondering what some up-tight soccer mom with a little too much wine might do if I actually DID masturbate right in front of her?

By now I had the first outfit on. It was a simple stretch white lace and chiffon baby doll with a matching thong. Actually, it covered me a lot more than most of my swim suits did - or any other girl's suit at the pool these days. Unfortunately, my summer tan was pretty much gone or else I think it would have looked even better on me. The top was fairly opaque and hid the color of my nipples, while allowing them to poke through. From there down, it was sheer which allowed the thong to be clearly visible. It was also more conservative than most I'd worn, covering me completely in front and even part of my ass in back. Evidently Wanda didn't want to start with anything TOO wild, maybe to give the women time to down a few drinks and get more comfortable and relaxed.

"Looking good girl," Wanda commented, nodding her approval. "OK... I have to go get things set up downstairs so you can just wait up here. Someone will come get you when you're needed."

With that she grabbed a few things and then left, closing the bedroom door behind her. In the silence I could hear people gathering downstairs and wondered how many women there would be. I wondered what Barbara's husband was doing tonight. There was a large portrait of them on the wall and various photos of them and their kids on the dresser and nightstand next to the bed. Indeed, they made a good-looking pair with the standard son and daughter who poked to be maybe six to eight years old. It was a pretty safe bet the kids didn't know what mommy was doing tonight but at the same time I would have also bet that her hubby wouldn't have minded staying home tonight!

For a brief moment a fantasy of him coming into the bedroom, not knowing I was waiting in there, came to mind but the door remained closed as I sat on the edge of bed and looked over the various toys.

Most of the toys I'd seen on the website or in the catalog. A few were even in mom's personal collection. Dang, some of them had better have instruction books as they actually appeared quite complicated! I picked up a couple of vibrators and checked them out to see if they worked. The loud buzzing confirmed they were operational and while I was tempted briefly to give a few a try, the last thing I needed was to be in the middle of masturbating when Wanda was ready for me to model for her! My mind was distracted such that when the door to the bedroom suddenly opened, I jumped like a kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar. I turned to see Barbara smiling at me.

"I guess we're ready for you dear," she said, her eyes widening as she saw me more clearly, "My, you look really nice on that outfit."

I grinned and shrugged my shoulders as if it was nothing and followed her down the stairs, being careful not to stumble in the process. Four-inch heels may not be that big a deal for some girls, but trying to walk down a flight of wooden stairs in them would challenge most women I think, especially when your mind is so distracted. Still, I made it down without killing myself and stepped into the living room.

"And hereeeeeeee she is!" Barbara announced as we entered the room.

I immediately noticed the curtains had all been pulled shut so at least I wouldn't be putting on a show for the whole neighborhood. My eyes quickly took in the scene. First, there weren't as many people as I was expecting, only six women besides Wanda and Barbara. Wanda had mentioned more like a dozen were expected so evidently a few either couldn't make it or had second doubts about coming. They were spread out around the room with three on the couch, two on a love seat, another on an overstuffed chair with Barbara taking another chair. Wanda had a small table set up with a silk tablecloth covering it and various toys laid out like some sort of garage sale. She was dressed quite conservatively in a pant suit with a scarf and lots of gold jewelry - more than I cared for.

"OK girls, I want you all to meet my new model Kelly. This is her first time working for me so be nice!"

It was an interesting mix of reactions. All of the women looked roughly to be around the same age, maybe within a range of late twenties to mid-thirties. A quick glance at their hands told me they were all married but one and interestingly, she looked to be the oldest. They were dressed casually, nothing special, mostly jeans and pants although a couple had skirts which more than covered their knees. None of them appeared to be trying to send any sort of "message" that they might be looking for anything sexual, if anything quite the opposite. Heck, if it wasn't for Wanda and her merchandise, I could have been at an Avon party or something!

I did my best to smile and be sociable as I stepped into the room in nothing but heels and lingerie. I walked around, turning slowly and getting within a foot or two of each of them. It was like a school dance back in seventh grade where the boys and girls were looking at each other but neither would come close to the other. To be honest, it wasn't a turn-on for me and if anything, I felt a little out of place.

Wanda described the outfit, the various options and colors and a quick mention of the price which made me gasp before I caught myself. God, I hadn't realized her prices were so high! Well, I guess they would be paying not just for the lingerie but for the party and show as well. After she was done she made a comment about me going to get the next outfit on, which I took as a hint to leave and change.

Back in the bedroom, I sucked in a deep breath, puffed my cheeks, and then exhaled long and slow, hoping that nobody could hear me. Damn, this was like nothing I had ever done before. Normally, when I wore such an outfit, I had to fight off the groping hands from the crowd while listening to obscene comments about me and what they wanted to do to me. To be honest, at this moment I think I would have preferred the leering men to the funeral-like silence that had greeted me with the first outfit. I was just praying that I wasn't disappointing Wanda.

The second outfit was a satin soft cup slip with lace trim on bust. It featured a ruffled satin hem and included a matching thong. The slip was dark and so sheer that for all practical purposes I was nude. The thong didn't hide a thing, leaving my ass bare and on full display as the back narrowed between my cheeks into this thin strip. This time the outfit has a picture attached for what it called a "Rabbit". The catalog photo included a description which read:

"Rotating pearls stimulate the vaginal opening and the handy multi-speed control allows you to select the intensity of the vibrating, tickling ears. Let your Rabbit lead you to orgasmic bliss. 7 1/4" length, 1 1/2" diameter. Three C batteries required."

With that much battery power, the battery pack it was a little heavy and I bet the cord was a pain in the neck but it wasn't like I had to actually USE the thing. Compared to the other toys on the bed, it was average sized and fairly plain. Evidently Wanda wanted to start off simple.

Once I was ready I assumed that I should head back downstairs so off I went. This time I got a little more reaction from the peanut gallery. Several of them gasped noticeably and all eyes were fixed on me as I walked in slowly - strutted in might be a better description. It was then they noticed I was holding something in my hand and several little giggles could heard easily. Wanda went into her routine, describing the outfit and then she commented on what was in my hand.

"You may have noticed, girls, that this time Kelly had brought with her a simple, but effective toy. Nothing fancy but just the thing for those nights when you just need a little pick-me up... right Kelly?"

She looked at me expectedly and I was wondering exactly what she was expecting me to do. Well, evidently more than just holding it so I stood off to the side where they all could see me started to rub myself with the tip of it through the sheer panties. I looked at Wanda and she just smiled at me, nodding slightly to show me her approval.

The other women varied in the responses. A couple of them couldn't look my way and seemed to have a sudden fixation on one of the paintings on the opposite wall. A couple of others were watching me but yet at the same time, trying to appear as if they weren't REALLY watching. The rest seemed interested in what I was doing, some of them even glancing back and forth at each other like little girls in school sharing a dirty little secret.

The tip of the dildo was pressed against my pussy but it wasn't anything like what I'd felt earlier in the morning when my finger first touched me after I woke up. Sure it felt good, but nothing that was going to set me off, that was for sure.

My next outfit was more elaborate, a three piece set. It consisted of a floral tapestry underwire bra with adjustable straps and lace trim and hook and eye back closure. The waist cincher had boning and Velcro closure with a satin bow. As with most of the outfits, a matching bottom was included - this time a g- string that left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Along with it Wanda had paired a "Jelly Osaki". The description read, "Caution! This kind of dual action is very addictive. Enjoy double pleasure as the vibrating shaft rotates deep inside and the exquisite tongue teases your clitoris. You control each feature and your orgasm. 8" length, 1-3/8" diameter. Three AA batteries required." It looked interesting but I had taken longer than before to get ready so I hurried downstairs.

By now the girls had been through their first glass of wine - or two in some cases it appeared. Inhibitions were starting to break down and they talked more as I displayed the outfit for them. Most of it was teasing each other about how their husbands would love to see them in the outfit or how the toy would feel when their husband was away on business, that sort of thing. None of the comments were about me in particular. They all giggled like school girls when I turned it on and the tip of the toy spun around like some nasty alien cock.

As the night wore on, everyone became more comfortable and I went through maybe another dozen outfits or so. There was a satin and lace underwire bra w/ satin ribbon detail that I would have liked to have kept for myself. There was a lace corset with underwire pushup bra that had metal closures along center front with a lace up back closure that seemed to appeal more to the dominatrix personalities. For fun, I enjoyed showing off a sheer embroidered soft cup triangle bra with adjustable bra straps and matching boy short panties. Then there were the inevitable open bra with matching crotch-less panties. The one that got the most giggles, though, was the classic schoolgirl outfit - a two- piece costume that included a light blue pleated mini skirt with a naughty short sleeve tie front top.

As for the toys, they were as varied as the outfits, There was the more basic "Jelly Cliterrific" which was a surprisingly life-like vibrator followed by the "Loving Spoon" which was primarily a clitoral stimulator with a bendable. The "Chocolate Thriller" was a blatant stereotype of a black dick, a thick and generous vibe that was nine inches long, with lifelike veins and a soft jelly chocolate brown cover. I thought it was a little creepy but it got a stir from the ladies. The "Double Delight" reminded me one of the few toys I owned myself. It was soft-to-the-touch that was flexible enough to bend completely in half. I guess for some women they would use to do a DP on themselves but I preferred to use mine together with a friend.

I was half-hoping that I would get to demonstrate that with one of the women but Wanda kept a tight rein on me. Somehow she seemed to sense that this one in particular was appealing to me and she gave me a warning eye to behave myself! I was most intrigued by the "Pleasure Pods". They were made of silicone for a supposed soft, natural feel. The pods were designed to be insert in the vagina to provide pleasurable sensations while exercising your PC muscles. What got me interested was the description said that the Pods could be worn during everyday activities and were easily retrieved. I was definitely going to have to talk to Wanda to see if I qualified for an employee discount!

As the evening started to come to an end, the wine was flowing and the women were becoming even more comfortable with the situation, talking non-stop now when I was in the room and even making more personal comments about me as well as the outfit. Things finally seemed to break completely when I came down in the last "outfit" - wearing nothing but a thin black thong leaving me totally topless. OK, so did this really qualify as lingerie? Upstairs I'd checked the hangar and the ones next to it to be sure but it was obvious that the only thing I was supposed to be wearing was this skimpy black thong. It was more like a few pieces of string with a small triangle that tried valiantly, but failed miserably, to cover my pussy.

This time I brought with me a monster vibrator-dildo combination. Called the "Pharaoh's Secret", it was touted as the perfect clitoral stimulator designed to send powerful pleasure to three different erogenous zones. It even had separate multi-speed controls that allowed you to customize the sensations. As I displayed it, Wanda revealed that the Pharaoh had a secret as well - a tiny- but-intense vibe located in the tip of the slender, flexible anal stimulator. The monster was over nine inches long and almost two inches in diameter.

Walking into the room this time, things were quite different than they had been just a few hours earlier. Just the number of open wine bottles should have been enough to tell anyone the state of mind most of them were in. It was all I could do to keep a straight face when I walked in and this time, instead of meeting a wall of silence like I had the first time, this time I was greeted with cheers and applause.

"Love the top!"

"Nice ass!"

"Oh my god, look what she bought this time!"

I felt more turned-on than I had all night this time as I walked among them with nothing on but my heels and a barely visible thong. After walking down the stairs and on into the room, the so-called thong had pulled up into my pussy, all but disappearing from sight. I teased them with the Pharaoh vibrator, holding it out for them and then pulling it away as they reached for it. As Wanda described the thong I was supposedly wearing, I ran the larger section of the vibrator between my boobs, turning it on so it gyrated obscenely between them. Well, I certainly had their full attention, that was for sure!

"Put it in!' one of the women suggested to me.

"Yeah, let's see it in action," another called out.

A couple of them were apparently more drunk than the others but a stern look from Wanda told me that no matter what they said, I was NOT to masturbate with it. Besides, it was clear that a couple of the women were a little less comfortable with what was turning into more of a sex show than a lingerie show. Still, it was the last outfit and toy for the night so Wanda seemed to be a little less worried about things.

"OK girls, can you imagine using that monster in bed tonight?" Wanda teased them, nodding her head at me and grinning.

I took the hint and pressed it between my legs, letting the vibrating head press against my exposed clit, running it up and down between my legs. I even dared to press it in just a little bit into my pussy this time. God, I was really getting horny now and it was all I could do to resist thrusting it up inside of me! Somehow I didn't think too many of the women would have minded if I had but Wanda broke in and said it was time for finish things up. She just winked at me and I knew she understood how horny I was. It was probably for the best but still, I had been watching a couple of the girls in particular who I think might have even helped me push it in!

"I think we better let Kelly go back upstairs and finish up, don't you girls agree?" Wanda teased them. Actually, that didn't sound like a bad idea to me. Besides, I wouldn't have minded if a couple of them had joined me!

Back in the bedroom, I closed the door and flopped back on the bed, clutching the Pharaoh dildo to my chest. I held it up and turned it on. Crap, it was truly obscene! The more I watched, the more I started to wonder what it would feel like. Wanda would undoubtedly be busy for a while closing out the party and taking orders. What would it hurt?

I actually had to think for a moment as to how I was going to use the damn thing. Finally I decided there was really no other way than to put it in both holes at the same time. Now mind you, anal sex is NOT something I normally care for and while I have fondled my ass a few times in the shower, the only time I have been fucked in the rear has been at parties where things have gotten out of hand. It's not so much I don't like the feeling, it really doesn't hurt so long as I'm lubricated properly. There's just something about knowing it's in my ASS that turns me off. It's much the same as I feel about sex with dogs. The one time I did it I have to admit I enjoyed the experience but now the thought of it grosses me out because I can't get past the idea that it is a DOG that was fucking me. So it is with anal sex. I probably could enjoy the sensations it gives me but the thought of what is happening just overwhelms any sensuality I might feel about it.

I noticed that Barbara had some lotion on her dresser which I used to get the dildo ready. Laying on my back on the bed, I put a pillow under my ass so my pussy and butt were up in the air. Positioning the dildo with one end at the entrance to my pussy and the other at my asshole, I took a deep breath and started to push it into me. For the moment I had it turned off so it was just like trying to ram any regular dildo up into me, except I'd never done it in my ass at the same time! My pussy was more than a little excited from the events of the evening. Even if the women hadn't been as outgoing as their husbands may have been, it still had turned into a fun experience by the end. I couldn't help but wonder what might have happened if after another bottle of wine if I showed nude and actually used one of the toys!

A gasp slipped from my mouth as the head of the dildo forced its way into my tight ass and began to slip into me. At the same time, the one in my pussy was now a couple of inches in and soon they both were in me most of the way. Now I had to pause for a moment to gather my senses as I worked up the courage to turn it on. Damn, even with them sitting still in me it was enough to drive me crazy! I wiggled it just a little and it felt positively weird to feel both my ass and my pussy respond. Throwing caution to the wind, I turned on the switch, making sure the dials were all set to their lowest settings.

OMG... OMG!

A load groan erupted from me as I felt the strangest feeling I've ever experienced down there. Talk about holy crap! The one in my pussy was rotating, like some monster finger was me and exploring all around my insides. The one in my ass didn't move but the vibration at the tip made me almost jump off the bed. What REALLY set me off was the little extension on top that had been pressing on my clit but until now, been rather still and innocuous. It started vibrating as well and my clit literally erupted in response. What the heck, I turned the knob up another notch and I couldn't help but cry out. This was insane, crazy, unimaginable. My clit loved the buzz but it was the way the one in my pussy was wiggling around that was really making me squirm. I felt like a monstrous worm was in me, wiggling around like it was trying to find its way out.

As for the one in my ass, it was just weird feeling, what more can I say? I'd never had a vibrator up my ass before and to feel it buzzing away deep up my asshole had to rank up there with the most bizarre sensations imaginable. Unless you've had one up your ass, I don't know how I can describe it to anyone.

Feeling wonderful I just laid back, my ass propped up on the pillow, not even moving but instead letting the toy do all the work. Frankly, I was afraid to take the setting to the highest level. That damn worm was already going crazy in my pussy – would it rip me up inside? The one in my ass was, well I don't have words to describe it. Another level up and I didn't how I might respond. Damn, would it even maybe make me shit?

As far as I was concerned, things were perfect as they were so I just closed my eyes and let the waves of pleasure and lust roll over me like breakers crashing on the beach. What I REALLY wanted was to cum. Hell, it was beyond wanting, I NEEDED to cum. As I held onto it with both hands, letting the motion and vibrations do to me what they would, I imagined myself downstairs, laying in the middle of the living room while the women all watched me, driving myself almost insane with pleasure right in front of them. In my heated imagination, they were undressing and playing with themselves as they watched me, all of us masturbating and fucking ourselves in one big lesbian group.

"Oh fuck!" I cried out, my eyes clenched tightly closed. My hips rose up almost like I was having some sort of spasm. Finally I was cumming. Fuck was I ever cumming!

"OH MY GOD!" I all but screamed out, trying to control myself but it was a losing battle.

My body was taking over, forcing my conscious mind to relinquish control as my orgasm wracked my body. It was like I just wanted it so badly, needed it so much, that it was making sure I couldn't somehow stop myself from finishing what I had started.

I tried to open my eyes but it was like the room was spinning in circles, everything out of focus, so I closed them again. I couldn't hear anything but my own cries of pleasure, my panting breath, the pounding of my ass on the bed as I humped this imaginary monster cock that was violating me every which way imaginable.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" was all I could get out as I collapsed on the bed. Somehow I managed to turn the damn thing off but it remained shoved deep inside of me.

My chest hurt as I couldn't hardly breath, my pulse racing like I'd just run a mile. My pussy was positively THROBBING, like another heart had suddenly appeared and was beating a mile a minute expect instead of pumping blood, it was sending the most incredibly pleasurable elixir imaginable throughout my entire body. To think that I had thought my earlier orgasms had been great today. Hell, those were nothing compared to what I had just done to myself.

"OK girls, now that you've seen how well it works, how many should I order?"

What the hell? Somehow I managed to turn my head and squinted at the door. As my eyes gradually focused, I realized that Wanda was there along with Barbara and several of the girls from the party. Damn, how long had they been watching? What had they seen? Evidently quite a bit from the look on their faces.

"Well, didn't I say that thing works great or what?" Wanda exclaimed, ever the sales lady, "I have enough with me for each of you to have your own if you want to cum like THAT tonight yourself."

So that was it, she had sneaked them up hoping I would do exactly what I had done. She had seen how worked up I was during my last showing and undoubtedly knew I wouldn't be able to resist pleasuring myself when I was alone in the bedroom. Again, I wondered how much they had seen? Despite my curiously, I couldn't say anything or respond to them at all before they left to go back to the living room. Wanda was the last to leave and she just winked and gave me a thumbs up.

My head sank back onto the bed behind me and I just laid there, motionless with the dildo still stuck up my ass and pussy. It was like I had been totally drained, like I had just worked out at the gym and was completely worn out. Reaching down, I pulled the Pharaoh out of me and as it slid out, I practically cried out again as it stimulated me. God, it was like my entire body was sensitized to where the slightest touch was enough to make me jump. I put my arms up over my head, stretching out over the bed, trying to motivate myself to get up and get dressed but it was like I was glued to the bed, unable to move. My pussy was still throbbing but I didn't dare touch it again as I knew I would not be able to control myself and I really didn't know if I could handle another orgasm in the state I was in.

"You were great Kelly, that was a record show for me!"

Wanda was back in the room and talking before I even realized the bedroom door had opened. Somehow I managed to sit up on the edge of the bed and tried to straighten out my hair with my fingers. My head till felt a little dizzy and I wasn't sure I trusted myself to stand up yet.

"Wow, so you really did cum that hard, didn't you? I was wondering if it was just a show for the girls."

I shook my head and mumbled something about not knowing they were watching.

"Well, I can tell you this, I sold more Pharaohs tonight than I have in the last three parties combined. You put on quite a show for them. Normally I wouldn't have wanted that sort of thing but under the circumstances, I guess it was OK. Hell, you had ME wanting to try one out!"

I grinned, my head clearing up more now. "Yeah, it really was something different, I can say that much for sure!"

Wanda reached over to where I had left the incredible dildo. She reached out and handed it to me.

"Here, you earned this tonight!"

I didn't protest, not one bit, not even to be a little polite. For a girl who normally wasn't into the toy scene all that much, I was in love! Yep, this baby was going to get a workout. I suppose I had better but some rechargeable batteries or I would be spending a fortune on Duracell's soon.

As I dressed, Wanda told me she was thrilled with me and hoped we could work together as partners in the future. She even offered to work out a deal where I could split her commissions rather than just working for a base salary.

As I left for my apartment, Barbara gave me a hug and thanked me for "everything you did tonight". She seemed like she was going to say something more to me but at the last minute either changed her mind or I was just reading her wrong as she just opened the door for me and let me out. I looked back and again, got the eerie feeling that she wanted to say something but I just waved and headed back home. Me and the Pharaoh had some business to take care of when I got back!

# (Nov 09) Chapter 174: Desperate Housewife

Story codes: MF exhib oral adultery
Me (23)
Barbara
Joel - Barbara's husband

After my first lingerie party, the hostess seemed to want to say something to me but she ended up just saying goodbye. Thus I was a bit surprised when she called me a couple days later and even MORE so when she told me what she wanted. Did she really believe that presenting a slut to her husband would save her marriage? Disclaimer: I've always said that my diary is not a reflection of my everyday life, but rather more like a "highlights reel". That is especially true with regards to this story. The reason I wrote about it is because it was something unique, NOT because it was something that typically happens. I do a lot of parties and this was the only one where this type of thing happened as a result.

## 1. A Strange Proposal

"Is this Kelly?"

The voice on the phone sounded familiar so I answered, "Yes, this is she."

"Ummmmm, this is Barbara, remember me from the party you and Wanda did at my house this past weekend?"

Of course, now I remembered where I'd heard that voice. Just a few days ago I'd modeled for my first lingerie/toy show at her house. Suddenly an image flashed before me of the look on her face as I was leaving, as if there was something she wanted to say to me but then at the last minute changed her mind. Was this call somehow related to that?

"Oh hi Barbara, is there something I can do for you?"

There was a silence on the phone and again, I could picture that face from a few days ago, almost desperate to say something but then failing to find the courage. Was she going to back down again? I waited patiently on the phone for her to answer.

"I don't know how else to say this so I guess I'll just come right out and ask... Will you fuck my husband?"

*********************

Note to Readers: In case you haven't read what I wrote about the events of a few days ago, a quick summary but for the complete details, see my diary entry for (Nov 01) Chapter 173: Passion Party. Due to some personal issues, I'm no longer teaching or living at home or engaged. Not that these changes are necessarily due to the same reasons, they just happened to all fall on my lap at the same time. To make ends meet, I decided to return to a variation of the escorting work I use to do, except in this case the focus would be on home parties and groups, no single dates or hotel rooms or that sort of thing. Indeed, actual sex was something I really didn't want to get involved in - at least so far as my work was concerned.

If there is one thing I decided to be firm about from the start, it was that I will NEVER do anything one-on-one for money. I am not a whore or a prostitute (as if there is a difference). Everything I do is to take place in a main room with everyone present. None of this disappearing into the back bedroom for a private fuck crap. There are plenty of girls out there (like my cousin) who are available if that's what they want - and I've actually called Kristen while at a party to come and help out (she DID give me a cut as well!).

*********************

So anyway, my mind was racing at this "shot from the blue" question from Barbara. What seemed like a dozen scenarios flashed though my head in a matter of seconds as I tried to think of some snappy response or witty retort. Instead, I stalled for time.

"Uh, exactly what do you mean Barbara?"

"Ok... my husband and I have been having a rough time for quite a while but lately it's been really bad. I'm afraid he's going to have an affair or even divorce me unless I do something drastic. Sorry if I offended you, but I just assumed you were THAT sort of girl after what you did at the party."

I smiled to myself at her assumption. Of course in her mind I suppose any girl that would display her all but nude body to a bunch of women and then masturbate on her bed while being watched (even though I wasn't aware of it at the time) simply HAD to be a whore. Well news flash! There's a BIG difference between showing yourself off and letting strangers have their way with you for money. I may be a slut, and proud of it, but I am not a whore.

"I'm sorry Barbara, I'm not a prostitute," I finally managed to say, "Now if you need one, I can get you in touch with someone that might be able to help you."

Thoughts of my cousin Kristen were running through my mind. Indeed, this sounded like one of those cases where her unique "talents" would probably come in handy.

"Oh no, that's not what I meant," she said, her voice sounding like it was about to crack any moment. "Look, this isn't coming out the way I meant. Could you stop by the house and talk with me about this for a few minutes?"

My first instinct was to politely refuse but I had to admit, my curiosity was going wild. Of course, we all know what curiosity did to the cat. Still, what could it hurt to just talk to her about it? So in the end I agreed and said I'd be over in about an hour. Since it was only about a fifteen minute drive to her house, that gave me some time to straighten myself up and look decent. One of these days I'll have to break a bad habit of not getting myself dressed or made up until I'm ready to go out for the day, which sometimes never happens before I need to go to bed again!

I quickly showered and put on a little makeup, not like I was going out on a date or whatever, but enough to cover up a few blemishes and make myself presentable. A pair of faded jeans and a well-worn college sweatshirt was all I decided to wear. After all, it wasn't like I was going over there to seduce her or even turn her on. Even so, it was enough that I was about five minutes late when I pulled up to the curb in front of her house.

Knocking on the front door for the second time in a matter of days (why couldn't I ring her doorbell again this time?), Barbara opened it almost as soon as my hand struck the knocker the first time. She invited me in and I followed her back into the living room.

The living room looked different today than it had last Saturday evening. For one, the curtains were pulled back so the room was flooded with sunlight, making it a lot brighter and more cheerful. The room was mostly empty and the house was deathly quiet, unlike Saturday night when a half dozen housewives were packed in the room.

Barbara motioned for me to take a seat on the couch as she pulled up a chair to sit opposite from me. She was dressed in an outfit as if she was about to leave for the gym or something, her hair pulled back in to a ponytail and sneakers on her feet.

She was nervous though, her hands clenched tightly together and actually on second thought, she looked more scared than anything.

"The kids will be home from school soon so I wanted to see you before they got here and wondered who you were," Barbara said, as if she needed to explain why the house was so quiet.

I sat there quietly, not sure what I should say. After a long, rather tense pause, she continued.

"You know, I really can't believe I said what I did on the phone to you... you must think I'm crazy or something even worse."

I assured her I did not think any such thing, even though the thought HAD crossed my mind a few times. It's not like my phone rings up every day with some older woman asking me if I would fuck her husband..

"You see, Joel and I have been married for almost ten years now. Everyone knows we have the two kids, Connie's seven and Kevin is six, but not many people know I was three months pregnant when we were married. Joel wasn't thrilled to marry me, but he came from a family where honor and responsibility were important so he married me because it was the right thing to do. Unfortunately, I miscarried and lost the baby only a couple of weeks after the marriage. At first I was terrified that that Joel would want to annul the marriage but he was too proud and didn't want to embarrass himself any further in front of his family. As you can probably imagine, we didn't exactly get off to a grand start and things have never really been all that great. Then Connie arrived, followed by Kevin, and it was like we were stuck - we HAD to stay married."

By now it was all I could do to keep from rolling my eyes at this little soap opera monologue. Like, so what? Good grief, how many other girls got married because they were pregnant and then had to live with the consequences? Did she think that made her special? In any case, what did it have to do with me? Why was she suddenly spilling her guts to a total stranger as if I were her therapist? She and I had hardly spoken two words together during the party and now here she was, confiding in me like her long lost BFF. It just wasn't making any sense to me.

"So anyway," she continued, as if now that she had opened the floodgates it all had to come out, "Lately it seems Joel just finds fault in everything I do - even more than usual. He snaps at the kids and stays out late. We haven't had sex in months but I see things on his computer and phone and I know he is looking at porn, chatting with girls and god only knows what else."

Again, so what? Did she have any idea how many guys write to me and chat to me about doing exactly what she was describing? While a few have them have confessed to cheating, most of them rationalize that they use porn as an outlet so they will NOT cheat on their wives. If you were to ask me, Joel sounded like just another husband trapped in a loveless marriage with a woman he hated, and reacting to the stress like most men would. Enough was enough. I was trying to find some polite way to excuse myself from the crazy woman when she came to the meat of the matter.

"OK, I can see you don't understand so let me try to explain what I want. Last week he forgot to close out his private e-mail and so I got to read some of his chats and stuff. Oh Kelly, I think he is thinking about cheating on me with some slutty college girl. But you know what really shocked? She asked if he wanted his wife to watch and he said yes! He told her he wanted me to see him fuck another girl so I would see how much it turned him on and what I should be doing to meet his needs. Apparently I don't do sex 'right', whatever that means."

I was starting to see where this was heading. On the one hand, it made me all the more determined to get out before I got myself involved in something that was becoming increasingly bizarre. On the other hand, I was more curious than ever. Was she really contemplating what I was starting to think she was? It was looking more and more like the answer was "yes".

"So let me guess... You want ME to be that college girl?" I asked, letting a note of incredulity sneak into my tone of voice. "And you want to watch your husband fuck me?"

Barbara just nodded, as if too embarrassed to confirm anything.

"You ARE kidding, right?" I couldn't help but ask. "Is this some form of practical joke my friends put you up to?" Indeed, it sounded exactly like something my best friend Beth would come up with. She was probably listening in somehow to the whole conversation!

Barbara buried her face in her hands and started to sob. Oh crap, what had I done now? I leaned forward and took her hands in mine.

"So you're really serious about this? No joke?"

Barbara nodded but she never made eye contact with me.

"Can I ask you a question Barb?"

She nodded almost imperceptibly so I continued on.

"Why do you think Joel doesn't feel like you meet his needs?"

As much as she had been crying and carrying on, her face darkened to an even deeper shade of red.

"There are things he wants me to do.... nasty things.... whorish things. I've never done them, not even before we got married."

Images of anal sex, BSDM, scat, K9 and other perversions danced in my head. I could only imagine what a husband hooked on porn might be lusting for in this day and age. Why do men think because some poor woman, perhaps desperate for cash or a safe place for her and her kids to live, does something really nasty for someone to show on the internet, that real women would ever do such things?

"I guess that I just don't understand how any decent woman can do such things... I mean, I just can't bring myself to touch his dick with my mouth. Even the thought of it is just SO disgusting. And if he ever came in my mouth I am sure I would vomit."

Oops, maybe I was being too hard on the hubby. Damn, she wouldn't even give her own husband a blowjob? What a bitch! Now I was really WAS ready to walk out. In my humble opinion, wives like Barbara deserved whatever it was their husbands are doing. For a wife to be unwilling to satisfy her husband in such a basic way was just... well stupid is the best word I can come up with.

Just as I was about to tell her off and storm out, I thought some more about it and the gears in my head were spinning in overdrive. Instead of telling her what I thought of her, maybe there was a better way to teach her a lesson. Frankly, I wasn't feeling sorry for her in the slightest any more. Sure, her wretched husband was probably a louse and poor excuse for a husband and father, but she certainly wasn't blameless.

"OK then Barb, just what is it that you want me to do?" I asked, trying to pin her down so it was all "her" idea and she couldn't blame me in the end. Personally, if she thought that having me fuck her husband was going to cure anything so far as her marriage was concerned, she was an idiot.

Barb drew in a breath and slowly exhaled, as if to calm her nerves enough to have the courage to spell it out for me.

"I want you to meet us in a hotel room where you will let my husband fuck you while I watch."

Well, there it was, straight to the point and out in the open. Only problem was, while it was stretching my "no one-on-one" rule a bit, there was the issue of my other rules, one of which stated that I would only have sex in the main area of a house. The reason for the "main area" stipulation was to keep myself surrounded by the group for my personal safety and security. With just the three of us, I guess it really didn't matter WHERE in the house things took place, even if it was their bedroom. The key element was I wanted it to be in their house, not some hotel room where god only knows what might happen.

"Well, I guess I'm OK with the idea... BUT it has to be here, not a hotel room."

Barb's eyes widened and for the first time in a while she looked me in the eyes.

"HERE??? Why does it have to be here? What about the kids?"

"If you want me to help, then it just has to be that way. You can send the kids to a babysitter or something, can't you?"

Barb's eyes narrowed as she seemed to be conducting a debate within herself. Finally she nodded and agreed saying, "OK, then it can be here but not in our bedroom."

"Why don't you leave the location in the house up to him?" I suggested, knowing that the bedroom was probably the most likely place her husband would want to fuck me. It was the place that meant the most to her so naturally he would pick it to embarrass and humiliate her as much as possible.

"So how do you want to work this out?" I prodded her. She misunderstood me. I was looking for what arrangements she wanted to make in terms of dates and times and such. She apparently thought I was negotiating rates.

"I don't know... what do girls like you charge these days?"

Well, THAT wasn't something I'd really thought about. Negotiating sex was something I preferred to leave until I was actually at that party, when the guys were all horny and begging me to fuck them at any price. To be honest, had she not mentioned anything about the price, I would've done it for free, just for the thrill of doing what I was thinking about doing with her and her husband. Had this been some bachelor party, no doubt the number would be followed by at least three zeros but I figured she wasn't going to have that sort of cash laying around and besides, as I said I was willing to do it for free so why fleece the idiot?

"How about $250?"

She agreed so quickly that I was left to wonder if maybe I hadn't been the one taken to the cleaners but then again, maybe she was just anxious to get past the negotiating phase.

"And when do you want to do this?"

She paused - I don't think she had really thought this through. From the look of panic, I suspected that deep inside, she had never really thought things would go this far and so the idea of when and how had never really been debated. My mind, which was probably several orders of magnitude naughtier than hers, came to the rescue with what I thought was a brilliant suggestion.

"Do you guys go to church regularly?" I asked. She nodded and told me the name of their church. I recognized the name as being a large Baptist church, not exactly what I would have picked for what I had planned given the choice but it would have to do.

For the next few minutes I carefully explained to her my idea as she just sat there, totally mesmerized. Her mouth was hanging open like a fish out of water as I went on about what I would do to her husband while she watched. It was funny in that she was already flabbergasted with my plans and yet she didn't know my true intentions. Once it seemed like we had made our plans I started to look for an opening to leave. She seemed to sense my discomfort.

"So Kelly, do you mind if I ask you a question? Or two?" I shrugged my shoulders so she continued, "Did you know we were watching the other night? You know what I mean... when you were doing yourself on the bed with that awful thing?"

I shook my head while allowing a mischievous grin to appear on my face.

"So you just do that yourself like that all the time?"

I looked at her quizzically, trying to figure out where she might be coming from. She evidently could see the question mark hovering over my head so she rephrased her question saying, "I meant, do you really masturbate?"

God, was this woman naive or what? I just shrugged as if it was no big deal and responded, "Sure, every day... don't you?"

Her eyes widened and she seemed too embarrassed to ask anymore but it was clear that she was not into self-pleasuring herself! I couldn't wait for Sunday to come. Boy was she in for something she wasn't ready for.

Before I left, I couldn't resist tweaking her a little. We stood up and were facing each other, just a foot or so separating us. I looked at her with what I hoped to be a lustful gaze and said softly, "So tell me the truth Barb, did it turn you on to watch me the other night? Did it make you want me even a little bit when you watched me masturbating? Have you thought about me since then?"

Her reaction was as hilarious as it was predictable. Her mouth dropped open to where she was in danger of catching flies before she caught herself as she stared at me like I was some weirdo or something.

"Oh no, I 'm not THAT kind of woman?" she exclaimed, her face once again returning to that dark shade of red signaling her embarrassment. "I could never... well... do it with another woman. Never!"

What a surprise THAT was - NOT. I was actually starting to feel a little sorry for her now, not because of her issues with her husband, but because she was such a ridiculously naive fool. Heaven forbid she should masturbate and to have sex with a woman was inconceivable. Little wonder that something like sucking a dick was beyond her comprehension. How in the world did her husband ever get her to have sex in the first place? Somehow I doubted their first time was very much fun for either one of them. In fact, I was starting to wonder if she hadn't gotten pregnant the first time as why would anyone want to fuck someone as frigid as her more than once? Her husband was probably still pissed off that he was stuck marrying some little bitch just because he wanted to collect her cherry. The more I thought about it, the more I would have bet quite a bit I was right!

I left her house wondering if she would have the guts to go through with our plan. For it to work, she would have to approach her husband with the idea and somehow I didn't see her as one who could really pull that off. The odds were pretty good that I'd be getting a frantic phone call sometime before Sunday morning, begging me to call off the whole thing because she had gotten cold feet - a perfect match for her cold pussy.

Surprisingly, I didn't hear a word from Barbara for the entire week until Saturday night when my cell phone rang. At the time I was just about to enter a movie theater with my cousin and best friend Beth so I almost just turned the phone off and ignored the call. For whatever reason, I glanced at the phone and saw whose number it was so I hurried to answer it before we all went into the theater.

"Kelly? This is Barb, remember me?"

Of course I did you stupid woman! No, I didn't actually SAY that to her but thank God she couldn't read my mind!

"Of course Barb, so what's up?"

"I did it," she said in a rather conspiratorial tone, "I told him what you said I should."

"And?????"

"He said OK... can you believe it?" she exclaimed, as if she had just won the lottery. "Oh my god, I am SO nervous... I can't believe I'm really going to go through with this."

To be more accurate, it was ME that was going to be doing it but I understood what she meant. I had to wonder if she knew what she was really going to be doing. There was no way this naive wife could even begin to comprehend the events she had set into motion.

"OK Barb, sorry but I have to get going so I'll see you in church tomorrow, OK?"

We both said our goodbyes and I rejoined my cousin and friend in the theater. They were curious about the call as I had not mentioned a word of any of this to them before, most likely because I was assuming that nothing would come of it in the first place. Needless to say, they were both excited for me and if anything, I may have even detected a little bit of jealousy, especially from my slutty cousin.

"Sure you don't need some help" she had offered with a naughty grin and giggle.

Actually, it would have been fun to have her tag along but that would have been too over the top. Even as it was, I had to wonder if when push came to shove, would the two of them really be willing to go along with my plan? No doubt the husband would but what about Barbara? It was a bit surreal and I still wasn't going to believe any of it until it really happened.

The movie started but even in the dim light I could see Kristen looking at me with THAT look in her eyes. She was horny now, just from the hint of what I had told her. Then again, the girl was ALWAYS horny, even more than me and that was saying something. Oh well, that wasn't such a bad thing, was it? Maybe dessert after the movie would be at her house?

## 2. Meeting the Family

Sunday morning I was awake long before my alarm went off. The first thing to enter my mind was, "Holy crap, I'm going to fuck a guy in front of his wife today!"

God it made me so horny just to think about it! There was no way I was doing anything in this state so for the next thirty minutes or so I masturbated, making myself cum at least twice with a third time debatable as it could have been counted as a continuation of the second one.

After I was finished taking care of my morning "needs", I stood in front of my closet for the longest time, debating what to wear to church. Had we planned to meet in a bar, it would have been a lot easier but in a church... well that was a totally different proposition, especially since it was a Southern Baptist church. I'd been at the one they attended once before and while it was by no means the most fundamentalist in the area, it still wasn't exactly liberal in its policies. Put another way.... wearing a short skirt with no underwear would NOT go over very well and this was the type of church where they would be more than willing to ask you to leave if they felt your dress was "inappropriate".

After considerable debate I picked out a dark skirt that while still a couple inches above the knee, was not all that tight and had almost zero chance of exposing myself to anyone. Despite some naughty thoughts to the contrary, I caved in and wore regular panties underneath. God, how long had it been since I had worn cotton panties to church - or anywhere for that matter! A vest over a white blouse did an effective job of hiding the fact I wasn't wearing a bra, yet still allowing for easy access should the need arise. Maybe I should have worn a bra but a girl has to draw the line somewhere! Even though it was quite cold I wasn't about to wear pantyhose so a pair of dark thigh-highs finished out the outfit.

Looking in the full-length mirror on the back of my bedroom door, I saw what on the outside appeared to be your typical 20-something college grad ready for church. It wasn't something a mom would wear but still a little more "grown-up" than your typical teenage garb. I chose some heels that were rather conservative, definitely not any of my "come fuck me" ones. A small black purse and I was ready to go to church, as innocent as could be.

As I got in my car and started to drive away from my apartment, I felt a moment pang of guilt as I turned in the opposite direction to what I should have. Sunday mornings were traditionally time I spent with my dad after which we would go to church together. Sitting in the pews, listening to the sermon while his hand was on my leg, feeling his cum draining from me slightly onto the pew cushion below me, was something I looked forward to every week - just as I knew he did. I'd called him earlier to explain why I wouldn't be stopping by and the disappointment in his voice almost broke my heart. At the same time, once he understood the reason why I wasn't coming over, he seemed to cheer up a bit after making me promise to tell him all the details the next time we met.

The church was a bit of a drive but eventually I made it, arriving just a few minutes before the service was about to start. I hurried towards the sanctuary entrance and as I passed through a gathering area I heard voice calling me. "Kelly, over here!"

I looked for the person calling me and saw Barbara waving me over from the other side of the room. As I approached, I recognized her husband and kids from the photos I'd seen in her bedroom the weekend before. She was in a long print dress while her husband was in a grey suit with a red tie. Her daughter was dressed in a conservative dress as well while the boy wore just a short and tie, without a jacket. They blended in with the rest of the congregation, nothing whatsoever to indicate they were having any issues or how those issues were going to addressed before long.

"Kelly, so nice you could make it!" she greet me, as if I was there under more altruistic motivations. "I want you to meet Joel, my husband. Joel, this is Kelly, the girl I was telling you about."

Something about the way she said "the girl" made it clear I wasn't just the babysitter. Joel turned to me and smiled. Suddenly I felt a slight chill run down my spine. It was the way he looked at me I guess. It wasn't like I was some new person at church he was being introduced to but rather more like I was a slut at a whore ranch being presented to a new customer. Yes, there was no doubt that he knew who I was and why I was there and there was not an ounce of doubt in my mind that he wanted to fuck me. There is just that look a man gives you that every girl learns early on, no matter what her morals or convictions. You don't have to have sex to know when a man wants to fuck you.

I looked over at Barb who must have been able to see the unabashed lust on her husband's face as well. Was it my imagination or did I see a quick fleeting sign of regret? A drop in her cheery smile and a narrowing of her eyes before she recovered and became Miss Perky again. The kids weren't paying a bit of attention and even if they had, Connie was nowhere near the age where she would have understood why her dad was looking at this strange girl so funny. Oh well, no matter as the ball was in play now and there was no stopping this roller coaster now that it was heading down the tracks.

"Kelly, these are my children, Connie and Steven. Kids, say hello to Kelly, she's visiting our church today for the first time."

I wasn't going to correct her by telling her I had attended once before a few years ago as it was irrelevant. The kids were cute and obviously well-mannered. I wondered what they would have said had they known why I was REALLY at their church this morning. Odds were they wouldn't have understood it even if they did. No matter, so long as they weren't at the house I didn't care what they knew - or didn't. If there was one thing I was NOT into, it was anything to do with sex and children. Fortunately, THAT didn't seem to be an issue in this case as Barb mentioned they would be going over to her mother's after church to spend the afternoon. Evidently, that meant sitting with their grandparents in church as well as they took off and left the three of us alone.

Joel looked around quickly to be sure nobody was watching or would overhear him. Even so, he still kept his voice barely above a whisper as he leaned towards me. "So you're OK with all this Kelly?"

I nodded and he rolled his eyes and grinned. He looked at Barbara who was trying to act all smiley and cheerful while her husband started putting the moves on me right in front of her in the middle of church. "God, you look incredible. How old are you again?"

"Twenty three." "I have to say, until you showed up I thought ol' Barb here was pulling my leg. Wow, you look even better than she said."

I tried to act like I was flattered but just then a buzzer went off, evidently signifying it was time for everyone to gather in the sanctuary. I carried my coat in with me as I didn't see anywhere to hang it and there wasn't time to hunt down a closet. Besides, I had an idea that it might come in handy during the service anyway.

We sat towards the back, along with the rest of the people. It was sort of silly how full the back of the church was while the front five or six pews were virtually empty. Then again, aren't most churches that way? Joel sat between Barb and me and as full as the church was, we were forced to be rather tight together. I bunched my coat up on my lap as the service finally started.

We had to stand for each song and I couldn't help but notice Joel was looking down more at my blouse than the hymnal. Of course it didn't hurt that I'd left the top few buttons undone and while the vest hid the fact I wasn't wearing a bra, from above he should've been getting a good idea that there was nothing under the blouse but me. Once the sermon started, I got myself comfortable for what was likely to be twenty or more boring minutes.

My coat was still on my lap and soon after the sermon started, I felt Joel's hand on my thigh under the coat. I smiled slightly without looking at him as I squirmed in my seat just a little, hoping he could detect my reaction. Evidently he did as his hand squeezed my thigh through my skirt and slowly worked its way between my legs. My skirt was too long to pull up and let his hand get underneath, but it WAS loose enough for him to be able to press his hand between my legs and eventually against my crotch.

I squirmed again slightly, just enough to give him the idea that he was turning me on. In fact, he WAS making a bit horny but it would have been better had the church not been so crowded and I wasn't wearing so many clothes! Barb was listening intently to the sermon and I doubted she would have been able to see anything even if she had looked over as my coat seemed to be pretty effective at hiding his hand's location. Was she really listening or was she thinking about what was about to happen between me and her husband?

## 3. Getting Things Started

The service finally ended and that was about as far as he was able to take things. At least he now had the confirmation that I was there for the reasons his naive wife had evidently described to him earlier. As we walked out of the church, Joel pulled me to the side and whispered in my ear.

"What do you say you and I just go out on our own and leave her at home?"

"But I thought you wanted her to watch? Don't you want her to see how I can turn you on more than she can?"

Joel grimaced and I began to wonder if his bluster was more huff and puff than fire and brimstone.

"To be honest, I'm not so sure about that part. I mean, this is crazy enough, don't you think? Just her knowing?"

I folded my arms in a standoffish manner. "Sorry Joel, THAT is what made me want to do this in the first place. Either we do things as planned or it's all off - your choice."

Joel look back over at where Barb was standing, shivering in the cold and not looking exactly happy about things. Then he looked back at me but before he could say anything, I took control.

"What's the matter Joel, worried you can't handle me? Afraid your little mousey wife will see you're not the stud you claim to be? Maybe you won't be able to get it up... is that what you're worried about... is it Joel?"

He had been about to back out of it, of that I was certain, but now his manhood had been challenged. My taunts clearly riled him and I think I must have hit a few buttons as well.

"We'll see who can't handle who," he said bitterly under his breath, "You just better be as good as you think you are."

I just grinned and twirled on my heels away from him and headed to my car without another look back. When I got there, I saw them drive by, both of them sitting rigidly in their respective seats, not looking at each other or saying a word. I backed out of my spot and followed them to their home, pulling in right behind them and parking in their driveway after they pulled into the garage. I followed them in from the garage into the kitchen where the three of us stood around a central countertop, none of us saying a word but just glancing between one another. Who was going to take the first step. Well, who do you think?

"Well, are we going to do something or not?" I finally asked to break the stalemate. Joel looked at his wife who just stared at her feet as if they had just appeared and were the most interesting things in the world at that moment. I knew where she did NOT want us to go so that told me exactly where we should.

"Well, I already know the way to the bedroom so I'll meet you both there, OK?"

With that, I stepped away and went up the stairs. The bed was nicely made and the room was cleaned up. For a moment I contemplated stripping off all my clothes such that I would be naked on the bed when they came in but I decided to take it a little slower in the end. They eventually made their way in, Joel first, followed by Barb.

"Barb, why don't you sit in the chair over by the window and just watch," I instructed, taking over the situation. I turned to Joel and looked down at his crotch, making sure he saw I was interested in it before looking back up at his eyes again. I had debated q lot over the past week on how things should start and even at this very moment, I was still arguing with myself. Oh well, what was the hurry? May as well have fun, right?

I sat on the edge of the bed with my legs apart, not exactly the way a mother teaches her young daughter to behave in public - except I wasn't in public and I wasn't trying to behave. Without a word I pulled my skirt up slowly, running my hands over my stocking covered legs until I reached the tops of my hose and touched my bare thighs. I had both hands between my legs, massaging my inner thighs as my skirt was lifted up to reveal the pink cotton panties underneath.

"Barb tells me she doesn't masturbate," I finally broke the silence, "Do you want to watch me masturbate Joel?"

Poor Joel, he must have thought he'd died and gone to heaven. As much as I had teased and allowed him to touch me until now, did Joel still wonder if this was really going to happen? My hands were running up the inner parts of my thighs, right up to my crotch as I ran my fingers in the creases between my crotch and my legs. Joel glanced at Barbara, as if he wasn't sure if she was really OK with this. Barb was smiling, probably thinking this was OK so far as all I was doing was teasing him.

"You're so hot and beautiful," he finally managed to respond. He didn't exactly come right out and say he wanted to watch me masturbate, but the implication was clear.

I started to touch myself through my panties, pressing against my clit with my fingers, running little circles around it through the soft material. Then my finger moved down over my slit, pressing in to form a camel toe in the panties. Joel's breathing seemed to be a little heavier now! Using my left hand I pulled my panties to the side, revealing my bare pussy. I wondered if Barbara shaved her pussy. Odds were at her age she didn't. I ran my finger between my pussy lips and then put my finger in my mouth, softly sucking on it and licking it before returning to my crotch again.

"I like the taste of my pussy Joel... I bet you'd like to taste it, wouldn't you?"

Joel started to move forward, probably interpreting my question as an invitation but I wasn't ready for that - not yet at least.

"Patience Joel, patience... you'll get to taste me soon enough. I want you to watch for now."

I rubbed my clit and gasped as it tingled with my touch. God I was so hot and horny having them both watching me as I masturbated. I love to be watched and this was something different for me which made it all the better. I could see Joel growing inside of his church pants, an obvious bulge emerging in the crotch.

"Show me your dick Joel... show me what it looks like... I want to watch it grow."

Joel appeared hesitant. It was one thing to watch a girl masturbate, quite another to pull out his own dick on his own. I pushed my finger into my pussy until the first knuckle was inside of me to give him some encouragement.

"Come on Joel, stroke it for me.. I want to watch."

Joel's eyebrows raised as he undid his belt and unzipped his pants. He pulled his pants down just far enough to expose his white boxers and then pulled the elastic down until his did popped out free. Mmmmmmm, it didn't look all that bad for a guy his age! Soon we were both masturbating, me fucking myself with one finger while his hand gripped his shaft and slowly stroked himself as he watched me.

"See Barb, men love to masturbate and they love to watch a girl touch herself."

Barb didn't respond although she wasn't smiling quite as much as he had before. Her husband was sporting a nice erection by now in the middle of their bedroom and she knew it wasn't being stimulated by her this time.

# 4. Getting Down to Business

As much as I enjoy masturbating, that wasn't why I was there today and I had accomplished what I had set out to do when I started - get him to pull out his dick and stroke it for me. I had better pans in store for Joel than just a show.

"So tell me Joel, " I started off slowly as stood up from the bed and slowly approached him, "Has Barb ever greeted you after a hard day at the office like this?"

I knelt in front of him, reached pants and then pulled them down, closely followed by his shorts boxers, leaving him standing there in nothing but his shirt and tie. His dick as hard already thanks to his string it and I saw that he had a nice hairy crotch - none of this shaved crap. I took his dick in my hand for his and started to stroke it gently.

"I bet you wish she would kneel in front of you like this, don't you Joel," I purred, "Tell me Joel, what do you want me to do now?"

"Oh god, this is incredible... I mean, I can't believe this," he stuttered, "Suck it... suck my dick."

I just smiled and looked over at Barb as I opened my mouth and took just the head of his cock in. Barb grimaced, as if I was somehow eating some ugly bug or something. Joel was really hard now, obviously he was happy with what I was doing. I took more of him in my mouth and held him there, my tongue flickering around his swollen shaft.

"You know Barb, it makes me so hot to feel a man swelling up inside of my mouth," I said, letting his dick out of my mouth just long enough to taunt her.

Actually it was 100% true as I DO love to feel a man's dick inside of my mouth. It's not something he can control so if it's happening, it's because I am turning him on and he's enjoying it.

My hands reached around and clenched his ass as I pulled my face in tighter into his crotch. He smelled of musk and sweat, like a man should. I loved the silky smoothness of his dick in my mouth, the firmness underneath as my lips clamped down on him, the taste of his shaft against my tongue. He was average sized which was perfect for what I was doing today. It was relatively easy to take all of him in my mouth and I could hear him groaning when my face would bury itself to the base of his shaft, my nose pressed into his stiff pubic hair.

"Oh for Christ's sake that feels so damn good!" he groaned as I continued to suck on his throbbing dick.

His hips were started to move now, fucking my mouth as I sucked on him. I knew he would be cumming soon if I kept up this pace so I took him all the way in and looked over at his wife who seemed to be at a tragic accident scene where what you are seeing may be horrific but you can't tear your eyes away. I dropped his dick from my mouth and stood up, holding his wet shaft in my hand and gently tugging on it.

"See Barb, THAT'S how you make a man hard," I said, turning back to Joel before she could respond. 'OK Joel, your turn now."

At first I don't think he quite understood what I meant but when I sat back on the bed, leaned back with my legs pulled in tight, and then pulling off my panties and dropping them to the floor, he seemed to catch on pretty well by then. I held myself up on my elbows, my now bare ass on the edge of the bed with my legs hanging over the side. My hose and heels were still on but I didn't see any reason why I should bother taking them off. Spreading my legs apart, I pulled up the skirt to expose my shaved pussy to Joel - and Barb.

"Lick me," I demanded.

That was all, just a two word command for him to follow. He kneeled on the floor in front of me and put his hands on my boobs through my blouse as his tongue quickly found the inner flesh of my thighs. I gasped audibly as he licked them, working his way up to my pussy but skipping over it and down my other thigh. On his way again, this time he kissed my pussy, pressing his lips down against me with his tongue in his mouth. Then he worked his lips down in between my damp pussy lips and over my clit, sucking on it like a nipple.

Looking over at Barb, I grinned at her and nodded my head down towards Bill. She just pursed her lips and shook her head. God, nixing a blowjob was one thing but not wanting your pussy licked was just dumb, even if it was just from a man. It wasn't like Joel was the most talented pussy licker in the world, but he seemed to be trying to make a good effort and that counted for me. The poor guys wasn't getting any practice with his wife so how could I expect him to be any better? No doubt he had watched enough porn on the internet to have a good understanding but it was like asking someone who had played nothing but WII bowling to enter an actual bowling tournament.

I moaned and gyrated my hips to let him know I appreciated what he was doing. He was lapping up and down my pussy now, like a hungry puppy. I pushed his head away and stood up, stripping off the rest of my clothes and motioning for him to do the same until we were both totally nude together in front of his bewildered wife.

What I would have REALLY preferred at this point would have been for her to strip down as well and suck her first dick. Had she shown even the slightest inclination I might had pushed her a little to see if she would but in this case it wasn't worth the wasted effort. Although on one hand she seemed morbidly fascinated by what she was seeing, I could also tell she was just as disgusted. Oh well, my goal hadn't been to "convert" Barb today but rather to humiliate her in front of her husband, something I felt I was doing pretty well so far!

I looked up at Joel's face and I could see the animal lust in his eyes, that look men get when they want to mate, when their primal urges started to dominate and take over. I knew what he wanted to hear me say, the same thing all men want to hear me say.

"Fuck me Joel," I said softly but firmly, "Fuck me now."

Oh yeah, those two magical words, "fuck me". It was like a siren call for men, the final straw that inevitably broke whatever willpower they may have had. Joel WANTED to fuck me but I had a feeling from the way he would glance barb's way every few seconds that in a crazy sort of way he wanted to fuck his wife even more, had she been willing to do what I was doing. No matter though, all I had to do was utter those two words and he was mine. He looked down at me and any sign of resistance disappeared. He was no longer under control of his own body.

It almost frightens me sometimes when men get to this state. I have often wondered if this was the face of a rapist when he looked down at his victim and she knew at that horrible moment that nothing was going to deter her attacker. Just as nothing in the world was going to stop Joel from fucking me now. It was like I had just passed the point of no return. Even if I wanted him to stop (why I would, I have no idea), that option was off the table. He was going to fuck me and I could either enjoy it or endure it but it WAS going to happen.

No doubt whenever he and Barb did it, she would get on her back and spread her legs and they would do it missionary style until he came and that would be that. Well, I was going to make this a little more memorable for them both! I turned away from Joel and leaned over the bed, holding myself up on my hands as I spread my legs wide apart. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him staring at my bare ass and now revealed wet pussy.

"Well, are you going to just stand there or fuck me? I asked impatiently. Joel didn't need any more urging. This time I couldn't help but notice he didn't even look Barb's way as he approached me with his dick standing straight out like a flesh spear about to impale me.

"That's it Joel, enter me from behind, give me your dick... fuck me Joel!"

I wondered if he had ever actually fucked a girl doggie style before or had only seen in it porn movies. No matter, if that latter was the case then it just went to prove they can be good for something! I felt his hands spread my ass apart and then the tip of his dick pressing against my asshole.

"Not in my ass!" I corrected him. he pulled back a little and then his dick slid under me and along my pussy lips, he pulled back and it naturally lid into place just outside my pussy hole.

"That's it Joel, push it in me, fuck me, show your wife how bad you want to fuck me.... tell her how bad you want to fuck me."

The last little bit was a shot in the dark but I figured why not? He was so blinded by lust by now that I doubted anything was left in his moral center to reason with. Why not push him a little?

"Oh yeah, I want to fuck you," he panted as I felt him moving about behind me, as if he was waiting for something before he rammed his dick inside of me. "I want to fuck her Barb, I want to fuck her like a dog."

For a moment I thought maybe THAT was what he was waiting for, for Barb to tell him to fuck me, for her to give "permission" for him to push his dick into another woman's pussy. Well, thankfully that's NOT what he was waiting for. Barb had gone as far as she would ever go by just arranging for this to happy and now, to sit and watch. There was no way in hell she was going to take another step, that was clear with one look at her. She was thoroughly disgusted by what she was seeing, that was obvious. If either Joel or I had any hopes prior to this that she might get turned on and maybe masturbate, or even want to join in, we were sadly mistaken. Barb clearly hated what she as seeing, hated it with every fiber in her. Oh well, that was fine so far as I was concerned. I was getting what I wanted after all!

"Oh yeah!" Joel cried out as I felt him lunge forward, driving his dick completely into me until the base of his shaft was pressed against my ass and I felt his balls slap against me.

It felt great to have his dick in me. It been a while since I had been laid and I wasn't thrilled that I had missed being fucked by my dad this morning. Seeing the look of horror on Barb's face as she realized that he had actually done it, that her husband had actually entered me, was the best part and almost enough by itself to make me climax. Had she somehow harbored an inner secret that he would somehow back out at the last minute, perhaps proclaiming his love for her and telling her that he would never violate his marriage vows by screwing another woman? Well, if THAT had been her master plan, it had failed miserably. Nope, her dead husband was fucking me, fucking me hard, and from the rate he was stroking himself in and out of me, loving every second of it.

One thing I had to give the guy credit for, he hadn't cum yet. Normally in a situation where a guy was fucking me and he hadn't done a girl like me in a long time, if ever, he would cum quickly. Something told me Joel was a frequent masturbator! Suddenly he pulled out of me and grabbed me by the waist to twist me around. He was panting and his dick was sticking out like some obscene wet sausage from his crotch, glistening wet from being in my pussy.

"I want you to ride me," he said with a tone of urgency in his voice, as if he couldn't wait to get back inside of me again.

Well, that made two of us! He laid back on the bed and I crawled over to him and straddled his stomach, facing him with my boobs hanging down almost to is face. I was on my left knee with my right foot to the side of him so I could more easily lift myself up and position myself over his rock-hard dick. Reaching down between my legs, I grabbed his dick in my hand. Mmmmmmm, he felt so hard and wet! My pussy was aching for him to be back in it so I wiggled myself around until my pussy was directly over his shaft and slowly lowered myself down until I felt a light pressure against me.

"You want it back in me?" I teased him.

He couldn't have known I was teasing myself just as much but the look on his face was worth it. I loved it when a man wanted me this badly, when he was practically trembling with lust and desire. Joel would have done anything at that moment to fuck me - anything. I knew Barbara must have been watching but I didn't look over at her. Joel was too far gone to even think about his pathetic wife sitting only a few feet away. I could hear her sobs and I knew she must be crying but I didn't care, she had asked for this after all. It was her fault and she had nobody to blame but herself for what was happening now.

Joel couldn't even respond to me other than a desperate look on his face as he reached out and grabbed my hips, trying to push me down onto his dick. His hips lunged upwards as he instinctively reacted to his most basic instincts. He was reduced to an animal who wanted to mate, his need for sex overwhelming any other emotion or thought. It was perfect.

It was time to quit teasing both of us. My pussy was practically cramping from the need to be filed by him. Slowly but in a steady motion, I dropped myself down onto him, feeling his head penetrate me, splitting me open as the rest of his shaft easily slid into my wet pussy. When I hit bottom I let my right leg drop so I was on both knees, sitting on his lap with my butt against his crotch and his dick buried to the hilt inside of me. It was like I was an apple mounted on a stick!

Leaning forward, I put my hands on the bed on each side of his head, letting my boobs hand into his face. He lifted his neck eagerly and began to suck on my nipples, pulling on them and tugging them, using his tongue to stimulate them even more. By leaning forward, his dick automatically withdrew just a little and I started to rock gently back and forth, keeping my boobs over his face but lett8ing my ass move back and forth so his dick stroked in and out of me. God it felt so good to be fucked like this! I loved being on top, being able to control the depth he was in me, the rate at which his dick moved in and out of me. His thick pubic hair rubbed against my bare ass and tickled me a little, like a soft hairbrush was underneath me.

"Oh god...," he moaned, repeating himself over and over as he buried his face between my overhanging boobs, squeezing them together with his hands so they rubbed up against his face and cheeks.

I started lifting my ass up as I rocked forward to increase the length of his dick that was withdrawing from me until just the tip of his cock was in me and then quickly drive myself back down in him until I had 100% of him back in me again.

Finally I couldn't help but look over at Barbara. On the one hand, it would have been hot had she removed her clothes and started masturbating as she watched her husband fucking a girl over ten years younger than her. When I had thought about how this day might go, I imagined her getting herself off until finally she couldn't resist and joined us in bed, maybe letting me lick her pussy and then her eating her husband's cum from me after he filled me with his sperm.

Well, that certainly wasn't the case but in a way, her real reactions were almost as erotic as my dreams had been, maybe even more. She looked totally broken at this point, not even crying anymore. It was like she had been stunned and was just sitting on the chair motionless, her eyes fixated on the unimaginable sight in front of her. The only sign of any reaction from her was her hands as they clenched the arms of the chair, her knuckles white from the strength of her grip. I smiled at her but she didn't react, just the same stare and listless look.

Joel was starting to hump more under me, which I took as a sign he was getting close. Much as I enjoy riding a guy, I don't prefer that position when he cums in me so I leaned over more and whispered into his ear.

"I want you on top of me."

I really don't think Joel wanted to stop, not even for the few moments it would take to swap positions, but he soon learned he didn't have a choice as I lifted myself off and rolled over on my back next to him. He quickly got up and kneeled between my legs which I had spread wide apart like a whore offering herself to him. My pussy must have looked like a large wet hole by now after being fucked so much and I loved the way he stared at my crotch, as if it was the only thing that mattered to him in the entire world.

"Fuck me Joel," I said softly, squeezing my boobs as my hips lifted up as if trying to draw his dick into me.

Joel put his hands around me, each one grabbing one of my butt cheeks, and lifted me up. I pulled my legs back, bending them so my knees were up against my chest, my pussy and ass fully exposed now to Joel. He fumbled with his dick, almost like a young boy struggling to get his cock ready for his first time. Once he was in position he didn't hesitate, driving himself into me all the way until he literally banged into my crotch, driving me back on the bed just a little from the sheer force of his entry. His hips swung back and forth as fast as he could, stroking himself fin and out of me like a madman.

"I'm gonna cum," he gasped, "I want to cum on your face... I've always wanted to cum on a girl's face."

Well, maybe that's what HE wanted, but it wasn't on my agenda. Had we been alone, I would have gladly ceded to his wishes, letting him cum wherever he wanted. Personally, being sprayed with sticky gooey cum on my face is not one of my favorite endings but I know it turns men on and so I allow it when I feel it is the right time and place. This was NOT one of those times. I wasn't here just to fuck Joel. This wasn't just me letting some married guy fuck me while his wife sat at home unaware of her husband's transgressions against her and God.

No, what was turning me on the most was his wife watching us, seeing how decadent her husband could be, seeing how much he LOVED fucking ME more than her. She was seeing a side of her husband that she thought only existed in his fantasies, something that she never dreamed would ever emerge into reality. No, he wasn't gonna cum on my face, he was going to cum inside of me - as his wife watched.

"Cum in me Joel," I pleaded, "I want you to cum inside of me... fuck me Joel... Fuck me like you always wanted to fuck your wife... cum in me now!"

Joel's mind may have fantasized about cumming on my face, but his body betrayed him. He simply couldn't hold out any longer to pull out and cum on me, even if he wanted. His head pulled back and his eyes were clenched tightly shut as he groaned like some wild animal and drive himself in me and then stared grinding himself against me, as if he could someone drill himself even deeper into me.

"Oh fuck... I'm cumming!" he cried out. Thank god the kids weren't home! I was willing to bet their daddy had never been this carried away having sex with mommy before.

His hips thrust into me as one load after another of his cum was pumped into me. God, would he ever stop? It was if he had a quart of cum and he was giving every drop to me. I loved the feeling of warmth it gave me deep within me, knowing it was his dick that was releasing it in me and it was his adulterous cum that I was feeling within me.

"That's it Joel, give it to me, give it all to me... give me your cum," I begged, wishing he could just keep cumming and cumming and never stop.

I looked over to see Barbara sobbing so hard her body was shaking, the tears flowing down her eyes like a river. That, together with the sensation of her husband mating me in front of her, was all I needed and my own orgasm gripped me. God, I was cumming and I wanted her to know it.

"Oh my god, I'm cumming now!" I gasped, barely able to utter the words as my pussy clamped down on his now expended dick.

I bucked under him like a wild bronco, his still hard dick making obscene sucking noises as it moved in and out of my dick as his cum now spilled out of me and drained down my ass to their bed. It was short but intense, more like being struck by a bus than anything.

Finally I just stiffened under him, my pussy gripping his dick as tightly as it could, motionless as I just laid their and took in the wonderful feelings that were filling me throughout my body. I felt so good, so naughty. I wanted Barbara to know how good her husband had fucked me but I couldn't say anything right then, the remains of my orgasm too intense to allow me to speak anything coherent.

Joel pulled out of me and simply flopped over his back, panting as he struggled to catch his breath. His dick stood up still, dwindling but still hard enough to stand upright on its own, even it was leaning quite a bit by now. It glistened in the light with the mixture of our cum on it. It looked delicious! Somehow I found the energy to move over and take his dick in my mouth. His entire body jerked and he groaned as I sucked his sensitive dick. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good to lick my cum from his dick along with his own.

"Fuck, that was incredible!" he gasped, his breathing beginning to finally settle down.

No doubt I could have probably sucked his dick for a while and restored his erection and maybe had him fuck me again, probably even longer the second time. Again, had we been alone there wasn't a doubt in my mind that I would have done exactly that. Again, this wasn't your typical "husband committing adultery" act. I'd accomplished what I wanted and to do anything further would be going overboard, if anything it would take the edge off. Barbara had seen her husband in a way she had never dreamed she would. What started off as something she had thought would bring their marriage closer together had probably driven the final nail in the divorce coffin.

Under normal circumstances, I have no desire for the wife to even find out what her husband did to me, let alone threaten their marriage. This time it was different. This time she deserved whatever resulted from today. It was her fault she didn't satisfy he husband's needs. I hadn't done anything kinky or crazy today, just what any decent and respectful wife should do for her husband. Any woman who wasn't willing to do what I had done with Joel today didn't deserve to be a wife.

Without a word, I got up off the bed and quickly dressed. I would have loved to have showered or at least washed up but all I wanted as to leave that house as quickly as possible. Before I left, I turned to Barbara, who was staring at her husband as if he was some alien from outer space.

"Was this what you wanted Barbara? Did I do what you wanted me to do?"

OK, so it was mean of me but I couldn't resist. One look at her husband on the bed, the look of exhaustion and fulfillment on his face, his spent dick now laying useless on its side, and it was obvious I had fucked him in ways she had never even come close. To be honest, I felt a little proud of myself.

She just ignored me so I headed for the door. I had only taken a couple of steps when I heard her behind me.

"You fucking bitch!"

I turned and was startled to see her staring at me with such hatred and disgust as anyone had ever looked at me. She wasn't crying now but instead her eyes narrowed and she pointed her finger at me accusingly.

"You knew this would happen, didn't you? You're just a fucking filthy whore and I hope you rot in hell for what you've done."

What do you say in response to such a thing? Something told me I'd better leave - and leave fast. I practically ran down to the front door as she screamed obscenities after me, calling me every obscene name that was in her vocabulary. My heart was pounding when I got to my car and a sense of relief flooded over me as I drove away from their house. I took a deep breath and then smiled. She could say what she wanted but all I had to do was look down and see the wet spot between my legs where his cum was draining from me and I knew who had "won" today.

Back in my apartment, I replayed the events of the day over and over. At first I felt a sense of guilt, that maybe I HAD taken advantage of her situation for my own pleasure and amusement. I suppose that if I had been the one to initiate things, that it had been my idea from the start, that maybe I WAS guilty of being a bit of a bitch.

In the end, I shrugged it off. She had asked for it and gotten what she deserved. Crap, she wouldn't even suck his dick so what did she expect by inviting someone like me over? Was it my fault he enjoyed fucking me more than he did her? Was it my fault she wouldn't have sex in anything but a missionary position? Was it my fault she wouldn't talk to him dirty? Was it my fault she couldn't have a decent orgasm?

Just a note to any wives who think that somehow by letting their husbands have their way with another girl is going to somehow save their marriage. If you REALLY believe that then don't be surprised by the results. And if you do, just remember that no matter what happens - it's YOUR fault!

# (Nov 14) Chapter 175: Bachelor Party

Story codes: MF FF F-solo exhib orgy adultery
Me (23)

I did some bachelor parties back when I was in college but that was years ago. I've changed a lot since then and I'm definitely not the same girl now as I was back then, so how would this one go compared to those others?

## 1. A Job Offer

Almost four years ago I was a sophomore in college, trying to deal with the pros and cons of attending a rather strict Christian University. First, let me say I LOVED my school and I don't regret for a moment my decision to go there. Sure, I could have gone to the University of Pittsburgh or another public college and had a lot more "fun", but my first priority was a good education.

Unlike the bigger schools, where students rarely even see their professor, at my university I never attended a class taught by a grad student TA (teaching assistant). All classes were taught by full professors who not only were outstanding in their fields, but showed a genuine interest in their students and were always available to discuss academic as well as personal issues.

Being a private, Christian-based university, that allowed the administration to establish the rules and conditions as they saw appropriate. The results were the infamous "Lifestyle Guidelines" which we all pledged to maintain. Technically I didn't have to but the unspoken implication was that while students were not REQUIRED to pledge and follow them, neither was the university REQUIRED to allow everyone to attend... you get the idea. Premarital sex was strictly forbidden - pregnant girls were expelled immediately. All dorms and on-campus apartments were separated by gender and men were allowed in our rooms only on specified visitation days - which were strictly supervised (no closed doors, etc.).

The school dress code, while not requiring uniforms or anything overly draconian, was conservative to say the least. For instance, bikinis were forbidden, shorts had to be well down the thighs several inches, skirts has to be no higher than just above the knee, and so forth. "Outward displays of affection" were discouraged. A quick kiss was OK but anything else had to be done out of sight.

My freshman year could have easily been a disaster as I seriously underestimated the difficulty I would have adapting to the Lifestyle Guidelines. Sure I knew about them beforehand but the reality never sunk in until I was left alone on campus and felt horny the first time - only to realize I was in the sexual equivalent of a convent! Imagine going from having sex almost every day, dressing like a slut, and masturbating several times a day, to an environment where even TALKING about masturbation in more than a clinical manner was forbidden.

Fortunately, I was saved when my roomie turned out to be a lesbian, (well, 90% - she wasn't a virgin) and she became my first "girlfriend", at least in a sexual way. (I don't count sex with my mom or aunt). We had to be VERY discrete but Brenda was a great friend as well. She use to invite me to her home in a nearby town where we even got together with her older (and married) brother! Way too much to tell here, but I am sure you can imagine what all happened. It's all in my diary from back then anyway.

As great as my freshman year was, my sophomore year was drastically different. Brenda was now living at home with her parents to save money so I had a new roomie - Karen. She was absolutely gorgeous but totally repressed sexually. Talk about being completely opposite from Brenda, she didn't even allow me to sleep in the nude (she threatened to turn me in for being lewd). Karen didn't even masturbate, claiming it was the moral equivalent of sex and she had never done it in her life. You can just imagine how horny I was feeling by the time the second term started!

Sexually frustrated as I had never been in my life, I turned to escorting as a means of satisfying my needs which threatened to overwhelm me. I also did a couple of bachelor parties where I was fucked by most everyone and had a great time. Sorry to say, I had to quit escorting after a short run when I was virtually raped. The bachelor parties ended as well as I feared getting into any situation like that again.

Sorry if all this is boring but I only mention it to differentiate my past escorting "career" with my current situation where I perform at parties. Back then, it wasn't about the money, it was all about sex. Heck, as horny as I was I would have done it for free but I figured why not take their money - it seemed to make them feel better to pay me as well.

In sharp contrast, today's situation is just the opposite. I am not living in a sexually oppressive situation, not by any means, so when I do my parties it's all about the money. Heck, if anything now I avoid overly sexually-oriented requests, instead turning them over to my whore cousin Kristen who cuts me in for a percentage as a "referral fee".

Up until now, I'd done a few parties, mostly lingerie shows. All but one of them were just modeling gigs. All of my business comes from word-of-mouth as I have no advertising budget so it didn't surprise me when I got a phone call from a guy who cited his wife's lingerie show as to how he heard about me. Apparently his brother was getting married soon and he was to be the Best Man. Following tradition, that meant he was responsible for the bachelor party, including the "entertainment". I made it clear that all I was signing up for was a "look but no touch" show where I would dress in whatever costume he asked for and strip. Lap dances were OK but the hands had to stay at their sides. Essentially they would get a private, "up close and personal" home version of what they would have gotten had they gone out to a strip club instead. He agreed and we arranged for the time and location.

Hanging up, I smiled to myself at my good fortune. How many girls get to love their jobs as much as I do! I was under no delusions that despite my warnings, I would be groped and fondled but it's not like I wouldn't enjoy it too. I just wanted to set the ground rules about sex more than anything.

## 2. Enjoying Myself While Making Preparations

When arranging for a party like this, most people want me to dress up as one of the usual stereotypes - catholic schoolgirl, French maid, sexy business woman, Daisy Duke, and such so I have costumes already for all of those situations. In fact, the schoolgirl costume had been given to me by my own dad for a past Christmas. It's a cute little ensemble featuring the shortest light-blue plaid skirt that zips down the side for easy removal. Actually, it is a little longer than you might expect which just made it all the more erotic as I could move around, bend over and such causing it to pull up but without quite making it high enough to reveal anything underneath - or if there was anything but me under it. Of course, there WAS something under it.

Going bare bottom has it's time and place but for the most part, every stripper worth her salt knows men are turned on more by what they do NOT see than anything else. Otherwise, why bother with all the costumes and long, drawn out strip teases? Sure, they may SAY they want to see you nude but deep down, it's the gradual removal that turns them on, as if they were getting to see something they weren't supposed to.

I LOVED my Daisy Duke outfit mostly for the shorts. Actually, there wasn't much down the legs to qualify them as shorts to be honest. I had cut the denim up so high that half my ass was showing and all there was left in the crotch was a small strip of denim barely wide enough to be strong enough to hold the two sides together. The center strip usually pulled up into my pussy anyway so it was like having nothing on down there. Even so, for stripping purposes I managed to hide a string thong underneath, just to provide a little extra tease when I pulled the shorts down. Just when they thought I was about to be bare- ass, yet another obstruction was in the way! It's all part of the game - and both sides love it.

Well, I could go on a lot more about my outfits but the only one that mattered now was the one I was supposed to wear at this party. When I discussed it with Brian, at first he said he didn't have any particular preference but then he called back the next day with an unusual proposal.

"You know, I was thinking more about your costume some more. My brother always had this thing for one of our teacher's at school - Miss Donnelly. It was weird and I use to tease him about her all the time, but she was the mousiest teacher at school. You know the type - long dresses, hair tied up, glasses. There was something about her, though, that just set Keith off. All he talked about was wondering what was under that dress and what it would be like to "convert" her. I don't mean she was a lezbo or anything, he meant convert her to a slut. You think you could pull something like that off?"

"You mean, come in like I'm Miss Donnelly and then turn into a slut in front of your brother?"

Yeah, that's it. Damn, he would love it, I'm sure!"

Well, that wasn't too hard a request. When he first called I was afraid he'd come up with something bizarre involving chains or whips. Heck, this sounded like fun! The next time I was at the mall I would go to JC Penney, the place to shop when you want something dull and drab. Well, to be fair, the store DOES carry some nice clothes but face it, most girls wouldn't get caught dead shopping there if it wasn't for the sales and coupons. Put it this way, I bought a number of outfits there back when I was going to school and then later when I was teaching at a Christian elementary school.

It was a couple of days later before I had an opportunity to shop at the mall. Just as I had planned, I went to JC Penney first and headed straight to the Misses section. I felt a little out of place as usually this was where the moms and older woman shopped. One of the more elderly sales ladies give me an odd look but she probably figured I was buying something as a gift for someone like my mom. Looking through the dress racks, I winced at some of the styles and sizes, pledging to myself that I would never let myself go to where I had no choice but to wear such large sizes. God, some were more like tents than dresses!

Eventually I found a rack with some half-way decent dresses in my size and picked out a few to try on. Fortunately the store wasn't very busy in the middle of the week and nobody was in any of the dressing rooms so far as I could tell. I chose one towards the end of the row and closed the door behind me. It was one of those deals where the door didn't go all the way to the floor but instead left an opening at the bottom of about a foot or so. I guess it was meant to be like a restroom where people could see if someone was in there without having to knock or inadvertently walk in. The door DID have this pathetic little latch but it was so flimsy I doubted that it would have held if someone pushed really hard by mistake.

Hanging up the clothes on a hanger on the side wall, I quickly stripped. It didn't take long as all I was wearing as a pair of old jeans and a Steelers sweatshirt, nothing to write home about for sure. It left me standing there naked as I hadn't bothered with any panties or a bra. Heck, with the bulky sweatshirt nobody could tell if I was wearing one or not anyway. I hung them on a little hook on the back of the door and turned to debate which dress to try on first.

I started with a cute little number that was a light floral design and a lace top around the neck. Dropping it over my head, it fell down over me and I turned to the mirror without bothering to try and zip up the back or anything. Looking critically at myself in the mirror, it didn't appear to be all that bad on me and I might have been tempted to buy it for school back when I was teaching. Therein was the problem - it looked cute and "cute" wasn't the style I was looking for.

The next dress was a turquoise nightmare that I had picked out more for a joke than anything. I couldn't help but wince when I looked in the mirror. God, it was like something from a 1950's horror movie. Had I been colorblind, it actually fit me well and I might have gone with it but that awful color! God, it was just too much.

The dress I saved for last was dark brown, almost black, with a tie-around belt that came together in the back. It was a little more low cut than I was looking for, not enough to show any cleavage but not up to the neck by any means. It hung just below my knees with short sleeves that had some lace around the edges. Overall, it was just tight enough to show off my figure without being clingy. Hmmm, this might be the one.

Standing there in front of the mirror, I imagined how the guys would react when I walked into the room wearing this dress, maybe with some modest heels and thigh-high black hose. I certainly wouldn't look like any stripper any of them had probably ever seen before. Would I remind them of a teacher or maybe a mom of one of their friends back when they were younger, maybe one that had them jerking off at night when they were alone in their beds? I cupped my boobs, squeezing them gently as my nipples reacted to the thought of the whistles and comments the guys would be making. Of course they would want to see underneath right away but I wouldn't let them, not at first at least, not until they wanted me even more.

My eyes closed and my head dropped back as I gripped my firm boobs through the dress, rubbing the material against my bare flesh underneath, causing it to tease my erect nipples even more. I let out a long breath as my pussy tingled just as little as I dreamed of walking around the room, fending off their groping hands as they tried to lift my dress and touch me. God it turned me on so much to think of all those men wanting me, lusting for me. They wouldn't have ever seen me before, not know a thing about who I was or anything. All they would be looking at would be my body, lusting for it and wanting it for themselves. To them I wasn't a girl, with feelings and needs. All I was to them was a piece of meat, something they wanted to fuck as their ancient animal instincts began to rise within them.

I leaned back against the side of the dressing stall, my eyes tightly shut as I slowly raised the dress to my waist. Today I was bare underneath but they would see my panties underneath, something lacey and sexy but not terribly revealing, forcing them to beg me to take them off as their hard dicks took control of their actions. My hand moved to my pussy, cupping it with the palm of my hand pressing against my clit, feeling the growing warmth as I dreamed of being the object of desire for so many men.

God my clit wanted to be touched! I lifted one leg to the bench seat against the back wall, planting my foot firmly on it and spreading my leg to the side to give me better access to my warm crotch. Oh yes, I would show them how good it felt to touch myself, how wet I could make myself. As much as it made me horny to touch myself now which thinking of them watching, I knew it was nothing compare to how I would react when a real audience was watching me masturbate. It's hard to describe the feeling I get inside, the thrill that rises in me, when someone watches me masturbate. I know what they are thinking when they watch, how bad they wish it was THEIR finger that was in me instead of my own. It makes me feel incredibly sexy to touch myself in front of someone, and then watch them touch their dicks as they get so horny that their inhibitions melt away.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," I moaned softly as I pushed my middle finger up into myself.

It had been a few days since I'd last been fucked and my pussy reminded me that it needed more attention. Would the guys want to fuck me? Would they pull their swollen dicks out and try to get them in me if I gave them each a lap dance? Would they want me to suck their erect cocks in front of their friends and maybe even a brother or father - or a son? While I may have contracted to just strip and tease, that didn't mean I wasn't hoping they would want more. My finger moved in and out of me as I imagined fingering myself in front of them, teasing them and asking them if they thought their dicks would feel bigger than my finger in me.

I pulled the dress up more so my bare ass was pressing against the cool wall of the dressing stall. I rubbed my smooth ass against the wall, pretending it was a guy's lap that I was pushing against. If only I could feel a hard dick now against my bare butt! The thought of a nice warm hard cock rubbing in between my firm ass cheeks made me shiver as I rubbed myself faster and faster.

I was so close to cumming now, I wanted to cum so badly! Quickly I pulled the dress over my head and let it drop to the floor in a heap. Pushing my clothes off the bench seat, I laid on my back with one leg over the side with my foot on the floor and the other leg up in the air, my other foot pressing against the opposite wall. Quickly my hand returned to my pussy while the pother gripped my boob. I pushed two fingers inside of me and didn't even think about it when a loud gasp erupted from my open mouth as I breathed more heavily. My butt was rising off the seat, instinctively thrusting up against the imaginary dick that was fucking me.

Who would fuck me? Heck, would ANY of them fuck me? It didn't matter as in my dreams I was imagining each of them ramming his dick in me, pushing his manhood deep inside of my cunt, pressing his forest of pubic hair against my bare and smooth pussy. I imagined the explosions within me as each of them erupted and filled me with their cum. Oh God, I was SO close now!

Another finger in me, making it three. I was fucking myself, masturbating furiously as I drove myself to the edge and then smashed through the barrier as if it wasn't even there. My pussy exploded, sending shivers throughout me. My hips thrust upward and I held them there, trying to drive the cock of my imaginary lover even deeper into me, trying to get his cum as deep into me as possible.

"Oh fuck me," I gasped softly, vaguely remembering where I was but unable to completely hold myself back.

It was wonderful, the most incredible pleasure a woman can experience and I was feeling it in spades right now. I gritted my teeth to keep from crying out loud as my hips jerked almost involuntarily under my "lover", bucking up and down like a whore. My face and chest felt like they were on fire as I flushed deep red, goose bumps rising all over me at the same time.

Finally it was over and I dropped my sweaty ass to the seat and just laid there, my foot down from the wall now and on the bench seat. I pulled my wet fingers out of my pussy but kept my hand cupped against my pussy as it would spasm erratically, like small aftershocks following a major earthquake. I placed my other hand over the first, pulling my hands up tight against my throbbing crotch, letting just the pressure of my hands stimulate me. I realized I was breathing deeply, almost gasping as I caught my breath. Damn! I felt so fucking good!

"Excuse me, are you all right in there miss?"

From somewhere I heard a light knocking on the door and she repeated herself. Crap, it was a sales lady, probably the same old biddy that had seen me before. Hmmm, I wondered just how much she had heard? How long had she been standing outside the door listening to what was going on inside?

"I'm fine, be out in just a sec," I responded, trying to sound as calm and normal as I could under the circumstances. My pussy suddenly convulsed and I gasped before catching myself. God I wanted to be fucked!

"Are you SURE you're OK?... Well, I was just checking. Someone said it sounded like something might be wrong so I just wanted to be sure"

Oh really? So there HAD been someone else back here? If so, they must have come in after I started masturbating and lost track of what was happening outside. Wow, that might have been embarrassing! Sure in all the porn stories the lady joins in but this was real life and odds were it was some dumpy old lady who probably hadn't experienced an orgasm in years. Sheesh, couldn't they leave people to masturbate in peace? Or was it just a story so she didn't have to admit she had been listening in on me?

Whatever the real story, I quickly dressed and tried to straighten my hair as best I could with a small brush from my purse. There was no hiding the flushness in my face, though, as that might take an hour or more to completely go away. Oh well, the worst of it faded quickly and I doubted the sales lady would say anything anyway. Taking a deep breath to try and slow my heart rate, I picked up the dresses and headed back to the sales floor.

"Oh good, find something you liked?" the sales lady greeted me as I emerged. She was smiling sweetly at me with that "I know what you were doing" look but I just smiled back at her and handed over the dark brown dress.

"Oh this must have looked great on you," she complimented me, "For a party or a dance?"

Oh how I was tempted to tell her the truth! For just a moment I imagined the expression on her sweet face if I said it was for a bachelor party and I was going to be stripping my way out of it in front of a dozen men or so. Instead, I told her it was just for a "party" and indeed, I did think it was a great looking outfit. She just smiled and rang me up. I quickly ran my fingers past my nose and I wondered if she could smell my pussy odor? God, I must be reeking of sex right now! If there was one thing I'd learned about women - they can smell the sex of another woman a mile away. My mom use to wink at me whenever I would come home from a hot date and she once told me she could always tell the moment I walked in, no matter how dark, if I'd been laid.

## 3. Shopping For Lingerie

I took my bag and headed for the lingerie department. Most of my underwear was either too risque or too conservative for what I had planned. I seldom wear a bra and when I do, it's for one of two reasons - to tease a man or because I have to. If it's for teasing, then it's certainly something sexy and lacey, revealing and easy to take off. Then there are those times when society says a girl has to wear a bra - like when I was teaching at a Christian elementary school. Nobody was going to be seeing it, that was one thing that was for certain, so if I had to wear one, it may as well be comfortable - something most sexy lingerie is not.

Needless to say, neither style was going to work for the look that I was shooting for. I needed something that was just a little revealing without looking like it came from Victoria's Secret so my home collection wouldn't do. I needed to shop for just the right thing...

The lingerie department appeared to be as slow as the rest of the store with two ladies standing around looking totally bored. Both looked to be in their late thirties or forties, neatly dressed and attractive. As I approached the bra section, one of them came over and asked if I could use some help. I politely declined which she took graciously enough but then asked if I had been fitted recently. Well, the truth is that I've never had a formal "fitting", just buying what I had before and then changing size as it seemed necessary. In any case, it wasn't like I wore one that often anyway and so long as they didn't hurt, what was the big deal?

"Oh it's up to your dear," she smiled, "it's just that most women don't get fitted properly and you might be amazed at how much better a proper bra can feel."

First, why do all older women like to call me "dear"? No matter, she meant well I could tell. Now she had me curious. Exactly what was a "fitting" anyway? I shrugged and said OK.

"Well, we need to go in back... don't want all those bored husbands watching now, do we dear," she said with a wink. Not that I could see any around, but I knew what she was talking about. Nothing more nosey in a store than a poor guy being force to follow his wife around like a whipped puppy as she spends forever looking for an outfit.

Once in back by the dressing room, she motioned for me to go in a dressing room saying, "With that heavy sweatshirt on, you really need to take it off so I would imagine you'll want some privacy."

It was all I could do to stifle a giggle. If only she knew what I did for a living! She seemed really sincere though, and I could tell she meant well. There was absolutely nothing in her demeanor to indicate it was anything but what she said. Now if it was a MALE salesmen...

Inside I slipped off my sweatshirt and I think I surprised her a little when she realized I had nothing underneath.

"Oh," she let slip out a little as she glanced at my bare chest and then looked away.

"Sorry, I usually don't wear one," I said, trying to sound apologetic for surprising her with my bare chest.

"Oh don't be silly dear, I just wish I could get away without one and look as good as you," she replied wistfully, as if recalling days long past. From what I could tell under her dress, she didn't look too bad herself and I imagined she probably still had a nice set of boobs herself. "Now let's get you measured up..."

She had me stand straight with my arms out just enough to be able to wrap her measuring tape around my chest. She measured under my boobs to get my chest size and then around the fullness of my breasts to get the cup size. My nipples were still semi-erect from my recent masturbation and the feeling of the cloth tape against them stimulated them once again, making me jump slightly.

"Sorry, you must be really sensitive," she apologized.

If she only knew WHY they were so sensitive! For just a moment I had a vision of her reaching out and cupping my boobs in her hands, telling me she needed to check their firmness. Of course that was unnecessary and she never did anything even remotely outward towards me, but I wondered how she would have reacted had I taken her hands and placed them on my bare boobs.

"Hmmmmmm, looks like we have a 36C here," she concluded, "Was there any particular style or brand you were looking for?"

I hesitated, wondering what I should tell her. "Well, it's for my boyfriend and he has this fantasy about an old teacher of his..."

I let my voice fade out, as if saying, "and you know what he wants to see." She got the picture and I smiled as she swallowed a little bit harder than normal. Then she smiled at me, as if I had just told her the weather outside.

"Well, I think that's sweet. He's a lucky boy to have a girlfriend think so much about him.... Wait here for just a second - I have just the thing."

She checked to be sure nobody was outside the door and then exited, shutting the door behind her, leaving me standing there topless. A few minutes later she was back, carrying a couple different bras in her hands.

"You know, I have to admit, I've always loved these," she said softly in a conspiratorial tone, "I don't think my husband would know what to do if I wore anything like this these days."

The first was sheer black with rear snaps and deep plunging front. The top edges were all lacey and it looked quite sexy.

"Here, let me help you get it on," she offered. She help it out by the shoulder straps and placed it over my boobs, letting me put my arms through the straps and then moving around to the back to do the latches.

"Now I bet you just wear them off the shelf like this, don't you dear," she asked rhetorically, continuing on as if she already knew the answer - which she did. "I don't know why so many girls don't take the time to get them properly fitted."

As she was talking, she was adjusting the shoulder straps and tugging on the cups to seat my boobs properly. "Do you mind?" she asked politely, as she cupped my boob and held it up a little as she adjusted things some more. For whatever reason, feeling her hand under my boob, cupping it gently but firmly, was more erotic than I would ever have expected. All I could think was how I wanted her to just squeeze it a little - oh PLEASE massage it! Alas, she was being professional and once she was done, she released me as my pussy was feeling hotter and wetter by the moment. Had she ever been with a girl? Had she ever cupped a girl's boobs in her hand and then reached down and sucked on her nipples? Had a girl ever touched hers? What would she say if I reached for hers and began to touch them?

"There... how does that feel now?"

I had to admit, she was right - the bra DID feel better now. I looked in the 4mirror and loved how it looked on me. It barely was enough to cover my nipples and it enhanced my cleavage without squashing my boobs together like those damn "wonder bras".

"I hope you don't mind me saying this dear, but you look great in it," she said, almost apologetically as if she was afraid I would take offense, "You're guy is going to love it." Well, technically that should have been plural, as in "guys", but little did she know.

"You know, I brought another one in but I think this one already looks perfect on you," she continued, "then again, I think just about anything would good on a body like yours."

I was actually surprised she said that and I think she was too as she suddenly backed away as if she had crossed a line she hadn't meant to. I couldn't help but smile as I knew she hadn't meant anything sexual and that if anything, she seemed a little embarrassed that I may have taken it as such.

She left to room to let me get dressed. I took off the bra and reached for my sweatshirt. AS I pulled it over my head, the soft material brushed against my now totally erect nipples, making me shiver as it dropped into place. Damn, I wanted so bad to masturbate now but she would be wondering where I was and there would be no hiding what I had done. I couldn't help but wonder if she didn't already smell the sex on me from my last dressing room session.

I paid for the bra as the sales lady - I never did get her name, took my charge card and rang me up without hardly looking at me. The other sale lady came up to help bag up the bra and she looked at the other woman as if she wondered what was wrong. I smiled as she handed me the bag with my receipt and as I walked away, I wished I could hear what the two of them were talking about.

I had some panties at home that would work so that ended my shopping trip. Now all I had to do was wait for the big event! As I walked through that Food Court to get back to my car, who should I see but my best friend Beth along with Samantha, another good friend of mine.

"Hey girls!" I greeted them and we all hugged.

Beth looked at me in my dungy outfit and shook her head saying, "Damn girl, I guess it's dress-down day. What's in the bags?" We all sat down at a table and the two of them looked through the two bags.

"What in the world?" Beth mused as she pulled out the dress, "Not quite your style girl. What's the story?

At the same time, Samantha let out a low whistle as she showed Beth the nice bra I had just bought.

"OK, those definitely do NOT go together," Beth laughed, "Since when do you dress like an old lady... and what's with the bra anyway?"

I explained to them about the bachelor party - they both were well aware of my recent "career move". Both of them giggled a little as I explained to them the background.

"So you're to be the ice queen teacher who changes to a slut when the clock strikes midnight?" Samantha teased me, "Sounds like a modern Cinderella story."

I wasn't quite sure where she found the analogy but that was Sam for you. In case you haven't read about her, she was the one who introduced me to my first - and LAST, experience with K9 sex and always seemed to have something a little off-the wall to say. She meant well and was certainly not as dippy as my cousin Kristen, but still... you had to think sometimes about what she was saying.

"So how many 'students' will you be 'teaching'?" Beth said with a naughty grin.

I actually wasn't sure but I got the idea it would be around eight or ten from what Brian had told me. "So no records then I take it," Beth teased.

I looked at her with a sharp look, pretending to be offended that she would imply such a thing. We all broke up laughing. She was, of course, referring to the most number of guys I had fucked at one time at a party. Well, ten guys wouldn't come close to a new record but it was certainly a nice number. Honestly, there comes a point when the more, the NOT merrier.

We went on talking about friends and boys - the usual subjects of our conversations. Beth tried talking me into going with her to a party but I just avoided the subject. She had been trying for months now and I just couldn't get myself worked up for one. She loved them to the point where I had to wonder at times if she ever had sex with LESS than three or four guys but that wasn't for me. Group sex certainly had its moments but for me, I had to be in the right frame of mind. It was different when it was part of my job but when it was for my own pleasure, give me one guy anytime, OK maybe two.

Friday finally arrived and I was ready to go. I had shaved - everywhere, and cleaned myself up with just the right amount of makeup so I looked good but not like a whore. The outfit was perfect! Looking in the mirror, I shuddered as it brought back memories of some teachers back when I was in school - the ones with no sense of humor who always were so strict and unrelenting in their demands for homework. Of course, not many wore thigh-high black hose, at least not that I had noticed, but unless I lifted my skirt I could have been wearing pantyhose for all anyone could tell.

The bra actually felt good - I had to get fitted more often and maybe next time, with someone a little more 'accommodating". The panties were a new pair I had bought a while back but had yet to wear. Although not "granny panties" by any stretch of the imagination, neither would they qualify anywhere close to being a thong. Actually, they were quite comfortable. Of course, nothing felt better than the air against a bare bottom, but if I HAD to wear panties, these were the ones to choose. Thongs may show off your ass nice but it's like walking around with a full-time wedgie!

The one thing that gave me away, if you looked at it that way, were my shoes. Not many teachers wore five inch black heels but I love the way they showed off my legs and besides, there had to be a hint of the seductress under the old-maid dress. My hair was pulled back tight into a bun behind my head, something I rarely did and had a bitch of a time doing myself but it really made me look the part. A small pearl necklace was all the jewelry I wore besides a set of diamond earrings that my dad had recently given me for Christmas. It was too bad he was working late, as usual. I could only imagine how his imagination would have been fired up had he seen me as I prepared to head out the door. I pulled out a long black coat to wear as it was pretty cold and damp out, plus it helped to hide the outfit for the time being.

# 4. Arriving At the Party

It took about twenty minutes to drive to the address I had been giving. Following instructions, I parked a couple of doors down so I wouldn't be in front of the house and then slipped in behind the house to the back door. I knocked softly but someone must have seen me coming because the door opened up almost immediately.

"Hey, you must be Kelly," the guy said cheerfully, motioning me to come in.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped inside before I changed my mind. Suddenly all the talk and fantasies were gone and everything was REAL. Damn, what was I getting myself into?

My first impression was whoever lived here was a pig. The door led into a laundry room with clothes just thrown on the floor making it hard to walk without stepping on something. The washer and drier were different colors and from different manufacturers, not quite what you would call a matching set. Empty detergent bottle were scattered about and the place smelled of sweaty clothes and dirty underwear. To say I was a little disgusted would be the understatement of the year.

The guy ahead me fit right in. He was wearing a dirty white t-shirt and torn jeans - not the king that you pay a fortune for in the trendy stores. He had what looked to be at least a few days growth and then I noticed he was barefoot! He didn't look back at me until we entered the kitchen.

Based on the condition of the laundry room, I shouldn't have been shocked by what the kitchen looked like but despite the forewarning, I still couldn't help but gasp a little at the disgusting display of filth and disarray. Somebody actually ATE in here? Apparently so based on the number of pizza boxes and dirty dishes, not to mention the beer cans scattered about plus a few bottle of some liquor or another. Well, I knew what my answer would be should someone offer me anything to eat - anything to drink better come in a sealed bottle or can!

I was about to turn around and just walk out without another word when the guy turned around, looked around at the mess around us, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Sorry for the mess, the housekeeper's out this week," he said in a lame attempt to be funny. "Nobody is here yet; I wanted you to get here first so nobody would know about you until the time came." He looked me over like a judge evaluating a cow at a state fair. "Mind if I see the goods?"

I just rolled my eyes and unbuttoned my coat, opening it up to show him my outfit underneath.

"Mmmmmmm, great outfit, I'm Brian by the way," he said, introducing himself finally, "Damn, Bobby's gonna love that outfit." He continued to just stare at me and then grinned and asked, "Can I see what's underneath?"

Sheesh, what a moron! I shook my head and just smiled at him disarmingly. "Not until the show."

He frowned but didn't push it, thank goodness. Last thing I needed was some macho guy pushing me around from the start. Then he motioned to me with his hand to follow.

"C'mon, I'll show you where you can stay until they get here."

Actually, the rest of the house wasn't all that bad. Messy, to be sure, but not in the stomach turning way the kitchen had been. It was your stereotypical bachelor house, or at least guys lived here. Several video games were attached to a couple of large screen TVs and a wide range of porno videos and magazines were spread about.

I followed Brian up the stairs to what looked to be a spare bedroom. I say that because the bed couldn't possibly have been slept in with all the junk piled on top of it. A treadmill was along the wall but apparently was either broke or unused as it now served as a dirty clothes basket.

"Please lock the door so nobody comes in and finds you," Brian instructed me. He paused for a minute, as if debating whether or not to ask something else. Well, he made the wrong decision.

"So tell me, how much for a BJ to get things started?"

My shoulders drooped and I just stared at him in disbelief. "Hey, I'm NOT a whore asshole."

"Whoa! Don't get all huffy on me bitch," he snarled, "Face it, it's not like you're a virgin either."

"You want me to leave now or what?" I huffed at him. He waved his hands and just laughed at me.

"Hey, you can't blame a guy for trying, can you?"

Before I could answer that one the way it deserved, he laughed again and quickly shut the door behind him. I just stared at the door, covered with a nude centerfold of Miss whomever. Why wasn't I surprised? I shoved some crap off the bed and took a seat, keeping my coat on. Well, THIS certainly wasn't the way I had hoped to get things started. I should have been feeling all hot and horny with anticipation. Instead I felt like anything but. I certainly hoped Brian wasn't representative of the rest of the guys.

After about ten minutes or so, I could hear more voices and doors opening and shutting as the guys started to arrive. The music got louder and the voices with it. I really couldn't make out what was being said but it certainly wasn't taking them any time to get the party rolling. I wondered when they would be asking me to come down and join them. Actually, the longer it took the better I figured. The drunker they were the more jerks they would be but at the same time, the more susceptible they were to suggestion. In situations like this, a bunch of drunks were actually easier to control than a group of guys with their heads still on their shoulders.

## 5. The Party Gets Started

It was almost another hour later and I was starting to wonder what the story was when someone knocked at the door. Unsure of who it was, I didn't say anything until I heard Brian outside calling me name. I opened the door and he was there with a beer in his hand and a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Well, you ready?"

By now I had settled down and WAS actually quite ready. If anything, the time spent alone had given me the chance to think more about what I would do once I went down the stairs into what was the equivalent, you might say, of a lion's den except in this case it was more like wolves. I gave Brian a naughty grin and a wink and followed him out into the hallway. The noise level rose as we neared the stairs and I started to wonder just how many guys were down there.

"OK, wait here until you hear me call you down," Brian whispered, hardly necessary as nobody could have heard him over the ruckus. I clutched my coat and waited nervously as he bounded down the carpeted steps and stood at the bottom of the landing.

"Hey you fuckers, it's time for poor Bobby here to have his last chance as a free man! " I saw him point to someone out of sight, apparently the guest of honor. "Hey Bobby, remember Miss Donnelly from school? Oh don't look so innocent, how many times did you jerk off over her after school!"

Everyone laughed and Brian waited for them to settle down - a relative term in this situation, then continued his introduction, "Well Bobby, you don't have to stroke it any more..... here she is!"

With that he pointed up at me and I took my cue and unhurriedly walked down the stairs, allowing myself to appear at a tantalizingly slow rate. I was completely covered at the time by my coat with only the bottoms of my calves showing along with the high heels and black hose. It suddenly dawned on me that I'd left out an important piece of the costume - glasses, but I doubted anyone was looking at my face anyway.

I quickly took in the room, counting only eight guys in all - not nearly as many as I was expecting from the decibel level earlier. It was easy to pick out the future groom. Bobby was sitting in an overstuffed chair, something that looked from a refugee from the Goodwill store (and probably was). He was holding a beer in one hand but the thing that grabbed my attention was damn, he was a hunk! As gross as his brother might be, Bobby was obviously the "good" brother of the family, although I had no idea that other members there might be.

The rest of the guys didn't look all that bad either, just your typical group of men that looked to range from maybe their early twenties to thirties. There wasn't anyone who looked to be too young while at the same time, no fathers either.

"Hi Bobby, ready for some lessons?" I purred as I approached him. Standing in front of him, the rest of the guys quickly moved their chairs in a sort of lopsided circle with Bobby at one end. I just ignored them for the time being, focusing completely on Bobby - not too hard to do with his rugged looks, close- cropped dark hair, and what looked to be already a bulge in his pants.

"Oh yeah, time for school!" one of them crowed as the rest of them quieted down a bit, waiting to see what would happen.

Taking my cue from Brian's intro, I leaned over and wagged my finger at Bobby, "You've been a bad boy after school, haven't you, playing with yourself and thinking of me?"

Surprisingly, Bobby actually seemed a little embarrassed, his face reddening a bit as if he was a bit self-conscious about all this talk of him masturbating. Well, maybe not so surprising after all. I've found that while men will joke about "jerking off", "stroking", and such euphemisms, they seldom like to actually discuss themselves masturbating. By the same token, they all seem to love watching a girl do herself, but when it comes to putting their hand on their own dick in front of me, very few men seem to be comfortable doing it.

It wasn't my job to make him uncomfortable so I dropped that line of talk and started to slowly unbutton my coat. "You don't mind if I stay a while, do you?" I asked, looking around a the rest of them as if I needed their approval as well. That created a momentary pandemonium as they all joined in to assure me yes indeed, I was more than welcome to stay all night - with obvious implications.

Slowly I allowed the coat to drop off my shoulders and then I slipped one arm out and then the other. Handing the coat to one of the guys, I stood there with my hands on my hips, my weight on one foot as I looked back at the groom. "I was told you liked this outfit... what do you think of it?"

Bobby just shook his head in disbelief. I was pretty sure his expectations were that under the coat would be much less - maybe just a garter for all I knew, or something similarly revealing. When was the last time a stripper took off her long coat and looked like a schoolteacher (and NOT a naughty one from their fantasies)?

I slowly walked around the circle, not quite strutting but authoritatively, taking control of the room. Suddenly music started to play and I instantly recognized the song - one of my favorites actually; "Doncha" by the Pussycat Dolls. It was a little early for such a song but it got the guys going which was what mattered. It was also loud enough that I didn't have to keep up the dialog, which was just fine with me. I was here to tease and show off, not audition for a play.

As the music played, I started to slowly dance, letting my hips move and my hands to run down my sides and then over my hips and ass. As conservative as the outfit was, they couldn't see any more than they would at church but I definitely wasn't dancing like it was Sunday morning. I had plenty of time so there was no point in rushing into anything. I knew the longer I stayed fully dressed, the more anxious they would get and the more impact it would have when I finally started to reveal myself to them.

As I slowly made my way around the circle, the guys would reach out and try to touch my butt or even reach under my dress to which I would playfully slap their hands to step away. The ones who kept their hands to themselves were rewarded by a touch on their face or shoulder and a personal smile from me. They were getting a bit antsy so it was time to get down to business. Standing back in the middle, facing Bobby, I slowly hiked the dress up, revealing more of my hose-covered legs until it was about mid-thigh level. I reached down and rubbed my hands over my thighs and claves, leaning over without bending my knees so my ass stuck out behind me. The just as I started to pull it up higher, I let it drop and shook my finger at him, as if to say, "what are you looking at?"

"Show some tit!" I heard Brian call out, followed by others asking for other parts of me to be revealed as well.

Well, they would just have to wait! I reached up and unbuttoned the top button of the dress under my neck, followed slowly by the next few until it was open down to my cleavage. Rather than show them anymore, I cupped my boobs in my hands and smiled.

"Keep going!" someone encouraged me but for the moment, I just hefted my boobs with my two hands and then ever-so-slowly massaged them. The smile on my face wasn't just for show - it felt good!

Turning around, I leaned over again, putting both hands on one ankle and then bringing them both up together, caressing my calve and then my thigh as my hands moved up, bringing the bottom of the dress with them. More and more of my leg appeared until finally the dress was up to the bottom of my rear and with a quick flip, I tossed it up to reveal my bottom to them. At that point they could see I was just wearing hose - not pantyhose, plus the sexy panties. No doubt they could have done without the panties but that was exactly why I was wearing them - to torment them for as long as possible.

Standing up again, the dress once again dropped to cover me up, much to the disappointment of the group but I had their full attention now. Moving closer to Bobby, I straddled his legs and then turned around and sat on his lap, rubbing my butt into his crotch through our clothes. His hands reached around me and landed on my upper thighs, ribbing me through the dress covering them. He started to try and pull it up but I pushed his hands down, keeping him from his goal. He then tried a new approach, running up to my boobs and grabbing one in each hand. This time I allowed it, until he tried to unbutton me more at which point I once again thwarted him. he grabbed them again and I allowed him to play with them while his buddies watched, their eyes fixated on my chest.

Pushing his hands away, I got up off his lap and turned around. Leaning over, I whispered in his ear, "Take my panties off but don't lift my dress up too much, OK?"

He grinned wickedly at me as I gave him a peck on the cheek and stood back up again. The other guys couldn't have heard what I said but they quickly got the picture as Bobby leaned forward and reached under my dress. I felt his hands move up my legs until he got to my crotch. I slapped at him through my dress and wagged my finger at him.

"Now now, that wasn't your homework assignment. Do you want detention?"

Probably he did, if it meant being detained by me, but that was beside the point. He shrugged his shoulders and looked at the guys as if to say, "Hey I tried!" His hand moved under my dress to my sides, gripping the panties. The dress was up to my knees by now but otherwise, all the other guys could see were the outline of his hands underneath as he wasted no time in pulling my panties down to my ankles. I stepped out of them and he waved them around like a prize for the others to cheer about.

It made me feel a little naughty to be standing there in front of them all, knowing that they now knew I was bare under the dress, at least so far as my bottom was concerned. Bobby passed my panties around like it was Show and Tell. More than a few of them couldn't resist putting them to their face, trying to get a sniff of my pussy.

With those out of the way, it was time to give some of the others some attention. There wasn't any real rhyme or reason to who to choose so I just stepped to the side and picked the guy next to Bobby. He seemed to be one of the older guys and I straddled his legs, sitting on his lap as I put my hands on his shoulders and ground my ass into his lap. His hands immediately went to my bottom, cupping each ass cheek in one hand as he squeezed my bottom. It actually felt good and I wiggled my butt for him to show my appreciation before moving on to the next guy. He was a little more ambitious, trying to reach down under my dress but it wasn't time for that - yet. I waved a finger at him to say he was naughty and moved on. This guy took his cue from the first one and again my ass got a nice massage for which he also was rewarded in the same way.

It took a while to get around the circle but eventually I was back to Bobby. My intent had been to give them all at least a little taste to wet their appetites, even if it did take up quite a bit of time during which they didn't get to really such much of anything but they didn't seem to mind.

Planting myself on Bobby's lap, facing him this time, I unbuttoned a couple more buttons on the front of the dress, revealing the bra underneath. It was now open enough that he could reach in - something he was quick to notice as well and he took advantage of my unspoken "offer", reaching one hand under the dress and grabbing my boob in his hand through the bra.

"Alright Bobby! Get some tit!"

I allowed him to fondle me for a while as his other hand roamed over me until it settled on my butt. I reached down, pressing my hand against his crotch. Yep, the boy as definitely turned on! As he groped me, I rubbed his dick through his jeans, pressing the base of my palm against it to apply pressure as I rotated my hand over his hardened dick. No doubt he was hoping I would reach in and release it but THAT was a long way off at the very least.

"You can undo the rest," I said softly to him.

He knew what I was talking about and quickly he used both hands to undo the remaining buttons on my dress. This allowed it to open up enough to get one hand on each boob and I leaned back so the pothers could see his hands over my breasts, fondling me through the lacey bra. Sure enough, he started to try and get under it at which point I pushed his hands away and slapped them sharply. Standing up, he let out a long breath in a huff as he realized I was disciplining him for going too far too fast. Well, what are teachers supposed to do when their student misbehaves?

I went back to dancing in the middle again, this time with my dress hanging open such that they could see my bra underneath. After a while I wiggle such that the dress dropped off my shoulders, catching it so it would stay up enough to cover my bottom half but allow my torso with my bra-covered boobs to be revealed. I held the dress up as I moved my shoulders and hips suggestively, leaning over so my cleavage was more revealing. They loved it - and wanted more of course but they would just have to wait.

Once again I did the circle routine, except this time when I sat in their laps they had a better view of my boobs barely hiding behind my new bra. Without exception, every one of them grabbed my boobs as soon as I planted myself on their laps and without exception, every one of them made a try at getting under the bra. You would have thought the later guys would have learned that when they did that, it was my signal to stand up and move to the next guy but it was like they couldn't resist.

Eventually I was back to Bobby but instead of sitting on his lap. I stood in front of him, looked around at the other guys, and then turned back to ask, "Well, what next - top or bottom?

Now that was cause for quite the commotion. Obviously there was a mixture of tastes in the group with some going for the boobs and others for the bottom. I knew what my preference was but I waited for Bobby to make up his mind on his own. It pleased me when he made the "right" choice, so far as I was concerned at least.

While it's a given that men tend to fall into "boob" versus "ass" categories, not so much is mentioned about a girl's preference, at least in her own situation. Take my cousin Kristen for instance; she loves nothing more than to run around topless - not so much naked as topless. It's typical to go to her house and see her in jeans or shorts with nothing on above them. With her perky boobs, she doesn't have to worry about supporting them the way, say, my best friend Beth, with her full D-cups, does. Beth has complained to me more than once that big boobs aren't all they are cracked up to be when it comes to back aches and bouncing.

At the opposite end of the spectrum from Kristen are girls like me, girls that love being bare-bottomed but not necessarily topless. I just love the feeling of cool air against my shaved pussy and ass. For me, the optimum outfit around my apartment is just a t-shirt to cover my top with my ass hanging out bare and free. Another outfit I feel good in is one of my dad's dress shirts. Although it technically covers my ass, I am still bare underneath which feels just as good - not to mention a little more modest should you have to open the door or have guests.

So when I say Bobby made the "right" choice, it should be easy to figure out what decision he made. Sure enough, he said the dress had to go. Excellent!

There were a couple of disappointed guys but at this point, I think most of them could have gone either way. I leaned over to give him another peck on the cheek to show him my appreciation and then stood backup in the middle once again. Slowly, ever so slowly, I wiggled and allowed the dress to inch its way down. First they got to see the crack of my ass and them more and more of my butt as I leaned over more and more to let the dress drop. Finally it was below my bottom and I knew they had to be able to see my pussy between the legs from the back.

"Oh yeah, not THAT'S what I'm talking about!' someone yelled as the rest just babbled on about me.

With the dress at mid-thigh, I let to drop to the floor, bunched around my heels. I stepped out of it one foot at a time, leaving it on the floor for the moment figuring someone would do something with it. I stood up straight, proud to reveal my body and pussy.

"Alright, she's shaved!" someone noted the obvious for the rest.

"God I love a shaved pussy," another guy chimed in.

"Hey Bill, does your wife shave her pussy?" someone asked.

I looked over at the guy who reacted, evidently it was Bill and so I knew at least one of the group was married. "Wouldn't you like to know!" he retorted, giving the questioner the finger.

This time when I made the rounds, I didn't sit on their laps but just let them get a good view of my. It was fun to see that without exception, every one of them was totally fixated on my pussy. Of course, it didn't hurt that I was fingering myself slowly as I showed off to them. It wasn't anything TOO much, just rubbing myself, but still, I knew every one of them was wishing it was their fingers in place of mine. A few of them even tried but I didn't even let them get close, pushing their hands away playfully but firmly. At this point it was just a strip show, nothing more.

The routine was becoming evident now as I got back to Bobby for the next "phase" of the show. This time I DID sit on his lap and once again, his hands went to my ass, except this time instead of feeling me up through my dress, there was nothing but bare skin for him to touch. I liked the way his hands felt on my bare ass – much better than through the dress and panties. He pulled me in tighter to him, allowing his arms to reach further around me. His reasons became obvious as his hands moved further down my ass and between my legs. He was trying to get to my asshole or pussy from behind but his arms were not quite long enough to bend that way sufficiently to reach – not that I was helping him out either.

"Sorry, not there," I teased him, reaching back and pulling his hands back to my round bottom. "Ready for more?"

He just nodded so I reached behind my back and undid the clasps that held my bra together. For the moment, I just undid it, loosening the bra but allowing it to come off so it was still covering my boobs. I stood up again, holding the bra to my chest so it wouldn't fall, rubbing boobs and wiggling my shoulders until the straps fell to my elbows. They were all watching me intently, waiting for me to release the bra until finally I allowed it to drop from my boobs but I let it fall to the floor and kept my hands on them, covering them as best I could.

I danced around and squeezed my breasts as they watched, undoubtedly hoping that another round of sitting on their laps would follow. I loved the way they were looking at me now. They all wanted me and I could see several of them sporting large erections under their pants. My pussy tingled as I imagined what they all must be thinking about me now, how they all wanted to touch me and yes, fuck me. It was the ultimate compliment and here I was getting it from all eight of them!

This time instead of finishing with Booby, I started with him. Rather than sit facing him, I back in and sat down firmly on his crotch. I could feel the bulge underneath me and I imagined the straining of his dick as it begged to be released and find its way into me. If only it knew how much my wet pussy wished it was in me as well! Yes, I was not horny as hell! Really, how could you be all but naked in front of such a group and NOT want to be laid? Heck, I would have been happy to give them each a blowjob but that was the about the last thing I was going to let them know - at least for now.

Bobby reached around and put his hands on my stomach and then quickly worked his way up to my bared boobs. It felt great to have his hands on me, squeezing them and tugging on my erect nipples.

"Oh yeah, that feel soooooo good," I moaned as the others watched enviously.

They must have figured they would get their turn eventually, but each probably wished they had been first. Bobby's hand started to move down towards my crotch but I pulled them back to my chest. Turning my head around as much as I could, I teased him by saying, "Sorry, that's just for me for now." To demonstrate my point, I spread my legs apart more and put one hand between them, cupping my pussy protectively but at the same time, pressing the base of my palm against my clit, making me shiver slightly. I didn't really play with myself, just putting my hand over my pussy, but it was enough to get the peanut gallery going.

"Damn, look at that cunt!" some ignorant guy remarked. "God I want a piece of that pussy," another added.

It was time to make the rounds but this time I didn't sit on their laps. I knew the temptation would be too much and I didn't want to have to fight each one of them off so instead, I stood in front of them and put my hands on their shoulders, leaning over so my boobs hung down in front of their faces. I even let them swing forward until they brushed against their faces. A couple of them reacted by sticking out their tongue to try and lick me but I rewarded them by pulling back and moving to the next guy - something you think would have discouraged the next guy from trying the same but needless to say, each one thought THEY were special. It was all tease at the moment and I felt I was doing a pretty good job of teasing them - and myself as well.

# 6. Getting More Personal

By now the clock on the wall said I'd been there for almost two hours. It didn't take long for time to pass quickly when you were trying to have fun with all eight guys. I started to pick up my clothes, signaling the end of the show. Well, they weren't ready for me to quit and to be perfectly honest, as hot and horny as I was now, neither was I. However, this was not a sex party where I would go and do it with whomever just for the fun of it. This was business, my livelihood now, and I needed to make every dime I could. Brian came up to me and put his arm around my are shoulder, managing to grab a feel of my boob in the process but I ignored it.

"So hey, what's it take to get a more... say 'personal' show?" he asked, the others listening intently to the "negotiations". This was where things got a little tricky as I couldn't come right out with a menu or anything. Whatever it was, it had to come from him or else I was setting myself up to be charged with prostitution - not exactly a resume builder should I ever want to return to teaching.

"Such as?" I asked, as if I wasn't sure what he meant.

"You know... something more personal."

"Well, what do you guys want?" I replied, looking around at the group. They just sat there though, waiting to see what Brian cold work out with me.

"Well... I guess...," he stammered. He took a deep breath then and finally let it out of the bag. "I'd LOVE that BJ now if you don't mind."

I just rolled my eyes, as if I was amused more than anything.

"Is that so? Well, what's in it for me?"

"Well, my dick for starters," he replied, drawing a chorus of laughter from the group.

"And....?"

Brian looked around at the guys for support but they left him hanging so he made his appeal. "How about $50 bucks each? You guys all in for that? I'll put in for Bobby too."

They all nodded and why not? Fifty bucks for a decent BJ wasn't bad, but I guess you could consider it a volume discount. Hmmmmmm, $400 didn't sound bad for a quick round. I shrugged as if to say, 'What the hell, why not?" and everyone applauded.

Of course, each guy wanted to be first, not the least of which was the guest of honor, but I decided to leave him for last. Of course, there was a few things to be settled first, actually four hundred things. The wallets came out and I saw a few of them negotiating loans from their neighbor. It was a little surprising to me that ALL of them agreed. I had expected there to be at least one or more hold-outs, typically the guilty husband who was feeling naughty enough to even come to such a party, let alone do something like this with the stripper.

Well, not this group. Either they were all just that type or Brian had chosen who to invite carefully. It didn't matter, I was just glad it worked out without a scene. Brian handed me the cash which I put in my coat pocket, hopefully safe.

I decided to do Brian first. Why not get the worst over first and thus not have outthink about it coming up later? Kneeling in the center of the floor, I motioned for him to step up to me and as he undid his belt and jeans, I prepared myself for the worst. When it comes to sucking dick, I really don't care all that much if the guys is short or tall, fat or skinny, white or black. All I DO care about it that he have a clean dick and can get an erection - not as simple as you might think for some guys, especially the ones who haven't been circumcised. Judging from Brian's appearance, God only knew when he last bathed!

As he dropped his jeans to his feet and stood there waiting for me, I reached out and grabbed his dick. He was already erect and had a decent sized cock, about 5-6 inches which I would consider average for most men. He had bushy black pubic hair and hairy balls, which didn't really since I planned to just suck his dick. His dick felt warm in my hands, and despite my disgust for him, I found myself drawn to it like a moth to a flame. I just had to ignore who it was attached to and enjoy it!

With seven more to do, I wasn't about to waste a lot of time so I went straight at it, taking his dick in my mouth and plunging my face into his crotch, feeling the base of his dick against my lips as I easily took his entire dick in my mouth in one quick movement.

"Holy shit, will you look at that bitch!" someone cried out as I wiggle my head around his dick.

He put his hands on each side my head and started to move me back and forth on his dick, using me like some obscene sex toy to stroke his dick in and out of my mouth. It wasn't like it was one of my better blowjobs, not by any means, but Brian was so worked up he came almost immediately, surprising even himself I think as suddenly he started shooting cum into my mouth. Damn, that was like what, two minutes at most? It wasn't lost among his so-called friends either.

"Shit Brian, talk about a one-minute wonder!"

"Damn, you sure got your money's worth!" someone else taunted him.

Meanwhile, I was swallowing his cum and waiting for the next one as they got in line. Thankfully, Brian hadn't been anywhere near as horrid as I had worried he would be. Sure, his crotch smelled like he hadn't bathed in a week but that wasn't so bad. Actually, he tasted better than I had figured considering how much beer he had drunk. It wasn't something I would have wanted to spend all night with, but heck, I can take two minutes of most anything, especially when I get paid $50 for it. Hmmm, that was what, $1,500 an hour you might say?

It probably took me no more than 45 minutes to finish off the next six. It was like an assembly line and not exactly what I would have called the most erotic experience of my life. I LOVE sucking dicks but this wasn't the way I enjoyed it the most. Sure, taking on so many at one time had its appeal but if I had my druthers, I'd be lying on a couch with my head in my boyfriend's lap, sucking his dick as we watched a movie or TV show, taking my time and enjoying as much pre-cum a I could get before he finally released himself into my mouth. This was more for them than me, but it WAS still a bunch of dicks to suck so I can't say I wasn't enjoying myself.

Most of them came in my mouth but there are always those that seem to just have to spray themselves all over me. Inevitably , it's the ones with the biggest loads, or at least that how it seemed this night. By the time I was ready for Bobby, I had cum on my boobs, in my hair, and of course my face. I tried to get as much of it off my face with my fingers, licking the cum from them as I did, but there were the inevitable leftovers.

Bobby was still in his chair but I noted somewhere along the line he had removed his jeans and underwear, leaving him naked from the waist down with his cock sticking out from his forest of pubic hair like thick tree. Using the back of my hand to make one last try at wiping the cum from my cheek, I licked it off my hand as I crawled to him on all fours.

"Does your fiance suck your dick?" I asked him.

He nodded so I pressed on, "I bet I can suck it better than she does."

"Alright Bobby... go for it!" Brian called out to encourage him.

Even though he was getting married the next day, apparently it didn't bother Bobby to have a stranger suck his dick but then, he WAS a guy after all and based on my experience, not many guys could turn down such an offer, regardless of their marital status. Guys all seem to love a good blowjob - and based on the past hour or so, even not so good ones! I guess I was being overly critical of myself. They all had gotten off and nobody complained, that was for sure. It was just I have higher standards for myself when it comes to sucking dick.

Booby spread his legs apart obscenely, giving everyone a great view of his crotch. I'm not so sure how the others felt about seeing it, but it made my pussy cry out as I wanted nothing more than to skip the blowjob and mount that wonderful dick. However, I AM a professional

Rather than take his dick straight in my mouth as I had done with all the others, I gently stroked his cock, spitting on my hand to lubricate it and stroking my fist up and down his stiff shaft. With my other hand, I reached between my legs and for the first time that night, I started to play with myself. God, I was soaking wet! My finger slid into me easily and I moaned softly as I continued to stroke his cock while I masturbated myself.

"Fuck, look at her doing herself!" someone exclaimed, as if they had never seen a girl masturbating before, at least besides in a porn flick.

Well, who knows, maybe he hadn't? So much the better so far as I was concerned. I loved to be watched while I play with myself. I guess it's just the fact that someone gets off seeing me doing something that brings so much pleasure to myself, I don't really know. Maybe someday when I go to therapy someone can tell me what drives me to do many of the things I do!

Bobby's cock was easily the biggest of the bunch. It still wasn't anything huge, but well above average, maybe even as much as eight inches. Needless to say, I didn't have a tape measure so all I had to go on was how far my hand covered his cock and he was a "two fister" for sure! More importantly, he was nice and thick. Sometimes long dicks get to be like long hotdogs - what they gain in length they lose in diameter. Not so with Bobby's. If anything, his expanded in proportion making it such that my fingers barely closed around it as I squeezed him in my slick hand.

Length isn't really all that a deal for me. If anything, longer dicks are more a nuisance than anything. Sure I can deep throat but let's be honest, deep throating is for the GUY, not the girl. I mean, who really enjoys shoving anything down their throat, even if you do develop the ability not to throw up or gag when it's there? I do it only for the thrill I know it gives a guy when he sees his entire cock disappear into my mouth with my face buried tight up against his hairy crotch. Frankly, I'm not even sure WHY that is such a turn-on but when it comes to men and their dicks, who can really explain anything?

I had to have his dick in my mouth. With my finger in my pussy, I was feeling hornier than ever and all I could think about was taking his fat hard cock in my mouth. I wasn't even listening to the others anymore, concentrating solely on his erection as I lowered my face to his dick, tasting just the tip of it with my tongue. I licked the head, running my tongue around it as my mouth slowly engulfed him. My tongue stayed at work as I took more and more of him in until I could feel his dick pushing against the back of my throat. God, there was still another inch or two to go!

I relaxed my throat as much as possible and pushed down hard, driving his dick into my throat. Regardless of how much practice you get, there is still that initial moment of panic when you think you're going to gag - or worse, but the trick is to realize it's coming, be prepared for it, and get past that point and take him in deeper before you DO gag. Guys whose dicks barely make it to your throat are actually harder to take in than the longer ones as you never get past that gag point. That wasn't going to be a problem with Bobby, you could definitely say that!

"Shit, she's got him all the in!"

"Damn, what a fucking slut!"

And so it continued, a constant chorus of lewd remarks and nasty compliments. I lifted my head up and let his cock out until just the tip was in my mouth, allowing me to look up and our eyes met. He smiled down at me, his eyes rolling as he just sat back and allowed me to minister to his swollen member. I bet ol' what's her name never sucked his dick like this before! The best thing was, he would never forget it either and every time she tried to suck his dick in the future, he would remember how I was taking care of him now.

I bobbed on his head, doing the classic figure-eight head bob as my mouth twisted and turned around his dick like a corkscrew. I was still playing with myself with my right hand while my left hand was carefully fondling his hairy balls. Nothing takes the edge off a good BJ like crushing a guy's balls! Some guys liked me to suck on them but the same coarse pubic hair that I loved to feel against my face while I sucked his dick was a major turn-off to me when it was in my mouth. Some guys shaved but then I missed the thick thatch of hair against me as my face rubbed into his crotch. I also love playing with a guy's hair by just sticking hand down his pants and running my fingers through it. I also think a guy smells much more musky when he's not shaved.

"Oh shit, I'm gonna cum!" he groaned as he planted both hands on top of my head and tried to forced me down onto his dick.

There was once a time when a guy came while I was deep throating him and that was the LAST time. God, I thought I was going to die. He was lucky I didn't bite his dick off when I started to choke and gag uncontrollably. Yep, I learned THAT lesson the hard way - so to speak. I grabbed the shaft of his dick so regardless of the pressure he was putting on me, my mouth stopped when I reached my fist, keeping several inches of his dick out of my mouth.

"Oh fuckkkkkkk!" he groaned even louder this time and I felt his hips start to rise up against me and I knew he was only seconds away from unleashing himself in my mouth - if that long.

Sure enough, almost instantly he convulsed and I felt the warmth of his cum shooting into my mouth, striking the back of my throat and threatening to gag me but I held my mouth on him as he unloaded another great shot of cum in me, followed by a series of smaller shots. His hips thrust upwards with each shot, as if he a fucking my mouth and trying to drive the cum deeper into me.

Finally he finished and I withdrew my head, trying hard not to swallow or choke on his cum. I opened my mouth and stuck out my cum-covered tongue for all to see, closed my mouth, swallowed hard, and then showed them all it was gone. It was like when your mom gives you some medicine and you have to open your mouth to prove you swallowed it. Well, Bobby had given me more than a teaspoon of "medicine", and it was just what the doctor ordered for me.

"Damn, what a slut, did you see that? She swallowed every drop!"

There were plenty of other compliments as well as a few rather disgusting descriptions of my blowjob techniques, all of which were in one way or another a compliment to my skills if you looked at it the right way. Well, so much for THAT $400. I think they got their money's worth. I stood up, a little wobbly after playing with myself and sucking him so hard. I saw Brian, who still had his dick out and was stroking himself as he watched me blow his brother. None of the other guys were doing themselves although a few had not bothered to dress yet. Their dicks were back to being hard again although if they HAD been masturbating, they weren't being as overt about it now as Brian.

"Damn girl, that was quite a show, he said, stepping over to me as I started to gather my clothes again. The troglodyte was still stroking himself, even as he spoke to me not a foot away. Well, he had already gotten his BJ so I hoped he wasn't hoping for an encore performance. As it turned out, he wanted more than that.

"Alright, so how much to fuck you?"

# 7. Raising the Stakes

People wonder why I don't negotiate rates for sex up front. Well, this was why! Ignoring the legal ramifications of doing it ahead of time, it simply made business sense to leave it until the party. Right now every guy in the room was totally at the mercy of his dick. Every one of them had cum in the past hour or so and I had some of the proof still on me! Talk about a negotiating position! I had them all in the palm of my hand and they would do anything at this point to get more of me. That didn't mean I WANTED them to fuck me, but it DID put me in the driver seat for most anything else.

"I thought I told you before, I'm not a whore!"

"Yeah right, and I'm the King of England. C'mon baby, quit teasing. How much to fuck you?"

Well, he asked for it. Honestly, I loved the blowjobs and I was happy. I could home now, masturbate for a while, and be satisfied. Being fucked by a bunch of strangers wasn't something I necessarily wanted to turn down, but at the same time it wasn't something that I would regret of I didn't. It would just be for my physical gratification, which isn't nearly as satisfying as when I get the full emotional element involved. If I just let them line up and fuck me, then I really WOULD be nothing but a whore, no better than my cousin.

"OK, then $1,500 - each," I proposed. It was the sort of offer that I felt I had to make, but at the same time one I knew they would never accept. Thus it put the burden on THEM, not me, as to whether they fucked me and nobody could say I refused them.

Brian practically choked as he took in what I said. "WHAT? You're kidding. No way... I mean you're hot but nobody's THAT hot."

I shrugged my shoulders as if it didn't matter to me. After all, I already had a thousand dollars for the night between the standard party fee and the BJ extra so I wasn't complaining. Then a thought occurred to me and I gave Brian an evil grin.

"I tell you what... you guys get together and pool your money and I'll let you watch me fuck your brother for a grand."

I said it loud enough so everyone could hear and it set off a firestorm of discussion. Well, we would soon find out if Bobby's friends were really all that good of friends or just over for thee free beer and show. Then too, there the matter of Bobby. Sure, getting a BJ was one thing before your wedding night - isn't that rather traditional? But having SEX, well that was a whole different story. Would Bobby want to take the chance of his fiance finding out that he screwed another girl on the eve of their wedding? To be fair, did Bobby even want to fuck me. Maybe he really did honor and respect his fiance such that he honestly didn't want to have sex the night before their vows.

Had I been taking bets, odds were the cost was a moot point and Bobby would squelch this before it even got started. He seemed a decent enough guy after all. Even if he DID say yes, would his friends really pony up that much money for HIM to get laid but not them? Now THAT would be the sign of some pretty damn good friends, that would be for sure.

And to think people wonder why I am not big on gambling...

"Nine hundred, twenty, forty, sixty, eighty.....one thousand," Brian finished counting out the cash into my outstretched hand. Crap, they had really done it. Somehow they had scraped together the cash. First, I was dumbfounded that between them, they even HAD that much cash. Someone tried to offer a check but I refused that quickly. Brian turned to Bobby, who seemed a little bewildered as well.

"OK bro, it's a done deal. She's all yours!"

Bobby seemed a little hesitant but after I quickly tucked the money away, I stood in front of him, hands on my hips and weight on one leg - almost exactly how I has started except now all I was wearing were the hose, heels and a smile. Bobby was a little drunk and a lot horny. Nobody could blame him for giving him - he was just a guy after all.

"Oh alright, but I don't want you guys watching, nobody's gonna blackmail me with this later so no proof. C'mon girl, let's go back to the bedroom."

Alarms went off and flashing lights appeared in my head. Nope, not going to happen, no way, no how. I shook my head vigorously and told him in no uncertain terms that if he was going to fuck me, it had to be here and they all had to stay. It looked like a stalemate until a genius of an idea struck me.

"Brian, go get the comforter I threw off the bed upstairs and bring it down. Your brother can fuck me under that."

Brian looked at Bobby, who just shrugged. Brian was back in a flash with a large comforter which he spread out on the floor in the middle of everyone. I pulled it back and motioned for Brian to lay down on the floor. Given the state of the carpeting, I'd rather HE be on the floor with me on top!

Brian left his short on and took his place. I pulled the comforter over me like a cape and lowered myself down onto him, straddling him as I pulled the comforter around me to hide me from the waist downward. I could feel his hard dick poking me between my legs, seeking out my pussy like a heat-seeking missile - and I was plenty hot for it to latch onto, that was for sure. This was kind of cool actually, everyone could see me yet at the same time, they couldn't know for 100% sure what was going on between Brian and me. Oh sure they knew, but here was nothing they could say under oath later if someone should spill the beans. Brian could always say he just simulated sex with me, like some silly R-rated movie.

Well, this was NOT going to be any simulation, I knew that. Crap, even if Brian was uncertain about it, I certainly wanted it. Now THIS was what I wanted, what turned me on. This wasn't just a line of guys ramming their dicks in me like some inflatable doll until they came and the next one took his place (been there, done that). No, this was a guy on the eve of his wedding to the girl he supposedly loved and adored above all other, getting ready to fuck me less than 24 hours before he swore never to have another but his wife. Technically he wasn't committing adultery, but it was a very fine line and I doubt his fiance would've seen the difference.

Not only was the groom to be fucking me, but I had an audience as well, something that always turned me on. I LOVE to watched having sex, knowing those watching are all wishing they were participants rather than observes. Every guy watching me now had one thing on his mind, what little of it may have been functioning properly at the moment. Every last one of them was wishing HE was the guy on the floor and it was THEIR dick poised to violate my wet and hot pussy. I loved it that they all wanted to fuck me but only one of them was getting the chance. I bet the others would be jerking off for years as they fantasized about it being them that was fucking me.

Reaching between my legs, I grabbed his dick and held it in place as I maneuvered my hips to position his cock at the entrance to my pussy hole. God he felt so hard and warm and I wanted in me so bad - SO BAD. For hours now I had been teasing and sucking and it had made me just as horny as it had them. Oh yeah, I wanted to be fucked just as much, maybe more, than good ol' Bobby. When he was in the right spot, I dropped myself down on him, literally ramming his dick into me in pone swift motion until I landed on his lap, impaled on his rock-hard shaft like a popsicle on a stick - except I was far from being cold.

"Ohhhhhhhhh yeahhhhhhh!" I moaned as I felt him filling my pussy with his wonderful cock. God he felt so good in me, it was like he was up inside my belly!

"Fuck her Bobby!" I heard Brian cheer him on.

OK, so legally Brian couldn't know for sure I was actually sitting on his dick, but based on our mutual reactions, there was little room left for doubt unless were both Oscar-winning actors.

I had to use one hand to hold the comforter around us or it would have fallen to the side and revealed what was happening but I was sure the guys watching had a pretty damn good idea of where Brian's dick was right now. My other hand was rubbing my clit, my fingers working myself over furiously as I rode Bobby's wondrous dick. Damn, he was so thick it was like he was spreading me apart and about to split me in half!

"Oh god your dick feels so good in me," I sighed as I rocked back and forth, his dick drawing itself out of me as I leaned forward, only to bury itself deep in once again as I leaned back.

Bobby had his eyes closed, as if he couldn't bear to see the guys watching him fucking me. At the same time his hips were bucking under me as he tried to drive his dick deeper into me, trying to mate me as instincts developed over the millennia drove his actions. He had his hands on my waist, pumping me up and down on his swollen dick together with his sharp thrusts as he fucked me harder and faster.

"Fuck me Bobby, fuck me harder... fuck me harder!" I gasped as I began to feel my orgasm finally rising within me.

Suddenly it was like someone lit off a bomb under me as my pussy clamped down hard on his cock and my back went rigid, my head falling backwards until I was staring up at the dirty ceiling, frozen as waves of pure ecstasy suddenly poured over me like dike had suddenly burst and was now washing over me with a flood of pleasure. Oh god it felt so damn good! I cried out something unintelligible, babbling it seemed as my pussy squeezed down on his cock, holding it tightly as he groaned from the grip I had on him.

I could feel my pussy gushing over him, almost like I was peeing on him, flooding his crotch with my cum as I came even harder. My head whipped forward and I collapsed onto his chest. My pussy throbbing as I tried to breath but it was like a camp was closed around my chest, making it all but impossible to read. I was humping my ass up and down on his dick, driving his rigid cock in and out of me as fast as I could, trying to get him to cum in me, Oh god I wanted him to cum, I wanted to feel his warm cum inside of me, I wanted him to flood me with his sperm.

"Cum in me dammit, I want you to cum in me!" I begged him, barely able to gasp the words out as I felt his erect dick sliding in and out of me.

By now I had no idea what was happening around us, what they were saying or what they were thinking. All I cared about at this instant was that wonderful dick in me, that fantastically thick cock that was filling me so full and which I was dying to feel release itself inside of me.

"Oh fuckkkkkk!" he suddenly exclaimed and I instantly knew why as he slammed his hips upward into me, driving his cock even deeper into me than before as suddenly I felt that warmth within me that meant only one thing - he was cumming in me.

Mmmmmmm, this was just what I needed as another orgasm struck me, not as hard as the first but still wonderful. It was like my pussy was milking his dick, gripping it and releasing it, squeezing every drop of cum from him that it could.

He was finished but I was still riding the wave. Somehow I managed to get back on my knees and I ground my ass into his crotch, trying to get his rapidly dwindling dick into me more.

God I wanted to be fucked more. I wanted another dick in me. Hell, I wanted ALL their dicks in me! I wanted to keep feeling the way I was feeling now. I wanted to feel their dicks in me, shooting their cum in me as they erupted in lust for my body. Who cared if it made me a whore. At this moment the only thing I cared about was the incredible sensations that rocked my entire body, that raised goose bumps on me from head to toe, that made even my hair sizzle like I had stuck my finger in a wall outlet. I ground into his crotch, feeling his thick pubic hair against my smooth ass, tickling me like a hair brush being drawn across my bare butt.

I was panting like I'd run a mile race. His dick was barely in me now, a small cousin to its original size while in its full erect glory. I lifted up just a little and it easily slipped from my soaking wet, stretched pussy. I let the comforter fall to the side as now there was nothing to hide. His dick lay limp to one side, covered with a mixture of our cum as it glistened in the light. As I started to stand up, I felt some of his cum drip from me and down my thigh. It was noticed by the rest of the crowd as well.

"Alright, a creampie!"

"What a cunt... damn I want a piece of that!"

I was still in a bit if a haze from my orgasm, the effects of which were still rippling through me like aftershocks following an earthquake. My nipples were poking out like magnum bullets and my pussy felt like it was filled with cum as some more drained out of me as I stood up. Damn, how much had he cum in me? Not bad considering it was the second load of the evening for him.

For just a moment I considered offering myself to the rest of them. It was only a few moments ago that had they ripped off the comforter and taken me, I would have willingly laid back and let them each fuck me one by one. Damn I had been so horny then - not to say I wasn't now.

But now, I was standing up with my hair a mess, my pussy dripping cum, sweating like I had just come from a sauna, and to make matters worse, the dried cum was starting to itch where they had sprayed me earlier. As much as my pussy would have loved to have more dick, some form of sanity was returning to me and I realized I had better leave before I allowed something to happen I would regret later.

Grabbing my clothes, I rushed off to where I had seen a bathroom upstairs and locked the door behind me. Ignoring the inevitable filth around me (I certainly wasn't going to sit on that toilet!), I looked in the mirror and gasped. Who the hell was THAT looking back at me? I was a wreck. My face was flushed beet red, my hair was a disaster and what little makeup I had worn was now streaked and messy.

I hurriedly pulled on the dress and buttoned it up, shoving the bra and panties into my coat pockets. Surprisingly, the money they had paid me was still in the pockets. I say surprisingly because I wouldn't have put it past Brian to pull it out while I was fucking Bobby. Apparently, he had been too interested in what we were doing to think about it as I am sure he would stole it back had he thought of it. Pulling my coat over me like protective armor. I made my way back down the stairs where they were all dressed again and apparently talking about all that had just happened. They started to say something to me but I just walked right by and headed for the back door as fast as I could. I was about to open it when a voice came from behind me.

"Excuse me, could you wait a sec?"

I turned and to my surprise, it was Bobby.

"Ummmmm, I just want to say I hope you're OK, you were really great you know."

I looked at him and just waited, figuring there had to be more than concern for me. Sadly, my cynicism was right on the mark.

"You know, I really DO love Cindy, I just want you to know that," he went on haltingly, "I mean... well if she ever... she can't ever find out what happened today."

I just shook my head sadly at him; it was like watching a car wreck in slow motion.

"I think you have more to worry about back there than you do from me," I said a bit harshly. "You didn't seem so worried a few minutes ago."

He started to say something back but I raised my hand to cut him off. "Look, you have no worries about me but let me say this - I hope your Cindy, if that's your fiance's name, DOES find out. You fucked me today and you don't know a thing about me or care one damn bit who I am. Don't even try to tell me that you'll be faithful - you deserve whatever happens if she ever finds out."

With that I bolted from the house and went straight to my car. As soon as I was in, I locked the doors and just sat there, trembling. It felt good in a way to tell him off but at the same time, lord only knows what he might do to me if he felt threatened. I quickly drove off and as I put my distance between me and that dungeon of a house, the warmth between my legs began to overcome the coldness in my heart. Yeah, Bobby was a bastard and I really did hope his fiance found out before it was too late. Then again, she WAS engaged to him so she had to know his friends. Who knows, maybe she was a whore herself? Either way, he HAD fucked me pretty good and overall, I had to say I enjoyed the evening.

Back home I dumped the heels with the first step in the door and quickly stripped off the dress and hose, throwing them in the laundry basket. I couldn't get in the shower fast enough as I felt a total mess. The warmth of the water flowing over my breasts and down my belly to between my legs reminded me of how it felt while Bobby was fucking me. Damn, I needed to get laid more often! Maybe I should take Beth up on one of her party offers?

# 2009

## (Jan 01) Chapter 176: New Year's Eve

Story codes: MF FF MMMMMF orgy oral anal inc cousins
Me (23)
Kristen - cousin (21)

So much for my plans to spend a relatively quiet New Year's Eve with some close friends. When my slutty cousin Kristen called to ask me if I was interested in having some "fun", I should have known better but then, when have I ever been able to resist her offers? What a way to bring in the new year!

### 1. A Little History About Kristen

I had it all planned out... a gathering with a few close girlfriends, maybe a Sex in the City marathon, some sinfully high-calorie food, and who knows, maybe even some wine. Overall though, my plans for the 2009 New Year's Eve were to spend a relatively quiet spent with people I loved - nothing crazy.

When will I ever learn?

"Hey cuz, whatcha got planned for New Year's?"

The smart thing for me to have done would have been to hang up the moment my cousin uttered those words. There was only one reason Kristen would be asking me such a question - she already had something planned for us. Even though at this point I had no idea whatsoever what those plans might be, there was one thing I WAS sure of, it wouldn't be a quiet New Year's Eve!

In case you haven't read about me and my cousin in previous diary entries, a QUICK rundown on Kristen. She's the only daughter of my mother's only sister. Her asshole of a father divorced her mother when Kristen was still very young simply because he couldn't deal with incest. He knew full well before they were married that she would continue to have sex with her father and brother-in-law (my dad whom she's been with since high school), but apparently when the reality sunk in, he was too insecure to handle it and eventually just abandoned them, never to be heard from again.

Aunt Linda never remarried and the two of the them practically lived at our house, making Kristen more of a little sister (by two years) than a cousin. Growing up, we were extremely close but also quite competitive - she always seemed to have to one-up her older cousin be it going for a boy who was younger, wearing a dress that was sluttier, having sex earlier than me, and so forth. Although like many teenage girls we would masturbate together, it never went any further than that as in no touching each other. Even those times when we would share a boyfriend, we didn't do anything with each other than the occasional incidental contact.

Unknown to me, when I left for college Kristen assumed my duties when it came to satisfying my dad's needs. OK, maybe I was naive but I never dreamed my dad would be fucking my cousin, hot as she was, so I never even had a clue what was going on until the following summer. What a July 4th! Let's just say I learned a lot about her and her mom that I didn't know before - including how they'd been having sex since Kristen was just a little girl.

After that, we would play around at times but it never evolved into anything we did a lot. Part of it was because of the separation - I went to a private Christian college while she chose a local public university. Even Kristen will admit she's not the sharpest knife in the drawer when it comes to academics and it didn't help she was far more interested in the boys and parties than her studies.

In the end, I graduated with an elementary school teaching degree while Kristen dropped out her second year to pursue the one career she was sure to excel in - prostitution. Don't get me wrong - I don't mean she was a hooker or a streetwalker or anything like that. She works for a high class agency with standards and security and all that. Even so, I still call her a whore - something she doesn't really appreciate but hey, I call 'em as I see 'em.

There have been a few times when Kristen invited me along on one of her "appointments". Most of the time I declined but there were a couple times when, against my better judgment, I would agree. The most I care to say here about those times is that they were an 'experience". It wouldn't be fair to say I didn't have fun and enjoy myself, but at the same time certain things went way over the top so far as I was concerned. Overall, I would put them in the "been there, done that" category - fond memories to be sure but nothing to be repeated.

## 2. Kristen's Invitation

When Kristen called me and asked me about my plans for New Year's, I knew it could mean only one thing. There was no way someone in her profession would be NOT working that night. It would be like a store closing the day after Thanksgiving. Kristen generally made a killing on regular nights so I could only imagine what the biggest party night of the year would bring her. The question for me was why she wanted me to join her. Thus I stayed on the line and waited impatiently for her to explain herself.

"OK Kelly, I've got the coolest thing and you'll LOVE it, I'm so sure," she gushed over the phone. I just stayed quiet, figuring she would just go on anyway so why interrupt?

"OK... here's the story... this group of guys want to rent this big van or limo for the night and drive around town and they need some companionship, if you know what I mean."

Well duh, I knew exactly what she meant, or so I thought. They wanted to get laid while driving around town. Not exactly an original idea but so far that didn't sound all that crazy so I let her go on.

"There's some party they want to go to then and we just have to dance and be friendly," she concluded. She paused but when she got no response from me, she asked, "Kelly? You still there?"

"Yeah, I'm here," I responded noncommittally.

"So what do you think? It's not supposed to be crazy like the last time so I thought you might want to go out and have some fun. You've been like a hermit lately."

The "last time" she referred to was when we joined up with another girl to be the "entertainment" at a private suite during some trade show or convention. It was insane - a solid evening of being fucked virtually non-stop, not to mention guys jerking off and spraying me all over. By the time the night was done, I was only barely conscious of even being fucked and it took a LONG shower to even get the majority of the cum off of me. DEFINITELY a one-time thing. OK, so I was glad to have done it ONCE just for the experience of a monster gangbang, but not ever again.

As for being a "hermit", sure since moving to my own apartment I hadn't seen her as much. At the same time, after splitting up with my boyfriend whom I THOUGHT I was going to marry just a few months ago, my dating life wasn't exactly stable. I was going out now and then, but just one-night type of things, nothing requiring any emotional involvement. I had also started my own "business: entertaining at various home sex parties which was certainly one way to get out of the house, so to say. Sure, I spent a lot of time in my apartment alone, but that didn't qualify me as a hermit!

"Well... I don't think so Kristen, sounds like it could get out of hand again like the last time," I demurred.

"Oh Kelly, you've become such a fuddy dud lately!" Kristen huffed on the other end of the line, "C'mon, loosen up a little."

Loosen up? What do you call a business where you dress up in sexy lingerie and parade about in front of a group of people all but naked? Not to mention last month when I did a bachelor party where I fucked the groom. A don't forget the time a month after that when I the husband of one of the women at a party I did fucked me while she watched! So give me a break cuz, I haven't exactly become a nun.

Well, I didn't SAY that all to her but the thoughts were going through my mind. Then again, maybe I HAD been a little too conservative lately. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd accepted one of Beth's invitations to her sex parties. Since breaking up with Duane, I was only getting laid maybe once or twice a week if you don't count my dad which was usually once a week, maybe twice. I like to tell people that I don't masturbate to compensate for lack of sex but rather because I enjoy doing it regardless of how often I was fucked. Well, lately, if I was honest with myself, I'd been masturbating a LOT, even more than normal so maybe I WAS compensating a little now.

It's amazing how many thoughts can run through your mind in a few seconds but still, Kristen was getting impatient with me.

"Well, I just thought you'd want to do it with me, sorry if I bothered you!" she huffed, "Whatever."

I was about to hand up when I thought about it some more. Oh what the hell? Why not? After all, how many guys could fit into a limo? Even if we ended up at some party, there were bound to be other girls there as well so it wouldn't be like the last time where I had dozens of guys lining up to do me. Maybe it wasn't the evening I had planned on, but it should be fun and after all, isn't that what you're supposed to do on New Year's Eve - have fun? I caved and told her I'd do it. She squealed with delight like a little girl and told me she would call back with the details later. I hung up the phone with instant buyer's remorse. What the heck had I gotten myself committed to?

First thing I had to do was call Beth, Nancy and Samantha to tell them my plans had changed. Nancy and Sam didn't seem to care too much one way or another and told me to have a good time. Bath, on the other hand, was a little miffed that I would pick my cousin over her, especially since I had made plans with Beth first.

For a moment I considered asking Beth if she wanted to join us but I knew better. Beth loved group sex more than anything so that aspect wouldn't have bothered her a bit. However, Beth DID draw the line at being paid for sex, regardless of the rationalizations. She would know Kristen was being paid handsomely for the evening and even if she didn't accept a cut, so far as the guys were concerned she would be a whore and that was a line she refused to cross.

I finally pacified Beth by promising her I would go with her to a party soon after the new year started. Hopefully she wouldn't insist on cashing in her chips with me but if she did, I would do it - that's what friends do after all. I knew the three of them would still have a good time but I felt a little pang of guilt for not following through with my plans with them.

## 3. What to Wear?

New Year's was only a few days away so I hoped Kristen would get back to me with more details. What was I supposed to wear - something formal or casual? Conservative or slutty? I'd love to have known how many guys (and girls?) there would be. Not that it would determine whether I would go or not, it's just I would feel better not walking in totally in the dark. Fortunately she called me back the next day with more information.

"OK, here's the scoop..... it's just you and me in the van. Figure on maybe three or four guys with us at most. They said the party would be a lot of people - lots of girls too, so don't worry about that Odds are they'll be so drunk it won't last for long anyway."

Sounded OK to me so far. "So what do I wear?" I asked.

"Does it matter, you won't be wearing it for long anyway!" she teased, well maybe half-teased because there was probably quite a bit of truth in what she said.

"Yeah, but we should go the same, don't you think?"

"Well, I was planning on a short skirt and blouse, something accessible and easy to take off and get back on again," she answered.

"Panties?"

"Kelly! You know the drill so why even ask such a stupid question," she sighed, "We're not going out to the mall flirting you know."

She was right - it WAS a silly question when I thought about it. Sometimes we would go out minus the underwear when the goal was just to tease and flirt the poor guys at either the mall or somewhere else we might be hanging out at, even a restaurant. The difference was in those cases, they only got to SEE, not touch. Wednesday night would be quite different in that the idea was NOT to let them see at first but eventually they would get what they wanted, including the touching part. Sort of strange when you think about it - the better the odds of getting laid, the more clothes I wear!

The skirt idea sounded good. Shorts are always nice but after all, it WAS January and the weather wasn't forecasted to be all the warm either. I had a number of skirts that would work so the question was, which one to wear? Sorting through my closet, I pulled out several and laid them out on my bed. It seems every time I go out on something like this it's the same routine - debating what to wear. Sometimes I think it must be nice to be a guy - just grab a pair of jeans and a shirt and go for it, who cares if it's been washed or worn before!

In the end, I didn't choose any of them. Instead, I decided to go with one of my newer outfits - a skintight white dress that looked like it had been painted on me. It came down just a couple of inches or so below the bottom of my ass but it stretched so much that when I sat down, it still covered my butt while exposing my entire leg and upper thigh. One definitely had to sit with your legs crossed when you wore this one - or safer yet, don't sit at all! It came up top behind my head like a halter with a deep plunging bust, almost like a halter bikini top except in this case, the opening continued down about six inches below my cleavage, held together with a thin webbing that revealed everything behind it.

The back of the dress was largely exposed, with it coming together just high enough to cover the crack of my ass. Actually, the back reminded me of many of the dresses worn on Dancing With the Stars where it almost looked like the girl was wearing nothing as her entire back is exposed except for the top behind her head and then nothing until you got down to her ass. It was pure white and while not exactly sheer, being so tight it showed EVERYTHING underneath like someone stretched a piece of opaque plastic wrap over me. It was easily the sluttiest dress I'd ever bought. Well, actually my dad bought it for me so that should help explain why it was so revealing.

I then picked out one of my skimpier white thongs. It barely covered my pussy but then that was why I was wearing it - to ALMOST let them see my pussy but not quite. Other than the dress and thong, the only other thing I would be wearing were some white heels. They were nothing outrageous, just three inches, but it WAS winter and it was hard enough to walk in a dress like this one without worrying about falling on your face.

## 4. Starting Out at Kristen's Place

Wednesday morning, the last day of 2008. I deliberately left my alarm off and tried to sleep in as long as my body would take it. I had little hope of getting a lot of sleep tonight so I may as well store up as much as possible while I could. The last hour or so I tried to force myself back to sleep but my hand kept finding its way between my legs as I laid on my side facing away from the window. I guess technically I was masturbating as my fingers were touching me, but it was more like I was running on automatic, just instinct maybe. I was relatively wet and sometimes as I laid there I would just push a finger up into me and lay still, feeling my pussy throbbing with my heartbeat. It was a good feeling, more one of overall satisfaction than lust, like scratching an itch that just won't quit. I didn't even orgasm, or even come close. All I did was close my eyes and let my hand do whatever it wanted to. Finally I was starting to ache from overstaying my welcome in my bed so I got up, threw on a pink terry robe, and after a quick pit stop, made my way to my little kitchenette. I turned on the counter-top TV and poured myself some cereal. Times like this made me almost wish I drank coffee - a little pick-up wouldn't have hurt. Instead, I just grabbed a Diet Coke from the fridge and got what little caffeine fix I could from it. There you have it - cereal and Diet Coke - breakfast of champions. Actually, lunch would've been more appropriate since it was already past noon.

I was feeling restless and needed to get out of the apartment. You know the feeling - when the walls seem to be closing in and the air is stuffy. At the same time, driving to the mall wasn't exactly on my Top Ten list of things I looked forward to today either. I picked up my cell phone and punched in my cousin's fast dial code. I had no idea what her plans were for the day or even where she was.

"Hey girl, you all ready for tonight?" she answered the phone, obviously recognizing me on her Caller ID.

I explained my situation and she sort of giggled on the phone. "Well, why not come over here for the afternoon? Bring your stuff so we can get dressed together."

I asked where her mom was and I could hear a distinct sigh before she came back to me. "She went over to see your dad last night and can you believe it, she's STILL not home! She didn't even bother to call me. I ended up spending the whole night alone - can you believe it? So now I'm fuckin' horny as hell."

"Well, that should get taken care of tonight," I teased her a bit.

"Maybe it would for you, but I need to get laid NOW!" she retorted. The funny thing is, I wasn't sure if she was just joking or not.

I told her I'd be over in an hour or so. After hanging up, I put away my so-called "meal" and went to my bedroom to pack up my outfit. It was looking crappy outside so I found an old dry-cleaning bag to put over my dress. Gathering my makeup, I stuffed it in an overnight bag along with my thong and heels. I was tempted to call my dad and find out if my Aunt Linda was still there. Damn, so she had spent the entire night? I guess things were different now that I wasn't living there.

It was a short drive to my cousin's and so I ended up getting there earlier than I'd said I would but I was sure she wouldn't mind. I parked on the street in front of her house and went up the stairs to the front door. I didn't even get a chance to ring the bell before the door opened and there was Kristen, standing there naked as the day she was born. She looked a little flush and I could smell her sex as it was almost overpowering. Damn, she must have been really horny! She smelled like she'd been masturbating all afternoon.

"Oh my God, I thought you'd never get here," she gushed, pulling me by the hand inside. "What the hell are you doing still in those clothes?"

Well, maybe it had something to do with the fact I'd been there for maybe just ten seconds? Kristen and I spend a lot of time together... well, saying "a lot" is probably an understatement at best. Although we DID have sex now and then, it really wasn't something that came up all that much. Sure many a night we might be watching a DVD or something on cable and masturbate together, but it was more for our own satisfaction and not something we did for each other. I knew Kristen and her mom did it together quite often - every night if you believed Kristen's side of the story versus a few times a week according to my aunt.

There WAS one thing that I DID know about Kristen, the girl was a certified sex addict. There have been times I wondered whether that description applied to me as well but all I had to do was compare myself to Kristen and either I was just in the amateur league or didn't even qualify in the first place. "Nymphomaniac" was another term that undoubtedly applied to Kristen, as it seemed her desire and drive for sex was insatiable. Fortunately for her, with her "underage" looks and "I'll do anything so long as you fuck me" attitude, there seemed to be a never-ending supply of boys more than willing to take care of her "needs". With her career as a prostitute ("high-end escort" according to her), she even had the means to make quite a comfortable living while accommodating the most important thing in her life to her - sex.

So take a girl like Kristen, who expects to get fucked every day and sleep with SOMEONE every night, and have her spend the night alone while dangling the prospect of an adventurous evening out (I STILL wasn't exactly sure what was going to happen), and you can just imagine the results. It was obvious from her look and smell that she had been masturbating for quite a while before I came over. It was also just as obvious from the wild look in her eyes, her racing heartbeat and quick shallow breaths, that she was NOT finished.

Well, I can't say I was disappointed now that I'd come over early. I quickly started to undress while Kristen practically ripped my clothes off of me. She ran over to the couch and laid back against the pillow on the end, putting one foot up on the couch and letting her other leg dangle over the side. It had the effect of giving me a great view of her pussy, not to mention making it VERY accessible as well. Damn, what I would give to have a body like hers!

OK, so I was horny now as well. Maybe not to the extent she was, at least not yet, but what normal girl would NOT be getting wet seeing this little nymph practically begging me to lick her pussy? Well, to be fair, she WAS begging.

"Lick me Kelly... oh fuck lick my cunt!" she kept demanding, repeating it over and over.

There are some things you NEVER have to be asked twice to do; licking my hot cousin's pussy was near the top of the list. God she was so damn cute! Although she was twenty-one, she looked more like seventeen or eighteen, or even younger depending on how she did her hair and makeup. With her baby-smooth pussy and perky boobs, she could have passed for a high school girl easily. No wonder she was in such demand at her agency!

Kneeling on the floor, I pushed her legs even further apart and reached out to run my finger along her pussy slit. It was already slick and her clit was swollen from whatever she'd been doing to it before I'd arrived. My index finger easily slid between the folds of her puffy pussy lips and I pressed the tip right on top of her swollen clit and just wiggled it. Damn, I thought Kristen was going to hit the ceiling!

"Oh Christ, that feels so fucking good!" she exclaimed as her hips swung up instinctively.

My cousin had one hand gripping the top of the couch and the other on the edge of the seat cushion, holding them so tight her knuckles were white as she gasped for air while I massaged her ultra-sensitive clit. Damn, I knew she was easy to bring to orgasm but this was ridiculous. She had to have been really going at it before my arrival.

Pushing just my middle finger into her tight pussy, I followed it soon afterwards with my index finger, letting my thumb continue to press against her slippery clit. I pumped my fingers in and out of her quickly while I ran my thumb in tight circles around her clit.

"Lick it... oh fuck lick it Kelly!"

I moved my face right up to her pussy, just a couple of inches away. The odor of her sex was almost overpowering and it drew me right in to her like the scent of blood in the water calling to a great white shark. I kept my fingers in her but replaced my thumb with my outstretched tongue. The touch of the tip of my tongue against her was enough to make her cry out yet again, encouraging me to lick it like a tiny popsicle. Then I took it in my mouth, tugging on it and letting it snap back into place, then returning to my licking once again.

"Don't stop... oh fuck me don't stop now!" she grunted through clenched teeth.

I could feel the tension in her soft thighs as I held them further apart, Moving my hands under her tight little ass, I lifted her up slightly and pressed her into my face tightly, moving my head back and forth to drive my tongue all over her pussy. Suddenly her body went rigid and her butt clenched. Kristen's pussy clamped down on my fingers and then her cum gushed out all over my face, washing me it. I loved the taste of her and I licked it up like a cat at a bowl of milk.

"Oh god, PLEASE don't stop..... oh fuck me that feels so fucking good!" she gasped, getting just a few words out with each breath.

Kristen's hands moved to her breasts, gripping them tightly as I continued eating her pussy. I loved the feel of her tiny butt in my hands. God what I would give to have such a tight tiny ass!

Just as she started to relax, I pressed a third finger into her and lightly bit her clit, then I licked it while I pulled on it with my teeth. Back up the orgasm hill she went, reaching the peak quickly.

"Oh stop... you're killing me," she begged but then the truth came out, "Oh fuck me, don't stop, I don't want you to ever stop!"

This time her orgasm seemed to linger on even longer, it was similar to like a man who can go longer without cumming the second time after he's gotten the first one over with. I knew from past experience that Kristen could keep going like this for a long time and lord only knows how many orgasms she was capable of having - probably should ask her mom about that sometime. To be honest, I was a little bit jealous now - I wanted some of this too!

I lifted my head up and wiped some of her cum from my face with my hand, licking it off as best I could. I pulled my fingers out of her and used the palm of my hand over her clit to apply pressure without directly stimulating it with my fingers. Kristen just laid back with her eyes shut, still holding onto her little boobs like they were going to fly off if she let go. She was panting like a rabid dog, struggling to regain her breath. God she looked so beautiful laying there, like some little sex goddess who had just received her offering.

"My turn," I declared as I stood up.

Indeed, my own clit was practically screaming at me for attention. At first she didn't even move a muscle or respond in any way. Well, I guess I would have to do what I had to do! Moved over to where her head was and lifted my leg up and over her face, placing my knee to the inside of her head against the back of the couch. Balancing myself by holding onto the arm of the couch behind her head, I straddled her pretty f7ace and lowered my pussy to her lips. As my pussy touched her mouth, her eyes popped open and she grinned once when realized what was trying to get her attention.

Without saying a word, her tongue extended and I could feel it exploring my crotch. Then I felt her hands on my ass, gripping my butt cheeks and squeezing them like some old lady in the supermarket checking out the melons. Her hands were a lot smaller than mine and my ass was bigger than hers so she couldn't grip my butt the same way I was able to grip hers, but still, I loved the sensations it gave me. I rocked slightly against her face, closing my eyes so I could focus better on the wet snake that was running all over my pussy. God she had such a long tongue, like she was born to lick pussy.

"Yeah Kristen, that feels soooooo good," I encouraged her, as if she needed any encouragement.

I like to think I suck cock and lick pussy pretty damn good, but face it, I was literally in the hands of a professional. Sure my mom had made me feel good but that wasn't because her technique was particularly great, it was the emotions and feelings that we shared when she licked me. With Kristen, though, it was all about me, all about MY pleasure. The fact that she was my cousin wasn't all that erotic. No.... with Kristen it was all about having sex with an incredibly beautiful and vivacious woman who LOVED sex every bit as much as me, and was damn good at it too.

I hadn't the advantage of a "pre-game warm-up" that Kristen had enjoyed prior to me doing her, so I wasn't as quick to cum as she had been - not that I took all that long. I had always been able to cum faster than Kristen for whatever reason. When we were teens and masturbated together, sometimes we would have little contests to see who get themselves off the fastest. Kristen never won - although a few times I let her so she wouldn't feel so bad about it. I considered it a gift. Some women claim to never even be able to reach orgasm, or if they do, only with an extraordinary amount of stimulation. Well, THAT was never a problem for me! Even when I first started masturbating, I soon learned that with the right amount of "persuasion", I could experience something that felt like nothing else in the world. Maybe that's why I've always been such a masturbation freak.

As she licked me, I felt Kristen's hand move between my legs and she started to rub her finger ju7st outside of my asshole. She knew better than to push it in, but it did feel good to have her wetted finger teasing my asshole. Sometime she would press her finger against it, threatening to penetrate my ass with her finger. God she was such a tease sometimes!

I opened my eyes and looked down at my crotch, Kristen was focused on my pussy and didn't see me watching. I loved seeing her face between my legs, her nose pressing against me, rubbing up against my clit as her tongue explored my pussy. What a beautiful picture it would have made. Mmmmmmm, talk about your "Kodak moment"! For some reason, seeing her in addition to feeling her against me lit the fuse and I could tell what was about to happen - or should I saw what WAS happening.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" was all I could get out as it felt like suddenly the room temperature dropped to freezing and goose bumps seemed to pop out all over me, then the thermostat somehow reversed and it was scorching hot, sweat breaking out on me as every pore in my body tingled like it feels when your funny bone is struck. Damn it felt so good!

Kristen, recognizing what was happening to her older cousin, renewed her efforts, forcing me to cum even harder. As her tongue and mouth attacked my clit, it was like the entire room shrank and the lights dimmed to where my entire universe consisted of her mouth on my pussy.

"Oh my god Kristen, that feels so good!" I gasped, grinding my pussy into her soaking wet face.

It just went on and on and on. I never wanted it to stop.. It was like the most wonderful feelings anyone could ever imagine and I wanted it to stay this way forever. Indeed, it felt like it was. Somehow Kristen could sense when I was either going too far or starting to back down and she was adapt to my reactions, either pushing me harder or letting me die down just enough to keep me on that knife edge of my orgasm.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore and I was about to collapse so I laid down next to her on the couch, the two of us facing each other arm in arm, hugging and kissing her. Our legs were intertwined such that each pussy as being pressed against the other's thigh, the pressure alone enough to make me feel so good! She must have felt the same as now and then it was like an involuntary little hump of her crotch against me would suddenly appear, only to go away again as we just gathered our strength once again.

Neither of us said a word - there was nothing to say. I could feel her breast pressed against mine, her nipples teasing against mine. Her mouth tasted so good after licking my pussy and I am sure I still had enough of hers on my face to remind her of where it had been - as if she needed to be reminded.

It was a good thing I'd stopped by early as we laid that way for a good hour or more, resting as we held each other close. I felt spent at first, like I'd just finished a major workout. I loved to run my hands over her firm naked body, feeling the tips of my fingers start at the back of her neck and work their way down her back, over her tight little ass and then down her fantastic legs. Her body was perfect - soft, warm and smooth. She would also run her hands over me, making me shiver when she would stroke just the right spot. I loved it best when she played with my hair, running her fingers through it,

I might have just spent the night with Kristen this way – the heck with the party! However Kristen, ever the pro, wasn't as willing to shirk her duties so easily.

"Hey cuz," she whispered in my ear, "We have to be ready soon."

I just whined softly like a little kid not wanting to get out of bed for school in the morning. True, a bed would have been more comfortable but the couch forced us to stay tightly together so it had its advantages.

"C'mon girl, up and at 'em," she pressed, pulling herself away and getting off the couch. I looked at her standing there, nude and beautiful. God what I would give to look like her! OK, so I don't think I look all THAT bad, but still, Kristen had it all – and in spades. She reached down and took my hand, pulling me up and off the couch.

"They're going to pick us up in an hour or so – lots to do before then!" she reminded me. Indeed, a shower was now a necessity and that meant doing my hair again and makeup – not that it didn't need it after our little tryst. I knew her house only had one bathroom so that meant we'd better get going.

"If we shower together, it will probably speed things up," she suggested. Kristen must have caught the grin on my face because she clucked at me and wagged her finger, warning me, "Now don't get any ideas girl, we really DO need to get going here."

It was like she could read my mind sometimes! Then again, it didn't take a psychic to realize that I would've loved to rekindle the fire under the deluge of a hot shower. I just frowned, pretending to be disappointed (well, not pretending TOO much). We headed up to the bedroom and bathroom. Fortunately my dress didn't require ironing – it was so tight that just putting it on stretched out any wrinkles that may have formed.

Unfortunately, at least from my perspective, the shower went uneventfully. To be fair to Kristen, we really DID have to get it in gear if we were going to be ready on time. For me this was just a party but for her it was business, and she needed to be on time for her "appointment".

Once we were finished in the bathroom, we went to her bedroom (which she shared with her mom) to get dressed. As I struggled to pull my dress over me, she helped by tugging it down and working it such that it was properly in place. Standing back, she looked at me and whistled.

"Damn, that is one hell of a dress, Kelly. Where did you get it?"

As I tightened up my heels, I explained to her how it was a present from my dad - even if he only saw me for a few minutes in it before he had me take it off. As for her, she had quite the wardrobe to choose from. I guess since it was her daily profession, she needed quite a range of outfits to satisfy the various customers she encounter. I shuddered to imagine what some of the perverts she must have to satisfy demanded of her. She had already picked out her outfit, though, and it was hanging on the back of the bedroom door.

Compared to my outfit, which I considered to be somewhat sophisticated, hers was more casual but still not just your typical Friday night getup. The skirt was jet black, the type that is tight around your waist and hips but then opens up more as it reaches your thighs, letting it bounce around without restricting your walking. The top was a light green wrap-around, no buttons or clasps, just held in place by a belt with a deep-cut cleavage. The neckline was loose, allowing her boobs to easily be seen should she lean over even the slightest. Underneath she had a cute little black thong which complimented her skin tone perfectly.

We helped each other dress and then stood next to each other as we looked in the bedroom mirror. We both smiled as while I hate to sound vain, we looked HOT. I couldn't wait to see the looks we would be getting before too much longer. My dress was more revealing from the outset but her top and skirt were better to tease with. Whereas I didn't leave much to imagination, Kristen had full control over what was - and wasn't seen. I guess you could say I looked more the "slut" while she was the "tease". We made a good team!

# 5. The Limo Ride

Although I hadn't asked before, or even thought about it for that matter, I was suddenly curious how this was all going to play out. Where would we meet these guys? I couldn't imagine Kristen would've given anyone her real address so did we have to go somewhere to meet them or what? I had no idea where this was all going to end up so I also had to question how we would return from wherever we were. Kristen just waved me off, saying not to worry and that she does this all the time – most likely true in her case. Still, I am the type that likes to be in control of the situation and not having travel plans just sort of got under my skin.

As it turned out, I didn't have long to wait as there was a honk outside and Kristen told me to get my coat on as our ride was here. I peeked out the front window and there was a taxi waiting for us. Of course, how silly of me. Why I hadn't already thought it I don't know. Maybe my mind was still a bit foggy from our little escape earlier. We both had long winter coats on so our outfits couldn't be seen by anyone as we left through the front door. Climbing in the taxi, Kristen handed the driver an address which he took and then drove off without a word. As we settled in, Kristen pulled out her cell phone and made a call.

"Hey mom, Kelly and I just left, was hoping to hear from you before we did. Don't know when we'll be back – you know how it is. Say hi to Uncle John for me!"

She hung up, evidently having just left a voice mail. "So you think your mom's still at our house?" I asked? She just grinned and nodded, then raised her eyebrows and we both giggled like we were sharing a naughty secret. Things must have been going pretty well for her to stay that long.

The taxi took us into Pittsburgh proper to a hotel in the middle downtown area. Kristen paid the driver and we got out and headed into the lobby. I looked at her, waiting for her to explain what was going on.

"Well, they are supposed to meet us here in.... about five minutes now," she explained. "Just watch for a big white limo." Yeah, like there wouldn't be many of those on New Years' Eve!

Actually it was only a couple of minutes when such a limo did indeed drive up. The bellman was talking to someone in the front seat when Kristen and I walked up. He just smiled at us and opened the back door for us to get in. He wished us a good evening and I got the feeling from the twinkle in his eye that he knew just what kind of naughty girls we were and what nasty things we would be doing in that limo before long! Surprisingly, the limo was empty! I guess I had expected it to be crammed with people, already drinking and partying.

The limo was incredible, I'd never been in one so big. Sheesh, how did the driver even turn corners being as long as it was? There were rows of leather seats lining the outside walls with a bar at the front end and another bench at the rear. Everything about it said "expensive", from the wood trim to the fine leather on the seats. This was NOT one of your every day "prom buses" that kids rent out, that was for sure.

"Want something to drink," Kristen offered as she looked over the bar, "Seems to have about everything."

I deferred, instead wondering what was happening next. Kristen seemed immune to any worries, but then for her, this was probably routine. She seemed to sense my concern, though, and sat next to me and held my hand.

"I believe the guys are staying at another hotel. They wanted us to meet them there but I was worried we might never make it into the limo if we did - if you know what I mean."

OK, that made sense. I could see her reasoning. If the guys met us in the lobby, no doubt the temptation would have been there to take the party back to the room, something I'd NOT signed up for. The whole idea of cruising the town had been what convinced me in the end to this gig. Sure enough, we only went a few blocks and the limo pulled in front of another luxury hotel.

"Well, you ready?" she asked me.

Oh yeah, sure I was - NOT! You may as well ask a shuttle pilot if he's ready. Of course he is prepared - he knows what to do and how to handle things, but as for being READY? An anybody really ever be totally ready for something they know is going to be wild and crazy? I was confident I could handle anything thrown my way tonight - this wasn't my first rodeo as they say but still, I couldn't help but feel my pulse pick up as the adrenalin began to pump into my veins. God, we were really going to go through with this!

The door opened and in poured the guys - and girls. Needless to say, I was a little surprised as I'd just assumed that Kristen and I would be the only ones. Then again, I guess I shouldn't have been astonished that they would bring along more girls than just us. As a rule, the men all looked to be in their mid to late twenties, most pretty good looking and dressed professionally - no jeans at least. So far so good.

There were two other girls and I had to take a second look to be sure I was seeing them correctly. God, they looked to be teenagers - not in the "I look young for my age" way that Kristen did, but genuine teens. It's so hard to tell these days what age some girls are but regardless of how you sliced it, if these girls were eighteen then I was forty! On the other hand, they looked REALLY hot, dressed more like hookers than high school cheerleaders and I had to wonder if that wasn't what they were. Did the guys just pick them up? Of course, to them Kristen and I were whores as well - weren't they paying us to party with them tonight?

"Happy New Year, you must be Kristen and Kelly," one of them spoke out, evidently the leader of the bunch.

We nodded and he quickly ran through the introduction like somehow I was going to remember all the names so easily. They were all Caucasian - no ethnic diversity apparently with this group. They must have left their coats and jackets at the hotel as none of them wore one except for the girls who were wearing long versions similar to me and Kristen.

After going through the guys, Kyle (as he introduced himself) pointed to the girls, introducing them as Barbie and Mandy. Barbie looked to be the younger of the two, but not by much and it could have just been the makeup that may have been throwing me off. She was a blond, like Kristen, and just looked cute, hiding what was probably a much naughtier side of herself well. Mandy, on the other hand, fascinated me. She was black but rather fair skinned. Her hair was straight and she had a much different demeanor about her than Barbie.

Barbie looked like she had just been plucked from a high school cheerleader practice whereas Many LOOKED like a whore. It was just something about the way she carried herself, that look in her eyes or the slight smile she wore as if to say, "I'm hot, you know it, so fuck me." I'd never had sex with a black girl before so I have to admit that the thought crossed my mind when I first laid eyes on her.

The limo pulled out, headed for who knows where. It didn't really matter as it was hard to see out the heavily tinted windows anyway and besides, there were other things to be paying attention to anyway. The guys were getting themselves drinks and talking to themselves, their eyes roaming about on each of us girls the entire time. I counted and there was eight of them, making things a little cramped but not too bad really considering we were in an oversized car. Hmm, that meant two for each of us or would they gang up on one or two of us and then move between us? So many possibilities, that was what made such an evening so much fun to look forward to - the element of the unknown.

Kristen and I were sitting together on one side towards the back while the teen whores were sitting together as well but on the opposite side and near the front. With all the commotion, passing of drinks, and such, it was hard to get any sense of what was going on. I was offered something in a glass which I politely refused but Kristen took it instead. Whatever it was, it made her eyes open wide and then cough as she took a taste - obviously someone was hoping to get us drunk!

Just as I was wondering how things would get started, the two up front took matters into their own hands - literally. I got the feeling they'd already been partying with these guys a bit given the way they seemed to be more familiar with some of the guys. In any case, their coats came off quickly and were put up in the front seat. Barbie was wearing a skirt that was impossibly short, even Kristen's standards, and obviously nothing underneath as it was impossible for her to be sitting down without her bare pussy showing.

Actually, I don't know how the skirt (and that's using the term loosely) would have covered her even if she had been standing up! In fact, it looked more like one of those skirts the figure skaters wear on TV - except they have hose and panties on underneath and the skirt is more an accessory. On top, she was wearing a Hooter's T-shirt (how's that for class!) which was cut off just below her boobs. She was actually pretty small on top so it didn't take much to keep them covered as they weren't about to sag underneath. It was a little surprising to see a girl in her profession with A cups but then I guess it just went along with her "I'm a sixteen year-old cheerleader" persona.

What was most distinctive about her was her hair. It was long - really long, maybe almost to her ass. God, how did she manage to take care of it? On her feet were some ridiculously tall heels - maybe even six inches. I bet she was glad to get them off when the night was done. But then, Barbie didn't seem the type to spend much time on her feet, if you know what I mean.

Mandy had her coat off as well. Her darker skin was sharply contrasted by a silver dress - almost something like mine. It was skin tight and hugged her like a glove. Unlike her partner, Mandy had the boobs (almost like she had BOTH of their boobs). Damn, she was really stacked! If those were real then I was the Queen of England. Besides the fact they were totally out of proportion to her frame size, there's just something about fake ones that just stands out like a headlight (no pun intended). They were just too firm, no bounce and no sag at all as you would expect for a D (DD?) cup size. I will say one thing though, they certainly filled out that dress nicely. The top was more a halter that merged with the dress just above her belly button. Two thin strips made a valiant effort to contain her massive boobs and for the moment, appeared to be barely holding their own.

The skirt was just as short as mine and just as revealing. Unlike Barbie, she wore a silver thong but what caught my attention were her legs. You know how some girls just seem to have legs that go on forever? Well, Mandy's were the dictionary definition. Smooth and dark, they were simply incredible. She crossed them, revealing all of her thigh up to her sweet ass as the dress pulled up - and she naturally made no effort to restrain it. She even had silver heels; not as outrageous as her friend's but still a lot higher than I would be comfortable wearing.

Well, as soon as they had their coats off, the calls came for Kristen and I to drop ours as well which we promptly did. At first I felt a little discomfort. God, at 23 I felt like I was the old broad compared to the nubile cuties I was competing with. Maybe I needed to make a New Year's resolution to hit the gym. OK, I'm not overweight but still, I WAS carrying a little more than the younger, extremely petite girls. I think my legs and ass look pretty good, but they were nothing compared to Mandy's. Barbie may have had the least developed body, but then that seemed a turn-on to more than a few of the guys judging from the attention she was getting. At my age, it was like I was too old to be the hot teenager but too young to be a MILF. It was an interesting quandary, one that I wasn't given have much time to contemplate further...

I felt a hand on my leg and an arm around my shoulders. The guy next to me was moving in closer. I noticed Kristen had a guy of her own who already had his hand under her skirt. I guess things weren't going to start too slowly after all.

"Love that dress," he said to me, "I bet it even looks better off of you."

OK, so subtlety was NOT the word of the day. I guess maybe it was better that way anyway. It's not like we were on a date and it was time to start at first base and work your way carefully around, afraid of being "thrown out". These guys had probably paid a pretty penny for the four of us and they naturally wanted their money's worth. Oh well, it's not like I didn't know that when I signed up for this. Still, after calling Kristen a whore all this time, it felt a little odd to be assuming the role myself.

I glanced at Kristen and her guy was evidently already feeling up her crotch from the way she was squirming. Her skirt was barely long enough to hide his hand but there was no doubt what he was doing underneath it. Suddenly an urge came over me. Dang it anyway, Kristen was always going one up on me so why not for once I do it to her? It seemed whenever we were with a guy that she was always the one to get it first - the first to suck his dick, the first to get fucked, the one who got his cum first. She always had to be first. Well, tonight, her older cousin was going to show her a thing or two.

Reaching over to his lap, I planted my hand on his crotch where I felt the outline of what was already a pretty good erection. Good, the guys weren't so drunk yet that they couldn't get it up. "What's under here?" I asked in my best "naughty girl" tone of voice.

"Why don't you find out?" he came back with as his hand inched up higher onto my leg until his fingertips were now under the bottom of my dress. One thing that made going out like this different from going out on a date was the guy's attitude.

On a date, he had to be cautious, to take things one step at a time, like a hunter wary of spooking his game. Things tended to be slower, a light touch, an "accidental" feel of a breast, and progressed from there. Not so tonight. I wasn't a target, a goal for him to try to achieve. No, this bird was already in the bag, a done deal. He couldn't offend me or scare me away - and he knew it because he had "contracted" with me to do it, whatever "it" was.

There is some merit, I guess, in both scenarios. I kind of like the power and control I get on a date where even if I know I'm going to be putting out, the guy doesn't know it and so I get to play this game with him all evening. Tonight, it was a different sort of thrill. Now it was more, "What will he ask me to do?", or "How far will he want me to go?" that becomes the question. He could fuck me tonight all if he wanted - and we both knew it from the start, so why play the dating games?

I looked at Kristen and caught her eye, giving her a wink and a grin that gave away my intentions just as clearly as if I had shouted them to her. She just frowned for a minute but then shook her head and went back to paying attention to the guy feeling her up - and the next one who had his hands on her boobs.

What the heck, why not just go for it? If I was going to be the matronly one, then I was also going to be the most forward one, at least at the start. A quick glance confirmed that both Barbie and Mandy were still just being groped so I decided to be the first to make a move. I reached over and undid his belt and pants, followed by his zipper. Reaching down into his shorts, I felt his warm dick amidst a forest of thick pubic hair. Mmmmmmm, I was the first to get my hand on a nice dick! I pulled it out and in the subdued light it stood up tall and proud. I spit into my hand and used it to lubricate his shaft so my hand could more easily stroke him.

"Mmmmmmm, now you're my kind of girl," he complimented me, "I bet you just love sucking dick, don't you?"

"Ohhhhhh, how did you know?" I teased him back, "Here, let me show you."

With that I dropped to my knees on the carpeted floor in front of him and without any fanfare or wasted motion, dropped my head to his crotch and took half his shaft in my mouth in one swift motion. He had the perfect cock - not too thin, not too thick, just the right length such that I knew I could take him all later when I wanted it. Several guys started to cheer me on and I looked up out of the corner of my eye to see my cousin looking at me with daggers shooting from her eyes. Ha! She wasn't first this time.

Kneeling as I was, my dress pulled up and I knew most, if not all, of my ass was showing. The thong would do little to hide anything so basically I was showing off my bare butt to anyone who was interested - of which it appeared to be at least a few. As I sucked on the guy's dick, I felt at least one hand fondling my bottom, running a finger up my ass crack, almost making me gag on the dick as I tried not to laugh from being tickled.

"Damn, look at that sweet ass!" someone behind me commented, flowed by a number of other descriptions of my butt - not to mention what they wanted to do with it.

Kneeling like this with my ass wiggling out there like a worm on a hook, I knew it was just a matter of time before a fish came by and took the bait and sure enough, it wasn't long before I felt a couple of hands pulling my ass cheeks apart and then a hand sliding in between my legs to fondle my crotch.

"Oh wow, the bitch is wet already!" whoever was feeling me informed the rest. "What do you say guys... think she needs something in it?"

Damn, things were progressing a LOT faster than I would've ever dreamed. Kristen was now sucking a dick of her own, but in her case she was sitting and leaning over to suck the cock of the guy next to her. She was leaning away from me and I saw her tight butt was in full view as well, and seemed to be drawing even more same attention than mine as a guy slid in to where I'd been sitting and started groping her.

So far I was just doing a standard "head bob" on his dick when I felt something pushing against my pussy and then a hard shove against me and I felt someone's hard cock sliding into me. Well, I guess foreplay wasn't on the menu tonight! Then again, there were eight of them and only four of us. I had no idea what was happening up front with the other two girls as they were blocked from sight by the rest of the guys watching something going on. I got the feeling maybe in their case they were putting on some sort of show from the way the guys were all just watching and cheering.

Back here, Kristen and I would have probably loved to be playing with each other - a continuation of our early frolics, but our guys had different ideas. I may have been the first to get fucked, but hand it to Kristen, she made a great attempt at playing catch up and she was being fucked only a minute or so after I was.

From the feel of it, I was guessing the dick in me was bigger than the one I was sucking. It was sort of fun to be fucked by someone whom I had no idea what he even looked like. I let him do most of the work while I concentrated on the BJ end of things. Even then, I wasn't going to be allowed to dwell solely on him for long. I felt something against the side of my face and looked to my side to see another dick touching me. The guy had his pants open and his stiff dick protruding outward, poking me in the cheek with it, obviously wanting some attention.

Hmmm, fine with me!

I started sucking them both, alternating from one to the other, stroking one while I sucked on the other. They were about the same size and had I been blindfolded, I probably would've had a hard time telling them apart.

Kristen has dropped her thong - or at least someone had helped her off with it, and she had moved over to sit on the guys lap next to her while she continued to suck on the guy she had started with. The I realized she had done more than just sit on his lap, she was riding his dick as well! She was more grinding her ass around his dick than jumping up and down on it, making it easier for her to continue her BJ.

As for me, technically I was still completely dressed, that is dressed if you allow my dress to be bunched up at my waist and my thong pulled to one side so this dude could fuck me from behind. Speaking of being dressed (or not), I wondered how the others were doing? With me taking on three and Kristen two, that left just three men for the two girls up front. I tried to see around the guy Kristen was blowing but he was doing a heck of a job of blocking my view. Hmmm, what in the world was going on up there now? But then.... did it really matter?

The guys I was sucking to the side of me moved away and I felt the guy behind me pull out of me. Evidently someone must have wanted to swap places as it wasn't long before I had a different dick in my face, and this time I could smell myself on it so I knew it had to be the one that had been fucking me from behind. My mouth confirmed what my pussy had told me, his WAS bigger than the others, to the point where I had a little more difficulty getting my mouth around it. Still, once I adjusted to him I think I did a better than average job of sucking him off.

Meanwhile, the other guy was stuffing his dick in me as fast as he could line up his erect cock with my wet gaping pussy hole. Thanks to having his larger friend in me mere seconds earlier, he slide in me easily and I could feel the coarse pubic hair of his crotch grind against my ass as pushed himself into me, trying to drive himself into me as deeply as he could.

"Oh shit!" I heard and I glanced over just in time to see Kristen's guy starting to cum.

Damn, that little bitch had beaten me to it again. I may have had the first dick in my mouth but she looked to be the first girl to have cum in hers. Indeed, she took all his cum in her mouth and I saw him tremble as his dick erupted like a volcano into her mouth. She shook her head while her mouth gripped his dick, as if she was shaking off any last globs of cum that might be hanging on to the tip of his dick.

When he finally pulled out, she made a display out of showing him his cum in her mouth and then on her tongue as she stuck it out at him – letting the rest of us see it as well. Then she swallowed and again showed her tongue – this time without the cum on it and again, we all knew where it was now.

The first guy I started sucking was cumming now himself – a little late but better than never as they say. I loved the feeling as his dick throbbed and convulsed, finally shooting his cum against the back of my throat and then the remainder dribbling onto my tongue. He hadn't quite finished yet when the other guy, the one who had first fucked me but was now stroking himself to the side of me while his partner came in my mouth, was starting to cum to. Since my mouth was already full, he just shot it on the side of my face. At least he avoided my hair (or so I hoped). I could feel it running down my cheek and could only imagine what a cumslut I must look like to him.

He was still shaking off the last as I showed off the other guy's cum in my mouth when the guy fucking me suddenly pulled out and started to cum on my ass. Damn, that was about the last place I wanted it because I wouldn't pull my dress down now. I didn't want it to get full of cum stains - not when it costs as much as it did to get cleaned.

The guy Kristen was riding signaled he about ready, sort of a combination of hand motions and grunting but the point was made. She quickly dropped the dick from her mouth, dismounted and quickly turned so he could spray her face with cum. Damn, he had quite a load, leaving her face literally covered with cum, dripping over her eyes and nose. She looked like such a slut! There was just something incongruous about a face that looked so cute and innocent to be covered by the messy cum of some stranger who only cared about getting off and not a damn bit about her.

That left just one who hadn't cum yet - the one Kristen had started sucking. I finally got a look at his cock and I realized the issue - or at least the problem. He was stroking his dick but it still wasn't fully erect, even after Kristen had done her best on it and if she sucked cock at all the way she licked pussy, he should have been hard as a tree trunk by now. I wondered what the problem was - medical, psychological, or what. He seemed too young to be on blood pressure meds so maybe he was just freaked out by everything. After all, I fully understand that not everyone gets off from being watched the way I do. Oh well, did I really care? No! I just ignored him.

While I had the chance, I pulled my thong off before it got soaked with cum and set it aside where hopefully it would be still there when we left and not end up as a souvenir in some guy's pocket. Keeping my dress pulled up around my waist, I looked to sit down again but the seats were all pretty full, leaving just the lap of the guy who I had just sucked off. His dick was sagging a bit now but that didn't deter him from inviting me to sit on his lap. He was still fully dressed with just his dick sticking out from his unzipped pants. Now that he'd cum, some of the initial frenzy seemed to have died down and so I figured he just wanted to grope me - which turned out to be 100% accurate. Besides, I would never say no to the chance to feel a nice dick under my bare butt, even if it wasn't all that hard!

He put his arms around me, helping to steady me but also serving as an excuse to rub his hands all over me, with special attention between my legs. I was dripping with another guy's cum so I was a little surprised he wanted to put his finger up into me but apparently he wasn't as homophobic as many guys seem to be. It really didn't turn me on physically as he was just feeling me up for his own self-gratification without much concern for how I felt, more like a little boy playing doctor with a girl for the first time. It was kind of cool, though, sitting on his lap bare-bottomed while talking to the others about what was happening in the limo, all the while this guy was fondling my pussy as if it was the most normal thing in the world to do.

Kristen was in a similar fix but with two guys instead of one. They had her sitting between them and I noticed not only was her thong off, but her skirt had disappeared as well. Her blouse had been untied, allowing it to open and expose her remarkable boobs to them. One guy was absorbed with her breasts, fondling and sucking on them, while the other seemed to be more into her crotch and thighs. She caught me spying on her and grinned at me as if to say, "Ha-ha, I've got two and you've only got one."

My guy's other hand started to toy with my boobs while his first hand stayed firmly wedged between my legs. At first he just felt up my boobs through my dress but soon that wasn't good enough and he started to push his hand in from the top. Not wanting my dress to be ruined, I undid the back of my neck and allowed it to fall open in front, leaving my chest completely bare and exposed to him. My nipples already hard and sensitive from me being fucked , something the cooler air in the limo only intensified. When his hand brushed against my nipple, it was enough to make me jump - even more so than what his finger was doing to me between my legs.

"Oh... so you like your nipples played with I see," he teased me as he pinched them and then tugged on them.

"Mmmmmmm, yeah... I want you to touch them," I replied, doing my best to boost his ego.

He cupped my boob and hefted it like he was in a grocery store trying to measure the weight of a cantaloupe or something. "Damn, you've got some nice boobs... and real ones at that!"

"Yep, 100% natural," I agreed with him.

Speaking of natural boobs (or unnatural as it were), how was little Mandy doing up front? Looking up front, I was surprised (why, I don't know) to see what was going on up there. Damn, those two were really going at it! Mandy was on the bottom of a hot 69 with Barbie. Not only were they licking each other, but they both had a dick in their asses - yes, I mean that - asses, not pussies. I thought about it for a moment and realized it was something I'd never seen before. Of course, I never get into anal all that much to start with, but to see two girls getting their asses drilled, while eating each other out at the same time, was definitely something unique.

I wondered yet again if the two of them were a pair professionally or if this was the first time they'd worked together. Something about the ease at which they did things together told me they'd done this before. It was OK with me - just so nobody in the back end of the limo got any ideas! If they wanted to see me and Kristen in a 69, well I would love that. They could even fuck us in that position but nothing in the ass, THAT was for sure.

The guy under me was watching the show up front as well and I could tell it was turning him on. Dicks never lie and his was growing once again underneath me. Evidently seeing two young teens doing the nasty was turning him on. Rather than wait for him to get totally hard and then make him ask, I decided to surprise him a little bit and give him what I hoped he wanted - a good fuck.

Reaching down between my legs, I grabbed his growing dick and placed it up next to my wet and still swollen pussy. I pressed the tip up against my pussy hole and tried to guide him inside but he was still not quite hard enough to go in on his own. I figured with a little help I could get him in me where he could grow some more. Whether it be in my mouth or pussy, I've always loved the feel of a man expanding in me. An erection can't be faked like an orgasm. Very few men have the discipline to stop their cocks from reacting, even when they don't want it to do so - like at the public swimming pool in front of their family when they see me in my bikini.

When I felt him expanding and lengthening in me, it was like a testimonial to the regard he felt for me - at least sexually. Such was the case with this guy. Once I got his dick head in me I was able to sit down on him and guide him in me for the remainder of his shaft. One thing good about sitting on top of him the way I was, I didn't have to worry about it falling out of me!

"Mmmmmmm, you feel so good inside of me," I purred softly to him as he played with my clit some more.

By wiggling my butt, rotating it in small circles, I was able to feel him move in me without having to rise up and take the risk of him falling out. Between the warm, wet embrace of my hungry pussy and the sensual movements I was making with my hips, he was soon stimulated into a full erection. It was SO wonderful to feel him expanding in me, like there was a balloon being blown up in me.

"Damn your pussy is fucking tighter than I expected," he groaned as I continued to rotate around his steel-hard shaft.

Mmmmmmm, I loved it when a man complimented the tightness of my pussy. I guess it would be the same as for a guy to hear a girl tell him that his dick was big. I think a lot of guys think that at 23 (almost 24), and with the number of guys that I've fucked, that my pussy wouldn't have quite the same feel as it did back when I was a teenager. Well, I won't go so far as to say I'm still the super-tight recently ex-virgin I was at fifteen, but I would be ready to put mine up against either of those teen sluts up at the front of the limo!

Although I have occasionally succumbed to the siren call of a dildo/vibrator now and then, except for real dicks, for the most part I stick to one or two fingers in me and that's it. I mean, a girl that loves her monster dildo shouldn't be surprised when her pussy stretches out to accommodate it.

Personally, I could've spent much of the evening this way to be honest. There's two things I really enjoy when it comes to a nice quiet evening - a dick in my mouth or one in my pussy. I don't mean to where I'm making an all-out assault on him or he's screwing my brains out. I mean it more like using his dick as a baby uses a pacifier, something that just feels good as the night goes along. God, I love it when I can just relax naked on a couch with my head in a guy's lap, slowly sucking or licking his dick almost absentmindedly, like sucking on a popsicle that never melts away.

I also love doing what I was doing right now, sitting on a guy's lap with his dick embedded in me, just enjoying the feel of him in me. When I'm with a friend, I could just sit this way all night as we watch a movie or just talk, placing my head on his shoulder as his dick throbs in me like some alien egg ready to hatch within me - which it sometimes does. Just feeling him in me, to be coupled together as we spend the evening, is so relaxing and erotic. Being fucked also has the advantage over a BJ in that I can talk more easily, as you might imagine!

Alas, if there was one thing that was NOT going to happen tonight, though, it was to spend any length of time doing one thing with one guy. Now that he was hard again he wasn't interested in nesting with me for the evening - he wanted to fuck me, and get himself off. Knowing this, I twisted around while staying impaled on his dick until my feet were on the floor of the limo and leaned forward. By rocking back and forth with my elbows on my knees, I effectively stroked him in and out of my pussy without either of us having to do a whole lot of work. He put his hands on my bare hips and help me to establish the proper rhythm for him. He was taking his time more than I expected and it really did feel good!

Meanwhile, the girls up front must have decided it was time to integrate the party and join the two halves of the limo together - or something like that. I was pleased to see Mandy working her way back to our end. Barbie was still up front, probably being fucked by one or two guys from what little I could see through the crowd. Mandy was nude now, except for the silly heels she was wearing, It was a wonder she didn't fall and break her neck with them on!

Once again I was struck by her incredible legs and monster breasts. I wondered how big her boobs had been before the implants. It was a shame, so far as I was concerned, that she had opted for such big ones. It just made them look obviously fake and if anything, I would think all that weight hanging out in front would give her horrible back issues. My best friend Beth complains all the time about her D-cups causing her back pain and hers are far more in proportion to her body size than Mandy's.

Mandy had her eye on Kristen, which didn't surprise me. It didn't matter if it was men or women, people just seemed to be naturally drawn to her. One of the most frequent comments I get when I share pics of her is, "She doesn't look like what I imagined at all." I'm not sure how they were exactly expecting, but her "girl-next-door" looks, petite frame, together with that air of child-like innocence she somehow manages to maintain, all work to completely fool most people who don't know her into thinking she is some charming little naive girl. If only they knew what lie just below the surface!

Kristen was still between the two guys who were having a great time groping and fondling her. Mandy took advantage of the situation and knelt between her legs and without a word, went right to work on Kristen's pussy. Instantly I recalled how wonderful it had been to be in that exact position myself not so long ago and for a moment felt a pang of jealousy. I'd never seen Kristen with a black girl before and it was incredibly erotic to see the contrast between them as they both were all but naked next to each other, Kristen's legs wrapped tightly around Mandy as Mandy suckled away at her pussy. The guy hadn't cum in her pussy so it wasn't like she was eating cum from Kristen's well-fucked cunt. As I rocked away on my own guy's dick, I couldn't help but wonder how she would feel between MY legs instead. More than that, what did she taste like? OK, so it's all pink inside but did that mean it all had to taste the same?

Just as had happened when I was kneeling down - except I was sucking a dick, not licking a pussy, Mandy's exposed ass was too much of a temptation for the guys to pass up and it wasn't long before one of them was fucking her in the ass from behind doggie style. He was pounding her, driving her head into Kristen's crotch with each thrust, not that Kristen seemed to mind at all. Mandy seemed to love being fucked in her asshole - well good for her I guess. I just hoped that I wouldn't be called upon to serve up my ass for anyone. Odds were I would do it - I WAS being paid after all, but I surely wouldn't offer it up.

Seeing them going at it, my guy must have wanted something new himself so he pulled out of me and twisted me around to sit on the seat. Putting his arms under my legs, he lifted me up and back so my ass was exposed completely with my legs up towards the roof.

For a brief moment I worried he was indeed going to aim for my asshole but fortunately he was a pussy guy all the way, driving his dick down into me as far as he could shove it in me. God, it was like being hit by a pile-driver the way he just slammed it in me! Some guys seem to get off that way, pounding their dick in you as hard and fast as they can. Maybe it's a domination thing, who knows? I've seen girls who love it that way, crying out for the dude to fuck them even harder. I don't know, I guess I go more for the "treat her nice" approach. It's hard to appreciate the fucking when you're hanging on to the seat for dear life!

Somehow Kristen and Mandy had managed to swap places without me catching them, but in any case it was Kristen's turn to get it in the ass while she lapped up the wetness of Mandy's pretty pussy. I knew Kristen had no issues with anal sex; the girl looked like she was loving it when you could make out her face from between Mandy's thighs. It was interesting and I caught myself wondering what it was like to lick a black girl. I hope nobody thinks of me as being racist because of it, I was just curious.

"Fuck, I've got to cum now!" the guy fucking me exclaimed.

He started to pull out of me and I had this image of him spraying it all over me, staining my dress in the process. To avert such a problem, I allowed myself to slide on my bare backside until I was kneeling on the floor and took his dick in my mouth. Just in time! No sooner than I had my lips sealed around his hot smelly dick, he was spewing cum in my mouth, one stream after the next. Damn, the guy must have been connected to a fire hydrant or something because he just cumming and cumming until I was afraid it would overflow my mouth.

Just in time he exhausted his load and he pulled out, lifting my chin with his finger as he waited for me to show him my prize. Opening my mouth, he grinned as he saw his cum on my tongue. I closed my mouth, swallowed, and then opened my mouth again to show him it was all gone. Like most guys, he seemed to really get off from me doing that.

Kristen suddenly cried out and I figured either she was having an orgasm or doing a really good job faking one (likely the latter but then, who really cared?) It must have been the spark to set her guy off as he pulled out and shot his cum all over her bare ass. To my amazement, HE bent over and licked it off! Now THAT wasn't something you saw every day. The guys are few and far between who will even TASTE their own cum, let alone eat a load of it. Then again, maybe it helped the way it was being served - on Kristen's tight little ass. As my mom use to say when she was preparing the table for Thanksgiving, it's all in the presentation!

The pause gave me a chance to look up front and see what Barbie was up to. She was riding one guy's dick as he was sitting down while the other was behind her shoving his prick up her ass. She seemed to love being DP'd, an acquired taste if you ask me. Then again, when you're a professional whore, which I assumed the two of them were, I guess you get better at things like that.

I didn't have much time before Kristen had moved over and started kissing me. The guys loved it! Her face smelled like pussy - Mandy's pussy, and our tongues met and explored each other's mouth and then we started to lick each other's faces. I've never been in a situation where guys did NOT like to watch a little girl-on-girl action so we had a bit of an audience going before long. Images of our time earlier went through my head and where it might have gone this time, I don't know but we were interrupted before anything more had a chance to develop.

"Yo! We're almost there! Everybody get dressed and ready!"

I wasn't sure who up front said it but I really didn't want to stop kissing Kristen. Something told me we would have another chance before the night was over, though, so reluctantly we broke apart and worked on getting ourselves straightened up. I reached for my thong but a hand clamped over my wrist, preventing me from reaching it.

"Sorry, no panties allowed at this party," one of the guys growled, "At least, not the hookers. We ain't paying you to hide anything you know."

Ummmmm, I guess I DIDN'T know that. It felt weird being called a hooker, not something that really makes you feel sexy or helped to better self-esteem, that's for sure. I've been called a slut or a whore but hooker wasn't something I could even recall being referred to as. Oh well, he WAS paying the bill so I guess if he didn't want my thong on me, then so be it. I tugged my dress down as far as it would go - which wasn't all that far. Should I choose to sit down, either my legs had to be crossed instantly or I'd be doing a Sharon Stone style pussy flashing.

It didn't really take long to get dressed, but I was concerned with how I looked. No doubt my hair was a wreck and my makeup had to be smeared, what little might have been left. The other girls were in no better shape than I was. Barbie's was the worst, being so long. It didn't help that it looked like at least one guy had cum in her hair - and a lot of it from the looks of it.

## 6. The Party

We put our coats on just as the limo stopped. As I stepped out into the cold, I looked around to get my bearings and realized I was totally lost. We were outside some sort of Moose Club in the middle of nowhere, at least someplace I'd never been. The surrounding hills prevented me from being able to see any landmarks and the clouds kept even the glow of the city from showing up. Oh well, hopefully I didn't have to worry about finding my way back alone anyone so what difference did it make where we were? The four of us bunched up together like cattle in a storm, wondering what was happening next. Well, at least I was. The others seemed less concerned and I started wondering if Kristen knew more about what was going on than she had let on so far.

"C'mon, Kelly, let's go in and get cleaned up," Kristen said, taking me by the hand and leading me to the entrance. We walked in and she went straight to the women's restroom. She must have been here before because she seemed to know exactly where to go.

"Well, what do you think so far?" she giggled as the four of us made our way in and closed the door behind us.

What could I say? So far things hadn't really been THAT wild, at least not compared to some of the other situations Kristen had gotten me involved in previously. I just shrugged as if it was all no big deal. Then I asked, in an "oh by the way" tone, "So what's next? This wasn't exactly the type of place I was expecting. A Moose club? You've GOT to be kidding me."

Kristen laughed, "Oh no... that's just an old sign. Now it's just a place people rent out for parties, dances and that sort of thing. They're having some sort of 'Vega Night' tonight and I guess you could say we're the side entertainment. You know, keep the guys happy and flirt around, let them grope you, whatever. Probably not much different than you use to so back in your escorting days."

"No sex?"

Kristen rolled her eyes as if I was totally naive. "Well duh, what do you think?"

I was genuinely confused. I told her that for all I knew, it was to have sex in the limo and then just tease during the party, and probably let them screw us on the way home.

"Well, all I can say Kelly, is to just be ready for anything. I don't think we're going to be here long. After all, it will be midnight before long and they didn't pay for an overnighter. You know, if you're not into this, I can always say you're not feeling well or something."

I assured her I wasn't going to chicken out now. Besides, it sounded like it might be fun. I was quite conscious of the fact my bottom was bare and barely hidden from view - the cool air actually felt pretty good. I suppose getting my ass felt up while standing next to some guy at a party wasn't the worst thing in the world that could happen to me.

By now, the four of us had done about all we were going to accomplish given the limited resources of what we had in our small purses. Somehow Barbie had gotten most of the cum out of her hair, although it had to have hurt like hell when Mandy literally pulled it out using her comb. We carried our coats on our arms as we left the restroom, handing them to the coat check guy just outside. He took a good long look at the four of us and I imagine he wouldn't have minded had we checked more than our coats with him!

The guys ushered us inside towards a large room that was probably the old meeting hall. It had these ancient wood floors and a general feeling of being "old". We passed through a security check, or whatever you wanted to call it, where the guy verified we were all over eighteen. I had to wonder if Barbie was using her real driver's license or a fake. It wouldn't have surprised me one bit if she wasn't eighteen yet.

The "guard" opened the door and inside was a chorus of noise, a mixture of people talking, music playing, and just general hustle and bustle. Off hand, I would have guessed there were maybe 100 or more people. Although it looked to be mostly men, there were still quite a few women, maybe 25% of the people. Although they were dressed in party outfits for the most part, most of them appeared to be quite as outrageous as our group as we strolled in. There were a few girls, though, I noticed were dressed hot and slutty, so maybe we weren't the only "professionals". Apparently, our guys knew most of the people as a general chorus of hellos and "Happy New Year" greeted our entrance, followed by an equal, if not greater, number of catcalls and wolf whistles when they saw us girls enter behind them.

At first I really wasn't sure what to do. Kristen should have given me a little more of a head's up instead of leaving me standing with umpteen guys staring at me, wondering what I should do next. Were we suppose to stick together, separate and mingle, or what? As it turned out, we started out together as a group, standing by the bar drinking (Diet Coke for me, white wine for the others), waiting for someone to take the initiative. Well, we didn't have to wait long.

"Hey, you like craps?"

I was startled slightly as my attention had drifted for just a moment. Some middle-aged guy, wearing a silly party hat that didn't entirely cover his bald spot on his head, was trying to get my attention. He was wearing a blue plaid dress shirt and jeans, nothing special, the type who is typically just a faceless guy in the crowd. He was carrying some sort of drink in one hand while the other reached out and rested on the bar top next to me. Oh well, time to get to "work" so I smiled at him and said, "Sure, let's go."

The other girls, including Kristen, were also talking to guys so I figured it was every girl for herself, at least for now. I took the guy's outstretched hand and let him lead me to a table. To be honest, I didn't a clue how to play the game - and still don't. Besides, my "job" wasn't to play games, it was to make the guys who WERE playing them happier. He introduced himself as "John" which I assumed was made up and not very original at that.

So anyway, John stood at the side of the table as some guy was rolling dice and people were placing their chips all over the place. After he rolled, the guy running the game would sweep away the losers and pay the winners, using some methodology that had no rhyme or reason from what I could tell.

"Nice dress," John commented, putting his arm around me and then placing his hand squarely on my ass.

He squeezed down just a little, enough to make sure I knew he had his hand on my ass on purpose. I wondered if he thought I was just another girl like the rest, maybe dressed a little sluttier, or if he knew I was being paid to let him have his way with me. It sort of made a difference to me because I wondered if he was a letch hitting on a girl half his age or just taking advantage of the opportunity where he knew it was safe to do things to me he wouldn't have dared to do with the "normal" girls. Short of coming right out and asking him, there wasn't any way to know for sure so I just went along with the game.

We stood there together, his arm tightening around me at time as he ran his hand over my ass and even down my leg a little bit, as far as he could reach without becoming TOO obvious as to what he was doing. I would just giggle or smile at him, maybe wiggle my butt at times, enough to tease him and give him the impression I was enjoying what he was doing to me. Not that I wasn't, but probably not as much as I let him think. Eventually he got to be the one throwing the dice and his attention became more focused on that instead of me.

I was trying to be supportive of John, cheering when something good happened (or at least everyone cheered so I assumed it was good) and consoling him when not - which was most of the time. As I watched him I suddenly felt another hand on my butt (did Kristen put on sign on my back, "Touch my ass" or what?). In any case, it seemed to be drawing a LOT of attention. I turned around my head around to look over my shoulder where I saw another guy from the same mold as John, though with a little more hair but more of a beer belly.

"Nice ass babe," he complimented me with a toothy grin.

"Well, I'm glad you liked it," I said demurely, giving him my best naughty girl smile. I also noticed he had a wedding band on, although there was no sign of anyone who liked might be his wife.

"Can I get you a drink?"

I turned to John and gave him a kiss on the cheek, telling him I had to go. He looked disappointed but then turned back to his dice game and seemed to forget about me instantly. Following "Bill" to the bar, he asked me what I was drinking. When I told him I just wanted a Diet Coke, he tried to convince me to try something with a little more "kick", as he put it, but I politely declined. He motioned me over to a small leather couch over towards one wall, away from the main activities.

Bill sat down first and then patted the cushion next to him, clearly indicating he wanted me to take a seat next to him. As I sat down, I tried to keep my dress reasonably pulled down but it was all but impossible to keep it from riding up, especially with the slippery leather cushion beneath me. I crossed my legs, placing the one nearest him over the other, thereby exposing my bare thigh and half my ass to Bill's watchful eyes.

"Damn, you have great legs," he complimented me. Frankly, as much as he was drinking, I could have had ANY legs and he would have thought that they were awesome.

Trying to act like I liked him, I smiled in return, wiggling in the seat to get more comfortable, which also had the effect of driving my hemline even higher, now exposing a good part of my bare butt to him. He responded to my "invitation" by placing his hand on my exposed upper leg, holding it still at first as if to wait to see what my response would be.

"Don't worry Bill, you can touch me," I assured him. Now how MUCH he could... well he would have to just experiment to figure that out for himself.

I wondered how drunk he was and where his inhibition level was? Bill certainly didn't need much more of an invitation. He moved up close to me, snuggling in tight to me and then put his arm around my, squeezing my shoulder as his other hand moved further up my leg. If it wasn't for all the people and noise, you would have thought I was in the back seat at some drive-in movie with a horny high school boy making his move on me. Perhaps in Bill's mind that was exactly what he was imagining. My guess was he had been the class nerd and to make out with a girl and feel her up was one of those teenage fantasies that he never realized. What the heck, why not play the class slut?

I put my hand on his and pulled him up to the hem of my dress, which was now only an inch or two from revealing my bare pussy underneath. Did he know I wasn't wearing any underwear? It would have been almost impossible NOT to figure out when he felt my ass and he should have realized I was bare when there wasn't the slightest budges under my dress - which would have shown EVERYTHING if it had been there.

As Bill started to work his fingertips under the tight hem of my skirt, I looked around to see if any of the other girls were around. Kristen was on a couch similar to mine, making out with some guy like two teenagers in heat. Well, her guy was more her age so it made more sense than it would have for me. As for Mandy and Barbie, they seemed to have disappeared. Hmmm, I wonder where they had gotten off to? Maybe they were earning some "tips" for their work tonight? The two of the seemed more like your stereotypical "whores" than even Kristen.

One thing I admired about Kristen was the way she managed to maintain that air of "girl-next-door" and innocence (or maybe even naivety) that drove men wild, without becoming nasty whorish. If you put the three of them together in jeans and shirt, I bet anyone would have picked out Mandy and Barbie as whores while Kristen would be at most a slut or tease.

My attention was brought back to Bill as I felt his hand under my skirt. As short as it was and as high as it was riding on me, he didn't have to get more than the length of his fingers under before he was knocking on the door of my pussy. My legs were still crossed, making it a bit difficult to get between them so I uncrossed them and sat there in a VERY unlady-like manner, my legs slightly spread apart, affording a direct on view of my crotch to anyone close enough to see. It also allowed Bill to slip his fingers between my thighs and start rubbing on my freshly shaved pussy.

Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to us as Bill's finger started to press on my clit, making me shudder slightly. I was still fairly sensitive from the workout in the limo, so it wasn't going to take much to get me going again I could tell.

"That feels good," I whispered to Bill in a barely audible voice.

I didn't say more, a little encouragement was all he needed. Any more would have seemed fake, at least it would have to me. Besides, it DID feel good!.

"That's it, right there," I whispered again as he found the perfect spot on my clit after his exploring, "Rub it in little circle."

Now a couple of guys at the bar were looking our way, saying something to each other and then turning their heads out way again. Personally, I was still so horny I didn't care who was watching. If anything, being watched just turned me on all the more!

Bill reached down with his finger to the entrance to my pussy, wetting his finger and then drawing the wetness up my slit and then eventually to my clit, letting him slide his finger tip over in a more lubricated fashion, making it feel even better. I was squirming a bit now, wanting to put my hand over his or draw his other hand to my boobs but not daring to with do it all the people around. I still hadn't quite figured this all out. Did everyone know we were hired to be there or what? It didn't seem like it or more people would have been hitting on us.

"Ohhhhhh," I gasped before even realizing what I was doing.

Bill had pushed his finger up into my now wet pussy without hesitation. One second he was playing with my clit, the next he had his middle finger wedged high up inside of my pussy.

"You like that, don't you... you like your cunt to be played with."

"Yes, push it in me," I gasped, a little louder than before but well below the threshold at which anyone would have heard me. What they WOULD have seen instead was me slipping down into the leather couch a little deeper to better expose my pussy to him.

"Fuck, you're so wet... this really turns you on, doesn't it?"

"Oh yeah, don't stop," I pretended to plead.

HE thought I was being turned on by his finger and his "mastery" of the art of pussy playing. What he didn't know was that I was actually being turned on more by the fact he was diddling me in front of a crowd of dozens of people, any of who could have seen us easily had they turned to watch. The two guys at the bar were still the only members of my "audience", at least so far as I could tell.

I reached over and put my hand on his crotch. God was he hard underneath! I wondered when the last time was that he had fondled a younger girl's pussy? Granted, I was no sixteen year-old cheerleader, but I was no old maid either. After all, I was barely half his age, and that was if you believed what he had told me! I checked over at where Kristen was with her guy. I almost choked when I saw her. Damn if the little slut wasn't already at it. She had hand inside the guy's pants and there was no mistaking the motion she was making inside his trousers. Well, if she could get away with it, why not me?

As I started to play with the guy's belt, I got the distinct impression he wasn't quite expecting me to be, let's say, so "forward" with him. Apparently it was one thing to feel up the girl in public and expose her, but another for her to go after him.

"Ummmmm, you're not going to do anything HERE, are you?" he asked, although it was more of a statement than a question.

When I just ignored him, his hand pulled away from my pussy and grabbed mine just as I undid his belt.

"Christ, I can't let you blow me right out in front of everyone like this!" he exclaimed, a little more urgency to his voice this time.

"Who ever said anything about blowing you?" I responded deviously. Of course that HAD been my intention but after his remarks I decided all he was getting was a hand-job - which I could do in his pants if it came to that (or should I say, cum to that). I only undid his pants enough to loosen them so I could slip my hand inside. His dick was easy to grab since it was stiff and erect inside. I pulled my hand out, spit on my palm, and then went back inside his underwear where I started stroking him.

"Oh crap, I can't believe this is really happening," he groaned, like he was writing the opening line to a Penthouse Letter.

I chuckled to myself. It was amazing how with just a simple touch to his dick he was now completely under my control. Guys like him were so easy. He may not have even HAD a hand job before for all I know and I would have taken pretty good odds he's never had a girl reach inside his pants in front of a hundred or so people before. Of course, they weren't all watching but I did notice a few looks now and then from people.

Like a fourteen year-old virgin getting stroked for the first time, he came so fast it was all I could do to keep from laughing. Sheesh, a few touches of my pussy and a couple minutes of stroking and he was unloading faster than a sixteen year old boy jerking off with his mom's panties. Some of it went on my hand but most of it stayed inside, probably making quite the mess inside his pants. I pulled my hand out and licked what cum remained on it off as he watched, his eyes glazed over as if I'd just stunned him or something.

"Was it good for you too?" I said, trying not to mock him TOO much but I couldn't help myself. It didn't matter anyway as he wasn't listening to a word I was saying.

Mission accomplished, I pulled my dress down, ran a brush through my hair, and rejoined the party. I passed Kristen, whose guy wasn't nearly as shy about public sex apparently. She was giving him a nice slow blowjob and I wasn't sure who was enjoying it more, him or her. Probably her!

As I approached one of the poker tables, I recognized one of the guys from the limo who had fucked me. It seemed funny that the whole group had sort of abandoned us once we arrived. I guess they had gotten off in the limo and now were willing to share their girls with the rest of the party while they had some fun gambling. No doubt on the way home they would be ready to go again, if they weren't too drunk. He motioned for me to pull up a seat next to him, explaining to me as I sat down that he needed "moral support". Well, I think he needed more than that judging from the dismal stack of chips in front of him as compared to the others.

As I sat there I noticed the others at the table all looking at me, sort of the way a mouse would feel if she was plopped down in the middle of a roomful of cats. It made me feel good, actually. I have always loved it when men pay attention to me. Granted, it's shallow and narcissistic, but hey, if you could get away with it, why not use the body your momma gave you? Sitting next to him, his hand reached under the table to start fondling my leg.

"Hey, if you want to feel her up, leave the table," one of the players complained.

Apparently there was some rule that players had to keep their hands in site throughout the game. Well, that didn't apply to me! For the second time in just a few minutes, I was cradling a hard dick in my hand. He was breathing heavier and trying to act as if nothing was happening, but he wasn't fooling anyone.

"Shit, I bet she's hungry for some dick... why don't you share her with the rest of us?" the guy across the table called out, sticking his finger in and out of a circle he made with his other hand.

For a moment, I suddenly had this feeling he might just do that. Crap, right here on the table in front of everyone? My inner slut was telling me to go for it, encourage them and have fun. My more rational side, still in control as I wasn't THAT horny, was screaming at me to tone it down. Once that sort of thing got started, who knew where it would end. Nothing said it would just be the poker table boys.

It may sound odd to say I wasn't THAT horny but it was true. The whole situation was so bizarre and I still wasn't quite sure even what that "situation" was. As a result, I was more curious than horny. Had we been introduced as the "prizes" for the evening, available for anything and everyone, I could have accepted that and perhaps even enjoyed it. If I knew we were just eye candy, free to tease and maybe even get groped or do a hand job, but no sex, then I could deal with that just as easily.

Actually, so far the latter is how I'd behaved although I had no idea what Barbie or Mandy were doing. They had disappeared so fast I couldn't help but wonder if they had something pre- arranged. So back to being horny or not, I was enjoying the feel of his dick in my hand and I could still taste the first guy's cum in my mouth that I had licked off my fingers, but the uncertainty and yes, a little anxiety, was keeping me from becoming full-blown horny to the point I would do something silly, which is what generally happens when my rational side loses the battle for control with my inner slut.

For better or worse, the rest of the guys just teased the one with the idea of sharing me and the game went on. Even though everyone was trying not to look like they were watching me every chance they had. It's sort of hard to see a girl jerking off a guy and think it's anything else but that. I mean, certain arm motions are associated with only one thing - stroking a dick.

I was having a hard time sliding my hand over his cock and I didn't want to keep pulling my hand out to spit on it so I was left with a decision - just rub him and hope it worked eventually or go for it and suck him. What did I have to lose? It's not like my reputation was on the line - although in a sense I guess you could say it was - my BAD reputation at least. A girl doesn't come to a party dressed like me, and NOT expect guys to think she is a slut. What was the point in wearing it otherwise?

Taking a deep breath, I pushed my chair back. He looked at me, probably wondering what the heck I was doing as pulled my hand out of his pants. It didn't take long for him to get his answer as I kneeled on the floor next to him and worked my way under the table.

"I knew it, the slut's going for it!" I heard the guy across the table chortling.

I couldn't see what was happening or who was watching, but no doubt every guy at the table was suddenly wishing I was down in front of HIM at that moment, especially when he gasped as I got my first taste of his dick. Nobody could actually see what I was doing between the table top and my hair hanging over him, but there was little left to the imagination. After all, this wasn't some R-rated movie where the sex was being just simulated. I think I was getting as excited from knowing everyone was trying to see what I was doing as I was from actually sucking his dick!

What made things sort of surreal was they were still dealing cards and playing poker as if nothing was going on. I wondered what kind of "poker face" my guy was able to keep with my mouth surrounding his hard cock. Odds were he wasn't concentrating on his cards as much as he should have been. My suspicions were confirmed when the dealer had to ask him what his bid was going to be several times before he answered. He wasn't TOO dumb - he folded, no doubt so he could focus completely on my services.

As I sucked him more, he put his hand on my head, pushing me down. His intent was obvious - he wanted me to take him all in. Fortunately, he wasn't the biggest dick I'd ever sucked, not by a long shot, and so I dropped down until my face was flat against his pubic hair, smashing it flat against my cheeks and forehead. He pushed down on me, holding me like that as I tried my best to breathe through my nose. Finally I had to push my head back against him and catch my breath.

"Damn, she sure likes sucking cock, doesn't she," the guy next to him commented.

It wasn't a question but rather an observation - a correct one at that. Yes I DID enjoy sucking dick. I love the way it keeps a guy so hard, knowing the lust and desire that must be building up inside of him as he squirms under me. Taking his dick in my mouth felt so good - warm and smooth yet with a firmness that let me close my lips around him and suck and lick on it. Now and then he would jump a little as my tongue would touch just the right spot, or my lips would run over the head of his dick in just the right way to make him feel especially good. I knew I was good at what I was doing and I couldn't help but feel a little proud of myself.

Usually when I suck a guy and he is about to cum, he will groan and talk dirty, telling me how he wants to cum, how he wants to cum in my mouth or wherever else he desires at the moment. Under the circumstances, this time there was little warning except for the upward thrusting motion of his hips as he tried to drive his delicious dick even deeper into my mouth. I knew what that meant, my guy was about to finally cum. I grabbed his dick at the base and pumped on it while my mouth concentrated on the head of his cock, my tongue running circles around it a I kept up a constant suction on his dick. Suddenly he thrust up again against me and this time I felt his warm cum spewing into my hungry mouth. Mmmmmmm, it tasted SO good! The first few loads were pretty good, followed by a series of smaller ejaculations that didn't leave much behind. When he was finished, I pulled my head off of him and looked up, our eyes meeting as I opened my mouth to see his cum.

"Took it in the mouth, eh?" his neighbor observed.

I closed my mouth and swallowed it all down in a couple of gulps, opening my mouth again to show it was empty.

"And she swallows to," the guy chuckled, "Not too shabby."

I got back up on my chair and took my seat again, acting as though I had just gotten down to pick up something I'd dropped and nothing more had happened. Of course, nobody was buying my innocence act, but then they weren't expected to either. I suppose I could have run my tongue around my lips as if I had just finished a good snack (which, in fact, I had), but that would have crossed the line for me. It was one thing to be a slut and tease and taunt men, but to be so flagrant, at least in this type of situation, seemed a little much to me.

For the next few minutes, maybe fifteen or so, I sat there and just watched. Other than TV, I'd never watched a poker game before and I soon realized it was a LOT harder when you don't have those little cameras telling you what the other people have in their hands. The guy next to me took the opportunity to put his hand on my leg and I let him fondle me but he didn't seem interested in doing much more than that. I was looking around to see if I could see any of the other girls but it was hard to see past the crowd. Just as I was about to get up and hunt for them, I felt a hand on my shoulder and warm breath against my ear.

"Come with me, someone wants to meet you."

I recognized Kristen's voice immediately. I gave my guy a kiss on the cheek, waved goodbye to the rest of the guys at the table, and got up to follow her. She only went a little ways to get away from any of the tables and turned to look at me, her eyes sparkled and I could tell from her grin and general demeanor that she was horny as hell.

"OK, here it is.... how would you like to earn a big tip?" she asked, her voice a little husky.

Damn, what had she been doing while I was playing around at the poker table? She was flushed and her hair was messed up just a little, as if she had just run a brush through it after whatever she had been doing.

"What the heck have you been doing?" I interrupted her, "Where have you been? Dang it Kristen, I have no idea what I'm supposed to be doing here."

"Well, it look like you handled things well enough on your own," she said with a smirk, emphasizing "handled".

"You didn't answer my question."

Kristen just rolled her eyes at me. "Shit Kelly, what do you THINK I've been doing, carrying on a conversation with some guy about the weather?"

"What about the other girls?"

"Barbie and Mandy? They disappeared as soon as we got here. I guess they're off in some other room. I've worked with them before... they like to make as much money as they can on these gigs, what can I say? You know what I mean?"

There was little doubt in my mind what she meant. I suppose she'd been off doing the same. Now was she asking me if I wanted to whore myself out in some back room? For some reason, it just didn't appeal to me. I had a pretty good idea what was going on and the thought of just lying in a bed while one guy after another fucked me really wasn't what I was looking for on New Year's Eve. I hadn't come for the money, I came to have fun and playing "everyone fuck the whore" wasn't my concept of fun - at least not for me.

"C'mon Kelly, they'll pay a hell of lot more for the two of us together."

OK, so now it was a guilt trip. If I didn't go back with her she wouldn't be making as much as she could. Well, it's not like the girl was destitute and needed the money to feed her bastard kid and go to school or anything like that.

"Why don't we just stay out here and have fun?" I asked. Her initial expression was glum but then she perked up. Uh-oh, NOW what did she have in mind?

We headed over back to the bar where the bartender gave her a glass of white wine and me another Diet Coke. He was good - he remembered our drinks! We sat on a couple of stools, crossing our legs slowly to let everyone get a good view. Kristen has something up her sleeve, I could tell from the way she was giggling and smirking at me, but she wasn't letting me in on her little secret, at least not yet.

"So what's the story tonight?" I asked, grateful to have a few minutes to relax, "This has been a REALLY weird evening. After the limo thing I figured it would be more a private party and such. What are we suppose to be doing here and why did the guys abandon us?"

Kristen finally explained to me that we had been actually been hired initially just for a limo ride, that the party thing was a late addition. It seemed we were like a "warm-up" for them before the party and now they were gambling and having a good time. Kristen promised that we would only be staying until a little bit after midnight and then it would be back to the limo. In the meantime, the party was really a place for the girls to earn some "tips" or just hang out, it was up to us.

"So people don't know we're being paid to be here?"

Kristen laughed, "Hell no.. they just think were sluts tagging along with those guys."

Well, THAT put a different spin on things. "So the BJ I just gave him...?"

"Hey, you enjoyed it as much as he did if I know you," she sidestepped the question.

Well, now it made more sense to me. No wonder the other guys at the poker table all figured I was just a tramp. Had they known I was being paid to be there for the night, no doubt more of them would have wanted what I gave their friend. Well, I'm sure they WANTED it, but I mean more that they would have expected it.

"So now what until midnight?"

"Just be patient my horny big cousin," she teased me, "This shouldn't take much longer."

She saw how frustrated I was with her being so cryptic but that just made her grin all the more. Then she surprised me by putting her hand on my bare thigh and leaned over to kiss me. Despite my initial surprise, I went along with it. It was only a brief kiss, but definitely more than just two friends saying hello.

"What was THAT all about?" I whispered to her, looking at my drink as if that was what I was talking about.

"You'll see," she teased, pushing her hand up higher on my thigh until her fingertips were just under the high hem of the dress.

Just then a couple of guys approached us and asked if they could get us another drink. Even though our glasses were still almost full, Kristen told them she would love it and so another "round" was delivered. All the while, she kept her hand on my leg, moving closer to me until we were rubbing up against each other.

"You girls friends?" one of them asked.

"Cousins," Kristen said to my surprise. Usually she didn't tell people we were related.

"Oh really?" the guy bantered back, "Kissing cousins I see."

Kristen gave her that little giggle she does when she is trying to act like an innocent little girl to guys. It just made her seem all the naughtier, exactly what she was trying for.

"We like to kiss," she answered back, then she leaned over and we kissed again, as if we had to prove what she said. We went on for a bit and then broke apart, looking back to see the reaction from the guys. I almost laughed out loud before I caught myself. Men are SO predictable!

"I like kissing my cousin," Kristen said softly, in a lower tone that sounded more husky.

"Is that all you like to do with her?" the second guy quickly asked. Sheesh, it was like shooting fish in a barrel for Kristen. She pushed her fingers further up my dress, then leaned over more towards me and gave them all a smile.

"I bet you'd like to watch us, wouldn't you?" she asked, drawing them into her web.

"Really?" the first guy asked, a little skeptic\al. Up until now it had just been typical bar flirting, maybe he had been hoping to make a score for the evening, who knows? In any case, I doubted that he had expected it to turn in this direction. Well, join the club. I hadn't either!

Kristen moved her hand further up my leg until her hand was up to my waist, it has the effect of pushing my dress up with it, exposing myself to the guys. With the bar on one side and the two guys standing on the other, we were effectively hidden from the view of most people so it wasn't like I was flashing the room, but still......

"She has a pretty pussy, don't you guys agree she has a pretty pussy?" Kristen said as her fingers moved over to my crotch, "I love touching her pussy..... do you want me to touch her pussy?"

OK, so maybe she wasn't the brightest bulb on the tree, but If there was one thing Kristen WAS good at, it was teasing guys. She managed to say "pussy" four time in a matter of seconds, knowing it was certain to turn the guys on to hear her talking "naughty". Meanwhile, she wasn't waiting for a response which was fortunate as the two of them seemed too stunned to say anything at the moment. She pulled my dress up further until it was out of the way and I sat there with my shaved crotch fully exposed.

Maybe some girls would have been embarrassed, but not me. God, instead it made me feel so damn horny. My pussy felt warm as I saw their eyes riveted on it, staring at my crotch as if they'd never seen a woman's pussy before. They only looked to be in their early twenties at most, but still, I doubted they were virgins. More likely, they had just never encountered two sluts like us before.

"Look how wet she is already boys... she likes you watching me touch her pussy," Kristen purred as she spread my pussy lips apart to reveal my wet hole to them.

My cousin slipped her finger into me, just up to the first knuckle or so, but plenty to get the idea across to them. "Ummmmm, yes she IS wet... don't you think my cousin's pussy is pretty when it's wet?"

Although they didn't say anything, the nods and wide eyes told more than any words could. I noticed both of them were sporting bulges in their pants but Kristen ignored their plight and instead, began to push her finger in and out of me ever so slowly. God it felt so good! I could feel my pussy gripping her finger as she moved it around just inside of me, stimulating the nerve endings that were so concentrated there. Her finger was good and wet now as she pulled it out and touched my clit, making me shiver. Damn, she knew exactly how to touch me. For the sake of our "audience", I moaned softly, licking my lips as I enjoyed myself.

"See how she likes her clit to be played with? Look how swollen it is... she's really horny now I think, aren't you Kelly?"

I looked at them and met their eyes as I grinned. It was all I needed to do. The evidence was there for them to see after all. Kristen pushed her finger back into me, deeper this time, as far as it would go. Then she started fucking me with her finger, drawing it in and out of me at a moderate rate, not enough to make me cum yet but plenty to make our guys think I might any minute.

"Look at her tits... see her nipples poking through her dress?" Kristen asked as she drew their attention to my breasts. Indeed, my nipples were poking through like the dress was not even there. With her other hand, Kristen pulled the top of my dress to the side, letting one boob pop out.

"I love her tits... don't you think she has nice ones?" Kristen teased them even more.

My sexy cousin leaned over and took my nipple in her mouth as her finger continued to fuck my increasingly sensitive pussy. She sucked on it a bit and then sat back up and looked at the guys once again. "Mmmmmmm, I love sucking on her nipple like that."

It was almost a shame to be teasing them this badly. Neither of them seemed to know what to do. Neither Kristen or I had made any suggestion for them to join, and to interrupt what Kristen was doing in the HOPE of getting some of me for themselves was risky - the equivalent of maybe killing the golden goose. As for me, I loved it. Not only did I have my favorite cousin feeling me up, but we had two horny guys watching her every move. I wondered what her intention was for them? Was this all a tease?

A woman came up to the bar near us and glanced over. Her eyes almost bulged out of their sockets when she saw what Kristen was doing to me but then she tried to appear as if nothing was going on, turning her head away and ignoring us. She wasn't exactly dressed all that conservatively herself, exposing some pretty fine legs herself and the dress was cut so low I wondered how her boobs didn't fall out every time she leaned over. Somebody was on the prowl herself, but probably not expecting to be seeing anything quite like this. She got her drink, looked back at us one more time. I saw her mouth the word "whores" as she left quickly. Oh well, what was the difference between doing it here or back at some guy's apartment later? Meanwhile, Kristen had pulled her finger out of me and put it up to her nose.

"Mmmmmmm, she smells really good," she said with a smile. She then put the finger in her mouth, sucking on it like a popsicle and then pushing it back in me again. "And she TASTES even better."

It was almost too much for them. One of them made a stutter step towards us, as if he was about to try it out for himself but then he lost his nerve and stayed back with his friend. I bet he was wishing it was his dick in me instead of my hot little cousin's finger. As for me, as much as I loved what Kristen was doing to me, the idea of a hard fat dick in me instead of her skinny finger wasn't all that bad a thought. I found myself wondering what they were hiding behind those pants. Kristen realized they were tight on the edge as well and she quickly took advantage of the opportunity.

"I bet you'd love to fuck her, wouldn't you?" she said to both of them. "C'mon, which of you wants to fuck my cousin?"

They looked at each other and then back at Kristen, probably wondering if that was a question or an offer. I was actually wondering the same thing. The first guy then spoke up saying, "OK, so what's it gonna take?"

He must have figured we were prostitutes and thus wanted to know how much we wanted. Knowing Kristen was looking to make some more "tips" for the night, I wondered what she would propose. My only thing was I had specifically told her earlier that I didn't want to duck back into some room and do it so was she just ignoring me or what?

"Just pull out your dick and fuck her if you want.... I'm sure she won't mind."

"Here?" he asked incredulously - voicing what I was about to ask myself.

It was one thing to sit there with my pussy and one boob exposed, It was another thing to give a BJ under a table where people KNEW what I was doing but didn't see. It was yet another thing to give a guy a hand job inside of his pants off to the side. But to fuck me right HERE, right at the bar where anybody could walk up and see? It wasn't like I was shy or anything. Heck, I LOVED to be watched being fucked but this was a little bit out of the ordinary. Although Kristen had told me more about the night and the party earlier, she still hadn't totally described to me what the ground rules were.

"Well, do you want to fuck her or not? Her pussy is here and your dick is there so why not fuck her now?"

He looked around helplessly and then his partner started to tease him as well, telling him he was all talk and no show, that he was chicken, the usual guy put downs. The first guy took yet another look around, then shrugged as if to say, "the hell with it", and undid his zipper. Oh yeah, the little head was in control now! He moved forward and between my legs as he pulled his dick out. It looked nice, maybe just a little bit bigger than average but nothing extraordinary. He started to reach out to touch me but Kristen pushed his hands away.

"Hands off her... you can fuck her but you can't touch her," Kristen admonished him.

The guy looked stunned, as if he was confused but Kristen quickly acted to help him understand. She reached out, grabbed his hard dick in her hand, and pulled him closer to my crotch. It became obvious what her plan was - she would direct his cock into me where he could then fuck me but at no time was he to be allowed to touch me with his hands. It seemed sort of cool to me - I would get to have his dick without being groped!

With him between my legs, I wasn't as hidden from the rest of the crowd as before so I wondered if anyone was watching. With him right in front of me there was no way for me to know but I certainly hoped so. After all, I love being fucked but in situations like this, being WATCHED was as much of a turn on as his dick in me. Kristen put the head of his dick right at the entrance to my pussy and then he did the rest on his own, thrusting his hips forward to dive himself into me. God it felt so good to finally get his dick in me. Sure I'd been fucked not too long before in the limo, but this was different, much more erotic. God, I was being fucked on a bar stool in the same room as a hundred or so partiers!

"Her pussy feels good, doesn't it" Kristen asked him as she put her hand down into my crotch, her fingers spread so they were on each side of his dick as he pushed it in and out of me quickly.

He was so hard and horny I figured he wouldn't last long but it didn't matter one way or the other. I was getting off more from the voyeurism, although his dick DID feel damn good in me. Kristen was rubbing my clit as he fucked me, driving me crazy as I felt my orgasm starting to rise in me. God, I was going to cum right here in front of her and his friend! Kristen knew me well enough to recognize the symptoms.

"You're gonna make her cum... keep fucking her.... fuck my cousin," she told him, making sure to keep that family relationship fresh in their minds. Maybe it wasn't as hot as fucking sisters, but I doubted most guys wouldn't be turned on more by two cousins than just two unrelated girls.

I came... Oh God did I cum!

I wanted to scream out but managed to hold it back to a few moans and whimpers. My pussy grabbed his dick, squeezing down on it as he struggled to keep up his rhythm in me. Kristen was moving her finger over my clit as fast as she could, virtually driving me insane with the pleasure of my orgasm. I was SO wet. I could hear his dick as it moved in and out of me, making the most erotic squishy sounds as it drive itself into my soaking wet pussy. His thrusts increased in their speed and I knew he was about to cum as well - and so did Kristen of course.

"That's it, cum in her... cum in my cousin's hot cunt, fill her with your cum," Kristen encourage him, as if he needed anything more to spur him on.

He started to reach for my boobs as he approached his own orgasm but Kristen was waiting for such a move and pushed his hands away.

"Just cum in her... you don't have to touch her, just keep fucking her."

He pressed himself tightly into me, his dick buried in me as far as he could push it. He grunted as his fist load exploded in me, a growing mushroom cloud of warmth deep inside of me as his seed erupted from his cock, covering my insides with his cum. Again and again he came, each time another grunt, each time a little more harder into my crotch as he seemed to be trying to drive his dick up my throat! As he finished, he pulled out, giving one last little squirt just at the entrance to my pussy.

Kristen reached down a little bit and spread his cum over my pussy. He stepped back, pushing his spent dick back into his pants as the two of them watched Kristen mine my pussy for cum. Her finger reached into me, moving around as she tried to drag out some of his sperm from deep within me. I did my best to help, squeezing down and trying to push the sperm out of me onto her waiting fingers. As she collected our cum, she first took a taste for herself (selfish girl) and then shared the next batch with me, putting her cum-covered finger in my mouth as I closed my lips over it and cleaned it off her finger as she pulled it back out again.

"Mmmmmmm, your cum tastes so good in her," Kristen murmured as she gathered more for her "reward".

Kristen look at the other guy, he seemed to be totally amazed at what he had just witnessed. I wondered if he had ever been with another guy when his friend fucked a girl right in front of him before? It wouldn't have surprised me if he hadn't. Despite what the porn films and magazines might lead you to believe, I have found most guys have never been involved in an orgy or even a threesome - maybe why it's such a popular plot in most porn flicks.

"So you wanna fuck her too?" she offered, not even bothering to consult me but then, she knew she didn't have to, not the way I had just cum from the first guy fucking me.

The guy quickly shook his head. I don't know if it was because he was too shy to fuck me in public or if he wasn't into "sloppy seconds" - and I was pretty darn sloppy at the moment. Most likely a combination of the two. Kristen pulled my dress down to where it barely covered me again. "Well, hope you guys enjoyed the show... I know my cousin did, didn't you Kelly?"

I just smiled at them and as an answer, I reached over to give her a kiss. We each had the flavor of my pussy and his cum on in our mouths which we shared together.

"Thanks for fucking me," I decided to say - after all, he DID fuck me pretty good. I looked at his friend as I pulled up my dress to show him my wet pussy again. "Last chance!" I teased as I quickly pulled my dress back down again.

The two of them walked away, leaving Kristen and me alone again. The bartender came over and brought us some new drinks. "Nice show," he complimented us. "I take it you're with the two in back?"

Kristen nodded and he just nodded back, his suspicions confirmed. Yeah, he was a genius when it came to figuring out the obvious!

The noise level started to rise and it was only then I realized how close we were to midnight! Damn, we almost missed it! There was a big screen TV behind the bar and we moved over to where we could watch the ball drop at Times Square. Kristen and I joined in with the rest to shout out the final countdown. We kissed as in an instant 2008 was history and 2009 was underway.

Suddenly the year flashed before me and I thought to myself what a crazy year it had been. Sure there had been some good times but the heartbreaks were some of the worse I'd ever experienced. I certainly hope 2009 would be better. Kristen broke me out of my muse with a kiss on the lips and a hug that pulled me tightly into her. Mmmmmmm, what better way to usher in the new year than to hold my sexy cousin in my arms and kiss her!

For the next half hour or so we just partied and danced but the gambling was as busy as ever. I felt so much better after being fucked although I had to carry a napkin for a while to clean myself off as his cum would dribble out of me. When you're not wearing panties, that can be a problem!

I was enjoying myself but at the same time, wondering what the story was. Kristen has mentioned earlier we wouldn't be staying long after midnight so what was the scoop? When Barbie and Mandy suddenly appeared out of nowhere, I figured something must be cooking and I was right. The four of us started dancing together when one of the guys from the limo took Kristen by the arm and pulled her away to whisper something in her ear. Kristen just nodded and came back to join us.

"OK girls, time to hit the road."

## 7. The Ride Home

I was enjoying myself but there wasn't much of a choice. Not only didn't I have my own ride, I didn't even know where I was at! The four of us returned to the entrance where we were given out coats. Outside, I noticed that the limo had pulled up already. Three of the guys joined us, explaining that the rest wanted to stay and gamble all night. It was pretty easy to see why these three weren't staying - they could barely stand on their own two feet, let alone engage in anything the least bit complicated.

It was a lot less crowded in the limo this time with over half the guys MIA. The driver helped the three losers into the car, directing them towards the front where they almost simultaneously passed out. Thank God as I was afraid they might start puking or something similarly gross. That left just the four of us conscious.

"So how did you guys do?" Kristen asked, all business now. I quickly got the idea she wasn't asking how the sex was, she wanted to know how much they'd earned. I was staggered. We hadn't been there THAT long but our little teen sluts had been busy little beavers it appears. So much for staying on college so you can earn more! They had each gathered in more in those few hours than what I use to make in a week as a teacher - well, more like two weeks.

"How about you guys?" Barbie asked. Kristen reminded them that I was just there as her guest, being I was her cousin and all. She told them about the bar scene and the two of them shook their heads as if amazed - but not in the way I figured sat first.

"So they fucked her for free?" Mandy asked incredulously, "Shit Kristen, I thought you wouldn't even kiss a guy unless he paid for it!"

"Hey, she's my cousin so give her a break - and me," Kristen chastised her.

I looked at Mandy and once again, wondered what it would be like to lick a black pussy. No doubt after this evening hers was more than a little bit used and probably had who knows what mixture of cum and whatnot was inside her now but still, I might have gone for it if for no other reason than to try it out for once.

"Ever kiss a black girl?" Mandy asked, as if somehow she sensed my feelings toward her. I shook my heads and she laughed, "So the poor little white girl never had no black cunt?"

I was far from poor, if you included my Dad's income that he used to keep me financially afloat. As for little, I was quite self-conscious of the fact that I was the biggest girl in the limo at the moment. In addition, I've always hated calling my pussy a cunt unless I was deliberately trying to make a guy horny. I don't know, it's like calling me a whore - I just don't like it.

"Well just don't sit there like a bump on a log. We don't have all night so eat me girl!" she challenged me, "Show me what you can do. Let's see if you can make me cum faster than your hot little cousin over there."

I looked at Kristen who just grinned at me, knowing I must have been wondering how many times she had oral sex with Mandy and then how fast HAD she really made Mandy cum? I was starting to recognize some landmarks outside the limo so I figured if I WAS going to do something, I'd better get started. What the heck, why not? A little extra cum never hurt anyone.

Mandy lifted her skirt and I noticed her panties were long gone. I had no idea where mine had disappeared to and I had a feeling neither of the other two has a stitch of anything on their bottoms either. At this point, who really cared? Kristen and Barbie took seats on the one side, sprawling out on the long limo bench seats as they lifted up their skirts as well. Knowing Kristen, at least, she as probably going to masturbate as she watched. Undoubtedly Barbie had similar thoughts on her mind as well.

Mandy was sitting up just as the guys had done earlier (God was that just a matter of hours ago?) her legs spread apart in just the way your mom preached to you they never should be. He dark crotch was even darker with the lights down so low. It was like looking into a cave. I got on my knees and put my arms on her upper thighs do hold myself still as the limo seemed to be rushing back to the hotel where it had picked us up. Heck, at this rate we would be back before I knew it.

If there was one thing Mandy's pussy .did NOT smell like - it was the sweet scent of a freshly showered and douched pussy. I could smell the sweat and cum on her, the distinct odor strong enough to reach me even when I was a few feet away. God, how many guys had fucked her? No matter, I plunged my face into her crotch, my tongue reaching out to explore her cute little pussy. Well, black or not, she tasted almost the same as Kristen after she had been fucked by a group of guys. It wasn't BAD, just distinctive. There was nothing in the would I can think of that smells (or tastes) like a freshly fucked pussy!

"Yeah girl, that's it," Mandy encouraged me as my tongue dragged over the thickness of her clit.

Such a little bump yet it was capable of creating so much pleasure! It probably hadn't been that long since Mandy had last been fucked so undoubtedly her hormones were still in overdrive. Her thighs felt so warm and smooth in my hands as I gently dragged the tips of my fingers1 over the soft flesh on the interior of her thighs.

As I started to lush a finger into her cunt, as she insisted I call it, I looked over my shoulder back at Kristen and Barbie. Both of them were masturbating like crazy, not really even watching me so much as each other. I wondered if they would remain solo to join forces.

"Put on in my ass too!" Mandy demanded as my finger reached inside of her.

If she wanted it... So I put my next finger in ass using the classic "bowling ball grip" on her crotch. It slid in easily, making me wonder how much anal sex this girl was involved in to stretch her out so much in the rear. I fingered her in both hole simultaneously, pushing them in and pulling them out in a rhythm determined by the music. My tongue returned to her clit as she moaned and pushed my head harder into her crotch.

"Oh fuck that feels so good... keep going... don't stop now!" she finally said as her moans became like little cries for help but Barbie was too busy with her own pussy to be bothered by what her friend was involved in.

No sooner than she had cried out than it was like a fire hose had turned on below my face. I'd heard about, and seen porn videos showing it, but never had actually been with a girl that I would classify as a true "squirter". Most were like me, "gushers", if anything at all. Personally, I had wondered at times if it was all some special effect or figment of someone's wet dream imagination.

Well, Mandy proved the rumors to be true - she was squirting cum all over me, making me a total mess1 It was crazy, like she was peeing only more of it and a LOT more tasty. Unfortunately, it also got on my dress but at least now the evening was about over. It might have been a different story entirely had I been forced to walk into the party earlier with a dress covered with a girl's cum.

"Well, how did I do?" I asked after she had calmed down for a few minutes. "Better than Kristen?"

Kristen was now listening again. Had she made herself cum before? I wasn't sure but the two of them looked pretty happy with themselves in any case.

"Oh, let's just say I know for sure now that you really ARE cousins," she replied coyly.

I was about to press her for a more definitive answer when we pulled in the drive leading up to the hotel lobby. As soon as we were out of the door and it was closed, the driver pulled away without another word to us. Kristen said something to the valet our ticket and soon a taxi magically reappeared before us. We all kissed and hugged as we said goodnight and then Mandy and Barbie were off to wherever they had cum from prior to joining us earlier.

The ride back to Kristen's house was uneventful. I think we were both so exhausted it was nice to just have a few minutes to wind down. When we got back to her place, I noted her mom's car was still not there. Kristen finally remembered to turn her cell phone back on and sure enough, she had a message from her mom saying she was spending the night at my house! Wow, two nights in a row without even coming home in between? I was going to have to ask my dad what his "intentions" were towards my act, just as he had asked one of my poor boyfriends about me back when I was in high school.

Rather than try to drive home this late, and besides, I would be leaving Kristen home alone, I decided to spend what was left of the night with Kristen. Besides, what better way to wake up on the first day of the year than with my wonderful cousin! Hmmm, my mind was already swirling with the possibilities!

It goes without saying that there are LOTS of ways to feel good about yourself besides fucking married men, many of which are more "acceptable" to most girls. Face it, no matter what she might deny or rationalize it, EVERY girl at one time or another in her life has felt that heart-pounding thrill and warm tingle between her legs when she catches a man looking at her "that" way. ALL girls want men to find them sexually attractive - it's in the DNA. EVERY girl has at least imagined a little bit as to what nasty and probably perverted thoughts were running through the man's head when he looked at her.

Sure, there are the prudes who try to pretend such attention doesn't appeal to them, especially those poor girls raised in oppressive households where sex is treated as a sin, something taboo, and even casual flirting is discouraged and labeled as something only "those" girls do - girls like me I guess.

Regardless of their upbringing, in my experience even the most up-tight girls will cave in to the temptation to flirt at least a little bit, even if they have to shy away quickly and then feel embarrassed about it afterwards. Personally, I would say the majority of girls flirt when they are with friends, letting the safety of the "herd" protect them from having to actually carry through with the temptations they offer.

To be fair, it's a small minority of girls who go beyond just accepting the interest that guys give and actively pursue such attention, dressing slutty to deliberately draw men's attention (and sometimes women's), actively flirting and maybe even exposing themselves. Within that small number are the true "sluts", the girls who don't stop at just teasing and tempting a guy, but are willing to carry through with their "offer" as well (not to be confused with whores, who will do most anything but for money, not just pleasure).

If I were to look in the mirror, I guess you could say I fall more into the middle category while sometimes pushing it into the latter. It's all relative I guess, depending on who you compare yourself to. I'm almost virginal compared to my cousin Kristen, who is easily at the outer fringes of even the craziest limits.

Face it, when God was hanging out modesty, Kristen was far away on vacation. There have been numerous times when even I had a hard time believing her behaviors could be so outrageousness. At the same time, how do you argue her methods when you take into account the results? Kristen learned at an early age that all it takes is a little wiggle of her cute ass and a bit of exposed cleavage between her perky boobs and she can have most any guy eating out of her hands - or someplace else on her body.

Despite everything, I love my cousin dearly but if ever a girl matched the stereotype of the blond "airhead", it would have to be Kristen. My little cousin (she's two years younger than me) would have likely never even made it through high school without the help she finagled from the nerds - the same guys she used so brazenly in public and then was so contemptuous of in private. Home alone on a Friday night? Never if you were Kristen. Too broke to see a movie? Never if you were Kristen - who needs money when the guy pays for everything? There have been more times then I care to admit to when trying to balance my checkbook that thoughts of how much Kristen was making in one night as a prostitute compared to me in a week of teaching didn't creep in. I guess so long as being labeled a whore doesn't bother you, what's the problem? (Well, in my case it DOES bother me.)

Compared to my "girls-gone-wild" cousin, I would say I am less bold but definitely more devious, preferring to use my mind in addition to my body. Personally, I find it a lot more challenging to manipulate him rather than taking the "easy" route of relying strictly on good looks and outlandish behavior. For me, I prefer to think of men as more like a Mission Impossible assignment, where I find a way to use his own mind against him more so than brute force. Playing the game can be as much, or even more satisfying, as the end results. To put a twist on the saying, "the end doesn't justify the means", I would rephrase it as, "The means justifies the end." Put another way, sometimes it's the journey that thrills me as much, if not more, than the final destination.

If you STILL don't understand what I'm trying to say, consider that ANY girl, I don't care what she looks like or how old she is, can go out and get fucked any night of the year if she wants to badly enough. (Something I bet guys WISH they could say - at least without paying for it!) That's why simply heading to a local bar to pick up men doesn't provide any special satisfaction for me. It's like asking a hunter to go shoot his game in a zoo and expect him to get the same thrill as he would get tracking down a wily bear in the dense woods. Sure it feels great to land the big one, but it's the thrill of the hunt that he's pursuing as much as anything else, the deadly dance between him and his prey. It's the same for me, but my prey is the man I'm after!

Now don't go thinking that it's ALL just mind games with me. Sure there have been times when I was REALLY horny and all I wanted was to get fucked and so I go out and pick up a guy just to satisfy my physical needs. Still, overall that approach is rather boring and lacks any sense of challenge. What fun would gambling be if you

broadcasting this intimate moment, not to mention a great view of her bare boobs, to a girl her husband had never even met! It would have been really cool to send her a transcript of our chat so she could read about how badly he wanted to fuck her while she had been folding clothes. (There was a lot more to this story so trust me, she didn't know!)

OK, so by now you must be thinking I'm the most narcissistic, evil, conniving, manipulative bitch you've ever met. Frankly, in reading back what I just wrote I could easily understand why someone would think that of me. All I can do is to ask that you PLEASE try to remember that my web site and writings reflect a one-dimensional portrait of me, not my full-time persona. There's a lot to me that people don't know but I doubt most people would really care about, at least not the ones who are looking for my type of web site.

My web site got its start way back in my freshman year of college as a diversion, a place I could express myself while living in an unfamiliar atmosphere of sexual repression and deprivation. Over time, it evolved into something I now have fun with, a place I can reveal things about my life that I can't in my "real" life, at least not with most people I know. For instance, in my "real" life I can count on one hand the people who know the "real" me, outside my immediate family, that also know I have sex with my dad. Yet through my website, hundreds of thousands of people know about it, although they don't know who I really am. I guess it's one or the other!

While some people call me manipulative, on the other hand I think that deep down, most guys enjoy playing their "roles" with me. Anyone following my web site over the years knows that I have no desire to harm anyone. Quite the opposite in that I think that in many cases guys have learned lessons from their dealings with me that could have cost them their marriages or even put them in jail had they done it with some on-line police scam.

Unfortunately, I also know that in a small number of cases the wife/girlfriend HAS found out what their husband/boyfriend was doing with me (see "Evan", "Randy" or "David" in my Friends section of my site for some examples) leading to some sticky situations. However, I have never felt guilty about the problems they incurred because in EVERY case it was THEIR fault, not mine. It was THEIR lack of discretion that allowed their loved ones to learn about their naughty activities. I mean, when a husband gives me his wife's e-mail address and thinks somehow she will be interested in talking to me, what do you really expect to happen?

Again, it's not my desire to hurt anyone or to cause any damage to anyone's marriage, even when I have sex with married men. It's no different than when people play paintball. While they pretend to "kill" their opponents, they really don't want to hurt anyone for real. Same for me - I love to tease and manipulate men, but I don't want to hurt them. Personally, I think in a number of cases I've actually helped out a relationship that was in trouble by allowing the husband to act out his fantasies and get things out of his system before something bad really did screw up his marriage.

## 2. My Best Friend Beth

OK. So now that I've bared my soul and confessed my "sins", hopefully this will help in understanding my actions of the past few weeks. Shortly after breaking up with Duane, I was at my best friend Beth's house, just hanging around doing nothing in particular but watching TV and chatting about life in general. We were both dressed casually, nothing especially hot - if anything quite the opposite. Jeans and baggy sweatshirts, about as NON-revealing as it comes. At one point her father came in, having just arrived from work. He glanced at me but when he recognized who I was, he quickly averted his eyes and went over to give his daughter a hug. He then left promptly, never looking at me again the entire time.

"Sheesh Beth, is your dad EVER going to even look at me again?" I sighed, shifting my weight in the chair to pull my legs underneath me.

Beth just shook her head solemnly and looked at me with a rather sad smile. "Well, you can't really blame him. If a certain someone had kept her hands to herself like I told her to..."

I playfully slapped her and poked her in the side. "Hey, don't blame ME! After all girl, YOU'RE the one who started everything."

"Yeah but YOUR dad wanted it."

"Oh sure... and like yours didn't?"

"Give me a break Kelly, you know what I mean. Crap, if my mom ever found out what you two did... she'd kill you both, and then me probably as well!"

Well, in case you haven't read about what we were talking about in my diary already, about four years ago Beth became the first woman outside our family that my dad had sex with since marrying my mom. While it isn't like he went out and just did any old girl off the street, it was still a major event for me.

Beth has been my best of best friends since before kindergarten and is practically a member of our family. Still, I wasn't exactly thrilled when my dad fucked her given my parents' rigid position (no pun intended) on adultery that they had been drilling into me all those years I was growing up. True, he only did her once more after that but still, it was the fact he succumbed to his lust in the first place that shocked me. It just goes to show that in the end, my dad's still a male animal and there are some things that can't be resisted forever. No matter how I rationalized his behavior, in the end I felt that what she did with my dad called for an equivalent "response" from me.

As I mentioned, it's not as easy to get a decent father and husband to commit adultery as people seem to think it is which is why it took me eighteen months to complete my "mission" but in the end, I caught him at a weak moment and eventually seduced Beth's dad into fucking me. OK, so he regretted it as soon as he did it but so what? Personally, I think he was actually more worried that someone would find out what he did rather than any regrets about fucking me but I wasn't going to argue with Beth about semantics. So far as I was concerned, he DID fuck me, and right in their living room, the same one we were in now, while Beth was home.

As I thought about it, I realized I was sitting just where he was that first time I started sucking his dick! Well, ever since then he hasn't spoken a word to me and still tries his best not to even look at me - quite a feat when you consider how much time I spend at her house. Of course her mom hasn't a clue about what happened between her husband and me but I have to wonder at times if she has ever asked herself why he seems almost afraid to be near their daughter's best friend. I'd love for her to know, just to see the look on her face, but then as I said, I really don't want to hurt anyone.

As an only child, I never had a sister (my cousin feels like one sometimes but it's not the same thing) whereas Beth was part of what can only be described as a regular tribe at home. She is the next to youngest of five kids - three boys and two girls. Her older siblings have all finished school and moved out leaving just her and her little brother Tony at home as she finished her education at a local college. Tony was four years younger than her - Beth likes to tease him by calling him the family "surprise". Being he was so much younger than us, through most of our years at school and such I never really paid him a whole lot of attention. Now that he was 19, though... wow, had he grown up! More than a few times Beth had needled me in the side with her elbows when she caught me looking at Tony. Hey, what can I say? The boy's a hunk!

"So where's Tony tonight?" I teased her, knowing it was a button of hers I could push that always got results.

"None of your business so just get your mind out of the gutter, OK?"

"What??? Meeee?" I replied, pretending to be shocked that she could even THINK such things about me, "All I did was ask where he was."

"Oh don't give me that you fuckin' slut, I know what you want and don't even think about it! Besides, he's got a girlfriend now and he's madly in love."

"More like in lust I bet... is he getting any from her?"

Beth smacked me in jest but she answered more seriously, "Probably, she's got a bit of rep from what I hear. She's not too really that good looking but he's always been attracted to the ones with big boobs, and hers are ridiculously HUGE."

"Like his big sister's?"

"A LOT bigger," she answered before thinking it through. Then her face clouded over as she realized what I was inferring. "KELLY! Don't even THINK that,' she said sharply, "Ewwwww, sex with my brother... not me, sorry."

"Well I certainly wish he was MY brother."

"Well sure, maybe for you but I can't even imagine such a thing. You know me better than that."

"Still, you have to admit that he likes your boobs. I saw him looking when you ran around with them flopping up and down in that nasty little bikini you wore around the pool all summer. Heck girl, even I like your boobs!"

I reached over and squeezed her full breast with my hand. Indeed, Beth WAS built - 36DD, and 100% natural. She started wearing a real bra when she was barely twelve and moved into her first D cups before I was barely filling out. It was like they never stopped growing all through high school. I was SO jealous of her at times. She quickly pushed my hand away and looked about nervously.

"Shit Kelly, you know better. Don't do that here... damn, what if someone saw you doing that?"

"Oh? You someone like Tony? Mmmmmmm, I bet he'd love to watch us getting it on. Maybe he'd even want to join in!"

"Oh shut up.... and besides, what's all this about my brother tonight? God Kelly, what's got you so horny tonight - I mean more than usual?"

She had me pegged as I WAS horny as hell for some reason. Nothing in particular, I guess it was a combination of a number of things, being at her house and seeing her dad, talking about her sexy brother, not to mention I hadn't been laid in almost a week! Mmmmmmm, speaking of her brother, I could picture in my mind how Tony looked last summer in his wet swim suit, his maturing dick clearly outlined as his suit clung to him like Saran wrap.

Beth and I had both been wearing our "tanning" bikinis, the ones that left as much exposed as possible without bringing the total wrath of her mom down upon us. Maybe it was just wishful thinking, but I could have sworn I saw Tony getting an eyeful of his sister's big boobs every time she was bent over as she climbed out of the pool. I knew he was checking me out as well, but Tony was a tit man all the way and his sister definitely had a MUCH bigger rack than me for him to stare at.

"Hey, have you ever thought about what you would do if your brother were to fuck me?" I calmly asked, as if I was asking for the weather or something else innocuous.

Beth just stared at me, her shoulders down and mouth half open as if she couldn't believe she'd heard me right - or perhaps because she knew she HAD heard me right.

"Kelly, now you're my best friend and I love ya to death, but enough is enough. Just can the brother thing - NOW! OK?"

Well, I wasn't about to be deterred THAT easily. "Wanna bet I can get him to fuck me?"

For a moment I thought maybe I'd really gone too far this time. Beth had long ago accepted that I liked to push her buttons and she knew better than to indulge me - it only made me push harder. Thus normally she just ignored me and life went on but this time she was too pissed off at me to think clearly.

"Last time, OK? No more about my brother and dammit, keep your hands off of him, OK?" she said in a miffed tone, but then threw in one last bit that caught my ear. "Besides, he'd never fuck you anyway. He's in love with his new girlfriend not to mention you're too old for him."

Oh boy, I might know which buttons to push to get her riled up, but she knew mine even better. What was that crack about me being too old for him? How dare she! Sheesh, I was only four years older than Tony and I hadn't had a teenage guy turn me down yet. Besides he wasn't going to be a teenager much longer as he almost twenty himself. And as for her smart remark about him never wanting to fuck

repeated again in most cases. For instance, she "forgot" to warn me that I had to be "initiated" at the first one, which meant being fucked by the host right in front of the rest of the group at the start of the party. I still owe her for that one!

Another key area where we differ is the concept of having sex with our families. Beth was aware that I was deeply involved in incest, heck she had even fucked my dad with me once. She remains one of a VERY small group of people outside my family that has any idea what goes on at home between me and my parents. While Beth has never even hinted at judging me for it, neither does she feel it's something she wants to be involved with when it comes to her own mom and dad, let alone her brothers. As I've said many times, that's fine with me as I believe that 99% or more of families should NOT get involved in incest. It takes a very special blend of circumstances, family culture, and personalities for incest to work and I am just fortunate to have lived in a situation where those all came together for me.

Beth's family, on the other hand, was decent and "All-American", not the type that would be able to deal even with open masturbation, let alone sex. When I started masturbating, I would do it on the couch while watching TV, even if my parents were in the room. They would just ignore me, just as I ignored them should the mood strike them (although not nearly as often as it did me). In comparison, I'm sure that Beth's parents would totally freak if they saw her with a hand inside her panties while watching some hot guy on TV!

Because of the differences in our family situations, for the most part Beth and I never even discussed incest. It was one of those things we both agreed was something we knew about, but not something we needed to talk about much. I guess that's why when I would tease her about her brother, she would get a little piqued at me, like I was threatening the tenuous truce we had between us.

## 3. Beth's Brother Tony

As Beth and I returned to watching TV, I laid on the couch next to her, seemingly calm and collected but my mind was whirring like a clock wound too tight. Hmmmmmm, too old was I? Never even want me because he loved his girlfriend? Well, we'd see about that! In my mind, I came to the conclusion that I would accept her challenge, whether she even realized she had even made one in the first place. Yes sir, I was going to find a way to convince Tony to fuck me, and I was going to have fun along the way as well. Only one question remained.... how the heck was I going to do it without losing my best friend in the process?

When it came to flirting with Tony these days, it didn't help that it was winter weather so wearing super short shorts and other revealing clothes like thong bikinis and low-cut halters was difficult, if not impossible, without being blatant about it. I DID have some thin sweaters that were a size or two too small, making my boobs look pretty good. But no matter what I wore it was for naught if Beth was next to me with her incredible breasts making mine look like they were still in a training bra by comparison. Heck, in our baggy sweatshirts mine were pretty much hidden from view while she still looked hot as hell. Sometimes I couldn't help but feel it just wasn't fair!

Well, clothes may make the man but when it came to a girl and her flirting, they were just one tool in my arsenal. In my favor was the male ego - one of the most sensitive things ever created, ready to break and flounder at the slightest negative suggestion. Properly manipulated, it offered the greatest opportunity for taking possession of a man's self-will. Don't believe me? All I can say is that I simply have to tell a guy he has a great dick with the right inflection and tone - and it's hard in an instant!

Had it been any other guy, I would have simply taken the direct approach and flirted shamelessly with him until he got so horny for me he couldn't resist. Like I said, this would have worked with any other guy but Tony wasn't just any other guy - he was Beth's brother and she would be keeping a watchful eye me. She knew me better than anyone and so she had to know what her words had meant to me. Would she suspect my plans? Absolutely. It just meant I had to be all the more sneaky and devious.

And so began "Operation Tony".....

Over the next few weeks, I made it a point to spend as much time at Beth's as possible, especially if I knew Tony was going to be home. Despite her sometimes blistering dress-downs later, I made sure I was wearing something revealing in some way for him to notice me, be it a shirt I "forgot" to button all the way, jeans that were cut so low my ass crack showed even when I was standing up, let alone bending over, a cami top with no bra that was cut to show as much cleavage as possible, a transparent nightie during a sleepover that I should have been wearing a robe over when out of her room, and so on.

One day his girlfriend was over and my eyes practically bugged out. She wasn't the prettiest girl in school by any stretch of the imagination and a bit overweight, to be gentle about it, but she DID have some monster boobs. I wondered if they were the type that would shrink two cup sizes if she lost a little weight but Tony didn't seem to mind the fact his girlfriend weighed more than him - even though she was at least six inches shorter.

As for Tony's reaction? Well, he IS a male and as much as he tried to make it look like he wasn't noticing me, he was, I was sure of it. He especially tried to appear to ignore me when his girlfriend was around but that just made it all the more obvious he was trying to ignore me. Meanwhile, Beth was having a fit with my antics.

"Christ Kelly, didn't you outgrow that cami back in grade school?" she huffed one day when we were back in her room after I'd paraded myself shamelessly around her brother, "Like hell, how do you even BREATH in it?"

She was right, it was WAY too small for me but it showed off my boobs better than just about anything else I had in my closet outside a bikini top. It was like waving sugar candy in front of a little boy and he reacted exactly as I had hoped when I picked it out earlier that day. I even made it a point to press up against him a little as I squeezed by him to get to the sink once. Of course, the other way around the counter was wide open but what fun was there in taking the easy way around?

I felt myself pushing against him, flattening out my unrestrained boobs against him with just the barest, most stretched out material between me and his arm. The excitement of teasing him had made my nipples harden long before and they stuck out almost obscenely through the thin material. He tried valiantly to pretend he didn't notice but I was sure I felt a little pressure back from him as I started to pull away.

Just to make sure I left a lasting impression, after I finished at the sink, I went the 'wrong" way around the kitchen island again, once again forcing me to have to squeeze by Tony. This time, however, in addition to pressing my boobs against him, I kept my hands down and as I went by him, I "accidentally" pressed my hand into his crotch. It was the first time I'd actually felt Tony's dick and while there may have been a layer of denim between my hand and his cock, it was the first time I'd actually directly been able to gauge his dick.

At first he flinched but then he did his best to act as though nothing was happening, even as my hand lingered on his growing bulge. I was sure nobody could see as it was between the two of us, but the way he was blushing must have been a giveaway to Beth. Later, when we were in her room alone, she let me have it yet again.

"God dammit Kelly, what was that all about?" she demanded no sooner than the door was shut. I gave me my most innocent, "Who me?" look, as if I had no idea what she was talking about. To be fair, at first I really wasn't sure as I didn't think she had seen what had happened between Tony and me.

"Did you honestly think nobody was going to notice you planting the palm of your hand directly on top of my brother's crotch?"

Well, yes I did actually!

"God, what if my mom had noticed?" she whined, not waiting for a response from me, "She would have dropped dead in her tracks – if you were lucky."

"Well at least I didn't kneel down and blow it," I offered as consolation. Beth didn't take it as such. She stared at me for a moment, as if weighing her words carefully.

"What's scary about that, you know, is I think you're serious," she finally said in a low voice, "You know, sometimes I think you're as bad as your cousin."

Now THAT was a blow below the belt, so to speak. She knew better than that. As much as I might WISH I did, as much as I might masturbate later thinking about it, I would never do anything so stupid, at least not with my best friend's family. Not even Kristen would, and Beth knew it. For a moment, I felt a little angry as I didn't really care for her dissing my cousin like that. Kristen might be a bit "morally challenged" at times, but even she knew where the limits were when push came to shove – most of the time at least.

## 4. Making Up With Beth

It wasn't often that Beth and I argued like this and I felt a little guilty about it – not TOO guilty but still a little. On the spur of the moment, without even really thinking about it, I leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. At first she seemed a bit surprised and as mad as she had been at me, she even tried to pull back at first but I reached around her and pulled her into me.

God, she felt so good pressed up against me, her soft ass in my hands as her boobs pressed against mine. Her resistance dropped quickly and she put her arms around my neck and pressed her tongue into my mouth. She ran her hands through my hair as I squeezed her ass – both of us knowing instinctively what turned the other on the most. It wasn't like we were lovers or even "girlfriends" in that sense, but rather two old friends just enjoying one another.

"Not fair," she gasped between kisses, "I'm still mad at you."

I almost laughed as she went back to kissing me again. Well, I wish everyone who was mad at me treated me this way!

"It's been a while, hasn't it?" she whispered rhetorically as we worked our way to her bed.

What she didn't realize was that as we turned, I was able to reach the door handle and I just barely had enough time to give it enough of a turn to crack the door open. Not enough to see through, but enough that anyone walking by would see that is wasn't closed tightly. I'd bated the trap so now it was time to see if my mouse would take the cheese! Given Beth's bedroom was located at the opposite side of the house as her parents', the only person likely to walk by would be Tony as his room was the last one down the hallway.

My attention was quickly turned back to Beth. Beth was pretty much straight, although she dabbled in girls now and then but mostly then as part of an orgy, or at least with other partners. The two of us played now and then but that's exactly what is was - playing. It was just a small step beyond masturbating together, but even then a step we rarely took. She was horny as well for some reason tonight. I would like to think it was brought on by seeing me teasing her brother but I knew her better than that to hold out such hopes. More like she just hadn't been laid either in the past few days! Whatever it was, she was definitely responding to me now!

"God I'm so fucking horny!' she exclaimed in a whispered tone, trying not to be TOO loud as the wall between her and Tony's bedroom wasn't exactly soundproofed.

Indeed, not long ago we had secretly listened in on Tony and his girlfriend. My oh my, she certainly had a filthy mouth when she was being fucked!

Beth practically tore off my clothes after which she stripped out of hers as well, leaving us both totally naked on her double-sized bed. Yes indeed, she certainly wasn't wasting any time! Actually, with Beth I liked it better this way. We didn't need to fool around for a while, pretending we both didn't want that same thing. We both wanted to get off (especially her this time!) so why not just get down to it and fuck?

I wasn't given much choice but to be on the bottom as Beth roughly pushed me down onto the bed and then twisted herself around, straddling my face with her smooth soft legs as she leaned over to start licking my pussy. Her ponderous boobs rubbed against my stomach as I could smell and see her wet pussy just above my face. Reaching up, I grabbed her and pulled her down into my face, our tongues both landing on the other's clit at almost the same time.

"Oh god," she gasped, her body practically shivering with anticipation as my tongue flicked about her already sensitive and wet pussy.

My best friend tasted good, rather strong in comparison to say, my cousin Kristen but not nearly so much as my mother or Aunt Linda. Like me, Beth was shaved smooth and apparently she had done herself not long ago because she was as smooth and soft as a newborn baby's butt - not that I'd ever licked one mind you!

Beth was licking my pussy as well, her fingers toying with my clit and plunging into me but I could tell she wasn't putting her whole heart into it. Oh well, I guess I could only blame myself for what I was doing to distract her from the other end! I'd been horny before for Tony but now I was more turned on from the way Beth was behaving than anything else. I was getting off as much, if not more, by licking her cunt and working to make her cum than anything she was doing to me. Indeed, that turned out to be a good thing because soon she was unable to focus on my pussy at all and I knew she was about to let loose at any moment.

"Oh fuck, I'm so cumming," she groaned as I felt her ass clench. She buried her face in my crotch, her hands under me as I felt her fingers dig into my ass while her first orgasm swelled within her.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" she groaned, a little louder this time but seemingly unconcerned about anyone hearing as lust overwhelmed her.

Over and over she moaned and gasped as her pussy literally gushed cum over my face. She was grinding her hot cunt into my nose and mouth as if I was her latest partner's dick. Damn, she was absolutely soaking wet and my face was drenched with her cum. This must have been a new record for me in terms of the time needed to get her off. Sheesh, what had her so darn horny? Well, if there was ever a time to ask, this was it, while she was still in a fog after her climax. I pushed her over and twisted myself around so I could kiss her, the wetness on my face transferring to hers as she kissed me and licked her own sweet pussy cum from my cheeks and mouth.

"What the fuck is with you?" I whispered to her, trying not to break the mood but still get a response from her.

"OK, OK, I admit it... I was thinking about you sucking his dick when I saw you groping him in the kitchen," she confessed.

"Had to be more than that to get you this riled up," I pressed her. Had she not still been under the waning influence of her orgasm, I'm sure she never would have answered so candidly, but why not take advantage of the situation?

"Oh crap, I was thinking about joining in," she sighed.

"And...?"

"Oh alright, I was thinking about him fucking me," she practically hissed, "You happy now?"

Indeed I was! No doubt once she had her wits about her she would deny everything and say I had tricked her into confessing to a "crime" she hadn't committed, but this was good enough for me!

"Let's not talk about him anymore," she declared, appearing to becoming more aware of her surroundings once again, "My turn now."

It soon became obvious it was her "turn" to make me cum. Rather than 69 again, this time she got down between my legs and put her hands up and under my butt, lifting me up just off the bed to make it easier for her face to plant itself on my crotch. Beth may not be all that into doing other girls, but she WAS a girl and she knew what it took to satisfy the cravings of a horny pussy. OK, so she wasn't in the same league as my cousin but who really cared? I was getting my pussy licked and that can never be a BAD thing.

I glanced over towards the door but the hallway was dark so even had it been open I would've had a hard time seeing out. Was the door more open now or just a figment of my hopeful imagination? Were we being watched? If so, by whom? It couldn't have been her mom or dad, they would have burst in and stopped us from our "sinful" ways. It's not that they were religious nuts or anything like that; but they had their boundaries, like most people. IF (and that was a big IF) someone had opened the door slightly, just enough to penetrate our privacy, it would had to have been Tony. Had he seen his sister cum? Was he watching me being licked by her now? I couldn't tell one way or another in the dark so I had to just hope for the best.

Oh my god, it felt so good when she started to lick me in earnest! I loved the way her hands felt under me, kneading and lifting my bare butt like it was a loaf of bread being prepared. I couldn't reach her so I planted my hands on my chest, each one over one boob, and massaged them as Bath continued to lick me. When I finally came, it wasn't anywhere as quick as hers had been, but it was like a pot on slow boil - rumbling and feeling good, but not overwhelming to where you had to cry out, begging for a pause for a few moments to let you catch your breath.

When I was finally done, we laid together on her bed on our sides. My back was to the door (not to mention my bare ass) so I still had no idea if we had an audience or not. In a way, I was hoping we WERE being watched, and that whoever it was couldn't control themselves any longer and would burst in to join us. OMG, what if it was her dad? Slim to no chance for that fantasy but it WAS erotic to think about. If Tony HAD watched us, did he get hard? Was he in his room now, jerking off as he recalled seeing his sister and me doing one another? Was he wishing he had the nerve to join us? Did he want just me or was he drawn to his big-boobed sister even more?

"You know, what is it about you that I just can't stay mad at you?" Beth asked, breaking me out of my reverie.

"Hmmmmmm, the way I make you cum?" I teased her. She smacked me playfully on my bare ass.

"You know what I mean... why are we such good friends?"

Now that was sort of out of the blue. Why so philosophical all of a sudden? For a while we just talked to each other as only the best of friends can, open and honest yet caring. Now and then we would break into tears as we would recall some moment in our childhood where we had done something special together, like when we shared her boyfriend for the first time. We would kiss now and then, more to express our feelings rather than depend on our cracking voices. It was a kiss between friends, not lovers; between two people who totally trusted the other as a symbol of our friendship. There was nothing that I kept from Beth and I knew she bared her soul to me as well. I think everyone needs a best friend like Beth, someone you can trust to listen to you and no matter what you said or how bad it was, she was there for you and supported you.

## 5. Doing Tony in His Sleep

We finally got up and got our nighties on. As we dressed, I noticed the door was open - not much but just a crack. Maybe it had just opened that much on its own; or maybe it had received a little help along the way. Had someone watched us? Would I ever know for sure? In any case, I opened the door before Beth noticed it hadn't been shut tightly. Stepping out into the dark hallway, I reached for a light switch and turned on the overhead hall lights, one at each end of the hall.

Tony's door was next to Beth's and was closed tightly. Was he inside? Was he masturbating, hopefully about seeing me and his sister playing together? The bathroom was directly across from his door so I walked down and just as I was about to enter, his door opened and he stepped out in a hurry, knocking me over in the process, on his way to the bathroom.

"Sorry," he apologized quickly, reaching down to help me up.

Of course, my nightie had pulled up in the process and needless to say, I wasn't wearing anything underneath so he had his first (maybe second?) view of my pussy. The shoulder straps had also mysteriously fallen to my elbows, letting the top slide down and my boobs spilled out. For all intents and purposes I was naked as my nightie was now bunched up around my waist. As he helped me up, Tony was staring at my nudity. Of course, I wasn't exactly hurrying the process along either as I reveled in the looks he was giving me. I guess catching him by surprise like this put him off balance and he wasn't thinking about what he was doing, letting his instincts take over instead.

"Tony! Shit! What the hell are you doing with her?"

Oops, I'd forgotten about Beth and now she was just behind me, the anger in her voice back once again. Tony bolted for the bathroom like a deer being shot at, slamming the door behind him to leave me standing there all alone to face the fury of Beth.

"Hmmmmmm, I suppose your nightie just accidentally all but fell off?" she said, a small smile starting to break through her veneer of seriousness.

"I guess so..." I said, biting my tongue as I tried not to laugh.

"I saw you fall... an NFL kicker would have been proud of such a nose dive," she started to tease me. "Damn, be honest with me... did he even really touch you?"

"Well..." I let it draw out, not really answering her one way or the other but she got the picture.

Beth grabbed me by the hand and practically pulled me back to her room. Once inside, she closed the door and this time I noticed she made sure it was closed tightly. Was she just being overly cautious or had she noticed what I'd done before? If she HAD, then she was certainly being more circumspect about it than I would have expected.

"Well you certainly gave him an eyeful, I have to hand you that" she congratulated me, although her tone didn't exactly match her words. "Poor guy's probably jacking off in there right now about it."

My eyes widened and a smile came to my face. She quickly interpreted my expression and shook her head. "and NO... you can't go down and help him."

We both laughed as she correctly identified my feelings at the moment. As things turned out, I wouldn't see Tony again before we went to bed but as we masturbated later before falling asleep, you better believe I was dreaming about him jerking off about us. As I came, I would imagine was how much perfectly good cum was being wasted - and what I would like to do with it!

We both fell asleep almost instantly but somewhere in the middle of the night I woke up. I must have been dreaming something pretty special because I was soaking wet between my legs and I had this overwhelming feeling of horniness that was like an uncontrollable itch. God, it was driving me nuts! I had awoke facing towards the outside of the bed, my bare butt pressed up against Beth's as evidently she had rolled in the opposite direction during the night. The feel of her warm soft ass just made me feel all the worst, or at least all the hornier. I wanted to masturbate as my hand cupped my steaming hot crotch but I knew in the mood I was in there was no way to do it without waking Beth so I got up and decided to go to the bathroom where I could let myself go a little more.

As I quietly slipped off the bed, Beth stirred and for a moment I thought she would wake up. I waited, hoping that maybe she would find herself in a similar situation as me and maybe we could each help the other out but she just moaned a little, more of a meow than a groan. Hmmm, what was she dreaming about? She was showing no signs of consciousness so I grabbed my nightie, pulled it over me and then carefully opened the bedroom door. Peeking out into the darkened hallway, I saw it was empty except for the light coming from one of those greenish luminescent nightlights people plug into the wall outlets. At least I didn't have to turn on the hallway lights or try to make my way blindly down a dark hall.

Just as I reached the bathroom door, I heard a grunt from across the way and I saw that Tony's bedroom door was about halfway open. Although he didn't have a teddy bear nightlight or anything like that, there was more than enough moonlight streaming in through the open curtains that I could clearly make him out on the bed. Damn, he was stark naked! Any thoughts of masturbating alone in the solitude of the bathroom immediately disappeared as I stared at him through the open bedroom door.

Tony was lying on his back, his covers thrown off, unknowingly displaying his handsome nude form to anyone who might walk by. Of course, he probably never expected anyone to walk by in the first place, and even then he most likely had the covers over himself when he fell asleep, at least it appeared so from the way they had been kicked to the side. Damn, I was staring at the nude body of a sexy, hunky nineteen year old guy, the first time I'd ever seen this particular one naked.

OK, so I'm only human. Naturally my eyes went immediately to his midsection where his flaccid cock was laying over limply on a dark bed of thick pubic hair. It was just my bad luck that he wasn't having a wet dream. I'd love to have seen it all nice and hard, cum dribbling from it as he dreamed of maybe fucking me? If I was horny before, you can only imagine how I was feeling now with this temptation literally laying out in front of me!

The heck with it, my hand slipped between my legs and I started to touch myself as I leaned against the door frame. Every instinct in me was screaming for me to go in his bedroom and do something, anything, whatever I wanted - and I certainly wanted a lot. At the same time, there was still some semblance of sanity remaining inside of me that was warning me as to what a horrible risk I'd be taking. What if Beth woke up, found that I was missing, and decided to see where I'd gone off to? No doubt she would have her suspicions from the start knowing me. Catching me masturbating as I looked at him would have likely drawn a sigh from her and a tug back to her room, but at least she could handle that knowing how little it took to get me started touching myself. Besides, I would only be fantasizing about her brother, not really doing anything. However, catching me in his bedroom, doing who knows what nasty things with him, now THAT would be a totally different story.

Honestly, I wondered if our friendship, as strong as it may be, would even survive such a betrayal of her trust? When I fucked her dad it almost broke us apart but since she had fucked my dad as well, I figured we were even and so we managed to get through it. Now as for fucking her brother... after all she had stressed with me about NOT doing it, would it be the straw that broke the back of our relationship?

Tony wasn't stirring, not even a periodic snore or anything. It was as if he was unconscious or in some sort of coma. What would he have done had he known I was staring at him, standing at his doorway almost naked with my finger pushed up inside of my pussy as I imagined it was his dick inside of me, the same dick I was now staring at in the moonlight? Would he be embarrassed or turned on? Of course in my fantasies that I was dreaming at the moment, he would sit up and offer his dick to me, telling me to suck him and then have me climb on top and slip it inside of my tight wet pussy. My finger thrust up into me and I barely managed to stifle a gasp as I felt my orgasm beginning to arise with me. God, my knees felt like they were about to buckle as I stared at his dick, allowing the ebb and flow of my passion to fill me with the most incredible sensations.

God I wanted his dick in me! Oh my god, did I say I wanted his hard dick in me NOW? ` Allow me to blame my orgasm for what happened next. Like, I was feeling so hot, so GOOD, so HORNY, that even the last vestiges of my conscience and worries about Beth simply faded away without another thought. I wasn't even thinking about her anymore. I wasn't really thinking about anything for that matter.

My body was running on autopilot, reacting rather than being controlled, letting the most primal instincts take over. I was breathing hard, my hand clamped to my pussy, unwilling to release my hold of it for even a moment as it was like I was some sex puppet on a string, with someone else manipulating me, driving me to do this, forcing me in such I way I couldn't resist the temptation any longer.

Suddenly I was next to his bed, looking down at the object of my desires. I didn't even recall walking from the door to his bedside, it was like I'd been in another world for a few moments or someone - or something, had momentarily taken over my consciousness. My hand was still pressing on my pussy, my palm putting pressure on my sensitive clit, keeping me on the verge of another orgasm but not quite there yet. His dick was only inches away now. Yes, it was flaccid and small, but it bore so much promise!

I started to reach out to touch it but halfway there it was like something in me was trying to break out from wherever I'd caged it away. For a brief moment I started to pull back, knowing what I was about to do was wrong but it only lasted a second and then my pussy practically cramped I felt so horny. Really, what difference would it make so long as I didn't wake him? Who would ever know?

I lightly touched the side of his soft dick with the tips of my fingers, half expecting him to bolt up and scream or who knows what. Well, one thing I was learning about Tony - he was dead to the world when he was asleep. As my trembling fingertips lightly touched him along the length of his dick, he never even twitched - not even his dick. My fingers brushed against his thick pubic hair. It was soft yet had a coarseness like that of a soft hairbrush. I leaned over and I could actually SMELL him, the thick musky odor of a man's crotch. It was a fragrance I loved and I breathed it in deeply, savoring the heavy aroma of his sex.

Emboldened by his complete lack of response, I gingerly put my hand around his limp dick, not moving at first but rather just allowing it to rest in the palm of my hand with my fingers wrapped gently around it. It was actually a rare experience for me. Mot times by the time I got my hands on a dick, especially a teenager's, it was either fully erect or well on its way. To feel Tony's dick in its "natural" state was rather exhilarating.

Just then I thought I heard a noise and my hand pulled away from his dick instinctively. It turned out to be just the wind - I heard it again and realized it was a tree branch against the side of the house, but my sudden movement seemed to have stirred Tony. He made a sort of soft, groaning sound but then that was it and once again he was like in a coma. I held my breath until I felt myself turning blue, afraid to even move lest I awaken him.

Finally I got my courage back and once again I felt his soft cock in my hand. This wasn't the first time I'd ever fondled a guy's cock while he was sleeping, not by a long shot. It WAS, however, the first time I'd done it to a guy who didn't go to sleep with me next to him, or at least in some way wouldn't have been totally surprised to awaken and find my hand wrapped around his dick.

After a couple of minutes, my hand seemed to gain a mind of its own and I watched, more fascinated than anything else, as my hand began to seemingly start to move as if controlled by some unseen force. I was gently jerking him off, pulling on him ever so gently, just enough to stimulate his dick. Slowly, ever so slowly, I began to feel him react. At first it was hardly noticeable but eventually it was unmistakable - he was becoming erect!

It was one of the things I loved about dicks - they not only had their own head but they seemed to have a mind of their own as well. Men can't seem to control them while they are awake, so why should it be any different while they are asleep? Cock heads didn't seem to need sleep though, they reacted no matter what the rest of him was doing!

As my one hand slowly massaged his growing dick, my other was back under my nightie, touching myself and poking up inside of me. I decided to switch hands, using the wetness of my pussy that had transferred to my hand help me to stroke his dick easier. I guess I could have drooled a little spit on him but this method seemed so much more erotic. I could smell myself as my pussy odor mingled with his. His dick glistened in the sharp moonlight as my pussy wetness covered his now almost erect shaft.

Amazingly, Tony STILL hadn't so much as moved a muscle - other than his dick swelling. I didn't think he was faking - even when men tried not to react when I was stroking them, like in a restaurant or theater, they still couldn't totally suppress every twitch or gasp. Tony, on the other hand, appeared as though he'd been nailed with one of those tranquilizing darts they use on animals on TV. It was just fine with me as the part of him that I wanted to react was doing just marvelously.

My hand barely fit around his expanding shaft now and I smiled at how much his cock had grown in the past few minutes. Every cock grew differently and I learned long ago that flaccid size did not always translate to rigid size. Of course, it didn't generally hurt to start out big if you wanted to finish big, but Tony was living proof your dick didn't need to be extraordinarily large when it was soft to be damn good when he was hard. What had been a relatively average dick to start was now definitely in the upper percentiles. Not that Tony would be auditioning as a porn star any time soon, but compared to most guys he was larger than usual.

I couldn't even remember the last time I was this close to a dick, the last time I'd held a dick for that matter, and I hadn't blown it - at least not by choice. Sure, sometimes all you could do was a hand-job, especially in public places, but this was about as far from "public" as it comes yet I was still playing by the rules. Seemed sorta silly I guess. After all, he was now totally erect, as hard as a steel pipe, yet totally asleep. His dick was pointing straight at his head, hovering over his stomach like a porpoise caught in mid-air as it leaped out of the water over a rope. It had a slight curve to it, starting out at the base more upward and then curving downward such that it was poised to cum directly onto his button should that moment arrive and nobody moved it.

Tony's cock looked black and white in the moonlight, but I could see a dark stripe that encircled it just below the head. The head was all swollen, bigger than the shaft below it and I could just imagine how incredible it would feel as it tried to violate my pussy, pressing itself into me, forcing my pussy to literally split apart to accommodate his girth. Mmmmmmm, I just knew it would feel great in me!

There was no way I was going to be able to stroke him hard enough, fast enough, or long enough to make him cum so I had to make a tactical decision. Do I just fondle him, enjoying the feel of his dick in my hand or should I do more? Of course I wanted nothing more than to straddle him and start bouncing on that cock as it slid in and out of me, but that would have certainly awakened him no matter how deep he was asunder. Thus fucking was out of the question. No matter how horny I was, I wouldn't go THAT far as it was almost a certainty that at least, if not Beth and who knows who else, found out. However, that didn't mean I had to stop at a hand job. Heck, if anything, wouldn't sucking him be more gentle on his dick than my hand?

His bed was just a little bit too high for me to kneel on the floor next to him so all I could do was lean over and put my face into his crotch. I managed to get my free hand on the other side where I could at least rest it against the wall. Thank goodness he only had a twin bed, not a double sized one like his older sister. With my face just inches from his crotch, the sensual odor was almost overwhelming. Obviously Tony wasn't into taking showers before he went to bed. It's not that he stunk, I don't mean that at all. It was just that I was being exposed to at least a full day's accumulation of male muskiness that made it so overpowering.

I held my breath as I realized it was my last chance to back down, to stand upright and stop what I was doing before this went any further. Even if he woke up now, I was sure I would have enough warning to get my hand off of him and he would just think he had woken from a wet dream.

Too late, I did it - I started sucking his dick. I loved it. I mean, I LOVED it! God he tasted wonderful! I wanted to gulp him down and lock my lips around his shaft, sucking on him tight but I knew I had to be a little bit careful and not get too overenthusiastic. My tongue explored the exterior once again. I simply loved the way it felt to run my wet tongue over the smooth head and then down his stiff shaft, letting it flow over the lower ridge of his head.

Oh god, I LOVED sucking his dick. I tried to imagine what he would say now if he woke up, seeing my head over him, feeling my warm lips wrapped around his delicious hard shaft? Would he try to stop me or just lay back and enjoy it? Perhaps he was even dreaming about it now, not knowing who was stimulating him but then not caring either, at least for the moment, either.

My pussy was crying loudly for attention of its own but there was simply no way I could touch myself at this moment. Of course, if I ceded to its demands I'd be climbing aboard and it would be gripping his cock tightly inside of me. Not that that was such a bad idea but for the first time this evening, I somehow managed to resist the temptation. Yes indeed, as much as I wanted him to fuck me, as much as I would have LOVED to feel his dick slipping into my pussy, THAT would be going way too far.

Actually. the biggest question in my mind at the moment was, could I make him cum? How much of a man's orgasm was controlled by his dick and what part, if any, did the "big head" play? My guess is that all that is needed was to stimulate a cock long enough and nature would take its course but that's just my opinion. Would it take longer for him to cum while asleep or was it all a function of the right motivation? How long was I going to continue risking discovery if he didn't cum right away?

Then there was the first sign of response as he made a very low moaning sound. It didn't sound like pain though, more like pleasure. He seemed to squirm slightly under me and I was tempted to retreat before he regained consciousness. Still, he seemed to be on the verge of cumming by now so did I really want to quit now, now that I was so close to my goal? No, I just HAD to risk it just a little bit more. It would have killed me to drop him from my mouth, just to see him cumming a few seconds later onto his flat stomach. It was worth the risk, at least that's what my naughty side was saying. As for my "good" side, it had retreated long ago, conceding total defeat by the "dark side".

Then I felt it, the precum dripping from his dick and then before I could even savor the moment, he was suddenly ejaculating into my mouth! It was a little different from when a guy was awake in that men will normally try to "help" things along by thrusting their hips forward, as if trying to add momentum to the cum shooting from their mouth or perhaps it's just their instinct to drive themselves deeper inside of my womb, trying to implant their sperm further up inside of me.

In this case, it was just his dick that was reacting, pulsing and shooting one load after another like an artillery gun had been perched on his crotch, except it had been loaded with sperm instead of shells. I eagerly gobbled up every drop, keeping my lips sealed around the shaft to prevent any of it from leaking out. This was one time his cum wasn't going to be wasted, not even a drop, not if I had anything to say about it. I loved the taste on my tongue, the slimy feeling of it against the back of my throat and around my mouth. It was salty and rather sharp, definitely an "acquired taste" for most girls, but I'd loved it from the very first time my boyfriend had cum in my mouth almost nine years ago in that dark movie theater. Back then I swallowed because I didn't know any better and besides, it tasted good. Now I was doing it not just because I enjoyed tasting it, but also to keep things clean.

Once he had finished cumming, I wanted to remained there, perhaps suckling his dick as it slowly shrank back to its original flaccid state. I was still horny as hell but somehow the "good girl" that I'd managed to lock away had escaped and was stridently warning me of the dangerous situation I was now in. True, I'd REALLY pushed my luck and it wasn't going to hold out forever so I needed to get going –

and soon. Reluctantly I let him gently slip from my mouth, giving him one last little kiss on the head before I straightened up.

As I stood over him, taking in my last views of his handsome nude body, I ran my tongue over my lips, savoring the aftertaste of his cum in my mouth - and it DID leave an incredible aftertaste that I knew would hang around forever if I didn't do something about it. About the last thing I needed was to have Beth wake up, kiss me, and detect the unmistakable taste of a man's cum on my lips and tongue!

Waving goodbye, I slipped quietly from his room, wondering one last time if I should've tried riding him but deep down, knowing it would've never worked out. Now what? I couldn't go back to bed with Beth, at least not yet. God, if anything my pussy was even wetter than before! So I wound up in the bathroom, masturbating like crazy just as I had planned to do before I was "distracted" by Tony. As horny as I was, it didn't take long to cum and I had both hands between my legs, trying to suppress a primal scream that I could feel trying to find its release from me.

God I needed to be fucked. I needed to be fucked BAD!

This time I was on the floor of the bathroom, my feet up on the bathtub as I rubbed myself again and again, plunging my fingers into me as if Tony was fucking me hard. I came again... and again. I might have gone for yet another except for the gentle knock on the door.

"Kelly, you OK"? I heard a muffled voice from outside. It was Beth. Whoa, how long had I been gone? Looking in the mirror, I tried to smooth my hair and make myself presentable in the few seconds I had and then opened the door for her.

"Something wrong?" she asked, rubbing her eyes as she tried to focus on me, "I just woke up and you were gone so I thought I'd better check on you."

Yeah right, I knew what she was checking up on - she was making sure I wasn't in her brother's room doing who knows what sort of nasty things. Ironically, had she woken just a little bit earlier, she would've seen exactly what she was afraid might be happening! The bathroom light was off except for another nightlight so she wasn't able to see me THAT clearly but the odor of my sex in the room had to be overpowering.

"Damn girl, what the hell have you been doing in here?" she asked, shaking her head and wrinkling her nose as if she had opened the door to a barn or something. I just looked at her and smiled naughtily, like she'd caught me doing something I shouldn't have been doing but yet I didn't care.

"Yeah... like I had to ask!" she huffed, turning around and heading sleepily back to her room.

As I followed her, I noticed the door to Tony's room has been shut. Hmmmmmm, who had shut it? Had he come out to use the bathroom and upon hearing me masturbating, heading back to his room but shutting the door this time? Or was it his sister, noticing his open door and the view of her naked brother through it. Had she lingered for a few minutes to look at the naked form of her sexy brother? Did she have any thoughts that maybe I had seen it myself - and if so, did she have idea how I reacted to it?

I crawled in bed next to her but she was facing towards me this time. We scooted up close and wrapped out arms around each other as once again I felt her incredible boobs pressing against mine.

"You know, you could have just woke me," she whispered into my ear in a husky tone.

I assumed she meant instead of masturbating as I doubted she would have been so accommodating had she known how I'd gotten myself off looking at her nude brother, not to mention giving him a BJ while he slept ever so soundly. We kissed and I was glad I'd taken time to brush my teeth and use some mouthwash. For a moment I thought she might want to do something more but she fell asleep almost instantly. I even wondered if she would remember the entire episode in the morning.

## 6. The Next Morning

Breakfast the next morning was interesting, to say the least. Beth and I had on matching robes which came down to our knees as her dad sat at the table eating his breakfast. The robes were a little overkill but I doubted even if he hadn't been there that her mom would have felt comfortable with us all but naked in our nighties sitting at the table with her. Tony was nowhere to be found and I wondered why but only for a few minutes as eventually he showed up, wearing nothing but some old grey athletic shorts. He looked handsome as hell with his bare chest and lean legs exposed but his mom didn't seem to share my opinion.

"Go put on a shirt before you sit down young man. What do you think this is, your college dorm?" his mom chastised him. Well, too bad for me; I was hoping he would take his shorts off too! He reappeared in less than a minute, this time sporting an oversized t-shirt. He looked like he was still about half asleep as he plopped down in his seat. His hair was a mess and he hadn't shaved or even washed up yet. Thinking back to swallowing his cum, it was a good thing I'd made sure he wasn't even messier when I left him the night before.

When Tony sat down, I couldn't help but keep an eye on his crotch, remembering how much better it had looked last night with nothing on to keep his wonderful dick from view. I hated the fact that it was now hidden away underneath those damn shorts. Beth kicked me under the table and I looked at her. She was giving the me old "evil eye" and I knew she had caught me staring at her brother again. I almost laughed as I thought about how she would react if she knew what I was thinking instead of just where I was looking!

As for Tony himself, he didn't seem to have any idea at all of what had happened last night. In a way, I was disappointed. I guess deep down I had been hoping he was faking it the whole time and then this morning he would wink at me or otherwise indicate we had a little secret to share. Did he even know he'd cum last night? Probably not as I guess men do that all the time on their own, just through their own fantasies as they sleep.

Later, as we were dressing in her room, Beth seemed preoccupied with something so finally I offered her the proverbial penny for her thoughts. At first she seemed to shake it off but then it was like she suddenly changed her mind and she whirled around to point her finger at me accusingly.

"OK, time to fess up girl, I saw the way you were looking at him this morning. Something's up so spill it."

I looked at her with my trademarked, "Who me" look once again and she would have none of it this time.

"Let's see now... my brother left his door open last night - something he NEVER does, and he was sleeping naked in bed with the curtains open - something else he NEVER does. Then I find you in the bathroom, playing with yourself like there's no tomorrow. God, I could smell your cunt in the hallway! Hmmmmmm, I wonder what got you so hot and bothered - AND so interested in my brother's lower half of his body this morning, at least more than usual."

"OK, OK, so I looked at him!" I exclaimed, trying to act even more exasperated than I was at her accusations, "C'mon, did you really expect me, of all people, to just look away? Sheesh Beth, I know he's your brother but even you have to admit, he looked pretty damn hot laying there all nude like that - especially on his back!"

"I guess," she muttered, probably as close as I was ever going to get to a confession from her that her brother was a hunk. "Still, I'm perturbed at him as much as you for leaving his door open like that."

"Maybe he didn't close it tight and it just opened on its own?" I offered in his defense.

"No, a few years ago I caught him jerking off in his room after he was suppose to have gone to bed and ever since then, he practically bolts the door shut at night when he goes to bed. Noooooo, he left it open on purpose and I'd like to know why."

Actually, so would I. It was too much a coincidence that he'd somehow forgotten to shut his door for the first time in years the very night I was staying over, thereby setting things up such that I got to see him naked. Had he intended for me to see him? Had he hoped I would wake him up and suck his dick, maybe even let him fuck me? Was that why I'd gotten the silent treatment from him this morning, as he assumed I hadn't stopped by as he had hoped?

Beth was still pondering things as she slipped on another sweatshirt and jeans. Then she finally smiled at me and came over to give me a kiss.

"You know, I have to apologize... When I first saw his door was open I was sure you were inside. I'm sorry I didn't trust you. It had to be a hell of a temptation for you, I know."

Sheesh, talk about feeling guilty! My best friend was apologizing because she assumed I had done something – something I HAD done! OK, maybe not in the way she might have imagined, but certainly I was not the innocent angel she was making me out to be. I felt so bad I was about to confess to her what I'd done but at the last minute managed to hold back.

"Something you wanted to say?" she asked, a questioning look on her face?

"Oh no... nothing at all, I was just afraid you were mad about me for last night."

Beth kissed me yet again and smiled at me. "Oh Kelly, if anyone knows you and what you do sometimes, it's me so just forget about it."

## 7. Tony's Girlfriend Heidi

That afternoon, when I had returned home and was laying on the couch watching TV, I couldn't help but think about Tony and how wonderful it had been to suck his dick the night before. I could almost taste the cum in my mouth again! That night I went out with a friend I'd met at a party a while back. We ended up at his apartment (I never bring them back to mine), and as he was fucking me, I caught myself imagining it was Tony fucking me instead. Indeed, at one point I almost called out his name! Now THAT would have been a bit embarrassing, to say the least. As good as it felt to finally get laid again, I came home later that night feeling a bit unsatisfied, as if something had been missing.

For the next few days, it was a constant nagging in the back of my head. All I could think about was Tony's cock; how it tasted, how it felt while it was growing, the smell of him, the way his cum felt as it shot into my mouth. I lost count of how many times I masturbated thinking of him fucking me in his bed while his sister and parents slept. To be sure, I didn't feel anything for him, I mean I wasn't in love with him nor had I any desire to be his girlfriend or even a close friend. Instead, it was more like I was seeking the Holy Grail, or the Fountain of Youth, or anything else that fixated someone on a goal, a quest that they feel drawn to or even compelled to finish.

It was killing me that I had been so close, that I had his dick IN MY MOUTH and yet hadn't been fucked. Sure, there had been plenty of guys I'd sucked and not allowed to fuck me, but it was ME that made that decision. I couldn't remember any other time in my life when I'd had my mouth on a guy and wanted to get laid by him that I had NOT ultimately gotten what I wanted. It was frustrating as hell, to say the least. It didn't help he was the brother of my best friend. Well, that didn't really matter, it was that she didn't want him to fuck me that was the problem. How the hell could I get him to do me without her finding out?

Well, the Bible says that no temptation will be made on you that you cannot overcome so I shouldn't have doubted that sooner or later, a solution would be found. Who was it that said, "The Lord works in mysterious ways."? Well, they didn't know the half of it!

The key was Heidi... Tony's plain, but well endowed, girlfriend.

It was a slow weekend for me. Right after New year's the demand for parties was at rock bottom and I supposed it would be a few weeks before things picked back up to normal again. Thus I had a lot of free time on my hands but still, a girl can only masturbate so much - even me! As it turned out, I was over at Beth's house, more to just have company than anything specific, when Tony came in, closely trailed by his girlfriend,

"Hey Heidi," Beth welcomed her.

Come to think of it, that was the first time I'd heard her refer to her brother's girlfriend by name, it had always been "my brother's girlfriend" or "his girlfriend" (or something nastier).

I looked at Heidi a little closer and once again had to shake my head a bit. Sheesh, what did he see in her? A hunk like him should have had his pick of any babe around but instead he was going out with dumpy Heidi. To be fair, she was a sweet girl and "had a nice personality" as they say, but a low-carb diet and some exercise would have certainly been a nice New Year's resolution for her. Of course, it was hard not to notice what he DID see in her, or should I say ON her - the most massive boobs for a girl her size I'd ever seen outside one of my dad's porn DVDs. Heidi was not really a BIG girl, not by any means. Sure, she had a fat ass and was overall a little chubby, but she wasn't truly obese and she was pretty short as well. But her boobs.... OMG her boobs! The only way to describe them is they were simply massive. It was a miracle she didn't walk all hunched over from the sheer weight of them. When Beth said her brother was a "boob guy", she wasn't kidding.

The two of them quickly made their way to his bedroom, the door shutting tightly behind them. I guess at nineteen nobody could tell him that he had to keep his bedroom door open when a girl was with him although noticed that Beth didn't seem entirely pleased with it. We soon forgot about them and spent the rest of the morning just hanging around, not doing much of anything, when Beth's mom called. Beth answered her cell phone and I could see from the sagging of her shoulders she was frustrated - and a little pissed.

"What?... Now?" she whined into the phone, "Oh mom... can't it wait until later?"

Whatever "it" was, evidently couldn't wait as she slapped the phone shut rather hard.

"I don't fucking believe this," she griped as I waited patiently for her to continue, "My mom ordered this fucking cake and I have to fucking pick it up before they fucking close."

She must have REALLY been pissed. Beth didn't have exactly the cleanest mouth but still, she usually didn't manage to sprinkle so many "F" words in one sentence. She looked at me and evidently the question in my eyes was all she needed to know what I was thinking. "Down at that shop on the Strip. Look, you just hang out and I'll be back in 45 minutes or so, OK? No need for both of us to bundle up and freeze our fucking asses off."

She stormed off to her room to get her shoes and coat, mumbling all the way in and then all the way out. "Catch you in a bit," she called out as she went into the garage.

I'd spent plenty of time in her house alone before, just as she had in mine herself at times when I was running late or needed to go out myself for a bit. I'd been coming here almost all my life so it was like a second home to me in some ways. Thus I didn't feel guilty raiding the frig or making myself at home so I went to the kitchen, grabbed a can of Diet Coke, and settled into the couch in the family room to watch some TV. I was a little tired so I was starting to drift off when my privacy was disturbed by Heidi and Tony. Something didn't seem right, you could tell from the body language that the two of them weren't exactly hitting it off at the moment. Heidi spoke first, actually the first time she'd ever spoken directly to me come to think of it.

"Kelly, are you really a slut and is your sister really a whore?"

Whoa! Now THAT was right out of the blue. I have to admit, give me a thousand guesses as to what she might ask me and I'd of never gotten that one right.

"Sorry," she continued, as if nothing was odd about her questions, "Tony here called you a slut and your sister a whore... so I was just a little curious."

There was more to it than that, THAT was obvious, but I figured what the hell, why not play along and see where this train wreck was heading. I just shrugged my shoulders and answered simply, "Sure.. you have some sort of problem with that?"

Heidi quickly waved her hands and shook her head. "Oh no, I didn't mean it that way. He calls me a slut too, you know, "she confided in a conspiratorial tone as if he wasn't right next to her listening to every word. There was an awkward silence so I decided to probe a little and see if I could figure out for myself what was going on.

"And he told you all this because...?"

Heidi actually seemed to blush for a moment and she looked at Tony as if expecting home to support her. No luck there. She finally took a breath, her monstrous boobs heaving up and then down again as she released it slowly.

"Well, I've been teasing Tony about us having a 3-some lately with his sister but can you believe it - he won't even talk about it!"

I couldn't help but smile - my kind of girl. It didn't surprise me that she'd gotten that reaction from him. If there was one thing I was certain of in this world, it was that Beth and her brother would never have sex together. It's not like I hadn't suggested it but her reaction was always the same; a look of sheer disgust and a loud "Ewwwww!". It followed that Tony would feel the same way about his sister, even if she DID have big boobs that I knew he looked at now and then - although nowhere near the scale of Heidi's rack.

"So I asked him who he knew that WOULD join in and he said you were a slut and if you didn't want to, your cousin's a whore and that she would do about anything."

My leg was feeling really sore all of sudden. It gets that way when someone pulls on it really hard and I was practically having it jerked off now. What kind of sick joke was this anyway? There was no way some girl was going to ask her boyfriend to do a threesome and he volunteers his sister's best friend as an option. Heidi was evidently pretty good at reading faces because once again, she answered my question before I even had the chance to ask.

"I'm serious Kelly, would you be interested... even a little bit?"

I looked at Tony to see his reaction but he couldn't look me straight in the eye. Hmmm, that told me that she was telling me the truth - at least about his side of the story. Had this all been some sort of elaborate practical joke on me, he'd be trying to sell it just as hard as she was without acting ashamed or embarrassed.

"You know Tony, if your sister ever found out.....," I trailed off, the rest being unnecessary to vocalize as we both knew what would happen.

"So that's a yes?" Heidi barged in, a little giggle escaping as she wiggled excitedly on the couch like she had to run to the bathroom any second.

"So tell me Heidi, have you ever done anything like this before" I asked, actually meaning for it for the both of them.

I was pretty damn certain that Tony never had but Heidi, well she was turning into some sort of enigma. Actually, it wouldn't have surprised me TOO much as I knew other girls who were a little, shall we say, too short for their weight, that used sex to compensate for their lack of looks when it came to snaring a boyfriend. Tony may like her monstrous boobs but I had a sneaky suspicion that she'd been putting out from day one as well, just to seal the deal with him.

At first I thought she was going to lie and say she had. There was just something in the way that she was trying TOO hard to act like this was all normal for her. I wondered if she'd ever even been with a girl before, let alone a three-some. Most likely not. I mean, like why would another girl even WANT to be with her?

Honestly, I wasn't exactly attracted to her; it was only her association with Tony that I was even having this conversation.

"Well..." she dragged on, "Not really."

Oh really? I almost laughed as this was one of those things you either did, or didn't. Sort of like being pregnant - you either were or weren't with no such thing as being "not really" pregnant. OK, I figured if she wanted to play the game, I may as well call her bluff and see how far she was willing to go.

"OK then, let's give Tony a little something to get him started them, what do you say Heidi?" I said softly, in a sexy deep tone.

I moved over next to her and put my arms around her, then leaned into her to kiss her. At first she pulled back, most likely shocked that I had actually done it. Then she must have thought about Tony watching and she came back to me, pulling me into her as I felt her huge boobs pressing into me.

Not to waste any time, as Beth would be back before too long, I put my hand on her breast, trying to grab a handful but it was much too large to actually grab so I just cupped it like a huge water balloon. My god, it was the biggest boob I'd ever touched! She didn't pull back but then again, she didn't exactly respond either so I decided to up the ante and reached down between her legs, cupping her warm crotch in my hand. I couldn't see Tony but I was sure he was watching our every move, maybe even touching himself a little now seeing the two of us together.

"Oh god I can't do this!" Heidi exclaimed suddenly, pulling back from me and pushing my hand away from her pussy.

She looked bewildered as she went from me, to Tony, and back and forth between us like a wild animal that had been caged except that this was a trap she had set for herself, most likely assuming it would never be used. Well, she didn't know me very well then if she thought she could out-bluff me!

"But I though you wanted to make out and then have Tony fuck us both?" I questioned her, trying to act disappointed and confused.

In a way, I actually WAS disappointed but I wasn't confused - not in the least. Heck, I knew all along she was putting up fake front to try and impress Tony but in the end, she didn't consider that I might take her up on her offer! It wasn't that much of a shock to me, a lot of girls aren't into other girls so I didn't hold it against her or anything. I just was a bit miffed that I wasn't going to get fucked by Tony. Or was I?

"So what do YOU say Tony," I challenged him as I turned away from Heidi, "Do you want to fuck me in front of your girlfriend?"

Well duh! It was obvious from the conflicted expression on his face that he damn well did. He looked at me, then at Heidi, back to me, and then back to her again.

"If you ever want to touch THESE again, you know what you'd better say," Heidi warned him with a bit of a snarl together with a glaring look at me thought was hot enough to support global warming.

Heidi cupped her boobs in her hands and bounced them for him to remember what it was about her that he loved so much - and what he would lose if he made the wrong choice, at least wrong so far as she was concerned.

Tony was saved by the bell - literally. The front doorbell rang and I heard Beth outside yelling something. Damn, that was a fast 45 minutes! I ran to the door to see what was going on. As it turned out, she had locked herself out and that was it. By the time we got back to the living room, Heidi and Tony were nowhere to be seen.

"So where's my brother and the boobs at?" Beth asked, looking at me as if I should know. Did she suspect anything?

"Beats me, they disappeared to his bedroom as soon as you left," I replied, trying not to look TOO guilty.

Beth looked at me for a moment, assessing the situation. Either she believed me (probably not) or figured it wasn't worth the pain to argue (probably so). In any case, she explained her mom had called and told her to never mind. She appeared to be more than a little miffed, not to mention insult on top of injury - forgetting the house key.

We ended up back in her bedroom and sure enough, the walls WERE pretty thin. I could hear the two of them next door going at it and I couldn't help but wonder if Heidi was overdoing it just a bit, knowing I would be hearing her.

Well, so far I've yet to get fucked by Tony. Now don't worry, that doesn't mean I've given up or will stop trying! Who knows, maybe someday I'll catch her dad at a weak moment and get him to do me again.

When I got back home that day I sat on the edge of my bed and contemplated about what had all been going on lately, especially the brief time I spent with Heidi and Tony. Who was really the cockteaser? Me for playing along with Heidi while it lasted, or her for the way she got Tony all hot and bothered with the thought of fucking me?

Or is it me, for making you hope I'd be telling you how I fucked Tony!

# (Jan 31) Chapter 178: K9 Again

Story codes: MF F-solo best group oral
Me (23)
Beth - BFF (24)
Samantha - girlfriend (23)
Sandy - Sam's golden retriever

If there is one thing I should have learned by now, it's never say "never"! It's been 2-1/2 years since I did something that disgusted me later, swearing I would "never do it again? Oh well, so much for that promise.

## 1. Memories

It seems like so long ago now. Eight six years ago I was in bed with my little four pound Yorkie when she got interested in what was between my legs so out of curiosity I let her investigate. Like many things I've done, I considered it an experiment, just a one-time experience and never did anything like that again. I'd seen clips of girls having sex with dogs and even horses but for me, the thought of having sex with an animal was somewhat repulsive to me, something only ugly girls in foreign porn movies did. The idea that I would ever even TOUCH a dog's dick, let alone suck one or fuck one, was not even something I ever fantasized about. At least, until my friend Samantha got her way.

Samantha (Sam) was one of those friends I include in my short list of close friends. We had grown up together and while I had seen her masturbating during some of our slumber parties, it was no different than any of my other friends since we all did it. We had never actually touched one another, even though it became fairly public knowledge that Sam was an avowed lesbian and so far as I knew, she had never even had sex with a guy even though she was the same age as me - twenty one. She was beautiful and she still teased and flirted with guys but it was just out of cruel sport so far as she was concerned. She had a great body and enjoyed showing it off, even if she had no interest in them beyond that. Although I am bi, my preference is for guys and I have never made a show out of being

experiences that I now regret. Not that Sam didn't try to get me to do it again, but even she eventually stopped pestering me about it when she realized how strongly I felt about it. Just to show you how much it revolted me, I don't even remember masturbating once to the memory of Sandy fucking me.

Given my feelings about animal sex, you would think that the case was closed and I would never do anything like that again. Well, at least I did. Sam may have given up on me, but my best friend Beth never let me forget about it. Usually it was just a teasing comment, maybe a joking gesture when a dog was nearby, something to gently prod me and try to push a button for a response from me. Typically I just ignored her and silently cursed Sam under my breath for telling Beth about what I'd done with her "best friend".

Something else that Beth liked to pester me about was her sex parties. It had been ages since I'd gone to one with her and she was becoming quite a pain in the ass sometimes about it. I knew she went to about one a week or so, meaning she was getting plenty of cock – at least compared to me.

As for me, my sex life had become rather boring lately, restricted to a few friends I knew plus the occasional fuck from my dad when my Aunt Linda wasn't around. It seemed she was ALWAYS at our house lately, although I knew that was an exaggeration. Actually, I should say she always seemed to be there when I was there. Since my mom had been killed last fall, their relationship had tightened considerably, to say the least. Although I never thought for a moment there would it would ever become something romantic, the two of them certainly did seem to enjoy each other. I was doing two or three parties a week, but they generally didn't involve sex and if anything, I found myself even hornier when I got home than I had been before the party!

## 2. Feeling Horny

It was a bitter cold Friday early evening and I was on my way back from my dad's, heading to my apartment. My left hand was steering while my right hand was planted firmly in my crotch. God, was I horny! I'd gone over to see my dad, figuring he might need me to help calm down his urges which tended to build up during the week, but when I got there I found him in bed with my Aunt Linda. The two of them were going at it so hard that they never even heard me come in and if they saw me peeking around the door, then they never gave any hint of it.

For a brief moment I considered barging in and maybe even joining them, but seeing her riding my dad as she sat on his prone body, his dick impaled in her hairy pussy, I decided to just let them finish. Only problem was, I was so damn horny from anticipating him fucking me, I had a hard time even walking from the way my pussy was cramping with desire. As soon as I had pulled out from the driveway, my hand slipped inside my pants and my fingers started to touch me. Damn I was wet!

My cell phone rang and I would have ignored it had it been anyone else but Beth. Her ring-tone blasted out and I sighed as pulled my hand from my pants, wiping my wet fingers against my jeans before picking up my phone.

"What!" I gasped into the speaker, a little more emphatic than I meant to be.

"Well damn girl, don't tear my had off!" Beth giggled from the other end, "What the hell's going on with you anyway?"

I quickly explained my "situation", thinking in the back of my mind that I wished she would say whatever it was she had to say and hang up so I could get back to touching myself again.

"Well, if you're really so damn horny and all, why not go with me to a party? It starts in less than an hour from now."

"Beth...!" I dragged out her name together with a sigh. She knew better than to push me about her parties.

"Don't give me that, get your hot little ass over here now," she insisted, "See you in a few minutes."

With that she hung up. I was sorely tempted to just ignore her and get back home where I could take care of myself. Who knows, maybe tonight was one of those when I just went out to some bar and got picked up by somebody. At the moment it didn't matter to me WHO it was, just so long as he could get an erection!

My hand was back in my jeans again and I could feel how wet and hot my pussy was. What the hell, why not? At the next corner I turned and headed to Beth's house. I was dressed in jeans and a simple blouse, but I knew that it didn't make any difference what I wore TO one of Beth's arties, as once you were there it would be off before long anyway. I arrived at her house in about fifteen minutes where she met me at the door and invited me in. Actually, I hadn't expected that, figuring we would get in her car immediately or I would follow her to wherever the party would be tonight as they moved from home to home each week.

"It doesn't start for at least another half hour or so and it's only a few minutes away this time so let's go to my room for a bit," Beth said as I nodded to her parents at the kitchen table. Her brother wasn't there, probably out on a Friday night with his girlfriend. Once in her room, she closed the door and then grabbed my right hand, pulling it to her nose. Once sniff and she looked up at me and grinned.

"Somebody was being naughty as she drove!" she teased me.

"Well, it's not like I had a chance to wash my hands," I whined, pulling my stinky fingers from her face as if I was upset with her.

Actually, it was just the sort of game we would play with each other as best friends do. Beth knew from long experience how much I loved to masturbate and she never failed to miss an opportunity to tease me about it. Not that SHE didn't like it herself, she just wasn't as totally infatuated with it as me. To be fair, not many girls I've known have been either. Sometimes when we would share a boyfriend, she would be amused at watching me masturbate after he had fucked us. I had given up trying to explain to her that I didn't just masturbate as a SUBSTITUTE for sex (although it DOES help when the sex life gets a little thin), but rather to COMPLEMENT sex.

"So what's the deal tonight?" I asked her. Many of her parties had "themes" and I was just curious if that was the case tonight.

"Nothing special, at least that I know of," she hedged but there was something in her tone that told me she was not being totally truthful with me.

Hmmmmmm, she knew something. The question was, what was it? I knew better than to try and pry further. If Beth was going to tell me, she would have already.

"OK, let's just say it's the perfect night for a horny girl like you," she teased me unexpectedly.

Uh-oh, something was up, I could smell it on her just as she was able to smell my pussy on my fingers. I looked at her patiently, although patience was about the last thing on my mind at the moment. That almost overwhelming feeling I get when I NEED to cum, when I NEED to have sex more than anything else in the world at that moment, was about to burst inside of me. It didn't help I had come close while I was driving over.

"Ahhhhhh, what's the matter? Kelly needs something?" she teased me again. God, she was being merciless! She knew full well what I wanted to do. Screw it... the door was shut, I was horny, and she was being obnoxious so why not finish myself and get it over with?

"Oh Kelly!" Beth sighed as she saw what I was doing.

My jeans dropped to the floor around my shoes as I sat on her bed and leaned back, spreading my legs apart to make room for my hand to firmly plant itself on my wet pussy.

I just ignored her, closing my eyes and letting my thoughts drift to the scene I'd witnessed not all that long ago. My Aunt Linda was beautiful and when she was being fucked, she looked happier than at any other time. As I pushed my finger into me, I remember seeing my dad's dick as it stroked in and out of his sister-in-law's hairy cunt. God I wished it had been in me. I wished it was in me this very moment! I wanted to feel my dad's dick in me, feel him moving it inside of me, stroking himself in and out of me as he used me to satisfy the needs that would build up inside of him. God I wanted to feel him cumming in me, to feel the warmth deep within me that signaled my father's love being released inside of me.

"Ohhhhhh daddy... fuck me," I moaned softly, not even thinking about where I was at the moment, not caring either.

I had both hand working on me now, the finger of my left hand inside of me as those on my right massaged my swollen clit. My eyes were shut tight as I imagined my dad's dick cumming me, as he gave me the most precious and personal gift a father can give his daughter - one load after another of his incestuous cum in side of his daughter's willing pussy.

It was at such a moment that I could actually FEEL his love for me, when I knew that I was so desirable to my own father than he would so something most father's only dreamed of doing with their daughter. When he came in me I knew he not only loved me, he WANTED me. It was more than just a father's love for his daughter, it was a man's hunger for a young woman. For a few incredible moments in time, I was more than just his daughter, I was the most desirable woman in the world to my own father.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" I moaned as in my mind, my father kept cumming and cumming in me, as if he would never stop. I could feel my pussy getting even wetter as I started to cum, my orgasm rising in me as my dream lover started fucking me yet again. Oh my god, it felt SO good! My eyes shut even tighter as goose bumps rose over my entire body but yet I wasn't cold; if anything I felt like I was in a furnace, except the furnace was inside of me, trying to burn its way out of me.

Finally I just dropped back on the bed, letting my spread legs hang over as I clutched my crotch with both hands, as if I was trying to pull it inside of me. I couldn't even try to open my eyes but even with them shut, I was seeing flashes of light as I imagined how it would be to lay there with my father's spent dick still inside of me, twitching in me as the mixture of our cum drained from my pussy and down my ass to the bed sheets.

It seemed like forever but eventually I opened my eyes and lifted my head. Sitting across from me at her desk, Beth had her arms folded in front of her as she patiently - or perhaps more impatiently, waited for me to finish. I looked at her and gave her a rather sheepish grin as I put my cum-laden fingers to my mouth, licking myself off of them.

"Sorry....." I started to say softly. OK, to be honest I wasn't really feeling very sorry.

"Whatever," Beth huffed, "I know better than to try and stop you when you get that way. You just better be that horny at the party.... which starts in ten minutes by the way and I don't want to miss the opening!"

I gathered myself together and sat up, pulling my jeans up, zipping them and then buttoning them shut. Beth HAD indeed been quite patient with me but I could see she as getting antsy now. I knew what she was referring to as far as the party went. Each of them opened with some sort of initiation ceremony for the new person - girl or girl. As a rule, they only allowed one new person at any one party so it was always that one poor person getting the full treatment.

I recalled my first party. Beth had conveniently "forgotten" to mention the part about any initiation so I was taken by surprise when at the start of the party, I was introduced and found out that I was expected to let the host fuck me in front of everyone before anything else could get started. I can't say I minded it, I just would have liked to have known about it beforehand. After a few parties, I realized that not telling the poor person (men and women) was sort of a tradition and several of them were not nearly as ready to go along with it as I had been.

Actually, I DID feel a little better as the afterglow of my orgasm would bring a tingle to my fingers and toes - not to mention between my legs, now and then. Beth was being unusually discreet for once and didn't even mention anything about her best friend's impulsive urges as we gathered out coats to guard against the arctic weather. We were both bundled up as we passed her parents once again on the way to her car in the garage. A quick wave and goodbye and we were on our way. Beth wasn't exaggerating when she said it was -like two blocks away! I'd never paid much attention to this street and even though it was so close, I can't say I ever remembered paying any attention to it. It was the typical brick home with a slate roof

- rather run of the mill so far as this neighborhood went. As cold as it was, we hurried up the steps and just let ourselves in rather than waiting on the doorstep.

## 3. The Party Starts

We had made it just in time from the looks of things. People were gathering in what appeared to be a large living room. There were a couple of couches and several chair had been brought in to add to the couple of older armchairs that were most likely already in the room to start. I counted quickly - 6 guys and four girls so with Beth and me, that evened out the count. I knew they usually tried to maintain an even ratio of men to women which made me a little suspicious of Beth's so-called "spontaneous" invitation. Something told me she had my attendance planned all along!

As was the custom, everyone was still dressed, a couple were even still wearing light sweaters and jackets to warm up after the cold weather outside. Someone had turned up the thermostat, though, most likely in anticipation of later events when such warm clothing would not be so welcome. Beth and I sat on a couple of pillows off to one side, the only places that looked to be left. Oh well, come last and that's what you get I guess.

I looked around, trying to spot the new girl. It seemed there was always one, almost like it was an unspoken rule. The initiation ceremony WAS a great way to kick off the evening so I could see why they did it that way. Sure enough, on the couch next to a rather large guy, was a little petite girl with those dear-in the-headlights eyes that immediately betrayed her status. I rarely attended these and my last one had been ages ago so it wasn't like I knew the regulars, although several of them rang a bell in my memory of past parties. Evidently some of them remembered ME though, as I was greeted by several and I noticed even a couple of the girls were eyeing me with a knowing smile.

"OK everyone, time to get started," the apparent host announced.

He looked to be maybe thirty or so, long hair, at least for most of today's styles, and a bit of unshaven growth on the chin. I looked to the girl on the couch and wondered if she had any idea that this guy would be fucking her in just a few minutes. Obviously she knew SOMEONE would be fucking her this evening, after all, what was the point in coming to this if you weren't into having sex with a number of other people? The key was, had she ever been the center of attention, essentially fucking for the viewing pleasure of her audience? Oh well, we'd soon be finding out!

"Ashley, introduce our newest arrival for us, would you?" the host asked after making the usual statements about the rules for the evening, location of the restrooms, etc.

One of the keys to these parties, and one of the things I liked best about them, was they stayed confined to a few rooms and everything happened in front of everyone else. In other words, no private retreats off to a bedroom or bathroom, which was just fine with me. You didn't HAVE to fuck anyone, respect for each other was tantamount. However, anyone just playing the part of a voyeur was typically not asked to return.

A girl stood up, evidently "Ashley", and introduced Emily – the girl I had correctly identified as the newbie. Emily stood up and smiled as everyone clapped for her and a few of the guys made some appreciative remarks. In another setting they might have been considered crude and maybe even rude, but since they would likely be fucking her before the night was over, I guess you could say the language was "appropriate".

It was then that the host announced the "initiation rules". Poor Emily, I had a feeling she was just a little apprehensive of the evening's events as it were but when it started to dawn on her what we being said, her face went beet red and she seemed profoundly embarrassed. Some girls loved being the center the attention and actually jumped at the chance to be fucked in front of the group, taking it as a compliment. Emily was one of the more rare ones, a girl who was here evidently more on a dare than anything else, and was seeming to have second doubts now. I'd yet to see or even hear of anyone flee before her initiation, but there was always a first time.

"Oh, and Emily... I forgot to mention who the host for the evening was," the supposed host said as Emily stood there with her feet seeming to take root in the hardwood floors.

With that he whistled and to my utter surprise, and shock, in ran the most beautiful Golden retriever. For a moment I expected my friend Samantha to follow it in as she had one that looked exactly like this one but it seemed that there was nobody else about to join us.

The group was buzzing now, people murmuring to one another, and then everyone looking at Emily to see her reaction. For a moment, I think everyone was expecting the host to announce it was all a practical joke but the announcement was never made. I turned to Beth and whispered in her ear, "He's just kidding, isn't he?"

Beth turned to me, her eyes aglow and bright as she grinned at me with the nastiest smile imaginable. She didn't have to say a word before I knew what she was about to say. Oh my god, they HAD to be kidding!

Poor Emily.. she looked totally confused. Somehow I think she'd accepted the idea of being publicly fucked, after all, she WAS at a sex party, not Tupperware. So even if it wasn't exactly how she had assumed it would go, she could've dealt with the original concept. But what was the story with the dog? The guy wasn't serious, or was he?

"Well Emily, I don't know if Ashley mentioned anything about doing it doggie style, but this is going to be what I like to call, Ultimate Doggie Style!"

Ashley's face had transformed quickly from beet red to an ashen white. For a moment, I thought she might even pass out before she started to regain her composure, at least enough to blurt out, "No way!"

So it wasn't a speech but still, those two simple words said it all. Emily wasn't merely protesting, she was making a declaration worthy of a convention. So much for THAT idea, if it was really serious in the first place. Naturally I assumed that the host would recognize the strength of her response and back down, most likely declaring it all some sort of practical joke, regardless of whether it had been or not. Instead, I was shocked yet again...

"C'mon Sandy, roll over," the host commanded and the dog laid down obediently, rolling over on his back with its dick now plainly showing.

Whoa! Had someone been getting him ready beforehand, or was he just reacting to the musky scent of horny men and women that was already permeating the room? This was crazy. I looked over at Beth, my eyes wide open as I mouthed to her, "Sam?"

"Nawwwwww, she's not here but I DID borrow her friend for the night... I think you remember Sandy... don't you?"

It was just like Beth to pull off something this insane. Damn, she must have asked our friend Samantha to "loan out" her favorite fuck - her dog that she slept with every night. Suddenly I realized this was no practical joke, Sandy was well "trained" for this and so evidently they had every intention of making poor Emily go through with it. Well, Emily wasn't ready for THAT, not in the slightest. Can't say I blame her. Had I been in her position I would have been out the door already!

The host was scratching Sandy's stomach, which must have been communicating something because Sandy's cock started to grow. It was quickly noticed and before long, the group was past the "shock" stage and had moved into the dark world of perversion, at least that is how I saw it. "Suck it, suck it!" they chanted over and over as poor Emily just stood there, looking at her so-called friend with a look of confusion, mixed perhaps with more than just a bit of anger.

"C'mon, you can at least touch it," the host cajoled her.

Big words as I couldn't help but notice that HE wasn't putting HIS hands anywhere near the dog's extended dick! Everyone in the crowd, Beth included, was now chanting and cheering for Emily to hold the dog's dick - everyone but me that is. As I looked at Sandy's cock, memories of the last time I'd touched that very same dick came flooding back to me. My heart went out to Emily as I remembered how hard it was for me to touch it the first time. Would she do it? It wasn't looking promising...

For the vast majority of us, peer pressure can be horribly intimidating and Emily was no more immune to it than most people. Her lips tightened but she got down on her knees next to the host and slowly reached out for Sandy's lengthening dick. She gingerly touched it, just rubbing her fingertips on it as the host continued to scratch Sandy's belly and rub his head and ears to keep him still. Finally she took a deep breath and wrapped her fingers around it. At the same time, her face had the same expression I would think she would have if she was holding a snake or worm. Sure, Sandy was enjoying it but I couldn't say the same for Emily!

"Suck his dick!" someone called out, followed by several other calls to action once again.

Emily was starting to look physically sick and for a worrisome moment I thought she might lose it. She started to lean forward as if she was going to actually start sucking it but then she pulled back, shaking her head and mumbling to herself, something about how she couldn't go through with it.

The host, evidently realizing that Emily might actually refuse to go through with her role in this little perverted drama, thought quickly and came out with a new suggestion.

"OK, Emily, here's my final offer..... If you can get someone to take your place and let our boy Sandy here fuck her instead, then all you have to do is let me fuck you while you watch...OK?"

Whoopee! - NOT! Not exactly what I would call an overly generous offer. But then again, with this crowd there had to be at least one or two girls who were into this sport of thing. My god, it seemed sometimes that they had someone for just about every other perversion imaginable so why not someone into animal sex?

"C'mon girls, there has to be ONE of you willing to help poor Emily!" the host pleaded, apparently realizing he had also miscalculated the depths of perversion for tonight's audience.

It appeared that there were no girls ready to ride Sandy for the sake of helping out Emily. The situations started getting tense. Who would give in first? Was there yet another compromise that could be made?

"Hey everyone, Kelly here's fucked Sandy before, I bet she'll do it!" Beth announced to the crowd. My head turned so fast to her I risked some serious whiplash.

"What! The hell I will!" I said to her firmly in as low but terse of a voice as I could, trying not to make too big a scene yet wanting to get my point across.

I looked at Emily who suddenly seemed to have a new lease on life as the look on her face clearly told how relieved she was feeling. Well, sorry girl but it wasn't going to work out that way. Nope, I wasn't about to be fucked by any dog again, let alone the same one twice!

"C'mon, Kelly, I was counting on you to help out if we needed it," Beth begged me.

Well duh, she did, did she? So THAT was why she was so anxious for me to come tonight. No wonder she'd let me get myself so worked up in her bedroom without saying a word. I couldn't believe my so-called BEST friend had set me up like this!

The group had changed its chant now to "Kelly.. Kelly..." Those that knew me from before knew I wasn't one to turn down a dare but then again, it had never involved another species before. Also, it had never involved a situation that I had sworn I would never get involved with again.

On the other hand, I HAD done it once so what would a second time really matter? It's like arguing against sex after losing your virginity - did it really matter how many times you did it after the first time? Besides, it wasn't like I was going out and hunting down a dog for my own pleasure and I certainly wasn't taking him to bed with me.

want to know what he smelled like, just sniff your fingers next time you scratch your dog - nothing all that unique about it.

As for taste, well... it tasted like a dick! Men vary all over the map as it is when it comes to the smell and taste of their dicks so really, Sandy wasn't that much different. He didn't have the head like men have which I sort of missed. I like being able to run my tongue around the ridge and then licking up to the slit and then taking the whole head in my mouth with my lips sealed around it. Nothing doing like that with Sandy. He was so well behaved. I only wished more men would sit so still for me when I suck their cocks.

A murmur began to rise and then I could make out people talking to one another. Some seemed surprised that I actually did it while others were evidently turned on. Well, they may have been turned on WATCHING but I wasn't getting any offers to help out. Meanwhile, the host and new girl started back into their fucking and I could hear her moaning with pleasure. As hot as I imagined they looked, no doubt the center of attention at the moment wasn't them but rather on the naked girl in the center of the room with a dog's dick in her mouth.

"Ugh... that is SO gross!" I heard one of the girls saying to someone.

I couldn't tell who it was but for a moment, it reminded me of what it was I was doing and for just a split second, I thought I was going to vomit or otherwise choke on Sandy's doggie dick. Whoever she was, she was right - it WAS gross when you think about it. But then at the same time, I imagined some of them had been fucked by guys and maybe even sucked the dicks of guys who were even grosser. Just because the guys were human didn't make it any less gross than me sucking on Sandy's dick, did it?

Ignoring her, I dropped Sandy's dick from my lips and sat back on my bottom. Using my right hand, I wiped the wetness of my spit off my mouth and caught my breath. Sandy must have taken this to mean it was his turn as he twisted and was up on his feet instantly, his hard dick sticking out almost obscenely from his belly. For just a moment, I was ready to call it quits. So what if people got mad at me, or even made me leave? Heck, it wasn't even MY initiation so I didn't feel any special obligation to do anything. Then I saw Beth sitting down across from me. She was staring at me and I couldn't tell for sure if it was fascination or disgust written all over her face. Well, THAT was answered soon enough as when she saw she had caught my eye, she mouthed at me, "Do it!" Well, it wasn't all that difficult to figure out exactly what "it" was. In a way, I was surprised as I never had thought Beth would

being fucked, it was no wonder he was drawn to me. I felt him trying to mount me, his stiff rod poking me in the ass as he stabbed at me with it.

Without Sam's help, I quickly realized that this wasn't going to be as easy as people might have thought. Sandy was pumping wildly, almost frantically as he tried to home in on my warm pussy. I reached underneath me and managed to finally grab his dick and positioned it at the entrance to my pussy, just as he thrust himself hard into me again. It was like a hot curling iron was suddenly pushed inside of me, almost a feeling of burning as Sandy's dick was shoved into me unceremoniously. A cheer went up as everyone realized that I had actually done it. Maybe some of them hadn't believed I would go through with it but they were believers now!

"Oh my god, is he really fucking you?" Emily gasped softly, probably as amazed as anyone at what I was allowing to be done to me.

I just grinned at her as I focused on trying to keep my balance with the weight of Sandy pushing down on me. Thankfully, his paws were to my side, almost as if he was trying to hug me with his legs rather than pressing them down on my back, thus keeping his claws pretty much away from me.

Now that he was in me, things sorta went on autopilot. It's not like Sandy was into different positions or talking dirty. This was a case where I was being fucked in the most basic, simplistic terms. This is what people mean when they say they have "animal sex", even with a partner. My pussy has being filled by a hard dick and I could feel it thrusting wildly in and out of me - simple as that. I reached back to loosely wrap my fingers around it - loose enough not to interfere with his strokes but just enough to keep his knot from pushing into me. This wasn't the time or place to deal with THAT!

My heart was pounding as my emotions bounced back and forth like a volleyball over the net. On the one hand, it felt good - damn good in fact. Sandy's dick was noticeably hotter than a man's and it was like a red hot poker was pushing up inside of me. Not so hot it burned of course, but more like the feeling of a heating pad set on HI against your skin. Sandy was fucking me like an animal (sorry, couldn't resist that one), pushing himself in and out of me as fast and hard as he could.

Yet as good as it was making me feel between my legs, in my heart I felt repulsed. Without getting REALLY disgusting, there isn't anything much more degrading than to let yourself be fucked by an animal. To make it all the more humiliating, I was being watched by a crowd of people, thinking god only knows what about me and what type of girl I must be to allow this to be done to me. It was this inner struggle that was keeping me reaching any sort of orgasm - I never was even close although again, it DID feel damn good.

Sandy wasn't having any such qualms. It didn't matter to him what species he was fucking, he was happy just to be fucking something with a cunt. I knew it wouldn't take long for him to cum and I wasn't disappointed. To be honest, the sooner he came, the sooner this would all be over. Then I felt it, the searing heat in me of his sperm as he began to ejaculate. His thrusts never slowed as he came and came in me. For a brief moment, all thoughts about animal sex and degradation left me as the sensation inside my pussy overwhelmed me.

"Oh fuck... he's cumming in me!" I groaned, lifting my head back with my eyes tightly shut.

Sure, like nobody else could tell! I could hear the murmuring change to open discussions and even a little cheering, if you could call it that. I opened my eyes to see Emily staring at me as both she and the host froze for a moment to watch as Sandy emptied himself into me. Her eyes were like saucers and her mouth hung open, reminding me of when my mom would catch me with mine open and ask if I was trying to catch flies.

Sandy pulled away as soon as he was done - thank god I'd kept his knot out of me. Without someone to help me and keep him in me until it went down, it could have been a pretty painful way to end things. He ran off to the kitchen, his still extended dick hanging obscenely below him, all red and wet with it covering of his cum mixed with my pussy. I collapsed to the floor, laying on my stomach with my hand covering my crotch, feeling his gooey cum draining from me.

I guess Sandy's performance must have inspired the host as it only took a few more strokes and he was cumming in Emily. I think THAT surprised her as well as he hadn't bothered to put on a condom. I had to believe she was on the pill if she as coming to a party like this one, where condoms were seldom worn as everyone pretty much knew everybody else.

"Wow, what do you guys say?" the host encouraged everyone, "Let's give a hand to Emily and Kelly."

Everyone clapped politely but then someone called out, "Make 'em clean each other up!" A few others joined in and soon a chant started, "sixty-nine... sixty nine..." I looked at Emily who seemed more than a little unsure about the idea. For me it was no big deal - I would get to eat her pussy but she had to do mine - with Sandy's cum dripping from it. For a moment I thought she was going to refuse so rather than let her have any more time to think about it, I got up on all fours and leaned forward to kiss her. It was more like a peck but she looked at me and smiled, then rolled her eyes as if to say, "The hell with it, " and shrugged her shoulders.

There's always a debate over whether it's better to be on top or on the bottom in a 69 with another girl. For me, it really depends more on whether it's just the two of us or if someone else is there. I love to be on the bottom when a guy is fucking the other girl, watching his dick sliding into her right above my face and waiting for their cum to drip down on me. If it's just me and her, the actually I like to be on my side, where we each raise our upper leg and I can actually use her lower inner thigh like a sort of pillow to rest my head on while I eat her pussy. That was how I was trying to get Emily positioned. Apparently, she'd never done it that way before so it took a little maneuvering but eventually we were in place and getting into it.

Emily's pussy tasted GREAT. He had pulled out partially as he came, leaving most of it near the opening and the last few shots even came out on the outside of her cunt, making it easy to lick up his cum from her wet pussy. The odor of her crotch was incredible - a thick mixture of musk and sweat and cum. Her soft thigh felt nice against the side of my face, silky smooth and warm. I could feel her squirm when I took her clit in my mouth and tugged on it gently.

Emily was starting a little slower at her end. I could feel Sandy's cum draining down to my ass so it wasn't like she didn't have enough to clean up. I could only imagine what must have been going through her mind at that moment. Like everyone else, I had assumed she had licked a girl before but who knows, maybe not? That could account for her hesitation under normal circumstances. However, in this situation the trump card was most likely knowing the source of the cum she was supposed to licking from my crotch. The thought of having Sandy fuck her had been repulsive enough so I could imagine how the idea of EATING his cum must have been making her feel.

I had a pretty good head start on cleaning up Emily and it was starting to look like she was going to chicken out but then, like a trooper, she went for it. Heck, the girl had just been fucked pretty good by the host, and I knew from my own past experience he had a pretty decent cock AND knew how to use it. She HAD to be a bit hornier than before, hopefully enough to cloud her judgment enough to go for this new experience. Then I felt her tongue on me. Mmmmmmm, she didn't hesitate once she started, running her tongue all over my pussy and thighs as she licked every

Stupid question... right? Without a word, a guy was lifting my legs and pulling me up to his crotch as he kneeled between my legs. I felt his stiff dick slipping into me and I knew it was going to be a fun night, even if I HAD started out in a way I had NEVER expected when I left home earlier.

My only concern was how I would explain this to my dad later.... hopefully he would react the same as he had the first time I came back home and told him I'd been fucked by a dog. If so, it would be a nice finish to what was promising to be a great evening!

# (Feb 14) Chapter 179: Memories of My Mom

Story codes: ff FF Mf MF oral inc father mother daughter
Me (23)
John - my dad (44)
Mary - my mom (42)
Aunt Linda (40)

Until now, I had no any intention of writing about my mother's passing. The last thing I wanted was to turn her death into some sort of erotic tale and so I've pretty much kept quiet about it until now. Then Valentine's Day arrived and I realized just how much I miss her. This entry is meant as a tribute to most wonderful important woman in the world - my mom.

## 1. Why I'm Writing This

People have asked me wonder why I haven't said much about my mother's accident. OK, here it is in a nutshell. She was leaving her shift late at night, pulled onto a four-lane road and was "T-boned" by some drunk asshole driving on the wrong side of the road without his headlights. We were told she died instantaneously and most likely never knew what happened. For the record, that is ALL I'm saying about it.

You might be asking yourself why I've been so reluctant to talk about this. First, anyone how knows me knows how close I was to my mother. It just isn't something to chat about on-line with strangers. Second, it has taken me months to get to a place where I can try writing something like this and I don't want to reopen wounds that have only started to heal. I would hope that any reasonable person would understand my feelings about this and respect them..

In addition to the obvious reasons, there is another one and that has to do with my pride and self-image. If there is one thing that drives me nuts, it's how many erotic stories start out with "my mom died" or "my parents divorced when I was little" or something similar. For some reason, the loss of a parent either through death or divorce always seems to lead to incest. It's like we're supposed to believe that not having one or more parents drives girls to want to have sex with their fathers, uncles, etc., supposedly to "heal the wounds" or something stupid like that. Take it from someone who has just gone through it. If anything, I have LESS sex with my dad now that my mom is gone. The LAST thing I want to do is try and become some sort of perverted "surrogate" to take the place of my mom. That would dishonor BOTH of my parents and be truly despicable so far as I'm concerned.

Keep in mind that my diary entries mostly involve experiences that had a substantial impact on my life, situations that were instrumental in making me who I am today. Granted, not ALL were 100% GOOD times, but in general I prefer to write about happy memories and thus my diary is slanted in that direction. You can imagine how VERY difficult this one was to write. One thing I want emphasize yet again and that is that this is ALL I'm going to say about the matter. PLEASE, do not ask me anything more about it, OK? Anyone who does will be promptly ignored – no second chances with this one.

Finally, if you have to anything to say to me about my mom, please be respectful. I'm posting this out of my love for her, not to get guys off or to make excuses for any of my past behaviors. Do not even THINK about asking me for a pic of her or to do a tribute to her or anything else like that, OK?.

This Valentine's Day was the first time my mom wasn't with my dad and me. My dad took my Aunt Linda and me out for dinner to an expensive steak house downtown. Unfortunately, my cousin Kristen was working. Apparently Valentine's Day creates a heavy demand for girls like her! My dad gave us both flowers (red roses for me as usual) which reminded me how he use to do the same with me and my mother.

It hit me hard all of sudden. It's been months since her accident and I was just starting to get to the point where I wasn't constantly thinking about her when all of my emotions and desires suddenly overflowed once again. When I got home I started writing this, trying to somehow put in word the emotions I was feeling. In reading it over, I failed miserably but I hope some of it comes through.

First, a bit of a biographical information about her. I've tried to put together as much as I can remember from what she told me so forgive me if I don't get everything exactly right or complete. Some of this is in other areas of my diary and I have tried not to repeat too much of it. The idea here is to help you understand her better, not to write a stroke story about her.

As it turned out, the "date" also led to a revised reputation for her as he promptly told every guy in school that she put out for him. Although it was even easier to get a date after that, she also learned the price of having a "reputation". When a boy asked her out, it was expected that she would suck them and let them fuck her. Not exactly romance in the air. It wasn't until a few months into the following year though that my future father made a move towards my mom. He had a good thing going with Tammy who was putting out for him and his friends whenever they wanted it so knowing she and my mom were best friends, he apparently didn't want to do anything to threaten his reliable source of easy pussy.

Being a typical horny guy, eventually he wanted something fresh and new so he asked my mom out. She knew he was dating Tammy so at first she didn't accept but he pushed and begged until finally she reluctantly agreed. Besides, he WAS handsome and built pretty good!

My mom was well aware of what he and Tammy had been doing. Heck, he might have been surprised to know how many times the two of them had masturbated together in one of the other's bedroom as they talked about him. In any case, it didn't come as any surprise when their first date was at an old drive-in movie where, like most guys, he started groping her within minutes of parking. They fucked and both of them enjoyed it enough to want to do it again.... and again. This led to a bit of a rough period between my mom and Tammy but she knew my dad's eyes loved to wander and besides, she had some fresh boy toys she was interested in as well so fortunately it all worked out.

My mom dated my dad on and off throughout high school. They both loved sex and so although they each did other people, it was nice to know that they could always count on the other in a pinch should the "need" arise. OK, so it wasn't exactly a classic love affair but it obviously worked out for them.

Dad had a younger brother who was about the same age as my mom with the same reputation as his older brother. Later in the summer her relationship with my dad progressed naturally to where she was doing both brothers, sometimes at the same time! Still, my dad was always her favorite.

## 5. Mom's Sister Linda

Like most younger sisters, Linda was extremely competitive when it came to her older sister. She was determined to be even more of a slut than my mom and

just something my dad and Linda enjoyed. Besides, she had my father's heart while all Linda got was his dick.

Over the years, Linda has been drawn more to women it seems, although I know she still loves being with my dad. She has been close friends with Sondra for year. Sondra is about ten years younger but they make a wonderful couple. I have no idea where THAT relationship will end up!

## 6. Mom and Dad Get Married

It wasn't until my dad formally proposed that my mom finally revealed to him that it was her father who had been her first. He also learned that she and Linda had been fucked by their father regularly ever since, including the entire time that the two of them had been dating him. Needless to say my dad was a tad bit surprised! It was also his first introduction to the world of "real" incest - not the porn crap.

Well, as open-minded as my dad considered himself to be, he was naturally a bit shocked at the news since incest was not something he was raised to even think about other than maybe during a few porn movie fantasies. He once told me that what helped him to accept her "terms" was when she informed him that even though they were married, he could continue fucking her little sister since she was part of her family.

My mom accepted his marriage proposal but only on the condition that he allow her to maintain her intimate relationship with her father and sister. They got married shortly after my mom graduated from high school and things obviously worked out because after over twenty years of marriage they were still totally in love with one another, maybe even more than on their wedding day!

# 7. Mom's "Family" Relationships

Once my parents got married, they immediately stopped having sex with people outside their families. To them it was a pretty straightforward decision because to do otherwise would go directly against God's commandment against adultery. I know that people debate a lot of the Old Testament rules as being cultural, out-of-date, etc. but the Ten Commandments were non-negotiable so far as my parents were concerned. Given the commandment doesn't say that adultery is alright IF your husband or wife gives permission, they didn't swing either.

So far as sex within their families was concerned, my dad kept fucking Linda regularly but his brother and my mom grew more distant, at least sexually. I'm not really sure why, my mom never really liked to talk about it. Personally, I think it was because the girl he was dating, and eventually married, was extremely religious and ultra-straight when it came to sex. Had she ever found out that he was fucking his brother's wife, I'm sure she would have never seen him again. It also didn't help that he didn't take care of himself like my dad did, gaining a significant beer belly and becoming quite an asshole as the years went by.

Because my mom had to move to Pittsburgh to be with my dad, she only got to have sex with her dad occasionally. As I gathered from the way she described it, usually it was her going to see them after he would call and ask for her "services" than them doing anything in our house, especially once I was around. After her dad died unexpectedly from a heart attack, the only guy my mom fucked was my dad. It wasn't until years later that she rekindled her relationship with my Uncle Jim, thanks mostly to his son, my super horny cousin Rick.

As for Rick, long story made short... my mom started fucking my cousin Rick when he was seventeen. It wasn't like she treated him as her son or anything like that; it was all about the sex - for both of them. For his part, Rick got to fulfill every teenage boy's dream - fucking his hot aunt. In my mom's favor, the guy had one hell of a cock (I can personally attest to that) and at that age he could cum two or three times in a row without breaking a sweat.

As hot as it must have been for her to fuck a teenager, I think she got more of a bit of a kick from playing the role of "Mrs. Robinson". Although she would never admit to it, personally I think it also had something to do with knowing his bitchy mother would just die if she knew her son was fucking my mom! Mom told me many

be unaware of my dad's lust for me. The way things were going, she wondered if I would ever even think about sex with my dad, let alone ask.

One night when I came home from a party, I "accidentally" saw my parents making love in the hot tub on the deck below my bedroom window. Something about it made me realize I was missing something in my life and that I wanted to feel my dad's love in a more intimate manner. What I did NOT know, at not for years afterwards, was they knew I was home and so they put on a little extra show for me in hopes I would like what I saw and maybe even want to join them. My mom told me that she was actually praying that the kitchen door would open and I would have joined them that very same night.

Thankfully, it all turned out well in the end. Even though nothing overtly happened that night, a seed had been planted. They were both excited when they saw how I was trying to "seduce" my dad after that night. Ever the conservative one, mom made my dad pretend to ignore me at first but eventually she let him "give in" to me and we had incestual sex for the first time (well, it was MY first time). It was such a wonderful experience and although I still regret that he wasn't my first, at least I have my mom to thank for helping it to be one of the most, if not THE most memorable experiences of my life. A little later my mom joined in and well.... the rest is history as they say.

# 12. Why I Miss My Mom

OK, to get it over with, I miss having sex with my mom. There was something about being with her intimately that I don't think I will ever be able to experience again. It was a woman "thing", a mother "thing", perhaps even a bit of a lover "thing". All-in-all, it was like a rare recipe that has been lost and can never be repeated.

Now that THAT is out of the way, I miss my mom in so many ways besides sex. I miss just talking to her, confiding in her, confessing to her. I miss her smile, her laughter, that naughty little grin she would get when she was turned on by something I had done. I miss the way she would tease my dad, demonstrating the incredible love they shared that gave me such a wonderful life. I miss the way she would give of herself to anyone who needed her help, never selfish and always with humility and love. I miss her spiritual guidance, her love for God and Jesus that she helped to imbed within me. Oh, and I miss her cooking!

Since her sudden and unexpected death, I have laid in my father's bed, his cock throbbing inside me, my pussy filled with the warm incestuous sperm he'd just deposited in me, his strong arms around me holding me tightly against him. It's the most wonderful way a father and daughter can be together - period. It's at times like this when I most vividly recall how I would lay together with my mother, our smooth naked bodies pressed tightly together, our pussies rubbing against each other's with perhaps a dildo joining them.

Thankfully when the tears begin to flow, I have my father's dick inside of me to remind me of his love for me and his support. While I know I can never replace my mother - and would NEVER even DREAM of even trying, I'm happy that I can support him in his time of need as only his daughter can.

I love you Mom!

Your loving daughter,
Kelly

# (Feb 21) Chapter 180: An Evening With My Dad

Story codes: MF F-solo oral inc father daughter
Me (23)
John - my dad (44)

There comes a time when a father has needs that only his daughter can take care of. If that daughter wants to be a good daughter, she'll always be there for him when he has those needs!

## 1. The True Meaning of Father-Daughter Incest

If there is one thing I've tried to emphasize over and over again throughout the years, it's that my relationship with my father, while more intimate perhaps than that shared by most fathers and daughters, has NEVER crossed the line to where I am his lover or anything more than being his daughter (as if THAT wasn't enough!). It was one of the reasons why my mother never felt any jealousy or remorse over my incestuous sexual relationship with my dad. She knew without a doubt that the only woman in the world he made love to was her. Any other woman my dad might have had sex with, be it me, her sister, or my cousins, was strictly "fucking", an outlet for his sexual needs and lust. Of course he still loved us so it wasn't "just sex", but hopefully you get the idea of what I'm trying to say.

Of course, when it comes to sex with me, while he may be "fucking" me rather than "making love", I'm still his only daughter so there's always been something special about our times together. It's more than just about the physical side of it when I say I never feel closer to my father than when I'm in his arms and he is buried inside of me, the warmth of his climax still radiating inside of me. Through sex my father can express his love and respect for me. I say "love" in that how more loving can a father be than to join himself with his own daughter in the most intimate way possible? "Respect" in that he has NEVER abused me or used me, never asked me to do anything that is shameful, humiliating or something I wouldn't want to do.

and to allow us to meet each other's needs. I cannot emphasize enough that it has NEVER been the basis for our love. He is my dad and I love him, period, sex or no sex. Of course I LOVE the sex part.

## 2. Dad's Reaction to My Mom's Death

After my mother passed away, it was like something was taken from my father that left a hole in him that can never be filled. However, if there was one thing I am certain of more than anything in my life, it is that I will never try to fill that hole. It would be an insult to my mother and eventually I believe it would destroy the relationship I have with my father. All this crap people write about in so-called "erotic" stories about how a girl takes the place of her dead mother to satisfy the needs of her grieving father is just that - crap. I had grown weary of that tired story line but now it angers me when I read something that starts out with, "my mom died...". It's just so much crap, pure garbage. If there is a real case where such a thing HAS happened, I think it would be sinful and just plain morally wrong.

At the time of her passing I was living at home. Once the initial grief and shock was over, and life had to start moving on once again, I chose to move back to my old apartment. It just seemed to be the appropriate thing to do. It's hard to explain, but I wanted to be sure that in some future moment of grief and weakness, that nothing ever happened that would harm the beautiful relationship I shared with my dad. Now, more than ever, I needed my FATHER.

As for dad, over the next few months he had his work to keep him busy. He also had someone else to help him - my mom's sister Linda. Actually their relationship went back to their high school days (well, 8th grade for her). My dad started dating my mom first as she was a couple of years older than Linda, but Linda eventually got herself involved with him as well. It was just teenage hormones at that time but they grew close over the years as they matured.

Of course, my dad DID marry my mom so you know which sister he truly loved and which one was just for fun, but even after the marriage, they still got together now and then for some casual sex between consenting adults. My mother never interfered because first, she knew who my dad REALLY loved and second, since her sister was part of her immediate marriage family, my dad had the moral right to have sex with her so long as it was consensual, no different than he eventually would with me and my cousin Kristen, Linda's daughter.

## 3. Aunt Linda's Suggestion

Then, just a few days ago, I got a surprising phone call.

"Hello Kelly, this is Linda."

I couldn't even remember the last time my aunt had called me. Although I still referred to her as my "Aunt Linda", she had been trying for years to get me to just call her Linda. Not sure what to say at first, I quickly regained my composure and replied with a simple "hello". She got straight to the point.

"You know, of course, I've been spending a lot of time lately with your dad..."

Yeah, like damn near every night lately it seems. It wasn't that I was jealous or anything, really I wasn't. At the same time, I was starting to wonder if she was still seeing all this as a simple sexual liaison or maybe she was hunting for something more. This was hard for me to come to grips with as I would've sworn no such thing could EVER happen between her and my dad, but then again, they DID have a long history and no doubt had my mom not gotten to him first, he may well have married Linda.

"...and I know Valentine's Day was a little, well, awkward...," she continued as my mind raced well ahead of her.

My dad had taken the two of us out for Valentine's Day. We went to a great steak house where he presented us with flowers. It was almost identical to last year's Valentine's dinner with one major difference - back then my mom had sat next to me but this year it was my Aunt Linda. Not only that, but last year my dad had fucked me when we got home while my mom waited patiently for her turn, or should I say, for the rest of the night with my dad. This year it was different. I was the one who went straight home from the restaurant while Linda went home with my dad. Saying it was a little "awkward" was like saying the Titanic had a leak!

"...but I felt you needed to know something about your dad," I barely heard her saying.

"Oh? And just what would THAT be?" I asked, trying to keep the sarcasm from my tone.

"Just listen to me Kelly for once. He needs you Kelly... he REALLY needs you."

"What do you mean? He didn't seem to need me all that much last week. Besides, he has me Sunday morning like he always did."

There was a pause on the phone, as if she was gathering her thoughts as to how she should best respond. I kept on, saying, "Why does he need ME so much? It seems you've been doing pretty good taking care of any 'needs' he may have been having lately."

"Oh Kelly, don't say that! Don't even think that way," she protested, "You know how it is with me and your dad. We're just friends, nothing more, but YOU are his daughter and he loves you more than ever."

She paused again, waiting for my response, but this time I kept quiet, waiting to see where this was leading.

"Think for a moment.... When was the last time you submitted to him?" she asked quietly.

"Uh, like I just said, Sunday morning before church."

"No, I don't mean just a quick fuck to get him off. I mean... when was the last time you REALLY submitted to him? You know what I mean dear."

My silence spoke volumes. Indeed, it HAD been a long time since I had done anything "special" for my dad. I couldn't pin down the exact date, but it was before my mom was gone. Since then he'd fucked me numerous times, but it was always just a quick fuck, a few minutes before church, a quick BJ after a dinner out, little things like that.

"You know dear, moving out may not have been the best idea..." she sort of threw out but I wasn't biting.

"We've been over that enough, haven't we? If anything, I'm more sure today than ever I did the right thing."

"OK, it was just an observation, you don't bite my head off," she responded, trying to add a little laugh to take the edge off. She quickly moved to change the subject.

"Look, I know you and your dad have always had something special between you, even if at times I didn't always fully understand it. All I know is for whatever reason you've distanced yourself from him recently and it hurts him, even if he won't say so himself."

I almost hung up on her. "For whatever reason"? Oh my god, how could she even SAY that? But at the same time what she said sort of hit home. Indeed, I had thought about the very same thing many times recently.

"So what do you think I should do?" I asked. Heck, I knew the answer but for whatever reason, I wanted her to be the one to suggest it.

"I think only you know that," she said, skirting the issue. "Like I said, I haven't always fully understood what you and he did, but I DO know you mom thought It was wonderful. Sure, I enjoy the sex with him and I like to think he feels the same, but we don't have 'it", whatever it was he had with your mom and to some degree with you. We never did have it."

"Well, thanks for calling Aunt Linda," I said, not too subtlety putting an end to the conversation.

"I hope I'm not sticking my nose where it doesn't being Kelly," she apologized, "I love your dad in my own way and I just want the best for him. Think about what I said, OK?"

I assured her that I would and the phone went dead. It wasn't something that really required a lot of thought. Indeed, I had masturbated numerous times recently thinking about some ideas I had in mind. The problem was, the longer it went on this way, the more awkward it made it to fix it. Pacing my apartment, I held my own private little debate. Was I being overly cautious? Trying to be too sensitive? Was it really my dad I was worried about or was it my own feelings I was having such a hard time dealing with? Enough was enough, I knew what had to be done.

"Hello, dad?" I said into the phone as he picked up my call, "I was thinking and I wondered if you would like to go out for dinner again this weekend?"

"Sure sweetie," he said without a moment's hesitation, "Do you want me to ask your Aunt Linda to come with us?"

That last question, if nothing else, drove home for me just how far I'd let this get out of hand. Six months ago such a suggestion would NEVER have been made. Heck, he wouldn't have even asked to bring my mom along. Had we really grown so apart that he thought I would want actually WANT someone else with us?

"Daddy, I just want to be your girl for the night, is that OK?"

"Sure baby... I didn't mean anything by that!"

"So what time can you pick me up?"

THAT surprised him a little, as I could deduce from the hesitation. My dad hadn't been by my place since he helped me move. It took more than that, though, to knock him off his stride.

"How about seven?"

With that established, we went on to some small talk. He asked if I'd been to any parties lately and I just teased him, telling him I would fill him in over our dinner. Ever since I first started dating, my dad loved to hear about what I did. At first, if he got turned on he would just masturbate but after we started having sex, if I got him horny enough we might head to my room to "finish the story" as he liked to call it.

me. My own father was literally mating me! It was a feeling I would never forget and indeed, on this cold winter night I was cumming hard remembering every detailed moment.

In my closet are lots of dresses and outfits that I knew my dad would love – many of them based on past experience. I didn't even bother looking, though, as I was determined to make this night really special. That meant, at a minimum, I had to wear something he'd never seen before. The next morning, after I masturbated and got cleaned up, I called my cousin Kristen to ask if she'd be interested in joining me on a shopping trip. She was a little sleepy still from her previous night's work, but she assured me she would be ready to go by lunchtime.

I stopped by Kristen's place just after noon and was rather surprised that she was at the door waiting. It wasn't that she was lazy, but Kristen just wasn't what you would call a "morning person". Indeed, she was the type that would sleep in till mid-afternoon and then spend all night out. I guess that was good considering her profession.

"Hey, my mom told me to make sure you got special but she didn't say why. What's the story Kelly?" she asked as soon as she had buckled up and we were on our way to the mall.

I filled her in on the details and she just had this naughty smirk on her face. Finally, it got the better of me and so I turned to her while at a stoplight.

"OK, spill it girl... what's up with you?"

Kristen giggled and grinned even more at me. "Why bother shopping? Just walk in naked and I'm sure he'll be just as happy."

Just like my cousin. Well, she never claimed to be subtle. I guess in her line of work she didn't have to worry about it. I didn't even try to argue, she knew full well what my plans were and she was just trying to push my buttons. Yep, typical Kristen... but I loved her anyway.

We spent the entire afternoon roaming from one store to another. I had a pretty good idea in my mind what I was looking for. Dinner called for something seductive but not TOO revealing. Sort of like setting the stage for the evening. I wanted other men to look at me so my dad would be proud of me – not to mention feeling pretty good about himself as all those other guys would be wishing they were him. At the same time, I didn't want it to look like he was with an escort either so it had to be classy without being overly slutty. Not so much sexy as erotic. Revealing but teasing. Of course, it had to look good coming OFF as well as it did being ON. Not the easiest task by any means!

Most times I wore something like this, I didn't bother with anything else. To walk into a room with nothing on but a little black dress and heels was stimulating, to say the least. Even if I DID wear something, it was usually nothing but a small thong. A bra was something definitely NOT on my list in the past. Today, though, was different. The only thing underwear was good for was not so much wearing it, it's letting it be seen and then taking it off. So on top of hunting for the perfect dress, we had to find just the right lingerie to go with it. One or the other would have been hard enough to get in just one afternoon but to find an outfit that matched in just a few hours was a lot tougher than it might seem!

If nothing else proved how daunting our task was, consider that for the entire afternoon, neither Kristen or I masturbated or played around with each other or anyone else we met. Not that we didn't have plenty of opportunities. The dressing rooms in several stores practically called out for some action and there were enough guys watching me try on dresses and bras that it would have been like shooting fish in a barrel to grab one of them. But we were on a mission, our energies and minds focused on the goal. This was one of the most important shopping trips I'd ever made and I wanted it to be perfect. I could always go out with her some other time and have some fun.

Finally, mission accomplished. Kristen and grabbed something to eat at TGI Fridays after which I dropped her off at home. By the time I practically stumbled into my apartment, I was exhausted! I hung up my new dress in the bathroom on the shower rail and dropped off my bags on the chair in my room, then simply flopped on my back onto my bed.

Oh my god, I was so happy! It had been a wonderful day with my cousin. Sure we didn't do anything "wild and crazy", but we had fun just the same, enjoying each other's company and conversation. It was a rare opportunity for us to be this way, just two girls out together, enjoying themselves without the pressure of trying to "one up" the other or deal with guys. OK, so I'm sorry that there was nothing for guys to jerk off reading about, but it was important to me.

As exhausted as I was, I must have dozed off instantly as next thing I knew I was in the dark, laying on my bed with my clothes on and the lights off. Rubbing my eyes to try and wake up, my eyes gradually focused on the clock by my bed. Damn, it was after midnight! I must have been even more tired than I thought. How many miles had we put on the past afternoon? I know we had to have hit every shop at least twice! Struggling to get out of bed, I stripped off my clothes, debated whether I should shower first, and then said the hell with it and just crawled under the covers. I had a big night ahead of me and if I didn't get some sleep now, I'd never be in shape for it when it came.

The next morning I awoke with a start. God, talk about a crazy dream! The memory of it was fading so fast I could only grab bits and pieces of it but whatever it was, it had me horny as hell! Reaching down under the covers, my pussy was soaking wet and my finger slid easily between my pussy lips until the tip of my finger was just inside of me. Damn, who was it that was fucking me in my sleep? It was so real, so intense, as if someone HAD been fucking while I was practically in a coma. All I could remember was the feeling of this massive dick, stroking in and out of me, then cumming and cumming, shooting streams of thick sperm into me like a hose that just wouldn't shut off. It had kept pouring into me, literally gallons of cum, gushing out of my pussy around his dick and down over my ass onto my bed. As I fingered myself, all I could remember now was how much he had cum in me, more than ten guys normally could have. I twirled my fingertip just inside the entrance to my pussy, teasing the nerve endings that were clustered there, sending shivers up and down my spine.

Any other day, I might have tried to go back to sleep and relive the dream again, to find out who this magic dick belonged to, learn how he was able to cum so much in me. Sleep, however, was about the LAST thing my body was ready for as I quickly brought myself to a climax. As worked up as I was when I woke up, it didn't take much more to send me over the edge! I was on my side, my hands plunged between my legs, curling up into a fetal position as I wanted to scream out.

It felt so good!

I used one hand to finger my clit while I pushed two fingers into me from the other. Goose bumps broke out all over me even though I was sweating but at the same time shivering. I closed my eyes and concentrated, not thinking about anything but what was happening between my legs, and how it was making the rest of my body go bezerk.

How long I laid there, all curled up tight in a ball under my covers, I have no idea. It didn't really matter anyway. Finally, Mother Nature's call became loud enough that I had to get out of bed and use the bathroom. My legs wobbled a little as I walked across the hall to my tiny little bathroom. Leaning over the sink to keep my balance, I looked at myself in the mirror and winced. God, I looked a wreck! My hair was all over the place, makeup messed up, and I just looked like I needed a few more hours of sleep! It was tempting - VERY tempting, but I had appointments to keep and I wanted to look good for daddy tonight so I couldn't miss them.

Once I had cleaned myself up and gotten at least presentable, it was almost time for my hair appointment so I threw on my coat and headed to the salon. Normally I'd do my own hair but this date was with daddy, and I wanted it to be a special one. I felt like I was glowing inside as I couldn't wait for the day to pass so I could be with my dad! At the salon, even the girls seemed to notice I was in a special mood. The girl doing my hair must have been all of eighteen or nineteen. She asked me if I was going out to a dance or something tonight and I just smiled at her and told her the truth, that I was meeting my dad for dinner. At first she kind of gave me an odd look but then it was like she had somehow rationalized what I'd told her.

"Oh how nice," she said, "Sort of a father-daughter night out?" I nodded and she continued, "You're lucky, I haven't spoken to my dad in ages."

It seemed to open a door for her and for the rest of the time I was there, she told me about how her parents always argued and how she actually wished they would have divorced so at least she didn't have to listen to them yelling at each other all the time. She explained how she had wanted to go to college but got knocked up when she was just sixteen and didn't even know who the father was - without a DNA test there were simply too many possibilities apparently. It went on and on and it seemed to help her to get it out of her, although I wondered how the salon manager might have responded had she known what we were discussing.

When I left, I couldn't help but think how lucky I was to have been raised the way I had been. I almost felt guilty when I thought about how the poor girl didn't even speak to her dad while here I was, getting myself all dolled up for mine so I could look pretty for him on our date tonight. Imagine if the girl had known my expectations for AFTER the date!

Back home, I had a few hours so I set the alarm and took a quick nap. It wasn't the most comfortable one as I sat on the couch in the living room so my hair wouldn't get messed up but I was still feeling tired and I wanted to be as alert as possible later on. Silly me, I assumed I would only doze for twenty to thirty minutes so I didn't set an alarm or anything. Suddenly my eyes popped open and I was instantly awake as I realized it was later than it should have been judging from the dimming of the light in the room! Oh god, I had barely an hour before he was picking me up!

Thankfully, I'd showered and shaved this morning, my hair and nails were done, so all I had to do was brush my teeth and fix my makeup. Reaching for the dress bag, I smiled as I carried it to my room and carefully laid it out on the bed. First things first.... I looked myself over in the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door. OK, so I wasn't as tight as I was when I was sixteen but the girl I saw in the mirror was almost eight years older.

I hefted my boobs in my hand and smiled. God, how I had waited so long for them to fill in! I must have been one of the last girls in my group to justify a training bra and it seemed mine were always the smallest. Girls like my best friend Beth were filling out their C and D cups while I was still looking like a kid from junior high! Whoever said girls mature earlier forgot to tell my boobs! Now they were a solid C cup and I loved the way they felt as I held them up and let my fingers tease the nipples.

My hand ran over my bare pussy mound, smooth as a baby's behind still after my morning shave. I ran my fingers all over, checking for any remaining stubble. Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait to feel my dad's hands over it later! Twisting around to check out my ass, I frowned a bit. It wasn't that I was fat or loose, but a little time at the gym wouldn't hurt.

I opened my shopping back and took out the bra Kristen had picked out for me. It was jet black and strapless, the only strapless one I had. After all, if you're wearing a strapless dress, why bother with a bra in most cases? In this case, my dress wasn't strapless but I still needed a strapless bra as there wasn't enough to hide bra straps and I wasn't going for the slutty, "show your lingerie off" look tonight. Wrapping it around me, I snapped the clasps together and twisted it around so the cups were under my boobs and then lifted it up, stuffing each boob in as I did. It was an underwire support bra so it had the effect of boosting my boobs a bit and squeezing them together, maximizing my cleavage.

As usual when I first put on a bra, I felt a bit restricted but it wasn't all that bad and I knew it looked good on me. Certainly the guys hanging around the shop where I'd bought it thought so! But then, I could've been wearing a maternity bra and they probably would've given the thumbs up. The edges were lined with lace and the material was so sheer you could see my nipples outlined underneath. Just what I was looking for, something that teased but still made it clear what was available.

Next came the thong. It wasn't the smallest thong I'd ever worn, not by a long shot, but then it still revealed a lot more than panties. Actually, we had debated whether or not I should wear panties instead of a thong. The girls helping me and Kristen at the store had brought out some really sexy pairs for me to try and they all agreed some of them really looked hot on me. I also got the distinct impression a couple of them wouldn't mind giving me some more "personal" service but there was no time for that.

In the end, I went with the thong just because I wanted to show off more of my bare ass. I guess it was maybe growing up with little boobs but I just loved to show off my bottom. Given a choice between being bottomless to topless, bottomless won every time. Back to the thong... it wasn't a string style so there was actually some material in back which I sort of preferred as it was a lot more comfortable than having something pulled up between your ass cheeks all night. In front, it actually hid all of my pussy and more, almost enough to be presentable in public. The material matched the bra, jet black and sheer with just a touch of lace to make it even more feminine.

The next box in the bag held my shoes, six-inch stiletto heels that wrapped around my ankles a few times and then tied off. Open toed, cold for winter but I didn't care. Yes, uncomfortable as hell but I loved the way they looked on me at the store and I knew they would really help to make my legs look good. Sitting on the bed, I put them on and it took a while to get all the strings looking just right. Well, at least they weren't going to fall off! When I stood up, I looked back in the mirror again and smiled. Yes indeed, my dad was going to love them!

Finally, I carefully picked up the dress. Actually, it was more of a wrap than a dress but once it was on me, tied in back and properly adjusted, it looked like a regular dress. It had spaghetti shoulder straps to help hold up the front which plunged deep below my cleavage. There simply wasn't enough material to hold up the cups without the straps. The dress flowed down my torso, hugging me tightly yet not bunching up. The lower edges were almost to my ankles, but it wasn't like my legs were totally hidden or anything like that. The edge of the wrap was on my left side and if I twisted sharply or sat down, it would separate and display some leg. The sharper I moved, or if I sat and crossed my legs, the more it showed. I loved the way it first appeared to be relatively conservative, at least from a length perspective but then surprised by showing off my entire leg up to my hips. The whole dress was what my dad would have called "slinky", flowing smoothly without any decorations or markings, from my boobs to the bottom hem. Yes indeed, I certainly didn't look like a sixteen year-old anymore!

It was close to time for me to be picked up so I got out my long overcoat. I had debated the previous day about whether or not to add a purse, but what was the point? I was old enough now that waiters weren't carding me and besides, with my dad along I doubted that would be a concern anywhere anyway.

Standing there in the living room all alone, suddenly it was like I was waiting for a date back in high school again! Just as it was back then, I had a pretty good idea where the night was going to lead, but I was still excited and couldn't wait for it to happen. Back then I might have masturbated a little, getting myself all worked up before my boyfriend arrived, but there was no need for that tonight. As it was, I was worried my thing was going to be soaked before the night even started!

# 5. Pleasing My Father

The doorbell rang, making me jump as it broke my train of thoughts about the good old days. It could be only one person - my dad was here! Reining in my emotions, I did my best to walk deliberately to the door, opening it slowly and then acting as if I was surprised to see my dad standing there.

"Hi daddy!"

"Evening baby," my dad responded, "Whoa... you really look nice tonight! Love the hair."

He reached for me and took me in his arms and kissed me as we stood in the open doorway to my apartment. His lips felt so good on mine! Our tongues met and I felt like I was melting in his arms. God, it had been so long since he had hugged me and kissed me like this! There's simply no love like that of a father for his daughter.

"I think we'd better get going before we BOTH get carried away," he whispered to me.

As always my father was right, a few more minutes and I might just pull him into my apartment and said the hell with the dinner and just spent the night in bed with him. As much as I desired it, at the same time I wanted the evening to be something special for him. Not that fucking me wouldn't be special!

My dad took me by the hand and led me to his car. Opening the door for me like a gentleman, I noticed his eyes were on me the entire time. With my coat over me there wasn't much to see but the look on his face told me how much he wanted me. God, why hadn't we done this sooner?

It took about twenty minutes to get downtown where he used the valet service so we wouldn't have to walk in the cold. I was especially thankful since I wasn't exactly wearing hiking boots. Inside the restaurant, he helped me off with my coat for the coat check. Once it was off, he - and the coat check guy, both stared at me in my new dress.

"Like my dress daddy?" I cooed, fishing blatantly for compliments.

My dad's cheeks puffed as he blew out a breath of air. "Wow, it's been a while since I've seen you wearing anything like it."

Meanwhile, the look on the coat check guy was classic. He seemed to be in his twenties or so, and when he heard me say "daddy" his eyes widened a bit and he looked even more at me. He was probably debating whether I was just being cute or if this guy really WAS my dad. Just to give him a little more to mull over, I reached up and kissed my dad on the lips. The heels were like stilts, making it easier for me to reach him. This time I looked over at the coat check guy and winked at him. He quickly looked away, a little embarrassed perhaps that he'd been caught checking me out.

We were led to our table which was towards the back of the restaurant which was fine with me. The place was fairly crowded but the lights were low with candles on the table which made it seem more private, even though there were people only a few feet away. Just as I had hoped, I was catching the eye of every guy I walked by. I just hoped my dad was seeing them look at me as well. As I sat down, I deliberately crossed my left leg over my right which had the effect of maximizing the side opening in my dress, exposing most of my bare leg up to the top of my thigh. As I scooting in, the table cloth covered much of me but guy at the table next to me was getting a pretty good eyeful of my exposed upper thigh. My dad also noticed as he pushed the chair in behind me and then took his own seat.

"That's really quite a dress... new?" he said after we had taken our seats and the waiter left our menus.

"Bought it yesterday... just for your daddy. Kristen helped me pick it out."

"Well, I have to say, it certainly shows off your 'assets' quite well," he added with a sly grin and a glance at my open cleavage, "Be sure to give Kristen my thanks."

I just smiled demurely and actually felt my face flush a little. It was nice to hear him comment on my dress and looks again. It had been quite a while since I got anything more than the basic compliment from him.

Dinner was actually rather uneventful. We talked about his recent cases and he asked me how my new job was going. It's not like it was a real "job" per se, but it was easier to call it that and he seemed really interested in hearing more about it. One thing we did NOT talk about, and that was my Aunt Linda or even my mom for that matter. It was like we had an unspoken agreement that tonight was just about the two of us. He didn't even ask me for any updates about my cousin Kristen, which was unusual since he usually loved to hear what new and crazy things she was in to.

All in all, it worked out exactly as I would have hoped. I think we both were a little nervous about the evening and this gave us both a chance to flush out the butterflies. It's not that we didn't see each other or that we weren't having ANY sex anymore, but I think we both knew that tonight was something that was going to be special - or at least we both wanted it to be that way. It wasn't the kind of thing you just jump into or else we may as well have stayed at my place earlier!

We finished dinner and shared a bottle of wine. I'm not typically a big wine drinker but a nice white zinfandel went over well for me. I only had one glass myself, but even that was enough to make me feel a little light headed! Dad paid the bill and called for the valet as I waited.

My heart was beating faster now, as I knew we were getting closer to what I had been dreaming so much about. We'd gone out on "dates" likes this before, but that was under different circumstances and it had been quite a while since the last one. Was he as nervous as I was? You would never know it but my dad's a lawyer and so he knows how to maintain his poker face. The ride home was quiet, as if we were both thinking about what was waiting for us when we got back.

Walking back into the house where I had lived most of my life, it was like I was walking onto the set of "This Is Your Life". Memories came flooding back into me. God the things that I had done here, heard hear, watched here. Growing up as a young girl and then maturing (at least I like to think so) into a young woman, the one things that stayed constant was our home. No matter what else changed, my bedroom was always there.

We went into the living room where my dad took my coat and hung it in the hallway closet. He started the fireplace (gas logs) and kept the rest of the lights off. I stood on the runner that covered the wood floor in front of the fireplace, the warmth of the flames feeling good against me after walking in from the cold. My dad stood at the entrance to the living room, his hands together front of him, just staring at me.

"My god, you look so... so beautiful," he whispered, barely loud enough for me to hear. My heart was ready to burst, like I was being with him for the very first time again.

I stood there, waiting for him to make the next move. He stepped towards me, his arms reaching out for me as he approached. I extended my arms to meet him and we hugged each other tightly. Mmmmmmm, I felt so safe and secure in his arms!

"Kiss me," he whispered, his voice getting husky as it did when his lust would grow within him. I lifted my head to meet him and we kissed gently in the light of the fireplace although the warmth that was growing in me wasn't from the flames! His hands were flat on my back, pressing me tightly into him and then he moved them slowly over me, caressing me through the smooth material of my dress.

"Oh daddy, I missed this so much," I said softly, trying to fight back the tears that threatened to flood from my eyes.

"My dear Kelly, my baby.... I need you... I need you so badly," he barely was able to say, his own voice choking with emotion, "Oh god, I NEED you."

"Take me daddy," I said, surrendering myself totally to him, "I want you to take me... I give myself to you, everything to you. I love you daddy and I want to satisfy your needs."

It wasn't necessary for me to say that as after all he knew I was his, just as I'd always been. But yet in a way, it WAS necessary. Our lives had changed so much the past few months and in a way, this was like a couple restating their vows. It wasn't necessary so much as it was needed to renew their relationship. So it was with my dad. I wanted him to know that nothing had changed between us, that I was still his loving daughter and little girl, that he could still have me anyway he wanted, to use me however he needed to quiet the demons deep inside of him.

It was as if I'd opened the door, removed whatever was in the way. His hands moved to my ass and I gasped softly as he put one hand on each cheek and then squeezed me, pulling me up and forward such that I was pressed into him. My boobs were flattened against his chest as I could feel the bulging of his cock inside his pants.

"Take me daddy... I'm yours... you can do anything with me... anything you want... anything you NEED."

He didn't respond at all this time, at least not with words. Instead, he actually pushed me a little away, then looked me up and down, pausing at my breasts as my breathing was faster than it had been all night.

"Damn, I want you so fucking bad," he said, a little growl in his voice. I stepped back and smiled at him.

"Watch me daddy," I said in a low deep voice. I started to sway back and forth slowly on my feet, putting my hands on my hips and then turning to allow my dress to open for him. Placing my left leg on the coffee table, I pulled my dress back, exposing my entire leg and upper thigh. I ever so slowly ran my hands down the length of my leg and then back up again as he stood there watching me.

Maintaining my pose, I reached behind and undid the dress, allowing it to loosen and partially unwrap. Then I stood up and it slowly unwound, dropping from my breasts and exposing my bra underneath. Reaching up, I lifted the straps off my shoulders and just let the dress fall to the floor in a heap around my feet, leaving me standing there in the flickering light in just my underwear and heels.

"Do you want me daddy?" I asked, trying to sound like his little girl again, "Am I still your little girl?"

My dad motioned for me to come to him and I stepped forward, leaving the dress behind. He put his hands on my bare hips grasping me firmly. "Yes I want you... more than anything in the world," he finally assured me.

He reached around me and he lifted me off my feet, holding me in his arms. Silently he carried me upstairs to his bedroom and laid me gently on my back on the bed with my head resting on the pillows. I watched silently as he undressed in front of me, slowly removing all his clothes until he was left naked. Granted, he wasn't the hot young man he'd been twenty years ago, but he kept himself in shape and I enjoyed seeing him nude. His dick wasn't hard but it was starting to respond. I hoped dad had taken one of his little pills! It wasn't like he had ED but it did take a little more work getting him up during the past couple of years. Not that I was complaining!

"Fuck me daddy.... I want you to fuck me," I said in a gentle, but demanding tone, "Show me you love me... prove to me you love me."

One thing I had learned early in my sexual "career" was that there were two words ALL men loved to hear - "fuck me". My father was certainly no exception and I think he especially loved it all the more when I added "daddy".

I was still in my bra, thong and heels as my naked father climbed onto the bed and laid on his side next to me. The room was fairly dark except for a small lamp across the room that he kept on most of the time. It was almost more a nightlight than a lamp with a soft light that accented the room more than illuminated it. Actually , it was perfect for this moment as it was bright enough for him to see me without it seeming like we were displaying ourselves to everyone (although nobody was watching of course).

At first we just kissed as he leaned into me and I felt the warmth of his strong naked body pressing against me. His dick was pressed against my outer thigh as his hand caressed my boobs through my bra. Instinctively, his hips thrust into me, driving his hardening dick more into me. I reached down and held his cock in my hand, just holding it gently, feeling the warmth of it against my palm. I could feel it growing and I knew what I wanted at that moment - to feel it grow in my mouth! I loved being in his arms this way but I knew this might be the last chance I had for this tonight so reluctantly, I pulled back from him.

"Something wrong baby?" he asked, a look of concern on his face.

"Oh no daddy, I just want to suck your dick while it's growing."

He smiled at that. I know my dad pretty well and one of the things I know that turns him on is for me talk to him about sex. Even as a teenager he loved me to come home and tell him all about what my boyfriends would do to me. God he use to get SO hard sometimes listening to me! When we have sex, he has always loved me to tell him what I like and how I feel. Thus while I could have simply SHOWN him what I wanted, telling him first and THEN sucking his cock was a sure turn- on for him. He laid over on his back with his hands to his side, his dick fully exposed for me. He was maybe half-way erect but I knew there was no time to lose. I scooted down the bed and then worked my way between his legs so I could look up at him, as I sucked his dick. Putting my hands on each side of his hips, I leaned over his crotch and ran my tongue up from the base of his dick just above his balls, all the way to the very tip where I took the head of him in my mouth.

"Oh fuck, you look incredible," he gasped, bunching up a pillow behind his head so he could watch me more easily.

I kept my eyes locked on his as I just took the head and felt it between my teeth and on my tongue. Then slowly, ever so slowly, I descended down onto his dick. Never quite stopping but moving as slowly as I could to ease him deeper and deeper into my mouth until finally he was all the way in. My chin was resting on his hairy balls as I bent my head back so I could still see his eyes looking down at me. He smelled wonderful, a musky mix of his sex and natural crotch odor. There was hint of soap as well, probably from the shower he must have taken before picking me up.

Under most circumstance I would have started bobbing on his dick, running my tongue over it, and so forth, the usual BJ sort of stuff. This was not "most circumstances". I wanted to make this as special for him as I possibly could, and for me as well. There was no rush, nothing to hurry back home to. So I just remained that way, laying on my stomach between his legs, his dick in my mouth. My tongue played with him, running over and around his dick as best I could.

Meanwhile, he was throbbing in my mouth, his heartbeat pulsing as the blood surged into his cock, causing it to slowly but surely grow. It was like someone had a balloon in my mouth and was gently filling it, causing it to swell and fill my mouth.

Our eyes would meet at times and then I saw his turn to look at my body stretched out between his legs, and then at his dick, at least what he could see of it that was not in my mouth.

"Oh fuck, I can't stand it anymore.... suck it Kelly.... Oh god, suck my dick!" he finally groaned as his dick reached a full erection.

Well, I wasn't about to argue as it was killing me as well to just stay still while he grew in my mouth but at the same time, it was a special memory I knew we would both never forget.

I gave him a few bobs and then ran my lips outside of it up and down, my tongue flickering across his shaft as I did. He was so hard and stiff he was practically quivering! Then I dropped him from my mouth and moved back up alongside of him, draping one leg over him, pushing myself up so my crotch was pressed against his hip. I ran my fingers through his dense chest hair playfully and then leaned over to kiss him.

"I want to feel you touch me daddy.... put your hands all over me... touch me anywhere you want."

My loving daddy smiled and pushed me back over my back as he rolled and resumed his previous position with me, except now his stiff dick was poking my bare thigh a LOT more than it had before. He started to lightly drape his fingers my stomach, tickling me slightly and then moving the backs of his fingernails over my bare torso. His other hand was behind my head and he bent his arm so he could play with my hair as he kissed my neck and ear.

"Your skin feels so soft and smooth," he whispered into my ear, "I love to touch it and feel you all over."

I shivered involuntarily as he stroked his fingers through my hair, pulling on it ever so slightly and then running his fingertips into my scalp before starting another stroked for the length of my hair.

"Did I ever tell you how fucking hot you look as a blonde?" he said, more of a rhetorical question I assumed, "How many guys besides your daddy know you're a natural brunette though?"

He chuckled at that, a clear reference to the fact I was shaved so any evidence of the dark brown hair that would have naturally covered my crotch was gone. Only a boy who had fucked me early in my teens would have known the truth today. I think my dad got a kick out being one of the few guys ever to fuck me when my pussy had hair, even if I DID grow it out for a short while just for him.

His back hand reached around and started to trace small lines on my cheek and neck while his other hand began to tease my nipples through my bra. Then he reached up a little higher and dipped his fingers inside the bra until they were surrounding my hardened nipple. Then his hand cupped my still-covered boob, pulling the bra tightly against my back as it fought against him.

"You know, the bra looks REALLY hot on you but I think it's served its purpose, don't you?" he again asked somewhat rhetorically because he was already reaching around me to go for the clasps.

There were only two so it wasn't all that hard to undo and he pulled it off of me and tossed it on the other side of the bed, leaving my breasts bared to him. I loved the way to felt to have them free again, the air against them as they awaited my father's attention. They didn't have to wait long!

"You have the most incredible tits," he said soothingly as his hand started to caress first one, and the then the other.

My dad put his hand over my entire boob, letting the pointed nipples poke between his fingers and then he squeezed it gently, pulling up and letting his fingers grip my nipple as he pulled up against it gently, then letting it snap back into place.

"Oh daddy, that feels so good!" I purred as I watched him play with my bare boobs.

His other had was still caressing my face and I sucked on his finger as he pressed it into my mouth. We laid there like that for a while, me sucking on his finger like a pacifier as he lovingly caressed and massaged my breasts. It was like they were being jolted with electricity as each time he would pinch or pull on my nipple, it would tingle like being touched with a battery. Then finally he leaned over and took my right boob in his mouth, his tongue playing with my nipple as his mouth slowly closed around my nipple and he grabbed it gently between his teeth and tugged on it.

"Oh yes daddy, that's it... oh god, I love your mouth on me... bite it daddy, oh fuck don't stop!"

He gripped it tighter between his teeth, causing a momentary painful sensation but that was overwhelmingly erases with a flood of pleasure that coursed through my body. He kept biting and sucking on one boob while his hand massaged and squeezed the other. I was in heaven! I felt his hips pressing in tighter to me as he instinctively started to hump my leg, almost like the neighbor's dog, except in this

He knew me FAR too well. Then again, I really was glad I had worn it since he liked the way it looked on me and I think he was having a good time teasing me now about it. He wasn't without a conscious, though, and he knew it was probably starting to get really difficult for me so like a good father, he grabbed them by the one side and started to pull them down.

I lifted my butt off the bed to make it easier and then he slide them down my legs and up and over my heeled feet. That left me with nothing on now but my heels and smile! The heels required minor surgery to get off so I left them on. It wasn't something I normally did with my dad, but he didn't seem to mind. I know a lot of men get off for some reason having a girl wear her heels while he fucked her so why not see how my dad enjoyed it?

FINALLY I felt his hand on my bare crotch! I was soaking wet so his fingers quickly became wet themselves with my pussy juices. He spread it over my pussy and crotch, then ran his finger between my pussy lips, reaching slightly into my pussy hole just enough to get wetter and then spread it up to make my clit and crotch even messier.

With me all wetted up, he reached down and just cupped my entire crotch in his hand, his fingers reaching down to my ass and the palm of his hand putting pressure on my clit. He pulled up against me, lifting me up slightly off the bed even and he rubbed his hand against me. All the while, he was STILL sucking on my boobs although I noted his attention was more on my pussy now. He let me down and then as he pulled his hand upward, he pressed his middle finger into my pussy, and then drove it all the way in.

"Oh daddy, that feels so fucking good!" I sighed, just lying there as my father played with me, enjoying the moment and trying to soak it all in. I had no doubt what would be dominating my thoughts while I masturbated for the next few weeks!

My dad fucked me with his finger, adding a second one for good measure. Then he put his thumb on my clit, rubbing it as his fingers remained inside of me. My boobs felt like they were on fire as my hungry pussy reacted to his soft touch.

"Oh daddy, don't stop, don't stop daddy!" I begged him loudly this time, "Oh daddy, make me cum, I 'm gonna cum!"

Indeed I was. My hips lifted up as my orgasm struck, like a tsunami rolling over my entire body but instead of waves of water, I was being inundated with waves of pure pleasure. I could hardly breath as I gasped for air, my hands flat on the bed, pressing down with all my strength as he relentlessly played with my pussy and clit.

"Oh god, that's too much, I can't take it, stop!" I cried out but my dad didn't even hesitate.

I reached down and tried to push his hand away from me before I went crazy with pleasure. If he didn't stop I didn't know what might happen yet at the same time, I wanted to find out. Well, it's not like I didn't already basically know but each time was like an adventure, a little different and unique.

"OH FUCK!" I practically screamed as his thumb remained fixed on my swollen, hyper sensitive clit.

My dad bit down hard on my nipple but the pain only served to magnify the pleasure his hand was giving me. My pussy exploded, literally exploded! A tsunami of my own hushed forward as I came and came HARDER than I had in a long, long time. My body was bucking under him, tossing from side to side as I yelled out and said things that now, I have no idea what I was saying.

Eventually it came to an end, leaving me panting and sweating on his bed like I'd just finished running a marathon. I couldn't hardly even move! Well ,that didn't deter my now ultra-horny father. He got up and straddled my chest, his ass over my boobs as he leaned over my head and supported himself with both hands on the headboard. Then he reached down with one, grabbed his dick, and pressed it to my mouth. I was operating on pure instinct at the moment, doing what comes natural to a girl when a man's dick touches her lips. I opened and accepted his stiff dick as he pressed it into my mouth.

I could still barely move but again, my dad didn't need me to help out. He started to fuck my mouth, driving himself in and out as I just laid there, totally spent from the incredible orgasm he had just given me.

"God your mouth feels so damn good on me." he groaned as I tried my best to respond and lick his cock as it drove itself in and out without any help from me.

I couldn't answer him of course, not with a mouth of cock, but I did my best to look up at him. But as much as he loved fucking my mouth, I knew there was another place on my body that he loved to shove his dick inside of even more - his daughter's tight pussy.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and let it slide across my cheeks and lips as he whipped it back and forth across my face. I assumed he was going to fuck me but apparently dear old dad was also into the "make a memory" concept tonight as well. Instead of moving down and shoving his dick into my pussy, as he normally would have done about now, he crawled down and this time it was his turn to get

about to reach in and guide him in when it found its target and I felt his pressing his head into me.

"Slow daddy," I begged him, "first fuck me slow."

He couldn't answer me and I wondered if he even heard me. The look on his face was one of absolute lust, almost frightening in its intensity. He was fully consumed by his needs, by his ancestral drives, by every basic instinct within him. At that moment you could have come in the room with a gun and ordered him to stop and there was snow way he would respond. There was something so animal like, so pure about him at this moment that I didn't care. My father was not going to just fuck me, he was mating me, taking me as his own, driving his dick into me as he prepared to fill me with his sperm.

So much for a slow fuck! He rammed his cock into me, almost shoving me off the pillow. His dick was thrust into me to the hilt, his thick pubic hair mashed against my smaller, bare crotch. He immediately began to stroke himself in and out of me, like he was out of his mind with desire. He just grunted and moaned as he thrust himself into me. I loved it, every second of it. I was proud of myself, pleased that I was sexy enough to drive my dad into this state, it where I was HIS, to where he was taking me for his own and nobody or nothing in the world was going to stop him now.

He grunted even louder and I felt him drive himself into me and hold himself there, thrusting even more as if he was trying to push it all the way through me. Then he came, his warm seed ejaculating into my welcoming pussy. This was what I had craved, what I wanted more than anything. My father was cumming in me, my own father was cumming in me! He loved me and desired me so much and this was his special way of showing me.

Over and over he thrust himself into me, each time shooting another rope of cum into me. It wasn't quite as much as in my recent dream, but it was quite a substantial load.

Finally he collapsed, falling to the side so as not to crush me as his dick slipped out of me. he was spread-eagle on the bed, his still stiff dick glistening in the soft light with the lovely mix of our cum. I reached over and sucked on him, tasting our cum on his dick as I suckled his cock that had just moments before been buried inside my own pussy. God he tasted so good! I felt him dwindling in my mouth as I kept my mouth wrapped around him. As he shrank, a few drops of cum would leak out and I gobbled them up like candy, playing with his balls softly as I waited for him to regain his senses.

"Damn Kelly, that feels incredible, " he complimented me.

Actually, I wasn't 100% sure if he meant fucking me or sucking his dick now. I climbed on top of him, my boobs mashed to his chest as my pussy ground against this dick. We kissed and if he noticed the taste of his cum on my mouth, he never mentioned it.

"I love you daddy," I whispered as I drew back from his embrace slightly to look him in the eyes.

"Oh baby, I love you so much," he sighed, his hands planted firmly on my bare ass.

"You know daddy, I want you to fuck me again," I informed him, giggling like a little girl.

"Sheesh Kelly, I don't know....," his voice trailed off. Then he smiled slightly and said, "Well, I did take a big one earlier."

I grinned at him as I knew he was talking about his Viagra, or whatever one he was taking now. I knew he had several dosages and when he said "big one", that must have meant the 100mg ones - and they WERE big, like horse pills.

"Well... let's see what I can do about it," I giggled again, feeling like I was his little girl once more.

I turned around, staying on top of him this time as I straddled his face with my messy crotch. I really didn't expect him to lick me, most men seem to be a but turned off at just fucking me after another guy had cum in me, let alone eat me out - even with their own cum. I was more interested in his dick anyway. By now it was rather soft and laying over on its side, like a forgotten balloon left lying around a few days after the party. This time he was getting a proper BJ, that was for sure!

His cock felt funny being all soft and tasting like our cum. It was small and easy to suck, though, so I enjoyed myself. After a while, I wasn't getting much of a response, something he was noticing as well.

"Sorry baby, looks like it ain't happening," he said, a tone of sadness in his voice.

I twisted around, getting to the side of him so I was facing him and held his dick in my hand. I HAD to get him hard again. I HAD to have him fuck me again. With the help of his purple pill he should be able to physically do it, I just needed to provide the right motivation.

"You know something Kelly, I want you the way you are now... just the way you are now," he said softly as he started to fuck me from behind.

"I love you daddy!"

He had his arm around me, cradling my boob in his hand as I felt him push himself into me, pressing his crotch into my ass to drive his dick into me. I was playing with myself and I could feel myself approach that cliff edge I so loved to jump off!

"I'm cumming daddy... make me cum daddy," I begged him as yet another orgasm struck me. God, how many times was that tonight? I didn't care, the only one that mattered was the one I was having then. I could feel my pussy clamping down on his dick, gripping it like it didn't want him to escape. Of course, he had no thoughts about pulling out of me but tell that to my pussy!

My orgasm must have set home of once again As I heard him groan almost as if he was in pain. He seemed to be trying to hold it back, to make it last longer or more intense, I wasn't sure. Then suddenly he gasped and again, I felt my father cumming in me. It was even more special this time. The first time was just raw sex, me satisfying his physical needs. This time it was my daddy cumming in me, the man who loved me as his daughter, not some animal fucking a woman.

"I'm cumming in you," he whispered as he jerked slightly, and then again, "I love you so much Kelly."

It was hard to talk at the moment, given the sensation of his dick exploding in me just served to revive my orgasm, which has just started to dwindle but now had new life. It didn't matter, he could tell from the way my pussy was grabbing him that I was loving every moment of it, every drop of cum.

We just laid there, father and daughter naked in bed after just having the most wonderful evening imaginable. He left his dick in me as long as he could but with him behind me the way he was, as it diminished it pulled from me and eventually it was too soft to keep in me. By then it didn't matter to me as I was sound asleep in his arms, safe and secure in a way I could only feel in the arms of my father.

Have I ever mentioned I love my dad?

# (Feb 27) Chapter 181: Blindfold Games

Story codes: MF MFF FF F-solo oral
Me (23)
Beth - BFF (25)
Kristen - cousin (21)
Gary (26)
Todd (24)

It was supposed to be just a girl's night out with my cousin and best friend. Things ended up not quite as planned, including being blindfolded at one point. Any guesses as to what the blindfolds were for?

## 1. The Girls

The Three Musketeers, The Three Stooges, three blind mice... why is it that a group of three works out the best so often? Is two being too personal? What about the old saying, "Two's company, three's a crowd,"? Is it really that FOUR is the crowd?

I guess this train of thought came to me after the events of last weekend. Myself, Kristen and Beth have always made a great threesome and it seems like as much as I love being with them individually, some of our best times have been when the three of us are together. Kristen, my cousin, is just a couple of years younger than me and it seems the older we get, the less significant those two years have become, if they ever really were.

Beth, almost exactly the same age as me at 23, has been my best friend forever - long before the "BFF" phrase was even coined. Over the years the three of us have shared so many things, argued and debated - even fought at times, that in many ways they are the sisters I never had. In some ways we are as different as night and day yet at the same time, we have a number of common traits that have kept us together through thick and thin. Maybe it's our differences that make us such friends even more so than our commonalities?

Kristen is the 21 year-old daughter of my mom's younger sister, my Aunt Linda. She was raised by her mom, never knowing her dad as he divorced Linda while Kristen was still young. Apparently he wasn't as ready for her "family" lifestyle as he claimed that he was when they got married and allowed his jealousy and insecurity to drive a wedge between him and my aunt. After he left, Aunt Linda and Kristen practically lived at our house, or so it seemed at times, so in some ways she was more of a sister to me than a cousin.

Over the years, there has always been a friendly competition between me and my cousin, well maybe not always so friendly, especially when it came to boys. Being the younger one, it was like she always had to do something at a younger age than me or crazier and wilder. That competitive spirit is even visible today, although she would deny it has anything to do with her "career" versus mine.

As for me, I currently work as a model for a "home entertainment" distributor, but it's just modeling and demos, not selling my body, at least not physically like Kristen does. My REAL career goal is to return to teaching elementary school and I view this current phase as just a transition to my next teaching position. Kristen, on the other hand, dropped out of college (not the sharpest knife in the drawer to begin with - just being honest) and now earns a healthy income on her back, as well as many other positions. Enough said about THAT!

Beth and I met when we were little girls playing in the neighborhood and we've been inseparable ever since. While only a few months apart in age, she was always years ahead of me in terms of physical development. Beth was overflowing her B cup bras before I legitimately needed a training bra. Even now, large natural D cups (at least) swell from her chest a hell of a lot more than my solid C's. Granted, she gets a little help from the fact she weighs about twenty pounds more than me, but she's still by no means fat.

Speaking of bodies, put the three of us in bikinis and you'll see we differ quite a bit as well - three different body types. Kristen is the cute, dark blonde, perky one who has always looked probably two or more years younger than she is. Her B-cup boobs are amazing - not a hint of a sag yet large enough to fill out her bikini perfectly. Beth is the heaviest but as I mentioned, nobody would think of calling her fat. It doesn't hurt that most guys never get their eyes below her chest!

I'm the only natural brunette of the bunch, although I've been bleaching it out blonde for a while now. People say I have the "girl-next-door" body which is a polite way of saying I'm no swimsuit model or future centerfold consideration, but I like to think that I draw the attention of most men. I lack the perkiness and tight body of Kristen and my boobs will never rival Beth's, so I guess I fall sort of right in the middle. My point being in all of this, is that while we may be emotionally and spiritually "sisters", nobody would confuse us for being twins!

One thing the three of us share, and that has probably been a major factor in keeping us together, even when times were rough, and that is a deep-seated love of sex. But just as we differ in appearance, we also vary a LOT in our approach to sex and the activities we enjoy. Of course, the biggest difference between us pertains to incest. Beth is not involved at all with her family, even though I've fucked both her father and brother.

Beth has the considerable distinction of being one of only two girls not in our immediate family that my father has had sex with - the other being Tammy, my mother's best friend. Interestingly, the two women my dad has committed adultery with were the best friends of his wife of daughter. It sort of takes the sting out of the "adultery" label but it is what it is and he'll admit it.

Kristen, not having a father or siblings, was always very close to her mother growing up, to the point they have always shared the same bed and bedroom - and still do today. When I was younger, it never occurred to me that they might be doing anything other than simply sleeping together, something I didn't learn about until much later. While sexual topics, including masturbation, were never taboo in my family, incest wasn't really discussed in detail until I was sixteen and made my own choice to have sex with my dad. He certainly would have liked for it to have happen sooner, but my mom felt VERY strongly that such a decision had to be made by me without any coercion from either of her parents.

After that bridge was crossed, my mom filled me in on what was going on with the rest of the family, including Kristen and her mom. You can imagine how surprised I was! It also helped explain why my Aunt Linda would come over to "consult" with my father (he's a lawyer) about her real estate deals so often. Still, it wasn't until I was away at college that my dad and Kristen did anything and even then, it was the following summer before I found out - and had sex with Kristen for the first time. Sure we'd masturbated together at parties and in our bedrooms and even shared a few boyfriends, but it wasn't until my freshman summer break college that we had sex.

Beth and I also masturbated together frequently growing up, not really a whole lot different than what I did with the rest of my close friends for the most part. We never touched each other, it just wouldn't have felt right, at least not at the time. I consider it fate more than coincidence that the first time we DID do anything, it was my hot tub where my father found us together - leading to the first time he fucked Beth (which was pretty special as he only did her once again after that).

What I'm trying to get across is that while the three of us are best friends in many ways, and all of us are probably more sexually active than average in our thoughts AND actions, our relationships are NOT based on sex. Sure I masturbate with them and share guys with them, but it was nothing more than I did with several other girlfriends. In my humble opinion, it's the things we do that do NOT involve sex that has made out friendship as strong as it is today.

It sort of reminds me of how people criticize me for having sex with my dad, saying I shouldn't feel obligated to submit to him so he'll love me. How wrong can they be? I don't submit to my father to make him love me, I do it because he loves me. So it is with me, Beth and Kristen. We don't fool around to make our relationships closer, we do it because they already are.

Speaking of fooling around with each other, that is another area where the three of us have quite distinct outlooks and behaviors. In many ways, overall I would say I'm the conservative one. All three of us earned quite the reputations in high school for being sluts, but after that our paths diverged. I went out of state to attend a Christian-based private university, where sluts were expelled if they were exposed (no pun intended). Kristen tried a public university but found that classes interfered too much with her parties and so she dropped out. Beth never attended college at all, opting to become a hairdresser.

We've also have quite different opinions when it comes to the type of parties we attend. For me, I enjoy a fun party as much as the next girl, but I don't drink hardly at all and prefer more one-to-one relationships. Kristen, on the other hand, likes to be the life of the party, the first to lose her blouse, the one without the panties, the general drunken tease that trends to find their way onto some "Girls Gone Wild" video (although she hasn't actually done that so far as I know). Then there is Beth. Somehow or another she managed to immerse herself deeply into the local private sex party scene. Group sex is more her thing, and I know she has shunned more "personal" dates most of the time. Men, women, it didn't matter to her who was involved so long as there were lots of them.

There is one thing that both of them seem to get a kick out of, and that is dragging poor Kelly along with them now and then to see what they can con me into doing. Kristen has a knack for getting me involved in some of the most outrageous parties and guys, most of the time in conjunction with her "job".

Perhaps one of the wildest (or maybe better said, craziest) times I've ever was when she had me join her to "host" some private party at a convention where I was fucked and cum on for several hours literally nonstop. For her part, Beth is always inviting me to one of her parties and now and then I agree to go along with her. They are always "interesting", to say the least, and I have to admit I generally have fun at them, but I couldn't handle the steady diet of group sex to which she seems to be addicted.

All this leads up to the events of last Friday night. We really hadn't planned anything, just to go out somewhere for dinner together and maybe end up back at my place to watch a video or just gossip the night away. It had been a while since we'd done anything like that and I felt like it was time we got caught back up on things. We'd arranged to meet at TGI Friday's, our usual haunt for such events. It was one of those rare Friday evenings when I didn't have a party AND Kristen wasn't booked so we were all set for the evening. I was truly looking forward to being with just the two them, like the old days.

## 2. Getting Ready

Guys have it so easy when they go out, a pair of jeans and a shirt, some deodorant ( I hope) and out the door they scoot. Perhaps the biggest decision they face is whether to wear sneakers or shoes! Girls, on the other hand, face life or death decisions every time they step out the door! Take this evening for instance. It may be "just" two of my best friends but still, we'd be out in public and seen by other people so a girl has to conscious of what she wears. It was all based on what "message" you were trying to send and to whom you were sending it. Because they were my closest friends and the night was intended to be casual, Beth and Kristen didn't figure in per se, except that I had to be concerned about what THEY would be wearing so I wouldn't look out of place. I could assume the lay-back, casual look that sort of melts into the crowd, nothing to stand out in which case jeans and a plain blouse always fit the bill if you really don't care who's looking at you. However, if you DO care, then the question becomes, who is the target audience? If it's "guys" and I'm "on the hunt", so to say, then that's easy as well. Just about anything revealing works - and the more revealing the better. Just show lots of leg, ass and boobs, nothing complicated about it.

The most difficult time I when choosing clothes is for those times when all I want to do is tease. It could be with a guy his family out for dinner or some poor schmuck stuck in an oversized grocery store pushing the cart behind his wife like a lamb being led to slaughter. Even though I know the odds are about a million to one that anything would ever result from it, that's not what's getting me off at the time. What turns me on is the thrill of the tease, the look in his eyes when I know he sees me and I know he desires me. It's the way he quickly look away when he thinks I'm watching him or even more so, when his wife is watching him. It's wearing something to church that comes right up to the line, maybe even barely crossing it. The blouse that's a size or two too tight, a tight skirt that's a couple of inches too short, the bra that's "forgotten" back home, the tight jeans that simply scream, "There's nothing between me and her ass!" It's the faint smile that tells them I know they're watching me - and that I appreciate it.

Tonight I wasn't planning on actually meeting any guys and even if I did, it wasn't my intention to go home with them. This was supposed to be a classic "girls night out", an evening with my closest friends to recharge the proverbial batteries and maybe even bring some sanity to my life. Of course, that didn't mean I couldn't have some fun along the way. Restaurants like TGI Friday tend to have a wide cross-section of customers, from high school kids out on dates, to older married couples looking for a meal, to men (and women) on the prowl. Actually, ALL of them are potential "targets of opportunity" when your aim is simply to have some fun. After all, why limit yourself when there are so many potential prospects?

Rummaging through my closet, I quickly picked out the perfect skirt for the evening. It was an important choice as everything else I wore would revolve around my skirt; thus it was the first item to be selected. It was actually quite plain, pure white with a thin black belt around the waist. It was by no means the shortest skirt I owned, but it WAS one that wouldn't get me arrested for wearing it in a public restaurant! At the same time, it was just the right length such that when I sat with my legs crossed, it would pull up and reveal just enough of my thigh to make someone watching pay attention, perhaps wondering if it would inch up jusssssssst a little bit more and ultimately reveal something more intimate for just an instant if they kept staring. It was really tight, the kind you don't even think about trying to run when you're wearing it, but then who would I be running away from?

With the skirt on the bed, lonely and waiting for its companions, I returned to my closet with determination. Holding my chin in my hand, I hummed a bit as I sorted through everything. Damn, how can you have so many clothes but not a thing to wear?

Ahhhhhh, there it was, just what I was looking for. It had been a while since I'd worn this particular halter top but it would be perfect for this evening. Being it was jet black, it contrasted sharply against my pure white skirt. Granted, it was really more suited for warmer days but I was going to be indoors in a heated restaurant, not trekking through the cold wilderness, so what difference did it really make? What I especially loved about it was the plunging neckline. The halter tied in back of my neck, allowing me to determine how tight it pulled my bust up. Thus when I needed to be a bit discrete, I could draw it tight against my boobs, revealing lots of cleavage but nothing more. If I was trying to be really slutty, then loose it was and you could actually see my boobs if you had the right side angle and I leaned forward just enough. For tonight, it would be somewhere in between, maybe a little biased toward the slutty side, teasing but without actually giving anyone a show. It was silky smooth and wasn't lined, meaning my nipples would be poking out naughtily as a bra was NOT an option with this top.

Now for the shoes... probably the easiest decision, at least for me. Unlike some girls, I don't go nuts over shoes preferring function over style in my everyday wardrobe. I pulled out a pair of simple black toeless heels with a single strap and medium height four-inch heels. The heels weren't so tall that I would feel like I was walking on stilts but in concert with my short skirt, they would show my legs off nicely when I was standing on them. Still, they were not the most comfortable shoes in the world but then what high heels are? If you wanted a certain look and you were willing to trade comfort for looks, then there's really not much of a choice. Again, guys don't have to face these vital decision so I guess they can't really appreciate all that goes into the process.

Believe it or not, I debated wearing pantyhose - honestly I did! The weather had been terribly cold the past week or so and walking out and about with bare legs at this time of year could be rather intimidating. Besides, I was more than a bit overdue at the tanning booth and my legs were not as dark as I would have liked so some hose might have helped as well. I debated over a pair of sheer black pantyhose that would have really set off the white skirt between them and my black halter top but at the last minute, tossed them back in the drawer and said the heck with it. Instead, I pulled out a pair of high top white panties that were cut way up the sides - not quite a thong but definitely not your typical everyday panties. They were actually a lot more comfortable than a thong would have been and for my purposes tonight, showing off my panties would have the same impact as a thong anyway.

With my clothes finally picked out, it was time for a shower, shave and fixing my hair. At least with the way I had my hair cut these days it was pretty low maintenance. Leaning forward so I could look more closely in the mirror, I frowned as I realized I was also overdue at my stylist as my natural brunette color was making an unwanted appearance! Dang it, if it wasn't one thing tugging at my purse it was another! Maybe I should just let it go back to being brunette? Oh well, a decision for another time, maybe even something to bring up tonight with the girls if I remembered it.

Sitting naked at my makeup table in my bedroom, I sat back and gazed thoughtfully into the large mirror. The bright lights were horribly revealing – it was like they were spotlights aimed at every blemish on me. I hefted my boobs in my hands, letting them drop and then picking them back up again as if I was comparing two melons at the supermarket. Well, if nothing else at least they felt about the same! I pinched my nipples lightly between my fingers, feeling them tingle just a little as a result. Mmmmmmm, I loved to grip them between my thumb and finger and tug gently, then let them snap back into place.

Lifting up my right boob, I leaned down and reached out with my tongue and barely was able to use reach the tip of it against my sensitive nipple. A smile came to my face as I thought about all those years as a teenager I longed to be able to do that! It wasn't something I did a lot, but sometimes it felt good. I wondered if guys ever reached down and tried to suck their own dicks? A smug smile came to my face as I recalled one who DID! It was years ago when a guy had cammed for me. He was in a stuffed chair and used it to curl up with his legs over him and his dick would drop down just into his mouth He was the first – and the last, guy I'd ever seen do such a thing. He was also the only guy I'd ever seen cum in his own mouth. Considering most guys wouldn't even touch, let alone taste their own cum (or any guy's cum for that matter), it was really quite something to watch, especially as it was live!

With those thoughts in mind, I reached down and ran my hand between my bare thighs. My pussy felt smooth after having just shaved in the shower a few minutes before. Sometimes I missed the feeling of my pubic hair, running my fingers through it and letting it curl between my fingertips. It was sort of like how I enjoy running my fingers through a guy's crotch and feeling his coarse pubic hair pulling between them. There's an unmistakable musky odor that gets on my fingers when I play with a guy's pubic hair that I can smell for hours later on my fingers.

My legs spread as if they had had a mind of their own as my hand reached further between my thighs. God, it was amazing how warm I was down there while the rest of me was shivering after leaving the hot shower and warm humid bathroom. The pressure of my palm against my clit was intoxicating as I pulled my hand in tighter and upwards against my crotch. Then I ran both hands down my bare legs, one on each side and then pulled back along the softness of my sensitive inner thighs until they met at my crotch where they reversed directions to do the same route all over again.

For a moment I remembered how wonderful it felt to run my hands along Kristen's legs, being so firm and smooth. Mentally I compared Kristen's legs to Beth's. Beth's may have a bit more meat on them but they weren't flabby either, maybe just a little softer. My eyes closed as I remembered how it felt to have Kristen's head between my legs, the light touch of her tongue followed by the firm grip of her lips as she pressed her face into my waiting crotch. God, how long had it been since she'd licked me like that? Whatever the answer it was too long, that was for sure. My middle finger pressed inward, pushing its way just inside of me as I wiggled my finger the way Kristen's tongue would be teasing me so badly. Damn that slut knew how to lick pussy! My finger pressed in even further, without my even thinking about it as I closed my eyes tighter and let my head hang back, visualizing Kristen's talented tongue as her fingers pressed deep inside of me. I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter as my left hand started to rub my swelling clit while my right hand was now pushing two fingers into me. The room no longer felt so cold - if anything it was like the furnace had kicked in and over-heated the room! I willed my fingers inside of me to be still as I concentrated more on my clit, running the tips of my fingers over it in tiny circles and then up and down and then back in circles again. The dick that was in me, at least in my imagination, felt so good and I dropped down on the chair more to let my hips rise up against my hands.

"Ohhhhhhhhh fuck!" I whispered hoarsely into the emptiness of my apartment, wishing I wasn't alone, wishing I was actually being fucked. My fingers couldn't help but to start fucking my pussy again, synchronized with the circling motions of the hand on my clit. My eyes were shut so tight it was like I could see stars in the darkness behind my eyelids.

"Oh yeah...," my voice drifted on as I felt it begin, the awakening within me like a volcano sending out tremors to warn of an impending explosion.

It was indeed just a tremor for the moment, a shudder that went up my spine and made me catch my breath but I knew I was getting closer to something even better. "Fuck me... fuck me...," I called out over and over again to my imaginary lover, his face unseen but his dick imbedded deep within my pussy, fucking me and filling me with his male organ. It became like a chant as I called out "fuck me" in time with the movement of my hands, my chest rising and falling as I struggled to breath.

"OH!" I cried out sharply as my orgasm struck like a hurricane hitting the shore.

I bit my lips to where they almost bled as I tried to focus on the surge of feelings that were bubbling up and out of me like a some sensual cauldron. My back arched and my feet pulled under my chair as I struggled to keep my balance and not slide right off the end of the seat. When I opened my eyes briefly, all I could see was this wild woman in the mirror, her eyes blazing with her chest flushed as if she had this incredible fever. Over and over I felt it, that rush that seemed to start everywhere at the same time and then passed through me like a tidal wave of the purest form of sexual desire and lust. God I felt so good!

Finally I just sat there, my chest heaving as I gripped my crotch with both hands, my palms tight up against me and my other hand right on top of the first. My legs tingled, feeling too weak to stand as if they had fallen asleep and were now trying to reawaken. My head dropped forward as my eyes opened and I tried to focus on the room around me. Damn, I was sweating something fierce and would have to take another shower now! Oh well, it was well worth it. I just had to be a bit disciplined and not go for a repeat performance or I'd be late for my dinner with the girls. Oh well, if anyone would understand if I were to explain why I was late, those two would! Kristen was one of the few girls I knew who masturbated as often as I did, maybe even more. Beth did it, but sometimes I wondered if she wasn't doing it for my benefit more than hers. When I asked her how often she did it at home, she usually just giggled and deflected the question. I knew she did it, she had the toys hidden away in her nightstand for SOME reason, but I got the distinct feeling it wasn't as dominant a factor in her life as it was mine and Kristen's.

Oh well, another shower, more makeup and I was ready to get dressed and on the road. As I pulled on each piece, I couldn't help but wonder in what order I would take them off should I get the chance to do some in front of someone. Being a stripper was one of those fantasies I had always had growing up. The closest I had come in public was a wet t-shirt contest but that didn't mean I didn't fantasize a lot about it. Actually, one of my biggest fantasies was to have sex on stage in front of a crowd of strangers - and the guys fucking me would be a stranger too. Granted, Beth had tried to fulfill that fantasy for me once a while back but it was with her sex party friends which didn't make it quite the same for me - fun to be sure and erotic as hell, but not the fantasy I dreamed of.

I grabbed a warm long coat - it WAS damn cold out, and headed out to my freezing car.

## 3. The Restaurant

As I drive to the restaurant, I could feel my pussy still throbbing from the recent workout I'd given it. You can imagine how sorely tempted I was to reach down and pull my panties aside and go at it some more but the restaurant was only a few miles away and unless I was prepared to sit in the parking lot long enough to finish myself off, it wasn't something I wanted to get started and then have to leave before I was done. Besides, having just showered for the second time this evening, I really didn't need to get all worked up yet again before the night even began!

Driving slowly through the parking lot, I thought I saw Beth's car. That was good as judging from the crowded parking lot, my guess was that the restaurant was pretty full and so I was hoping we wouldn't have to wait in the cold entrance for a table. Well, I was hoping I wouldn't have to wait at least. Beth was usually the early-bird with Kristen being chronically late to most everything and tonight was looking to be no exception. Pulling into an open space, I killed the engine and stepped out into the freezing night air. Even though my winter coat hung down past my knees, my bare legs still felt like they were stepping inside of a freezer. The open-toe heels weren't helping either so I hurried inside as quickly as I could without falling on my ass on the patches of black ice that were scattered about the uneven asphalt like a minefield.

Sure enough, there was quite a crowd in the reception area and I looked around to see if Beth was anywhere in sight. When I didn't see her, I asked the hostess if I could look around and eventually I spotted her sitting at the bar. Not exactly where I would have expected but at least the no-smoking ban made it livable.

As I approached, I could see that she was carrying on an animated conversation with the bartender, a tall, gorgeous blonde with a smile and white teeth to kill for. Her hair reminded me of those old Farrah Fawcett posters, all big and wild but yet controlled at the same time. Her hair probably didn't really matter in the long run as I doubt many guys noticed it since their eyes likely never went any higher than the huge boobs she was displaying rather openly in an ultra-tight t-shirt. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath and her nipples were poking through like they were trying to escape. Obviously the boobs were fake - natural ones that large would never have held up so high on their own without sagging. Yet for the average horny male, I'm sure the authenticity of her chest wasn't an issue. Why some guy thinks a chest of silicone is sexy is beyond me, but there you go.

"Hey girl!" I greeted her, tapping her on the shoulder to get her attention.

Beth turned to me and grinned as she stood up to give me a welcoming hug. Then, as if to set the tone for the evening, she gave me a kiss on the lips, lingering just long enough to send the message to whomever was watching that it was more than just a friendly hello. Indeed, I was pretty sure we WERE being watched by most of the guys sitting at the bar, not to mention a few girls as well. The bartender just smiled demurely and gave Beth a wink before moving on to attend to her other customers.

"Take your coat off, stay a while," she said, offering to help me out of it.

I unbuttoned it and slipped my arms out after which she hung it on the back of the barstool next to her. Her eyes gave me the once over and from the naughty grin on her face, I must have met her approval.

"Damn Kelly, that skirt looks fucking great on you... and the top... whoa girl!" she complimented me.

Beth wasn't dressed all that conservative herself. Similar to me, she was wearing an off-white skirt, although just a bit longer than mine, together with a peach cami top under an open pale blue blouse. I could see the outline of her bra under the cami which didn't surprise me. Unlike her friend on the other side of the bra, Beth's were 100% natural gifts from Mother Nature herself. She would often whine to me about how having big boobs wasn't all it was cracked up to be, with the resulting back problems and bouncing. Well, I wouldn't mind trying them out for a day just to see how "miserable" they were! She might complain about them but at the same time, she never failed to proudly display them every chance she had.

Beth explained it was like an hour wait for a table or booth which is why she took the bar seats. She lifted her head, like a gopher from its burrow, looking around for Kristen, mumbling something about what a bitch it was to hold open seats when the place was this crowded. We both took out seats again and I did my best to pretend I wasn't noticing the eyes focused on us as we deliberately crossed our legs and allowed our skirts to ride up just enough to let people wonder what would show if they went just another inch or two higher up. It was a bit chilly and my legs felt cold but it was a small price to pay for the satisfaction of knowing people were most likely staring at them. OK, I admit it... ego trumps comfort every time!

I ordered my usual from the bartender - a Diet Coke, and just as I was served Kristen finally came in puffing away, her face a little red either from the cold or hustling in from the parking lot, probably a mix of the two.

"Damn, I had to walk a fucking mile to find a fucking parking spot," she huffed as she caught her breath, obviously a little pissed off judging from her language.

Her assessment of the distance was no exaggerated but judging from the ridiculous heels she was wearing, it probably felt like it. The heels must have been six inches high, which accounted for why she seemed so tall, and the coat she was wearing didn't even come down to her skirt, which barely covered her ass to start with. As she took her jacket off - no wonder she was cold wearing something so light-weight in this weather, all eyes were on her and for good reason. It was a phenomenon you would think I'd grow accustomed to but it still irked me a little - but more than I would ever have confessed to anyone.

Whenever I was out with Kristen, it was a given as to who would be getting the most attention. In the past I had been quite jealous but nowadays I just tried to accept it as the way things were - with varying degrees of success. Kristen was every guy's dream girl and there was nothing I could do about it by worrying myself over it or trying to compete. Now if only I could get myself to believe that!

Unlike Beth and me, who had chosen light-colored skirts, Kristen was wearing a dark blue number that gripped her hips and thighs like it was made of Saran Wrap. It was actually more of a tube top worn around her waist than a skirt. To go along with it she had a white blouse with a simple floral print that didn't even HAVE buttons until it was below her cleavage. It was cut to hang loosely and actually looked quite comfortable. Her nipples were showing the effects of the cold outside but as loose as the blouse was, it was like they appeared and then disappeared, teasing anyone watching to get a better view of them. Kristen took the seat that Beth and I had been saving between us and FINALLY the three of us were together.

We looked over the menu and decided rather than ordering a full meal we would just share some appetizers. Kristen ordered some sort of alcoholic drink and to my amusement (and her chagrin), the bartender carded her. I couldn't blame the bartender as had I not known any better, I would've guessed her age to be more like eighteen or nineteen whereas in reality she would be 22 in just a couple of months. There was just something about her cute smile and perky boobs that gave her youthful appearance that I knew made her extremely in demand at her agency.

While we waited for our food, we chatted about the weather, the latest gossip as to who was seeing who - and who wasn't, that sort of thing. I was enjoying myself and wasn't even really paying a lot of attention to anyone else around us. On the other hand Kristen, ever the consummate professional, kept us duly informed of the comings and goings of every cute guy - and girl. At some point she must have seen something special because she had an extra-naughty seemed to be struggling not to giggle.

"Oh my god, did you see the look that guy just gave us?" she said in a conspiratorial voice, as if trying not to make it look or sound like she was talking about someone.

I wasn't sure who she meant and so I just shrugged.

"Look... see the guy with the two boys and his wife in the booth across the way to the left," she explained in more detail, "His wife just poked him for staring at us!"

Leave it to Kristen to notice such things. Here we were having a nice talk among friends and she was scoping out the people in the room. Oh well, since it appeared there was an opportunity to do a little innocent teasing, I pretended to adjust my skirt, tugging at it as if I was trying to pull it down but not really accomplishing anything but giving me the chance to look around. I saw the guy she must have been talking about but he was staring dutifully down at his plate.

What was funny was who WAS looking sat us - his wife. Our eyes met briefly and I could see her lips forming the word, "slut" as she glared at us. It was all I could do to keep from breaking out into laughter. If only she knew that instead of offending me, she was making my day! She really wasn't worth the effort so I just smiled at her and turned back to our conversation. Mission accomplished so far as I was concerned.

"Soooooo, did you see him?" Kristen asked in a low whisper to me.

"No but even better - his wife was watching us, the original Wicked Witch of the North," I replied, "I got the impression that she doesn't likes us very much," and we all giggled. We all agreed that so long as wives like her hated us, we must be doing something right!

Just then our food finally arrived. As I started to reach for it, I sensed someone behind us and turned to see a group of guys standing there smiling gamely. To my surprise, I recognized them immediately, even though it had been quite a while since I'd last seen a couple. I recognized the one who seemed to be the leader as Gary. We had been in the same high school class and even dated a few times. At the time he'd gotten nothing but more than a BJ from me but then years later we bumped into each other at church.

Well, it turned out to be a lot more than a bump but you get the idea. Next to him was Terry, one of Kristen's old boyfriends I vaguely remembered from a couple of years or so ago. My memory started to come back and I recalled that he and his brother had spent a few double dates with Kristen and me. Some fond memories of an afternoon out on the deck with them still haunted me at times. In the back of the pack was Todd, still as shy as always. Todd and I went back quite a ways. There was one time in particular where another girl and I had teased him mercilessly in Chemistry class where he worked as an assistant. Years later our paths crossed and I learned that he had grown up - a lot, and in all the right places as well. Indeed, the day he spent with my friend Nancy and I was one that made it into my diary!

Wow, it had been a couple of years or so since I'd been with any of them and so it felt sort of weird that the three of them would be together just at the same time that the three of us girls were out. Something was suspicious. Call me paranoid but I immediately suspected my slutty cousin of arranging something but she was acting as surprised as I was. Well, she was PAID to be a good actor so I never could tell for sure in these type of situations if she was playing me or not.

Beth didn't seem to know any of them and I had to remind her about Todd and Gary, since they'd been in several of our classes. It didn't surprise me she didn't know Terry, unless she had been hanging around with Kristen and hadn't told me about it. I sort of doubted it as one of the them would have been bragging about it the next day!

"Hey, we've got a table over there, would you girls like to join us?" Gary offered. The three of us looked at each other and almost as if we were mind readers, all shrugged at the same time which drew a laugh from everyone.

"Sure, just let us get our stuff here moved to your table," Kristen said quickly, seizing the moment as she liked to say.

The guys were more than anxious to help us and they even grabbed out coats for us. We followed them to their table which was over in the outer section of the restaurant. There were lots of windows and it was noticeably chillier than it had been in the center of the restaurant at the bar but I wasn't about to complain. I could feel a small furnace lighting between my legs which was keeping my mind off the cold! I'd fucked all three of these guys at least once in the past and had to admit, wouldn't mind doing all three of them again - maybe together this time around.

Seating arrangements were a critical decision, even if we tried not to make a big deal of it. Basically, there were two options - "tease" vs. "slut". If there's one things girls just seem to know instinctively, it's using the "herd" mentality for protection. Think about it... how often do you ever see a girl at a table go to the restroom alone if there's other girls with her? And no, it's NOT so they can have wild lesbian sex behind closed doors! Look at the mall... I'm sure you've noticed that the girls all hang together in their little "herds", typically separated by looks, social status and culture.

As a general rule, the "herd" stays together so if you see a group of girls hanging around together, don't expect it to be so easy to "split one off from the herd" just so you can do her. Sorry, but unlike in the raunchy movies, the odds are heavily against you and you'd be better off saving your strength, biding your time for when they break apart later. It's when you see a girl alone, especially if she's flaunting what her momma gave her, that you know you have the best shot - or at least an opportunity. It's the wild mustang that goes it alone - or the loser but we won't go there!

So what does all that have to do with the three of us sitting in a restaurant with these guys? Well, we COULD have sat with the three girls together and the three guys together. It was a round table so the outer couples would still be next to each other but the general atmosphere would have been, "hands off, we're together". The other option, which we naturally chose without even thinking about it, was to sit alternating boy-girl. This had the immediate effect of reducing our defenses and sent a signal loud and clear to the guys that yes indeed, we WERE interested - in what we weren't sure yet though. As far as what we were MIGHT be interested in, THAT'S another story but at least we left the door open for negotiation.

As it ended up more by accident than design, I was between Gary and Todd with Beth surrounded by Todd and Terry leaving Kristen to squeeze in the back against the outer wall between Terry and Gary. Personally, I was pleased with the seating arrangements. Terry was really more a friend of Kristen so having Gary and Todd by me was definitely the preferable choices, at least so far as I was concerned.

We got to talking and at first it was just mostly reminiscing about our long past school days and then it started to go into who was dating who back then. The guys were drinking beers and Kristen and Beth had their own drinks going so I was probably the only one with a legal blood alcohol level before long. Needless to say, the conversations began to get racier and more "interesting". Still, we WERE in a public restaurant so it wasn't like things could ever get THAT crazy but it was fun to see what we could say.. without actually saying it, if you get what I mean.

"So Kristen, I hear you're working nights.... how's that going for you?" Gary said, nudging her just a bit with his elbow.

Of course Beth and I knew what he was referring to but I wasn't so sure Todd did. Terry, moving in closer to Kristen from the other side, certainly seemed to understand what Gary was referring to. His hand was under the table and being towards the outer wall of the room, even though I couldn't actually see where it was, I had a pretty damn good idea. From the mischievous grin that Kristen was wearing, I was sure I was right!

"Yeah, saw you drive up earlier... nice wheels!" Todd joined in but I had a suspicion he wasn't "in" on what everyone else knew about Kristen. Heck, you would think if anyone did, he would given how much they'd seen of each other. Then again, maybe he didn't WANT to know. After all, not every guy's thrilled to have a hooker for a girlfriend.

Kristen just smiled and let it go at that. Actually, she usually didn't talk a whole lot about her "work", not even with me except when she was trying to persuade me into doing something with her. Instead, she nodded towards me and said, "Well, it's Kelly's whose been working the neighborhoods actually."

Todd and Terry looked a little puzzled but Gary seemed to know something about it.

"Oh yeah, I'd heard about your little 'parties'. Did you know my mom was at one of them a while back? She said you were really hot," Gary said, sitting back as if pleased with himself for sharing that nugget of information but he wasn't through. "Actually, she didn't know it was you personally - I don't she ever really met you, did she? She just knew your first name and from the description I figured it was you. You always did have that 'inner slut' thing going, didn't you?"

Beth was a little left out. From the way she was talking with Gary, I got the feeling they knew one another but I wasn't sure if they'd done anything. She didn't seem to know Todd but that didn't surprise me as he was the class nerd and extremely shy back in high school. He certainly blossomed after graduation but in school, he was such a dork! Terry was really Kristen's old boy toy so unless they had something going I didn't know about, he would be new to Beth as well.

A few more drinks and the conversation drifted into a debate over who was the biggest slut in high school. Naturally I felt I was up for the honors but the boys made a great case for Kristen as well. Beth, while quite active behind the scenes, had never flaunted herself as publicly as Kristen and I had, thus disqualifying herself for the award. To my frustration, the guys decided that Kristen was the bigger slut. It was a little unfair as she got to come along behind me so she knew where the bar was. Since I was the "pioneer" you would have thought I would have gotten some extra credit for that at least. Of course Kristen seemed quite pleased with herself and then I noticed something I should have before the vote.

"Hey, that's not fair!" I protested, "That's tampering with the jury!"

Indeed, Kristen had one hand to each side of her and I had no doubt where they were resting! Oh well, what could I say about my younger cousin? She played to win, whatever it took. She had learned at an early age, just as I did, that girls could manipulate guys easily and used her "powers" to their fullest.

Meanwhile, I had my own issues to contend with, not that they were so bad. In fact, they were quite nice! Gary was trying to feel me up now that Terry was paying more attention to Kristen. I felt his hand on my bare leg but I didn't make a move, hoping he would get the idea from the fact that I was not pushing him away that what he was doing was fine with me. If nothing else, his hand felt so warm! He moved slowly as we talked until his fingers were up to the edges of my skirt and then I felt them slip just under it, not enough to cop a feel but more than enough to signal intent. I just went on as if nothing was happening as he got bolder and his hand crept more towards the inside of my leg. It had been years since we'd last met and I recalled the fun we had in the church basement that morning. It made me wonder why hadn't we gone out again after that? I really didn't have a good answer, it just hadn't happened.

Poor Beth. Todd may have grown into quite the hunk and I knew from past personal experience that once you got him over his shyness he was quite the man indeed to be with, but he still seemed to be skittish as a rabbit in public places. You would have thought he would've grown out of some of his shyness by now, but it was sort of cute to see him looking at Beth and while I knew what he wanted but didn't have the courage to go for. Beth undoubtedly knew what Kristen and I were getting and even it wasn't all that much, it was still physical attention and what girl doesn't want some of THAT? Nothing of consequence was going to happen here though, and for that matter the whole situation was like a scene from our high school days. Sheesh, you would think we had grown out of such foolishness!

Apparently Kristen agreed with me as she turned and whispered something into Terry's ear. His eyes widened and a smirk came to his face. I could only imagine what she'd said to him. With Kristen, it might have been most anything, from a comment about how his dick felt all the way to an invitation to fuck her in the back supply room or restroom. Frankly, there isn't a whole lot that would have surprised me when it came to her.

"Sounds cool," Terry finally said aloud to Kristen. He then looked at the rest of us and said, "Kristen here suggested that we go someplace.... a little less 'public' if get her meaning. Suggestions anyone?"

Kristen was boring hole in me with her eyes and I knew she was waiting for me to offer up my apartment but there was no way THAT was happening. If there was one inviolate rule regarding my place that I made when I moved in - it was no boys allowed. My apartment was my home, my sanctuary. It was MINE! It was the first place in my entire life that I could call my own. At my parent's house I had a bedroom in a home I shared with them growing up. At school I had dorm rooms and apartments that I had to share with one or more roomies. When I moved in my apartment and shut the door behind me for the first time, I felt this incredible rush knowing it was just ME and ME alone for the first time ever. If a guy wanted to spend the evening, or night, with me, he could take me to his place but never to mine. There was also the little issue that I felt a more secure when most people didn't know where I lived. Last thing I needed in my life was a stalker!

Beth's place was out of the question. She still lived at home and while I had no doubt her horny kid brother would love to watch and even her dad might like to sneak peek, her mom would faint dead away if she invited us over for an orgy in her house. Not that we necessarily WERE going to have one tonight, but it never hurt to be prepared.

Kristen's place was definitely doable. After all, she and I had been with numerous guys over the years at her house - sometimes even with her mom. No doubt these guys wouldn't mind having a hot MILF for the night join us but I wasn't sure this was the time or place for such a Linda's cougar instincts to come out. All it would do in the end is make the evening even more crazy that I had imagined it would be when I left my apartment earlier.

That left it up to the guys. I really had no idea what their personal situations were these days. Did they have their own places, live at home, share a place, or what? Heck, the last time I'd even really had anything to do with any of them was now literally years in the past. As it turned out, Terry (Kristen's old boy-toy) was living in a dorm still and Todd was still with his parents so that left Gary. Like he had a choice! It was either bring three hot and horny girls to his place or be left with nothing but a cheap feel under the table. Hmmm, I wonder what he would decide? Since this wasn't planned and he was a guy living alone, or so he had said, I could only imagine what a mess his place might look like but I guess it wasn't like it really mattered.

Needless to say, Gary gave in and said we could come over. The guys offered to drive us to Gary's place but to their obvious frustration, we chose to stay together and drive in one car to meet them there. We ended up taking my car for no other reason than I'd been lucky enough to find the closest parking spot, even it was still a long ways away from the door. We finished up our drinks, I got the directions to plug into my GPS, and we were off. The three of us piled into my car, Beth in front with me while Kristen took the backseat for herself. I started the car right away so it would warm up while I typed in the address in my GPS.

"Wow, I can't believe we met those guys tonight... like, what are the odds? Don't you agree Kristen?" Beth asked mischievously, looking back over her seat at Kristen. I wasn't looking myself but I could hear her snickering behind us, trying to keep from bursting out laughing.

"I guess it's just a mystery, isn't it?" Kristen replied. I glanced back and she was grinning like a cat who just ate the canary. Beth had her nailed! It really didn't surprise me to be honest. Even though for me an evening with my two closest friends was something to be looked forward to and cherished, Kristen was always trying to push the limits. I could only imagine what she had told them beforehand. I wondered who she had called first? Did she just call one and he recruited the others or did she invite the three of them personally? Was she seeing them more than I had thought?

"OK, spill it cuz, you've been fucking all three of them, right?" I challenged her.

Kristen pouted as if she was hurt - yeah right. The only thing that would hurt HER was if you removed the batteries from her naughty toys!

"Actually I haven't!" she said, almost proudly as if it was something to brag about that she did NOT fuck somebody for once. "Todd's always been such a nerd. I never got what you saw in him Kelly. Yeah he LOOKS hot now but other than that.... he's still Todd the Toad" she trailed off, figuring she'd probably said enough just by reminding me of what I use to call him back in high school.

"And how about YOU girl... what's YOUR story with these guys?" I queried Beth as I pulled out of the parking lot into the evening traffic and headed towards town.

"Well. I DID sort of have a thing for Todd back in school, but I never told you 'cause I knew what you would say," Beth said, almost wincing as she said it like we were going to laugh at her or something.

"You're kidding!" I exclaimed, truly surprised for the first time tonight, "You and... Todd? Damn girl, why didn't you tell me? Did you do him? Fess up!"

"Well... sorta," she said, as if she was ashamed of herself.

"Sort?" Kristen barged in, "What the hell does THAT mean?"

"Well I blew him a few times, that was all," Beth confessed, "He really IS pretty well hung you know."

I certainly did and I had to admit to myself, although I wouldn't to Beth at the moment, at least not in front of Kristen, that there had been times I'd regretted teasing him so mercilessly in school instead of making a run at him myself.

# 4. Playing Games at Gary's Place

We went on some more and before we knew it, we were at the address Gary had given me. Damn, the place was BIG. All I can say is that his parents must be loaded. Funny thing was, he claimed to have his own place but there was no way anyone his age could afford this joint, unless he'd won the Lottery jackpot.

Looking around, I saw their car parked down the driveway, on an extension that left the large bricked circular drive that ran in front of the main house and led to a smaller building off to the side - I was guessing the proverbial "mother-in-law" suite? It might also serve as a guest house or anything else for that matter. At the moment, I was guessing Gary was living in it himself so TECHNICALLY he didn't live WITH his parents, he just lived on the same property.

The guys were waiting for us as I hadn't set any speed records on the way there while no doubt they had run the red lights in their quest to get back as quickly as possible. They even opened the doors for us and helped us out which was always a welcome thing when you're wearing heels like ours - especially Kristen's.

"Cool place," Kristen said admiringly.

"C'mon, let's get in before we all freeze our asses out here!" Terry called out. Given they'd been waiting in the cold for us, no doubt they were already half- frozen. Besides, I imagined their swollen dicks were an incentive for them to get inside as well.

We walked in and it looked to be more a cottage than a home, sort of wide open with a kitchenette, living room, and dining area all filling one large open living space. A single door, no doubt leading off to a bedroom, was at each side with a fireplace in the far wall that was already "burning", natural gas rather than wood but it looked pretty realistic all the same.

"Here, let me take your coats," Gary offered as we slipped them off and handed them over. He opened one of the side doors and sure enough, I got a glimpse of a bed inside where he dropped them off before returning, closing the door behind him.

Looking around, I have to say the place wasn't nearly as bad as I'd feared it might be. As hesitant as Gary has been I had been concerned that we were going to be treated to the stereotypical single male mini-trash dump of beer cans and empty pizza boxes. Surprisingly, it turned out to be fairly well kept up, leading me to suspect the same maid service that took care of the main house also stopped by to keep an eye on Gary's place.

We all stood there, for a moment there was an awkward silence. ALL of us knew why we were here yet nobody was going to come right out and say it. It was the typical "dance" people go through but fortunately we had Kristen with us. If there was anyone who could get things started, it was my slutty cousin!

"OK, so like... who's gonna fuck me first?" she said in a casual tone, almost as if asking what the temperature was outside.

For a moment everyone just kind of stared at her and then at each other, not sure how to respond. To be honest, even I was a little surprised that she was THAT forward but then I guess if I was to think about it more, I shouldn't have been. Oh well, so much for a simple night out with my friends! Actually, any chance of THAT had gone out the window long before now.

Nobody reacted right away so Kristen just huffed in mock frustration and started pointing to each of us, taking charge.

"Well, if THAT'S the way it's gonna be... Kelly, you take Todd... Beth, Terry... and Gary, I get you first," she decided for us. I noticed she emphasized the "first" part quite heavily, as no doubt the guys did as well.

We each looked at our "assignments". It was sort of funny in that as horny as everyone was - we girls as much as the boys had we dared tell them, the way Kristen was shoving us into it sort of made everyone a little uneasy. Then I had an idea...

"Hey, why don't we get started with a game first?" I proposed, "You two up for a challenge?"

I was looking at Kristen and Beth, both of whom seemed to have no idea what I was talking about so I explained. Kristen seemed a bit miffed as she now doubt was ready to get down to it but she listened as well.

"OK, here's how it goes... In the first round, each girl sucks each guy for one minute. Then the guys get blindfolded and we suck them each again for one minute but they don't know who does them when. The guy who identifies us in the correct order wins!"

"What does the winner get?" Gary asked quickly, looking a little anxious.

"Ahhhhhh... Well, he gets to decide the rules for the next round," I answered, "But it has to be something where the girls are blindfolded instead."

The guys certainly seemed to be OK with it and Kristen and Beth just shrugged. I think so long as they got to suck some dick - and do it SOON, they didn't really care what the "rules" were. We were still all dressed and for another pregnant pause we all just stood there until Kristen took over again. "Well, are you guys gonna get undressed or what?" she asked, more a statement than a question though.

Instantly three belt buckles came undone and before long the guys had their pants off, followed quickly by their underwear and socks. Kristen just shook her head and pointed at their shirts, which quickly joined the pile of clothes behind them, leaving three wonderfully nude men standing in front of us. All three had nice erections, their dicks sticking out from their groins like firm fleshy sausages. Todd was definitely in a class by himself but the other two were still well within the "average" range for penis size. Gary appeared to be a little thicker than Terry, and he also had the thickest bush of pubic hair of the three, something that always drew my attention.

As for us girls, we just dropped our heels and otherwise stayed dressed. No doubt we would be naked soon enough, but all of us had learned years before that staying dressed at the beginning can be more of a turn-on for a guy than stripping down to nothing right off the bat. The guys were lined up with Gary to our left, then Todd and finally Terry to our right. At that moment, Kristen was lined up with Gary, followed by me and then Beth.

"Well, I guess we need to give you guys something to remember, don't we?" Beth finally spoke up, getting into the game.

As if we'd practiced this before (which we had NOT), we each took a step forward at the same time and dropped to our knees in front of our first designated guy. I reached out and took hold of Todd's hard dick by the base and just held him there as the other two watched me and then did the same with their guy's dick.

"OK, who's keeping time?" I asked. The guys looked at each other and Gary lifted his shoulders and said he would try his best. "Mmmmmmm, OK then Gary, tell us when to start and then let us know when the first minute is over."

I looked to my right and then my left. Both girls were gripping their guy's dick and I could see the lust shining in Beth's eyes. Damn she seemed to be horniest of the three of us - and that's pretty darn horny! Just then Gary exclaimed, "OK - go!"

My attention immediately returned to the wonderful hard cock in my hand. As I took Todd's fat dick in my mouth, I couldn't help but remember the last time I'd sucked him and how great it had been when he fucked me. I was sure he remembered as well as I felt his cock surge in my mouth as I started to stroke up and down on it, my tongue dancing along the stiff shaft as it slipped in and out of my mouth. Damn, he was really big! I circled his dick with my right thumb and forefinger to stabilize it as my other hand carefully caressed his hairy balls. He smelled incredible, a mixture of thick and heavy musk with a faint odor of sweat, and I loved the taste and feel of him in my mouth.

"Time!" Gary called out.

Damn! It seemed like it had been only a few seconds! Todd looked down at me appreciatively as I dropped his dick from my mouth and scooted to my right in front of Terry. Beth moved around to Gary while Kristen took my spot that I'd just vacated in front of Todd.

"Ready... set... GO!" Gary called out and I took Terry in my mouth this time.

There was a dramatic difference in how he filled my mouth compared to Todd's dick but he tasted just as good, if not better. I could hear the guys all starting to grunt as the second minute of getting their dicks sucked passed by quickly. Too quickly, at least for me, but then it was me in front of Gary this time for the third and final round of the pre-"game trial runs". I stared at the incredible forest of pubic hair in front of me, running my fingers through it as we got settled in our new spots and waited for the go-ahead. I loved the way it ran through my fingers, kinky and coarse. Of course, the best thing was the beautiful dick that emerged from it, like a tall redwood tree reaching out from the forest canopy below.

"Go!" Gary called out, not giving us any warning this time.

I briefly looked to my right and saw the other girls had dived onto their dicks, like they were starving and the dicks in their hands were the first food they'd had in ages. As I suckled Gary's dick in my mouth, I wondered if it reminded him of the time I'd done almost this very same thing while we were playing hooky from the church service in the church basement? I certainly did! God, it had been so hot to fuck him while we could hear the goings on in the pews right above us. Imagine if the minister had known anything at all about what we were doing instead of listening to his boring sermon?

Once the third and final minute was completed, we stood up and I wiped the spit from my mouth, smiling at Gary as his eyes rolled. I wondered how I'd done compared to my cousin and best friend? Well, we would find out shortly how memorable each of us had been!

Gary went to the closet to find some cloths to use for blindfolds. All three of the guys were even stiffer than before, not surprisingly, and none of them showed any sign of dwindling as they waited to be blindfolded. As soon as they were all properly prepared, the three of us girls silently pointed to who we wanted to start with. Funny, but all three of us pointed to Todd first! I guess we all wanted that incredible massive dick right away but then, we would all have a shot at it soon so why make a big deal out of what order we did it in? Soon we settled on an order, which turned out to be exactly the same as we had started. It was my silent suggestion to do so, figuring they would expect us to change around so it mike make it more interesting to see who they thought was who this time.

With a blindfold on, Gary couldn't keep time for us so somehow or another I was given the task. I wasn't thrilled as the last thing I wanted was that sort of distraction but unless Gary had a kitchen timer handy (which he apparently didn't), SOMEONE had to do it and since it was my idea in the first place, I was given the task. Needless to say, I couldn't say anything as that would have defeated the game so my intention was just to poke the other two when the time came.

Once again, we "assumed the position". Beth and Kristen watched me as I waited for the time to hit on the minute. Rather than say anything, I just started sucking Todd's dick and others quickly followed suit on their own. After having just sucked all three just minutes before, I once again marveled at the size and thickness of Todd's dick. God, it was incredible! Actually, it made me want to have him fuck me more than anything as sucking something this bad boy was actually not the easiest thing to do.

When it comes to blowjobs, give me an average or smaller dick every time as I can be more creative with them without stretching my mouth out to wear it feels sore afterwards. Most guys really don't have that big of dicks, unlike what you might think watching porn flicks and such. Indeed, that's another reason I don't like to get "cock shots" in my e-mail as I doubt how authentic they are. If I was to believe my e-mail, every guy on the planet is sporting an eight inch or larger dick! As that directly contradicts my personal experience - and it's not like I haven't had enough dicks to suck to form a statistically large enough sample, I have to conclude that most of these so-called "cock shots" are "borrowed", to be kind about it.

As I had feared, it was definitely a distraction to have to keep time! Still, I think I did a pretty good job on Todd, even getting that massive head a bit down my throat without gagging, well not much at least. I glanced at the watch and saw I was actually ten seconds overdue so I let Todd out of my mouth and poked the other two. They didn't seem entirely happy but we silently traded places. I handed the watch to Kristen, who was sucking Todd this time, figuring that it was only fair we shared the duty.

For the next minute, and then the one after that, we each did our thing on our assigned guy. The only sounds were their moaning, with Gary being the loudest. God, he sounded like he was in agony and it didn't seem to matter which of the three of us was sucking him. Now there was a guy who definitely appreciated a BJ! When the last minute was over, we stood up and backed away from them, waiting a minute before saying anything so they wouldn't know if we had shuffled around at all.

"OK, blindfolds off!" I declared and the guys quickly removed theirs. "Well, what do you think? Did you all figure out who was who?"

The guys looked at each other and all three of them were grinning like crazed idiots. I noticed Terry was holding his dick, apparently subconsciously stroking himself. The other two just stood there, apparently not at all embarrassed at being nude in front of one another after each having received partial blowjobs.

"Hmmmmmm, I think I have it," Terry was the first to volunteer, "Kristen was first, then Kelly and then Beth."

We couldn't tell him if he as right or wrong as that would have told the other two what order we had done them in so I just nodded and pointed this time to Todd to get his answer.

"Easy," he grinned, "Kelly... Beth... Kristen."

It took all my willpower not to grin and show him he was right so I turned my attention to Gary instead.

"I agree with Terry, at least in the order," he said, a smirk on his face as if he was sure of himself, "Beth, Kristen and then Kelly."

The three of us girls looked at each other, rolling our eyes as if all of them were wrong.

"C'mon, I know I had it right!" Todd protested. Indeed, he was the only one. I found it personally interesting that while the other two had both mixed up Kristen and Beth, they ALL had correctly identified me.

"OK, here's how we started," I said as we changed around to our original order. Terry and Gary seemed surprised but Todd looked triumphant.

"I knew it" he crowed, and then he got this look in his eye as the realization of what his "win" signified, "And so now what do I get for a prize?"

I was about to answer but Beth jumped in first. Kristen, meanwhile, was standing there with her arms folded, looking a little miffed actually. I was sure she caught on that the two guys had confused her and Beth while all three and correctly identified me. It wasn't something her ego was ready to accept apparently!

"Well Todd, you get to choose the rules for the next round," Beth told Todd, "Don't you remember?"

"Todd just shrugged and smiled, "Sorry, I've been a little distracted since then, you know?" after which we all laughed. Then he grabbed his chin with his hand, assuming a more solemn look as he contemplated what to ask for. His eyes brightened and he straightened up to announce his decision.

"How about something similar, except this time the guys fuck the girls and they have to figure out who's fucking who?"

Well, it certainly sounded fine with me! The others seemed to accept it as well and it was time for us to get undressed. We took off our clothes rather unceremoniously, and finally the six of us were all nude. It was Kristen who then took the lead.

"C'mon, we can all three sit back on the couch and they can do us next to each other, what do ya think?"

Sounded like a viable plan to me! Once again, I was in the middle with Beth to my left and Kristen to my right. It seemed sort of appropriate as I was the one in the middle when you compared us most ways. I had the middle-sized boobs with Beth having the overwhelming favorites with her large D cups while Kristen's perky B's may have been smaller than mine but they looked fabulous! Kristen was the petite one while Beth was a little heavy, putting me somewhat in the middle and I'd rather not say which was I was leaning. Kristen was the whore, Beth the party-orgy girl, while I was the one that preferred more intimate and personal sex (well, most of the time anyway).

We scooted to the back of the couch, each of us putting our feet on the edge with our knees spread until they were touched the one next to us. If there was ever a case where three girls were definitely ready to be fucked - and were showing it, this was it! My pussy was feeling like it was on fire and I reached down to touch myself - once again almost in perfect sync with the other two as all three of us were horny as hell. We slowly masturbated, wetting ourselves in preparation for their swollen dicks, which hadn't shrunk one bit since we'd gotten started.

The guys also took the same order as during the BJ round, apparently out of habit now more than anything. Mmmmmmm, that meant I'd be getting Todd's dick first! There were definite pros and cons to that, as my mind raced while they took their positions. On the one hand, it WAS the biggest dick so naturally I couldn't wait to feel it in me. However, the other two after that were considerably smaller, a fact that would be accentuated after being stretched out by Todd's monster dick. Oh well, it was only going to be for a minute so it wasn't like I was getting a nice long fuck.

Once again, Gary had the watch as the three of them positioned their dicks at the entrances to our pussies. Todd instinctively started to rub his dick up and down my pussy slit, provoking my clit and sending shivers up and down my spine!

"Ready, set... FUCK!" Gary called out, being a little more clever with his announcements this time.

I was spreading my pussy out with my fingers for Todd as he lunged forward. God, it was like I was being split in two! His massive mushroom head forced its way into my wet pussy, spreading me apart and making me feel practically like a virgin from the way he felt so huge in me! I couldn't help but cry out a bit as he pushed it deeper and deeper into me, making me feel like he was filling my entire insides up. Damn, how far up in me was he going to go?

Then he hit bottom, his hairy crotch smashing up against my bare, smooth pussy. He ground his pubic hair into me as his hips swiveled to circle his dick inside of me like he was stirring a large soup pot with his dick. The he started stroking himself, in and out of me in a slow rhythm which quickly sped up until he as pounding that great dick in me! God, I was about to cum already when to my total frustration, Gary called out that it was time to switch. Todd looked me in the eyes, the lust burning within them as he reluctantly pulled out. When his head popped out it was like I felt suddenly totally empty inside, like I'd just expelled a baby or something!

No sooner than I had started to catch my breath than Gary was in front of me, his stiff dick firm and ready to go. The guys certainly weren't wasting any time this round! As soon as they were in position, rather than wait for the time to start on the minute, Gary called out to get started and he rammed himself deep inside of me in one fast push. After Todd's massive tool, he slide easily in me but I still loved the feeling of his dick inside of me. For that matter, I loved the feeling of ANY dick inside of me! Sure, there may be some that are better than others, but I can't recall one that I did NOT enjoy inside of me!

"Oh yeah... fuck me," I whispered, almost to myself as he started to drive himself in and out of me.

I was struck by how much more I could feel his pubic hair against me, that massive bush that spread even down his thighs a bit. He certainly had never shaved or trimmed it, that was for sure!

Gary simply thrust in and out of me for what remained of the minute. He was staring at my boobs and pussy the entire time, never once meeting my eyes, or at least not once that they met. His hands reached under my ass, lifting me up and off the ouch up to his hairy crotch as he slammed himself into me.

Terry was the last one to fuck me and he was rather uneventful, to be frank. As soon as time was called to start, he entered me but didn't push it all the way in, rather he stirred his cock head around just barely inside of me for half the time before ramming it without warning into me to the hilt. It felt good, of course, but I can't say there was anything that made him stand out from the other two.

The whole time I hadn't even looked at the other two besides me. I could hear Kristen moaning while Beth seemed to be going for the quiet approach, a little grunt now and then when I suppose whoever was fucking her shoved himself a little extra harder into her.

It seemed more like a few seconds had gone by rather than little more than three when Gary called out time was over for the last time. In a way this was a little fun but at the same time it was more than a bit frustrating to just get into the swing of things and have him pull out without so much as an extra stroke! Now things were going to get more interesting....

"Your turn to put 'em on this time," Gary said as he handed each of us a blindfold.

We stayed in the same positions on the couch. I looked over at Kristen and she was grinning from ear to ear, obviously enjoying herself. Beth seemed a little less taken with the whole thing and knowing her, she was wishing all three of them would gang up on her and get it over with! Oh well, may that would happen later, who knows?

With our blindfolds in place, once again I waited for my pussy to be filled – but this time I wasn't knowing ahead of time whose it would be. Actually, I didn't expect to have an problem figuring out who was who. The three dicks were all so different that it would be next to impossible NOT to tell them apart. Sure enough, one by one they fucked me and I knew from the first instant they penetrated me who it was. Todd, needless to say, was the easiest. Neither of the other two stood a chance of imitating that massive cock! Even Gary and terry weren't that hard to distinguish and when the last round was finished, I knew exactly which one had done me when. From the looks on Kristen and Beth's faces, they seemed just as confident as well.

"Shit, that was too easy," Kristen bragged, Beth nodding in agreement.

Without waiting, she pointed them out in order and it was exactly as I thought it should be. The guys seemed a bit chagrined and I hoped none of them took it as anything bad or anything. It was just that with such marked differences between their dicks, figuring out who had fucked us was pretty simple, especially when you had the experience the three of us had.

"Well, that was a tie so now what?" Kristen asked to nobody in particular.

This time it was Beth who took over.

"Shit, enough stupid games, I want to get laid dammit," she demanded in her typical straight forward way.

With that, she grabbed Todd by the dick and pulled him towards the couch again, like she was leading a donkey except in this case, the donkey wasn't fighting back.

Kristen and I looked at each other and for a moment my head raced with the possibilities. In the end, I knew what she wanted and she didn't disappoint me, or should I say, she didn't surprise me.

"C'mon Todd, I want your big dick in me again," she told him, walking towards the bedroom, motioning for him to follow.

That left me and Gary. If you ignored the little game we had just played, it had been several years since he'd fucked me and to be honest, the thought of him doing me again wasn't the worst thing in the world - not by a long shot!

"Well, I guess that leaves you and me," he said, almost shyly. It was a little surreal for him to act like some schoolboy embarrassed to ask a girl to dance when we were both naked and he had already fucked me twice so far tonight, albeit just for a minute each time.

I stepped in closer to him and his arms reached around my back, his hands dropping down to cradle my ass in his palms. I had my arms around his neck and I got up on the tips of my toes as he leaned down to kiss me. As our lips met and tongues played, I could feel his stiff erection poking me in the middle of my stomach. I loved the way he grabbed my butt, squeezing one cheek in each hand.

"Oh god, I want you to fuck me Gary," I whispered, our lips just barely apart.

Beth and Todd were on the couch, Beth already mounted on top of Todd's massive pole, grinding her shaved pussy into his crotch as she filled herself up with him. Kristen and Terry were off on their own. She was probably happy as the two of the them had quite a history. Plus, Terry was the youngest of the three guys and Kristen was always on the lookout for the freshest dick available!

Gary looked around and pulled me over to a Lazy-Boy recliner by the TV where he sat down and sort of laid back, his ass at the edge of the chair with his still rock-hard dick standing at attention. It looked so good and without a second thought I was on my knees between his hairy legs, taking his dick in my mouth as quickly as I could get my lips around him. I could smell the distinct odor of pussy on him and I for a moment I wondered who was the last girl he'd fucked, remembering then that it had been Kristen. For a moment my mind wandered as I thought of what a REAL test would have been - to have each girl try to identify the taste of the other two's pussies on one of the guy's dicks. Now THAT would have been interesting, to say the least.

With Gary's delicious dick in my mouth, I wasn't thinking about such things for long as I continued to savor the feel and taste of him. I felt a little lucky in that I'd gotten what I considered the best of the three dicks to start off with. Gary's cock was large enough to stretch me out a bit when he fucked me but not so big it was a problem to blow him. He also had the most dense forest of black pubic hair of any guy I had ever known. I know some girls get turned off by pubic hair and prefer a guy to be shaved, but not me. Nope, the hairier the better I always say! When I really appreciated a hairy crotch was more when I was just playing with a guy, say in a car or theater or restaurant. It's thrilling to me to put my hand down a man's pants and run my fingers through his hair. I also think a man smells better with lots of hair down there. My theory is that the hair captures his male musk created when he gets horny, helping to overpower the less agreeable sweaty smells a guy's crotch tends to have, especially at the end of the day if he hasn't showered recently.

"Fuck! Oh Kelly, that feel so fuckin' good," he moaned as he put his hands on my head and pushed me down onto his dick. "Your mouth's the best of the three of you - hands down!"

If that mouth hadn't been so full of his dick at the moment, I would have smiled from ear to ear following that compliment. Face it, I know I give a pretty damn good BJ but it never hurts to receive a compliment, especially when it compares me favorably to my whore cousin and horny best friend!

I started to just lick the head, letting my tongue run around the ridge and the playing with the hole at the tip while my hand gripped his shaft at the base like a candlestick. I kissed his dick and suckled on just the head at times, then running my wet tongue up and down the length of his shaft without actually taking him in my mouth.

"Damn you know just how to do that," he gasped as I felt his hips buck up against me, driving his dick into my mouth the next time I had my lips around him.

This time he was more forceful and he also held my head down to force me to take in the entire length of his dick. I felt it push down into my throat and I did my best to relax, thus allowing it to slide down inside without gagging me. I looked up and I saw that he as watching his dick disappear completely in my mouth as my face buried itself in his thick bush of crotch hair. It tickled my cheeks and it was all I could do not to gag and back off as I fought back the laughter. He was staring at me, the way all men do when I take their entire dick in my mouth. I could only imagine how it made him feel but however it was, he certainly seemed to be loving it.

"Shit, I gotta fuck you... now!" he gasped, lifting my head from his dick. I stood up and rubbed my crotch for him to watch. Damn, talk about being hot, wet and outright horny! He wasn't the only one that wanted him to fuck me!

I climbed up on the chair, putting my knees to the side of him, pressing them in between his thighs and the inside of the chair arms, wedging me into place. Leaning forward, I kissed him as I lowered myself down slowly to his impatient dick. Reaching down between my legs, I gripped his shaft and positioned it against my wet pussy hole. Technically. it had already been fucked six times tonight, although only by three dicks, yet in a way for me it was like it was the first time all over again. This time it wasn't a game, this time he was fucking me - and doing it right. No timers or pulling out his time - no siree!

"I want you in me Gary," I whispered in a husky, lustful low tone, "I want to feel your hard dick deep in my cunt... fuck me Gary... please fuck me!"

Actually Gary wasn't the one controlling his entry into my pussy. I was lowering myself down onto him at the rate I preferred this time. None of this 'slam it in" crap this time around. No... I wanted to feel it enter me and SLOWLY push its way into me one inch at a slow inch at a time. His head started to push into me and once again I felt myself spread apart to take him. God, I was so horny and wet it slid into me almost effortlessly and I held him at that point for the moment.

I swiveled my hips around, this time it was me circling his dick head just inside of me, stimulating me and making bolts of lightning-like pleasure stab into me and spread throughout my entire body. Slowly but surely I dripped down onto him, twisting around him as if he was a bolt and I was the nut being screwed down onto it. I guess you could say that "screwing" was the perfect description for this!

"Shit you're so fucking tight!" he gasped as the final inch of his dick pushed its way inside of me until I was now firmly planted on his hairy crotch, every bit of his dick was now inside of me.

For a few minutes, I just sat on him, enjoying the pleasure of him in me. I noticed he was looking down at where my pussy was pressed against his crotch and I could imagine what he was thinking, realizing his dick was now buried inside of me. I wondered how it felt for his dick to be surrounded by my warm, wet pussy, squeezing down on him and gripping him in a sexual embrace.

As for me, sitting there quietly, relaxing for a minute or two with Gary's dick inside of me, was wonderful. It was like I actually could feel him throbbing inside of me. All it took was the slightest movement by either of us to trigger a pleasurable jolt within me, like being pricked by a pin or someone touching your ear after rubbing their shoes on the carpet, except in this case it felt incredibly GOOD!

Then I began to slowly grind against him, ever so slowly revolving my hips around his pole, feeling his working around inside of me as my pussy throbbed with pleasure. My hand reached down and I started to toy with my clit as his hands remained planted firmly on my ass, helping me to move around him. The instant my finger touched my swollen clit I gasped as my entire body went rigid. Oh god it felt so good!

"I love your dick in me Gary," I whispered hoarsely, barely able to speak, "Oh FUCK I love it in me!"

The it hit me, my first orgasm of the night, at least I hoped it was my "first". My pussy clamped down on Gary's dick and I heard him groan, not sure if it was from pleasure or pain but I didn't care about him at that moment, all I cared about was what was happening to me. My eyes shut as I could see flashed of light in the darkness as goose bumps rose all over me and even my hair felt like it was tingling. It was like I was freezing yet at the same time I was on fire, my face feeling flushed and my boobs even felt warmer.

"I'm cumming Gary... oh my god I'm cumming so good!"

Gary just sat there, letting me do my thing as I started to rock on his cock, driving it in and out of me just a little as my hand continued to rub my super-sensitized clit. I could feel my pussy cumming on his dick, flooding his hairy crotch with my cum almost like I was peeing on him. It was such an incredible sensation, like I was almost floating over his dick, feeling it in me, becoming part of me, like it was filling a void in me - physically and emotionally.

As my orgasm slowly faded, Gary became more animated given my pussy wasn't gripping his dick like a vise quite as much. He began to hump under me, driving his stiff warm dick in and out of me at an even faster rate than I had been going. My knees were beginning to hurt from being bent so long so I lifted myself up and quickly spun around, putting my feet together on the floor and lowering myself back down onto his shaft once again. Even with my thighs tight together, my [pussy was so wet and slippery he easily slid into me and I felt this hands once again on my butt, his thumbs working their way into the crack of my ass. I remembered that Gary had always been sort of an "ass man" and Imagined the sight of my naked butt poking up at him with the occasional glimpse of his dick slipping in and out of my pussy was about enough to make him cum soon.

One thing about this position, I was able to see across the room to where Beth and Todd were going at it. They were spooning, with his back against the couch and his arms around her to keep her from falling off the edge while her upper leg was stretched back onto the top of the couch above him. It have a marvelous view of her bare pussy with his huge cock ramming in and out of it slowly, like some sort of sexual pile driver. She was loving it and for a moment, our eyes met and she grinned at me. I could only imagine how her pussy was feeling with that massive dick inside. Sure, I'd had a bit of it earlier, but she must be getting pretty worn out by now after his being in her for so long. I didn't know if she had cum yet or not, or maybe more than once, but she was certainly enjoying herself.

As for Kristen and terry, I had no idea what was happening with them. It was sort of odd for Kristen to go off alone in this type of setting but then again, she and terry had gone out quite a bit at one time so maybe she felt something a little more personal than Beth and I were tonight. She had never really referred to him an anything but another "boy-toy" in the past, but who knows, maybe she felt something for him more than usual?

Meanwhile, I had my own dick to think about - the one in my pussy! I decided to lean back onto his chest, laying my head on his shoulder as I lifted my feet up and planted them on the tops of this thighs. His dick stayed in me and he took over the responsibility of fucking me. It felt perfect, so natural, to just lay back like this, his warm body under me, as I felt his hips thrust up and down to drive his dick in and out of me. Occasionally he would slip out but he quickly grabbed himself and he was back in me within seconds.

Gary was getting close, I could sense it. The urgency of his thrusts, the depth he was trying to ram himself into me, the gasps and groans, all signs of an impending explosion of cum. "Cum in me Gary," I sighed softly, reaching down to let my fingertips touch his slippery dick as it slid in me. I let the palm of my hand press against my clit as my finger ran over his shaft as he moved it within me, just letting the sensations ripple through me. "You can cum inside of me if you want to Gary."

"Fuck me", "Cum in my mouth," "You can cum inside of me." The top three phrases men like to hear, at least from my experience. Of course, "Fuck me" is number one by a mile. Nothing makes a man's dick spring into action faster than hearing a girl ASK to be fucked. Asking for it in her mouth is more kinky than anything. Frankly, I think it's a result of watching too many porn movies more than anything. "You can cum inside of me" is different. "Fuck me" appeals to the basic ego where a man loves to hear a woman wants HIM to fuck her. In contrast, "You can cum inside of me" is more intimate, more submissive. It's a woman not only wanting him to fuck her, it's as if she also wants to have part of him inside of her, a virtual "mating" so to speak. While I have never had a man say to "fuck me", I HAVE had men turn down the "cum inside of me" request, maybe because it WAS too personal for them. Well, that wasn't that case with Gary. No, he was more than willing to stick it out and stay in me when he came as he was about to prove.

"Oh shit, I'm almost there Kelly," he groaned, as if he was holding it back to keep the sensation of being on the edge there as long as possible.

Then, like a dam suddenly breaking, he literally exploded within me. I felt his entire body jerk under me as his dick drive into me, the first eruption of cum pouring from his dick like lava from an erupting volcano. I could feel it in me, like a bloom of heat deep inside of me that faded away quickly, only to be replaced by another and yet another as he came hard inside of me. His sperm was shooting deep inside of me in a futile vain attempt to mate me. He was grunting and groaning as his most basic of instincts- his sex drive, took over. Gary put his strong hairy arms around me and pulled me in tight to him as his hips rose up in the air, as if trying to drill even deeper into me. His hand covered my boobs, touching them for the first time as he squeezed them while his orgasm quickly diminished.

"Oh fuck, that was incredible," he groaned loudly as I felt him literally sag under me, all his earlier drive and lust suddenly gone as if it had burst from him along with his hot cum.

"Hold me Gary," I whispered, trying to maintain this moment for as long as I could.

His hands remained on my breasts as my hand pressed down on my clit, not moving to stimulate it but rather just putting continuous pressure on it. I could feel his dick getting smaller, receding from me as it shrank. Finally it flopped out of me and I could feel a warm wetness as his cum drained out of me and down to my ass once the dam created by his cock was out of the way. I rubbed my fingers in it and brought it to my mouth, licking the mixture of our cum from my fingers like I use to lick the beaters from my mom's mixer when I was a little girl. As much as I loved licking those sweet beaters back then, what I was tasting now beat it hands down!

Gary was spent for the moment so I turned my attention to Beth and Todd. She was on her back now with Todd kneeling on one knee with his outer leg on the floor, fucking her as he stood up straight. She had one leg draped over the edge of the couch with the other ;lifted upward and being held up by Todd as he slowly slid hid giant cock in and out of her poor abused pussy. Well, she wanted it so I didn't want to hear any complaining later about how sore she was! She looked at me as I approached and I saw her eyes go to my crotch, where's Gary's cum was draining down the inside of my thigh. God, how much had he pumped into me anyway?

"Mmmmmmm, " was all she said as she reached out for me.

I knew what she wanted, at least with Beth it didn't take a lot of fancy psychology to figure out what she wanted during sex. It was pretty simple - as many dicks as she could get and as much cum as she could swallow - regardless of the source. Beth and I weren't together sexually all that much, very little in fact. Most of the time it was situations like this - a party where we just happened to come together during the course of events.

As Todd watched, I straddled Beth's face and lowered by freshly fucked pussy to her face. Beth lifted her head with her tongue outstretched as she eagerly awaited the chance to lick Gary's cum from my pussy. Sure, she might like just licking my pussy but I knew what she REALLY wanted was to get that cum out of me for herself.

"Oh yeah," I sighed as her tongue danced on my clit and pussy lips.

Then her lips grabbed me and I could feel her tongue exploring up and inside of me, pressing into me as far as she could reach. She lapped up Gary's cum from my pussy like a hungry cat at a bowl of fresh milk. I ground my pussy into her face, feeling her nose against my asshole as she sucked and licked my pussy noisily. Meanwhile, Todd was still fucking her and I could feel her move under me each time he slammed his crotch into her pussy.

"I'm going to cum," he said through gritted teeth as he started pumping her hard and fast.

"Don't you fuckin' cum inside of me you fuckin' asshole," Beth suddenly exclaimed between my thighs.

I was facing Todd so he looked at me as he couldn't see Beth's face. From the wild look in his eyes, I could tell that he was close to cumming and there would be no stopping him before long.

"Cum in my mouth," I told him, thinking ahead to what I thought Beth would like. Todd looked at me, as if making sure he had heard me correctly so I said it again. "That's right Todd, you can cum in my mouth."

That seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, or should I say that pulled the trigger on his grenade, or whatever silly analogy you want to use. He pulled out of her pussy and I leaned forward, keeping my own pussy on Beth's face as I positioned myself in front of the monster dick that was now mere inches in front of me. Todd was stroking himself with his hand and it only took a few before his first shot erupted and I watched as it sprang from the tip of his dick, directly towards my wide open mouth. It landed perfectly on my tongue but the next shot went off the mark and hit me square on the forehead. I leaned closer and he got the rest in my mouth from that shot on. As big as he was, I guess I was expecting more cum but he didn't shoot nearly as much as I thought Gary had done to me earlier.

I opened my mouth to show Todd the results as he smiled – just as very guy does when he sees my mouth full of his cum, as if it was some monstrous accomplishment on his part. Actually, I felt I deserved the credit in most cases for being able to capture some of the wild shots they made! I think Todd was expecting me to swallow it at that point and indeed, had it been just me and him I would have, opening my mouth like a patient getting pills from a nurse to prove it was all in my stomach. But in this case, I wasn't alone!

Lifting myself off of Beth's face, I kneeled down next to the couch and put my head over hers. She liked at me and I could see from the grin on her face that she knew what was coming up next. Sure enough, she opened her mouth as I did the same, allowing Todd's sperm to slowly fall from my mouth to hers in a gooey mess. I couldn't turn my head to prove it, but I was sure as anything that Todd was watching and I wondered if his cock was staying hard as he watched me give his sperm to Beth.

When it was all out, or at least as much as was easily going to, I leaned down and kissed Beth. I felt her pushing his sperm up and into my mouth with her tongue and I reached out with my own tongue to touch hers, all sperm-covered now. This time I DID look back at Todd and sure enough, he was stroking himself as he watched two girls, one of who he had just fucked good and hard, swapping his cum between them. I imagined this was a sight he'd be remembering for quite a few masturbation sessions in the future!

"Well, I assume that's where you wanted him to cum?" I asked her with a sly grin after we kissed for a while.

Beth didn't answer but just winked at me. By now, Gary had recovered and he motioned for Todd to get out of the way as I he wanted to take a crack at Beth for a while. Todd was stroking his dick which was about half flaccid now, despite his best efforts. Well, I guess I had my work cut out for me!

OK, so it wasn't the "girl's night out" as I had envisioned it. But it did turn out to be quite an evening in its own right. Beth and I traded between Gary and Todd a few times, sometimes ganging up on one and then the other, Beth even letting them DP her at one point. The two of us came several times, once together as we 69'd for the benefit of the guys at one point. It was funny in that I didn't feel so much as I was having sex with Beth as I was performing with another girl for the 'audience". I guess that's why I always say it's better when it's 1-1, as you don't feel that way when you're alone with just one guy.

Kristen and Terry never did leave the bedroom, not even when Beth and I were ready to call it a night. In the end, we left her behind to find her own way home the next morning - something Terry was more than happy to provide. She never really wanted to discuss it later but I have to wonder sometimes if she doesn't feel a little something extra special for him, despite her protests to the contrary.

# (Mar 20) Chapter 182: Mentoring

Story codes: MF FF MMF F-solo group oral exhib
Me (24)
Katrina (38)

Usually when you think of mentoring, you picture an older person passing on their knowledge to a younger person, leading them along their career path. Sometimes it works the other way too, and not just at work but for play too!

## 1. The Party

It all started out pretty much like any other party. A simple e-mail telling me the date, time and location. After all, it wasn't like I had to do much preparation other than making myself presentable. A shower, shave, hair and makeup and I was ready to go. I didn't even have to worry what to wear because whatever I chose wouldn't be on me for long once I arrived at "work".

You see, my "job" is to model lingerie and demonstrate adult toys to groups of women no different than those you might see at your typical neighborhood Tupperware party. For most of them, it's a fun evening where they get to be a little "naughty" and perhaps even a bit embarrassed but it's all meant to be fun and since ONLY women are allowed to attend, nothing really "bad" ever happens. In fact, if anything like that DID happen, the hostess would have probably fire me!

It was the beginning of December and bookings had been down a bit with the holidays and such First Thanksgiving and then the start of the Christmas shopping and as a result, the party scene was cut down seriously as the amount of time women had to attend such extraneous affairs as a Passion Party disappeared. Still, a girl has to make a living somehow so I made sure I accepted every assignment that came my way. Beggars can't be choosers.

The party itself was rather uneventful, at least from my perspective. There was the usual gasps and reddening of faces of some of the more conservative ones in the crowd, especially when I would come out in one of the more risque outfits. A little wine didn't hurt things and as they loosened up as time went by - so did my outfits. The toy demos didn't start until over an hour or so after the party started, time enough for inhibitions to drop yet even more. Even then, it's not like I masturbated for them or anything. Mostly I would just rub it up against me with perhaps a little penetration; more to tease and shock them than to turn them on. Nothing improved sales like group guilt!

Another reason I work these parties is that they are great ways to "advertise" for more provocative parties - bachelor, bachelorette, birthdays, that sort of thing. Of course, sometimes I would get requests for more "intimate" parties - maybe just one or two people, which I typically turned down or referred them to my cousin Kristen who made a career doing things of that sort.

In my mind, I'm simple earning money to get by until I can get back into a teaching position, not working my way to being a whore. There was that one time towards the beginning when I did something with a couple (it's in my diary if you're interested) but as fun as it was, I knew that if I pursued that sort of thing further I would likely gain a reputation that would kill my teaching career plans.

When the party was officially over, many of the women hung around, as they usually did, to gossip and drink more of the hostess's wine. Sharon, the distributor, would sit off to the side taking orders and handing out catalogs. Sometimes I would hang around and chat with some of the women who were interested in my "job" and perhaps the other `services" I provided. It wasn't so much that THEY wanted to do what I did, but rather more why I did it and perhaps voyeuristically share some of my experiences. Typically I tried to diplomatically dodge any such "story telling" but I also felt an obligation to help Sharon bring in more orders. Besides, I got a small commission from whatever was sold at the party so the more sales, the better.

One of the women, she called herself Kate which I later learned was short for Katrina, seemed particularly interested in me. Well, again not so much ME as what I did and how I'd gotten into this line of work. At first glance Kate looked to be your typical soccer mom, mid to late thirties, hair shorter than it had likely been when she was younger, dressed rather plainly in pants and a floral top. The modest clothes couldn't hide the fact that she was still in pretty good shape, probably thanks to a few sessions at the club each week. She seemed hesitant to buy any lingerie, though, but did seem interested in several of the less-exotic toys.

Kate was just one of several women I talked to that night and under other circumstances, I would probably never have remembered her a few weeks later. As always, I had handed out my business card to everyone at the party and evidently she had kept one because it was about two days later when I got a surprise phone call from her. It was a little embarrassing at first because I didn't remember her right away but then she reminded me about the party and our conversation and I was able to recall her face again. After her brief introduction, there was a rather long pause as I waited for her to tell me what was on her mind.

"You know... I was thinking about those toys we talked about," Kate finally said. It was like she was embarrassed to be talking about them and I could barely hear her over the phone. "It was so hard to decide which one to buy. I've never used anything like that before so I was wondering if there was one you would recommend to start with?"

Well, there's always a first time for everything and this was the first time a complete stranger had ever called me for my advice on which dildo she should buy! After the initial shock, or at least surprise, I thought for a moment and then described to her one of my favorites. It was just a small vibrator with a remote control that she could operate from her purse. Isn't thee wireless revolution great? I explained to her that not only was it enjoyable to use on yourself, it was a great way to have some kinky fun with your partner as well.

She asked me if I had one she could buy but I don't sell them myself. I told her she would have to call Sharon, the distributor, to order one and asked her if she still had the catalog since it had her name and phone number stamped on the back.

"Oh yeah, I have it somewhere...," she replied, "Ummmmm...," she paused, as if something else was really on her mind but she was afraid to say it, "Do you think I could meet with you to talk about it some more. This is sort of hard for me to discuss over the phone as you might be able to tell."

Alarm bells rang and my spidey senses tingled. She hadn't SEEMED to be the stalker or loony type but then you never know what lurks behind those naive looking faces sometimes. Kate definitely hadn't seemed to show any signs of sexual advances toward me and I got the opinion seeing her in the audience she was one of the ones that was most embarrassed when I would touch myself or show myself to the audience during the party. I couldn't quite place my finger on WHAT it was, but I was certain there was more to her request than an innocent discussion regarding my dildo and vibrator recommendations.

From past experience I knew simple questions often have much more complex realities. For instance, I'd recently had a wife ask me to do her husband as a "gift" which in the end, turned out to be some crazy fun, but Kate didn't seem to be the type to get involved in that sort of thing.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to impose... If you don't want to meet me, that's OK," she said when I didn't answer right away, "I'm sorry I bothered you."

"No wait," I hurried back before she could hang up. I told her I would meet with her and so we set up a time for the next morning for brunch. She offered to meet me at an Eat'N Park restaurant, not exactly the most private location which was good and bad. Good in that nothing would happen in such a public place but bad in that nothing would happen in such a public place! I wasn't sure exactly what even COULD happen but my curiosity was peaked now. And you know what curiosity did to the cat...!

## 2. Getting to Know Kate

The next morning I drove to the restaurant she had recommended. It was part of a chain with several in the area so I hoped I remembered the right one! Once inside, I saw someone waving at me from a booth towards the back and I recognized Kate. Waving off the hostess, I walked in and took a seat opposite her in the booth.

Kate was dressed about like me - jeans and a blouse, nothing fancy or even suggestive. It was the witching hour between breakfast and lunch when business was slow and there was nobody on either side of us at the time. The waitress came by and offered me coffee, which I politely refused, asking for water instead. Kate was already on what was at least her second cup of coffee judging by the empty cream and sugar packs She was drinking regular rather than decaf so I could just imagine the caffeine levels in her blood about now!

"You know, I can't believe I asked you to meet me here like this," she finally said after we exchanged some inane comments about the traffic and weather. "I've never done anything like this before."

I tried my best to suppress a smile. What in the world was she talking about? We were just two women sitting in a booth in a typical Bob-Evans style restaurant. What was so special about it?

"Oh I suppose you're wondering what I'm talking about," she rambled on, evidently catching the puzzled expression on my face. "You seemed so easy to talk to about things the other night and I don't know.... I guess I thought maybe you could help me."

OK, so what did THAT mean? I just sat there with what I hoped was a supportive look and posture for her to continue. Ten minutes in and I still had no idea where this was leading!

"OK, I guess I should just say it then... My husband and I haven't had sex in over a year and I was hoping you might help me be... well more... appealing if you know what I mean."

Whoa! Boy, talking about a change of course the conversation! My mind raced as a number of possibilities came and went. Were they having problems with their marriage? Was he cheating on her? Was she as conservative and repressed in bed as she seemed to be in life and maybe he was just bored with her? Was there a physical issue that needed to be addressed - maybe something medical? Maybe it was just a simple case of ED and some Viagra was all they needed. If so, it wasn't like it wasn't advertised so why hadn't they tried it? It's amazing how fast your mind can churn and the number of ideas you can have in just a few seconds!

"Do you mind my asking how old your husband is?" I said gently, trying hard not to appear as surprised as I felt.

"He's 49. I'm 38... he wants a younger wife I think. We've been married for eighteen years now."

"Kids?"

"Two - boy sixteen and a girl fifteen."

"Ummmmm, can he get it up?"

Granted, it was your typical conversation starter but I didn't think it was THAT personal a question, especially considering what she had told me about their non-existent sex life, so I was a little surprised when the tears started to form. Was she a psycho or what? Kate swallowed hard and then bit her lip before answering.

"Well, at least not with me."

Now I couldn't let it go at that. What exactly did she mean?

"What do you mean Kate?", was the obvious follow-up question.

"Well, I know he masturbates. Sometimes forgets to clean up after himself and I find the nasty tissues and towels he uses. There's porn on his computer but I'm afraid to say anything about it. So he MUST be able to do it but when he's with me he claims he can't."

"Well, an erections usually not something most men con control and keep from happening so it's probably true, at least so far as that goes," I said. "Has he seen a doctor? I mean, there are all sorts of things advertised on TV that he can take to help himself."

Kate pursed her lips again but she hung in there and answered, "He claims he has but he won't let me go with him, says he is too embarrassed to discuss it with the doctor in front of me. He's gotten some pills but they don't seem to help."

I sat there for a moment, not sure where to go from here. For THAT matter, why was she telling me all this crap anyway? It sounded like either he needed a better doctor or they needed a marriage counselor, neither position for which I was qualified... or wanted to be involved in.

"So Kate, why tell me all this?" Again, the obvious follow-up question but it had to be asked.

"Oh wow.... I feel so embarrassed talking about this but I thought someone.... well someone like you would understand," she started out. I wasn't too sure I was exactly thrilled over the "someone like you" commentary as I doubted she meant it as a compliment, at least not in her mind. "I guess I have needs too," she finished up by saying.

Her voice trailed off after that and again, my mind raced with all sorts of possibilities. Was she looking for sex? That was my first reaction but one look at her and it was obvious that it wasn't the case. When I was doing my thing at the party she could barely even look at me, let alone appear turned on by me, and even now she seemed more embarrassed than horny.

Then it dawned on me. Yo! Earth to Kelly - wake up! Of course, that's what it was all about. The first thing she had asked about was a toy. Kate was looking for a substitute for her husband's unresponsive dick. Yet something also told me it wasn't a fake dick she was looking for either

"Kate... Doesn't your husband try to help you, even if he can't do it himself?"

"He tries and he says he enjoys it, even if he can't get an erection, but I know he just does it to keep me from complaining... or leaving him. He knows I could NEVER leave him or cheat on him. Kelly, I want you to know that I love my husband totally. It's just I don't want to go without sex for the rest of my life."

"So you think a dildo or some other toy is going to take the place of your husband?"

Kate got that determined look again and her lips practically disappeared as she thought about how to answer me.

"I don't know... I've never masturbated before."

Well, I can't say I was totally shocked. I'd known girls before, even roomed with one back in college, that claim to have never masturbated. Regarding my personal experience, it was a religious thing where my college roomie believed that masturbation was morally the same as having sex, just without a partner present, making the fantasies that accompanied it perverted and against the will of God. Other than her, though, I've never personally known anyone who has truly NEVER masturbated at least a little.

Thoughts of my Aunt Sheri came to mind but even then, someone as narrow-minded and twisted as her must still have those urges, those personal moments where she lets her fingers to the walking, so to speak. For Kate to say she NEVER masturbated was a little hard to believe but if true, it certainly might explain her weird behavior.

"NEVER?" I questioned her, letting a little of the doubt in my thoughts seep out in my tone of voice, "Not even ONCE?"

"Never," she confirmed, "I was raised in a very strict family and my mom taught me that masturbation was perverted and nasty...something only THOSE girls did and that if I was a good wife to my husband that he would be enough to satisfy my needs."

"So you've never even TRIED?"

"Oh I've thought about, sure I have. I just can't get over that feeling I get any time I start to put my hand anywhere near myself that way. I can't even look at myself down there."

"Then how in the world do you ever plan to use a toy?" It was a question that had to be asked. If she was so self-conscious that she couldn't even LOOK at her pussy, how was she going to use a toy on it?

"I hope you don't mind me asking this Kate... but have you ever had an orgasm?"

Kate flushed red, even more so than she already had been.

"I don't THINK so... Bruce always asks me that so I use to try to do the things I thought a girl should do when she has one to make him happy, but I've never actually felt any of those things you see girls do in movies or such."

Gradually I was getting more of a picture here and it was becoming all the more interesting as it came into focus. Kate could have easily just ordered a toy at the party and avoided all the embarrassment of confessing these things to me if that's all she wanted. But would she have actually had the nerve to USE it on herself?

Probably not. I was starting to get a pretty good idea of what she REALLY wanted from me. Seeing her eyes avert from mine and just from her overall posture and appearance, I doubted she was going to have the courage to carry this through without some help from me.

"So Kate, were you hoping for me to help you in some way?" I asked gently, trying to see if I could coax it out of her without actually leading her too much. She didn't answer so I got a little more provocative, hoping to get some sort of a reaction.

"Were you looking to have sex with me?"

Well, THAT got a reaction, needless to say, but not what I was looking for. Kate's eyes opened wide like saucers and her face REALLY turned red this time. Her mouth hung open like a fish out of water and for a moment I thought she was going to get up and run away waving her hands over her head and screaming like a crazy person.

"Oh my god no! Never! I could NEVER do anything like that," she protested, her voice rising enough that I had to hold up my hand to signal her to keep it down.

She looked around nervously, evidently afraid that someone might have overheard us but there was nobody within twenty feet of us or more. "Heaven forbid, I am NOT a homosexual."

It wasn't the time to debate homosexuality versus bisexuality, so I just smiled at her and tried to calm her back down again. When I reached out and tried to hold her hand, she pulled it back, probably afraid now that I would try to make some sort of a move on her now.

"I'm so sorry Kate, I didn't mean to say anything to upset you. I just don't understand why you're telling me all this, that's all... believe me."

Kate seemed to settle down a bit. "Well, I thought this would be a LOT easier than it has been... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to overreact... I can see where you might have gotten that impression. I suppose for girls like you it's no big deal but oh my god, I could never do such a thing."

There it was again; "girls like you". Hmmmmmm, I could only imagine what type of girl she thought I was and to be fair, I couldn't blame her since all she knew about me was what she had seen at the party and if that was all she was basing her analysis of me on, she must likely think of me as a whore, or least a slut – and not in the way I like to think of me as a slut.

Kate took a deep breath and finally came out with it saying, "Here goes nothing... I was hoping maybe you could teach me to masturbate with one of those toys you showed us. You know, maybe be my mentor or something like that. I know you're younger than me but I would prefer to think of it as something like that."

Wow, now THAT was something new for me. After all these years, I've never had someone come to me from out of the blue and ask me to teach them to masturbate! Most girls learned that on their own or with a friend when they were in their early teens. For a woman her age to even NEED to learn was something extraordinary. At the same time, it WAS something unusual, something new, and that's what appealed to me. Kate seemed so naive yet at the same time, she was no overweight middle-aged woman who had let herself go.

There must have been something more to her husband's erectile dysfunction then she had said as I couldn't see any reason why a man wouldn't be attracted to her sexually. Hmmm, too bad she was so straight as she didn't look all that unappealing to me! In a way, she reminded me of my Aunt Linda. Not at all physically, but more the age difference and relationship we had.

"So how did you think this would happen Kate?" I asked, figuring it might be best for her to take the lead as much as possible.

"Gosh... I have NO idea!" she busted out, "I really can't even believe I got THIS far!"

I thought for a few moments and then a plan began to gather in my mind.

"OK Kate, I'll help you," I said, "But I think we should get to know each other a little better first, don't you?"

Kate's eyes widened again and I think she thought maybe I was making a move on her so I quickly jumped in to correct her thoughts. "Don't worry, I didn't mean anything like THAT", leaving her fertile imagination to figure out what "THAT" meant. "I meant just go out and get to know a little more about each other, maybe some shopping or something."

Once again, Kate visibly relaxed and then after a few seconds of thought she agreed. We set up a time for a few days later at the mall and from there the subject was dropped and we finished off our drinks over some innocuous small talk before leaving, not even shaking hands, let alone exchanging hugs.

On the way back to my apartment, I marveled at the events of the past hour or so. Damn, who knew? I mean, I would NEVER have imagined that someone like her would EVER ask me to do something like this. I was actually feeling a little tingle between my legs and I knew before I got home it would become a lot more, enough that I had a good idea of what I would be doing for a while once I got back!

I did.

## 3. Our First Date

We met at the mall food court a few days later, just as planned. In between I hadn't heard a word from Kate, not a phone call, e-mail or text message. Then again, I wasn't sure if Kate was all that computer literate. She was at that age where it could have gone either way. Probably it was a case where her husband did all the computer stuff and she didn't bother with it.

Seeing her sitting at an empty table, her purse sitting on her lap, together with knowing why we were meeting, I almost had laugh but somehow I managed to control myself and just smile nicely instead. Kate was dressed in loose jeans and a turtleneck top with a winter jacket over it all. A pair of plain brown dress loafers and a simple gold necklace around her neck finished it off. Her makeup was basic, some eyeliner, lipstick and a light base but nothing overwhelming. A pair of diamond earrings were in her ears, no doubt a present from her loving, if dysfunctional, husband. Hmmm, they looked to be pretty big ones too. Was someone trying to compensate for something, maybe buy her off?

I would have given anything to be able to read her mind just when she saw me. The look on her face was priceless so no doubt her thoughts had to be something else indeed. While I was far from being in full "slut mode", I wasn't exactly dressed for family day at church either. Had it been summer I would've gone for shorts but with winter arriving, a short denim skirt was more in order. Granted, when I say short, I mean SHORT - as in just a few inches down from the bottom of my ass and tight around the waist with ruffled bottom half.

Underneath I was wearing a standard black thong which wasn't visible - yet at least, but when I sat down it would take some careful maneuvering NOT to show it off when I crossed my legs, if I really wanted to hide it in the first place. On top I had a tight pink camisole, no bra, that came down to my bellybutton when I tugged it down but then it would quickly creep up to reveal a few inches of my torso. I liked the way it dropped down low enough to show plenty of cleavage and with the cold air outside my nipples were popping through like someone had put the nipples from a baby bottle underneath!

My high heels were about four inches, enough to let me strut through the mall and make the best of my legs while not so high I was in danger of tripping over myself all the time. I was wearing a thin winter jacket with a fur-lined collar that was unzipped, falling open to let everyone see what little I was wearing underneath. If nothing else, was certainly getting the looks from every teenage boy in the place, not to mention most of the older ones as well.

"Hi Kate, I'm so glad you could make it!" I greeted her as I took a seat opposite.

I crossed my legs just slowly enough to let some of my "observers" catch a quick glimpse of my thong and wondered if they were turned on seeing my underwear or disappointed that I was wearing it in the first place.

"Oh my god, I can't believe your outfit!" she gasped, trying to appear nonplussed but clearly flustered.

"What's the matter Kate?" I asked, trying to appear as if I really didn't know what would be bothering her. "Too conservative?"

She rolled her eyes at my futile attempt at humor. "Like... you may as well not be wearing anything... you know? Do you always go out looking like THAT"

After some of her comments at breakfast earlier in the week, Kate seemed to have this knack for insulting me without actually doing so but I didn't take it personally, it was just her. I leaned over towards her, deliberately so as to let my boobs hang down to give her a good view of them. She started to avert her eyes but it was like a car wreck where you know you shouldn't look but yet you can't resist.

"Look, one of the things you need if we're going to make this work is more self-esteem. Dang it Kate, you're a hot women yet you dress like my grandmother. How do you expect to get yourself off when you're don't appreciate what you've got?"

She looked at me with an odd expression, as if she didn't quite understand what I'd said - or maybe it was more like she didn't WANT to understand.

"Look, we're going to do some shopping and have some fun, OK?"

Kate just nodded, as if she was unsure of herself to speak. I took her by the hand and this time she didn't pull back. It wasn't anything overt, just two girlfriends holding hands but it was a step, albeit a small one, in the right direction.

As we stepped out into the general mall area, I turned to Kate and smiled saying, "OK, first things first, you need some new clothes! What do you say we start from the inside and work our way out, OK?"

At this point I think Kate was just overwhelmed. It was hard to think of her as being fourteen years older than me. You would have thought SHE would be the one to teach ME, not the other way around. From the way she flinched as we walked by, I think she was a bit surprised when we passed the Victoria Secret store and headed for Macy's instead.

"You seem surprised," I observed as we walked quickly down the aisle towards the mall anchor store,

"Well, I just assumed you did all your shopping at places like THAT," she replied, still a note of surprise in her voice. There it was again, that inadvertent little dig which was starting to get irritating!

"Well, believe it or not, you can get some pretty nice things at regular departments stores and pay half the price," I told her, "Besides, I know the guy who works the lingerie department at Macy's... we're pretty good friends." Kate looked at me at that and I laughed at her paranoia. "Noooooo, not THAT kind of friend... you'll understand when you meet him."

Entering the lingerie department, I spotted Frank and pulled Kate over to him. She probably would never have guess that this was the guy I was talking about... and for good reason. Frank was in his fifties, very thin and dressed, as always, immaculately. One look and you just KNEW he had to be gay - and you'd be right.

"Frank, I want you to meet my good friend Kate, she needs some advice on a few things and I told her who better than you to help her out!"

Frank took Kate's hand and bowed slightly. He introduced himself and Kate sort of replied, but barely audible. Frank looked at me with a "what the hell is this all about" type of glance but we'd known each other for years and I knew he trusted me enough that if Kate was a "friend" of mine then she was OK. Actually, my mom introduced me to Frank back when I was getting my first bra. He was someone I trusted totally, probably one of the few men I could strip naked in front of and know with 100% certainty that he wasn't imaging fucking me.

"You know Kate, Frank once told me that 90% of the women he sees are not wearing the right bra size, or at least don't have their bras adjusted properly. Isn't that so Frank?"

Frank was giving Kate the once over and didn't even seem to have heard me. Kate shifted her weight from one foot to the other, clearly uncomfortable with the situation. Frank had one hand to his chin with the other cupping his elbow, clearly lost in thought as he stared at Kate's chest. It was more like he was analyzing her than ogling her though. Frank was always a total professional in his work and I knew Kate was 100% safe with him. His mannerisms were a little hard to get use to as when most men looked a5t you the way Frank did, it meant something entirely different.

"When was the last time you were fitted?" he asked her softly. Kate just shrugged and Frank shook his head and smiled at her. "Well Kate, I think I can help you. Do you mind if we step back into a dressing room?"

Kate looked at me as if checking to see if this was all on the up and up. I just nodded and smiled, assuring her in my own way that everything was just fine. Her chest rose as she took a deep breath and followed Frank into one of the back rooms. Once inside, he pulled out a tape measure from a drawer. Then he pointed at her top and fluttered his finger at her.

"Let's get to it... I can't do anything with your clothes on you know.... so let's get them off," he instructed her, as if it was just the most natural thing for a woman to strip in front of him. Kate hesitated and I was sure she had to be wondering what in the world I'd gotten her into.

"Say Kate, would it help if I took my top off too?" I offered, trying to make her more comfortable.

She quickly shook her head and said no, that it was bad enough to undress for a strange man let alone be topless with another girl at the same time! With that, she unbuttoned her blouse. I helped take it off of her and then I hung it on a hook on the back of the door. That left her in her bra, a conservative Playtex style that my grandmother probably would have preferred but nothing sexy whatsoever about it.

As I was already behind her, I reached out and started to unhook her bra clasps. She started to pull away instinctively but then she stood her ground and allowed me to unsnap it completely. The shoulder straps fell to the side and she held the bra against her boobs to keep it from falling to the floor.

"C'mon, put that old thing to the side and let's get going Kate," Frank encouraged her.

Kate sighed audibly and let it fall from her boobs, setting it on the bench seat to the side of her. For the first time I saw her naked, well topless at least. Her boobs weren't as perky as I'm sure they were years ago but they were still quite solid and held themselves up pretty much on their own - suspiciously well in fact. Frank picked on that as well.

"Nice... Dr. Wanchowski's work I assume?"

Kate's eyes widened as if she had been goosed, "Uhhhhh, how did you...?"

Frank smiled and assured her, saying, "Hey, you see enough women as I do and you start to recognize the workmanship. The man's a genius and I see you were no exception.

Ahhhhhh, so Kate's boobs WERE fake! I wouldn't have guessed it but then I'd never seen her topless before either. Considering how conservative she was always dressed, the odds of anyone else seeing her "assets" bared were pretty remote. I had a sneaking suspicion that the boob job was something her husband had demanded. Most women that get their boobs done can't wait to show them off to the world. The fact Kate always kept hers well-hidden was a pretty strong statement in and by itself.

"Actually, I'm a bit surprised the good doctor never told you what size you were," Frank commented, making conversation as he approached Kate with the tape measure, "That's unusual. You know, for full-figured women like yourself, having the correct bra fitting is more than how you look, it's essential to your health and comfort."

He reached around her and measured her band size and then cup size. He seemed to be doing some calculations in his head and then measured her boob again, as if he wasn't sure the first measurements he had taken were correct. It might have had something to do with her plastic surgery. For girls like me, with "average" boobs and "natural" shape, the standard measurements usually came out pretty close but when a woman deliberately modifies the shape of her breasts from what Mother Nature intended, Frank told me in the past it can be a bitch to get the right size! Usually he would mutter something about "don't fool with Mother nature" but he was too much of a gentlemen to make such a comment in front of Kate.

Frank abruptly left the dressing room, leaving Kate blushing like a little girl after kissing her first crush. She held her hands over her boobs, as if she was trying to hide herself from me. I reached out and gently pushed her hands down to her side.

"You know Kate, you've got a GREAT figure and you shouldn't be embarrassed to let others see it," I said, trying to reassure her.

Kate tried to smile but it was obviously forced. "I TOLD you Kelly, I'm not THAT kind of girl," she whispered to me, as if afraid someone might overhear us.

Just then Frank returned and Kate quickly tried to cover herself again. Frank had brought back several bras of different styles and colors with one thing in common - they were all a heck of a lot more revealing than the old-maid version she'd been wearing when she came in. As much as she tried to hide it, I couldn't help but notice a slight smile at the edge of her lips as she looked at them.

One by one, Frank tried them on her. My favorite was the red one, It was so deeply cut that it barely concealed her nipples and it lifted her just slightly, enough to emphasize her cleavage without having that fake "WonderBra" look where your boobs are all squeezed into the middle of your chest. I convinced her to leave it on and I think she liked it, even if she tried to act as thought it was too revealing for her.

Frank seemed to like it as well, adjusting the straps for the best possible fit. Then he motioned at her pants saying, "Now for the rest. I'll be back in a moment... be ready."

He turned and left without a word, leaving Kate a bit confused. "He didn't mean I should...." her voice trailed off as she digested what he'd said.

"Well, unless you like to try on panties over your pants, then I guess so," I said with a grin. She was so funny in the desperate look she had. "Just take your pants off for now and leave your panties on. I'm sure that will be OK for now."

That didn't seem too bad for her so she unzipped the side of her pants and dropped them to the floor, stepping out of them and then hanging them up on another hook. It was the first time I'd had a good look at her ass and legs and again I had to say she kept herself up pretty well for a woman who wasn't getting any for over a year! Her butt wasn't quite as firm as it most likely was ten years ago but it was still tight, at least as best I could tell with her white cotton granny panties. There was such a contrast between the new bra and panties, the new versus the old. We didn't have time to say anything as Frank was back quickly with several items in his hands which he set down on a chair next to the door.

Frank selected a pair of high cut black lace panties and held them out for Kate to see. Her mouth dropped open just a but as she most likely had never imagined wearing anything like that. Frank huffed a little as he waited rather impatiently for her to undress and try them on but Kate didn't seem to be getting the message.

"Ummmmm, Kate, don't you want to try them on?" I gently nudged her.

"Now?" she questioned me, "In front of the two of you?" I just nodded and smiled, trying to appear as encouraging and non-threatening as possible.

Kate turned away slightly and slowly dropped her panties, leaving her bottomless and giving me a great view of her bare ass. Even better without the panties! I would have loved to have spanked her playfully but I doubted she would have known what to do if I had, probably scared her more than anything.

Slowly she turned around, one hand over her pussy as if trying to hide it but being only marginally successful. She appeared to have trimmed it slightly, at least enough to keep it presentable when wearing a conservative swimsuit, but other than that, it was long and bushy. It reminded me of how my mom use to keep her pussy trimmed and my Aunt Linda wore hers the same as well. Must be a generational thing, I guess. Kate reached out and took the panties, finally removing her hand from her crotch so she could pull the new ones on.

"Wow, I know I said it before but dang it Kate. you really have a great figure!" I said, trying to get her over her shyness. If anything, it seemed to have the opposite effect, making her all the more shy.

"Oh my, these don't hide much, do they?" Kate said in a hushed tone as she looked in the mirror. From her body language, I wasn't sure if it was the way her bush spilled out from the narrow crotch of the panties or how revealing her ass was - probably a bit of both.

"All you have to do it trim a little more and it won't stick out like that," I told her, pointing to her crotch while resisting the temptation to reach out and touch it. I lifted my skirt to reveal my own thong. "See, if you shave it like mine then it doesn't show at all."

Kate stared at my crotch for a moment before she seemed to realize what she was doing and again, her face regained the flushness that had been slowly disappearing until now.

Kate tried on several more pair, seeming to become a little less self-conscious of being bottomless between pairs. In the end, I liked the first pair she tried on the most. There were some that were more revealing but as firm as she was for her age, she was still almost 40 and gravity can be cruel. I had her put those back on and then look in the mirror. Between the slutty red bra and high cut panties, she looked totally different than when we had first stepped in. Even Frank, who had been keeping relatively quiet throughout, murmured his approval.

"So what do you say Kate, I think this is the best ensemble, don't you?" I asked. She nodded and I gave Frank a wink. Frank gathered up the other pieces and said he would meet us at register when we were ready, leaving Kate and me alone.

"I don't know Kelly... I mean these are soooooo, well slutty," she debated, more with herself I think than me.

"Oh no! I think they look great and you're going to get them, ok?" I said, deciding a little push was needed and she seemed to finally agree. She started to take them off but I put my hand on her shoulder to stop her.

"Hey, leave them on, we have more shopping to do and you want to make sure everything goes together, right?"

Kate looked at me, again with that semi-disbelieving look as if she wasn't sure if I was serious or pulling her leg. I handed her the blouse and she didn't protest further. As she buttoned it up I again reached out and stopped her about half-way up.

"What's the point in wearing a sexy bra if nobody sees it?" I teased her gently. By now she was not fighting me anymore and instead she put on her pants. As she slid them up over her butt I thought to myself that they had to go, and soon!

We paid for the two pieces and I gave a Frank a hug and a peck on the cheek for his help. "See ya later," I promised him as we left the store.

From there we must have visited half the women's clothing stores in the mall - or more like all of them if you listened to her description later. Even though I knew I was drawing the attention of a number of guys of all ages, for once I ignored them for the most part as I was more interested in what I was doing with Kate.

It was fun for me, watching her eyes widen as I showed her various outfits that were most likely more revealing than anything she'd ever worn in her life. At the same time, she WAS 38 so it's not like I wanted her to look like some mother trying to imitate her twelve year-old daughter at a Hanna Montana concert.

At one store, just for fun I snagged a REALLY short skirt, just to get her reaction. When I brought it back to the dressing room, she took one look at it and shook her head.

"OH no, now THAT'S going too far girl... no WAY am I wearing that!" she protested.

I assured her it was just for fun and nobody would see her but me so why not do it just to try it on once? She sighed and took it from me, reluctantly drawing it up her legs and over her butt. It was REALLY short, barely more than enough to cover her butt - assuming she was standing up. Even I would have had to think twice before wearing such a skirt in public and then only somewhere sleazy where I could get away with looking like a slut without being arrested for indecent exposure!

"You know...," I said slowly, my hand to my chin as I thought about it some more, "I bet this might get the attention of someone back home."

"Oh god no, Bruce would think I'd lost my mind if I wore something like this!" she said, shaking her head quickly.

"Well, how will you know if you never try?" I argued.

I could tell that it was a little more than she was ready to handle yet so I went out and found one that was actually quite similar to my own, perhaps a little longer. This time she didn't seem to mind it as much and she even started loosening up a little, pretending to pose for me in it like she was teasing me. My pussy twinged a bit and I wondered if she knew how seeing her acting more suggestive was REALLY impacting me! Had it been my cousin, no doubt I would have started playing with myself at this point but I didn't think Kate was quite THAT loose yet!

It took all afternoon but finally the two of us were strutting our stuff around the mall. No longer did we look like a younger slut out with her mousey mother. Indeed, Kate looked like she was ten years younger with fresh makeup, the short skirt and a new blouse that was just transparent enough to allow her new bra to be visible through it. Her loafers had been replaced by some heels which while not nearly as high as mine, making her almost three inches higher than she'd been when she walked in the mall.

"Hey, did you see those boys looking at us?" I whispered to her. She giggled a little - a couple of glasses of wine during the course of the afternoon were finally helping out a bit.

"Oh my god, they must be in high school," she said in a conspiratorial voice, "I feel like I'm robbing the cradle."

"Why don't we give them something to REALLY look at?" I suggested. She paused and looked at me, obviously wondering what I meant by that. "C'mon, let's sit down on that bench over there."

Kate followed me but she was talking the whole way over. "SIT? In PUBLIC wearing THIS skirt?" she asked rhetorically, "No way!"

"Oh come on Kate, that's the fun of dressing like this, to tease and show off!"

"Yeah... Easy for YOU to say," she came back, "Let's face it, I don't look like you."

We reached the bench and I turned to her and looked her in the eyes. "Kate, you look GREAT. Who do you think they were looking at the most back there? There's plenty of slutty girls like me around but you're a definite MILF!"

"MILF?" Kate questioned me, evidently not familiar with the phrase.

"Mother I'd Like to..," I said, not finishing it off but she got the idea and her eyes widened like saucers. "Now sit down slowly and don't look at them, pretend they're not even there."

I could feel my skirt riding up on me as I sat and Kate must have had the same sensation as she reached down to hold it down.

"Just let it go," I admonished her gently, "Pretend you don't even realize that it's doing that. Let them think you don't know they can see your crotch."

With that she tugged even more and I gently took her hand and pulled it away as discretely as I could.

"You've got panties on so don't worry... it gets more fun when you don't."

"You mean you..." she started to ask me as the reality of what I was implying struck her.

"Sure, and so will you someday."

Kate started to protest but then she couldn't help but look across the way to where several teenage boys were just staring at us, seemingly oblivious to the fact that we could see them looking. I slowly crossed and the recrossed my legs, making sure they got a good eyeful each time. Kate kept her still but with the skirt riding up so high, it barely covered her but and showed off almost her entire upper thigh.

"Now imagine how they'll be jerking off tonight when they get home... thinking about YOU Kate... about fucking you... isn't that just so cool?"

Before she could answer, a couple of older women shopping together passed by the boys and seeing them staring and pointing, they looked to see what the commotion was about. It was all I could do to keep from bursting out in laughter when I saw their mouths drop open when they saw us. You didn't have to be a master lip reader to know what they were calling us!

"Oh God Kelly, we have to go... this is SO embarrassing! What if someone I know sees me like this?

I could see she was getting pretty stressed out and to be honest, she'd come a LOT further along than I had dared hope for when I started the day off. We got up, her being more careful about her skirt than me but still I was willing to bet most of the mall saw what type of panties she was wearing. Regretfully, it was time to call it a day as Kate wanted to be back home before her husband returned from work. In the parking lot, we prepared to go to our cars and suddenly she reached out and hugged me.

"Oh Kelly, I had such a good time today... really I did," she said. For a moment, I thought she was going to cry.

"Well, be sure to let me know what Bruce thinks of your new outfit," I said, enjoying the feeling of her tight against me. She sighed and I could see the nervousness back in her face again.

"I'll try to get the courage up.. that's all I can promise," she said, rolling her eyes and grinning at me.

That night as I laid in bed and masturbated, I wondered what Kate would say if she knew those teenage boys at the mall weren't the only ones getting off thinking about her tonight! I'd shown a tremendous amount of willpower today and I guess I was a little proud of myself. Either that or I was incredibly stupid!

## 4. Kate's First Masturbation Lesson

It was almost three weeks before I heard anything again from Kate. There were a number of times when I was tempted to call her and find out how she was doing but I forced myself to set the phone aside and be patient. Maybe she was more freaked out by the day at the mall than I had thought. As innocent as that day had been, at least from my perspective, I knew it had most likely blindsided her out a bit - or maybe even a lot. It was killing me not knowing how had things gone with her husband. Did she have the nerve to show it to him? Did he like it? Did it "motivate" him as we had hoped?

It was almost got to the point where I was afraid she had chickened out or something else had happened to stop her from carrying on any further with me. Then one morning my phone rang and my heart jumped as I saw who it was that was calling me - Kate!

"Hi Kelly, sorry I haven't gotten back to you sooner but with holidays and all... well, you know how it is," she apologized.

Trying not to sound as anxious as I was feeling, I assured it that everything was fine and for a few minutes we discussed our Christmas gifts and what we did for New year's Eve, that sort of trivia. Finally, just as I was starting to wonder if we would ever get to the point, she asked me if I could stop over for some coffee and lunch, that she wanted to talk to me about some "things". This wasn't the time to tell her about my passionate dislike for coffee so I simply agreed to come over in a little while.

After hanging up, I had to wonder what Kate had in mind. Did this have anything to do with her original phone call and request to me? Maybe it was nothing beyond some more clothing advice. She hadn't mentioned a word about her husband - was that a good sign or bad? I threw on some comfortable jeans and a t-shirt, nothing sexy or special, and drove over to her place, arriving a few minutes after the noon hour.

Kate must have been watching for me because she greeted me at the door as I approached up the walkway. Once I stepped in, she closed the door behind me, talking my coat and hanging it up in the hallway closet. I noticed she was dressed in jeans as well, but with a nice shirt on that she had left hanging out. It gave her an authentic "mom at home" look.

"Sorry, I didn't ask if you liked coffee," she said, leading me into the kitchen.

I apologized as well, telling her I never drank it but a diet soft drink or even just water was fine with me. Fortunately, she had a couple cans of Diet Coke in the refrigerator which was perfect for me and we sat at the kitchen table while she mixed up some cream and sugar with her coffee.

"Well, so how did things go when you got home after our shopping trip?" I finally had to ask after we spent the first ten minutes or so talking about TV reality shows and local gossip.

Kate's smile suddenly changed to a frown and I worried that I may have asked the wrong question.

"Oh Kelly, I DID try.... I really did!" she said, her eyes starting to tear up. "Bruce was surprised... to say the least, maybe more like shocked but still I think he liked it on me. Then he asked me whatever possessed me to buy such an outfit and when I tried to tell him what happened he turned away and acted like he didn't want to know. Then he got mad at me for `wasting' so much money and even accused me of unfairly taunting him when I knew there was nothing he could do to respond properly."

Naturally I was more than a little surprised to hear all this. Sheesh, what a jerk! Here his wife tries to do her best to seduce him and all he does is lay a guilt trip on her for HIS malfunctioning dick - IF it was malfunctioning in the first place.

Kate continued, reaching for a Kleenex on the kitchen counter, "So needless to say, we didn't do anything. God Kelly, I guess I can say this to you... I was SO damn horny. I felt like going out on the deck and just screaming, the frustration was THAT big in me. It was so much fun and I came home feeling soooooo good after being out with you and then WHAM, it was all over, just like that."

Kate sat there quietly, not saying another word and the room was deathly quiet for a few minutes, so quiet I could hear the fizzle of my Diet Coke. All I could think about was what I should say next - and maybe what NOT to say.

Then I recalled why she had gotten in touch with me in the first place and how maybe it was even more important now than ever for her to find the proper outlet for her sexual frustrations. Reaching over the table, I took her hands in mine and our eyes met as the silence continued. It was like she was silently pleading with me, her eyes imploring me to help her, to take that first step that she knew she never could - but wanted to do so badly.

"Kate, do you still want me to help you masturbate?" I finally said softly, figuring it was better to just get straight to the point and not fool around with silly euphemisms.

"I guess so," she replied, so softly that even in the awkward silence I could barely make it out.

"What do you say we go to your bedroom, OK?"

She bit her lower lip, almost like it was back in her teenage days and it was the first time she was considering going to her bedroom with a boy - or wherever it was that she had her first sexual experience. Finally she just nodded silently and led me up the stairs into the master bedroom. It was nothing TOO fancy but at the same time, just right for someone like her. A queen sized bed with cherry furniture that looked pretty well made. There was a door that looked to lead to a master bathroom and I could just make out the entrance to a large walking closet at the back of it. At first we just stood there, maybe a foot or so apart, our arms to our sides, each waiting for the other to make a move.

It didn't take the genius of a rocket scientist to realize that Kate was never going to initiate anything. As for me, this was all new territory as well. I'd never been in such a position with a woman older than me, for that matter not with one younger than me either! Really, where do you start I a situation that's practically like having to teach you mother to pleasure herself?

"SO have you ever seen anyone masturbate?" I asked her, trying to break the ice.

"Well, I told you before that I've seen my husband doing it," she answered. "I thought it was disgusting."

OK, so I worded THAT question wrong. "I meant... have you ever seen a WOMAN masturbating?"

"Oh noooooo, never," she said softly. "I remember back in my youth camp days some of the sluttier girls would put their hands in their panties at night but it's not like I really WATCHED them or anything like that."

I smiled at the way she referred to them as "the sluttier girls". No doubt that description would have fit me had we gone to camp together!

"Well then Kate, do you think it would help if maybe you watched me do it first?" I offered tentatively, still not really sure how to play my hand.

"Oh I don't know...I'm not sure I could watch that," she said, retreating just a bit at just the suggestion of seeing another girl having sex with herself.

Nonplussed at her initial rejection, I patted the edge of the bed towards the foot. "So why don't you just sit here and don't say another word... just watch me. Remember - not a word."

Kate started to say something but I knew it would just be more reasons for NOT watching me so I shushed her and patted the bed again. This time she listened to me and took her seat. In the back of my mind I was a bag of mixed emotions. As much as I LOVE to masturbate and as much as I LOVE to have someone watch me, this was completely different from turning on a boy in the front seat of his car. It was a bit frustrating because I don't think Kate saw me in any sort of sexual way, at least not in terms of being turned on by me. If she was so straight, how would she react to me doing anything in front of her? Heck, for THAT matter, how would I react to someone with her attitude watching me?

Well, there was only one way to find out. What the heck, what was the worst that could happen? So I took a deep breath and undressed in front of her. When I started, my intent was only to lower my jeans enough to rub myself but then I suddenly changed my mind and decided to go for it all - be totally nude.

From the way Kate was looking at me, I suspected she had also expected a more minimalist approach and when she realized that I was stripping down all the way, her eyes widened and I thought I could see some redness on her cheeks. It was then I realized that she had not seen me undress during our day at the mall and so she hadn't seen me nude since the party which was now a couple of months in the past. Even then, I hadn't technically been nude but given what I was wearing at times there wasn't much difference. Also, when I model at parties I try not to make it overly sensual, at least not in the way I would've had I been trying to turn on a partner.

When I was naked I got up on the bed and arranged the pillows so I could lay back against them and be propped up enough to see what I was doing. At first I just laid back with my legs outstretched in front of me, my bare feet just a little bit away from where she was sitting. The room wasn't what I would call cold but then it wasn't exactly hot either and I could feel a few goose bumps rising on my legs and arms. My nipples were already at attention and I hadn't even touched them yet!

"Are you cold?" Kate asked, a note of concern in her voice, "I can turn up the thermostat if it would help. Bruce keeps the house so damn chilly all the time."

I assured her that I was just fine and besides, I was expecting things to heat up nicely on their own in a few minutes anyway! There was no sense in delaying any further so I started to talk to her, to explain what I was doing.

"I guess every woman does it a little different," I started off, "Some like to use toys, others just their fingers.... Me...I'm a finger girl all the way. I think that toys are something you can try after you've mastered using your fingers."

As she watched I pulled my legs back until my feet were flat on the bedspread with my knees together. Then I slowly spread my legs apart, keeping my knees straight up which effectively parted my thighs, giving Kate an unobstructed view of my freshly shaved crotch. Seeing her looking at me made me feel excited yet strangely nervous. After all, as much as I loved to have someone watch me masturbate and as many times as I've done so in the past, especially as a high school teen on dates, usually it was as much watching the other person getting turned on by seeing me masturbate as much as it was what I was doing to myself that got me going.

In this case, while I was hoping Kate would get at least a little bit turned on by me, it was almost clinical rather than being erotic. Sort of like those sex-ed videos they showed us in grade school where someone took extraordinary effort to make sex as unexciting as possible. My hands cupped my boobs, hefting them a bit and then I started to gently massage them.

"Usually I like to start out just touching myself - you know, massaging my boobs, feeling myself all over," I explained softly as my fingers pulled gently on my stiff nipples, then letting them snap back in place before I put my fingers around them again as my hands covered my breasts.

I've always enjoyed playing with my boobs, even when they were barely bumps on my chest. As I went through puberty, there would be those days when they would hurt as they grew (slowly I might add) and I learned that by playing with them, it helped them to feel much better.

As I touched myself I remembered how I use to wish I could lick and suck on my nipples the way my best friend Beth could when she was getting herself off with me. Unfortunately, I was years behind her before I could finally do that to myself. Now I bent my head down and pulled my breast to my mouth, taking my hardened nipple in my mouth and feeling it's stiff yet soft feel on my tongue. God it felt so good! My eyes looked up at Kate as I suckled my own breast and I felt a twinge between my legs at the sight of her staring at me, not moving or doing anything but at the same time unable to take her eyes off of me.

Sighing softly, I released my nipples and leaned back, allowing my hands to roam all over me, feeling the light touch of my fingertips as they traced lightly over my sensitive skin as they traveled down from my chest, over my smooth belly, and then down along the tops of my bare thighs, only to return along the same path to my breasts. The goose bumps raised even more and this time I couldn't blame the thermostat setting! Each trip my fingers would dip just a little bit further between my thighs until finally I was drawing an imaginary line just at the outskirts of my shaved pussy slit, coming as close as possible without actually quite touching myself there.

"You don't have to rush into anything," I explained to her gently, trying to remember that this wasn't just for my own pleasure and I needed to explain things to her, "Just relax.... enjoy the feeling of your body, admire the softness of your skin, concentrate on how it feels to touch yourself - as only YOU know how you want to be touched."

Kate was still sitting motionless, like a rabbit caught in the middle of the yard, almost quivering as she watched everything closely but remaining still, as if hoping not to be noticed.

"Why don't you get undressed Kate?" I asked her, trying not to sound too demanding but yet hoping to push her along just a little bit.

At first she seemed scared but then I think the events of the day at the mall had their effect on her and she wasn't quite as shy about revealing herself to me as she would have been when we first met.

"God, I can't believe I'm doing this," I heard her muttering to herself as she took off her clothes, hanging each piece carefully on the back of a chair as she tried to keep her eyes on me, as if by watching me she could somehow ignore what she was doing herself.

Finally she was naked and she sat down with her legs crossed and her hands clasped tightly in her lap, not quite covering her boobs with her arms but rather pressing them together which had the effect of lifting them and making them even more impressive. I was sure that wasn't her intent but no matter, it was the results that counted!

"Just touch yourself doing to yourself what I'm doing to myself," I encouraged her, "Just allow yourself to enjoy it the thought of it... try to imagine it's someone else fondling you, but they're doing it just the way you've always wanted to be touched."

Kate kept her legs crossed but she did put her hands on her leg, then I felt my heart skip as she actually started to work her way upward onto her stomach and sides. She skipped her boobs and went to her face and neck, running her hands through her hair with her eyes closed.

"Don't close your eyes.... I want you to watch me while you touch yourself Kate," I told her, "Concentrate on me while you let your hands do what comes natural to them."

My legs were spread wide apart and the next time my hand went between my legs I cupped my crotch, feeling the pressure of my palm against my clit as I rubbed it slowly. My middle finger worked its way between my pussy lips, the fingertip pressing into my pussy hole, drawing out the wetness and then running it up along me to wet and lubricate myself more.

"See what's happening? I'm soooooo wet doing this for you Kate.... I love it when you watch me," I purred as my wet finger started to run little circles around my sensitized clit.

Then I applied more pressure and forced my finger inside of me, feeling the tightness of my warm pussy contracting around it. Slowly I began to stroke my finger in and out of my pussy while my other hand continue to fondle my breast. God it felt so damn good and it was even better seeing Kate's eyes fixated on my crotch, as if she'd never seen such a thing before. Well, I guess she hadn't! She had claimed to have never masturbated or been with a girl who did, so this WAS the first time she'd seen a girl touching herself.

"Some girls don't put their fingers inside of themselves but I love it Kate..... I imagine I'm being fucked," I explained as I stroked my imaginary cock in and out of me, my finger pushing in as far as it could and then withdrawing until just the tip remained inside of me.

Kate was still keeping her hands in neutral territory, mostly in her hair and neck while at times she would touch her legs and stomach, but she had yet to do anything with her boobs, let alone anything deeper between her legs.

"Go on... touch your breasts Kate, they're so beautiful.... touch them for me," I said, hoping all she needed by now was a just a little nudge.

Again, she kept her eyes focused entirely on me, mostly at my crotch but there were a few times our eyes would meet but she would quickly turn away when that happened. Finally she slowly lowered her hands until they were resting on her boobs. She didn't move them or do anything, just had them cupping her breasts but staying motionless. I didn't want to push her too hard so I just continued with my own ministrations.

"I want you to imagine you're my mirror Kate," I suggested, trying to keep focused on her while at the same time my pussy was screaming for more attention.

What I would have given for her to walk over and plant her head between my legs but I knew that was a long ways from happening - if ever.

"Don't think about anything but doing exactly what I do... ok?"

I put my hands on my breasts again, in the same way she had hers so that we were starting out in an equal position. One difference, though, was my hand had been playing with my pussy and I could smell the fragrant odor from the wetness covering my fingers. I would have loved to have licked it off my fingers but that was for later - hopefully at least.

To get the ball rolling, I simply repeated what I had done earlier for her, running my hands and fingertips over myself. She hesitated at first but then she joined in. It took a while but slowly I led her until our hands were once again poised at our respective crotches. I held my breath as I proceeded, wondering if she was turned on enough, if she was horny enough, to keep following along with me. This time when I cupped my crotch, I was thinking more about Kate than myself. We each were looking intently at the other's hands so our eyes didn't meet but I could have sworn still that there was a glimmer of lust in hers. Not enough yet for my satisfaction, but it was a start at least.

"Don't be afraid, just let your hands do what comes natural for them," I whispered softly to her as I started once again to play with myself. "Deep down you know what you want."

Seeing her hesitate and then awkwardly touching herself, I actually believed (perhaps for the first time) that she really hadn't masturbated or touched herself before. Frankly, I'd had a hard time up until now believing that even just simple curiosity hadn't ever driven her to at least explore herself once, or to hold a mirror down between her legs and see what was going on down there for herself. God, how could anyway live to be her age and not have touched herself even once? Even when doing something as basic as washing herself or using a tampon or douching, she should have at least felt SOMETHING at one time or another that would have made her want to check it out a little more, at least you would think.

"That's it Kate, now pay special attention to your clit.... feels good, doesn't it?" I told her, doing the same to myself. It was getting to where I was getting as turned on watching her as I was doing myself while she watched me. "Tell me how it makes you feel Kate. Talk to me."

"I don't know what to say...," she said, a tone of embarrassment in her voice, "I guess it just feels good."

"Oh I'm sure it does," I responded with a hint of a giggle, "Just wait until it REALLY gets going and then you won't be guessing anymore!"

Kate had both hands down in her crotch now, starting to do things on her own instead of simply mimicking me. She had one hand pressing at the top of her pubic hairline, putting pressure against her smooth bare skin but not actually touching her pussy or doing anything more sexual. Then I couldn't help but smile as her right hand started rubbing her clit faster although she stayed outside her pussy, at least for now, but I wasn't going to push that issue. I know some girls who masturbate a LOT but yet never penetrate their pussies with their own fingers so I guess it's just a desire that some people have in their DNA - or don't.

"Now close your eyes Kate, don't watch me.... just concentrate completely on how you're making yourself feel now," I instructed her, albeit reluctantly.

Face it, I enjoyed having her watch me but this was more about her than me. If she was to really get into masturbation, it had to be all about HER.

This time there was no hesitation, her eyes closed and she leaned back in the chair as she massaged her own pussy, working to pleasure herself for the first time in her life. It gave me sort of a thrill to watch, almost as if she was giving up her virginity right in front of me.

"Oh wow!" she sighed, almost as if it escaped from her more so than she was trying to tell me anything.

I could see her chest rising and falling as her breath quickened and her eyes squeezed tightly shut. It was tempting to ask her to get in bed with me where she could really let loose - and be next to me as an added bonus, but I didn't want to break the mood. The last thing I wanted to do was distract her and allow her to start to think about what it was she was actually doing.

As for me, I was barely masturbating myself now, more of an absent-minded, sort of like I do when I'm watching something sexy on TV or daydreaming while driving. It was fascinating to watch Kate doing what I knew was instinctive to all women (and men I guess too). For her to suppress her own desires and natural feelings all these years had to be extremely stressful - more so than I would have bet she ever understood. Maybe that was even a little bit behind her marriage sex issues. Being too hung up to even masturbate surely must have had SOME impact on how she approached sex with her husband. Like, how can you totally give yourself to someone else if you can't even be open and honest with yourself?

"Oh my!" she groaned, a little louder this time as her hand was moving even faster on her pussy now.

She still wouldn't put a finger inside of herself but I wasn't going to mention it again, at least not in the current environment. After all, I didn't put my finger in me either when I started to masturbate but then I was only eleven years old!

Watching this beautiful sight in front of me, I wanted so bad to encourage her, to even sort of cheerlead for her but I was fearful that if I said or did anything that it would distract her and maybe even cause her to question what she was doing. Kate seemed to be deep in her own world now, no longer looking at me but keeping her eyes closed tightly and doing herself without any further hesitation. She was breathing hard, short gasps of air and I wondered if she would cum. Now that I thought of it, had she ever even HAD an orgasm before? Somehow I doubted she had so now the question became, would she do it by masturbating?

"Oh... my... god!" she suddenly exclaimed, pulling her hand away and gripping the arms of her chair, her eyes wide open now and her face flushed red. "I can't do it anymore... it's too much for me... I have to stop."

It took every bit of willpower for me not to rush over to her and push her to finish herself off - maybe even help her do it, but I knew for her first time she'd actually down quite well - even more than I'd probably hoped deep down that she would have. As she caught her breath, it was like her mind began to focus once again on her surroundings... and what she had done.

"Oh Kelly, I can't believe I just did that... it was crazy," she gasped, looking more bewildered than anything more at the moment. "I'm sorry, I HAD to stop... I felt like I was about to explode! I almost lost control of myself!"

At that I smiled at her and finally had to say SOMETHING. "Well, someday you need to let yourself explode - that's the best part you know."

"You mean orgasm?" she asked, looking at me curiously, "I've never had one of those, at least not the way I see women doing it on TV or in the movies. But a lot of women never orgasm and they still have good sex, right?"

"Don't worry, that's what's so wonderful about masturbation," I assured her, not wanting to get into a discussion about sex without orgasms, "It's all about YOU. You can do, or not do, anything you want... it's only what YOU want and how YOU want to do it so if you're happy, that's what counts."

We looked at each other and I felt like if we'd been closer we might have finally hugged but she wasn't making any move in that direction. Pressing my naked body against hers after what we'd just shared would likely have been a bit too much for Kate, at least this time around. Hopefully there would be further "lessons", and maybe some more "personalized" instruction!

As it was, we both simply got dressed and then retreated to her kitchen where she had some more coffee. She had this shy quality about her, like she wanted to avoid discussing what we had just done and I respected her desires. That night I laid in bed and had one of the most incredible masturbation sessions as I dreamed of sex with Kate, of making her cum as I licked her pussy and felt the warmth of her pussy with my fingers.

All I can is that I've always wanted to be a teacher but I never would have guessed how erotic the subject material could be - not to mention the student!

## 5. Modeling Together

Several weeks had passed since our first masturbation "lesson". Since then Kate and I had several more "follow-up lessons" where she gradually began to relax more and become less inhibited. Now when I came over she would greet me at the door in a short terry robe, naked underneath, ready and raring to go. Still, it wasn't until after our fourth time that she finally found the courage to do it on her own without me being there to encourage her. She actually called me on the phone afterwards, giggling like a teenage girl calling her BFF after a first date with her new crush! I have to say, I was playing with myself as she told me all the details over the phone!

So far as I knew, she still hadn't allowed herself to orgasm, though. I say "allowed herself" because it was clear to me that Kate was more than capable of achieving orgasm. In fact I got the impression that Kate was much more of a sexual creature than she realized and that she could've brought herself to one faster than most women, but she kept holding herself back.

Even though Kate was becoming more accepting of her own body and its needs, she still had this deep fear of losing control. It was like she was afraid that if she let herself just go and have an orgasm, that she might do something. What that "something" was, she couldn't articulate and most likely didn't even understand it herself. Yet whatever it was, it was enough to hold her back from realizing her full potential. Sooner or later I was sure she would do it, it was just a matter of time. It was too bad she was so turned off by contact with another woman as I was sure that if she allowed me, I could have brought her to the mountain peak before she knew what hit her! Once she did it, I knew she would realize how wonderful it was but until then, she still seemed to be satisfied with the new pleasures she was giving herself.

"So tell me Kate, what do you like to think about when you masturbate alone?" I asked Kate one afternoon after we had just finished another "lesson" in her bedroom.

We were lying in bed naked next to each other, not quite touching but still only inches apart. I could smell her scent, the pungent odor of her wet pussy just as I was sure she could smell mine.

Kate's faced flushed even deeper red than it already was having just finished masturbating. Her eyes rolled and she groaned as if I was asking her something a little too personal but I just waited patiently and eventually she answered.

"To be honest... having sex with my husband," she confessed, "I know that doesn't sound naughty but I really do love him and I just wish it could be the way it used to be when we were younger. I really miss having him inside of me." She hesitated and then grinned at me, "Now before you say anything Kelly... I LOVE what we do together and I sort of like watching you now but still, mostly what I think about is Bruce making love to me."

"Mostly?" I teased her, trying to get her to open up. This time she really did redden up and I knew there was something she didn't want to tell me. "C'mon, you can tell me. Sheesh, of all people I would think you could tell ME about your fantasies."

Kate was blushing like her bikini top had come undone at the beach. She started to say something, then hesitated, and then finally confessed.

"Well... you remember the party where we met - the lingerie party?"

Of course I did, as if that was something I would forget about. While it hadn't been one of my wilder parties, not by a long shot, it was one of the few where anything came out of it afterwards and the only one to lead to a personal relationship such as the one I had with Kate. Usually I would get referred to someone looking for a stripper for a bachelor party or something like that, not to teach them to masturbate! So anyway, I just nodded and waited for Kate to continue.

"I've just wondered...," and she paused again, looking down at the floor as if she was confessing to a murder or something, "I've just wondered what it's like to be a model at a party like that."

Wow, that wasn't what I'd been expecting but it was certainly something I could run with it. "You'd be great at it Kate, in fact it might be good for ladies to see what things look like on someone more their own age."

"You mean someone more flabby and fat," she said soberly, frowning as her eyes stayed fixed on something that seemed to be fascinating on the floor below her.

"Oh no! That's not what I meant at all!" I said, trying to recover from my inadvertent negative comment, "I mean you would be proof that they can look hot and sexy too."

"Crap, it doesn't matter anyway... not like THAT would ever happen!" she finally huffed and then tried to change the subject saying, "You know, I've been doing it almost every day now."

"Masturbating?"

"Yes... Bruce almost caught me the other night. I thought he was asleep and I started to do it in bed. God, I about died when he asked me what I was doing."

I grinned at her, seeing her eyes sparkle as she related her experience. "So what did you tell him?"

"Oh I just told him it was nothing, that I was just trying to get comfortable. He just didn't know HOW comfortable I was getting myself!"

"So did that get you even hotter... knowing that your husband almost caught you doing yourself right next to him?"

"Oh my god Kelly, I was soaking wet! I felt like I was being SOOOO naughty! What I REALLY wanted was for him to make love to me, though, but this was different somehow."

From there I pressed her to tell me everything that had happened, from start to finish, is as much detail as possible. As she did, I started to touch myself and I noted that her hand was planted firmly on her own pussy as well. Kate's eyes closed as she related how horny she'd been, how it felt to have her fingers inside of her right next to her husband in bed, doing herself while he slept beside her. God it made ME horny as hell just listening to her! When I came, I hoped she would too but just as she was about to go over the edge, I caught her holding back again, as if she just couldn't let herself go that last little bit.

On the way home, I called the lady who ran the parties that I modeled for. I explained to Sharon the situation with Kate... well maybe not ALL the details but enough to get the idea across about what Kate wanting to do. Sharon wasn't exactly thrilled with the idea at first. Having me model for her was a major step as it was (I gathered most distributors did not have models) and I think she was worried about crossing the line between her parties being a fun time with the girls to something more sordid.

The more we talked about it, the more she warmed up to the concept. I explained that it would have to be party somewhere out of the immediate area as Kate had been adamant with me about her biggest fear being that someone she knew would be there. Sharon said she would think about it and I didn't push the matter any further.

It was about a week later that I got a call from Sharon and as it turned out, she had considered the idea some more and agreed that it would be worth trying - so long as Kate went through with it and didn't get all skittish or anything during the show to embarrass her. I assured her that I would make sure Kate was prepared and besides, it would probably be just a one-time thing to let Kate realize her fantasy. When I called Kate later and told her the good news, the phone was silent and for a moment I thought we'd been disconnected.

"You still there Kate?"

The silence was finally broken with, "I can't believe you did that Kelly!" At first I wasn't sure if it was just a measure of disbelief that I would actually arrange it or if she was truly upset with me for divulging her fantasy with someone else. Fortunately it turned out to be the former.

"Oh... my... god... are you serious Kelly? I'm not sure I can do it."

I assured Kate that I was and she just kept repeating over and over how she couldn't believe could be happening. Overall, despite her disclaimers, she sounded excited about it. She was relieved when I told her it was going to be way up north, about half-way to Grove City where my grandparents live. This the odds were about zero that anyone would have the faintest clue who either of us was, addressing her biggest fear (well, her second biggest one).

"So what do I have to do now?" she asked, "I can't believe this is happening."

I explained that really there wasn't much to do. Just be sure to shower and shave as best as possible and to minimize the pubic hair - or at least trim it down a bit so it wouldn't be so obvious in her lingerie outfits.

"But no nudity... right?" she checked once last time.

It was about the tenth time she'd asked the same question and I just sighed softly on the phone, assuring her that this was strictly a lingerie modeling gig, not a strip show, and that it would be for women only, just like the ones at the party she had attended earlier.

With that Kate hung up, giggling like a teen girl with a new secret about her best friend's boyfriend. As for myself, I was left to wonder what I was getting myself into. From personal experience I knew full well that it's one thing to sit at home and fantasize about being a stripper, but quite another when you find yourself facing the REAL thing. Would Kate chicken out and embarrass me after all my assurances to Sharon? Deep down, I didn't think she would which is why I set it all up to begin with.

Now that Kate had overcome her fear of masturbating, it was like a whole new side of her had been opened up and she was eager to explore it. Of course, at her age and given the love she had for her husband and the commitment to her marriage, it wasn't like she was about to become the neighborhood MILF or anything. Modeling at a party like this was probably the best way for her to express her newfound sexuality without getting in too deep over her head.

The night of the party, I picked up Kate and no sooner had she gotten into the passenger seat next to me than she started to giggle and blush.

"Tell me this isn't a dream... This isn't happening... I just know it isn't!" she gushed, "I told Bruce I was going to an Avon party and he didn't even bat an eye! Oh my god, Kelly, I'm SO horny right now. I've done nothing all day but think about this."

I smiled at her, trying to concentrate on the curvy roads while still listening to her. "Well, it's not like you're going to get laid tonight, you know," I teased her.

"Oh now Kelly, you know I didn't mean it THAT way at all!" she exclaimed, as if she just realized how what she was saying could sound to someone else, "I just can't believe I'm going to expose myself to women I've never met before - like you did at that last party!"

"Well, you know how I get myself ready just before a party?" I asked in a conspiratorial tone. She looked at me anxiously, as if I was about to reveal the secrets of the universe to her. "Well, let's just say it's gonna take us a bit to get to the party so why not pleasure yourself a bit on the way?"

"You mean do it in the car?" she exclaimed with disbelief, "Now? With all these other cars and trucks all around?"

"Oh for goodness sakes Kate, nobody will see you and besides, that's half the thrill, seeing everyone out there and knowing they have no idea what you're doing right in front of them."

"I don't know....," she hesitated but I could see her squirming in her seat. God, she must really be as horny as she said she was. One thing I had to say, Kate had come a long ways from the mousey housewife I'd met not that long ago!

"Here, how about I do it with you?" I encouraged her. Without waiting for a response, I unsnapped my jeans and pulled down the zipper with one hand while I tried to stay in my lane. As I wasn't wearing any panties it was easy to slip my hand down to my shaved crotch where my pussy was already warming up just talking about all this with her. "C'mon... do it... you KNOW you want to."

Kate was also wearing jeans - I'd told her to dress casual since she would be taking it off anyway once we got there. Giggling like a little girl, she followed my lead, unbuttoning the jeans and then unzipping them. As she started to reach down in, I noticed she had on pink panties underneath.

"Since you're not driving, why not just slip them all the way off?" I challenged her. Kate's eyes widened yet again and she looked around at the traffic around us. It was dark and even I could barely see her in the seat right next to me, let alone anyone from the outside. "Go on now.. pull them down! Let's see that bare bottom!"

Kate grinned, wanting to do it but just need in a little encouragement - as usual. She lifted her hips up and she slid her jeans and panties down to her ankles, leaving her bare-assed on the seat which fortunately had warmed up by now. She still had her top and jacket on so it wasn't like she was totally exposing herself to the world.

"Oh my god, I've NEVER done anything like this before!" Kate said more to herself than me as she started to masturbate, "God this is SO hot!"

As she started playing, I was also touching myself but between driving in the dark and trying to pay as much attention to Kate next to me as possible, it was more absent-minded playing than serious masturbation. In any case, I was wet enough to be happy and now and then I couldn't help but flinch in my seat as my finger would touch my clit in just the right way.

"Oh Bruce...," I heard her whispering as she had both hands between her legs.

She must have been fantasizing about her husband again, one of her most common thoughts whenever I watched her doing herself. It was such a shame he couldn't satisfy her the way she needed to be. I wondered if he had any idea his wife was rubbing herself daily, wishing he would make love to her. No doubt he still masturbated. Interestingly, the men I'd met who had a difficult time getting erections could still masturbate and cum, they just couldn't get hard enough to fuck me. I couldn't help but wonder if her wonderful Bruce was as loyal to her in his masturbation fantasies as she was to him. Somehow I doubted it, not if I knew men at all!

"Oh my!" she moaned, her hips lifting up off the seat as she was rubbing herself furiously.

Up and down she went on her emotional rollercoaster. I had taught her over the past few weeks how to get herself on a high and then slow down to let things simmer for a while and then ratchet it back up again. Now if only she would push herself that last little bit but it was not to be tonight as she suddenly all but collapsed in the seat. The car was filled with the scent of our sex - mostly hers. I grinned as a thought came to mind. Imagine if I was to get pulled over by a cop now!

"Oh my god Kelly... that was nice," she finally sighed, rolling her head over on her shoulder to look at me, a big grin spread from ear to ear.

"Well, just in time too as we're almost there," I told her as I turned into the subdivision where my GPS which had giving me the directions to the party address said to turn.

Kate gasped and worked feverishly to pull her panties and jeans back up again. "Oh no, I must smell like a whore," she worried.

"Don't worry, you'll have plenty of time to wash up and get ready," I assured her, "Besides... I sort of like the new perfume you're wearing now."

"Oh Kelly, you're so silly some times," she brushed me off, as she always did any time I would mention anything remotely leading to something between us that might be a bit more personal than just mutual masturbation.

If there was one thing Kate was, it was being straight as an arrow. She wasn't as hung up about being nude with another girl or, obviously, masturbating with one, but that was as far as it ever went, even in jest.

I pulled up to the house and parked at the curb. It gave me a chance to get my own jeans back together again and I couldn't help but put my fingers to my nose. Mmmmmmm, I LOVED the way my pussy smelled when it was wet! We got out and I noticed my distributor's car was parked just ahead of me which was good as I didn't like to arrive before she did. In fact, she was already opening the door for us when we walked up to the front steps.

"Great to see you Kelly," she welcomed me in, "and you must be Kate. I'm Sharon."

Actually, although I'd never asked her age, Sharon looked to be about the same age as Kate as they shook hands. Kate just stood there, looking at me for directions.

"Follow me, there's a room in back for you to use," Sharon said, leading the way down the hallway.

I didn't see anyone else and I wondered where the hostess was. Probably getting the snacks and whatever ready. Sharon led us to what appeared to be a guest bedroom. It had its own bathroom which was convenient as well. In most cases I had to use a common bathroom which sometimes led to some "interesting" moments should the hostess's husband or kids be at home.

Sharon already had the outfits hung up on a rolling hangar bar as well as the toys we would be demonstrating laid out on the bed on a white satin clothe. "I wasn't sure what size you wore but most of this is one-size-fits-all and you look to be in great shape Kate so there shouldn't be any issues."

Kate blushed a little at the compliment and I winked at her. Sharon noticed the flush in her face and looked a little concerned.

"You're OK with all this Kate, right?" she asked, "Kelly says this will be your first time doing anything like this."

It was tempting to explain why Kate was really flushed but I didn't think Kate wanted me to be telling Sharon about what she'd been doing during our drive over so I just stepped in and assured both of them that everything was going to go just fine.

"Ok then, things should get started in about an hour so I'll give you a heads up when the show is about ready to start," Sharon said as she left the room, closing the door firmly behind us. Kate looked around the room at the outfits and the toys, seeming to be a bit apprehensive now.

"I forgot about the toy part," she said with a worried tone, "Do I have to do those too or are you just going to do that?"

I knew she hadn't really forgotten about the toys but I understood her concerns. Like I'd said before, it was one thing to fantasize about doing something but quite another when the reality was staring you in the face.

"Don't worry Kate, you'll do just fine," I reassured her, "besides, it's not like you really USE them to get off. All you're supposed to do it get it close and let their imaginations do the rest, OK?

Meanwhile she had walked over to where the outfits were hanging up. "Geeze, these are soooooo... revealing!"

"Well, this isn't a winter parka show, you know!" I teased her gently, "Besides, even Sharon said you look great and trust me.... you look marvelous!", using my best Billy Crystal imitation. She giggled nervously at that and started to sort through the outfits.

"So which ones will I wear?"

"Whichever ones you want," I answered, "You can pick out anything you like, it really doesn't matter what order they go in.

Sharon likes to keep some of the sleazier ones to the end. By then, usually the women are more drunk and aren't as easily offended. It also helps her judge the party to see if they SHOULD be shown. There have been a couple of times when she has had me NOT wear them if she thinks the party isn't right for them."

Indeed, that was a key point to these parties. They were meant to be fun and to allow your typical desperate housewife to cut loose a little in a safe environment without going TOO far as if they would had they gone to a male strip club or something.

As I said, there had been a couple of parties where the reaction to even some of the more conservative outfits was so strong, that Sharon sensed it would be best NOT to demo the more daring outfits. This also applied to the toys. I had learned myself over time how to gauge the audience and how far to let myself go with them without crossing the line. Most of these women just wanted to be teased a bit and go home feeling a little naughty about themselves, not to be seduced or treated to something they would be embarrassed to talk about the next day.

"Soooooo, any ideas which one you want to start with?" I asked.

Kate pulled out a pretty white satin teddy. It was opaque and probably one of the more conservative outfits on the rack. Actually, probably the best choice for her to get the ball rolling. I nodded and then pointed to the bathroom, time to get ourselves looking good.

She had already done her hair up nicely and I wondered if she had told the girl at the salon what the event was that she was getting ready for. Somehow I doubted that! It fit her face nicely, not looking like some middle aged woman's style but at the same time, not as if she was trying to be a teenager again. As she undressed, I noticed her pussy was shaved down considerably more than before as she pulled her panties off. She still had plenty of coverage but it had been trimmed down considerably from the wild bush she had the first time I'd seen her crotch.

"Nice!" I complimented her, "Has Bruce seen the new look yet?"

Kate grinned naughtily and shook her head. "Noooooo, I just did it today and I now I'm afraid to show him. I don't know what he'll say. I'm sure he'll want to know why I did it after all these years and I'm not sure what to say to him." She rubbed her hand over her crotch and smiled, "You know, it hasn't felt this way since I was a teenager."

By the time we'd washed up, fixed our makeup and freshened up our hair, it was approaching party time and I could hear people arriving and moving about in the hallway outside. Then there was a knock on the door and Sharon poked her head in.

"Ten minutes girls... ok?"

I nodded and she hurried off to take care of whatever it was she did to get things organized. That's what was so nice about this gig; Sharon did all the work and I just had fun - and got paid for it at the same time! Maybe not all that much but it was fun and paid the rent so what more could I ask?

Sharon was trying on the white teddy and so I picked out a black one, a similar style but a bit more see-thru with a higher-cut crotch and hips and more cleavage. I figured the contrast between us - her in the white conservative version while I was in the black, slightly more risque style, would set the tone for the night. Each of us was in black heels, nothing too high as we had to move about without tripping all the time but enough to help accent our legs and give a bit more cosmopolitan appearance.

There was another knock, a bit tentative this time and so I went to answer it. Opening the door, I saw a woman I hadn't seen before, most likely the hostess, smiling at me. I opened the door further and saw she was holding a glass of wine that looked to be about half-gone already. From the flushness of her cheeks, I had my doubts that this was her first glass.

"I guess we're ready for you girls," she said, smiling like it was her birthday surprise or something.

I nodded at Kate and she suddenly froze and for in instance I was worried she might get cold feet and back out at the last second. The hostess has already gone back to her party, thank goodness, so she didn't know about my "problem".

"It's OK, you look stunning in that teddy," I said, trying to calm her nerves.

Kate looked like the proverbial deer-in-the-headlights. Her breathing was shallow and fast and I was worried she might hyperventilate! "You don't have to do this if you don't want to Kate. But I need to go now so what do you say?" I prodded her, getting anxious as I knew the party was waiting for us.

"OK... let's do it," she said as she took one last deep breath and headed for the door like a woman on a mission.

We left the room with me leading the way but it was only a few steps down the hallway to the living room where things were set up. I quickly scanned the room to get the layout and check out who was in attendance. It was what I would call a "formal" living room in that it had no TV or other appliances. A large fireplace stood inert at one end and the furniture looked like it all was fresh from the showroom.

I quickly counted eight women, including the hostess, all of who were seated on either the couch, love seat, or one of several arm chairs. Sharon was standing behind a table with her materials on it, a nice white tablecloth giving it an air of class versus the usual card-table look, The women were all dressed a little expensively, casually but still it wasn't your off-the-rack JC Penney styles. Lots of Coldwater Creek, Chico's, and other designer labels with enough jewelry to say they had money, but not so much to be ostentatious.

As we entered the room, all eyes were on us and I heard some murmuring and smiles. I noted several of them seemed to be particularly interested in Kate, something Sharon evidently picked up as well.

"Well ladies, here are our models for the evening, Kelly and Kate. Kate's helping me for the first time tonight so I hope you all give her a warm welcome."

With that, the evening began. It was rather simple actually. Sharon would describe the outfits we wore while we walked slowly about the room. Kate watched me carefully, trying to mimic my actions. Modeling lingerie was a fine line, to be sure, at these type of parties. It wasn't like a bachelor party where all you had to do was swing your hips and push out your chest and crotch for the to gawk at. Ladies like these expected a little more polish, more refinement. They seemed to appreciate the "live" modeling but at the same time, they hadn't signed up for a strip show either and so they weren't expecting me to act like a whore. It was my job to model the outfits and show them off to the best advantage I could, not to seduce them.

Kate was doing great, gaining more and more confidence as the night went on. About midway through, after she'd worn her first bra-panty ensemble that was more revealing than anything she'd probably ever worn in her life, let alone show off in front of anyone, we went back to the guest room to change and she finally let loose.

"Oh my god Kelly, this is so CRAZY!" she gasped, holding her hand to her chest as if she was having a hard time breathing. "You know, I think that blonde at the end of the couch has been looking at my crotch... can you believe it?"

Indeed, I knew the one she was talking about. In every crowd you tended to get a mixture of women and reactions. Some are simply embarrassed and if anything I find they drink the most, as if to try and get through the night without blushing the entire time. Others try to play it cool, acting as though it was all just another party and the half-naked woman in front of them was no big deal.

Then there were the ones who seemed to enjoy the evening a little more than just a casual party. The blonde she was referring to seemed to be one of these. I was guessing late thirties or early forties, married and married well if the size of the diamond on her finger was any indication, and dressed as sharp as any of them. I had noticed from the first set that she was interested in more in what was under the outfits than the outfits themselves but I hadn't mentioned anything to Kate as I didn't want her to feel self-conscious. With a few more glasses of wine and more revealing outfits though, it was obvious to even Kate that she had an "appreciation" for the womanly figure.

"So tell me Kate, how does it feel to know you're turning her on," I asked teasingly, "You know it's YOU she looks at the most."

"I don't know... it's just that I've never had a woman look at me like THAT before," Kate replied as she changed into her next outfit. Obviously she hadn't been paying much attention to how I had been watching her when she masturbated!

"Well, this time out we'll start showing off the toys so let's see how she responds to them, You never know how some people will react," I warned her.

Kate seemed surprised, as if she had once again blocked out the toy aspect of the evening. She didn't say anything more, though, so thankfully it didn't become an issue.

We started out with a couple of basic battery operated vibrators. Kate was especially shy this time out, barely nudging her crotch with it as Sharon went on about the virtues of a low-cost model that still had plenty of value. Even so, her "fan" was watching the entire time. The rest of the women seemed to be a little surprised to see us actually touching ourselves with them, even though we still had on panties and didn't do much more than brush them against our crotch as we showed them off.

Over the next half hour we each "demonstrated" over half a dozen models. My favorite was the remote controlled vibrator. I would have loved to let Kate put it in her while I controlled the remote but that would have been pushing things instead I let her have the control unit. The women all seemed to get quite a kick out watching me apply it to myself and then react when Kate would turn up the juice. Indeed, it DID feel pretty damn good and at one point I pushed it under my panties and applied it directly to my wet crotch. Kate pushed it all the way up and I couldn't help but gasp as it stimulated my already sensitive clit, making my knees buckle just a little bit in the process.

I noticed several of the women averted their eyes while most just tried to maintain a blank look on their face, as if afraid to react publicly to what was effectively a girl getting herself off right in front of them. Our blonde friend, though, made no bones of the fact she loved watching, leaning forward and actually encouraging Kate to crank it up even further.

Unfortunately, we had to move on and I looked at Sharon who barely shook her head. I knew what she meant, this crowd wasn't going to go for anything much more than this so from then on I toned it down a notch which most likely suited Kate as well.

Finally it was over and we took our final bows and the ladies politely clapped in appreciation for our performance. Back in the guest room, we stripped down for the last time and before Kate could grab her clothes I turned to her and grabbed her by the hand.

"Well? What do you think? Was it what you expected?"

Kate's cheeks puffed out and then she let out a big gasp and she shook her head. "Oh my god Kelly, that was INSANE! I never felt so sexy in my entire life. The craziest thing was that it was for a bunch of WOMEN!"

"Hey, nobody said you can only be sexy for guys you know," I prodded her just a little, "You know, I was turned on too by you tonight. You really looked hot in some of those outfits."

"Oh really? You were turned on by ME?" she said softly, as if she wasn't quite sure where I was leading to. I still had her by the hand and we were standing so close to each other I could practically feel the heat radiating from her.

What the hell, I decided to go for it. I leaned forward and kissed her gently on the mouth. At first she froze, as if uncertain what I was doing, and then she pulled her head back away from me.

"Kelly... what are you doing?"

There was nothing I could say that would make it any easier so I pulled her hand behind me as I pressed up against her, our boobs touching, pressing tightly together. Leaning forward, I again kissed her on the lips. This time she didn't pull back as quickly but after a few seconds she, stopped again.

"I don't think we should be doing this," she said, her voice suddenly husky and deep.

Despite her words, the third time I kissed her she didn't pull away, instead she pressed her lips against mine and when I extended my tongue, she met it with hers as well. My arms went around her neck as she wrapped hers around my body and I felt the fullness of her breasts pressing against mine. After several minutes, we both leaned back just enough to part out lips from each other's.

"Tell me what you want Kate," I implored her, "Tell me now."

"I don't know... I really don't know," she said softly, sounding a bit bewildered, "Just do it."

Well, if by doing IT, she meant more of what I was doing, I was more than happy to oblige. She wanted IT, I knew it, but she couldn't find it in herself to come out and say it, to put it into words. It was like if I was the one who had to initiate things, then she would be OK to go along with it but at least then in her mind it wasn't HER asking for it. I think the phrase, "plausible deniability" applied here!

I pulled Kate to the bed, pushing aside the lingerie and toys we had strewn about, and laid on my side with Kate facing me. I could feel her entire naked body against me, our smooth legs intertwined and her leg between my thighs with mine between hers. I pushed my hips up so my bare, wet pussy was pressing against her leg and was pleased by her response, doing the same with her pussy against me.

"You're so beautiful Kate... you feel so good," I moaned softly in her ear.

My hands running along her bare back and down to her ass, pulling her tighter into me as we kissed like lovers. It was as if all the emotions and lust that had built up between the two of us in the past few weeks, the shopping escapades, the masturbation "lessons", the naughty conversations, all broke loose and we finally gave in to our mutual lust.

"I've never been with a girl before," she whispered, sounding like a girl telling a boy in the back seat she was still a virgin.

"Don't worry.... just relax Kate," I assured her. She laughed just a bit, as if what I had said was funny and most likely to her it was. How could she relax in a situation like this?

Reaching down her butt, I pulled her leg up over me more so I could get my hand to her crotch and finally my fingers brushed against her pussy. God was she wet! I ran my fingers up and down her wet slit, letting one fingertip worm its way in between them and down to her pussy hole where I traced tight little circles around the entrance.

"Oh Kelly, how can you touch me there?"

I wasn't sure if she meant that she was amazed I would even do such a thing or that she was surprised I was doing it without her asking me first. I didn't matter to me as I was going for it all no matter what. I pressed my finger into her hot pussy and I felt her entire body stiffen.

"Oh my god, what are you doing Kelly?" she asked yet again of me, "Oh that feels so good!"

She kept her arms around me, her hand against my bare back, not even caressing my butt but at least she wasn't doing anything to restrain me from playing with her pussy. I fucked her with my finger, pulling it out all warm and wet and using it to toy with her enlarged clit, feeling her jump each time my finger passed over it.

Pushing her over on her back, I put one leg up and over hers while I began to suckle on her breasts, taking her hard nipple between my teeth and lips while I continued to work my hand on her pussy. She started to put a hand over mine, as if to stop me, but I brushed it aside quickly and she stopped trying to do anything.

"Oh yes... that's it... oh god Kelly, that feels SO damn good," she sighed, "That's it... suck on it harder... bite it if you have to!"

She clearly loved her breasts to be sucked on but her hips were reacting to my hand on her pussy as well. I pulled my hand up and ran the wetness on my fingers over her nipples, then suckled on them again to enjoy the tease of her pussy on her nipples. Back my hand went and she spread her legs further apart this time to make it easier for me to access her crotch.

"You like me doing this?"

"Oh god... don't stop."

"You want more Kate?"

"Ohhhhhhhhh, god yes I do... don't stop... oh God, PLEAE don't stop!"

It was about as excited as I had seen her when she masturbated so I decided it was time to take it to the next level. Without taking my hand off her pussy, I scooted down the bed and pushed her legs apart so I could lay down between her legs and still look up at her face above me. As I moved my face closer to her crotch, she suddenly realized what I was about to do.

"Noooooo, please don't do that Kelly... that's too dirty, please don't lick my crotch," she begged me but I wasn't about to take no for an answer.

I could smell her pussy and the taste of her pussy on her breast was still fresh on my tongue so now I wanted more. Despite her protests, Kate wasn't doing one thing to stop me so I took that as tactic approval and lowered my face directly onto her crotch. I used my fingers to spread he pussy lips apart and my tongue went straight to work on her engorged clit.

"OH MY GOD!" she said more loudly this time and for just a brief moment I was reminded that we were not exactly in the privacy of my bedroom Oh well, so what if they heard? It wasn't like we would ever be hack here again!

"OH FUCK!" Kate exclaimed as I inserted two fingers into her pussy as my teeth gently pulled on her clit and then let it snap back into place.

My nose was buried in her thick but short pubic hair, taking in the full glory of her scent as I tasted her marvelous pussy. Kate put her hands on my head, trying to push me away.

"That's it.. that's all I can take," she gasped, trying to get me to stop. Well, I wasn't about to be deterred so easily so I just pushed back and continued to play with her pussy all the more.

"STOP!" she cried, "What are you doing to me!?"

It was more of statement than a question as she began to convulse under me. Her hips were bucking such that it was hard to keep my face on her clit but I made a valiant effort. Suddenly I felt her pussy clamping down on my fingers and her legs tightened around me. Instead of pushing me away, she pulled me head down into her crotch as suddenly she gushed into my face and I knew she was FINALLY experiencing her first orgasm.

"Ohhhhhhhhh myyyyyyyyyy godddddddddd!" she cried out, repeating it over and over again and I continued my assault on her pussy.

I wanted her first orgasm to be one she would never forget! Her pussy tasted wonderful and my face was covered in her cum as I licked it from her like a hungry cat at a bowl of fresh milk.

Finally she dropped back to the bed, laying limply under me as if all the strength had been sapped from her. I quickly moved back to her side again, draping my leg over her such that my own hot pussy was pressed against her hip. I cupped her crotch in my hand, pressing just enough against her to make her convulse slightly. Leaning over her, I kissed her with my face all wet from her crotch. I half expected her to pull away from tasting and smelling herself on my mouth but she never hesitated, kissing me like I was her long lost lover coming back to her again.

Just then, the door opened without so much as a warning knock. I turned my head to see Sharon, looking in with just a bit of a shocked look on her face.

"Ummmmm, when you girls are through we need to be going," she said quickly, closing the door behind her. I looked at Kate and our eyes met, both of us laughing a bit at Sharon's reaction.

"Holy smokes Kelly, what the HELL did you do to me?" Kate gasped, still trying to catch her breath.

"You know," I teased her, "I've been telling you to let yourself go so maybe next you do yourself you know what to do now, ok?"

"That was the most incredible sensation I've ever felt," she gasped again, her eyes rolling back in her head. "I can't believe you did that to me Kelly. I just can't believe it!"

For a moment she just laid there, eyes closed and breathing deeply. Then her eyes suddenly popped wide open and she looked at me with this look of shock.

"Oh god, am I a lesbian now?" she blurted out, as if she had cancer or some incurable disease.

"Oh for heaven's sake Kate, you're no lesbian," I reassured her, "Even if you were, it's not a disease you know. Just remember it as something special between two friends, ok?"

Kate got out of bed and hurriedly started to dress, not even taking time to wash up first. It was if she needed to cover herself up in front of me as quickly as possible. As soon as we had our clothes back on, I poked my head out the door and motioned for Sharon, who was down the hall talking to the hostess, signaling that we were ready. As she came in, she leaned her head towards me and whispered so Kate couldn't hear, "Just a housewife, eh?"

I grinned at her and she smacked me playfully on the butt. Sharon and I had a great relationship, totally platonic but we make a good business team. I had a feeling she was more surprised at what she'd seen than what she was letting on and to be fair, I would've been as well had I been in her shoes. It was just one of those things that just happens so who is to question why?

On the drive home, the discussion was entirely focused on the party. There wasn't a word exchanged between us about our own little "party" afterwards and I didn't press the issue. My only concern was how this might affect my future relationship with Kate. I certainly hoped it didn't freak her out so bad that she cut off ties out of fear she might do it again. Then again, maybe after more reflection she would WANT to do it again? Oh well, it was going to be interesting one way or the other, that was for sure.

## 6. Kate Finally Cheats

After the lingerie party, I didn't hear from Kate for almost a week. It didn't really surprise me given her reactions to past events and besides, I figured I would leave it up to her as to whether she wanted to continue our relationship given our last time together had been rather emotional and I wasn't entirely sure how comfortable she'd been with that. Deep down, I knew Kate was madly in love with her husband, no matter how big a jerk he was. In her mind having sex with another woman was STILL sex and that meant she was cheating on her husband.

Over time I began to sense that the real reason she hadn't masturbated in the past was because in her heart, that would be like cheating on her husband, even if it was just all a fantasy. Now in the past few months she'd made some dramatic changes in her lifestyle and attitudes, but I had to wonder if her husband was even aware of them!

Just as I was about to give up on her, I got a phone call out of the blue and it was none other than Kate. We talked about things, just general girl talk before finally the topic of the party came up. Even then, all she seemed to want to discuss was the modeling aspect without a hint of how she felt about our "private party" afterwards. The call ended up with us agreeing to get together for lunch in a couple of days, leaving me to wonder where her head was at. Kate had never been one to discuss personal things on the phone so I didn't take the absence of any mention of her recent masturbation activities as a negative sign, but still, I had to wonder how the party had impacted her and if she was masturbating more or less since then.

We finally met at a local diner, nothing fancy with just a few customers which left us pretty able to talk about anything without having to worry about someone listening in. Again, we started with some general chit-chat while the waitress took our orders and then Kate leaned forward over the table an motioned for me to come closer.

"You should be proud of me - I can make myself cum now," she boasted, as if she had just achieved some Novel Prize-winning achievement which, in a way, she had.

For anyone to go so long without ever having experienced an orgasm was virtually unthinkable to me yet I had to wonder how many other wives were in the same, boring, sexless lifestyle as Kate had been in when we met. If it hadn't been for that lingerie party where we first met, she would still be home wishing her husband could get it up with no relief in sight!

"Does Bruce know anything yet?" I teased her, knowing full well her husband would probably be the last person in the world to find out his wife was playing with herself, finally achieving by herself what he'd never been able to do for her in twenty plus years of marriage.

"Oh god forbid no," she quickly answered, then grinning even more broadly as she shared another juicy secret, "I even did it last night right next to him in bed while he was sleeping! Oh my god Kelly, I felt SO naughty!"

"So why don't you do it in front of Bruce?" I asked, "Maybe it might provide some incentive for the poor boy downstairs to get back in the game again?"

Kate frowned and I almost wished I hadn't asked. "He would just say I was being nasty. So far as he knows, I've never masturbated in my life and I don't think he even cares if I cum."

"Why he say it was nasty? I'm sure he jerks off all the time! What's the big deal if you do the same?"

Kate's eyes widened and she sat back a little as if what I had delivered some sort of revelation. "I wasn't really honest with you I guess. Truth is, I've NEVER seen Bruce masturbate," she confessed, "I've never even found a dirty magazine since we've been married. I just thought I should say... well, I don't know WHAT I thought when I told you that.""

Two thing immediately came to mind. Either Bruce had some serious sexual issues that were probably the root cause of his E.D., or he was doing one hell of a good of lying to his wife and hiding things! Fortunately, for once I managed not to blurt out my first thoughts and so I just left Kate to live in her fantasy world. Bruce didn't masturbate.... yeah right! As my dad always said, ninety percent of men admit they masturbate regularly and the other ten percent are liars.

"So anyway...," I injected, trying to change the subject before I said something I would regret later, "How often are you doing yourself now?"

Kate actually blushed and I saw her biting her lip just a little as if the answer was embarrassing to her. "Usually every day now."

"Only once a day?"

Kate looked at me like I was some alien saying, "Why, how often do YOU do it?"

When I told her usually twice a day, sometimes three and once in a while more, her jaw dropped open in disbelief.

"But Kelly, you get laid regularly so why do you have to masturbate so much?" she asked.

Smiling, I tried to explain to her that it wasn't that I HAD to masturbate, it was that I ENJOYED masturbating. For me, masturbation isn't a substitute for sex, but rather something that compliments it. Sure I may do it more when I'm not getting the real thing regularly, but it's not uncommon for me to do myself again even right after being fucked when the guy drops off, going for at least one more good orgasm! Simply put, I tried to explain, I just enjoy doing it for the sake of doing it, not because I am or am not getting the real thing.

"I guess I never really thought about it that way before," Kate said with thoughtful expression as she seemed to try to mull this new concept over in her mind. "I just figured people only masturbated when they couldn't have real sex."

"Well, that just goes to show you shouldn't feel embarrassed or feel like you're cheating on Bruce just because you enjoy going solo," I encouraged her, "Even if he WAS getting it up, that doesn't mean you still can't enjoy some personal quality time!"

We both giggled as the waitress brought us our order. She looked at us a little odd, probably wondering what we were so giddy about in the middle of the day but whatever, that was her problem.

"So tell me Kate, have your fantasies gotten any nastier now that you do masturbate more?"

Once again Kate got that "caught with her fingers in the cookie jar" look, as if she felt guilty for even THINKING such things, let alone tell me about them. "Oh my, it gets really BAD sometimes," she said in a high whisper, as if afraid somebody might be listening to us. "I feel so guilty sometimes but yet at the same time, it's really hot to think about stuff I know I'll never do but still..."

"Oh? And just what might some of those be?" I inquired, actually quite curious to find out what this recently "converted" housewife might be fantasizing about.

"Well, there's young man on our block who is JUST gorgeous," she said, her face reddening a bit, "I've wondered what would happen if I needed someone to help me with some yard work while my husband was away on business."

"Not bad, the classic naughty housewife," I said, giving her a thumbs up, "But I KNOW you've been naughtier than that... let's go, confession time!"

Kate looked around, again as if fearful someone might overhear us but the nearest person was the waitress and she was twenty feet away at least.

"OK, here goes but you have to promise not to laugh," she said with a smirk. I just grinned and nodded my head in agreement so she continued, "Well, you once told me about some of those bachelor parties you go to and the dirty things you do at them. Well, ever since the party we did I've been fantasizing about how it would be to dance in front of a bunch of horny men instead of a bunch of repressed housewives."

Wow, now THAT wasn't was I had expected to hear. Sheesh, talk about going from fairly innocent fantasies to hardcore in one giant leap! But then I thought again and realized she was just talking about the dancing aspect, not the sex. Or was she?

"Nude?" I decided to ask, pushing just a little but not going overboard.

Kate blushed and I knew I'd hit the nail on the head. "Well, isn't that what you're SUPPOSE to be when you dance at one of those?" I asked her.

Kate shook her head though and disagreed, "Maybe at yours but Bruce has been to several and he always assures me that the girls never get nude. OK, maybe topless but not completely nude."

I ALMOST said, "And this from the guy who claims he never masturbates," but pat me on the back, once again I held my tongue.

"Well, I'm sure that at some parties that's all that happens but from my own experience, the guys want you to get naked - at least if you want to make the most money that's what happens."

"So you get nude when you do them?" she asked, suddenly very curious about my "side jobs".

I explain that technically, I only "contract" ahead of time to get down to a bikini. Granted, it was the sort of bikini that would have gotten me banned from any public swimming pool, but still, I wasn't technically naked. Once the party gets started, THEN it was time to negotiate what else they wanted from there. I learned early on that nobody makes a worse negotiator than a horny drunk guy at a party facing a half-naked girl he wants to fuck.

"So do you let them touch you?" she asked.

Again, I explained that it was all in what they were willing to pay. Letting guys SEE me naked wasn't that big a deal but to touch me.... well THAT was a different story.

"OK, so how far DO you go if they are willing to pay for it?"

In response to that question, all I had to do was give Kate a naughty grin and a wink which she understood immediately.

"Oh my god Kelly, so you're a WHORE?" she exclaimed, suddenly looking at me as if she had never really seen me before.

I quickly calmed her down and explained to her the difference between a whore and a slut. If I was really a whore, all they needed to do was simply fork over the money and then do whatever they wanted within the bounds of what they paid and I would do it regardless of how I felt about them. That's why I never consider myself a whore - because I never give up control. Even if they are willing to pay for sex, I still make the final decision as to who and how. Even then, I don't care how much they pay (non-refundable of course), if the guy turns out to be an asshole he doesn't get laid.

Kate was still looking at me as if she was seeing me for the first time. I almost felt like she was disappointed in me, as if I had somehow degraded myself in her eyes. Frankly, it sort of pissed me off that she could be so judgmental but I decided to give her the benefit of the doubt and see where it went.

"Look, it's not something I do at EVERY party, in fact it rarely happens. Usually it's just a strip show and let me say AGAIN, I make the decision as to whether to go any further, no matter how much they want to pay me." Kate just sat there rigidly, as if she wasn't certain what to say which was probably a good thing. I smiled gently, trying to soften the mood and asked, "So Kate, how did YOU imagine doing a bachelor party with me?"

At the mention of her masturbation fantasy, Kate finally seemed to shrug off whatever it was that was distracting her and a smile returned to her face. "I guess sort of like the party we had last week, just getting up in front of them in some naughty lingerie and maybe pretending to play with myself for them. I just think it would be fun to see how turned on I could make them I guess."

Somehow I think these new fantasies had to do with the lack of response she was getting from her bastard of a husband. It was too bad that just because a guy was unable to get it up that he cut off all sex with his wife. He could at LEAST still give her oral sex if he was any kind of decent husband, at least that's how I felt about it.

My inner amateur psychologist was seeing a loving wife desperate for attention from her husband, so desperate she dreamed of displaying herself in front of other men just to prove to herself that SHE wasn't the problem. OK, so I may have been totally off base, but I've found I'm usually pretty good at reading people when it comes to stuff like this.

"Would you really do it if you could?" I asked her. "I mean, go further?"

Kate seemed to visibly trembled at the thought and in a way, it made me almost want to laugh at her innocence and naivety. At times she could be such a sensuous woman and then in a heartbeat, back to being the silly little girl.

"Well, maybe when I masturbate but I would NEVER do it for real," she insisted, shaking her head from side to side like an elephant on parade.

"Why not? After all, it wouldn't be like you were being unfaithful or anything," I prodded her, "What's the difference between showing yourself off in front of a bunch of women and a bunch of men."

"Kelly!" she huffed, as if she couldn't believe I would make such a generalization, "There's a BIG difference and you know it."

"Not really," I countered, "besides, imagine how much more turned on you'd get seeing all those men staring at you, every one of them wanting you and desiring you. All of them wanting nothing more at that moment than to take you in the back bedroom and fuck your lights out! Wouldn't that make you feel good?"

"That's EXACTLY what I worry about," she huffed, "That I might like it. But I'm not a slut."

"You mean like me?" I gently countered.

Kate's mouth dropped open and I could see she was a little embarrassed now. "Oh Kelly, I didn't mean it like THAT!"

"Then prove it," I demanded, "I've got a party tomorrow night and it's just a little one that shouldn't be anything too wild. Come with me, I'm sure they won't mind if I bring along a friend - especially if they get her for free."

Kate obviously wasn't even close to being sold on the idea but at the same time, she wasn't shaking her head as strongly much as she had.

"How about you let me think about it," she offered as a compromise. It was her usual response when she was trying to get me off her back about something so I warned her she needed to make her mind up fast.

"OK, let's make a deal. When you go home tonight I want you to put on something sexy and then see what Bruce says. If he likes it, great. BUT, If he ignores you then I want you to think about what the guys would say tomorrow night if you wear that same outfit. THEN make up your mind and call me, deal?"

Kate just rolled her eyes at me, something she seemed to do quite a bit when we talked come to think about it. Well, I'd done all I could and there was no sense pushing her any further. I'd learned quickly with Kate that she was actually pretty open to suggestion but she had to be the one who made up her mind in the end. Nothing made her dig in her heels faster than feeling like she was being pressured into something she didn't want to do.

We finished up our meal and she offered to pay. I left the tip and we parted, each going our separate ways. On the way home I wondered if she was just agreeing with me to stop me from pestering her further or if she really was going to go through with it. Personally, I would have given odds at best fifty-fifty once she got home and had time to think about it some more.

The next morning I was still in bed when my cell phone rang and I saw on the caller ID that is was Kate. I wondered what she was calling me about so early as in my morning fog I wasn't putting it together with our conversation the previous day. Immediately when she started to talk, though, I perked up.

"Oh Kelly, I tried, I really did try!" she cried into the phone as soon as I answered, not even bothering with the small talk we always started out with.

I told her to calm down and get her to explain to me what was wrong.

"I did like you said. I wore the sexiest outfit I have; you know - the sheer black teddy you helped me pick out with the micro black lace panties. When I walked out of the bathroom into the bedroom, Bruce didn't even give me a second glance! Shit, hardly even a first. All he did was ask me how much it cost, as if he was more worried about the credit card bill than my needs. How could he do that to me Kelly? How could he?"

She broke down again and started crying some more, leaving me there with my phone in my hand trying to figure out what to do next. I decided saying nothing was better than putting my foot in my mouth so I waited for her to collect herself.

"The kids are gone to school so I'm home all alone. God Kelly, I've never felt so worthless. Am I REALLY that unattractive? Why doesn't Bruce want to even look at me when I dress up for him? I feel so ugly now."

If I told her what I thought was the REAL reason, I would probably just make things worse. It was obvious. ED or no ED, her darling Bruce was cheating on her, I would have bet money on it. OK, so maybe she wasn't eighteen anymore but she looked easily ten years younger when she got herself made up and I knew from personal experience it wasn't for want of any sexual drive on HER part that nothing was happening with her husband. With the boob job, which no doubt she did to try and please him, she looked incredible! They looked perfect and REAL, not overdone like so many women where it's obvious they are fake.

Then I reminded Kate of how even the women at the party we went to were attracted to her and if THEY were, to imagine how much more a group of men would be. Then I gentled tossed in a suggestion that maybe she should prove it to herself by going out with me tonight.

"I have to confess Kelly, I only agreed to do that so we wouldn't talk about it anymore," Kate said in a hushed tone, like it really was part of a confessional, "But this morning I woke up and I was SO horny and I wanted Bruce SO bad that even masturbating wasn't enough to make it go away. I don't know what to do now, I am SO confused."

"Oh? So you're still horny now?" I asked, using the opening to shift the conversation.

"Oh my god, you have no idea. I was so worked up last night getting ready for him that when he blew me off me it was like I wanted to explode!"

Again I suggested that she join me tonight to work off some of the "tension" and this time she hesitated a bit before answering.

"You're sure it would be just like the other party, right? Just dressing up and showing off? Nothing nude or bad?"

Thank god we still don't have video phones! I was grinning to myself at how naive she could be about such parties but I wasn't going to say anything to dissuade her. Besides, so long as I was there I knew that I could control things enough that if that was all she ended up wanting to do I could most likely keep it at that level for her. As for doing anything "bad", well... that was all in how you defined "bad"!

"Trust me, you'll love it Kate. It will be a ton of fun; something you'll never forget. You'll feel so much better about yourself afterwards."

"I don't know Kelly, what if they get pushy?"

"The we just leave," I assured her. Actually, that was the truth and it wouldn't be the first time I'd grabbed my things and walked out when guys got overly obnoxious or rude. It was rare, to be sure, but also why I always made sure I got paid up front!

"So what do I wear?"

Cool! While she hadn't expressly agreed to go, her question was a tactic agreement and I wasn't going to push for a signed contract or anything so this was likely the best commitment I was going to get from her. To answer her question depended on what type of party I was going to. Basically they broke down into two flavors - the ones where I arrived early and dressed up in another room and came out when they were ready for the show, or the alternative was I just showed up at the door, walked in and did my thing.

Each had their advantages and disadvantages. The first allowed for me to get more settled in and gave me greater costume options as I didn't have to go out in public wearing it. The problem was you were there longer and before you could leave, you had to gather your things in the other room, making as quick getaway more challenging.

The second option was usually quicker as I was only there when I was doing the show. It also gave me a better feeling of security knowing everything I had was in the room and I just had to grab it and run for the door if things got out of hand. Fortunately, that had only happened once in my entire "career" but that was all it takes to make you wary. In this case, it was the "open door" party which was probably best for Kate as it minimized the time she had to spend at the house where the party was being held.

"Well, here's what I suggest," I told her, "Put on that same outfit that your husband wasn't interested in and we'll see what other men think of it on you."

Silence on the other end. Then I realized what she was probably wondering about and continued on saying, "Oh don't worry, that's not ALL you'll wear! Go to your closet and pick out what you would wear to a PTA meeting at school. Something with a skirt and a top that buttons - nothing pull-over though."

"A PTA meeting?" she asked, sounding confused.

Then I explained to her what my plan was. I thought it would be hot to show up as a mother-daughter pair. Sure, Kate wasn't THAT much older than me but she had that innocent look and naive attitude that screamed soccer-mom. I figured I would have her dress the part of the everyday mom while I would go as the slutty daughter. It should make for a great show. After all, just look at how many web sites cater to the MILF fantasy as well as to the mom-daughter thing.

Kate laughed on the phone, finally loosening up a bit as she listened to my concept for the evening. "You know, you really have quite the imagination," she complimented me, "I'm just glad you're not after my husband."

Oh if she only know some of the naughty thoughts I'd had along THAT subject! Truth be told, her Bruce would've made a fantastic challenge for me and nothing would've been hotter than to have him do me behind Kate's back at the same time I was trying to help Kate "seduce" him. As horny as such thoughts made me, I could never do that to a friend, though, so Kate was safe from any worries about me, even if she didn't realize how close it had come to happening more than once when I was especially horny!

Now that she was on board, I then went through more details as to how the evening would go and what I expected to happen. Like the previous party, I would pick her up. We would drive to the house, ring the bell, and step in to what should be quite a party already in progress. No doubt there would be alcohol, porn, and who knows what else. We would dance and strip - as far as she was ready to go, and that would be about it. The arrangements, at least so far, were just for an hour's show so we shouldn't be there all that long and she would be home at a decent hour.

Kate cursed under her breath and when I asked what was wrong, she replied, "I just realized I have to come up with an excuse for where I'm going. Bruce would kill me if he ever found out."

Her worries didn't bother me as I knew she would think of something. Besides, she would be leaving in a "normal" outfit as nobody had to know what was underneath so there would be no reason for anyone to suspect her true motives for the evening. We got talking some more from there about everyday things. She liked to tell me about her kids at times like this and I listened patiently, again thankful for the lack of video so she couldn't see the bored expression on my face. Eventually she was talked out and we hung up after I gave her a time to be ready.

Now that I was going with the mother-daughter fantasy gig, that changed my entire plans for the evening. I had planned to show up in a long coat with nothing underneath but a sexy bra, some hose and a garter belt, panties still undecided. It was an easy outfit to get ready, easy to take off, and all I had to do in the end was grab my coat and leave without even worrying about getting dressed again.

With Kate, however, now I had to play the role of "daughter" which actually had a lot of opportunities. My thoughts were to act as the "slutty" daughter who made my conservative mother mad at me for teasing the guys and acting nasty. Eventually, of course, she would get "excited" seeing me with the guys and want to join in herself. It was all terribly cliche, of course, but then isn't most porn? Besides, it actually fit Kate's real attitude perfectly. Indeed, she WOULD be aghast at my actions to start with but hopefully, she would get turned on and want to join in herself.

How far she would go, now THAT was the million dollar question. I was setting a personal goal of getting her nude. Even that would be a stretch but anything more than that was pretty unthinkable knowing Kate.

Looking through my closet, there was really only one thing to wear in this case. My usual outfits - the Catholic schoolgirl, French maid, naughty nurse, etc. were more for individual performances as I almost always worked solo unless my cousin Kristen was with me. Tonight I thought I would stick to something simple - my shortest shorts with a micro thong underneath.

On top I had the perfect black bra together with a sheer white shirt that I could tie up around me under my bust and then leave it unbuttoned to show off my cleavage. The bra and panties were for show as I didn't want to be naked TOO fast with them. Besides, technically they hadn't paid for me to get nude so I wanted something to use for bait that would lure them into opening their wallets for more. I didn't charge all that much for a standard one-hour strip-to-my-underwear show. It was a classic bait-and-switch marketing ploy. I knew once I had them going that the REAL money was made when they were dying for me to go further. The trick was to get your foot into the door. After that, it was all hormones!

For the rest of the day, my thoughts kept drifting back to the coming events of the evening. I had all sorts of different scenarios play out in my head, most of the terribly unlikely but still hot to think about. Kate was the wildcard. Had I been going with my cousin Kristen, it would have been just the opposite. With her the question wasn't how far would SHE go, it was how far would I go with her! A couple of time I found myself wet as hell and took some time to take care of myself, but other than that it was mostly just laundry and housecleaning with a nap in between to be sure I was rested.

I pulled up in front of Kate's house exactly on time to the minute. She was typically prompt and I knew it frustrated her when I was late to things so I wanted to get the night started on the right foot. Sure enough, no sooner had I put the car in Park than Kate was coming out the side door by the garage, waving goodbye to someone unseen in the house. Anyone in the neighborhood would have thought it was just her as usual, meeting someone for a meeting at school or the library. She slipped into the passenger seat next to me, took a big breath, and let it out slowly.

"Oh my god... Oh my god! I can't believe I'm going to do this," she sighed, "Bruce almost caught me putting on the teddy and I think I would've died if he saw me getting dressed with it underneath my outfit."

"But it turned you on though, didn't it?" I teased her as I pulled away from the curb.

Kate tossed her head back and giggled, "You have NO idea! You know, I've never left the house dressed like this It feels a little weird to be honest."

"So you're nice and horny now?" I pressed her a little.

She turned her head to me and I just caught a glimpse of her face as she grinned naughtily. "I did it THREE times today, can you believe it! I've NEVER done that before! I almost did it four times but the kids came home from school before I had the chance."

I smiled as I drove, trying to picture her in my mind, lying in her bed doing herself while her family was out. I wondered what her kids would think if they knew of their mom's new daily "routine"? Despite the fantasies you might read about on most porn sites, most likely they would be grossed out but then again, you never know!

"So tell me again... what do I do?" she asked after we quite laughing about her new "record".

"Just follow my lead," I told her, "There IS one thing that is REALLY important though.... NEVER offer anything you're not ready to back up."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"Well, teasing them is fine - it's even expected and they would be greatly disappointed if you didn't. Just don't ask them things like if they want to have sex with you or in any way make it appear like you are offering them anything - unless you want to do it."

What I wasn't telling her, because I didn't want to scare her, was there was more than just the issue of taunting men to where you may get in over your head, there was also the legal issues that offering yourself to a man, potentially for money or other compensation, can cross the fine line between a stripper and a hooker. The LAST thing I needed was somebody getting pissed off or undercover and charging either of us with prostitution. I just imagine her calling her husband to bail her out of jail!

For the rest of the 45 minute drive we talked about ways to tease and what to do and NOT do. Kate touched a little bit on the issue of sex but I tried to steer away from that as I knew it would only frighten her off.

"Remember. if you ever get to where you feel uncomfortable with them touching you, then you have to control things," I told her, "It's ALWAYS up to YOU how far they can go. NEVER let them think they're making the decisions. Don't worry, they actually expect to be treated that way it so it's only if you allow them to do things on their own will it be an issue."

All of which was true. I've found most men are pretty conditioned from strip clubs. movies and such that there are rules and restrictions when it comes to strippers. Of course they'll always try to push the boundaries but usually all you have to do is tactfully push their hand away and they get the message nine times out of ten without having to resort to anything more forceful.

According to my GPS we had "arrived at your destination". We found ourselves in a typical Pittsburgh neighborhood - red brick homes built on hills. It was an older neighborhood and even had the original brick streets still in place. The house was nothing special or unique, two stories with a garage attached to the basement with a driveway dropping from street level down to the garage. It was interesting in that all the homes on this side of the street had the garages in back while those on the other side had the garage entrance in front but that was due to the ridiculous hills people decided to try build home on way back when!

"Well... ready?" I asked her, trying to smile and cheer her up.

Kate looked a bit apprehensive and I started to wonder if she wasn't going to back out at the last second. I guess if she did, she could stay in the car as I hadn't told the guy who arranged this that I was bringing her. I didn't think he would mind getting two for one! Still, it would have been disappointing if she did, not to mention I was sure she would regret it afterwards if she chickened out now.

"OK, let's do it," she said in a determined voice.

Without another word, we got out of the car and walked up to the front door. Kate looked more like the Avon Lady making a delivery while I had on a long overcoat so nobody watching would know how little I was wearing underneath in the middle of winter.

"Kelly?" the guy asked who answered the door after I'd rang the doorbell.

I always use my real first name as it is too easy to get confused otherwise but other than that, he knew nothing about me other than my cell phone number - and it was a throwaway from Wal-Mart that I used just for this sort of thing so I couldn't be traced. I saw his eye look to Kate behind ma and then he looked back at me, the question obvious without him saying anything.

"Oh, this is my mom" I explained with a grin and a wink, "She's going to watch to make sure you all behave."

At first I think he took me literally and the expression on his face was priceless. Then it dawned on him what was really going on and looked at Gwen, "Well hi mom, I'm Don. So what's your name again?'

"Kate," she answered, taking her cue from me on using her first name.

"Say, it's freezing out here, aren't you going to invite us in?" I playfully whined.

Don opened the door for us and we walked in straight into the living room. There wasn't anyone else there but from the sound coming up from the floor it was obvious where the party was going on.

"Can I take your coats?" Don offered.

"Ohhhhhh, I think we'll keep them on for now," I replied, smiling at him and trying to be sexy.

Don grinned and I imagined he was probably wondering what, if anything, was hiding underneath but that was the whole idea - make them wonder. It was the tease that got them going. No sense revealing anything until you had to.

We were led down the stairs and as soon as our legs must have come into sight, the hooting and hollering began. I looked back at Kate who had the appearance of being walked to the hangman's noose and smiled at her, telling her to perk up! Once we got down there, I took a quick count and saw there were just four other guys besides Don, which was what I had been expecting. Larger groups can be fun but this size would be less intimidating to Kate, at least that was what I was hoping.

There were several coolers which I assumed were loaded with beer and who knows what alcoholic beverages - no signs of soft drinks anywhere, just empty beer cans. A large HD TV was mounted on one wall with the obligatory porn movie playing. A few mostly empty pizza boxes attested to the menu for the evening. The only truly negative thing was it smelled like at least one of them was into cigars. While not as nauseating to me as cigarette smoke, I still hated it and I was hoping they wouldn't smoke any while I was performing.

"So guys, this is Kelly and her mom Kate," Don started out to introduce us but he barely got out those words before the ruckus started.

"MOM?" a couple guys asked at the same time, "What the fuck?", or some version of it, was also a common response from several.

"That's right guys, my mom's gonna be watching you so you better behave or we might have to spank you," I said teasingly and they quickly got the picture, just as Don had upstairs. I don't know if they believed that Kate was my real mom or not, but it was close enough I was sure for the fantasies to get started in their heads - and their dicks.

"So who's the naughty boy tonight?" I asked, as if the grave-stone shaped sign hanging around his neck proclaiming his imminent departure from singledom wasn't making it obvious enough to identify the groom.

I handed Don a CD which he put into the boom box I'd told him to have ready back when we negotiated our deal. My first song was "Doncha" from the Pussy Cat Dolls and I walked over to where the groom was sitting, beer in hand (obviously not his first) and stood there with my hands holding together the front of my coat that I had unbuttoned on the way down to the basement.

"So does your fiance ever wear something like THIS for you?" I taunted him as I slowly opened my coat to reveal my classic Daisy Duke outfit.

I dropped the coat down my arms and then tossed it over to Kate who just stood there watching for the moment, her eyes fixed on me the same as all the others in the room. Standing there in my heels, short shorts and revealing top I started to sway to the music, running my hands over my outfit and then up my legs and between them.

For the first few songs, it was just showing off a little, not revealing anything or doing anything terribly naughty. It was something you had to learn with experience, when to move on before they got bored or overly anxious without going TOO fast and doing the entire act in fifteen minutes. Sometimes, I could go half an hour without removing anything if they were into it while other times I could sense they were hungry for more from the outset and had to start stripping even half-way through the first song.

I motioned for Kate to take off her coat and it was funny to watch the reactions from the guys. She was likely at least ten years older than any of them and even in her conservative PTA outfit they still seemed to be as interested in her as they were in me!

For the time being, Kate stayed to the side, acting the part of the concerned mother keeping an eye on her slutty daughter. Don had offered her a beer which she declined, but then he brought out a bottle of cheap white wine (screw-top) and a glass, which to my surprise she accepted. She poured her own drink and started sipping on it as she watched. I'd never seen Kate drink before and I wondered if she was use to wine or just trying to overcome her nervousness with some cheap "confidence".

All the guys had taken a seat by now, forming a semicircle with the groom in the center in a stiffed chair with the others on folding chairs. There wasn't that much furniture in the basement other than a ping-pong table, pool table, and a couch that looked like a refugee from Goodwill over by the TV. It was a little chilly being a basement but nothing too uncomfortable. Dancing kept me warm anyway and it actually worked out rather well the way they were seated because my back was never to any of them. Kate seemed to prefer standing up and she kept behind me and to the side, her arms crossed, playing her role as the vigilant mother to the hilt.

Leaning over the groom so he got a good eyeful of my bosom, I slowly untied the blouse. Being it was already unbuttoned, once the knot was out it fell to the side, revealing my bra underneath. It wasn't like they didn't know it was there as it was plainly visible through the sheer blouse, but now there was nothing at all in the way which made it better for them to see.

Slowly the blouse came off and I tossed that to my "mom" as well. Soon the shorts followed, after taking what must have seemed forever to them to drop from my hips to my ankles. The thong didn't hide much of anything, well nothing really from the rear and about all it did up front was prove I had to be totally shaved as it barely covered my pussy slit. As I worked the room, a few guys started to reach out for my bare butt but for the moment, I playfully swatted them away and moved on to the next guy when they tried too hard.

Of course it wasn't too long before they wanted more. While I wasn't ready yet to take anything else off, that didn't mean I couldn't tease them a bit more. Using one hand over my pussy, I used the other to pull the thong to the side so my hand was flat against my bare skin. Mmmmmmm, I was pretty wet and it was tempting to give them the show I knew they wanted, but I'm a professional! It was the classic pussy tease - they KNEW nothing was covering it but my hand was hiding it from sight. One little slip, they had to be hoping, and they would get to see my pussy, as if they hadn't already seen more than most men ever would.

Sliding my thong back in place, it was time to play with my boobs for them. Reaching under the lower lip of the cups, one with each hand, I lifted them up and over my boobs, replacing the material of the bra with my hands until the only thing hiding them from view were my palms and fingers. I squeezed them and it felt good to press against my hardened nipples. Like I'd done with my pussy tease, each of the guys got a close-up view and for a brief moment I would let my fingers part just enough to reveal one of my nipples and then poof, it was out of sight again.

Meanwhile, Kate was still watching me. She had a thin smile and I wasn't sure exactly how to read her. She was probably wondering when she would get involved but I had it all planned out and she wouldn't be waiting much longer if things went according to what I had carefully worked out ahead of time.

Pulling my bra back down and pulling it down in place, much to their obvious chagrin, I went to standing in front of each one, my legs spread apart as I faced away from them and then reaching down to grab my ankles. I could feel the thong stretch and pull up between my pussy lips, virtually disappearing from view as it revealed my shaved pussy to each of them in turn. Legally I wasn't nude but try telling that to the guys staring at my pussy!

Of course the groom got the best show and this time when he reached out to grab my ass, I didn't push him away. Instead, I called out to Kate, "Mom! He's trying to grab my ass!"

It was Kate's cue and I hoped she would pick up on it. Thankfully she seized on the opportunity and moved forward as if to protect me.

"What do you think you're doing to my daughter young man," she scolded him, almost convincing ME she was really my mom! The poor guy didn't know what to say as his hands instinctively pulled away from my bare butt.

"Well I guess I'm just going to have to give you something else to think about so you won't molest my daughter," Kate went on. OK, so the line was a stretch, totally unrealistic and way overboard but what the heck, this wasn't Broadway. Besides, I had to give Kate credit for coming up with it on her own. My "mom" was making me proud of her!

"Mom!" I exclaimed, as if I was shocked at what she was insinuating, "Don't you dare!"

By now Kate must have downed at least a couple glasses of wine from what I'd seen, maybe more as it was hard to tell the way she tended to refill it constantly. In any case, she was definitely a little less sober than when we'd arrived and she had this quirky smile on her face that I hadn't seen before. She winked at me and finally took off her coat, revealing the "soccer mom" outfit. It was a basic beige skirt, hose, and a ruffled off-white blouse with long sleeves. The heels were higher than what she would have normally worn, but that just added to the erotic look.

"So what do I have to do to keep you guys off my daughter?" she teased them, getting into it a lot faster than I had ever expected.

Heck, if I'd known a little wine would loosen her up this quickly, I might've shared a few bottles long before now!

"Take it off!" one guy offered. "Strip!" was the simple response from another.

All of them were suddenly focused on Kate, even though she was fully dressed while I stood to the side in nothing more than heels, a barely visible thong and a bra without so much as a mention! It's weird how guys react sometimes, but quite predictable. It's what they haven't gotten yet that they want and in this case, they wanted Kate to "give in" to them.

Kate huffed, as if exasperated by their response but she started to unbutton her blouse, slowly going from one button down to the next. It parted just enough to reveal her teddy underneath but not enough to really show off anything. Leaving it on, she moved to the zipper on her hip for the skirt and slowly pushed it down until her skirt loosened up enough to drop on its own to her ankle. Every eye was focused on her as she stood there in heels with the blouse barely covering the teddy that was now being revealed underneath. She left the hose on, at least for the time being.

"Enough?" she asked, as if THAT answer was a mystery.

Of course the response was a collective, "NO!" and I could see in her face the joy that comes from knowing men want you. They all craved her and were desiring her and she KNEW it. Even if they couldn't have her, to know that they would do almost anything to change that was enough to boost even the most shy girl's ego and I could see Kate was responding to their appreciation for her.

I walked up behind her and slowly pulled the blouse off her shoulders and down her arms until she was standing there in nothing but the sheer teddy. The panties were black and just as sheer, enough to see the dark thatch of pubic hair she had decided to keep. Her ass, while not as tight as mine, was still looking pretty damn hot and several times guys would reach out to her as she made the rounds, trying to get a feel. She learned quickly from me, pushing them aside with a smile and a wink at time.

By now the hour was up and so was my "contract". Actually, they'd gotten more than what was bargained for as there had been no discussion of my "mom" coming along and stripping down to her lingerie. I leaned over to Don and quietly whispered that it was time for us to go. Rather than actually leave, though, I waited for the inevitable request and Don didn't disappoint me.

"Oh come on, can't you guys stay any longer?" he pleaded.

I grinned and responded, Well Don, I guess anything is negotiable... and I do mean ANYTHING. What did you have in mind?" Of course I already knew what he would want but it was important that the suggestion come from him to protect me.

"Strip?" he asked tentatively. I whispered to him what it would cost and his eyes widened. I just shrugged my shoulders and acted as if I was going to leave when he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back.

"That's for both of you, right?"

"Well, it's OK with me but it's up to my mom what she does."

Basically I was offering to strip myself but leave it up to Kate what to do. Don dug into his wallet, came up with the cash (amazing how guys always seem to have it ready at these parties), which I quickly transferred to my coat pocket with as little fanfare as possible.

"So are we leaving?" Kate asked, not having heard my discussion with Don.

I explained to her I would be doing a bit more first and she could do whatever she wanted - even strip down more. She shook her head and retreated back to her wine bottle to watch the show. I could have sworn the bottle was full when she was given it and now it was down two thirds of the way and she was still working on it. She didn't seem to be drunk yet so maybe she hadn't drunk it all herself.

"OK guys, I'm told you all want a bit more," I announced as the music continued.

Without dragging it out, I stripped off the bra and thong, handing them to Kate who just stared at me with her eyes wide as I stood there in nothing but heels and makeup. Things began to heat up now as I worked the room, wiggling my bare ass and boobs in their faces, grinding my bare bottom on their laps. It was obvious they were aroused as hell from the bulges I could feel when I sat down. At first I kept their hands at bay but over time, I started to let them get away with a little more and then a little more. First it was just my legs and butt and eventually I let them fondle my boobs and even get close to my pussy, but not IN it. Once again, I decided to see if my "strategy" to get Kate involved would work.

"Mom! He's trying to put his finger inside my pussy!" I whined to her when one guy got especially rambunctious.

Kate was sipping from her wine glass and I could see the look in her eyes as she realized what I was insinuating. It was decision time for her - to strip to not to strip. I was sure that had I just walked over and asked her that she would have declined but now, with everyone looking at her expectedly, seeing the lust and anticipation in their eyes, it was a different story entirely. She had to see that they WANTED her, just like she wished her husband would.

These men, none of whom had never seen her before, CRAVED her body, like she wished her husband would. Everything that had so frustrated her in the past was now available to her. Under the circumstances, how could she say no? I knew she couldn't in this situation, which was exactly why I had maneuvered her into it.

Kate set the glass of wine down and rolled her eyes, as if to say, "The thing I do for my daughter!" Then she actually DID mutter it, just loud enough for everyone to hear which set up a burst of laughter. Kate was doing great, playing the "mom" role to the hilt as if she was a professional. It was all quite convincing, well at least if you buy into the classic porn cliches and set aside any common sense.

As for me, I decided to keep a seat on the groom's lap. He had his hands planted firmly on my bare hips but I could tell his concentration was more on Kate now than me, even though I was sitting there naked as could be on his lap. Meanwhile, Kate was standing in the center of the semi-circle, looking more than a little nervous which was actually the most erotic she could be for this group in her role. She really DID look like a real mom who was doing this for the first time. The ironic part was, it WAS her first time but these guys probably figured it was just a good show.

There were definitely two camps in terms of what they were hoping for next. A couple of the guys were calling out for her to take off her panties while the others wanted the bra to drop first. It was a classic dilemma every stripper faces - boobs or pussy first? For some guys, nothing is greater than a topless girl while others get turned on more by the bottomless look. It was something you couldn't predict beforehand but just had to make a judgment call in the end.

In this case, however, it was Kate that would make the final choice based on HER comfort level. It was no surprise to me to see her toying with her bra to start with. Most girls I know, if they HAD to expose themselves, would go topless long before bottomless. It's like boobs are "normal". Strip clubs go topless but keep the panties on. Beaches are often topless but still require bikini bottoms. Movies can show breasts and get a PG-13 rating but pussies are still off limits.

"Take it off!" one of the louder ones called out.

I wanted to yell at him as such behavior was NOT helping. Kate was nervous as it was and for them to treat her like a whore was NOT the attention she wanted. She wanted to know men appreciated her, even lusted for her but it was in context of affirming what her husband refused to do for her, not to become a slut or a whore. She looked at me and I tried to give her the warmest, most encouraging smile I could. I silently mouthed to her, "Go for it!" which seemed to calm her down just enough to keep going.

The bra straps dropped from her shoulders to her elbows and she worked her arms out of them, leaving her bra pretty much in place but in a precarious situation. Then she slowly pulled down the cups, one with each hand, until her nipples were on the verge of being exposed and then she retreated and pulled them back up again as if she was having second thoughts.

"C'mon mom, show us your tits before we fuck your daughter!" the loud one called out again. There's always one, isn't there?

Kate just ignored him and again slowly pulled them down until they flopped off her boobs and dropped to her lower chest. In a move crafted after decades of practice, she twisted the bra around bring the back to the front where she undid the clasps and tossed the bra to her side. For a few brief moments her beautiful boobs were on display but then she hid them behind her hands, like a girl caught in the shower. She looked at me as if she wanted the OK to go further and I just nodded imperceptibly, giving her my "permission" to proceed. With that she dropped her hands from her boobs and just stood there, beautiful in her partial nudity, standing there as if she didn't know what to do next. Well, the guys certainly knew what THEY wanted and weren't afraid to tell her.

"Nice rack!" one said in appreciation of her assets.

"Hey, are those real? Let me check `em out!" another said.

It seemed to jar her back into motion as she strolled slowly around the five of them, pausing in front of me while I reached out and tweaked her nipples, something she hadn't allowed the guys to do.

"No fair!" the complaints arose, "Why does SHE get to touch them and we can't?"

I took advantage of the opening and stood up next to Kate, putting my arm around her bare waist, resting my hand on her hips while allowing my fingers to reach just inside of the side of her panties.

"There's LOT'S of things mom lets me do you can't," I teased them.

Kate looked at me with that, "What the hell are you doing NOW?" glare but she didn't seem to be resisting me either. I leaned over and started to suck on her nipple, tugging on it between my teeth and then sucking it hard in my mouth while my tongue played with the tip of her nipple. At first Kate tensed up but then between the alcohol and the feeling of my mouth on her breast, I could hear her sigh audibly, as did the rest of them as well.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S what I'm talkin' about!" Don called out, "Now tell me, do I know how to pick the entertainment or what?"

Kate was letting me take the lead so I stood behind her and put one hand on each hip, hooking my fingers in her panties. Then slowly, with as much flare and tease as I could, I lowered her panties down to her ankles where she gingerly stepped out of them, leaving her with just her hose and heels on to compliment her smile.

"You look GREAT!" I quickly whispered in her ear as I stood back up, tossing her panties to the groom this time.

To the delight of his comrades. He held them to his nose and took in a big whiff of Kate's crotch odor.

"Oh yeah, smell that mommy cunt!" one of the them encouraged the groom,

"It's the last one you'll be smelling besides Amy's for a LONG time!" I assumed Amy was his fiance.

I moved over to Don as my mom gave the groom an up-close and personal view of her naked body. She still wouldn't let him touch her but she dropped her boobs right in front of her face. It was an amateur mistake and before she could react, he rushed forward and sucked on her nipple for a second before she could pull back. She took it well though, playfully smacking him on the side of the face and calling him a naughty boy. Meanwhile, I'd taken a seat on Don's lap and I could feel his swollen dick pressing against my bare bottom through his jeans.

"Well, you got us nude so it's time to go," I warned him, "Hmmmmmm, somebody doesn't seem to want to see us leave though!"

I reached under me between my legs and playfully planted my hand over his dick. I could feel the warmth through his jeans and it was like a steel pipe was hidden away under there. Ribbing it through his pants, I was sure he was getting my not-so-subtle invitation.

"Oh god... how much?"

If he was surprised at the last demand, this time he must have totally shocked but I pressed down on his dick again and he just stuttered before answering.

"Let me check with the guys," he said quickly, motioning to the others to gather around.

"What's the story, I thought this was all we would do?" Kate asked me as the guys huddled.

"Well, I think they want me to provide some special services, I guess you could say," I tried to explain without getting TOO graphic.

"You mean SEX?" she gasped, "Oh no, not me Kelly. I told you I can't do that."

"I never said anything about YOU," I corrected her, "You can watch but you don't have to do anything you don't want to. Besides, didn't you say you wouldn't get nude either!"

"Well, that doesn't mean means I will have sex with them!" she said firmly and I believed her, even if she WAS on her fifth glass of wine and was pouring out the last drops from the now empty bottle. The way she was going, it wasn't as much a question of would she or wouldn't she, but more of would she pass out before anything COULD happen?

Meanwhile, Don was back, a grin on his face and his hands holding a wad of money. Once again, it's just magical how money can just appear when the penis gets hard enough! "It's a little short but it's all we got unless you take a check."

I almost laughed but that would have been embarrassing and rule number one - never embarrass the client. OK, maybe it wasn't number one but it was a top ten for sure. Like I would take a check! I counted it and they were only a hundred shy so I figured what I had was better than nothing since I was there already so why not?

"OK, here's the rules," I said, moving in front of them with the music off for a moment. All you could hear were the moans and cries from the porn video that was still going, I guess it was an appropriate backdrop for the situation. "First, everything stays HERE - nothing private or alone. Second, all or none. I mean that if you want something, all of you have to be willing to do it with me or none of you do. Third, stay out of my ass - PERIOD. Last, mom just watches - hands off her, are we clear on that?"

They were simple but important rules. The first two were for my protection with the first being obvious. Going off alone to a private room with a drunk horny guy was a recipe for disaster, so that one was obvious. The second was not so much to be naughty, although it can lead to that especially where the groom is concerned, but again it was for my protection as usually if someone wanted something REALLY kinky, not everyone would agree to doing it so it tended to keep things on a more even keel. As for my ass, anyone who knows me knows how I feel about that. Lastly, I wanted to be sure Kate wasn't pressured into anything she wasn't ready and willing to do. Sure it would be sexy as hell to see her getting down and dirty but I wasn't counting on it.

They gave my rules all the deep thought you give that disclosure statement when you install software - none. They were drunk and horny as hell and their dicks were doing the thinking now for them. They weren't sure what was going to happen next so I made the first move. It was the least I could do considering the amount of money they had just "invested". Of course, the first one to get my attention was the groom. No sense wasting time so I just leaned down and undid his pants, then reached in and pulled out his dick, or more accurately speaking, freed it from its prison as it pretty much sprung out from his pants like a jack-in-the-box.

Looking back at Kate, who for the first time seemed to grasp that I wasn't just teasing but was really going through with this, was staring at me, reminding me a lot of the first time I had masturbated in front of her.

"There we go!" I heard one of the called out as I took the groom's dick in my mouth and proceeded to give him a blowjob he wouldn't soon forget.

I bet his fiance didn't suck his dick nearly as good as I did. Of course, odds were his fiance hadn't sucked a tenth the number I had, probably much less than that and as my dad always told me, practice makes perfect. As drunk as the groom was, his dick was still hard as a rock and I loved having the audience as well as I kneeled down, keeping my mouth clamped around his dick the entire time. Now that I was more comfortable, I bent over him and shoved his dick into my throat, pressing my face and nose into his hairy crotch was his entire dick disappeared into my hungry mouth.

"Fuck, look at the bitch take it all!" someone complimented me, at least that's how I took his comment to mean.

Meanwhile, I started to play with myself, FINALLY touching my clit after having ignored the poor thing until now and it let me know how much it missed my attention. I was soaking wet and between the feel of his dick in my mouth and my finger pushed up inside my pussy, I was already about to cum!

"Oh fuck it!" the groom suddenly exclaimed and I quickly realized the source of his expletive as he started pumping his cum in my mouth.

I kept my lips sealed on his dick, keeping his cum in my mouth while trying not to let any of it escape. When he was done, I lifted my head and it was show-time as I opened my mouth and stuck out my cum-covered tongue for them all to see. Once they had seen "proof" that I indeed had a mouthful of his cum, I made a grand display of swallowing it and then reopened my mouth to prove to them that I had indeed swallowed his entire load in one gulp.

Glancing back at Kate, I saw she was just watching, sipping away at the last few drops of her wine. It was hard to tell if she was turned on or just more fascinated in seeing something like this for the first time in her life.

I was suddenly surrounded by four dicks all popping from their blue jean jail, almost poking me in the eye for that matter. I grabbed two of them and started sucking on a third but the fourth was left on his own. I tried trading off between them, giving equal time to all four as best I could but it was hard with four of them and just one of me. I could see Kate, watching everything intently and a thought came to mind. It was a long shot but why not?

"Mom, I can't do them all! I need you to help me." It was a tossup as to who was more surprised, her or the guys. Kate looked at me like she couldn't believe what I'd said while the other guys all looked at Kate, hoping that they HAD indeed heard what I'd said.

"Yeah, get over her and help your little girl out mom!" Don encouraged her.

She shook her head violently with an emphatic "No!" that was mouthed but not heard. Undeterred, and ignoring my warning about pushing Kate to do something she wasn't ready for, Don walked over to her, his stiff dick gripped firmly in his hand until he was right up against her. As she sat there looking at me as if asking me what to do now, he lewdly rubbed his erect dick against her bare hip and belly.

"What's the matter Mom, don't you want to help your daughter?" he teased her as he continued to rub the head of his dick against her bare belly.

As much as she was trying to say no, I noted she wasn't exactly pulling away from the touch of his dick against her and I thought to myself that if Don kept pushing just a little more, but not TOO much, that he stood a good chance of actually getting her to suck him!

Don was smart, I had to give him that. I think he sensed that pushing Kate verbally would be self-defeating so instead, he reached out with his free hand, took Kate by the hand, and guided her hand to his dick. Surprisingly, she grabbed his hard cock, almost instinctively as he let go of it with his own had. She just stood there, holding a man's dick, the first one beside her husband's for what was the probably the first time in twenty years or more, seeming unsure of what to do next.

"C'mon mom, show your slutty daughter how it's REALLY done!" he finally encouraged her.

She didn't say a word but for the first time I could see the effect of the wine as her eyes sort of rolled and she stumbled to keep her balance. Then, almost robotically, she dropped to the floor and he pushed his dick up close to her face. Everyone else, even me with a dick in my mouth, was watching her every move. She just stared at Don's dick to begin with, and then I saw her lick her lips and I knew it was just a matter of time now.

Sure enough, she closed her eyes and leaned forward, allowing Don's dick to enter her mouth slowly and then she closed her mouth around him and he started to stroke it in and out of her mouth. She took his cock in her mouth as if she'd been sucking cock forever. I was the only other one in the room who knew how many years it had actually been since she had sucked a dick as I doubt the others would have even believed me if they knew the truth about Kate's true sexual history.

One of the other guys moved over to Kate, leaving us each with two dicks to suck while the groom was left stroking himself, trying to get himself back in the game. I feared that with as much as they all had been drinking, that he might be good for just one shot but if anything, he seemed to be recovering even faster than normal. Well, I guess it was time to up the ante a bit now that all of them had their dicks sucked to one degree or another. Standing up, I kept a grip on the two dicks I had "assigned" to me and backed up between the groom's legs.

"You don't mind if I sit down on your lap again?" I asked him innocently, although there was nothing innocent about my intent.

As I did, I felt his hard dick press against my butt and then slip behind me as I sat on his lap, pressing now against the small of my back as I planted myself on his lap.

"You know, that thing is really in the way... can't you put it someplace better?" I teased the groom.

There were a couple of reasons why I picked the groom to be the first to fuck me - IF he was going to. The first was just that, WOULD he fuck me? It went back to my all or nothing rule. Usually if anyone it was the groom that would back out from having sex with the stripper as he had the most to lose the next day. Imagine if his fiance were to find out just before the wedding he had fucked another girl? There was no sense dong the others only to have the groom chicken out in the end. Besides, it was just polite to do the guest of honor first, don't you agree?

Unlike the majority of grooms, this one evidently had no moral issues with fucking another girl the night before his wedding as he didn't wait for a second tease but went straight for the prize. As I lifted myself up and off his lap, keeping a grip on the other cocks the entire time, I could feel him positioning his dick below my pussy hole and then I felt the familiar pressure of a hard dick head trying to force its way into me, like an intruder violating my most private entrance.

"Hey mom, watch me!" I called out to Kate as I lowered myself onto his dick.

As horny as I was and as wet as my pussy was, he slide fairly easily into me, even for the first time. Kate was alternating between her two dicks and even as I was starting to be fucked, I wondered if this was the first time in her life she had ever done two men at the same time before.

I settle down on his lap, his cock filling my pussy as I slowly ground my ass into him, resuming my sucking of one cock and then the other. The groom was holding me by my hips, rocking me back and forth to keep his dick moving just a bit inside of me at all times. God, was this hot or what? Here I was being violated by a man who was about to sear everlasting love to a women in less than 24 hours while I watched a "normal" housewife degenerate into the slut she was afraid of becoming as she sucked away at two dicks like she was a pro and had been doing it for years.

On it went like that for what seemed a long time as the guys would trade off between Kate and me while I kept letting the groom be the only one to fuck me. Between the beer and having just unleashed a load just a short while ago into my mouth, I was about to give up on him cumming again when once again he said it.

"Oh fuck it!" he gasped and this time I knew what was coming just a moment before my pussy confirmed it as he jerked under me and shot his second load of cum into me, only this time into my pussy instead of my mouth.

I ground my ass hard into his crotch, feeling his thick pubic hair brush against my bare bottom like a soft Brillo pad as his dick quickly shrank within me to where I finally was able to just lift myself slightly and he flopped out - totally spent this time.

"So who's next?" I said innocently, like a clerk at the checkout counter calling for the next customer.

Don was back with me by then, having rotated a bit earlier between me and Kate. He seemed to be the dominate one of the group and as such, the one who made sure he was the next to have me. He grabbed me by the upper arms and lifted me off the groom's lap.

"Bend over the chair slut and spread `em," he demanded.

Well, I guess since he paid for it, he could be a jerk but still, it wouldn't have hurt to be a little nice to me, would it? Don went straight for it, jamming his cock in my pussy from behind with little warning, shoving it in to the hilt in a couple of hard movements and then he was literally buried to the hilt in me. Without even taking the time to enjoy the feeling of his dick in me, he started to stroke himself in and out of me, hard and fast.

"Damn Kate, your daughter sure has one hell of a tight pussy," he gloated.

Just as he said it, one of the guys Kate was sucking erupted, catching her off-guard just as her attention had been drawn to me and before she could pull back, he emptied his first load into her mouth, with the rest spraying onto her face and boobs. From the expression on her face, I wondered if ANY man had cum in her mouth before then? Oh well, it should make for an interesting conversation on the way home, THAT was for sure.

One of the remaining guys yet to cum went over to the one Kate was still sucking and I saw them whispering back and forth but couldn't make out what they were saying. Then the one said something to Kate and by now, she just shrugged, as if giving head to strangers was old-hat for her. He sat down on the chair next to the one I was leaning on as Don fucked me, although more slowly now as he seemed to be as interested as I was as to what was going on with Kate.

Kate started to kneel in front of him to suck his dick again but he told her to stay standing up and lean over to suck him. She just shrugged, blissfully unaware of what was painfully obvious to me what his intent was in asking her to do so. Kate rested her hands on the tops of his thighs as she leaned over and started once again to take his dick in her mouth. Our heads were just a foot or so apart now and she turned to me and smiled, unable to say anything with her mouth full of dick. What she didn't seem to realize was what a tempting target her fine ass was making for the rest of the guys in the room!

Looking over my shoulder, my instincts were confirmed. Unknown to Kate, the second guy was moving in behind her and sure enough, without warning he quickly grabbed her butt and spread her cheeks apart and planted his face firmly in her ass, licking her pussy and asshole. Kate tried to stand up to stop him but the guys she was sucking had his hands on the top of her head, forcing her down on his cock and not letting her stand up. Then the guy licking her must have hit the "sweet spot" because suddenly her eyes widened even more and I heard a muffled "Oh!" as she groaned with her mouth full of cock.

In a way, Kate and I were in almost identical positions, at least so far as out body positions were concerned. I was bent over an empty chair, being fucked from behind while Kate was being licked from behind while sucking on the guy seated in front of her.

The groom, meanwhile, seemed content to just watch us, stroking his now flaccid cock as he still masturbated while watching us. It wasn't long before our situations became even MORE similar, much to Kate's surprise. The guy licking her pussy suddenly stood up and once again, her lack of experience showed as before she could react he slipped his rigid dick in her now well-lubricated pussy.

"You can't fuck me!" she cried out, jerking her head up so violently he couldn't keep it down in his lap unassisted, "Noooooo!"

Between the two men though, she was unable to get away and with his dick now all the way in her, what was done was done. Whether she wanted it to not, she was being fucked by someone other than her husband so in my head, I was pleading with her to enjoy the ride! Although I doubt my powers of telepathy are all that great, it was like she heard me as she stopped struggling and seemed to accept what was happening to her.... and then enjoying it.

"Oh god yes... fuck me," I was shocked to hear her panting, "Mommy needs to be fucked SOOOO bad."

The best part one, unlike some of the things I was saying as I was being fucked, I knew what Kate was saying was REAL, coming from her heart, not her brain.

It must have been enough to get Don off as he was fucking me as he started to cum in me and then pulled out and sprayed his remaining cum over my butt and back. Crap, why couldn't he just stay inside of me as now I had a mess to clean up. For a brief moment I wondering just what men get out of doing that? Why not stay in me and shoot it in my pussy where I wanted it?

Then it was Kate's turn to take a load. Her guy was groaning loudly as he pumped one shot after another of his cum into her and I hoped she had some form of protection, even if the odds of her husband fucking her at any given time were nil.. Oh well, that was her problem, not mine.

That left two to go and I was surprised, if not a little miffed, that both wanted Kate rather than me! The Mrs. Robertson syndrome strikes again! I guess you could say that I am at that "tweener" stage, too old to be the teenage "young girl" that guys loved to fuck back when I was younger but not old enough to qualify yet as a MILF.

Oh well, I wasn't complaining. If anything, it gave me the opportunity to sit back and enjoy the show as I played with myself as I watched Kate sink deeper and deeper into her newfound depravity.

The next guy was on his back on the floor rug, motioning for her to take a seat on his dick which she readily took advantage of, straddling his hips and leaning over him, allowing her pendulous boobs to drop into his face as she mounted his hard dick. I played with my cum-filled pussy as I watched the craziest scene I had seen in ages unfold before me. I NEVER would have dreamed that Kate could go crazy like this. It was like someone had opened the flood gates and all the pent-up emotions and sexual needs that had built up over the years of neglect from her husband were suddenly flooding out of her all at once. She was calling out for them to fuck her harder, saying nasty words and being as dirty mouthed as your finest whore, things I hadn't even realized were in her vocabulary.

By the time she'd gotten the last one to unload in her pussy - her third load of cum and all of them in her pussy, I had gotten myself off as well, sort of a final touch to the evening so far as I was concerned. It was unusual for me to have the chance to cum at these parties as my energies were largely focused on meeting the client's needs and my "performance". If course, that meant faking some pretty spectacular orgasms but it wasn't that easy to cum under these conditions so having some "me" time to get myself off was like a bonus for me.

Then, just like that, it was over. It was like some sort of silent alarm went off and everyone just stopped and seemed to agree that we were done. The guys had all come and for men, that's what counted. Kate was left kneeling on the floor, her face flushed beet red after what I had counted to be at least three orgasms, maybe more. She put her hand down to her crotch, bringing it back up covered with the mixture of cum that was dripping from her well-fucked pussy, looking at it like it was some alien substance. It was almost like in her drunken state that she didn't quite understand where it had come from and what it was doing coming out of HER. She had a dazed look on her face, a combination of being fucked hard too much wine.

I gathered our things and found a bathroom where I tried to clean the cum from her as best as could while she just sat on the toilet seat, her eyes raising back into her head as her head bounced around like a bobble doll. God, all I was hoping was that she wouldn't pass out, or get sick and puke all over my car on the way home! I washed off her face and tried to comb out her hair. Forget the underwear, I was lucky to get her skirt and blouse back on but fortunately her jacket would hide most of it anyway. After I was dressed, I put on my coat and we headed out back through the front door again.

"Hey Kelly, that was great!" I heard behind us and turned to see Don waving goodbye.

Then he seemed to want to ask something and finally he got the nerve to ask, "So tell me something, is Kate your REAL mom or was that just an act?"

I just grinned at him, not answering him but leaving him to wonder, maybe for the rest of his life, what the REAL story was. Well, it was close as after all, she WAS a real mom and married woman. She may not have been MY mom but did that really matter?

Just to close this out with the aftermath...

I somehow got Kate home and in bed without alerting her family as to her "condition". From what she told me later, she slept in until noon the next day and just told everyone she had a "bug" and wasn't feeling too good - enough incentive to not have to get too close to anyone for them to smell her until she had time to shower and clean herself up.

It was at least a week before we had the chance to get back together again and I could tell she was torn about what she had done. On the one hand, she was aghast at what had happened and was feeling guilty as hell about committing adultery, especially in such a wanton, slutty way. On the other hand, she said she no longer felt "unattractive" when her husband ignored her as she knew now that at least there were a few men out there were more than happy to fuck her again if they ever got the chance.

We never even discussed the possibility of a repeat performance. I didn't have to be hit over the head with a blunt object to recognize where Kate was at with regards to such a thing. It was a one-time thing for her, something to be ashamed of yet at the same time, something she would never forget. There was no need for her to repeat it though. Kate was a loving and loyal wife and I just hope that someday she'll look back at our months together fondly and perhaps thank them someday for helping her out.

After all, isn't that all any mentor really asks for?

# (Apr 11) Chapter 183: I Was His Daughter

Story codes: MF F-solo exhib oral adultery
Me (24)
Jack (39)

Well, at least I was for one afternoon. I've found that most husbands, if pushed hard enough, will admit that they have at least THOUGHT about having sex with their daughter (it doesn't seem to matter how old they are either - father OR daughter). Now while probably more than 99.9% of fathers would never actually DO any of the things they secretly fantasize about doing with their daughters, there is always that one...

## 1. Why I Model

A girl has to pay the rent and buy food so when my teaching career was put on hold, I had to find some way to earn money. Since teaching is the only "real" job I've ever had, my resume was a bit thin when it came to seeking employment. I've never even worked as a waitress. During my high school years, while most of my friends were turning down babysitting jobs, I became the neighborhood sitter. Paid in cash, tax-free, work your own hours, watch TV and have fun half the time you're at work... what more can you ask for? Of course there is the annoyance of the kids, but I can deal with them and besides, they usually went to bed soon after the parents leave anyway. Unfortunately, when you move into your twenties, "babysitting" becomes" child care", along with a host of rules and requirements I didn't want to get involved with. Plus, I had finally grown out of it and besides, it wasn't a full-time paycheck big enough to pay for my living expense.

The only other real "job experience" I have was from when I worked as an escort. Now that does NOT mean I was a hooker. OK, in college I did the escorting "with benefits" thing, but it was more because I was horny than I needed the money. In any case, It didn't last long - to only took five clients before I learned the dangers of such a "job" first-hand and quit before anything more serious happened.

After college, I worked for an escorting agency but it was a "legitimate" service specializing in providing "hosts" for parties, corporate meetings, out-of-town executives needing a "date", and so forth. The agency was extremely concerned about their image and reputation, especially with the local vice squad, so sex was strictly off-limits. In fact, it was one of the things that would get you fired without a second chance. I enjoyed it, got to meet some really nice people, and earned a decent living but it didn't have any long- term career potential.

When a teaching position opened, even though the pay was only a fraction of my current salary, I jumped at the opportunity. I loved teaching elementary school and I thought my career was finally going in the right direction.

Then came last fall and my life turned topsy-turvy. In the space of a couple of months, I lost my mother, my fiance, and my job. They weren't all related but it was like taking a series of body-blows all in one round. Without going into the details, I was uncertain if I would ever get a teaching job again so I looked for something to keep me eating and warm with gas in my tank, at least for the near future.

My old escorting agency was anxious for me to return, but another opportunity came up that was different and so I gave it a try. I joined up with a lady who hosted home lingerie and sex toy parties - sorta like Tupperware parties but more risque. They are for women ONLY and I don't do anything but wear naughty clothes and pretend to "demonstrate" the merchandise. It's a "soccer mom" thing and they aren't looking for a strip show or anything TOO naughty, just something to giggle about and maybe be slightly embarrassed by.

One of the side-benefits of the parties are the referrals I get for more "interesting" events - bachelor parties, birthdays, etc. Some of the requests are rather blatant and it's obvious the person is looking for a whore more than a slutty stripper. These I pass on to my cousin Kristen who just happens to BE a rather high-end prostitute so they're right up her alley. As a general rule, I stay away from "private" dates with one person and stick to groups. As Clint Eastwood might have said, a girl's got to know her limitations!

Anyone reading my dairy will find a few entries about such "referrals" from the parties where I work and from them, it would be easy to make the mistaken assumption that they represent the "norm" when actually they are quite the opposite. The reason they appear in my diary is because they are NOT normal or typical and which is why I write about them. I have told people over and over that my diary represent the "highlights" of my life, not the average day-to-day events. I have two criteria for deciding to make an entry - either it is something different and unique or it was something that had a big impact on my life, making me into who I am today.

Unfortunately, most of the latter are not always GOOD things but I feel they're just as important for people to read about me if they are to understand me at all.

Where I am going is that almost all bachelor parties and such are NOT all that wild and crazy, at least from my perspective. I would guess that at almost half of them I never even get fully nude - pretty damn close but at least a G-string remains. Of the remaining, over half of THOSE I never let anyone touch me and of THOSE, less than half get to do anything more than touch my butt and maybe my boobs. Sex is a RARE thing indeed and even then, usually limited to blowjobs. Full intercourse is VERY rare, so much so that almost every time it happens, it makes it to my diary so one look at the index tells you how seldom THAT happens!

Another thing that is rare for me is to accept a personal request from someone that attends a my party where I entertain. I'm talking about a request to meet them alone at some point after the party. As I mentioned before, most of those requests I defer to Kristen but in a couple of cases, I've kept them for myself and had some quite "interesting" times. Such was the case with Jack...

## 2. Jack Contacts Me

The party where Jack saw me was actually back in December. It was a 21st birthday party for some guy and all his friends pitched in to pay for some entertainment. I handed out cards afterwards and to be honest, never expected to hear from any of them. By the time Jack called me a couple months later, even I had forgotten about it! All I could remember was that it had been a bit boring as I never even stripped naked and nobody laid a hand on me. Usually when that happens it's because the guys are too cheap to pay for anything more!! That's why my policy has always been that I only "contract" ahead of time for a sexy dance and only to strip down to being topless with a G-string. Anything more than that has to be arranged at the party where I hold all the negotiating power, plus it helps to avoid any potential entrapment issues where someone could claim I was prostituting myself over the telephone.

Given their lack of enthusiasm for putting out any more cash, I hardly expected any of them to call me later for anything more personal - and substantially more expensive. Thus you can imagine my surprise when my "party" phone rang and it turned out to be Jack from the December show. Of course I didn't remember him specifically, and definitely not his name, but he knew enough details from the party that the odds were he was on the up-and-up. He was rather cryptic over the phone, not really saying what he REALLY wanted.

In the end, he invited me out to dinner where we could discuss potential "business opportunities". It didn't take the genius of a rocket scientist to know we weren't going to be talking about setting up an Avon franchise! Not having any idea what he was up to, I told him I would meet him at a local restaurant where I knew the booths were large with high backs so our conversation could be relatively private. Also, since we were meeting on a Wednesday night I figured it wouldn't be as crowded as it usually got on weekends. Heck, if nothing else it should be a free dinner so what did I have to lose? One thing I did do that I think surprised him was I asked him to send me an e-mail with a photo of himself. Jack was reluctant to do so but I told him I wanted to be able to recognize him when I entered the restaurant and it was non-negotiable so he finally agreed.

I didn't get his e-mail until the following day and then I was surprised to see that he sent it from his work e-mail account based on the company name in the address. I shook my head and asked myself why guys are such idiots. So many guys send me things from either their personal or work accounts and THEN ask me to keep the address private, Why in the world they don't set up another FREE account with one of the umpteen sites that offer them to use for things like this, I'll never understand.

You see for me, privacy on the internet is everything. None of my family or friends even know about my private e-mail account and I use it ONLY for my website activities. Guys like Jack get another account I use strictly for work- related stuff. Nobody gets my personal cell phone number except my family and closest friends. For "work" (like when Jack called me), I use a throw-away phones from Wal-Mart that came prepaid and I don't have to give out my name or anything. To me, all this isn't being paranoid, it's just common sense!

Unfortunately, I couldn't recall Jack from the party, even with the photo he sent me. I wondered if it was a recent one? Actually, he sent two photos, one of just him and the other looked to be a family portrait, sort of like the ones you have taken for a church membership directory. It looked like your typical, everyday middle-class WASP family with Jack, his wife, and two kids - a young boy and a teenage girl. I would have guessed the boy to be maybe eight and the girl somewhere around sixteen or seventeen but then she may have been younger.

Jack's wife was pretty, a tall brunette with long hair and a great figure from what I could tell. Unlike her mom, their daughter was a blonde and she was standing behind her parents in the portrait so it was hard to see much of her other than that she seemed to be quite cute. Based on the kids, that put Jack in his mid-thirties by my calculation, maybe pushing forty. In my experience, turning forty, more so than the "seven-year itch" was more reason for men to start straying. Call it "mid-life crisis" or whatever, but it seems they start to realize they are no longer teenagers anymore while their wives are typically more involved with outside activities and less sexually active when their kids get into their teens.

Well... so far it all seemed to be a fairly stereotypical situation. My guess was Jack wanted to prove he still "had it" and was worried if he didn't do it soon, he may never get the chance again to be with a girl my age. It was really a shame in a way, but then it also meant an opportunity for me! After all, it feels good to be the one a man like Jack turns to when he finally makes the decision to cheat on his wife and family.

## 3. Dinner With Jack

Wednesday night came quickly and I drove myself to the restaurant. During the day I had debated a while over what to wear and in the end went for the "girl- next-door" look more so than the "slut" image he was probably expecting (hoping?) for. I decided that I wanted to hear what he had to say before I gave him anything more than what he'd already seen at the party. Hopefully he remembered me from the last few minutes of the party when I finally took off my bra leaving my boobs exposed along with my bare ass while my pussy was barely concealed by a flimsy G-string. Granted, they only got to see me like that for a few brief minutes but I would be willing to bet that good 'ol Jack had masturbated that night at home imagining me going even further - a LOT further.

I loved going home after parties and try to picture how many men were jerking off at that moment because of what I'd showed them or maybe even done to them at the party. Now that I'd seen Jack's family, it made me even hotter to think about their loving father and husband, stroking himself in the bathroom behind a locked door as he closed his eyes and imagined how it would feel to have me suck his dick and then even fuck me.

Mmmmmmm, the thought of his cum shooting out onto his hand while he dreamed of cumming inside of me was SO hot!

As I stepped into the restaurant, I was surprised to see there was a waiting list. Fortunately, I was a little late so Jack must have already been seated as I didn't see him in the waiting area. I took off my jacket and I could almost feel the eyes of the men seated around me boring into me. It wasn't that I was wearing anything that particularly revealing, just pants and a t-shirt, but rather how it was how they fit me that caught their eyes. The t-shirt was pure white with glittery letters spelling out "Daddy's Girl" across the front. Being it was about two sizes too small for me, it clung to me like Saran-Wrap leaving little doubt that it was ALL I was wearing above the waist. It was opaque enough that my nipples didn't show through but being as tight as it was, they poked out even when I WASN'T cold. It was too short to reach my pants and even when I pulled it down there was about an inch of my tummy left showing.

In the process of pulling off my jacket, it pulled up and now there were two to three inches showing which I didn't bother to do anything about. My light tan pants were just as tight and seamless, fitting my ass like an expensive glove. Even the so-called "no-show" panties would have revealed themselves had I chosen to wear any - which I hadn't.

Around my waist I was wearing a studded leather belt my mom's best friend from Oregon had sent me for Christmas, more for show than anything as there was no way those pants were coming down even without it. The pant legs came down to the tops of my ankles, revealing my strap-on, three-inch high-heels. A simple gold necklace around my neck, a Pandora bracelet, watch, and diamond earrings were all the jewelry I was wearing.

My vain attempts to curl my hair enough to keep it from being completely straight had met with only with moderate success. At least it didn't look like I'd just gone swimming and dried it out with the car window open. As I approached the snobbish-looking high-school girl who was taking names, I felt a bit of satisfaction in seeing her glaring at me with barely disguised contempt. She was pretty good looking but still had that high-school image about her. I knew that when we were standing together, the guys were looking at me and not her, even though her skirt was about as high as her manager would have dared to allow anyone to wear. There were times I wouldn't mind being sixteen again but sometimes, being a little more sophisticated with just a touch of slutty was all a girl could ask for in situations like this.

I gave the little bitch Jack's name and she noted from her list that he had already been seated so she took me to his table. She didn't stay an extra second and promptly turned her back on me and strutted away. Jack looked just as he had in his photo which was a relief. It wouldn't have shocked me to see someone totally different or perhaps thirty pounds heavier with half the hair. I'm not a big fan of on-line dating but I've heard enough horror stories from friends that do to not have to have worried a little bit about who I would actually be meeting.

"Hi, I'm Kelly," I introduced myself.

Jack, ever the older gentlemen, stood up and pulled out my chair while introducing himself to me. His eyes gave me the once-over, well, make that two or three times over, and I couldn't help but notice they lingered on my bosom each time. What was interesting to me was that unlike most men, he made no attempt to hide what he was doing, almost like he WANTED me to see him basically undressing me with his eyes. Well, it's not like he hadn't already seen 99% of me before so there shouldn't have been much to leave to his imagination.

A waiter appeared promptly to take our drink orders. Jack waited for me and when I just ordered my usual Diet Coke, he took the same direction and ordered one for himself. While we waited for our soft drinks, we traded some small talk about the changing weather, the unexpected crowd this evening, and other minutia.

The waiter was quick and within a couple minutes had our drinks. Jack probably had plenty of time waiting for me to have perused the menu and I ate here enough to know what I wanted so we made our meal orders with Jack making sure the waiter understood it would all be on his check.

"Well thank-you for dinner this evening, Jack," I said as the waiter departed.

"Trust me, it's worth every penny to get to spend the time sitting across from you," he said with a smile, "Damn, you look hot."

I just smiled and shrugged, as if to say he was just being nice.

"Don't give me that," he chuckled, "You know damn well every guy in the joint was staring at you when you walked in... just like you had all of us eating out of your hands at the party."

It was the first mention by him of the party, or for anything related to it or his intentions for that matter so I took him up on it.

"So I take it you liked the party?"

Jack rolled his eyes and smiled at me, "Nahhhhh, overall the party sucked... just bunch of drunk guys and porn movies... but YOU dancing, now THAT was the only good thing all night."

"So why didn't you ask me to do more?"

Jack took a deep breath, his cheeks puffed out and he released it slowly, giving himself time to formulate his response. "Trust me babe, it wasn't for any lack of DESIRE. I just know the wife would have killed me if she ever found out and with THAT bunch, she would've for sure."

I studied the straw in my drink like it was a cryptic manuscript, waiting for him to make the next move. The silence was a bit awkward for a moment until he finally started to unveil why we REALLY were here this evening.

"OK, so I guess you want to know why I asked you to have dinner with me?"

I looked up from my fizzing drink and raised my eyebrows, signally he was 100% correct.

"Well... I just wanted to see if you were interested in... well let's just say I was wondering if you do more private parties?"

"MORE private?" I replied coyly, "As in 'just you' private?"

"Well... yeah."

"And just what KIND of party are you looking for Jack?"

Jack hesitated for a moment and then looked around, as if to make sure nobody was listening to our conversation. At least he didn't have to worry about me being wired - there was no hiding so much as a pea under THIS outfit without it showing through.

"Before I say anything more about that, I wanted to tell you that when I saw you at the party, the first thing I thought was how much you look my daughter Jenny."

Now I'd seen his Jenny in the portrait photo he had sent me and frankly, I didn't see the resemblance but it was a nice line so I let it pass. I couldn't help but poke him a little just for fun though.

"Oh, so Jenny dances for you topless in a G-string?"

Fortunately, he caught the sarcasm in my voice and didn't take it badly. Instead, he just grinned and responded with, "Of course not... but would you think bad of me if I told you that I WISHED she would?"

Ahhhhhh, now it was coming out. So Jack was a naughty daddy! Apparently this wasn't going to be the typical cheating husband whining about his sexless marriage. Jack had a thing for his daughter. Of course, I would be the LAST person to criticize a man for being in lust with his daughter but I wasn't about to tell Jack that! At least she wasn't some preteen sweet innocent girl with a perv father.

"Oh really? Hmmmmmm, so tell me Jack," I whispered to him as I leaned over the table, "Do you masturbate thinking about what you'd like to do with Jenny?"

No doubt the last thing he was expecting was for me to respond so directly. His face reddened and it was all I could do to keep from breaking out in laughter. What was funny to me was I was willing to bet it wasn't that he was embarrassed about being sexually attracted to his daughter, it was having to admit to me he masturbated that was the sin. Men seem to get so hung up about it, at least when it comes to talking about it. Sure they want to see ME doing myself but when it comes to them showing me how they stroke their meat... surprisingly few guys can do that. I wondered if Jack had EVER had a girl ask him if he masturbated, let alone do It thinking about having sex with his teenage daughter.

"Oh Jack... it's OK, everyone does it so don't be embarrassed," I encouraged him.

"I have... a few times is all," he whispered back to me.

"Cool," I responded with a grin, "SO be honest with me... after the party, were you doing it thinking about me... or about Jenny dancing like I was for you?"

Jack didn't have to reply, the guilty look painted all over his face was more than enough to tell me I had him nailed. It's not like I had to be the star of CSI to figure this out... he was just like most every other man is all.

"OK Jack, so you're just a normal guy," I continued rather than wait for him to reply, "But what does this have to do with me... at least now?"

Just then the waiter came with our meals, cutting off our discussion just at the moment when I thought Jack was ready to open up. It felt like I'd been working to land the big one and just as I got it into the boat, it escaped and now I had to start all over again. We spent a little time dealing with dinner and then it was back to our conversation.

"So Jack... you were about to tell me what it was you REALLY wanted from me," I said, reopening the discussion finally.

It was like Jack was almost relieved that the waiter had 'rescued" him earlier and his face reddened again as he gathered the nerve to reply to me.

"First, I want you to know I love my wife and I adore my daughter and I would NEVER do anything to hurt either of them. That includes ANYTHING with my daughter... if you get what I'm saying."

I bit my tongue as I fought the urge to respond. Good Lord, how many times had I heard THAT line before? Not only that, but it was almost always just before they DID do something that had their wife or daughter found out, would've hurt them badly.

"OK... OK, here goes...," he struggled to get it out. "OK, this is it... I was wondering if you would like to do some role-playing for me... like pretend to be my daughter?"

Well I already knew exactly what he wanted, it was obvious from the first time I seen his family portrait - why else send it to me? But he wasn't getting off the hook THAT easily. I wasn't giving him an inch. If he wanted me, he was going to have to work a little for it. I stayed quiet, waiting for him to continue. When I didn't respond, he took that as a tactic "yes" and continued.

"Have you ever watched the Taboo series?"

Well, given it was my father's favorite set of porn movies, at least a dozen times but I wasn't about to tell Jack that so I shook my head and pretended I'd never heard of it. "No, I'm not a big fan of porn."

Technically, I was being sort of truthful. I've never actually sat down and put a DVD in to watch a porn movie but I HAD seen plenty them thanks to my dad's perverted interests. And as for not being into porn movies, now THAT was truthful in that I really do NOT get off from seeing strangers doing it on video for money. While I know a few women who DO like porn, for the most part, it's designed and sold for men.

Jack reached beside him under his jacket that was on the chair seat and pulled out a plastic shopping bag and handed it to me. I peeked inside and saw it was a DVD he must have burned at home. It was labeled "TABOO" and so I figured it must have one of the movies, or more, on it.

"I was hoping you could watch this and then I'd love to do the last scene in the movie. You'll understand when you see it."

Well, it certainly was a first for me, that much was for sure. I've had lots of guys want to role-play with me, my father being one of my biggest fans when it came to having me act out various characters for him. However, none of them had ever directed me to act out a specific scene in a porn movie before.

"I tell you what, "he proposed, "Go home, watch it and then see what you think. If you like the idea, then you can call me and we'll see where things go from there, ok?

"And I would want to do this because...?" I hinted at him.

"Of course I would make it well worth your while to do this for me," he said in a low tone. "Just watch it and then we discuss that, OK?"

I put the bag with the DVD on the chair next to me and then I looked him in the eye and my tone changed, becoming more serious and business-like. "Just to get one thing straight, OK Jack? I am NOT a prostitute."

Jack gave me one of those, "who are you kidding?" looks, prompting me to repeat myself. "I mean it Jack. Sure I strip and do shows but I don't charge for sex... I'm NOT a whore."

"Hey, that's cool... however you want to play it's fine with me," Jack replied, holding his hands up in the air like he was being arrested, "I didn't mean to say anything to upset you."

I smiled and giggled, trying to take the edge off the rather tense scene that was developing.

"Sorry, I just had to make sure you know where I stand."

We dropped the subject and finished our meal without another word about his offer. I pressed him to discuss his family and I was impressed at how much he seemed to care for them and love them. Most guys at this stage are bemoaning how much weight their wife has gained, how uninterested in sex their spouse or so-called girlfriend is regarding sex, how unappreciative his kids are, how his daughter acts like a spoiled brat, and so forth.

If anything, it made me all the more interested in what he was proposing, whatever THAT really was. I'd seen the movie he'd given me and I remembered the final scene because it was one of the hottest I'd ever seen in any porn flick my dad had. Ginger Lynn plays the daughter whose father finally gives in to his lust after seeing her sleeping half naked in bed. It was an intimate scene, not like today's slam-bam so-called "reality" fuck scenes, and it almost made you believe they were really father and daughter. I didn't tell Jack I knew about the scene because I wanted HIM to tell me what it was he wanted from me.

With that, we finished dinner and we left with nothing more than a handshake. I think THAT disappointed him somewhat but what was he expecting me to do, throw myself at him in front of everyone? He could've made a move himself and I would've probably gone with the flow but since that didn't happen, a simple handshake was all he had to remember me by, at least for now.

# 4. Fulfilling Jack's Fantasy

Returning home, I watched the movie in its entirety. It really WAS one of the few porn movies I can honestly say turns me more every time I see it. In my humble opinion, Ginger Lynn sucks cock better than anyone I've ever known and I have to admit that I've plagiarized more than a few of her techniques. Even though I know she's just acting in front of a camera, she makes it look like she really ENJOYS sucking cock, rather than just going through the motions to get the guy off.

From the first scene where her sister's boyfriend fucks her in her sleep, to the last one where her daddy finally realizes his fantasies about his gorgeous daughter, I was masturbating almost the entire time! I could easily imagine Jack inserting himself into the scene, with his daughter Jenny playing the role of the daughter. The question was, how was I going to pull this off for him?

Although I knew from the time at the restaurant when he gave me the DVD what it was he wanted to do, I still waited almost a week to call Jack back, plenty of time to let him sweat it out a little bit. He'd given me his work number so I wouldn't accidentally talk to his wife or daughter when I called. Again, I had to marvel at his naivety in handing out such key personal information about himself to what was essentially a total stranger.

"Hi Jack, just wanted to say I watched what you gave me and I'm OK with everything," I said to the recorded message on his phone. I didn't say anything more in case someone else checked his messages for him. It was less than an hour when I got a call back.

"Hey Kelly, thanks for calling, I was starting to worry a little bit when you didn't call right away," he confessed. "So what now?"

Actually, I had planned everything out in my head for what I thought would be a fun evening but I didn't want to tell him all the details, as that would've taken out half the fun. So instead I asked him when his house would be available for just the two of us for a few hours.

Jack was silent for a few minutes and I could imagine him going through the calendar in his head. With a teenage daughter and young son, I imagined his home life was a bit hectic, not to mention his wife's dealings as well.

"You mean you want to do this at MY house?" he finally questioned me incredulously.

"Of course, where else?" I countered, not giving any more away than that.

"I guess I just assumed it would be somewhere else...," he drifted on, trying to come to grips with the new issues confronting him.

"Nope, it HAS to be your house if you want to do this," I insisted, holding my ground.

"Well, that doesn't leave much to choose from... as I'm sure you understand," he mused, "Hmmmmmm, how about Saturday afternoon? I know Jan was planning to take Jenny out shopping up north to the outlets for the day and I can probably pawn Michael off with one of his friends."

Amazing how quickly he seemed to adapt to the idea of doing it in his own home! Well, Saturday was fine with me. We established a time for me to come over and he told me where the key to the front door would be, The pan was at the start it would be like I was home alone. From there... well, he didn't need to know the details yet. With most everything in place, that left one rather important detail and I knew Jack had been avoiding it as well.

"I suppose there is the matter of your... compensation?" he finally came out and asked.

"That's simple... just leave an envelope out for me to take home when it's over," I instructed him, "I think a thousand dollars should cover my expenses."

There was silence on the phone and I could imagine the color of his face, but then again, maybe not. Was it red and blustery, upset with me for being so greedy, or white from the shock and the sudden concern over where was he going to come up with that sort of cash without anyone knowing about it, especially his wife. Well, I didn't care WHERE it came from and in fact, I'd rather not know in the first place. So long as I got the cash, I was happy. It WAS a lot, considerably more than I would have normally charged even for a party, but then I got the impression Jack was pretty well off. He could come up with it, I had no doubt about it.

"OK... you got it... see you Saturday," he said hurriedly as if he wanted to end the conversation before he lost his nerve. I hung up the phone and smiled to myself. A grand wasn't bad for a few hours' work, and tax free at that! Hmmm, maybe I should have asked for more?

This was one case where I really didn't have to prepare anything except to clean myself up and be on time. My plans included where I would be getting my clothes that Jack would be seeing me in and besides, I wouldn't be wearing much of anything for long anyway if things went as expected.

I entered the address in my GPS, even though I had a pretty good idea where he lived. Jack had a new home in a new subdivision someone had carved out of a valley, with streets that weaved their way around and homes set back into the hillsides. Their home looked to be one of the older ones, with the lawn fully grown in and even a few trees planted that might be useful to an owner twenty years from now. The brick driveway was empty so I parked in front of the middle door of a three-car garage.

Nobody seemed to be around in the neighborhood but you never know who might be watching out their windows so I quickly went to the front door, got the key out from under the mat (how original) and let myself in.

"Anybody home?!" I called out.

It would have shocked me had someone answered and for a moment, I regretted not peeking into the garage to see what cars were there. It would've been a wee bit difficult to explain to his wife why a total stranger was in her house!

Jack had described to me the general layout of the house so I first took a brief tour to get the lay of the land, so to speak. There was a formal living room to the left, along with a staircase to the second floor. A small office was to the right and the kitchen lay straight ahead. Once in the kitchen, a large formal dining room was to the left and a huge great room opened up to the right where a giant flat-screen TV dominated the corner and a set of couches and chairs would have allowed maybe a dozen people to sit comfortably. In back was an enclosed patio, complete with a covered hot tub that looked to be twice as big as the one my parents had while I was growing up. There was another staircase leading to the upstairs from the great room which I took to see what was up there. At the top was landing with a railing where you could look down at the entrance. A monstrous master bedroom dominated half the upstairs, complete with a king-size bed, huge bathroom, and a walk-in closet almost the size of my bedroom. Actually, the bedroom was bigger than my entire apartment!

There were three other bedrooms, much smaller than the master bedroom. One was obviously the boy's room, filled with models, sports posters and video games. The smaller room appeared to be used for storage leaving the larger of the three for Jenny. She was a girly girl, all pink and lace. I was a bit surprised to see a Hannah Montana poster which made me question my original estimate of her being as old as sixteen. Come to think of it, Jack had never told me the exact ages of his

Looking at myself in the mirror, it reminded me of one of my skimpier bikinis, the one my dad use to refer to as "Kelly's slut bikini". It was so revealing that while I loved to wear it around the house and on our deck, even I never dared to go to the public pool with it on as no doubt I would've been thrown out immediately!

Grabbing a towel from the bathroom, I headed downstairs and went out into the patio where I removed the cover from the hot tub. The controller was on the one corner and soon I was luxuriating in the hot streams of water. I nestled my back into one of the corners such that I was facing the house, laying my head back against the built-in cushion. Mmmmmmm, now this was the life!

If things were going according to plan, "daddy" should have come home by now and I tried not to look at the curtains so I wouldn't "catch" him and spoil the moment. Still, as much as I was enjoying myself, this wasn't just for my benefit so I wanted to be sure Jack was getting his money's worth so I kept one eye sort of peeking now and then to see if I could tell when he was around.

There it was! Just a small movement but definitely a deliberate one as the curtain moved just a hair. Well, time for "daddy" to see what Jenny did when nobody was home! Standing up and facing away from the house, I raised my arms up as if I needed to stretch but in the process, I clenched my ass and gave him a good side view of my boobs. Then I reached down and slowly untied one side and then the other of the bottoms, pulling it between my legs and tossing it to the patio floor besides the hot tub. That left me bottomless with just the tiny bikini top on, at least for the moment. Grabbing my bare ass with both hands, I kneaded my butt cheeks as if I'd been sitting down in the car for a long trip and it was feeling sore.

Careful not to look at the house, I turned and sat down on the corner edge of the hot tub, lifting one leg up and placing my heel on the edge. It was about as good a view of my crotch as I could give him without going up to the window and laying down spread-eagle for him. Looking down at myself, I started to run my fingers over my smooth pussy, just lightly touching myself at first, then tracing the tips of my fingers over me. Using my other hand to steady myself, I arched my back slightly as my finger found its way to my wet clit and I started to masturbate in earnest. My lips parted slightly as I gasped from the pleasure it gave me. it was no act - I was indeed feeling turned on, especially knowing I was being watched "secretly", not to mention the feeling I was getting from the actual physical touch of my finger.

As I masturbated, sitting bottomless on the edge of the hot tub with my top barely covering my boobs, I closed my eyes and tried to imagine what Jack was probably doing now. Was he stroking himself as he peered through the curtains at me? Was he seeing me or was he picturing his daughter in my place? Has he seen her in this bikini before, wishing she would take it off as I had, praying she would do just what I was doing now, masturbating for him to watch? Mmmmmmm, how hard was his dick right now?

God my pussy felt so hot and good!

I plunged my middle finger inside, touching myself and pretending it was a nice dick violating me, getting ready to fill me with its cum. My boobs strained against the tight top and I imagined how the top had contained Jenny's boobs, probably with a lot less stress! Had Jack ever seen his daughter's boobs in this outfit? Even with her smaller bust there would have been plenty for him to see. Had he ever gotten an erection from seeing his daughter in this sexy bikini? Did he get even harder seeing her than he was now, watching me masturbating as I wore her bikini?

Feeling even more turned on and horny than ever, I reached behind my head and pulled the string, releasing the knot and allowing the top to flop down, exposing my boobs. For the moment, I left the back tied such that the top remained tied around my chest but my boobs were totally exposed with the top hanging down inside out below them. As I continued to masturbate with my left hand, I massaged my boobs with my right, pulling on my nipples with my fingers, squeezing them with my hands. God, I was so close to cumming... so close!

"Oh god!" I gasped loudly, exaggerating the words to be sure Jack know what I was feeling.

My fingers rubbed my clit furiously now while my other hand just gripped my boob and held onto it like it was supporting me. Then it struck, making me cry out with pleasure as my orgasm jolted me like a lightning strike. As physically hot as I was from the hot tub, I still felt goose bumps raising all over my arms and legs. Damn, my wonderful pussy was tingling as I felt it almost cramping with pleasure. Then I started to imagine Jenny in my place. Had she sat in this very spot, wearing this exact swim suit, maybe masturbating just as I was? Did she make herself cum in this same spot, just as I was doing now?

Finally things started to calm down so I allowed myself to slide slowly into the hot tub water. When the hot water reached my crotch, it was like being poked with a Taser, rejuvenating my orgasm again, not quite sending me over the edge but still making me jump like I was being tickled. Finally I settled in, allowing the warm jets to pulse against my ultra-sensitive pussy, rubbing my firm boobs with both hands.

Once I had caught my breath, I slowly raised myself from the water, making sure I was facing the closed curtains, stretching and posing for my unseen audience before stepping out and wrapping the towel around me.

Grabbing the bottoms from the floor, I made my way back in the house and to the bathroom upstairs where I took a brief shower to wash off the hot tub water and associated chemical smell from the bromine. Of course, I left the door wide open and "forgot" to close the curtain all the way such that anyone who might be peeking in from the hallway would have a great view of me soaping myself down and then washing myself off. As I faced the shower head, letting the hot water beat against my breasts. I ran my hand between my smooth legs and groaned from the intense pleasure it gave me.

"Oh daddy... that's it... touch me... touch me just like that daddy... oh yeah, just like THAT," I moaned, just loud enough to make sure that someone outside would be able to hear me.

Turning off the water, I slowly and deliberately dried myself off, taking special care to rub a little more than necessary between my legs and then my boobs got extra attention from the soft terry towel. I found a blow drier under the sink and stood naked in front of the big mirror behind the countertop as I dried my hair. It looked a wreck but somehow I doubted that anyone watching cared how my hair looked! Mmmmmmm, I felt so good right then, the last vestiges of my orgasm were still tingling between my legs while the rest of me felt warm and clean.

Back in Jenny's bedroom, I laid the bikini over the back of a chair to dry out, telling myself over and over in my head not to forget to put it away before I left! Looking back through Jenny's drawers again, I finally found what I was hoping for, or at least close to it. She had a long nightshirt with a Pittsburgh Steelers emblem on it and a large number "7" on the back. Hmmm, another Ben fan! Well, I couldn't blame her, half the girls in Pittsburgh would've loved to have Ben, probably more like most than half. It fit me loosely and hung down just below my ass - enough to cover my butt when I was standing up but it would be easy to pull and out of the way up should the need arise.

Well, I'd been at the house for well over an hour now, almost two, so it was time to raise the ante a bit. I knew Jack was watching me, there had been a number of times he'd made a little noise or sound that would have tipped off his real daughter but fortunately I was a little more hard of hearing, or least so far as he was concerned I was. Now it was time to say hi to daddy!

"Daddy, is that you?" I called out, walking towards the door.

As I entered the hallway, I saw Jack standing there, tucking in his shirt and for a brief moment I couldn't help but smile as I realized he'd probably had his pants open and was masturbating while he'd been watching me. Let's just say that if he HADN'T, I would've been VERY disappointed in myself!

"Hi Sweetie, I just got home," he called out to me

Jack was trying to act as though he hadn't been watching me for the past hour but the bulge in his pants betrayed him, though I wasn't about to mention it. Had he ever met up with Jenny looking this way? Had his daughter ever noticed his erection when she stumbled upon him while he was masturbating? Did she realize WHY he was erect, that he had been thinking about her?

"I'm so tired daddy... I'm going to get a glass of water and then go to bed, is that OK?"

"Sure sweetie, whatever you want."

I walked slowly by him, not quite brushing against him as I passed him and headed for the kitchen. I could've just as easily grabbed something to drink from the bathroom sink using the Dixie cups stacked off to the side but that wouldn't have been nearly as much fun. Jack followed me down, silently watching me from the great room as I opened the kitchen cabinet doors until I found the glasses and then filled one from the refrigerator dispenser. As I drank, I allowed some of it to spill and wet the front of the t-shirt, causing it to plaster itself to my boobs, making the material almost transparent in the process.

"Oh darn, look what I did," I sighed, looking down at the front of me where I'd soaked the front of the t-shirt.

Jack was staring at my chest as well, subconsciously licking his dry lips as he stared at my boobs that were showing plainly through the thin material.

"Oh well, I guess I'll have to change now before I go to bed," I said, pretending to sulk and be upset with myself, acting as if I was totally unaware that I was practically naked in front of him for all intents and purposes. The best part was I knew the next time he saw Jenny wearing this t-shirt that he would remember this moment, and probably pray for her to be as accident-prone as I supposedly was!

"Good night daddy," I said, stretching up in my bare feet to kiss him on the cheek.

With that I headed up the stairs, taking my time to allow him to position himself below me. I felt the t-shirt ride up my ass as I stepped up but made no effort to pull it back down, giving him a bird's eye view of my naked ass and crotch as I took each step slowly and deliberately, apparently totally oblivious to the fact I was exposing myself to him as I did.

Back in Jenny's bedroom, I took off the t-shirt, dried myself off with the towel and located a pair of her underwear, a cute little pink cotton number from my friends at Jockey. Then I checked out her sock drawer and added a pair of white anklets. Staying topless, I pulled down the covers to her bed and laid down on my side, facing the door, with one leg under the covers and the other over them, with nothing covering myself on top but an arm draped to the side. I closed my eyes and pretended to fall asleep immediately, obviously exhausted and ready for bed. I figured I wouldn't have to wait long and I wasn't disappointed!

There was a soft shuffling sound at the door but I didn't move a muscle, pretending to be sound asleep and oblivious to the rest of the world. The scene from Taboo ran through my mind and I thought that if Jack was playing his "part", he would be at the doorway now, conflicted by his morality versus his lust. Even though I wasn't his real daughter, in some ways I imagined he might actually be feeling such a conflict within in. After all, I WAS , and pretending to be his own daughter, sleeping in Jenny's bed while wearing nothing but her pink panties and white socks. Where did the role playing start and end in his fantasy world? Was this perhaps becoming a little TOO real for him?

While I freely admit that I love it when a fathers confesses to me his true desires for his daughter, in my heart I know that 99% of them would never actually DO any of the naughty things that they fantasize about and that's the way it should be. I firmly believe that when it comes to fantasy, NOTHING is off limits, so long as if it involves someone else that they agree to it as well. But if it's strictly your own fantasy, let yourself do whatever turns you on in your mind.

Now mind you I don't necessarily agree with a lot of things that turn some people on and many of them even sicken me, but so long as I don't have to partake and nobody is hurt, so what? The only time there's a problem is when someone can't differentiate between their fantasies and reality. Child abusers, pedophiles, stalkers, rapists, etc. are prime examples of this type of person and I have no sympathy for them. If you want to masturbate while dreaming of raping your neighbor's hot wife next door, go for it. If you get turned on by the thought of having sex with an eight year-old girl, have at it. BUT, the moment you cross the line and touch her, well let's just say that I hope that Rocco drills your ass in prison!

I don't think I could have thrown in any more "daddy" references than I did but I knew it was what he wanted to hear, even if it was only his imagination that was making them come from his daughter's mouth.

His hand reached under the elastic of my panties and I felt him exploring under them, moving his hand down until his fingers were between my pussy lips. God, I was already soaking wet with anticipation! He easily slid one finger inside of me, his palm applying pressure on my clit, making my hips instinctively rise up against him.

"That feels so good... I love you to touch me like that daddy."

He pulled his hand out and tried to work my panties off. I raised my hips up, allowing him to get them down off my butt and he pushed them down to my knees where I slid them off with my feet and onto the bed somewhere. He moved down and laid between my legs, lightly stroking his fingers over my bare pussy as he stared at my crotch like it was the first pussy he'd ever seen.

"God your cunt is so beautiful," he whispered hoarsely, "I've dreamed so many times of how it would look baby."

He was immersed in his fantasy now. In his mind I was Jenny, his daughter he'd lusted for who knows how long, finally in her bed, finally letting her daddy have his way with her as he had dreamed so often of doing. He bent over and I felt his hot breath against my crotch as he blew softly against my bare skin, making me shiver uncontrollably.

Then his tongue reached out and he barely touched me, just lightly skimming it over my pussy as if he wanted this moment to last, afraid to go on until he had savored every moment he could. Finally he reached down and spread my pussy lips apart, exposing my wet pussy hole and my swollen clit. I couldn't help but jump as his lips enclosed my clit and he sucked on it gently, then ran his tongue over it and finally licked it, like a cow on a salt block. God, he knew how to lick pussy! Jenny didn't know what she was missing!

"Oh daddy! That feel soooooo good daddy," I moaned, louder this time. Thankfully, "mom" wasn't home!

My eyes widened as I felt him stuff first one, and then almost immediately after a second finger into my tight pussy, driving them as deep as he could into me, then stroking them in and out of me as he worked his magic with his mouth and tongue on my sensitized clit. It hadn't been THAT long since I'd orgasmed in the hot tub and it didn't take much to set me off again. Soon I was cumming... and cumming HARD.

"Don't stop daddy... oh fuck PLEASE don't stop now!" I begged him, no acting required anymore. Indeed, the last thing I wanted at this moment was for him to stop, just as my orgasm was taking off for orbit.

"That's it baby... cum for daddy... let daddy make his little girl cum," he whispered to me, exhorting me to cum - as if I need any further encouragement.

My hips raised up off the bed, pushing his head up with them and then dropped violently to the bed. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him in with my strong leg muscles as tightly as I could into my crotch. Whether he could breathe or not wasn't my concern, I wanted his mouth on me and I didn't want him to stop, not even for a second!

God, I was cumming so hard and to be doing it in his daughters bed just made it all the better. It went on and on and on, like it would never stop. I don't know how long it lasted, time loses its meaning in such situation. Finally I relaxed, letting my legs fall to the bed and he pulled his head up and off of me, drawing in his breath.

"Damn, you trying to suffocate me?" he teased me, "Wow, you can really cum hard, can't you?"

"Well especially when my daddy licks my pussy," I said with a naughty grin. Then I looked him in the eye and I knew exactly what words he was dying to hear me say, just what he needed to hear from his "daughter".

"Fuck me daddy," I said softly but firmly, "I want you to fuck me... now."

I've always said that the two sweetest words any man wants to hear are "fuck me" but actually, in special cases like this it's three words - "fuck me DADDY". Jack didn't want to hear Kelly Wells ask him to fuck her. She was just a whore to him, just a stranger who in the end, meant nothing to him other than a conquest he would masturbate about for the rest of his life. No, what Jack wanted to hear was his daughter JENNY begging her daddy to take her virginity, to fuck her like she'd never been before, to plant his seed in her, to mate her. THAT'S what Jack wanted to hear and I delivered it for him. Hey, for what he was paying me I'd recite the Pledge of Allegiance if that's what he wanted!

"Oh god... I want to so bad baby," he groaned.

I'd actually expected him to saddle up and fuck me but for some reason he remained between my legs, breathing heavily as if he was struggling with what to do.

"Oh baby... I want to... I really do... but..."

Wow, he really WAS immersed into his fantasy. He was so full of lust, so horny, that he was seeing me as Jenny. It wasn't play acting anymore, he was struggling with himself as to whether he could really go through with it now that his "daughter" was actually offering himself to him. I imaged in real life he WOULD have such a struggle.

Really, how many men, even if their daughter DID come onto them, would actually take advantage of the opportunity? Not many is my guess. Sure they masturbate and dream about it for the rest of their lives, probably condemning themselves for not doing it, but in the end I think most guys wouldn't fuck their daughters in real life regardless of how intense their fantasies might be. So now the question was, would Jack fuck his daughter? Well, he would if I had anything to say about it!

"PLEASE daddy... I want your hard dick in me. Show me how much you love me daddy. If you really love me, show me... prove it to me by putting yourself inside of me."

He was beginning to give in and I saw him start to get up and then fight it again.

"I want to be with you like never before daddy," I begged him, "I want to feel you in me, giving me your love... give me your love daddy, give it to me! I want you to prove to me how much you really love me."

That was it, his lust won, just as I knew all along that it would. Would his little Jenny have pushed him as hard as I did? I doubt it but so what? THIS was what he wanted and I was not going to let him have to suffer later with regrets for turning down the best sexual opportunity of his life.

Jack crawled on top of me, staying on his elbows to keep his weight off of me as his stiff cock poked against my crotch, trying to find the mark on its own. I reached down and grabbed his hard dick, touching him for the first time as I guided him to my welcoming pussy.

"Push daddy, push it in now," I begged him as I maneuvered the head into my hole.

Without a word Jack thrust his hips forward, driving the thick mushroom head into my tight pussy. God it felt so wonderful! This was one of the best moments of sex for me, the instant when his head first stretches me out and enters me, the moment of violation, the moment when his body joins together with mine and we become one, the moment when he takes me as his mate, the moment my body submits to his.

"Damn you're so fucking tight!" he croaked as he pushed himself further into me, grunting as his erect dick drove itself deeper and deeper into my wet warm pussy.

Finally Jack was all the way in me and I could feel the base of his cock pressing against my crotch, his thick pubic hair smashed against me, tickling me slightly as the coarseness of it contrasted with the thick bushy feeling.

"That's it daddy... it feels so good to feel you in me finally," I encouraged him, "I've dreamed so many times of you doing this to me."

Wordlessly, he began to stroke himself in and out of me, slowly at first and gradually picking up the pace. My hips thrust back in sync with him, driving him in as deep as I could, more each time it seemed as his dick stiffened even more from the feel of my welcoming pussy as it caressed him as only a woman's pussy can.

"That's it... fuck me daddy... fuck me!" I cried out, trying to get my legs around him as he drove himself into me over and over again.

"Oh god Jenny, I want to fuck you... I've always wanted to fuck you so bad," he groaned.

I loved it that he called me Jenny. Right now, in his mind he was fucking his daughter, not me. What really turned me on was knowing that for the rest of his life, no matter how he might try to rationalize it, he would remember exactly what he'd REALLY done. Even if it hadn't been the "real" her that he had fucked, in his heart and soul he was screwing his daughter just as real as if it was her laying on her back in her bed.

I would've enjoyed a few different positions, maybe a little doggie or cowgirl, but he was so immersed in having sex with his daughter that the thought of changing around never entered his head. Soon he was driving himself in me even harder, taking long, deep strokes, and I knew what was about to happen.

"Cum in me daddy... give me your love... prove to me just how much you really love me."

He groaned especially loud and he thrust one last time into me, pushing himself in as deep as he could inside of me, grinding the base of his cock against my crotch like he was trying to drill it just that last little bit deeper inside of me.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming baby, I'm cumming Jenny!" he cried out as he pumped me with his incestuous sperm.

OK, so maybe technically it wasn't incest but in his state of mind at the moment, he was filling his daughter with his cum just as surely as if it was her pinned under him. If SHE had been in my position, he would be filling her with his sperm, no doubt about it.

Over and over he unloaded himself into me, pumping every drop of his cum into my pussy and then, just as I was afraid he was going to collapse on me, he fell to the side, pulling his dick out of me as he laid on his back with his cum covered dick sticking up, glistening in the light.

I couldn't let it just lay there with his dick inviting me as it was, so I scooted over to him and took his dick in my mouth, tasting and smelling myself and his cum together on it. He groaned as I took his sensitive dick in my mouth, sucking the last bit of cum from it as it slowly dwindled in my mouth.

"Oh my god... that feels so good," he sighed, as he laid there limp, so exhausted he was letting me suck his dick without even touching me.

Finally it was totally flaccid and I gave it one last suck and let it drop from my mouth. I sat up in the bed and held it in my hand while I reached down and felt my pussy with the other as I could feel his cum begin to drain from me.

"Mmmmmmm, you're cums leaking out of me daddy." I said with a naughty smile as I licked it from my fingers.

Just then a phone rang. It must have been his cell phone in his pants on the floor. He wasn't about to get it so I got up but it stopped ringing before I could get to it. I handed it to him and he looked at it and his eyes burst wide open.

"Shit, that was Jan," he said sharply, suddenly checking back into reality.

Jack called his voice mail and I could've sworn as flushed as he had been, his face was almost white again. "She's going to be here in ten minutes. Dammit, you have to get out of here!"

I quickly grabbed my clothes and dressed. I started to reach for the bikini but he grabbed me by the arm and he looked scared to death.

"Please, you really do have to leave NOW. I'll take care of all this."

I looked at him again, that same look the waiter gives you when he hands you the check. Fortunately, he took the hint.

"Dammit...," he muttered, more from frustration than being upset over the payment I think. He grabbed his pants and pulled a thick envelope out of his pocket.

"Trust me, it's all there... now get out of here... PLEASE!"

I gave him a kiss on the cheek and ran from the house. As I turned out of the subdivision, a BMW passed me with a woman driver and what looked to be a teenage girl in the passenger seat next to her. I had no doubt who it was although they certainly were there sooner than the ten minute warning given to Jack.

I haven't heard from Jack since that day. I wonder how he managed to clean up Jenny's room in the few minutes he had after I had left before his wife and daughter had come home. Did he remember her bikini and even if he did, what did he do about it being wet? Did he make her bed? If so, how did he get the smell of sex out of the bedding, not to mention the wet spot under where we had cum? I would have bet good money that he didn't remember the pink panties that I'd pushed under the covers after I took them off with my feet. Assuming he forgot, what had Jenny said when she found them later? Did she notice the foreign smell in her sheets, the distinct odor of our sweat and sex? I couldn't help but wonder if maybe she put two and two together and figured out what had actually happened. If so, did she take the hint?

Well, THAT one was a long shot but a girl can dream, can't she? After all, that's what fantasies are for. I just hope Jack didn't pay the REAL price for making his fantasy come true (almost).

It might help to remind everyone that back in their teen years, my dad and his youngest brother were quite the hustlers from the way my mom described them to me. Both of them had sex with my mom (as well as her sister) while they were in high school but in the end, my mom married my dad while Uncle Jim married my Aunt Shari shortly afterwards. Being Uncle Jim was her husband's brother, my mother could have continued on having sex with him without violating her marriage vows, but my Aunt Shari was definitely NOT the type to condone such actions. Frankly, I've never really understood why my uncle married her in the first place being she is so prudish. Still, while he may have remained to faithful to his wife (out of fear more than love?) I saw how he looked at me when I was around, especially when I flirted with him a little.

Thus it really didn't come as a huge surprise to me to learn that when my dad suggested that I might be "available", any worries about the wrath of his wife fell away and soon he was doing what I think a lot of uncles like to do - fucking his niece. As I mentioned before, technically he wasn't committing adultery as I was his brother's daughter and thus a member of his family, but I doubt my Aunt Shari would've seen it the same way.

To be honest, while I'd always found it fun to tease him, my uncle isn't exactly the nicest guy in the world and the only reason I allowed his to fuck me was to please my dad. Even so, at first it wasn't all that bad. In fact, once he was doing me it seemed only natural for his son to follow in his footsteps and needless to say, Rick was more than willing to go along. Thus in the space of just over a week, I'd taught my youngest cousin about girl-girl sex and had sex with my uncle and his son. Quite a week, to say the least, but then in my experience, it seems that once when things get started they tend to take off rapidly so in retrospect, it really wasn't that surprising.

One thing that DID catch me a little off-guard was to learn that my mom had her eye on Rick as well. Once I'd broken the ice with Rick (during which she helped things get started but then stayed away once it heated up), it was only a couple of weeks before she took advantage of the Rick being a member of her family. Other than my uncle, Rick was the only guy to have sex with my mom since she married my dad and anything with my uncle was way back when they first got married.

Thus Rick was the first guy she'd been with in over twenty years besides my dad. Being a horny teenage boy with extensive staying power didn't hurt either! To be sure, my parents are VERY strict about adultery and anyone who knows me

together for Easter this year, the status was as follows: My dad and Aunt Linda were having sex regularly, she even stayed the night many times.

As for me and my dad, we typically got together Sundays before church, and maybe another time during the week but not usually given his heavy work commitments and my crazy party schedule. My dad hadn't been with Tammy since last summer, and it was a subject we generally didn't discuss as I knew his LUST for her was still there, but he realized that the opportunities simply weren't available.

So far as I knew, Tammy wasn't having sex with her brother anymore, except for maybe a rare party or so, and she avoided it with her father as much as possible. In some ways, it was for the best because if my Aunt Shari ever found them together, there would be hell to pay! It was bad enough that she was constantly battling Tammy about her taste in clothes (slutty) and the way she behaved in front of boys, (slutty as well), but INCEST would have simply been the straw that broke her back.

Which takes me to Easter, 2009...

The past few years our family has taken to going out for dinners on holidays rather than someone having to fix a ton of food and be forced to deal with the mess, clutter and stress of a big family dinner. While holiday brunches aren't usually very cheap, everyone gets to eat what they want, and as much of it as they can stuff down. Then the best part – when you get home there are no dishes or leftovers to deal with. Personally, I think it's a great idea.

This year our plans were to attend the Easter service at church together and then head straight to the hotel where the brunch was being served. Even though we had reservations, past experience had taught us it never hurts to get there early. Afterward dinner, the plan was to meet back at my Aunt Shari and Uncle Jim's house since they had the most room. Even though it was way too early for the pool to be opened up, hopefully the weather hold up and let us sit out on the deck without freezing to death!

## 2. Meeting My Dad Before Church

Every family develops "traditions" that are unique to them. Even if similar to others, there is something special about every family, something that makes them different from everyone else. Growing up, we had many of the "usual" traditions – Thanksgiving with the relatives, Mother's and Father's Day, how we spent the

usually enough to wake me. Every now and then though, I would be especially tired and I would wake to the feeling of my father's erection swelled up inside of me.

God I love that!

There is something incredibly erotic about knowing a guy has been fucking me while I was asleep, of being unaware of what he was doing to me, and then waking to feel him already in me. It was like he was taking me as his prize, regardless of whatever I might have to say about it. Unfortunately, now that I live in my own apartment, this "tradition" hasn't been practiced for quite a while.

One other father-daughter tradition my dad and me have developed over the years is our "pre-church fuck". Usually it's just before we are ready to head off to church, usually with me all dressed and ready to go. The way it works is he comes to my room as I am finishing up getting dressed. Then he simply lifts my dress or skirt, pulls my panties to the side (those rare time I wear) and fucks me.

Like the morning fuck tradition, it's typically nothing wild and crazy, just my dad having some quick sex with me and then cumming inside of me. It use to drive my mom crazy as sometimes he wasn't as quick as others and she would complain we were late for church, but I can't remember a time he stopped before climaxing in me. Actually, cumming inside of me was the REAL goal as it only took a few minutes to get to church and often his cum start draining from me as we sat in the pews. If I was bare ass under my dress or skirt, it wasn't a rarity for me to leave a small wet spot on the cushions!

I'm sure you can imagine how special it is for me to sit in church, surrounded by literally hundreds of people, and feeling my pussy tingle from having just been fucked by my loving father, seated to my side. I've often wondered what people would have said had they known!

This last "tradition" is something we have tried hard (no pun intended) to maintain, although with me moving out of the house to my own apartment it's required a few modifications. Now I have to get ready and go over to his house early enough to give him time to fuck me and still make it to church. When I lived at home, for better or worse HE set the schedule. Now it's up to me to get there on time and I'm not exactly known for being punctual!

Today was Easter and I knew the church would be packed so I had to get to my dad's house a bit early if anything. I was wearing my brand new Easter outfit, a simple white dress with a bow that wrapped around my waist and tied in back. It was strapless, dependent on the elastic in the ruffled "peasant girl" top that covered my boobs to keep it up in place. I fell in love with it at the store because it showed off my boobs nicely, just enough to cover my nipples but leaving plenty of cleavage exposed. Of course the hem line was a little shorter than most girls would have worn to church, but it was by no means a "slut dress" as my dad likes to classify most of the skirts and dresses that make up my wardrobe. After all, it WAS Easter and I felt a little more reverence than usual was called for.

Again, being it was Easter, I chose to wear a pair of white hose, the type with the elastic band at the top so you don't need a garter belt. The fact I could wear them without exposing the tops when I sat down was a testament to how much longer this dress was than what I normally preferred to wear. Granted, I had to remember to hold it down and tug at it a little but when I sat to keep it low enough, but even if I should "forget", it wasn't like my panties would be showing. Speaking of which, I wasn't really wearing panties but more of a white thong although, like my dress, it wasn't the most revealing pair in my drawer. In fact, I could have probably gotten away with wearing it alone at the pool except when it was wet it became rather transparent.

On my drive over I was excited even more than usual as it had been a few weeks since I'd last seen my dad. The previous week he'd been out of town on business and the week before Linda had stayed over the night before. Of course Aunt Linda knew about our Sunday morning tradition and she apologized to me profusely later at church, saying she had forgotten all about it once things got started the previous evening. What could I say to that? I knew the feeling...

Arriving at my dad's house (seems funny to call it that now), I pulled in and parked at the top of the concrete paved driveway rather than driving down to the garage. The garage was attached to the back of the basement - as it is in many Pittsburgh homes that built on the ever-present hills, and it was a steep drop once you started down the driveway.

Normally I would use the basement entrance as my dad spent most of the time when he was home in the family room which was part of the basement. On Sundays, however, he was usually getting the last minute things done in either the bedroom or bathroom so odds were he was upstairs (as in the second floor). Not to be lazy but I figured why climb up TWO flights of stairs when you didn't have to?

As I walked from my car to the front porch, I stood still for a moment in the middle of the sidewalk, taking a look around at the neighborhood where I'd spent my entire childhood. It was surprisingly quiet but I suppose that was because of the holiday. Even our Jewish neighbors weren't out working on the lawn today. So many memories...

Of course I had a key so I let myself in the front door. Setting my purse on the table in the entryway, I slipped off my white heels and silently padded my way up the hardwood steps to the second floor. As I took the last step up, my parent's room was in front of me but it appeared empty. To the right stretched the short hallway with my room adjacent to my dad's and the bathroom across the hall. Two smaller bedrooms flanked ours, one at each end of the house, but they were used more for storage now. My room still looked like the day I'd left and I smiled as I recalled some of the more pleasant memories of my childhood that it conjured up as I peered inside.

The bathroom door was cracked open and I peeked inside where my dad was trying to adjust his tie in the mirror. He had on his grey suit pants with a plain white shirt and a blue striped tie. His coat was probably on the bed, if I knew his habits, and from the warmth and humidity in the air, he must have just finished his shower not too long before.

"Hey daddy!" I greeted him, throwing the door open and reaching out to him. My dad smiled and dropped his tie, stepping over to give me a big hug. He looked at his watch and frowned slightly.

"Cutting it a little close this morning, aren't we?" he teased me.

True, church was supposed to start in twenty minutes but it was only a two minute drive to get there and with the crowd they would have this morning, odds were it wouldn't start on time anyway.

"Daddy! Don't be mean to me," I pretended to whine, putting my finger to my mouth and twisting my hips with my toes pointed to the floor like I would when I was twelve or so. Well, it worked just as good this morning as it had back then as my dad grinned at me and stepped back to look at my dress.

"That new?"

"Yeah, I got it at Macy's yesterday... what do you think?"

My dad grinned even more broadly and replied, "Well, if you MUST know, it covers WAY too much but then I guess it IS an Easter dress."

I giggled and flipped up my dress to flash my bottom. "See, I even have panties on this morning!"

My dad rolled his eyes as if I had just announced the end of life on Earth as we know it. "My oh my, just goes to show that miracles DO occur on Easter!" he teased me some more.

My hands reached up to the bust of my dress and I slipped my fingers just inside and pulled the top down, the elastic stretching to allow it to pull over my boobs and then tighten again just underneath, leaving them exposed with my nipples all nice and perky for him.

"Is this better?" I asked innocently.

"Mmmmmmm, MUCH better," he sighed, his eyes fixed on my boobs.

It wasn't like he'd never seen them before but still, I loved it when he stared at them. My hands cupped them and I hefted them up and down a bit, like I was comparing two cantaloupes at the supermarket. "God I love your tits," he groaned softly, reaching out with one hand to pinch my nipple and then placing it flat on my breast and squeezing it slightly.

"We have to get going daddy... you gonna fuck me or what?" I said with a grin.

God, how many times had I said those words, or something similar? "Fuck me daddy," were his three most favorite words and no matter how many times I said them to him, he never seemed to grow tire of hearing it. I guess having your own daughter ask you to fuck her is something a father never can hear too often.

Reaching down to his suit pants, I pressed against his crotch where I could feel his dick through the thin material. It wasn't like he was fully erect, or even half-way there so I knew I had to give him some help to get started. It wasn't his fault... between being in his forties now and the high blood pressure medication, there were times his dick didn't always respond quite up to expectations. In the more extreme cases, I might just give him a BJ as I found that a man doesn't have to be erect to cum - it just makes it a lot harder to get him inside of me when he's not as stiff as he could be.

"Sorry babe, guess it's gonna be one of those mornings...," he tried to apologize.

"Well, we'll just have to see what I can do about it," I said determinedly, squatting down on my tip toes in front of him as I undid his belt and pants.

I wasn't about to kneel in the bright white hose I was wearing and getting all undressed was NOT an option when you're on a time-crunch. After unzipping his pants, I pulled his boxer shorts down enough to let his semi-flaccid dick flop out.

Hmmmmmm, I certainly had my work cut out for me, that was for sure, and not much time to do it.

Taking his soft dick in my mouth, I cradled his balls in one hand as I used the other to keep my balance by holding onto the bathroom entrance molding. He smelled of soap with a slight hint of sexual musk as I felt his soft dick in my mouth against my tongue. Letting him out until I was holding just the head in my mouth, I used my tongue to tease the tip of his dick, playing around the edge and tickling his hole at the tip. My fingers were running through the thick hair of his crotch as I heard him moan slightly as I sucked a little harder on his dick head, then taking it all back in my mouth again.

"Oh baby, that feels so good," he whispered to me, not to be quite but more not to break the mood that was beginning to develop, "God I love it when you suck my cock. You look soooooo beautiful with my dick in your mouth."

Indeed, I could feel the stirring of his dick as my mouth worked on him. Thankfully things were looking up this morning - and I mean that in more ways than one! I really wanted him to fuck me bad this morning, especially since the whole family would be at church this morning. Even my older Uncle Paul and his family would be there, including his two daughters Ginny and Laura. They were both a little older than me and I'd never done anything sexually with any of them (if you ignore a certain bachelorette party years ago).

Still, to greet them and talk to them, all the while feeling the aftereffects of my dad having fucked me literally a few minutes earlier, was something I didn't often get to experience. Mmmmmmm, I wanted his cum IN me when I was sitting with them, even if they didn't know about it, I would and that was hot so far as I was concerned.

It only took a few minutes of determined cock-sucking to get him stiff enough to do what I wanted. I figured once he was in me he would continue to grow so why waste any more time than necessary with the clock ticking? Grabbing his wet dick in my hand, I released him from my mouth and looked up at him with a grin on my damp face.

"Mmmmmmm, you ready to fuck me now daddy?"

"Like I would ever say no?" he chuckled.

He had a point.

I stood up and turned away from him. He lifted up the back of my dress and I dutifully leaned forward with my hands on my knees, raising my ass to him. he could have simply pulled them down to my ankles but instead he reached under the crotch with his fingers and pulled them over to the right, exposing my warm, wet pussy. Without another word, I felt him push his semi-hard cock against my pussy, working the tip between my wet pussy lips. Had he been stiffer, he could have simply shoved it in me but now when he pushed, he just bent and I wondered if I should have sucked him a little bit more.

"Damn, STILL incredibly tight," he said more to himself than me.

I smiled and once again was thankful I had resisted the temptation to use over-sized dildos that just stretched you out without making that much of a difference in how you felt. Back when I was in my teens, men EXPECTED me to be tight but now that I was 24, it was almost like they were surprised that I was still as tight as most girls many years younger than me.

I was tempted to reach between my legs and help guide him in but I didn't want to embarrass my dad. I figured he would eventually work it in me and it wasn't long before my patience paid off. His head suddenly was in just the right place at just the right time and it popped into me in one quick move, the entire head now safely buried inside of my pussy.

"Yes daddy, that's it... fuck me daddy," I said on a soft voice, hoarse with my lust for my father's hard dick. The fact it was hard because of ME is what made it so special.

Just recently a guy asked me if it was still special to have my dad fuck me. I told him that it was something totally different than being with any other man. To be perfectly honest, my dad isn't the BEST lover in the world and I've had many cocks that were a lot bigger than his and that could perform better. Bu then, sex with my dad wasn't about the SEX - it was about submitting myself to my dad in the most intimate and personal way I could. Now I am not talking about submission as in BSDM, but rather the ability to give myself totally to my dad without any strings attached, or holding back in any way. Sex with my dad was a means to an end, not the goal.

As he pushed it in me, I could actually feel it getting thicker in me and I was pleased that my plan was working. Indeed, it wasn't long before he was fully erect, or at least pretty close to it. I could feel him stroking it in and out of me, taking me as his, using me to satisfy his most lustful desires. To be able to do this for my dad, to please him and honor him in a way so few girls ever do for their dads, was special to me, VERY special indeed.

"Cum in me daddy," I begged him, knowing he undoubtedly wanted to as well but a little encouragement never hurt. "Give me you cum daddy... Show me how much you love me daddy!"

Indeed, THAT was what is was all about, my dad loving me and proving it to me in the most precious and loving way possible. Granted, my dad didn't HAVE to prove anything to me. I know he loves me, sex or not. It's no different than telling someone you love them. Of course you know they love you, but still , you want to hear them say it. So it was with sex with my dad. I know without a shadow of a doubt my dad loves me as only a father can love his daughter but to have him SHOW me by cumming in me and giving me his sperm... well THAT makes it special indeed, as I think most people would agree.

"OH god baby, here it is..." he groaned as I felt him push his dick into me as far as he could.

His crotch was pressed against my ass now, his pubic hair tickling my bare butt as he drilled his dick into me and the ground it even deeper inside once he was in me. Again and again I felt it, that brief burst of warmth deep within me that signified my father was shooting his cum into me, deep inside of me. He didn't take long to unload and after staying in me for just a few seconds afterwards, he pulled out reached down to pick me back up so I was standing before him.

"Oh Kelly, I love you so much," he whispered softly to me, his face flush with the expenditure of his lust, "That felt so damn good!"

Adjusting my thong back in place again, I pulled down my dress and tried to straighten it out as best I could. Lifting my top back up again over my boobs, I checked myself out in the bathroom mirror to be sure it was properly arranged. I was a little flushed, not as much had I cum but then, this was about my DAD'S needs, not mine. It wasn't like I was hurting for sex and had to go to my father for it. What was important to me in situations like this was that I pleased HIM, that I satisfied HIM, not necessarily me. Yet by satisfying him, I was also satisfied so it was a win-win for us both. Had it been anyone else, I might have felt a little cheated but not with my dad. Seeing the look of satisfaction on his face, the sight of his wet, flaccid cock covered with a mixture of my pussy juices and his incestuous cum, was all I could ask for.

"Dammit, we're gonna be late," he hissed as he looked at his watch.

I told him I would meet him out front as I had to move my car but instead we decided to just take my car so we could get going faster. Slipping on my heels, I grabbed my purse, digging out my keys as we rushed to my car. Once inside, I backed out from the driveway and we were on our way.

"Mmmmmmm, I love looking at your crotch after we fuck," he said with a smile on his face while he looked over and down to my crotch, 'You have no idea how often I use to dream of seeing my cum oozing out of you like that when you were younger."

I pulled up my dress with one hand while trying to drive with the other, exposing my thong to him.

"Awwwwww, did my baby wet her panties?" he teased me.

I looked over at him quickly, raising my eyebrows and giving him my most "you're clueless" stare. "Daddy!! You know what that is!"

My dad reached over and pushed his finger against my pussy, right over where the wet spot was showing which happened to be right over my pussy hole.

"Maybe it's a good thing you wore this today," he grinned, "Wouldn't want anything dripping down your thigh when you shake the Pastor's hand!"

Actually, it wasn't all that much of a joke. It wouldn't have been the first time he'd loaded me up especially full and when I stood up during church to sing I would feel it drain out of me and down my leg. Yep, good old "cum down the leg" - yet another reason for a girl to always carry some Kleenex in her purse!

Today, however, I didn't think he had cum all THAT much in me, given the "hard" time it took to get him erect. Sometimes it can really be hard to tell how much a guys is leaving when he cums inside of you. It can even be difficult to tell when he actually does cum as the warmth it gives me isn't all that intense, more a passing feeling that afterwards you have to wonder if you really even felt it. Still, I would be surprised if very much drained from me this morning, if any did in the first place other than the slight wet spot that was staining my underwear.

Traditions... the things that make a family a family. Mmmmmmm, I LOVED this tradition!

## 3. Easter Church Service

As late as we were, it came as no surprise that the church parking lot was crammed full. Fortunately, I spotted my Uncle's van so I double-parked behind it, figuring we would be leaving at the same time anyway. As we stepped inside, the last of the prelude was playing and we had just enough time to find the relatives before the service started.

Thankfully they had saved a couple of seats for us and I found myself seated next to Ginny, my oldest cousin with the fake boobs. She and her husband had married almost five years before and had yet to have any kids but I guess that is more normal these days for people to wait rather than rush right in and start procreating. As I mentioned, she'd had a boob job done a while back and she still loves showing them off. No matter what outfit she wore, you could count on it being low-cut or tight, whatever made her boobs look their best. My dad had often expressed how he would have loved to get a feel of them but it just goes to show that not all fantasies can come true.

There were fifteen of us in all, counting my Aunt Linda and Kristen. They were seated at the opposite end of the pew so I wasn't about to say anything to Kristen about me and my dad this morning. My dad use to fuck Kristen quite a bit, starting when I first went to college and she volunteered to "stand in" for me. These days, with her becoming a professional whore and all, it was like my dad wasn't as anxious to be with her, preferring her mother more than ever. Personally, I could understand his feelings. After all, when a girl's on her back with umpteen strange men a week, it's sort of hard to see her as your cute little innocent niece anymore. But Kristen had always been a slut so I doubted the prostitution gig was the issue. I think it was simply with my mom gone he found more satisfaction in being with a more mature woman like my Aunt Linda - something Kristen would never be accused of!

Next to Linda and Kristen was my cousin Tammy and her family. I only got a quick glimpse at her when I sat down but it was enough to recognize who had dressed her this morning - obviously her mom. Both she and Kate had on long dresses that covered everything up pretty well. It's not that the dresses were ugly or anything, quite the contrary. They were quite beautiful and it's only guys like my dad that probably were wishing they had been a bit more revealing - which most likely included most of the men in church!

The church was packed and even with the cool morning, it was still stuffy and hot. I found myself thankful I was wearing something as light as I was since it didn't look like they would be turning on the air-conditioning (cheapskates!). A few people were fanning themselves with a bulletin and I noticed even my dad was playing with his collar a bit as if trying to loosen it up. Oh well, an hour or so and it would all be over.

When we stood up to sing the opening hymns, I noticed Tammy slipping out from the end of the pew and heading out of the sanctuary. Was she OK? Neither my Aunt Linda or Kristen were following her so it must not have been anything TOO serious. Even so, she had left with this strained look on her face so I had to wonder if maybe something WAS wrong and she just hadn't told anyone about it. I whispered to my dad that I would be right back and quickly made it out just as the final verse was concluding.

Looking around, I didn't see any sign of her so I went down the stairs to where the restrooms were and stepped inside the Women's restroom. Tammy was in there alone, leaning forward in front of the sink with her hands resting on each side, holding herself up as she hung her head down.

"Hey kid, you OK?" I asked quietly, closing the door behind me.

Tammy looked up and me and grimaced, her face looking flushed and slightly shiny with sweat.

"I don't know what happened, I just felt hot and weak all of a sudden, thought maybe I just needed to walk around," she replied slowly, not even looking up at me as she did.

"Can I get you anything? I asked, moving in closer to her and putting my hand on her back. Damn, she was trembling!

"Oh Kelly, what am I going to do?" she started sobbing, covering her face with her hands.

As I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about, I just stood there, waiting for her to spill it in her own time.

"I'm late," she said simply.

Oh my god, the three words no girl wants to hear, at least not when you're sixteen! Damn, now THIS was more than I'd expected to be walking into, THAT was for sure.

"Really... are you sure? Haven't you ever skipped one before?"

Tammy started to sob again but I felt I was obligated to try and find out all I could.

"Never... never ever," she whimpered, "It's always on schedule, ALWAYS... Oh god Kelly, what am I going to do now?"

Immediately a million thoughts raced through my head. It was like being in a time warp. It's amazing how much you can process in such a situation! Who was the father? Did she even have a clue? If she was as sexually active as rumors had it, it could be any of several boys. God, what it if was her dad's... or her brother's? How in the world was she going to deal with her mother? It's not like she would be supportive - more like throwing her out of the house.

"Did you test yourself?"

Tammy shook her head, "No... I'm afraid to I guess."

Yeah, like being in denial was going to determine if she was pregnant or not. At the same time, it gave me a little to hope for. So far as I knew, Tammy had been on the pill for years now, thanks to my mom's friendly and understanding gynecologist. So far as I knew, her mother had no idea she was taking them because if she did, she no doubt would have raised hell with everyone involved. Of course, nothing is 100% effective but still, the odds were heavily in her favor.

"Look, right after church I'll stop and pick one up, OK?" I offered, "You really need to be sure. It's probably just your clock having a hiccup so don't get so worried now."

She didn't exactly become perky but at least the sobbing stopped. I hugged her and she hugged me back, just two girls, two cousins, supporting one another. She had grown quite a bit in the past couple of years but was still a few inches shorter than me. She was quite a pretty girl, even with the swollen eyes and red face.

"Look, I'll go back upstairs and tell everyone you're ok... it's just a woman thing," I told her.

My mom had taught me early on that if there was ever anything you didn't want to discuss with a guy, just say it was a "woman thing" and that always shut off the conversation. Guys no doubt had no idea what I was talking about, but they didn't want to admit it so they just dropped the conversation. I was sure if I went back up and used the old standby excuse, nobody would worry any more about her, even if she didn't return to the service at all.

Sure enough, when I got back to my seat my dad whispered to me, asking me if everything was ok. I gave him the standard line and it was all I could do to keep a straight face as he silently nodded, as if he knew what I was telling him. Looking down the pews, I saw Kristen and Aunt Linda looking at me and I just gave them the thumbs up, figuring I could explain it all to them later.

The rest of the service was a blur. Whatever satisfaction I had entering the church regarding my dad's cum in me was set aside by my concerns over Tammy. Of course I had to believe like I was sure she was OK in front of her, but in reality I had to wonder if maybe she WAS pregnant. After all, it wasn't like she had a supportive mother to help her remember to take her pill on time. Had she forgotten one? Even missing just one lowered the odds of being protected dramatically.

# 4. Brunch

After the service I quickly excused myself, asking my dad if he could hitch a ride to the brunch as I had forgotten something that I needed to get. He looked at me with a little question to his expression but he didn't push me. I wondered if he connected it in any way with Tammy? Kristen managed to corral me just as I got to the parking lot but I put her off as well. I figured the fewer people that were in on it, the better, at least until I knew for sure one way to the other.

I drove straight from the church to the nearest CVS and picked out a pregnancy test kit, one that promised super-fast and accurate results. The woman at the checkout counter looked at me when I set it down on the counter but I just ignored her. She could think whatever she wanted, I really didn't care one way or the other.

Even with my stop, I'd left the church in such a hurry that I arrived at the brunch at the same time as the others. My dad REALLY gave me the eye this time, but I didn't say anything, again not wanting to say a word until I knew for sure. IF it proved to be positive, there was plenty to discuss, that was for sure. I worked my way over to Tammy and told her to meet me in the restroom as soon as we got seated. She looked at me and I nodded towards my purse. She didn't look especially happy about it but she shrugged and agreed to meet me.

All I could think about as we walked into the ballroom where the brunch was being held was Tammy. I'm sure I was getting plenty of looks from the men and boys we passed on the way but this wasn't the time for fun. I was much more worried than I'd let on to Tammy. Like, if she WAS pregnant, how much would come out about her sex life - not to mention how she got started? Would anyone else in my family be implicated - maybe even me? How would she deal with it? On the one hand, her mother would never go along with an abortion but at the same time, I couldn't imagine how she would handle a pregnant daughter and bastard grandchild either.

As soon as we were shown to our table I told my dad that I needed to use the girl's room. Naturally he was suspicious but what man is going to question a girl when she says she has to use the restroom, even if she is your daughter? Tammy was right behind me and while the restroom was temporarily empty, I took her by the hand and led her to the handicapped stall. It was a little ironic in that I'd had some interesting experience in such stalls in the past but never under such circumstances.

Once inside, I bolted the door shut and pulled the test kit from my purse. Tammy gave me a questioning eye and to be honest, I wasn't sure how to use it myself so I pulled out the instructions. It seemed pretty easy and straightforward and then there was the longest five minutes of my life. It was almost like I was the one being tested, at least you would have thought so the way my stomach was churning and tied up in knots. I could only imagine how hers was feeling!

Oh my god!! It was negative! Suddenly it was like this huge weight had fallen from my shoulders. Tammy must have felt the same way, in spades, as she slumped and I was afraid for a moment she was going to pass out so I let her remain sitting on the toilet seat until she fully grasped what it meant.

"So that means I'm not...," she started out, almost afraid to finish the question.

"That's right girl, you're OK," I assured her. She started sobbing again, except this time it was more from happiness than worry.

"Hey, I know how you feel... I've been late myself a few times... it's scary," I tried to reassure her. "I'm sure it'll start any time now."

She settled down and I helped her wash her face off and fix her makeup. She was smiling now and getting back to her normal perky self again - not quite but at least on the path.

"Hey, let's get something to eat!" I said, literally pulling her out of the restroom.

Soon we joined our families and I could tell my dad and Kristen dying to know what was going on. I assured them I would tell them everything but for now, all was ok so not to worry. I wasn't about to start telling them until I had the time to tell them everything.

The food, as always, was incredible. I sat at a table next to my dad with my Aunt Linda and Kristen across from us. Then who should sit next to me but Rick. I knew why he chose that seat - so he could look down my dress while I ate - and stare across at Kristen and my Aunt at the same time! He wasn't the worst guy in the world, not nearly as bad as his dad, but he wasn't exactly subtle either. So far as I knew, he'd never done my mom's sister, something I had sometimes wondered about. I was sure the two of them had to discuss him and Linda must have known what her sister and nephew were up to. Still, to the best of my knowledge she never so much as flirted with him.

Actually, if you ignored Kristen's boyfriends, I'd never seen my Aunt make any sort of move with a guy much younger than her. I got the impression the main reason she messed around with her daughter's boyfriends was more from the thrill of being a genuine MILF than any true attraction to them.

"Getting a good look?" I whispered to him after he made an especially obvious peel down my top.

"Not as good as I'd like," he came right back, not in the least intimidated by me knowing what he was doing.

Then it hit me, like a fairy godmother has smacked me on the head with her wand. What a day it had been already. First I'd woken and, as usual, masturbated before driving to my dad's where I was fucked quick and fast. Then just as I thought it might be an erotic day at church, came along Tammy and her potential issue. Well, THAT turned out to be all for nothing and now here I was, leaning over to let my perverted cousin get a peek down my dress! Indeed, that is exactly what I was doing, leading him on and getting myself off knowing he was getting turned on by me.

Indeed, it hit me hard! Ever suddenly feel so incredibly horny you thought you were going to burst? Has your pussy ever suddenly almost cramped with the need to be fucked? Have you ever felt your face flush and your breathing become erratic as the only thing you can think about is the dick on the guy next to you? Well, if you have then you know how I was feeling all of sudden. Masturbating had felt good but it only made me hornier. Being fucked by my dad was fulfilling but it left me physically wanting.

I'd thoughts of masturbating in church and maybe even getting laid but all those thoughts had disappeared when my cousin had her issues. It was like the perfect storm, the waves of unfilled desires from all three events converging on me at once, with the means to satisfy those desires sitting right next to me. Of course, my dad was on the other side of me but in all fairness, it would've been asking a lot of him for a repeat performance this soon.

Getting it up again was NOT a problem for Rick, that was for sure. At twenty years-old, he may no longer be technically a teenager but if anything, his sexual prowess was stronger than ever. If anything, he was better than ever as instead of being an aimless teenage boy, just wanting to stick his dick anywhere he could put it, now he was more mature and had his emotions more under control - but not TOO much so, thank goodness!

My legs were crossed and I squeezed my thighs together, making my pussy twinge with lust. God, I wanted to be laid SO badly! Sure, I probably could have found someone in the crowd or on staff, but why go through the bother when there was a willing dick right next to me, just waiting for me to say the word? It had been a long time since we'd had sex and no doubt, he probably thought I was just teasing him as usual, but he had to have SOME hope deep down that MAYBE he had a shot at me. Mmmmmmm, if only he knew. Well, time to let him know!

Reaching over under the long tablecloth, I rested my hand on his crotch. Sure enough, the bulge under his pants was there. If anything, the feel of his dick under my palm made me even hornier, if that were somehow possible. I looked over at Kristen, who was keeping a close eye on me and I saw her lips tighten, trying not to smile as she obviously knew my condition - and what I was doing about it. No doubt she would have joined had I asked, but there wasn't all that much time and besides, I was in no mood for sharing at the moment.

"You are SUCH a fucking tease, you know that?" Rick whispered to me.

I couldn't blame him for assuming I was just teasing him as after all, that was what I usually was doing in such circumstances. However, in this case I wasn't teasing - I wanted it - and bad!

"Follow me and we'll see who's teasing," I responded with a naughty smile and a wink.

Rick's eyes widened and his eyebrows lifted. Then they narrowed and he looked at me, apparently thinking I was just teasing him all the more.

"Yeah right," he grumbled, figuring he was not going to be tricked again. God, guys can be SO stupid sometimes!

Without another word, I excused myself from the table, telling my dad I had to use the girl's room again. He looked at me a little strange, as if to ask me how many times I needed to use it today but he held his curiosity in check and just waved me off, returning to his discussion with my Aunt. I looked down at Rick and winked before picking up my purse and heading out of the room. Looking back, I saw Rick folding his napkin and saying something, probably some excuse for why he needed to leave for a while. He quickly pushed his chair back in and met me in the hallway outside the ballroom.

"Well, what's the story Kelly?" he asked, "Is this just another 'tease poor Rick' escapade or what?"

I looked around but there were far too many people about to do anything TOO forward. Instead, I leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "For crying out loud, quit whining. Now do you want to fuck me or not?"

With that he grinned and replied, "Stupid question - where?"

Typical guy, leave it up to the girl to figure things out. Fortunately, I'd already found the perfect place so I lead him down the hall to where the restrooms were located. I had him stand outside the women's restroom while I went in to scope it out. Once again it was empty. There was another set closer to the ballroom where most of the women must have been going but who was I to complain?

"Hurry up, get in here!" I hissed as I opened the door and stuck my head out.

Rick looked up and down the hall and them after satisfying himself that nobody was looking, he quickly stepped inside and pushed the door closed behind him.

"Damn, no lock," he cursed after checking out the entrance door.

"That's OK, in here," I said, opening the door to the same stall that Tammy and I had occupied an hour or so earlier. Rick looked around and shook his head, but smiling the entire time.

"This is insane, you know that, don't you?" he growled.

"What's the matter, haven't you ever done it in a public restroom before?" I teased him.

"Hell no, have you?" he shot back.

At first I think he said that just to show he was no different than me, at least in terms of our restroom sexual experiences, but when he saw the grin on my face he realized he was wrong.

"Shit, you HAVE, haven't you! You little slut!"

I just grinned, accepting the compliment, lame as it was. Rick wasn't wasting any time now that he realized I was serious. Before I could say another word, he had reached out and pulled my dress down, exposing my boobs as I had done for my dad earlier today.

"I've got to say, you have the best boobs in the family," he whistled softly as he reached out to grab them with both hands.

I doubted he had any idea how special that made me feel. Back when I was a teenager my boobs were a constant source of frustration and embarrassment for me. I was the last girl to NEED a bra in my circle of friends and while my best friend was moving from a B to her first C cup, I was barely filling out an A. Thankfully, my boobs didn't stop developing until I was in my twenties and today I'm quite proud of them, late as they may have been in arriving.

I reached behind me an untied the bow that gathered the dress around my waist. Reaching down, I crossed my arms and grabbed the hem, pulling up and over my head until I was left standing there with it in my hands. I hung it up on a hook on the back of the stall door, then turned to him wearing just my thong, hose and heels. He was staring at me, waiting for me to make the next move and I knew what he wanted so I pulled my panties down to my ankles, then stepped out of them; leaving me now in just my white hose and heels, which I fully intended to KEEP on.

"So what do you think Rick?" I asked in a sultry tone, turning around for him to get a nice view of my bare ass and then back to facing him again, my nipples pointed out at him like missiles ready to launch.

The blank look on his face, the open mouth, the wide eyes, and most of all – the bulge in his pants, told me all I needed to know.

"Well, are you just going to stand there or what?"

That seemed to jolt him back to reality and he quickly unbuckled his pants, pulling them down with his boxers, leaving his shirt and socks on. It was sort like a scene with Tom Cruise – minus the boxers. His dick as fully erect now, sticking out between the tails of his shirt, peeking out like a nasty serpent ready to strike. I reached down and grabbed it, holding it in my hand.

"Mmmmmmm, now THIS is what I wanted for dessert," I sighed as I bent my knees until my face was level with his dick.

Looking up at him, our eyes met as I took his dick in my mouth. God he tasted so good! Just the feel of his thick hard shaft in my mouth was enough to get me going. I have to admit that Rick's dick puts his dad's to shame, and my dad's as well. It's not only the longest of the three, but the thickest as well and for me, thickness is more important than length. I'll take a short thick dick any day over a long skinny one.

"Damn you suck dick so good," he groaned, his head falling back as he pushed it into my mouth by moving his hips towards me. "You really do enjoy this, don't you?"

Like duh!

I reached around him, grabbing his bare ass with my hands, pulling him into me so he couldn't thrust as much, letting me do more of the work on his dick. His hands were on my head, pushing me I against his dick, trying to get me to take it all my mouth. Now granted, I COULD take him all in but not every time! As thick as he was, it was much more difficult to take him down my throat than either of our fathers' cocks but if I relaxed enough and took my time, I could get it all in, at least for a few seconds until I had to catch my breath again. Some girls claim to breathe through their noise when they deep-throat but it's never been that way for me.

It was only a matter of time before someone came in, plus I was sure people had to be wondering where we had gone off to (although a few must have known we left together, most of them would never have suspected the real reason we were missing), so I stopped sucking him and stood up.

"Sit down," I told him, pointing at the toilet seat.

Being a public restroom, there was no seat cover, just the ring. I debated for just a second and then made my decision. Turning around, I backed into him until my bare butt was touching his chest, and then lowered myself down to his dick. Leaning forward a bit, I reached between my legs and grabbed his stiff dick, lining it up with my pussy and then dropping down not it, driving it all the way into me.

"Oh yeah... that feels soooooo good," I moaned softly as I started to rock on his dick, causing it to move in and out of me in the process. Damn my cousin's dick felt good in me!

Just then I heard the door open and then voices, like two women were coming in. I leaned back against Rick, lifting my feet and putting them on his legs, trying not to dig my heels in too hard but I had to do something so only one pair of feet showed under the door.

Now I had no idea who these women were, but they sounded a bit older and they were talking some gibberish about the younger women in their families and how the kids had no respect for the elders and the usual crap old people complain about. Evidently, they'd just come in to freshen up their makeup and gossip because neither of the them seemed to make any effort to enter the stall next to us.

In the meantime, I had Rick's stiff pole stuffing my pussy as I tried to keep my balance on his lap. As uncomfortable as it might be, it was extra erotic for those two women to be just a few feet away as my cousin fucked me. Hmmm, I wonder if they had known what we were doing if they would have liked to have some of what was in my pussy for themselves? No doubt Rick was thinking along those lines as well as he stayed as hard as a rock inside of me the entire time they were there.

Finally the ladies were done and walked out, leaving me and Rick alone again. It was a relief to be able to drop my legs down again, feeling a bit of a tingle as the blood flowed back into them. Then I leaned forward, all the while impaled on Rick's dick like a Coney dog on a stick.

"That's it Rick, now fuck me good!" I begged him, my pussy crying out to be fucked harder.

Rick suddenly pushed me off his dick, evidently with something of his own in mind. He grabbed me by my bare waist and turned me to the side so I was facing the outer wall with the handicapped rails. He pushed my head down and I leaned forward, grabbing the rails to maintain my balance.

"Spread your legs bitch," he growled, trying to take control for himself evidently.

It wasn't the time to argue male versus female dominance so I simply did as he told me, knowing full well what his intentions were. Sure enough, as soon as I spread my legs he was pushing his dick up against my ass again. Rick knew better than to try for my asshole, but it DID feel good to have him run his wet dick up and down between my ass cheeks a few times before he dropped it down and positioned himself just outside my pussy hole.

"Damn I love your hot ass!" he said in a husky voice, thick with lust, as I felt him entering me once again.

This time he had control and he determined the pace and the depth within me. His hands grasped my bare hips, rocking me back and forth to meet the sharp thrusts of his crotch against my naked bottom. While I may have been embarrassed of my boobs as a teen, my ass was a different story. I loved showing it off, especially when it helped draw attention from my less than spectacular boobs. Short shorts, thong bikinis, even running around the house bottomless in just a t-shirt, anything to show off my butt was fine with me.

Had someone come in now, I'm not sure what we would've done but fortunately, it was a moot point as we had the place to ourselves for the few remaining minutes it took for Rick to fuck me. I was rubbing my clit as he stroked himself in and out of me until FINALLY, I had my second orgasm of the day (the first being when I masturbated so many hours before back at my apartment).

"OH yeah, fuck me like that... just like that!" I moaned, the sharp jolts of pleasure that my orgasm were creating in me making it hard for me to breath.

Damn it felt so good! Even if someone HAD walked in now, it wouldn't have mattered. All I cared about at this moment was his stiff dick in me and how it was making me cum!

Feeling me cumming must have helped push him over the edge as well as shortly after I started, he suddenly pulled out of me and roughly grabbed me and spun me around to face him. He started stroking himself and I knew he was close to cumming. He was expecting me to open my mouth, just like those whores do on all the porn movies, but I wasn't about to let some guy masturbate to get himself off, not when I was there to do it for him! To me, it's almost an insult to have a guy finish himself off when I was right there Determined to finish what I'd started, I pushed his hand away and started sucking on his dick, giving it everything I had while at the same time, I was fingering myself to keep my orgasm alive.

"Ahhhhhh!" Rick groaned as I felt his first shot of cum erupt and splash against my tongue and the back of my throat.

Sure I would have preferred it in my pussy, but this wasn't exactly bad either! Rick's cum usually tasted pretty good and today was no exception. Damn, he must not have jerked off for a while as it seemed to fill my mouth. Indeed, I had to let a little seep out and over my lips, forming a puddle on the tip of my chin before it dripped to the floor. Finally he finished and I opened my mouth to show him his handwork, then swallowed it all down in one large gulp, opening my mouth again like a kid proving she took her pill for her parents.

"Ummmmm, now THAT was the dessert I wanted," I said with a naughty grin as I wiped his messy cum from my face with some toilet tissues.

With that we got quickly ourselves dressed. Before I let him leave the stall, I checked the hallway and once the coast was clear, he made a quick exit before anyone realized where he was coming from. I check my watch and saw we had been gone for over twenty minutes. Wow, it had seemed a lot longer but still, I could see people looking at us with that, "where have they been?" look in their eyes.

"Hmmmmmm, someone's being a little selfish today, isn't she?" Kristen commented in a soft voice to me as she stood next to me in line at the coat check.

She was just teasing so I just grinned at her and she giggled as well. Then I saw Tammy putting on her coat and went over to her to see how she was doing.

"Feeling better now?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's just hard to believe it's all OK," she sighed, " I even ate a lot. My stomach has been so upset I haven't hardly eaten in days."

"Well, you need to do something to take your mind off of things," I suggested.

"Like you just did with my brother?" she said accusingly.

Hmmmmmm, I hadn't realized that she'd noticed so it took me a little off guard.

"Like, everyone noticed you were both gone. I wonder what they would've said if they knew what the two of you were doing?" she said, but a little more of a twinkle in her eye this time.

"Well, maybe you should do the same when you get home."

Tammy shook her head and then she said something that really surprised me.

"Noooooo, I didn't tell you before but I thought it was Rick's," she confessed as we started to walk out of the hotel, staying towards the back of the family crowd.

"Really?"

"Yeah, actually I DID forget to take my pills a couple of days and that's when he was doing me a lot so I thought... well, you know," she told me.

I felt a cold chill as I realized just how much that negative pregnancy test meant now. Indeed, had I known her concern I would've been a LOT more anxious about the results! Sheesh, talk about dodging a bullet!

"So I guess you can understand why I'm not ready to do it with him just yet again," she finished.

Well, even I can see the obvious when it hits me over the hard with a stick! Still, I knew there was nothing better to take your mind off stuff than getting laid. As I drove my dad to her house, I told him all about everything. Of course he was shocked at first, but relieved that the test had been negative. Then I told him about my words of advice for Tammy at the end of our conversation. He sat there in the passenger seat silently until we arrived back at his house so he could get his car.

We drove separately to their house from there, giving me even more time to think about it. That's when it hit me. Sheesh, it was so obvious, how could I have missed it? As I parked on the street near their house and walked in, I had a definite purpose to my stride as I knew exactly what needed to be done.

## 5. My Dad and Tammy

I doubt that anyone reading this will be at all surprised to learn what my idea was. Face it, at this event there were only three "eligible" men when it came to having sex with Tammy. One of them, her brother Rick, was definitely not a good idea given her recent "scare". No matter HOW bad I thought she needed to get laid, I would NEVER even ASK her to have sex with her boorish father.

So as unlikely as it might seem at first, when you take everything into consideration, having the whole family over actually was going to make it easier to pull off my plan!.

Sure enough, when I first entered the house the noise struck me, almost a physical assault as everyone was trying to talk at the same time to everyone else. My dad was saying something to my Uncle Paul, his older brother. Now THAT was something I didn't see very often. Part of it was simply because we seldom got together. Uncle Paul was also eight years older than my dad and so they had never been close growing up.

Looking around, I didn't see Tammy, or even Kate for that matter. Odds were the only teenagers at the gathering were probably holed up in downstairs the bedroom they shared, trying to escape all the annoying relatives. During the short drive over I'd thought a lot about my plan and I'd concluded that if anything was going to happen, it needed to happen quickly, before our heavy lunch settled in everyone's stomachs causing the ruckus to die down, or maybe even cause people to think about leaving once they'd spent their obligatory time.

Actually, my plan was VERY simple and I've found that the simpler the plan, the better - which meant this plan was GREAT. After quickly making the required social rounds to say hello to everyone, I headed down the carpeted stairs to the basement where the kids' bedrooms were. As I mentioned, Kate and Tammy shared a room while Rick, being the only boy, had his own. My aunt and uncle's master bedroom was upstairs, leaving the kids pretty much alone most of the time. Unfortunately, since Tammy shared a room with Kate and Kate would report everything to her mother, especially anything that she even suspected about whatever Tammy might be doing. Rick, on the other hand, with his own room, had quite a bit of privacy, plenty for my plans...

Sure enough, just as I had suspected I found Kate and Tammy holed in their room. Kate reading a book while Tammy was fooling with her e-mail. Sticking just my head through the door, I motioned for Tammy to come out, mumbling something about how someone wanted to talk to her. She rolled her eyes, assuming it was one of the relatives she hardly ever saw and didn't want to have anything to do with in the first place. If anything, Kate teased her about it, all the better for me as it showed Kate had no suspicions whatsoever about any ulterior motives I might have. Keep it simple...

As soon as the door was shut, leaving Tammy and me alone in the hallway, I silently motioned towards Rick's room, indicating to her that she should go there and wait for me.

"Ewwwww, his room is disgusting," she softly complained along with an upset expression.

Well, I could just imagine how a twenty year-old guy, still living at home, might keep up his room... or could I? Given what I'd seen of the apartments of some of the guys I've dated, I felt I was prepared.

"Do you want to get laid or not?" I hissed at her, pushing her down the hallway towards his bedroom.

"Kelly, I told you before... I don't want to do it with Rick," she whined, pushing back against me. like an obstinate donkey

"Who said anything about Rick?"

That caught her by surprise. Tammy turned to me and her eyes locked onto mine, as if she was trying to read me to see if I was telling the truth.

"C'mon, you know how my dad loves to fuck you and girl, you NEED it right now so quit being a pain and get in there and wait for him!"

Tammy huffed, more about me scolding her than anything else though. Then she flashed me that fabulous naughty grin she's perfected as she turned to go to Ricks bedroom. Following her, it took just one look inside to make me understand what she had meant about his room. Oh my god, it was a disaster zone, that was for sure.

Regardless of the state of Rick's bedroom, I didn't have time to worry about it so I just closed the door behind me and hurried back upstairs to find my dad. Surprisingly, he was still talking to my Uncle Paul but I didn't have time to wait for him to finish so I broke into the conversation, telling him that I needed to talk to him about something.

My Uncle Paul was fine with it though, saying it was OK with him and then I caught him giving me the once-over. Granted, he use to look at me that way a lot more, more so though when I was younger,, but it had been a while since I remembered seeing that look in his eye. It didn't mean anything in the long run as I knew full well that the chances of EVER doing anything nasty with him were LESS than zero. Still, it's always nice to be looked at, regardless of whose eyes they were.

"OK, what's the big hurry?" my dad asked once we were out of earshot of his brother.

"Hey... have you seen Tammy?" he asked.

Now it wasn't like Rick didn't know about my dad and Tammy's history, but at the same time I really didn't want to get anything started with him while my dad and Tammy were going at it. Maybe I was just being overly cautious, but I figured if Rick didn't have to know, why tell him? The trick of the matter was how to keep him out of his room?

"Don't worry about her... I know where she is... as a matter-of-fact I was just about to go see her," I said.

Well, technically it was a true statement, if not complete. Before he could say anything though, I changed the subject and said coyly, "You know, I really enjoyed our 'dessert' today at brunch."

"Oh yeah, so you ready for seconds?" he said, a wicked expression on his face.

Typical Rick, straight to the heart of the matter, especially when it came to having sex. Subtlety was NOT one of his strong suites.

"Hmmmmmm, I tell you what... ," I said slowly, hoping he would think I was deep in thought, "How about you let me and Tammy have some time together and then you can do me again after that, OK?" I bargained.

Again, it was technically true as I didn't say explicitly WHAT I was going to do with Tammy but his perverted mind filled in the blanks quickly enough.

"So why not let me do the two of you together?" he countered.

"Sorry, sometimes girls just need some... 'private' time together," I tried to explain.

"OK, so I'll just watch," he said, still trying to get in on the action.

"Oh Rick!" I said tersely, playfully slapping him. THIS time, though, he finally got the message.

"OK, OK, but you promise me?" he said, giving in finally this time but still negotiating for the near future.

"Yes..., I promise," I said begrudgingly.

Actually, the more I thought about it the better it sounded. If things went well with my dad and Tammy, and I had no doubt that they would, no doubt I would be needing a quick fuck of my own and since Rick was available and willing... heck, things might work out even better than I'd planned!

"Now you have to stay clear of your bedroom until I say it's ok... hear me?" I insisted, letting him think it would be just me and Tammy together.

Tammy was squirming under his face, thrusting herself violently up and into him as he licked and sucked her.

Knowing my dad, he could have stayed in that position for quite a while. Usually, at least when he licked MY pussy, he hated to quit until I'd cum at least once, preferably twice or even more. Today, however, as horny as he was his maturity was revealed as he realized he didn't have all that long before someone would be wondering where he was... and where Tammy and I were for that matter. I doubted anyone would put two and two together, but then why even take such a risk? He must have shared the same feelings.

"God, you know I've been wanting to fuck you again for ages," he said to her, as he stood up and stoked his stiff dick in front of her.

Tammy, like the well- trained slut she was (I say well-trained in that I think that while her experience certainly played a role, it was also Kristen and my "lessons" that we'd had back when she was younger that also made her more than your average school girl slut), grabbed her legs and pulled them back even further, giving my dad a juicy target.

"God I want to be in you so bad," he groaned as he stepped towards her, directing the head of his dick into her crotch and rubbing it up and down her wet pussy slit. I couldn't really see Tammy's face all that well with her on her back and her legs in the way, but I WAS able to hear her.

"Fuck me Uncle John... please fuck me," she begged.

Yep, that was my little slut! I was proud of my "student". One of the things I'd emphasized with Tammy from the start was to be sure to beg the guy to fuck her. In this particular situation it wasn't going to make any difference as my dad was going to fuck her now no matter what she said. But still, I knew my dad LOVED it when I asked him to fuck me, just as virtually every man I've ever known loves to hear those words - "fuck me".

I mentioned that my dad was going to fuck her now, no matter what she said. You see, when my dad gets himself worked up into the lustful state he was in now, incredibly horny and dying for some pussy, there was no stopping him until he had accomplished his mission. In all honesty, at this moment I think My Aunt Shari could have walked in and my dad would have ignored here and continued to push himself inside Tammy, even as her mother desperately tried to stop him.

God, how many times had I seen this look on my dad's face before - that hungry thirst, almost animal-like drive for sex that could only be satisfied one way. It

immediately tasting the sweetness of Tammy's young pussy on it along with the sharper, more distinct flavor of my father's cum. He shuddered as my tongue played over the head of his still ultra-sensitive dick.

Once I'd cleaned off his dick, I turned my attention to Tammy. Prying her hands out of the way, I assumed a position quite similar to what my dad had been in not that long ago. God the scent of her naughty pussy was incredibly strong now after having just cum and being fucked so hard! Indeed, she tasted especially strong as well, not to mention the added flavoring provided by the remains of my dad's cum as it seeped out of her. My tongue flicked over her still-swollen clit, causing her to jump involuntarily, like when the doctor hits your knee with his little hammer and you react without any control. God she tasted so good! I've always said I loved the taste of my own pussy better than any other but I could have made a case for Tammy's right about now!

With that I stood up and adjusted my thong back in place. Checking my watch, I saw that it had been well over a half-hour since I'd left Rick and no doubt SOMEBODY had to be wondering where at least one the three of us was.

"Let's go you two horny toads, you know we can't stay in here much longer," I prodded them.

A pair of groans was all I got in response but I wasn't about to let them off the hook THAT easily. Grabbing their hands, I pulled them up and both of them begrudgingly got their clothes back in place again. Tammy pulled her panties back on and I loved watching her hands work underneath against her cute bare bottom to adjust it back into place. My dad had it pretty easy as well, simply pulling his underwear and pants back up again, tucking in his shirt, and tightening his belt.

"Why don't you check to see if anyone's out there?" I suggested to my dad, figuring it would be less difficult for him to explain why he was in Rick's room than either me or Tammy.

My dad opened up the door, stuck his head out, and then pulled it back in, giving the thumbs up. As he started to leave, I hissed at him, "DAD! Don't forget you have to wash up first!"

Indeed, I was sure all three of us smelled like a Nevada whore house on a Saturday night at the moment, especially my dad and freshly fucked Tammy. My dad went first, quickly returning after what must have been a cursory hand-washing at most. I started to ask him if he had washed his face but figured what the heck if the rest of the family couldn't take a joke! Well, actually I knew it was useless to press him further so I just hoped and prayed nobody got a good whiff of him. Tammy and I went to the bathroom together. Once inside, she said something to me for the first time since I'd walked into Rick's bedroom earlier.

"Well, I hope your dad's happy now," she said to me with a smile.

At first I wasn't sure how to take what she said. Was she trying to say she'd done it just for him without really wanting it for herself?. Maybe I was reading too much into it, trying to look for a way that she might be trying to say she had done it only for him, or for me.

"Well, it looked to me like someone here came pretty good herself!"

Tammy looked at me, almost a little sheepish. "Well... he DOES fuck pretty good for an old guy."

Well, considering my dad was almost three times her age, I couldn't really say anything about the "old guy" characterization. Still, she didn't have to put it QUITE that negatively. Heck, when I was her age I loved doing guys my dad's age. They always treated me so much nicer and cared more about making ME feel good and not just about getting themselves off.

"Better than your own dad?"

Instantly I regretted the question as her entire body sagged and the smile disappeared from her face. She didn't actually say anything, but her body language and facial expressions were enough to confirm my worst worries about her home life. I'd always hoped that being she was his own daughter that her father would treat her better than he treated someone less closely related, like me.

To be blunt, my uncle is an asshole when it comes to sex and if it wasn't for my dad's lust for Tammy, I would never let him touch me ever again. Well, just as I have to grit my teeth and bear it at times, yielding to him for the greater good, apparently Tammy was in same the position herself. I could only imagine how her father would react if she ever tried to say no to him. With everything else she was involved in, it wasn't like she could go to anyone to protect her either.

Oh well, there was nothing I could do about it now. A little makeup and some perfume and we were set to go. Just one last thing...

"Do you have any other panties?" I asked her, being mindful that hers had been wet already when my dad tossed them to me, and I could only imagine what state they were in now with her standing up and my dad's cum draining from her and into the crotch.

Tammy giggled, understanding what I was getting gat. With a sly grin back on her face, she reached under her dress to pull them off. Yes indeed, they were quite a mess! I was tempted to ask her if I could keep them as a souvenir for my dad but then I realized I had no way to hide them so I just let her throw them in the laundry hamper. Didn't her mother ever notice the stains on her panties? A question for another day...

"You know Kelly, maybe I should just go without any?" she teased me but we both knew that THAT wasn't the best of ideas at ANY time in her house, let alone having just been fucked by my dad. "Oh now don't be so serious... I know better... I'll have to get some from my room so hopefully Kate's out."

Indeed, Kate was nowhere to be found so Tammy quickly pulled out a fresh pair of panties and slipped them on over her heels and up her legs. With that, we were about as ready as we would ever be so the two of us headed back upstairs together. Sure enough, we were met at the top of the stairs by her wicked witch of a mother.

"THERE YOU ARE! Where have you two been? I've had Kate looking all over for you girls," my aunt griped at us.

Right on cue, her little minion Kate appeared from behind her, giving us that spiteful little smirk that she liked to put on when her mother couldn't see her. We just ignored her and went to the living room to mingle once again. I saw my dad talking to his older brother again. Gee whiz, this was the most I'd seen them talk in ages! The two of them looked at Tammy and me and I knew exactly what was running through my dad's head at that moment. At least he didn't get hard again!

As for my Uncle Paul, he was tougher to read. Indeed, he DID give both of us the once-over but then, I would have been surprised had he not. Still, was there something more there than met the eye? Over the years, I've tease him and my Uncle Jim mercilessly and while that eventually led to my Uncle Jim fucking me, I knew the odds of Uncle Paul doing anything even close to the same had to be at least a million to one. It never hurt to dream though!

Then I remembered my promise to Rick.

Maybe if I left fast enough...

# (May 02) Chapter 185: Surprising Uncle

Story codes: MF FF oral exhib inc uncle niece cousins
Me (24)
Uncle Paul - my dad's older brother (52)
Mary - my mom (42)
Kristen - cousin (21)

It's amazing what you can still learn about your own family sometimes. Even more so is who you learn them from - and what happens after you do.

## 1. Family Background

I explain all the gruesome details of my family life in my diary on my website but this time there are some things that are different that need to be explained in order to understand what happened today.

Anyone who keeps up with my diary knows that my mom and her sister was raised in an incestual relationship with their father but on my dad's side, it was pretty much the standard family situation. My dad was the middle of three boys. His older brother Paul is 52 now, making him eight years older than my dad, and Jim is forty, only two years younger. Due to their age differences, my dad grew up much closer to his younger brother and even to this day, he has little to do with my Uncle Paul. It's not that they have anything between them, it's just they never really formed a close bond growing up so far apart in age. Plus, Jim and his family live in the south side of Pittsburgh, much closer than Paul and his family who wound up on the north side in the Fox Chapel area.

When my dad was in high school, Paul had already graduated from college with an Accounting degree and was working his way up some corporate ladder. Meanwhile, my dad and Jim turned out to be quite the lady's men, a polite way of saying they chased every skirt and tried to get in every girl's panties they could! Two of the girls they both were involved with were my mom and her younger sister Linda. The four of them dated in various combinations but my dad married my mom shortly after she graduated from high school while Linda went off to marry some other guy, leaving Jim to hook up with my Aunt Shari.

everyone, my Aunt Shari and Tammy's older sister Kate have never been involved as if they even had a hint of what was going on it would lead to disaster. I say "unfortunately" because it makes things much more difficult than they need to be because so much had to be hidden from them.

As for my Uncle Paul and his family, there was nothing at all incestual there, at least none anyone knew of and I had no reason to believe otherwise. He and my Aunt Julie have two daughters - Ginny (now 28) and Laura (26). Both girls look great with Ginny sporting an incredible set of boobs (thanks to the miracles provided by modern surgery). Other than a one-time tryst at Ginny's bachelorette party, so far as I knew they were both pretty conservative in their views regarding sex. Each was now married although neither had any kids yet, both being more career-minded for now it seems.

So far as I knew, my Uncle Paul had no idea that his younger brothers and their families were involved in incest. Uncle Paul has always been the "straight- arrow" of the family - staunch Republican, moderately wealthy, etc. I have to say he has been my favorite uncle in that he and Aunt Julie have always nice to me, a LOT nicer than my prudish Aunt Shari who always bitched to my mother about the way I dressed and behaved. Growing up, I would catch Uncle Paul looking my way at times, especially when I was wearing cutoffs or a bikini that left little to the imagination. But then, he looked at my other cousins the same way, no different than most men did, so I never took it as anything personal. Actually, we rarely spoke to one another and I can't even remember the last time we had a one-to-one conversation as anytime I talk to him it is with my dad there as well.

Such was the case even this past Easter, when our families all got together at my Uncle Jim's house after having a brunch downtown. My dad spent a lot of time talking to Uncle Paul, at least it seemed like more than usual to me, and I noticed that my Uncle's eyes strayed more than once to my cleavage when I was nearby. Of course I knew it didn't mean anything, most guys often leave me after a conversation with no idea what I looked like from the neck up! It certainly wasn't anything I would complain about, as if there was some reason I should. I make sure my dresses and such show as much cleavage as possible because I WANT guys to look at me and fantasize about me! Indeed, I would've felt a bit disappointed in myself had Uncle Paul NOT looked at me like any other normal man.

## 2. Saturday Morning With Kristen

While I LOVE having my own apartment, one of the disadvantages of moving away from home is the lack of basic resources you took for granted while growing up. One of the first things I learned was that doing your own laundry is EXPENSIVE! Fortunately, I didn't move all that far from home and my dad doesn't mind me stopping by now and then to do a few loads - especially if I do some of his at the same time. Also, my apartment is rather small... make that VERY small and so I don't have the same closet and storage space I have always been accustomed to having. It was almost like being back in college in a tiny dorm room. Thus I have kept most of my summer clothes in my old bedroom during this past winter.

While it seemed for a while that winter would NEVER end, finally the warm days have been returning. Another thing I learned that I was missing living in an apartment was access to a free hose for washing my car. Like Laundromats, it didn't take long for me to discover the high cost of getting my car washed. It wasn't such a big deal in winter because I had no choice about the matter; but now that summer was back any opportunity to save ten bucks a week or more was certainly worth pursuing. After all the rain and yucky weather this past week, I awoke to brilliant sunshine on Saturday morning and my trusty WeatherBug was predicting a warm sunny day.

Indeed, the sun was more than just rising and I saw that the clock on my nightstand said it was just past 11:00! Well, the previous night had been pretty tiring so I didn't feel TOO guilty about sleeping in. It had started with a small Passion Party where I did my usual thing - modeling lingerie and showing off sex toys for a small group of housewives out to have a little risque fun for the evening. Almost all of them were maybe ten to twenty years older than me so I kept things toned down a bit, much to the relief of the distributor I worked for!

After the party, I had a late dinner with my cousin Kristen. It wasn't often we both had Friday evening off at the same time After much debate we finally decided on a local Chinese place, not one of those gross buffets but a really nice place in town. It was really nice to just spend an evening with my favorite cousin, trading stories and gossip, without having to be concerned about who was watching us or what the guys we were with were going to try to do next. Granted, there WERE plenty of guys watching us but for this one evening we agreed up front that it would be just the two of us, two cousins just enjoying an evening together.

After dinner we ended up at my place along with a couple bottles of wine. For me, at least, that was a little out of the ordinary since I rarely drank anything alcoholic except for maybe a small glass of wine with dinner now and then. My lack of "experience" with regards to alcoholic drinks showed as it didn't take long before I was uncharacteristically drunk... plastered would be a more apt description I think.

Having downed even more glasses than me, Kristen was too drunk to drive home but fortunately not TOO drunk that she didn't realize it so she ended up spending the night. It wasn't like she needed pajamas or nighties. The last thing I remembered was we both just dropped our clothes at the side of the bed and collapsed with hardly a word or even a kiss good night.

Speaking of which... As my head cleared and my eyes adjusted to the bright sun, I finally remembered the lump under the covers next to me. God, I must have really been out of it not to remember she had spent the night in bed with me when I woke up! Kristen wasn't moving a muscle so I lifted the covers to make sure she was ok - or at least breathing! Underneath she was laying on her side, facing away from me, but she was still sound asleep. I grinned as her hair and makeup was a total disaster but then I doubted mine was looking much better. It goes without saying she was naked but that was no big deal. In all the years I've known her, I can't remember a single time when she'd ever worn anything to bed unless it was absolutely necessary - like at a sleepover at a friend's when we were in school. You have to remember that not all parents were as enlightened as her mom when she was growing up, at least so far as sleeping naked went. Heck, even I wore pajamas or a nightie to bed until I was twelve. Then again, I hadn't been sleeping with my naked mom since I was a little kid either.

My attention was distracted away from her as all this moving around after having first woke up was having it's inevitable result - I had to go potty, and I had to go BAD! I slipped out of my bed as stealthily as I could, as if I needed to worry about waking the dead, and quickly made my way to the bathroom where I took care of business and then washed my hands and face off. Ugh, I really DID look pretty bad in the mirror! Running a brush through my hair helped to tame it to some degree, and brushing my teeth made my mouth feel human again. Maybe a shower later... who knows? For now I decided to go back to bed and take advantage of the opportunity to be lazy.

Returning to my room, I saw that Kristen hadn't budged an inch. I didn't have anything I HAD to do right away and I still felt a bit tired so I slipped back in bed under the covers with her again. At first I faced away from her, trying to catch a few more winks but in the confines of my narrow bed I could feel my bare butt pressed up against Kristen's, causing any thoughts of sleep to quickly evaporate. Squirming just a little, I bit my lower lip as I enjoyed the feeling of her soft smooth ass against mine. This was silly... why was I facing AWAY from her?

Twisting around under the covers, I moved in closer to her in a spooning position with my upper arm draped over her and my lower one down pressed down alongside the two of us. Mmmmmmm, she felt so soft and warm after spending the night all tucked in under the comforter. Her cute bottom was being cupped in my crotch as my boobs pressed against her bare back. Working my arm under hers, I cupped her perky boob in my hand, just holding it at first as I pulled myself in even tighter against her, burying my head in her dark hair.

Not to go off on another tangent, but when I wrote that last sentence it reminded me of some comments made by a few people that I recently sent photos of Kristen. In most of my diary entries I describe her as a blonde and me as the brunette yet in recent photos, it's just the opposite. What I ended up doing was showing those people some older pics where we are our natural hair color - me the dark brunette and Kristen a dishwater blonde.

In the past couple of years, I've tried various styles and colors, first going total blond and now experimenting with more of a streaked blond look. In contrast, Kristen has gradually darkened her mane more and more to where now it's almost black. So while I guess in my mind I'm still a brunette and she'll always be a blonde, I WILL try to be more technically correct from now on in my descriptions of us.

OK, sorry for that public service announcement. Now back to being in bed with my unconscious cousin...

Uncharacteristically, Kristen and I hadn't done anything sexually the night before, not even masturbating together, so it goes without saying that I was a little hornier than usual this morning. Don't ask me why, but mornings are the most natural time of day for me to have sex. It's sort of odd in that I am definitely NOT a morning person when it comes to everything else, but rather the night owl who would love to sleep in until noon every day if I had my druthers. Yet for some reason I can't explain, my BODY is usually raring and ready to go as soon as I woke up, even if my MIND is trying to get me to go back to sleep. Of course, I can be stimulated most any time of day if I try, but I'm talking about my "natural" state. Perhaps that's one reason I loved it when my dad use to visit me in the mornings before he left for work. The best part was I didn't even have to "wake up", he would do me even if I was just lying there!

Feeling the way I was, had I been alone there is no doubt whatsoever that I my next move would be to lay on my back and take care of my morning "business", just as I usually do before getting out of bed permanently for the day. The temptation to shake Kristen awake and beg for some attention was almost overwhelming but I held myself back in deference to my cousin's apparent need for a ridiculously LOT of sleep.

Instead, I let my lower hand work its way between my legs until I was cupping my warm crotch. It felt extra special to touch myself this morning as not only was I feeling MY pussy under my palm, I could also feel Kristen's smooth butt against the back of my hand as I spooned in closer to her. Slowly my fingers worked their way between my bare legs until I was running my middle finger up and now my shaved pussy slit.

As I started to masturbate, my other hand squeezed her boob a little more tightly as I pressed my chest into her back, flattening my boobs against her as I gripped her smaller boob in my hand. They may have been smaller in terms of cup size but they were perfectly shaped and incredibly firm and perky. There wasn't a hint of sag in them and her nipples seemed to be in a permanent state of arousal. I swear, she could have been reading a textbook watching a boring soap opera and her nipples would have been sticking out all nice and hard. Indeed, at this moment my fingers tweaked her nipple and I rolled the stiff projection between my fingertips. Even in her sleep it seemed to arouse her a bit more as a faint but audible groan emerged from her.

As Kristen became aroused, I couldn't help but let loose a sigh myself as my fingers found their mark between my legs. As horny as I was, my clit was already stimulated and to have my fingers touch it was getting me off quickly. Mmmmmmm, I found myself wishing Kristen was awake and eating me out instead of leaving me to touch myself. Kristen has this knack for eating a pussy, a god- given "gift" that wasn't exactly listed in the Bible but it had to be spiritual in origin. Maybe it was because the two of us were about as close as two girls could be without actually being sisters and so we just knew instinctively what the other wanted. Whatever it was, I LOVED it when Kristen ate my pussy!

Scrunching down the bed just a bit, I worked my upper leg in between Kristen's so I could grind my crotch in against the back of her thigh. I pulled my hand out so I could get in as close as possible to her nude body and started to gently hump her like a dog in heat would do on your leg. By maneuvering my arm up and out and draping it over her head, I was able to could play with her messed-up hair as I fondled her perky boobs. Oh my god, the pressure of her warm thigh against my horny pussy felt incredible as my clit was squeezed in between.

In her sleep, God only knows what Kristen was dreaming about but whatever it was, it must have been something pretty erotic as I felt her ass clench and then her hips instinctively moved forward, as if she was trying to push up against a guy fucking her or something like that. Then her arm moved and I watched as she put her hand between her legs and started masturbating in her sleep. Just her fingers seemed to be all that moved but from the way her butt was squirming, whatever she was doing must have felt pretty good. I put my own hand back between my legs and the two of masturbated together as we laid in bed with one hand between each of our legs.

Oh my god, it felt wonderful! I could smell her wet pussy as she started masturbating faster. I loved the softness of her breast in my hands, the hard nipple poking against the palm of my hand as I cupped it and gently massaged it while at the same time, rubbing my own clit in rhythm with her movements. I felt SO damn horny... I needed to cum REALLY bad! Kristen's breathing was getting heavier and more deeper as her moans became louder and more steady. Whether she was really asleep or not anymore... who cared? All I knew was at that moment, the only thing I could think about was my hand on my pussy and the feel of my hot cousin's nude body against me.

"Ohhhhhh!" I finally had to let out as my orgasm finally arrived.

My hand on her breast must have squeezed a bit harder as I heard her moan a bit as well and I felt her free hand over mine, and then moving to her other boob to cradle it in her hand. It was like my body was frozen stiff, unable to move as the enormous feelings of pleasure swelled within me and then burst out like a geyser erupting. All I had to do at this point was simply press my hand against my screaming clit, letting just the pressure maintain my orgasm as I came and came... and came more.

Kristen was rubbing herself like crazy now. With the way she was touching herself and the almost constant litany of sighs and groans, she certainly wasn't asleep at the moment but she kept her eyes closed and didn't actually SAY anything. Then, as the paralysis that had gripped me began to dissipate, I felt her struggle under my arm and twist herself on her back. I still had my arm around her, only now it was just below her bosom, gripping her side. I stayed on my back so my leg just naturally lifted up and rested on hers, letting my soaking wet crotch press against her hip bone, feeling the hardness against my clit and making me cry out slightly.

Kristen was awake now, for sure. She was looking at me without saying a word, just this mischievous look on her face as she resumed masturbating, this time with both hands on her crotch. Our eyes met and I could see the staring on her face as she struggled to maintain her composure as she rubbed her clit and fingered her pussy. The covers were thrown back now and I could see her playing with herself. Damn she looked so hot! She had one finger inside her pussy while rubbing her clit with her other hand. I resumed my attention to her boobs, moving between them and then finally leaving over to suckle her closest boob.

Whether it was my mouth on her nipple or she had just reached that point of no return, whatever it was Kristen came. A loud "Oh fuck!" rang out and then her lips pursed tightly shut and her head was thrown back as she lifted her hips up against the two hands between them. She bounced on the bed like she was being fucked, crying out to me to suck her tits and bite her nipples ever harder. On and on it went, like she was some orgasmic machine that once activated, wasn't going to stop until the batteries ran out.

Eventually she DID calm down but not before she had driven herself to another orgasm just as I thought she was through with the first. God she must have been even hornier than me this morning! The room reeked of sex and I could only imagine the state of the sheets under her butt about now. So what if I had to do some extra laundry now? It was all worth it though, no doubt about that!

"Wow... now THAT'S the way to wake up in the morning, eh cuz?" she finally gasped in a soft tone, that sly grin still all over her face.

She turned to me and we hugged, pressing our nude bodies tight against one another as we kissed. As horny as I was, even morning breath wasn't going to stop me from enjoying her at this moment. Actually, I'd learned long before the best way to cure THAT little problem was simply to lick some pussy cum from your fingers! Just a little piece of free advice for folks reading this...

The rest of the morning was rather uneventful. We were both "satisfied", at least for the moment, so after a quick shower and such, Kristen gave me a kiss and headed back home. As for me, it WAS a beautiful day outside and so far, it was beautiful inside as well.

## 3. Washing My Car

With Kristen on her way home, I was left with the prospect of having to wash the dirty car that waiting for me. It wasn't much of a car but I was proud of it and I enjoyed washing it for the most part, especially when I got to do it with friends or in front of other people. Face it, the car wash had been the ultimate tease/fantasy for years. What would be a charity car wash without the bikini girls trying to draw in traffic? Nothing brings in bigger tips than a wet-short and no bra. Washing a car provides so many opportunities to bend over, lean over, etc. without being TOO obvious about it although everyone still knows what it going on. Even church-sponsored car washes that I've taken part in seem to wink at the blatant sexuality, all in the name of charity of course.

Unfortunately, today was going to be a bit more mundane in that my plans were just to park the car at the bottom of my dad's driveway and use the hose to wash it off. The odds of anyone even noticing I was there were pretty low but then you can't expect EVERYTHING you do to have some sexual connection, even car washing. This it was more because of the weather than any conscious decision to tease that I chose to wear the "traditional" carwash outfit - bikini bottoms and a t-shirt. Even though it wasn't THAT hot this early in the year, with the sun out it was plenty warm enough to get started on the summer tan.

I'd checked with my dad earlier in the week and was disappointed to learn that he would be working downtown at his office all day Saturday but then, what else was new? It would have been fun to tease him a bit while washing the car. Heck, he may be my dad but he is still a guy and what guy doesn't get off watching a girl washing a car - provided she does it right.

So anyway, I pulled in and drove down the driveway to where the garage was and parked in the middle of the concrete slab. Punching in the code to the garage door, it rose and I dragged out the hose and a bucket with some rags that he kept around just for this. After I hooked up the hose I went inside to get a bucket of hot water from the laundry sink, added same car soap, and got to work.

First I rinsed it down and soon realized that while it might be warm and sunny, there was more of a breeze than it first appeared to be. As I sprayed the car, the wind blew some water back at me but I managed to stay pretty dry until the stream hit one of the tires just right, causing it to bounce back at me. I sputtered and spat as it hit my face and dampened my T-shirt.

Looking down at what was now essentially a transparent T-shirt, thoughts of my morning masturbation session with Kristen came back as I felt my nipples poking through the wet cotton that clung to my boobs like Saran Wrap. Suddenly it didn't feel quite as warm out and my nipples tingled with the impact of the cold water against them. From the way I was responding, it was soon apparent that I was still horny and there's just one thing to do when you're horny and all alone - masturbate!

Nobody was around - I hadn't seen or heard a thing since I had pulled in, so rather than bother going inside with my wet clothes I simply opened the passenger door and sat sideways on the seat, my feet resting in the wet pavement below me. At first I just placed my hands over the wet material covering my boobs and squeezed them together. Mmmmmmm, it felt better with my warm hands on me! Then I pulled up the T-shirt over my boobs, feeling the breeze against the wet flesh, making my nipples tingle even more. God, they were SO hard and sensitive now, perfect for someone to suck on them and drive me wild! I love my boobs to be touched and sucked. Perhaps one disadvantages, if you can call it that, of being "easy" on a date was that guys would play with my boobs but as soon as they found out they could continue around the bases they would go straight for my pussy and never looked higher up again.

As much as I loved playing with my boobs, I WAS out in the middle of the driveway so expediency was also a concern. I quickly pulled my shorts down to my ankles, leaving them on so in case I should be surprised by someone I could get them back in place more easily. Of course, that depended on who should show up...

For the next ten or fifteen minutes I continued to masturbate in the front seat. Leaning to my side against the car seat back, I held onto the dash to keep my balance while my other hand played with my pussy - which now was a lot wetter than it was just from the hose before, not to mention a LOT warmer! Mmmmmmm, now if only I had a nice hard dick available! I knew a few neighbors guys use to look at me a lot when I lived at home and I would've bet some pretty good money that if any of them had seen me this way that they might decide the heck with the wife... but nobody seemed to be home this fine day. So it was just me and my fingers - but that's not so bad, is it?

When I came, I was thinking about being with Kristen and how it would have been if she had been able to be here with me right now. God... to have her mouth on my pussy right now would be heaven! One good thing when I was done, I didn't have to worry about any wet spots showing up on my cutoffs!

## 4. Uncle Paul and My Mom

With THAT little "problem" out of the way, I went back to work on my car washing efforts. I'd just gotten the car soaped down when I heard another car pull into the driveway entrance above me. At first my thoughts jumped to my just-finished masturbation fantasy - was Kristen here... I was up for more if she was! But then I looked closer and didn't recognize the car at first, it certainly wasn't Kristen, nor was it my dad's SUV, the second thing that came to my mind as I thought for a moment it might be my dad coming home early. He knew I would be here and it wouldn't have surprised me if he took off work early to meet me here but alas, that wasn't the case.

Then, much to my surprise, my Uncle Paul climbed of the car. That was odd in that so far as I knew, he hadn't stopped by our house in ages, as in years.

"Dad's at work!" I called out to him as he stood at the top of the driveway, as if uncertain whether to go to the front door or come down to where I was.

My uncle replied back down to me. "I know. I just need to borrow a couple of tools from your dad's workbench."

Now THAT sounded a little suspicious. You see, my dad's a great lawyer but he's not exactly the mechanical type. Sure, he tries to take care of the little things around the house but it's not like he maintains an extensive tool collection or anything like that. When it comes to any major plumbing or car repair, he just calls in the experts.

Uncle Paul walked down the steep decline towards me. I tried not to smile as I noticed his eyes did exactly what 90% of most guys' eyes when they approached me - up and down with a pause at my chest - and often that was as high as they got! Of course, being my uncle he was trying not to be TOO obvious about it but it's funny how guys think they can look a girl over, blatantly undressing her with their eyes, and still somehow think she doesn't notice.

"Yeah, I called him earlier this morning and he said to just stop by. He mentioned you would probably be here in case I had trouble getting in."

Well, it was nice know my dad at least remembered I would be here, even if he didn't take the time to BE here when I was. It was no different than most weekends while I was growing up. I guess you don't get to be a senior partner working 8 to 5 on weekdays only.

I just shrugged, not thinking much about it and he disappeared into the garage while I went back to my car washing.

"You know, you really look good in that outfit."

He sort of startled me as I was concentrating on a particularly stubborn dirty spot and had put my uncle out of my mind in the process. I straightened up and in doing so, realized what a view I must have been giving him, bending over at the waist to get towards the bottom of the car door. My shorts would ride up pretty high when I did that, probably giving him quite a tease between the crotch as there wasn't much material left there to begin with and then to bend over and stretch it thin...

Uncle Paul was standing at the edge of the garage floor, empty-handed. I wondered where the tools were that he was supposedly looking for. If he expected ME to help him find them, well all I can say is good luck to THAT. OK, so I know a hammer from a screwdriver but that's about it when it comes to being a mechanic.

"Don't take this wrong but that was quite a view," he chuckled, standing there with his arms folded across his chest.

Well, I wasn't going to take it "wrong" but his remark certainly surprise me as while I knew he had looked at me more than a few times when he thought didn't notice, he had never really said all that much to me, let alone compliment me on my appearance. Certainly he had never made any sort of suggestive remark to me ever before. I wasn't quite sure how to respond so he picked up the conversation - if that's what you could call it.

"Soooooo... tell me Kelly, what did you think about our Easter get-together at Jim's?"

Hmmm, not what was he referring to? At this point I really wasn't sure what he meant or where he was going at with this line of questioning so I pretended to not understand what he said, causing him to reword his question.

"What I was trying to ask was... did you have fun while we were all there?"

Now he was starting to freak me out a little. Fun? As in what kind of fun was he referring to? Certainly he didn't mean the "fun: I had down in the basement bedrooms as there was no way he could know anything about THAT. So what was he getting at? I mean, spending the afternoon with relatives isn't exactly the most "fun: thing for most people.

Uncle Paul must have caught the puzzled look of my face. He paused for a second, as if trying to decide whether or not to say something, and then a sly grin appeared, like he was about to share a naughty secret with me.

"You know Kelly, I would've paid about anything just to see the look on Shari's face if she had seen what your dad was doing with that little slut Tammy down in the basement."

What the hell? How did he know about THAT? Uncle Paul started to laugh at me as I must have amused him when my jaw dropped so far I was surprised it didn't hit the concrete.

"Oh come on Kelly, I know all about what he's been doing with our little niece. Shit, I have to say I'm a bit envious."

I just stood there, not sure whether he was just shooting in the dark to see how I responded or if he actually knew what he was talking about. Perhaps he just suspected something, for whatever reason, and was hoping that by coming out so boldly I would assume he knew everything and confirm it for him. It was a stunt lawyers like to use but when your dad's a lawyer, you know about it so I wasn't ready to fall completely into a potential minefield.

"Whatever are you talking about Uncle Paul?" I finally responded, trying to act genuinely confused, as if I had no idea about what he was telling me.

"Oh give me a break Kelly, I know everything... everything."

With that he gave me a wink, leading me to wonder now what all he knew. Was it just the Easter thing or more? If more, just how much more? Was it just Tammy he knew about or what else? Thankfully it was my uncle standing in front of me and not some investigator... or worse. Still, I felt a little lightheaded as the realization began to sink in that he DID know SOMETHING - just what was it though?

"Ummmmm, how did you find out?" I asked, deflecting his question with another, hoping that maybe I could get a hint of what he knew by finding out HOW he knew what he did. Well, it was like it was as much a game to him as anything as he played me like a fine violin.

"Well..., it COULD have been her dad - we both know what an asshole my youngest brother is," he started out. Then he paused to see my response but I tried to remain as blank as possible until finally he gave in and laughed, saying, "BUT, it wasn't." Then he looked up in the sky as if thinking and then threw out another scenario.

"Then again, it COULD have been YOUR dad - but then we both know he would never say anything about it to anyone. John's much too enamored with his that corner office and six, or is it seven, figure salary to risk telling anyone, even me... or should I say ESPECIALLY me?"

Again he paused for effect and again I remained silent, neither confirming nor denying anything he was saying. He seemed to be having a lot of fun but it was at my expense and I was starting to get a bit perturbed.

"Of course, I simply COULD have just noticed the way he looked at her and then, when the two of them disappeared for half an hour, just put two and two together," he said, rubbing his hands together like he was weaving some sordid plot together. He was actually grinning at my discomfort, a little annoying if you asked me.

As I waited for him to continue his little performance, my mind was racing. He obviously knew SOMETHING. So who the hell DID tell him? Something told me it had to be relatively recently as that was likely why he had arranged to be here with me - and when my dad was not around so what did THAT tell me? Well, I said before that I wasn't a mechanic and it looks like a private investigator gig is not in my future either. I simply had no idea where this was all leading.

"OK, ok, can you stop this and just tell me?" I said with a bit of a huff.

Paul grinned even wider and I could tell he was trying to get the maximum effect as he paused before revealing the final answer, like watching some silly reality show where the audience has to wait for the inane music to finish before they reveal who is getting kicked off the show.

"Well, you might not believe me but I swear it's the truth... your mother did."

What?? Now of all the possibilities that had been running through my head, all the different situations and scenarios, NONE of them included my mother. Now I was sure something was up with Uncle Paul after telling me what was obviously a malicious lie. Of anyone who knew about such things in our family, my mom was the LAST person I would ever have suspected of speaking to someone about it. I was starting to feel my face turn red and it wasn't the result of another orgasm. I was getting pissed - royally! It was bad enough to tease me and taunt me but to bring in my mom, after what had happened to her last year, was not only an obvious lie but demonstrated some pretty poor taste as well.

"That's ridiculous," I spat back at him, feeling genuinely mad at him now. What the hell was he trying to prove anyway?

"Hey, it's true and I can prove it," he responded, unshaken by the acid tone in my voice, "How else would I know about the time he first did her in the cabin by the lake?"

Now THAT shook me. It was one thing to infer something from the party last week, assuming my dad had been a little less discreet that he should have been. But the bit about the cabin, an obvious reference to when my dad took Tammy's virginity back when she was just fourteen... now THAT was not something he could have just guessed at, not at all."

"Why would my mom tell you about anything like that?" I asked, then realizing I had essentially confirmed his story, assuming that is what he was pursuing. At the same time, I was voicing the exact same thing that was echoing in my head. Assuming someone HAD told him about my dad and Tammy, and to make the wild assumption it was my mom, that still left the wide open question of WHY would she have done such a thing, not to mention why was I finding out about it just now?

"You know Kelly... you might be surprised at what your mother told me. There's a LOT of things I know that you don't know I know I bet."

Oh yeah? Like what? This time I wasn't going to fall for his trap and refused to reply. He seemed to get the hint and carried on towards whatever his goal was here. A devious grin came over his face as he said in a conspiratorial tone, "I bet you have no idea that your mom and me use to do the nasty."

This was insane. I leaned back against my wet car, not sure my legs were going to support me much longer. Oh my god, my mom and Uncle Paul? Get out of here!

"You and mom? I don't think so. She would have told me."

Paul smiled at me and shook his head. "You know, mothers don't always tell their daughter EVRERYTHING. Besides, for some reason she didn't want your dad to know... I don't know why and that's the truth."

"But when..."

"Oh, for years now. I think it was about the same time John started with you."

OK, everything up until now was a surprise, to be sure, but THAT comment was a total shock to my system. What the hell was going on here? When was he even telling me about it?

"For crying out loud Kelly, be real. Do you really think your mom was THAT much of a saint that she could just sit back and watch her husband doing her daughter over and over again and not want something new for herself? Your mom was a VERY sexual woman and so she did what she had to do."

"I don't believe you," I protested, angry at him for trying to make my mother into something she wasn't when she couldn't defend herself. :Mom was NEVER jealous of me. She was happy to see me and him together."

"Well, maybe not jealous - poor choice of words I guess, but it certainly got her horny as hell. Remember... by the time you were done with him, that didn't leave much for her."

It was like my whole world was turning upside down. I've always had this imagine of my mother that I've carried since I first started having sex with my dad. So many times she had assured me that she wasn't upset or jealous when my dad did me. In fact, I'm not sure how I would've reacted had I known the truth when she was alive - certainly extremely guilty, that's for sure.

"But how did you start... why?"

As much as he was telling me what he was, that question was apparently out of bounds as he replied, "well... I think that's something that should remain between me and her, OK?"

"So you've known all this time about me and them?" I asked, trying to get a handle on just how much he knew and what he had done with my mom. God, he seemed so proud of himself it was almost disgusting

"Yep, everything. Just about everything I guess."

My uncle was still standing about ten feet or so from me at the entrance to the garage. So far he not made a move towards me which was fine with me. I had enough to deal with as it was just trying to put all the pieces together in my head. I felt like a jigsaw puzzle that has just been dumped out on the table from the box.

I turned away from him momentarily, opening the driver-side car door and taking a seat sideways, similar to what o had done earlier when I masturbate on the other side except this time it wasn't that I was too horny to stand, I just HAD to sit down and try to make sense of everything. When I looked up, he had walked over to the car and stood there in front of me, his arm resting on the top of the car window as he looked down at me with a small smile.

"You know Kelly, your mother loved you very much and I know that she would never do anything - or NOT do anything, that she thought might have hurt you so don't blame her for anything, ok?"

I looked up and asked, "So just you and my mom?"

He could have interpreted that a number of ways but fortunately he took it as I had hoped.

"If you mean you Aunt Linda or Kristen... no, I've never touched them nor do I think they know any more about me and your mom than you or your dad. Let's just say you mom and me both had 'needs" at times and it just worked out for the best to keep it between the two of us."

It was funny in a way. I've had many people ask me if my mom ever got jealous of my dad fucking me or if she ever felt left out. For the past eight years I've always assured people that she wasn't jealous, that she enjoyed watching her husband and daughter together. I always claimed it was my dad with the heavier sex drive, that my mom was satisfied with what she got when I wasn't there.

Boy, talk about being WRONG! How could I have been so blind... so gullible for that matter? Was it because it was what I WANTED to believe? Would I have felt guilt or remorse had I known the truth, that my mother was forced to seek sexual satisfaction with another man because I was taking her place with my father? It was like learning that the Bible was a forgery or something similarly catastrophic in my basic core belief system.

"So why tell me now?" I asked plaintively.

Well, I was about to find out...

# 5. Uncle Paul Fulfills His Fantasy

By now I would've said there was nothing that could've surprised me any further today. My world had been turned upside down and what I really wanted was to just go home, lie on the couch and try to make sense of everything my uncle had dumped on me. Instead, here I was, sitting sideways on the car seat, my feet on the driveway, holding on to the steering wheel for support. The back door was open as well from when I had been washing the bottom, creating a three- sided barrier around me with the garage in front of me. It reminded me of when I was a little girl and had to pee REALLY bad while we were traveling. My dad would fuss and fume but if I pleaded hard enough he would stop on the side of the road, opening the doors like this so I could squat to pee without the people driving by seeing me.

I had asked why my uncle had told me all this now but instead of telling me, Uncle Paul stepped in between the doors and without another word or hesitation, he simply unbuckled his jeans and unzipped them, reaching down inside with his right hand to pull out his semi-hard dick. My wide eyes must have told him everything.

"Kelly!... Why are you trying to act so surprised? Trust me, if anyone does, I KNOW you're a fucking slut who can't get enough. Shit, I bet that pussy's already getting warm as toast just at the sight of my dick, isn't it?... isn't it?"

He had me there. It wasn't like my uncle as all that bad looking, for his age at least. I'd seen him undressing me with his eyes enough while growing up to know he harbored the same thoughts I suppose a lot of uncles do for their nieces. Of course, I assume almost none of them ever ACT on those thoughts and fantasies, or even admit them to anyone else. Now all this talk about sex and incest, while coming at me as a bit of a surprise, to say the least, had made me horny as hell so of course my was pussy was heating up again. I hadn't fully lost all the sensations from my most recent orgasm while masturbating just before he had gotten here. Funny how things work sometimes. While I was masturbating I was wishing a nice hard dick would appear and lo and behold, one had!

As horny as I was and as luscious as his dick looked right there in front of me, I wasn't about to just give in to him without making him work for it a little. I DID have a little pride, not to mention a reputation to live up to.

"So you think I'm just going to suck your dick now?" I teased him, my turn now, "You think you can just wave it in front of me and I'll lean forward and suck it, like a dog being offered a treat?"

Uncle Paul grinned, "I have to admit that the thought HAD occurred to me."

"I bet you want to fuck me too, don't you Uncle Paul?" I teased him.

In for a penny, in for a pound as they say. If he thought I was as slut before, it was going to be nothing to what he thought about me when this was over with... not if I had anything to say about it. Besides, he was family and while I would never admit it to him, I DID feel a certain sense of obligation to submit myself to him as he was the brother of my father. It was just like when I gave myself to Uncle Jim, despite my disgust and revulsion towards him. My dad wanted me to let him fuck me... so I did. Wouldn't the same apply to his older brother as well? Even if my dad never found about his brother and my mom, what if he found out that I had turned away my Uncle Paul - and then press to find out the details about why It had all come about in the first place?

"Well, THAT thought had also occurred to me," I responded, trying to make it as clear as possible that he would do whatever he wanted with me without coming right out and saying it.

Then a thought occurred to me as he stood there stroking his growing dick for me to watch, "What about Aunt Julie?"

"What about her?" Uncle Paul replied flippantly, "Like, can't a guy want to fuck a hot girl without worrying about his wife? Face it, it's not like I was being exactly faithful to her when I was with your mother."

Oh well, what the hell? Besides, technically this was different from fucking other married men in that I was a direct family member, well at least as direct as you can call a niece which was always good enough for my parents. If Uncle Paul was fucking me or my mom, he wasn't committing adultery, at least not technically. Now I doubt Aunt Julie would've seen it quite the same way but then, that's why she could never find out about it. At least there was nothing morally unethical about it, at least from a religious perspective.

Besides the current situation, to be honest I HAD thought about doing it with Uncle Paul in the past, especially when I would catch him undressing me with his eyes. Plus, he was the only guy left in our immediate family that I hadn't fucked. I can't count my cousin's husbands as they are related only by marriage and I barely know them anyway. No... Uncle Paul was the last open slot on my family "scorecard" - although it was one I'd written off, never expecting to fill.

"So why now?" I asked again as he stroked his dick, seemingly becoming impatient with my questions.

"Oh I don't know... I guess it was Easter that got me thinking... and then seeing you looking so fucking hot today... Shit man, do you have ANY idea how jealous I've been of my brother getting to fuck you and your cousins."

Again, I couldn't help but think it was too bad Kristen hadn't waited another half hour to leave. Now THAT might have proven to be interesting! Oh well, this just meant I got him all to myself and there's definitely something to be said for that.

"I bet you wish you could fuck your daughters, don't you?" I said softly. It was a shot in the dark but I had a good feeling about it. But he surprised me...

"What, with Ginny's fake boobs and Laura's fat ass? Nawwwwww, I've been dying to get you and Kristen though - not to mention little Tammy was well."

He had been stroking his dick the entire time, not moving any closer but just allowing me to watch him extend and thicken as he stroked himself for me as we talked. Enough was enough so I reached out and grabbed his almost hardened cock. A quick thought went through my head as I mentally compared his tool with his brothers'. If I was being honest, none of them were overly endowed. Apparently my cousin Rick must have inherited his good fortune from his mother's side of the family, NOT something I'm sure she knew a lot about. When was the last time she had seen her son's dick - when he was six maybe? I had strong doubts that she had EVER seen him with an erection. Oh well, that was HER loss.

What the heck, why not? Leaning forward, I took the head of my uncle's stiffening dick in my mouth and then slowly, deliberately, allowed his entire dick to push inside my mouth as my tongue ran along the bottom. He groaned mightily when my face became buried in his dense black pubic hair while I sucked as hard as I could on his cock. He was OK, size wise, but even so it wasn't hard to keep him all in my mouth while breathing through my nose - a technique my mom had taught me and I wondered if he recognized it?

"Jesus H. Christ, I can't believe this is happening!" he groaned as I looked up to see him looking back down on me, a look of pure pleasure on his face.

Heck, I hadn't even gotten started yet! It then occurred to me that it had likely been thirty years since he'd had a girl my age sucking his dick - probably his wife back then assuming Aunt Julie have even given him head. If the guys who write to me are indicative of the population in general, there are a lot of wives out there who don't give head, or at least not very good.

Pulling my head back, I grabbed his cock in my hand as I lifted my head up to look at him. "So... do you like your dick in my mouth Uncle Paul?"

His eyes rolled as if to say it was the most ridiculous question he'd ever heard. "Shit, don't stop... it feels great."

Regardless of whether or not my aunt gave him head during their marriage, if he had really been fucking my mom as he claimed to have over the past few years, I knew she was pretty damn good at giving blowjobs herself. After all, she was the one to give me my first lessons although I like to think the student surpassed the master before long. So while it had been quite a while since he was sucked off by my mom, it wasn't like he'd never had it done to him. Still, it's always nice to be appreciated for your efforts!

Uncle Paul put his hands on the back of my head, pulling me back into his crotch so I simply opened my mouth and let him push his dick back inside. He was fully erect now and I could feel the wooden firmness of his shaft in my mouth. Still, he couldn't have been more than six inches now that he was full erect so it wasn't much of a challenge so far as taking him all in went. Not like I was going to tell him that though!

Once again I pulled back but this time instead of gabbing with him I used my tongue to lick up and down his shaft, swirling it around the base of his mushroom cock head and then back down along the sensitive underside of his now fully-erect dick. With my other hand, I gently fondled his hairy balls, rolling them tenderly in my hands as I was careful not to be TOO aggressive with them. Then I started pumping my head on his dick as his hips began to thrust himself in and out, keeping in time with me while driving his dick even deeper into my mouth than before.

"Fuck! I love watching you suck my dick," he said hoarsely, his lust beginning to grow and develop more and more within him.

Of course, the LAST thing I wanted at this moment was for him to cum. Heck, it took my dad forever as it was to recover at his age and my uncle was a lot older so I could only imagine what it would take to get him hard again once he'd cum. I'd probably have to wait until the next day!

"So do you still wanna fuck me Uncle Paul?" I teased him. Like I didn't know the answer to THAT one!

He was breathing pretty heavy now but that didn't stop him from getting out a crisp, "Hell yes!". There wasn't all that much room the way we were situated and for a moment I considered suggesting that we move into the house but then I figured, why not do it out here? Heck, I bet he would be masturbating for the rest of his life as he recalled fucking me out in the middle of the driveway with nothing but two car doors hiding us from the neighbors. It wasn't like we were THAT much out in the open. The way the hills ran on the outer side of the driveway was a tall retaining wall so unless our neighbors happen to step out at this moment, nobody else had a line of sight from the direction. Then in back the hill sloped down just as much as it did upward to the front of the house so nobody was going to see anything with a high-power telescope mounted across the valley behind us.

I stood up and turned away from him, then leaned into the car holding myself up on my hands and arms on the car seat, leaving my butt sticking up and out towards him like target. I'd done my part, now it was up to him to take the baton and continue onward.

"God you have the most incredible ass," I heard him gasp as I felt his hands on my all but bare butt.

Granted, I wasn't wearing my sluttiest thing by any means, but even this bottom piece didn't leave a lot to the imagination. He took one hand and I felt him run it up along the inside of my right thigh and then approach my crotch. He reached inside of the crotch my bottoms and pulled them to the side.

Then his fingers were on my pussy and I could feel him groping me, trying to work their way between my wet pussy lips. "Mmmmmmm, I've never felt a shaved pussy before," he murmured, as much to himself as to me.

I knew my mom had barely trimmed her, preferring to keep it as full as she could while maintaining a little modesty in her bikini. If my Aunt Julie was anything like my mom or Aunt Linda, no doubt hers was full and bushy as well, especially since she was a lot older than they were. While porn sites would have you think all women shaved or radically trimmed their pussies these days, I knew that simply wasn't the case, especially among women in the older generations. So I guess it must have been something new and special for my uncle to put his hand on my crotch and feel nothing but smooth skin!

As he groped me I didn't say a word, just wiggled my butt enough to let him know I was enjoying what he was doing to me. He started to rub his finger up and down my pussy slit, trying to find the entrance to my pussy, wetting his finger and me in the process.

Then it was my turn to gasp as his fingertip pressed itself into me, soon to be followed by the rest of his finger. He wiggled it inside of me like a worm on a hook, then pulled it out and slid it up along my pussy lips until he came to my clit. Again I gasped, but much louder this time, as the tip pressed against my clit, making me shiver with pleasure as he rubbed it in little circles around my sensitive bud.

"Oh Uncle Paul, that feels so good!: I whispered to him, not wanting to break the mood as he rubbed me faster.

I could have let him do that all day but he wasn't patient enough, not by a long shot, to just stand there and make me feel good. No, my Uncle Paul had other thoughts on his mind!

Indeed, even as he was playing with my pussy with one hand, the other must have been busy as well because I felt the head of his dick push against my butt and then slide over to my ass crack where he drove it up my crack as he pressed into me until I could feel his pubic hair against my ass. He pulled his hand that was on my crotch out, letting him press in even closer to me. Up and down he slid his hard dick, rubbing it along my ass between my butt cheeks over my bikini bottom.

Evidently he was frustrated with my bottoms being in the way as I heard him grumble something to himself and he back up. Suddenly my bikini bottom slid down my legs as he grabbed them on each side and pulled them unceremoniously to my ankles where I stepped out of them on one side while he left them dangling from my other ankle over my sneaker. The thought occurred to me that should my neighbors come home and look down, they would be getting a pretty good view of my bare butt but fortunately they seemed to be away for the weekend. Not that I would have necessarily cared, mind you, but still I couldn't help but think about it.

"Damn! What a fuckin' great ass!" Uncle Paul sighed as he must have stood there staring at my bottom, now totally bare before him.

He put one hand on each butt cheek, squeezing them as if he was comparing two melons in the grocery store. It felt good - I LOVE my ass to be played with. Now that's NOT to say I like anal sex. There's a huge difference between playing WITH my ass and putting something IN it!! While my asshole may be a one-way street, I've always loved the feel of someone fondling my butt, especially in public. Even with jeans on I like to walk through the mall or go shopping with a boy's hand firmly grabbing my ass, watching the people stare - some getting turned on and other's clucking away at what a slut I was.

Once again I could feel his dick against my bottom, this time running between my ass cheeks without the fabric of my bikini bottom in the way. It felt nice to feel his warm stiff dick sliding between them, his curly pubic hair tickling me slightly when it came in contact. He was really stiff and I knew he wasn't going to wait much longer before he fucked me - and I was right.

"You're really such a slut... aren't you?" he asked rhetorically, not so much ASKING me but TELLING me what he thought of me.

I wondered how many times he'd looked at me while I was growing up and imagined doing just what he was about to do? Had he ever discussed fucking me with my dad? Even if it wasn't about that actual act, but just the idea of doing me? Maybe he'd talked about it with my Uncle Jim? It wasn't hard to imagine two brothers talking about fucking their oldest niece over a beer at night. Had he ever confided to my mother his more lustful desires for me? I caught myself wondering if she'd ever role-played for him, pretending to be her daughter for him?

"Well, why don't you quit teasing me and fuck me then?"

He just chuckled in response to my question. Of course, it wasn't so much as question as an invitation, one he was more than willing to accept - as if he needed one at this point anyway.

"Yeah, you want it, don't you," he growled, "You want my dick in you.. you want it bad. You're such a slut you can't stand having a hard dick around you without it fucking you, can you."

It was more like he was expressing his own fantasies about me than actually asking me anything. Then again, right about now he was right. While I may have been a little guilty of playing with him before, teasing him and acting the way I knew he expected me to, the time for toying around was over though. Yes, I DID want to be fucked and yes, I DID want it bad. REALT BAD. I'm not sure guys always appreciate that girls can want their dicks inside of them just as much, if not more, than the guy wants to get it in her. While I have no idea what it feels like to have a dick protruding from me, enveloped by a girl's wet pussy, I DO know what it feel like to be on the other end of the equation. Enough so that it was the one thing I wanted at this moment, the only thing I could think about, the thing that consumed my thoughts and was driving me crazy. God, I wanted to be fucked! I wished he would just quit yakking and get his dick in me - the sooner and deeper, the better.

While I can't speak for ALL women, I think I do for most when I say that I just LOVE the feeling of a man's stiff dick as it presses against me like a ram trying to break down the gates of a heavily fortified city. It's always seemed so ironic to me that as badly as I might want it in me, my pussy still seems to defend itself, staying tightly closed as if trying to deflect the offending cock that is trying so desperately to violate it. Sometimes it's like I feel I am going crazy when every part of me is crying out to have him in me, yet I'll see him struggling to shove it in me that first time as ,my tight pussy resists him.

Then, it's like magic as either my pussy gives up in the face of overwhelming forces, or maybe it finally gets the message from the rest of my body that the so-called intruder is actually a most welcome guest. Either way, there is that intense feeling of the most insane pleasure that comes at the moment when my pussy relaxes just enough to allow his dick to push its way into me for the first time (at least, the first time this go-around). For just a moment, there is a feeling of pain, like I'm being split apart and there's no way he can possibly fit in me. Considering how many times I've been fucked over the years, you'd think I wouldn't feel that way but in every case, almost without fail, I still do. Then as he slides into me, I can feel him filling me up inside with his dick, feeling the warmth of his dick as it drives into me, stimulating the millions of nerve endings inside of me in a way nothing but a real man's cock can do. Yes... it's like magic!

Uncle Paul was right, I wanted him to fuck me... BAD!

"Stick it in my pussy Uncle Paul," I begged, "Oh fuck me Uncle Paul... fuck me!"

Damn, I just know he had to be dying to fuck me but somehow he managed to restrain himself, to hold himself back, apparently trying to stretch this out moment for as long as possible. I knew that he would always remember this moment, listening to his niece begging him to fuck him, feeling so good about himself as this girl half his age cried out for him to take her as his prize.

Then... FINALLY! His dick was finally trying to get inside of me. Sure enough, the pressure against me was incredible as he tried valiantly to drive it into me, his stiff cock threatening to bend and break under the pressure as he tried to get it in me. True, it would have helped if he had it lined up right but I wasn't about to say anything that might make him think it was due to anything other than my pussy being so tight.

"Holy shit, you're so fuckin' tight," he groaned as I felt him grab his cock and rub it around my pussy hole, wetting the head and making me all the wetter at the same time.

Then my uncle made another go at it, this time hitting the mark perfectly and sure enough, it was like the most incredible thing imaginable - his dick was sliding into me!

"Oh Uncle Paul, Oh yeah... fuck me... I love it in me," I moaned, "Deeper... Deeper in me!"

It took several more thrusts the first time but then he was in all the way. Once again I felt his coarse pubic hair against me but this time his dick wasn't in the way - it was buried inside of me instead. He swiveled his hips, grinding himself into me, as if he was trying to literally screw me with his dick and draw himself in even further.

"Oh fuck, I can't believe how tight you are... god it's been forever since I felt a cunt this tight!"

I'm sure it wasn't hurting any that I was squeezing down on him as much as I could as well. I loved the feel of his dick inside of me. As much as I had enjoyed masturbating with Kristen earlier today, it was nothing compared to me laid by a man. The reason is simple - no women, no dildo, nothing artificial can EVER can substitute for the real deal - a hard, erect cock pressed deep inside of me. You can take the biggest, most throbbing and vibrating dildo ever made and I would trade it I an instant for the smallest dick. I just love a REAL dick in me, what can I say?

Uncle Paul was grunting and groaning now. Anyone listening to a recording of this would think he was working out in the gym rather than screwing his niece. His hands were gripping my bare hips like twin vise-grips, pulling and pushing me in time with his thrusts as he would literally slam into my ass as he drove himself into me and then pull out until just the tip of his dick was in me before reversing course again and driving it into me like a pile driver.

It would have been fun to have tried some other positions but a couple of things prevented us from doing it. First, there was the lack of space. Unless I got out and sat on the hood of the car or something, there weren't many options available under the circumstances. As exhibitionist as I may be, I doubt my uncle could ever be horny enough to be THAT flagrant.

Then, and more importantly, my uncle wasn't going to last long enough to turn this into a gymnastics event anyway. After my blowjob and now him fucking me, fulfilling what must have been quite the ongoing fantasy for him, I was actually pleasantly surprised he hadn't blown yet as it was. Indeed, judging by the sounds he was making, the speed of his strokes and the frantic manner he was now fucking me, I figured he was about ready to cum at any moment. The only remaining question was, where?

Well, I didn't have to ask as he took the initiative. Suddenly he pulled out of me, leaving my pussy feeling empty and still horny as hell. Grabbing me, he pulled me up and twisted me around, pushing me to my knees on the hard concrete driveway. Heck, he could have just told me "assume the position" and I would have gladly done so without all the manhandling!

"Open your mouth... hurry, I'm gonna cum," he instructed me as he stroked his dick in front of my face.

Damn, if he only knew how much I hated this state. Clearly, Uncle Paul had been watching too many porn videos on the internet and was influenced enough by them to believe a girl actually enjoyed watching a man jerk himself off in front of her face. Well HELLO! Whatever happened to the good old days when girl would suck a guy off until he blew his load? Like, I wanted to suck his dick until he came, not watch him masturbate two inches in front of my face! In a way, it was a bit of a turn-off, as if he was telling me the only way he could get off was to jerk himself while I watched.

Oh well, better something than nothing I guess so I opened my mouth like a fish out of water, laying my head back as I waited for him to explode. It wasn't much of a wait as he groaned even louder this time and then I watched the tip of his dick until I saw him ejaculate his first load of cum. It flew up and almost over my head, most likely making my hair a sticky mess. He corrected his trajectory for the next one, hitting my mouth perfectly, shooting his cum in against the back of my throat and on my tongue where it started to form a puddle. As for the rest of it, it seemed to go everywhere, some of it adding to the puddle on my tongue while most of it was my face and neck. I must have looked like a real cum-slut now, my face and head covered with his creamy cum. Most likely exactly the look he was hoping for.

As his last load barely made it to my face, I leaned forward and took his now exhausted dick in my mouth, sucking the last few drops of cum from it. He groaned as my lips caressed his sensitive cock and then practically jumped as my tongue played along the underside of the head.

"Oh shit that feel so good!" he moaned as I bobbed on his rapidly dwindling erection. No doubt it would be hours before it could recover to its former glory, but hey, it had done the job nicely the first time and I wasn't complaining

"Shit, you look like such a fuckin' cum slut," he said, looking down at my cum-covered face as I suckled his now soft dick. "You know, Julie has never let me cum on her face."

Now THAT was interesting... Had he ever done this before with a girl? I was curious if my mom had allowed him but he didn't offer up that information and it made me feel funny to ask him anything my mother under the circumstances. Still, I knew she wasn't a big fan of facials so maybe I was indeed his first, at least when it came to letting him shoot his dick on my face and head.

Uncle Paul quickly pulled his jeans back up and zipped and buckled them. As he did, I turned around and sat bare-bottomed on the car seat. He reached over to where the towels were that I had originally planned to use to dry off my car, grabbing one and hanging it to me. I smiled gratefully and tried to wipe as much of his messy cum off of me as I could.

"Wow, you really gave me a load Uncle Paul," I complimented him, looking at the number of cum stains on the towel.

He grinned proudly at me, not saying anything for the moment. Reaching down, I put my foot back in the bikini bottom and then pulled it up, wiggling it under me as I got it back in place again. As I did, it occurred to me he'd never even seen my bare boobs, let alone touch them under my wet t-shirt. Well, I guess my Uncle Paul wasn't much of a boob guy. Then again, I thought about his remark about his older daughter's boob job and I guess it wasn't such a surprise after all.

"You know Kelly, I'd sorta appreciate it if you didn't tell your dad about all this today," he finally said.

I looked at him curiously, a little puzzled. Then he reminded me that my dad didn't know anything about what he and my mom had done. I thought for a moment and shrugged my shoulders, as if to say, "No matter, who cares?"

"Well, I better get back before Julie sends out the hounds hunting for me," he said, breaking a rather awkward silence, "Hey, thanks... you really ARE a great fuck... better than your mom even."

With that he left, not even hugging me or kissing me. For that matter, he hadn't hugged OR kissed me while we had sex either. It was like he was focused on one thing - his dick's needs. Starting with the BJ and progressing to fucking me, it had all been about attending to his dick and nothing about me except whatever "collateral damage" he could inflict on me in the process.

As he drove off, I couldn't help but compare him to my other uncle. While Uncle Paul wasn't nearly the asshole that my Uncle Jim was, in many ways you could see the similarities between the two brothers. Both thought only of themselves, not doing anything to try and make me feel good other than what just happened to happen. Once they came, it was over with no concern as to whether MY needs had been satisfied. Both liked to cum ON me and not IN me, something I attribute to some domination fantasy many men seem to harbor.

Well, I would do as I promised and not say anything to my dad. I also made a mental vow that this would be the only time my Uncle Paul fucked me. It wasn't like he had anything to hold over me, like my Uncle Jim did. Neither Ginny or Laura would be fucking my dad in this lifetime so Uncle Paul didn't have the leverage to blackmail me into having sex with him.

As I finished drying off my car, I wonder what my Uncle Paul would say if he knew that he was just as much, if not more, of a notch on MY belt as I was on his? From now on, every time he saw me he would remember this day and how good it felt to feel my mouth on him and to feel his dick inside of me. However, whereas if I needed to get laid I had plenty of options, he was pretty much stuck with his wife and all seeing me would do would be to remind him of what he had just once...

...and will never have again. Seems only fair considering the circumstances, wouldn't you agree?

# (May 24) Chapter 186: Memorable Memorial Day

Story codes: MF FF oral exhib inc father daughter
  Me (24)
  Kristen - cousin (22)
  John - my dad (44)

Sometimes the best things come about unexpectedly. I'd been anticipating a rather boring Memorial Day weekend which only appeared to get worse when my dad invited me to visit his mother in Illinois. Then he invited my Aunt Linda and her daughter Kristen to join us and that changed everything!

## 1. Comparing Grandparents

When I compare my grandparents, there couldn't be a more striking contrast. First, they have totally different homes and occupations (at least before they retired). My dad's parents live in a big traditional farmhouse an hour or so north of Pittsburgh. His dad is retired and now rents out the land to other farmers. On my mom's side of the family, her mother lives alone in a small house in Illinois, south of Chicago about thirty miles. My grandfather died back in 1994, barely a memory to me. He was some sort of engineer; I never really understood what he did, while my grandmother has always been a stay-at- home housewife.

My dad's parents are pretty much your stereotypical grandparents. They have always doted on me; some might say spoiled but I wouldn't go that far. My cousin Kristen and I would often go together to visit them and we had all sorts of fun as young girls exploring the barn and other cool buildings and animals on the farm. In fact, the first time we ever masturbated together was in a hayloft. The farm has all sorts of room for larger groups to gather and being it's only an hour or so away my dad's side typical holds its get-togethers there.

One thing important to note about my dad's parents, and most of his side of the family for that matter, is that they have no idea what the three brothers are involved in behind closed doors at home. In fact, most of the family is downright

wedding he became possessive and jealous, forcing Aunt Linda to choose between her father and husband. Well, "family" won out, as it should have, but what a terrible choice to force up on someone.

My dad and his younger brother were also doing both sisters in high school (well, Linda wasn't quite yet in high school when they started) and you can imagine my dad's surprise when she one day confided in him that her dad was doing them both as well. Unlike Linda's jerk of a husband, though, my dad didn't have any issues with it. I guess he figured that if anyone else was going to fuck them, better it be their dad than another guy at school!

Sometimes I wonder what might have happened had my Grandpa Bill not died back in 1994. While I'll never know for sure if he would've wanted to fuck his granddaughters or not, I can't imagine he wouldn't have given the opportunity. I was only seven when he died and regardless of what people may think from what I've said, he was NOT a pedophile and he NEVER molested his granddaughters in any way. In my fantasies, I have sometimes wondered what it would have been like to have a three generational get-together. Oh well, maybe someday I'll have a daughter so my dad can expand the bounds of our family traditions.

So what was my Grandma Martha doing all this time? Well, first of all she knew what her husband was doing with her daughters right from the start. It's not exactly something all that easy to hide, even if he had tried. It seemed to become an extension of her "don't ask, don't tell" parenting methodology. While she didn't do anything to stop him, she also never joined in or even watched. So far as I know, she never even discussed incest (or anything about sex for that matter) with her daughters, not even to this day.

A few years ago while I was visiting, she made a few vague references to me and my dad having sex. I can't say I got the feeling she approved of it, more like she was resigned to the idea and so she just ignored what my dad and I did when we were there. We respected her values and didn't flaunt anything in front of her either.

It had been a while since we'd all gone to see my Grandma Martha. It seemed it was either me and my parents or Linda and Kristen, but rarely all of us. Since my mom's funeral, none of us had been back there at all to visit her. In our defense, it WAS a long drive (about ten to eleven hours at least, maybe even more depending on whose foot was on the accelerator. Add in my dad's hectic work schedule and it was simply hard to find the right opportunity to get back there.

## 2. Traveling to Illinois

With Memorial Day approaching, it was my intention to spend a rather boring weekend at home, maybe getting in some sun on my dad's private deck as the weather forecast sounded great. Probably the LAST thing I ever expected was to be making a road trip! My dad called me from work and announced that he was taking Friday off and that it would be a good opportunity to visit Grandma Martha. It was quite a surprise to me as I couldn't remember the last time he wanted to go there - usually it had been my mom dragging him along. While he appeared to get along with his mother-in-law, somehow I always sensed a little tension between my Grandma Martha and my dad, If I had to guess why, it would be that he had assumed the incest "leadership" role from my grandfather. So far as I know, she NEVER actually came out and said anything, but from her body language and tone, it was obvious she was not comfortable when he and I were in the room together with her, even though we never did anything that warranted a second glance from anyone.

As for me, it is hard to say this but I can't say I was thrilled to be going. Sure, I loved my grandmother and all, but not THAT much and to spend over twenty hours in the SUV traveling back and forth on some toll road between Pittsburgh and the boring suburbs of Chicago wasn't exactly my idea of a fun weekend. After all, you can only pass the time in car masturbating and sleeping for so long! Then I learned that my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen would be joining us and that changed my entire outlook, as you might well imagine.

At 22, Kristen is two years younger than me and has always been more a younger sister to me than a cousin. Since my Aunt Linda's divorce back was Kristen was a baby, the two of them practically lived at our house. Kristen and I always seemed to do most everything together as we grew up and still do, even though our lives and careers have evolved in vastly different directions. Although we masturbated together maybe a million times growing up, (well, maybe that's a LITTLE exaggeration but it seemed that way sometimes), we never had sex until the summer after my freshman year in college. That was when I learned she and my dad had started doing it while I was away, sort of a surrogate daughter thing I guess for him.

It was also at that time when I learned about my dad's true relationship with my Aunt Linda. I had always known they dated and had sex back in school, but the fact they STILL were having sex wasn't something they'd shared with me until then. If you think THAT was a shock, imagine my surprise when I learned what Aunt Linda and Kristen had been doing since she was just a little girl!

There was one thing I was curious about, though, and that was how the budding relationship between my dad and aunt was going to go over with her mother. Sure, they'd had sex since she was in grade school - even after they both had married, but my dad was always faithful to my mom when it came to his true love. It was now barely seven months since my mom had been taken from us and while I was slowly beginning to accept things, I wasn't so sure how my grandmother would appreciate her younger daughter becoming romantically involved with her older daughter's husband, even now that she was gone. No doubt she suspected they'd been having sex before, but it was one thing for them to have sex and another to be in love. To be perfectly honest, even I was having a bit of an issue with it but I was slowly coming around upon seeing how happy she as making my dad again.

As my dad and I packed the SUV for the trip, I thought again about him and Aunt Linda. Hmmm, now who would be sleeping with who when we were at my grandmother's? The house was pretty small, with only two spare bedrooms, so did that mean he would be with me, and Kristen with her mom... or would it be my dad and aunt in one room, leaving me and Kristen to fend for ourselves in the other? Either scenario was fine with me, I was just afraid that the first one might lead to a little more tension between my dad and grandmother. No doubt she wouldn't say anything no matter which option we went with, but I knew from past experience that her attitude and demeanor could speak volumes!

We left to pick up my Aunt and cousin, stuffing their bags in the back as my dad grumbled something about how we were only going for a couple of days, not weeks, but the three of us girls just ignored his male chauvinistic whining. Sure, maybe HE could get along with just a small bag but a girl has to be prepared for any contingency. Did he really expect me to bring only one dress for church on Sunday? What if the weather changed? Heck, what if I simply changed my mind? Men just don't get it.

Although we hadn't conferred on the subject, Kristen and I had dressed in almost identical outfits. We each had on short cutoff denim shorts with similar tube tops, although hers was black and mine was yellow. When I say the shorts were short, I mean EXTREMELY short, such that our ass-cheeks poked out and there was just a thin strip of denim that pulled up tight in our crotches. You could say they didn't leave much to the imagination. Her tube top was more traditional, a narrow band of ribbed stretch material which emphasized her smaller, but extremely perky boobs. As my boobs were a bit bigger than hers, mine had to be a little wider and included a pair of ties that joined at the center of my cleavage and then tied behind my neck. We each wore sneakers with white anklets. While we didn't LOOK like twins by any stretch of the imagination, we could have passed for sisters pretty easily - and often did

With warm weather being forecasted, my aunt was also wearing shorts, although hers were hemmed, not ragged like ours and came a bit further down her legs, keeping her ass out of sight. Like her sister, my Aunt Linda had GREAT legs. Even at the ripe old age of 41 she still loved to show them off. Her blouse was also less revealing, although I couldn't help but notice she wasn't wearing a bra. Aunt Linda had gotten a boob job a couple of years ago and since then she seemed determined to get her money's worth! Because of some medical issues she didn't get implants but the surgeon took care of the damage that gravity had inflicted over the years, making her boobs about as perky as her daughter's and a full cup size larger to boot.

Then there was my dad. What can I say? Much as I have tried over the years to get him to look a little more stylish, he had once again reverted to the old standby - jeans, a polo shirt and beat-up brown leather deck shoes. God, it was like a nightmarish seventies flashback. Oh well, what can I say? I keep trying and it's not my fault he doesn't seem to care how he looks away from the office. It's funny how he can always look professional and perfect in his suits but once he got home, it was jeans and t-shirts, maybe shorts if it was warm.

As the male figurehead my dad was driving so my aunt took her position in the front passenger seat as his copilot. Kristen and I took our positions in the back seat, me behind my dad while Kristen was behind her mother. My dad turned on the GPS - why I have no idea. It's not like he didn't have the route memorized after decades of traveling back and forth. Men and their toys! The worse thing about it was the little display that said "time to destination". For goodness sake, it was going to take forever as it was and having a count- down just made it seem all the worse, like watching the timer on the microwave when you're starving.

Once we hit the expressway, I knew that it would be a boring ten hours or so before we did anything but drive 70 miles per hour without stopping for anything but gas and to go potty. Kristen and I each had our iPods but still, talk about BORING!

As we drove out past the airport on our way to the Turnpike, the traffic eased and I felt someone poking me. Kristen was grinning and nodding towards the front seat. I looked up and what hell! My Aunt Linda was leaning over, stroking my dad's dick as he drove. Sheesh, it had only been twenty minutes and already they were at it! I can't say it was really that much of a surprise, though. Lately it had been like they had reverted to their high school years, unable to keep their hands off each other.

"Ummmmm, dad..." I said, leaning forward in my seat against the seat belt and tapping on his shoulder, "Do you want me to drive?"

What is that old saying about, "Be careful what you wish for..."? I just meant to tease him, not that I had any desire to drive. I should have known better.

"Hey, that's a great idea Kelly!" he replied, taking a quick exit that just happened to be coming up at that moment.

My Aunt Linda looked back at me and just shook her head, smiling at the same time. At the top of the ramp out in the middle of nowhere, my dad pulled over to the shoulder. Quickly was all changed places, my dad and Linda getting in the back seat while I took the wheel and Kristen sat up front next to me. It had been ages since I drove this monstrosity as normally my dad didn't like me to drive it. Something about the last time I drove him to work and nearly killed us all... another story for another time.

"You too all set back there?" I called out over my shoulder, adjusting the rear-view mirror to allow me to see what was going on.

Dear God, they were at it already! My dad had pulled his jeans down to his ankles as soon as the door was closed and aunt already had a lip-lock on is erect dick.

"Just drive Kelly," my cousin said with a giggle, "I really don't think they're listening."

Driving my dad's monster SUV was like driving a semi-truck compared to my own car but it also gave me a sense of power on the road being bigger than most every other car on the road. I spun the wheel out as I accelerated down the ramp, not use to having so much power at my command. Mmmmmmm, this was cool!

By the time we got to the first tollgate my aunt was still sucking on my dad's dick. She had curled up on the back seat, her butt barely on the edge of the seat as her head was buried in my dad's crotch. She was still fully dressed but I doubted THAT would remain the status quo for long.

Meanwhile, Kristen had her seat back enough to lay on her side it looked like she was asleep with her iPod ear buds blocking out any external noise. Dang, this was even worse than I'd imaged! My dad and Aunt were making out like teenagers in the back seat while my cousin was starting to just barely snore, leaving me to do the driving and watch out for the PA State Assholes who loved to patrol this section of the highway. I set the cruise to 70 miles per hour and settled down for a long winter's nap (if you get my drift).

As much as I tried to concentrate on staying in my lane, it was difficult at times when suddenly I would hear a moan or loud groan coming from behind me. Damn, didn't they care how it made ME feel? Then again, I guess it was no different than what I had done at times to my mom and dad as they drove me and a friend to the lake or whatever. Paybacks are indeed a bitch!

Well, just because I was driving didn't mean I couldn't do SOMETHING. Indeed, back when I was in college and o would make the three hour trip from school in Ohio to home and back, I would often masturbate as I drove. Given how up I sat in the SUV, together with the dark tinted glass, the odds were about zero anyone would even notice, although I have to admit sometimes THAT can be fun, depending on who notices you of course.

Using my knees to steer, I unbuttoned my shorts and then somehow managed to push them off my butt and down my legs to my ankles and then off onto the floor without swerving TOO badly. The cool leather seats felt good against my now bare bottom and for a while I just wiggle against it, enjoying the feel of the smooth coldness against my butt. Now and then I would pass someone or they would pass me and I smiled at them. Imagine if they knew I was bare-ass as they went by!

After a while I put my hand between my legs and started to gently play with my pussy, nothing overly excitable at first, just a finger playing lightly over my bare crotch and between my pussy lips. I licked my finger to wet it and started to touch my clit gently, enjoying the immediate response as it tingled under my touch. Now this wasn't so bad!

I felt a bump against the back of my seat and glanced in the rear view mirror. My dad was kneeling in the space between the seats with his face buried in my Aunt's crotch. She had one leg draped over the back of the seat with the other hanging off the front edge. Her bushy pussy was barely visible now and then as my dad worked his magic on her. My own hand instinctively started to work on my own pussy a little harder as I watched him eat her hairy pussy.

We were almost to Ohio by now and about to get on the Turnpike. Last stop for a LONG time as I approached the toll gates. Fortunately they were automatic and all I had to do was take a card from the machine without having to deal with a nosey toll-booth attendant. Soon I was back on cruise control and my hand quickly resumed its place between my legs.

As for the nymphos in the back seat, they didn't skip a beat as my dad sat back in the seat and my aunt mounted him, facing towards the back of the SUV. She had her shorts off but had kept her top on. It still left me with a nice view of her ass as I watched her ride my dad's dick in the mirror. Damn, it was hard to just watch and not pull over and join them!

A horn blared and another pickup truck drove by me as I must have weaved a little too much into the other lane watching them fucking. The sudden noise woke Kristen and she rubbed her eyes and yawned. She looked at me and I just nodded towards the back seat. One look told her all she needed to know and she just laughed as she laid back in her seat. Yeah, easy for HER to laugh it off, she didn't have to worry about driving in the middle of holiday traffic! Instead, she dropped her shorts and lowered her tube top to expose her boobs, then proceeded to start masturbating herself with her eyes closed and feet up on the dash. Damn, everyone was getting themselves off but me!

Well, I don't mean I wasn't getting ANY attention - my hand was still toying with my crotch but I had to focus on driving AND deal with the debauchery all around me before I could even think about what I was doing for myself. As a result, it was more like I sometimes do when I watch TV or just get bored and start fiddling with myself almost absentmindedly. It was like scratching an itch - only it was a horny itch between my legs that got the attention. Not something that got me off, but at the same time somewhat satisfying.

Kristen, however, was going at it with my more gusto. Although I think overall I am more "addicted" to masturbating than she is, when she sets her mind to it she can really get herself going. Sometimes growing up we would have contests to see who could get herself off the fastest and I would say I won 90% of the time. (I knew her well enough she didn't DARE cheat!) Kristen was one of the girls who used masturbation more as a substitute for getting laid, or more correctly, as a means of addressing her "needs" when she wasn't getting laid enough.

In contrast, I just love masturbating. For me, it's not a substitute for sex but rather something that compliments it. Guys have misunderstood me when I sometimes masturbate right after they have fucked me, thinking they haven't satisfied me. Yet it couldn't be more the opposite. I tried to explain (usually to no avail), that is was like adding chocolate syrup to a bowl of ice cream – a delicious adder than made the main dish even better! The only reason I might masturbate less when I get a steady dose of sex is simply due to time constraints. It's pretty simple – if you're getting laid you can't masturbate!

I glanced over at Kristen and couldn't help but envy her a bit. God she was so cute! She had that perfect little body, perky boobs and delightful smile that made her appear two or three years younger than she really was. It didn't hurt either that she still giggled like a school girl and the dumb blonde routine was no act, trust me. Lately she may have dyed her hair darker, while at the same time mine has gone blonde, but she can never escape her roots (I know, an awful pun, sorry).

There's a good reason my cousin fucked so many of her teachers back in high school – she wanted to graduate! Two years of college were enough to prove she wasn't academic material but then who was I to judge. She was making more in a week on her back now than I will in a month as a school teacher with a diploma!

Kristen had her right hand between her outstretched legs, her feet firmly planted on the dash with her knees wide apart (as they probably are most of the time she is at "work"). Her left hand was massaging her boob, that perfect little breast that I would have given anything to have had. Damn, it didn't sag a bit and her nipple was hard as a rock as she gripped it and pulled at it with her fingers. I knew she loved them to be played with and whatever she wore, you could bet your ass that she made sure they were exposed as much as she could get away with.

Watching her play with her boobs, my own began to get that "itch" as well. While I tended to pay more attention to my pussy, even as a small girl barely into puberty, I still enjoyed having someone touch my boobs and play with them. Though you might not realize it now to look at me, for most of my teen years they weren't all that impressive and it use to kill me to see girls like my best friend Beth filling out their C and then D cups as I was barely in my first A. Mother Nature had a cruel sense of humor when it came to my boobs, making them grow ever so slowly throughout my teen years instead of busting out from the start (OK, another bad pun, so sue me). Admittedly, the boys never complained but still, when I was with someone like Beth it was painfully obvious whose chest got all the stares! Now I'm a healthy 34C and quite proud of the girls! Still, nightmares of being teased in the locker room at school and looking in the mirror, wishing they would just GROW, haunted me which is why I guess my natural instinct is to play with my pussy first.

With the strap circling around my neck, I couldn't drop my tube top to my waist as Kristen had done but rather pulled it higher on my chest, letting my boobs flop out, feeling good to be free at least. Damn, that tube was as bad as wearing a sports bra! My nipples were already responding to the feel of the cold air-conditioning blowing on them from the vents and when I pulled on them with my fingertips I couldn't help but jump a little in my seat from the sensation it created within me. Kristen was ignoring me, her eyes closed as she concentrated on her own hands. In back, my dad was cumming finally, or maybe he just had? Anyway, it looked like they would be settling down for a while finally.

I must have been starting to drift off a little, driving practically in auto- pilot, when I about hit the roof as Kristen suddenly stiffened and a little shriek escaped from her lips. She was cumming, no doubt about it. Her leg muscles stood out prominently as her thighs tensed and she was gasping as if she couldn't breathe. She had both hands between her legs now, one poking fingers inside of her pussy with the other rubbing her clit like she was trying to call out a genie from a lamp.

I could barely hear her whispering to herself, Oh god... oh god... oh god," over and over and over again. Her butt actually lifted up and off the seat as she suspended herself between her feet on the dash and her back against the seat, her hand not moving now but clutching her pussy tightly as she let out a long moan that seemed to go on forever. Damn, I don't know what she was thinking about at the moment but whatever (or whoever) it was must have been REALLY hot!

Finally she dropped down to the seat again, her feet slipping from the ash an falling to the floor mat as she laid back limply, one hand on each boob as she just sighed and breathed heavily. Eventually she opened her eyes and turned her head to me, grinning mischievously as she loved to do whenever she thought she had pulled one over on me.

"How's the driving going for ya Kelly?" Kristen teased me.

The little whore! She knew damn well I'd been watching her get herself off, all the while unable to do anything substantial myself. I just frowned at her and stared ahead at the road, pulling my tube top back down over my boobs. I'm not sure exactly WHY I did that, maybe some sort of silent protest or something silly I guess. Didn't make any more sense to me then than it does now, more perhaps to DO something than just sit there and let her taunt me.

The sign said "Last rest area in Ohio" and I noticed the gas gauge was getting below the half-way mark. Knowing from past trips that gas prices always seemed to go higher the further west we went, I called out that I was going to be pulling over soon to fill it up.

Everyone started to get dressed except me. It was impossible to put on shorts as tight as mine while driving so I would have to wait until we stopped. No matter, I had plenty of room once I didn't have to worry about crashing as I tugged them up and over my butt. By the time I had pulled up to the pump, the rest of them were ready to go. My aunt and cousin headed off for the restrooms, saying they would meet me there when I was ready. My dad stayed to pump the gas - at least he didn't make me do THAT!

Alone in the truck, I reached down to the floor and grabbed my shorts. With the steering wheel in the way it was a little awkward but I got them up and on finally. They were extremely tight and hard to button so I got out of the truck and stood tall, sucking in my stomach as I pulled the two sides together.

"A little tight?" my dad teased, seeing me having problems getting them back together.

"Noooooo, I always swell a little when I sit in the car too long," I came back.

THAT wasn't true, at least not hardly, but I wasn't about to admit I might be gaining any weight! At home I had laid on my back on the bed and pulled them on that way which seemed to work a lot better but eventually I had them done. As I walked to towards the service building where the restrooms were, I noticed the guy in the car ahead of us watching me. Hmmm, had he seen me doing my shorts? I wondered if he realized WHY I was doing them? Then I noticed a woman in the front seat and two little heads in the back. Awwwwww, too bad, just a tourist sightseeing. Oh well, too bad he didn't have a camera!

After we had taken care of our immediate "needs" and grabbed a bite to snack on, we resumed our trip. This time it was back to our original seating arrangements. Apparently the others had addressed their needs for the moment as Kristen resumed listening to her I-Pod and my Aunt Linda just sat in the front seat like normal, chatting with my dad about who knows what. I felt a little left out to be honest. It was still six hours or so to go and here I was, feeling all alone and horny. I turned my head and looked out the window, rubbing my boob through my tube top gently. As people would pass by I would look at them and try to fantasize what type of sex like they had. It was a game sometimes I played with Kristen, better than counting red and blue cars. We would come up with all sorts of crazy scenarios for people which, in all likely hood, were just as normal as any Dick and Jane family might be.

"We're here!"

I jolted awake, apparently having fallen asleep somewhere in the middle of the boring Indiana tundra. Wow, we were finally here! I quickly adjusted myself and ran a brush through my hair. My dad was backing into the driveway where my grandmother was waiting for us. He must have called her on his cell phone as we got close to warn her we were almost there.

At least the first trip was over…

## 3. Awkward Homecoming

We all got slowly out of the SUV, stretching our muscles that had tightened after hours of non-stop travel. As I got out, I saw my dad hugging my grandmother, followed shortly by my aunt as she kissed and hugged her mom. Then it Kristen and my turn. She stood there with her hands on her hips, looking at us with a critical eye. Then she turned to Aunt Linda and shook her head but didn't say anything. Still the look on her face and the frown she wore may as well have been neon signs saying, "You let your girls dress likes sluts!"

Well, I couldn't argue with her - we WERE dressed like sluts, but it wasn't like any of us cared so why should she? It wasn't like we were doing her any harm. Then she looked at my dad and I could just imagine what she was thinking - "you love it because you fuck them, don't you John?" Of course, such words were never spoken aloud but I could imagine that was the least of what she was thinking. Hmmm, what would she say I she knew what he and her daughter had been doing in the backseat on the way here?

We gathered out suitcases and bags and went into the house, dropping them in the kitchen for moment which avoided the immediate question of which bedroom would go which bags. Although we protested that we weren't hungry, she insisted on fixing sandwiches and drinks. The five of us sat around the kitchen table, trading small talk as my aunt asked how the trip had been for us.

I wondered if she caught the furtive glances that we each exchanged? My grandmother may not SAY a lot about things, but I was warned a long time ago by my mother that she doesn't miss much. Oh well, so long as it didn't create any problems, so what if she saw us? I was starting to think this could be a long weekend if we had to walk on eggshells the whole time!

Eventually the "adults" went into the living room - more like a shrine actually. It smelled funny, like old people I guess you could say. God, did she ever open a window or un the air conditioning? The room was filled with knick-knacks, doll collections, ancient family photos, and all the furniture looked like it was from the fifties - which it probably was! I guess when you live alone with your family all so far away, it's only natural to surround yourself with memories of days gone by. In a way it as sort of sad though. Suddenly I felt a little guilty for all the negative feelings I had about coming here. How would I feel someday if I was left without my husband and my only daughters both lived so far away and hardly ever visited me?

Kristen and I went out in the back yard. Behind the family room was a small deck with a table and chairs. It was nothing like my dad's deck - totally open and you could see the neighbors on each side. A tall tree shaded it most of the day and the was no hot tub either. Still, a cool breeze was blowing and it felt good to at least not be traveling anymore.

"So what do you think?" Kristen suddenly blurted out? I looked at her as if I had no idea what she was talking about - and I didn't.

"You know... my mom and your dad," she said in a low conspiratorial voice as if someone was going to actually hear us, "Think the old lady's gonna have a stroke?"

"Kristen! How could you!" I exclaimed, actually a bit shocked at her insensitivity. What was that about blondes again?

"You know what I mean," she said defensively.

Then she beamed again and leaned over towards me. "Fuck, did you see the look she gave my mom when she first saw us? THAT was priceless, almost as good as when Aunt Sheri gets all pissed off when we visit her."

She was, of course, referring to my aunt on my dad's side, the wife of his younger brother Jim. Aunt Sheri was a loony nut, no doubt about it. She was constantly appalled at how my mom and Aunt Linda allowed Kristen and me to dress, not afraid to call us sluts straight to her face. The only problem, at least for her, was that mom got a kick out of teasing her and if anything, egged us on all the more the nastier she got.

"Well, at least she doesn't SAY anything," I came back. "You know how she is."

Kristen sighed and looked around the empty neighborhood. "God, this place is deserted. It's gonna be a long weekend."

I just nodded. It looked like the old guy that had lived next door for as long as I remembered was gone, judging by the children's toys scattered about. Hmmmmmm, I wonder what had happened to him? Did he finally kick the proverbial bucket or was he in a home or hospital? He had always been really nice to Kristen and I, a piece of candy was waiting for us any time we come over to visit.

On the other side, it looked like the same couple was still living there. If I remembered correctly, their only daughter should be graduating soon, maybe even this year. I couldn't help but notice that they had their pool filled up. It was a round, above-ground number and while it looked inviting, I would have bet most anything that the water was still FREEZING! They had one of those bubble solar covers that heat the water using the sun spread out over it, but still, this early in the year it certainly wasn't going to be TOO warm without a heater (which it I doubted a pool this small would have), no matter what technology was in place.

"Soooooo, where do you think you'll be sleeping tonight?"

My thoughts were broken by Kristen and I shook my head to clear it. I thought for a moment before shaking my head. "I have NO idea... what do you think?"

"Well, unless someone sleeps on the couch, it's going to be interesting no matter what. I mean, your dad had to sleep with SOMEONE, assuming he doesn't get the couch. I figure it won't be me so it's either you or my mom." Kristen got that naughty grin again and continued, "So let's see, either the sister of his past wife or his twenty-something daughter... could be interesting either way."

I had to agree. In the past, when I visited with my parents my mom and dad took one room and I got the third. If Kristen was with us, she shared it with me and my Aunt Linda was there as well, she usually got stuck with the hide-a-bed in the couch (but that only happened once that I could remember).

Of course my grandmother knew my dad fucked me, but we respected her "don't ask, don't tell" policy and never did anything that might make her uncomfortable. Sleeping with me would be crossing the line - making her uncomfortable I am sure., At the same time, sleeping with his sister-in-law wasn't exactly the answer she would be looking for either. It was a bit of a conundrum and I wondered how it would be settled. We were soon to find out...

"Let's get your stuff out of the kitchen and put away, OK girls?" my Aunt Linda called out to us, sticking her head out the family room door that led to the deck.

Actually, by the time we got ourselves in there, my dad had already done most of the work. My heart sank as I realized that the option I had only considered as an academic exercise was the one that was chosen.

"Dad?" was all I said as I saw his suitcase by the couch. Wow, so he had chickened out and given the spare room to my Aunt Linda, leaving Kristen and me together in the third bedroom.

"It's just for this weekend and I don't want to upset your grandmother, OK?" he whispered out of earshot from my grandmother - which was about three feet in most cases given her hearing lately.

So that was how it was going to be - play it straight for grandma. What a pain! Oh well, she probably slept twelve hours a day anyone so I was sure we could work things out in the end.

In the end it really didn't matter all that much the first night. We were all exhausted and to my surprise, my grandmother was quite the night-bird, the last to go to bed. Kristen and I retired to our bedroom where we stripped and fell asleep almost as soon as our heads hit the pillows - at least I did.

## 4. Enjoying the Weather

While it may have still been May, the weather was gorgeous! Had I been back in Pittsburgh, no doubt I would have been taking full advantage of the warm sunshine to work on that summer tan, laying out on my dad's deck in nothing but the tiniest thong bikini. I know some people like seeing an "all-over" tan on a girl because it implies that she runs around outside nude a lot, but I've always liked just a wee bit of a tan line. Not enough to show when wearing typical outfits and such - that looks silly. I mean such that when I undress, it's almost like those most private areas of my body are highlighted, giving the impression to whoever is looking at me that they are seeing something that is not normally exposed. Seems a lot more erotic to me!

However... I wasn't in Pittsburgh and I didn't have the privacy of my dad's deck available so that left the small deck at the rear entrance to my grandmother's house. It was like the complete opposite of back home - zero privacy to the point you almost had to strike up a conversation with the neighbors when they came out to their car so as not to seem rude. Another major problem was the damn tree. Well, it was nice for shade most of the time, but that same shade pretty much made the deck useless for tanning.

Kristen and I slept in pretty late, not getting up until after ten in the morning when my aunt finally decided it was time for us to be social and have some breakfast. I just threw on a nightshirt and Kristen used what looked to be one of my dad's shirts (when had she gotten that?) and we emerged into the light still rubbing our eyes. It wasn't like we were exposing ourselves or anything, but still I caught a glance between my grandmother and my aunt. It wasn't much, but it as there if you knew what you were looking for.

After breakfast we washed up and put on our bikinis. I would classify mine as my "public tanning" versions. That meant while it covered more than my normal tanning bikini did, making it suitable for wearing to a public pool or beach without having to worry about getting tossed out for indecent exposure! On the other hand, it really wasn't intended to actually SWIM in, or for that matter, even run around wearing as it was pretty flimsy and easily shifted out of place or up my butt crack. It would help to assure that I didn't create TOO much of a tan line yet at the same time, wouldn't embarrass my grandmother if the neighbors saw me, at least so I assumed.

Kristen had on a similar number but while mine was jet black, hers was girly pink. Personally, I thought the black would look better on me once I got a tan but for now, it contrasted sharply with my lighter skin tone. Hmmmmmm, I needed to get some sun!

By now it was well past noon and the bright sun was out, a beautiful warm day. We grabbed a few beach towels and headed out for the lawn, abandoning the deck as there were only small patches of sun that worked through the leaves. The grass was freshly mowed and it actually felt better laying down than the deck would have since my grandmother didn't have any decent cushions.

There was nobody around that we could see but even so, it wasn't like we were on a private deck back home so a little modesty was required. Besides, I think that that a few strategically-placed tan lines are actually sexier than an all- over tan. With an all-over tan, it's obvious you lay out in the nude and the immediate thing that comes to mind is everyone in the world has seen her nude so what's the big deal? With just the smallest of tan lines at my pussy and around my nipples, it's like they highlight something that is "hidden" from view most of the times, like the guy is seeing something that most other guys haven't. Of course, it's all a matter of perception. An all-over tan may have been gained from a completely private location whereas the girl with the tan lines may show plenty of her body, just not in the sunlight, but in the end, perception is what counts, not reality.

With this bikini I had on, keeping it in place completely would have resulted in TOO much of a tan line, such that it might show depending on what clothes I wear. That, of course, is NOT desirable. Visible tan lines when you're supposed to be "decent" just say you wear a conservative bikini. Thus once I was on my back, I loosened the ties and let the strings full to the side, leaving my back bare. My bottoms were pretty narrow in the back - it was the front area that they were covering a larger area, so left it as it was since most of it was between my ass cheeks anyway. Indeed, from a distance I suppose somebody would have to look close to realize I wasn't bare-bottomed.

Kristen, as usual, wasn't quite as concerned about neighborhood decorum. Not only did she loosen up her top, but the bottom as well, leaving her essentially lying nude on her stomach with her bikini underneath her. God she looked hot! I loved the feel of her tight little ass and her long thin legs were shaved smooth and glistened in the warm, sunlight.

"Need some lotion?" Kristen said, looking over at me.

Now if there was ever a clich, line, that had to be it. Almost as bad as "Gee, it's hot in here, isn't it?" Then again, I wasn't complaining.

Kristen sat up, her bikini top hanging from her neck loosely, barely covering her nipples - although for the life of me I didn't understand how it even managed to do that. It was like there was two-sided tape or something keeping it from moving totally off her boobs. Her bottoms feel away but she was kneeling besides me so it wasn't like she was showing off her shaved pussy to anyone. It was ever-so-tempting to reach out between her legs and touch that cute little thing but I just laid there, waiting for the feel of her hands on me.

The suntan oil felt a little cold at first on y sun-warmed skin but it quickly warmed as she spread it all over me. I moved my legs apart to allow her to get between them and she didn't waste the opportunity to reach right up to my crotch where she moved my bikini out of the way and oiled my pussy. I couldn't help but jump a little as her oiled finger easily slid into me.

"Kristen...," I warned her, trying to remind her where we were.

"Oh you can be such a fuddy dud sometimes Kelly," she mocked me, pushing another finger in me as if to prove to me she didn't care WHERE we were at all. "Don't EVEN try to tell me you don't like it."

Well, she had me there. Even though nobody was around, having my cousin fucking my pussy with her slippery fingers DID feel naughty and nice. With her other hand she massaged my butt, rubbing the oil between my ass cheeks and all over me from there.

"God you're such a slut," I sighed, trying to pretend to be exasperated at her continuing efforts.

"Hey, who's the slut here? I'm not the one laying out in public all but naked getting my cunt fingered!" she came back at me.

I guess I could have reminded her that while I may be laying down all but nude, it was her that sitting up all but naked with her boobs clearly showing underneath the all but invisible bikini top. There was also the point that while I may be getting my pussy fingered, whose fingers were doing the fingering? Then again, why bother arguing?

"God that feels good," I moaned softly, closing my eyes as I just laid there enjoying Kristen's touch.

My cousin had one finger in me with another outside, rubbing up and down my pussy slit, hitting my clit each time as she moved her hand in and out of my crotch. The oil made everything so slick, it felt great! I noticed her one had had stopped fondling my ass and I opened my eyes just enough to see what she was doing. Sure enough, she had moved her hand to between her own legs where she was working her own pussy as she did mine. Damn, Kristen was really horny today! OF course, so what was new about that?

"Ohhhhhh, just like that, I sighed as she touched me right where it felt the best. It was like the sun had just gone nova or something as I started to feel hot all over, even inside of me. Kristen was fingering me non-stop, relentlessly pushing me over the edge.

"Oh god... YES!" I moaned as my hips arched upward and into her hand. God, it felt incredible as I came.

Kristen pushed a second finger into me again, fucking me hard with her hand as she giggled. It was like she thought it was funny that she could drive me this would so fast. Well, if there was one girl who knew what it took to set me off, it was my cousin.

As I peeked and then slowly came down from my high, Kristen kept her fingers in me, just holding them inside of me the way a guy would keep his dick in me after cumming inside of me. She laid down next to me, her arm over my thigh as she kept her hand in place.

"You like my fingers in you Kelly?" she whispered to me softly, seductively.

Well duh! Did I really have to answer that? I just sighed and opened my eyes to look into hers, smiling at her as my body tingled all over from the residuals of my orgasm.

"Imagine if Grandma could see us now?" she teased me, giggling again like a little schoolgirl.

"Yeah right, like THAT would go over like a ton of bricks," I sighed, not even able to work up a decent answer as I just laid there and felt her fingers twitching inside of me.

I suppose I would have returned the favor given a little more time to soak in the final few pleasurable moments I was having but it was then I heard a door opening from the house next door. Thankfully Kristen has enough sense to pull her hand from my pussy - as much as I would have loved for her to keep it there. We both laid there on our stomachs, just inches apart, essentially nude although all anyone would have seen looking at us were our bare butts and it's not like there would have been hidden much more had we had our thong bottoms on.

"It's their daughter." Kristen informed me, her head turned to the side so she could see who was coming out of the house. She was blocking my view so unless I picked myself up I had to depend on Kristen to keep me informed.

"Wow, she's certainly grown up," Kristen said in a sultry voice, "She must be what, eighteen now?"

The couple next to us (the ones with the pool) had only one daughter. The last time I had seen her was years ago when she was probably still in grade school. Grandma had mentioned something her graduating this year so I guess that would make her seventeen or eighteen.

"What's she doing?" I asked, curious now as to what was happening.

"She's in her bikini - not bad by the way. Fuckin' hot actually. Looks like she's going swimming."

With my curiosity now overwhelming me, I picked my head up enough to see over Kristen's head. Damn, she wasn't kidding. That little girl next door was HOT! A dark brunette, she wasn't tanned at all yet and was wearing a skimpy white bikini that showed off her body without being TOO revealing. I suppose later when she had more of a tan the white color would make for a nice contrast but for now it only emphasized her pale skin. Not that it looked bad, mind you. She never looked our way once. If she HAD noticed the two of us, she was doing a damn fine job of pretending she hadn't.

Both Kristen and watched (stared may be a better description) as the teenager opened up the gate to the pool, climbed up the steps and started working on removing the solar cover. Both of us sucked in our breath when she leaned over without bending her legs, showing off her incredible ass as the bikini pulled up tight between her butt cheeks. She wasn't wearing a thong but the bottoms she had on still left very little to the imagination. She just pulled the cover to one side, not getting it completely off the pool as it appeared to be rather heavy and cumbersome. Then without further ado she jumped in and for a moment I thought of how cold the water had to be and was waiting for the inevitable gasp; but evidently the solar cover had done a better job than I'd anticipated as not a sound came from the pool.

Instead, what surprised me was to see first the top, then the bottom of her bikini being tossed onto the walkway around the pool. Damn, our sexy neighbor was skinny dipping! You really couldn't see her because the water level was below the walkway and thus unless you were right next to the pool it virtually otherwise impossible to see anything in the water. It was sort of cool in that I hadn't realized before now that even though it was out in the open, the pool was actually quite private so long as you stayed below or just barely on top of the water.

"Do you think she noticed we were out here?" Kristen whispered to me.

I shook my head together with a barely audible grunt that was meant to convey that I didn't think she had, not with the two of us laying on the ground and the manner in which she had walked straight out of the house to the pool without even looking our way. I imagine knowing it was just my grandmother next door, she didn't pay a whole lot of attention to the goings on in her neighbor's back yard. Actually, if I'd been in her place I probably would've done the same. After all, even if someone WAS looking it would be just be an old grandmother who probably would have disapproved of my bikini so why give her the satisfaction of seeing her looking at me that way?

"Hey, what do you say we join her?" Kristen suggested.

I gave it a thought before I answered. After all, it wouldn't be like we would be pursuing some kid as the girl WAS eighteen, or least close to it if not maybe even older. In addition, there was no sign that anyone else was home next door. The garage door was open and there was no car in it or parked on the driveway.

"C'mon! Let's do it!" Kristen urged me as she tied up her bikini and gathered up her towel.

Oh what the heck, why not? I quickly tied and adjusted my bikini, grabbed my own towel, and walked quickly to catch up with her. As we approached the pool I had to wonder how the girl might react to having two strangers suddenly pop in on her while she was swimming naked!

As it turned out, she wasn't SWIMMING naked, but she WAS indeed nude. When we got to the edge of the pool, I could peek through the fencing around it and see that she was lying on her stomach on an air mattress towards the opposite side. Her head was turned to the side, facing away from us, and she was lying there motionless, almost as if she was sleeping. With the blazing hot sun and her pale skin, I hoped that she had on some pretty good SPF sunscreen or she'd be paying for this later!

Kristen, ever the more outward one, didn't hesitate. She climbed the steps and stood at the top, grinning back at me as if pleased with herself that she was the first to be there. Then she turned back to the pool.

"H!" she called out to the girl, "My name's Kristen and this is my cousin Kelly. We're visiting our grandmother next door."

The poor girl must have either been asleep or pretty well out of it as at the sound of Kristen's voice her head popped up and she twisted so quickly that she fell off the air mattress and into the water. Gathering her senses as she stood up in the pool, she quickly got behind the mattress, using it to shield her nudity from whatever intruders were there. Her eyes were about popping out of her head as she looked at Kristen, then me, and back to Kristen again, a picture of uncertainty painted on her face.

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you, can we join you?" Kristen went on, as if nothing had happened.

The girl just stared at us, as if too frightened to reply. I don't think she still had quite figured out who it was that was violating her privacy. Well, if she was surprised at our entrance, imagine her surprise when Kristen simply stripped off her bikini and jumped in. Figuring that nothing much I did now would make a difference, I quickly undid mine and joined them.

So much for the efficiency of solar covers! Damn the water was COLD! I could feel my nipples instantly harden and goose bumps raised all over me as the initial shock sank in. It wasn't really THAT bad, but colder than I had anticipated so that made it seem worse than it was at first. By the time I'd gathered my wits and cleared the heavily chlorinated water from my burning eyes, I saw Kristen had already made her way over to the air mattress on the opposite side from the girl who was still staring at us, speechless.

"...and this is Kelly my older cousin," Kristen was saying, evidently introducing us. She turned to me and motioned for me to join them "Hey Kelly, get over here. This is Jordan."

I moved in next to Kristen and nodded to Jordan, trying to smile disarmingly. "Hope we didn't scare you too badly," I apologized, "Kristen here can be a bit free-spirited sometimes, in case you haven't already figured that out."

Jordan just smiled half-heartedly, not moving away from the air mattress as if she didn't want us to see her naked body. Kristen, (surprise, surprise), broached the subject immediately.

"This pool is so cool... I bet you skinny dip a lot in it, don't you," she went on, "Do your parents know you do this?"

Jordan looked at her like she couldn't believe Kristen could even THINK that way, let alone ask.

"Oh no! Never!" she said, really the first words she had spoken until now. "I mean, it's not like I do this all the time. Actually, I never do it. I was just feeling... I don't know... like being silly today."

Kristen pushed away from the air mattress, floating on her back with her arms stretched out to her side. Her perky boobs surfaced above the water like two beautiful mountain peaks. Jordan remained still, as if uncertain as to what she should do or say next.

"Like I started to say, you have to forgive Kristen, she's not exactly shy about showing herself off as you can see."

"Well yeah... I see that," Jordan replied, "Guess you're not so shy yourself."

I shrugged, as if it was nothing that unusual. "Well, it's not like we're at a public pool and after all, YOU were the one to get undressed first."

"Yeah BUT I had no idea you two were even around!" she protested. "This is just so weird."

Something told me that Jordan wasn't going to react to the situation the way Kristen had hoped (and to some extent, I have to admit I was fantasizing a bit too about the possibilities).

"Well then Jordan, would you feel better if we all put our bikinis back on?" I asked her. Jordan's face brightened and she looked relieved at my suggestions. She nodded her head vigorously at my suggestion.

Besides being naked with a new girl, I was rather enjoying the way the cool water felt against me now that I had gotten accustomed to it. Oh well, no sense pushing it so I swam over to Kristen and explained the situation. She reacted exactly as I would have predicted - huffed and raised her eyebrows, rolling her eyes and behaving like a general spoiled brat but in the end, she snatched her bikini and reluctantly put it back on as Jordan and myself did the same with ours

"There, this better?" I asked Jordan, who was now sitting on the pool edge with her legs dangling in the water as she adjusted her ample boobs within her bikini top.

She smiled and for the next hour or so we just talked and mostly sat around the pool. Although the water wasn't nearly as cold as it had seemed when I first jumped in, it was still chilly enough to soak in after a while and the hot sun felt so much better anyway. I learned that Jordan was indeed graduating from high school in a couple of weeks (her 18th birthday had been just a couple of days after my 24th birthday) and planning on heading off to college in the fall. She hadn't decided on a major yet but she mentioned that she was interested in teaching, which immediately perked my ears and I told her about my experiences.

Kristen, meantime, was totally bored as Jordan and I did pretty much all the talking. She was squirming around like a kid with ADD but I knew the real problem - she was horny as hell. No doubt she had hoped things would turn out differently with Jordan and now her built up lust was being put on hold and if there was one thing Kristen sorely lacked, it was patience. especially when it came to sex.

Had we been alone I had no doubt that she would be doing herself right now but surprisingly, Kristen was being polite enough to respect our new friend's modesty. Not that she was being an angel - that would have been too much to expect from her at any time. Indeed, she still managed to sneak in a few feels now and then between her legs and she seemed to be having problems getting her boobs to fit in just right in her bikini top from the way she kept reaching in and adjusting them. Jordan seemed pretty naive and so I doubt that she noticed Kristen's signals but I certainly did! Look out - something told me when we got back inside she was going to be utterly insatiable!

Just as I figured it was about time for us to go, a car pulled up the blacktop driveway.

"That's my parents," Jordan declared when she saw who it was.

Sure enough, a black BMW stopped at the end of the driveway, just in front of the garage. Her parents emerged, looking like your typical baby boomer couple.

Hmmmmmm, Jordan's dad wasn't all that bad, maybe a few years younger than my dad. She had mentioned something about him coaching a high school athletic team but I hadn't quite made out which sport it was in - can't say I was listening all that much at the time. Her mom reminded me a lot of my Aunt Linda, wearing a nice set of capris with a loose blouse and sneakers. She had a nice figure and a great set of boobs leaving no doubt where Jordan had inherited her handsome chest from!

"Hi dad!" Jordan called out.

Her mom was already almost in the house as her dad unloaded some bags from the back seat from what looked to have been a trip to the grocery store. He just waved without really looking and then followed her mom into the house. A couple of minutes later he emerged once again and made his way over to the pool. He started to say something to Jordan when I think for the first time he realized she wasn't alone.

"Well hello, I didn't know Jordan was having friends over," he said, his eyes giving me and Kristen a once-over.

I couldn't help by smile to myself as I noticed that he spent a little more time on Kristen, but what else was new? Kristen had that natural-borne "come fuck me" look that always made men melt. I'd become accustomed to the fact that men always paid her the most attention when we were together - not that I was happy about it though.

Jordan explained to her dad who we were and then he seemed to remember us. It wasn't like we visited here all that much and even when we did, it wasn't unusual for us not to even see my grandmother's neighbors so it didn't surprise me that he didn't recall us at first.

"hey dad, hope you don't mind, but the three of us were swimming naked in your pool while you were gone," Kristen announced with a naughty grin.

Well, I thought Jordan was going to melt away into the water! Her face turned red as a beet and she stared at Kristen as if she had just turned over her private diary to her dad.

"Oh really? Is that so" her dad chuckled although he was clearly a little uncomfortable with the "news".

At the same time there was something in his voice and the way he looked at me and Kristen that told me he wouldn't have minded being around back then either.

"Yeah, you see, Jordan was swimming naked so we just joined in... would you like to join us?" Kristen went on.

Oh my, she was in top form today, that was for sure. I had no doubts that she knew exactly what she was doing, teasing the poor guy and embarrassing Jordan along the way. But that was Kristen for you, what can I say? Always pushing the line...

"Ummmmm, I think I'll take a rain-check on that today. Besides, the water must be freezing still, isn't it?"

For a moment I couldn't help but think to myself that he might be better off IN the freezing water as it might help him deal with a growing bulge in his pants. From her angle, Jordan couldn't see her father's involuntary reaction to Kristen's teasing but Kristen and I certainly did. For a slut like Kristen, it was like waving a red cape in front of a horny bull, well so to speak.

"Yeah, it's pretty cold alright. See what it did to me?" she said, acting as though it was an innocent remark but the way she pulled her bikini top tight against her boobs, emphasizing her hardened nipples poking through, was no joke to Jordan's dad!

She was pulling it up by the strings, revealing the start of the swelling of the underside of her boobs in process. If she pulled just a little harder it might pop off entirely!

Well, it was almost a little embarrassing, even for me, at this point. Kristen had never met this guy so far as I knew and she had no idea what he was like or what things he was into. Just because he had a hot daughter didn't mean he was going to react the way Kristen obviously was trying to get him react. Plus, from Jordan's "deer-in-the-headlights" reaction it was obvious there was nothing going on between the two of them, not that I'd expected anything in the first place given the way she was so cautious about showing herself even when her dad wasn't home.

"Honey! I thought you were going to help me put this stuff away?" Jordan's mom called out from the house.

Jordan's dad seemed almost relieved to have an excuse to get away from us - or to be more precise, from Kristen's taunts. He waved a feeble goodbye and went back to the house. Poor guy; I wondered if his wife would notice anything - and if she had any idea why he was behaving as he was? I didn't think she even knew Kristen and I were in the pool, and no doubt her dad would love to keep it that way!

"Well, I guess I'd better go in now," Jordan said apologetically.

Jordan's face was still a bit flushed and no doubt she must have thought the two of us were the worst sluts she'd ever met - and she didn't even really know us yet! Kristen and I said our goodbyes and headed back to my grandmother's house.

"Crap! I'm SO fucking horny I can't stand it!" Kristen gasped as we approached my grandmother's deck, "Mmmmmmm, did you see the arms on her dad - not to mention what was growing below the belt..., I just wish he would've joined us in the pool."

"Good grief Kristen, did you really have to be THAT naughty?" I couldn't help but blurt out in return, "You know, I think you really embarrassed Jordan."

Kristen just grinned at me as we stepped onto the deck, still dripping a little water. "It's what I do," she declared in a firm voice with her arms folded and nose up in the air all melodramatic.

We both cracked up at that and finished drying ourselves off before going into the house. The air-conditioning struck me like a wall of cold air as we stepped in, bringing back the goose bumps once again - not to mention reinvigorating our nipples. As we made our way to the bedroom, our grandma met us as we passed through the kitchen.

"Humph! I certainly hope the neighbors didn't see you two dressed like THAT!" she grumbled.

I could tell that Kristen was about to tell her about Jordan and her dad so I elbowed her in the side. Thankfully, she took the hint and left the subject alone. Sometimes it's better to just not respond or volunteer information unnecessarily.

"God I can't even believe this!" Kristen whined as I shut the door behind us in the bedroom.

In a flash her bikini was off and my cousin flopped naked onto the bed, laying on her back with her knees spread apart and her left hand firmly planted on her horny crotch. "Damn, I need to be FUCKED so bad!"

I had my bikini off by now as well and joined her nude on the bed. As Kristen laid on her back, I nuzzled up to her right side, laying up close next to her with my right leg draped over hers, allowing my still damp pussy to press up against her hip. Without saying another word I ran my hand slowly over her nude body, feeling the silky softness of her skin. When my hand was on her boobs, I squeezed her perky breasts as she gasped with delight.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels good... Damn Kelly, didn't you just want to jump Jordan?" she sighed as she slowly masturbated, "God she was hot... I wonder if she likes girls? Did you find out"

While I hadn't actually come right out and asked, judging from the way Jordan had reacted to us I had my doubts about her being bi-sexual, let alone a lesbian, but why burst Kristen's fantasy bubble at this moment? She was horny, heck, I was horny too, so why not go with it?

"I bet you wanted to taste her sweet pussy... didn't you?" I teased her as I rubbed my hand over her boobs, paying special attention to each nipple.

"Oh god yes... I bet her cunt tastes so good! You wanted her too, didn't you!"

Indeed I did but for now I was more interested in my hot cousin. "Then have her lick you... can you feel Jordan's tongue on you?" I whispered lustfully in her ear.

"Fuck oh fuck me, I wanted her to lick me SO bad!" Kristen moaned as her hand pressed tightly between her smooth legs.

Taking my cue, I moved around the bed until I was in between her legs, lowering my head down as I put my face between her legs. The scent of her pussy was strong and I loved the way it filled my nose.

"Like this?" I asked gently as I started to slowly lick her pussy, running my outstretched tongue between her shaved pussy lips and then sucking on her hardened, ultra-sensitive clit.

"Oh yeah... just like that... just like that... I want to feel her tongue inside of me," Kristen groaned.

Kristen had her own finger still buried in her pussy as my tongue reached down to lick it as she thrust it in and out of her pussy like a miniature dick.

"I bet you'd have loved to have her dad's dick in you while she licked your pussy by the pool... wouldn't you?" I went on, pushing her fantasy along.

"Damn it, you know I wanted it so bad!" she gasped, "tasting her dad's dick after it's been in me... then having him fuck her after me... fucking his hot daughter."

"Oh yes... you'd love that, wouldn't you Kristen? You're such a nasty fucking whore... you'd love to taste his fresh cum as it drains from his daughter's freshly fucked cunt."

Kristen loved it when I talked dirty to her so as I got more turned on myself, my language generally would deteriorate along with it. As a professional whore, Kristen no doubt had heard it all - and then some, but I liked to think it meant something special to her when her older cousin said it.

"Fuck yeah, have him fuck me again after he fucks her... Oh god I want to cum with his dick in me as she licks me!" Kristen cried out softly.

My naughty cousin was writhing with pleasure under me now, her middle finger fucking her pussy as fast she could while I did my utmost to keep my tongue on her moving clit. Kristen's other hand was massaging her boobs as her hips thrust up against my face, her orgasm now starting to come into play.

"Fuck me... oh god fuck me harder... fuck me harder... harder..." she moaned.

I wasn't really sure WHO she was talking to at that moment. Was it me or was it her imaginary neighbor lover - or maybe even his daughter? Whoever it was, she was loving it!

"OH GOD!" she groaned, almost grimacing as she concentrated on the incredible orgasm that had been waiting to emerge all afternoon.

Suddenly her hips lifted almost a foot off the bed, holding it there for just a moment, and then she crashed back on the bed, her legs splayed out and her hands to her side, almost like shed just died!

"Kristen?" I whispered, looking up her torso at her face between her boobs, "You OK?"

"Oh god... I needed that soooooo bad," she groaned, not moving a muscle as she did.

Well, that was all well and good - for HER, but what about me? Like, she wasn't the only girl in the room that was horny as hell. OK, so maybe I wasn't the basket case she'd been but a girl still has needs. Hmmmmmm... where was my dad when I needed him? Kristen was passed out so I wrapped a towel around me and went to find him.

It was just my luck that when I finally did find my dad, he was with Aunt Linda. Then again, I WAS lucky after all as you can probably imagine...

# 5. Going to Church as a Family

My grandmother always went to church on Sunday - not an issue with me at all since I was raised that way as well and still do whenever possible. I can't say it's because she is particularly religious as I suspect she goes more because of her reputation and community standing than anything else. As such, it was surprising that the church she switched to was the one practically in her backyard. A short walk apparently trumped any denominational concerns she might have had.

I woke up on Sunday morning and for the first time it occurred to me that even though I was with my dad, it didn't look good for our Sunday morning "tradition". It had started years ago, not long after we first started having sex in fact. He would fuck me just as we were ready to go to church, leaving me with a load of his cum fresh and warm as I sat in the pew next to him. besides the residual feelings of my freshly fucked pussy, it always felt just a little bit naughty to be sitting in a church pew in the middle of a service with cum leaking from my pussy - and my father's to boot!

There was something about having sex in church that always turned me on, maybe the taboo nature I suspect. Many times I'd slipped from the service and done it with a boyfriend or even my cousin Rick on occasion in the basement or some out of the way place in the church, returning to the sanctuary with a freshly fucked pussy to tingle away for the remainder of the service.

With just one bathroom in the house, you can imagine how it was for four women to get ready for church! I ended up putting my makeup and doing most of my hair in the bedroom while my aunt in particular hogged the bathroom. It didn't take long to get dressed, just a simple khaki skirt with a white blouse.

For a moment I debated whether to leave the panties at home but the skirt was short enough that if I should sit down somewhere where someone could look straight at me it would be hard not for them to notice so I reluctantly put on a pair. As for a bra, that wasn't negotiable, no matter how conservative the church may be. It was simple too hot out to wear one and I wasn't going to fuss with it just to please some old ladies who might get upset at little nipple protrusion.

Thus I was ready to go maybe a half-hour before the service and stepped out into the family room to find just my dad and Kristen. Apparently my aunt and grandmother were somehow squeezing into the bathroom together now. Pretty tight quarters!

Kristen was wearing a cute little summer jumper, surprisingly conservative for her. She was wearing a bra but I would have been stunned if she had. Her perky boobs didn't sag an inch so it didn't make much difference other than her nipples popped through a bit without one. All the bras I'd seen her wear were for show, not support or modesty.

Although I couldn't see and she wasn't showing me, I assumed she had on a thong, her underwear of choice. Her bare legs were already tanning and looked great without any hose, together with a pair of white heels that had maybe two or three inch heels at most. Anyone seeing her for the first time would have pegged her at most as maybe 18, maybe even younger. When most people find out she is actually 22, it often takes a driver's license to prove otherwise to them!

My dad, as always, was in his suit. As warm as it was supposed to be today, I knew he would never go to church without his coat and tie. He looked pretty sharp as well and my pussy twinged just a little as I was reminded of what I was missing. Actually, our "tradition" was more for him than me. Usually it was the quickest fuck of the week for me as I normally didn't arrive at his house until the last minute so we would just get to it and I worked to get him off as fast as possible so we could get to church on time. I knew it meant a lot for him, especially recently since it seemed the two of us weren't having sex nearly as often as we use to.

Aunt Linda was seeing to his needs pretty well at the moment and so I had stepped aside, knowing he needed this sort of mature relationship if he was going to recover from my mother's untimely death, at least as much as one CAN recover.

As for me, I got laid enough by other guys to where I didn't NEED him to fuck me on Sunday mornings. It was more the pleasure I got from making him happy, and the naughty feelings generated when I sat in church afterwards, that made it desirable for me. Actually, I guess you could say that was primarily why I had sex with my dad period nowadays - to be a good daughter to him and make him happy. Of course I loved it when he would join himself with me, especially when he came inside of me, but I didn't need to have sex with him to know he loved me. So long as he needed me, though, I would always be there to satisfy his needs and desires, in any way I could.

If there is one record I am most proud of, it is that I have NEVER said no to my dad - ever! Of course, it helps when your father loves you and respects you enough to never ask anything of his daughter that he knows she doesn't like or isn't prepared for. Hmmm, I guess it's like a real-life interpretation of a biblical message there - in that God never puts us in a situation we can't bear. Not that my dad is God or I have my theology screwed up, I'm just trying to illustrate a point.

I was about to take a seat and wait with them when my dad got up and whispered something to Kristen. She giggled and then looked at me with that devilish little smile she gets whenever she knows a secret - and I don't.

My dad motioned for me to follow him and headed back to the hallway. I looked at Kristen again who just grinned all the more and then turned to follow my dad. He ducked into his spare bedroom and motioned for me to get inside. The bathroom was just across the hallway, maybe a little bit offset, but still only a few feet away from the bedroom door. No sooner than I was in the room than he closed the door as silently as possible. None of the bedroom doors in the house had locks, something I'd never really thought about before.

My dad took a couple of steps in and turned to face me. Then, with a boyish grin he unzipped his pants and to my surprise, he reached in and pulled out his dick through the zipper opening! Putting his finger to his lips to keep me from saying anything out loud, he pointed to my mouth and then to his dick, as if I needed to be told what he was expecting me to do.

Indeed, with the thin doors and deathly silence, it wouldn't take much to be overheard by anyone who happened to be in the hallway at the time. It made me feel good to know that he recognized I loved and respected him enough as my father that he didn't have to ASK me to suck his dick, all he had to do was tell me and I would do anything he wanted - anything. Of course, such unconditional love and submission was founded on his own love and respect for ME. I knew that he would never ask me to do anything that would degrade me or make me feel bad. It was an outward sign of our mutual love that such a mature and intimate relationship could exist between us.

Reaching down, I hitched up my skirt a little bit to make it easier to kneel and "assumed the position", so to speak. Anyone watching would have recognized immediately what was happening - the girl on her knees in front of guy, grabbing his hardening dick with one hand while she sucks away like a kid with a popsicle on a hot summer day.

"Mmmmmmm," he couldn't help himself from letting out.

I was sure he would have loved to have said a LOT more, but he was fighting his instincts and trying to maintain order. Although I'm sure even if my grandmother should happen to step in that she would have excused herself and pretended not to have seen us, there was no sense in making her any more uncomfortable than necessary.

As soon as he was good and hard, I wasted no time putting my dad's fine erection to work. Standing up once again, I leaned over the edge of the bed and reached back to pull my panties over and to the side, exposing my warm pussy to him with a nice rear view angle. We'd done this so many times that words weren't necessary. He quickly moved in between my legs and rubbed the head of his stiff dick against my smooth butt and then worked his way down until it was positioned right at the entrance to my pussy hole. I was practically shivering with anticipation as I felt it nudging my pussy hole, teasing me a little as he rubbed it against me.

"C'mon daddy... fuck me!" I whispered sharply over my shoulder, trying to pretend I was mad at him for holding back.

He just grinned all the more and then I felt the pressure against me as he pushed his dick against my pussy hole, forcing it to spread open for him and allow his dick to penetrate me.

"Oh yeah...!" he groaned softly as I felt him thrusting himself into me, pushing in a little deeper each time until he was finally buried in my pussy, his coarse pubic hair tickling my ass like a hair brush as he rotated his hips, literally "screwing" me with his dick. I pushed my butt back against him, trying to get him as deep into me as possible.

"Fuck me daddy...fuck me... oh please fuck me more daddy! Show me how much you love me daddy!" I begged him softly, closing my eyes so I could fully concentrate on the intense feelings of pleasure emanating from my crotch as my father drilled me with his incestuous cock.

Holding myself up with one hand, I reached underneath me and rubbed my clit, feeling his wet dick sliding in and out of me against my fingertips. My boobs were rocking back and forth under my blouse, my nipples rubbing up against the texture of the material, making them stiffen which only heightened my pleasure.

"Almost there baby... almost there" he whispered sharply, his thrusts becoming more erratic and sharper, "Don't worry, I'm going to give it all to you."

"Oh yeah... cum in me daddy, give me your love," I pleaded.

Even though I knew without a doubt that he would, for some reason I always felt as if I needed to ask, just in case he might forget that one time. Sure there were times, especially if I was just sucking him off, that he would cum in my mouth, but otherwise I fully expected him to explode INSIDE of me, nowhere else. No matter how many times he already had, it was always special to me, always an honor for me to accept his gift to me, a physical sign of his parental love for his daughter.

"That's it daddy, keep cumming in me!" I exclaiming a little louder this time as I felt his dick explode and shoot its first load inside of me. Oh yes, my daddy was cumming in me! It was an incredible sensation, like nothing else in the world. My father was mating me! My god, how much must he love me to do such a thing?

As good as it felt to feel the warm bloom of heat within me that accompanied his release, it meant so much more to me than just the physical pleasure it gave me. This wasn't just some horny guy getting his rocks off. It wasn't some cheating husband giving me what rightfully belonged to his wife. No this was something only one man in the world could give me - the feeling and knowledge that my father was cumming inside of me.

It made me feel proud that as his daughter, I could create this lust within him, that I could drive him to an orgasm simply by allowing his dick to fuck me. What an incredible compliment it was that he even found me sexy enough to WANT to fuck me in the first place. There was a look in his eyes when he fucked me that I never saw at any other time, not even when he was with my mom. I can only explain that it was a look reserved for one person - his daughter. Just seeing his face and that expression was enough to make me almost melt!

"Stay in me a minute daddy... stay in me," I gasped as his orgasm concluded. I wanted this moment to last forever.

My dad leaned forward, reaching around me and cupping my bosom with his hands as he left his dick inside of me, not moving it at all and just letting me feel the pulsing of his racing heartbeat as it slowly dwindled inside of me.

"I love you Kelly," he whispered in my ear.

As if to emphasize the point, his dick twitched in me, almost as if it had a mind of his own. I was so sensitive inside that the slightest movement of his cock was enough to send shivers up and down my spine! God it felt so good to just be here like this, his fresh cum in me with his dick still inside of me, holding me and grabbing my breasts with his strong hands. We could have stayed joined together like this all night if I had any say in the matter.

Unfortunately, THAT wasn't going to happen as he pulled out of me slowly, as if his dick was reluctant to leave the warm wet home it had been welcomed into. My pussy suddenly felt so... well it felt so EMPTY. Is all I can explain it as. It was like a part of me was missing, as if I was no longer whole. I reached down and felt his slippery cum dripping out of me. Mmmmmmm, it tasted wonderful as I put my cum-covered finger in my mouth. Mixed together with my pussy juices, it mad for quite the pleasant dessert!

"We'd better get going or we'll be late," my dad said as he zipped himself up and straightened up his pants and shirt.

"You people ready to go yet?" my grandmother called out as she suddenly made an appearance.

Although I doubt she would have never admitted it, she HAD to have been listening or how else could she have timed her entrance so well? I had just barely positioned my panties back in place and dropped my skirt when she marched through the room to the outside door, grabbing her purse on a table on the way.

Kristen was waiting on the back porch. I am not going to speculate what she had been doing other than to say she seemed startled by our appearance and was straightening out the bottom of her jumper. Her face looked flushed and I doubted it had anything to do with her makeup!

"Well, did you get yourself off?" I teased her in a low voice as we walked together towards the church. She just elbowed me and gave me a sharp look and then broke into a grin.

"Well, you were hogging you dad so I had to make do," she said with an innocent smile, as if it was the natural response in such a situation. Then again, for her it was! No doubt I'd of been doing the same thing had our roles been reversed.

Aunt Linda caught up to us as we crossed the back end of the yard and entered onto the church property. Sheesh, I'd almost forgotten about her! I guess she must have had to wait until my grandmother had done her thing and was even now trying to put the last touches to her lipstick as we made our way the last few yards to the church rear entrance.

My dad opened the door for us where we were then greeted by the typical couple wearing "Welcome" name tags. As I shook their hands and my grandmother introduced us, I felt my pussy twinge a bit. Damn, it had only been a few minutes since my dad had fucked me and it was a long ways from calming down. I must have jumped more than I thought as the women whose hand I was shaking asked me if I was OK. I just smiled sweetly and told her I was just fine, probably a chill from the air-conditioning.

"Yes, it IS a bit chilly this morning. They always seem to keep the air-conditioning so low here," the woman replied conversationally.

Then I noticed her eyes glancing at my boobs where my nipples were poking through like little headlights. If only she knew WHY - and that it had nothing to do with the air- conditioning. He smile became a little more forced but she kept on as if she hadn't noticed anything.

As we made our way to the sanctuary, I couldn't help but notice we were getting more than our fair share of looks from the guys - of all ages. Between the three of us I guess we made a pretty good sight, especially considering how conservative the majority of these women dressed. Heck, I could have made THREE skirts out of the material most of them had for one!

Kristen wasn't helping matters, doing her "slut walk" where she walked slowly, placing each foot in front of the other, emphasizing her hips just the right amount as she literally glided across the floor. My Aunt Linda was the perfect MILF, attracting the eye of every guy we passed, almost as much as her daughter. I followed closely behind them, letting them run the gauntlet ahead of me.

Once in the sanctuary, my grandmother went in first, followed by my father, then me, Kristen, and finally flanked by Aunt Linda who took the aisle seat. As I sat there reading the order of worship, my eyes glazed over and all I could think about was how good it had felt to be fucked just ten minutes ago by my dad. Damn, my pussy was still on fire! I hadn't cum yet and it was letting me know it in no uncertain terms. Indeed, I was squirming in my seat like an eight year old boy wearing shoes that were too tight.

"Didn't cum, did you?" Kristen whispered in my ear.

The damn tease, she knew how to push my buttons, that was for sure. This time it was my turn to needle her side with my sharp elbow! She deserved every poke!

Damn her! It took every bit of willpower I had not to reach down to my crotch and just put some pressure on my clit, ANYTHING to relieve the incredible itch of horniness between my legs.

The service came and went. I don't remember hardly anything from it. The entire time all I could think about was how bad my pussy wanted to be fucked again, at least TOUCHED! Was that asking too much? Had I been sitting closer to the aisle where it wouldn't have been so obvious, no doubt I would have sneaked out and masturbated in the restroom but I didn't want to make a scene. I crossed my legs and the pressure against my clit made me want to practically cry out with desire. I could feel the wetness and no doubt my panties were soaked in the crotch with my dad's cum by now.

As we filed out and shook the minister's hand, Kristen nudged me again as we left the church and headed back to my grandmother's house.

"You fuckin' slut... did you even hear one word of the sermon?" she teased, "I saw that look on your face, the way you were shifting your legs back and forth – you were dreaming the while time, weren't you?"

We practically ran back to the house, at least as fast as you can run on grass in heels. Straight to the bedroom we went and Kristen closed the door behind us.

"You know, I could smell your horny cunt in church," she growled at me, a nasty smile on her face as she quickly stripped out her clothes. I was getting out of mine just quickly and we both fell onto the bed, nude and horny.

****************

Afterwards, as we lay in the bed together, our sweating bodies pressed up close as she played with my hair and I gently kissed her neck, I couldn't help but think about how lucky I was to be in the family I had. How many girls got to be fucked by their own father in the morning and then have a sexy little cousin all hot and bothered, just waiting to finish her off afterwards?

Mmmmmmm, maybe this trip wasn't such a bad idea after all!

## 6. The Long Ride Home

It had been a long weekend and we all were tired. This time I wanted my dad that HE would be doing the driving this time. Kristen and I slept almost the entire way back home, most of it with her laying on the back seat with her tanned lithe legs curled up under her and her head resting on my lap.

Once I woke and Kristen was sound asleep. I looked up front and my Aunt Linda her head on a pillow against the window, sound asleep as well. The radio was blaring and my dad was engrossed in some talk show as he cursed every now at some stupid driver. My fingers ran lightly though Kristen's dark hair. I have to say, I preferred her as a blonde, the brunette look seemed to age her a couple of years although it DID make her look more sophisticated.

I stroked my fingertips down along her side, feeling her through the light cotton t-shirt she was wearing. It was pulled up at the waist as a result of how she was positioned, exposing several inches of her midriff, including her cute little belly button. The denim cutoffs she was wearing were allowing about half her ass to hang out a she had her lugs curled up to keep herself on the seat. It was simple too irresistible!

Mmmmmmm, her ass felt so smooth and soft as I played my fingers along the bare skin exposed by her high-cut shorts. I felt the softness of her tanned legs, reaching down along the full length of them, from her butt to her bare feet. She moaned softly in her sleep, shifting her weight slightly. I wondered if she was dreaming about her lover touching her? Was it a boy or a girl? With her, it was hard to know for sure.

Pulling my hand back up again, I worked it under her t-shirt, reaching under I felt the firmness of her beautiful breasts. God, they were perfect! I cupped one in my hand, squeezing her nipple between two fingers, pulling on it gently. They may have been just a B cup, but there wasn't one ounce of silicone in them and they felt so warm and firm in my hand. I must have fallen asleep with my hand cupping her boob as I was startled back to the world of the loving by her stirring under me.

"Getting a good feel?" she teased, at the same time not doing anything to dissuade me.

"As if you don't like it," I teased back, giving her boob and extra squeeze before pulling my hand out from under her t-shirt.

Looking around, I saw we had gotten off the highway and were weaving our ways through the south side of Pittsburgh, almost home. Soon we turned into our driveway and then it was over. Indeed, it had been a memorable memorial weekend!

# (May 26) Chapter 187: School Administrator

Story codes: MF oral exhib adultery inc father daughter

Me (24)
John - my dad (44)
Mr. Eisenberg (40)

Life can be like a roller-coaster sometimes, full of climbs and drops, sudden turns and gut-wrenching twists. All my life I'd wanted nothing more than to be a teacher and then it seemed all my hopes and dreams were crushed. When an opportunity arose, who could blame me for comprising my principles so long as it led to me doing what I'd always dreamed of - teaching.

## 1. Hopes Realized and Crushed

All kids grow up thinking they know what they want to be when they grow up. Little boys imagine becoming a heroic figure, like a fireman, policeman, maybe an astronaut. Little girls dress up as princesses, nurses, teachers, and beauty pageant winners. Sadly, most of them never realize their dreams. I mean, whoever gets in front of their 6th grade class to say they want to be a garbage man, a proctologist or a grocery store clerk? Yet all these people are needed and their jobs are still important, if maybe not so glamorous.

As for me, sure there were the days I dressed up in my mother's old clothes and pretended to be princess. Like every other girl, I watched my share of beauty pageants and imagined it was me standing on the stage at the end with a crown on my head and roses cradled in my arms.

Yet there was only one thing I truly ever dreamed about becoming - a teacher. I can't really explain why, it's just been something that I've always wanted. I guess I admired most of my teachers as I grew up. As I got older and had the opportunity to work with children in various capacities at my church and other volunteer groups, it only strengthened my determination. To see the joy in a child's face when they learn something new is incredible and fulfilling - it simply cannot be forgotten.

Graduating with my teaching degree was one of the highlights of my life. My goal had been to return to my old home school district and teach but it was an extremely competitive job market and the waiting list was incredibly long. As an alumni I was hoping that I might have a bit of an edge, but in talking with some friends that were already teaching there, I realized that nothing would help me more than to get some real-world experience to go along with my freshly minted diploma.

After applying at a number of schools, I was fortunate to find a small Christian school that needed a replacement for their 4-6 grade teacher who had been injured. It was one of the proudest days of my life when I stood before my first class, a real teacher at last. Sure there were days when it was frustrating and I would go home wondering what I'd gotten myself into. Overall, though, it was just as rewarding and satisfying as I'd hoped it would be - maybe even more. I loved the age group I was teaching. As one teacher I knew use to say, "young enough to love their teacher but old enough to tie their shoes".

That may have been true more of the 4th graders than 6th grade, but at least it was a far cry better than the hormonal 8th graders I had when I did my student teaching! Now THEY were a challenge, to say the least. The girls all had the "attitude" going strong while the boys were learning about sex and it seemed they had perpetual erections in class as they constantly tried looking down my blouse or up my skirt. If 8th grade as already that bad, I can only imagine what high school would be like which is why I preferred the younger kids.

At the same time my professional career was taking off, my personal life was going along great as well. Finally I was dating a guy who looked to be "the one" Duane was indeed the love of my life and I could easily see myself accepting his marriage proposal. To make it all the more interesting, I'd been getting reports of him appearing in jewelry shops looking at rings! Marriage, or at least an engagement, seemed imminent. Yes, my life was good... good indeed!

Duane knew a LOT about me, including many of the sexual "adventures" I'd had since my first time at age fourteen. Given we'd met the first time at local BJ party (at least so he and my friends claim, I hated to admit it but I didn't remember his dick in particular), it wasn't like he thought I was some innocent little teenager. In fact, not only did Duane not care that I had a reputation for being a slut, he actually seemed to be proud of me because of it. This was especially true when he got to grin mischievously at the guys I was teasing, not letting them forget that HE was the one I'd be going home to bed with at the end.

As much as Duane THOUGHT he knew about me, the potential problem was that he didn't know EVERYTHING. The inner conflict I was having was when and how to tell him perhaps one of the most important aspects of my life - the incestual relationships between me, my dad and the rest of our family. It's not like it was something that comes up in casual conversation and I didn't exactly advertise it. I never told anyone I was dating as I was afraid that when we broke up he would go out and blab about it to everyone - even if we didn't break up for that matter. As a wide person once said, a secret is no longer a secret if two people know about it.

Although I knew I had to tell Duane about me before we got married, I procrastinated, unsure of how he would react. Now you would THINK it would be just fine with him, especially since it meant he would also be able to have sex with my mom, aunt and cousins (AFTER we got married). Unfortunately, some guys can be strange.

When it comes to jealousy and possessiveness, logic and reason pretty much go out the window when it comes to guys and their girlfriends. All I had to do was look at my Aunt Linda's history. Her husband knew about everything before they got married but even then, once they were married he couldn't deal with his wife having sex with other men, even if it WAS only her father and brother-in-law. Like, they were her family so of course they fucked her, what did he expect? Anyway, he finally forced her to choose between him or her family which left her with only one viable option - divorce. You can't EVER go against your family and it was horrible for him to put her where she had to make such a decision. Thus it was my goal was to be sure THAT didn't happen to me!

Looking back now, my biggest mistake was that rather than commit myself and just tell Duane everything outright, I chickened out and decided to ease into it a little at a time. To start, I let him learn about my Aunt Linda and Kristen first, figuring I would see what his reaction was to another case of mother- daughter sex before telling him about my involvement with my mom and dad. OK, so it turned out to be a bad decision - VERY bad as he broke up with me and tried to ruin my life. Yet in some ways it may have worked out for the best in that at least I learned how he felt BEFORE we got married. Long story short, we broke up and to make things worse, he even said something to the school administrator where I taught, who happened to be a personal friend of his family.

I'll never know exactly what Duane told him, but it was enough for the school administrator to confront me and ask for my resignation using some vague references, enough to scare me without any specifics. Afraid I would make things even worse if I protested, I did as he asked, leaving my kids without so much as a tearful goodbye. Thus in a matter of days I lost the man I thought I would marry AND the career I loved so dearly. Talk about your bad week...

Losing my teaching position left me more than just heartbroken. Was my new teaching career finished before it even got off the ground? Any school that might hire me in the future would surely contact the administrator of any previous institution where I'd taught to ask for a reference. Although my resignation letter didn't give any details, and so far as I knew there were no formal records of any of the accusations that were made against me, so long as he was around my teaching certifications weren't worth the paper they were printed on.

Well, as they say, God works in mysterious ways. I'd assumed the administrator, an older guy but not ancient by any means, would be around for many more years before he retired. Then something unexpected happened; he had a heart attack which left him unable to return to work, forcing him into retirement earlier than he had planned. When I heard the news my emotions were conflicted. Of course I felt bad for him personally, nobody should take joy in the suffering of another human being. Yet at the same time my heart was fluttering as I wondered if it meant an opportunity had just opened for me?

No matter what, until a new administrator was hired I couldn't apply for anything since when someone resigns without notice, as I'd done, it would be difficult for any temporary person to make such a decision to hire someone like me back. One nice thing about private schools, they don't have to go through all the rigmarole that public schools do when hiring someone in such a position. In fact, only a month had passed before I was told by a friend that a new guy was already in place. He was from another private school in the area and well respected, much younger than the previous administrator with a wife and kids in grade school.

It was like being on pins and needles as I anxiously waited a month or so for him to settle into his new position and then finally got the courage to go to his office one day and apply for my old position as I knew they hadn't filled it. Small wonder considering the pay was crap and most teachers can't afford to work for what was virtually minimum wage with very few benefits. In fact, I remembered in my original interview that they had spent as much time talking about my marriage opportunities as my credentials - obviously hoping this would be a 'second job" in the family and I would have a husband's salary and benefits to live on.

# 2. The First Interview

The sign next to the door said, "Mr. Eisenberg, School Administrator". I stood resolutely in front of it, my heart pounding like a jackhammer and my knees felt so weak I could hardly stand up. His secretary had told me that he was waiting for me so this was it - make or break time. The mere fact he'd even agreed to see me was a positive sign. How much, if anything, had the previous administrator told him about me? So far as I knew, none of the other staff members had a clue as to the real reason I'd left. I'd told them it was a personal matter at home and they were polite enough to leave it at that, even if I could tell they were dying to know the details. Now here I was again, portfolio in hand. Taking a deep breath, I twisted the door knob and walked in like I owned the place.

Mr. Eisneberg was seated behind the old wooden desk - this wasn't exactly a state-of-the art building, not with the miniscule budget they had to operate under. My first impression was he was a handsome, middle-age man, balding slightly at the sides although his hair was still dark. He seemed to be of average build, several inches taller than me even with heels my on as he stood up to greet me and shake my hand. His suit, while not expensive, was clean and hung on him well; off the rack, maybe Macy's or JC Penney. His smile seemed to be genuine and I felt a little bit of my apprehension fade away as he offered me a seat in one of the chairs lined up in front of his desk.

As I sat down and crossed my legs, Mr. Eisenberg's eyes seemed to give me the once-over. As befitting for this type of school, I was dressed quite conservatively, my skirt coming just below my knees but still allowing just a bit of thigh to show when I crossed my legs. I had on an opaque white blouse with a floral vest that was left unbuttoned. Underneath, I was even wearing a matching white bra and white nylon panties, so that should give you some idea how seriously I was taking this interview! I made sure to tug on my skirt just a little to keep it from riding up too high- no need to make any wrong impressions. Schools like these prided themselves on their conservatism and even a hint of impropriety might be enough to lose the job.

At this point I had no idea what Mr. Eisenberg was all about and the last thing I needed was for him to think me some type of slut. The school was EXTREMELY conservative and when I'd taught here I had to buy pretty much an entire new wardrobe! His eyes didn't seem to linger too long at any point so there was nothing to make of it, at least not at this point.

The interview was pretty standard - a review of my college transcripts, board credentials, and home life. Being a private Christian school, I was asked a number of questions no public school would have dared to ask - my testimony regarding my faith in God, my opinions on several political hot button issues such as abortion, and my present marital status - and intentions. He then touched on my resignation and why I was returning. Mr. Eisenberg seemed to accept my vague responses and unspoken plea for privacy, so long as it didn't affect my credibility with regards to teaching at the school.

The entire interview lasted about an hour after which he shook my hand and said he would get back to me. Typical closing words - don't call us, we'll call you. All in all, it was a completely standard interview, nothing much to write home about. Actually, that in itself was encouraging. I knew the school was desperate to hire someone and that applicants with my credentials were scarce, at least when it came to accepting what they had to offer. Unless something came up unexpectedly, I couldn't see how he could afford to pass on me.

## 3. The Second Interview

Later that week I received a phone call from Mr. Eisenberg's secretary, asking me if I could come in for a follow-up interview. That was a VERY good sign as it most likely meant I was someone they wanted and just had to clear up a few things. It was exciting! All I had to do was endure another hour at most, and the job would be mine... or so I thought.

Entering Mr. Eisenberg's office for the second time was about the same as the first. He greeted me as before, directed me to the same chair, gave me the same look-over and got right to the point.

"So Miss Wells, I've verified your credentials and talked with the staff about you. I was quite impressed - everyone spoke very highly of you."

So far so good but there was something about the look on his face that told me there was a "but" coming...

"But," he said... I knew it!

He paused, leaving me wondering what was coming, "I also called Mr. Wright to discuss your rather unique... shall we say... situation."

My mind was racing a mile a minute now. Mr. Wright was the previous administrator, the asshole that had fired me (or at least made me resign). Oh no, what he had told Mr. Eisenberg about me? Well, it couldn't have been TOO bad or no doubt that I wouldn't have been asked in for a second interview. Yet somehow I couldn't imagine Mr. Wright giving me a glowing reference either, not given the manner we parted ways last year. He had made it pretty clear that as far as he was concerned, I would never teach again!

"You know, Mr. Wright had some every interesting things to say about you Miss Wells... some VERY interesting things I must say."

I could only hope that my face didn't betray the sick feeling that was forming in the pit of my stomach. Oh my god, so the asshole HAD told Mr. Eisenberg about the real reason I'd left. Even worse, I knew Mr. Wright had not told me everything that Duane had told him, leaving me to squirm at the time and using it to hold over my head so I would resign. What all had he told Mr. Eisenberg? Yet if he had, why had I been asked in for a second interview? Was this some sort of sick practical joke, Mr. Wright's evil way at getting back at me for daring to apply now that he had left, his perverted way of showing me his vendetta against me was still on?

"So tell me Miss Wells... just how badly do you want this job?"

Now THAT was an interesting question. Normally, you would think someone would ask why I wanted the job, not to explain "just how bad" I wanted it. It was almost like he was asking me what would I do for it? Now what did THAT mean? My gut tightened further as I imagined what it might be.

"I'm not really sure what you mean Mr. Eisenberg," I stammered, stalling for time to figure out how to react to this unexpected turn of events.

"Oh I think you know Miss Wells... I think girls like you know VERY well what I mean."

Hmmm, "girls like you"? I had a pretty good idea of what he meant by that little slur and it didn't bode well for me, or at least my hopes in securing this position.

Knowing my history, some people might not understand why I was bothered so much by what was happening. After all, I'd never been afraid to use my "assets" before to get a job or most anything else (even negotiating a car price or getting some computer help) but this was different. This was my CAREER. This was something that would be with me for the rest of my life, hopefully at least in that I planned to teach for a long time. How naive I had been to have assumed I could just return to my old job and someone erase the past.

Now what were Mr. Eisenberg's intentions? He certainly didn't seem to be upset with me or angry. If anything, he had this Cheshire Cat smile where his lips were tight together but the corners of his mouth curled up like he was some mischievous boy caught peeking up the skirt of a girl at school. He seemed to be getting some sort of perverted kick out my discomfort. NOT exactly the kind of smile you like to see on the person deciding your career's future.

As for me, I wasn't accustomed to being in this situation. After all, I was the one that was always in control, the one who called the shots. Oh sure, sometimes I might let the guy THINK he was in control, but that was just me allowing him to THINK he was, not that he really was. I has a pretty good idea where he was leading to so the question was how far did he intend to carry this out? After all, he WAS married and he did have his own position to be concerned about. Even a hint of what he had said to me so far could be enough to cost a man his job in this type of unyielding environment.

Well, there was one way to find out without jumping TOO far over the line. Staying seated in the chair, I simply uncrossed and then crossed my legs again, far slower than necessary and this time not tugging my skirt back down again but instead allowing it ride up higher than was "decent", at least so far as THIS school was concerned. It wasn't exactly a Sharon Stone moment, but it would have certainly been enough to get me thrown out on my cute butt with old Mr. Wright!

"Well, it appears we both understand the seriousness of the situation," Mr. Eisenberg said softly, putting his hands together with his fingertips pressed against one another as he leaned forward on his desk on his elbows to get a better look at me.

I twisted sideways in my chair such that the side of me with the most leg showing was easier for him to see. I was rewarded by his eyes shifting to my bare thighs, my ass now barely concealed as I allowed the skirt to ride up even higher.

"Oh yes Miss Wells... I think you DO want the job, don't you?"

I just smiled at him and waited to see where he would go. Was this enough? You never know with some men. Sometimes just a tease is all they want, something to go home and masturbate about as they fantasize about what might have happened under different circumstances. If this was all I had to do to prove my determination - show a little upper leg, then it would be the easiest I'd ever gotten out of such a situation. Well, it WOULD have been the easiest...

"OK, I think you want the job, Miss Wells, but the questions is, how MUCH do you want it?"

Like, I'd been around the proverbial block enough times to know what THAT innuendo meant. OK, if that's how he wanted to play... I smiled demurely at him and slowly started to unbutton my blouse, each button seemingly almost impossible to undo as one by one they finally came loose, exposing a little more of my bra with each. I left the blouse tucked in, allowing it to fall open but now as far it would have had to been loose. Finally I had them all undone down to my skirt, the blouse now opening up just enough to reveal my white bra and plenty of cleavage.

"Hmmmmmm, very nice, Miss Wells... very nice indeed. I see your 'credentials' are indeed flawless."

It was all like a scene from a bad "B" movie or something. Where things might have progressed to I'll never know because just then his intercom buzzed, practically scaring me out of my chair. His secretary announced that his next appointment was waiting. Frowning, he looked at me and then shrugged his shoulders, telling her that he would be done with me shortly.

"I'm sorry Miss Wells, I guess we'll have to finish this interview another time," he apologized.

Indeed, he really DID seem sorry about it and looking at his dress pants as he stood up, I could see why. I quickly buttoned my blouse back up, then stood up and pulled my skirt down below my knees again. All prim and proper once again!

"I'll be in touch with you soon Miss Wells," he said, shaking my hand as if nothing untoward had just happened, "I would suggest that in the mean time you might want to think about how bad you want this job. I might also need as closer look at your 'credentials' next time."

God, where did he get these lines, some B-rated sex movie? I left his office, smiling at the secretary as I departed. We knew each other from when I was there before and she had always been very nice to me. I wondered if she had any idea whatsoever what kind of man she was working for now? Who knows, maybe she had to prove how bad she wanted her job as well? Then again, she was about fifty so I doubted her "credentials" were as good as they use to be.

Back in the parking lot, I sat in my car and let out a long, slow breath. Oh my god, what was I getting myself into? Somehow I'd thought I would leave all the escorting, lingerie modeling, toy demonstrating crap behind me and start my teaching career anew, a new life being all prim and proper. Sure, I'd always had fantasies about being the sexy school teacher and such but that's ALL they were - fantasies. Never in my craziest moments had I ever even imagined ever actually DOING any of the things I may have fantasized about. Yet here I was, not even officially hired and already I was acting like a slut.

In my defense, I was being given little option and it certainly wasn't MY idea, but did that make it OK? Maybe I should just decline the offer to preserve my morals and ethics. It may be common practice and indeed, an expectation to have to strip and what not for an escorting or stripper job, but not to be a teacher! Yet at the same time, when would I have another opportunity like this one? I had loved teaching her before and to come back would be a dream come true.

All I DID know was that despite all the emotional upheavals and uncertainties, my pussy was definitely wet as a result of all this carrying on. Seeing Mr. Eisenberg's eyes fixated on my thighs - and then on my chest, was definitely a turn-on, especially considering WHERE we were at the moment. I'll be the first to admit that I love it when men look at me like that, even when I know I shouldn't be encouraging it. But then, how many girls would say otherwise if they were being honest?

I reached for my purse and keys, thinking about how good it would be to get home where I could strip out of these constricting clothes and masturbate. God I needed to do it so badly right now! In fact, the more I thought about what had happened - and what MIGHT happen in the future, the hotter it made me. Oh my god, I couldn't wait, I had to do something NOW.

I looked all around and noted that the parking lot was deserted. It would be over an hour before school was out so nobody should be coming out for a while. One last look around and then I lifted my skirt up to my waist, then quickly pulled my panties down and over my knees, then over my heels, tossing them on the passenger seat next to me. Just getting those damn things off was such a relief! The warmth of the car seat felt so good on my bare ass as I leaned the seat back about half-way and relaxed.

God it always feels so good when I touch myself! It was times like this when just the slightest touch of my finger was enough to set me off. I gasped as my forefinger traced tight circles around my sensitive clit, teasing myself mercilessly. Reaching lower, I could feel that my pussy was wet and my finger easily slid in, letting my palm rest on my clit as I moved my finger further inside of me. Pulling it out quickly, I put my finger in my mouth and savored the fresh taste of my pussy. God was I ever horny! I had loved the taste of my pussy since the first time I "explored" myself way back when I was younger but it always tasted better when I was horny like I was now.

My free hand held my left breast through my blouse and bra. I needed to get off - and fast, so I didn't bother undressing further. It felt good just to hold my boob, pressing on it and squeezing it just enough to make it tingle. My wet finger was back in my pussy now, soon to be joined by a second as I finger- fucked myself. Oh god... it felt incredible! If only they were a real dick!

"Oh Mr. Eisenberg... fuck me... fuck me hard," I whispered hoarsely as I envisioned myself underneath him as he prepared to violate me with his engorged cock. "Oh yeah, deeper... all the way in me!" I cried out as I felt my orgasm already starting to arise within me. Damn, it was as if my body couldn't wait to get off!

"Oh god, FUCK ME Mr. Eisenberg!" I cried out.

Thankfully there wasn't anyone around as with my windows rolled down it must have been audible for at least a little ways. My orgasm came crashing down on me, hitting me like a semi-truck broad-siding a car at an intersection, a massive, cataclysmic reaction! Damn, that was quick! It hadn't taken hardly anything at all to get me off, but I was so damn horny it didn't surprise me. With my fingers pushed deep in me, I grabbed my hand that was in my pussy with the other, pressing it into me even further. It was like being on the beach, the waves crashing into me one by one as my orgasm swelled and ebbed, then rose yet again. Oh my, it was SO good!

Exhausted but feeling oh so much better, I collapsed in the seat, my hands cupping my hot pussy as I just laid there, trying to catch my breath. It had hardly taken any time at all, but yet I felt like I'd just run a marathon. My face felt like it was burning up and my entire body felt warm and sweaty. Wow, talk about needing it... I hadn't realized just how badly I did.

Just then someone pulled into the parking lot so I straightened up my seat back and pulled my skirt down a bit. I decided to leave my panties off - what was the point in putting them on just to drive home? Besides, it always felt so much better to be bare-ass. It only took me about twenty minutes or so to get back home but by the time I was there, I already had my free hand between my legs, ready to go for it again. Parking the car in my favorite space, it was tempting to do myself again right then and there but with my apartment only a few steps away, why not wait another couple of minutes and do it right?

Less than five minutes layer I was undressed and laying naked on top of my bed, leaning back against a stack of pillows with my knees in the air, feet planted firmly on the bed, legs spread apart like a whore in heat. Indeed, it was an apt description. If Mr. Eisenberg wanted a whore... I would give him one, at least I did in my fantasies as I brought myself to another orgasm - and yet another before I was finally done.

The room was dark when I opened my eyes. Wow, I must have crashed after who knows how long I had been masturbating. Talk about being horny! I giggled a little at myself as usually it was the GUY who fell asleep after sex but then, given how long I'd masturbated and how many times I'd come, I think it as safe to say that I'd earned it. As I got up to take a shower, I started to think again about the day's events - and my reaction to it.

Crap, what had I done? It was bad enough that I'd gone along with the charade and showed off my legs and bra to him; but to masturbate in the parking later - and then for hours after I got home fantasizing more about it? This wasn't how this was supposed to have gone today. Indeed, I had assumed it would be a short interview, a handshake congratulating me and then a triumphant call on the way home to my best friends trumpeting my success. They all knew where I was going this afternoon so now what did I tell them? Not that it would shock them but I had really hoped to impress them with my getting the job WITHOUT being slut.

By the time the shower was over I'd rationalized everything pretty well. Sure Mr. Eisenberg had known about me but he just wanted to tease me a bit before giving me the job. It was probably a favor to the old administrator. The school HAD to fill the position and so far as I knew, I was the only candidate so he HAD to hire me sooner or later. Most likely the next call I would get would be to tell me I had "passed" my final interview and then offer me the job.

Yep, everything was going to be alright... just the way I'd planned.

## 4. Preparing For My Final "Interview"

It was two days before I got THE phone call. Two days of suspense, second-guessing, and increasing worry. Two days of stalling my prying friends who were anxious to know if I had my old job back or not. Two days of putting off my dad's repeated questions. Two LONG days. Two centuries it seemed.

When it finally DID come, it was a surprise because I didn't recognize the number on the caller ID. All my previous contacts had been from the school secretary and so I had her name and number in my address book. As it turned out, it wasn't the secretary who called me but Mr. Eisenberg himself. That was unusual and the alarms started to go off in my head.

"Hello Miss Wells, I was just calling to see if we could finish your final interview. I apologize for the interruption last time. Things seemed to be going well and I am sure with just a little more time I can make a final determination on your application."

So far... so good.

"With all the interruptions at the school, I thought it might be best to meet somewhere else, if that's OK with you."

Really, what could I say? As if I had any option other to say that is was fine with me.

"Great, how about lunch at the Holiday Inn across from the mall, say Sunday at noon? I hear they have a great brunch on Sundays."

That took me a little by surprise. An interview for a Christian school position on a Sunday? My church services were usually done by 11:30 so that wouldn't be a problem but still...Again, what choice did I have?

"Great, look forward to see in you there - a lot more of you. I hope you've been thinking about what I suggested."

Not exactly subtle, was he?

I hung up the phone and tossed it on my bed. What the heck was I getting myself into now? Under any other circumstances it would have been like a dream come true - meeting a married man at a hotel restaurant, knowing he had the hots for me. But this was different. This wasn't ME making the call. This wasn't ME luring him from his bitchy wife, pushing him and teasing him until his willpower collapsed and he caved in to his more primal desires. This time I was the one being played. He was holding something near and precious to me over my head - my teaching career. Being blackmailed somehow took the eroticism out of the situation. How would I explain this to my father? I sort of doubted that he would be proud of his daughter for getting her new job in this way. Sure, he was proud of me for being a slut, but that was when it came to teasing the guys, not professionally.

The answer was simple - I wouldn't tell him! I normally never kept secrets from my father but this was one time I simply couldn't tell him the truth. When I got the job - and I knew I would, no matter WHAT I may have to do to get it, he would be proud of me and the issue of HOW I got it would probably never come up.

Sunday morning arrived before I knew it and I woke up to the blaring of my alarm clock. Dang it, I had to get going! I only had an hour to get to my dad's if there was going to be time for our "Sunday morning tradition" and I had so much to get ready.

Last night I'd prepared two outfits for today, one for church and one for my "interview". It would have been fun to wear the second one to church as well - a pink mini-dress with plunging cleavage and the tiniest spaghetti straps barely keeping it over my boobs. I loved it especially because it made my boobs look great! It wasn't the shorter dress in my closet but it was one of the shorter ones, just long enough for me to go without panties without having to worry about being arrested for public exposure! Yet as much as I loved it - and I knew my dad did too, it wouldn't have gone over well in church, at least not publicly. I'm sure most of the men, and maybe some of the women, would have appreciated it but odds were I would've been asked to leave before even getting in the sanctuary!

So in addition to the pink dress, I picked out a longer black skirt and white blouse, an outfit similar to the one I'd worn to my last job interview in fact. It was still enough to draw some glares from more than a few of the older ladies in the church, but they didn't bother me considering the appreciative stares I got from the men!

One thing I've always prided myself on and that is the ability to get myself ready quickly. I know so many girls that make it an ordeal to get themselves ready, spending hours in the bathroom doing lord knows what. In just 45 minutes I'd showered, shaved, done my hair and makeup, and was looking in the mirror to check out my dress!

My pussy tingled as I imagined my dad waiting for me. We had been doing this for years now, a quickie before church. The idea was to do it as close to leaving for church as possible, after we had dressed and were about to go. It wasn't a time for extensive petting and such, just a quick fucking with him cumming inside of me. The idea was first, by cumming in me it kept my outfit clean; and second, it also meant that when we sat in the pews I was holding load of his fresh cum inside of me, often times even leaking out a bit! It was what I call true wholesome family fun - a father-daughter thing that we had turned into a sort of tradition and it was a rare Sunday we skipped our brief time together.

Pulling into the driveway, I recognized the car at the bottom of the driveway in front of the garage. Dang it, my Aunt Linda was already here. For that matter, maybe she had spent the night. In recent months she had been spending more and more time with my dad. At first I had been a bit jealous, feeling like it was sort of a betrayal of my mother but I realized that that my dad had needs too. Now with my mom gone I guess it was only natural for him and Aunt Linda to be closer. After all, they had been high school sweethearts at one time and he HAD been fucking her ever since, even if he DID end up marrying her older sister instead of her. Still, Sunday mornings were our special time together and she knew that so why was she here?

I went in through the garage entry and was surprised to see my Aunt standing there waiting for me. She gave me a smile and a hug and then turned to me.

"Now don't worry Kelly, I know what you must be thinking. Yes, I did spend the night but don't worry, I know what this time means to you - and him, so I would never DREAM of getting the way. He's upstairs so go do your thing."

I kissed her on the cheek and headed upstairs. Now THAT hadn't turned out so bad. I checked my watch... dang it, we would have to hurry if we were going to get to church on time! Fortunately, my dad was waiting for me in the foyer, in his suit and all ready for church. So many people dressed causal for church these days but my dad was still as it and tie guy. It was his turn to look at his watch and he shook his head while grinning at me.

"Cutting it a little close, aren't we baby?" he chuckled as he unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick, "You'd better get to work!"

My dad was already semi-erect which pleased me more than he may have known. It was good to know after all these years that my dad could still get an erection in anticipation of fucking me! I quickly got down to my knees, the Oriental floor runner cushioning me as I knelt in front of his dick, almost like I was praying. His dick was soon in my mouth and he groaned as I took all of it in.

"That's my girl... that's my precious daughter... suck your daddy's cock. God you look so beautiful with my dick in your mouth."

I looked up at him and our eyes met as I kept his dick firmly in my mouth. My heart swelled as I saw him looking down at me, watching me suck his dick. He looked so happy and that made me feel so good inside, knowing I was fulfilling my duties as his daughter, pleasing my dad as only a daughter can please her father. Sure, having any girl suck his cock would be good, but I knew it had to be special for him to look down and see his own daughter taking his dick in her mouth.

and respect. Sex is the most perfect way for a father and daughter to be together, the most natural and proper way.

Just as fast as he'd cum, it was over. When he pulled his already dwindling dick out of me it was like there was this empty place inside of me, like something was missing. But I smiled as I felt his incestuous cum draining from me, serving as a memory of what he had just done to me, a physical symbol of a father's love for his daughter.

"We'd better get going or we'll be late for church," he warned me, tucking his still almost soft cock into his pants and zipping them up.

"Dang it daddy, you really came a lot in me!" I exclaimed as I reached down and used my fingers to wipe off some of the cum that had started to run down my inner thigh.

Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good! Actually, I was more than a little surprised he HAD cum so much in me. I would've thought he had fucked Aunt Linda this morning but obviously they didn't do it for some reason. My heart burst as I considered how really sweet it was of the two of them to let him save it all for me!

All ready again, I followed my dad downstairs where Linda was waiting impatiently, arms folded and foot tapping. She looked at her watch melodramatically and shook her head.

"Well, looks like we're going to be late now, I hope it was worth it."

She was just teasing and I knew it. Grinning proudly, I pulled up my skirt and spread my legs, then reached down and used my fingers to get some of the cum that had drained from me as I had made my way downstairs.

"Oh my, don't you think you should wear some panties girl?" she asked me, shaking her head, "You know, you're getting to be as bad as your cousin!"

"Getting?" my dad laughed and we all had to laugh together at that.

We drove separately as I told my dad I had a lunch date after church. He didn't question me as to who it was with - and I didn't volunteer so that went over pretty easily. It WAS the truth after all, just maybe not ALL the truth.

Sitting towards the front of church (our penalty for being late), I could feel his cum draining from me even more. It was tempting to lift my skirt and reach in for another taste but THAT wouldn't have been very smart in the middle of a crowded church, especially with the pastor just a few feet in front of us.

With my skirt being so dark I just had to hope that any wet spots wouldn't show through. Then again, I would be changing as soon as the service was over anyway so who cared? It was hard to concentrate on the service with the sensations of my freshly fucked pussy converging with the anticipation of what might happen after church.

I wondered what the guy sitting next to me in the pew would have thought had he known what was going through my mind - and out my pussy, as we stood next to each other and sang the next hymn. Even better, imagine if he knew WHO'S cum was still draining from me!

Fortunately the service finished on time and I gave my dad and Aunt Linda a kiss goodbye. Rushing to my car, I actually drove back to his house, knowing they would be heading out for dinner before returning. Changing in the car would have been crazy so I just ran inside long enough to slip on my other dress. First, though, I went to the bathroom to clean off my cum-encrusted pussy. All- in-all, I was pretty much a mess and the last thing I thought Mr. Eisenberg would like would be to see my pussy coated with another man's cum! Funny thing is, without actually thinking about it I'd apparently already decided that he would be seeing my pussy! Hmmm, I wonder what else I would be doing before the day was over? I think I had a pretty good idea!

## 5. How Bad Did I Want the Job?

It was a few minutes after noon when I drove up to the hotel and searched frantically for a parking spot. The "after church" lunch crowd was already there in force and so I ended up way out in back before I finally found a place to squeeze into. Turning off the ignition, as late as I was I sat there for a moment with both hands firmly gripping the steering wheel, eyes closed as I prayed and try to prepare myself for what I assumed was about to happen.

It's funny how the same actions and events can have totally different results, simply because of the circumstances involved. Had I been here to meet some husband from church, perhaps cheating on his wife and anxious to do about anything to spend the afternoon with me, I would have been excited and wet with anticipation. Yet here I was, basically about to do exactly just that, yet somehow I felt more anxious than excited, dirty instead of slutty, resigned versus horny. Definitely NOT excepted and wet.

For a girl who prided herself on being a slut, I certainly wasn't feeling very good about myself now. Maybe it was because this job meant so much to me. I'd dreamed for most of my life of being a teacher, worked hard in school, sacrificed so much to achieve my goal and now, just as I was about to reach it, I found myself having to use my body instead of my credentials to realize my dream. Had it been any other job or position I wouldn't have hesitated a bit to use every "asset" I had - hey, why not use what you got? This was special though, this was about me becoming a teacher based on my credentials and skills, not my looks and sexual skills.

Yet in the end, what option did I have? Sure, I could get all high and mighty and claim I was sticking to my morals. That would mean walking away from this job and waiting for who knows how long before something else opened up. The last thing I wanted was to spend another school year stripping and modeling lingerie while I watched kids going off to school, knowing I wasn't in front of the class teaching them. I mean, like I was 24 now and not getting any younger. It was time to get my career started. Besides, it wasn't like Mr. Eisenberg was all that bad. He WAS pretty good looking and I was sure he would be extremely discreet as he had far more to lose than I did if any of this ever became public knowledge.

I bowed my head, said a final quick prayer, and took a deep breath. Letting it out slowly, I put my head back and opened my eyes, filled with a new determination. If this was what it took, a few hours of letting some pervert have his way with me, then what was the big deal anyway? No matter what happened, by the time I ate supper it would all be over and the job would be mine. If anything, on the bright side I figured my job security would be pretty good considering the "goods" I would have on Mr. Eisenberg after today!

Stepping out of my car, I tried to pull my hem down as my dress had ridded up to my waist as I drove. It was then I noticed a family walking by, the parents with the standard issue two kids, a boy and girl that looked to be in their young teens. I couldn't help but smile as the mother turned the boy's head from me as he must have noticed my brief "flash" as I stepped out of my car. Boy... if looks could kill, hers would have melted me down on the spot! The husband was eyeing me as well so I just grinned at him and clutched my purse as I followed them into the hotel lobby.

The restaurant was off to one side and I was about to head down the hall when I heard someone calling my name. I looked and there seated in the lobby, was Mr. Eisenberg. He was getting to his feet and gesturing for me to come over to him.

"Hello Miss Wells, glad to see you showed up. I wasn't sure after out last interview if you really wanted the position or not."

Yeah right, like there was any doubt. His eyes were running up and down my body, noticeably pausing as he took in my boobs and legs. God, what a perv! But then, a girl doesn't wear a dress like the one I had on unless she WANTS a guy to do just what he was doing! After all, what was the point of dressing like a slut if nobody noticed?

"So shall we go have lunch now?" I suggested, gesturing with my hand towards the restaurant entrance where people were lining up to be seated.

Although I'd never eaten brunch here, I'd heard it was good and judging from the crowd, the rumors were apparently true. We would probably have to wait a half hour or so just to be seated.

"Well... I wanted to talk to you about that," he said slowly, barely audible even though I was right up next to him now. "I'm not so sure it's a good idea for the two of us to be seen together in public - especially dressed the way you are. Not that I don't like it of course. It does a fine job of showing off... your 'credentials', you know what I mean?"

My eyes narrowed at him, as if I was surprised by what he was saying. Sheesh, back to those horrible lines again. Couldn't he say anything without using such tired old crappy cliches? Actually, what WOULD have surprised me the most would have been if we actually DID have lunch in public like this. Odds were SOMEONE would see us and then the gossip would start. I'm sure the last thing he needed was someone asking his wife why he was seeing a new teacher at a Sunday brunch - a teacher wearing the sluttiest dress in the room.

"But I thought we were going to do my final interview?" I asked, pretending to not know where he was going with this. Like, I would have to have been a totally idiot not to know already.

"Well, I just thought we could do it somewhere... more private," he suggested. Then he finally came out with it and said, "I booked a room where we can do your interview without drawing too much attention. Is that OK with you?"

Shrugging, I tried to look as if I had to make a decision but in reality, this was all going exactly the way I'd expected. I mean if you think a guy invites you to a hotel for an interview where you are expected to show "how bad" you want a job just to have a discussion over lunch, then you're too dumb to be teaching!

"Sounds good to me, I'm sure you'll be impressed," I replied with a naughty little smile. It was just enough to let him know I was "in" on his plans, even if he hadn't come right out and stated them.

"Great, let's get going then."

I followed him to the elevators as he looked around to make sure nobody was watching us. For him, the was probably the most "dangerous" moment where someone might see him getting into the elevator with me. It would be awfully hard to explain to his wife, that was for sure! As it was, we entered the elevator alone and he pressed the button for our floor. Neither of us said a word as it took us up and the doors opened again. Mr. Eisenberg led me down the hall to the room, never even looking at me as he opened the door and walked in with me trailing close behind like a puppy dog.

As I stepped inside the room, I could see it was your standard issue Holiday Inn - two double beds, a TV mounted to the dresser with a small round table and two chairs next to it. It was pretty warm and stuffy so he turned on the AC unit under the window. It was pretty loud but I could feel the blast of cool air almost immediately.

Mr. Eisenberg turned and stood there across the room from me, both of us quiet as we waited for the other to make the first move. If there was one thing I was sure of though, HE was going to be the one to initiate anything. It was bad enough I was essentially whoring myself out for a job. The least he could do is leave me with no option so I wouldn't have to wonder forever afterwards if I could've possibly gotten by without doing what I knew I would likely have to do.

"Well, well Miss Wells, so here we are."

I stood there silently, smiling at him to try to put him at ease but otherwise waiting for him to continue.

"I think we both know what this 'interview' is really all about, don't we," he said quietly , more a statement than a question. I just nodded slightly and waited for more.

"I just want you to know I've never done anything like this before," he said, suddenly looking a little unsure of himself.

"So why now then?" I asked softly, "We can stop now... nothing has happened yet."

Mr. Eisenberg sighed and I could see the struggle that was within him. In a way, I could sympathize with him. I'd been in similar situations before where it all seemed so hot and wild to talk about something and even fantasize about it; but when it came to the actual DOING of it, that's when the reality sank in.

"Maybe we should forget about all of this," he said, "I don't know what I was thinking."

Suddenly I felt this surge of anger. Damn him anyway. He'd put me through all this and now he was going to chicken out, I just knew it. Odds were he would then find some excuse not to hire me and then it would be my word against his as to why he'd changed his mind – and who would believe me over him, especially if he revealed anything about why I'd left in the first place.

"How bad do you want the job?"

Yes, that was the question he had left me with in his office and now I was ready to show him. Indeed, I wanted the job and I wanted it BAD – so bad I'd resigned to whoring myself to get it. Now this idiot thought he could just change his mind and back out of the deal? Noooooo, I don't think so.

One thing about this pink dress, it not only didn't hide very much, but it barely stayed on me so when I wanted to take it off, all it took was a quick shake of my upper body to let the straps fall off my shoulders and the whole thing would slip down to the floor. That's exactly what I did now – a little shake and the next thing he knew I was standing there totally naked in front of him. Well, not TOTALLY if you count my jewelry and heels but close enough. His eyes bugged out and his mouth dropped open like a fish out of water before he caught himself and took a deep breath.

"Now Mr. Eisenberg, you told me in your office that you wanted me to prove how much I wanted the position... so what do you think?"

"Miss Well..." he stammered, "please put your dress back on. I'm serious... please stop right now."

"Oh come now Mr. Eisenberg," I purred as I put one bare leg up on the bed and cupped my naked crotch with my hand, "I saw how you looked at me. I bet you've been dreaming all week of seeing me like this, haven't you?"

It was like he was frozen place, unable to move. I knew his brain was telling him to leave the room, FAST, before he did something he could never undo. At the same time, I saw the unmistakable signs of an erection starting to form under his suit pants and I knew what was happening. It was a classic struggle between the big head and little head. I knew well that as the little head grew in size and strength, it would soon overwhelm the big head.

It was like I was a mercenary supplying arms to the resistance. All I had to do was help his dick gain control and he would be mine. It was just too easy, like shooting fish in a barrel as I knew exactly what to do.

"My pussy's so hot right now... it's soooooo wet," I teased him naughtily, "It wants YOU Mr. Eisenberg... don't you want it?"

Oh he wanted it, that was obvious. Like what man wouldn't want a 24 year-old pussy as the girl played with herself in front of him? From the family pictures I'd seen in his office, it wasn't like his wife was all that frumpy, but I bet she'd never looked like I did right now and odds were she never masturbated in front of him either - as I started to do for him.

"Mmmmmmm, it's so wet Mr. Eisenberg, I've been thinking all week about you... about you and me... about you fucking me."

He visibly winced when I said "fucking me", as if I'd exposed his secret desires. I WAS wet - and getting wetter by the minute, but it wasn't so much my finger that I now had pressed inside my pussy that was turning me on.. it was his eyes fixated on my bare crotch as I did it that had me going. Oh yeah, he wanted me... he wanted me bad. It was time to get him involved a little more...

Putting my leg back down, I put my finger that had been in m pussy up to my mouth and licked my pussy wetness from it before putting it in my mouth and sucking off the rest. He looked so turned on and I knew he was ready for the next thing I had in mind for him. Moving up close to him, I reached down and started unbuckling his belt. His hands instantly went over mine, trying to stop me with a half-hearted effort.

"This has to stop now Miss Wells... now!" he burst out.

The fervor of his words weren't exactly matched by the strength in his hands. As big as he was compared to me, he could have easily stopped me had he REALLY wanted to but instead I was able to push him aside and soon his belt was undone. Next was the button and the zipper as his hands hung limply to his side, making no further effort to stop me. I pulled his pants down, together with his white jockey shorts, to his ankles. His dick was maybe half to three-quarters erect by now and it stuck out past the tails of his dress shirt, the head poking out like a gopher checking out the area before emerging from his hole.

I kneeled in front of him and grabbed his dick with my hand. Mmmmmmm, it felt so warm! He wasn't exactly steel rod hard yet but the promise of near-future stiffness was definitely there. I looked up at him and our eyes met.

"You asked me how much I wanted the job Mr. Eisenberg," I told him in a husky whisper, "Now I'm going to show you... and then you're going to give me the job."

He looked like he wanted to say something, maybe protest a little but it was too late for him now, he was mine My hand on his dick may as well have been around his neck. He knew I was about to suck his dick and at this moment there was nothing more in the world that he wanted other than to feel my lips caressing his cock, my tongue playing over his shaft as I took his stiff cock in my mouth.

"Oh my god," he whimpered, almost choking on his words as I took his dick in my mouth and began to work on it with my lips and tongue, "That feels incredible... so good."

His words were like music to my ears. If there's one thing I love to do, it's suck dick and to hear a man tell me how much he enjoys it, how good I am at sucking him... well who doesn't like to be complimented on their skills? Actually, he seemed even more appreciative than I would have expected this early on and suddenly a thought struck me!

"Doesn't your wife suck your dick Mr. Eisenberg?" I asked, stroking his now wet dick as I looked up at him quizzically.

"Hell no, she never has... she says oral sex is dirty, sinful," he gasped. His hips were making little mini-thrusts, as if he was trying to hint at me to take it back in my mouth again.

"So you've NEVER had a BJ before?" I asked in incredulously. He just shook his head as if he was too embarrassed to answer. Wow, a BJ virgin! Now this I hadn't expected.

Back to his dick I went with a renewed determination to make his first blowjob a memorable one - as if it wouldn't be no matter HOW I sucked him. It amazed me in this day and age that a man his age had never had his dick sucked, not even as a teenager. Like, there are so many different parties these days where girls do BJs for fun that I don't see how any boy can NOT get blown if he really wants it.

Although Mr. Eisenberg wasn't THAT old, I wasn't sure what his recovery time would be so I didn't want him to cum after just a BJ. Yet at the same time, I wanted him to enjoy it as much as possible. I wanted him to see what a good BJ I could give. Who knows, maybe someday he might get another and I didn't want him to think it was better than mine!

His dick was full grown now, as stiff as it was going to get. His crotch had this thick musky odor that a man gets when he is really horny and turned on. My hand cupped his hairy balls, softly rolling them between my fingers as my other hand rubbed my pussy. I always loved to touch myself while I blew a cock - like getting a "two-fer".

As I said, as much as I enjoyed sucking his dick, I didn't want to spend all afternoon waiting for it to get hard again so I stopped short of him cumming. When I dropped his dick out of my mouth and stood up, he seemed almost heart- broken as no doubt he had been imagining himself cumming in my mouth. Well, not today - at least not yet. His sadness melted, though, when he heard my next words.

"So your wife hates oral sex, huh?"

He just nodded with a frown on his face.

"So you've never tasted a pussy before?"

"Well, not directly," he stuttered. I figured that meant he must have tasted it on his fingers or something like that after he'd touched her pussy.

"Didn't any of the other girls you dated suck your dick?"

My wife and I saved ourselves for marriage," he replied, a note of pride seeping into his voice.

Why people felt proud about foregoing sex before marriage was beyond me but hey, it that's what he wanted then I respected him for it. Still, that meant I was only the second girl he'd had sex with! Cool!

"Well, I want you to lick my pussy now Mr. Eisenberg," I said in a soft but demanding tone, "I want to feel your tongue on my hot wet cunt."

Much as I usually steer away from the "c" word, it seemed to turn him on for me to be a little more "dirty" for him. No doubt his wife never even called hers a pussy in front of him, let alone a cunt.

He didn't say a word as I stepped back to the bed. I pulled off the comforter (who knows WHAT I son those filthy things!) and laid back against the pillows, lifting my knees so my feet were flat on the bed with my feet spread far apart do my pussy was on full display for him. He just stood at the edge of the bed, staring at me as I started to play with myself again for him.

"You like my little pussy Mr. Eisenberg?" I asked him in my best "little girl" voice. "I bet it's tighter than your wife's. Does she shave her pussy like mine?"

He didn't answer, instead he just watched as I used both hand to touch myself, opening my pussy, spreading my lips apart as I toyed with my clit and used two fingers inside of me to masturbate for him. God, I was so damn horny by now! Really, I would've much rather he just got down and fucked me now instead of an amateurish pussy licking but then whole point of doing all this was to demonstrate to him how bad I wanted the job, not my own personal satisfaction. Hopefully he liked the look of my "credentials"!

"Lick my cunt Mr. Eisenberg," I invited him. Mmmmmmm, I was so close to having my own orgasm by now that it wouldn't take much to set me off now - even a first- timer would be enough. Now if he would just hurry and get to it!

Mr. Eisenberg was still half-dressed so first he took off his shoes and socks, followed by his blue tie, white dress shirt and white cotton t-shirt. Now he was nude and I have to say, not bad looking... not bad at all! The thing that most interested me, his dick, was still ramrod hard as it pointed upward without any assistance. God was he horny as well! Working his way onto the bed, Mr. Eisenberg got between my legs and laid down on his elbows with his lower legs and feet hanging off the end of the bed. He started to caress my inner thighs, a part of me that LOVES to be softly touched!

"You have the most sensational legs Miss Wells," he complimented me.

By now I'd had enough of this "Miss Wells" thing so I corrected him, telling him to call me Kelly.

"That's my wife's name - Miss Kelly," he explained, his eyes suddenly looking up as if he was worried something would come down from heaven and strike him down.

Ahhhhhh... so THAT was why he kept calling me that. It was one thing to have sex with another women for the first time, but to have it with a girl whose name was the same as his wife's was undoubtedly a little weird for him. Well, at least he didn't have to worry about calling out my name should he fantasize about me the next time he and his wife had sex! Guess it also made it easy for him to keep track of the names of the girls he had fucked.

Without further discussion, he lowered his head to my crotch and tentatively reached out with his tongue to touch my pussy. Fortunately, he manage to hit my hyper-sensitive clit dead-on the first time, making me jump just a little as it sent out a jolt of electricity throughout my body.

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned, no pretending required. Indeed, there is nothing better on my clit than a warm wet tongue.

As it turned out, he really wasn't all that bad at licking me, especially considering he'd never done it before. Of course, it didn't hurt that I'd worked myself up so well ahead of time that he could've done just about anything and I would've gotten off. Indeed, when he had his tongue just inside of my pussy, his nose pressed against my clit, I DID have my first orgasm of the afternoon. My hips thrust up against this face as I wrapped my legs around his head, pulling him into me, not wanting his tongue to stop touching me.

"Oh fuck I'm cumming Mr. Eisenberg," I panted, barely able to say the words as my orgasm overwhelmed me, "You're making me cum so good! You make me feel so good!"

God... I wanted him to fuck me. Heck, I NEEDED him to fuck me.

My orgasm was slowly dwindling but I couldn't wait any longer. It was no longer a question of "demonstrating how much I wanted the job" or proving my "credentials" or any of that crap. It had nothing to do with his sweet wife sitting at home, unaware of her husband's adulterous acts with me. No, this was for ME. It was like I felt I would just die if his dick wasn't in me - and in me as fast as possible. My pussy was almost cramping with the anticipation of a warm dick inside and all I knew was I desperate to feel him fuck me, fuck me hard and then cum inside of me.

"Fuck me Mr. Eisenberg!" I begged him.

There was nothing fake about it, nothing for a show, nothing to get him off. It was all me wanting it now.

"PLEASE fuck me," I pleaded, wanting him in me so badly.

God, why wouldn't he fuck me?

Finally he mounted me missionary style, probably the only position he'd ever fucked his wife. His face was wet with my pussy cum and his eyes had that look of lust that appears when a man is at that state where the only option is sex. Indeed, he didn't hesitate for even a second. Not for a moment did he question what he was doing, the seriousness of the act he was about to commit.

If it bothered the jerk to commit adultery for the first time in his life, you would have been hard-pressed to know it. At this moment, I imagined about the last thing on his mind was the other Kelly in his life, his wife and life-partner. His vows to her were forgotten. Mmmmmmm, I knew at this moment he wanted to fuck ME - and only ME.

"That's it, put it in me," I gasped as I felt the head of his dick trying to find its place at the entrance to my pussy.

Once he was there I knew all it would take was one big push from him and he would be in me, fucking me like he'd never fucked another girl before. He fumbled with his dick, obviously nervous and anxious at the same time, unwittingly driving me insane as my pussy craved the feeling of his cock. Damn, find it for god's sake! It's not like I was all dry and shrunken and hard to fuck. My pussy was soaking wet and ready, as ready as it ever would be. Fuck! Would he EVER fuck me?

FINALLY!

I felt the tip of his dick slip barely into me, the mere suggestion of his cock at the entrance to my slutty pussy enough to practically make me cum again. What the hell was taking him so damn long? Surely he wanted to fuck me as bad I wanted him too. Why didn't he just fuck me and get it over with? Any thoughts of why I was there vanished, any feelings of guilt or remorse had long since evaporated. The truth of the matter was that I didn't give a damn about him anymore at this point. All I could think about, all my mind could comprehend, was the feeling of that cock just barely in ME, about ME wanting it all the way, all the way inside of ME. Damn I needed to be fucked SO bad! Fuck ME damn it!

"OH YES!" I cried out as without warning his dick suddenly rammed it's way deep inside of my cunt.

Once he finally had it right he simply grunted as he pushed hard and forced his wonderfully hard dick all the way into me in one fast movement. Mmmmmmm, it felt SO much better to feel him in me, like I was now complete, like a missing part of me was had returned and taken its rightful place. The prodigal son had returned and my pussy was putting on a party for him to celebrate!

"Damn, you're so fucking tight!" he whispered between heavy breaths as he started to pump me like an oil rig.

Now that was music to any girl's ears! I may not be sixteen anymore and more than a few dicks had pummeled by pussy over the years, but I'm still tighter than most girls years younger than me (or so I'm told) and I knew I HAD to be a hell of a lot tighter than his wife after the kids.

"That's it Mr. Eisenberg, faster... fuck me faster... oh fuck me harder!" I moaned over and over as he rocked back and forth over me.

My boobs were bouncing up and down as he literally shoved me backwards against the pillows with each pounding thrust, then backing out of me slowly only to be followed by another rapid thrust, driving his dick rapidly up inside of me. Then he would hold himself there, buried to the hilt for a few sensational seconds, his pubic hair mashed against my bare pussy, just throbbing inside of me. Then without a word, he drew it back slowly again, like an archer drawing back an arrow on his bow, only to thrust it wildly into me yet again like the archer releasing his arrow.

I was cumming again... oh my god was I cumming again! It was like the first time had been just a warm-up, just a preview of things yet to cum as my orgasm swelled within me. My exploding pussy clamped down on his dick like a vise, gripping him and holding him inside of me, never wanting to release him.

"OH I'M CUMMING!" I cried even louder this time. Fortunately it was just after lunch and odds were nobody was in the rooms next to us. Even if they had been, so what? Why else would anyone be locked away in a hotel room on a day like today other than to have sex?

My legs wrapped around his ass as I tried to pull him even deeper into me. My boobs felt like they were about to explode with pleasure as my orgasm ebbed and flowed, like waves in a tidal pool swishing back and forth over every inch of my body. It had been a while since I'd cum this hard and I wanted to enjoy every second of it. He was just holding himself still over me, letting my pussy grip his cock and gush over it, listening to me babble to him about how good it felt and how bad I wanted him to keep fucking me. He was about to start pumping me again when I had another idea instead.

"Over..." was all I said, more of a grunt but as I twisted my body he seemed to get the idea.

He laid down tight against me and we rolled as one, barely avoiding falling off the edge of the double bed in the process but once he was on the bottom he scooted over towards the center again, leaving me perched on his dick like a marshmallow on a stick. I was on top now with his dick still in me - nice move considering I doubted he'd ever done that maneuver before.

"You wife ever ride you like this?" I panted, the final throes of my orgasm still pulsing in me as I put my hands on his chest as I rose up on my knees, keeping his dick barely in me.

"Never... only one way with her," he managed to finally get out, trying to catch his breath.

I started to pump my ass up and down on his cock, not really bobbing up and down with my entire body but doing 90% of the work with just my hips and butt, like a hula dancer doing her thing while mounted on his dick. I loved the control, to be the one to determine how fast he went in and out, how deep he fucked me, everything about it. Sometimes I would just sit down on his crotch, putting my full weight down on my pussy, pushing him as deep up in me as I could. I looked down between my legs and smiled as all that was visible of his dick was a patch of his curly pubic hair between him and me, the rest of him had disappeared deep in me - as if that wonderful feeling I get when a man is in me didn't already tell me.

He seemed to be enjoying it as much as me. First he had his hands on my bare hips, helping me to rise up and down on his dick and then he moved to my boobs as I leaned forward just a bit to make it easier for him or grasp them. I lowered myself further until my nipples were in his face and he hungrily sucked on one and then the other like he was starving to eat them. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good to feel him suck hard on my sensitive nipples as I wiggled my ass around his cock!

"Ever fuck a girl doggie before?" I asked him after fucking him on top for a while.

I was 99.9% sure what the answer would be and the look on his face told me that I had been too cautious in my earlier estimate. Oh well, why not let him try as many new things as possible? I rose up on his dick but before he could get up I was leaning over his crotch, taking his dick in my mouth yet again. Mmmmmmm, I LOVE the taste of a dick right after it's been in me when I cum. The taste of my pussy was strong on his cock and the only thing better would be if his cum was mixed in as well.

After the fucking he had given me I only sucked his dick for a few minutes or else I'm sure he would have erupted. I got on all fours, my ass facing me with my knees apart to give him a good view of my pussy and asshole.

"Like my ass Mr. Eisenberg?"

Like he was going to say "no"? I wasn't expecting a response and I didn't get one, at least not verbally. Instead, Mr. Eisenberg got on his knees and with one hand stroking his dick, he quickly worked his way between my legs until I felt his dick against my asshole. Well, sorry but THAT was one fantasy he would just have to masturbate about later.

"In my pussy," I simply said, not trying to break the mood by being too harsh on him.

What is it with men and assholes anyway? Here I was with a dripping wet pussy dying for him to fuck, and he wants to use my asshole instead? Sheesh, what's wrong with this picture?

He didn't argue and it wasn't long before he was back in me again. As wet and freshly fucked as I was, my pussy must have been an easy target for him this time! I didn't care at this point, not so long as he was back in me as soon as possible. With his hands on my waist, he started to pump me again, slapping his crotch into my butt as he pushed and pulled me in sync with his thrusts. I loved this position as it seems that it is the best for getting a dick as deep in me as possible and he was definitely in me - no doubt about THAT.

My boobs felt like pendulums, swaying back and forth as he fucked me faster and harder. I dropped to my elbows, elevating my ass even more to make it easier for him to fuck me from behind, not to mention my arms were getting tired. He HAD to be about to cum by now and I was right, he was reaching the brink. The question now was, WHERE?

Nine times out of ten, the answer would have been simple. Given the choice, I love a man to cum inside of my pussy. Besides the obvious point that it simply FEELS good, in a case like Mr. Eisenberg, it also signifies that final betrayal of his wedding vows, to not just FUCK me, but to MATE me as well. Of course I had zero desire to get pregnant with him, it was the symbolism that mattered more to me. In this particular case, though, I was looking for something more dramatic, something more for him to remember me by every time he saw me in the hall at school. I wanted him to think about this moment every time he said hello to me in school, every time his wife was next to him at a conference or other school event. Every time he fucked his wife for the rest of his life I wanted him to remember me.

From the speed and frantic way he was starting to fuck me, I knew he was about to cum and I wanted to catch him before that happened so to his surprise, I leaned forward and crawled away from him, leaving him kneeling there with his pussy-juice covered dick glistening in the sunlight. Before he could say anything though, I'd twisted around so I was kneeling and facing him, then I took his swelling dick in my mouth yet again and sucked him as well as I knew how with just one goal - to drive him to an orgasm as quickly as possible.

Mr. Eisenberg had his hands on my head now, pushing and pulling me in and out of his crotch as he thrust himself into my mouth in time with the rocking I was doing on the bed. He was close... very close... VERY close. I dropped him from my mouth and started stroking his dick with both hands, twisting and turning them on his dick as I forced him into that final point of no return. Like a cat eying a mouse, I watched the tip of his dick without hardly blinking, not wanting to miss that first spurt of cum when it erupted from him.

"Cum on my face... I want you to cover my face with cum Mr. Eisenberg," I said to him quickly, not wanting to be caught talking when he exploded.

"Oh yeah, you would like that, wouldn't you Kelly... you fucking slut... little whore.:

Wow, I was a little surprised at his words as he had mostly been quiet while we had fucked, generally just groaning and moaning as he fucked me. I took his words as those of a man being driven by his lust, without any rational thought or control over what he said so it didn't bother me that he called me a whore. In a way though, wasn't that exactly what I was right now? Wasn't I getting "paid" with a new job for letting him fucking me?

"Here it cums!" he announced as sure enough, I saw the first rope of milky sperm emerge from his dick and strike me on the forehead. Usually that first shot is the strongest and it wouldn't have totally surprised me if it had gone over my head (and it wouldn't have been the first time for me either). The second hit my on the tongue and I could immediately taste the strong cum, even as third shot landed next to the second. The rest was sort of everywhere - my cheeks, neck, boobs, and so forth. Damn, he had a LOT of cum!

When his final load had been shot, I lifted my head and stuck out my tongue so he could see his cum puddle there, as well as the mess I must have had all over my face. At least it felt that way. He grinned at the sight of his cum in my mouth and so I closed my mouth and made a dramatic show of swallowing it, then opening my mouth again to show it was all gone except for a slimy film on my tongue. It would take a good toothbrush and some mouthwash to clear THAT off, not to mention the aftertaste.

"Mmmmmmm, I bet your wife never swallowed your cum before, has she?" I asked naughtily as I used his dick like a squeegee to wipe some of the cum on my cheeks over to my mouth where I licked it off and swallowed it as well.

"Oh god, I never thought I would ever see that," he gasped, his eye wide open as he stared at his cum all over me. "That was incredible Kelly... fucking incredible."

I quickly bounced off the bed and ran to the bathroom, returning with a towel which I then used to wipe the cum off me as best as I could. Fortunately, I didn't think he had gotten any in my hair which made it a lot easier. THEN I would have HAD to take a shower. Although it could be erotic sometimes to go out in public with cum on me, I didn't feel today was quite the appropriate time or place.

"Soooooo, Mr. Eisenberg, do I get the job?" I asked as I rubbed some more cum off my boobs I had missed the first time around.

God, that stuff is SUCH a pain to get off. And people wonder why I say I prefer it in my pussy or mouth.

Mr. Eisenberg had laid back, flat on his back with his spent dick now hanging limply to the side. Even as it got softer, it still looked tempting and I probably wouldn't have minded if he had wanted to for seconds but it seemed he was satisfied with my "demonstration". His eyes were closed and for a moment I thought he had fallen asleep but the lids cracked open and he smiled up at me as I sat back on my heels next to him.

"Well, you definitely showed me you want the job," he teased me. "Let me think about it some more. It may require another 'interview' or even more, you know how complicated these decisions can be."

Bastard, how dare he even suggest such a thing. Suddenly any feelings about wanting him to fuck me or to suck his dick disappeared, replaced by the most intense anger and disgust. He laid his head back with his eyes closed again, ignoring me. Well, we'd see about that! I grabbed my dress, slipped it over my head and dropped it into place. Not only did it come OFF easily, but it went ON just as easy. With no bra or panties, that left just my heels which I slipped on and was ready to go in less than thirty seconds.

Grabbing my purse, I walked to the side of the bed and reached out to grab his dick firmly in my fist, squeezing it hard enough to make his eyes pop open and look at me with surprise.

"What the..." he stammered but I didn't let him finish.

"OK, now let's get this straight, MR. Eisenberg," I said sternly, without even the slightest hint of tease or naughtiness, "You WILL give the board your highest recommendation. I WILL be teaching this fall or you can say goodbye to THIS!"

"Hey, you can't make any demands, I know too much about you," he countered, suddenly all serious but looking a little dismayed as well.

"Oh give me a break... most people know I'm a slut, haven't you asked around? But what would your precious wife say if she found that YOU had fucked me too? I bet the school board would love to hear all the juicy details of the blowjob I just gave you, not to mention how much you enjoyed fucking me afterwards."

"You can't prove anything," he blustered.

"Do I NEED to?" I shot back, "I think I know enough 'personal' things about you that I could convince enough people, especially your wife, that I was telling the truth."

He shut up then, mulling things over apparently. He wasn't a stupid man. The idiot had just reacted the way most men would given the opportunity. Probably figured after talking to the old administrator that this was a once-in-a- lifetime chance to fulfill some fantasy of his, never thinking it through to what might happen afterwards. Idiot.

"Alright... you win, you get the job," he said, looking somewhat chagrined.

Then he brightened up saying, "But at least I made you fuck me to get it."

Yeah, as IF that was some sort of "win' on his part. Other than the fact I hated getting my first teaching position this way, actually I'd rather enjoyed it. My anger began to dissipate as I noticed his cock was starting to stir again. Hmm, maybe he wasn't going to take that long recovering as I'd feared!

What the hell... why not? "In for a penny, in for a pound" an old college professor of mine use to say. My dress dropped to the floor yet again...

As I laid there sucking his dick again, feeling it slowly grow back to its previous glory in my mouth, I couldn't help but smile at myself. So what if I fucked my way into this job? Like, was it so bad that I had the school administrator in my back pocket, so to speak? I remembered from the last time I'd taught at the school how horny I would get sometimes and all that I could do was disappear to the restroom in the teacher's lounge for a quick round of masturbation.

Hmmm, maybe I might have to have some special meetings each week with the school administrator... some VERY special meetings...

Postlude

It's only June as I write this and so school is still over a couple of months away. After leaving Mr. Eisenberg I did a lot of thinking about what I'd done and the possible ramifications. In the end, I believe I did what I had to do and so I don't regret any of it. It's a tough job market out there and so what if I have to rely on more than just my academic credentials to get what I want? My sexual skills are just as much as part of me as my academic ones, so why try to separate them from one another?

The bottom line is... I'm going to be a teacher again! Who cares HOW I got the job, just that I got it - right?

# (Jun 26) Chapter 188: Unconventional Convention

Story codes: MF oral F-solo exhib adultery
Me (24)
Mr. Eisenberg (40)
Derek (26)

For a girl (like me) who loves having sex in a church, you can just imagine the opportunity presented by national church convention! Not to mention I was attending courtesy of an invitation by my new boss - the school administrator who I'd recently "interviewed" with for my job starting this fall. His wife and kids were along as well but that just made it all the hotter for me.

## 1. An Invitation I Couldn't Refuse

It had been less than a month since my final "interview" with Mr. Eisenberg, the School Administrator for the small school I will be teaching at this coming fall. It may have been the most "interesting" interview I'd ever had, and certainly not at all like I had been expecting. After all, this WAS for a position at a VERY conservative Christian elementary school.

Mr. Eisenberg WAS married - with children, not to mention I'd been forced to resign last year by Mr. Eisenberg's predecessor due to my supposed "lack of ethics". It was only due to his well-timed heart attack (at least it was for me) that I even had the opportunity to apply for my old job back. Considering everything, having to meet Mr. Eisenberg at a hotel so he could fuck me was probably the last thing I had EVER would have thought would happen as part of my "interview" process!

Now I am not so naive as to think my "obligations" to Mr. Eisenberg would end after just the one interview but at the same time, I felt confident that I wouldn't have to face the problem until at least the school year started. Although I would undoubtedly cost him his job if I were to make a stink about what he was doing to me but in doing so I would just as assuredly lose my own job as well, not to mention any chance for a teaching career anywhere else - for sure this time.

Thus I was reconciled to the fact that I would likely have periodic "performance reviews" with him - at least regarding my performance when it came to sucking his dick. Things could be a lot worse though. What if I had been turned down for the job or if he had extorted me financially or in other ways? All things considered, putting out a little now and then for him wasn't exactly the worse price to pay for my teaching position. The fact that he was cheating on his wife didn't hurt either when it came to how I felt about it.

All that was months away so why worry about it now? With summer here and all the schools out on summer vacation, I was tutoring now pretty much every day. To the disappointment of my distributor, I was making enough to quit my modeling job with the home Passion party scene. Sure they were fun, more so some times than others, but after a while they got to be somewhat repetitious. I guess I could have exploited the circumstances at times more than I did but then just imagine the reputation I'd soon have had around town - not exactly the best thing to have when you're applying for a public school position down the road.

With all thoughts of Mr. Eisenberg pushed to the back of my mind, you can imagine my surprise when my cell phone rang new day and I saw it was Mr. Eisenberg calling. Puzzled as to what he might want (although a few thoughts came to mind pretty quick), I cautiously answered. Mr. Eisenberg got right to the point, explaining that he was a Deacon for the church that sponsored the school and was representing the church at an upcoming conference which was being held in Pasadena, CA.

Apparently another woman was supposed to represent the church as well but she had a family problem of some sort and wouldn't be able to attend. Given the short notice (it was only three days away) they had been unable to find anyone to replace her so Mr. Eisenberg wanted to know if I would be interested in attending. He also mentioned that he and his wife would also appreciate having someone to watch over their kids at times. Turns out he has two daughters, one in sixth grade and the other in eighth grade, so it wasn't like they really needed anyone to baby-sit them, more like just be there in case anything went wrong.

As he went on with his explanation, I noted that he never mentioned anything whatsoever about me and him doing anything. Oh yeah, like I really believed he wasn't thinking about it! Besides, why else would he have called me? Not only was I not a member of the church, I wasn't even of the same denomination so what sense did it make for me to be a delegate? No doubt Mr. Eisenberg would be expecting me to do more than just watch his kids for him... a LOT more. Still, there was no getting around the fact that it WAS a church event, a pretty serious one at that.

Given that his wife and daughters would be with him most of the time, I wondered if maybe he didn't say anything because he didn't yet have any specific plans regarding me. More like he just wanted me to be there and let the opportunities present themselves as they did. Sort of ironic I guess in you could say he was putting it all in God's hands - just not the sort of "gesture of faith" most people would be expecting at a church convention.

Wow, when I hung up the phone after he explained to me the schedule, I realized I had only a couple of days to get myself ready. Although for the past few weeks I'd been doing a lot of clothes shopping, most of what I'd bought was intended for when I started teaching in the fall and winter and so it wasn't exactly suitable for hot California summers. Fortunately, I'd also been doing some shopping for my tutoring jobs this summer, trying to present myself a bit more professionally than just wearing a pair of jeans and a tank top like I use to back when I was in college. While the outfits I'd picked out were considerably more conservative than those I typically wore around, no doubt they would still be borderline for this type of convention.

If I was eight years old I might get away with wearing a skirt above the knees, but not as a 24 years- old. Same went for cami's - they look cute on little girls, but at my age they also draw far more attention to all the "wrong" places, at least more than what people considered "decent" in traditionalist church denominations such as this one.

Looking through my wardrobe - if you can call a small closet a wardrobe, I found a few outfits that should pass muster. Plus, I figured while traveling I could wear more "casual clothes" and my bikinis would be fine as there wasn't a swimming pool at the Convention Center. Mr. Eisenberg had mentioned that they were planning to rent an RV to minimize costs and so we would be staying at some RV park a ways outside of Pasadena.

While I'd never seen an RV park other than in the movies, I figured folks there wouldn't mind seeing me in my skimpy bikini, especially the guys - although you never can tell about the girls these days as well. At least I had plenty of "appropriate" underwear thanks to my recent shopping splurges.

To my chagrin, teachers were required to wear bras at my school. Wearing a bra any time is a pain if you ask me, but in summer it ranks as cruel and unusual punishment. As uncomfortable as it might be, I didn't have to be told to know it would definitely be a requirement at these type of affairs. Again, I didn't want to misrepresent the church with any embarrassing comments that might later filter back regarding my appearance.

Suddenly I remembered my dad - I hadn't told him yet what I was doing. When I finally did call, all I got as his answering machine. Being as late as it was, that meant he was probably "busy" with my Aunt Linda. It seemed lately she practically lived at his house and their relationship seemed to be growing deeper as time elapsed following my mom's passing.

Really, it was inevitable when you think of it. Linda and he had dated in high school at the same time he had been dating my mother, even though mom was a couple of years behind her and three years behind him. My take is that while he loved my mom as a partner the most (which is why he eventually married her), he enjoyed having sex with her sister more (which I guess is a good reason why he never stopped fucking her, even after he married my mom).

Things between them had cooled off a bit after my mom was gone but over time it revived and now they were like two adolescent kids in high school going through their first crush. Sure it was all about sex rather than love, but at their age, why not enjoy themselves? So long as the arrangement suited them both given their stations in life, why not have a bit of fun?

I ended up leaving my dad a message and then I laid back in bed to contemplate all that had happened today. Boy, talk about changing your plans for the next week, this one took the cake! Tomorrow would be even busier as I had to call my tutoring clients and inform them I would be out of town for almost a week. Then I had to go shopping for a couple more outfits, then pack, get my hair done... the list went on. We would be flying on some ungodly early flight - again to save money, which meant I had to be in bed early the next night so there was a ton of things for me to do and not much time to do them.

Dropping my nightshirt to the floor, I laid down naked in bed with the covers off. Even with the air-conditioning running the room still felt a bit too warm so I turned on a small fan next to my bed to circulate the air better. As it rotated back and forth, the soft breeze blew over my naked skin, bringing little goose bumps to the surface. My nipples even perked up a bit and I felt a slight tingle in my boobs as the fan seemed to almost caress my breasts as it passed by.

Mmmmmmm... Even though it was less than 24 hours since I'd last been laid by a guy I'd been dating off and on lately, I was horny as hell and a serious fuck wouldn't be so bad right about now. As for the guy I had been with, there wasn't anything serious between us. We both had wanted to get in each other's pants (so to speak) from the first time we met and now had a mutual arrangement where we would get together whenever one or the other just needed some casual sex - no strings attached. Last night he had initiated things by calling me but it wasn't like I wasn't thinking about having some cock myself.

As I laid in bed I recalled how his erect dick had felt as it slid into my pussy for the first time (at least the first time that night). My hands seemed to have a mind of their own as they reached down to my crotch while I subconsciously lifted my hips to meet his imaginary thrusts as he rammed his stiff dick into me, stretching me out and giving me that incredible sensation I feel whenever my pussy expands to allow for a dick to initially penetrate me.

God had it felt so good to imagine feeling him entering me! I pushed my middle finger into my already wet pussy, reminding me of that wonderfully hard cock as it violated my most private part of my body, filling the void within me that was craving to be satisfied.

As I laid there with my eyes clothes, I continued to masturbate as I thought about how it seems people always say it is the guys who get horny, like they are the only ones that get so anxious for sex that they will do most anything for it. These same people seem to think that girls just react to the guy's needs, like she doesn't want it just as bad as he does, like a girl can't possible ever be as ridiculously horny as a guy, or even more.

Well in a word - bullshit. Sure last night he'd called me because he needed to get off but as we undressed and I first started to suck his dick, bringing it to a full state of erection, I couldn't even imagine how he could want to fuck me as badly as I wanted him to do me. It was like I was almost cramping from the insane desire that consumed me. As I sucked his wonderfully hard dick I played with my pussy, feeling the warm wetness between my legs that betrayed my lust for him. Did I say I was wet? Heck, it was more like a flood.

My pussy was drenched with my desire and NEED to be fucked. By the time he had me on my hands and knees, unashamedly sticking my bare butt up in the air as I pleaded for him to fuck me, I would've done almost anything to be fucked by then.

No... not "almost", make that anything, anything he wanted just so long as he put his dick in me.

Fortunately, he was horny as well so it wasn't like he took advantage of my condition and teased me with his dick the way some guys might have had they realized how I was feeling. Instead, he grabbed by ass with both hands, spreading my butt cheeks apart as he leaned forward and pushed his glorious cock up against me without even using his hands. He laid his hard dick on top of my ass, letting slowly it slide down my ass crack until I felt it pass by my asshole and then it was there - right at the entrance to my pussy, all wet and ready for him after I'd been playing with myself while I sucked him. I started to reach back, to help him inside of my pussy but it wasn't necessary, he lunged forward, driving his stiff dick hard against my hot pussy, forcing my wet pussy lips apart and burying the head of his monstrous dick inside of me.

I came immediately when he entered me.

The feel of the mushroom tip of his dick inside of me was all I needed by then to drive me over the cliff. Oh my god, it was EXACTLY what I'd been dying for, that feeling of fullness between my legs, like he was spreading me apart until I felt as if I might split in two. This was SO much better than my finger, SO much better indeed! As I cried out, wave after wave of the most incredible pleasure rolled through me as he held his dick there just inside of my pussy.

Whether it was because he was enjoying the feeling of my pussy as it pulsed around his dick as I went through the throes of my orgasm, or maybe he simply couldn't move it in my any further due to the way I was gripping down on his dick, squeezing it like a vise with my crotch. Whatever the reason, it was exactly what I needed now. Any more would have been waste as all I needed right at this instant was the feeling of him entering me - the feeling of being mated, the feeling of a man coupling with me, joining his body together with mine as I submitted myself to his will.

As I dreamed of that wonderful orgasm I'd experienced not that long ago, a real orgasm began to flare up within me and I felt my pussy clamping down on my finger. My cum gushed from me, soaking my crotch and moving down my ass onto the bed sheets. My clit practically sizzled and all I had to do was barely touch it and it like someone poking me with an electric cattle prod - except instead of hurting it electrified me in a way that is simply indescribable.

One hand kept fingering my pussy as the other rubbed my clit as my orgasm swept over me while I continued to recall how I'd been fucked so well. As my "virtual" orgasm decreased", he pushed his dick deeper into me until I felt his crotch pressing up against my bare butt, his lush pubic hair brushing up against my smooth ass. As he pressed it tightly into me, he rotated his hips, causing his dick to move around and around inside of me as his pubic hair tickled my warm ass. Memories of his dick in me continued as I twisted onto my side into a fetal position, keeping one hand on my pulsing clit as I rubbed my damp ass with the other hand. God I loved to touch myself!

Yes, I loved to feel my smooth round butt in my hand as I masturbated myself with the other. My orgasm was down to a lower degree now but it was like my entire crotch was this giant heartbeat as the throbbing of my pulse was amplified by the ultra-sensitivity of my hard clit as it seemed my pussy was literally consumed with my lust and desire for that cock... that WONDERFUL that had fucked me so wonderfully just the night before. God I love dicks!

My hand moved from my ass to my breasts as my fingers continued to play over my clit and pussy like a concert pianist, but instead of beautiful music my touch created the most wonderful sensations deep with me, that then swelled to the surface like the heat of the sun as it rises from its core and then flares out into the universe. Indeed, I felt as hot as the sun as it seemed pleasure was literally pouring out from every pore of my body. My fingers teased my nipples and I jumped involuntarily at the first touch, almost like I was being shocked when I touched them again more gingerly. I gripped my nipple between my fingers, tugging on it and then letting it snap back before repeating the movement over and over again - and then over yet again.

My boobs felt so good in my hand, firm yet soft as my finger massaged each in turn. I remember how they had swung back and forth beneath me as I was being fucked from behind, and then how it felt to have him kissing and biting them as he flipped me over and fucked me missionary style and then finally spooning with me, his hand gripping my boobs both at once, squeezing them together.

It felt so good to masturbate - probably why I do it so much. Yet somehow something was missing - it just wasn't the same as being fucked by a guy. Still, I came again and yet again before finally falling asleep exhausted with my hands clutching my crotch.

## 2. Bored at the Airport

Even though I haven't flown that many times, the thrill of flying had long since left me - if it had ever been there in the first place. It wasn't that I was afraid of flying, I just didn't like it. Being cooped up in a small tube with hundreds of strangers, breathing recirculated air that contained God only knows what pathogens, fighting for room with the inevitable fat guy that I always seemed to be stuck sitting next to, dealing with the ear-popping, the dry air, and generally rude people... well you might say I hadn't been looking forward to the flight.

Within the first thirty minutes at the Pittsburgh airport, my jaded views about flying were only reinforced. Flying with the cheap seats meant we had to wait in the cattle lanes while people with overweight bags tried to repack them, idiots without proper ID tried to negotiate their way on-board (and failing), then there were the security lines - hell on earth if there ever was.

I decided to drive myself to the airport even though Mr. Eisenberg had offered me a ride. It wasn't I didn't want to be with them, I just wanted to be on my own schedule for as long as possible before being subjugated to heaven only knew what was awaiting me for the next five days. When I met the family at the check-in it was actually the first time I'd met his wife and daughters. Even though I'd seen family photos in his office, you never really know how someone looks until you see them in person.

The first thing that struck me was that for the first time, I saw Mr. Eisenberg in something other than a suit (or his birthday suit for that matter). My first impression when I'd seen him last month has been that of a handsome, middle-age man, balding slightly at the sides although his hair was still dark. He seemed to be of average build, several inches taller than me even back then with my heels so now he towered over me in my sneakers. He could have used a few workouts at the gym but was no means fat.

Then there was Kelly. Yes, his wife's name was Kelly and from the start I just knew it would be SO annoying. She was even prettier than her picture on her husband's desk. Kelly was either was well-endowed by Mother Nature or had some outside assistance when it came to her boobs which looked incredible, even with the loose dress she was wearing. The outline of her bra was visible and it was undoubtedly helping to support them so I would have to wait until later to tell if they were real or not.

In any case, she probably looked great in a bikini as her figure, especially her legs, showed signs that she spent a lot of time working out as well. Seeing how gorgeous she was, it made me wonder why her husband would risk his marriage with her by cheating on her. Then again, it also made me feel all the better about myself knowing he was willing to throw away a marriage with such a hot wife just to have me.

Their two daughters remained back, as if a little shy but it could have been indifference more than anything. It was one reason I didn't want to teach the higher grades for now - the boys are all hormones and the girls adopt the typical "princess" attitudes. God, it was like they knew everything and the rest of us on the earth were placed here solely to annoy them.

Looking at the two of them, it was hard to believe they were sisters. At least one of them HAD to have been adopted. Morgan was the older of the two, soon to be an eighth grader. She was as platinum blonde as her sister Kenzie was a dark brunette, her hair as curly as her sister's was straight. With her arms folded and that look of total boredom on her cute face, she was indeed the epitome of the "princess" category I mentioned before. There would be no satisfying her on this trip and I just knew that the whole time she would act as though nothing was worthy of her interest so I immediately pigeon-holed her in my "ignore her" box that I put girls like her in when I really didn't have to deal with them.

Kenzie (short for Mackenzie) was the youngest and would be entering 6th grade this fall. She seemed more shy than anything, yet she had this impish little grin that belied something more simmering just under the surface. Oh yeah, I had a feeling SHE was going to be the one to watch out for. Both girls were wearing conservative loose shorts that came almost to their knees. Morgan's were a light pink while Kenzie's were blue denim. Kenzie was cute but Morgan was definitely going to be a hottie as she may have been just fourteen but she already had the look of a girl several years older - and the boobs to match (maybe her mom's were real?).

As for Kenzie, she was just starting to show signs of a future bust but if she had the same genes as her sister and mom seemed to share, it wasn't going to be long before she would be trying on her first real bra. Morgan had legs I would've killed for at her age while Kenzie's still had that thin coltish look of a twelve year-old. I wondered what the two of them would say if they knew what their dad had demanded of me not quite a month earlier?

As I approached them they all looked at me. Well, the girls just glanced and then went back to their I-Pods and cell phones. Mr. Eisenberg gave me the standard "guy" once over, his eyes focusing in on my boobs while his wife "inspected" me - the best way I can describe the serious look she gave me along with the slight frown on her face. Sheesh, it wasn't like I was in full "slut mode", but my white denim shorts were considerably shorter relative to my legs than her daughters', coming maybe a third of the way down my thighs (at most) but still fully covering my ass. They were pretty tight but even had I sat down with my legs spread open I wouldn't have to worry about revealing anything. One good thing about them was that at least I didn't have to worry about wearing panties with them.

On top I was wearing a salmon tank top with a light green blouse that I left unbuttoned but which covered my arms and shoulders a bit as it was a still pretty cool this early in the morning. The blouse also added another layer over my boobs such that my nipples, which were poking through the tank top as I wasn't wearing a bra, were covered most of the time. I was wearing sneakers with white anklets and all-in-all I felt I was relatively conservative considering what I COULD have worn (or not).

Mr. Eisenberg introduced me to everyone. His wife shook my hand coolly and quickly disengaged with just a terse "good morning". I saw her glance at her husband, catching him with his eyes once again focused on my chest, and I could see the look of disapproval on her face. No doubt she was having second thoughts about her husband's scheme to invite me along as I was sure it was HIS idea, not hers.

One thing I soon learned that I hadn't expected - the girls would not be with us the majority of the time. It seemed that there was a special "kid's camp" for teens that would keep them busy going to places like Universal Studios, the beach and such. Actually, it sounded like fun! I can't say I was disappointed they would be out of my hair and it also meant the RV wouldn't be as crowded, not to mention two less pairs of prying eyes.

As Mr. Eisenberg checked us in (and thankfully paid the luggage fee for my bag), his Kelly wasted no time in letting me know her expectations and terms for the trip. She pulled me over to the side, smiling sweetly to her husband as if she was going to share some sort of "girl thing" with me, but that pleasant expression evaporated immediately as she turned to face me.

"Look, I don't know what's going on here exactly but I just want to get one thing clear from the outset," she hissed in a terse tone, "When Bill told me he was inviting a teacher from school I just assumed it was one of the old biddies and didn't think twice about it. If I'd known my husband was inviting a slut like you I would NEVER have gone along with it."

I started to protest at the "slut" reference but she wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise.

"Oh now don't try to give me that," she cut me off, "Oh I've seen your type before... hell, I WAS your type at your age so don't think you can fool me for a minute. You just stay away from Bill - got it sweetie?"

I again started to protest, trying to say I had no idea what she was talking about but she would have none of it.

"Give me a break, no idea... humph!," she practically snorted with undisguised disgust for me, "Just like you somehow 'forgot' to put on a bra this morning? And if those shorts were any higher your ass would be hanging out. You DO know this is a CHURCH convention, don't you? Have you no shame?"

Trying not to make the situation any worse than it already was, I assured her that indeed I did and that I was sorry if my outfit offended her (I really wasn't but I figured I'd better say so). I then promised not to do anything like she was implying but of course, I had no intention of keeping my word. Let's be real - if it came down to doing whatever I had to do in order to keep my job or my word to her, there was little doubt what my decision would be.

Before our "discussion" could get any more heated, Mr. Eisenberg broke in with the tickets and checked our luggage. We gathered our remaining things and took the shuttle train to the terminal. I managed to grab a seat on the ledge at the front of the train car so I could watch as we zoomed through the tunnel. At the end of the line, the train lurched from side to side (someone tried explaining to me why it did that but I don't remember now what it was), pushing me into Morgan who had taken a seat next to me. She didn't even acknowledge me, more interested in something on her cell phone or whatever than me.

Once in the terminal we had over an hour before the flight was due to leave, leaving at least a half-hour before boarding would begin. Mr. Eisenberg treated us all to breakfast at MacDonald's and by the time we were done, it was time to get on the plane. I found that I had the window seat with Kenzie next to me and Morgan on the aisle while Mr. Eisenberg and Kelly had the two seats on the opposite side (there were five across in this plane). She took the aisle seat, probably more to keep an eye on the girls but it also kept her husband as far away from me as possible.

We flew to Denver first, a long and boring flight during which I slept most of the way. The plane was freezing so I had myself covered with a blanket most of the way. It wasn't like I had some hot guy next to me to admire my legs and boobs so why freeze to death for nothing?

Denver was a two hour layover so I took the time to walk the airport. I loved the way the guys would look at me as I slowly trolled the terminal, like a fisherman slowly trolling his bait through the water waiting for a strike. Nobody actually tried to approach me and I'm not sure what my response would have been had someone tried. I was feeling a bit horny after a while and with another flight ahead of me, I ducked into the restroom to take care of things - and I'm not referring to my makeup!

Inside the stall I quickly dropped my shorts to my ankles and leaned back on the seat, my hand immediately seeking out my horny clit. God it felt good to finally be able to touch myself again! I'd been tempted to do it on the plane under the blanket, but I really didn't want the two girls to see me doing anything as no doubt they would have told their mother about it later.

I managed to masturbate for almost twenty minutes until I finally made myself cum, thoughts of Mr. Eisenberg fucking me as his sexy wife looked on, helpless to stop him, cursing him for cumming inside of me. In my mind it would serve her right to have to watch. Heck, it wasn't like she didn't deserve it. I'd already determined that she was cheating on her husband as it was the only plausible excuse for a women like her to not be more demanding of her husband, at least enough to keep him from wandering.

After I'd cum I tasted my wet fingers and smiled as I savored the odor and flavor of my own horny pussy. Other girls tasted good but there's just something about the taste of your own pussy that always seems to be best. Looking in the mirror, I frowned as I saw my face and upper chest was noticeably flushed. Oh well, it wasn't like there was anything I could do about it with only a few minutes remaining before we boarded again so I would just have to hope nobody noticed.

Yeah, like THAT was going to happen with his wife being so suspicious of me already. Sure enough, as I joined the Eisenbergs I saw Kelly glance at me and then her head turned towards me and she looked at me even closer. She managed to work her way next to me and once again I felt her arm pull me to the side. I had a feeling what was about to come and she didn't disappoint me - if you could call it that.

"God, you ARE quite the slut, aren't you," she accused me, "For heaven's sake, couldn't you even wash up and put on some perfume afterwards? You stink like a filthy whore."

Well, I surely didn't think I smelled all THAT bad and besides, I doubted her husband noticed. It was something that girl's tend to notice more than guys for some reason. Maybe it's the hormones and DNA that cause a girl to notice when another girl is "in heat", perhaps some ancestral remnant from back when a woman was competing for a mate and it helped to know when her "competition" was horny or had been "active". I don't know but I DO know that I can smell another woman's pussy after she'd had sex, just as I was sure Kelly could now smell mine, even if it had just been masturbation and not "real" sex.

Rather than respond with some remark that would just make things worse between us, I simply shrugged and smiled at her, not so big a smile as to be taunting her but enough to let her know I had enjoyed myself earlier. She rolled her eyes with a sigh of disgust and joined her husband as we boarded our flight.

This time he evidently was unable to get an entire row for us all and we were spread out over three rows instead with Mr. Eisenberg and Kelly near the front, the girls a couple of seat behind them, and me all alone towards the rear of the plane. At least it wasn't the last row! I had the window seat once again and this time the middle seat was empty which was fortunate as the guy who took the aisle seat barely fit between the armrests and had any poor sole been made to sit next to him, they would've had their personal space severely restricted.

The guy next to me looked to be middle age, his face dripping sweat simply from the exertion of boarding and his shirt was even showing stains where the sweat underneath had soaked through. It was really quite disgusting and I tried to ignore him by turning my head to the window. No doubt he was staring at my legs as I tilted towards the window. Oh well, I hope he enjoyed what he saw as it was as far as I would ever go for someone as nasty as him.

Once again the plane's air-conditioning was set to Super-Max or whatever the coldest setting was and I asked the attendant for a blanket. She brought back this postage-stamp sized thin thing which was posing as a blanket but it was better than nothing. As I watched the clouds go by outside the window, I felt the twinge between my legs to remind of me how it had felt when I had cum in the restroom earlier. It hadn't been anything special but sometimes you need that - a simple masturbation time with a pleasant ending.

With the blanket covering me, I leaned the seat back and tucked my arms and hands under the blanket. I glanced quickly over at fat guy next to me and his eyes averted as I surprised him before he could look away first. Hmmm, if he only knew how horny I was... not to mention losing about a hundred pounds...

Twisting in my seat towards the window, I had my hand between my legs and once again I felt this terrible urge to masturbate. Well, actually I wanted to be fucked a LOT more than just doing myself but under the circumstances, masturbating was the only real option. Maybe in a porn movie I would go to the restroom and meet up with a handsome stranger with a thick dick but this was the real world and only person heading to the restroom was a mother and her young daughter.

I unbuttoned the top of my shorts and quickly slipped my hand inside. With the blanket over me it would have looked like I was just trying to keep warm but the warmth now being generated in my crotch had nothing to do with the thin blanket covering me! Indeed, it was little ironic as on the outside I was still cold and shivering but inside of me it was like a furnace raging out of control.

It didn't take long to get myself off and I tried to stifle a gasp as I came but a little gasp still managed to leak out. I doubted that anybody could have heard it being so soft but it still felt so damn good to allow myself to at least let a little of my pleasure to escape.

Buttoning the shorts was more daunting than undoing them, taking two hands to get them pulled tight enough together to get the button to line up with the hole. It had to be pretty obvious what I was doing, leading to the question as to why I was having to do it in the first place. Oh well, so what if someone DID see me and wonder, it wasn't like I was ashamed to masturbate.

Had I thought I could get away with it I would have done it without the blanket over me. No doubt the fat guy would have enjoyed watching the show. For that matter, I'd never known ANY guy not to enjoy watching me masturbate. Looking at his bulging stomach, he had boobs bigger than most of the women on the plane as I couldn't help but wonder if he could even get it up - and if he did could he even see it over his bulging stomach? Really, how can people let themselves go like that? I mean, sure I could probably stand to lose two or three pounds, but it's not like my stomach is hanging over my jeans or anything.

The rest of the flight, at least what was ;left of it, passed uneventful. I watched out the window as we landed at LAX and as the wheels touched down, my heart was beating faster for the first time in my life, I was in sunny California!

## 3. Serving at the Opening Service

We'd arrived the previous afternoon and after collecting our baggage, somehow found our way to the RV rental agency and drove off with what was to be "home" for the remaining duration of our trip. Having never been in one before, I was anxious to see how it would look. Indeed, nightmares of Robin Williams' movies had been going through my head but in the end, it actually turned out to be pretty cool.

Following the instructions drowned out by our trusty GPS, we drove straight to the RV park where hundreds of other RVs were already in place. Amazingly, no two seemed to be the same although I noted none had the big rental advertisement plastered on the side that ours was sporting. I had been wondering how we would get back and forth between the park and the convention as I couldn't imagine this behemoth negotiating the city streets, let alone find a suitable parking place. THAT "problem" had been addressed by renting a car, his wife driving it behind us as the rest of us explored the RV on the way to the park.

The next morning proved to be interesting as there was only one bathroom in the RV versus four women. Fortunately, there was a community bathroom just down the road so I gathered my things and headed for it. Thankfully it was cleaner than I'd expected and empty most of the time as well. I guess most people just used the facilities in their RV. At least with the girls leaving today for their camp it wouldn't be so crowded when it came to using the RV facilities for the rest of the weekend.

Mr. Eisenberg graciously left the RV as we girls got dressed and I saw Kelly (his wife - such a pain having the same name!) watching me closely as I picked out an outfit. Regardless of what she might think about me, I DID know when and how to dress appropriately and I knew today's events were NOT the time or place to wear some slutty short outfit or revealing strapless sundress that showed half my boobs.

It wasn't so much I was worried about what people would think about me but more that I didn't want to embarrass Mr. Eisenberg and possibly even the church should someone later say something. The whole point in accepting this invitation was to KEEP my job, not lose it by having some sanctimonious asshole send word back home that I was displaying myself inappropriately at a church service. In the end I chose a simple black skirt and a conservative white blouse. I even made sure that Kelly saw me put on a bra. She was watching me with her thin lips pursed but she seemed to approve of my outfit, or at least she didn't come to me and pull me aside for another lecture.

During the driving into town, I took the seat behind Mr. Eisenberg with Morgan taking the opposite leaving poor Kenzie, being the youngest, stuck in the center. Of course she complained and whined but where else was there for her to ride? Heck, I certainly wasn't about to sit on the hump! As we drove into Pasadena, I got my first good look at the city and was impressed. The old part of town was loaded with the cutest stores and interesting restaurants.

We pulled into a parking garage across the street from the convention center and joined the throng that was headed for the old convention center building located in the middle of two more recent additions. The interior was dimly lit and as we walked into the seating area I had to let my eyes adjust. It was so beautiful! I couldn't help but grin as I noted the paintings on the walls flanking the stage included nude men - and were anatomically correct. Hmmm, what would people say today if someone tried to paint such graphic images in a new building?

We had almost a half-hour before things were scheduled to kick off so I excused myself to look around. As I wandered the halls, I felt a hand on my arm and I turned to see none other than Mr. Eisenberg! He silently maneuvered me over and away from everyone else and then whispered in my ear saying, "Mmmmmmm, Kelly... you have no idea how bad I want to fuck you right now." He was barely audible above the growing rumble of people gathering but I could still detect the hoarse lust in his tone of voice.

"Like... now?" I asked incredulously. Not that I didn't want to get laid but where in the world could we do anything at all in this crowded place?

"Just follow me," he instructed me as he swiftly moved down the hallway away from the main area.

From the way he kept looking around I could tell that he didn't seem to know his way around but then again, I didn't think he'd ever been here before so how would he? He passed an unmarked door and then turned back. He tried the handle and I was surprised to see that it was unlocked. Glancing inside, he motioned for me to follow. It turned out to be a crowded storage room with electrical stuff on the walls and tables and chairs stacked on rolling things used to get them back and forth between various places. As soon as I was inside, he closed the door behind us and locked it. Turning to me, the sexual lust in his eyes and the horny look on his face was unmistakable.

"Surely you didn't think I invited you along with because I couldn't find anyone else to take old Mrs. Gromansky's place?" he said with a nasty grin on his face as he approached me like a lion stalking his prey.

There was no need for me to respond as he undoubtedly knew the answer already. What surprised me was that he was trying to do it NOW. Heck, there would be plenty of opportunities later, such as at the RV park, where we could be more discreet so why risk everything this way? Apparently his pent-up desires had trumped any common sense or caution.

When he was up next to me his hands went down to the front of his pants and he undid his belt and pants, pulling down the zipper to open them up. Then he reach in to fish out his horny dick, pulling it up and over the elastic waistband of his boxers. That was my cue so I bent my knees and lowered myself down until my face was level with his crotch, leaving his dick staring me in the face like a one-eyed snake. With my longer than usual skirt I wasn't too anxious to kneel as I didn't want to have to worry about it dragging on the floor.

"Now that's what I call being a good girl... I see someone still wants to keep her job," he murmured as I took his cock in my hand and started to slowly stroke it, looking up at him with a grin on my face that wasn't entirely faked.

Sure, I may have been blackmailed to do this but a dick is still a dick and I loved the feel of it in my hand, regardless of the circumstance. True, I DID want to keep my job and I had no problem sucking his dick as often as he asked if that's what it took to be able to teach. However, now I had an added incentive, one he likely didn't even know about. With his wife sticking her nose into things and after seeing how hot she was, now I especially wanted to suck his dick. It would serve the bitch right to let her husband fuck me literally right under her nose. Given he seemed to get off from the domination trip, I kept these thoughts to myself - why spoil his little game?

"Oh yes Mr. Eisenberg, I DO want to keep my job," I said in a meek voice, trying to sound submissive, "I'll do anything to keep it, ANYTHING you ask. Just tell me what you want. I'll do anything but you have to TELL me."

"Oh yeah... you're such a fucking slut... well if that's the way you want it then suck my cock bitch," he said, getting perhaps a little full of himself but it was no big deal to me what he said - it was his dick that had my interest.

I took his stiffening cock into my mouth and quickly had it all the way in, then I pulled my mouth back and just licked the end his growing dick to tease him.

"Damn I love seeing my dick in your mouth," he groaned as I started sucking his dick slowly, "It makes you look like the fuckin' whore you are, selling yourself for a job."

I looked up and I saw him staring down at me, watching me intently as he thrust his hips back and forth, driving his now erect dick in and out of my open mouth. He put both hands on the back of my head and pulled my head into him crotch, driving his hard rod all the way into my mouth until it was forced down my throat just a bit, not stopping until my nose was plastered against his hairy crotch such that the musky odor of his manhood was almost overwhelming.

"Jesus H. Christ... I love it when you do that," he moaned as I twisted my head around his dick, letting my tongue tickle his shaft in the process. I pulled back to breath and then stroked his dick as I dropped it from my mouth to look up at him.

"So tell me Mr. Eisenberg, does your wife suck your cock this good?" I asked innocently but without an innocent thought in my head.

"Hell no... not even close," he gasped as my tongue flickered over the mushroom head of his dick, "You could teach her a lot... now suck it... suck my dick."

Like I had a choice in the matter at this point. He pushed his dick against my lips, driving it into my mouth as he once again pulled my head into his crotch. His hands grabbed fistfuls of my hair which he used as handles to pull my head in and out of his crotch, stroking his rock-hard dick in and out of my mouth in the process.

"God you're such a dirty slut," he groaned, "I really do want to fuck you."

Well... FINALLY! As much as I loved sucking his dick, it would have been different had we more time but a quick look at my watch told me half our time was already gone. Time flies when you're having fun! After a couple days of nothing but masturbating, my pussy was craving a dick and I could feel the wetness between my legs already as it anticipated what was about to come its way. Standing upright again, I leaned over a pile of tables, letting my panty- covered butt stick out behind me towards him.

"Yes, Mr. Eisenberg, anything you want," I said as if I was doing it only because he demanded so.

Yeah, like I didn't want a hard dick in my warm pussy just as bad as he did - maybe even more at this point, even if it WAS his.

"You can fuck me if you want to Mr. Eisenberg... anything you want. Just please let me keep my job."

OK, so maybe I was edging on being melodramatic but it seemed to turn him on so why not? He pulled my panties down to my knees in one swift motion, threatening to rip them in the process but somehow they stayed in one piece. My now bare ass was exposed, waiting for him to fuck me as he'd promised. My pussy was screaming for his cock! I wanted to tell him how badly I wanted him to fuck me, how bad I NEEDED him to fuck me but I tried to stay in the submissive role, acting as if I was giving up myself to him only to keep my job, that he was getting to fuck me because of his position and authority over me, not because I was needing to be fucked so badly I could barely contain myself.

"God I love your ass," he murmured as I felt the head of his cock press against my butt crack and slide down and over my asshole until it was lined up with my waiting pussy, "I love to feel my cock against your cunt... your slutty wet cunt... You're such a bad girl, you'd do anything to keep your job, wouldn't you... wouldn't you... you fuckin' whore?"

"Yes... I'll do anything Mr. Eisenberg... anything you want," I said, almost ready to scream from the sexual frustration that was about to make me burst.

Damn, I wanted him in me so badly instead of playing this silly game but it was what he apparently wanted, "You can fuck me... but only if that's what it takes to keep my job."

Now I WAS getting carried away and for moment I was afraid he might be offended, thinking I was just playing him. Well, of course I WAS but he didn't have to know that. It didn't matter anyway as being as horny as he was, his lust was blinding him from reality. Heck, right now I could have said about anything and I doubted that he would even hear me as he seemed to be in that strange state men get into when fucking me. This was no longer something he WANTED to do, but something he HAD to do and nothing was going to stop him. Even if his wife had walked in right now I doubt that he could have stopped himself from pushing his dick in me... just as he finally did at that moment!

"Oh Mr. Eisneberg, I love your big dick inside of my cunt," I called out to him, trying not to let my ecstasy come through too much.

I was afraid that if he ever found out that I would have gladly let him fuck me today regardless of my job situation that he might somehow not get off as much from it. He certainly loved the domination factor and for him to learn that I WANTED him to fuck me would likely only serve to lessen the experience for him. Since it was in my best interest to make him happy, I was more than willing to play along.

Once he finally had himself all the way in me he didn't waste any time, pounding my wet pussy with his dick as his hairy crotch slammed into my ass on each inward stroke. He was going as fast as he could, driving himself in and out of my starving pussy like a man gone crazy. Indeed, it was about all I could do to keep from falling over onto the tables below me when he would slam himself hard into me.

Once when he pulled out he went too far and his cock slipped out of my pussy. Feeling suddenly empty, I mewed like a spoiled kitten whose milk bowl had just been taken away, waiting impatiently for him to reinsert his dick into my pussy. After what seemed to be hours but was likely only seconds, once again I felt the satisfaction of my pussy being filled with a real dick, just as God intended it to be. It was like I felt incomplete without a dick in me, as if something was missing, a piece of the puzzle gone. It was only when my pussy was filled with a hard cock that I felt complete, like I was a total woman for that brief period of time as a man fucks me.

"Oh fuck yeah... I'm gonna cum!" he groaned and then he suddenly stopped stroking and buried his dick as deep into me as he could.

There seemed to be this terribly long pause as we both just stood there motionless, waiting for the inevitable eruption which finally came.

"Oh yeah, that's it... take my cum like a whore," he demanded as I felt his cock erupt inside of me.

It felt wonderful as his adulterous cum literally exploded from his cock, being released deep inside of me. Over and over I felt his hips twitch against my ass as one load after another was shot inside of me. After the fifth or sixth time I had to wonder, God, just how much cum did he have today?

Finally he stopped and for a few surreal moments, we simply stood still, neither of us moving a muscle or uttering a word. It was as if the two of us were trying to take in the overwhelming sensations that arose from his cumming inside of me.

When he finally DID pull his dwindling out of me, it was like being hit with a bucket of cold water as my pussy cried out for him to come back, to fill it once again with the only thing that ever truly satisfied it. But the service was about to start and indeed, the pre-service music had already begun judging from the sounds of things outside, and we had to get going.

"Wait here a few minutes so we don't arrive at the same time," he instructed me as he did his pants and buckled his belt.

His spent dick was shrinking rapidly and I figured that by the time he reached his seat, it would be barely noticeable, if at all.

It was too bad that I couldn't say the same for me. I pulled out a comb from my purse and tried to straighten my hair out but without a mirror it as difficult at best. Reaching down, I pulled up my panties but before getting them all the way up, I wiped some of the cum that had drained from me off my pussy with my hand so as not to stain my panties any more than necessary. It wasn't the cum stains I was worried about so much as the wet appearance it would give should anyone somehow get a view under my skirt.

Licking his cum off my fingers, it tasted pretty good. Mmmmmmm, maybe next time I should get him to shoot off in my mouth? Yes, I knew for a fact that there would be a "next time". The only real question was when and where?

Walking into the auditorium, I found the Eisenbergs and walked down to take my seat. Fortunately they had left the aisle seat open so I didn't have to make anyone move out of the way. Unfortunately I was seated next to his wife, standing guard between me and her husband. The girls were also around but they were with the rest of the youth group and would be departing immediately after the service. As we stood there singing, Kelly leaned over and whispered into my ear, her voice barely audible over the chaotic noise of the singing and the band.

"Oh my God, you already got yourself laid?" she said incredulously, "You're even more a slut that I'd given you credit. Sheesh!"

How she knew I'd just been fucked was a bit of a mystery. Maybe it was the glow I felt about me after finally getting what I'd been craving for the past couple of days. Surely she couldn't smell the sex on me with this crowd around us. My face was probably the giveaway as it was flushed so baldly I felt like I had a bad sunburn.

This time I responded, but just a little as I looked back at her and grinned, letting her wonder for herself who the lucky guy was. Why she didn't put two and two together with her husband being MIA for the past half hour and now me showing up freshly fucked... well maybe she was in denial - or maybe just more clueless than I'd expected.

As we sat in the seats during the service, it was all I could do to keep from squirming as my pussy tingled in the aftermath of being fucked. Mmmmmmm, it was just like when my dad would fuck me before going to church and I could feel his cum dripping down my bare ass to the pew under me.

The worst was not being able to touch myself. It was all I could do to keeping my hands from my ultra-horny crotch! Standing up to sing a medley of songs, I could feel his cum draining from me and I knew I would have to keep Kelly from seeing my cum-stained panties later tonight when we changed clothes. Or maybe not? After all, she had correctly identified what I'd been doing today so would she really care about my panties being soaked with cum? Of course, if she WHOSE cum it was, then things would be a LOT different, that was for sure.

It was sort of symbolic having a load of adulterous cum inside me now as I sat through the service, praising God. Yes indeed, my prayers had been answered! I had been praying since I first learned about this trip that I would be fucked good and wham - I'd gotten it even before the first church service! Now tell me that if this isn't an answer to prayer, then what is? It remained to be seen what would happen next - and with who, but as it is said, the Lord works in mysterious ways.

## 4. Grab-and-Go Lunch

It wasn't long before I started to think that maybe this convention wasn't going to be so boring after all. The opening service was done by noon and it as time for lunch. Even though there were signs for some pretty cool places to eat right across the road, the Eisenbergs had bought meal tickets for most of the meals, some of which included a presentation of something else to do. Judging from the prices, they'd better be serving steak and caviar but unfortunately that wasn't to be the way it went. The first lunch was billed as a "Grab-and- Go" which I took to mean some sort of box lunch. Damn, for $20 it had better be a pretty darn good box!

We headed for the convention center, Kelly and Mr. Eisenberg (I just couldn't get myself to call my boss by his first name, no matter what he'd said earlier about it) broke apart and we made arrangements to meet later that day. There were some people they apparently knew that they wanted to meet so for the most part I was left to be on my own. Considering I'm not even a member of this denomination, I wasn't exactly thrilled about attending too many of the events.

The main ballroom had been split up into different sections by moveable walls and the lunch I had a ticket for was in a relatively small room crammed with tables and chairs. Before long the mob from the opening service had arrived and the room was buzzing. Someone rolled in some carts with boxes on them which I took to be our lunch and as it turned out, I was correct. Ugh, some type of green wrap, a bag of chips and some Oreo cookies. $20 for this?

"Not exactly what I suppose you were expecting?"

I turned and saw I was being addressed by some guy behind me who was inspecting his own lunch, with a look that said he was thinking about the same as I was as to its value.

"Yeah, our school serves better lunches for $3," I replied, smiling at him. He seemed to be alone and was wearing a name badge around his neck which allowed me to see he was Derek, hailing from one of the local churches in the LA area.

"I suppose now you wish you had gone home for lunch, eh?"

Derek laughed politely and just shook his head. Then he asked if I would like to join him at one of the tables and we took a seat next to each other. He seemed pretty sharp, deducing I was a school teacher based on my hint of a remark about lunch costs (at least he didn't accuse me of being a lunch lady!). We exchanged some small talk while people around us carried on their own conversations.

"You don't exactly seem like the typical delegate," Derek said, changing the subject after a conversation about the relative merits of the local restaurants.

I looked at him, not sure how to take it which made him grin and add, "I mean that nice... like most of the people here are old enough to be our parents - or grandparents for that matter."

Then he paused, as if uncertain whether to continue but then he added, "Plus let's just say you LOOK a lot better than the average delegate."

I smiled at the compliment. Actually, to NOT look better than the average delegate would require a feat of magic for a girl my age but I took it as I was sure he meant it to be - as a compliment.

"Well, you seem to be different than most guys here as well," I said back innocently, but with a sly grin that was anything but.

"Oh really?" he said, feigning ignorance, "And how am I so different?"

This time it was my turn to pause. I looked at him and took stock of what he might have to "offer". Derek looked to be a few years older than me, was good looking but not a movie star, and seemed to have a pleasant enough personality. He also had a penchant for glancing down at my boobs whenever he thought I didn't notice, just like most guys do but girls always notice anyway (we just pretend not to guys!). It didn't escape my attention that he was sitting closer to me than even the tight quarters warranted and more than once his hand "accidentally slipped" and rubbed up against my skirt-covered thigh. What the heck, what did I have to lose? It was either pace the hallways or see if I could have some fun so why not go for broke?

Putting my hand on his leg, I licked my lips and smiled at him saying, "Let's just say you look like the kind of guy that could show an out-of-town girl a good time."

Derek's eyes lit up and I could almost hear the announcer in his head proclaiming he'd just hit a home run.

"Well, I have to join a presentation at 2:30 but until then I guess I could show you a few things."

"Well... there IS one thing I'd love to see," I purred seductively. It was my turn now to rub my hand on HIS upper leg, moving upward and inward just enough so that he knew exactly where I'd like it to be instead.

This time there was no mistaking the glint in his eyes as this time he looked down at my boobs and didn't seem to car as much that I noticed. His face was slightly flushed and I noticed his breathing seemed a little heavier. There were people all around us, none of which had a clue what was happening right under their collective noses. I imagine it would have caused quite a stir if they actually DID know.

"Well, I don't think I can show you THAT right here... you know?" he teased me back.

"Well..., do you know someplace where you CAN show it to me?" I replied, keeping up the little game and advancing it forward maybe just a bit.

Greg's eye seemed to get this faraway look, as if he was staring ahead but not really seeing anything as his mind seemed to be cranking away at something or another. Then they refocused and he smiled at me.

"Maybe I do at that," he finally responded, "Follow me."

The two of us stood up to leave and worked our way through the crowd. There was a back door to the room that led to a corridor that went along the various sections that had been cordoned off. A variety of convention workers were moving things back and forth and various chairs and things were stacked, ready for the next round of presentations and talks. Derek put his hand in the small of my back and guided me towards the far end of the corridor where there were some stairs that led somewhere above us.

"I was exploring earlier and came across this place," he explained, "At the time it was a quiet place to pray but now I think it might be just what the doctor ordered."

With my heels the metal stairs were hazardous, to say the least, but Derek stayed behind me to keep me balanced I made my way to the top. No doubt the view of my ass right in front of his face provided some motivation as well! There was a small room that overlooked the entire ballroom area with various controls for lighting and who knows what else.

"I think this is where they run things during the big balls and such. For now it doesn't seem it get used at all," Derek explained, "Look... you can see everyone down there but we're above the lights so they can't see a thing so far was we are concerned."

It was like being a Peeping Tom except none of the activities below were all that interesting. Still, it seemed pretty cool that we could see and do most anything and they couldn't see us while we could see them.

"Soooooo..." Derek intoned, "What exactly was it that you wanted to see anyway?"

There may be times when I'm a bit shy but when it comes to sex and sexually-related situations, anyone who knows me will tell you that shyness has never been much an issue with me. While no doubt Derek was pretty sure he knew what I wanted to "see", still he certainly didn't seem prepared for me to be so blunt and forward about it.

"I'd love to see your dick," I blurted out, "So what do you say? How about a little show me yours and I'll show you mine."

Now THAT didn't come out quite subtle as I'd intended but he was too shocked by the first half of the statement to grasp what I could have been saying in the second half - thank goodness!

"Oh really?" he said, his voice cracking a bit.

I suppose he had never been with a girl quite so direct but then he'd never been with me before. It's surprising how guys always seem to WANT a girl to be open and forthright but then when she actually IS, they seem overwhelmed and can't handle it.

"Well... isn't that what you want Derek," I said soothingly, running my hand over his chest and down towards his waist, "Don't you want me to suck your dick?"

"Well yeah... of course," he stammered, trying to sound nonchalant but failing miserably.

"Then what are you waiting for? Show it to me Derek... show me your dick. I really DO want to see it."

He shook his head, as if trying to wake up from this dream he must have been having. No doubt he'd never had a girl, at least not one he didn't have to pay for, come right out and tell him she wanted to suck his dick. Personally I loved shocking him this way. The expression on his face was priceless!

Derek fumbled with his belt until finally he had it undone. Tired of waiting for him, I reached out and helped him undo his zipper and then grabbed the waist of his pants with both hands and pulled them down to his ankles, followed swiftly by his white cotton Fruit of the Loom underwear.

I grinned as I saw his cock was already standing proud, fully erect. Yep, no matter what a guy might say or how he might act, his dick ALWAYS was the final proof of what he was thinking about and it was obvious that Derek had been thinking about me sucking his dick for a while now - and probably more than that if he was like most guys.

"Nice dick," I complimented him as I reached out to grab it with my hand.

His shirt tails partially covered him but he held it up so as to give me an unrestricted view of his hairy crotch area, "I'm not being too forward for you, am I?"

I tried to look as if I was worried that I might have offended or maybe even embarrassed him, my sweetest and most innocent look I could conjure up. When he shook his head, unable apparently to speak at the moment, I released the inner slut in me, licking my lips in anticipation of his dick between them. He was a bit bigger than Mr. Eisenberg had been just a few hours earlier, both longer and thicker but not so much so as to be a pain in the neck (literally). Also, even though he was younger his pubic hair was much thicker and longer as well, almost like a wild bush had been planted between his legs.

"You know Derek, I LOVE dicks and I LOVE to suck them... can I suck yours now?"

It was not really a question as I would have sucked it without asking but experience told me that men loved it when I asked to suck their dicks. Guess it's that in-bred domination gene or whatever they all seem to have. Anyway, Derek nodded his head, apparently still not trusting his voice.

Using his dick like a leash, I maneuvered him to a desk and motioned for him to sit on top so I wouldn't have to kneel. (Damn, long skirts are such a pain in the neck!) He shuffled over with his pants around his ankle, almost like a shackled prisoner and indeed, with my hand gripping his cock he was entirely under my control. Pushing his legs apart after he had taken a seta, I leaned over and touched the tip of his dick with my tongue, licked it briefly and then stood up to look him in the eyes again.

"You haven't told me that you wanted me to suck your dick yet?" I scolded him mildly, "So do you or what?"

His eyes were down, watching me stroking his dick slowly and then he looked back up at me to reply, "Oh wow... you know it."

"What?" I demanded, "What do I know? Tell me Derek."

He was so confused and conflicted it was almost comical. No doubt when he tried hitting on my downstairs he had just expected to have a pleasant conversation and maybe cop a feel under the table. Now here he was, sitting bare-ass on a desk top, his cock in the hands of a girl he'd never met before. Small wonder he was having a hard time putting a coherent sentence together!

"I want you to suck it," he said meekly.

"Suck what?" I came back.

"My dick... I want you to suck my dick," he pleaded almost pathetically now. Of course he did, what man can honestly say he would NOT want his dick sucked given the opportunity? Well, none that I had met yet, that was for sure!

"That wasn't so hard to say, now was it Derek," I said more soothingly this time, stroking his dick the entire time.

"Oh wow!" he exclaimed as I leaned over and took the head of his dick in my mouth, my tongue flickering around the tip.

Bending over like this I couldn't look up but I could just imagine him staring at my mouth as it surrounded his erect dick and I took more and more of it in until I was all the way down to the base.

"Oh that feels so good," he gasped as I twisted my head around his cock, letting my tongue run all over it as I suck as hard as I could on it.

As I started to bob slowly on his cock, he hands went to touch me and I felt them reaching down and under my chest as I blew him. He had one cupping each of my boobs, caressing them as best as he could given the bra and blouse that were blocking his way. He started to unbutton my blouse but I pushed his hands away, not wanting to get undressed.

For some reason I just wanted to blow him. It's not that my pussy was fully satisfied from Mr. Eisenberg's fucking not that long ago - far from it! There was just something about Derek that told me giving him a BJ would be the highlight of his stay here and to go any further was not necessary. I was starting to think getting laid here wasn't going to be nearly as big an issue as I had feared so why not just blow him and tease him by not getting undressed myself?

After sucking him for a few minutes I stood back up again, my hand now sliding up and down his set shaft more easily than before as I looked him in the eyes, licking my lips as if I had just finished a nice mean - and I still hadn't been served dessert!

"So tell me Derek, had a girl ever sucked your dick like this before?"

His eyes opened wide and for a moment I thought I might have even seen a little fear, as if he was hiding something from me. He shook his head and my Spidey sense was tingling - not to mention my pussy as well.

"Has a girl EVER sucked your dick before?" I asked, just a shot in the dark but from his reaction, I knew I'd hit the mark.

"No... never," he said softly, his eyes averting as if afraid to look me in the eyes. What was he hiding? Then a thought came to mind and I couldn't believe what I was I thinking but I decided to go for it anyway,

"Are you a virgin Derek?"

Jackpot!

Poor Derek looked almost like he was going to cry, maybe from embarrassment or maybe from the guilt he was feeling for what he was doing. It didn't matter to me, I was going to blow him one way or the other. On the other hand, it wasn't right of me to take his virginity if that meant so much to him. I was pretty sure I could get him to fuck me now that I had his dick under control, but I would feel guilty about it later. I AM a bit religious myself and if someone wants to save themselves for marriage, I'm prepared to honor that commitment. So far as I am concerned, a blowjob is no more sex than kissing someone so there was no harm in doing that - plus I had the satisfaction of giving him his first BJ.

"Don't worry Derek, you don't have to do anything you don't want to," I assured him in a warm voice.

Of course, that meant anything BUT refusing a BJ. I was hungry for some cum and I LOVE to suck dick so I wasn't about to let this opportunity pass by.

Without waiting for his to respond, I leaned over and went back to work on his dick. Knowing my mouth was the first to taste his cock made me all the more horny and I knew it would take a lot of willpower on my part not to have him fuck me, but I knew I could handle it. The only real question was whether Derek might become so overwhelmed with the newfound pleasure he was experiencing that he might decide the heck with saving himself for marriage, he wanted to get fucked NOW.

One of the great things about sucking a guy for his first time is to see the look on his face, the glazed eyes and open mouth as they experience something they had only dreamed about until now. EVERY guy wants his dick sucked, I don't care what they may try to say. Just look at how many guys get to fuck their wives and girlfriends regularly but still complain they aren't satisfied because she won't suck their cock!

As I sucked Derek I would look up at him, stroking his dick with my hand, just to see him looking down at me with awe, as if he couldn't believe this was happening to him. I smiled at him, trying to imagine what was going through his mind. Hmmm, probably something like, "Dear Penthouse, I never thought this would happen to me but..."

I doubted he would last long and while at his age he could probably recover quickly, odds were once he shot his load the lust would vanish and he would never go for anything more, at least not now. While I respected his morals so far as saving his virginity for marriage, it was still like waving a red flag in front of me, like he was almost daring me to see if I could crush his willpower and seduce him into fucking me. Never one to turn down a challenge, I felt I at least owed it to myself and my self-esteem to see how far I could drive him, even if I didn't actually fuck him.

"Would you like to fuck me Derek," I whispered hoarsely as my hand slid up and down his wet dick.

He just stared at me, as if he didn't know how to answer so I kept up the pressure saying, "Look how hard your dick is Derek... you love me sucking it... don't you?" He nodded eagerly and so I continued, "If it feels this good in my mouth... just imagine how it would feel in my pussy."

"No... I can't," he groaned, not very convincingly though. He was on the edge and we both knew it. I bent back down and gave him a few more head bobs, cupping his hairy balls in my hand as I did, gently massaging them as I took his entire dick in my mouth before rising back up to face him.

"You know you want me, don't you Derek... you know you want to fuck me," I pressed on.

"Oh god yes, I do... I want so bad to fuck you<' he moaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as my hand slide on his shaft. The he bit his lip and tried to keep control. "But I can't... I promised and I can't."

"No one has to know Derek," I countered, "You can fuck me and we'll never see each other again. God I want your dick inside of me Derek. Oh Derek, please fuck me, I need it so bad, I need your dick inside my pussy. I need YOUR dick Derek."

I took his hand with my free one and pushed it up under my skirt. He didn't resist as I drew it up against my crotch, letting him feel the warmth of my pussy through my panties.

"Feel how hot I am Derek?" I asked him in a husky, lust-filled voice, "I'm that way because of you... because I want you to fuck me Derek... Oh PLEASE fuck me Derek, PLEASE!"

The words every man wants to hear - "fuck me". Derek was no exception. Between the blowjob and hand-job I was giving him, the warmth of my crotch against his hand, and my voice pleading for his dick to be in me was too much for the poor boy and he finally caved.

"OK, I'll do it," he gasped, as if releasing all the built up tension within him, "I want to fuck you so bad."

He would have done it at that point, I am sure. All I had to do was pull my panties to the side, turn around, and sit down on his dick and he would have fucked me for sure. My heart was pounding and I felt so naughty, yet so sexy at the same time.

Instead of riding his dick, though, I leaned over and resumed my blowjob with renewed fervor. It had to be confusing to him as now that he had gone over the edge, he more than likely couldn't wait to get his dick in me but little did he know that today was not going to be the day he lost his virginity. I knew he would have given it to me, that he couldn't resist me and was willing to break the most solemn promise he had yet to make before getting married and THAT was what counted so far as I was concerned.

It wasn't long before I realized even the question of fucking me was becoming moot. Poor Derek couldn't control himself any more than some poor high school boy getting to 3rd base for the first time. After only a few minutes more of me seriously sucking his cock he suddenly exploded, flooding my mouth with his virgin cum. Actually, it surprised me more that I was surprised as usually I pride myself on being able to detect the often subtle signs that a man is about to orgasm. Fortunately I didn't have him too far in my mouth when he first came so I didn't gag or cough as he shot one load after another into my mouth like a seminal machine gun. Knowing he was watching everything, I let some of his cum drip out of my mouth onto his shaft and let it drip down a bit before bending over and taking him once again in my mouth, cleaning off every drop of his cum from his dick.

"Oh god, stop, I can't take anymore," he gasped as I continued to suck his now super-sensitive dick.

As he was done and I'd gotten all the cum he had to offer, I straightened up and I could feel the cum dripping down my chin. My hand quickly rose to wipe it off so it wouldn't fall onto my clothes or his, then I slowly put my fingers in my mouth so he could see me licking his cum off of them.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cum so quick... I couldn't stop myself... I wanted to fuck you," he tried to explain, apparently worried I might have been unhappy that he had cum so quick.

Actually, had he actually BEEN fucking me then I might have been a little disappointed at the quick reaction but it only made the blowjob easier for me so I wasn't complaining.

"Don't apologize, you were perfect Derek," I said soothingly, licking my lips like a cat finishing off the milk in its bowl, "Mmmmmmm, your cum tastes so good."

Making sure he was watching, I swallowed down his remaining cum and then opened my mouth, sticking out my tongue to show I had swallowed it all, like when someone gives you a pill and wants to be sure you took it.

"Wow... you swallowed it all?" he asked, almost incredulously like he was surprised. Damn, didn't the guy watch porn videos?

"Sure, I LOVE cum," I replied, "Besides, this is a lot better than just wasting it on the floor, don't you agree?"

He was now looking at me like I was some sort of alien, as if he couldn't believe what I had just done and said.

"So what do you have to say Derek," I probed, "Was your first blowjob OK?"

"Oh yeah," he said quickly, snapping out of his reverie, "Man, you were great! I never knew it would feel that good"

I wondered if he realized that the next girl might not suck his dick as aggressively as I did, that she might not be able to take all of him in, that she might not let him cum in her ,mouth? Hopefully he wouldn't be disappointed with her, whoever she may be, but then if she SHOULD be his new bride, I have to say I wouldn't mind that he was comparing her to me in their wedding bed!

As I had predicted, any thoughts of a "Round 2" which might include fucking me were not even brought up as he stood up and quickly pulled his pants back up and did his belt. My pussy was throbbing while it was like when he came, all his lust drained out of him along with his cum. Typical guy!

"Sure you don't want to fuck me now?" I teased him anyway. Of course I knew what the answer would be but I couldn't resist myself.

"You don't understands... I promised I would save myself for marriage," he pleaded with me, as if he would do it if I asked him to but he was hoping I wouldn't.

"That's OK Derek, you're cool," I said, smiling at him and reaching up to kiss him.

Our mouths met for the first time and then he pulled away, apparently not liking the fact he was tasting his own cum as our lips met. It didn't bother me, a lot of guys are that way and if anything, I found it rather amusing.

Derek looked at me as if he had something left to say. I waited patiently and finally he summoned the courage to finish what he had to say.

"Thank you Kelly," he said softly, not even able to look at me.

I put my hand under his chin and lifted his head so our eyes met. I smiled at him encouragingly and he continued, "I was weak and you could have taken advantage of me. Thank you for respecting me."

I suppose I should've felt disappointed that he hadn't fucked me. Perhaps if he hadn't been such a nice guy I would have done it with him, maybe even now as I knew it was never too late to convince a guy to fuck me. Sure, it would have been nice to get fucked again today but I'd already been laid once and I could last until evening if I had to. OK, so there was a small part of me that was telling me what an idiot I was for not taking his virginity but I had a feeling when I woke up in the morning I would feel I'd made the right decision.

With that we went back downstairs and Derek walked away without looking back. What was going through his mind? While he may have felt he had violated his "promise", I didn't feel guilty as it was just a BJ. Hopefully he would reconcile himself with that knowledge but no matter what, I had a feeling I knew what the subject of his masturbation session were going to be for a long time!

# 5. Debate in the Exhibit Hall

Well, the day was barely behalf-over and so far I'd been fucked once and swallowed a massive load of cum - from a different guy, and a virgin, at that. Not a bad start considering I'd started the day out expecting it be boring and uneventful! Actually I shouldn't have been surprised. Over the years I'd found that some of the most outwardly "religious" men are actually the ones who are the first to want to get in my panties and cheat on their wives. It's like they're wound springs, waiting for the right opportunity to release all that pent up desire and lust that they have been pushing away, trying to pretend that they don't have such feelings, that somehow they are affected the same way as other men when they see a sexy girl. Now I was surrounded by hundreds of such men and I was starting to wonder if this wasn't going to be like shooting fish in a barrel!

The main exhibit hall opened soon after I'd finished sucking Derek's cock and swallowing his cum so it was with a renewed spirit that I went in to survey the area. As I entered I passed by the Eisenbergs and stopped to say hello. Mr. Eisenberg was engaged in some deep philosophical discussion so Kelly took the opportunity to try to push my buttons.

"So... get laid again slut?"

By now I was beginning to get an idea that our relationship was going to be rather tense for the rest of the trip so I figured I had nothing to lose. Grinning back at her I looked around to ensure nobody was listening in and answered, "Well, not laid but I did just give a guy a great blowjob. He came in my mouth.. wanna see?"

I acted as though I was going to open my mouth and stick out my tongue for her. Of course by now all that was left in my mouth was the aftertaste but my threat was enough to make her gasp and put her hand up to stop me.

"And you call yourself a Christian?" she said, the tone of disgust heavy in her voice.

"Just using the gifts God gave me," I said with a smirk.

It was like two gladiators sparring - thrust and counter-thrust. If she thought she could shame me then she had another thought coming. I had long ago come to grips with the delicate balance between my religious and sexual morals. Indeed, I felt exactly as I'd just said. I feel blessed by God for giving me the body I have and the opportunity to use it. Why give me such things if I wasn't meant to use it? I wasn't being a prostitute. Men were happy to fuck me and I certainly enjoyed it so what harm was being done? I have no musical talents, the only athletic skill I possess is waterskiing, I certainly can't sing and I can't draw or paint for anything. My body and sexual skills are my biggest "gift" from God and as such, I fully intended to use them!

"I don't think it works quite that way," she started to argue with me but just then Mr. Eisenberg interrupted.

"Hey, is everything OK?" he asked, a look of concern on his face.

"Just debating how we use the gifts of the Spirit," I responded before his Kelly had a chance.

She glowered at me but then smiled sweetly at her husband, taking him by the arm and steering him well clear of me. As they walked away, she turned her head around and I could clearly make out her lips as she mouthed, "Stay away from him." It was all I could do not to laugh and run up and tell her he'd already fucked me today so she was too late but that would have not accomplished anything so I just smiled and walked away.

It took about ten minutes to figure out that this place was about as boring as it comes. It may have helped had I been of this denomination but as it was, I didn't see much that interested me so I walked back outside again and felt the warm sun on my face. Thoughts of Derek's dick erupting unexpectedly in my mouth dominated my thoughts and I closed my eyes, standing there in the middle of the crowd as I dreamed of how it might have been to fuck him.

Then I thought about Kelly. God, what a witch! I really wished that somehow I could tell her what me and her husband had been doing but as delicious as it might be for a few moments, I knew it would only result in him getting a divorce and me being unemployed. Still, it was a fun fantasy to think about when you're standing outside in the warm California sun!

## 6. Riding the Bus

The sun was getting hot and so I moved to the shade to try and decide what to do next. Hmmm, there was more than two hours to go before I was to meet the Eisenbergs to drive back to the RV park and I doubted Mrs. Eisenberg had any desire for me to join them one minute earlier than scheduled. Thoughts of finding some place to masturbate entered my mind as they usually do whenever I am bored. I supposed that I could hunt down another restroom but it's too hard to keep quiet enough such that the echoes of the tiled and metal rooms didn't betray your activities to the rest of the women, especially as crowded as they would be today.

Looking around, I noticed something that I hadn't seen before. A red bus was parked on the street with a sign for the convention in the window. Then I remembered that during the service they had made an announcement that there would be shuttle buses running between the convention center and the various hotels. It didn't look like too many people were interested in it now but I imagined as the afternoon wore on and people got tired that they would get more full. In the meantime, my mind was working its way towards another adventurous idea...

Waling over to the bus, I asked the driver standing outside the door whether he was a convention shuttle and he confirmed it for me. He mentioned which hotels he would be going to but it didn't matter to me. I was looking for the ride, not the destination. So long as he eventually returned here, where he went between time was immaterial to me.

Stepping inside, I saw it was empty at the moment, but he had it idling and the air conditioning was running so it wasn't stuffy or anything like that. I found a seat about two-thirds of the way back and settled in, leaning the seta back like was back on the plane again. It was actually quite comfortable, a tour bus and not some school bus with those impossibly hard seats.

Once again, I started to think about Derek and how good it had felt to be the first girl to suck his dick. I closed my eyes and lifted my skirt up. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good to expose my upper thighs to the cool air! Reaching down, I pulled my panties over to the side, exposing my shaved pussy. Touching my clit gently, I practically jumped out of the seat it was so sensitive.

It was a good thing Derek wasn't seated next to me as I doubted I could have restrained myself at this point. I had no doubts that had I really wanted it that I could have convince him to fuck me, marriage promise to not. As I touched myself I started to wonder if I had made the right decision!

For a girl to fuck a guy for his first time, it's not like when guys gets to take a girl's virginity. Of course, one major difference is there's nothing to PROVE he's a virgin, you just have to take his word for it. I have found in the few cases where I was a guy's first that their reaction to the situation was too genuine for me to even consider that they might be faking it. Derek's eyes told me everything - he was scared stiff! Another thing is that a guy doesn't have to worry about the pain that a girl has to suffer her first time. Guys are pretty lucky there -they get all the pleasure from the git-go!

For me, being a guy's first is just something special in that you know that no matter how many girls follow you, that no matter who he may marry, he will never forget his first girl or his first time. It's like you are becoming a tattoo in his life-long historical record, something he can never forget or erase. Seeing the look on a guy's face the first time his dick is inside of me is priceless, like they have found the Holy Grail. Then, when I tell them that they can come inside of me, it's almost like they are overwhelmed, their deepest fantasies being fulfilled.

Yes, I would've loved being Derek's first but at the same time, I knew deep in my heart there would be at least a twinge of guilt in that I knew he was trying to save himself for marriage and it wasn't fair to hit him with such an opportunity that he simply wouldn't have the willpower to refuse.

Still, that didn't mean I couldn't dream about it! All alone on the bus, I imaged him entering, on his way to the hotel. He was surprised to see me and I could see from the look on his face the first thing that entered his mind must have been the memory of his cock spewing his first load of cum into my mouth. Taking a seat next to me, he watches as I continue to masturbate, seeing a girl (at least a real girl and not some porn star), touching her pussy for the first time.

I pushed my finger inside of me, imagining the expression on Derek's face as he realized what I was doing. Then I tasted myself on my finger, thoughts of offering it to Derek to taste his first pussy crossing my mind. Mmmmmmm, I tasted and smelled SO good. It seemed that the hornier I got, the better my pussy tasted and tight now it was simply delicious!

I heard a sound up front and watched as the driver came back on-board. He looked back at me, probably wondering why I was sitting so far back, but he didn't say a word except to warn me that we would be leaving in a few minutes. I told him it was OK with me and sure enough, we were soon underway. I turned my head to watch outside at the people and cars going by.

Meanwhile, my hand was back on my pussy, caressing myself as I masturbated all the more. I wondered what the people out there would say if they had any idea what the woman looking out at them was doing inside the bus? No doubt none of them would have guessed correctly had you given them a thousand tries to answer. The bus driver was intent on the traffic and he didn't seem to pay any attention to me so I decided to make things a bit easier and slipped off my panties, tucking them into my purse.

The seat felt cool against my now bare butt as I leaned further back and put my feet on the seat ahead of me. My skirt was bunched up around my waist, exposing my crotch and pussy to anyone who might have been there but the bus was empty so nobody was getting the show as I closed my eyes once again and masturbated all the more, thoughts of Derek fucking me for the first time once again passing through.

God I was horny. For a moment I briefly considered moving to the front of the bus and seeing the driver was interested in a show but that nasty thought quickly went away - way too risky with all the traffic. About the last thing I needed was to explain to the cops why the driver was in an accident because the girl behind him was masturbating!

Instead, I just played with myself all the more and this time I started thinking of the Eisenbergs. Wouldn't it be cool if they were on the bus now? Mr. Eisenberg wouldn't be surprised, he knew I was a slut and for that matter, Mrs. Eisenberg probably wouldn't be so much surprised as shocked that I would actually do it in front of them. Heck, it was my fantasy so instead, she sat next to me and we had a masturbation contest while her husband watched and 'scored", the "winner" to get to have him fuck her.

I was just about there, almost ready to cum, when we pulled up in front of a Hilton hotel and the driver stood up to announce we had arrived. As much as I wanted to continue, I saw there was a line of people waiting to get on to ride back to the convention center so I let my feet down onto the floor again and straightened out my skirt. About eight or so people got on board, apparently all in one group as they all sat together in the front of the bus, talking to one another while ignoring me. We sat there for about five minutes as my pussy twitched, waiting impatiently for me to finish up what I had started.

Finally the bus pulled out and I figured I had maybe ten minutes at most before we were back at the convention center. With the people up front engaged in their discussion, I resumed my position, pulling my skirt back up again. If anything, having them just a few seats ahead of me made it even more erotic for more and in my mind, I fantasized about their reactions had they known what I was doing. Imagine, a girl masturbating just a few feet away from them as they rode on their way to a church convention!

About three blocks before our destination I finally came, pressing my feet hard against the seat ahead of me as my body tensed and my orgasm drove through me. Usually I close my eyes when I cum while masturbating but this time I tried to keep them open so I could see the people ahead of me, totally oblivious to what I was doing just a few seats behind them. I was still cumming when the bus arrived although things were starting to calm down just a little.

By the time the people had gotten off and a fresh batch began to board I was composed enough to drop my feet and lower my skirt. Damn, you would think that with all I'd done earlier that I wouldn't have needed to do myself so badly but if anything, it seemed I had been craving it all the more. Even now, with my pussy practically dripping after my orgasm, I was STILL horny, maybe even hornier than when I had gotten on the bus.

This time the people spread out more on the bus so my little private section was no longer so private. With people around me it was pretty well impossible to slip my panties back on so I just got off the bus with them still in my purse. Walking out onto the plaza towards the convention center, a slight breeze blew and I could feel it coming up under my skirt against my bare pussy. Being damp, the air felt even cooler and I shivered although more from the tingling sensation it created INSIDE me than actually being cold.

# 7. Day's End

A while later I met the Eisenbergs and we drove back to the RV park, sans kids Kelly just ignored me the entire trip so I sat in the back seat quietly, not trying to make an issue out anything. Later, Mr. Eisenberg left the trailer to allow the two of us (well, more like me) to change and get into bed. As much as I would have preferred to sleep nude, I knew when packing back home that THAT was pretty much out of the question so I had brought along a long night shirt that came down past my knees.

Kelly watched me as I changed, having just changed herself into gym shorts and a t-shirt. While she had changed I got a good look at those boobs. Yep, they were fake but man did they look good. When she realized that the nightshirt was ALL that I was going to wear, she couldn't contain herself anymore and for the first time since this afternoon she spoke to me.

"You know slut, would it be too much for you to have a LITTLE decency and at least wear panties to bed," she said with a huff.

Well, MAYBE had she been nice, I MIGHT have considered the request (although odds were I still would have gone to bed bottomless). Yet sometimes you have to draw the line and for me, this was the place where I was going to make my stand. Arguing with her wouldn't have done any good so I just turned away and crawled under the covers, doing my best to ignore her.

Mr. Eisenberg came back in and barely said goodnight to me before Kelly was dragging him to the other end of the RV where their bed was. She wasn't taking any chances!

Between jetlag and my activities during the day, I was suddenly dog-tired. Yet as I drifted off to sleep I couldn't help but think of what a great day it had been and I wondered what the dawn would bring.

Hey, maybe these church convention weren't so boring after all!

# (Jun 27) Chapter 189: Fun at an RV Park

Story codes: MF F-solo oral exhib adultery inc mother son
Me (24)
Riley (25)
Ray (26) - Riley older brother
Marc (18) - Riley younger brother
Al & Judith - Riley parents

I've never even been in a recreational vehicle (RV) before so imagine being crammed inside one with my adulterous school administrator and his family so they could save money on a hotel. Thank goodness I had time run around the park on my own one day - stopping now and then for some fun.

## 1. Blackmailed

It was Day Three in California, Day Two of the church convention I'd been blackmailed into attending. Without going into the all the minutiae (see the diary entries for June 25[3] and (May 24) Chapter 186: Memorable Memorial Day for all the gory details), in order to regain my teaching position at the school where I had been forced to resign last year, I had to be interviewed by the new administrator, Mr. Eisenberg.

The mere fact I was being granted an interview made me assume the previous administrator hadn't passed on the details of my "situation" back then. Thus it was more than a little shocking to learn that Mr. Eisenberg had indeed been warned about my "issues" by the his predecessor, but he claimed to be willing to overlook things provided I proved to him how badly I wanted the position.

Long story short, to get the position I was forced to "assume the position", marking another "first" for me, one I'd rather not celebrate. For the first time in my life I blatantly used sex to get myself a job. Of course, for most of my teen years onward I've never been afraid to use sex to get other things I wanted, but we're talking about dinners, clothes, and such things. This was different, this was my

---

[3] Don't know what this entry is really called.

CAREER. I was literally sleeping with the boss. What next, fucking my way up the corporate ladder? Then again, if it worked then why not?

Granted, in my defense it wasn't my idea nor was I given much of a choice. It was a "take it or leave it" one-time offer made by Mr. Eisenberg and I was left with no viable options. The only positive side, if you can look at it that way at all, was that it WAS just sex, and not some other form of blackmail like money or who knows what. In the end (no pun intended) it wasn't all that bad and I have to admit I even enjoyed it somewhat. It didn't hurt that he was married with two young daughters - none of whom had any idea their husband or dad was such a pervert. Anyone who knows me knows that I get off being fucked by cheating husbands, especially when it's their first time, so had the circumstances been different I might have actually looked forward to it.

I suppose what bothered me was two things. First, it involved my teaching career and I always had dreamed that I would remain professional and never do anything immoral or unethical as a teacher. No flirting with students, no slutty clothes that pushed the dress code, none of that so far as my career was involved. Thus to have to sleep with someone in order to be hired offended my ideals and ruined my career plans before it had hardly begun.

Second, even though it involved a married man, my policy has always been :"once and done" when it came to a guy with a wedding ring. I know many a guy that had fucked me would have loved to do me again, and I probably would have enjoyed it as well. However, it was never my intention to be someone's mistress and I believe too much in the principles of marriage to ever want to be the reason for one to be ruined.

If anything, by doing a guy once and letting him "get it out of his system", I feel I've actually HELPED many a struggling marriage. With Mr. Eisneberg, it could easily turn into just what I was hoping to avoid, becoming his mistress.

My worst fears were realized sooner than I'd anticipated. My assumption had been that once hired, I would be "free" from Mr. Eisenberg's demands at least until the school year started. That assumption was crushed when he called to "invite" me to be a church representative at some conference in California. It was the sort of invitation you can't refuse and for the first time, it really started to hit me what kind of situation I was allowing myself to become involved with. Something in the pit of my stomach told me that this wasn't going to be the last "invitation" I received from him.

Going to a church convention was probably one of the last things on my wish list for something to do this summer. Indeed, his wife turned out to be quite the bitch, on my case from the moment she saw me and realized I wasn't some old lady from school as she had expected but rather a girl at least ten years younger than her. Trying to look past her, I soon was having a blast at the convention. Indeed, the very first day not only was I fucked by Mr. Eisenberg just before the opening session, but soon afterwards I blew a cute virgin in the overhead of the convention center ballroom, and even masturbated while being driven around town on a shuttle bus. Not a bad start for the first day!

## 2. Morning Cleanup

With just me the two of them (their daughters had left yesterday on some teen adventure camp thing), I'd gone to bed the night before wearing nothing more than a long white cotton nightshirt which came down to my knees when I was standing but it was so light that it had a tendency to ride up when I slept. I'm also a notorious bedcover kicker, usually waking up most mornings with all the covers at the end of my bed or pushed over the side. Apparently this morning was no different...

"Wake up slut... sheesh, cover yourself up for goodness sakes!" a voice came out of the fog of my sleepy head. "C'mon... hurry up before he gets up and sees you like this! Oh for heaven's sake, I KNEW something like this would happen."

I rubbed my eyes, trying to focus on the source of the annoying voice. For a moment I was completely disoriented, trying to figure out why my bedroom seemed so weird. Then I remembered where I was - in a damn RV in the middle of nowhere in California! The annoying voice belonged to none other than Mrs. Kelly Eisenberg, bitch extraordinaire, who was shaking me on the shoulder even harder now.

To be honest, it wasn't too hard to figure out what she was griping about. Sure enough, during the night I'd kicked the bedcovers until they were bunched up at my feet and my nightshirt had ridden up over my bare hips. Laying on my side facing the wall, my naked ass was totally exposed to anyone who might be wandering around the RV, which happened to be Mr. Eisenberg's wife Kelly at the time. (Yes, her name is Kelly - what a pain it's been already, believe me).

I suppose in the spirit of cooperation I should've pulled it down right away and avoided the inevitable conflict but she was pissing me off, threatening me and insulting me at every opportunity so I just couldn't pass up an opportunity to taunt her a bit.

"What's the matter, see something you like Kelly?" I said in a deliberately seductive tone, deliberately wiggling my butt at her.

It was all I could do to not break out laughing as she wrinkled her nose in disgust at the mere suggestion of any lesbian interests on her part.

"Oh for god' sake, you are SO disgusting," she sneered at me, "But then again it doesn't surprise me that a bitch like you would say something like that."

I suppose "a bitch like you" was her way of calling me a slut - and not in the complimentary manner I like to refer to myself when I call myself one. Instead, she used it as a means to put me down, as if she was somehow better than me. It was OK though, better women than her had called me far worse. Satisfied now that I'd gotten the reaction I was hoping for, I stood up and pulled the shirt down over my hips and let it fall to my knees on its own accord.

As I stood there, stretching and trying to get motivated to move, my boobs were pushing out and my nipples were clearly visible through the thin almost transparent cotton. I'm sure she wasn't thrilled by that but then she couldn't say anything as her boobs were doing the same through her T-shirt as well. I couldn't help but look at them, like a moth drawn to a flame. OK, my breasts aren't all that bad, a nice 34C and I'm quite happy with them after years of teenage angst, but hers were incredible, most likely a 36D or DD. I'd gotten a glimpse of them the night before as she changed and they were clearly fake, but who would say anything when they looked as magnificent as hers did? They weren't SO big as to look clownish but rather right on the borderline where without closer examination, with clothes on it was debatable whether they were real or not. Hats off to her plastic surgeon!

"And just what are you staring at?" she suddenly hissed at me like a snake striking and I realized in my morning stupor I was indeed staring at her great boobs.

She twirled around and went straight back to the other end of the RV, pulling the curtain across so I couldn't see what was going on. Looking at the clock, I saw it was only 7:00AM - damn, why did she have to wake me up so early? The first session wasn't until 10:00 so we didn't plan to leave until after nine. Heck, I could have easily slept at least another hour or more.

Now that I was awake the body functions began to kick into gear and I had to pee pretty bad, not to mention I needed a shower desperately. The RV restroom was at their end so I decided just to use the one down the road. At this ridiculously early hour, I doubted that many people would be up anyway. Gathering my towel and bag, I slipped on some flip-flops and stepped out into the blazing sunshine. Wow, it was going to be hot today!

It was only about a hundred feet or so to the bath house but that meant passing five RV sites. Amazingly, people were up and about! Some even had fires going or were already drinking cups of coffee while sitting out on their lawn chairs. I suddenly felt a little conspicuous as all I was wearing was the nightshirt and in the bright sunlight it didn't exactly hide much underneath. It also didn't help that just about every guy stared at me as I passed by - well, make that EVERY guy. My hair was a wreck, I had no makeup on, and I needed to go to the bathroom BADLY - not exactly a recipe for feeling sexy or flirting. Normally I might have slowed down and give them a better view, maybe even stop to chat a little, but at the moment I wanted just one thing - to find an empty toilet!

Making my way quickly to the bathhouse, I was surprised once again to find it full of people! God, what kind of insane people were these to get up at such early hours? Weren't they supposed to be on vacation? It was quite a collection, mostly mothers with their daughters, brushing their teeth, showering, and generally doing all the things women do to get ready in the morning. Someone said hello to me as I stepped in but I made a bee-line to the first empty stall. I didn't mean to be rude but there ARE priorities in life!

(Sorry, no details about my potty life, a girl has to have SOME secrets. Just say I felt a hell of lot better a few moments later!)

Feeling considerably less stressed, I stepped back out into the crowded room and looked for an empty shower stall. At least they didn't have a communal shower. Nightmarish images of high school Phys-ed flashed through my mind. When you're one of the last girls to get your boobs and figure, PE can be a living hell! Closing the curtain, I slipped off the nightshirt and prayed for hot water. For a few moments I thought nobody up there was listening but soon the warm water emerged and I stepped underneath, feeling better almost immediately. I washed myself down, shaved my pussy and underarms (I tend to break out and get skin irritation if I don't do them daily), and then just stood under the stream of water, closing my eyes and purging myself of all the tension and anxiety that Mrs. Eisenberg had already somehow managed to fill me with already this morning.

The water flowed down over my shoulders and drained via the cleavage between my boobs. I cupped them, one in each hand, and then pulled one up until I could just lick my nipple. Mmmmmmm, I loved my boobs to be touched and kissed, even if I had to be the one to do it. It felt good to squeeze them, pinching my nipples between my fingers and pulling on them just enough to hurt a little but then feel so good when I released them.

God! Now that my bladder wasn't hogging all the attention, I suddenly felt so horny it was like my knees wanted to collapse! Listening to the voices just outside the curtain, I wondered how many of the girls had masturbated already this morning. Indeed, part of my problem was that I'd skipped my usual wakeup masturbation time, all thanks to Mrs. Eisenberg. Then again, if she was pissed off just seeing my bare ass, imagine if she'd have come out and discovered me playing with my pussy!

While I continued to play with my boob with one hand, the other made its way to my crotch. I turned and faced the shower head, leaning back against the cold steel wall such that the stream struck me between my legs. It wasn't quite as good as nestling up under a faucet in a bath tub but it was still doing the job as I began to masturbate under the flow of warm water.

An involuntary gasp escaped me as my clit responded to the light touch of my index finger. It felt SO good to touch myself there. I recalled how as a little girl I made the discovery that literally changed my life. While I can't remember the exact date that I first learned of the incredible pleasure such a little thing was capable of giving me, it had me hooked from the git-go and I was soon masturbating like a little fiend. My mom finally had to have a sit-down with me to discuss touching myself in public - it was so hard NOT to!

As I masturbated I thought about Mrs. Eisenberg and her incredible boobs. It was such a shame that she wasn't into girls. Still, that didn't mean I couldn't fantasize about her. She was pretty hot for a woman in her mid to late thirties, obviously a regular at the gym. She also took pride in her appearance, as indicated by the boob job, and it made me marvel all the more that her husband was willing to risk his marriage with her just to fuck me but then when it comes to guys and their dicks, common sense is usually the first casualty.

Mmmmmmm, I wish instead of shaking me on the shoulder she had rubbed my bare ass, maybe moving her hand between my legs and working her finger into my pussy. Now THAT would have been a far better way to wake up, that's for sure!

When I finally came, it was with the image in my mind of her sitting on my face as her horny husband fucked me. Sure she was a bitch but god, she was such a sexy looking bitch! If I had to be at Mr. Eisenberg's beck and call (or rather his booty call), it would be a lot more fun if she was somehow included! Just the mere idea of how upset she would be if she knew I was in the shower masturbating about her was enough to make me cum yet again!

For a few minutes I didn't even hear the din that echoed through the bath house as all my thoughts and feelings were focused on my orgasm and images of being fucked by both of the Eisenbergs. Although I'd been fucked once yesterday, somehow I had this feeling inside that today was going to be better. Not sure why I felt that way, just had that feeling.

When I was finally calmed down enough to leave the shower, I toweled myself off and wrapped it around me rather than put on the dirty nightshirt again. Not that it was THAT dirty, I'd only slept the one night in it, but now that I was fresh and clean I just didn't want to put it back on again. Stepping out into the room, I saw that the crowd had diminished by almost half. I looked at my watch that was in my bag and realized I'd been in the shower for almost half an hour! Wow, I guess time really does fly when you're having fun!

The lady at the sink next to mine was nice, asking me where I was from, what I was doing and such. She was just down to earth nice and after dealing with Mrs. Eisneberg, quite refreshing. She told me the lake had a nice beach and I might be interested in going there later in the day to work on my tan. It sounded like a good idea and I filed it away for later when we got back.

Meanwhile, I still had to change and get ready for the convention so I gathered my things and started back to the RV. Most of the people I'd passed before were still out and this time I felt 100% better than I had on the way in. My bladder wasn't threatening to explode, my hair was wet but felt clean, I'd just masturbated so at least a LITTLE of that tension inside had been addressed, and overall I just felt more refreshed and relaxed. Thus as I passed a group of guys and what looked to be their teenage sons, I couldn't help but pause and say hi as they all stared at me and waved.

Besides my bubbly personality (LOL), their hospitality MIGHT have been aided by the fact I was still wearing just a towel and it barely covered what it needed to cover to keep me from being arrested for indecent public exposure. They asked me if I wanted to have a seat, I politely refused. Not only was I on the clock, but I knew if I tried sitting down in just the towel that what little coverage it was now affording would be forfeited. Of course, I'm sure THAT thought never entered their minds when they extended the invitation. As I waved goodbye, they invited me back anytime. I didn't see any signs of females so I could only imagine what might await me should I return!

Back in the RV, the Eisenbergs were both dressed and Kelly was obviously flustered once again by me.

"About time you got back, did you have to go to the next county or what?" she fumed.

Mr. Eisneberg tried to say something to defend me but she cut him off saying, "Good grief, you walked around like THAT? What will people say if they find out you're with us and who we represent - do you ever bother to think of anyone else besides yourself?"

I just sighed and they left the RV for me to get dressed. What a bitch! I threw on some capris and a cute blouse, dried my hair, fixed my makeup and finally emerged from the RV where they were waiting in the car for me, and not very patiently, at least not Kelly.

"You know, we ARE here for the convention and the session this morning is VERY important. The least you could do is be ready on time," she fussed.

I settled back in the back seat without saying a word and soon she just ignored me as we drove back into town.

# 3. The Lake

We attended the morning session which was dominated by some important vote, at least important to the rest of the people there. Personally I could have cared less about it and I even gave my vote card to Mr. Eisenberg so he could cast it however the church wanted the vote to be.

Afterwards we went straight back to the car and drove back to the RV park so not a lot happened. Neither of them were interested in the afternoon activities and I think they both wanted some R&R time for themselves, which I certainly wasn't about to argue against. They had noticed on the way into the park that a place was advertising private hot tubs so I had a feeling the two of them would be heading that way. Sure enough, not long after we returned they took off in car, saying they would be back later in the afternoon.

That pretty much left me on my own - which was fine with me. I remembered the remark the woman had made earlier in the day about the beach at the lake so I figured why not work on the ol' tan a bit? I'd brought a modest bikini, at least modest by MY standards. It had a halter style top with strings that tied behind my neck and back. Up front it pretty much covered my boobs but not any more than necessary, providing plenty of cleavage. The bottoms didn't qualify as a thong but were high cut on the hips and the back was wide enough to cover most of my rear with strings on the side. It was jet black, my favorite color for a bikini as it complimented my skin complexion, at least when I had a decent tan. A basic pair of sandals completed my "outfit".

I'd brought with me a beach towel which I draped around my neck. In my bag was my suntan oil, a hair brush, comb, a paperback I'd meaning to read forever but just never seemed to get into, chap-stick, and a collection of other things that just seemed to accumulate over time. A pair of sandal, sunglasses, and I was on my way.

I only had a vague idea of where the beach was so I started walking down the road. It was the same general direction as the bathhouse and as I passed by the site with all the guys, once again they were all out there sitting in their chairs, the inevitable beer in their hands, and loud country music playing. I smiled at them as they leered nastily at me and a couple of wolf whistles rang out. It was fun to tease them but to be honest, that was about all the interest they held for me.

Further down the road I saw a sign for the beach and around the bend I saw my destination. It wasn't exactly my idea of a California beach, more like some sand that had been spread out along the shoreline of an area of the lake that had been marked off by buoys to keep the boats away. It wasn't exactly crowded but there were a number of families which seemed to be profile of most everyone there. From the looks of things I was the only single girl there on her own. Most of the families were actually moms and kids although a few dads were represented as well. The average age of the kids appeared to be under ten, although a few teenagers were there, mostly boys.

I spread out my towel and laid down on my stomach facing the water. It didn't exactly look inviting but then it was a lake, not a swimming pool. I didn't mind lakes for swimming when I was younger but to be frank, a clean pool was more my ideal today. Sure, a lake was fine for waterskiing, but to just walk around and swim in the dark water wasn't all that inviting.

The sun felt warm on my back and legs and I remembered that this was southern California, not Pennsylvania, so I'd better be careful. By this time of year I'd worked on my tan pretty well so I wasn't worried about burning but you never can be too careful. Nothing looks worse on a girl than peeling skin! At the same time, I really didn't feel like covering myself with oily suntan lotion yet as I wasn't sure how long I'd be staying here. It was rather disappointing and I may as well lay out next to the RV as here.

The warmth of the sun was soothing and I was about to fall asleep when the whine of a ski boat shook me out of the daze I was in. I got up on my elbows and watched with envy as the boat whizzed pulling what looked to be a twenty-something guy on a slalom ski. He was pretty good - and knew it, as he jumped the wake and showed off for the folks on the beach. They stayed well clear of the beach zone but the wake still generated some small waves on the beach, much to the delight of some little kids playing at the edge. I sighed and thought about my dad's boat back home. Summer was almost half over and we had yet to go out in it. Hmmm, something I would have to pester him about when I got home.

Nice boat," a deep voice commented to the side of me.

I turned my head and saw a guy who looked to be about my age or so squatting down a few feet from me, watching the boat go by through dark sunglasses. I quickly took stock of him - nice tan, average height with a muscular build, short blond hair, shaved torso and a smile that immediately made my heart skip.

"Do you ski?" he asked, seeing that he had my attention.

I replied, saying I did but hadn't had a chance this summer yet and that I was envious of the people on that boat.

"Yeah, I know how you feel," he said, nodding his head, "This is the first weekend I've had mine out this year."

Immediately I had a feeling where this conversation might be going but then I can't say I wasn't hoping that it would. I'd only been her less than half an hour and already I was bored stiff. Seeing the boats on the lake made me a bit homesick, or at least made me wish I was home on our lake with my dad and family. I thought of some of the hot times we'd had over the years and how much better it would be to do something like that this weekend instead of laying out alone on a kid's beach.

I decided to take the bait and see where I landed so I asked him what kind of boat he had. He described it and mentioned it was just him and a couple of friends. Apparently his parents had one of those "permanent" RV sites and he was here visiting them for the weekend. Then he casually mentioned that some of his friends were due to arrive in a little bit to go out on his boat that he kept at the marina. He paused and looked at me after throwing out that little tidbit, as if waiting to see how I would react.

My mind raced and I knew my next words would determine whether this was just a casual conversation or perhaps something that might lead to a more interesting afternoon. He seemed to be a nice guy and the more he spoke and I looked at him, the more I wanted to get to know him better.

"Do you have room for one more?" I asked softly with a shy grin.

He returned the smile and answered, "Of course, there's always room for a beautiful girl."

Sure, it was a bit of a hokey come-on but still, I liked hearing it anyway. Then I asked him if his girlfriend would mind me butting in. He frowned a little and shook his head, explaining he was just coming off a rather messy breakup with a girl he'd been seeing for a couple of years. Whether it was true or not, I had no idea, but at least it told me I wouldn't be getting into some kind of cat fight with a jealous girlfriend.

Riley, as he had introduced himself earlier, helped me gather my things and as I stood up I noticed him giving me the once-over. Damn, now I wished I'd brought my skimpier bikini! Not that this one didn't show plenty of me, but the bottoms especially were far too conservative when it came to showing off. Sure, some guys claimed to like the more "mysterious" look of a conservative bikini but I knew better - the more skin showing, the more they liked it.

Riley was wearing a baggy swimsuit that was more like shorts, coming down almost to his knees. It rode low on his waist and I felt a little twinge when I saw the thin line of dark hair leading down from his belly button, knowing that as it disappeared into his shorts that it lead to something a LOT hairier, and a LOT more interesting. As baggy as the suit was, he could have had a full erection and it might not have shown so I had no idea what he was packing between his legs. Would I find out later?

As we left the beach and headed for the parking lot, I found myself wondering why he had been at the beach in the first place. I hadn't seen him when I got there, I am SURE would have noticed someone like him, so he must have arrived after I'd laid down. He wasn't carrying anything and his shorts were dry so the water hadn't interested him nor did he seem to have plans for staying any length of time. Had he stopped by just to see if he could pick up a girl?

As we approached his pickup truck, he explained his parents had their RV set up at the other end of the park so rather than walk it was easier to drive. Suddenly my heart rate sped up and my mouth felt a bit dry. Did he REALLY have a boat? Was he REALLY staying with his parents? Here I was, getting into a truck with a total stranger thousands of miles from home, with nobody around to even call out to. It was like a plot from a bad horror film.

Common sense dictated that I make up some excuse about forgetting I had to be somewhere and leave before getting myself in over my head. Yet at the same time, he seemed sincere. Of course, don't all serial rapist seem sincere on TV? Then again, I WAS horny and this looked like my best prospect of the afternoon, unless I wanted to go back to the NASCAR gang and play the role of their wanton slut. I giggled at that thought, the image of me with that bunch of rednecks was more amusing than erotic.

By then, we were at the truck and Riley had opened the passenger to let me in. For some reason I looked quick to make sure there was a door handle (too many teen scream movies I guess) and then hopped in as he shut the door behind me.

As it turned out, my worries were for naught. His parents did indeed had an RV, it WAS quite a drive so I was glad we didn't have to walk, and the more I talked with Riley and then met his parents, the more I liked him. I was still in my bikini when he introduced me to his parents as I hadn't even brought a pair of shorts with me. They were older than I'd expected, maybe in their late fifties, but it's hard to tell withholder people. His mom was sweet to me while his dad obviously liked to look at young girls, especially their bottoms judging from the way his eyes drilled in on my ass whenever he thought he could get away with it.

We hadn't been there but a few minutes when another pickup pulled in and two more guys jumped out. The driver looked to be about the same age as Riley while the second was a teenager, probably still in high school from his looks although he was the tallest of the guys and thin as a rail. Riley introduced me to Ray and then his younger brother Marc (Marc specifically made sure to say it was spelled with a "c", as if that made some difference to him.) If they were surprised to see me, they hid it well although Marc in particular seemed the most interested, practically staring at my chest as if he didn't even care who saw him.

Not wanting to waste any more of the afternoon sun, after some brief hellos I got back in Riley's truck and we drove to the marina while Ray and Marc rode in the back. Sure enough, Riley DID have a boat and it was a beauty, one of those designed just for skiing with the pole in the center a sleek line that just looked fast. I'd never been in a boat like it before, let alone ski behind one, so I was pretty excited as we climbed on board.

Ray carried a cooler from the back of Riley's pickup and that was about all we had to do before taking off. Apparently Riley had been down earlier to gas it up and get the skis and such ready so as soon as we were all on-board we were off for the center of the lake.

Riley, of course, was driving, with Ray in the passenger seat to his left. That left me and Marc in the back seat which ran across the back end. There really wasn't an incredible amount of seating in the boat but then it was a ski boat, not a party boat Most of the rear end was covered with the engine underneath. The inboard was a lot quieter than the outboard was on my dad's boat but still noisy enough to make conversation difficult so we all just road in silence for the short trip. I don't think Marc's eyes came off my chest once the entire trip except for one time when we hit a wake and I was tossed to the side and my rear end pointed towards him. THAT got his attention!

Surprisingly there weren't many boats out given the nice weather and the fact it was a weekend. Back home a lake like this would have been swarming with boats, making skiing a bit of pain as you constantly fought the wakes from all the boats. I saw maybe three other boats in all and the lake surface was relatively calm - a great skiing day!

Stopping the boat finally, Marc was the first to put on a ski jacket. I was curious how he would do with his tall, thin build. He didn't look all that strong, not that he looked weak, just a bit ungainly as if he was still growing into his maturing body. As it turned out he was obvious an experienced skier and I was as impressed as I was surprised. When he got back in the boat and Ray took his place, he was panting from the exertion. I congratulated him on his skiing abilities and he seemed happy to have won my approval.

Ray was equally skilled, if not more so than his younger brother. As he was preparing to go, I had a chance to talk to Marc a bit and learned he had just turned 18 a few days before and had just graduated from high school. All the while we talked his eyes kept dropping down to my chest, as if he'd never seen a girl's boobs before. His rapt attention was too much of an opportunity to pass up so as Ray got started, I 'adjusted" my top as if it was not feeling right, grabbing the top of each cup and pulling it out and then up and over to get my boobs repositioned inside. In the process, my right breast "accidentally" spilled out for a moment and I quickly pushed it back in, smiling shyly at Marc as if I was embarrassed.

Riley was too busy driving and Ray was too far back behind the boat to notice what had happened as Marc's eyes widened with his momentary glimpse of my white skinned breast and hardened brown nipple.

Given the positive reaction my simple move had received from Marc, it emboldened me to tease him a little more. I reached to the side and untied my bottoms on that side, and then retied them as if they had been too loose. Of course in the process I pulled out on the strings and exposed just a hint of my crotch, enough for someone to see that I was either shaved or pretty darn close to it. Actually, I had loosened them rather than tightening, and in the process I noted that Marc wasn't opposed to looking at my bottom as much as my chest!

Before I could go any further, Ray took a spill and it was my turn to go. I had to tighten the ski jacket quite a bit after Ray and it still was pretty loose on me. The lake water was warmer than I'd expected and before long I was up on my single ski and having a blast. I may be a klutz at virtually every sport but this was the one thing I CAN do - water ski. Ray and Marc kept their attention on me the whole time and I was sure it was more than just acting as lookouts for my safety.

With my loosening of my ties on my bottoms, as I skied they started to drop and I had to hold on to the handle with one hand while reaching back and pulling them up with the other. Finally, my arms tired and there was one bump to many and I was down and in the water. As I waited for the boat to circle, I reached underwater and loosened the tie on the other side even more, smiling to myself as I did.

Riley maneuvered the boat up alongside me and Ray dropped the ladder over the side for me to climb back in. As I worked my way over the top, the combination of my bottoms being heavier now that they were wet, coupled together with the slickness of my wet skin, created exactly the results I'd been hoping for - my bottoms feel down to my knees! As I crawled into the boat, the guys helped me in but they seemed uncertain what to do about my bikini bottom falling down. Then to make things 'worse", as I finally got on my feet the bottoms fell all the way down to my feet.

"Oops!" I said flashing a toothy grin as I reached down to pull them back up again.

Whether it was the surprise that caught them off guard or whatever, all three of them never took their eyes off my bare ass the entire time, not even pretending to look away.

"You know, you don't have to pull them back up on OUR account," Ray said, trying to sound like he was just joking but with no doubt with an element of hope as well.

I loosened the ski jacket and Riley helped me out of it. Once again I 'adjusted" my bikini top, making sure they saw as much as possible but not actually allowing anything to pop out this time. I reached behind my neck, undoing the tie and acting as though I needed to redo it but then I had another "accident", dropping the ties and the top immediately fell down and exposed my bare boobs to them all. I hesitated a second, as if I was surprised but just long enough for them to get a good look, and then pulled it back up and retied the strings behind my neck, this time more securely.

"Sorry, I just can't seem to keep my bikini on," I teased them, taking a seat next to Marc.

I looked down and he had a very noticeable erection, even though his shorts I could detect a more tent-like appearance now as the "pole" underneath was raised. Unfortunately I couldn't see Ray or Riley well enough to see if they were reacting in a similar manner as they were now sitting in the seat, twisted around to watch me. Somehow I had a feeling they were nursing their own erections - at least they had better be!

"Well, as Ray was saying so indelicately, I hope you don't think you're required to wear that for OUR sakes," Riley chimed in this time.

They all laughed as if he was just joking but I had no doubt what he meant by it - and I'm sure the other two felt the same way.

"What do you mean guys?... are you all saying that you want me to take it off?" I teased them, "Like... we're out in the idle of the lake! Gosh, I'd be naked. What if somebody sees me!"

Ray looked around as if to emphasize the fact we were pretty much alone as the other boats had moved off a ways since we'd started. I looked over at Marc who was silent but from the expression on his face, there wasn't much doubt what HE was hoping for. Well, the dumb blonde routine seemed to be working so far so I continued...

"Wow... are you SURE it's OK if I get naked?" I asked Riley. Yeah, like I really needed his permission to strip.

"Trust me, WE won't stop you," Riley replied, his grin getting wider with each passing moment.

What the heck. It wasn't like I hadn't thought about something like this from the time Riley had invited me out on his boat. It certainly wouldn't be the first time I'd been out in the middle of a lake undressed - and a lot more (or less?). Still, I wanted to make it a little more erotic so rather than just stripping and getting naked without any fanfare, I wanted to tease them all just a little bit more.

"Well then, so who's going to untie me?" I said in a sultry voice.

I think all three of them wanted to volunteer yet none of them wanted to appear TOO anxious in front of the others. Finally, Riley got up and approached me. Without a word he reached behind my head as if going for my top but I stopped him and pushed his hands lower.

"Bottoms first, OK?" I said, "Nobody else can see if I'm not wearing those."

It's not I was shy in the least about getting nude, but it didn't hurt to let them think I was. Riley just grinned all the more as he reached on one side of me and pulled the strings, and then to the other. My bottom was being held in place now just the friction against my skin so he grabbed the front and I raised myself off the seat to let him pull it away from me. I sat back down, keeping my legs tight together with my hands folded in my lap, nothing between me and the plastic seat.

"Well?" I asked, trying to get them to say something, "You guys like my bare butt?"

"Ummmmm, nice ass," Ray blurted out, the catching himself and looking at the others.

The three of them looked back and forth as if unsure as to what they should do next. Odds were they never had a slut like me in the boat before!

"Since you've been staring at my boobs all afternoon Marc, why don't you take my top off?" I said, smiling at Marc so as not to embarrass him TOO badly.

Still, he obviously was still a little embarrassed that I'd caught him looking at me that way judging from the redness in his face. However, that didn't stop him from quickly accepting my invitation and I twisted to one side so my back (and my bare butt) was facing him. I felt his fingers fumbling first at my neck under my hair and then in the small of my back as he undid my bikini. The top fell down and I grabbed it and put it off to the side where I would be sure to find it later. The net result was I was now naked, sitting in the boat as three obviously horny guys stared at me.

"OK, so now that I'm all naked, what next?" I asked, trying not to laugh at the way they were staring at me.

Both Ray and Riley were old enough that I was quite sure they'd seen plenty of naked girls in their life. Marc, on the other hand, was a bit of an enigma. I knew lots of guys his age that had plenty of sexual experiences but then there were plenty of others who had done little more than masturbate their way through high school. At the moment I wasn't sure which camp he fell into although I was leaning towards the heavy masturbation side.

"What's the matter guys, haven't you ever had a girl get naked in your boat before?" I teased them, still keeping my legs together but not trying to hide my breasts at all.

"Well..., now that you mention it..." Riley replied, pausing for just a moment before continuing, "No!"

"Oh? So you never even THOUGHT about me being naked when you invited me along today?" I asked, as if I would feel hurt if he hadn't - and I would have been!

"Well..." as again Riley paused before continuing, "I mean it's not like I didn't THINK about it... but you know...?

Indeed I did but it was still fun to tease him about it so I pushed on, "And so what else were you thinking about me when you were imagining me naked?"

Something told me that while Riley had certainly entertained the thought of me being naked - as likely the other two did as well since after all, they WERE guys, I doubt he ever envisioned me being quite so forward about it. What the heck, it wasn't like I had a month to let things work out over time. I really wanted them to know that I was fine with most anything they might have fantasized about so we could get down to having some REAL fun! Rather than wait for Riley to compose an answer, I decided to just lay it all out on the line.

"Look fellas, obviously I'm horny and I'm guessing you all are too," I said matter-of-factly, glancing deliberately down at the tent pole rising even higher in Marc's wet shorts, "So why don't you guys get out of those shorts and just fuck me - you KNOW you want to!"

Up until now I'd surprised them plenty and probably had we done nothing more, they would've gone home happy and masturbated about all the things they COULD have done with me. From the looks on their faces, it was now beyond the 'surprise" factor - way beyond. Marc's eye widened like saucers and he looked at his brother as if seeking his guidance.

Ray, however, was a cooler customer and while I could tell he was bit taken off-guard when I first said it, he quickly regained his composure. Then he looked at me as if he wasn't sure I was being serious or just one hell of a nasty tease.

"Alright then, if that's what you want, let's see you blow my brother first," he said, as if daring me to back up my bravado.

Marc visibly gulped, looking over at his brother as if he couldn't believe his ears.

"OK then... Marc, you heard your brother, now take off those shorts... now!" I said in a demanding tone.

I may be playing the role of the ultimate slut for them but I wasn't going to be their slave toy either. This was my party now and I wanted to be in control.

Marc hesitated and so I moved over closer to him and reached over to undo his shorts. He just sat there, as if he didn't know whether to stop me, help me, or do it himself and in the end he just remained frozen in place as I pulled his shorts down past his knees and finally to his feet and off, tossing them towards the front of the boat. Sure enough, Marc's dick was like a rigid pole, pointing straight up like a missile on the launch pad ready to go into orbit.

"So Ray, ever watch your little brother get his dick sucked?" I asked, looking back at Ray.

"Hell, I don't think HE has ever seen his dick sucked," Ray chortled as his eyes focused on my bare ass that was now aimed in his direction.

"Hmmmmmm... Is that true Marc, have you had a BJ before?" I asked, looking up at Marc.

One look at his face told me all I needed to know. Damn! Two BJ virgins in two days. I thought California was supposed to be the home of hippies and free love and wild sex!

"Well, since you're his big brother, why don't you sit over next to him and watch?" I taunted Ray. He shook his head and came back, "Nawwwwww, I don't need to see THAT up close. I prefer the view from here!"

Indeed, he wasn't look at where I now was holding Marc's dick in my hand, he was absorbed with my bare butt, even if I was keeping my legs together such that my pussy wasn't showing - at least for now. I looked up at Marc as I slowly started to stroke his dick. It wasn't anything to write home about, maybe five inches at most, but damn was it hard! That was one thing about smaller dicks, they seemed to make up for with hardness what they lacked in size.

"Soooooo, do you want me to suck your dick Marc?" I said more softly this time. He nodded but that wasn't good enough for me. "No, I want to hear you say it. Now tell me - do you or don't you want me to suck your dick?"

Marc looked at his brother again and then down at me holding his dick. I think he liked what I was doing but he didn't seem too sure about his brother watching. Still, I WAS stroking his dick and he WAS horny as hell now so he managed to get out a high-pitched, "Yes!"

"Noooooo," I corrected him again, "I said I wanted you to tell me so say it."

By now I was getting along pretty well with my hand-job and he was becoming less and less worried about his brother and more and more interested in what I was doing. "Yes, I want you to suck my dick," he finally blurted out. I smiled back in return and said, "There, that wasn't so hard was it? Not nearly so hard as your great dick."

OK, so it wasn't a GREAT dick but every guys likes to hear a girl compliment his cock and I was sure Marc was no exception. I looked back at Ray and Riley one last time, gave them a grin, and then turned back to Marc and lowered my head to his dick.

At first I just licked the tip, and then up and down his fleshy shaft with my tongue. Then I put my lips over his shaft, sort of like when you eat an ear of corn except I was careful not to bite him! I nibbled on his dick from the base to the head and then back down again before going up once more. With my eyes meeting his, I let his dick slip between my lips and into my mouth, sucking gently on the mushroomed head while I teased the tip with my tongue.

"Oh yeah, go for it Marc," his brother encouraged him.

Riley was quiet, probably wondering how he'd ever been so lucky to find a slut like me on the beach this afternoon. Well, that made us BOTH lucky I guess, didn't it? As for me, I'd never even dreamed I'd be so lucky today!

I sucked gently on Marc's dick. I knew better than to get too aggressive too soon as odds were he was ready to explode as it was. Probably not even in his wildest fantasies had he ever dreamed anything this would ever happen to him! After a while I lifted my head up and turned back to Ray and Riley.

"Hey! Are you two just going to watch or is someone going to fuck me?"

There, I'd be willing to bet pretty heavy that they'd never had a girl say THAT to them before, at least not one they hadn't paid for! It was really a lot of fun for me to act out this way, like I was a total slut and nothing was too wild for me to say or do. Of course, even I have my limits but hopefully neither of them would push hard enough to find them. Riley and Ray exchanged glances and it was Riley that finally spoke up, looking at Ray as he did.

"Well, it's YOUR brother she's blowing so I guess it's only right that you fuck her, don't you think?"

"Well, if you insist," Ray replied, as if he was doing it under duress but we all knew better than that.

Ray quickly pulled off his shorts to expose his own erection. Hmmmmmm, older brother was not only bigger overall, but a lot bigger between his legs as well. Still nothing to star in a porn flick with, but a respectable six or seven inches and considerably thicker than his younger brother's tool.

Satisfied I had "motivated" him, I went back to blowing Marc, still going slow to keep him on the edge without pushing him over. I could taste the distinctive bitterness of his precum as it began to seep from his cock so I slowed my ministrations even more to stall off his orgasm for as long as possible.

I spread my bare legs apart a bit now, giving the guys a slightly better view of my asshole and pussy but I made a point of not looking back, instead I waiting to see what would happen next. Riley and Ray just sat there for now, watching me and commenting back and forth. I don't think they thought I could hear them but it's amazing how sound carries when you're on the water, especially with the motor off and the lake so smooth.

"Damn, look at her go... that bitch really seems to love sucking dick."

"Yeah, your brother looks like he's died and gone to heaven."

"Shit, you say you found her at the BEACH? Sure you didn't hire her?"

"Hey, what can I say? Someday peanuts, someday shells! Guess I got lucky today, eh?"

(chuckles) "Looks like Marc's the one getting lucky!"

"Can you believe that ass? Looks like it gets plenty of sun too."

"Tell me about it, and you can tell that she knows we're watching... just look at the way the slut spread her legs further apart for us just now."

(more chuckles) "Hmmm, you know, I think she wants it more than you Ray. I thought you were going to fuck that fine piece of ass?"

I heard someone moving about behind me. I was tempted to look behind me but I didn't want them to know I'd been listening to every word as I held Marc's quivering cock in my mouth, using just my tongue now to play with the head. Then I felt a hand moving up between my thighs and cupping my warm crotch. His finger pressed into my pussy, sliding into me easily as wet as I was (and I don't mean from having recently being in the lake!).

"Damn, she's soaking wet Riley... guess you were right!"

I moaned as his finger explored me, the rest of his hand pressing up against my shaved crotch putting pressure on my clit. With Marc's dick in my mouth, the moan was more like a hum which drew a quick response from Marc.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned, sounding more in agony than ecstasy but I knew he was loving it from the way his hands pressed my head down further onto his stiff dick.

"She doing you good?" I heard Ray ask his brother as he pushed a second finger in me, "She's got a great pussy too... wet and tight, just the way I like 'em."

Marc wasn't in any shape to carry on a conversation. It was obvious he was ready to cum from the way he was squirming under me, his hips raising involuntarily up against my mouth, instinctively trying to drive his dick in further as if he was fucking me.

Just then Marc pulled his fingers out of me and instead used them to split my pussy lips apart. He pushed my legs further to each side and then I felt something pressing up against my pussy - the hard head of his dick. I would have loved to have seen it and maybe suck on it first but with Marc still in my mouth and Ray was far too horny for any foreplay, all of which was fine with me. As Riley had rightfully observed before, I wanted him to fuck me as much as he did - maybe more.

When Ray pushed his dick in me without any warning, I almost gagged on Marc's dick as I gasped. Damn, his dick felt bigger than it looked! It was like I was being split in two for the first instant and then as his shaft drilled into me the pain was quickly replaced with this incredible sensation of sheer pleasure that made me groan again.

"Hear that little brother... she loves my dick in her," Ray bragged to Marc, "Damn she's got a tight cunt!"

As soon as he was in me Ray started pumping his cock in and out of me, slowly at first, leaving it all the way in me for a few seconds each time before slowly pulling it almost all the way out of me before teasing me with just the tip and then slowly driving it back in. Each time it was like I was being filled with his dick only to have this terrible emptiness which was followed by that magical feeling I get when I can feel my pussy being filled by a dick once again. God it felt SO good to be fucked like this, especially with his brother's dick on the verge of exploding in my mouth at any second.

It dawned on me just then that so far as I knew, this was the first time I'd ever been fucked by brothers - at least at the same time. I've had sex with brothers before, only at separate times. In fact, I'd even fucked the brother of my very first boyfriend way back when I was just fourteen. Somehow over the years I'd never managed to get both guys at the same time so in a way, this was a milestone for me I guess you could say.

My thought train was broken when Marc finally couldn't hold back anymore. I could feel him rising up and I let about half his dick out of my mouth to make it easier to take his load. Just as I did he let out a loud gasp and the first load of cum exploded from the tip of his cock, striking the back of my throat with amazing force as if shot from a pressurized fire hose.

"Oh my God!" he groaned as he thrust his dick upward with each succeeded ejaculation.

I managed to match his movements pretty well, letting each load further fill my mouth until I let me lips loosen on his shaft just enough to allow some of it to spill out and drip down my chin onto his wonderful dick. Personally, I'd have been just as happy to let it all stay in my mouth and just swallow it down when he was done, but the hallmark of a good blowjob was not only to satisfy a guy physically, but to give him a show he'll always remember as well. As much as I knew he'd be masturbating many a time in the future as he recalled this moment, the mental image of his cum dripping down his cock as he "overflowed" my mouth with his massive load would make it just that much better.

As Marc was cumming, Ray held his dick still in me as I felt him twist to the side to get a better view of me taking his brother's load. Sure enough, he was turned on by my technique as well.

"Atta boy, that's my brother... too much cum for her to handle!" he cheered Marc on.

Marc slumped on the seat as the final load was emptied into my mouth. I went down on his spent dick, licking up the cum that covered it, causing him to jerk as another spasm was triggered by my mouth twisting around his sensitive shaft. With that I lifted my head, opening my mouth to show him the cum that had pooled on my tongue, grinning to him as I felt a bit proud of my performance.

"Let's see his cum," Ray called out so I twisted my head around to face him, opening my mouth as far as I could without losing the load of cum in it.

I grinned as I shut my mouth, swallowed it down with a couple of exaggerated gulps, and then opened my mouth again to show first Ray, and then Marc, that I'd swallowed every drop.

"Damn, will you look at that... she swallowed all your cum Marc," Ray observed, like Marc needed to be told!

Ray resumed his fucking with renewed vigor now that he'd seen me take Marc's cum. I still had my arms resting on Marc's legs and his cock remained hard just inches in front of my face, sometimes hitting me on the cheek or forehead as I was rocked back and forth when Ray thrust himself wildly in and out of me. He had his hands on my bare hips, pushing and pulling me in sync with his movements. It was tempting to take Marc's dick back in my mouth to see how he would react but Ray's cock in me was all I could concentrate on as I put one arm under me and started playing with my clit. Ray fucked me faster and faster.

"Hey, look at her play with herself," I heard Riley call out to the brothers, the first word I'd heard from his direction since Ray had started fucking my pussy.

"Yeah, she wants it alright... fucking slut," Ray replied.

Unlike when Mrs. Eisneberg called me that, I knew Ray calling me a slut was his way of complimenting me for being so hot to fuck and so I felt good that he called me that. Hey, it's not like I wasn't one - and proud to be one at that!

"Fuck me Ray... fuck me harder," I said through gritted teeth, my first words to him since his dick had entered me.

"Yeah! Give it to her... fuck the tramp," Riley cheered Ray on.

"You like my dick in your cunt, don't you?" Ray said, more a statement than a question but I responded anyway.

"Oh god yes!" I moaned in response, "I love your fat cock in my cunt."

Granted, "cunt" is not my usual term for my pussy but I knew it turned him on to hear me call it that so that's what I did. Something about a filthy mouth seemed to turn guys on, at least most guys and ray certainly seemed to fall into that category.

Suddenly he pulled out but it wasn't to cum, he had other ideas. He lifted me up off my knees and told his brother to get out of the way as he put me on my back on the seat, lifting my inner leg up onto the top of the cushion while allowing the outer one to drape over the edge, my foot on the carpeted floor of the boat. Putting one knee up between my legs, Ray gripped his dick firmly in his hand, guiding it back to my pussy which was plainly in view now for all three of them to watch.

"Let me show you how it's done Marc," Ray bragged again to his younger brother as he wiggled the head of his dick at the entrance to my pussy, teasing me and making me squirm in anticipation.

"See that, she wants it bad. Tell my brother what you want slut."

I looked over at Marc who had taken his brother's seat up front next to Riley, who was still fully dressed and showed no signs of joining in. For just a second I found myself wondering why he wasn't trying to fuck me as well but then Ray slapped his cock against my clit, sending shudders through me as he stimulated it.

"I want you in me... fucking me,,, filling my cunt with your big dick," I moaned - no acting required, that was for sure. God, I did indeed want him back in me - BADLY.

"Beg for it slut, beg me to fuck you."

Damn, he was certainly full of himself but I wasn't about to say anything because at this moment I wanted to be full of him as well. God I wanted him to fuck me - I NEEDED him to fuck me. Feeling his dick rubbing my crotch was driving me crazy with lust. God, did he have ANY idea how badly I wanted it in me?

"Please fuck me, please!" I begged - sincerely at that. "Oh my god, I NEED you to fuck me... please put it in me Ray!"

"That's better... here you go, just what you want."

With that he FINALLY pressed his dick against me and I lifted my hips up to greet it, trying to draw him inside of me so I could feel that wonderful sense of fullness and completeness again. Oh it felt so good when he was back in me! I looked over at Riley and Marc and smiled at them, my face aglow with the sheer pleasure of being fucked just to feel good. Seeing them watching me, then feeling Ray's large hand on my pulsating clit as he pumped me with his erect dick, set me off finally and I came - and I came hard!

"Oh god!" I cried out, my upper leg straightening out like I was having a cramp while I tried to steady myself on the seat with both hands as my orgasm took control.

It was like an out-of-body experience, like my body was reacting to some fantastic sensation yet I was powerless to control it or do anything but lay there with my back arched and head thrown back as Ray continued to fuck me with that fantastic cock of his.

"Damn, I think she's going to pop my cock!" Ray told the other guys as my pussy gripped his dick, trying to hold onto it and never let it out of me, "I can't believe how tights she is now!"

"Oh...my...god!" was all I could say as he shoved himself deep inside of me and then held himself there as he rotated his hips to move his dick around inside of me. It was all I could do to keep from screaming out at the top of my lungs, to tell the whole world how good Ray was fucking me.

"Mmmmmmm, look at those tits bounce," Ray observed, putting his hand on one of them shortly afterwards, "All pure, 100% made by Mother Nature too!"

Well, my boobs are exactly small any more, a pretty solid C cup most of the time depending on the bra manufacturer, but nobody would mistake them for being the results of any enhancement procedures. Still, I liked it when he complimented my boobs as most guys just focus on my pussy and ass.

Keeping his dick in me, Ray leaned over and licked my nipple with his tongue and then sucked on it between his lips, pulling on it with his teeth just enough to hurt but still feel good at the same time. My orgasm was beginning to dwindle by then but his mouth on my breast revitalized it, sending me back over the top once again. Between his mouth on my breast and his dick filling my pussy, I was in heaven!

"Cum in me... I want you to cum in my pussy," I managed to finally get out as I panted and tried to catch my breath.

"Hear that guys? She wants me to cum in her!" Ray announced just in case the other two weren't paying attention - little chance of THAT under the circumstances I would think.

Then he looked down at me and our eyes met and I could see the animal lust in them. It excites me to see a man when he gets in this condition. When they get this far gone, even if for some unimaginable reason I wanted him to stop, I knew he wouldn't. There was no stopping this freight train once it left the station. Ray was going to fuck me until he came in me - and nothing in the world was going to stop him. Knowing that, seeing it in his eyes and expression, was incredibly hot!

"You wanted it, you're about to get it," he warned me as he was pumping me as hard and fast he could now.

It was all I could do to keep my place on the seat cushion without falling to the floor as he pounded my starving pussy, fucking me like some wild animal.

"Oh fuck... oh yeah!" he cried out, arching his back as his hips thrust forward to drive his dick as deeply into me as he could while "mating" me.

Then he made a short stroke and as he rammed it deep into me again, I felt that odd sensation of warmth inside of me I get when a man releases a warm load of sperm inside of me.

"That's it Ray... give it to me... give it all to me," I whispered hoarsely as he gave me one load after yet another.

I felt wonderful, fulfilled, satisfied, all those sort of things as he deposited his sperm in me. Mmmmmmm, this is what sex is all about when you push aside the distractions and annoyances. This was it - a man fucking and then cumming inside a woman. This was the essence of sex, the culmination of all we had done up to this moment.

Finally he was done and he quickly pulled out of me, leaving my swollen and wet pussy wide open for the other two to see. I pushed down, like trying to deliver a baby, and was rewarded with the funny sensation of his cum as it drained out of me and ran down my ass to the seat cover below.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S how it's done," Ray bragged some more, "Look at my cum dripping out of her cunt Marc."

I just laid there, totally exhausted and unable to even lower my leg down from the seat back. It was OK, I didn't mind them looking at my freshly fucked pussy. In fact, I loved the way their eyes were focused on my exposed crotch, staring at my freshly fucked pussy as my body felt weak yet sort of tingly as the same time as I struggled to clear my head after being fucked so well.

Seeing Riley smile, I wondered if he was considering taking a turn now or if sloppy seconds weren't for him. I know some guys who aren't phased by being the second - or third or more guys to cum in me in a row but many guys are funny about it, Maybe they think it is homophobic to want their dick swimming in another man's cum. For whatever reason, he wasn't showing any signs of wanting to have sex with me and to be honest, that was OK with me at this moment. Now give me ten or fifteen minutes to regroup and then I might feel a LOT differently but at this moment, that was how I felt.

"Ready for some more waterskiing?" Riley asked, as if we'd just taken a break to rest.

Resting was about the last thing I'd done so getting out there and trying to ski now would have been all but impossible for me.

"Nawwwwww, I think we got what we really wanted today, don't you agree Marc?" Ray answered.

Marc just nodded, his dick still as erect as a steel rod and I had no doubt he wouldn't have minded taking another shot at me himself. He didn't speak up, though, letting his brother make the decisions - something I had a feeling was usually the case when they were together.

As they put their shorts back on I managed to sit up again, causing more of Ray's cum to flow from my pussy. God I was a wreck! I could still feel some of Marc's cum on my chin and my crotch felt like it was a sticky mess. Lord only knew what my wet hair looked like! As tired as I was, I was still horny so I couldn't resist a little teasing.

"What's the matter guys, nobody wants to fuck me again?"

All three of them started to laugh and Ray once again was the spokesman answering, "Damn, you really ARE a crazy-ass slut... two loads of cum not enough for you?"

Honestly, it wasn't! I just grinned and shook my head, spreading my tired legs apart like a cheap whore to reveal my cum-covered, freshly fucked pussy. Reaching down, I scooped up a little of the cum that remained on me and then licked it off my fingers. I felt so nasty, so dirty to act like this in front of three guys I'd only met a couple of hours earlier but then again, maybe them BEING strangers was what made it so hot for me.

Once we were back I would never see them again so what did it matter what they thought of me? I sort of liked projecting the image of a wanton slut, a girl who would fuck anything with a dick. It wasn't THAT far off the mark but they didn't have to know the reality of my situation. Can you imagine their reaction if they knew I was here to attend a church-sponsored convention!

Riley had started the boat and was heading to shore so I figured I'd better put something on before anyone saw me sitting stark naked in the back of the boat. After what they'd just done to me it really didn't concern me THAT much but still, I didn't want to get in any kind of trouble for indecent exposure.

Looking around, I found my bikini top and bottom but before I put them on I needed to clean myself off a bit. Not wanting to use MY towel and have to worry about Mrs. Eisenberg seeing the cum stains, I grabbed one of the guys' towels and wiped myself down with it - they didn't complain. Once I was reasonably clean I put back on the bikini, tying the strings properly this time so I could walk around on shore without it falling off, and took my seat to enjoy the rest of the boat ride.

While the guys worked on getting the boat back on the trailer, I managed to catch the attention of the guys at the boat ramp. No doubt they wished they'd been one of the three guys who had gone out with the girl in the tiny bikini! Before I knew it, Riley was telling me they were ready to go and soon we were back at his parents' RV.

"Have a good time?" his mom asked as we got out of our trucks.

Marc's face turned crimson red and he turned away so she wouldn't notice but he was far too slow, although she didn't say anything. Ray assured her they had a great time but that he and Marc had to get back home to take care of some chores or whatever. He came to me and I thought for a moment he would kiss me - something neither of the brothers had done the whole time we had sex, but instead he just shook my hand and leered at me.

"Hey, if you ever need more 'help' on the lake - or anywhere else, just give me a call."

As they drove away, I waved and when I turned back, Riley's parents were both there, smiling at the two of us. I certainly didn't hope they didn't think I was some potential girlfriend of his. Heck, he hadn't even laid a hand on me in the boat and I was starting to wonder about what was going on with him. He certainly didn't SEEM gay but then sometimes you never know for sure.

"Care to stay for a while longer?" his mom asked sweetly. I figured why not, my legs still felt a little shaky and resting a little more before returning to the RV might not be such a bad idea.

I saw the three of them look at me and then exchange glances. Now what was this all about?

I was about to find out…

## 4. The Family That RVs together... Plays Together

One question I get asked a lot is whether I've ever met or been with a family besides my own that practices incest. I don't mean anyone on-line because no matter how much you chat or e-mail, there is always that nagging question in the back of your mind as to whether any of it is real or even just a bit exaggerated.

Without compromising my own privacy and security, there's simply no way to be sure but I've come to accept that over the years and try not to let it bother me. There are a few special people I feel quite confident about, but I couldn't testify in court that they actually practice incest.

Since I don't know of anyone in my "real" life that practices incest (bestiality - yes, adultery - yes, pedophilia - yes, but not incest), my stock answer is always, "Not that I know of." OK, I'm sure someone will point out to me that there was ONE time way back in high school when the mother of my first boyfriend got involved with us but that was a one-time thing (at least I never got any confirmation that it ever happened again) and in my mind that really doesn't qualify as incest because it wasn't part of any on-going relationship between the two of them.

The point being that given the norms of our society, incest is at the very least looked down upon, not to mention illegal as well depending on the ages involved. While there may be some valid reasons for these ridiculous taboo back in the Dark Ages, prohibitions against incest are much like those against alcohol - unnecessary and unenforceable. Thus anyone practicing "true incest", at least as I believe it should be practiced, would not reveal their lifestyle to anyone outside their family no more than I would.

The problem, as I see it, is that the cases where you DO hear about incest actually should be identified as child abuse in that it usually involves sex with young children who, despite the claims of the adults involved, simply are not mature enough to make such major decisions as having sex. "Incest", by my definition, is the loving, CONSENSUAL, act of sex between family members used primarily as an expression of their love and respect for each other. Of course there is an element of pleasure involved, I am not naive, but that is a byproduct and not the primary reason for having incestual sex.

For instance, I don't have sex with my dad in the same way I do with a guy I date. My date fuckbuddies are for my enjoyment and fun. Hopefully they enjoy it just as much but I think about me first. However, I submit to my father because I love him and want to please him and make him happy, not to get myself off just because I'm horny. I don't have sex with my father so that he will love me, I have sex with him because he already does and thus I want our relationship to be as close and intimate as possible. Not intimate in a romantic sense - he is NOT my lover by any stretch of the imagination, but intimate in a physical manner. Really, what can be more intimate than sex?

What I'm trying to get at, and seem to have gone off on a tangent in the process, is that the odds are that there are probably quite a few families in your circle of friends and associates that practice incest - you just don't know it. NONE of our friends, neighbors, work and civic associates, etc., know my father fucks me. It's not that I'm ashamed of it - quite the opposite, but because of the profound negative impact it would have on our lives should it become public knowledge.

Even without that concern, why is anyone's sex life a subject of public discussion anyway? Who knows, maybe the family next door practices incest, maybe the family that sang at church last week, maybe a father and the daughter he brought last week to work on Bring Your Daughter to Work Day. Just because a family practices genuine incest doesn't mean the kids have to have bad teeth and low IQs like some stupid West Virginia caricature.

So bottom line, I've never knowingly met a family that practices incest but that in no way means I've never met one! The same answer applies to anyone for that matter.

Walking around the RV park earlier, I was constantly amazed me at the number and diversity of the people there. You name it, it was there. A surprising number of people seemed to have permanent sites, their RVs surrounded by fences, potted plants, even small storage sheds. Most had satellite dishes and all of them were air-conditioned, of course. I guess with the cost of homes in California that this was a cheaper way to have a summer home. There were RVs that looked like rolling mobile homes - huge monsters that must have had every amenity.

Then there were the truck campers that were little more than an enclosed truck bed. Many elderly couples, probably retired, were there but just as many young families, with bikes and kid toys strewn about, were represented as well. Rich, poor and in-between, it was like a cross-section of America all in one location. Did any of them practice incest? I bet some did.

With the departure of Rau and his brother Marc, for the first time I took a good look at the RV site where Riley's parents lived. Yes, I said lived. One of the first things they explained was that they stayed here most of the year while Riley lived in their permanent home. He paid their mortgage and took care of the place, freeing them to remain here where they had more friends and things to do without the worries of home ownership.

Riley gave me the quick tour of the RV and I was amazed. If I hadn't known it was on wheels I would've thought it was a small mobile home! Unlike the cheap RV the Eisenberg's had rented, this one was nicely decorated and even featured a door to their bedroom instead of a curtain. Even the bathroom was big enough to feel comfortable and didn't have that obnoxious outhouse odor like in the RV I was staying in.

Back outside, his mother - Judith as she asked me to call her, offered me a lawn chair and a glass of wine. I'm not a big wine drinker but it was a pink chardonnay, one of my favorites when I DID drink wine. She sat next to me while Riley and his dad (he introduced himself as Albert but said I was to call him Al) took up positions directly opposite us. I was a little self-conscious in that I was just wearing a bikini and my hair was damp and stringy but they didn't seem to care. If anything, I couldn't help but notice Al's eyes giving me that look I see when guys are undressing me with their eyes - not that there was much left to the imagination.

As I got to know them, I realized that my initial assessment when I first arrived had been wrong. They really weren't that old, it was just that Judith's hair was prematurely grey and she confessed she just didn't want to fool with coloring it. As for Al, he was about 50% bald, mostly on the top going down the back of his head. The rest of his hair was cute pretty short which served to de-emphasize his baldness. Like his son, Al was wearing baggy shorts without a shirt. Unlike his son though, who kept his torso shaved, Al had thick black and silver hair covering his chest and shoulders, almost like a wooly bear.

Judith was also in shorts, faded denim that were cut just above the knee. With her legs crossed, it was obvious that back in her heydays she had quite the set of legs. They now had a few wrinkles but otherwise she would have put many women ten years younger than her to shame. She was wearing a black tank top and I was a little amused to note she wasn't wearing a bra. Almost fifty years of waging war against gravity had taken its toll, though, and her boobs sagged a bit but not such that they looked like granny boobs, hanging to her belly. It helped in that they weren't all that big, maybe a B cup at best. Some girls may love their big boobs when they are younger but later in life there is a price to pay! She had her hair tied back in a long ponytail which was unusual for her age but gave her a more youthful look as a result.

Both of her parents treated me like I was just another family member. They seemed rather surprised to learn why I was in California but not nearly as surprised as Riley appeared to be once he heard. He gave me this, "You've got to be kidding" look and I knew he had to be thinking how could a nice Christian girl be such a slut?

Actually, that raises a point that really bugs me sometimes - well make that a lot of the time. Why is it that so many people think that being a Christian and a slut are mutually exclusive? My body and sexuality are a part of God's plan for me and should be celebrated, not hidden or something to feel embarrassed about.

God created sex and so long as we follow his laws and guidelines, sex should be part of our lives before God to honor and celebrate his gifts to us. You don't have to wear long denim skirts and baggy clothes with your hair tied up in a bun to be a Christian. Nothing in the New Testament says a slut can't be a Christian. Even Jesus hung around with prostitutes and who's to say he didn't enjoy being with them? It's not like anyone writing in that era would have mentioned it if he had given the cultural taboos of the times.

So anyway, I have to admit that for a brief moment I wanted to tell Riley to kiss off but cooler tempers prevailed and I realized he was just reacting the same way most people would today who didn't understand my convictions.

After a glass of wine I was starting to feel a little light-headed. I hadn't eaten much all day and the alcohol was going straight to my head. It didn't help in that I needed to pee pretty badly as well! Finally it got to where U had to ask Riley if I could use the restroom in the RV. He nodded and said to go in by myself. I stood up and just as I was about to turn away I noticed that the three of them all seemed to have the same expression on their face. It was almost eerie, like one of those sci-fi movies where aliens take over people's bodies and they communicate telepathically with one another. Just as fast as it was there it was gone, leaving me to wonder if ever happened at all or if it was just the wine going to my head.

Once in the restroom I slipped down my bikini bottoms and took care of business before anything else. While sitting there I looked at the bottoms and noticed I must have been still leaking cum after I put them back on based on the cum stains in the crotch area. My skin itched a bit thanks to a thin coating of dried cum over my bare pussy so when I was finished with the toilet I used the opportunity to wash myself up in the sink. Feeling cleaner and with my bladder no longer threatening to burst, I reached for my bikini bottoms that I had tossed over the shower door when to my surprise, the bathroom door opened.

I don't care who she is, put any girl in a bathroom, strip her bottoms off (and/or top for that matter), and open the door on her unexpectedly and I guarantee what her response will be. She will gasp, her eyes will bug out, and her arms and hands will instinctively react to cover whatever area of her body is exposed. Well, I'm no different than any other girl in such situations and so I automatically backed against the shower stall, went into a crouch and put my hands over my crotch to hide my pussy. In the doorway was Riley!

"Hey, you don't have to worry about hiding anything, it's not like I didn't get an eyeful earlier!" he chuckled, seeming to be amused by my automatic response to his unexpected entrance.

"Well you could have at least knocked!" I said, catching my breath after having it frightened out of me.

"Yeah, I could have... but then I wouldn't have gotten to see you be embarrassed - something I was starting to think wasn't possible," he teased me, standing in the doorway staring at my naked bottom as I stood up and regained my composure.

I had to admit to being a little confused. Less than an hour ago he had watched me being fucked without showing all that much interest in me. Now it was like he couldn't take his eyes off my ass, not to mention he had the definite signs of an emerging erection.

"What's the story here anyway?" I asked, my hands on my bare hips trying to act as if standing there with just a bikini top on was the most natural thing in the world, "Out on the lake you could have fucked me or anything else you wanted but you didn't lay a hand on me. Now with your parents right outside you can't take your eyes off my ass. What gives?"

Riley grinned at me, not that happy-go-lucky grin he showed me at the beach, but this was more like the hunter grinning with anticipation as he approached his prey - me in this case.

"Let's just say I'm really not into having sex in public with two guys watching," he answered, "Now if it had been two of your friends..."

He didn't finish his sentence, nor did he need to. Typical guy - didn't want his guy friends to see his dick in action but more than happy to show off for a couple of girls.

"So what now?" I asked, the answer obvious to me as soon as the words left my mouth, "Oh, you want to fuck me NOW?"

"Well, you've got to admit a bed is a lot more comfortable than some sticky boat seat in the blazing sun."

He had a point. I was about to mention something about his parents hearing us but then he was old enough to do what he wanted, WHERE he wanted. No doubt that had been the source of the "look" I'd seen exchanged when I'd left the group – them agreeing to let their son have a little fun with the slut he'd brought him. Obviously this wasn't the first rodeo for them when it came to their son's sexual conquests. Cool parents – but then again, he WAS almost thirty so what were they going to say, he was too young?

I'd my bikini bottoms in my one hand so he reached out to take my other. "No sense putting that back on," he said with a grin, "One less thing to fool with later."

Riley moved out of the way just enough for me to pass by him and out the door, As I did, I felt a hand behind my back and sure enough, he'd undone the back ties of my bikini top.

"Hmmm, I think someone's horny!" I teased him, letting my bikini hang by the top strings which meant most of my boobs were now exposed.

"And like you're not?" he countered, "I somehow got the impression that was just a warm-up out there on the lake so far as you were concerned."

I let that one pass as I went into the bedroom at the end of the RV. Wow, it was almost as big as my bedroom back home when I was growing up! The bed was made up with a checkered quit on top. I climbed onto the bed, taking off the bikini top in the process and dropping my sandals at the edge such that I was nude once at the center of the bed. Turning around to face him, I was on my knees and saw he had also dropped his shorts on the way. Mmmmmmm, he had a wonderful dick which was already in the process of becoming erect, maybe at least half-way there by now.

"So I take it you intend to fuck me this time around and not just watch?" I teased him.

"Well, eventually but I have a few other things in mind before that," he said mysteriously but I quickly realized what he meant. He pushed me onto my back, spread my legs apart and sat on the edge of the bed admiring my pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the look of a shaved pussy," he complimented me, "So do you masturbate a lot?"

I hadn't expected that question. In fact, I hadn't expected ANY questions but had assumed he would just fuck me and do it quickly. It wasn't that the question embarrassed me, I just wasn't expecting it at this time or place.

"Sure, quite a bit actually."

"Show me how you masturbate."

Ahhhhhh, so Riley was even more a voyeur than I'd thought. First it was watching his friends fuck me and now he wanted to watch me do myself. Well, if that's what turned him on, I had no objections! Having a guy watch me masturbate always turned me on just as much as it did him.

"OK, but I want to watch you stroking your dick while I do," I countered, figuring I may as well see how he would react. He didn't disappoint me.

"Like this?" he asked, his right hand grasping his erection and slowly stroking it.

Well, he'd held up his end of the bargain, now it was my turn. I pulled a pillow under my head to make it easier to watch him and then I cupped my pussy and started rubbing myself with the palm of my hand pressing against my clit.

"God that is so hot!" he sighed, his eyes fixated on my crotch, never taking his eyes off even for a second.

I was turned on as well. Surprisingly (or maybe not so surprisingly), few guys seem to like masturbating while being watched.

"Show me your pussy."

I smiled and put both hands between my legs, spreading my wet pussy lips apart for him, using my finger to rub my clit gently as I did.

"God your pussy's incredible... put your finger inside."

I smiled even more at that request. It might surprise guys, but most girls I know never put their finger inside of their pussy while they masturbate. Well, maybe enough to help spread some wetness to make it easier to rub themselves, but I mean so far as "finger fucking" goes, outside porn flicks it's a minority of women who practice it (I happen to be one of them). Yet when it comes to guys, EVERY guy I've masturbated for wants to see my finger inside of me. I guess there's some element of naughtiness about a girl putting her own finger(s) up inside of herself where the guys wants to put his dick. Well, as I mentioned, I am one of those girls that likes to use my finger to help imagine being fucked so I was more than willing to do as he asked.

"Put another one in," he whispered hoarsely after I had my first finger inside of me.

Fine with me! Soon I had two fingers pushing in and out of my wet pussy hole. Riley's eyes barely even blinked as he stared at me while I masturbated right in front of him.

"Taste yourself for me," was his next command.

Really, could his demands be any easier to follow? Since I was a little girl I've always loved the scent and taste of my own pussy. Although I'd experimented a bit with it earlier, it wasn't until I was eleven and started masturbating that I got serious about licking my fingers after having them inside of me. Over the years I've tasted a few other girls but I have to say, and I admit a bit of bias may have entered into my decision, my pussy tastes the best!

"Taste good?" he asked. I smiled and then responded with, "Why don't you see for yourself?"

Now it was his turn to grin again and he moved between my legs and then crawled up onto his elbows such that he was over me with his nude body.

"First I want to taste your tits," he told me as he took first one and then the other nipple in his mouth.

I was so horny my nipples were like two monuments sticking out from my chest and it really felt good to feel his mouth over them while his tongue swirled about.

"Oh that feels so good," I sighed as he suckled on them.

He gradually worked his way down my belly and as soon just above my crotch, liking my bare skin and then detouring around until he was licking my inner thighs. God he was making me even more horny and hungry than before!

Then his face was buried in my crotch and I felt his tongue licking between my pussy lips, searching for my clit. As excited as I was, it was swollen such that a blind man could have found it and I trembled as his tongue circle around and around my clit, driving me nuts with anticipation.

Unfortunately, most guys are not nearly as good as girls when it comes to licking pussy. They TRY awfully hard and I usually have to give an "A" for effort but invariably they just aren't in the same league as girls when it comes to licking my pussy. Sadly, Riley was in that group. While he made me feel good and it got me ridiculously horny to see him in action, there was just something lacking and I was left with the option of faking an orgasm to get him to move on, or to be more direct. I hate faking anything so that left the direct approach.

"Fuck me Riley, I want you to fuck me now." I asked in my most sultry voice.

At least he didn't have the ego trip that Ray was going on and so he didn't play the pleading game, making me beg him over and over to fuck me. Sure it had been worth it in the end, but right now I was horny and in no mood to fool around anymore than necessary.

"Well, if you insist," he replied.

Riley picked his head up out of my crotch and moved alongside of me, turning me onto my side facing away from him. I lifted my upper leg and rested my foot on his thigh, exposing myself for him as best I could. Riley reached around me, grabbed his cock and pressed it against my pussy. As wet as I was from him licking me, not to mention the great fucking I'd had a couple of hours ago now, he slipped in rather easily and immediately went for the home run, pushing it all the way until his crotch met mine, his dick now out of the way as it was completely enveloped by my warm and hungry pussy.

"Oh god, that feel so much better," I sighed as he just laid there behind, me, his dick literally throbbing inside of me.

Sometimes this can be just as rewarding as the hardest fuck, just lying motionless together, my pussy impaled on his wonderfully hard dick.

"This is nice," I whispered to him as he played with my hair while his dick rested inside of me, "You feel so good in me... and I just love it when you play with my hair."

Indeed, I felt so comfortable and satisfied that my eyes closed and I was one step from falling asleep when suddenly I heard a voice. Shaking my head, I realized that I HAD fallen asleep, all the while with Riley's cock still inside of me like a baby's pacifier expect this one was in my mouth rather than my pussy - and it was a whole lot bigger as well!

"Well, if that isn't just the sweetest picture, I don't know what is."

I rubbed my eyes as I laid there, trying to wake myself back up to full consciousness, my pussy twitching as his dick in me began to move I looked at the end of the bed and imagine my surprise to see BOTH of his parents watching, a look of amusement on the father's face.

"I don't know Judith, I have to say that's the first time I've seen a girl that hot fall asleep with our son's dick still in her! Doesn't that usually happen AFTER he fucks her dear?"

Judith was at Al's side, clutching his arm as she caught my eye and smiled. What the hell was going on now? Even as I wondered, Riley started fucking me again, slowly drawing his cock in and out of me as his parents watched like it was just another TV reality show or something.

"He was just teasing you dear," Judith said to Riley, "You know your father's warped sense of humor."

It was entirely surreal, laying in their bed as their son fucked me and the two of them sipping their wine as they watched. All that was needed was a bag of stale popcorn and an old candy bar and they might have been at the cinema tonight. I just laid there, not saying a word or even moving much for that matter, at least as little as a girl can with a hard dick sliding in and out of her wet pussy.

"Ahem!" someone coughed, I wasn't sure if it was his mother or father but it was his father that then spoke up.

"Ah son, are we forgetting our manners?"

I wasn't sure what he meant by that. Was he supposed to say something or do something while he fucked me? Was I? Then I watched as his dad dropped his shorts - no underwear either. I have to admit, the first thing that came to my mind was I knew what had happened to the hair on his head - it had moved to his crotch! My goodness, he had a forest down there! His dick was hanging limp still and was barely visible as it was literally surrounded by a thick bush of long pubic hair. So now what? Was he expecting to fuck me after his son?

Well, I was half right at least. He intended to fuck me, but he wasn't about to wait for his son to finish, he was going to do my NOW!

Riley pulled out of me without any further guidance from his dad and I just had this feeling it wasn't the first time they had done this. So what was the scoop, the son brought hoi young girls for his dad to fuck? What if I said now? Would it even matter at this point? Al climbed in bed but instead of moving up against me, he laid on his back with a pillow under his head.

"Ummmmm, I hate to have to ask but at my age a little help is always appreciated," he said in a soft, apologetic voice to me.

I flipped over to face him and immediately saw the "problem" - he was still flaccid at a time when most men would have been as stiff as a pipe by now.

"It's the damn blood pressure medicine... keeps me alive but sometimes I wonder if it's worth the cost," Al mused, "Do you mind?"

He didn't say exactly WHAT he wanted from me, evidently leaving that up to my discretion. I looked back at Riley to see what he might help me out with in terms of advice. To my surprise he was standing naked by his mom, who was still fully dressed, but had her hand on his crotch stroking his still-hard dick. It was all rather nonchalant, no different than if she had been rubbing his shoulder in the way they acted, but still not what I'd expected - not in the least.

"Usually he responds to oral best honey," Judith was the one to provide advice.

Oh well, why not? Admittedly I was already missing Riley's stiff dick in me but if this was the only one to be available to me, I'd better get to work on it! I poked through the massive pile of pubic hair and managed to get most of it away from his cock before I started sucking on him. Al's dick was pretty small being this flaccid and between that and the wall of pubic hair surrounding it, my face felt like I had it buried in a girls hair - a girl with a perm at that.

"She's pretty good son... you picked a good one this time," his father complimented Riley.

I felt thankful when I almost immediately felt a reaction stirring in his dick. It seemed to take forever and I had to use about every BJ trick in my arsenal but eventually the good guys triumphed and his dick was reasonable hard. Nothing like his son's and certainly not even in the same ballpark as Marc's had been this morning, but it was adequate for the task I knew was next - fucking me.

"Sorry, but that's about the best I can do," he apologized again for his half-erect dick, confirming what I'd suspected.

He wasn't making a move so I took that as a hint that he wanted me to mount him. No problem for me as that's my favorite way to start out fucking a guy. I like the freedom it gives me and the control to determine how far and how fast he goes. Normally I am alone with a guy and unless he has a real ass fetish, I prefer facing him as I ride his dick.

This time, however, was not "normal" in the slightest. With his mother still stroking her son slowly as the two of them watched, I wanted to keep an eye on them so I chose to go for the reverse cowgirl position, straddling his such that my butt was facing him and I was looking directly at Judith and Riley. Reaching underneath me, I grabbed Al's dick, which I was alarmed to feel had already shrunk a bit since I'd worked so hard to get it hard, and positioned it under my puss. There was no time to lose or he might not have enough of an erection to push it into me. My fears were quickly put aside as I felt his entering me. It wasn't like he was poking deep into my pussy, but it was more than adequate to stimulate the more sensitive regions of my pussy.

"Yeah, she's quite the little slut, isn't she son?" his dad asked him. Damn, how many times and how many people had referred to me as a slut today alone? I wondered how much Riley had told them about the boat ride earlier?

I couldn't do much in terms of bouncing on his dick out of fear it would slip out and I might not get it back in again. Instead, I ground my ass into his hair-

her husband, except it was a lot easier for her to get Riley's long hard shaft up inside of her pussy. Her legs were rubbing up against mine and as she sat on her son's dick, she leaned over and put her hand on my breast.

"You have beautiful breasts, Kelly," she said admiringly.

I blushed at her compliment which only seemed to embolden her all the more. She leaned over further and kissed me on the mouth. I turned to her and our lips met again, only this time out tongues touched and I held her boob as she caressed mine. The two of us kissed and touched one another as we sat on the guy's cocks. I'm sure they were getting an eyeful as well!

"So are you enjoying fucking my husband?" she asked.

If you hadn't understood what she said, from the tone you would have thought she had asked if I liked the RV! Everything just seemed so natural, as if this was something they did every day - and maybe they did for all I knew!

I nodded and she smiled saying, "Thanks, it always helps to have someone for him when Riley and I have sex, I hate for him to have to just watch."

Like I said before - SOOOOO surreal.

With that she climbed off of her son's dick and the more or less traded places, this time him on top in a classic missionary position. She panted and moaned as she came while he fucked her, not nearly as big a talker as I would have expected. Then it was his turn to cum and they kissed when he came in her.

Meanwhile, I was doing all I could to get his dad off. I'd been with other men with high blood pressure and I knew there was nothing that could keep a good man down as whatever it was they put in those damn pills. Not even Viagra seemed to help in these cases. Frankly, after Riley had cum in his mother, I was about to give up but just in the nick of time Al's grip on my ass tightened and he started to groan.

"I think I'm going to cum... don't stop!" he moaned.

I rocked back and forth, trying to rub his dick as much as possible using my pussy to encourage him to cum.

"Oh my god, it's happening!" he cried out, I think more to his wife than me.

I felt him jerk under me but to be honest, I couldn't feel a thing inside of me as no doubt he wasn't unleashing near the flood of cum that Ray had done earlier this afternoon. It was sort of like when a girl says she is cumming - I just had to take his word for it!

I felt him relax under me and so I got off of him and kneeled next to him on the opposite side as his wife and son. Leaning over, I sucked his cock and I could taste his cum as it mixed with my pussy wetness. There couldn't have been much as it wasn't even draining out of me and he hadn't been that far in but at least he had his orgasm. Not that I had, but there was a certain satisfaction in what I'd done.

"Go Kelly!" Riley cheered me on.

I didn't fully understand his enthusiasm until his mom sat up and grinned at me saying, "You're the first girl he's cum in for over a year now.. not even me."

Ahhhhhh, no wonder she was being fucked by her son so much and he was left watching. OK, so I hadn't cum but that wasn't the most important thing every time I have sex. I felt a little pride knowing I'd brought the old boy to an orgasm while he was in me. I wondered how many other girls had tried and failed?

It was then I noticed a clock next to be bed. Damn, the Eisenbergs were probably back and wondering what had happened to me. I had my cell phone with but it was in my bag outside so if it had rung I never would have heard it. I apologized and said I needed to leave. They seemed to understand and from the way she was looking at Riley, I had a feeling Judith was just as happy to go for round two with her son as soon as I was gone.

It was almost a half hour later before I was back at the RV. My feet were a bit sore as I had ended up hiking back as Riley seemed too engrossed with fucking his mother to remember to offer me a ride back. Sure enough, the car was outside and as soon as I walked in the door I was greeted by none other than my growing nemesis, Kelly Eisenberg.

"Where have you been, we've been trying to reach you for an hour now?" she demanded.

I basically told her everything - going to the beach, waterskiing, meeting his parents at their RV. Of course, I left out a few small details like having been fucked a few times and such! Actually, I doubt she would have believed me had I told her - or for that matter maybe she would have. Oh well, no sense in making things any worse with her.

"Is THAT what you wore today?" she asked, as if suddenly it dawned on her all I had on was a tiny bikini without any shorts or shirt.

I looked at her with a "what's the problem" sort of expression and she just rolled her eyes and huffed at me.

Actually, I took that as score one for me - she undoubtedly thought me more a slut than ever - and she wasn't the only one to think of me that way today! Not by a long shot.

# (Jun 28) Chapter 190: Disneyland Fun

Story codes: MF oral F-solo exhib adultery
Me (24)
Mr. Eisenberg (40)

I'd been to Disney World when I was a kid but this was my first time at this park and I'd grown up a lot since then as well. This time my visit to the "Happiest Place On Earth" was a bit different - to say the least.
Note: You might want to first read 2009 (Jun 26) Chapter 188: Unconventional Convention and 2009 (Jun 27) Chapter 189: Fun at an RV Park as I have tried not to be too repetitious in this entry about the events that took place in the days prior to this one.

## 1. Last Day in California

Actually, it was our last FULL day in California, the last day of the church convention I'd been blackmailed into attending. Yes, I said blackmailed. The ONLY reason I agreed to go along was because the new administrator of the school, where I wanted to teach in the fall, had insisted - make that demanded, that I come along. There wasn't much I could say as following Mr. Eisenberg's demands was a requirement I'd reluctantly agreed to as part of a bargain we'd struck to restore me to my teaching position at the school.

Just a little background (the full details are elsewhere in my Diary)...

Last fall I'd been forced to resign from my teaching position thanks to some nasty rumors spread by my now EX-boyfriend. Fortunately (I guess it depends on your outlook), the school administrator had a bad heart attack and so a new one was hired to replace him. My hopes were he would not know the details about my situation but as it turned out, the prior administrator must have given him some very private information about me. Unlike his predecessor, instead of refusing me a position, he used the information as leverage to satisfy his own "needs". End result - I was going to the convention whether I liked it or not.

Of all the potential things I had considered doing this summer, going to a national church convention was probably one of the LAST things I would have thought possible. To my surprise, so far it was working out far better than I ever could have dreamed. The only "problem" I'd faced was his wife, who had been quite the bitch towards me. Indeed, from the first moment she laid eyes on me in the Pittsburgh airport and realized I wasn't some old maid from school (as she'd evidently been expecting), but rather a girl at least ten years younger than her, she was on my case. For the most part I just tried to ignore her and make the best of things.

As I said, despite Mrs. Eisneberg things had gone pretty well so far. On the very first day of the convention I was fucked quickly by Mr. Eisenberg right before the opening session. Then just a few hours later I gave a rally cute guy his first blowjob in the overhead of the convention center ballroom. Before leaving the convention center for the day I got horny again and so I masturbated while being driven around town on a shuttle bus. Not a bad way to spend the first day!

The next morning I was horny as hell with anticipation now that I realized this trip wasn't going to be so bad after all. Even when his wife chastised me for the way I dressed for bed it didn't faze me. With her in the RV it was hard to take care of my normal morning "needs" so I ended up having to masturbate in the park bathhouse before we spent the morning at the convention hall. Despite my high expectations, this time the time spent in town was rather uneventful, leaving me a little disappointed.

When we got back to the RV park I was left on my own for the afternoon while the Eisenberg's went off on a private hot tub adventure. While trying out the beach area (calling it a "beach" is being kind to a sand pile by the lake) Lady Luck was with me as I was picked up by this hunky guy who took me out waterskiing with two of his friends.

As it turned out, we didn't get much skiing done but I got fucked pretty well instead out on the lake by his friend and his friend's younger brother. That was just the start as when we returned and his friends had left, I got involved with my first incestual family other than my own. It was just the guy fucking his mom while I did his dad but still, it qualified as a first for me!

Given the crazy way the first couple of days had gone, you can imagine my expectations were pretty high for our last full day in California. We would be catching an early flight the next morning so for all practical purposes this was the last day. There was a large church service in the morning and then some sessions scheduled at the Convention Center for the afternoon.

As we discussed our plans for the next day, neither of the Eisenbergs seemed overly excited about attending any of the remaining convention activities. To my surprise, it was his wife Kelly, (imagine the annoyance of having to spend an entire weekend with someone else having the same name as you) who came up with the idea of making a quick trip to Disneyland. Apparently she'd never been to either of the Disney theme parks and with Anaheim only a half hour away or so, she seemed rather excited by the prospect of at least getting a glimpse of the place.

After the way she'd been treating me ever since we'd first met, it took me a little off-guard when she asked me if I wanted to tag along. It sort of confused me. Was she was maybe softening her view of me? It could also have been just her exuberance over fulfilling some childhood dream that transformed her temporarily into a nicer person. Whatever the reason, I wasn't going to argue about it. We had to be back in time to pick up their kids from the Kid's Camp they'd been attending all weekend but that still left us most of the day.

Speaking of his wife, when Kelly and I first met I think she may have had some suspicions about me and her husband, but over the past few days it now seemed that maybe those concerns had faded somewhat. While I knew she still considered me to be a slut (and in a good way), she seemed to accept me now so long as her husband was not involved. All I could say was thank goodness she had no idea about my real "relationship" with him!

Oddly, more a few times Kelly had made off-hand comments about her own past and I couldn't help but wonder if she hadn't been the class slut herself back in her high school and maybe even college days. She WAS hot, even if her fake boobs somewhat turned me off, and more than once I found myself marveling that Mr. Eisenberg was willing to risk everything with her just to fuck me. Oh well, guys are never satisfied it seems. If I was more honest with myself I would have to admit that he was probably more turned on by the taboo of cheating with me than me being sexier than his own Kelly.

Were it not for the element of blackmail, I would be pretty excited about the prospect of him cheating with me again. I also had to admit that the idea of being with HER crossed my mind more than a few times, especially when we would be changing clothes and I got a quick eyeful of her incredible figure. Not bad, not bad at all for a mother of two young teenagers. Unfortunately, any other ideas I might have for her were squashed when she'd made her feelings about sex with girls perfectly clear - she had NO interest whatsoever at best and viewed the practice as disgusting, perverted and even sinful.

Given my so-called "relationship" with Kelly. when I woke up on Sunday morning I was a bit surprised to find the covers over me as usually I kick them off during the night. Looking around, I saw Kelly watching me as she stood by the sink with an odd smile on her face. Now this was interesting... My guess was that instead of waking me up and bitching about me exposing myself, as she had done yesterday morning, she had covered me instead. Was that meant as a gesture of kindness, perhaps a small peace offering? Or was she just making sure her husband didn't get a view of my bare ass after my nightshirt had ridden up while I was sleeping?

As I tried to clear my mind to contemplate all this, my thoughts were distracted by two intense feelings. First, I had to pee BADLY plus I was horny as hell and needed to masturbate (well, being fucked would've been better but beggars can't be choosers). I don't know if it was the water or the heat of the previous day that made me drink more than usual, but the last couple of mornings I'd wake and feel like my bladder was about to burst, not my usual number one priority in the morning (and I'm sure you can guess what THAT is),

Slipping out of bed and pulling down my nightshirt, I mumbled a good morning to Mrs. Eisenberg and made my way to the bathroom as there was no way I was going to make it to the bathhouse this morning. The bathroom in the RV was like the rest of the RV - tiny and cramped, not at all like the one in the big RV where I'd had fun yesterday. Making it worse was this horrible odor that must have been seeping up from the holding tank. It was enough to make me wrinkle my nose in disgust. Small wonder I usually made the trek to the bathhouse when I felt the urge. It may as well have been an outhouse - something else I avoid like the plague!

With THAT need taken care of, there was the matter of the other - me being horny. It seems I've always been the most naturally horny first thing in the morning. That may not seem so odd except that I wouldn't otherwise classify myself as a "morning person". Indeed, I would rather stay up all hours and then sleep in until noon given the choice.

Perhaps a better way of describing it would be to say I wake up horny - regardless of whether it's morning or not. If I'm REALLY lucky, I have a naked guy lying next to me who wants to fuck me first thing but that's definitely NOT the typical scenario so usually I just take care of myself.

People often ask me how often I masturbate to which I usually answer two to three times a day on average. Mornings like today are pretty much a given and it's not often I go to sleep without my hands making their way to my crotch. In between, who knows? It depends a lot on where I am and who I am with during the day. Some days I may just do the morning thing but I almost never go a full day without masturbating at least once. Sitting here writing this, I can't even remember the last time THAT happened.

Then there are those days when I may do it five or six times - or more, depending on how I feel that day and what's been going on,. Whether or not I have sex actually has little to do with how often I masturbate. The only impact having sex MAY have is more about whether I have the opportunity masturbate. After all, there's only so many hours in a day! To me, masturbation is something I truly enjoy, not a substitute for sex, so it's not unusual for me to have sex and then masturbate immediately afterwards, especially if the guy isn't into any snuggling afterwards and just falls asleep.

So anyway... even though there wasn't much room and the atmosphere was toxic, there was no denying the urges I was feeling as my pussy was practically cramping with hunger - hunger for a dick that is. I hadn't heard Mr. Eisenberg get up yet so there was no need to rush back out and deal with Kelly - even if she WAS in a surprisingly good mood this morning. As I heard her moving around outside making breakfast, I found myself thinking more about her.

Mmmmmmm, she had looked really hot this morning in nothing more than a short T-shirt - VERY short at that. It was more than was a little surprising to see her in such revealing attire as this was the same woman who recently criticized me for wearing nothing but a cotton nightshirt that came all the way down to my knees - a LOT further than hers did this morning. Of course mine was so thin that my nipples poked through like it wasn't there. It also seemed to have a mind of its own with a tendency to ride up over my ass as I slept. My tongue licked over my dry lips as I thought about how Mrs. Eisenberg's t-shirt had barely covered her butt, doing a fine job of showing off her tanned legs. It looked like she had been wearing panties but I wasn't sure.

Anyone who knows me wouldn't be surprised that once my mind got into this mode, there was no stopping me. Cupping my boobs over my nightshirt, I squeezed them while I fantasized about Kelly's boobs. They had pushed out against the undersized t-shirt she had on, stretching the material. OK, so they were way too big for her frame, at least in my opinion, but even so they looked pretty damn good under that t-shirt.

OK, so her boobs were nice but what REALLY grabbed my attention had been her legs. Long and tan, I would have killed to have them - even now. Although I'd just gotten a quick glimpse, it was enough to see that she had a great ass to compliment her legs. I wondered how she would've reacted had I put my hand under her t-shirt and caressed her butt as I passed by her this morning. Of course in reality I knew what she done, probably slapped me and then said who knows what about me, but still I couldn't help myself now as I fantasized more and more about being with her.

My fingers were moving faster on my swelling clit as I imagined Kelly putting her pretty face between my legs, the feel of her long dark hair against my inner thighs as she blew her warm breath softly against my wet pussy, then licking me gently with her outstretched tongue as she tasted her first pussy. As I touched myself I imagined it was her fingers on me, her tongue licking me, her lips tugging on my clit as she drove me crazy with desire.

Morning horniness, hot wife, hopes for a fun day... Under the circumstances, it didn't take long for me to cum, especially when my perverted fantasy began to include Mr. Eisenberg as I imagined him entering the RV, catching the two of us by surprise. It wouldn't have mattered as by then Kelly and I would be in a 69 position on their bed. Neither of us would be willing to stop, not even for him.

As I came, my pussy was gushing with cum as I imagined her husband jerking off, stroking his erect dick as he watched his awesome wife and younger mistress playing together for the first time with who knows what debauchery to come later.

God, it felt SO good to masturbate, SO good to cum, just so DAMN good! My breathing was labored by the time I finally pulled my hand from my crotch, then tasting myself on my fingers as I struggled to catch my breath. It was like I'd just come in from laying out in the sun, my entire body warm with the afterglow of my orgasm.

When I finally stepped out of the bathroom, I saw Kelly looking at me. Actually it was more like staring at me with this odd expression on her face.

"Are you feeling better now?" she asked, an interesting grin barely noticeable on her face.

I hesitated, not sure as to how to answer her. Was this sort of trick question? Was she referring to feeling better as in after brushing my teeth and getting cleaned up in the morning? Maybe it was a vague reference to the feeling of relief at emptying my bladder in the morning? Then again, I wondered if she knew what I'd REALLY been doing in there for so long. Yet even if that was the case, I was 100% positive that she would have had no idea WHO I'd been thinking about as I did myself. Then I wondered how often she masturbated? As hot as she was and as sexually active as she hinted at being when she was younger, it would've surprised me a lot more if she didn't spend a lot of time with her hand between her legs... those incredible legs!

Sorry to go off on a tangent but I have one point I need to make at this point. Who was the male chauvinistic pig who came up with the ridiculous idea that men like to masturbate more than women? I would strongly contend that women masturbate just as much, if not more, than most men. OK, so maybe women don't openly discuss it as much or make crude references to it the way men do about jerking off, but that doesn't mean we don't do it just as much or don't enjoy it just as much as men.

One of the great things about being a women is that I can masturbate just about anywhere, anytime. Sure, not as well as I can in my bed laying back naked with my legs spread; but by simply crossing my legs in church the right way, pressing up against a table leg during dinner at a restaurant, or even just wearing a really tight pair of jeans I can easily stimulate myself. Of course, it also helps that girls don't have to contend with an obvious erection like men do when they're horny. Personally, I think a lot of women masturbate more than men do, we just don't advertise it.

So anyway, rather than respond to Kelly's query, I chose to sort of side-step the question and just smiled, leaving it up to her how to interpret it. Kelly looked at me, frowned, and shook her head saying, "You really are something... aren't you." It was a statement, not a question, and I was actually a bit surprised at HOW she said it to me Until this morning she'd been so mean to me, condemning me for everything I did throughout the trip and yet now it was like she was almost accepting of me for who I am. Well, my nagging doubts were confirmed as it turned out I was being lulled into a false sense of hope by the bitch.

"So tell me Kelly, when did you start fucking my husband?" she said, casually as if asking me the time of day.

There was no accusing tone, no hint of jealousy or condemnation. Yet somehow I couldn't help but feel that I was being drawn into her web, for what purpose I had yet to figure out.

"Well, isn't that the REAL reason why he invited you with us - to fuck you?" she continued as I stood there speechless.

Then I realized that my lack of response could be interpreted as an admission that I WAS fucking her husband so I knew I had to say SOMETHING - and quickly.

Taking a deep breath as discreetly as possible, I replied, "Mrs. Eisenberg, I know you don't think a lot of me, for whatever reason I have no idea, but that would be adultery. Your husband is a wonderful Christian man and I'm a Christian as well so I really don't understand how you can accuse us of such a horrible thing."

She just rolled her eyes at me, not buying it for a second. "Noooooo, I didn't ask you about HIM, I asked when YOU started fucking him. Don't give me that look... I see the way he looks at you - and you look at him. And let's stop pretending you're some innocent naive girl here - I can see you for what you are. I told you before that I was a lot like you when I was your age so don't think you can fool me."

My thoughts raced and I knew I had to offer SOMETHING as she just wasn't going to believe me if I tried to maintain this story. I wasn't about to admit to having sex with her husband, but there were lesser "crimes" that I cold confess to and hopefully satisfy her inquisition.

"He doesn't fuck me...OK?" I started out and she immediately rolled her eyes and huffed but I continued anyway saying, "I'll admit that I've teased him and showed off a little bit but it was just during my job interview with him. You can't blame a girl for doing what she has to do to get a job these days, can you?"

"Actually I CAN blame you," she cut me off, frowning at me, "So just how far did this so-called 'interview' go?"

Looking back to the other end of the RV, I wondered if her husband was listening but all I could make out was the sound of his snoring. Looking back at her, I tried to pretend I was contrite and nervous.

"Well, did you flash him, did he touch you, did you give him a BJ... c'mon, what was it?" she pushed me for a response.

"He never touched me," I said, hoping that would be enough but of course it wasn't.

"Yeah right... but the question is more like did you touch him?"

As I shook my head I couldn't help but marvel at how easy it was to lie to her. "No... neither of us touched the other."

"So what the hell happened then? Don't try to tell me nothing - I know better than that."

I looked down, avoiding eye contact with her as if I was embarrassed. In reality, I was feeling horny as hell telling her all this, even if it WAS a complete fabrication.

"I... I masturbated for him."

She shook her head again. "OK, and how many times did you do it?"

"Just during the second interview is all... he asked me how badly I wanted the job and so I let him watch me."

"Sounds like something the bastard would pull," she muttered, her face a perfect image of disgust. "So did you enjoy putting on your little show for my husband? I bet you did.. you look like the type who would get off from that sort of thing."

It was all I could do to keep from grinning as I thought about how she would react if she knew just how much I'd enjoyed everything he'd done to me, not to mention a couple of days ago! Then again, what was with this comments about me looking like "the type who would"?

"Yes I did... I liked the way he looked at me," I confessed softly, trying desperately not to sound like I was bragging.

"And did my husband jerk off while he watched you playing with yourself?"

"Yes, of course he did," I replied meekly, knowing she would never have believed me if I'd said anything else.

She sat there for a moment as if digesting everything she'd just been told. In some ways she actually didn't look all that upset, as if this was just confirmation of what she already knew and come to grips with earlier. It made me wonder if he had done something like this before with another woman.

"The horny bastard... doesn't really surprise me though," she muttered, "so what about after that? Did he fuck you?"

"No... we haven't done anything since that one time," I lied straight to her face

"Was that your choice or his?" she fired back.

Again I pretended to be embarrassed, even a little contrite as I responded, "Well, it was his actually, I wanted him to but he wouldn't do me... I'm really sorry."

Mrs. Eisneberg looked at me closely, like she was trying to determine what species of insect I was.

"Well, at least I have to give the bastard credit for THAT," she murmured, "I suppose you enjoy seducing married men. Does it get you off, boost your ego?" She paused, gathering in my expressions before saying anything more. "No,,, don't say anything, I know how you feel... just as I also know now how it feels to be the betrayed wife in this sort of situation."

There are times when saying nothing is the best course of action and I knew this was definitely one of them. The tension in the air was electric but then she seemed to back off as she contemplated some more.

"OK, I guess I'm sorry that I accused you of anything or implied it," she suddenly said, her entire demeanor changing suddenly, "You can't blame me, considering the way you dress and act around him."

"Oh it's not just for him... I dress and act that way all the time," I blurted out, trying to help lower the DEFCON level a little more but quickly realizing it was NOT the right thing to say.

"Yes, I'm sure you do... I'm sure you do," she said softly, shaking her head slowly.

Then to my complete surprise she looked at me and actually reached forward to take my hand before adding, "Kelly... someday you'll be married and your husband will be tempted by a young slut half your age. Trust me, it WILL happen... and you'll react just as I have. I hope you'll take this as I mean it - don't make the mistakes I did when I was your age and fuck the guy. It's not worth it in the end."

Now what in the world was THAT about? I looked at her, wondering if she was going to elaborate but that was the end of whatever it was that was going on between us. It was like a hypnotist snapping her fingers and suddenly we were back to normal again. Mrs. Eisenberg returned to making breakfast, saying not another word to me as if nothing had happened at all. Wow, it was a little surreal to say the least.

Mr. Eisneberg woke up not much later and they decided to take the RV instead of the car to Disneyland. I guess it was supposed to be a cost-cutting move as they figured they could save some money on meals if they ate in the RV instead of in the park. Personally, I thought the few extra bucks for food would have been better than having to unhook everything in order to get the gas-guzzler RV on the road; but they were paying so who was I to say anything. Without further incident, we soon were on the highway, bound for the Magic Kingdom.

## 2. Pirates and Bears

The last time I was at a Disney theme park I wasn't quite yet a teenager and then it was to Disney World in Orlando. This was to be my first time at the original Disneyland and really, can ANYONE not be a little excited about going there? Unfortunately my first impression was one of surprise, even a bit of a let-down. It was in the middle of a city! I guess back when it was created Anaheim was more isolated but now you drove through the city and just turn into Disneyland. Not quite the "you're entering another world" feeling you get in Florida.

With the RV, we were directed to a special parking lot with bigger parking spots. Then it was into the park for what I hoped would be a day of fun. Overall, it WAS a nice day and it might have been more so had their daughters been with us to provide some of that younger excitement, but they weren't due to return from their camp until evening so it was just the three of us.

Anyone seeing our trio would've thought we were just a typical family. Most people probably figured I was a sister or a niece or something like that as the Eisenberg's didn't look nearly old enough to have a 24 year-old daughter. Looking around I realized that I was dressed about the same as most of the girls were - shorts and a tank top. I'd decided to wear sneakers even though many people, including Mrs. Eisenberg, wore flip-flops or sandals but I knew we'd be doing a LOT of walking and I wanted to be able to still be able to feel my feet at the end of the day!

Before going any further, I need to say something to those reading this and expecting to hear all about how I fucked half the staff and who knows who else. Let me say this now and get it over with - I did NOT fuck Mr. Eisenberg in the park. In fact, I did NOT have sex with anyone else either. For that matter, I did NOT even give a single blowjob! Now how's THAT for shocking news?

In case you're wondering why, it wasn't any altruistic motives on my part but rather more the result of Mrs. Eisenberg acting as my personal shadow for most of the day. She may have claimed to believe me with regards to her husband, but she wasn't taking any chances either.

On the plus side, it wasn't a totally platonic day either. One nice thing about many Disney rides is you typically sit in some sort of vehicle or boat or whatever and watch the exhibits as they go by. Because many of the rides relied on visual effects, there are lots of times when the rooms would be dark or dimly lit - perfect for a little groping! Rides like the Pirates of the Caribbean and shows like the Country Bear Jamboree were among the best opportunities we took advantage of during the morning.

In some ways it was like going back to my high school days again when boys would try to feel me up whenever they thought nobody could see. Movie theaters were a favorite spot for the "wandering hands" and many a movie I spent with my blouse half undone or a hand on my thigh trying to reach up under my skirt.

So it was with Mr. Eisenberg who took advantage of literally every opportunity to touch and grope me. The moment the lights would go out or he thought nobody could see us, his hand was instantly on me, touching the inner thighs of my legs, feeling my boobs, rubbing my ass, even rubbing my crotch through my shorts. The only thing that prevented him from doing it more often was when his wife made sure she sat between the two of us. It was a little funny in a way, watching the two of them battle it out, neither of them wanting to admit what they were really doing as they jockeyed to see who would sit next to me. I would say it was about a 50-50 split by the time the day was over.

Before we'd arrived I'd hoped that there would be some opportunity to get fucked, or at LEAST give a BJ, while in the park, if for no other reason than to be able to brag about it later. Alas, it was incredibly crowded! Put that together with the ball and chain around my ankle (in the form of Mrs. Eisenberg), and I resigned myself early on that it was just going to be one of those days. Still, it wasn't a COMPLETE loss as I can't tell you how many other fathers, husbands and sons stared at me during the day. Although I tried to act as if I didn't notice, I did my best to give them whatever view I could without actually doing anything that would get me tossed from the theme park. Just innocent flirting but it was still fun, especially when the wife or mother caught on to what they were doing!

## 3. The Parking Lot

Earlier I had said that Mr. Eisenberg didn't fuck me IN the park... OK, technically I was telling the truth, but maybe not the complete story.

True to their cost-reduction plans, we all went back to the RV to eat lunch. It seemed silly to me to spend all the time traversing back and forth, and then have to wait for the air-conditioning to cool the hot interior after baking in the California sun all morning. Still, I couldn't complain since they were paying for all my expense today. On the way back in, I asked if they cared that I look around on my own, maybe to do some shopping or whatever.

Mrs. Eisenberg looked at me and I could have sworn a sly grin started to form on her face. Was she thinking that maybe I was hoping to get laid or something? Sure, I would have loved that as well but the truth was just as I had told her. Then again, should I just happen to run into some cute hunk... or girl... I wasn't going to turn anything down, that was for sure. Was she encouraging me? Maybe a little reverse psychology in hopes that if I got laid by someone else I would leave her husband alone?

Actually, I DID want to buy a few things for my dad and a few close friends back home so I headed for Main Street to shop. About an hour later, after my dad's credit card had sustained some serious damage, my cell phone buzzed to tell me somebody had texted me. As I searched for my phone in my purse, I figured it had to be Kristen or Beth – who else would be texting me using this phone number? To my surprise, it wasn't either one of them or anyone else from back in Pittsburgh – it was from Mr. Eisenberg!

"RV – ten minutes."

That's all it said. Odds were he had to sneak off somewhere just to send that much given the way his wife had been keeping such close tabs on him all day. Probably was in the men's room. Now what was this all about?

When I approached the RV, I saw it was running and I could hear the air-conditioning unit rumbling on top. Somebody was already here, that much was obvious. For a brief moment I panicked. What if it was his wife, setting me up with the intention of accusing me of coming out here to fuck her husband. Of course she would've been correct, but that doesn't mean she had to know it! From what I was starting to see in her, she seemed plenty devious enough to pull off such a stunt and so for a brief moment I seriously considered going back to the park before I got myself in hot water with her. I turned around, hesitated, and then turned back to the RV again. No, I just couldn't see her doing such a thing so it HAD to be him.

The door was unlocked (which was good since I'd left my keys inside) and so I entered as the cool interior air flowed out the open door. At first I didn't see anyone but then I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye towards the back and realized someone was on the bed. Without the lights on and the window curtains being pulled, it was too dark at first for me to make out who it was this far way. Well, there was only one person who it had BETTER be!

"Mr. Eisneberg?" I called back to the shadowy figure. No response. OK, NOW what was going on? My eyes began to adjust to the dim light and I could see him better now

"Well it's about time you made it. Now get those clothes, get up here and suck my dick you little bitch!" he suddenly demanded. Huh? Not even a "hello"? What was with the "bitch" comment?

"Dammit, don't just stand there like an idiot... I said to strip!" he demanded in an even more forceful tone.

Well, it's not like I hadn't intended to get naked sooner or later. As I quickly undressed in compliance with his commands, my mind was racing. I had NOT counted on being TOLD to do this- and especially not in such a forceful manner.

Once I was naked, I got up on the bed where Mr. Eisenberg was laying on his back, also naked with his dick already nice and hard. In fact, he was so stiff that it actually curved back such that it was now parallel to his stomach, the head staring him straight in the face as he stroked it slowly with his right hand.

"What the hell are you waiting for? Suck my dick!" he growled, as if he was mad at me about something and was seeking retribution by "forcing" me to suck his cock.

Of course, there was no reluctance on my part when it came to sucking his cock, just a nagging curiosity as to WHY he was behaving this way towards me. Was this some sort of fantasy, maybe a role play for him? If so, it would've been nice to have forewarned me.

With my eyes fixed on his dick, I laid on my side in a sort of fetal position alongside his outstretched hairy legs, leaning over his stomach and bending my head down to take his erect dick in my mouth. He immediately put his hand on the top of my head, pushing it down onto his dick, driving his cock into my mouth and against the back of my throat.

"There... that's better... much better," he groaned as my mouth and tongue went to work on him. "So you've been talking to my wife, eh? Telling her about us?"

So THAT'S what this was all about! Horrified, I started to lift my head off his dick to try and explain but he grabbed me hair and drove my face back into his crotch again.

"Don't take your mouth off of me dammit... you've nothing to say, I know everything you told her," he said in a disturbing voice, "She told me all about it after lunch... everything."

Then he paused for effect and added, "You can't be so stupid as to think a guy's wife won't say anything when you tell her something like that? How could you be so stupid to tell her that? Crap, how could you tell her we masturbated together? You're nothing but a stupid bitch!"

Feeling a ;little bit worried now, I wanted to explain myself, to tell him I had no choice, that she knew SOMETHING was up between us so I gave her just enough to feel it was true without revealing everything. Unfortunately, he didn't seem to be in the mood for a logical discussion.

"That's it... suck my dick you little whore. You'll do anything to keep that job, I know it. Even whore yourself out to me... isn't that what you're doing?"

Well of course it was and he knew it well enough that he didn't need me to explain anything. Indeed, this was more like a lecture than a questioning. He knew all the answers already, or at least he thought he knew them. Either way, he wasn't going to listen to my side of anything in his current frame of mind, that was for sure.

"Enough of that... get on your hands and knees you stupid cunt," he said suddenly as he got up from being on his back. I complied with his demands, figuring he wanted to fuck me from behind as he seemed to enjoy that position the most.

"Now I'm going to show you what happens to naughty little girls that run off to a guy's wife and spill everything," he said.

Now THAT wasn't really fair of him. After all, I HAD acted in his best interest by telling his wife enough to satisfy her curiosity but not so much as to confirm her suspicions of adultery. I was about to protest when I felt his hands split my butt cheeks apart and then he started rubbing my pussy, putting his fingers in me to wet them so he could lubricate the rest of me. I felt his finger slide upwards toward my asshole and then, without warning, he plunged one of them into my asshole! Imagine my surprise when out of the blue he had his finger buried in my ass - NOT something I would ever had wanted him to do to me, not ever.

"No!" I started to protest, "Not my asshole!"

He was a lot stronger than me but I still almost managed to pull away from his finger before he had his other arm around my waist, pulling me back into position.

"You're a naughty girl... a dirty girl... and dirty girls have to pay for being so bad," he droned on as he fingered my ass.

I felt a cool wetness and then his finger slid more easily into me as he must have poured some lotion or oil on my ass to make it easier to get his finger in me. The lube also made it easier for something other than his finger to fit in my asshole...

Mr. Eisneberg pulled his dirty finger out of me and I felt him repositioning himself as if he was finished but it was far from over so far as my ass was concerned.

"Mmmmmmm, I've been wanting to do this since I first saw you," he murmured as I felt the mushroomed cock head of his dick at the opening of my asshole.

"Please... no!" I pleaded with him. This was NOT what I'd signed up for when I told him he could fuck me if he gave me the job.

"Shut up and tell me you want it in your ass," he demanded, and then went silent to see what I would say.

When I didn't respond quickly enough, he slapped my bare bottom - hard, and then he demanded yet again, "Tell me... I want you to bed for it in your ass."

If I protested it would probably only get even worse for me so I accepted the inevitable.

"Yes Mr. Eisenberg, I want you to do it. I want your dick in my ass, fuck my asshole - PLEASE!"

Of all the lies I'd told today, that one would be pretty tough to beat. It was about the LAST place I wanted his dick! I don't understand it, not at all. I have a mouth that LOVES to suck cock and, if I may say so, does a pretty good job of it. Then there's my pussy, which also loves to feel a dick inside of it. It's wet and warm and can grip a dick pretty hard and make him cum.

So why would any man want to shove his nice clean dick up where I poop from? It's not so much I don't like being fucked in my ass. Although it's not my favorite I can imagine much worse things to do for a man. For me it's just the mental image of what normally comes out of there that just makes me grossed out. Even when a man DOES fuck me in the ass, or even if he just licks my asshole, I will refuse to kiss him or allow his mouth anywhere on me until he is scrubbed all nice and clean again.

Well, I missed my calling as an actress as Mr. Eisenberg bought everything I said - hook, line, and sinker as they say. I closed my eyes and tried not to grimace a I prepared for him to fuck my asshole. For better or worse, I didn't have to wait long as the end of his cock was soon pushing against my resisting asshole.

"God damn, your fucking tighter than I expected!" he groaned as he pushed hard against my ass but couldn't seem to get his dick to penetrate me back there.

I remember thinking that it shouldn't have surprised him given my preferences for anything BUT an ass fucking!.

With one great push that practically knocked me to the bed, he rammed his dick into my ass, giving me this most peculiar feeling. Not the sexy, fulfilling feeling I get when my pussy is first filled by a dick. Oh my God, I thought I was going to be sick at first from the sudden pain of practically being ripped in half! Then when he pulled out at first I felt incredibly embarrassed as it felt like I was pooping but then I realized it was something else leaving my ass, creating a similar sensation.

This wasn't the first time I'd been fucked in my ass so it wasn't like I had never felt these things before, but it HAD been a long time and so it may as well have been the first time all over again. My ass certainly wasn't use to this, that was for sure! Thank god he had dumped a ton of oil on his dick and over my asshole. It made it easier for both of us actually and I suppose it had to feel better for him to be able to slide his cock more easily into whatever hole he was using on my body. I had to give him credit for one thing, he a beach towel under us, something I hadn't really thought about at first but now I realized that without it he would have had a hard time explaining all the oil on the bedding!

I feel forward onto my elbows from the force of him slamming into my ass, which actually worked out for the better as it caused my ass to angle up at him at a more natural angle for him to fit into me. I'm sure it also gave him a better view although for the life of me why anyone gets off looking at my asshole is beyond me.

"Damn your ass is incredible," he groaned as he slid his oil-covered dick in and out of me. "You want me in your ass, don't you.. you fucking whore! C'mon, tell me how much you want my dick in your ass."

Hoping it might get him off faster if I did as he asked, I began to moan and buck under him, telling him over and over how I loved him fucking me, how much I loved him to be in my ass, and finally, the grand finale, I even faked a HUGE orgasm for him which he seemed to buy 100%. Although all my acting efforts didn't seem to get him to cum any faster, at least it seemed to distract him from any other kinky ideas he might be harboring.

"Oh yeah, I'm gonna cum,, damn... almost there, where do you want it bitch?"

I knew the last place I wanted it, in my mouth. One thing I had never done was to take a dick in my mouth after it had been in my ass or anyone else's, at least until he showered again. There was absolutely no way I was going to suck on his cock after fucking me in my asshole and I was a little scared he might demand it, wondering what he would do to me if I refused.

"Cum in my ass," I told him, figuring it was the least of all the evils.

My mouth was the last place I wanted it and even my pussy made me cringe from the thoughts of the bad hygiene involved. God, last thing I wasted was some vaginal fungus from his cock being in my ass before then. "Cum deep in my ass Mr. Eisneberg... PLEASE!" I pretended to beg. All I knew was that I was thrilled that he was about to cum and finally bring this nightmare to a close.

"Fuck yeah, I'm cumming... oh yeah," he groaned a I felt him jerking with each thrust even deeper into my sore ass with each load of cum.

Other than the force of his thrusts I couldn't feel anything so I had to take his word for it that he was cumming in my ass. Well, why would he fib anyways?

He pulled almost out of me for the last couple of loads. Obviously he had been watching too many "cream-pie" videos and wanted to see his cum leak from my asshole. Oh well, why not?

"Oh yeah, not THAT'S how it's done," he mumbled to himself, all but patting himself on the back for what he had done to me.

Mr. Eisenberg pushed my ass cheeks apart and watched as I felt the last bit of his cum dribbling down from out of my ass. I could only hope he would ask me to eat it! Thankfully, he didn't. Probably because the thought never entered his mind than anything else like being considerate of my feelings.

Like a typical guy, once he'd cum it was like someone had turned off his horny switch and he was all business. I guess a positive way to look at the whole thing was that I never got that far along myself to feel frustrated from not having my needs satisfied. Of course I was a bit sad that it hadn't worked out the way it COULD have, but when you're doing it for the reasons I was, you can't always count on it going your way all the time.

"I'd better get back before she starts wondering what happened to me," he explained.

I wondered what excuse he could have possibly concocted to leave her in the first place but he never volunteered the information. "You're suppose to meet us in an hour so maybe you should clean up a bit before coming back. Don't want you running around with an oily ass staining your shorts you know!"

How considerate of him. Like her really cared about ME. No, I knew he was more worried about how his wife would wonder why I was so oily - and then look at her guilty husband for the answer.

Indeed, once he left I thought about a shower but first I just laid back in the bed. My asshole felt like I'd been poked with a telephone pole and I wasn't looking forward to sitting down much for a while. I felt horny but yet for some reason I couldn't bring myself to even masturbate - and THAT should say something all by itself as to how I felt after what Mr. Eisneberg had done to me. Damn, when was the last time I ever said I did NOT want to masturbate???

Finally I got up and showered and dressed once again. The heat hit me like a wall when I exited the RV, damn it was a lot hotter it seemed than not even that long ago when I had walked over here. It was almost time to meet the Eisenbergs by the Town Hall so I hustled back and managed to get there a few minutes before they showed up.

"Have a good time this afternoon?" his wife asked me, winking at me.

It sort of surprised me - was she actually hinting that she was hoping I'd gotten a lid, or even just a BJ? Talk about a Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Hyde personality! I just grinned in response, my asshole feeling a little sore to remind me of the abuse it had taken not so long before. It was miracle I could walk with being bow- legged!

We had to get back and get ready for the evening service so it was an early earlier departure for us than most people. I was shifting back and forth in my seat all the way back, trying to get comfortable. God my ass hurt! I was feeling a little pissed at Mr. Eisneberg for taking advantage of me like that. I couldn't help but think that maybe next time I would just refuse to let him fuck me in the ass and then see what happens.

All the way back to the RV park, his wife sat across from me and I got the feeling she was dying to hear about what I had done when I was my own this afternoon. Was she now using me as some sort of way for her to relive her younger years? I wondered just what she had done back then. Other than a few vague hints, she pretty much kept it to herself. For that matter, I wondered if her husband even knew everything she had done?

All I knew for sure was that it promised to be an interesting school year this fall!

# (Jul 11) Chapter 191: Tammy Visits

Story codes: MF MFF F-solo oral exhib inc father daughter
Me (24)
John - my dad (44)
Tammy - my mom's BFF (44)

It would be the first time Tammy had visited without my mom being around so I wasn't sure how things would go. I wasn't even sure WHY she was visiting us for that matter. Looking back, why was I even worried?

NOTE: While I give a little background in this one regarding past events concerning Tammy, I recommend reading the following for more details:
2002 (Jul 30) Chapter 39: My Mom's Best Friend
2006 (Jul 01) Chapter 117: My Mom's Best Friend Returns
2006 (Aug 19) Chapter 125: Casino Orgy
2007 (May 21) Chapter 136: Mom's Gift to Her Best Friend

## 1. Tammy and My Mom

My mom's best friend, without a doubt, was Tammy - not to be confused with my younger cousin Tammy. Tammy was born a few months earlier than my mom (she was born in February whereas my mom came along later in June) and they has known each other since they were little girls. I guess it was sort of like what I have with my own best friend - Beth, only for a lot longer.

As I got older, it was interesting for me to learn that Tammy actually dated my dad long before my mom did. He even had sex with Tammy, something Tammy told my mom at the time as best friends would. My mom was dating a few other guys, giving out a few blowjobs here and there. When my dad fucked her about six months or so after he first did Tammy, she told Tammy that he had been her first.

The reality was that my mom lost her virginity only a couple of months after Tammy, but she never told Tammy because of WHO took it. More than 25 years would pass before Tammy learned the truth - that my mom (and well as Linda, her younger sister) first had sex with their own dad - my grandfather.

My mom married my dad in 1984 with me making an entrance nine months later. Tammy married a couple of years later to a guy she met in college. Given her and my mom's close friendship, the families got together frequently although Tammy's husband was never told the REAL history of what went on between his wife and my dad back in her high school days. Tammy has two teenage boys and lives in a rather upscale neighborhood in Bend, Oregon, your typical All-American family.

When Tammy's husband had been transferred to the Oregon, it was the first time my mom had been separated for any extended length of time from her closest friend and confidante. They relied mostly on phone calls and e-mails to keep in touch but still managed to meet each other at least once or twice a year, usually trading off each time as to who would travel to visit the other.

During Tammy's earlier visits to our house, I was pretty young so she and my mom pretty much did things without me. She never brought me with her to visit Tammy until a few years ago. Their trips were meant to be between the two of them so it never bothered me that I wasn't included.

In July of 2002, I was seventeen and enjoying the summer before my senior year of high school when Tammy came to visit. Things got quite interesting when we spent some time together in the hot tub while my mom was at work. I can still remember the way Tammy's mouth dropped opened when I raised my legs over the edge of the tub before lowering myself until the jet was positioned just right so as to send a stream of hot water right against my pussy.

As I took began to rub myself I looked over and saw Tammy just staring at me. She just couldn't believe what I was doing myself right in front of her! I was raised that masturbation wasn't anything taboo or that needed to be hidden so it was a little awkward at first.

I've said so many times that masturbation is the key to developing any form of informal sexual relationship and so it was with me and Tammy. In the end, my masturbating opened the door for us to start talking about sex and some of the things we'd done over the years. I guess I assumed that being so close to my mom that she would already know a lot about me so I didn't think twice when it came to talking about me and my dad and how he had started fucking me about a year ago now.

Well, if Tammy was shocked to see me openly masturbate, it was nothing compared to the horrified look on her face now. It took some fast explaining to

begged my mom to have my dad fuck her. At that point it was like everyone came to their senses and things came to a quick end. She wasn't really ready to cheat on her husband and my dad wasn't about to commit adultery.

That same summer my mom and I visited Tammy at her home in Oregon, making it the first time I'd been west of Illinois. Tammy's family was nothing like mine when it came to sexual openness and sharing. I tried to be a good girl, but Tammy's two teenage sons WERE boys after all and I caught them both looking at me rather "inappropriately" at times. I was sort of proud that her husband did as well a couple of times. My mom actually thanked me about half-way through the week and commended me on my restraint.

After a week you can imagine how horny I was so when we went to a casino on a nearby Indian reservation, I was hunting for any opportunity. When my mom dared me to take on a group of guys at the poker table, Tammy go to see a great example of what a slut her best friend's daughter really was!

A year later Tammy was in town for my graduation party. Before she left, my mom had a special gift for her - my cousin Rick. For the first time in twenty years Tammy cheated on her husband - and with a boy about the same age as her son at that! As crazy as it was, it wasn't the biggest surprise waiting for Tammy. After doing Rick, my mom told her that she wanted her to do my dad. After all, he'd been Tammy's "first" so it wasn't like they didn't already "know" each other in that way. At first Tammy wasn't sure she wanted to do that, actually she was quite sure she didn't. In the end they did it.

Seeing my dad fuck Tammy was a complex experience for me. Of course it was erotic but the bottom line was that both of them were committing adultery. It didn't matter that it was my mom's idea and she was OK with it. Tammy was not a member of our family and so it was adultery, pure and simple. It took some pretty heavy discussions with my mom afterwards before she could convince me that Tammy was for all intents and purposes a member of our family and that it was OK. It was actually the same rationalization she used when my dad had fucked MY best friend Beth a couple of years earlier.

Then last fall the unthinkable happened - my mom had her accident and she was gone. Tammy came to the funeral but it was definitely NOT the right time to be even thinking about fooling around. I hadn't heard from her since and so when my dad informed me out of the blue that she was coming for the weekend, I have to admit it was quite a surprise.

That was nothing compared to how I felt when my dad confessed that he'd been talking to her on the phone quite a bit in the past few months. He didn't say much else so I was left wondering what the full story was. Why was she visiting? What would happen while she was here? Would she want to be with me again? Was she coming for just a platonic visit or did she had ideas about being with my dad?

So many questions but my dad wasn't volunteering anything more and I didn't want to press the issue, leaving me to wonder...

## 2. An Awkward Welcome

Since Tammy would be arriving in the middle of the afternoon on Friday, my dad asked me to pick her up at the airport so she wouldn't have to rent a car. It wasn't a hassle, I just rearranged one of my tutoring appointments and waited for her to call me on my cell phone when her luggage arrived.

Driving around to the loading area, I saw her standing there waving when she recognized me. She had packed pretty light - just a carry-on and one small suitcase so it was easy to get her stuff in my trunk. We chatted about her flight, the weather, and stuff as I headed out to the highway. Then for a moment it was like we both had nothing to say, the silence almost deafening as we each knew what needed to be asked and said, but neither of us anxious to address it. Finally, she took the lead.

"So I guess you're wondering why I'm here."

"Well, now that you mention it the thought HAD crossed my mind," I said lightly, trying to soothe some of the tension that had suddenly appeared.

"Look, I know things have been... well, 'different' for you since your mom's accident and I can only imagine how you must feel about things. Believe me, I had NO idea your dad hadn't told you about our calls and talks."

I turned to look at her quickly, the heavy traffic drawing my attention back to the road but not before she saw the questioning look on my face.

"At least your dad warned me," she said in response to my unspoken query, "I'm glad he did as it would have been a bit awkward otherwise."

In my mind I was shouting, "YOU THINK?" but I remained quiet, letting her go on without interrupting her.

"Things have been a bit rough between me Tom lately. As you know, your dad is probably closer to me and knows me better than any other man besides my husband. My goodness, he's still the only man other than my husband whom I've had sex with! I guess I just needed someone to turn to I knew wouldn't judge me."

"I think you mean someone to fuck you," I said - but only to myself. I was wondering where this was going.

"Well, it's not like your dad hasn't begun to move on... I mean with your aunt and all," she tried to point out, although to what end I was still confused.

"Oh, so he told you about him and her too?" I asked, trying not to sound judgmental but most likely failing miserably.

"Well I think it's wonderful myself, Kelly," she replied, "I'm not sure you fully realize just how close they use to be back in the old days. Your mother's gone, Kelly, he needs someone like her."

"Yeah, Like YOU," I again said silently.

It was difficult to describe how I felt - confused, maybe even a little jealous? I liked Tammy but it wasn't like I knew her THAT well. Sure we were together a week every year or so maybe, and yes we'd been intimate a few times as well, but I did not by any stretch of the imagination consider her my best friend, or even someone close to that. Now I really felt like I didn't know her.

"So let me get this straight then," I said, immediately realizing my tone was a bit sharp but it was too late, "You're having problems with your marriage so you thought you would come see my dad for some sex over the weekend to help you get through it. Do I have it right?"

Tammy looked as if she would cry, her eyes reddening and starting to sniffle, and it made me think maybe I'd come across a bit too harsh. Still, it needed to be said sooner or later so why not get it out in the open and get it over with?

"Soooooo, do you have a problem with that?" she asked softly.

Something suddenly struck me and I almost laughed out loud. Instead I just giggled and soon she was doing the same. It was all so incongruous, so utterly crazy. It was then I realized that I really didn't have a problem with it, I just needed to share my thoughts about it to make myself feel better with the situation.

"It's not like you two didn't seem to enjoy it the last time you were here," I teased her, putting my hand briefly on her leg.

"Yeah, that WAS pretty wild and crazy, wasn't it," she giggled back to me, "You know, I went home and for about a month I denied it actually happened - I just couldn't believe what we'd done.

That seemed to break the ice but I knew we would be discussing it more before the weekend was over. I was now into the thick of the traffic and it was too difficult to carry on such a serious conversation so we just listened to the radio until finally we were at my dad's.

"I guess you'll be staying in my room," I said as we carried her things in. Tammy was about half-way up the stairs as I said it but she stopped to look back at me.

"Thanks Kelly, but I really don't think I'll need to use your room," she said gently. Well duh! I don't know where my head is at sometimes. After getting her settled in, we went to my bedroom (no matter where I live or how long I'm away, this was always going to be "my" bedroom). We sat on the edge of my bed, each with one leg tucked under with the other planted on the floor. For just a moment there was that awkward silence again. This time it was my turn to say it first.

"What about me and you this weekend," I asked, figuring the direct approach would be best. I guess I wasn't direct enough though.

"What do you mean Kelly?" she asked sincerely, as if she really didn't understand my question.

"Well," I said softly, unsure of myself now that she hadn't grasped immediately what I'd meant, "I know you came to have sex with my dad... what about me?"

It wasn't that Tammy was the hottest woman I knew. Compared to my Aunt Linda she was a bit overweight and plain looking but it wasn't like she was fat or ugly. To me, it was more the relationship that mattered. When my mom was here my relationship with Tammy was pretty much based on them being best friends. Now that things were different, would it be different between me and Tammy was well? It was complicated, to say the least. Was it that I hoped by being with Tammy that somehow it may resurrect those feelings again when she was my mom's best friend. Was I trying to relive the past instead of dealing with the present?

Tammy reached over and hugged me. "Kelly, you need to understand that I'm just not that kind of women at heart." Seeing the disappointment on my face, she tried to explain further by saying, "What we did was special and something I'll never forget... it just isn't ME though. Do you understand?"

I understood, or at least I understood what her answer was. I can say, though, that I did NOT understand WHY. Maybe I never would. Just then I heard something downstairs and to my surprise, my dad was already home. Well, it WAS a Friday afternoon and he knew Linda would be arriving so I guess he left work a little early – defined as anything before 7-8:00 in the evening!

"John!" Tammy called out as he came up the stairs.

My dad came into my room and Tammy stood up and they hugged. Something was different already, something I couldn't quite put my finger on but it WAS different. Watching them hug and then start to kiss, I realized what it was. Before she had been my mom's best friend and anything between them had funneled through her with her blessing. Tammy was always my mom's best friend", not just another woman. Watching them together this way it seemed they were more like lovers than two people with a common friend. It had been hard enough to see him with my Aunt Linda this way and they had been together sexually forever it seemed. To see Tammy and him like this was just a little mind-boggling.

"I'll call you later Dad," I said as I walked out of the room.

Sheesh, he didn't even said goodbye, let alone give me so much as a kiss or a quick squeeze on the butt as I went by him. He and Tammy were too absorbed with one another to notice much of anything else.

I had cleared my calendar for the day and night, assuming I would be spending it with my Dad and Tammy. As I drove home it came to me that now I was all alone on a warm Friday night. This sucked!

## 3. Should I Interrupt?

For the past 24 years, or at least those parts that I remember, coming home was always something I looked forward to. Home meant security, love, and being with my parents. There is not a time in my life when I can recall NOT wanting to go home. Even now, I often catch myself calling it "home" even though I have my own apartment which is technically "home" for me. Still, I don't think it will matter where I live or for how long, "home" will always be that place where I grew up, where so many things happened to make me the woman I am today.

Not only can I not remember ever not wanting to GO home, neither can I ever recall ever feeling like I wasn't welcome either. No matter the time of year or day, the weather or what my parents had planned, I knew I could always count on a warm reception when I walked through the door. I didn't matter what I'd done, how badly I screwed up, or even how awful I may have treated them before I'd left the last time, I was ALWAYS welcomed home again.

Now, for the first time in my life, I wasn't sure if I should go "home". Yesterday I'd left my dad and Tammy in each other's arms and never even got a phone call later that night. I guess technically I wouldn't have gotten one under normal conditions anyway - my dad has never been a big one for phone calls just to say hi, but I still thought maybe Tammy might call to thank me for picking her up at the airport. Again, if I'd received a phone call on a Saturday morning from my dad I would've probably panicked, wondering what was wrong, so NOT hearing the phone ring was probably more to be expected but still, weren't they going to include me in ANYTHING?

Probably the best way to show how anxious I was is to say I skipped my morning masturbation time - the first time in ages that I can even remember doing so! It was like all the horniness in me was drained out and I just couldn't get myself in the right frame of mind.

Then I had an idea... a GREAT idea. If I was to go over to his house and perhaps sneak in, undress myself and then surprise them in bed, then they would HAVE to let me join them. I don't know why I felt so desperate to be a part of them this weekend, only that I did. It was almost like I feel when I get an unquenchable urge to have sex. Now and then it's like I HAVE to get laid and nothing else will do. It doesn't happen often but when it does, I usually end up calling my cousin or something to help me so I don't get myself in trouble, or at least not TOO much trouble (it's not like Kristen is all that steady herself but anything helps). This was almost like that except it wasn't about sex, but something different that I couldn't quite put my finger on. All I knew was I HAD to go over and see what they were doing,

As I drove, my sex drive began to get back in gear the closer I got to the house. I began to imagine what Tammy was doing to my dad right now, and vice versa. God my pussy was starting to itch SO bad and I cursed myself for wearing jeans instead of a short skirt that would've made things a whole lot easier.

Fortunately I was home before I got too crazy, parking my car at the bottom of the driveway where it wouldn't be seen from the upstairs bathroom (the bedrooms were on the other side of the house anyway). I keyed in the entry code into the wireless thing for the garage door and hoped the sound of the door opening wouldn't be heard two stories up. Fortunately my dad keeps the opener well maintained and even I could barely hear anything as it rose.

The basement was at the same level as the driveway (after it had dipped one story from the front of the house to the garage) and I carefully let myself in. There was no sign of life so I walked over to where the laundry chute emptied, grabbed a chair so I could get closer to it, and tried to listen to what was going on upstairs. I'd learned many years ago as a child that the chute acted like an echo chamber, bringing every sound from two stories up down to the basement if you got in just the right spot. It was perfect for listening in on my parents when they thought I couldn't hear them! Still, I didn't hear a thing and I looked back out in the garage just to be sure his SUV was there - which it was. Hmmmmmm, what were they doing - or NOT doing?

Going up the basement stairs, I opened the door to the first door carefully but there was nobody around there or in the kitchen. Making my way to the entryway, I looked up the stairs but as they made a left turn about two-thirds of the way up, I couldn't see anything, nor could I hear anything either.

Hmmm, what should do now? My original plan had been to strip down and go upstairs naked, surprising them such that they couldn't say anything about me hopping in bed with them. If my dad was going to fuck Tammy, then he should be doing me with her as well - or at least that's how I saw it. Then again, when I made those plans I'd expected to hear the moaning of two people engaged in hard- core sex such that they wouldn't even notice me until I was right at the side of the bed. As quiet as the house was now, and given how virtually every square foot of this old house squeaked, the element of surprise was going to be pretty hard to obtain.

Still, what did I have to lose? I slipped off my sandals, then dropped my jeans to the floor and stepped out of them. Reaching down with my arms crossed to the bottom hem, I pulled the tank top up and over my head in one fluid motion, leaving me standing completely naked in the hallway. The house was pretty cold - my dad LOVED air-conditioning, as proven by the reaction my nipples were making now as they stiffened.

Like the laundry chute listening secret, another thing I'd learned by living in this house almost all of my life was how to avoid the especially squeaky spots in the hardwood steps leading to the second floor. It was like watching an Indiana Jones movie as I stepped in my bare feet from side to side, almost having to be acrobatic at times but it worked - not a sound and I was at the top of the stairs. Now that I was just a few feet from my dad's bedroom, I was finally able to make out the low voice that was talking.

"Oh yeah, that feels so good," I heard at one point between the barely audible moans and groans.

Well, at least I knew they weren't sleeping and they WERE doing just what I'd hoped they would.

The window air conditioning was raising goose bumps on my exposed skin. The house had radiators for heat and was much too old for central air-conditioning so my dad had installed a monster air-conditioner in the window which pretty well cooled the entire house if you pointed the vents in the right direction. Unfortunately, I was standing right in front of the discharge that was intended to cool the majority of the upstairs - and I was freezing!

Suddenly it dawned on me that the voices I heard were not coming from my dad's bedroom! The noise of the air-conditioner must have distorted my hearing, not to mention I'd just expected it to come from there so I never really thought about it until now. No... it was coming from MY bedroom! OK so technically I didn't live there anymore but after occupying it for 18 years, that room would always be MY bedroom.

I sneaked around the corner until I could get a glimpse of the bed using the mirror that hung over my dresser. I smiled to myself as I thought of how my dad had carefully positioned it so many years ago such that he could get a good view of my bed without ever having to actually look into my room. He loved to watch when my boyfriends would come over to fuck me. None of them ever saw him in the mirror - or at least they never admitted that they had.

Now the tables were turned and it was my turn to "spy" on the events that were taking place in my room. My heart practically stopped when I saw my dad laying on my bed on his back with Tammy riding him cowgirl. They were both nude and while Tammy was more than a few years past her prime (to be kind), she certainly was trying to make up for it with effort! She was bucking on my dad's dick like she was riding the bull at a cowboy bar!

"Fuck me John... fuck me harder," she was saying, clearly audible in the hallway where I was standing, "Oh fuck me... Tom never fucked me like you do... do it to me now!"

Tom was her husband back in Oregon. So far as I knew, he was the only guy that had ever fucked Tammy besides my dad and so far as he was concerned, my dad hadn't either. How Tammy convinced him she was a virgin when my dad had been the one to take it long before she met Tom... well she never told me. Imagine if he saw his dear wife now, acting like a wanton slut in heat as she committed the ultimate sin that a wife can do - adultery.

It wasn't like they were having a conversation or anything, more just a few words here and there mixed in between grunts and moans. Tammy's boobs were bouncing all over the place - a classic example of where wearing a bra during sex isn't always such a bad idea! Her ass was spread out on my dad's crotch more than anyone else's I'd ever seen but that didn't seem to stop my dad from wanting to grab it with both hands and squeeze it as she rocked on his dick.

It was then I realized that my hand was between my legs - I hadn't even thought about it, it just went there automatically like it often did when I was horny. Yet as hot as I was, I was struggling as to whether or not I should barge in. It wasn't like I was wearing anything less than they were (as in nothing). Yet at the same time I hesitated. It was painfully obvious that they were thoroughly enjoying one another. Their relationship went back a LONG ways, even more so than my dad's did with my mom and her sister. It was like they were somehow reliving their past, capturing the old magic from back in their early high school days. Was it right for me to just drop in unannounced? Really, if they wanted me in there with them now ,all it would have taken was a simple phone call and I'd have gladly rushed over to join in.

In the meantime, Tammy had twisted around such that she was facing away from my dad as his hard dick stayed up inside of her pussy. Had I stepped into the doorway she would've been staring at me straight in the face. Now THAT might have been an interesting expression to capture, but I doubted that this was the right time and/or place. At the same time, I wondered if it wasn't EXACTLY the right time and place. After all, he WAS my father and Tammy knew how close we were. Surely she would want his only daughter to be included with them... wouldn't she?

Watching them fucking on MY bed, I wondered why they were on MY twin-sized bed instead of my dad's larger queen-sized bed. What was the point in fucking his old lover on his daughter's bed? Then it hit me... for the first time I was seeing my father having sex just for the sake of having sex. With me, I was always his daughter and no matter where or when we did it, we never could be anything else.

With my mom, it was his love, his soul mate. Sure they got pretty wild sometimes (the walls between our bedrooms were pretty thin) but again, they could never be anything else. When he fucked my Aunt Linda and my cousins, it was more sexual than emotional but there were still those family ties that could never be totally cast aside.

Perhaps the closest I'd seen him to having pure "sex" was with my best friend Beth; but even then, the cloud of adultery hung over everything, regardless of how much he later denied it, and I don't think he could fully engage with her without seeing me or my mom.

So indeed, this was a first for me, the first time I'd ever seen my dad fucking another woman just for the sake of having sex with her - no strings, no family ties, nothing but pure covetousness and desire on BOTH of their parts. They seemed to be reliving their so-called glory years as young teenagers, engaging in playful sex without any worries, without any concerns for the future, or any thoughts as to who might know about it.

Watching them, I felt awkward, strange - even weird. It was almost like I was seeing him having sex for the first time Sort of ironic I guess. Was this how other girls felt, the ones who didn't have incest with the dads, when they stumbled across their parents having sex? One the one hand I wanted to turn away, not wanting to see my father like this, yet on the other hand my eyes were riveted on the sleazy scene being played out right before me. It was like I felt like I shouldn't be watching them yet at the same time I couldn't tear my eyes away.

Had anyone asked me before now how I would react to such a situation, I would NEVER have even dreamed for a moment that it would be like this. No doubt I would have said how much it turned me on, how eventually I would walk into the room and join them. At the very least I would have thought I would get excited and masturbate as I watched. Yet now that I was faced with this in real life for the first time, masturbating was pretty much the LAST thing on my mind. Sure I wanted to watch, but not because I wanted to join them, but more out of morbid curiosity than anything else.

Indeed, as I mentioned before, this was probably how a typical girl might feel after accidentally walking in on her parents as they were making love, except this wasn't my parents, it was my dad and an old friend. Just as no doubt that girl would be fascinated by what she was seeing, so was I. Yet as fascinated as she may be, the odds were the thought of joining her parents would never have crossed her mind, just as the thought of joining my Dad and Tammy was not an option I was seriously considering any longer.

I leaned back against the wall as I watched, my eyes barely even blinking as I didn't want to miss anything. The coolness of the plaster against my skin reminded me that I was bare-ass naked and in some way it seemed inappropriate for this situation. Like, what was the point in me being nude anymore? I wrapped my arms around myself, feeling even more chilled as the air-conditioner blew from behind me.

My dad was on top of Tammy now, classic missionary position. They were kissing passionately as I watched his bare butt rise and fall as he fucked her. I could even see his erect dick as it drilled it's way deep into her hairy pussy and then it would glisten a little in the sunlight coming through the window as he pulled it back out again, smeared with her pussy's wetness. He looked so happy while he fucked her slowly as they kissed, obviously not trying to get himself off quickly but rather just enjoying the warm sensation of being inside of her pussy for as long as possible.

As I watched my dad fuck Tammy, I smiled as I knew just what she must be feeling. Indeed, how many times had that very same dick been in my mouth and pussy? How many times had I closed my eyes and concentrated solely on my father's hard cock as it penetrated me and drove itself deep inside of me? Oh how I loved it when he fucked me the way he was fucking Tammy now; slow and easy, driving as deep as he could into her and then slowly but steadily pulling out until just the head remained inside. Then he would hold himself there, circling his hips to make his cock gyrate just inside her pussy before ever so slowly pushing it back in her once again. His hairy crotch would meet up against her thick bush, nothing but their pubic hair between them as his dick was buried completely inside of her. Her hips rose as she worked to get even more of his cock in her. I could hear her soft cry as she felt him push even harder against her, feeling even more of him within her.

Although I could barely see Tammy's face in the mirror, from what I COULD see she was totally lost, consumed with sexual hunger as once again she was fucking the first man she ever allowed inside of her so many years before. Now he once again was doing her, as if it was just yesterday when they had done in the back of his parents station wagon at the old drive-in. I wondered if her husband could make her feel this way? After so many years of marriage, did it still thrill her to have him fuck her? Did she still shiver at the thought of sucking his cock? Did her pussy tingle with anticipation when she snuggled up in bed against him? Was it more exciting for her to fuck my dad while her husband was at home without her? Was she remembering her first time, or maybe one of the many times after that when she and my dad had fucked as young teenagers?

Tammy began to buck under my dad as her orgasm rose within her. I held my breath, trying to listen closer as she moaned and cried, not really saying anything intelligible. In fact, had I just listened to a recording of her as she was now, I would have thought she was in pain! Then I shivered as she gave out a long moan that seemed to go on and on.

"Oh god John, don't stop... keep fucking me," she finally called out as she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him tighter into her, "Make me cum... oh fuck John, you're making me cum so good!"

"Your pussy's so hot... so wet," my dad gasped as I could tell he was about to cum himself.

Some things you just learn to recognize after it happens enough times. My dad still managed to surprise me now and then but usually I was pretty accurate when it came to knowing when he was about to cum - sometimes I think even before he did!

"Oh Tammy, I love fucking you... I wanna fuck you so bad!" I heard my dad groan as he rammed his stiff dick into Tammy's convulsing pussy.

"On my face... cum on my face," Tammy begged - and surprised me a bit in the process.

For whatever reason, I just never had figured Tammy as the type who liked facials! Heck, even I preferred not to have them and I loved cum! They are just a mess and I only did them when I thought the guy really wanted it.

My dad's answer was to pull out of her and he stood on the floor next to my bed by Tammy's head and stroked his dick rapidly. Tammy turned her head to face him and opened her mouth just in time as the first load of cum spewed from my dad's cock like from a sperm-filled squirt gun. The first load nailed Tammy right between the eyes with some on her forehead with the next shot splashing on her nose and lips. The third one was right on target, landing directly on her outstretched tongue.

My father moved forward and she grabbed his cock as it was still ejaculating, pulling it into her mouth to take the remaining cum directly in her mouth. Yeah, Tammy WAS a genuine cumslut after all! I saw my dad's ass clench with each load as Tammy eagerly sucked every drop from his dick. When he'd finished, she continued to suck his dick, fondling his balls as she tried to get even more.

"You know... you look like a slut," my dad teased her as he pulled his spent dick from her mouth, "I bet Tom doesn't cum on your face, does he?"

Tammy was carefully wiping her eyes as apparently some of him had either hit her in the eye or had dripped down her face into it. Indeed, she did look pretty hot with my dad's cum on her face as she lay naked on my bed, her freshly fucked pussy visible through her spread legs.

"Tom? Hell no, he's a missionary guy all the way; cums in or on my pussy every time," she sneered with a hint of frustration in her voice. "I took his cum once in my mouth when I was blowing him and he couldn't stop himself. The jerk wouldn't kiss me for days afterwards!"

"What an idiot... If only he could see his slutty wife now!" my dad chuckled.

I shifted my weight and damn if the wooden floor didn't squeak just enough for Tammy to lift her head to look. Fortunately I wasn't in the line of sight of the bed and she didn't know to look in the mirror over on my dresser.

"Somebody here?" she asked my dad.

He shook his head and I saw him starting to turn so he could look in the mirror but I'd already moved to the side so he couldn't see me.

"Nobody's here... you know how these old houses creak sometimes," he assured her.

"OK, I was afraid maybe Kelly might come over."

My ears perked at that. My intention was to sneak back down the stairs and leave before they caught me but now my curiosity was peeked. I couldn't see anything but I could still hear them just barely over the din of the air-conditioner. If it hadn't been running I could've heard them a lot more easily but then they could've heard me a lot more easily as well.

"Nawwwwww, she didn't say anything about stopping by and she usually lets me know ahead of time."

There was a pause, why I don't know, but then Tammy spoke up again saying, "You know John, don't take this the wrong way but I'm glad it's just you and me. I know how you are with Kelly but to be honest, since I was here last time I've thought about it a lot and I'd rather not be involved with all that."

"Oh, and why this change in heart?" my dad asked, "Seemed like the last time you were here it didn't bother you all that much."

"It's incest John... after I got home I looked at my kids and I just couldn't imagine doing what you do with Kelly with them," Tammy explained softly, her voice so low I could barely hear.

"I hope you understand WHY I do it," my dad responded, a note of concern in his voice, "It's not like it's just about the sex."

Tammy sighed and then answered, "I know you say that John, and I think you've said it so many time now that you've convinced yourself of it. But I saw you last time when you fucked Kelly... I saw the look on your face... I saw the way you fucked her. It WAS just about sex."

There was a silence and then Tammy continued, "Look John, I didn't mean to get into all this now, we can discuss it later. Now let's see what I can do about getting that guy back in action again!"

My guess was she was sucking his dick again and now that the post-sex conversation duties were fulfilled, she as going to see if she couldn't get yet another load of cum. Seemed like a good time my exit, especially after what I'd just heard. I carefully made my way down the stairs and retrieved my clothes.

Soon I was dressed and back on the road again. My mind was racing with everything I'd just seen and heard. Of course the biggest shock had been learning about Tammy's feelings about me and my dad having sex. It really bothered me because she had never even hinted at these concerns before. I thought she had realized how wonderful it was when my dad fucked me and supported us. Guess I was wrong.

Just as I got back to my apartment my cell phone rang and I saw it was my dad. Taking a deep breath I answered the phone. After a brief hello and weather update, he got to the point. "Look Kelly, I know you were watching us today - I caught a glimpse of you in the mirror. I just wanted to be sure you're OK with everything."

Thankful it wasn't a video phone so he didn't see the pained expression on my face as I answered, "I'm sorry dad, I didn't mean to spy on you or anything, I just thought it best if I left when I did."

"Kelly, I don't know what you heard but I hope you weren't too upset by anything."

I hesitated before answering back, unsure of how much to say over the phone. "I'm fine dad, maybe a little confused but I'll deal with it."

"You know I love you Kelly," he said softly.

"I love you too daddy," I said automatically back.

After he hung up I undressed and threw on one his shirts I'd "borrowed" a long time ago. I laid down on my bed on top of the covers and looked up at the ceiling. Suddenly I started crying as memories of my mom came flooding back to me. It had been a while since I'd felt this way but after seeing my dad today fucking another woman I realized how special it had been to see him and my mom together. It was so much more then sex when they made love, like they were made just for each other and were only complete when they joined together. I recalled how it was to be with them, snuggle in between them feeling so warm and secure as their naked bodies pressed against me from each side.

I don't think I've ever been so happy as at times like that, just being close to them and actually feeling their love for me, to be followed by my dad fucking me ever so gently, lovingly as my mom watched and kissed me. Just about sex? I don't think so... it had been SO much more than that when I was with them!

God, how long had it been since I thought about how it felt to have my mom kiss me, to caress my breasts and fondle my pussy as my dad fucked me? I unbuttoned the shirt and let it hang open as I touched my firm breasts, memories of my mom's lips on them flooding back. I reached down and put one finger up inside of me as thoughts of how it felt to have my father inside of me while I kissed my mother came rushing back into my head. To see her look down and watch my dad's dick moving in and out of me, watching her husband as he fucked her only daughter so lovingly, and then to hear her whisper softly, "Fuck her John... fuck your little girl."

It wasn't just about sex as Tammy had accused him. My mom hadn't been telling him to do me like some whore at a party. She loved seeing him fuck me, to see the incestual bond between us. She knew it was his love for me as his daughter - not just about sex, that she was witnessing. Then when he would cum inside of me I would tell her how I could feel him in me, tell her how much I loved it, how much it meant to me. It wasn't "just about sex", it was me submitting myself to my father in the most wonderful, intimate way possible.

My pussy was so hot and wet now as I used my other hand to rub my clit. With my eyes shut I envisioned how my mother would move her mouth down my body, gently kissing my nipples and then slowly working her way down my stomach until she was between my legs, licking my freshly fucked pussy. It was my dad's turn now to watch as my mom would lick as much of her husband's cum from my pussy. How clearly I could still remember how it felt to feel her tongue reaching inside of me, her lips as they gripped my swollen clit and then her finger pushing inside of me to draw out more of my dad's cum. She seemed so content, so serene when she was licking my pussy and I know it meant so much more to her when she could taste her husband on me as well.

Oh my god I was cumming finally! How long had I been here fantasizing about sex with my parents? Did it matter? Sometimes when my orgasm hits me it literally

HITS me, like being blindsided by a truck. Then there were times like this, when it was more like this growing warmth that steadily rose within me, making my entire body feel like I was on the beach with the sun drenching me with its heat.

I gasped as my hot pussy convulsed and my legs pulled under me as I kept my hand firmly between my legs. This was so much more than "just about sex". My father had just fucked me and now I was sucking his softened cock while we both watched my mom eating my pussy, licking up my cum as my orgasm peaked and I was consumed.

After I'd finished, I laid on my side on my bed, one arm stretched out over the edge of my bed and the other locked between my legs, my palm cupping my still hyper-sensitive crotch. All I could think about was how Tammy had accused my dad of fucking me "just about sex". How could anyone even THINK such a thing? I wish she could have witnessed what I'd just recalled as I masturbated; then she would surely have known different!

Tomorrow was Sunday... maybe before I took her to the airport in the afternoon there might be an opportunity to prove to her that she was wrong. She needed to know that incest CAN be a wonderful thing, that my dad loved me as his daughter and would never take advantage of me as she had accused him.

If only she knew…

## 4. Breaking Tradition?

Every family has its traditions. Many are associated with the holidays and we had those to - such as whose home would host the family gathering for which holiday. Many have vacation traditions - not something we really had as we didn't take all that many long vacations when I was growing up thanks to my parents' hectic work schedules. One thing my family DID have that might not be so common involved sex.

For instance, for the past several years the 4th of July had become a time when my family and my Aunt Linda and Kristen got together to celebrate - and I don't mean just the birth of the nation either. Then there was my dad's morning tradition where he would come into my room before leaving for work to spend some "quality time" with his daughter. That tradition sort of faded away when I left for college, but during breaks it would revive itself.

If there is one tradition my dad and I have worked hardest to maintain, it's our time together on Sunday mornings. For years we've had sex just prior to leaving for church, trying to time it as close to start of the service as possible so I have his warm load still in me once we sat down in our pew. There's just something about sitting there as the announcements are read, and then standing up to sing and feel his cum against my thigh as it drains out of me that is incredibly erotic. I never tire of the way he looks at me when I sit next to him, knowing that he had just fucked me and now I was carrying a part of him inside of me. If only the people around us knew!

If only they knew that literally just minutes before his dick had been inside of me, that a loving father had expressed his love and respect for his daughter in a way probably no other father in the entire church had today. Then again, looking around, I wondered if any of the other girls were smiling as their pussies tingled with the memory of having their dad's dick in them just before church.

I have to admit that it's not just the fact my dad fucked me that makes this "tradition" so erotic. It would be pretty naive of me to try to say the naughtiness of it isn't a turn-on as well. Sometimes his cum would drip out and I could feel it drain down my ass onto my skirt. The next time we stood up, I would wonder if it was showing to the people in back of me, and if they had any clue as to what that small wet spot REALLY was.

Undoubtedly even if something DID show, nobody would have thought that it was cum, and especially not that it was my FATHER'S cum at that. Plus, it wasn't like my pussy just quit once my dad fucked me. I loved sitting in the pew feeling it all tingly and warm. Sometimes I would cross my legs to rub my clit a little and it was like goose bumps would raise all over me. At time like that it would be all I could do to keep from reaching down and under my skirt to touch myself. Now THAT would have raised some eyebrows for sure!

As I dressed for church, I thought about how Tammy would be at my dad's house this morning. For a brief second I considered whether or not I should forego our Sunday tradition just this once. It wasn't like we ALWAYS did it. Sometime one of us would oversleep or be running late (poor excuse but it happens) or he might be traveling out of town or I might be with someone. Those times were rare, though, as it meant a lot to both of us to try and keep this tradition a top priority.

Looking in the mirror, I smiled as I thought of what Tammy would think about me wearing this outfit to church. It wasn't something I would've normally picked out to be honest. After all, it WAS church and wearing a really short dress was highly discouraged. This one was more like one I would wear when going out trolling for guys - LOTS of leg and cleavage. For church it was borderline to be sure, but I didn't think it was TOO bad such that people would think badly of me or even worse, mention to me that maybe I should go home and change.

I did make one concession - I wore panties, something I almost never did on Sunday mornings. Not just a thong but actual panties. OK, maybe not the kind your grandmother buys you for Christmas. They were pretty high cut on the sides and narrow in the crotch. The key was that unlike a thong, which typically exposed most, if not virtually all of your ass, these covered a good bit of my bottom. There is a difference between dressing suggestive and looking like a slut. In my opinion, when going to church a girl shouldn't look like a slut - at least not during Sunday morning services. As for other time, well that was a different story.

I decided to head over to my dad's a little earlier than usual. Typically our pre-church "activities" were pretty much geared around him filling me up for church, not to get all sweaty and smell of sex. As a rule, we never even undressed. He would typically just open his pants enough to get his dick out and I would lift my skirt (remember, normally I don't have anything on underneath), and he would fuck me and cum as quickly as he could. This morning I might take off my panties while he fucked me but that would be all, if I even did that. He could always pull them to the side although I've lost a few pairs that way before when they ripped.

The reason I was going early was, of course, Tammy. I wasn't sure how she would react to me being there - or more so how she would react to WHY I was there. It was bad enough that she'd already accused my dad of fucking me "just about sex". What would be her reaction when she learned what we did just before leaving for church?

I parked on the curb by the top of the driveway so I would have one less flight of stairs to negotiate in my high heels. The front door was unlocked so I stepped inside. Looking down the hall, I could just see Tammy sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee. Although she smiled when she saw me, I could tell she was a little surprised that I was there.

"Morning dear, wasn't expecting you," she said right up front. I explained that I always stopped by before church so my dad and I could go together.

"Sort of early, aren't you? Your dad is still dressing I think."

I debated whether or not to say anything as to why I was REALLY there early. Then it was like I felt this frustration within me. Why should I be worried about what she says or thinks? It wasn't like she didn't already know we did it. Why did I have to be the one to be sensitive about her feelings? Weren't MY feelings just as important as hers?

"Well Tammy, to be honest, my dad and I like to be together a bit before we go."

Tammy's eyebrows raised. She was no dummy and she caught on immediately to what I was referring to. Then she forced a smile and reached over the table to hold my hand in hers.

"You mean your dad has sex with you before church... this close to church time?"

I just nodded, not sure what more I could say at this point.

"Kelly..., why?" Tammy asked. I knew she meant more then why was I here to do it before church. No, she was asking a much larger "why" - she wanted to know why I had sex with my dad in the first place.

"I thought you understood everything after your last time here?" I asked her, trying to deflect the question. It wasn't that I didn't want to answer it or that I was ashamed or unwilling. I'd love to tell ANYBODY how I feel about my dad fucking me whenever I can.

"Well, to be honest it was sort of a crazy time and I've had time to think it over since," she shared, "I just can't get past the feeling you're just doing it for him. What do YOU get out of it? You're young, good looking, and could probably have most any guy you want. Why do you even WANT to do this with your father?"

How do you answer such a question? At least, how do you answer it in just a few minutes? To me, it was as easy and simple as the nose on your face. He was my father, what more did I need to say? Yet I knew for someone like Tammy, such simplicity was just not part of her world and culture. How could I ever make her truly understand?

I heard my dad upstairs and I knew he would be heading down soon. I looked at Tammy and then I realized that if I just let my dad fuck me now, she would totally misinterpret everything. This was one time when my dad fucked me that the actual act WAS just about being fucked. Tammy would never understand it was just the prelude to a more erotic experience a little later in church. No, all she would see is my dad hurriedly pulling his dick out and me bending over, talking it immediately into my pussy without any foreplay or anything else. He would cum quickly and then I would arrange my dress and he'd fix his pants and we'd be off to church.

It was at that moment I knew that we had to do something different today. I got up from the table and met my dad at the bottom of the stairs, leaving Tammy in the kitchen. My dad, assuming I was meeting him to get started, started unbuckling his belt but I put my hand on his to stop him. He looked at me with a puzzled face.

I explained quickly that we couldn't do it before church today with Tammy here, that she would get the wrong idea. Then I smiled at him and whispered how I would make it up to him AFTER church when we had more time. At that moment I still wasn't entirely sure HOW, but I would work something out during the service. Besides, it would be fun to think about during the sermon.

We went back to where Tammy was washing her coffee cup out. She turned and looked at us expectedly, as if waiting for us to start going at it. After all, to her it was "just about sex" so in her mind, she was probably wondering why wouldn't we just do it like rabbits in the kitchen in front of her? Well, if she had NOT been there we may have done just that but I wanted to show her the truth before she left for home and doing it now would have made that all but impossible.

As we left the house to go to church, suddenly Tammy stopped and I think for the first time it dawned on her that I was actually wearing this dress to church. I think maybe she thought it was just for my dad and that I would change before we left but of course, I had no intentions of doing anything like that.

"Ummmmm, you're wearing THAT to church?" she said, trying not to sound too judgmental but failing miserably.

"Why, does it have something on it?" I asked, pretending not to realize that her comment might be about the dress itself.

"Well, I don't mean to sound old-fashioned or anything, but isn't it a little short? And the top... Isn't the top just a bit too low-cut?"

My dad once told me that "everything before 'but' is bullshit" and I grinned as I recalled his words of wisdom. Actually it made me feel even better about wearing this dress. If Tammy thought she needed to say something about it, imagine what some of those old shrews at church would think? My dad was watching the interaction between us with a hint of amusement. I knew HE loved my dress and he was undoubtedly looking forward to seeing the looks I got from other guys. They could only look and wish, he knew he would do a lot more than look before the day was over!

"Well I think it looks good on me," I said a little flippantly, maybe a little too much.

"Well I bet your mother would have never let you wear that to church," Tammy shot back and then she turned red and covered her face with her hands as she realized what she had said.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry... I didn't mean to say that," she said, looking like she was about to cry.

"Hey, we're going to be late for church," my dad cut in before it got any worse. I was about ready to fire back with one of my own so it was probably good that he prevailed.

Actually, the dress went over quite well at church. It's not like we go to the most conservative one in town although it still had its fair share of people who went a bit overboard in my opinion. Most people dressed casually for Sundays now, the only suits and formal dresses being worn mostly by the retired folks. Jeans and shorts were common and even flips-flops were worn although bare feet was still a no-no.

In a way, I was overdressed in terms of style while some may have pointed out I was a tad underdressed in terms of square inches of fabric. Between my short hemline and high heels, I thought my legs looked great with the summer tan I'd been working so hard on. Maybe a few hours at the gym wouldn't hurt but then I hadn't been exactly coltish in appearance in many years.

The service went by without incident. Just to tease Tammy, I crossed my legs while sitting between her and my dad. She kept checking out how far the dress pulled up and once I caught her frowning a bit. It's not like my butt was showing or anything but there wasn't a lot keeping out of view. The only time anyone really saw anything was when we stood up to pray or sing. I made sure I kept the dress pulled down so as not to flash the family behind me but I'm sure the teenage boys (and probably their dad) must have thinking, "just a little bit more...". Oh well, it made time go by quicker for what was a really boring service this morning.

As it turned out, there was a potluck dinner after church sponsored by the youth to raise donations. It wasn't much but we decided to eat there and do our part to support them. Tammy had to be at the airport later this afternoon anyway so it helped by not going out for a long lunch and having to wait in the Sunday lines. Unfortunately, our church let out about fifteen minutes later than this huge Catholic church next door and I swear they had made their schedule such that they could get to the restaurants before us!

It was after 1:00 by the time we got back to my dad's house. Watching Tammy's body language, I could tell she was horny and most likely was waiting for me to leave so she could attack my dad for one last fuck before going home to her boring marriage. Well, I had needs of my own and besides, I'd promised my dad something for skipping our time before church this morning. My dad parked in the garage meaning we had to enter the house through the basement and family room. Tammy looked at me and I could tell she was expecting to say goodbye as my dad would be driving her to the airport and so since I would supposedly be leaving soon, this was time to say goodbye. Well that was too bad as I had other plans.

"So you think my dad fucks me just for the sex, is that it?" I said, catching her off-guard as she looked stunned and stammered as she worked to figure out a response.

"Well, I don't think I put it quite THAT way," she said, trying to defend herself.

"Sit down Tammy," I told her.

I think the tone of my voice surprised her and she reacted instinctively to the demand by sitting down on the couch. "Good, now I want you to watch and THEN tell me it's just about sex... OK?"

I don't think she really comprehended what I was saying until I reached down, grabbed the hem of my dress with both hands, and pulled it up and over my head, leaving me in just my panties and heels. Gotta love that dress! Turning to my dad, I reached up and kissed him, my bare boobs pressing against his dress shirt. His hands automatically went to their favorite location - my ass and cupped my butt cheeks, one in each hand. I still was wearing the black lace panties but that didn't seem to faze him. I whispered in my ear to him, "Show her how you love me daddy. I want her to see."

I turned my head towards Tammy who was starting to get up. I motioned for her to sit.

"No, I want you to watch. You need to know the truth."

She started to protest but I held my hand up like a traffic cop, commanding her to stop and shut up. She looked at my dad, expecting support, but he just shrugged and smiled as if he was saying he was just going along with whatever happened.

"Please daddy, show her how much you love me," I whispered again as he seemed to hesitate because of Tammy's discomfort.

We kissed again, this time with more passion, our tongues meeting with our mouths open. His large hands slipped under my panties, grabbing my smooth bare

even use the opportunity to walk out. It wasn't like she was some kind of prude after all. Heck, we'd done some pretty wild things the last time she visited and she hadn't been exactly shy about her desires to fuck my dad this time around.

Still, I could understand how someone like her, raised in a more typical family and now married and living with her standard All-American family, would have a hard time accepting what I was doing. She hadn't seemed all that concerned last time but then it might have simply overwhelmed her and it wasn't until she had time to really think about it that she had come to the mindset she now seemed to have.

I felt my dad's hands on each side of my head, his fingers wrapped in my hair as he pulled me into his crotch, driving his dick even deeper into my mouth and throat. OK, so he wasn't exactly the most well-endowed man I'd even sucked but he was more than adequate so far as I was concerned. Besides, anything much bigger and it becomes more a nuisance than a turn-on. Sure big cocks look great in porn films but have you ever tried sucking one?

"Do you like this daddy?" I said softly to him, holding him as I took my mouth off of him just long enough to speak.

"Oh baby, you know I do... you know I love it when you suck my dick," he sighed, shuddering yet again as my tongue licked along the base of his dick and up the bottom of his shaft.

"Do you like it when your daughter sucks your dick?" I continued. It was a question more for Tammy than it was for me. Of course I knew he liked me to suck him. I just wanted Tammy to hear him say it. Besides, I never grew tired of him saying it anyway!

"Oh yeah... you do it so good," he groaned as I sucked hard on the head, my cheeks sucking in as I tightened my lips around him even more.

I loved sucking my dad in front of Tammy. For her to see how good I made him feel she had to realize it was more than "just about sex" that was causing him to react the way he was. I knew he loved it when I sucked his dick and I tried to do it as often as I could. It didn't always have to be in my mouth, just touching it was special to me. Sometimes watching TV I just liked to cuddle and just hold his dick in my hand, feeling the warmth and firmness of it as he put his arms around me and hugged me.

He was starting to get ready to cum and I wasn't ready for that, at least not yet. I stood up and dropped my panties to the floor, stepping out of them while keeping my heels on - the only article of clothing that remained on me. I backed up and sat down on the couch next to Tammy. I was actually on the other cushion so it wasn't like I was rubbing my bare ass up against her or anything. She was still fully clothed and other than seeing her lick her lips now and then, there was no indication that she was turned on by anything so far. At least she was still watching! Leaning back, I grabbed the backs of my thighs with each hand and lifted my legs up and apart for him, giving him a direct view of my moist pussy.

"Your turn daddy," I said with a smile, "Show Tammy how much you love to lick your daughter's pussy."

Again, he looked over to Tammy, almost like he was seeking her approval but she remained stoic, not giving away her thoughts or feelings. Then he looked back at me and winked, a mischievous smile on his face as he kneeled on the floor by the couch and put his hand on the back of my bare thighs, pushing them back even more. With a quick licking of his lips, like he was about to partake of a feast, he started to kiss and lick the inner thighs of my legs., alternating between them and running his tongue along the sensitive bare skin.

It was my turn to shudder as the sensation of his tongue on my thighs was a cross between pure pleasure and a tickle. I loved to be touched and kissed there, one of the good things about wearing a short skirt was it gave easy access, even to just me in a pinch. He slowly worked his way to my crotch, teasing me with his tongue as he ran up and down the side of my pussy, not quite touching my pussy lips but getting ever so close. He briefly grabbed my swollen clit with his lips, giving it a gentle tug before he release it and went back to licking me.

"Oh daddy, lick my pussy," I sighed, wanting to feel his tongue on me so bad.

At first I thought he was teasing me again as he went down to my thighs again but the time when he came back up his tongue ran up the center of my slit, from close to my asshole all the way to my clit where he sucked and licked it. God it felt so good!

Actually, my dad didn't lick my pussy all that much. I'm not sure why, but it was something he seemed to have to be in the proper mood to do. I hadn't seen him lick Tammy's either but then I could have missed that given I had arrived will into their fuck time together.

"Wouldn't you like him to lick your pussy like this?" I teased Tammy.

I didn't expect her to say yes but it was worth the shot anyway. Sure enough, she just smiled politely and shook her head. I DID notice she wasn't taking her eyes off my pussy though. Hmmm, was she more interested in my pussy or watching my dad picking it while wishing he would do it to hers?

My interaction with Tammy was interrupted when I gasped for air, as if I'd been punched in the stomach and couldn't breathe. Actually, it was a good gasp, created when my dad unexpectedly thrust two fingers inside my wet pussy when I was looking at Tammy and not paying attention. I could feel him exploring my pussy, his fingers curling and moving all around inside of me. His nose was pressed perfectly against my clit as he kept licking me while he fucked me with his fingers. God I loved him so much!

"Oh daddy, I love you," I cried out as the pleasure that was beaming from my pussy like some sort of supernova radiated out to every pore of my body.

He didn't reply and this was one of those times I was glad he didn't. The last thing I wanted at that moment was for him to take his mouth off of me, even for a second!

"Ohhhhhh daddyyyyyyyy...," I groaned as my orgasm filled me with warmth and electricity.

It felt so good and as I came he sucked on my clit, making me practically leap from the couch as sensitive as it was by then. He pushed in a third finger, filling my pussy with his fingers as he fucked me with them.

"Fuck me daddy... fuck me now.. NOW!" I cried out.

I wanted to feel him entering me while I was still simmering and he didn't waste any time doing as I asked.

"Here you go baby... just what my girl needs," he said in a voice husky with his sex, positioning his dick head at the entrance to my pussy.

Sometime he would rub it around the outside, getting it wet and teasing me with it until I begged him to put it in me. Not today. Today he wanted in me as badly as I wanted it so as soon as it was in position, he was ramming himself into me, all the way to the hilt.

"That's it daddy, fuck me... show her how much you love me," I cried out as I felt his hard stick filling my pussy.

Over and over he pumped his dick in and out of me. It seemed that each time felt better than the last, but I don't know how that could be possible. All I knew was my daddy was inside of me, that he loved me so much he gave me his most precious gift, his sex.

"Look Tammy, isn't he wonderful?" I said looking at where Tammy was watching with serious attention, '"He could never fuck me like this if it were just about sex, can't you see?"

That was about all I was going to get out as my mouth failed me as I started to cum yet again. My dad groaned as my pussy grabbed onto his dick, holding it deep within me as my cum gushed around his shaft and onto my ass and below to the cushion. It felt so wonderful, so RIGHT. It was how it was meant to be between a father and his daughter, the way god intended it, the way I wanted it. Surely she had to be seeing it as she watched us.

"I want you to fuck Tammy too," I managed to get out, "Fuck her daddy... fuck Tammy just for me."

My dad looked over at where Tammy was sitting and I was sure he had no problem with what I was asking. Tammy, on the other hand, seemed a bit surprised. Well, why not? How often do you see a girl getting the lights fucked out of her by her father only to hear her tell him to do you? It was hard for me to even understand myself but there was something in me that needed to see him fucking her, some crazy impulse or desire, especially now that he was doing me in front of her already. Tammy didn't say a word, nor did she make any obvious gestures either to help figure out what she was thinking. My dad, bless his heart, took things into his own hands - literally.

"Well, you heard the girl," he said to Tammy with a grin as he pulled out of me and moved over where Tammy was sitting with her legs still crossed like a virgin at a party. I loved the way his cock glistened in the light from the wetness of my pussy that coated it, knowing it would soon join Tammy's once he as inside of her... assuming he WAS going to be inside of her!

"John, I really don't I know about this," she protested weakly.

She wanted it, it was obvious from the way she was holding her legs tight together, not to hide anything but she was more likely rubbing her clit with her thighs instead.

My dad wasn't taking anything but "yes" for an answer but even without it, he still moved forward, uncrossing her legs and then reaching down for the hem of her long skirt. She sat there, neither helping him or hindering him as he lifted it up and above her waist, exposing her pink nylon panties underneath. Nobody was saying a word and in the silence I could hear the rustle of her dress as he bunched it up and pushed it out of the way. The next thing was her panties and this time, as he grabbed them on each side and started pulling them down, she lifted her hips up just a little, almost imperceptibly but enough to help him pull them down and over her flats, leaving her hairy pussy exposed, the jet black pubic hair contrasting sharply against the white skin of her crotch. From the look of it, she didn't even trim it but just let it grow freely, like a wild bush - hence the nickname?

All you could hear was the deep breaths of everyone as my dad licked his fingers and moistened Tammy's pussy with them. He pushed her legs up similar to what he had done with mine and then moved in closer to her until his dick was only inches away from her pussy. Tammy looked almost like she was drugged, her eyes fixated on his dick while her face was almost expressionless.

"Fuck her daddy... fuck her for me," I called out softly to him.

He didn't really need my encouragement as I was sure he was about to do jus6t that anyway, but I was sure he still appreciated hearing me say it and I wondered how it made Tammy to hear his daughter begging him to fuck her.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned softly, the first real sound she had made since he had moved to her as he pressed his dick into her pussy.

"That's it daddy, push it in her, fuck her daddy, fuck her!"

And fuck Tammy he did. It was different than with me though, faster and more out of control. He seemed less concerned about her pleasure and more about his, even though I knew he was sure to take care of her as well. Now THIS was "just sex". She wasn't his daughter, not his wife, not even his niece or sister-in- law. Tammy was just a woman he wanted to fuck, just a pussy to drill, just a married woman cheating on her husband (something, to be fair, was more what I was thinking, not him). He was just fucking her for the sake of fucking her, to enjoy himself and to savor the feel of Tammy's pussy around his dick.

My point was made. The defense rests. Case closed. There was no way Tammy couldn't realize now the difference between my dad fucking her and how he fucked me. She had to understand that with me it was more than "just about sex", just from watching the way he fucked me. She had to see that I was more than just another pussy to him, more than just another woman to get him off. She had to see that as his daughter, his only child, that he loved me unconditionally and only wanted to show me just how much he did in the most intimate way possible.

"I want you now daddy... fuck me now daddy." I said as I sat up and leaned over the couch.

I had one knee on the couch and my other foot on the floor as I looked at the two of them, my dad still rutting in her pussy like a dog in heat.

"DADDY!" I called out to break his concentration, "I want you to fuck ME now!"

I'm not sure what I would have done if he had cum in Tammy instead of me. Thankfully I didn't have to find out as he shook his head as if waking from a dream and pulled out of Tammy and quickly got in behind me and started fucking me from behind. It was a close call as he was barely in me when he started to cum.

"He's cumming in me," I said hoarsely to Tammy, she being almost under be as my dad shoved me forward as he rammed his dick into me deep as he poured his incestuous cum into me. "See, he's cumming in me, he wants it in me, in his daughter."

When he had finished he gave me a couple of more good thrusts and then pulled out of me. I smiled wickedly at Tammy and said, "Eat his cum from pussy."

Her eyes widened but she didn't say no so I took advantage of her hesitation and stood up on the couch, moving so one foot was on each side of her. I put my hands on the wall behind us to steady myself and thrust my hips forward until my pussy was directly over her face. I squeezed down until I felt a bit of his cum drip from me and onto her face.

At first she seemed determined to just sit there but once the cum hit her face she couldn't resist any more. She opened her mouth and I lowered myself down onto her outstretched tongue as more of my dad's cum leaked from my pussy and into her mouth. My knees almost buckled when her tongue tickled my pussy and then licked my clit as she sought to lick every drop of my dad's cum from me. I felt her hand reach up and cup my butt, pulling my pussy into her face as she licked and sucked me. Mmmmmmm, it was the perfect finish!

When I eventually had a seat next to her again, Tammy just sat there, her skirt still above her waist and her crotch on display but I don't think she even really realized it. She looked at me and smiled, taking my hand.

"You know, I STILL could never let my son fuck me," she said, and then seeing the downcast expression on my face, she continued, "But I DO think I understand why you love your dad fucking you - and why he loves it with you as well."

We hugged and I felt so much better. Tammy, after all, had been my mom's best friend and to have her approval and blessings meant a lot to me.

## Epilogue

We all seemed to realize that it was getting late at about the same time. Tammy needed to shower as she couldn't exactly get on the plane smelling like cum and pussy! There was still a little time left and I wondered if she and my dad might have one last fuck before she took that shower – or even shared it.

I decided not to find out. There was something special now between my dad and Tammy, something that hadn't been there before this trip and I wondered if it was even more special than what they had as teens – undoubtedly so. I gave Tammy a final kiss and hug after I donned my dress (no sense fooling around with the panties since I would be going straight home).

I had no idea when I would see Tammy again but already I was looking forward to it. What had started out as a rather awkward and depressing weekend had finished in a wonderful way and I would remember this time together forever.

Meanwhile, next Sunday I was pretty sure my dad and I would be back to our traditions once again!

# (Jul 21) Chapter 192: A Night to Unwind

Story codes: FF MF oral F-solo exhib
Me (24)
Beth - BFF (25)

When you have a number of things happen in the space of a few weeks that affect you emotionally and physically, it helps to have a best friend who knows just how to take your mind off things and let you unwind.

## 1. All Wound Up

The past month or so may not have been the most hectic or worst of my life, but it was still quite a struggle in many ways. Traveling to California for the first time, applying for a job, dealing with a blackmailer, a surprise visit by my mom's best friend, some issues with people on-line, and finally that monthly reminder that women don't have EVERYTHING better than men (just most things), and I guess you could say I was feeling pretty wound up.

Thank God for best friends! Just when I needed her most, Beth was there for me - my absolute best friend and most trusted confidante. Whether it was because she was concerned about my general well-being, being a little nosey, or maybe just fed up listening to my persistent complaining and whining, for whatever reason she stopped by my apartment one day for a visit after I'd bent her ear earlier for an hour or so on the phone.

"Hey girlfriend, you know... THIS has simply GOT to stop," she announced with a frown, waving her hands in the air at me as she burst past me into my apartment after I'd answered the steady knocking on the door.

She moved quickly to the middle of the living room area and then twirled around to face me, both hands on her ample hips and bouncing on the balls of her feet like she was preparing for Round One of a boxing match.

"So I just HAVE to ask... when the hell was the last time you got yourself laid anyway?" she demanded when I didn't respond immediately to her initial outburst, "And I don't mean by that jerk you'll be working for or some weirdo you met God only knows where."

Although I tried to protest, reminding her about being with my dad and Tammy, she clearly wasn't looking for that kind of answer, if she was even listening.

"Sheesh Kelly, you know I'm not talking about whatever it is you do with your dad or one of his old girlfriends," she huffed, "I mean like just a good old- fashioned screwing with one of the guys... or girls for that matter. Well?"

She already knew the answer so all I did was roll my eyes melodramatically. Sure I'd been out a few times the past few weeks but other than what I'd already mentioned, all I'd done was a few blowjobs - and those without even getting undressed myself. Not that I don't LOVE giving blowjobs, anyone who knows me at all knows THAT, but she was right - now and then a girl just needs to let her hair down and just get fucked.

"Crap, so how many time a day are you masturbating these days?" she continued her virtual interrogation.

"Oh... maybe twice a day?" I replied, trying to sound flippant. She wasn't buying it, which wasn't all that surprising as Beth knew me better than anyone else alive.

"Yeah right, and I'm the Queen of England," she responded sarcastically, "Give me a break Kelly, I know you a LOT better than that."

"OK, maybe three or four," I confessed. She seemed to almost buy it this time but in the back of her mind she was probably rolling her imaginary eyes at me.

"By yourself?"

"Well duh, isn't that sort of what masturbation IS?" I countered, hoping I could divert the conversation, false hope that it was...

"Yeah right, and since when does that apply to you my slutty friend?" she laughed at me. Then she got this odd expression and she started looking around for something. Whatever it was she didn't seem to be finding it and finally she turned to me and asked, "OK, so where are you hiding it?"

I looked at her quizzically, not as part of any act this time as I truly didn't have a clue as to what she meant.

"You know what I mean... your double-ended wonder toy silly!" she giggled.

Oh... so THAT was what she was looking for. Suddenly I knew exactly what she had in mind - my double ended dildo. Over the years I'd had a number of them in different colors, shapes and sizes. While I'm not that big a fan of dildos and vibrators in general, the one she was referring to was my favorite and the only one I kept handy on a regular basis. A college roomie had introduced me to it back when I was a freshman and it had been my "toy of choice" ever since. Of course it was more fun when I got to share it with another girl but if you're determined (and horny) enough, you can still find a number of ways to have fun with it all by yourself.

My eyes shifted over to the end table by the end of the couch where the TV changer was along with a small lamp. Beth followed my gaze and grinned when she spotted what she'd been looking for.

"Hmmmmmm, looks like it's out and ready for use... or has it already seen some action today?" she quizzed me with a big grin.

Actually, I hadn't used it in a couple of weeks since my cousin had last visited me but there was no sense spoiling the moment so I gave her a mischievous smile instead, letting her assume whatever she wanted.

Beth went over and picked it up. This particular model I'd bought not long ago on-line (you wouldn't catch me dead in one of those "adult" stores"). It was a translucent purple color model with smooth ridges around the "shaft" and large mushroom-like heads at each end. It was about 18 inches long, the longest I'd ever bought, and quite flexible. Between the extra length and flexibility it made it pretty easy to do sorts of interesting things with it, even when I was alone. Beth held it towards one end, letting it bounce up and down lewdly as she approached me.

"Hmmmmmm, I bet you got off good with it the last time, didn't you?" she purred as she stuck it between my legs and used it to rub up against my crotch.

All I was wearing was a relatively short t-shirt which was just long enough to cover my butt when standing up, but it didn't have a prayer of keeping me modest with Beth rubbing the dildo between my legs.

"You filthy slut! Like... do you EVER wear panties?" she teased me, knowing full well what the answer to her question was before she asked it.

"Why bother?" I replied flippantly, "Do you want me to put some on? I'm not embarrassing you, am I?"

Beth almost choked she laughed so quickly. "ME? Embarrassed? Yeah, like that'll be the day. Besides, since when have you worried about your underwear - or lack of it, around me anyway?"

As she spoke she rubbed my crotch a little more firmly with the dildo, letting the tip dig into me a little, causing me to squirm a bit as it pressed against my exposed clit.

"Ahhhhhh, somebody's horny, I can tell," Beth teased, "I think you need to get laid girl, big time!"

By then I really wasn't paying a lot of attention to what Beth was SAYING. I had closed my eyes and found myself thinking more about what she was DOING. Her free hand had worked its way under the back of my t-shirt until she had a firm grasp of my bare ass, pushing my hips forward to meet up with the steady motion of the dildo she was rubbing against me with her other hand.

"Oh!" I gasped softly, unable to fully contain myself as I felt her hand squeeze my butt as she started to work the dildo more firmly between my bare legs. I shifted my weight from foot to foot, parting them more for her to make it easier for her to do... well, whatever she wanted to do to me.

"Ahhhhhh, you want it in you, don't you," Beth said in a low sultry voice, not teasing anymore but more like she was seducing me - and doing a damn good job of it as well. "You want a nice hard dick up that sweet wet cunt, don't you... you're just a fucking slut... and I love that about you Kelly."

Well, you didn't have to be a slut to enjoy what she was doing to me. Heck, a nun would've loved what Beth was doing to me now. She had the dildo's head starting to push its way into me, working it slowly just barely in and out of my horny pussy, using my natural wetness to lubricate it. When she suddenly shoved it deeper into me, I thought my legs would collapse!

"Oh fuck that feels so good!" I cried out ever so softly as Beth maneuvered me backwards towards the couch.

When I felt the fabric against the backs of my legs I put my hand back to catch my weight as I dropped down to the seat cushion. Beth was relentless, keeping the first couple of inches of the awesome dildo in me the entire way down. Leaning back, I laid my head against the top of the back cushion and sat there as Beth did most of the work - well, make that ALL of the work. As for me... I was just enjoying myself!

"Take that damn thing off," Beth said softly but firmly as she sat down next to me, putting her free arm on top of the cushion behind me while she worked the dildo ever so slowly into me further with the other.

I quickly reached down and grabbed the bottom of my cotton t-shirt, pulling it up and over my head, then dropping it on the couch next to me, leaving me finally naked next to her.

Beth, meanwhile, was still fully clothed in her white capris and turquoise tank top, not even bothering to remove her sandals yet. With her big boobs it was obvious she'd left her bra at home. She mentioned once they were 36D's but I think she was trying to keep me from being too jealous of them. Damn, they were incredible! All through our teens years I use to dream of having boobs likes Beth's. When we were fourteen she was already busting out of her bras and bikini tops while I was still stuffing in tissue in a vain attempt to make a training bra look sexy.

As I got older mine finally developed so that nowadays hers weren't THAT much bigger than mine. In fact, I'd was now a pretty solid 34C bra size (not that I wore one all that much), but I still admired Beth's and seeing those impressive breasts pressing out through her thin cotton tank top, the outline of her large nipples clearly visible, was making me even more horny than ever.

With my T-shirt now out of the way, Beth dropped her arm down to lay on top of my bare shoulders. She leaned in closer so she could move her hand down lower until she was able to gently caress my breast. Then while still maintaining her motion with the dildo, she bent over and I felt her wet tongue flicker across my hardening nipple, her soft hair draping down onto my sensitive stomach.

"That feels soooooo damn good," I moaned softly to her.

On the one hand I wanted to close my eyes and do nothing but concentrate on the incredible sensations being generated from between my open legs thanks to her filling more and more of my pussy with the dildo. Yet on the other hand, I wanted to open them wide and watch her as she suckled on my now heaving breasts and played with my quivering pussy. In the end I opened them to watch, not wanting to miss seeing her. We didn't do this a lot, at least not just the two us together as usually there was least one other person (male or female, it didn't matter).

Considering all the years we'd been best friends, Beth and I really didn't have sex alone together all that much. We sometimes shared a guy (or guys), she was always trying to drag me off to her incredible sex parties, and we'd each fucked the other's dad (I did hers once while she did mine twice but that's a whole other story), but when it came to one-on-one "quality time", our friendship seemed to get in the way more so than encouraging us to be intimate.

"This feel good in your pussy?" she whispered to me, the warm breath of her voice was soft against my sensitive nipples.

What could I say? Of course it did! The only thing that would have been better would have been a REAL dick but at times like this I could make do with the dildo. For a while we just went on like this, sitting next to each other, me naked while she was still fully clothed, me sitting still while she slowly fucked my pussy with the dildo. She was practically killing me, moving it so damn slow I wanted to scream out for her to do it faster and faster yet at the same time, that very slowness was what was driving me into my first orgasm.

"That's it, cum for me Kelly... cum for me," she whispered as she kissed my neck and softly bit the lobe of my ear as her tongue worked its way over my neck and ear. God she knew how to make me feel so good!

"Oh Beth!!" I cried, my voice a bare high-pitched squeak as I felt my pussy begin to spasm and my entire body exploded.

My back arched and my legs stiffened out in front of me as I felt like I was plugged into the wall outlet but it was bolts of pleasure coursing through me, not electricity. Just when I though it couldn't be more intense, Beth's timing was impeccable and she shoved the dildo into me as far as it would go.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out as it was like my orgasm went into warp drive.

My head was laid back against the cushion as far as it would go and it was like I couldn't even breath. Beth, seeing my reaction, pulled the dildo out of my pussy and then shoved it back in, repeating it over and over again. She wasn't doing it slow anymore, it was full speed ahead and she was pumping it in and out of me like a she was a mad woman.

For me, it was like time was standing still, but slowly I came back from wherever my mind had gone and I slouched down on the couch, panting as I tried to catch my breath. Beth had the dildo out of me now, her one hand cupping my crotch, just pressing her palm firmly against me as her other hand ran its fingers through my hair. I turned my head and smiled weakly at her, my eyes barely able to even focus on her.

"Wow, now THAT was what I call the Big-O!" she giggled, tugging ever so lightly on my hair as she gave me a slight pull between my legs, just enough to make me jump. She laughed saying, "A little jumpy down there still, eh?"

THAT would be the understatement of the day. My pussy was literally throbbing and I felt like my entire body was still on a slow burn. This wasn't the sort of thing you just turn off as the aftershocks of my orgasm periodically made me alternately shiver and then jump uncontrollably.

We sat together like that for a while, two old friends just enjoying each other's company. There was so much I would've liked to have done with her, to have shared with her, to have touched her and have her touch me. Yet somehow at this moment it was perfect, just the right balance for two best friends.

"Hey, now that I've got you in the mood, so to speak, what do you say you come with me tonight to a party?"

I looked at Beth and my eyes widened as I realized what she was asking. She'd been pestering me for the past week about this party and so far I'd told her no. There had been several so far this summer and despite her cajoles and pleading, I had turned her down for all of them. Somehow I just didn't feel in the mood for such things with everything else going on in my life. She loved them and I knew she was at them sometimes two and three times a week but for me, once every few months was overkill enough - if that often.

"Well, what do you say my horny best friend?" she said, giving my crotch a more stronger tug this time, letting her finger press harder against my swollen clit. Despite my determination not to respond to her manipulation, I jumped even a little harder this time.

"Yeah, you want it, don't EVEN try to bluff your way out this time you slut," she teased me.

What could I say? After what she had done to me I was dying for a real cock and what was better than one cock - a BUNCH of cocks! Like I said, normally I'm just not in the right mood for this sort of thing but if there was ever a time when I WAS, this would be it. I thought about it for about two seconds and then figured what the hell, why not? I nodded and she giggled with glee, even clapping her hands. I quickly took a shower, dried my hair, threw on some makeup, and finally grabbed my favorite worn jeans and a tight black tank top. It really didn't matter what I wore as I knew it wouldn't be on me for very long!

We still had an hour before the party so we went out for a bite at TGI Friday. The jeans were pretty tight and even as we ate I couldn't help but squirm a bit as the crotch pulled up against my still throbbing pussy. God, would the darn thing EVER calm down? By the time we were finished eating and on our way to the party I was about back to normal. Even so, I had to admit that I was even more horny than before and I couldn't wait for us to get there.

## 2. Initiation Ceremony

It had been quite a while since I was at one of Beth's sex parties and the first thing I noticed was that there were a LOT of people I hadn't seen before, or at least that I didn't remember. Of course, it's not like I socialized much at the previous parties. Heck, I didn't even know the names of most of the guys who fucked me at the time, let alone remember them later. Still, the sexually- charged atmosphere was the same and looking around, the people were still as hot as ever. I don't know where they all came from, but I did know it was by invitation only. It wasn't like you could just walk off the street and join in and they certainly didn't advertise.

We first made our way to the kitchen where Beth grabbed a wine cooler while I sought out a diet soft drink. Most of the people apparently had already arrived, if not all of them, as we barely had time to get down our first drink when the host was calling out for everyone to come to the living area, the largest room in the house. The furniture had been arranged to leave the middle area open with the couches and chairs, plus the ones from the kitchen, arranged in an oval so everyone could watch what was happening in the middle.

One of the things I really look forward to whenever I go to one of Beth's parties is the "initiation" ceremony. There's always a "rookie" - someone who is there for the first time. According to the unwritten rules (or if they WERE written, I'd never seen them), only one rookie was allowed at the party - for reasons soon to become obvious. To put it simply, the initiation rules required that the new person be fucked by the host (or hostess - always the opposite sex) of the party as everyone else watched. Nobody was allowed to do anything (well, they don't stop you from touching yourself or using the bathroom) but nothing with anyone else during the initiation "ceremony".

Needless to say, nobody shows up at one of these parties without having a pretty extensive sexual resume so it's not likely that they've never been fucked by someone they didn't know, at least that was never the case at any of the ones I'd witnessed. However, most people have never had sex as a "show" in front of an audience dedicated to watching nothing but them having sex with a stranger. Beth use to laugh when she would tell me about parties where some new guy was bragging before the party started about his sexual prowess but when he learned he had to "perform" on demand he became this shy little boy. Actually, I'd never been at a party where a guy was initiated but I can say that when it came to the girls, the typical initial reaction was shock and sometimes even anger at her friend who brought her and didn't warn her ahead of time. But that was too bad as what would be the fun if they were told ahead of time?

Beth whispered to me that tonight I would finally get to witness a guy being initiated. Then to my surprise, Beth got up and joined the male host who informed everyone that she was the designated "hostess" for the night. Apparently when the party was hosted by just a guy or girl, the party "regulars" took turns being the host or hostess when the need arose to have a partner for the rookie. Needless to say, Beth hadn't told me that she was "on duty" tonight. Leave it to the little slut to keep me in the dark about these sort of things.

Dutifully we all gathered in the family room where I took a seat on the couch at the end, along with two other girls and a guy who sat between them. Of course everyone was still fully dressed but some more so than others. The two girls certainly hadn't bothered wearing too much, that was for sure, with short skirts and halter tops - and nothing else but heels. Modesty was definitely not their forte as they sat with their legs open enough to let every know they didn't have anything on under their short skirts.

The host made the usual greetings and then reiterated the "rules of engagement" for the evening. Basically they were pretty straight-forward. The important thing to remember was that this was a sex PARTY and it was to stay a party. That meant no pairing off and disappearing for a private fuck. Everything had to be done in one of the designated rooms on the first floor where people could watch and join in if they desired. Drugs were strictly forbidden with the exception of Viagra and such which were OK but absolutely nothing illegal or that required a prescription was allowed. Condoms were readily available for those so inclined to use them but everyone there was supposedly tested and clean. The bathroom was off limits for sex so people could use it. Alcoholic beverages were provided but anyone getting drunk and out of control would be asked to leave.

Essentially the idea was for everyone to have a good time and enjoy themselves. Nobody was required to have sex with anyone they didn't want to although an unspoken "rule" was that anyone who didn't actively participate or was too choosey about their partners wouldn't be asked back again. The only part of the party that was mandatory was the initiation ceremony. After that it was pretty much whatever you wanted to make of it. I liked that there were no silly games, just adults having fun the old-fashioned way - pure, unapologetic sex.

The host then introduced Beth who explained the initiation ceremony, mostly for the benefit of the clueless rookie. Everyone turned to look at the new guy - who just happened to be the guy on the couch with me and the other two girls. He seemed confused as to what was going on and he looked at the two of them, obviously expecting some sort of answer to his unspoken questions. Evidently they'd been the ones to bring him so instead of responding to his questions, they just got up with each taking one of his hands. Then together they tugged him up and off the couch, delivering him almost ceremoniously to Beth after which they returned to their seats on the couch, giggling and obviously feeling quite pleased with themselves for having deceived him so well.

Beth was beaming as she in her element – the center of attention with fresh meat at her side. It was like she was a game show host as she asked his name to which he answered with a simple, "David." Despite her earlier explanation, he still didn't seem to have a clue as to what was about to happen.

That changed pretty fast when Beth quickly reiterated to him the initiation requirements and then the group cheered as before he could respond, she suddenly attacked his jeans and was undoing his belt before he knew what hit him. David looked helplessly over at his two girlfriends who were giggling and pointing at him, then down to Beth who was struggling with the button at the waist of his blue jeans. The guy just stood there without helping her, as if he didn't know quite what to do. I quickly counted and there were 16 people in the room, including him and Beth, all fourteen of the spectators watching intently at the events unfolding in the middle of the room.

Beth was obviously horny as hell and I couldn't help but grin as I knew I'd had a bit of a hand in getting her that way. As her best friend I knew all the signs and I could tell she couldn't wait to get this guy naked. Beth has this tendency to bite her lower lip when she is getting ready to fuck someone and at the moment she was about to bite it off! All of her energy seemed to be focused on the task at hand. The jeans suddenly popped open and everyone cheered again when they saw he'd come commando. Beth seemed pleased as well, undoubtedly thinking it was one less thing to deal with. She pulled his jeans down to his knees and before he could do or say anything she had his soft dick in her mouth. Damn, from the way she attacked it she must have wanted it really bad!

David's cock was still limp, appearing to be average or so in size from what I could tell from my angle, maybe a little smaller. It's so hard to tell what kind of dick a guy will have when he's not aroused. Some guys seem to expand dramatically while others just get a little thicker and stiffer. Some rise up like a hot air balloon being filled while others hang down or barely stick out no matter how aroused they get. Some get this cute little curve to them such that when they're standing up their dick points up at their faces while others are straight or a little crooked. It's one of the things I love about dicks, no two are ever quite the same. Every time I reach into a guy's pants it's like a new adventure as I wonder what I'll find.

One other thing I quickly noted was that he was shaved clean. Maybe for the purposes of a party such as this that being shaved works out pretty good and it also helped to display his dick more prominently to the audience. Still, I prefer good old fashioned thick and lush pubic hair on a guy's crotch. Granted, I don't exactly like to suck hairy balls all that much, but I tend to be more of a "hands on" girl when it comes to a guy's balls than using my mouth anyway. My preference is to suck his dick while fondling his balls with my hands. Actually, I think it makes him feel better when I do both at the same time anyway. Beth, as I knew well from seeing her in action before, LOVED balls almost as much as she did dicks and she soon had David's smooth orbs in her mouth after just a few plunges onto his stiffening shaft, sucking on them and taking them into her mouth one at a time.

The people watching had begun chattering between themselves, some of them offering words of encouragement and advice, mostly to Beth but a few directed at David. David seemed to be just starting to comprehend that this was for real and not some cruel practical joke as I suspected think he'd been thinking at the beginning. Well, he may have been confused but his dick certainly wasn't. It was growing rapidly under Beth's expert care as she gripped it by the base of the shaft and started to stroke it in and out of her mouth.

Beth was still fully clothed and for me, it looked erotic to see her giving him a blowjob with everything still on. Even so, I knew THAT wasn't going to last long. Beth was more the "nudist" than me, although for the life of me I don't know how that developed when you consider the conservative Baptist household where she was raised.

It was sort of funny when you compared the two of us. Here I was raised in a home where while nudity wasn't typical, it was at least accepted whereas if Beth had so much as run between the bathroom and her bedroom nude her mother would've had a stroke. Yet today if you were to ever peek through the windows of my apartment, odds were you'd see me wearing SOMETHING, at least on top as I love the feel of air against my bare bottom. Do the same at Beth's place and unless her family or such was there she preferred to run around stark naked. Go figure...

Sure enough, as she sucked David's now stiffening dick, Beth was undressing herself and finally David was getting into it and started to help her. Soon they were both nude with her now back on her knees as she sucked his dick while everyone watched. As experienced as she was with the party scene, Beth didn't pay any attention to the people watching but David couldn't seem to take his eyes off the audience. Fortunately, he WAS a guy and so while his mind may have been concerned, his dick didn't care who was watching. All it knew was that some girl had her mouth wrapped around it as she played with his balls – what more does a dick care about anyway?

As hard as Beth was working his dick, odds were he would have blown in her mouth had she kept up the torrid pace but Beth wasn't about to let him off THAT easily. She stood up, hanging onto his dick with her hand like a leash and pointed to the carpeted floor. He quickly took the hint and laid down on his back, his now wet and hardened cock standing up all on its own. Beth had a naughty grin that told everyone what she had in mind (as if anybody didn't already know) as she straddled his waist and let him have a good look at her crotch and huge boobs as she towered over him.

"Fuck him, let's go!" somebody called out, obviously impatient to get things going on his own.

Beth didn't even bother looking at him. She was going to get WHAT she wanted, WHEN she wanted it, and HOW wanted it. If the idiot that had called out knew her even a fraction as well as I did, he would've known that nobody was going to tell Beth what to do when it came to sex. Then she DID look at me and winked.

I just shook my head and watched, intrigued by the sight. This was a side of Beth I hadn't seen before as I'd never watched her "perform" before. She'd certainly seen me, especially given she had even arranged for a crazy party once where I was fucked in front of an entire audience (at a church of all places) for more than just an "initiation ceremony". Still, it was wild to see her right out in the middle fucking this guy like not a soul was watching.

To the delight of the audience, Beth didn't waste any more time and was soon squatting over his cock, holding it in one hand as she used the fingers on the other to spread her already wet pussy lips apart. Fortunately she was facing in my general direction so I had a pretty good view of his dick as it slipped easily into her horny pussy. Beth, never the subtle one, practically dropped down on his crotch, burying his dick in her in one quick motion. It's not like she is the smallest girl and he gasped to get the air back in his lungs after she dropped down so hard on him. Then the entire group clapped appreciatively as she moaned like a whore in heat and started to rock back and forth on his erect cock.

Being this WAS just an initiation, it wasn't like she was going to drag this out for long - the audience probably would have rebelled anyway even if she had tried. To hurry things along Beth was giving it her best, pulling out all the stops and her efforts were soon rewarded.

David started to say something and Beth quickly took the hint and hopped off, kneeling by his side and stroking his wet dick furiously with her hand. He soon erupted like a sperm volcano and once the first shot of cum went flying she took the rest in her open mouth, letting it drain out like drool back over his cock again. Everyone clapped yet again as she took his dick in her mouth and cleaned it all off once he'd finished. Even I grinned as she stood up and bowed to everyone, like the lead actress in a play taking her final curtain. The difference was in this case, it was the opening curtain.

## 3. Party Time

With the initiation now completed, everyone was horny and anxious to get the ball rolling, so to speak (sorry, couldn't resist that one). I for one had my eyes on the two girls on the couch with me. With their boyfriend temporarily deflated, someone needed to be with them and I didn't see any reason why it couldn't be me. Besides, it had been ages since I was with two other women at the same time and the thought of being with the two of these sluts had been getting me wetter and wetter as the initiation ceremony progressed.

My dirty thoughts were interrupted by Beth as she made her way over to me as the crowd dispersed. She was wiping the remnants of cum that were still on her chin with her fingers, then licking it off with a mischievous grin.

"Well, so how'd I do?" she asked, obviously quite pleased with her little performance. Really, how do you answer a question like that. Sort of like when someone asks if her dress makes her butt look fat. Still, in this case it wasn't so hard to answer since I could respond truthfully.

"That was HOT. Hey, do you realize that was the first time I've seen you do something like that?"

Beth looked at me, a little surprised as apparently it was something she hadn't thought about before. "Yeah, I guess you haven't been with when I've hosted in the past. See, that's why you need to come with me more often!"

Then she gave me an overdone frown and put her hands on her hips, pretending like she was upset with me about something.

"So what the hell are you still doing with your clothes on? Sheesh, I'd of thought you'd already have been screwed twice by now!"

Ah yes, that was my best friend talking to me. I just grinned at Beth and started to undress quickly, putting my clothes off to the side so I could find them later. As I turned around I saw Beth pulling over a guy by the arm, pointing at me.

"That's the one I was talking about - fuck her," I heard her say to him.

She didn't have to encourage him any further as he immediately started moving towards me with that look guys get when they look at me like I'm not really a person but just some sex toy for them to get off with. What the heck, it wasn't like I was looking for romance tonight so who cares what he thought of me.

One good thing was that I could see that he had nice dick, maybe even a little bigger than average, and he was already stroking it as he approached me, getting it all hard and ready for me. As for the rest of him, as if it mattered, he was just your typical horny twenty-something guy, average looks, average height, nothing special but he had the one essential requirement - a hard dick, or at least soon to be hard.

Seeing he was horny for me, I turned away from him and leaned over the arm of the couch, spreading my legs like a true slut for him, not even pretending to tease or flirt. He was horny - obviously, I was horny, the room was filled with other horny couples starting to get it on, so why play games? With both hands on the arm of the couch, one over the other, I felt one of his hands explore my crotch, maybe checking to see how wet I was but more likely just to get a first feel of my pussy. If he had any worries that I might not be ready, his first touch of my pussy should have erased any doubts - I was soaking wet and ready to be fucked.

"Just fuck me," I said as I turned my head over my shoulder.

Tonight I wasn't interested in any foreplay, kissing, cuddling or crap like that. Heck, here I was naked, bent over with my ass sticking out, my legs spread apart, what more does a girl have to do to get fucked?

Apparently not much as I felt his dick head pressing against my crotch, pushing its way around as it tried to find the entrance to my pussy. He ran it up and down my pussy slit a couple of time, brushing by my clit (which always feels good), and then he finally got it on target. Without him having said a word yet, I felt him thrust his stiff dick into me, pushing it inside quickly as far as he could with one sharp thrust of his hips.

I fell forward a little as he banged his crotch hard into my naked butt but fortunately I had both hands supporting me so I quickly regained my balance. Once his dick was inside of me, he grabbed my hips with his hands and started stroking himself in and out of me, using his grip on my hips to push me back and forth to stay in sync with his thrusts.

FINALLY!

God it felt so good to FINALLY have a hard dick in my pussy! Sure I'd enjoyed being with Beth earlier and as much as the dildo had done its job, it wasn't a real cock and could never make me feel the way a real one can. There's just something about having the real thing in me that no dildo can ever do for me. A dildo is cold and impersonal, sure it may touch the right spots and feel good but it lacks any sense of intimacy or personal feelings. A REAL dick is attached to a REAL man, which makes all the difference in the world.

We may not know each other's names or a thing about the other person, but we share one thing in common - we both want his dick inside of my pussy. This wasn't love or anything personal whatsoever, it was just the joy of feeling a man inside of me, knowing he wanted me, lusted for me, that he thought I was sexy, that I'd made him erect just from thinking about fucking me. What we were doing was a validation of my sexuality, it satisfied of my ego, fulfilled my own lust and desires.

The party was just beginning so I was undoubtedly his first fuck of the night and it showed. He must have been horny as hell by the time the initiation ceremony was finished and the OK was finally given to go for it. I wasn't sure how Beth knew him or what she had said about me (there was that, "that's the one I was talking about," comment that I had wondered about), but he wasn't doing a bad job for my first fuck of the night. I say "first" as I knew he was just the first of what I hoped to be many guys to fuck me this evening.

"Ahhhhhh," he groaned, the first word, or make that first sounds, I'd heard from him since he'd started fucking me.

His hands gripped me even tighter and he rammed himself into me and held himself there as he started to ejaculate. Each time he delivered a load of cum he would thrust himself harder into me. It wasn't that he backed off appreciably between loads, he just pressed extra hard when he was delivering one into me. He was soon spent, his full load now inside my pussy.

"Thanks," Beth said to him as he quickly withdrew and started to walk away, not so much as a thank-you for me but then I hadn't really expected one.

I stood up and turned to face her, my pussy tingling a bit still and my breathing a bit hard.

"Well, you COULD thank me, you know," she teased me, "Well, I'm off, see ya later when you're ready to leave, ok?"

We kissed and I DID thank her. It's not like I would've had any problems getting someone to start with on my own, but it was pretty cool to have her help out with the first the way she had.

Now that I'd gotten my first fuck out of the way, I decided to walk around and see what was happening. It seemed that at least for the start of the party, everybody had pretty much paired off with someone. In fact, it seemed that except for me, everyone was actively involved with SOMEONE.

Beth had not wasted any time and was the only girl I saw that had two guys - one already fucking her from behind while she was bent over sucking the second. For someone who could seem like the most meek and conservative girl at times, god she could be such a slut when she wanted to be! Her large boobs were swinging back and forth as the guy fucking her was ramming his swollen cock in her pretty pussy. Alright, so maybe her ass was just a little big but it wasn't like she was fat or anything. The few extra pounds probably didn't hurt her bust size either. It seems, at least for me, that the first place I lose inches is in my chest whenever I try to lose weight - the last place I want it to disappear!

The kitchen was empty for the moment so I grabbed something to drink from the refrigerator. Already my pussy was starting to remind me that so far it had only been fucked once and that wasn't going to be anywhere close to meeting its needs tonight. As I was sipping from the can a guy walked in, probably one of the older ones at the party, looking to be maybe in his mid-thirties or so. His dick was partially erect and I wondered whether he had just cum and was softening up or if he was working on his erection.

"Wow, some party tonight," he greeted me as he reached for a beer.

"Nice dick," I replied as I purposely stared at his crotch and licked my lips.

I really wasn't interested in casual conversation and he DID have a nice looking cock. It was one of those that just LOOKED yummy and so what the heck, why not go for it? I knelt down and took his dick into my mouth without even using my hands. Mmmmmmm, he HAD been fucking someone, I could taste the girl's pussy on him. I wondered who it had been but then I didn't know most of the girls anyway so it didn't make much of a difference.

"Damn, you're really into blowjobs I see," he said, his voice cracking just a bit as I sucked extra hard on the head of his dick, my cheeks puckering inward as my tongue worked its way around the underside of the head.

I looked up at him and let his dick drop from my mouth replying, "Yeah but what I really want is for you to fuck me."

He sort of chuckled at my forwardness and then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, why not I guess."

Have you ever just wanted to get fucked and it was like nothing else mattered at that moment? Think about that feeling you get when you just can't get enough dick, when your pussy is practically screaming out for a hard dick to fill it, when you almost feel off-balance from being overwhelmed by your sexual desires and needs?

It was like the first fucking had just been a tease, something to get me started but now that I'd had one dick, I HAD to have another, and soon. Seeing his dick, tasting it still in my mouth, I wanted it in me more than anything else in the world at that moment. To say I was merely horny would be a drastic understatement - this was WAY beyond any semblance of being horny, this was a total and complete NEED to be fucked.

Putting one foot up on a kitchen chair, I stroked my exposed crotch for him as he grabbed his hardened dick and approached me. No words were necessary - I wanted his dick in me and he obviously did too so what did we need to say? I could feel my heart racing as he bent down to line his dick up with my wet pussy that I was displaying to him like some whore. All I could think was God, why is this taking so long - just stick the damn thing in me and fuck me for crying out loud!

Controlling the initial entry of a dick into my pussy is perhaps one of the few advantages men have over me when it comes to sex. - even though most don't have the self-discipline to take advantage of it. It's at time like this, when I want his cock in me so bad I could scream, that he could have demanded most anything of me and I would have done it just to get it in me - just about any way he wanted it.

This moment was one of the few times during sex the man has all the control and advantage. When would he put it in me? Would he tease me with it, rubbing my pussy and clit, maybe sliding it up and down my wet pussy lips? Would he touch it to my pussy hole, pretending he was about to push it in me only to pull back again and make me want to scream with desire? Would he put just the head in me, making me want more of him but then pulling it out and make me want it in me so badly again?

Thankfully most men at this stage are so horny themselves that they want their dick in me almost as badly as I do so they don't even comprehend the advantage they hold at that instant. Once their dick is in me, it's all over for them. That's when it's all in my control again as there's no way a guy wants his dick out of me once it's in. It's especially good when I ride him as then I completely control his dick in me.

Whoever this guy was, we never introduced ourselves - why bother? He wanted to fuck me badly so he just moved up close to me, aimed his dick at the entrance to my pussy, and pushed his way into me. As wet as I was and having just been fucked literally minutes earlier, there wasn't all that much resistance and he slid easily all the way inside in one swift motion.

God it felt so good to have him in me! I don't mind being fucked from behind as I'd been earlier, but there's something to be said for being able to watch the guy's dick as he fucks you. Sure it felt wonderful to feel him deep up inside of me but to simultaneously watch his dick disappearing inside of me made it all the better. It was incredible to be able to SEE his dick moving in and out of me and at the same time, FEEL it as it stroked in and out of my pussy, making me sigh loudly from the pleasure it created in me. His thick bush of lush pubic hair would smash in against me when he shoved it all the way in, rubbing against me as he ground his cock into me, trying to get every fraction of an inch more he could into me.

As he fucked me neither of us said a word, we let the sex do all the talking for us. I held onto the side of the chair to keep my balance as I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling my hips upward to better match up with his thrusts. Beth was so right. THIS was exactly what I'd needed tonight, nothing romantic or intimate, just a good old-fashioned fucking.

On and on it went as he rhythmically fucked me, driving his wonderfully hard dick in and out, over and over and over again. I don't know if it was because he'd just cum in a girl previous to me or what the story was, but he certainly didn't have any issues with premature ejaculation. He HAD to have cum in her or else I couldn't understand how he could have possible held out as long as he did. How did my pussy feel to him now compared to hers? Was she older or younger than me, tighter or looser, wetter and not? In what position had he fucked her? I was curious about that last one as he certainly didn't seem interested in changing positions as he just fucked me and fucked me more from behind.

"Cumming," was the first word he said since he'd first entered me.

I tried to bear down on his cock, pressing down like I was delivering a baby as I tried to make my pussy grip his hard shaft as tightly as I could. Then he suddenly stopped, pushing his dick into me as far as it would go and I felt his hips jerking as he released his cum into me, one spermy load after another. A faint hint of warmth inside of me told me he was delivering his cum inside of me, just enough to feel it as I thought about what was happening inside of me at that moment.

Once he was done he quickly pulled out me, maybe the only disappointment for me as I would've loved to have savored the feel of his spent dick in me for just a little longer. He stepped back and I saw his cock glistening with the mix of my pussy and his cum that coated it. Unable to resist such a temptation, I leaned over and sucked his dick, concentrating on using my tongue to lick him clean, loving the taste of me on him this time along with his sperm.

"Thanks," I said to him as I finished.

He seemed a little surprised, probably thinking he should have been the one thanking me but then he probably had no idea how badly I'd wanted, heck, NEEDED, what he'd just done to me. Indeed, a mere "thanks" didn't seem anywhere near enough to convey my true feelings at the time.

It didn't seem to matter to him anyway as he grabbed his beer and left the kitchen, his now flaccid dick drooping as he went off in search of who only knows what. I stood there for a moment, expecting to feel a little better but yet if anything, it was like I'd not even been fucked for the second time. I mean yes, I did enjoy it and yes, I loved him cumming inside of me but with the weird mood I was in tonight, it was like if anything he'd merely just thrown gasoline on the fire of need in me that the first guy had ignited.

So far I hadn't cum and while that isn't necessarily a requirement for me to enjoy sex, especially when the goal was to just be fucked, it still wasn't something you could just forget about. Walking back into the family room, I saw several girls being fucked in various positions and a few just sucking cock for the moment. There wasn't anything that was all that wild or crazy, just people doing what made them feel good - so why not do the same myself?

I took a seat in one of the empty stuffed arm chairs and draped one leg over the side with my other foot on the floor. I was just a few feet away from a couple going at it. She looked to be about my age while he appeared to be barely at the age limit for the party (nobody under 18 was ever allowed). He was spooning her from behind and I admired his dick as he slowly fucked her. Indeed, he may have been one of the younger guys but he certainly wasn't the smallest! If anything, I was guessing he might actually have the largest dick I'd see so far tonight. It wasn't like any of the guys here tonight qualified for a porn movie but that wasn't so unusual and I didn't mean to complain. Still, I was guessing I might be able to get both hands on his shaft and still have the head poke out to nibble on!

Watching them fuck, I started to masturbate and as horny as I was, together with the erotic show being put on right at my feet, I came incredible fast, almost like it had been welling up inside of me and all I had to do was loosen the gate a little and suddenly it flung open and my orgasm was freed! The guy was watching me even as he fucked the girl and I saw she also took notice when I gasped and plunged tow of my fingers inside my freshly cum-filled pussy. I leaned back into the chair, letting my bottom lift up over the seat cushion, all my thoughts filled with the need to be fucked over and over again tonight.

"Fuck me," I gasped, my fingers trying to do the job but nothing in comparison to what I knew that wonderful dick in front of me was capable of doing to me.

It was all I could say as my chest tightened and I could barely breath as my orgasm drenched my body with pleasure, every inch of me was now hot and cold at the same time it seemed.

The guy said something to the girl and she seemed OK with it and so he pulled out of her and before I knew it he was pushing that great cock into me as she watched. His dick was lubricated well from being in her pussy and my pussy was about as soaking wet as it could be, not to mention the slimy cum the previous guys had deposited inside. Even so, he was definitely a lot bigger than the other two, by a mile it seemed. Usually after being fucked a couple of times in succession, from then on it was like I was some old married woman as my pussy would be a lot looser than it had been at the start of the night. Not that it was THAT loose but I could definitely tell the difference even if the guys claimed I was still tight. With this guy, though, it was like it was my first cock of the night as it felt like he was splitting me in two as the massive head penetrated me.

"Oh my God!" I cried out as he pressed harder into me, the head now all the way in and the rest of his shaft following much more easily.

"It's big, isn't it?" the girl he'd been fucking said as she kneeled on the floor at the side of the chair I was sitting on so she could watch, "I didn't think he was going to fit in me at first!"

I just grinned at her and then concentrated again on the incredible dick that was now fucking me so good. Now that he was in me, the initial discomfort had been replaced by the most incredible sensation of fullness. It was like I had a baby inside of me! The other two guys had felt good in me and while I loved the feel of them in me, they were nothing compared to the strange sensations this guy's cock was creating within me. Each time he would pull out it was like the most odd sensation as I would feel so empty but then when he would push it back into me and then it was as if I felt like I was being pumped full of something - cock in this case.

"Oh yeah, fuck me harder with that big cock." I groaned as I felt another orgasm rising within me.

It wasn't like the first one had ever totally dwindled away but rather more like a roller coaster ride where I'd been screaming downward and then he entered me, drawing my attention more to the incredible feel of his wonderful huge dick in me and now I was back at the top of the hill, ready to take that sexy dive once again.

"I'm cumming... fuck me!" I sighed, barely able to utter the words as my vision seemed to narrow and everything around me seemed to fade into the distance.

My entire world collapsed to where nothing existed but his dick in my pussy. The girl has started playing with my boobs but as much I normally would have enjoyed that, it was almost more of a distraction now as all I wanted to think about, all I wanted to feel, all I cared about was this young hard dick that was filling me like nothing I'd had in ages!

As he fucked me faster, I started to imagine how much cum he would be soon pumping in me. Damn, if his sperm load was anywhere in proportion to his cock size, it would be gallons! Actually, I've never found any relationship whatsoever between cock size and sperm quantity but still, it was fun to think about at a time like this. It appeared I was about to find out as I felt him jerking harder in me and I knew he was about to cum.

"On her tits!" his previous partner urged him.

I wanted to say no, to cum in my pussy, but I couldn't find the energy to say anything aloud. He pulled his dick out of me and she grabbed it, pumping it with her hand as he started to spurt, aiming his warm cum at my chest. The first shot was more forceful than she had evidently anticipated and struck me in the middle of my face, almost hitting me in the eyes but more on the nose and lips. To her credit, she corrected her aim and the remainder of his cum landed on my boobs, going from one to the other like a fireman trying to douse a fire.

After he had covered me pretty thoroughly with his cum, the girl kept her grip on his dick while she used her other hand to spread it around on my boobs, making them shimmer with a thin coating of fresh sperm. The she leaned over and started sucking and licking my boobs, licking off his cum as she also nibbled and pulled on my nipples with her teeth.

As much as I would have loved to have had his load in my pussy, I couldn't blame her for wanting some payback for having given up his dick to me. Besides, it felt good to feel her tongue over my nipples and it didn't hurt either to get as much of his cum off me as quickly as possible before it started to dry and get itchy. The cum on my face was more of a pain. I tried to wipe it off with my fingers but I knew there was still more to get off. Damn, he had really shot that first load out like a giant cannon!

Once finished with me, the two of them moved on, her hand never leaving his dick as she led him over to a spot on one of the couches that was open. No doubt at his age he would be hard again almost immediately and I couldn't blame her for wanting that monster back in her again. As for me, I headed for the bathroom to clean myself up a bit. Looking in the mirror, I grimaced as I saw he'd nailed me even more than I'd thought, a big load right over my forehead in my hair. There was a comb in the medicine cabinet which I used to try to get as much out as I could but I knew it would take some good shampoo and hot water to get it all out later when I was back at my apartment.

Guys and their cumming on your face - I'll never fully understand it but if there's one think I know, they all seem to love to do it. Is it because they see it done on porn videos and think that because the whore (who is being paid) acts like she loves it that all girls really love to have their stuff smeared all over their face?

Honestly, I don't know of that many girls who like it on their face. Some seem to prefer it on their boobs, like lotion or whatever, but on their face - nope. It stings when it gets in your eyes and as I mentioned, it's a royal pain to get out of your hair, almost like tar. In my mouth is fine as I enjoy the taste (most of the time) and it gives me this cool sensation to feel him cumming in my mouth. On my face though... I only do it to please a guy. It's funny, even when they KNOW I don't like it they still want to do it, almost like in some way they feel they are dominating me or something. Oh well, the things girls will do to please a man!

When I left the bathroom I headed back in the kitchen for another drink and then to the dining room where I'd yet to investigate. There were two girls laying naked on the table, one at each end, their heads almost touching. Fortunately the table looked pretty sturdy, especially considering the two guys were fucking them as hard as they could! A few people were watching, evidently the party had been going on long enough for some of them to get their initial horniness satisfied and now they were taking in the views. I normally might have been one of them, watching different girls and seeing if I could pick up any tips or new techniques. Not tonight though, I was still interested in only thing - getting laid yet again.

Back in the living room, I saw Beth still had two guys although I think they were both different than the ones from before. This time she was riding one of them while the other was fucking her asshole from behind. She seemed to be loving it and I knew Beth was a lot more into anal sex than me so it really didn't surprise me. She had tried to get me to DP in the past at other parties but for the most part I would always refuse. Just as some girls don't like a guy to cum in their mouth, I wasn't one who liked it up my ass.

OK, so there had been times in the past when I'd let a guy do my butt but it wasn't like I WANTED it and it certainly never got me off. Besides the fact I just don't like the idea of a guy sticking his dick where I shit, it also makes it so I won't suck his dick after he fucks me or kiss him if he licks my asshole. While I LOVE to taste my pussy on a guy's dick or face, I have absolutely NO desire to taste my ass. The closest I've come to having anything to do with my own ass was to finger myself a few times in the shower or bathtub but that was just experimental, never anything I did a lot.

As I watched Beth, I contemplated what (or should I say, who) to get fucked by next. In the end, it turned out to be an easy choice as I felt something poke my in the butt from behind. Reaching around behind me, I felt a nice hard dick in my hand - what a surprise! I started to turn around to see who it belonged to but then had another great idea spring into my mind. Remember that the only reason I was here tonight was to get laid.

Under that premise, I hadn't even bothered talking to any of the guys who had fucked me or even tried to get their names as the ONLY thing I cared about them was the thing hanging between their legs. So given all that, why even bother seeing what this one looked like? I leaned over and grabbed the edge of a table, spreading my legs apart in the universally understood "fuck me" pose. Although it was so tempting to look around, I deliberately stared straight ahead and waited for him to get the message and do what I hoped he would do - fuck me.

If there's one thing you can count on when it comes to guys, offering to let them fuck you is something they NEVER turn down. Oh sure there may be the guy with the girlfriend, fiance, or even a wife that may try to bluster and pretend he doesn't want to fuck me, but I can't think of a single case where I guy I offered myself to had ever turned me down in the end. Granted, I don't offer myself that way to guys I know I don't stand a chance with. After all, there are a FEW good men out there that are loyal to their vows of chastity, or to their fiance or wife, but damn few of them.

I heard it once said a man is only as loyal to his wife as his options. Most guys who claim to be loyal aren't really loyal, they're scared or they just haven't had the right opportunity. They're afraid someone will find out and they'll lose everything. Now some guys can get horny enough where those concerns fade to the background but they require more work, or at least more than I'm willing to usually invest. Overall, I have to say that I believe just about any man will fuck me if he thinks he can get away with it. It's not a bad thing to be able to say about yourself when you come down to it!

At a party like this, about the last thing to worry about it whether or not a guy is willing to fuck you so it wasn't any great surprise that I soon felt his hands spreading my ass apart and then the prodding of his stiff dick as he tried to locate the right hole. I say the "right" hole because at first he tried to stick it in my ass but I reached back and pushed him away and thankfully he took the hint, shifting his attention to my pussy. I felt a sense of relief as some guys simply don't seem to understand the concept of "NO" as easily as others.

After being fucked three time in the past hours or so you would think the fourth time would start to become routine but I can guarantee you that wasn't the case, not at all. There's something special about the first time a new dick pushes its way inside of me, violating me for the first time. It's the sort of feeling you never get tired of, something I wanted yet again tonight. At the moment I felt his head begin to violate me, any thoughts of the previous dicks melted away and all I could focus on the one that was entering me now.

With nothing else to distract me, no thoughts about his age, his looks or even how big his dick was or how hairy his crotch was, I closed my eyes and concentrated on the only thing that mattered at this moment, the feel of his cock. He started to stroke it in and out of me slowly, entering me a little bit more each time he pushed it in. While he wasn't even in the ballpark of the last dick that had been in me, it didn't matter. It wasn't the size of the dick in me now that I cared about, it was the fact it was IN me that mattered. All I cared about was that a man was behind me, lusting for me, desiring my body, and now was fucking me. Yes, this was fucking in its purest form, just a dick in my pussy with no name or face.

Silently he fucked me, neither of us wanting to break the special mood we were sharing. To speak up now would be to acknowledge the other as a person, as someone I had to think about and even care about, no matter how little. Just standing there, bent over with my ass presented to him without any condition, letting him fuck me silently and swiftly was almost surreal.

I started to reach for my clit, to masturbate myself as he fucked me but I changed my mind and stood there and let him do all the work. This time I wasn't worried about cumming, I just wanted this to be nothing but a true fucking. Indeed, when he suddenly pulled out and sprayed his load of cum all over my butt and back, I didn't even feel upset or robbed. If anything, it was the perfect ending to a perfect fuck. To have cum IN me would have been something personal but by cumming ON me made it an impersonal act where he got off thanks to being in my pussy but he wasn't going to give me his cum in return.

We must have fucked for at most five or ten minutes by the time he came, probably closer to five. Short and sweet as they say. After he was finished he must have immediately walked away because I didn't feel him touching me or doing anything else to let me know he was still there. Finally I straightened up and I could feel his cum running down the small of my back down to my ass.

"Well, THAT was a quick fuck if I ever saw one," I heard Beth say as she came up to the side of me. I guess she must have just finished with her two guys as her face was pretty flushed still. "Feeling better yet?"

I sighed and nodded slowly, a big grin on my face. What could I say to thank her? I was so happy now that she'd stopped by and convinced me to come. On any other night this might not have been all that thrilling for me but tonight it had been exactly what I needed.

"Hey, I see you got that kid with big dick before... how the hell did you get him anyway? I've been trying to get him to fuck me the last three parties!"

I giggled a bit at her, wondering if she was being totally honest as I'd never known Beth NOT to get a dick sooner or later once she had her eye on it. Still, it made me feel good to think that maybe I had indeed managed to snag one that had so far eluded her.

"So how can you take it your ass at the same time?" I asked her, avoiding her question.

It wasn't like we hadn't discussed this same subject before, in fact lots of times before, but it served to shift the topic away from the big dick kid.

"Well, how about I get a couple of guys and you find out?" she teased me. She knew better than that but I think she got a kick out of teasing me about it anyway. "Or how about three?"

I playfully smacked her bare bottom at that one. Then I got serious for a moment and reached out to pull her close and hug her. It felt so good to feel her naked body against mine again, her boobs against mine. She felt warm and I imagined I felt much the same to her. It can be quite a workout fucking this much in one night!

"Thanks Beth," was all I said to her.

It was all I needed to say. She knew what I meant by it and how I was feeling now. If anyone could sense my emotions and state of mind at any given moment, it was Beth, even more so than my cousin Kristen. Both were like sisters to me but in some ways Beth was like my older sister while Kristen was the younger one. Actually, in terms of age that was true anyway but even emotionally it felt that way. Beth was always looking out for me, always making sure I was OK. Kristen, on the other hand, was always looking for a new way to get me in trouble it seemed!

Beth had her hand around me and she pulled her fingers to her mouth and I saw they were covered with the cum that had been sprayed on me just a few minutes before. She licked them off, giving me that naughty little smile she loved to tease me with,

"Not bad... any idea who it belongs to?"

I smiled and shook my head, looking around and wondering for the first time who indeed it was that had just fucked me. There was nobody in the room that was paying me any special attention and if he was still in the room, he was doing a good job of pretending not to be the one. Odds were he wasn't here anymore and besides, did it really matter?

From the way Beth was acting, I had a feeling she wouldn't have minded the two of us getting in on for a while. Ordinarily I would have jumped at the chance to be with her when she was this horny but not tonight. Tonight was for me getting laid. Although I didn't mind sucking a little dick, this was one of those rare times when even THAT wasn't my highest priority. I'd started out the evening with one goal in mind, and was still determined to go with it.

"Oh alright then, go get yourself fucked then," she sighed melodramatically, "Sometimes I just don't know about you!"

She was just pretending to be upset, I knew that, as she knew me well enough to understand me when I got into one of these moods. It wasn't like it happened to me very often, but when it did, there was only one cure and I was thankful that Beth had made it so easy for me tonight. We kissed and she went on her way, to whom I had no idea.

By the time we decided to go, I'd managed to get myself fucked by three more guys. None of them had cum in me and as much as I tried to keep myself clean, I knew a hot soaking bath was in order as soon as I got home! Frankly, I was ready to do a couple more but it was Beth for once who came to me and informed me that it was time to leave. Usually it was me that called it quits so I was a little surprised when after the last guy had fucked me she pulled me over to the side and said she was ready to leave. I just shrugged and agreed, getting dressed and joining her in the car.

Before leaving the house I looked back. We were the first girls to leave and I wondered how late some of them would stay. Mmmmmmm, there were so many more cocks left to fuck me so what was I doing leaving so early? Oh well, Beth was my best friend and when your best friend wants to leave a party, you leave and don't question her.

# 4. Back at My Apartment

Beth drove me home and it was nonstop chatter as we recalled everything from the party. When we got to my apartment, I leaned over and we kissed in the car for several minutes. God I loved her! Talk about the best girl I could have for a best friend!

"You know, I don't need to get up in the morning for anything special," she hinted, not too subtly. I was supposed to tutor a few kids the next day but the first appointment wasn't until 11:00 so there was no rush on my part either.

"Do you ever get enough?" I teased her as she parked the car. Once she stopped the engine she turned to me and grinned saying, "Of you?... never... I could never get enough of you Kelly."

Obviously she was still pretty worked up from the party to be this forward with me but I loved it. Sometimes I wondered why we didn't get together this way more often but then I'm not sure our "BFF" status would have survived. I think it's the fact we DON'T have sex all the time and that or relationship is built on a much broader foundation that has served to keep us together for so many years.

We held hands as we walked to my doorway. A few guys were standing by a car in the parking lot, staring blatantly at us as we walked by. It wasn't so unusual for two girls to be holding hands but it must have been a little different when Beth pulled me closer and we exchanged a quick kiss right in front of them. They whistled appreciatively and Beth just waved at them as we resumed our trek to my apartment.

Once inside I closed the door and then we turned to each other and kissed long and hard, hugging each other close, her incredible breasts pressed tightly against mine.

"God, I had a great tonight... did you?" she whispered to me when our lips finally parted. I just nodded, not trusting my voice and she grinned at me and backed away suddenly.

"Fuck, I need a shower BAD," she said, "Damn, do I have cum in my hair or what?" as she ran her fingers through it.

Actually, I don't know how she could have possibly NOT had cum in her hair after a party like this, I knew I certainly did in mine. There was no sense even trying to comb it out on the way home, I figured I'd be in the shower quickly enough once I was home. I just hadn't expected Beth to join in with me!

We quickly stripped and stepped in the shower. It was a little small for two people but neither of us minded being pressing up against the other. Her body felt so smooth and slippery once the shower soaked us down. We teased each other, squeezing each other's butts and rubbing our boobs against the other. I soaped her down and then she did the same for me, making sure all the cum that remained on us was washed away. The hair was the hardest part. We both had gobs of cum stuck in our hair and by now it had dried and caked. It took a lot of shampoo and scrubbing but finally it was all out and I felt clean again. We dried off, leaving our hair wet rather than fool around with it this late at night.

Suddenly I felt exhausted, as if the entire day and night's events suddenly all converged on me at once. Wow, it had been quite a day at that. Beth was feeling the same so we went to my bedroom and lay next to each other under the covers, facing each other with our legs intertwined. We gently kissed for what seemed to be forever, just two old friends enjoying one another.

Now I finally understood why Beth had wanted to leave the party when she did. Yes, I loved Beth. She was indeed my "best friend forever" and I hoped she always would be!

As I fell asleep in her arms all I could think about was how lucky I was to have her as a best friend.

# (Jul 24) Chapter 193: Uncle Paul Gets More

Story codes: MF oral F-solo inc uncle niece
Me (24)
Uncle Paul (52)

OK, so I have issues just like everyone else. One of them has to do with who is in "control" when I have a relationship with someone, no matter how brief it may be. My Uncle Paul had fucked me a couple of months back and ever since then it was nagging me how he had been in control that day. Something needed to be done about that!

## 1. A Matter of Control

If there's one thing I think that can cause me the most concern in a relationship, it's all about control. By "control" I don't mean who is dominant, stronger or anything so overt. Instead, consider a puppet show. The puppets appear to be doing whatever they want and one may appear to be in charge from the audience's perspective. However, the person who is really in "control" is the puppet master - the unseen person operating behind the scenes, the one pulling the strings, the only one who REALLY controls what happens. It is the same in relationships in that it doesn't matter who THINKS they are in control or appears to be to the rest of the world. Instead, it is the one who is "pulling the strings" who controls the relationship, maybe without even the other person's knowledge.

While not easy to admit, and maybe even something some people might criticize me for, when I'm in a relationship I need to be the one who is in control. I think that's true with many people, it's just most people don't realize it or if they do, they won't admit it out of fear that they might appear to be selfish or manipulative.

For me, it's only been in the last few years that I came to terms with it myself, although it's always been there when I look back at my life and see what relationships have worked for me and which ones have failed. There is an almost perfect correlation between the level of control I had in the relationship versus the satisfaction I felt being with that person.

Control can be subtle. In fact, I would say "is often" might be better than "can be". In my case, the perfect "controlling relationship" is where I allow the other person to feel in control (face it, most everyone likes to be) but yet when push comes to shove, I'm the one calling the shots, maybe such that the other person doesn't even realize it. I would guess that most guys who have dated me would say they were in control. It just goes to show that most boys are so easy to control!

So for the most part, why is it so easy for me to be "in control"? Actually, I'm sure you already know the answer - sex. Contrary to popular belief, I don't believe that boys want sex any more than girls do. In fact, I think there have been many times when I wanted to get laid even more than the guy I was with. The key is not to let them know it - something that isn't all that difficult.

First, guys have this never-fail signal that tells everyone when they're horny - their dicks. If a guy is horny on the beach, he either has to be comfortable enough with himself to let his erection be seen by everyone, lay on his stomach or hit the cold water. Meanwhile, at the same time I can be even hornier than he is but who knows? So while girls can be just as horny as guys, they are much better at disguising it.

For example, when I'm out with a guy, usually I'm just as anxious to suck his dick as he is for me to do it. Yet who do you think is in control of the situation - the guy with the raging erection trying to grope me every chance he gets, or the calm girl initially ignoring that same erection, even while she is screaming in her head that she wants it so badly! As my dad would say, I rest my case.

Fortunately, most of my social life involves sex to one degree or another so being a "control freak" isn't all that hard to deal with. There have been a few cases when I didn't feel in control - and typically I dropped the guy soon afterwards, even if it WAS fun at the time.

Of course, there IS one notable exception to all this - my father. As the one man I trust most in the entire world, I submit to him which means I voluntarily relinquish the control in our relationship and he assumes the head of household title. Currently I'm dealing with a blackmailing scheme at work, or at least at the work I'll doing this fall. Yet even in this seemingly "worst-case scenario" I'm slowly wresting back the reigns of control.

********************

So what does all this have to do with my Uncle Paul?

Simple - control issues. But first, a quick update on how I got to my current situation with him. You can find all the details in my earlier diary entries.

My dad was the middle of three boys. Paul is his older brother by eight years. Due to their closer age differences, my dad grew up much closer to Jim, his younger brother by two years and even to this day, he is far less involved with my Uncle Paul. It also doesn't help that Uncle Paul wound up on the North Side in the Fox Chapel area whereas my dad and his younger brother stayed on the South Side. Uncle Paul had always seemed to me to be the "straight-arrow" of the family - conservative to the core, staunch Republican, moderately wealthy, etc. He's been my favorite uncle in that he and Aunt Julie have always treated me so nice, a LOT better than my prudish Aunt Shari who was always bitching to my mother about the way I dressed and behaved. Even so, when I was growing up I would catch Uncle Paul looking my way at times, especially when I was wearing really short cutoffs or a bikini that left little to the imagination. Then again, he looked at other girls and my other cousins the same way so he was really no different than most other men and I never took anything he did personally.

Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie have two daughters - Ginny (28) and Laura (26). Both girls are married and look great with Ginny sporting an incredible set of boobs (thanks to the miracles of modern surgery) while Laura has a nice bust as well - thanks to Mother Nature and being a few pounds overweight. Other than a one- time tryst at Ginny's bachelorette party, so far as I knew they were both pretty conservative in their views regarding sex and no doubt would be shocked if they knew everything about my part of the family.

Until recently, as far as I knew Uncle Paul didn't know anything about what his younger brothers were doing with their daughters and nieces. All that changed a little while back when Uncle Paul stopped by while I was washing my car at my dad's place, supposedly to borrow some tools from my dad. It was then I learned that he and my mom had been having sex for years behind my father's back. I don't think I'll ever fully understand why they felt it had to be so clandestine since he WAS her brother-in-law and thus it wasn't like they were committing adultery by having sex. I guess maybe it was just the "thrill" of doing it secretly that appealed to them. My dad might have been able to shed some light on it for me but I didn't feel it was my place to tell him about it, especially since my mom couldn't defend herself if necessary.

Long story short, Uncle Paul fucked me that day but we haven't done anything else since then. Sometimes I daydream and wonder if he remembers that day when he fucked me. Does he ever think about how good it felt for him to have my mouth on him and to push his dick inside of me? Does he masturbate about me? Does he ever think about how it would have been to fuck his own daughters the way my dad fucks me?

After the first time, I had told myself it would also be the last time. While my Uncle Paul isn't nearly the asshole my Uncle Jim is, it wasn't like he treated me the way I thought a niece should be treated. I think of how wonderful my dad treats my cousin Tammy when he fucks her and wonder why his brothers can't show the same concern and care that he does. Heck, Uncle Paul hadn't even really looked or touched my boobs while he fucked me as my wet t-shirt was on the whole time. He didn't try to fuck me in the ass, at least not seriously, like my Uncle Jim always does but then he got off cumming on my face, not my favorite way to finish. When I thought about it afterwards, I chalked it up as him taking advantage of me while I was still trying to deal with the news about him and my mom - something that he wouldn't be able to do again.

There was one thing that really did bother me with regards to what we'd done that day. While I felt a little guilty about doing it behind my dad's back, that didn't really concern me all that much since it wasn't like we were doing it every day and I don't necessarily tell me dad every time I get laid. No, what really started to bug me the more I thought about it was that he had been in control that day, from the moment he dropped the bombshell on me about him and my mom, to the finals moments of him fucking me. Like I said, maybe it was the shock that caused me to submit to him that day but regardless of how hard I tried to rationalize my actions, it still bugged the heck out of me whenever I thought about it. All I could imagine was how smug he must feel knowing what he'd done to me that day. The arrogant bastard - I needed to show him I wasn't really that easy of a push-over.

OK, I know I had vowed not to let him fuck me again but this was becoming a matter of pride. Maybe I was getting a little carried away about it but that's how I felt. All I knew was I had to see him again and set things straight. If I was going to live with myself, I needed to see my Uncle Paul and fuck him again, but this time with ME in control, under MY terms. It didn't matter to me what he might think about it, I would have the satisfaction of knowing the truth.

# 2. Masturbating in Traffic

If all I wanted was to go after a married man and get him to commit adultery and fuck me, that would have been pretty simple and straightforward. As I once heard said, "A man is only as faithful as his options." Give most men the right options and I don't care how "faithful" they may profess to be, most will find the temptation irresistible. They may rationalize it as "just this once" or "I deserve it" or maybe even "it's not my fault my wife doesn't satisfy me", whatever it takes they will find the excuse.

OK, so maybe there are a few good husbands out there who are faithful to their marriage but I haven't met many of them. Even my own father, who loved my mother unconditionally and believed strongly in the sanctity of his marriage vows, couldn't resist the chance to fuck my best friend Beth and my mom's best friend Tammy. He rationalized it with the "we're so close they are just like family" excuse, but it was still technically adultery, even if my mom forgave him.

One concern I always have with married men is that their wife will find out and their marriage might suffer because of me. It's one of the main reasons I generally only let a married guy do me once. I'm not looking to have an affair or become someone's mistress. The longer such a thing goes on, the more likely the wife will find out and I have no desire to incur the wrath of a woman scorned! In the end, though, even if she DID find out it really wouldn't be me that would bear the brunt of her fury. The husband would be the primary target and most likely I would never even know about it unless he was someone I knew from church or the neighborhood and word of their "problem" became public.

Well, what does all this have to do with my Uncle Paul? Well, besides the fact he is my uncle, he is also my MARRIED uncle and since I know my Aunt Julie pretty well, it ,make everything a lot more "personal" for me. While technically Uncle Paul wasn't committing adultery by having sex with his niece, somehow I don't think Aunt Julie subscribes to my definition of adultery, let alone the issue of incest. Thus while on the one hand the idea of doing it again with Uncle Paul was little exciting because of the relationships involved, it was a lot more dangerous for me than it would be if he was just another married guy. If the entire family found out that he was fucking me, who knows where that would lead to? Even though I'm 24 and there's no longer any issues about underage sex, what would happen if anyone found out about me and my dad when I was younger, or even what he was doing with my cousin Tammy since she was still only sixteen? I'm sure my Aunt Shari would throw the book at him, if she didn't kill him first.

What I'm trying to say is that whatever I did with Uncle Paul, it needed to be discreet. Yet at the same time for my own personal satisfaction it needed to be more than just a quick fuck like the first time. These were potentially conflicting criteria which required some thought on my part as to how to deal with them. Of course, just thinking about such things can be fun as well as the best time to do it is when you're masturbating - my favorite thing to do.

Over the course of a couple of weeks I must have masturbated a dozen times or more about what I could do with Uncle Paul. Most of the time my thoughts digressed to wild and impossible scenarios, most of which included his daughters and sometimes even my aunt. A daughter swap, similar to what my dad and Uncle Jim had done a couple of times, was the most common fantasy I would have while touching myself in the process and was always a great way to achieve a quick orgasm. Still, while most of my fantasies were about things that could never happen, a few rational ideas popped up now and then for me to consider - provided I remembered them afterwards.

My final plan began to gel finally and one day after a particularly lengthy morning masturbation session, I laid in bed catching my breath with my pussy throbbing when it hit me - why do it all in one shot? It was genius, if I say so myself. First I would bait the trap - and then bag my prey. I would get my revenge but at the same time, it would be fun.

Sounded like a win-win for me!

Uncle Paul worked as a manager or something like that for some sort of engineering company. I never really understood what he did but then I can't say I ever took ,much interest in it either. All I knew it must have paid pretty well based on the huge home they owned and the things they did - cruises, big weddings, parties and such. Ginny and Laura certainly never seemed to want for much growing up, that was for sure. They both got cars for their 16th birthday, went to expensive private universities, and their weddings were like out of a fairy tale.

I'd never been to where Uncle Paul worked and I actually had to do some detective work just to find out what the company name was. It was like I was some sort of stalker, looking up his company on the Internet, trying to learn more about it. I even made a trial run, driving to where his office was and checking the place out. Even though the doors were locked, it was easy to get in by just waiting for someone to open it with their pass card and following them in. I was dressed conservatively with sunglasses and nobody stops a girl to question what she is doing anyway. I found his office, checked out the surroundings, and left before I might have stumbled upon him - something that would have been pretty hard to explain. I'd learned what I needed to know - I could get in the place easily, he had an office (a cube or something more open would have made my plan all but impossible), and nobody seemed to care about me while I walked around looking busy. Perfect!

Driving home, I started to think more and more about my plans. Tomorrow would be perfect. It would be a Friday and people probably wouldn't notice if he left work early. Aunt Julie worked as a legal assistant so she would be gone during the day. Finally, the more I thought about everything the hornier it was making me and I didn't think I could put it off much longer.

Indeed, just thinking about it now as I maneuvered my way towards the downtown area was making my pussy itch that special it does when I need to be fucked. My hand moved to my crotch where my tight jeans were pressing up against me. When I picked out the jeans I was thinking more about not drawing too much attention at Uncle Paul's office but now I would have loved to be in a short skirt instead.

For whatever reason the traffic was heavier than I had expected it to be as I approached the first bridge it came to a crawl. Typical Pittsburgh traffic. If you knew where you were going the roads were fine but for those unfamiliar with the twists and turns created by several bridges, tunnels, and merges from all directions it could be a nightmare. The result was typically what I was encountering now - congestion. God, I was SO damn horny and now I was stuck in traffic in a pair of jeans.

I couldn't take it anymore. I was trying to run myself through the jeans but it just wasn't working for me as horny as I was. I unbuttoned the jeans and pulled down the zipper. As tight as they were there was no chance of squeezing y hand down them, no matter how much I sucked in my stomach.

The heck with it then.

I slipped off my sandals and started to work my jeans down off my ass. This was usually hard enough laying on my bed and in my car was all but unworkable but when you're as "motivated" as I was, nothing is impossible. Trying to stay in my lane was the biggest concern but soon I had them down to my ankle and I managed somehow to pull my feet out and get my foot back on the accelerator in time to keep up with traffic.

For just a moment I looked around me and wondered if anyone could see that I was now bare from the waist down in my car. I was wearing a light blouse with a tank top underneath so there was a little bit of coverage but not all that much. The seat felt cool under my bare butt and it gave me a bit of a thrill to look at all the cars around me and wonder what they would do if they knew the girl in the car next to them was driving bottomless. Such thoughts didn't dwell long as my hand quickly moved down to my now exposed crotch. I spread my legs as far apart as I could and slouched a bit to make it easier to touch myself. FINALLY I felt my fingers on my wet pussy. I almost punched the accelerator when I first hit my clit and my legs jerked involuntarily but somehow I managed not to cause an accident. Fortunately, the traffic was so slow I didn't have to do a lot other than just maintain my distance behind the car in front of me.

God it felt so good to finally touch my pussy! It was already soaking wet from my thoughts earlier and the rubbing I tried through the denim of my jeans. I pushed my finger up inside of me just a bit and then pulled it out, bringing it to my mouth and sucking off the wetness. Mmmmmmm, I LOVED the taste of my pussy when I was horny.

I glanced next to me and noticed the woman driving was looking at me as I sucked on my finger. She seemed more curious than anything, probably assuming my finger hurt for some reason as I doubted she ever would have guessed what the real reason was for me to be sucking on it. I put my hand back between my legs and sighed as I thought of how she might react if she knew I was masturbating while she looked at me. Would she be turned on or disgusted? If she was turned on, would she touch herself in response?

I was almost to the tunnel now and it was getting harder to steer with one hand as I had to merge with traffic and change lanes but there was no way my other hand was leaving my crotch. The traffic in the tunnel was even slower, making me wonder if there was something happening up ahead as usually once you got this far things picked up.

Oh well, for once I was happy the traffic was slow as it allowed me to think more about masturbating than driving. I couldn't help but think about what would happen if I got in an accident now. How would I explain not wearing anything on my bottom as I drove? The paramedics would probably be happy at least.

As I emerged from the tunnel I was starting to tremble a bit as my pussy was getting more and more stimulated. For a few moments I was distracted as I turned off the exit ramp and got off the expressway onto the next road. I immediately hit a stoplight which allowed me to focus again on my pussy. It took three more lights, hitting every one of them red but for maybe the first time, happy I did, before I started to cum. I was pleading for the light to stay red as my fingers flew over my pussy and clit. It wasn't the most spectacular orgasm but under the circumstances, it was more than adequate.

For the rest of the trip home I just cupped my soaked pussy and pressed up against it, the pressure stimulating me just enough to feel incredible but at the same time, subtle enough to allow me to drive the crazy streets without killing anyone – especially me.

When I pulled into the parking lot of my apartment, I tried to pick a spot where I wouldn't be seen so easily as I knew getting my jeans back on was going to be interesting, to say the least. Usually I laid in bed and pulled them up, then laying on my back sucking in my stomach as I zipped and fastened them. In this case, I leaned the seat back as far as it would go and struggle to get them up. Damn, my ass need a little work. Not that it was fat, but when you wear clothes like these jeans it only takes an extra hamburger it seems to make them all but impossible to get on.

I stood up outside the car and gave the jeans a final hitch upward. They were ridiculously tight in the crotch and as sensitive as my clit was it all but made me cum again when I started to walk and the material moved against me. Fortunately it was a quick walk to my apartment and before long, I was stripping them back off again and heading for my bed. This time I could do it right!

## 3. Teasing Uncle Paul

I woke the next morning and as is my custom, the first thing I did was masturbate again. There are times when the bladder wants attention and so I take care of that quickly, but other than that my first order of business is to take care of business. That accomplished and feeling a bit better, I got up and showered, taking special care when I shaved not to nick myself or miss anything. The last thing I wanted was to have a bunch of red marks when I showed Uncle Paul my pussy later this morning!

In deciding what to wear, I didn't choose one of my sexier outfits. The last thing I wanted was for people in the office to see some slut walk in and go into my uncle's office and close the door behind her. Now THAT would have caused some gossip, probably eventually making its way to my Aunt Julie's ears. No, I wanted to go unnoticed for once, blending into the office traffic such that nobody questioned who I was or what I was doing there. It would have been fun to wear one of my little black dresses, but they would have certainly drawn attention.

Under other circumstance, I would have loved such attention but today was time for one of my more conservative dresses that I had bought for teaching school. Actually, I hadn't even worn this one yet and so I had to remove the tags. It came below the knees - a requirement at the conservative Christian school where I would be teaching soon, and while not up to my neck, it certainly didn't expose any cleavage. Short sleeves and a belt around the waist kept it from being TOO drab but otherwise it was the sort of dress most guys wouldn't glance at twice.

There was one difference, though, between how I would be wearing this dress to school and what my plans were for it today. At school a bra and panties was required. The panties I could love with but the bra requirement sucked. Sure, there are some women who SHOULD wear a bra but if you didn't have to, I didn't see why it had to become a requirement. Besides, I would be teaching 4-6 graders who wouldn't care one way or the other so why make me be uncomfortable all day?

Today, however, no such requirements existed and so the dress was the ONLY piece of clothing I was going to be wearing, in addition to my heels. Like the lack of underwear, the heels weren't what I would normally wear to school. Not so much that they were a little too formal but more because I wanted to still be able to walk at the end of the day! Standing in front of a classroom all day in 4-inch heels isn't something I would recommend!

Getting in my car, the first thing that came to mind was how much better it was to wear a dress than jeans - at least so far as when you're driving and horny. I hadn't even started the car when I pulled up the hem and reached underneath to touch my bare pussy. Mmmmmmm, not THIS was the way to dress when you drive!

I was leaving later enough to miss the morning rush hour traffic and whatever had caused the previous day's congestion must have been cleared out as the traffic was humming along this morning. Just for the fun of it I played with myself a little while driving but nothing too serious as I had to pay a lot more attention to the road. Still, the idea of all these cars around me and none of them knowing I was masturbating was enough to make me food and horny, Not that I needed all that much more incentive giving my mission!

Upon reaching the parking lot I found a spot close to the door and I waited to get out until I saw someone approaching. I got out with my purse and quickly followed him in, just catching the door before it closed and locked behind him. There was a second door immediately after the first and this time he held it open for me after seeing me coming in the first one. He just smiled at me and went on his way after I went through, giving them a quick one-over but that was about it.

This time I knew where I was going so I made my way through the cubicles to where the offices for the managers were. The door to my uncle's office was open and I just walked by quickly without entering to see if he was there. Sure enough, he was behind his desk but there was also another guy with him, standing up in front of the desk discussing something or another. Whatever it was, they seemed quite animated about it.

There was a drinking fountain a few doors down and I used it as an excuse to loiter and wait for the guy to leave my uncle's office. Fortunately he was out in a couple of minutes and nobody had even walked by me or taken note of me. Quickly I made my move and stepped into Uncle Paul's office.

"Kelly?" he asked, knowing it was me of course but at the same time he was surprised to see me. I couldn't blame him, but that was what I had been hoping for. "What are you doing here?"

I closed the door behind me quietly. It had a pushbutton in the center of the round handle so I pressed it in to lock it. Then I turned to him and grinned.

"Hi Uncle Paul," I greeted him, "I thought you might like to see me today. Don't you want to see me?"

"Well... it's just this is where I work," he said, looking at the locked door behind me as if expecting someone to try to break in, "What if someone saw you here?"

"Don't worry, nobody paid me any attention," I assured him, "Do you like my dress?"

"Of course, you look great... what are you doing here?" he asked again.

"I was horny this morning and I was hoping you might be able to help me," I said demurely.

He had a small round table in his office with four chairs, one of which I pulled out and took a seat opposite his desk facing him. I slowly crossed my legs, letting the hem pull up without making any effort to keep it down. It was still just over my knees, though, so it wasn't like he got to see under it.

"Kelly... you really should leave," he protested weakly, his eyes now on my legs.

I pulled the hem up, exposing my upper thigh to him almost to my butt.

"Does my dress look better like this?"

Uncle Paul's eyes were staring at my leg now as I draped the dress over so it fell to the side, letting my entire bare leg show to him now.

"This even better?" I teased him.

My uncle started to get up from his chair but I motioned for him to stay sitting. He may not know it yet but he wasn't going to get out of that chair this morning, at least not while I was in the room, but that didn't mean he wouldn't get something he hadn't been expecting.

"You know I shaved my pussy just for you this morning," I said in as sexy a voice as I could muster, "Want to see it?"

It was almost laughable. He seemed torn between his fear of someone finding out what was happing and his growing lust for me. Well, I knew that all I had to do was give more time for that lust to develop and he would be totally mine. Yes, this was exactly what I wanted - he was under my control already!

I uncrossed my legs and pulled my dress up to expose my crotch. His eyes followed as I reached down and started to touch myself.

"I masturbated so hard this morning thinking about your Uncle Paul," I said as I touched my pussy for him to watch, "Do you want to watch me do it again?"

Poor Uncle Paul. Just a few minutes ago he'd been going at it with someone about some design of something and suddenly now he had his niece masturbating in front of him. Wow, talk about a change in plans for him!

"Watch me Uncle Paul... I want you to watch me do myself for you."

Masturbating alone is always fun but masturbating with an audience just makes it that much better. I saw he was shifting in his chair, probably trying to rearrange his dick as it swelled in his pants. I put my fingers in my mouth, sucking on them like they were little dicks, exaggerating my movements for him to watch me.

I had earlier planned to strip naked but judging from his reaction, he was plenty turned on now with me just exposing my pussy. For a guy with a wife and two daughters that all have impressive racks, he certainly didn't seem that interested in boobs. Maybe he got enough looks at home?

"Oh Uncle Paul, it feels so good, I remember how you fucked me... you felt so good inside of me," I said softly so nobody outside his office would hear.

I went on and on, telling him how much I loved him fucking me and how much I loved sucking his dick and having him cum all over me. I kept hoping he would pull his dick out and start masturbating too but all her did was rub himself through his pants. As horny as he was, the threat of having to answer the door or something was obviously too much for him to go that far.

It was just as I had fantasized about. I loved masturbating in front of him, hearing the people go by his office, the muted tones of their voices as they walked by completely oblivious as to what I was doing just a couple of feet away from them. I loved the way Uncle Paul was looking at me, the lust obvious on his face, his hand pressing down on his crotch where his dick must have been dying to be set free. At this moment he would have done anything I asked but first I wanted to get myself off.

When I finally came it was all I could do not to cry out and alert the entire building that Kelly was having an orgasm while her uncle watched. I watched my Uncle Paul as I came, telling him how good I felt and how much I loved to cum while he watched me. He wanted to fuck me, I could see it I his eyes and I knew all I had to do was say the magic words and he would have his pants down in a heartbeat for me to sit on his erect cock.

Yet as much as I would have liked to have done that was well, it was because he DID want it so bad that I denied him the pleasure of fucking me. He would get to fuck me sooner or later, but for now he needed to understand who was in control.

After I had cum I got up and let the dress fall back down again, covering myself again. I walked over to get behind his desk and sure enough, the swelling under his pants impossible to miss. I reached down and press my hand on his dick, rubbing it just enough to show him my intentions – or at least what he undoubtedly HOPED were my intentions.

"You want to fuck me, don't you Uncle Paul," I teased, "You want to fuck me now, have me sit on your hard cock and let your dick fill my cunt. Isn't that what you want?"

He started to nod but that wasn't good enough for me.

"Say it Uncle Paul... tell me what you want."

He groaned, as if I was torturing him and in a way, I guess you could say I was. His dick had to be ready to burst by now as the smell of my wet pussy must have been in his nostrils. I reached under my dress and wet my fingers, this time putting them to his lips and his tongue eagerly reached out to taste me.

"You want my cunt, don't you Uncle Paul? You like the way I taste when I cum, don't you?"

"Oh god I want to fuck you so bad," he moaned, reaching out for me. I stepped back, the look of surprise on his face was immediate.

"Not here... not now," I said with an evil smile, "I want you to take me home and fuck me there."

"You want me to go to your place?" he said, his voice a little high with his lust that was still in full gear.

"No silly, not MY place," I corrected him, "I want you to take me to YOUR home."

This was it, the moment I had been waiting for. This was the moment that would define our relationship, the moment when everything would be determined. If HE was in control, he would insist on ravaging me now, here in his office while his erection was controlling his actions. He wouldn't take no for an answer and her certainly wouldn't take me to his house to fuck me. On the other hand, if I was in control, then he would accept not fucking me, however begrudged, and cave in to my demand that he take me home with him.

"Right now?" he asked, the look on his face was priceless.

With that I knew I'd won. I was in control. Uncle Paul was now my puppet and I could make him do anything. It wouldn't have meant so much had it not been for the first time we were together but today was going to make up for that - and a lot more in the process.

"Well, if you want to fuck me then yes, right now," I answered.

God, it was probably just as hard for me to turn down his hard dick right now as it was for him to have to delay fucking me. After having just cum the thing I wanted so bad was to sit on that dick in front of me and feel it up inside of me. I wanted to ride him and make him cum in me, right here in the middle of his office. If he only knew how badly I wanted him to fuck me right now he would know that all he had to do was push a little harder and I would have given in. So many guys make that "mistake" where they give up too soon, not realizing how the girl really feels inside, not understanding that she is just as horny as he is and wants it just as badly. Yet because I could control myself better than him, at least for this long, I was the one on control.

Uncle Paul pushed a button on his phone and some secretary answered. He told her that he would be taking a long lunch today but that he would be returning later in the afternoon. I smoothed out my dress and gathered my purse. As I got ready to leave I mentioned he might want to spray some air freshener as I was pretty sure the place had to smell like sex as hard as I had masturbated.

I glanced down and saw the chair I had been sitting on had a small wet spot under where my pussy had cum so I moved it to the back and positioned another chair in its place. Then with a wink and a smile I walked out and headed back to my car without a word to anyone else in the place.

Out in the parking lot I waited for Uncle Paul and in a few minutes he came out the door. At first I think he was expecting me to ride with him but I knew had I done that we might never make it out of the parking lot as horny as I was so I chose to drive behind him.

## 4. Fucking Uncle Paul

It was only about fifteen minutes to their place where he opened both garage doors so I could park where Aunt Julie usually did. I guess he didn't want the neighbors to notice he was home during the day, and especially not to notice a second car was there or to see me get out. He was probably right to be cautious as I imagined it would be hard for him to explain to Aunt Julie if someone told her about all this. He closed the doors as soon as we were inside and as soon as I got out he was there waiting for me.

"OK, you've got your way and we're here. Now let me fuck you!" he exclaimed and I think had I allowed him to, he would have turned me around and fucked me on the car hood right then and there. That wasn't my plan, though, so I pushed him away and smiled.

"I want you to fuck me in your bed," I insisted, "Fuck me where you fuck Aunt Julie."

He was so hot and bothered he didn't even bother to protest. I think I could've asked him to fuck me on the front lawn right now and he would have done it, anything to get his dick in me. What he didn't know was how badly I wanted it too but there was no way he was going to ever know about THAT. We hurried up to the bedroom where again he reached for me and yet again I pushed him away.

"Now what?" he whined, like a little boy being denied his candy yet again.

"Take off your clothes and get in bed," I instructed him.

He huffed and unbuttoned his dress shirt and then quickly dropped his pants and underwear to the floor, taking off his socks at the same time. It was all I could do not to reach out grab his dick as it popped free finally. It was just as hard and ready to go as I knew it would be. I couldn't wait to get it in my mouth and pussy but there were other things that I needed to do first to complete my plan.

"Well?" he asked as he laid on his back on the bed over the covers, his dick standing up on its own all nice and rigid. Clearly he was expecting me to strip and join him and I would indeed do that - in due time.

"Jerk off for me," I demanded, "Show me how bad you want to fuck me."

He looked at me like he was surprised at my demand and then he seemed to hesitate so I asked, "What's the matter, haven't you ever done it front of anyone before?"

It really wasn't all that surprising when he shook his head, looking a little meek actually as if he was embarrassed. Was he embarrassed because he had never done it or because I wanted him to do it for me?

"C'mon, I did it for you so now you do it for me," I said firmly, "I want to see your jerking that dick for me... show me hot horny I make you."

What I really wanted to say was, "Will you hurry up and jerk off so you can fuck me!" It wasn't so much that I wanted to watch him masturbate, it was that I wanted to watch him do it because I demanded that he do it. Obviously he had never done it front of his wife which wasn't all that uncommon form most men I knew. They seem to LOVE watching me do myself but when the shoe is on the other foot, then all of a sudden it becomes a problem. I didn't expect him to cum, just prove to me that he would do whatever I asked if he wanted to fuck me.

He wanted me. I smiled as his right hand gripped his dick and started to stroke himself. Actually, I think it's good to watch a man jerk off as it helps me to understand what gets him off and lets me be a better cocksucker. If only men would pay more attention to the technique I use when they see me masturbate and not just get off from the experience then they might do a better job of touching and licking me. Oh well, I'm not holding my breath for THAT to ever happen.

As he stroked himself I rewarded him by slowly undressing, unzipping the dress behind me and letting it fall to the floor, stepping out of it while keeping my heels on. I don't know why, but men seem to love to fuck me when I wear my shoes. It doesn't even have to be heels! I've had guys ask me to keep my sneakers on because it turned them on for me to have nothing on but my shoes when they fucked me. Go figure...

God his dick looked delicious! I loved the way it stretched out as he pulled on it and it seemed so nice and hard in his grip. He didn't seem to be intimidated anymore about masturbating in front of me and actually seemed to be enjoying it now. Who knows, maybe Aunt Julie might have a surprise for her next time they have sex! I was about to get on the bed when I noticed a pile of clothes on the master bathroom floor, evidently being sorted out for laundry later. There was a small pile that was destined for the 'delicate cycle" with her underwear and nightgowns. A naughty thought came to mind and I made a detour for the bathroom.

"Where are you going?" Uncle Paul called out.

I turned and noticed he hadn't stopped jerking off - a good sign. I just smiled and held up my finger to indicate I would only be a minute and quickly sorted through the small pile. I chose a plain white bra and pair of pink nylon panties and held them up for him to see. Uncle Paul look confused at first and then his mouth dropped open when he saw my intentions for them as I snapped the bra together in front of me and then twisted it around and put my arms through this traps. The bra was way too big for me but it really didn't matter. Likewise, the panties were also so large as to barely hang on to my hips and so I had to hold them up as I crawled into bed beside him.

"Why are you wearing those?" he asked.

I noticed his stroking had diminished after I lay next to him as his attention shifted more to me but still, he hadn't stopped completely. For a guy who had never jerked off in front of anyone before, he seemed to have caught on pretty quickly!

"Well, if you're going to fuck me in your wife's house, in her bedroom, and on her bed... don't you think I should be wearing her clothes?" I replied, as if it were the most logical thing in the world for me to do.

"You are SO naughty," he said with a grin, "So does it turn you on to wear your aunt's dirty underwear?"

Actually, so far as I was concerned it would have been better to wear something out of her dresser that was clean. Smelling women's dirty panties wasn't on my top ten list of things to do by a long shot although I knew a lot of men who seemed to get off from it. Heck, I could have probably made a fortune over the years selling my used underwear to guys on the Internet if the number of requests I've had for them was an indication. But back to Uncle Paul, I knew it would make it all the more naughty for him to fuck me if I was wearing his wife's undergarments and the next time she wore them, I bet I knew what he would be thinking!

"God I want to fuck you so bad," he said for the umpteenth time today.

I was sure that had I just hopped on board he would have been more than happy just to get his dick in me and fuck me without any further delay. As horny as I was, it didn't sound like such a bad idea but then I was here for more than just my own pleasure today so I needed to stay on course. Besides, as tempting as his dick had been looking all this time while he had been jerking off, I wanted to have a bit of it first anyway. "I'm gonna suck your dick first," I told him in a no-nonsense, no-debate tone of voice.

My horny uncle didn't even try to argue but then it wasn't like it was THAT bad of an alternative to fucking me, at least for now. I scooted down the bed alongside him until I could reach over and get his dick in my mouth. He held it by the base as I sucked the head to start, alternately sucking it and then running my tongue around it and then sucking it again.

"God you know how to do that so good," he groaned as I took more and more of him in my mouth each time, twisting my head around his dick as I bobbed up and down on his shaft.

I loved the feel of his hard cock in my mouth, all warm and firm yet smooth and soft as well. The head felt so smooth and I loved to lick along the underside of the crown. Uncle Paul seemed to like it as well, his hips jerking reflexively whenever I would do that and then suddenly take it in my mouth and suck hard.

Had it been up to me, I would suck his dick all afternoon like this. He felt so good in my mouth as my hand caressed his hairy balls, gently rolling them between my fingers as I played with his pubic hair. If there was ever a time I was in control of a man, this was it. One little bite and he would be in excruciating pain and a little harder might injure him for life. When is a man ever more under the control of a woman than when she has her mouth and teeth around his dick?

One thing I was worried about and that was him cumming too soon. My dad was getting to the age where repeat performances took longer and longer. Uncle Paul was eight years older and I imagined he was probably the equivalent of a musket loader - one shot and then a lot of work to reload. If I went too far and he came in my mouth, then the odds of him fucking me anytime soon would be pretty remote. If there was anything I wanted to be sure of this time with him, it was that I wanted him to cum inside my pussy and NOT all over me or in my mouth. This time I wanted to be the one who got it where she wanted it.

So with that in mind, after I'd sucked him for a while I figured it was time to let him fuck me before he couldn't hold back anymore. Again, my decision in this matter was determined by my desire to be in control so once I'd dropped his dick from my mouth I moved to mount him. Straddling his waist on my knees, I lifted myself up as high as I could and reached down with one hand to grab his dick and with the other I pulled Aunt Julie's panties to the side. They were so loose on me it was a lot easier than when I did it with my own panties (yes, I DO wear them at times!). I looked down at him and saw he was staring at my crotch, watching his dick as I positioned it in place under my pussy hole.

"NOW you can fuck me," I declared with a grin.

I don't know who was more relieved a those words, him or me. Sure he was horny and wanted to fuck me but I was extremely horny as well and I would be willing to bet I wanted his dick in me just as much, if not more, than he did. With that, I lowered myself down onto him, his cock sliding easily up inside of me as wet as I was from everything so far.

I don't really know how many times I've been fucked in my life. I use to keep a sort of record but stopped a couple of years ago when it just didn't seem worth the effort. I would imagine it has to be somewhere in the 200's, maybe 300's if you count all the parties. Yet no matter how many times I've done it, there is still something special about the first time a guy's dick enters me when we are having sex. It's like I have been craving it and wanting it so badly and then suddenly it's in me, this warm solid fleshy thing deep up inside of me. It's like the missing piece to a crossword puzzle is finally put into place as I'm made complete and whole, like my pussy was missing something without a dick to fill it.

As Uncle Paul's dick filled me, I don't know who gasped louder - him or me. I didn't take him all at once but rather just the head at first. The I slowly swiveled my hips, rotating around him causing my pussy to move around on his dick and at the same time, causing his dick to press all around just inside of my pussy hole entrance where it was the most sensitive. As I continued, I dropped down a little bit more over time until finally I'd literally 'screwed" my way onto his cock and my smooth crotch met up with his hairy one.

"God you're so fucking tight," he gasped as I gripped his dick with my pussy, squeezing down on him as hard as I could.

I leaned over him, my hands flat on his chest. My boobs weren't really held al that firmly by the oversized bra so they hung down and moved as I started to rock slowly on Uncle Paul's dick inside of me. Normally if I was still wearing a bra by this time the guy would be practically ripping it off of me but as I'd observed before, Uncle Paul wasn't all that into boobs so he didn't seem to pay much attention to them, focusing all his energy on his dick in me instead - not necessarily all that bad either.

It felt so good to be fucked. I closed my eyes as I rocked back and forth, savoring the intense feelings shooting through me when his dick slid in and out of me. I reached down and started to play with my clit as I lifted my butt up and then dropped back down to drive his cock in and out of me faster than I could do by just rocking. I could imagine what my aunt would say if for some reason she came home early on a Friday and found her husband fucking her niece in her own bed - wearing her underwear at that! Well, THAT would certainly bring a new meaning to the phrase, "family reunion".

Uncle Paul was holding my by the hips now, helping me to bob up and down his cock using my pussy to stimulate his cock. He kept telling me how much he loved his dick in me, how much he wanted to fuck me over and over and over again. Normally I like to get in a little dirty talk of my own but today I let him do all the talking. I was the one in control so there was no need for me to do anything more for him than to let his dick inside of me.

Suddenly he came. I have to admit it was a little bit of a surprise for me as I'm usually pretty good at being able to tell when a man is about to cum. Uncle Paul gasped and then I felt him jerk up against me and then there was that faint telltale bloom of warmth inside of me that told me his cum was being pumped into me. Sometimes I can't even feel that much but today I could tell each time he ejaculated inside of me. He came fast and furious, humping under me as he shot me full of his sperm. When he finished he just collapsed but I wasn't done yet so I sat down on his spent dick and played faster with my pussy, determined to cum myself.

It took a few minutes before and I could feel his cum beginning to leak out of me when finally I came - and came hard. His dick was still me when I came, a bit deflated now but still it was where it counted - in my pussy. I gushed cum, mixed with his own as I sat up straight, mesmerized by the intensity of the orgasm I was having as my pussy gripped his semi-flaccid cock. Finally I just had to lean forward and lay on his chest, his dick barely staying in me as I did.

"Did you cum Kelly?" he asked expectantly.

Those famous last words of every guy after sex. It's like they have to make a girl cum to prove their manliness or something. I enjoy an orgasm just as much as the next girl but it isn't a failure to me if I don't cum during the act of sex with a guy. Sometimes I masturbate afterwards and cum then, sometimes later when I get home. I LOVE sucking cock and I LOVE being fucked so whether or not I cum isn't a major factor in determining how much I enjoyed myself but try and tell that to a guy!

Of course I did what every girl does when a guy asks him that question - I nodded and smiled at him. Then I rolled over and felt what remained of his soft dick in me flop out of my pussy. I felt suddenly empty somehow, like something had been taken from me. We both laid there for a while and I thought he might fall asleep as I absentmindedly played with myself.

"Shit, I have to get back to the office and Julie might be home soon... it IS Friday you know and she usually gets off early."

Speaking of Aunt Julie getting off... my mind was in the gutter now so I knew it was time to get going. I got out of bed and removed Aunt Julie's clothing. I noted with a hint of satisfaction that her panties had a fresh stain on them - a mixture of her husband's cum mixed together with her niece's. If only she would know... but THAT wasn't going to happen although it was fun to think about.

Uncle Paul dressed hurriedly. It only took a second for me to step into my dress after which Uncle Paul was thoughtful enough to zip it up for me. My hair was a wreck but I quickly straightened it out enough to be presentable. Uncle Paul tried to straighten out the bed covers. It was probably a good thing for him I'd stayed on top as otherwise who knows how he would have dealt with the cum stains. Neither of us spoke, I guess there wasn't all that much for us to say to one another now that we'd finished fucking.

As we went into the garage, he turned to me and started to say something. I really didn't want to hear anything from him. I KNEW he'd enjoyed it and I really didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing how much I had as well. I'd achieved my goals for the day and it was time to leave him. No doubt he was already thinking about the next time he would fuck me but little did he know the odds of that were about zero. Of course, that is what I said the first time he'd fucked me and look what had happened today!

As I drove away, I lifted yup the dress and felt my pussy. What a mess! I was leaking sperm and after catching some of it on my fingers I pulled them up to my mouth for a taste. Mmmmmmm, now THIS was the way to eat and drive! Maybe since I was wearing the dress this time I might get lucky and run into some traffic congestion ahead!

## Postlude

I DID tell me dad about what I'd done with his brother as I felt too guilty keeping a secret from him like that. However, he never mentioned anything about my mom and my uncle so I never did either. Does he know what they did? I don't know and I'm not sure I WANT to know! All I know if I felt vindicated after spending the day with Uncle Paul. My place in the universe has been restored, so to speak, and now I can truly go without fucking him again since the last time was completely on my terms.

Who controls your relationships?

Are you sure????

# (Aug 01) Chapter 194: An Evening With My Dad

Story codes: MF oral F-solo inc father daughter
Me (24)
John - my dad (44)

Suddenly one day I realized it had been quite a while since I'd spent some really good "quality time" with my dad. Well... that shouldn't be so hard to remedy!

## 1. Been So Long

I was lying in bed on night, just thinking random thoughts, when it occurred to me that it had been almost a month since my dad had fucked me. Granted there had been a few quickies before church but those are so short and quick they don't really count. The last couple of times he had fucked me had been with other people involved, including when our friend Tammy visited and then there was the time before that with my aunt and cousin on the 4th of July.

Thus when it came to just me satisfying him as his daughter, it had been ages! It came as sort of a shock to me now that I was actually thinking about it. Since I was sixteen and he had first had sex with me I couldn't remember a period when we'd gone this long without doing it unless I was away at school or something.

In a way, I guess our "dry spell" wasn't ALL that bad when considered from his perspective. Since he and my Aunt Linda had gotten closer, they'd been like two teenagers in heat. I think for both of them it was sort of a release to have each other. It wasn't like they hadn't been doing it for almost twenty years now, just that now it was different.

Now it was just the two of them and even Kristen and I weren't included for the most part, at least not that I knew about so far as Kristen goes but then you never know about her sometimes. There was never going to be anything more between them like marriage, both of them was carrying too much baggage for that to happen, but it was nice to see how happy they both were these days when they were together.

As for me, it wasn't like I was a nun or anything just because my dad wasn't doing me more regularly. In fact, I'd never depended on my dad to satisfy my sexual needs, nor would I have ever wanted to. Like most girls, I've never had to worry about getting laid when I really wanted it although at times it required "lowering the bar" a bit depending on how anxious I was for it at the time. When I first offered myself to my dad it had nothing to do with being horny or needing someone to fuck me. It was then, as it always has been, more about submitting myself to my dad as I have learned that a daughter should to her father.

Now don't get me started on the difference between loving submission and anything kinky, I wrote an entire article on it that's posted on my website if you're interested. Suffice to say I love to please my father and I trust him more than I have any other man. From the first time I saw my parents making love, I knew I wanted a closer relationship with my father that was only possible through sex. Of course it was not the same sex as he had with my mother - and I would never even want to think I was his "lover" or anything weird like that. It's just that when him inside of me, and I feel him moving in me and then cumming me, it is then I feel closest to my dad, in a way I could never be with him otherwise.

As you can imagine, I was a bit torn and confused as I thought more about this "revelation" I was having. What was I really concerned about? What were my true feelings? Was I becoming jealous of my Aunt Linda for all the time she was spending with my dad - at the expense of him spending it with me? If my true concern was for the happiness and well-being of my father, shouldn't I be pleased that he was finding satisfaction with a woman he had loved and fucked for most of his life?

Of course I'd never been jealous of my mother - she was his wife after all and he SHOULD enjoy being with her. She had often told me that it never bothered her for him to have sex with me as I was his daughter and it pleased her if anything to see the two of us being so close. Although she didn't say a lot about it, I knew it also got her off watching the two of us together as she would usually masturbate while she watched.

Then came my Uncle Paul and his startling tales of having sex with my mom for so many years without anyone knowing about it, not even my dad. He even claimed that she went to him when she needed sex because my dad was more interested in me at the time. I still didn't know whether to believe that last part or not. Was it just Uncle Paul trying to make me believe things about my mother to rationalize what they'd done?

I so wished I could ask her for her side of the story. How often had they really done it? When did it start between them and how? Was she really feeling left out because of all the time my dad was spending with me? I just couldn't believe that to be honest. She wouldn't have lied to me all these years about how she was happy for me to be with my dad. Then again, the more I started to parse her words, being happy seeing my dad fucking me didn't mean she wasn't feeling left out herself. Was she only telling me half the story?

While I was confused about my mother keeping such a secret for my dad, it really was no different than what I was doing myself. I hadn't told my dad about his older brother fucking me that day, nor the last time just a few days ago, and I sincerely doubted that he had even the slightest inkling that anything like that was going on between me and my uncle. Was I now carrying on the same as my mother had done? Maybe when she didn't tell him immediately it just got harder and harder the more they did it until finally she just resolved never to tell her husband. Technically it wasn't adultery - THAT I could have never believed my mother being capable of. Even though they were related through marriage, making sex between them permissible, emotionally it almost like it just that.

Since I wasn't married it didn't matter who I had sex with so far as sinning was concerned and even if I HAD been married, I still would've been "OK" with the concept of fucking Uncle Paul since he WAS my uncle. Still, if I HAD been married I would want my husband to know about it since hiding it from him would make it seem like there was something wrong about it or something I was ashamed to admit. So why hadn't my mother told my dad?

I tossed and turned in my bed, my thought getting more and more jumbled up inside my head. What if she HAD told my dad? There was no reason he needed to tell me about it, especially since he didn't think I was having sex with Uncle Paul. What if my uncle had been bluffing, maybe to try and keep me from telling my dad about what we had done? Yet if he had been fucking his brother's wife with his knowledge, why would he think that it would be any more of a concern for his brother to know he'd fucked his only daughter?

So many thoughts... so many options. Now I started to wonder if maybe Uncle Paul was fucking his own daughters as well. Maybe THAT is why he didn't want my dad to know he had fucked me, perhaps worried that now he would have to deal with my dad doing his daughters. Being they were both married it would make it more complicated but I'm sure something could be worked out. Both of them had big boobs - something that always drew the attention of my dad, and he had in fact confided in me over the years that he would have loved to have fucked them both. However, knowing his brother wasn't involved in incest made that pretty well impossible - but WAS he so not involved? There had never been the slightest hint but at the same time, I doubted anyone in our family that wasn't already included know that my dad was fucking me so maybe it was the same with Uncle Paul and my cousins.

It wasn't just my dad that had lusted for my cousins. If I was honest with myself I knew that I wouldn't have minded having some cousin "fun" as well. Except for a few brief moments at a bachelorette party years ago, I'd never seen either of them behave slutty. Ginny, with her new boobs, loved to wear outfits that showed them off but it was more her pride and vanity than trying to come on to anyone. Laura's boobs were not bad either, and all natural at that, but that was partly due to her being a bit overweight. If she ever dropped the extra twenty pounds it would be interesting to see how her boobs would shrink along with the rest of her.

Thinking about Laura and Ginny started to distract me from the other thoughts that had been swirling inside my head. Images of them in their bikinis at my uncle's pool earlier in the summer came to mind. They weren't terribly revealing, nothing like I preferred to wear, but they still showed off their bodies nicely. I know my dad was certainly pleased with how they looked and I saw both of my uncles stealing a few glances as well. I could only imagine the nasty thoughts my Uncle Jim was having - he was such an asshole. It was more what my Uncle Paul was thinking about his own daughters that I now was wondering about.

With my eyes closed, I lay flat on my back with one hand now reaching between my thighs as I felt myself starting to react to the idea of Uncle Paul fucking both of his daughters at the same time. They'd gone back into the house to change and after seeing him slipping away shortly afterwards, I dreamed I'd followed him as well. They were all gathered in one of the spare bedrooms and I could hear them talking inside when I pressed my ear to the door.

God I was feeling so horny, and even more as I started to masturbate, thinking about the sounds of my uncle as he fucked his two hot daughters. My pussy was already pretty wet from all the other thoughts I'd been having so it wasn't like I had to get myself started or anything - I was ready to go!

In my dream the door to the bedroom hadn't been closed tightly and as I leaned against it to listen more I felt it push inward just a bit. Through the crack in the door I saw both of my cousins, kneeling before their father, sharing his cock as they each took turns sucking on it. All three of them were naked and I marveled at the incredible boobs they both had. Seeing them both sucking their dad, it made me think for a moment about what it would have been like to have a sister when I was growing up. My pussy tingled as my finger circled my sensitive wet clit, images of my mythical sister sharing my dad's cock with me making me all the more horny. God I suddenly felt so damn horny!

It felt so good to touch myself as my fantasy about my uncle and cousins played out in my head. Indeed, I LOVED to masturbate any time and when I was as horny as I felt now, it was all the better. Some girls try to tell me they don't masturbate, or at least don't do it very often and I just have to wonder how that could be true. I can't imagine going even a day without doing it at least once, preferably more. For me it's not a substitute for sex, it's more like an enhancement. I often masturbate even after having just been fucked, especially if the guy isn't too attentive afterwards. What can I say, I just LOVE doing it.

Even better is when someone watches me. It is so erotic to see a guy getting all hard and horny as he watches me playing with myself in front of him. What really gets me going is if he is confident enough in himself to pull out his stiff dick and jerk off while he watches me masturbate. Seeing his dick so nice and hard, watching his eyes glaze over as he lusts for me but yet can only watch me, seeing him cumming all over himself knowing he is thinking about doing so many things to me, all of it just makes me cum all the harder as I masturbate myself.

God, imagine if Uncle Paul was really fucking the two of them. When did it start? My mom and her sister had both been taken by their dad within days of reach other, my mom being fourteen and my Aunt Linda only twelve. Had Uncle Paul fucked his daughters when they were teenagers or was it something relatively new? Of course, that assumed he fucks them period but hey, it was my fantasy and anything can happen in a fantasy.

I was rubbing clit faster now while at the same time my fingers were toying with my erect nipples, pinching them and pulling on them. I liked to play with my boobs, maybe not quite the same as I did my pussy but they were always enjoyable to touch. If I leaned me head over as far as I could I could just get the nipple in my mouth and it made me shiver to feel myself suck on my own boob.

Mmmmmmm, now if only I could lick my own clit I'd be in heaven!

I could feel myself about to cum as I imagined my uncle fucking the two of them, both of them on all fours in front of him as he would fuck one and then move over to the other. It was like a lottery - which one would he cum in? Back and forth he would go, a few strokes in and out of one and then moving over to the other and fucking her. They both kissed as their horny dad fucked them.

God it felt so damn good!

My efforts were finally rewarded as suddenly it was like someone dropped an electrical cord on me and my entire body went stiff as I plunged my fingers deep into my pussy, moving my other hand form my boobs to my clit. All I did was push on it with two fingers, not even moving them around as I just put more pressure on my simmering clit. I couldn't keep my finger inside of me anymore, it was just too hard to reach down like that when I wanted to just straighten out as flat as I could and then curl up in a ball and then onto my back again.

All I could imagine was how good it felt when Uncle Paul had last fucked me and how much I wanted my dad to do me now. Even though they were brothers they each fulfilled something different in me. As my pussy spasmed and I moaned into the silence of my bedroom, I remembered the lustful fucking from my uncle and then the closeness I would feel when my father was in me. One came in me out of sheer lust while the other gave me his cum like a gift. One just wanted to fuck me like a slut, the other as his loving daughter. Yet the thought of both of them fucking me was exhilarating as my orgasm stretched on.

As I felt myself begin to calm, I started toying with my pussy a little more again. A little shriek escaped my lips as I involuntarily jerked at the touch of my fingers against my ultra-sensitive clit. God it so touchy! Someone could have just breathed softly against it when it was like this and made me cum again. How at this moment I would have loved to feel the touch of a tongue against my pussy now, their hot breath over my clit, the feel of their lips kissing my pussy.

For what seemed to be the longest time I just laid there, not really concentrating on anything but the feelings between my legs that rippled through me like a summer breeze over a field of wheat.

Did I ever mention that I LOVE to masturbate?

I called her cell phone only to find out she was also busy with some friends for the day. Oh well, I guess it was just me and dad - only he didn't know it yet!

As I tried to plan out my dad, it occurred to me that my aunt might be over and that would mess up everything. My Aunt Linda is pretty hot for now being in her forties and while we had played around a bit in the past, typically it was because Kristen was involved as well. Since she and my dad had been going at it, I'd never been included with them. It wasn't like I had asked and been turned down, just that the offer was never made so I didn't push it. I'm sure nobody would tell me to go home if she WAS there today but at the same time I knew they would be waiting for me to leave so they could get back in bed and that was an awkward situation I preferred to avoid so I called my aunt. Fortunately she was home and not out showing a house or anything so she could talk to me in private. I explained to her my plans for the day, leaving out most of the concerns I had about her and my dad of course.

My aunt, unlike her airhead daughter (sorry Kristen, I love you but I have to be honest) was pretty bright. It wasn't just her "talents" in bed that made her a tope Realtor, she was one of the sharpest ones out there as well. She quickly picked up on where I was going and assured me that she had plenty of things to do today and she would tell my dad she was booked with showings if he asked about her. I loved my Aunt Linda, especially at times like this when she could be so wonderful and understanding.

After lunch I gathered some things and headed over to my dad's. I was surprised when he wasn't home, especially since my aunt hadn't mentioned anything about him going anywhere. He probably just went to the store or something. I just hoped it wasn't a trip to the office since it seemed once he got sucked into there, it could be the entire day before he escaped.

Making my way out onto the deck, I squinted up at the sun which was now overhead and felt warm on my face. Yep, a great day for laying out, that was for sure. As I changed into my bikini, I looked around the deck and it was a wave of nostalgia surged over me. God, how many times had I been out here and think of all the things I'd done.

There was the hot tub where our family had spent so much time as I was growing up. It was the one time that we all were nude together on a regular basis as we never wore suits, at least not that I can remember. As a child it taught me that nudity, while not something we openly flaunted, was perfectly acceptable in the right circumstances. Why should a family worry about covering up in the privacy of their own hot tub anyway? Besides, the deck had a privacy fence all around it which was really unnecessary most of the time as the deck was atop out garage, making it all but impossible to see into without a fence except for the one neighbor to the side that was uphill but they were never around. Then there were the neighbors behind us but they would have needed a telescope to see anything.

Wow, how many boyfriends had I shocked by inviting them into the hot tub and then stripping off my bikini for them – when my parents were inside and supposedly had no idea what was going on? How many of them had I eventually sucked or even fucked, despite their trepidations about being caught. Of course I knew my parents would never embarrass me that way by barging in unannounced but the boys certainly didn't know that!

It wasn't just boys that I shared the hot tub with. There were the slumber parties, the birthday parties and just getting together with friends. Some of my friends were too embarrassed to strip down in front of the other girls but for the most part, they usually did sooner or later. Except for those times when it was just a close friend or two, we didn't do anything sexual with each other besides teasing and such, but there had been those times when we would masturbate together, no different than we did when we gathered together in someone's bedroom or even a cabin at church camp.

Perhaps my fondest memory of the hot tub was a time when I wasn't even in it – or on the deck even for that matter. I was just sixteen, returning home earlier than planned from a party, and in the dark of my room I was able to down to the deck where my dad was fucking my mom. Although I'd seen them both nude, we'd all masturbated in front of one another, and they knew I'd been having sex for two years already, they still never made love in front of me until now – and this time only because they didn't know that I was watching. Indeed, had I not stumbled upon them I may have never realized what I was missing with my parents. Everything I'd done with my mom and dad since then was really due to seeing them that night making love like I'd never seen two people do it before.

Of course, once I got started with my dad, the deck became a lot busier as it was one of his favorite places to fuck me. It was even the site for the first time I had sex with my cousin – and watched my dad fuck her as well. The deck was where my mom first had sex with her nephew (after I had him there first). Indeed, if there was one room or location in the house with the most "first" associated with it, it was the deck.

I'd brought my smallest bikini, the one that my dad referred to as "Kelly's slut bikini". Indeed, it was hard to even classify it as clothing. The whole thing could ball up in my hand and was really nothing more than a few strings with triangular patches of cloth to cover my nipples and pussy. Had I not been completely shaved, no amount of trimming would have kept anything from showing. The so-called top was more like a pair of pasties tied together with strings around my neck and back. It was not one that I would have dared to wear anywhere public, no matter how liberal the people who were there. For all practical purposes I was naked. Still, it left me with small tan marks which I prefer.

An all-over tan sends a message - this girl tans in the nude which means she flaunts her nudity to everyone and anyone. Not exactly a turn-in for any guy with emotional or possessive feelings. The small tans marks tells people that while I may not wear much, I DO cover up the essentials in front of most people meaning that whoever is seeing the tan marks is seeing parts of me most people don't - something that seems to run on guys more than full nudity.

I positioned the chaise lounge so the sun would shine up from behind me to get those hard to tan places like between my upper thighs as I spread my legs wide. The sun felt so warm and good on my exposed skin. By this time of summer I had a pretty good tan so I didn't need much sunscreen, just enough to keep the cancer away as they say. I dangled my feet off the edges of the lounge chair, my crotch exposed unabashedly but there was nobody there to see me anyway so what did it matter?

The temptation to masturbate, always in the back of my mind in any case and especially now given where I was and how I was dressed, was beginning to grow in me. I had no idea when my dad would be back, though, and I wanted to surprise him just as I was, not overdoing things like having my hand between my legs with a finger up my slit or anything like that. Besides, if things went as I hoped later today, I would be having plenty of opportunities to masturbate... and more.

I must have dozed off or something because suddenly I felt something cool pressing against my back. I opened my eyes to see my dad leaning over me. With the sun having been beating down on me, his hand actually felt cool as he rubbed me slowly along my shoulders.

"Well, this is a surprise," he chuckled, "Can't say I was expecting to see you out here. Good thing I looked out the window, I guess I didn't notice your car on the street."

"Hi Daddy!" I greeted him with a grin and a hug like I was a little schoolgirl again.

Indeed, I think no matter how old I am I will always consider myself my daddy's little girl - and he the same for me I think.

"Like my bikini?"

My dad smiled and just shook his head and grinned saying, "What's the matter... couldn't find one with any LESS material?"

"Oh daddy!" I teased him, moving my shoulders back and forth to wiggle my boobs for him.

"So to what do I owe this honor?" he asked, pulling up a chair next to me and taking a seat.

"Why? Can't a girl just want to stop by her dad's house without having an ulterior motives?" I asked, pretending to be hurt.

"Any other girl... sure, but you're not just any other girl," he responded, the smile never leaving his face.

"Well, how about I wanted to suck my dad's dick?"

This time my dad's grin grew even broader as she laughed and replied, "Now THAT I would believe!"

We both laughed and then there was as silence for moment as we just grinned at each other. Finally I couldn't take it anymore.

"Soooooo, are you gonna pull it out for me or do I have to do all the work?"

It was like old times again. Gosh, when was the last time I'd been so direct with him? How had we allowed ourselves to drift apart so far? He'd always loved it when I was direct with him and pretended it was all because of me that we fucked, even when he knew it was because of HIM that we actually did. He loved to call me his "little slut" and the dirtier I talked to him, the more up- front I was about sex, the more he seemed to like it.

"Alright, alright, hold your horses!" he came back, standing up to make it easier to undo his pants.

Meantime I twisted around so I was sitting on the edge of the lounge chair. It was lower than the chair he'd been sitting on and I knew from past experience it put me at just the perfect height relative to his waist, It was only a few seconds before

my mouth until my face was plastered up tight against his dense pubic hair. He smelled so musky, so manly, so sexy. I could actually feel his dick as it grew in my mouth, becoming longer and thicker with each passing second. My heart was ready to burst as I knew it was ME that was causing this reaction.

What made it all the better was it was his natural reaction to me, nothing made up or exaggerated. He couldn't fake what was happening to him. It was only his desire for me, his lust for me, that could cause his dick to grow bigger and bigger as I sucked on it with my mouth. A man can SAY a lot of things but his dick never lies.

"God that feel so good Kelly," he groaned as I worked on his cock.

I loved it when he talked to me while I was blowing him. It made me feel good inside not only as his daughter, but as a woman to hear him express his deepest feelings and how he felt physically while I was sucking his cock. When your own father sees you as a sexual and desirable woman, what does that tell you?

I used one hand to grip his dick by the base to steady it as I worked on him with my lips and tongue. With the other hand I carefully cupped his hairy balls, rolling them gently like giant dice between my fingers. He had his hands on top of my head now, pulling me tighter and tighter into his crotch as his hips began to thrust automatically in sync with me.

"Lay back, I need to fuck you so damn bad right now," he gasped after I sucked especially hard on the head of his dick.

He certainly didn't have to ask me twice; indeed, it was music to my ears. I allowed his now fully erect dick flop from my mouth with an exaggerated sucking sound. I started to lay back but hesitated as I was unsure of how he planned to fuck me. I knew he loved the good-old missionary position but I wasn't sure the cheap chair would support us both, especially if he started to pound me with any gusto.

"Lay on your side facing me... that's it.. lift your leg...," he instructed me.

He had put the cushion from the chair on the deck and was kneeling on it, lining his dick up with my pussy as he scooted up closer. It was a little awkward but he was "motivated" as I like to say. Helping to hold my upper leg up and over his shoulder, he pressed into me and I felt the tip of his dick as it lined up with my pussy hole.

"Fuck me daddy... I want to feel your dick in my cunt... fuck me!" I encouraged him.

"That's it, right there!" I told him as I felt the tip of his dick begin to press into my wet pussy hole.

"Oh daddy! Fuck me!" I cried out as he pushed his incestuous dick into my welcoming pussy without another word.

We were right out in the middle of the deck, the warm summer sun shining down on us as my dad began to fuck me. I only wished my mother could be here to watch, to see her husband and watch his dick disappear inside her daughter. I looked down and all I could see was his heavy growth of curly stiff hair as it tickled my bare pussy. His dick was all the way in me now and I could just make out the base of it as the rest disappeared into my pussy.

"Feels so good... feels so good," he just repeated softly over and over as he started to stroke himself in and out of me slowly.

I loved looking down and seeing my dad's dick sliding in and out of me, his wet shaft sparkling in the sunlight like a diamond with that coating of pussy juices that I was giving him.

Then I looked up and saw his face. He had his eyes closed, his mouth barely open as he breathed heavily while he rhythmically fucked me. His neck was bent back slightly so the sun was directly on his face, small rivulets of sweat starting to form on his brow and neck. He seemed so happy, so content. It was obvious he was doing something that was satisfying him totally, just as I had hoped it would.

It made me feel so good, like my heart was ready to burst with joy at seeing the pleasure I was able to give to him. I loved the way it felt to have him moving in me, to feel his strong grip on my thigh as he kept my leg up high to let him more easily push his crotch into mine. Most of all I just loved being his, whatever it was he wanted of me. It made me feel so secure, so completely free as for these few moments I had nothing in the world to worry about, nothing to care or think about except what my father was doing to me. It was all about what HE wanted, not what I wanted. It was all about pleasing HIM, not me. I didn't have to make any decision, any choices, my father was in total control. All I had to do was lay back and enjoy it, to be my father's loving daughter in every way I could.

"Lean over the tub baby," he instructed me as he pulled out and my leg drop back down again finally.

I knew what he wanted as after all, this wasn't our first time by any means. Actually, I doubt there was much he could do to me now we hadn't done at least once before!

"Here it comes baby... all for my girl!" he exclaimed as I felt his hands grip my hips so hard I thought he would bruise them.

His crotch slammed into my bare ass as he lunged forward as his dick spewed the first of his incestuous loads of sperm into me.

"All for you baby... all for you!"

Tell me what could be more thrilling for a girl than to feel her own father releasing himself inside of her? What could possibly bring a father and daughter closer together than for him to mate her, shooting his sperm deep in her pussy? What could ever make me feel better than to feel my own father cumming me, the man I have loved and trusted all my life? What could please me more than to know his true desires for me, his sexual lust for me, was so great that he achieved an orgasm while having sex with me?

What indeed!

## 3. Watching TV

After my dad had fucked me he'd gone back in the house to clean up while I managed to catch a few more rays before coming in myself. He asked me to order out a pizza so thankfully I didn't have to worry about fixing any dinner. If only I could live on cum along - I hate cooking!

I'd gone upstairs and "borrowed" one of his dress shirts from his closet to wear around the house. It was pure white and still fairly new so it was a little stiff yet. I rolled up the sleeves as they hung down way past my fingertips otherwise and buttoned the lower half of the shirt to keep it in place. I might not have bothered with buttoning any of them but the pizza guy was going to be here soon and I couldn't very well answer the door half naked. Granted, there WERE some interesting possibilities in that scenario and had the circumstances been different then who knows what I might've done. Tonight, though, was for my dad so the pizza guy would just have to be happy with an old-fashioned tip - money.

Sure enough, the doorbell soon rang and since my dad was in the basement watching TV I answered it and to my surprise, the pizza GUY was a pizza GIRL! She looked to be maybe in her later teens or so, quite stunning actually. I imagined she got quite the tips. We both looked at each other and I wasn't sure who was more surprised than the other. She was wearing a shirt much too tight for her but which showed off her bust to the max while I was standing there in nothing but a half-buttoned man's shirt. For a moment we both just stared at the other in an awkward silence until we each broke out laughing together.

"You're not quite who I was expecting," I giggled.

"Well, I can SEE that but then, you're not quite who I was expecting either," she retorted

"I can see THAT too," I replied, purposely looking at her boobs which were obviously NOT being restricted by a bra.

"Still... you never know who you might meet sometimes in this job," she said coyly.

I had a pretty good idea what she was hinting at and any other time I might have explored the possibilities a little more. Reluctantly, I handed her the money and said to keep the change. She looked a little disappointed but I had a feeling she would be getting plenty of "tips" before her shift was over. I took the pizza down and my dad looked at me appreciatively, my bare legs showing out the bottom of his shirt.

"You know, I've worn that shirt like once," he teased me, pretending to be stern.

"But don't you think I look better in it daddy?" I teased back, unbuttoning it completely and allowing it to hang open just enough to give him a few glimpses of what was underneath.

"Hell, I'd buy a dozen more if they all came looking like that!" he joked some more.

I'd been wearing his shirts since I was a little teenage and he had been teasing me about them for just as long. Usually they made their way back into the laundry but there were a few times I hung on to them and took them home to wear around my apartment. They were baggy and comfortable, perfect to wear when you're home alone.

I'd brought some paper plates and napkins as well and so we sat down to enjoy the pizza. "Hey, did you know your pizza route has a girl on it now?" I asked him, winking at him at the same time, "She's pretty hot too, and a slut if I ever saw one."

"Guess I'll have to order out more often," he said thoughtfully, then added, "Although it would be just my luck I get the two hundred pound football player."

We both laughed and went back to eating the pizza. I only had one piece - too much junk food already this summer and I had noticed a few things getting a bit tighter lately - and not in a good way.

When we were through, my dad pulled out a DVD and grinned as he showed me the cover. I couldn't help but smile - it was a StarGate movie with Samantha Carter on the cover. His ongoing fascination with Amanda Tapping has always amused me. It's not like she is the hottest or sexiest girl on TV, not by a long shot. Yet there was something about her that got him harder faster than even his favorite porn movie star - Ginger Lynn. I can't even begin to count how many times I'd seen him masturbate while we watched a show when she would be on the screen.

He took his usual seat in his chair while I picked my favorite spot on the couch across the room for him. I can't say I'm all that fascinated with the show, but it was sort of cute to see my dad acting like a teenage boy with a crush. Whenever Carter was on the screen, it was like his eyes were glued to the TV and his hand just automatically went to his crotch. He was wearing some loose boxer shorts so it was easy for him to just pull up on one of the legs and let his cock dangle out so he could stroke himself while he watched her.

It was like old times again with one big exception, the empty chair in the room. Still, I like to think that my mom would've approved of all this. For a long time after she was gone my dad would just sit in the room and watch TV, not saying much or jerking off, even when there was something on the screen I knew had to be a turn-on for him. Thus it was nice to see him able to let loose and feel comfortable masturbating in front of me again.

Actually, it wasn't like he was masturbating in front of me so much as he was masturbating and I just happened to be in the room. I never felt at any time growing up that my dad was ever doing anything just for me to see or in any way to try and turn me on. To be honest, I can't say seeing my dad jerk off IS a turn-on for me per se. It's not like I got off seeing his hand on his cock or him cumming all over himself. For me it's always been about knowing he was feeling good, that he was comfortable enough with me around to still do the things he felt he needed to do. As such I always made sure not to interrupt him or bother him when he was "busy". I don't mean I turned away and pretended nothing was happening. It was more like I just didn't make it a big deal one way or the other.

The same "rules" applied to me as I got older and started masturbating. My parents never pushed me to do it but my mom was there to help me once I started, offering some advice and even her collection of dildos - which I politely turned down (at least most of the time). Once I got started they made sure not to do anything that might embarrass me or make me feel ashamed to do it whenever I felt the need.

anyway. Maybe I might turn bit more in his direction or spread my legs a bit further apart when he was watching, but otherwise I was doing nothing different than I would if I had been alone. I felt myself shudder a little as my clit got harder and I felt my pussy getting even wetter as I recalled the time I'd masturbated myself when I had a boyfriend with me. I did it such that it seemed that I was hiding it from my parents and only he could see me doing it but he was still shocked, to say the least.

Well, he wasn't TOO shocked judging from the erection that he quickly grew and it wasn't long before he was fucking me in my bedroom. I'd be willing to be that to this day he still jerks off remembering that night with me!

God it felt so good to touch my pussy! I could feel myself about to cum and I focused more on myself now instead of all the nostalgia. My pussy was so hot and wet, it felt SO good to run my fingers over my slick and hard clit. I flattened my hand out and rubbed myself harder and faster, my heart beating faster and my breathing becoming labored as I drove myself closer and closer to my goal.

Nothing in the world felt so good as when I came and I wanted to feel that incredible sensation again. Then it finally came, filling me with the passion and pleasure I had been craving. My back arched as my hips pushed up against my hand, my pussy hushing now as I kept rubbing myself even faster now that I was cumming. It was like pouring gasoline on a fire as I exploded. It was like I was on fire yet it felt wonderful. It made me tingle all over but it was the place between my legs that it all seemed to originate. If only this could last forever, to stay like this, not a thought about anything but the pleasure I felt, not a care about anything but keeping myself on the knife edge between ecstasy and insanity.

After I'd calmed down enough to think clearly - or at least more clearly, I turned to look at my dad and saw he had turned off the movie and was focused just on me. Now THAT alone was quite a compliment as for my dad to turn off Amanda Tapping in favor of watching me masturbate was quite a statement.

I knew then that it was time to stop being so selfish and do what I should do, what any daughter should do in this sort of situation. My father wanted me and as his daughter, what choice did I have but to submit to his needs? After all, it's not like I didn't enjoy it too!

# 4. Satisfying My Dad

After giving myself a few more minutes to let the throbbing between my legs subside a bit more, I stood up, being careful to hold onto the arm of the couch as my legs felt a little wobbly still. The shirt I was wearing hung open, hiding virtually nothing from my dad's view as I slowly approached him. I saw his hand was gripping his cock firmly. He wasn't stroking it for the moment as his attention seemed totally fixed on me.

For a brief moment my mind went back to eight years earlier, when I had stood before my dad in a somewhat similar situation. God I was so nervous! Back then I wasn't sure he really wanted me in a sexual way. I'd been teasing him and flirting with him for weeks after seeing him and my mom making love in the hot tub and I knew he watched me more than I had realized before, but did that mean he wanted to have sex with me?

My dad looked at a lot of pretty girls and I knew he masturbated looking at their photos and movies but that didn't mean he would actually fuck them, even if he had the opportunity. I had just finished masturbating in front of him and had been standing near him very much the same as I was now, not quite as exposed but leaving little to the imagination. Seeing his lust for me now, knowing he was waiting for me to say the words he longed to hear, seemed so natural now but back when I was just sixteen, I was almost paralyzed with fear that he might reject my offer, that he would turn me away for whatever reason.

Back then I had just told my dad I was going to my room with the hope he would realize what I was implying and follow me. Thankfully he did, and the rest was history as they say. I often wonder what I would have done if he had not appeared in my bedroom door that night. Tonight, though, after eight years of the most wonderful incestual relationship I could imagine, I had no such doubts or worries. I knew that all I had to do was turn and go to my room and he would be right behind me. Still, there was more to it than just the sex. I knew my dad loved it when I offered myself to him, when I told him what I wanted from him, when I asked him to take me as his. For some reason it just seemed to make him feel better in some way for his actions to be in response to my offer, even though he knew he could have me anytime he wanted without a word from me.

"I'm going to my room, daddy," I purred as I looked at his stiff dick and licked my lips in a show of anticipation, "I was hoping you might come up with me and fuck me again."

My dad smiled as I gave him the offer he wanted. He shifted in his chair, his hand still clenching his dick as he asked, "Are you sure? Is this really what you want?"

Such a silly question but it was like a little routine we always did. I leaned over him in his chair and kissed me, my hand reaching down and ripping the upper half of his cock and squeezing it gently. "I'm yours daddy... you can have me anyway you want... I'm you're little girl and I want my daddy to fuck me."

Perhaps if I had said those words eight years before I wouldn't have worried so much when I went up the two flights of stairs to my bedroom. Seeing the look in his eyes, the surge in his cock as I touched him, left no doubt what his intentions were. I'm sure that same look was there back then as well, I just didn't recognize it as it was my own father. Funny how that works out - now I recognized BECAUSE he was my father!

With another kiss I stood up and turned away without another word. I went up the stairs without looking back, confident that he would soon be following me. My heart was racing with anticipation. No matter how many times I'd done this, it always gave me a little thrill to know my own father was about to fuck me again. Heck, if anything as horny as he was now there was likely no way he would NOT fuck me.

There comes a time with many men when their lust and needs so overwhelm them that I know that there is no going back, no stopping them. They are going to fuck me and there is nothing I can do about it - assuming I even would think of not wanting it. It's an incredible feeling to realize that for these few moments you are completely out of control of your destiny, that this man you are with no longer sees you as a person, as a girlfriend, or even as a daughter. It usually doesn't last long but at a time like this you're something he wants to fuck and nothing is going to stop him.

With my dad, this moment normally occurred as he was close to fucking me but I could see that tonight he was extra horny. Maybe the unexpected events of this afternoon had started it and then seeing Amanda and then me masturbating had driven him over the edge. Whatever it was, when I left him behind I could see that look and knew he was going to fuck me, as if I had any doubt he would anyway.

Once in my room I dropped the shirt to the floor and kicked it to the side, leaving me nude as I jumped on top of my old bed. God, how many times had I

shared my passion for it. She did it make my dad happy but I didn't get the feeling she did it for herself in the same I did it for myself.

On the other hand, my dad seemed to prefer to eat her pussy more than mine. Maybe he had a thing for furry pussy, maybe it was just a husband-wife thing. Whatever the reason, while I knew he ate my mom out almost every time they made love, he only rarely ate my pussy. It wasn't something we ever discussed and to be honest, unless a girl is licking me I can take it or leave it. I LOVE a girl to lick my pussy but guys just never seem to be able to do it the same way another girl can.

My dad approached me and as he got in bed beside me, I realized tonight was going to be one of those rare evenings when we would cuddle and touch before actually fucking. Knowing how horny he was, it sort of surprised me. Personally, seeing the look on his face when I left him in the basement I was fully expecting him to fuck me from the start with little to no foreplay whatsoever. Oh well, it just goes to show you can never totally predict what a man will do.

I turned to face my dad and he put his string arms around me, pulled me towards him until my boobs were pressed against his hairy chest. We kissed as he ran his hands over me, caressing me and lightly running the tips of his fingers all over my naked body. I loved it especially when he would start at the base of my neck and trace the backs of his fingertips all the way down my back along my spine, over my butt and down the backs of my thighs. His other hand was playing with my hair, another thing that I loved to have someone do. For me, a perfect evening is to lay on a couch with my head in a guy's lap, gently sucking his cock as we watch a movie while he plays with my hair.

As he caressed my legs he reached between them, lifting the topmost leg up to allow his own leg to press in between them. It felt so good to feel the pressure of his leg against my crotch, even more so as he moved it just enough to rub up against me. I could feel his hard dick pressing against my stomach, the pubic hair that surrounded it tickling me slightly. I reached in between us and held it in my hand, not stroking it or doing anything but holding it and enjoying the feel of its warmth in my hand.

After a bit more of this he pushed me gently onto my back and started to kiss me all over, starting with the back of my ear, down my neck and to my boobs where he sucked on one and then the other. A soft moan escaped from me as he took my nipples in his mouth, first just running his tongue on each one, then gripping them with his lips and finally tugging on them while carefully grabbing them with his teeth. As he sucked on my nipples, his hand was massaging my boobs, squeezing them and pressing them together. It felt incredible, what more can I say?

As my dad continued to suck on my breasts, his hand started to move down my belly until it was between my legs which were parted just enough to give him the access I wanted. At first he just cupped my crotch with his palm, pressing against it and pulling upward on it. Then his middle finger started pressing inward, pushing its way between my wet pussy lips and into my pussy hole.

"Oh daddy, that feel so good," I gasped, my first words since he started kissing my boobs.

He didn't respond, at least verbally, letting his lips and hands do the talking for him. He pulled his finger out of my pussy, running it up between my lips until he touched my clit. Oh my God, I thought I was going to cum right then and there! It was still pretty sensitive from my early masturbating and just the touch of his wet fingertip was enough to get me going again. He keep touching me, running up and down my pussy, toying with my clit, sometimes pushing it back into me again. Damn it felt so good!

Keeping his hand on my pussy, my dad started to work his way down to my pussy, licking my belly and kissing me all over on the way. He gently pressed my legs further apart and lowered his head down between them. I moaned again as I felt his tongue on my clit, feeling so warm and soft against it, teasing it terribly. He was laying alongside me, his legs up towards my head as he kept his head between my thighs. His dick poked me in the side of my head and so I turned to take it into my mouth. Feeling me sucking him, he pulled me more to my side, my upper leg now over his head as he pushed his hairy crotch into my face, driving his hard dick deeper into my mouth. It had been a long time since we had 69'd this way and I loved the closeness it created between us.

Usually the few times my dad DOES lick my pussy, it's for a few minutes and then that's it. Whether it was because I was sucking his dick at the same time or he was just extra horny or whatever, tonight he kept licking me and licking me. Eventually the inevitable arrived.

"Oh daddy, you're making me cum!" I cried to him softly as best I could with his dick just inside my mouth.

Indeed he was. I tried to keep his dick in my mouth as his tongue drove me crazy but finally I had to let it out just to breath as my orgasm consumed me. I could only imagine how wet his face must be now as I gushed and came harder. Once the peak had passed and it became this insistent sensation, I tried to return to sucking his dick but then he would tug on my clit or push a finger into my pussy and it was like stoking the fire inside of me yet again.

"Fuck me now daddy, fuck me now!" I begged him, wanting him in me while my pussy was still feeling this way.

"Oh baby, I want to fuck you so bad right now," he whispered to me, his voice hoarse with passion and lust.

I just laid there as he got on top of me and his dick easily slipped inside of me. God, I was cumming again now as his dick filled my pussy and I felt him stroking himself in and out of me.

"Fuck me harder daddy... fuck me harder!" I pleaded, my voice this high-pitched whine as I fought to control myself enough to even speak to him.

As much as he had been masturbating earlier and now with what he'd been doing in my bed, he didn't last very long once he started fucking me and soon I could feel his pressing himself up tight against me, straining to hold himself back as if wanting to savor this moment for as long as possible.

"Cum in me daddy, I want you to cum inside of me, I want you to fill me with your love," I encouraged him.

The vast majority of the time he did anyway so it really wasn't necessary to ask but just as I knew he loved me to ask him to fuck me, I knew he loved it just as much to have me beg for him to cum inside of me.

"Oh yeah, I'm cumming baby... your daddy's cumming in you!"

He held himself still in me as he came, one squirt after another. This was when I felt closest to my father, when he was cumming in me, sharing himself with me in the most intimate manner possible. For him to cum in me was the fulfillment of everything I wanted for him.

Once he had cum in me he put his arms around me and then we rolled over, almost falling off the bed in the process but somehow managing to switch position without him slipping out of me. I laid myself down against his chest, feeling his dick throbbing in me as we just laid there silently with nothing but the sound of our labored breathing.

"Daddy, I love it when you cum in me," I whispered to him with my head resting on his chest.

My father's spent dick was still in me but I could feel it slipping out as he shrank after cumming. So long as I didn't move it would stay in me a little and so I just laid there for as long as possible, trying to burn the memory of this moment into my brain forever.

He must have been exhausted as a couple of minutes later I heard him start to snore. His dick was barely in me now so I gently lifted myself off of him and went to the bathroom to clean myself up a little. When I returned, he hadn't moved a muscle so I just climbed in with him and laid to the side, my arm and leg draped over him.

I felt so happy, so content, so fulfilled... so full of cum - my daddy's cum at that! It had been a wonderful day and I was so happy that I had decided to stop over. Never again would I let so much time go between being with my dad like this. He obviously missed it and I would do anything to make him happy!

## 5. The Morning After

I woke up Sunday morning feeling totally disoriented. For some reason I couldn't figure out where I was. I should be in my bedroom in my apartment yet something was different. Then I realized I had this strange sensation between my legs and my mind quickly cleared as I realized what it was - my dad's dick was back in me!

Evidently I had slept the night through quite soundly as I didn't remember waking once and then when my dad woke he must have found me still sacked out. Well, if you were a horny guy and you woke up with a naked girl next to in bed, and that girl just happened to be your daughter, what would you do? The answer is pretty obvious and it wasn't like my dad hadn't done this sort of thing before.

When I was living at home he would come into my room ach morning before work. Sometimes if I was sleeping he would just masturbate and I would wake up with the results on my face or boobs. If he had time and I was sleeping soundly enough, he would sometimes try to fuck me and see how far he could get without waking me. Now with a guy, I can suck him while he's sleeping and get him to the point of cumming without waking him if he's tired enough. But so far as I go, no matter how tired I am, the sensation of a dick pushing into my pussy will wake me every time. Sometimes I would even fake being asleep and let him think he was getting away with it.

Qs for this morning, I must have REALLY been tired because he had managed to get his whole dick in me before I realized what was happening. He was just holding it me, not stroking it or anything, but still, to get it that far in me without waking me was unusual, to say the least.

"Oh daddy, I love to wake up with you in me," I sighed softly, letting him know I was awake now and knew what was going on.

"You looked so beautiful this morning I couldn't resist," he replied almost apologetically.

Then he started to fuck me, stroking in and out as he no longer had to try to disguise his actions.

I couldn't see him as he was behind me as I lay on my side, his dick deep in me with his arm reaching around so he could grip my boobs. I was awake but that's about all I can say as I just laid there, letting him do all the work.

It was times like this when I truly submitted to my father. Personally, I would have been just as satisfied to masturbate but still, as his daughter I felt happy to give myself to him in this way. Dad was certainly enjoying it, grunting as he shoved himself deep up inside of me and then pulling almost all the way out before pushing it back in me again.

"Oh yeah, your pussy feel so damn good," he groaned as he came in me.

It certainly hadn't taken him long but then, whenever he fucked me first thing in the morning it seemed to take him less time to get himself off than at other times of the day.

After he had cum, he pulled out and went to the bathroom to get ready for church. I was shocked to see we only had a half hour before the service. Damn, we both must have slept pretty good last night! Fortunately I had left some clothes in my closet so I found a cute sundress to wear. It was short but not THAT short. Given the events this morning and last night I felt sort of obligated NOT to wear panties to church. My daddy always loved it anyway when I went to church without anything on under my dress and I had a feeling today he would be especially happy.

I didn't have enough time to shower and do my hair so a heavy dose of perfume would have to do when it came to covering up the scent of sex that I knew must cover me now. I tried to brush my hair out as best I could and with a little makeup was able to hide some of the flushness after being just fucked.

As usual, we met my cousin Kristen and her mom at church. Evidently her weekend party had finished up earlier than she had told me. I sat next to Kristen and as we waited for the service to start she turned to me and whispered, "Well, how did it go?"

I looked at her as if I didn't know what she was talking about but she knew better.

"C'mon, my mom said you practically demanded she stay away last night... and sheesh, don't you think you should have showered this morning? Did you guys just do it or what?"

The church was pretty empty with everyone on vacation this time of year and I looked around and saw nobody was in our pew or watching so I quickly pulled up my dress and showed her my bare crotch. Kristen just rolled her eyes and did the same, demonstrating she was bare underneath too.

"Soooooo, did you think you were special because you didn't wear panties to church," she teased me.

Her mom shushed us and wagged her finger at both of us, warning us to behave in church. Yeah, like SHE never played around. My dad seemed to be more amused although I knew as much as it turned him on, he also worried at times that people might see me do something that would raise questions so typically I behaved myself - in the sanctuary at least. Still, I felt pretty horny this morning and as I looked at my dad, I decided the weekend wasn't over yet.

It had been a great evening with my dad, followed by a wonderful morning. What would this afternoon bring?

Only one way to find out...

## Postscript

When I originally wrote this I decided to stop there as the rest of the day, while fun, wasn't all that much different to write about. I'm still not going to go on about it, I just felt I needed to say something rather than just leaving it hanging like I originally did.

# (Aug 08) Chapter 195: State Park Tent Sex

Story codes: FF MF Fm MMF exhib oral F-solo inc father daughter

Me (24)
John - my dad (44)
Kristen - cousin (22)
Darren (19)
Kyle (18)
Drew - Kyle's brother (15)

All summer I'd been wanting to go to our favorite State Park where we water-ski but its seems there was always one thing or another in the way. When we finally got to go, it turned out that getting was half the fun, not to mention what happened when my cousin and I made a few new friends.

## 1. Boating History

I'd been trying to get out waterskiing all summer but with little success. In fact, if it hadn't been for a brief lucky break while out in California, I wouldn't have been up on a ski yet this year! Even that time I'd only gotten to go out once but then there were more interesting things to enjoy, to say the least. It seemed each time we planned to go out for the weekend, either the weather sucked, my dad had to work or my Aunt Linda had some big open house to deal with.

Finally it looked like the stars had aligned. The weather forecast for Saturday was sort of iffy but Sunday promised to be a great day, maybe a little windy but I could live with that. Besides, even if we were stuck on shore, I was sure we would find plenty to keep ourselves busy.

As a general rule, when it comes to sports I generally can be classified as a complete klutz. Anything involving striking a moving object with another object - be it tennis, softball, or even badminton, has always seemed to be simply beyond my abilities. In fact, I can vividly remember coming home and crying on my mother's shoulders one day when my jerk of a PE teacher declared in front of the entire class that I was the worst tennis player he'd ever seen!

Yet for all my failures in virtually anything athletic, there is one thing I CAN do better than most people - water-ski. Maybe it's because my parents had me out on the water almost as soon as I could walk, but whatever the reason I LOVE to water-ski, with emphasis on WATER. For some reason my water-borne skills don't translated to snow, but that's another story...

So in these days where most people just use tubes and water-boards, I love to get up on my slalom ski and show off as I throw out a giant rooster tale in front of a bunch of hot guys on another boat or even on shore. It also doesn't hurt that it's a sport where I can get away with wearing next to nothing (or even nothing in the just the right situations).

As long as I can remember, my parents always had a boat, usually upgrading to a newer one every couple of years. The current one has an inboard motor which I I love because it is so quiet and it makes it easy to look back when someone is skiing. It also has a cut-out bow so we can sit up front of the driver and lay back, letting everyone see us as we drive by. Before you say anything about wanting to show-off, what is the point in spending all that money on a revealing bikini, on your tan all summer, if nobody gets to see you wearing it?

Another nice thing about our boat it that is makes skiing a lot easier too as it is so powerful that it's like you're up and on top of the water before you even have time to think about it. I can remember back when I was younger and even when I was pretty little I was still dragged through the water like a log for what seemed like ages before I finally was able to get up!

The rest of our family all enjoys skiing as well. In past years my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen would often come along with us as the boat easily held the five of us. This summer we were only a foursome which was rather sobering, but it had been almost nine months now since my mom's accident and those moments when it got hard to accept were getting fewer and farther between. Still, it was surely going to be a little awkward at first, even if nobody liked to mention it openly.

While some people skied in the river around Pittsburgh, my dad never was much of a fan of river water so typically we would drive to a state park and use one the lakes. Our favorite over the years was actually down in West Virginia, a couple of hours south at the Tygart Lake State Park. Like most lakes around us, it was created by a dam at one end and my dad once had tried to explain to me that it had something to do with water storage for flood control or something but all I cared about was it was great for skiing.

Typically we would spend at least one night, sometimes two depending on what my parents' work schedules were. I'd tried a few times in the past to get my dad to let me take the boat down alone with Kristen. I was sure we wouldn't have any problems finding some guys to help us but my dad was pretty adamantly against it from the start. Thus I had to wait until he was available AND the weather cooperated before we could get on the water - a tough combination to satisfy some years, especially this one it seemed.

## 2. On the Road With Cousin Kristen

As I mentioned before, it was a couple of hours or so to get from our house to the park. For some people, such a trip might be boring but one thing about traveling with Kristen - it's never dull. First, we both love to masturbate - but for different reasons. Personally, I mostly do it simply because I just love how it makes me feel so you could say I do it primarily for my own personal pleasure. Of course there are times when I like to masturbate in front of a guy to turn him on, but that's something entirely different. Kristen also loves to masturbate but really, what normal girl doesn't? The difference between us is she loves doing it more to show off and as a means to tease and flirt with guys.

Another difference between Kristen and me is that when we travel, we differ in how we like to flirt with other drivers and people we meet at places like rest areas and such. OK, so we are both unashamed flirts, but I like to tease more - give them just enough to make them think they are about to strike gold but then hold back right at the last instant. It's like wearing really short shorts which show off just enough of my ass to get a guy's attention, but not QUITE enough to let him see my pussy, no matter how much he thinks they will if he just stares long enough.

It's the same when I wear a t-shirt, tank top, cami or that sort of thing. It's fun for me to go without a bra, letting my nipples poke through and having it cut low enough (or high enough depending on which part you're talking about) to give a great view of my cleavage or the underside of my boobs, but just not quite enough to actually see my bare nipples.

Then there's Kristen, who always has to take it another notch, like she has to one-up her older cousin every time. If my shorts are short, hers are even shorter, even if it means the crotch is so thin it rides up into her pussy when she sits. If my t-shirt is tight, hers is painted on. If I cut off the bottom of my t-shirt, hers is cut enough higher. You get the picture. Plus, whereas I like to leave them wondering at least a little bit, Kristen prefers to give them a complete view whenever possible. She's the type that flips up her shirt like a Girl's Gone Wild video - without the panties. If her shorts ARE pulling up her slit, she makes sure her legs are apart enough for someone to see.

So that should give you sort of an idea of what it's like to be on the road with Kristen. If I'm playing with myself under my skirt, making it obvious to a passing trucker WHAT I'm doing but not quite letting him actually see my hand on my pussy, you can count on Kristen sliding off her shorts and baring it all. If I have my hand inside my blouse or t-shirt, Kristen has hers unbuttoned and wide open, her perky boobs on display for whoever wants to see them.

Traveling this weekend with us would be my dad and her mom of course. Now my dad had never been one to show off his dick or anything like that. Actually, I can't say I've ever been in a car where he made a conscious effort to show it off for anyone but me. He's not above letting someone see my head buried in his lap and letting them determine for themselves what I am doing, but even then it's not like anyone actually sees his dick in my mouth.

When it comes to my Aunt Linda, it's a totally different story than my dad. It must be something about younger sisters and cousins I guess. My mom had told me that Linda, who was two years younger than her (the same difference as between Kristen and me), was similar to Kristen when growing up, always trying to be a little more outrageous or sluttier than her older sister. Like mother like daughter as they say. That saying certainly holds true for Kristen and her mother.

Aunt Linda is certainly more conservative than Kristen these days, not surprising since she almost twice her daughter's age, but she still likes to have her fun. She definitely qualifies as a MILF, having kept her shape well over the years, aided by a little help from modern science and surgery, and she didn't mind showing it off. Sure, her bikinis were not as preposterously small as Kristen wore, but they were still pretty revealing when you compare them to the one-piece suits worn by most moms at the pool her age. Her shorts aren't up to her ass but they still show off some pretty nice legs.

As for my aunt's boobs, if I'd paid as much as she did for hers, I would have been show them too. What I liked about her boob job was that she didn't have implants, they're still 100% natural but the sag was taken out so now they perk up like a teenager's, almost as hot as her daughter's boobs. Actually, hers were a couple of cup size bigger than Kristen's so some guys might actually like hers better.

So as you might have guessed by now, I was looking forward to the trip to West Virginia almost as much as I was to reaching the destination (almost, mind you!). Sure enough, when I saw their car pull up and park on the street in front of our house, I had to wonder how many of the guys living around us were watching through the blinds in their homes! They were dressed quite similar, it was the degree of sluttiness that differed.

Whereas Kristen had on one of her more revealing pair of shorts (actually, I think they ALL are that way when I think about it), Linda's were a few inches down her thighs - still enough to bare most of her long legs but not making you wonder if her pussy was about to show as the ones Kristen was wearing did. Kristen was wearing a skin-tight white t-shirt with pink glittery letters that read "Naughty Girl" across her chest, her nipples already poking through. The shirt wasn't so sheer that you could actually SEE her nipples but it wasn't hiding much else.

Aunt Linda also had on a t-shirt but one that was sized properly (at least so far as a store clerk would say). I could also tell she had on her bikini top underneath - and probably had the matching bottoms on under the shorts as well, something Kristen obviously did not have on. They both were wearing sandals and again I had to wonder if some guy or two wasn't peeking out at what had to be the hottest mother-daughter pair in town.

My dad had the SUV already packed so he went to the trunk of Aunt Linda's car and got their things out to add to ours. The boat was already down at the lake and I was pretty sure that he had called someone who was suppose to have it ready for us when we got there, however that worked, so at least we didn't have to worry about towing the boat behind us. Without any further fanfare, we piled in the SUV with Aunt Linda in front, of course, and Kristen and me in back, each of us sitting behind our respective parent.

For the first part of the trip we had to navigate the winding roads and hills to out of town until we got to the interstate highway. We were all just chattering about the weather and what it was supposed to be like when we arrived. At the moment the skies looked sort of grey and it seemed it might rain at any moment but the weather web site had assured me that it would be clear by the time we got there and that tomorrow would be great.

I suppose it should have come as no surprise that Kristen would be the one that got things started. We'd been on the highway for only about ten or fifteen minutes when my dad passed a semi-trailer truck. Kristen waved to a trucker as we were passing and he honked the horn - the universal signal for "show me your tits!" Kristen promptly pulled up her T-shirt and the trucker honked again to show his appreciation.

"Already Kristen?" her mom sighed loudly from up front. I smiled at her poor attempt to pretend to be exasperated with her slutty daughter. It's not like she wasn't the one who usually egged her daughter and me on! Sure enough, she couldn't resist.

"So what's the matter with you Kelly?" she teased me, "Shy today are we?"

Well that was about the last thing I felt like today so I told my dad to let the trucker pass us. The traffic was pretty light so he was able to let off the accelerator and the truck pulled up to us but then just stayed alongside. I crawled over Kristen and looked out and sure enough, he kept glancing down at us as he tried to keep his rig on the road but look down at us as much as possible. I pulled my t-shirt up and let him see my boobs and he gave a thumbs up. Kristen, of course, couldn't let me be the center of attention so she had hers on display next to me in a heartbeat.

For the next half hour or so we teased as many truckers as we could. I started to wonder if one of them hadn't radioed the others or something because it seemed they were all ready for us as we drove by. At first, all we did was flash our boobs, nothing really all that naughty, but they seemed appreciative enough as it was.

"Shit, this is getting me so fuckin' horny," Kristen muttered after yet another guy was treated to a quick view of her bared perky boobs.

She settled back into the back seat of the SUV and quickly pulled her shorts off, sitting bare-ass on the cool leather seat with just her sandals and T-shirt on. She had quite a tan by now and I loved the way just a tiny triangle of white showed over her pussy. The sharp contrast made her tan seem even darker and formed sort of a frame around her pussy. Actually, my tan down there was shaped similar but not quite as small as hers.

"Oh yeah, this is SO much better..." she sighed as she started to play with her bald pussy.

I caught my dad peeking using the mirror, smiling as he did. It wasn't like he'd never seen Kristen playing with herself but even I was turned on at the sight of her masturbating. God she was so damn cute! I'd of given about anything to have her petite little body. Not that I was fat or even much overweight, I was just built different than her - more hips and thighs much to my chagrin. Even though I knew she was 22, she could have easily passed for 18 or even younger if she did her hair and makeup right. I suppose that's why she made so much money as a whore. Guys probably loved to fantasize that she was some underage teenager or their daughter or some other naughty fantasy like that.

More trucks were going by but with the heavily tinted windows of the SUV, unless we were right up against the glass it was all but impossible for anyone outside to see us on a sunny day like today. I was sure Kristen wouldn't have minded had anyone seen her, but at the moment she seemed more anxious to get herself off than anything else. Damn, she was REALLY horny, even more than usual.

"What's the matter Kelly, aren't you horny this morning?" my aunt teased me from up front.

Well, I couldn't let that go unchallenged so I followed suit and stripped off my shorts as well. I was already pretty wet from our little exhibitionism and watching my hot little cousin so my fingers slid easily into my pussy. Kristen glanced over at me and gave me a wicked smile before closing her eyes again to focus on her own pussy.

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes or so, the SUV was relatively quiet as the only sounds from the backseat were an occasional sigh or moan from either me or Kristen. I peeked up front a few times and saw my aunt had her hand on my dad's crotch. I couldn't really see anything more from where I was but I had a pretty good idea of what she was doing. The large console in the middle made it extremely difficult to give head while driving (not impossible though, I can attest to that!) so she seemed content to just give him a hand-job for now. Whether she was playing with herself at the same time or not I couldn't tell but knowing her, it wouldn't have surprised me at all if she was.

As I continues to masturbate, I touched my pussy and played with my clit casually, not really working to get myself off so much as to just enjoy the overall feelings it gave me. I could do this all day and indeed, there had been days when I did! Nothing makes a long drive go by more quickly than your own finger on your pussy, even if you're driving (make that, especially if you're driving). For that matter, I love to touch myself most anytime I have the chance.

Some people have other quirks, biting their nails, scratching, twiddling their thumbs, whatever their little ticks might be that they do almost without thinking. For me, I like to touch myself. I don't have to cum every time. In fact, most of the time I just play with myself like this I didn't. It just feels good to touch there and so I do whenever I think I can get away it.

Truthfully, although I would have never admitted it to Aunt Linda, I think Kristen WAS indeed a lot hornier than me at this moment. Whereas I was just foundling myself out of general principle, she was going at her pussy hard now. She was probably wishing she could get to her luggage to get one of her dildos out. I KNEW she had to have at least one or two packed away. I was actually a bit surprised she hadn't pull one out of her purse now as usually she always carried something or another with her for moments like this.

"Help me Kelly... God I need you to help me so bad," she groaned, twisting in the seat to put one leg up on it while leaving the other dangling off the edge.

She spread her knees apart and kept touching herself but I knew what she wanted. One thing I have to say about Kristen, she wasn't what you would call subtle and so when she wanted something, she wasn't afraid to ask for it - especially when it came to sex.

Kristen's shaved pussy looked incredibly cute. Like the rest of her, it looked too small and tight to have been fucked God only knows how many times. Hundreds? More? I knew she was far ahead of me when it came to the number of guys she had fucked but then she did it for a living so it really wasn't even fair to try and compare myself to her. Even back in high school, where I tended to default to a BJ with most guys who took me out, it was pretty well known that unless you were a compete ass, Kristen was a pretty sure fuck. That is, IF you could get a date with her. Needless to say, she was always in pretty high demand.

Feeling a bit hornier now, I maneuvered my way on the back seat to get my face between her soft thighs. God she smelled so strong - her pussy was soaking wet and the scent of her pussy was almost overwhelming, especially as horny as I was about that time. My face was approaching her crotch when she reached out and practically yanked my head into her pussy, pushing my mouth onto her as she lifted her hips to drive herself even harder into me. I loved the taste of my cousin's pussy as I licked her with the tip of my tongue while I put my hands under her bare butt to help keep it up off the seat to make it easier to lick her. My hands aren't all that big but her ass still felt tiny in my hands - firm and smooth like a baby.

As I licked Kristen, I was dying to have my own pussy paid attention to but in the cramped quarters it just wasn't that easy to do myself while I was working on her so I just had to be happy with eating out Kristen's pussy for now. I pushed first one, and then later a second finger into her pussy as I lapped at her pussy slit like a kitten at a bowl of milk. She was panting and gasping, her hand clutching her boobs through her tight t-shirt as she rocked her hips under me like she was imagining she was being fucked. Maybe she was! As much as she loved oral sex with girls, I knew deep down Kristen was like me in that she would take a hard dick in her anytime, even over being licked by her older cousin.

For me, I love it best when I'm the one touching myself there although I like it when a guy or girl does because I know they are getting off from the chance to fondle me. Sure oral sex is fun and I don't mind a little 69 at times with a friend. Still, for me nothing beats the feel of a dick deep in my pussy! As much as I LOVE to suck a dick, even that comes in second when it comes to being fucked.

I know this may sound strange, but as much as I loved to be fucked and to suck a dick, I don't really get off any more from doing both at the same time. I'm a one-on-one girl at heart and anytime another guy (or even a girl) is added in to the mix, it changes the entire chemistry of the relationship. Being alone with a guy is him fucking ME and thinking only of ME. Adding in another guy tends to breed competition between them and having another girls just means I have to share his dick - why would I want to have it only part of the time?

That's just me of course. I know a lot of other girls who feel differently, especially my best friend Beth who gets off more the more guys are involved. My best friend is about 180 degrees opposite from me in that she LOVES group sex and tends to shy away from anything more personal. Kristen is also more into doing groups than me although I'm pretty not sure she gets off more from being the center of attention than the actual physical nature of what she's doing. On the REALLY far edge are girls like my friend Sam, who don't even like having sex with humans, preferring her big lab to guys. Oh well, I say to each their own. Whatever gets you off is fine with me so long as it's consensual and legal.

All that said, I guess you could say that I was enjoying more Kristen's reaction to my attention to her pussy than anything else. It made me feel good just knowing I could bring this sort of pleasure to her as she was clearly enjoying it. She must have cum at least three times before my mouth and cheeks finally got so tired I just had to quit so I could rest for a while. It's odd that I can suck a dick for hours when I take my time but there's something about pushing your head between a girl's thighs and constantly reaching out with your tongue that seems to be much more tiresome than casually sucking dick. Kristen hadn't been exactly asking me to stop either as each time I even threatened to quit she would reach out and pull my head back in between her legs again.

Finally my cheeks were dying and I needed to get some air so I pulled back and pushed her hands away from me. Kristen stopped trying to keep me there and collapsed in the seat, her eyes shut tight and her chest heaving from the last of the orgasms she was having.

"Fuck I needed that SO bad," she finally sighed as I started to work on myself again, needing it even more now after she had gotten off so many times.

"Feeling better sweetie?" my Aunt Linda called back to her daughter.

I hadn't even thought about the two of them up front for the longest time and her voice jolted me back into reality. Kristen didn't answer so I leaned forward to see what was going on up front. Sure enough, my Aunt still had her hand on my dad's protruding cock. Whether she was just holding it or she stopped when I moved up, in any case she had a firm grip on it but wasn't jerking him off or anything when I leaned forward to see his crotch. As for her, I was mildly surprised she was still fully dressed. She typically was just as anxious to play with herself as her daughter was so all I could figure was that she was just waiting to get to the park before getting serious about anything. Just goes to show you never can predict people's actions all the time.

"Oh I think she's doing better now," I giggled, "Gee dad, looks like you guys are having some fun too."

My dad just waved me off with his hand, as if nothing was happening. My aunt muttered something about not having bench seats but by then I was back leaning against my own seat, playing with myself again. For the rest of the trip, that was pretty much how it went. On the one hand I wouldn't have minded it had Kristen returned the favor with me but on the other, I was enjoying the ride as it was. As I said, sometimes it's nice to just take your time and enjoy yourself more so than always being worried about having a climax.

My dad was determined to drive straight through without a stop and we reached the park in record time. It seemed weird when we turned in the opposite direction as normal after passing the guard house. We'd always stayed in the cottages in years past which were in the opposite direction we were now traveling. The cabins were my mom's thing - she liked to rough it just a little bit.

physically. Plus, if it DID start to rain, we wouldn't be that far out from the middle of nowhere where we would get too badly soaked or chilled.

After discussing our plans with my dad and aunt, my dad drove Kristen and me to the Park Office where the trail started. My Aunt Linda stayed back and I could tell from the way she was looking at my dad that she would getting herself ready for his return as soon as we were out the door. Dad said that he would pick us up in an hour or so at the other end but as horny as he was we knew we could take our time and he wouldn't mind a bit. Besides, we had our cell phones so if anything did come up, we could always call him.

Neither Kristen or I changed clothes except to replace our sandals with sneakers. The sandals would have been a pain, literally, on the trail. As for the rest of our outfits, we could have probably worn about anything as odds were we wouldn't see anyone. In past years, I'd never seen anyone heading for or leaving from any of the trails as it seemed most people came here for the lake, not the trees. Heck, if it wasn't for the fact I wanted to give my dad some time alone with Aunt Linda to start out the day, we wouldn't be out here now. Looking at the first hill w would to climb at the start of the trail, I was starting to wonder if even this was such a good idea.

My dad left in a rush, not that I blamed him. As Kristen and I were about to get started, I saw three guys approaching the trail head and so we stopped to say hello. They all looked younger than us and I noticed none of them seemed to look above our necks at first - typical teenage boys! After I told them who we were, they introduced themselves as Darren (nineteen), Kyle (eighteen) and Drew who was Kyle's fifteen year-old brother. At least that's what he claimed to be although I was guessing he was more like fourteen, or even younger.

Darren was the one that immediately caught my eye while it was no surprise to me that Kristen had her eyes undressing Drew from the start. Drew was right in the middle of the age range that she preferred - thirteen to sixteen although sometimes she would do a seventeen year-old. The way she explained it (or should I say, rationalized it) was that age boys in that range were old enough to have some idea of what they were doing - maybe even having had sex already but typically not experienced. At the same time, even if they weren't virgins the odds were they weren't not veterans so it was fun for her to "teach" them. While I can't say there wasn't some physical attraction for me as well, I make it a pretty solid rule to avoid such temptations. In this day and age it doesn't look good on your resume when applying for a teaching position to have a history of underage sex with a boy (or girl I guess for that matter).

Kristen, given her vocation, had no such concerns and so she indulged herself regularly. Although we never discussed it much, I also got the impression that her mom didn't mind it when Kristen brought home a young stud either! Something told me the boys probably liked it just as much as the mother and daughter did. I wondered if any of their friends even believed them later when they tried to claim they'd had sex with a MILF and her daughter!

Although Darren looked the sharpest so far as I was concerned, it wasn't like Kyle was a wimp either. Actually, I wouldn't mind being laid by either of them, especially as horny as I'd been today. They were both wearing shorts that came to the tops of their knees with ribbed tank tops that showed off their physiques. Mmmmmmm, these boys certainly didn't spend all day in front of a video game console, that was for sure. Later I would learn that they were wrestlers which accounted for their upper body strength and strong legs.

Drew was, well... Drew was supposedly fifteen so what could you expect? He was sort of skinny and he didn't seem to be nearly as athletic as the two older guys. He may not have LOOKED as hot, be he WAS certainly getting hot as he stared unabashedly at Kristen and me, mostly at Kristen I noticed which might have been because she was giving him the most attention as well.

I'm sure nobody would be surprised that we decided to do the trail together. The guys were staying in the campground along with their families for the weekend and were on their way back from just walking around I guess. I'm sure the road would have been easier and faster than the trail but somehow I don't think that was a major concern for them, especially given who their traveling companions would be. From the way Kristen was unabashedly sizing up Drew, I had no doubt what was on her mind. I'm sure Drew was fantasizing about her as well, just as any boy his age did about every girl stranding on two legs. Still, I would have bet the farm that he had no inkling whatsoever of just how close he was to having his dreams fulfilled!

As for Darren and Kyle, they were also staring at Kristen but they had a few looks for me as well. What can I say? Anytime I'm with Kristen it was usually the same - they guys loved the perky little "teenager" more than the "old" college graduate. Somehow I'd never anticipated that turning 24 would ever make me so old. Still, I was pretty certain that they wouldn't turn me down once they realized where Kristen's tastes lay.

Once we got on the trail it was like the rest of the world disappeared. My perceptions about the popularity of hiking seemed to be confirmed as there were no signs of anyone else, not even any trash or footprints to show that anyone had been by recently. I have to say, shorts like Kristen and I were wearing may be entertaining to wear around the house and such, but when it came to walking any significant distance their shortcomings became apparent pretty quick. Being as tight as they were in the crotch, they had this annoying tendency to pull up against me. Normally that wasn't a bad thing, such as when I was sitting down or driving as it can be quite stimulating. In this situation, though, it quickly became irritating.

Several times I noticed Kristen reaching down and pulling at hers, evidently having the same issue as me. If we'd been wearing bikini bottoms underneath, at least ones that could be worn in public, I'm sure we would've ditched the shorts after the first 100 yards or so but walking bottomless through a public park wasn't necessarily such a good idea, no matter how appealing it may seem at the moment.

As we walked we let the boys do most of the talking. It was an old trick that my dad had taught me early on about boys. I can remember him telling me that if I really wanted boys to have a conversation that they would always remember with me, just let them do all the talking! It still amazes me at times how much men will tell me when I keep my mouth closed. Actually, my dad told me he used the same technique with clients in that if he just sat at his desk quietly they would sooner or later start telling him things they maybe had no intention of saying when they started.

So before we reached the top of the first hill - taking several breaks along the way, I knew where they lived, what schools they went to, what jobs they had, and even the fact that not one of them had a steady girlfriend. There's something about boys that to prove how cool they are, they like to see how bad they can make their buddies look in comparison.

So with the three of them trying to one-up each other and show off, I soon learned that Drew was a virgin (no surprise there), Kyle had done it once with a girl at school that never saw her again afterwards, and then there was Darren who claimed to be a stud but Kyle countered by accusing him of exaggerating his "conquests" significantly. Interestingly, most of what I learned about each one didn't come from them but was offered up by one of the other two and it became a bit of contest between them as to who could spill the beans more on the other.

While they were bragging about themselves and cutting each other down - apparently thinking that somehow this would somehow impress the older girls they were with. meanwhile, Kristen and I remained quiet, grinning at each other now and then when something particularly ridiculous or embarrassing was revealed. While they were spilling their guts, so far they really knew nothing about us and in my book, in such situations that's best, at least for me. Really, what DID they need to know about my personal life? It's not like either of us was interested in becoming their girlfriends or even having anything to do with them after today. They knew our first names and that we were from the general Pittsburgh area, and that was about it. Oh, they also knew we were cousins and our ages, although they seemed surprised at Kristen's while nothing was said about mine.

Grrrrrr... So far we'd mentioned nothing about our sexual histories or experiences and if I had my way, it would stay that way. The more naive and inexperienced they thought we were, the better. Boys have such fragile egos! Being older than them, I think had they known the true extent of our past, especially Kristen's, they would've been totally intimidated.

Suddenly the trail emerged from the forest and we made our way through what appeared to be an old pasture or something. Off the trail I saw an old farmhouse and barn that looked to be abandoned. There were "No Trespassing" signs posted to keep hikers away, probably more for their own safety as the buildings looked rather dilapidated. Kristen spoke up to announce that she had to pee and told them not to look as she disappeared around the corner of the old barn. I followed her and no sooner had I turned the corner than I saw her practically ripping off her shorts, a long sigh escaping from her lips as the shorts dropped to the ground and she started to massage her crotch.

"God, it feels so damn good to get those damn things off!" she groaned, her face now an expression of genuine relief.

I looked back, half expecting an audience but surprisingly, the boys were honoring our privacy so I did the same with my shorts as Kristen had done with hers - although I didn't quite take them all the way off but rather just dropped them to my ankles. Then I also put my hand between my legs and started to rub myself. She was right - it DID feel good although I'm not so sure the hike had all that much to do with it. How were we going to make another mile or so like this?. Damn, who knew a mile and a half could be so far?

"My poor pussy is so fucking sore." Kristen grumbled, then she perked up and looked at me with a naughty grin saying, "Hey... maybe you should lick it and make it feel all better... what do you think?"

Of course she was just teasing, at least I assumed she was, and we both started to laugh but such a thought HAD already crossed my mind, except the other way around. Heck, she still owed me for the trip down here. Still, this wasn't exactly the time or place to get started with something like that now. We had three horny teenage boys waiting for us and we could do each other most any other time so why waste the opportunity?

"OK then, I got another idea!" Kristen said suddenly, an even broader grin appearing on her face.

Uh oh, NOW what was my whore of a cousin up to? She didn't reveal her idea quite yet as we both pulled our shorts back on but I noticed she left hers unbuttoned at the top with the zipper just slightly down, enough to tease but not show anything. Sort of how I would have worn them more so than her.

"What in the world are you...," I started to ask but she just shushed me and disappeared back around the corner towards the guys with me following close behind.

Back with the boys, I just stood there in amazement as my mischievous cousin came up with this story for them about how our shorts were too tight and how they were making the hike hard for us so could we please borrow their shorts to wear? I couldn't help but roll my eyes at her audacity but then, it WAS Kristen I was with so why should I be surprised? Still, how did she even know they were wearing anything under them? I guess since most boys don't run around commando it was a pretty safe assumption but even so, it wasn't like they could run around the park in public in tightie whities either.

As it turned out, Kyle and Darren had loose boxer shorts on underneath, so large they could've been worn like another pair of regular shorts. They reminded me of the kind that I know some of my girlfriends like to wear around the house or to bed.

Poor Drew, the other guys teased him as he must have had on his tight Hanes or something like that as he couldn't offer us his shorts. Kyle teased his younger brother, saying he needed to grow up and wear REAL underwear and then he wouldn't have such problems. Yeah, like they met a pair of girls every day that asked to borrow their shorts!

Without any further fanfare or discussion, Kyle and Darren gallantly dropped their shorts, standing before us in just their boxer shorts. Kyle's boxers were red plaid while Darren's were more of a dark grey. Actually, had I not known different I would have thought they were wearing regular shorts except for the fact the crotches only had a single button keeping them closed.

I licked my lips before I caught myself as I could barely make out the beginnings of their teenage dicks trying to sneak out. In fact, Kyle's actually was about to make an appearance when he felt himself escaping and shifted the waist around. Both pairs of shorts were about the same size and in any case, they were of course a lot bigger than either of us wore so it really didn't matter who took whose. I grabbed a pair from Darren while Kristen accepted Kyle's, then I started to walk back towards the barn again, expecting Kristen to follow me so we could change, but that was a silly assumption.

"Now don't look you naughty boys," Kristen told the guys as she turned away from them and suddenly dropped her shorts to her ankles, stepping out of them such that her bare ass was on display for all three boys to see who, of course, did NOT turn around right away.

We all stared at Kristen's cute butt and I could just make out the small tan line of her thong but otherwise her ass was tanned bronze and damn, it DID look incredibly inviting.

The guys stood there frozen in place, almost as if space aliens had just landed or something. Their eyes remained fixed on Kristen's bare butt as their jaws all dropped open simultaneously. Drew especially had eyes like saucers as I doubt he'd ever seen a real girl's bare ass as up close and personal as now. When Kristen deliberately bent way over to pull up Kyle's shorts, allowing her shaved pussy to become visible between her legs for just a split second and if it hadn't been such an erotic sight I would've burst out laughing seeing the new expressions on their faces. I suppose it wasn't their fault. Face it, most boys can only jerk off wishing they could see a girl doing exactly what Kristen was doing right now in front of them.

"Well, aren't you gonna put yours on Kelly?" Kristen asked, snugging up the belt which was way too large for her thin waist so she ended up tying it like it was a piece of rope.

This was an opportunity to one-up my cousin and I wasn't about to let it slip through my fingers. Instead of turning away as she had and showing off my butt - which I couldn't blame her for doing considering how hot hers looked, I just shrugged and nonchalantly dropped my shorts right in front of them, acting like it was no big deal to bare myself in front of them.

I smiled at them as they breathlessly stared at my crotch. It was tempting to start playing with myself and REALLY drive them crazy but this was good - at least for now. After allowing them a few seconds to burn the image of my pussy in their memories, I pulled up Darren's shorts slowly. This time it was Kristen's turn to try and control herself but she wasn't as good at hiding her emotions as I was and she so started to giggle a little.

"What's the matter guys, never see a girl change her shorts in front of you before?" she teased them.

Darren started to say something to recover his wounded pride while the other two just stammered and looked more embarrassed now than anything. I started to think that maybe we should have taken it more slowly, perhaps allowing them to peek at us as we changed behind the barn without us supposedly knowing. Heck, I had assumed they would! Maybe by taking it in smaller steps they might've been less embarrassed and more turned on, even though I was pretty sure they were turned on quite a bit judging by their involuntary reactions below their waists. Had they been older or more experienced they would have undoubtedly tried to make something out of the opportunity we were clearly giving them but as it was, they just turned beet red. Even Darren looked a little nonplussed, despite his claims to having "seen it" plenty of times before.

Now that we were dressed again and if anything, more covered up than before, there wasn't much else to do so we started to walk back towards the trail. As we walked I wasn't sure if the change in attire had made things any better as the boy shorts kept trying to fall down being they were so much larger than my size. Considering I was bare-assed underneath and we were starting to near civilization again, having them fall down might been a little hard to explain to the families camping in the crowded campsite. Not that it wouldn't have been fun, but a girl has to behave a LITTLE bit now and then. If I knew it was just fathers and older boys, that would have been one thing, but I wasn't about to flash little kids.

The trail ended near where the last of the cabins were. I looked at Kristen, wondering what she wanted to do now. Well, I already KNEW what she would WANT to do, the questions was more what WOULD we do? My father would be expecting a phone call from us soon and if anything, we had taken far longer to complete the trail than I had expected. Still, I doubted that he minded having a little more free time with Kristen's mom. Besides, if he was really worried he could always call us.

We looked at each other and reached an unspoken agreement to stick with the guys for a while and just see how things worked out. Thus we all headed down the narrow road towards where their families were camping.

## 4. Sex at the Campground

My family had never really been into camping and since the campground was further down the road from the cabins where we normally stayed. I'd never paid much attention to it before. Walking along the road, it didn't seem to be too terribly big. I think I'd read somewhere that there were around forty sites or so and most of them seemed to have tents instead of trailers. It was certainly a lot different from the RV park I'd stayed in out in California earlier this summer.

We passed a bath house which Kristen and I quickly ran into to use while the guys waited outside for us. At first I was surprised none of them need to pee but then I realized that being boys, they probably just peed anywhere they wanted back on the trail.

Once I had asked my dad why men did that as it was so disgusting to just pee everywhere. It didn't really help matters when he just grinned and answered, "Because we can." The bath house seemed pretty clean and even had hot showers.

Kristen and I took the opportunity to wash our hands and faces and it felt a little better to be fresh and clean again after sweating on the trail. Actually a shower would have been better and with Kristen it would have been fun as well but we had three boys waiting outside for us and I didn't want them to think we had lost interest in them. Still, I couldn't resist giving my cousin what was supposed to be a quick kiss but ended up being a little bit more.

"God I'm so fuckin' horny," she whispered hoarsely as I felt her hand reaching between my legs.

I reminded her about Drew and she grinned saying, "I'm gonna fuck his dick off." Funny thing, I didn't think she was joking! One more kiss and we left the bathhouse, apparently just in time as a mother and her little girls all filed in as we walked out. I grinned to myself as I wondered how mommy would have explained to her little charges what the older girls were doing!

It wasn't much further before the road ended in a circular parking area. The guys led us over to where two similar trailers were parked on adjacent sites. As it turned out, each family had their own camp trailer that the parents stayed in while the boys had a single large tent set up behind them towards the back of the site.

Nobody seemed to be around and only one truck was there so I guess their parents must have been out doing something together or whatever. When I'd mentioned earlier about our boat, the boys had seemed jealous that we had one so I didn't think they were out on the lake. Oh well, it didn't really matter I guess so long as they stayed away for a while longer. Then again, it wasn't all that long ago I'd learned that parents you meet while camping can be quite interesting... Well, odds were the boy's parents were your typical mom and pop so I needed to forego any thoughts about them being kinky or anything at all even like that.

First things first, I needed to get out of these ridiculously baggy shorts. It dawned on me that we could have easily changed in the bathhouse but I guess we were too distracted at the time by the needs of our bladders - and then being horny to think rationally. Somehow the campers seemed off-limits from the way the boys were avoiding them so Kristen and I headed for their tent to get ourselves changed.

While we didn't invite the boys in along with us, as much as I knew Kristen would have loved to have done, I'd already taken note that the side flaps were unzipped meaning anyone looking through the screened windows would have a pretty good view of the interior. The tent was situated (purposely perhaps?) such that the closest people with a direct line of site were quite a ways away. During the daytime especially, with the sun shining down on the tent, even though the campground was jammed full it would be next to impossible for any of their neighbors to see anything. Besides, why would anyone want to look into a tent full of boys anyway? However, all this didn't mean someone standing just outside wouldn't be able to peer inside.

"Now boys, no peeking!" I teased them but at the same time I tried to make the tone of my voice such that it sounded more like I was suggesting that they DO.

In any case, I would've been astounded if they didn't already have such thoughts in their heads already - both of their heads if you know what I mean. Kristen followed as I led the way, unzipping and then parting the screening to allow us both to slip inside. It wasn't exactly the most comfortable place to change as the center of the tent was barely high enough for us to stand upright, plus it was quite hot inside, even thought there was some nice shade over the site. All I had to do to lose the shorts was let loose my grip of them. For the entire trip I'd had to keep at least one hand on them so they wouldn't fall down so by simply letting go the shorts dropped to the floor in a heap around my ankles. For a moment I just stood there, basking in the feel of the warm air against my bare butt. Once Kristen had dropped hers I turned and backed into her, wiggled my bare bottom against hers.

"Hey cuz, careful you don't start something you can't finish," she teased me as she wiggled hers back against me.

Then we both turned around and without a second thought we both reached out for the other and shared a nice long kiss, even longer than the ones back in the bathhouse. Trying not to be too obvious, I looked out the window behind her, secretly hoping that the guys were watching from outside as I put my hands on Kristen's bare ass and squeezed each of her cheeks with one hand as she did the same with mine.

I think every girl learns at an early age that nothing turns on a guy more than to see two girls kiss, even it's her friends doing it and not her. It's always seemed a little odd to me that guys get so into seeing two girls kissing yet when it comes to two boys kissing, it's like the worst thing imaginable for them.

The same sort of thing goes for dancing. Girls will get out and dance together or in a group and nobody thinks twice about it but you'll never see two guys dancing, at least not unless they are gay. I can still remember kissing my first girl at a slumber party when I wasn't even technically a teenager yet and while it was sort of naughty at the time, we all were doing it and nobody accused anyone of being a lesbian.

"Did you see the look on their faces when I dropped my shorts on front of them back at the barn?" Kristen whispered with a giggle, "Shit, I thought poor Drew was going to faint."

"Hmmmmmm... I think somebody's hot for Drew," I teased her, "or at least his dick."

Kristen giggled even more, squeezing my butt a little tighter. "God Kelly, can you imagine him fucking me? Mmmmmmm, I can! Do you think he's really fifteen? He seems younger, or at least he acts that way. It's so hard to tell sometimes. What do you think?"

"Well, he's definitely not eighteen so really, what difference does it make? Why can't you fool around with guys your own age?" I playfully chided her.

"Oh don't give me that... I saw you looking him over Miss Goody Two-Shoes," she retorted.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to take care of the other two while you do Drew," I sighed melodramatically.

"Yeah, like THAT would be such a hardship for you," she laughed, spanking my bare bottom with a sharp slap.

Although I hadn't caught sight of them, I hoped that they had witnessed our little show and now it was time to get thing really going. We pulled our own shorts back on and then went back outside to the front of the tent where, judging from their heavy breathing, the guys had obviously hurried back from peeking in on us. The guilty looks on their faces were so blatant it was almost funny and I saw Drew was even a little flushed. Thanking him for his thoughtfulness, I handed back the shorts to Darren while Kristen returned Kyle's. It was probably a good thing for them as the loose boxers weren't doing much of a job of concealing their current state of arousal, even though they tried to hide it from us. It wasn't like they HAD to as neither Kristen nor I would have cared if they had flopped out for us to see.

"So what do you guys want to do now?" I asked playfully, my hands on my hips as I twisted them back and forth slowly.

Well, I KNEW what they wanted - the same thing most any heterosexual boy would want in these circumstances. They looked back and forth at each other, none of them apparently courageous to say what was really on their minds. Well, such hesitation had never deterred Kristen before and it certainly wasn't about to today. Once she got frustrated with their stalling she decided to take things into her own hands - literally as it turned out.

"So tell me Drew... did you like seeing my bare ass back at the barn?" she said softly, moving up a little closer to him.

Drew was barely taller than her so she could just about look him straight in the eyes. Poor boy, he didn't seem to know what to do and he looked over at his brother and Darren, pleading with his eyes as if they had all the answers for him.

"I wasn't asking THEM," Kristen chided Drew, "I wanted to know if YOU liked what you saw? Do you want to see it again? Maybe more this time?"

The other guys were watching this rather surreal scene unfold in front of them, not moving or looking away, probably wondering what was going on and where this was all leading. For that matter, I was wondering the same thing too! I had a pretty good idea where it would end but the journey could be just as interesting at times.

Drew nodded almost imperceptibly but that didn't satisfy Kristen. "Well?" she said, demanding a response, "Did you like my ass or not?"

"It looked really nice," Drew finally blurted out, his face beet red as Kristen stood just inches away from him now.

"Nice? Did you say my ass looked nice?" she said, acting as though she was incredulous, "You mom's butt probably looks nice... is that all you can say about mine?"

"It looked... hot," he said so quietly I could barely make it out. I almost felt sorry for the boy but then I knew what was waiting for him so I didn't feel TOO sorry for him!

"I asked if you wanted to see it again?" she reminded him, "Do you?"

Drew again looked at the other guys who just seemed more amazed at what was happening to their youngest member and NOT to them. I could practically hear their thoughts... "Dear Penthouse, I never thought this would happen to me..."

Rather than drag this charade out any further, Kristen reached out and grabbed Drew by the hand, then she pulled him towards the tent. "C'mon Drew, let's go inside and I'll show it to you again, OK?"

They left the three of us standing behind, the two guys staring with their arms hanging down to their sides, me just shaking my head slowly. What a waste! Heck, we could have probably spent an hour or so just teasing them outside having fun if she hadn't been so crazy horny. Sure, I wanted to get it on too but why not have some fun with them along the way as well? Well, it wasn't like I was in the tent yet so who knows what opportunities remained.

As I tried to decide what to do next, the two of them inside the tent that had everyone's attention - even mine. I could tell both boys were anxious to get back to wherever they had been looking inside before. Evidently they must have thought I might be offended if they looked in on Kristen and Drew. You would think by now they would start getting the message about me, wouldn't you?

"Are you guys gonna watch them or just stand there?" I prodded them, pointing to the tent and moving around to the back where the biggest window was undone.

Not only did it have the best view, but it was also the least likely place anyone would notice us looking at the tent from a ways away, causing them to maybe wonder what was so interesting inside that was grabbing our attention.

The three of us stood there in back of the tent, the two of them on each side of me. It was sort of funny in a way. As much as they had both been staring at my ass and boobs all day, at this moment I was closer to them than I'd been yet they didn't even seem to notice I was there as they covered the tops of their eyes with their hands to shade them from the sun so see inside better. With the sunlight on it the screening made it a little hard to see, but it was still enough to get a pretty good view of what was happening inside.

Kristen must have stripped the moment she entered the tent as by the time I got to see her all she was wearing was her sneakers. I didn't blame her for keeping them on as the bottom of the tent was dirty from the guys coming and going without cleaning their shoes off first. In any case, I doubted that either of the boys next to me were looking that far down as the rest of her was stark naked. Damn her, even I was impressed at her petite body. I sighed to myself seeing how cute and hot she looked. It was probably best they looked at just her for now as it would have frustrated the heck out of me to have them staring at her had I been in there as well.

"Holy shit!" Darren muttered under breath as Kristen started to touch her boobs with her fingertips as Drew just sat there on one of the air mattresses, watched her intently with his mouth hanging open as if he was trying to catch flies.

Kristen put on a little dance for him that would have gotten her arrested at most legitimate strip clubs, eventually touching her pussy and masturbating for Drew. She even faked an orgasm for him and since I was the only one who knew she was faking, what did it hurt?

"No way!" Kyle groaned, most likely jealous as hell of his little brother.

What evoked his latest response was seeing Kristen getting down on her knees and fumbling for Drew's belt. Drew reached out to touch her but she playfully pushed his hands away, telling him he could look but not touch. I guess the "no touch you partner" rule didn't apply to her though as she quickly undid his belt and shorts, then pulled them off of him along with his underwear, leaving Drew sitting bare-bottomed on the soft sleeping bag atop the air mattress.

Kristen asked Drew if anyone had ever touched his dick before. Kyle snickered besides me as he muttered, "Well HE certainly has!" Judging from the way both guys besides me were shifting around and adjusting their shorts, I had no doubt they were wishing Kristen was asking them the same question.

I couldn't make out exactly what Drew was muttering with all the grunts and groans coming from the peanut gallery outside the tent. "Can you believe it!" "Holy shit" "Oh my god!" were just a few of the comments being thrown out as Kristen reached out and grabbed Drew's hard dick. I think Drew was a little embarrassed to be so hard already but it wasn't as if Kristen cared - it just saved her some time and effort in her book

As for me, I like it best when a guy starts out soft so I can feel him growing in my hand or mouth. From Kristen's perspective, that was all just wasted time when he could be fucking her so the sooner he was hard, the better so far as she was concerned.

"Damn... do you think she's gonna suck him" Darren asked across to Kyle, as if I wasn't even there.

"Trust me, she will... and that's not ALL she'll do to him before this is over," I informed them..

"Fuck, your cousin's a real slut!" Kyle said admiringly.

That was the last straw as far as I was concerned. It was bad enough for Kristen to be grabbing all the attention but now Kyle was calling her a slut and not even thinking about me! Over the years I've learned to deal with guys paying more attention to Kristen, that was just Mother Nature's cruel joke on me and there was nothing I could do about it. To completely IGNORE me in favor of Kristen..., now THAT required a response. A girl has to have SOME pride.

"You know, it's not like you have to hide yours either," I said seductively, reaching out in both directions to pat their crotches.

Even with the denim shorts now back over their underwear I could tell both were stiff as rods underneath. They looked at me as if they weren't sure what I really meant. Damn, did I have to provide engraved invitations for them? And people ask me why I like older men! At least they don't have to be told twice – or even once in many cases.

"C'mon, let me see what you've got," I said, trying to keep the frustration out of my voice.

I guess I really couldn't blame them for being distracted as Kristen now had her head planted in Drew's crotch. Between her hair falling in the way and the window screen it was a bit hard to make out exactly what was happening, but with the way her head was bobbing and Drew was groaning, there wasn't much doubt she was sucking his dick.

"Damn, she's blowing him!" Darren croaked, "You're fuckin' little brother's getting a BJ!"

"Well, get yours out then and I'll do the same for you," I finally came out and said directly.

Sheesh, it was like I had to draw a map for them or something. At least THAT got their attention but after looking at each other then I saw them glancing around nervously, evidently concerned that someone might see them. Obviously I hadn't made them horny enough yet.

"You know guys, I'm not saying to get naked," I huffed, "Besides, nobody can see us anyway. Now how about taking those nice dicks out for me, OK?"

One thing you can count one when it comes to men, and especially boys, is that their big heads can only dominate the little ones for so long before a role reversal takes place. With both Daren and Kyle, horniness finally won out over common sense, just as I knew it eventually would. Besides, it WAS true what I'd said about nobody being able to see us. With the tent set so far back on the site and us being behind it, it would have taken someone almost deliberately wanting to see what was going on behind the tent for us to be discovered.

Finally, both guys had dropped their shorts and pulled their dicks out through the front slits of their underwear. Now THIS was more like it! I stopped watching Kristen and bent my knees, crouching down so I could grab each of their dicks and look back and forth to each side to see one and then the other from a more direct point of view. It seemed they were both about the same size, average I guess you could say but they both had that wonderful steel-rod stiffness that only a teenage cock can have. It was like grabbing onto two steel pipes and the best part was that I knew they would stay that way, even after cumming a couple of times.

"Soooooo, is this more like it?" I said softly, grinning up at both of them.

I could tell they were torn between wanting to see my cousin sucking Drew inside the tent and seeing me jerking them off with my hands. Well, there was one way to get them to pay more attention to me - just up the ante a bit.

"Do your girlfriends like to suck your dicks?" I teased them as I twisted each of my hands around their hard cocks.

They glanced at each other and had they been alone, I'm sure each would have bragged about his experience and the number of blowjobs they' been given but as best friends, they both knew the other would know he was lying. I was rapidly getting the impression that not even Darren had as much experience as he was claiming to have with girls. In the end, neither of them said a word, their silence more telling than anything else.

Well, it was up to me I guess so I took Darren's dick first in my mouth, just bobbing on it quickly, taking about two-thirds of it in my mouth before letting it go and turning to face Kyle and repeating my performance on him. Kristen may have her fifteen (fourteen?) year old dick to enjoy, but I had TWO teenage cocks at my disposal now so she could keep her jailbait! Back and forth I went, maybe going down two or three times on each before switching to the other, stroking the one cock with my free hand while sucking on the other.

With my other hand I pulled up my top, exposing my braless boobs to them while keeping it on just in case an emergency popped up - like their parents suddenly returning. It wasn't I was worried about ME - they might not like the fact some slut was sucking off the two older buys but I could only imagine what they would say about Drew getting his dick sucked by a girl at least seven years older than him! She was inside the tent so it wasn't like she wouldn't have time to get herself dressed or even hide among the blankets and sleeping bags.

Me being outside... now THAT was a different story entirely. Still, I had to say it was more exciting to be squatting down in the middle of a crowded campsite with my boobs hanging out while sucking off these boys' cocks. Squatting as I was, I could feel my shorts pulling up and I knew anyone looking would have seen a lot more of my ass than a girl typically would without being in a thong bikini.

I could tell that both of them were trying to hold back but they couldn't help but release a loud breath or a gasp now and then when my tongue and lips got in just the right combination on their dicks to make their knees bend. Both of them needed a shower after the hike and who knows what else they'd been doing before they met us but I didn't care. All I knew was I was enjoying their stiff dicks and I LOVED sucking them both off in front of each other. Odds were neither of them had ever seen the other being blown and I wondered how they felt about their best friend seeing their dick out and being stroked and sucked by this slutty girl squatting down between them.

As I sucked them I could see they were also watching what was happening in the tent as well. Myself, I couldn't see a thing and it was remarkably quiet inside as well. Kristen could never be accused of being shy about expressing herself during sex so either she was deliberately keeping calm so as not to draw attention from anyone outside or her mouth was too full of dick to say anything loud enough to be heard outside the tent. If I had to set the odds, it would probably be a little of each!

Who would cum first - Darren or Kyle? At first glance, you would assume Kyle since he was younger and Darren claimed to have more experience and as such, should be able to control himself more. Yet the more I sucked them, the more I had to wonder how much of Darren's bravado was just bluster? He seemed to be just as ecstatic as Kyle about me sucking his cock - certainly not like he had been-there, done-that before.

If anything, he seemed to be about to cum even before Kyle and sure enough, just as I was about to take my mouth off of him and turn my attention back to Kyle's dick, Darren flooded my mouth with his cum along with a long heavy sigh, almost like one of relief as his hairy balls emptied themselves into my waiting mouth. I held my lips firmly around his cock, keeping every drop of cum in my mouth and letting it pool on my tongue. God, how much cum did he have? It was like he was overflowing my mouth between his cum and dick stuffed inside!

"My turn!" Kyle suddenly gasped as I continued stroking his dick while sucking the last few drops from the tip of Darren's still hard cock.

I quickly turned to face Kyle, just in time to get a face-full of cum as his first load caught me on the forehead right between my eyes! Before the second load could nail me again, I had my cum-filled mouth wrapped around his dick where he could finish his load without making a mess of me - at least any MORE of a mess of me. I didn't even have time to swallow Darren's load before my mouth was flooded with Kyle's cum. It was as much, if not more than Darren' had given me, even with the first shot on my forehead instead of my mouth.

Damn, the boy's balls must have been ready to explode! There was no way I could hold all that cum in my mouth and swallowing with his dick in my mouth was hard so I had no choice but to let some of it escape and drip down my chin.

OK, so my thoughts tend to wander at times... As I sucked off the last of Kyle's cum I wondered what would happen if a guy didn't masturbate or fuck? Where did all the cum go? I doubted that he stopped making it just because it wasn't being used. Was that why some guys claimed their "balls ached" when they didn't get to fuck for a while or even masturbate?

Enough of THAT tangent! My mouth felt deliciously slimy from the fresh coating of cum from two young dicks as I swallowed it all down finally, wishing I had a bottle of water or something to help rinse out my mouth a little as it left quite an aftertaste. Oh well, it's not like I wasn't use to the taste but still, just a mouthful of water would have been nice...

Not surprisingly, both my guys were still as hard as ever and I knew from the looks on their faces if anything, they were even hornier than before I'd blown them. I knew what they wanted - what they probably didn't dare ask for but were undoubtedly praying they could. Really... what teenage boy would NOT want to fuck a girl after she'd just sucked his cock and swallowed his load?

I remembered back to when I use to date in high school and the dashed hopes guys would have after I'd sucked them off but then they didn't get to fuck me. Just because I LOVED sucking their dicks that didn't mean I let every boy in school fuck me. I DID have SOME morals. And a girl has to draw the line somewhere. Ok, so there are the exceptions like Kristen but I would feel safe in saying that the vast majority of girls - even the sluts and whores, have their limits, even though they may vary substantially.

I took the opportunity to glance inside the tent. Darren and Kyle were mesmerized already so I knew it had to be something pretty good. Why wasn't I surprised? (just kidding) There was my slutty cousin riding Kyle's brother, leaning over him such that her breast were low enough for him to suck on them while she rocked on his dick - his no longer virgin dick.

I wish I'd been able to watch when she first took him in her and seen the expression on his face when he got to feel his dick in a girl's pussy for the first time. I'd been fortunate enough over the years to have been fucked by a few virgins and it's always special to see that look - a mixture of lust, fear, gratitude, amazement, whatever, it was all there at this special time of their life. How long had she been riding him? Had he already cum from her blowjob or had she waiting to take his first load in her pussy? Was this the position she took his virginity or how had they been situated? Damn, so many questions to ask her later when we got together later when we were through with these guys.

"So what do you guys think of my cousin?" I asked them both quietly so as not to disturb the two in the tent.

"God she is hot!" Darren was the first to respond, practically drooling. He was stroking his dick slowly as he stared inside and I had to wonder if he even realized he was doing it.

Most likely had he known I could see him stroking it he would have been embarrassed but right now he was so engrossed in watching Drew fucking Kristen (or was SHE fucking Drew?) that I doubted he even knew himself what he was doing.

"I can't believe she's fucking my brother!" Kyle said almost breathlessly.

Really, how many guys actually get to see their brother fucking a girl in real life? To see his younger brother getting laid for the first time must have been more than little hard for Kyle. Again, I had to wonder just how many girls he REALLY had fucked so far - and if he even had done ONE!

"He seems to be enjoying it," I observed thoughtfully.

Well, Kristen certainly was too. Seeing drew naked and with Kristen on top of him rocking his dick in and out of her, I wondered yet again if he was really fifteen. God, he looked like such an innocent, naive boy! I had figured before he was maybe fourteen and now I was having to re-evaluate even THAT estimate! drew had his hands on Kristen's hips, where no doubt she had placed them earlier, and for the most part he just laid there and let my cousin do all the work - not that she seemed to mind. I've never fucked a boy Drew's age in my entire life, the youngest actually being my first boyfriend Steve way back when I was just fourteen.

For a moment, I had to admit I wondered what it would be like to be in Kristen's place right then, his young hard dick poking inside of me while I knew he had to be going completely nuts in his head over what was happening to him for the first time. It was SO hot to watch. If the other two boys hadn't been there with me, I might have succumbed and joined my cousin. Fortunately, at least I guess you say that, God was once again helping me deal to deal with temptation, just as he promised he would.

"Luck goddamn son of a bitch," Darren muttered and once again, I felt a little surge anger building up within me.

It was like I wasn't even there! For drying out loud, I'd just sucked them both off until they came AND let them cum in my mouth AND swallowed as much as I could and still, all they seemed to be able to think about was fucking Kristen. Well hello! I had a pussy too just in case they'd forgotten, and it was just as wet as Kristen's had been when she started fucking Drew - at least I was willing to bet it was. One thing I was blessed with (or at least thank my mom for giving me her genes), was a pussy that got soaked at the drop of a hat. OK, so there were times it might get a little embarrassing but I would rather have it that way then have to use some sort of lube very time.

"You know guys, I AM here," I sighed, hoping they took the hint. Damn, my boobs were still out and they hadn't even touched them!

"Oh! Sorry... we didn't mean to say all that about your cousin in front of you," Darren apologized. I wanted to scream. God, how could two boys both be so clueless!

Exasperated, I reached down, unbuttoned my shorts, and dropped them to the ground where I stepped out of them with one foot and used to other to toss them a few feet away, leaving me standing there in my sneakers, and t-shirt. Although the t-shirt was still pulled up over my boobs I decided I had to pull out all the stops if I was going to keep their attention thanks to the fuck show going on inside the tent.

Pulling the t-shirt up and over my head, I was left with just my sneakers on - same as Kristen but I was OUTSIDE the tent. Now THAT got their attention. Both of them turned to stare at my naked figure which was just mere inches away from them. Their hard dicks were still poking out so sweetly from their underwear and I was dying to have them in me.

"Well, who's gonna fuck me first?" I asked sweetly, putting one finger up to my lips trying to act innocent in contrast to Kristen being such a whore.

Without a doubt they both were dying to fuck me but at the same time, I was sure that just as neither had them had been watched getting a blowjob before (assuming they'd even HAD one before), I was pretty positive they'd never been in a three-some before either, or at least not anyone watching THEM doing it. Once again it was up to me to take the initiative but it was an easy choice, one I'd already made hours earlier when I first saw the guys together.

"C'mon Darren, I want you to show Kyle how to really fuck a girl," I said, turning my ass towards Kyle, leaning over to grab my knees as I spread my bare legs slightly apart for him.

Like, I'd been dreaming of his dick inside of me since I first saw him and now it was finally going to happen - at least it had better happen pretty damn quick!

As much as I was sure he wanted to fuck me, Darren seemed to hesitate and I had a pretty good sense for what was wrong. What were the odds that Darren had never fucked a girl from behind while standing up before? Hmmm, probably pretty good. Most likely he'd probably done nothing but good ole missionary position. Well, I wasn't about to lay on my bare back in the long grass and dirt along with god only knew what nasty bugs and creatures so it was this way or no way.

"Don't you think we should go in the tent?" Kyle asked, looking around nervously again.

There was still nobody nearby and I could barely make out the sounds of anything around us and what I could was quite a ways off. Sheesh, we were hidden behind the tent such that even if somebody drove by they wouldn't see a thing. Besides, Kristen and Drew were already in the tent. I'd had quite enough of Kristen grabbing all the limelight and the last thing I was going to do was get side-by-side with her and have to deal with be #2 yet again. Nope, if they wanted to fuck me, here was their chance. Besides, imagine how they would brag about it later to all their friends. Would any of them believe a word of it though?

"Will you just shut up, quit whining and FUCK me," I finally let loose.

Damn, this was getting to the point of being ridiculous. I'd never dreamed it would ever be so difficult to get two teenage boys to fuck me! God, usually they were pawing at me through my clothes.

"Here, let me help you," I offered over my shoulder to Darren. Putting my hand down between my legs, I reached for his dick like he was the quarterback standing behind me in a football game (do they have position called "doggie"?) I couldn't quite reach his cock but he got the hint and moved up until I was able to snag it like the baton in a relay race. I LOVED the firm feel of his stiffness in my hand. God, he hadn't shrunk even a fraction after cumming the first time. You gotta love a teenage cock!

"OK, now push it in slowly," I said after rubbing it a little on my pussy to get the head wet.

I had it positioned right at the opening to my pussy but even so, given it was the first time a dick was going to be in my pussy today I would likely still a little tight so at first my pussy resisted him.

"Push harder," I encouraged him, pressing my butt back against him to help drive him in me.

"Ohhhhhh, that's it... now deeper! I moaned as I felt him begin to enter me.

Finally! It felt so good to feel myself stretch out to accommodate his cock. It wasn't like he was all that thick or long, instead just the right size to slip in my pussy without much trouble and yet still feel comfortable in my pussy without overstuffing me. Granted, a cock that was TOO small wasn't exactly all that great, but I never complained about an "average" sized dick. The really big ones are better for porn flicks and showing off in front of people, but give me a typical 5-6 inch cock any day and I'm perfectly content. If anything, it's the thickness that I prefer and with a fat cock it's all the more important that he not be too long. I can deal with a wide cock, but a fat AND long at the same time can be quite a pain - literally!

As Darren's dick entered me, I suddenly realized that as much as I THOUGHT I was dying to be fucked by him, it was nothing compared to how badly I REALLY wanted it once I felt his dick inside of me. Indeed, hiking with the boys, teasing them constantly, and then finally seeing Kristen doing the wild thing with Drew was bad enough. Suck both guys off turned out to be the proverbial last straw for me. Wow, what would I have done if for some reason Darren had chickened out of fucking me? Well, thankfully I didn't have to find out.

Poor Kyle was left just standing there, his hard dick in his hand as his younger brother was doing Lord only knows what with my cousin in the tent while his best friend now had his dick sunk into the older girl's pussy right in front of him. I'm sure he loved seeing it but at the same time, he had to be wanting a piece of wet pussy for his own. Well, he would get it if he just waited patiently as I didn't expect Darren to last all that long anyway.

As Darren fucked me while Kyle watched, it made me feel like a total slut – and I loved it. Darren was reacting like your typical inexperienced teenage both, just moving his dick around without much so far as technique goes. His tentativeness made me even more convinced that his sexual resume was a LOT thinner than he had bragged about earlier. Still, so long as his hard cock was in me, I wasn't about to complain. It wasn't like I couldn't help out.

"Whadda ya think Kyle?" I gasped, "Ever see Darren fuck a girl before like this?"

"Never seen him fuck a girl like anyway before," he mumbled, staring at my boobs hanging down.

He seemed to be avoiding look at my ass – and thus Darren's busy cock. Maybe he was concerned that he might be gay or something if he got off seeing another guy's dick in action. Well, isn't that what porn is all about so why get worried about it now?

"Hey Kyle, why don't you let me suck your dick while Darren fucks me?" I offered.

Kyle froze as I was sure he had NEVER heard a real girl say anything even close to that, at least not to HIM. It really didn't matter as he was close enough for me to reach out for his cock with one hand while I still supported myself on my knee with the other. His dick was SO hard and I loved the way it felt so warm and smooth in my hand. I pulled him closer to me like I was reining in a dog on a leash until he was close enough for me to start sucking him again. Meanwhile, Darren was in me from behind and I loved the idea of both of their dicks now in me, one from each end. Too bad there wasn't a big mirror so I could see us together like this!

Inside the tent, I could hear Kristen moaning louder now. From the sound of things she must have been cumming and I couldn't help but wonder for a moment what she was doing with her young charge to make that happen. Then I felt Darren's dick thrust into me again, shoving me forward and causing me to almost choke on Kyle's dick and any thoughts of my cousin quickly disappeared.

Darren was getting more aggressive as he got the hang of things and I wished I could see what the two of them looked like as they faced each other above me, one of them fucking me while I sucked the other.

Darren was really picking up a head of steam now and I could hear him groaning as he rammed his dick in me like a pro. It might have been fun to try a few other positions with him in another place and time, but for now this was as good as I could ask for under the circumstances. God, here we were, in broad daylight, me naked with their dicks poking through their underwear as they fucked me outside their tent with not much more than the tent and a couple of campers to hide us from view of the general public. All it would take was for a couple of little kids to throw a ball or Frisbee in the wrong direction and imagine what they would see! Not that I was particularly hoping for that, but it was a possibility. More probable and worrisome was what if their parents came back now?

I was sure there would be plenty of time to get our clothes back together before they realized we were even there but I could only imagine what they would think seeing a girl like me with their sons, especially with the bulges the boys would undoubtedly still be sporting. Then again, at this moment I just didn't care. All I wanted was for both of them to fuck me... and then fuck me some more.

From the way he was going now, Darren must have been getting close so I dropped Kyle's dick from my mouth for a moment and called back to Darren over my shoulder.

"Hey Darren, ever cum inside a girl's pussy before?" I inquired.

His silence told me all I needed to know. "It's OK... you can cum in me Darren... cum inside my pussy."

It was more than just mere words as indeed, I WANTED him to cum in me. There's something about the idea of being the first girl he ever came in that really was turning me on. OK, so supposedly it wasn't like I was his FIRST girl ever (although I was willing to bet there hadn't been many before me, and NONE quite like me), but he would certainly never forget me nor forget releasing himself inside of me instead of having worry about pulling out or wearing a condom.

"Oh fuck me Darren... cum in me," I gasped.

Then I went back to Kyle's dick, not really working it so much as just sort of babysitting it with my mouth, keeping it nice and hard so he would be ready to go when Darren was done with me. Of course, he most likely would have stayed hard without me helping out, but what was the fun in THAT?

"Oh god!" Darren moaned as he started to cum in me.

He just held himself still in me, his hips thrusting just slightly into me instinctively, enough for me to feel his crotch pressing into my ass each time he shot another load of sperm into me.

It was what I need most right then. Kristen was moaning like a whore in heat inside the tent, Kyle's dick was rubbing against my cheek as I just held it in place with my lips, and Darren was filling my hot pussy with his cum. Now if all THAT isn't enough to make a girl cum, then she has to be the most frigid female on earth.

As I am far from being frigid, it was more than enough to drive me right off the proverbial cliff. It was all I could do not to bite Kyle's cock off as I felt my pussy contract, convulse and then squeeze down hard on Darren's now spent dick. Although his load was now out, he remained hard inside of me - yep, gotta love those teenage cocks! I might have fallen to my knees if it hadn't been for Darren's dick in my pussy and Kyle's in my mouth. No way I was going to let either of them go at this moment. I didn't even have to rub my pussy to cum this time - everything felt great just as it was.

I'm not even sure of either of them realized I was even having an orgasm. It wasn't like I was acting like your classic porn star crying out and moaning to them how good it felt. Instead, it was more like the three of us were all just being still, the two of them enjoying the attention their dicks were getting while I was in the middle, feeling as though the rest of the world had shrunk to just their dicks, my mouth and my pussy. I really didn't even care all that much about THEM at this moment, at least nothing past their crotches. No... all I wanted was their dicks - and more of them.

"Your turn now Kyle," I somehow managed to get out, "Switch with Darren and fuck me."

For a moment there was silence. Then to my utter amazement Kyle whined, "Ewwwww, but he just... he just did IT in you."

I had no patience for any more of this homophobic crap. "Kyle, just get your damn dick in me and fuck me," I hissed at him, jerking on his dick with my hand for emphasis. Whatever ridiculous inhibitions he may have had quickly disappeared as by now Darren had pulled out of me and moved besides Kyle, waiting impatiently for Kyle to get out of the way so I could suck on his dick now.

Kyle really did want to fuck me, I knew he did and it wasn't my ego speaking - what teenage boy his age would NOT want to fuck a girl like me regardless of who had just fucked me, or where? Nonetheless, I wanted him in me just as badly as he must have wanted to fuck me. Having Darren cum in me was like having a sweet appetizer in that it just made me want another load of cum all the more.

Darren was waiting eagerly for me to start sucking his cock again but Kyle still hadn't started to fuck me so I turned my head back to him where he looked scared as hell. Suddenly it dawned on me, oh my God... Kyle was a virgin! All that macho talk and the way he teased his brother was just a big scam.

Damn, how could a guy get to be eighteen and still be a virgin? Well, in all fairness to Kyle I guess for a guy it could be more possible than for a girl. Heck, ANY girl could lose her virginity ANY night of the week if she really wanted to. For girls, it's a personal decision based on her religious morals, ethics, and emotions. with opportunity having little to do with it. Boys are at such a disadvantage! They had to find a girl who would let them fuck her so for them, it was all in the hands of the girl - quite literally in some cases. Here was Kyle, proof personified.

Whether Darren knew about Kyle's lack of sexual experience or not, I wasn't sure but I had a sneaking suspicion he didn't know the truth and so I didn't want to embarrass Kyle. Still, I had to do something to help move this show along. To the surprise of both of them, I stood up and grinned at Kyle, holding his dick in my hand as I gently worked it with my fingers..

"You know... I have a better idea. Sit down," I instructed him, pointing my finger at the grassy turf below us.

At least it would be HIS bare ass on the grass, not mine. Kyle was confused but he obediently did as I told him, sitting with his back towards the tent. Once he was seated I knelt down, straddling his legs as I lowered myself down while facing him. With his dick just below my pussy, I leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything."

Then, speaking more loudly before he could react, I motioned for Darren to stand to the side so I could reach his dick. Before I could do anything more with THAT wonderful thing though, I had something more important to do - like taking Kyle's virginity.

"I REALLY want your dick in me Kyle," I said softly to him as I reached under my crotch to grab his cock and guide it to my cum-filled pussy.

After being fucked by Darren and having his fresh load in me I wouldn't be nearly as tight as I would've liked Kyle to remember but still, it wasn't as if I was some loose whore. I could feel Kyle's dick head pressing against my wet pussy hole and just as I was about to sit down on it, I leaned forward and whispered again into his ear.

"This is it Kyle... now you're gonna fuck a girl for the first it," and with that, I dropped down on his dick and buried it inside of me until I was sitting with all my weight on his lap.

It was so incredible to suddenly feel myself filled with his dick, like something had just exploded in me and swelled within my pussy in an instant. I moaned a little louder than I should as I just sat there for a moment and just focused on the feeling of his dick in my pussy.

"Oh Kyle, your cock feels SOOO big in me," I finally sighed to him, hoping to build his ego a little.

Then I turned to Darren, who was waiting ever more impatiently for me to pay more attention to HIS dick. Reaching for Darren's cock, I remained seated firmly on Kyle's hot rod like a hotdog mounted on a stick, grinding my ass slowly around in small circles to work his cock within my hungry pussy.

Then, none too soon as far was Darren was concerned, I took Darren's dick in my mouth and started sucking on it. Mmmmmmm, I loved the way he tasted and smelled like my pussy and his cum was still quite noticeable. I've always loved to suck a guy's dick after he fucks me. There's just something special about the mixture of scents and flavors that I find simply irresistible.

Actually, I like the taste of pussy so much that I love sucking a guy's dick after he's fucked another girl but I guess I'm a little biased in that I prefer the taste of my own pussy best. My thoughts momentarily drifted back to Kristen and Drew. How would his dick taste right about now? Kristen had one sweet tasting pussy and I loved to suck her pussy cum off a guy's dick after he'd just cum in her.

Now that Darren was getting some attention again, I went back to work on Kyle's dick a little more, humping on his cock to get it to move in and out of me more and more. Actually, this was more work than you might think. Why don't they include this in some exercise video? I bet it would be a pretty popular routine even if you were dressed in workout clothes!

Poor Kyle, as much as I tried not to be too aggressive, with everything that had been going on it was just too much for him. I could see from the look on his face he was trying to hold himself back but then his eyes flew went wide open and he looked at me with an almost apologetic expression as he spurted his first load of cum ever while fucking a girl and inside my pussy to boot.

"It's OK Kyle... it feels so good... I love you cumming in me," I moaned, trying to make him feel less embarrassed at having cum so fast.

"Shit, you came already?" Darren said to Kyle.

I felt so bad for Kyle. It wasn't fair for Darren to say something like that as it's not like he held out forever himself. Determined to come to Kyle's assistance, I dropped Darren's dick from my mouth and dismounted from Kyle, kneeling in the grass over his crotch and sucking the last of the cum that was dripping from the tip of his dick as I stimulated his hyper-sensitive dick. Once again I could taste myself on a dick, making it twice in the span of just a few minutes! I ate Kyle's dick like I was starving, sucking and licking it until ever drop of cum was cleaned off.

"Well, you guys have a good time?" I asked teasingly as I stood up and rubbed my cum-soaked pussy.

A little of cum - whose was it? Dripped from my pussy and I scooped it up with my fingers and then sucked it off with my mouth in front of them as they stared at me. "I have to say, I LOVED being fucked... by both of you."

They stood there like two kids, neither of them seemingly knowing what to say. Well, they COULD have said I was a good fuck or something but then, the expressions on their faces and the way they looked at me told me all I really needed to know. Damn, I felt like such a slut - and I loved it. This was what being a slut was all about. There was no intimacy here, nothing to do with love or even caring all that much about the other person. Then again, it wasn't just another fuck with some guys who were just adding another notch to their belts. It was like hitting the lottery to get two guys like this to fuck me - one a true virgin and the other almost one, and at least a pussy cum virgin at that.

We'd been at it a while and as much as it might have been a turn-on to be discovered by someone, at least I had enough common sense to realize that Darren and Kyle might get in trouble of their parents found out what they'd been doing so I gathered my clothes and dressed as they did the same.

I went around to the front of the tent and parted the netting to peer inside. Damn, Kristen was STILL on top of Drew, who looked to be about ready to pass out if

Besides, after being fucked so good I think both Kristen and I needed to walk off a little energy anyway.

We got plenty of looks as we wandered along the road but all I could think about was the three boys back at the campground. If nothing else, at least now when they talked about having sex they had some REAL stories to tell!.

# 5. The Morning After

When I woke up the next morning something seemed different. Indeed, there was a large arm around me and I felt something poking me in back. When I stirred, the arm tightened and I felt the thing behind me dig into me a little harder and I knew instantly what it was - my dad's dick! Sometime during the night he must have gotten in bed with me and spooned behind me. As my eyes focused I saw that I was facing the other bed and I could see that Kristen was laying with her mom, both of them nude with the covers thrown off, despite the overworked air- conditioning.

"Good morning baby," my dad whispered in my ear as his hand started to massage my breasts.

I could feel the roughness of his unshaven face on my shoulder as he kissed my neck and licked behind my ear. He seemed to be unable to lay still behind me as I felt his dick rubbing up against my butt as he moved it up and down with his hips. That was one thing we shared, maybe in the DNA - we both woke up horny as hell in the morning. Usually I tell people I'm a night person as I love to stay up late and sleep in even later. So I guess you could really say I wake up horny more so than I'm a true morning person.

My dad had always been the same way. When I lived at home he use to come into my room every morning and if nothing else, masturbate while looking at me as I slept naked in bed. Usually he would have me suck his dick and sometimes he would fuck me, even if I wasn't quite awake. Indeed, a few times I'd woken with his dick already in me. I have to admit, I LOVE to wake up that way, the feel of a dick already inside of me as I wondered what he had been doing to me before I woke. At times like this, there was really only one thing for me to say...

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered hoarsely as the first words out of my mouth barely made it.

"Mmmmmmm, baby, you know I want to," he whispered back into my ear as I felt him lift my upper leg back and pull me more onto my back against him.

good, it was knowing my own father loved me enough and saw me as being sexy enough to WANT to give me his sperm.

As I felt his hips thrust himself deeper into me with each ejaculation of cum, it wasn't even about the sex that made me almost want to cry with such joy I felt. As much as I knew he enjoyed fucking Aunt Linda, and even Kristen now and then, I knew he never fucked them like he was fucking me just now. He was fucking his daughter, not his sister-in-law or niece, he was taking his own daughter for himself, joining with her and giving her his most precious token of love.

After my dad was finished, we just laid there for a while. My Aunt Linda was the first to wake up, Kristen was out like a light still. She looked over at us and I saw her gaze move to my crotch where my dad's cock was still twitching in me. She grinned as I knew she wasn't jealous as I wasn't her competition - if anything that would be Kristen.

I was suddenly reminded of how my mom use to look at us when my dad fucked me. She had that same knowing smile, like she was pleased at what she saw and understood what it meant - for both of us. She knew whose pussy he'd be fucking later that day so there was no threat to her. If anything, I think I use to get my dad's lust going at times to where he probably fucked my mom even more than he would have had he not been fucking me.

Sooner or later we would have to get up. The sun was shining outside and I knew it would be a great day out on the boat. What would happen? I had no idea but I was just looking for a fun family day out on the lake skiing.

Until then, I closed my eyes and squeezed down with my pussy to feel my dad's semi-hard dick in me.

Oh my god, what more could a girl ask for?

# (Sep 11) Chapter 196: Compromises

Story codes: MF oral F-solo
Me (24)
Mr. Eisenberg (40)

All my life I've wanted to be a teacher more than anything. Then last year, just when it seemed everything was perfect, all my hopes and dreams were crushed. This past summer an unexpected opportunity arose which promised to revive those dreams. OK, so I had to comprise my principles just a little, but it got me back into teaching so I lived with it.

Besides the moral and ethical issues, I'm learning that there's another problem when you start straying from your beliefs - once you rationalize it the first time, the next time gets easier. Now that I had my job back, was I really ready to compromise my core beliefs yet again so I could keep it?

## 1. Cinderella

All my life I've dreamed of being a teacher. Actually, I can't think of ever wanting to be anything else when someone would ask me, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" After years of tough schooling, grueling exams, bureaucratic certifications, lifelong dreams realized, crushed and then resurrected again, I finally did it - I was a full time elementary school teacher.

In a more perfect world, I would've graduated with honors, aced my certs, been pursued by every major school district in the area, and finally been hired by a prestigious school with a great salary and benefits. All my students would love me as their favorite teacher and come to class eager to learn. At least, that's how I use to dream it would be.

In the real world, I graduated from college with good grades - but no honors. I had to study until I nearly dropped to squeak by the certification exams (had to take them in two states which didn't help). The schools I'd been hoping to teach at had waiting lists so long it would be years before I even got a substitute position.

When I finally DID get a job, it was part time as a fill- in for a teacher who was ill at a small Christian school. Talk about lousy pay and no benefits! The kids were general good but there were a few that made me wonder why I ever wanted to become a teacher and the parents... well let's not even discuss parents. So it wasn't quite a dream come true but still, I was a teacher and that's what counted in the end.

Then my world turned upside down with the breakup from my boyfriend just when I thought he was going to propose. Then there was the subsequent embarrassment of having to resign when my new ex-boyfriend turned traitor.

Suffice to say that there are things that a private school can delve into and take into account when determining your qualifications that public schools can't. Let's just say he told them enough that the administrator felt it was best we part ways. Nothing official was said and so far as my record read, it was for "personal reasons". Still, I was effectively black-listed as nobody would hire you without a good reference from your previous position and THAT wasn't about to happen so long as the old geezer was around. Considering he'd been the administrator since the school started, he wasn't about to leave any time soon either.

Fortunately, or at least from my perspective it was, the administrator had a serious heart attack which forced him to retire. His replacement was a much younger guy that I hoped would be unaware of the unofficial reasons for my resignation. Eventually he DID hire me back but it didn't go exactly as I had expected. Rather than repeat all that subsequently happened, check out these entries in my diary:

2009 (May 26) Chapter 187: School Administrator
2009 (Jun 26) Chapter 188: Unconventional Convention
2009 (Jun 27) Chapter 189: Fun at an RV Park
2009 (Jun 28) Chapter 190: Disneyland Fun

Keeping it brief, I was forced to let this man have sex with me in order to get back the dream I'd thought I'd lost - to be a teacher. That may sound a little ironic coming from a girl who has purposely and unashamedly used sex to get what she wants for most of her adult life, but this was a totally different situation. It's one thing to flirt to cut in line, give a quick blowjob in return for an evening out, or even to offer to let a guy fuck you to get something you really want. That's just normal stuff most girls do whether they admit it or not.

This time, though, it was different. It meant a lot to me to be able to pursue my teaching career on my own credentials. Resorting to using sex was like cheating, sort of like taking the 'easy way out" and it didn't mean as much afterwards. I planned on teaching for a long time and I wanted to be sure it wasn't something that depended on guys wanting to fuck me. After all, I may be 24 now but someday it might not be so easy to just bend over and expect to get what I wanted.

Thus when it came to pursuing my teaching career, I've always stayed the straight and narrow. For instance, I'd never fucked a teacher or done anything to get a better grade. In college I bartered quite a bit for some tutoring at times but it's not like I wouldn't have paid cash otherwise and besides, it wasn't like I couldn't use a little myself at the time. I dressed professionally at all my interviews (I mean as a professional teacher, not a hooker) and so until this case came up, I was pretty proud of myself.

It's not to say I was raped, humiliated or otherwise had to do anything I didn't like. That's not what peeved me off so over this whole thing. No, it just irked me that I had to resort to using sex when I was more than qualified based on my academic credentials, not my sexual resume.

So anyway, I'd done it, it was over, and now I just had to prove to myself that it wasn't me but the administrator's fault. I was bound and determined to be the best teacher in the school so nobody could ever say I slept my way into the job!

School had been in session for several weeks now. Back on the first day I was probably more nervous about seeing Mr. Eisneberg again than I was about my new class. Professionally, I was as well prepared as I could be and I felt confident that I would do well. What really was getting to me was worrying about what Mr. Eisenberg might demand from me. Surprisingly, I hadn't heard anything from him since we returned from California and for the first week at school, I only saw him briefly, mostly just passing by in the hall. It wasn't hard to miss him as all the teachers were female and so the only guys around during the day were him and the fat maintenance guy.

One week... two weeks... three weeks. Time went flying by and still not a word from Mr. Eisenberg. Maybe something had happened after the California trip that was keeping him in line. There was always the possibility that his wife had suspected something about what went on while we were there. She had me pegged for a slut from the moment she first saw me and had warned me in no uncertain terms to behave myself around her husband and family. As such I was sure she didn't know anything for certain or she would've said something at the time. Still, maybe she had enough suspicions to read him the riot act when they got back home.

It's not like Mr. Eisenberg's wife was some fat hag that never wanted sex. Quite the opposite actually as she was gorgeous and loved sex - and that tidbit of knowledge came from her, not him. In fact, when I first met her I had to wonder why in the world he would risk so much just to fuck me a few times. Was it just his ego, some sort of male dominance thing? Maybe he'd finally come to grips with the huge risk he was taking and decided to stop before anything happened that would cost certainly him his career, not to mention his marriage.

One thing that may have been helping keep his interest off of me was the school dress code. When it came to the teachers it was practically medieval in that we had to wear long skirts or dresses that came to no higher than mid-calf and preferably to the ankle. Anything high enough such that your knee was exposed when you crossed your legs was unacceptable.

When it came to tops, nothing sleeveless and especially NO cleavage - not even so much as a hint, especially when you leaned over which any teacher has to do all through the day. Bras were mandatory at all times and panties didn't even have to be mentioned as the answer was so obvious. It DID rule out thongs or anything other type of underwear that revealed any part of your buttocks. Heels were OK but no more than 2 inches. Hair had to worn up or tied back, nothing on the shoulders. Makeup was required to be modest; for instance there was to be no bright lipstick or excessive eye shadow.

Needless to say, I had to buy virtually an entire new wardrobe in order to teach there. Fortunately I had a few outfits from my college days stuffed in the back of my closet which looked professional enough to wear to class. The one thing that bugged me most was having to wear a bra every day. It made me realize that I'd never worn one on a regular basis for my entire life - until now that is, so that took more than a little to get use to wearing one every day.

All in all, nobody could accuse me of looking "hot" at school or trying to tease or come on to anyone. Besides, the oldest age taught at the school was 6th grade so it's not like the students were all that much into caring about their teacher's underwear yet.

Compared to me, the rest of the staff was quite a bit older. Looking around my first day I realized I must have been at least ten years younger than anyone else on staff. I guess that really wasn't all that surprising when you considered the minimum wage salaries and dearth of benefits. In fact, I'd overhead a number of the women say their work was a "ministry" and that they depended on their husbands for the household income.

Well, good for them but I wasn't married nor near retirement age. Personally, I was really worried about paying my bills without having to depend on my father for welfare but God came through for me and even that worked out for me in the end. My Aunt Linda just announced that she was moving in with my dad which meant there was room for me to move in with my cousin Kristen and thus not have to worry about my rent anymore.

I guess theoretically I could've moved in with them long before as they had a spare bedroom that was rarely used. Until now I'd turned their offers down as I never felt like it would be comfortable for me to live with them. Kristen had been sleeping in the same bed as her mom since her parents divorced back when she was just two years-old and it just wouldn't have felt right to barge in on them.

So now mid-September was already approaching and all-in-all, my life was looking pretty good. I had my job, a cheap place to live, and was dating a new guy I'd recently met who may have some potential. Riley was a single-dad whose daughter was in preschool. Technically his ex had all the rights to the pre-school girl but he still helped out getting her to school now and then which is how I met him. So far we'd dated a few times and I was starting to like him more every time. He knew nothing about me other than what he saw at school so you can imagine his concept of who I was!

So far I'd not done much to alter that perception, dressing conservatively on our dates - not old-maid but I left my slut outfits in the closet. He'd kissed me on the cheek after our last date but that was it so far as anything even resembling sex went. Not that I didn't WANT to suck his dick and have him fuck me on our first date; I just felt given my sad history with boyfriends that maybe I'd try something new with this guy and see what happened.

Yes, I felt like Cinderella. I'd met my prince and I was living in a fairy tale. What more could a girl ask for?

## 2. The Carriage Becomes a Pumpkin

Even Cinderella's ballroom fantasy had an ending and so did mine. One morning I was walking down the hall when I passed the administration office just as Mr. Eisenberg was coming out. He seemed startled to see me at first and then a strange grin grew on his face. He gave me that "look", the same one most guys give me when it's like they're trying to summon their x-ray vision so they can see through my clothes.

"Ah Miss Wells, I've been meaning to see you," he said in a disarming tone, "I was hoping you could stop by my office some time so we could discuss your progress so far."

I paused for a moment before answering, trying to read his body language to determine if this was a legitimate request or just a ruse for some hidden agenda on his part. Given my past experiences with him, nobody could blame me for being a little extra cautious. On the surface of things, such a meeting was not unexpected considering I WAS a brand new teacher and all. In fact, under more "normal" circumstances I would've expected such a review much earlier than this given over three weeks had already passed since school started.

However, these were definitely NOT "normal" circumstances which is one problem when you start associating sex with your workplace - you never know where one ends and the other picks up.

"Yes sir. I understand," I replied respectfully, "So when would you like me to stop in?"

He looked in his notebook as if he needed to consult his schedule and again I was left wondering if it was all a show or if he really needed to check. In any case, he snapped it shut before I could see what he was looking at and smiled at me.

"Well, I suppose it would be best to get it over with as soon as possible since we've delayed it this long already. How about right after your last class this afternoon?" he offered.

Being it was a Friday, I would've definitely preferred to have left for home as soon as classes ended to beat the terrible traffic. Other than that I didn't have a valid reason for refusing him so I just nodded slightly after which he said he was looking forward to it and returned to his office without another word.

The rest of the day went by with me wandering about in a daze. Thankfully I shared the classroom responsibilities with another teacher or I don't know how I would've gotten through it. All I could think about was Mr. Eisenberg and our "meeting" scheduled for the end of the day. Perhaps I was getting worked up for nothing. After all, he hadn't hardly said a word to me up until today so maybe this was all on the up and up? All the other teachers told me that they'd had a review within a week or so of their start and so if anything, they were surprised I had already gone so long without one. Well, they didn't know how my interview went either.

This nightmarish situation was exactly why I hated having to use sex to get my job. If I hadn't given in and instead had been more brave and stuck up for myself instead of panicking and agreeing to his demands, I wouldn't be in this situation. Instead, I was left wondering what I might have to do in order to keep my job. What would the other teachers say if they knew why I was so worried? Heck, the past administrator was so old he probably couldn't get it up anyway.

Ironically, the whole situation was rather ridiculous AND unnecessary. Heck, if instead of forcing me to let him fuck me in order to get my job, had he just come on to me like a typical horny husband I probably would've willingly agreed to having sex with him just because I enjoy fucking married men. It sort of reminded me of when I first tried escorting years before when I was in college. Back then I'd ended up quitting when one of my clients tied me up, blindfolded me, and then brought in a group of so-called friends to fuck me without warning me about it ahead of time.

As a direct result of that experience I "retired" from escorting before anything worse could happen to me. However, like what I was facing today, that was a case where had the jerk simply ASKED me ahead of time. I probably would've gladly agreed to go along with it (assuming, of course, he paid more). Instead, it was like he and his friends were raping me. So as you can see, there's a HUGE difference between doing something because you agree to do it compared to feeling like you have no choice.

Well, the exact same principle applied now to Mr. Eisenberg. Had he simply ASKED me to have sex with him, everything would've been fine and I'd be looking forward to our meeting this afternoon. Having a guy with a wife like his risk it all just to fuck me would have been exhilarating under different circumstances. Instead, because he forced me to let him fuck me so I could have my job, now I was dreading what might happen at the end of the day. In way I guess it was a shame!

## 3. After-School Performance Review

The last bell of the day had barely ended before the kids were evacuating the school, followed close on their heels by their teachers who were also anxious to get home to start the weekend. Not Kelly. No, I was on my way to the administrator's office instead for my so-called "Performance Review". It was amazing how the hustle and bustle of just a few minutes ago suddenly became an almost deathly silence, broken only by the sound of my heels clicking on the shiny tiled floors.

Despite my slow pace, I eventually reaching his office where I stood in front of the door and took a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves and slow my heart rate down a few notches. It was useless. Oh dear, I wanted nothing more than anything to turn around and sprint to my car but then I knew I may as well not bother returning. Whether I liked it or not, my continued employment depended on the outcome of this review - in whatever form it might take.

The silence in the hallway was broken when I knocked on the door. Within a few seconds he called out for me to come in. Sheesh, couldn't he even open the door for me? Stepping in, I saw him behind his desk from where he immediately told me to close the door behind me. Something reminded me of a story I once heard about how Billy Graham never allowed himself to be alone with any woman other than his wife in any closed room - not even a car. His rule applied even to his secretary of over thirty years.

Well, Mr. Eisenberg certainly didn't live up to those standards. What would the church board say if they knew he was meeting with a woman my age alone in his office with the rest of the school empty?

"Take a seat Miss Wells," he greeted me, pointing to one of two chairs set out in front of his large wooden desk. It must have been a hundred years old and looked like it could have survived a bombing it was so sturdy.

As for the rest of the office, it looked almost exactly as it had several months ago when he first "interviewed" me. Yep, the same furniture, even the same family photos except now I was a lot more familiar with the people portrayed in them. I saw him and his beautiful wife in one of them and wondered what his foxy wife would say if she knew the real reason why her husband was staying late after school today? I was pretty positive he hadn't told her who he was meeting with!

Funny, but he seemed unsure how to start so I just sat there with my legs crossed and my hands folded modestly in my lap, waiting patiently for him to take the lead. After all, it WAS his meeting so I was going to let him call the shots.

"So I guess you've probably been wondering when we would have this little chat, weren't you?" he started out softly.

I just shrugged, trying not to express anything that might lead him to believe one thing or another.

"Let's stop wasting both of our time, OK?" he suddenly blurted out, shifting his weight so as to sit on the edge of his chair while resting on his elbows on the desk in front of him. "We're both adults. We both know what this is REALLY all about, don't we?"

If he was looking for me to be the one to initiate anything, or to somehow condone what I knew he was leading up to, well then he was going to be sadly disappointed. There was absolutely no way on earth that I was going to give him anything that he could use later to claim that it was somehow all my idea or that I was complicit with anything. So I just sat there silently, waiting for him to get to the point.

"Fine, if this is how you want it, then I can deal with it," he huffed.

I could see he was quickly becoming frustrated. It wouldn't have surprised me to know that he had been fantasizing that somehow I would just waltz in, do a sexy strip-tease for him and finally beg him to fuck me - or something along those lines. Well, it wasn't going to be that easy for him. Sure, we both knew what I was probably going to eventually have to do, but it didn't mean I had to help him.

"Stand up," he demanded in a voice that suddenly turned bitter cold.

Gone was any facade of this being a formal "Performance Review". It was obvious things were going to happen pretty fast now and I could feel my heart racing. At the same time I also felt my pussy starting to tingle and I couldn't believe I could be reacting this way. OK, so it HAD been a while since I'd been laid but not THAT long, certainly no reason for my body to respond like this, especially under the circumstances.

Still, as I explained before, had he simply ASKED me from the beginning to have sex with me so he could cheat in his wife, then I probably WOULD be doing the strip tease thing for him on my own right now. It wasn't like he hadn't fucked me good in the past. In fact, he fucked me pretty damn well!

It was all becoming so damn complicated. My head stubbornly clung to the belief that it was wrong to trade sex for a career while my pussy was pushing me to go for it and take advantage of the situation. After all, it WAS quite a compliment that he was willing to risk so much just to have sex with me. His wife was a real fox, the classic MILF, and I'd actually found myself wishing she was bi during our trip out to California together this past summer.

Despite myself I couldn't help but think of how hot it would be if she was to walk in right now. We could have sex while her husband watched and then eventually he could fuck us both!

"I said take off your dress!"

My reverie was rudely interrupted and I realized that I'd been daydreaming. Mr. Eisenberg was glaring at me with a rather pissed-off expression. Apparently I hadn't heard him the first time while my mind went off on that weird tangent. It also served to break any train of thought I might be having about enjoying this with him as my logical side regained control and I started feeling a little angry at being forced into all this.

"NOW dammit, what the hell are you waiting for whore?"

THAT was almost the straw that broke this camel's back. It was bad enough to have to submit to him like a cheap whore just to keep my job, but to have him call me a whore was going too far. OK, so I WAS a slut but then I'm proud of my reputation. Being called a slut is an honor in that it means people see me as being sexy and they can tell I love sex. Whores, on the other hand, will do anything with anybody provide they get paid and I have no respect for anyone that does that - not even my cousin. Yet at the same time, wasn't I doing what Mr. Eisenberg demanded for a price - my job? Did that make me a whore to him?

Reaching behind me, I unzipped my skirt in back and let it drop to the floor around my ankles. The weather was warm enough and I still had enough of a tan to get away without panty hose or stockings so my legs were bare. If this had been a normal date I might have been embarrassed to be seen in such grandmotherly panties but then he was responsible for the dress code so I guess you could say it was his fault.

The creep had stood up as I was undressing and now his arms were crossed as he waited impatiently for me to strip the rest off so I unbuttoned my blouse and stood there in nothing but a black bra and panties. My heels were still on but I would have had to unbuckle the straps so I left them on for the moment.

"Well I see you're conforming to the dress code Miss Wells," he said smugly, "Actually I'm a bit surprised. I would've thought you to be the type to push the limits a little."

I just frowned at him and stood there with my hands on my hips, refusing to rise to his bait as I waited for his next demand. It wasn't long in coming...

"Hmmmmmm, why don't you come behind my desk and let's see how your cocksucking skills have progressed since our last review."

At least he had dropped the facade and wasn't trying to be so subtle anymore. In a way, I was glad to get the ball rolling as the sooner things got going, the sooner this nightmare would be finished. Feeling a little slutty, I walked slowly around his desk while he was working on undoing his pants.

By the time I was in front of him he had taken them off along with his underwear such that he was standing there in just his dress shirt, tie, socks and shoes. Trouble was, he looked so ridiculous that it was all I could do to keep from breaking out in laughter. The black socks were what really did it for me, coming almost to his knees. God, how nerdy could a man look?

Laughing at him wouldn't get me a passing grade so I bit my tongue and bent my knees to drop down in front of him until my face was level with his cock. Once again I felt conflicted. I couldn't believe I was going to suck his dick again just so I could keep my job. Then again, on the other hand he DID have a nice looking cock and I felt myself licking my lips without even realizing what I was doing as I stared at his rising dick.

It was almost impossible for me NOT to want to suck his cock. Since I sucked my first dick over ten years ago I've always loved sucking on a guy's dick. Since that first one I've sucked hundreds more but I never grow tired of it and I especially love it whenever I get the chance to try out a new one. Sure I'd sucked Mr. Eisenberg's dick a few times already but still, he DID have a nice cock and I DID feel this instinctive desire within me to suck it. In fact, I didn't even wait for him to say anything more before I leaned forward and took him my mouth right away, without even stroking him first.

Something in me suddenly mad me crave the feeling of his dick in my mouth. Well, that's not totally accurate. What I craved was the feeling of ANY dick in my mouth, not necessarily his in particular.

"Damn, now THAT'S what I call working for a grade!" he gasped as I went down on him and stuffed his entire dick in my mouth.

He was only about half-erect and so it was a cinch to fit him in but I also knew that even when fully erect he wasn't THAT big.

"Oh yeah, take it all just like that," he gasped as I pressed my face into his bushy crotch, feeling his dick growing with each passing moment.

I've always loved that feeling I get when a man's cock grows in my mouth. It's like it's magic and no matter how many times I experience it, I don't think I'll ever grow tired of it. God I loved feeling his dick in my mouth as it hardened and lengthened.

"You love sucking dick, don't you?" he said in a voice hoarse with his own lust, "It's OK, you can admit it... you love sucking MY dick, don't you Miss Wells?"

OK, so he had me pegged. What could I say, he was right. It was no different than putting a huge steak in front of a starving man and then telling him if he ate it then he would be selling his soul. Like there would really be a decision to make? So what if I was going against everything I'd promised myself? What did it really hurt to suck his dick? Wasn't I being a little too simplistic in my expectations? Given that I LOVED sucking cock was it really all that bad for me to suck one, especially if it meant keeping my job? Damn, like if I didn't have a problem with sucking a guy's dick for a free dinner, then why wasn't it OK to suck one for a much more important thing - to keep my job?

My pussy was on fire by now and I reached down inside my panties to play with myself as I kept sucking non-stop on Mr. Eisenberg's now fully erect dick. Mmmmmmm, I loved the way his hard cock felt in my mouth, stiff but yet smooth and soft at the same time. The sharp musk of his sex assaulted my nose and I breathed it in deeply, taking in the scent of his masculinity. My pussy was becoming more soaking wet by the minute and my finger easily slipped inside and then back up again to wet and tease my clit.

Personally, I would've been thrilled just sucking his dick until he came and calling it a day. After all, that's how many of my dates went. Despite what some people might think, I don't fuck every guy I date, at least not on EVERY date. Mr. Eisenberg, though, seemed to have different ideas.

"Stand up," he said, regaining his voice.

Reluctantly I let his wonderful dick slip from my lips and stood in front of him. I wiped my mouth off using the back of my hand and licked my lips, the taste of his dick still in my mouth.

"God, you look so fucking hot," he sighed as he stared at my lingerie-clad body. My assumption was that he would next insist on me taking it off next so I started to reach behind me to unhook my bra but he reached out to stop me.

"No... leave it on," he said urgently.

Then he reached out and hooked his fingers under the bottom of my bra, stretching it out and lifting it up and over my boobs until it was clear of them but still tight around the top of my chest. He put one hand on each of my breasts and started to squeeze them, play with my nipples between his fingertips, nipples which were bullet hard by now and sensitive to the touch. It was like a small electric shock ran through me whenever he pinched them and pulled on them.

"Perfect... just perfect," he sighed, "You get perfect marks for your tits."

Then he bent over and I felt his mouth on my boob, sucking on it softly at first and then hard, drawing the nipple into his mouth where he grabbed it with his teeth and tugged on it. It really did feel good and I could feel any remaining resistance in me fading away as he suckled on my boobs like a starving baby.

"Oh Mr. Eisenberg, that feels so good," I heard myself saying as if I was on the sidelines watching the action.

Indeed, it DID feel good but should I be encouraging him? DID I really want him to know I was enjoying this?

Then with his mouth still on my nipple I felt his hand pull my panties to the side and he started to explore my pussy, rubbing my clit and sliding his fingers up and down my pussy lips between my clit and my pussy hole. Standing up was becoming more and more a chore as my legs weakened with the incredible feelings of pleasure he was giving me by fondling my pussy. We both knew what the other wanted. Hell, I knew what I wanted, THAT was for sure! Any sense of resistance was long since gone and I knew what I needed more than anything at his moment. There was only one thing that I wanted and I had to have it.

"Fuck me... Oh god fuck me Mr. Eisenberg," I gasped, the words exploding from my mouth as my desires overwhelmed me.

For just a brief moment I felt a surge of intense guilt. Hadn't I sworn that I would NEVER ask him to fuck me again? Oh sure, I resigned myself from the start that I would probably have to LET him fuck me, but I would be damned if I was going to ASK for it, let alone beg for it.

Well, that was an easy promise to make back home but it was a much different situation now. NOW I wanted his dick in me and even though I knew he wanted to fuck me too, he didn't seem to be in any rush to do it. Well, I wanted it NOW. No more of this foreplay crap, I wanted to be fucked and I wanted to be fucked NOW.

Enough was enough so I pushed him away and sat back on his desk, pushing everything out of the way without any concern or care. Leaning back, I raised my knees up, spreading my legs apart without any shame or modesty. My panties were still on but I didn't care. Reaching down, I pulled the crotch over to the side and looked up at him, my voice barely recognizable now as I was utterly consumed by my lust and desires.

"Please fuck me Mr. Eisenberg," I begged, hating myself for doing it but not caring any more.

As much as I knew he wanted to fuck me, he seemed to be getting off just from seeing me acting this horny. Well, maybe "acting" was the wrong word as there was no acting going on so far as I was concerned.

"You want this in you, don't you slut?" he teased me, waving his dick around with his hand just inches from my pussy.

Then he slapped my pussy with it and pulled it away. "You need my dick in you, don't you? I can see it in your eyes. C'mon, beg for it slut... beg me to fuck you. You know you want it so beg for it."

My pride and dignity were on the line but my need to feel his dick in me trumped everything else. The hell with it, I'd deal with my ego issues later. Now all I cared about was addressing this overwhelming desire, this craving, this NEED I can't even begin to explain to have a dick inside of me. Heck, I really didn't care whose it was at this point. Like, the fat janitor could have walked in right now and I would've let him fuck me.

God only knows what I might do at a time like this if one of those cute boys in my class somehow wandered in - I was in that crazy of a mood - dying to be fucked and not caring who or even what fucked me. Shit, a stray dog could have wandered in and I would have gladly accepted his dick. I mean, I was like THAT horny at this moment.

Fortunately Mr. Eisenberg's cock was available so none of those ridiculous thoughts which were weaving their way through my sex-crazed mind ever had a chance of happening - not that they really ever would but when I get that bizarre you never know what I might do.

"Oh god, yes! Fuck me!" I cried out as I felt his dick beginning to finally penetrate me.

He didn't say a word as he yanked my panties roughly to the side and slipped himself in me. YES!! Finally I had what I wanted and that was all I cared about at that moment. My legs automatically wrapped themselves around his waist as I tried to pull him even tighter against me, wanting ALL of his dick in me, craving every inch of that wonderfully erect cock.

As he fucked me I could hear myself babbling on about how good it felt in me, how I wanted him in me so badly, begging him to fuck me deeper and harder, and on and on in an almost non-stop litany of dirty slutty talk. He seemed to love it and the nastier and filthier I got, the faster and harder he fucked me. It's funny how some men want the sweet innocent girl when they fuck me but then others seem more turned on by the dirty whore persona. Without any doubt, today Mr. Eisenberg was definitely into the whore side of the equation!

"Shit... I'm gonna cover you all over with cum," he announced, repositioning himself in preparation for pulling out me so he could spray me god only knows where when he came.

Well, NOT if I had anything to say about it.

"No!... cum inside my cunt," I said between gasps as I struggled to breath.

"Oh? So the whore wants me to stay in her, eh?" he replied with an almost evil expression, "Then beg for it whore, beg me for my cum, tell me how badly you want it in your nasty wet cunt."

At this point I was beyond caring anymore about my dignity or self-respect. After all, what more could I do that would make things any worse than they already were? Let's see... so far I'd given in completely to his demands and while I'd never admit later that I'd submitted myself to him, I was certainly going along with everything he wanted. In for a penny... in for a pound as they say. Why not finish it the way he wanted?

"Oh Mr. Eisenberg, I want to be your fucking whore... fuck me... mate me... cum inside of me dammit," I begged, "I want to be filled with your hot cum, feel your sperm in me."

It wasn't just an act - I WANTED him to cum in me. Had he known just how badly I wanted it he might've taken more advantage of the situation as I would have done about anything, promised about anything, committed myself to about anything, anything to long as he stayed inside of me and let me feel him cumming in me. There's something so frustrating, so empty when a man pulls out in the middle of his orgasm. It's like you've worked so hard to get to that point and then suddenly it's snatched away from you.

I wanted him to finish in me, to complete what he started, to give me his adulterous cum - the cum that SHOULD have been in his wife's pussy. Indeed, I wished his wife could be here now to see her husband as he released himself in another woman.

Mr. Eisenberg started to say something - I think he was going to make me beg even more but his dick betrayed him and he started to cum whether he was ready or not. Sometimes it works out for the best that men can't control their orgasms. He groaned loudly as he thrust his hips forward, smashing his hairy crotch into my bare pussy as he held himself still inside of me while his first load of cum erupted from his adulterous dick.

"Oh god!" we both cried out simultaneously as he jerked involuntarily with each ejaculation.

As for me, I just laid back on his desk and concentrated on the faint blooms of warmth that followed each of those mighty thrusts, trying to imagine his cum spurting from the end of his cock into the depths of my warm dark pussy. My hand was on my pussy and I was so close... so close!

"Oh fuck!" I moaned as it was my turn to cum.

He had stopped jerking but he held his spent dick in me as my pussy spasmed around him, pressing down on him as if it was trying to milk his dick to draw every drop of cum from him. I laid my head back on the desk and closed my eyes, just lying there still as he held my legs up and pushed himself in a little more to keep his deflating dick inside of me.

God I loved this feeling and despite everything it was all worth it just to be able to experience it yet again. It was the closest thing I can imagine to being in heaven as I laid there while my orgasm surged through me while a man's dick filled my pussy, surrounded by his fresh cum. My boobs were about to explode with pleasure as I held onto them like a life preserver as he rubbed his crotch up against my hyper-sensitive clit. Oh yeah, this was what I lived for... this was what I craved and would do anything for - even whore myself for if that's what it took.

Finally I started to relax and when I opened my eyes I saw him staring at me, smiling with this ridiculously wide grin on his face. He pulled himself out of me, allowing my legs to drop and hang down from the edge of the desk. I didn't have the energy to sit up yet so I just laid there, most likely looking like some whore in a porn film with my cum-drenched pussy wide open for him to see and my pointed boobs laying out for him to enjoy.

About the only thing that could have possibly made it better would be to have his wife walk in now and see the results of his handiwork laying out on his desk. His wife knew full well as a result of our trip to California what I slut I really was so I doubt it would've really surprised her all that much to see that it was me on the desk. After all, he would've had to be pretty kinky to want to fuck any of the other teachers.

"C'mon, get dressed. I need to get home before someone starts wondering why I'm so late," he said abruptly.

Typical man. While I could've laid there for a lot longer, rubbing myself just enough to enjoy the feelings that were still flooding me, he's done his thing and now he was ready to leave. I managed to somehow stand up and for a moment I had to hold onto the edge of the desk as I felt a little disoriented and dizzy.

"What's the matter, did I fuck you too well?" he teased me.

Somehow I don't think he was joking as he seemed quite proud of himself. Shaking my head, I tried to ignore him as I straightened out my bra and buttoned my blouse. The feeling of the soft bra interior against my hard nipples made me shiver and then I started to fix my panties back in place.

"Don't bother.. give them to me," he demanded. I looked at him with a questioning glance, not quite sure what he meant.

"Give me your panties... their mine now," he said more forcefully this time as he held out his hand.

At this point I wasn't in any mood to argue so I slipped them off and handed them over to him. He put them in his pant pocket for god only knew what purposes later. In spite of everything I couldn't help but think of how many guys have asked me for my panties over the years - and they always wanted the dirty ones!

No doubt I could make a fortune on-line selling my panties. I'd have to buy enough so I could wear a new pair every day and then mail them to yet another "customer" when I took them off at the end of the day. In fact, at one point I'd actually considered it but it seemed too creepy in the end.

With my outfit (sans panties) back in place, I checked myself out in a mirror on hung the wall and realized my hair was a total disaster. Mr. Eisenberg was in a rush to leave but I couldn't go walking around the school looking like I'd just had sex - even if it WAS the truth. Nobody should be around but then you never know. Knowing my luck the head Pastor would be walking around.

"Well, I'd say you passed your performance review today," he said but then he added, "But just barely. I think we're going to have to keep a close eye on you for the time being so don't be surprised if I call you in more often to discuss how you're doing."

I suppose later the full impact of what he'd just said would sink in later but for the moment, all I wanted to do was get out and go home. As I started to regain my senses, there was this sense of revulsion rising in me because of what I'd just done. All I wanted at this instant was to put as much distance between me and him and his office with that damn desk as possible. Grabbing my purse, I left his office without another word and headed for the parking lot.

On the way I passed my classroom and the thought struck me as to what my students would think if they knew what a whore their teacher had been after class today? Well, actually they probably wouldn't have understood it in the first place but I knew their parents certainly would. God, if word of what I'd just done ever got out... I'd be finished forever so far as teaching was concerned. Sure, his career would be in ruins as well but I didn't give a damn about him. It was MY career that I cared about.

# 4. The Drive Home

As one might imagine, on my way home I was having a horrible time concentrating on my driving. No jury in the world would convict me for being an emotional wreck? It seemed one minute I was confused, then excited, disgusted, thrilled, horny, and even angry. Heck, sometimes it was a mixture of them at the same time like when my pussy was still so worked up it would almost cramp but yet I was yelling at myself for being such a fool. No doubt more than a few people driving by must have thought I was a little "touched" as some of my "discussions" with myself became quite animated!

To top it all off, my cell phone rang and I saw it was Riley calling me, the guy I'd been dating lately. My first instinct was to ignore it but I hadn't heard from him in a few days so I was anxious to talk with him again. Taking a deep breath, I answered it as calmly as I could. Riley asked me how my day had gone and then mentioned that he'd been hoping to catch me after school but I didn't come out with everyone else so he was just checking to see if I'd been at school today and if everything was alright.

Just my luck, the one day he makes it to the school all week and what am I doing but getting laid by my boss in his office. God, what could I say to him? Obviously not the truth! Oh sure, I could just picture me saying something like, "Sorry Riley, I had to stay after today so my married boss could fuck me silly on his big desk." Actually, the very thought of it sent shivers through me and my pussy actually got that tingle it gets when I'm really horny.

For the briefest of moments I flirted with the idea of saying just that. Who knows, maybe Riley would like me better if he knew what a slut I was. If I put out for him the way I just did for Mr. Eisenberg, would he be more interested in me? Thankfully common sense prevailed and I simply told him I'd had to stay after work for a performance review - which technically wasn't a lie. OK, so I didn't bother to mention what skills of mine had been reviewed!

"Yeah, those can be a bitch," he commiserated with me, "Man, I can't believe he made you stay after work on a Friday though."

Fortunately we were on the phone and he couldn't see the sly grin on my face when I thought about just how "hard" Mr. Eisenberg's dick had been.

"Well, I think I made a pretty good impression," I said, smiling to myself at the memory of the look on Mr. Eisenberg's face when I started sucking his cock and then later when he was cumming in my pussy.

God, if only Riley had even a hint of how horny it was making me by talking to him about this! Without really thinking about what I was doing, I put the phone on speaker and used my hand to pull up my skirt so I could reach my crotch - nice and bare now as my panties were in Mr. Eisenberg's hands - literally most likely.

Riley started to talk about the weekend and what plans we both might have. By the time he got around to asking me out Saturday night I already had my fingers working my pussy and I pulled them to my mouth and tasted a little of Mr. Eisenberg's cum that had drained from me during the drive so far.

Mmmmmmm, I wondered what Riley's dick would feel like in my mouth and how my pussy would taste after he'd cum in me?

So far Riley and I had barely even kissed, let alone anything more, but at this moment had he been in the car driving with me in the passenger seat I had no doubt what I'd be doing. Traffic or not, I'd have my head in his lap sucking that dick he'd been hiding under his jeans from me. Regardless of my befuddled emotions, my body was craving more sex and I would've loved to have him pull over to the side of the rode and fuck me right now. He was still jabbering away when a quick gasp escaped my lips when my clit caused me to jump involuntarily after touching it on just the right spot.

"Hey, you OK?" he asked, breaking off from his discussion about the lack of good movies playing over the weekend.

Once again I was sorely tempted to respond with something like, "Oh I'm fine, just got my skirt up and now I'm masturbating while I'm driving and talking to you. By the way, how would you like to fuck me right now?"

Once again common sense came to the rescue so instead of saying what I WANTED to say, I brushed it off as being something to do with the heavy traffic. That sort of backfired as Riley then said he would call me later so I could concentrate on the road. Little did he know the real reason for my lack of concentration!

After he hung up I continued to masturbate as I drove. As I'd feared, by leaving the school so late on a Friday afternoon the traffic was miserable. It was pretty much stop and go but on the positive side it gave me plenty of opportunities to touch myself without having to worry about my driving. There were a few times when I would get myself rally going and the guy behind me would honk when the traffic started moving and I didn't notice. He probably figured I was on my cell phone and not paying attention. Maybe he would've been a little more understanding if he knew what I was really doing right in front of him.

As I touched myself I couldn't help but think about what I was doing and WHY I was doing it. The reality of my situation was beginning to sink in. Wow, how had I allowed myself to get to this point? Here I was, sitting in rush-hour traffic with one hand under skirt playing with my freshly fucked pussy after allowing my boss to fuck me so I could keep my job. Whew! Just saying that in one sentence was enough to run me out of breath!

Looking back, when I entered his office I knew deep down that he would likely fuck me before I left. If I was honest with myself I knew that while I had every intention of making him work for it, eventually I would be giving in to him.

As much as I would like to have blamed hormones and allowing myself to get carried away under the circumstances, there was no escaping the reality that I went into his office of my own free will with the expectation that he would fuck me. Not only had I reconciled myself to being fucked, as much as I hated to admit it I also knew that I would probably enjoy it more than I should but that wasn't really too bad a thing to hope for.

Maybe I had been trying to convince myself that it was just something I had no choice about. Perhaps I was guilty of rationalizing everything I the name of my career. Still, regardless of WHY I allowed myself to go to his office, what I honestly never anticipated was how I would react to the situation once it got started. Even when I allowed myself to think about it, I never pictured myself being the aggressor or begging for anything. If anything, quite the opposite. HE was going to be the one to make all the first moves. HE was going to be the one to beg to fuck me. HE was going to be the one to plead with me not to tell his wife. There was something in the idea of him being the one that wanted it the most that made it seem OK for me prior to our meeting.

So what excuse did I have? Sure I hadn't been laid for almost a week but still, it wasn't like I'd been celibate for a month or more. I'd masturbated as usual this morning so it wasn't like I should have been TOO horny, even though I'd skipped my usual lunchtime "break" because I'd been so nervous about the upcoming meeting. There was nothing I could point to that I could say made me WANT to go to his office, that was for sure. It was what happened once I was there that mattered.

Basically I have no logical excuse for my reactions. I guess there are just times when your body needs something and it forced you to do whatever it takes to fulfill that need. Sort of like when I crave a particular flavor of ice cream and end up searching every grocery store for miles until I find it.

Something in me just snapped when I walked in. Maybe it was seeing the photos of his wife and family, almost like they were watching as their dear husband and father committed adultery yet again with me. Maybe it was the sight of his erect dick - something that almost always turns me on given that it's hard because of me. OK, so maybe I'm just a slut and I like to be fucked - sue me.

With all the starts and stops I never made myself cum on the way home but time certainly went by a lot faster when you're fingering yourself while waiting for a long stoplight! Finally I was home and I couldn't wait to strip and lay in my bed and finish myself off. Actually, what I ended up doing was filling the bathtub with hot water and bubble bath soap. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good to relax in the hot water as I played with myself.

After I'd finally gotten myself off and felt a little more calmed down, I laid out on the couch and waited for Kristen to get home from wherever she was. I'd decided to tell her what happened and get her reaction - as if I didn't know already what it would be. She would undoubtedly encourage me to do him again and frankly, at this point the idea didn't bother me anymore.

If anything had come out of my "performance review", it was acceptance of my situation. Why fight it? Why not enjoy it? While I wasn't going to seek it out, the thought of my next "review:" no longer repulsed me. Hmmmmmm, I started to wonder what I should wear to the next one... something a little more interesting under the conservative teacher outfit might be fun.

Oh well, I guess I'll just have to wait and find out when the time comes.

# (Sep 13) Chapter 197: Compromises Followup

Story codes: nosex
Me (24)
Mr. Eisenberg (40)

Recently I wrote about how I was forced to have sex with my boss to keep my job. Admittedly, I ultimately enjoyed it and if it hadn't been for the circumstances surrounding everything, I might have even thought about doing it again. That said, something had to be done about the situation before it got any further out of hand. Note: This is for those people who follow my diary and may be curious as to what happened after my last diary entry. There is no sex in this entry and for those with vivid imaginations, I doubt what happened is what you "hoped" for.

## 1. How I Got Here

Don't worry, I'm not going to repeat everything that I just published a few days ago in my recent diary entry "(Sep 11) Chapter 196: Compromises". Just a brief word for those who have no idea what this is all about...

Ever since I was a little girl, my goal in life was to be a school teacher. My dad is a lawyer and my mom was a nurse but neither of those professions interested me. For me, teaching was really the only thing I ever considered. I worked hard in school, got good grades, suffered through four years at a strict, conservative college to get a good degree, and finally achieved what I'd dreamed of - I became a teacher. Albeit, my first position was only temporary, filling in for a teacher on medical leave, but I had hopes of it becoming permanent. The pay was crap and the benefits non-existent, but it was a teaching job nonetheless and besides, it would look good on my resume when I reapplied to one of those larger schools with huge waiting lists for teachers.

Since I was fourteen and first had sex with the sixteen year-old brother of one of my friends, I've always been sexually active, to put it mildly. Actually, most people who know me call me a slut - a moniker I actually take pride in as it says people think I'm sexy and desirable. However, regardless of my personal lifestyle, I'd always tried to keep it separate from my professional career. To me, sucking a guy's dick to have him take me out and pay for a good time is one thing, putting out for a teacher to get a better grade is another. If I was going to be a teacher I wanted to make it based on my hard work and skills -not my sexual prowess.

With that in mind, when my new career hit a speed bump (actually, it was more like a mountain), it was because exactly what I didn't want to happen, happened. The guy I once thought I might marry broke up with me. His family were good friends of the family of the school administrator where I was working and so he used the opportunity to pass along some personal information about me and my family. While nothing that would harm me or my dad (thankfully my boyfriend didn't know about THAT relationship), it was enough for the administrator to meet with me privately and ask for my resignation. Officially I resigned for "personal reasons" but we both knew as long as he was in office that my teaching career was on hold - if not forever.

Well, it turned out his term ended sooner than anyone expected when he had a sudden heart attack and was forced to resign. Assuming his replacement wouldn't know the details of my departure, I applied for my old position back. As it turned out, he DID know but rather than turn me away, he used that knowledge to blackmail into having sex with him as a condition of my employment. Under the circumstances, I didn't have much choice so I did what I had to do - what any girl would have done in my shoes.

Being the new administrator was married to a hot fox with two daughters, had he simply hired me and then later made a pass at me, the odds were I would have gladly had sex with him. Indeed, he was exactly the type of guy that turns me on when it comes to having recreational sex. He was taking a HUGE risk in fucking me and even better, to want me that bad when he had a wife at home as hot as she was and as sexually open as she was just made it all the better for me.

Unfortunately, there were several things that turned this from being what should have been something fun and exciting to a nightmare that upset me and made me look for whatever I could do to stop it. The issue for me was that it involved my job - as in whether or not I had one. Making sex a condition for my employment was exactly what I did NOT want to ever happen so he was forcing me to enter into something I never wanted.

That alone would have been enough but then there was my "rule" about fucking married men - only do them once. Doing a married guy again is like shooting a deer after it's already down from the first shot. It's the fact he cheated on his wife in order to have sex with me, that he put everything on the line because of his lust for me, that his wife had no idea what I was doing with her husband – those are what turn me on when I have sex with a married guy. After the first time, it's just another a rerun where you already know the ending. Also, I have no desire to be some guy's mistress where basically he gets all the benefits and I get nothing but having to skulk about worrying that his wife will find out – and she inevitably will.

With Mr. Eisenberg, there was a third strike in that I spent almost a week in California with his family this past summer at a church convention. He forced me to go so he could fuck me a few times while we were there. It only complicated things as I got to know his wife personally and thus she shifted from being the faceless, clueless wife at home to a woman with thoughts and feelings. Maybe we weren't quite friends but still, she was no longer someone I could just brush off when he was cheating with me.

When I started school this fall, Mr. Eisenberg and I didn't even have any sort of real discussion for the first few weeks until last Friday when he told me to meet him in his office after school for a "performance review". Well, he wanted to review my performance, that was certainly true, but it was NOT my teaching skills that were in question. There was never any doubt I would pass such a review – nor any of the others he implied would be scheduled in the future.

What upset me the most when it was over wasn't even the fact that he had made me do it in order to keep my job. THAT was bad but there were something far worse. No, what really upset me was how I reacted once things got started. It was like I hadn't had been fucked in ages instead of just under a week ago. It was like once things got started I couldn't control myself and I became exactly the dirty slut for he desired, even to the point I literally begged him to fuck me before it was over.

On the drive home from my "review", I swore I would find an answer to this situation. I knew it couldn't continue as eventually we would be found out – these things ALWAYS become public knowledge sooner or later. As for his career, I didn't give a damn about his but I WAS worried sick about mine. Plus, he was married and so there were all those complications as well. The key questions was, what could I do? It's not like I had all that many options.

# 2. Options

When I mentioned my situation to a guy I knew from on-line that I talked to a lot (he's not on my website anywhere so don't bother looking), he had three suggestions for me in an email that soon followed out chat…

Dear Kelly,

After thinking about your situation with Mr. Eisenberg, I had an idea - why don't you talk to your father about it? He is a lawyer, right? So he could advise you as to what sort of legal grounds you may have to do something about it. Plus, since he loves you, he will understand the predicament that has occurred and not be judgmental of you in any way. As I see it, your choices are:

Try to make him stop through threats of legal action. In my mind this is the best choice but also the riskiest

Try to make the best of it until you can get another job - in doing that, you can keep making excuses as to why you can't do it with him that often and/or make it as unenjoyable for him as possible.

Tell him you don't mind doing it with him as long as he doesn't threaten you with your job (like you said that's how you felt). In my mind, this is the worst choice... it seems to me to be very contrary to so much you have told me about your beliefs.

I'm here to help you with this however I can Kelly.

Although I had thought pretty much along the same lines at first, I had to reject all three options. The first, threaten him with legal action, would have certainly worked but would also have dragged in lawyers and investigators who would be sure to make my past sexual history a part of the case and who knows how deep they might be able to go. It was way too risky.

The second choice would have worked great - IF I only a few months to go before the year was over but I now face an entire school year so there's no way I could stall him off that long. All he would have to do is file an unsatisfactory job performance review and I would be history - as well as blacklisting me from every other school in the future.

The last choice I actually seriously considered for quite a while. It would've been relatively easy, just give in to him the same way I'd done so far. When the school year was coming to an end, I could always apply for another job and leave no worse for wear. Besides, it wasn't like I didn't enjoy him fucking me. If I could somehow cast aside my principles for just six to nine months, I could probably have some good times while keeping my job intact.

Well, in the end I decided I couldn't do it. I may not be perfect and I know there are times when I act counter to the things I claim to believe in but who's perfect? There's a difference, though, in doing something "wrong" out of a moment of weakness or lust and doing that same thing in a premeditated way that you had time to think about and make an informed decision. Until this situation with Mr. Eisenberg had developed, I had never taken the easy way out by using sex and this was no time to start. There HAD to be a way out of this without becoming a total hypocrite.

Maybe it was a sign as the answer came to me in church. The sermon was boring, as usual, and my mind was drifting off thinking about my situation with Mr. Eisenberg. It didn't help that my dad hadn't been feeling good this morning so I didn't get my usual Sunday morning fuck before church. Needless to say, I was pretty horny sitting in the pew next to my cousin and Aunt Linda. As usual, I'd left my panties at home and with my legs crossed I was feeling a bit itchy down there between them.

Since I'd been fucked by Mr. Eisenberg a couple of days before it had been this way - alternating between being horny as hell and totally disgusted with myself. Right now I was at the "horny" end of the spectrum and it was all I could do to keep from putting my hand between my legs and masturbate. Not that I'd never done it in church but it was at times when I could be a little more discreet about it.

One of the fantasies I had a number of times was fucking Mr. Eisenberg in front of his wife and then having her join in. She was really hot for her age and the couple of times I'd seen her dressing while we were out in California were enough to make me wish she wasn't so straight as a ruler. Her female instincts allowed her to recognize me as potential threat (which I was, from her perspective at least) and she had made it plain to me in no uncertain terms that I was to keep my hands off her husband. Well, she didn't say to keep my mouth off, did she?

It was while I was thinking about what it would be like to 69 with his wife when it struck me. SHE was the perfect solution to my problem. No, I didn't think even for a moment that this would be a sexually-oriented solution - she'd made it perfectly clear to me where she stood on girl-girl sex (an abomination in the eyes of God among other things). The key for me was deciding how she would react if she knew her husband was indeed cheating on her with me. I'd gotten the idea this past summer that while she plainly suspected that he WANTED to fuck me, she didn't have proof he DID so she never said anything more. Hmmmmmm, so what would she do if she HAD the proof?

I'd actually first worried about this very thing back in the spring when Mr. Eisenberg and I first did it. A the time, my thoughts instinctively took on the "neuter and divorce him for everything he has" reaction. However, I was probably biased by what I would do if my future husband ever was so stupid as to cheat on me. For me, there is no more evil a sin that a man can commit against his wife than the act of adultery (or vice versa for that matter). Thus I could never forgive my husband if he were to go out and cheat on another woman behind my back. Even WITH my knowledge, adultery is adultery and I can't think of any situation when it would be excusable, even if both of us supposedly agreed to it.

Now, as I thought more about it (in between thoughts of her tongue on my pussy), I wondered if perhaps I'd misread her reactions. There was also the fact she had two daughters and a family life that would be hurt by a divorce, not to mention the humiliation of having to deal with the publicity of what her husband had been doing with me - and right under her nose in some cases. Maybe... just maybe... she could be the answer to my dilemma.

That afternoon I thought about it some more and I finally came to the point I had to make a choice between two unsavory options. Option One was clearly the coward's way out. I could do nothing and just let him fuck me for the rest of the school year. That had the advantage of being easy plus I enjoyed having sex with him. It was bad in that it went against everything I stand for and believe in and it would taint my teaching career forever.

Then there was Option Two: tell his wife. This was a LOT more risky in that she could go ballistic and create a public spectacle, ruining both of our careers and possibly exposing my own family to harm. On the other hand, it would be standing up for what I believed in and I knew that if it worked, I'd be able to look myself in the mirror and be proud of who I saw.

Was there really a choice when I came down to it? Once I made up my mind, I knew I had to do it and get it over with before I chickened out. If I let myself have sex with him again, and who knows when he might demand it - it could be tomorrow for all I knew now that he'd broken the ice so to say at school. As much as I might say otherwise, at least I was honest enough with myself to admit that I might never be able to stop myself if we did it again.

## 3. What I Did

With a firm resolve I dialed their home phone number and thankfully his wife was the one to answer. She sounded surprised to hear me - and for that matter, why not as I was probably the last person on Earth that she ever expected to call. I didn't say much, just asking that she meet me at a local restaurant for a few minutes to discuss something important. She didn't even ask me why, just quickly agreeing and then hanging up without further comment. It was all so quick I was left wondering if somehow she knew right away what it was all about - or at least the subject matter.

When I arrived she was already seated and had a hot cup of black coffee before her. We formally exchanged pleasantries and then I took a seat on the opposite side of the booth. There was no small talk about the weather or anything. Instead, we got right to the subject at hand...

It wouldn't be worth it for me to write down the entire conversation as I'm pretty sure most anyone can figure out what we said. As I suspected, she didn't seem surprised when I told her there was something going on between me and her husband. Of course, it didn't help when she mentioned thing like she wasn't surprised that a "slut like you" wouldn't honor her request to leave her husband alone and such. What could I say? Most likely I'd of been a lot less calm about it had our situations been reversed.

Mrs. Eisenberg allowed me to say pretty much what I had to say without interruption other than a few of those sharp comments that I mentioned. When I was done we just sat there for a couple of minutes, her staring at me like she was trying to decide whether to just kill me or that I was the lowest form of life she'd ever encountered - that sort of stare. Feeling a bit awkward, I just kept my mouth shut and let her take her time in responding. When she did, it was slow and deliberate.

"Ok, so here's the deal," she said in an icy tone, "Let me lay it out so there's no misunderstanding this time..."

"One - This is the last time you and I will EVER discuss this - or anything else for that matter. I never want to have anything to do with someone like you ever again."

"Two - You are to stay away from me and my family, especially my daughters. I don't want them being associated with sluts and whores."

"Three - if you EVER have any contact with my husband other than what is absolutely required for your job - and I mean as this school determines it, I will see to it that you are exposed for what you are - a nasty, despicable whore who chases and traps married men."

"Last - you will find another job for next year. If you're still teaching here next fall I will see to it that you wish you weren't. Don't worry, I'll make you sure you get an outstanding recommendation from your boss."

Then she sat leaned over and looked at me with eyes filled with what I can only describe as sheer hatred.

"You know... the sad thing is I knew you were going to be trouble the first time I laid eyes on you. For now I'll accept part of the blame for not stepping in sooner. Still, I don't know how you can live with yourself being what you are - and doing what you do. My husband is a good man but he is weak. I can't believe he would've done this unless you pushed him into it - sorry, I'm not buying any of your crap about him blackmailing you. You plainly saw an opportunity and took advantage of him. Now for whatever reason you want out so you're trying to make him look like the bad guy. Well, I won't let you do that to him."

With that she started to get up to leave but then she turned back to me and said in a low voice, "This may not be very Christian of me but I pray that someday someone will hurt you as badly as you have harmed my family."

She hurried off, leaving me with the bill which I paid and then I headed home myself.

Well, at least I was pretty sure I wouldn't have to worry about having sex with Mr. Eisenberg again. On the way home I didn't know whether to cry – with joy or out of shame. I wondered if she really believed what she had told me or was she just rationalizing so she could address her husband's infidelity and still keep their marriage intact? The looks she had given me, the sheer disgust in her tone of voice, and the nasty things she said about me stung even though I knew they were more her way of lashing out against her husband than me.

In any case it was done and over. I learned a number of valuable lessons from all this and hopefully, so did the Eisenbergs.

# (Sep 19) Chapter 198: Old Habits Die Hard

Story codes: MF FF MMF F-solo oral exhib inc cousins
Me (24)
Kristen - cousin (22)
Lisa (21)

One of the best things to happen lately was when my cousin Kristen quit her job as a professional escort, A.K.A. hooker, whore, or whatever else you would call what she did. I know she loved her "work" and she was making a small fortune but even with the few experiences I had with her I knew sooner or later it would end in tragedy.

Being a Realtor may not be as glamorous (she's in school now), but after having worked with her mom (also a realtor) before, I was sure she would still find ample opportunity to use her "talents", only in more safer situations.

Well, you can take the girl from the streets but you can't take the drive that put her there from her so easily. I guess I couldn't blame her for wanting to relive a little of her past life - but why did she have to get me involved?

## 1. Escorting Pros and Cons

Of all the things I've done, being an escort has to rank up with the stupidest, but yet the hottest, on the list. It's one thing to go out on a date and get laid - any girl can do that any time she wants if she really wants it badly enough. But when a complete stranger is willing to pay just to possess you for a few hours, now THAT is something else entirely.

I dabbled with the escorting business when I was in college. Back then the rules were so strict that I was about crazy being so horny so I thought it might be a good way to blow off some steam without getting in trouble at school. Thus it really wasn't the money I was interested in all.

Well, the first few "clients" were just as I had hoped and everything seemed to be going along just great until I had this one guy insist on tying me to the bed and blindfolding me, only to bring in a few friends once he had me helpless. The ironic thing is that had he simply asked (and paid a little more of course) I wouldn't have had a problem with it. Still, it was enough that I quit immediately after that and stuck with things like bachelor parties where there was safety in numbers.

After college I escorted but it was for a professional agency dealing with "legitimate" clients - no sex allowed. In fact, sex with a client was the one thing that would get you fired faster than anything as the agency I worked for wanted to keep a good reputation with the local vice squad. They were allowed to grope me a little but nothing more than what I let most guys do on a date anyway.

My cousin followed a different path. Even in college she found ways to earn a buck turning tricks. She only attended for two years but her sophomore year was a joke academically as she spent most of her time on her back in her dorm room - among other positions. Without much else to fall back on than her back (sorry, poor pun), she found herself an agency to work for who took care of clearing the clients and handling the money so she wouldn't have to deal with the problems of being arrested for prostitution. Kristen was twenty when she started whoring herself but she looked more like she was sixteen or seventy which put her in high demand for all those older guy with "teenage daughter" fantasies and such. She never told me exactly how much she made but it had to be a lot given her spending on clothes and even a car.

There were a few times she invited me along on one of her "assignments", usually when she needed another girl and one wasn't available from the agency that night. A couple of times it became quite interesting, to say the least. There was one particular party where I was fucked more times by more guys than I ever had been in my life - and probably ever will. For over three hours they lined up and fucked me, many of them not able to wait and just squirting themselves on me while another guy fucked me. It was one of those nights I'll never forget, that is for sure! God, it took three showers to get myself clean afterwards!

I didn't mind accompanying Kristen on some of her gangbang assignments so long as they were few and far between. Sure they were fun, but such "events" just aren't for me on a regular basis. It's no different than the parties my best friend Beth drags me off to now and then. Although in those cases it's got nothing to do with prostitution, it's still a bunch of people who I don't know very well, if at all.

Kristen and I have grown up like sisters and while we share a lot of the same interests, she's always been the more "wild" one, always seeming to want to go a little further than me in everything (or a LOT further in some cases). Whereas I have a few hang-ups and limits on where I'll go sexually - no anal, animals, BSDM, etc., Kristen has few, if any. She knows my feelings about certain subjects and generally stays away from them when we talk, but I know from a few slips she's made that she's been involved in a few really kinky scenes that I would NEVER do, no matter how hard she begged me.

Perhaps it's that side of her, the uninhibited "I'll do anything if you pay me enough" attitude that made me worry the most about her. I was sure that one of these days someone would dare her to do something that she would regret later, at least I would hope she had the chance to regret it later. So you can see why I was so relieved the day she announced her "retirement". At 22, it sounds funny to think of her as retiring from anything but two years in that business were like twenty in anything else.

About the same time my Aunt Linda, Kristen's mom, moved in with my dad. It had been almost a year since my mom's accident and I guess they figured it was long enough so why not make it official since she was spending most nights with him anyway. That opened a great opportunity for me as my new job as a teacher paid crap and with virtually no benefits so just paying my rent was more than I could handle.

My dad was helping me out but I wanted off "welfare" so I asked Kristen if she minded that I moved in with her. The house had three bedrooms with one being turned into her mom's office while another served as a spare bedroom. Kristen and her mom had slept together since her father left them when she only two years old so the spare bed was always available. Still, I just didn't feel right asking to move in with her while her mom was still there.

So now everything seemed to be going right. Kristen was going to be starting her classes soon. I had my new job which kept me busy all the time it seemed. My dad and Aunt Linda were living together and they both seemed happier than I'd seen them in a long time.

## 2. Kristen Gets Horny

For those with dirty minds... NO, Kristen and I do NOT share a bed. We each have our own bedroom with her staying in the same one she has always been in while I occupied the spare. Although we have been frequently together sexually, it has almost always been as part of some larger scene such as a party or a date. As teens we often dated guys together but even when we had sex with them, Kristen and I never did anything together much more than tease the guys a little.

We started masturbating together when barely teenagers but that was as far as we went together when it came to sex until I returned for summer break after my first year of college. Even then it was part of a family get-together and not something between just the two of us.

In a way I guess it is a little ironic in that while I often wonder what it would've been like had I grown up with a brother or sister, in a way Kristen was like the sister I never had yet we never had sex together growing up. Somehow I don't think had I had a REAL sister it would have been like that!

Needless to say, you can't expect a girl who was used to having sex with any number of strangers most every day of the week to suddenly become a nun and go to school and study books all night. So I wasn't surprised that she dated a lot and even invited boys home now and then. I say "boys" because Kristen and I differed when it came to who we liked to have sex with.

For me, nothing beats a middle-aged married man who hasn't been properly laid in ages and is dying to relive his teenage years as the stud he remembers himself being. As a rule, such guys treat me well, seem to genuinely care about how I feel during sex, and take their time as usually it's a one-time shot - even with the miracles of Viagra.

Guys my age are fine too and my preference when it comes to a boyfriend as I'm not going to be some gold-digger with an 80 year-old geezer when I'm in my prime! Of course the teenage boys are tempting - nothing beats a sixteen to eighteen year-old guy when it comes to raw energy and stamina. However, as a professional teacher I have to watch my reputation and in these times, nothing can destroy a career as fooling around with an underage boy. Thus I have a FIRM rule against sex with anyone under eighteen. Well, maybe seventeen as that's legal in my state but why push it?

flavored with some boy's sperm. Hmmm, maybe it was his first time? He certainly didn't look old enough to be THAT experienced.

I was still dressed in my school attire and I didn't want to mess up the dress. Besides, it came down to my mid-calf and would just get in the way. I lifted it up and over my head, draping it over the back of the chair by the wall to keep it from getting all wrinkled.

"God, you wear THAT to work every day?" Kristen groaned, seeing me in my bra and panties. Not even a thong but more like the kind of panties your mom would buy you as a little girl. "How do you stand it?"

It WAS one of the things I didn't care for as much at work - the dress code. However, it was made perfectly clear that all teachers would wear "appropriate undergarments" meaning conservative bras and panties. For the majority of the teachers it was moot as at their age, they NEEDED them.

For me, however, it was like a prison sentence. The past three weeks marked the first time in my entire life I'd worn a bra every day of the week *thank god for the freedom of weekends). Even in college, where technically they were required, I was able to get away without one most of the time.

I just shrugged and didn't waste any more time in getting on the bed and in between her incredibly tight and smooth legs. God, I would kill to have her legs and she didn't so much as run to her car let alone work out. Maybe there's something to be said for extreme amounts of sex when it came to staying fit?

The bed reeked of sex and her pussy odor was noticeable while my head was still quite a ways away. By the time I was at her crotch, it was almost overwhelming. Damn, how many times had he made her cum? For that matter, how many times had SHE made herself cum? Was the boy toy the start or just the last act? As it turns out, she was more than happy to tell me all about it as I started to lick her pussy.

"Oh fuck, that feels so good Kelly," she moaned, pulling her thighs back with her hands to spread her crotch more for me, "I've been wanting that all day!"

"Didn't you go to school today?" I asked, taking my mouth off of her pussy just long enough to get out the words before going back.

I worked my way down and tasted his cum on her. Mmmmmmm, I LOVED the taste of the boy's sperm mixed with Kristen's own special flavor of cum.

"I couldn't," she groaned as my tongue reached up in her in search of more of his cum, "Just been so damn horny all day."

"You've been in bed all day?" I asked incredulously.

It wasn't me between her legs, it was that short little kid with what had to be his most stiffest erecting he'd ever had, fucking her for the first time in his life. No wonder she was getting off so hard from her recent memories.

"Oh GOD!" she cried out as her hips thrust up hard into my face.

My cousin gushed as she came and my face was awash with her cum. It tasted great and I lapped it up like a kitten at a bowl of fresh milk. Kristen's legs pulled together, trapping my head between her soft thighs which became like a vise as she held me in their grip. Finally she collapsed on the bed, her thin arms and legs out spread-eagle on the bed as if she passed out but from her sighs and whimpers I knew she was had her eyes closed tight as she basked in the afterglow of her orgasm.

"Sorry, I just can't seem to get enough today," she finally said, almost apologetically.

Yeah, like she EVER gets enough so what else was new. Still, she DID seem to be a little more horny than usual so I wondered what was up. Some sort of withdrawal symptoms maybe from not being fucked as much as she was accustomed to for the past couple of years? "You know... you actually look pretty hot in a bra and panties," she whispered in a husky voice, "It's been a while since I saw you in 'em."

Uh oh, I knew exactly where THIS was going. Then again, I didn't mind it either. She wasn't the only one horny now! It would be ridiculous to expect me to lick a girl like Kristen and NOT want a little for myself afterwards. I started to reach behind me to unsnap my bra but she waved her hand at me as she struggled to sit up.

"No, no... leave it on... it looks sexy on you," she giggled.

Sexy? Hardly the words I would have used. I DID have bras that looked sexy but this certainly wasn't one of them. Straight off the rack at Macy's - white, full cup, no lace, lined with wide straps and four snaps in back. Yep, an industrial strength bra if one was ever built. I figured if I HAD to wear one all day, it may as well be comfortable as it wasn't like anyone would be seeing it. It seems the sexier the bra, or ANY lingerie for that matter, the less comfortable it becomes, especially if you have to wear it a long time. But then, most sexy lingerie isn't intended to be worn for very long, is it?

Same for the panties - most mothers would have bought the exact same pair for their daughters thirty years ago. It was explained to me when I started that thongs and high-waist underwear was not acceptable - although nobody explained to me how anyone would know what underwear I was wearing, if any. With the dresses and loose clothing I wore over top, who would know the difference? Still, I didn't want to cause any problems so for the time being at least, I conformed strictly with the dress code. Why let such a silly thing create an issue anyway. It's not like I was trying to turn on the sixth grade boys.

"Lie back," she whispered, that look on her face she got whenever I knew she was hungering for sex. I did as she said, taking time to remove my heels first. It's not like they were sexy, just one inch black heels with full toes and heel straps - comfortable to wear all day in a classroom. They were off before she could say anything and I scooting back until my head was on her pillow. Kristen was kneeling on the bed now, rubbing herself as usual as she looked at me with hunger in her eyes.

"I thought about you today Kelly," she said in a voice hoarse with lust, "I thought about how good you would have tasted while he was fucking me."

I didn't ask WHICH guy she was referring to. Again, did it matter? Whether or not she really had or was just saying so now also didn't matter, she was still horny and when Kristen was in this condition, it was easier to just go along for the ride.

Pulling my panties to the side, she smiled and reached out with her tongue to barely graze my pussy with the tip. I was already pretty wet as it was so it wasn't like she needed to help me out in that department.

When it comes to getting your pussy licked, as a general rule nobody does it better than another girl. Of course there are exceptions to every rule but guys, despite what we may say to soothe your tender egos, you just don't get it. I won't get into a lecture on how to lick pussy, but if you want to learn, try to get your girl to let you watch another girl lick her and see how it's done! I'm sure she won't complain if you ask and who knows, you may get lucky before it's over.

Personally, the one person who could lick my pussy better than anyone else was my mother. In all fairness I will admit she had an unfair advantage in that she WAS my mother. Many times I've stated that 80% (or more) or sex is in your head (the BIG head guys). Who it is, when it is, where it is, why it is - all these mean much more in getting me off than just the physical act of licking my pussy. How can any girl compete against my own mother when it comes to creating the maximum emotional experience possible? Of course she can no longer lick me, but in my heart she will always be the best.

After my mom, I have to say that Kristen is the overwhelming #2 when it comes to licking me. Her mom isn't bad, but she's not in the same league as her daughter. I can't really explain why, but Kristen looks so damn hot and is so genuinely enthusiastic while she's doing it, I can't help but come incredibly hard whenever she eats my pussy. You can tell from the smile on her face, the way she practically attacks my crotch, that she is doing it out of the sheer joy of eating my pussy and thoroughly loves what she is doing.

So after all that windy discussion, you can imagine how I felt as my hot slutty cousin started to lick me while pulling my panties over to the side. She could have easily pulled them down and off of me but for whatever reason she preferred to do it this way and I wasn't going to complain so long as she did it! The bra felt like I was in the grip of a boa constrictor as my chest heaved while trying to catch my breath when her tongue would hit me in just the right place.

"Oh Kristen... right there... don't stop!" I moaned softly, almost more a whimper as everything around me faded into the distance and all I could concentrate on was the incredible sensations she was creating between my legs.

My entire body felt like I was on some sort of drug, almost like I was lifting off the bed Goose bumps covered me even as I was seating at the same time. I wanted to just lay there and let he do her magic but my body wouldn't listen to me and I was squirming under her while she wrapped her arms around my bottom and grabbed my ass in her hands.

"Will you hold still!" she teased me, leaning down on her arms to try and keep my hips from jumping up every time her tongue ran over my hyper-sensitive clit.

God, she knew EXACTLY where to lick me and just how to do it.

"OH GOD!" I couldn't help myself from crying out as she pushed first one, then two and finally three fingers inside of my soaking wet pussy.

Kristen's mouth was firmly over my clit, her lips pulling on it and then letting it snap back into place. I loved the feel of her inside of me, exploring my pussy and rubbing me so perfectly.

I came then. Oh god did I cum! It was the perfect climax to the perfect setting. It started with seeing that cute little boy leaving her room, knowing what he'd been doing to Kristen in my absence. Then there the taste of his virgin cum dripping from her freshly fucked pussy. Licking her pussy and feeling her orgasm swell under me took me up another notch.

Now with her mouth on me, her fingers in my pussy, her free hand squeezing my butt, it was all I was going to be able to take as I exploded from within. My hair even seemed to tingle as I practically leaped off the bed yet somehow she managed to keep her face on me, never missing a beat as she licked me mercilessly.

"Oh god stop! I can't take it... STOP!" I cried out.

What in the world was I saying? The last thing in the world I wanted was for this to end but something in me had hit the panic button. It was almost too much, too overwhelming. It was like I was out of control, like I couldn't understand what was happening to me and I just had to make her stop before something happened to me. What, I don't know but SOMETHING was going to happen if this kept up for much longer.

Fortunately Kristen knew better than to stop. If anything, my exhortations just spurred on her all the more as she ate me with renewed vigor. Then something DID happen, I came again but oh my god it was like nothing I'd experienced in a long time. It was my first orgasm was just a precursor to the main event, a warm-up for the final act in this sexual odyssey.

It was almost too much for me. I closed my eyes because it was too weird to open them, like I had tunnel vision and everything around me was going black. The tingling sensation was replaced by this incredible feeling of warmth, as if my body temperature had risen ten degrees and I was burning up from the inside. It was all over me, not in one particular place but like my entire body was being elevated to some strange place where nothing but pleasure existed. God, I wanted this to never stop!

"Kelly!... Kelly... are you OK?"

I heard Kristen's voice but for some reason I couldn't answer, like my voice was gone or something was keeping me from responding.

"Kelly! Dammit Kelly, this isn't funny!"

I opened my eyes and everything was blurry. Slowly things came into focus and I saw Kristen leaning over me. Despite everything I couldn't help but note that her perfect boobs weren't sagging a bit, even as she held herself over me. Then I noticed the expression on her face, like she was worried about something.

"Dammit Kelly, you scared the shit out of me," she huffed as she leaned back.

I didn't understand what she was saying and I guess she finally figured that out as she explained.

"You went away... passed out... fainted... hell I don't know what happened," she said in a worried tone, "One minute you were crying about me not stopping and then next you went limp and just laid here."

Well, I guess something did indeed happen. I couldn't ever remember passing out during an orgasm before. Had I been holding my breath? Was it just too much for me? Whatever it was, I just knew I felt wonderful right then, like I was glowing from the inside. My pussy was drenched and I looked down and saw the bed was soaked underneath me. Damn, I must have REALLY cum this time!

"God I feel so good," I sighed, letting my head fall back as I cupped my pussy with my palm, trying to settle it down as it felt like it was ready to jump right out of me.

"Well, don't EVER do that to me again... you scared the living crap out of me!" Kristen huffed.

Then she couldn't be mad at me anymore and we both giggled as she laid down next to me. She laid one leg over me and one arm, pressing her crotch against my hip as her boobs pressed against my side. She felt so good naked against me, so warm, soft and smooth. This was heaven indeed!

We both must have fallen asleep because it was almost an hour later when I woke up and realized we hadn't moved a muscle. I pushed her over and off of me and headed for the bathroom to take a shower. God, I must smell like a whorehouse!

After my shower, I saw she was still asleep so I tossed on a t-shirt and headed down to fix me some dinner. As it turned out, she slept the rest of the night. Well, I guess she had quite a day and had earned it. As for me, I couldn't help but masturbate again and even though I came, it was almost a disappointment after the incredible orgasm Kristen had driven me to earlier. Then again, I'll never complain about ANY orgasm!

Did I mention I love my cousin?

The next day I could've smashed the alarm clock but it was a school day and teachers can't be late. I DID have enough time to masturbate quickly and then it was off to work. Damn, Kristen was STILL sleeping! I finally got her awake so she could get to class on time - or at least she had enough time to get there on time. I called her a couple of times on my way to school to make sure she was up - good thing too as the first time I called she had dozed off again.

Sitting in front of the class that day, I wondered how these kids would react if they knew what their teacher had done after school the day before? No doubt most of them would have just shrugged or laughed which is why I enjoyed this age. They were old enough to take care of themselves but still young enough to love their teacher and the hormones were just starting to kick in with the older ones. By the end of the year the 6th graders would be getting a little horny in class but at the start of the year, they were mostly blissfully ignorant of the onset of puberty. That didn't mean their teacher wasn't thinking about such things!

I still was a little amazed at how hard I'd cum the night before. Damn, it wasn't even one of those days when things got wild and crazy. It had started off relatively mild but wow, did it ever escalate from there. I guess it just goes to show that the most erotic moments don't always have to be the wildest ones.

## 3. Kristen Offers an Idea

A couple nights later we were watching TV together late in her room while laying on her bed. I was tired and not really paying much attention to it so I started to get up to go to my bed and get some sleep. Kristen reached out to grab me by the arm and pulled me back. She looked like she was going to tell me something but then she stopped.

"Something you wanted?" I asked. I hadn't INTENDED to imply anything sexual but she grinned and I knew what thoughts were running through her head after my unintentional teasing.

"Yeah but that's not why I wanted to talk to you," she giggled, licking her lips as she glanced down at my bare crotch that was exposed under my shirt t-shirt.

Kristen was overdoing it to the point where I knew she was just being silly so I just waited patiently for the real reason to come out.

"Are you busy Saturday night?" she asked. Something in the way she said it told me she wasn't interested in what I was doing so much as what she WANTED me to be doing.

"Not sure, Riley was talking about taking me out," I answered noncommittally.

Actually that was a total fabrication as I was seeing him Friday night but I wanted to keep my escape options open with Kristen until I heard what was on her mind.

"Oh," she said with a frown and a down look on her face like she was disappointed, "I was hoping you might be able to help me out with something."

Now THAT set off the warning sirens and lights in my head. Whenever Kristen said she needed some help with something - look out! I was sure it had nothing to do with moving furniture or anything mundane, that was for certain. Still, I tried to be polite and not give away my concerns until she had her say. When I didn't respond she continued on her own.

"I had a friend call me and ask for a favor but it's not something I can do alone," she started out slowly, watching me for any reaction but I kept my sphinx face on for the moment.

Kristen finally huffed and flipped back on her back as if she was frustrated with me.

"Don't be that way Kelly, it's not like I ASKED for this or anything... it's just a favor for someone, that's all."

With Kristen, nothing was "just a favor" so I finally spoke up and asked, "So what's this so-called 'favor' anyway?"

Kristen brightened up at my response.

"It's nothing THAT crazy or anything. Just some guys want to have like a frat party but like they see on the Internet - you know, where the girls fuck in front of the crowd. I guess they want a couple of 'ringers', if you know what I mean."

Oh indeed I DID know EXACTLY what she meant. It was like those college sex party video sites where they supposedly go to parties and video sluts having sex. Personally, I always assumed the girls that were being filmed weren't "real" college girls and were just prostitutes or sluts that got invited for the video. Some of them I even recognized as being web whores so that just reinforced my assumption.

That said, even if I knew what she was talking about, what in the world was she even THINKING about doing such a thing - and for that matter, asking me to help her out?

"Kristen, I thought you quit that job," I sighed, giving her what I hoped was my "you're so pathetic" look.

"I DID!" she insisted, "This guy called me up on his own. THAT'S why I need your help. They want two girls but I can't go to my old agency and ask for anyone or they'll know what I'm doing."

Seemed a pretty thin excuse to me. It's not she was a member of some hooker union or something where she couldn't do "side jobs". I knew of plenty of times when she was whoring herself that she would take on private clients who wanted to avoid the higher costs of going through the agency.

"C'mon Kelly, they'll pay us each $2,000 cash!" she grinned at me, "You probably don't make that in a month at your crappy job."

Unfortunately, she was right about the pay at my job although I wouldn't ever call it a crappy job. After taxes, I certainly wasn't bringing home two grand a month and to get that for just one night WAS enticing. Still, it sounded like it wasn't going to be as easy as just getting fucked once or twice and walking home with the cash in hand.

"So how many guys and how many of them would do us?" I asked, not quite believing I was even considering this but still, it didn't hurt to ask.

Kristen shrugged, "Hell, I don't really know for sure. Maybe a dozen or so?"

Sounded a little low to me. If this was supposed to be some college party and not just a private home thing then I would think a lot more guys than that would be around. OF course, not all of them would want to dip their dicks in a girl after she's been fucked a few times but still, I knew from past experience that plenty of guys couldn't care less, just so long as they got their piece of the action - literally.

"And how long would we have to be there?"

Kristen shrugged again. For someone who was supposed to be arranging things, she certainly didn't seem to know a lot about much of anything.

"They didn't say... maybe a few hours?"

"Cameras"? I asked.

"Oh no, they assured me that nobody would be filming anything," she insisted.

Yeah right, and the check's in the mail and this won't hurt. Kristen couldn't possibly be THAT naive, could she? OK, so maybe nobody would be there with a big video camera and a College FuckFest banner but I couldn't see how the cell phone cameras would be kept at bay - and most of them shot video now as well. If anything was holding me back, it was the specter of having my naked ass splashed all over the internet with some guy's hard cock dripping cum after having just fucked me. Well, maybe if it was just my ass it wouldn't be so bad but what if it was my face as I sucked a few dicks instead? Oh wow, I could just imagine how THAT would go over on the bulletin board in the teacher's lounge!

"No way Kristen," I finally said, getting my head back in order after briefly flirting with the idea, "Who knows where that stuff will end up."

Kristen started to protest but I left the room in a hurry before she could try to talk me into it. To be honest, the IDEA of doing it appealed to me. I hadn't been to a frat party since I was in college and even then only once. I didn't know if this was really a true frat party or just something staged as one, but in either case it could be fun to get fucked in front of a bunch of other people - part of one of my favorite fantasies to boot.

Back in my room took of my t-shirt and laid in bed with covers off me and the lights out. Even though I'd told Kristen no, that didn't mean the thought of it hadn't aroused me and when I started to play with my boobs my nipples were already poking out nice and firm. It felt good to massage my boobs gently, rubbing them together and then grabbing my nipples between my fingers and stretching them out before allowing them to snap back in place.

I love my breasts. It was hard to imagine that not that many years ago they were the most embarrassing part of my body but when I got into my late teens they finally decided to make another growth spurt and filled in nicely. I don't know what happened prior to that or why they stayed small for so long, causing me nothing but grief. Sure, the boys didn't care but they were happy no matter what so long as my blouse was unbuttoned for them - preferably without a bra. Unless I wore it specifically so I could take it off later, I never wore a bra anyway as it wasn't like I had boobs like my best friend Beth, who pretty much HAD to wear a bra just to keep her puppies in the pen.

Keeping one hand planted on my breast, the other soon found its way between my legs and before long I was in full masturbation mode. It had been quite a while since I last recalled my first (and still only) frat party. I had gone with a couple of friends to another campus (our university didn't allow Greek organizations to start with, let alone such parties). Even though I was the one who didn't get drunk, I think I definitely left with the better reputation (depending on how you defined "better" I guess). Although it hadn't been anything like the video clips I'd seen in the Internet, it was still a lot of fun and I loved performing in front of people.

As much as it turned me on to masturbate thinking about it, I also realized it wouldn't been the same. First, I was quite a lot older, not a teenager anymore. Second, that time had been at a real frat party and I don't think the guys there really expected anyone to put out the way I did so it went over really well. Then there was the element of surprise. I never dreamed for a second beforehand that I would ever do some of the things I'd done, not to mention I did it for FREE. Would this really be as fun not that I was 24 and being paid to basically be a hooker at some guy's staged party that was meant to be like a college party?

I gasped as my finger found its target in my crotch. God I loved to touch myself when I got horny like this. Heck, I loved to touch myself ANY time but when I was as hot and bothered as I was now it was even better. So what if it was a fake party and we were the paid stars? At this moment all I could think about was a never ending line of hard dicks, all waiting to fuck me and cum in me - or on me or wherever.

Then other memories started to come back, like the party Kristen had taken me to where we were just two of a number of girls providing "entertainment" at a corporate hospitality suite during a convention downtown. The reality was we were just living fuck dolls for every guy wanting to get off. I'd never been fucked by half as many guys in one night before and never had since. The last hour or so was just a foggy memory as I literally just laid there, totally exhausted as more and more of them fucked me. Even when I stopped moving for them they still wanted to fuck me and get themselves off. Well, I guess it was better than masturbation for them. I ended the night literally covered in sperm from head to toe. Some guys like to shoot their cum on a girl in some of the oddest places!

By the time I fell asleep I'd cum a couple of times. I was half-expecting, and maybe even hoping just a little, that Kristen would stop in and try to "convince" me to go with her to her party. She can be VERY persuasive, believe you me! For whatever reason, though, she didn't so when I'd finished myself off again I dropped off to sleep and didn't wake until the morning alarm went off.

Kristen was just waking up when I left for school. All through the day I found my concentration was being thrown off when thoughts of her proposal would rise again from my subconscious. It can be a little embarrassing to feel your pussy getting wet when you're trying to help a fourth grader with a new math problem! Trust me, it wasn't the fourth grader that was making me horny, but rather thoughts of what Kristen's party might be like.

After school I had to stop and get some groceries. Funny, but guys still looked at me when I shopped in my school attire, but not in the same way as when I was dressed sluttier. It was like they wanted to look at me but felt guilty about it whereas when I wore short shorts and a tight tank top they didn't seem so concerned about staring at me openly. Well, when you're wearing a dress Laura Ingalls might have worn when she was teaching on Little House on the Prairie, it wasn't exactly like you were shrieking "I'm a slut" to the whole world. Personally, I preferred the stares to the hidden glances. At least then they were being honest with me.

This time when I got home my cousin didn't have some kid in bed with her. I laughed as I thought to myself the playground must have seemed empty without her being there today. OK, so that was a little cruel but she deserved it! She hadn't ever done a boy THAT young but then sometimes I had to wonder if that was by choice or simply lack of opportunity.

I went straight to my room and undressed. It felt soooooo good to take off my bra! Even after almost a month of having to wear one it still felt wonderful to take it off at the end of the day. It wasn't that it was so uncomfortable (a girl at Victoria's Secret gave me a great fitting once which made a HUGE difference), it was just the feel of being restricted by this band around my chest all day.

Also, I liked to feel my nipples rub against the fabric of my blouse or dress when I moved around and the bra took that sensation completely away. Of course, I also love the way guys look at me when my nipples poke through my tank top or sun dress so thankfully I don't have to wear one outside of school!

A quick shower and I dropped face-first onto my bedspread, burying my face in the soft pillow and laying there on my belly with my pegs spread out behind me. I suppose it would have made quite a sight had someone been looking in my room but in reality, at the moment it just felt better like this. I had the ceiling fan going on its lowest setting evening thought it wasn't hot and the slight breeze would strike between my legs and make my thighs tingle just a little at the soft "touch" of the air against them, almost like someone was stroking them gently with the back of their fingers.

Just as I was about to doze off, I felt the bed move slightly and then something warm and soft pressed against me, followed by a hand on my ass and a leg over mine. My head was turned to the opposite side but I knew who it had to be - my horny little cousin!

"Oh Kristen... not now!" I sighed as her fingers worked their way down my butt crack to my pussy and then inside.

She wasn't wasting any time as her fingers pushed up into me. Instinctively I parted my legs a little more to make it easier for her and I could feel her warm breath against the back of my neck under my hair.

"You love this and you know it," she whispered into my ear as I felt her push her crotch into my hip and rub herself against me. Her leg wrapped around mine, using it as leverage to pull herself in tighter against me as she slowly humped my hip like a horny dog on your leg.

"So... have you changed your mind yet? Gonna come to the party with me?"

So THAT was what this was all about. A not too subtle way of trying to get me horny enough to agree to her demands. Not that is wasn't working! It felt wonderful to just lay there with her hand working my pussy while she kissed my neck and ear. The feel of her breasts pushing against my side, her crotch humping up against my hip while my pussy responded to her touch was pleasurable to say the least! Enough to make me change my mind... not yet.

"I talked to him today about the cameras and he swears they will make sure nobody has a phone or anything during the party."

It really didn't matter to me what some stranger swore to her, there was no way in today's day and age that they could strip everyone's cell phones and keep the party secret. SOMEBODY would be taking photos and probably videos and once they did, there was no retrieving them - ever. If it hadn't been for that concern, I would have agreed to go. It wasn't my usual cup of tea but it sounded like fun as a one-time thing. I wasn't up to anything like that corporate hospitality suite gig we once did, but this sounded like a relatively tame event in comparison. With girls there too I doubted it would get so carried away either.

Then her hand disappeared from my pussy and for a moment I thought she was mad or something and was going to "punish" me by refusing to touch me anymore. You would think by now I would learn that Kristen never gives up THAT easily.

Something hard and colder than her fingers pressed against my pussy and I felt her working it in me. Damn, she was using one of her dildos on me! I'm not big into toys and she knew it so why did she think I would want one now?

Buzzzzz! Had she not had me practically pinned down with her leg I might have leaped off the bed! Suddenly it started to vibrate inside of me and more than that, it twisted around like some nasty snake or something. Then she pushed it in a little further and I felt something push against my asshole that was doing its own thing as well.

"I got something special for you today," she giggled as she worked it in me.

She didn't actually push it in my asshole - she knew better than to do THAT to me. Instead, she just positioned the tip right at the entrance to my ass and let it tease me while the larger portion assaulted my pussy. It felt incredible, especially when she twisted around and started to lick and kiss my butt.

"Oh Kristen...," I moaned, "God that feel so fucking good!"

I typically don't swear a lot on my own and when I do, it's more f or the guy's benefit than mine. A lot of guys like it when a girl talks filthy and so I have more than an adequate vocabulary for them but if it was up to me, I'd rather not swear a lot so for me to start cursing up a storm for Kristen, she knew I was enjoying what she was doing - enjoying it a LOT.

"You like being fucked, don't you Kelly?" she teased me as she started stroking me with it.

When she would pull it back the major part remained in my pussy but the smaller tip pulled away from my asshole until she pushed it back in just far enough to threaten to violate my ass but not quite enough.

"You love having a hard dick in your cunt, admit it," she pushed me.

Well duh! Of course I did. What normal heterosexual (or bisexual for that matter) girl doesn't?

"You want a lot of dicks in you... don't you Kelly," she continued on while relentlessly fucking me, "You want them all watching you being fucked, to be the center of attention, to have them all want you."

Well, you can't say my cousin didn't know me, can you? Of course I loved to be watched when I was being fucked. I loved seeing the desire and lust on other men when they watched a guy fucking me while wishing it was THEIR dick inside of me. I loved to see the expression they got when they realized it was their turn and they would be the next to feel their dick in my pussy. I loved it when girls would watch me, wishing they could be fucked at that moment the way I was. Even better, to have them watch their boyfriend or husband fucking me and seeing how much they loved it, how much they loved to fuck me - most likely more than they liked to fuck them.

"Oh Kristen... don't stop!" I moaned.

God, whatever she was doing to me it felt so good that I never wanted it to end. It was wonderful to just lay there and let her do everything, to just accept what she was doing and enjoy it without worrying about having to do anything in return.

When I finally DID cum, it was wonderful. Instead of the overwhelming sensations that I sometimes get when I cum, sometimes TOO overwhelming in that I actually feel like I might explode, this was perfect. It was like I was weightless and just floating in bed with my pussy consumed with pleasure. If somebody was looking at me, would I be glowing in the dim light with the warm heat that seemed to ooze from every pore of my body.

Somehow Kristen seemed to sense what was happening to me and instead of trying to fuck me harder or in some other way increase my orgasm, she just moved the vibrator slowly in me, setting it DOWN a few levels if anything. It served the same purpose as turning down the heat on a boiling pot just enough to keep it boiling but not so that it gets so violent that it overflows.

Even after my orgasm subsided, I just laid there without moving or saying anything. Kristen left her toy in me and laid up alongside of me, pressing her warm naked body against mine as we kissed. Her leg draped over mine, pressing against the vibrator just enough to put a little pressure on it, stimulating just enough to remind me it was there - as if I could forget. We kissed softly for the longest time, two cousins who were more like twin sisters in this intimate moment. It wasn't that often we just laid together like this and I soon fell asleep.

When I awoke I noticed Kristen was gone - along with her toy (thank goodness she remembered it). Later when I met her in the kitchen she grinned at me. No words were necessary, that grin told me all I needed to know.

"OK, OK, I'll go," I sighed. She shrieked and hugged me, as if I had just told her she had won the lottery or something.

"That is so cool Kelly," she bubbled, "I have some great ideas that I think you'll love."

She explained her plans and I have to admit, they DID sound pretty hot. I had a feeling I was going to enjoy this party even more than the others she had taken me to!

## 4. Getting Things Started With Lisa

Surprisingly, this was actually being held at a frat house and was a real college party. With all the web sites like CollegeFuckFest.com and such, the expectations are that every frat party has girls fucking on the couch but in reality, most people tell that that's it's not the case and I think everyone knows that but still, the urban legends persist My suspicion has always been that most of these so-called "college" parties hire hookers and porn stars to do the "heavy work" and then maybe a real amateur gets in on the action now and then. In this case, that was exactly what was happening in that Kristen had been hired to be the "sex girl", along with anyone else she could bring along with her.

In a nutshell, what Kristen had planned was cunning. While she would go as slut - not a stretch for her by any means, whereas I would go in "under cover" as your typical college girl who then gets "seduced" after a few too many drinks. We could have gone in together as sluts and started things out playing with each other but the guys had emphasized they were interested in sex, not watching girls playing with each other which was just teasing.

Saturday rolled around quickly enough and after masturbating and cleaning myself up in the morning, I just relaxed around the house trying to get whatever rest I could as odds were it was going to be a long night. Kristen went out shopping for a new outfit, as if her amazingly stuffed closet wasn't full enough already. For me, it wasn't necessary as all I intended to wear were jeans and a button- down blouse. Unlike most dates, I even planned on wearing panties and a bra! After all, the goal was for me to appear to be a somewhat innocent and naive girl who gets drunk and does things she otherwise never had planned on doing.

Kristen came back late in the afternoon with her hands full of bags. God, could she go ever out and NOT buy out the store while she was there? Most likely a lot of them would be returned as she always changed her mind once she got home but still, it was a lot of clothes! I was kicked back on the couch in a comfy t-shirt so she plopped down on the chair across the room with her bags with the intent of showing me everything she had bought.

"What do you think of this one?" she grinned, holding up a white lace bra that was so sheer I think you could read a newspaper through it.

Then she showed off a matching thong. It had a surprising amount of material but then it was the same as the bra - so sheer it may as well not have been there. The front provided plenty of coverage for her pussy but the back was not much more than a small triangle that would fit against the top of her ass with thin strings holding it to the rest of the thong.

"And what do you think of this skirt?" she said proudly as she held it up for me.

At first I thought she must have been planning on becoming an ice skater as it was so short it couldn't have even covered her ass when she was standing up.

"I have sheer-top hose for it," she said off-handedly, as if THAT was enough to let her wear it in public without being arrested for indecency. I couldn't imagine her wearing hose to a party and my instincts were correct.

"Now THIS is the one I got for tonight," she said proudly, showing off her newly found treasure.

Actually it wasn't quite what I expected, just a denim skirt that was actually longer than normal - at least longer than what is "normal" for Kristen. Then she dug in the bag for her last item, a small pink cami with the word "Slut" in large glittery letters at an angle across the chest. Well, whatever it lacked in subtlety it certainly made up for in how I imagined it would look on her.

With that she bounced off to her room. I saw the time on the TV and figured it was time for me to get myself ready as well. Up in my room, first I had to decide on my lingerie. Since I wasn't supposed to be a slut that eliminated most of the contents of my dresser drawer that I would typically have chosen. I wasn't ready to be THAT conservative and wear the ones I'd bought for school so that narrowed it down even further.

Finally I picked out a white one with multi-colored dots. It had a pink edging along the cups and back strap and overall it looked more like a young girl's bra, something I might have bought back when I was in high school. Why I'd bought it in the first place I had no idea, probably part of a joke or something at the time. To go along with it I picked out a pair of new pink panties that I hadn't worn before. They were cut a little high on the hips but nothing terribly sexy. I stood in front of the mirror and just shook my head. God, I was a high school girl again!

A pair of tight jeans was a must, a little worn with a few ragged holes. Then I picked out a tight white cami which was cut really low and had the thinnest shoulder straps. Over it I chose a black top which was also cut low, but not nearly so as the cami and while it showed some cleavage, it would've passed muster with most moms. The cami straps were visible under the top but that was all you could see of it to let anyone know I was wearing anything under the black top.

As for shoes, I didn't want to be a complete nerd and wear sneakers or flats so I picked out a pair of open toe heels with a wide heel that was just a couple of inches tall. They looked more classy than slutty.

My hair was my biggest problem. God I wished I had better body sometimes! No matter what kind of conditioners or shampoos I bought, It was always flat. Then an idea hit me and I reached into a drawer and picked out a white headband which pulled my hair away from my face without having to put it in a ponytail. Yep, it was perfect for my "look" this evening.

I wanted to wear some nice jewelry but I was afraid whatever I wore might end up being lost so I picked out some small earrings and a beaded necklace, nothing too expensive but at least it was something.

Finally, a little makeup, nothing too heavy or slutty, just some blush and eyeliner, about what you would expect any girl to wear. A touch of perfume on the wrists and neck and I was ready to go!

Back downstairs I was alone as Kristen still wasn't ready. It really didn't matter what time we got to the party as nobody would be doing much at the start anyway. Once the beer got going and things began to pick up, then it would be worth our while to be there. Still, Now that I was ready... I was ready! Kristen was never on time so I should have known better but still, just ONCE she could not be quite so late.

"OK, let's hit the road!" I heard her from behind me as I turned to see her coming down the stairs quickly.

God she looked incredible! The skirt hugged her hips and thighs like it was a tight bandage, showing off her fantastic legs to their best. She had tied up the bottom of her t-shirt under her boobs baring her midriff and pulling it tight against her boobs. Well, there was no question as to whether or not SHE was wearing a bra, that was for sure! Then again, I so rarely ever saw her in one it would have shocked me if she had. How she could walk down the stairs in those heels was a mystery to me - I'd of removed those stilts and walked down barefoot before taking my life in my hands trying to negotiate a flight of stairs in them - especially going down! She practically oozed with sexuality and I could tell from her flushed face why she had taken so long.

"Damn Kristen, you're getting laid by umpteen guys in just a bit, couldn't you have held off just a little longer?" I sighed, knowing the answer even before I asked the question.

Kristen just dropped her eyes at me as if I'd asked the stupidest question (which it just may have been!) and didn't even bother to answer. What could I say, when you're horny... you're horny!

"Well, don't you look so... ordinary," she giggled glancing at my outfit.

"And don't you look like a hooker," I retorted, only partially in jest.

She giggled and grabbed her purse and keys. "Well, I guess we're perfect then, aren't we!" and led the way to the car.

As we got in the car, Kristen's skirt rode up as she sat down and I noticed that instead of seeing a sexy thong, all I saw was Kristen's bare bottom and pussy.

"Hey, I thought you had that thong you just bought to wear?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't wear the bra so I figured why bother with the thong?" she answered matter-of-factly, "Besides, you saw that thong... does it really make that big a difference if I wear it or not? Anyway, this skirt's longer than usual so it's not like I'll be walking around showing off my bare ass to everyone."

As I'm sure she wouldn't have minded.

We got to the address and the street was full of cars so we had to park about a block away. It was strange as we walked up the sidewalk to the house. Guys were out on porches drinking beers and hooting and hollering at us the entire way. Well, make that they were hollering at Kristen. She pretended not to hear them but I noticed her ass had that little extra bounce she got whenever she was showing it off.

I felt like Miss Plain Jane besides her. It's not like I was dressed like a nun, but Kristen wasn't leaving much to the imagination, that was for sure. Arriving at the house finally, it was a large two story home with the frat's Greek letters above the door. It looked to be pretty old, like the rest of the homes in the neighborhood, but fairly well kept up. There were already a lot of people around and I looked to Kristen, questioning her softly as to what the heck we were supposed to do now that we were here. We really hadn't discussed much except for the overall theme of the party so I was a little unsure with what to do. Were we supposed to meet with someone, go somewhere special, what? Were there any rules?

Kristen turned and told me that we were just supposed to mingle as if we had arrived like any other girls did. I was surprised when she said she didn't even know what the guy looked like that had invited her! Fortunately, they had pre- paid for our "services" so at least that part wasn't in jeopardy.

Walking in, there was a large open room with what looked to be a kitchen in the back and then a door beyond that which must have led to the back yard. To the side was another room that also looked to be a gathering place, with a large screen TV and couches and such. People were just standing around for the most part, talking and holding a beer cup in their hands.

"So now what?" I asked in her ear, trying to be heard over the loud music without shouting it out to the entire room.

"Follow me," she answered simply, heading for the back of the house.

Sure enough, the back door led out to a large wooden porch where the mandatory beer keg had been tapped. There was a variety of lawn furniture and table where people were sitting and talking, along with a large stainless steel grill that didn't appear to be in use. I guess it was take-out or nothing.

By now we were getting some looks - at least Kristen was. I was also getting the once-over from a few guys but their eyes quickly averted to my slutty cousin next to me who was already smiling and saying hi to every male in the room - and a few females as well. She grabbed a cup of beer and handed it to me.

"I hate beer!" I reminded her, "I'll get something from the kitchen."

Kristen grabbed me by the arm and rolled her eyes at me. "Kelly, it's kind of hard to get drunk from Diet Coke, you know," she reminded me. I took the beer from here but didn't drink any. I brought it to my lips and made it look like I was drinking but just the odor of it was enough to almost make me gag. How do people enjoy this stuff, anyway? I decided I would just have to pour a little out when I got the chance to make it appear like I'd been drinking but not enough to cause anyone to offer me another glassful.

Kristen didn't care, she just chugged half her glass down and smiled, licking the beer off her lips in an almost obscene motion with her tongue. That wasn't missed by the guys and already they were hitting on her like she was a bitch in heat - and not a bad description of her at that. Soon she was off talking to a few guys while I was left alone on the deck to mingle.

There were actually quite a few girls there, a lot more than I had expected. Most of them had that college girl look. I'm not sure how to describe it but it was just that wide-eyed, deer-in-the-headlights look that girls get when they are out on their own for the first time at college. Most of them looked to be in their late teens or early twenties. I hadn't seen any sign of anyway checking ages so I guess it was just an honor system so far as the drinking was concerned which sort of surprised me in this day and age. I had my driver's license tucked in tightly in one of my jean pockets as I hadn't wanted to bring a purse along - one less thing to keep track of in a crowded party environment.

For the next hour or so I sort of lost track of Kristen. I mingled about, getting hit on now and then by some guys but it was more flirting than anything serious. I started talking to a group of girls who were dressed like me, more conservative and while keeping an eye on the party, didn't seem all that anxious to do anything too precarious. They told me they were students and asked me about myself. I just told them I was a grad student which seemed to hold them at bay for anything more. Apparently none of them had been to a party like this one before and I told them it was only my second - which was true as I had indeed only been to one other college party. Of course I didn't tell them about the OTHTER party experiences I'd had.

One he girls, Lisa, said she was 21 and that this was her first year away from home. Apparently she had done the Junior College route and now had transferred to the university to compete her BA in Nursing. She was really sweet and quite pretty as well, almost a twin of me when it came to our size and outfits. It was her first frat party and she seemed a little nervous but I assured her that she was OK so long as she stayed with the crowd and didn't go off alone with anyone. Indeed, I wouldn't have minded myself going off alone with her!

We got to talking about her family and some old boyfriends when suddenly she her mouth dropped open. Her eyes got wide and so I turned to see where she was looking. It was all I could do to keep from laughing when I saw what had surprised her so. There on the couch was this hot girl stripping off her top for some guy that she was straddling with her knees on the couch. Her skirt had pulled up just enough that when she leaned over it was apparent to everyone watching that there was nothing underneath it but her bare ass. Yes indeed, Kristen had found her man!

"Oh my god, what a slut!" Lisa gasped, "Can you believe she's doing that in front of everyone?"

Then she squinted a little bit (I had a feeling she needed glasses but was to vain to wear them at the party). "Oh my god, is she wearing ANYTHING under that skirt?"

I put my arm around Lisa and hugged her - nothing sexual, just a girl supporting another girl, and said, "Probably drunk... and I don't think she has anything on her butt either!"

"C'mon, let's get closer," she urged me, surprising me a bit. I would have taken her for the type to escape out the back door when confronted with such a display but instead she seemed curious to see more about what was happening. Oh well, why not?

One good thing about being a girl at such parties, the guys pretty much let you get away with anything. Had two guys pushed their way through the crowd trying to get a closer view they probably would have been punched. All Lisa and I did was say "excuse me" and smile and it was like the Red Sea was parting in front of us. Once up front we stood there together and watched the scene taking place on the couch in front of us.

Kristen was living up to her end of the deal, that was for sure. Watching her, I realized that I'd never really seen her in this type of situation where the guys didn't realize she was being paid to put on a performance. I smiled myself as I wondered what the guys who had hired her would say if they knew she probably would have done it for free as from the looks of things, she was enjoying it as much as the guy she was with.

In a way, it was a little too stereotyped for me. Face it, once you see one college party video you've pretty much seen them all. The girl may look different and she may say different things and have different techniques, but the basic "plot" of the scene was the same. Let's see... guy gropes girl, girl sucks dick, girl strips, guys licks girl, guy fucks girl, girl takes it on her face. That about covers it 99% of the time if you ask me. Kristen was still at the "girl sucks dick" stage, allowing her skirt to ride up and expose her bare ass which created a number of lewd comments from the peanut gallery about girls who don't wear underwear.

"What do you think Lisa?" I asked her.

Lisa hadn't said a word since we'd moved up front but then I noticed she hadn't been too shy to keep her eyes fixed on the two people on the couch.

"It's crazy!" she answered back, "I can't believe anyone would do that in front of all these people!" Then she got this look on her face like she was thinking about something pretty hard and continued, "Do you think she's really a student or just a whore?"

Hmmmmmm, Lisa seemed to be pretty sharp. The guys watching either thought Kristen was the real deal or they just didn't care. All they wanted was to watch and take pics with their cell phones. So much for someone promising there would be no cameras or video! Lisa seemed more interested in an intellectual way more so than being turned on. Obviously she'd never witnessed anything like this for real and I got the feel from her she was curious as to how far Kristen would go. Of course, she had no idea that I had any relationship to the slut we were watching as the guy pulled off her clothes and started licking her pussy - right on schedule.

Kristen was having a great time from the looks of things. Either the guy was a great pussy licker or she was doing an excellent job of faking an orgasm as the crowd cheered her on. I was pretty proud of her in a strange way. It was like all this was nothing to her, that having a crowded room of people watching her was just a normal day for her. Maybe after her job as a whore she WAS accustomed to such things, who knows? In any case, she was putting on a great show, talking to the guys around her, telling them how good her pussy was being licked and how bad she wanted to be fucked. She was earning her pay, that was for sure!

"So what do you think, would you like to be licked like that?" I said to Lisa, trying to nudge a response from her.

Lisa turned to me with a sly grin. She'd had been holding her cup of beer and it seemed as though every time it dropped someone was filling it back up again so she was getting just a little drunk by now, at least enough to open up a little more about herself.

"Actually, I'd love HER to lick me like that," she giggled, then she covered her mouth like she couldn't believe what she'd just said to me.

Just then the crowd cheered and I looked over to see the guy had just started fucking Kristen. She was slumped on the couch with her ass on the edge. He had Kristen's legs up over his shoulders and a rather sizable dick in her pussy. She was urging him on, much to the delight of the crowd.

"You mean you wouldn't rather have that nice dick in you?" I teased her, nodding toward the couple on the couch.

Lisa took another gulp of beer and looked me in the eyes as if she was about to pass on some monumental secret.

"I've never done it with a guy," she said, as if she was confessing to a murder.

"So you like girls?" I asked with a grin, liking where this seemed to be leading to. It wasn't what I'd been expecting to happen but hey, if the opportunity was there, why not take it?

Lisa seemed hesitant at first but from her flushed face and refilled beer cup I got the idea she wasn't accustomed to drinking. I had to grin a little as here I had assumed that I would be the one to supposedly get drunk and do things I normally wouldn't but instead, maybe Lisa might fit into our plans instead.

I figured I had nothing to lose so I turned to Lisa and kissed her on the mouth. It wasn't that long but definitely more than just a simple kiss from one girl to another. A couple guys by us noticed and next thing I knew they were urging us on. Lisa didn't seem to know quite how to react and just stood there looking back and forth as we got more attention.

"C'mon, let's tease them a little," I encouraged her.

Lisa seemed to hesitate as her eyes darted about. Although most of the guys were focused on Kristen being fucked on the couch, those right around us were glancing back and forth, not wanting to miss out seeing the lust on the couch but at the same time, most likely hoping for a little girl-girl action as well.

Over the years I've come to think that guys would almost rather see two girls together than a girl being fucked. It certainly never has failed to get their attention! Kristen and I would sometimes walk the mall or stores, acting flirty with each other and occasionally stealing a little kiss or a pat on the butt. Let me tell you, we could have been dressed in nun habits and guys would still have been staring us!

Lisa didn't agree but then she didn't say no either so I took it as agreement on her part. This time when I kissed her she responded more passionately, letting me taste her tongue as she opened her mouth and accepted mine.

You can imagine what the guys around us were saying as Lisa and I drew out the kiss even longer. We were both dressed in jeans and neither of was exactly allowing our boobs to fall out of our tops so it wasn't what we were showing off that was getting the cat-calls but rather what we we're doing - at so far all we'd done is kissed. When you think about it, it's sort of amazing that two girls kissing could draw attention from another girl being fucked just a few feet away.

To my surprise, It was Lisa that made the next move. Passing her cup of beer off to someone, she reached around me and grabbed my ass with both hands, squeezing my butt tightly and pulling me in closer to her until our boobs were pressed tightly against each other's. We were about the same height so they matched up pretty well. For once I had the booger set though, which pleased me to no end.

Not to be outdone, I reached around her and slid my hands up under her tank top and undid her bra. We never stopped kissing the entire time and if anything, when my hands unsnapped her she tongued me even deeper. Once I had her undone, I reached to her shoulder and pulled the straps down over her arms. She released my ass long enough to pull her hands through the straps and then planted them once again firmly on my butt. Moving my hands between us, I reached up and pulled her bra down off her boobs and out from under her tank top, flashing it over my head like a flag. Needless to say, everyone cheered and before I knew what was happening, someone had grabbed it out of my hands and was passing it around. Oh well, I hoped it wasn't an expensive one!

Now that her bra was off, I fondled Lisa's boobs through her tank top, rubbing my hands over them and feeling her hardening nipples through the tight thin material. They were quite firm, a lot like Kristen's in fact, but a little bigger and more full. Someone tried to reach in to cop a feel but I firmly pushed him away and wagged a finger at him. The message was clear - this was a girl's show only and no audience participation was allowed.

Now it was Lisa's turn. Rather than "unbra" me, she chose a different route and started to lift up on my black top. In one quick motion she had it up and over my head, tossing it over towards the couch where I hoped I would be able to find it again.

Not content with my white cami obstructing her view, she did the same with it, leaving me standing there in just my bra. When I picked out the bra I hadn't expected it to be on display in quite this way and it was a little embarrassing now to be wearing such a young girl' style but the guys certainly didn't seem to mind one bit. It was full-cupped so while they got to see some cleavage, most of my breasts were fully covered and my nipples were in no danger whatsoever of being on display.

So now with her firm boobs pushing out against the tight tank top and me in just a bra for a top, we went back to kissing again. I happened to glance over at the couch where Kristen was now in a doggie style. Another guy had joined in and she was sucking his dick while the first guy was ramming her from behind. It looked like she was getting it in the ass but it was hard to tell from the angle I had. Oh well, she liked that sort of thing so more power to her. Obviously she had the biggest crowd but Lisa and I had our own little "fan club" going as well.

After feeling her up some more I started to make like I was going to take her top off but that's where Lisa drew the line. She pushed my hands down and away from her tank top, telling me as best she could above the noisy din in the room that she couldn't go that far in front of all these guys. There was something in the way she added that last part, "in front of all these guys", that seemed to be sending me a message so I drew a breath and said, "Well, let's go where there's not so many people then."

She seemed OK with that so while she tried to rescue her bra, I grabbed my top and cami before they disappeared and I had nothing to wear home. With that, I looked around and took Lisa by the hand, heading for a stairway leading to where I assumed the bedrooms were.

## 5. Bedroom Antics

At the top of the stairs I looked in the first room but there was already a couple on the bed but they were too busy to notice - or didn't care in the first place that I was watching. The second bedroom had a large bed in the middle with a desk and piles of clothes everywhere but at least it was empty. I pulled the covers back over it - God only knows what was on the sheets, and looked back to see our "fan club" had followed us up and were staring in from the doorway.

"I don't care if they watch, do you?" I said to Lisa.

She shrugged her shoulders and from the way she was weaving on her feet, I was starting to worry that maybe she had drunk TOO much and was going to pass out on me - or worse. She seemed to be holding herself together so I guided her to the bed where she sat on the edge with her feet on the floor.

Ignoring the guys that had crowded in - there must have been at least seven or eight, I started to lift Lisa's tank top off when something flashed and I turned to see a guy with his camera.

"No pics!" I said emphatically.

He started to mumble something and I could tell he wanted to argue but when he saw the look I gave him he quickly put it away.

"If I see one more camera or cell phone, it's over and you ALL go out - got it?" I said rather strongly, probably more so than they expected.

They all nodded their heads and I noticed a few hands surreptitiously reaching into their pockets to put away their phones and cameras. Of course there was no guarantee that they would STAY in those pockets but at least it was a start.

Going back to Lisa, I raised her tank top up and off her head, her arms flopping back down to the bed once it was off. She was only about half-way cognizant of what was happening but so long as she didn't drink any more, I thought she would be OK. I gazed at her incredible boobs and felt a twinge in my pussy. Talk about perfect! I was guessing a 34B or maybe even a small C with large nipples that were currently standing out like large caliber bullets. I laid her back in bed and leaned over her, taking first one, and then the other in my mouth, suckling on her hard nipples like a hungry baby.

"That feels so good," she moaned softly.

The room was deathly quiet as everyone was transfixed at the sight of two girls making out on the bed in front of them. So far only Lisa was actually showing anything but everyone in the room, including me and I was sure Lisa, knew THAT would change before not too much longer.

Keeping my own bra on, I undid her belt and jeans, pulling her zipper slowly down to the bottom. Reaching on both sides of her hips, I grabbed the jeans and worked them off. Getting them over her hips was the hardest part. Lisa wasn't overweight by any stretch of the imagination but she DID have some pretty wide hips and the jeans were about as tight as they could be on her.

Once that part was over, I peeled them off her legs down to her ankles. Before I could take them all the way I took off Lisa's heels and then pulled her jeans the rest of the off over her bare feet. So now all Lisa had on was her panties but I was in no hurry to take them off. In the back of my mind I remembered that the primary reason I was here in the first place was to provide entertainment and even though this wasn't what Kristen and I had worked out beforehand, I didn't think the audience cared. I could hear some murmuring but for the most part they all just stood there and watched my every move without saying another word. I guess I may have been a little bitchy about the cameras and now they were probably afraid of incurring my wrath yet again!

At the moment I was still in my heels, jeans and bra. As much as I would have loved to have stripped down naked and done the same with Lisa, I did my best to take my time, even though my pussy was begging for Lisa to lick it – and I had a pretty good feeling that she would given half a chance. As it was, I let her legs continue to hang over the bed and kneeled down at her side, leaning over to once again kiss her bare boobs and let my hands run over her gorgeous body. She felt so smooth and warm, like velvet under my fingertips. I could reach as far as her thighs and my hands pushed her legs apart. She was still awake enough to realize what I was doing and she spread them even further apart – an open invitation if I'd even been given one.

Lisa undoubtedly wanted me to play with her pussy – as no doubt our audience did as well. Well, I wasn't going to give them that pleasure quite so easily so as my hands moved up towards her crotch, I stayed over her panties, pushing hard enough against her pussy to push her panties slightly into her slit. God her pussy felt like it was on fire! This was one horny girl. Of course, I'm sure had I put my hand between my own legs at the time it would have felt just as warm there!

Just to tease them all a little more, I let my fingers reach under the top elastic band of her panties. She was just trimmed, not shaved, and I could feel her short pubic hair against my fingers. The onlookers could see the rise of my hand under her panties but not where I was exactly touching so their imaginations were probably working overtime – just as I was hoping they would be. Then I pulled it out and caressed her flat stomach, finding a ticklish spot that made Lisa squirm just a little.

As much as I could have sucked on Lisa's wonderful breasts for the rest of the evening, there were other parts of her body that beckoned me. I moved my head up and kissed her neck softly, moving up to her ear and then over her cheeks to her lips once again. Lisa just laid there but she was moaning almost continuously and I noticed her hand opposite me moving towards her crotch. Her shyness was definitely gone now as she started to rub herself through her panties. I helped her to scoot up onto the bed more until her head was on one of the pillows and her feet were planted in the middle of the bed with her knees bent and spread apart. She was rubbing herself harder, focusing on where her clit was hidden below her grey nylon panties.

"Want me to lick your pussy?" I said to her softly, just loud enough for our "fans" to hear.

"Oh god yes... I want that so bad," Lisa moaned, her eyes closed as she rubbed herself even faster.

Ever so slowly I worked my way down her bare torso, stopping momentarily at each breast to give it another lick and suck on her nipples one last time. She tensed up each time I took her nipples into my mouth, tugging on them gently with my teeth. Then she giggled as I licked her belly and made my way to the elastic of her panties. Bypassing her panties, I kissed her leg and worked my way up to her knee and then moved around her leg until I was between her feet. Looking down, I had the perfect view of her panty-covered crotch. I wanted to see what was under them as badly as the guys behind me - and a couple of girls now as well I noticed.

I put one hand on each knee and pushed them as far apart as she could spread them and then started to kiss her inner thigh from her knee to her crotch. She must have just shaved before the party because her legs were as smooth as silk and so soft on my mouth. Finally my face was just an inch or so from her crotch and I could already smell the odor of her wet pussy.

God her pussy smelled so good! I have always loved the smell of a horny pussy, starting back with my own when I was a preteen and just masturbating. There was something special about it when you were horny that just made it taste all the better. I know some girls have a hard time touching themselves, let along tasting their own pussies, but I never had that hang-up. If anything, I love the taste of my own pussy better than anyone else's!

As tempting as it was to rip her panties off of her, instead I just pulled them to the side to reveal her pussy. She was hairier than I had thought but that was OK with me. My mom and Aunt were downright bushy and so long as I pushed the hair aside, I didn't mind having it brushing against my face as I licked them. My tongue reached out and I just touched the tip of it to her swollen clit, making her jump under my face, pushing me into her crotch as her hips lifted up.

Enough was enough. I lifted myself up and grabbed her panties, pulling them up and off her legs as she put them together and rolled back on her back to lift them up so I could get them over her feet. I tossed them to one of the guys who promptly covered his face with it trying to get the smell of Lisa's pussy. Oh well, I was pretty sure that was one set of panties Lisa would never see again. She lowered her legs again, putting one foot on reach side of me to spread her crotch open for me again and I resumed my position at her pussy. God she smell so good! Her pussy tasted great too, strong but not overpowering.

"Take your clothes off!" someone finally called out, breaking the silence.

Once the door was opened, the rest of the chimed in, chanting, "Take it off, take it off!" as if I was some stripper.

If for no other reason than just to tease them and show them who was in control, I decided that I wasn't going to get completely nude for them. Instead, I stood up quickly and undid my jeans, dropping them to my ankles along with my panties, then stepping out of them along with my heels. That left me with my bra on but I decided to leave it on just to make them wonder a little more as to what was hidden from view. Besides, it was a cute bra, even if it WAS a little school- girlish.

I suppose I could have given them a little show and flashed my all-but naked body at them but I was more interested in Lisa. This time when I resumed my position I was well aware that everyone was getting a view of my naked ass now, without the benefit of my jeans providing cover. I allowed my legs to spread apart a little, giving them a pretty unobstructed view of my shaved pussy if they happened to be in the right spot to see it.

Well, talk about things not going as planned... Still, I couldn't have planned anything like this. It was just one of those that works itself out and you have to be ready to go with the flow. I wondered how Kristen was doing. I couldn't hear anything from the downstairs so I didn't know if she was still being fucked or what. Of course knowing Kristen, the odds were the first guy was far from the last. Hmmm, what would she say if she knew what her cousin was doing upstairs? I didn't know if she had seen me and Lisa making out before. If so, she hadn't made any sign of it, so she must figure I was off playing my role and probably being fucked about now.

Actually, now that I thought about it, it wasn't that bad of an idea. Since I had never really established my "secret identity", nobody in the room had any idea who I was or what type of girl I was either. Obviously I liked girls and I was willing to bet every guy in the room was hoping Lisa and I were bisexual and maybe a few girls were rooting for us being lesbians. As much as I loved licking Lisa and feeling her squirming under me as I rubbed her hips and body with my hands while I licked her pussy, my pussy had needs as well!

Turning my head to the side, I grinned at the crowd and appeared to be a little sad, as if I wasn't getting something that I wanted (which didn't require much acting, believe me).

"Doesn't anyone want to lick my pussy?" I said in a whining tone, or maybe more like a spoiled child asking why she hadn't gotten the present she had asked for.

I didn't have to ask twice! Three guys stepped forward and all but came to blows arguing over who was going to eat me first. I just turned my head back to Lisa's smelly pussy and lifted my ass even higher, waiting to see who would win out, not really caring but just hoping whoever it was got down to business sooner than later..

Mmmmmmm, that was it. I felt two hands on my ass, spreading my ass cheeks apart and then the face of someone pressing against my butt as he started to lick my pussy. He wasn't exactly talented, more like some puppy at work without any idea of what he was doing, but I had to give him an "A" for effort.

He only got a few licks in when someone must have pushed him aside and another guy took his turn. This guy started to lick my asshole and it tickled more than anything else, making me rock my hips back and forth. He must have mistaken my ticklishness for horniness as he tried to push his tongue into my asshole.

Now it should be well known to most people that I am NOT an anal fan. I have experimented a few times in the bath tub and there have been a few times when guys have done me in the ass when I wasn't in a position to stop them. Still, I can honestly say I have never ASKED anyone to fuck me in the ass nor do I like it. It's the penetration I dislike though, so if a guy wants to lick my asshole, more power to him! My only thing is he better not try to kiss me afterwards. Since none of these guys would be kissing me tonight - THAT I knew for sure, if anyone wanted to lick my ass it was fine with me. Personally, I never saw the fascination in licking where I crap but then I guess to each their own.

After getting my ass good and wet, I felt him trying to put a finger in me and I had to reach back and slap his hand away firmly. I didn't have to say anything, that was enough to get my point across although I didn't doubt it wouldn't be the last time someone tried for it. What is it with girls and their assholes that fascinate men? It's not like right up the street I don't have a pussy designed for their dicks!

Apparently I had started something as it seemed one after the other took their turn at my pussy. Then I felt a tongue different from the rest and instantly I knew who it had to be - one of the girls was licking my pussy! Sorry guys, but it's usually pretty easy to tell the difference between a girl and a guy when it came to getting your pussy eaten. Girls just seem to have that instinct of where to lick and how to do it that just made it feel oh so much better! Then again, guys have dicks so I think in the end the guys have the overall advantage,

All this time I was working on Lisa and she was groaning now, louder than her moans before while she has both hands on her chest, one cupping each boob, She had her eyes closed, as if she wanted what was happening to her to continue but by closing her eyes she didn't have to acknowledge the crowd that was watching her. I wondered if she had ever done anything like this before? Who knows, maybe she was a "pretender" just like me - or then again, maybe she WAS the drunk, naive schoolgirl. I probably would never know the truth so why not enjoy her as she was?

When Lisa came it was enough to make me momentarily forget whoever it was that was licking and playing with my pussy at the time. Her hips lifted up and pressed against my face as she squeezed her boobs hard and groaned more than cried out. She had her eyes closed and appeared to be completely oblivious of anything around her. I could feel her pussy contract on my fingers and she tasted wonderful as she came - not a gusher by any means but what she did produce was so sweet!

When Lisa was finished, it was like whatever was keeping her conscious finally expired. Her head laid back and her eyes closed while her legs went limp. I moved up on top of her and called her name but she didn't respond. Yep, she was passed out! I hate to admit it but for a moment a really naughty thought came to mind about what the guys in the room would do to her in this state but that was replaced by a little more common sense - not to mention a bit of selfishness. After all, who was the only girl left conscious on the bed now?

At the time I still had my bra on and it was bugging me to no end so I reached behind me and unsnapped it, letting it drop down off my shoulders over my arms to the bed. It felt SO much better to have it off and the people in the room seemed to appreciate it as well. I turned and looked around and for a moment it was sort of surreal as everyone just stood there quietly, as if not sure what to do next - including me.

"Well, are you all just going to stand there and look or is someone going to fuck me?" I said rather matter-of-factly, looking around to see who would be the first to volunteer.

I'm sure it took them all a little by surprise but at that point I was horny as hell and what was there to gain from being subtle? There was no reason to pretend to be anything but a slut, not after what I'd just done with Lisa in front of everyone. Besides, who's going to ask questions when a girl is kneeling on a bed stark naked and asking who wants to fuck her?

Suddenly it was like someone turned off the MUTE button and everyone was talking at the same time. I have to say, it was rather ironic to me that here were all these college guys who probably masturbated every night that they could be in just this very situation and now that they were in it, none of them seemed to be daring enough to take advantage of it. What is it about guys that makes them so scared to get naked in front of their friends and have sex?

To my surprise, it wasn't one of the guys that stepped forward but a girl instead. She was rather ordinary looking, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt which helped to hide what looked to be more than a few extra pounds. Her blonde hair was cut rather short and she didn't appear to be wearing much makeup. I'd noticed her earlier when she and a couple of friends had come into the room but hadn't really paid much attention to her after that. Her friends, to be frank, looked a lot hotter than she did but they weren't the ones making their way towards me.

"Well, if you guys don't want her, I do," she announced, flipping her hair back as she got onto the bed and kneeled in front of me.

She was making no effort to strip or anything so I figured she just wanted to taste my pussy. Well, who was I to deny her?!

Lisa was curled up in her side over on one side of the bed so I laid next to her with my head against a pillow. I spread my legs apart lewdly and motioned with my finger for the girl to come and get it - with "it" being my wet and ready pussy. Everyone was talking now and I heard a few things like "sluts" and "lesbians". Hey, it was HER that wanted to eat my pussy so it wasn't like I was a pure lesbian. All a guy had to do was whip his dick out and I would have been more than happy to let him fuck me!

The girl quickly went for my pussy and got started. I have to say, she was obviously quite experienced and had one heck of a tongue! It felt great when she would suck on my clit and then push her talented tongue up into me about as far as I can remember anyone doing. She didn't touch me with her fingers, instead using her hands to push my thighs further apart to make it easier for her to get her head buried in my crotch.

Whether it was being with Lisa, having the guys licking my pussy, having this strange girl lick my pussy, or just doing it all in front of these people... whatever it was I came quickly. It was like I had this flood all dammed up inside of me that was trying to break free and her tongue in my pussy and lips on my clit were all that was needed to break the dike and let it all come flooding out - literally.

As I came I looked around and it made it even better to see the people watching me. Most of them, especially the girls, seemed to realize what was happening to me and I loved the looks on their faces. Some seemed turned on, others maybe a little disgusted, and then some just tried to pretend it didn't faze them but I knew that was just a put-on expression.

Whoever it was that had just brought me to a climax, she apparently got what she wanted by making me cum and she climbed off the bed without so much as saying a word to me. She returned to her girlfriends, wiping my cum off her face. I smiled as she tried to kiss on the them but they pulled away - whether because they weren't into girls or because of my pussy cum on her face, I don't know.

FINALLY one of the guys got his courage up (not to mention something else below his belt) and stepped forward, the crowd cheering him on. He was unbuckling his pants and by the time he got to the side of the bed he had them undone and the zipper down. I twisted around until I was laying crossways on the bed, trying not to disturb Lisa too much although I think at this point there wasn't much I could do to wake her anyway. I got up on my elbows and pulled his pants and boxers down, allowing his semi-hard dick to flop out. It was respectable if not magnificent but regardless I wouldn't have complained. By now I just wanted a dick and I wasn't about to worry about what size it was so long as it got hard and fucked me!

Once his dick was free I put my hands back down to steady myself and just took his dick in my mouth and sucked on it. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good to finally have a dick in my mouth. He was already about half-erect when I started and he quickly grew as I let him stroke it on and out of my mouth. It felt so cool to feel him getting thicker and longer as I blew him. It was like a balloon expanding in my mouth but much tastier and stiffer.

Soon he was fully aroused which was good enough for me. Had it been just me and him I might have sucked on him for as long as he could take it, maybe even letting him cum if he thought he could do it again quickly. Two things caused me to change my usual routine; first I had to keep in mind WHY I was really there - to entertain. Yet just as important, at least for me, wanted to be fucked! OK. so it was a little selfish of me but sometimes a girl's got to do what a girl's got to do.

Letting his dick pop out of my mouth (as erect as his dick was, when I released it the thing literally popped up and stood up erect) and looked up at him with a wicked grin. "Ready to fuck me now?"

Yeah, like I really needed to even ask. Actually, it was as much for the crowd as it was for him and as soon as I spoke those words the chant began, "Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her..."

I twisted around to face the opposite direction which put my ass right in front of him. bending down on my left elbow, I reached under me with my other hand and started to play with my pussy, running my fingers up and down my slit between my pussy lips and occasionally dipping one or two inside my pussy. I was soaking wet by now so it wasn't necessary but I'm sure my "fans" appreciated it. The dude grabbed his erection and shuffled up against the edge of the bed - his pants were around his ankles now so it made anything BUT shuffling all but impossible unless he hopped. Using two fingers, I split my pussy open to give him a clear shot at me.

"Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her..." the chants continued as he positioned his dick at the entrance to my waiting pussy.

Poor Lisa was lying dead to the world right next to me and I couldn't help but admire her incredible nude body as she laid there totally oblivious to what was going on beside her. I could see her cute pussy between her ass cheeks as she had her legs tucked tightly into her now in almost a fetal position. Once again I wondered what would happen if a guy tried fucking her now. Was she really a virgin? I'm sure there was at least one or two guys perverted enough to fuck a chick even when she was literally unconscious.

"Oh fuck!" I suddenly blurted out.

It was just an automatic reaction to his dick suddenly piercing my pussy, pushing its way deep inside of me. I'd allowed myself to get sidetracked by the sight of Lisa and was taken by surprise when his dick suddenly violated me. God it felt so good to have him in me! At first I just stayed still, letting him stroke himself in and out of me. He had gripped me on each of my hips with his hands, rocking me now back and forth in time with his thrusts.

It wasn't anything to write home about, just a good old- fashioned doggie-style fucking. Heck though, I wasn't complaining! He may not have been huge but he was at least a little better than average and as horny as I was, he could have been a Munchkin and I still would have loved him in me.

He must have been pretty horny because it only took a few minutes of this before he was ramming me hard and I could tell from the increasingly frantic pace that he was about to cum. Personally, I would have loved him to stay in me and cum in y pussy but alas, that wasn't HIS plan. Suddenly he pulled out and I felt a warm wet feeling on my butt and back as he shot his cum all over me.

I suppose it was a good visual for the crowd but it was about the worst place for a man to cum so far as I am concerned. First I didn't get to see him cum, second, I didn't get to taste it even, and third but not last, I couldn't even really reach it to wipe it up with a finger and eat some of it! About all I got out of the deal was a mess to try and clean off later. Then again, it wasn't MY bed so why should I care if I just lay on my back and rub it off later?

Finished, the guy pulled up his boxers and jeans and buckled himself back up again, leaving me on the bed with his cum all over me. I flipped on my back and tried to wipe it off as best as I could on the bed covers. Yuck, I was going to need a good shower later, that was for sure.

Looking around, it didn't appear that there was anyone else volunteering to do a second act with me. I certainly wouldn't have minded a little longer fucking but at the same time, I felt I'd done my duty, at least so far as this room was concerned. Lisa was still out of it and I figured if I just covered her up and left her that she should be ok. The crowd seemed to sense that the "show" was over for now and had started to disperse.

I wondered how Kristen was doing. Rather than mess up my tops, I just grabbed my panties and bra and put them on. You could say in some ways they were less risque than most of the bathing suits and bikinis I wore although for some reason, guys seemed to find lingerie more sexy than bikinis. Maybe it was the "I'm seeing something I shouldn't" factor or whatever you want to call it.

# 6. Back Downstairs With Kristen

Grabbing the rest of my clothes, I followed the crowd down the stairs back to the living room where I found my darling little cousin was still hard at work - if you can call what she was doing work! It was getting pretty late but there was still quite a few people watching as it appeared she was having no problems finding guys to fuck her. Then again, no doubt she was more aggressive than I had been upstairs. I stood there off to the side barefoot in my panties and bra, clutching my clothes to my chest as I watched a pro in action. Damn, that girl knew how to put on a show!

For maybe another hour or so I watched as Kristen took one guy after another, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups, sucking and fucking them as they filled every hole - and I mean EVERY hole. Some guys just jerked off and moved in to cum on her while others took in the ass or pussy. It seemed she had a dick in her mouth almost continuously, leaving it empty only long enough for the next one. She looked a wreck with cum all over her, in her hair and even in her ears (hence the EVERY hole observation I made earlier). Through it all, it was like she never got tired, never got enough. Each guy got the same treatment as the one before. It was like watching a true professional and it made me understand why she had been in such demand when she was hooking.

In the meantime I had gradually gotten myself dressed. I considered a few times joining in with her and I'm sure nobody would have complained but it was her show and I let her be the star. I guess if I'm completely honest I would say I was also a little intimidated and I didn't want to be shown up by her but I would never admit that to her, not in a million years.

I can't really say why it ended but it just did. One minute she was getting another load of sperm on her face and the next she was just sitting there with a slightly dazed look on her face. I had no idea how many guys had fucked her but it probably wasn't as many as it seemed at first judging from the number of onlookers who did NOT do her. I moved over to her and she finally noticed me.

"Hey, you look a wreck!" I teased her.

"Crap, that was crazy," she sighed, holding her head in her hands and then looking up at me with a perky smile, "But I loved it! Did you get to watch any of it?"

I explained to her quickly what I had been doing and then some guy came over and leaned over to talk to us. He was saying something about wanting to take us to another bedroom or house, I wasn't quite sure, but I told him we were heading home soon. Kristen started to say something - I think she actually was interested in the offer! Before she could volunteer I told the guy again it was over for the night and went to work trying to clean Kristen up enough to go home. What she needed was a long hot shower followed by a soaking bath but that wasn't going to happen here so all I could do was wipe away the majority of the cum on her and try to get her dressed so at least she wouldn't be naked in the car.

In the end I drove us home as Kristen was acting like she was drunk. I hadn't seen her drinking much but who knows what she had done while I was up in the bedroom. Perhaps she was just "drunk" with sex, I don't know, but in any case I wasn't about to let her drive in her condition. We made it home just fine where try as I did to get her to shower, she just dumped her clothes and flopped in bed, falling asleep almost the moment her head hit the pillow.

Seeing Kristen sprawled out on her belly on the bed, I was reminded of Lisa back at the party. With everything going on with Kristen I had forgotten all about her. A momentary pang of guilt hit my stomach as I wondered what had happened to her. My worst fear was that sooner or later some guy would get drunk enough to assault her in her condition. Oh well, ther4e was nothing I could do about her now and in any case, she was old enough to be responsible for herself.

Unlike Kristen, there was no way I was going to bed without a shower, even though I had very little cum on me, especially compared to Kristen. It felt good to feel the warm stream of water on me, cleansing everything away. I was SO tired by now that even the temptation of the shower massager wasn't enough to keep me from heading straight to bed.

Oh well, I was sure there would be plenty of time to masturbate in the morning. For now I was ready to go to bed and go to SLEEP this time. My last thoughts were of Kristen and how incredible it had been to watch her fucking those guys. Yes indeed, old habits DO die hard and I wondered if she was really going to be able to leave her old job behind her. Only time will tell I guess.

# (Oct 09) Chapter 199: Ghost From the Past

Story codes: MF FF F-solo oral exhib inc father daughter cousins
Me (24)
John - my dad (44)
Kristen - cousin (22)
Randy - old boyfriend (24)

When someone asks me where to go to meet people I always give them the same answer - church! At first this may sound like the LAST place to meet someone, especially if you're looking to get laid, but if you think about it, it's full of people who probably are NOT going out to bars and clubs yet are desperate for sex! As it turns out, recently my own advice proved to be true once again for me when I was reunited with an old flame - in more ways than one.

## 1. My Past With Randy

Note: There are a few diary entries from back in 2002 about me and Randy so I won't repeat everything here. If you're interested, you can read about us back then in:

2002 (Sep 20) Chapter 41: My First Time With a Virgin
2002 (Oct 02) Chapter 42: Fooling Around at My Boyfriend's House
2002 (Oct 12) Chapter 43: Caught By My Boyfriend's Sister

Way back during the beginning of my senior year in high school there was a boy in my church senior high youth group named Randy. I was a seventeen year-old senior while he was just a sixteen year old junior. Younger guys, especially those younger than me, typically weren't all that interesting to me so he never caught my attention until one fateful evening at a youth group meeting.

I was wearing my typical denim shorts (short but not TOO short for church) with an old church camp t-shirt that was a baggy and really did nothing for my figure. All in all, I was wearing the about the same outfit as most of the other girls.

At one point Randy was sitting next to me and I couldn't help but notice that he was staring at my legs whenever he thought I wouldn't notice (why do guys always think they can get away with that?) Once when I knew he was looking, the next time I turned my head quickly toward him and he glanced away, blushing because he knew that I'd caught him. Actually I thought his shyness was sort of cute and in a way it turned me on a bit. At the time I wasn't seeing anyone in particular and besides, if he got rid of the dorky glasses I bet he'd look pretty hot. Maybe it was because he was so shy, but I'd never seen him alone with a girl and I'd never heard of anyone dating him.

Later on in the evening we played a scripture quiz game. The girls drew names from a hat and wouldn't you know it but I pulled out Randy's name to be my partner. Our table was off in the corner with nobody was too close to us but it wasn't like we were alone or anything even close to being like that. Still, I found myself thinking about how he had been staring at my legs and crotch earlier, wondering what he was thinking at the time.

In my mind, I pictured him going home later and laying in his bed all alone at night, fantasizing about me and wanting me, wishing he could put his hands all over me and feel those smooth tanned legs he'd been staring at all night. I imagined him getting this wonderful erection and then masturbating himself as he imagined me dropping my shorts and showing him more of me than he'd seen before.

Sitting so close to him now, I started to get that feeling deep inside, that irresistible itch that can only be truly satisfied by a man. It was then that I really started looking at Randy with more than just curiosity or passing interest. What he would be like if we were alone? How it would feel to have him do more than just look at me? How big was his dick? Had he ever fucked a girl with it? Heck, had anyone even sucked it yet?

As it turned out, I managed to coax him into asking me out on a date (actually I think I did most of the asking, he just agreed with what I said). It was fun for me because I'd never dated a virgin before, let alone a guy who hadn't even been past first base! We went to see a movie and I like to think that he still gets an urge to masturbate whenever he remembers what I did to him that night. Long story short... Randy wasn't a virgin when he returned home! What made it special for me was that he was my first virgin. I'd never been fucked by a guy doing his first girl before so he'll always hold a special place in my memories.

After that we dated a bit on and off. His parents, especially his mom, were crazy strict so we pretty much had do to everything at my house. I can still remember the first time I met Randy's mom at a church carwash. Like most of the girls I was wearing shorts and a bikini top that left little to the imagination, especially as we got wet, but it was good for business.

At the time I hadn't gotten together with Randy yet but even so, his mom took one look at me and I knew from her pursed lips and narrowed eyes that she wouldn't want her precious son to have anything to do with a slutty girl like me. That image haunted me when I started going out with Randy. Whenever I knew I would be seeing her I would try to dress more conservatively and occasionally I even wore a bra (now THAT alone should tell you how hard I was trying to please her!)

All my efforts to please his mother proved to be worth it as I was having fun dating Randy. I called him my personal "Clark Kent" in that beneath those dorky glasses and shy demeanor was a hunk of a sexy sixteen year-old. Sex was all new to him which made it all the more entertaining for me as well. I especially loved pushing him to do things that he'd never done before. Perhaps one of the hottest things we did was to fuck on their porch while his parents were watching TV in the living room next door! He was so nervous I was afraid he might not be able to get it up but once I started on him he "performed" magnificently! It just goes to prove that a boy's horniness will override his common sense every time!

Randy also had an older sister who was going to a local college at the time. I never even saw her until one day Randy and I were taking advantage of his parents' absence and were fucking on their bed (another time when Randy was terribly nervous but couldn't say no to me). Wouldn't you know it but that turned out to be the one time his sister was home when I was there and she caught us doing it. It was touch and go for a while, especially when I suggested that she join us (neither of them went for THAT!), but it all worked out in the end, even if she did threaten to use it as blackmail someday.

After a little while Randy and I just seemed to drift apart. I can't really explain why, it was just one of those things. Randy was a really nice guy but I think I was a little much for him. Once I went to college I totally lost touch with Randy. He wasn't at church whenever I was back home and I heard something in passing once about him going to school out west but I never really tried to find out the details. We never got THAT serious and it was one of those things I chalked up as a fun time which left me with a few fond memories.

## 2. A Church Encounter

With all that you can imagine my surprise when last Sunday at church a ghost from my past suddenly appeared. Seated in the pew in front of me was Randy along with his parents. At first I didn't even recognize him but at the beginning of the service we always stand up and greet those around us. When he turned around his eyes got big and for a moment I was confused but then I remembered him. He'd lost the glasses, gotten a better haircut and his skin had cleared up. As I shook his hand all I could think of was, "Wow!"

When we sat back down my dad nudged me in the side with his elbow. His eyes shifted to Randy and then back to me and I knew he was curious about why I'd reacted as I did. I just grinned at him and he knew immediately that this was someone I'd fucked before and that was all he needed to know. Later I would remind him as I was sure I'd told him about Randy back then and he had been home several of the times I'd brought Randy to my room to fuck me. Odds were he had probably even peeked in to watch but if I had a hard time recognizing Randy then there was no way my dad was going to remember him. It's not like he was the only boy I use to bring home. Some girls like to bring home puppies - I preferred guys!

After church I managed to slip in next to Randy in the line to shake the pastor's hand. We only had a few minutes but we exchanged phone numbers and he called me the next night to ask me out the following Friday night. When he called I was over at my dad's house visiting him and my Aunt Linda (who was now living with him full-time) so I politely excused myself and went up to my old bedroom to talk in private.

Randy and I chatted for a while on the phone and I learned that he was still single, had graduated with a degree in some sort of engineering, and had been living in California since then. Apparently his dot.com company was hit by the recession and had gone bankrupt so now he was back living with his parents until he could find a new job.

Surprisingly, given our past, we never discussed sex during the first call, not even anything about our current dating arrangements for that matter. It was pretty much just catching up on our college days and careers. Of course I didn't mention to him anything about my escorting experiences or even the lingerie parties I modeled for. It wasn't that I was ashamed of my escorting past, it's that even though I didn't have sex with my clients, it's still hard to explain it to people who didn't know me and I didn't want him to get any wrong impressions of me.

## 3. Imagination Running Wild

Even though Randy and I didn't talk about it, I was definitely thinking about sex! Damn, he had looked so hot in church earlier in the week. Memories of the first time I sucked his dick in the movie theater parking lot came flooding back to me and then I recalled the expression on his face the first time his dick entered my pussy - for that matter the first time it had ever been in a pussy period. It was such a mixture of pleasure and lust, and a little surprise as well. I can only imagine what it must feel like for a boy to feel his dick surrounded by a warm pussy for the very first time. If Randy was a typical example, it must feel pretty damn good! Of course, I loved feeling in me was well and I couldn't help but wish he was in me now!

As we talked I couldn't help but start to rub myself through the jeans I was wearing as my pussy was getting that feeling it gets whenever I'm horny - or least hornier than usual. As I was using my new Bluetooth toy my dad had recently bought for me, I didn't have to hold the phone or even use the speakerphone which left both of my hands free. Hmmmmmm, so is that what they REALLY mean when they say "hands free"?

Laying back on the bed, I quickly undid my jeans and slipped them down and over my feet. Since I wasn't wearing any panties underneath, that left me bare-bottomed on my bed - just like so many times during the "old days" when I use to live here! For a brief moment my mind wandered and I wondered just how many times I masturbated on this bed - hundreds? Thousands? All I knew was that it was a LOT!

Little did Randy know but as he went on about college and his job that I was masturbating at the other end of the line, thinking about his wonderful hard dick that I use to love to suck and have fuck me so much. They say you never forget your first virgin and all I can say is I agree! It was such a thrill that night to be his first, to know that my pussy was the only one that had ever felt his dick pushing itself up inside of it. When he came in me (which didn't take long the first time, to be sure) it was extra special for me because I knew he had never given his sperm to any other girl before me.

After we hung up, remained on my bed, masturbating as I dreamed of what it would be like to meet Randy again, to feel his hands roaming all over me, groping me, exploring me and fondling me. True, odds were he'd been with plenty of girls since we had dated, but I would always be his "first" and hopefully I'd still be special to him because of it. I wondered if he'd gotten an erection while he was talking to me? Had he been stroking himself while I'd been rubbing my pussy? Was he jerking off at this very same moment, just as I was masturbating about him, hoping I would get the chance have him to fuck me again after all these years?

My hips arched upwards as I thrust two fingers deep into my wet pussy, imagining it was Randy fucking me with his steel-hard cock. I remembered how hard he use to get and how fast he would get that way when he was with me, whether it was "appropriate" at the time or not. I just loved the way he use to beg me to let him fuck me all the time, like he couldn't get enough of me once he found out how good it was to have sex with me. It was like I had broken down some dam inside of him and all that sperm wanted to get out and into my pussy (or my mouth, depending on the occasion).

"Ohhhhhh!" I moaned softly as my orgasm rose within me like a tsunami rising as it approaches the shore.

It steadily grew in intensity as my pussy gripped my fingers tightly, imagining it was Randy's dick that was filling me. I reached under my sweatshirt and rubbed my boobs, twisting my hardened nipples with my fingers as I fucked my tight pussy with my other hand. God I wished Randy was with me now, just as he had been in this very same bed with me so many times before, fucking me and cumming in me over and over again.

At the time I was so lost in my orgasm that I almost didn't notice the bed moving but something caught my attention and when then I opened my eyes, I saw it was my dad, naked as he positioned himself between my legs while my Aunt Linda watched from the doorway. He didn't say a word but the lust in his face told me more than a speech ever could. His dick was fully erect and ready for action.

Mmmmmmm, had they been watching me as I masturbated? Either way it didn't matter as in total silence he pushed my hand out of the way and then drove his hard cock into his daughter's pussy. My orgasm, which had been starting to wane, suddenly picked up again and my dad groaned as he struggled to stroke his cock in and out of my spasming pussy.

"Oh daddy, that feels so damn good," I sighed, my eyes shut as I tried to concentrate on nothing but his dick in me, "Fuck me daddy... fuck me... fuck me more. Love me daddy... show me how much you really love me!"

Under the circumstances I guess I sort of expected him to say SOMETHING in response to me but he seemed completely focused on fucking me as he held himself up on his hands as his hips thrust his dick even deeper inside of me and then pulled it almost all the way, just to thrust it back in me all the way yet again... and again... and again. He has driving it hard into me, pushing me into the bed as he put his weight behind his cock, drilling it as deep as he could into my pussy. His head pulled back and I heard him groaning as he struggled to hold himself back.

"Cum in daddy, it's OK, cum in me now!" I urged him as I wrapped my pegs around him and pulled him into me.

My father dropped to his elbows, trying to keep from crushing me as my boobs pressed into his hairy chest.

"Oh baby!" he groaned again, but this time I felt his hips jerking as he began to ejaculate.

Dad had his dick into me all the way, his hairy crotch grinding into my bare pussy as load after load of his incestuous sperm was pumped into my waiting pussy. Any thoughts of Randy were long gone as I reveled in the feeling of my father cumming inside of me. I loved it when he came in me, when he showed me how much he loved me, when he gave me his sperm, when he mated his daughter out of his parental love as well as his genuine male lust for me. My pussy felt so wet and warm as he held his dick still in me, now surrounded by his daughter's loving pussy as his cum drenched me inside.

"Oh god I love you so much Kelly," he whispered to me as he tried to gather his breath.

I knew exactly what he meant. It was the love of a caring father for his daughter, the kind of love only a father can give, the kind of love only a daughter can receive. Of course he didn't have to fuck me to show his love for me, but the fact he DID fuck me just made it all the better and more intense. If he didn't love me and respect me, he couldn't fuck me like this. At the same time, if he didn't lust for me the way a man lusts for a younger women, he couldn't have fucked me like this either! It was wonderful for me to know that while I knew his deepest desires and needs were fulfilled by me, it was also a sign of my love for him that I allowed him to fuck me this way.

He started to move but I didn't want this moment to end do quickly.

"Stay in me daddy," I begged him gently, "I want to feel your dick in me a little longer."

"Anything for my baby girl," he whispered to me as we kissed.

It wasn't a "family" kiss where you peck and part, yet at the same time it wasn't like when I kiss another man either. It was the kind of kiss only a father and daughter can share. It was romantic in that it made me feel good, especially with his dick still in me which was driving my pussy crazy but not in a "lover" type of romance. This was yet another way for us to each express our love and respect for the other in a way that was personal and incredible intimate.

"Oh daddy... I love you inside of me like this," I whispered in a soft voice.

It was so perfect, just the two of us lying in bed, joined together as only a man and woman can be. I could have gone on all night like this... it was just SO special.

"Well, it's good to see the two of you are having such a good time."

My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a voice from the door. I looked over my dad's shoulder and saw my Aunt Linda was still standing there, naked with her one hand on her hip while the other was resting on the door handle. She had been naked earlier as well, for some reason getting into this nudity thing since she moved in with my dad, running around stark naked most of the time. It wasn't something she had done before when she lived with Kristen so I wasn't quite sure why she had started it, but my dad seemed to get a kick out of it so I didn't question it.

My dad started to lift himself off of me when my aunt said, "Oh no, I didn't mean for you to stop, I was trying to say how nice you looked together."

It was too late, intentional or not she had broken the spell and my dad got up. Actually, his cock had dwindled down to where it had barely been in me anyway but still, it was not how much he had in me, but the fact he WAS in me that mattered. Now it just hung limp, wet with a mixture of our cum.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT looks too good to pass up," my aunt said as she rubbed her hands and stepped into my room.

She kneeled down and took my dad's dick in her mouth, sucking it clean. Unfortunately, there was no way he would be responding this quickly after having just fucked me so after she had gotten a good taste she stood back up and wiped her lips with the back of her hand.

"Ahhhhhh, " she sighed as she turned to look at me with a grin, "You know, you taste pretty good on him Kelly!"

We all laughed a bit at that. I gathered my jeans and carried them down with me as we retreated to the family room in the basement to watch TV. I left after a little while but from the look my aunt was giving my dad, I had a feeling they didn't wait long after I left to have some fun of their own!

## 4. Driving Home on Friday After School

Friday night came quickly. I love teaching and whereas in the past I use to count the days, hours and minutes until the end of the week, now I actually feel a little disappointed when the bell rings after the final period of the week. This week, however, I wasn't as disappointed as usual because I knew later that night I would be seeing Randy again after all these years! All week I'd thought of him on and off. More than a few times in class I could barely keep my hands from reaching under my dress. Of course I never actually DID anything. Even though most of my students were only ten to twelve years old, they still would've known something was up if their teaching started moaning with her hand in her crotch!

The traffic on Fridays was always the worse and what was typically at most a twenty minute drive was usually thirty or more on Fridays. It was all small streets so there were lots of stops signs and street lights. It was hard to concentrate on my driving when all I would think about was Randy and how he would be fucking me this evening. Yes, I'd already decided he was going to fuck me, whether he knew it yet or not! Somehow I didn't think he would mind.

At school, as a teacher I am required to wear long dresses and skirts which come well below the knee (they preferred to the ankle but I usually went with half-way to the knee). Sitting in my car waiting for yet another of a seeming endless stream of red lights, my pussy was literally aching as I thought about how good Randy's dick would taste. Did he still get so incredibly hard? Could it still go from flaccid to fully erect in less than minute or was that just my memory being overly imaginative? My hand left the steering wheel and I pressed through my skirt between my legs. A surge went through me like an electric shock as I nailed my already sensitive clit.

As horny as I was, I really didn't want to get my skirt messed up so I grabbed the material and inched it up over my knees and up to my waist. Unfortunately I had on nylon stockings but at least no pantyhose, just some plain cotton panties which were intended to be more comfortable than sexy. My philosophy was that if I was going to be forced to wear them to school, I may as well be comfortable. After all, it wasn't like anyone would be seeing them anyway. Most of the other teachers were twice my age and since I'd taken care of my issues with the administrator, there wasn't anyone interested in what was under my dress in the first place other than maybe a precocious sixth grader and I wasn't interested in THAT sort of attention!.

My foot was planted on the brake as I reached under and pulled my panties aside. Damn I was already so wet! I could actually smell the odor of my horny crotch as I started to lightly play with myself. The light turned green and for a ,moment I just let my hand rest against my crotch as I steered my way around traffic until the next stop light forced me to come to a stop once again.

Normally I would have been mumbling under my breath about the intelligence - or lack of, of the traffic engineers that times the lights but today I almost welcomed the pause as it allowed me to focus on myself for a few moments.

Looking to the side of me, I saw a guy in a suit tapping his steering wheel with his fingers, obviously anxious to get home or to wherever he was going, He turned to me and smiled when he saw me looking at him. I wondered what he would say if he knew at that very moment the girl he was smiling at was masturbating in her car as she waited for the light alongside of him! The thought made me even hornier and I bit my lip to keep from crying out as my clit reacted to the increasingly faster motions of my fingers. The light turned and his lane moved faster so he was quickly out of site as once again I tried to focus on my driving.

With each red light it became more and more difficult to pay attention to the light as turned green. I was getting so close! This time I didn't stop playing with myself as the traffic crawled ahead. Damn it felt so good to touch myself! My damn panties kept getting in the way and finally I was so frustrated that at the next light I reached down and slipped them off, pulling them down to my ankles and stepping out of them, leaving them on the floor under my feet. I lifted my skirt even higher such that my now bare as was directly on the warm seat beneath me. God I wanted to cum so bad!

HONK! I opened my eyes and looked in the rear-view mirror where some bitch was beeping at me. I realized about two car lengths had opened up between me and the car ahead of me which I quickly closed up - like it made any difference in this mess. I wished I could scream out at her and tell her I was about ready to cum so give me a break! Fuck I was so close now... almost there...

# 5. Preparing for My Date With Randy

Thankfully Kristen wasn't home so I had the house to myself. The last thing I needed right now in the state I was in was to have to deal with her fucking some boy she'd brought home after cruising the middle school practice field. Usually I just pretended not to notice and let her have her fun but as horny as I was right now I might have not had the willpower to "just say no".

As I undressed, I recalled how that young boy looked in the car next to me and yet again wondered what he would have done had he had any idea of what was happening just a few feet away in the car next to him.

I always showered when I got home but today I especially needed one. Lord only knew how badly I stunk like sex after masturbating so hard in my car. The warm stream felt so good against my bare skin. I turned to face the shower head and let it stroke me on my face and chest. The water hitting my nipples felt so wonderful and the stream that formed in my cleavage caused a funny sensation inside of me. I cupped my breasts in each hand, squeezing them as I closed my eyes and let the shower flow over them.

Mmmmmmm, imagine in just a few hours it wouldn't be MY hands playing with my boobs. Randy had always loved my breasts, even though when we dated they were at least a full size smaller than they were now. If he liked them back then, I was hoping he would love them now! He had been like a little boy on Christmas morning with them, touching and fondling my boobs like they were something totally new to him – and I guess in a way they were at the time. He had told me mine were the first breasts he had ever touched.

Speaking of the first things for him to touch, I let one hand run down and cup my crotch as I recalled the first time Randy had put his hand inside my shorts and touched my pussy slit. He'd frozen at the first touch, as if he had no idea of what to do now that he had reached what he had been dreaming of for so long. It was so cute!

It got me incredibly hot to whisper instructions to him, teaching him how to touch a girl, explaining the parts of my womanhood and instructing him on how to make me feel good. It was almost like masturbating as he did exactly what I told him, almost to a fault. It wasn't until the third time or so that he seemed to feel comfortable to initiate anything and to try things on his own.

Pushing my finger inside of me. I turned away from the shower and let it strike me in the back of the neck and between my shoulders. God, it had felt so incredible the first time he put his dick in me. Even though by then I'd been fucked by quite a few guys, there was something special about knowing it was the first time this dick had ever been inside a pussy. Every other guy that had fucked me before Randy had been with at least one other girl which made Randy special to me – ,my pussy was the only one he had ever experienced.

The poor boy had barely gotten his dick all the way in me when he exploded and filled me with cum. He started to pull out, a little embarrassed I think at his quick discharge but I assured him it was natural and fine with me. besides, he didn't shrink one bit after that first time and soon he was fucking me again, with more control this time now that he had cum.

With my eyes closed I turned to the side and leaned back against the wide wall of the bathtub as the shower continued but I wasn't paying any attention to it. My eyes were closed and all I could think about was that first time when Randy had fucked me. Then I started to think of the other times we'd done it and how hot it had been when his parents had been in the next room. Even when his sister had caught us I remember he hadn't shrunk a bit but kept fucking me even though I knew he was mortified at the sight of her in the doorway. Mmmmmmm, if only she had joined us. It would have been fantastic if she had let her brother fuck her!

As I masturbated I felt my hand being pushed aside and another finger was toying with my pussy. At first I thought it was just my imagination working overtime and then I opened my eyes and saw Kristen standing there with the shower curtain moved aside. She was naked and had reached in to help me out. Seeing I was aware of her, she grinned and joined me, turning off the shower as she did.

"Mmmmmmm, now THIS is the way I like to find you when I come home," she murmured to me as she kissed me and played with my pussy.

Kristen and I had played together enough over the years for her to know just where to touch me and just how to do it in order to get me off – as if it really mattered at this moment where she did. Her perky boobs slid against mine, slippery from the wet shower as our breasts pressed against each other's. She had her crotch pressed up against my hips, using me to rub herself against as she masturbated herself like a dog humping my leg. Hmmmmmm, somebody else must have been pretty horny herself as well!

"Oh god Kristen, don't stop," I begged her as another orgasm struck me.

God, this was turning out to be quite the Friday evening already and I hadn't even been picked up by Randy yet!

We played together in the shower for another twenty to thirty minutes until we were both exhausted. I grabbed a towel and threw in on my bed, plopping down in the middle of it without even drying myself off. Kristen did the same and we both laid there on our backs, nude and wet after both of us had just finished cumming yet again.

"Damn, that was good," Kristen sighed, "Now do you mind telling me what this was all about?" she giggled.

I explained to her about my ride home and how horny I'd been when I came through the door. Kristen chuckled when I mentioned about being relieved to find her not home with some young boy.

"Fuck, if I'd known you were going to come home like some tramp in heat I'd of had the whole boy scout troop over!" she laughed, "AND their leader!" she added.

I could only imagine where she was going so I didn't respond, figuring it was probably better I didn't know. Somehow I managed to get myself up and back to the bathroom to get myself ready. Looking back, I saw Kristen roll over on her side and start going at it again. It really didn't surprise me, she usually masturbated every day when she came home from school so why should today be any different?

I glanced at the clock next to my bed and my eyes popped open. Damn it, I only had an hour now before Randy was picking me up! I'd better get going and dreaming about him fucking me or I wouldn't be ready when he came and really DID!

All week I'd been having a running debate with myself as to how to approach this date. It wasn't like randy and I had never been together before and when we were, it had been all about sex. I never felt anything romantic for him when we dated, just enjoying the time we spent together. He never mentioned anything himself, never uttering the "L" word, thank God, and for all I knew, he was happy just fucking me every chance he got. So now the question was, did I pick up where we left off or what?

From what I could see, I had several options. The easiest would be just to go at it as if our last date had been last week and simply have a good time. Then again, this wasn't the same Randy I knew back in high school - this glass geek and innocent virgin. Certainly he'd been with other girls since he'd had me and I wondered how many he'd fucked - and how he compared me to them. Back in high school I felt I was pretty "skilled" compared to most girls my age when it came to sex but that was a long time ago - and a LOT of guys ago for me. Certainly he had fucked other 'experienced" girls after me, most likely older and more experienced than I had been at the time. Certainly I was due some "extra credit" in the grading curve for being his first, but that didn't mean I had been his best.

What if Randy wanted something more than just sex? What if he was looking for some sort of "relationship"? In some ways that wouldn't bother me as I WAS 24 now, approaching 25, and sooner or later I needed to start getting serious with a guy again before I became an old maid. I didn't know randy really at all so would I even WANT to get serious with him? Was it worth NOT having sex right away with him to try and establish some sort of platonic relationship first? Was that even necessary? Just because we started off with sex, did that mean we couldn't have a "serious" relationship later?

Of course, there was always the last option- just dating him and having fun without sex AND without worrying about a relationship. Yeah right... THAT option lasted about 3 seconds!

In the end, I had decided about mid-week to go for sex, pure and simple. I'd been the class slut when he met me back then, so why not be a slut for him now? Any second thoughts I may have had were crushed in the wake of my behavior the past couple of hours. Heck, if I wasn't lusting for Randy so badly, then how do you explain what I'd been doing? Just as I always say a ,man's erection never lies when it comes to his intentions, in a way the same applies to my pussy. It's almost impossible for me NOT to get wet and horny and start playing with myself when I'm really turned on by someone and want nothing more than to have him (or her) fuck me.

Randy had mentioned something about dinner and a movie - just as our first date had been. Hmmm, why not re-enact that evening?

Back then when I was getting ready for my first date with Randy I'd also showered, shaving my legs and around my crotch. Back then I trimmed a little patch of my pubic hair that I kept around (I was shaved bare now). If I recalled correctly, I'd worn a cute blue plaid skirt and a white lace blouse. The blouse was semi-sheer and buttoned down the front while my skirt had come less than halfway down my thighs.

A smile came to me as I remembered choosing a pair of standard white cotton panties and even wore a bra for the first time on a date in ages. All-in-all it had actually been a pretty conservative outfit for me compared to what I wore for some boys but I was worried then that Randy might be scared off if I wore one of my more daring dating outfits, especially the cute little skirt and halter set my dad use to refer to as "Kelly's high school slut outfit" (but actually it was his favorite!).

Looking through my things, I didn't have the blue plaid skirt but I DID have a red one that my dad had bought as part of a "naughty schoolgirl" outfit a while back. It was shorter than the one I'd worn before for randy, coming down only a few inches below my ass in the back. It was really intended more as a "costume" than an "outfit" to wear in public but I doubted that Randy would complain. As for the blouse, I had several that were similar and actually ended up with the one that went with the schoolgirl costume. It was practically sheer and the red bra I chose to wear under it would be plainly visible. Again, not intended for public consumption but nothing most guys would say anything about.

The bra was one of my fav's from Victoria's Secret, deeply cut, snapping in the front with lace around the upper portions of the cups. While not a "wonder" style bra, it did lift and hold my breasts nicely, pushing them up and together to "enhance" my cleavage. It wasn't exactly the most comfortable thing to wear and I never would have lasted a full day at school in it, but I didn't intend to be wearing it TOO long tonight so comfort wasn't exactly a concern.

I had several sets of heels that all would have gone well with the outfit but in the end picked out a rather simple pair of high heels with an ankle strap. The heel was about four inches, enough to show off my legs nicely but so much as to make it feel like I was on stilts. I'd gotten a pedicure the night before so my toes looked good and I thought a light gold chain with a small heart charm around my left ankle added a nice touch.

The schoolgirl outfit came with white thigh-highs that really looked sexy but those would have been over the top should I have to walk into somewhere public - as if the skirt and blouse weren't enough already. Then again... I thought about it some more and decided that so long as I wore a longer coat, maybe one that came down to my knees, that I could wear about anything and it wouldn't matter. Thus the white hose came out of the drawer and completed the ensemble. I looked in the mirror and grinned as I recalled the look on my dad's face the first time I'd worn it for him after he'd bought it for me.

"Hey, isn't that the outfit your dad bought you last year?" Kristen said, peeking in from the doorway.

She was still nude, but then she usually was around the house. "Didn't he wind up fucking you like in about two minutes that time?" she giggled.

I turned and grinned at her. Actually, it was probably at least ten minutes as I'd done a bit of a dance for him and teased me. Like, he deserved to get his money's worth so I wasn't about to strip it off the first minute! In the end, I actually didn't undress at all, at least not the first time. He had just pulled the pulled the panties aside and I sat on his lap as he fucked me in his chair with the entire outfit still on, even the bra.

Well, Randy wasn't aware of what me and my dad did so I wouldn't be telling him how this outfit had been initiated, that was for sure! Still, I thought it was rather appropriate that I was now wearing one of my dad's favorite outfits to go out with a guy he use to watch fucking me up in my bedroom when I was in high school!

"So what do you think cuz? Will he like it?" I asked Kristen, posing for her with my hands on my hips and a pouty look on my face.

"Shit, if he doesn't you know he's gay!" Kristen laughed. Then she got this nasty grin and licked her lips, saying, "Actually, it turns ME on as well!"

We both laughed but yet IU think we both knew she was serious - and I didn't mind it either. Even though what Kristen and I had done a little earlier wasn't something we did all that often, I can't say I didn't enjoy having sex with her. It was just better that we didn't do it all the time since we had to live with another as well. Actually I think we use to do it more when I lived in my own apartment than we did now that I had moved in together with her.

With that I gather my purse and coat and went to the living room to wait for Randy as it was about time for him to show up. Kristen went off to her room - I had a pretty good idea why, leaving me to wait by myself. I only had a few minutes when headlights shined and a car stopped in front of the house. Randy popped out from the driver's door and stood there, evidently thinking I would come out to meet him.

Wrong! Instead, I waited for him to finally come to his senses and come to the door to greet me. Call me romantic, but I figure the least a guy can do is pick me up at the door, especially when he knows what's in store for him later. My body tingling as he approached. God he looked so hot!

Finally, the night was here. I couldn't wait to be with Randy once again after all these years.

# 6. Dinner With Randy

Hi Randy," I greeted him at the front door, "That's so sweet if you to come to the door for me like a gentleman."

My sarcasm was totally lost on him but then I guess I couldn't blame him. He seemed more interested in my legs at the moment, probably wondering what was further up but with my coat already on that was pretty well hidden from view – as I intended it to be for the time being at least. He held open the storm door as I closed the door and checked to see that it was locked behind me. Too bad Kristen was still occupied up in her room. I would have loved her to see what I had all to myself for the evening! I smiled as I imagined her returning to her room once again after getting an eyeful of Randy.

"Something you wanted to say?" Randy asked, evidently thinking I was smiling because of something I wanted to tell him. Rather than say he was wrong, I made something up instead.

"Just thinking back to all those years ago when we went on our first date." I replied.

By now we were at his car and he held the door open for me. "Well, things have changed quite a bit since then for both of us I imagine," he said as he closed the door and quickly hurried to the other side. I looked around the car and was slightly miffed that it had a large console in the center. While I could probably still reach over it for his crotch, any hopes of blowing him while he was driving were pretty much off the table now without performing some wild gymnastics – which I wasn't dressed for.

I was waiting for him to ask me if I had a preference as to where we would go for dinner but he had indeed grown up and didn't ask but rather started driving somewhere. Rather than appear nervous and ask him where he was going, I just sat back and waited to see what happened. We made some small talk as he drove and I noticed he kept glancing over at me. All that was available for his viewing pleasure at the moment were my legs as my coat covered everything else. Even then, the coat barely covered the tops of my thighs so it must have been obvious to him that whatever was underneath couldn't have been very much. It was SO tempting to look over at his crotch to see if there was any response yet but I kept my eyes ahead except for when I turned to look at him – and then I looked him in the eyes without glancing lower.

Randy turned off and started heading up a steep hill and I knew the area well enough to know there was only one thing ahead of us. It rather surprised me as I had assumed we would be going to some dark restaurant with a quiet, out of the way booth were we could be more "personal". Yes indeed, probably the last place I would have ever guessed would be a Japanese steak house!

"I hope you like places like this," Randy said as he pulled up to the door to let me out before he parked the car.

I just smiled and nodded and stepped out when it became obvious he wasn't going to get out to open the door for me.

As I turned to exit the car, I noted an older couple entering. The husband was holding the door open for his wife (I assumed she was anyway) and he turned to see me getting out of the car. I tried not to notice his stare as I allowed my coat to pull up enough to reveal that my skirt had to be EALLY short based on the amount of thigh he got to see. Randy pulled away but the guy was polite and held the door open for me as well while his wife waited impatiently inside.

"Thank you," I said with a smile as I passed by him.

"Oh it's my pleasure," he replied.

Then he saw his wife glaring at him and he quickly hustled over to be with her while she in turn shifted her glare to me instead. She didn't say anything out loud but it was obvious what she was thinking about me. Cool! I must be looking goof tonight to earn her wrath while I still had my coat on!

Randy appeared in a few minutes and checked on his reservation. He told me it would only be a few minutes and offered to take my coat and check it. Yeah, like I was going to parade around the restaurant in THIS outfit! I'm sure most of the guys wouldn't mind but even I have enough common sense to know when something's over the line.

"Ummmmm, I think I'll keep it on... it's sort of chilly in here," I said, clinging to my coat.

Just then a girl came to us and said out table was ready - that was quick! She led the way towards the back of the restaurant to a table which could seat eight people, two at each end and four in the middle. She started to offer a seat in the middle but I nudged Randy and nodded towards the end against the wall. He picked up on my not-too-subtle hint and motioned to the girl that we preferred the other seats. She didn't seem to mind and for the moment we were the only ones at the table.

"Do you want me to help you with your coat?" Randy asked. I rolled my eyes and shook my head slowly.

"I... well... I didn't really come dressed for this place," I started to say but he didn't seem to understand.

"Oh I'm sure they don't care if you're not dressed up all fancy," he encouraged me, totally clueless it seemed to the reality of the situation. Since he didn't seem to be able to take a hint, I unbuttoned my coat and opened it up enough for him to see underneath.

"Whoa!" he said under his breath as his eyes immediately went to his favorite spot - my chest. Even in the rather dim light he must have been able to see how sheer my blouse was and the red bra underneath had to be plainly visible. "Sorry... guess I sort of blew it, didn't I?" he apologized. "Do you want to go somewhere else?"

Before I had time to answer, the girl brought in the older couple that I had "met" on my way in and seated them next to us. Actually, he was seated next to Randy who was at the corner while the wife was to his side furthest from us. When she realized who was sitting at our table I could see her eyes open and for a moment it looked like she was going to say something to her husband, probably about moving to another table. Too late, he had already taken her coat and helped her to sit down before she could get anything out.

Before seeing the old bitch I was about to accept Randy's offer to eat somewhere else. Indeed, I would have been happy eating something out in the parking lot, if you know what I mean. But seeing the way she looked at me, that high and mighty, "holier than though" aristocratic snobby attitude, I decided that this wasn't so bad at all. In fact, maybe I should think twice about removing my coat.

"Oh no, this is just fine," I said back to Randy, acting as though I hadn't even noticed out new table neighbors. "In fact, I've warmed up now so maybe you can help me with my coat after all."

Randy gave me that "are you sure?" look but I pushed back my coat, leaned forward and lowered my arms for him to take it off of me. When he pulled it off, I leaned back and grinned ever so slightly as I saw the older guy staring at me, not to mention the other couples that were now filling in the remaining seats at the table. Although they couldn't see my skirt from the way I was seated, my blouse was plainly visible - or not, depending on how you wanted to describe it. I'd left the top three buttons undone so it was opened up down to the bottom of my cleavage, allowing the red bra underneath to poke out slightly from the opening.

"Damn, that is one HOT outfit, Kelly!" Randy whispered to me in my ear.

He was also the only one who could see just how short my skirt was, barely covering my ass as I sat down, exposing almost my entire upper thigh.

Perhaps I should have been a little self-conscious about my outfit but then it's not like I was actually exposing anything. Had I been wearing a white bra instead of a bright red one it probably wouldn't have been so noticeable but then what was the point in that? Once the dinner got started and our soup and salads arrived, everyone seemed more involved in the dinner anyway so it rally became a non-issue for the most part. Now and then I would catch one of the men stealing a glance my way, but they all had wives and/or girlfriends with them to keep their interests in check.

It wasn't until the cook arrived started his thing that Randy took any initiative. While I was watching the "volcano" erupt, I felt his hand on my leg - finally! I looked over at him and he started to pull his hand away, misinterpreting my looking at him for disapproval. I put my hand on his and pulled it up even higher onto my thigh.

"Don't you dare take it off," I said softly to him, licking my lips ever so slightly, "I was wondering if you were ever going to touch me!

Randy rubbed my leg softly, inching his way up a little at a time until he reached the hem of my skirt where he paused. I reached down again and pushed his hand underneath and for once he took the hint! It was only a few more inches until he reached my panties and I spread my legs open just a bit to make it easier for him. Once again, he took the hint and reached in between to press on my pussy through my panties.

"Panties?" he questioned in a low whisper and then grinned.

I knew what he was referring to. When we dated I rarely wore panties, making this the one of the few times that he had to deal with them so far as I was concerned at least.

The chef started to hand out the first round of food so Randy had to pull his hand away, at least for the moment. Everyone was focused on the chef so I decided it was time to start being naughty. Reaching underneath me, I slipped my panties off and over my knees, letting them drop to the floor where I lifted my feet off of them. It was a bit of a pain with my heels but eventually they were all alone under my feet.

"Ummmmm, Randy, I need some help," I said softly to him.

He looked at me with a curious expression and I continued, "I dropped something on the floor."

Most likely he first thought I was talking about my napkin but when he looked down and saw what I was referring to, he just shook his head and reached down to grab them. Rather than hand them to me, he boldly put them in his pocket.

"You didn't need those in the first place," he explained with a sly grin.

The rest of the dinner went pretty much without further incident. It felt better to not have my panties on. Fortunately I was hidden by the table as in a normal table arrangement anyone seated opposite me would have had a fairly good view of my bare crotch. The couple who were last to arrive were then the first to leave.

Randy and I got up then and he helped me with my coat. When I put my arms back to let him put it on me, I could feel my skirt lifting up and for a moment it must have slid up just enough to prove I wasn't wearing anything as I heard a distinct gasp from the old bitch but I wasn't about to give her the satisfaction of looking at her and letting her glare at me again.

Soon we were at the entrance once again where I waited for Randy to get the car. I was hoping the older couple would come up and give me another chance to flash the husband but no doubt she was making sure I was long gone before she let her husband approach the entrance again. Too bad, maybe she might have gotten the old guy worked up for later when they got home if she hadn't been so prudish!

## 7. Movie and a BJ

Once we were back in the car Randy was finally able to talk openly with me. "Wow, now I see why you wore that coat tonight," he gushed, "That is one incredible outfit!"

Just in time I caught myself as I was about to say my dad had bought it for me but I'm wasn't sure how Randy would react to that news. It didn't have to mean I had sex with my dad, just that he bought me sexy clothes but still, some guys might find even that a little too much to deal with. Isn't it funny how guys all seem to love incest stories until it's their own girlfriend that is involved?

As he drove off, I undid the coat again to give him a better view. Lifting up my skirt, I let him see my bare crotch and teased him with, "So are you going to give me back my panties?"

"Hell no... I like things just the way they are now," he chuckled, reaching over to pat me softly on my crotch. "I see you shave it all off now... that something new?"

Reaching down to rub my bare pussy, I replied, "Actually I've been this quite for quite a while now. Do you like it better this way?"

"Hey, I love your pussy no matter what hair style you choose. Bald is cool though."

"Does it feel good this way?" I teased him.

Randy reached over again and ran his finger up and down my pussy and then pulled his hand away as he tried to steer through traffic. "Pretty damn good if you ask me."

We were already at the theater so I decided to wait until we were inside to continue our little game. Randy bought the tickets and soon we were seated in the theater. It wasn't that crowded but we still took a pair of seats towards the top and off to one side where we were a number of rows and seats away from anyone else. Randy handed me some popcorn as he helped me out of my coat once again.

"I don't think you'll be needing this in here," he said, grinning as he did.

For a moment I was tempted to slip off my skirt as well as I could always pull my coat over my lap if anyone came close. Being bottomless in the theater would have been hot but at the same time, it would have been more for show than necessity as the skirt was already so short it barely covered my crotch as it was. Besides, I wouldn't put it past Randy to grab it and hide it away the same as he had done with my panties should I take it off, forcing me to go leave the theater later with nothing on my bottom under my coat. Not that such a thing would have been so bad, it was more the principle than anything else. If I was going to be bottomless when we left, it would be MY decision, not his.

By now Randy HAD to have gotten the message that I wasn't going to be playing hard to get. During the week I had debated how to approach this moment and I didn't see any reason to deviate from my plans so it was time to get down to the business at hand - Randy's dick! I lifted the armrest that separated us and scooted over uptight against him, placing my hand firmly on his crotch so I could feel him firmness underneath his pants. I wasn't disappointed - he was already becoming aroused!

"You know, I've been thinking all week about your dick Randy," I murmured to him, purring like a kitten.

If he was surprised by my boldness, he didn't let on. It wasn't like this was our first date or anything after all. No doubt he would have been more surprised if I had played it cool but then my goal wasn't to surprise him... not by a long shot. Nope, if there were going to be any surprises it would be how fast I could make him cum.

The rest of the theater didn't seem to be paying any attention to us so there was no reason to wait. I reached over and undid his belt and buckle while he put his arm around me and started to play with my boobs through my blouse and bra. Damn, that boy still loved boobs as much as ever! Soon I had his dick free and in my hand. Mmmmmmm, it felt so warm and I loved the way it was firm but not yet hard.

"Do you remember the first time I sucked your dick Randy?"

Randy just nodded, he eyes shifting between mine and his crotch as I gently stroked his wonderful dick. Randy hadn't exactly been small when I first held him all those years ago and if anything, he had grown quite a bit since then. He wasn't exactly HUGE, but he was definitely at the top of the above average end of the scale.

"Do you want me to suck your dick now Randy?"

He just nodded but that wasn't good enough for me so I repeated myself saying, "Tell me Randy... I want you to tell me you want me to suck your dick."

"Oh god yes Kelly, I want you to suck my dick," he groaned, almost too soft to be heard but good enough to satisfy my ego.

If there was one thing I knew guys LOVED to hear, it was me asking them to fuck me. Well, in the same manner I loved it when guys asked me to suck their dicks. There was just something about them putting it in words that turned me all the more as I got ready to suck their cocks.

I leaned over and took the head of his dick in my mouth and just sucked on it for a while, using my tongue to tease it while putting just the head itself in my mouth. He smelled so good, that delicious mixture of a man's musky crotch and sweat. The base of his dick was covered with a thick thatch of dark pubic hair which I ran my fingers through as I suckled on the head of his dick. It felt wonderful to have his cock in my mouth, feeling it surge and grow as I gave him what he wanted.

"Do you like that?" I asked, looking up at him while I stroke the shaft of his dick.

"Oh god yes... don't stop," he begged.

Well, I can't say I've had a guy tell me much of anything different once I started sucking his dick but still, it was always nice to hear it.

Suffice to say I didn't see much of the movie. Well, make that none of the movie. It wasn't a disappointment as my intention had never been to see the movie in the first place. My goal was to spend the entire movie sucking Randy's dick and that's exactly what I did. Over the course of the movie I changed positions now and then. As much as I hated to do it, I kneeled on the floor a few times to give my back a rest from leaning over his lap. The last half hour or so I finally wised up and stretched out across the seats to the side of him with my head in his lap, sucking on the cock I'd been dreaming all week about.

Randy wasn't sixteen anymore but he was probably more in his prime now than anything so when he stayed hard after the first time he came it didn't surprise me. Try as I did, it was impossible to NOT have him cum fairly early on given how horny he was and if anything, it was good that he did because after that he was a little easier to suck without having to worry so much about driving him over the edge. I assumed he had to be good for at least three time an evening if not more and I still had every intention of him fucking me after the movie so the most I could let him cum was twice during the movie.

The first time Randy came, even though I was trying my best to be ready for it, took me a little by surprise. Usually the guy gives me a little bit of a warning, a least a second or two but this time Randy just suddenly hot off like a jack-in-the-box. It would figure it was one of the few times I didn't have my mouth around his shaft, instead I was liking the side of his dick while I played with his pubic hair.

Next thing I knew he was spouting like Old Faithful and the first load must have landed right on the side of my head and hair. I quickly got my mouth over him and managed to gather the rest in my mouth after which swallowed it down, but to my chagrin I could feel it dripping down from the side of my face. Great, now I had THAT to deal with after the movie as well.

The second time he came was almost at the end of the movie. There had been a few close calls along the way and quite a bit of leaking precum, but I managed to control him enough to keep him from going all the way each time. This time was when I was kneeling in front of him, squeezing in between the seats so I could suck him more easily. At least he gave me some warning so I made sure to have my lips sealed around his hard shaft right before he began to spurt his cum, taking every drop in my mouth without spilling a bit of it.

Before I swallowed it, I did what I knew he wanted - I opened my mouth and let him see his cum covering my tongue and then swallowed it down, just to open my mouth again and prove it was all down in my belly now. It was sort of like proving to your mom that you'd taken your pill and guys always seemed to really get off from watching me do it.

"Trust me, it gets nothing but better," I said, "My guy came twice in my mouth tonight and I loved it."

The girl looked up at me like I was some alien and finally said, "How can you stand it? I thought I was going to throw up when he made me swallow it. I can still taste it in my mouth."

"Well, remember to keep some mints with you next time, they can help a lot until you get more use to it," I offered.

"I just feel so... so dirty now," she said, still sobbing a little but starting to get herself under control.

"Why? Just because you sucked a man's dick and swallowed his cum?"

"I didn't want to... but he said if I loved him I would do it."

Well, I would have loved to have a few words with her so-called boyfriend about now but that wouldn't help her at this moment. Why do guys have to be such bastards?

"Do you really love him that much?"

She nodded so I asked, "So if you love him enough to suck his dick, what about sex?"

She shrugged her shoulders and I continued with, "Are you a virgin then?"

This time she nodded more emphatically and I could tell her virginity meant more to her than any worries about sucking cock.

"Well, I tell you this then. Don't let him fuck you just to prove you love him, OK? Make sure it's something YOU want to do. If he really loves YOU, then he'll respect you enough to wait."

She seemed to be more under control now and seemed to be anxious to leave so I finished with, "You know, you should try sucking him more often. It really DOES get better each time and the more you do it, the less he will pressure you to have sex."

She seemed to be uncomfortable with this line of discussion now that she was over her initial problems so I let he go, following her close behind. As she went back into the theater across the hall, I saw my own movie must be letting out as people were leaving the theater. Soon randy appeared. I didn't tell him about the girl, figuring it was something he didn't need to know about, and soon we were out in the parking lot headed for his car.

# 8. Randy Finally Fucks Me

Randy beeped his car and started to reach for the front door on the passenger side to let me in. He seemed surprised when I just stood there rather than sit down once he had the door open.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

"I'm just waiting for you to open the door for me."

Randy appeared puzzled. He was holding the door open yet here I was telling him I was waiting for him to open it. What I guess I should have said was that I was waiting for him to open the right door, that at the moment he had the wrong door open. Sheesh, the guy may be hung like a horse but he certainly could be clueless at times!

"Well, the front seat has that stupid console..." I hinted.

Damn, was he just stupid or what? Even with that hint he still stood there with his mouth half open like he had no idea what I was talking about.

"Damn it Randy, I want you to fuck me and we can't do it in the front seat!" I finally burst out in an exasperated voice.

"Ohhhhhh!" was all he could think of saying as finally he got the idea.

I don't know what he had in mind but certainly he had to be have planned to fuck me somewhere sooner or later before the night as over. Then again, maybe he hadn't? Was he still that unsure of himself that he thought all he would be getting was BJ the first night we dated again?

"Randy, if I let you fuck me on our first date, why wouldn't I let you do it now?" I huffed, "No dammit, are you going to fuck me or not?"

"But... here?" he said in a high voice, looking around at the full parking lot. Granted at the moment we were relatively alone but that could easily change in a moment's notice.

"You didn't seem so worried the first time you fucked me in a movie theater parking lot!" I taunted him.

Nobody was near us so I slipped my skirt down and stood there in front of him totally naked from the waist down. It was chilly but what the hell, I quickly undid my blouse and threw it in the car, followed quickly by my bra, leaving me in nothing but my heels and an ankle bracelet.

"Shit Kelly, what if someone sees you?"

"Well, then get in with me before I freeze and fuck me," I challenged him as I ducked into the back seat.

I crawled in to the other side and turned, sitting on the seat with my bare back against the other door, one leg on the floor with my other on the seat, letting my legs spread apart to give him an unimpeded view of my pussy in the glow of the parking lot lights.

With that he got in back with me and shut the door. Rather than undress, which arguably would have been cumbersome in the tight confines of the rear seat, he just undid he pants and pulled out his now erect dick.

"Now THAT'S better," I sighed, reaching down and grabbing his stiff dick, "Now quit goofing around and fuck me."

"Damn, you're still as such a slut as you were in school," he laughed as he positioned himself between my legs, "I was wondering if you had cooled off a little after all these years but I guess not."

His dick was at the entrance to my pussy but he kept on talking, even as he wiggled his hips to get the tips of his dick in just the right place between my wet pussy lips.

"I've been waiting for this moment for such a long time," he sighed as he began to push himself into me, "God damn, your pussy feels as tight as it was back then!"

It felt incredible to have him finally fuck me, to FINALLY fill my horny pussy with the fullness of his thick cock. Damn, how many times had I masturbated this past week dreaming of this very moment? How many fingers had I put in me imagining it was this very dick that was now in me? How many times had I cum, imagining he was cumming in me at the same time?

"Put it in me deeper Randy... I want it deep inside of me!"

Randy pulled me down from where I was leaning against the back door until I was flat on the back seat, my head on the armrest as he rammed his dick into my hungry pussy. I could hear voices outside, maybe from someone walking by but if they saw anything, they didn't let on and the voices receded. All I could concentrate on now was the feeling of Randy's cock in my pussy, the feeling of him fucking me and filling me.

Randy pulled out of me and pushed me aside so he could sit on the seat. I moved on top of him, straddling his legs as I faced him and felt his dick pressing up under me, trying to get back into the warm cave of my pussy. I quickly lowered myself down onto him as I held his dick with one hand, directing him easily back into my freshly fucked pussy. My boobs were in his face and she started to grab at my nipples with his mouth as I mounted myself on his cock like a corndog on a stick at the fair and started to bounce on him like a bucking bronco.

"Suck my nipples Randy... harder!" I sighed as he reached up and grabbed one boob with each hand while I rocked on his cock. I could see out the back window and grinned as several cars passed by and then an entire family walked behind us as they made their way to the theater. I was surprised they didn't notice the bouncing of our car as I drove Randy's dick in and out of me. It felt so wild to have him fucking me while mom and dad led the kids just a matter of feet away from us!

"Cum inside of me Randy," I begged him, "I want you to cum inside of my pussy."

Whether it was me asking him or maybe he was going to do it anyway, but one way or another Randy started to spurt again, this time with his cum gathering in my pussy instead of my mouth. It was exactly what I needed right then, the final bit of heat to light the fires within me as my own orgasm made my pussy grip his dick and I gushed cum down his shaft. God I needed this, I need it so badly! Each time his cock shot another load in me, it was like pouring another cup of gasoline on the fires within me, driving me even more and more into a totally orgasmic state where nothing in the world existed but his wonderful cock in my pussy.

"Damn!" was all he could say as I feel into his arms, totally exhausted.

I just sat there for a while, letting his cock remain in me, feeling him in me as I just put my head on his shoulder and felt his hands roaming all over my bare body. I felt wonderful, tired, and yet I horny, if that were somehow possible!

"I love your dick in me like this Randy," I purred softly to him, closing my eyes so I could focus on the feelings between my legs.

He was fully dress still so it was his pants I felt under my bare bottom. In a way it was strange. When I fucked my dad in a situation like this, HE was the one that licked to be naked while I would stay dressed. I had to say though, I liked being the one that was nude better. Even better than that would have been if we both were naked but under the circumstances, I was content with things as they were.

Eventually we had to get going. If nothing else, I was getting a chill now that I wasn't being "warmed up" by Randy fucking me. Randy opened the door and got our, reaching down to get my skirt and blouse for me. I waved him off and just grabbed my coat. Really, what was the point in getting dressed now?

On the way back to my place neither of us said a word. It was like everything had been taken from us when he finally fucked me in the back seat. When we got to the curb in front of the house, Randy finally broke the silence.

"I had a great time tonight Kelly, can I see you again?"

I leaned over to him and kissed him, smiling as I replied, "Well you better... but next time we do it someplace more comfortable, OK?" He just grinned and so I teased him with, "Maybe at your parent's house again... with your sister?"

For just a moment he hesitated and I wondered what it was that seemed to have struck a chord with him but then in an instant it was gone and he was back to being himself again.

"How about your place?" he suggested.

Indeed, now THAT would be interesting to say the least, especially if Kristen was around. Sure, maybe randy was a little old for her taste but I knew she was never one to turn away a goof fucking. Besides, when I told her all about tonight I knew she would be wanting a piece of Randy for herself anyway.

I just smiled naughtily, gathered my clothes, and let myself back into the house. I turned and waved to him as he drove off. When I turned back to the living room, there was Kristen, naked on the couch watching TV. She saw the outfit in my hands and when I took off my coat to reveal I was naked underneath, she whistled and motioned at me to join her on the couch.

As I approached Kristen, I started to tell her about the night. Seeing the hungry look in her eyes, I had a feeling my evening wasn't quite over yet!

# (Nov 10) Chapter 200: Dad Turns 45

Story codes: MF F-solo inc father mother daughter uncle aunt niece
Me (24)
John - my dad (45)
Aunt Linda (41)
Kristen - cousin (22)

Hard to believe but my dad is now on the downward slope to 50! There are a few days each year that are special when it comes to me and my dad - Father's Day, 4th of July, his birthday and Christmas. Of course, it's HOW you make a day special that counts!

Note from Kelly: On reading this over after I wrote it, I realized I may have repeated myself a lot and perhaps dwelled on certain topics a bit too much. My apologies if that's the case but these things are important to me and are hard to put into words so please bear with me!

## 1. My Feelings for My Dad

Let me start right out by saying that my dad is the greatest dad in the world. Of course, I COULD be a little biased, but so what? After all, shouldn't EVERY girl believe that HER dad is the greatest in the world?

OK, so I admit that my dad has always spoiled me, probably more than I deserved. While he's never shared his tax return with me, I'm well aware that he earns an incredible income though his legal practice and as such, money has never been a big issue for our family. Even so, I wasn't raised in a mansion nor are there any expensive European cars in the garage, but that's more because that's how my parents CHOSE to live, not because they HAD to. Even though there's not many physical needs that I have been "deprived" of and I appreciate everything I have, that's not the only reason (or even the biggest one) why I say my dad is the best in the world.

More important than money, my dad is simply amazing to be around. He is smart, witty, and people seem to naturally want to be with him. OK, so maybe he's

As I've gotten older, graduated from college, moved into my own apartment, and eventually obtaining the dream job I've always wanted (teaching), things have changed between my father and me. That's to be expected I suppose. Heck, I'm certainly not the same naive sixteen year-old high school slut he first fucked over eight years ago! We don't see each other as much, especially now that my Aunt Linda has moved in with him, so it only follows that we don't have sex as much. It's been ages since I woke up with him trying to sneak his dick into me or jerking off over me.

The one "tradition" we HAVE tried to maintain is our Sunday morning "quickie" where he fucks me as close as possible to when we leave for church, thus ensuring when we sit in the pews his cum is still inside of me, perhaps even still leaking out a bit. Still, if he were to call me right now and tell me he needs me, I would be there in a heartbeat, ready to submit to him and be his ever obedient daughter, his loving daughter.

Now isn't that what the greatest father in the world deserves?

## 2. Planning and Plotting

My dad's 45th birthday was fast approaching. Every year it was something I fretted and worried over as trying to come up with something new and original can be quite taxing at times. Last year it was so close to my mother's passing that we just sort of let it come and go quietly without a lot of fanfare. Thus I felt even more compelled to ensure that this year's birthday was one that my dad would never forget.

To be fair, my dad was easy to satisfy, just as most men are. Heck, I knew that just a wakeup BJ and sex in bed would've been enough for him but where's the fun in that? Over the years I'd done a number of things, including role playing (naughty babysitter, dirty French maid, innocent school girl, and so forth), taking him out to dinner or a movie - or both and having sex in public, and even once hiring a stripper for him when I was away at school (no sex, I took care of THAT a couple of weeks later).

Ever since my Aunt Linda moved in with my dad I've been living with her daughter, my cousin Kristen. There's a spare room at the house and Kristen wasn't all that thrilled about living alone for the first time in her life. The added benefit of free housing was also important as my career as a Christian Elementary School teacher is fulfilling, but the pay is absolute crap. Thus my dad had been subsidizing me to pay for my rent and stuff, something I was glad to no longer have to worry about.

Living with Kristen is... well, let's just say it's "entertaining". As a recently "retired" whore, she just graduated from Realtor school but she hasn't totally lost the "itch" that drove her previous "career". Also, there's her insatiable passion for sex with younger boys that while it can be incredibly erotic, it is also be a bit disconcerting at times, not to mention tempting - something I simply don't need if I want to remain a teacher. I considered going to Kristen to get her advice for this year's birthday celebration but I already knew in general what it would be - something crazy that would get us all in trouble, if not thrown in jail!

In the past I could go to my mom and be assured she would always have something constructive and useful to help me. It was times like this when my heart would threaten to break again and tears formed as my thoughts turned to my mom and I realized yet again how much I missed her. Eventually I turned to the next best person - her sister, my Aunt Linda.

Linda was a couple of years younger than my mom and actually dated my dad back in their high school days (technically she was still in middle school when they started but close enough). My mom and Aunt Linda had sex with my dad and his younger brother throughout their high school years. When my Uncle Jim got married, he had to quit having sex with Linda as his new wife was really uptight about that sort of thing would never have gone along with it.

My dad almost married Linda as I think he had more fun with her sexually (even my mom admitted that Linda was the "wild one") but his heart was with my mom and fortunately love won over lust. Still, being so close my dad and his now sister-in-law continued their physical relationship. They continued even after Linda married, supposedly to a man who accepted her incestuous background.

Unfortunately, as things turned out he never was able to truly accept her family relationships and forced Linda to choose between her family and her husband - as if there was a choice. Family has always come first in our family and it was really unfair of her husband to be so jealous, especially since they now had a baby girl - my cousin Kristen.

Over the years, my aunt would stop by our house occasionally and disappear with my dad for a while, leaving later with this odd expression on her face. The idea that she and my dad might be having sex never even entered my mind, especially since my mom was usually home during those times. It wasn't that I would have thought anything wrong with them having sex, I just never even thought about it period.

Once I started having sex with my parents I learned the truth about my Aunt Linda's place in the family. The two of us even had sex but it turned out to be something we only did rarely after that, and almost always as part of a larger family "event". Eventually my cousin was included, much to the delight of my dad as you might well imagine. Kristen has always been into younger boys but she enjoys pleasing her favorite uncle and while my dad doesn't fuck her often these days, I know he made use of her "services" frequently when I was away at school.

Given their history, it was only natural that after a proper period of mourning that my aunt should move in with my dad. Of course, I say "only natural" assuming you DID know about their history. Given most of our family does NOT know about the incestual side of things, you can imagine what was being whispered at the time.

Now that they've had time to see them together, people seem to be accepting it more but I know there's still a bit of tension when my dad and aunt show up together at a family event, especially if they should kiss or get a little touchy-feely. Fortunately, I don't think the two of the care a hoot about what anyone thinks. Even though they seem close, I can't see them ever getting married - they don't have THAT sort of relationship. The important thing is they seem to be very happy being together and that's what counts in my book.

So anyway... I decided to seek my aunt's advice this year as I was drawing a total blank. I stopped by over at the house when I knew she should be home from work yet my dad would still be at his office in downtown Pittsburgh. When I walked in the house nobody answered and I eventually found her on the back deck, soaking in the hot tub. Who could blame her? I LOVED that hot tub and after a long day nothing beat relaxing in the hot water as the jets and bubbles caressed you. Needless to say, it was WHERE those jets were directed that made all the difference - as my aunt obviously was aware of gathering from her position in the tub when I walked out from the kitchen onto the deck.

At first she didn't realize I was there as the noise of the blower and pump drowned out the sound of the door opening and my steps onto the wood deck. Plus, she was facing away from me with one leg up on the side of the tub, the other with her foot on the bottom. It was my favorite position as well as it allowed one of the corner jets an unobstructed shot directly into your crotch. Oh yeah, it was a GREAT position to be in and judging from her reactions, she'd been at it for a while.

"Ohhhhhh, Goddddddd!" I heard her groaning as her head laid back and she closed her eyes, humping herself quickly as if she was being fucked by the hot stream of air and water directed at her hairy pussy (granted, I couldn't actually SEE her pussy from this viewpoint but I knew she never shaved, despite Kristen's badgering).

It was a bit chilly this late in the day but not terribly so - enough that I was wearing a light jacket but not so cold that I needed to zip it up. Rather than interrupt her just as it appeared she was about to cum, I decided to watch and wait for the finale. Of course, just WATCHING wasn't an option. Like, how could anyone watch a woman with Linda's body, even if she was past her 40th birthday, as she got herself off right there in front of them?

Actually, seeing her masturbate like this wasn't something I could even remember seeing before. In fact, I couldn't remember EVER seeing her masturbating alone without someone watching her. I guess technically she WAS being watched now - by me, but that didn't seem to be quite the same as her doing it right on front of my dad for him to watch and enjoy. It's sort of funny in a way how something like that can go unseen for so many years.

God, my nipples felt so hard and sensitive! It wasn't just the chill in the air either that was making them so as I loosened my blouse a few buttons so I could caress my boobs. I eventually undid them all and pulled the blouse out from my jeans so it hung loose, allowing me easy access to my boobs which were practically aching from lack of proper attention.

Thankfully the security fence around the deck hid me pretty much from anyone's view. The people on the hilltop in back of our house would need some pretty strong binoculars to see anything - assuming they even could tell I was doing anything in the first place to make them even want to look closer.

Aunt Linda had one arm over the side to stabilize herself and from the looks of things, had the other between her legs helping the jets to accomplish their mission. There was that distinctive arm motion that clearly signaled that she was masturbating - and pretty hard at the moment as well. She was groaning and mumbling something that I couldn't quite make out but I didn't want to move in any closer and alert her to my presence. Every now and then she would add in a little moan or even cry out a little louder, arching her back and then settling in for more. God she looked so damn sexy!

As good as it felt to fondle my boobs, watching my Aunt Linda masturbating in the hot tub was creating feelings in me that mere boob rubbing was woefully inadequate to satisfy. Leaning back against the brick wall of the house, I reached down and unbuttoned my jeans, quickly drawing down the zipper and spreading them open at the top until I was able to reach in and get to my pussy. My body shuddered uncontrollable as the tip of my finger touched my throbbing clit, sending out all sorts of spasms and jerks that I couldn't anticipate or counter. Reaching down further, I pushed my finger just a little into my pussy hole and smiled to myself at the wetness I found there. I knew without touching myself I was wet but actually feeling the slick interior of my pussy was always something I looked forward to when I would start to masturbate.

The damn jeans were just in the way! Fuck it... I pulled them down and the cool late air raised goose bumps on my thighs and the rest of my body but they were the least of my concerns at the moment. The bump I WAS interested in was between my legs, right at the top of my pussy slit where it seemed to become more and more sensitive by the second. With one hand I was toying with my pussy while with the other, cupping my boob and tugging on my nipples. I imagine it would have made quite a sight for anyone seeing us – an older woman letting the hot tub do its work on her while a girl about half her age masturbated as she watched unnoticed!

The jets must have finally accomplished their mission as I watched my aunt stiffen and lift her hips up until her pussy was at the water surface and I could see the darkness of her thick pubic hair just under the top of the frothy water. She was fingering herself and then shoved her hand between her legs. Cupping her crotch and pulling up against it as she cried out in ecstasy as her orgasm began. It was SO hot to watch her cumming, knowing she had no idea her "performance" had an audience, an audience of one, one girl who was getting off herself at the sight of her aunt masturbating and cumming.

"Oh fuck!" she gasped when she finally let herself settle down and take a seat in the tub.

My aunt was breathing heavily and turned her back to the side of the tub to sit on the underwater seat that was molded into the tub. It was then something seemed to catch her eye and she turned to face me.

"Oh my god!" she gasped, jumping a little at first from the surprise of someone watching her.

Then she recognized who it was and her shock change to a seductive grin as she shook her head at the sight of me.

"Damn it Kelly, just how long have you been watching me?" she blurted out.

Then she seemed to finally come to grips with my own condition - maybe the jeans around my ankles and the open blouse had something to do with that, not to mention the strategic positioning of my hands. "God damn it girl, you must be freezing... get your ass in here now!"

I still hadn't said anything and so I just shrugged and stripped right there next to the house, leaving my clothes in a pile on the deck on top of my shoes. Now that I was naked the cold was making me shiver so I quickly hustled over to the tub. The water seemed almost unbearably hot after the coldness of the air but I still slipped down up to my neck within a few seconds, my skin tingling from the heat of the bubbling water.

"So... did you enjoy the show?" she teased me.

For a moment I thought maybe she was implying that she had known all along that I had been watching and the entire thing had been an act put on for my benefit. Then she added, "If I'd know you were there I would've tried harder to give you a better view."

So much for her knowing about me watching. We both giggled at her comment and then she got more serious, or at least TRIED to appear more serious.

"So did you cum yet?"

I shook my head and she frowned.

"Well, we can't leave you like THAT now, can we," she stated rather rhetorically.

She started to get up and the first thing to pop in my mind was that she going to offer me her position so I could make use of our favorite jet while she watched. As it turned out, she had other ideas...

"It's been a long time," she mused, talking to herself it seemed more than to me, "God you're so fucking hot."

It was then I realized what her intentions were - SHE would be the jet, or least she was going to provide the stimulation I needed to get myself off. Well, who was I to complain? If your aunt told you she was going to make you cum, would you argue? As she moved in closer to me, I felt her warm wet skin pressing against me as she put one arm around my neck while placing her other hand on my upper thigh as she leaned over to kiss me. As she had already said, it HAD been a long time since I had even kissed her, ages in fact it seemed.

Even though my aunt was about the same age as my mom, it wasn't the same as when I use to kiss my mother. Of course, how could it be? It was like comparing my dad fucking me to one of my uncles fucking me. Both were certainly different experiences than just fucking any other man but still worlds apart in terms of emotion and feelings. Perhaps the biggest difference was the lack of submission on my part. The ONLY man I've EVER truly submitted myself to, totally and unconditionally, has been my father. Oh sure, I play along with some guys and pretend to submit, but it's not without some reservation and holding back, unlike with my father to whom I give myself totally and freely.

It was a similar thing with my aunt. While I didn't "submit" myself to my mother, our relationship was far more than a mere mother-daughter thing when we had sex. For that all too brief moment in time, we became lovers in every sense of the word, equal partners forging a bond that only a mother and her daughter can ever fully appreciate - or even comprehend. With my Aunt Linda it was certainly more intimate and meaningful than having sex with a girlfriend, or even my cousins Tammy or Kristen. Still, it never even came close to the "lover" status that my mother and I enjoyed. Regardless, I still enjoyed being with my favorite aunt and perhaps because it WAS so rare I even appreciated those times we spent together even more.

As our tongues met I felt her hand working its way between my legs and I spread them more apart to make it easier for her. I sighed as she caressed my inner thighs, running her palm and fingers up and down my thigh from my crotch to my knee. Closing my eyes, I just sat there and let her do all the work, reveling in the intense feelings she was bringing up from deep inside of me.

"My, you have such a tight pussy for a girl who fucks so much," she teased me as she pushed one finger inside my pussy, quickly followed by a second.

I couldn't help but smile. Indeed, I'm quite proud of my tight pussy and more than one guy has been fooled into thinking I'm relatively inexperienced based on how hard it was to get his dick in me at first. In fact, I've been fucked by literally hundreds of guys, albeit some of them only for a few moments at a gangbang or something like that, but still a lot of dicks no matter how you slice it. As for how many time I've been fucked... well I can't even venture a guess but it has to be in the thousands. Heck, my dad alone has fucked me hundreds of times over the past eight years!

Keeping her finger lodged in my pussy, my aunt moved off the seat and positioned herself between my knees. After she pulled her fingers out of me, she put her arms under my legs, pushing my knees apart with her elbows as she reached under me and scooped me up with her hands under my butt. Then she lifted me up, rather easy given I was mostly underwater, until my bare crotch surfaced like the back of a whale at the top of the water.

"You young girls and your shaved cunts," she growled under her breath as she looked at my freshly shaved pussy.

Unlike most girls who leave a "landing strip" or some design in the pubic hair stubble, I prefer to keep my pussy totally shaved. Kristen shaved hers as well so it's not like my aunt hadn't seen a shaved pussy before. Oh well, I guess it was just a generational thing.

Oh my god! I about shot out of the water when her mouth descended on my pussy. She certainly wasn't wasting any time, instead going directly for my clit and grabbing it between her teeth, just hard enough to tug on it gently, driving me literally up the wall as my clit felt like it would burst into flame at any moment!

"Oh god... that feels so good Aunt Linda," I groaned loudly, grinding my smooth pussy into her wet face.

She had been trying to get me to call her just "Linda" for years but for whatever reason I could never break myself of the habit if calling her Aunt Linda. At times like this it seemed sexier as well to call her my aunt rather than treat her like just another girlfriend I was having sex with.

Over the years I've always maintained that nobody can lick my pussy as well as my mom. Of course she had a few things going for her in that category in addition to her skills at pussy licking – which were formidable in and by themselves. First, and most obvious, was that she was my mom. Then there was the point that she was the first woman I ever had sex with. Oh sure I masturbated with my friends long before that, but other than some teasing and stuff we never actually touched each other – and even then not for very long.

My mom was the first woman to ever touch my pussy with the intent of getting me off and was also the first to ever taste me directly with her mouth. Then there was this almost indescribable factor in that as my mom, she just seemed to KNOW instinctively what her daughter wanted, and more important – what she NEEDED. When my mom licked my pussy, she could make me cum harder and faster anything else, even my own hands when I was super horny and masturbated.

As such, it would be unfair to try and compare my aunt to my mom when it came to how she licked me and how I felt when she did. It was much more than technique - it was the relationship that counted most. One thing I COULD say about my Aunt Linda was that when it DID come down to technique, she was at the top of the leader board when it came to her ability to eat pussy, better even than her whore daughter. Oddly enough, while she was GREAT at licking pussy, my dad had once confided to me that her cock-sucking skills weren't all that spectacular. He even much as to once joke that perhaps THAT was the real reason her husband left her, but I think he was just teasing me at the time.

My aunt's superior pussy-eating skills, especially as compared to her lackluster cock-sucking expertise, probably was due more to the fact that she had sex more with women than men. Other than my dad, his brother and her ex, the only guys I knew that she had sex with were her clients. As a realtor in a tough, ultra-competitive real estate market, she wasn't afraid to use every weapon in her arsenal to nail down a sale - even if it meant fucking the client. Otherwise, I only saw her with other women, always younger than her. Who knows, maybe Kristen's insatiable urge for younger boys came from her mom's genes? She has been with a really cute girl for the past few years and while I've never joined in with her and Sondra, it wasn't for any lack of desire on my part!

Needless to say, none of this was going through my mind as my aunt licked and sucked on m pussy. Her hands kneaded my buttocks like she was making bread, squeezing me and gripping my ass in her hands as she ate my pussy. Given I was already pretty worked up from having masturbated just a few minutes earlier, it didn't take long for my orgasm to make its appearance.

"Oh God Aunt Linda... don't stop... oh fuck me, don't stop now!" I pleaded with her. Indeed, I think I might've died from disappointment if she had quit right then. I was so close... so damn close now!!

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out loudly.

Hopefully the neighbors were inside at this time of year as they might've thought someone was being tortured from the way I cried out as my entire body felt like it was being consumed with pleasure. The hot tub suddenly felt almost chilly as my body seemed to be burning up from the inside out. My legs thrust out and then I wrapped them around my aunt, pulling her tightly into my crotch as I drew her head in against my exploding pussy.

"FUCK!" I suddenly cried out again as it seemed as though my orgasm was dying down and then my Aunt Linda used her tongue perfectly on my clit to drive me over the cliff yet again.

It WAS almost torture now as I felt like I just wanted to stand up and run around, to do anything to release the incredible emotions and lust that was trying to burst from within me. It was almost too much, too intense, for me to handle and my vision seemed to narrow and even the sounds of the hot tub faded away as my mind retreated to some place far, far away as I focused on nothing but my pulsing pussy - and my aunt's tongue that was relentlessly working on me.

Damn, she did it to me again... and then again! Each time she seemed to sense just when my orgasm was retreating and each time she knew exactly how to push me back over the edge again. No... make that THROW me off the edge again. There was nothing subtle about it, she just dove in and somehow managed to make me cum even harder each time.

For the record, cumming once would have been great and twice even better. A third time made for something extremely special but what do you call it the fourth time? It got to the point where I couldn't even cry out anymore, like my vocal chords were frozen as my entire body was filled with the most intense and brutal pleasurable feelings I'd even felt before. Indeed, this was sex at its best - pure lust and passion. It was almost animal-like in that it was all for one purpose - to make me cum. There was no talking, no games, just pure, unadulterated sex... and I was loving every second of it.

Finally I simply couldn't take any more. I was still having trouble seeing anything but it was like my entire body simply gave up and collapsed all at once in unison. It was total, unconditional surrender to a vastly superior force. I'm sure my aunt would've taken for me for yet a another round but I simply couldn't do it, at least not if I wanted to remain conscious. My legs dropped from around her and somehow I found the strength to push her head away. She didn't resist, sensing no doubt the complete exhaustion I was feeling now.

Aunt Linda reached over and turned off the tub, the sudden absence of noise almost deafening. Then she sat back next to me and assumed the same position she had been in originally, her arm around my neck and her other hand on my thigh.

"Mmmmmmm, I love to make you cum baby," she whispered to me, "You taste so fucking good when you cum you know, even better than Kristen."

Now THAT was enough to grab my attention, even in the almost catatonic state I was in. I tasted better than Kristen when I came??? She had never compared us before so it came as quite a surprise to me - and I have to admit, made me a bit proud of myself as well. You have to admit that for her to say her niece tasted better than her own daughter was quite a compliment!

Once I'd regained my senses, we each grabbed a towel and got out from the tub. I gathered my clothes on the way in and we sat at the kitchen table with our towels wrapped around us as she brought out a bottle of wine and poured us each a glass. I'm not normally much of an alcoholic drink person but the white wine seemed to be just the thing under the circumstances.

Whew! Now THAT wasn't what I had expected when I came over. Not that I regretted even a second of it but still, I had things I needed to discuss before my dad got home. Indeed, I was hoping to leave before he even knew I was there so he wouldn't get any hint that I was plotting anything for his upcoming birthday.

Surprisingly, it only took a little bit to work to something with my aunt. If anything, it was like she'd been thinking about this already, maybe for years, and was just waiting for me to ask. Indeed, it was more then I would've expected from her but after what she'd just done for me, I was thrilled. As I drove away, smiling to myself as I contemplated what we'd come up with, I saw headlights in my rear view mirror and watched as my dad pulled into the driveway. Cool, I'd made it out just in the nick of time!

Now that I had a plan, all I needed was for the right day to arrive - November 10th, my dad's 45th birthday.

## 3. A Special Wakeup Call

Unfortunately, November 10th fell on a Tuesday, complicating things a bit. Had it been a weekend it would've been a while lot easier because I knew my dad wouldn't be taking off work on his birthday, no matter WHAT. It was something I'd grown accustomed to many years before. After all, with everything good comes a price. My dad was successful and well-compensated because of his work and not taking off your birthday just comes with the territory - a price to pay you might say.

That said, it didn't mean that he practiced abstinence on work days either. Indeed, when I lived at home one of our favorite "traditions" was for him to come into my bedroom in the morning before he got ready for work and either fuck me or do whatever he felt like that day. Sometimes it was something simple where he just jerked off, usually cumming on me somewhere as a sort of "calling card" to let me know he'd been there while I was asleep. Anyone who knows me knows that I'm not a

daughter, not his sister-in-law. Of course, I wasn't about to argue with her logic! The night before I set my alarm for a ridiculously early hour which proved to be totally unnecessary as I tossed and turned all night, unable to sleep with all the anticipation. I must have masturbated at least four times trying to calm myself down enough to get some sleep but nothing seemed to work. Finally I gave up, showered, and headed over to my dad's house in the darkness of the frigid morning.

My Aunt Linda had left the door unlocked so I wouldn't have to make much noise with the lock getting in. Funny, but you could have a marching band blaring in his bedroom and my dad would sleep right through it but the tiniest click of the door lock would spring him out of bed - as I found out early on when I started dating and came home late.

Trying to be as quiet as I could, I quickly stripped, leaving my clothes on the couch in the living room. As silently as possible, I sneaked up the stairs to the second floor where all the bedrooms were, taking a route I'd plotted out many years before which avoided the worst of the squeaking stairs. Once in the bedroom, I saw my aunt was laying on her side, watching the door. She didn't move when I came in, just winking at me. Obviously someone else was excited about this morning and having a hard time sleeping as well!

As usual, my dad was sprawled on his back, naked with the sheets tossed off. My Aunt Linda, just as my mom before her, was wrapped up tightly in a thick comforter but my dad never seemed to be able to keep any covers on when he slept. I cringed as he snored loudly, no doubt all the worst by laying on his back, but I knew no matter how hard my mom had tried she'd never been able to train him to sleep on his side where at least the snores were muted somewhat. For once, though, his snoring wasn't annoying as it signaled to me that he was sound asleep and had no idea what was about to happen.

Standing next to the side of the bed, I carefully reached over and used my forefinger to push his dick over and to the middle. It had flopped over to the side and was so flaccid that it was almost buried out of sight in his thick pubic hair. My mom and aunt liked to keep their pubic hair intact but at least they trimmed it.

My dad, on the other hand, had never touched a razor to his crotch, at least so far as I knew, in his entire life so you can imagine the shrubbery he was sporting between his legs! Personally, I love a hairy crotch and the way the hair feels against my face when I suck him against my bare pussy when he fucks me. It's also fun just to put my hands down a guy's pants and run my fingers through his pubic hair.

# 4. A Surprise Office Visit

Later that morning I was sitting behind my desk at school, waiting for my students to arrive. As I licked my lips, the sharp aftertaste of my dad's cum was still noticeable in my mouth and I could feel my pussy tingling as I recalled how wonderful it had been to suck my dad's cock less than an hour earlier.

It was almost like a dream. Here I was, sitting in a small classroom in a Christian elementary school, dressed up all prim and proper with several twelve year-old boys and girls already seated in front of, with no idea that just a few minutes ago I had been sucking my dad's dick! Wow, talk about surreal! The only thing that could have made it better would have been if he had fucked me but since I knew what my plans were for the rest of the day, just sucking his dick seemed the appropriate way to start to day off.

As the kids continued to file in slowly, my thoughts were distracted with memories of my dad - or should I say of my dad's dick. Like, it had been such an amazing experience to feel his limp cock growing in my mouth, reacting to me even though he was sound asleep. With my legs crossed, I squeezed my pussy between my thighs and caught myself just in time as my hand started to instinctively move to my crotch. I doubted any of the kids would've even noticed anything given I was seated behind the desk, but it would've been quite embarrassing if another teacher or maybe even a parent were to suddenly appear unannounced.

In all fairness, under the circumstances who would fault me for masturbating during my lunch break? Oh sure, officially it would've been frowned upon, to say the least, but I was so incredibly so horny just thinking about all the plans I'd made for the day after the final bell had gone off. Thank goodness the teachers had a private women's restroom which afforded considerably more privacy than the student version. Not surprisingly, I came quickly the first time once I got started. I don't know if it was so much the joy of masturbating or rather the relief it gave me to finally release the pent up emotions and lust that had been building in me all morning.

It was like I couldn't get my fingers on my clit fast enough once I closed the stall door and lifted my dress. Heck, I didn't even get my panties down before one was hand inside of them, working my poor clit after having ignored it all morning despite its insistent pleas. With my other hand I maneuvered my panties down to my knees as I alternated between rubbing myself and fucking myself with my fingers.

married man I had sex with was one of the older partners back when I was just sixteen. Although he did me at his house when I was babysitting, it was what he saw at the office that got him thinking about it in the first place.

Over the years several more of the guys at my dad's office made it to my "sexual history" list. The funny part was that so far as they knew, my dad didn't know anything about it and I think they got a thrill from fucking the boss's daughter. Naturally I told my dad everything and there was even one time when he encouraged me to do a few of them as a "reward" for some extraordinary work they'd recently completed.

As I got in my car and prepared to drive home, I started to have second thoughts. Maybe dressing more conservatively would actually be the better option now that I was older. Dressing like a slut is no big deal when you're a teenager. In fact, it was probably more expected than anything. Now, however, I was 24 and walking in dressed in a short skirt and tight top with no bra might be seen more as me acting like some kind of hooker than just a slut - not the best image for the boss's daughter..

There was also the point that it had been a long time since I'd been there and no doubt the staff had changed considerably. People who had known me in the past wouldn't be surprised if I dressed slutty but what about the newer folks? How would it look if the daughter of a senior partner came in looking like a streetwalker and then shut the door to his office? What if they didn't even know I was his daughter? The last thing I wanted to do was to cause my dad any problems. Besides, I was thinking I might be able to used my currents outfit to my advantage...

After getting out of the elevator I entered the office and the first person I met was the receptionist. She was another new one - they seemed to go through receptionists like water through a sieve. She didn't even know who I was until I introduced myself after which she smiled at me to be courteous but other than that, didn't seem inclined to give me the time of day. I wondered briefly if people had told her anything about the boss's daughter. No matter, she let me go in and as I entered the main waiting area, there were a couple of people waiting, probably clients. Walking past them quickly, I headed straight for the fancy doors which led to the legal offices.

After going through the double mahogany doors I looked for Margerie, my dad's personal secretary. Instead, seated at her post was another girl I didn't recognize. Hmmmmmm, what was up? I'd known Margerie since I was a little girl and so far as I knew, she was the only secretary my dad had ever had since he first started here so many years ago. Dad said she was a great secretary and it didn't hurt she managed to keep the figure of a Playboy playmate - something which fooled many a pervert who didn't know the razor sharp mind she liked to pretend she didn't have.

Walking up to the new girl, I introduced myself and learned that she was just a temp who was filling in while Margerie was away on vacation. Hmmm, that meant I needed to be a little more careful. My dad especially valued Margerie for her discretion. Indeed, she was the only person outside our family that even a clue that my dad might be fucking his daughter. I don't think they ever specifically discussed it, but there was something in the way she looked at me with a sort of sly smile that told me she had a pretty good idea of what happened when I closed the door to my dad's office. Fortunately, to paraphrase the Las Vegas ads, so far as Margerie was concerned what happened in my dad's office stayed in my dad's office. Now with Margerie out and this girl in her place I would have to be sure I didn't do anything that might give her any wrong ideas. Well, I guess technically they would have been "right" ideas but it wouldn't do for someone like her to have such things. It looked as if my decision to stick with my conservative dress was working out well so far. Who would think anyone dressed like me would be committing incest?

The girl knocked on my dad's office and opened it to tell him I were there. Funny, I don't know why she didn't use the intercom but I took note of it as something to remember later should I hear a knock on the door. My dad came quickly out of his office with a look of surprise on his face as needless to say I hadn't told him that I'd be showing up today. Then a pleased expression appeared and he told the girl that he would be "busy" and not to be interrupted for anything. She just nodded as for her, the "rest of the day" was only about a half hour so far as she was concerned.

Walking into my dad's office, it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't so much as bought him a birthday card. Dang it, how could I have forgotten such a thing? Apparently I'd been so wrapped up in all the other planning I'd been doing with my aunt that I didn't think of something so basic as a card. I guess it really didn't matter as my dad was like most men in that even if I HAD given him a card he would've undoubtedly read it just long enough to make me happy and then put it aside without another thought. Oh well, I didn't think he would be disappointed with I DID remember fort his birthday!

"Hey dad... happy birthday!"

My dad shut the door behind me and I couldn't help but notice he made sure that it was closed securely and locked as well. It made me feel good to know that he obviously had expectations of doing something with me and he didn't want anyone just popping into the office and seeing us in action. In a way, I took it as a sincere compliment in that my dad was confident enough in me that he could assume I was there to submit to his desires. I had no doubt that after this morning's brief episode his desires had been working up pretty well during the day. I wondered if he ever ,masturbated while at work and if he did, did he do it today?

Before I could say anything else, he reached out and pulled me tightly into him, his hands on my back as he leaned down to kiss me. It felt so wonderful to feel his lips against mine, pressing tightly as our lips parted and his tongue began to explore my mouth. As he kissed me, his large hands slowly worked their way downward until he had one on each of my buttocks, gripping them firmly and pulling up on my ass such that I was slightly lifted off my feet onto my toes.

"Damn baby, I just love your ass," he whispered softly as our lips parted just enough for him to tell me.

We must have stood there for five minutes or more, kissing continuously as he fondled my butt and kissed me passionately. I liked it so much better when we just got right to it instead of fooling around with too much talk and such. What was the point of all the foreplay, especially in this situation? We both knew why I was there so why waste time that could be put to better use?

"You know, I've been thinking about you all day," he said in a husky whisper, "I can't believe you sneaked off this morning without even waking me."

"Did you wake up feeling good?"

"Oh yeah? Your aunt made sure I knew who had done it as well."

"I wanted to do something special for your daddy."

"Mmmmmmm, believe me, it WAS... it certainly was," he sighed as he started to feel for the zipper on the back of my dress.

"I want you birthday to be special daddy... I want to make you happy. I would do anything for you daddy...ANYTHING!"

My dad took my head in his hands and tilted it back so he could look me in the eyes. "Kelly, EVERY time I'm with you it's special. You're my only daughter and I love you."

"Oh daddy, I love you too... Please just tell me what I can do to please you."

way, thus begging him to do me and in doing so, expressing my submission to his biblical authority over me. It was also a direct, without being coy or cute, way of expressing my desire to please him without question or interpretation.

Reaching down, I could feel the bulge that was sticking out from his crotch through his pants and my heart jumped just a little. Mmmmmmm, he wanted me... he desired me. God, my own father was horny as hell for me and that was just incredibly hot so far as I am concerned. I love it when men desire me, when I see that look of lust in their eyes that tells me more than anything they want to fuck me right then and there.

It makes me feel good as a woman to know that men are turned on just by the sight of me, that they desire me even though they know nothing at all about who I am. There's no greater ego and confidence booster than to see a married man's eyes wondering as he walks along with his wife and family, knowing he would betray all of them in a heartbeat for the opportunity to fuck me just once.

This time his hands found the tiny hook at the top of my dress behind my hair. Undoing it, the next thing was the zipper which he easily slid down to the bottom of my back. I stepped back and slowly pushed one shoulder off and then other, holding my arms around my chest to keep the dress from falling any further. Then I relaxed my arm muscles and the heavy dress dropped to the floor around my ankles, leaving me standing there in front my father in my bra, panties and heels. All of these were relatively conservative with my bra being your basic white everyday version straight from the rack at JC Penney and the panties white cotton as well with a rather full cut that didn't even expose any camel toe. The black heels were only about 1-1/2 inches, meant more for comfort than showing off my figure.

Stepping out of the dress, I kicked it over to the side so we wouldn't step on it and moved forward to my dad again where we embraced tightly and began to kiss again. Once again my dad's hands went straight to my ass, except this time there was much less interference for him to deal with. Even so, my panties were apparently still too much as he slipped his hands under the elastic of the waistband and put his palms and fingers directly on my bare ass.

My boobs were now dressed up against his chest as he ran his hands over my now exposed body. I knew the bra was an irritant and he wasn't use to having to deal one when we had sex but he didn't say anything about it. Who knows, maybe it was because normally I did NOT wear a bra that having one on now was actually more erotic for him. Whatever the reason, I decided for the moment to leave it up to him when, if ever, the bra would disappear.

One of the perks of being a senior partner in a large law firm is you get an office that is more like a motel room, even a suite. My dad's office included a massive wooden desk, a private bathroom (complete with a shower), a fully stocked wet bar, and comfortable furniture that included several large chairs and a matching leather couch.

Perhaps best of all was the privacy in unlike the fishbowl offices assigned to the lower-ranking associates and partners, his was completely private and quite soundproof. Of course the intention was to allow him to hold private sessions with clients and other partners, but it also allowed him to do other things as well - like his daughter and occasionally his niece as well. So far as I knew my Aunt Linda had never even been to his office, let alone fool around there, but I had learned lately that there were a lot of things about my aunt that I didn't know so maybe she had.

My dad steered me backwards towards the couch which was right behind me, lowering me down gently as he continued to kiss and fondle me at the same time. The leather felt cool against my bare bottom at first, but quickly warmed up as he sat down next to me. He twisted towards me, reaching over to my left leg and pulling it up and over until it draped over his lap as he held me closer to him. I could feel his leg pressing up against my exposed pussy and without even thinking I started to grind myself slowly against him through his pants as he grabbed my bare ass again and pulled me into him even tighter.

Sitting there almost nude with my dad's arms firmly around me, my heart almost burst as I felt this incredibly sensation of parental love and fatherly security. It was like every care I had in the world just disappeared and nothing existed but me and my dad in our own little world on his couch. It felt so safe to be in my father's arms, knowing he would never allow anything in the world to harm me. At times like this I was closest to the once person who loved me and respected me more than anyone else.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered to him again, trying to convey to him my appreciation for how special I was feeling at this moment, "Show me how much you really love me."

There was nothing else that I could say that better described how I felt for him right then. One might say that I could have said that I loved him. Well, I could also have told him how secure he made me feel. On the other hand, I could also have told him how good he was making me feel as he touched me lightly all over and ran his hands over me like a teenage boy exploring his first nude girl. There were so many other things I could have said to him but they were all effectively summed up in those three simple words... "Fuck me daddy."

For a moment I thought he might start to cry but my dad had too much self-control to allow his emotions to be displayed so openly. Instead, he simply pulled my leg up higher over him, allowing his hand to reach in from behind and between my smooth upper thighs until I felt the side of his finger pressing up against my warm pussy as he gripped my thigh in his hand.

Had I asked anyone else to fuck me he would have probably have taken me literally; immediately stripping and pushing his stiff dick inside of me as quickly as possible. My dad was far too respectful of me to react in such a vulgar and thoughtless manner. He understood that when I asked him to fuck me, it was more than just the penetration of his dick inside of my pussy that I was offering - far more than that. I was offering him ME, as in ALL of me, to do whatever he wanted, anything he needed.

What made my dad so wonderful was that even though he knew he COULD do literally anything to me, ask me anything, demand that I do anything, he respected me far too much to abuse his "power". He knew what I enjoyed and didn't and had never asked me or even hinted at anything that he knew I would not enjoy. For example, my dad enjoyed anal sex and I knew my mom, Aunt Linda and Kristen allowed him to do it with them, but he knew how much I hated it and thus he NEVER asked me to do it with him. Of course if he DID, I would have gladly done it for him without a hint of protest or disappointment, but he was far too fantastic of a father to ever take advantage of me that way.

Our lips parted and again I whispered for him to fuck me. My dad responded by kissing my face, neck and ears. God I loved it when he kissed my neck while he played with my hair! I tilted my head back, letting him kiss and lick my neck ever so gently so as not to leave a mark. It felt especially good when he would just lightly flick the tip of his tongue against the side of my neck as he ran his fingers through my hair, tugging on it just slightly. The soft sighs that I was making had to be telling him how much I was enjoying this as he slowly worked his lips down my chest to my breasts where he lifted the bra up and over my boobs.

"Ohhhhhh daddyyyyy..." I sighed softly as he gently kissed my nipple, alternating from one breast to the other.

His tongue reached out and just barely touched them as he caressed my breasts gently in his hand. Then I couldn't but jump as he sucked hard on one nipple, pulling it into his mouth as his tongue tickled it. Then he released it, letting it snap back into place and then quickly sucking on it again.

"Your tits are perfect baby," he murmured, his voice barely audible as he continued to lick and suck on my boobs.

Of course I knew he was just being a proud father as my boobs are not perfect - far from it. Thank God they finally filled out a decent C-cup after spending most of my teens years tormenting me by refusing to grow out of the B-cup range. Maybe it was due to me being a few pound heavier now than I was in my teens. It seemed whenever I gained or lost weight my boobs were the first thing to be affected.

As my dad suckled on my boobs like a hungry baby, my upper hand traced its way to his crotch where I could feel my dad's erection easily through his dress slacks. God he was SO hard! Yet even as much as I knew he wanted to feel his dick in me, he continued to touch me and fondle me as if he was in no hurry to get to his ultimate goal.

As my dad continued to suck on my boobs, his hand drifted to between my thighs and he lifted my upper leg up just enough to get his hand back between my upper thighs again, only this time from the front. I gasped as he cupped my shaved crotch in his hand, placing his palm firmly against my entire pussy and pressing against it as he slowly moved it in small circles. The pressure of the palm of his hand against my clit made me squirm uncontrollably.

God, I was SO horny!

My pussy was practically dripping wet by now and it felt so warm as his middle finger began to press down between my swollen pussy lips, working its way between them until the tip of his finger was poised at the outer entrance to my pussy hole. He pressed more firmly against me, forcing the tip of his finger in to the first knuckle and then moving it around in tight circles inside of my wet pussy.

"Oh daddy, that feels soooooo good!"

His response was to simple push it in a little further and continue to twirl it around in me. Actually, while most guys seemed to concentrate on pushing their fingers into me as far as they can, what they fail to realize that it's the entrance to my pussy where all the sensitive nerve endings are. It's also why I love it when a guy pushes just the head of his dick inside of me and grinds his hips around to move his

his dick started to press right up against my pussy hole, just one hard shove away from entering me.

"I love you daddy," I sighed as I saw his eyes were focused on where my crotch was waiting for his incestuous cock.

The look on my father's face told me everything - an expression of sheer lust and sexual desire. I think the entire office staff could have walked in at this moment and it still wouldn't have been enough to stop him from what he was about to do. Indeed, I don't think anything imaginable could have prevented my father from taking me at this moment. I was his and there was no power on earth that could deprive him of what he deserved - his daughter.

"Yes!" he groaned as he shoved his hips forward, driving his dick half-way into me with one string push.

God, it felt incredible to feel my father's dick in me yet again. It was like every time he fucked me it was for the first time again. Yes, it felt good to feel a dick in my pussy but this wasn't just any dick, it was my father's! At this moment we were now one, two people joined together in the most intimate act possible between a man and a woman.

"I love you in me daddy... I love you," I cried out as my pussy gripped his dick, wanting him even deeper in me.

He quickly resettled his feet and with one more hard shove he was buried in me to the hilt. I could feel his balls slap up against my bare ass as his crotch met mine, with nothing in between us now that his dick was surrounded by my wet pussy.

Feeling your father's hard cock inside of you has to be one of the most erotic and fulfilling sensations any girl can experience. Sure, if I had been blindfolded and never told who it was that was fucking me it would have been just another dick. The point is, I DID know who was fucking me and it DID make a HUGE difference.

I've always maintained that good sex is last 80% emotion with only a small part of the enjoyment and fulfillment created due to the actual physical act of sex. It's far more important WHO fucks me, WHERE they fuck me and WHY they fuck me than the actual mechanics of the act. Of course, a guy who is skilled at fucking can make the entire experience all the better, but he can never fully satisfy me with just his dick, it has to be more.

Yes indeed, this wasn't just another boyfriend fucking me, it wasn't a cheating husband doing me behind his wife's back, it wasn't even an uncle fucking his niece.

No, this was something so special that only a father and daughter can ever truly understand it. As he slid his cock in and out of me, all I could think of was how it was my FATHER who was fucking me. I wanted this to go on forever, to have his dick stay in me as long as possible, to be physically joined together with my dad in the most intimate and personal way possible.

Deep in the back of my mind, however, lurked another thought. Yes, as much as I adored him for what he was doing to me at this very moment, there was more I needed to do for him. After all, it WAS his birthday and his birthday surprise was only partially complete. I could barely make out the clock on the shelves behind his desk and somehow, despite the "distractions", I was somehow able to remember that someone was about to knock on the door!

## 5. My Cousin Kristen Joins In

Talk about timing... at that moment there was a soft knock on the door. My dad just ignored it, assuming he even heard it in the first place given how lightly the person was knocking and the way he was concentrating so intensely on what he was doing to me right then.

"Daddy, you need to answer the door."

"Not now, they can come back later."

"Daddy, you NEED to answer the door," I said a little more strongly this time.

He suddenly stopped his strokes in and out of me and was motionless with his dick buried deep inside of me. Then he looked at me with a curious face and then he smiled as he started to figure out what was going on.

"Is that who I think it is?"

Actually, I wasn't sure WHO he thought it might me. There was a case for it being my Aunt Linda since they were now living together as lovers. Perhaps he thought it more likely that it would be my cousin Kristen as she and I had already teamed up in the past to invade his office for a quick fuck. Then again, maybe he was thinking I was surprising him with a visit from his youngest niece, He HAD mentioned how long it had been since he had fucked Tammy so maybe he was thinking I had arranged for something special on his birthday. I was actually afraid to ask who he thought it was out of fear that he might mention the wrong person, disappointing everyone involved in the process.

"Well, why not just find out for yourself?"

My dad grinned and he leaned back which had the effect of pulling his dick out of me. God, I felt so empty all of a sudden! For just a moment I was tempted to tell him to forget about whoever was at the door and put his hard cock back in me. However, before I could say anything he set my legs down and headed for the door. He must have been pretty confident as to who it was as he didn't bother putting his pants back on. It seemed actually a little funny to watch him walking to the door with his shirt and tie still on along with his dark socks, his engorged dick pocking out from between the shirt tails.

For a moment I panicked. I certainly HOPED it was who I thought was at the door!

Standing back behind the door just to be sure, my dad unlocked it and cracked it open. Seeing who it was, he grinned broadly and stepped back to let the door open and in walked my fun-loving cousin Kristen. My dad quickly shut and locked the door behind her.

"Happy birthday Uncle John!" she giggled as she glanced down and saw his dick poking out at her, "Mmmmmmm, looks like I'm the one getting a present though!"

Before my dad or I could say anything, she dipped down, bending her knees and taking my dad's dick in her mouth so quickly he didn't have time to react. She took it in deep and then took it in and out a few times before releasing it and holding it in her little hand as she stood up straight again.

"Mmmmmmm, you've been fucking Kelly, I can tell," she giggled, wiping her mouth with the back of her other hand, "I'd recognize my cousin's pussy anywhere."

Of course, seeing me laying back on the couch with my legs spread and my pussy wide open would have probably tipped her off in any case, but it was just like Kristen to even think of saying such a thing. If there was one thing you could count on when Kristen was involved, it would be fun and entertaining. No doubt that was a large part of the reason she was so successful as a hooker. Her youthful looks and perky personality didn't hurt either I am sure.

Thankfully, at least so far as I am concerned, she "retired" from the prostitution business a few months ago but that didn't mean she was just as horny and looking for sex as ever. The only issue I had with her was her taste in men - or should I say boys.

For me, nothing compared to the thrill of an older husband cheating on his wife with me for the first time. If anything, I preferred them to be older as they were typically hornier and more anxious to please me. In addition, the longer they'd been married the more discretion they had and the more satisfying it was to have them choose me to be the first one they cheated on after so many years of faithful marriage.

Kristen, on the other hand, had tastes quite the opposite from mine. Sure, as a hooker she had sex with most every male type in the book, but that was for money, not fun. On her own, for her own personal pleasure, Kristen liked the boys and the younger the better. Once they had their high school diplomas, it was like she lost interest in them. Even better was if they were barely even in high school, or maybe even in 7th or 8th grade. I suppose when she was in her teens it wasn't so bad but now she was 22 and the age differential was getting larger every year. Sooner or later I knew she was going to have to adjust her ways but for the time being, it was like talking to a blank wall whenever I broached the subject.

One exception Kristen made when it came to her "no old guys" rule was my dad. As her uncle, she had first let him fuck her when she was sixteen and I was away for my first year in college. You could say she substituted for me while I was gone, even if I didn't find out about it until the following summer break. Since then I knew he still fucked her occasionally - what man in his right mind wouldn't if he had the chance? Kristen may be 22 now but she looked more like she was at most 18, with the most perfect perky B-cup breasts and incredible legs. Everywhere she went, guys looked at her first and while over the years I've grown accustomed to it, it still irks me at times despite my best intentions!

Kristen was like a little girl released into a candy store. She giggled as she quickly stripped off her clothes and hopped onto the couch next to me stark naked. She looked at me a little funny and I realized I still had my bra on, even though it was up over my boobs now. I slipped the straps over my shoulders and twisted it around, unhooking it and tossing it to the side out of the way, leaving me with just my heels which I then unbuckled and let fall to the floor. My dad stood back, watching the scene with a touch of amusement on his face. You couldn't blame him. How many guys reach their 45th birthday and have two twenty-something girls stripped nude in their office with every intention of fulfilling his every desire?

As my dad finished undressing, Kristen turned to me and we started to make out in front of my dad. Of course he'd seen us doing this many times before, but he'd confided me in once a while back that it still turned him on to see two girls making out - especially when it involved me or my mom. By the time he was undressed, we were already playing with each other's pussies and boobs, trying more to put on a show for my dad than anything else.

"Damn girl, you're soaking wet!" Kristen exclaimed as her hand felt up my pussy, "I bet you loved getting that daddy cock, didn't you?"

I giggled at that and looked at my dad who just rolled his eyes in mock exasperation. Kristen wasn't wasting any time, though. Seeing my dad was finally naked, she promptly twisted around until she was on her knees with her hands on the back of the couch, pushing up her hips to lift her ass up for my dad.

"Fuck me Uncle John," she said, but much more demanding than I'd been earlier.

In her case, she meant exactly that - for him to fuck her. None of this foreplay crap for her; she wanted his dick and that was that!

My dad looked at me and I just smiled and shrugged my shoulders. While I knew my dad loved to fuck me and I was number one in his heart, I was well aware that he simply enjoyed fucking Kristen for who she was - a hot, young, pretty, nubile slut who simply LOVED sex and wanted as much cock as she could get, anytime she could get it.

Moving up behind his niece, he rubbed his dick up along her pussy as she reached under herself and spread her lips apart with the fingers of one hand. From the way she was glistening in the light, her pussy looked to be pretty wet already and I couldn't help but wonder if she hadn't been doing herself for a while before she had knocked on the door. Regardless of why, his dick slipped easily into her well-used pussy and in one hard hip thrust he had himself buried inside of her, his thick pubic hair mashed up against her cute little bare ass.

"Oh yeah, fuck me Uncle John, fuck me fast!" she cried out as he started to stroke himself in and out of her.

Holding his niece by the hips, he pushed her back and forth in sync with his own thrusts to drive himself as deep as he could inside of her and then to pull out until his cock was barely in her. A couple of time he pulled out too far but her pussy was so open and wet he easily slid back in without any further help.

As my dad fucked my cousin, I sat there with one leg over the side of the couch and the other tucked under me, sitting sideways as I leaned against the back of the couch and slowly masturbated. Even though my dad had just fucked me not more than a few minutes earlier, I was pleased to feel my pussy grip my finger tightly. If there was one thing about my body that I was most proud of, it was how tight my pussy still was even after all the men who had fucked me. Even better, it was the one thing I had up on Kristen. She wasn't exactly loose like she'd had a baby or anything, but guys who had fucked us both always said I was the tightest by far, something that she didn't like to hear but was music to my ears. It probably didn't hurt that I wasn't a big fan of large dildos like she was. Most of the time I use my fingers to masturbate and when I DO use a dildo, it tends to be rather small instead of those monsters that Kristen likes to use.

"Fuck me in the ass," Kristen said as she turned her head back to my dad. She turned to me with a playful look, knowing full well that I hadn't offered such a thing to my dad earlier. Oh well, if she wanted it, let he do it!

My dad just grinned and pulled out of her pussy, then used his hand to wet his fingers in her pussy which he then used to lube up her ass. His dick was hard and wet from fucking her and it was a little surprising to me how easily he slid into her ass once he got in the right position. I knew Kristen didn't object to anal sex, but I was now wondering just how often she did it. Apparently more than I'd thought!

There wasn't any doubt in my mind that had this been allowed to continue much longer, my dad would have cum in her ass but just then there was another knock on the door. My dad looked startled and he turned to me to see me grinning and it hit him what was going on.

## 6. My Aunt Linda Makes It a Threesome

"Another one?" was all he asked, looking incredulous. I nodded and he grinned even more.

He had to know it was one of two people - my Aunt Linda or my cousin Tammy. In my heart, I knew he was hoping for Tammy and I wished then that I had found some way to get her involved but she simply wasn't available. Besides, it would have been more difficult for a girl her age to wander into the office without someone taking notice. Kristen showing up at the same time as me was already pushing the envelope but to have a seventeen year-old slut coming in after us would have certainly raised some interesting questions.

Following the same procedure as before, he went to the door and looked to see who it was. He just shook his head as my Aunt Linda walked in. At least she had remembered to bring a card and a present, hopefully tipping off the staff that was all

My dad smiled as he saw Kristen eagerly licking her mom's pussy. Again, what man wouldn't love the site of a daughter licking her mother's pussy? Aunt Linda raised her hand and shrugged as if she was saying she had no control over what Kristen was doing - despite the fact it was her idea in the first place. Then he turned to me and the humor was replaced with lust as he started to stroke his dick in his hand as he looked at me with an intensity that was almost frightening. Oh yeah, he was horny and now he going to fuck me and there was absolutely nothing in the world that would stop him.

This time I turned to my side and he slid in behind me as I lifted my top leg up and over him with my bottom leg out straight behind me, exposing my wet pussy to him. Our heads were facing Linda and Kristen such that I could actually hear her lapping up her mother's increasing wet pussy. It was hard to actually see her tongue on her as my aunt's pubic hair was pretty bushy and hid her daughter's face as she pressed it into mother's pussy. For just a moment I felt a slight pang in my heart as I remembered how it had been when I could do the same with my mother, who also preferred to keep her pussy natural, just trimming it enough to be presentable in her outfits and bikinis.

Any such thoughts were quickly replaced by the wondrous sensation of my dad's dick entering my needy pussy yet again. He had one hand helping to hold up my leg and the other around my neck such that he could reach my boob as he fucked me.

"Damn John, your dick looks so hot in her pussy," Aunt Linda remarked, her eyes fixed on where my dad's dick was now buried completely inside his daughter's pussy.

Despite my best efforts, I couldn't help but giggle slightly as his stiff pubic hair tickled my bald pussy when he would start grinding his dick in me, moving his hips in tight circles to twist his dick around inside of me.

"You're tickling me daddy," I apologized.

"Well, I would certainly hope I'm doing more than just THAT!" he came back with a chuckle as he started stroking his dick in and out of me.

My dad was starting to pick up speed and it didn't surprise me given the situation he was in. How many men at his age, or ANY age for that matter, could hold back for long when fucking their daughter while watching his sister-in-law being eaten out by her daughter - the same niece he was just fucking a few minutes earlier?

some imaginary lover. She was humping like a mad woman as her orgasm racked her body, moaning and rubbing her pussy furiously as she made herself cum even harder.

For me, I was so caught up in watching what was all happening about me, masturbating was almost a second thought for me. Sure I was touching myself but that was about it as my interest were more in watching my dad fucking my aunt. Aunt Linda really didn't look a lot like my mom so it wasn't like I was seeing some surreal scene that brought back memories of seeing my parents fucking, but it was still pretty hot to see my dad fucking a woman I didn't get to see him with all that often.

My dad was getting pretty close again and I saw Kristen give me a look as if she was expecting me to say something. I knew what she was worried about, that my dad would cum in my aunt and she wouldn't get to have it for herself. While most guys who really know consider me a cumslut (guilty as charged), once again I am nothing compared to Kristen. I think the girl would shower in it if she could.

OK, I like cum, most of the time at least, and it doesn't bother me to taste it and swallow it but I can't say it's the most delicious thing on earth. For me, it's more HOW I get the cum that counts and I swallow more to keep it off my face and to turn the guy on than for my own pleasure.

Kristen, on the other hand, LOVED cum. It was like just tasting it was enough to get her off, like it gave her some incredible high, almost like she was drinking a glass of wine or even something stronger. If my dad DID cum her mom, I'm sure she would have tried to lick as much as possible out of her afterwards but I knew she would much rather get it straight from the source - my dad's dick.

I had discussed this very situation with my aunt while we were plotting this little episode. I remember asking her who would get to have my dad cum in me. After all, he WAS 45 and it would be a little much to ask for him to cum in each of us, even if I were to somehow spike his lunch with an overdose of Viagra. It was obviously time to put our solution in play, even if from the looks of things my aunt had supposedly forgotten all about her agreement to follow the plan.

Motioning to Kristen to join me, I got off the couch and stood next to where my dad was fucking my aunt.

"C'mon dad, let us finish you so we can all share."

My aunt pretended not to hear anything and at first my dad didn't respond. He was getting close and I knew from many past experiences that soon he would be beyond the point of no return and there was no talking or discussing anything with him after that.

"DAD!" I said more sharply, "It's not fair!"

Reluctantly, my dad stopped, holding himself up with his dick buried in his sister-in-law. He was flushed and breathing hard, barely able to speak.

"Dad, we want to share your cum, OK?"

He hesitated a moment, looking down at my aunt who I could see as torn between her own lust and her sense of duty. After all, this whole thing had been HER idea in the first place!

"Oh alright," my dad sighed as he pulled out of Linda and sat back on the couch, stroking his dick.

He pushed himself up to the edge and Kristen and I eagerly kneeled in front of him. I looked to see if my aunt was going to join us but she seemed too exhausted to move and just laid there touching herself. I knew exactly how she felt. Having a man pull out before he came was like the ultimate disappointment.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" my dad said hoarsely as she stroked his dick faster.

Kristen and I put our heads next to the other and opened our mouths wide, letting our tongues hand out like two panting dogs.

"Oh shit!" he groaned as he started to spurt cum from the end of his cock.

The first stream flew out and landed on top of my head, a little landing on the bridge of my nose and forehead. He corrected his aim such that the next one landed on my tongue and then quickly shifted his cock like a fireman moving his hose from one burning window to the other. Kristen was struck right in the eye and cheek with his first shot on her but the next one also landed on her tongue. After that he moved and put his dick on my tongue, the last few shots barely shooting our as his cum pooled on my tongue.

His cock now spent, Kristen grabbed it and sucked on it, drawing every drop of cum from him she could. My dad shuddered as his sensitive dick jerked involuntarily as she sucked him dry.

"Damn, I needed that!" he sighed as he flopped back against the couch, his dick quickly receding now that it had accomplished its mission.

Kristen turned to me and grinned, I knew what she wanted - my dad's cum in my mouth. Rather than swallow it, she kissed me with her mouth open and I pushed as much of it into her mouth as I could with my tongue. She eagerly licked it up with her tongue and then sat back, grinning with my dad's cum now dripping down her face. The Kristen wiped away the cum from her eye so she could open it and then turned to her mother, her mouth wide open to show her mom what she had inside.

"Well, aren't you gonna share?" Aunt Linda asked pointedly.

My dad and I followed Kristen's every move as she leaned over her mother's face and let the cum in her mouth drip down to her mom's open mouth. At first just a little dribbled out but then was followed by a large lump of cum that made my aunt choke for a moment before she caught herself. Then she swallowed it down, much to Kristen's chagrin as she obviously had expected her mom to give it back to her.

"Bunch of slutty cumsluts if I ever saw one," my dad muttered, the grin on his face betraying his amusement.

I suppose had we been home us three girls might have continued on but we were in my dad's office and he was done for the time being at least. The poor guy looked totally exhausted and for good reason! The three of us started to get dressed while he gathered everything of his together and headed for his shower. I was still nude as I walked over to him and hugged him.

"Oh daddy, I so hope you liked your birthday present from all of us!"

With that we did the group hug thing and I can say I haven't seen my dad looking so happy in a long time. I suppose he figured that was it as the three of us blew him kisses as we walked out of his office. There were still a number of people working - a legal office doesn't even THINK about closing so early, but we managed to slip out without drawing too much attention to ourselves.

Out in the parking garage I thanked them both for such a wonderful party for my dad. My aunt hugged me and said, "Now it's up to you to finish the day off right!"

Kristen grinned and I figured my aunt must have told her my plans for the rest of the evening. As they left in my aunt's car, I got in my own and drove slowly home - except "home" in this case was my childhood home, the place where my dad would soon return for the third, and final, part of his birthday surprise.

# 7. My Father, My Lover

One of the most basic principles I have regarding incest, at least for me, is that I have sex with my father because as his daughter it is my responsibility to please him and to satisfy the needs and desires that building him. I submit myself to my father as his loving daughter, NOT as a "lover" or an alternative or even substitute for my mother. At the same time, I do this all out of love and respect, NOT because I feel an obligation or coerced in any way.

While I hesitate to make the comparison as people might get the wrong impression, in a way, it is similar in context to how I give myself to God. As my father, my dad deserves my submission yet at the same time as his daughter he loves me and respects me as well. OK, I know it's complicated and difficult to explain, but the point I'm trying to make here is that I have NEVER confused my relationship with my father - he is my dad and I am his daughter, a relationship that we can't have with anyone else.

So why all the fuss over what some people might argue is a question more of semantics than principle? I guess it's more a concern for me as to how people perceive what I do with my dad. I want everyone to understand we are not having some sort of perverted love affair, nor is it anything I am being coerced to do in any way. What I do with my father is what I firmly believe EVERY daughter should do - honor him, respect him, and submit to him. In all families, that may not involve sex but when it does, then the relationship can be even closer or more intimate - but still a relationship between a father and daughter.

So back to my dad's birthday...

When I returned to the house it was dark and empty. I figured I had at least an hour or more before my dad would return him, plenty of time to get myself cleaned up and ready for him. The first thing I simply HAD to have was a nice, hot shower. Had I been alone with my dad at his office I might have shared a shower with him but with the three of us, not to mention my plans for AFTER our threesome, it was best that waited until I got back.

Once I was cleaned up, I wrapped a towel around me (I just never feel comfy walking around nude, even when I'm alone) and unzipped the small bag that I'd brought with me. There wasn't much in it, just some toiletries and makeup along with a special negligee that I'd just bought special for tonight.

It was perfect! I'd looked everywhere for just the right one and believe it or not, I found the perfect thing at Macy's of all stores. The ones at Victoria's Secret were really TOO sexy for what I wanted to be tonight. Sure, I wanted to appear sensual but at the same time I was looking for a little of that "little girl" look that I knew my father loved. Finding something between an ultra-sheer teddy and flannels with feet was more of an obstacle than I'd figured it would be but after looking for days, I was going through the sales section at Macy's, not really expecting to find anything, when the perfect negligee appeared.

At the time I was alone so the only person there to give me an opinion on how it looked was an older sales lady. When I took the hangar with the negligee to the dressing rooms, she was there checking things in and out. It must have been a slow night because I didn't see anyone else around and she looked bored out of her mind. When I showed her the negligee, she smiled at me, probably thinking it was for a boyfriend or maybe even a husband, although I didn't have a wedding ring on. Needless to say I did NOT tell her it was for my dad!

Once in the dressing room, I quickly stripped and put on the negligee. It was a semi-sheer white lacy thing that barely came down to my ass. There were a pair of matching panties but I wasn't planning on wearing them so I left them off. Looking in the mirror, I grinned as I knew my dad was going to love seeing me in it. It was sheer but not THAT sheer that it looked like I wasn't wearing anything, just enough to hint very broadly at what was underneath.

Most negligees are short, apparently designed under the assumption that you have panties on as well. Well, if there was one thing I KNEW turned on my dad it was a girl without panties. Actually that worked out perfectly over the years as my favorite outfit around the house was just a T-shirt or men's shirt with no bottoms. Talk about killing two birds with one stone - I got to feel comfy while my dad got his favorite view of me - bare bottomed. This outfit was longer than usual, enough to cover my ass when I was standing up but still short enough to reveal that I was totally naked underneath should I bend over even slightly.

Just as I was about to take it off and get dressed, a naughty idea came to mind. I grinned as I knew it was something I shouldn't do but I couldn't help myself - it was simply too delicious of an idea.

"Ma'am, can you help me for a moment?" I called out through a barely open door. When she arrived, I opened the door all the way and stood there in front of her.

"Do you think I look hot in this?" I asked innocently, "I'd hate to buy it and then not look good in it."

One negligee - $99.99. The look on her face - priceless!

Without a word she covered her mouth and quickly turned away, muttering something to herself about "slut" and "no decency these days". It was all I could do not to break down laughing as I dressed. Later, as I checked out, she wouldn't even look me in the eyes as she quickly did her thing and swiped my credit card. I suppose I should have let it go at that but you know me, never been one to control myself that well!

"Thanks for your help. I hope my daddy likes it!" I said in a naughty tone as I turned and walked away. What I would have given for a mirror or see her face!

Now that I was back in my old bedroom, I pulled out the negligee and held it up in the soft lamp light. Yep, dad was going to like it, I was sure of that.

In my dad's bedroom, I set out about a dozen different candles and lit them, the air quickly filling with their sweet scent. I had my portable Bose player for my IPod and set it up to play some soft music. Standing there feeling the soft negligee caressing my nude body, I debated the bed covers - should I leave them on or pull them down? Had we been in a hotel the answer was obvious. Have you ever seen those shows that hold up an ultraviolet light to those covers? Ewwwww!

In the end, I pulled them off so that about half the bed was exposed, enough for me to lay on my side on the sheets with the bed behind me covered. Not only did it seem more erotic, but sheets are a lot easier to clean than comforters!

Now all that was needed was the guest of honor - my dad. My plans were to finish off the day in a more romantic setting, something less aggressive than what I'd given to him before. The morning BJ was he was sleeping was intended to be erotic, to give him something to think about and fantasize as the day went by. The office threesome was to fulfill a male fantasy - having multiple girls having sex with him in his office at work. Rather cliche but still pretty effective I thought. Now that the day was done and he was home after a long day at work, I wanted the evening to be more intimate and controlled, something to close out his birthday with a sweet memory.

As with the threesome, this evening was my aunt's idea. At first I was a little unsure about it. My initial reaction was it sounded like I was romancing my husband more than my father but my aunt convinced me that my dad needed something like this. She confessed that while she and my dad loved fucking each other, neither of them shared any romantic feelings for the other.

Since my mother's passing, he had not spent an evening with a woman where he could be tender and intimate in aromatic sort of way. As my aunt pointed out, without committing adultery, who else could provide him with such an evening? She and my dad had too long of a history to even pretend. My cousin Kristen was too much a whore, even if not professionally anymore, for my dad to feel that way with her. My cousin Tammy was definitely not the one, not at her age at least. So who did that leave but me as his daughter?

I remember discussing this with my aunt and telling her how guilty I felt that I hadn't given my dad my virginity. I even told her how I'd arranged for him to fuck my cousin Tammy, taking her virginity in the process. when she was just fourteen as a way to compensate in a small way for not letting him fuck me at that age. That surprised her a little as she had not realized that was the reason, I guess she figured it was just something that happened when an opportunity arose.

Then for the first time, I confessed to my Aunt Linda my concerns about being my dad's "lover", how I always resisted being anything other than his daughter, even when it came to role playing. Surprisingly, she didn't seem to be surprised and I wondered for the umpteenth time just how much my mom and dad had shared with her. She assured me that if anything, doing this for my dad would be exactly what I always tried to do - to please him and to give him what he wanted, and needed.

In the end I agreed to do what she suggested but now as I laid on the fresh bed sheets I'd just put on I was having second thoughts. Everything was perfect - maybe TOO perfect. Was I really ready for this? Was he? Could I keep it under control before things went too far? Just what did that mean anyway - "too far"? Did it matter what happened so long as it was honest and from our hearts?

I was rather surprised when just a few minutes after I'd finished preparing I heard the garage door opener and I knew my dad was home. He was a lot earlier than I'd expected and I wondered if maybe he was so exhausted after our little party that he had left home with the idea that he would maybe have a drink or two and then go to bed.

This was something I hadn't considered - my dad being so tired when he came home. I just assumed he would see me on the bed and be ready and raring to go. My heart started to pound as I panicked, wondering if maybe he would be too tired to do anything with me. No doubt no matter how tired he was he wouldn't SAY anything but it wasn't what he said that I was worried about - it was how her performed that did. Men can lie all day but their dicks NEVER do.

I had parked my car away from the house so there shouldn't have been any clue that I was there waiting for him. If anything, I was also concerned that he might not come right upstairs but maybe fix himself a drink and watch some TV first. The fact my Aunt Linda wasn't there probably didn't surprise him as she was often out at all hours showing homes, based on when her clients were available.

Footsteps on the squeaky stairs - he was coming up! My heart was pounding now with anticipation. I tossed my hair back and tried to look as sensuous as possible as I laid there on my side with my ankle crossed. The negligee was pulled down as far as I could and from the front I was sure it covered everything but I couldn't vouch for any other angle. I took a deep breath and let it exhale slowly as I heard him approach the top of the stairs.

"Kelly?" he burst out as he turned into the bedroom.

Of course he recognized me but I think the surprise just caused him to blurt out the first thing that came to his mind.

"Hi daddy, happy birthday... again," I purred softly.

"Wow, what's all this?" he asked as he looked around the room, eying the candle and hearing the soft music.

"I want to make you happy daddy," I answered softly, "I want to please you any way I can. I want you to take me daddy... any way you want me. Let me be the daughter you always dreamed about."

He looked at me with the most loving expression as he started to realize the significance of what I was saying.

"Oh god Kelly, you already ARE the daughter any father could ever want."

My heart fluttered as I took a breath and said something I'd never said to ANYONE ever before.

"Daddy, will you make love to me?"

My dad's eyes opened wide. If anyone knew how much those words meant to me, he did. We had often discussed what it meant to me to have sex with different men in different situations, including himself. NEVER had I EVER asked him to make love to me, instead I ALWAYS asked him to fuck me. To some people, that is just a minor issue of semantics. To me, it is a HUGE difference, something I never expected to utter until my wedding night.

"Are you sure baby?"

just as you only can give your virginity once, perhaps this would be the only time I make love with my father. It was a special time for me, one I will never forget, but there is still nothing wrong with "fucking" my dad.

I don't regret for a comment what we did that night. Still, it was something that I think we will always hold special more so than a shift in our relationship. Perhaps there will come a time when he "needs" a lover again.

Until then, I will always love my dad in a special way – but as my father, not my lover.

# (Nov 21) Chapter 201: My Boyfriend's Sister

Story codes: MF F-solo oral voy inc brother sister
Me (24)
Randy - boyfriend (24)
Cindy - Randy's older sister (26)

Other than in my own family, I have never actually met anyone else who is involved in incest outside of chats and e-mails. Years ago when we first dated, Cindy caught me and Randy doing it on their parents' bed. Until recently I never knew where that episode eventually led. Although things didn't work out like people might expect reading this introduction, it was still a memorable afternoon for me!

## 1. Past Experience With Randy & Cindy

Back in my high school days I dated a bashful guy named Randy for a short while. While he was rather cute, he also had a rep for being sort of a geek and together with his shyness, it kept him from even having been on a single date with a girl before, let alone have sex. In contrast, I was enjoying my own a rep - that of the class slut. Before you judge me, it was something I'd worked mighty hard to get since Junior High and was quite proud of myself, especially taking into consideration some of the competition I faced.

At the time we met, Randy was sixteen, a year younger than me. Ah yes, a lowly junior whereas I was a senior, finally having reached the top of the high school food chain. Like many of the guys I dated back then, Randy was part of the same church youth group I attended and it was at one of our meetings that he first drew my interest - after noting HIS interest in me.

Given our dissimilar backgrounds, you can probably imagine how dreadfully nervous Randy was the first time I went out with him. Then there was the night when he first fucked me. We did it in the parking lot of a movie theater, the same one where I'd just spent the entire movie teased him terribly. While I would never have let him know it at the time, by the time we got to his car I was probably even hornier than he was! "Public" is always fun but what made it special for me was that he was my first virgin.

Up until Randy, all of the boys (and men) I'd had sex with had at least SOME experience so it was a new milestone for me to be a boy's "first". It's sort of a special feeling to know that no matter how many girls he dates or marries in the future, he will always remember me!

One of the biggest obstacles to dating Randy wasn't his shyness but rather his parents, They were extremely conservative to say the least, almost to the point of being psychotic. Naturally his mother didn't care for me dating her son. We actually had some history before I went out with Randy, going back about a year to the first she'd seen me at a car wash for a church fund-raiser.

My white cotton t-shirt was soaking wet by the time she drove up, making it pretty obvious that I wasn't wearing a bra underneath, nor anything else for that matter. It also didn't help, at least from her perspective, that my denim shorts were a little tight and cut high enough to show more than just a bit of my ass when I bent over - something I made I did whenever possible. The nasty look she gave me was classic but I wonder if she realized that all it did was encourage me all the more. Frankly, knowing her beliefs and opinions, I would've been far more concerned had she NOT looked at me with that withering frown!

Once I started dating Randy I tried to tone down my dress and attitude as best I could when I was around his mother. Regardless of my efforts, she seemed to have me permanently pegged as one of "those" girls, which was true actually. Still, I think she was relieved that at least her son was dating SOMEBODY finally so she just frowned when I was around and otherwise did her best to ignore me.

In a perverse sort of way, seeing how protective Randy's mom was of her son, knowing full well what her reaction would be if she ever found out that Randy was fucking me, made sex with him all the more special. For example, perhaps one of the hottest times we had together was when we were making out on the porch connected to their house and I got him so crazy horny that he couldn't resist when I asked him to fuck me while his parents were in the very next room watching TV!

Randy had an older sister named Cindy who was three years older than him. While we were dating she was going to classes at a local college and so was rarely home. As a result we'd only crossed paths a couple of brief times so it was quite a shock one day when we thought we were all alone at his house, fucking like rabbits on his parent's bed, when Cindy poked her head in.

Randy's reaction was totally predictable. Heck, I thought he might faint at first! What made it all the more surreal was that even though he was completely freaked out at having his own sister seeing him naked while he fucked me, his dick never even hinted at a retreat. I loved the fact that he stayed inside of me the entire time his sister stood there in the doorway.

As for Cindy, I got the feeling she was more amused than anything at catching her younger brother in the act and she seemed to get a kick out of teasing him and threatening to tell their parents. The only thing that seemed to make her a little intense was when she noticed I was wearing her mom's robe. Between us fucking on her parent's bed and me wearing her mom's clothes, THAT sort of seemed to upset her a little for some reason. I DID try to hint at her joining in with us but the very idea seemed to disgust her. So far as I knew she never said another word to Randy or his parents but we were a lot more careful after that to be sure the house was empty when we played around.

We only dated a short while before Randy and I sort of drifted apart. He was just too shy for me and once the thrill of being his "first" faded, it just wasn't much fun for me anymore. Still, we still got together now every now and then for a little fun until I graduated and left town for an out-of-state university.

The next year it was his turn to graduate after which he headed out to the west coast. After college he found himself a job with some startup software company and so he never moved back to the Pittsburgh area. We didn't keep in touch and I sort of forgot all about him until not long ago when he totally surprised me in church.

My first thought when I saw him was "WOW!" as he had grown up quite a bit since those awkward high school days and so we started dating again. At first we both were only interested in sex and I have to say, the guy was certainly no virgin anymore! Randy had always had a pretty decent dick and my god, he sure had learned how to use it! Those sluts out in California certainly must have taught him a thing or two! Still, I like to think I can pretty much keep up with about any girl when it comes to sex and he wasn't complaining, that was for sure!

Over the past month or so, we've started to grow closer and I've caught myself daydreaming that maybe our relationship might become more than just "fuck buddies". I mean, it wasn't like I wasn't enjoying myself with him the way things were, but lately we seemed to be talking and cuddling more instead of just getting down to it as soon as we got to his place or mine.

Speaking of which, it was usually MY place more so than his. The reason Randy was back in Pittsburgh was that he'd been laid off from his California job and was living with his parents until he found a new job. His older sister Cindy had long since moved out and was now living with some guy on the North Side so it was just him and his parents. His mom hadn't changed a bit, still as conservative and narrow-minded as ever, so we couldn't do anything when she was home which meant at least 90% of the time we had to go to my place if we wanted to fool around - which was about all we did!

Where this was all leading to, I had no idea. It wasn't like I was being exclusive with Randy and I wasn't assuming he was either so far. We didn't exactly talk about anyone else we might be seeing and I think we both figured it was better this way NOT knowing. Even so, I was spending so much time with Randy that I wasn't seeing too many other guys. The good news was that if Randy was indeed screwing someone else but me, it certainly wasn't hindering his performance. Isn't there some old adage about "letting sleeping dogs lie"? I was happy with things the way they there so why go looking for trouble?

While Randy was fully aware of my reputation, there was one thing Randy definitely did NOT know about my sex life and that was that one of the men I had fucked regularly while we dated was my own father! It should go without me saying it that I'd never told him anything about my "close" relationships with some of the men and women in my own family. Granted, it wasn't anything personal so far as how I felt about Randy. It was just that I never told ANY of the guys I dated about this side of me.

Face it, every relationship is destined to have its good times AND bad so I never wanted to be in a position where I dumped some guy and he could use this information as blackmail or otherwise use it against me. Just look what happened with the guy I thought was going to be my finance. It almost ruined my life so now if anything I am all the more paranoid about revealing my incestual background than I've ever been.

## 2. Randy Surprises Me

One night after Randy and I had finished having sex, we were laying in my bed just snuggling up together when I asked him how his sister was doing. I don't exactly know WHY I asked but for whatever reason the memory of her looking in on us suddenly popped into my head and I found myself wondering what she'd ever done about it, if anything. It was just a causal question and had he ignored me I probably would've just forgotten I'd even asked and gone back to enjoying the feel of his warm nude body pressed against tightly up against mine. What I was REALLY thinking about was the feel of his dick pressed against my belly, already starting to stiffen up again and I knew he'd be ready to fuck me again soon. Yes, you can imagine where my mind was REALLY focused. Cindy was just an afterthought, at least at that moment.

"I don't know if I should be telling you this, but actually I started fucking my sister not long after she caught us," he said casually, almost as if he was remarking about the weather outside.

My eyes popped wide open and I literally jumped with surprise, staring at him with a look of incredulity.

"No really, we started having sex soon after that," he repeated himself, "I guess I wasn't comfortable telling you about it at the time."

No shit Sherlock. I don't know what shocked me more, the fact that Randy had fucked his sister or that he was telling me about it now in the first place. Based on my discussions with people over the six years I've being on-line, I've no doubt that a lot more brothers and sisters "experiment" when they are younger than people know about, but I also believe that the vast majority of them never have sex. Even if they do, it's usually when they are younger and more naive, usually stopping when they get into their later teens and realize the full implications of what they are doing. For two siblings to START an incestual relationship when they've already reached their late teens was something entirely new for me. Sure I knew a lot of people fantasize about it, but to DO it is something entirely different. Then to confess it to someone like he had just done to me... well, that was something totally new.

As a side note, I personally believe there is a LOT more incestuous activity in our neighborhoods than most people realize, or even would admit if they DID know about it. Since everybody is afraid to admit it, nobody knows who is really doing it.

So anyway, here we were, laying under the comforter in my bed with his now almost totally reenergized cock poking into me like a sharp stick while my mind was just racing along. It was if he didn't even realize what a bombshell he'd just laid on me as he lifted my leg over his, reaching down to fondle my pussy as I felt him scooting in closer to me. It was pretty obvious what he wanted - to start fucking me again, and under almost any other set of circumstances I would've been more than willing but hot damn, what about what he'd just told me? Did he think he could drop something like on me and then just go back to having sex like nothing had happened?

"Tell me about you and your sister," I insisted as I just laid there instead of helping him back into me.

Wow, talk about a classic inner struggle. My body wanted him to fuck me but my mind was all about him and his sister. I guess that's one of the things that separates the sexes - with men the body always won out but I think women are better able to control themselves. They may WANT it as bad as the guy but they are able to put it off longer if necessary.

"We can talk about that later... now I just want to fuck," he mumbled almost incoherently as he reached around to grab my butt so he could pull me into his dick.

"Noooooo, I want to talk about it now!" I insisted, pushing him away.

Since it wasn't often that I ever said "no", at least when it came to sex, so it had to be surprise to him.

For whatever reason, Randy seemed to extra horny tonight. Heck, he didn't even want to go out to dinner tonight but instead just led me up to my room as soon as he'd arrived and he was fucking me literally seconds later. Usually I like it when he gets that way. Heck, I like it when ANY man gets really horny for me as it makes me feel extra sexy and pretty. Sure it's usually better to spend some time with foreplay but now and then getting right down to it without any fanfare, or even small talk period, can be erotic as well.

Well, that was exactly how things had gone tonight as Randy was in an even hornier mood than normal and THAT was saying a lot when it came to Randy and his enormous sex drive. Someone told me once that "randy" was slang in some countries for "horny" and I have to say, if that's the case then Randy was well-named!

"C'mon Kelly, let's fuck first. We can talk later, OK?"

"No," I resisted, "It's all your fault. You're the one who said you were having sex with your sister so now you have to tell me all about it."

"Tell you what... if you let me fuck you now I'll tell you all about it while I do you... deal?"

Now how could I turn down THAT offer? It was indeed the best of both worlds - getting laid AND having him tell me about his incestual dealings with his sister. Hmmm, sounded fine to me! Besides, the feeling of his hard dick poking me between my legs as it searched for the entrance to my pussy was getting me pretty hot as well.

"OK, deal!" I agreed but instead of letting him fuck me like this, I pushed him over and moved on top of him, straddling his waist with my bare legs, letting my wet pussy press down on his erect dick. By moving my hips up and down his body, my pussy slid up and down the length of his thick shaft, stimulating me as well as him in the process.

"You fuckin' slut, stop teasing me!"

"Hmmmmmm, I think somebody wants his dick in my pussy," I teased him, rubbing down hard on his now fully erect cock.

"Dammit Kelly, if you want me to tell you about my sister, then stop fooling around!"

Well, I DID want him to tell me about her, and I DID want him in me - probably as much if not more than he did but I would never let HIM know that. What the heck? I reached down and grabbed his swollen cock with my fingers, directing him to my wet and hungry pussy. He had cum in me the first time and between the remnants of his cum, my own lubrication, and having been stretched out a bit from just having been fucked, he slid easily into my pussy.

"Oh yesssssss, that's it," I couldn't help but sigh with relief as his engorged dick filled me once again.

At first I just sat there motionless, mounted on his crotch like a popsicle on a stick. The warm feeling of his cock as it lay buried deep inside my warm pussy was mesmerizing. Damn, how many times had I taken a dick in me since my boyfriend took my virginity back when I was just fourteen? Hundreds? Probably more like thousands if you counted the times the same ones did me.

Still, no matter how many times I've been laid, that feeling I get when my pussy is first filled by an invading dick is something I will simply NEVER tire of. Each times is unique, something special. That's because it's not just the physical act of taking a cock up my pussy that turns me on, it's far more than that. It's WHERE we are, WHEN we do it, WHY it's in me, and most of all, WHOSE dick it is that determines more how

I feel during sex than just a penis in my vagina. Without all the emotions it may as well be a dildo in me - which is exactly why I don't like dildos as a general rule. Sure, dildos have their uses at the right time and place, but I can never feel as satisfied with one of them as I do when a real dick is in me.

Randy had his strong hands on my bare hips, pushing and pulling me in time with his small thrusts, leaving me to do most of the actual work - which was fine with me. One of the reasons I like being on top is then I get to set the timing and depth. Most guys, at least when they THINK they are controlling things, just want to ram their dick in and out as deep as it can go without any idea of what really turns on a girl when she's being fucked. It's almost like they are just masturbating but using my pussy to do it.

Sitting down with my full weight on his lap, I ground my shaved pussy into his hairy crotch, making his dick swirl about inside of me, just the way I liked to feel it. For just a moment I forgot about our deal but then I remembered. How could I forget? Leaning forward I put my hands flat on his muscular chest such that my boobs dangled over his face, tempting him but not quite low enough for him to reach my nipples.

"OK Randy, I let you fuck me so now tell me all about you and your sister."

Randy puffed his cheeks and huffed. Most likely he'd figured that once he started screwing me that I would forget about him and his sister. True, usually once he was in me any prior conversation we had going usually came to a screeching halt as we would focus on sex... but not today. This was too important to forget about and now that I'd upheld my end of the bargain, it was his turn to reciprocate.

"I guess I probably shouldn't have said anything," he said, appearing a little uncertain now talking about it.

"Well, now that I KNOW you fucked her you may as well tell me about it."

"You promise not to tell anyone? Not even your cousin?"

"Of course not silly."

"I mean, if anyone were to find out we could be in a lot of trouble, right?"

"You know you can trust me," I assured him as I gave his dick a nice squeeze with my pussy for good measure.

"Shit, you really know how to talk me into things, don't you!" he gasped as his hips thrust suddenly up, driving his dick into me after I'd just squeezed on it.

"C'mon now, tell me... and I want details!"

Randy sighed with a resigned look and as he started to talk, I ever so slowly rocked on his dick, trying to "inspire" him to tell me everything. It was a rather disjointed discussion as there were times when we couldn't resist and I would start humping on him hard, so here's a summary of what I learned...

As I suspected, it was Randy's sister that had started things. After seeing her brother fucking his girlfriend, Cindy looked at her brother with different eyes. Of course she knew that Randy was usually pretty horny based on how often he masturbated (why do guys think nobody knows what is going on when they disappear into the bathroom for such long periods of times and lock the door behind them?). What actually drove her to cross the line he didn't seem to know, but what he DID know was that one time when he was about to "relieve" himself in the solitude of the bathroom, Cindy had stopped him and pulled him by the hand into her room. Neither of their parents were home and she didn't hesitate one second as she unzipped his jeans and pulled out his cock before he realized what was happening.

It was obvious that this wasn't Cindy's first rodeo and despite any feelings of trepidation at having his sister handling his dick, Randy told me he'd cum in Cindy's mouth quickly the first time. She didn't even undress, instead just kneeling in front of him and sucking his dick as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a sister to suck off her younger brother. After he'd cum in her mouth, she swallowed it and then abruptly told him to leave her room, adding that she expected him to return the favor next time.

Despite me asking Randy for details, he seemed to be giving me the "Reader's Digest" version of things so I kept pressing him to fill in the holes as he spilled more and more. I quickly gathered that his sister was the dominant one which wasn't all that hard to believe since I seemed to be the dominate one in our relationship as well. He seemed to like it when the girl took control, becoming as shy as he was back in our high school days. Now that he was older and more experienced, he tried to be the dominate partner but I could still make him do whatever I wanted. Then again, that's not saying much as most girls can make a man do about anything if she wants to badly enough.

Apparently the next time they had the house to themselves, Cindy had made Randy fuck her in their parents' bed, apparently it had something to do with he could do it to a "slut like Kelly" then he could do it to her as well. What sort of surprised me was that they kept it up even though when they both dated other people. OK, so maybe I shouldn't have been surprised but Randy had never been the type that seemed to be able to date two girls at the same time. Sure, he wasn't exactly dating his sister, but fucking her certainly qualified as being the same effect as dating if you want my opinion.

After he left for school, they only got to fuck when he was home on breaks or otherwise visiting their parents. Cindy was still single but was living with some guy. I gathered that she was monogamous with her boyfriend but made an exception for her brother - an exception she almost certainly hadn't told her boyfriend about. Randy then admitted to me that he still fucked her while he had been going with me for the past month or so.

Sitting there on top of Randy with his dick inside of me made this little tidbit of information a little easier to swallow, but still I felt a little perturbed with myself that I'd had no idea there had been times when I was sucking his dick that he had been fucking his sister not that long before. He must have washed up pretty well afterwards as usually I can taste the slightest hint of pussy left behind on a guy's cock after he fucks another girl.

There was one more thing I wanted to ask him, or rather demand of him. However, this wasn't the right time and I was afraid he might clam up if I asked him now so I started to concentrate more on sex than interrogating him. Heck, can you blame me? As hot as it was to hear about him and his sister, there WAS a nice hard dick inside of me the whole time and it was well past time to do something about it.

"Please fuck me Randy," I begged him, shifting the conversation away from his sister and more to me, "Fuck me hard! Fuck me like you fuck your sister."

He seemed almost relieved to be able to quite talking about Cindy and to get back to what I knew he wanted - fucking me. Grabbing my hips tighter, he rolled over and let me slide off of him onto the bed. Then he twisted me around and pulled me up on my knees so he could enter me from behind. If there was one position I knew Randy liked more than any other, it was doggie style. Heck, I enjoyed it just as much since it allowed him to drill his dick into me deeper than in any other position. In addition, I loved to feel his crotch slap into my bare ass. The only issue I have is it seems so impersonal to be with a guy and be facing away from him while we have sex.

"Shit, you know I really love to enter Cindy like this," he gasped as he quickly positioned his hard dick at the wet entrance to my freshly fucked pussy hole, "But you have a much better ass to look at."

Well, at least the horny boy had the common sense to compliment me over his sister while he was fucking ME. No doubt he probably said the same thing to Cindy when he fucked her, telling her that it was HER ass that was the best. Actually, I hadn't seen his sister since we started dating again as she didn't live at home, so I didn't know what her ass really looked like these days anyway. Back when she was a teenager I thought she was pretty hot but who knows what had happened to her since. She wouldn't be the first hot college girl to go to pot after graduation!

Randy finally pushed his dick into me and now it as my turn to gasp as he rammed it hard and true, burying himself in me until I could feel the coarseness of his thick pubic hair pressed up against my smooth bare butt. That was another thing I loved about Randy - he had never so much as trimmed his crotch and I simply adored the thick hairy bush of curly black pubic hair that surrounded his wonderful dick.

"That's it Randy, fuck me... fuck me... fuck me," I kept repeating myself over and over as he started to stroke his dick in and out of me, grabbing my hips with his hands to drive himself into me even harder.

Even though he'd just cum in me using this very same position less than half an hour before, I could tell he was on the verge of doing it again. Seems once the guy found something he liked he stuck with it! Well, personally I prefer a little variety and since he'd done it HIS way the first time, I didn't see any reason why it wasn't fair for me to ask for it MY way this time.

"I want you on top of me Randy."

From the way he was groaning and grunting, I guess he didn't hear me. At least he BETTER not have heard me! I'd hate to think he had just ignored me. For the moment it was OK as I like the way it feels when he fucks me hard and fast. Meanwhile, I'd dropped down to my elbows which put my ass up even more into the air, making it all the easier for him to drive his bard cock into my open pussy. Not only did it feel better this way, but it was a lot easier on my arms. Plus, I wasn't constantly feeling like I was about to be thrown forward onto my face when his crotch slammed so hard into my butt!

At least this time he wasn't cumming so fast. With older guys I would do whatever it took to help string them along as usually they were like musket loaders - one big shot with a bang and that was it for the night. When it came to younger boys - like the ones my cousin Kristen preferred, it was just the opposite in that they seemed to be in a perpetual state of erection no matter how many times they came.

Heck, usually they didn't even soften up but just kept right on going like little their cocks were powered by little Energizer rabbits!

Unfortunately, such resilience fades quickly as a boy leaves his teens but guys in their early twenties like Randy could still usually cum at least three or four times a night, even though the last time or two usually took quite a bit of coaxing on my part to make it happen. The good side was that after the first time, which usually happened pretty quick, they would cum a lot slower the next, taking longer with each ensuing erection. Thus I wasn't worried about Randy cumming TOO quickly in me so I gave him a little more time in his favorite position before I became more insistent.

"C'mon Randy, I want you on top of me this time."

Again I got zilch for a response and I was starting to think that maybe he might actually be ignoring me. Well, two can play this game! Without warning I lunged forward, letting his cock slip out of my pussy as I fell to my stomach on the bed. Before he could react I quickly flipped myself over and spread my legs apart for him, smiling at him lewdly as I offered myself for his enjoyment (and mine). Randy just stared at me with this cute expression of puzzlement and disappointment, like a little boy whose mommy had just snatched his favorite toy away from him without any warning. Still, I HAD warned him so he couldn't complain too much. Besides, unlike his strict mommy, I was more than willing to give his "toy" right back to him again!

"Don't just stare at me," I said with a naughty grin, using both hands to spread my freshly fucked pussy apart for him, "Stuff that bad boy back home where he belongs!"

Randy grinned at that and so I dramatically licked my lips with a display of anticipation as he shuffled on his knees to get between my legs. He then reached to the side and grabbed a pillow, stuffing it under my butt so as to lift my crotch up in the air a few inches. It was then my turn to pitch in so I reached forward and grabbed his erect dick in my hand, still so wonderfully wet and slippery from having just been in my pussy. He leaned over me and held himself up on his hands as I directed his beautiful cock back to my horny pussy hole where he started pushing it back in me the moment he felt it touch me.

"Oh yes!" I moaned softly as he pushed himself in me, filling my tight pussy with his dick once again.

Even though it was the same cock, it somehow felt different in this position. Maybe it was because I was facing him now, seeing the expression of lust and passion on his face as he shut his eyes tight while he fucked me. I could pretty much go along with about any position during sex but this was the way I liked to finish, with the guy on top of me, kissing me, sucking my boobs, his bare body covering me like he possessed me.

"That's it Randy... cum in me," I whispered hoarsely to him, "Cum in me the way you cum in your sister... fuck me like you fuck Cindy." Whether he heard me or not I wasn't sure but in any case the desired results were achieved. Randy pushed himself deep into my pussy, then pulled out just a little bit and suddenly thrust himself hard against me, driving me back on the bed a few inches with the force of his impact. He held himself in that position, arching his back as he threw his head back and groaned loudly, his cock erupting inside of me like a sperm-belching penis volcano as it once again flooded my pussy.

"Oh yeah, give it all to me Randy, all your cum... give it to me the way you give it to Cindy!"

Regardless of whether or not this was how he actually fucked his sister, Randy was certainly more than willing to give me his cum. Even though it was his second load in the same hour, he still managed to conjure up a great load of cum, releasing himself time after time inside of me. Each time he did I felt him push against me, as if he was trying to shoot his cum as deep into my waiting pussy as he could. I tried to picture in my mind how it must look inside of me as the sperm would spew from the end of his cock and spread out even further up inside of me. Mmmmmmm, this was indeed heaven on earth!

After he came, Randy feel to his elbows, barely keeping his full weight off of me. My boobs were pressed hard between us as he just held himself inside of me without even moving, as if he wanted to savor every moment he could of his empty dick inside of me. All of which was perfectly fine with me as I preferred to have him in me as long as possible anyway. If there was anything that disappoints me during sex, it's a guy cumming and then pulling himself out right away without allowing me time to soak in the pleasure he'd just given me.

"I want to watch."

Randy just grunted as I felt his hot breath against my neck where he had buried his head in against my now totally messed-up hair.

"Seriously... I want to watch you fuck your sister."

"No way," was all he said in response.

"Noooooo, I really DO want to watch you fuck her!"

Randy shook his head against me. "She'd never do it. Besides, she'd kill me if she found out that I'd told you about us."

"Who said anything about telling her?"

Randy's eyes widened and he got this strange look where it was obvious he wasn't quite clued in yet as to what I was talking about. Well, like I said before, men just aren't all there right after they cum! He started to lift himself to get off of me but I put my arms around him , wrapping my smaller legs around his as well to pull him into me again.

"I wish you would stay in me longer... please?"

Typical guy. He wants so bad to get in you but then once he cums and HE is satisfied, then he wants back out again as fast as he got in! Why don't guys get it that a girl likes to feel him in her after he cums? Even if he shrinks down, there's still this connection, this intimacy, that continues as his cum begins to leak from me around his cock. Now and then I could feel him twitch in me and it make me jump just a little every time. The weight of him on my crotch, pressing his pubic hair against me and keeping his now semi-erect cock in me felt so unbelievably good.

Oh crap, did he just snore? A little pissed off now, I abruptly pushed him off of me and he flopped over on his back, his limp cock flopping over to one side. For a moment I couldn't help but think how much I liked the way it looked, all covered with his cum and my pussy wetness. Another time and place and I probably would have started sucking him; partly to see if I could get him hard for round three, but also because I LOVE the taste of a dick after it's just cum in a girl - especially if that girl was ME.

At this point the jerk was sleeping so I shrugged my shoulders and laid down next to him. Closing my eyes, I started to masturbate as I imagined how it would be when I watched Randy fuck his sister. (I hope you noticed that I said WHEN, not IF!) There was no doubt in my mind. I was going to watch Randy fuck his sister no matter what it took.

"Hey, isn't HE supposed to be doing that to you about now?"

Startled, I opened my eyes and as they focused I saw my cousin Kristen standing there, just a shadow outlined by the hallway light in the doorway. I could still tell that she had her jacket on, obviously she had just gotten home from wherever she had been. It's not like she kept me up to date with her comings and goings.

"So what's the story? Didn't get enough and still horny or what?" she asked, stepping into the room as she unbuttoned her coat. "So..., how many time did sleepy head cum?"

Grinning, I held up two fingers. Kristen just shook her head as if she didn't know what to do with me.

Well, that's what you get for doing the old guys," she teased me, "You really need to join me if you want some REALLY hard cock!"

My heart rate suddenly spiked as I looked to see if there was anyone behind. It would be just like Kristen to have some young teenage boy in tow, perhaps letting him watch her cousin as she masturbated. Nobody was there but in any case, she knew better than to ask me but of course that had never stopped her before. She seemed obsessed with the notion that one day she would wear me down and I'd help her fuck some kid from the neighborhood but I was pretty confident that such a thing was NEVER going to happen.

"Hmmmmmm, need some help?" she offered as her eyes were fixated on my freshly fucked pussy where I now had two fingers slowly working their way in and out. She was talking to me but she had her eyes fixated on my crotch.

As tempting as the offer was, I shook my head and motioned for her to leave. It would be just my luck that Randy would wake up and want to fuck Kristen this time. We'd done a couple of threesomes in the past and he knew we played together even though we were cousins. Still, there is something about two girls playing together, even if they are related and thus technically making it incest, that makes people treat it differently than incest between a boy and girl. Why was it that two sisters (or in our case, cousins) playing together is "just playing" but a brother fucking his sister is considered so much more serious?

More than anything else, my main concern at the moment was that I wanted to keep Randy concentrating on sex with his sister, not with Kristen. When he woke up I had plans to remind him of his promise to me. Of course, he'd never actually promised me anything, but I wasn't going to let such technicalities get in my way!

# 3. The Drive to Randy's Home

As things turned out, although he was reluctant at first, Randy DID finally agree to let me watch while he fucked Candy. OK, so it took a couple more blowjobs and some public sex to "convince" him, but ALL men have their price - and it's usually pretty darn cheap when it involves sex.

Still, there was one line that Randy absolutely refused to cross and that was to let Cindy know that I knew all about them. Apparently he could deal with me watching, but only if I was hiding out of sight. Above all else, he was positively adamant that there was no way under heaven that he was going to allow me to join in with them, even if she was OK with it. It sort of disappointed me but then I couldn't really blame him. His sister probably would freak if she known what I knew about her now.

It was more than just concern over Cindy's reaction, though, that seemed to be a driving force. There was also something in the way he acted that told me there might be some more deep personal issues as well, although I couldn't for the life of me figure out what they were. The only thing I could possibly fathom was that she might still be a little jealous from me having fucked Randy first - or doing it on their mom's side of the bed or wearing her clothes. Oh well, I guess I was just going to have to settle for being a voyeur. Still, it was better that nothing.

As it turned out, getting Randy to agree to let me watch was the easy part. The REAL trick was to find a time when he could fuck Cindy that I could be there to watch. Since they always did it at their parent's house, that meant their parents had to be out of the way as well. Whew, talk about a complicated scenario! From the sounds of things I was staring to worry that this could take months!

As it turned out, maybe it was something that was meant to be because it was just a week later when Randy was fucking me again and right in the middle of everything he casually announced that Cindy was going to be over at the house this coming weekend. Apparently their parents were going to be away for something or another, leaving the house to them for the entire afternoon. Thankfully I didn't have any plans other than being with Randy already so that made it easy on my part.

Later, when I told Kristen about it, her response was quite predictable. I hadn't even finished what I was telling her before she got all hot and bothered. "Can I watch too?" she asked with a suspiciously innocent look on her face, "I promise to behave!"

Well, I knew Kristen better than to believe THAT line for a minute, or even a millisecond. The words "Kristen" and "behave" simply didn't belong in the same sentence! There was no doubt in my mind that my ex-whore of a cousin would have somehow found a way to have done something to get herself involved along with Randy and Cindy and that was something Randy had specifically asked for me NOT to do.

My cousin's face fell with an exaggerated look of disappointment when I calmly informed her that she couldn't join in with us. Actually, I would have loved to have seen her surprise Cindy right in the middle of her brother doing her but at this time in my relationship with Randy, that was the sort of publicity I didn't need.

Randy insisted on picking me up on Saturday, the day he had arranged to be with his sister where I could watch. I guess he was afraid that having my car in the driveway would alert Cindy that something was up and street parking was all but non-existent in their neighborhood. During the drive to his place I tried to tease him by touching his dick through his jeans, threatening to take it to and start sucking on it. It wasn't like it would be the first time I'd sucked him off while he drove.

"Damn it Kelly, now stop that!" he said, sounding a little annoyed, "I'm gonna need all I have for Cindy later!"

Well, if he wasn't going to let me play with them, there was always ME! I was also wearing jeans plus a sweater top, pretty standard gear for this time of the year so it wasn't going to be as easy as if I'd wore a skirt. Still, if nothing else I always had perseverance going for me. Unbuttoning the top of my jeans, I unzipped them and quickly slid them down to my ankles, revealing that I wasn't wearing anything between them and me. Not that it was exactly a surprise to Randy.

"God dammit Kelly, can't you behave for just ONE night?" he sighed but I noticed he wasn't exactly making any real effort to look away either.

The leather seat was cold on my bare bottom so I kept my coat and top on to help me to stay warm.

"You know Randy, it really turns me on that you're gonna let me watch you fuck your sister today," I said softly as I leaned back and started to gently masturbate myself.

"You know Kelly, there ARE people driving right next to us," he observed, as if I didn't already know.

"So? They can't see me," I replied seductively, "But if you WANT, I could let them see me too... Would that turn you on?"

Randy's eyes rolled as he just shook my head at my teasing and carefully navigated his way through the insane tunnel and bridge traffic. Even though I was rubbing myself I really wasn't working very seriously to get myself off – it was all more a show for Randy than for me. Actually, what was getting me off more than my finger was seeing his reaction to what I was doing. It really turned me on that something I enjoyed so much and sometimes took for granted could turn a guy like him on so much. It was like he went under some sort of spell the moment he saw my finger inside my pussy, like some hypnotic state where I could suggest almost anything and he would do it for me, no questions asked.

"So tell me Randy, does your sister masturbate for you like this?" I teased as I continued to slowly play with myself.

Randy shook his head and I thought I could just detect a slight sadness in his expression. "Noooooo, actually for that matter YOU are the only girl I've EVER met who was so into having someone watch her masturbate. Most girls I've been with don't even like to touch themselves during sex whereas you...," his voice trailed off.

"Most girls? Like... how many girls have you been with Randy?" I asked, quickly picking up on his little slip of the tongue.

For the most part, the subject of our sexual histories and past partners was something we avoided, at least up until now. Face it, most people don't really like to hear about the other people their partner has been with, me included. That is, unless there is something erotic or interesting about it. My boyfriend having sex with his sister definitely fell into both categories! I could have done without hearing about sex with other girlfriends, but incest with his sister was something altogether different, especially since I had never met a guy before who fucked his sister (at least outside my own family).

Randy hesitated slightly before answering and as he did my mind was instantly racing. Did his reluctance to confess mean that he'd been with a lot of other girls and he didn't want me to know about them? Maybe it was just the opposite, that he'd NOT been with many and he was embarrassed to confess. For just a brief moment the thought flashed through my mind that maybe all his partners hadn't been girls! That idea was quickly pushed aside as I hadn't seen even the slightest hint of homosexuality in Randy. He certainly liked girls, THAT much I was 100% positive! One thing I've always held true is that a man can SAY anything without meaning a word of it but his dick never lies!

"You mean beside you and Cindy?" he asked, obviously stalling for time.

"Well duh, I guess so!" I huffed in response, "I wasn't exactly asking how many farm animals you've done."

OK, maybe THAT was pushing it a little but Randy seemed to just ignore me anyway. He was acting as thought he was struggling to tally up some huge list or something but then he finally sighed and admitted rather sheepishly, "Well, it's only been the two of you. I mean you and Cindy."

Now it was MY turn to hesitate in my response. To be frank, I was having a difficult time accepting what he just said. Really, how could a guy like Randy have gone through four years of college and lived in southern California for all those years after graduation without having sex at least once?

"C'mon, you're kidding," I said, the disbelief clearly in my tone, "Not even a blowjob? Give me a break!"

Randy shrugged, "Well, maybe a couple of those but they weren't all that good and besides, aren't you the one who is always saying that oral sex isn't really sex?"

He had me there but it was a technicality, not a knockout punch.

"So none of the girls you dated had sex with you? And you're telling me that NONE of them would masturbate for you?"

Don't get the wrong impression of me. I'm really not so naive as to think that all girls enjoy the same things that I do, but you would think SOME would share SOME of my interests. When I was dating, especially back in my high school days, I loved to tease the boys and I learned early on that the best way to do that without them even laying a hand on me, or having to expose all that much of me, was to just masturbate for them. Sometimes I would just put my hand under my skirt or down my jeans and they didn't even get to see my pussy but it still turned them on incredibly.

I loved masturbating for guys because I could do it almost anywhere which really got them going. Despite all the fantasies written about it, giving a blowjob, or even a hand-job for that matter, in a restaurant or somewhere similar in public can be pretty difficult without getting caught. However, I could masturbate just about anywhere so long as I was a little discreet about it. The initial look a guy gets when he realizes what I am doing is always the best part. Unfortunately most guys were too self-conscious to reciprocate but over the years a few have jerked off while I did myself which I enjoyed watching as well. The cool thing was that I was masturbating more to turn them on... and they were masturbating because I turned them on.

"You know, I DID ask my sister to do it one time but she reacted like I was some sort of pervert," he explain to me, "She said she wasn't a whore and she wasn't going to put on some sort of porn show for me. I mean like she was really pissed!"

All the while we were talking I was slowly rubbing myself. Talking about masturbating was a turn-on for me as well and to just be driving down the road holding an "ordinary" discussion while I was masturbating as if we were in the privacy of my room was making me REALLY horny - as you might well imagine. I could only hope it was having the same effect on Randy but there was little doubt about THAT judging from the large bulge in the crotch of his jeans!

## 4. Getting Started at Randy's House

Before long we were pulling into the small subdivision where Randy's parent's lived. It was your typical older, middle class Pittsburgh community, a collection of similar no-nonsense red brick homes sitting on hills practically on top of one another. He pulled into the steep driveway and we quickly went into the house without any fanfare.

"So tell me, where do you guys usually do it?" I asked, taking off my coat. He took it and hung it up in the hallway closet so it would be out of the way.

Randy shrugged his shoulders. "Wherever she wants to I guess, it depends on her mood usually. You know how it is."

Hmmmmmm, I looked at Randy a little closer. There was something here that I hadn't quite figured out yet. This was but one of a number of little comments he'd made since revealing his secret about his sister that made me wonder who was calling the shots. I guess I'd just naturally assumed from the start that Randy had been the one to get things rolling with his sister, or at least he had been the one to keep it going. In my imagination I had pictured him peaking in on his sister and having her catching him and having him join her. A little clich,, yes, but still it COULD have been true in their case. He had told me otherwise and now I was starting to wonder if there wasn't something a little more kinky going on here...

"Sounds like your sister's pretty strict with you," I tossed out casually, like a crafty fly fisherman casting out his lure, hoping for that big strike.

Unlike the typical fisherman, I wasn't disappointed. Although he didn't say anything, the look on Randy's face spoke volumes. First there was this instantaneous expression of panic, like I'd discovered something he'd rather I hadn't. He recovered just as quickly and if I hadn't been watching so closely I would've missed it entirely as his face took on a look more of annoyance, as if I was sticking my nose in where it didn't belong. Oh well, this wouldn't be the first time I'd done THAT, that much was for sure. Subtlety wasn't exactly my strong suit.

"So how's this going to work? Do I get to sit at the end of the bed and watch or what?"

Randy stared at me like I was some sort of alien. "Huh?" was all he got out, his jaw all but hitting the floor, "You're joking... right?"

Now it was my turn to look annoyed. "Well, you DID promised me I could watch, didn't you? Like, what's the point in me being here if I can't see you? Sheesh, you may as well have had teleconference phone sex."

"I said you could WATCH but I didn't say you could do it where she could see you," Randy came back lamely. "Shit Kelly, she'd cut my balls off if she knew I'd even TOLD you about us, let alone ask her if you could watch!"

There it was again... that subtle hint of submission... maybe not so subtle now.

Folding my arms in front of me, I assumed a classic aggressive stance. Lifting my shoulders, I huffed loudly and blew my breath out of my puffed cheeks to clearly signal my growing exasperation.

"Well then Randy, what CAN I do?"

Randy looked like he was struggling now and I got the idea that perhaps he hadn't quite worked this all out beforehand. Then his face lit up and he took my hand and led me upstairs to his parents' bedroom. Entering it, I smiled as I noticed that it hadn't really changed in all the years since we'd first had sex here. OK, so the bedspread was different and the curtains were new, but the carpeting was still this horrible outdated beige shag and the bed itself was basically the same as was the rest of the furniture. I caught myself wondering if her mom still hung up her robe on the back of the bathroom door...

"Remember when we did it in here?"

Randy was smiling at me now. Indeed I did! It was like it all happened just yesterday in some ways. Of course, the hottest part had been when his sister had caught us. Poor Randy, he must have thought he was totally screwed but Cindy had been pretty cool about it overall. Still, I NEVER would have suspected from her reactions that it would eventually lead to incest between her and her brother. Indeed, when I had offered to let her try out her brother's dick for herself, all she did was scrunch up her nose and cry out, "Ewwwww!" Not exactly a promising signal that she was wanting to have sex with her brother.

"If we do it in here you can watch from the master closet," he said, pointing to the double folding doors at the end of the bed.

Even now they weren't fully shut and anyone peeking through them would have an unobstructed view from the head of the bed. Of course I would have much preferred a side view but it wasn't like there were a whole lot options. The only other choice would have been the master bath but the risks would have been far too great as who could tell if his sister would need to use it for some reason.

"Are you sure you're going to do it in here?"

Randy would never have made a good poker player. He raised his eyebrows and I knew in an instant that he was NOT sure at all but he still tried to put on a good front. "Well, I guess I get her to do it here if I try hard enough," he said, parsing his words carefully as if he might have to testify in court later. Well, if I hid in the closet and then they did it in another room he just might have to!

What really made me cringe was the word "try". As I mentioned, it wouldn't be a whole lot of good to hide in the closet and then find out she wanted him to fuck her on the kitchen counter (where I believe they HAD done it a couple of times during the past summer). Still, I couldn't see any other way to ensure the right option was taken so I figured I just had to depend on Randy's horniness and his growing desire for me to watch him fuck his sister for the right decisions to be made. Come to think about it, given Randy's seemingly perpetual state of horniness, it really shouldn't be all that hard after all.

Just then we heard a car in the driveway next to the bedroom. Randy peered out through the curtains and his face was almost white as he turned to me.

"She's here early," he whispered, as if she could somehow hear us in her car outside in the driveway.

# 5. My First Time Watching a Brother and Sister

OK, so technically this wasn't going to be the first time I'd watched a brother fucking his sister. Still, it was how I considered it that counted. It's sort of like me telling people that my college roomie Brenda was my first lesbian experience when in reality I'd been with my mom and her sister for years by then. Simply put, I don't consider regular sex within your family, (a.k.a. incest), when I think of "first times". Well, maybe when it comes to losing your virginity but that's a physical milestone as well. It's sort of hard to pretend you don't have a hymen anymore!

What I mean is that even though I watched my cousins fucking, it was just that - my COUSINS fucking, not a "real" brother with his sister. Like when I had sex with my mom, it was just that - sex with my mom, not sex with a girl if you get my drift. So when I had sex with Brenda, my first college roomie, it was indeed like having sex with a girl for the first time. So it would be with Randy and Cindy. Unlike when I'd watched my cousins Rick and Tammy fucking, seeing Randy and Cindy would be the first time I felt like I was watching a brother and a sister doing it. All this may be a matter of semantics to some but it's important to me to make such distinctions.

So here I was, tucked back in the closet out of sight in their parent's bedroom. It was a walk-in style closet so there was lots of room. With the doors opened a few inches I could sit well back out of site in the darkness and never be noticed by anyone outside, yet still having a great view of what was in front of me. Randy adjusted the doors a little and then stood back, giving me the thumbs up when he confirmed Cindy would never be able to see me from the bed.

Just then his sister came to the bedroom doorway. She still had her coat on which explained why she had gotten there so quickly. Fortunately, Randy had just turned around so it wasn't like she saw him fooling around with the closet doors.

"What in the world are you doing in here?" she complained, "Didn't I tell you quite clearly how I expect to be greeted?"

Randy just stood there, stammering. Thankfully he had the presence of mind not to look back at the closet as that would have surely gotten her attention.

"Really now, would it have been THAT hard for you to greet me naked at the door like you were supposed to?" she asked sternly, more like a mother complaining that her son hadn't taken out the garbage or something.

"Ummmmm, you're early," Randy started to explain lamely.

"Then what are you doing in here then?"

"I'm sorry Cindy, I'll do better next time," he answered, dodging her question.

It was absolutely surreal. My supposedly macho boyfriend was behaving like some young kid being balled out by his mother. Cindy seemed to be enjoying it too from the sly grin she let show on her face.

Then Randy came up with something that I had to give him credit for. It appeared she had plans to have sex somewhere else but then Randy seemed to know which button to push to get the right reaction from her. Hmmm, maybe he wasn't as pussy-whipped as I was starting to worry that he was.

"Cindy, do you remember when you caught me and Kelly here?"

Cindy smirked and tossed her hair back. "You mean that whore you're screwing now?"

"She's not a whore," Randy corrected her, if meekly. Good boy, at least he remembered how much I hated to be called a whore.

"Well, she's a slut then or whatever you call girls like her," Cindy huffed, "I don't know what you see in her other she's an easy fuck. Doesn't it bother you to know how many guys must have fucked her over the years?"

Once again Randy dodged the question saying, "Well, I was thinking you might like to do it here... maybe show me how much better you can fuck me than she did."

"Fuck that shit, you know how I feel about this room," she said back sharply, "Let's go to my room."

Wow, so he had lied to me, or at least not told me the whole truth. So they really hadn't fucked in this room like he said they had, or at least had agreed with me that they had. Was it because she was too hung up about it being their parents' room? Was she freaked out about fucking in the same bed as her mom and dad? Not all kids like to think about their parents having sex and with their parents, it was easy to see why.

"You knew, we fucked in here the other day when she was here," he taunted his sister. Now THAT was a total lie as we hadn't had sex at his house all the past week but then I guess Cindy didn't know that.

"So what? Now are you coming or not dammit," she said in an increasingly agitated voice.

"What's the matter, don't you think you can fuck me better here than her?"

Now I was totally confused. One minute I would have sworn he was a submissive wimp to his sister yet now he was standing up to her, or at least trying. I got the feeling that his fear of my wrath if he did her in her bedroom may have been overwhelming his fear of his sister. Either way he got to fuck her but if he went to her room then he faced being cut off by me in the future.

"You little shit, who the fuck do you think you are?" she practically hissed as she stepped into the room, "Don't you dare compare me to that oversexed whore. Don't you even mention her again, do you hear me?"

Randy was making a quick retreat back to his submissive mode, practically cowering as his older sister approached him menacingly. She was as tall or slightly more than he was while wearing her black winter boots which had what looked to be maybe a two inch heel or so. At least he'd managed to stand up to her long enough to set things in motion, sort of like that brave band of soldiers giving their lives to fend off the incoming army long enough to allow their compatriots to make a safe retreat. It was just temporary as the "brave" Randy was now overwhelmed by the incoming force of his sister but he had accomplished his mission.

"So you think your whore's so great in bed, don't you?" she growled as moved in even closer, "You like fucking well-used cunt, don't you? Well, I bet your little skank doesn't know what you really want, does she? Have you shown her the real you yet?"

Now it was starting to get interesting. While Cindy may have thought she was trashing me, in reality it is pretty easy for me to ignore slurs like the ones she had tossed out about me. I'd learned long ago to let crap like that from girlfriends (not to mention a few wives) to roll off like water off a duck's back. If anything, I took it as more of a compliment that she thought of me as such a "threat" and to be so desirable to men.

Cindy had finally removed her coat, revealing a rather conservative skirt and sweater outfit, probably fresh off the clearance rack at Macy's. The brown plaid skirt came down past her knees and over the top of her boots so you couldn't see any of her legs. The beige sweater fitted tight around her neck and was long-sleeved, much too bulky to show off her figure. It made me wonder where she worked during the day that she dressed so plain. Even the old teachers at my school dressed better than her.

Then she lifted her skirt up, bunching it up around her waist or reveal something those old ladies did NOT wear - a black, high-waist thong that wasn't hiding much other than to show she shaved most, if not all, of her pubic hair.

Reaching down, she pulled the scanty thong to the side to reveal that she was indeed cleanly shaven.

"Lick me," she commanded Randy, pushing him down to his knees with her hand planted on his head.

It wasn't much but apparently it was all she needed to say as Randy dutifully "assumed the position" on his knees before his sister as she stood up straight and spread her legs slightly. He started to put his hands up to grab her waist but she swatted them aside.

"Don't touch me! I don't want your whore-grubbing hands on me," she practically spat out.

With that she put both hands on the back of his head and pulled him into her crotch. From my position all I could see as the back of his head as he ducked under her to get his tongue on her pussy. I'd of loved to have a better view, maybe from the side, but it wasn't like I had an option when it came to my viewing preferences.

"That's better... now put your tongue in me."

As stern as she had tried to appear, now that her brother's head was buried in her crotch and he couldn't see her face anymore, the mask dropped and she was grinning like the cat that ate the canary as Randy licked and sucked on her pussy. Well, she SHOULD be grinning. I knew from personal experience that Randy was quite talented when it came to licking pussy. As much as I've tried to explain to some guys how to lick me, it seems more a matter of that you're born with the talent to not. Randy, or so it would seem, was give more than his fair share when the pussy licking talents were handed out!

"Suck on my clit... that's it... just like that... oh yeah, right there!" she moaned, her eyes closed as she put her head back and her mouth sort of hung open as she gasped each time his tongue flicked over her ever-more sensitive clit.

Randy was like a kid giving his first speech before an audience, not quite knowing what to do with his hands. I knew he wanted to touch his sister's ass - he LOVED grabbing mine and I knew he enjoyed squeezing and playing with my ass more than anything else on me. After her harsh rebuke, though, he didn't make another attempt to feel up his sister so he just sort of let his arms hang to the side as he continued to lick his sister's pussy.

"Oh god... right THERE," she cried out, taking her hands off Randy's head and clutching her breasts through her thick sweater. "Don't stop.. don't you dare fucking stop now!"

A soft moan started from Cindy's mouth and it sort of dragged out like a long fire siren, growing with intensity the longer she let it out. Apparently her little brother knew just which button to push (sorry, pun intended) to get his big sister to cum quickly!

"Did that feel..." Randy started to say, pulling his head back to look up at her. Cindy cut him off before he could even finish his sentence.

"Shut up, I don't even want to hear you speak," she spoke harshly to him, once again assuming the dominant body language as he was looking at her again.

I got the quick impression this was all sort of some twisted game to her. I just wondered if Randy was in on the "game" or if big sister was playing him like a fine fiddle.

With that she turned around and leaned over onto the bed on her elbows. Reaching behind with one hand, she flipped her skirt up over her back to reveal a pretty decent looking ass. The thong was all but invisible in the back as she slipped a finger under the middle strap and pulled it over to one side to expose her pussy to her brother

"Now I want you to fuck me," she said, looking straight at him.

As she did, she had a direct line of sight into the closet where I was kneeling and for a moment I panicked, thinking that maybe she could see me. It was just an illusion though, as she was focused entirely on her brother's dick.

With Cindy spreading her legs apart suggestively (and she called ME a slut) and I could see the look of lustful desire on her face. As much as she was trying to appear so cool, dominant and in charge, it was obvious that the bitch wanted his dick in her as badly as he did! I couldn't blame her, I felt the same way when I was with him and got a good look at his erect cock. As far as a cock went, a dick is pretty much a dick but I also knew what he could DO with that dick that made it so desirable. From the looks of things, Cindy was well aware of its capabilities as well.

Randy was undoing his jeans, fumbling a bit in his haste which seemed to frustrate Cindy. Again, I couldn't blame her. Once you got to the point where you KNEW a dick was going to be in you at any moment, any delay was unbearable. Having just cum, she was most likely dying to have his dick in her - I know I would have under the same conditions.

Randy finally got his belt undone and the front of his jeans open. He started to push them down off with his underwear when Cindy's patience came to an abrupt end.

"Shit, you don't have to take them all the off dammit, get that dick in me NOW!" she growled at him.

Randy let go of his pants and grabbed his hard dick with one hand while he shuffled up to her exposed butt and started to poke his dick up against her. Again, he fumbled about as he seemed nervous. Whether it was the pressure his sister was applying or knowing that I was watching from the dark closet, seeing him in a way I'd never seen him before. Most likely it was a bit of both but I would have bet a lot that it was me in the closet that had him the most distracted. Of course, Cindy had no idea about THAT aspect so she took it to be incompetence on the part of her brother.

"Sheesh, do I have to do everything?" she complained.

Reaching down between her legs, she grabbed his dick from his hand and directed him towards her pussy. Once she had it where she wanted it, she pushed back against him, driving his dick into her as he pushed forward in response.

"Oh yeah..." she sighed, falling back down on her elbows as Randy started to stroke his stiff cock in and out her pussy.

"Slow down... not so fast," she said in a lower voice, the dominant tone disappearing as she enjoyed the feeling of her brother's incestuous dick in her.

Indeed, I could only imagine how it must feel for her to have her own brother fucking her. Many a day I'd laid in bed and masturbated as I dreamed of an imaginary brother coming into my room at night and fucking me.

I had to think that it would be quite different to have a brother fuck me than my dad. With my dad, it was more a submissive thing where I wanted to please my father and be the most obedient daughter I could. With a brother, I would think it would be more "fun", the two of us simply taking advantage of the opportunity provided by living so close together such that we could have sex whenever either of us wanted it.

As I mentioned earlier, the only other time I'd seen a brother fucking his sister was when I saw my cousin Rick fucking his younger sister Tammy. That seemed so different, though, than what I was watching now. Rick was more than four years older than Tammy and been having sex with her since she was fourteen, at least that was when she first started sucking his dick. Plus, they were my cousins so I knew them more personally as part of my family.

In contrast, Cindy was a couple years older than Randy and they hadn't started having sex until Randy was sixteen. Plus, this was one of the few times I'd ever even seen them in the same room together, let alone having sex, so it was a whole new thing for me to see them this way.

Watching Randy fuck his sister, I started to imagine it was me that he was fucking instead of his sister. I remembered how we had done it so many years ago in this very room, except then it was Cindy watching him fuck me. Until now, I had been so mesmerized with everything going on before me that I hadn't even so much as touched myself. Well, THAT wasn't going to stay that way for much longer!

My pussy was starting to respond to the scene in front of me, perhaps more so because the dom-sub thing seemed to going by the wayside. I wondered if it was all just a game they played and not so kinky as I had thought. Cindy seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself now, rocking back and forth in sync with her brother's thrusts, moaning loudly each time he rammed his hard shaft deep inside of her pussy.

As they got more into it, Randy reached forward and grabbed Cindy by the hips and pulled and pushed her to drive his dick even harder and faster into her. This time Cindy didn't protest, not so much as even a dark but rather if anything, she seemed to be enjoying it all the more.

My hand was now between my legs as I cursed myself for wearing tight jeans. There was no way I could get them down in the cramped space of the closet without drawing their attention so the best I could do was rub myself through the tight fabric. Of course I wasn't wearing anything under them but the denim was still enough to keep me from rubbing myself the way I was dying to at this moment. It was incredibly hot to see a brother actually fucking his sister rather than two people pretending to be siblings on some stupid so-called "incest" website.

Now it was Randy's turn to cum as his strokes got suddenly faster and harder and I could see from the way he was grimacing that he was trying to hold it back as long as he could. He groaned as he shoved it into Cindy and then pulled her back in against him, holding himself deep inside of her as I could see his ass clenching as he began to shoot his loads of sperm into his sister's waiting pussy.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped, speaking his first words since she had shut him down earlier.

Cindy fell forward onto the bed on her stomach as Randy literally rode her down, keeping his dick planted firmly in her now cum-drenched pussy. He laid forward on her back, her skirt bunched up under him as I watched him now and then jerk a little as if he was having some sort of aftershock from the earthquake that had just consumed him.

Now that she had what she wanted, Cindy resumed her dominant role again but this time I saw it in a different light. There was something in her eyes that didn't quite go along with the way she was talking to him. She loved him fucking her, THAT was for certain! Still, she pushed him back so she could stand up again, pretending to not care about him anymore now that he had served his purpose.

"Well, it took you long enough to cum," she chastised him as she pulled her thong back into position and lowered her skirt once again, shaking it to get it to hang right again.

Then she smiled and gave him a kiss, on the cheek but still a kiss. "I hope you remember this the next time you fuck that whore of yours," she said in a soft tone, "Remember, nobody fucks you better than your sister... right?"

Randy nodded as he just stood there with his pants down to his knees and his cum-covered dick poking out from his shirt tails. He was still hard and no doubt would have been ready for another round but Cindy seemed to be in a rush.

"Hmmmmmm, guess you'll just have to take care of that on your own," she teased him as she patted his dick with her hand, "Sorry, gotta get back home before Ryan gets back."

I hadn't asked Ryan about who she was living with so I assumed this "Ryan" must have been her line-in roomie or whatever. Whatever the situation was, she hurried out the room without another word and headed straight out of the house, leaving Randy behind all hot and horny. Well, THAT was something I could deal with!

# 6. Showing My Gratitude

Randy was just starting to pull his jeans and underwear back up when I emerged from the closet, thankful to finally be able to stretch my legs again. Seeing what he was doing, I quickly said, "Oh no you don't, leave those pants down!"

As you might imagine, after watching everything for the past half hour or so, I was horny as hell and the only thing on my mind was what my eyes were fixated on in front of me - Randy's cum-covered cock. I knew if had just been in his sister and some of that wetness that was glistening in the soft light was from her pussy as well and I couldn't wait to taste her on his dick. Without saying another word, I pushed him back onto the bed and leaned over his crotch, taking him into my mouth without any further fanfare.

God he tasted so good! There's just something about the taste of a warm dick that just fucked a pussy that is like nothing else in the world. Cindy's pussy flavor was distinct, a sort of musky aftertaste like the perfect seasoning added to what was already a delicious meal. My heart beat fast as I realized I was tasting not just any girl on his dick, I was tasting his SISTER! The only other pussy I would have liked to taste more on his dick was mine, but then I love the taste of my pussy so it really wasn't a fair comparison.

"I take it you got turned on watching me fuck my sister?"

My response to Randy was just to look up and our eyes met as I tried to grin as best I could without letting his dick fall from my mouth. Holding it by the base, I let it out for just a moment to say in a teasing tone, "You know damn well it did you bastard!"

Back to his dick again, I licked his shaft up and down on each side and then in little circles around the smooth mushroom head, letting just the tip flick under it in that place I knew drove him nuts. Cupping his hairy balls in my hand, I gently rolled them as I started sucking once again on his dick, this time taking him in all the way until my nose was pushing against the base of his shaft. I loved the smell of his crotch. It was so... male!

"God that feels so good Kelly... you know you me suck better than Cindy ever did," he groaned as I deep-throated his cock.

Well, it wasn't really a fair "contest" with Cindy as I'd probably sucked hundreds more cocks in my "career" than she had. Overall, it may be a little egotistical but in my opinion, when it comes to cocksucking skills I don't think there are too many girls out there better than me. For anyone doubting me, I have enough testimonials to back up that that claim!

Another day and time, I could have sucked his cock for hours - assuming he could take it. There's just something about having a man's penis in my mouth that really turns me on. It's hard to explain why, but I think a lot of it has to do with knowing how I am making him feel and seeing how badly he wants me to do it - and not stop. To have that much power over a man, to be able to reduce him to begging me to suck him, is quite an ego booster. I don't mean to say it's some kinky dominatrix thing, I just like having a man totally consumed by his lust for me to the point he will literally do anything just for a few moments of having his dick in my mouth.

Today, however, there was a higher priority for me. I love to suck dick any time and much of the time it is just for fun. When it comes down to me being REALLY horny, however, sucking dick is like a nice appetizer but I can't wait for the main course. My pussy was practically cramping with the anticipation of feeling his dick in me and when it gets that way, there's really only one way to satisfy that need.

The quickest thing would have been to do like his sister and just uncover myself only enough for him to fuck me and get down to it without any further delay. However, unlike her, I was wearing jeans which weren't so easy to just flip up and out of the way. Besides, while there is a time and place to be fucked with your clothes on, I enjoy being nude best when I have sex. Then again, there can be something sexy about having something on. Hmmmmmm, decisions, decisions...

It didn't take long to make up my mind. Standing up, I quickly dropped my jeans, sliding off my boots as I did to leave me naked from the waist down. This "outfit" wouldn't have surprised anyone who knows me. I've always been the type that enjoys running around bottomless while covering up myself on top whereas full nudity is something I tend to reserve for sleeping in my bed, soaking in the hot tub, sex and stuff like that.

Standing there in front of Randy now, bare from the bottom of my stomach down, my pussy exposed while by boobs remained hidden from sight, made me feel incredibly sexy as I saw Randy's eyes were fixated on my crotch. His right hand had moved down to his dick and he was stroking himself slowly and I wondered if he even realized what he was doing or was it just an instinctive action on his part? For a guy who had just fucked his own sister just minutes earlier, he certainly seemed horny enough for ME now! Was she even on his mind now? While at some level I would have loved him to be comparing me to her, having his full attention on me was fine with me!

"Tell me what you want Randy," I asked him in a husky low voice.

"You," was all he said but that wasn't enough for me.

"Tell me more... tell me what you want."

Randy was licking his dry lips now and his hand was moving more firmly on his dick now. Of course I knew exactly what he wanted but I also wanted to hear him put it in words.

"I want to fuck you."

"More... tell me more."

"I want my dick in your pussy," he blurted out, sounding a little exasperated by now but I didn't care, "Can't we quit playing games and just do it?"

I'd pushed him far enough but I'd heard what I wanted and if anything, it just made me feel all the more horny. As much as I loved seeing the expression on a man's face when I knew he desired me, hearing him put that lust into words took it to another level for me. I guess it just follows the old axiom that the more senses you involve, the better the experience. When it comes to sex, I think this is all the more important.

"I want you too Randy," I purred softly, as seductively as I could, "I want to feel you in me... I want your dick inside of me... I want you to cum in me... deep inside of me."

As I said this, I moved in closer to him and replaced his hand with mine. With my other hand I cupped my bare pussy and pressed one finger into me - God I was so damn wet! I wanted him in me more than anything at that moment. To be more specific, it wasn't so much RANDY I wanted, I wanted Randy's DICK The rest of him was just a delivery system with the sole purpose of bringing him to an erection and putting that erection into my pussy.

OK, so maybe this all sounds a little too intense and overly focused, but you have to try and understand just how ridiculously horny I was at this moment. Remember, I was horny to start with by the time we got to his house and now I'd just witnessed Randy fucking his own sister while I was unable to properly play with myself throughout. Even now I could still taste his dick in my mouth, flavored with the faint remains of his sister's pussy after he'd cum in her. Plus, all the time I'd been sucking his cock I kept thinking more and more about how much I wanted him in me.

Under these conditions, was there any wonder that my entire world had reduced itself to the feeling of his erection in one hand and the wetness of my pussy in the other? Nothing else existed at this moment, no other thoughts intruded. I was totally focused on one thing and one thing only - getting Randy to fuck me.

There were any number of options available at the moment as to HOW to accomplish that, but in my current state expedience took precedence. Enough of the games and talk, I wanted his dick in my pussy and the faster it got there, the better. Turning around, I put my hands on my knees and spread my legs enough for him to get a better view of what he had been staring at along with my ass now as well.

"Fuck me Randy... fuck me PLEASE!" I begged him, my own lust now overriding everything else.

He was obviously just as anxious as the words were barely out of my mouth when I felt his hand on my butt and then the pressure of his dick against the wet opening to my pussy. No further words were needed as he pushed himself into me and I moaned long and soft as I felt him moving deeper and deeper inside of me, filling me with his manhood and joining himself together with me.

Anyone who has read about me knows that I claim that sex is at least 80% mental where the thoughts and feelings were more important to the level of satisfaction than the actual mechanics of sex. OK, so that isn't ALWAYS true and this was one of this moments. All I could think about, if you can even call it rational thinking, was Randy's stiff dick in me and how incredibly good it was making me feel. I wasn't thinking about HIM, thoughts of his sister were pushed aside, even fucking in his parent's bedroom was of no consequence. The ONLY thing that mattered to me at this moment was his dick as it stroked in and out of me!

As if him fucking me wasn't enough, I felt him lean over me more and put his arm around me until he was able to finger my clit as his hips thrust his cock in and out of me. Oh god, it felt so damn good! He knew exactly where to press his fingertip against me to drive me wild and as wet as I was it slid easily over my clit, stimulating it such that my entire body felt like it was one giant goose bump, tingling like crazy but feeling so good at the same time. I tried rocking back against him but for whatever reason it was hard to get in sync with his more erratic thrusts and for a moment I started to feel a little anxious.

Quickly I made a decision and so I stood up which had the effect of dropping his dick out of me. The immediate result was this feeling almost of despair as suddenly my pussy felt so empty and hungry! It was like someone had taken all the air from the room and I had an almost panicked sensation. I needed this so badly and to have him out of me even for a few seconds seemed like an eternity.

Turning around, I pushed him to the floor, onto his back against the carpet. His dick was so stiff and looked delicious as my eyes locked onto it like a hunter sighting in his prey. I practically jumped on top of him, anxious to regain that sensation once again of having him in me. My pussy was soaking and he easily slid back into me as I lowered myself down onto and started to bounce on his cock. Oh yeah, now THIS was heaven!

Grinding myself into his crotch, I loved the feel of his stiff pubic hair as it smashed up against my bare pussy. My hips swiveled as I played with myself, using my own hand now to rub my clit while I cupped my boob with the other. Randy grabbed my hips with his hands and pulled me down onto him, squeezing me tightly. Pulling up my top to expose my boobs, I leaned forward over him such that they hung over his face. I was rewarded by the feel of his mouth on my nipples, going back and forth between them as his hands reached around and clenched my butt, one cheek in each. I had his dick in my pussy, his mouth on my boob, his hands on my ass, and my own hand on my clit? My god, what more could a girl ask for?

When my orgasm struck it just suddenly rose up in me and broke loose. None of this slow buildup to a climax for me today. I was so horny that I wouldn't have been surprised had I cum the moment he first entered me. I could feel myself gushing over him, flooding his dick and crotch with my cum. He tugged on my boob, grasping my nipple just hard enough with his teeth to pull on it without actually hurting me. The effect was to make my climax even harder and more intense as my fingers rubbed my pussy furiously. God I loved to cum and the feeling was so much better this way than just masturbating alone in my bedroom – SO much better!

Randy wrapped his arms around me, pulling me down on top of him but keeping his dick imbedded in me. We rolled over on the floor such that it was my turn to be on the bottom. He put one hand on each of my thighs and pushed my legs apart and back to let his dick press into me as far as he could drive it. For the moment I closed my eyes and concentrated solely on his cock in me, awash in the incredible feelings of pleasure and lust that he was generating within me that seemed to fill every part of my body.

The sweater was now bunched up under my chin and it was distracting so I pulled it up and over my head, tossing it to the side such that I was now nude for Randy. This was the way it should be now, exposing myself totally to him, giving him access to every inch of my body, letting him see me... ALL of me without any shame or worry.

"Cum in me Randy," I whispered, the words emerging from my mouth before I even realized I wanted to say them. Indeed, that was exactly what I needed at this moment, the perfect response from him that would complete my needs.

Having a guy cum in me is important to me. None of this pulling out and squirting on my stomach or ass, not for me. I know some guys get off seeing their cum all over a girl but for me, feeling a man cum inside of me is the final act that completes me as a woman. It's why I hate condoms. I understand why men hate them as I can't imagine lining myself in latex and trying to feel a dick in me. At the same time, when they cum it doesn't matter to them if they are cumming in me or their sperm is being gathered inside the condom - either way they are getting off while buried in my pussy.

For me, a condom deprives me of that feeling I get when a man cums in me, that faint bloom of heat that rapidly disappears but signals to me that he is releasing himself inside of me. It's his sperm that he is giving me, an act of mating that while ultimately is foiled thanks to modern medicine, but at the time no different than if he was actually trying to mate me. It's not that I want to be pregnant - far from it, but I love the fact that he is at least trying to do it, even in just a symbolic way. That is why it is even more erotic for me to have my own dad cum in me, or in the case of randy, to see him cumming in his own sister. For two people so close already consummate a bond that can only be created through sex is perhaps the most intimate way to express their mutual respect and lust for one another.

With my words, Randy started pumping in and out of me now like he was under some time limit for the most number of strokes in one minute or something.

He literally pounded unto my crotch as he drove himself into me, pushing me a little along the floor each time.

"I'm cumming!" he announced with a grimace, lifting his head back as he arched his back and pressed himself into me, holding himself tight up against my crotch as he started to ejaculate inside of me.

YES! I came again at the first feeling of his cum in me, just enough for me to know he was doing it. Now it was my turn to receive his cum, it was my turn to be mated with his beautiful cock, it was my turn to become one with him as he gave me his most precious gift - his sperm.

Randy collapsed on top of me, totally drained now that he had finished his orgasm. I wanted him so bad to keep fucking me as my own orgasm wasn't finished yet but he was obviously too exhausted to go on any longer. He rolled off of me and lay flat on his back, his arms over his head as he groaned. I turned on my side to look at him as I fingered myself, trying to drive what was left of my orgasm a little longer.

My orgasm rose again as I felt his cum drain from my pussy. I draped one leg over him and pressed myself in against his body as I just held my hand against my throbbing pussy. His dick was growing flaccid but I still loved looking at it, trying to imagine how it must have looked when it was buried inside of me just moments before. It was amazing how such a thing could bring me so much pleasure!

We must have laid together like that for maybe half an hour or so, just letting the feelings flow through us and enjoying the sensation of him against me. Well, to be more accurate HE slept while I was doing the reminiscing. I held onto his dick with my hand, unwilling to let it go but I knew we should be leaving soon. Then again...

I got up on my knees gently so as not to wake him up. His dick looked sort of cute actually as it flopped over and lay in a bed of pubic hair. It looked SO inviting...

This time when I took his dick in my mouth, it was MY pussy that I could taste on him. Cindy had tasted similar but I think every girl knows the distinctive flavor of her own pussy. I have to say I was quite familiar with mine! Some girls claim not to like to taste themselves but I have to say it has been something I have enjoyed since I first started to touch myself. At first it was just curiosity but in some ways it was like when I first tasted cum. I knew from that first taste that it was something I loved and I wanted to taste it as much as possible To smell and taste myself on a guy's cock was an added bonus!

Randy stirred as I started to suck his dick again. He lifted his head and sighed when he realized what I was doing.

"Give me a break Kelly, haven't you had enough?"

Stupid question! My answer was to just suck more on his dick but he reached down and tried to push my head away.

"We need to go before my parents come home and find us in their bedroom."

I had thought his parents were away for the day at least. Apparently that had been a line to make me more comfortable doing it at his house today. It didn't really matter as while I would have loved to stay around and suck his cock some more, I wasn't feeling obsessed about like I'd been just a matter of minutes ago. Right now it was just something that I wouldn't stop if he wanted to fuck me, but I wasn't about to go off the deep end if he didn't. Like, I couldn't imagine turning him down but I wasn't going to push for more - at least not right now.

I had cum dripping down my thigh and in general felt a little messy so I got up and went in to use the bathroom to clean up enough to feel presentable to go home. By the time I returned, randy was already dressed and waiting for me.

"Shit, you really have an incredible body," he said admiringly as I walked out, still totally nude. Well, what girl wouldn't feel good hearing a guy say THAT to her?

"Better than Cindy's?" I teased him as I did a little turn for him to give him a 360 degree view.

"She's OK but there's just something about you that drives me nuts," he continued, "You don't try to hide anything or be someone you aren't. I've never known any girl so comfortable with her sexuality as you are."

I wasn't quite sure what that meant, but it sounded good so I just smiled and got myself dressed in front of him. We left and I walked out of the bedroom I thought for a moment how ironic it was that the same bedroom where his ultra- conservative mother slept could be the scene for such incredibly erotic sex between her own son and daughter!

The drive home was rather uneventful in comparison to the happenings before. It wasn't until later that night when I lay naked in my bed, about to fall asleep that it seemed to hit me as to what had really happened that day. Eventually I did fall sleep, but it wasn't until after I'd thought about Randy and his sister, imaging myself joining them as I masturbated myself to sleep. I seriously doubt such a thing would ever happen but a girl can dream (and masturbate), can't she?

# (Nov 26) Chapter 202: Thanksgiving Brothers

Story codes: MF MMMF F-solo M-solo inc father daughter uncle niece
Me (24)
John - my dad (45)
Uncle Paul (52)
Uncle Jim (43)

Thanksgiving has always been a time for our family to get together. Each year we switch off as to who hosts the event and this year it was my dad's turn. As things turned out, his brothers had more to be thankful for by the time the day was over.

## 1. My Dad and His Brothers

Most of this has been stated in past diary entries and I also post a family tree on my website so I'll try to keep this brief for those who aren't familiar with my family background...

My dad has two brothers, Paul who is now 52, seven years older than my dad, and Jim who at 43 is two years younger. Due to the age differences, my dad and Jim were closer with each other growing up than they were with Paul. For example, by the time my dad entered high school, Paul had already graduated and was away at college. Paul eventually married my Aunt Julie and they produced two girls, Ginny (29 now) and Laura (26). Both of my cousins are now married with children, just your everyday typical soccer moms. All of them are still living relatively close to one another on the north side of Pittsburgh yet other than family functions I never see much of them. While when we DO get together we all get along fine for the most part, I can't say we're very close.

In high school the two younger brothers apparently had quite the reputation (at least from what my mother and her sister have told me) for chasing the girls, especially the younger ones. Being the older brother, my dad would lead the way while his younger brother tried to match him with the typical drive of a younger sibling trying to upstage the older one.

had been having sex quite regularly over the years. It's not that I felt what they did was wrong, per se. After all, as her brother-in-law it wasn't adultery for her to fuck him. Still, I found it curious that she didn't discuss it much with my dad, if at all.

Then came one day last summer when Uncle Paul stopped by and told me about everything between him and my mom, obviously in hopes of doing it with me now that my mom was gone. In principle it was OK with me; after all, he IS my uncle and as such I have family responsibilities to attend to, but I can't say I was all too sorry when after the first time he didn't push for more. In fact, it was ME that initiated our second time together but that is another story...

Well, that was more than I intended to cover but I wanted to set the scene for where things were as we approached the 2009 annual Thanksgiving family gathering. I'd never done anything overtly sexual in previous years although I was probably guilty of teasing my uncles a bit, and thereby pissing off my aunts who would then complain to my mom about me. It seemed like ages since I fucked either uncle, or even Rick for that matter, so it wasn't like I was expecting anything to be different this year,. Besides, neither of my uncles would dare risk trying to fuck me with all the rest of family gathered. Nothing like that had ever happened before and it wouldn't happen this year either. Of course, that didn't mean I couldn't have a LITTLE fun, even if it was just to annoy my stodgy aunts.

As things turned out, I was wrong. So very very wrong!

## 2. Preparing for Guests

All I can say is thank God my Aunt Linda is living with my Dad now. I don't think I could've possibly gotten the house in order and everything ready without her help. Well, to be honest, I think she did most of the work with just a little help from me. OK... so she did all the work.

Feeling a little guilty about dumping everything on my favorite aunt, I stopped by the day before Thanksgiving after school was out to see if there was anything I could do to help. My dad, of course, wasn't home as he probably wouldn't be in until 7 or 8 o'clock at the earliest, even if it was Thanksgiving Eve (is that an official holiday?) I went there straight from school so when I stepped in I was wearing a simple floral dress that came down to mid-calf, long sleeved with a high neck. It was pretty standard wear for a teacher at an extremely conservative Christian elementary school and I'd grown accustomed to it so I was sort of surprised by my Aunt Linda's reaction when I stepped inside the entrance hallway.

"What the hell, you gone Amish or what?" I heard from behind me as I hung up my coat in the hallway closet.

I turned to see my aunt, looking not at all glamorous in baggy sweat pants, a grey Steelers t-shirt streaked with seat stains, and old sneakers with white anklets. Her brown hair was pulled back into a haphazard ponytail and she obviously hadn't put on any makeup, all of which contributed to making her look of exhaustion all the more extreme.

"Well I see you came dressed to work," she said wryly, her arms folded with a dishrag in her hand.

Immediately I felt even more guilty as I realized how hard she'd been working doing things around the house that I should have been doing. Sure she was living with my dad now but it wasn't like she was his wife or live-in maid. However, as his daughter I had certain responsibilities beyond just sex and if ever I felt I'd shirked them, this was one of those times. I started to say something in my self-defense but thankfully she cut me off as I had no idea what I was really going to say.

"Oh don't look so upset, I'm just messin' with ya," she laughed, "God Kelly, you can be SO easy sometimes... and I don't mean that the way you might be thinking. Seriously, I think I've got everything ready so don't sweat it."

The place DID look immaculate. I have to admit that housework has never been one of my forte's and had it been left up to me, there was no doubt the place wouldn't look nearly as good as it did now. Everything was dusted, put away, swept, and polished. Actually it was the best I'd seen the place in a long time.

"Well I don't know how to thank you," I said, looking around in wonder.

"Don't worry, I do!" she came back, "Your old, discrepant aunt needs a back rub... BADLY!"

If she'd asked my opinion, I would've told her she looked like she needed a whole body rub. I couldn't remember seeing her so dirty and tired looking. She must have been at it all day so it was no wonder that her back was giving out on her. Heck, mine hurt just THINKING about all the work she'd done.

"Let me shower first, I feel so dirty... make yourself at home."

It seemed ironic to hear her say that as I already considered this as MY home. After all, this was the house where I was raised and lived all my life until I graduated from college and got my own apartment. Still, she was the one living her now so I guess that gave her the right to call it hers. That didn't make it an easier for me to accept though!

We both headed upstairs where she turned to the right and then right again into the bathroom while I went straight at the top of the stairs into my dad's bedroom. For a moment I thought of it as my parent's bedroom but then felt a bit of a pang in my heart when I remembered that these days it was just my dad's bedroom. In my heart, though, it will always be my parent's bedroom even if it was my Aunt Linda sleeping in there now with my dad instead of my mom.

Aunt Linda quickly stripped and dumped her clothes down the chute in the hallway to the basement laundry. I got a quick look at her nude body and couldn't help but admire what I saw. My mom had done a pretty good job of keeping her shape into her forties but Linda was unbelievable. Anyone seeing her like this would think she was in her mid-thirties at the most and not 41. Of course a boob lift a few years back didn't hurt but what you saw was still 100% her. After a brief scare with a lump in her breasts, the doctor recommended against implants so he just tightened things up and left her a solid B cup. But her tight ass and firm belly was totally natural without any surgical help, the envy of many a women ten years her junior.

My dress was much too constrictive to allow me to give her a proper massage, plus I didn't want to risk staining it with oil or lotion so I stood up and took it off, hanging it over the back of a chair by the side window. Turning, I saw my reflection in the large mirror over the dresser and couldn't help but smile to myself. When was the last time I'd worn panties and a bra in this room? For that matter, had I EVER? Yet here I was with a plain beige bra and matching full panties complete with pantyhose, standing in a pair of plain brown shoes with just one-inch heels. My dad would have been surely been shocked had he walked in and seen me like this!

The pantyhose was the next to go. Being one of the few pair I had without a run, I wasn't risking them snagging on anything while I gave my aunt her backrub. My old bedroom was right next door and I still kept a few things there in case I ever had to stay the night so for a moment I debated trading in the bra and panties for a more comfortable sleep shirt. Then I shook my head at myself and remembered that I had an entire closet of my dad's dress shirts to choose from. When I lived at home it was one of my favorite things to do - to go pick out a new shirt of his and wear it around him. He always complained that I was picking out his best shirts but I knew he really didn't mind - especially since that was ALL I was wearing.

Dumping the bra and panties on the chair with my dress and pantyhose, I rummaged through the closet until I found the perfect shirt - pure white with long sleeves. It looked brand new and was made of this thin material which felt really comfy on me. Of course being for my dad it was huge on me and did nothing to flatter my figure but it felt so much better to wear as compared to that stupid bra and panties set. The tails came down way past my butt and even when I sat on the bed with my legs tucked under me it covered me completely. Now had my dad been the one I was waiting to get out the shower I might have made sure the shirt wasn't doing such a good job hiding my ass but with Aunt Linda it didn't really matter.

It wasn't that my Aunt and I never fooled around, it just wasn't something we did normally. Ironically, she was the second woman I'd had sex with. My mom was my first, followed shortly after by her and her sister. After having had sex exclusively with boys for the past two years it was a little surreal doing it with a woman so it helped that the first ones I was with wither my mom and aunt. Still, they WERE my mom and aunt so it wasn't quite the same for me as having sex with other girls or women. In fact, when people ask me who my first girl-girl experience was with, I usually tell them it was Brenda, my freshman roomie back in college.

Over the years I'd been with my aunt a few more times but it was always with someone else - my dad and/or my mom usually, although there had been a couple of times with Kristen. For whatever reason, we never went off and did anything alone. We were together a lot, especially in the past few months since she moved in with my dad, but there never seemed to be any sort of sexual tension between us. I guess it was because of this that I was more worried about dressing for my own comfort now than trying to catch her eye. I'd rubbed her back numerous times before - she'd had problems with it for ages now, so there was no reason for me to assume this time would be any different.

Sitting on the bed, my aunt came in with a towel wrapped around her hair - and not much else but a smile. She was little damp from her shower, still slightly flushed and I couldn't help but admire her once again. Damn, no wonder Kristen looked so much younger than her age when her mother looked not a day over 35, if THAT old. I noticed that she was keeping her dark pubic hair trimmed a lot closer than in the past. Hmmmmmm, had my dad been an influence on that? He never much about it but I always knew he loved my shaved pussy better than my mom's bushy one. Not that he didn't like her pussy! Just talking about the hair style.

"Being a little shy today?" she teased me, gesturing towards the long men's dress shirt I was wearing.

She knew better of course, it was just her way of joking around with me. She was never one to shy away from being nude at our house, especially once I started having sex with my parents and her. It was the same even more so at her home. It wasn't unusual for me to go to their house back when she and Kristen were living there and find her cooking supper in the nude or just watching TV all naked on the love seat.

Surprisingly, at least when you think about her love of nudity, my aunt usually wore a bra. What made it seemed sort of odd at first was that she started to do that more often AFTER her boob lift. I would've thought if anything she would be proud of the way they held up on their own until she explained to me that after going through all that pain and misery she wasn't about to have them start sagging again. I guess she had a point but it wasn't enough to convince me to start wearing one all the time!

Reaching over to the nightstand, she handed me a tube of massage oil. I couldn't help but grin as I imagined what it had been used for before now. A pang of sadness hit me as I couldn't help but think that it was my mother who use to keep her own lotion on that very nightstand, not to mention an impressive array of toys in the drawer below. I wondered if my aunt had replaced them with her own favorites?

"Here, I just bought this last week and I just love the way it makes my skin feel afterwards," she said as I took the dark brown plastic bottle from her hand.

With that she laid on her stomach crossways on the bed, facing the front wall of the bedroom across from where I was sitting. I scooted more towards the middle of the bed, pulling the pillows in behind me to support my back as I curled up besides my Aunt Linda. She had her own little pillow under her head, her arms wrapped around it like an imaginary lover as she nestled into place.

"God, my back is just KILLING me," she sighed, "I hope that extra-strength Tylenol kicks in soon."

Well, if she was trying to put me on a guilt trip for all the housework she'd been doing without me - she succeeded brilliantly. At the same time while I may have felt a bit guilty, I didn't regret it all that much. Of all the chores around the house, I hate cleaning the most. Laundry is a pain but bearable. Heck, even ironing was better than cleaning floors and dusting!

Pouring a little of the oil in the palm of my right hand to let it warm up, I leaned onto my left side and stretched my legs out, my bare feet extending over the side of the bed. The room was too small for a king-size bed so there was just a queen. With her laying crossways and me having to scoot down so I could reach her back, it didn't leave a heck of a lot of room for my own legs.

"Oh that's cold!" she exclaimed, tensing up as I put my oil-filled hand onto the small of her bare back.

"Sorry! I tried to warm it up first," I apologized as I started to spread it out all over her back.

"I know... sorry... just start at my neck, ok?"

Her neck DID feel tense as I worked my fingers around her, kneading the tops of her shoulders as well. Slowly I worked my way down to her shoulder blades, pressing my fingertips in and pushing as best I could given the bad angle I was working from.

"That feel's soooooo good, Kelly," she sighed, "Dig in harder if you can."

Even though I preferred laying on my side as I did this, I could tell I wasn't going to be able to get the right angle to put enough pressure on her without wearing out my own arm. Gathering myself up, I got on my knees and put both hands on her sides to steady myself as I lifted my right leg up and over her, resulting in me squatting over her lower back, just above her bare butt. Sort of like riding a horse bareback I guess you could say. Keeping both hands firmly on her, I started to work up and down her spine, one hand on each side as I rubbed with the heels of my hands in tight little circles.

"Ummmmm, that's much better."

Now and then I must have hit a particularly sore spot as I would feel her butt tighten under me. Without any panties on, my bare crotch was pressing down on the top of her butt crack and I could feel her squirming under me now and then - not a bad sensation really!

"Just push from the bottom to the top with your hands," she suggested, her voice slightly muffled as she had her head face down into the pillow.

Following her suggestion, I pushed from just under my crotch on her back, slowly working my way up both sides of her spine until I reached her neck and then did the same in reverse. I'm not sure who really liked it the most though - her feeling my hands pushing on her sore back or me feeling my pussy rub against her bottom as I leaned far forward and then back until I was upright again.

For the time being she just laid there, sighing now and then and jumping just a little when I nailed a particularly painful spot. I guess you could say that rubbing someone's back is a lot like giving a guy a hand-job - you move your hands until you feel the person react, telling you when it's being done in just the right way.

"My lower back now... God it hurts so bad," she groaned softly.

As I was effectively sitting on that part of her at the moment, I worked my way back, keeping my legs on each side of hers. It was a little uncomfortable having to stretch my legs apart so wide so instead I ended up just straddling one leg, pushing my right knee in between her thighs while my left remained the outside of her left leg. My hands worked their way around the small of her back, sometimes going so low as to caress her buttocks briefly. Damn, for a forty-something woman she still has an ass women half her age would kill for - me included!

It felt a little naughty to caress her bottom. This was SUPPOSE to be a back rub after all, not an ass rub, but she didn't seem to mind and I loved the soft feel of her smooth butt under my fingers. I may not be into anal sex but I still love to touch a nice ass - just as I LOVE mine to be touched as well. There's something simply erotic about walking down the street with your guy's hand planted firmly on your ass for everyone to see. I love it to be touched and kissed, even licked - so long as they stay away from my asshole. Call it what you want, but I have this thing about assholes that just turns me off when a guy tries to play with mine - and don't even THINK about asking me to play with his!

As I rubbed her lower back and bottom, I scooted back a little more until her knee was just under my crotch, her hard kneecap pressing up against my pussy. I almost snickered as for a moment I had this flashback to being a little girl in grade school, rubbing myself under my dress on the monkey bars at school, totally oblivious to the stares of the other kids. You can probably imagine the phone call from my teacher to my mother that day, not to mention the lecture she gave me when I got home.

Using both hands, I caressed my aunt's upper thighs, one at a time, first coating them with oil and then rubbing it into her skin as I worked my hands together from the outside to the inside and back out again. Up and down I went from her hips to her knees, working my fingers into her still tight thighs - another miracle of genetics I might add.

Aunt Linda must have been enjoying it as much I was enjoying rubbing myself against her knee as I saw her take her right arm from around the pillow and lower it, pushing it under her. Then I saw her fingers peeking out from between her legs which were spread apart just enough to let me see what was happening between them. Damn, Aunt Linda was masturbating herself!

The fact she was masturbating wasn't exactly headline news. While sex itself was seldom on display, if there was one thing that is freely done in my family it's masturbation. My mother use to tell me growing up that it was a natural human reaction to the feelings inside all of us and there was nothing to be ashamed of by responding to those feelings. Of course, as illustrated by the infamous "Monkey Bar Incident", there was a right time and place for everything. Watching TV was an OK time but on the monkey bars at school - not so much. No, the fact my aunt was masturbating in and of itself wasn't surprising, but to have her do it while I was rubbing her back... now THAT was definitely a first.

Trying as best I could to ignore what she was doing, I started to work on her other leg. She was being discreet about it and if I hadn't seen her hand moving under her I might not have even noticed. Still, I COULD see her fingers when she would push them into herself but for the most part she was just rubbing her clit, pushing her fingers in only as needed to keep her clit wet and slippery.

Well, what was good for the goose... you get the idea. As much as I tried to concentrate on rubbing her legs, I couldn't tear my eyes away from what was going on between them. I felt her move under me slightly, rocking from side to side as she parted her legs just a little more to make it easier for herself to touch her pussy. As for me, I was rotating my hips in small tight circles, rubbing my own clit against her hard knee but somehow it didn't feel right. I guess you could say I just wasn't getting the job done.

Leaving one hand on her slippery thigh, I moved the other down and under my dad's shirt to my pussy. My fingers were oily and slick but it wasn't really necessary considering how wet I was already down there. God it felt so much better to finally touch myself! Between my fingers circling my sensitive clit and the feel of my aunt's warm smooth thigh under my other hand, it was quite an erotic moment - as you might imagine.

Neither of us said a word as we both slowly masturbated ourselves. It was like being at a sleepover back in Junior High, with all the girls playing with themselves but each of us trying to pretend like we weren't paying attention to the others. Even though she never turned her head, my aunt HAD to know what I was doing. Just rubbing myself against her knee would have told her and now with only one hand on her leg she had to know where the other was! Meanwhile, I watched as her fingers worked their magic on her own pussy, seeing the tips poke out through her pubic hair like they were materializing from some hairy forest.

Cool... she was cumming... I could tell she was trying not to be too obvious about it but there was no hiding the quickening pace and the tightening of her butt and legs. My aunt didn't get as frenzied as her daughter when she came but she wasn't exactly shy about it either.

Speaking of which, when it comes to understanding of women by men, the female orgasm has to be the least understood of all. For a man, it's easy - stroke or suck a guy's dick long enough and he cums, just as assuredly and reliably as pumping up a balloon with air until it pops. It was all simple cause and effect, nothing too complicated. Heck, a guy can be passed out and if you do him long enough his dick will be squirting like a fire hose. In fact, most guys can't even stop themselves from having one! They may protest or try to keep from giving in, but once they reach that limit there's no stopping it, like a dam that cracks and there's nothing that can be done to keep it from collapsing.

Also, men seem to define sex by their orgasm. What I mean is they HAVE to cum to feel satisfied. This can be used to your advantage. For instance, if you want to frustrate a guy, just suck on his dick until he is just about to cum... and then stop. There's simply no better way to get back at a guy who's pissed you off than to leave him hanging right on the edge.

When it comes to girls, however, the first thing guys need to realize is that an orgasm is NOT a requirement for having fulfilling sex. Under the right circumstances I can feel quite satisfied and entirely happy having sex all night without a single orgasm. Having an orgasm is something in addition to just sex, like whipped cream on pumpkin pie. You can love eating just the pie and be happy, but adding the whip cream makes it all the better. In fact, sometimes the whipped cream by itself is just the thing!

Next, an orgasm is something I have to WANT to have, not something I can't stop myself from having. I believe that EVERY girl is capable of having an orgasm. My theory is that the women who say they don't simply don't have the self- confidence or real desire to have one. That said, I think some outright fear having one. I've known girls to be on the brink of a huge orgasm and then pull away, afraid of how feeling like they are losing control over themselves.

Perhaps the funniest thing, if I dare say so, are the girls who stop because they think they are going to see if they don't! Yes, there is a stunningly similar sensation at the outset of an orgasm similar to that of peeing but once you learn to recognize it, there IS a distinct difference. And yes, I HAVE peed a couple of times myself so guys, get over it. It happens.

Another difference between men and women is HOW they orgasm. For men, it's like fireworks going off - the fuse is lit, blastoff, a stunning display, maybe some loud noises, and then poof, it's all over in a flash. A few seconds or reward and then it's like he goes into some dream state, perhaps because his brain has been so robbed of blood from the effort of arousing his cock that he can't think clearly.

For most women, or at least me, orgasms come in many flavors. There's the classic "hit by a truck" where suddenly it's as though you feel like you're going to explode and then it's like getting hit blindsided. Everything goes blank as your entire body feels like it's on fire from your toes to the tips of your hair. It can go on for quite a while if you're properly stimulated but tends to die quickly.

At the opposite extreme is the "steady boil" where you can feel yourself slowly but surely rising to a climax and when it hits, it's like a pot of water finally starting to boil, nothing that extremely different from what was there a moment ago but yet distinctively more intense. This is what I typically experience when I masturbate in public, like in church or in class. You can't let yourself go TOO wild but to sit there and feel the steady rush of pleasure fill me and make me almost gasp for air is quite effective.

Probably the most common orgasm I have is somewhat I between the two extremes. It is what I typically feel when I masturbate in private and can allow myself to build up slowly to the peak. It's sort of like the "steady boil" but once I cum then it suddenly transforms to the "hot by a truck" feeling.

Indeed, this was exactly what was happening to me now. Rubbing my nude aunt, watching her blissfully masturbate, rubbing my hands on her ass my crotch on her knee, was like a perfect storm so far as letting my emotions and lust build up slowly but surely. Then, seeing her cum, it was like somewhat lit the fuse leading to my hidden bunker of pleasure and it exploded in a tremendous flash. My hand squeezed her thigh tightly as I pressed my fingers up against my clit and raised my head up towards the ceiling, trying not to cry out too loudly. Yes, she was there and having her own orgasm but at the same time, this was for me, not a performance for my aunt.

For what seemed forever the two of us were lost in our mutual orgasms, each of us shuddering uncontrollably and now and then jerking with a sudden sharp sensation running through us. I don't know which of us ended first, it wasn't like we hit the finish line and stopped but more like we were coasting down a hill and finally came to rest somewhere far from the mountain.

My aunt was the first to move, nudging me to get off her leg which was probably numb by now from me sitting on it.

"Well, now THAT was what I call a back rub!"

I grinned at her a little sheepishly. Damn, here I was 24 years old and no kid yet somehow I felt a little embarrassed at letting myself go like that when I should have been working to make her feel better. We both ended up playing in bed next to each other on our backs, legs stretched out in front of us as we stared up at the ceiling, the aftershocks of our mutual, but unmentioned, orgasms still striking now and then. I was actually about to fall asleep when she nudged me.

"Hey sleepy head, your dad will be home soon."

At first I admit to thinking maybe she had some ulterior motive, like maybe a three-some, for when he got home. Funny but we'd never even mentioned anything like that since she first talked about moving in with him so I don't know why I would think that but I was soon brought back to earth. She obviously was hinting that I should go so SHE could greet my dad when he got home. Well, she WAS living with him and I guess that was her right but it still felt a little odd. After all, I had lived in this house for over 18 years and I guess I still sort of felt that I was number one on my dad's list when he came home from work all tired but horny. Oh well, I guess that's all a part of growing up and escaping the nest. As it is often said, no good deed goes unpunished!

Rubbing my eyes, I collected my clothes and gave her a quick kiss goodbye, leaving her lying naked on the bed. As I drove off, I wondered if that was how my dad would find her when he got home. Knowing my Aunt Linda, I wouldn't be surprised!

## 3. Teasing and Flirting

Thanksgiving version 2009 was upon us. Was it George Carlin who said something like, "Marry an orphan, then you won't have to worry about boring family traditions." Not that all my family traditions were boring - far from it, but some were and Thanksgiving was right at the top fo9lowed close behind by Christmas day. When I was younger and we kids could run off and play games it was so much easier. Now as an "adult" I was expected to socialize and help with the preparations, not nearly as much fun. Who could blame me for looking for new "games" to play?

If there is one thing I wish about my family, it would be that everyone would be involved in incest, or at least be like my mom's mother and accept it, even if they don't want to participate. It's not like I have any burning desire for a "Thanksgiving Orgy", THAT would be just weird, but it would certainly make the day go by faster if people could go off and take care of their mutual needs as they saw fit. No, instead It was more a mixture of different beliefs and culture. Since both my dad's brothers had fucked me, and Uncle Jim had also fucked his younger daughter, THEY were not the issue. Heck, I could tell from the moment they both walked into my dad's house and took one look at me what THEY were thinking about! Hint - it wasn't about the turkey and dressing.

Actually it was my aunts who were the real issue. Aunt Shari was a religious zealot and insanely obsessed with sex - or rather NOT having sex. Sometimes I wonder how she even got pregnant. I have this nightmarish image of her lying on her back, almost rigid in bed, spreading her fat legs and telling my uncle to "just do it and get it over with" so she could have her children with least amount of sex. It goes without saying that she hated me for being a slut, and hated my mother as well for letting me be one, especially around her husband and teenage son. She was always nagging my mother about how I dressed and behaved around her family. My mother, bless her heart, did her best to ignore her sister-in-law but I know at times she had all she could do to not just reach out and slap my aunt across her pudgy face.

My Aunt Julie has never been quite so outspoken as Aunt Shari, but it was obvious from the looks she gave me and those cute little sarcastic remarks she liked to throw out now and then that she wasn't enthused about me social life either. I doubt she would have been any happier if she knew her husband had been fucking my mom for years, and now me twice this past summer.

Except for my youngest cousin Tammy and her brother Rick, the rest of my direct cousins were all girls. Kate, Tammy's older sister was a little shrew just like her mother. My other cousins were fun - they could throw a mean bachelorette party, but really no different than most of my friends. While I had no doubt they enjoyed sex, I had a strong suspicion that they wouldn't exactly approve of incest, especially between their dad and slutty cousin.

Hopefully that sheds some light as to why I say our family get-togethers like today's tend to be quite boring. Sure I liked to flirt with my uncles a little, just enough to piss off my aunts, but there always this line neither they or I would cross. It was one thing to have my Aunt Shari THINK of me as a slut and suspect I was having more sex than a girl my age should; but quite another to ever let her get even an inkling that two of the guys I was having sex with were her own son and husband!

In the spirit of the holidays - not to mention the seasonal cold outside, I was wearing tight jeans and a long sweater top - the type that comes down over your ass and about half-way to your knees. It fit me like a glove and I just loved the way it make me look lean and slender while emphasizing my bust line. It was thick enough that it wasn't blatantly apparent that I wasn't wearing a bra, but tight enough so that when I moved it became instantly obvious. I loved the way it felt moving across my exposed nipples. It was like they were constantly hard, even though the material made it difficult to really notice.

As each of the families arrived, I notice I got looks from BOTH the men AND the women. Of course the men's eyes never seemed to get higher than my chest while the women would look me over like I was some freak and then turn away, the disapproval obvious on the expressions - as I am sure they wanted me to notice.

It was my chore to take everyone's coats to the master bedroom and by the time I would be back, they were already spreading out around the house. It was telling that in both cases, my uncles were the last to linger in the hallway. For my part, I did the same with each of them, smoothing out my sweater top and asking them if they liked how it looked on me. It was so funny in that both of them reacted exactly the same way - a silent head bob and eyes fixated on my boobs. Then I teased them, checking to see nobody was close enough to hear and then whispering in a low, conspiratorial tone, "Well, maybe later you can see it off of me as well."

It was like you could almost hear the "BOING!" as both of them grew the cutest bulges in their pants. I almost laughed as they quickly took a seat in the living room, crossing their legs to hide their blatant state of arousal. I'd love to have seen them explaining their way out of THAT should their respective wives ever notice.

Not long after the others had arrived, Kristen showed up and made her grand entrance. Even though she was technically from my mom's side of the family, with her mom now living with my dad (much to the disapproval of Aunt Shari and Aunt Julie I was sure), it seemed insensitive not to invite her over as well. Well, if you thought my aunts thought I was a slut, you should have seen their faces when

Kristen showed up in her typical "understated" outfit - skin tight white pants with a turquoise tank top and pink blouse over it with the buttons all undone. The tank top came well down, exposing a LOT of cleavage, and it was so tight her nipples clearly poked through. The pants were so tight you could tell she wasn't wearing a thing under them - not to mention a perfect camel-toe in front as well. I almost laughed as once again Kristen proved she wasn't afraid to follow her own philosophy about life - "if you got it, flaunt it".

While my aunts and older cousins prepared the dinner, Kristen and I tried to avoid the kitchen as much as possible. With three horny brothers downstairs in the family room watching football, it was like shooting fish in a barrel for us. My older cousins' kids were playing in the formal living room upstairs. Kate was with her mom - as always, while Tammy was watching over the younger kids upstairs. Rick was off in the corner of the basement on my dad's old computer. He claimed to be playing some game but I had no doubt the pervert was surfing for porn.

At ages 22 and 24 respectively, Kristen and I were starting to get a little old for the "sit on your uncle's lap" routine but that didn't deter us. With my aunts and cousins periodically popping their heads down to give us an update on dinner (or more likely, spying on us to see what was going on), it wasn't like we could get very carried away but then, you don't need to when it comes to teasing and flirting. Indeed, it's what you DON'T do that makes it hot. Had I actually shown my uncles my boobs it wouldn't have aroused them nearly as much as ALMOST showing them. Letting them fondle my breasts would have been nice, but not nearly as hot as letting them just get their hands on them and then brush them away, pretending like I was shocked they would even think of such lewd actions towards their niece. Of course they knew it was all an act but that didn't seem to keep them from getting quite worked up over it.

Fortunately Kristen was there so my dad got to be included in the fun as well. I would've loved to have flirted with him but as much as my aunts would have been mad at me had they caught me on their husband's laps, they would have gone ballistic had they seen me teasing my own father in the same way.

By the time the big meal was ready, I think all three of the brothers would've rather retreated to the bathroom and taken care of their "problem's but fortunately the long table cloth hid any signs of their internal morality struggles. I would've loved to be able to sit next to my uncles but my aunts had strategically seated us such that both Kristen and I were well separated from the older men. It didn't stop them from staring at us now and then, especially at Kristen with her nipples poking out like blaring headlights. As for my aunts, if looks could kill...

Dessert was just getting over when my Aunt Linda excused herself, explaining that she and Kristen had to leave to show some homes to a prospective buyer. I was caught off guard, as was everyone else. Like, this was Thanksgiving - who looks at home today?

Well, as it turns out, if you're Canadian it doesn't matter to you if it's Thanksgiving in the USA. If anything, it seemed they saw it as an opportunity to see a few homes without worrying about being interrupted by other people. Oh well, I guess being a realtor means having to make sacrifices. Kristen didn't seem too pleased at all and seeing the eyes she was making at her uncle's - all three of them, it was obvious why. Still, she'd quit whoring herself and partnered up with her mom and that meant doing the things she wasn't as happy about as well sometimes.

I must say, though, that neither of my other aunts seemed the least bit displeased at their quick departure. I knew that they considered Kristen an even bigger slut than me, there were even a few mentions at times that suggested they may even have suspected she was a whore until recently. Actually, I think they meant "whore" more as a disparaging description and probably had no idea just how on-target their description was.

As for my aunt, there seemed to be no end to the rumors and general nastiness. I even overheard a few conversations where they accused my dad of cheating with her on my mom while she was still with us which made me laugh. If they only knew the truth!

So that left me alone with the guys watching football. I suppose I should have helped with the dishes and stuff but I just was in no mood to play nice with my nasty aunts and listen to their continuous stream of sarcastic remarks.

As it was, being with my dad and uncles was a little surreal anyway. Even though I'd been fucked by all three of them at one time or another in the past, I still got the impression that none of them talked about it much with each other's. This seemed especially true with my Uncle Paul. In fact, I was starting to wonder if he even knew I'd been fucked by his youngest brother long before he had me? So it became a situation where all of them must have secretly wanted to fuck me, yet none of them had the courage to say to the others that they did - weird, to say the least as you might imagine.

So for me, there wasn't really a whole lot I could do to tease them besides sit on their laps and wiggle my butt against their hard cocks underneath. My outfit, even though I thought it made me look sexy and desirable, at the same time was rather inaccessible without going through a lot of trouble. It wasn't like it was low cut to where they could look down and see my bra-less boobs. The jeans were tight but not like a skirt where I could let it ride up and show off some bare upper thigh. Big deal if I wasn't wearing a bra if they couldn't hardly tell. If anything, it was a little frustrating for all of us!

## 4. Thoughts of Revenge

As the game went on, my dad asked me to go upstairs and get some more beers for the men. As I was about to enter the kitchen, I paused as it seemed there was some sort of argument going on in there. I sat back in the eating area where I could listen in without being seen and it soon became clear it wasn't an argument so much as a heated discussion. Apparently Aunt Shari and Julie were talking in the kitchen about how me and Kristen had been behaving like such sluts today.

Actually, they seemed most disgusted with Kristen but I wasn't off the hook by any means. It was like they somehow "understood" Kristen's actions given her dad leaving when she was little, not to mention having a mother with no morals (as supposedly "proven" by her moving in with my dad). Yet when it came to me, they blamed ME for being the slut and being too much for my mother to handle. According to them, now that my mom wasn't there to put on the breaks, I was being "contaminated" and "influenced" by living with Kristen, with the proof being I was getting "worse" than ever..

It was my Aunt Shari who seemed the most pissed off about my Aunt Linda living with my dad. She called my Aunt Linda every nasty name in the book - Jezebel, adulteress, you name it. Given how strict my mom and dad both were about adultery with me, I found her remarks rather silly, if not downright stupid, but she just went on and on about how horrible it was that a woman would sleep with her dead sister's husband so soon after she had died (so soon - a year after??).

My Aunt Julie seemed more concerned about the impact Kristen and I were having on her husband. Apparently she didn't really care about her sister-in-law's husband but she surely was pissed off about hers. All this lamenting was rather surreal as she had no idea her loving hubby had been giving it to my mom for years under her very nose. Heck, I'd only done him twice and she was pissed at ME! Rather ironic I should think.

Listening to them rant I felt my anger beginning to build up in me. To be honest, I hated my Uncle Jim - he was boorish and smelly and had no respect for women, not even his niece or daughter. He fucked me because he loved to fuck teenage girls and it was the same with his daughter Tammy. I hated seeing him do her because I knew it wasn't out of love and respect, as it was when my dad did me, but just an older man getting his rocks off fucking a girl a third his age. As for my Uncle Paul, as I said I'd only done him twice. The first time he sort of caught me off guard by spilling the beans about him and my mom. The second time was more out of spite, to prove to him he didn't control me like he probably thought he did after the first time.

Indeed, I didn't have any real intentions to do any more than flirt with the two of them. Remember what I said about teasing a guy until he was about ready to cum and then backing off? Well, that seemed an appropriate way of dealing with my two uncles. I loved teasing and flirting and making them THINK they had a shot at me when in reality there was no way I was going to fuck them any time soon - if ever again.

That is - until now.

There are two basic forms of revenge - one where you do something and they know about it. Then there is the type where you do something but they never find out about it. It may not be as satisfying as seeing the expression on their faces, but you still get the self-satisfaction of knowing what you've done and how they WOULD react if they ever found out. Indeed, the second form seems to be the motivation for many men who fuck me and even those who send me tributes. They hate their wives but would never do anything overtly against the, instead, they do something they know their wife would hate and feel betrayed if she ever found out, but don't let her know about it. Maybe a psychiatrist could explain it a little but more but it's definitely the motivation for many of the men I deal with.

So why couldn't I do the same? As much as I would love to do something with my uncles right in front of my aunts and see the looks on their faces as they saw how their husbands lusted for me so much that they committed adultery with me. I was rational enough to know that was NOT going to happen in this lifetime. Revenge is sweet but don't spit in the wind either. Instead, I could do something I knew would hurt them if they ever found out, but keep it to myself, at least for now. Maybe someday things would get to where I REALLY hated them and wanted to hurt them. Then it would always be available but for now, it would have to be more in my mind than in their faces.

Stepping in the kitchen as if I'd just arrived and was clueless as to their previous discussion, I went to the refrigerator, grabbed three beers, and left with saying a single word to them. The silence was mutual and I was well out of earshot before they struck up their hateful conversation again.

Bitches! As I went down the stairs my mind was racing. So they thought I was as slut and a bad influence on their husbands? Well, they had no idea just how right they were and I was going to prove it right here and now.

## 5. Uncle Paul Goes First

Handing out the beers, I stood there off to the side as they opened them and kept right on talking about the game. Only my dad seemed to notice I was a bit flushed and the firmness of my jaw as I stood there and fumed over what my aunts had been saying about me and my cousin and aunt upstairs – and what they were probably STILL discussing if I knew them.

"Something wrong Kelly?" he asked, looking just a little concerned now.

Not answering him right away, I just stood there with my arms folded across my chest, weight on one leg as I tapped my other foot slowly. I could hear the kids playing just above us and Rick was out of sight behind the TV cabinet lost in his computer porn. It was now or never.

"You first!" I suddenly blurted out, almost surprising myself as much as them.

I was pointing at my Uncle Paul, motioning for him to get up. He looked at my dad and then back at me, and then back at my dad, obviously mystified as to what I was talking about.

"C'mon... in the cedar closet... now!" I said in a low but demanding tone.

My dad had lined one of the small cellar rooms with cedar strips and we used it for long-term seasonal clothing storage. I'd always loved the strong smell of cedar when you walked into it and it also had the advantage of a lockable door.

"Alright, what's going on?" Uncle Paul said, not making a real effort to get up. He still seemed to think I was just playing some sort of game, perhaps flirting again or just teasing.

Walking over to him, I put one hand on each arm of his chair and leaned in until my face was just inches away from his. "I'm only going to say this once so listen carefully... If you want to fuck me, meet me in the cedar closet - NOW!"

Well, THAT got his attention. I had said it softly enough that Rick wouldn't have heard it across the other side of the basement but the other two brothers surely did - one of which was my dad. Both of them immediately grinned at each other and my dad shook his head as if to say, "here we go again". Well, not that I had ever done this before, but he knew me well enough to know when I made my mind up to do something, I was pretty hard to stop. When it came to sex, make that IMPOSSIBLE to stop!

I stuck my tongue out playfully and stood upright again, twirling on my heels, I headed for the closet without looking back or saying another word. Damn, I would have loved to have seen the looks they exchanged right then!

Standing alone in the dim closet, I almost thought for a moment he wasn't going to come. I'd picked Uncle Paul to be first because I knew the other two would do it in a heartbeat. Heck, I had no doubt that they would have done me right there in the family room. It was Uncle Paul who had never fucked me in front of the other two. In fact, my dad and Uncle Jim had even swapped daughters a few times so it wasn't like they had never seen the other fuck me. No, it was Uncle Paul I was most concerned about having the fortitude to go through with anything under the circumstances. With his wife and family upstairs, would he still have all the bravado he tried to show off earlier in the summer?

In a word, the answer was "yes". The door opened and silhouetted in the light was my Uncle Paul. Even in the dim light I could see his face, a mixture of lust and worry all twisted up into one ever-changing expression.

"Are you ready to fuck me Uncle Paul?"

He hesitated for a moment and in all honesty I couldn't fault him for it. One minute the guy was drinking a beer watching a football game and the next he was in a small dark closet with his niece, offering herself to him while his wife, daughters and grandchildren were just a little ways away. What would win out - his lust or his common sense. Well, since when did any man listen to his head instead of his penis?

He turned and grabbed the door handle and for just a brief moment I thought I had totally misread him and he was going to leave. Then I heard a click and realized he had just licked the door instead. Turning to me, his face assumed a look that should have been in the dictionary next to "lust".

"Well, are you all talk or are you really putting out?"

The ball was back in my court so naturally I did what any self-respecting slut would do in this situation - I "assumed the position". Squatting down with my butt resting on my heels, I waited for him to advance and watched as he undid his belt and pants.

"Damn, you really ARE a fucking little slut, aren't you?" he said rhetorically, "You just can't wait to get your mouth around your Uncle Paul's dick, can you?"

He was technically right, although not for the reasons his ego was telling him. If it hadn't been for his wife upstairs, all he would have gotten form me today was the scent of my wet pussy and the smell of my perfume as I ground my butt into his lap. Yeah, I wanted to suck his dick but what I really wanted was to suck my Aunt Julie's husband's cock. Semantics? Maybe but it meant something to me to make the distinction.

With his pants unzipped I could reach in and pull his already hardened cock out from his jockey underwear, pushing the elastic waist band down and out of the way. Oh yeah, he was hard alright. I was surprised he wasn't already cumming! Without any further fanfare I took him in my mouth, letting him slide in between my lips as far as I could take him on the first shot. As I wet his shaft with my mouth, I was able to take more and more of him in until I had my nose up against the base of his dick, buried deeply in his thick pubic hair.

"God damn it... take it all you little bitch," he grunted as I felt him shudder as his dick pushed into my throat.

As I sucked him I pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankles. He still has his shoes on so that's as far as they went but it made it easier to suck his dick without all of that in the way. He held up his shirt with one hand so it didn't hit me in the face and used the other to push me down onto his dick each time I took him into my mouth. He was loving it but I knew I didn't have a lot of time and the last thing I wanted was for him to cum in my mouth. It's not that I didn't want his cum in my mouth, but I had another destination in mind for it!

Standing up, I pulled my sweater top up and over my head, tossing it on the clothes hanging in the closet. I quickly undid my jeans and soon I was standing there naked in front of him with just my anklets on to protect my feet against the cold concrete floor of the basement. Out where the TV was it was carpeted but here in the closet it was just the bare painted concrete and it felt as cold as ice.

"Ready to fuck me Uncle Paul?" I whispered in a hoarse voice.

He didn't say a word but spun me around and pushed me forward so my hands were on my knees. I spread my legs apart for him and he didn't waste any time getting up and behind me. His hard dick poked me in the butt before he grabbed it and steering it in between my legs, trying to find the entry to my pussy. It shouldn't have been hard as I was freshly shaven but he was obvious caught up in his desires and patience was NOT a virtue for him at this moment.

"C'mon... fuck me Uncle Paul!" I whined impatiently as he fooled around like some silly high school boy in the back seat trying to screw his girlfriend.

Just then his dick found the mark and I couldn't help but gasp as he literally rammed it into me. Sure I was letting him fuck me just to get back at his wife but still, he WAS a man and he DID have his hard dick in my pussy so who says I couldn't enjoy myself in the process?

"That's it... fuck me Uncle Paul."

"Oh yeah, you want this, don't you... you need it.. just like the little slut you are," he whispered harshly in my ear from behind me as he stroked himself in and out of me.

"Yes... oh god yes!" I moaned softly, feeding his ego in hopes it would spur his orgasm, "I need you to fuck me Uncle Paul... I need you to cum in me."

"Fuck, here it cums... take it all you little whore."

I felt his body slam into my ass and with each blow he delivered a spurt of cum deep inside of me. As he came in me, emptying his sperm into my wet pussy, my thoughts were of his wife upstairs and how I wished she could see us now. If she thought she had something to bitch about just because I sat in his lap, imagine what she would be complaining about NOW? Technically, since I was his niece it was incest and not adultery but I doubt she would have recognized the difference - or cared of she had.

When he was done he pulled out of me and I turned to face him, a wicked grin on my face.

"Did you like that Uncle Paul?"

"You ARE such a tease, aren't you?" he sighed heavily, pulling his pants back up and tucking in his shirt. "God, what I'd give to have a daughter like you."

I thought of his two daughters and wondered if he had any idea how they'd behaved the nights before their respective weddings. Maybe they weren't so innocent as daddy thought they were? Still, it was a nice compliment and I took it as such.

"So now what?"

He looked at me as if I had something more for him. Well, sorry to disappoint you Uncle Paul but...

"You got what you wanted... didn't you?" I asked suggestively.

He just shook his head and unlocked the door. In the meantime I quickly donned my sweater top again, sans the jeans. It was well over my ass, almost like a short dress - a VERY short dress. He opened the door and I followed him out. My dad and Uncle Jim looked at him and then at me, their faces unable to conceal the questions they both undoubtedly had.

## 6. Uncle Jim Gets His Turn

"Well?" Uncle Jim finally blurted out. Uncle Paul resumed his seat and I cut in before he could say anything.

"Don't worry about what he got... the question is, what will YOU get Uncle Jim?"

With that I stood in front of him, turned around, bent over and briefly pulled up the sweater top to flash my bare ass and pussy. Just as quickly I pulled it back up and turned around to stand in front of him again.

"See anything you want Uncle Jim?"

His face said it all. Without a word I turned and once again headed to the closet, but this time I heard him get up and follow me in close behind. He closed the door but I noticed he didn't lock it. Maybe doing it with it unlocked added a little excitement for him? Whatever it was, I really didn't care as I wasn't the one who should be worried about getting caught. My Aunt Julie might have been furious with Uncle Paul for fucking me, but I wouldn't be surprised if my Aunt Shari castrated Uncle Jim if she ever had a hint he as fucking me.

"So I get sloppy seconds, eh?"

If it hadn't been for the words of his wife still fresh in my mind, I would have put on my jeans and walked out then and there. The jerk. He should be thrilled to even have the chance to fuck a 24 year-old pussy, even if it WAS dripping cum from his brother just fucking me. Still, the spiteful words of my aunt rung in my ears so I swallowed my pride and gave him what he wanted - me.

Ignoring his sarcasm, I once again pulled off the sweater top and for the second time in just ten minutes, I was standing nude in the closet in front of an uncle. This time, however, we got straight down to business. As much as I wanted to spite my Aunt Shari, I really despised Uncle Jim, especially for the way he treated his youngest daughter. A father should fuck his daughters out of love and respect, not treat them like some cheap whore, forcing her to do his bidding whenever and however he demanded. In fact, for a while I had refused to let him fuck me at all but then he threatened to cut off my dad from Tammy so for my dad's sake I gave only what I had to in order to mollify Uncle Jim.

Again I squatted down but this time it wasn't to suck his dick. I pulled some clothes down and used them under my knees to protect me from the cold concrete floor and then got on all fours, leaning down so my butt was poking rather obscenely up in the air at him. Well, I am sure his wife would have thought it obscene at least. For Uncle Jim, it was more like an invitation - an invitation to fuck me.

As he practically tore off his clothes, I waited there on my hands and knees, thinking about how I wished Aunt Shari was watching. If only she could see the look of lust and anticipation in her husband's eyes now, undoubtedly a look she'd never seen in them when he fucked her cold pussy. Then, just as I felt him moving in behind me, I realized I had just made a serious mistake...

In a tight spot like a closet, your options for sex are father limited. Well, not technically, but in reality they were limited. I'd let Uncle Paul fuck me standing up from behind so I just figured I'd do it doggie style with Uncle Jim given the cramped quarters. Anything with me facing him would have required more acrobatics and effort than I was prepared for. There was one serious risk in doggie style, at least there was when Uncle Jim was fucking me. As much as it present my pussy nicely, it gave him even easier access to my ass - MUCH too easy.

If there was one thing I should have remembered about Uncle Jim, it was his love for anal sex. I'd refused him for the most part in the past but there had been a couple times I had to let him do it to keep my dad in business with Tammy. You would think such a thing would be quick to come to mind when I faced him but I guess in all the hurry and my thoughts about his wife I just forgot - and now I learned I was to pay the price for my forgetfulness.

"Damn, you have the sweetest ass," he murmured as I felt his dick press in against me.

At first it hit my butt, just as Uncle Paul's had done earlier. However, whereas Uncle Paul had shifted position down to the area of my pussy, Uncle Jim zeroed in on my asshole - my TIGHT asshole.

Just one question... Why do men like to stick their dicks up a girl's asshole? I can understand when it comes to gays, it's like lesbians with fake dicks strapped to themselves. But when a guys has a perfectly good pussy just dying for him to penetrate, why go for the asshole? Maybe it's just me, but in my opinion my asshole is a one-way door - out only. For god's sake I shit through my asshole! If there's one thing that turns me off as much as anything less in the world, it's anything to do with potty sex. It just grosses me out totally and I don't even like to discuss it.

With that in mind, Uncle Jim still was determined to fuck me in the ass it seemed. Then he made it clear WHY...

"Damn if I'm taking sloppy seconds from my brother ever again,: he grunted as he spit on his dick and then I felt him spit on my asshole, "Bad enough I always got your mother last, I'm not taking it this time."

It was almost enough to make me forget the sharp pain I felt as he pushed his dick into my asshole. I wanted to force him away but I knew better. Uncle Jim could be quite "persuasive" when he as horny so the best way to keep him away from your ass was not to let him get near it in the first place. I'd blown it and now I was paying the price.

Still, what the hell did he just say? What was this about him and my mom? If he was getting "seconds", who was "first"? My first thought was, of course, my dad, but then I had to wonder if maybe this was something more about her relationship with her brother-in-laws that I had never known about. Heck, after all these years I had never known Uncle Paul was doing her so would it be such a shock to find out he and Uncle Jim had BOTH been doing her... and at the same time?

My thoughts about my mom were pushed out of the way as I almost cried out in pain as his dick pushed all the way in my ass. God, why would anyone want this? I wasn't feeling anything sexy and it certainly wasn't getting me off. All I could think about was hopes that he would cum fast and get it over with.

According to all the porn movies and stories, after a while this was suppose to feel good and soon I would be writhing with pleasure and begging him to fuck me ass deeper. Yeah right. Well, gather around children and let me fill you in on a secret... Anal sex hurts and I don't give a damn how long he fucked me, it didn't get any better. The only time it even felt remotely good was when he finally came (thank god for that). Perhaps the sperm in my ass lubricated him better and that's what helped but I had to admit that for a brief moment it actually felt good. Then he pulled his dick out of my ass in one swift motion and for a second I thought I had taken a shit and half expected to turn around and see poop on his dick. Thank goodness it was just the feeling of his dick sliding out of me that felt like I was taking a dump!

He got up quickly and rearranged himself as I struggled to get to my feet. A decent man would have helped me up but he had gotten what he wanted from me - and now couldn't care less about me. I felt a little wobbly on my feet and my ass felt weird. I wasn't sure if it was sore from him violating me or if it just felt good to have him out, the sort of pleasant sensation you get after a good dump. Whatever it was, I was glad it was over!

"Yep, like I said, you've got one sweet ass Kelly," he said smugly, "Not quite as tight as my own daughter's but still nothing to be ashamed of."

This time I put my jeans on as well under my sweater top. Uncle Jim had already resumed his place in front of the TV by the time I got out and he grinned from ear to ear as I walked slowly back into the family room area.

"Hmmm, a little bowlegged baby?" he teased me, looking at his brothers as if he wanted them both to know what he'd done to me. Yeah, like he probably hadn't already the moment he came back out.

I looked at my dad, expecting him to stand up for me but he just shrugged his shoulders as if to say what could he do, it was my fault after all any of this had come about. At 24 I was old enough to take care of myself so I guess it was a little unfair of me to expect my daddy to come riding in on a white horse to save the honor of his daughter. Still... it would have been nice. Of course, it would have helped if I had any honor to save!

I walked slowly up the stairs, grimacing at the feel of my sore ass. Back upstairs though, the sight of my two aunts made any pain instantly disappear. Screw them. They could say all they wanted about me and my family but it was me that had their husbands sperm in my pussy and ass right now. Feeling them cum in me and now seeing the smug faces on my aunt's faces made it all worthwhile!

# 7. Alone at Last With My Dad

After the game was over everyone soon left. My Aunt Linda and Kristen were still out doing their home-selling stuff, leaving just me and my dad alone. He was in his favorite chair while I was stretched out on the couch, just like old times. Memories came rushing back of all the times I'd spent with him - and all the things we'd done. It was a special place for me, with special memories. My dad had kept my mom's chair in the same place and the emptiness of it was the only sad thing for me. It was over a year now since she was taken from us but it still hurt at times like this. Still, I knew she was in heaven and I also knew she would want me to take care of my dad in her absence. Just as she would watch me from her chair as I pleased my father, I was sure she would be watching now as well. Hmmm, do you still get to masturbate when you're in Heaven? I hope so!

"So what was the story today anyway?" my dad finally spoke up, breaking the long silence, "It all seemed rather contrived... what was your point in fucking them? You could've just teased them and made their day, especially with everyone else here. Damn Kelly, do you have ANY idea what would've happened if one of your aunts had decided to come down here while you were having your little bit of fun?"

At first I thought he was teasing me but the look on his face quickly sobered me up. No... he was dead serious. I tried to explain to him what went on with my aunts earlier but he wasn't buying it.

"Give me a break Kelly, they've both always talked about you that way and you know damn well your mother and I just ignore them. They wouldn't be happy unless I had you wear sweat pants and a baggy sweatshirt so why worry about them? What was the big deal today? No matter why, it was STILL a pretty stupid thing to do."

I was a little taken aback. Usually my dad was the first one to encourage me to take risks or to be daring. Indeed, some of the things I'd done for him, especially for his work, had been quite risky. Posing as a whore for his clients so they wouldn't know he was fucking his daughter? Fucking the staff as a "reward"? What was so bad about what I did today?

He must have seen the downhearted look in my face so he came over to the couch to put his arm around me and hug me. "Hey baby, I didn't mean to upset you but sometimes you seem to forget what would happen if other people found out what we do. There's nothing wrong with it and I love you so much but not everyone would be so understanding... especially your aunts."

"I'm so sorry daddy... I just hated them for saying those things."

"Well, if nothing else, it WAS pretty hot," he said, hugging me a bit tighter, "I think your uncles were taken by surprise today, THAT was for sure."

I couldn't help but laugh a little at that. Oh yeah, a "little" surprised was the understatement of the year.

"You know, I was pretty proud of you actually," he said more deeply, "not many girls could have pulled off what you did today - at least not with so much class."

"Really daddy?... you were proud of me?"

He hugged me even tighter and I felt a warm glow in me. My dad was proud of me! Of all the things he could have said, that was the one thing that made me feel best.

"Of course I was baby. Seeing them look at you that way, knowing how badly they wanted you and how jealous I know they are of me... well how could I NOT be proud?"

"But Uncle Jim has Tammy."

"True but she's got nothing on you. You're the one they wanted today."

"I love you daddy."

With that we kissed and I knew he was the one that wanted me now. As we both undressed, I couldn't help but think about how although they were brothers, it was so different having sex with each of them. Being my uncles, it wasn't like they were just any ol' married guy cheating on his wife - even though neither of my aunts had a clue as to what their husbands did with me. Growing up with them all my life, they were family, not just friends or like the guys I dated. Still, my Uncle Jim was just getting more gross all the time while my Uncle Paul was becoming more interesting. Yet as I stripped for my dad, neither of them made me feel the way my dad did.

There's just something special about being with your father that is like nothing else in the world. Sure I've had guys with bigger and fatter dicks, guys with better looks and harder bodies, guys with more "skills" and others who were more adventuresome. All of that made for good sex but with my dad there is something special that nobody else can give me - my father's love. Like just now when he told me he was proud of me, it made me feel special to know he felt that way about me.

As his daughter it was my duty to satisfy his needs but it never felt like it was something I was forced to do but rather something I WANTED to do. I'm sure he

using his cock like a dildo only in this case, it was the real thing. That wasn't my purpose now though. It was HIS needs that needed to be satisfied, HIS lust that had to be fulfilled. Not that it wasn't something I enjoyed, but he came first, just as a father should.

Once I had my father's dick head in me, I let go of his cock and started to rub my clit with my fingers. He quickly took over and I felt him pushing himself into me. It was my third dick of the day, finishing the trio of brothers but yet it was so much better than the others had been. I could hear my dad grunting as he pushed himself into me, joining our bodies, becoming one with me. This was so much more than "just sex", I felt as if I was giving myself totally to him, submitting myself in the most intimate and pure way possible. As a daughter SHOULD!

"God I love being in you like this," he whispered hoarsely as he held himself still in me, his dick now totally consumed by my pussy as the base of his shaft met my crotch.

Indeed, this was one of my favorite ways for him to fuck me. The BEST was when he was on top of me, like I was totally under his dominion as he took me for his own desires.

Spooning was probably my second as it was intimate yet at the same time a little more distant. I couldn't see him yet I could feel his dick in me and his hands roaming all over me. In a way it was like he was using me, fucking me to satisfy his growing lust as he began to pump himself in and out of me. I don't mean "using" in a bad way - quite the opposite in fact. I loved it that as his only daughter he felt comfortable enough to seek me out when his needs grew to where only I could satisfy them properly. As much as I knew he loved my mother and having sex with her, I always knew there were certain "needs" every man has that only a younger girl could quench, and all the better when that girl was his daughter.

As my dad slowly stroked himself in and out of my pussy, I could feel myself responding to the incredible sensations it produced in me along with those I was making with my fingers on my clit. I loved the way he tugged on my nipples, pulling on them with his fingers and then letting them snap back after which he would rub my boobs. I'd been fucked twice already but hadn't come near to an orgasm yet now with my dad barely moving inside of me it was already time for me to cum.

"Oh god daddy, don't move!" I pleaded as my pussy clamped down on his dick like I was having cramps.

I felt my orgasm wash over me as I could think of nothing but the fullness of his dick within me. God it felt so damn good! Yet again I knew this was perfect and so right.

"Fuck me daddy... fuck me faster," I directed him as the initial tidal wave had gone through me.

Now I wanted him to fuck me - REALLY fuck me. I was still cumming and all I wanted was his dick moving in me, rubbing me just the right way as it slid in and out of my gushing pussy.

He responded instantly. By now he knew how I wanted it when I came like this so as soon as he felt my pussy let loose even the slightest he was pumping away furiously. Watching his two brothers go off to the closet, knowing what they were doing to me once they closed the door, seeing me exit with their cum in me... all of it must have been driving him crazy - not to mention horny as hell!

"Oh daddyyyyyyyy," I moaned as I felt him start to cum in me.

My father pushed his incestuous erection even deeper into me and then gave short, hard thrusts as he delivered each load of cum. Now it really was perfect... it really was just right. My own father was giving his most special love to me. My dad was showing me in a way no words could say that he loved me as his daughter. He held himself in me when he'd finished, pulling me tightly against him as if he was claiming me as his.

Normally it is the guy who falls asleep at this point, spent from his exertions but in this case I was the one who was exhausted. It had been a crazy day and now it was like I'd just been given the best gift of all - my dad's cum, and all I could do was enjoy the sensation of him in me. I must have fallen asleep with him still in me as I don't remember him pulling out.

*******************

Later I woke up and found myself laying naked and alone under the blanket. As I gathered my bearings I realized that my Aunt Linda must have returned home as I saw my dad talking to her out of the corner of my eye. From the way she was grinning and looking at me, it was obvious he was filling her in on all the details. I was so tired still that I just laid my head down and fell asleep again.

It was Thanksgiving and yes, I had a LOT to be thankful for!

# (Dec 16) Chapter 203: Church Dad

Story codes: MF adultery F-solo oral exhib
Me (24)
Dan (42)

I've said it before and I'll say it again, the best place to meet men is at church, especially if you're looking for a married one. Men are men and they all have the same inner desires. The ones at the bars and clubs are acting out on those desires and either their wives are OK with it or they're simply bad husbands - not the type of guys I want to get involved with. It's the ones at church, those who lead lives that are socially "acceptable" while hiding their marital issues and inner lusts, that are ripe for the picking. Sometimes all they need is a little encouragement...

## 1. Sex and Married Men

Anyone who knows me at all knows that I love having sex with married men, particularly if they've not cheated on their wives before. While you can read my "Kelly's Married Guy FAQ" for more details about my little "hobby", in summary nothing tells me I'm sexier or more desirable than to have a man want me so badly that he'll break his marital vows, betray his wife's love and trust, and break one of the Ten Commandments just to experience sex ONCE with me. Really, how could all that NOT make a girl feel good about herself?

Just to be clear, I have absolutely NO desire to harm anyone's marriage which is one reason why I never meet twice with a married man. I'm just not interested in being "the other woman" in some sleazy affair. It's being the woman he can't resist, the girl he lusts for more than anyone ever before, becoming the fantasy he never thought would come true, that makes me so unbelievably horny and satisfied when we do it, not a relationship.

Although I am sure there are those who would claim I am contributing to the failure of a marriage, I actually believe I've SAVED a number of marriages by allowing an unhappy husband to live out one of his greatest fantasy, thereby getting it out of his system so he can go home to his wife and kids and be a better husband and father.

One thing that needs to be made clear - when I talk about having "sex" I mean something very specific. "Sex" is the penetration of a vagina by a penis. Period. Sex is fundamentally a reproductive act, even if most of the time that's not the intended purpose. Thus by definition, "oral sex" is NOT sex (yes, President Clinton was technically correct, although not politically). Because it's NOT sex, a husband who receives a blowjob from another woman is not technically cheating on his wife. This is based on my own perspective using the principles by which I lead my life. No doubt his wife and family, not to mention some friends and church leaders, may have different opinions!

A husband is cheating on his wife (more accurately he is committing adultery against his wife) when he has sex with a woman not in his family (let's avoid the issues of bi and gay marriage please). It make NO difference if his wife has given permission for him to have sex with other women. Adultery is adultery, even if the wife is "OK" with it. It is a sin and a violation of the Ten Commandments and no one can give you "permission" to violate them. Thus it's up to the guy as to whether committing adultery means anything to him. It's HIM that is committing adultery after all, not me.

One last thing, people have called me hypocritical for saying on the one hand that I abhor adultery and would neuter my future husband someday if he ever did it to me, yet on the other hand say I love it when another man commits adultery with me. Personally, I will be faithful to my husband and I will NEVER commit adultery. When a man cheats on his wife with me, HE is the one who is married so HE is the one committing adultery. If I was married as well, then it would be an entirely different story indeed. I don't feel guilty in the slightest for what I do - why should? I do it simply for my own self-satisfaction and the ego-boost it gives me. HE is the one who has to reconcile his actions with his marital vows and spiritual beliefs.

By the way, I've found that I'm not the only one who feels this way. Many of the men I've met on-line have told me that they find it much hotter to fuck a married woman than a single one. Personally, I think most people, whether they engage in it or just fantasize about it, find something about the whole "married partner" scenario to be an incredible turn-on.

man's heart that his wife can never fill again or remove. When I look at their wives afterwards I can't help but wonder if they've any idea that when their husband makes love to them now that at some point he's thinking about how it was to fuck ME. Maybe he even wishes in a small way that it was MY pussy his dick was in instead of hers. Of course they don't know any of this but it's still fun to think about!

## 2. Renewed Determination

Actually it had been quite a while since I'd been with a married man, long enough that even my dad would tease me about it now and then. The most recent one had been the school administrator where I teach but I really don't like to count him because of the circumstances under which things took place (he was blackmailing me).

Indeed, it wasn't until my dad casually asked one day after we'd had sex if I was "losing my touch" that I realized it had been over six months since I'd done a married man! It didn't seem possible at first but after I thought about it, yes, confirmed it was true. Apparently all the issues I've been having with changing jobs, dealing with blackmail, and simply fulfilling my responsibilities as a daughter, niece and now a girlfriend had been overwhelming me.

After I left my dad's house that day, I drove in the my car back home and made a vow to myself. I was going to get a married guy to fuck me in the next week and that was that!

To be fair, if my goal had been simply to get laid by someone I'd never met before in one week, that would have been silly. I've always maintained that ANY girl, no matter her age or looks, can get a man to fuck her in the next 30 minutes at any point in time if she REALLY wants to. Of course that means she can't be very selective, but the point is valid.

It's the basic difference between men and women really. Women can have sex whenever they want it, all they have to do is make themselves available. Men, on the other hand, are at the mercy of women. Unless they rape someone (which I would NEVER condone under ANY circumstances) they have to find a woman who is willing to let them fuck her. Judging from the number of horny guys who read my site, it's a whole lot harder for the guys than the gals!

When I look for a married guy, I don't want someone who serial cheats to where he may as well not be married. Similarly, I don't want "swingers" where the wife is in on it. The whole point for me is that the wife does NOT know about her husband cheating on her. It's him having to bear that secret, to perhaps feel guilty about it for the rest of his life, for him to secretly remember me whenever he has sex with his wife... THAT is what turns me on.

The guy I want is your typical husband, a wife with three kids and a dog living in a simple home with a job he hates. The guy who had such dreams as a teenager, whose life never turned out the way he had hoped. The man who married the girl he dated in high school before he realized how many other options he would someday have but now was stuck with her, realizing now that he'd married the wrong woman but could never do anything about it because he was licked into the marriage by finances and kids. The man who looks at other woman and wishes he had sex with more of them when he could, perhaps his wife even being the only one he'd ever done, perhaps he lusts for his daughter who reminds him of the opportunities he had as a teen that he never took advantage of.

The married man I want knows that his fantasies are just that – fantasies, and he would never act on them, especially with regards to his daughter, but he still secretly masturbates to porn as he relives those fantasies in the middle of the night while his wife is asleep. All he wants is that ONE chance to fuck the girl of his dreams, that ONE opportunity to have his dick sucked like his wife never would do for him. He doesn't want to leave his wife, at least not to where he ever would, but he just wishes he could live out his fantasy just ONE time before he gets too old to get it up anymore!

Yep, THAT'S the husband I wanted to fuck me and I had just one week to find him.

By the time I got back home, I could hardly wait to get up to my room and strip off my clothes. God I was so horny again! Besides, my jeans looked like I'd peed in them with my dad's cum leaking from me all the way home. I probably should have showered and cleaned myself up before I left but I'd figured it would be OK for the short drive home. Guess dear old dad must not have been fucking my Aunt Linda enough lately as he'd left quite a load in me!

Once undressed, I stood next to my bed and hesitated. My bed looked awful tempting, practically calling out for me to hop on board and do what came natural. Then again, I felt sweaty and my pussy was still wet from sex so a shower would be awful nice. The shower had another thing going for it – a wonderful new shower massager with more settings than I knew what to do with. What the heck, why not kill two birds with one stone as they say and so I headed for the shower. Kristen wasn't home, where she was I had no idea, so I had the place all to myself.

It was an older home with a tiny bathroom – were people in the old days so much smaller or what? The shower and tub were combined with the sink opposite and the toilet at the end next to the window – rather odd when you think about it but I guess it had something to do with the way the plumbing worked or whatever my dad had tried (without much success) to explain to me one time. When I sat on it there as barely enough room for my knees so I don't know how taller men could ever have used it.

The tub was ancient porcelain, worn down in some places with a rubber stopper on a chain. It had separate controls for the hot and cold water which I liked much better than those complicated single handle versions that I ALWAYS turn the wrong way and either practically scald myself or face the threat of hypothermia. The shower head was lower than most – another sign of ancient short people? You pulled down on this little handle in the faucet to turn on the shower which ALWAYS started with a slug of cold water no matter how hard you tried to avoid it. There was a shower curtain instead of doors which I hated but my aunt had picked out one with a pretty yellow floral design so it wasn't too terrible to look at.

I pulled the curtain across and reached in to run the water before stepping in and turning on the shower. Yep, there was that blast of cold water and then the soothing feel of hot after that, making my skin tingle as I felt it beating against my bare skin. It felt good to rinse myself off – something I should've done at my dad's house I guess but better late than never. I rubbed myself between my legs with some soap, scrubbing off the cum that was still clinging to me.

As I scrubbed my pussy I remembered my promise to myself that I would find myself a new married guy within a week. Hmmmmmm, imagine if I'd been babysitting in this house and now that the kids were in bed I decided to take a shower and while I was doing so, the dad came home from work early and heard the shower running. (OK, so the plot's a stretch but hey, I can fantasize about it any way I want!). In my mind I pictured him peeking in at the edge of the shower, seeing me facing away towards the shower head as I allowed the water to strike me in front and run down between my boobs to my crotch.

Is there anything as sexy as being watched while you masturbate? Well, maybe there are a few things but you get the idea. It's even better if the person watching me doesn't realize that I know they are watching me. I love to be all naughty and let them think it's just me I'm doing it for, not realizing that I'm getting off as much by putting on a show for them as I am from the actual masturbating.

So it was with my babysitting in the shower fantasy, imagining the father coming home and peeking in on me as I did myself in the shower. I could picture his cock getting hard and uncomfortable as it grew until finally he couldn't hold back and he pulled it out through his unzipped pants so he could stroke himself as he watched me. Mmmmmmm, I loved to see a man stroking his cock when he's all hard because of ME. No matter what else he says or does, a man's dick never lies.

Imagine his surprise when I turn around and catch him jerking off as he peeks at me in the shower. He turns to run away but I call out to him and beg him to continue. Then I played with myself again, imagining his lust overcoming his shyness as he once again stroked his own dick while I played with myself right in front of him.

When my imaginary masturbating father started to cum, so did I - and for real as well. God I loved to cum when I masturbated, often several times if I had the time and energy. It felt great, was easy to do, didn't require any special equipment, and made me feel better than at any other time of the day.

As if I hadn't been determined before, I was all the more by the time my so-called shower was over. Damn, I HAD to find the right guy- and soon.

## 3. Finding the Right Man

Some people seem to think all a girl has to do is wear something a little skimpy, flirt with a guy for a while, and before you can even spell adultery he'll be fucking her. Sure, that works in fantasy stories but in real life it's by far the exception more than the rule. It's not that such a thing NEVER happens; I'm just saying it's not at all typical. Such stories are sort of like how men's dicks in porn movies don't reflect on the typical guy's dick in real life. It's also just like how real women don't just walk in the locker room after the game and start fucking the whole football team... and so on.

In real life, while finding any ol' guy to fuck isn't all that hard, finding the RIGHT married man can be downright frustrating at times. Oh sure, most of them try to sneak a peek at me when their wives aren't looking (or at least they THINK she isn't looking). Heck, some of them don't seem to mind if she IS. For the most part guys just window shop and most of them aren't REALL ready to go in the store, let alone buy anything.

While I don't mean to sound cynical, deep down I truly believe that EVERY married man seriously thinks about cheating on his wife at some time or another in his marriage. However, in all fairness to the married man demographic, I also believe that the majority of them will never go beyond that "wishful" stage no matter what the reason or opportunity. That isn't to say they won't be jerking off in private back home thinking about what MIGHT have happened if they HAD done something. It's just that for one reason or another, they simply don't cross the line Maybe they're afraid they will be turned down and embarrassed, perhaps even exposed. Of course, maybe some are just happy to be married to their wife, although I think THOSE are a VERY small minority.

Given that the divorce rate in the USA is well over 50%, that tells me that the majority of men DO cross the line sooner or later. Often I think they just needed the right girl at the right time and place to make the first move and their resistance finally crumbles.

Face it, men are driven by their penis so it's not really that unexpected. What DOES surprise me is that most men are able to STAY married for any length of time. All I have to do is look at my own father to see one of those few exceptions, but then he also has had some things going for him that most men don't. The advantages of incest are for another discussion but it is one reason I believe incest can be good in terms of preserving a marriage.

It's a fine line between a husband who WANTS to cheat but never will, versus the one who wants to cheat but doesn't for whatever reason - fear, shyness, conscience, etc. So what is the "profile" of the typical married guy I'm looking for?

He's in the thirty to forty-five age bracket, old enough to HOPEFULLY be mature but still able to get it up reliably. He's climbing the career ladder, meaning work conflicts with his home life, creating tension with his wife and isolating him from his family. He's rarely next to his wife at social functions and when he is, they don't talk much and you can almost feel the tension crackling between them as they don their phony smiles and try to act like the perfect middle-class couple.

He's been married for ten to twenty years. Long enough for the glow to have faded but not so long that he's locked in for life. Look at the guy who's been married for more than 25 years. His kids are grown up and moved out, his career has peaked,

line. Well, people may think that but from what I can see, the only difference is that the married men are more careful in where and when they look at the girls.

Because I work primarily with the high-school youth group, Dan and I hadn't had much occasion to cross paths as he had been with the juniors until this year when Dresden became a Freshman in high school and moved up into the senior group. He immediately caught my attention as he was a pretty good looking guy but the gold ring on his finger blazed like a neon sign. It was both a warning AND an invitation - the key question was which one was the overriding message?

It didn't take long for me to notice that Dan liked to peek at the teenage girls. Unlike some guys who can't seem to mask their attention, Dan was actually quite accomplished at it. In fact, if hadn't been that I was looking for it I might have never noticed. Silently I was checking off the boxes in my head - age, looks, etc. and I quickly established that he might be an excellent prospect for some more "fun" down the road.

The key in reeling in another woman's husband is that HE has to be the one to initiate things. You never want to be in the position later on where he can claim that he was pursued or stalked or in any way coerced into doing something he really didn't want to do. Even though such claims were ludicrous and never believed by anyone from what I could tell, it was best not to get into such a situation in the first place.

If course, to get a guy to cross the line from looking and flirting to dong anything more, he had to have the confidence to MAKE that first move. That is where the fine art of flirting comes in. Every girl learns it to some extent early on, even if she doesn't realize it. That dropping of the eyes, the tongue on the lips, the little head bob and throwing back of your hair... all things that seem to come natural to a girl when she's trying to get a guy to do something for her. Getting a door opened, paying for a date, and such is easy. Taking it the next level is where girls like me come in...

Funny, but while a short skirt and a low-cut blouse may grab the attention of a guy, it's not what ultimately makes him ready to cross the line and ask to have sex with you, especially when he's married. Face it, sexy girls are everywhere - TV, the Internet, the local club, schools, you name it. While they will grab his attention and lead to who knows what fantasies the next time he masturbates, if anything I've found that being TOO sexual or TOO hot can actually drive a married guy away. He's been trapped in his marriage for quite a few years by now and seen a of pretty girls but never cheated so THAT should tell you something. Heck, even single guys can be frightened off by a girl who looks "too good", thinking such a girl would never be interested in someone like him.

So while it never hurts to ACT flirty and to dress a little provocatively, that's not how to get your man. No, the most sure-fire way to get a married guy to want to be with you is to do what his wife probably stopped doing many years before - listen to him. Yes, that's right - LISTEN. It's amazing what a guy will tell you if he thinks you care about what he's saying. The more he talks about himself, the more personal it tends to get until sooner or later the conversation turns to his personal issues and marriage.

Granted, this approach takes time whereas I COULD just go to a bar in a short skirt with no panties and the only thing I have to listen to is," do you want to go to my place?" or some other typical line of crap. Trust me, if you want to make a married man desire you, nothing in the world works better than crossing your legs, shutting your mouth and opening your ears.

So it was with Dan. Over the past couple of months as we would meet on Wednesday nights and then again sometimes on Sundays at the service, I always tried to ask him how he was doing and then just clam up and listen. Now and then you need to add in a head nod or a few encouraging words just to prove you're actually listening to him, but otherwise I just let him spill out whatever he wants.

At first he asked a lot about me but I did my best to deflect what I could and minimize the answers to the rest. In reality, while I'm sure he wanted to know more about me, it was what was under my clothes that he REALLY wanted to know, not what was in my head. Every time I would try to turn the question around to him and his family, working them more and more into his days back when he was dating his wife and early marriage years. The idea was to get him thinking about those days and how good they were and how much better they would be if somehow he could just relive them again.

One thing I studiously avoided bringing up was his daughter - or any of the other teenage girls for that matter, even when I noticed his eyes straying to catch a glimpse of a girl wearing short shorts as she was leaning over to pick something up. Some of the younger girls would still be braless and I noticed he had a special interest in those. I wanted Dan to get the impression that I had no idea what he was doing. If he DID, then he might get embarrassed that I had "caught" him and retreat back inside again for a while.

As for me, being it WAS church and I WAS responsible for the teenage girls I had to be a little concerned over what I wore when working with the youth group else I would incur the wrath of some of the more conservative mothers - not to mention the wives of the leaders. While I was expected to "set an example" but I wasn't going TOO far in that direction. Still, jeans and a sweater or blouse were my usual garb on Wednesday nights although I often was a little less conservative on Sunday mornings at the service sin e I was usually with my dad at those times.

As Dan got to know me better, he would often stand to the side with me and start talking about things. If I thought I could get away with it, I might loosen up another button on my blouse just during that time, something he seemed to appreciate! Usually I wouldn't be wearing a bra, especially with the heavier winter clothes, so I know he could peek down my chest while he pretended to be checking something else out in that direction. It was a little risk and there were a few times I had to turn away quickly before someone else saw me, but it was sort of fun for both of us I think.

It took over two month before Dan made the progression from describing "the good old days" back when he was in high school and in his own youth group to where he would begin to hint about how he missed those days and how there was so much he hadn't done that now he wished he had. It was the opening I'd been waiting for, the one I was starting to think would never come. He seemed to be in a rather melancholy mood that night. Perhaps problems at home or work? It wouldn't surprise me if it was both.

"I bet you were quite the stud back in high school, weren't you?" I casually asked him, not looking him in the eyes so as not to scare him off.

"Oh no, not at all," he sighed.

"Ahhhhhh, the girls must have been all after you."

"You know how it is... you don't realize what you've got until it's too late."

That was interesting... we were both sitting at a table off to the side, leaning forward on our elbows watching the kids do some game. There really wasn't much for us to do at the moment so we'd sat down to get off our feet for a moment and it seemed to be just the right conditions for him to open up to me. He was watching the group, supposedly doing just what he was supposed to be doing, but I was pretty sure that certain girls were getting more of his attention than others but from this distance it was "safe" for him to check them out.

"Ohhhhhh?" I responded softly, not really saying anything but letting him know I was there to talk to.

"I suppose there were a few girls I could have gone out with... but I was too shy I guess. Seems once I dated Cathy that was it."

"Really? Was she the only girl you dated?"

Dan hesitated a bit, keeping his chin on his hands as he rested on his elbows. Then he chuckled saying, "Well, she was the only one who put out."

"Well, there's something to be said for a girl who puts out I guess," I giggled.

"Yeah, it's fun... until they get pregnant."

Hmmm, now THAT was interesting news...

"What happened?" I nudged him a bit.

"The usual I guess... back then if you got a girl pregnant it was pretty cut and dry - you married her. She was only eighteen and I was nineteen... it was crazy."

I did some quick math in my head... he seemed older than barely in his thirties. Not THAT old but somehow more than 33 or so which is where he would be based on his daughter's age. He seemed to sense from my silence what I was thinking.

"I know... I'm 36 and Dresden is 14... Well, Cathy lost the first one just a month after we got married. I've also regretted that we didn't get an annulment but I was too scared to ask for one. Stupidest thing I ever did... or I guess didn't do."

His voice had dropped off to where I could barely hear him. I wasn't sure what to say at this point so I just stayed quiet and let him carry on at his own pace. He was quiet for a few minutes and then it was like he just opened up.

"You know, I probably shouldn't be telling you this but I was ready to divorce Cathy after a couple of years, We were way too young to be married and it was getting to be too much but then she went and got pregnant again. She claimed she was on the pill and it was an accident... but I still think she did it to keep me from leaving her."

"Wow... that wasn't very nice of her," I said softly under my breath.

Actually, I DID think it wasn't very nice of her. For a woman to get pregnant to trap a man was horrible. It showed me more what a decent man Dan must be to "do the right thing" and stay with his wife all these years to raise their kids.

"I don't know... it might not have been so bad but she gained a ton of weight with Dresden and then it seemed with each kid it just added more. Believe it or not, she use to look a lot like you when we were first married you know, at least figure wise."

"So you never cheated on her? Even after she let herself go?" I threw in the last part in hopes it would make him feel all the more frustrate with his wife, sort of a counterbalance to the potentially difficult question I posed at the beginning. By now he was on a roll and he didn't even hesitate before answering.

"No... have to admit I THOUGHT about it a few times but never have. It would kill the kids and besides, I've got no choice with a mortgage and debts up to my eyeballs."

With that the game concluded and everyone started to run around. Whatever mood had developed between Dan and me seemed to pop like a balloon, especially when his wife started griping to us both about just sitting around and not helping out. He looked at me and shrugged, as if to say, "see what I mean?"

After that Dan seemed to avoid me for the next couple of weeks. Perhaps he thought about what he had told me and was embarrassed. Then again, maybe I'd stirred up a few things inside that frightened him and so he was steering clear of me to keep them from developing further. Probably a bit of both if my suspicions were correct. The one thing I did notice was that he still looked at me whenever he thought I didn't notice - all the more now if anything. This gave me hope and the courage to take a little action on my own.

## 5. Pushing Him Over the Edge

From all appearances, Dan was just the type of guy I was looking for. He met all the qualifications in terms of age, marital status, family life and such. Now he recently confirmed the next step in the process - he was obviously dissatisfied with the way his life had turned out and how things were at home now. Just like a tiny crack just needs a little stress to suddenly stretch across the entire windshield, it was the same with guys. Once they allowed their own "crack" to be revealed, all it took was a little stress in the right place and it would open wide up. When it came to applying the right "stress", there's none better than me!

The next Wednesday night I kept looking for another opportunity to get close to Dan without drawing attention to us. It was about half-way through the program when I saw him talking to his wife, looking quite upset as she pointed his finger at him. Finally he threw his hands up and I watched as he spun around and left the room. His wife seemed exasperated and went back to whatever she was doing in the kitchen, probably getting the snacks ready or something like that.

Realizing I probably had only a brief window of opportunity, I took another door that led to the same hallway and looked around to see if I could see where Dan had gone. I was about to give up when I saw something moving at the end of the hallway where there was a large glass window overlooking the parking lot. It looked like Dan so I quickly undid two of my buttons on my blouse, allowing my cleavage show. My jeans weren't all that tight but they still showed off my ass well enough.

"Is everything ok Dan?" I asked softly as I approached him. Dan turned and when he saw it was me, he shrugged and kept his hands in his pockets.

"What can I say? Hey look Kelly, I'm sorry for dumping on you the other night, I'm sure the last thing you want to hear about is some guy's marital problems."

Little did he know that under the circumstances, actually that was the FIRST thing I wanted to hear but I didn't say it. Instead, I moved up closer to him, looking to see what response I could get before I made my mind up which way to go with this. If he moved backward and put more distance between us, THAT would not be a good sign and I would probably have to revise my plans. However, he didn't move back but rather just stayed where he was. Not the BEST response but certainly a positive one. The ball was in my court...

"You know, I saw the way you were looking at me earlier tonight."

Dan's face turned red and for a moment I thought maybe I'd gone too far so I quickly added in, "It's OK, I like it when you look at me that way."

From the expression on his face, I think he believed THAT about as much as he would had I offered to sell him some prime real estate in Antarctica or something. I was about to mention something about him looking at the other girls as well but decided at the last second not to as it might embarrass him all the more. I already knew he did so having him tell me himself wasn't all that important.

"You know... I was thinking about what you said about Cathy being the only girl that ever put out for you. Don't you ever wish that you had done it with another girl?"

Now he really looked at me with an odd expression. He was probably trying to figure out where I was going with all this. Clearly he had noticed my blouse and the way my boobs practically were falling out of my blouse. The problem was, he seemed to be thinking I was just teasing or otherwise playing with him.

"C'mon Kelly, what's going on here?" he said, suddenly looking around, "Is this some sort of practical joke? Did Cathy put you up to this? Where are the cameras?"

"There's no cameras, no joke and trust me, Cathy has NO idea I'm here with you."

"I don't understand..."

"Don't you Dan? Don't you know what you want right now?"

I wasn't going to unbutton any more of ,my blouse or go any further until HE asked for it so I had to somehow get him to do something soon or this would all just be for nothing - and probably ruin any chance of anything in the future as well. He looked at me, unable to keep his eyes from straying down where he had an excellent view of my boobs courtesy of my wide open blouse.

"All you have to do is ask Dan," I whispered to him in a husky voice, "You didn't when you were in school and you've regretted it ever since. Don't regret it now."

Dan licked his lips subconsciously and I knew he was weakening. The crack was starting to spread and once it started, there wasn't anything he would be able to do to stop it.

Frank was looking over my head, down the hall, probably worried that someone might come out and see us. We were a ways down so it wouldn't be obvious even if someone did but I knew it wouldn't hurt for us to get out of sight as soon as possible.

"What are your trying to do? Why are you doing this?"

It was like someone told him that he had won the lottery but he couldn't believe it. He had to know what I was trying to do - he was just so conditioned after all these years that he couldn't believe it.

"All you have to do is ask Dan... all you have to do is ask."

It wasn't like he would be doing something illegal like making a move on one of those teenage girls back there that I knew in his heart he desired - maybe even his own daughter under the right circumstances. His marriage was a sham, forced upon him from the start by a stupid mistake that should have been corrected but then was only made worse later on. She would never know anyway so what was the harm? Still, I could see the lust in his eyes but the way he had his lips pursed I knew he was struggling with his conscience.

"Don't you want me Dan? You look at me like you do. Like I said, I like the way you look at me that way... makes me feel good inside... VERY good inside... do you know what I mean Dan?"

"What difference does it make, we can't do anything here anyway."

With those words the crack spread wide open. Yes, he wanted to do me but now it was just a questions of logistics. Well, if he was worried about having sex in church, he certainly didn't know me very well!

## 6. Dan Fucks Me in Church

"Let's go in here," I suggested, pointing to one of the darkened classrooms.

As I expected, he didn't argue but instead followed me in silently, as if it were some sort of dream. The room was dim, just the dim glow from the parking lot lights outside allowed us to see anything at all. I noticed he shut the door behind him... good sign!

"I can't believe this...," he mumbled as he just stood there, his hands back in his pockets as if he was afraid if he let them loose they might start doing something on their own.

I moved up close to him until we were just an inch or so apart.

"Tell me Dan... does Cathy like to suck your dick?"

It was the most blatant question I'd asked so far and it seemed to catch him off guard.

"No, she never has," he stammered, "She says it's dirty and only whores do it."

"Well Dan, I like to suck cock... does that mean I'm a whore?"

"Oh no, I didn't mean THAT!" he came back quickly, his voice a confusion of doubt yet I could detect a trace of lust beginning to emerge.

"Did you know I liked to suck cock Dan?"

His expression was enough to make me almost laugh out loud. Something told me my reputation had preceded me somewhat yet at the same time he obviously didn't want to sound like he thought I was a "bad" girl – which he probably did anyway.

"Ummmmm, I didn't know," was all he could finally get out.

"Would you like me to suck your cock Dan?"

"Ummmmm..."

"All you have to do is ask you know."

It was the moment of truth for Dan. After all these years of dreaming about such a situation as this (although I doubted he had ever dreamed of exactly THIS set of circumstances) the opportunity was upon him. Did he cross the line or not? So far nothing more had been done that buttoning two buttons wouldn't resolve. Even if we were caught in here now it would be embarrassing (at least for him), but nothing criminal.

"Well Dan?"

I wasn't about to let him keep thinking about it TOO long. The element of surprise was working in my favor up until now but soon the voice of reason would regain control and it would be all over. It was a race against time and so I kept pushing, hoping to get to the finish line before the clock ran out.

"You really want to... you really want to give me a BJ?"

"No Dan, I would LOVE to give you a BJ!"

"Oh shit then.. do it."

Before he could change his mind, I had my hands on his belt before the last syllable had faded away. Fortunately, it as an easy one and soon I had it undone along with his pants and zipper. I opened them apart and saw he had his white jockey short underwear on underneath. The bulge beneath them was unmistakable - there was little doubt that Dan's DICK was ready, even if the rest of him still wasn't quite so sure. Pulling his elastic waist band out, I saw the head of his cock peaking up like a snake in a hole, waiting for me to release it from its prison. A quick tug down and it flopped out over his underwear.

"Mmmmmmm, you have a nice dick Dan," I murmured, looking up at him and our eyes met as I grabbed the shaft of his cock with my hand and just held it for a moment.

Then, without any more fanfare, I took the head of his cock in my mouth and let my tongue run around the smooth know and under the ledge that encircled it.

"Oh god... that feels incredible," he sighed and I could feel his dick practically jumping in my mouth. It was crazy to have a guy this old with three kids and know I was giving him his first blow job!

I pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankle, giving me easier access to his crotch. Damn, talk about a hairy guy! Not only was his crotch a damn forest of pubic hair, it extended down his legs and up his stomach as well. He was like some sort of black bear!

I cupped his balls with one hand while I took more of him in my mouth with the other until finally I had all of him in my mouth, Not that it anything for me to brag about - his dick was a little smaller than average but it was hard like a steel pipe with a slight curve upwards such that when he stood upright it pointed up to the ceiling like a rocket ready to blast off at any second. Then, licking the side of his shaft from top to bottom, I let my tongue work on his for a while, which he obviously enjoyed.

"Oh my god... I can't believe this!" he must have muttered a hundred times if he did once.

It was nice to have a guy be so appreciative of a BJ. Heck, I didn't even have to do anything too fancy with him - he was more than happy with just the classic head bob with a little bit of a twist as I raised my head up from his crotch. No doubt he would cum pretty quick and for a moment I weighed the odds of him being able to cum again quickly at his age. He was right at the breakpoint where guys started to really lose their resilience. Dan could easily be a one-time guy, at least so far as one evening went.

I considered asking him if he wanted to fuck me but then I didn't want to go through the whole routine I'd just done in order for him to let me suck his dick. Instead, I chose the classic approach, the one thing no guy can resist when I ask him...

Rising up to my feet, still fully clothed, I held onto his dick like it was leash and stood up on my toes to whisper in his ear, "I want you to fuck me Dan."

He seemed started at that but then what did he think we were going to do? Sucking his dick was nice but it wasn't even technically adultery as it wasn't sex. Noooooo, if he was going to cheat on his wife with me that meant he had to fuck me - in some position somewhere.

He looked at me wide-eyed, his breathing shallow and his face flushed as I held onto his dick and squeezed it gently.

"Don't you want to fuck me Dan?"

Well, I'd like to see him say no to that! Actually, I wouldn't but it's just a saying. Here he was, in a darkened Sunday School room with his pants around his ankles and the hands of a girl ten years younger than him wrapped around his cock, still wet from having just been in her mouth. For the first time in his life he felt a girl's mouth around his cock and now here she was, offering herself to him for the ultimate prize.

"May the Lord forgive me for saying this but yes... yes I do," he was barely able to get out. It was good enough for me!

We didn't have a lot of time as sooner or later someone was going to wonder where we were. This was going to be a case of him fucking me in one position and getting off pretty fast. That wasn't so bad in that as horny as he was now, he probably wouldn't be able to last very long, let alone swapping positions all around. I pulled my jeans down below my knees, revealing to him that there was nothing between me and them. His eyes widened as he stared at my bare pussy.

"Do you like it?" I purred, rubbing myself slowly for him with one hand as I grabbed his dick again with my other.

Damn, he was so hard I was afraid he might burst!

"You can touch it of you want."

He didn't seem sure at first but then the temptation was too great for him and he reached out and just cupped my crotch at first, as if he wasn't sure what to do.

"Ever feel a shaved pussy before Dan?"

He shook his head, not saying a word as he started to work up more courage to begin exploring me with his fingers. I felt one trying to push its way into me gingerly.

"It's OK Dan, you can put it in me."

I leaned back against a chair which thrust my hips forward, making it easier for him to reach under my crotch and push his finger into me. If he wasn't so old I would have thought it was like a teenage boy feeling his first pussy. It was sort of cute but time was running short and I wanted something besides his finger in me – something thicker and stiffer.

"Wouldn't you rather put you dick in me Dan?" I whispered in a low voice, trying to be as sultry as possible, "I want you to fuck me Dan... I want your dick in me now."

With us both standing up he seemed unsure of how to proceed so I turned around and leaned forward, suing the chair back for support again as I spread my legs apart of pushed my butt up and out.

"You can fuck me from behind, OK?"

Looking over my shoulder at Dan, he was holding his dick but not exactly rushing to put it in me as I had asked. Then it dawned on me...

"Have you ever done it this way before?"

He shook his head and mumbled so I barely heard him, "Noooooo, Cathy only wants to do it one way."

He didn't say WHICH was but I assumed it was missionary. Hey, nothing wrong with that. In fact, I loved to be fucked that way when a man was about to cum so we could kiss and I could look into his eyes as he released himself inside of me. It also made me feel more feminine and secure to be under him as he came, sort of like submitting myself to him I guess.

"Well, here's your chance to do something different," I responded, not mentioning that he would also be doing SOMEONE different as well. It was hard to believe that he had never had sex with anyone but his wife - EVER. I couldn't even imagine being with only one guy!

I could feel Dan's dick rubbing against my butt and then down between my legs as he tried to get it into position. Using one hand to hold myself up, I reached between my legs with the other and took the head of his dick between two fingers and rubbed it against me so it slipped between my pussy lips and up against my pussy hole. All it needed now was for Dan to push but he just held himself there. Was he feeling a little guilty now, maybe having second thought? Well, we hadn't come this far to stop now!

"It's OK Dan, you can do it... you know this is what you want, what you've always wanted."

He stood behind me for a few more seconds, one hand on each of my bare hips with his cock pushing up against my pussy, hard enough to holds it in place but not quite enough to slip inside of me. I wiggled my ass a little, trying to help him in me and it seemed to be working as I felt the tip of his cock push just a little into me and the his head seemed to just pop into me on its own.

"That's it Dan, you can do it... push it all the way in me...I want all of you in me Dan."

"Oh god...," he groaned as I felt his grip on my hips tighten and then the wonderful feel of his dick as he pushed it into me.

Whether he was groaning because he felt good or because he couldn't believe what he was doing, I don't know and at that po9int I didn't care. All I knew was how good it felt to have his adulterous cock filling me up, feeling so incredibly good as he pushed it deeper and deer until finally I felt all that hair around the base of his dick against my smooth bare ass.

"Holy smoke, you're so tight... and so wet," he moaned as he started to do what comes natural - stroking himself in and out of me slowly.

His hands had moved from my hips and were now massaging my ass, one on each cheek now as he played with my butt as he fucked me.

"Your dick feels so good in me Dan... Mmmmmmm, I love it in me."

I wasn't embellishing anything - his cock DID feel good in me and now I was using my free hand to play with my clit. He reached around me with his right hand and cupped my boob through my blouse, then reaching under it from the top as with it unbuttoned and me bending over as I was it was hanging plenty low enough for him to easily feel me up. He pinched my nipple between his fingers and it made my entire boob tingle.

As Dan continued to fuck me, a steady rhythm now as he pumped away from behind me, I was rubbing myself faster, trying to make myself cum before he did. I thought about his wife, just down the hall doing who knows what, totally clueless that her husband's cock was inside another girl's pussy for the first time. In a way, I almost wished she would suddenly come in and see him, to see the lust in his eyes and the groans he was making as he pumped his dick in and out of my tight pussy.

It was the idea of seeing her face as she realized what her husband was doing that did it for me. Sure I loved his dick in me, I loved the way he was squeezing my boobs, and I really loved the way my fingers were stimulating my clit; but it was the thought of Cathy seeing all this that sent me over the edge and made me cum. The thought of her realizing how much more her husband loved fucking me than her. The thought of her seeing him fuck me from behind, something he had never done with her. I wanted her to see him cum in me, to mate me and give me the sperm that was rightfully hers but which she didn't deserve.

"I'm cumming Dan... Oh god you're making me cum!"

Well, it didn't hurt to build up his ego along the way so why mention what REALLY was making me cum? Besides, his dick WAS a major factor as I felt my orgasm surge through me, causing my pussy to clamp down on his cock like I was having a contraction. Apparently that was all he needed as I felt him change his rhythm and push himself all the way in me and start to cum in me, each burst of cum at the end of a smaller thrust that pushed him even deeper in me at just the right moment. Mmmmmmm, it made my orgasm even better to feel the gentle warmth of his cum in me and then fade away, only to be followed by yet another.

As soon as he finished I stood up, causing his dick to pull out of me and I quickly turned and bent me knees so I could get his cum-covered cock in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good when it was coated with our cum. His cum dominated but I could also taste myself on him. Reaching down, I scooped up the cum that was dripping now from my pussy and put it to my mouth, looking up so he could see me licking it off my fingers. He just stared at me the entire time, as if he couldn't come up with the words to describe how he was feeling at that moment.

Standing up, I licked another finger covered with cum as I grinned naughtily at him.

"Does Cathy like to suck you after you fuck her?"

Dan was still panting from his exertions but he managed to shake his head and answer, "Noooooo, she would never do that."

Sheesh, and women wonder why their men aren't satisfied with sex? No blowjobs, missionary only, no after-fuck sucking... sounded like it wasn't all that much fun.

Now that he had cum, it was like whatever hold I had over him was broken and the realization of what we had done suddenly dawned on him. His face looked pale and he started to stutter and stammer as he pulled his underwear and pants back up and tucked in his shirt. Meanwhile, I looked around for something to clean myself off so it would look like I wet my jeans when I pulled them back up.

"Do you have a handkerchief Dan?"

He automatically reached in his pocket and handed me one. I don't think, though, he realized what I wanted it for as his eyes widened when he say me put it between my legs and wipe the mess off me that he had left behind. When I was done I folded it so the cum was inside and handed it back to him.

"Thanks so much. Here you... a souvenir."

He took it but didn't seem to know what to do with it as I pulled my jeans up and buttoned my blouse. He looked around as if hunting for a garbage can but then seemed to think better of it and finally just pushed it down into his pocket again. Something told me that this was one handkerchief that wasn't going to make it to the laundry pile!

"That felt good Dan... did you like fucking me?"

"Ummmmm yes... what have I done?"

"It's OK Dan... you know it's what you wanted to do."

"Yeah but if Cathy ever finds out... she'll kill me... I'll lose everything... the kids... my job..."

"Well, I certainly won't tell her so how will she ever find out?"

"She'll know.. somehow I know she'll just know."

I took his hand but he pulled back.

"OK, so I wanted it but that doesn't make it right... oh god.. now what am I going to do?"

I started for the door and turned, motioning for him to follow me.

"Well, I HOPE you'll remember this next time you're with her. Now we better get back before someone wonders where we went."

He caught up to me before we were in the hallway. Grabbing me by the shoulders, he turned me around so he could face me.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said all those thing. It WAS wonderful... and yes, it is something I'll never forget but Kelly... we can NEVER do this again... OK?"

I didn't bother telling him that it really didn't matter if he wanted to or not as we would never do it again anyway but it made it easier this way. My mission was accomplished. No matter what he might say now, when he was fucking me I knew he loved it - the penis never lies!

I let him go back first and then I followed a few minutes later, coming in from a different door so it wouldn't look like we had been together. I saw Dan talking to his daughter and smiled. I wonder if she could smell me on her daddy? He hadn't cleaned up and the scent of sex had to be overpowering. I thought about warning him to go to the restroom and washing off a little before he saw his wife. Dresden might not recognize the smell but I didn't think Cathy would miss it. Then again, the odds of him hugging Cathy and being as close to her like he was with his daughter right now we're probably pretty remote so I just let it go.

Dan never said a word to me the rest of the evening. In fact, he never came within a few feet of me. Still, before the night was over and he was putting on his coat to leave, he liked over at me and smiled briefly.

As I saw him walk out with his daughter, his wife a little behind, I wondered how he would feel tonight when he was in bed with Cathy. I think I had a pretty good idea!

# (Dec 23) Chapter 204: Aunt Linda Returns Home

Story codes: Fm FFm F-solo m-solo inc mother daughter
Me (24)
Aunt Linda (41)
Kristen - cousin (22)
Todd (16)

My cousin and I may be practically sisters but we are very different in many ways. The same could be said for our mothers (except, of course, they WERE sisters). When my Aunt Linda moved in with my dad a few months ago it allowed me to move in with Kristen, saving me a bundle on rent. It soon became clear that things around the house weren't the same with me there instead of my aunt. So what happened when Aunt Linda returned home for a day, supposedly to lay the law down?

## 1. Cousins and Aunts

Overall I've got to admit that I've been a pretty lucky girl for most of my life. Born into a great family, I had two loving parents who were a daily reminder as to how a Christian marriage should function. We weren't filthy rich but then again it wasn't like I ever remember any real financial worries. For instance, sure we didn't have yacht but there was always a nice ski-boat for summer. Thanks to my dad I was able to attend a great private Christian college without the burden of enormous student loans. OK, I will even admit to being a little spoiled although I'd like to think it never got to the point of being rotten. Overall, I'm not complaining!

That all said, if I was pushed to come up with one thing that I feel cheated on, it would be not having any siblings. My mom had a rough delivery with me and the doctors warned her that it would likely kill her if she had any more children. Oh sure, being an only child definitely has its benefits. No hand- me-downs and I've always gotten about anything I wanted. But those are all physical benefits whereas I think by not having a brother or sister I lost out on a lot more, if less tangible. When I see my friends, especially as they get older, come to appreciate the relationships they have with their sisters and brothers, I have to wonder what it would have been like to have brother or sister myself. Of course, there is the added benefit of having a brother around for more interesting things... (or a sister for that matter).

My mom had a younger sister growing up and I guess it's hearing about how they did so many things together that makes me wish at times that I had a sister as well. As things turned out, my Aunt Linda herself had only one child before her divorce. My cousin was a girl as well so neither sister produced a son. Come to think about it, in all my immediate family there has been only one boy produced versus six girls in my generation!

Without a father and a husband at home, it sort of fell to my dad to act as a surrogate to my aunt and cousin. Of course he could never be a true husband to my aunt, at least from an emotional perspective, but he DID try to help with her sexual needs as best he could. He was like a father to Kristen - and as she got older that relationship developed in ways that hopefully would have been had she had a "real" father.

Kristen and I practically grew up as sisters as she and my aunt seemed to always be over at our house. In some ways I guess Kristen is the sister I never really had - and the same for her with me. Even today it's like we're inseparable. In fact, because we're always together and had similar reputations back in high school, people who don't really know us all that well often make the mistaken assumption that we ARE sisters. The reality is that we are actually quite the opposites in many ways.

Take our physical appearances as an example. I'm a natural brunette who changed to blonde a few years ago. Kristen is a blonde who changed to a brunette, going almost black recently. Whereas my body is at best "average" in most departments, Kristen has this crazy perky figure which makes people often mistake her to be anywhere from two to four years younger than she really is (she's 22 now and still gets carded everywhere, even the R-rated movies). Her boobs are perfect and her legs incredible with a smile that makes boys melt like butter in a microwave oven. I've always been a little heavier compared to her, not fat by any means but never as naturally thin as Kristen. The girl can eat anything and never put on a pound! Whereas flirting just seems to come natural for her, I have to TRY to flirt and while I think I do a pretty darn good job at it, it's not without some effort.

One area we really differ is not so much from the neck down but upwards. I've pretty much always maintained a 4.0 average while Kristen passed thanks to having horny teachers. I enjoy using men for fun and pleasure but it's me calling the shots whereas Kristen seems to have an inherent need for a man to take care of her. I readily admit to having used my body to get things but it's been for things I WANT. Kristen, on the other hand, doesn't seem to mind in the slightest to use her body to get the things she NEEDS; hence her relatively short career as a prostitute - which she only quit after some pretty intense pressure from her mom..

Then there's sex. Like duh. While we both LOVE it and even competed at times in school as to who was the biggest slut, there's actually quite a few differences between us in that department as well. One area in particular is masturbation. Kristen claims I'm some sort of a masturbation freak, LOL. While of course she does it now and then, she seems to think I'm more than a little bit weird because I do it at least two or three times a day. Even when she DOES masturbate, she prefers a dildo or a vibrator whereas I'm a finger girl all the way.

A key difference between us in terms of sex is one so great that it's even threatened our relationship at times. I mentioned earlier that Kristen worked as a prostitute for a while, making a bundle of money but at the same time, at least in MY opinion, she degrading herself by doing things I would NEVER even fantasize about, let alone actually DO. Of course she saw it quite differently. Still, it's a one line I refuse to cross. To me, being a slut is sexy and fun. Sluts use their bodies to get the things THEY wants. Being a whore means you're selling your body to anyone willing to pay so he can get the things HE wants. That's quite a difference, at least in my book.

It was one of the happiest days in my life when Kristen reluctantly announced that she'd quit her job and would be going to school so she could sell real estate along with her mom. Given that her mom wasn't afraid to has use her body if necessary to close a deals, I had no doubt that Kristen will follow in her footsteps. Still, at least she wasn't hooking anymore.

There is another significant difference between us sexually that has caused a lot of tension, especially since I've moved in with her. That difference is our preferred choice of men - or in her case, boys. While I can understand the attraction of younger guys thanks to their incredible endurance and unbridled enthusiasm, for me nothing beats an older guy who treats me with respect and looks out for my needs ahead of his. Sure they may not have the hard bodies of the young guys and maybe they can't get it up but once or twice a night, but what they do with it beats the younger guys all to hell. And if they are married... all the better!

experience with her in the past, even if just a hand-job or to grope her boobs, or at the least get a peek at her body.

While the boys were unhappy about not getting Kristen's mom (or at least her cousin) to join in, that was nothing compared to Kristen's frustrations. She tried over and over to get me to join in, to the point of practically having sex with them right next to me in a vain effort to make me want to abandon my principles. As tempting as some of those times were, I never broke down and I hope I never will. It would only take one time with the wrong boy and my entire life would be changed forever. Just look at the headline news!

Kristen seemed to assume that sooner or later I would give in to my lust and let some fourteen year-old kid do me so it must have surprised her to see that my answer was an unwavering "no". Just when I thought she was finally getting the message, the cavalry arrived in the form of her mom, riding in to save the day!

## 2. Mixed Feelings

Actually, it all started before my aunt ever showed up. I woke up on my first day of Christmas break, only to find that instead of it being noon, or some other decent hour for getting out of bed on the first day of your holiday, it was only 8:00! What the heck was going on?

Now that I was awake, I felt Mother Nature's urge so I slipped on a t-shirt and headed across the hall to the bathroom to take care of business. The house seemed quiet so what had woke me up? Kristen should have been gone by now to the office where she and her mom worked which means in theory, there shouldn't be anything - or anyone, inside to disturb me. Shrugging my shoulders, I decided it must have just been a bad dream and started back to my bedroom. Oh well, if nothing else, now that I was awake I could take care of another "urge" that also needed to be satisfied when I woke up...

Just then I heard something, like a dish clattering, coming from the downstairs. My heart was pounding but then I realized it was probably Kristen making breakfast. Sheesh, she must be running late again - as usual. Fortunately she basically worked for her mom and in the home selling business it usually didn't matter all that much if she got in a little late anyway. Still, I was curious what she was doing since her breakfasts typically consisted of something from a box she could eat

myself, (OK, and maybe a little after that), but now I was 24 and nobody was going to buy the "but we're almost the same age" rationalization any more. Even at 22, Kristen wasn't in all that much better of a situation but she didn't seem to mind a bit. If anything, she seemed to relish them all the more as she got older.

Perhaps what REALLY intrigued me was a few of the comments made when I first moved in. When I turned down Kristen's offers I heard something a few times that made me curious. Things like, "But your mom use to so why won't your cousin?" or "I miss your mom," usually in tones that sounded frustrated or even exasperated. Kristen and her mom had never been ones to talk a lot about their home life. I knew they'd slept together ever since her dad left and these days I also knew what they did together from an early age, but it was more based on an offhand comment here and there or something my mom would pass on to me more so than either of them coming straight out and saying anything.

There had been a few times in the past when I'd gotten a hint that my aunt also liked to indulge herself with some of Kristen's "friends". Indeed, I knew for sure they did older guys together - my ex-boyfriend was one example from just last year (long story...). I'd never actually SEEN my aunt with a teenager. Actually, I rarely saw her with ANY guys as she seemed to prefer to keep her dating experiences private. Still, I sometimes wondered just how much my aunt and cousin did together when it came to the younger generation around town.

There was one time when I let myself get into a conversation with Kristen about her "hobby". She had been trying to con me into doing something with her and along the way I asked her where she found these boys in the first place. It wasn't like our own neighbors had that many boys that qualified. She explained it was all mostly word of mouth while some of them went back to guys she was with in high school who now had brothers following in their footsteps.

What Kristen didn't realize in telling me all this was that it was EXACTLY why I did NOT want to participate in anything with her. If they were kids who were telling one another about this hot chick that liked to fuck high school boys (at least I think most of them had made it to high school), the LAST thing I needed was for MY name to be included in that rumor mill.

Actually, I DID try to talk some sense into Kristen many times but it was like back when I was trying to prod her to quit her prostitution gig. She refused to listen to me then, just as she refused to listen to me now. Once of my concerns about her being a whore was that it would become common knowledge in the community, possibly leading to who knows what problems for her as well as our family. Fortunately, her mom had finally talked some sense into her and she quit before anything like that happened.

Now it was the same with her "youth fetish" as I liked to call it. I could only imagine the consequences if the word ever spread to the wrong ears. At least she did her whoring with adult men (at least so far as I knew) so all she could be charged with was prostitution. THIS, however, could lead to much more serious issues, perhaps even a label as a sex offender. Now THAT wasn't something to make light of - and a damn good reason for me to keep my bare ass out of the kitchen this morning!

I made it back to my room without alerting them to my presence. I considered closing my door but then Kristen would know something was up as I NEVER closed my bedroom door, not even when I was growing up. I'm not really claustrophobic but still, I hated being in my room with the door closed. Besides, my room was at the end of the hall whereas hers was right at the top of the stairs so there wasn't much risk in us crossing paths.

Dropping my t-shirt on the floor by my bed, I crawled under the covers to keep warm. I kept hearing Todd's voice in my head and I wondered again how old he was. Hmmmmmm, what did he look like? Had he been here before? How much experience had he had with other girls - if any? How had he and Kristen gotten together? Then the big question - what the heck was he doing over here so damn early?

I recalled a TV show where a college boy was accused of statutory rape but he claimed she had told him she was eighteen. As part of the investigation, he was shown photos of successively younger girls in provocative clothing and poses and was then asked if they turned him on. Of course he said "no" but the guy asking him the questions knew he was lying. The key point was that in the end the investigator claimed that the guy was telling the truth about thinking the so- called rape victim was of age. He made the point that it is a natural human reaction for a male to be stimulated by youthful girls - just part of the genes. The key was that while he was lying about not being turned on by them, he DID know that it was "wrong" to do so, or at least to act on those feelings.

It sort of ties in with my motto that "any fantasy is OK, no matter what it is, so long as the person knows where the line is between fantasy and reality". I don't care if someone tells me they fantasize about sex with very young children, even though it doesn't turn me on in the least and actually is disgusting so far as I am concerned,

plunging my fingers deep into me as I imagined Todd fucking me, cumming in me over and over as his cock exploded inside of a girl for the first time. Instead of his cum spurting onto his hand or stomach, it was inside of me, in a pussy where it belonged.

As I laid there, letting my orgasm run its course through me, I opened my eyes to look at the doorway. In a way I was almost disappointed as I half-expected to see Kristen and Todd standing there watching me. At the same time, I was also relieved that they weren't! Then I heard something, like they'd finally made their way upstairs to her bedroom. Knowing Kristen, she would leave the door open but in her case it was to make sure I heard her. The little slut never stopped trying.

As hot as it made me, and as much as I knew Kristen loved what she was doing, as her older cousin and the closest person she had to being a sister, I also felt somewhat a responsibility for her. Someone needed to talk some sense into her pretty head. It certainly wasn't going to be me so that pretty much left once person - her mom. It wasn't until her mom finally put her foot down that Kristen quit whoring so maybe now if she did the same with regards to the young boys, Kristen might finally "graduate" to guys at least her own age - or at least eighteen if nothing else.

That's when I decided to pick up the phone...

## 3. Seeking Aunt Linda's Help

I dialed the office and fortunately my aunt answered the phone. At least she wasn't out looking at homes with a client. She seemed a little surprised that I was calling (she knows how I like to sleep in) but didn't press the issue.

"Aunt Linda, I'm not sure how to say this but I don't know who else to turn to."

"What are you talking about Kelly? Hell, you know you can always come to me about anything."

"Well... It's about Kristen..."

"Oh great, NOW what has she gotten herself into? Where the hell is she anyway? She's late again." My aunt sighed audibly over the phone.

"Well, it's not what SHE is into, it's who is into HER."

"Ohhhhhh, so THAT'S why the little slut's late this morning. I figured it must have been something like that although I guess at this time of day I figured it would be the two of you. So what's the big deal? It's not like we're all that busy here at this time of year so I wasn't all THAT worried about it."

To say Kristen and her mom have a rather unique relationship would be the understatement of the year. Still, it seemed to work for both of them so who was I to say anything?

"Do you know someone named Todd?"

There was silence on the line and I wasn't sure if it meant she was thinking about it or if she didn't want to answer.

"Well... I guess you could say that. Why do you ask?"

I went on from there to explain to her the events of the morning and my concerns about what she was doing. I hadn't quite finished when my aunt cut back in.

"You know Kelly, we've talked about this before so I'm not so sure what you expect me to do? Frankly, if this is the Todd I think we're talking about, I can't say I really blame her. Have you seen the kid yet? He's pretty damn cute."

THAT wasn't exactly the response I was hoping for. Still, sooner or later we needed to work this out and if I was going to have any success it was paramount that my aunt be on board with me.

"No, I haven't see him yet but he certainly didn't sound very old," I said, trying not to let the frustration escape through the phone, "She won't listen to me about this - we both know that, so I was thinking maybe this would be a good time for something like an intervention before she gets herself in hot water someday."

"An intervention? You're kidding... right?"

Thank God video phones aren't here yet otherwise she would have seen my eyes rolling.

"OK, maybe a bad choice of words but someone needs to talk some sense into her and stop this and I can't think of anyone she'll listen to but you."

Again, there was a long pause on the phone. Then it was like she started to say something but changed her mind and then it went quiet again, only to repeat this a couple more times before she finally said something.

"Look, things are dragging around here so how about I come over and we can talk some more about this, OK?"

It sounded like a plan so I agreed and she quickly hung up. Sitting there with my silent cell phone in my hand, I thought about what she had said and then it dawned on me that she hadn't really promised anything at all. Well, hopefully she would do something to convince her daughter what a treacherous road she was on.

Hearing some of what was going on down the hall though, I had a feeling it was going to take some pretty tough love to convince her.

Having just finished myself and now after talking to my aunt, I really wasn't all that horny any more so I decided to quickly wash up and get dressed. It would take my aunt about fifteen minutes to get here if the roads were clear so I had to hurry. There was no sense in getting carried away as I had no plans for going anywhere. All my shopping was done and today was supposed to have been a day of sheer laziness.

By the time my aunt arrived I'd cleaned myself up and thrown on some sweat pants and sweatshirt – perfect actually for this early in the morning when it seemed the house was a lot colder than the hallway thermostat claimed. I was waiting for her in the living room after having silently slipped by my cousin's bedroom. Passing by I couldn't help but take a peak but there wasn't much to see with the covers mostly over the two of them. All I could make out was the back of his head and shoulders as he appeared to be fucking her plain old missionary style. His head was buried in her neck, covering his face as well as hiding hers from view. She was being uncharacteristically quiet as usually Kristen is quite vocal during sex.

I was waiting on the couch when the door opened and in walked my Aunt Linda, back home again for the first time in weeks.

## 4. Aunt Linda Takes Charge

"Hey girl, you're looking hot this morning," she greeted me rather sarcastically but the smile on her face disarmed her remark.

She liked to tease me and I guess I was usually an easy mark for her. It's not like she was dressed all that hot herself as she tossed her winter coat over the back of the love seat. She was wearing a pant outfit – something I rarely saw her in so evidently she wasn't planning on entertaining any clients today.

One of the reasons it took a lot for my aunt to step in and convince her daughter to quite the "escort" business was that in some ways, my aunt wasn't all that different. Sure, she was a licensed Realtor and all, but in today's housing market there's a ton of competition and my aunt wasn't afraid to use every "asset" she had to her advantage. She specialized in upscale homes typically purchased by executives moving in from out of town or those that had been promoted and were looking to upscale their homes. Thus she worked with a lot of "alpha" type males, accustomed to knowing what they wanted - and getting it, especially when it came to women.

Sure sexual harassment and sex discrimination are supposedly gone or at least on their way out but try telling that to the real world executive. They may not put things in those terms but they DO know where a woman's place is, at least in their opinion. While it may have irritated her sensibilities, my aunt was more than willing to use their sexist attitudes to turn quite a pile of commissions at a time when most realtors were crying. Listening to her describe some of her clients and what she'd done to get a sale, I don't think she really minded it all that much either.

Actually, my aunt has even come to me a couple of time for some "help". It was sort of fun, although a bit surreal as well, to do it in a strange house with someone who didn't even live there just so he would sign a purchase agreement with my aunt. I knew that Kristen often helped as well and when I first heard that she was trading in her mattress for a gold jacket I cynically thought all she was doing was changing her client base. To give her credit, she put I a great effort on her classes and she had passed her initial exams with flying colors - not something I was use to seeing in her in the past.

"So are they going at it now?" she asked, nodding her head towards the stairs leading up to our bedrooms.

"Looked like it last time I checked," I said with a frown.

"Oh lighten up Kelly, it's not like she's raping him or anything."

"Well, LEGALLY she is!"

My aunt frowned herself now. She had said it lightly but still, I couldn't help but wonder what she meant by it and she certainly didn't seem to like my response. I'd assumed the reason she had come back home this morning was to straighten Kristen out once and for all but now I wasn't so sure anymore.

"You said it was Todd, right?" she asked. I just nodded and she grinned slyly, "Mmmmmmm, I remember him. God he was a cute one. Been a while since he's been over though."

This was the second time she'd mentioned him being cute so I was starting to wonder what her motives REALLY had been in coming over here. Something was telling me that it wasn't what I was hoping for, no indeed.

"So you've seen him before?"

My aunt smiled naughtily, "Oh yeah, he used to be one of Kristen's regulars but then when school started it seemed he stopped coming over. Oh... that's right... today's the start of Christmas break; so no wonder he's over today."

She paused and then continued, "I know, I know, that's not what you meant. Let's just say for now that we've both seen a lot of each other, if you know what I mean."

"Aunt Linda! You're kidding me!" I exclaimed, unable to control myself completely even though I'd already more or less assumed this was the case based on her remarks so far.

"Hey girl. just because you pass the forty milestone doesn't mean you turn into some old maid," she said, wagging her finger at me, "It never hurts to indulge now and then. Look at your mother and your cousin Rick!"

"Yeah but you're 41 and he's what... fifteen?"

"Oh gosh no Kelly, what kind of woman do you think I am? He's at least sixteen by now."

Like THAT made any difference but she didn't seem to see the irony in her remark. Maybe so, but he certainly didn't SOUND like he was sixteen and certainly no older. All I knew was that things were definitely NOT going as I had planned.

## 5. Aunt Linda Turns the Tables

With that she turned her head towards the stairs and her shoulder lifted and then dropped as I heard her sigh.

"I know you mean well Kelly," she turned to me and said softly but I could tell from her tone where it as going, "But to be frank, sometimes you stick your nose in where it doesn't belong."

Now THAT wasn't what I expected. I just stared at her, dumbfounded that she seemed to be blaming ME for something or another now. "It's not like it's dangerous or anything - the main reason I was against the prostitution gig; and with Todd it's certainly consensual... trust me on THAT one. For crying out loud, he IS sixteen so it's not like anyone's raiding the cradle so lighten up. Nobody is saying YOU have to participate, are they?"

Well, technically that was true but I'd been feeling more than just a little peer pressure and all which hadn't made me very comfortable. Still, I wasn't about to argue the point with my Aunt, I knew from past experience such arguments are never won. Even when you think you do, you've still lost in the end.

"So what are you going to do?" I asked rather lamely, not sure what else to say without pissing her off all the more.

Aunt Linda's head hunched down and she gave me this "what the hell is wrong with you" expression so clearly I'd still somehow managed to say the wrong thing.

"Oh Kelly... what am I going to do with you? For a girl as smart as you, sometimes you can be really naive."

Now I was starting to get a little perturbed myself. Like, what had I exactly done to deserve all this? After all, I wasn't the one fucking some kid in my bedroom. I started to speak up in my defense but she was on a roll and there was no stopping her now.

"Do you think I came home because I was going to talk her out of anything?" she asked but obviously intended to answer her own question with, "Hell no... I came home to JOIN her you silly girl."

Sheesh, now what had I done? She turned away from me before I could figure out what to say and started up the stairs. About half-way up she turned and grinned at me saying, "You know Kelly, it's never too late to change your mind."

She was just teasing me but still, it sort of made me feel a little ticked that she would even bother. She knew how I felt about it and still, she couldn't resist one last little taunt. No wonder Kristen was the way she was!

She disappeared from view and then I heard an excited voice. I couldn't quite make out what was being said or who was saying it, but it was like someone at an airport greeting their long-separated loved one as they came off the plane. Not really wanting to listen any more, I went into the kitchen to get something to snack on. Nothing like a couple of donut holes to take your mind off things.

Sitting at the kitchen table, I put the entire Dunkin Donuts box in front of me. So what if I downed a few extra calories this morning. It wasn't like I could go back up to bed and sleep or anything with lord only knows what debauchery going on right down the hall.

I started to think about what my aunt had said - or rather lecture to me. Was I really making a federal case out of nothing? If I was honest, sure Kristen (and now my aunt) teased me and did their best to try to get me to join in, but they never FORCED me to do anything or boxed me into a situation where I had no choice. Was it really any different than my friend Beth constantly nagging me to go to one of her

shout that made it all the way from the upstairs bedroom to the kitchen. Was I being TOO stubborn? Would I regret later that I let this opportunity slip through my fingers over some sort of principle that nobody cared about but me?

When I first came in the kitchen I'd been a bit flustered from talking to my aunt and really was not at all horny. However, now that I'd settled down and starting to think about it a little more, I could feel that sensation between my legs and in my lower belly that I knew meant I was going to have to take care of something before too much longer. The sweat pants were too warm and uncomfortable so I slipped them off and the feel of the cool wood of the chair under my now bare ass was soooooo comforting.

Closing my eyes, I inched forward on the chair such that I was barely on it, leaning back and lifting with my hips to push my pussy upward as my left hand instinctively made its way to its favorite place to be. The moment I touched my pussy it was hitting me with a Taser as I felt this shock rippled through me, making me gasp as my sensitive clit responded. Damn, I may not have been a few minutes before but I was certainly horny now!

I'd only masturbated for a few minutes when I opened my eyes and pulled my hand away from my crotch. Sitting up, I huffed and shook my head, not quite believing what I was doing. This was really stupid when you thought about it. Here my aunt and cousin were fucking the daylights out of some hot teenage boy upstairs and what was I doing but playing with myself in the kitchen wishing I could join them. It wasn't like there was some force field keeping me away from them. All I had to do was walk upstairs and I was sure they would be more than happy to let me join in. What was holding me back?

I stood up and straightened out the sweatshirt. It was an XL so it fit me like a feed bag but that's why I loved it so much - REALLY comfy to wear around the house. It also came about halfway down my thighs when I stood up which made it somewhat modest, at least compared to what else I usually wore around the house. I'd made up my mind and once I'd done that, then there was no sense wasting any more time debating the issue - it was time to just do it!

As I made my way up the stairs, I kept telling myself that all I was going to do was watch and that I would NOT get involved any more than that. I just couldn't take this listening in the kitchen crap any longer, not when so much was going on upstairs without me. Why not watch? Was it really any different? Being in the house, it would be hard to complain I had no idea what was going on in the bedroom so I was going to be indicted, it may as well be on something that was plausible. I'd just watch and masturbate and enjoy the show!

## 6. Aunt Linda Indulges Herself

I don't know who was more surprised when I made my entrance. I didn't hesitate at the top of the stairs but instead just walked right in like I owned the place. It took only a couple quick glances to figure out what was going on. Obviously things had moved along pretty quickly as Todd was fucking my Aunt Linda doggie style while she was eating out Kristen's pussy in a 69 position such that Kristen's head was right underneath where she had a front-row view of Todd's dick sliding in and out of her mom's hairy pussy. Nope, they hadn't been wasting any time, that was for sure!

In the position they were in, nobody realized at first that I even had entered the room. Todd was facing away from the door and my Aunt was similarly facing the same direction, only with her head down between Kristen's thighs. Kristen had a big pillow under her ass which made it easier for her mom to tongue her pussy. Kristen was pretty much out of sight as well with her head under her mother's pussy with Todd kneeling behind my aunt's bare ass as he fucked her. I'd been holding my breath as I entered, waiting for the immediate response but instead it was as if either they didn't notice me or they didn't care to make a big deal out to. Probably a little of both I would say based on how things went from there.

I coughed just enough to get their attention. My aunt lifted her head up and turned it back to see me over her shoulder. Todd stopped fucking my aunt and twisted around to see who was at the door. He just grinned when he saw who it was and went back to fucking my aunt. While I don't think Kristen actually saw me, who else would it be?

"Come on in Kelly, my aunt invited me, "You gonna join in?"

I just shook my head and took a seat in a chair by the window where I got a great side view of the action on the bed. My aunt didn't press the issue but just went back to licking Kristen as if nothing had happened. Todd seemed to take her lead on everything so when she stopped paying attention to me, he did the same and pretty much ignored me for the time being at least. In a way I guess I was almost disappointed in that they didn't try harder to get me to join in. Of course I would have refused politely but they still could have at least TRIED!

fucked my aunt was exactly going to go over well with my school board. Since I'd already gone this far, why not get some satisfaction out of it instead of just what my own fingers could deliver?

I was about to stand up when my Aunt Linda started to buck and cry out as her orgasm peaked. Well, I wasn't going to break in NOW, that was for sure. I hunched back down in the chair but then couldn't help but start playing with myself again as she moaned and humped under him like she was some sort of wild harlot. I'd heard her having sex with my dad plenty of times recently and never heard her get off like this before. No wonder she was so intent on doing it with this kid again!

Todd must have been turned on by my Aunt's display as much as I was because suddenly he pulled out of my aunt and started to spray his cum all over her stomach and boobs. The first shot actually might have reached her face but it was hard to tell from where I was at. Damn, that boy must have had the cum sac of a horse to shoot that much at one time! Kristen wasn't about to let it go to waste as she licked up what she could and then used her fingers to scoop of the rest, rubbing hat she couldn't get into her mouth all over her mother's gorgeous body, leaving a thin film of cum all over her to shine in the light.

That was my cue - time to go for it and fuck this kid before I lost my nerve. I knew if I allowed myself to think about it that my rational side would take over and ask what the hell was I doing so before then., I had only a few minutes to do it if I ever was. Todd's dick was still standing out from his body like it was permanently erect, not shrinking one bit after delivering such a monstrous load of cum.

Damn! Just as I was about to get up again, my cousin pushed him onto his back and she crawled forward and mounted him cowgirl style before I could even get my butt off the chair. She had his dick up in her and was rocking on him like a kid on the playgirl gone mad before I even realized what was happening!

My aunt looked exhausted but she still looked over at me and grinned. I think she caught on to how exasperated I was that Kristen had jumped on Todd so quickly before I could but then she shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "Sorry, What can I do about it?" I couldn't blame her as I knew Kristen well enough to know that when she was ready to be fucked, you had better just get out of her way because she became so focused on her target that she would literally run you over if you got between her and the dick she was eying.

Kristen had her hands on Todd's smooth but muscular chest, humping his dick with her hips as he just laid there and enjoyed what she was doing. Yep, there was

swore I would never do. Then again, I wasn't about to tell her that I was really happy now that I hadn't done it.

"Well, I guess we owe you something then," my aunt purred softly, running her hand over my torso and then down between my legs.

It felt so good! I lay back and for the next couple of hours it was heaven on earth. In the end, I was glad Todd hadn't fucked me. If he had, then the rest of them morning wouldn't have been so great.

Now what about the next time Todd come over? Well THAT'S a bridge I guess I'll cross when I get to it.

# 2010

## (Jan 22) Chapter 205: Revealed For the First Time

Story codes: MF MMF F-solo M-solo oral inc father daughter
Me (24)
John - my dad (45)
Randy - boyfriend (24)

Ever since the first time I had sex with my dad, Rule #1 has always been, "Don't tell anyone about it." Of course I talk about it on-line but then nobody there knows who I really am so it's safe.

While it's one rule I can say I've followed religiously, there HAVE been two exceptions. My friend Beth and my mother's friend Tammy are the only people outside of my family that has ever seen me having sex with my father - at least the only people that knew he was my father at the time. I have NEVER told any of my boyfriends because all it takes is one bad breakup and who knows what they might spill and to whom. As erotic as it sounds, it's just not worth the risk.

Then again, there is always a first time for everything I guess...

### 1. Rules

Let's set the record straight from the beginning...

My name is Kelly and for the past eight years, since I was sixteen years old, I've actively practiced incest with my parents and several immediate relatives including an aunt, uncle and three cousins (two girls and one boy).

Hmmm, saying it like that somehow makes it sound like I'm standing up in front of a AA meeting confessing to being an alcoholic. Well. that couldn't be any further from reality. There's nothing I've done with my parents or other family members that I need to "confess". There is nothing I have done sexually with my family that I regret. OK, maybe there were a couple of time with my Uncle Jim that I'd like to be able to erase from my memory but overall you know what I mean. On the other hand, there are LOTS of things over the course of those same years that I regret NOT doing - but that's a different issue for another time.

So essentially the only time I tell people that I practice incest is when I'm on-line. Thanks to the Internet and porn industry, it's not surprising that the first thing that comes to their minds are images of pedophilia, wild family orgies, slutty teenage girls flaunting themselves shamelessly to their fathers, in addition to all sorts of sordid and perverted practices, all of which are heavily promoted by porn sites. Truth is, I've never seen a web site that discusses incest in an intelligent and practical manner. Instead, incest is always portrayed so as to encourage the perverted fantasies of the predominantly male population that supports such sites.

One of the many reasons I post my own web site is to provide a place where people can come and see how REAL incest works in a REAL family, not the crap you find on the porn sites. On my site I have posted a number of articles about how I feel about incest so I won't repeat them all here, but suffice to say while I believe incest can be the foundation for a loving and respectful relationship between family members, I recognize that it can also be easily abused. More than anything I hate it when people use "incest" as a rationale to abuse their children. In the same vein I also despise web sites that promote incest as being pornographic in nature. It's because of the way incest is portrayed in the media and Internet that when I say I am involved in incest, people instantly jump to a number of totally wrong assumptions leading to conclusions about me that are totally messed up. This is also one of the biggest reasons why I never tell anyone in my "real" life what I do in the privacy of my home with my family.

Another reason I never talk about incest with friends is more practical - it's illegal. Whether it SHOULD be or not isn't the issue (you might find it surprising to learn that personally, I think it should remain illegal). Unfortunately, because it IS illegal, "holier than thou" crusaders will try to ruin the lives of someone without ever taking into account whether or not anything harmful has actually taken place.

Not only is incest illegal, but if I revealed to people WHEN I started having incest, that could also lead to problems should such information get in the wrong hands. By the time I was sixteen I was no virgin - far from it. Still, despite the fact I was quite active sexually already, my father could have been charged with statutory rape for having sex with me at that age. Now that I'm 24 I don't worry about it - what are they going to do, arrest him for what he did years ago without me pressing charges? I sorta doubt it.

Still, even if no legal action were taken, the very fact that such information was made public would be enough to ruin my father's legal career and before it was all over, the lives of everyone in my family would undoubtedly be negatively impacted. As I mentioned earlier, most people only see incest as it is portrayed on the evening news and Internet so it would be only natural for them to condemn my parents as being abusive. Some have tried to claim that I was "groomed" by them as I grew up to where I thought I was the one initiating sex when it was actually the inevitable result of years of preparation by my perverted parents. That is all so much crap I wouldn't even know where to start but sadly, it's probably what would happen if things became public knowledge.

Unlike a few "talks" I'd had with my mom earlier when I was growing up (stop masturbating in public, that skirt is way too short, etc.), my parents never actually sat down and told me not to say anything about what we did, at least not directly. I was sixteen when I first had sex with my parents. By the time I reached that age, I knew full well the potential consequences. My parents treated me as an adult and I behaved as one.

As much as I know it's the right thing to do. It's been hard at times NOT to tell people. I'm not ashamed of what I do, not even a little bit. I'm proud that my father sees me as more than just a daughter but also as a sensuous woman who can satisfy his deepest needs. Nothing would make me happier than to be more intimate with him in public so I could show people how much I love him and let them see how much he loves me. Reality bites.

The closest I've come to revealing the truth was to my boyfriend back when I was almost engaged to Duane. At the time I struggled as to whether I should wait for him to propose and THEN tell him, or to just tell him and get it over with. When I was convinced he was about to propose to me I decided to do a little experiment to try and gauge what his response might be when he found out that his girlfriend was also having sex regularly with her dad. The experiment involved letting him know about my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen. After he had sex with them together, things went downhill from there and in the end we broke up. He then tried to ruin my teaching career and everything got so horribly confusing for a long time. Although it all worked out in the end, I learned a valuable lesson - NEVER tell anyone about incest. Well, when I get an actual marriage proposal I will but not a moment earlier.

Actually, there are two people outside my family that know the truth. One is my mom's best friend Tammy, who lives in Oregon. Since my mom's accident I haven't see Tammy and I doubt I'll ever see her again now. It doesn't matter since I would NEVER worry about her telling anyone given her close friendship with my mother over so many years. The other was my best friend Beth. Now THAT was rather interesting in how it came about as she actually had sex with my dad before she knew he was fucking me also. Like Tammy, I have no worries at all about Beth as we've been best friends since my earliest memories.

Interestingly, there ARE a few guys who HAVE seen my dad fuck me. The important thing is they didn't have any idea at the time that I was his daughter. It involved some my dad's clients who thought I was a hooker he'd hired for the evening. It's a long story so all I'll say here is that it was the first time anyone outside my family had seen me fucked by my dad and it was REALLY hot - for all of us! Still, such opportunities don't just pop up every day.

So it all boils down to this - I simply don't tell people about my incestual relationships because it's in everyone's best interest that I don't. Note that by "everyone", I mean everyone important to me, NOT everyone who might be interested. I'd like to think that not even our closest friends and neighbors have a clue. Sure some of them may not exactly consider me to be shy, to say the least, but there's a BIG difference between someone thinking you're a slut and that same person knowing that you have sex with your dad!

## 2. Randy & His Sister

Back in high school when I was a senior I briefly dated Randy, a junior. I usually didn't go out with guys younger than me but he was a bit of a nerd and for the first time, I was someone's "first" which was pretty cool. There are several entries in my diary regarding those days, plus a few more recent ones involving the time we've spent together since he moved back to the 'burgh in the fall of 2009 after being laid off in California. We aren't exactly "exclusive", but for the most part I think we both have enough fun together that we don't feel the need to seek out too many other people to keep us happy. There's never been a moment when I thought I'd want to marry the guy, but I enjoy being with him and the sex is great so what more can I ask for now?

There is one special thing about Randy that makes him unique, at least so far as guys I've dated. While I've met tons of guys on-line who claim to be involved in incest, I've never actually met anyone in real life who was. WAY back when I was first getting sexually active I got involved in a situation with my boyfriend and his mother, but that was almost ten years ago and I never really did find out what the whole story was. You can imagine how my curiosity was peaked when I found out that Randy was fooling around with his older sister.

There's an entry in my diary regarding what happened between Randy and his sister not too long ago. Briefly, I watched them having sex on their parents' bed, the same bed where Randy use to fuck me back in high school and where his sister caught us once. This time she didn't know I was hiding in the closet watching everything they were doing. Then again, had she known I was there she never would've done it in front of me given the way she feels about me being with her brother. Lots of baggage there but you should get the idea. Still, it made Randy the first guy I've met who was having sex with his own sister, at least for real. Nobody else in his family was involves and his ultraconservative parents would have freaked had they known, but it was the first case of incest I was aware of outside my own family.

When it comes to what Randy knows about ME..., well, let's just say not as much as I'm sure he would like to know. He has seen me and my cousin playing together, but then at times it seems so has half the south side of Pittsburgh! Just come to a party where the two of us are goofing around and you'd have to be blind not to know SOMETHING has to be going on between us. Then again, we are cousins and FEMALE cousins at that, so nobody much seems to care all that much - especially the guys. Of course, it's not like we're dating or anything freaky like that.

Other than my cousin Kristen, whom Randy has fucked himself a few times in the past, he doesn't know about anyone else in my family so far as sex goes. Until now, it was my intent that it stay that way - just as it has been with every other guy I've dated, no matter how serious things may have gotten. Granted, that was all before I knew he was screwing his sister on a regular basis...

## 3. Revealing the Truth

After that time when I watched Randy and his sister doing it on their parents' bed while I lurked in the closet, we never really talked a lot about it. It was just one of those things we seemed to reach a mutual consensus on without really saying anything out loud - no discussion about him and his sister. He actually seemed to be a little embarrassed by it all. I really couldn't blame him as all of the reasons I mentioned before as to why I don't discuss incest with boyfriends probably applied to him as well to one degree or another. As for me, I sensed his insecurities and it also made me wary of talking about it as I end up inadvertently sharing something about me in the process just to make him feel better.

As time passed, I couldn't help but wonder more about Randy and his sister. It was a fluke getting the opportunity I'd had the first time so I was under no delusions that I'd ever see them having sex again. In fact, I hadn't even seen her since then as she lived on her own and never seemed to be at her parent's home when I was there with Randy. Since Randy wasn't bringing up the issue, it didn't seem right for me to either. Still... when I meet him and we are doing it, I can't help but wonder what they did last night? Was the same dick that was buried in me now deep inside his sister's pussy last night? Was that faint odor I smelled when I sucked his dick the lingering scent of his sister's pussy? To be honest, it was driving me a little crazy at times.

Not to go off on a tangent, but what is "worse", at least in the public's eye - a father fucking his daughter or a brother doing his sister? It's really not a fair question as it's sort of like asking a man if he has stopped beating his wife. Personally, I DO see a difference, not so much as to whether one is any more "right" or "wrong" than the other, but rather in terms of emotions and submission.

As an only child. I've never had the opportunity to have sex with a brother since I was an only child. Still, I know that at least in my fantasies the sex would have been more for fun than anything else.

Having a horny brother on hand for sex whenever I needed it would be convenient, not to mention downright handy when I was hornier than usual, but I couldn't see it being anything all that emotional like it was when my dad fucked me. Maybe I'm looking at it wrong, but I would think that the sex would be all about getting ourselves off more than anything involving "love" or emotions.

In contrast, sex with my dad is ALL about emotions. He's 45 now and face it, from a purely physical perspective it's not quite the same getting drilled by a 23 year-old stud like Randy. At the same time, sex with my dad is much more fulfilling in that during sex and afterwards I feel a sense of love and respect that lingers on long after he has cum in me. While sex with Randy is physically incredible (the boy has one talented dick), it always leaves me wanting more, like I'm some sort of drug addict craving her next fix. I guess you could also say that I have sex with my dad because HE wants it whereas I have sex with Randy because I want it. My duty as a daughter is to please my father but with Randy, while of course I try to make him happy the most important thing is that I get what I want.

So back to my original question, "What is "worse"- a father fucking his daughter or a brother doing his sister? " The reason I ask that now is because it was central to my thoughts and considerations when it came to what I would tell Randy - and even more so, what I would NOT tell him. The important question was if he knew I was having sex with my dad, would the consequences of having his own incestual relationship with his sister be enough incentive to keep his mouth shut about me and my dad?

Knowing Randy's parents, I had to believe the answer to my question would be yes, there WOULD be sufficient consequences, at least enough for him not to want to have his own secrets revealed. His mother in particular was almost insane when it came to premarital sex, so I could only imagine how she would react to her own kids having INCESTUAL sex. God, that would probably send her off with a stroke!

There was also the question that even if Randy COULD be trusted, what did I have to gain from revealing the truth to him? It's not like our sex would be any different - my god we already fuck like rabbits as it is! At this point I couldn't picture my father fucking me in front of him any more than him doing me in the public square at noon on Saturday. So what would be the point in telling Randy anything?

Perhaps I was all wrapped up in this train of thought because in some ways I just wanted to tell someone my secrets... ANYONE! Holding it in all these years was really tough at times and just once I wanted to see the look in a guy's eyes when he found out the truth about me. Considering Randy's own incestual experiences, I was pretty sure it would be a look of lust, not disgust, one of excitement and desire. Mmmmmmm, I could only imagine the sex we'd have afterwards! Would he want to role-play with me as his daughter and him as my daddy?

Whenever major decisions such as this arise, I have one sure-fire way of handling them - procrastination. Fast decisions are rarely good decisions, at least when I make them. Most of my major screw-ups in life can be traced back to a quick decision made in the heat of the moment. I'm sure there are those people to whom such decisions come easily, but not for me. Thus after seeing Randy and his sister together, I tabled any thoughts of sharing what I'd done with my dad with Randy and bided my time, figuring God would reveal the proper time and place to me.

Well, despite my persistent prayers God certainly took his sweet time about it... New Year's Eve came and I almost told Randy then. Rather than going out and doing something wild like I usually do to celebrate the new year, I decided to stay home with just Randy and my cousin. Being the numbers were such that he was the only guy, I couldn't be selfish and so I shared Randy with Kristen throughout the evening. However, when it came to the clock striking midnight, he was MY boyfriend so I made sure that I was the one he was fucking as the ball dropped at Times Square. Our timing was just a little off - I wanted him to explode in me just as the ball hit bottom but he was a couple of seconds late. Still, not too shabby considering his orgasms aren't exactly something he can control with all that much precision - I have enough stained outfits to prove it.

Afterwards, as we lay in my bed still tied together, I thought it might be the perfect time to tell him my "secret". Then, just as I was about to say something, my horny cousin plopped down on top of the two of us and that was that. The sex was great, of course, but the mood had definitely changed and it just didn't feel right telling him when he was falling asleep next to me, especially with my cousin sandwiching him in from the other side.

It wasn't until a couple of weeks later that the right moment finally presented itself. This time I was at his house for a quick fuck after we'd gone out to a movie. His parents were out and we were both horny as hell so we figured why waste another half hour or more driving back to my place, especially since Kristen would likely to be home and the odds were pretty slim that she would leave us alone for long. Not that it would be so bad if she didn't, but I had other things in mind for which I needed his undivided attention.

Just for fun, I coaxed Randy into fucking me in his sister's old bedroom. She lived in her own place but her parents still kept it as "her room", sort of nostalgic for the old days I guess. He wasn't too thrilled about the idea but it didn't take much to convince him it was in his best interests. Really, when has a man ever told me "no" about anything when I had his dick in my mouth? Just doesn't happen... LOL

For better or worse, Randy came pretty fast. Whether it was he was just that awfully horny or doing it in his sister's bed turned him on, it was only a matter of minutes before he was cumming and shooting sperm all up inside of me. As I felt him releasing himself in me I couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction in how well I'd "trained" Randy. When we first starting fucking again he was all into this crap of pulling out and wanting to spray his cum all over me like he was marking his territory or something like that. Sure it may be the standard porn movie conclusion, but I hated it for two reasons. The first was more practical - it left a mess all over me and was a pin to clean up, especially if it got in my hair. Then there was the simple fact I LOVE for a man to cum inside of me. I don't know, maybe it's some evolutionary or female instinct, but I feel an incredible sense of contentment and fulfillment when I know a man is flooding me with his sperm. Not to mention it feels good too!

"Damn, THAT was fast," I teased him as I sucked his cock dry once he finally pulled it out of me.

When he was this horny I knew it wouldn't take much more of this to get him erect once again and I wanted more than just three or four minutes of dick in me! Randy just grunted, jerking a little when I would hit a particularly sensitive spot on his dick.

"So tell me Randy, when was the last time you fucked Cindy in this bed?"

It was a devious question and I could tell from his reaction that he wasn't prepared for THAT one. Yep, sort of out of the blue but those were the best kind of questions as they typically got the most honest answers as he doesn't have time to dream up a response.

"Shit... a couple of days ago if you must know."

"Cool, were your parents home?" "Hell no, you know better than that. We NEVER fuck when they're home. Sheesh, my mom would kill us both!"

"Well I bet your dad wouldn't mind... I bet he'd love to fuck Cindy too, wouldn't he?"

"My dad?" Randy explained, "Nawwwwww, I don't think that would go over so well."

"Why not? I think most dads would love to fuck their daughter, don't you agree?"

"Well I don't know about THAT... I just can't imagine my dad fucking Cindy - or even WANTING to do her like that."

"Would it turn you on to see him fuck her?"

Randy hesitated at that one. I don't know if he was trying to make up his mind or if he was just trying to figure out how to answer it without getting himself in trouble.

"I don't know... a father-daughter thing always sounds hot but not so sure when it's my own father and sister."

"Well, I never met a guy who fucked his sister before either," I teased him back.

"Yeah but still... you and your DAD?" he said in a tone that clearly told me he still was not totally convinced, "How did it start? Does he still fuck you? How often?"

You can imagine how rock hard he was by now. I gripped his erect dick with my hand and pulled him closer to me. "No more questions until you fuck me better this time."

Hey, a girl has got to have priorities and I wasn't any where's even close to feeling as good as I'd wanted - or expected for that matter. His dick felt so good in my hands and my pussy was practically screaming for me to push it inside again.

"Oh come on Kelly, you can't drop something like this on me and then just tell me to fuck you!"

Actually, I thought I could! To prove it, I leaned back and spread my legs apart for him, offering myself to him like a whore in heat.

"Fuck me Randy... dammit fuck me. I'll tell you more if you do."

Well, he did and this time it was MUCH better but I could tell his mind was not totally engaged. Thankfully his dick didn't need his mind to function properly. All the time he was fucking me he kept trying to find out more about me and my dad but I made him wait until we had both cum before I said another word about it. Eventually I kept my end of the bargain which worked out for the best because by the time I was through he was horny as hell again so I got fucked yet again. Gotta love the boy's recovery powers!

I got the feeling Randy was hoping against hope that I would offer to include him in a father-daughter three-some or at least let him watch my dad fuck me but I made no such promises. It wasn't that I didn't WANT to, but I knew my dad would have something to say about it and odds were not that good my dad would go along with it. I'd have to catch him when he was really horny - the perfect time to catch ANY man when you wanted something from him!

## 4. Convincing My Dad

"Fuck me daddy."

Like, how many times had I whispered those same three words to my father over the years? Dozens if not hundreds of times? Still, each time I did I got the same reaction from him - uncontrolled lust and determination. There was just something about three simple words that seemed to set him off like nothing else I could ever say to him. I guess that's a little bit of why I say them!

In this case it wasn't like he needed any encouragement. It was Sunday morning and with only twenty minutes before the service started, we didn't have a lot of time to mess around. It was five minutes from his house to church as giving time to clean up a bit and park and such, that left less than ten minutes for him to fuck me and cum in me if we were going to make it on time. Fortunately, I was wearing a skirt without any panties underneath so it wasn't like there was all that much in the way for him. He'd been rock hard from the moment I'd stepped in and I saw the grin on my Aunt's face as she watched him fuck me – obviously proud of herself for making sure my dad was ready for me this morning.

As it turned out, my Aunt Linda must have prepared her brother-in-law a little TOO well as it seemed he'd barely started stroking himself in me when he started to cum. Damn, that was fast! I looked over at my Aunt Linda with a bit of an accusing expression and she just shrugged her shoulders as if to say there was nothing she could do about it. Then she couldn't help but pop a grin and I knew she was a little too pleased with herself. Oh well, at least I was the one to get his cum!

On the upside, for once we didn't have to rush out of the house to get to church on time. I straightened out my dress and kissed my dad as he somehow managed to get his freshly fucked dick back in his pants. His erection hadn't dwindled yet and it was sort of funny seeing him try to get it to fit back in his pants again. With a few minutes to spare, I took a deep breath and dropped my bomb.

"Daddy, you know I've been dating Randy for a while."

He just shrugged, working on his zipper which seemed to be stuck.

"Did I tell you that he and his sister have sex all the time?"

That got his attention and he looked up at me. I could tell that he was not quite sure where I was going with this but he was still interested. Obviously he expected me to provide a little more detail so he was caught off guard at what I had to say next.

"Well, I told him a few days ago that you fuck me too."

Now THAT really got his attention! Suddenly the zipper wasn't an issue before. His mouth dropped open and while he stood there staring at me my Aunt Linda was the first to speak up.

"You told your boyfriend about THAT?" she said incredulously, "Kelly, are you insane? After what happened with that asshole Duane and the way it almost got your dad in trouble... how could you even THINK of doing such a thing?"

My dad motioned with his hand for her to calm down a little. Unlike my aunt, he didn't seem upset at all but instead actually a little intrigued if I was reading him right.

"So what exactly did you tell this guy anyway?"

I paused for a moment, trying to think of a response that would balance the glare from my aunt with the curiosity of my dad.

"Not all that much really. I don't know... we were just doing it and he was talking about him and his sister and it just kinda came out."

It was time to get to church so we had to hurry off before any more questions had to be answered. Nobody said anything in the SUV yet in a way the silence said more than anything. The two of them seemed lost in thought and I had a pretty good idea what they were thinking about. Nothing was said during church of course, but afterwards it became pretty obvious that none of us had been listening to the sermon. I'd really hoped to have a chance to discuss it alone with my dad but my aunt clung to us like Velcro. Damn, she had really become protective of him since moving in with him!

"So what do you think is going to happen now?" my aunt quizzed me once we were back at their house. It seemed funny calling it "their house" when it used to be "my house". In my heart it still was but with my aunt living there now with my dad I almost felt like an interloper.

I hesitated, looking at my dad for his approval before I went on. I knew he already knew what I was going to say and for that matter, my aunt probably did as well. Still, it needed to be said sooner or later. Finally my dad winked at me when he thought my aunt wasn't looking and I knew it was OK with him so I took a deep breath and came out with it.

Even at this point I don't think either of them expected to hear what I proposed. Of course my aunt was dead set against it but my dad overruled her. Since Randy already knew, what harm could it do? I was feeling a little victorious so I couldn't help but tease my aunt by asking her if she wanted to watch but she just stormed off, mumbling something about how crazy we both were. When she was upstairs my dad turned to me and hugged me.

"Are you sure this is what you want baby?" he whispered in my ear.

I nodded and we kissed. My heart had been beating so fast but now I felt safe and secure I his arms, just as I always did since I was a little girl.

"Fuck me daddy."

There they were, those three words he loved to hear so much. It was totally spur of the moment as I hadn't even thought about having sex again after church but it seemed appropriate under the conditions. After all, he'd just agreed to share me with another man so didn't he deserve something from me?

"Fuck me daddy!"

Those were the last words I said as my dad did just that...

Am I a good daughter or what!

## 5. Getting Ready

I was SOOOOOO nervous. Over the past week I'd had to make so many decisions and now I was second guessing every one of them. Tonight was the big night and I wanted everything to be perfect. The problem was, when dealing with two men who were of different ages, backgrounds and with totally different preferences about sex, how do you decide on one thing or the other?

After my dad had agreed to my plan, I couldn't wait to see Randy again and tell him. From his initial response I could tell that he still hadn't quite believed me before when I told him I was fucking my dad so when I made him the offer he seemed a little surprised.

"Really Kelly? You want to do THAT?" he stammered.

Before answering I took his dick back into my mouth again and sucked on it for a short while before answering. I'd waited until I was well into a good blowjob before bringing this up, knowing there was no way he would refuse with my lips wrapped around his dick. Mmmmmmm, Randy could NEVER say no to me about anything when I sucked his cock! Not that I thought he would WANT to, but why take any chances?

In the end he agreed of course and he was rewarded well. I even let him cum on my face so that should tell you how pleased I was with him. Now it was all up to me to put my plan into motion. Of course, at this point my plan was nothing more than a concept. Sure, they had both agreed to fuck me together but there were so many unanswered questions. Where would we do it? When? How would it go – would they do me together or one at a time or what? There was the important decision as to what I should wear - if anything?

I have heard people say that girls look for men like their fathers. Well, nobody could accuse me of THAT when it came to Randy, at least when it came to sex. Since my relationship with Randy was founded primarily on sex (it was pretty much the only reason we dated... make that the ONLY reason we dated), it really didn't matter what his other likes and dislikes were compared to my dad. Maybe it was because my dad was twice as old as Randy but whatever it was, when it came to fucking me they were like total opposites.

With my dad, sex was always about me submitting to him, satisfying him and tending to his needs and desires. Of course as my father he tried to make me happy as well, but ultimately it was HIS needs that determined when we did it and how. He loved to fondle me and touch me, even when it didn't lead to sex. Sometimes we would just sit on the couch and kiss like teenagers, his hands roaming all over me on top of my clothes, never actually reaching underneath. I loved it when he would play with my hair, running his fingers through it and tugging on it gently.

My dad loves blowjobs. Of course, ALL men love blowjobs but I mean my dad REALLY loved them from me, especially when I would do it someplace semi-public. From the very first time he fucked me, my dad came inside of me and except when he would cum in my mouth, he ALWAYS came inside my pussy. Unless he as in a hurry, he loved to stay in me afterwards, kissing me and touching me as his cock dwindled inside of me. At his age, a repeat performance was usually out of the question, even with Viagra, so it was like he wanted to prolong it for as long as possible. Perhaps the biggest thing about sex with my dad was the incredible emotional high it gave me. There's just something special about having your own father mating you. Maybe someday when I am married my husband will make me feel special in this way but for now, it's something only my dad can do for me.

As for sex with Randy, what can I say? He's at the peak of his sexuality and fucking me is ALWAYS on his mind. Of course he loves a good blowjob, but he'd rather fuck me if he could. Unlike my dad's musket-loader, his dick was more of a machine gun, recovering quickly and typically able to do me three times or more a night. In fact, the first time was usually pretty quick just to get it out of the way so he could fuck me longer the second time before blasting off. The third time usually took some coaxing while the fourth time required some heavy duty mouth work to get him back but usually I could do it.

Like most young guys, Randy tolerated foreplay because he knew I demanded it but he didn't waste any time getting his dick in me as fast as he could. As I mentioned before, he stayed in me now when he came but for a while when we first started doing it I would go home a total wreck, no matter how many tissues I brought with to try and clean myself off!

The more I considered their differences, the more I developed a plan to take advantage of both. Of course, it all hinged on whether they would FOLLOW my plan. When it comes to men and sex you can't EVER be sure of anything ahead of time.

After considerable debate, the "where" came down to a hotel room. Randy's, of course, was not even a consideration. I considered my dad's house but then I was worried Randy might be intimidated having to come onto my dad's "territory". My house was out of the question as well, it just didn't seem intimate to me to do it in my own bed. I wanted something more exiting, something more exotic. Thus in the end I decided on more neutral territory - a hotel room downtown.

The "when" was the easy part. It could be any day, really, as I knew neither of them would allow anything to get in the way of this opportunity. I preferred to keep it a weekend so I didn't have to go to school the next day. Facing a classroom of sixth graders with a well-fucked pussy still throbbing between my legs was NOT the best idea in the world. I ended up choosing a Friday night since that also meant I didn't have to worry about getting up for church the next day either.

Maybe the one item I debated on the least was what to wear. This was the one area where both men agreed - the sluttier I looked the better. It was just a question of which outfit to choose - formal, casual, sporty, etc. In the end, as my plan took form it actually became a non-issue.

The week before the big night I was consumed with thoughts about what was going to happen at the end of the week. Even when in class, I would sometimes get totally distracted by my dreams of what they would do to me, of how they would watch each other as they fucked me. Imagine if my kids knew why their teacher was smiling so much all week! Much to Randy's chagrin, I told him he couldn't fuck me during the week as I wanted him horny and with a full load of cum for me. He wasn't thrilled with having to go so long without getting a piece of me but I just smiled and told him it would be worth it.

At home, I must have set a personal record for masturbation sessions in one week! Even my cousin Kristen, no slouch herself in that department, couldn't believe it. I couldn't blame her for being a little exasperated. It was like my hand couldn't leave my crotch from the time I got home to when I finally fell asleep exhausted and spent. She offered to "help" but I politely refused - it was all about me, Randy and my dad this week, even in my fantasies.

When I told my dad about where I wanted to do it, he offered to book the room but I told him I would do it. I wanted this to be a special night for him and for me to take care of everything. When I told Randy, the relief in his voice told me I had made the correct choice. I can't blame him as what guy wouldn't be intimidated to come to a man's house and fuck his daughter right in front of him in his own house?

My plans were made, my men were horny, and it was time. Even with all my preparations I was still nervous. After all, it's not every day a girl gets to fuck her dad and boyfriend at the same time - for the first time at that!

## 6. The First Time

One of the logistics that I struggled with was how to bring us all together. Well, as I mentioned earlier, it was the differences between them that actually led me to the answer. There was also the fact that this wouldn't be the first time my dad had watched a boyfriend fuck me. Heck, back in high school he must have seen me dozens of times when I would bring a boy back home to my room. Of course the boy didn't know my dad was peeking in through the door, but I did and it made it all the better for me. What this all meant was that it wasn't terribly important for me to make sure my dad was there when Randy first fucked me. of course I knew my dad would enjoy seeing it, but it wasn't something new that he would feel he'd missed on out if he wasn't there.

Thus what I had set up was for me Randy to pick me and take me to the hotel room like we were on a date. We normally avoided the expense of a hotel room but now and then we would do it just for fun. He stopped by right on time and came to the door to get me. I could have easily walked out and met him at the curb when he pulled up but tonight he had to be a gentleman to I had insisted he come to the door to get me. Besides, I had an ulterior motive as well!

"Hi Randy," I greeted him as I opened the door. Randy stepped in and saw I was wearing a long winter coat with knee-high boots and a scarf wrapped around my neck.

"Ready to go I see," he said, maybe a little miffed I was hidden away so well under my coat.

"Almost," I said coyly, untying the belt that was keeping the coat closed. It fell open to reveal I was totally nude underneath, nothing but the coat, scarf and boots. "Do you like my outfit?"

Like I said earlier, in the end it was easy to decide what to wear - nothing! Randy loved it when I acted like a slut and what could be sluttier on a cold winter night than to go out with nothing on underneath your coat? He started to reach for me but IZ knew if I let that get started, we might not make it to the hotel room any time soon so I stepped back and redid my coat.

"Later big boy...later," I teased him.

He looked like a little boy who was told he couldn't have the puppy dog in the window but I knew he would be happy before the night was over. He led me by the hand to his car, even opening and closing the door for me as I held my coat out of the way of the door. The trip downtown was uneventful, neither of us saying much more than to comment on the weather. I would look over at me from time to time, obviously hoping I would do something to turn him on like I usually did when we were in the car together but not tonight. Nope, tonight he had to wait until we got to our room.

Checking in, we had to wait behind a couple of business men. I felt a tingle as I stood there feeling my coat against my bare skin. Other than randy, the guys around me had no idea I was naked underneath and I wondered what they would say should my coat "accidentally" fall open. Another time and I might have done it just to turn on Randy but once again, he would have to wait until we got to our room.

On the elevator, Randy tried to slip his hands under my coat but I pushed him away. God, he must be horny as hell - just the way I wanted him to be. He fumbled with the key card in the room, so anxious to get inside I wondered for a moment if he had a bursting bladder. As it turned out, he was about to burst but it wasn't his bladder that would explode!

Stepping in the room, Randy looked around as if expecting to see something - or someone. The room was empty of course, so he looked back at me with a questioning expression and I knew exactly what he was thinking.

"He'll be here later," I said softly, knowing full well Randy knew exactly who "he" was.

Without further ado, I pulled the scarf off, tossing it on the dresser and then quickly took off my coat, laying it over the scarf. The boots were history seconds later, leaving me standing there totally nude in the middle of the room facing Randy.

He still had his coat on and just stood there, staring at me like he'd never seen a naked girl before.

"Are you just going to stare at me or are you going to fuck me?"

That seemed to shake him out of whatever trance he was in and he quickly stripped as I pulled back the covers and slipped underneath. I'd asked for a king size bed and I laid on my back right in the middle with my arms outstretched. I smiled as I saw Randy's dick was already standing at attention as he stripped off his underwear and advanced toward me, his nude body looking so handsome and delicious in the soft light from the lamp on the desk. Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait for him to get under the covers with me!

"I thought we were doing this with your dad?" he asked as I lifted the covers to get under with me.

"Don't worry, he'll be here," I assured him, "I wanted you to fuck me first."

Indeed, that was my final plan. Since I knew Randy would be good for at least three times tonight, why not get the first one out of the way before my dad arrived? Plus, I thought it might help to make Randy a little more comfortable if his mind was somewhat clouded after his first orgasm. I don't know the science behind it, but I DO know that men just don't think too clearly after they cum - something women have used to their advantage for centuries I suppose.

Randy moved over next to me on his side, lifting his upper leg over me so his cock was poking me in the hip. Oh yeah, my boy was horny all right! It was like a steel rod was trying to push itself right through me!

"God I missed you this week," he mumbled as he slid over on top of me.

I spread my legs further to allow him to wiggle his hips to position his dick at my pussy. There was no sense in trying to delay it so why not make it easy? I knew all too well by now that when Randy was this horny there was only one thing that would satisfy him - feeling his dick in me.

So without any fanfare or even so much as a kiss, he lifted my megs up with his arms and got on his knees between my legs, pulling me up and into his pulsing cock. Reaching down, I guided his dick and as soon as he felt his head begin to enter me he shoved his hips forward and rammed it inside of me. Thankfully, he wasn't the only horny person in the room and my pussy was soaking wet already, allowing him to slide easily in to the hilt on the first try.

"Oh fuck you're so tight," he groaned.

Well what did he expect, the poor thing hadn't had anything in it for almost a week now! As I prefer to use my fingers over a dildo, nothing had stretched me out since last Sunday when my dad fucked me so I was really gripping his cock now - not that he was really complaining.

Randy started banging me, thrusting him dick in and out of me quickly. If I hadn't been so horny myself I might have tried to slow him down but I wanted him to cum as badly as he did.

"Cum in me Randy, fuck my pussy, cum for me!"

He was grunting and I knew he was close. Just then a voice came like out of nowhere.

"You heard my daughter, cum in her," a deep voice said firmly.

I knew who it was and had Randy given it a second's thought he would have too but he reacted instinctively and turned his head to see my dad standing there with a big grin on his face.

"What are you looking at ME for? Is this how you treat my daughter? I believe she asked you to cum in her, didn't she?" he said but the twinkle in his eyes told us he was just teasing.

Of course, it helped him that I had told him about my plans ahead of time and he had watched us go to the room, then bided his time until her knew what we would be doing. I had to say, his timing was perfect!

No matter how much he may have prepared himself, no matter how much he knew it was OK to be fucking me in front of my dad, Randy was still a guy and what guy doesn't have nightmares growing up about a father catching him fucking his daughter? It's like the ultimate taboo, the thing every dad warns a boy about when he dates his daughter. So I guess I couldn't complain that for a moment, Randy hesitated. The good news was that he didn't pull out or anything like that. He turned from my dad and looked back down at me.

"You heard my dad... now cum in me!" I said firmly, almost demandingly.

Yes, Randy WAS a guy and despite whatever social taboos he might be dealing with, his cock WAS inside of me and he WAS horny as hell so what could he do other than to continue on? Suddenly he thrust himself hard against me, pushing his dick into me as far as he could, the base of his cock pressing against my freshly shaved pussy, compressing his thick pubic hair against me.

"He's cumming in me daddy... he's cumming in me," I announced, looking over at the side of the bed where my dad had sat to watch us.

He'd taken off his winter coat but still had the rest of his clothes as he sat there silently, smiling as he watched Randy's hips thrusting into me with each load of sperm he was pumping into me.

Speaking of cumming me, Randy was FLOODING me. It was like he was never going to stop as he let loose one load after another inside of me. I could even feel it dripping down the crack of my butt as it leaked out of me as he stroked himself in and out. Once spent, he rolled over to the side of me opposite from my father, laying his back next to me on mine as he tried to catch his breath.

"Well, I see you two didn't waste any time," my dad said with a grin, reaching over to run his hands over my bare upper thigh.

He moved his hand up until he had it cupping my breast, his fingers lightly touching my sensitized nipple.

"You know son, there's more to sex than just dipping your stick in and letting it go," my dad said gently as he caressed my boob, "A woman needs more to be satisfied... a lot more... maybe you need someone to show you."

My dad was following the script perfectly. Of course, Randy had no idea my dad and I had worked this all out ahead of time. The entire reason I rushed Randy into fucking me so fast was to final a rationalization for my dad fucking me in front of him As horny as he was, he had played into my hand perfectly and now while he was getting himself ready to go again, my dad was ready for his turn.

"Come here baby," my dad said gently, reaching out to me.

I sat up, feeling Randy's cum between my legs as I did and so I used the sheet to wipe myself off before scooting over to my dad. As I got closer, he put his arms around me and pulled me in tightly to him. Then he lowered his head down and for the first time that night, I was kissed. God, just kissing my dad in front of another man was something I'd never done before and I was conscious of him behind me, undoubtedly watching the scene unfolding before him. It must have been like a fantasy come true for him to watch a father loving his daughter.

As we kissed, he pulled me up an onto his lap. My feet were still on the bed so I wasn't as heavy as I could have been but still, I wasn't twelve anymore! He didn't seem to mind as I wrapped my arms around his neck and continued kissing him as my breast pressed in tightly against him. His hands began to wander over me, running all over me as his fingers gently caressed me. It felt so wonderful, so right. I loved it when he touched me this way, like he as exploring me for the very first time. I felt his hand working its way between my thighs so I spread them apart just enough to let him reach down to my pussy, his finger running up and down my swollen pussy slit. I was slippery from the moisture of my pussy juices and Randy's cum but my dad didn't seem to mind.

Leaning back from him, I licked my lips as he lowered his head and started to suckle my breasts. My dad knew just how to alternate between gentle kissing and sucking to make them tingle! I could see Randy over my dad's shoulder, laying on his side now with the sheet off, stroking his cock slowly as he watched. For the moment I though he wasn't seeing much as my dad was blocking his view but then I realized he was looking at the mirror on the wall where he could see a side view of what was happening. I smiled at Randy and then sucked in my breath as my dad pulled on my nipples gently with his teeth. God it felt so good!

We went on like this for a while and then I whispered to my dad to lay down. I stood to the side of the bed and undid his belt buckle and pants, then slowly unzipped his pants. He lifted his hips as I pulled them off along with his underwear and then his shoes and socks, leaving him naked from the waist downward. His cock was stiff and I was proud of my dad for having such a firm erection in front of my boyfriend. He must have =taken a good dose of Viagra beforehand as more often these days it took a little work from me to get him this stiff, no matter what his anticipation level may be.

Looking at my dad and then at Randy, I crawled up on the bed and kneeled between my dad's legs, gripping his cock in my hand as I nestled into place. Both of them had their eyes firmly planted on my dad's crotch where my hand was slowly stroking my dad's erection.

"Do you want to see me suck my dad's cock Randy?"

OK, award for the silliest question of the day goes to Kelly but still, I felt like I HAD to ask him. After all, this would be the first time anyone like him saw me suck my dad's cock so I wanted it to be as memorable as possible - for all of us.

"God, I can't believe this," was all Randy could say in response.

The firmness of his cock confirmed his feelings - he was ready to go again but he would have to wait for a while. For now it was my dad who getting my attention.

Lowering my head down, I reached out with my tongue to just touch the tip of my dad's cock head. Even that light touch was enough to make him jerk involuntarily. Yep, my dad was just as horny as this boy next to us who was half his age! I knew it wouldn't take much to set him off in this condition so I had to be careful. As much as I wanted to suck his dick, it was my pussy where I wanted him to cum eventually.

As my mouth wrapped around his cock and I slowly took it in, inch by inch, my dad groaned and he put his hands on my head, trying to push my head down onto him even more. Mmmmmmm, he smelled so good! He must have showered just before coming over and I could smell the fresh scent of soap mixed with the more musky odor of his lust. When I had him all in my mouth, I turned towards randy and was pleased to see him staring at me, not even blinking as if he didn't want to miss a fraction of a second of what was going on right before his eyes.

It would have been easy to get my dad off quickly in the condition he was in so I didn't suck him all that much out of fear he wouldn't be able to hold back. Still, both of them seemed to be enjoying what I was doing and it made me feel good to be able to get two guys off with just one BJ. My dad also must have sensed he was about to lose it so he pushed my head back and smiled at me. I knew from having had sex with him so many times over the years what he wanted next but Randy wasn't as familiar with us so said it out loud for his benefit.

"Lick my pussy daddy," I said gently, my hand holding his cock but not stroking it so he wouldn't cum accidentally.

Unlike "fuck me daddy", these three words were almost NBEVER said when I had sex with my dad.

It wasn't because I didn't want him too, I just didn't have to say it - it happened on its own. Over the years I would say I only get my pussy licked maybe a third to half the time when I have sex but that's OK with me. Not that I don't love it, it's just so few guys know how to do it right and it gets frustrating having to explain to each one all the time. That's one reason I love sex with girls, especially my cousin, who KNOW what it feels like to be licked and KN(OW how to do it based on personal experience. My dad was probably the one exception but then he has fucked me more than any ten men combined so I guess it's only natural he would learn how to lick my pussy the way I like it over all that time.

Essentially we just traded places. In the process my dad took off the rest of his clothes so when he laid down on his belly on the bed between my legs, he was totally naked now. I dropped my head up on a pillow so I could watch better. My dad also grabbed an extra pillow and put it under my butt to lift my pussy up in the air to make it easier for him to get his mouth on me without me having to lift my hips up so high. Once we had everything in place, he didn't waste any time putting his face in my crotch and going to work! Having already been fucked by randy, my clit was pretty sensitive still and when his lips touched them I thought I would shoot off the bed!

"Yes daddy! That's feels soooooo good daddy!" I moaned as I writhed on the bed.

He had his arms around my hips so his hands were under my ass, one butt cheek in each hand as he lifted me up to his mouth like he was eating a pizza or a sandwich. Mmmmmmm, a pussy sandwich!

God I was so close to cumming now. It was perfect - my dad eating my pussy while my boyfriend watched - and took notes hopefully. I could even smell my pussy as my dad lapped his tongue all over me and covered his face with my juices. The fact that same of Randy's cum might have been mixed in didn't seem to faze him. In the past when he was watching a porn movies he would comment on how gross it was for a guy to eat a girl after another man had cum in her so I knew this had to be a special time for him to do this for me.

Oh yeah! I was cumming now and my back arched upward and then dropped down as my hips thrust uncontrollably up into my dad's face. It was like I was fucking his tongue as my legs wrapped around him and pulled him tight into my crotch. God it felt so good! How do you describe it? How do you describe a sunset to a man blind from birth? Some things can't be put into words and what I was feeling at this moment feel into that category.

My dad was showing off now. He was being merciless, not letting me relax for a second as he continued his onslaught with his tongue and lips. Then he pushed two fingers into my pussy as he put his mouth over my clit and let his tongue run in circles all around it. Now THAT really set me off again. Most men seem to think a girl's clit need constant pressure when in reality, it can be just as good if not better to tease all around it instead, with the occasional flicker of the tongue right over it. My dad, being an expert when it came to pussy licking that he was, had been trained by my mom many years before and he knew exactly how to set me rocketing off again and again.

How long was he going to do this to me? It was like I was on another planet now, the whole room was dark as I shut my eyes tightly and tried to focus on maintaining myself under some semblance of control but it was useless. Finally it became too much, I felt like I was going to pass out or have a stroke. Reaching down, I tried to push his head away but he just turned them aside and kept his face planted between my legs.

"Stop daddy! Oh my god I can't take it anymore!"

He didn't stop. If anything, my pleas seemed to encourage him all the more. I couldn't keep my legs around him anymore as they fell to the bed and I just laid their limp, unable to even move now as everything around me seemed to collapse to just my pussy. It was insane, total overload. I couldn't even raise a hand to protest any longer. It was beyond pleasure, beyond anything I ever thought possible.

"Now see kid, THAT'S how you make a woman orgasm," I vaguely heard my dad say to Randy.

Randy didn't say anything and I couldn't work up the energy to even open my eyes to see what he was doing. It didn't matter to me at that moment. All I could think about were these HUGE throbbing sensation that seemed to emanate from my pussy and then pulse like a monster wave all through me. It was like every time my heart beat my entire body resonated and every square inch of me responded.

While planning this evening, the LAST thing I ever imagined doing was falling asleep yet somehow I did. How long, whether it was just a few seconds or what, I wasn't sure because when I opened my eyes, my head was resting on my dad's lap while Randy was gently rubbing my legs up and down. My dad looked quite pleased with himself and for good reason - that was one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever had and he hadn't even fucked me yet!

THAT was about to change as I soon found out.

"OK, NOW she's ready to be fucked," my dad was saying to Randy, as if I wasn't even there, "Don't worry, she'll perk up once she feels me inside of her, trust me."

Not only was he giving Randy advice, but there was a subtle hint to what he said that HE was going to be the next to fuck me and that randy shouldn't get any other ideas for the moment at least. I surely didn't mind. Now that I was starting to clear my head I was feeling this overwhelming urge to have something inside of me, like I was missing something vital to complete me, to fill me up. That that something should be my dad's dick was just all the better. To have him do it with Randy watching just was icing on the cake.

"Ready Kelly?" my dad asked as he lifted my head and got out from underneath me.

"Mmmmmmm, fuck me daddy."

They both chuckled and for a moment I wondered what the inside joke was and then my dad cleared things up for me.

"See, didn't I tell you she would say that?" he said to Randy, "She knows how to please her old man. I raised her to be a damn good daughter!"

Funny, if I ever called him an "old man" he would have been angry but I guess between guys it was OK. In any case, he grabbed my ankles and twisted me around on the bed so my butt was on the edge and my legs hung over the side. Randy had moved to one of the chairs, leaving the entire bed to me and my dad. Actually, I think he did it more to get a better view than to give us space!

I wanted my dad in me but somehow I was still totally exhausted from what he had done to me. As a result, I just laid there, waiting for him to take him however he wanted to. One of the great things about sex with your dad is the trust factor. There weren't many guys OI would allow myself to get into this sort of situation where he was under complete control of me. However, with my dad there were no worries. I knew I could trust him explicitly and that he would never do anything to me that would hurt me or that I didn't want to do.

My dad put my feet up over his shoulders as he grabbed my ass with his hands, his arms helping to support my legs. He was so hard that it was like being poked with a stick as his cock tried to find its way into me without either of us using our hands to help. I WANTED to help but I just couldn't get the strength up to lift them and grab his dick. In the end it didn't matter. As wet as I was and after the fucking and licking I'd had, he was able to zoom in on the target easily and the next thing I knew my dad was in me. I looked over at Randy and smiled as he watched a father fuck a daughter for the first time - in real life that is. THIS was what I wanted him to see. THIS was what I wanted him to understand.

"My daughter's pretty tight for a slut, wouldn't you agree Randy?" my dad said as she started to slowly thrust himself in and out of me.

Randy seemed a little shy to respond so my dad continued, "Don't be embarrassed, you won't be saying anything about my daughter that I don't already know about."

"Yeah, I love that about her too - nice and tight!" he said enthusiastically.

It seemed a little surreal to listen to them compare notes about fucking me but then, that was what this was all about today, wasn't it?

As my dad fucked me slowly, I felt my strength returning. Perhaps it was the extra adrenaline as I felt him ramming his dick into me. Whatever it was, I wanted more of it - a LOT more.

"See her squirming Randy? She wants more. Shit, the slut can be insatiable sometimes - but I'm sure you know that by now yourself."

Randy just nodded, stroking himself again now as he watched my dad fucking me. I motioned for him to come over to me and when he was close enough I grabbed his dick and pulled him towards me.

"My girl just can't get enough dick, can she Randy?" my dad encouraged him.

My dad seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself now, keeping up a slow but steady rhythm as he fucked me. Meanwhile, I had Randy's cock back in my mouth as he kneeled next to me and lowered his dick to my face. Mmmmmmm, now THIS was heaven. My dad's dick in my pussy and my boyfriend's in my mouth.

"Hey, I need to lay down, this is killing my back," my dad said, lowering my legs and pulling his dick out of me for the first time since he started fucking me.

I got back up on the bed and laid on my side as my dad spooned in behind me, lifting my upper leg up and over his while he worked his dick back into me again. Meanwhile, Randy was back up with his crotch in my face as I continued to blow him.

The way I was positioned I could see us all in the mirror and I smiled as I looked at the sight that was before me. Damn, this was so cool! It was then I realized the one thing I'd forgotten - a video camera! Damn, it would have been so hot to watch this later alone with each of them but there was nothing I could do now about it.

"So I hear you've been fucking your sister," my dad said to Randy, like he was just carrying on a normal conversation.

If there ever was NOT a normal conversation, this had to be it. Still, they started talking to each other like I was just some sort of fuck toy they were sharing. If it hadn't been so hot to hear Randy tell my dad what it was like to fuck his sister I might have been offended but as it was, it just got me all the hotter.

My dad had been trying to delay for as long possible but eventually it got to where he just couldn't control it anymore. Randy was right in the middle of talking about a time when he and his sister had fucked in some parking lot - something he never told ME about, when my dad interrupted him.

"Sorry, gotta cum now!"

For the second time this night I had a load of cum shot into me, this time from my father instead of my boyfriend. I don't know if it was the sight of my dad cumming in me, the knowledge that it was my father filling me with his incestuous sperm, or what, but Randy cam himself almost immediately afterwards, flooding my mouth with a load of fresh sperm. Talk about a treat - two loads of sperm at almost the same time with one in my pussy and the other in my mouth. What more could a girl ask for?

Laying on my side this way I almost choked on Randy's cum but I managed to handle it all without spilling it, swallowing the warm goo quickly down in just two gulps. My dad had his arms around me now, keeping his dick in me as his cum filled my pussy. Randy let his dick drop from my mouth and I could tell he was wondering what he should do next. I started to say something but my dad responded first.

"I think it's time for your to go now son."

That sort of surprised me. I had planned that Randy would fuck me a second time in front of my dad but obviously that plan had been dumped by my dad. Randy just nodded, deferring to my dad's wishes. He quickly dressed and left the room, leaving me alone with my dad.

My dad pulled the covers over us and we just laid there for a while, a father and daughter coupled together in the most intimate manner possible, sharing something only a parent and child can understand. I felt so warm, so damn GOOD. Being in my dad's arms, Randy's cum fresh in my mouth with my dad still inside of me was the most sensational feeling I'd had in ages.

Laying there in the hotel bed, my dad and I feel asleep together.

Despite all my planning and conniving, when the evening started I had no idea how it would really turn out. As it as now, I had to say it was a monstrous success. We woke the following morning and did it again before checking out. My dad dropped me off at my house on his way home. I wondered what he was going to tell my Aunt Linda when he got there?

# (Feb 14) Chapter 206: Revelations

Story codes: inc father daughter
Me (24)
John - my dad (45)

Until just recently I would have contended that I finally had my life pretty much in order. My religious beliefs were biblically grounded. From these beliefs, I'd worked out the moral and ethical principles to guide my actions. My career goals were laid out and I felt I knew "what I want to be when I grow up". While marriage still seemed to be a distant goal, I enjoyed good relationships with my family and friends. Yep, I was perhaps even a bit smug, confident that I pretty much had everything under control.

A lot can change in a short time. Sheesh, was I just naive or stupid? Well, it just goes to show you can never take anything for granted.

## 1. A Confession to My Readers

If there is one question I get asked more than any other, it's "Are your diary stories true?" My answer is always a qualified "yes". The "qualified" part is because while the plots and overall scenarios are factual, I have always openly admitted to making a few modifications to maintain the privacy of everyone involved - especially me. Certainly it can be no surprise to anyone that I change the names but there are also lots of little things I have to change that people might not realize which could might aid someone with devious motives.

First, I obviously don't post an entry about every date, party, or event I am involved in. My "diary" is actually a selection of stories which I see as the "highlights" of my life. Not all of them are necessarily "good times". In the end, I write about the times that made me who I am today. With that in mind, does it really matter what hair color someone has, how tall they are, or even exactly how old they are? Does it matter to the story which restaurant or movie theater I really go to, or even what school? Is the exact date crucial to the meaning of the story?

There's no way I can include EVERY detail or I'd be writing novels. Does the dialogue have to be exactly what was said? The point is, none of these "minor" things have any bearing on what the overall story is about or what happened, so why should anyone care that I have changed them unless they are out to do me harm? Thus I don't feel that by changing any of these minor things makes my Diary any less a reflection on my life for what it covers and I make no apologies. Face it, unless you actually met, me, you would never know the difference anyway.

Now and then, however, there are things that I DO lie about or deliberately "embellish", usually because they are every sensitive subjects or could be taken the wrong way. I'm not necessarily proud when I have to resort to this, but it's my web site and I set the rules! This doesn't happen often and I consider it a last resort.

Perhaps one of the biggest events in my life that I've been blatantly dishonest about in my diary has to do with my parent's marriage. While they indeed had a long, and for the most part good marriage, it's certainly had its ups and downs just like any other - maybe even more. I have always loved my mom and dad dearly so I plead guilty to presenting their marriage a little more positively than it is really was out of respect for them. Well, a LOT more positively if I am being honest now.

What I am leading up to is that when I say my parents' marriage WAS good, it's in past tense not because my mother died a year and a half ago. Sure, that is what I have said in my diary but the real reason is because they got divorced. Frankly, I was totally blindsided when they told me. Of course I knew there were issues between them; I heard them fighting when they thought I wasn't listening although for the most part I didn't know why. Still, all marriages have their rough moments and I never dreamed they would actually ever go so far as to split up.

My parents' break-up was a tremendous blow to me which is why my web site went off-line for a few months while I tried to sort my life out. My first reaction was to just drop the whole website thing altogether. I mean, after all I'd said for years about how wonderful my parents' marriage was, how could I explain why they were now divorced? With my mom out of my life, having moved to the west coast near where her best friend lives, how would I address her in any future stories without mentioning the divorce?

After thinking and praying about it long and hard, I came up with the idea that I would say she died in a car crash and thus nobody would wonder why I never mentioned her again. Of course anybody trying to find a newspaper account or police record of such a crash during that time period would realize it was a fake story, but I didn't think too many people would be THAT driven into looking into my private life and even if they did question me, I could always just ignore them.

To minimize the questions, I avoided making an "announcement" or anything big about her "death" on my site. Another reason for minimizing the "death" scenario was I wanted to avoid becoming like so many of the crappy stories on the Internet that start with a parent's death which leads to sexual relations between family members. It helped that I'd never said a lot about my mom on my website before so it wasn't that big a stretch to stop mentioning her completely.

Although a few people mentioned it to me later, all I had to do was say I didn't want to talk about it and they dropped it. Now, over a year later, it rarely gets any attention. In the end, my mom is out of my life one way or the other so did it really matter why? Ironically, I think it would have been easier if she HAD died.

I'm sure anyone reading this is wondering why did my parents divorced after all the wonderful things I have been saying over the years about their marriage. Until just recently, I really didn't know all the facts. Oh sure they gave me the usual "incompatible" rationalizations, but I always felt in my heart they weren't telling me the entire truth. The fact that mom has not contacted me since she walked out tells me there were some major issues which nobody wants to discuss with me. Still, if both parties refuse to discuss it, then how was I supposed to find out the truth? Well, until now I didn't.

So why am I confessing this all now? It's been a year and a half and everyone has bought the "mom killed in a car wreck" story so why rock the boat? Well, this entry is about recent events that were VERY important to me, events that will profoundly change my life and I felt it was important that people understand why things will be different for me in the future.

The problem I faced was choosing to either completely fudge things about my mom and her role, or fess up about the real reason she "died" and thus tell this story more truthfully and completely. In the end, I chose the latter if for no other reason than it makes it a lot easier to write! I've always said that reality was easier to write about than fantasy. Trying to twist the events I am about to write about to fit the death scenario would have been difficult if not downright impossible.

A final word on this subject...

I hope that the people who read my site and have been so supportive of me over the years will understand my motives and forgive me for lying to them about my mother's "death". In my heart I never intended to deceive anyone any more than absolutely necessary, hence the usual "I don't want to discuss it" response when people would ask me about my mom's "death". Until now it really didn't matter all that much whether she was killed or not as since after the divorce she has been dead to me, maybe not in body but in spirit. Thus had not the recent events occurred, odds are I would've never said another word about it.

For better or worse, things HAVE changed a LOT recently so I just wanted to clear this up before I continued. Be forewarned that as I write this I will be referring to my mom as she REALLY was, so don't be confused if it conflicts with past entries as I am not going to go back and change them.

## 2. Clueless

This past weekend was quite a time for me. It all started when I innocently called my Aunt Linda to discuss the upcoming Valentine's Day. As always, I was brimming with excitement as to what my dad might be getting me this year. My boyfriend Randy had already sent me the standard-issue bouquet of flowers and I assumed a card would soon follow, maybe with luck a box of Godiva chocolate (if he could take a hint). I wasn't all that worried about randy anyway since he's not the overly romantic type to start with, plus we aren't exactly THAT close, at least in terms of any long-term relationship. My dad, though, was a different story. He's always doted on me for Valentine's Day, even more than Christmas some years. I still remember that sexy lingerie outfit he bought me a couple of years ago. Did it REALLY come without panties or did he "accidentally" leave them out? LOL

My aunt started to say something to me but then there was a long pause on the phone as if she was considering carefully what she was going to say. Even after all that she would only tell me was that I needed to talk to my dad - and soon. When I tried to press her she refused to say anything more than, "I think maybe it's time you were finally were told a few things."

Well, you can imagine how well THAT went over with me so I promptly called my dad and asked him point blank what the heck my aunt was talking about. My first sense that something was indeed amiss was when he seemed more surprised that my aunt had SAID such a thing than WHAT she had said. Then he too acted all dark and mysterious, asking me if I could stop over later in the evening to "talk". THAT got my attention as usually when my dad wanted me to come over later in the evening it wasn't to talk!

For the rest of the day I was totally distracted as all I could think about was what in the world they could be talking about. Something kept telling me that they were going to announce that they were getting married. When they'd first started seeing more of each other after the divorce had settled down, I assumed that it was just the two of them enjoying each other's company again - in a variety of ways with sex, of course, being the primary motivator. My dad has always had a special thing about sex with my aunt so that certainly wasn't surprising. When my aunt eventually moved in with my dad, they assured me that it was just for convenience sake. Yeah, I knew exactly what "convenience" they were wanting! But hey, I wasn't arguing as it let me move out of my apartment and save on rent money.

Still, for some reason I've never been able to picture them getting married but then I may have missed the signals. Looking back, I guess they never actually came right and SAID they weren't ever going to do anything more than just live together. Maybe I had just assumed it based on their comments and behaviors. Then there was the whole divorce thing. I could never imagine my dad ever getting married to another woman after what happened with my mother, and especially not to her sister, regardless of the sex.

Also standing in the way of any marriage plans was the issue of our extended families, most of who were still in a state of shock over my dad and my aunt living together. I could only imagine the tongue wagging if they announced they were getting married. It would have been bad enough had the "other woman" moved in with him after my mom left, but when that woman was her own sister... well I shouldn't have to draw a picture for you to know what people were saying about them as it was. And then to get married on top of it all? No way.

Sometimes I amaze myself at how clueless I can be, especially when it comes to reading my own father. I don't know if my judgment is clouded because he's my father and I have these preconceived notions of how I THINK he should react and behave, or maybe something else. Whatever it is, all through my life there have been so many times when I was sure about something regarding him, only to find out later I was completely off base. Usually it had to do with what he wanted for Christmas or something as inane, never anything TOO serious. This time it was starting to look like I'd missed something much more serious.

One of the earliest of those "clueless" times was back when I was only eight years old. I've written about all this before in "Appendix (D.4) My Thoughts About Masturbation" so I won't repeat all the gory details here. Essentially I was with both of my parents in our hot tub after my mom had caught me watching my dad masturbate. My mom has always maintained that her sole intent was to teach me

engrained as I grew up that to this day I don't even run around nude in my own place.

In a similar manner, masturbation was something I was taught at an early age as being a normal thing that people did when they felt the need - no different that scratching an itch. Although I didn't start seriously masturbating until I was eleven, I often saw my parents doing it, especially my dad, before then. It wasn't just when he watched porn but even just regular TV shows (Amanda Tapping on StarGate SG1 has always been one of his favorites) would get him hard and make him have to take care of his needs then and there in his chair. It's not like he whipped it out and made a big deal of it or said anything - he just did it. If I happened to be there then I saw him, if not I didn't - simple as that.

So in such a casual setting, can I really be blamed for not realizing that there were times when my dad was masturbating because of ME? While I didn't lounge around the house naked, I didn't exactly overdress, especially during the evenings. My favorite outfit when I got into my teens was one of his dress shirts or sometimes just a t-shirt. Since I was a little girl I've always had an issue with panties and so I seldom wore them - and in the evening I NEVER wore them at all.

Thus at times when I was laying on the couch or doing things around the house, I'm sure my bare ass was on display but I didn't give it a second thought since I was taught that it wasn't anything to be ashamed of. Besides, it's not like I wiggled it suggestively for him or anything naughty like that unless we were joking around. So was my dad masturbating because my t-shirt had ridden up or because of what was on TV? At the time I never even considered it could be anything but the TV. In other words I was clueless.

Yet another example of my being naive as a teen regarding my dad was when I started dating boys and bringing them home for sex. My parents told me from the beginning that they would rather I bring them home than do it in the backseat of a car or some other place where we might be caught or not be safe. Of course my boyfriends had no idea I had my parents' permission to have sex in my bedroom so they usually were a little nervous at first doing me while my parents were downstairs, but that quickly disappeared once we started doing it. They would've REALLY freaked if they'd known my dad often watched us by spying through the crack in the bedroom door I always made sure was there.

At the time he told me it was to make sure I was safe and I actually DID feel much more secure knowing my dad was nearby in case something got out of hand.

The idea that he might be just as interested in seeing two teenagers having sex as he was in my security never crossed my mind! Still, why would it? It was just sex and my dad had a HUGE porn collection so why would I think he needed to get off watching me? Yeah, I know it sounds stupid, but I believed him. He WAS my dad after all so why would I think he wanted to have sex with me? In other words, I was totally clueless.

It wasn't just his thoughts about sex with me that I misunderstood as a teenager. Somehow I totally misread his desires and relationships with other women. My parents taught me from the beginning that adultery was a mortal sin, the absolute worst thing a husband or wife could do to their spouse. They assured me that they'd always been faithful to one another since they were married and always would be - no swapping or anything like that. As it turned out, they weren't lying about the results, but there was a lot more I didn't know when it came to unmet desires and the resulting frustrations.

Before I started having sex with them myself, I had absolutely no idea that my mom had an incestuous upbringing along with her sister. It wasn't just THEIR dad that wanted both sisters, later it would be MY dad as well. If there was one thing about my dad's sexual needs that I failed to realize before it was too late, it was how he much he craved sex with my mom's younger sister. My mom had told me early on that my dad had dated both sisters in high school. When I was old enough to understand, she even confessed they both had sex with him as well. Yet somehow it never crossed my mind that my dad and her sister might have continued doing anything after everyone was married.

Along the same lines, I was always told my aunt had to get a divorced because she and her husband didn't get along. It wasn't until I got involved with incest that I was informed of the real reason the split -her insistence on continuing to enjoy sex with her brother-in-law. While technically it should have been OK for them to have sex since it was just incest, that doesn't mean the left-out spouse was necessarily on board. As it turned out, Aunt Linda's husband bailed early while my mom lived with it for over 25 years before she got fed up as well.

Soooooo... when I was younger and my aunt would stop by and she and my dad would disappear for a while, I was told he was just helping her out with her finances or some legal issues regarding her realty business. It wasn't until my dad started having sex with me that my mom told me what they REALLY did upstairs!

Sure it was crazy erotic and super-hot at the time, but it made me more than a little uncomfortable afterwards given how much my parents had always preached about the sins of adultery. They rationalized his behavior it to me at the time by saying that as best friends for so many years, Beth and Tammy were virtually part of our family but still, it WAS a pretty thin rationalization. The fact I accepted it without realizing the full implications just goes to show how clueless I could be, even when I was in my late teens and supposedly so smart and sophisticated.

Take it from me, it's pretty hard to admit being clueless about so many things. Still, none of this was anything at all of the magnitude of the things I was even more clueless about, things I was about to find out for the first time in my life. As I was sitting on my bed, waiting to go over to my dad's house and find out what this mystery was all about, you would think I might have figured some of these BIG things out for myself. Looking back now as I write this, it was all there, a simple puzzle just waiting for me to put the pieces together.

Somehow I was so blinded by my own beliefs and so assured of my relationship with my father that all I could think about was what was happening between him and my aunt. That it could have anything to do with me or my mom never once entered my train of thought. Then again, I don't blame myself TOO badly. After all, why would I have ever imagined that I might have been wrong about so many things that I considered to be the bedrock of my life?

Is it really my fault I'm so clueless at times? Maybe it was not so much because I was clueless but that I was too trusting? THAT scares me more than anything.

# 3. Stunned

When I arrived at my dad's house, I noticed my aunt's car was gone which meant it would be just me and my dad. Well, that sort of surprised me since I would have thought any announcement such as what I was expecting would've been made by the two of them together. Then again, maybe he wanted to break the news to me by himself, knowing I would probably be pretty emotional when he did.

Taking a deep breath, I went in through the garage door entrance and into the family room in the basement where I figured he would be. Normally my dad was one in one three rooms - the bedroom, his study, or the family room. Under different conditions, it wouldn't have surprised me if he had been in the bedroom, waiting for me so we could get right to it as quickly as possible. At least for the start of tonight, I didn't think sex was his primary need and since the only time he was usually in his study was for work, that left the family room. Sure enough, there he was with the TV blaring, slouched back in his favorite recliner in sweats like he was ready to go work out.

"Hey Dad!" I greeted him, taking off my winter coat and hanging it over the back of one of the chairs.

With the cold and snowy weather I was in boots, jeans and a heavy sweatshirt, not exactly my sexiest outfit to be sure but with the crappy weather we'd been having, a necessity. In any case, there wasn't anything underneath - top or bottom, just in case he should need any "help" from me later it wouldn't take much to get myself prepared for him. I'd learned long ago when it came to my dad, better to be prepared for anything! Nine times out of ten (at least), "anything" meant something to do with taking my clothes off.

"Kelly!" he returned with a smile on his face.

He patted his lap and I knew what he wanted so I sat sideways on his lap with my legs hanging over the arm, leaning in to him with my inner arm around his neck.

Without another word we kissed and he hugged me close with one arm while his free hand quickly made its way between my legs and pressed in against my denim- covered crotch. Hmmm, maybe I'd misunderstood the situation and he was just horny for me after all. Granted I wasn't sixteen anymore but still, at 24 I was almost half the age of my aunt and I knew while my dad LOVED fucking my aunt, he also liked younger girls which is when he would use me and my cousin whenever he got the "itch". Of course, as his daughter I knew it was more than just satisfying his lust, but he WAS a man and men have needs and if I could satisfy my dad's, I was more than happy to do so whenever he needed me. If there is one thing I pride myself on, it's having NEVER said 'no" to my dad, at least when it came to sex.

As it turned out, having sex with me wasn't his intention - at least not yet. Although he held his hand firmly tucked in between my thighs, he stopped pressing his finger into my crotch and leaned back as we broke our kiss.

"We need to talk Kelly."

Oh boy, THAT was never a good omen. Any time growing up when he would start out a conversation with those words I knew something was NOT going to be good. It might have been when I spent too much on one of his credit cards. Other times, especially when I was younger, it might have been about how I dressed or behaved "inappropriately" in public - or at least worse than usual. Maybe the worst time he uttered those words was when he and my mom announced their divorce. Most recently had been when he told me that my aunt would be moving in with him, although that hadn't turned out so bad because it let me move in with my cousin and stop paying rent.

"Yes daddy????" I said softly with a hint of a smile, preparing myself for what I was still sure was going to be a wedding announcement.

He hesitated, the way he always did when he had something to tell me that he knew I was going to have a hard time understanding.

"Well... it has to do with your Aunt Linda..."

Yep, I knew it... here it comes! I was about to blurt out that I'd already figured out what he was going to say when he said something else that stopped me in my tracks."

"...and I guess it's time I was honest with you about a few things as well."

Oops, now THAT didn't sound like a precursor to a wedding announcement. From the pained look on his face I knew instantly that it definitely was NOT about an engagement. He might be worried that I wouldn't understand him marrying my aunt, but he wouldn't look like it as hurting HIM so badly to tell me about it.

"Kelly, before that I need you to understand more about the relationship I have with your Aunt Linda - and what I had with your mom and her as well."

My mind was racing as what usually happens when it does, I was getting totally confused. OK, so what did he mean by "before that"? Before what? Why bring up my mom now?

"Kelly, you know I loved your mother and I never meant to do anything to hurt her."

Yeah right. So what good was it if it led to a divorce? Still, I kept my mouth shut and let him continue.

"I know we haven't discussed the divorce much since your mom left."

Like duh! Still, I just nodded, wondering if he was going to finally open up about things with me. I'd long given up that he would ever tell me the full story so maybe for some reason he finally was going to spill it.

"I suppose by now you've probably figured out that your mom and I split because of something to do with your Aunt Linda."

Actually, while I may have wondered about it at times, I really did NOT have any strong feelings that she was the reason for my parents' divorce. Why would I think such a thing anyway? My parents believed whole-heartedly in the concept of incest and so it was OK with my mom for her husband to have sex with her sister if for no other reason than she had to be since Aunt Linda was family. However, outside of the family he wasn't allowed to be with other women because that would be adultery. I guess had I never started sex with my dad that I never would have known about him and my Aunt Linda. Still, my mom had never given the slightest hint that she was jealous or upset with the amount of sex my dad had with her younger sister which is why I never seriously considered it a reason for their divorce.

"I know you're familiar with how your grandfather took your mom and her sister's virginities and even a little bit how it wasn't entirely consensual at the time. After all, your aunt WAS only twelve at the time. However, I'm not so sure you fully realize that despite what you may have been told, it never DID become 100% consensual. I hate to say this, but your grandfather abused them both, even if nobody wants to admit it. Even your mom has a hard time discussing it which is why she prefers the more pleasant version she told you. It's the real reason why your grandmother never got involved and why to this day she still doesn't like to talk about it."

"But dad, if that's the case then why did mom always claim that she was so happy that I finally had the same relationship with you that she had with her dad?"

My dad just stared at me, as if he was expecting me to provide the answer. Seeing I wasn't quite getting it yet, he added, "Think about it Kelly... I know what she SAID but did she really? Think about how she acted when you were younger, the restrictions she imposed on me and how overly protective she was of you, especially when it came to me."

I just sat there in silence, mulling this all in my head. Then suddenly, it was like the proverbial light bulb turned on over my head. Was this why my mother had insisted that if anything happen between my dad and me that I had to be the one to initiate it? I'd always figured it had something to do with her first time with her dad which I knew wasn't the best, but still I never suspected she had THIS strong of a reaction to it. Like, what would have happened if I had never initiated anything? Until now, I'd assumed that sooner or later she would've stepped in as I got older, perhaps discussing it with me or otherwise helping me to make a decision. Ultimately, I'd always assumed that my mother WANTED me to have an incestual relationship with my father, but she wanted me to be the one to get it started. Was I wrong? It didn't seem possible.

"So dad... are you trying to tell me that mom didn't really believe in incest?"

The disbelief was thick in my voice. This was impossible. No way. Not after all these years and having seen so much. With mom g9one my dad could make up anything so what was he trying to accomplish with all this?

"That's a complicated question Kelly, and I really don't mean to sound evasive. Although she felt it was not a sinful act, so long as it was true incest, let's just say I don't think she would have been overly upset had you and I never done it"

Wow, talk about a body blow! Still, those things HAD happened so it wasn't making any sense to me. If she was really against incest, she sure had a funny way of showing it!

"But what about you and Aunt Linda?" I asked, deflecting the issue for the moment about me and him, "I thought mom was OK with you fucking her after you and mom got married?"

This time my dad really looked uncomfortable, as if this was something he had been hoping to avoid but now that he had opened Pandora's box, there was no stopping.

"Truth be told Kelly, I was about to ask Linda to marry me. In the end I decided that I loved your mother more in other ways but god, the sex with Linda was amazing – and it still is. She's so much more open about things and we had some crazy times together when we dated, doing things your mother would never do with me – even after we got married. Ultimately I ended up making a deal with your mom – I'd marry her so long as I could keep having fun with Linda, no strings attached."

My eyes narrowed as the full import of what he was saying struck home. "So you're telling me that the fact it was incest to have sex with Aunt Linda was not really why mom was OK with it? What if they hadn't been sisters but girlfriends instead? Would you have kept fucking her after you married mom? Even if it was adultery instead of incest?"

My dad shrugged. "What can I say Kelly? I like to think it was God's plan to have it work out this way. Since Linda was her sister, so long as your mom could rationalize it using incest there was nothing 'illegal' about it and so everyone was happy, at least mostly."

"But dad, was mom really happy? Sounds to me like she was sort of forced into agreeing with everything. Would you really have not married her if she didn't go along with this?"

"Look Kelly, don't look at this as something bad or coercive. Really, your mother and I truly had a wonderful marriage. We loved each other very much and I

away. Linda certainly had no problems with it and I suppose I don't need to say anything about Kristen," he finished with a bit of a laugh.

I couldn't help but grin myself. When it came to sex and Kristen there were no surprises there, that was for sure.

Still, I wasn't totally convinced. Not by a long shot. This was all pretty crazy and there were still too many unanswered questions.

"Yeah but what about Rick? That had nothing to do with you; it was all her. If she was so against incest then why did she like fucking him so much? And don't even try to tell me it was to please you. She LOVED having sex with him."

"Oh come on Kelly, do I need to spell everything out?" my dad whined but then he continued anyway. "You know the answer - he was a young stud with a big dick, available, "legal" and she enjoyed being a MILF for him. That was all it ever was, pure and simple."

Well, my mom had often told me the same things herself but under the conditions today, I just wanted to be sure. Still, all this left one question in my mind... the BIGGEST question of them all. The scariest question by far.

"So why do you fuck me daddy?" I said in a soft voice, so low he had to ask me to repeat myself.

It was a question I didn't WANT to ask but one I felt I HAD to ask. Deep down, I knew that this question was the real reason he had asked me over and all this up until now had just been leading up to it.

"C'mon Kelly! You know why."

"I want you to tell me daddy... tell me why you REALLY want to fuck me."

"Because I love you Kelly."

"I know you do daddy, but you don't have to fuck me to love me," I replied sharply, "Isn't that what you've always told me? So why do you fuck me? Why did you want me so bad when I was younger when you already had my mom and Aunt Linda?"

My dad shrugged his shoulders and sighed. "Because I needed it. I needed YOU."

He said it so softly I wasn't sure I heard him right at first but from the stricken look on his face I knew what he said without even hearing the words. It was more a confession than a statement. There was more to it than that though... he said he "needed" it using past tense.

"Exactly what do you mean by that daddy?"

It was like something snapped in him then, as if he couldn't contain his frustration with me anymore. His face darkened and his voice raised more than a few decibels.

"C'mon Kelly, you're not THAT dumb so quit acting like it. Why the hell do you think I made your mom let me fuck her that night in the hot tub when we knew you'd be watching from your bedroom? You were driving me crazy so I had to do SOMETHING to give you a nudge."

I just sat there in a daze, unable to absorb anymore. I knew he was waiting for me to say something but the words wouldn't come out. My mind was blank, there was nothing for me to say.

"Kelly, don't take this all wrong. You know I love you more than anything. Look in the mirror for god's sake. You can't blame me for craving you. Get real, you ran around the house half naked all the time, played with yourself CONSTANTLY without caring who was watching, fucked anything with a dick and yet you can't understand why I would want you for myself?"

With that his hand moved tighter into my crotch again, his finger pushing into my pussy hole as best he could with the jeans in the way. His other arm around me moved so he was cradling my braless breast in his hands. I felt him wiggle under me, trying to maneuver his hardening dick under me. God, after all this he was horny and wanted to fuck me! Unbelievable!

Ignoring his groping hands, I had to finish what we started. I had to know it all, the entire truth.

"So what's up now then? What's with you and Aunt Linda? Are you getting married?"

He seemed genuinely surprised at that; shocked even. "WHAT? Where the hell did you come up with that one? Hell no, we'll never get married. Why would we want to do THAT? The only reason I ever would've married her in the first place was for the sex and I get all I want now as it is."

"I don't know, I figured you were living together now and all. Why not?"

"I guess I have to spell it out again then, don't I" he huffed. "First, I really DO believe that adultery is wrong. Yes, I know I've had some slips in the past but the ones you know of were the only ones. To be honest, the biggest reason I don't want to marry Linda because I don't want to deal with the whole adultery thing again. I like the freedom of being single again."

The magnitude of what he was saying sank in and I glared at him. "So you just want to be able to fuck anyone at any time, is that it?"

"Well?" was all he said, shrugging his shoulders as if the answer was obvious.

"And what about Aunt Linda?"

That actually made him smirk a little bit when he replied, "Oh like she cares. Hell, SHE is the one who wants to fool around the most. Besides, how would she maintain her sales quota if she stopped fucking other men?"

Actually, the last part made more sense than anything I'd heard yet. My aunt had quite a rep in the local realty industry for her willingness to do most anything to get a sale, even bringing in her own daughter is necessary, not to mention her niece a couple of times! I wasn't so sure that the adultery "thing" was all that important to her, but you never know.

"So if you're NOT getting married, why tell me all this today? Why do this to me?"

This time he paused even longer than before but finally he drew a deep breath, let it out slowly, and said, "OK, so we aren't getting married but there ARE things we want to do and I needed you to understand beforehand."

Why bother? What could he say now that could possibly top what he'd already told me? Still, I was his daughter and needed to remain respectful so I kept silent and let him continue.

"Linda loves to party and she's always been trying to get me to swing a little and do things with other couples and girls. Well, now I can and so I wanted you to understand why before you heard about it. We didn't want to have to hide and worry that you might drop in sometime when things were happening."

Like how would I hear about it? I didn't bother asking THAT. There had to be more than this and he seemed to realize it from the expression on my face.

"OK Kelly, I guess I also need to confess something to you. I get the feeling that you sometimes come over here because you think you are doing something to help me more than because it's something YOU want to do. I just wanted you to know that you don't need to feel that way and you don't have to feel any obligations. It's not like I NEED you now for that anymore."

My heart was practically pounding out of my chest. What was he talking about? What was he trying to say? Didn't he want to fuck me anymore? Didn't he need me anymore? Then it dawned on me... was I too OLD for him? Anything was possible and I was seeing my dad in a while new light today. I knew he loved fucking me and my

my favorite stuffed bear tightly against my heaving chest. It was like I was a little girl again and indeed, I felt like one.

Needless to say, the next morning I didn't go to church, nor did I go to my father's house so he could fuck me as he usually did before church. It's not that I didn't enjoy it, plus it always felt naught to sit in the pews with his cum fresh in me, but I wasn't even close to being ready for anything like that now, not after what I had learned the day before. Instead, I spent the morning in my own prayers, trying to decide what to do and what it all meant. Here's what I came up with in the end...

First and foremost, no matter what I love my dad just as much as ever and will continue to love him. I really can't blame him for anything. Sexual addiction is a disease, not something a man can control. Even though I realize now that my dad is a true sex addict, I respect him for having tamed most of his "needs" while I grew up out of love for my mother and me. After all, he could have done what my grandfather had done with my mother and taken what was rightfully his. Just as her mother did, I am sure my mother would have stood understood and so long as I wasn't harmed, not have interfered. But unlike my grandfather, my dad loved me too much to do that - and he loved my mother too much to put her in such a predicament. God, the willpower it must have taken for him to hold himself back, especially when I now realize how badly I teased him, even if it wasn't deliberate.

Since my dad has always claimed that he didn't have to fuck me to prove he loved me, maybe now he'll have the chance to stand by that claim. The main reason I gave myself to him was to satisfy his needs, even if I didn't fully understand until now what those needs were. Sadly, it appears that I am no longer young enough to fully satisfy those needs. Still, I am his daughter and always will be. I love him just as much as ever and even if we don't have sex again for a while - or ever, that is OK with me.

Second, I still fundamentally believe in incest. It wasn't incest that brought all this about - it was sexual addiction. My father is a sex addict and if anything, incest allowed him to control his urges for many years without committing adultery. I always suspect my aunt is a sex addict as well, which helps to explain some of her actions over the years in raising her daughter. The difference is that unlike my dad, she couldn't control herself while her daughter was younger. Would Kristen have become a whore without her mother's encouragement? So many things for me to consider now?

# 5. Unanswered Questions

Still, there are so many unanswered questions which I will never know the answers to until I meet my mother again, which may have to wait for heaven the way things are going now.

Even with all this out on the table, I still don't quite understand why my mother snapped. From what I can tell, nothing was all that different. Was it just as simple as a case where it was the final straw that broke the camel's back - nothing specific but just the continual buildup over the course of more than 25 years of dealing with your husband's addiction? If so, why cut off everything with her family, even me? Did she feel it had to be that way to keep her from feeling guilty perhaps, maybe even allowing her submissive nature to return her to my father?

Another unanswered question for me is if she allowed my father to have sex with me because she knew it was something he had to do or else find someone else, then why did she love having sex with me so much? I've always talked about how different sex was with my mother and dad. With my dad, it was always father-daughter, nothing else even in role-playing. With my mom it was more like two lovers. Was that because she wanted to have me not as her daughter but as another woman? While my mother certainly wasn't straight, I'd never really seen any heavy influence towards women other than with me and her sister. Was there more lesbianism within her than I realized?

Yet another question is left lingering. My mom must have known since high school that my dad was a certifiable sex addict and pedophile so she had to realize that sooner or later he was going to have me - one way or another. In fact, it was pretty amazing that he was able to wait until I was sixteen! Given that was the case, then why didn't she let him be more forward with me sooner? Why put me in the decision-making position such that later I would feel guilty because I didn't give myself to my father first? Why did she even bother stopping me from sucking his dick when I was younger? Once I started having sex, why not let me know my dad wanted it too instead of making me feel foolish years later for not recognizing the hints he was giving me? It seems the more I learn about my mom the more complex she becomes.

Then, although it's pure curiosity and perhaps a bit of voyeurism, I'm dying to know more about the other people my dad and Aunt Linda have been seeing. What was this about couple's with younger daughters? Would he ever let me know more about it? Just how young WERE these girls? It bothered me a little that he had been so coy about that question. How long had this been going on without me knowing about it? My cousin has since claimed to know nothing but there something in the twinkling of her eyes that told me she wasn't telling me all that she knew. Given her preoccupation with young boys, was she perhaps involved as well? In the end, was he maybe just teasing me a little and "young" meant simply younger than him but at least eighteen years old? Personally, I hope so for his sake.

In the end, I suppose the REAL question is the one I don't know to ask yet. It's like the line from some song, "I wish I didn't know now the things I didn't know then." Still, once the genie is out of the bottle or Pandora's Box is opened, things can never be the same again. I was angry at my dad at first but now I more angry at myself than anything. Perhaps "angry" is the wrong word. "Disappointed" or "chagrined" are probably better choices in that I feel a little silly that all this was going on right in front of me and somehow I didn't recognize any of it. Was it because I was that unsophisticated or maybe it was more that I didn't want to see it?

Whatever the reason, it really doesn't matter. Life as I have known it will never be the same again. I can only pray ask that God continue to guide me in my life and protect me from myself.

One last thing I want to say and that is no matter how I may have phrased things here or come across, I do NOT regret anything that I have done sexually with my father or family. I still believe that incest has been a positive factor in my life and will continue to be, although I am not sure in what capacity. Will I still have sex with my dad? I am sure I will although I am just as sure that it will be less than in the past. I have grown up a lot in the more than eight years since the first time I gave myself to my father and so has he. It's only natural that our relationship change with time and I see this as just one of those things that happens.

It just goes to show that none of us knows God's plan for us. We just have to live each day as it comes which is what I try to do, even if I don't do as I say much of the time! Frankly though, I could do without ever having another such "revelation"!

# (Mar 05[4]) Chapter 207: Responses to Revelations

Story codes: nosex
Me (25)
John - my dad (45)

I recently posted a diary entry titled "(Feb 14) Chapter 206: Revelations" where I not only told up to a few secrets I'd been keeping, but also confessed to a couple of other things where I'd not been entirely truthful in the past. In doing so I told about things I learned about myself and my family life and parents. It was an extremely emotional article and difficult to write. My biggest concern was the reaction I would get from those who had been faithful readers over the years.

The initial reaction, as I expected, was mixed. Here is a sampling of some of the responses I received and my comments about them.

---

[4] Original posting date. Last update was on Mar 19, 2010.

********************

From: Moi aussi
Date: Wed, Mar 24, 2010 at 7:13 AM

Hi,

To your keyboard, I know you will make that text look better, once again English is not my best language. Revelation: sex addict, nymphomaniac ? There is no such thing as a pathology called nymphomania. It was made up by society to label women with a big sex drive. Society is scared by women sexuality, it wants to control it. There is a word for your male equivalent: macho. Are they called sex addict? No, parents are proud to have a son that is macho. You know how men's are when they talk about sexual experiences they have, they are proud, when women talk about theirs, they are always ashamed or people try to make them feel guilt.

Sex addict, can't we just call it a hobby? You know by now their two kind of sex, on type that include love the other type just plain fun so why do you wonder about being an addict or nymphomaniac?

I like to masturbate or have sex at least once a day, like I eat 3 times a day, drink water, go to the gym 3 times a week and so on. I'm 40 and it stills goes on People are jealous. Some people don't like others to have fun in life. For example the gays, they don't like bisexuals persons. Why ? Because they enjoy sex with both men and women.

Some gays never accept their orientation and are tortures, seeing people have fun either way just make them jealous. People that call you names are jealous, there is a saying that the cat that can't catch the piece of meat that hangs too high in the tree, will say that is rotten. So people that can't have you, control you or have the chance to live experience that you live will spit on you. A other thing about man, one guy says to the other: did you fuck her? If the other answers yes, the first guy will say: what a whore, if the guy says no the first guy will say : what a whore...see you can't win.

About your father, seems like you have a need for submission and you love to break rules. You intellectualized sex it is not just a physical need but also emotional. You say your father loves you, hmm, does he bring you flowers, goes out to dinner with you and do those entire thing that lovers do? I know you're going to say he loves you the way a father loves his daughter, but still when I love or appreciate a women I like to do these little thing. When I like her body and her sex drive I just fuck her and go away. On my behalf I would say there are a few women I needed, just a few. The smell of their body, the shape of their pussy, the way they sucked, how they screamed I just needed them so bad. Just a phone call to ask them to come and fuck them and after that send them away. Why ? Because I didn't love them I had no need to get close to them beside sex.

********************

From: dexgreen
Date: Wed, 24 Mar 2010 09:39:03 -0400
Subject: revelations

Dear Kelly,

I read your post titled "revelations." I feel really bad for you. Losing your mother is a terrible thing. This may be worse than losing her in a car wreck.

The internet is a funny thing. You have many people who read your site and email you, but to your readers you are the only one. I just read your diary and since it is your diary I feel like I'm close to you.

But, of course you don't know me!

I suppose this does not really make sense but what I want to say is that if I say the wrong thing-it is not that I am attacking you personally, I may think I am a good enough friend to disagree with you. But, since you don't know me at all, you may think I'm a heckler or something.

Anyway...

I would like to make a few observations.

1. I have observed some local folks who were in the "swinging" lifestyle in the 1970's. Somehow it didn't work out so well for their families. They are very nice people, kind of like grandparents now, but their focus on sex, opened them up to the same sorts of problems you have had.
2. Which leads to this observation. Sex seems to be a lot about control and submission. When you denied your father, he later called you and said he "needed" you. You went to him and he made you submit and you accepted something which was offensive to you.
3. As I said, I have not been reading your site because of some of the issues people get into here. Do you think that when you get people to talk about certain things you are also doing an dominate/submissive role scene? (That was not to be mean or put you down it was just something to think about.)
4. You may want to remove some of your comments about your father. Saying that he is currently involved in something illegal is a lot different than saying this is a story you made up about a fantasy which involved yourself.

5. Are you really sure that you need to submit yourself to your father? You are now an adult? What does this submission mean? Is it to be respectful or is it to do whatever he asks of you? At what point do you want to build your own life?

I am writing to you because I feel like I know you from reading your diaries. I like you. I think you are a really good writer. I think you should be happy. I think we all need God's love and forgiveness daily. As I said earlier have stopped closely following your site because many things discussed here disturb me. This does not mean I am condemning you or dislike you. I just believe differently. Again, I love your diary because it is about you and I've followed you for a number of years. I want your life story to have a happy ending. This is a strange letter because I'm trying to encourage you but yet I feel I'm being negative. I don't want to be negative, I actually care about you. (I know it is the internet and none of us may be real) I want to say that life is one foot in front of the other. New things develop, some good and some bad. You strive to make the best choices.

You are given a hand of cards-good or bad, and your faith in God helps you play your hand. Do the best you can in everything. Search for God with an honest and open heart and you will be led.

That sounds cheesy but I've found it helpful.

Good luck and I hope life improves for you.

De

P.S. Please don't put me in your hate mail! If this annoys you please just throw it away and I won't bother you again...

********************

From: Sean A.
Sent: Mon, March 22, 2010 4:05:03 AM
Subject: RE: your last diary entry

Hi Kelly,

I read the last diary post, "the reconciliation", a few days ago and have been meaning to write to you ever since but couldn't. The main reason for this delay is that I wanted to say so much about so many different things and there was never enough time to do it. Finally, I decided to "just do it" but write in "installments" if necessary. LOL. Basically, there are 3 things. First: Your style of writing/storytelling. It is just SO unique & SO enjoyable. As you know, most porn writers, like porn movies, follow one of the two styles. Either it is wall to wall fucking...furious, hard, animalistic, raw fucking! There is little, if any, story build up & dialogue is limited to something like, " OH YESSS!! FUCK ME!!!!! FUCK MY PUSSY!! SHOVE YOUR BIG HARD COCK IN MY FUCKING CUNT!! OH GAWDDDDDD!! I AM CUMMMMMMMINNNNGGGGGGG!!!!"

HaHaHa. I confess, there are times I can enjoy that kind of porn :)

Then there is the "couples" type porn. There is plenty of romance, feelings, long foreplay and a nice build up. I like that very much, esp if it is sprinkled with or ends with some good hard fucking. :) But you don't follow either. You have a rather unique style, very much your own. It is as if we are two close friends & you are sitting down & chatting about the last date. You take your time explaining the background, your thoughts, hopes, fears, expectations, trepidations etc etc. I like it when you digress because that's what do we do in real life chats. Everything is "as seen thru your eyes". We begin to (almost) experience what you are experiencing. Case in point, the last entry. When you were getting fucked by your dad and he was squeezing & massaging your gorgeous ass cheeks, pulling them apart, stretching your pussy lips apart & exposing & opening your very vulnerable asshole, I was ROCK hard! :) When he asked you to hand him the lotion, I almost lost it. Such a huge turn on!

But then, as he started to ignore your protests, pleas & pains and pushed his cock inside rather mercilessly, I went limp!!! Completely! I lost all interest! I felt SO sorry about your discomfort, pain & humiliation. Just shows you how you make your readers identify with you! :)

********************

From: Keith D.
Date: Fri, Mar 19, 2010 at 6:10 AM
Subject: long time reader

Hi Kelly,

I'm a long time reader but have never written before. I have always found your stories to be fun and exceptionally hot but after reading revelations and reconciliation I've got to say it moved me to write for an entirely different reason. I know you love your father but his use of you borders on abuse and while I can't judge anyone I hate that he has hurt you so. I'm 44 yo myself and this one really brought out the paternal side in me. made just want to hold you and tell you it'll be alright. I pray that God will give you peace and compassion in the days ahead.

Keith

==================

Kelly's Response:

It's touching to know total strangers have grown to know me through my web site to where they can feel this deeply about me. At times I want to quit because it seems nobody cares but then I get a letter like this one and I know there are people out there reading about me and being concerned for me. It's a nice feeling!

********************

On Sat, Mar 13, 2010 at 7:24 AM, Moi aussi wrote:

Hi

First what is it with you American to bring good into every situation, here in Canada it isn't so, better reach for a friend to share your pain, just like that. :))))

Second, bad english tried my best

Yes, for me too the revelation it was a shock, now I have to go thru your whole diary again with a different perspective.

What I think is that you don't have to look for answers or try to understand. I was told once in any kind of relationship, we always seek a personal interest, a need. It is always like that. Your father, i presume here, it was to satisfy his need for young girls, and how convenient it was his daughter. You,. I don't know, sexual needs, to explore sexuality, pleasing your father being up to what your father wanted from you ?. Anyway it is for you to find out.

The revelation of your father: maybe it is a way not to impose a burden on you to come every week or to get you involved with the other young girls, since you generally don't caution underage sex, he doesn't know how to ask you to join in. But I think the most important fact is that he loves you, if he didn't he wouldn't care to just turn his back on you and never say why. We don't need to share or explain or behavior to a person we don't have any consideration for. At least for me it is that way. Some time I wonder if it is better to have a submissive sexual toy that just "shuts the fuck up" or a sex partner with who I can rationalize, any of these situation have their pro's and con's.

As being a sex addict, it is not pathology if your father functions well in society, if it doesn't get in the way of his responsibility. Let says a drug addict or any addict will destroy himself to the point of dying of it or harm itself, is it the case of your father? Pedophile, isn't a man that ONLY enjoy sex with young people and can't get it up with adult? If your father likes any age, he is just a pervert like us all or enjoying different kind of sexual situation. Make a parallel with food, if you don't eat meat you're a vegetarian, some day you eat out, some day you eat home, always comforting to eat home, no? Some day you go to the fast-food for a quick one, some day you have the full service...anyway..

On your side, being clueless.. not really your fault you focused on pleasure, love not the twist and turn of relationships. It is true you're a very intelligent person , very nice to read your text, love the way you handle chats and you seem to be a good person. There isn't much girl like you around. I met some focus on sex but damn they were dumb, an intellectual desert, my gf is like you intellectually but too much closed on sexuality with more than 2. She fills my every day needs as a companion, intellectually, I which she was as pervert like me but her insecurity it very high. I was told only 5%(to put a number) enjoy sex for sex as a hobby or activity, the others have issues.

There is no such thing as adultery it is a conception of the society as long as the rules are establish between individual those rules prevails. Your mother accepted them in the beginning it is her right to get out of the relationship when she feels like it, well, to cut off any contact with you I think is wrong but...

I hope you won't go around wondering too much, that you will go on with your life and focus on your needs and ours as readers. If you like to please your father and you love him he seems ok with that, why wonder, have fun. Everybody wants a piece of you, as I can understand, you can be picky, enjoy but don't let anybody influence your freewill, your freedom. And please stop it with that god thing, if there was any as it is describe you, all your readers and fans would of been struck by lightning by now. :))))

On a other subject, I read your text on the Indian casino, I didn't like the way it ended, what bunch of low life guys you came across, they were not thankful of I to have the chance to meet you and have shared the experience with you. I would have and always am when I come across a women like yourself that let me please her and enjoys it

If you come to Montreal one day let me know, I know you don't meet people from the net , but if you go to a swinger club in Montreal tell me when and where it is anonymous there.

Thank you for keeping you site up and your hard work very exciting, interesting and brings introspection
Pat
=================
Kelly's Response:

Wow, quite a letter! I totally disagree with the part about adultery as I believe in God and the Bible but the rest of it was quite touching and interesting to read.

********************

On Sat, Mar 13, 2010 at 11:56 AM, BobofM wrote:

Kelly, your candor is what makes your site so compelling along with your, to say the least, very entertaining narratives. As a longtime reader I understand your concealing your mom's divorce with the false story of her death. The divorce was also shocking too as is your mom's decision to cut herself off from you.

I'm very sorry for your present distress that your father has seen fit to inflict on you, shattering your illusions about your relationship with him, if I have it right, by telling you that his sexual involvement with you over the years since you were sixteen has been more about his desire for sex with yourself as a young girl than a loving act of incestual sex between father and daughter.

You recognize that your dad is a pedophile. Any psychologist would not be surprised that your mom, a victim of coerced sex, basically child rape, by her own father along with her sister, Aunt Linda, would be drawn to someone like your father. She knew that your dad wanted you as a prepubescent girl but fended him off saying it would only be ok if down the road you initiated sex with him but hoped it wouldn't come to that. Of course it did come to that as your dad did everything to provoke you sexually and finally got you at sixteen when you initiated sex with him.

Your dad is no more a "sex addict" than you are. Labeling someone an addict absolves them of a lot of responsibility for their actions. We all are born with a sex drive but how we handle it separates pedophiles, adulterers, molesters, from the rest. In your story Tent Sex (a very funny story) you restrained yourself from sex with an underage boy because you recognize that no adult should be involved sexually with a minor, that its illegal because it's very wrong.

A previous responder pointed out that you and your dad's continuing intense incestual relationship evidently became increasingly intolerable for your mom when she found herself replaced by her own daughter as your dad prefers young girls and you became 'the other woman.' You dad's affairs with other underage girls, along with her sister could only have exacerbated things. Of course your mom was complicit in all this.

You are a person of character and integrity. You've always sought to be a loyal and loving daughter but here your dad has treated you callously. He has always loved and supported you but he is driven by his sexual compulsions.

I think that you need to turn your attention to your teaching career in order to become personally and financially independent. You know that you need to get a job teaching in the public school system as you will never make any decent money teaching in private schools. You have to do whatever it takes to secure a decent job even if it means going back to school to get an advanced degree, an MA.

You have the rest of your life ahead of you so throw yourself into your career and things will open up for you and brighter days will follow.

Best,

Bob

=================

Kelly's Response:

He raises a good point when he says my dad is no more a sex addict than I am. Well, am I? I have certainly been accused of it in the past, not to mention being labeled a nymphomaniac amongst other things which I wouldn't mention in civilized company. What do you think?

********************

From: Samuel J.
Sent: Thu, February 25, 2010 10:40:21 PM

Hey Kelly,

Read your last entry, that was a powerful one. I am sorry that your dad let you done, sort of. You've always written that you loved to have sex with him because you were his daughter and it was your responsibility, because you loved him... I've always thought that these people who write their "stories" on your site don't get what you perceive to be a "good" incestual relationship. But now it seems like you dad was more like these guys who steal their daughter's panties and cum on them... not because they love them, but because they are just horny old men... not much love there.

I hope that you are doing better, I'd imagine that was hard for you to put down into words.

Sam

=================

Kelly's Response:

I don't know if my dad "let me down" so much as "led me on." Even then, it wasn't that he didn't love me or respect me, the scales were just tilted far more to the "lust" side than I'd ever imagined. So far as I know, my dad never stole my panties or anything like guys on my web site do with their daughters; but then he didn't have to since he always had the "real" thing available to him – me whereas the guys on my site can only fantasize about having sex with their daughters. Sure, my dad was horny but then, aren't all men?

********************

From: Drew T.
Sent: Thu, February 25, 2010 9:24:21 PM

Kelly,

That is a lot to take in. I hope no one hassles you about the 'scenario'. You were always up front that some things were embellished. I can't imagine how many different things are going on right now. Best wishes.

=================

Kelly's Response:

Yes, I have always tried to be honest what is true and what is not on my site, even when the "true" stuff is not 10% accurate I've tried to make that clear. You would think people would understand why I protect my privacy but there are still those out there that seem to expect me to publish my name and address and phone number before they believe me.

********************

From: Jonathan H.
Sent: Fri, February 26, 2010 9:40:23 AM

Dear Kelly

How are you. I read your latest post where you talk about your mom and dad and growing up. I don't really know what to say about it all. I can't imagine the turmoil you must be going through. I am definitely praying for you. I you want to talk you can. I maybe don't have any special insight but I care and I can listen. Also I am a Christian. Regardless you are in my thoughts and prayers and I hope things go well for you. Take care.

Fondly,
Jonathan

=================

Kelly's Response:

It never hurts to have someone pray for you! Thank God for my faith as it's what helps me get through times like this.

********************

From: Sean A.
Sent: Fri, February 26, 2010 3:00:14 PM

Dear Kelly,

We had exchanged a few emails about a year ago. I haven't emailed for a while due to some personal issues which has kept me occupied. I have, however, visited your site from time to time. I just read your last entry, "Revelations". To say that I felt devastated would not be much of an exaggeration. It is funny how we develop emotional attachment to people who we have only read about, have never met, & never will, and may not even exist in the real world! I apologize for the last statement. I DO believe that you are "real" but I am talking about cyber-world in general.

As I was saying, I felt very sad for you and strangely enough on a personal level too. Reading all that about your mom, I had developed a great deal of admiration, respect & affection for who she was & how she was. I was quite offended by Maria's ( I think ) most degrading & humiliating story about your mom and cheered when you kicked her out. You always wrote about your mom with such love & devotion and about your dad too. Their marital relationship seemed ideal. I guess it was too good to be true.

Still, based upon what I read, I had formed an idealistic vision of your parents. Now, it is like a fairy tale exposed, like a temple destroyed! Please forgive me for looking at it from my personal perspective. By no means am I trying to ignore or belittle your loss. That is a given! and you have expressed it quite eloquently in your diary. You must feel SO devastated, perhaps cheated, for all those facts which were kept hidden from you for so long. I feel for you and pray that you can cope with it the best way possible. I know you will! Funny thing, reading this last post, I kept hoping that maybe someone has hacked into your site and has written this fake diary. I am still hoping for that but, sadly, the writing style of this post is very similar to the others. So, I am afraid it is genuine. :( Btw, do you know why your mom has severed her contacts with you? To me, it is a puzzle. She has some genuine issues with your dad but why any anger towards you? I was going to say some things about your dad but I don't think you need to hear that. Plus, this email is already too long and you are probably ready to doze off.

:)

Sean
=================
Kelly's Response:

I do feel touched at times at how people who have followed me over the years react to me. After all, I've been telling people about some of the most intimate and special times of my life for almost seven years now! I just wish more people who have been reading about me over the years would get in touch with me too.

********************

From: Sean A.
Sent: Mon, March 1, 2010 2:47:04 AM

Hello again, :) I respect your wishes about not judging your dad harshly. Plus, who am I to judge anyway? I have more than my share of faults & sins, I couldn't possibly cast any stones. You are, undoubtedly, a very smart women ( not to mention gorgeous & incredibly sexy ) so you know exactly what has taken place in your life. You took an exceptionally bold step by revealing everything with such candor. I bet that there are plenty of your readers who are waging their fingers, assigning blames and spitting out all kinds of advice. I just want to support you in however you feel & whatever you do. I only hope that it does not embitter you much and you continue to love your parents & continue to thrill us horny bastards & bitches here. Haha.

Do you think your mom may have had some strong resentments towards you because of your close sexual relationship with your dad? I get the sense that your mom was never in favor your dad fucking you. She was afraid that it may be inevitable but she delayed it as long as she could. I think her precondition that " only when she wants it & initiates it" was based on a hope that you will never initiate it. When that did take place, she was disappointed & resentful. These feelings only intensified with the continued strong love/sex bond between the two of you even into your adult life ( novelty did NOT wear off ). Although your dad fucked quite a few other women, he did not love them, not even Linda, they he loved you. So, YOU became the "other woman" & the object of her jealousy & resentment. It was your "fault" because you "initiated" it.

Btw, may I ask you why you decided not to post any more of your chats? I love to read them, especially the ones with Kay ( Kay_slut) You know something? I have not seen a picture of either you or your mom ( or anyone else ) but you paint such a vivid picture in words that it is easy to imagine how beautiful you and your mom must be, both inside & out... not to mention unbelievably sexy! It is hard not to love you guys. Really?? not many comment about chats? Wonder why? Well, I am glad to be in the minority who love, LOVE your chats. I dare say that I get even more "turn on " from them than most stories ( not talking about your diary entries). I guess probably because the chats seem more real. I know, I know, they are not any more real than the stories but it is easy to get into the "live chat". I guess, I am not making much sense here, am I? lol

Now, I know you are going to ask me what I liked most & what I liked the least. Well, the most I think would be your chats with Kay. The one where you two had almost cybersex, OH MY GOD! ;) That made me cum! :p

The least liked has to be some chats where you appear to be coaxing a dad to do things to his VERY young kids. Just not my thing. I find it a total turn off. Of course, it is just fantasy. I strongly doubt any of them would actually DO anything but still...

Do you still chat with Kay? If not, why not? Do you think I could try to contact her? Kelly, I love your site but more than that, I LOVE to communicate with you. I thank you for answering my emails even though they are pretty "vanilla" & not very interesting. You are amazing & truly one of a kind!

:)

Love,
Sean

=================

Kelly's Response:

I don't post many chats anymore because frankly, there are not that many that I think people would care to read and it's a lot of work to download and format them to make the readable.

things now. "You should really work on your opinion here. It will not be a good idea if you tolerate him just because he is your daddy"

After I finished your latest diary entry I just wanted to be removed from you site as soon as possible. A very important argument to write you in the first place was that I thought you would be less brainwashed in my particular direction then the norm. Well it is true, but its not nearly as open minded as I first hoped you were. When I read through the diary entries and chats and what else you have there, there were always ups and downs but in the end I thought you would tolerate me. Your answers were always polite or even encouraging to write more.

Over time I learned that you would be disgusted by the age alone if it fell under your "limit". I now belief that you even think that young children cannot have orgasms not to speak of positive experiences with adults. Well I am not sure for the later because of different reasons, but I can assure you of the first one. I did for as long as I remember and I sure didn't stop until I reached an orgasm. Ask Kristen about this.

Anyway, I came to the conclusion that asking you to remove my stuff would send the wrong message. I don't comment this further, but I am happy that another opinion (my stuff) is out there in the big wide world for anyone to read. It's not the ultimate world changing conclusion and I may be wrong in some/more cases and I sure am not the best writer and writing in a foreign language doesn't help either but at least I am happy that there is something different.

And, and that's the important part, I still love you! Even if your open-mindness doesn't reach my territory, it's a WORLD more than most people would tolerate.

The following excerptions hurt my feelings so I had to comment them directly. The comments may sound harsh but I don't care. I think you deserved it here.

"Sexual addiction is a disease, not something a man can control. Even though I realize now that my dad is a true sex addict, I respect him for having tamed most of his "needs" while I grew up out of love for my mother and me."

What makes him different then you? You masturbate at least 2 times a day and don't mind a 2 hour pussy-licking from Kristen. Where is the line? I masturbate 1-2 times a day too, am I still healthy or do I have this sexual addiction disease myself? This is not meant to offend you. I really don't understand why you put yourself in a position where you can point to someone else who is slightly different (well, is he at all? don't you need it just the same?). It sounds like you are mother Theresa and he is a bad demon directly from hell.

Pointing isn't nice, especially when you are not so much away lust-wise. What is the point in pointing anyway? Does it make it easier for you and your own demons?

If you think that his porn differs the two of you than I can only say: Look in the mirror girl. Look at your page, look at the tributes, look at the chats. Look at all the TIME you spent there and god knows where else.

To conclude: if you think your father should be healed than you say the same about yourself. (a disease is curable, right?). If that's what you think than its ok. What I don't like is the pointing.

"..and pedophile so she had to realize that sooner or later he was going to have me - one way or another."

This is just evil. How can you sleep with such thoughts in your head? If I were your father I would have a really HARD time to forgive you this. Maybe you should leave his life so you really don't end up like your grandmother, having to live with guilt for tolerating things that are not tolerable in your opinion. Maybe ask HIM about an advise. And your mom too.

Well anyway, keep your head up high Kelly. Everybody has their issues. Like you said, life will never be the same again but never forget that it's you who live your future. You ARE a wonderful person and I don't see any reason why you shouldn't learn from this to improve your life. Your daddy still loves you and ALLWAYS will no matter what.

Luv,

Jules

==================

Kelly's Response:

Wow, what can I say to something like this? What CAN say is that in a way I feel vindicated in that I have always tried to be open minded when it comes to other people's lifestyles and beliefs and fantasies. Hopefully this just goes to show that just because someone disagrees with me I don't censor them or otherwise berate them personally. I'm not shy to say when I disagree, but at the same time that's MY opinion and not a judgment of the person.

Note he wrote me back after this was posted...

*********************

From: Jules P.

Sent: Sun, March 7, 2010 6:04:00 PM

Subject: Re: Diary

Hi Kelly,

when I read the other responses to your revelation entry I felt like a troll. Most people focus on you and how you must feel now, even offering that you can talk to them anytime and such things. This is how I like to be myself but I am no machine and I try to learn. I know you like guys who know what they want, be strong and confident. I am not. I read accusations and judgment where you tried to realize and analyze things. I felt accused myself in my sexuality and wrote a letter out of that perspective. Now I am sitting here like a boy who knows he didn't handle things right and feels kind of embarrassed. I tried to give support too ("I know your daddy is going to heaven" etc.) but my misinterpreting you and my harsh tone turned this mail in a direction I wish I could make undone.

Sorry Kelly!

Jules

********************

From: Tom W.
Sent: Sun, February 28, 2010 4:10:32 AM

Hi Kelly,

I read your story on "Revelation" and learned a few things. Let's just say, "I'm naive, too." You refer to yourself as "clueless." Well, what I have found out in life that naive people are usually the honest, trusting people. The kind of people that are good. I will say, I liked you enough to research your "Mom's" death, but I learned a lot about that spectrum. Only because, I liked you. Anyway, it was a death in a way to the family, so that kind of a lie, on this website is acceptable. Really, I wonder how many people reading your website think everything is true, false, or guess, really what it is all about. For a while, I thought your website was to find pedophiles for the police. (It still might be.) I'm not sure! Let's just say, I think about all your writing. I'm an old writer too. I don't write about sex, that's way yours is so interesting. All I want to say is that you should go talk to your Mom. It sounds like she has been through a lot. At first, I would say, " Mom, I just wanted to see you." Take everything easy until she tells you. For her to make such a drastic move; she had reasons; I give her credit; there is only so much time on this planet and she hit this level. She has a lot of wisdom to tell you. Maybe in time. All I can say, don't hold grudges, talk to her, if she doesn't want to talk, give it a rest, and try another day. We are like trees! We grow up! But the older trees have a lot of wisdom. Mothers have a role of teaching their children. Her walking out was for you and her.

Love yah,

==============

Kelly's Response:

Some interesting comments. Take for instance the point about his researching my mother's "death". Is it any wonder I take my privacy so seriously. I am sure many people have tried to find clues in my diary as to my real identity which is why I am so careful about it.

********************

From: "fishman_6101"
Sent: Mon, March 1, 2010 10:34:22 PM

Kelly,

We have chatted a few times over the years and I did a few tributes. I always love reading your site, stories, chats etc.

Your update on revelations is hard to read, knowing how much you have done and loved over the years with your dad. It just takes my breath away why in the world did he need to tell you that. What is the benefit except to hurt you?

Just know this Kelly while I'm not family just a fan like many others I care and appreciate what you have shared with me and made me so happy for over 4-5 years at least.

Always remember that many people do care about you.

=================

Kelly's Response:

I don't think my dad had any intention to hurt me or he could have told me everything long before then. Eventually it had to come out and I guess I'm glad it did so at least I can deal with it. Wow, 4-5 years? I wish people would write me sooner!

*********************

From: Random Tourist
Sent: Tue, March 2, 2010 2:36:51 AM

I just read your latest diary entry. Due to your admittance of previous "lies" maybe I should take this with a grain of salt. But I understand your position. I am going to just assume the gist of this is true and go from there.

My thoughts are with you. You find yourself in an uncomfortable position of having to re-evaluate your life and what you thought you knew. You still have questions. It is not clear what type of relationship exists with your mother. I would suggest you talk with her. Preferably with a visit. It is never a bad time to try and rebuild your relationship with family. You are an adult and should be able to have a calm conversation which helps you to further understand things. I would suggest from what I have read that she made decisions to protect you. I will not speculate on why the final decision was made and neither should you when it is possible to get the real answer.

The simple answer is that you were used. You realize it now and it doesn't feel good no matter how you rationalize it. I think your question about the age of the "others" casts light on something in the back of your mind also. You are a teacher now. You understand how easily young minds can be swayed and directed. What if they don't have a parent who has the long term well-being of the child at the forefront when making decisions? Someone like your mother.

I hope that through introspection and further answers you reach the peace we all deserve.

I have a little saying, "When you close you eyes what do you see? What might have been, or what's going to be?"

Be good and do the right thing.

ps

I realize we don't know each other. I am sure you have good friends to confide in. But if you need anyone to talk to who isn't so close to things I am here. I know you might think it inappropriate, but I am would be willing to listen and talk on the phone also. Just putting it out there.

==================
Kelly's Response:

My first reaction as I read this was a little indignation at the accusatory tone, but then it mellowed out somewhat and my blood pressure subsided. Was I used? Of course I was but we all use other people whether we like to admit it or not.

*********************

From: Chris T.
Sent: Tue, March 2, 2010 12:46:29 PM

Kelly:

I was really surprised by the recent (February 14th) entry to your diary. I had been touched by the news you put out about the death of your mother and how you and your father coped with the situation. I know how it feels to lose a parent. Then the news that your mother was not only alive, but that your parents had divorced was a big shock. The further revelation of your father's misleading need for your young body really caught me off guard. It must have taken a great deal of courage and trust in your readers to write that entry. You must know that there are thousands out here who really have connected with you and are wishing you strength to deal with your life. We are praying for you and hoping that you will be able to deal with this new period of your life. May God bless you and keep you, Chris

==================
Kelly's Response:

One of the benefits of being relatively "anonymous" on my web site is that I feel free to express my views and talk about myself in ways I never would if the people reading it actually knew me and I had to face them personally. It was more concern over what people would say than any courage on my part. It is hard to comprehend sometimes that so many people out there actually follow my web site and life!

*********************

From: wylodm
Sent: Wed, March 3, 2010 6:08:17 PM

Kelly,

I've been a fan for a long time, but never before "Revelations" have I been moved to write. I know that authors enjoy feedback, and so I do feel somewhat bad about not expressing to you the enjoyment I've gotten from your site over the years, but the honest truth of it is that I'm just not usually expressive in that way. Nonetheless, I feel that the time is right to write to you.

I'm quite certain that "Revelations," though well written, can only communicate only a fraction of the distress you felt upon learning what you did. That your father was not completely honest with you over the years seems undeniable. Of course, if your other diary entries show any of the truth of him at all, it seems likewise undeniable that he does care about you. Still, I can only imagine how you feel having learned that your parents' relationship with each other and, indeed, your father's relationship with you were not what you thought.

That said, I have only the following to offer.

Don't beat yourself up too much for not seeing your father as he really was; it's so often hard to see our parents as real people, with all the human foibles and faults, rather than as sort of omnipresent entities of some sort. As someone who's lost his father, I urge that as angry and upset with him as you are right now, try to remember, too, that he does love you.

I also hope that this experience doesn't lead you to give up on familial incest as a way of life. I've never had that experience, but I believe in it firmly; someday, perhaps, I will meet someone else who does, too.

Finally, I hope you don't see yourself as anything other than a supremely desirable young woman, a woman who is not only sexy but smart and poised and talented, as well (if your diary entries are any indication, anyway!). Finding out that your father would rather have sex with younger girls must be a blow, I understand, but there are as many different preferences as there are people on this earth, and you shouldn't ever think that you are undesirable because just one man prefers something else. Besides, if his lines in your diary entry are representative of his actual feelings, then I'd say that he still thinks you're pretty hot, too, whatever else he might like.

I've read your diary and your fantasies, followed your links and just generally acquainted myself with your life - or at least the parts of it you show on the web - over the years. I know I don't know you, but I feel as if I know something about your life, and what little I do know has engendered in me no small amount of, well, fondness for you. We must all deal with disappointment and hardship in this life, but if it is possible that my letter can assuage your distress in even some small way, I will feel as if I've done something worthwhile here.

Best wishes always,
LWS

==============

Kelly's Response:

I often wonder how many people out there would like to write me but never do for one reason or another. He is right about how it is nice to get feedback and to hear from people as to how they react to what they read. Sometimes I feel like nobody is reading anything or cares about me so why am I bothering? So it was nice to hear from a "first-timer".

Final note: So do you have anything to add to the "conversation". Was I wrong to lie about my mother's "death" in lieu of admitting to my parent's divorce? I still think I did the right thing but maybe you disagree with me. As I mentioned, it's nice to get feedback so please feel to offer your comments and suggestions.

********************

From: Ben
Sent: Sat, March 6, 2010 10:00:23 PM
Subject: Revelations.

Dear Kelly,

I read your diary entry, Revelations, and it has haunted me for days now. My heart goes out to you. I was about 22 when the truth came out and I discovered that my father was a pedophile and had sexually abused my sister for 9 years, from the time she was 5 until she was 14. I had the "good fortune" of only being subjected to beatings and constant psychological abuse. Back then my job was to be the model child to support the family's front of normalcy and provide my parents with a sop for their conscience. I can truly understand your anger and that terrible feeling of having a veil lifted from your eyes. All of a sudden your entire life and childhood are cast in an entirely different and thoroughly unwelcome light. Sometimes I felt like everything made so much more sense, at other times my childhood seemed like something bizarrely reflected in distorted fun-house mirrors. On a side note, telling the truth about your father, revealing your parents' divorce and the lie about your mother's death does the same thing with your entire diary. All of a sudden everything changes. Although I value honesty, I think that you did the right thing for you when you wrote that your mother had died rather than telling the tale of their divorce. However, I sincerely hope that you contact your mother again. Having been estranged from both my parents I know how important it is to rebuild at least some form of bridge. Yet, having said that, it also takes two to tango. I discovered that you can only achieve so much, especially when people (our parents and family, for example) would rather bury the truth or bend it to suit themselves. Your mileage may vary. One thing I truly respect is the fact that you have the integrity to say that you still love your father. In the face of things like this, both love and forgiveness are definitely the roads less traveled. That is something else that I understand only too well. Too many people are too quick to condemn and too few are willing to look deeper, understand and forgive. It took me a long time to accept the fact that, despite everything, I still loved my father and even went on to forgive him. It is very hard to hate someone or something that you understand so well. My own experiences with incest have been a lot less fun than your own. That, combined with the way I was raised and discovering that the man I identified so strongly with was a

pedophile left me with a lot of unhappy baggage when it came to my own sexuality, but that's a happy (not to mention hot) tale for another time. I mention the baggage because reading your diary and your thoughts once helped me to reflect on and change my own approach to my sexuality. Thanks. I hope you come through this ok.
Love,
Ben.

PS: Hug also from my grateful wife: Ain't family grand?

=================

Kelly's Response:

Well, if there is one thing I learned, even when you THINK you have a good incestual relationship there can still be problems so it's not surprising when others have issues at well.

********************

From: J P
Sent: Sat, March 6, 2010 11:24:53 PM
Subject: Gone but back again...

Kelly...

I first off would like to apologize for my previous actions... When we last spoke, you sent me some photos for tributes but I was unable to... Complications of a professional nature arose, ensued, and have now been overcome... If you still wish for these tributes, well I feel it would be only right to send them... But only if you wish...

Anyway, first off... I'm happy that you didn't lose your mom to death as you had previously written... I was at first puzzled at why you chose that option vice speaking the truth... However, after reading your "Revelations", I can understand why you did... You wanted your privacy and while I had known when I first began this website that some of the stuff you wrote were not accurate for several reasons (i.e. your privacy, to speed along the story, etc.) and I digress... Bottom line is that you can count one more fan in the "support" column...

I do have two question... I understand in advance if you choose not to answer but I would like to understand a couple of things... Have you had any contact with your mom following "Revelations"? I think you're mom's feelings and thoughts may be more revealing to you and I'm curious to hear them, vice what your dad has said about her actions on the matter... If nothing else, remember that when all else is lost, family is all we have left (but I think you already know that)... The second question is if you have talked to your Aunt since? She obviously was the one that forced this to a head...

I understand a lot of what you said in your journal entry and while I've never tried to pass judgment on writings (since it's always been my experience that I cannot comment on stuff I have not experienced myself), I would like to offer a couple of thoughts:

- I don't think you were "naive"... In my humble opinion, you were "blinded" by love... In other words, you trusted your dad and thought what he was doing was the right way, despite not seeing his true intentions until he laid them out... Personally, I think you are too hard on yourself and too easy on your dad...

- I once thought your dad a lucky bastard... I think he's more of a deceptive one now to have led you along as he did... And now that his "control" (i.e. your mom and their marriage) is out of the picture, I'm concerned not only for what he may do, but what may happen because of it... I hope for your sake, you take some steps to protect yourself...
- You have questions and I personally think you have every right to find them out for, if nothing else, your own knowledge and I hope you do... You may not get any answers and the ones you do get may not be to your liking, but I hope you do...

I hope I have crossed no lines and hope you do find brighter days ahead... Keep your head up... Life may suck but that's why we grab helmets... Take care and look forward to hearing from you...
Joe
=================
Kelly's Response:

I answered his questions but I hope others are not thinking my dad is a bad person. He has issues like any man does and I love him very much.

********************

From: Sam
Sent: Sun, March 7, 2010 7:43:47 AM
Subject: Recent Story

Dear Kelly,

We've chatted a few times, it's been a while since we chatted though. I'm sorry to hear about your recent experience with your dad. Not only was he your dad, but he was also a loving figure in your life, and it almost has the feel of a guy/girl that you care deeply about, telling you that you're not enough. I'm truly sorry that you experienced that. I do forgive you by the way with telling us that your mother died, I'm glad it didn't actually happen, and it's your choice what to tell us and let us in on your life, after all it's your journal so you don't even have to tell us anything. I hope things are going better for you, and I hope to chat again with you sometime soon.
Ciao bella, Sam

==============

Kelly's Response:

Well, at least he forgave me!

********************

From: Rebecca S.
Sent: Tue, March 9, 2010 2:05:06 AM
Subject: I'm a Fan!

Dear Kelly,

My name is Rebecca, and normally I try to avoid the whole, sending emails to people because I'm sure they get a lot of emails and don't need to read another one. But you mentioned that you like feedback, so I thought I'd put in my two cents. For what it's worth, I hope my insight helps you, assuming that the details I have gathered thus far are accurate.

The wonderful part about your upbringing was that it taught you to not be ashamed of one of the most natural things in the world. Sex, love, affection. The whole fundamental concept (in theory) is that you love your family, its pleasurable, it's not hurting anyone as long as its consensual, which is what I think your mother was really trying to enforce. And if you think about it, you'll understand why and you will thank her for it. Granted I think she should have made it clear to EVERYONE involved that it was your decision, but that's me.

I live with a small family of two men. I love and support the two men. If that means that they require "pillowing," I am more than happy to oblige. I see it as my duty. Women are the heart of the home. What better way to say, I love you, than to give pleasure and surrender completely to them. To say, I love you, and accept you, no matter what. I think that's pretty moral. I don't say this to compare my situation to yours, only so that you can see that we are kindred spirits of sorts.

I know I'm getting long winded here so I'll try to wrap this up. I'm not known to be succinct. Although I am known to be a HORRIBLE speller. My point is this. You have some difficult questions to ask yourself. And I want to really encourage you to sit down and write out some rules and morals. Things YOU believe in. Was it right for your mother to make sure you had a voice, a RIGHT to choose whether or not you wanted the relationship with no pressure of Parental pleasure/displeasure ? Was it right of her to not inform you that it was your choice and what your father wanted?

Ultimately, only you can decide what is right and wrong. Stay strong in your beliefs, and this too shall pass. I'd give you a hug if I could hun.

Sincerely,

Rebecca

=================

Kelly's Response:

One of the few female responses. I wasn't sure how to respond to this one. How would YOU have responded?

# (Mar 13) Chapter 208: Reconciliation

Story codes: MF F-solo oral inc father daughter
Me (25)
John - my dad (45)

Until a month ago I would have contended that I finally had my life pretty much in order. A lot changed for me in a short time. The question for me was, what do I do now? For once I didn't make a snap decision but then my procrastinating was brought to an abrupt end and I had to make up my mind - would I have sex again with my dad?

## 1. Post-Revelation Debate

Recently I posted an entry in my Diary entitled "Revelations" (Feb 14) Chapter 206: Revelations) where I revealed the truth about my mother's "death", that my parents had actually divorced and soon afterwards my mom had moved out west to be near her long-time friend. Since I haven't heard from her since, so far as I was concerned it was the equivalent of her dying so I never felt all that guilty about my little fib. If anything, it helped in that I didn't have to answer a lot of questions about a subject I really didn't want to talk about.

So why did I dredge all this up when essentially everyone had "bought" my story about the fatal car wreck? Well, the recent events in my life would have been almost impossible to have described or be understood unless the truth about my parent's divorce was known. I guess I could have just ignore these events in my diary but that would have made the whole thing a total farce in that I would have to lie about so many things in the future that I may as well start writing nothing but fantasy stories. So I chose to fess up and thankfully, most of my readers have been understanding and supporting.

To recap just a little (read "Revelations" for all the gory details), my mom's younger sister Linda moved in with my dad a while back. At first I wasn't too sure how I felt about them living together full-time but since it allowed me to move out of my apartment and live with my cousin rent-free, there were advantages. Besides, it wasn't like anything changed between them. She had been all but living there anyway in recent months. Even while I was growing up she and my cousin spent most of their time at our house. It wasn't until I was sixteen and entered into incest with my parents that my mom told me the truth as to why her sister was at our house. It was then I found out what REALLY went on when she and my dad went to his study - and it wasn't to talk about taxes and real estate issues.

Needless to say, since my aunt started living with him it seemed my father's "needs" were satisfied most of the time since he wasn't asking me nearly as much for "help" in that area. He and my Aunt Linda had always had a lot of sex together ever since high school so it wasn't anything new. I always assumed my mom seemed OK with it since she was the one he married. If was OK all those years, then so who was I to say anything now about it, especially since my parents were now divorced over financial and personal problems (or so I had been told).

Then came that stressful day last month ago where my dad finally told me why he and my mom REALLY had divorced. They'd always been a little vague about it with me and I'd had a hard time accepting it. So far as I had been concerned, they had always been the perfect couple with a perfect marriage. Sure I knew they argues about things at times but what couple doesn't? It just goes to show how kids don't always know what goes on between their parents - even when that "kid" is in her twenties.

Given my naive view of my parent's relationship, you can imagine my shock when I learned that one of the major reasons my mom had left was because of my dad's unbridled lust for her sister. She had tried to accept that my dad enjoyed sex with her sister more than her - and apparently always had. My aunt was always the "wild one" of the two sisters so what guy wouldn't love to fuck her?

Fortunately for my mom, he didn't choose who to marry solely on the basis of who was the better fuck. What I did NOT know until now was that one of the conditions of his marrying my mom was that he could continue fucking her sister any time he wanted. I had always assumed that since she was her sister and that made it incest, not adultery, that my mom was OK with it. Well, I also assumed she was OK with incest in general so it just shows how little I really understood my mother.

All that was hard enough to accept but it wasn't my only "revelation" that day. Of course I knew that my mom lost her virginity to her dad and that she had an ongoing incestual relationship with him even after marriage. While she had mentioned off-hand that the first time wasn't exactly consensual, I had always

As if all THAT wasn't enough, he told me that he and my aunt were getting involved with other couples, including those with kids. He wouldn't tell me their ages but from his mannerisms I knew they weren't my age, not by a long shot. In fact, he even went so far as to imply that I was getting too old to satisfy his lust for young girls. He never mentioned anything about not wanting to fuck me, only that he needed younger girls than me to silence the urges he could no control. It was that loss of control which pushed my mom over the edge and made her divorce him. Fantasies were one thing but when he couldn't keep them as fantasies, she couldn't enable him anymore.

All this occurred a month ago and since then my dad and haven't spoken, let alone had sex. In fact, it's been the longest I've ever gone without giving myself to him since that first time when I was sixteen (not counting being away for school). He didn't even try contacting me, obviously realizing I had a lot to think about, which I appreciated. My Aunt Linda and I had a number of discussions where she tried to explain more about my dad to me, but it was essentially the same story. Of course she wanted to rationalize everything – she was the e one getting what she'd always wanted – my dad.

Just to show how confused and hurt I was, it was almost two weeks before I even had sex again with my boyfriend – something like a new record for me in terms of going without sex since I was fourteen (not counting my college days when other restrictions applied). All I can say is if THAT doesn't tell you how crazy I'd been feeling then nothing can!

## 2. In a Quandary

Everyone has their character flaws and I readily admit to having plenty of my own. One such flaw is my tendency to put off decisions. The bigger the decision, the more I procrastinate. In this case, it had been a month since I left my dad behind and still I had not decided what to do. Since I posted that diary entry, I've had plenty of advice but it ranged from people telling me to go running back to my dad and submitting to him no matter what, to those labeling him a pervert and telling me that I was abused as a child and was only now realizing it.

In the end, I was starting to make up my mind and of course it was somewhere in the middle. Once the initial shock wore off and I was able to even think about things without getting TOO emotional, I realized that I loved my dad just as much as

was. When my dad uttered those words I knew without any doubt exactly what he needed... sex. More specifically, he needed sex with me.

There was a time not long ago that those words would make me feel tingly all over, especially that special place between my legs. My hand would already be heading to my crotch as I KNEW what those words meant. Today however, my reaction was different. Instead of being aroused I suddenly felt a deep sense of apprehensive, even a little bit wary. After not hearing a word from him for weeks, to suddenly have him call me early in the morning and without any explanation utter those words, words that we both knew meant. So what the heck was going on?

My silence probably told him more than anything I could've said. I could actually hear him sigh on the phone and I didn't know if it was from frustration or anger with me - or maybe a combination of the two. Whatever the case, he tried again...

"Kelly... I'm so sorry things have been the way they have been lately. I miss you so badly... I REALLY need you baby. NOW!"

"OK daddy," I mumbled and then hung up.

I wondered if he realized that I hadn't agreed to actually DO anything. In fact, I wasn't even sure myself what I was saying "OK:" to, if anything. Was I just acknowledging what he had said or had I agreed to do something about his "need"... or something in between?

Setting the phone down on the nightstand, I tossed off my comforter and felt the cool morning air against my warm nude body. Any other Saturday morning I wouldn't be just laying here on my back. It was a rare morning ANY day that I didn't masturbate at least a little bit before getting out of bed, even if it was just semi-conscious diddling. Often it took a trip to the bathroom to satisfy Mother Nature before I got serious, but in the end it was like a ritual of mine to masturbate before I did anything else in the morning. However, this morning I just laid there with my eyes closed and my hands to my side, lost in thought as I contemplated what had just happened.

There was no doubt what my dad wanted. Wow... how many times over the years had I heard those three simple words, "I need you"? It had always been a source of pride for me that never in the past nine years had I ever once said no to him when he asked. It didn't matter what I was late for, how I felt, or who I as dating. When my dad needed me, it was my duty and responsibility as his loving daughter to take care of those needs as best I could. Of course I usually enjoyed it myself - like who doesn't enjoy being fucked or sucking a dick? Even those few times when it was inconvenient or I just wasn't in the mood, seeing the expression on my dad's face, the look in his eyes, the hardness of his dick, and then the sensation of him filling my pussy with his incestuous cum more than mad it worthwhile.

Now, for the first time in my life, I found myself questioning whether or not I would respond to my father's call. Should I toss all my concerns and questions to the side and simply be the good daughter, pleasing my father as only I could?

Yes, in my heart I knew no matter what he might say or even think himself, that fucking me was different than fucking any other girl. I had something nobody else in the world did - his genes. I had a title that no other girl in the world could claim - I was his daughter. No matter how young she may be, how inexperienced and naive, no matter how cute or appealing, no other girl could give him what I could - his daughter's pussy.

In the end, there really was no debate, despite how I might try to pretend there was. I'd known all along in my heart what the ultimate "solution" would be to my so-called dilemma. It was just a case where I had to admit it to myself, to realize how deeply ingrained certain feelings and beliefs were in my psyche. You just don't throw away a lifetime of teaching, learning and observation in one day. You can't debate yourself out of your duties and responsibilities, no matter how much you try to rationalize it.

Indeed, like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, the answer had been right in front of me all the time. All I had to do was to realize and understand what it was on my own. Yes, there really was only one thing I COULD do without throwing away everything that made me who I am. To do anything else would be abandoning everything I believed in, everything I held sacred.

Ultimately I was my father's daughter and I loved him unconditionally. My father needed me now so of course there was only one proper response... to submit myself to him and satisfy his needs. How could it be any other way?

# 3. Reconciling With My Dad

Once my decision was made it was like suddenly I felt a tremendous load lift from me that I hadn't quite realized was there but which had been weighing me down for weeks. The sense of certainty and relief that I felt made me all the more assured that this was indeed the right thing to do. In a way I was almost angry with myself for having put myself through all this pain and anguish the past few weeks when the answer was right there in front of my face all the time. How much better it would have been for everyone had I simply opened my eyes and accepted what I knew in my heart was the ONLY legitimate option I had.

My dad had sounded so forlorn and sad on the phone that I didn't want to delay any more than necessary. Still, there were a few things I needed to do before I just hopped in my car and drove over. First things first... my bladder was about to burst and once I'd taken care of THAT I brushed my teeth and rinsed with a mint mouth wash. I was in a rush but a shower was in order, not to mention a quick touchup with the my razor. Depending on my dad's mood sometimes he licked to lick me and other times he just went straight to business but just in case I wanted to be ready for him. My hair wasn't all that great after I dried it but then I suspected it wasn't worth spending a lot of time on anyway. The same with my makeup - I put enough on to look presentable but not like I was going out on the town.

Now I needed to decide what to wear... of course it wouldn't be on me long but still, first impressions always are important, no matter who you were meeting or for what reason. A simple pair of jeans and a blouse would have been OK I'm sure with my dad but not for me. Since the weather was FINALLY warming up, I decided what better excuse to break out a pair of short shorts so I rummaged through my dresser and found one of my more indecent pairs - a pair of denim cutoffs with ragged torn edges that was cut up to the pockets in back and all the way up the legs to the crotch. I only wore them at home or in private as I doubt most places would allow me to wear them seeing as they showed off half my ass and pulled up into my pussy when I sat down.

Along with the shorts I grabbed a blouse, leaving it unbuttoned and tying up the tails tight under my bust which revealed my cleavage and most of my boobs. I was torn when it came to my shoes, reaching first for a pair of sneakers to give me that "girl-next-door" look but in the end I settled on a pair of slutty high heels.

A dash of perfume in all the right places and I was ready to go. On my way down the hall I passed Kristen's bedroom where she was still passed out from the night before. Surprisingly she was alone as I could have sworn I'd heard someone with her but maybe he'd left already or didn't stay once he got what he wanted. Odds were on the second option if I knew the type of guy Kristen typically brought home. I didn't wake her and just went quietly down the stairs to get a jacket. It was supposed to be really warm today but this early it was still nippy and it wasn't like I was dressed all that warm!

My jacket only came down to my waist which meant it did nothing to hide anything lower. As I walked to my car I noticed our neighbor was out getting his newspaper. I really didn't know him all that well, having only seen him as we would pass going to and from our respective homes. Pour neighbors were an older couple and didn't seem to have much of a social life based on the dearth of visitors. He may have been old but he still seemed to appreciate my outfit as I caught him staring at my ass. Smiling at him, I waved and he returned the same. It was then that I realized that he'd never seen me in anything but winter clothing so it was the first time he'd gotten a good view of my bare legs and ass. Living next to Kristen and her mom, I was pretty sure that he must have gotten more than a man's fair share of such "views" - and more, but I was the new girl so I wondered what he thought about me. It might have been fun to hang around and talk to him a while, maybe tease him a little while I was at it, but I had more important things to do. Hmmmmmm, I was going to have to ask Kristen some time about him.

It only took a few minutes to get to my dad's house. I parked at the bottom of the driveway and entered the code into the outside opener to raise the garage door. My dad's SUV and my aunt's car were there so I knew both of them were home. That sort of raised my eyebrows a bit. Was Aunt Linda aware of his phone call to me? If so, was she expecting me to be coming over this fast? Well, for that matter, did my dad even know for sure that I was?

Entering the basement from the garage, it was pretty dim so I turned on the lights to make my way through the laundry and family room to get to the stairs leading to the kitchen upstairs. There was no sign of life yet but then I really wouldn't have expected any in the family room at this time of day.

Entering the kitchen though, I was prepared to see SOMEBODY fixing breakfast or just having coffee while reading the paper but it too was quiet and look undisturbed. Well, I KNEW my dad had been awake earlier but maybe he had gone back to bed, thinking I wasn't going to be coming over until later, if at all.

Draping my coat over one of the kitchen chairs, I looked around in the morning light and suddenly felt a little overwhelmed with memories and emotions. After all, this was the home I'd lived in all my life until I went off to college. All the things I'd done here, all the trial and tribulations, all the successes and excitement... Looking out the back door of the kitchen, I saw the cover was on the hot tub and I recalled how many incredible experiences I'd had on that deck and in the hot tub. God, how many guys had fucked me in that tub? My dad alone had done me more times than I could remember - it had always been one of his favorite places to be with me.

My heart almost burst then as I remembered my mom. Seeing her and my dad making love in the hot tub for the first time was something I would never forget - nor the feelings and desires that had arisen in me as a result, and the events that eventually came about because of it. I remembered her watching down from my bedroom window when my dad first fucked my best friend Beth only now I knew her TRUE feelings as she watched her husband commit adultery with a teenage girl.

I stood there like that for a few more minutes, awash in memories and emotions. Only now, those memories were different, the emotions not the same. It was like I was looking at them through a different lens, seeing them in a totally different way. Now I was seeing them more as my mom must have seen them and I began to understand more why she was doing what she was doing right now. I could only imagine how SHE remembered these times.

For just a moment I caught myself questioning what I was about to do. Here I was, standing in my kitchen dressed like a slut, just as I had so many times while growing up and waiting for my date to pick me up or to go to school. Back when I was about to go out on a date, my dad would sometimes sit in the kitchen and feel me up under my short skirt or grab my boobs through a tight revealing top, teasing me about what I would soon be doing with the guy I was going out with. Then later he would be there when I came home, waiting to hear all about what actually DID happen. Only now I knew more WHY he did those things and it changed the entire picture for me. Still, it wasn't anything BAD, just different.

Taking a deep breath, I left the kitchen and walked to the front of the house towards the stairs leading to the second floor where all the bedrooms were. As I slowly walked up, trying to keep my balance in the ridiculous heels I was wearing, I grinned as the same creaks and groans gave away my actions, just as they did when I would try to sneak home after a late date. Actually, there was a secret path up them to avoid most of the louder ones, but in these shoes it was enough just to walk up the stair, let alone try to contort myself like a Twister game to be quiet.

As it turned out, it didn't matter anyway as when I got to the top of the stairs and looked in my dad's bedroom I saw he wasn't there. My Aunt Linda was laying there on her side facing away from me, the sheets covering her mostly but her bare shoulders and back were visible. She seemed sound asleep and I could even make a little bit of a snore. Well, she WAS 41 so I guess that comes with age. Heck, even her daughter at just over half her age snored!

So where was my dad? Steeping to the side, I peeked into my old bedroom and there he was, laying on top of my bed was my dad, waiting for me. He was laying on his side, holding himself up on his elbow while his free hand slowly stroked his already erect cock. Obviously he was ready for me!

"I knew you'd come," he said in a low voice, "I knew you could never say no to me."

Now THAT could be taken a number of ways. Was he just expressing his confidence in me that I would WANT to come to him whenever he asked? On the other hand, was he confident in his authority as my father that I would submit to his request regardless of anything else? There was something in his tone, something almost arrogant, that told me it as more the latter. At the same time, so what if it was? If that was the case then he would be right so what was wrong with it other than the fact he seemed quite pleased with himself.

"I'm glad to see you dressed for me... you'll always be your daddy's little slut, won't you?"

"Yes daddy... I always will."

His dick was hard as a rock and I knew he wanted me badly. I wasn't sure what he wanted most right now, for me to just start sucking him, to strip, or what. Well, he was never shy about telling me what he wanted and this morning was no different.

"Get over here now and suck my dick," he said in a soft yet firm voice. It clearly wasn't a request, it was a demand. Did it really matter?

Kneeling on the oval rag rug by the side of my bed, I reached for his dick as he scooted over to the side. My dad pushed my hands away. "Just your mouth... No hands... I only want you to use your mouth."

He was right on the edge so his cock was actually out over the floor. As hard as he was, it stuck straight out so it was easy to open my mouth and take him inside without holding it like I would have had he not been so erect. He thrust his hips forward, pushing it all the way in as he held my head to keep me from pulling back – as if I would want to.

"Look at me Kelly... look at me when you suck my dick."

I turned my head as best I could with a mouthful of his cock and our eyes met. He smiled at me and I could see his eyes glance to where his cock was sliding in and out of my mouth. Actually he was the one doing the all the motion as I just held my head still and allowed him to essentially fuck my mouth slowly... ever so slowly. It felt so hard yet soft at the same time as the smooth skin of his dick slid over my moistened lips. I could smell him, smell his musky crotch odor as he would push himself in deep enough to where his thick black pubic hair would press against my cheeks and chin. It was the odor of a man – a horny man, and I loved the scent of him.

"Yes baby, that's it... I've always LOVED watching you suck my dick... you know that, don't you? You know just what your daddy wants."

All I could do was smile as best I could in response. Of COURSE he liked to watch me such his dick, didn't all men? Honestly, I can't recall a single guy that did NOT want his dick sucked and every one of them would get off seeing me doing it. Sure there were those times when they were so horny they just wanted to fuck me, but I would say there's not a man in the world that would say no to a blowjob – gay or straight. Sure there may be men who won't accept a blowjob because of their morals or other beliefs, but that doesn't mean they don't secretly WANT one, no matter what they say.

What I've also learned over the years is that it isn't just the blowjob that gets guys off. No, my dad had just expressed it perfectly... they like to WATCH a girl giving them one. If my hair was hanging down, that didn't make any difference so far as what I was doing, but they always brush it out of the way so they can watch. My dad wanted my hands off of him as I sucked him and I knew it wasn't because he didn't like me to stroke his dick, but that WATCHING me suck his shaft was more erotic to him than seeing me hide it with my hand as I sucked him. I guess it all just goes to prove what I've always contended – that sex is 80% mental and only 20% physical. Well, maybe for a guy the ratios are a little closer but you get the point.

At first I used my hands to balance myself as I kneeled but then I put them to better use - caressing my boobs through my blouse as I bobbed on my dad's dick. Damn my nipples were already aroused to the point of being so hard it almost made me jump up when I first touched them. It would have been easier to have untied the bottom of the blouse and let them be free but I had a feeling my dad would enjoy doing that for himself later so I resisted the temptation.

Without any warning my dad released his hold on my head and turned back on his side, positioning himself in the middle of my old bed. His glistening dick curved up and over his stomach, pointing at him like some fleshy snake that had arisen from his hairy crotch. He motioned for me to stand up and so I stood there as his eyes traveled over me from head to toe, pausing at a few strategic places along the way.

"Damn, you've grown up so much, haven't you? You're not my little girl anymore... you're a woman now. A beautiful, sexy woman."

"Aw daddy, I'll always be your little girl."

It was an exchange that had gone between us countless times as I grew up only this time it carried a new significance to me. In the past I'd taken it as a compliment, that I was maturing into a woman and he appreciated it. Now, however, I heard something different. Sure he still appreciated what I'd become, but was there also a hint of sadness in his voice. Was it that I wasn't his little girl anymore - with emphasis on the "little"?

I remembered how proud I'd been when I moved into a C cup bra and actually NEEDED one. Did my dad wish they were still the little A-cups I had when I was fourteen, as much as I tried to stuff them so I could say I wore a B-cup to my friends (as if that fooled them)? While I wasn't overweight, still I wasn't exactly a skinny little teenager anymore. Did he miss my pony legs and straight waist? I doubted he would admit to such thoughts but deep in his heart, were they there? Was that the REAL reason why he said he wanted to be with younger girls - he missed my immature body?

Well, if I couldn't be his "little" girl, I could certainly be his fantasy girl. Did it really matter so long as I took care of his needs as a good daughter should? Wasn't it my duty to adapt to his changing needs for me and do whatever it took to please him? So what if he had other desires? I was still his only daughter and as such the only woman that could address the incestuous desires that sometimes consumed him.

"Take off those shorts."

His voice startled me for a moment as I had drifted off with my thoughts for a moment there but then his words cut in and I was back to reality once again. As I unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down to my ankles, stepping gingerly out of them while keeping on my heels, it felt good to be bare-assed in front of him. Some girls love to run around topless in panties whereas I've always preferred to go bottomless with something covering my top. I suppose a shrink would have his theories but personally I think it has to do with several issues as I was growing up. First, just as he was proving yet again now, my dad had always been an ass man. He'd always encouraged me to go without panties or bottoms, even when I was little.

There was also the fact that I was highly sensitive about my breasts as a young teenager - or should I say, LACK of breasts. While my legs and ass took shape early on, my boobs simply refused to come along for the ride. My best friend Beth was like two sizes ahead of me throughout high school and it was obvious when we would stand next to each other and see where the boys would be staring. Well, whatever the reason I enjoyed wearing only something on top and my dad seemed to love it too.

"Now spin around and show me that incredible ass."

Smiling, I did as he instructed, using small step as I'd kept my heels on. As I turned my back to him I felt his hand softly caress my butt and then squeeze my ass cheek. I paused to let him grope me more and then felt his hand move between my bare thighs.

"Bend over babe."

It wasn't much but it was enough to tell me what he wanted. I leaned over, putting my hands on my knees and letting my feet spread apart a few more inches. His fingers slid down between my crotch until he was pressing against my freshly shaven pussy. I felt his middle finger exploring me, pushing its way into my damp pussy, then moving in further until his entire finger was inside of me.

"Damn, still as tight as ever, aren't you?"

It was obviously a rhetorical question so I just wiggled my butt a little in response.

"Alright, now get on top of me."

Hmmmmmm, I guess that meant no more foreplay. Damn, he must be REALLY horny and so just wanted to get down and fuck me. I couldn't help but flash a wry grin as I remembered being so careful to shave so my pussy would feel smooth on his face. Not that I was complaining! He'd never been one to lick me all that much, for whatever reason, preferring more to touch me and fondle me than to lick me. Then there were those days he would practically camp out down there, like he couldn't get enough of the taste of my pussy. I guess today wasn't going to be one of those days.

While my dad might have preferred me to keep them on, this wasn't a porn movie so I dropped the heels which made it so much easier to get on top of him. What is it with men wanting girls to keep their shoes on anyway when they have sex? If anything, I'm always afraid I'm going to spear him with one of my heels!

Swinging one leg over him, I sat down on top of his dick and felt it's hardness pushing up against my pussy. We both looked down and I could see the swollen head sticking out from between my legs. My hips rocked slowly, rubbing my ever wetter pussy along the stiff shaft below it.

"Oh god I want to fuck you so bad Kelly," he moaned, lifting his hips up against me, "I NEED to fuck you... I want to cum in you... so bad."

His eyes were closed now and it was as if he was in a trance or something, lost in his desires and lust. I know there are times when I feel like I really need to be fucked but looking at my dad, it was like he actually physically NEEDED to do me.

"Please Kelly... let me fuck you...please."

As horny as I was getting myself, I still couldn't help but wonder what was going on. It wasn't like my dad wasn't getting laid enough. Heck, with my Aunt Linda living with him he was probably getting it more than just about any man his age, not to mention who knows what else he was doing besides screwing her.

There would be time to think about this later but at the moment I had more pressing things to attend to - literally. Between my legs there was an erect dick pushing hard against me, as if it was trying to push itself into me anywhere it could. All I had to do was lift myself up a little and his cock slid down my pussy slit until I felt it in just the right spot and I sat back down again. As hard as he was and as wet as my pussy had become, it didn't take much effort for it to slide into me all the way until I was literally sitting on his crotch, impaled on his dick like a corn dog on a stick at the state fair.

"Oh god that feels so good," he sighed, relaxing it seemed for just a moment until his hips jerked up almost like he was having a convulsion, driving himself up against me as if he could possibly get any deeper into me than he already was.

Leaning over, he untied my blouse and let it hang open so my boobs dangled over his face while his incestuous dick remained in my hot pussy. He closed his eyes again when my nipple brushed against his lips and he eagerly started to suckle on it like a hungry baby. He then grabbed my boobs with both hands, squeezing them together and kneading them with his hands like he was a baker trying to make bread! By lifting my hips up and down I was able to move his cock in and out of me while holding myself up over his face so he could switch from one breast to the other.

My arms started to tire so I sat back up on his lap and circled my hips around like a hula dancer, rotating my pussy around his dick as he held my butt with both hands. He had his eyes closed again, as if he was trying to concentrate on nothing more than the feel of his incestuous dick inside daughter's tight pussy. OK, so maybe it wasn't as tight as some of the girls he may have been fucking lately, but for my age I thought it was pretty darn good.

Yet again he surprised by suddenly sitting up and pushing me off of him, his dick flopping out of me all covered with my pussy wetness. Without saying anything he grabbed me by the waist and moved me into a kneeling position and I quickly caught on to what he wanted - to fuck me doggy style. It actually wasn't one of his favorite positions, at least not with me, but then I wasn't going to say anything. Pushing my legs apart, he put one hand on each of my ass cheeks and spread me apart so my freshly fucked pussy was in full view. At this point, I just wanted to feel it filled again so I leaned forward onto my elbows so my ass poked up even better for him to get himself into me.

"Kelly, did I ever tell you that you have an INCREDIBLE ass?"

I turned my head and smiled back at him. "Only a few times daddy... tell me again."

Yeah, more like a thousand times but what girl ever tires of hearing a man telling her he likes her ass? His large hands squeezed my ass as he moved forward until I felt his dick pressing up against me again. He tried to push it in but he didn't have it quite lined up so he let go of one of my cheeks and quickly guided himself into me, putting his hand back on my butt as soon as the head started to go into me. At first he just sort of moved it around in like a circle but then he pressed it into me until I felt his coarse pubic hair against my bare butt.

His first real thrust was so strong it almost knocked me forward off my elbows. I reached forward to grab a couple of pillows and stuffed them under me so I could just lay on top of them while he fucked me from behind. His hands moved from my butt to my waist, gripping me and pulling and pushing me back and forth in sync with his thrusts so my ass would slam into his crotch as he pushed it into me, making a loud slapping sound almost like he was spanking me. It felt SOOOOO good to feel his dick gliding in and out of my wet pussy, one moment almost all the way out and then the next, filling me with his cock.

"Give me that bottle there in front of you."

I looked ahead where the pillows had been and there was a bottle of massage oil which he must have hidden under the pillows. As I automatically reached for it, I started to wonder what he wanted it for and then the realization hit me. Oh crap, he wanted to fuck me in the ass!

This, more than anything else today, surprised as well as shocked me. My dad knew how I felt about anal sex. Sure, I'd done it a few times at parties but never because I asked for it. Well, at least I wasn't a total anal virgin and thankfully he seemed to have prepared for it. Still, he'd NEVER asked me before to fuck me in the ass because he knew my feelings about it. I've always said that one of the foundations of true submission is total trust in your partner. Submitting doesn't mean slavery - it means giving yourself to someone while at the same time secure in the knowledge that he will not abuse your trust. I knew my dad liked anal sex but I never worried about it because I knew he would never ask me - or at least I THOUGHT he would never ask me.

Even though I knew his intentions and as much as my initial reaction was to pull away and stop him before he did anything, at the same time I'd come over here willingly with the intent to reconcile with my dad by submitting him and demonstrating that I was still his loving daughter. If I was sincere in my feelings for him, how could I say no to this?

As he slowly drove his dick in and out of me, I could feel him moving as he opened the bottle. Despite warming it on his hands, it still felt ice cold when he started to tub it into my tight asshole. Then he slid his slick thumb into my ass and I felt that weird sensation I always get whenever something goes in where it should only come out.

People always ask me why I don't like anal sex as if there was something wrong with me. Well frankly, I know more girls who hate it than enjoy it and those who claim they enjoy it will often confess that they only do it for their boyfriend. God gave me this wonderful pussy that was designed for one thing - sex. A hard dick fits perfectly in it, I produce the lubrication necessary for it to not hurt me, and it feels SOOOOO good when a guy fucks me.

Now compare my pussy to my asshole which was designed for one thing - to crap. Assholes are like one-way streets in that things are meant to come OUT, not IN. Face it, something the size and hardness of an erect cock was not in the mind of our Maker when he designed my ass. Then there is the final factor - it's just unsanitary. I mean, would you wipe your ass with your hand and then eat dinner without washing it thoroughly? If not, why would any man expect to plunge his cock up where I'd just crapped and then expect me to suck it afterwards?

OK, so I know there are plenty of people out there that claim to enjoy anal sex (mostly men) and I know the porn industry makes it a mainstay - which tells me all the more it's not for the girl's enjoyment so much as getting the guy off from some sort of weird control thing. All I can say is that I treat it like fantasies in that you are welcome to do whatever you want so long as everyone consents and nobody gets hurt - just leave me out of it.

Apparently, my dad had other ideas today. What was going on? He seemed to be in this strange mental zone and now it seemed to extend even further than I had realized. Was this his way of showing me he was in control? Was he trying to test me, to see if I would truly submit to him even if he wanted me to do something I really didn't want to?

A groan escaped my lips as his thumb pushed deeper into me. It felt odd to have his dick in my pussy and his thumb in my ass. I supposed he could feel his thumb against his dick while he fucked me and I wondered how it made him feel?

Just when I thought maybe his thumb was all he was going to put up my ass, he pulled out and I felt the head of dick now positioned at the entrance to my ass - something new for sure when it came to sex with me and my dad.

"Please don't daddy," I whispered softly, hoping against hope he might come to his sense before it was too late.

"Sorry babe, but I've been wanting to do this for so long... so long," he said as he grimaced while he tried to push his erection into my ass.

OK, so maybe I'd taken a few dicks in there but they were a while ago and not that many. Even with the lubrication he had used to covered my ass and his dick it wasn't like he was going to just pop in it. God, it was like being fucked for the first time, taking something larger than you'd ever had into you for the first time. Then he finally got the head all the way in and I felt like my ass was on fire.

fucked countless times during those years and yet somehow it felt again like it was that very first time all over again.

So much had happened in those nine years, so many changes in my life for good and bad. I looked at my dad, seeing the lust in his eyes and the desire on his face as he stared at his all but naked daughter sprawled on her back before him. Lately our relationship had been tested in a way it never had been before and just when I thought everything in my life was screwed up and crazy, here I was yet again, submitting myself totally and unconditionally to my father, giving everything I had to him.

Under the circumstances, there was only one thing I could say at this moment...

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered in a voice husky with my own desire. "I love you daddy, now fuck me. Show me how much you love me."

It was like this giant light turned on and everything lit up in him as he smiled and his eyes momentarily lost that animal lust. For a fleeting few seconds there was my loving father, softly telling me I was his little girl again and everything was going to be alright, that he was going to make me feel better than I'd ever felt before. It was like one of those sci-fi movies where someone's body was taken over by an alien and for a brief moment the real person inside appears.

Then, just as it always happened in the movies, that look was there again, replaced by that startling look of passion and aggression that I knew could only be answered by one thing - sex. In the past I would even be frightened at times when I saw this look because I knew it meant nothing could stop him now. Even if I asked him to stop I doubted that he could even hear me, let alone comprehend what I wanted. All that mattered at this moment was he wanted to fuck me and nothing was going to stop him now.

I felt him push himself into me and then that wonderfully familiar sensation as his dick popped into me, my pussy clamping down around his shaft behind it. Again, it was like that very first time when I felt my dad's dick enter me. Sure I'd fucked plenty of guys before him but there was something special about it when he was in me. Now, years later, there was still something special about it. After all, he WAS my dad and how could it NOT be special?

Silently he pumped his dick in and out of my pussy in long, steady strokes. I fingered my clit as he drilled me, closing my own eyes this time as I could feel the shaft of his cock rubbing against my fingers as I toyed with myself.

"Oh daddy... I'm cumming!" I announced to him in a louder voice than before.

Finally I was cumming, my orgasm quickly peaking as he fucked me faster and faster. Any anger I may have felt for him, any worries or doubts, everything disappeared in the haze of my orgasm and then he started to cum as well, driving me onto even a higher plain of pleasure.

"Oh yeah... cum in me daddy... give me your cum." I begged him.

My father buried his incestuous erection deep inside of me, spewing his warm sperm deep inside of me as his hips thrust himself even deeper into me with each load.

Finally he was spent and he let loose of my legs and I slid down his thighs onto the bed, leaving behind his cum-covered cock which was already dwindling. I couldn't move, just lying there silently as he put his hands on his legs and gasped for breath. Finally he laid down next to me and I turned on my side and put one leg over him, pressing my still sensitive pussy up against him. He put his arms around me and we kissed for the first time today.

Soon he fell asleep and I gently removed his arm from around me and got out of bed. I quietly stepped through the hallway to the bathroom opposite my bedroom where I looked at myself in the mirror and grimaced. Yep, it was a good thing I hadn't worried too much about hair and makeup. God, what which was looking back at me through the mirror? it couldn't possibly be me!

After cleaning myself up a but I went to leave the bathroom to return to my room. As I stepped out I saw my aunt standing in the doorway of their bedroom. She had a robe tied around her which was rather surprising since she was practically a nudist around the house normally.

"Well, I see you two have made up," she said with a teasing voice, nodding her head back to the bedroom where my dad was literally passed out on my old bed.

I gave her a hug and we kissed briefly before I went back to my room to get changed. My dad never even moved a muscle as I dressed and gave him a peck on the cheek before leaving the room.

"So what's the story now?" my aunt asked, having waited outside in the hallway for me.

I just shrugged and waved goodbye. At the moment I really wasn't sure how to answer that question.

# 4. Going Forward

My mind was caught up in a whirlwind on the way home, full of jumbled and virtually incoherent thoughts. Actually, I was lucky I didn't get in a wreck as the next thing I knew I was parked in front of our house and really had no idea whatsoever how I'd gotten there! My neighbor wasn't in sight this time so I just carried my coat up to the house and let myself in. If anyone WAS watching me, then they got a good eyeful of what was coming this summer if nothing else. Stepping in the door, I'd no sooner had hung my coat up in the closet when a voice called down from the stairs.

"Hey slut, I hear you fucked your dad... FINALLY!"

Damn, news travels fast! Her mother must have either called right after I left or maybe she even had called Kristen while I was doing it with my dad. Either way, obviously Kristen was in on everything so there was no sense in pretending otherwise. Walking up the stairs, she gave me a little pat on the butt as I passed by her.

"Damn girl, didn't you wash up before you left?" she teased me, "Mmmmmmm, you smell good."

Actually, a shower was the very thing I needed right then I just pushed her back playfully and she let it go at that. Actually, it was surprisingly sensitive of her to not pester me more about it. Yeah, her mom must have told her everything because normally she would've been following me down the hallway like a lost puppy dog until I'd filled in all the details.

After I'd cleaned up I just flopped in my bed naked again, pulling the sheet up over me to keep the chill off. My hands gripped my head with my wet hair as I tried to figure out for myself just what the heck I'd done today - and what it meant for the future.

******************

Well... I'm saying this after having a day to think about it - following a month of heavy contemplation before that. Yeah, I'd let my dad fuck me again but something told me that sex would never be the same between us again. Indeed, I was no longer his little girl, his "little slut". I was now a twenty-something girl that he enjoyed fucking whenever he felt the need. Sure, there was still the element of our father-daughter relationship, but most of that was dispelled when his dick filled my ass and I realized what I really was to him, at least now. It may have been different when I was younger, but not anymore.

Will I fuck him again? Of course... provided he asks me. There are some things buried deep inside of you that just can't be changed and submitting to my father is such a fundamental part me, such a large part of who I am, that I could never do anything different. Would I pursue sex with my dad? No, but that doesn't mean I would turn him away.

In some ways, I think my entire view of incest is changing - at least so far as I am concerned. While I've always maintained that incest is not for everyone, I use to put up my family as the poster child for "good" incest. Well, now I knew that even my own family wasn't as functional as I had imagined. Not that it would classify us as dysfunctional, but clearly we had issues I never knew about - or at least never wanted to see.

When I get married, will my husband know about my incestual life? Until now the answer was an unequivocal YES. Now I wonder if it would be such a deal breaker for him not to know. Do I really want my husband to fuck my daughter? DO I really want to fuck my son someday? A month ago I would have said YES and not even hesitated. Now... I'm not so sure. In fact, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't.

Do I still think the concept of incest is good? Of course but now I would place even stricter limits on it than before. Now I would say the population for which incest is manageable and healthy is even smaller than I ever would had imagined.

My dad's getting older and I have a feeling those phone calls where he tells me he needs me are going to become fewer and farther between. Even if I do get married and don't tell my husband, would he ever have to know?

Yep, LOTS of things for me to think about...

# (Mar 20) Chapter 209: Beth Takes Me Out

Story codes: MF FF F-solo oral anal
Me (25)
Beth - BFF (26)

What are best friends for if not to help you out in times of need? Well, if anyone ever had a best friend, I did when it came to Beth. She knew just what I needed...

## 1. Best Friends Forever

If there was ever a way to describe my relationship with Beth, "BFF" would be it. I'd known Beth for all my life. Our parents were social friends (totally non-sexual), we grew up in the same neighborhood, were dropped off at the same child care center, attended the same schools, spent summers at the same church camps, and were members of the same church. About the only thing we differed on was college. I chose to go out of state to a private Christian university while she attended a local junior college. Over the years we'd shared our most intimate secrets and feelings, not to mention a few boyfriends along the way. I simply can't imagine ever being so close to anyone as I am today with Beth. It's a unique bond few people ever get to share with anyone.

Knowing how close we are and our mutual appetites when it came to sex, people seem to find it a surprise that we've not had much of a sexual relationship between us. Sure we are often involved in sexual situations together like at parties, double dates and such. It's just one of those thing we never did together. Maybe it was because the two of us are so close in so many ways that it just wasn't something we felt was necessary. Yes, there were a few times here and there where things got a little out of hand, especially when we were younger and still learning about our developing bodies and new feelings. Still, I would say that those times were more out of juvenile curiosity than a true sense of intimacy.

While the two of us didn't do that much with each other, perhaps one of the more significant events that shows how close we are was when Beth became the first girl that my dad fucked outside of his marriage - thus his first adulterous sex after almost twenty years of marriage. At the time it was quite shocking thing to me in that all my life my parents had preached to me that incestual sex was OK but adultery was not. Incest was sex within a family and thus not sinful but rather a part of the blending of a family through marriage. Adultery, on the other hand, was just a means of satisfying one's most lustful instincts with no biblical basis – other than being clearly labeled as being a sinful act (making it to the Top Ten even!). At least that's how they had portrayed it until that first time between my dad and Beth.

My parents rationalized my dad's actions by saying that Beth was virtually one of the family after all these years – the same rationalization they used later when my dad wanted to fuck Tammy, my mom's best friend. Still, while from a purely sexual perspective it was hot to see my dad having sex with my best friend, my conscience always bothered me a little bit.

Speaking of incest, that was the one major aspect of my life that I did NOT share with Beth until after she had sex with my dad. Although I was there the first time my dad did her, I didn't join in and even then Beth had no idea that he was doing me too. Actually it wasn't until during the second time (and last time) that he did her that I joined in and she learned the truth. Although that time it felt a little better since we weren't hiding so much from her, deep in my heart I couldn't help but worry that adultery was adultery, no matter how you slice it.

Just to keep things even, or at least that was my excuse at the time, I also was the first girl that Beth's dad cheated with. The circumstances were quite different from her and my dad's tryst in that I seduced her father, essentially having sex with him against his will (but he seemed quite happy about it at the time).

In this case there was no rationalization required since Beth's family wasn't into incest. It was just pure adultery on her father's part. While Beth knew about what he dad did with me, her dad had no clue that she'd watched us, nor did he ever do me again. Personally, I had no desire to do him again anyway since the first time is always the most thrilling.

It was probably just as well because it led to one of the most serious arguments Beth and I had ever had and had it not been for our longstanding relationship it might have broken us apart. As I said, her father wasn't into incest or cheating on his wife so I think she sort of resented me for pushing him to do what I am sure he sorely regretted afterwards. Any elation I may have felt having "conquered" him was tempered by a sense of guilt that grew even more when I saw how upset she was over it. Ever since then we have both sworn off doing anything like that again.

All this father-daughter crap just goes to show how sex can complicate even the best of friendships, one of the reasons Beth and I rarely did anything intimate together. We never really had ever discussed it per se, it was more something we each just seemed to recognize instinctively. Neither of us was shy about being with another girl, so it wasn't like we didn't get off having sex with each other. It just wasn't something we NEEDED. Something natural.

Putting the whole sex thing aside, I often get comments that people in general can't understand how we ever became best friends when we are so different in so many ways. Personally, I think it's BECAUSE we have such different personalities and likes/dislikes that our friendship has endured as we are not in competition with one another very often.

For example, Beth is much more the party girl and outgoing, totally unafraid to chase the guys - "bag and tag 'em" as she likes to say. In contrast, I prefer to be the one that the guys chase - although admittedly I do my best to attract their attention. I guess you could say it's like Beth goes fishing with dynamite and a net whereas I prefer fly fishing where I teasingly toss out the bait and let the fish come to me It's not that I'm shy by any means, it's just that I've always enjoyed being the prey more than the hunter. Needless to say there have been exceptions to these rules for both of us, but for the most part that's the roles we prefer.

Back to our sexual preferences (which I know people reading this would prefer to hear about rather than our taste in TV shows and books), Beth and I tend to have quite different tastes as well. Both of us are technically bisexual in that we enjoy sex with both men and women. However, I prefer guys (they have something "special") while Beth leans more towards girls although she certainly doesn't turn down a hard dick when it's offered! Oddly enough, at parties where group sex is more prevalent, she goes for the guys but I know in her private life she has more girlfriends than boyfriends.

Physically, we differ as well. Let's just say that nobody is going to mistake us for twins. Perhaps the most noticeable difference, at least to guys, is that Beth has always been large-breasted, filling out a D-cup bra before she finished her freshman year. She gets a little "help" in that department due to her being a tad heavier than me but she's by no means fat.

I've been jealous of Beth's boobs since 6th grade when she was the first girl in our class to start poking through her tops. After spending most of my teen years secretly wishing I could trade mine with hers, these days I'd say I'm probably happier with my boobs than hers. While mine are definitely not as perky as my cousin Kristen's perfect boobs, I can still get away without a bra in most cases whereas Beth pretty much HAS to wear one just to support her massive girls. She has mentioned getting a reduction at times but from the ways the guys drool over those puppies I can't see that happening any time soon.

If there is one area where Beth and I differ the most, it would have to be our attitudes towards group sex. For me, I'll take a good ole' one-on-one any day. It's so much more intimate and I love being the center of attention. A three- some is OK at times but even then I much prefer it to be with two guys whereas most guys seem to want to be with two girls.

Personally I think it's more than a little hypocritical that guys think it's hot to see two girls together but get all homophobic about "crossing swords" with another guy. It seems to be a big hit on porn sites but in real life, not nearly so much, at least not the guys I've known.

Beth, on the other hand, literally lives by the motto, "the more the merrier". In other words she LOVES group sex and the larger the group the better. The actual makeup in terms of men and women doesn't seem to matter as much to her as the total number although I think if she were forced to choose, it would be more guys than girls.

Beth's an active member of a local private "sex club" that meets periodically where just about anything goes yet at the same time provides a safe and VERY private setting. Over the years she's convinced me to attend a few of these parties and while I can't say they weren't fun, in the end they weren't something I wanted to every day, or week or month even. Like who would NOT find such a thing physically fun and mentally invigorating, especially when you never knew what was going to happen? Still, I always left feeling somewhat emotionally empty and even a little cold in that usually not only did I have no idea WHO fucked me, but I wasn't even always sure how MANY did! It was just sex for the sake of sex, without any challenge or sense of accomplishment other than to say, "Gee, I've never done THAT before."

Along with my cousin Kristen, the three of us are together most of the time and other than Beth's secret little parties, it's a rare event where just one of us shows up without the others. As much as I love my cousin, it's Beth who will always be my closest and best friend. It's no coincidence that during the past few months or so when I'd been having a number of issues and decisions to make that Beth would be there for me, almost seeming to read my mind, to somehow knowing just when I needed her the most.

## 2. Beth Convinces Me

If you've been reading my diary then you know how recently I'd been on this crazy roller-coaster ride where my whole life seemed to be turning upside down and backwards. Some of my core beliefs were being tested and I found myself questioning things about myself I never would have even thought twice about before.

Thank goodness Beth had been with me during this time, offering a warm shoulder to cry on when it seemed I couldn't decide what to do. It would've been easy for her to say, "I told you so," or some other sarcastic remark but she never said anything like that to me, supporting me 100% the entire time. Some people might have taken advantage of my confusion and depression to have sex with me but Beth never even started to do anything like that with me.

Did I mention Beth was my BFF? I love her!

Once I'd made up my mind about my dad, helped in no small amount when he asked me to come over and let him fuck me again, Beth was the first one I told about it. I'd called her on my cell phone about an hour after getting home from my dad's place, crying because I was so confused about what I'd done. When I first got home it seemed all was settled - I was my dad's daughter and as such, it was my duty to submit to him and his right to expect me to do so - case closed. All the debate and self-analysis had been a tragic waste of time in that it really came down to whether or not I was ready to stand by my morals and ethics or to throw away everything I believed in. In fact, I was actually a little angry with myself for putting myself through such anguish when the answers were there as plain as the nose on my face the entire time.

Still...

About an hour or so after I got home, I was laying on my bed after my shower, wet hair and all, huddling under the covers to keep warm. Damn, my pussy was STILL tingling after having been fucked by my dad just a little over an hour earlier. Even so, for whatever reason I just couldn't bring myself to masturbate as I normally do when I felt this way. It was hard to understand my feelings as I knew what I'd done was the right thing to do - no question about THAT. In fact it was the ONLY thing I could've done under the circumstances and remain true to myself. Yet if that was so, why did everything seem so surreal? It wasn't that I felt remorse or guilt, but more like something was MISSING, like I hadn't been fulfilled in some way that I couldn't nail down.

So who do you call when you feel this way? Your best friend of course. Thankfully Beth answered her cell phone on the second ring yet when I tried to say hello, all of a sudden I couldn't help but burst into tears.

"Hey, you all right girl?" a concerned voice came over the phone. When I didn't answer she knew what to do. "Just hang in there and I'll be right over."

Like I said, she's my best friend and I love her!

It was about thirty minutes later when Beth came in my bedroom. She'd gotten a key to Kristen's house even before I did, something I never quite understood but that's another issue for another day. Tossing her jacket on the floor, she sat down on the edge of my bed and put her hand on my bare shoulder, rubbing it gently.

"Hey girl, so what's the story here anyway?"

I'd stopped crying not long after she'd hung up but now I felt for a moment like I was going to start in all over again but somehow I managed to keep the tears at bay. Then I took a deep breath and explained to her what I'd done earlier in the day - and I mean everything. Beth kept quiet, letting me have my say without interruption until I got to the part about the anal sex and her eyes widened.

"What? No way... he really did THAT to you?"

Now as much as I disliked anal sex, Beth was one of those girls who liked it (another Key difference between us). Actually we'd spent many a long evening discussing the pros and cons of anal sex but neither of us was willing to compromise our positions except to acknowledge that the other was entitled to her opinion. Beth also was well aware that my father had never pushed me in this way to have anal before so she must have thought things had gone crazy between me and my dad. It wasn't technically the first time he'd fucked my ass but it WAS the first time he'd done it against my will so I guess you could say it HAD gone crazy.

"Well, he fucked you in the ass... get over it girl. Did you at least like it?" she asked with a little smirk, as if she expected me to suddenly be "converted".

Glaring at Beth because she knew better than to even ASK such a question, I assured her that I had NOT enjoyed it but she just shook her head in mock amusement.

"So what's the big deal then? Sounds like you have things worked out with your dad overall."

For a moment I hesitated. What WAS the problem anyway? How could I explain to her the emptiness in me now, the lack of fulfillment. She'd never been fucked by her father, she'd never felt her dad's incestuous sperm erupting from his erect dick deep inside of her wet pussy. She'd never had such an intimate relationship with her father so how could she possibly understand what I was feeling right now?

"Hey, I know what it is," she announced with her hand together, an almost satanic grin on her face.

Uh-oh, I had this sinking feeling that I was about to be invited to one of her sex parties yet again, despite the fact I'd turned down like the last six offers before this.

"You need to get laid sister, and I don't mean by that boy-toy of yours Randy. Nope, you need a good old-fashioned screwing."

Yep, here it was, any second now she would say something like, "There's a party tomorrow night so why don't you come with me so you can CUM with me?" or something else even more suggestive.

"So what do you say you and me hit the town Saturday night and see what kind of trouble we can get into?"

Now THAT caught me off guard... on a day when I thought nothing else could possibly surprise me again. When Beth said "trouble" what she meant was going out and getting laid. To could be with a boy OR a girl, either way would be fine with her.

My automatic response was to protest. Like, it had been quite a while since I'd gone out and done something really crazy. Kristen had been teasing me lately that I was becoming domesticated in my old age. Then again, I WAS 25 now so it's not like I was a reckless teenager anymore. Not surprisingly, Beth would have none of it.

"You don't seem to understand Kelly... I'm not ASKING you, I'm TELLING you."

That made me laugh, as if she could really force me to do anything yet when push came to shove, sometimes it was like she had this remote control to my mind and could indeed make me do just about anything she asked. To be fair, I knew how to push her buttons as well to get my way when I really wanted it so I guess we were even in that department.

As we laughed together, her hand surreptitiously slid down my bare back from my shoulder, her fingernails gently running down my spine all the way to my tailbone where her hand flattened out again and began to caress my bare butt – something she knew I loved.

"Now Beth... what are you doing?" I asked her teasingly, as if I didn't know already.

"Damn girl, you're so tense... you need to loosen up a little," she said softly back as she continued to touch my warm butt.

Suddenly it was like the entire room changed, like a curtain had drawn on the stage and everything looked and felt different. Gone was the playful banter and the general chit-chat, replaced by a silence that was only broken when I couldn't help but moan softly as her hand squeezed my butt cheek. God, I LOVED my butt to be played with and if anyone knew it, Beth did.

Beth pulled the sheet off of me, revealing my nude body to her as I laid on my stomach, enjoying the gentle touch of her hands as they lightly traced me all over. Then she used both hands to move down the back of one leg all the way to my ankle and then back up the other, approaching coming teasingly close to my crotch but the suddenly veering away so as to give it a wide berth at the same time. Then it was back up my spine again and over my shoulder blades until she was rubbing the tops of my shoulders and the back of my neck just under the hairline.

It felt incredible as she would run down my sides, coming again ever so close to the sides of my breasts but not quite touching them as she worked her way back to my butt yet again. I felt a shiver run through me as her fingers ran down my butt crack, stopping just before they reached my asshole and then going back up again.

"Oh Beth... that feels sooooo good," I sighed in a low whisper, my eyes closed as I concentrated on nothing but her tender touch. Mmmmmmm, I could take this all day!

It wasn't long before Beth showed that she had other intentions as well. Pausing for a moment from her exploration of my nude body, she sat back and quickly undressed, dropping her jeans and top to the floor along with her bra, panties and anklets. Next thing I knew I could feel the warmth of her naked body pressing up against mine as she laid on her side next to me, draping one leg over me so her bare crotch was pressed up against my hip bone. She draped one arm over me, letting her large breast press against my side as she leaned forward to kiss my neck and just behind my ear.

"Mmmmmmm, you smell so good," she cooed as she nibbled on my ear while grinding her crotch against my hip bone.

Well, she must like the scent of body soap! Just imagine if she had smelled me when I first came home from my dad's, especially given the way Kristen had picked up on it so fast.

Laying there like this I couldn't help but think about how hypocritical guys are when they press to watch two girls together but then they don't like to watch two guys together - especially if they are one of them. Then again, it's at times like this when it's easy for me understand. When I'm naked and laying up next to a guy who's also naked, I LOVE the feeling of him against me, especially when his dick is erect and pressing into me as a sign of his lust for me. I love a man's strong arms around me, taking me as his and feeling the urgency of his desires. Yet in the end, it's not so much the actual physical sensation of him against me that turns me on as the intense emotions generated within me that makes me want to be with a man in such an intimate way.

In contrast, laying together nude with a girl like Beth is not so much physically enthralling as it is mentally. Sure, the touch of her warm skin against me, so smooth and soft, felt absolutely WONDERFUL. It's like snuggling up to my favorite stuffed toy when I was a little girl - only this "toy" is living and breathing, filled with as much desire for me as I have for her. The scent of her perfume, mixed with the musky smell of her sex as she grows more and more excited is simply intoxicating. To feel her breasts against mine, our nipples touching and stimulating each other, is pure bliss. Who would NOT like to feel such a wonderful creature next to them?

Yet as insanely wonderful as it may FEEL to be together with a girl like Beth, it goes way beyond just the usual physical sensations. Knowing she is feeling the same desires as me, the same sensations, the same arousals, brings us closer together. Feeling her pussy press against me tells me how much she desires me, and reminds me just how much I desire her as well.

I don't know how to describe it fully, but just that being together with a girl is like nothing else in the world. There are other experiences which are also great, this one is just unique and ever so special. No doubt a guy has to share some of the same feelings which is why he wants TWO girls, to double the pleasure. Can I blame them? No!

As all these thoughts revolved through my head, I just laid there motionless, enjoying the warmth of Beth's smooth skin against me. I loved the feel of the pressure of her bare leg over the back of mine. Then her hand began to work its way further down my ass, pressing with more urgency between my thighs as I parted them just enough to let her slip her hand in between. At first she just cupped my warm crotch, her palm pressed against my pussy hole as her fingers moved upward to explore my slit and eventually they found my sensitive clit. Her forearm nestled between my ass cheeks, spreading them apart yet they pushed back as if they were trying to grip her arm and hold it in place.

"Mmmmmmm, you're so warm and wet," she murmured as her fingers began to work their way between my pussy lips. "Tell me Kelly, did your daddy cum in you?"

She slipped in that last question sort of unexpectedly. Normally I didn't talk a lot to Beth about sex with my dad, especially after we'd called a truce after I'd done hers. Of course it was something she knew I did, not to mention something she herself had done twice, but it wasn't the sort of thing we spent a lot of time discussing. Yet now she seemed to be getting a little hot thinking about my dad's cum that might still be leaking from me.

"Oh god Beth... he did... a lot."

"Did your daddy make his little girl cum?'

"Ohhhhhh yesssssss," I sighed as I recalled just how wonderful it had felt when he done that very thing.

Without another word she slipped a finger into me, closely followed by a second and once they were all the in as far as she could reach she started to gently stroke them in and out of my throbbing pussy.

"Oh yeah, I bet you want your daddy's dick in you again right now... don't you?"

Like DUH! Still, I answered her by saying, "Oh yessssss... I want it so bad. I want him to fuck me again"

Beth chuckled, startling me at first. "Yeah but I bet you'd take ANY dick in you right now... you're such a slut you don't care who's it is so long as it's in you... am I right or am I right?"

She had me! "God yes... just fuck me!" I groaned as she worked her fingers in me.

Damn, Beth's fingers were driving me nuts, not to mention the one she had planted over my clit that was making me practically jump off the bed each time she ran a little circle around the swollen source of so much pleasure. Beth was pressing up even tighter against me now, squeezing her large breast up against me as she kissed my shoulder and back.

My hips began to press up against her hand, humping slightly now as I dreamed her fingers were my dad's aroused dick in me again... or Randy's... or ANY dick for that matter, just as she had said I wanted. I loved the feel of her fingers in me but I would've given anything right then for a real cock to push its way into me. I wouldn't even look to see whose it was, just so long as it was in me and fucking me ever so good. If anything, that would be even hotter - to have a faceless cock suddenly press into me without warning, filling me with its firmness as I was left to wonder who it belonged to.

Beth pulled her hand away and before I could protest, she had her leg off of me as well and was pressing firmly on me to signal me to roll over onto my back. No sooner had I done so then she twisted around and got on top of me, her face planted in my crotch with her own pussy hovering right over my eyes. Without another word she dove in, her tongue attacking my clit with a vengeance. God it felt so damn good! It was a rare time when Beth licked my pussy but when she did, it was obvious she'd had plenty of practice in the past.

Reaching around her smooth legs, I put my hands on her large bottom and pulled her down to my face so I could lick her pussy as well. God, she smelled so horny! My nose pushed into her pussy slit, followed closely by my tongue as I tasted my best friend's pussy for the first time in ages. Mmmmmmm, she tasted wonderful but then to be fair, what girl didn't when she was horny? For some girls pussy is an acquired taste but I'd loved the smell and flavor of mine from the first time I began to explore myself when I was just a pre-adolescent.

For the next hour or so, maybe even longer as I couldn't be sure, Beth and I enjoyed one another in a variety of different positions. Sometimes we did each other together, other times just one would lick and fondle the other. My favorite time was when I got out my beloved toy - my trusted double dildo and we both fucked the other in a manner of speaking. I loved it especially because it was almost like she WAS fucking me in that I could feel every move she made inside of me, just as I would if a guy was fucking me. What was extra special about a double dildo as compared to a regular one was that while I was feeling her, she was feeling me at the same time!

How many times we both came will always be a mystery as I lost count as my mind grew foggier and foggier with each one until it all seemed like one long orgasm, each chained up together with the next. Finally we were both simply exhausted and she fell on her back next to me, each of us gripping our crotches with our hands as if to somehow calm down the storm that had been brewing down there all the time. We turned to look at each other and I loved the look on her face, all flushed with sex and shiny with sweat. Her hair was a disaster, as I was sure mine was as well.

"I love you Beth," I said ever so softly in the silence.

"I love you too Kelly," she replied as we leaned over to hug and kiss. It wasn't like we were lesbians "in love" with one another. It was simply the love two friends share.

Then we just stayed that way for the longest time, best friends holding each other as their naked bodies pressed tightly against one another. Yes, this was what being a best friend was all about!

When it finally came time for Beth to leave, she reminded me of my "promise" to go out with this coming Saturday. I half-heartedly protested, saying I hadn't made any such promise but Beth wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Now are you going to come with me or do I have to make you cum again?" she threatened, as if THAT was a threat. Heck, I just might refuse just so she would "punish" me!

We both laughed at that and she finally left me, naked and totally drained.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon before I got out of bed again, once again to face Kristen in the kitchen where she was running around without a shred of clothing on as usual. At least I had the decency to wear a robe around the house, especially in the kitchen

"Damn Kristen, don't you EVER get chilled?" I teased her, smacking her tight little bottom with the palm of my hand.

Sometimes seeing her naked made me forget she was almost 23. No wonder she still being carded at the movies. She could have easily passed for being five or six years younger without anyone batting an eyelash. While it was pain at times, I think she loved it when it came to the guys who always thought she was some young teenager - a misperception she often failed to correct.

Kristen just giggled. It was the usual banter between cousins and then she pressed me for what Beth and I had been doing for so long in my bedroom.

"Damn, you smell like sex again cuz!" she giggled, "Hmmmmmm, but this time you smell like pussy! Were you being naughty with Beth?" She answered her own question with, "And why didn't you invite me?"

Again we both laughed as she knew full well what had gone on in my room earlier. When I told her about our plans for the weekend, of course she tried to muscle her way in but I wanted this to be a night with just me and my best friend and ultimately Kristen conceded - for now at least.

So now I just had to wait for Saturday night. It wasn't far off so far as the calendar was concerned but I knew the time would drag as it always did when I couldn't wait for a day to come. Hmmmmmm, I wondered what Beth had planned for us? I had no idea except for one thing... I couldn't wait to find out!

# 3. Getting Ready

I should've known at least in general what was coming by the time Beth came by to pick me up that Saturday evening. For once I was dressed and ready to go on time. Beth had probably assumed I would be my usual half-hour late when she set up the time so now we were left with nothing to do for the next hour or so since it was so early. Rather than just drive around and waste gas, Beth came in to visit with Kristen for a while.

Of course Kristen was still pretty put out that she wasn't invited to join us - something she made sure to give Beth an earful about. The good thing about Beth was that she knew Kristen all too well to know she would hold a grudge. There would be a next time and maybe that time it would be just her and Kristen. God, I could only imagine what the two of the them together on their own would be like!

I was dressed in one of my sluttier outfits. I'd pulled out of winter storage one of my summer skirts (something plaid was too "schoolgirl" and not really appropriate for this sort of evening) Although the hemline was down close to my knee it was slit up high almost to my hip on the left side so when I sat down and crossed my left leg over my right it allowed most of my thigh and even a bit of my rear to show if I wasn't careful - and I had no plans on being careful!

On top I had an almost sheer white blouse with frilly lace down the center, which was unbuttoned to one button below the center of cleavage so the jet black bra I had on underneath was clearly visible - as if you couldn't already see the outline through the sheer material of the blouse itself. Yes... I was wearing a bra but in this case it was for show, not to be hidden underneath my clothes.

In addition to the bra, underneath I was wearing a French cut hipster thong that left little to the imagination but with just enough material so as to not quite reveal everything. Sometimes I think hiding just a little is more sexy than simply baring everything from the start. Like they say in showbiz, it's always better to make them want more than to hand out everything in the first act. It's also a well-known fact by strippers that guys love the anticipation and sense of the unknown as much as the actual naked body.

Added in the ensemble were my favorite thigh-high hose, black of course, and so sheer it was almost like I didn't have anything on but yet made my legs look so much better after a winter with little to no sun. Tanning booths scare me with all the threats of skin cancer so the hose helped out a lot at this time of year when you need to bare your legs. Besides, when I sat down and did that leg- crossing thing the top elastic band of the hose would be revealed, something that always got more attention it seemed than if it was just my bare leg. I guess technically someone isn't supposed to see the top of your hose so by letting it show that makes it all the more erotic. Like my mom use to say about dinner... it's all in the presentation.

With an outfit like this, what other choice for shoes did I have than my flimsiest black heels? Flats or a short heel would have looked horrible and besides, nothing like a pair of ridiculously high heels to make those thighs firm up and look great! You don't girls wear heels because they feel good, do you? LOL

Usually I'm not a big one for a lot of makeup but when you dress up like this, you can't go out without making your face up along with it. A darker eye shadow than I usually wear along with some eyeliner complimented my brown eyes. Together it contrasted with my blonde hair which also should have told anyone I wasn't a natural blonde although with my pussy being shaved I couldn't prove it one way or the other! Just a little more perfume than usual and a splash of my old favorite Johnson's Baby Powder between the legs and I was ready to go.

Beth was dressed to kill herself with a tight dark blue dress that hugged her body like Saran Wrap. She may have been a little heavy for such an outfit but it really did make her ass look great. How she sat down without it all bunching up around her hips was going to be an interesting experiment to watch! What surprised me was it was strapless and with the low cut back there was no way she could wear a bra. I knew the dress had a built-in supports but the poor thing didn't have a chance when it came to dealing with Beth's large boobs. Well, if nothing else you knew she was 100% the real deal - no silicone in those babies!

Kristen, who apparently reconciled herself to staying home, was dressed up for the occasion as well - wearing nothing but a pair of pink cotton panties. I say dressed up because it was more than what she usually wore around the house! With her perky boobs she didn't droop even a fraction of an inch so why bother with a bra? She was definitely the "topless" type of girl, running around that way most of the time even when she wore panties or gym shorts - her favorite "around the house" wear if she was going to wear anything.

We were finally about ready to go when I had my back turned to Beth while facing Kristen to say something or another. I saw Kristen's face light up and from her mischievous grin I knew something was up. Unfortunately I wasn't fast enough as Beth snuck up behind me, reached under my skirt and pulled my thong down to my ankles in one swift motion.

"C'mon girl, step out of these... they stay home tonight."

Knowing it was useless to argue, I did as she said, after which she tossed my thong to Kristen who teased me by putting the crotch up to her nose and taking a long whiff and sighing rather melodramatically. Ignoring her little drama act, I turned to Beth with a look of exasperation.

"Oh now don't look at me that way," she said sternly, shaking her finger at me, "Besides, since when do you go out with panties on anyway?"

"Well my dress IS cut pretty high?" I said, sounding pretty lame even to myself.

"And your point?" Beth cut in, shaking her head at me like I was some silly girl.

"I don't know... I just thought it looked sexy on me," I struggled to argue.

It wasn't that I was all that worried about going out without panties. Actually I'd always loved the feeling of being bare under a dress or skirt, even as a little girl. Heck, I can't even remember the last time I sat in church with anything on underneath my dress but still, as I mentioned before I was hoping to tease a little tonight rather than just bare it all right from the start.

"And so it did," Beth agreed, but then countered with, "But tonight we're out to have fun, not just tease so they would've just gotten in the way anyway."

To prove her point, she lifted up her own dress, or more like peeled it up and sure enough, her bare pussy was there for all the world to see as well - and with a lot less to hide it than I was wearing.

"Sluts!' Kristen called out accusingly, then laughing as she fell back into the couch. Talk about the kettle calling the pot black...

We all just laughed and then I gave Kristen a kiss goodbye as did Beth. Finally we were on our way! I decided to leave my purse home so I wouldn't have to worry about it which meant leaving my cell phone home as well but then I didn't plan on doing a lot of chatting with anyone tonight.

# 4. Almost Losing My Bra

Beth was driving and soon we were heading for some place she knew on the south side just across the river from the main city. It was an area where a lot of the old-time saloons and bars from the long-gone steel era had been redone over the years, some of them quite well and they often held specials for girls, especially on weekends. It was another good reason to be a girl - no cover charges and if you played your cards right, you wouldn't pay for anything else inside either.

Yep, it's good to be a girl...

The parking lot was already pretty full, even thought it was barely ten o'clock, but Beth's little car fit easily into an open spot close to the door. It was chilly but I didn't want to worry about my coat so I left it in the back seat and hurried into the front entrance. Some gorgeous hunk opened the door for us and welcomed us in while stopping the guys after us to demand their payment to the empire. In our case, our looks and outfits were our payment and I was confident from the stares we were already getting that we more than met the cover charge.

The place was predictably crowded. There wasn't an open table or a spot at the bar but that didn't bother me as I knew from past experience that we wouldn't be standing for long. Sure enough, we hadn't been there a minute before two guys approached us carrying beers.

"Hey girls, we've got room at our table so why not join us?" the taller one announced. Damn, both of them looked pretty good actually and I glanced at Beth who smiled demurely at me. Well, why waste any time if you didn't have to? Sometimes you lucked out from the start and sometimes you didn't. Tonight it looked like we'd hit the jackpot in the first round.

Their table was actually already full with all six chairs occupied but it was all guys and I barely caught myself from laughing as they all got up at once to offer us their seats. It was times like this when a girl has to be careful.

Guys might not think about it but there's a definite science and strategy involved when a girl picks where to sit. You just can't take any seat - you have to think ahead and understand the benefits and consequences. For instance, the first question was would we sit together or apart? Being it was so early in the evening, sitting together was the right choice. Allowing ourselves to be split apart meant we would each surrounded by horny guys with no help from the other. It also meant we couldn't play together a little bit if we decided to tease them - which we both had every intention of doing.

So a lesson for the guys here... When you see two or more girls sitting close together, it usually means they aren't ready to DO anything quite yet, they just want to scope things out and see what happens. You can try "splitting one off from the herd", but good luck with that.

Now later in the evening, assuming things were working out as planned, we would probably split up but even then we would still stay near enough to one another that we could "rescue" the other if need be. At the same time we would be far enough apart to where the guys weren't as intimidated and would likely be more aggressive.

So in summary for the guys... sitting together means we're teasing, sitting apart means we want to get laid. Now Is that easy enough for you guys to understand?

The waitress stopped by to see if we wanted anything. She took one look at Beth and me and her nose turned up a bit. Bitch. Yeah, like WE were the sluts with her wearing a t-shirt two sizes too small without a bra and shorts that left half her ass hanging out. Actually, the waitress was pretty hot and undoubtedly she would be going home with plenty of tips.

I ordered my usual - a Diet Coke while Beth asked for some sort of wine. The guys went for a couple more pitchers of beer on top of who knows how much they'd already drunk - plenty from the looks of things already.

So now we were all seated with the initial formalities out of the way. As they say... let the games begin...

Really, for two experienced sluts like Beth and me, it was like shooting fish in a barrel. Heck, for that matter what experience did a girl need in this "target rich" environment? I didn't have to do anything but sit there and the guys practically fell over themselves competing for my attention. It was a little sad and I almost had to feel sorry for them - almost.

Beth was sitting sideways in her chair, pretending to tug at her dress to pull it down but not putting enough pressure on it to really do anything. If anything, her constant fussing with it just drew all the more attention to the fact that her entire thigh was exposed along with a peek of her ass - something I was sure was her intention all along.

Come to think about it, it was more than "shooting fish in a barrel", it was a little pathetic in that guys don't seem to have a clue about how to get a girl interested in them. All that macho crap where they pick on each other and see who can be the rudest and crudest does nothing for me. Still, it's what a girl has to endure if she wants a free night out - not to mention getting laid herself.

One advantage of being a girl we that all I would've had to do was grab any one of them and haul them off to the restroom and I'm sure I could've had most anything I wanted. Still, I wasn't THAT desperate or THAT horny - not yet at least.

When our waitress FINALLY returned with our drinks (I doubted her manager would've been very happy with her tardiness in serving a group like this) I saw she had something else on her little round tray - a large pair of scissors. In fact, they probably could have been classified as shears they were so big. Now what were THEY for????

It wasn't long before I found out as Beth apparently had it all planned out ahead of time. I should have been suspicious when she insisted that I remove my panties but didn't even tease me about my bra. Then there her not wearing one in the first place... and in her case a bra actually helped her figure more than going without one. It had been too long since we had partied like this and my "spidey senses" had obviously dulled as in the past few months!

Beth poked me in the side and pointed towards the bar. I looked but couldn't figure out what she was trying to show me so she leaned closer to my ear so I could hear her better and she told me to look OVER the bar. My heart skipped a beat when I saw what had to be a hundred or more bras hanging from hooks over the bar. It reminded me of clubs where ties were snipped off and hung up like trophies, only this place seemed to specialize more on women wearing what they apparently considered to be "inappropriate" attire.

"Guess who's is gonna be up there next?" Beth taunted me.

Ordinarily, taking my bra off in public wasn't THAT big of a deal. In fact, I'd no doubt that sooner or later it would be coming off before the night was done - why else wear one? Still, that all assumed I got to take it home with me. Bras aren't exactly cheap, at least not the ones I buy. Even the more utilitarian ones I get at Penny's and Macys for school, designed for comfort versus show, weren't exactly inexpensive.

When it comes to those I buy to wear out on a night like this, now that's a different story entirely. For instance the one I had on now came from Victoria's Secret where I think they double the price just to put the label on. Sure it made my boobs look great - why else do women pay for them? Sheer black, it had sculpted lace edges and a thin underwire that pushed my boobs up and together to create an incredible illusion of cleavage - perfect when you wore an unbuttoned blouse like I was wearing now.

Looking at the shears, I had this sudden realization that someone intended to CUT my bra off and THAT just wasn't going to happen. I'd find some way to go home with it but that assumed it stayed in one piece. Well, a good offence is supposed to be the best defense so I decided that if I was going to have to take off my bra, it would at least be on my terms.

The waitress started to reach for the shears as the guys started chanting, "no bras allowed" and I saw that everyone around us was now turning to look and see what was going on. I motioned the bitchy waitress to get lost and stood up, holding my hands up like I was surrendering, which technically I guess you could say was just what I was doing.

"Ok, OK... hold your horses!" I said, trying to get them to stop their chants and lewd comments. "If you all shut up I'll take it off... OK?"

At first it was like they hadn't heard a word I said but then a couple of the guys seemed to get the message and started hushing their compatriots until the overwhelming din became a low murmur. It was probably the best I could hope for so I knew I'd better do something before they got wound up again.

Pretending to be exasperated, which wasn't really that much of a stretch, I reached under my blouse and pushed the bra strap off my left shoulder and then reached under the sleeve to pull it down and over my arm. THAT shut the rest of them up for a moment but then the murmur started again as I reached under the other side and repeated it for the strap on that side. Reaching into my all but unbuttoned blouse, I twisted the bra around me until the snaps were in front and undid the two hooks that were keeping it together, allowing me to pull the bra out from my blouse in one swift motion like a magician pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

For a brief moment my left boob fell out but I quickly readjusted the blouse to cover myself again. Not that it had anything being as sheer as it was, but at least I was technically covered so nobody could claim I was being indecent in public. OK, so maybe if there was a family there the parents might not like their kids seeing my breasts outlined with my dark nipples clearly outlined through the sheer fabric. Then again, who would bring their kids to a place like this in the first place, at least this late at night?

"Give it up!" the waitress said, reaching for my bra, apparently intending to add it to their collection.

Well, I wasn't about to let Miss Bitch have my expensive bra, so I handed it to Beth who thankfully put it in her purse which she had fortunately brought along with her. The crowd didn't seem too pleased to be robbed of their prize, but they seemed to quickly forget it as I saw umpteen sets of eyes glued to my chest. It was easy to see why as what was intended to be an erotic blouse showing off my lingerie was now the moral equivalent of a peep show.

"Take off your blouse!" some buffoon called out.

I just shook my head and smiled. This wasn't a strip club after all, so there were limits to what you could do without getting in trouble. A quick flash and a naughty blouse were one thing but taking off my top could become a whole different ballgame.

"You knew about this, didn't you?" I said accusingly to Beth with a bit of a grin that was meant to take the edge off.

"Well duh... just be glad I brought my purse with or that fancy thing would be hanging from the ceiling now," she retorted.

With the show over, if you could call it that, things seemed to calm down a bit while another round of drinks was brought. I was even starting to get a little bored but then I should have had more faith in Beth...

## 5. Upping the Ante

"You horny yet?"

Beth leaned back after whispering in my ear with a playful grin. I could tell she was getting a little restless with all the coy talk and teasing. Something told me SHE was the one who was horny, but it wasn't like she was the only one. God, it had been a long time since I'd gone out and done anything like this and so I was ready to step things up notch or two... or ten.

By now we had each been each flanked by a couple of the bolder guys who had brought their chairs up right next to ours. They each had one arm around us leaving the other to do whatever - which in this case meant doing their best to feel us up under the table. It didn't take long before I felt a hand on my thigh. Boy, he wasn't even going to start at the knee like most men do, trying to be subtle. No, this guys went straight for my mid-thigh which was exposed as I had my outside leg next to him slung over my other knee, letting the slit in my skirt give him easy access.

I didn't say a word, or make any other response for that matter, letting him take my silence for acquiescence which he readily did. Looking over, I saw Beth's new friend was doing much the same, except in her case her skirt was so short most of her leg was showing without having to slip through a slit.

It was the same old game every guy and girl have played probably since the beginning of time. I bet some ancient cave man use to sit next to his cave girl and try to see how far up her animal skin he could get before she pushed him away. The fun part for me was to see how bold he would get if I just ignored him, pretending I didn't even notice what he was doing by carrying on a conversation with Beth and the other guys while he groped me practically right out in the open.

"I bet my guy finds out I'm not wearing panties before yours does," I said into Beth's ear, covering my mouth with my hands so nobody could tell what I was saying to her.

Beth glanced down at my lap where she could see the guy's hand had disappeared now under my skirt as he was moving more to the soft inside of my thigh. Her guy had most of his hand under her hemline now, meaning he wasn't all that far from his destination. Hmmmmmm, it was going to be a close call no matter who "won".

"OK... You're on," she said back, not bothering to hide what she was saying, leaving everyone to undoubtedly wonder what we were discussing between ourselves.

We didn't have to discuss the bet, it was all just for honor anyway. We'd played similar games before and had long since established the rules, the most important being you couldn't "help" - no words of encouragement, using your hands, opening your legs, or anything like that. He had to do it all on his own - whatever "it" may turn out to be.

Actually, most guys lost their nerve when it came to groping a girl's pussy in public, especially in a group like this. Had we been in a booth or someplace more private it would be a different story but here it didn't take all that much for anyone to see what was happening below the table top. Most guy were all talk but not so brave when it came down to it unless they were really drunk.

My guy had tried to get over the top of my leg but that was difficult with my legs crossed as they were so he tried a different strategy. This time he started to reach UNDER my upper leg, sliding his hand between my upper thigh and the chair bottom. It would have been a lot easier for him had I just shifted my weight enough to take the pressure off his hand but I knew Beth was keeping tabs on me as much as I was on her and she would cry foul if I did anything so blatant.

Beth's guy seemed to having the same problem, which was made even more difficult as Beth's legs were a bit heavier than mine. He seemed to be abandoning his quest for her crotch in favor of a flanking maneuver, running his hand up more on her hip than towards the middle. The fault in this maneuver, at least so far as the bet between Bath and me was concerned, was that she could be wearing a high-cut thong which meant he would have to reach way up her dress to be sure if she was wearing any panties or not.

God, was this guy EVER going to just DO it? It was hard to sit like this pretending like nothing was happening, talking to people about some inane subject while Mr. Hand was working his way up and under my leg. His fingers were almost there now, past the tops of my hose and the urge to lean over just a little to help him make this final move was almost irresistible. Still, I wasn't going to let Beth win by default, not when I was so clearly in the lead. Hey, it was my honor at stake!

Bingo! I felt a light brush as his finger tentatively made contact with my pussy. Well, if nothing else he knew I wasn't wearing anything over it! With my victory in hand, literally, I nudged Beth who frowned and pushed her guy away as he wasn't making any real headway in the first place. As for me, enough was enough so I shifted myself in the chair such that his hand was no longer under me. It was then I acknowledged him for the first time, looking over at him and smiling naughtily.

"Did you find what you were looking for?"

He seemed to be a little bit embarrassed but he maintained his composure and replied, "Actually I didn't... but that's OK."

You had to give him credit, he was pretty quick. I looked at Beth and she nodded. No words were needed when you knew the other person as well as we knew each other. Play time was over. It was time to separate the men from the boys - literally. I saw her lean to say something to the guy who had been feeling her up and I took her cue to do the same with mine. I knew what she was saying as we'd both played this game before.

"Isn't there somewhere we can go where you can see what else you can find – or not?"

At first I think he couldn't believe that I'd actually said that. I suppose after chasing after girls for who knows how many nights in his life, only to be teased mercilessly and left with nothing to do but masturbate later about what MIGHT have happened, this must have been like a wet dream come true. Admittedly, I'd done such things to guys myself many an evening, leading him on, letting him buy me things and take me places, only to leave him behind with his dick all hard and horny. Sorry guys, it's a girl's world out there!

"Yeah... sure," he finally stammered back. Then he noticed his friend next to Beth motioning to him and the two of them got up to talk between themselves. I grinned at Beth and asked her what she'd said to him.

"I asked him if he wanted to fuck me... sheesh Kelly, what else would I be asking him?"

That's my Beth. Why be subtle when you can be outrageous? I just shook my head but then why should I be surprised. It's not like it was the first time she'd used that line. After all, why change horses when you have something that works every time?

Typically when we went out like this we would trade off between a few guys, teasing and flirting and just having a good time with some harmless fun. For the price of a few gropes and wandering hands, we didn't pay a thing and everyone did everything for us – not a bad deal in my book.

Tonight, however, it was obvious Beth had other things in mind. I guess she figured if she couldn't talk me into going to one of her sex parties, then the next best thing would be to make one of our own. She wasn't joking when she said earlier that she was going to get me laid! Then again, when it comes to planning for sex, Beth never jokes, at least not seriously.

## 6. Driving to the Hotel

Now that we had our two "willing participants", there wasn't much need to hang around. Beth grabbed her purse – with my bra safely tucked away (she wasn't about to give it back to me yet). We looked at the guys, waiting for them to get moving, until finally they seemed to understand that we were serious! I couldn't blame them. How many times had they been teased in the past by girls like us, only to be dumped at the last second while they laughed and walked away? Well. these guys must have thought they had hit the lottery as they high- fived it with their friends, all of whom were staring at Beth and me, undoubtedly wishing now that they'd been the ones with the balls to approach us first.

We went outside where it had chilled considerably, reminding me that my jacket was still in Beth's car. It was then everyone seemed to come to the same realization at the same time - where the heck were we going? No way they were coming back to my house - not with Kristen lying in wait for some unsuspecting guy to walk into her lair. Beth was still with her parents so THAT was totally out of the question. As for the guys, who knew? For that matter, I didn't even know their names, let alone anything about their living arrangements.

"I'm Kelly by the way," I said to the guy who had been feeling me up just a few minutes before. He seemed embarrassed that I had to be the one to start the introductions and he quickly said his name was Tim and then introduced his friend as Matt. Beth then gave them her first name so at least we could call each other by name now.

Apparently neither of them had actually thought they actually had a realistic chance in hell of talking a girl home tonight because they both hemmed and hawed about going to their places. For all I knew they may be living with their parents or whatever. They looked to be in their upper twenties at least so at least I was confident they weren't living in a dorm room! Still, for whatever reason they weren't exactly forthcoming about their living arrangements - not that Beth and were either but then we were the girls so we didn't have to. This sort of thing was the guy's responsibility so far as I was concerned.

"So are you guys too cheap for a decent hotel room or what?" Beth finally burst out, obviously a little perturbed at the delay tactics.

Matt looked at Tim and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Why not?" Tim seemed to be the one more in charge though.

"Hey I'm freezing here so can somebody just DO something?" I huffed, my arms wrapped around me trying to keep warm in my flimsy blouse. God, my nipples were poking out like spikes through my blouse from the chill.

Eventually it got worked out where I would ride with Tim in his car to the hotel while Matt would drive Beth's car behind us. We'd settled on the Sheraton at Station Square. On the map it wasn't that far away but with the roads and such in this part of town, it would take a bit of doing to get there, maybe fifteen or twenty minutes at least.

Beth's car was on the opposite side of the building as Tim's so Beth gave me a kiss on the lips while the guys stared and then she and Matt headed for her car while I went along with Tim to find his. He hit the button on his key and the lights ahead of us flashed on. Wow, it was this big white pickup truck decked out with fancy big wheels. It must have been a 4-wheel drive from how high it stood off the ground and for a moment I thought about how I was going to climb up without revealing my bare ass but then caught myself and almost laughed out loud. Like, why would I NOT want to flash him?

Tim at least opened the door for me as I grabbed the handle and pulled myself in, making sure to lean over so he could verify for himself now that wasn't wearing any panties. If he noticed (how could he NOT?), then he didn't say anything but I was pretty sure he did. It was chilly in the cab so I was hoping he would hurry and get the thing started so I could warm up. My coat was in Beth's car but I had assumed it would be OK to go a few more minutes without it rather than traipse all over the parking lots. Maybe that was a bad decision!

The first thing I noticed was that the truck had a bench seat in it! Wow, I hadn't been in a car with a bench seat in ages. Then again, I don't ride in many trucks, my dad's SUV being the closest usually, so I wasn't sure how many had bench seats without a console in the center. Hmmmmmm, this quick trip might be better than I'd imagined.

Tim climbed in on his side and started up the truck with a loud roar. It must have been a diesel from the way it sounded like a semi-truck, another first for me come to think of it.

"Sorry, it needs to warm up a second," he apologized, looking over at me, "diesel and all, you know."

Actually, I didn't know but who cared. All I knew was that the truck wasn't the only thing that needed warming up. It was a little odd in that as chilly as I was on the outside, I was feeling hot and horny as hell on the inside. Well, I might not be able to warm the truck up any faster, but I knew how to take my mind off the chill... "So Tim, did you enjoy feeling me up in there?" I asked in as sultry a voice as I could muster, moving over closer to him on the seat while tucking my legs up and under me with my feet on the seat.

If anything, my teasing question embarrassed Tim which I thought was rather sweet. Better that reaction than some macho response from a guy with a huge ego. Reaching over, I put my hand on his crotch and I could feel the bulge of his dick plainly under his jeans.

"Now it's MY turn to do the exploring... is that OK with you Tim?"

Like he was going to say "no"? Not hardly. Actually he didn't say anything, just a sharp intake of air when I grabbed the bulge with my hand, finally getting my first handful of his dick, even if it was through the fabric of his jeans.

"Mmmmmmm, do you want me Tim?" I asked softly, more a rhetorical question as I already knew the answer. "Well... I want your dick... now."

Cute. He seemed startled when I started to unzip his jeans, pulling it all the way down and then attacking his buckle. It gave me a little resistance but nothing I couldn't overcome and soon I was undoing his jeans, opening them up until I could see his grey boxer shorts underneath. With his jeans out of the way, that enticing bulge was even more noticeable. Poor Tim was just staring down at my hands, probably not sure if this was real, a dream, or some sort of cruel prank where I was going to leave him high and dry after teasing him.

Rubbing his cock through his underwear with the palm of my hand, I grinned at him and then looked back down at his crotch. Tim hadn't moved an inch, mesmerized by this unexpected "Dear Penthouse" moment. If anything, his reaction just got me all the more turned on. It's a lot more fun to surprise a guy who maybe has never experienced this sort of attention than some egotistical "lady's man" who thinks he is God's gift to women.

Tim was undoubtedly a few years older than me but in some ways he seemed younger, almost naive. Next I pulled the elastic band of his shorts down so the top was about half way down his dick, exposing him finally to my hungry eyes - and his as well. I could feel him shifting uncomfortably in his seat now as the truck idled away. Any thoughts he may have had of driving off seemed to have disappeared, for the moment at least. Feeling naughty, I gripped the shaft in my hand, feeling the warmth of his wonderful dick against my palm as my fingers wrapped around it.

"Mmmmmmm, you have a nice dick Tim," I complimented him, "But I bet you hear that from all the girls, don't you?"

"Ummmmm, well..." he stammered. Of course I already knew he had NOT heard such things based on his reactions so far but it just made it all the more fun to tease him a little.

"Do you mind if I suck your dick Tim?" I asked, trying to sound like I really WAS asking him.

I may as well have asked him if he wanted to keep breathing as there was no way he was ever going to say no. No guy ever does. He didn't answer right away so I asked again saying, "I really DO want to suck it, is that OK with you?"

"You mean here?... Now?" he finally got out in a voice maybe an octave higher than before.

"Why not?" I asked innocently, as if sucking his cock in the middle of a public parking lot was just something normal that I did every day. Well, for ME I guess it was.

"But what if someone sees us?"

Yeah right, sitting what felt like ten feet off the ground, who was going to see us without a step ladder? Even if someone did notice something was going on, they wouldn't see my blonde head in his lap.

Enough was enough, I really DID want to suck him so before anything else could happen I leaned over and laid down on the bench seat with my head over his crotch and quickly took his dick in my mouth before he really knew what was happening. Holding the elastic down, I was able to take most of his smooth shaft in my mouth without even trying very hard. He was maybe six inches or so, nothing spectacular but not the smallest I'd sucked by any means.

"Oh my god!" he gushed, stiffening up as I sucked hard on his cock which was now engulfed in my mouth.

Just then a car horn sounded lightly next to us and I recognized it as Beth's car. I couldn't see for sure but Tim's reaction cleared up any doubt. He tried to push my head off his lap but I wasn't letting go of his dick now that I finally had it. Face it, when a girl has a guy's cock in her mouth, between her teeth, it doesn't leave him with a lot of leverage to work with.

"It's Matt and Beth!" he hissed at me, "We have to go!"

I wondered if Beth was doing anything like this to Matt but then in her little car with the large console and small seats, it would have required some pretty good gymnastics moves for her to be sucking Matt's dick. No doubt she'd resigned herself to waiting for the hotel room. I bet she knew exactly what I was doing now though, and I felt good knowing she was probably more than a little jealous at the moment. Well, served her right for putting me in this situation in the first place!

I took my mouth off of him just long enough to respond by saying, "So what? Do you need your dick to drive?"

It was at moment I think when it hit him that I intended to suck him off while we were driving to the hotel. For goodness sakes, isn't this like every guy's fantasy... to be sucked off while he drives down the road? You would think he would be pushing me to do it all the more, not trying to get me to stop.

"I don't fucking believe this is happening," I heard him mumble to himself as he put it in gear and pulled out from the space where he had backed in earlier.

Meanwhile, I was enjoying the taste of Tim's cock in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, it had been a long time since I'd had strange dick. While Randy and I weren't exclusive, we went out so much that I simply didn't have time to see many other guys. Of course I had a few close friends that I kept in touch with, literally, but they were just fuck buddies, arrangements we had worked out a long time ago. End result was I could hardly remember the last time I had fucked a total stranger's dick, especially in a situation such as this. Mmmmmmm, I DID need to get out more, just like Beth was trying to tell me.

Trying to suck Tim's dick while he navigated the turns and twists of the roads in this part of town was a bit of a harrowing experience at times but he put his hand on my back to help me from being tossed off the seat during some of the sharper turns and quick stops. He wasn't saying a word but I could tell from the occasional moan and groan, or the way he would jump just a little when my tongue hit just the right spot, that he was enjoying himself.

After a bit I had a feeling we weren't too far away so my goal became to see if I could make him cum before we got there - not the easiest task when a guy's attention is diverted from his crotch at times, no matter what is going on down there. From the speed he was driving we must have been in the Station Square area so I redoubled my efforts.

Just a quick note... When it comes to cock sucking, like fucking, how and what you do depends a lot on what your goal or purpose is at the time. I don't always just want to make him cum as soon as possible, what's the fun in that? If I'm on a couch with a guy, watching a movie or TV show, I love to just suck lightly on his dick, squeezing it at the base to keep him in control.

The ultimate is to have him right on the verge of cumming but manage to just keep him from going over the edge to where the precum is flowing liberally but he doesn't quite make it all the way. Mmmmmmm, delicious and it drives the guy absolutely insane. Still, there ARE time when speed is of the essence, like now, so I have to change my entire technique to where I concentrate on the things that he responds to, the things that make him squirm uncontrollably, the things that make him gasp involuntarily or beg for more.

Despite my best efforts, Tim was putting the truck in gear before I had him cumming and for a moment, I thought he intended to make us both get out without reaching the finish line. Now THAT would have sucked – no pun intended.

"I want you to cum in my mouth Tim," I encouraged him. It was more than just a simple request. I knew men LOVED me to say that to them when I sucked them and I was pretty sure Tim proved to be no exception. Indeed, it seemed to do exactly what I had intended – give him that last little shove to make him fall off the cliff edge.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped as he put his hands on my head and pushed my face into his crotch. It was a good sign, if a somewhat uncomfortable one, at least for me.

The first shot of cum struck the back of my mouth, flowed by another and then yet another. Mmmmmmm, it tasted wonderful, despite all the beer he'd been drinking earlier. I clamped my kips down hard on his shaft, right below the ridge of the head of his dick, letting it act as a seal to keep his cum from leaking past my lips. Over and over he shot one load of cum after another into my mouth, like some sort of sperm machine gone wild.

Finally he stopped, well that is with a few minor aftershocks that he couldn't control later while I suckled on his now shrinking dick.. I let some of it drool out of my mouth so it dribbled down his shaft and then bobbed on his dick again to suck it clean. Each time I did that I could feel him shudder from the sexual pleasure I was giving him.

"Of fuck, that was incredible!" he sighed. Then he jumped as there was a knock on the driver's window. I looked up, feeling a little bit of cum hanging down from my chin. There was Matt, grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh crap, he sees you," Tim said, sounding a little anxious.

"So?" I questioned, "I bet he just wishes HE was the one with his cum in my mouth right now."

Sitting up, I tried to wipe the cum that was on my chin into my mouth while Matt just stared at me through the window. I didn't see Beth but then from my angle she could have been right next to the truck and I never would've seen her.

Looking at Tim, I grinned and asked, "So tell me Tim, did you enjoy the drive over here?"

"Oh fuck, that was the most incredible blowjob I've EVER had," he sighed long and hard. "I never dreamed anything like this would ever happen to me."

He had this dreamy look in his eyes get always seem to get after they have cum especially hard and it was almost like he was in a trance. He just sat there with his pants open and his shrunken dick now flaccid in his lap, covered with my spit and his cum.

A rap on the window and there was Matt and Beth, looking in this time and there was no way they could've mistaken what had been going on with me sitting up now, wiping my face with the back of my hand. Tim quickly pulled up his shorts and did his jeans which just made the two of them outside laugh as it was obvious as well as to what Tim was doing, even if they couldn't get an angle to see down into the truck cab.

Tim got out and I scooted over to get out on the same side. As I slid down my skirt pulled up to my waist and before I could pull it down, Matt got a good look at what was underneath - or rather wasn't. Of course, it's not Like I rushed all that hard to pull it down either. He ribbed Tim and said something to him I couldn't quite make out but I had a good idea what it must have been about. Meanwhile, Beth had been thoughtful enough to bring me my jacket. She helped me put it on from behind and I could hear her whisper into my ear.

"You nasty little slut... couldn't wait until we drove fifteen minutes, had to suck him on the way over, didn't you?"

Grinning, I turned my head to her and replied, "You're just jealous that you got stuck in the tiny car and couldn't do his cock for yourself."

She didn't have to answer, the sly grin on her face spoke more than any words could. Beth loved to suck cock too... maybe not as much as I did but then I LOVED sucking dick whereas Beth preferred to get down to fucking as soon as possible. She could eat a girl for hours (trust me, I know) but when it came to sucking dick, it was almost like she did it just enough to get him rock hard so he could fuck her more than anything else.

We headed for the lobby, the guys walking ahead of us while Beth and I held each other's arms as we walked a few paces behind them. I guess you could forgive the guys, it wasn't like we were their dates or anything yet at the same time, I expected a little more respect than a whore would get. By the time we got to the lobby though, we had caught up with them and I grabbed Tim's arm, whether he wanted me to or not.

At the desk, it was a bit comical as neither of them had appeared to have given much thought as to how to handle this once they got there. It might have been easier had the clerk been a guy but instead it was an older lady who clearly had me and Beth pegged from the moment we stepped up to the counter.

"Ummmmm... we need a room," Tim said. The woman looked at him, than at the rest of us, and then back at him again.

"How many nights?"

Yeah, like we looked like we were staying the weekend. Tim answered and she continued.

"For how many?" she asked.

It was obvious from the snotty tone of her voice that she was just being a little bitch. Now if it had been a guy, he would have not said anything and arranged for a single room, knowing what the story was here. It's not like it wasn't obvious what we were there for.

"Well, the four of us," Tim answered, looking at the rest of us as if he was expecting someone to say something different.

"Two double beds or a king size?"

Now she was just taunting him. In the end, did it matter? Well, not to me and Beth but I had a feeling already that these guys were not the most experienced in the world and to throw us all on one bed, no matter how big, might cause some serious performance issues with them being so close to one another. Thus the answer was obvious - double bed, and she knew it, or at least she should have known unless she was a complete idiot. On the contrary, she seemed to know exactly what she was doing, the bitch.

"Two double bed... you have a problem with that?" I snapped at her.

She seemed a little taken aback by that and stopped her little teasing routine. Sheesh, all we wanted was room to have some fun in, not negotiate an international treaty or something. I didn't care what was in the room so long, just so long as we got the key fast.

Tim had to have his credit card swiped and then the woman finally handed over two room keys.

"Will two keys be enough, sir?"

At that point even Tim had had enough and he just grabbed the keys and pulled me towards the elevators. Once we were all inside, Matt pushed the button for our floor and the doors closed, serving as a signal for Beth to get things started early herself. She reached down into Matt's pants and smiled wickedly at him, then at me and then back at Matt again.

"Sorry I couldn't suck you off on the way over her like my friend did to yours. Can I make it up to you now?"

By then we were already at our floor but mission accomplished. I could see Beth was a little more happy with herself for having at least made an attempt – not to mention the looks Matt and Tim were exchanging as we stepped out of the elevator and went to our room.

As we stepped into the room, I grabbed Beth by the ass and squeezed. Yep, this was going to be interesting if the trip getting over here was any indication.

## 7. Teasing the Boys

Once in the room I took a quick look around to scope it out. It was pretty much your standard hotel room with the requested two double beds. A small bathroom was off the side as you came in with a mirrored closet opposite of it. A large flat screen TV was mounted on the dresser to the side of another large mirror on the wall. There was a small desk with what looked to be a comfortable chair along with a stuffed chair closer to the heater/air conditioning unit. The beds had the typical ugly covers (who picks out these fashion monstrosities anyway?) with headboards mounted to the wall instead of being freestanding. A central nightstand had a phone and clock and that was about it. I guess I was expecting a little more from a Sheraton but then again, I doubted we were paying for a deluxe room either. Oh well, did it really matter? It's not like we were staying here on vacation.

There was a short period of awkward silence. It was easy to tell that both guys were feeling a little uneasy which in a way made me feel better than if they seemed like this was just another night at the hotel with two girls. I wondered if it had struck them yet that this was REALLY happening and not just some wet dream they'd fantasized about since they were teenagers. Well, if anything Tim shouldn't have any doubts after what I'd just done to him!

Unlike the guys, Beth and I had plenty of experience with this sort of situation. Actually I probably had more "hotel" experience than she did but so far as finding yourself with two guys you had never met before, ready and willing to fuck you... THAT was something she had probably more experience than me. We both looked at each other and grinned. Between the two of us, the guys never had a chance.

I suppose the guys wouldn't have minded if we had just stripped and laid on the bed on our backs with our legs spread, beckoning them to jump on top and fuck us. Yeah right! Not gonna happen - at least not yet. After all, at least half the fun in this type of situation is what you do BEFORE you get fucked.

While I loved getting laid as much as the next girl - or guy, I also loved the teasing and erotic foreplay that went before it. If a guy just wants to fuck someone, I tell him to hire a whore. I may be a slut but I'm no whore. If there is one thing I learned from my brief but illustrious escorting career back in college, if I'm going to let some guy get off with me, it's going to be on MY terms.

Beth and I took off our coats without a word but then Beth turned to them and put her arm around me with her hand firmly planted on my butt.

"Why don't you boys take a seat and relax a bit... Kelly and I need to take care of a few things first."

Now honestly I had no idea exactly what Beth meant by it so needless to say, neither did the guys but they weren't in any position to question her so they dutifully sat down with Tim taking the desk chair while Matt sunk down in the other. They exchanged glances and I'm sure they both had to be wondering what Beth and I needed to do first that was so important. It didn't take long for any of us to find out.

"Let's give them a show," Beth whispered to me with her head turned so they couldn't even see she was saying anything to me. I could see the look in her eyes and I knew she was horny as hell. Well, make that two of us. God, it had been so long since I'd done anything like this I'd almost forgotten the thrill of having two strangers watching me.

Well, it wasn't take long for the feelings it inspired to rise up in me again. In the back of my mind some little voice was warning me what happened when I got this horny but I wasn't in any mood to pay any attention to it. Instead, I turned to Beth and we faced each other with my arms around her neck and hers around my waist as we started to kiss and fondle each other. It didn't take but a few seconds for Beth to reach under my skirt and grab my bare ass with both hands and squeeze my butt, letting the guys get a peek of my bare ass as my skirt draped over her hands.

Meanwhile, I'd dropped my arms down to grab onto her tight dress at her hips and tug it up until it was bunched up around her waist with everything else below now open to the cool air in the room - and the eyes of the two guys staring at us like they'd never seen two girls playing with each other. Then again, maybe they hadn't...

Beth released her grip on my butt and started to unbutton what few buttons were still done on my blouse, then pushing it off my shoulders and down my arms. I let it drop to the floor, standing there now in just my skirt and heels as she tugged the top of her dress down and over her breasts such that her dress was now completely bunched around her waist. We kissed again as our breasts pressed against one another's, again gripping the other's butt as our tongues met.

Glancing over at the guys, it was like they were frozen, not moving a muscle or saying a word as if they were afraid of breaking whatever spell had come over us. Actually, I'd of been happy had they been jerking off but other than the obvious signs under their pants, they had their hands on the arms of their chairs.

"Lay down," Beth whispered to me in a voice so low I barely heard her.

Beth maneuvered me to the end of bed where I sat down and scooted back until my knees were at the edge with my legs hanging down. Acting as though nobody else was in the room with us, Beth pushed my knees apart and got down on her own knees, using her two hands to spread my pussy apart.

"Mmmmmmm, you look so delicious tonight," she purred as she lowered her head to my crotch and didn't waste another second before she had her tongue planted on my clit.

I leaned back, holding myself up with my hands planted on the bed behind me as I looked down to see her head moving between my bare thighs. The skirt was sort of in the way but at the same time, I thought it added an element of eroticism more so than had I been nude. My breasts were rising and falling as I tried to breath despite the incredible sensations that jolted me each time Beth used her tongue and lips to nail my clit and pussy in just the right way. My poor nipples were so hard they almost hurt as they poked out. Once again I was amazed at what an incredible pussy-licker Beth was. It's not like she and I did it together all that much so I figured she must have gotten lots of practice at her sex parties she loved so much.

"Oh yeah, just like that!" I moaned loudly as I felt my orgasm rising in me.

It rapidly consumed me and my arms were simply too weak to hold me up so flopped onto my back as Beth held my thighs down with her hands as she continued to play with her mouth on my pussy.

"Oh god!" I groaned as I felt like I was going to explode but in a good way.

My hands gripped the comforter as I tried to keep from pushing her head away. It was such a crazy feeling, like I had to make her stop before I went crazy but at the same I would have died if she HAD stopped with me feeling like this. I could feel myself cumming on her face, almost like I was peeing on her, covering her face with my pussy cum as she lapped it up like a thirty kitten at a bowl of warm milk.

As my orgasm began to dwindle, Beth straightened her back, gripping her right breast in her hand as she leaned forward and rubbed my wet crotch with it. Damn... when her hard nipple would touch my clit it was like I was ready to cum all over again! After rubbing that one for a while, she switched to the as she lifted the first breast to her mouth, sucking on her now pussy cum-covered nipple. With her face all wet from my pussy and now her boobs covered as well, she looked like such a slut!

Beth stood up and I was hoping she would get in bed next to me so I could return the favor. We both still had our heels on like two sluts in some cheap porn movie and other than that, it was just whatever we still had around our waists. I guess I should have taken off my skirt but it just seemed naughtier somehow to leave it on. Beth must have felt the same about her dress as she was making no moves to taking it off either.

"OK boys, she's ready... so who's gonna fuck my best friend first?"

So much for THAT idea. Beth was indeed making sure this was a night I would remember! Seeing the look on the two guys' faces, I had a pretty good feeling that it would be one they wouldn't soon forget either.

## 8. Everyone Finally Gets What They Want

So after a night of teasing and fooling around, it was finally time to get serious and do what we all wanted - fucking. Sure I loved blowing Tim on the way over to the hotel, but in the end what I really wanted was his dick in me - and I'm sure he felt the same way. As for Beth, it wasn't even worth debating as I knew she wanted it badly - and probably just wished there were more guys to do her. As for the guys... silly question.

For a moment I almost laughed as the two guys debated over who was going to fuck me first. Tim was claiming that I was "his" girl", even though we'd never even seen each other until a couple of hours earlier. Matt was taking the position that since Tim had already gotten off once from me sucking his dick in the truck that it was his turn to even the score.

Evidently who I might want to fuck me first wasn't anyone's concern. I suppose so far as I was concerned it really didn't matter as I had little doubt that both of them would before the night was over - probably more than once. Neither of them meant anything more to me personally so what difference did it make who fucked me first? Well, from the way they were going at it, it must have made a LOT of difference to them!

"Will you guys just shut up and strip?" Beth finally broke in sounding quite exasperated, "Whoever doesn't fuck her is going to fuck me so what the hell difference does it make?"

For a moment I couldn't help but be a little curious now as to how this would settle out. Who would want which of us first? If you were after big boobs and heftier ass, Beth was your girl. I wasn't exactly perky like my cousin, but closer to her than Beth when it came to bust size and shape. I was pretty proud of my ass as well but I guess that depended on a guy's taste. Some guys go for the small tight ass while others seem to prefer something more substantial.

Somehow I missed what they had determined or else they just quite debating it because they were now stripping off their clothes as fast as they could. I was a little pleased to see that Tim was the one to walk towards me. I guess I had a bit of a soft spot in my heart for him compared to Matt seeing how I'd just sucked his cock and all.

Matt started to approach Beth but she motioned for him to get on the other bed where she practically tackled him and pushed him on his back so she could get started on his dick. It was like she was somehow starving for his cock from the way she devoured him! Not that he was complaining.

Meanwhile, Tim was climbing on the bed and I just laid there as he moved between my legs and assumed a classic missionary position. Interesting... most guys seem to watch so much porn now they expect the girl to start out on top and then finish in this position. Personally, I sort of like that myself as it allows me to take control at the beginning until I get use to his cock and then have him drive himself in to me as he reaches his own orgasm.

"Ummmmm, are you sure this is OK?" he asked me as he held his dick in his hand, seeming to hesitate before he put it any closer to my pussy.

Sheesh, what a stupid question! After everything so far did he somehow think I might still be some virginal school girl who he had to ask before he fucked her?

"Will you just shut up and fuck me," I replied, trying not to laugh at his hesitation.

I noticed he never mentioned a condom, nor did I see any indication that he intended to use one. Well, it wasn't like I thought he was the type that slept around a lot. If anything, I was beginning to wonder if the poor guy was getting any pussy at all! At his age, I was figuring around thirty maybe, he surely had to be somewhat experienced yet here he was acting like a teenage boy about to get laid for the first time.

I glanced over and saw that Beth was finally get her own pussy licked as she had moved into a 69 over Matt's face. He had both hands on her ass, spreading her butt cheeks apart so he could lick between her thighs as she rocked back and forth over his face while she sucked his dick. I then felt something pushing between my legs and I looked down over my boobs and stomach where I could see Tim trying to get his dick into place. As wet as I was from Beth's earlier ministrations, it wasn't that hard for him to get it started into me.

"That's it... push it in me... fuck me Tim, fuck me good."

"Damn you're so tight," he groaned as he pressed his dick harder against my pussy hole, "It won't go in."

"Just push harder dammit, fuck me!" I said, raising my hips off the bed a bit to give him a better angle at my pussy.

That seemed to help because suddenly it was like he just popped into me, about half his dick just disappeared inside of me. Another thrust and he had most of it in me and then one final one drove him all the way in. I could feel his thick pubic hair smashed against my bare crotch and I knew he was in me as far as he reasonably go.

"God your pussy feels so good on me," he groaned as he just twisted himself in me, rotating his hips to run his dick around inside my pussy.

"Fuck me... fuck me Tim... fuck me," I chanted over and over again as I closed my eyes and focused on nothing but his hard dick which he was now stroking in and out of me like a stream-driven locomotive piston.

Damn, it seemed like it had been ages since I'd felt this way. This was sex for the sake of sex. There was nothing personal or intimate between me and the guy fucking me. It was just pure sex where all I had to worry about and think about was

MY pleasure. Beth had been so right in that this was exactly what I'd needed so badly after everything that had been going in my life lately.

My legs suddenly went up and I felt his hands around my ankles as he lifted them high overhead, keeping them straight as he rocked me back onto my shoulders with my ass off the bed as he rammed his dick into me even deeper than before. I would roll back and forth as he pushed his cock in and out of me, never stopping for even a moment to catch his breath which I could hear loudly now as he gasped for air.

"Hey, how's your doing?" I heard Matt call over.

I turned my head to see Beth was riding his dick, her ass facing his face as he had his hands planted on her ample butt as she pumped his cock. She had her feet flat on the bed beside his hips with her knees bent, bouncing up and down on his cock, landing hard on him each time and rebounding upward again. She had her hands on her thighs, trying to keep her balance on the soft bed. Her face was red and I wondered how long she could keep it up before she was exhausted.

"Shit, you wouldn't believe how tight this cunt is," Tim replied loudly.

I assumed he was referring to my pussy and not me when he used that word. I don't know why, but there is just something about the word "cunt" that turns me off. Whores have cunts, sluts have pussies. At least that's how I like to think about it.

"Will you look at this ass?" Matt came back, "God damn, this bitch can really fuck!"

Why do guys think they have to call girls names to appear macho, assuming that is why they do it? Beth may be a slut, a nymph, a lez or just easy, but she wasn't a bitch. Oh well, from the looks of things she didn't care so why should I?

This went on a while and when Tim pulled out of me and started to get me to roll over, Matt must have seen him and asked, "Hey, ready to switch yet?"

Tim seemed to hesitate but then he looked at Beth and her evil grin as she motioned for him to come on over. She rolled off Matt's dick and got on all fours, her bare pussy revealed in all its splendor between her legs as she faced away from us.

"Come on Tim, you can fuck me in the ass if you want," she teased.

For a moment I thought maybe Matt was the one who was going to veto the swap idea but Tim was already off my bed and on his way, leaving me on my stomach with my legs stretched out behind me. The skirt was starting to feel uncomfortable now so I used the opportunity to pull it down and kicked it off onto the floor.

Matt was now next to me and I felt his hand between my thighs as he felt for my pussy. He found my asshole and for a moment it seemed like he might give it a try but I twisted my butt to give him a clear message that it was off limits.

"Not an ass girl like your friend, eh?" he chuckled as he went down lower to find my pussy, pushing his finger in easily.

I didn't reply but instead I just let him go on with what he was doing. He seemed to have gotten the message so there was no need to dwell on it and spoil the mood.

My arms were crossed under my head to support me and I watched as Tim got up on the bed and on his knees behind Beth. She wiggled her hips rather obscenely for him, using one hand to pull her butt cheek over to expose her asshole to him. I knew Beth was more into anal than me. Well, for that matter if she did it at all then she would be automatically more into it than me. Oh well, if she liked it then more power to her.

Matt seemed content for the moment to feel me up as he watched the little show going on next to us. I have to say, it had caught my interest as well. Beth had spit into her hands and was rubbing it into her pink asshole, letting her finger disappear inside of it as she lubed herself up with her own spit. I knew there would be some lotion in the bathroom but she seemed to be satisfied with her own means of preparation.

"Fuck my ass," she demanded as Tim crawled on his knees in closer to her butt.

He lined his dick up as Beth leaned down on her forearms to give him a better view of what he was doing. As hard as his dick was, it still managed to bend a little as he pushed it hard into her asshole. I could have sworn I heard a "pop" then as he entered her, driving his dick into Beth's ass. She buried her head into the pillow in front of her, her hair falling over her face as she groaned and moaned while Tim fucked her ass.

With the initial show over, Mat turned his attention back to me again. He grabbed the pillows and stuffed them under my belly, lifting my bottom up and off the bed so he could get to my pussy better. Pushing on my butt to lift my butt cheeks out of the way, he easily entered me now that my pussy had been stretched out a bit by Tim's earlier invasion.

"So how's my dick compared to Tim's?" was the first thing Matt said to me after he had his cock inside of me and started stroking it.

Really, what can a girl say when a guy asks that question. It's like asking a guy which girl he likes better, you or your girlfriend. Well, if he wants to get laid there's only one right answer to that one! Same goes for a guy asking a girl. Every guy likes to hear that he's the best lover in the world, that his dick is special and makes a girl feel better than any other cock in the world.

Matt fucked me a little while this way but he seemed impatient to switch. Tim was still banging Beth's asshole when Matt pulled out and rolled me over on my side so I was facing the couple fucking in the other bed. He tossed the pillows aside and moved in close to me from behind. Lifting my top leg up, he reached down and guided his cock into me again, this time giving the other two a great view of his dick pumping my pussy.

"Now THIS is how to fuck a horny bitch," Matt said to his friend, "Look at her, she loves being fucked... don't you babe?"

I just grunted and nodded my head as I felt myself being pushed around on the bed as hard as he was thrusting his steel-hard shaft against me.

Meanwhile, Tim was rolling Beth over her back and once again rammed his dick into her ass, only this time being on top of her. Well, it appeared both of them had found something they liked. Matt seemed content to be fucking my pussy though, which was perfectly fine with me as well.

"I'm gonna cum soon," Matt hissed into my ear as he started to thrust even harder than before, as if that were even possible, "I gonna cum on you face... you want that, don't you?"

Actually, that was about the last place I DID want it. Why not stay in my pussy and give it to me where it belonged? If not that, then at least let me take in it between my lips so I could enjoy the feel and taste of his cum as he shoots it into my mouth. Heck, cum on my boobs or stomach or anywhere else besides my face and hair. Is that asking too much?

Apparently so as Matt pulled out and scrambled to get his dick to my face before he couldn't hold back any more. One stream after another of his ropey sperm shot out and landed on my face and head. Oh well, so much for my hair as if it had a chance in hell of surviving the night intact anyway. Fortunately, some of it landed in my open mouth and on my tongue so at least I got to taste and swallow a little of it. Better a little than none I guess.

Matt swung his leg over me and straddled my chest, pushing his dick into my mouth so I could suck whatever remaining cum he might have left. I could feel him shudder as my tongue ran over the back of his slowly dwindling dick, right at that sensitive place most guys have, especially after they've just cum.

"Damn you're good," he complimented me as he involuntarily convulsed as I sucked him clean.

I kept Matt's dick in my mouth, not wanting to let go out of, as I turned just enough to see what was happening a few feet away. Tim was pounding poor Beth's asshole, driving his dick into her like he was trying to find oil or something. She didn't seem to mind as she groaned and moaned herself, reaching up under herself to play with her pussy as she got drilled. I wasn't sure if she had cum before or not as I'd sort of lost track of things while Matt was fucking me.

Suddenly Tim thrust his hips forward and buried his shaft into Beth's ass, holding it there as he seemed to shiver with cold, his ass clenching and then releasing and I knew he as cumming in her ass.

"Oh yeah, fill that ass all the way up," Matt cheered him on as I continued to suck his cock.

It had softened up a bit but wasn't going to go flaccid from the looks of things. If anything, I would swear it was starting to respond and maybe even harden up a little more. Perhaps it was the sight of his friend cumming in Beth's butt that helped, who knows?

After he was finished he pulled out and Beth twisted around to suck his dick clean. Now I may have let my ass be violated a few times in my life when there wasn't much other choice, but I had NEVER sucked the guy's dick after he had fucked me that way. I guess the idea was just a little too gross for me but Beth obviously had no qualms about it as she sucked every drop of cum off Tim's dick. As I sucked Matt into another erection, I felt a little relief that he hadn't done any of that to me.

It took a little while but eventually we both had out man "standing at attention" again. It wasn't as easy had they been ten years younger but then at that age most boys don't even go soft between the first couple of times. This time Beth came over to my bed and laid down on her side to face me as I turned away from Matt and we started to kiss. I tried not to think about where her mouth had just been, hoping that as long as she had been sucking him afterwards that nothing would be left that I wasn't interested in.

This time both guys spooned us from behind as Beth and I kissed and fondled each other, eventually even rubbing each other's clit and nipples as the two of fucked us, and then after a while swapping around.

This was perfection! What more could a girl ask for? My best friend was naked up against me, kissing me and fondling me as I was being fucked b some guy I'd never met before a few hours before? Even when they traded it really didn't matter all that much as I couldn't tell much difference between them anyway. All I cared about to be honest was their dicks in me. They groped and touched the both of us as well, but it as Beth's hands that I enjoyed the most.

After having cum just before, the two of them were lasting longer than before. Heck, for Tim it was actually twice already so it was a small miracle he was even as hard as he was. I guess the situation was enough to keep his dick in the game longer than I would have expected. Eventually the wanted to change positions so Beth and I laid side by side, our inner legs intertwined as the two of the fucked us in standard missionary style. Again, the traded off frequently but just as before, my thoughts were more on the incredible sensations I was feeling than on them as real people.

OK, before anyone asks. I have no idea how many times I came that night in the hotel room. Between Beth's starting round and then the couple of hours of fucking after that, followed by yet another classic Beth pussy licking to finish things off, I must have cum at least six or seven times. Some of them ran close together so whether they were classified as two shorter ones or one longer one I'll leave to those who keep score of such things.

As I mentioned, the night finished with Beth going after my pussy one last time. The two guys were totally spent and had fallen asleep on the bed, actually snoring at times. Beth and I moved over to the other bed where she insisted I had to cum one last time before she would take me home. All I can say is that my pussy must have certainly tasted a lot different than the first time she'd licked me when we first got started! Still, that last time seemed even more special than any the previous ones. It was my best friend finishing off what had been one of the craziest nights I'd had in ages.

Getting up off the bed, I almost fell over as my legs felt wobbly after all they had been through this night. We went into the bathroom to clean up a bit. God, we looked like whores! Well, maybe not whores but like two well-fucked sluts. Well, neither of us would argue THAT. Fortunately we had brought our jackets so even thought our clothes were not in the best of shape, we didn't have to worry about someone wondering what had happened to us. Besides, at 2:00 in the morning, there's not that many people floating around to see you anyway.

It worked out great that Beth had driven over. As we drove off, we looked back at the hotel and Beth said something whimsical about maybe going back for another round. We both laughed as we knew it would be awhile before they were ready to go at it again. What the heck, we still had each other.

## 9. Back Home Again

Beth just dropped me off at the curb when we got back to my place. I tried to convince her that she should come in and spend what was left of the night with me in my bed. She giggled and for a moment I knew she was tempted but we both knew had she done so that neither of us would get any sleep at all. Not that there was anything wrong with THAT, at least not under the circumstances, but it had been a great evening so there was no need to push it any further. We were both exhausted and frankly, I was feeling pretty satisfied as well, at least sexually.

Despite everything, I still somehow woke up fairly early in the morning. I debated church... for about ten seconds, and then realized there was no way I was going this morning. God, I was SOOOOO tired and sore as well. Heck, it was like doing an evening of exercise when you think about it and I was out of shape. Instead, I just checked out my mail, chatted with a few guys, and spent the rest of the day just being lazy.

Sometime in the afternoon I called Beth to thank her for the "present". Apparently she had found sleep easier than me because she claimed to have slept in past noon! We both giggled and laughed like young teenagers comparing notes after a high school date. She asked me if I was ready to head out again that night and for a scary moment I thought she might be serious but then she burst out laughing.

"God, my ass is SOOOO sore I don't think I could do it anyway," she moaned melodramatically.

I reminded her about why God made pussies but she just laughed at me and I knew she didn't listen at all to what I was trying to say. To be fair, my pussy was a little sore as well from the pounding it had received last night as well but I wasn't about to admit that to Beth.

Kristen, needless to say, was hovering all day, trying to get the details out of me but I found it more fun to tease her with little snippets. Poor girl, she just wanted to get off but then when I thought about how much sex she was getting on a regular basis, "poor girl" didn't seem to apply anymore. Oh well, usually it was her that was doing the bragging about some crazy thing she had done so it was nice to turn the tables for once.

Randy called me later as well, wanting to know how my night with Beth had gone. We had originally been going out together last night until Beth stormed in with her agenda so I had to tell him SOMETHING. It's not like he thinks of me as some virginal school girl but then again, he IS a guy and no matter how promiscuous you know your girlfriend may really be, they always like to think they are the only one. I was king and told him we had just teased boys all night. There was no mention of the hotel room but I think he suspected something. Heck, he knew Beth and that alone was enough for him to think the worst.

After the events of the past few months - and lack of them, it was good to go out and just do whatever came natural again. I doubt I'll do anything like it again, at least not for some time. Still, I smiled when I looked at a photo of Beth and I that I keep on my nightstand. Yep, she's my best friend... forever, and I love her.

# (Mar 26) Chapter 210: Randy Gets Greedy

Story codes: MF FFM FF F-solo oral inc mother daughter
Me (25)
Randy - boyfriend (24)
Aunt Linda (42)
Kristen - cousin (22)

What do you do when your boyfriend tells you that he wants to have sex with another woman? Well, if you've agreed that you're on in an exclusive relationship you might say why even say anything. However, when the "other woman" is your mother's sister, then things take on a whole new perspective.

## 1. Dating Randy

Randy and I have been dating since October of last fall, starting back when he surprised me by showing up in church one day out of the blue. He was back home after having been laid off from some sort of computer programming job he'd had somewhere in southern California. We had dated briefly back in high school when he was a junior and I was the older senior girl. One of the reasons I remembered him more than other guys I dated back then was I'd been his "first" girl - a "first" for me as well. After the newness wore off we quit dating and after high school we went our separate ways. I never expected to see him again until that day I practically ran him over as I made my way out after church. Wow, he had certainly grown up - on more areas than one as it turned out!

From the start we agreed that we weren't going to be "exclusive" and never in all the time we've been "dating" have I ever even once considered the possibility of marriage. We've just been the perfect stereotypical "friends with benefits" and so as long as the relationship is mutually beneficial to both of us, I guess that it will continue in one shape or another. When people ask if I have a boyfriend, my typical response is, "Yes, but nothing serious".

Even though we've agreed that seeing other people was ok, the reality is that we pretty much stick with each other and even when we don't it's not something that tends to come up in casual conversation. I've heard a few things from my friends that they've seen Randy messing around with other girls now and then, but so long as he's available when I need him, I'm not complaining. It's not like I don't take advantage of an opportunity when I get one.

Actually, for the most part I've been "faithful" to Randy, whatever that means. There have been times, like a recent night out with my best friend Beth, where I've done some other guys but it's typically just something spur of the moment for fun and nothing "serious".

In some ways, dating Randy today is not all that much different from when we were back in high school. Back then I was the older girl, a senior while he was just a lowly junior. Normally I didn't go out with guys younger than me but Randy was a bit of a nerd back then so it was sort of a challenge for me I guess you could say. Then when I found out he was a virgin that made it even more special since I'd never had sex with a virgin before.

Randy's parents were ultra-conservative and would've undoubtedly had an aneurism had they known some of the things their son was doing with me behind their backs - literally in some cases. I'll never forget the time I coerced him into fucking me out on their porch while his parents were watching TV in the next room. Then there was the time we fucked on his parent's bed while I wore his mom's nightgown. THAT time was especially hot since his older sister caught us but fortunately she didn't tell their parents.

Thus my relationship with Randy is really more about sex than anything else. When we went out it's pretty much a given that we will fuck - or at least that I'll give him a blowjob. Heck, why else go out? We don't share much the same tastes in music, hobbies or much of anything else. I'm sure that if it wasn't for the great sex we would've split apart long ago. The question now is, how long can a relationship last when it's based purely on sex? Well, give me a little more time and I'll tell you! For the moment I don't know but I'm enjoying it while I can.

## 2. Trying to Understand Men's Needs

There are times when men are so obvious and transparent that it's almost embarrassing to take advantage of them... almost. Men have three basic needs - sex, food and sleep and in that order. A typical guy will sacrifice sleep for food and then food for sex but don't ever expect him to forego sex for food or pass up food just for some sleep.

me, I want him to be focused on ME and not even hint at who else he wishes he was with.

## 3. Randy Lusts For My Aunt Linda

"You want to fuck who?"

Unbelievable! Here we were laying on his bed, taking advantage of his parents being out for the night, fucking like horny rabbits and out of nowhere my so- called boyfriend comes up with the craziest question he'd ever asked me. Suddenly I went from being engulfed with lust to being so pissed off at him that I just lost it.

"Fuck it, get the hell off of me asshole," I huffed, pushing him with both hands over to the side.

His stiff dick slipped out of my pussy as he flopped over on his back, leaving the two of us panting on the bed on our backs as we lay beside one another.

Sheesh, one second I was just about to orgasm and now the last thing on my mind was sex. I say my mind because apparently the memo hadn't made it to my pussy yet as it continued to throb but I just ignored the traitor. Dammit, I was mad at Randy and even if my body still instinctively craved him, I wasn't about to let him know that.

"You know, it's not that I really care one way or the other that you want to fuck my aunt, but why in the world would you tell me that NOW?" I asked him angrily.

Randy took a breath and slowly let it out before answering. Glancing down, I noticed his dick hadn't gotten the memo yet either as it was still fully erect, all nice and wet from being buried in my horny pussy just moments before. God it looked incredible!

"I don't know... I guess I just thought you would think it was hot for me to say that about her," he finally replied lamely.

All I could do was sigh with frustration. Damn, it was really hard to see his dick all nice and hard, coupled with the unquenchable tingle between my legs, and not want to just jump on it and start grinding on him. Randy was definitely towards the upper end of the scale when it came to the size of dicks I preferred and when he was this stiff and fully extended, it made my whole body quiver just to see it. It was beautiful... nice and wet from having just been in my pussy, the smooth head all enlarged, his pubic hair all thick and curly.

Still, as much as I wanted to pounce on Randy's wonderful cock like a cat on a mouse, there was a principle involved...

"Like I said, I really don't care... that's between you and her. Shit, you're supposed to me fucking ME right now you dope, not thinking about my aunt."

"Well I'm sorry I mentioned her then... c'mon, let's forget I ever said anything and get back to fucking," he suggested, turning on his side and placing his large hand over my warm crotch.

As much as I wanted to pull it into me even tighter, somehow I managed to push it away, trying not to respond to his touch despite the monstrous surge of pleasure I felt when his fingers pressed on my swollen clit. Damn, I really HAD been SO close to cumming and even now, it still wouldn't take much to set me off.

"It's too late now, you've already spoiled the mood," I whined, crossing my arms over my bare breasts like a virgin trying to hide herself.

That may have been what I was SAYING but it certainly wasn't what I was FEELING. It's not like you can suddenly turn these sort of feelings off like a lamp but I knew I could get it any time I wanted it from him so it gave me a little more leverage at the moment to deal with his infraction.

"Soooooo, what is all this about fucking my aunt anyway?"

Randy rolled his eyes and then he grinned at me like a kid eyeing a candy store window. "C'mon Kelly, she's HOT."

"Yeah but what makes you think she would want have sex with you in the first place?"

"Why not? Or am I too old for her?"

Randy chuckled at his lame attempt at humor and this time it was my turn to roll my eyes. It was somewhat my fault in that I should've never told him about my aunt's fondness for the younger boys (matched only by her daughter's similar obsessions). It was probably a good thing I'd never actually told him HOW young they went for but it was enough for him to get a pretty good idea. Still, at 23 he wasn't much more than half my aunt's age so it wasn't like he was some old geezer yet.

"Oh you're horrible!" I came back, trying to sound exasperated with him.

"Hey, I was just saying..."

"That's enough of that, OK?" I broke in before he said something we might both regret.

To be honest, this line of talk wasn't my favorite subject. Sure, I could appreciate a younger boy, or even girl for that matter, but it was more an intellectual exercise for me than sexual attraction. People confuse that all the time about me. Just because I TALK about underage sex and tease men about them doing it doesn't mean that I'm interested in having sex with them myself. The reality is that I've never in my life had sex with a boy under sixteen and even that was when I was fourteen. OK, so there was one time with a sixteen year-old when I was older but that was something special at the time and not really relevant.

Bottom line is that since I turned eighteen I've focused more on men older than me - some significantly older. I've also not been with anyone under eighteen. Sure there have been a few times when I was sorely tempted - my cousin certainly hasn't helped in that regard, but the consequences for my teaching career and my family have always overridden any short term enjoyment I might have had so I've always said no.

Just because I admit to being tempted is no reason for me to feel any shame or remorse. If anything it just shows I'm human. Hey, you can't control your thoughts and feelings. You can't control how your body instinctively responds in every situation which is part of why I say that it's OK to fantasize about ANYTHING.

What really matters, and what people SHOULD be held accountable for, is how they ACT. If a guy gets an erection watching young girls at a playground, he can't stop that from happening but he CAN stop himself from exposing that erection to them or otherwise doing anything inappropriate. If I see a cute teenage boy and find myself wondering what it would be like to be a teenage girl again, so what so long as I don't ACT on those thoughts? So long as I keep my hands off of him and don't do anything else I shouldn't, what's the big deal what I THINK?

Simply put, I didn't want to get into a conversation with my boyfriend over my aunt's sexual partner preferences, especially the ones that most people didn't know about. Randy only knew because he was privy to some family secrets of mine of which he was the first boyfriend I'd ever had who knew them. Then again, he's also the only boyfriend I've ever had that is personally involved in incest - in his case meaning that he fucks his older sister. There was one time a LONG time ago where I had a boyfriend who I watched doing his mom but that was only a one-time thing and I had no idea what, if anything, happened after that. I wasn't having sex in my family at the time anyway so it didn't really matter.

"So tell me Randy, why do you want to fuck my aunt more than me?" I asked, trying to change the subject, "You do know that she almost twice as old as you are, don't you?"

"Now just wait a minute... I never said MORE than you," he countered quickly, trying once again to get his hands on me as if to emphasize the point.

Again, I brushed him away again as he wasn't forgiven, at least not quite yet. "I just thought it would be hot to do her and figured you might like to help."

There he goes making stupid assumptions again. Why do people think that just because my dad fucks me and my aunt that she and I have sex together? Sure, we've done it a few times over the years but it's not like it's something we go out of our way to do. In fact, I can probably count on one hand the numbers of times that we've done anything like that. People forget that incest, when practiced as it SHOULD be, is not all about sex and orgies. Just because you CAN have sex with a relative doesn't mean you DO. In any case, I wasn't about to debate the point with Randy at this time - not with that handsome dick staring at me like a one-eyed pleasure snake.

"So if that's so, then why don't you just ASK her?" I asked him, "She knows that you know about everything anyway so it's not like she'd be giving away any special secrets."

"What do you mean Kelly, that I just walk up to her and ask her if I can fuck her?" Randy said flippantly. "Yeah, I can just see me doing THAT!"

"Why not?"

That made him pause for a moment. Then he looked at me with his eyes narrowed, like he was trying to determine if I was being serious or just teasing him.

"Seriously," I continued, "I think you'd have a better chance if you were just up front with her rather than having me act like some kind of lewd matchmaker."

"So are you saying that you wouldn't care if I fucked her?" he asked, as if NOW was the time to ask me that! Seemed like the sort of question he should've asked at the start of this conversation.

"Damn Randy, you know me better than to ask something stupid like that," I huffed, "I've always told you that you can fuck anyone you want... and I meant it."

Technically that was true as we'd agreed from the beginning that either of us could go out and have sex with whoever we wanted, whenever we wanted, without saying anything to the other. Still, I could tell from the hurt expression on his face that he was more than a little disappointed that I appeared to be so flippant with my lack of "concern" over who he had sex with. Actually I DID care and I guess maybe that's why I was trying so hard not to show it. Even if I had no intentions of ever getting "serious" with Randy, it's still a boost to your ego to know someone feels pangs of jealousy when you're having sex with someone else.

"So are you sure that you won't ask your aunt for me?" he tried again after a pause.

Good grief! I sighed loudly and grinned at him. "Well, I guess that depends on how well you fuck me now."

OK, so I'm human, shoot me. Laying there naked with him pushing his stiff rod into the side of my hip, how could I NOT want him? Any thoughts like I'd had when I pushed him away had long since disappeared and my natural horniness was firmly back in control again. Reaching down to my side, I gathered his warm dick in my hand, wrapping my fingers around its firmness and tugging on it gently. God I loved the feel of him in my hand!

"I think we've said enough about my Aunt Linda... now fuck me."

Well he did... and quite well I might add! However, I did have to wonder when he finally came inside of me if he was thinking about Aunt Linda's pussy instead. I can't say I was comfortable with the idea of him thinking about her while he fucked me...

## 4. Getting Kristen Interested

When I finally returned home the house was empty so I was able to take a shower and get ready for bed without being pestered by my cousin for a status report. At least living with my cousin I could just tell her to get lost and ignore her so it wasn't like back when I was in high school when my mom or dad would be waiting up for me, anxiously waiting to hear all about my date - especially the juicy details (sorry, pun intended). As a teen I could hardly say no to my parents but when it came to Kristen that was a different matter entirely. She could just wonder what had happened so far as I was concerned and usually I'd give her a sly grin to let her think it was even naughtier than it typically was.

Suddenly hunger struck so I wrapped a towel around my wet hair and used another around me, tucking it in my cleavage to hold it in place. It was a large bath towel so it was almost like wrapping a blanket around me it was so huge. Being so heavy it was sort of a pain to keep on but it was still better than running around naked.

I was in the midst of peeling an orange when in walked Kristen with her usual grin on her face. In and of itself, the grin meant nothing since it seemed to be permanently etched on her face. Now had she NOT been grinning, THEN I would have wondered what was going on - and been worried as well.

"So cuz, get laid?" she greeted me.

Typical Kristen in that I didn't even get a "hello" from her before she went straight to what mattered to her the most - the sex. The girl had a one-track mind, that was for sure. Well, at least you always knew where she was coming from.

The grin on my own face told her all she needed to know so she took a seat across the table from me and asked, "So where'd you guys do it this time?"

All I got to tell her was that we did it in his bedroom when she cut me off saying, "Shit Kelly, I keep telling you to do it on his sister's bed... that would be hotter, don't you think?"

There she goes again trying to push my buttons. I just shook my head at her, hoping she would remember what I'd told her a dozen time before if I told her once. Sheesh, how many times did I have to tell Kristen that Randy's sister didn't live at home anymore and hadn't in years? Kristen, as usual, didn't pick up on the hint and barged right on ahead.

"Ya know, I think it would be cool if you did it on her bed AND she was on it at the same time. Really, I can't believe you won't do it with his sister. I bet you do and you just won't tell me... is that right?"

There were so many misconceptions there that I hardly would've known where to begin, had I chosen to. First, as I already said, she didn't even HAVE a bed in the house anymore as her bedroom had long ago been turned into a sewing room for her mother.

Next, it wasn't MY decision not to do anything with her. From the first time she'd caught me with her brother back in high school, she'd hated my guts. I guess seeing me wearing her mom's nightie hadn't helped. Since then time hadn't done anything to heal our rift. She thought I was a slut (which I couldn't argue with) and in her book that meant I was unfit to be her brother's girlfriend. End of discussion so far as she was concerned.

"So anyway, where did you go today?" I asked her, trying to deflect the conversation away from me and Randy - and his sister.

"Oh the usual... just an open house," she said but the look in her eyes told me that she wasn't telling anywhere near the entire story.

She was clearly taunting me, waiting for me to rise to her bait and beg her to tell me all the lurid details of how she undoubtedly slept with some potential buyer, probably while another couple was looking around the home if I knew her by now. Sometimes I felt like she was embellishing things a bit but then I knew from my own experience "helping out" her mom that indeed, sometimes truth was stranger than fiction,

Seeing I wasn't going to play along with her little mind games, Kristen gathered her things and left for her room, finally leaving me in peace to finish peeling my orange. As she walked out and I glanced over just in time to see her tight little ass wiggle in an impossibly tight skirt, suddenly an idea flashed into my head.

"Hey Kristen, Randy told me that he wants to fuck your mom!" I called out after her.

Now THAT stopped her in her tracks! Kristen turned around and looked at me, like she was trying to determine if I was just teasing her or if there any truth to what I'd just said. Something like the look Randy had given me earlier when I told him it was OK to fuck my aunt. Apparently convinced I was at least not totally messing with her, she dropped her coat on a chair and came back into the kitchen.

"MY mom?" she repeated, as if she wasn't sure she had heard me right. "Are you sure he wasn't talking about ME?"

Another classic Kristen move - making it all about her. Heaven forbid that some guy might not ask for her but express his desire for her mother instead. I assured her that she'd heard me correctly and she appeared to be a bit miffed. It didn't help that Randy had been with her a few times in the past so it must have seemed like a slap in the face to her for him to express desire for her mom but not her.

"Yeah, he even asked me to help with asking her."

Kristen may have had a body most girls would kill for, but I've never claimed she was the sharpest knife in the drawer. With her fixation on sex and herself, it made her almost as easy to manipulate as your typical guy. Case in point, all I had to do was lob out a little softball of a statement and she was instantly all over it.

"What do you mean?"

"I was just thinking maybe if you helped me set things up between them, then maybe we could arrange for a little unexpected fun beyond what they think they're getting."

Hook, line and sinker. Kristen swallowed it all without even a blink of her eye. Actually the idea had just popped into my head a few minutes earlier, but she was so easy to manipulate that all I needed was a few seconds to figure out the right approach. Kristen may not catch every nuance I tossed her way but not even she could miss this one.

It took maybe an hour or so but we eventually came up with a plan I had to admit was quite devious - not to mention hot as hell. There were a few details that would have to be dealt with when the time came but I was sure it wasn't anything the two of us couldn't handle. Now if we could just pull it off...

# 5. Prepping Randy

"So... do you still want to fuck my Aunt Linda?"

Randy and I were laying laid together on my bed after another evening of sex for the sake of sex. He'd just cum in me (finally) and his dick was still inside of my pussy while his arms were wrapped around me as he spooned me from behind. After he'd cum we both kept quiet for a few minutes, laying perfectly still except for the occasional quick push as he tried his best to keep his slowly dwindling cock buried inside of me.

God... I loved the feeling it gave me as his dick moved ever slightly inside of me while his sperm drained slowly out of me onto my thigh. For some reason I started to try and figure out how many times I'd been fucked over the years. Hundreds for sure. Was it more than a thousand times if I counted back to when I first did it at the age of fourteen? Yet no matter how many cocks, how many times, how many positions, no matter where or when, this was one of those moments of which I never grew weary.

In a way, having him behind me like this with his hairy crotch pushed into my bare butt and his large hand cupping my tender breasts, it was even better in that it wasn't really all that important to me WHO he was. That may sound a little weird so let me explain. When it comes to sex, how I react depending mostly on WHO I am with. Well, "who" in terms of what my relationship is with that person. There are three basic categories: total strangers, guys I am close to (like a boyfriend or long-time friend) and then those in my family (incestual relationships).

With a total stranger, like when I have sex at a party or I just go out and get picked up by some guy I've never met before, it's not just all about the physical aspect of sex as you might think it would be for me. In fact, the idea that he IS a total stranger is a large part of what turns me on. Just think about it and it should make sense to you.

First, when you meet a stranger there's no guarantee that you WILL have sex yet at the same time, it's assumed because I know he's horny and he probably figures only a slut would be doing this sort of thing in the first place. Here's a guy whom I've never met before and don't even know his name, and I'm letting him literally mate me like some dog in heat taking whatever hard dick comes her way. He doesn't care about ME, he doesn't want to know anything about ME, all he wants is to fuck me and when it's over, never see me again. You gotta admit, that's all pretty hot.

When it comes to sex with my friends and boyfriends, I refer to that privately as "comfort sex". You both know each other, what you each like and don't like, what turns each other on - and off. You know when you get together that you WILL have sex, so it's how you get there that makes it interesting.

With "strange" sex it's basically right to the sex, be it oral or full fucking, and when it's done it's done. With a friend, I like to snuggle and have lots of foreplay. Sometimes we won't even have sex and all I'll do is maybe suck his dick or let him grope me. Afterwards, like now with Randy, I like to stay tied together and feel him inside of me as he throbs and jerks uncontrollable at times. Like I said, it's just comfortable, perfect for those times when I'm horny but don't want to have to go through a lot of games to get laid.

Incestual sex is totally different from "strange" and "comfort" sex. First, when it comes to my uncles and cousin, it's more like something you do because you're a family and it's expected. The fact that neither of my aunts knows that I fuck their husbands makes it more of a turn-on yet at the same time, it makes it a pain because we have to keep it a secret at family gatherings and such.

I know my dad loves to fuck some of my cousins, Tammy in particular as she is the youngest, so it's important that I let her dad fuck me so my dad can fuck his daughter. With my dad it is totally different but I discuss that relationship enough in other stories and articles so I won't get into how I feel about being intimate with him other than it is unique and unlike sex I have with any other man.

With Randy, sex had become VERY comfortable. Frankly, it was about the only reason we even HAD a relationship as we didn't share much else in common other than we'd dated a bit back in high school and I was his "first". Sure we went out to movies and dinners and such, but that was more to provide something different than anything. Usually I never saw much of the movie or ate the whole dinner anyway before we both got too horny to care. I guess there's something to say about being able to just call a guy up and be honest about what you need instead of having to play coy and talk all around the subject you BOTH want to discuss.

Randy's cock was barely in me now, giving me a moment to reflect on how I was going to put the plan in motion that Kristen and I had concocted. It was really pretty basic but then aren't all the best plans simple?

"So... do you still want to fuck my Aunt Linda?" I'd just asked him.

"Well, yeah," Randy replied, "I didn't think you were too crazy about the idea though the last time I mentioned it."

Wiggling my butt just a little to make his dick move in me, I felt him shudder as his hypersensitive dick automatically reacted to even the slight movement of my warm pussy around it.

"It seems you have a way of convincing me," I teased him.

"You know, if you got busy I could convince you again," he teased back, thrusting his crotch into me harder as if I hadn't already gotten the hint.

True, I was pretty sure as horny as he was tonight that with just a little work I could suck him back into an erection in no time. Still, before I did that I wanted to talk about him and my Aunt Linda little more.

"So tell me again, why do you want to fuck her? I'd of thought you'd rather have Kristen."

Randy laughed a little at that one. "Well, who wouldn't want to fuck Kristen... and who hasn't for that matter?"

As much as I tried not to, I giggled a little myself at that one. He was right in that I didn't know of too many guys who had NOT fucked Kristen. IF it was hard for me to figure out how many guys had done me and how many times, I could just imagine trying to keep score for Kristen - and that doesn't even count when she was whoring herself out.

Back in our high school days I guess you could say that I had a bit of a reputation in that if you were going on a date with me, odds are you went home with a BJ at the very least. So far as I was concerned, anything more than that wasn't anywhere near as certain but not so when it came to my cousin Kristen. In fact, it would have been big news had she NOT been fucked by a guy she went out with. That was her way though, and while it wasn't how I handled myself, it was her decision and I respected her decisions.

"Well my aunt's not exactly a virgin either you know," I pointed out the obvious.

"Yeah but I've never fucked an older woman."

"Oh? What about your sister? She's older than you."

Randy huffed at that one. "Gimme a break, that's not the same and you know it Kelly. Your aunt's like what, 45?"

I pointed out to him that she wouldn't even be 42 for another week as her birthday was April 2nd.

"Oh well, 45, 42... close enough," Randy sighed, "I just can't help but imagine that fucking someone that old would be really hot, not to mention she's Kristen's mom too."

The implied reference to a mother-daughter tryst got my attention. "Oh? Is that it... you want to do a mother-daughter thing?"

"Shit Kelly, you know better than to even ASK that," he said firmly, "Like what heterosexual male would NOT?"

"Well, up until now you've just asked about my Aunt, nothing about her and Kristen together. Besides, you've already fucked Kristen a few times so what's the big deal?"

Indeed he had, but that was back when we were first getting reacquainted with me. Since we'd been going out more Kristen had left him pretty much alone, in no small part because I'd threatened her dearly if she didn't keep her distance. It wasn't that I was jealous of her, just greedy. From bitter past experience I knew that if Kristen get involved with Randy that she would want to be involved ALL the time. I wanted Randy for "comfort" sex, not 3-somes with Kristen.

"So tell me what turns you on about my aunt," I pushed him.

"She's just so fucking hot I guess. Most women her age start gaining weight and their boobs and arms get all saggy. Your aunt still look like she's barely thirty."

There were a few good reasons for that but I didn't mention to him that her youthful looks were in part thanks to an excellent plastic surgeon but he didn't need to know those details. Besides, because of some medical issues she hadn't gotten implants, just a lift so her boobs looked almost as perky as her daughter's and still felt natural. As for her arms, the sorry truth was they WERE starting to sag a little but she watched her weight and exercised which seemed to be staving off the inevitable flabby arms all older women eventually have to face sooner or later.

Looking at Randy I got the feeling that he was thinking about my aunt in ways a whole lot naughtier than he was talking about her. When I say "feeling", I mean that literally. His dick was starting to respond to all this talk about my aunt and cousin and I could feel him starting to swell once again inside of me. Oh yeah, he WAS a horny boy today, that was for sure. Not that I was complaining...

"So what do I get if I somehow convince my aunt to let you fuck her?" I asked as I started to instinctively move my hips slowly, grinding my ass into his crotch as his dick continued to grow inside of me. I hadn't even realized I was doing it at first as it was more a reaction than something I consciously decided to start doing.

Mmmmmmm, just like I enjoyed feeling his dick stay in me after he had cum, this was another sensation I looked forward to - the feel of his cock as it grew inside of me. Usually when I felt his dick growing it was in my mouth as he couldn't get it into my pussy when he was soft. I loved that as well as his dick would swell and lengthen inside of my mouth like some magical balloon. The only time I got to feel it grow in my pussy was at a time like this, when he got all worked up and horny after he'd already fucked me once. It was a sensation almost impossible to describe as it was like a warm balloon being blown up ever so slowly inside of me. Rather than pushing in and forcing me apart as his thick shaft violated me, this was more subtle and oh so much more erotic!

"Mmmmmmm, I think someone's horny for my aunt," I murmured as I felt him beginning to slowly stroke his now almost totally erect dick in and out of me.

"God Kelly, you can be such a fucking tease, you know that?" he asked rhetorically.

"Why don't you just shut up and fuck me again," I sighed, closing my eyes and focusing on nothing but his wonderful his dick in me. Reaching down, I started to play with myself, feeling his dick sliding in and out of my over my fingertips as my fingers pressed against my clit, putting just enough pressure on it that the natural movement of me against his thrusting dick was enough to drive my clit crazy.

Well, I asked him to fuck me and thankfully he did just that. After we were done, he quickly gathered his stuff and left, leaving me sweaty and cum-filled on my bed. Again, not that I'm complaining! After he had left, Kristen walked into my room and laid down next to me without asking or even saying a word beforehand.

"Hmmm, sounded like he fucked you pretty good today," she teased me, trying to rub my pussy as I brushed her hand away.

"Not now Kristen," I sighed. If I gave an inch I knew she would take a mile and as much as I knew I'd probably enjoy it, I had other things on my mind that I needed to talk to her about.

"So what else did you hear?" I asked, knowing she must have been listening outside my room while Randy had been fucking me.

"Well... what was this about a 3-some with me and my mom? Sounds hot!"

I playfully spanked her cute little bottom. "Don't even THINK about it."

"Why not?" Kristen whined, trying to act like she was hurt. "Mom would love it... I know she would. She thinks Randy's hot!"

"I would've thought he was a little old for the two of you," I teased. It really wasn't that much of a tease though in that the two of them DID seem to prefer the younger boys - and I mean a lot younger than Randy

"He's not THAT old!"

"Well, he's not in middle school either."

This time it was her turn to try and spank me but I pushed her back and we both cracked up.

"Seriously Kristen, he DOES want to fuck your mom so what do you think, think she would?"

Kristen just rolled her eyes with a classic "duh" expression. "Trust me... I KNOW she would. Quit worrying, our plan will work out perfectly."

There was something about the way she emphasized the "know" in her response that told me there was more to that than she was sharing but I wasn't about to fall into her little trap.

"Tell you what Kelly," she said, turning over on her side to face me while holding up her head on her arm and hand. "Tomorrow there's an open house my mom and me are doing, why not tell him to stop over... maybe when it's just finishing. It would be a great time to do what we talked about."

True, the conditions were perfect. It also brought all sorts of ideas to mind, none of which I'm sure the owners of the house would have appreciated nearly as much as I did.

"So do I get to be there too?" I asked. We hadn't quite worked out every detail as it had been more fantasizing than actual planning. Now that we were looking at actually DOING it, a few details needed to be worked out. Kristen may not be the sharpest took in the shed, but when it came to planning anything sexual she was at the top of the charts. Years of experience as a high-priced whore didn't hurt either.

"OK... we'll both be there but he won't know... at least not at first," she replied, winking at me after she said the last part.

I started to ask her about it but she just held up her hand and shook her head. "Just show up early and you'll see... OK? Now just get him over there and I'll take care of the rest."

I shrugged my shoulders and smiled. Why not? One good thing about this so-called plan - it really wasn't much of a plan as it was a general outline leaving open all sorts of possibilities. I started to lay back down again but she poked me in the side.

"Soooooo, are you gonna call Randy or not?"

"Don't you have to check with your mom first?" I asked.

Kristen just grinned. "Noooooo, we already talked about it. Besides, it would take half the fun out of it if she knew everything, don't you agree?"

I wasn't quite sure just how much she had told her mother but apparently it was more centered around Randy than anything to do with her or me. I just nodded but she wasn't about to let it go at that.

"So call Randy... now!" she insisted, "Besides, I want to listen."

I reached over to the nightstand where my cell phone was and hit the speed dial button for Randy. Kristen motioned towards the phone with her finger. I got the hint and hit the speakerphone button so she could listen in on us.

It only took a few minutes to tell Randy about the open house and how my aunt would be "available". He never even hesitated and I wondered when I hung up if he was already getting hard again thinking about being with my aunt. He'd been so horny earlier it wouldn't have surprised me.

"This is gonna be SOOOOO cool," Kristen murmured as she snuggled up against me.

Well, sometimes you just have to accept the inevitable so I turned to her. Damn, we were both horny as heck now at the idea of what we had set in motion so why not deal with it like two mature women - make that two really horny women!

After all, there ARE benefits with living with your cousin...

# 6. Randy Finally Gets What He Wants

The open house started at 1:00 Saturday afternoon and was scheduled to end at 4:00. Kristen drove me over with her to meet her mom. It was nothing spectacular but still upper middle class with an asking price of over $400,000. Still, that much money didn't seem to buy as much as you would think in these neighborhoods, recession or not. Her mom was already there when we arrived and so Kristen parked her car next to her mother's in a turnoff from the main driveway.

As we walked to the house, I couldn't help but notice that Kristen was dressed quite professionally. Granted, the girl would've still looked hot had she been wearing a feed bag but that's beside the point. She had on one of my favorite black dresses of hers that was a little longer on one side than the other, creating a cut look across that front that showed off more leg then what you would have thought it did at first. The top was cut low to reveal plenty of cleavage but not so much as to be embarrassing should anyone bring in their kids. A tasteful silver necklace and watch with a couple of small rings provided a nice accent. Damn, my cousin looked pretty darn good if I should say so myself! Professional but feminine, not like some of those women who think they have to dress like a man to work.

As for me, I was just in simple jeans and a pink blouse with some modest brown heels. After all, it wasn't MY open house and if anything, I planned to stay out of sight most of the time anyway.

Inside my aunt greeted us and I smiled to myself as I imagine what Randy would be thinking later when he first got his eyes on her. First, it would be hard for anyone who didn't know them to accept that she and Kristen were mother and daughter, primarily because my aunt looked at least ten years younger than the calendar claimed she was. With her 42nd birthday just a week away, I bet some carnival guy would have guessed her age as at least five and maybe as much as ten years younger. The tight dress and stiletto heels didn't hurt either - especially since she had a figure to match. Small wonder she sold so many homes - and had the reputation to go with it.

With the market where it was, the traffic through the house was light, leaving us with plenty of time to chat amongst us and check out the house. Upstairs in the master bedroom, I was impressed by the large king-sized bed and huge master bath.

"So where are the owners today?" I asked my aunt as I bounced on the edge of the bed to check it out.

"Oh they've already moved," she explained, "The husband got a new job in Houston and so now they have to sell this house. They aren't in any hurry as his new company will buy it from them if they don't sell it in six months."

Sounded like a pretty sweet deal for them - and for us as well only my aunt didn't know about the second half of the equation, at least not yet.

My aunt left to greet a couple that had just arrived, leaving Kristen and me to check out the bedroom a little bit more. Of special interest to me was the huge master closet that opened to the side of the entrance to the bathroom. It has slatted doors and for a moment I was reminded about Randy's parents' bedroom and how I'd watched him fuck his sister from a closet with doors quite similar to these. Damn, I was becoming quite the voyeur lately it seemed.

Had Randy wanted to fuck Kristen, I probably would've wanted to join in as well but since this involved my aunt it created a different feeling for me. Maybe it was because of her new relationship with my father or something else entirely. Whatever it was, I just didn't have any drive within me to want to share Randy with her. On the other hand, I WAS curious as hell to see what my so-called boyfriend wanted so badly to do with my aunt and maybe even get a glimpse at that elusive male attraction to MILFs. Who knows, maybe I might even learn something in the process.

As you might be understanding by now, Kristen and I had planned up something where Randy would come on over and fuck my aunt in the house while she and I watched. I hadn't told her this but my biggest concern wasn't about what was going to be going on in front of us, it was whether the two if us would be able to keep quiet while we watched! Thinking back to what we'd done the other day after Randy had fucked me, it was going to take a miracle!

The time flew by and before we knew it, it was the end of the open house but still no Randy. I was about to get on my cell phone and call him. If I'd thought about it I would have realized that I had no idea how I was going to explain that I knew he wasn't here but fortunately I saw his car pull up into the driveway before I dialed.

For a moment I panicked as I realized that Kristen's car was out there too and would Randy notice? Fortunately, my mom's old age about two heads competing for blood seemed to hold true yet again as he never even took a second look at the cars parked in the driveway. Then again, even if he had, Randy knew Kristen worked with her mom so I guess it really wasn't a big deal after all.

We were all in the living room when Aunt Linda saw him approach the house. She turned to the two of us, seeing the both of us grinning like cats who had just eaten a canary.

"Ok girls... now what's Randy doing here?" she asked the two of us rather accusingly.

Of course we both looked as if we had no idea what she could possibly be talking about. Then Kristen evidently decided something was needed to get everything off to a good start.

"Now mom, you gotta listen... just trust us," Kristen started to say quickly.

"What are you talking about girl?" her mom cut her off. Randy was now walking up the sidewalk so there was little time for anyone to be cute.

"Aunt Linda, Randy told me that he wanted to fuck you so Kristen and I set this up so he could come over and do it here," I explained lightning fast.

"He wants to what?!"

"Mommmmmm!" Kristen whined, "Randy wants to FUCK you, get it? You told me before you thought he was hot."

Aunt Linda looked at me as the doorbell rang, her eyes practically boring through me but at the same time there was a slight lift to the corner of her mouth, like she wanted to grin but was fighting to hold it back.

"Don't worry, you won't even see us!" I assured her as Kristen and I turned to run up the stairs to the bedroom before she could answer the door.

The last look I had was of my Aunt peering up the stairs, her face a mixture of amusement and something else I couldn't quit identify -maybe a touch of horniness? Unlike my clueless cousin, my aunt was really a sharp cookie and I was sure she had already put two and two together by now.

Kristen and I quickly hurried into the closet and shut the door tightly behind us. The slats were perfect in that I could see through them over to the bed almost like they weren't even there. The two of us were on our knees next to each other, trying to keep from giggling or even talking between us. Leaning as far forward as I could, I struggled to hear what was happening downstairs but other than some muffled sounds, I couldn't make anything out.

"Did he ask her?" Kristen whispered.

"Shhhhhh... with all your yakking how the heck do I know?" I hissed back.

"What if they don't come up here?"

"Your mom figured it out when she saw us come up here, she knows what to do," I assured her, trying to sound more positive than I felt.

There were a lot of gaping holes in our plan but none bigger than the basic premise that they would come up to the master bedroom to have sex. What if they just went at it in the living room or the dining room, or who knows, even the kitchen? I knew what Randy was going to ask her and if I knew my aunt, she wasn't going to turn him down to the sex was a given. It was WHERE they would fuck that had me worried.

Like I said, my Aunt Linda is pretty sharp - make that REALLY sharp. Considering what was dumped on her at the last second, I could see it in her eyes that she knew exactly what Kristen and I were up to. Now it was up to her - to teach us a lesson for setting her up this way behind her back, or to show her gratitude for providing her with such a hunk to have sex with. Time would tell I guess.

The sounds of footsteps coming up the stairwell made me sigh with relief. I felt a little chagrined as I realized that I should've trusted my aunt more. Why did I even doubt her in the first place? Sure enough, in she came, followed close behind by my grinning boyfriend.

"So Randy, you're SURE that Kelly is OK with this?" she asked, turning around to face him. I could only imagine that by her saying "this" that Randy had already posed the big question to her - and she had at least tentatively accepted.

"Hell yeah, in fact it was her idea for me to come to this open house today," he responded eagerly.

"You know it was pretty bold of you to just walk in and ask a woman to have sex," she said demurely, licking her lips just the right amount to show her interest.

"Well, Kelly said that this is what I should do," he replied, shrugging his shoulder slightly.

My aunt glanced over at the closet and for a moment I could have sworn she saw the two of us watching but she turned away before Randy got any ideas.

"Well that's awful sweet of her to let you do this, don't you think?"

"Oh we're not exclusive.. I can have sex with anyone I want," Randy said. Then his face dropped and I think for a moment he was afraid he'd said something wrong. "She can do other guys too you know," he said lamely, trying to patch up his gaff.

"So how old are you Randy?"

"Twenty three," he said softly, so low I could barely hear them.

Was he embarrassed at his age compared to hers or was he worried he would be too old for her?

"Do you know how old I am?"

Randy bit his lower lip before responding, saying, "Kelly said your birthday is this weekend coming up. She said you would be 42 then."

"That's right Randy... old enough that I could almost be your mother," Aunt Linda said, "Would you like to fuck your mother Randy?"

She was teasing him mercilessly. I almost burst out laughing when she said that as I knew the answer ever before he grimaced. Randy's mother was about as sexy as a cold wet blanket. I think about the LAST person Randy would ever want to fuck would be his own mother. Then again, maybe because his own mother WAS so undesirable was part of why he was attracted to other women close to her age.

"God no," Randy burst out before he even thought about how he should react. My aunt smiled at his sudden outburst.

"That's OK... so do you want me to be your mom today or what?"

It was an interesting question with the potential to put an even more interesting twist to the plans Kristen and I had now set into motion. I hadn't even considered a scenario where she would role-play as his mother. Pretty kinky.

"Na, I think just being Kelly's aunt is hot enough," he said in a surprisingly firm voice. Wow, I hadn't expected anything from him like that. Maybe Randy wasn't as immature as he liked to let on that he was.

"Have you ever had your dick sucked by an older woman Randy?" my aunt purred as she stepped forward and started to undo his belt and jeans.

"Nnnnnn...no," he stammered as she dropped his jeans and boxers to his ankles.

Mmmmmmm, there it was, my favorite dick, at least mine for the moment. My guy was making me proud as his cock stuck out from his shirt tails, fully erect and ready for action. It was enough to make me almost jump out and want to suck it myself! Yesssssss, the things he'd done to me with that dick...

Kristen poked me in the side and I saw her grinning at me in the dim light. I don't know which of us was more turned on as her mother kneeled and started to suck my boyfriend's dick right in front of us not more then maybe six feet away. Randy put his hands on her head and pushed it into his crotch, his knees buckling slightly as my aunt took his dick deep into her mouth and throat like a pro.

"Oh my god that feel so fucking good!" he exclaimed and for a brief moment I was sure he was about to lose his first load right then and there.

Fortunately he managed to get himself under control as Aunt Linda held onto his firm ass with both hands, bobbing on Randy's dick like she was going for apples in a bucket of water.

She was still fully dressed as Rand took off his shirt and tossed it on the floor over by the door. Aunt Linda pulled his jeans down as he used his feet to drag off his shoes and then step out of his jeans and socks. My pussy was really starting to tingle now as he stood there naked while she worked on his dick. Randy LOVED to have his dick sucked but then, what guy didn't?

As she crouched down in front of him, my aunt's dress pulled up and she grabbed it in back and lifted it up off her ass. Damn, she wasn't wearing any panties! Now when had she lost those? For that matter, had she done the entire open house without them? It wasn't like her dress was all that short but still, it was pretty erotic so far as I was concerned. Had she slipped them off between when Kristen and I had come upstairs and Randy ringing the doorbell? If so, where had she stashed them? I was going with the "she left them at home" option myself.

"Damn..." Kristen murmured under her breath as she watched her mom take Randy's dick all the in until her tongue was licking his balls.

Sucking dick was obviously in the family DNA! I nudged her to keep quiet but I had to admit to myself that her mom was doing quite a number on my boyfriend's cock.

Neither of them seemed to be in any hurry. I don't know if it was my aunt's skills or Randy's determination that kept him from shooting off in her mouth but somehow he didn't as she sucked and licked his wondrous cock. Actually, it was the first time I'd seen his dick sucked by another woman except for that one time I watched his and his sister doing it. Personally, he seemed to be enjoying it just a little TOO much for my tastes!

Aunt Linda was completely in control, that much was obvious. Whenever Randy would try to move or position her differently than she wanted to be, he either pushed him back or took her mouth off his dick just long enough to tell him to be still. Finally she seemed to have enough of his dick, at least for the moment, and must have decided it was her turn as she stood up and lifted her dress up and over her head, laying to over the back of a chair.

I think Randy must have thought he'd died and gone to heaven as he stared at her naked form, standing there in front of him with nothing but a pair of heels on which she then kicked to the side. Like he had said, she had the figure of a woman ten years younger. With her boob job she didn't need to wear a bra and it was never more obvious than now as her boobs stood up proudly on their own without any support, her nipples pointing out nice and hard. OK, so her thighs weren't as taunt as a teenager and maybe she had a little bulge her and there but a first glance she looked incredible.

"So what do you think Randy?" she teased him, putting her hands on her hips and her weight on one leg to push her hip out to one side. Then she put her arms out and twirled around like a ballerina, showing off an ass a women half her age would be proud of.

"Wow, you're beautiful," he managed to blurt out like some star-struck schoolboy.

His eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his head and his hand went to his dick automatically, tugging at it as he continued to stand there and stare at my aunt who was obviously relishing every moment.

Sitting on the chair, she leaned back with her ass barely on the edge, spreading her legs apart to reveal her hairy pussy. It was trimmed a bit so it wasn't totally wild but what was left was pretty long, certainly a lot more pubic hair than he was accustomed to.

"Just don't stand there and stare at me, get over here and show me how good you lick pussy," she commanded him, motioning him to come over with her hands.

Randy kneeled between her knees and put his hands on each thigh as he tentatively leaned forward. Aunt Linda helped him a bit by using her fingers of each hand to spread the hair away from her pussy, parting her pussy lips enough to show off her wet pussy and clit. It wasn't like Randy had never licked a woman's pussy before - I knew THAT for a certainty, but still he hesitated like it was his first time all over again.

"What's the matter boy, never pushed your face into a bushy cunt before?" she taunted him mercilessly. "This is a WOMAN'S cunt, with hair like it's meant to have."

Randy leaned forward and went to work. As I saw her pubic hair brush against his cheeks I couldn't help but think of when my own face had been in exactly that same place and how it tickled me to feel it caress me like a stiff hair brush. My mother has trimmed her pussy almost exactly the same way and I had to say, I sort of enjoyed the feeling of it against me. It wasn't so great when it got into your teeth but otherwise I sort of liked it myself. Still, most guys today seem to go for the shaved look and with the outfits I liked to wear, pubic hair was just a pain to deal with which is why I keep my pussy shaved.

As I said, Randy knew his way around a pussy and I saw my aunt was quickly realizing it herself as she gasped and moaned while he worked on her. Her hands were both on his head, pushing him into her crotch firmly as she gasped and talked to him, imploring him to lick her faster and faster. When he pushed his fingers into her it was all she needed and she cried out as her orgasm struck her. Kristen jabbed me with her elbow and in the dim light I could see her grinning as we watched her mom in the throes of what seemed to be a string of orgasms as Randy continued on, relentlessly licking her as he fingered her pussy.

You can't watch another woman having an orgasm and not want to feel it for yourself, be it for real, in a movie, or whatever. Both Kristen and I were working our own pussies as we watched her mom enjoying Randy's ministrations. His tongue had to be getting tired but he was a trooper and never even appeared to try and slow down or relax until finally Aunt Linda pushed his head back and leaned forward, gasping for air.

"Fuck! Now I know why my niece hangs on to you!" she said, uttering each word between a pant. "Where the hell did you learn to lick pussy like that?"

Randy just grinned, wiping his face with the back of his hand. Mmmmmmm, I would have loved to be able to kiss him now and taste my aunt's pussy on his lips and tongue.

"Well, let's see if you're as good with your dick as you are with your tongue," Aunt Linda said as she stood up and directed him towards the bed.

My aunt pushed him onto his back and he scooted back until his head was on the pillows as he laid down the center of the bed. Aunt Linda took a quick suck on his dick and mounted him without saying another word, practically jumping on his cock as she faced him and planted herself firmly on his cock.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S where your cock belongs," she moaned as she ground her hips into his crotch, rubbing her thick thatch of pubic hairs against his.

At the angle we were watching, when she would lean forward I could see my boyfriend's dick moving in and out of her pussy from behind, disappearing from sight when her ass pushed down on his crotch. It was pretty obvious that my aunt was enjoying this - a LOT.

# 7. Randy Gets More Than He Asked For

"Fuck it, I can't take this anymore," Kristen murmured to me in a soft voice.

Of course I knew what she was referring to when she said that. Actually, I was a bit surprised that she'd held out for as long as she had. Backing up so I wouldn't be seen, Kristen opened the doors just enough to let herself out, closing them back behind her again to leave me alone inside the closet.

"Mind if I join in?" she called out to the surprised couple.

Well, at least one of them was genuinely surprised while the other did a pretty good job of faking it. Of course her mom knew she'd been watching so while she had an expression of disbelief, she didn't even flinch. Randy, on the other hand, looked like he'd seen a ghost or something. I couldn't really blame the poor guy. Regardless of their fantasies, how many guys his age would NOT react in this way if they were fucking a forty-something woman and her twenty-two year-old daughter walked into the room, especially when the first thing she says is to offer to join in? When you come right down to it, how many guys at ANY age wouldn't be stunned?

"Hey, I didn't say for you to stop fucking my mom," Kristen teased poor Randy.

Kristen quickly stripped while her mom resumed rocking on Randy's dick, showing no signs of willingness to share it with her daughter. Can't say I blamed her. In fact, I was wishing dearly that I was next to Kristen now, undressing myself and getting ready for him to fuck me too. I'm sure randy wouldn't have minded if I had, at least he better not mind, but a three-some wasn't on the menu today so far as I was concerned.

"It's been a while, hasn't it?" Kristen said softly to Randy as she got up on the bed and laid on her back next to him with her knees up and her feet flat on the bed. She started to rub herself as Randy looked like he was watching a tennis match, switching his eyes back and forth between looking at his crotch where he was fucking Aunt Linda, and then over to Kristen as she masturbated for them both to watch.

"I take it that means you've been fucking my daughter behind my back, eh Randy?"

Randy looked up at my aunt but then he saw her grinning and it took the edge off her apparent accusation. He just grinned like a fool, probably thinking he was

watching my dad fuck me, something she always seemed to enjoy even if she wasn't into participating the way Aunt Linda was when it came to her daughter.

"Oh yeah!" Kristen moaned as his dick slipped into her soaking wet pussy. She glanced my way with a look of triumph, knowing I was watching and wanted to be in her position - literally.

This time it was Aunt Linda's turn to masturbate as she laid off to the side and watched as her daughter rode my boyfriend's dick. Whether it was the buildup from having been fucked by Randy, watching Kristen as she took his cock now, or a combination of everything, but whatever it was she didn't take long to make herself cum, her orgasm making her stiffen beside them as she closed her eyes and moaned loudly. I couldn't really see her all that well as she was on the opposite side from me and so Kristen was blocking the view but from the sounds of it, she must have been cumming pretty hard.

Unbeknown to Randy, Aunt Linda wasn't the only girl in the room masturbating and soon she wasn't the only one in the room cumming as I was rubbing my own clit madly until that familiar feeling started to build inside of me. God I wanted to be fucked SOOOOOO badly right now. I imagined Randy's dick was in me now as I started to cum, struggling to keep from crying out with the pleasure that was exploding inside of me. I wanted to close my eyes to concentrate more on my pussy but I couldn't take them off the view in front of me as I watched my boyfriend realizing one of his biggest fantasies - to fuck a mother and a daughter at the same time.

What is it with men anyway about mother-daughter pairing? I get the fact that men love to watch two girls doing it and I guess I can't blame them for wanting more than one girl for themselves at the same time, but there is something about the girls being related that really seems to set guys off. Sisters seems to be another fantasy I hear about a lot with twins being the "ultimate" fantasy in that category. Even so, from what I've gathered I think most men would take a mother-daughter fuck over just about anything else.

What gets them off the most - fucking the daughter while the mom watches or the mom while the daughter watches? I can't tell you how many guys on-line have asked me if I would fuck them with my mom joining in. I have to say that while the idea of fucking my mom seemed to turn them on, I usually get the impression that they want to fuck me in front of my mom even more. Actually the same concept even applies to my dad - not that they want to fuck me dad (although I have had a couple of guys with that fantasy!), but they want my dad to watch as they fuck me in front of him. I guess it's something in the male psych that gets them off to have sex with the daughter of a parent while the parent watches - be it the mom or the father, or both.

Randy obviously was one of the typical guys in that he seemed to be loving fucking Kristen while her mom watched. Soon they had switched to where he was spooning her from behind while her mom laid in front of them watching. It wasn't the greatest so far as I was concerned as most of what I saw what Randy's butt as he pumped Kristen, but I could see Kristen's mom caressing her daughter and even kissing her and sucking on her boobs while she was being fucked.

As I watched I found myself wondering how it was going to end. Who would he fuck and in what position? Where would he cum? Would he cum in one of their pussies - and if so, whose? In the mouth? Again, if so, whose or would he maybe do them both at the same time? So many possibilities yet it would eventually have to be one or the other as there was only one dick involved.

My own orgasm had faded mostly by now but my pussy was still craving his dick something fierce. Hmmm, maybe there was another alternative where he could fuck me last and cum in me? After all, he was MY boyfriend so shouldn't I be entitled to his cum?

The temptation was almost more than I could bear as I watched Randy pull out from Kristen and start fucking her mom missionary style this time. From the way he was pumping away at her I knew he was getting close to the point of no return. Was he going to cum in her? I guess it would be appropriate in this case given she was the one he wanted to fuck to start with. Kristen was an added bonus but the reason he was here right now wasn't her, it was her mom. Maybe he was also thinking he'd never cum in a woman her age - or a mother for that matter. Was that something he was hoping to add to his "resume"? When would he ever get the chance to do something like this again, at least at his age now?

Sure enough, that's what happened. Randy groaned and he pressed his crotch hard into my aunt as I saw his butt clench as he dumped his hot load of cum inside of her. She was saying something to him but it was too soft to be heard over his groans and Kristen's squeals of delight as she urged him to cum in her mother's pussy.

Randy appeared to be exhausted as he flopped over onto his back after he'd given up his load. Kristen quickly jumped over to suck his cock, licking off whatever remained of his cum and her mother's pussy juices. He jerked as her tongue ran over his hyper-sensitive cock and then pushed her away, telling her he couldn't take any more. Kristen didn't hesitate as she moved from Randy to her mom, burying her face in my aunt's pussy as she licked her and gulped down the cum that leaked from her freshly-fucked pussy.

Randy was finished, at least for the moment, but Kristen and her mom were just getting started. After she had cleaned off her mom, it was my aunt's turn to get her daughter off, reversing positions and hungrily licking Kristen as Randy seemed to be too dazed to even pay much attention.

It was a little bittersweet for me to watch as Kristen enjoyed her mother's attention as I was reminded of how much I missed my mother doing that very same thing to me. I've been licked by quite a few people but nobody can make me feel the way my mom does when she is licking me. I suppose it's similar to how my dad makes me feel when he fucks me as compared to anybody else.

It's not that it's so much better from a purely physical perspective (although my mom was incredibly talented in that area), it was the emotions that it creates in me that make the difference. There's just something special about having sex with your own mother or father that can't be duplicated with anyone else. Maybe someday I'll experience something similar to that when I am married and my husband makes love to me, but even that will be unique and not to be compared to incest with my parents.

Randy have been missing it but I got to watch it all as Kristen and her mom celebrated their time together. I suppose having both just been fucked by the same guy lent an extra element of eroticism to the moment as well. It was too bad that Kristen didn't have Randy's cum in her as well so they could both lick it out of the other but they seemed to be happy with things the way they were.

After they'd finally had enough, at least for now, Aunt Linda poked Randy and told him he needed to leave. A shower would have probably felt great for all of them but it was going to have to wait until they got home instead of messing up the one in this house. I wondered how the bed covers looked as it was!

Once Randy was dressed, he started to say something about whether he could do them again like this but my aunt shushed him and told him to be happy with what he had and not be so greedy. She reminded him that he had a girlfriend and that he should go now and call her and fuck her good. Well, hopefully he wouldn't call me now as I couldn't remember if I'd put my phone on vibrate. It would have been a bit funny I guess if he called me and my phone started to ruing in the closet! It was a sweet gesture on the part of my aunt but then Randy ruined it all.

"Seriously, I'd rather fuck you two any day."

With that my aunt shooed him off, leaving me fuming in the closet. So that was what he thought of me? Second place to my aunt and cousin - or did that make it third place? Well, he had better hope he can convince them to do it again because it was going to be a long time before he got to fuck me again, that was for sure - if ever. Stupid asshole.

Reluctantly he left but with a little extra spring in his step. Well just wait until he tries calling me and we'll see how much of that spring is left. Once I heard the door shut downstairs, I came out of the closet, looking a bit frustrated undoubtedly.

"Don't be upset Kelly, what would you expect him to say to us after all that?" my aunt tried to console me, "He didn't know you were listening."

That was precisely the point - he didn't know. What that told me was he was probably being a lot more truthful than if he had known I was listening in on his every word.

"You know, we don't have to hurry off or anything," my aunt said in a sultry voice. Whether she was just trying to make me feel better or just still horny I wasn't sure, but then did it really matter?

I took the hint and quickly was laying between them, the three of us naked and horny. It had been a long time since I'd been with them both together like this. Since I was the only one that hadn't been fucked in the last hour, they were kind enough to make me the center of attention for the next couple of hours. At least I wasn't thinking about Randy anymore!

# (Apr 04) Chapter 211: Easter Uncle

Story codes: Mf FF F-solo oral inc uncle niece cousins
Me (25)
Uncle Paul (53)
Tammy - cousin (17)

Easter is family time, when aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews and cousins get together to celebrate the season and to just enjoy being together.

## 1. Family Relationships

I suppose most people reading this have already read other stories on-line about families that claim to be "open", where everyone is sexually involved - even the youngsters. Some of these people supposedly include their neighbors and friends, making the combinations and permutations almost endless. Are any of these true? Who knows. In many cases I have to hope they are NOT as fantasy is one thing but to actually DO some of the things these people describe, especially with young children, is just not right.

When considering the pros and cons of incest, it's good to keep in mind that incest is definitely NOT for everyone. In fact, I feel incest has the potential for being "good" in only a very small percentage of family situations. My fear is that in too many cases the potential benefits of incest are used to rationalize child abuse, something I abhor and am 100% against. I also believe that incest is best when both parents are actively involved. It's not just the secrecy aspect but by having both parents involved the chances of something perverted happening are lessened.

Given my own experiences and views, you might think that I would approve of families where "everything goes" and I guess I would if I believed they actually existed in the way they claim. If some of them actually do then I am glad for them. Still, in most cases I can't help but feel everything falls into place a little too easy without any of the pitfalls and traps that await such a potentially difficult family relationship.

I say "potentially difficult" not because I think incest is bad, but because society does approve of incest and as such it has to be kept secretive. This can put

that brought them together. I'd always felt guilty that I had not given myself to my dad for my first time (although to be fair, I had no idea at the time he wanted such a thing). Thus by arranging for him to take Tammy's virginity when she was fourteen (the same age I was when my boyfriend took mine), it helped me to assuage a little of my guilt, although I doubt it will ever completely go away.

In a perfect world, Tammy would have done it with her dad first, as I think nobody is more suited to such as task as a girl's father. In this case I suppose that I was being selfish and looking to my own needs more than hers. Still, I don't apologize for my actions although I suppose it wasn't quite right of me. In any case, her dad got to do her the next day anyway so it wasn't like my dad was fucking her behind his back for any extended length of time.

Once Tammy had passed that milestone, it didn't take long for her to take advantage of her brother's teenage horniness - and that of a number of his friends as well. Still, keeping things secret from her sanctimonious mother and sister wasn't something I envied her. Life would have been so much easier if we could have gotten together as families and just avoided all the melodrama and secrecy. Then again, unlike the fantasy stories that's life in the real world and you have to play the cards you're dealt.

My dad also has an older brother who has two daughters. Ginny and Laura are both older than me by several years and I've never really been all that close to them. Actually, our family and theirs don't see nearly as much of each other as we do with my dad's other brother as they lived on the other side of town.

Although I enjoyed teasing my Uncle Paul at family events, it was just innocent flirting and I never really expected anything to happen. He and my dad weren't nearly as close as my dad was with Uncle Jim due to the age difference between them. My dad use to tell me all sorts of stories about the crazy things he did in high school with his younger brother, but never anything that included his older brother. I knew my mother and Aunt Linda had fucked both my dad and Uncle Jim in high school, but so far as I knew Uncle Paul was never with them.

That changed a bit about a year ago when I learned that my Uncle Paul had been doing my mom for years without me or my dad knowing. It was quite a difficult thing for me to accept. Technically they weren't cheating since it was incest (by marriage) and incest isn't adultery. Still, to not tell my dad about it just didn't seem right to me. In any case, he WAS my uncle and as such he had a right to fuck me since I was his niece (plus he wouldn't be cheating on his wife) so I went along with it. I did manage to get back at him a little a while later. After that we hadn't done it again so I sort of figured that chapter was over, especially now with my mom having divorced my dad and so now she no longer doing it with my Uncle Paul..

So that explains my family situation heading into Easter, 2010. We were going to be meeting at my Uncle Paul's place on the north side if Pittsburgh, being his turn in the annual rotation. I would be there with my dad as my mom still was out on the west coast somewhere. Aunt Linda and Kristen were supposed to be there as well my Uncle Jim's family. My dad's parents may or may not be there as it was quite a drive to get there from Grove City and they were not traveling as much as they use to. Odds were almost zero my other grandmother would attend as she lives way out in Illinois and doesn't drive hardly at all

My expectations for the day weren't all that high so far as anything happening beyond a traditional Easter family meal and gathering. As I mentioned, I hadn't been with my Uncle Paul in a while so I figured that wouldn't be going anywhere. Tammy was focused on high school and the boys there, ignoring even her brother these days from what I'd heard. My dad hadn't been with her in ages which isn't surprising as it's hard to find an excuse for an uncle to be alone for any length of time with his seventeen year-old slutty niece. So far as I knew, she wasn't even fucking her dad which didn't bother me in the least as he is pretty much an asshole in my book. Speaking of Rick, he and I hadn't done it either in ages and with my mom out of the picture, that pretty much took care of anything there so far as I was concerned.

After the events of the past few months it wasn't like even me and my dad were doing it much so if you're keeping score, there weren't even that many options for something to happen even if it WAS possible. I wasn't about to do my cousin Rick or Uncle Jim, at least not if I had anything to say about it. Rick may have had the biggest dick in the family but that wasn't enough to overcome the same crappy attitude his father had about women and so I wanted nothing to do with him.

Knowing Tammy, she would probably flirt with my dad and Uncle Paul just because it was her nature to do so, but the odds were heavily against that going any further - although I was pretty sure my dad wouldn't turn down the opportunity. I didn't even know if my Uncle Paul knew about Tammy's "family" relationships but I sort of doubted that he did. Even if he did, a house full of relatives is not the time to be fucking your youngest niece for the first time.

In the end, as I headed to my Uncle's house after church with my Aunt Linda and Kristen, if anyone would've asked I would've told them there was no way I would

what she was doing. Needless to say, none of the guys in the family were complaining!

Once my dad and her dad started fucking Tammy, it made the playful teasing all the more erotic, at least for me. What made it even hotter for me was that most of the others in the room had no idea what she was doing with the two of them in private. For that matter, they didn't know what I was doing either!

Thus over the years we had developed the teasing "tradition" where me and Tammy would playfully tease my uncles (along with Kristen whenever she was with us). We teased all three brothers although not so naughtily when it came to Uncle Paul. Back then Uncle Paul wasn't fucking any of us and so far as I knew, he wasn't aware that his brothers were either. Still, it made feel slutty and naughty to see my aunt's lips purse when she came in the room and caught her husband with his hand on my rear end. She didn't say anything but I had no doubt she had a few things to tell him later!

As for my older cousin's, their husbands were there as well but I never got into teasing them like I did my uncles. Maybe it was because I just had this feeling that nothing would ever happen with them that made it less thrilling for me. They were both very nice men and I doubt they, or my cousins, would agree that incest was not adultery, regardless of the biblical principles supporting it. If anything, they seemed to avoid being in the room when the teasing started to get a little too far for them. It's not that we ever stripped or masturbated or anything over the top like that, but as we got older the panties became thongs and the bras tended to become either less in terms of coverage or nonexistent.

With me being 25 and Tammy approaching her eighteenth birthday, the teasing tradition was starting to become more difficult. It's awful hard at our age to pretend like it's just innocent fun and we are somehow too naive to realize what we're doing. Besides, my relatives all had a pretty good idea of my reputation back when I was in high school - and what Tammy's was now that she was nearing the end of her reign as class slut. With my mom no longer there to bitch at, my aunts tended to keep their mouths shut but I could see by the nasty looks they would give me that didn't approve of me or ho I dressed or behaved.

As if I cared.

If there was one major difference this year from last to consider, it was that I'd been fucked by Uncle Paul since last Easter. Now when he looked at me, it would no longer with the eyes of a man wondering what it would be like to have sex with me

– , it would be a look that said he wanted more of what he'd already had! Sure enough, when he greeted me as we walked in, I saw his eyes stripping away my Easter dress and for just a moment, that look appeared that most guys get when they want to fuck me. We hugged and his hand briefly touched my ass – not enough to catch anyone's attention but mine. He didn't say anything but hello but I had to wonder what I would do if later he told me he wanted to do it with me. Until I saw that look I wouldn't have thought he would have the nerve to do it with everyone here but now I found myself wondering...

Uncle Jim and his family arrived last. I caught my dad eying Tammy as she walked in wearing the cutest little Easter sundress. It was strapless and showed off some nice cleavage which made me wonder how she'd convinced her mother to let her wear it – or even buy it in the first place. True, the hemline was lower than most of her dresses, so I guessed she must have compromised with her mother – less leg and more cleavage. The peasant top did little to hide the fact she wasn't wearing a bra.

I noticed that my Uncle Paul seemed to take a special interest in Tammy as well, making me wonder what, if anything, he'd been told about her. Odds were nothing and he was just reacting as any heterosexual male would in his shoes under the circumstances. Still, if his wife had even a clue as to what I knew he must have been thinking I doubt she would've let him hug her as tightly as he did.

Another pain of growing older is that it's harder to get out of work at gatherings like this. As a young girl, I may have been asked to set the table or such, but in general it was mostly up to me to just stay out the way, leaving me with plenty of time to have fun with other things. Nowadays I was expected to help in the kitchen which made little sense since my cooking skills aren't exactly anything to brag about. Kate, of course, was in there like the little dweeb she was. Tammy and Kristen just ignored their mothers and headed for the living room where the guys were gathered to watch something on TV.

As a way out of the heavy-duty cooking, I volunteered to handle the snacks which had the added benefit that I had to deliver them as well. Trying to balance a tray of various snacks, I entered the living room to find Kristen and Tammy up to their old tricks. To someone not familiar with the players, it may have appeared a little odd but it was certainly nothing obscene or even questionable for that matter.

Tammy had made herself at home on my dad's lap as he laid back in the Lazy-Boy chair with the footrest up. She had her feet hanging over the side with one arm around his neck and her back against the other armrest. Her cute little sundress was barely long enough to cover herself but it WAS just long enough so there wasn't anything anyone could make a federal case out of. With her sitting back like that I had no doubt my dad had a nice view down the front of her dress should he choose to look down but if he was enjoying himself he wasn't being blatant about it. He had one arm laying over the top of her legs and the other around her back with his hand on the armrest. That sort of surprised me as I would have figured he would use the situation as an excuse to plant it firmly on her bottom but then that might have been a little over the top what with everyone else running in and out of the room.

Kristen was planted on the couch right next to Uncle Paul. He was pressed against the arm of the couch on one side, leaving two thirds of the couch open so Kristen had curled up next to him with her legs tucked underneath, leaning up against him. At least they each had their hands to themselves. Uncle Paul had one arm on the armrest with the other behind Kristen lying on top of the couch's back cushion, making it easier for her to rest her head against his shoulder.

Now so far as I knew, the two of them had never had sex but when it comes to my relatives, especially my Uncle Paul, I had learned the hard way (as in a hard cock) that you can't always judge a book by its cover. Heck, he'd been doing my mom for years and I hadn't known it so it wouldn't be all that surprising to find out he was doing Kristen, and maybe her mom as well.

Poor Uncle Jim was sitting all alone, his eyes darting between his two brothers and their young nieces snuggled up with them. No doubt he would have love to have me sitting on his lap about now but that wasn't about to happen. The last time I'd let him fuck me was just so he would let Tammy be with my dad. Well, Tammy was old enough now to make her own decisions about her sex partners so he couldn't hold that over my head any more. He was such a jerk, not to mention his chip-off-the-old-block son. It was their loss as neither would probably ever fuck me again if I had anything to say about it. Family obligations or not, I had to draw the line at some point and when it came to the two of them, I finally had to make some tough decisions and now I intended to stand by them.

"Chips or pretzels Uncle Jim?" I asked cheerily, leaning over far enough to let him see down my dress.

It was a bit bad of me because I had no intention of going any further than that with him. I just got a kick out of raising his blood pressure a little by showing him what he had before - but now would never have again.

What can I say? As much as I knew deep down he wanted to say something to me that wasn't repeatable in mixed company, his male genes took control and his eyes drifted to my breasts, just as I knew they would. Men are so predictable!

"Watcha looking at Uncle Jim?" I said innocently, as if I had no idea his eyes were glued on my exposed breasts.

Knowing the others must be watching, he just shook his head and pushed me away, his eyes blazing at me as I knew he realized what I was doing to him.

Bill and Alan, my older cousins' husbands, took a bowl each, trying their best to keep from staring at my boobs as I leaned over where they were sitting on the floor with some pillows around them. Still, I noticed they each couldn't help but glance just a little bit. Frankly, no matter what they thought of me or what their intentions may or may not be, it would've disappointed me greatly had they NOT looked even just a little.

Heading back to the kitchen, Aunt Linda asked me how the guys were doing. The others looked at me as I just smiled and said everyone was doing fine, just wanted more snacks and that if dinner wasn't ready soon they would be full from potato chips and pretzels. No matter, I refilled my tray and headed back in to the family room. This time it was my dad's turn and as I leaned over to serve him I softly whispered to him, "I think she wants you daddy."

Tammy was the only one besides my dad who even seemed to recognize that I had said anything at all and she just grinned. I don't know whether she actually did or not but the effect it had on my dad certainly was noticeable. He shifted around and I knew why - his dick was probably growing and he had to make room for it to expand in his underwear with Tammy's weight pushing down on him.

"Now behave yourself Kelly," was all he said, in an equally soft voice.

I appeared to be shocked that he would even THINK of such a thing which only made him grin all the more. He knew better than to believe that line of crap.

Next was Uncle Paul's turn. Kristen reached for a bowl of chips but in her position it was difficult to reach and she spilled a few on his lap. Before he could do anything she was picking them off his belly and crotch, not exactly trying to avoid anything in the process. One chip was rather strategically placed right over his zipper and it was funny how much work it took for her to collect that one as she dig and pressed into his dress pants to retrieve it.

"You're supposed to eat the CHIP, Kristen," I teased her just a little.

My cousin just grinned at me and winked as she gave his cock one last push down with the palm of her hand as she pretended to lose her balance in getting back into position.

Back in the kitchen, I felt sort of left out of things having to be in here instead of in the living room having fun with the guys. I had no interest in the idle gossip between my aunts and older cousins. All I could think about was what I could be doing if I was in the living room, even if it meant having to sit by my Uncle Jim or my cousin Rick. Of course teasing him wasn't the same as letting him fuck me so if anything, I thought it would be fun to tease and taunt him and in the end, give him nothing.

On my next trip I noticed that Tammy had disappeared. I asked my dad where she had gone and he just shrugged. It wasn't until I was within close earshot of him that mentioned something about her having to go to the restroom to "take care of something". I smiled at my dad as we both knew what that "something" was. Oh to be seventeen and horny as a tom cat again. It's not like I'm not horny and such all the time. Rather it's that I'm eight years older than her and I've learned to deal with those urges over time, even if they still get the best of me now and then. Obviously Tammy was still at the stage where her feelings and desires controlled her life.

# 3. Horny Cousins

I asked my dad where Tammy had gone and he mentioned something about the guest bathroom upstairs so off I went. I knocked on the door and heard her call out that she would be out in a minute. This time I called her name through the door and I was rewarded with a click as she unlocked the latch and let me in.

One sniff and I didn't even have to see her flushed face to know what she'd been doing. The room smelled like pussy and from the grin on her face I'd no doubt whose pussy I was sniffing.

"Couldn't wait until you got home?" I teased her.

"Give me a break Kelly," she whined in response, "Besides, it's your dad who's REALLY horny today. I thought his dick was going to burst right through his pants!"

"Well what do you expect?" I sighed as she sat back down on the toilet and lifted her dress back up.

Her panties were on the floor next to her so she had instant access to her pussy and wasted no time in getting back to it. "I mean like, when was the last time you let him fuck you for goodness sakes? It's sorta cruel to tease him this way, you know?"

Tammy wasn't paying any attention to me. She had a hairbrush in her hands - I didn't know if it was hers or one she'd taken from one of the drawers in the bathroom. It had a nice smooth handle on it and she soon had it deep inside of her as she fucked herself with the hairbrush while she rubbed her hard clit.

Anyone who can say that watching a high school girl masturbating with a hairbrush did NOT make them horny is either a liar or dead. God she looked so cute her dress bunched up around her waist, her legs spread apart as she leaned back against the toilet tank and closed her eyes as she stroked the hairbrush in and out of herself with one hand while she rubbed her wet clit with the other. If I had been a guy I am sure my dick would have been out and hard as a rock already. As it was, my pussy was practically screaming for attention as I watched my little vixen of a cousin getting herself off without even so much as looking over to see how I might be reacting.

Suddenly my thong felt like it was strangling me and I just had to get it off. Reaching under my dress, I quickly slipped it down to my ankles and then stepped out of it, leaving it on the floor next to the sink. One touch was all it took to confirm how horny I'd become watching Tammy masturbate in front of me. God she looked so hot. I think what got me off the most was how self-absorbed she was. She never once even glanced in my direction or acknowledged my presence in the slightest. It was all about HER, all about pleasing herself. Whether I watched or not seemed to be of no consequence. It was the perfect picture of total narcissism on her part.

At first I was just thinking about leaning back against the sink and masturbating by myself, the two of us just doing ourselves. Well, that just wasn't going to happen. It had been ages since I had fooled around with Tammy and there was simply no way I could stay this close to her and just WATCH her.

I stepped in between her legs and kneeled down on the rug in front of the toilet. The seat was down fortunately, making it a little easier for me as she was sitting on the very edge. It wasn't until I put a hand on each of her knees to steady myself as I started to lean forward towards her crotch that she finally opened her eyes to look at me.

"Lick me Kelly... PLEASE lick me... I'm almost there," she begged me breathlessly.

Oh my god... she tasted incredible! Sure it was much stronger and potent than when she was thirteen, but that's only natural and if anything, I preferred it this way. I LOVED the taste of pussy, especially my own, and Tammy's was no exception, especially when she was as worked up and horny as she was now.

Tammy moved her fingers out of the way to let my lips and tongue get to work on her clit. She was right in that she had been close to cumming as it seemed I was only licking her for less than a minute before she started to orgasm. Tammy wasn't a squirter or a gusher, but she WAS a moaner and I had to shush her a couple of times to keep her from bringing up the whole house to see what was going on.

It would have certainly been easy to keep going for Round 2, or even switching places and let her return the favor, but I was quite conscious that people would start wondering what was going on with the two of us if we went missing for two long. A few of them would likely have a pretty good idea and leave us alone but for the rest of them, it might make them curious enough to look for us to be sure everything was OK.

"Oh Kelly... I needed that soooooo bad," Tammy sighed as for the first time she made eye contact – and kept it.

The lazy smile on her face and the way she would subconsciously lick her lips told me she was feeling pretty good about now. Personally, I was a little jealous and cold have used a little more myself but we HAD to get going – and soon.

Reaching down for her thong, Tammy held it up to me with a grin. "Think I should put this back on or just stay bare?"

God, she was getting to be more like her older cousin Kristen every day, I swear. Then again, Kristen wouldn't have been wearing any in the first place and even if she had, she wouldn't have asked before stuffing them in her purse.

"You mother would have a heart attack of she caught you without them today and you know it," I gently chastised her.

As if to make my point, I pulled my own thong back on again, reaching into the side with my hands to pull it out so it covered my pussy instead of bunching up between my pussy lips.

"Ahhhhhh, you're no fun anymore," she groaned – but she put them on as she did.

I hesitated for just a moment. God, was I really getting to be that old? She was right. A few years ago I would have left my panties off, the heck with the consequences. Now it was like I was becoming some old maid afraid to take any chances. Damn, maybe I should leave them off just to show I wasn't becoming a fuddy-dud. Common sense gained control once again and we left the bathroom with our thongs firmly in place.

## 4. Uncle Paul

"Something wrong?"

Just as I walked out into the hallway, I heard a voice behind me. I instantly recognized it as my Uncle Paul's and when I turned, sure enough he was standing there. He looked at the two of us with a leer and I had a pretty good idea that he wasn't going to buy any story about us adjusting our makeup. Well, why not just go for it then? I may be wearing panties but that didn't mean I was a complete failure.

"It's OK, we were just masturbating."

Tammy looked at me with her eyes wide, undoubtedly not believing she had heard what she had just heard.

"Kelly!" she exclaimed softly, nudging me as if to remind me that it wasn't one of our dad's I was talking to. Then again, Kristen didn't know the history between me and our Uncle Paul.

"Well, you could have just asked and you could have had the real thing," my uncle came back, not letting my bluntness scare him off.

"Uncle Paul!" Tammy burst out, unable to contain herself.

"It's OK Tammy," I said, trying to calm her down, "Uncle Paul and I have done it before."

"And your cousin was one sweet piece of ass, I might add," he added, "I hear you're quite the little slut as well."

Tammy seemed uncertain whether she should smile or appear shocked.

"Well, dinner is ready so I was sent on a search mission to find the two of you," he explained. Then he leered at us again saying, "Too bad we didn't have a few more minutes... I could have helped you both with your problems."

I was about to say something like "in your dreams" when Tammy showed her true colors.

"Kelly, why don't you go down and tell them me and Uncle Paul will be right down."

I looked at her like I was seeing someone I'd never seen before. Maybe I'd underestimated her "slut factor" just a little bit - maybe a whole LOT of bit. I could see it in her eyes as she locked in on her uncle's crotch like a laser guided missile. She had the look of a cat as it was hunting a mouse and about ready to pounce. Talk about a picture being worth a thousand words, it would take more than that to describe the animal like lust on display all over her face. It was just the way she carried herself, her posture, the way she held her arms and hands. Damn, she wanted to be fucked and I hoped Uncle Paul was ready for what he's unleashed.

"You sure?" I asked her but she wasn't listening to me.

"Just go," she said to me, pushing me aside as she moved in closer to our uncle. I wasn't sure who wanted it more - him or her. Well, I KNEW he wanted her but what man his age wouldn't? It was the way she seemed drawn to him, like steel to a strong magnet, that fascinated me. Maybe I should have made her cum again before we left the bathroom. It was like all I had done was light the fuse and now she was about to explode.

I turned and went down the stairs to the first floor where everyone was moving in towards the dining room. I could see from the looks I to that they were all wondering where my uncle and cousin were. There were two distinctive sets of eyes though. One was wondering where the two of them were with genuine concern, the other was obviously wondering what shenanigans were taking place.

I took a seat next to my dad. I was suddenly aware that I had not washed up before leaving the bathroom. I guess I was too caught up with everything to think about it. My dad certainly noticed but I couldn't tell if anyone else did.

"They aren't..." my dad started to whisper to me.

"Yep, they are," I whispered just as quietly back.

"Unbelievable," was all he could say back but the look on his face told a different story. I would have bet my next paycheck (little that it would be) that he was wishing he had been the one to go off looking for us when dinner was declared ready to serve!

It must have been ten minutes later and still no Uncle Paul or Tammy. Her mother and my other aunt were both visibly curious - turning more into concern as the minutes went by along with the food. Suddenly the two of the appeared in the entrance to the dining room, my uncle apologizing to everyone for being late. He went on about Tammy dropping an earring down the sink or something like that. My aunt asked why it couldn't wait until after dinner and he said that Tammy needed it right away. I thought my dad was going to choke on his food at that one!

Tammy sat across from me and for a brief moment our eyes met and she grinned at me. The little slut! I couldn't wait for dinner to get finished so I could ask her what happened. Did she just suck him or did her fuck her - or both? Ten minutes wasn't very long but still, you could do a lot in that amount of time if you rushed it. I saw Kristen down at the end between her mom and one of my older cousins. She obviously had deduced what was going on and I could see she was also practically bursting with curiosity.

Nobody seemed to want to comment on the flushness in Tammy's face. I guess either they assumed it was due to the concern over her "lost earring" or they knew why she was all red and knew better than to say anything. Still, I caught her squirming now and then and I had a feeling her pussy must have been practically screaming still.

Dinner lasted almost an hour with everyone talking and taking their time. By the end, everyone seemed to have forgotten all about the Uncle Paul - Tammy drama at the start and went off to their appointed locations. The guys went to the living room to watch TV - and likely fall asleep while the women took on the menial task of clearing the table and doing the dishes - NOT my favorite activities by a long shot.

"Well?" I said softly to Tammy as we gathered silver ware together.

"Well what?" she said, acting like she had no idea what I was talking about. What a tease!

"You know perfectly what," I hissed back at her, jabbing her with my elbow.

"Ohhhhhh, you mean THAT!" she giggled, "What do you want to know?"

Kristen came up to us about that time and quickly caught on to the conversation. I could see she was just as curious as I was as to what Tammy and Uncle Paul had been doing.

Just then her mom walked in and told us to get going so we didn't take all day cleaning up. That sort of ended the conversation until a while later when we managed to sneak off to a corner again.

"So spill it kid," Kristen said with a grin, poking her between the boobs with her finger.

"No big deal really," Tammy said offhandedly, "I mean he just fucked me quick and that was about it."

Yeah, and the Titanic was just a little bump into an iceberg. Neither Kristen or I was buying it.

"Well, you've fucked him before so what's there to say?" she said, raising her hands like she didn't know what more to tell us.

"No we haven't," Kristen came back, "Sounds like you're the first he's done." Then she looked at me and caught my eyes and her he mouth hung open in surprise. "Damn Kelly, you mean he's fucked you and you never told me?"

I held up two fingers and she rolled her eyes saying, "Twice? Damn, when was all this going on... and why didn't you tell me about it?"

This wasn't the time or place for this sort of conversation so I tried to direct attention back to Tammy. Out of the dark I sprang a question on her.

"So where's your thong?"

It was a bluff on my part and had she been ready for it I'm sure she would have said they were on her and let it go at that. But I'd caught her off-guard and before she could recover her expression told me everything.

"So does HE have them?" I grilled her.

Tammy just nodded, biting her lower lip a little before she grinned yet again. She certainly seemed proud of herself, that much was for sure.

"Damn, so now I'm the only one of us he hasn't fucked then?" Kristen whined. As usual with her, it was all about her. The heck that her oldest uncle had just screwed his youngest niece, all Kristen was concerned about was that he hadn't drilled her pussy yet. She wasn't use to being the bench player and being left out like this seemed to really gall her.

The way her eyes were narrowing and the furrows on her forehead, I could see her little blond mind starting to work overtime and I had a bad feeling I knew what she was plotting. It was time to nip this one in the bud before our luck for the day wore out. It was lucky enough that Tammy and I were able to masturbate together without raising suspicion, it was lucky that nobody but my dad notice I smelled like pussy when I sat down at the table, and it was REALLY lucky that my uncle Paul fucked Tammy so quickly without getting caught. So with all this luck in one day, why push it just to salvage Kristen's fragile ego?

"Down girl," I commanded, trying to smile to disarm my comments somewhat, "Don't you dare think of doing anything more for today."

"Why not? Who's going to notice?" she came back.

"Didn't you see the way Aunt Sheri looked at Tammy an Uncle Paul when they came back downstairs. I think she might be wondering if something was going on more than they said. We need to be careful my horny cousin."

Kristen looked ruefully at me and then glanced back at the living room where we could hear the guys watching TV. I knew what she wanted but it wasn't like she didn't get laid enough or anything as it was. She could wait for another day and a better opportunity.

Truth be known, they weren't the only ones with such thoughts. All I could think about was how stupid I had been for leaving them alone upstairs instead of staying with them and joining in. Even if he hadn't fucked me, seeing my uncle fuck Tammy would be almost as hot as watching my dad fuck her - something I hadn't witnessed in like forever it seemed.

"Watcha guys talkin' about?" Kate said, suddenly appearing next to Tammy. For a moment I panicked, thinking she might have overheard parts of our conversation that have been better now heard by her. Obviously she hadn't or I am sure she would have gone running off to their mother.

I would have loved to have said something like, "Oh, nothing much, just about Tammy getting fucked by Uncle Paul before dinner." Oh yeah, now THAT would have been delicious, at least for about two minutes which is all the time it would have taken for her to go screaming to their mom.

That pretty much ended THAT conversation. As much as I would have loved to have had a shot at Uncle Paul myself, just for pride if nothing else, the opportunity never arose and soon it was time for everyone to go home.

# 5. The Ride Home

"Mom! Did you know Uncle Paul fucked Tammy right before dinner today?"

We hadn't even pulled out of the driveway before Kristen was leaning over the front seat to blast her mother with the news. She and I were in the backseat while her mother drove.

"Can't say the thought hadn't crossed my mind," she called back as she backed into the street and put the car in drive to head home. "Seemed pretty obvious to me that SOMETHING was going on between those two and knowing Tammy that doesn't surprise me in the least."

"Well... then did you know he has fucked Kelly not once but TWO times?"

Now THAT seemed to get her attention and I saw Aunt Linda's neck crane up as she looked in the rear view mirror at me.

"Is that true Kelly?"

"It was a while ago," I said rather lamely. The truth be known, while I had fantasized about fucking Uncle Paul again this afternoon, it was more the heat of the moment than anything as since the last time he had done me I had pretty much decided it would indeed be the LAST time. It was a rather complicated situation, more than I cared to get into right now.

"Well, he's your uncle so I guess it doesn't matter anyway," Aunt Linda went on. "So what's this about Tammy?"

Kristen looked at me as she hadn't heard the entire story herself yet. I shrugged and went on to explain about how we started masturbating and how that led to meeting Uncle Paul in the hallway and how I had left them alone to do whatever.

"Hmmmmmm, so you don't actually know for sure that he DID fuck her, do you?"

THAT made me think for a moment, like I was a witness on this stand that had just been presented with evidence that countered my testimony. She was right. I didn't really know for sure that anything had happened at all. Maybe they were just both trying to make it sound like something had happened. Then again, HE had never told me that he fucked her, it was just her word. What if she was just trying to show off for her older cousin?

"Well... she was REALLY horny and he had that look too. I think they did it," I decided finally.

"So is Uncle Paula good fuck?" Kristen was already bored with the subject as it looked like there weren't going to be any juicy tidbits to share so she changed the topic back to something she was interested in.

I shrugged and frowned slightly. "He's OK I guess, nothing to write home about."

"So how did it happen with you two? Why didn't you tell me about it?" Kristen asked.

I gave her a quick rundown, including how he had been fucking my mom for years before that. Again, THAT seemed to draw my aunt's attention yet again. "He was fucking Mary?" my aunt asked back over her shoulder. "Are you sure about that? I know she would have told me if she had been doing him and she never even hinted at any sort of thing like that."

I assured her that my mom had confirmed his story which just made my aunt seem a little distressed. Meanwhile, Kristen was doing what Kristen did best - play with herself for the truckers to se. Damn, she had the attention span of one of my six grade boys! Just then a big truck honked next to us, startling my aunt.

"Damn it Kristen, if you're going to expose yourself to truckers you could at least warn me so I don't run off the road when they honk!"

I wasn't really all that interested in putting on a show for the highway community at the moment, but I WAS still horny as hell. After all, I hadn't gotten to cum when Tammy masturbated and then she was the one who got laid afterwards. Talk about unrequited lust! Now seeing Kristen stripping and exposing herself to anyone who would look, those feelings I was having watching Tammy earlier were coming back - and in spades.

By now we were crossing the bridges and gong through the tunnel to get home so it wouldn't be much longer before we were home. I guess I could have waited ten more minutes but why bother?

It had been a better Easter than I had expected, that was for sure. Now if I could just get myself off before we got home...

"She doesn't know much of anything which is why I told her she could just watch and then make up her mind about things," Aunt Linda explained. Then she gave him a more stern look as if to say, "That's enough... just shut up!"

My dad shrugged and then reached over so he could give me a long warm kiss. As out tongues met I felt his large hand on my bottom as he grabbed my ass and pulled me unto him. Mmmmmmm, I knew he wanted me and with all the other talk going on it still thrilled me to know he could be turned on by just a kiss from me.

"Hey, hey... that's enough you two, save it for later. You better get ready John, they'll be over in less than an hour. Can't you EVER be home on time?"

My dad pulled his head back and I loved the look in his eyes as he licked his lips quickly and then gripped my ass even tighter. He pulled me against him and I could feel his dick pressing out from his slacks, forcing it's way against my stomach. Oh yeah... he wanted me! It had been weeks since he'd last asked me for sex and it wouldn't have bothered me a bit if he were to ask me to come upstairs with him now and take care of him but my aunt would have none of it.

"Come on John, I said to save it for later!" she teased him but at the same time firmly pointing him in the direction of the steps leading to the second floor where the bedrooms were all located.

Reluctantly my dad followed her "orders" and headed upstairs to get cleaned up and ready. As soon as he was out of earshot my aunt turned to me with a bit of a quizzical look.

"I thought you weren't all that thrilled about incest with your father these days?" she asked, "yet you seemed like you wanted to jump his bones right then and there. What gives anyway?"

Well, what could I say? Sure a lot of water had run under THAT bridge in the past few months but in the end, no matter what happened or was said, he was my dad and I loved him and I would still do anything for him. OK, so maybe I wasn't throwing myself at him anymore but it wasn't like I was going to start turning him down now for the first time in my life. Besides, he WAS my father and in the end, incest always adds a little to the thrill no matter how often you do it or how much a part of your life it has become. The idea that it was my DAD's dick in me never failed to excite me!

"So what about you?" I asked my aunt, looking her over rather critically.

"Oh it will only take me a second to two to change clothes," she replied, "One advantage of young boys... they don't get all uptight about my hair and makeup!"

couldn't hide his lust for me. On those days when my self-confidence was low and I was feeling down, seeing his approach me in that simple outfit, seeing the burning look in his eyes and the flushness of his face was exactly what I needed to feel good about myself again. Then to feel his cock growing in my mouth, telling me that I was turning him on, and to hear him sigh as I sucked his stiff dick, made me feel even better.

Finally, when he was inside of me, pumping his incestuous cock in and out of his daughter's tight pussy, it was like everything was perfect in the world and all I could think about was the feeling of my father mating me, of him cumming inside of me as he gave me the ultimate gift of his love and respect for me.

But today was completely different. Today he wasn't dressed like this for ME but rather some other girl that he would soon be fucking. When he was dressing it wasn't me that was on his mind but some nameless young girl that he had never seen before, except maybe in photos. He greeting me with his wonderful smile but there was something missing in the way he looked at me. Something special was gone. He wasn't looking at me THAT way, at least not the way he did when I was younger. It wasn't even the same hungry look he'd had before going upstairs a few minutes ago. It was like something else was on his mind now - or should I say, someone else.

"Hey baby, Linda told me all about what was going on. Damn, I can't believe you're staying but I have to say that I'm glad you are."

I didn't say anything but instead just rose to hug him and we kissed. For a brief moment that closeness that only a father and daughter can experience flashed as our tongues met and he pulled me in tight to him. Just as I thought maybe he was about to surprise me and take me, my Aunt Linda showed up and the mood evaporated like water on a hot griddle.

"Hey you two, they're going to be here any minute so no funny business!" she teased us, slapping my dad on the butt playfully.

I saw Aunt Linda had changed into a pair of loose shorts that while short, were nothing indecent yet managed to show off her legs quite nicely. She had on a blouse that actually seemed to be her size, nothing fancy with a button-down front that she left undone to not only show off her cleavage, but also as proof that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. She was barefoot and wasn't wearing any jewelry except for a simple gold anklet on her right foot. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail which seemed to take ten years off and gave her more of a girl-next-door type of look - or mom next door. She wasn't going to pass for twenty by any means but she certainly didn't look like a women in her early forties.

Just then the doorbell rang and my dad let go of me to go and answer. Not quite sure what to do, I stayed back in the kitchen as my aunt followed him to the door. It was now or never if I was going to leave but it was like a moth being drawn to a flame. I may end up being burned for what was about to happen but I couldn't find the strength of will to pull myself away! If I left now, I knew I would always regret it.

## 3. A Close Encounter of the Strange Kind

I don't know what I was really expecting to see when the door opened but whatever it may have been, it wasn't what I saw. For all intents and purposes, the neighbors from next door could have been at the door for a visit. Standing in the doorway were four people - evidently the mother and father with their two kids - a boy and what must have been his younger sister. My dad ushered them in and closed and locked the door behind them.

The adults exchanged rather bland hellos and the men shook hands as I sat back and looked on. The parents, while not dressed formal, were wearing what could be called "dress-casual". The father, who looked maybe five to ten years younger than my dad, was wearing black slacks with a blue dress shirt and black dress shoes. If anything he looked more like an accountant than a swinger. The mom was wearing a rather simple floral summer dress which came below her knees and was quite modest overall. Anyone seeing the two of them might have thought that they were heading for a PTA meeting or something like that.

As for the kids, I was especially curious about them. The boy looked to be in his mid-teens, maybe fifteen or sixteen at most. He seemed a bit shy and hung back for the most part, shaking my dad's hand when my dad offered his but otherwise not saying a word. He didn't seem so much apprehensive as rather more like any other teenage boy going out with his parents. He had on jeans and short sleeved shirt with black sneakers. He DID look quite cute, I had to admit, with thick black hair that looked like it could use a comb. The dark hair served to enhance an almost olive complexion which he must have inherited from his mother.

The daughter was definitely the youngest sibling, maybe thirteen or fourteen at most. It's so hard with some girls at that age to guess how old they are so she

relationships. Indeed, from the start the brother had his hand resting between his sister's bare thighs, gripping the smooth soft flesh in his hands and gently massaging it slowly. At the same time she had her hand resting on his crotch, almost imperceptibly moving it in small circles over what I could tell was already an erect dick. It wasn't anything TOO outrageous but enough that had they done it in public people would have looked at them more than a little oddly.

"Oh, and by the way, I'm Martha, this is my husband Simon, my son Mark and my daughter Elisa," the mother finished.

I noticed she did not state their ages as most mothers would have in such an introduction. It was also quite clear from her tone that this was ALL she was going to tell me about them.

Now that they'd addressed their concerns about me, the two of them seemed to ignore me after that and went back to talking to my parents. It was sort of surreal as they just talked about the local news, politics, weather and whatever else typical parents chat about when they are forced together socially but don't know each other.

In the meantime Mark and Elisa seemed to be getting bored which only made them more interested in each other. Elisa had scooted back into the couch and spread her legs provocatively, allowing Mark to move his hand up her thigh until the side of it was pressing against her crotch. As for Elisa, her hand was still on her brother's crotch but now she was gripping his dick though the jeans as best she could, squeezing it and rubbing it. Meanwhile, the conversation continued between the parents as if nothing was going on at the other end of the couch.

Needless to say, I was totally clueless as to what the protocol was for this sort of occasion so I just sat there motionless in my chair. Since nobody was addressing me, I didn't join in on the conversation. For all sakes and purposes, I might as well have been invisible. On the one hand it made it easier as I wasn't sure what I would have said in the first place, on the other it was a bit awkward in that I WAS there but they just ignored me.

The adults were saying something about the latest news about the Middle East as things continued to heat up between Elisa and her brother. Mark had taken his hand from between her legs and moved up to lift up the cami up and over her small boobs. They were barely a handful for him but her nipples were incredible hard and stuck out between his fingers as he caressed her breasts. I looked over and saw my dad may have been talking to Simon and Martha but it was clear where his attention

"Now Mark, you're not being a very polite guest. Can't you see Linda needs some attention? Why don't you let her enjoy that incredible dick of yours?"

Somehow I got the idea Mark would have preferred his sister enjoy his dick more but he did as his mother told him and stepped over in front of my aunt. He seemed uncertain, waiting for her to make the first move. I was curious myself what she wanted from him first - to suck his dick or have him eat her horny pussy? It didn't take long to find out.

"Oh my god, it's so beautiful," she whispered but loud enough for us all to hear.

Just as Simon was proudly watching my dad being blown by his daughter, Martha was practically beaming as Linda reached out for Mark's cock with both hands. Even with both hands she was barely able to cover the entire shaft.

"Soooooo, do you like your dick sucked Mark?" my aunt asked, smiling up at him as she gripped his erect cock.

Mark hesitated and looked back at his mom as if he wasn't sure how to answer.

"Now stop being so shy Mark and answer the pretty lady," his mother admonished him.

Mark licked his lips and looked down at Linda. "Yes ma'am, I love it to be sucked."

"I bet your sister suck you good, doesn't she?"

Again Mark looked back at his mom who just nodded and so he answered, "Oh yeah, she's great!"

My aunt nodded over to where her brother-in-law was finding out for himself just how good Mark's sister was when it came to blowjobs and she grinned. "From the looks of things, I would have to say you're right. How about I show you what I can do? Would that be OK with you?"

Without waiting for an answer she leaned forward and licked Mark's dick from the tip to the base and then back up again. She kissed the tip of his bulging head and then gently took it between her lips, sucking on it softly. It was almost like she was caressing it and loving it. Then she surprised everyone by suddenly pushing it into her mouth in one quick motion until her face was buried in the thick covering of hair at its base.

"Oh wow!" Mark couldn't help but exclaim as his eyes bugled and stared down at where his cock had disappeared from sight, now wholly engulfed in my aunt's mouth and throat.

her, like a little doll baby moaning and looking up at her mom as if to seek her approval.

Meanwhile my aunt had pushed Mark back and down to the floor on his back with his head almost at his father's feet. She quickly straddled him and used her hand to direct his dick back into her pussy which was hungry for more of his teen cock. Sitting on him now, she could practically reach out and touch his father.

It amazed me how he could just sit there and watch a woman as beautiful as my Aunt Linda ride his son's dick right in front of him yet act like it was the most ordinary thing in the world. From what I could tell, he didn't even have an erection! I mean, didn't he want to fuck my aunt too? Could he be so into little girls that a woman the age of my aunt, even as hot as sexy as she was, didn't turn him on?

My dad was back to fucking Elisa again. He didn't seem interested in changing positions, seemingly perfectly happy with what he was doing. I wondered if fucking her right next to her mom, so close he could have reached over and played with her pussy, was what was turning him on as well. Martha wasn't encouraging him to change either so maybe she was getting to watching this close up and personal just as much as my dad was. While Simon just watched the show in front of him and didn't say a word, Martha seemed to enjoy being more involved, at least verbally.

"Are you ready to cum yet John?' she teased, "Where do you want to cum? Her mouth?... In her pussy?... maybe you want to cum all over my daughter... is that what you want John... to spray your cum all over her tiny little body?"

I got the idea that SHE wanted to see his cum spraying all over Elisa but then she didn't know my dad. If she had asked me, I could have told her exactly where my dad wanted to cum - IN her pussy. My self-congratulatory feeling was quickly struck down as my dad surprised me yet again.

"I want to cum all over her... cover your slutty daughter with my cum," he managed to get out in short bursts between thrusts.

As he said it, he was looking at Martha more than Elisa and I then realized what was going on. Maybe had he been fucking Elisa alone upstairs he would have stayed and cum in her pussy, but this was for her mother. My dad was seeing how much his fucking her daughter was turning her on and he also quickly took the hint as to where she wanted to see his cum.

"Oh FUCK!" my dad exclaimed as he yanked his dick out of Elisa's abused pussy.

I have to say I was a little disappointed in that the parents didn't show any sign of being anything but the perfect chaperones. Suddenly the conversation was struck back up between the adults, almost like nothing had happened in between their previous conversation and now. Now my dad and aunt were naked but my father no longer had an erection and my aunt was beaming with some of Mark's cum still on her cheek and chest.

Mark got up and sat back down next to Elisa, the both of them still naked as well. They both were looking at their parents expectantly and I wondered what was going on. Obviously they were expecting something from their parents and it didn't take long to find out what it was.

"Ummmmm, I hate to change the subject like this but don't you guys think it's only fair that we let the kids have some fun for being so good to you?" Martha asked.

Really, what was my dad or aunt going to say? After all, they WERE teenagers, or at least one was and the other would be in a year or two so it was only natural that they would have more need for sex than their older partners.

"Sure... but we get to watch though... right?" my dad confirmed.

"Of course," Simon replied, "Besides, they love to be watched, don't you kids?"

Both Elisa and marked smiled and nodded eagerly. They didn't need to be told any more as Elisa laid down on her on the rug in front of the couch, her leg spread apart and her arms outstretched towards her brother. This was obviously something they were quite accustomed to as Mark quickly climbed on top of his sister and without further ado pushed his dick into her freshly fucked pussy. Given she had just being fucked by my dad, he was able to enter Elisa a lot easier than he might have otherwise and they immediately began fucking one another.

"Awwwwww... don't you guy agree that they look so sweet together like that?" Martha cooed, "I think it's so wonderful that they get along so well, don't you Linda?"

"Well, I guess sex is better than fighting and arguing," my aunt agreed.

"I mean... just look at the way he does his sister," their mother continued, the pride practically bursting from her, "and she loves it so... I just love seeing her being so happy."

It was killing me. Why didn't anyone say anything more about them? How long had they been having sex? How did it get started? Who else did they fuck? Did they really not do it with their parents? My dad could see I was about ready to burst and all it took was one sharp look from him for me to keep my mouth shut.

he gave me in a moment of complete submission to his love and authority over me as his daughter.

While I can't say I approve of everything my father does, how can I be mad at him when he can make me feel like this?

on him. He had the most incredible blonde hair, was good looking and had a super-hot body.

Not only did Sharon's brother LOOK good, but he was just fun to be around. Steve also enjoyed quite the reputation with the girls and it was pretty well known that if you wanted to date Steve it meant you put out or you wouldn't get asked out again. It really didn't matter so far as we were concerned as he only dated girls his age or older. Steve certainly had an eye on us all weekend, even peeking at us through the trailer screen windows when he thought we didn't know (the consensus was that he was masturbating) but he didn't show any real interest in any of us so far as getting more personal , or at least that's what we all thought.

To be sure, it wasn't like we didn't TRY our best to get his attention. All of us pretty much spent the entire weekend in our bikinis, even his mom. For a women her age she was pretty hot and I couldn't help but think what a jerk their dad must be to cheat on someone like her. Even Steve's sister got in on the teasing but if he didn't respond to the rest of us and totally ignored her. I wonder what he would have said if he knew that Sharon was as interested in her brother as the rest of us! Actually at the time I wasn't aware of her interests in her brother although I DID think it was a little weird the way she would flaunt herself in front of her own brother.

Needless to say, I was astonished when Steve called me later to ask me out. Somehow I managed to get the words out to accept without screaming. I've written all about our first date in an older diary entry including how I gave Steve my first blowjob[5] so I won't go into more detail about that now. It wasn't long after that when I gave Steve my virginity[6] and learned how wonderful sex could be. I was hooked!

For the next six months or so, Steve was the only boy I dated and the only boy I had sex with. At the time I would've said that I was in love with him but looking back it was probably more like a typical teenage crush. I mean, what girl would NOT say she was in love with the boy she first had sex with – and then had it virtually every day after that? Steve doted over me and did his best to meet my demands. Besides the fact I LOVED sex, the last thing I wanted was for Steve to dump me for an older girl who would put out more for him.

As I said, Sharon was also interested in her brother back then and she was always after me to tell her about what me and Steve did – the more detail the better. Still, so far as I knew she never realized her dreams. Oddly enough, it was his mother that provided the biggest surprise for me. Again, I've written about what happened in another diary entry.[7]

---

[5] 1999 (Jul 16) Chapter 4: My First Blowjob

[6] 1999 (Aug 02) Chapter 5: Losing My Virginity

In short, she once caught me and Steve doing at but rather than fussing about us she joined in and I was truly shocked when she had sex with her own son. So far as I know, it was a one-time thing but it was the first time I ever had any dealings with incest. Little did I know at the time that a couple of years later I would be having sex with my father and eventually a number of other family members, but back then incest was something totally foreign and unimaginable to me.

When Steve told me they were moving because his mom had taken a new job on the west coast, I thought my world was coming to an end. Needless to say somehow I survived and life went on but Steve always had a special place in my heart. The only time I ever saw him again was at his wedding. Based on what happened there between us, we agreed it would be best not to stay in touch so it had been several years now since I'd heard anything from him.

So now it's mid-2010 and I'm no longer that starry-eyed teenager that practically threw herself at an older boy. My high school slut days are behind me and at twenty-five, I've becoming quite "domesticated" according to my younger cousin Kristen. I now have my teaching degree and teach fourth thru sixth grade at a small Christian school. The pay sucks but I love my job. There are times it's tempting to try for a job at the local public school with their high salaries and incredible benefits. Still, my classes are small and I have great support from the parents so what I lose in salary I get back in job satisfaction. How many people can say they love going to work?

The down-side of my job is the salary. Most teachers there consider it to be a "ministry" and have husbands that bring in the primary salary. For me, it means living below the poverty line so far as the government is concerned which is why I moved in with my twenty two year-old cousin Kristen who was now living alone in her mom's house since her mom was now living with my dad.

While I may be living with my cousin, at least I'm not one of those mid-twenties people that still live with their parents. My social life is busy for the most part and there are plenty of guys that like to keep me happy - and I have to say I am not afraid to take advantage of their generosity. Hey, a BJ in exchange for dinner out is a pretty good deal if you ask me.

---

[7] 1999 (Oct 05) Chapter 8: My Boyfriend's Mom Joins In

Overall I guess you could say that life is good for me although at times I wonder when "Mr. Right" is going to finally show up. True, I was almost engaged once but if anything, the experience only made me more wary of relationships, at least those that go beyond the "dating" phase. Still, I have the same hopes and dreams that most girls share, to meet Mr. Wonderful, get married, have a house that we fill will two kids and a dog... the typical American Dream. I have it all planned out - now I just need the guy!

## 2. Memorial Day Surprise

It was Memorial Day and as usual my plans were to spend the day at my dad's house. Kristen would be joining me as her mom would be there too. As I mentioned earlier, my Aunt Linda had moved in with my dad after my mom left after their divorce.

Speaking of which, my parent's divorce was probably more of a surprise to me than anyone. Maybe I was too close to see this signs but whatever it was, it caught me totally flat-footed. It was confusing to me at first but at least I as old enough to know that it wasn't anything to do with me. While there may be some women who would have a hard time dealing with their husband having sex with their daughter, my mom wasn't one of them. My parent's marriage was a bit complicated when compared to more "traditional" marriages, but once you understood their love for one another and their family backgrounds, it actually made a lot of sense.

First, if there was one thing my parents both believed in, it was the sanctity of marriage. Of course, their definition of marriage was not exactly what most people would describe, but it worked for them for over twenty years. When my parents took their marriage vows, they promised to be faithful to one another until death and they both took their vows before God as being firm and unbending. My parents never cheated while they were married in that they never had sex with anyone outside of their marriage family. There had only two "exceptions" over the years and they both involved close family friends who were "virtual family".

Knowing how seriously my parents took their marriage vows, you can see why I was totally blind-sided when they told me about their impending divorce. It wasn't until the papers were finalized were finalized and my mom was preparing to leave that I learned the truth about how my mother simply couldn't deal with my father's addictions any longer. It wasn't drugs or alcohol, but sex that he couldn't control and to make things worse, it was sex with younger girls that he craved. .The signs had all been there had I bothered to recognize them. It also explained to me why my father really had desired sex with me as a young teenager.

For a while things were pretty tense between my father and me. I explained this all in more detail in previous diary entries and the good news is by this time things had been worked out between us. So now I was once again looking forward to visiting my dad and aunt for the holiday. Some things would never be the same, of course, so there was little chance of anything sexual happening while my cousin and I were visiting, but we didn't need to have sex to have a good time together. After all, most families don't have sex and they get along just fine!

Just because we wouldn't have sex didn't mean we became Amish or anything so after I'd done my usually morning routine of masturbating and showering, I returned to my room to lay out my clothes for the day. The weather lately had been pretty crappy but the forecast for today was sunny and hot so they left me with a number of options.

Of course at some point I would be wearing my bikini and since the deck at my dad's house was private that meant I could wear my most revealing one. That made the selection easy since it meant I would wear the one my dad had bought me for this year. Since I was twelve my dad had made it a tradition that he would buy me one swim suit at the beginning of each year.

I can still remember the first one he bought me and my mom's reaction. I'd been wearing two-piece swim suits since I was a little girl but never anything like this one. It wasn't a thong by any means but it was certainly more revealing than what you would see girls at that age wearing at the city pool. My mom made a firm rule that I could only wear it at home - which I made sure I did whenever my dad was around since I knew he loved me to wear it (even though at that age I didn't understand the real reason why he did).

Needless to say I couldn't wear my latest bikini back and forth from my dad's house as it was little more than a few small triangles of thin clothe held together by some strings that tied at my side for the bottoms and behind my back and neck for the top. It would have been just my luck to be pulled over by some cop with no appreciation for the human body and be cited for driving while indecent (is there such a crime?). Actually, again the decision was pretty easy as I picked out my favorite summer outfit - denim cutoffs and a tight tank top.

All set now to go, I tucked my bikini in a bag along with a hairbrush and some makeup, quickly slipped on the shorts and tank top, and headed downstairs to see if my cousin was ready. So silly of me. If Kristen HAD been on time it would have been one for the record books so I sat in the kitchen and drank a Diet Coke while I waited impatiently. Surprisingly, only five more minutes passed and I heard her bouncing down the stairs. I slipped on my flip flops and went out to the living room to join her.

"Hey cuz, ready to go?" she asked in her typical chipper voice.

Kristen and I may have been cousins but we differed in a number of ways. Mornings were one of those in Kristen was the ultimate "morning person", ready to go full throttle from the moment she got out of bed. In contrast, I was the night owl and if I could sleep in until noon every day I would be thrilled.

"Um, aren't you gonna wear something over that?" I asked. Indeed, Kristen was all but naked in her thong and what could be loosely called a bikini top. Granted, it barely covered her nipples but that was about it. Lower down, had she not been shaved totally it would have been revealed as about all it covered was her pussy slit and barely at that. From behind, the strings were so thin they pulled in between her butt cheeks and left her looking from behind like all she had on was a piece of multi-colored string around her waist.

"What?" she whined, as if she had no idea what I was talking about. Seeing the look of frustration on my face, she got defensive.

"Like we're gonna be wearing even these when we get there, so what's the big deal?"

I just rolled my eyes and gave up. Years of experience told me that this was a losing argument so why even bother. Besides, she was right in that odds were she'd be nude most of the time on the deck. I actually liked to have a few tone lines as to me, it was more sexy to look like I was somehow revealing something that I usually didn't when I undressed for a guy. Kristen was again different from me in that she was all for the "all-over" tan look.

In the end it didn't matter as we drove over without incident and soon were sitting on the back deck of my dad's house around the glass-topped table in the corner near the hot tub. My Aunt Linda had served us some cold drinks and my dad was getting the grill ready for his traditional holiday cookout. For a moment I couldn't help but think we were missing someone and my heart strained for my mother whom I hadn't heard from in so many months. All I could hope was that someday she would be back together with us for these family get-togethers, even if she and my dad were no longer husband and wife.

For most of the afternoon it was just your typical holiday family get-together. My cousin has earned her realtor license and was working as a team with her mom so they had plenty of stories to tell about clients and buyers. My aunt's specialty was more exclusive homes which was always a cutthroat business even in good times. With the home market these days, things were even tougher so it helped to have a mother-daughter team. When a potential buyer was wavering between one of their homes or a competitor's, or a stubborn seller needed convincing to accept an offer that wasn't what they'd been hoping for, between the two of them they could often "convince" their client in ways competing realtors couldn't - or at least wouldn't. Thus you can imagine some of the stories they had to tell and we all had a good time, eventually ending up in the hot tub.

Since I was a little girl I'd never worn a bathing suit in our hot tub unless we had relatives or guests over. It was just something my parents preferred and since I grew up that way, it was just natural for me and I never even gave a thought as I dropped my clothes and stepped in nude. My family were definitely NOT nudists but at the same time, I was raised to not be ashamed of my body. Thus if I was showering or dressing, my dad was comfortable being around me and vice versa. There was nothing sexual about it, at least not until I was sixteen and started having sex with my parents. On a day like this, we all were nude together but there was no hint of anything sexual, just four adults enjoying a good time.

To all our surprise, while we were in the tub the front doorbell rang. My dad got out to answer it, pulling on a pair of gym shorts before leaving the deck and wrapping a towel around his shoulders. The rest of us stayed as we were, assuming it was just someone trying to sell something, even thought it was a holiday.

A few minutes later my dad poked his head out the door from the kitchen to the deck and called to me. I have to say I was a little surprised when he said there was someone at the door wanting to see me. Well, I didn't think he meant ALL of me so I grabbed my shorts and wrapped a towel around me before heading through the house, trying not to drip too much water on the hardwood flooring. I wasn't worried about how I was dressed as whoever it was, it had to be one of my friends as who else who know to look for me here?

Passing by my dad, I started to ask who it was but he just shushed me and grinned, Hmmm, now I WAS wondering who it might be. Must be some prank or something to make him smile at me like that. In any case, he returned to the deck while I went down the hallway to the front door.

Of all the people I would have guessed it might be, I never considered for a moment that it would be who it was. Oh my god, it was Steve! Sure he was a few years older but I would have recognized him anywhere.

"Hey girl, long time no see," he greeted me as my mouth suddenly seemed unable to function.

All I could do was stare at him and then I became acutely conscious of the fact the only thing I had on was a pair of ultra-short cutoffs and a towel around my top.

"Did I catch you at a bad time?" he asked, seemingly sincere although I noticed his eyes were giving me the once over.

For some reason, seeing him check me out somehow relaxed me. Yep, same ol' Steve, always interested in looking me over whenever he had the chance.

"Oh no... not at all!" I finally blurted out, lying through my teeth. Like duh, the rest of my family was naked in back and here I was dripping wet and barely covered and he was asking if he caught me at a bad time?

"Ummmmm, can I come in then?" he asked, smiling at me now in the same cocky expression he always use to get when he seemed to be able to read my mind.

What could I say? No, my dad and aunt and cousin were out back naked so why not come again later? There were a lot of things Steve didn't know about me and among those were my more intimate relationships with my family. I didn't start having incestual sex until over a year and a half after Steve moved away and for the brief time we were together at his wedding it didn't seem to be something to bring up in conversation.

So I invited him and when he looked around to see where my dad had gone, I mentioned to him that everyone was out on the deck. He seemed to be expecting me to invite him back so I headed towards the back of the house, my mind racing as I tried to think of how I was going to explain what he was about to see. I slowly opened the door leading to the deck, holding my breath and almost afraid to look but then I was reminded once again how wonderful my father was.

"Hey Steve, great to see you again, been a long time!" my father called out as we entered the deck.

He was seated by the table, my Aunt Linda and Kristen on either side of him. my dad was still in his gym shorts while my aunt and cousin were wrapped in beach towels. Their wet hair indicated they had just been in the hot tub so it wasn't any surprise that they would have towels around them. What Steve did NOT know was that underneath those towels there was nothing but bare skin.

"Steve!" my cousin called out, waving to him but staying seated. Kristen was been only twelve when I was dating Steve but everyone in my family knew him.

Steve hadn't seen her since then so I was amused to see his eyes widen and take in what he could see of her. At twenty two, she looked a LOT hotter than the little twelve year-old he had known.

I introduced Steve to my aunt who claimed to remember him but I think she was just being polite. No doubt they'd met a few times over the time we had been dating but it wasn't like he had ever interacted with her in any way. My dad had pulled up another chair for Steve and he sat down next to me with my cousin on the other side of him. I glared at Kristen, telling her with my eyes in no uncertain terms to lay off of him. The last thing I needed right now was for my slutty cousin to start flirting with Steve.

Naturally we all wanted to know why he was here and he explained that his mom's company was transferring her back to Pittsburgh again so he was moving back with her. Needless to say I was confused since he was married but then I took a closer look at his hand and saw there was no sign of a wedding ring. Seeing me looking at his hand, Steve chuckled and explained.

"I suppose you're wondering about why I'm living with my mom and not wearing a wedding ring," he started out, sitting back in his chair like it was going to be a long explanation.

Actually it was relatively brief. The marriage turned out to be a hasty mistake and they had sought an annulment after just a few weeks so technically he was never married, at least not legally, As for living with his mom, he just shrugged and mentioned some off-hand comment about the economy and left it at that.

It was my turn then so I filled him in on the highlights of the past few years. Of course I left out a lot of things but he learned about my graduation and my current teaching job as well as my parent's divorce and my current living arrangements. His eyebrows sort of twitched when I told him that my aunt was now living with my dad but other than that he didn't say a word.

It was getting hot so my aunt asked if we all wanted something to drink. When she stood up her towel barely covered her ass and I saw Steve taking a quick peek. Well, it was more than a quick peek but I didn't say anything to him and I was left wondering if it was a deliberate act by my aunt or just an accident. I would have probably given her the benefit of the doubt and gone with the "accident" scenario if Kristen hadn't volunteered to help. In her case the towel didn't quite cover her butt and Steve got more than an eyeful this time as she made her way off the deck to help her mom. Oh yeah, accident my ass!

With just the three of us left, my dad asked Steve what he was doing for work. Actually, I had no idea what Steve did for a loving these days so I was interested in his answer as well. For the first time, Steve seemed a little nervous and then he confessed he was "between jobs" at the moment which was why he was living with his mom. He was hoping the job market in Pittsburgh would be better which was why he had decided to move back with her. For some reason he was being cagey about his actual line of work and neither me or my dad pressed him further on it. I figured sooner or later he would tell me so why push him now.

My aunt and cousin returned with trays of drinks which were more than welcome with the hot sun shining down on us. Steve mentioned something about the hot tub and how he wished he'd brought his swimsuit with him. Kristen about choked on her drink and I couldn't help but grin just a little myself. Kristen was undoubtedly thinking about her state of undress and from the way she was looking at Steve, probably was wishing he would just strip and join her - in more ways than one. For me it was sort of ironic in that I don't think Steve had ever worn a suit in the tub before, at least not for long, but then that was when it was just the two of us.

Naturally we had a ton of questions for each other's and so for a while it was just catching up on what we'd all be doing the past few years. I couldn't help but notice Steve was keeping a close eye on Kristen but then who could blame him. My slutty cousin was all but baring herself for him, letting her towel "accidentally" slip now and then and acting as if she was embarrassed. That didn't really surprise me knowing my cousin. In a way, I was just thankful she wasn't already on his lap - without the towel. It was her mom that drew my ire.

My Aunt Linda is now in her forties but you would have been hard pressed to guess it if you didn't know Kristen was her daughter. Even then, you might have guessed younger as Kristen inherited her mother's youthfulness and looked more like she was seventeen or eighteen than twenty two. The same for my Aunt Linda in that she could have easily passed for ten years younger than she was. Steve certainly was making sure to get an eyeful as his eyes kept shifting back between mother and daughter. Aunt Linda wasn't being naughty like Kristen, but just the way she looked with her legs crossed and most everything showing was plenty for Steve to all but drool over.

Things were starting to get dangerous now and I knew if I didn't do something that it could turn into an afternoon Steve would not soon forget. It's not that I would have been so terribly upset about it per se, it was just that here was my long-lost boyfriend and now my aunt and cousin were practically putting on a show for him and they had never even had anything to do with him before. It was like it just came natural to them to try to turn on guys and tease and flirt. Well, that may work in the real estate sales business, but not with my ex-boyfriend, at least not if I had anything to say about it.

Standing up, I took Steve by the hand and thanked him for stopping by and made some lame excuse about dinner being almost ready. My dad started to say something about how there was plenty of food if Steve wanted to say but one glare from me was enough to stop him in mid-sentence. I wasn't sure if Steve fully understood what was happening. In fact, I was sure he was quite confused but he took the hint and mentioned he had to be somewhere himself and that he had just stopped by to say hello. I told him I would show him out and led him back into the house without looking back.

At the front door, Steve turned to me and my heart started to race as I was sure he was going to kiss me. Then my hopes were dashed as he leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek instead, saying it was good to see me again and that he hoped we could get together some time soon. Trying not to appear TOO anxious, I told him I would love to and so we made plans for the following Friday night. Steve left and as I watched him go, I almost felt like I did so many years ago when he first asked me out. If anything, I was looking more forward to it now than I even did back then.

# 3. Fathers Trump Boyfriends

By the time I got back to the deck, things had indeed gotten out of control. Apparently all their teasing and flirting had driven everyone to be horny or maybe it was just waiting for the right moment and now it had arrived. Whatever the case, I saw my the three of them had made it back into the hot tub where Kristen was licking her mom's pussy as she sat on the edge of the tub. My dad was seated on the opposite side, stroking a considerable hard-on as he got an eyeful of the action in front of him. From the looks of things, I doubted Kristen's pussy was going to be empty for long the way she had it sticking out at my dad with her legs apart.

Ordinarily I would have joined in but today something held me back. All I could think about now was Steve and how he made me feel just talking to him again. Without saying a word, I went back in the house and made my way up to my old bedroom. Looking out the window, I saw in that short time it took me to go up the stairs my dad had indeed positioned himself behind Kristen and now had his hands on her hips as he thrust himself in and out of her while she kept he head firmly in her mother's crotch.

A flash came to mind as I recalled seeing my parents making love for the very first time from this same window when I was sixteen and how it led to me ultimately having sex with first my father and then my mother. Oh yes, the things that had been seen out of this window over the years. I remembered my mo0ther watching from my bedroom as my dad had sex with my best friend Beth, one of only two girls outside our family that he had ever had sex with while he was married. I wondered how many times my parents had watched me having sex with a boyfriend, who of course had no idea the parents of the girl he was fucking were observing everything from right above him.

As hot as the scene was below me, my mind was preoccupied with memories of Steve. I looked around my bedroom and at my bed, remembering all the time Steve had fucked me here. At first it had been hard to get him to have sex with me while my parents were home as he was naturally afraid that my parents would "catch us". It was hard to make him believe that my parents actually encouraged me to bring him home for sex as they preferred I do it somewhere private and safe than in the backseat of some car parked who knows where. What he never knew was that often my dad would check in on us and watch as Steve fucked me.

Oh they can take care of themselves," my dad said, waving them off as if they didn't matter, "I figured you probably needed some special attention about now and from the looks of things, I was right."

Well, it could be debated WHO really needed the special attention but I wasn't going to argue. Did it really matter anyway? My dad obviously wanted me so what difference did it make why, it was my biblical duty as his daughter and pleasure as a woman to please him.

Without saying a word, I reached out to him and he stepped forward so I could grasp his cock. He had been stroking himself as he looked at me so he was back to being rock hard once again and I loved the feel of my father's dick in my hand. Using his dick like a leash, I pulled him closer until I could turn on my side and take him in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, he had indeed been fucking someone as I tasted the unique flavor and smelled the scent of a pussy on his dick. He must have gone straight from Kristen's pussy to my bedroom. As hard as he was it meant he hadn't cum in her so I image she couldn't have been too happy about that! Oh well, her loss was my gain.

"God that feels so good Kelly," my dad sighed, pulling my head into his dick with his hands, "You've always been the best."

I'd like to think he wasn't just saying that in the heat of the moment and that I was indeed the best to ever suck his dick. In fact, I was quite proud of my cock-sucking skills which I'd honed over the years. Sheesh, how many hundreds of dicks had I sucked since I first did Steve's over eleven years ago? All I could say for sure was that it was a LOT. Many guys told me how good I was and more than a few claimed I was the first to ever get them to cum using just my mouth. I hated it when men would use their hand to finish themselves off so I took it as a matter of pride and principle to see to it that I was the one to make them cum.

My dad was horny, that was for sure. Not long after I started sucking him he was thrusting his dick in and out of my mouth like he was fucking my mouth. All I had to do was hold my head still and he was doing all the "work".

"Oh fuck, I love it when you do that with your tongue," he gasped as I flicked my tongue over his shaft as it passed over it.

I have to say, I first learned to use my tongue more from watching my dad's porn flicks, especially the older ones with the professional whores. Ginger Lynn was my idol and many of the techniques I used were borrowed from watching her incredible blow jobs. Now there was an actress who truly loved her work! She may have been a whore, but she obviously did it for more than just the money.

My dad was stroking pretty fast now and it was here that I had to make a decision as to whether to just please him or to satisfy my own needs as well. Well, why not kill two birds with one stone as they say?

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered hoarsely to him, stroking his dick as I looked up at him and our eyes met, "Please fuck me daddy."

If there were three words that were guaranteed to get a response from my father, they were, "fuck me daddy". There was something about me saying that to him that just seemed to get to him more than anything else I could do or say. This time was no exception. My dad's eyes locked onto mine and I could almost feel them boring into me. It wasn't long before they weren't the only thing boring into me as he pushed me over on my side and climbed on top of me, spreading my legs apart as he held his dick and positioned it at the entrance to my pussy.

"Here you go baby... here's what you wanted," he almost growled at me as he thrust himself into me, burying his incestuous dick deep inside of me, "That's it baby, take what you know you want."

"Oh daddy, yes... fuck me daddy," I moaned as he began to thrust his stiff dick slowly in and out of me, "Love me daddy... show me you love me!"

Then it was like he tried to push it up into me as far as he could and then held himself there in me, leaning over me on his elbows as I felt his hot breath against my face.

For a few minutes we just laid there that way, coupled together as a father and daughter should be on my bed. It was like everything else in the world disappeared and the only thing that existed was my father's dick deep inside of me, filling me as he kissed me and told me how much he loved me. It wasn't love as in husband and wife or boyfriend and girlfriend. This was a love only a father and a daughter can share and perhaps, only truly understand.

It's my personal belief that it's only natural for a father and daughter to want to have sex together. Look at how many men want to have sex with their daughters and those are just the ones who will admit it. Likewise, I know a lot of girls who would secretly admit to wanting to be with their fathers but suppress their feelings because of how incest is viewed by our culture. In my opinion, this isn't just lust driving these feelings, it is a natural attraction of a father and daughter to one another, completing their relationship in the most intimate way possible.

When my father is in me, it is like nothing else I can even begin to describe. It is like I am complete, like something missing in me has been recovered. It is a feeling of security and safety. It also makes me feel immeasurable happy to see the pleasure that I am giving my father, in a way no other woman on earth can. As his only daughter, having sex with me is a unique experience that he can never enjoy with anyone else.

As we laid there, I felt him slowly moving in me, just small movements rather than full thrusts. He would grind his crotch against mine, rubbing his thick pubic hair against my bald pussy like as soft brush. His lips covered my nipples, sucking on them and tugging on them while his fingers were in my hair, pulling on it just ever so slightly.

"I missed this," he sighed as he kissed my breasts.

Indeed, he wasn't the only one. It wasn't just the pleasure he gave me, any man could fuck me and make me feel good. It was the emotional fulfillment that I felt when my father had sex with me that made it so special. Just as I was the only woman that could make him feel this way, the way only a daughter could make her father feel, so it was with him for me. He was my father and as such, only he could satisfy the hunger of emptiness within me that he did.

"Oh daddy!" I cried out as he started to cum in me.

I could feel him jerk and push into me with each ejaculation. Each time he did I could imagine the stream of incestuous sperm shooting from the tip of his cock deep inside of my pussy, filling me with the ultimate expression of his love and respect for me.

How can I explain how special it feels to have my own father mate me? Well, at least cum in me but the idea is the same. Of course I would never want to actually have him impregnate me, but the act of him cumming in me made me feel so special in so many ways. Had he just fucked me and then pulled out and cum on my face or breasts, it would have just been an act of lust, no different than what most men would want to do to me. No, from the very first time my father fucked me he had cum in me without even asking, as if he instinctively knew it was the right thing to do. It was what a father SHOULD do.

"Oh baby, I love you," he groaned as he finished himself in me.

We just laid there like that, my father's spent dick still buried inside of me. If it were up to me, we could have stayed that way all night. I was sure with a little encouragement he would soon be hard again in me. It was an incredible feeling to feel his dick harden in me and grow!

Alas, my aunt and cousin WERE waiting for him in the tub so he had to pull out and leave me. We kissed briefly and then he waved goodbye as he returned to the deck. I closed my eyes and hugged my crotch with both hands, missing the feeling of him in me.

After that I really wasn't in the mood to get back together with everyone again so I stuck my head out the door and announced I was leaving. No doubt they knew what had happened so Kristen just said she would have her mom drive her home later. As I drove home, I thought to myself what a crazy day it had been. Yet as much as I was thrilled to see Steve again and the anticipation was already growing within me regarding our upcoming "date", the one thing that made me feel the best was the memory of the expression on my dad's face when he was cumming in me.

Final score today... fathers - 1, ex-boyfriend - 0, exactly as it should be.

## 4. Preparing for My "First" Date

It was crazy. Really, it was absolutely insane. Here I was, twenty-five years old yet feeling like I was fourteen again about to go out on my first date. Since that night out with Steve over eleven years ago I'd been on hundreds of dates, if not thousands, had sex with hundreds of men and dozens of women, including a number of married men - and women. I'd worked briefly as an escort, having sex for money with men I'd never met before and never would again, been to parties where I had sex with multiple people in inventive ways, and could pretty say, "been there, done that" to most things about sex so long as it wasn't anything too kinky or hurtful. Heck, I'd even had sex with a dog twice (but never again)!

So with a resume like that, why was I pacing my room like a tiger in a cage, fretting over my hair, what I was going to wear, and all the other things that I shouldn't be worrying about. After all, this was Steve, not some guy I'd never been out with before. This was the guy to whom I gave my first blowjob, given my virginity, and done a number of other "firsts". This was the guy I had sex with literally hours before he was married. If there was anyone I should be comfortable with, you would think it would be Steve. So why was I practically shaking with nerves?

Whenever I get really nervous or worried about something, there is one thing that never fails to get my mind off whatever it is that is bothering me. I'm speaking of course of masturbation. When you're playing with your pussy and fantasizing about crazy sex, it's hard to be uptight about much of anything! I still had a couple of hours before he was supposed to pick me up so even if I had to shower over again, it would be worth it if it helped me get over the biggest case of nerves I'd had in a long, long time.

Dropping my towel which I'd wrapped around me after my shower, I pulled back the bedspread and top sheet on my bed. Piling a few pillows on each other against the headboard, I laid back in my bed with my head and upper back supported by the pillows, my legs spread wide apart. At first I just put one hand on each of my boobs, just holding them and gently squeezing them with my nipples between my fingers. Closing my eyes, I remembered how it felt so long ago when Steve first held them in his hands. It was the first time anyone other than me had held them this way and I shivered as my nipples reacted, hardening between my fingers as I slowly rubbed them between my fingers.

Releasing my breasts, I let the tips of my fingers trace slowly across my upper chest and boobs, just lightly touching me as they ran up and down and around the bottoms of my boobs. The slowly, ever so slowly, I let them wander down further, moving down a few inches and then returning back to my upper chest before making another move. It was just like Steve had done the first time I'd let him undo my blouse and remove my bra. I remembered his one arm around my neck, cupping my boob with his hand as he reached around me while his other hand wandered all over my upper body, just touching me ever so softly. Like back then, I had my eyes closed and just leaned my head back, taking it all in.

Unlike back then, I was naked now so it was easier for my hands to move down past my stomach and towards my legs and crotch. Actually, the first time Steve groped me he didn't even get into my shorts but that didn't matter now. Each of my hands made their way down the sides of my torso, fingertips running along my sensitive skin over my hips and down to my upper thighs as far as I could reach. Then I laid my hands flat pressing against my legs and then letting my hands drift inwards to my inner thighs as I lifted my knees up and flattened my feet on the bed.

When a guy touches me, there are lots of places where I can be stimulated besides the obvious. Most guys tend to go for my breasts and crotch. While I would never say I didn't like to be touched there, they are missing out on other places that can stimulate me in other ways. First, I LOVE my hair to be played with. The feeling of a guy's fingers running from my scalp to the tips of my hair, pulling on it ever so gently, makes me shiver all over. I can practically orgasm just from this alone under the right circumstances.

Working down, I'm not a big ear person but I don't mind the lobes being gently touched. Keep your tongue out though, it makes me feel creepy! Anywhere on my face and neck can feel good so long as it is soft and gentle. Using the backs of your fingers, letting the nails gently stroke across my forehead and then down my cheeks and neck, is SO relaxing.

When it comes to my boobs, attention guys - there are more to them than just the nipples and you don't have to try to pop them like a pimple when you touch me! Cup them in your hands, gently massage them and run your fingers under the curvature of my bosom and you'll stimulate me a lot more than just yanking and twisting my nipples.

My stomach is ticklish so while I like it to be touched, don't make me giggle as it spoils the mood. The best thing to do is go on the other side where I LOVE the feeling of my ass being touched. I do NOT mean my ass HOLE, I mean my butt in general and hips. When I say kiss my ass, I mean it in a nice way as I like the feel of a wet tongue running over my cheeks.

Then there is the one place that really drives me nuts - my thighs, especially the inner portion. You can run your hands and fingers along my legs and work your way between them and you'll know I love it when I spread them further apart for you. Don't make the usual mistake guys do and think I'm trying to hint to go for my pussy. The truth is I probably just want my legs touched all the more.

So it was at this point now as I laid in my bed. I had my feet flat on the sheet with my knees wide apart, each hand between my legs, rubbing myself gently. Slowly, ever so slowly, it was like my hands had a mind of their own as they drifted down and met at my bare crotch. God my pussy felt so warm!

Using my fingertip, I probed my pussy hole and felt the wetness there. Wetting my finger, I dragged it upwards to my clit, gasping slightly when I first touched it. At first I just pressed down on it, applying pressure without moving my finger. Oh yeah, it wanted more and so I started to make small circles around it, teasing it now and then by crossing over it and then circling it again. With my other hand I pushed one finger into me up to the second knuckle, imagining it was a cock seeking the warmth and security of my pussy.

It didn't take much longer for my orgasm to finally arrive. I wanted it so badly by now, NEEDED it even more. It's not like I always had an orgasm every time I masturbated. Often just the act of masturbation was enough for me but not tonight, not in the mood I was in. I groaned out loud as my hips rose up against my probing hands. It was like my entire body started to tingle, like every hair on me was standing on end. Holding my breath, I stroked my pussy with my fingers quickly until I couldn't hardly bear it anymore and released my breath in a single loud whoosh! Oh god, it felt SOOOOOO good I never wanted it to end!

I couldn't stay on my back and twisted over onto my right side in a fetal position, my hands firmly imbedded between my legs as my head rolled from side to side. "Fuck me... Fuck me...," I begged my imaginary lover, thrusting a second and then a third finger into my pussy. God I wanted a real dick in me so badly at this moment, to feel it cumming inside of me, feeling the thrust of his hips against me as he ejaculated and released himself deep inside of me.

It's not like it ended so much as it slowly dwindled away. Finally I was left gasping, trying to catch my breath as I brought my pussy fingers to my mouth and sucked myself off of them. Mmmmmmm, I loved the taste of my pussy, especially right after I'd cum. I know a lot of girls say they don't like to taste their pussy but I consider them a minority. How could anyone NOT love the taste of a hot pussy?

Glancing at the clock, I saw I'd less than an hour before Steve arrived. For a moment I considered not showering and seeing if Steve noticed the odor of sweat and sex on me. Would he say anything? Would he realize WHY I smelled the way I did or would he think I just smelled bad? In the end, I showered anyway. With any luck, I'd be smelling this way again before the night was out.

# 5. First Date Relived - 11 years Later

The doorbell rang and I fought the temptation to go running to the door and flinging it open. Of course I'd seen his car pull up and could have gone out instead of making him come to the door but I wanted to make this a special night so having my date come to the door was a natural first step.

"Hi Steve," I greeted him after I opened the door.

Steve started to say something and then he looked closer at me and hesitated. I just stood there, trying not to smile too broadly or act like I was some overly-excited teenager about to go out on her first date - which was exactly how I was feeling.

"Wow, you're looking really good Kelly," he finally blurted out, reaching out to take my hand.

THAT brought a smile to my face as I'd gone out and bought a new dress just for tonight... just for him. In fact, everything I was wearing was brand new. The dress was pure black and actually hung a little lower than my usual, almost to my knees in fact. Being strapless, it clung tightly to my breasts to hold itself up, emphasizing my boobs and cleavage. It was a wrap-around style in that while the top was tight, the lower portion was made such that it wrapped around more like a toga and was held in place by a tie on my left side. The result was while it was a little longer than what I usually preferred, it opened easily to the side where it was tied to reveal most of my upper leg when I walked or crossed my legs.

Underneath the dress all I had on was a new pair of black lace panties. They were too broad to be called a thong but by no means boy shorts. The side were high cut so when I sat down and crossed my legs, even though the dress opened up (assuming I didn't pull it over), you wouldn't know I was wearing anything under it. As low cut and strapless as it was, there wasn't a bra in the world I could wear which didn't bother me. Actually the dress had some built-in support which pushed up on my boobs enough to exploit my cleavage to its best.

I'd been out in the sun enough that my legs had lost their winter pale although still not as tanned as I would be in a few more weeks. It was enough not to wear hose and still look good. Of course I'd shaved them just a few hours before - along with a few other areas of my body, so they were smooth to the touch. I'd also splurged on a new pair of black heels which also helped to make my legs look good.

So yes, I was pleased that Steve seemed happy with what he was seeing waiting in the doorway for him. It had cost me everything bit of extra money I had, not to mention some help from a credit card my dad still let me use, but seeing him staring at me the way he was made it all worth every penny.

Taking Steve's hand, I let him walk me to the car, my small matching black purse in my other hand. When we go to his car, I waited and he took the hint and opened the door for me like a gentleman. I noticed the car was a little older but seemed well-maintained. As I sat down, I let my dress pull up and didn't reach down to keep it down, thus allowing more leg to show for him. The split was on my left side so it wasn't like TOO much was showing, but enough to get his eye.

Getting in the driver's seat, Steve started the car and then turned to me and finally said something. Up until now we had just walked together without a word and I had been waiting for him to make the first move so far as conversation went.

"God it's great to see you again Kelly," he said, "I have to confess, I feel a little awkward tonight."

"Oh? Why is that Steve?" I replied, feeling the same myself but ready to admit it.

"Well... I mean... it's just we have so much... history I guess you could say. Now it's been so long and I don't know with everything that's happened since where to pick things up."

Actually I'd thought a lot about this very same thing. We hadn't dated in almost eleven years yet at the same time, when we HAD dated it was one of the most intensely emotional periods of my life. So much in my life changed in the six months or so that we were together. The entire course of my life had been altered and the man now sitting next to me had been responsible for it. Not "responsible" in a bad way, but rather I mean as the guy who helped shape me into what I became. It was his encouragement, his patience and support, his open-mindedness, his willingness to do anything I wanted that made sex such an integral part of my life from that time forward.

So indeed, were DID we go from here? All I knew was I wanted tonight to be special, something to always remember. In my heart I knew exactly what I wanted but hesitated in telling Steve as I was unsure of how he would react. What if he thought it was silly? I mean, it wasn't like he was sixteen anymore and I was fourteen I had changed a lot since those days and I was sure he had too.. Heck, he'd even been married, if only for a short period. Would it be even possible to relive something that happened when we were both so much younger and innocent?

I twisted in the seat to face him. "You know what I would like Steve? Let's do our first date all over again... do you remember it?"

Now THAT brought a smile to his face. "Of course I remember, how could I ever forget?" he replied with that smile I'd always loved so much.

"I know it sounds silly Steve, and I hope you didn't have other plans for tonight."

"Hey, that sounds like a GREAT plan Kelly. It was just seeing you in that incredible dress, I thought you might want to go somewhere... I don't know... somewhere more public I guess."

True, I was a bit overdressed as compared to our first date but it didn't matter to me. I'd gotten my money's worth just seeing the look on his face when I opened the door and stood there in front of him.

"I just want to be with you tonight Steve," I said softly, "I just want it to be special, you know what I mean?"

He just nodded and started up the car, heading down the street without another word. It only took ten minutes to get to the theater which we filled with some small talk about the town and local politics and gossip, nothing really personal. I don't either of us was quite ready to open up to the other yet. THAT was going to take a little more time so in some ways, tonight was indeed a "first date".

As Steve bought the tickets at the kiosk, I looked around and couldn't help but feel a bit overdressed but it didn't bother me. It made me feel good to see other men with their wives and families looking me over when they thought I (and their wives) wouldn't notice. It wasn't just the older men that I was getting attention from. Some of the teenage boys were a little less discrete and it made me feel good to see them looking at me while their date was distracted by something else.

"Here we go, two tickets to the worse movie in the house," Steve said, bringing my attention back to him again.

We both laughed as I knew what he meant. Back when we dated we would pick out the least-watched movies as we both knew we had no intention of actually watching it. We just wanted to be sure the theater was as empty as possible so we could find a pair of seats that weren't right next to somebody else. We didn't want the theater to be totally empty - that would have taken the thrill out of it as it was the risk of being seen that made it fun.

We bypassed the lines at the food counter and headed straight for the theater as it was already a few minutes past the official start time. Of course, there was no fear of missing any of the movie with all the ads and preview these days, but then again, we weren't exactly worried about the movie anyway. If anything, it worked out better this way as anyone who was going to come in the theater was most likely already there so we could pick out seats without having to worry about another couple coming in later and sitting next to us.

Opposite the entrance to our theater were the restrooms and I told Steve I needed to make a quick stop. Actually, I had no need of the facilities, I just needed someplace private for a few seconds. Stepping in, there were a couple of other women and a young girl already there so I stepped into a stall and turned around. Reaching under my dress, I put my hand between my legs and felt the warmth of my crotch through the thin panties. Oh yeah, I was ready!

I pressed my fingers against me, pushing the fabric into me slightly and rubbed my panties against my wet pussy. As good as it felt, getting myself off wasn't my intention, at least not this time. Using both hands now, I grabbed my panties on each side and slid them down to my heels and off. I sniffed the crotch and smiled. Yep, smelled pretty good to me! Hopefully Steve would think the same. I bundled them up into a ball and hid them in my hand as best as I could. Flushing the empty toilet, I stepped out and hurried back to Steve who was waiting patiently for me outside.

"Sorry, I needed to do something for you," I said as I approached him. I reached out with my closed hand and put it against his. Then I opened it up to reveal to him what I was hiding.

Steve grinned when he saw what I was offering him. "Hmmm, now THIS is interesting."

"I just didn't want anything in the way tonight," I whispered as we headed into the theater, "I hope you don't mind keeping those for me."

The smirk on his face told me more than anything he could have said. Once through the door and out of sight from the crowd outside, he put them up to his nose and sniffed.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT's the way all panties should smell," he whispered to me.

The theater was dark as the movie had just started. As our eyes adjusted, I could see there were a few people spaced out throughout the theater, maybe a total of twenty or so in all. I grinned as I noticed a few couples had already staked out the more remote seats. No doubt we weren't the only ones with more than the movie on our agenda for the evening.

Steve stood there for a few more seconds, scouting out the theater and then made his selection. With the upper portion of the theater pretty well occupied, we headed for the second row and then down almost to the wall. The theater was one of the smaller ones so there were steps on only one side. When I say second row, I meant the row in the upper portion of the theater, not the lower section where you were right on top of the screen. It wasn't exactly the usual location for us but there was nobody else in the row and with the high-back seats it wasn't like anyone could see us all that well. Besides, from the looks of things I doubted many of the other couples would be looking around all that much anyway.

Taking our seats, Steve pulled the armrest up and out of the way. I loved the seats in this theater. With the arm rest up I could sit right next to him almost like we were on a couch. It certainly made things easier - as I'm sure the designers knew when they dreamed them up.

I made sure to sit on Steve's right as that was the side the opening in my dress was on. I crossed my legs and this time I scooting in my chair just enough to ensure that it opened up wide for him. Our eyes had adjusted to the light buy now and there was enough light from the screen for him to see my exposed leg.

"Like my new dress?" I whispered, "I bought it just for you."

Steve smiled again and nodded, his eyes telling me everything as they looked at my leg. The movie was now going but he never even glanced at the screen, keeping his eyes on me the entire time. He put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me up closer to him.

"I missed you so much Kelly," he said ever so softly, squeezing me against him.

"Oh Steve...," I sighed.

What more could I say? How many times had I dreamed of being in his arms again, of feeling him against me again. No other man had ever made me feel the way Steve did, not even my almost-fiancé Duane. Perhaps that's why deep in my heart I think I knew Duane wasn't the one, because he had never made me feel the way I felt at this moment being with Steve.

Then we kissed. God, it was like I was kissing him for the first time all over again. Our lips parted and tongues met, just going on and on for what seemed like forever. It was like now that we were finally kissing again, neither of us wanted to be the one to pull away. I wanted him SO badly. Maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to come here. Then again, maybe it WAS a good idea as had we been anywhere else at this moment, I know neither of us would have been able to control ourselves. As much as I wanted exactly THAT, there was something in me that wanted this as well. There was something special about just kissing him and feeling his arm around me. The sex would come later, there was no doubt about that at least in my mind, but tonight this was perfect.

Steve's free hand was on my knee. I put my hand over his and pulled it up onto my exposed leg, almost trembling as I felt his hand against my bare skin. He didn't waste any time once I gave him the green light, reaching over my leg under my dress and pulling it towards him. I knew what he wanted and so I uncrossed my legs, giving him access to what I knew he wanted - and what I wanted as well.

In my mind, I recalled the first time Steve had touched my pussy. I had been so nervous at the time. Nobody had ever touched me there besides me, at least not with any sexual intent. At fourteen I was certainly touching it a LOT, but Steve was the first otherwise. Sure there had been times when my dad might have accidentally put his hand there when I was in the hot tub on his lap and he was trying to maneuver me around, but that was just incidental and he never kept his hand there or tried to do anything.

It had felt almost weird when Steve's fingers first pressed between my legs. It was like I was exposing myself in a way I'd never done before. With my legs open for him, it had been like I was giving away something private that I'd never shared with anyone else before. It felt odd to have my clit touched and it wasn't my own fingers. It was exciting in a way, not knowing what he would do next, where her would explore and how he would touch me. Of course Steve had played with plenty of other pussies before mine which actually helped in that I didn't have to tell him everything to do, even if I had been so bold to do so in the first place.

Now, eleven years later, my pussy was well-explored territory yet there was something about knowing it was Steve's fingers that were making their way up my legs that was different in some way I couldn't quite explain. I guess you could say it was something like when my dad feels me up. It's not so much the actual touch that makes it special, it's knowing WHO is touching me. If I was blindfolded, I wouldn't be able to tell who was touching me and under those circumstances, it would have still felt good but it wouldn't have meant anything special to me. Now it was different. Of course I loved the feel of his fingers as they started to work their way between my wet pussy lips, but it was looking down and seeing Steve's hand between my leg that made me quiver with excitement.

I must have been holding my breath because when his finger started to probe inside of me I let out a long slow sigh, trying not to be too loud such that people would hear me. He didn't push it in far but rather just up to his first knuckle or so, moving the tip of his fingers in small circles around inside of me. Good boy, he remembered how I liked it. The most sensitive part of my pussy was the first inch of so, as if that area was just jam packed with nerve endings just dying to be stimulated. I didn't need his finger deep in me, just far enough to make those nerve endings scream out as he touched them. Mmmmmmm, it felt so damn good.

"Somebody's horny," he whispered in my ear and I tried not to giggle.

Of course I was! Who wouldn't be sitting in a dark theater with your boyfriend's forefinger up inside of you while your bare ass was on the seat?

"Oh Steve," I sighed again ever so softly, the words barely audible even to myself.

With that he pulled his finger out and for a second I wondered what I'd done wrong to make him stop. Then he moved his hand up to my face and put his pussy-wet finger on my lips which parted to let him push his finger into my mouth. I suckled on his finger, tasting myself and smelling the odor of my pussy on him hand. Once again I thought, "Good boy." He remembered! I LOVED to taste my pussy and to smell and taste myself on his finger was even better than on my own.

Steve chuckled at my response. "I see you still love this... damn, some things never change, do they?"

Indeed, some things never did - and never should.

As much as I would have loved him to resume fondling my pussy, I had other things on my mind. Well, make that one big thing and two smaller ones. Reaching over, I rested my hand on his crotch and was thrilled to feel the hardness of his erection that was ready to burst out from under his jeans. Hmmm, something needed attention and who better to give it some than me?

Steve hadn't worn a belt and I wondered briefly if that was because he just didn't always wear one or because he wanted it to be easier for me to gain access. I have to admit, when it comes to men's belts I can get totally confused and distracted trying to figure them out. Did Steve remember all the times I fumbled with his various belts and how it had almost ruined the mood in more than a few cases? I was hoping that was the case.

The button was easy to deal with and I zipped down his zipper, startled at how loud it seemed in the theater as the movie just happened to have silent moment right at the same time I pulled down on it. Damn, everyone HAD to have heard it but a quick glance around proved otherwise. It seemed that everyone else was either making out and didn't care about us or too engrossed in the movie to notice.

With his zipper down I had another pleasant surprise - no underwear. Once again I had to smile as I knew Steve must have remembered how I hated to deal with underwear. Instead of the usual boxers or tightie-whities, all I had in front of me now was his erect cock, springing free and clear of his jeans like a jack-in- the-box. I could just make it out in the light from the screen, enough to make my mouth water at the sight of it.

What a difference eleven years can make. I remembered when I was in almost the exact same position and I saw Steve's cock out for the first time. No matter how much I had talked about it with my mom before, I still wasn't ready for the reality of an actual cock in my hand. It wasn't like I'd never seen one before. Heck, I'd seen my father's cock untold times growing up, even erect when he would masturbate. THIS, however, was totally different. My dad's was my DAD's cock, at the time not something that particularly interested in except when I was trying to get my way and I knew when his dick got that way I was sure to get whatever I wanted. This cock was my boyfriend's dick and it was hard because of ME.

Sometimes I have wondered how my life would've been different had I not been so naive when I was younger. It was true that I had no sexual interest in my father's dick back then, and I innocently assumed that he wasn't interested in me that way either. It was almost two years later before I learned differently. What would I have thought had my dad told me the REAL reason he got hard when I was around? What if HIS dick had been the first I'd touched with sexual intent instead of Steve's? Oh well, it didn't happen so it's all conjecture in any case.

I held Steve's hard erection in my hand, just gripping it firmly to feel it's hardness and warmth against my hand and fingers. Steve had never been exactly small and while not huge either, I use to think of it as "comfortable". That's my way of saying it was the perfect compromise between not being too big to be uncomfortable when I blew him and yet being large enough to stretch me out just enough when he fucked me to make me feel full without hurting me. I would be hard-pressed to be too critical of ANY dick so long as it responded properly, but

Steve's was like something right out of a fairy tale... not too small, not too big, but just right.

It was uncomfortable twisting as I was to hold his cock. For a moment I contemplated repeating my performance from the first time we did this in a theater and kneel on the floor between his legs. Well, some things we DO grow out of and kneeling on a filthy theater floor was one of those, at least for me. Instead, I took advantage of the modern seat design and lifted the arm up on the other side of me. Now I had almost the equivalent of a couch so I laid on my stomach across the seats with my shoulders and head over his lap. My legs were stretched out straight behind me but as high as the seat backs were I was confident nobody could see us. Besides, the only ones who even had a chance were going at it themselves the last time I glanced their way.

Steve put his hand on my head and pushed me into his crotch firmly but not too hard. His fingers were in my hair with his palm against my scalp, keeping me firmly in place over his quivering cock. God he smelled so good! I loved the heavy odor of his crotch and the slight aftertaste of his dick in my mouth. It was just so... manly I guess you could say.

As I slowly sucked his dick, not trying to make him cum but rather working more just to make him feel good, Steve's other hand worked its way down to my hips and moved my skirt over and out of the way, baring my butt. I could feel the cool air against my exposed ass and then the warmth of his hand as he cupped my butt and squeezed me.

Laying there with his dick in my mouth, I wiggled a little until I could spread my legs further apart. Steve quickly took the hint and his hand moved down from my butt to between my legs until I felt his finger probing my pussy hole. As wet as I was he had no problem pushing it in me and I loved the feel of him penetrating me. It wasn't the same as his dick but it would do for now!

As I sucked him and he toyed with my pussy, my thoughts wandered back to that first blowjob I'd given him in a theater much like this one so many years ago. The setting might be the same but my how things can change. I wasn't a runt of a year-old anymore, a virgin whose boobs barely gave my boyfriend something to play with.

One thing was different for sure - Steve HAD to be enjoying this BJ a whole lot more than the first one I gave him. Oh sure, there must have been a thrill knowing he was the first guy I'd sucked, but my skills were light-years ahead of my feeble efforts back then. My mom had tried to teach me some techniques and had talked to me about a boy's needs and expectations, but there's a huge gap between talking about something and doing it, between pretending to give a blowjob to a dildo and actually sucking on a real dick.

Now, eleven years later, my mouth had hosted hundreds of dicks, many of them numerous times. I pretty much felt like an expert when it came to sucking dick and technically I was a professional given I'd be paid more than a few times for my efforts. Still, right now at this instant I wasn't sure who was happier - him or me. My ego certainly was siding with him as I always wanted a guy to remember me as his best blowjob but you can't compete against some girls these days.

For a moment I considered getting up and straddling his lap and riding his dick. My pussy was certainly pushing for it! As much as I loved the way he was playing with it using his fingers, nothing beats a real dick when it comes to pleasuring your own pussy.

In the end common sense won out. Even though it was possible that some people had noticed a bit of what was going on between Steve and I, they couldn't possibly have a compete view so most of it had to be conjecture. I mean, it's pretty obvious what is happening when a girl has her head buried in a guy's lap and bobbing up and down. But bouncing on his lap would have eliminated any assumptions and would be going a step too far, at least I was sure someone would object - someone always did it seems just when things got fun.

After a while, as much as it pained me to admit it, another pain developed in my neck and mouth from having to keep my head in a rather awkward position with my mouth stretched open to accommodate his dick. I needed a break but I couldn't bear the thought of being separated from Steve's wonderful dick so I laid my head on his lap and just laid there with the head of his dick in my mouth, sucking on it ever so gently like a baby suckling a bottle.

Looking up at Steve, I saw he was staring down at me, a weird sort of smile on his face and a distant look in his eyes as he watched me work on his cock. I tried to smile but it's sort of hard when you have this thick piece of flesh between your teeth!

"Don't stop," he mouthed to me more than spoke.

From the way he was biting his lower lip and rolling his eyes and head back, I knew I could make him cum any time that I wanted. In fact, it was now up to me to see to it that he did NOT actually cum - at least not yet. I just held myself still, feeling his dick pulsing in my mouth as he calmed down and regained control slowly.

Oh yeah, he was there now, right where I wanted him. At any time I could make him cum, all I had to do was suck a little extra hard and he was mine.

From the look on his face, I knew Steve was ready to cum. In fact, I had no doubt that's exactly what he wanted - to cum together with me. he looked almost panicky, like a lost boy hunting for his mother. It was like he didn't know what to do as his lust consumed him and all he could focus on was his dick in my mouth. Even his hand was still in my pussy as he seemed to be focusing every thought on just my pussy.

Steve humped under me, pushing his dick into my mouth as if he was fucking me. Oh yeah, he wanted it and he wanted it all right now. My neck was feeling a little better so I went down on him again, this time taking every bit of it in me until my lips were pressed against the base of his dick

This time he didn't just hump up against me, he literally jerked himself into my mouth, driving his cock into me as he pushed my head down on him. He couldn't contain himself as he gasped out much more loudly than I think he thought he was and then he came... and came... and came!

Each spurt of cum went straight into my mouth. He could hardly miss as I had my lips encircled around him, forming a cum-tight seal around his shaft. I tried to swallow it as quickly as he was shooting it into me so I wouldn't gag on it as yet another rope of sticky cum literally exploded in my mouth.

Finally he finished, leaving me a substantial mouth of cum still in my mouth but it was hard to swallow with him still in my mouth. Reluctantly I pulled my head up and looked at him, smiling and then opening my mouth and sticking out my tongue to show him what was left inside. Like every guy I'd ever blown and then done this, he seemed to have loved cumming in my mouth and then watching it in my mouth as I opened it for him to see inside.

Twisting around, I sat back up again as he removed his hand from my pussy and laid it on the back of the seats over my shoulders. I dropped my head on his shoulder, licking my lips and using one finger to push some of the cum that had managed to try and escape onto my chin back into my mouth. I wasn't about to let a single drop go to waste if I had anything to say about it.

It was then I realized the movie was about over. Wow, time really does fly when you're having fun! There was maybe ten minutes until the closing credits during which I just snuggled up to Steve and let him fondle me and touch me wherever he could reach. It was kind of erotic to have him just explore me wherever he had the urge without even asking me if it was OK with me.

When the movie finally ended, we stood up and I tried to straighten out myself and be as presentable as possible. My hair and makeup must have surely taken a hit and I told Steve on the way out that I needed to visit the little girl's room for a few minutes to clean myself up.

Scurrying across the hall to the restroom as quickly as possible, I realized I wasn't the only one with needs right after a movie. The stalls were already almost filled and there were several women and girls washing up. One looked to be the girl who was with a guy a few rows above us, the ones I mentioned had not been paying much attention to anyone else during the movie. We glanced at each other and I saw she didn't look a whole lot better than I did. Then we smiled at each other, more a knowing smile between colleagues you might say.

On the other side of me was a mother with what looked to be a four or five year old daughter. She took one glance at the two of us next to her and you could almost feel the disgust in her stare as she looked us over like two whores. She didn't say a word to either of us but that look said more than she could ever have put in words. I wonder how she would have felt if she knew her reaction actually was turning me on?

Back in the hall, Steve was waiting for me and he put his arm around me as we left the theater. We went out to grab some desert and then he took me home. We never mentioned one word about what had happened in the theater and neither of us made any sort of move on the other. It was like what had happened was exactly what SHOULD have happened that night and neither of us wanted to spoil the mood by pushing it any further than what it was meant to be. When Steve kissed me, I DID finally feel like I had to say SOMETHING.

"Next time you're gonna fuck me... right?" I whispered in his ear as we hugged.

Steve pulled back enough to look me in the face and grinned broadly. "Well, now THAT wasn't exactly what you said the first time we dated, now was it?"

I giggled a little before I responded, "But it WAS what I was thinking, didn't you know?"

We kissed again and I returned to my home without looking back again. Mmmmmmm, talk about the perfect evening!

# 6. Reminiscing

Stepping inside, I closed the door behind me and suddenly it was like this huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. My legs felt weak and I quickly sat down in the living room before I lost my balance. What could I say? Everything I could have hoped for had come true. Talk about the perfect first date... now I could say I had been on TWO of them, both with the same guy. The fact that they occurred eleven years apart was just part of what made everything so surreal.

One thing WAS different this time. On the original first date, I'd come home full of energy and feeling a mixture of wonder, love and amazement. After all, it was the first time I'd ever even held a man's dick, let alone suck it until it came in my mouth. On my new "first date", I think I can say without bragging too much that I'm a pro when it comes to blowjobs. I doubt there are many girls my age who can say they've sucked as many dicks as I have without being a hooker (which leaves my cousin Kristen out of the running for the title). Certainly I had impressed Steve with my skills!

SO now what? As I laid my head against the back of the couch, staring up at the ceiling, I thought about what had happened after our original first date. It hadn't been long afterwards that Steve took my virginity, although it wasn't like I wasn't anxious to give it to him. Everything in my life changed after that.

Wow, what would have my life been like had I NOT had sex with Steve? What if I had done it with someone not as special and not enjoyed it as much as I had? What if instead of finding that the thing I wanted most at the time was to be laid by Steve as soon as possible after the last time, I had instead been turned off by the experience and kept away from a sexual lifestyle?

All I could say was that I was happy things had turned out as they did. I remembered how hungry I had been for sex back then. Sure I still craved it now and then but back when I was fourteen and could still count on my hands and toes the number of time Steve had fucked me, it was entirely different. It was like sex was all I could think about. In school, at church, at home with my parents, it was like I was constantly thinking about Steve's dick and how much I loved having him fuck me with it, how much I loved to hold it and suck on it.

So once again... now what? What could compare to the weeks and months Steve and I had spent as young teens, exploring each other and trying out new ideas every day? I remembered when we were out bike riding and he felt me up while we were waiting to cross traffic. His hand was under my ass with his finger working its way into my shirts to rub my pussy while a soccer mom and her kids were right behind us! God it had felt so naughty yet I loved it. Then afterwards we stopped at an old school playground and had sex while on the swing, his dick pumping in and out of me almost automatically as the swing rocked back and forth in the air with me planted on his lap.

Yes indeed... now what? Was it fair trying to compare events that had happened over a decade ago when we were such different people to anything that might happen today? Could anything live up to the memories I had from that time, no doubt "enhanced" with age, like a fine wine. Was it fair to expect the same sense of thrill and wonder to infuse me when I was with him like it did when he had been the only boy I'd ever had sex with?

Oh my god, tonight had been so wonderful, so perfect. As much as I would have loved to have invited him and taken him to my room, it just seemed right for it to end this way. I was sure there would be plenty of opportunities in the near future for us to be more intimate. Tonight was just two old friends, two lovers from the past, reunited once again. I remembered the last time we had sex before he moved away, and how it felt to have him pull out of me for what I was sure would be the last time ever. To think that I was worried I might not have sex with another boy again now that Steve was gone. Now THAT certainly didn't prove to be a problem, that was for sure!

Then I remembered the oddest date we'd ever had, when I was over at his house thinking we were all alone without a clue that his mother was watching us. I couldn't help but shiver even after all these years at the memory of the shock I'd felt when she walked in the room while Steve was on top of me, fucking me hard. I couldn't help but smile to myself as I remembered that even though we both were horrified to be caught in such a situation, neither of us had made a move so far as separating and Steve's dick never shrank a bit even with his mother standing there watching him.

What happened next made me wonder what would happen in the upcoming days now with Steve. Imagine how incredulous I had been back then when it ended up with Steve's mom masturbating as she watched Steve fuck me, and then push me away so he could do her as well. It had been my first introduction to incest. Of course at the time I had no idea that I would have an incestuous relationship with my parents and relatives a few years later.

Thinking of watching Steve doing his mother, I wondered if they had ever done it again? SO far as I knew, it was a onetime thing where his mom lost control, never to be repeated again. At least that's what she said when it was over. Steve had no idea of my own incestuous lifestyle and I struggled with whether I would tell him anything or not. So far in my life it had never turned out well to let a guy I knew know anything about the secrets of my family. My almost-fiancé Duane only knew about my aunt and cousin but that was enough to make him pull away from me, ultimately making my life hell for a period.

My most recent boyfriend was the only guy I'd ever told the entire truth to and all he could do was push to have threesomes with my dad and me, like incest was some sort of on-going orgy. No... for now I would keep it a secret and wait to see how his relationship with his mom had turned out. Then there was his sister Sharon as well. I knew she always had the hots for her brother but he never showed even a smidgeon of interest in her. Given what happened with his mom, had anything ever happened with Sharon? SO many secrets... so many things to think about.

So yet again... now what? Was Steve interested in anything more serious than just casual sex? Did he have feelings for me like I had for him? I had always assumed he loved me when we dated but he had never said so. Was I just an easy lay for him or did her really have feelings for me? He must have felt SOMETHING or why would he have been so ready to fuck me just hours before his wedding?

Hmmm, I wondered what happened to his younger brother? Steve hadn't mentioned anything about him. I recalled how I use to tease the poor boy terribly. Sure I'd let him fuck me once but it was more with the intention of giving him something to want more of - but he couldn't ever have rather than fulfilling any fantasies he may have had about me.

God, the more I thought about things the more memories kept coming back to me, like I was in some sort of therapy session. We'd had so many fun times together. There was the time he fucked me in the basement during his sister's slumber party while his mom was in her bedroom right above us. That time was extra special to me because I had kept a mouthful of his cum afterwards and hurried upstairs to his sister's room and kissed her with his cum still in my mouth. It was hilarious when she realized what she was tasting, not to mention the reaction of the rest of our friends when they found out.

Yes, when it came to Steve it was like the memories just kept surfacing more and more as I thought about him. The question now was still the same... now what?

## 7. Going Forward?

How many people can say their first love was their true love? Not many I would bet. In fact, I would have been among those that say it was probably all but impossible to find your true love at such a young age. Still, it wasn't like Steve had been my ONLY love. Guys had come and gone over the years, just as girls had come and gone in his life. Heck, he even married one so there had to be a time when he thought SHE was his true love. Even I thought I had found my true love when I was with Duane.

For both Steve and I, it seemed that every time we thought we had found the love of our life, something had happened to steer us away. I was lucky enough, although at the time I wouldn't have thought so, to have split up with Duane before making a commitment that I would have not been able to break. Steve, while having taken the big step, at least learned early enough that it was wrong for him to have the marriage annulled.

Was fate trying to tell us something? In a way, was this perhaps why I was so driven to sex all these years? Was it all some cosmic plan by God to show me that no matter how many guys I was with, no matter what I did with my life, that my true love had been there all the time for me from the start?

Personally, I have never agreed with the "save yourself for marriage" concept and now I would say I disagree with it all the more. How can you know someone is really the one for you without having something to compare against, something on which to base that decision?

Even though we'd only been on this one date since his return to my life, even though we didn't have sex, I KNOW deep in my heart that Steve is the one for me. Perhaps it's because we did NOT have sex that I'm all the more convinced that my feelings are true. If I can feel this way about someone and NOT have had sex with them, then I know it's got to be something really special.

# (Jun 19) Chapter 214: Wedding Road Trip

Story codes: MF MMF F-solo oral exhib
Me (25)
Steve - boyfriend (27)
Chase - Steve's friend (27)
Phil - Steve's friend (26)

I love weddings so who cares if I didn't know anyone in the wedding party. My boyfriend was going to be the best man and we had a week on a lake so of course I said yes when he invited me along!

## 1. Weddings

Really, who doesn't love a wedding? I mean, what happier time is there in two people's lives than the day they get married. OK, so I am sure a few cynics out there would answer, the day the divorce is finalized, but I just can't bring myself to think that way. All I know is that seeing two people madly in love exchanging their vows and promising to be faithful to one another for the rest of their lives is one of the most awesome scenes imaginable.

Like just about every other girl, I've been dreaming of my wedding since I was old enough to know what a wedding was. Long ago I nailed down what dress I want, where I'll be married, how the ceremony will be conducted... basically everything. In fact, I even posted a story about my dream wedding. So that just leaves one missing element... the groom. Well, I feel hopeful that THAT detail will work itself out eventually so I'm not letting it rain on my wedding parade of fantasies.

As anyone who loves weddings the way I do will tell you, it doesn't matter WHO is getting married - it's the drama and pageantry of the event that's so exciting. Of course there is also the fun and potentially naughty side as well. What I mean is in addition to what most people think about when they go to a wedding, there are so many other possibilities to consider... will the bridesmaid get laid by the best man (who cares if either of them are married)? Did the groom get laid at his bachelor party? What did the bride do at her party? When will they consummate the marriage...

and where? It doesn't have to be about actual sex to be fun. Just flirting on the dance floor can be almost as much fun depending on who you're doing it with.

So in case you haven't figured it out by now, I'm a wedding junkie. If there's a wedding - I want to be there! The "always a bridesmaid and never a bride" must have been written with me in mind but I don't care - it's a day of fun, even if you have to wear some ridiculous looking dress. I have several of them in my closet if anyone's interested!

Given my love of weddings, it should have been no surprise to anyone that when I learned that my new boyfriend Steve was going to be the best man at his best friend's wedding, of course the first thought to come to my mind was when were WE going? Seemed like a logical question to me at least but I think I caught Steve a bit by surprise. According to him the whole thing was going to be a pain in the neck as the wedding would be in northern Arkansas and even in June the weather there can be stifling hot combined with oppressive humidity. Well, that's what bikini's, halters, sundresses and short shorts are made for.

At first Steve tried talking me out of it, trying to convince me that he was only thinking of me and not wanting me to be too bored or to have to travel all that distance just for a wedding. Then he made the fatal mistake of telling me the rest of the plans for the week...

It turns out that the bride's family owned a summer house on a lake where the guys would all be staying. Steve had met his friend out on the west coast where his mom had moved him and his sister back in high school. His friend and his girlfriend hailed from Arkansas which is why that was where the wedding would be held. All of the groomsmen, except for the token brother of the bride, had to travel and needed someplace to stay so the parents had offered the house for a few days.

Hmmmmmm, I was getting suspicious now. Oh sure Steve vigorously claimed there would be no girls there as the guys were all single and none of them would be bringing their girlfriends but still... men are men and I could only imagine the potential debauchery. Well, if any of THAT was going to be happening then I wanted to be in the middle of it.

In a way, I guess I may have been acting a little unfairly in insisting he take me. It wasn't like Steve and I were exclusive. Heck, we'd only been seeing each other for less than a couple of weeks. Still, it wasn't like we were total strangers. Steve had been my first real boyfriend back when I was just getting ready to start high school. The brother of Sharon, one of my best friends back then, he was sixteen at the time although when he first fucked me he seemed even older and more experienced than his years.

For over six months after we started having sex Steve was the only boy I dated and had sex with but then his mom got transferred which meant Steve and Sharon had to move with her of course. Being only fourteen and in love for the first time, you can imagine how crushed I was at the time but I soon learned to make do with other boys. It wasn't like it was hard to find someone to fuck me. Steve and I lost touch with one another until his marriage. Well, that was one marriage I knew would never last given that he fucked me the very day of his own wedding. I mean, what did THAT say about how he felt about his new bride compared to me?

When Steve's mom was transferred back to the Pittsburgh office he came back with her although his younger sister Sharon stayed behind to live on her own. When Steve surprised me at church a couple of weeks ago, it was like all my pent up feelings and desires for him suddenly came rushing back to the surface. I'm not so sure that he feels as emotional about us as I do but his dick certainly seems to enjoying the situation. Still, we HAD been apart for eleven years for the most part so I may have been a little unreasonable to think he would want me to come spend a week away with him. Oh well, that's too bad!

"You DO know Kelly that you'll be the only girl staying in a house with four guys... right?" I remember him saying, as if THAT would bother me. Heck, he may as well have been offering steak dinner to a hungry wolf and asking if it really wanted it!

Let's see now... four guys, one girl (me), a house right on a lake in the middle of a hot summer. Well duh!! Why in the world would ANY girl in her right mind NOT jump at such an opportunity?

Then Steve REALLY screwed up (if you could call it that) and mentioned there was also a boat which I assumed would mean waterskiing - my specialty and ONLY athletic ability. Well, that sealed the deal, I was going whether he realized it yet or not.

Besides, if there's one thing I've learned since giving up my virginity it's that there are always ways to convince a guy to do anything I want...

# 2. The LONG Trip to Arkansas

Over the years I've been accused of a lot of things but there is one thing nobody has ever called me - a "road warrior". In fact, anything over thirty minutes in a car and I start going stir crazy. In my nightmares I still remember driving back and forth to college in Ohio. Sure it was only four hours (three when my dad drove) but it sometimes seemed like days. If it wasn't for a finger (or two) between my legs I don't think I would've survived some of those trips.

Growing up, the very worst trip in the world for me was when my parents took me with them to visit my grandmother (my mom's mother) in Illinois south of Chicago. It was a nine or ten hour trip at best and I hated every minute of it. Fortunately as I got older I learned new and better ways to make the time go by. Even though it was nice having the entire back seat to myself to stretch out, I remember thinking at times how much better it would've been to have had a brother or sister to pass the time with! Sometimes my cousin Kristen would come with and then the trip went a LOT faster!

When Steve mentioned Arkansas, I naturally assumed we'd be flying there and even though flying isn't one of my favorite activities either, it beats the heck out of driving long distances. Thus when Steve told me that he was driving to Arkansas and that it would take maybe as long as sixteen hours to get there, I almost backed out... almost. Oh my god, I just knew my ass would be hurting so badly by the time we got there! Going to Chicago was bad enough. I'd NEVER spent sixteen hours in car in one day before and the very thought of it made me cringe.

Still, I wasn't going to let one day of misery deprive me of a week of fun. The day finally arrived and by the time Steve stopped by to pick me up I was ready and waiting for him at the front door. He kissed me as soon as he stepped in and then backed up to give me the usual once-over. It pleased me when he smiled but then again he should have. Pittsburgh may not be Arkansas but the weather was still hot so I was wearing not much more than a tight pair of denim shorts and a thin cami that clung to me like Saran Wrap with enough cleavage showing to add further proof I wasn't wearing a bra. A pair of flip-flops was the only other article of clothing I had on I circumstances which seemed to meet Steve's approval.

"God I really love your tits" he said huskily as he groped me while we kissed.

"Hey you two, get a room," Kristen called out from behind us at the top of the stairs.

I looked up at her over Steve's shoulder and saw that she was grinning with her arms crossed. Knowing my always-horny cousin, she wouldn't have minded had the "room" been her own bedroom but so far I hadn't shared Steve that way with anyone in my family and we didn't have time to deal with that sort of thing today even if I'd wanted to.

Steve's eyes widened and I caught him catching his breath a bit as he looked back up at Kristen. The little slut knew perfectly well that Steve would be stopping over yet there she was standing at the top of the stairs topless in a pair of loose boy short style underwear with a towel around her neck that did very little to cover her perky boobs.

"Don't even think about it," I hissed in his ear as I squeezed his ass just a little bit too hard with my hand.

"Who... me?" his expression practically shouted out as he tried to act all prim and innocent but he didn't fool me.

Actually, had he NOT stared at my hot little cousin I'd have been far more concerned than anything. After all, I had to admit that she did look pretty damn hot this morning. He could look all he wanted so long as I was the last one he looked at.

Ignoring my cousin's blatant flaunting of herself, I pointed to my suitcases lined up in the hallway, fully expecting Steve to pick them up and take them to the car.

"Damn girl, we aren't moving down there," Steve whined, "Shit, how could you possibly need all this crap for just one week?"

I just shrugged and walked toward the door, leaving him to pick them up. It was only two suitcase and a smaller one for my makeup and toiletries. I carried my purse and iPad so it wasn't like I expected him to carry EVERYTHING. Guys just don't understand women's needs. Like, I didn't know for sure what the weather would be like or what people would be wearing at the wedding and other activities so I had to be prepared for anything. Sure, odds were I would actually wear only a fraction of what I brought, but it's always better to have too many outfits than not enough.

Steve grunted and groaned, putting on quite a show as he carried my things to his car. When he opened the trunk I tried not to smile as inside was one little suitcase which was then dwarfed by the three of mine. Oh well, guys may be willing to wear the same thing more than once but I would be dang if I'd be caught dead wearing the same outfit the next day.

As I got in the car I waved goodbye to Kristen. She had the front door opened and was standing there on display for the whole neighborhood to watch. Sure technically she was mostly covered by the towel around her neck but try to explain that to the old biddy across the street or the jealous wife who lived next door. Oh well, I was sure she would have plenty to do while I was out - or should I say plenty to do her.

Getting in the car, I was relieved that at least Steve had rented a comfortable car to drive instead of trying to use his monster pickup truck that rode like it had iron bars for springs. He was always bragging about how it was heavy duty and tried to explain to me that it rode great when it had a load. Well, it seemed to me that he never had a load in it when I was with him so it was always a teeth-rattling experience. Now riding in THAT would have made for a really long trip today. My only complaint with the car he'd rented was that it didn't have a bench seat in front meaning I couldn't snuggle up next to Steve as he drove.

"Well, we're off!" Steve said as we pulled away from the curve.

As Steve pulled away from the curb and the rumble of the brick street grew louder, I turned to look at him and admire the view. God he was such a hunk! Even in plain old jeans and a white polo shirt he looked hot. At time like this I could have easily been talked into just spend the entire trip staring at him the while time.

Soon we were on the expressway heading southwest more or less through and into Ohio with Kentucky on the horizon. According to my iPad app it was 828 miles from Pittsburgh to Cherokee Village in Arkansas and supposedly a little more than thirteen hours.

Well, it took less than three hours for me to get in my "Are we there yet?" mode. God... three hours which meant at least ten more to go. This was NOT looking good. Stupid AT&T's 3G coverage sucks in Ohio so I couldn't even amuse myself with my iPad. As we passed Columbus I was fidgeting in my seat like a little boy in church that desperately has to go to the bathroom.

"Hey, don't say I didn't warn you," Steve finally said as I readjusted my butt for the umpteenth time in the last thirty minutes. "You were the one who insisted on coming along."

That sort of irritated me so the next time a semi-truck passed by, I turned my head towards the window and pulled my cami down to expose my boobs to the driver. Steve was paying attention to the city traffic and so he didn't realize what I was doing until the trucker let out a loud honk and practically scared Steve off the side of the road.

"What the fuck?" Steve complained as he regained control and then he turned and saw what I was doing. "Shit Kelly, you have to warn me before you do something crazy like that!"

That's one of the things I love about Steve, he doesn't mind me flirting and showing off for other guys. If anything, he encourages me to do it all the more. One time he explained it to me by saying, "Hey, they just get to look and go home and jerk off WISHING they could fuck you. I'm the one who gets to do you later so why not brag about it?"

I guess it made sense from a guy's point of view. At the same time, I'm not so sure I'd want him pulling out his dick so a woman in a car next to us but then I guess that's one the differences between men and women. We live in a society where if a girl exposes herself in public people cheer and egg her on but if a guy does the same type of thing he's labeled a pervert and gets arrested. Go figure.

In any case flirting was fun for me too and in the end what did it hurt to give a few lonely truckers something to break the monotony? Besides, I enjoy the looks men give me and it turns me on to know they'll be masturbating about me later.

For the next hour or so as we made our way towards Cincinnati I occupied my time flirting with more truckers. Even Steve was getting into the swing of it as well, pointing out potential "lookers" ahead of us and then pulling up alongside of them so they could get a good view of his girlfriend as I flashed my boobs.

"You really like showing off your tits to strangers, don't you?" Steve observed.

I turned to him and cupped them with each hand and wiggled for him. "Well, you don't seem to mind when I do and neither do those guys."

Steve chuckled and shook his head. "You've really changed since we first did it. You never seemed to like being topless back then. You were more the bottomless girl as I recall."

Well duh! When I was fourteen I didn't have much of anything to show off on top. It was a never-ending source of frustration for me at that age, especially when friends like his sister Sharon and my best friend Beth were well into their B-cups or better. It was embarrassing going out with them as I was always the girl with the smallest boobs. Now as a solid 34C I was proud of my boobs and yes, I DID like to show them off.

"Does it make you horny to let strangers look at you like this?" Steve asked. From his tone of voice, I could tell he was generally interested in the answer more so than leading me on to something else.

"Of course, how would you feel jerking off in front of a bunch of girls and seeing them get turned on?"

"Well, it's not like you're masturbating in front of anyone so that's different. Besides, I don't think I could even DO such a thing!"

I couldn't help but laugh out loud a bit at that. Men are SO predictable. Sure they masturbate all the time and seem to like nothing to do more than talk about it, but just try to get them to actually DO it in front of people, especially other guys.

"Well... I COULD do that too. Would it turn you on to watch me?"

Steve turned his head to see if I was just teasing or what. I was dead serious and trying my best to appear so.

"You're not joking... are you," he said as he continued to shake his head in disbelief, "Well I don't believe you... prove it."

Steve knew full well that if he wanted to get me to do something, all he had to do was dare me. It went back to our dating days. Even at fourteen I was a bit of an exhibitionist as I'd learned early on there was no better way to get in someplace free than to be a slut.

Without saying another word, I laid the seat back all the way and undid my jean shorts. After unzipping them I pulled them down and off my feet, dropping my flip-flops in the process. It left me naked except for my cami top which I had pulled down under my boobs so it was more like a large bandage around my waist.

"Well, is this what you wanted to see?" I teased him as I rubbed my bare mound between my legs.

It felt really smooth as it should as I'd just shaved it an hour before Steve had picked me up. It also felt warm and moist as all this talk about showing off and such had been "motivating" me. In any case, I just like touching myself.

"Fuck... you look so hot," Steve said in almost a growl.

I noticed it was his turn to start shifting in his seat but in his case I figured he was trying to readjust his cock as it tried to grow in his pants. Poor boys, they have to deal with all this stuff between their legs. I can't even begin to imagine what it would be like to have this thing growing from my crotch!

Steve started to reach over but I brushed his hand aside. "Sorry, not while you're driving," I admonished him.

Part of it was to tease him but I genuinely was concerned about his driving as well. It was one thing to blow a guy in downtown traffic where things weren't moving too fast but we were heading down a highway now at seventy miles an hour and there was lots of traffic as we approached the city. There would be plenty of time later so for now he could just watch and listen.

"Oh yeah...," I sighed as my finger pushed into me just enough to wet the tip.

I pulled it out and started to rub my clit slowly with my moist fingertip and it sent sharp feelings of pleasure throughout my entire body. "God I'm so damn horny!" I sighed as I rubbed myself. Indeed I was and after all the fun with the truckers and now the feeling of my fingers on my pussy I wanted to be fucked more than anything. Unfortunately, THAT was out of the question, at least for the moment, so I was going to just have to make do with my fingers.

"Shit you look so hot doing that," Steve said in a barely audible whisper.

He was rubbing himself though his jeans now and from the size of the bulge I would say he was pretty erect. Come to think of it, I don't think I had just masturbated for him like this before, at least in recent history.

The more I rubbed myself the more I got into it. Soon I closed my eyes and imagined that my fingers were Steve's fingers and then they morphed into his dick as he pushed it deep inside of me. God I wanted him in me so badly right now! Didn't he have any idea of how horny I was at the moment? Sometimes I think guys believe that girls can't get as horny as they do. Well, just because this thing doesn't pope out from between my legs doesn't mean I'm not just as much in need of sex as any guy.

Then again, maybe he was aware... Just then I about had a heart attack when right in the middle of some naughty thoughts about how his dick would feel inside of me a horn blew from the lane next to me. I looked over and there was this trucker leering down at me from his cab. Obviously Steve had maneuvered his way alongside and was now showing off his girlfriend as she jilled herself in the car!

Well, if Steve thought he could embarrass me or shock me he was going to find out it took a lot more than some pervert in a truck. I wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of thinking he had surprised me so I just closed my eyes again and went back to work, only now I was arching my back so my hips rose up to give the guy in the truck a better view.

"Take your top off Kelly... I want to see you get naked," Steve insisted.

Well, who was I to argue? I sat up and worked the cami up over my head and pulled it off, dropping it on the console between me and Steve in case I needed it in a hurry. Oh my God, I was 100% nude now in the car in the middle of downtown Cincinnati traffic! It was enough to earn me another honk and I peeked out and grinned as the trucker waved and then pumped his fist up and down as if to say he was jerking off. Hmmmmmm, maybe he was? Now THAT would be cool!

As horny as I was I wanted so bad to cum but at the same time, my pussy was practically screaming for a dick. As much as my fingers felt good, nothing could compare to the sensation of an actual hard cock as it slipped inside of me for the first time that day. Something told me that my voyeur trucker wouldn't mind giving his to me!

"Oh God Steve... I need to be fucked SOOO badly. I mean, I NEED it."

This wasn't just dirty talk to turn him on. No, I really did want him to fuck me and I really did want it NOW.

"Baby, there's a rest area in twenty miles.. think you can you hold out until then?

Like, was he crazy? Did he have the slightest idea of what it felt like to be so horny you would let just about any dick in you at that moment, just so long as it was warm and hard? Did he even begin to comprehend how it made me feel to masturbate while two guys watched me - one of them a total stranger? Evidently he didn't or he never would have even suggested such a stupid idea.

"Next exit... NOW!" I gasped as I rubbed my clit furiously with one hand while I pinched my nipple with the other.

"Ummmmm... you're just kidding me now... right?"

Enough was enough. I turned my head and glared at him. "Tell me Steve, do I LOOK like I'm kidding? Now pull over and fuck me... NOW!

We'd just crossed into Kentucky and fortunately for Steve we were right at an exit so he slowed down and pulled off onto the ramp. My latest trucker "fan" gave one last honk of appreciation. I wondered if he was still jerking off about me as he drove down the road?

As Steve slowed down on the exit ramp, I quickly pulled on my cami and slipped on my shorts and flip flops. God, the pressure of the tight shorts against my horny crotch was enough to make me practically scream with desire. It had been a long time since I'd felt this ridiculously horny and whether it was the truckers or just me playing with myself it didn't matter. At times like this there is only one thing I care about or want - to be fucked.

"Ummmmm, where are we supposed to do this?" Steve muttered as he pulled up to the stop sign at the head of the ramp.

Sheesh, did I have to take care of all the decisions? Looking around I spotted a MacDonald's... perfect. I pointed to it and although Steve gave me a look as if he didn't quite understand what I meant, he wasn't about to question me again!

Steve pulled in the parking lot and found a rather isolated spot and then turned to me. "So what, we just do it in the middle of the parking lot or what?"

I was starting to have some serious concerns about Steve. Sheesh, he had more sense when he was sixteen!

"No silly, not out here, let's go inside."

Now he was really looking strange but I knew what I was doing. One of the things I like about MacDonald's (besides their incredible French Fries) is that their restrooms tend to be clean and they always have a nice big handicapped stall in the men's room. Trust me... I know from experience so enough said about that.

"Go see if anyone's in there," I whispered to him when we got inside, nodding my head towards the men's room.

It had to be the men's room because if we got caught in the women's restroom Steve might get arrested but in the men's room nobody would care. Sort of like what I was talking about before about the difference between men and women exposing themselves. If anything, someone catching us in the men's room would want to watch! Still, it was better NOT to be discovered in the first place so Steve went in and came out shaking his head, holding up two fingers.

Once again the image of that small boy squirming in church came to mind. It took all I could do to keep my hands away from my crotch as I wiggled and squirmed. We stood off to the side and waited impatiently and finally one guy left but it seem like an eternity until the second one came out, wiping his hands on his pants. Thankfully nobody had gone in while we were waiting so I took a quick glance to see if anyone was paying any attention to us and then ducked inside, followed close behind by Steve.

"You've GOT to be kidding!" he said as the door closed behind us.

"Hurry up, in here." I said, taking his hand and pulling him inside the large stall. God, it was HUGE with lots of room, enough to have a regular gangbang. It even had stainless steel bars on the walls to help hold yourself up. It's almost like someone designed it for sex!

"Well, what are you waiting for? Undo your pants dammit, and hurry up!" I chided him as I slipped off my shorts and hung them on the hook on the back of the door.

This time I kept my flip-flops on. Sure the place seemed pretty clean but it was still a public restroom and I wasn't about to walk around barefoot. Ewwwww!

Steve unbuckle his belt and undid his jeans, pulling down the zipper as I stood there impatient and bottomless. There was no point in taking off the cami, I just wanted sex, not to play around. Steve could l0ok at and play with my boobs anytime he wanted on the highway. Right now all I cared about was his dick.

Once Steve had his jeans off and hanging on the door hook, I reached down and pulled his hard cock out of his shorts as I licked my lips in anticipation. God how I loved his dick! Talk about karma... here I had in my hands the very same dick that had been the first to fuck me so many years before. Sure it was a bit bigger and thicker than when he was sixteen, but it was still the same dick. When Steve's family had left I thought I would never feel it in me again and except for that quick interlude at his wedding, indeed I hadn't. It was like so cool to have it in my hand again!

"God I need this so bad," I sighed as I bent my knees to lower myself to his waist and then ran my tongue up under the length of his erect dick. From the way he shuddered I knew he was just as horny as I was. Well, maybe not quite as much as I was but enough.

Any other time and I would have spent at least five or ten minutes sucking his cock. I LOVE sucking cock and even that length of time would be barely enough to make me satisfied. Still, like my boobs I could suck Steve's cock anytime I wanted while he drove so why waste any more time when you're as horny as I was. I was more than ready for Steve to fuck me... I wanted him SOOOOO badly my pussy was almost cramping like I was starting my period.

Just then the outer door opened and I heard people entering the room. From the sounds of their footsteps it was two people, one larger and the other smaller. My deductions were confirmed when I heard what had to be the father telling a young boy to "go potty".

Steve seemed preoccupied with our new "guests" but they didn't deter me. As far back into the stall as I was they would have had to get down close to the floor to see who was in the stall at the end of the restroom. In any case, it was surprising that we had the place to ourselves as long as we had so we couldn't let such interruptions get in the way of the big picture.

"Fuck me," I mouthed silently to Steve.

Steve's eye glance back at the door, clearly trying to signal to me that we had guests and should hold off for the moment. Ignoring him, I turned towards the outer wall, grabbed the hand rail and pushing my bare butt out at him with my legs spread apart. There could be little doubt in Steve's mind when I assumed such a position what I am expecting to happen next.

Steve may have had worries about the guy and his kid but once he got a good view of my willing pussy between my legs it was like he didn't even think about them anymore. A big grin came to his face as he stroked his dick and licked his lips while I touched myself, reaching down between my legs and spreading myself wide open for him.

Steve couldn't help but grunt softly as he plunged his cock into my waiting pussy. I almost giggled as imagined the guy on the other side of the door probably thought Steve was constipated or something. I'm sure he would have been grunting too if he knew what was happening just a few feet from him. It was all I could do keep from letting out a huge sigh of relief myself as finally I had what I'd been dying for - Steve's dick inside of me.

As Steve began to thrust himself in and out of me in a steady, rhythmic motion, I closed my eyes and dropped my head, just concentrating on the feeling of his dick as it moved. God it felt so good! It wasn't just the physical feelings that made me so happy, although those were great to say the least. It was knowing he was in me, like he was a part of me. It was a feeling I've had with so few other men in my life. Actually Steve was the first to make me feel this way back when I was fourteen and had such a crush on him. When he would put himself inside of me it was the most awesome feeling to have a part of him actually inside of me.

It wasn't until my dad fucked me a couple of years later that another man was able to generate those emotions inside of me when he fucked me. After Steve, I loved sex because it felt good and I liked the way men treated me when they knew I would let them fuck me. With my dad it became special again because I knew I was more than just another pussy to him - I was his own flesh and blood, his daughter.

Though when I look back I hate to admit it, the only other man to make me feel this way was Duane, the asshole who I thought was going to marry me but then almost ruined my life. Although it kills me to think about it now after what he tried to do to me, I DID love him at the time and I really did think I was going to marry him at one point, which is when the sex became more than just another fuck.

Even though Steve had been back in my life barely even a couple of weeks, it was like He'd never left me. I knew from the first time he fucked me after he came back that it was going to be something special and at times like this those feelings were reinforced.

Of course, it didn't hurt to be fucked just three feet from a guy and a his kid. I wonder how young he was - maybe six or eight from the sound of his voice. Although the idea of a kid that young seeing me being fucked didn't do all that much for me, the thought of his father's reaction should the stall door accidentally open about now DID bring up all sorts of delicious thoughts.

As Steve fucked me from behind, I thought about how else he might do me. One thing I KNEW - there was no way I was going anywhere that toilet seat! Instead, I lifted myself up which effectively pulled Steve's dick out of me and turned around with a nasty grin on my face. Steve looked at me with a "what the fuck?" look on his face, like he didn't understand why I had pulled away but then I moved to the corner and lifted one leg up onto the bar while I supported myself with both hands. I looked down at my freshly fucked pussy and then up into Steve's eyes but her was staring at my crotch, lining up his dick without wasting any more time.

Steve practically lifted me off my feet as he drove himself into me, pushing his duck all the way in me until the base of his dick pushed up against my pussy, lifting me up onto my toes. God it felt so good when he shoved it up in as far as it would go and I could feel him against me that way. I loved to look down and watch as his entire dick disappeared, knowing that filling sensation inside of me was that same dick that was now hiding out of sight.

"Fuck me Steve... oh god fuck me harder," I whispered into his ear.

I'm not sure how he COULD fuck me any harder then he already was but I knew he loved it when I said that to him and it made me feel a little dirty, even though our "audience" had washed their hands and were now leaving the restroom. The door banged shut behind them and Steve liked at me and grinned.

"Think they had any idea?"

I just shook my head, trying to keep my breath as my boyfriend's dick consumed me. Even if they did, nothing was said so cared about them anymore?

I was almost there, just a little bit more... Then the door opened again and it was like the local basketball team entered. Anyone, it was at least three guys, teens from the sound of it, screwing around like teenage boys always seem to be doing.

"Crap, someone's in there!" one of them said after pushing on the door. For just minute I thought it was going to open but fortunately the cheap little lock held its own.

"Hey man... I gotta take a crap!" the kid called in through, knocking on the door.

"Hang on... almost done," Steve called back over his shoulder.

Steve and I must have had the same thought at the same time. What if this kid tried looking under the door. Had he been an adult I wouldn't have worried but when it comes to teenage boys, all bets are off.

Steve grabbed me under my bare ass and lifted me up. I sort of jumped with him and wrapped my legs around his waist, locking my heels and grabbing onto him as I put my arms around his shoulders. I was literally pegged on Steve's dick as he shuffled over to the toilet and turned around so I wouldn't be hanging out over the bowl. At least now if anyone should look under the door they would see his feet with his pants around his ankles up against the toilet seat.

"Shit, what's he doing in there anyway?" I heard the kid complaining to his friends, "God, I gotta take a dump NOW!"

Oh well, he wasn't going to take a dump until I had my orgasm and Steve filled me with cum, not necessarily in that order but it would be nice if it worked out that way. For once things worked out as I'd hoped and I could feel my orgasm rising up inside of me. With everything happening I was a little conflicted so I knew it wasn't going to be one of those "take me to the moon" kind of O's but hey, an orgasm is an orgasm and I wasn't going to complain.

Steve grunted as my legs gripped him like a vise as my pussy exploded all over him, drenching his crotch with my cum as my pussy squeezed down on his dick.

"Damn, sounds like he's having a hard time in there," another voice joked. Yeah, like he had no idea just how HARD of a time Steve was having!

Later I swore to Steve that I didn't mean to and I really couldn't help myself. Low moan slipped out of my mouth as if felt like my entire body was tingling. Not that bad feeling you get when you hit your elbow but something wonderful, like goose bumps were rising all over me. It lasted for several seconds before I caught myself.

"What the fuck? Has he got someone in there with him?" another voice exclaimed. Someone knocked on the door again and said, "Hey buddy, what's going on in there?"

It was just another kid so I didn't care. Steve certainly didn't. If anything, it seemed to set him off as right afterwards he started to cum in me. I buried my head in his shoulder as I pulled myself into him as hard as I could while I felt him humping under me, shooting another load into me with each grunt.

"He's got a girl in there I bet!" a voice exclaimed.

"No way!" another countered.

"I'm telling you, he's screwing some bitch."

"Nahhhhh, probably just jerking off."

Steve almost exploded and I saw his face turn red as he held his breath trying not to laugh. I was still mounted on his dick like a marshmallow being roasted. We were done so there was no sense in trying to hide anymore. I quickly grabbed my shorts and pulled them on while Steve yanked up his pants and fastened his belt. A quick run of my fingers through my hair and I nodded to him to say I was ready.

No sooner did Steve open the door than I saw the three guys (kids actually, they must have been maybe fifteen or sixteen) staring at me as I walked out. I just smiled at them and didn't say a word as their mouths dropped open like they were catching flies and they stood there speechless. All the bravado was gone now that the real thing was there in front of them. For all their talk, I don't think they REALLY thought whoever was in there had a girl with him.

"Oh my god!" one of them said under breath as a grinned and left the room.

Normally I would've let Steve go out first and make sure the coast was clear but in this case I thought whatever was waiting out in the lobby was better than staying in here. I doubted that the stunned silence was going to last much longer so the sooner I got out the better.

Once outside sure enough, there was a guy about to head in and he looked at me with a curious glance but I just smiled sweetly and headed straight for the side exit door just a few feet away. In the booth next to the door were a couple of women, maybe in their thirties, and I saw them staring at me with what could only be described as disgust. They obviously knew what I must've been doing in the restroom and it appeared neither of them was very adventurous. Oh well, I don't let sanctimonious mothers bother me. Never have, never will.

Steve beeped the car with the remote and we both jumped in and took off before anything could happen. Not that I really expected any trouble but then you never knew. As Steve drove off we both started laughing so hard I almost choked.

"Did you see the look on those kids facing when I walked out?" I asked, tears streaming from eyes as I laughed.

"Jerking off eh? Well, I hope THAT showed 'em," Steve huffed, obviously still a little miffed at one of the commentaries.

"God that was so hot... don't you think Steve?"

"Well, I hope you got THAT out of your system for at least a little while," Steve sighed, trying to act as if he had done it all just for me, "We'll never make it tonight if we keep pulling off every time you get horny."

He had a point and I knew I had to try and control myself so I did my best. For the rest of the trip I stayed on my side of the car and other than just touching myself now and then mostly absentmindedly, I was a pretty good girl.

There was one thing that I couldn't pass up. I'd never seen the Mississippi River before as it was cloudy the couple of times I'd flown over it in the past. We were in Tennessee and I saw the sign saying what river it was as we started across the bridge. I hadn't really thought before but suddenly a thought came to my mind.

"Steve, pull over at the middle of the bridge."

Steve looked at me like I was crazy. There was construction on the bridge and so one lane was closed but there was plenty of room for us to pull over as all the work was being done at the other end of the bridge. The traffic was light and Steve only had a few seconds to react so he pulled over without giving it much thought.

"Ok, so what the hell is this all about?" he asked me.

"I just want a picture of me standing over the Mississippi River," I explained. That was all actually, it was just something I'd never done before so I wanted something to remember it by.

Steve rolled his eyes and I handed him my iPhone. The traffic was almost non-existent so it was easy for me to stand by the railing with nothing behind me but the massive river. I posed and then he looked up and down the road, checking for traffic. Nothing was coming as far as I could see.

"Get naked," he dared me.

Why was I surprised? Then again, it was a GREAT idea so I quickly ditched my clothes, tossing them to him so if someone should suddenly appear we could quickly run for cover in the car.

Standing there naked by the rail out in the middle of this huge bridge was SO cool. Actually, I wouldn't have minded if a few cars would have passed but it would've been just my luck it was a cop or somebody with a camera. Steve snapped a few of me in various poses and then we rushed back to the car. Just as I got in and closed the door it was like an entire lane of cars behind some slow semi-trailer passed us. I guess I had the trucker to thank for giving me the chance to do something fun.

Steve started the car again and I put my hand out for him to give me back my clothes.

"Uh-uh, not yet," he teased me, "You look way too good that way."

We were out on a relatively small road now rather than an interstate so it didn't seem to be a big deal so I just shrugged and laid back on the seat nude. I'm not normally the type to run around naked but for Steve I'd do it just for him.

"So how long are you going to make me stay naked?"

Steve put a finger to his chin as if in deep thought. Like I bought THAT act. He already knew the answer, he was just playing me.

"Hmmmmmm, how about you stay that way until you make yourself cum again?"

I giggled a little at that and replied, "So I guess you don't want me to be naked for very long then, eh?"

"God you're such a slut," Steve sighed, faking his despair. Steve was one of those guys who could call me a slut and make it sound like a compliment.

So now we were in Missouri in dimming light with me completely naked in the car seat next to him, driving down some lonely two-lane highway. Missouri! How the heck do you go through Missouri to get to Arkansas from Pennsylvania? I pulled out my iPad and checked the map and sure enough, I'd missed this little piece of Missouri that hung down in the southeast corner where we were crossing.

For some reason, I decided to myself that I was NOT going to cum while were still in Missouri. There was no real rhyme or reason to my decision, it was just something that popped into my head as I slowly twiddled with my clit.

"You don't seem to be in much of a hurry," Steve observed, "I guess you must like riding in a car naked."

"What's the big deal, not like I'm driving," I responded light-heartedly.

"You know, I've never seen a girl that likes to masturbate as much as you."

This was getting interesting. Although we loved HAVING sex, Steve and I really didn't TALK about it all that much. It wasn't like we were embarrassed or afraid, it just didn't seem to come up in conversation.

"What can I say, I like it," I said, "Doesn't your mom masturbate?"

Ooops, I don't know how THAT slipped out but Steve got this weird look on his face and it seemed like he was going to say something but then he stopped himself and just drove down the road silently for a few minutes. I wasn't sure if I'd said something bad or what. In the back of my mind I always wondered a little about Steve and his mom, especially given what had happened between them eleven years ago, but I never had the nerve to bring it up with him. It wasn't like I was asking him if he had sex with him mother, but then how many guys knew the masturbation habits of their mom?.

"Well, just so you know, MY mom use to do it a lot and she even let me borrow her toys now and then."

Steve looked over at me with that same weird expression like he wanted to say something but yet I knew he wasn't.

"Do you normally talk to your boyfriends about your mom's masturbation habits?" he asked softly, "And do they usually tell you about their mom's?"

For some reason I was having a really hard time reading Steve. Normally I could always figure out whether he was serious or not but this time it was like we were playing high-stakes poker and he wasn't giving me any tells. I decided it would be easier to avoid the subject than finish it so I changed the subject to something I knew he was more comfortable with.

"So tell me Steve, do you like to watch ME masturbate?"

Whether he was glad I changed the subject or not, Steve didn't let on but he picked up on my cue and went with it and neither of us made any further mention of our mothers for the rest of the trip, at least nothing sexual. Instead, we both did the things we loved. I masturbated while he did his best to watch while he drove at the same time. Talk about a "win-win" situation!

Steve pulled over to get gas just before we crossed into Arkansas. I hadn't told Steve about my resolution regarding staying naked until we left Missouri so it wasn't like he was doing this to see how I would react. If anything, he started to hand me my clothes as he pulled off into the station but I pushed them away.

"You know, there ARE other cars here and the lights are pretty bright," Steve said as he stopped the car off to the side before entering the brightly lit pump area. "You sure you want to do this?"

There's a fine line between teasing and flirting and getting yourself arrested. Steve had a big road atlas between the seat and the console (why I don't know as I had my iPhone and iPad with) so I grabbed it and held it up to my chest while I rested my iPad on my lap. It would still be obvious to anyone taking a close look that I was naked but at least they wouldn't actually SEE anything.

"You're going to get us in trouble yet," Steve huffed as he just shook his head and pulled in, taking one of the most outer pumps.

As it turned out, it was much ado about nothing as nobody else even came close to the car. In fact, I even put everything to the side and rolled down the window so Steve could watch me masturbate as he pumped gas. It wasn't until we left and were back on the road that he suddenly started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"You DO know that all these stations have security cams these days, don't you?"

That's all he said. All he NEEDED to say. Oh crap!

"I bet the kid behind the counter steals tonight's tape. Better keep an eye on YouTube tomorrow!"

Now THAT wasn't funny. Oh well, what could I do now? We couldn't go back and ask for the tape. Maybe it hadn't caught me. Even if it did, what were the odds anyone would notice? Most systems like that record over themselves after a period of time so hopefully I was in the clear. God, that would NOT be cool. The one thing that would save me is who would know who it was in a gas station in Missouri. Not only that, the car was a rental and didn't even have PA plates.

It was only a few more miles until we were finally in Arkansas. Time to get down to business. Having been playing with myself for a while now, there had been several times I'd had to back down to keep myself from coming so it wasn't like I was starting from scratch. Indeed, once I started to seriously work my clit we weren't past the third AR mile-marker before I'd earned the right to put back on my clothes.

"Damn, do you have like this little switch you turn on and off to cum?" Steve whistled after I'd calmed down again, "I can't believe you could do that to yourself so fast!"

What can I say, practice makes perfect.

Once into Arkansas it was only like an hour and a half to get to Cherokee Village where we'd be staying. I have to say I was thrilled to finally get there. Sure there had been a few memories made along the way, but I still hate being a car for THAT long in one day.

It was now late Saturday night and it was dark so there wasn't much fanfare on our arrival. Steve had the security code to get in the house and it was seemed empty so we checked things out quickly and chose a bedroom. We were so tired and sore that we just went straight to bed without even having sex. There would be plenty of time to check things out in the morning.

## 3. The Wedding Day

Most people don't like to get married on a Sunday just because there are so many complications with churches and people's schedules but the couple being married must not have cared. It worked out good for Steve because he didn't have to take another day off work, especially since he was so new already to the job but he had told them when he was hired that he had this wedding planned for some time now and they allowed him to take the week off.

I woke up early Saturday morning next to Steve. He was lying on his side away from me with the sheet half covering his naked body. Funny, he said he was never into sleeping nude before but I guess I convinced him to change his ways. For me it's never been about sex, just that I feel better without being all bound up in bed. I like the feel of fresh sheets against my bare body although most of the time, even in winter, I tend to toss them off as well.

As tempting as it was to see Steve lying there asleep and available, Mother Nature had other plans and so I scurried off to the bathroom for a quick pee. It was right across the hallway and I didn't even think before I opened the door and hurried into the bathroom. Again, habit came into play so I didn't even think about shutting the door. It wasn't something I was raised to do and though I know better when I am at someone else's home, when I'm alone I figure what's the point?

Well, imagine my surprise when I was finishing up and reaching for the toilet handle when I heard something behind me. My heart went to my throat and I spun around to see what the intrusion was. There in the hallway standing there staring at me was some guy I'd never seen before. He was wearing boxer shorts and his hair was all tussled. Apparently he'd just woken up and was answering his own version of the call of nature.

"Ummmmm, sorry, I didn't know you were in there... the door was open you know."

He may have been sorry but that wasn't keeping him from getting an eyeful. I had no idea who he was and I was too shocked to even think about anything else so I reached for a towel and quickly wrapped it around me.

"You know, if you take a picture it lasts longer," I said with a bit of a snide attitude.

Really, this guy didn't even know me and yet instead of excusing himself he just stood there with this silly grin on his face staring at me without even at least trying to act like he wasn't.

"Sorry...," he answered though not very convincingly, "You must be Steve's girlfriend, right?"

I didn't say anything but rather just stood there waiting for him to act with a little bit of modesty. This wasn't like being seen naked in the bathroom at home, this was more like voyeurism. Now there is a time and place for THAT but I like to be the one who determines when and where, not to have some Peeping Tom doing it on his terms. In other words I'm OK with being looked at when I flirt but NOT when someone does it without me being OK with it (whether or not I tell them so doesn't matter).

"Pervert!" I hissed as I edged by him and headed back to our room. As I did he reached out and tried to grab my ass. I twirled and I could feel my face flush with anger.

"Try that again asshole and you won't be jerking off with that hand for a long time."

I didn't wait for him to respond but just rushed back into out room and slammed the door behind me which then woke up Steve. He rubbed his eyes and looked at me.

"OK... now what the hell was THAT all about?" he groaned.

"One of your pervert friends stared at me while I was going to the bathroom and then he tried to grab my ass."

Steve looked rather amused - which did NOT amuse me.

"And what's so funny? Don't you care what your so-called friend did to me?"

Steve rolled his eyes and flopped over on his back. At the moment not even the sight of his morning wood was turning me on.

"What the fuck Kelly, I just don't get you sometimes. Yesterday you're flashing every trucker on the highway and now this morning you're peeved just because some guy sees you naked? I mean, seems sort of a double standard to me."

Men! Sometimes I could swear off of them I get so mad at them but then that beautiful dick wiggles in front of me like a worm beckoning to a fish and... well so much for that. Still, how could Steve be so insensitive?

Dropping the towel, I opened my suitcase to get my toiletries out and some clothes, fuming while doing my best to ignore Steve which wasn't all that easy with him looking delicious by being nude and oh so fully erect. God his dick looked SOOOOOO good. As I dug through my things I started to think more and more about how to deal with assholes like his friend. OK, so maybe he wasn't really an asshole but still, we didn't exactly get off to a great start.

It was right then that a stroke of brilliance hit me and I knew exactly what I would do this week. Assuming the other guys, how many there were I wasn't sure, were of the same mindset as Asshole #1, then I would teach them all a lesson. I'd have them going home with the bluest balls this side of Smurf Town. I was going to tease them, flirt with them, and do everything in my power to make them so horny and miserable that they'd be jacking off in their sleep. I'd show them not to mess with me... I'd show them good.

***********

Actually the rest of the morning was quite uneventful. As it turned out, there were two other guys staying with us. I was already thinking of them as Asshole #2 and Asshole #3 before I even met them. Maybe that wasn't being fair but once I met them I didn't feel guilty about it at all. Whoever this guy was that was getting married seemed to have a common sort of guy when it came to his wedding party. They were all good looking, late twenties or so, and totally full of themselves. Every one of them thought they were God's gift to women, or least to me. Only problem was they LOOKED so hot and I could just imagine what was under those boxers.

Only one problem... With the way his friends were turning out I actually found myself starting to worry a little bit about Steve. If all his friends were like this, was I now seeing a glimpse of Steve that he hadn't shown me yet? After all, I really didn't know him ALL that well. Sure the sex was great but when it came to personal issues we really didn't know everything about each other, not even much of anything when you really came down to it. After all, there was a whole side to my family life that Steve had no idea about and I wondered sometimes about him and his mom. So if these were the guys he hung around with, did that mean this was how he really acted when he wasn't around me?

Once we were all up, everyone kind of just milled about, the guys talking and such about guy things. Steve introduced me and I learned their names finally. Asshole #1 was Ryan, Asshole #1 was Phil and Asshole #3 was Chase. All three of them were from California, at least they were now. Ryan was originally from somewhere in Indiana while Chase was a Boston refugee with a thick accent. Phil was a California boy. They all worked for the same company which is how they met I guess, the same one Steve worked for when he was out there before he got his paramedic license.

During the course of the conversations I learned that the groom was named Fred, making him the first "Fred" I'd ever known. I hate to admit this but the first thing that crossed my mind when I heard his name was wondering if his parents were Flintstone fans. I don't know why, it just sounded funny to me. Was his sister named Wilma? Fred was marrying Mary-Anne, his high school sweetheart who he met in church being part of the same youth group (how sweet!) She was a local girl and most of her and Fred's family lived in northeastern Arkansas which was why the wedding was taking place here. Duh.

It was all well and good to know such details but frankly, I didn't care much about WHO they were as I didn't know anything about them and would never see them again anyway. It was the wedding itself that I was looking forward to and who was in the dress and tuxedo wasn't all that important.

After I a while I was thoroughly bored and went up to the room to get dressed. As part of my new resolve, I made sure this time that I was fully dressed BEFORE I left the bedroom. Steve took one look at me and this strange expression appeared on his face, almost like he was seeing me for the first time.

"Ummmmm, that's not exactly what I was expecting to see you wearing this weekend."

Well, I'm sure it wasn't and it just goes to show why a girl has to pack so many clothes for every eventuality. Had I been forced to pack light I never would've included this outfit which would've made my plans for this morning significantly more difficult. At first, my outfit sounds like my typical hot weather gear - shorts and a t-shirt. The difference was that unlike most of my shorts which are cut REALLY short, these were almost Amish in that they extended down my thighs about two-thirds of the way to my knee. They weren't even all that tight, if anything maybe a little loose on me. The t-shirt was a simple pink one without anything on it and hung down to my shorts without revealing anything in between. It was about a size too large and so sort of hung over my boobs rather than clinging to them and outlining them as I normally preferred. Underneath I had on a white bra and panties although neither of them were visible except for the bulge the bra strap made in back where it snapped.

"What's the matter with what I'm wearing?" I asked, trying to sound as if I didn't already know the answer.

"Well, I just sort of figured you'd be showing off a little more I guess," Steve mumbled, sounding a little disappointed actually.

"So... I take it that you would PREFER that I dress like a slut in front of your friends?"

That was sort of like asking if a dress made my butt look big - there was NO good answer so Steve wisely kept his mouth shut for once and opened the door for us to leave the room. He couldn't resist pinching me in the rear though.

"You know, I didn't even know you HAD clothes like these," he chuckled as I swatted his hand away playfully.

I didn't mind if HE played around with me. It was his friends that I was going to be dealing with in a different way.

Actually, dressed as I was together with a little play-acting as a shy girl rather than a slut, the guys all looked at me but they didn't LOOK at me the way guys usually do. I mean, they certainly seemed to appreciate the way I looked but they didn't have that expression on that practically shouted that they were thinking of how to ask me for sex. It was funny because Steve still seemed a little disappointed. Somehow I was getting the feeling that he'd been planning to show me off like some sort of trophy girlfriend but now I wasn't playing along like I was supposed to. Oh well, that's what he gets for having asshole friends.

I wasn't really surprised to learn that Fred the Groom had arranged for the guys to go out and do whatever it is guys do the day of the wedding - something about old cars and beer... whatever, it didn't interest me in the slightest and I wasn't invited in the first place. The wedding wasn't until 5:00 but Steve needed to get there early since he wasn't able to be at the rehearsal. Steve told me to be ready by 2:30

which didn't leave a whole lot of time anyway so it wasn't like I would be spending the entire day alone.

No sooner did the guys leave and the door was shut than I was stripping out of my silly clothes into something more comfortable. Needless to say the bra and panties went into the suitcase first! Then I slipped on a pair of comfy boy-cut shorts that were cut high which made them really cool in this sort of weather. On top I just wore one of my bikini tops, nothing all that special, just a plain pink version that tied behind the neck and back. After all, it was just me for now.

With the place all to myself, I did a quick inspection. The house was built right on the lake which also looked pretty nice with a few boats out and several pontoon boats as well. Several of them wear towing people on tubes but I didn't see anyone skiing. The house was built up on a hill so there was a long series of stairs leading down to a dock where there was a boat docked with a cover built over it. From what I could see at this distance, it looked pretty nice. It seemed to be bigger than my parents' boat but with the cover over it I couldn't be sure. It was a long hike down what looked to be a hundred stairs to get to the pier so I figured I would just wait until later when we actually used the boat to get a more close-up look.

The rest of the place was OK but nothing all that special. There were two stories although from the front it looked like there was only one. With the steep hill the second story was mostly underground, almost a half-basement I guess but it was completely finished and you would never know it was surrounded on three sides mostly by dirt. It was furnished sort of circa 60's and 70's and probably hadn't been updated since the original furniture was bought. Overall everything was clean and at least it had a great big-screen flat TV in the family room with cable.

In the process of checking things out, I poked through the guys' rooms well, more out of morbid curiosity than anything. It was sort of like when I use to baby-sit and I would check out the various bedrooms. In one of the rooms (I wasn't sure who was in which room) I found several DVD's that looked homemade that were labeled with various porn movie titles. Hmmmmmm, maybe they were from the bachelor party the night before or whenever they'd held one. Most of them didn't attract my interest until I saw one labeled, "Where the Boys Aren't". Hmmm, I could make pretty good odds on what THAT one was about.

What the heck, why not? I took the DVD down to the family room and plugged it in. Sure enough, it was one of the "classics" where a bunch of girls do it for the entire movie without any men in the film at all. Porn doesn't usually do all that much

than they'd seen up until now. I had on my favorite pink dress with the thin ties that went back behind my neck. It exposed a lot of cleavage but at the same time wrapped against my boobs such that not a lot of breast was revealed. Underneath I had on a pink thong to match but the skirt came down nearly to my knees so the odds of anyone actually seeing it weren't all that great. With my legs crossed as I sat on the stool, it pulled up nicely to reveal a generous amount of thigh but without crossing the line into slutdom.

Everyone was in a hurry so there wasn't anything else said or done. I just waited until they'd all cleaned up. They would change into their tuxes at the church so everyone was wearing jeans and t-shirts except for me. We all piled into Steve's car with me in the front seat with Steve and the other guys crammed into the back seat and it was only a ten minute drive to the church.

As we drove I watched out the window as this was the first time I could see things in daylight. I'd read a brochure at the house describing the area. Apparently this was some 15,000 acre resort and retirement community on the edge of the Ozarks. Ozark It had two eighteen-hole golf courses, six swimming pools, a private beach, tennis courts, recreation centers, fitness center, senior center, horseshoe pits, two nature trails, and seven lakes for boating. It seemed nice as we drove around although the temperature readout in the car said it was 100 degrees outside!

The wedding was held at the Cherokee Village Lutheran Church. As we approached it seemed a little older with a worn stone exterior. I'd never been in a Lutheran Church before but once inside it seemed pretty much like any other. The sanctuary was simple and small, maybe seating 150 people at most I guessed after a quick count of the pews. It was mostly empty now except for people doing the flowers and whatever else needed to be done in the hours before the wedding.

Steve and the guys headed straight for where the "dressing room" was, leaving me all on my own. I stayed indoors in the air-conditioning to avoid the oppressive heat and humidity. The air-conditioning in the church seemed to be barely keeping up with it as it was so I didn't want to go and get myself all hot and lose whatever bounce was left in my hair.

Sitting in one of the back pews, I read through the wedding program and learned a little more about the bride and groom. In all it seemed like a pretty classic wedding with one of her close childhood friends singing a solo. Since nobody knew me I guess everyone assumed I was with the opposite side of the bridal party as they were and so sort of ignored me. It was just as well since I didn't have anything in common with anyone and really wasn't in that talking mood.

After about a half hour or so of boredom - you can only read the literature in the pews so many times, my mind started to wander. Thoughts of how good it felt to touch myself earlier crept back into my head and I caught myself just in time before I unconsciously reached between my legs. Damn, I was horny again! As tempting as it was to find the nearest restroom, I kept myself in check. The last thing I needed was to sit in the pews next to who knows who while I smelled of sex!

Another fifteen minutes and I'd read through a couple more pamphlets in the back of the church about the church itself and doctrine. Boring! I started to question the wisdom in my decision not to seek out the privacy of the restroom. Now THAT would have made the time go back quickly! Unfortunately, people were starting to trickling in now and no doubt the bathroom would be getting busy. Not that such things had stopped me in the past, but there's just something about not knowing people and then knowing you won't have anything to do with them at all that sort of takes the fun out of such activities.

Thirty minutes to go and still no sign of Steve. Had he totally forgotten about me or what? I wasn't sure what all he had to do before the wedding but surely he could have taken two minutes and at last checked on me. Now I really DID need to go the little girl's room - but for good reason!

Looking around, I soon found what I needed down a hallway from the sanctuary. Sure enough, it was filled with women doing last minute makeup retouching and hair checks. Fortunately one of the stalls was open! Ever notice the closer you get to the restroom the more urgent the need? What had seemed like a mild urge a few minutes ago had suddenly turned into something quite more urgent.

When I'd finished dealing with Mother Nature, I started to pull up my panties when something struck me. What the heck, why not at least do SOMETHING a little bit fun, even if nobody knew about it but me? Instead of pulling them up, I dropped the panties to my ankles and then stepped out of them, trying not to catch them in my heels. Stuffing them into my purse, I smoothed out my skirt and exited the stall.

There's just something about being bottomless that has always made me feel good. It's not just the voyeuristic tone or being naughty, I enjoyed it even when I was home alone. I almost never go around the house nude, not even when I was growing up, preferring to wear either a t-shirt or maybe one of my dad's shirts. Anything loose and baggy on top with nothing on the bottom was my definition of the perfect at-home outfit. With nobody there, it wasn't to be naughty that I went bottomless, it just felt better that way. I love the feel of the air against my exposed crotch and butt and the light tracing of my top against it as I moved.

Being bottomless at home is all about feeling good and so it is when I'm out in public. The thing is, being out in public adds another element to the overall experience - being naughty. I would bet that 99.9% of the time I'm bottomless in a dress or skirt in public nobody ever knows about it. Of that small percentage almost all of them know because I make sure they do. It would be extremely rare that anyone would see my bare bottom in public by accident.

So it was today. As I maneuvered through the crowd of women and girls I could feel my light dress flowing against my bare butt. Not that it was a lot different from when I was wearing a thing, but there was just something intangible about knowing you were naked under the skirt and not just being revealing. I wondered if anyone else in there was going sans panties as well. Who knows, maybe some were. Like with me, nobody would know about it but them. What would they say if they knew about me? Really, it's not like I was flaunting my pussy but still, there are a lot of women who really get uptight at the mere mention of going out without bottoms.

I saw that my seat in the pew had been taken when I got back. It didn't matter as there were now ushers doing the seating. I was asked the usual, "bride or groom" and answered that I was with the groom. Considering I wouldn't have recognized him if he walked by that was a bit of a stretch but still, I was closer to him than the bride.

The usher took me about half-way down and seated me next to another girl who looked to be about my age. She was dressed somewhat similar to me except her dress was a light yellow version and the shoulder straps went over to the back instead of behind her neck. She was a blonde and VERY good looking. I introduced myself and she told me her name was Janet. She also made it a point to note that she was the groom's EX girlfriend.

Actually that's what started up the conversation between the two of us - talking about ex-boyfriends and being left high and dry. Apparently she had been seeing Fred in college and even though she knew he was with Mary-Anne, he had led her on (her words) to think that he was tired of her and wanted to be with Janet. Well, that was fine and good but eventually she learned that while Fred enjoying sex with Janet, he was proposing to Mary-Anne.

It was an interesting story so I asked her why she was at the wedding. She smiled at me and grinned, "There's always hope and besides, I don't think it will last based on this morning."

Janet knew that she had my interest and she whispered in a conspiratorial tone in my ear, "He did me this morning."

I almost choked and she asked me if everything was alright. I whisper back to her that I'd done the same thing with a boyfriend in the past on the morning of HIS wedding. Then I nodded up front where the guys were getting ready for the wedding to start. I pointed out Steve to her and she looked at me and smiled. It was like we were best friends in less than ten minutes!

The music started and so we sat quietly while the remaining people were seated. Eventually the mothers and grandmothers were seated and the wedding was off and running. As I had surmised from the program, it was pretty traditional and everything went off without a hitch. Her girlfriend turned out to be quite a singer, even if it was yet another rendition of the "Wedding Song". Steve did his part well, although a trained monkey could have probably done it.

When it was all over I said goodbye to Janet and she smiled at me and gave me a hug. I told her good luck with her "quest" and she understood immediately what I was referring to and grinned.

"Mary-Anne will never give him what I gave him this morning," she smirked, her eyes blazing, "I give him a month before he's begging me for more."

Well, it took me a few years before Steve saw the light and left his first wife and was now with me again. I hoped for Janet's sake that in her case she didn't have to wait so long. I suppose it was rather cruel of me to wish such things on a bride's wedding day but then I like to root for the underdog, especially when it seemed we had so much in common.

After the bird seed throwing it was time for photos so I had to stick around and wait for what seemed forever until all the wedding party photos were done. Finally Steve came out to get me and we met the other guys at the car and drove to where the reception would be held.

It was only a few minutes from the church to the Cherokee Village Omaha Center which boasted three swimming pools, a fully equipped health and fitness center, a stage and auditorium, meeting rooms, miniature golf, kitchen and spa facilities. Some of the rooms could be combined which is what was done today for the reception. There was a disc jockey already at work when we arrived but once again Steve warned me I would have to be on my own since he would be sitting up at the head table with the wedding party.

As much as I love weddings, this day wasn't exactly going over all that well for me. I guess I should've expected it to be this way but I hadn't really thought it all the way through before. Fortunately who should walk in but Janet - and she was still alone. The two of us met up and we found a table to sit at, even if we did have to rearrange the seating cards just a tad but nobody seemed to mind. Being I wasn't a family member or close friend, I'd been assigned to one of the tables in the back. It had a few empty places so Janet just moved her seating card next to mine.

"Love your dress" we both said at the same time to each other.

We giggled and started talking about our boyfriends some more - although in her case her "boyfriend" was the groom. Nobody else was sitting at our table so we didn't have to whisper the way we did in the church although we still kept our voices down.

"So you really got laid by Fred this morning?" I asked her, making my voice sound like I couldn't believe she had done such a thing.

Actually I thought it was pretty cool as I knew exactly how she must have been feeling. Memories came flooding back of how I recalled the day Steve had gotten married and I sat at his reception with fresh reminders of him inside of me. I knew his marriage wouldn't last and now here I was with him as his girlfriend again.

"I hope you don't think I'm some sort of slut," she said, frowning a bit.

"Oh course I do... we sluts have to stick together you know," I teased her.

That seemed to ease the tension that was starting to build and if anything, opened the floodgates to us each telling the other during the dinner some of my more memorable experiences with the groom and his best man. At times I noticed Janet seemed to be eying me a little closer than her just being friendly would warrant. My mind began to wander, as it seems it does in such situations, and I started to wonder if maybe Janet was interested in more than just my stories and chatting.

Who knows what might have happened had I been there by myself. Instead, Steve eventually made it my way after the dancing started and for the first time that day actually paid a little attention to me. When I came back to the table to get my drink I noticed that Janet was gone without even leaving me a note. Oh well, maybe I'd misread the situation or she just wasn't interested in a one- night fling. Too bad, it might have been fun!

As the night wore on and the open bar flowed, the people began to loosen up. I can't say I'm much of a dancer so when the traditional chicken dance and other ridiculous songs started I stayed off to the side and watched Steve as he made a fool of himself but it was funny and I didn't mind. If anything it endeared me all more to him to watch him get out on the dance floor with everyone and look like an idiot without worrying about what others thought about him.

Now that Janet had gotten my imagination going, it was pretty much stuck in high gear for the rest of the evening. Sometimes it would shift up and down, but I could never entirely keep from having at least few naughty thoughts running around in the back of my head. Seeing Fred as he reached under Mary-Anne's wedding gown for the traditional garter ceremony made me wonder if she was wearing any panties. Undoubtedly so from the looks of her but it didn't stop me from wondering about it all the same. One thing I knew was that when I eventually got married my hubby would be getting a pretty good view of his new wave's crotch when he got under my dress! The thought of exposing myself to my husband in front of both our families, even though they wouldn't know it, was quite erotic.

As the evening wore on the usual events took take - the traditional father-bride and mother-groom dance and so forth. I didn't catch the bouquet which was fine with me. Probably helped that I tried my best to stay away from it! Granted, sometimes when I daydreamed I wondered about me and Steve in the future but I wasn't ready to even think about marriage yet so no sense in setting any expectations.

It was getting late and starting to look like Steve wasn't going to make any moves which made me wonder a little more about him yet again. Heck, wasn't it a pretty solid wedding tradition for the best man to get laid at the reception? OK, so according to strict tradition he's supposed to screw the maid of honor but at this wedding she was married and not all that good looking. Not to mention I wanted him to fuck ME, not some other girl. Hmmmmmm, so it was going to be left up to me I guess if anything was going to happen to make this a more memorable evening.

"I want you to fuck me Steve," I whispered in his ear during one of the slow dance.

He already had his arms around me with both hands planted firmly on my ass - a carefree attitude that was one of the benefits of the more than few drinks he'd been downing. Steve pulled his head back from my shoulder quickly and looked me in the eye as if he hadn't heard me right. "Like NOW? Right here in front of everyone?" he said half-jokingly.

Maybe as drunk as he was getting with a few more drinks he might actually DO such a thing but that really wasn't my intention - although it was an interesting concept.

"I'm serious Steve... I need you to fuck me."

"OK, so you mean like here and now?"

"Well, not HERE silly, but yes NOW!"

Steve looked around as if he thought somebody might be listening to our exchange. Between the loud music and everyone moving around it was highly unlikely but then I guess you never know these days who has their little cameras. Maybe it was the look in my eyes or the way my voice came across as demanding, but for whatever reason he seemed to get the message that I was dead- on serious and indeed, I would have loved to have him do me right here and now.

"OK then, I'm game. So let's go find someplace."

As it turned out, THAT was the most difficult part. The place wasn't all that big and what there was wasn't all that private. The only place that seemed viable was the kitchen as all the food had been catered in so the kitchen hadn't been touched. The only thing that made be second-guess the idea was that it looked pretty dark from the outside and I immediately noted that the double swinging doors didn't even have handles, let alone locks. Oh well, any port in a storm as they say. It would have to do as I wasn't going outside in the miserable heat.

"C'mon, let's go in there," I urged him, pointing at the kitchen.

"Yeah but what if someone walks in on us?"

"So what? I doubt anyone would care, do you?"

Indeed, so what? It wasn't like anybody there knew me and what was the big deal with a couple having sex at a wedding reception. Like, didn't someone ALWAYS get laid at the reception? Assuming that was true, then why not me this time? After all, it's not like this would be the first time I had sex at a wedding - and it had been with Steve at that. Even better, it was at his own wedding and I was NOT the bride.

Although the fluorescent lights were out there enough light streaming in through the door windows that once my eyes adjusted I could still see fairly well. Without wasting any time, we moved over to the left side where the sink was along with a large table with a stainless steel top. As far away from the door as we were, someone would have to come in and deliberately look to the side in order to see us.

OK, so as much as I would love to suck his dick tonight at the same time I wanted to be fucked - badly. So far today I'd masturbated and fantasized plenty but hadn't had a real dick in me. It was sort of hard to believe that I could be on vacation all day with Steve and hadn't been laid once and it was getting closer to midnight with every passing second.

Given this horrible situation I wanted to rectify it as soon as possible. In this case I'd probably been happy had he just stick his dick in me and fucked me without any foreplay. It wasn't like I wasn't wet enough already! In the end, what choice did I really have? It wasn't like I was going to debate it with him or anything so as he stood there with his dick in his hand, I squatted in front of him and grabbed it out of his hand. I spit on it to get it a little wet and started to stroke him slowly. His dick felt so warm and stiff against my palm.

"So you'd rather me suck your dick than the Maid of Honor? Where's your sense of tradition?" I teased Steve.

"That fat cow? C'mon Kelly, give me some credit," he sighed as I worked his cock faster with my hand, "Now as for the bride... THAT would be a different story."

I gave his cock a little jerk at that and he got the message.

"OK, OK, I get it... you don't have to pull it off!" he cried out.

He was probably telling the truth about his desires for the bride but now I wanted him thinking of me so I took him in my mouth and started to suck his erect cock.

Steve sighed as my lips enveloped him, "God I love the way you suck my dick... you've always been a natural you know."

Well, I don't know about being a natural but I sure enjoyed practicing! If it's true that practice makes perfect then by now I should be pretty darn close to being spot-n when it comes to sucking cock.

It didn't take long to get him REALLY erect as he was already more than half-way there by the time I first held his dick in my hand. Mmmmmmm, he tasted so good! I loved the feel of his thick pubic hair against my cheeks as I took his dick down into my mouth and throat. There was nothing like having his cock all the in my mouth with my face pressed against his hairy lower belly.

Steve was getting into it and instead of just standing there letting me do all the work, he had his hands holding my head as he pumped his dick in and out of my mouth like he was fucking me. God, I thought he was going to push it down to my stomach! Now and then instead of just thrusting back and forth he would hold me head into his crotch, his hips quivering as he held his dick down my throat and wiggled my face against the thick pubic hair of his crotch.

"Oh fuck that feels so good!" he moaned and for a moment I was worried he was going to cum.

It wasn't that I didn't want him to cum in my mouth, I was more concerned that he hadn't fucked me properly yet and with all his drinking it would be hit or miss as to whether he could keep his erection once he came the first time. After all, he wasn't that sixteen year-old I use to know that could cum over and over and never go soft.

Then there was the issue of not wanting to stain my dress. Steve had a habit of starting to cum in my mouth and then pulling out and spraying my face with it. This was NOT one of my favorites when it came to his habits but he seemed to love it so I went along so long as he kept it out of my eyes. Unfortunately, guys don't spray cum any more accurately than they pee which means often I would get it in my hair and clothes. The dress I was wearing would show off any bit of cum that might make its way there and as much as that could be sort of cool at times, I didn't think it would go over well tonight.

Pushing against his hairy thighs, I dropped his dick from my mouth and pulled his hands away from my head so I could stand up. I hopped up and sat on the top of the table, feeling the coldness of the stainless steel against my bare butt. When I lifted my skirt, there was just enough light for Steve to see I wasn't wearing anything else under it.

"Wow, you didn't wear panties today?" he asked incredulously.

I shook my head with a grin and he just shook his in turn saying, "You mean all through the wedding and reception you've been dancing and everything without anything on underneath... god you're such a slut!"

The way Steve referred to me as a slut made me grin as I fully realized he meant it as a huge compliment and that he liked it when I acted that way. True, my dress wasn't so short that I'd been in any real danger of exposing myself but then there was always that possibility of a trip or fall where everyone in the room might've had a quick glimpse of my bare pussy - at least enough to answer the question, "Does she shave?" nothing like that had happened of course but the risk was all part of the thrill.

"Well, are you going to fuck me or just stand there staring at my pussy?" I teased him, leaning back on my hands and spreading my legs even further apart for him. My dress was bunched up around my waist leaving me wide open for him.

Just then I heard some voices outside the door. Someone was talking right outside the door but I couldn't make out what they were saying. There was no indication they had any intention of coming into the kitchen or that they had any idea what was going on just a few feet away from them. Still, Steve seemed distracted so I sat up and reached out with one hand to grab his hard dick and pull it towards me.

"Don't worry about them, it's OK... come on and fuck me dammit," I whispered to him.

Now what guy with a full-on erection after just having his cock sucked would turn down such an invitation from a horny girl sitting on the table in front of him with her legs spread apart and her bare pussy beckoning? Well, I know of at least one who wouldn't! Steve took one last look at the door and grabbed his dick with his hand and started to rub the head of his dick up and down my pussy slit. Each time it slid over my sensitive clit it was like someone shocked me with a Taser which seemed just to egg him on all the more to tease me with his dick.

"You want it in you.. don't you?" he whispered in a husky voice that betrayed his own lust.

Steve was teasing me but I knew he wanted it in me just as badly as I did. One thing about a guy, he can't hide his true feelings when his dick is about ready to burst it's so engorged. It was OK, I was willing to play along so long as he didn't waste TOO much time with his little theatrics.

"You know I want it... give it to me... fuck me with that hard dick... fuck me!"

OK, so I was laying it on a little thick but Steve loved it and somehow by saying this and a whole string of others it made me even hornier than I was before.

"Yeah, you've been wanting some of my dick all day... haven't you?" Steve continued.

It was all more to stroke his own ego but it was OK with me. Regardless of his macho talk I could tell he was having a hard time holding back as his dick was starting to press a little into me each time it moved down to my pussy hole. It was like he wanted to push it in me but somehow he was finding the willpower to slide it up one more time. I could have probably just waited him out and sooner or later he wouldn't be able to hold himself back anymore but what was the fun in that?

"God I need it SOOOOO bad... I want it Steve.. give it to me... fuck me with your big hard dick."

During sex every guy likes to hear that he has a big hard dick, regardless of the actual dimensions. Why men are so phobic about dick size I'll never understand but if it helped him fuck me better, what was the harm in massaging the ole' male ego a bit more?

Then without any warning he just shoved it in me. The first thrust got it about Half-way in and he pulled back a bit and pushed again, this time burying himself all the way in me such that the base of his dick pressed up against my bare crotch. He had my legs up with my knees bent over his elbows and as he leaned forward it lifted my butt up off the table as I leaned back on my elbows.

"God I love your pussy!" he groaned as he moved his hips around to rotate his cock inside of me like he was making a cake or something in me. "I love... fucking you."

There was a pause after the "I love" and even as much as I was concentrating on his dick in me I still felt my heart skip a beat. In the few seconds he paused it was like time stood still and a million thoughts poured through my head. Was he going to say it? Was he going to use the "L" word? Then it was like he had second thoughts and finished his sentence more crudely. A felt a little let down but it didn't take much more of Steve's dick to make THAT feeling go away.

"Get down," Steve gasped as he pulled out of me and let my legs down.

On command I slipped off the table and he grabbed me by the hips and twisted me around so I was facing away from him towards the table. His hand pressed against my upper back and I leaned over and held onto the edge of the table as he pulled my hips back so I was leaning over all the more.

"God what a fucking ass!"

Steve was massaging both of my butt cheeks, one with each hand, spreading them apart so he could get a better look at my wet pussy and ass. That didn't last too long though as he soon was back in me again, fucking me from behind as he tugged on my hair to pull my head back like he was riding some horse. The sound of his hips slapping into my bare butt was deafening in the room, or at least that's how it sounded to me but I'm sure nobody could have heard anything outside in the hallway.

I just stood there on my tip toes and let my boyfriend do all the work while I just focused on the wonderful feelings being generated within me by the continuous invasion of my pussy by Steve's hard dick. I reached down with my right hand and started to play with my clit while he fucked me, rubbing myself as best I could with him banging into me with an almost rhythmic cadence. Wow, talk about the perfect wedding...

"Almost there... where do you want it babe?" he groaned as his thrust became harder and more sharp.

They were less a stroking motion now and more like he was trying to ram it through me using a hard sharp thrust followed by a slow withdrawal only to be followed by yet another hard fast thrust.

Turning my head over my shoulder, I replied, "You know better than to ask, you'd damn well better stay in me if you know what's good for you!"

Then it happened, that marvelous moment when that first load of cum first bursts from a man's dick and explodes inside of me like a geyser suddenly erupting. Sure the subsequent eruptions are nice but it's the first one that has the most force and substance.

I tried to imagine what it must look like to have the tip of his dick deep inside of my body while his sperm shot out of the end like a hose suddenly spewing water. With all the jerking and groaning it was hard to actually feel it inside of me but I was sure that there was a sensation of warmth in me that had to be his cum filling me.

Even though I didn't cum myself it was still a wonderful feeling to have Steve do me just as he had done so many times before. For a brief moment I remembered the very first time he'd cum in me back on the day he took my virginity. Eleven years later it was still special.

Steve pulled out and I knew what he wanted. I guess there's something to be said for knowing your partner's whims and I knew after Steve orgasm he LOVED his dick suck and cleaned off. Some guys shied away from it as their dicks seemed overly sensitive and it was too much for them to deal with while other just wanted to get dressed, as if all their sex drive had left them along with their sperm. Steve's dick was one of those that craved attention so I quickly turned around and crouched again in front of him, taking his tasty cock in my mouth and sucking off all the left-over cum that coated it. The mixture of his cum with my pussy juices was intoxicating.

"Oh shit that feels so good," he groaned as I sucked as hard as I could on his dick.

Then I held just the head in my mouth, letting my tongue work its way around it, under the ridge and then over the tip. I was rewarded by one last small burst of cum and then he was done.

Standing up, I kissed him. Again, this was another area where Steve was different from so many men I'd had sex with. I don't know it's a homophobic issue or what, but almost every man who has ever had his cum in my mouth refuses to kiss me later. Do they even know how it tastes or is it just out of principle? In any case, Steve never even said anything about it one way or another, we just kissed as if nothing was different.

"I love it when you fuck me like that," I whispered in his ear. He just hugged me tighter and then we kissed again before finally separating.

Looking around, I didn't see any towels or tissues. The dim light didn't help so as soon as Steve had his pants back up again I told him to turn on the light. Once the kitchen was lit I quickly found a roll of paper towels and pulled off a few sheets. Reaching under my dress, I wiped myself clean as best I could although I knew it would be a while before all of Steve's cum was out of me. Still, it was better than dripping onto my dress the next time I sat down.

I was holding my cum-soaked paper towel in one hand and the roll of towels in the other when the door suddenly opened and in walked some older woman. I had no idea who she was. She looked at me and her face brightened.

"Oh, just what I needed," she said as she walked over to me.

As she did, she finally noticed Steve standing off to the side. She paused, then looked at my other hand and her nose wrinkled. Then suddenly her eyes opened wide and her face reddened as she put two and two together.

"Oh my, I hope I didn't disturb anything," she said, turning to leave.

I called back to her as I tossed the used paper towels into the trash and handed her the roll, telling her everything was fine and she wasn't bothering anyone. She took the towels without a word and left without making eye contact with either of us.

Steve started to laugh. "Do you have any idea who that was?"

I shook my head and he laughed again saying, "That was the pastor's wife. I can only imagine what she'll be telling all the other gossips. Too bad she didn't come in five minutes sooner. Then she would have REALLY had something to tell them."

We turned off the lights and left the kitchen to go back to reception. All in all I have to say today went great. I love weddings!

# 4. The Boat

The next day we all slept in late. Steve woke up especially horny for reason and insisted on fucking me before I could even go to the bathroom or brush my teeth. Whatever he had been dreaming about must have been pretty hot because he woke up with a major hard-on and didn't waste any time sticking it in me. No foreplay whatsoever but fortunately mornings are my natural time of day to be the horniest myself so I was ready for him.

After I'd cleaned up I put on a short cotton robe that hung down just far enough to cover my ass and went down to the kitchen where all the guys were. They were eating cereal and some donuts someone must have bought, breakfast of champions it was not.

"Hey Kelly, we're gonna take the boat out in a bit, do you wanna join us?" Steve called out to me as I approached the table.

Well duh! If there was one thing I LOVED it was to go out on a boat and hopefully I would get to water-ski and show off a little for Steve in front of his friends.

Sitting down on one of the bar stools, I crossed my legs which "accidentally" allowed my thin cotton robe to inch further up my thigh until it was almost all the way up to my ass. Sure nothing was showing that they wouldn't be seeing later when I was wearing a bikini but it still attracted a lot of attention which was fine with me. Indeed, I hoped they all got super horny looking at me until their cocks hurt. The only problem for them was that I wasn't going to putting out for them but then they didn't know that... not yet at least.

After some breakfast I went back to our room and debated which bikini to wear. I'd brought several with as I hadn't been sure who I would be wearing them for. Face it, a girl doesn't wear a bikini for HER, she wears it for other people to SEE her. Depending on who and where that was what guided my decision.

Speaking of choosing bikinis, had I been home on the back deck, I would have probably chosen the type that my dad likes to refer to as "Kelly's Slutty Bikini". Over the years they'd come in various styles and colors but they all had one thing in common - they were all VERY small and they all exposed just about everything. There was no way I could wear something like it to a public pool and my Aunt Shari would've had a stroke had I ever worn it around their pool. Even so, it was the perfect choice when I wanted to show off to someone special like a boyfriend or my dad. As much as I would've loved to see the reaction from Steve's friends had I worn it today, it was entirely too revealing. I don't mean to sound full of myself, but assholes don't deserve to see that much of my skin!

For those times when I was required had to be more subtle and discrete, like at a church picnic or over at my aunt and uncle's house, I had several what I could call "standard" bikinis. The one I'd brought with me was pink for the most part with some white trim and pretty much covered my ass and boobs. There were times when I'd get out of the pool that some readjustment was needed, but overall it wasn't all THAT revealing. It showed more cleavage than anything else but the bottom was really tight such that when I sat down with my legs open it would pull up and reveal a nice camel toe. Usually I crossed my legs when I wore this one though. If I where I could put on a show I wouldn't have been wearing that one in the first place.

Then there were days like today. The bikini I chose was probably the type that I wore the most like when going to a friend's house or a public pool. Unlike most suits, the top didn't have a liner which allowed my darker nipples to show through just enough to make their existence known - as if the nipples poking through weren't enough. What I really liked was that in between the cups was a stainless steel ring rather than the usual material running between. The ring pulled the two cups together but still managed to do a great job of exposing about as much cleavage as I could get away with in public without being arrested. The top then tied being my back which made it all that much easier to take off plus I liked to think that when boys see the strings that they envision pulling on them so my top would fall down. Like I said, bikinis are for the people who watch me!

The bottoms matched the top and similar to the top, the sides were held together by two smaller stainless steel rings. Being my pussy was shaved smooth, it was smaller in front than it would have had to be if I were only trimmed. There were no ties but it didn't take much for them to come off when necessary. If anything, there were time I wished they DID tie as they didn't fit as tightly as they could have around the waist and I always seemed to be pulling them back up as they worked their way down my hips.

Being we would be out on the boat, I pulled my hair back into a single ponytail. Normally I liked to wear a gold ankle chain or something on my wrist but the odds of losing such things in the water were too great to risk. A pair of flip flops rounded out my outfit. I had brought along a beach towel which I draped around my neck and over my front.

"Awwwwww, I'd hoped you'd put on that other bikini," Steve sighed with obvious disappointment when he came in and saw what I was wearing, "you know the one I like... the one I can't hardly tell you're wearing from the back?"

Oh I knew which one he was referring to. I may as well be naked and from behind, I did indeed look that way as the strings were so small and there wasn't any material covering my butt.

"What's the matter, your girlfriend's not showing enough skin for your friends?" I teased him.

"Well, there's not much you aren't showing as it is but it WOULD have been a lot hotter to see you in that other one. God Kelly, you look smokin' hot when you wear it I swear. C'mon, change into that one."

"Well they'll just have to happy with this one," I retorted and then paused before adding, "So are you saying I DON'T look 'smokin' hot' now?"

Steve quickly made a strategic retreat but I wasn't letting him off the hook THAT easily.

"So tell me Steve, just what do you expect from me when I'm with your friends? Am I supposed to dress all slutty for them? Do you want me to suck their dicks and let them fuck me too? Are you my pimp and I'm supposed to be your little whore, like some kind of sex toy for your friends to play with?"

I think I surprised him by being so blunt as for a moment there his expression totally betrayed him. Oh yeah, I knew that was EXACTLY what he wanted but even as horny as he seemed to be right now he knew better than to say that to me.

"God no Kelly, I would NEVER ask you to do that."

Yeah, he might never ASK me but he sure as hell was THINKING it. It wasn't like I was mad at him or anything, just having a little fun. Who knows, maybe under different circumstances I wouldn't mind doing such things for him but not with this group. Maybe it's because they all just seemed to EXPECT it that turned me off. If I was to let them all do me then it wouldn't be a surprise to them, they seemed to think it was a done deal from the way they talked and looked at me. Yet again I wondered a little about Steve. Had he given them the idea that his new girlfriend was going to put out for them? Well, I don't mind being a toy but I have to be in on it and not just used like I was a walking pussy.

In the end I just rolled my eyes and sighed a bit melodramatically as we left to head down to the pier. The others were already there and even as modest as this bikini was (well, not THAT modest as modesty is a relative term) they all couldn't help but give me the once over - more than once.

Ignoring their blatant stares, I checked out the boat as this was the first time I'd gotten a good look at it. I have to say I was impressed. For some reason today it seemed a lot bigger than yesterday when I saw it from a distance with the cover on. I'd been a little concerned that with five adults it was going to be overloaded but we all fit in easily. It didn't hurt that the bow was open for seating with a horseshoe of cushions lining it.

The only thing about the boat that disappointed me was I didn't see any skis. There was a large tube but that seemed to be it so far as toys were concerned. Concerned, I asked Steve about the skis and he passed the question on to Chase who seemed to be the one in charge of the boat. Chase just shook his head and made some snide comment about who skis these days anyway. Oh well, so much for THAT idea. It was a real disappoint as I'd been dreaming about showing off on a slalom ski since Steve first mentioned the boat back in Pittsburgh.

Given the silence, I didn't have to look out to know that the lake was pretty much empty at the moment, at least at the end we were on. I'd seen a map of Thunderbird Lake in the house and saw that it was oddly shaped with several large fingers going down from the main body. We were at the end of one of the outer fingers so I imagined most of the boaters were up at the larger, more open area.

The guys eventually got in the boat and as I followed Ryan tried to give me a hand but I ignored him as if I hadn't seen him and just jumped in on my own. Without saying anything I made my way up to the bow where I claimed the seats to myself.

Chase easily started the engine after which Steve and Phil released the lines and we were off and running. As the boat picked up speed I loved the feel of the wind in my hair, pulled back was with my ponytail flying behind my head like a real tail. I was stretched out on my stomach over the cushions on my elbows so I could see ahead of us, but well aware that I was giving the guys in back a pretty nice view of my bikini-covered ass. No doubt about now Steve was REALLY wishing I'd worn my sluttier bikini. I kept my legs together on the narrow seat so it wasn't like they could see up between them. According to my plans, THAT sort of thing would come later... if at all.

Once out in the middle of the lake, the guys started taking turns on the tube. I have to say, when you're use to riding a slalom ski a tube seems pretty tame but then again, my dad didn't drive our boat the way Chase was abusing this one. I guess it was a macho thing with the four guys egging each other on to see who could stay on the tube the longest despite whatever devilish tricks Chase was doing with the boat. Thank goodness they were only a few other boats out and they stayed well away from us!

When it was Steve's turn I finally sat up and turned around to watch. Leaning back into the niche at the forward part of the seat I put my arms out to each side to stabilize myself and then turned just enough to let me put my left leg up on the seat beside me while bringing my knee up close to me. I put my arm around my calf and pulled it in close to me. Nobody could accuse me of flashing as my bikini did a pretty good job of covering everything between my legs. Even so, without looking down I could feel the bottoms pulling in tight and knew I must have been providing a nice camel-toe for them to enjoy.

Rocking back and forth slightly with the waves, I smiled to myself as I imagined what view they would be having with my sluttier bikini. It was so narrow in the crotch that sitting in a pose like this would've drawn it up deep inside my pussy until it was well out of site. Still, even now Steve couldn't keep his eyes off my crotch as he struggled to adjust the life vest. Chase was trying to look like he was keeping an eye out for boats but it seemed he was mostly concerned with the ones directly behind me for some reason.

Finally Chase took off again with Steve in tow. Seizing the opportunity now with Steve out of the boat, Phil moved up to the bow area with me. He was the first to be brave enough to come into my little lair and I smiled sweetly at him but kept my pose.

"Aren't you gonna tube?" he asked, leaning in close to me so I could hear him over the din of the huge motor.

Shaking my head, I dropped my knee down and held on tight as suddenly we started bouncing over other boat wakes. I almost lost my balance and was heading for the deck when Phil grabbed me and pulled me back up to the seat. In doing so his hands were under my boobs and once I was up again he held on for what most people would've thought to be much longer than necessary as his hands pressed up under my boobs and against them.

"Thanks Phil," I mouthed as the boat shuddered as it crossed one wake after another in Chase's efforts to unseat Steve from the tube. The I couldn't resist leaning over and saying in his ear so nobody else could hear, "I guess you know now that they're real."

Phil actually seemed a little embarrassed as he knew exactly what I was referring to. I really didn't mean that he was checking to see if they were real or not. My boobs aren't all that bad but nobody would waste their money buying a boob job to look like mine! I may fill a regular C cup rather well most of the time but I still wore a B-cup now with certain brands. Sometimes I wore a smaller one to make it look like I filled out a bra totally. Phil knew I was teasing him about how he had pressed his hands up under my boobs. Any harder and he might have pulled my bikini top over them!

Soon Steve had taken a tumble into the water and now the guys were all were encouraging me to take a turn. I really didn't want to go out there the way Chase was driving the boat. I prefer to have fun on the water and not get all bruised up. It wasn't until Chase promised me over and over that he wouldn't be mean to me that I finally relented.

Moving back to the rear of the boat, they had to dig out another life vest as the one they'd been wearing was far too big for me, even with all the straps tightened all the way. Unfortunately, the only other one in the boat was more for kids but I was able to squeeze into it finally although there was quite a gap in the center where it should have pulled together.

Looking down, I realized why they kept staring at my chest. Talk about a Wonder-Bra effect! The life vest was pushing my boobs together and up to create the most marvelous cleavage shot imaginable. God, it looked like my boobs were double D's given the Grand Canyon that the life vest had created between them! The only thing that would've been better would have been to not wear my bikini top at all... which gave me an idea.

"Steve, this is really too tight... I can't do this," I whined, hoping he would catch the hint.

At first it went right over his head as Steve tried to change the straps again but I whined a little more saying, "It's not so much it's tight as it bunches up my top and cuts into my boobs."

Actually it wasn't a complete lie but a little overblown to say the least. The ring in the center, which normally gave it that just barely over-the-top look, WAS cutting in between my boobs a little given the way they were being squeezed in. Sure it wasn't all THAT bad but it provided a perfect excuse for my intentions at the moment. Thankfully Steve FINALLY fell right into the trap I'd laid without even realizing it.

"Well, why don't you take it off while you ski then? The life vest will cover you up."

Ha! I couldn't have said it better myself, which I probably would've had to do if Steve hadn't been thinking like a typical guy. Any excuse to get the girl to take her top off!

Needless to say, none of the other were arguing against it and at first I pretended to be too shy but I realized I wasn't fooling anyone with THAT line so finally I shrugged and took off the jacket. I started to untie the top but then thought better of it and turned around so I was facing the back of the boat. Taking off the top, I clutched my boobs and turned my head back to Steve.

"Steve, help me put the life jacket on before I turn around."

Steve put the jacket against my back and I handed him my top over my shoulder, leaving me temporarily topless but facing away from everyone so at most they got a slight view from the side. Putting my arms through the jacket, I lifted them up so it slid down my arms and onto my shoulders. Once I had the first buckle snapped I turned around and let Steve help do the rest.

"Well, how do I look?" I asked everyone, putting my hands on my hips like I was posing the latest fashion.

"Nice... but would have been better without the jacket," Ryan smirked. Yeah, he was still Asshole #1.

"Hey, that's my girlfriend you're drooling over," Steve said, smacking Ryan on the shoulder playfully. It wasn't like he was protesting all that much if you asked me.

"Well you're fucking her so the least you can do is let us look," Ryan came back. God, the nerve of this guy!

Ryan did a high-five with Phil, as if he'd just made some fantastic comeback. Yep, Assholes #1 and #2. Well, they were sealing up whatever chances they may have had left to do anything more than watch.

"And don't you wish you could too Ryan," I couldn't help but say to him, patting him on the head like my pet dog.

Before things got out of hand I jumped overboard and swam over to the tube. It was a pain getting up onto it and I swore as I pulled myself up and over that I was NOT going to do this again. In doing so I was facing away from the boat so in my scrambling to get into the tube I was confident there were four pair of eyes taking in every inch of my ass and open legs. No doubt a few prayers were being said in hope my life vest would pop off but as tight as it was on me there was little chance of that unless the buckles snapped off.

Finally I was in place and I gave a thumb-sup to Chase who, true to his word, took off gently and gradually built up speed. Even as slow as he was going it was a rough ride as the lake was starting to get busier and the wakes were everywhere. I'd could have chosen to lay flat on my stomach which probably would have been the safest position but instead I was on my knees leaning over to grab the handles. Of course this gave the best possible view down the front of my life vest but as far back as I was there was little chance they would see much more than their imagination.

Kneeling also had the effect of putting my ass up in the air more and as I bounced about my bottoms gradually worked their way down. Of all times for them to be doing THAT again. True, there was never any danger they would slip off entirely but they definitely went down low enough to expose my butt crack and a healthy portion of my ass to whomever we passed by.

Just then I heard the motor surge and to my horror I saw it turn sharply, doing a 180 degree turn. The rope between me and the boat slackened and then as the boat passed me the rope tightened back up again. With a SNAP the tube was pulled around to the opposite direction and I felt the left handle rip from my hand as the tube took off like a rocket, leaving me behind in the dust, so to speak. Well, Chase had just earned his "Asshole #3" full accreditation.

A cry burst from me as I was literally hurled into the water and then dragged by one hand before common sense kicked in and I let go. Unfortunately by then with my bottoms already loose, they were pulled down by the rushing water and off before I realized what was happening. Trying to get my bearings, I was left floating all alone, choking on lake water and feeling quite bottomless all of a sudden. I twisted around, trying to see where my bikini bottoms had gone to but they were nowhere in sight. Crap, they must have sunk and now I was out an expensive bikini.

As the boat turned and approached, I could hear everyone's laughter, Steve included. Then it finally struck me that not only had I lost half of an expensive bikini, but I had to deal with four guys who so far had no idea what the situation was. The lake water was brown and you couldn't see more than a couple of inches below the surface so they had no idea I was floating there stark naked except for my life vest.

C'mon Kelly, swim over here and get in," Steve called out to me.

"You asshole!" I yelled at Chase.

He just shrugged as if it wasn't his fault but I knew better. The jerk couldn't resist the temptation to take advantage of my trust. Well, if I couldn't trust him to even pull me on a tube, why would I trust him enough to such his dick? Of course, on second thought HE would have to trust ME to put his dick in my mouth between my teeth! Maybe that wasn't such a bad idea after all... NOT!

Steve called to me again and I shook my head. He looked at me, obviously wondering why I was having such problems getting back in the boat.

"Tell your friends not to look."

Steve cocked his head and if anything, the other guys were now looking all the more. I guess it's sort of like saying don't touch the paint, it just makes people want to do it all the more.

"I'm having... problems," I said in a terse voice, "I lost something when your jerk of a friend took off like a bat out of hell and dragged me in the water."

"Oh? What did you lose?" Steve asked, missing the obvious.

I just cocked my head and frowned. Finally it dawned on him. Like, how many things did I have with me to lose in the first place?

"Hey that's cool, you made her lose her bottoms," Phil said to Chase, "Nice job bro!"

"Not funny... not you guys just turn around and don't you dare look!"

Like lost puppies, the three of them dutifully turned away as Steve put out the ladder and helped me up. Trying to climb the ladder as Steve pulled up on the back of the vest, I was acutely aware of my bare ass as it came out of the water for all the world to see. There weren't any boats nearby and the shore was far enough away that someone would have needed binoculars to see me, but I still felt exposed at the same time.

I was just pulling one leg over the transom when I heard, "Now THAT'S what I call a nice piece of ass!"

I had my head down then as I as pulling myself up and over the side but this made me pause to look up and sure enough, the three stooges had turned around and were taking in all they could while they had the chance.

"You asshole, I said not to look!" I practically spit out, trying to make them think I was madder than a hornet's nest.

Of course I'd known all along that they would be looking - what guy wouldn't under the circumstances? It was a chance to let them think they had "accidentally" see my bare ass and pussy without me appearing to be letting them get away with anything.

Steve didn't say a word. If anything, he looked prouder than peacock as I stood up and reached for a towel to wrap around me. Steve started to unsnap the buckles but before he could take the vest off of me I turned away from the guys so they wouldn't think I was trying to let them see my boobs. Of course, I was only twisted a little so they must have gotten quite a peek but again, it wasn't as if I was telling them it was OK to look at me.

That left me with my bikini top and a towel around my waist for an outfit. Another time and place and I wouldn't have bothered with the towel but it was necessary at this point of the game. Hopefully they'd all seen enough that later when we got back they'd be masturbating about me before they went to bed. It probably wouldn't hurt if I was a little louder tonight when Steve fucked me!

## 5. Tubing

The next morning was pretty much a repeat of the previous. Steve woke up horny as usual and needed a quickie, followed by breakfast with the guys only this time I had to endure a series of jokes about my bare ass and tight life vests. Of course I acted as if they all offended me but at the same time I had a suspicion that they'd gone to bed last night with the image of my bare crotch burned in their brains as they jerked off about being in Steve's place.

This was to be our last day as we needed to travel back tomorrow for Steve's job. He was still new at the company so he didn't want to push it and thought if he showed up a day or two early it might make a good impression on his boss. I had other ideas about he could make a good impression on his boss, or at least how I could. Hmmm, maybe something to talk about when we got home.

Steve handed me a small brochure and asked me if I was interested in spending a day on a tube. Before I looked at the brochure, images of my tube ride the day before flashed through my head and I shook my head vigorously.

"Noooooo, I mean tubing down a river... see?" he explained, pointing to the front of the brochure.

The other guys all suddenly perked up but Steve motioned for them to back off, telling them that this was just for him and me. They all seemed disappointed and in a way, so was I as I had assumed that today I would REALLY tease them. All sorts of scenarios had been running through my head and I was wondering just how far I would go to tease them. I'd even considered fondling them until they begged me to suck their dicks and then turn them away! Yep, after yesterday the gloves were going to be coming off. If they thought I was a cock teaser now, they would REALLY think so after what I had been planning but now it looked like Steve had other ideas.

What could I say as Steve seemed set on it so once again I had to pick out another bikini. It was a good thing I'd brought extras along after losing my bottoms the day before in the lake. The one I chose wasn't nearly as bright as the pink one, being almost jet black. The top for this one didn't have straps and was more like a tube top than a traditional bikini top. That meant there was no cleavage this time but at the same time it was cut so low and tight that my dad had once marveled at how it managed to stay on me! Well, with him around it usually didn't stay on for long anyway so the point was moot.

As for the bottoms, they were cut totally different than the ones I'd lost yesterday. These had very high hips and came down at sharp angles to my crotch. The back was cut more like a thong than a bikini but with just enough material that it didn't disappear between my ass cheeks the way a good thong does. All in all, it gave me a totally different look. Yesterday wasn't the right time to wear it in front of the three assholes but today would have been OK after yesterday's little show I gave them. Just upping the ante a little...

We had to drive into a nearby town to get to the rental place so I threw on some loose gym shorts so I wouldn't be bare bottomed on the seat. As hot as it was out, I didn't want to burn my bare butt on the hot leather! It also had the effect of hiding what I was wearing from the other guys. I'm sure they had to be wondering as we left what I was wearing that I needed to cover myself with shorts.

The little town of Hardy was about a fifteen or twenty minute drive. We'd passed through it on our way in but it was late then and dark so everything had been closed. It seemed a little dirty to me for a tourist town but there were still a few cars lining the streets filled with tourists. The rental place was up behind a MacDonald's in a log building. It would've been hard to miss the monster sign outside in front of the building or the run-down van towing a trailer of canoes.

Steve parked in the gravel lot behind the place and as I got out, I saw other girls there with their guys. I noticed that several of them had on bikinis as revealing or more than mine. Not wanting to be totally outdone, I slipped off my shorts and pulled up on the sides, drawing the bottoms tight into my crotch. It's fun to show off for guys but when it came to girls, it's more like a Roman gladiator match. Guys might look at girls in bikinis but it's nothing like how girls look at other girls. The main difference is that while guys are looking and imagining taking off the bikini and who knows what all else, girls are judging and analyzing every fault and extra ounce of fat that the bikini reveals.

Once inside, we waited while the first group made their decisions and paid. It looked like a bunch of college kids with four guys and four girls. All four of the girls were in revealing bikinis although only two of them should've been. While two of them were amazing, their wannabe friends should have been a little more discreet. The third wasn't all that bad, nothing ten pound off wouldn't have cured, but the fourth was a complete disaster. Her boobs were huge and saggy and it looked like her poor bikini top was going to burst out at any moment. Her fat ass was WAY too big for her bottoms and her stomach almost hid the front of the bikini as is it sagged down and over it. A large t-shirt to her knees would have been far more appropriate but then SHE was the one who had to endure the looks and comments so who was I to say anything?

I was towards the back of the store looking at the souvenirs and such when I felt Steve behind me. I mean that literally - I FELT him behind me as he put his arms around me and planted his hands over my boobs, squeezing them playfully.

"Steve! Someone will see." I whispered over my shoulder.

At the same time I wasn't exactly pushing his hands away, something Steve took notice of as he got bolder and started to lift the top up and over my boobs.

"You're such a naughty boy," I said softly, my tone hopefully reflecting the fact that I was glad that he WAS. In fact, the naughtier the better as far as I was concerned.

"And you're a naughty slut," he whispered, his hot breath in my ear as he massaged my now exposed boobs.

I quickly look up but didn't see a security camera. Oh well, you can't have everything!

We were effectively hidden from the group at the counter although had someone come in the door and turned to the side they would've gotten a pretty good view of us. I was starting to get horny and thoughts of blowing him right then and there with all the others just a couple of aisles away began to go through my head. No doubt I would've acted on those ideas has not they concluded the sale and the woman at the counter called back asking if we needed help.

The others started to walk out the door just as I was straightening out my top. Although they didn't see anything I had no doubt they knew exactly what had been going on. They all had that look that said they hadn't been virgins for quite some time. What made me smile was that the guys all smiled while the girls just pretended not to notice - a sure sign that they had.

Steve discussed the various float option strip with the woman while I just leaned over the counter and listened. She seemed to be about sixty years old but that didn't stop her from trying to look twenty. Really, there comes a time when a tight bikini top just doesn't look sexy anymore! The bird or whatever it was tattooed on her left boob should have been out of sight if you ask me.

The woman warned Steve that it was going to be VERY hot today (god, like it wasn't already?) and that the water levels were lower than usual for this time of year thanks to the drought. As a result, Steve chose one of the shorter routes that would end not far from where we were now. She estimated it would take about two hours for us to complete the run which seemed more than enough to me to spend sitting in a silly inner tube with my poor ass bouncing off rocks.

The others must have taking the kayaks as the van was gone when we were back outside. Some acne-covered teenager pulled up in another beat-up old van with a couple of tubes stuffed in the back and motioned for us to get in. Ewwwww, it was filthy and I was tempted to run back and get my shorts before sitting on the grimy seat but the guy seemed to be in a hurry so I gingerly sat down. Of course the van had no air-conditioning other than the windows being rolled down so I was already sweaty hot by the time we got to the drop-off point. It didn't help that the road wasn't paved and the dust had filled the van, leaving me coughing and rubbing my eyes.

As I got out I noticed that we were below some old dam near an area where the water pooled to the side of the main waterway. The zit kid helped me with my tube while Steve grabbed his. They both tossed them in the water and I started to walk in gingerly when I froze - literally. Damn it was cold!

The kid just laughed at my reaction and informed us for the first time that all the water came from a spring a few miles north of use that was a steady 57 degrees year-round when it came out. Hence the name of the river - the Spring River. Well, even as blistering hot as the sun was, the water hadn't warmed up all that much by the time it got here!

Damn, this was like some stupid winter polar bear swim. What happened to the nice warm lake water? This was really ridiculous but Steve somehow seemed impervious to the cold and quickly flopped down in the middle of his tube. He motioned to me, encouraging me to get in while trying to convince me it wouldn't be so bad once I got used to it. Yeah, and the tax guy is here to help you.

It took a while but I was finally sitting in the water in the middle of my tube, goose bumps and all. If nothing else, my nipples were now like little mountain peaks poking through my top. I pushed off a rock with my feet and we started our slow trek down the river. Emphasis on the SLOW. We had to pass by some fishermen to get to the main part of the river and they didn't seem all too happy at first at being disturbed but I smiled and waved at them and they didn't seem to mind so much after that.

What's more boring - watching grass grow or tubing down a slow freezing cold river? The sun was blaring and as good a tan as I had I was getting this bad feeling about it. It wasn't like we'd brought anything with us other than the tubes and our swim suits. As I floated next to Steve we chatted about this and that, nothing serious. In a way, this wasn't so bad as we rarely got a chance to talk like this. Usually sooner or later one of us would get horny and then one thing would lead to another and next thing I knew we wouldn't be talking anymore.

Surprisingly, for most of the trip we were by ourselves. Maybe it was the heat of the sun that kept sane people from doing this sort of thing. Sometimes we passed by homes but even then generally nobody was out and about, at least not on the river side. A couple of the campgrounds we passed seemed pretty busy but people were usually fishing so we tried to stay on the far side as much as possible so as not to get in their way or get snagged.

We must have been about half-way done when Steve turned the conversation to yesterday's boating affair. Like a guy, he seemed particularly enamored with me losing my bottoms.

"You know Kelly, I didn't even realize that you were bare-ass until you said something," he pointed out.

"Well I certainly did," I replied rather sternly, then lightened up and grinned saying, "So did it turn you on for your friends to see me naked?"

Steve laid his head back and sighed, "God you know it, I loved it. Seeing them look at you that way and knowing I was the one getting to screw you later... it was perfect."

"It WAS kinda cool floating out there without anything on down there but nobody knowing it," I said rather absentmindedly. As I was saying those words a thought came to my head and I grinned to myself. Maybe this trip didn't have to be so boring after all!

"What in the world are you doing now?" Steve asked as I started to squirm in my tube.

I almost fell through the middle as I reached under and worked my bottoms off my hips and then up to my thighs in plain sight. Steve saw my bikini bottoms and then just stared as I pushed them off my feet and held them in my hand.

"There... now THAT is so much better," I sighed as if they had been the bulkiest and heaviest thing I could have worn.

In reality, there wasn't a hell of a lot of difference between how I was now and before except for a couple of square inches of strategically placed material.

"You know, you are really something else," Steve said, shaking his head as yet again he couldn't believe what I was doing.

It was the same look he had given back when I was masturbating for the truckers on the trip down.

"But you love it and you know it," I teased him. Then I held my bottoms over my Head, twirling them like a little flag and turned to him. "Here, now don't you dare drop them!"

He almost missed them as I flipped them over to him but thankfully he grabbed them out of the air with one hand and then held them up to his nose. I know a lot of guys make stupid fish jokes when talking about pussies but this time they probably DID smell like fish!

"Pervert," I teased him.

Steve just shrugged and tucked them into the front of his shorts. At least he wouldn't lose them. We didn't even have a towel with us so it would've been pretty interesting to try to get out of the water bottomless in the middle of town.

Like I said, physically there wasn't a lot of difference after handing over my bikini bottoms to Steve, but psychologically it made all the difference in the world. When I wore a thing I may as well be bare ass, at least from behind, yet somehow that was ok at most places so long as I wore something. With my butt hanging down in the cool water I was showing off as much to the fish as I was before but now I was bottomless, naked, nude, whatever else you wanted to call it. I couldn't just stand up because people would notice in front I wasn't wearing anything.

"Now you take yours off," I taunted him. Steve just shook his head. No way was he going to do that! Sure, it was OK for a girl to expose herself but not a guy. Didn't seem quite fair...

"I've got a better idea," he said slowly, as if he was trying to warm me up to the idea, "Toss me your top."

My initial reaction was a big "no way"! It was one thing to be floating along with people watching me without my bottoms on so long as my ass was underwater or at least hidden by the tube. While I was fully aware of the state I was in - they didn't. The fun for was in knowing they didn't know and to think about what they would say if they DID know. But still, they didn't know.

That said, going topless would be a lot harder to hide, especially since I had nothing else with me, not even a towel. All I needed was some overzealous cop waiting for us at the next bridge to arrest me for public indecency. Some people simply have no sense of humor.

"Oh come on Kelly... it's not like I can't see most of your tits now anyway," he pleased with me like a little boy begging for his mother to give him a treat.

Steve was right in that without any straps and as low as it hung on my boobs, when I was hunkered down in the middle of the big tube my chest was almost entirely covered by the dark river water such that someone couldn't see my top hardly at all unless I pulled myself up a little. I thought about it some more as Steve kept on about how much wanting me to do it and how chicken I was. Yeah, like who was the one who was half-naked already? HE wasn't going to be the one floating down past who knows who stark naked!

"Oh alright," I finally sighed, pretending I was giving in under great duress.

In reality, the idea excited me. It was sort of like when I stand in my living room during the day naked and look out at the people going by. I know with the way the light reflects off the living room window that they can't see me inside but I still get a kick out of standing there nude virtually right in front of them.

As it turned out, this was a little harder than with my bottoms. My other bikini would have been easier since it tied in back and I could have just undone the ties and slipped it off. This one was all one piece so I had to get pull it up and over my head. In the process of doing so it was almost impossible not to fully expose my boobs for a few seconds. Still, there was nobody in sight at the moment and it was only a brief moment of exposure before Steve had my top tucked in his shorts along with my bottoms.

For better or worse I was now completely at his mercy, floating totally naked down the river in full view of everyone on shore and floating by us with just the tube to hide me while he was responsible for not losing my bikini. There really wasn't any choice as all I could have done was hold onto it and surely at some point I would have slipped and dropped them.

Looking down, I noticed that if anything my boobs showed more now than they did with the top on. The black material had blended in with the dark river water like camouflage. Now my lighter colored breasts stood out in stark contrast to the colored river water but at least my nipples were underwater. That is, most of the time they were. When we were away from civilization and nobody else was near I would pull myself up in the tube so my boobs were visible to Steve. I knew he was dying for me to do that and I loved the way he looked at me - or at least my chest.

"You know, you really look so damn hot like that," he said one time when I practically was sitting up on the edge of the tube. "God.. imagine if some kid was looking through the trees right now at you... he'd be wacking it like crazy!"

Indeed it felt sorta naughty to be sitting there with just my legs dangling in the center of the tube, totally naked should anyone be looking through the woods on either side. I didn't dare stay like that for long as people were always coming by in canoes and kayaks or fishing in some unexpected pace along the river but still it was an erotic feeling.

The idea of some secretly watching me expose myself and getting off made me feel all the more horny. Unlike Steve, I preferred to imagine some older teenager or college boy rather than a boy but hey, whatever gets you off I guess. I looked over at Steve and wondered how he was doing down in that department. Given as cold as the water was could he even get it up? Probably not or no doubt he would've been showing it off by now.

There was the sound of a splash just around the corner ahead of us and I slipped back under the water just in time as we started to float by a campground with what looked to be some kind of kids camp in progress. There must have been fifty or more rug-rats along with at least a dozen teenagers and a few adults. None of them paid us any real attention, no doubt seeing us as no different than the hundreds of other people that probably passed by each day. Still, my pussy tingled a little as I wondered how many of those people had been nude when they passed by. Not many I would have bet.

At one point we passed under a low bridge. The water was pretty wide and shallow and there were some rocks in the middle. As we passed by, Steve stood up in his tube, the water only coming up to his knees. His head barely cleared the beams of the bridge. Wow, I hadn't realized the water was THAT shallow. Good thing there hadn't been anything to bruise my ass!

"Let's take a break," he groaned, "I can't sit like that forever.

Well, it was fine for him to stand up, he had his shorts on. So what did he expect ME to do? At first I held onto the rock and stayed inside the tube. Steve saw that I wasn't getting up and finally it dawned on him why.

"Oh Kelly, get up! Who's gonna see you? There's nobody in either direction for like forever and the bridge hides us from everyone else."

"Easy for you to say, you got your clothes on!"

"So what? Nobody wants to see a naked guy anyway but I doubt anyone would complain getting a good look at you."

"Oh, like the parents in that last group that went by would've been pleased for their little kids to see a naked woman?"

"Well, maybe not the mom but I bet daddy sure would have."

Spoken just like a guy. Then again, odds were he was right. Still, I needed to be a little careful so I checked both directions. This stretch was pretty straight with the bridge towards the end before the next curve so there should be plenty of warning that someone was coming before they got too close to realize what was going on.

"Oh what the hell," I mumbled, as if I was doing this only to please him. Well, maybe that was partly the reason but it made me tingle a little to stand up inside the tube and feel the warmth of the air against my naked body.

A car passed overhead and nearly scared me to death, followed by more. It must have been a busy highway and I grinned as I wondered what the drivers would say if they knew what was going on right below them.

Steve was stretching, his muscular arms reaching high over his head until they practically touched the road bed above him. I could see my bikini poking out over the top of his shorts. Thank goodness he hadn't lost them! His soaking wet shorts clung to him, nicely outlining his manhood. Mmmmmmm, it was hard to be there naked while my favorite part of him was hiding away from me.

"You know, it's not really fair that I'm here naked and you have your shorts on."

"Well, life ain't fair, is it."

Smart ass! Well, I wasn't going to leave it at that.

"Hey, you wanna get laid tonight or not?"

Steve looked at me a little narrow-eyed. "Is that supposed to be some kind of threat?"

"No... a promise."

"So you're saying that if I don't take my shorts off you, you're holding out on me tonight?" Steve laughed, which sort of surprised me until he said, "Yeah, like YOU of all people can so no to sex. You'll be begging for it by midnight."

"There's always Phil... he'd fuck me in a heartbeat and you know it."

There was something in my voice that made Steve have second thoughts. It was all bluff on my part - all of it. First, he was right about me not being able to say no. After everything today, I was going to need to get laid BAD tonight. Heck, I wanted it right NOW for that matter. Second, there was no way in hell that I would EVER let that asshole Phil fuck me but Steve didn't have to know that.

"Screw it then, you win."

To my surprise, Steve started to undo his shorts. I gasped as he forgot about my bikini until it started to fall but thankfully he grabbed both parts before they were lost, his shorts falling to his knees as he did. He laid the bikini on the rocks and then stepped out of his shorts, placing them next to my bikini.

"There, happy now?" he said, stretching his arms straight out to each side to show off his nudity.

To be honest, I hadn't thought he would go through with it. There were times when I could goad Steve into doing all sorts of crazy things in public, but I also knew that he was more worried about it than I was, even though he tried to put on a nonchalant air. Oh sure he loved it when I was the one stripping in public, but when it came to HIM being nude, unless it was to have sex with me he pretty much had some sort of phobia about it.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT is MUCH better," I said, licking my lips like a hungry lioness. With his public hair matted down by the water, it just made his dick look all the bigger. He was fairly flaccid now but I knew it wouldn't take much to bring it back to life.

"I want you to fuck me Steve."

The words came tumbling out of my mouth before I even realized what I was saying. It was a spontaneous thing, like my inner desires just took control and made me say it without even knowing I was doing it. Steve seemed to be just as shocked as I was.

"OK, this time you've GOT to be kidding," he protested. "It's been long enough now as it is, someone is sure to be coming along soon."

Well, since I'd broken the ice so why not go for it?

"I don't care, I just want your dick in me now, even if just for a little bit. C'mon, you know you've been wanting to do me since I took my bottoms off."

Steve grinned replying, "That's not exactly true... I've been wanting to that since I saw you in that bikini!"

All the while he was stroking himself so I knew that no matter what bluster he might be giving me now, he wanted it just as much as I did. Indeed, it was like someone had an air hose attached to him as his cock swelled up as fast as I'd ever seen it grow.

"See... you want it so get over her and let's hurry up," I said, keeping a close eye upstream the whole time.

Actually it was the logistics, not the will, that proved to be the problem. We didn't dare lose the tubes yet it was impossible to get anything done standing in them. It was like having a giant pneumatic chastity belt on! Steve positioned his tube on the rocks until it seemed stable and then he moved over to me. I wasn't sure what he was going to do until he stepped inside the tube with me, standing behind me. I could feel his now erect dick poking me in the back. I don't know why, but there's something about a hard dick poking against me that makes me shiver every time! It really doesn't matter WHERE, just that it does.

"OK... now lean over and grab the rock," he said as I felt his dick starting to poke me lower, searching for the Holy Grail - my pussy.

Steve wasn't wasting any time. No sooner was I bent over than I felt the head of his dick sliding down my ass and then before I could even think about it he was in me.

"See, I knew you wanted it," I teased him as he started stroking in and out of me.

"I can't fuckin' believe you talked me into doing this. This is crazy."

"Oh give me a break Steve, I know why you stopped under the bridge - and it wasn't to stretch!"

His silence confirmed my theory. Just then it was like one car after another rolled over us. I don't know why, but it just made it all the better to listen to all the people right above us while Steve was doing me.

"Oh shit, I knew it!" Steve gasped, pulling out of me and jumping out of the tube, leaving me bent over with an unsatisfied pussy.

I looked upstream and it was like a flotilla was heading our way. Well, make that at least five or six canoes or kayaks. They were faster than tubes so we only had a couple of minutes before they got close enough to see us with any detail.

Steve grabbed his shorts and tossed my bikini to me. In his hurry he almost missed me but I just managed to grasp the bottoms before they headed for the river. Steve had his shorts on in a flash while I hesitated and then just got back down in my tube, holding one part of the bikini in each hand. I pushed off from the rock with my feet as we started to float slowly down the river again. Steve was soon right beside me.

"You little slut; you really do like being naked when people go by, don't you?"

I shrugged my shoulders as if to say, "Of course!" A few minutes later the party went by us. It was a couple of families out for a vacation ride. Moms were with the daughters and dads with the sons in their own canoes making it six in all as there must have been an extra couple of boys somewhere in the mix. All the kids looked to be in the six to twelve range and none of them gave me a second look as they paddled by. They all had deep red sunburns and looked more ready to just get to the end than worry about a couple of people floating along in the river.

I waved hello and the mothers waved back. The dads, probably worried more that their wives would wonder if they got too friendly with some girl in the water just looked instead, which was fine by me. The water covered me just to the top of my breasts, leaving just a little cleavage. It was just on that fine line where it was hard to tell if I was wearing a low-cut swim suit or nothing at all. If any of them wondered, they certainly didn't ask but I liked the way one dad in particular kept looking down at my chest. Hmmm, too bad he wasn't canoeing by himself. Things might have gotten more interesting!

After they passed we turned the next corner and it was like the whole world changed and we were back in Hardy. The take-out point was only a hundred yards away so I worked my way under the tube and tried to put on my bikini without making it look like I was putting on my bikini. Steve was watching me whole time grinning.

"At least you kept your bottoms today," he teased me.

I playfully splashed him a little as we stepped out of the water and handed our tubes to some kid with a bald haircut. We all got into a bus that took us a few blacks back to where we were parked and soon we were on our way back to the house.

"So... do I get laid tonight?" Steve teased me as he drove along.

He didn't have to wait until tonight...

Did I say I love weddings?

# (Jul 04) Chapter 215: A Family Reunited

Story codes: MF MFFF FF F-solo inc father mother daughter cousins
Me (25)
John - my dad (45)
Mary - my mom (44)
Aunt Linda (42)
Kristen - cousin (23)

Once again it was the Fourth of July, a day filled with tradition and memories. Unfortunately, this was also the day when my mom's absence was felt the most. Would we ever be reunited as a family again?

## 1. My Parents' Marital Problems

For most of my life I've told people (OK, so I bragged a bit as well) that my parents had the most wonderful marriage imaginable and in my heart I believed every word of it. How could I not? They had been inseparable since they were high school sweethearts and each of them obviously loved the pother totally and completely. They were the model of the perfect marriage so far as I was concerned and I wanted nothing more than to someday meet a man and have marriage even half as good as theirs.

The foundation of my parent's marriage was the total trust my parents placed in each another. Whether it was the check book, a car fender bender, or whatever, they never kept any serious secrets from one another. Mom and dad took their wedding vows EXTREMELY seriously, especially the one about "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery." Indeed, adultery was something neither of them ever even thought about seriously, let alone take part in.

It's an important point to make because in some ways, it was their commitment to their marriage that eventually broke it apart. Going twenty five years having sex with the same people is quite an accomplishment when you look at today's society. Of course, one thing my parents had going of them that most marriages don't was that while they didn't believe in sex outside of marriage, they

DID believe in incest assuming it was properly done. It was sort of like alcohol – there's nothing wrong with drinking so long as it is done responsibly.

It was same with incest so far as my parents were concerned and given their background, it's not that hard to understand. My mother had been raised by an incestuous father who took the virginity of both his daughters although her mom stayed out of it. Although my dad was not raised in an incestuous family, he was quickly was on board with the concept after he met my mom and her younger sister even though he didn't know about their dad and them until much later.

The key is that my parents taught me that incestual sex was NOT adultery. In their eyes, sex within the marriage family was sex within marriage. This sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and cousins were all fair game without breaking their marriage vows. In reality, there is a limited number of such relationships in our family tree but it certainly helped to relieve the strain that some marriage have where sex is confined to just the husband and wife. For instance, my dad dated both my mom and her sister in high school so it made it much easier for him to continue having sex with both of them after marriage than it would have been had he been forced to cut things off between him and his sister-in-law...

As much as I like to brag about them, my parents aren't perfect but it's those times when people fail and how we respond to them that defines who we really are. For instance, there have been two cases where my dad has had sex outside of marriage which technically qualified as adultery. Interestingly they both involved the best friends of his wife and daughter which made it different than had he gone out and had sex with some old girlfriend or a secretary at work. In each case the person was so close to our family that for all practical purposes they WERE family, at least that is how my dad rationalized it. Perhaps I should've seen the warning signs back then but it's hard to see such things when you're so closely involved yourself.

Indeed, looking back there were obvious signs of impending problems over the years that either I failed to see or perhaps chose to ignore. I guess I was so convinced that my parents' marriage was so perfect that I couldn't allow myself to acknowledge anything that would contradict my views.

In every marriage there are gives and takes and nobody is perfect so again, don't think that I thought my parents were some sort of aliens that committed no wrongs. My mom WAS a perfectionist and she could be pretty downright anal about things at times – well, make that a lot of the time. Our house was always ready for a Martha Stewart inspection and she could be counted on to be dressed perfectly for

beloved teaching position. I think at that period I was at about the lowest point in my life. No job, no family, no boyfriend.

One of my first reactions was to take down the web site and never have anything to do with it again. I know I made a lot of people anxious at the time and so finally I decided to start it up again. Although I never had said much about my mom in the past, I couldn't just completely ignore the new situation so I made up a story about her being killed in a car accident. I felt bad about lying to people but at least it got her out of the picture quickly and I didn't have to say much about her.

When my parents split they didn't tell me all the reasons, just that they were doing it and it was between the two of them and had absolutely nothing to do with me. I guess technically that could be taken as true but that would be a bit misleading. It may not have been me personally that was an issue, but it was problems regarding my dad and his daughter that did. It wasn't for almost a year and a half later that my father finally told me more details - at least the ones he wanted to tell me and from his point of view at that. Even so I was dumbfounded and for a while things were very tense between us.

My dad and I eventually made up of course, I love him too much to stay mad at him for very long no matter what, but our relationship has never been quite the same since. In some ways that's a good thing as I think it is a more mature relationship. I now understand my father much better than I ever have and while some things about him are hard to deal with, at least there are no more secrets.

Still, it was now July of 2010 and I still hadn't heard anything from my mother, not even an e-mail, twitter or text message. My Aunt Linda told me that she knew my mom was staying near her best friend Tammy out on the west coast but she claimed that it was all she knew - or at least she said she knew.

The night before all this took place I'd had a great time with my boyfriend Steve, reliving a silly prank that we'd done way back when we dated as teenagers. I had come home in a great mood only to remember that the next day was the 4th of July which immediately soured everything. You see, the 4th has some special meanings to me and with my mom gone, it was like a stab in the heart just to think about it.

When I left for college the first year it was traumatic for everyone. Selfishly, I thought I was the only one having a hard time dealing with the lack of sex at an extremely strict Christian college. What I didn't realize how just difficult it was for my father not having me at home. Even when I DID find out, I didn't realize the full

# 2. Carrying on the Tradition

I woke up the next morning in my bed with that usual feeling in me. Part of it was the need to use the bathroom but most of it was just plain horniness. For someone who has never claimed to be a "morning person", it's weird that the one time of day when I'm always the most natural horny is when I wake up. I hate about anything else in the early morning but sex is the one thing I seem to crave. Go figure...

When I lived at home my dad use to take advantage of my little quirk and his favorite thing was to come to my bedroom while I was still asleep and have a little fun with me to get himself off before he went to work. Sometimes he would just masturbate and cum on me so that when I woke up later I had a reminder of him all over me. Other times he would push his dick against my lips until my natural female instincts took over and I sucked him even though I was still mostly asleep.

Then there were the times when he was really horny and he would try to fuck me without waking me. No the last thing was normally not something he got away with unless I was especially tired from the night before but I had to say it was my favorite when he was successful. There's something unique about waking up with a dick already in you - especially when it's your father's.

Not surprisingly my first instinct was to put my hand between my legs and take care of the "problem" that was most pressing at the moment. Then I started to gather my senses and suddenly my hand froze in place. Then I pulled it back hurriedly. Oh god, it was that day. It was the 4th of July.

Suddenly feeling totally "un-horny", I went off to the bathroom, showered and threw on a t-shirt before going to the kitchen to grab some milk and cereal for breakfast. I was reading the news on my iPad when my cousin Kristen came bouncing down the stairs from her bedroom to join me. As usual, she hadn't bothered with a T-shirt, or anything else for that matter. It wasn't that she was a nudist so much as she was just lazy in the morning! She look great nude but still, as my mom always said, there's a time and place for everything so why she found it necessary to be nude at breakfast with me was a question she never answered.

That last thought about what my mom had said stunned me and I suddenly lost my appetite. Kristen must have noticed something was wrong.

"Hey, what's the problem cuz? Didn't get laid by Steve last night?"

Ha! If she only knew. Well, she would as I would tell her all about it at some point but I wasn't into that sort of thing at the moment. I just shook my head and stared at my iPad. Kristen poured herself some cereal and sat down across the table from and started to eat.

"So what time are we supposed to go over to their house today?" she asked. I was more like she was just trying to make conversation than anything else.

"Oh I don't know for sure, maybe around noon I guess for lunch," I said rather morosely.

"Hey, it looks great out so it should be fun today. What's with you anyway?" she pestered me. I just looked at her with a "you've got to be kidding" expression and the light bulb suddenly lit over her head. With Kristen it may have been rather low wattage but it at least was lit.

"Ohhhhhh, I get it, it's your mom, isn't it?"

"Like DUH, you think?"

"Hey, don't yell at me. I was just trying to be sociable." With that she sulked off to her room, leaving me to drown in my self-pity.

My iPhone buzzed and I saw it was Steve calling me. At first I didn't want to answer. It wasn't anything to do with him, I just I didn't want to talk to anyone right then. Still, he knew my phone was always with me so I couldn't just ignore him, especially after last night!

Steve and I talked for the next half hour or so. He sounded horny and I could tell he was trying to get me to do a little phone sex but I just wasn't in the mood. He asked if I was interested in getting together today since he had the day off work. I reminded him for the umpteenth time that I was spending the day with my family. I got the distinct feeling he knew that and he was just fishing for an invitation but that wasn't about to happen, not given what I knew would be happening before the day was over.

To the best of my knowledge Steve had no idea about my family's incestual tendencies and if he did, he wasn't giving any indication. For the time being at least, I wanted it to stay that way. It wasn't that I was embarrassed about it, I just wasn't sure how he felt about the whole incest thing. Sure there that one time back when we dated as teens where he and his mother did it but that was a one-time thing so far as I knew. His sister Sharon had the hots for sure for her brother but he never showed any interest in her that way - just her friends. With all that AND my issue with my mom, it just wasn't a good day for him to be with me and my family.

In the end I promised to make it up to him and he seemed to accept that as he knew what THAT meant! When he hung up I felt all the worse.

Things were already bad enough as it was and now I was turning away a good fucking by my boyfriend!

I put my dish in the dishwasher after having rinsed it out. Yet another reminder of my mother as she was the type that washed the dishes BEFORE she put them in the dishwasher. It seemed everything I did today just reminded me of her all the more. Feeling more than little sorry for myself, I returned to my bedroom where I shut the door and laid in bed doing nothing for the rest of the morning.

Noon time was fast approaching and I knew I had to get my butt in gear and moving. Lord knows my dad would be very disappointed if I didn't show up today and the last thing I needed was to make my life even worse than it already was by making my dad unhappy. I'd spent a good portion of my life trying to please him in any way I could and it was just ingrained in me by now such that it wasn't even something I consciously thought about. It was really quite simple. My dad wanted to have sex with me this afternoon so it was my duty as his daughter to go to his house and deliver. PLEASE, don't get the wrong idea. I don't mean it to sound like it was a chore or anything for me to submit to my dad. Indeed, I LOVE my dad fucking me. There's something special about your own father inside of you that can't be duplicated by anyone else.

Looking at my closet, it didn't really matter what I wore as I knew I would be taking it off as soon as I got there. After all, it was Family Orgy Day, right? I've never been a nudist and I have always felt better wearing SOMETHING. Of course during sex or other special times it was different and at those times I loved being naked. It just wasn't something I did around the house under normal circumstances.

In the end I chose the standard uniform of girls everywhere for summer – short denim shorts and a light blue cami that exposed most of my tanned midriff and was so tight it may as well have been Saran Wrap around my boobs. Even if it hadn't been a special day I would never have worn panties or a bra so there was certainly no reason to do so today. A gold ankle chain, pair of flip flops and I was ready to go. One last thing, I pulled my hair back in a ponytail. With everything that would most likely be happening it was just easier to have it pulled back and out of the way.

All done, I finally went downstairs where Kristen was waiting impatiently. She hadn't even bothered with shorts and was just wearing one of her sluttier bikinis. Hopefully we wouldn't be stopped by the police on our way! Then again, maybe it would help, who knows? In any case, it didn't matter as I knew she would be dropping it all the moment she stepped in the house anyway so why even bother?

"Why do you even bother? Just go naked," I teased her, referring to her all but invisible thong bikini.

"God, somebody's still grumpy I guess," she huffed as she grabbed her bag and we headed out to her car.

On our way to the curb I saw our neighbor was out raking grass on his lawn. He was just your average middle age guy and I didn't even know his name and normally wouldn't have even noticed him except for Kristen.

"Cool, horny George is out today... watch this," Kristen giggled.

With that she waved to him and stood for with one hand on her bare hip and called out to him. The poor guy didn't know whether he should crap or go blind. He tried to look away but what man could NOT stare at a girl like Kristen standing out across the street from him all but nude? Actually, from behind with just the thin strings hiding nothing she was as good as nude.

"Poor George... he's so easy!" she giggled again as we got into the car. "I bet he'd fuck me in a moment if I let him, what do you think Kelly?"

I just shook my head at her. God what a little tease!

It was just a few minutes to my dad's house. I guess I still call it that even though Kristen's mom moved in with him not long after my mom had left. The move created a bit of a scandal amongst some of the family who didn't quite go along with the idea of my dad living with his sister-in-law so soon after the divorce. Then again, it could have been a lot worse given the majority of our family didn't have a clue about the true nature of their relationship over the past thirty years. Heck, even I had a little bit of a hard time with it all at first when my mom finally told me about it but since my dad seemed happy, I figured it was no big deal and frankly, none of my business even if it was. Like, did it really matter if she drove over every day or just stayed there permanently? Besides, I had my own ulterior motives. When my Aunt Linda moved out it made room for me to move in with Kristen and save on rent. I LOVE teaching but the pay at my small private school is crap and I get zero benefits so anything that helps the Kelly budget is OK with me.

As usual the basement door in the garage was open so we just walked right in. Sure enough, just as I'd predicted Kristen took less than two steps in before the so-called bikini was already off and tossed aside. I just rolled my eyes as she stood there naked with her hands on her hips, looking at me expectantly.

"C'mon Kelly, you know the rules for Family Orgy Day, take 'em off!"

Technically she was right even I didn't really care a whole lot for the term "Family Orgy Day". It was a phrase of her own making as nobody had actually officially christened the day as such. Personally, I hated it because it just seemed to cheapen the whole experience. When I think of orgies I think of porn movies and people having cheap sex solely for the sake of sex. Sure when we did this it wasn't with the usual sense of intimacy that I normally have with my family, but it wasn't like we were trying to recreate some crazy Taboo orgy scene either. Ever since Kristen coined the term a few years back I had avoided using it but she seemed to never pass up a chance to throw it out into the conversation.

So anyway, I DID finally strip, leaving my clothes and flip-flops on top of the old white Maytag washing machine. I don't know why it caught my attention but it just the way it was when my parents had bought it a long time ago. In fact, I couldn't even remember the one before it.

The two of us quickly scampered up the creaking wooden stairs to the kitchen where we found my Aunt Linda preparing hamburgers and hotdogs for the upcoming barbeque. My dad had a long-standing tradition of cooking up a big barbeque meal and he was bound and determined to do it every year. It made more sense back when other family members use to join us. Since we added sex to the menu the only family remembers invited had been my aunt and cousin but he still insisted on making this huge meal. Oh well, at least my Aunt Linda wouldn't have to cook for a week afterwards!

As tradition dictated, my aunt was nude but she DID have on an apron while she was working in the kitchen. Still, it wasn't like it covered anything important. Seeing her standing there once again I marveled at my Aunt Linda. Even thought she was now in her forties, she could have easily passed as my older sister. In fact, some people claim that I look more like her than my own mother. It's not like she lived a nun's existence and I knew she wasn't afraid to use her "assets" to sell homes (she was a realtor). For whatever reason she'd never shown any signs of wanting to get married after her husband left.

As for me and her, we'd had a few sexual liaisons over the years but nothing that intense, certainly nothing like Kristen shared with her and nothing at all like what I'd shared with my mom. She'd always been more interested in my dad which was fine with me. Actually, that was yet another thing I had learned on that first 4th of July when I came home from college. I knew my dad and aunt spent a lot of time together, but until that day I had no idea he liked to fuck her! Yes, it had been quite an eye-opening day back then!

I peeked out to the deck behind the kitchen and saw my dad was out there getting the gas grill prepped. He was also nude which didn't surprise me in the least as the "rules" applied to him as much as anyone. Instinctively my eyes went straight to his crotch where I saw his dick was flaccid, just hanging there like a limp rag but I knew it wouldn't take long once he saw me and Kristen for THAT to change.

Actually, that was one of the things I loved to do with him - make him grow and get hard. I'd always loved the feeling of his dick growing in my mouth, knowing it was ME that was making it react like that. Hmmm, maybe I would get to do that today? For the first time today I started to feel a little optimistic about the afternoon.

Kristen was busy talking to her mom and catching up on things so I went out on the deck to say hi to my dad. When he saw me exit the kitchen a big smile came over his face.

"Hey baby, been a while!"

It had been a while when I thought about it. I actually had to think for a moment as to when the last time I'd given myself to him. In a way I felt a little guilty about that. My dad loved fucking me - I was his daughter after all so of course he did, and he knew he could always count on me for that. It was a little disheartening for me in a way though as I knew I no longer satisfied a different need within him - the need to fuck young girls. Face it, at the ripe old age of 25 I wasn't quite a little teen girl anymore. Still, now that I understood his needs better it didn't hurt as much as it would've had I not known about his addictions. Well, not as much...

Looking around I saw that the deck was already all set up for the party. The hot tub was churning and the table and chairs were all cleaned off. I even think he'd power-washed the deck, something I knew he hated to do. OK, so maybe he hired someone to do it but it still looked nice and I liked it when it was clean because it didn't get my feet all dirty.

Such memories! All my life I'd always loved being out on this deck. Even though the house was located smack in the middle of a congested neighborhood, out here on the deck it was like we were all alone in the middle of the country. The house, like most in Pittsburgh, was situated on a hill and so with the security fence that surrounded the deck there was no direct line of view for any of our close neighbors. They would have had to get on their roofs to see anything and then I think we might have noticed them.

God, the memories I had from being out here. I looked up at my old bedroom window on the second floor which overlooked the deck and recalled how I'd first seen my parents making love below me at night in the hot tub. Even though I was sixteen at the time and had been having sex with boys for over two years by then, it was the first time I'd ever seen them having actual sex. Seeing the intensity of the love that it brought out between them was what led me to wanting to have that same relationship with my father.

God, how many times had I been fucked on the deck and in the hot tub? Even if I put aside all my boyfriends, how many times had just my dad done me? It was right out here that my cousin Rick had first fucked my mom. My dad had fucked my best friend Beth for the first time right in that very same hot tub. This was where I first had sex with my cousin Kristen and her mom - and first saw my dad do my cousin. So many first times, so many memories. God I missed my mom!

If I kept up with this line of thinking I was going to bring myself really down so I knew I had to snap out of it. Well, there's one way that ALWAYS works for me - sucking a nice warm dick. My dad had turned back to the grill but I could still see his dick hanging there all soft and flaccid and I knew what I needed right then and there. Quietly I snuck up behind him and then quickly reached around him with both arms and grabbed his dick in my hands.

"Hey, that was quick... somebody horny today?" he chuckled as he looked down to see his daughter's hands gripping his cock.

Since I wasn't about to tell him the REAL reason I wanted to suck his cock, I figured why not just let him think whatever he wanted? Actually, feeling his soft dick in my hand WAS making me more than just a little horny. Mmmmmmm, I so wanted to feel a dick in my mouth - any dick. The fact is could be my father's cock just made it all the better.

"Mmmmmmm Daddy, I'm going to suck your dick until you cum in my mouth," I declared almost defiantly as I moved around to the front of him, keeping one hand on his cock the entire time.

I needed to hurry as he would surely start to react soon and I wanted to feel him as soft as possible in my mouth when I took him between my waiting lips.

"Whoa girl, take your time, we've got all afternoon," he chuckled as I practically lunged for his dick, taking it all easily in my mouth as it was so soft and small - for now that is.

Damn I loved the way, my dad's dick felt in my mouth. Granted I LOVE and prefer hard dicks but the soft ones can be nice too - at least so long as they don't STAY soft for too long. They just feel so different when they're soft, nothing at all like after they stiffen and get all long and thick.

"Seems like you've been missing your dear old dad's cock, haven't you?" he teased me, "What's the matter Kelly, isn't Steve giving you enough lately?"

Sometimes fathers just don't know when to shut up! Here I was sucking on his dick and he had to mention my boyfriend who I would've loved to have fucking me right now. Not that I didn't appreciate being with my dad, but I WANTED Steve to fuck me and that was different. Sure I wanted my dad to fuck me too but that was because I wanted to please him more than the sex. With Steve, I wanted ME to feel good and for him to please ME, something different entirely.

I just ignored him and continued to work on his dick and I was soon rewarded with that incredible feeling of his dick starting to grow in my mouth. No matter how many dicks I eventually suck I don't think I'll ever grow tired of the feeling of a man as he grows in my mouth. It's like nothing else in the world when you think about it. What other part of the human body responds to sexual stimulation as dramatically as a penis does? Sure my pussy gets wet and my clit hardens when I'm stimulated but they doesn't grow to be several times larger! For instance, my nipples respond and harden when fondled but they stay about the same size. Only a penis goes from this small, limp feature to a firm, hard, long member that then protrudes out from a man, a clear and undeniable demonstration of his true desire and lust for me.

That is another reason I love cocks - they show me the TRUE feelings a man has for me. He can sweet talk me or bash me all he wants, but his dick never lies. He either lusts for me or he doesn't and in general he can't control his dick so that makes it all the more significant to me, much more than anything he says. Heck, a man can be sound asleep and his dick will still respond to me. Yes, that is what turns me on - that it's responding to ME.

As my dad's dick started to grow in my mouth, I started playing with myself with one hand while I carefully worked his hairy balls gently with the other. Mmmmmmm, my dad wanted me, that was for sure. His dick was practically leaping in my mouth as it required me to take more and more of him in order to get it all out of sight. When he was rock hard and fully grown he started to rock his hips, driving his cock in and out of my mouth as I just stayed still and let him fuck my mouth.

"God Kelly, your mouth feels so damn good on me," he groaned as his hands went to my head and he gripped it tightly, pushing men on and off his dick.

"Hey, you guy get started without us?" I heard Kristen whining.

Nonetheless I kept sucking on my dad but I turned my head just enough to see her and her mom standing a few feet away watching us. I turned back to my dad and ignored them. This was for me, not them! They would get theirs later, I wanted this now!

If anything I think the audience, even if it was only two people, helped stimulate my father even more. I was working it really hard now, pulling out every trick in the book to get him to cum as quickly as I could. It wasn't like my dad was some sixteen year-old teenage boy anymore so I wanted him to cum now so he could be ready to go again after lunch. More selfishly, I wanted to feel him cum in my mouth and satisfy that primal urge in me that had started this whole thing off in the first place.

"God... that's enough of that," he sighed, pulling head away from his swollen dick. "I've got to have some of that pussy now."

Letting him take the lead I stood up and he put his hands on my bare hips and spun me around so I was facing away from him. Like a good dancer being led by her partner, I knew where he was going and so I leaned over the table top and supported myself on my forearms and elbows, spreading my legs apart to make it easier for him.

"Mmmmmmm, did I ever tell you that you have an incredible pussy?" he almost groaned, rubbing each of my butt cheeks with one of his hands.

I giggled and just waited for him. He knew the answer already anyway - maybe a thousand times, probably more?

"Fuck me daddy," I said, saying those words I knew he loved so much to hear, "Show me how much you love me."

Rather than answer verbally my dad chose another method of responding - doing just what I'd asked of him. My heart was pounding as I felt the head of his hard dick brushing up against my welcoming pussy as he used his hand to rub it up and down my slit to get it all nice and wet. Now and then he would hit my clit and it would make me jump but he didn't stop.

"Oh god...!" he moaned as his incestuous cock penetrated his daughter's pussy.

When he was all the way in me he pushed himself up against my exposed bottom so hard I was forced up onto the tips of my toes while trying not to slide across the slippery glass-topped table.

For the first time I looked over at my aunt and cousin but they weren't paying us any attention. Oh well, I couldn't blame them. Why watch when you can have your own fun? They were in their favorite position - what a surprise! Now I like a good 69 now and then but it was like that was all my aunt and cousin did when they had sex! As usual, Kristen was on top - her favorite position even when she was doing it with me or one of our friends.

So far as my psychological issues of the day, what I was doing with my dad was definitely working as I don't recall thinking about my mother even once while my dad was fucking me. Indeed, I was so sharply focused on trying to make him cum that I didn't even pay any further attention to the two other women having sex just a few feet away from us. Even if I HAD been interested it wasn't like it would've been anything I hadn't seen so many times before.

Kristen and her mom have what could only be described as a "unique" relationship. I guess it wasn't too hard to understand considering how Kristen had grown up alone with her mom without a father-figure other than her uncle. They seemed just so natural together, nothing forced or pushed or artificial in any way. I would never call them lovers, it wasn't like that at all. More like best friends I guess you could say. For them to be together and NOT have their hands all over the other would have been worthy of a newsflash.

Sometimes I wondered how they got away with it in public as they did. It's not like they hid their affection for one another. People must just think it's sweet that a mother and daughter can be so close. I'm sure had Kristen been a boy that a lot of eyebrows would've raised!

As much as I loved my mother, sometimes I envied Kristen for the way she seemed so comfortable around her mother. It's not like I was dominated by mine, it's just my mom was always MOM. The only time that changed was when we were having sex and then it went way past best friends and more to the "lovers" side of the scale. Indeed, sex with my mom was something special in that she DID become my lover - in every sense of the word. Still, it would have been nice to be more "touchy-feely" with my mom the way Kristen was with hers.

All these thoughts were going through my mind as my dad rhythmically fucked me, a steady in-out-in series of penetrations followed by almost total withdrawal, only to do it over again... and again... and again. I sort of enjoy it this way at times as it allows my mind to wander while at the same time I was practically shivering with lust as my pussy is being fucked. It was also the method by which my dad typically could last the longest which was another good reason for loving it now and then. It was like I was in some sort of dream world with my eyes closed and my mind totally focused on the wonderful sensations I was feeling between my legs as my dad fucked me slowly over and over again.

My reverie was abruptly brought to an end when the table rocked violently for a moment. When I opened my eyes what did I see but my cute cousin sitting on the table in front of me, her legs spread wide apart as she scooted up so her bare crotch was just inches in front of my face.

"Quit being so selfish," she teased me, "besides, you need more than just your dad's dick, don't you?"

Actually I was quite happy with the ways things were going with my dad at the time but I couldn't tell her that. Kristen's pussy glistened with wetness, no doubt some of it from her while some was probably from her mom's mouth. She reached down and rubbed her swollen clit just a little, enough to make her jump like she'd touched an electric fence.

"C'mon cuz, gimme some tongue," she pleaded with me.

Maybe she wasn't just teasing and really WAS as horny as she was making herself out to be? With Kristen you could never be sure. It was like being with a Hollywood actress and wondering what was real and what was an act. Kristen may not have been a movie star but she WAS a semi-retired prostitute so sometimes even I had a hard time figuring out when she was faking it. Something just told me now that she wasn't faking a thing, not one iota.

Then I had to wonder what happened to her mom. It wasn't like the two of them to split up until they had both cum several times so what was going on here? I took a quick look around but I didn't see her on the deck anywhere. Kristen must have noticed my glances.

"She went inside... said she would be right back," Kristen answered my question without me even having to ask, "So quit stalling and get to work girl!"

My dad wasn't saying a thing but I noticed his thrusts were getting a little stronger since Kristen had mounted the table in her usual slutty and wide-open manner. While I knew my dad loved fucking me as his daughter, it wasn't hard not to notice who turned him on the most if you took incest out of the equation and that would be Kristen. Then again, that was the case with just about every boy I'd ever met. One look at Kristen's hot little nude petite body and I don't stand a chance in comparison. She just has this "girl-next-door" innocence in the way she looks but when you see her in action she is anything but innocent.

I reached forward and put my hands under my cousin's firm thighs and around to the back of her tiny butt, pulling her forward on the slippery glass until her wet pussy was right at my mouth. God her ass felt so good in my hands - firm and smooth and oh so warm! Leaning forward as best I could, I put my face against her smooth hairless crotch and felt my tongue running over her already soaking-wet pussy slit. Mmmmmmm, I loved the taste of her pussy. It was almost like mine actually and I've always loved mine the best!

Kristen kept her pussy shaved perfectly clean and there wasn't a blemish on her. Her lips were full and swollen, a definite "outie". At one time she had thought about getting her clit pierced which I was glad she had finally decided against. I loved to suck on it between my lips and run my tongue over it without some piece of metal interfering.

"Oh yeah... now THAT'S what I wanted," she groaned, leaning back and supporting herself on her hands behind her.

She thrust her hips forward and up, driving her horny crotch into my face to make it easier for me to lick her.

"Fuck her harder Uncle John," Kristen encouraged my dad, "I love it when you push her face into my cunt."

"Your wish is my command," I heard my dad reply as he gripped me by the sides of my hips and drove his next thrust into me like he was trying to push me right into her pussy.

My face was smashed against her crotch and then he pulled back and suddenly rammed it in me again, driving me into her even more. Sticking out my tongue, I pushed it into her pussy hole and then let my dad do the work, pushing me into her and then relaxing again only to push my tongue into her pussy yet again as he drilled me with his incredibly hard dick.

Suddenly I came, like out of the blue. It was rare for me to do this but it happened at times, typically when I was being distracted as I was now by my cousin's pussy. Usually I can feel my orgasm building up and then exploding but in this case it was like somebody had planted a bomb inside of me and suddenly, without warning, had set it off.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped, exhaling my warm breath onto Kristen's sensitive pussy.

"She's cumming Uncle John, fuck her... fuck her more," Kristen said excitedly.

Then it was her turn, as if my orgasm somehow pushed her over the edge and she gasped and cried out with pleasure.

Even with his daughter and niece both in the throes of their orgasms, my dad never missed a beat. If anything, he sped up and was fucking me as fast and hard as he could. It just made me cum that much harder. Now THIS was the way sex was meant to be!

Suddenly my dad pulled out of me, NOT what I was exactly hoping for at the moment but then his intentions became obvious. He stood by the side of us and pushed Kristen's leg down, allowing his dick to reach over her smooth thigh and almost touch her pussy where my face was still planted like a perennial.

"I'm cumming," was all he said but then what more did he need to say?

I turned my face just in time to see his dick spurting its first load of incestual cum onto Kristen's wet pussy. The next load sort of hit both her pussy and my face and after that, the forcefulness decreased to where he could control it better and the rest was shot into her crotch.

"Now lick it all up," my dad demanded, standing there stroking his now spent cock in his hand as he waited for me to comply.

He didn't have to ask twice - or even once for that matter. The only thing better than my own dad's cum or my cousin's pussy was to have both of them at the same time!

As I was lapping up my dad's cum like a hungry kitten at a bowl of milk, something changed. It was hard to put my finger on it but I could sense a tenseness in Kristen that was more than just her reaction to me licking my dad's cum off of her. At the same time my dad made this funny sound. Not a grunt but something more like he was surprised by something.

Yep, something was definitely up. My Aunt Linda must have had something up her sleeve (had she been wearing them) when she went into the house so now what had she done? With her it could have been most anything so I lifted my head from between Kristen's thighs to see what was going on.

Well, my Aunt Linda was certainly back but she wasn't the surprise. I almost choked on my dad's cum when I realized who was standing next to her... my mom.

## 3. An Unexpected Visitor

"Well, well... looks like some things never change," she said softly. Her first words were spoken with a sly grin, as if she was amused at the stunned reaction by all of us.

Well, my aunt wasn't so stunned as obviously they had met in the house first but as for the three of us that had been left on the deck, it was a jaw-dropping moment for sure.

Oh my god, my mother looked drop-dead gorgeous. She was wearing her dark hair a little shorter than before but it still reached her shoulders. It was a hot day so she had on a khaki pair of shorts which were relatively modest but a bit tighter in the ass than most women over forty would have dared to wear but damn if she didn't look ten years younger than her 44 years. Her legs, always a vanity point for her, still looked like a woman's half her age without any sag and nary a wrinkle. A fitted white blouse that was extremely low cut and three inch open-toed white heels rounded out her outerwear. Everything she wore looked all the more stunning thanks to an incredible tan. God she looked so beautiful!

Damn, if a jet had crashed into the hill across from us I couldn't have been more surprised. Holy crap, my mom was back! This was the first time in almost two years that I'd seen her. Ever since she left to move out west to be near her friend Tammy I hadn't so much as exchanged an e-mail or text message, let alone a phone call or a face-to-face conversation. For all intents and purposes she had died and indeed that's almost how I had come to think of her.

How many times in the past two years had I thought about a moment like this? Well, I have to admit it was never quite like THIS but still, I mean about how I would react should my mother ever return. Depending on my mood at the time, my little fantasies ranged from a joyful reunion to a sullen acceptance. When I was REALLY feeling down I even imagined where I would walk away, just to hurt her the way she'd hurt me. Childish? Yes. Can you blame me though? I don't think so.

All that didn't matter now though. There in front of me was my own mother, my closet friend and confidante in the world and the woman I loved more than any other. Under the circumstances there was only one way I could react...

"MOM!" I cried out and started to rush towards her.

Then I tasted my dad's cum in my mouth and realized what a mess my face must be so I quickly grabbed a towel from a chair and wiped my face before rushing to my mom. Turning back to her, I wrapped my arms around her neck and just hugged her, my eyes overflowing with tears as I didn't trust my voice to say anything more. After a long return hug my mom pushed me back so she could look me in the eyes and then she gave me that sly grin I knew so well.

"Well I take that back, some things DO change," she practically chuckled. I looked at her with questioning eyes, wondering what she meant as she continued, "Since when do you wipe your face off before you greet me?"

It was probably the best thing she could have said under the circumstances as all of us were a bit on edge. It broke the silence and everyone started to laugh. It was true although I hadn't even thought about it that way when I did it. In the past had she walked in while my dad was cumming on my mouth and face I wouldn't have bothered wiping it off before giving her a welcoming kiss. After all, it was her husband's cum so she always liked some for herself whenever she could.

"What the... why... what are you doing here?" I stammered, still not quite sure I hadn't passed out while my dad was fucking me and now I was just dreaming all of this.

"We'll get to all that soon enough," she said gently, stroking my hair with her fingers behind my head, "My goodness... you look so beautiful."

The tears began flooding from my eyes again as this time instead of just hugging her I moved in close to her and kissed her. God, it had been so long since I'd felt her warm lips against mine, her long tongue exploring my mouth and playing with my own tongue. As for everyone else, they didn't even exist at that moment as all I could think about was my mom's arms around me and the feel of her full breasts as they pressed against mine while we kissed like two lovers meeting again after a long separation - which was exactly the case.

"OK you two, get a room," my Aunt Linda finally said as neither my mom or me wanted to be the first to pull away. She was just teasing of course - at least she had better be!

"Oh wow... I can't believe you're here," I finally gasped, trying to catch my breath after such a relentless kiss.

"Well, I can't quite believe it either but here I am," she replied.

"Hello Mary," my dad said from behind me, the first words he'd spoken since my mom's unexpected appearance.

My mom looked over at my shoulder and gave him a closed lip smile, "Hello John, been a while. You're looking pretty good - and horny. Looks like you're enjoying yourself today as usual."

My Aunt Linda took charge at that point, probably sensing that things could get ugly if they weren't kept under control.

"Hey girls, why don't we let John and Mary have some time together in the house... without us," she added in, looking at me as she said it.

Naturally I started to protest but she gave a look that I rarely got from her, sort of a "Don't even think about it," type of stare. Well, if anyone knew my mom and dad, it was her so I backed down but it didn't mean I had to look happy about it.

"Don't worry Kelly, I'll be here a little while so we'll get a chance to talk... ok?" my mom assured me.

With that my dad took his cue and reached for my mom's arm to guide her back to the kitchen door. My mom pulled away from his touch, nothing dramatic but it was a positive statement all by itself.

"Put some clothes on John for god's sake," she said rather sharply.

As they left the three of us standing there, I felt almost like I'd been stunned. What the HELL was going on? For almost two years she disappears from our lives and then when she DOES return she treats my dad almost like she had the day she left. What was the point in all this anyway?

Kristen hadn't said a word yet and so I looked at her to try to read the sphinx-like expression she was wearing on her face. While she and my mom had always got along pretty well, it wasn't anything even remotely close to what I shared with my mom. In fact, it didn't even begin to resemble the relationship I had with her mom, as limited as THAT was. Other than when my mom was with my dad and Kristen, I can't remember ever hearing even one time when Kristen and my mom had sex alone together.

Suddenly it was like a revelation struck me. How could I be so blind? With my mom out of the picture, Kristen's mother was now living with my dad almost as if they were married. How did she REALLY feel about that, especially since it meant that her and her mom no longer slept together each night as they had for almost twenty years? Was she happy to see her mom with a man again, even if it was her uncle? Was she upset because of how she'd been left all alone at first. It wasn't long before I'd moved in but then Kristen and I never shared the same bed - at least not on a regular basis.

What was Kristen thinking about my mom's reappearance? Was she thinking what I was thinking, that maybe my mom was going to try and reconcile with my father? Did that please her because it would mean her mom would move back home or was she worried that her mom would be separated from my dad? God, it was all SO complicated and in the space of just a minute or so it wasn't like I could do a full-blown situational analysis!

"C'mon girls, let's take our minds off what's going on in there... what do you say?" my aunt said, finally breaking the dead silence.

Aunt Linda started to reach for my boobs, playfully running her fingers across them and then down my stomach to my crotch. "C'mon Kristen... what the hell are you waiting for?"

Although it was really sweet of my aunt to think of me that way, there was really no point in her even trying to cheer me up. If she thought she could take my mind off what was going on inside between my mom and dad she was kidding herself. Heck, we may as well been in the middle of a hurricane have her try to get me to take my mind off the wind. It just wasn't going to happen. No way, no how.

"Sorry Aunt Linda, I just can't," I said apologetically.

Any other time and place her offer alone would've been more than enough to get things started but not this afternoon. Kristen, on the other hand, didn't seem to be having any issues, at least not so far as sex with her mother was concerned. Then again, she never did.

"Oh mom, just let her do her thing. If she wants to pout then let her. Let's get in the hot tub," Kristen giggled, suddenly her eyes bright again and a smile back on her face.

Shaking my head in mock amazement, I put a heavy beach towel over the chair cushion and then dragged the chair into the shade of the umbrella before taking a seat. Considering I was still naked and the chair had become pretty hot in the bright sun, I didn't want to burn my poor butt!

Meanwhile, Aunt Linda and Kristen had lowered themselves into the hot and slowly churning water of the hot tub. The powerful jets weren't on yet so all that was moving the water was the tiny circulation pump but it was more than enough to keep it from being still. I looked back at the house, wondering what in the world my parents could be talking about. Missing mom and dad in the house, horny cousin and her mom in the tub in front of me. Yep, the whole afternoon had suddenly become quite surreal to say the least.

"Oh Mom... don't you dare!" Kristen cried out playfully, pretending to be annoyed as her mother move in swiftly between her wide-spread legs.

Aunt Linda supported herself using one hand on each side of her daughter on the edge of the tub as she lowered herself onto her and they started to kiss sloppily. Kristen put her arms around her mom and pulled her in tight, wrapping her wet legs around her mom's waist and crossing her ankles.

Any other time and I would've immediately started masturbating as I watched the two of them going at it like two teenage girls in heat. I knew the answer from past experience as how many times had something like this played out whenever I was over at their house before her mom had moved in with my dad? The two of them seemed to find any excuse to make out, no matter where they were at the time. My mom and I were true lovers and as such almost always confined our sexual trysts to her bedroom. In sharp contrast, Kristen and her mom were more like dating teenagers who were just out to have a good time anywhere or anytime they could.

Watching them now I wanted to just yell out at them and ask, "What the hell are you guys doing? Don't you realize what's going on in there?" Sheesh, the most traumatic thing to happen to me in years had just occurred and yet here they were just playing around together like nothing had happened.

Ignoring me totally, Kristen backed herself up and took a seat at the corner of the tub, raising one foot up and onto the edge of the tub while the other hung into the water. Her mom didn't waste a moment putting her head between her daughter's open legs and licking her bare wet pussy. Neither of them even looked my way to see if I was watching which was unusual, to say the least. Both of them were hard-core exhibitionists and I knew they got off as much by being watched as anything. Still, this time it was like it was just between the two of them, as if they were not even aware I was watching.

It was crazy, to say the least. Where was my old Psychology 101 professor when I needed her? In the space of less than half an hour this whole afternoon had become nothing short of bizarre. Nothing was playing according to the usual scripts. My parents were talking - at least I assumed they were but then again I didn't know for sure what was happening between the two of them. My aunt and cousin were making out without seeming to care who was watching. I was sitting on the deck totally naked while two of the hottest women I know were having lesbian sex and I wasn't even close to masturbating. What next, flying monkeys landing on the deck?

As I sat there, my thoughts returned yet again to my parents. What in the world could they be possibly talking about? Why in the world had my mom just dropped in without even giving us any sort of warning? Then again, maybe she had. Was it just sheer coincidence that my aunt had disappeared in the house right about the time my mom had showed up? It seemed just too much for there not to be some sort of connection.

Was there something between my mom and her sister that I didn't have a clue about? Now THAT wouldn't have surprised me given how many others times in my life the two of them had managed to keep things secret from me. Heck, I was eighteen before I knew my dad had been fucking my aunt nonstop since she was in eighth grade! How do you miss something like that?

A loud cry of ecstasy interrupted my thoughts and I turned my head to the source as if I didn't already know what was going on. Sure enough, Kristen was obviously in the midst of yet another orgasm. She'd never been one to be quiet about such things and she wasn't about to start now from the sound of things.

"Oh Mommmmmm!" she cried out as she pulled her mother's head into her crotch, tightening her legs around her mom's body like she was trying to squeeze the life out of her.

Watching intently, I understood just how she was feeling at this moment having been there myself a time to two. The few times that my aunt had licked my pussy had been incredibly intense. As much as I loved the way my mom licked me, when it came to pure pleasure and technique her sister had her beat hands down. Of course, Aunt Linda and her daughter had been having sex since Kristen was old enough to know what she was doing (which wasn't very old) so it was no mystery they each knew exactly what it took to bring the other to a screaming orgasm – just as Kristen was enjoying now.

Then I felt it. My pussy started to tingle and despite my best efforts to focus on what was going on in the house, I couldn't tear my eyes off what was going on just four feet away or so. Kristen had that perfect tanned figure and "innocent" look that men (and women) just loved. To see her now crying out and moaning like a slut in heat was such a contradiction that it made it all that much erotic to watch.

My tongue passed over my lips. Mmmmmmm, I loved to lick Kristen myself, just as her mom was doing now. Sure her pussy tasted great but the real reason I really loved licking Kristen was because she just seemed to LOVE it so damn much. I mean, every girl I know loves to have her pussy licked – even the ones who claim not

I couldn't take my eyes off of the two of them as I continued to masturbate only now in earnest. It wasn't so much that two of the most beautiful women I know were fucking each other just a few feet away. It wasn't that they were mother and daughter. It wasn't that they were my aunt and cousin. It wasn't even that I had personal sexual experience with both of them. What was turning me on was the sheer erotic nature of what they were doing. It was the total and complete sensuality that seemed to just ooze from them both. What I was witnessing was better than any porn scene I'd ever seen because this was honest and REAL.

God, my pussy was SOOOOOO hot. It felt like it was on fire and the flames were spreading through my veins to every inch of my body. I was so close to cumming, just a little bit more... I closed my eyes and concentrated completely on my fingers as they touched me exactly the way I needed to be touched.

OMG! My eyes flashed open as both of my nipples suddenly were tugged and licked. My aunt was on my right while Kristen was on my left, each of them planting their mouths on one of my boobs, looking up at me with the biggest grins. Damn, they must have seen me doing myself and snuck up on me while my eyes were closed. Then they each ran their hands over me, up my legs, over my thighs, and then up my stomach until they were cupping my breasts and then back down again. As for me, my hand was cupping my pussy, momentarily pausing as I tried to take in what was being done to me.

"Don't stop now sweetie," my sexy aunt said to me in a gentle, encouraging tone, "We just wanted to help."

She put her hand over mine and pressed my fingers into my pussy. For a moment I thought she would take over but clearly she wanted me to finish myself.

"Noooooo, you do it sweetie, make yourself cum for us," she said in a voice now husky with lust.

Well, talk about something that didn't need to be said! Actually, it didn't need to be said from the standpoint that I was going to do it anyway with or without her encouragement. At the same, it was quite erotic to hear her say it which only helped me on my never-ending quest for the perfect orgasm.

God, what would the neighbors have thought if they could see through the fence and shrubs that surrounded the deck? Did they have a clue what was going on just a matter of a few yards away from them? Years ago I'd sat in this very same hot tub and masturbated as I watched them having sex after a party in their back yard, blissfully unaware the horny teenage daughter next door was getting quite the eyeful. They'd since moved away and I wasn't familiar with the new people at all but it was still fun to imagine the looks on their faces if they saw what was being done to me by a sexy middle-aged woman and her hot daughter - not to mention what I was doing to myself at the same time.

Did I orgasm? That's like asking if the sun rises in the east. How could any normal girl NOT under the circumstances? It would take a frigid, make that cold-as-ice zombie to ward off the impending results. When it finally DID come, it was intense and felt good - as it always does. Yet somehow there was something not quite right. As good as I felt, maybe I thought it should've been even better given the buildup and execution. In the end I was left exhausted and feeling as good as I had all day yet my eyes couldn't help but looking over my cousin's bare shoulder to the entrance to the house over at the opposite corner of the deck.

Had my mom looked at all to see what was going on? Growing up, both she and my dad would often keep an eye on me from my upper bedroom window. Most of the people I was with had no idea they were being watched but I certainly knew and that's what made it special. I knew why my dad looked - no different than any other man would do given the opportunity. With my mom it had always been something special though, more like it was like she watched to see me enjoying myself.

My mom seemed to get her own pleasure from seeing me enjoying MY pleasure more so than touching herself while she gazed down at me. It was especially true when my dad would have sex with me on the deck. Rather than sit out there practically on top of us, she would usually watch from my bedroom instead. Had she done so this afternoon or what was she doing inside with my father anyway?

"Happy 4th of July," my aunt said to her daughter and me, practically jolting me out of my deep thoughts. "You know, sometimes I think we need to do this more often, just us girls, you know?"

Now THAT was a first. I'd never heard my aunt make such a suggestion before. Usually when she wanted me and Kristen involved, there were others involved as well - unfortunately usually young boys. Typically I stayed away from those times but she still tried now and then to convince me to join them.

She and Kristen started talking but my mind was distracted with thoughts about what was going on in the house. I was never going to be satisfied until I found out so finally I got up and grabbed a towel.

"Hey, you guys have fun... I'll be back in a few," I said to my aunt and cousin.

Wrapping a dry towel around me, I headed for the house. This one was just a regular bath towel and I was having a hard time keeping it from falling down on me and it wasn't until it almost fell off completely as I reached for the screen door handle that I finally realized what I was doing. For whatever reason, it certainly wasn't a conscious decision on my part, I'd wrapped a towel around me as if to hide myself. Granted, I've never been much on nudism in general, but to even bother with a towel just to run in the house a short distance away didn't make the least amount of sense - yet that was exactly what I'd done.

Go figure.

Anyway, I kept it around me even though I could feel the bottom edge coming only about half-way down my butt and my pussy couldn't have been hidden very well either. I'd tucked in it at the top in my cleavage which was the only thing keeping it from falling off me again. Still, it was SOMETHING to wear and I just felt better because of it.

Walking through the door, it was like entering an office for a job interview. I felt confident but at the same time nervous and wondering what was waiting for me on the other side. In this case I wasn't hoping to get job. Instead, I was dreaming of getting a mom again - MY mom.

# 4. Now What?

Making my way through the small kitchen, I saw my mom and dad sitting on the seats on opposite sides of the dinner table. They seemed to be OK and there weren't any outward signs of an on-going argument yet there was something about it all that made me feel uneasy. Then I remembered, it was almost the exact same positions for all of us the time I'd walked in on them and they first told me they were getting a divorce. They even had on similar expressions - nothing mean or argumentative, but still more on the serious side than normal as if the weight of the world was riding on their shoulders.

My mom turned her head to look at me. I saw her eyes go to the robe I was wearing and her tight lips curved a bit until she was finally smiling.

"Seems you're full of surprises today Kelly," she said softly, a full grin now on her face, "When did you start wearing a towel when coming in from the deck?"

I could feel my cheeks warming a bit as suddenly I felt a little embarrassed. I'd never been ashamed of myself in front of my mom before and I wasn't now either but I could see where she might think I was. Crap, not exactly the good first impression I was hoping to make. Then again, what impression HAD I been hoping to make? God I was SO confused!

"Take a seat Kelly, I guess you should be hearing this," my dad said.

From the look my mom gave her ex-husband, I wasn't so sure SHE agreed but she didn't say anything which left me to my next big decision - sit where? I could have sat next to either of them as they were on opposite sides of the table. My dad had made the offer so did that mean I should sit next to him? Then again, my mom was the "guest" so should I sit next to her? Did it matter to either of them or would it be taken as some sort of signal" by me as to whose "side" I was taking?

Then again, maybe I was reading way too much into a simple question - not exactly as if I didn't already have a solid reputation for reading too much into most every situation. He just asked me have a seat, not which parent I was feeling the closest to. Which gave me the idea as to how to make up my mind. My mom was closest to me at the moment, at least physically, so I sat down next to her. As I did the towel rose up such that my bare ass met the cool seat, causing me to let a little involuntary "oh!".

My mom poked me playfully in the arm saying, "How many times did I tell you that would happen when you use to run around bare-ass all the time. Well at least SOMETHING hasn't changed!"

It was just the right thing to say as it broke the rather solemn atmosphere and we all grinned and laughed together. It was true, growing up I loved to wear t- shirts and my dad's shirts around the house, especially at night, and always with nothing else underneath. It didn't have anything to do with sex or teasing my dad. It was no different even when I was alone. It was sort of like why I started sleeping nude back when I was twelve. Sure my parent's sleeping nude was an influence but once I started doing it I found that I just enjoyed it and slept better without anything to constrict me. In a similar manner I simply felt better being bottomless whenever possible. What can I say? That's me.

It was always interesting to me that even in our small household there were many views on this subject in general. My mom, for instance, NEVER ran around with nothing on - top or bottom, except maybe a quick scoot to the bathroom from the bedroom or on the deck to get a towel or something. On the other hand, her younger sister was all but a raving nudist, running around naked whenever she could get away with it. I say all but a nudist as sometimes I really wondered if she did when she was alone as well or just to tease everyone around her? Then there was my cousin Kristen, who was the complete opposite to me. Whereas I felt better with something covering my top and leaving my bottom free, she preferred to wear a thong or panties and nothing else. Sometime she would wear shorts or a bikini bottom, but usually it was a thong of some extremely meager proportions. It wasn't that she was trying to hide anything, but rather like me she just felt better with something on, even if it WAS almost nothing at all.

In the middle of all the women there was the man of the house - the only man of the house for that matter, my dad. Although the women closest to him had pretty well-established "dress codes", he was never one that I could pigeonhole quite so easily. For him, it was more like he adapted to who he was with rather than have his own "style" - clothed or not. Like when it was just him and me, he usually wore loose boxers at a minimum and depending on the weather something on top like a t-shirt or a sweatshirt. With my mom, he was more conservative, his shorts better fitting so his dick wasn't always "accidentally" falling out of them. With my aunt and cousin he definitely liked to be nude, especially with his hot sister-in-law. In fact, one of the first things I noticed after she started living with him was that he was nude just about anytime I came over to visit, even when it was unexpected. My mom would have never tolerated that.

Given my dad's past, was my mom reading anything into my dad's attire at the moment, or should I say his LACK of attire? He hadn't bothered putting anything on since she took him from the deck after he'd fucked me. It was almost like he was telling my mom that he was "dressing" for my aunt, not her. Then again, was he? Or was I once again reading way too much into someone's possible purely actions? This time I would've bet the farm I was right, that he WAS sending my mom a signal, even if it was one he didn't even realize he was giving her at time.

My hand went to my chest where I tugged at the towel and pushed it in deeper between my boobs to keep it from falling off yet again. All, my life I'd never been very good at this little maneuver and my mom must have noticed my discomfort.

"I hope you're not making yourself all uncomfortable for MY sake Kelly," my mom said softly, putting her hand over my free one on the table.

It was just a touch but it was like electricity for me, like that feeling I got as a young girl when horny boy my age would first start touching me.

"So what's going on anyways?" I finally had to blurt out.

Neither of them looked too inclined to be the first to answer although they both seemed amused by my typical lack of patience.

"Oh nothing earth-shattering, I just felt like it was time to come back and see what was going on here. What better day than today?" mom said being the first to answer.

My face brightened at which she shook her head and said more ruefully, "Now don't get me wrong, I didn't mean I came to take part or anything like that, I just knew I could count on you all being in one place for at least this specific day.

God, there so many questions I wanted to ask. Since she'd left I was filled with hurt and worry. How many times had I played this very conversation over and over again in my mind? You would think by now it would all come out automatically like an actor doing the same play for the 100th time. If anything, it was just the opposite. I forgot my lines like a rookie actress on opening night and there was this uncomfortable pause as I think she was waiting for me to say something profound - or anything at all for that matter.

"So... are you guys... ," I started to ask but my dad was the one to answer this time promptly.

"Please don't go there Kelly. Your mom is here now but don't do your usual thing and read anything more into it than an afternoon together with all of us... OK?"

My mom didn't say anything but I noticed her eyes weren't meeting mine now when I looked at her. Was she embarrassed? Was she afraid to tell me for herself?

My dad then suggested that I might be better to go get washed up and such while he and my mom talked some more. I took the hint - not that it was exactly subtle. I went upstairs, took a shower, and started to lay in my bed when something came to my mind. Walking over to the window, I looked down at the deck. Sure enough, they were at it again! God, did they ever quit?

Normally I might have watched and under the right circumstances, even masturbated a little but not this time. I was feeling dejected at my mom's aloofness. What had I expected? For her to come home and everyone act like nothing had ever happened? After all, my parents WERE divorced, not just separated. Legally they weren't man and wife although so far as I was concerned, in the eyes of God they always would be

I threw on one of my favorite men's shirts from my dad's collection and laid on the bed, trying to close my eyes and relax a little but that was pretty stupid idea when my long-lost mother was almost right below me in the kitchen. Usually when I was bored with nothing to do I would masturbate, even if it was just a light touch. At this moment, though, the LAST thing I felt like doing was touching myself.

Somehow or another I must have dozed off. I guess all that stuff on the deck earlier had worn me out more than I'd realized. I woke up with me laying on my stomach and something was lightly running up the back of my shirt over my bare back, then back down again until it was playing playfully with my bare bottom. My first instinct in the haze I was in was that it was my dad but then the touch was too soft for it to be him. My eyes popped open wide when I realized who it had to be...

"Mom?" I said softly, hoping like heck I was right.

"Shhhhhh, just relax... I missed this so much," I heard her voice saying so low I could hardly hear her.

I laid there for what seemed to be the longest time with my head still turned away from her and my legs slightly apart, hoping her fingers would work their way down a bit between my thighs. While they DID manage to tease my inner thighs and the backs of my legs a bit, she never came dangerously close to my pussy at any time. It was more like what my dad use to do when I was little before we started having sex.

Eventually she took off my shirt so I was naked on the bed. There was no sexual intent, it just made it easier for her to touch me and rub my back with some lotion. As she did she asked me about my teaching, Steve, and a host of other questions she must have had about me. We talked for what must have been an hour or so before I finally sat up and then we hugged and kissed.

"Are you going to stay?" I asked, my voice filled with hope but it was only to be dashed just as quickly.

She explained that this was just a short visit, that she was in town for some unexpected business and had to get back to the hotel where some conference was going on right now.

My heart was broken and I could feel the tears in my eyes as we hugged yet again. I was still naked but she had every stitch of clothing still on but it didn't make any difference. Finally we parted and we both stood up. My mom went over to the window and looked down.

"Oh my, some things just never change," she said, shaking her head slowly.

I moved past her to look down and not surprisingly, my dad had gone out back with my aunt and cousin and they were playing on a seat cushion covered with a towel in the middle of the deck. My dad was sitting down with his legs stretched out in front of him while my cousin was seated on his dick, her legs and arms wrapped around her uncle as he turned his head to lick her mom's pussy which was right in front of him as she stood there next to them. It was amazing what lust can do for you! Even with his sexy "ex" finally home, he couldn't keep his cock to himself. Then again, I wondered if he was the one to start things or had one of them gone in to fetch him?

I wanted to ask my mom how she felt seeing her husband like that. It wasn't that he was fucking her niece, THAT she had seen plenty when they were married. It was more that he was doing her NOW, when she was home after n9ot so much as a peep for so long. Was she a little jealous that he could so easily blow her off and go back to what her had planned for the day? They may be divorced but they HAD been married for over 25 years so it wasn't like they could just split up and never think about the other again.

Just then it hit me – did she know before today that her sister had moved in with her ex-husband? I had no idea what, if any, communications my mom had with our family. She certainly didn't talk to me but who knows when it came to her sister.

They shared everything after all, even boyfriends back in high school, including my dad and his brothers. Still, had Linda told her about her new living arrangements?

I didn't ask. OK, so sue me - I chickened out. I figured if she wanted to say anything to me that she would have already so why rock the boat? We both went downstairs and out to the deck where my dad had evidently just finished cumming in his niece judging from the satisfied look on his face and the broad grin on hers - not to mention the cum dripping from her pussy.

"Would you guys mind if John and I spent some time alone now?" my mom asked the three of us.

What could we say? We all gathered our things and headed back to their house. Even though I lived there now I still referred to it as "their house", force of habit after 25 years I guess.

Before we left, after my aunt and cousin had walked away my mom took me by the arm and without a word, we kissed yet again. Then she held me by the upper arms and looked me straight in the eyes, telling me she loved me and that she would be getting back in touch with me soon. It was then I realized she was saying goodbye and tears once again began to flow but she kissed me and hugged me and said not to worry and that she would never do it again - by it I took it to mean she was referring to cutting off communications with me for so long.

And so I left them. They were and always would be my mom and dad, even if legally they were no longer man and wife. It didn't matter to me, I loved them both.

Before long we were back at my aunt's house. It wasn't long before I wasn't thinking about my mom all that much anymore!

PS - Although my mom left shortly afterward, we promised to stay in touch and she even invited me to come out to Oregon in a bit to visit! I can't wait!!!!!

# (Aug 03) Chapter 216: A Visit With My Mom

Story codes: MF FF MMFF F-solo oral exhib inc mother daughter
Me (25)
Mary - my mom (44)

After the divorce, my mom needed a fresh start so she moved out to Oregon to be near her best friend Tammy. It had been ages since I'd seen her so you can imagine how anxious I was when she offered an invitation. How had she been handling life as a single woman again?

First, I have to say that during this past week with my mom I saw a side of her that I never have before. Until now, she's always been a mother and a wife and even though I knew she had a bit of a wild side of her back in high school, she's always been relatively conservative, at least from my perspective. Well, I don't know what else to say other than my mom is now an outright slut! You know I mean that in a loving way, it's just I never saw her before in sexual situations with people other than my dad and a few times with my Aunt Linda and Uncle Jim. Sure there was my cousin Rick but that was just her having some fun, nothing serious. My eyes were opened, that's for sure!

## 1. The Pain of Divorce

All my life I'd grown up in the most loving household any girl could ask. My parent's marriage was always something that I admired and hoped to model in my own life. My mother was especially important when it came to teaching me ethics and morals, always with careful consideration of our religious beliefs. Even when it came to sex, she emphasize that while sex can be fun and fulfilling, there are also lines that are never to be crossed. She emphasized the importance of safe sex, being respectful of other people, and taught me the duties of a proper daughter and wife when it came to sex.

My father didn't so much talk to me about such things, leaving that to my mother, but rather demonstrated by his own actions the role of a loving father and

In some ways it was almost like my mother HAD died. Soon afterwards she had moved out to Oregon to be with her best friend Tammy. She stayed with Tammy for the first few weeks but that started to get to be uncomfortable for everyone. Having another woman in the house for a short time with a husband and two teenage boys is one thing but for her to stay for any length of time is pushing the envelope. Tammy's family is VERY straight and none of them know anything about what she has done during her visits to Pittsburgh with me and my dad.

My mom had no desire to cause any problems for her best friend - she'd had enough of her own at the time, so she found herself her own apartment where she still lives today. As I saw later, it's REALLY nice though - my dad must be paying BIG bucks in alimony! My mom found a job at a local clinic that didn't pay much but she found the work satisfying and she didn't have to work long hours at weird times of the day as she did when she was a nurse at a hospital.

## 2. I Finally Visit My Mom

For almost a year after the divorce I sort of lost touch with my mom as she adapted to her new life. At first I resented it as I had come to grips with the fact that it wasn't my fault yet it seemed I was the one being punished. Over time we gradually got back together though e-mail, phone calls, and even a few on-line chats and Skype. Eventually I talked my dad into financing a trip for me to go out and visit her. As I said, I know my dad still loves my mom so he didn't want to hurt our relationship.

I had flown once before to Oregon to visit Tammy and her family with my mom but that was one of the few times I'd traveled any great distance so I can't say I wasn't nervous about the trip. The funny thing was that with all the sexy stories and fantasies about sex on a plane, I didn't even come close to getting laid. Not that I didn't think about it! In fact, I even dressed a little slutty just in case the opportunity arose. I chose a nice pair of cutoffs that didn't show TOO much of my ass but plenty of leg. A tight cami under an unbuttoned blouse was suggestive without being whorish. I even got a window seat next to two guys traveling on business. They were both married and traveling together. If anything, I think it was the fact that their buddy was with them more so than being married that stymied anything. Sure they LOOKED a lot, especially at my legs but nothing more happened, not even an "accidental" brush against my boobs or legs.

So far as sex in the airplane toilet, I don't how people do that! Damn, it was almost too small to even fit me in it let alone having sex with someone. I have to assume that the scenes in the movies use a fake room that is a lot bigger, or maybe some planes have larger restrooms. In either case I had a pleasant trip but beyond some suggestive conversation it was pretty tame.

My mom met me at the airport, shaking her head when she saw me.

"Looks like someone was trolling," she teased me as we waited for my luggage.

It was a favorite term of hers to describe when I would dress up and go out looking to get picked up. Well, she was the one who taught me so she should know!

We went straight to her apartment where she showed me around. It was really nice, with two bedrooms - a master bedroom with its own Jacuzzi bath along with a guest room. When she showed me around she had this little wicked smile when we got to the guest room. She explained that she didn't allow anyone in her personal bedroom so when she had "guests" they did whatever they did in the guest bedroom. Needless to say, I got the picture right away that things were different for my mom these days! She didn't enlighten me at the time as to who these guests were, but I had the feeling there would be some interesting stories later on.

After I'd freshened up and came back out to the kitchen, we sat down and my mom set up a few "rules" to start with. It's not like she read off a list or anything draconian like that, they just sort of popped up as we talked. First and foremost, I was to call her Mary instead of mom. She hinted that we would be going out a lot during the next week and it would better for me to get use to calling her by her name from the start. Second, I was NOT a guest so I could sleep with her in her bedroom although I could use the guest room to store my things. This was more significant than it might seem as growing up I almost never spent an entire night in bed with just her, let alone a week straight.

One other thing we discussed was that the week ahead was about US so she didn't want to talk a lot about things back in the 'burgh with regards to my dad and ESPECIALLY nothing about her sister Linda. This was the one that took me most by surprise, especially the way she practically spat out her sister's name. Well, more about that another time... We went out to get something for supper which seemed long overdue as my wasn't use to the time change and I was starving. At the same time I was feeling more tired and again, I realized that I was mentally three hours ahead of the local clock. By the time we got back I was sleepy from the combination of a full stomach and jet lag.

It felt a little odd undressing with my mom and slipping into bed naked with her. It had been a long time since we'd been together and I think we both were a little bit nervous. As tired as I was, I was anxious to be with her again, to feel my mother's naked body against me. It was something unique with my mother that I never shared with my dad. When I slept with my dad, I was ALWAYS his daughter and he was ALWAYS my dad. We never even role-played as anything else. If I was wearing a naughty nurse outfit, it was me as his daughter being the nurse. I had duties and obligations as his daughter and I always did my best to fulfill them.

With my mother it was different. Out of bed there was never any question as to our roles. She was the mother and I was the daughter. I was certainly no angel growing up and there were times we disagreed on things, but there was never any doubt as to what our relationship was and in the end, her authority as my mother trumped everything else. It was when we were in bed together that things changed.

With my father I NEVER considered myself to be his lover yet with my mother it was just the opposite. It's really hard to describe but it was like I was with my truest lover in the most equal and shared relationship possible. There was no hierarchy of parent-child or even older-younger. Each of us did everything we could to please the other yet at the same time, we were not afraid to please ourselves as well.

So it was that when my mother slipped under the sheets with me in bed that it was like nothing had changed and no time had passed since our last time. In the darkness I felt her warmth against me as we took each other into our arms and kissed. Our tongues met and I felt the passion ignite between us. My leg slipped in between hers and I could feel the warmth of her hair pussy against my thigh as at the same time I felt the pressure against my bare pussy as she pressed her bare smooth leg in against me. Our breasts pressed against each other's and my arms reached around her and pulled against her naked back. It was like heaven on earth as we laid there like that for what seemed to be hours, just enjoying the feel of each other until I fell asleep in her loving arms.

The next morning I awoke to an empty bed. Throwing on a t-0shirt, I made my way to the kitchen where my mom was fixing breakfast for us. Without a word I took her in my arms and we kissed, not breaking apart until my mom had to flip the eggs before everything burned. I told her how much I had enjoyed the night before and she just smiled, a twinkle in her eye.

Later we dressed and went to visit Tammy. Her husband was at work and the boys were out so we had the day to ourselves and just traded stories and such over drinks. My mom had warned me earlier than she and Tammy were still very close but it was strictly platonic. Anything she may have done in Pittsburgh stayed in Pittsburgh, to borrow a phrase. That was fine with me although I remembered how Tammy and I had been together a few times and to be honest, had been looking forward to doing it again but I respected my mother's and her wishes and didn't even approach the subject.

Tammy invited us to stay for dinner but my mom said we had other plans. She hadn't shared those plans with me so I was curious what she was cooking up but from Tammy's expression I got the feeling she had some ideas of her own. As curious as I was, I somehow restrained myself from asking anything. On the way home we picked up some takeout which we ate when we got back. It was killing me as to what my mom had planned and she seemed to be taking great enjoyment out of tormenting me, even if it was all in fun.

## 3. A Night on the Town With My Mom

After cleaning up from our quick supper, my mom finally spilled some of her plans. SOME of her plans mind you. She told me to dress slutty as we were going to a club which surprised me. In any case, I had come prepared with a black dress that hugged my body like Saran Wrap and barely covered my ass when I sat down. It was one of those that just came over one shoulder, crossing down to expose plenty of cleavage and about two-thirds of the boob apposite the shoulder that was covered. I wore a black thong underneath that covered my crotch but not much else. My mom nodded when she saw me in it, giving me a thumbs up approval.

As for her, my mom had on one of the shortest skirts I'd ever seen her wear, even in her old high school photos. I had to say, for a 44 year-old she had some of the sexiest legs my could ask for in a women ten years younger than her. Obviously she'd been working out! She wore sheer black hose with the tops barely under the hemline and I knew once she sat down the tops would be clearly visible once she crossed her legs. On top she had on a white satin blouse which while completely opaque, hugged her tightly enough to outline the white floral bra she wore underneath. The bra was plainly visible as she had the blouse unbuttoned about half-way down. Damn, my mom looked hot!

"One thing though," she warned me as we drove, "Do NOT call me mom, got it? I'm your older sister tonight, OK?"

I cheerfully agreed. I knew what she was driving at as being my mom would place her at her true age but by saying she as my sister she could pass for being ten years younger, especially in the darkened light of a typical club. In any case, guys would be just as turned on by the possibility of having two sisters as a mother and daughter. Well, maybe not quite as turned on but it would be fun enough as it was. In any case, while I think a lot of guys fantasize about being with a mother and daughter, it's usually more a younger mother and a teenage daughter (or younger) that fills out most fantasies. With me being 25 and her in her forties, the "thrill" of doing a mom and daughter might still be there but in real life I think the sister act was more promising.

Now I've never been much of a "club" girl but obviously my mom has become one judging from the greetings she got when we arrived. As we had planned, she introduced me as her younger sister which got us a lot of second looks, as if we weren't getting them already. What can I say, my mom is now a major slut! She flirted shamelessly with anyone who was willing to play along.

Needless to say we attracted quite a crowd, especially when she leaned over and have me a quick kiss. Nothing TOO much but enough to be more than a quick peck between friends. Sisters kissing is such a male turn-on. Kristen and I use to have lots of fun teasing guys and we were just cousins. We stayed at the a couple of hours, sharing a few drinks and dancing.

At first we just danced with each other but then the sharks started to circle and guys would ask us to dance. One side benefit was that we never had to buy another drink! Even I had some wince as it seemed a little wrong to order my normal Diet Cokes. As the night went on, the dances got more erotic and intimate and I could feel hands starting to get more and more "personal" as they realized neither of us seemed to have the word "no" in our vocabulary. I got a kick when I was dancing with one guy and saw my mom in a booth with a guy next to her, his hands literally all over her as he fondled her boobs and groped under her skirt shamelessly like some high school boy at a dance. She certainly seemed to be enjoying the attention! I'd never seen my mom doing such things, not even with my dad in public, so it was almost more interesting to watch her than to enjoy what was happening with me.

As the night wore on guys came and went but over time there seemed to be two of them that were really interested in us. They both looked to be in the late twenties or early thirties, not brothers but alike in many ways. Both were about six feet tall with dark hair and perfect teeth. They were dressed sharp and well groomed, both appearing to be professionally employed. My mom was getting more attention from the taller one who looked to also be the younger of the two while I was being handled (literally) by the older one although I thought he was actually a little more handsome.

"So you two are sisters?" my mom's guys asked once when we were all seated in the booth.

By now it was getting late and the hands were getting more personal. He had one hand covering one of mom's breasts, squeezing it through her blouse and bra.

My mom explained that I was her "little" sister and the guy next to me laughed, moving his hand to my breast now and saying, "There's nothing 'little' about your sister Mary." I just pretended to be embarrassed but did nothing to move his hand which just encouraged him all the more.

"We like to go out and have fun together," I said, emphasizing the word "fun" and leaving it to their imaginations as to what that might be.

That just led my guy to drop his hand down to my crossed leg. At first resting it on top and then quickly moving it to the inside of my thigh and up within inches of my thong.

"So you say the two of you are close?" the guy groping my mom asked.

The way he said "close" left no doubt as to where he was leading. My mom just smiled naughtily, again leaving it to his imagination to interpret her meaning.

"If you're going to rub my pussy the least you can do is tell me your name." I tease my guy.

I think I surprised him a little b being so forward but it wasn't like he wasn't about to do it anyway as by now he was only about an inch away.

"Ryan," was all he said as he apparently took it to mean that by telling me he could do just that.

I smiled at my mom as I felt his hand press against the outer fabric of my thong.

"So if I tell you my name, can I rub yours?" the other guys asked my mom. I couldn't help but think how crazy this was becoming, doing all this with my own mother! She shrugged but her smile told him what he wanted to know.

"I'm Michael," he continued and I noted that his hand went straight to her leg once he said it.

Then I almost laughed as I saw her take his hand and literally pull it into her crotch. Like, my own mom couldn't wait to get groped!

As Michael started playing with my mom's crotch, Ryan was getting more bold and he started to push my thing to the side but that was where I drew the line.

"Now Michael, just what do you think you're doing?" I asked him, keeping a grin on my face to disarm anything he might take from my push-away.

Meanwhile, I saw my mom stiffen slightly as Michael explored further under her skirt which led him to tease his partner saying, "Looks like the older one doesn't mind a finger up her cunt... sorry Ryan."

I half-expected my mom to protest over his coarse language but she seemed happy to tolerate it so long as he had his finger in her. God, I couldn't believe my own mother was letting a guy finger her pussy in public! I mean, it WAS in a booth and it was under her skirt but still!

Not to be totally outdone by my own mother, I turned to Ryan and put my hand on his crotch where it was obvious he was totally turned on by everything. "Unlike my slutty sister, I don't let guys finger my pussy on a first date... at least not until I get to suck their dick."

"Wow!" Ryan gushed as he looked at his friend who must have been doing a number on my mom's clit from the way she was sighing and rolling her eyes. "What do you say we go somewhere and you can do just that."

My mom was paying any attention at that point and I caught myself just as I was about to call her "mom". "Mary... c'mon," I said, reaching across to poke her.

Both guys looked like they had just won the lottery. As we left the place together they wanted to take us to their place but my mom insisted on a hotel room. She made up some story about it being more fun but I knew she was just making sure we were safe. You never know what you are getting into when you go to a strange guy's house! I would have been happy splitting up between our cars but again, my mom looked out for us and told them we would meet them at the room if they gave us one of their keys. They reluctantly agreed and so we got in our car and headed for the hotel with the guys in the lead.

"Damn mom, I can't believe you let him actually finger you in there!"

"You mean you can't believe I let him or you can't believe the old gal still has it?" she laughed.

"Oh mom, you know better than that!" I protested.

For the rest of the trip we discussed the relative merits of our "partners" as well as agreed upon a few things that we might do... and not do. The key was that we agreed to stay together and not allow ourselves to be split up between two rooms. This could be a lot of fun but at the same time, you never know when it comes to strangers so better safe than sorry.

We let the valet park the car and as we walked in, I could literally feel the eyes of the hotel staff boring holes in us. Granted, I imagine we looked like two street walkers entering the hotel but who cared? If anything, that turned me on all the more to think that people saw us that way. Me and my mom... can you imagine that!

We had told the guys to wait for us in the room and thankfully they had apparently followed directions as they were nowhere to be seen. We took the elevator up to their floor and soon we were standing outside the room.

"Ready sis?" my mom teased me.

I just nodded and she put the key card in the slot. The door lock clicked and we entered the room to find the two of them sitting on a couch together, waiting for us. I wondered if they thought we might be setting them up and not show up as they actually looked a little surprised at first but that look was quickly replaced by unbridled lust. Still, we weren't whores so they had to respect us a little bit.

"So where were we?" my mom asked quietly, almost more a muse than a direct question. "You know Kelly, I don't think they quite believed me when I said we were really close, what do you think?"

Once again I caught myself just before saying "mom" but then I answered, "I don't know sis... why don't we show them?"

Up until that moment, the only man ever to see me and my mom together sexually had been my dad, and even then it was always with him in the middle. We looked at each other and I think both of us were thinking the same thing but then I saw her lick her lips and I knew she was ready. If anything, there was a hunger in my mom's eyes like I'd never quite seen before. It was like she WANTED to do this in front of them.

Without another word my mom turned to me and we embraced, then kissed passionately while the guys watched. At first I glanced at them to see their reaction as they sat still, like they were mesmerized by what was happening before them. Well, I couldn't blame them!

My mother quickly took the lead. It was like she couldn't wait to take me. This was different than anything I'd ever experienced with her before. In a way, it reminded me of times when my father would come to me all horny and needful, taking me and fucking me without speaking a word. Well, I was use to my dad having such needs but never my own mother!

"I love you mom," I whispered to her, low enough for the guys not to hear but at the same time, I wanted her to know it was NOT her sister that was ready for this but her own daughter.

With that my mom practically tore my clothes off of me! In literally seconds I was standing there nude with nothing on but my heels. I was quite aware of the stares I was getting from the couch but my attention was more focused on my mother who seemed to be overwhelmed with a lust I'd never seen in her before. I laid back on the bed as my mother stripped, also leaving her heels on but otherwise totally naked.

A quick glance over at the couch and then she as on top of me, her breasts pressed into mine as we kissed and touched one another. Then she rolled over on her back and I knew what she wanted. Spinning myself around so I was now facing the guys, I put one leg over her and we were quickly into a mother-daughter 69, although from their perspective it was two sisters.

I buried my face in my mom's thick bush of pubic hair - at least she hadn't shaved. Although a bare pussy like Kristen's is nice, there's something about my mom's lush pubic hair against my face as I lick her that has always turned me on. At the same time, I could feel her tongue exploring my pussy, liking up between my pussy lips and finding my clit.

"Oh Mary!" I moaned, remembering to use her name as it was as much for the guy's than anything.

From my position I could see the guys and I sort of expected them to pull out their cocks and start jerking off but I guess the guy thing about masturbating in front of another guy was even stronger than their desires for us right then. Too bad as I would have loved to watch them jerk off. It would have been even hotter to see them jerk each other off but that was NOT something I would have honestly expected.

I loved the way my mom licked me. God I'd missed this so! Of all the women I've been with, nobody can make me feel better or cum faster than my own mom. Whether it's just her skills, the fact she is my own mother, or whatever, she's always been my favorite when it comes to having my pussy eaten.

"Oh Mary!" I cried out yet again as I quickly came to my orgasm.

With everything that had been going on tonight it didn't take much to push me over the edge and my mom was going at it as best she could. I tried to keep my face pressed against her wet pussy but it was impossible as she relentlessly licked and sucked on my clit, driving me higher and higher into the upper reaches of orgasmic pleasure. It would have been enough had we been alone but to have the two guys watch just made it all the better.

Once I had cum it made it all the more important for me to get my mother off. She took a little more work than I'd expected but soon she too was moaning and writhing under me. My mom has always been what my dad calls "a moaner" and she was certainly keeping to her reputation!

Once I'd achieved my goal I turned around laid to the side of her, one leg draped over her so my pussy was pressed up against her hip and one hand on her heaving breast. She turned and we kissed and I loved the way her face tasted and smelled from having been covered by my pussy.

"Oh Kelly..." she sighed as I put my lips on her nipple and suckled like I had so many years before as a baby.

Finally the guys seemed to sense it was their turn as they got up and started to strip. For a moment I thought about how cruel it would be for my mom and me to get up and leave them now all horny and lustful. To be honest, I was feeling so good I could have done just that but I saw my mom's eyes move to their crotches and I could see from that look that she was far from being ready to leave.

Ryan reached out and pulled me back from my mom so I was a the side of the bed. He stood there and pushed his dick against my lips.

"I believe you said something about sucking my dick before I touched your cunt," he said with a smirk on his face.

Well, if there was one thing I was NOT going to do, it was turn away an erect cock right in front of my mouth! I opened my mouth and he immediately shoved it in and pushed himself in until he hit the back of my throat. Well, if he thought THAT was going to surprise me then he had another thought coming! I relaxed as best I could and let him slide down into my throat until my face was pressing against the base of his dick. I stayed that way for a moment and then pulled back until just the head was in my mouth.

"Damn Mike, she took it all!" Ryan crowed as he started to fuck my mouth.

I had no idea what was happening behind me but I heard my mother moaning and that meant her mouth was empty but I would have bet a lot that something else wasn't!

"Fuck me harder!" I heard my mom cry out and I knew then for sure what was happening.

As much as I would have loved to have sucked dick a little while longer, I wanted even more to share this with my mom so I rolled back on my back and spread my legs open for Ryan. Fortunately he took the hint and climbed on the bed and got between my welcoming thighs.

"Fuck her Ryan... fuck her good," my mother managed to get out between moans.

She had her legs wrapped around Michael as he humped her like a dog in heat. Her hair was a total wreck and he was sucking hard on her large breasts. It was at that moment I realized I was seeing my mom being fucked by somebody besides a member of her family for the first time!

Ryan was soon in me as well, filling my pussy with his hard cock as I too wrapped my legs around him and pulled him into me. It was soooooo crazy, laying her in bed with my mom right next to me, both of us being fucked by two guys we'd never met before like two whores.

"I want some of that pussy," Michael said to Ryan after he'd fucked my mom a while.

He pulled out of my mom and Ryan did the same. This time, though, they wanted us on all fours and I kneeled next to my mom as they entered us both from behind at the same time.

"Oh god yes!" my mom sighed as Ryan fucked her. I was feeling pretty good myself as Michael thrust his cock into me as deep as he could.

Before long it was out turn to be on top. My mom took some of the initiative this time and had them lie head to toe. Then she mounted Michael while I straddled Ryan and felt his dick in me again. We did it reverse cowgirl so our asses were facing their faces but it allowed us to see each other and she leaned over to kiss me and fondle my boobs as we rode our respective dicks.

I had to give the guys credit as they hung in there without cumming too soon. I found myself wondering how my mom wanted to finish them off, like where would they cum? Would she let them cum in her pussy, in her mouth, or shoot it all over her? Well, I figured it was going to have to be decided soon as both of them seemed to be getting close.

One last position change and we were on our sides in the middle of the bed facing each other. The guys spooned us from behind, Ryan back in my mom this time while Michael was in me. I felt Michael push especially hard into me, holding himself deep inside of me and I knew he was about to cum. Then he did, ramming himself even deeper into my pussy as he released his sperm into me.

"Oh yeah, that feels so good!" I moaned as I looked into my mother's eyes as he came in me.

My mother smiled and then I saw her smile even wider as Ryan began cumming in her, groaning out load as he shot his load into my mother's pussy.

When they had finished they pulled out and fell onto their backs, exhausted by their efforts. My mom, however, wasn't finished. Much to their delight, this time she got on top of me and once again we 69'd, only this time licking out the cum the guys had left in out pussies. Another first for me in that the only man's cum I'd ever licked from my mother's pussy was my dad's!

Once we'd finished we got up off the bed and quickly dressed. I suppose a shower would have been nice but neither of us wanted to stay there any longer than necessary now that we'd gotten what we came for. A quick brush through our hair and we were off to retrieve my mom's car from the valet. The kid who brought out car back couldn't help but star at us as we got in the car. I suppose it didn't hurt that we'd left out panties in the room as presents for the guys!

Neither of us said hardly a word on the way home until we got into her apartment.

"I love you so much Kelly," were the first words out of her mouth.

We kissed briefly and then hit the showers before nesting next to each other in bed. Nothing more needed to be spoken or done. I fell asleep again in my mother's arms, feeling closer to my mom than I'd ever felt before.

pedophile. She compensated by allowing my father to maintain an extensive porn collection which she hoped would provide sufficient outlet for those desires and urges he found so difficult to control.

As a result of my mother's influence, until recently the youngest boy I ever had sex with was sixteen - and I was fourteen the first time. Of course when I was a teenager I had sex with numerous teenage boys but they were all sixteen or older.

As I got older, my tastes began to shift to older men and other than a couple of flings, I pretty much stayed with "legal" aged partners. Even the couple of exceptions were with boys that were quite mature for their age so it wasn't like I trolled the grade school yards or anything like perverted like that. Certainly I've never done anything like my aunt and cousin have done with the local boys in the neighborhood!

Until a couple of years ago I would've said that these principles were the bedrock of my religious and sexual morals. No matter how slutty or naughty I might be, there were still lines meant not to be crossed and looking forward to my married life, I naturally expected those principles to continue. Then a few things happened that changed my life in many ways - and shifted that foundation somewhat in the process. I don't think anyone can really point fingers at me. After all, who can blame me changing a bit when my parents' divorced, something I never would have thought possible before it happened.

My parents' divorce triggered what was probably one of the most intense periods of my life so far as examining my core values and beliefs. It wasn't so much the fact that a marriage of over 25 years came to an end, although THAT certainly was a blow to me as I was always one to brag about how rock-solid their marriage was and how I wanted to pattern my own marriage after theirs. What hit me the hardest was WHY they divorced. It took a couple of years for me to fully understand all that went down and even now I still can't believe how naive and starry-eyed I was not to see what was obvious to so many other people.

The irony is that many of the very same things I use to believe were the reason for their strong marriage turned out to be the very things that split them apart. My mother's "no adultery" rules were so strict and restricting that my father was held back from doing the very things that would have actually made their marriage stronger. It's like when I have sex with a married guy now and then see his marriage rebound afterwards once he has let those desires come out and be realized.

almost too much to bear at times, like my pussy was finally complete with him filling it but now empty and in need of his love once again.

I have told many girls that if they really want to understand their father, if they really want to please him in a way no other person can, that if they want to fulfill their biblical duties to their father, then they HAVE to let him fuck them. There simply is no other way to reach that level of a relationship with their dad. Some have followed my advice and it melts my heart to hear them tell me, sometimes with tears of joy in their eyes, how special it was to feel their father that first time he entered them. Indeed, it is like losing your virginity again, only this time 100% pleasurable and so much deeper in meaning.

So why have I bothered to say all this? It's because I don't want people to get the wrong idea as to why I eventually did some of the things I did with my dad. I want people to understand how badly I want to please my father and how far I am willing to go to accomplish that goal. It is essential that anyone who has followed me through the years and thought that they knew my principles and this understand why I changed. To know that I did so only after careful consideration and with a desire to please my father at the forefront.

After all, when you make a commitment to please your father no matter what he asks, there are certain risks involved as fathers are still men and they have the same flaws and hereditary urges that all men must deal with. So when my dad approached me with his latest request, did I have any choice but to say "yes daddy"?

## 3. My Aunt Linda Gives My Dad What He Wants

Last year my Aunt Linda went to live with my dad. It was close enough after the divorce that tongues still wagged but long enough to be respectful to my mother. Of course most people didn't know the whole story. Even those who knew my dad back in high school and were aware that he and his brother had dated my mom and her sister, often trading partners, had no idea that the relationship continued after the marriage. Indeed, I think my dad had sex with my mom's sister more than her! Overall it was probably a better marriage for my mom and him than it would have been had he picked the younger sister instead, but now at their age and with their kids grownup it seemed to make more sense for him and Aunt Linda to be together. Let's just say my aunt was much less restrictive!

Under different circumstance I might have been tempted to just lay back and let he do me for his enjoyment but there was a serious question on the table that couldn't be ignored.

"Dad... you know how I feel about that," I somehow managed to blurt out as my aunt shoved a finger deep into my pussy while using her thumb to rub my swollen clit. She quickly pulled it out and put it in her mouth, licking it clean.

"Mmmmmmm, nothing like a little of your daddy's sperm mixed in to give it flavor," she giggled, looking over at my dad who was now stroking himself before pushing it back in me between my open thighs.

It really wasn't fair but what could I say? My pussy was still feeling good after being fucked by my dad and now my aunt was stimulating it all the more, reaching down with her head to suckle on my nipple as they waited for me to respond. A chill ran down my spine as her lips pulled on my hardened nipple, he tongue teasing the tip as she did.

"Oh alright... I'll go," I gasped but then I grinned at my dad and added, "But you have to fuck me again... now!"

Now who wasn't being fair but I knew he wasn't about to complain. He was erect again anyway, his hard dick being caressed by his own hand. God I wanted him back in me again so badly! As he approached me, naked with his hard dick pointing at me like a spear, I opened my legs even further as my aunt reached out to guide him into me.

"Fuck me daddy... fuck me again," I whispered hoarsely to him. Of course I wanted him to do just that but I also knew it turned him on tremendously for me to say it out loud to him.

"Yes daddy..., just like that!" I gasped as my aunt directed his stiff dick back into the welcoming warmth of my pussy. I looked down and watched as inch by inch his shaft disappeared inside of me, feeling him filling me with his fullness.

"Fuck her John... fuck her good," my aunt encouraged him, as if he needed any further encouragement.

Aunt Linda kept her hand in my crotch, playing with my clit as my father established his rhythm, stroking himself in and out of me at a slow but steady pace. Once again my aunt's lips locked onto my nipple, pulling on it a little harder now as she teased it all the more with her tongue.

My dad grabbed my ankles and pulled my legs up to his shoulders such that my butt was elevated off the couch a few inches while his dick fucked me slow and

Well, I most certainly did NOT know for myself so I would have to take her word for now. Now that I'd settled down I was starting to have second thoughts about what I'd signed up for. There are some things in life you should never do and one of them was to make major, life-altering decision in the heat of lust and passion. Going to one of these parties was a pretty major decision as it was something that could never be undone once I did it. Had anyone other than my dad asked me I never would have one along with it. Indeed, how many times had I automatically refused similar offers from my aunt and cousin without a second thought or regret?

Sometimes being a daddy's girl meant I had to do things I might otherwise never do and this was one of those times. I had always trusted my father and he had never betrayed that trust so in this case I just had to allow my instincts to guide me. As I said before, I've regretted doing anything sexually so why should this be any different? No doubt if I refused then I WOULD regret THAT so the best course of action was to follow my instincts and submit to my father's will, even if a the moment I wasn't so sure about things. After all, isn't that what a father is suppose to do - make the hard decisions and guide his daughter's path? It was time to walk the talk!

## 4. The Party

From the time I agreed to do one of the infamous family parties and it actually happening was a lot longer than I'd expected. I guess in my mind it was like once I agreed then the next day it would happen but that was not at all what happened. Indeed, it ended up being another two weeks before the subject even came up again and then another week before the party.

When my aunt called me to tell me to set aside the next Saturday morning on my calendar, I was a little surprised but then it made sense when I took into consideration who half the participants would be. She told me not to worry about what I would wear as nudity was the standard dress code. Aunt Linda ended by saying that she and my dad would pick me up at 8:30.

While teaching the rest of the week I couldn't help but look at some of my students and think that it wouldn't be long and I might be having sex with someone their age. Indeed, imagine if some of them just happened to show up! Granted, most

"Just go and have fun and quit worrying that you're contributing to the delinquency of a minor or anything silly like that," she said as she started to leave my room. "Believe me when I say whether you go or not, nothing is going to be different in the end for them so why not participate and enjoy yourself?"

With that she left me to my own thoughts once again. Fortunately it was almost time for me to be picked up and sure enough, by the time I got downstairs I looked out the front door and saw my dad's SUV pull up with my aunt riding shotgun. I put on my coat and called up to Kristen's room to say I was leaving. There was no response but that didn't surprise me. I had a good idea of what she would be doing for the rest of them morning now that she was up and about.

It was only a few moments later and I was in the back seat with my dad pulling away from the curb. My aunt turned around in her seat to greet me good morning and for the next thirty minutes or so we just talked about the weather, work and anything else that came to mind but nothing about the upcoming party. The traffic was heavy, even on a Saturday morning but that was normal for the area and my dad seemed more focused on not hitting the guy in front of us than engaging in light conversation.

As we drove on, I realized that I had no clue as to where we were going - a small detail I'd neglected to ask! All I knew was that we were heading south, away from the city which sort of surprised me. I don't know why, but somehow I'd expected it to be in one of the affluent neighborhoods on the North or South side, not out in what was increasingly becoming the middle of nowhere.

We turned down a small road with a sign advertising a retreat center that's I'd never heard of before. It didn't say what sort of retreat center so I assumed it was not a church-sponsored one but what type other than that I had no idea. Soon my dad turned in front of another sign for the center leading down a small narrow road into the woods which then opened up into a gravel parking bounded on three sides by various log-cabin style buildings. The largest was at the far end and was where all the cars were parked so I assumed that it must be our destination.

"Well, we're here," my dad announced, finally looking back at me for the first time. He smiled at me but there was a look of concern in his eyes when he asked, "You sure that you're OK with this baby?"

"You know I'll do anything for you daddy," I said, trying to sound positive. I knew he loved it when I called him "daddy" in sexual situations more so than just "dad". Yeah it sounds corny when I write it but at the time it felt appropriate.

"Now stop right there," he said, putting up his hand like a policeman in traffic, "You know that I don't want you to ever do anything you don't want to do no matter what you may THINK I want. Trust me, I would never WANT you to do anything you didn't want to do."

A little late for THAT I thought but I just shook my head and smiled even more. "I didn't mean it that way daddy, I know... I love you."

"Well can we get going?" my aunt chimed in, "Looks like we're the last to arrive... as usual," she said looking pointedly at my dad who was notorious for being late to most everything.

I did a quick look and guessed that there were maybe a dozen cars or so. Assuming they were all here for the same reason, that meant a reasonable size crowd. Not TOO small that it was overly intimate but not so big that it was impersonal. It was sort of the same way I felt about my friend Beth's sex parties. Up to about twenty people and you felt you got to know everyone without it being overly one-on-one with the same person all night.

The air was still pretty cold this early in the morning so we hurried inside to the main entrance where to large doors seemed to be the main entry. They opened to a small gathering area with racks for our coats. A couple was seated behind a table with what looked to be some sort of list. On each side of them was a son and daughter, the son next to the mom and the daughter next to the father. The boy looked to be older than the girl but I would have guessed that neither of them were in high school yet. They were all dressed quite conservatively and had I not known the intent of this morning's gathering you would have thought they were welcoming us to a church retreat. Then again, if THAT had been the scenario then normally you would have found the boy next to the father and the girl next to mother.

"Hey, it's John and Linda!" the mother greeted us.

The dad had the list and I saw him checking some names off. I couldn't read the list from where I stood but I could see that everyone else had a check mark by their name so my aunt had been correct in that we must be the last to arrive.

My dad and aunt shook hands with the couple while the kids sat quietly. I noticed the boy was eying my aunt and smiling – as did my aunt.

"There's my Johnny," my aunt said to him, smiling sweetly at him. Again, they may have been saying hello at any event. That is, until she said, "So is my favorite young man going to screw me today?"

At first I didn't realize someone was talking to me so I didn't respond but then I felt a poke on the shoulder and a nudge in my butt. I turned and saw a boy about my height looking me in the eye. Glancing down, it was apparent what I'd felt against my butt.

"I SAID, sit on my dick," he repeated himself, a little more firmly this time.

It was like he felt I owed it to him and for a moment I felt a little flush come to my face but it wasn't from any embarrassment. Crap, he could at least ASK! Then again, I'd gotten the idea that while this event may have been staged by the parents, the kids ruled!

"Well, sit down so I can," I retorted, slapping his erect cock with the palm of my hand playfully.

He sat on the matt, resting his head on the chest of some woman who was being fucked by someone else's son. She didn't seem to mind! He didn't seem the least bit interested in foreplay so I straddled his hips and squatted down until his dick was pressing against my well-lubed pussy. I rotated my hips, letting my pussy rub against the tip of his dick but not quit pushing down enough to press it into me.

The boy suddenly lifted up his hips which pushed him into me. To be fair, I wanted it in me as much as he did by that time so when his hips dropped back down again, I was still sitting on his cock.

"Nice pussy," he complimented me, finally saying something nice to me.

I lowered myself down until my full weight was on his crotch and then ground my pussy down against his pubic bone. Reaching down, I started to play with my clit as I rotated around on his stiff shaft. It was an adult-sized cock and felt pretty damn good!

I was only on him for about five minutes before he tried to sit up.

"Not bad... thanks for the fuck," he said abruptly.

It was like he was some sort of sexual buffet where he was just trying to sample all the available dishes - or should I say pussies in this case. I wondered if he even knew that I wasn't a mom? Well, I wasn't going to tell him. I stood up, letting his cock flop out of me and then he just turned away without another word and left to look for a new mom to fuck.

For the next hour or so the only ones who wanted to fuck me were the fathers. It seemed that there were fewer boys than any other age group so they pretty much had their pick of the moms, with some of the moms having to get together with just one boy if they didn't want to just wait their turn. As such I doubt I would have made

Yes, I understand that it can work under certain circumstances, but in the general interest of children it can't be assumed that such control is always exercised or that the kids are benefiting in the way I witnessed.

Now if EVERY situation was the way I was involved, where I saw young boys and girls mature years ahead of their peers and truly enjoying what they were doing, then maybe I would feel differently. Unfortunately that's not the world we live in.

Finally, I just want to say something that I have always said regarding incest and it applies to child sex as well. You don't have to have sex with your kids to show them that you love them!

thoughts, I quickly stripped, laying my clothes on the bed, and quietly made my way back to the study in my bare feet.

"Hi daddy, horny tonight?" I said just loud enough to get his attention.

My dad jumped at the unexpected interruption and twisted around in his chair to see who it was. A smile came to his face as he recognized his only daughter standing in the doorway, wearing nothing but a smile.

"Hey baby, wasn't expecting you tonight... as you can see," he said with a chuckle, glancing down at the erection in his hand, "Wow, you look great tonight. Something going on I need to know about?"

I quickly got to the point, explaining that with Kristen going out tonight I was feeling horny and I knew my aunt would be out so I thought that maybe he might like some attention. My dad stood up, kicking off his shorts and pulling his T-shirt up and over his head so that he was now nude as well.

"Well you know I'm always happy whenever my favorite daughter stops by to Visit... especially when she shows up naked as the day she was born," he said as he walked across the room and hugged me. I could feel his erection poking me in my stomach as he pulled me in tight to him and grabbed my bare butt in his strong hands.

"Tell me what you want daddy," I whispered in a husky voice as he kissed my neck and ear, "Tell me how to please you. I want to make you happy."

My dad sort of growled and picked me up in his arms, carrying me into his bedroom and laying me gently on the bed. He stood up and looked down at me, stroking his erect dick as he looked me up and down.

"Did I ever tell you that I have the most beautiful daughter in the entire world?"

Maybe a few thousand times but I never tired of it! I smiled at him and my pussy began to tingle but I resisted the impulse to touch myself as I watched him stroking his cock which had magically moved to within inches from my face.

With that he moved in even closer and I turned on my side to face him, taking his dick in my hand at first, replacing his as I slowly stroked him. Then I put my mouth up close, reaching out with my tongue to gently lick the tip of his dick before taking the head in my mouth and sucking on it.

"Oh God... that feels soooooo good Kelly," he groaned, "You look so sexy with my dick in your mouth."

As I sucked him I ran my tongue around his shaft and used my hand to gently play with his hairy balls. I could smell the strong odor of his male musk as I took all of him in my mouth and pressed my face against his thick pubic hair that surrounded his hardened dick like a forest. As I sucked on him I looked up at him and our eyes met. I could see the terrible desire he had for me, the unquenchable urges that were in him to fuck me and mate me. It made me feel so sexy and hot to see how badly my own father wanted me. I knew at that moment he wanted nothing more in the world than to have sex with me.

"I REALLY need to fuck you," he finally said, stepping back just enough to pull his dick from my mouth.

I looked up at him expectedly, waiting for him to take the lead. My dad pushed me on my back and then grabbed my legs, twisting me around so they hung off the side of the bed and then he lifted them up and over his shoulders so my ass was right on the edge of the bed, lifted up a couple of inches as he put his hands under my ass and supported me. I reached down between my legs and grabbed his dick, guiding it to my hungry pussy.

"Fuck me daddy," I said in a stronger voice this time.

Of course he didn't NEED me to say it but I knew that no matter how many times I'd said those exact same words to him in the past, he never tired of it. It was like that between us; he called me sexy and beautiful and I asked him to fuck me. Neither of us could ever hear those words enough it seemed.

"Here you go baby... daddy's going to fuck you now... just the way you like it," he said as he pushed himself into me.

The feel of my father's swelled cock head as it penetrated me, pushing my pussy open and stretching me out as it entered, made me gasp with pleasure. Oh my god, the feel of his dick as it first enters me is something I can NEVER get enough of. There's just something special and unique to have your own father pushing his erection into you that's like nothing else imaginable. Sure it feels good when ANY dick first enters me but it's extra special when it's my own father. Part of it may be that I love seeing the expression on his face as he fucks me, to see how much he enjoys it, how much he craves my pussy. I love seeing how much I please him, knowing that I'm doing something that nobody else in the world can - give him his daughter's pussy.

"Yes daddy... just like that," I sighed as he began to thrust himself into me.

Soon he pulled out and flipped me over so my feet were on the floor and I was laying on my belly on the bed. I could feel his hands reaching under my ass and spreading me apart again for his dick to enter me and then he fucked me from behind.

Finally we both got up on the bed and my dad moved over me, his body between my spread legs as he lay on top of me and we kissed as his dick moved in and out of his daughter's welcoming pussy. I could feel my breasts pressing against his hair chest, my legs wrapped around him as his butt moved up and down to drill me with his dick. His hand were wrapped in my hair, tugging on it gently and then running his fingers through it as we both cried out with pleasure.

He was the first to cum, releasing his incestuous sperm in my pussy as he thrust himself deep inside of me, holding himself there as his dick erupted and have me his seed. The faint feel of his cumming in me, the realization that he was giving me something only my father could give me, was enough to push me over the edge and my pussy clamped down on his cock as my own orgasm arose within me.

"That's it baby... cum for your daddy," he whispered hoarsely in my ear as his tongue ran over my face, neck and ear lobes.

Well, cum I did as my orgasm went on and on until I lay limp under my father's embrace, his dick still in me as we remained coupled together as one body. My legs dropped and I just laid there, unable to move, reveling in the afterglow of my orgasm, loving the feel of my father's dick in me.

"I love you so much daddy," I said in a barely audible voice, overwhelmed by the erotic and loving experience.

"I love you too Kelly... more than I can ever say."

"I know daddy... you just showed me," I sighed and indeed, that was exactly how I felt at that moment.

Like, what better way for a father to express his love for his daughter than what my dad had just done to me? For a moment I felt guilty that was about to tell him something that he wouldn't want to hear. How could I tell him I wasn't going to go to any more family parties after what he had just done to me? He had just given me the most precious gift he had and now I was going to crush his hopes and dreams?

I almost changed my mind but in my heart I knew it was the right thing to do. After he pulled out of me and dropped on his back next to me, I moved down and pressed my cum-filled pussy against his leg as I took his sperm and cum filled dick in my hand, leaning over to clean him off with my mouth. Mmmmmmm, I loved the mixture of my father's sperm and my on pussy cum! He jerked involuntarily as my tongue worked over his still ultra-sensitive cock.

Taking a deep breath, I finally came out and did my best to explain to him how I felt about the parties. Of course the prepared speech that I'd practiced a hundred time completely escaped me but somehow I made it through. Fortunately my plan had worked... when had my dad EVER refused me anything right after I let him fuck me? He pretty much accepted what I told him without protest although I could see the look of disappointment on his face. I tried to make him feel better by sucking on his dick again for a while and assured him that I'd do anything to please him and that if he really wanted me to go then I would. Of course he said that wasn't necessary and I smiled as best as could while I held him in my mouth.

Yep, that was my loving dad, the most incredible man in the world. As much as I knew it meant to him to take me to that party, he would never force me to go now that he knew how I felt about it. It was like anal sex. My dad LOVED anal sex but he knew I hated it so he never pushed me to do it.

Eventually I got dressed and headed back home, feeling much better about everything. Indeed, it had been a perfect evening. I'd pleased my father and at the same time, worked out an issue that had been bothering me greatly. Isn't it wonderful how incest can help to make everything work out?

Well, my dad's a pretty good lawyer and so when it comes to reading between the lines and using technicalities to make a case, there's none better. A couple of days later I was surprised to see him at my front door. Actually, except for back when I'd first moved in he'd never been to the house so I figured something Really important must be up. I just didn't know what... My heart jumped as I thought maybe it might be something to do with my mom! Was she coming back to him? Well, it turned out to be nothing quite so dramatic.

"Hey baby girl... Ummmmm, can your dear old dad come in?" he teased me as I stood there speechless for a moment.

I mean like I was REALLY surprised. Again, my dad NEVER came to visit me, I ALWAYS went to him. There wasn't anything in writing that required this arrangement, it was just the way things were. I was the daughter, therefore I go to my dad, it was just that simple.

As luck would have it, I was wearing one of his dress shirts that I'd "borrowed" some time ago. When I lived at home they were some of my favorite things to wear around the house and even though he pretended to grumble, especially when I would swipe one of his newer ones, I knew he really enjoyed seeing me in them. It just shows how NOT dressing ultra-sexy at times can actually be more appealing to guys. I could wear one of his shirts that hung down to my knees and completely covered my boobs and that seemed to turn him on more than seeing me in nothing but a tight t-shirt that I'd outgrown, displaying everything from my belly button down and outlining my boobs and nipples.

"Nice shirt," he teased me as I closed the door behind him.

Actually it WAS a nice shirt, light blue with long sleeves that I kept rolled up to my elbows. I had it about half-buttoned but it was so large that I probably could've not buttoned it at all and it still would have kept me covered, at least most of the time. The important thing for me was that it was loose and cool and I just enjoyed wearing it around the house.

"So daddy... Ummmmm... something wrong?" I asked, filled with curiosity.

My dad looked a little uneasy but he smiled at me and replied, "No baby, can't a father just stop by to see his beautiful and sexy daughter without an ulterior motive?"

I looked at him with my eyebrows furrowed and shook my head. "Well, not really." We both laughed and I continued, "You have to admit dad, this is not the norm for you."

My dad looked up at the sky and sighed. Then he stepped forward and hugged me. As we kissed, his hands pulled up the shirt behind me, exposing my butt to the air and then he grabbed one ass cheek in each hand and pulled me in to him as out kiss went on.

"Maybe I just wanted to show my baby girl how much I her," he murmured in my ear, squeezing my ass tightly in his large hands.

As much as I loved hearing him say that, I knew that he was still holding something back so I decided to bargain and break the ice.

"I tell you what daddy, if I suck your dick will you tell me why you came here?"

My dad laughed so hard he almost choked. "Maybe THAT is why I came over."

I looked more sternly at him a I reached down and started to unbuckle his belt. "I know better daddy... you know you can stop by anytime for that but you don't."

By then I had his belt undone and was working on the clasp of his dress pants. It came apart finally and I unzipped his pants, letting them drop to his ankles as I worked on lowering his striped boxer shorts to join them. Holding his semi-erect dick in my hand, I licked my lips and stared him straight in the eyes. "So do we have a deal?"

Again he laughed but he nodded his head and said, "Deal... You know that's the easiest contract I've made all day!"

I kneeled in front of him and stroked his dick which was just an inch or so from my face. I could feel it begin to stiffen in my hand so I took the head in my mouth and let my tongue play along the sides and bottom of his cock. As I did I kept my eyes on his, waiting for him to keep his end of the bargain.

"God I love watching you do that," he said in a deep voice, the lust definitely beginning to come out.

"You promised," I said quickly, momentarily letting him out of my mouth so I could talk and then taking him right back in again.

"OK, OK," he chuckled, "But you can't blame me for being distracted."

As I slowly sucked his dick, my dad started to tell me about the offer he'd just been made. As soon as he mentioned the party last weekend my heart went to my throat. Immediately I jumped to the conclusion that he was going to give in to his more perverted urges and tell me that I had to go with him to another family party. I felt a bit of panic as I knew I couldn't say no to my father yet at the same time I couldn't believe my dad would even think to ask me knowing my feelings about the matter. Then he described the actual event and I was a little confused at first but then I started to get the bigger picture as he went on.

"So Kelly, I know I promised that I would never ask you to go to another FAMILY Party and I would never go back on a promise," he rationalized, "But this one is just for dads and their daughters so it's really not families, is it? What do you think? Will you come with me?"

Have you ever tried to work through a complex issue while sucking on an erect dick, especially when it's your father's cock in your mouth? I just kept still for a moment, holding him in my mouth without moving while my mind raced. No wonder my dad was such a good lawyer! He was correct in that our agreement had been about families, not fathers and daughters. Without the moms and brothers then you couldn't say it was a family event. I was caught in his logic. Under the circumstances, how could I refuse my father's request since it was perfectly valid?

To stall for some time, I turned my attention back to his dick and started to suck him in earnest. I didn't just suck and bob my head but licked it up and down, sometimes using my lips on the side of it almost like eating an ear of corn. I loved the feel of it against my boobs and face as well. Still, the place it felt most natural was in my mouth. God I love the feel of a man's erect dick in my mouth. Well, make that any dick, erect or not!

"Don't stop Kelly," he groaned, putting his hands on my head, grabbing my hair at the roots and pulling me into his hairy crotch, "Oh god... just like THAT! Don't stop... PLEASE don't stop!"

I was stroking the base of his dick with one hand, cupping his balls with the other, while sucking with as much force as I could on his cock head with my tongue running over the tip. From the way he was involuntarily thrusting himself in to my mouth and the pressure of his hands on the back of my head, I knew he was about to explode.

"Oh Kellyyyyyyyyy," my dad groaned as I felt him jerk and then the first shot of cum spewed into my mouth, shooting all the way to the back of my throat where I swallowed it while trying to keep his dick in my mouth. It was followed by several more loads, each staying in my mouth, each swallowed in turn until he had finished.

When he was finally done, I looked up at him and licked my lips, opening my mouth to show him that I'd swallowed everything he had given me.

"Yes daddy," I said softly, submitting to my father's wishes, "I'll go."

My dad grinned and pulled me up to my feet and kissed me, even after having just cum in my mouth.

"You're the most wonderful daughter a man could ever ask for," he whispered in my ear as he licked and ran his tongue around the outside of it.

"Oh I already know THAT," I joked flippantly and we both laughed.

We sat down on the couch and spent the next hour or so talking about life in general with no further mention of any parties. He seemed about ready to go but I wasn't about to pass up this opportunity. If my dad was only going to visit my house just once a year, then I was going to make the most of it.

"You know daddy, you haven't fucked me in my bed in a LONG time," I purred, reaching down to play with his cock.

He did!

## 3. Getting Started

The father-daughter party was only a couple of days away so it wasn't like I had as much time to dwell on it as I had the family party - which was probably for the best. Kristen was SO jealous when I told her about it. It was too bad really and I had to feel sorry for her. She never knew her dad as he'd divorced her mom when she was barely two years old. I guess this sort of thing just hit a nerve over her not having a REAL father at times like this. My dad had always treated her more like a daughter than a niece since she was little, but it was never quite the same as being his real daughter no matter how much they tried.

The party was scheduled for Saturday afternoon at 2:00. My dad didn't tell me where it was going to be, just that he would pick me up about 1:30 or so which told me it had to be closer than the place where the family party was held. With only eight people total it could be done about anywhere so I wasn't sure if it would be someone's home or where. I guess it really didn't matter, I was just curious. Who wouldn't be?

My dad had told me earlier not to worry about what I wore but at the same time he sort of hinted that he wouldn't mind showing me off a little so I took that to mean nothing conservative. As hot as it was that day, I made the easy decision and went with my standard slut outfit - short cutoffs and a tight cami with heels. I debated putting my hair back in a ponytail or letting it hang to my shoulders. In the end I went with the ponytail. Assuming these girls came from the same stock as the ones at the last party, they would be about half my age so anything I could do to make myself look younger was a given.

For once my dad was right on time, his SUV pulling up to the curb just as our living room clock chimed the half hour. Considering his reputation for always being late, I guess all he needs is the right incentive to be on time! I called out goodbye to Kristen who was moping in her bedroom and ran down the steps to join my dad. I climbed into the SUV and closed the door behind me, reaching to put on the seatbelt.

"Damn, you look hot!" my father greeted me.

I just grinned and pretended to be a little embarrassed at the attention but I loved every bit of it. No girl can EVER be told too many times that she looks good, especially by her father!

With that he took off and headed south until we reached a Holiday Inn near the mall. I was already familiar with it because it had a Sunday Brunch that was pretty good and my family had eaten there a few times in the past. We parked near the front entrance and my dad held my hand as we walked in together. Rather than checking in at the front desk, we stayed in the lobby until the other men showed up with their younger daughters in tow.

With the eight of us together in the lobby I sort of stuck out like a sore thumb. I felt a little funny as I to be at least ten years older than the oldest other girl. Even though I had been expecting exactly this, it still was different when it became real. Indeed, I almost felt like I could have passed for a couple of their mothers! At least one of the guys didn't look all that much older than the guy I was dating!

I looked around the lobby through which a mixture of businessmen, families and hotel staff came and went. None of them seemed to pay any special attention to our little gathering although I couldn't help but smile at some of the second glances a few of the men were giving us girls. Guys can be so silly sometimes, like they think we don't notice. Still, while no doubt more than a few of them had a few naughty thoughts in their heads (both of them no doubt), I doubted any of them had even an inkling of why we were gathered together or what we'd be doing in a few minutes. Besides, I really couldn't blame them as all of us were dressed rather scantily, even keeping in mind the summer weather.

As we sat on some couches in the lobby, each girl next to her father, the fathers made introductions. One thing I noticed that was different right from the start was this time was everyone mentioned their names and ages. This was quite a change from the family party last week where most personal information was kept as just that - personal. Still, no last names were used nor did anyone mention specifically where they lived. I also noted that nobody said anything about who else was in their family, not even their wives.

The oldest girl was Maggie. She was fifteen and her father Jeremy was 38. Then there was Kalin who was twelve with her 37 year-old father Matthew (he said to call him Matt). Finally there was Jessi who proudly announced that she had just had her tenth birthday two weeks earlier. He father was Sandy and was only 29 - just a few years older than me! Obviously he and his wife had Jessi when they were in their teens, I wondered for a moment if it had been planned but then what did it matter? A couple of eyebrows raised when my dad introduced me as being 25 but nobody said anything.

periodically and then going back and forth about something or another. I figured they must have been debating who was going to start out with who or something like that. Meanwhile, we just sat on the bed, with Jessi and Kalin crossing their legs under them Indian-style while Maggie and I sat on the edge with our feet on the floor.

While the fathers talked, I twisted around and looked a little closer at the girls. Maggie was obviously the sexiest and most mature, at least from the traditional definition of sexy. Like me, she'd chosen to wear cutoffs which were every bit as short as mine if not more. Instead of a cami she had on a tube top that barely covered her boobs which I would have guessed to be at least a solid B cup. The ridiculously short shorts showed off her legs which were long and tanned which helped disguise her height - or lack of it. She had jet-black hair that was straight and hung down to the small of her back. Her olive skin complexion and facial features made me think she must have some Italian or other Mediterranean blood in her, probably at least from her father who was the darkest of the men. In a way I felt a little jealous of her as she looked exactly like the girls I use to be so envious of at school when I was her age!

Kalin was more of an enigma to me. A blazing redhead with pale skin who probably avoided the summer sun like the plague, she was dressed in shorts that came down half to her knees with a cute tank top that while not the least bit loose on her. In fact, it was difficult to judge her development unless she was leaning back and stretching it out. She seemed oblivious to everything that was going on, just sitting there in her own little world looking down at her bare feet without talking or even looking at the others in the room. My first thoughts were to wonder if she was here voluntarily? It almost seemed like she was "conditioned" to be here and if that turned out to be the case then I was going to have a VERY hard time dealing with it. Oh well, it was hard to judge anything so far so I wasn't going to say anything until things got started in earnest. I DID know I was going to be keeping an eye on Kalin though.

Then there was cute little Jessi. God, she was soooooo adorable. It was like she was a little doll baby more than a live girl. Her dirty blonde hair was cut short, almost like a boy. She was wearing the cutest little denim skirt that was more like you see a skating professional wearing with pink underwear with little bears on it. Sitting as she was, her skirt was pulled up and her panties were on full display. She didn't seem to have any sense of modesty but at the same time it wasn't like she was trying to

# (Nov 26) Chapter 219: Prelude to a Proposal

Story codes: MF oral voy exhib inc father daughter cousins
Me (25)
John - my dad (46)
Steve - boyfriend (27)
Rick - cousin (22)

Sure, I knew Steve was getting close to proposing to me. All my friends kept buzzing about it and he was seeming to be a bit more anxious lately. So the big question now was how would he work himself up to get the courage for the big moment? More importantly, before he asked I had to make sure he knew what he was getting involved with when it came to me and my family. Would it scare him off? What better time to find out then at a family gathering?

## 1. Family Traditions

If there is one thing my family's big on, it's traditions. That applies to both my mom and dad's side although my dad's family is a lot bigger. My mom had only one sister and each other them had but one daughter - me and my cousin Kristen. In contrast, my father had two brother, Jim being just two years younger while Paul is eight years his elder. My Uncle Jim and Aunt Shari had three kids, two girls and a boy while Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie had two daughters. Both Ginny (30) and Laura (28) were married years ago, each with two kids now themselves. It worked out that Ginny had two boys (six and four) while Laura got the girls (four and three).

Of my other cousins, Rick is 22 but still living at home, or should I say bumming at home. Kate has just turned twenty and studying to work in marketing of some sort while my youngest cousin Tammy is in her senior year of high school. So all told on my dad's side there was fifteen people compared to my poor mom who had just her sister and niece (my Aunt Linda having divorced when Kristen was just two years old.)

As a rule, we all get together at least three times a year - Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter. As the families have gotten larger this has become more difficult to manage, especially as my cousins married into other families with demands of their own, but as a rule most if not all of us kept making it every year. Usually we met at someone's home, trying to rotate it so no one family got stuck with all the work. This year someone got the bright idea of gathering at a "neutral" location and it was hotly debated as to where, with Pigeon Forge winning out.

Why Pigeon Forge? Heck if I know. Well, I DO know that my Uncle Paul owns a timeshare which he was able to trade in for a really nice cabin in the mountains outside the main city area. But then he could have done something similar at just about any place we chose to meet but someone had this big idea that it was the place to meet. Nobody asked me, I guess I was just expected to go along with the group decision.

So back to traditions...

As I started to say, all my life the concept of the sanctity of family has been drilled into me. It's the classic "We may not always get along but we are always family." Another way to put it is, "You can pick your nose but you can't pick your relatives" or something like that. No matter how we might fuss or who is arguing with who, it's just a given that when it comes time for one of our family gatherings that you show up and be nice.

Each family also has its own traditions. I know my Uncle Paul and his family have always had this big Christmas Eve Santa Claus routine where he dresses up as Santa and brings in the toys. It started when the girls were little and now that their grandchildren are here it's like it's been renewed. Uncle Jim and his family go on a big fishing trip every Memorial Day weekend up to some cabin by Lake Erie where they have stayed every year since I can remember.

Some traditions are publicized while others are kept more private. For instance, almost none of my father's side of the family is involved in incest and indeed, if most of them knew, especially my aunts, all hell would break loose. In contrast, my mom, aunt and cousin Kristen have been in incestuous relationships since my grandfather started things out by taking my mom and aunt's virginity within days of each other back when they were fourteen and twelve years old.

For my immediate family, the 4th of July became a tradition back when I was eighteen and first learned that my dad had started having sex with my cousin Kristen while I was away as a freshman at college. Since then we always get together on the 4th and it's one of the few times that we all enjoy one another together as a family.

So in the grand scheme of things there are overall family traditions, then the individual family traditions, and finally the more personal ones. For instance, my Uncle Paul and Aunt Julie spend every wedding anniversary at the same cabin in the Pocono Mountains where they spent their honeymoon.

When I was still in high school and living at home, one of my favorite traditions was having my dad stop by my room each morning as he got ready for work. Now that I no longer live at home I can't please him in that way very often so that's been replaced by our Sunday morning tradition where whenever possible I stop by his house just before church and we have sex and then go straight to church immediately after. We've been doing it for so long now that it's like I feel bad all week when we miss a week.

So now it was time for the annual Thanksgiving gathering. As I said, plans were for us all to drive down there and meet at the cabin. I HATE long car drives but with my Aunt Linda and Kristen joining us that always helped the time to go by more quickly. There WAS one big difference this year - my boyfriend Steve and his mother would be joining us.

Steve was actually my first boyfriend back when I was just fourteen and still a virgin. He was the older brother of Sharon, one of my best friends and I had a major crush on him. I never dared dream that he would ever ask me out but after flirting with him at a weekend camping trip with Sharon and some of our friends, I was thrilled when he called to ask me out. Making a long story short, I wasn't a virgin much longer and for the next six months or so, Steve and I had sex as often as I could get him to give it to me. During that time he was the only boy I had sex with and I even dreamed that someday he might marry me.

It crushed me when Steve's mom was transferred to the west coast. His dad had dumped her for some young bimbo at work and so she had to pretty much do whatever her work required. We tried to keep in touch but over time that faded and the next time I heard from him was years later when I got a wedding announcement in the mail. If I had been crushed when he moved away, all those feelings reemerged and if anything I felt even more devastated. No matter how many guys I'd had sex with after Steve left, not to mention my own father, I never fully forgot my first love. Yes, I DID go to the wedding just to see who he was marrying. By the time it was over

I had a pretty good idea it wouldn't last for long. Face it, it's not a good sign when the first girl the groom fucks after he says his wedding vows isn't his new wife!

Despite myself, I felt a little guilty when I heard their marriage was soon annulled but not THAT guilty. It was years later before I heard from him again and then it came as a shock when out of the blue someone tapped me on the shoulder just after a church service. It was Steve! As it turned out his mom had been transferred back to the 'burgh. Steve had just finished his paramedic training and was looking for a job so he moved back with her and was now living with her while trying to get his feet in the ground. His sister Sharon and younger brother stayed in California with their friends and careers.

It was like all those years apart had never happened as Steve and I reunited - in more ways than one. We tried to keep open minds and didn't go "exclusive" but in my heart I knew he was "the one" from the first time I laid eyes on him. I'd had a number of boyfriends over the years and there was one I even thought I might marry but he had betrayed me and left me bitter and distrustful. Steve was the best thing to happen to me in years!

As we dated and got together whenever possible, I found myself wondering if Steve felt the same about me. I think from the day he first found me in church had he proposed to me I would have said YES without hesitation and every day since then I just felt it all the more. I like to think that the reason he moved back with his mother was to see me again although he has never admitted it. My girlfriends all loved him and even my dad approved - a MAJOR plus for Steve. Now all he had to do was ask the right question.

As anxious as I was for THE question, I was always worried about one thing. My Aunt Linda had married a man who thought he understood what it meant for his wife to have an incestuous relationship with her family but he never really was exposed to it until after the wedding. Although they hung together for almost three years, he never accepted it. Their divorce served as a constant reminder to me that whoever I married had to be fully accepting of my lifestyle. As I said from the beginning, I've been raised such that family is my number one priority. My aunt was forced to choose between her family and her husband and I never want to be placed in such a horrible situation myself.

Back when I thought Duane was about to propose to me, I didn't tell him everything, but just enough to see how he might react. What I found was that just knowing my aunt and cousin had sex was enough to push him over the edge to where he actually turned on me and betrayed me, threatening to expose me to my church and school. Had not my dad stepped in, I don't know what might have happened. What my dad did exactly I've never been told but I never want to have to ask him for that sort of help again.

One thing I had going for me was I knew Steve was not a TOTAL stranger to incest. His sister Sharon had a crush on him and she was insanely jealous of me when she learned I was having sex with him. Steve never had any such interest in his sister though, no matter how she tried, but it wasn't like he didn't know about it. The real secret was one we didn't even talk about these days. Back when we dated his mother had "caught" us having sex in their house. She even took pictures. The shocker was that before it was over Steve and her did it as well, right in front of me! It was the first time I witnessed an incestual act and it was between my boyfriend and his mother! Now he swore that it had never happened again but at the same time at least he has been exposed to the concept in a positive manner. Well, it seemed VERY positive at the time.

Even though we'd been dating now since June, so far as I knew Steve was still totally in the dark when it came to my family relationships. Heck, if anything Steve was far more intimate with his mother than I was with my father when Steve was around. My quandary was, how do you tell someone you love that you have been having sex with your father for more than nine years?? It's not like some porn novel where you just go up and say it and suddenly everyone gets horny and a family orgy ensues. This was real life and I knew from past experiences that it simply doesn't work that way. What if I told Steve and he was repulsed and broke up with me? Sure in the long run that would be the best for both of us but it wasn't what I wanted to happen no matter what. All I knew was that I'd better hurry as my cousin and friends were started to kid me that Steve was getting ready to pop the question. If they were right, then I had work to do because I wanted to say YES when the time came!

## 2. Road Trip

When I was little, if there was thing that drove me nuts it was being locked in a car for hours on end. Maybe had I been raised differently it would've been different but our family rarely drove long distances. Going to Grove City north of Pittsburgh to visit my mom's parents was considered a TRIP and that was less than two hours. The absolute worse was our annual pilgrimage to the Chicago area to visit my Dad's

them look and wish all they wanted. It just made him feel all the better being the one I turned to when it came to really having sex.

This would be the first road trip with Steve joining us as a family so I wasn't really sure how it was going to go down. To make things complicated, his mother would be traveling with us. To further muddy the waters, she was well aware that her son and I were having sex. In fact, she made it a point to watch us whenever she had the chance. I have to admit that it was more than just a little bit weird at first for her to come in the room and just sit in a chair and watch as her son had sex with me. Over time I learned to ignore her as she never showed any interest whatsoever in joining in or even saying anything. When we were done she would leave without even once so much as touching herself. Of course I had no idea what she did when she returned to her room, but when she was with us she was the model of self-control.

What made it interesting was that while she had no idea of anything going on within my family, everyone in my family knew everything about her, including her little fetish about watching her son and girlfriend having sex. I wasn't sure if she would be mortified or titillated had she known everyone knew so for the time being I just kept my mouth shut about it when I was with her.

Before anyone gets the wrong idea, I want to reiterate that there is nothing going on between Steve and his mother today. I'll admit that at first I had some hefty suspicions that they were doing things when I wasn't there. Face it, how many mothers enjoy watching their sons having sex? That said, how many boys are OK with their mothers watching in the first place?

While they never did any really sexual together, Steve and Marlene were quite touchy-feely so when he came home and kissed his mom, it wasn't your typical mother-son peck on the cheek but more like my dad would have given my mom after a long day at work! Sitting together with us on the couch, she wasn't shy about cuddling next to him and while she kept her hands away from his crotch, pretty much everything else as fair game. She also didn't have any problems with his roaming hands either, even when they were on her breasts. It was always over something but sometimes that "something" was not much more than a thin cotton t-shirt or a silk robe. It was a rather unique thing they had going but at the same time, they each seemed to know where the line was and so far as I'd ever seen, they never crossed it.

While his mother certainly saw HIM nude plenty, she never was naked in front of him, at least not that I've ever witnessed. When it was just me there, like when I was waiting for him to get home or work, she wasn't shy about being nude and if anything she might have been eligible for being called a nudist except that when Steve was home she always wore something on top with her panties, even if it was just a bra.

The reason I say all this is I had NO idea what was going to happen on our long drive coming up but I got the idea it would be interesting if nothing else. My dad's SUV had three rows of seats so it was to be my mom and dad up front, Steve, his mom and me in the middle, and Kristen would get the third seat all to herself in back. The last seat really was meant for kids as it had very little leg room so although it supposedly held two people, it really was only large enough for one and Kristen was the smallest of us all anyway.

Had it been summer things might have been even more interesting but with the end of November arriving, shorts with a cami or bikini tops were NOT the dress code. That didn't mean we needed to be dressed in parkas while in the SUV, but we still would need to get out now and then so a little concession had to be given to the weather. Most of our luggage was piled on top of the SUV on the luggage rack as there was just a little space behind Kristen and it was rapidly filled with a couple of overnight bags. It probably would've been better to take two vehicles but nobody wanted to split up and besides, it would've doubled the gas costs.

My school let out the entire week of Thanksgiving so my schedule was open for whatever was needed. Steve wasn't eligible for any vacation days yet so he just had to arrange for his shifts to be covered and take the pay hit for missed work. Marlene didn't say anything about her work much but she didn't seem to have any problem getting off. Kristen and her mom's realty work was practically zero during a holiday week so it want like they were missing anything. The only person with schedule issues was my dad but as one of the senior partners nobody would give him any flack about taking whatever time he needed. It's not like he didn't work ridiculous hours normally anyways.

As such, we decided to leave early Wednesday morning which should get us there sometime late in the day. Our plans were to return home Sunday which gave us three solid days to relax and enjoy. I'd never been to the area but I heard it was pretty and mountainous so I was looking forward to the trip.

***************

"So is Stevie going to pop the question this weekend?"

I just huffed in response. It was only about the one hundredth time my cousin had asked this past week so the joke was getting a little stale. Besides, I hated it when she called him "Stevie" like he was a little boy. Steve might be a lot of things but he was NO little boy!

We'd been packing for the trip in the morning. How I was supposed to fit everything into one suitcase was beyond me. My dad should have just broken down and rented a trailer if we weren't going to take two cars.

My frustrations with having to choose between outfits and my cousins incessant nagging had me about ready to snap!

"Oh c'mon cuz, just teasin' ya," she said, slapping me playfully on my bare butt which I'd unwittingly exposed to her from under my T-shirt as I leaned over in yet another vain attempt to force my suitcase closed.

"Well, he'd better pretty soon if he wants to get any," I grumbled, putting my hand to my cheek as I tried to figure out what to leave behind. It ALL was so necessary!

"Yeah right, like YOU are going to hold out on anyone," she taunted me.

"I can say no," I came back to her with my arms crossed on my chest.

"Oh yeah? Like when?" she teased me even more. Well, maybe some other guy but I had to admit, it Would be hard to say no to Steve, especially when he was hard.

"So anyway, how's this gonna work with his mother coming along and all?" she asked, getting more serious for a moment. "Like, is she gonna freak or what if we start having fun on the trip?

"I turned to her and wagged my finger at her. "Now listen Kristen, we talked about this. I really need you to behave."

"Don't I always?" she said, trying to act all sweet and innocent, "Your dad never complains."

"You know what I mean," I warned her again.

"All I got to say is that it's gonna be a LONG trip if we just count license plates," she fumed, "If you're not going to do anything then don't go blaming me for what happens."

"DAMN!" I hissed under my breath.

Kristen's eyes widened but it wasn't her I was pissed at. I thought I had the suitcase conquered but just then the damn clasp came undone again.

"Why do you need so many clothes anyway? It's not like anyone will care what you're wearing."

She was technically correct but it was the principle. In any case I didn't care about my relatives, I wanted to look good for Steve this weekend. It was like she was reading my mind.

"The only thing Steve will want to see you in your birthday suit anyway," she giggled, reaching out to run her fingers between my legs quickly before she scampered out as I reached to slap her hand.

What could I say - she had a point. If it been just me and Steve, then I probably could have brought nothing but a small night bag with my toiletries. Although on my own I rarely, if ever, ran around naked, I knew Steve loved nothing more than for me to be nude around him so I tried best I could to make him happy. THAT wasn't going to work this weekend though! Although I'm sure the men wouldn't have said a word, I knew a couple of aunts that would have been mortified if came out in even a T-shirt in front of their husbands!

Finally I worked things out and got the damn suitcase closed. I'd actually worked up a bit of a sweat so I stripped off my T-shirt and went in to the bathroom take a quick shower before flopping in bed naked to go to sleep. As I laid there on my back with the covers over me, I slowly masturbated, drifting off to sleep with erotic visions of my hot boyfriend fucking me in front of my family.

The alarm went off minutes later, or at least that's how it felt. I only had barely a half hour before my dad was picking us up so I had to hurry. I didn't even have time to masturbate which frustrated me and I knew it wasn't a good omen. I slipped on some tight jeans and was about to put on a blouse when inspiration struck me. I dug through my drawer and picked out a skimpy white lace half-cup bra that clasped in front and slipped it on. It pushed up and pressed in my boobs, making them look really good in the mirror. Then I put on a blouse but left it unbuttoned such that it hung mostly closed but when I moved it showed off my bra clearly but wouldn't get me arrested for indecent exposure. A pair of heels would have looked better but I knew they'd be pain in the ass in the SUV do I just grabbed a pair of sneakers and put them on without socks.

My hair was a bit of a wreck from sleeping in it wet and I really didn't have time to do much with it so I just pulled it back into a ponytail. A gold ankle bracelet, my watch, and a diamond cross on a gold chain around neck completed the outfit. I looked in the mirror and smiled. I thought it seemed appropriate for the company I'd be in today. A little slutty yet publicly acceptable - if barely.

I lugged my stuffed suitcase down the steps to the entryway where Kristen was already waiting. It was just in time as my dad pulled up with Steve and his mom right behind them. Steve was helping transfer their suitcases to my dad's SUV while my dad came to grab mine and Kristen's.

"Damn Kelly, did you bring your pet rock collection?" he groaned rather melodramatically as he hefted my suitcase up with one hand while he grabbed Kristen's in the other.

"It's ALL necessary," I said defensively, crossing my arms as if daring him to debate me.

Steve just shook his head and somehow managed to get everything tied down for us to leave.

"Good morning Marlene," I greeted Steve's mom. "You've met Kristen before I think."

Steve's mom turned to Kristen and reached out her hand. "Actually it's been a long time dear. But I HAVE heard so much about you."

Kristen grinned and Steve's mom had that twinkle in her eye so I didn't know if she was teasing Kristen or just being polite. Either way she had already charmed my cousin.

I introduced Marlene to my dad and aunt. I'd been trying to remember if my dad had met her back when I was dating Steve but unless it had been around town I couldn't recall any time that he might have. In any case, they shook hands and she thanked him for inviting he AND for driving her down.

"Thanks so much John," she went on, "I really had no idea what I'd be doing all alone this Thanksgiving. With the rest of the kids so far away we just couldn't work anything out. This is all so considerate of you."

My dad assured her that it was his pleasure and indeed it was as I watched him give her the once over without trying to hide his interest. Steve's mom wasn't exactly a Playmate of the Year but she was not bad either. She kept her weight in check and had a pretty good figure and overall looked like one of those mothers at the PTA meetings that all the other husbands couldn't stop staring at. Now that my dad wasn't married, she wasn't off-limits anymore. Hmmm, I had really thought about THAT! Evidently I wasn't the only one to notice his wandering eyes as my Aunt Linda moved in and poked him in the side with her finger, reminding him we needed to get on the road.

As planned, we all got in our seats with me in the middle as I was the smallest. Steve sat behind my Aunt Linda as he was the tallest and she moved her seat up as far as she could to accommodate his long legs. Marlene was stuck behind my dad who needed his seat all the way back when he drove. Still, it wasn't one of those wimpy new SUVs by any means so we all had plenty of room. Whether we still felt that way six or nine hours from now could be a different story...

As I got myself situated, my blouse shifted and opened a bit. Marlene nudged me and whispered in my ear, "Kelly, I think you forgot to button something."

I grinned at hear and whispered back, "I don't think Steve will mind, do you?"

She smiled at that but then nodded towards the front seat. "Yeah but what about your dad and aunt?"

"They won't see anything... don't worry, it's all OK."

Marlene shrugged and my dad called back, "Hey, no whispering, if you're going to say something share it with everybody."

"Marlene was asking me how my period was going," I teased him. My Aunt poked my dad and said, "That will teach you to mind your own business John!" Everyone laughed and we got off to a good start.

It was Steve's turn to whisper this time. "Ummmmm, you're really not..."

I just rolled my eyes and grinned, shaking my head. Silly boy! Now THAT would have complicated matters but fortunately there was no danger of that happening. On nice thing about being on the pill so long was my period was like clockwork.

My dad had the GPS set and the sexy voice said we had eight and a half hours to go before we arrived at our destination. The trip was supposed to be all highways so knowing my dad, he would probably trim at least an hour off of that estimate. Still, it was going to be a long trip not matter how many speed limits he broke and my butt was already starting to feel sore before even the first hour had passed. Things had quieted down after the initial conversations so I turned towards Steve and put my head on his shoulder as he draped his strong arm around me. Before long his hand wandered down to my breasts and he brushed aside my blouse to reveal my bra.

"A bra?" he whispered, "Shit, I didn't know you even OWNED one!"

"Well I DO but at least it's an easy one," I said softly back, moving his hand to the single clasp in front.

My boyfriend took the hint and unsnapped me, freeing me from its confines. It felt soooooo much better to have it loosened. His hand quickly moved to my exposed breast and at first he just held it such that my nipple was between his fingers. I sat there with my arm wrapped around him, just enjoying the feeling of being close to him.

With my head on Steve's shoulder I couldn't see the other side of me but I heard a little cough as his mother cleared her throat. Steve shifted so he could get a feel of my other boob and the mysterious ailment afflicting his mother caused her to cough again. I looked back over my shoulder and she was clearly looking at my open blouse. When she saw I was looking at her, her eyes moved towards the front, obviously trying to tell me that my parents were there. Yeah, like I didn't know that.

"It's OK Marlene, let the two lovebirds do their thing," my Aunt called back.

Evidently she had heard the coughing fit and must have checked things out in her visor mirror. "From what I've heard I didn't think it would bother you."

Marlene's face immediately went beet red and I could have killed my aunt. To be fair my aunt didn't say exactly WHAT she'd heard but in a way that was even worse as it left Marlene to worry as to just how much I'd told everyone. It was one thing to watch your son having sex with his girlfriend, another to have her father and aunt know about it. Well, it would've been cruel to keep her in suspense so I turned and sat up for a moment, my blouse hanging open with my boobs both open to the air.

"I'm so sorry Marlene, I didn't mean to embarrass you," I apologized, "Don't worry, you're not the only one who likes to watch."

Marlene looked at me with a puzzled expression as she tried to process what I'd just said. Then she looked up front to see my Aunt looking back in her mirror with grin.

"You mean she does too?" she asked me softly.

I nodded and then she took a breath as if she needed a moment to get the courage to continue.

"And your dad?"

"Sometimes," I said nonchalantly, as if every dad did it.

Technically I wasn't lying. Back when I was in school my dad use to watch me and my boyfriends through a crack in the door when I brought them home. Although he hadn't ever seen Steve fuck me, I didn't have to tell Marlene that, just as I didn't tell her that my dad preferred fucking me himself rather than watching me get it from someone else.

"Well... THAT'S certainly interesting," she said as she sat back in her seat, taking it all in.

My initial irritation with my aunt passed and I had to admit I owed her one from bringing it out and getting it over with. I might have wasted away the entire trip working up the courage to say anything, if ever. Now it was pretty much open season for me and Steve and he seemed to get the same understanding that I was. I snuggled back up to him again and his hand returned to my exposed breast, cupping it and gently squeezing it.

About then my dad announced that we'd be stopping for breakfast at the next exit. He leaned his head back but kept his eyes on the road as he called back, "You might think about snapping things back together Kelly." I knew he was just saying that to tease me but Marlene's eyes widened a bit as the nonchalant way he said it, like he was just telling me to put my shoes on or something.

I sat up, pushed my boobs back in place and clasped the bra back together again.

"That's a pretty bra Kelly, where did you get it?" Marlene asked.

I had to catch myself as I almost told her the truth but I wasn't sure if she was ready to find out that my dad did more than watch me but also got a kick out of buying me lingerie. Perhaps the buying part wouldn't have shocked her as much as how I liked to model it for him and then show my appreciation. In any case, I told her it was from Victoria Secret which was the truth, even though I hadn't been the one buying it.

"Yes, they have such nice things but they're so expensive," she went on, evidently trying to strike up a conversation when she didn't know what else to say.

"Well, it helps when you get someone else to buy it for you?" I grinned. She glanced over at Steve, obviously thinking her son had been the one to buy it and smiled.

"Of course, nothing's really free, is it?" I joked and she smiled but not as much as me since I was the only one who knew who I'd actually "paid" for the bra.

My dad pulled into a Bob Evans and we all got out and fortunately didn't have to wait long before we were seated at a large booth. We all squeezed in with Kristen between my dad and her mom and me between Steve and his. The waitress was an older lady and I noticed a quick glance at my semi-opened blouse together with a slight pursing of her lips but she ignored me after that. The restaurant was packed and we were lucky to get the booth but it was barely big enough to hold six.

My hand drifted over under the table and rested on Steve's crotch, rubbing his slowly as we looked through the menu's. I felt him shifting in his seat and respond through his jeans and wished we were alone back in the SUV. God I was so horny! We had maybe six or seven hours left before getting to the cabin and I couldn't even masturbate.

Back in the SUV, things pretty much resumed as they had been prior to breakfast only everyone was now full and even less talkative. Steve quickly opened my bra back up again but it still was a pain so I sat up and worked the straps through the sleeves of my blouse, then down over my hands and pulled it off, dropping it in his lap for safekeeping. It felt so much better to have it off and Steve seemed to appreciate my consideration for him as well.

I had my arm around his waist as he fondled me, closing my eyes as I enjoyed the attention he was giving my breasts. Actually this was sort of nice as typically Steve was the type that quickly moved on to other territory. I mean that while he liked playing with my boobs as much as the next guy, he was usually too horny to forego what he REALLY wanted.

There was just one thing that was bothering me. While I kept my hand on his crotch, there was a heavy layer of denim between the palm of my hand the warm hard object hiding underneath - my favorite object. Had we been traveling alone, or even without his mother for that matter, I would have had those jeans off of him hours ago. It was sort of odd in that EVERYONE in the SUV knew we had sex and several of them had actually witnessed it, yet his mom had no idea just how much of an exhibitionist his son was dating.

I was starting to think maybe I should have been more open about sex with Steve. Sure I never protested even once about her coming in to watch us, but I never had hinted at how I liked to allow others in my family to watch as well. If anything, she would be the type that could understand as she never joined in while watching so why wouldn't it be the same for other family members who watched. Even in my own past I use to have sex with my dad watching and I never even thought about having sex with him later, at least not until I'd been having sex for a couple of years.

My pussy was so wet I felt like I peed myself. Something had to be done... and soon. We still had just under half the journey left so it wasn't like I could just be patient and we'd be there soon. I didn't see where going a little bit farther would hurt anything. It wasn't like I was going to hop on his lap and ride his dick. I just wanted a little bit more.

I looked in the back seat at Kristen who was staring out the back window, looking about as bored as possible. She was nodding off, not paying any attention to anyone. Up front, my dad was driving with his left hand on the steering wheel, holding hands with my aunt using his right. She looked like she might be napping as well, turned sideways in her seat facing my dad with a small pillow under her head. I couldn't really see Marlene and I didn't want to draw any unnecessary attention by twisting around to look at her. Besides, what difference did it make? If she was nodding off too, then she wouldn't even notice and even if she was paying attention, what could she do, assuming she even wanted to?

Steve was turned towards me, his one arm round my neck with his hand reaching down to play with my left boob while his right hand was holding the one on the right. I looked up at him and he smiled, leaning over to kiss me. Mmmmmmm, he tasted so good! It reminded me of when we use to make out on the couch in their old living room, him groping me as we kissed, making my small boobs tingle in his grasp.

Enough was enough. I took my hand and started to work on his belt buckle. Steve shifted slightly, but it was to make it easier for me to reach his waist than to deter me in any way. With one hand it wasn't the easiest thing to undo but Steve wasn't taking his hand off my boob to help me. I'd had plenty of practice before so I worked it out and then worked on unzipping his jeans before undoing the snap, a little trick I'd learned with him a long time before when I first dated him. Soon his jeans were accessible and I reached underneath, down under the elastic band of his boxer shorts.

As erect as he was, I didn't have to reach in very far to find the tip of his dick. It felt so warm and smooth against my finger tip as I ran it down the length of his stiff shaft. Once my hand was in further I grasped the shaft with my fingers wrapped around it and held it. Mmmmmmm, I'd been waiting for hours for this. Steve's hand on my boob tightened as I held onto his dick. For the next half hour or so I just enjoyed leaning up against Steve with one leg tucked under me, my head on his shoulder with his gripping my breast and me with his dick in my hand. Now THIS was the way to travel.

I was starting to nod off myself when my dad called out that we were pulling over soon for gas and a nature call. My bladder was OK so I didn't pay any attention. Steve didn't seem to be looking for anything to change but Kristen was rustling around behind me. I swore under my breath at miss peanut-bladder. The issue was that for her to get out meant Steve and I had to move so the seat could be folded down to let her out.

As my dad slowed down at the end of the ramp, I reluctantly pulled my hand out of Steve's pants and sat up. Steve zipped up his jeans and redid his belt, hiding away his wonderful dick again. When he pulled into the station, Kristen was anxiously hoping in the seat, mumbling about how bad she needed to use the bathroom. I wasn't feeling sympathetic. I scooted over in the seat closer up against Marlene as Steve got out and lowered the seat back and tilted the seat forward for Kristen. She hurried out and literally ran into the station.

My dad was out putting in the gas and talking to Steve so Linda turned around in the seat and looked back at the two of us remaining in the SIV with her. "You two hanging in there? We should be there in a couple of hours now or so."

I just nodded and Marlene said she was fine. My aunt looked at me with my blouse hanging open and my bra nowhere in sight – safely tucked in Steve's pocket I hoped.

"You know, you might want to pull that around you a bit while we're here. It's pretty busy."

Since when was my aunt worried about such a thing? I almost laughed as she was obviously saying it for Marlene's benefit. Still, why bother? In any case, I just frowned a little and made a perfunctory effort which did little but barely cover my nipples.

Eventually everyone was back in the car and we resumed our drive. I was back in position again within minutes, not wasting any time this time. Steve had dwindled during the stop but it didn't take my hand long to coax him back to a full erection. God I wanted it so badly! I used my wrist to pull back the elastic so his dick stuck out over his boxers and more in view. Mmmmmmm, it looked so delicious. I pushed it down even more until his pubic hair showed up and ran my fingers through it while he looked down and watched.

It was Steve that pushed me on. I had been hesitating as to whether to go further or not but evidently he already had made his mind up. Putting his hand on the top of my head, he gently pushed it down. Well, there's only ONE thing THAT means when a guy does it. I wasn't about to protest, that was for sure!

Leaning down, I took the tip of his dick in my head and sucked gently on him. After holding him for hours and wishing for this, it was like a dream come true. I wasn't sure if his mother was watching or not but it didn't matter. Heck, she'd witnessed a LOT more than this before. It wasn't like I was doing it right in front of my dad and aunt. In their mirrors it was more what they could NOT see at this point that what was on view - my head. No doubt they knew where THAT was.

The more I held Steve's dick in my mouth, the more I wanted. I slowly let it in inch by inch, licking it and tickling it with my lips as it slide into my mouth. I could feel Steve shudder when I had it all in, moving my head around to stimulate it further. We had a ways to go yet so I wasn't in any hurry. I raised back up enough to grip the shaft with my hand and I rested my head back against his stomach as I allowed the movement of the SUV to do the work.

I would have loved to have looked back over my shoulder at Marlene but I didn't want to give the impression that I was doing this just to see what she would think. If anything, it was what I was NOT doing that was because of her. As horny as I was right then there was no doubt in my mind where I would have been had it just been Steve and me in the back seat!

"Oh Kelly...," Steve groaned and he pushed my head back down again. I knew what THAT meant as well and prepared myself for the inevitable.

It didn't take much longer and he groaned yet again, louder this time and I was sure everyone had to know what was happening as he began to cum in my mouth. Well, at least I was the lucky one getting his cum! Poor Kristen had to be so horny sitting back there all alone having to just watch me enjoy myself. I wondered if she had been doing anything about it but only for a second and I focused more on Steve's delicious cum filling my mouth.

Steve helped me to sit up right again after having been bent over for so long. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and looked at Marlene with a smile. The look on her face was a mixture of incredulousness and concern. I was tempted to open my mouth and offer her some of her son's dick but that would have been a little over the line, well more than a little.

To their credit, none of my family said a thing. It was like nothing had happened and everyone pretty much ignored me. At the very least I was half-expecting a sarcastic remark from my aunt but even she held her tongue which I found pretty decent of her. Steve just zipped himself back up again once he could get his dick back into his boxers.

"I can't believe you did that," Marlene finally said in a voice so low even I could barely hear her from just a few inches away.

I looked at her and shrugged, as if I didn't understand what she was talking about. She looked up front where my aunt and dad were talking about the exit coming up, totally ignoring us in the back.

We were soon off the main highway onto a smaller road for the rest of the trip. There were now lots of signs and things to see so everyone was looking out and talking. So far as I was concerned it all looked like one giant tourist trap. The traffic was miserable, lots of stop lights, and it seemed the last ten miles took half an hour or more. Finally we turned and headed back out of town again, into the mountains where the GPS directed us to turn onto a small side road. We wound our way upward on this crazy road until the cabins came into view. Well, they weren't really cabins so much as large log buildings. The insane part was that many of them were built hanging out over the edge on stilts. Ours was near the top and even the parking area was at a crazy angle so that just getting out took a little balance.

"Ummmmm, Kelly," Marlene said as I started to get out, motioning with her hands at her bust but looking at mine.

Ooops. I quickly pulled my open blouse together, buttoning it enough to cover my boobs enough to be public. Seeing the other cars reminded me that we weren't the only ones here so I reluctantly buttoned one more just to be sure.

## 3. Blackmailing Cousin

The four of us girls went in while the guys handled the luggage. Inside it looked like we must have been the last to arrive and I spent the rest of the evening introducing Marlene and Steve to everyone. Poor Steve, the "when are you going to make an honest girl out of her" jokes started to wear thin after a while. I noticed my uncles taking a closer look at Steve's mom and teased her about it later, just to see how she would react. She just brushed it aside, telling me I was seeing things that weren't there.

As big as the place was, it was not a hotel so the sleeping arrangements were a bit cramped. There were five bedrooms, enough for my aunts and uncles, married cousins and my dad and Linda have their own. Marlene had been a last minute addition which sort of through a kink in the plans. There were two larger rooms, one with a couple of bunk beds and the other with pull-out couches where the "kids" were expected to sleep which meant by definition anyone without a spouse - including me.

The intent had been for the girls to take the bunks with the boys on the couches and the floor. Steve took the news well although he did claim a couch over the floor. My cousin Rick took the other couch with the youngest boys on the floor which they was just cool. In the bunkroom, I claimed a lower bed while Tammy was above me. It was without question that Marlene would have a lower a lower bunk and my cousin Kate took the third lower bunk. The young girls took the two remaining upper bunks. Not exactly the best accommodations but with so many people trying to cram in one 'cabin" it was the best we could work out.

The place had three stories, with two bedrooms adjoining each of the living areas and one bedroom in a loft. My married cousins each took one of the ones outside where their kids were sleeping, Uncle Jim and Aunt Shari too the other room outside the where the girls were sleeping leaving my Uncle Paul to work it out with my dad as to who got the more isolated loft. It would have been a LOT more convenient for my plans had my parents gotten the loft but my dad's older brother pulled rank and took the prize, leaving my parents to sleep in the remaining bedroom on the lower floor outside where the boys were sleeping.

One of the things that I had crammed into my suitcase was a couple of nightshirts. Needless to say, sleeping nude wasn't an option. I also had a pair or workout shorts and a couple of t-shirts as an alternative, depending on what everyone else was wearing. As bedtime approached, couples disappeared to their bedrooms and the rest of us settled down. I changed clothes in the bathroom, I debated on what to wear but to be a bit cautious on the first night since I hadn't seen what everyone else was wearing I went with the shorts and t- shirt. The t-shirt was a little small and didn't cover about an inch or two of my belly before the shorts took over. The shorts were actually quite comfortable, quite short and loose enough that I had to keep my legs together when sitting down.

Kate and Tammy changed together after me. Kate was wearing something from the Little House on the Prairie collection - a flannel high necked nightgown that went down to her ankles with long sleeves. Tammy was also in a nightgown but much lighter and only coming down to her knees. Marlene was the last to change and she came out in sweatpants and a sweatshirt. It was a far cry from the panties and t-shirt she usually wore when I saw her at home. We all said goodnight and tucked ourselves in. I thought of Steve up above me and wished there was some way I could be sleeping with him. Really, I didn't think anyone would say anything even if we weren't engaged - at - least not yet. Well, my Aunt Sheri would certainly have had something to say about it but I really didn't care one way or the other what she thought about me.

I tossed and turned for a while and then finally headed up the steps to the kitchen to grab a glass of water. The adjoining living room was dark and I couldn't tell which couch Steve was laying on. As I filled my glass at the refrigerator, I saw someone getting up from one of the couches and my pussy tingled as I figured it had to be Steve. Then he stepped into the light and it was like a light switch was thrown and any feelings of that nature disappeared.

"Hey slut," my asshole cousin Rick greeted me softly so as he wouldn't be overheard, "So you gonna put out this weekend for me or what?"

And he wondered why I hadn't let him touch me in years.

"Go jerk yourself off," I brushed him aside but his hand reached out and tried to slip down the back of my shorts. I stepped away quickly and turned to face him.

"Do that again and I'll tell Steve," I threatened.

"I'll tell Steve," he mimicked me in a high voice, taunting me, "Does your boyfriend know how many men here this weekend have screwed you?"

I moved up close to him and tried to get up on my toes to whisper in his ear as best I could. "Just stay away from him... got it."

"Or what?" he said menacingly, "If you want me to keep my mouth shut, it's gonna take some incentive... a LOT of incentive."

I felt a panic in my stomach and I looked over to see if Steve was hearing any of this. I couldn't see anything but I could hear a slight snoring, the same as Steve did whenever he was really tired. Damn, this was the last thing I'd expected when I came up to the kitchen. My intentions had been for STEVE to be the one wanting sex, not my jerk of a cousin. "Well, I guess I'd better go over and wake him up. Do you want to come with me to tell him?"

My face felt like it was on fire as it flushed - more from rage and anger than embarrassment. How dare he threaten me? My dad would have killed him if he knew anything about what was going on right now. Damn, why hadn't I told Steve everything before we got here and then this wouldn't be a problem. But if Steve was going to find out about me and the men in my family, I wanted it to be on my terms under conditions I dictated, not from my foul-mouthed, unemployed, asshole of a cousin.

"No wait," I hissed at him, feeling helpless, "But it better be quick... OK?"

Rick grinned but there was nothing nice about it. It was the look of some foul animal about to consume it's next victim.

"And this is it... got it? No more threats... no talking to Steve... nothing. Am I clear?"

Rick just grinned all the more. He was getting his way for now so what did he care about the future. It had been years since he'd last fucked me and now he had me offering myself to him but it wasn't enough.

"Don't give me that crap. You want it. I bet your boyfriend's cock isn't even close to being as big as mine, is it? You want your cousin's big fat dick - I know it and you know it. Go on... tell me how bad you want it. Beg for it slut."

Could anything Steve say be any worse than this? Well, if it meant he might not propose to me then yes, it COULD be worse - a LOT worse. The worst part was Rick wasn't entirely off base. He DID have the best cock in the family by a significant margin. When erect his cock was at least eight to nine inches long and as fat as a large sausage. Even when flaccid he was longer than most guys were when they were erect. My mom was infatuated with it and when he first started fucking me, I loved the way it stretched me out and filled me. Normally cock size wasn't something I cared a lot about one way or the other unless it was at one extreme. Well, Rick's dick was indeed one out of a hundred. If only it wasn't attached to such a jerk! God, now if Steve had a dick like Rick's...

"I want your dick," I said softly and slowly but there wasn't enough feeling in it to make Rick happy so he told me to say it again.

I wasn't going to play this game so I just got it over with saying, "Oh my god Rick, I want your big fat cock in my wet cunt soooooo bad... fuck me good Rick."

It was so corny I almost laughed but he ate it up like Shakespeare. There weren't many options and I wasn't about to do it right in the middle of the kitchen so I led him to the bathroom and closed the door, making sure it was securely locked once we were both in.

"Strip... I want you naked," were the first words out of his mouth.

I wasn't going to argue; anything to speed this along and get it over with. I slipped off my shorts and then lifted the t-shirt up and over my head, tossing them in the sink as Rick took off his shorts. We were both naked in front of each other for the first time in years and I couldn't help but feel a bit of a chill up my spine as his incredible dick hung out in the open for me. Well, it certainly hadn't shrunk any with age!

"You're looking good Kelly," he said, staring at my naked figure, "I bet all those boys in your classroom wish they could see you this way, don't they."

I wasn't about to go there so I dropped to my knees and took his dick in my hands. Even with both hands I was still able to leave enough of his shaft exposed for me to suck on it. I couldn't help but think of Steve's dick and how it had felt in my mouth earlier in the day. Damn, Rick's cock was so much bigger. It had been a long time since I'd blown a dick this big and I wondered if I'd be able to take him all in without throwing up.

"Yeah, you want it, don't you?" he chuckled, "You always couldn't wait to get my dick in your mouth. Just like your mom."

He was swelling in my hands as I worked on the massive mushroom head and then kissed his dick up and down licking one side of it on my way in and then other on the way back. His balls hung loose and his crotch smelled thick with a mix of sweat and sex. Slowly I worked him into my mouth, taking a little bit more each down I dropped my head down onto him until I had half of him in. God, only halfway there and already he was filling my mouth!

"All the way slut... you can do it, I know it... oh yeah do I know it," he taunted me. I almost gagged for a moment when it started to push down into the back of my throat and he just laughed, saying, "Maybe you've lost your touch, eh? Sucking that boy cock of your boyfriend has spoiled you and now you can't handle a REAL dick, can you?"

Well, I wasn't about to take that insult so I relaxed my throat and let him push down into it. Once I got past the gag reflex it was easy and soon my lips were locked on the very base of his dick where it joined his crotch.

"Damn girl, I'm impressed," he got out between groans.

I couldn't stay that way long so I pulled back and caught my breath before repeating the process, and then a third time just to prove it wasn't a fluke.

He was erect by now and I wasn't interested in prolonging this any longer than necessary so I stood up and put my hands on the sink. Spreading my legs apart, I raised up my butt to expose my pussy and ass to him. Knowing his penchant for anal sex, it was a bit of a risk but I was banking on him being so horny he would go straight for my pussy. Fortunately I was right about at least one thing that night.

"Now THAT'S the Kelly I remember," he said softly, massaging my butt with his hands as he poked his dick against my butt. "Can't wait for a fat dick to fill that cunt of yours, can you?"

"Just fuck me," I said, looking at him in the mirror.

I think he thought I was begging for him to fuck me but the reality was I just wanted him to do it and get this over with.

"Hold your horses, I'm getting there," he said teasingly, pushing a finger up into me first, "Damn girl, you're ready, aren't you?" Then he laughed and spanked me playfully on the butt. "Oh yeah, you miss my dick in you, your pussy can't hide it."

I lowered my head and tried not to look at him in the mirror. He was right, I DID want him in me and my pussy was dying to be filled by that fat dick. So what if he was an asshole; just once wasn't going to kill me. Now if he would just get his damn finger out of me and stuff me with that hard dick that was poking me in the butt.

Oh my god! I thought I was bring split in two as he pushed his cock into me. The head felt huge as it parted my pussy lips and forced its way into me. God, I didn't remember him feeling THIS big before but then it had been a long time since I'd had a cock much larger than Steve's in me. Steve was no slouch in the dick department but Rick's was a freak of nature. OK, so he wasn't like some of those freakish dicks on porn sites, but compared to your average guy that fucked me, he was at the far end of the scale.

"You like it, don't you slut," he said, pulling back on my hair with his hand, "Tell me how good my dick feels in your cunt."

I didn't have to lie or make anything up at this point. All I had to do was tell the truth and as he pushed each inch into me, it became easier to tell him. I indeed felt like a slut as I told him how good it felt, how full it made me feel, how I loved the way it stuffed me. At that moment all I could think about was my cousins big fat dick inside of me. I forgot about Steve, I forgot about my dad, I forgot about everyone outside. I didn't care that Steve was a total jerk. All I DID care about was having his dick in me - ALL of it in me and I wanted him to fuck me with it more than anything else at that moment.

I fingered my clit as he thrust himself deeper and deeper into me. It didn't take much to bring me to an orgasm and Rick didn't let me forget the source.

"Damn, your cumming already? I knew you wanted me... I knew you would love me in you again."

As I reveled my orgasm, it was Rick's turn and he unloaded a massive load of cum inside of me, pulling out about halfway through and releasing the rest on my ass, rubbing it all over me with his dick like a squeegee.

"NOW it's a perfect ass," he said with a sense of satisfaction.

Rick stepped back, letting me stand up and turn to face him. My ass felt all wet from the cum he'd spread over it and my pussy was throbbing as his cum dripped from it. He put his shorts back on, his still swollen dick poking out like a tent pole.

"Well, you know where to come to get more of that," he said with a smug smile.

As good as I was feeling the realization of what I'd just allowed to happen hit me like a ton of bricks. God, what had I done?

"You promised... once time only," I reminded him sharply.

"Yeah but that doesn't mean you can't beg for more," he reminded me all full of himself.

Yes, he HAD fucked me well but that didn't mean I was going to let him EVER fuck me again. I loved Steve and a few moments of pleasure weren't enough for me to want to go out and do anything stupid. I did what I had to do, but now that it was over, I had to figure out where to go from here. So far things hadn't gone as planned, even though I can't say I exactly had anything planned out to start with.

## 4. Steve Learns the Truth

I slept well after that, surprisingly well in fact such that when I woke up Marlene and my cousins were already up preparing the Thanksgiving meal. The worse thing about being up last was that I had to wait for a turn to use the bathroom. My aunts were making breakfast and the guys were out on the deck that overlooked the valley. The scenery was breathtaking and then I noticed there was a hot tub outside as well. Hmmmmmm, now there was an unexpected surprise! I made a mental note to check it out later.

After the events of the previous evening I was more determined than ever to tell Steve the whole truth. It seemed no matter how I thought about it, nothing seemed just right and I was so worried about messing things up with him. Still, I couldn't have anyone else pulling a stunt like Rick had done and I didn't trust him not to go running off to his dad bragging about his "victory". As much as I despised Rick, it was his father who I really couldn't stand. My ass still puckered whenever I thought of the jerk!

The place was so crowded that there wasn't any hope of having a private conversation with Steve, at least for very long. I guess I could have dragged him into my parents' room but that might have drawn attention. I was desperate to tell him now before my jerk of a cousin said anything. It didn't matter what he supposedly promised the night before. If there was one thing you could count on when it came to Rick, it was a total lack of discretion.

Finally I decided the only way was to get away from everyone for a while so I suggested to Steve that we take a little walk. He seemed a little surprised but went along with me and we got our coats. I told my aunt we would be gone for a little while and she just winked at me but wagged her finger and told me not to take too long as they needed my help getting things ready. I realized she thought I was looking to get laid and that wasn't exactly a bad idea but I had other ideas on my mind... at least for now.

Walking down the steep road with my arm through Steve's, I felt as nervous as a virgin about to do it for the first time. Steve already knew most of my past history and while there were a few times I think I even managed to shock him, he didn't seem to care. I was HIS girl now and that was all that mattered to him. It just made me love him all the more as many guys would be intimidated to even date a girl with my past but Steve had enough self-confident to put that all aside without the self-inflated ego that too often goes along with such a trait. Even as we walked, I still wasn't quite sure how to open the discussion but then Steve provided me with an opportunity I hadn't anticipated.

"So what's with your cousin... Rick I think is his name?" Steve asked, "He was acting pretty odd this morning."

My stomach tightened but at first I wasn't sure how to respond so I just asked him what was wrong.

"Well, I guess I just wasn't ready for some it or maybe your family is just different, but he asked me if I was 'sticking it' to you today. Like I said, a little odd coming from someone I don't really know."

I agreed and tried to explain that Rick was sort of a jerk. He never even tried to go to college and was still living at home, sponging off his parents. Steve cut me off then to say, "Yeah, I sort of got that impression but then he said something else just before we left that I didn't understand."

Red alert, the hair stood up on the back of my neck and my mouth felt dry but I just kept walking, waiting for the next shoe to drop.

"He said something like 'Hope I didn't soil her for you last night.' What the heck was he talking about?"

My mind raced as I tried to think of how to handle damage control. The idiot, I KNEW I couldn't trust Rick. Kiss and tell is one thing, fuck and tell is going over the line, even for him.

Then it was like a gigantic light bulb suddenly flashed over my head. I knew instantly how to handle the Rick problem AND deal with the rest of what I needed to tell Steve. Maybe... just maybe... fucking Rick hadn't been such a bad thing.

"Steve, please don't get mad at me but I have to tell you something," I said slowly. Steve paused and turned to me, holding my hands between us and looking down at me with those big blue eyes I loved so much.

"You had sex with him last night, didn't you."

It wasn't so much a question as a statement of fact for which he was expecting confirmation, not denial.

"What makes you say that?" I stammered, caught a little off balance and looking for anything to stall as I gathered my thoughts yet again.

"C'mon Kelly, I saw the way he looked at you when we arrived last night and then again this morning. But what REALLY made me think was how you seemed to be avoiding him this morning, especially when you saw me around. I wasn't going to say anything but with you acting so funny I just knew."

"Are you mad at me?" I asked softly, feeling guilty now.

"I just don't get it... why? He IS your cousin after all. Somehow I am getting the feeling that wasn't the first time."

I shook my head, confirming his suspicions.

"So how long have you been doing it with him? Have you two been doing it since we met? When did it start? Does anyone else know?" The questions came at me like a machine gun and I was feeling overwhelmed. At the same time, some of the later ones might actually help me to move this conversation towards my true intentions.

I explained to him how we had started years before but then I also told him how I had put a stop to things when he got too carried away. I also emphasized that we had NOT been doing anything since Steve had returned.

"Still, with your cousin?" Steve asked again, sounding a little incredulous yet at the same time it seemed to be more that he just was surprised, not that he was condemning me. "Who else knows?"

The moment of truth had arrived and I knew that now was the best opportunity I'd ever have to widen the scope of this conversation. Taking a breath, I answered, "Well, a few people... my dad, Aunt Linda, Kristen, Uncle Jim and Tammy."

Steve's eyes widened and I could see his mind was working out the possibilities.

"Your DAD knows your cousin fucks you?"

I found it somewhat interesting that of all the people I had named, it was my dad that seemed to draw his interest. Oh well, in for a penny... But before I dropped the big one, I took a smaller step.

"Well, he does my cousin."

For a moment Rick look flabbergasted and I feared maybe this wasn't going to go over well when he gasped, "You dad and Rick do it?"

The irony of it almost made me laugh. If anything, I felt relieved as nothing could be worse in Steve's mind that THAT so whatever I said would be an improvement so far as he was concerned.

"No silly, I meant my cousin Tammy."

"Your dad fucks Tammy?" he repeated and then he grinned a little for the first time since this started, "She IS pretty hot."

I hit him in the shoulder playfully and he just shrugged. The he rolled his eyes and said, "So let me guess, if your dad is doing your cousin, does that mean your uncle is doing you too?"

The way he said it I got the feeling he was teasing me more than expecting a positive response so when I just lifted one shoulder and gave him a look to confirm him, he whistled under his breath.

"Whoa, you're not pulling my leg are you? Next thing you'll be telling me is your uncle fucks Tammy too."

Again I just shrugged one shoulder and smiled and again he whistled. We stood there for a moment, both of us knowing the next question but neither of us ready to ask. Finally he looked me directly in the eyes and asked, "Are you trying to tell me that you have sex with your father too?"

"I love you Steve," I said in response and then he turned around once and laughed.

"Yeah right... good one Kelly, you had me going there."

So he didn't believe me. Could I blame him? What would most guys say if they were suddenly presented with that sort of information?

"Steve, it's true," I said gently, pausing to let it sink in, "My dad and I have been doing it since I was sixteen."

"But that's incest!"

"Hey, you were the one who fucked your own mother if I remember correctly," I reminded him and then immediately wished I hadn't brought it up.

"That was ONE time and it was twelve years ago," he came back. "I do NOT have sex with my mother... or my sister by the way."

"Do you hate me now?" I asked, almost afraid to hear the answer. The genie was out of the bottle now and nothing could put her back in. It was all up to Steve now.

"God no Kelly, I don't hate you," he said, pulling me against him with his arms around me. He kissed the top of my head and lifted my chin to look at him. "I love you Kelly... more than anyone I have ever met. I just don't understand why you would do this with your dad?"

I steered him over to a large tree that was felled and we sat down on the trunk. For the next half hour or so I told Steve everything - and I do mean EVERYTHING. Well, not every little detail but at least the highlights. From the first time my father came to my room to our Sunday morning rituals, he heard it all. I tried to emphasize the WHY more so than the WHAT and WHERE and WHEN. I wanted Steve to understand that this wasn't threatening to him at all, that HE was my lover, not my father. I so wanted Steve to understand my duties and obligations as a daughter and how important it was to me as a Christian to honor my father and submit to him. At the end, I also told him that it was a relationship that I would always honor so long as my father wanted me - regardless of what else happened in my life - explicitly implying marriage but not using the word.

When I was done, or at least as much as I could say at the time, Steve sat there for a moment as if he was stunned. Then he turned to me and without a word he took me in his arms and kissed me - a long passionate kiss.

"I can't even begin to fully understand everything but I want you to know I love you and anything this important to you is important to me," he said as our lips parted.

We got up and started to head back to the cabin. Just before we got there, he paused again and turned to look at me with that mischievous smile I so loved.

"OK, you really aren't pulling my leg, right?" he said with a hint of seriousness I his voice. I shook my head and swore every word was true.

"I want to see it."

I looked at him, unsure of what he meant so he repeated himself saying, "I mean... I want to see your father fuck you."

He didn't explain why and I didn't want to ask. Still, in the back of mind I couldn't help but think he still thought that maybe this was some sort of practical joke and so he was raising the stakes to flush out my bluff.

"I'll have to talk to my dad," I said, unsure of what to say, "Maybe next week when we're back..."

"I mean now," he cut me off, "I want to see your dad fuck you NOW."

I started to protest, saying how everyone was here and how it would be impossible, not to mention I was expected to help out with the meal.

"If all of what you told me is true, then I'm sure your dad would never say no to you if you asked," he said firmly, not budging an inch on his demand, "I mean, if you asked ME I'd do ya right now."

Now THERE was a thought but I knew it was more important to settle this thing about my dad, as much as I would have loved to sneak off with Steve and have him do me.

"So you just want to watch him fuck me the same way your mom watches you and me?" I asked, not sure how to proceed.

Steve shook his head responding, "Noooooo, that's her thing and don't even try to ask me why she does it. I'll hide in the closet and watch. I don't want him to know I'm watching - got it?

Well, the plot was thickening. This was getting more interesting by the moment. Fortunately my aunt was in the kitchen with the other women and my dad was on the back porch with his brothers and Rick. My Aunt Linda huffed at me, asking where I'd been so log and that I was needed to help out. I tried to explain to her that I had something important to do. She pulled me aside and said, "You can screw your boyfriend later... there's a lot of work to be done if you want to eat later."

I really couldn't explain what was going on under the circumstances so I just nodded but then went to the back deck to find my dad. I ignored Rick's leers and pulled my dad over to the side. Meanwhile I noticed Steve had disappeared.

"Daddy, I need your help," I started.

It always helped when I called him "daddy" instead of dad" or heaven forbid, "father". Of course he was well aware of my ploy, even if he always played along.

Even though I had promised Steve that I wouldn't tell my dad, there was no way this was going to work by tricking him. Heck, just to get him into the bedroom would be hard enough even with him knowing the reason given the crowded building. I gave my dad the reader's Digest version of this morning's events and then he grinned at me.

"So Steve likes to watch, eh?" he teased me, "Well lets go give him a show, what do you say?"

It didn't surprise me that my dad was so quick to accept the situation. If there as one thing I knew he loved, it was to have people watch him fuck his daughter. In actual practice, that was not as easy of a fantasy to fulfill as you might think. Other than with family, every other time had been when the other people didn't know I was his daughter like the time I posed as a prostitute that he had hired to entertain some of him clients. As horny as he was to do me, he also knew the potential ramifications and so no matter how horny it made him, he always maintained the proper relationship between us in public, at least most of the time.

We didn't want to draw any attention so I went first and quietly sneaked into the bedroom and close the door behind us. I saw the closet door was partially open but as dark as it was inside I couldn't see anything - or anyone.

"Anybody home?" I called out softly into the closet.

"So is he coming?" Steve answered, moving his face into the light. I nodded and he stepped back again, motioning me to get away from the closet so as not to draw any attention to it. I sat on the edge of the bed just as the door opened again and my dad came in, quickly closing it behind him and ensuring t was locked.

"So what's got you so horny this morning?" my dad asked, playing along with the game.

I just hoped he didn't get TOO carried away and cause Steve to realize that he was just fooling around.

"You always do me Thanksgiving morning," I answered, spreading my legs apart and then closing them again, then spreading them wide apart again.

"Well usually we're home and not right in the middle of a family reunion," he answered. Then he started to unbuckle his jeans. "We have to hurry though - get undressed baby."

My dad dropped his jeans to the floor and stepped out of them. Then he pulled his boxers off and lifted one leg at a time out, dropping them on his jeans once they were off, leaving him in just his socks and polo shirt which he seemed to want to leave on. Meanwhile I had quickly stripped so I was naked on the edge of the bed. I wanted to look over at Steve but somehow managed to play my role perfectly.

As I sat there with my hands on my bare thighs, my dad stepped up to me, his dick now hovering just inches from my face. I knew what he wanted...

It was exiting to suck my dad's cock knowing Steve was watching. I wondered if he was as turned on as I was, maybe even stroking himself as he saw his girlfriend taking her father's dick all the way in her mouth? I tried to give my dad an extra special one, not that I don't always do my best with my dad, but I wanted this one to be EXTRA special.

"Damn that feel so good baby," my dad gasped in the dim light of the lamp on the dresser. "Take it all in... all the way."

Although I would NEVER have told my dad, after Rick's dick last night my dad's was a piece of cake. Actually, it was more enjoyable to able to take all of my dad's cock in without feeling like I was being stuffed full at the same time.

As fun as it was, I DID have to move things along before people started to look for us so I took my dad's cock in my hand as I scooted back on the bed, pulling him along like a puppy on a leash. I reached behind me and grabbed a pillow, lifting my butt up and stuffing it underneath me. My dad dropped down over me, holding himself up with his arms while I positioned his cock at the entrance to my pussy. Then he waited for me to say those words he always wanted to hear...

"Fuck me daddy," I said in a firm voice, making sure Steve could hear me but not loud enough for anyone outside the door to hear - or so I hoped.

"Yes baby... anything for you," he whispered as he kissed me, letting his hips drop and driving his incestuous erection deep inside of me.

I'd deliberately positioned myself so Steve had a good view right up my open legs to see my dad's dick as it buried itself deep inside of my pussy.

"Oh daddy!" I moaned as he started to thrust himself in and out of me. I wondered how he felt to be doing this while my boyfriend was watching from the darkened closet.

We both were aware of the time constraints and since the whole point of this was to prove to Steve that my dad really DID fuck me. Well, THAT point was certainly being made as my dad drove himself into me to me after time. Finally my dad was ready and I heard his breath start to quicken and the pace of this thrusts become less rhythmic and more jerking.

"Cum in me daddy... I want you to cum in me," I begged.

For once it not just for my dad's benefit - it was for Steve's as well. I found myself wishing that Steve would come out and "surprise" us and maybe fuck me along side of my dad. Well, it wasn't looking like THAT was about to happen so this was the next best thing.

"I'm cumming baby...," my dad groaned as his back arched and he drove himself as deeply into me as he could.

He jerked and I felt his crotch push into me as his dick erupted and filled his daughter's anxious pussy. God it felt so good and to have Steve watching at the same time just made it all the better. Indeed, this was one of those moments that I would always remember.

Once he was finished he kissed me and then pulled out of me. It would have been nice to cuddle for a while and enjoy the feel of him in me but he seemed anxious to leave. I was still laying on my back with the pillow under me, my father's cum oozing out of me and dripping down my ass as he finished dressing and then came over to kiss me goodbye. He cracked the door open and checked to see that the cats was clear before stepping out quickly, closing the door behind him with a click as the lock stayed engaged.

No sooner was he out than the closet door opened and out walked Steve. I had half-expected to see him with his shorts off and his dick in his hand but that wasn't quite the case. Instead he was fully clothed and didn't even seem to have much of an erection.

"So it's true," he said shaking his head in disbelief. "I have to say, I really thought this was some big practical joke."

Well, seeing me laying on my back stark naked with my dad's cum filling my pussy certainly put THAT rumor to rest!

"Do you want to fuck me now?" I asked him, hoping that he would want to take me as his own now after everything that had happened in the last twelve hours.

It wasn't like he had never fucked me right after another man before but then this wasn't just one of his friend's cum or that of a stranger at a party, this was my father's sperm draining out of me and that seemed to have an impact on Steve.

"Later, OK" he said hesitantly, "You'd better get cleaned up before someone asks for you."

Steve seemed a little stand-offish at first but as the day wore on he seemed to become more at ease with me. I suppose it didn't hurt he was probably getting horny as hell not having fucked me in a couple of day now. Late that night we sneaked into the hot tub where he fucked me as we looked out over the mountains in the crisp night air and bright moonlight. Although we didn't talk about what had happened in the morning, I felt so much better having it out in the open. As Steve's dick filled me with cum, it was the best thing that had happened to me this entire trip as it confirmed to me that he still loved me and that no matter what, he wanted me.

I was sure there would be a million questions later but at least now I felt like I'd cleared the air for the most important one. Now if Steve asked me to marry him I could say YES without any reservations.

Now he just needed to ask!

# (Nov 28) Chapter 220: The Announcement

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (25)
John - my dad (46)

Accepting Steve's proposal was something I will never forget. Telling my father afterwards proved to be memorable as well. After all, how many girls get to show their father that they still adore them and are willing to submit to them even though she's agreed to be married to someone else?

## 1. The Luckiest Girl in the World

Am I the luckiest girl in the world or what? First, I'm now engaged to the most wonderful man in the world. How many people get up in the morning and can't wait to go to work? My parents love me and support me in everything I do. Who could ask for better friends? Overall, what more could a girl ask for? OK, let's not talk about those five pounds...

Nowadays it seems all I can look at is the engagement ring Steve gave me. It looks PERFECT on my finger, like it was made just for me. I suppose every girl dreams about the day a guy proposes to her and I was no exception. Now it's more than just a dream!! Now it's a memory... one I'll treasure for the rest of my life.

OK, so there are a few nitty gritty things I need to work out - like affording my own place and health benefits to name a couple. I wish my parents would remarry but at least they talk to each other now. My dad's happy living with my aunt but I wish he could control some of his urges at times. Then there's my fiancé's mother and how I'm going to deal with some of her quirks. Like, how many women enjoy watching their son having sex with his girlfriend (now fiancé) yet maintain a totally platonic relationship with them both? It's really almost too weird at times but I'm getting accustomed to it.

Back to the proposal... How Steve managed to hang on until after our family Thanksgiving get-together in Pigeon Forge is beyond me. With everyone teasing him mercilessly about making me "an honest woman" it would have been much simpler for him just to drop down on one knee in front of them all and get it over with. Well, I can't say in words how thankful I am that he didn't! It was so much more romantic the way he finally proposed.

It wasn't until after I had accepted that Steve told me how he had approached my dad about a week earlier asking permission to marry me (wasn't that so sweet?). I have a suspicion that during Thanksgiving most everyone knew what was going to happen eventually - except me. I mean, I suspected that he was getting close but I was thinking he would wait more towards Christmas. Not that I'm complaining!

So anyway, after we got back home from Tennessee, Steve took me on a drive up north to a beautiful state park where they still offered horseback riding this late in the year. Thankfully we were having abnormally warm weather and it was a beautiful sunny day. Still, it wasn't like it was summer and I was wearing jeans and a warm coat so wasn't anything like Lady Godiva riding off naked on horseback!

Steve ked me on this trail to a spot where we could stand on some rocks that overlooked a small river far below us. The horses were tied up and we kissed there out in the open. I don't think there was anyone near us and besides, it was just kissing and not like I kneeled down and blew him although I have to admit the thought DID cross my mind. Actually, in such a situation he normally would have been hinting about wanting one so I was starting to think something was up - and not just in his pants!

Then that magical moment happened... Steve kneeled down, took my hand, and pulled the ring box from his coat pocket. He opened it to show me the ring, said he loved me and then asked me to marry him. In some of my fantasies I've imagined being coy and hesitating or maybe even teasing the guy in some way but when my eyes saw that ring sparkling in the sunlight all I could think about was wanting to scream YES! We kissed for like forever and I felt like I was floating as he hugged me and wrapped his arms around me tightly.

Well, I HAD to tell people so before we even left the overlook I'd texted a message to most everyone about the good news. Then I called my mom out in Oregon as I wanted her to be the first I actually told. I suppose I don't have to say how excited she was. Of course she knew it was coming since my dad had told her but there's a difference between knowing something will happen and then it actually coming to pass. Wow, her only daughter is engaged! Then I called my dad and told him how much I loved him and thanked him for giving us his blessings.

I don't hardly even remember the rest of the day, it's all blurry like some wonderful dream. All I could do was stare at my finger and look at Steve. By the time we got back to Pittsburgh it was late so we decided to wait until the next day to see our parents and tell them about it all.

After I got home I showed Kristen my new ring and she of course was thrilled for me. She mentioned something about now that I had the ring would I finally start sharing him but I just ignored her. God, it's all about sex with that girl! I guess you can take the girl out of the whorehouse but you can never take the whore out of the girl.

## 2. Telling My Dad

Calling my dad on the phone was fine at the moment but I had to tell him in person and show him my ring so the next day Steve picked me up drove us over to my dad's house. Aunt Linda was the one to come to the door first and gave me a big hug and then demanded to see the stone! All she was wearing was a plain pale yellow T-shirt that clearly showed she wasn't wearing a bra and it barely covered her bare ass when she was standing. Well, at least she was wearing SOMETHING! I'm sure Steve got a nice view when she was leaning over to hug me but that's more in hindsight as I wasn't worried about anything like that at the moment. The only thought on my mind was how I couldn't wait to show my new ring to my dad!

When I looked up I saw my dad standing behind Aunt Linda with this huge smile on his face. Arms outstretched, I rushed to him and showed him the ring and then we hugged and kissed while Steve and Aunt Linda stood back and just watched. Then I told them both all about how Steve had proposed to me. My aunt wanted every detail and she seemed so happy for me.

With the initial rush out of the way, we sat down in the living room with me next to Steve, holding hands on the couch while my Aunt stood behind my dad who was in his favorite leather chair. Immediately my aunt and I started talking about wedding plans. I wanted to be married in the summer so my Aunt Linda immediately began to go over all the things we needed to get started on right away. It's hard to book places with even a year's notice and we had less than nine or so months to work with. My dad and Steve just rolled their eyes at all the girl talk, both of them looking totally bored. Finally my dad stood up and announced, "Enough of all this girl talk. It's time I celebrated this occasion with my daughter if you all don't mind."

With that he took my hand and pulled me up from the couch away from Steve. He didn't say another word but I'd seen that look in his eyes and the curve of his

lots of other "fun" and "interesting" sex along the way, but those two times are probably the closest to my heart.

Now I was about to add a third - my dad fucking me for the first after I became engaged. I knew it would be special because it would be all about him showing his love and respect for me in a while new way. My father would be showing his daughter that even though she was now promised to another man and not just his own little girl anymore, that she was still special to him and he wanted to show it in a way only her father can.

My dad undressed me ever so slowly, telling me how beautiful I was as each piece of clothing was removed. Finally I was naked and he just stood back and stared at me from head to toe, telling me over and over how much he loved it when I was totally nude just for him. Then he undressed himself quickly and we stood there together in the bedroom, his strong arms around me with his hands planted firmly on my ass as he pulled me tightly into him and kissed me passionately. I could feel his stiff erection pushing against me and I started to lower myself to suck him but he wouldn't let me, saying he just wanted to pleasure me this time.

My dad told me to lay back on the bed and then he got in between my bare legs and started to lick me and kiss my pussy while he ran his large hands all over me. God, I thought he would never stop! After I came the first time I felt myself losing control and I actually tried to push him away but he wouldn't stop until I'd had my second orgasm. God it was incredible! Then he worked his way over me, kissed my hardened nipples and then my mouth. Mmmmmmm, I could taste my pussy and I loved the smell of me on him. He whispered to me that he loved me as he ever so slowly entered me. It was almost like the first time all over again. While he fucked me I felt my ring on my finger while my pussy was slowly filled with my dad's incestuous cock. It was such a beautiful thing. Honestly I can't think of anything more intimate and sensual than a father fucking his daughter? Maybe a son fucking his mother but you get the idea.

It was like heaven on earth as my dad fucked me ever so gently, making it last as long as he could until finally he told me for what must have been the hundredth time that he loved me. Then he stiffened and came inside of me. I know other girls who have told me how it feels to have their own father cum in them but this time was extra special for me. It was something that would never happen again - my dad fucking me after I was engaged to be married. Sure there will be other times in the future when I will have a special time (my wedding day comes to mind!) but this was something I am sure every father dreams about - celebrating the engagement of his daughter in the most intimate way possible.

After he had finished cumming in me we remained coupled together as he told me yet again how much he loved me. Then he started to reminisce about all the things he felt while having sex with me as I was growing up. I was surprised at the number of events he recalled and how he seemed to remember the most minute details about each time like how we did it and how he felt at the time. It was like "this is your life" except it was focused around our incestual relationship. I suppose that it was only natural at the time as his spent dick was buried in his daughter's pussy the entire time!

Afterwards I dressed and when I went downstairs I saw that Steve and Aunt Linda had already finished with whatever it was they did. Steve was dressed and sitting on the couch with my Aunt Linda sitting stark naked next to him with her arm around his neck and her hand planted squarely on his crotch. I guess now that Steve was officially part of the family she didn't feel it necessary to fool around with the t-shirt anymore. Steve smiled at me and then looked at my Aunt and thanked her - yes he THANKED her! I love my fiancé!

## 3. Steve's Mom gets the News

From there we went to Steve's house to see his mom. During the trip neither of us talked about what we'd done at my dad's house. It's not that we avoided anything, I think we both realized it was a special time for us both. We each had done something that was intimate and personal and frankly didn't NEED to be shared. What I did with my dad was between him and me and whatever Steve did with my Aunt Linda was between them. No doubt he would be fucking her a lot more in the future from the looks of things so I wanted to get started off on the right track and not make him feel he had to explain himself or share everything he did with the women in my family.

Steve's mom was thrilled to hear the news although apparently he hadn't told her ahead of time. God, how had he spent the entire night at home without telling his own mother that he was engaged? Even so, she didn't go all bonkers like my mom and aunt but I guess it's different when your son announces his engagement than a daughter. Instead, after I told her about the proposal her first question was whether we had "consummated" our engagement which seemed a little odd as I thought that applied to marriages, not engagements. Steve and I looked at each other and I'm sure he was thinking about what had just happened at my dad's house just as I was. However, his mother didn't know anything about THAT so she mistook it for meaning we hadn't. Actually, technically she was right in that we had not had sex together since he'd proposed to me. Seeing us looking at each other, Steve's mom said something like, "Well, what are you two waiting for then?"

Now had just about anyone else been so bold I would've been taken aback but these days I was getting pretty accustomed to her begin forward about wanting to watch us so I didn't even flinch. There was no mistaking her intentions and Steve certainly didn't seem opposed to the idea so we went off to his bedroom and he fucked me as his mom watched from a chair by his desk. Frankly, it wasn't exactly how I had imagined having sex with my fiancé for the first time (at least the first time after he proposed) but then again, I guess you could say it added a twist.

Steve certainly seemed to be happy about doing it for his mom. He even made sure we were positioned so she could see him in me as he fucked me and when I sucked his dick, he would pull my hair aside so she could always have a good view. It was almost like being in a porn movie with him directing and his mom holding a camera. As always, she didn't say a word but just sat there and watched us. After he had cum in me she just stood up and left without a word.

# 4. Final Thoughts

One thing that made me happy from the start of our engagement was that Steve felt comfortable having sex with my aunt even when my dad wanted me for himself. It worked out well in that Steve had no told me he had no desire to ever see me and my dad together after that first time in the closet so at least he wasn't left all alone.

No doubt my cousin Kristen would be wanting her share soon. While we had been dating I had been sort of protective about Steve being with Kristen but now that we were engaged what right did I have to keep her from him? Someday when she got married I would expect to be able to do her husband so for the time being, fair as fair.

The only fly in the ointment so to speak, was that my mother wasn't the first to have Steve after we got engaged. Well, I knew she would be at the wedding so hopefully we could correct that after the ceremony. My mom had waited so very long for me to get engaged and eventually married!

Speaking of my Aunt Linda and Steve, this was the first time he'd fucked her and it wasn't like it was planned ahead of time – or at least not that I know of. Afterward I reminded him that I wouldn't be hurt if he fucked her – or my cousins for that matter. He couldn't help by smile a little when I mentioned Kristen and Tammy so I figured that I might need to do something about that soon! Again, now that we are engaged I didn't mind sharing him with them. After all, he may be fucking them soon but I will be the only one with his ring on my finger!

Yes... I am VERY lucky girl!

# (Dec 25) Chapter 221: Family Christmas

Story codes: MF FF oral inc father mother daughter aunt niece
Me (25)
John - my dad (46)
Aunt Linda (42)
Kristen - cousin (23)

Christmas has always been a special time in our family and this year was no different except now my "family" was one member larger with my new fiancé Steve joining in on the celebrations. Older traditions are nice but it's fun to start new ones as well.

## 1. Christmas Traditions Old and New

Anyone reading my diary knows I'm really big when it comes to family and traditions. Other than God, my family comes first in my life. A big part of family life are the traditions and the memories and relationships that come as a result. It may not seem like a big deal, but seeing my dad put up the angel at the top of our Christmas tree as the final decoration brings back memories I'll always cherish of our family being together and celebrating the holidays. Sure, anyone could have placed it there but HE was the one who always did. It just wouldn't have seemed right had anyone else done it.

While there are some "enlightened" parents, AKA "I know better than anyone else" parents, who think that teaching their kids about Santa Claus is somehow a terrible act of subterfuge, my parents had me sitting on Santa's lap at the mall every year and I have the annual photos to prove it.

The funny part is that when I got older I became "too old" for such supposed nonsense but then in my later teen years I started going to see Santa again. As a result, today I have an album of "Santa" photos going back to when I was just a baby to today, albeit with a few year missing in the middle. The people at the mall think I'm a little "touched" when I ask for a Santa photo but when I explain it to them they think it's wonderful that I've maintained such a tradition. It also doesn't hurt that I bring my album with to prove to them my story is real so they don't think of me as some sort of weirdo. I should also say that the Santas never seem to complain when I ask to sit on their laps!

Christmas is that time of year when I think most families celebrate the most traditions. For us, it's always been a time of gathering for everyone on my dad's side of the family. My mom's side is much smaller and with my mom's parents living so far away in Illinois, it's not like we could just grab our coats on Christmas morning and run over to their house. We usually try to make it at some point during the holidays, but it's not the same as with my dad's family who all pretty much live within an hour or so of each other.

Any time you get so many people together over the course of so many years, there's bound to be those times when tensions are raised due to events during the past year. Still, the family rules no matter what. Even if they don't speak to each other much during the day, everyone shows up and for at least one day a truce is declared.

A recent example was when my Aunt Linda started living with my dad after my mom divorced him and took off to live in Oregon near her best friend. My other aunts were aghast and refused to talk to her but nobody said anything bad - at least not to her face. Of course there were a few quiet discussion in the kitchen about the "nerve of that women" and a few less kind thoughts but at least for that one day, we all sat at the same table and at least pretended to be nice to one another.

Christmas was also the one time of the year I was glad to be an only child. During the rest of the year I use to wish for a brother or sister at times but Christmas morning was the perfect time to be the only kid in the house. My parents are not exactly rich but they are pretty well off and yes, I was more than a little spoiled - not that I ever complained.

One of the things that every kid learns early on is who gives them the "good presents at Christmas. While the parents might be happy to see them, what kid wants clothes? Which favorite aunt and uncle gives the best toys? Which grandma gives out the little envelopes with the crisp twenty dollar bills in them? Ask any kid and they'll tell you whose present they want to open first.

It was the same with my parents. Once a friend told me who Santa REALLY was, I started to notice that the gifts from mom were different from the ones from my dad. Of course, 90% of them were bought by mom and just as naturally, most of those were "sensible" gifts, in other words things I "needed" more so than the things I wanted.

one I never could wait to open was his. Each year was something new and special. Sure there was the traditional French Maid outfit, the nurse, the catholic schoolgirl but sometime it was something he picked out and put together himself. When I would model for him most of them were deliberately too small for me as well as being too "naughty" for public consumption.

The key to all this is it wasn't like I was showing him anything he hadn't seen before. We'd used the hot tub nude as a family since I was old enough to remember and bedroom doors were more for when we had guests than everyday usage. I use to see my parents masturbate, well mostly my dad, since I was eight years old - or at least that's my earliest memories of it, and when I started at age 11 I was encouraged to do it when needed and not worry about running off to hide when I did. It wasn't at all like I "performed" or anything like that for them, it was just a natural act that any of us did when needed, no different than scratching an itch.

Just as my Christmas gifts changed once I started masturbating, so they did again when I started having sex with my boyfriend. I would come home from a date and tell my parents all about it - and I do mean ALL. So I guess it was only natural that the Christmas morning modeling should turn more erotic as well with me posing in more sexual poses. It was just posing and I wasn't stripping so my mom went along with it.

The next dramatic change to the Christmas morning modeling tradition came when I was sixteen and had been having sex with my dad since that past summer. Why just pose and keep your clothes on Christmas morning when you're having sex every other day? Now it was like I would pose, then pose naughty, then strip, and finally have sex with my dad while my mom took over the video camera duties.

## 2. Getting Ready for Christmas

I spent most of the week before Christmas this year at Steve's place. Unfortunately he worked all week so I had to spend the nights alone but at least I was in his bed and I could smell him on the pillow case and covers. As I'm sure you know, I love to masturbate but I think I set a record even for me in terms of how much I played those nights alone in his bed wishing he was there!

His mom and I got along great while I was there but when Steve was out we were no different than most mothers and their future daughter-in-law. We talked about the wedding mostly. I tried to steer the conversation at times to her other kids but she didn't seem anxious to go there. I was curious about Sharon as she and I had been best friends back in school. Indeed, she was jealous of me when I started dating her brother as she had a major crush on him herself. So far as I knew the feeling was NOT mutual so far as Steve was concerned but I wondered at times if anything had ever happened there. Well if they had, then I wasn't going to find out from their mother, that was for sure.

The conversation pretty much stayed away from anything sexual regarding Steve. Marlene WAS interested in some of the things I'd been doing since they'd moved away. I told her a lot as sooner or later I figured that she would hear about most of it anyway and who better to hear it from than me. Even so, I didn't tell her anything about my escorting days or when I would go out with Kristi back when she was whoring. Marlene doesn't even know that Kristi was heavily into prostitution for years and I guess I figured that was something Kristi or her mom could tell her rather than me.

One nice thing about being a teacher is getting lots of time off during Christmas. I spent most of it shopping although on my pitiful salary there wasn't much left after my monthly expense for expensive gifts. Indeed, as much as I had loved having my own apartment, it was a blessing to be able to live with Kristi and not have to pay rent. Once Steve and I were married we would find a place of our own but for now we were trying to save up as much as possible so he stayed with his mom while I stayed with Kristi.

One thing I did do with Steve was to go to the mall and get my annual photo with Santa. Steve didn't have any idea about my tradition so you can imagine his surprise when I joined the line with all the moms and kids. He wasn't the only one surprised as the girl taking orders looked for my kid and then seemed unsure of what to do when I said that I was the one to sit on Santa's lap. She had to check with her boss but they were pretty good about it. Steve thought it was hilarious. When we got back to my place I pulled out my album and added the new photo at the end. Steve seemed surprised that I had such a collection and then I mentioned something about how maybe someday our daughter would have her own to add to the album. Now THAT certainly quieted the conversation!

People ask me all the time if I plan to practice incest with my kids someday. My answer is always the same - I have no idea. I certainly am not against it and neither is Steve. We just haven't discussed it a lot and even when we do, the main issue is always around how it would get started. What age? Would it make a difference if it was a boy or a girl? Is oral OK sooner or do you wait to do everything? Do you leave it up to them to make the first move, the way my mom had insisted be done with me, or do you encourage them earlier? Well, we don't have the answers and really, why is it so important at this time anyway? I don't want any kids until we've been married a year or two and then it will be a long time after that before anything has to be decided one way or the other.

## 3. Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve day I went back home and got my presents wrapped and ready for the tree. Kristi and I both went over to my dad's place and then he and her mom joined us and we all went out to eat - not as easy a task as you might think. Finding a restaurant open on Christmas Eve can be quite a challenge! After dinner we went back to their house and still had a couple of hours before the service which didn't start until 11:00 PM. We always go to the late service on Christmas Eve as they still do the candle-lighting which I love. Yes, it's another tradition.

So anyway, we needed to change into something more formal for the service and so I went up to my old bedroom with Kristi. We didn't even have time to pick anything out to wear before my dad appeared at the door. He had undressed and was naked under an open robe which didn't quite cover up his crotch. It was quite obvious what was on his mind! Both Kristi and I were expecting that he would want us both so we were a bit surprised when he asked Kristi if she would mind letting us be alone. He explained that this was the last Christmas Eve before I was to be married and he would have to share me with another man. He didn't mean anything bad by that, just that it was a transition that we all would be making.

I could tell that Kristi would have rather stayed but she went off to her mom as my dad fucked me on my bed, just as he has done so many times in the past. It had been a while though since he had done me on my own bed so it was sort of special. Neither of us had any doubt as to how it would end - with his dick deep in me, filling my wet pussy with his incestuous sperm. I always like it when a guy cums in me but there's something special when my dad cums in me and he knows it.

My dad took his time with me so by the time we were finished it was almost time for the service. Aunt Linda just grinned and shook her head when I came down in my new red Christmas dress and lifted it up to show her my bare bottom and freshly fucked pussy. Kristi was right next to her and teased me, asking me whose

So anyway, when I had my dad good and hard I carefully mounted him. I had to nudge my cousin over a bit but she wasn't paying me much attention. Using my fingers I lined him up with my pussy. Just I started to lower myself onto him and thought I was going to get away with this and not wake him, his eyes popped open and for a moment he was confused but then as he his mind cleared he realized what was happening and just smiled at me.

Well, that started off Christmas Day and what a nice way to start! Kristi saw what I was doing and she got a little demanding so I traded with her and eventually my dad came in her while I was enjoying my aunt's hairy pussy. Actually, I think that was the first time he'd fucked her in quite a while so I couldn't blame her for being a little pushy. She may prefer young boys but when it comes to her uncle I think she gets a kick out of how he gets off fucking her.

After my dad came in Kristi I got a little possessive and ate his cum from her pussy even though her mom was trying to get it for herself. I did share it with her after, swapping it back and forth a couple of times before swallowing it all down. I had already swallowed before I thought about Kristi but I didn't feel TOO sorry for her. After all, she had gotten it in her pussy first so she didn't have any right to complain.

We'd REALLY slept in late - or least we stayed in bed late and it was almost 9:00 AM by the time we got up, used the bathroom and finally made our way downstairs to the tree. Just then Steve arrived straight from work. He must have been so tired but he wasn't going to miss Christmas morning with us. I felt a little bad his mom was home alone but he said he would be going over there after we were done with presents. Steve saw how flushed we all were and I kissed him and told him not to worry - I still wanted him and badly at that. He sort of grimace when he tasted my mouth. One thing I can say about my guy - he doesn't have a bi cell in his body!

Steve quickly undressed so everyone was naked but me. I was wearing a cute little t-shirt with glittered letters announcing I'd been a bad girl for Santa which everyone laughed at. It didn't even come down to my hips but I felt better having something over my top at least. The others were comfortable being nude but I was happier this way.

Although I'd been a bad girl (LOL), Santa was pretty good to me. Steve bought me an Apple iTouch which I love. My dad bought me this absolutely stunning sheer bra and thong set. It was pure black but so sheer it was almost more like a light shadow on me than actually covering anything. It really showed off my boobs to their best and the thong was almost an afterthought in that it really didn't cover anything, especially in back. Of course I modeled it, just as I always do when he gives me an outfit for Christmas. What made it all the better was that this year I had a fiancé to show off in front of as well.

Steve was a pretty good sport and he even fucked me in front of the others while I was wearing my new outfit. Of course I had let my dad be the first since he gave it to me, not to mention he had seniority rights to my pussy. I warned them both sternly not to get cum all over my new outfit but you can imagine how well they listened to THAT, LOL. Oh well, I guess that's the whole point in the first place, isn't it? Not like it's anything I would wear to school, even under my dress.

Steve didn't ask me but I knew he wanted me to go with him back home to be with his mom so I offered. My dad didn't say anything but his eyes said it all – his little girl was moving on. Normally I would have spent the rest of the morning showing him my appreciation for his gift but today was the start of a new chapter in my life. I felt my heart wrench a little but then again, I had Steve now and it's not like I hadn't made my dad happy for Christmas. So he only fucked me once, at least he got that!

## 5. Christmas With Steve's Mom

Compared to the morning, Christmas afternoon at Steve's house was much more subdued. First of all, nobody was naked although his mom was wearing just a short robe that seemed more like something for summer than cold winter.

We exchanged gifts with me acting as Santa's elf, passing them out one by one. Steve and his mom sat on the couch next to one another. I felt bad for her that she had been alone all morning so it seemed only fair that I let her get the attention – at least for the time being.

Watching Steve and his mom together on the couch the way they were acting, most people would probably come to a conclusion that would be 100% wrong. So far as mothers and sons go, they were probably the most "touchy feely" of any that I'd ever known but it wasn't like they were stepping over any lines. The robe was pretty short and with her legs crossed it pulled up high enough that I could tell she wasn't wearing much, if anything, under it but at the same time she kept it closed such that it couldn't be verified.

Steve kept one hand on her bare leg most of the time, running up and down her upper thigh and even pressing in between her crossed legs at times but never actually reaching her crotch. She did more or less the same with him though he was wearing jeans. Her hand would wander up his leg and even brushed against the bulge underneath but it wasn't like she dwelled on it.

I handed Marlene a present from Steve which she gleefully opened. It was a gold ankle bracelet, similar to one that I liked to wear and I knew Steve always seemed to notice when I was wearing it - especially when it was all that I was wearing. She was thrilled and leaned over to give him a kiss - not the peck on a cheek you typically see on Christmas mornings but a full on the lips version along with a bit of tongue as well.

As she leaned over her robe opened, exposing her bare breasts but they were covered up again when he reached over and cupped them in his hands - over top of the robe of course. As Steve squeezed his mother's boob she pressed down on his crotch with her open palm, rubbing it in small circles over his jeans. Finally they broke apart and she thanked him once again for the beautiful bracelet. Then they turned and sat back again, as if nothing had happened.

This wasn't by any means the first time I had witnessed something like this between the two of them so I wasn't shocked or even surprised. The first time I had seen Steve groping his mother I thought for sure it meant that there was more going on between them than they had let on but he assured me later that it was nothing like that. It was just innocent play between them and while I was suspicious at first, as time went on I came to realize that he was telling me the truth.

Never once did I see his hand slip under her clothing or into her pants. Everything was always over her clothes, even if it was only a thin t- shirt and gym shorts or even just a bra and panties. Steve tended to be more forward, cupping her breasts in his hands and rubbing her crotch while she usually stayed away from anything too close to the line although at times, such as now when she was especially emotional, her hand would slip to his crotch for a few brief moments.

Thus as I said, if anyone had seen what I had just watched for the first time, no doubt they would think that Steve and his mom had an incestual relationship but now that I'd watched them for the past six months or so I can say conclusively that it is simply not the case. Granted had they done in public what they had just done on the couch it would have attracted a lot of attention, but I saw it now as just a mother and son playing around together. If anything, for them to do it in front of me made me feel part of their family.

Seeing Steve's outward displays of affection for his mother, I wondered at times if he did the same with Sharon, his sister. Still, anytime I brought up anything close to that subject he would change the conversation to a different direction. It wasn't that he didn't want to talk about her; he told me all the time about what she did and such. He just never seemed to want to discuss anything more personal.

At first I thought maybe he was covering something up, just as I suspected more was going on between him and his mother than they were letting on. But just as I came to accept his rather complicated arrangement with his mother, I also came to accept his reluctance to discuss his sister was more because he didn't feel anything sexual about her and as such didn't want to talk about it.

After Steve's present to his mother, I was almost reluctant to give her mine as I couldn't afford anything like that. In fact, I had to wonder how Steve did but then I guess when it comes to your mom you sometimes spend beyond your means. She was more than polite when she opened mine and I even felt that she was genuinely pleased. It was a small bible that would fit into her purse. I'd debated heavily over whether or not to give it to her as she rarely went to church but that just made me feel all the more that it was something I wanted to give her. She knew how religious I was even though I tried not to preach. I just hoped that maybe it might be a small reminder to her.

To my surprise, she handed the bible to Steve and moved off the couch and down to her knees in front of where I'd been sitting on the floor in front of the couch. She put her hand on my legs which were crossed underneath me and then leaned forward to kiss me. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing and for a moment I was too surprised to react but then her tongue touched my lips and I instinctively opened my mouth and let my tongue reach out to hers. I had to balance myself from tipping back with my hands as she pressed herself into me as we kissed. After a minute or so she backed away on her knees, looking a little embarrassed.

"I hope you don't mind me doing that Kelly," she said softly, looking back at Steve for a moment and then back to me, "I just feel so lucky that my son found a girl like you and I really appreciated the thought behind your gift and I wanted to show you how I felt."

I assured her it was perfectly fine with me and for a moment I almost got up to give her a kiss in return... and then who knows what after that but she quickly resumed her place next to her son. Realizing that I had misunderstood her intentions completely, I felt a sense of relief that I had not done anything foolish to break the mood. While I may have felt something stirring, I could see clearly that now that I was betrothed to her son she was treating me no differently than she did him. It was a kiss - and just a kiss. In that moment I came to understand even more the relationship between them. His hand may have quickly found its place again between her legs, but he wasn't looking to have sex with her, he was just enjoying being with his mother.

Later when I was back in my bed alone, I thought a lot about Steve and his mother. It reminded me of something I have said to many people in the past that write to me about wanting to start an incestual relationship with their son or daughter. I usually discourage such thoughts as I don't believe most families have the structure and support system necessary for such a relationship, followed with the statement, "Remember, you don't have to have sex with your daughter to show her that you love her."

Indeed, Steve and his mom were the living embodiment of that statement. They loved each other as much as any son and his mother could but they didn't need sex to convey that love. It made me wonder what might have happened if I had never started having sex with my dad. I have never doubted for a moment that even without sex we would have still been close and I have never felt for one moment that his love for me was conditional on me submitting to his sexual needs. I've also felt that by giving myself to him we have taken our relationship to a different level and I have never regretted for one moment what I have done with him. Still, seeing how Steve and his mother have managed to work it out between them to where they come CLOSE to the line but never cross it, I have to wonder how it would have been had I done the same with my own father.

Then it was Steve's turn to give me his present. Imagine my surprise when I saw that he had picked out the exact same ankle bracelet for me that he had given his mother! Now it was my turn to kiss him and I made sure to at least match his mother's kiss. One big difference was when he reached for me his hands went inside my blouse and I felt his fingers touching my bare breast. My nipples were already quite hard from everything so far so it felt wonderful for him to play with them as we kissed in front of his mother.

I turned to Marlene and suggested that we show off our matching presents. I traded places with Steve, sitting next to his mother as he put the bracelet on his mother's ankle first, and then mine. I noticed that he made sure to feel up both of our lower legs equally in the process. Smart boy!

Finally it was her turn to hand out presents so Steve traded places with her, finally sitting next to me. She brought out only one present and handed it to me, saying it was actually for the both of us. I did the honors and unwrapped it, opening the box to find a beautiful leather bound photo album. Inside were some pictures of the two of us starting as babies up through our teens and even some recent ones.

"Your dad helped me out with yours," she explained, answering my question before I could ask it, "I know it's a little old-fashioned these days but I hope you keep it up in the future."

Now it both our turns to kiss her again so for the second time I got to kiss my future mother-in-law. This time it was more comfortable and we stayed together a little longer before parting.

I smiled at Steve and whispered in his ear, suggesting to him that we needed to do something special for his mom. He grinned and turned to me, unbuttoning my blouse without saying another word. Marlene realized what we were doing and moved back to an overstuffed chair across from the couch. Soon Steve had me naked except for my new Christmas present and was eating me out as I laid back against the back of the couch.

While his mom watched, we fucked right there in the living room on the couch. Normally when she watches we don't make a big deal out of it and do our best not to pay attention to her so she doesn't feel like she is interfering. Not today. This time we fucked for HER and I even tried to talk to her while her son fucked me. She seemed to enjoy me saying how I felt but she remained stayed quiet herself. From the way she was smiling though I knew that she appreciated the special effort we were making for her.

At one point we were spooning on the couch, facing her so she could see her son's wonderful dick as it thrust in and out of her future daughter-in-law's pussy. Marlene shifted in the chair, ticking one leg under her bottom and straightening out her robe. For a moment I thought she was going to start playing with herself, maybe even masturbate finally for the first time as she watched us. But it wasn't to happen, she was just getting comfortable. The closest she came to any response was to run her fingers through her hair, twisting it around her middle finger and then tugging on it.

Steve groaned and started to cum in me and I saw Marlene lean forward just a bit as her son emptied his load inside of me. Her eyes were fixated on where his dick was entering me and for a brief moment I saw her lick her lips but then she caught herself and settled back into the chair again.

When Steve had finished we just laid there with his arms around me, holding my boob in his one hand while the other was under my head and reaching back to stroked his fingers through my hair. I felt his head rest on my bare shoulder as we just laid there coupled together, my pussy throbbing with the feel of his dick remaining in me.

Marlene quietly got up and left the room without a word, leaving the two of us to have some private time. I was so turned on by her watching us that I wasn't ready to quit so I pushed Steve away and kneeled at the side of the couch so I could suck his dick back into life again. It didn't take much effort as it turned out and this time he fucked me on the floor, me laying on my back against the rug with one pillow from the couch under my head and another under my butt. It was just the two of this time with Marlene nowhere in sight - or so I thought.

Steve was still fucking me missionary style when I realized that Marlene was back - and this time with her camera. I wasn't sure whether I should say anything or not but I also knew that the last thing I wanted was for Steve to stop fucking until I came. Well THAT was soon to arrive and any thoughts of her camera disappeared as my orgasm racked my sweating body.

It wasn't until we were done and I struggled to get back on my feet that Marlene said anything. She handed her son the camera saying, "Here, something for your new album to remember your first Christmas together."

Now all I had to do was see if she could dig up those photos she took of us back when we first dated. My dad certainly had some of me growing up that I knew Steve wouldn't mind adding. I had a feeling our new album wasn't going to be out on the coffee table when the pastor visited!

# 6. Christmas Afterglow

As incredible a day as it turned out to be, one thing kept it from being a perfect Christmas - my mom didn't make it. With the bad weather and resulting flight problems it was probably for the best but still, I was disappointed as I was looking forward to finally giving her the fiancé she has been waiting for so long! I always thought we would have to wait until after I was married because my mom doesn't believe in adultery but now that she and my dad are divorced there's nothing stopping her from enjoying Steve right now.

Putting that aside, I can see now that with two families there will be some new traditions going forward. Just as my dad always gives me a special outfit each year, would Steve be giving both me and his mother the same present? Just as I always let my dad fuck me in appreciation for his gift, would Steve and I be doing it in front of his mother every year in appreciation for hers?

Yes, family traditions can be fun!

# 2011

## (Jan 01) Chapter 222: New Year's Eve

Story codes: MF FF oral group
Me (25)
Steve - my fiancé (27)
Beth - BFF (25)

It was to be my last New Year's Eve as a single girl so I wanted to make the most of it.

### 1. Making Plans

This was to be my last New Year's Eve as a single woman. I fully intend to be 100% faithful to Steve after I marry him which means no sex outside the family. Granted, that still leaves a lot of options given my definition of sex, but it will still be pretty big life-style change for me. On the other hand, I love Steve so much that I'm not the least bit hesitant or reluctant.

My mother was the perfect role-model for me and while her marriage may not have lasted "until death", it WAS a wonderful marriage for over 25 years and I feel in large part it was due to her being so faithful to her husband. I know other couples that have sex outside their immediate family and claim that it works really well for them and I would never criticize them, no more than I would want anyone to find fault in my beliefs. This is simply how I think it's best for me.

All that said, I still felt a little bit like I needed to have one last fling for the holidays! I'd been talking about it with Steve and he was OK with it. Actually, this was one area where we had to come to an agreement early on in our engagement. As it turned out I hadn't really discussed adultery and infidelity with him before he proposed so I was a little surprised that he seemed to assume that I was going to want us to be swingers and do some swapping after we got married. I can't say I entirely blame him for having that thoughts as no doubt others who don't know my feelings about the sanctity of marriage could also think that way given my history. Funny thing is, I think he was actually looking forward to it.

Although Steve seemed to be a bit disappointed regarding my feelings about swapping, it all worked out when I explained to him that incest isn't adultery so he could continue to fuck my relatives all he wanted even after we got married without me seeing it as an act of adultery. I knew this appealed to him as he had already fucked my aunt a couple of times and my cousin Kristen once. I knew he would love to fuck my youngest cousin Tammy although that was a bit of a long shot given her current boyfriend situation. Still, being told he could continue with my aunt especially after we got married was a pleasant surprise for him.

Steve didn't know it but I was still debating about my best friend Beth and him after we get married. My dad had fucked Beth a couple of times while my parents were married, even though she was outside pour family. My parents (or at least my dad) rationalized it then that as my BFF she was virtually one of the family so it was OK. At the time I thought his line of reasoning was a little shaky so I'll have to think about that one some more. Beth can always suck his dick as that's not sex so is it really necessary for him to fuck her? Personally, I suspect that Beth really wants to fuck my fiancé more to get back at me a little for seducing her father years ago but maybe I'm seeing more than I should and she just wants to get laid by him. Can't say I blame her for that!

Being engaged to Steve was changing a lot of things in my life and New Year's was yet another. In the past I had a tendency to stick with my cousin and girlfriends on this night rather than seek out a party. While I am not a lesbian, I do enjoy being with a girl now and then but those times tend to be with my friends and family more so than with strangers. It's different with guys where I can just get laid and enjoy it without having to worry too much about anything above his waist. With girls sex tends to be more intimate and personal for me so as a rule it is almost exclusively with people I already know and am close to. New Year's Eve is one of the few times when I get together with just a group of girls for an evening of sex.

Now that I am engaged I wanted to spend the evening with my fiancé - a rather drastic departure from past tradition. Still, it WAS New Year's Eve so just sitting home alone with him wasn't my idea of the ideal evening. Any other night was fine but not this one. It didn't take much to find a couple of parties for us to go to as I was always being invited to them but in the past had always turned them down. Needless to say Steve was all for it, especially when I told him that it would be our first and only New

Year's Eve together being single so I planned to make the most of it. Steve knew me well enough by now to understand what THAT meant so I didn't have to spell it out for him. Of course, that meant he was free to do the same.

Thankfully it warmed up for the weekend, or at least the New Year's Eve part. You could almost go out without a coat on Friday! I wanted to wear something slutty for Steve and while I would have no matter what the weather, it was nice not having to worry about freezing my butt off! We made our plans regarding the parties I had picked out although I intended that we make our way back to his place before midnight. That meant a lot of traveling and getting in and out of his pickup truck so the warmer weather was much appreciated!

Anytime I went to a party it was always a major decision as to what to wear and this night was no exception. If anything it was even driving me all the more crazy knowing Steve was taking me so I wanted to make him proud of me. I debated for the entire week what to wear - or not. When I thought it would be colder had I toyed with the idea of wearing nothing but my winter coat which hangs down to my knees. I may still have done that had we just gone to his house but with the parties now on the agenda I didn't want to start right out being nude at them. Granted, it wouldn't surprise me if I ended up that way before long but sometimes the fun is as much getting naked as actually being nude.

My final decision was a little different than I started off with but it was based more with the parties in mind than just Steve. As a general rule the less I wear the more Steve loves it but he would just have to wait until we got to his house for me to run around nude. My final choice was a pair of ripped jeans that hung low on my rear and so tight that I had to lay on my bed and suck in my belly while I pulled them on. Of course there were no panties underneath but that's a given for me most any time. The only thing I decided to wear on top was a REALLY tight ribbed tube top that showed off my boobs really nice - and was easily moved out of the way without having to take it off and maybe losing it somewhere. All in all it wasn't all that dressy and maybe not as slutty as I'd originally intended but under the circumstances it seemed appropriate as well as functional.

Thankfully Steve somehow managed to get New Year's Eve off. I guess since he worked Christmas Eve that he got to have the next holiday. I tried to get some extra sleep during the day but was far too excited for that to happen. It had been a while since I spent an entire afternoon masturbating but I don't think anybody would prosecute me for it as horny as I was that day. The strange thing was that even after spending hours in my bed I was STILL hornier than ever by the time Steve picked me up just before 9:00 PM. I had made it a point NOT to shower after my afternoon "workout" so when he kissed me at the door he could smell the strong scent of sex on me like a dog on the hunt!

If I had let him I am sure Steve would have dragged me up to my bedroom and just fucked me all night but I was actually looking forward to the parties so before he could get carried away I pushed him out the door and we were off to the first party. As compensation I lowered my tube top during the drive over and let him see me playing with my boobs for him. No doubt he was hoping that I would suck him off on the ride over but I wanted him firm and hard for the party. No doubt the other girls would appreciate my restraint!

## 2. Party #1 – Just a BJ or Two... or More

Party number one wasn't that far from where I loved so soon he was finding a place to park on the street while I put my tube top back in place. Inside were a bunch of people I'd partied with before so I pretty much knew everyone, one of the reasons I picked this one. Steve didn't know hardly anyone though so I had to introduce him. I have to say we got a lot of stares and comments when I introduced him as my fiancé!

Before I go into any details, let me just say this about my fiancé... Steve is the most wonderful guy I've ever known and I love the way he is so possessive at times yet he is proud to show me off at the same time. I also have to say I love the way the other girls look at him and it makes me feel really good to know he is MINE! I found it really hot seeing how the other girls all wanted Steve I think Steve felt pretty much the same about me when the other men all flirted with me. There's something about being the one he ultimately turns to even though he's been fucking another beautiful girl that shows me how much he loves me! While I love being fucked by other guys, it's just physical and it makes me feel good again to give myself to Steve when it's all said and done, like I am saying, "OK Steve, they did me good but YOU are the one I want!"

The first party was not what I would call a sex party but then it wasn't like it was discouraged either, just more subdued. Looking around, nothing much was being done openly as people pretty much broke off and used one of the other rooms when they wanted sex and then returned when they were done. There might be a quick blowjob and indeed there was plenty of groping but as a rule, sex was done more privately with the party scene acting more as a "dating service" than anything else.

Since not everyone there knew I was engaged I loved to show off my engagement ring. A few of the guys I use to have fun with at past parties seemed a bit disappointed which I thought was pretty funny. One of them asked if that meant I wasn't going to be "a party girl" anymore. Like duh, what did they think I was there for, the drinks and chips? When he asked I just looked at Steve and he grinned and nodded, knowing exactly what was going on in my head.

I didn't have to say another word as I got up and undid the guy's pants in front of everyone. A crowd quickly grew as I reached inside and pulled out his dick. When I started sucking him everyone cheered me on. I guess that showed him - and anyone else who thought I might somehow be "converted". Heck, I wasn't married yet! Being engaged didn't mean I had signed up to be a nun after all.

Once the ice was broken, so to say, I must have sucked at least half a dozen more guys, all right in front of Steve. After the second one, some of the girls took it to mean he was available and soon he had a couple of them working him over as well. Like me, they just sucked his cock but I am sure had he wanted they would have been happy to have moved things to one of the open bedrooms but Steve seemed to be enjoying watching me as much as what he was getting so we kept things out in the open.

After I'd gotten my share of cum and Steve had shot his load into two girls open mouths, we were ready to leave when one more guy stepped up for his turn. I looked up and was surprised to see that it was someone I hadn't seen in ages from back in my high school days as a school slut. If my memory served, he had such a crush on me but didn't ask me out until almost graduation when he finally worked up the nerve. As it turned out he was a pretty good fuck but after graduation he went off to college out of state and I hadn't seen him since. I introduced him to Steve and gave him a brief synopsis of our history.

Steve had his jeans zippered up again but evidently the idea of watching an old flame of mine do me was too much to resist so whispered in my ear, asking me if I was still horny for the guy. Well duh! He was even more handsome than he was as a teenager. Steve just gave me that look he does when he knows I want something but haven't asked for it. At first I thought we was going to stayed in the room while I led my old flame to one of the back bedrooms, but just as I was about to close the door he stepped inside, along with a few other guys and a couple of girls. So much for privacy!

I think the guy was a bit surprised at how quickly he found himself with me in bed. Most likely he had assumed that at best he would just be in line for another BJ from me after seeing me sucking off the other guys. Still, it's not like he resisted. Wow, talk about some old memories as he fucked me! Having the room lined with on-lookers didn't hurt either, especially with my fiancé front and center among them. Indeed, I could hear him bragging to the people around him, telling them that I was his fiancé and that we were going to be married in August.

In all it didn't last too long as the guy couldn't help but cum faster than perhaps he wanted but I wasn't exactly trying to stretch it out either. It was just a party fuck so once everyone got to see the show then there was no sense in dragging things out so as soon as he was about to cum I wrapped my legs around him and made sure he finished promptly.

The guy came inside of me and I have to say, it was like half the crowd like it while a sizable number were calling out for him to cum on my face or boobs. I call it the "porn effect" where people seem to think that real sex is supposed to be like what they see on the internet. As a result you have the "cream-pie" lovers who want to see his cum dripping from my pussy and then there is the "facial" lovers who are more instead in seeing a guy jerking off at the end and then spraying his cum all over a girl's face and if she's lucky, some of it ends up in her mouth. You might call it a subset of these that want him to cum on her boobs or ass, but the majority seem to go for the face.

Personally, I'll take it in my pussy over my face and hair any day but at the same time I know that guys get off doing it on me so if I am in the right mood I can go along with it. The issue I had at the moment was I knew I had another party to go o and I really wasn't thrilled to have my hair filled with sticky cum, at least not so early in the evening. If I could take a shower right away and wash it out then it wasn't so bad but getting dried cum out of your hair is a nightmare!

When he was finishing dumping his cum in me he pulled out and Steve then moved in and proudly help my legs up while I squeezed down and pushed the guy's cum out of me as best I could. One of the girls, someone I'd never seen before, move in and licked it up as it dripped out of me which served two purposes. First, it was nice just to be cleaned up but the best part was she also made sure to pay some attention to my clit which really felt good after being fucked so well.

Steve was so cool about it all, even helping me to find my clothes and get dressed when it was all over. We moved back out into the meeting area and said out goodbyes. A couple of the guys were trying to talk us into staying, no doubt wanting their own shot at spending some time in the bedroom with me, but so far as I was concerned it was "mission accomplished" so far as this party was concerned and so we left and headed for the next party.

As we drove Steve was grinning from ear to ear. I asked him what he liked the most - getting blown by the girls, seeing his fiancé sucking a line of dicks, or watching be getting laid by an old boyfriend from high school. My expectation was that he would say seeing me being fucked was the best part but he surprised me and claimed he liked seeing me sucking the dicks the most. When I asked why he just shrugged and said it actually looked sluttier for me to do it out in the middle of the party than hiding away in a back bedroom like some sort of whorehouse. Well, if that is what turned him on then I filed that away for future reference.

We had left before I thought about grabbing a drink so I had him run through a McDonald's drive through to order me a Diet Coke to rinse out my mouth. There's something about cum that just stays in your mouth and even though it was now over a half hour since I'd taken the last load I could still feel it in my mouth. It wasn't so much that it bothered me - I actually liked the lingering aftertaste. I just knew that Steve was about as homophobic as they cum and he had been avoiding kissing me since I'd done the blowjobs and so I was hoping the soft drink fizz would help erase the majority of the taste. It wasn't that he didn't kiss me after I took a load like some men would refuse to do - just so it was HIS load that he was tasting, not that of a bunch of other guys.

## 3. Party #2 - Swapping With Beth

The second party was smaller, consisting of some of my closer girlfriends and guys we both knew from high school including my best friend Beth. This was the party I had been looking forward to the most - as was Steve. The only reason I chose the first one was to see how Steve would react to seeing me in full "slut mode" whereas this one was more to be with friends.

We were both disappointed that Kristen had pulled out at the last minute. She had been planning on attending but then my dad and her mom had called just the way before imploring her to go with them to a party where bringing your daughter or son was required so she agreed to help out ended up going with them instead. I couldn't complain as it kept them from asking me and it would have put me in a bind had they asked me instead. Not only would it have meant passing on a night I really wanted to spend with my new fiancé, but it would have also meant engaging in an evening where I wouldn't have been nearly as comfortable with the age group that was involved. Fortunately Kristen was more than willing to deal with that type of scene so we would just have to get along without her for the night.

Beth was not only attending but she was also acting as the host. It wasn't at her house but she when it came to organizing parties it was her "gift" in that nobody organized and arranged such events better than her. She'd already hijacked my wedding plans and heaven knows what she had planned for my bachelorette party. Once again I got to show off my ring as while most everyone at this party knew about my pending nuptials, not everybody had seen the ring other than a photo I'd put on my Facebook page showing it on my finger.

Even though these were all friends that knew me well, it was a little funny how many of them said they are surprised I am getting married. Then again, maybe it was because they knew me so well that they were surprised! Still, I'd never said I wanted to stay single forever and they all know how much I adored Steve so there shouldn't have been any surprise other than that Steve finally worked up the courage to propose!

Of course except for Beth and a couple of other close friends, none of them knew about my incestuous relationships. Thus while they may have wondered how I was going to be able to confine my sexual activities to just Steve after we were married, what they didn't know was that Steve and I would continue to have other "options" eve after we said our vows. It's just another benefit to incest if you ask me.

We'd only been there for maybe five minutes and were still greeting everyone when Beth pulled me into the kitchen, all excited about something or another. As it turned out, I'd mentioned to her in the past something about my on-line relationship with Deni M.'s teenage twins but I never thought she really listened all that much to it as she knew nothing I did on-line ever led to anything other than a few fantasies. Frankly, Beth never did seem to understand my infatuation with on-line chatting and such and in her mind my web site was just a disaster waiting to happen. She was always trying to talk me into removing it and so when I finally did take it down, leaving just the story files but removing everything else, nobody was happier than she was.

You would think by now after knowing Beth all these years that when it come to my best friend I should never be surprised by anything yet once again I found myself amazed at her. We left the kitchen and went to the dining room where she introduced me to two guys standing over by the dining room table and then proceeded to ask them point blank right in front of me if they would like to fuck me! Well, that's my best friend for you! Of course they said yes and then she dropped the other shoe and informed me that they were brothers! Granted, they weren't identical twins and both were a least a decade past their fourteenth birthday, but I knew what she was up to. She even told me I could call them Tom and Ted, the names of Deni's horny fourteen year-old sons that I had been corresponding with since they didn't offer up their own names.

I figured what the heck, why not? I turned to go tell Steve that I'd be busy for a bit but before I had a chance Beth pulled my tube top down to my waist to expose my boobs, saying something about Steve already being "taken care of". With that she left abruptly and I had to wonder if she didn't really mean he was GOING to be taken care of. So far as I knew, Steve had never fucked her, not even back in high school when Beth was already doing guys in school while I was still a virgin. Steve had certainly been no virgin when he started dating me, not by any means, but for whatever reason he'd never done Beth before he started fucking me. Once we started having sex he stopped doing other girls so he never got to her before he moved away with his mom. So maybe tonight she would finally get him. Oh well, who was I to complain? After all, he was marrying ME, not her. Heck, I'd seen her fuck my own father - twice, so why not my fiancé?

The evening was flying by so there wasn't all that much time which meant we didn't fool around with a lot of flirting or even foreplay. The guys were already undoing their jeans by the time Beth had exited the room and I soon was lowering mine. I purposely left the tube top around my waist as it wasn't in the way and that way it wouldn't get lost. We moved back to the kitchen where one brother fucked me first as I leaned over the counter by the sink. Before he came I got up on the counter with my legs hanging over and spread wide while the other one took his turn at drilling me. He didn't have as much control as his sibling and he came in me quickly so I got down and bent over to suck him while his brother got in behind me and fucked me again, this time finished himself off in me.

It was pretty cool to be fucked by one brother while sucking the other - a first for me! The only other brothers I'd ever done were Steve and his younger brother but that was back when I was fourteen and in any case they didn't fuck me at the same so it wasn't anything like this. Now if my "Ted and Tom" had just been twins and fourteen, my on-line fantasy would have been realized. Still, I wasn't complaining. When we were done I grabbed some paper towels and wiped myself up a bit before pulling up my jeans. The guys got dressed and left without saying anything to me. Oh well, typical guys - fuck her and leave her.

When I was dressed I looked around for Steve but it took me a while to find him, Sure enough, I checked out one of the bedrooms and there he was with Beth, fucking her doggie style - her favorite position as I knew from past experience at her sex parties. There were a few guys and a couple of girls in the darkened room watching so I blended in with the crowd without him noticing. It was pretty hot to see my new fiancé fucking my best friend right in front of all our friends.

A couple of people noticed me and I think they were a little surprised that I would be watching but I just flashed my ring so they would know who he belonged to when the night was over. Actually I was pretty proud of Steve and the way he was fucking Beth. Damn, my guy was doing her really good! Not to mention he looked like a stud all naked and sweaty as he banged her with everything he had.

Some guy I'd never seen before was standing next to me and must have noticed me showing off my engagement ring. He leaned down to ask me if I was really Steve's fiancé. The ring flashed again and I mentioned that Beth was also my BFF. He grinned at that and then nodded towards Steve and Beth and asked me if I wanted to get laid right next to my fiancé and best friend. Of course he meant that HE would be the one but he was pretty hot so I figured why not put on a good show? I agreed to do it which I think surprised the dude a bit. No doubt he had assumed I would refuse and hadn't actually expected me to go along with it and now I'd gone and called his bluff. It's funny how many guys TALK a big game but when it comes down to actually DOING anything they get all flustered and embarrassed. I had to give him credit as he recovered his composure quickly and took me by the arm, leading me up to the bed where my fiancé was screwing my best friend as if nobody else was watching.

Steve and Beth were both totally naked so this time I undressed completely and before anyone realized what was going on the two of us were on the bed next to them and I was sucking this guy's dick. I never even asked him his name but it didn't matter, I had all I needed to know about him in my mouth! Steve saw me as soon as I started climbing on the bed and gave me a thumbs up. Damn, he has to be the most wonderful fiancé in the world! I can't wait to be his wife!

It didn't take long for my guy to go from a partial erection to full bore hardness after which I dropped him from my mouth and laid down just under Beth such that her knees were on one side of me and her hand holding her up on the other. Her large boobs hung down and grazed across mine as she moved in rhythm with Steve's cock thrusting in and out of her pussy. It had been quite a while since we were in this position but I didn't have much time to think about all that as my guy was on top and pushing his dick in me immediately.

Fortunately my pussy had been pretty well fucked already by the two brothers so he didn't have any problem just pushing it in me all the way on the first shove. Even before we had arrived I knew the night was going to be fun but I'd never anticipated anything quite like this. Here I was laying naked on a bed under my nude best friend while my fiancé fucked her and some guy I'd never seen before was burrowing his dick deep inside my pussy. As hot as that all sounds, what made it complete was the room was now getting packed as word must have spread about what was going on.

Looking around, I knew almost everyone in the room and indeed, most of the guys in the room had fucked me at least once in the past. Even the brothers who had just fucked me were now watching. I felt like a princess – a fucking princess at that!! Steve groaned as he started to cum in Beth and it wasn't all that much longer before the guy doing me did the same. Once he was finished he got up and left the three of us on the bed. Steve have Beth a quick kiss and moved over to me, filling me with his still erect cock. I couldn't help but feel proud of him for staying hard given he'd already cum several time this evening already. For whatever reason, that seemed to excite the crowd as they cheered and urged him on.

Meanwhile, Beth was kneeling over my face, pushing her pussy onto my face as Steve's cum dripped out of her and into my open mouth. It had been ages since I'd licked Beth's pussy and now to have it AND have it filled with Steve's cum, while at the same time Steve was ramming his dick in my own pussy... well do I have to say anything more?

Poor Steve, his heart was in it but his poor dick needed some time to recharge, He was exhausted and finally just flopped over on his back on the bed. Whether he realized it or not, that effectively left Beth and me "available" and it didn't take long for the guys in the room to take advantage of the situation. In a way I felt a bit of disappointment as it had been a long time since Beth and I had had sex but then, if I had to be separated from her then what better way than this?

Seeing what was heading our way, Beth laid down right next to me, putting her arm through mine as we both spread out legs and waited for the inevitable. God, how long had it been since we had done anything like this together? Sure we'd both had sex at the various parties she was always trying to get me to go to with her, but to just lay back side by side and let ourselves be used by a bunch of horny guys took me all the way back to high school when we use to compete for title of the biggest slut in school.

One by one we took on all comers - or should I say cummers? It was sort like what I'd done before at some of Beth's sex parties but in this case rather than having them pull out and cum in my mouth while the next one fucked me, this time we had them stay in is and cum inside of our pussies. It was probably best that Steve was too tired to join in as I knew he hated "sloppy seconds". He had told me plenty of times before that feeling his dick surrounded by another guys cum was about as big as turnoff as anything. Now WATCHING other guys doing it was a different story and I saw he was now sitting up so he could get a better view.

We each took four guys before it over, not counting Steve and my first guy so I guess that made for a total of five loads of sperm for each of us. My pussy felt like it was flooded and I could feel the cum running down my butt onto the bed. I could only imagine how it must have looked to Steve to see his fiancé's pussy overflowing with the cum of so many other men but if anything, Steve's dick seemed to be recovering even faster at the sight. That left just one thing to make it complete...

The crowd literally cheered as Beth got on top of me as we 69'd, each of us licking out the cum from the other's pussy. Beth was dripping cum and my face was a wreck but I had to imagine hers was no better from the way I was feeling down there. The best part was that I had been focusing so much on them fucking me with Steve and the others watching that now I was finally getting my first orgasm. Damn, Beth knew how to lick a pussy, I had to give her that!

Not to be outdone, I worked on her until she also came, gushing all over my face yet again as she moaned with pleasure. Any other time I would have been happy to hang around for a while and maybe do a few more guys but then I saw a clock by the bed and it was getting too close to midnight for comfort. I had this big idea for how to celebrate the new year and it wasn't like it could ever be done again so I didn't want to miss the opportunity. I gave Beth a kiss and hurried to the bathroom to clean myself off for Steve later. Then we got dressed and left the party for his house, getting there with only about twenty minutes to spare. Damn, we were cutting things close!

## 4. Midnight Finale

Once at his house. Steve and I headed straight for his living room where his mom had Dick Clark on the TV with the countdown. I hadn't told Steve my idea yet as I wasn't sure we would make it back in time but when I told him he was just as excited about it as I was.

My plan was to go from the old year where I was single and so much had happened to me to the new year with the world's best fiancé and so much to look forward to. I wanted to celebrate being with Steve and show him how much he meant to me and how much I wanted to be part of his life as his wife. Well, what better way than to have him inside of me as the ball dropped in Times Square and then have him cum in me just as it turned midnight? Granted, the timing would be tricky as it's not like his dick had a button on it to make him cum on command but I figured he could give it a good try if nothing else. Hopefully between the time he had to rest and the show that Beth and I had put on for him he would be ready to go by now.

In the end it worked out almost just as I hoped. Steve gave it a really good try but he couldn't help cumming about ten seconds early which I actually thought was pretty darn good. His mom gave us both a kiss, wishing us happy new year as she left us to go to her bedroom. Finally alone for the first time that night, we laid there for almost a half hour with him in me as we just kissed, hugged and loved each other. Somehow we made it to his bed but I really don't remember much of the rest of the night. God I was so tired but it was in a good way. Damn, it had been a while since I'd been fucked so well in one night and then to end it with my incredible fiancé... it had been a fairytale evening from start to finish.

Overall all it was the perfect way to end the new year and start the new one. I realize that as a married woman I'll never have another New Year's Eve quite like this one but at least I'll have the memories to treasure forever.

# (Mar 03) Chapter 223: My Mom Meets My Fiancé

Story codes: MF FF oral inc mother daughter cousin
Me (26)
Mary - my mom (44)
Steve - my fiancé (27)
Kristen - cousin

If there is one thing I know my mom regrets in life, it's not having a son. It's not that she didn't WANT one, she just couldn't. It wasn't her fault. In fact, in a way you could say it was MY fault as she was unable to bear children after I came along. As such I knew she has been looking forward to the day I got married so she could finally have a "son" of her own. Now that she's divorced she doesn't even have to wait until after the wedding as we had always discussed. Indeed, she was ready and anxious to check out Steve's marital "qualifications" the first chance she got!

## 1. A Mother's Dreams

As I mentioned in the summary, ever since I started dating and having sex my mother has told me about her fantasies of having a son. Who could blame her? I mean like her husband had a daughter to satisfy his needs so why shouldn't a mother have a son for hers? That's not at all to say the only reason she wants a son is for sex, no more than my dad only thinks of me that way. But when it comes to her fantasies, this one near the top of the list.

Considering we are talking about MY husband, people might think I would have some say in the matter. For me the question is not whether or not I would allow my husband to have sex with my mother as that's not my call to make. By virtue of him being my husband he becomes a part of my family and as such he has the right to have sex with anyone in my family that he wants, provided they agree of course.

It's not like we are cavemen and the guys go around taking whatever female they desire. My "permission", as if it's needed in the first place, will be given when I say, "I do." In the same way that Steve effectively agreed to MY family relationships when he proposed to me. In a civilized society if both parties are part of the same family and consent, then who has the right to tell them they can't have sex?

One question that lingers for me is would I really want to watch Steve fuck my mom? It's one thing knowing what is going on in the bedroom but quite another to witness it. For that matter, would ANY girl want to see her husband fucking her mother? Oh sure, every porn movie and erotic story would lead you to believe that the new bride just can't wait for such a moment but since when do these sources reflect reality about anything? These are the same scum that would lead you to believe that every woman wants her face covered in cum, that girls walk down the street ready to jump at the chance to have sex in a moving van with strangers, or that ugly guys with video cameras can talk girls into have unpaid sex under the guise of "auditioning". Yeah, right. Enough said.

If there's one thing I've learned since being engaged is that it's easy to THINK about things and discuss them when you don't have to actually DO them. Ever since I started having sex my mother would tease me about how she hoped that I would marry soon so she could have my guy for herself. It was all just talk. My boyfriends were safe as my mom's strict morals forbade her from committing adultery so she couldn't actually DO anything until I married someone.

Growing up I never gave any thought to my fiancé as until we said our vows he would be off-limits. The only reason this has become an issue now while I am engaged is that my parents divorced a couple of years ago meaning now she can have sex with anyone she wants without the limitations and restrictions of her marriage vows getting in the way.

With my mom living way out in Oregon now, the distance factor also came into play. She has rarely visited Pittsburgh since she walked out on my dad, actually not having returned since the divorce was finalized. So far I've visited her once so I was looking forward to her next visit. I'd thought she would be home for last Christmas but with the weather and her work she wasn't able to make it so now it was a couple months later before she could arrange another time.

So back to the issue at hand... When I called my mom to tell her the good news that her daughter was engaged, her first words were "Finally, what took him so long?" Not long after that she asked when she would get to meet him to which I replied that she needed to come back to Pittsburgh! Actually my mom HAD met Steve, but it was twelve years ago back when I first started dating. Steve was my "first" and my mom was the first person I gave the news to after giving him my virginity. It is sort of ironic that he was also the first boy she would kid me about marrying so she could share him with me. Granted, it was 100% joking as my mother would have never had sex with a boy his age, even if he WAS sixteen (which seemed SO old to me at the time), but it's funny how these sort of things work out in life. Now I WAS marrying him and I WAS prepared to share him with her. Who would have ever predicted it?

When my mom called me to tell me she was finally going to make the trip I was thrilled. My mother has always best my best friend, the person I could always confide anything and never have to worry about her judging me. It wasn't until she hinted that she was looking forward to seeing "all" of Steve that I realized that this was not something I had really discussed with Steve yet. Ooops.

Oh to be sure Steve knew all about me and my dad - I made sure of that before he even proposed. And yes, he was already enjoying being with my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen. I had mentioned this to my mom and when she heard that he actually preferred my aunt over her daughter, I sensed a bit of tension even over the long-distance connection. I could have kicked myself for running my mouth as I knew that my mom and her sister weren't exactly on the best of terms. My mom still blamed her sister for being a large reason for the divorce. It had nothing to do with my dad having sex with her - they'd been doing that since high school, grade school for Linda. What made my mom mad was her supporting my dad's addiction to pedophilia - a long story for another time. It certainly didn't smooth things over when she moved in with my dad, especially considering some of the kinky scenes they started getting involved with.

So anyway, in all the talk about the women in my family, we had somehow avoided my mother. Perhaps avoided is the wrong word - make that we simply didn't think about her in that way. That was most likely due to her being so far away. Heck, Steve hadn't even seen her since her returned to Pittsburgh. Another factor may have been Steve's mother. While Steve had fooled around with his mother once back when we were dating and she watched us having sex, since then there was nothing between like that. Oh sure they were close and enjoyed kissing and groping but it was always over their clothes. On reflection, maybe the fact that he never considered sex with his own mother that he avoided thinking about sex with his soon-to-be mother-in-law.

I knew I had to deal with this before my mom arrived, and the sooner the better. The where and how was easy to decide. If there's one thing I've learned over the years, if you want to get a man to talk and agree to anything, ask him during sex, especially right after he cums. It's like all his hormones are raging and any inhibitions are flushed away along with his sperm. It almost always worked with my dad and I found that Steve was just as easy.

So the next time we were having sex, I waited until Steve had cum in me and while I was still on top of him I lifted myself up and looked him in the eyes, or at least as best I could with his being half-shut after his orgasm.

"My mom's going to be here next week," I said off-handedly.

"That's nice," he sighed. I had to wonder if he'd even heard what I said!

"She wants you to fuck her."

Now THAT opened his eyes. Well, at least he was listening which was better than many times after he'd just cum as hard as he had. Men! How many times have I laid in the bed while they go to sleep and masturbate myself because I'm still ready to keep going while they pass out?

"Your mother wants me to have sex with her?" he said in a hoarse voice.

"Well duh," I teased him, wiggling my bare butt on his crotch trying to revive his cock while it was still in me. "Doesn't every mother want to have sex with their future son-in-law?"

Steve just laughed at that but I liked it as it made him jump a bit in bed, pushing his dick into me again. To my delight he was hardening up again. Was it my pussy around his dick or the thought of my mother's pussy around it that was arousing him?

"C'mon... you got to admit Kelly, not many do."

"Well... don't you think your mom would like to have sex with me?" I teased him.

Steve's eyes rolled up in his head and then he shook it. "First, my mother is NOT a lesbian and second, she would never have sex with you."

Now what was he so certain about that? Anyway, I pretended to pout, sitting up more straight which had the added benefit of driving his now stiffened dick even deeper inside of me. I leaned back over and kissed him, feeling his tongue exploring my lips and mouth. We separated with our faces barely inches apart, my hair hanging over us like a tent.

"Seriously now Kelly, does your mother REALLY want to have sex with me?"

"Well, you fuck her sister don't you?"

Steve laughed again and again his dick jumped in me at the thought of my aunt.

"Don't tell me she's jealous," Steve sighed.

It was getting harder and harder to maintain a conversation. I mean that literally as well as figuratively as his erection was filling my wet pussy once again.

Mmmmmmm, I wanted him to fuck me again... and again. God I love him!

Quickly I told him how she had teased me about him back when we first dated and then assured him that it was OK with me. I was starting to bounce on his dick a little, unable to fully contain myself any longer.

"Can I tell you a secret?" he whispered conspiratorially. I nodded and he continued, "I always wanted to fuck your mother back then... she was HOT!"

With that we both laughed and the conversation ended as Steve pulled me into him and then rolled over so he was on top, keeping his dick in me along the way. For the next fifteen minutes or so, there was no further conversations about my mother!

After he had cum in me again, this time he DID pass out, or at least he fell asleep awfully quick. We could have gone for a third time and it would have been just fine with me but he'd been working a lot of hours so I knew I'd have to wait a while before he was ready to go again. I laid next to him, feeling his warm body against mine as I slowly rubbed myself, his sperm oozing out of me and lubricating my clit as I played with myself.

At least it seemed that Steve didn't have any issues with me asking to have sex with my mother. Not that I ever had much doubt in the first place of course. Now the ball was back in my court in terms of how to get it done. The key question that dominated my thoughts was would I want to watch?

When I first told Steve that my dad fucked me, he naturally thought I was pulling the biggest practical joke ever on him. It wasn't until he watched from the closet as my dad fucked me in the cabin that he couldn't dispute the facts any further. After that he made it clear that while I was free to keep my obligations concerning my dad, he preferred NOT to be involved in any way. It seemed a little funny at first considering this is the same guy who loves to watch other men fuck me - at least all other men but one. He insisted it wasn't because he didn't like my dad doing me or that it bothered him, but that it was just something he wasn't turned on by.

Actually it was probably best that he didn't want to join in. My dad may be a huge pedophile but he is NOT a homosexual in any sense of the word. While he has fucked me with his brother, that was with his brother, not just some other guy. Steve may be his daughter's fiancé but he was not my dad's brother.

So now the shoe was back on the other foot. Certainly I didn't need to watch for confirmation. I had no doubt they would do it. The question was did I want to see it for myself? OK, so maybe I would the first time just because I'd be curious to see her reaction to Steve. It's not like Steve has an eight inch dick or anything but he is pretty good in bed from a technique standpoint. He also licks pussy better than most guys as well - but I may be biased!

Remember, I haven't hardly seen my mom fuck anyone else besides my dad all my life. When I last visited her we went out and fucked a few guys but they were just strangers we picked up for sex, nobody that meant anything. The guy who I've seen fuck her more than anyone besides my dad is my cousin Rick and he was Always just a "boy toy" for her. She seemed to enjoy the way he drooled over her and begged her to let him fuck her as much as the sex. So when it comes to Steve, I sort of look forward to see how she reacts to him and how she approaches him - as a MILF, a slut, a mom, a mother-in-law, or what. Well, hopefully I'd had my answer soon.

## 2. My Mom Meets Steve

One of the reasons my mom chose this week to take off and visit was to be here for my birthday - March 1st. Damn, I couldn't believe I was going to be 26! Like, that meant in four years I'd be thirty and that just sounds WAY to old.

So anyway, she arrived Monday night, my last day as a 25 year-old. Steve and I picked her up at the airport and so she got to see Steve right away. She marveled at how he had grown up which only made sense since he was 28 now and the last time she'd seen him he was sixteen! He immediately got on her good side by saying she hadn't changed a bit. She was 44 now with her 45th birthday coming in early June so it wasn't like she was the 32 year-old mom he'd known when he was dating me. Still, I have to say I think my mom has done a great job in keeping her figure and she's always been a sharp dresser. Just ask my poor dad who has to pay the credit card bills!

Steve drove on the way home and my mom sat in the front seat with me in the back. He'd borrowed his mother's car so we wouldn't have to put her luggage in the back of his pickup truck. At first mom thought it was HIS car and she commented on how nice it was that he could afford a Lexus but Steve quickly reset her expectations when he corrected her and said he'd drove a ten year-old truck. Although he kept it in good condition it definitely was not an almost- new Lexus. Oh well, it has paid for so that was something. I guess we could have brought my car which was actually my mom's old car. Still, the Lexus was newer and nicer than my older Avalon.

My mom had originally made reservations at a downtown hotel. She obviously didn't want to spend the week with my dad and aunt and there wasn't a lot of extra room at our house. Still, once I heard she was going to have to pay a hotel to come to visit I insisted she stay in my bedroom. Unfortunately I only had a twin bed so that meant I would either sleep on the couch in the living room or share Kristen's queen bed.

Well the answer was obvious and if anything, Kristen teased me earlier in the week that she might be bringing home someone to share it with us. That was just an all-around bad idea. Knowing how my mom felt about my dad dabbling in underage sex now with her sister, the LAST thing I need was for my cousin to bring home some boy toy to play with while my mom was staying with us! She claimed to be just teasing me but I'd learned a long time ago that when it came to Kristen, nothing is beyond belief.

Steve helped carry my mom's luggage up to my room like a gentleman. I was so proud of him! Kristen was home and she greeted her aunt with a hug and a kiss. She mentioned something about my dad and her mom coming over tomorrow before my birthday and I had to admit I was a little relieved that they had decided to wait a day for my mom to settle in. Over the past year my mom and dad had reconciled a lot of their differences. I don't mean they would ever get back together again but just that they came to some understandings.

My mom asked for a few moments to freshen up after the long flight so the rest of us went back down to the kitchen for some snacks. My mom joined us soon and we spent the next hour or so catching up on most everything, especially the upcoming wedding. It was starting to get late and I mentioned to my mom that Steve would have to leave in a while to get to work. I hated his schedule but as the junior paramedic he was stuck with the midnight shift until he got more seniority.

"Oh, then I guess we had better get going then?" she said with a sly grin as she looked over at Steve. I wasn't quite sure where she was going with this so I asked her what she meant.

"Well let me see if I have this right... Steve here has been fucking my daughter since she was what, fourteen? Now he's doing my favorite niece as well. On top of everything, he's also having sex with my sister. Have I got this right so far?"

Steve seemed a little surprised by my mom's straightforward approach but then that was my mom. She never has been one to mince words. Still, I saw his cheeks redden a little bit. It was funny as I imagined in his mind she was still my mother just the same as she was back when he was dating me. Back then he was more than welcome to come over to our house to fuck me and while he knew my parents were well aware of what we did in my room, it wasn't like she talked about it so frankly with him.

"Well technically mom, there was like a twelve year gap for me," I corrected her.

She just flipped her hand at me, dismissing my point as being irrelevant.

"My point being, who is the only female at the table right now that he has NOT been fucking lately?"

Kristen was obviously quite amused at Steve's reactions to the new direction our conversation was taken, She sat back and folded her arms, making it clear that she was NOT the one.

My mom looked at me and then at Kristen, finally turning her attention back to Steve. "Well young man, looks like that leaves me, doesn't it?" she said in almost a parental tone. Steve shifted in his seat, obviously a little uncertain with where this was going.

"So what are you going to do to correct this problem?" my mom asked Steve, smiling at him naughtily.

Steve looked over at me. Yeah, like I was going to help him out of this situation. Poor guy, but I just sat back and waited for him to respond. I only wished I had this on video as the expression on his face was priceless. Finally Kristen couldn't contain herself anymore.

"Oh for Christ sake Steve, are you gonna fuck her or not?" she blurted out, "Crap, do you need a written invitation?"

Steve looked at me as if he didn't know whether to crap or go blind. Well, I couldn't let the poor guy dangle like this any longer so I stood up and motioned to them to get up as well.

"Steve. I've been listening to my mom complain to me for years that I need to get married so she could have my husband. I think we're close enough to that so just do me a favor and do her, for me."

My mom smiled at me and then turned her attention back to Steve.

"I don't bite... at least not hard," she teased as she took his hand and led him up the stairs. About halfway up she turned back to me and asked, "Wanna join us girls?"

Kristen started to speak up and I knew she was going to jump at the chance but I elbowed her hard in the side to shut up. She whined at me but at least she didn't say anything.

"You guys just go have fun, OK," I replied for the two of us. Still Kristen wasn't about to be turned away that easily.

"Yeah... you two use Kelly's bed. Kelly and I will be in mine if you need us... right Kelly?"

Why was I surprised? This was my ex-whore Kristen next to me, the only girl in school who ever out-slutted me, the only girl I knew who had fucked more guys and done nasty things I would never even dream of in bed - and out. For her to just stay downstairs and watch TV while her aunt and future cousin-in-law had sex just wasn't in her DNA. Besides, I can't say the idea didn't appeal to me. Kristen made a ton of money as a prostitute because she looks incredible and she knows how to use her body.

With that my mom and Steve disappeared into my bedroom although they left the door open. I really wasn't sure if my mom was serious about us joining or if she was just teasing us a little. In any case, I was pleased it was working out this way. We all would be getting what we wanted and I wouldn't have to worry about how I would react seeing my fiancé screwing my own mother.

## 3. Kristen and Me Together

As I undressed in Kristen's room, I watched her strip down and once again marveled at her delicious body. God, now wonder guys would do almost anything to have sex with her. All her life, at least since she entered puberty, she had made the best of her God-given assets. For someone who never studied or cracked open a textbook unless absolutely necessary, she somehow managed to graduate from high school and I don't think it was any secret amongst the faculty as to how she did it. In college she couldn't fuck her way through classes as easily and left after just a year for a "career" more suited to her.

With us both naked, we pulled back the covers and climbed in bed. As I reached for her I realized how long it had been since we had done anything like this. You might be surprised at how little Kristen and I do much together since I moved in. It's not like we ever did all that much to start with but we did a lot more before I moved in with her than after. Maybe we are just together too much that spending a night together too is not something we feel that we need. Now when we get together it's more like we're comfortable with each other like wearing a favorite outfit.

We laid on our sides, facing each other and she pressed her warm smooth body against mine, pushing her leg in between mine and pressing her thigh into my crotch while she pushed her own into my leg. I could feel the warmth of her pussy against me and I knew she was horny as hell - which describes her condition 90% of the time but this was still special.

Not a word was spoken as we kissed, our hands reaching over to the other, running up and down our nude forms. I reached for one of her perky breasts and put my palm over it, letting her nipple poke out between my fingers. I gasped as she reached down between us, running her hand between my legs and cupping my shaved pussy in her hand.

"Mmmmmmm, been a while cuz," she whispered as she started to rub me.

As I fondled her breast and she rubbed my crotch I laid there thinking about our relationship. God this felt so good to do with her! Although at times it's like Kristen is more my sister than my cousin, I wondered what it might have been growing up with her as my actual sister. Would we have shared a room - or even a bed? Kristen grew up sleeping with her mother and indeed, until her mom moved in with my dad they spent every night together. In contrast, when I was growing up I rarely spent the night in bed with my parents and almost never with just my mom. Would it have made either of us any different had we shared a bed instead?

Kristen slipped her finger into my moist pussy pushing it while using the palm of her hand to stimulate my clit. I sighed softly as I squeezed her breast in response and lowered my head to suck on her nipple.

How many times had we been like this over the years? Not anything overtly sexual, just lying next to each other and gently touching and kissing? Usually it was like this - with her hand between my legs and mine on her breasts. Many people when they see us together and remark at how similar we are which I find almost silly.

Anyone who REALLY knows us knows that we are actually total opposites in many ways.

Take us at this very moment. When it came to sex with girls, if I was a guy people would call me a boob guy. I appreciate the curve of a woman's legs, the eroticism of a cute pussy, but what draws my attention is her breasts. Maybe it goes back to when I was just a teen struggling to deal with my own late-bloomers but I can tell you that the first thing I see on a girl is her boobs... and Kristen's are perfect. I could touch them and lick them all day - and often have just about done that.

Kristen, on the other hand, goes straight for the crotch. It's like when I am next to her she can't keep her hand out from between my legs. She knows I appreciate my boobs to be touched and kissed and she does pay attention to them but I think if she had her choice she would camp out between my legs. The ironic thing about all that is, or perhaps it's a result of, is that running around I tend to hide my boobs and expose my bottom while Kristen, if she wears anything, wear panties and nothing on top.

We were also different in many other ways. I was near the top of my class in high school and college whereas Kristen fucked her way through school. In fact, I never once had sex with a teacher while Kristen claimed to have done a number of them. Personally I think she is exaggerating a little but then I saw her graduate which told me some of it had to be true! I hate anal sex whereas Kristen loves it. Given that both of our mothers are also into anal, I'm not sure where my feelings evolved but that's the way I am.

Kristen is a whore, willing to do just about anything if you pay her enough. By comparison, I am a slut which means I may not charge money for sex but I am not afraid to use sex to get what I want. Also, I only have sex with people that I want to have sex with, not because they have a fat wallet. Kristen is much more outgoing and less inhibited than I am. I prefer more the subtle approach, teasing and flirting to attract attention and drawing the man to me. If Kristen wants a guys she has no problem just walking up to him and asking for it!

Kristen also is much more into girls than me. I mean, I enjoy sex with a girl As much as anyone but it needs to be someone I have a relationship with. Perhaps that's because for me sex with another girl is much more intimate and personal than with just another guy. I've been laid by literally hundreds of men over the year (if you count party gangbangs) whereas I can still count the number of girls I've been with on my fingers - and a few toes.

Perhaps our differences are what keep us close in that we really don't compete with other but rather complement one another. For example, when we're with a guy together I LOVE to suck dick while Kristen can't wait to jump on board. Of course I love to be fucked but I am just referring to how quickly we get there!

Kristen put a second finger inside of me and my thoughts immediately came back to the business at hand. She pulled them out of me and put them in her mouth, sucking on each finger and running her tongue around them like she was cleaning off a beater after making a cake.

"Mmmmmmm, you taste so good tonight," she whispered wickedly, putting her hand back down between my legs once more.

Then I felt her shift and move her leg, then bringing her hand back up and rubbing the wetness she had gathered from her own pussy on her boob and nipple. I reached out with my tongue and licked it off, the strong scent of her pussy filling my nose as I ribbed it against her wet breast. "Not so bad yourself girl," I responded back and then stiffened involuntarily as she thrust her fingers back into me once again.

Kristen pushed herself up on her elbow and then pushed on my upper shoulder, signaling me to get on my back. She reached up and grabbed a pillow, pushing it under my butt. Working her way around to between my legs, she reached out and ran each hand up the inside of my thighs, meeting together in the center and then lowering herself down to start licking me in earnest. Damn she was good!

"Oh God Kristen... that feels so good," I whimpered as I lifted my hips up to meet her talented tongue.

She didn't say a word but just looked up at me to meet my eyes with her, the edges of her mouth curling up a she tried to smile while she had her face planted on my pussy.

As horny as I was, not to mention the incredible job my cousin was doing, it didn't take long and soon I was having my first orgasm. First in that if I knew Kristen it wouldn't be the last! I could feel myself cumming on her face, almost like I was peeing as she licked and ate my cum. I just closed my eyes and lifted my head back, arching my back to just let the wonderful sensations pour through my body.

As it dwindled down, Kristen licked up the length of my pussy kips and then slowly up to my belly, past my bellybuttons and then to my boobs. She kissed each one in turn, then tugged playfully on my nipples with her teeth before moving up to kiss my neck and then my lips. I loved the taste and odor of my pussy on her mouth as we kissed long and slow, her laying on me know with her boobs pressing against mine.

I figured it was my turn to repay the favor but to my surprise she jumped off of me and reached over to the nightstand drawer, pulling it out and rummaging through it. She giggled as she grabbed something and then twisted back around to show me a massive double dildo. It was jet black and somewhere between one and two inches thick, flexible but solid. The ends were molded like a cock head. Damn, it looked really hot!

"Been a while," she giggled as she sat down opposite me and then scooted up with our legs intertwined.

I sat up and watched as she licked on end and then reached down to push it up inside of her. Her eyes sparkled as she worked it in, twisting it and moving it back and forth until almost half of it was in her.

"Your turn," she invited me, holding it still inside of her by the base just where it entered her pussy.

I grinned and spit on my hand, then wetting the end just enough. I wouldn't need much help as wet as I was after that orgasm! The I took it from her hand and pushed myself in close to her until the head of the dildo was at the entrance to my pussy, then pushed it in a I worked myself close to her so as to keep as much in her as possible. It felt a little cold at first but that sensation quickly faded away as my pussy warmed it up.

Looking down, it was a sight to behold as our pussies were now only a couple of inches apart, linked by a black shaft between us, the ends of which were each buried at least five or six inches in us both. Normally I am not a dildo girl (another difference between me and my kin), preferring my fingers over an artificial dick. This was different though. Every time Kristen moved the least little bit I could feel it inside of me. It was almost like she was fucking me! I guess you could say it was like a strap-on (another thing I don't like - if I'm with a girl I want to be with a girl) but it was different in that we were both doing the other at the same time.

With us joined, we started to rock slowly forward and then back on our hands, letting the dildo slide between us, in her while out of me and then reversed. For a moment I wondered if my mother was feeling Steve's dick in her like this at this very moment. I'd been so absorbed in Kristen that I hadn't really thought about my mom and Steve!

Kristen had one hand on her boob while she supported herself with the other. I was working with the dildo, shoving it back and forth between us to enhance the movement of our rocking. Then she dropped her hand to her clit and started rubbing it furiously, sighing and moaning as her hips began to thrust harder and harder against the artificial dick inside of her. Her orgasm caused her to cry out but then she's never been one to keep quiet when she cums. Seeing her getting off was enough for me as number two took my breath away. I started rubbing myself as well, driving me deeper and deeper into the pleasure zone my orgasm was creating for me. Finally we both collapsed forward together, hugging one another, still joined together by that wonderful dick - even it was just latex.

I moved back, leaving the dildo in her as she twisted around and laid next to me again, only this time she was on her back. The dildo was still lodged in her pussy so I reached down to start moving it again for her. Her eyes grew wide as she realized what I was doing and then she just groaned a another orgasm hit. I put my leg over hers, pushing my soaked pussy against her hip bone and rubbing myself against it like a dog in heat. Finally Kristen put her hand on mine, holding the dildo still in her as she gasped for breath.

"Fuck Kelly... that was fucking good," she said in a voice made husky with her lust. Then she turned her head to me and got this naughty smile on her face. "Do you think Steve can fuck me too... God I need it so bad right now?"

Typical Kristen, always wanting more, always wanting it to be all about her. This was one time I had to tell her no as Steve couldn't stay all night and this was supposed to be about him and my mom. In fact, looking at the clock I wondered if Steve had left for work. Well, if he hadn't then he was going to be late! Then again, maybe he had called in sick. Now if THAT was the case then maybe Kristen might have an idea - only I would want some of that delicious dick for myself.

I told Kristen to hang on while I went and checked. My mom was laying on the bed all alone on her stomach with her legs spread out. She was still naked without even any covers over but then she had slept in the nude as long as I could remember so that wasn't any surprise. I pulled the covers over her and she didn't even stir. Between the long flight and then being with Steve, I couldn't blame her. I suppose the jet lag didn't help either.

Walking back out of the bedroom, I was a little disappointed knowing that Steve must have left sometime while I was with Kristen. In a way I felt a little embarrassed that we had gotten so into each other that I didn't even notice when he'd gone. I wondered if he tried to say goodbye to if he just looked in and decided to leave us alone. I learned later the next day that the latter was the case, but it still made me feel like I had put my own needs ahead of him.

When I returned I gave the bad news to Kristen but she didn't seem overly disappointed. In fact, she just reached out and whispered in my ear, "So where were we?"

It turned out that we didn't get a lot of sleep that night. The last thing I remember was laying with my arms around my cousin, her hair in my face as I snuggled up against her warm bar body, asking myself why the hell we didn't do this more often!

## 4. The Morning After

The next morning I checked in on my mom after I finally got up and found her Now laying on her back after apparently kicking the sheets off during the night. I pulled the covers back over her again and though she stirred just a little she didn't wake so I left the room quietly.

"Guess your mom's pretty tired," Kristen observed as we sat down for some cereal.

I reminded her about the flight and the time zone changes but Kristen just giggled. Well, at least my mom had gotten some sleep last night!

"I think it had more to do with that stud in her room last night," she teased me, "I know I get pretty worn out by the time he's through with me."

She was taunting me more than anything, like she was daring me to react. Truth be told, I didn't need to say anything. Kristen was just putting on a show to cover up her chagrin at Steve only having fucked her a couple of items whereas he'd done her mom a LOT in the past few months. If there was one thing Kristen was NOT accustomed to it was playing second fiddle when it came to sex. For me it was just poetic justice. How many times over the years had she stolen a guy from me or been the one to get the most attention when we were out? I hate to say it but I felt a little pleased to see her having to deal with those feelings herself for once.

Actually it was only a little while later before my mom trudged down the stairs to join us. She had on a long robe and house shoes and sat down at the table with us. She looked us over with still sleepy eyes and shook her head.

"I guess some things never change," she said with a rather amused expression as she checked us out, "My goodness Kristen, aren't you freezing like that?"

Her comments were obviously directed out our dress - or lack of it, especially in Kristen's case. While I had on a long sleeved shirt I'd "borrowed" from Steve's closet, Kristen was sitting there naked without even anything on her feet. Not that there was anything unusual about that. As I mentioned earlier, what WOULD have made the headlines would have been if she WAS wearing anything. Both she and her mom rarely wore anything around the house. I wouldn't say they were nudists, just that neither of them liked to get dressed at home. A pair of panties would have been considered "covering" themselves.

To be fair Kristen just took after her mom, so I did when it came to mine. While I couldn't see under the heavy robe, I would have bet my next paycheck (not that it was that much) that underneath were panties and either a T-shirt or a bra, or all even three. Exempting those times when she was heading for the hot tub or running between the bathroom and the bedroom, I could probably count on one hand the number of times I'd seen my mother run around the house nude. Why she and her sister were so different in that aspect I had no idea but they had both been that way as long as I could remember.

I guess you could say I was like my mom but a little less conservative. I am certainly not a nudist but at the same time for me it's not so much in covering myself as simply wearing something. Even a short t-shirt is better than nothing. It doesn't matter if my bare ass is showing so long as I have something on up top, even if it's just a bra although THAT would be pretty rare.

"Well?" Kristen finally had to ask. My mom just looked at her like she had no idea what she was talking about but I knew better than that.

"So are you going to tell us how it was with Steve or not?" Kristen bubbled over.

"Ohhhhhh, you mean THAT!" my mom said, still pretending as if nothing of importance had happened last night.

I just sat there and listened intently. To be honest, I was just as anxious as Kristen was to hear all about it but why not let her do the work?

"Well, if you both insist," she sighed, as if it was such a laborious chore to tell us. Still, I knew she had to be bursting herself to spill the beans.

It felt a little weird at first listening to my own mother describe how my fiancé had fucked her last night. Of all the boyfriends I've brought home, many of who she secretly watched as they fucked me or I just blew them, she had never had sex with any of them. I'd seen her with my Uncle Jim and his son but that was family. The guys we did together during my last visit to Oregon didn't really count as they were total strangers. No, this was my Steve she was talking about, the man I would soon be marrying!

I wondered if perhaps this was how she felt when she saw me fucking my dad? My mother had never once mentioned anything about not liking to watch us. Indeed, if anything she seemed to enjoy it. Unlike Steve's mother who just sat there like a stone as she watched her son fuck me, my mother would masturbate when she watched my dad doing me.

Kristen seemed totally enthralled by my mother's description of the previous night and I have to say, she didn't spare any details. If anything, it was like she went out of her way to describe every thrust of his dick and where every drop of cum came to rest. Again, I felt almost like it was a role reversal a this must have been how she felt when I would come home from dates and tell her all about what happened. It was just that I had never heard my own mother telling such tales!

In the end there was no doubt that she approved of my choice for a husband and that she had every intention of taking advantage of him whenever she could. I hate to say it but for a brief moment I was almost happy that she was living so far away as I might never have him all to myself again otherwise. Those selfish thoughts were quickly brushed aside but still, I'd never seen or heard her so enthusiastic about sex with anyone - not even my cousin Rick who she had always seemed to enjoy so much.

The rest of her trip wasn't all about sex by any means. In fact, most of the time my mom was here we spent going over the wedding. We looked at dozens of dresses and went through lots of magazines and such. It was fun to finally be able to do all this with my mom. For most of my life I've dreamed about my wedding and a lot of it had to do with my mom being involved.

One thing that was NOT discussed while she was visiting - my dad. It wasn't like anything bad was said but more like just nothing was talked about. I think we've gotten past the point where any more needs to be discussed so perhaps this is a good sign for moving forward.

My dad came over for my birthday but he only stayed long enough to be polite and then left without saying anything to my mom. I DID go over to see him the day after and that's when he gave me my birthday present - a sexy white nightie with sheer matching panties. It was the first time he'd ever given me anything pure white – read into that what you want, LOL. Of course I modeled it for him and it didn't stay on for very long but then it's not supposed to, right?

One thing that was a little surreal was having my mom and Steve's mom meet. They weren't total strangers but then they weren't ever exactly friends either. I had told my mom about how Steve's mom liked to watch me being fucked by him – which she thinks is a little weird by the way. I don't know if it's because of what I told her about Steve's mom or what, but she seemed to make it a point NOT to watch me and Steve have sex during her visit – not even a BJ.

So anyway, our moms got along OK but there was a sense of aloofness on both of their parts. Maybe it was my imagination but something was missing between them. They never got together by themselves, only with Steve and me being there with them. Any thoughts that Steve's mom might open up to my mom were quickly dashed.

Steve made a point to spend as much time as possible with us during the week. I don't know how he managed at work missing so much sleep and it couldn't have helped that he spent most of the time fucking one or the other of us. I found it interesting that while he had no interest in a threesome with me and my dad, he couldn't wait to do me and my mom together. Once we even let poor Kristen join in and I think Steve thought he had gone to heaven and died!

So all in all I had a great visit with my mom. We didn't go out and do anything crazy like when I visited her out west – no picking up guys or pretending to be sisters and that sort of thing. We DID eat out every meal and shared a lot of wine and cheese. It was just a pleasant week with the woman I love more than anyone else in the world – well maybe except for Steve but you know what I mean.

# (Mar 26) Chapter 224: Steve Has Me Take Care of His Friends

Story codes: MF MMF F-solo oral
Me (26)
Steve - my fiancé (27)
Kristen - cousin (23)

Steve and I have been engaged now for several months and yet he still acts like a little boy with me at times. I can't say I really mind as it is nice to have him show me off and brag about me. Even so, I hadn't expected him to be THIS proud of me! Granted, I've taken part in my fair share of gangbangs and group sex over the years so it wasn't like this was going to anything overly dramatic for me. However, what I was expecting to be special about this time was that it was that it would the first time I would have sex with multiple partners where one of them was my fiancé!

## 1. Changing Attitudes

While this wasn't one of those super-intense crazy events like some I've been involved with, it WAS a significant milestone in my life which is why I decided to take the time to write and post it as a diary entry. Sometimes I think people got the wrong impression of me as they seem to think my diary reflects my "normal" day-to-day life. In reality, it's more like a Reader's Digest summary of the highlights of my life, the times when something special or unexpected happened. Thus at times I will write about situations that weren't so good as those can also be the type things that make you who you are as much as anything. My intent in choosing what is "dairy worthy" is for people to better understand what has shaped me into who I am today. Considering I've had sex probably thousands of times with hundreds of people in the past twelve years, there is no way my diary reflects everything I've done!

Now that the thing with Steve's friends is done and over, it's sort of funny to think that for years I agonized over what I would consent to do AFTER I was married, at least in terms of my sexual conduct. Ironically, with all the focus on being married it never crossed my mind to consider the engagement period. Maybe it was because I just assumed that being engaged was only a promise to marry, not a vow that meant I could not have sex with anyone else. Since announcing my engagement it's been sort of amusing to me how many people have asked me if I am still having sex with other men. Like, why wouldn't I? Last I heard I hadn't signed up for a convent!

For most of my life I looked up to my mother's example and felt strongly that sex outside of marriage was adultery and therefore something I would never do (note to Kelly, NEVER say never). Yet even then I never once said that I wouldn't have sex with anyone else when I was engaged. Of course I try my best to be courteous and respectful of Steve in that I usually tell him about everything I do and I even try my best ask him ahead of time if it's OK if I do something (or should I say "someone"). To be perfectly honest, I'm not sure how I'd react if he ever said no but then that's why I love Steve so much - he never does. Still, if something should happen where an opportunity to have some fun came around, I wouldn't turn it down just because Steve wasn't answering his cell phone.

Maybe it's another warning to myself that I've been a little selfish in the past in that even when I DID think about sex and marriage, it was almost always about ME and what I would or wouldn't do. I guess that I just assumed that my fiancé would only want to fuck me and the women in my family. Seriously, wouldn't you think that with sexy women like my aunt and cousins (and hopefully my mom) available that he wouldn't need to look elsewhere anyway? The idea that my fiancé and husband would want to see me being fucked by other men outside my family just never entered my mind.

Keeping with my policy of full disclosure, I did THINK about swinging and such but that was more of a mental exercise than anything as I never intended to actually get involved in that scene. Face it, until recently I was adamant that I would NEVER swing at all after I got married. I guess it just goes to show you how a person can change when it's necessary. So long as you are not changing your core values and principles then I don't think there's anything wrong with adapting to new things.

So anyway, you could say it caught me a little off guard when after just a few months into our engagement Steve came to me and out of the blue informed me that I was going to let some of his friends fuck me. OK, so maybe that is a little exaggerated but in my mind, that's how it came out. Like, he didn't ASK me if I was interested in being a virtual sex toy for his friends. Heck, he didn't even tell me how many or when. It was like he just expected me to do it because he said so.

OK, so maybe as he's been learning more about me (thanks to my aunt and cousin it seems) he may be getting some of the same impressions that the guys get from reading my web site and diary. Still, he also knows the REAL me so you would think he would realize that all that is a bit overblown when it comes to my actual daily routines. Even then, just because I've done some crazy things in the past, especially when my cousin or friends would drag me out with them, did that give him the right to just assume that I would be ready and willing at the drop of a hat to spread my legs for total strangers just because he said so?

In all fairness, I don't mean to sound totally negative and perhaps I'm letting my initial feelings get the best of me right now. The truth is once I had some time to think about I sort of liked the whole idea – even the way he went about it. Like, what kind of girl does he think he's marrying that he can just walk up to her and inform her that she is going to let some unknown number of his friends have their way with her? Well, the type of girl I want to be for him I guess. Still, it said something that he felt so confident in my sexuality and exhibitionism that he KNEW what my reaction would be, even though he'd never discussed it directly with me before. Besides, it had been a while since I'd been the center of attention for several guys and for someone with a hint of a narcissistic attitude (which I will freely confess to having just a little), that's much too long.

It seems like every day Steve gets to know me better than I ever realized possible. Again, I have to wonder what he's being told about me from my family and friends now that we're engaged. It's like everyone feels some need to fill him in on every minute detail of my life! What I mean now is that he seems to know just what buttons to push to turn me on.

For instance, coming straight to me and "informing" me of what I would be doing rather than asking me may have been a bit of a shock at first, but the longer I thought about it the more it turned me on. He made a point of not telling me who they would be, not even if I knew them from another time we'd gone out with his friends before our engagement. He wouldn't even tell me how many he was planning to have fuck me. For a control freak like me, holding back such vital details was driving me crazy. Yet at the same time it allowed my imagination to run rampant and you can imagine where THAT led to more than a few nights when I was alone in my bed!

## 2. Masturbating on a Friday Night

The night finally arrived although I didn't know it at first. Evidently Steve had forewarned my cousin because she made up some lame excuse for a late night house-showing with her mom that took her out of the house for the evening. Actually it wasn't THAT lame as it wasn't all that unusual for the two of them to meet with prospective buyers in the evening, even though such "meetings" rarely took place at the home she was showing. Still, doing so on a Friday night was a little unusual but in today's real estate market I wasn't overly suspicious of much of anything. You do what you have to do to sell a house.

So here I was, all alone on a Friday night. Unfortunately that's something that isn't all that uncommon for me these days given the insane schedule Steve works as a paramedic on the night shift. I knew I'd be seeing him the next morning and as such was getting myself good and horny thinking about how he would make it up to me for leaving me home all alone on a Friday night. If Steve has learned anything about me it's that I can never stay mad at him once he starts fucking me! I suppose it works both ways but I have to say I like it better being on the other end of the forgiveness.

Being I was home alone and nobody was coming over, I parked myself on the living room couch, turned off all the lights but a small lamp on the other side of the room, and laid back for what should have been to be a long and fruitful evening of masturbation. I was wearing just my long white Steeler jersey which I pulled up over my stomach, keeping my boobs covered and warm but allowing me free access to where my attention was most needed. It had been chilly all day so I was also wearing a pair of white socks to keep my feet warm. They looked rather silly as I stared down past my waist and legs but then it wasn't like anyone would be seeing me so why not be warm and comfortable?

At first I just laid there in the quiet. I debated turning on the TV but then there wasn't anything on that I especially wanted to watch live. The DVR would record whatever was worth watching later without all the commercials. I was feeling really horny but couldn't quite get started. Instead, I just laid there sort of squirming like one of those nights when you need to go to sleep but just can't seem to get there. God, I SOOOOOO wished Steve was with me right now.

I thought about his wonderful dick and how I loved to feel it growing in my hand or mouth. There's nothing quite like the feeling you get when a man's dick goes from being soft and limp to firm and hard, especially when I know the reason it is transforming itself is ME. People can lie, women can fake an orgasm, but a man can't fake an erection. If he's getting stiff with me then there is only one reason - he wants me because I am turning him on. It doesn't always matter whether or not he would actually ever do anything, it's the desire and lust in him that I love to see expressed in his dick. I can just be on the beach and see some guy watching me, the bulge unmistakable in his crotch, and get off from the intense feelings it causes in me. Some girls act like they are offended when a man gets an erection in public because of them but I see it as the ultimate compliment to my sexuality and desirability.

I closed my eyes and stretched my hand out from the couch, imagining it was reaching out for Steve's dick as he stood there watching me. My fist closed as I dreamed of cradling it against my palm, my fingers encircling its warmth. Reaching up to my breast with my other hand, I pressed on my boob through the jersey, placing my hand over it and just pushing it against me. It was his hand on me... his hand exploring me as my fingers parted and let my nipple pass between them. I squeezed my breast gently as my lover's imaginary hand fondled me. God it felt so good...

Bringing my other hand back in, I pulled up the jersey up under my butt and then up to the swelling of my breasts, exposing my entire body from that point downward. In the dim light I looked down past my bare torso to where my legs were parted. Grabbing a throw pillow, I pushed it under my butt to lift myself up, further exposing my pussy as my legs feel apart, letting my secret lover get a wide open view of my horny crotch.

With both hands I reached under the jersey, pulling it up higher, up over my breasts to my neck. The cool evening air felt chilly against my sensitive breasts and nipples, further stimulating them. With one hand on each, I pressed them together, dreaming of his dick in between them, stroking back and forth with the head just grazing my lips as he pushed forward, his balls rubbing along my boobs as he thrust into me. I could feel little goose bumps raising on the smooth firm flesh of my breasts, my nipples tingling as my fingertips grazed them ever so softly.

Damn I was so horny now! My legs clamped together as my pussy felt like it was going to scream with desire. My hands dropped down and I reached under myself, pushing up against my butt with one hand on each side. I loved to touch my butt and even more, I loved it when someone else did. To walk in a store with my boyfriend's hand planted firmly on my ass was so erotic - and I loved the looks we would get from the people around us ranging from firm disapproval from the moms and wives to the lip-smacking approval of husbands and boys.

A shiver ran through me as a finger touched my pussy from underneath. God, it was like just the smallest touch was amplified a hundred times. I let my finger just play along my pussy lips, running small circles around my pussy hole, gathering wetness that I then spread up to my clit. My other hand slipped out from under me and over top to rub my clit while my other hand toyed just outside my pussy hole. A gasp escaped me as I pressed down on the sensitive button. Oh I wanted it to be touched so badly!

Before long the rest of the world faded away and I was lost in my dreams of me and my lover. As I rubbed myself with my right hand and pushed a single finger in side of me, I left the fingers on my left lightly drift over my bare stomach, then reaching up to fondle my boobs again. As I did so I imagined it was HIM that was touching me, that it was HIS dick I was feeling in me, that it was my lover that was bringing me the brink of the most intense orgasm. I loved this moment when I would masturbate, my entire body starting to tingle as I neared my climax, the world around me shrinking to nothing as I focused completely on my pussy... my wonderful pussy that felt SOOOOO good right now.

When it comes to masturbating, it seems most girls fall into one of two camps - finger in or finger out. For me, I am a "finger in" girl all the way. I really don't understand why some girls feel it is somehow wrong or dirty to put their own fingers inside of their pussy. While I am no fan of "fisting", anywhere from one to three fingers works for me depending on my mood. Granted, if I am just playing with myself to keep busy or just something to do to pass time like when driving a long way, then I tend to just rub myself but when I really want to get off, I need something inside of me in addition to just toying with my clit.

Which brings up another masturbation topic, actually one that applies to sex in general. Does a girl have to stimulate her clit to cum? Well, if forced to say one or the other I would say NO but then it certainly is a lot easier and faster when your clit is involved. I mean, I have even cum from just someone playing with my hair (the stuff on my head - not between my legs) but that requires just the right circumstances and a lot of patience. I can orgasm from just a guy fucking me but not all the time and certainly not as regularly or as often as when me or him is paying attention to my clit as well. I have friends who claim they can't cum UNLESS their clit is stimulated, no matter if they are fucked or not.

So anyway, that's when I seriously masturbate I tend to use two hands whenever possible - one for my pussy hole and the other for my clit. Sometimes I cheat and put my middle finger inside of me and then use the palm of my hand to rub up against my clit as I stroke myself but it's preferable, at least to me, to just use two hands. Of course that doesn't work when you're driving!

The time passed although I really didn't pay much attention to a clock. I was no hurry as I had all night and if I was going to be all alone what better way to spend it then to just take my time and masturbate all night?

## 3. My fiancé's Friends Arrive

Whether he'd been spying on me or just happened to pick the perfect moment by pure dumb luck, it was just as I started to cum for the second time that the front door swung opened and I felt a cold breeze against my bare legs and bottom (at least my feet were warm) as my jersey had drifted back down over my boobs as I played between my legs for the most part by this time. Somewhere in what was left of my conscious mind I realized that I wasn't alone any more but I just ignored her. I say "her" as I assumed that it was my cousin returning home early. Whatever the reason I didn't care; she could tell me later as I had far better things to concentrate on right about then. I was SOOOOOO close to number two... just a little bit more...

My eyes stayed tightly shut as my orgasm peaked and I moaned uncontrollable, bouncing my bare hips off the couch like I was trying to ram a lover's hard dick ever deeper into me. I imagined him climaxing with me, his hot cum spewing uncontrollably inside of me like a geyser of sperm. Oh to feel his cum filling me and then draining out of me as he thrust ever harder and faster into me as he came!

That was when the "Wow!" came - and not from me or even Kristen for that matter. My eyes popped open but I was still expecting to see my cousin grinning down at me, maybe even doing herself as she watched me (which she sometimes does).

Instead, when I opened my eyes it turned out that I had a regular audience of "fans" - three of them all together. Steve was standing in the middle, flanked by two guys I'd never seen before. All three of them were grinning up a storm and already rubbing themselves unabashedly with their hands down their pants. Well at least they weren't shy! Which one had broken the silence I wasn't sure but it didn't matter - the surprise was most definitely on me.

So what does a girl do in a situation like this? Obviously I wasn't about to try to cover myself up and act like some innocent virgin caught in the act by her mother or strict father. At the same time, it wasn't like I was exactly in a rational state of mind as the aftershocks of my orgasm kept rising up even as I clamped my palm over my exposed pussy with one finger remaining stuck up in me. You just don't have an orgasm as hard as the one I'd just had and shrug it off in the space of a few seconds! Besides, even as sex-crazed as I was it only took me a few seconds more to size up the situation and realize what was going on - these were the guys Steve had been talking about bringing home to fuck me!

I have to say one thing, what better way to introduce myself, especially under the circumstances! They must have already figured I was a slut given that I was willing to let them fuck me even though I was engaged, so why not let them see just what kind of a slut I was? Soooooo, I just laid there without moving or saying a word, my hand on my crotch, a finger still in me, bare legs spread as wide apart as I could get them. The next move was up to Steve.

Over the past week or so I had often masturbated about what I expected to happen when this moment came around. Well, maybe not THIS exact moment but something like it. Most of the time I fantasized that I would start out fully dressed, maybe in a costume of some sort like my schoolgirl or naughty nurse outfits. That would be followed by a hot lap dance, some slow stripping, and gradually leading to some cock holding, sucking, and finally to some fucking. It was all calculated and followed a sensible pattern. Not once did I even begin to imagine that my introduction would be with me laying on the couch all but naked with my finger pushed up into my sopping wet pussy after they'd surreptitiously watched me bring myself to an orgasm! Like, who would ever even think of such a thing, let alone have it actually happen.

Rather than following the typical gangbang script of a cheap porn movie, it all went down rather quickly and without a lot of fanfare - or foreplay for that matter. After all, it's not like I had to be aroused and they certainly didn't need any further motivation from what I could see.

Like I said at the start, it wasn't even something I would have taken the time to write out a diary entry had it just been me and a few guys at a party. It only lasted about 30 minutes in all. Steve simply pointed at me and said something to his unnamed friends like, "Now what did I tell you... Is my fiancé a fucking slut or what?" Then he threw his hands up and acted like he was exasperated at their hesitance saying, "For crying out loud guys, does she have to have a sign posted saying 'fuck me' or what? What the hell are you guys waiting for?" Or something like that, LOL.

So Steve told them to fuck me and that's exactly what happened. There was no strip show, no teasing or flirting, not even a lap dance. They only wanted one thing – to fuck me and in my sexually-obsessed state of mind, that was perfectly OK with me. At this point I wanted a dick in me – ANY dick for that matter and now there were two of them ready and willing to do the job. The only question was what was keeping them from doing it? It wasn't like I was playing hard to get.

They quickly stripped and tossed their clothes on the floor. Then the first one to get naked simply kneeled on the couch between my legs, reached down to guide his dick into me and started fucking me as I laid there while the other watched – along with Steve. I didn't even really have time to even think about what was happening; it was like he was on top of me and then in me before I could utter a word. His dark was already solid as a tree trunk so he fit in me easily, especially given how soaking wet I was after having just brought myself to another orgasm. No doubt I was creating a wet spot on the couch cushion – again, and Kristen would once again gripe and complain about me not putting down a towel but it wasn't like I'd known ahead of time about this.

My first thought were all about how incredible it felt to have a dick in me right after having cumming twice without one. I love to masturbate but there's not a finger or a dildo in the world that can truly replace the real thing. The guy just grunted as he drilled me, never talking to me even.

After the initial satisfaction of having my pussy filled, I was a little disturbed as this was NOT what I'd been promised by Steve. He'd sworn that he would be the first to fuck me – and the last. Still, what can a girl say when a guy just moves in between her legs, pushes his dick he and starts pumping without saying a word? Give me a break. It's not like I was going to tell him to stop and let Steve get his dick in me first, sort of late for THAT! LOL

I looked over at Steve where he was just standing there with his arms folded, watching me but not making a move towards me. He had the biggest grin on his face and when he saw me looking at him he gave me a thumbs up. His other friend was standing next to him but he was naked and from the looks of his erection, he was more than a little anxious to be the next one in my pussy. I took it that not only was Steve not going to be first, he wasn't going to fuck me at all but instead just stand there and watch as his fiancé took on two of his friends.

Guy #1 - he never did tell me his name and for that matter neither did the other one, must have been really horny because he didn't last in me very long. He grunted even louder and started to cum inside me. Oh yeah, there was REALLY gonna be a wet spot on the couch now! One thing that was sort of funny. When the first guy was ready to cum he asked if he could cum inside of me. What was funny about it was that he didn't ask ME, he asked STEVE. To top it off, Steve didn't even look at me before he answered, "Of course... do her good". Not sure what Freud would say about that...

Guy #2 practically pushed his friend off of me once he'd stopped spurting in me. At first I thought he was just going to climb aboard like his friend and take his sloppy seconds with me staying on my back. He was stopped by Steve coming over closer and telling him to hold on a second and that I would clean myself off for him. I turned my head to look at him, a bit puzzled at first. Like was he expecting me to take a timeout or something to go to the bathroom to clean myself off?

Then I caught on to his drift. Reaching down with my hand, I bore down and squeezed my pussy as hard as I could to drive as much of the cum in me out and onto my waiting hand. Taking the cum I'd collected, I reached up to my mouth and licked it clean.

"Look at that! Now is my fiancé a cum slut or what?" Steve bragged to his friends. It was like he couldn't say it enough times that I was engaged to him, sort of like he was reminding them that they were only renting me but he owned the property.

With most of the cum cleaned up after a couple more runs, the second guy resumed fucking me but not until he had flipped me over and was doing me doggie style. Steve moved over to the end of the couch and bent down so he was looking straight at me.

"So Kelly, is he fucking you good"? he asked, a sly grin on his face.

I nodded and smiled back.

"God you look so hot right now," he sighed, leaning to one side to get a better view of me taking his friend's cock in my pussy.

I was still a little upset with him for not keeping his promise so I figured I might rub his nose in it a little.

"Oh god his dick feels soooooo good in me Steve," I moaned like some cheap whore, "I want him to fuck me harder and cum in me."

With that I started to push back onto him when he would thrust into me, driving his dick even deeper into me than he had on his own. Truth be told, it DID feel pretty darn good in me!

Well THAT totally backfired. If anything, Steve's eyes just stared all the more at my ass where his friend's dick was disappearing into my pussy in full view of the other two guys.

"You hear that?" he asked the guy fucking me, grinning from ear to ear now, "Fuck her harder! Shit, if you're gonna fuck my fiancé then fuck her the way she wants it."

Harder he did. I was almost pushed off my knees the next time he slammed into me, remaining up only because he had his hands under me grabbing my breasts. Meantime, the other guy was ready to go again and he stepped up to the couch and put his dick up against my face. Steve was still right in front of me so I looked at him first but he just kept grinning like an escapee from the lunatic asylum so I turned and took the semi-erect dick in my mouth.

"Now did I tell you that she's the best cocksucker in the world or what?" Steve asked him, his pride in me shining in his face.

The only response he got was more grunting. Actually I didn't have any sort of conversation with either of Steve's friends the entire time we were having sex short of them telling me what position they wanted me in next. I pretty much had one of their dicks in me at all times which was nice. Neither of them came in my mouth, just in my pussy, which was also nice under the circumstances as it made it easier to cleanup afterwards and I didn't have cum all over me. The girls out there know what I mean when I say guys usually hit my mouth with their cum about as well as they hit the toilet when they pee! Boys - take notes here. When a girl says it's OK to cum in her mouth, she means her MOUTH, not all around it and especially not her hair.

After they both had fucked me twice, they got dressed and the three of them left me laying there more or less as they found me. It was all over so quickly! Again, when I'd imagined it earlier I always assumed it would go on for at least a few hours, maybe even all day or overnight. Thirty minutes was NOT even on my radar. In fact, I was still so horny after they were gone that I just sort of picked up where I'd left off when they had arrived and spent the rest of the evening doing myself.

It certainly wasn't the first time I've masturbated after being fucked, something most guys just don't seem to understand. I suppose it goes without saying that there's a big difference between sex and masturbation, and the two don't have to be mutually exclusive. I can be fucked all day and STILL enjoy masturbating right afterwards. It's not like I only masturbate when I haven't had sex.

## 4. Teaching Steve a Lesson... or Not?

Steve returned in about an hour. I was still on the couch, just as he'd left me. My cousin still hadn't returned and I really wasn't expecting Steve to come back any time soon so I'd just laid there masturbating the entire time. I'd pretty much cleaned off all their cum from my crotch, licking my fingers clean. I love cum but I love it even more when I can taste me with it!

"Hey babe, still horny?" he asked when he came back. Like duh, couldn't he see that for himself?

Steve lowered down to kiss me but when his hand started to wander I pushed it away from my crotch.

"What?" he whined, "I don't get it... I thought you wanted to do that?"

Before I let him continue I made him sit down and listen to me as I explained to him how I felt about sex now that we were engaged. If he was going to be my husband then he needed to respect me as his wife and that meant if he wanted to SHARE me with other guys it was OK but I wasn't going to have him pimp me out like some prostitute.

Steve was still confused. "But I thought you LIKED being watched when you have sex."

Men!

It took a while but I think I finally got him to realize that it was one thing to go to a party and have people watch me being fucked, or even to go out in public and have strangers look at me. It was quite another to have my husband, or least my fiancé for the moment, to just parade me around like I was a prize cow at the county fair.

It was all a matter of timing and very subjective so I could understand why man would have a hard time understanding. He didn't seem to understand that had he had the two of them come over and do me while he hid in the closet and watched, unbeknownst to them, that THEN I would have loved it. But for him to just walk in with some guys, point to me and tell them to fuck me just removes any of the eroticism out of the adventure and makes it more like a bad porn movie.

Just then my cousin made her appearance, stepping in the door in one of her sluttier outfits.

"Hey Steve!" she greeted him, a smile immediately popping onto her face. Then she looked at me a little funny. I guess my hair was likely a mess and no doubt she quickly deduced from my appearance that I'd just had sex of some sort.

"So how did things go?" she asked, stepping over after kicking off her heels. God, how she even walked in them I couldn't imagine!

Just then an idea popped into my head. If Steve couldn't (or wouldn't) understand a rational explanation, then maybe he might understand a demonstration better.

"OK Steve, let's see how you like it," I said with a bit of sharpness to my voice. I looked at Kristen and then back at Steve and said, "Fuck her Steve."

Steve looked at me and then at Kristen and then back to me. Give Kristen credit where credit is due - she didn't so much as blink an eye.

"You mean fuck you both... right?" Steve said, looking quite pleased.

"Noooooo, I said fuck HER," I corrected him, "You don't get to fuck me. I'm just going to watch.

In looking back later I can't help but wonder where my mind had drifted away to. Was it too soon after all that sex to me making such decision? Whatever the reason, it certainly didn't work out as I had planned.

"If you insist," Steve finished, standing up to reach for Kristen. My cousin just stood there, waiting for him to undress her. She looked over at me and I could tell she was trying to figure me out but it didn't matter anymore at this point.

Kristen lifted her short skirt to reveal her bare crotch without even a hint of a thong let alone panties. As usual she was shaved and if she had sex earlier there were no signs of it now, not that it would have stopped Steve. Steve normally went more for my aunt than my cousin but he wasn't about to turn down Kristen at a time like this. Then again, not many men do!

Any hopes I might have had that Steve would feel even a little bit of remorse or whatever for fucking Kristen right in front of me after having refused to fuck me when his friends were over were quickly dashed. Then again, I couldn't really blame him. He may have been my fiancé but he was still a man and no man in his right mind would have turned down what I offered him.

In one last attempt to see if I could make him feel just a little bit guilty, was they were fucking I got up and went to my own bedroom, leaving the two of them alone in the living room for more fun. Again, in looking back I'm not sure what I was thinking. Like I expected him to suddenly pull out of her and come running after me?

After about ten minutes I was getting the message loud and clear so I figured what the heck and went back to the living room where Steve was still fucking Kristen. At first I thought he was doing her doggie style but then she leaned forward a bit more so I could get a better view.

Damn, he was fucking her ass! It was enough for him to just do her and ignore me, but then he has to go and take advantage of the situation for a little anal sex. Before it as over he actually came in her ass but when he looked at me I quickly turned away. No way was I gonna lick his cum off her asshole!

## 5. So Now What?

When all was said and done and I finally had Steve back to myself, we had a long talk. Even though the point I was trying to make got lost when it involved my cousin, he still seemed to understand what I was trying to say. He DID agree not to repeat what had happened tonight with his friends. I felt a little guilty as he looked a little dejected but then I reminded him that it was perfectly OK – so long as HE got involved.

One of the reasons I'd always sworn that swapping was bad and that sex with individuals even worse once you got married was based on the fear that just what had happened recently would happen. Granted, it would be a LOT easier just to swear off of extramarital sex but nobody seemed to be in favor of it but me, especially Steve. So if your husband is going to want to do it, then as his wife do I really have any right to object?

Well, if there was one thing that was plain to see, this was not going to be just another issue we could discuss and then have sex afterwards to clear up any issues. I guess I'll just have to move forward and play it by ear to see how things turn out.

One day after the service he pulled me to the side and asked if Steve and I would be interested in joining in with their group. While I knew their marriage had improved I have to say I was more than a bit surprised to find out it had improved THAT much! Well it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out WHY he asked me as he'd been trying to get me to have sex with him off and on ever since the first time. Still, with everything else going on between Steve and me I thought it might not be a bad idea to at least give it a try.

These days I guess you could say we are full-fledged "members". It's not at all like the sex party scene that my best friend Beth is into where couples are highly discouraged and married couple expressly forbidden. Those parties are strictly for singles looking to be selfish and have unattached sex with whoever they want for a night. Granted they can be fun but in the end I find them rather exhausting and unfulfilling as there is no connection between anyone.

In our group everyone is either married, engaged, or in a long-term relationship and both people must attend. I find it much more enjoyable and erotic to be fucked by a guy while his wife is getting it from my own fiancé right next to me than to just be one more girl that some stranger is fucking that night. Before you even ask - absolutely NO kids (or pets for that matter) allowed. Everyone is 21 or older as they do serve alcohol. I would say 90% of the sex is heterosexual although sometimes some of the women do it together but even then it's more like a show for their husbands than anything personal between them.

Although the adultery issue was the biggest problem I use to have when it came to the idea of swapping, I have to admit that deep down I've always wondered if I could remain detached enough to watch my husband having sex with a woman not in my family without feeling jealousy or becoming insecure - especially if she was hotter than me. Well, that was all before I met Steve again and accepted his marriage proposal.

Today I feel a love and attachment to Steve that is beyond anything I ever would have thought possible. It's certainly more than anything I ever felt with Duane, the last guy I thought I might marry. Of course it's different watching my fiancé having sex with another girl compared to seeing him fucking my aunt or cousin. Face it, there's nothing threatening when he fucks my Aunt Linda or Kristen because I know they're family and I recognize that they're just having fun. Being family there's no "competition" between them and me at least not so far as competing for love. Still, when he's fucking other women there are those times I can't help but feel a little twinge seeing the ecstasy on his face as he fucks them, especially when it's someone new.

In my defense I think it would be unnatural for me NOT to feel a little bit of protectiveness. The key difference is I know that it's just sex when he is with them and at the end of the night it's ME that he returns to and it's ME he wants to fuck when we get home. That's sort of our own little ritual in that no matter how tired we may be after a party and no matter how much sex we each had, we still always make love when we get home, even if it's just a quickie.

Since we got started we've gotten to know a few couples better and sometimes we go out to dinner with them or just meet for sex. We've even gone over to the folks from church although we've never told his wife that it was ME that he had fucked when he "cheated" on her (she just knows it was another woman and not who it was). It's one of those things where so long as it all worked out in the end it was OK but putting an actual face to the woman, especially if she found out it was me after all we'd done together at various church activities, might have been a little awkward to say the least.

The one thing about joining the swapping group is it has kept any suggestions of having sex with more of his friends off the table, at least for now. It's all still pretty new so I'm sure sooner or later the topic will come up again and to be honest, I wouldn't mind so long as he did a better job of choosing his friends. I've found that I truly enjoy it when Steve watches me having sex with other men. I may be feeling another dick in me but it's Steve's eyes I lock onto.

I especially love it when the guy cums in me and I cry out to Steve to tell him how much I love him as my pussy is being filled with another man's cum. Who knows, maybe I'm starting to understand in a small way why his mother likes watching us so much. By the way - she knows nothing about her son's new sexual adventures. I don't get the idea from getting to know her better that she would be very supportive - especially about the kids.

## 2. Meeting Bill and Maria

Bill and Maria were a married couple that attended my church. They were just a couple of years older than me and Steve and didn't have any kids yet although she has since told me that they have been talking about trying. While Maria has no issues with me having sex with her husband today, she does NOT know that a couple of years ago Bill had fucked me back when their marriage was going through some troubles. They had gotten married really young and apparently he felt like he had missed out on things by becoming attached to just one woman so early in life and now he wanted to try out something (someone?) new.

At the time I was rather proud of myself for how easily I seduced him once I got wind of the issues he and his wife were having. That said, I am even more proud to say that I think I actually was the reason they got back together again. He had this ongoing fantasy of having sex in public (we did it at a rest area on a local highway, staring with a BJ in the parking lot and finally he fucked me in the men's room) but Maria was more the "do it in the bedroom with the lights off" type at the time. Her refusal to "spice up" their sex life was one of the biggest issues that was threatening their marriage. By giving him that opportunity he was able to return to his wife with THAT out of his system so to say. Personally, I enjoyed it too so it was a win-win for everyone.

While I knew that they had reconciled, what I did NOT know was that they also started swapping. Apparently he was able to convince her that there was more to their sex life than missionary under the covers. I know now that he even confessed he'd cheated but thankfully he hadn't told her with who. Evidently learning how close she'd come to losing him gave her the incentive to give a little and once she got started she was hooked. Can't say I blame her! Besides, Bill is not bad looking either and he's better than average when it comes to sex. While I only had sex with him once (I stick to my "one time" policy when it comes to sex and married men committing adultery), we still saw each other each week in church and so he knew full well that I was engaged.

One Sunday about a month ago after the service he pulled me to the side and asked if Steve and I would be interested in joining in with their group. Needless to say I was more than a bit surprised and I couldn't help but be a little cynical at first. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out WHY he asked me as he'd been trying to get me to have sex with him off and on ever since the first time. Still, with everything else going on between Steve and me I thought it might not be a bad idea to at least give it a try. If nothing else I thought it might help to do something with Steve that didn't involve people half our age!

Going to a party for sex wasn't all that hard for me but it was the first time that Steve had been to anything like it. Sure he'd been at parties where people hooked up and sometimes things happened, but never to one where the stated intent was for everyone to have sex with one another. For me it was unique in that the makeup of the crowd was a lot different than the parties Beth takes me to in that everyone was either married, engaged or in a long-term relationship. Whereas at Beth's parties couples were discouraged and married couples banned, at this one it was just the opposite in that ONLY people in a committed relationship were allowed. While you weren't really expected to have sex with your own partner, you certainly could if you wanted but then what would be the point unless you were just an exhibitionist?

The party was held at a large home in an upscale neighborhood on the north side. It was quite a large group - maybe thirty to forty people. The hosts had several kids who were staying with friends so there were plenty of bedrooms if that was what you preferred. That was another difference between this and Beth's parties where everyone had to stay in the communal areas - no private sex. At this one if you wanted to be alone in one of the bedrooms, all you had to do was shut the door and people would respect your privacy.

All-in-all I would say it was a much more relaxed atmosphere without all the competitiveness that sometimes arises at the parties where everybody is just trying to see how many times they can get laid in one night - not that some people didn't seem to have that intent at the swap party as well but it wasn't the theme of the evening. For the most, couples seemed to stay together or in close proximity. I would say almost every guy that fucked me was with Steve within arm's reach of me and the same for him and the women he fucked. There was only one guy who wanted me in private and I bet you can guess who it was... Bill. He arranged it by having Maria and Steve do it alone which left him alone with me, like that wasn't his intent all along.

Oh, one more thing different about the swap parties compared to the sex parties - no initiations. Just because Steve and I were the newcomers we weren't treated any different from anyone else. Rather than having everything get started with a bang by having the host fuck the "newbie" in front of everyone (which could be a bit of a shock for some people), when we walked in the party had already started and you just sort of joined in as you felt like it.

When the party was over, or at least so far as we were concerned, we went back to Steve's place and made love. There was something "cleansing" about having my lover fuck me after being with all those other men and we agreed that from then on whenever we went out like this we would always make sure to make love when we got home. In a way it was sort of romantic as well!

Since that first party we've gotten to know a few couples better. Rather than go to the parties where Steve wasn't all that comfortable, we've instead gone out to dinner with a few of them. Of course it always ends up at their house or a motel room for sex. Like, isn't that the whole purpose? As for location, there was no way I was taking them back to my mess of a house and I couldn't see us doing it at Steve's house with his mother looking in on everyone so unless they were willing to go to their home we just went to a motel. Most of the couples have kids which sort of restricts things at their home as well.

I suppose it should come as no surprise that the couple we first met after the party was Bill and Maria. Since they didn't have kids we ended up at their place which was rather small but then who needs all that much room for sex? Bill had made sure to tell me at the start that Maria had no idea that it was me that he had "cheated" with and he felt that it should stay that way. I could understand as it's one of those things where so long as it all worked out in the end it was OK but putting an actual face to the woman can put things in a different light. After all, we'd done a number of things together over the years at various church activities so while having sex with her husband now was OK with her, she might not have felt the same way about us doing it before she was OK with everything.

Earlier I mentioned that one of the reasons Bill had cheated on Maria was because she wasn't into public sex. Well, as it turned out that while she doesn't mind being seen at the parties or when with another couple, she STILL is extremely shy about anything sexual in the general public. Thus one of the reasons Bill wanted them to go out to dinner with me and Steve was because he knew that I didn't have such hang-ups. Heck, if anything I PREFER public sex! Not that I want to get arrested or anything, but it's the thrill of ALMOST getting caught that makes it so exciting. It's knowing they COULD see me if they just knew where to look that gets me off. In some cases it's knowing they CAN see me but can't do anything about it that makes it really hot.

Unlike Bill with Maria, I'd told Steve all about my past "accomplishments" with Bill. He just shook his head when I told him about the rest area, muttering something about how I just can't "get enough" sometimes but then he grinned and I knew he was just teasing me. Steve loves that I am a bit of an exhibitionist and while at times I think I may even scare him a little, he generally rises to the occasion - in more ways than one.

## 3. Going to the Restaurant

I have to say that it wasn't any great surprise to either Steve or me when Bill called to make arrangements with him and asked if we could go out to dinner first before going to their place "for fun". Indeed, HE was the one who suggested that Bill must have been hoping that I would do something for him while we were at the restaurant. Then he proved yet again why I love him so much when he teased me and asked me how far I was ready to go in public with Bill. I didn't answer but instead just gave him a smirk and told him he would just have to find out - along with Bill.

The Lemont, the restaurant we were going to, was on the south side of Pittsburgh on top of the hills overlooking the city. They call it Mt. Washington but it's Really just a big hill! While you COULD park near the restaurant, the more traditional means is to park at the bottom of the hill and ride the Incline up. The Incline is two cars connected by a cable that loops at the top of the hill such that when one goes up the other goes down, passing each other in the middle. I'd ridden the incline many times over the years as you get a spectacular view of the city. Of course there have been a few times when I didn't get to see much of the city as my head was buried in the lap of the guy I was with! Actually, sex on the Incline is a local tradition and any couple that wants a claim to sexual impropriety fame simply HAS to have their card punched for the Incline!

When we got there Bill and Maria were waiting for us and Bill had already purchased tickets for the four of us. There was a large group ahead of us and while we could have all squeezed in we decided to wait for the next round. Maria and I took a seat on a bench while Bill and Steve stood around talking about sports or something like that. I complimented Maria on her beautiful fur coat which must have set back Bill more than a few pennies. Even forgetting the beauty of the coat, with the unseasonably cold weather I was wishing I had something that warm on! The waiting area was heated but not all that much, just enough to take the chill off and my bare legs were freezing.

Maria opened the coat to show me her dress. Maria is almost 27, making her just a couple of years older than me so it wasn't like she was some middle aged woman and she certainly wasn't going to hide what she had in the dress she was wearing. She was maybe ten pounds or so over what might have been her ideal weight but I would have sworn most of that was in her boobs. It didn't hurt that she was wearing a slinky black dress that was so low cut half of her boobs were on display and what was hidden was threatening to burst out any moment. There was also little doubt as to whether she had on a bra or not as the cold air quickly raised her nipples through the thin fabric. The dress was hugging her body like it was painted on which didn't exactly help with her hips but I was sure it would be showing off her ass once she removed the coat completely.

Maria leaned over with a conspiratorial look and whispered that she wasn't wearing any panties. She even blushed when she said that so I knew it was a stretch for her. I wanted to ask her if she had ever gone out without any before but something in the twinkle in her eyes told me the answer without having to ask.

Compared to Maria I felt a little underdressed and I don't mean in terms of quantity. I had on a nice outfit but it was nothing like her dress and coat. Her fur coat must have cost thousands while my light overcoat was off the rack from Macy's at under a hundred dollars on clearance. The dress was obviously something from a designer store while mine came from the same Macy's store - and the same clearance rack. Granted, I thought it as nice but it was nothing like Maria's. It was black as well and while low cut, I didn't have the massive cleavage to display that she did. Of course I wasn't wearing a bra but I WAS wearing a thong underneath which was pretty hard to forget about when it started to wedge up my ass just as it was at that moment.

The only thing I had going for me was that my dress was several inches shorter than hers. With her legs she was smart enough to wear something that came down past mid-thigh and thus hid some of the extra weight in her thighs. In contrast, mine was well ABOVE mid-thigh and it would have been easier to measure it from my ass down than from my knees up if you get the idea. With my legs crossed it pulled up just under my ass, pretty much allowing a full view of my leg from my butt to my ankles.

Maria was making some comment about my dress "not leaving much to the imagination" but then I could have said the same for her bust as she was for my legs. Before she got it all out Bill called out that the car was almost back so we got up and buttoned our coats once again before the guys got an early preview. This time we were the only four getting on board and I winked at Maria as we got in. Her face sort of went red as I knew she understood what I meant. Just to make sure there was no misunderstanding, I sat down next to Bill before Maria could leaving her to sit by Steve in the seat next to us. The car lurched and I knew we had only a few minutes before it would be at the top of the hill so there was little time to waste.

"Mmmmmmm, let's get things started right," I said so everyone could hear. Before anyone responded I was attacking Bill's zipper and reaching in for his dick.

"Oh my god, already?" Bill gasped, trying to sound as if he was surprised but I knew he would have been disappointed if I had NOT been so quick to act.

"Hey, once she has her mind set there's no stopping her so you may as well just sit back and enjoy it," Steve called over from the opposite side.

I noticed that Maria wasn't making any moves herself but that wasn't stopping Steve from reaching into her coat and getting a handful of her boobs. Bill was wearing boxers which made it easier to get his dick out and before we were far from the lower station I was sucking his dick. Suddenly I felt this incredible sense of horniness and I wanted SO bad to be fucked but I knew there was no way we could get it done in the short time we had available. As I sucked on his dick I made a promise to myself that I would have his dick in me before appetizers, one way or another.

"Head down Kelly!" Steve called out to me and I knew what he meant.

As I said, halfway up the hill we passed the other car coming down the hill and for a brief moment the passengers would see each other. Usually people waved but I was more interested in the hard dick between my lips than being friendly. Still, it wouldn't do to have some old biddy see me sucking his cock and reporting us when they arrived so I took all of Bill's cock in my mouth and went down deep and just help him my mouth as the others waved and said hello to the people passing by.

"Clear Kelly," Steve announced a few seconds later and I resumed my work on his dick.

Given there had been no foreplay before the ride it would have been hard to have gotten Bill to cum in the short time available. In the past when I HAD gotten a guy to cum we had started before the ride started so he was almost there when we got on and all I had to do was finish him off. Still, you never know how horny a guy might be so I held out hope, though slim, that I might get a mouthful of cum before we got off. Alas, it was not to be and Steve again helped me out by warning that we were almost there.

"I need you to fuck me... BAD!" I almost growled at Bill as he put himself back into his shorts and pulled up his zipper.

I saw Maria adjusting her dress to get her boobs back in. Steve has always been a boob guy so it didn't surprise me that he had made the most of the opportunity. In fact, to this day I still wonder why he asked me out back when I was fourteen as I was barely into a training bra at the time and all the other girls he had sex with already were far ahead of me on the growth curve.

We left the station with Maria hanging onto Steve's arm and me on Bill's. Anyone seeing us would think we were married to one another which was all part of the fun as far as I was concerned. Of course it might have been different had someone from school passed by but then the odds of that were pretty small so I didn't worry about it.

## 4. Fun in the Restroom

The Lemont restaurant is a Pittsburgh legend and with prices to match. As such it was NOT one of our more frequented places but Bill announced that he would be picking up the tab when he had called Steve about it earlier so that took some of the pressure off of me. We were lucky enough to get a table by a window which offered a spectacular view of the Pittsburgh skyline as the night approached and the lights appeared. The only negative thing was that it was a table and not a booth and being by the window, there was absolutely no privacy. Then again, it also meant that everyone COULD see us which wasn't all that bad.

When Maria and I took off or coats and the waiter hustled the off to the coatroom, I could feel every eye in the room on us. No doubt Maria's boobs were competing with my legs for attention so it was a true contest between the boob men and leg men for who got the most attention. In the end it didn't matter as it wasn't like we were entering a wet t-shirt contest or something. If anything I think both Steve and Bill appreciated the stares we were getting.

"Wow!" was all Steve got out as he got his first good look at Maria's boobs. He may have gotten a handful on them in the darkened Incline car but this was his first good look at them in the light. I playfully punched him, teasing him about his poetic outburst.

In contrast to Steve's open-mouthed single syllable appraisal of Maria's assets, Bill was more eloquent yet still a bit on the vulgar side as he made some sort of comment about whether or not I could sit down in the dress I was wearing, the obvious question being would it cover my ass when I was sitting. Granted, sitting down in such an outfit without a coat to cover me WAS something that had to be done carefully, but that was all part of the show.

I tugged briefly at the hem and then sat down slowly, crossing my legs immediately making sure the leg facing the room was the one that was on top such that everyone could see what was covered - and not. Once in place I knew I couldn't move around a lot as there was the constant threat of it pulling up under my butt but so long as I sat fairly still it was safe.

"Your legs are incredible," Bill said softly to me as he pushed my chair under me and then sat down next to me.

Meanwhile Steve's eyes were doing all the talking as he stared down into Maria's cleavage, not even trying to be subtle.

Before long our drink orders were taken and Bill ordered some wine that I had never heard of but then it's not like I am a wine connoisseur by any stretch of the imagination. My usually criteria is white wine and cheap! We struck up a conversation, mostly centered around the view before us which grew even more spectacular as the sky darkened. There were other tables within arm reach so it wasn't like it was anything at all private where the conversation could go off into a more erotic direction. Still, Bill and Maria were pleasant company and if anything, I was just getting all the more horny with passing moment as I could still taste Bill's dick in my mouth.

I reminded myself of my promise on the Incline so now it was just a matter of execution. Still, it wasn't like there were all that many options available to us. The place was pretty packed as was usual for a Saturday evening and it would have been hard to hide even a hand in someone's lap, let alone anything more flagrant.

The wine arrived and I admired the way Bill handled the entire routine which always intimidates me, making me glad the guy is the one who has to deal with it. It was a little dry for me but I smiled and complimented him on his wonderful selection anyway. Apparently it was rather expensive from the way Bill and Steve were talking so I figured it was just my unsophisticated taste buds at work. Give me Chinese and a Diet Coke and I'm happy!

If there's one thing you can count on at a restaurant like Lemont's, you won't get out in anything less than a few hours. Everything is done slowly and you are expected to take your time. No doubt the slow turnover contributed to the exorbitant prices on the menu. My eyes widened as I surveyed the selections and I felt thankful that Bill would be the one to pay for it all. On the good side, that meant there was plenty of time between decisions and courses although the waiter seemed to somehow magically appear whenever any of our glasses even threatened to go empty.

Finally the waiter took our order and when he was gone, I turned to Bill and smiled sweetly, asking him if her remembered what I had told him I wanted back on the Incline. Bill's eyes darted quickly to Maria before he turned back to me with a smile and he nodded. I smiled back and licked my lips slowly before telling him I meant what I had said and I wanted it now.

"Now?" Bill replied, looking at the others as if to get their responses as well but both of them seemed transfixed on the two of us and never made a peep.

"Yes... NOW," I came back firmly.

Bill looked around and I could tell he was a bit confused as he undoubtedly didn't see where we could pull something like this off. I wanted to say something about how he had a short memory but then that might have peaked Maria's attention and have her wonder what I was referring to since so far as she knew, her husband had only started fucking me recently. It would have been awkward to explain why I needed to remind him of the first place he had fucked me. Granted, the restroom was in a remote rest area with few people around whereas this was a busy restaurant but the concept was the same.

"You don't mind if I borrow your husband for a little while, do you Maria?" I asked her with as sweet and innocent a smile as I could muster. There no fooling her even had I been trying as she knew full well what I wanted had nothing to do with being sweet or innocent.

"Here?" was all she said, her eyes widening a bit.

I just grinned and replied, "Well, if you would rather do it yourself then I'll understand."

Maria's eyes widened even further and I knew that dressing sexy was about as far as she was willing to go in public. Not wearing panties - something I was pretty sure Steve hadn't discovered yet, was probably one of the biggest risks she'd ever taken in public so I had to give her credit for that. In the meantime the clock was ticking, my pussy was itching, and I wanted to get laid.

"C'mon Bill," I said, standing up carefully and feeling my dress start to pull up my bottom before I could pull it back down again.

I didn't look around but hopefully a few lucky guys had gotten a quick eyeful! It wasn't like I was bare underneath in any case.

As we walked away from the table I turned to Bill and frowned at him. "What's the matter with you? Don't you remember the first place we did it?"

"Oh I remember all right," he chuckled, "Like every time I've had sex with Maria since then. But THAT was a little more private, don't you think?"

"Your point"? I countered. He looked blank so I pulled on his arm to bring him along. "I want to get laid and YOU are going to do it NOW."

I knew exactly where we needed to go - the men's room. I learned many years before that you never go to the women's room for sex. Too many women are either uptight or just jealous of a woman having public sex and as such are more than willing to complain to a manager. In contrast, I've NEVER had a situation where even if a guy knew I was in the restroom, nothing was EVER said. If anything, it was all the hotter when other men DID know what was going on, at least for me.

Evidently Bill didn't understand the subtleties of public sex as when I started to push on the door to the men's room he pulled me back with wide eyes, asking me if he shouldn't go in first to make sure it was clear before I went in. I just grinned nastily at him and replied, "Like who is going to care if I walk in?" Before he could think of a response I pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Sure enough, there were two other men in there, both looking to be in their forties or fifties, washing their hands. At first they looked at me like they couldn't believe what they were seeing and then they just stared at me, obviously confused as to what was going on. Bill was right behind me but I think he was ready to flee if anything was said.

Of course Bill had nothing to worry about, just as I knew he wouldn't. All I did was smile pretty at the two guys, pointed at Bill and said, "Sorry to barge in but I need him to fuck me." With that I opened the door to the handicapped stall and tugged Bill in with me before anyone could say a word. Poor Bill looked like he about to go into shock but I knew we were safer now than ever. No way were those guys ever going to say a word. If anything, they'd be telling their friends about it for years to come - and none of them would believe the story.

The door opened and I heard them leaving, leaving us momentarily along but I knew that wouldn't last for long so I quickly pulled down my thong and stepped out of it, hanging it up on the coat hanger on the inside of the door. In doing so my dress bunched up around my waist, leaving me naked for all practical purpose between my belly button and my ankles. Grabbing the handicapped rail I leaned over and pushed my butt up and out at him, my legs spread as far apart as I could in my heels.

"So are you going to fuck me or do I have to masturbate?" I teased him, running my finger between my moist pussy lips.

I touched my clit and a sigh escaped as I was already so horny I knew it wasn't going to take much to drive me over the edge. This was not the time for foreplay - I just wanted his dick in me and the sooner it was in me the better. I could hear Bill's zipper and then him undoing his belt to get his pants down to his ankles. He put both hands on my hips, one on each side, and squeezed my butt.

"Damn you're such a slut," he whispered as I felt his dick poke me in the butt. No matter how shocked he may have been at the start, his cock was certainly responding like it should. I wiggled my ass up against his stiff dick, wishing he would just get on with it and push it in me.

"Fuck me dammit," I said sharply, beginning to grow impatient.

His answer was simple and straightforward as his cock slid in me easily and I felt him shove me forward as he rammed his dick into me.

"Just like the first time, eh?" he said in a voice hoarse with lust as he started to thrust his dick into me.

Now that he was in me he again was holding me with both hands on my bare hips, using his arms as he pushed himself into me and then pulled out again, over and over again.

Just then the door opened and it must have been a couple of guys who knew each other as they were talking together and carrying on about some waitress that must have drawn their attention. Bill hesitated for a moment but his instincts took over and he kept fucking me even though I knew in his head he must have been worried about our new visitors. Well, why not push the limit?

"Oh yeah, fuck me like that!" I said loud enough to be heard outside the stall and then I moaned as Bill's fat cock filled me yet again. "God I love your dick in me."

THAT stopped the conversation outside and for a moment all I could hear was Bill's groin slapping to my hips, a little grunt following each time he would push it deep inside of me.

"What the hell?" someone said and there was a knock on the door.

The walls went down close to the floor so they would have had to practically get on their hands and knees to see who was inside and no doubt the idea of doing that, evening a restroom as clean as this one, wasn't an option for them.

"Go away, can't you tell we're busy in here?" I called out to them, trying not to laugh in the process.

I looked over my shoulder at Bill but he had his eyes trained on my ass, watching himself fuck me. From the rate at which he was going he must have been close to cumming and it was if he was paying no attention to anything else.

"Oh for Christ sake, you've GOT to be kidding," the voice outside said again and then the two of them started to laugh and say something about what they knew was going on inside the stall.

Just then Bill gasped and I felt his hands grip my butt hard as he pushed himself into me as hard as he could and froze in place as his cock started to spew cum inside of me. After the first couple of shots he started pumping again as if to draw out as much sperm into me as he could.

"Oh yeah, cum inside of me," I groaned again, more for the sake of our audience than either of us as we obviously knew what was happening.

By then Bill had already pretty much just done that and he was now standing still behind me, his dick motionless and throbbing in my cum-filled pussy.

Standing upright, I felt Bill's dick slip out of me and I got that empty feeling I always get when I've been nicely fucked. It's like my pussy is wondering what happened to that wonderful warm dick that was making it feel so good. Bill's face as flushed as no doubt mine was. Even though I hadn't cum with all the distractions, I still loved every minute of it and if anything, having our little audience made it so much better for me. Grabbing some toilet paper, I wiped up the sperm that was oozing out of me and tried to clean myself off as best as possible while Bill tucked his dick back into his shorts and pulled up his pants.

With my short dress I really couldn't go out without the thong so once I had myself pretty well cleaned up I pulled it back on and readjusted my dress. Bill was back together again as well and the bulge in his pants was nowhere near what it had been just a few minutes earlier. From what I could hear, our "friends" were still outside and they weren't showing any signs of leaving so I looked at Bill, shrugged my shoulders, and opened the stall door.

Immediately outside were two guys, both looking to be middle aged in expensive suits and ties. They leered at me and it was obvious what their hopes were but it wasn't to be. I'd gotten what I wanted and maybe in different circumstance I might have taken them on as well but it actually felt more erotic NOT to fuck them, although I would have bet THEY had different opinions of that.

"Hope we didn't keep the two of you from doing anything," I teased them.

Then on the spur of the moment I hiked my dress up to my waist and readjusted my thong, running my fingers along the inside edge of the front to pull it out and reposition it. Then I pulled my dress back down again and tugged it so it covered my ass. Actually it was no different than what I would have done on my own at home or in the stall but doing it in front of these two was much more fun.

"Damn thongs, be glad you don't have to wear one. They NEVER stay in place," I griped to them as if THAT was anything that concerned them.

With that I followed Bill who couldn't seem to wait to escape from the room before anyone else walked in. I turned as I left and smiled at the guys who just stood there with their mouths open like fish out of water.

Back at the table Steve and Maria were waiting anxiously for us. Our appetizers hadn't arrived yet so at least I'd met my goal for the dinner! Still, I knew that a quick fuck wasn't going to satisfy me tonight so the remainder of the dinner seemed like an eternity. I'm sure Steve would have taken me for his turn in the men's room but it just didn't seem right. What I think he REALLY wanted as to take Maria back but when I even hinted at it she glared at me and I knew that it was not something she would even discuss. Poor Steve, he was just going to have to wait until we got to their house to get his piece of pussy.

During dinner I glanced around a few times to see if there was any sign of our audience from the men's room but I didn't see them anywhere. I had sort of expected them to at least walk by and say something but evidently they either didn't want to or maybe they had wives or girlfriends that were keeping them from checking out the other women in the place.

# 5. After Dinner

After dinner we returned to the cars. This time there were too many people around to have fun on the Incline but I knew it was only a matter of minutes before we would be at their house so I held myself back from doing something that we all might regret later. I rode with Bill while Maria rode with Steve on the drive to their house. It was about a twenty minute drive but the traffic was miserable and the last thing we needed was to get in an accident with my head in his lap so rather than do anything to him, I opened my coat and laid back the seat and masturbated the entire way back to his house. I asked him if Maria ever did anything like this for him and he just shook his head. I almost felt guilty for leaving poor Steve with such a shy women while I was giving Bill a nice show.

Once we got to their house, we pretty much split up for the rest of the evening. I've found in the times now that we have been swapping that I actually prefer that when we are doing just one other couple. When it's a party then I love getting fucked in front of everyone with Steve around to watch as well. Yet when we swap with another couple, I find myself more comfortable with actually swapping for the night versus sharing.

In this case Maria and Steve went to the master bedroom while Bill took me to a guest bedroom. We spent a few hours in bed and then all got back together in the kitchen for some drinks before Steve and I left. It was pretty late, just as I had assumed it would be, so I ended up staying at his house rather than trying to get home on my own. It also made it much easier for us to make love before we went to sleep without having to worry about how late it was getting.

The next morning at church we ran into Bill and Maria in the middle of the sanctuary while everyone was doing the hand-shaking thing. I looked around and wondered what all the people around us would say if they had any idea what the four of us had done the previous evening, especially Bill and me in the restroom. Of course I wasn't wearing the dress from the night before and Maria had her boobs under control so it wasn't like we were giving off any overt signals. At the same time for a moment I was tempted to tell Bill to meet me in the basement during the sermon.

It was then that it struck me and I now feel even more comfortable with where Steve and I are heading. As much as I would have loved to be fucked by Bill during church, at the same time I knew it would never happen. Being single and fucking men whenever I wanted sex was one thing. Now that I was engaged and soon to be married, it was OK to have sex with other men when my man was involved with me, but otherwise it wasn't right. Maybe had Maria agreed to do the same with Steve then it might have been different but for the two of us to just sneak off and have sex while our partners stayed back and weren't even going to be doing it later just wasn't right.

Granted this is NOT how I use to feel about sex outside of marriage but it feels better now to be settling in on a new set of values that I can live by.

# (Apr 24) Chapter 226: Easter Uncles

Story codes: MF inc father daughter uncle niece
Me (26)
John - my dad (46)
Uncle Paul (54)
Uncle Jim (44)

Another Easter and another family day together. We'd been gathering for as long as I remember, and undoubtedly long before that. Just as the traditions included ham for dinner and Easter baskets for everyone, so did the annual rite of passage for the younger cousins to tease their uncles. I may be engaged but that doesn't mean I still can't flirt with the best of them! If anything, nowadays it was even more fun as the flirting would go on just a little bit too far.

## 1. Sunday Morning Tradition

What more can I say - I had a nice Easter. No... make that a GREAT Easter!

To start the day, I stopped by my dad's place on the way to church just as I try to do every Sunday morning. One of the things my parents always stressed to me when I was growing up was to also seek out opportunities to create family traditions that would bring us together more as a family.

For example, when I was in high school one of our "traditions" was to have my dad stop by my room each morning on the way to work. Usually I was still asleep or just waking up. It typically only lasted for a few minutes but one way or another he would get to cum before he went to work. Sometimes I would be extra tired and not even realize he'd stopped by, waking up to the feel of his cum on my face or boobs. He even tried fucking me a few times when I was asleep but almost every time I would wake up just as soon as his cock started pressing into me... almost every time, LOL. I will say that he never was able to finish before I would wake up but I have to admit there's something very erotic about waking up with the feel of a dick already in your pussy!

Unfortunately that tradition faded away after I went to college although we would still try to do it whenever I was home on breaks. Now that I live with my cousin it is just one of those pleasant memories. In its place we started something new – having sex just before church. Typically I stop by his house and he quickly fucks me just in time for us to make it to the service. The idea is to do it as close to the start of church as possible without being TOO late. Sometimes we are a few minutes late but that's almost better as I love seeing people turn to look to see us come in, not having a clue why we are late or that my dad's fresh cum was threatening to leak out of me at any moment! I love sitting down in church, recalling the feel of him in me mere minutes before, wishing I could give myself to him again right there in the pews.

So anyway, THAT was how my Easter morning started. I was wearing my new Easter dress. It was more traditional, nothing all that overtly sexy but I knew my dad would like it for two reasons – the hem was really short and it showed plenty of cleavage. It didn't actually SHOW anything that would have been inappropriate for church, but it SUGGESTED that all I had to do was lean over a little bit or cross my legs just right and then it MIGHT show something that would cause a scandal.

I find that sometimes it's the outfits that do NOT show everything but rather HINT at what is underneath that draw the most looks. In this case it was just a simple white dress with a yellow tie around the waist. It had shoulder straps but they were so narrow that it was almost like being strapless. They were needed, however, in order to keep even my modest my boobs from popping out over the top of the dress. There was no way anyone could have worn a bra under it, even had I wanted to. I DID wear panties though; plain white, as the dress tended to be a bit sheer whenever there was sunlight or other bright light behind it. Also, it was right on the borderline of being too short NOT to wear panties, at least in public. It's one thing to make people wonder if you're wearing them, quite another to confirm it.

It was just fifteen minutes before the start of church when I showed up at my dad's and my Aunt Linda opened the door. She hadn't seen my new dress and I twirled to model it, letting the skirt fly up to show my panties, drawing a playful frown from her but she was just teasing. There's a time and place for everything and there ARE lines not to be crossed, at least in church.

I asked where my dad was and she rolled her eyes, gesturing upstairs with a "What can I say?" expression, telling me without a word that he was running late as usual. Just then I heard him coming down the stairs and then he was besides us.

"Nice dress sweetheart," he said with his eyes fixed directly on my cleavage.

LOL, do I know my dad or what?

"Does it show off my breasts enough for you?" I asked teasingly, clasping my hands behind my back to push out my boobs even tighter against the dress material.

"Hmmmmmm, you COULD just take it off and make me a happy man," he answered, only half teasing this time.

Another time and place maybe I would've done just that but we now had less than fifteen minutes before the service started and it was a five minute drive. "Oh daddy," I said, pretending to be embarrassed by his boldness. Even though I was 26 now, he still loved it whenever I would act like little girl for him. I also got a kick out when he would refer to me as his "little girl".

"Hey, we're running really late and the church is going to be packed," my aunt cut in, "Are you gonna fuck her John or what?"

Yeah, like there was ever any doubt about THAT! LOL I grinned at my aunt as I knew she was just teasing. Then I turned my back to my dad and pulled my dress up to my waist. As my dad was undoing his pants, my aunt reached under my dress and pulled my panties down to my ankles, muttering something about what a pain they were and why was I fooling with them anyway. She stepped back as my dad got in behind me and pushed on my back so I would lean over for him. Grabbing the stair rail, I stepped back and leaned over so my bare ass lifted up and gave my dad and aunt a perfect view of my butt and pussy.

"Damn, I NEVER get tired of seeing your tight ass baby," my dad whispered huskily as he moved in behind me and started to press his dick against me.

When he had it in position, he grabbed my hips with his hands and pushed himself into me, not stopping until he was buried all the way in me.

"Ohhhhhh daddyyyyyyyy," I sighed as my pussy reacted to the intrusion, making me shiver from head to toe as his dick filled me.

"Oh Kelly, I love you so much," he groaned as he started to stroke himself in and out of me.

It was a good thing I had a grip on the rail with both hands as he was pounding me pretty hard and fast. I understood as we didn't have much time so he needed to get off as quickly as possible. Mmmmmmm, I loved the way he gripped me with his powerful hands as he fucked me from behind. God, I wished we could do this right in front of the entire church! Then everyone could see how much my dad loved me and what a beautiful thing we shared. I hate it when people write me and say how my dad is just taking advantage of me when we have sex. If only they could see us now! This wasn't just some horny older man fucking a girl twenty years younger than him.

Well, there WAS a little of that but you know what I mean. Most fathers would never take their daughter like this, never give her something that only he can give her - her father's lust and desire. I knew he loved fucking me and there was nothing I wanted more right then but to please my dad in any way I could. "Oh baby... I'm cumming!" he gasped as if I couldn't tell for myself from the way he was suddenly burying himself to the hilt in me, pulling me into his crotch as tightly as he could.

I felt him convulse behind me and then there was that faint warm feeling deep inside of me as his incestuous sperm flooded my pussy. Oh yeah, my father was mating me yet again! I closed my eyes and focused everything on my pussy and the feel of my father's dick as it pumped load after load into me. How many times had he cum in me since that first time over ten years ago? How much sperm had he left in me? It had to be in the gallons by now!

"Of fuck, that felt so damn good," he panted after he'd had finished, pulling himself out of me.

As I felt his still fat dick slip out of me it left my pussy with that odd empty feeling I get whenever a guy takes his dick out of me after cumming inside of me. It was like when he was in me I was complete, my empty pussy finally filled with the thing it wanted most. Then suddenly it's gone, like something has been taken from me, leaving me incomplete once again.

"Let's go people!" my aunt urged us, a smile on her face that disarmed anything about her comment that implied she might actually be in a hurry.

I pulled up my panties, tugging on the sides to pull it up tight against my crotch. I knew I should have gone to the bathroom and cleaned myself off but nobody would be seeing the inevitable wetness that would be soon seeping into it. My dad was tucking his rapidly dwindling dick into his underwear, zipping his pants and buckling his belt once again.

When we were done I turned to him and he pulled me into his arms and kissed me, his hand reaching down, pulling up my dress and then grabbing my ass over my panties as he did. Our tongues touched and I wiggled my butt naughtily against his hands as he squeezed me. Mmmmmmm, I love to have my butt played with like that.

"OK you two, you'd better quit or we may as well not go and it IS Easter you know," my aunt interrupted, more serious this time.

Well, she was right about THAT and so reluctantly we split apart and headed for church. I drove separately as I was going to Steve's house right after church to pick him up and bring him with me to our Easter family gathering. I would've preferred him to attend church with me but after working the night shift I figured it better he get some sleep and miss church rather than fall asleep at my aunt and uncle's house. NOT the way to make a good first impression!

Being it was Easter the church parking lot was packed so I had to find a place to park on my own and then meet my dad and aunt at the door to the church. My pussy was itching so bad - not from anything bad but I because was SO horny. I could feel a wetness between my legs as my dad's cum soaked my panties and I had to make a conscious effort not to reach between my thighs and rub myself. For a moment I grinned as I recalled how when I was little and just learning to masturbate. Sometime I would start to touch myself in public without really thinking about it, not thinking about anything but that crazy itch between my legs.

My grin widened as I remembered how my mom would freak out and then we when we got home we would have yet another "talk" about how to behave in public.

"So what's so funny?" my dad asked as I approached them.

"Oh nothing...," I replied, my eyes flashing so he knew it WAS about something to do with sex but he just wasn't sure what it was.

The pews were packed tight with the Easter crowd so I squeezed in next to my dad on his right while my aunt took her place on his left. Next to me was a woman I hadn't seen before but with a crowd this size, I didn't recognize half the people there anyway. Between her and her husband were their two kids, two boys that looked to be maybe twelve and sixteen or something like that. I gave her a friendly hello and sat down, crossing my legs which caused my skirt to ride up high on my thighs, but not so high that it revealed anything TOO much. I saw her eyes drift to my legs and then she looked away quickly, her eyes widening just a bit.

It was all I could do not to laugh as I wondered what she would have said had I whispered in her ear that my dad had just fucked me less than ten minutes before. Hmmmmmm, maybe she would have needed to leave the service for a little bit with one of her loving sons in tow - or both! Of course the odds were highly against it but a girl can dream, cant she?

I have to admit my mind wasn't on the service. I couldn't wait get to Steve's house where I knew he would never resist fucking me before we left for my relatives. I'd like to say that like the church crowd, most of my relatives would never suspect that I was walking in with Steve's cum fresh in me, just as my dad's was when I walked into church. But then, there were a few guys there that would know better - from personal experience, not to mention a few women who would undoubtedly strongly suspect that was the case. Oh well, why disappoint them?

With all these thoughts running in my head, could anyone have blamed me if I had started masturbating right there in the middle of the service? Believe me, I actually thought about it for a quick moment, even if it was just rubbing my legs together but it was so packed and tight that somebody would have noticed - most likely the mom next to me. That's one way we girls have the advantage over you guys - we can be as horny as we want and nobody knows but guys have that wonderful thing between their legs that betrays them every time.

So anyway, after the service I said goodbye to my dad, although we knew we would be seeing each other again an hour or so later. I drove off to Steve's with one difference - my panties were on the seat next to me and my hand was between my legs as I drove. OMG, I was so damn horny after thinking all service about nothing but my fiancé's hard dick in me... and now I was just minutes away from finally having it.

## 2. Picking Up Steve

It took about a half hour to negotiate the traffic and roads and get to Steve's place. Actually this was one thing we hadn't worked out yet - where we would live after we got married. For the time being I was still living with my cousin while Steve was staying with his mother. There were couple of reasons why we didn't live together yet. First, neither of us was making much money so it helped not having to pay rent for the time being. More importantly, it would have meant a nasty drive for one of us as he worked on the north side of the city while I worked on the south side. In between were a maze of tunnels and bridges that confounded traffic every day. Somehow or another we would have to work something out but for the time being we just dealt with it as it was.

Eventually I made it, working my way up the narrow street to where the small house his mother rented was situated. Why she had chosen such a small home in a rather poor neighborhood I never understood. It wasn't like she didn't make good money and if anything, her Lexus sort of stood out on the street. Not only that, but the house was so small it was more like my old apartment.

Fortunately there was a space behind her car so I parked and looked back at the seat next to me where my panties remained. Oh well, not like I was going to need them while I was here! If anything, I wouldn't forget them and leave them behind and have to worry later when I was with my relatives about them.

Stepping out of the car, a gust of wind suddenly blew. My dress flew up but fortunately my jacket kept it from doing a Marilyn Monroe impersonation. Still, the jacket only came down to my hips so if anyone had been watching they would have seen just about all of my legs and who knows what else for just a brief moment. Looking around, I didn't see anyone but I can't say for just a moment I wasn't tempted to stand there and wait for another gust, just in case someone WAS watching me.

Oh well, I was due for dinner in less than an hour and it was likely going to be another thirty minutes from here with the holiday traffic so if I was looking to get laid again before dinner I had better get moving.

"Hey Kelly, Happy Easter," Marlene greeted me at the door.

Steve's mom and I had grown a lot closer since he had proposed to me. With my mother now loving so far away after the divorce, it felt good to have someone like her to confide in and just spend time with. Granted, she wasn't my mother but as a future mother-in-law I couldn't have asked for a better one. There were some things about me that I hadn't told her, and maybe never would. As open as she was about sex and as crazy intimate as she got sometimes with her son, incest was not something I was so sure about her understanding. Twelve years ago when Steve and I were dating she had "caught" us having sex and one thing led to another but since then nothing like that has ever happened between them again. One time does not make something "normal" and these days she didn't even like to discuss what had happened.

Even though Steve and his mother didn't have the sort of relationship that I had with my parents, they were still a lot chummier than most sons his age were with their mothers. I suppose her being divorced now for almost thirteen years after her husband dumped her for some babe at work had left her questioning her desirability so having a son dote over her most likely helped. Since moving back to Pittsburgh I wasn't aware of her dating much or even socializing except for work functions so it was like Steve was all she had, at least until he met me.

It took me a while before I figured the two of them out though as it was a rather complex and not exactly typical relationship between them. One of the first things I learned was that she loved watching her son fuck me. It wasn't like when my dad use to peek through a crack in the door to watch me having sex with boys in my bedroom. Masturbating and then wanting me after they had left. She just watched us and never once did I ever see her so much as touch her breasts, let alone masturbate like my mom did sometimes when she would watch my dad fuck me. It was a little odd at first to say the least but then I love being watched when I have sex and once I understood that she wasn't at all interested in joining in with us I learned just to ignore her and enjoy my boyfriend.

As we all got more comfortable with each other, Steve and his mom started to feel more comfortable expressing their affection for one another as well. It was strictly platonic - nothing sexual. Still, he would sometimes fondle her boobs or rub her crotch but always over her clothes. They liked to kiss and he would kiss her much the same way he did me, only his hands weren't groping under her clothes like they usually did when he would kiss me. As for her, she would sometimes rest her hand on his crotch, maybe even press down a little but never did I once see her grab it or even attempt to reach inside his pants or boxers.

When I first suggested to Steve that maybe they were doing more when I wasn't around he actually seemed shocked that I would even think anything like that went on between them. Indeed, seeing how Steve felt about incest made me hesitate for a long time to reveal to him my true relationship with my own father. Fortunately he understood my obligations to my father and it didn't hurt when he understood that it meant he also was allowed to have sex with my aunt and cousins once he got married. Still, when it came to me and my dad he was strictly "don't ask - don't tell" when it came to my dad fucking me. He watched me once - the day I told him about me and my dad and that was from a closet where he thought my dad didn't know he was watching. Since then he has never seen my having any sort of sex with my dad, not even a blowjob.

So seeing Marlene wearing nothing but a pair of panties and an open shirt that looked like one that Steve use to wear didn't even cause me to bat an eye. Actually, I was surprised she wore anything at all but then again with Steve home she usually was dressed in something or another. It was only when I was there alone with her that she would feel comfortable to strip down. She tried to get me to do the same but soon learned that nudity just wasn't my thing and I appreciated that she didn't bug me about it the way my aunt always seemed to do. It's annoying when someone thinks that just because they enjoy doing something that everyone else should as well. If someone wants to run around their house naked then that's fine with me - just don't try to make me feel guilty for not doing the same.

"Steve should be ready any minute," she continued as I stepped inside, "It's nice that your family gets together like this and I know he appreciates being welcomed."

For a moment I felt a slight pang of guilt. Last Thanksgiving I had brought Steve with me to our traditional family gathering and I also invited his mother with as well since she didn't have any family nearby to be with. I hadn't thought about inviting her to join us for Easter until now and for a quick moment I debated if I should. Then again, I was already going to be late as it was and she wasn't anywhere ready to go out. Sure she looked pretty good for being at home but her makeup wasn't on and her hair was pulled back, not to mention she wasn't even dressed. Then too, Easter wasn't quite the same as Thanksgiving where most families gather for large meals and such. Yes, my family had an Waster meal but for the most part other people I knew might go out for brunch or something but it wasn't any large social affair.

"That's a cute dress Kelly," she offered, smiling a bit as she looked me over. "Steve's going to love it."

I grinned and twirled around to let it float up a bit.

"Yeah, it DOES seem to lift pretty easy," she chuckled, "That was quite a display you put on for my neighbors."

I looked at her with a questioning glance and she just laughed softly, "You know if you're going to wear a dress like that out on the street you really should wear panties or people are going to think my son's marrying a slut."

Well apparently I HAD shown off a bit more than I'd realized. I wondered if anyone but her had noticed but then what did it matter?

I just grinned back at her and replied, "Your point being?"

We both laughed at that one. Steve WAS marrying a slut, and I was proud to say so. So far as I was concerned, when people call me a slut that just tells me they recognize my sexuality and exhibitionism, not that I am a whore or such. Frankly it's a compliment, even when it's not intended to be one. "I assume you DO have a pair for later?" she asked, resuming her "mom" role. I assured her that I did indeed but they were out in the car.

Marlene playfully lifted up the back of my skirt and pretended to be shocked at which she found - or didn't. We both were laughing when Steve came in to the kitchen. My heart fluttered as it always did whenever I first saw him - my wonderful fiancé, soon to be my husband! He looked so handsome and I somehow managed to resist the all but overwhelming urge to just push him down to the floor on his back and take him in me before he could say another word.

"So what's so funny?" he asked, straightening out his shirt and belt buckle.

"Ohhhhhh, nothing much... just your slutty fiancé was out there flashing the neighbors," his mother teased.

"Better be careful, there's an old perv across the street that might have a heart attack," Steve said, pretending to be concerned.

"Yeah, somehow he always seems to need to check his mail whenever I go out to the car," Marlene giggled like a young girl.

Steve rolled his eyes and added, "And it's funny how you always seem to have on something tight and showy whenever he is out there."

"Hey, if you got it... flaunt it," his mother came back rather defensively, "No different than Kelly here in that dress."

I pretended to pout but Steve came up to me and hugged me and kissed me. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good to be in his arms and feel him against me. As we kissed his hands drifted down to my bottom and then he lifted up my skirt and put one hand on each of my bare buttocks and gave them a good squeeze.

"Hey you two, get a room," his mother teased as his hands roamed over my butt.

"Sounds like a good idea," I whispered to him as he pulled me tightly in to him, pressing my boobs against his chest, "We need to get going though, I'm supposed to be there soon to help with dinner."

Steve looked over at his mom who just shrugged and then smiled at me. "I can get all I can eat right here."

Though I didn't say it, the same thought had crossed my mind. Granted, there weren't a lot of calories in the meal I had in mind but I loved eating it!

"Well, quit yakking and start fucking," Marlene huffed with a hint of exasperation, "For goodness sakes since when do you two debate this for so long?"

"Well Steve, since she insists...," I said to Steve as if it was something I had to be talked into doing.

Steve spanked my butt playfully and let my dress fall down. I blew his mother a kiss and we were off to his bedroom. As soon as we entered I immediately took off my dress and dropped the heels. It make look sexy in porn movies when a girl keeps her heels on but it's not exactly the most comfortable way to have sex! Without any bra or panties on, it left me nude in just a few seconds whereas Steve took a little longer to get everything off but he quickly was lying next to me with that hunk of a nude body pressing up against me as once again he took me in those strong arms.

"God I've been thinking about you all morning," I sighed as his hands roamed over my bare flesh.

I loved I when her just run them up and down me, groping me and fondling me like some high school boy in the a back seat of his parents' car.

OK, so maybe I hadn't been thinking of him when my dad was fucking me but I wasn't about to say that while his mother was watching. She had silently followed us in and took up her usual spot on the chair across from the bed by the desk in his room. She crossed her legs and sat back with her arms folded loosely, watching us with a slight smile on her face. Steve's hand reached between my legs and any thoughts about his mother quickly disappeared as he began to toy with my wet anxious pussy.

"Just fuck me Steve," I begged him, "I just want you to fuck me... NOW."

Usually I love foreplay, especially with Steve. Laying with him, feeling his hands all over me, stroking my hair, teasing my boobs, kissing my neck, pressing his leg into my crotch... it all felt so intimate and erotic but there's a time and place for everything. I was so crazy horny that any foreplay now was like torture as all I could think about was feeling him entering me. His finger in me felt good but all it did was remind me of how much better his dick would feel.

Steve must have been horny himself as he was already fully erect, his dick pressing into my stomach as he unconsciously humped me, making these little thrusts into me that pressed him into my belly like I was being poked by a persistent child. He didn't complain when I begged him over and over to fuck me! Pushing me over on my back, I spread my legs and he rolled over on top of me, using his elbows to barely keep his full weight from crushing me but enough that I could feel his chest against my boobs.

"I love you so much," he whispered in my ear as he reached down to position his dick.

My legs reached up and around him, trying to pull him into me but he was too strong for me. My arms were around his neck as we kissed while he let the tip of his dick tease my pussy, pressing in just enough for me to feel him but not quite getting fully inside of me. I could feel his hips rotating as he rubbed his erection up against me, somehow resisting the urge to plunge it deep inside of me.

His mother was watching us intently now and I wished she would just tell her son to stick his dick in me and get it over with. Of course that would never happen as she NEVER said a word while we were having sex. She liked to watch but she never participated in any way, not even to talk to us.

FINALLY I moaned loudly as I felt his butt clench as he pushed himself into me, letting just the head of his dick penetrate me as it forced my pussy open until it surrounded the head of his dick. It was enough to stimulate the horde of nerve endings there and I closed my eyes and pulled my head back as I pushed my hips up to him to welcome him in. It was wonderful but I wanted it all... I wanted him in me all the way!

"Give it to me Steve... give it all to me," I somehow managed to say in a hoarse voice, "God I love you in me."

With that I felt the pressure of his shaft as it worked its way into me, filling me with his manhood as inch by inch Steve relentlessly pressed it deeper inside of me until he bottomed out against me. I could feel the thick pubic hair of his crotch pressing tightly into me as he ground the base of his dick against my shaved pussy. Talk about being in heaven!

"Fuck I love feeling your pussy around me baby," he groaned as his back arched and he pressed himself tightly against me, driving as much of him into me as could.

I loved the feeling of him inside of me, the sense of fullness, the pure satisfaction of being mated by the man I loved. If only I could stay this way forever, pinned beneath him, coupled together like this, feeling his lust within me as he began to thrust his stiff cock in and out of me slowly.

"That's it Steve... fuck me... God I love you to fuck me like this."

His stroked were slow and deliberate. First he would thrust it into me like he was trying to push it right out the back of me and then he would slowly... ever so slowly withdraw from me until just the tip of his dick remained in aide of me, only to thrust himself back in again with one hard shove. A few times he miscalculated and his dick popped out and I would mew to show him my desire for him to return home again. He would quickly reinsert himself and start the process all over again.

Steve lifted my left leg upwards while pushing down on my right. He rolled to his side, slipping I behind me while maintaining his dick inside of me. One arm went under my neck where he then reached around and grasped my breast while the other drape over me and began to toy with my clit. I could feel him pressing against my ass as he resumed his stroked inside my pussy.

Whether it was my accident or deliberate act, we were facing his mother now and she had a ringside view of her sons cock as it appeared and then disappeared into his fiancé's pussy. I really didn't care as his mother was the last thing on my mind at the moment as he fucked and groped me, all the while kissing the side and back of my neck. His tongue reached out and licked my neck, going up to my ear and running around the ear lobe.

I felt so loved and so incredibly sexy at that moment. Steve was treating me like a princess, giving me exactly what I wanted. By now he pretty much know how to turn me on when we fucked. Of course I loved having his dick in me as much as possible, but it was the little things that made it more than just being fucked. The touch of his tongue against my ear, the feel of his warm breath on the back of my neck, the caress of his hand against my breast... it all was exactly the way I liked it and I loved him for every second of it.

"Oh god!" I sighed as my orgasm rose within me.

It was like suddenly my body temperature rose ten degrees as it felt like I was burning up yet at the same time I was feeling goose pimples rise as if I was freezing to death. Form my toes to my hair I felt a tingling sensation as my legs stiffened out straight and then tucked back under me, unable to remain still as my pussy gripped his firm dick like it never wanted to let it go. I held my eyes tightly closed, focusing my every thought on his dick inside of me, feeling my pussy swelling to grip it tightly, my cum pouring out as my orgasm held me its own grip.

Just as I started to relax Steve grunted and I felt him push hard into my ass as he thrust himself deep inside of me. Then he started to cum and my orgasm started yet again as that faint hint of heat inside of me signaled his the arrival of his sperm within me. I tried to imagine how it must look from inside of me, the cum spewing from the tip of his dick into my welcoming pussy. Though it was doomed for failure in terms of its natural mission, having him cum in me felt so perfect at this moment. It was like we were supposed to be this way forever.

For a few minutes we just laid there, him pushed up against me from behind with his dick still in but motionless. Well, almost motionless. It was like at times it had a mind of its own and I felt him jerk just a little behind me as his dick twitched inside of me, then going still again until it was followed by another. Slowly it dwindled in me until I finally he twitched a little too hard and it fell out of me. Instinctively I sighed as I suddenly felt so empty, so alone. It was like a piece of me was now missing. I guess in way it was.

Opening my eyes finally, I saw his mother had silently slipped away. That was her usual reaction to when her son had finished. It was like once he was satisfied she was as well. I sometimes wondered if she went back to her room and masturbated about what she'd just witnessed but the few times I'd gotten out of bed to quickly use the bathroom I peeked in her bedroom and she would just be reading or doing something else but never masturbating. It was like she wasn't getting off from it sexually but rather just seem pleased to see her son being happy. OK, a little weird but after I'd seen it enough times I'd learned to accept it.

My eyes glanced up at the clock next to his bed and I sucked in a breath.

"Shit, we have to get going!" uttering one of my few swear words at Steve as I jumped out of bed. Hey, I'm not perfect and while I try not to curse it happens. As I heard a comedian once say, "shoot is shit spelled with two o's".

Steve rolled over on his back, his dick glistening with a mixture of our cum. I saw it laying over on its side against that luscious bed of thick pubic hair I loved so much and for moment thought about how good it would taste about now. I ALMOST gave in but then common sense took over. People were expecting us and we needed to not be TOO late.

"C'mon lover boy," I encouraged him, reaching over and tugging playfully on his dick like a leash, "Let's go.

Steve rolled over on his side and lifted himself up on his elbow. "Do that again and maybe add your mouth and I'll be ready for round two in no time," he taunted me.

I just huffed and rolled my eyes to the ceiling, pretending to be exasperated with him and actually I was a bit. He knew this was important to me yet here he was, trying to get me to suck him hard again.

"Tell you what... I'll suck it on the way over, OK?" I offered as a compromise as well as some incentive for him to get his butt in gear.

THAT worked and I had to grin despite myself at how easy men could be sometimes. Offer a guy a BJ and he would do anything.

I quickly slipped my dress over my head and straightened it as I slipped my heels on and then sat on the edge of the bed so I could fasten the straps around my ankles. Looking in the mirror, my aroused nipples were poking through the fabric like headlights but by the time we got to my uncle's house they should have gone down a lot. I was distinctly aware of my cum-filled pussy when I stood up again and felt it start to drain so I hurried to the restroom and used some Kleenex to wipe myself clean. I even fingers myself a little to try and get as much as I could out of me so it wouldn't stain my panties later. In doing so my hand touched my swollen clit and I felt like I'd been shocked by a Taser. Damn, I was STILL horny as heck!

I used a wash cloth to wipe off my pussy and sprayed somebody spray his mother had kept in there against my crotch to try and hide the distinct odor of sex that I knew must have been potent. A shower would have been a good idea at the moment but there just wasn't time. My makeup wasn't too bad taking into consideration my activities of the past half hour or so but my purse was out in the car still so I would just have to touch up before we got to the party.

Back in the bedroom, Steve was buttoning his shirt and then he slipped his shoes on and tied them. He combed his hair - it was really a sorry mess, and then turned to kiss me again.

"Did I ever say I loved you?" he teased me.

I flashed my engagement ring at him and replied, "Not enough times."

"Well I love you Kelly," he said in a firm low voice and then we kissed again, longer and harder this time.

I could have sworn I felt a storing in his crotch and I knew we had better get going before something got out of control.

"Bye mom!" Steve called out down the hall as we left.

I heard her say something faintly in return but we were already in the kitchen and then out the door so I couldn't really hear what she had said.

This time I managed to get to my car without the wind blowing my skirt up. I grabbed my purse and panties and then got in Steve's truck and scooted over to be next to him. I was never a big fan of trucks but bench seats bet the daylights out of bucket seats!

Steve pulled out and I started to reach for my makeup but he put his hand on my purse, preventing me from opening it.

"I believe you owe me something first," he reminded me.

Oh yeah... I HAD promised him something, hadn't I?

"What, did you think I would forget?" he teased him, patting me on the leg and then reaching up under my skirt to rub the inside of my thigh.

With the traffic it was about a twenty minute drive to my Uncle Paul's house and as horny as Steve still was it only took half that time to get him off again. I made sure to keep his dick in my mouth with my lips sealed around his shaft when he came so none of it would get on me or my dress. That left me plenty of time to get my panties back on (something that drew a sigh of disapproval from him) and adjust my hair and makeup. Looking in the rear-view mirror I could see that I was still a bit flushed from my recent orgasm but there was nothing I could do about that but let it fade away on its own.

While I was fixing myself up, Steve started asking me some questions about my uncles and cousins.

"So let me get the scorecard straight... BOTH of your uncles have fucked you?"

I nodded so he continued, "But it's your Uncle Paul that has done you the most, right?"

I sighed. Men! How many times had I told him about my family history and he still screwed it up. With a hint of impatience I explained that my Uncle Paul was my oldest uncle and I'd only done him a couple of times. It was my dad's younger brother, my Uncle Jim, that had done me the most but even he hadn't done me in quite a while now. Uncle Jim was an asshole and that's the kindest way I can put it. He drinks too much and thinks women are all put on earth for his personal amusement. The last couple of times I'd let him fuck me was only so my dad could fuck my Cousin Tammy. Since he hadn't done her in years now that she was older and had a serious boyfriend, I saw no reason to let my perverted uncle have any part of me.

"Then Tammy is the one who fucks her brother and dad but Kate is the prude?"

I nodded again and he grinned, "You know, Tammy is hot but I have to tell you, seeing Kate at Thanksgiving was quite a sight. I think I'd rather fuck her actually more than Tammy."

I smacked him on the shoulder with my fist. He knew better than to even joke about doing anything with the older sister Kate. She somehow managed to be more shrewish and prude than even her own mother. She was twenty now and it wouldn't surprise me if she was still a virgin. In fact I would have been shocked had she not been. She reminded me of one of my college roommates that was saving herself for marriage. I wouldn't have cared but just like nudist who think everyone else should be one, she was one of those older virgins who looked down at anyone who was unmarried and not a virgin - like me.

"So what's the deal with your Uncle Paul then?" Steve queried me, "I mean, how does both of his brothers end up fucking their daughters, at least one of them, but he never touched either of his?"

I reminded Steve that my Uncle Paul was eight years older than my dad, ten years older than my Uncle Jim so he had never been as close with them as my dad was with his younger brother. In high school they use to double date and indeed, both of them would fuck the sisters who eventually became my mother and aunt. When my dad married into an incestual family and my uncle got his first taste of incestual sex, it wasn't all that hard to get him to fuck his daughter once she was taken by my dad.

On the other hand, My two cousins under my Uncle Paul were significantly older. Ginny was thirty and Laura was 28. Actually I wasn't even aware that he knew anything about the incest his brothers were engaged with until my Uncle Paul let me in on one of my mother's biggest secrets - that they had been fucking for years without anyone know, not even my dad.

"So when was the last time your relatives have fucked you?"

Wow, I had to think about that one for a moment. In a way it raised in interesting point. While there had been a period back in high school when I had a lot of sex with others in my family, once I went away to college and then especially since having graduated the amount of sex I had with my relatives had faded to almost nothing. It wasn't because I felt it was wrong but more that either it just wasn't something available or, as it was with uncle Jim and his son, they just turned into such assholes that I wanted nothing to do with them.

"So who are you going to let fuck you today?"

I laughed at my horny fiancé. Like with a houseful of people how was THAT going to happen?

"What's the matter, getting conservative in your old age? Maybe a little chicken now that you're about to take the plunge?" he taunted me.

I punched him again. Heck, after some of the things we'd done recently the last thing I deserved to be called was conservative! As for being chicken, that was just plain insulting.

"I bet you can't get them to do you today," he challenged me.

"And what do I get if I do?" I offered back, my eyes sparkling.

"Well, you get two guys fucking you to start," he laughed at me.

"That's not what I meant," I came back. Steve's brow wrinkled as he concentrated while trying to keep his attention on the road.

"I'll fuck you after the party."

I laughed again at that one. "You were going to fuck me anyway and you know it."

Steve pretended to be shocked but then he grinned and turned to me briefly to smile. "Well, I MAY have been thinking about that."

I waited, not saying another word, leaving up to him to respond.

"OK, how's this... I promise to go to church with you the next two weeks."

Now that might not sound like much but then you have to understand how I feel about God and church. With Steve's work schedule going to work was quite a problem so I never pestered him about it but I really did wish he would go more often. Heck, today was Easter and he still hadn't made it.

"You're on!" I exclaimed, meeting his challenge.

"Just one thing," he said, holding up a finger, "I get to inspect to be sure they cum in you."

"God you can be such a perv sometimes," I teased him but I agreed and so it was on.

We were almost to their house anyway so I checked my makeup one last time. Looking in the mirror I saw my reflection and wondered if my two uncle would be getting this close and personal before the afternoon was over. They would if I had anything to say about it and now I had the perfect incentive.

## 3. Nieces and Uncles

My dad's side of the family is pretty much on the conservative side overall. The only reason my father is any different from his brothers was because he married my mother. You don't marry a woman who fucks her father and not change your thoughts and opinions about family sex rather substantially. My Uncle Rick was just a jerk so while he may have jerked off dreaming about his daughters, I seriously doubt he ever would have fucked his youngest daughter without the help of my parents first. As for Uncle Paul, it was my mother that "converted" him and even then it was just sex with his sister-in-law, nothing to do with anyone in his own family.

As a result, I grew up in a much different environment than any of my cousins. Ginny and Laura were pretty much your typical soccer moms now. Except for a rather colorful bachelorette party many years before, I'd never seen either of them do much of anything sexual or even risque. As for Kate and Tammy, Kate had grown up a virtual clone of her mother. The only reason Tammy was as she was had more to do with being the little sister trying to out-do her older sister and rebel against her mother than anything to with incest. If it hadn't been for my influence no doubt she would have never started having sex with her father and brother.

Then there was me. I was always like the black sheep of my generation, at least in the eyes of my aunts and older cousins. While we were always careful that nothing that had anything to do with incest was ever brought up when they were around, I WAS a lot more sexually involved in my social life than was the norm in my dad's family. My mom allowed me to wear outfits that both my aunts, especially my Aunt Sheri, thought were positively disgraceful. What they didn't seem to realize was that by carping on my mother all the time about it all it did was make her mad and encourage me to be all the sluttier around them.

Of course I doing so I also grabbed the attention of my uncles. Remember, I didn't even start fucking my dad until I was sixteen and I didn't do my Uncle Jim until I was 19 and my Uncle Paul at 23. Thus for most of my teen years I had no sex with anyone beside my dad so far as our family goes. That doesn't mean I didn't tease my uncles, to say the least. Kristen was very similar to me and my Aunt Linda got her fair share of abuse from my other aunt's as well. She tended to react the same as my mom, dressing Kristen in scandalous outfits and bikinis just to push my other aunts' buttons.

The two of us loved to tease our uncles. If there is one thing a girl learns at an early age, it's when a man looks at her "that way". I mean in a way you KNOW what he wants - to fuck you. It's in the DNA and men can't help themselves so I don't understand why women get upset when their man looks at other women that way. Like, what's the harm in LOOKING? It's not until they start touching that any concern should be raised.

As Tammy got older, much to the horror of her mother and to the delight of her two uncles, she started to join in with me and Kristen when it came time to sit on our uncle's laps and grind in a little. I loved the feel of them under me and the embarrassment on their faces when I felt them reacting uncontrollably. It was funny but when my aunts would come in and demand that we get off their laps the people who protested most was my uncles. I think they figured it was bad enough that we

uncles to help me out meeting Steve's challenge without having to resort to any stunts. The key was going to be figuring out the logistic more than anything else. Having sex would be fun but getting caught would have serious ramifications.

Was it all worth the risk? Well, if it wasn't risky it wouldn't be as much fun!

## 4. Uncle Jim Fixes Steve's Truck

We finally arrived and I saw the street was lined with cars so I knew we had to be the last to arrive. Oh well, it's not like I was the awesome cook that had to be there or dinner wouldn't get served. If anything they were probably better off NOT having me anywhere near the kitchen! If it didn't heat up in the microwave I was in trouble.

Walking in, almost nobody noticed us at first as the place was a madhouse. Laura and Ginny each had two kids and it seemed like there were twenty of them instead of just four. Everyone was talking and milling about, the men trying to sneak in the kitchen to "test" the food while the women would shoo them away. My Aunt Julie (Paul's wife) was the first to notice us and she welcomed us to her house, even giving Steve a hug. Next was my Aunt Linda and I noticed when SHE gave Steve a hug it lasted just a little bit longer. Not so much as to draw attention but I knew what must have been going on between them in their minds at least. My mom's sister was definitely my fiancé's favorite aunt! Of course it didn't hurt she was the only one he was having sex with but I could tell from the way he looked at Aunt Julie that he wouldn't mind making that two.

Aunt Seri was the next to say hello and I noticed Steve was polite but made to keep his distance. I couldn't blame him given the way she'd let herself go over the years. Small wonder her husband always wanted to fuck me and her daughter! She looked at me as I was taking off my jacket and as was usually the case, couldn't help but make a critical remark.

"I see you couldn't wear something decent even for Easter, could you?"

I was about to say, "Well, at least I put my panties on after church," but held my tongue. True, it would have been a slight exaggeration but it would have been fun to have seen her reaction. Fun but not worth the resulting aggravation. As it was I just ignored her and grabbed Steve's arm as we headed into that family room to greet the guys.

This was the first time we'd gathered as a family since Steve proposed so on the way everyone was looking at my ring and I felt so proud to show it off. Most had seen it during the Christmas holidays at one time or another but I still loved showing it off again. Having Steve standing next to me, so tall and handsome not to mention sexy as hell, and letting my ring tell everyone I was to be his wife filled me with pride and not a little bit of lust as I thought about what we'd just been doing less than an hour ago - not to mention during the ride over. Mmmmmmm, I could still taste his sperm in my mouth!

My uncles were on opposite ends of the couch, leaning into the side cushions while my dad had somehow wrested control over the LazyBoy recliner. I plopped down in the middle of the couch between my uncles and leaned over to give each a peck on the cheek. In doing so my dress would ride up and I was pretty sure it felt like it was enough to let each see my sheer panties when I kissed the other. It was just them in the room at the time along with Steve so it wasn't like anyone could see what I was doing. In any case, every guy in the room had fucked me before, including the jerk who then walked in - my cousin Rick.

Fortunately Steve's challenge hadn't included my cousin. To be fair, I probably would have physically enjoyed him the most as somehow he won the lottery and had the biggest dick of the bunch. It wasn't so much the length as it was the overall thickness combined with respectable length. It was about the perfect dick so far as I was concerned - short enough to fit in me comfortably while long enough to allow for plenty of movement without him slipping out of me. Thin enough to slide in me without making me feel like he was splitting me in two but thick enough that I didn't mistake it for his finger. His dick only had one flaw - it was attached to an absolute jerk.

I held my hand out for Steve and helped pull me up and off the couch, back onto my heels again. I was tempted to kick them off and I knew sooner or later they would be history before the afternoon was over but I figured I should leave them on at least until dinner which was only a maybe a half hour away. Once up, I straightened out my dress, making sure to pull up on the top such they could see what I was doing. I winked at my uncles as I did.

"My goodness, this darn thing just won't stay up," I pretended to complain.

I saw them both watching me and my mind raced as to how I was going to deal with them. I probably could have just gone to them both and asked them to fuck me and no doubt they would have but where was the fun in that, let alone the challenge?

Besides, though they may be brothers there were ten years difference between them not to mention very different loves and careers. In fact, if you met them on the street you would have never even guessed they were brothers.

Fortunately I'd had enough experience in such matters that I was able to come up with a plan quickly. I saw Steve looking at me, grinning at me with that subtle little smile that I knew so well. It was like when he would watch me at some party or other affair when he would ask me to go seduce a guy, just to see me do it. It was his turn to get the wink from me as I put my first plan into action.

"Uncle Jim, Steve had a question some problem his truck and I wondered if you could help him before we ate dinner?" I asked.

He was the one I looked least forward to doing this with so if I figured why not get it over with as quickly as possible. Since Uncle Jim was a self-proclaimed super-mechanic, he immediately rose to the bait.

"What's the problem" he asked Steve, sitting up on the edge of the couch.

Steve looked at me with a "what the heck?" expression but he played along saying, "Probably be easier to show you. You can probably fix it in the time it takes me to explain it."

The three of us went out of the family room and headed for the door.

"And where are you all going"? Aunt Sheri asked, spying us as we put on our jackets, "Dinner will be ready in 20 minutes."

My uncle assured her that he could fix anything in that amount of time. I just shook my head at him. God, he could be such an idiot sometimes. Well, make that most of the time. No... ALL of the time.

We had to walk down the block a little to where Steve had parked in front of a vacant lot next to my aunt and uncle's house. They were at the end of a cul-de-sac where it was only them and neighbor to the other side which was why everyone had lined up in this direction.

We got down to the truck and stood there. Steve didn't say anything as he no doubt had no idea what was wrong with his truck. My uncle finally said, "Well, what's wrong?"

I glanced around to see that nobody was around. The coast was clear so I reached under my dress and pulled down my panties, stepped out of them and held them up.

"Well, the problem is on the way over her I wanted to get fucked but we were running late so now I'm all horny. See how wet my panties are?"

OK, so it was corny and stupid but then I wasn't dealing with a rocket scientist. This was a guy who would have seen a porn scene play out just like this and be convinced the girl was a real amateur being caught on a hidden cam. The only thing that I think confused him was Steve being there. Well, Steve wanted proof so he was going to get it - live and in person.

One other little issue... I had never told my uncle that Steve knew about my "family" relationships and I wasn't sure whether my dad ever had told his brother. Judging from the flush that was rising on my uncle's face, apparently he hadn't.

"Ummmmm, is this some kind of joke or what?" he stammered. Then he looked around saying, "OK, where's the camera... very funny Kelly... very funny indeed."

I moved up closer and ran my hand up under his crotch and pressed my palm against his dick underneath his pants.

"It's OK... Steve knows everything Uncle Jim... everything," I said in as sultry a voice as possible. "In fact, it was HIS idea to have you fuck me today so you should thank him."

Talk about a man in conflict! On the one hand, literally, I could feel him reacting under my palm. It was obvious the desire was there. On the other, I could tell he was still thrown by Steve being there. He'd only met him a couple of times and they had never even talked much together and even then only in groups so it wasn't like they were best buddies or anything like that. Finally his eyes told everything as they darted all around, checking out the neighborhood and then back to the house to see if anyone was watching.

"Oh don't worry, we'll do it in the cab where nobody can see us," I assure him, opening the driver door and jumping in, then scooting across.

I twisted and sat back against the passenger door, put my feet up on the seat and spread my legs, letting the dress fall back to my waist to expose my now bare pussy.

"C'mon Uncle Jim, you KNOW you want to fuck me," I teased him, reaching down to start rubbing my pussy for him to watch.

Uncle Jim looked at Steve but seeming to know what to say. Steve just put up his hands like he was being arrested and grinned. "Hey, I learned a long time ago when Kelly wants something, Kelly gets it."

"So are you going to watch or what?" my uncle finally asked, never taking his eyes off of my pussy where my middle finger was now pressing inside of me.

Steve shook his head. "Fuck no, I'll just keep an eye out if that's OK with you."

"C'mon Uncle Jim... fuck me!" I called out merrily.

It was all I could do to keep from cracking up and laughing uncontrollably. Everything about this was so ludicrous yet at the same time it was that very element of it that made it so erotic. I mean, here I was in a pickup truck parked on the side of the street, my dress hiked up with my pussy exposed to the cold April weather, frigging myself and calling out to my uncle to fuck me while my fiancé stood outside standing guard. As I've heard comedians say when they tell a ridiculous story based on fact, you just can't make this stuff up!

My uncle finally got in and once again I thanked the gods for Steve's huge bench seat. I wonder if it was standard or something he had to special order and if it WAS a special order, was this the sort of thing he had in mind when he ordered it?

"About time," I huffed, pulling my dress out from under my butt so it wouldn't get anything on it.

I kept my jacket on as it was chilly and besides, there was nothing in Steve's challenge that said he needed to do anything but fuck me for me to win. Indeed, technically he just needed to stick his dick in me even for a moment for me to win this round but then if I was going to let my jerk f an uncle fuck me, I may as well get something out of it for me as well.

"Fuck, I can't believe I'm letting you talk me into doing this," he grumbled as he undid his belt and pants.

He pulled his pants and underwear down far enough to release his dick but like me, kept his jacket on so anyone looking in wouldn't see a bare ass. Not like it wouldn't be obvious what we were doing but at least he would spare the eyesight of any unfortunate soul that happened to look in and got a glimpse of his hairy fat ass.

"Ummmmm, I like it when you get nice and hard for me Uncle Jim," I said, trying to sound like I was thrilled at what I saw.

Truth being I tried keeping my eyes closed as much as possible so I would NOT have to look at him. So long as I couldn't see him then it was just another dick in me.

"Have it your way sweetheart," he mumbled as I felt him press against my pussy.

He had a firm grip on his shaft with his right hand and he used his hand to rub his dick over my pussy, pressing just the tip in enough to wet it and then spreading it over the rest of my pussy, followed by rubbing hid sick up and down my slit to wet it as well. Once he was lubed he held it at my opening and then with a grunt, pushed it into me until half the shaft was in me with the first thrust. That was quickly followed by another and he was buried in me.

"Bet you missed my dick, haven't you?" he bragged as he started stroking himself in me. "You're such a fucking cock hound... I can't believe even you would do this in front of your fiancé but you just can't help yourself, can you slut?"

Well, if he was trying to make me feel better about everything he wasn't exactly accomplishing the goal. If I wasn't so set on getting Steve to church I would have pulled away and sent him back to the house with his dick hanging out. Well, technically I had "won" this part of the bet as he had now penetrated me but I WAS horny and he DID feel good in me. If he would just shut his mouth I wouldn't mind so much what was happening.

As I laid on my back I couldn't see a thing outside the truck. If someone was to drive by I doubted they would have seen anything but it was still pretty hot to be doing it just down from where all my relatives were gathering for the meal. It was almost like I wasn't even there, as if I was just dreaming the entire thing as Uncle Jim huffed and puffed as he did his best to fuck me. Well, if he would lose a few pounds maybe he wouldn't get so out of breath!

"I'm gonna cum in you," he groaned as he started to thrust himself in me even harder, "Gonna fill your cunt with what you want. Tell me you want it slut... come on, you KNOW you want it."

OK, so I really wanted Steve to start coming to church with me and I was willing to do most anything to wrangle him one way or another, but I do have my limits. I was willing to let my nasty uncle fuck me but no way was I going to beg him to cum in me. When you come right down to it, no matter whose dick is in me, physically the act of a man mating me is technically the same no matter who he is. Well, that may be true in some textbook but try telling that to my pussy.

For me, it makes a BIG difference when a man comes in me depending on who he is, why we are doing it, and so forth. Heck, physically it's not that big of a deal in the first place to be frank. Most of the time the only way I really know it's even happening is from the way the man acts or if he flat out tells me. Of course afterwards it's obvious when it's draining out of me but at the moment he's cumming, I may get a slight sensation of warmth but that all depends on how much else is going on at the time. Typically when a guy comes in me it's just sex so far as I am concerned and it's more a matter of convenience and ego. First, I'd MUCH prefer a man to cum in me than all over me. Some guys try to pull out and make it to my mouth which would be perfectly fine with me but most of them wait too long and they're spurting all over the place before they get it in my mouth. By ego, I mean it's rather demeaning to have a guy fucking you and then pull out at the moment of climax. It's like he is saying my pussy is good enough to get him off but not enough to get his cum.

With some guys the act of cumming in me signifies more which makes it special to me. This particularly applies to married men who are cheating on their wives. For a husband to fuck me in lieu of his wife is erotic to start with, but then for him to cum in me is like the ultimate betrayal of his vows. This is one case where I especially get upset if he tries to pull out. Like, he wants to fuck me more than his wife but then at the last minute he tries to ease his conscience by not going TOO far. I love it when a guy is cheating with me because it tells me he finds me so sexy and attractive that he will betray the most sacred vow he can ever make just for a few moments with me. Is it any wonder I expect him to complete the act?

Finally, there are those men for whom the act of giving me their sperm is an indication of their love and respect for me. Until recently, that list was rather short - just one man, my dad. For my dad to cum in me is one of the most special moments in my life, one that amazingly I can have repeatedly as well. He's not just some guy getting off and I just want him to be neat about it. He's not cheating on his wife because she is my mom. He is my father and as such when he cums in me it means he loves me enough to give himself to me in every way. It means he respects me enough to not just love me but to stay in me when he reaches that ultimate state of ecstasy. It means I am giving myself to him totally, in every way I can as a daughter should to her father. Of course now I have Steve so that makes TWO men on my list of "special" men.

As much as my Uncle Jim disgusts me, I let him fuck me at times because I hate my Aunt Sheri so much. I only wished she could see what her husband was doing now. If she thought I was a slut before, just let her see how her husband loves sticking his dick in me like he was at this very moment. If she thought I flirted and flaunted myself too much, let her see my new dress hiked up to my boobs so her husband could fuck me. Of course I could never allow such a thing to happen in my own family, but the thought of it as my uncle started to cum in me helped me to feel better about what I was doing.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned as he drove himself deep inside of me, his incestuous sperm ejaculating from his rigid dick as deep in me as he could shoot it.

It was over quickly and he immediately pulled out and started gathering himself back together again.

"You know any time you want it where you can get it slut," he mocked me. He looked down at my pussy as I just laid there with my legs apart. "Damn, that felt good. Haven't left a load that big in ages... enjoy it slut."

It took all my willpower not to respond as I was thinking at the moment but it was over and I'd accomplished half my goal. Though I would never have admitted it to him, my pussy WAS feeling pretty good at the moment so it wasn't like it had been a total waste of time. Once he had his belt tight he backed out of the truck and headed back on his own to the house hitching his pants as he walked.

"Hey, you OK?" Steve asked, poking his head inside. I was still on my back, gathering my thoughts together.

I lifted my head up to look at him and grinned as best I could. "What's it look like silly?" I said, trying to make it sound like I was fine with everything. "Do you have a towel or something I can clean myself off with?"

Steve reached behind the seat and pulled out a roll of paper towels and handed it to me. I scooted back so I could sit up with the passenger door behind me. Pulling off a couple of the towels from the roll, I put them between my legs and did my best to squeeze as much of my uncle's cum from me as I could. Damn, he really HAD cum a lot in me! The towels were pretty soaked before I was done but at least I wouldn't be dripping all over the place and spotting my panties too much.

"Can you do something with these?" I said to Steve, handing the cum-soaked towels to him.

He took them like I had handed him a handful of dog poop but he didn't complain, tossing them into the back of the truck for now. Meanwhile I'd hiked up my panties and got out of the truck, pulling the hem of my dress down and straightening out my boobs underneath.

"Well, one down, one to go," I said as cheerfully as I could, reaching up to kiss him quickly on the lips. At least I hadn't sucked my uncle's cock as I knew Steve wouldn't have touched my lips with my uncle's taste on me.

As we walked back, Steve held my hand tightly and I could the something was bugging him. Just before we went back in I turned to him and asked him what was bothering him.

"I don't know," he hemmed and hawed but I wasn't letting him off the hook, "I guess I just don't understand how you can let guys like that fuck you is all. Your uncle is a real jerk and face it, I know I'm a guy but still, he doesn't seem all that pleasant to have sex with."

"Well, haven't you ever fucked a girl who wasn't that pretty or maybe a little overweight or whatever?" I asked.

"Not really," he answered, "I mean, I like a girl to be attractive and sexy, not just another pussy."

"Well just remember, I never would have done him in the first place if you went to church with me today," I teased.

We were late so we could hold this debate later. Back in the house I saw that people were starting to gather and as I hung my jacket back in the closet, I felt someone grab my arm and when I turned to look it was my cousin Tammy, her eyes burning a hole through me.

"Tell me my dad didn't just do you," she hissed under her breath.

"Why? What's the big deal?" I whispered back.

"Oh god so you did," she sighed, rolling her eyes back. "I could tell the minute he came back in with that look on his face and I realized you were gone at the same time. What the hell were you thinking? What if someone had seen you?"

Her mother called out to us, telling us to get seated so I didn't have time for a detailed explanation. I just told her that we could talk about it later but not to worry about it. She just huffed and went ahead of me to take a seat. I wondered what the big deal was. Heck, it's not like she never did it with her dad so why suddenly so worried about me?

At the table I sat next to Steve and fortunately was at the opposite end from my uncle and Tammy. Somehow I had a feeling Aunt Sheri had some input to the seating arrangements. Well, she needn't have worried. I doubted her husband would be fucking me again for a long time! Once was all I needed from him today – and for a long time to come. In the meantime, I could tell I hadn't gotten all of his cum out before as I felt my panties start to grow damp against me. Oh well, so long as it was just a little it wouldn't smell.

I looked across the table where my Uncle Paul was sitting with my Aunt Julie. He really wasn't paying all that much attention to me but I knew I was soon going to change that. I had a plan, it would soon be time to put it in motion and complete my challenge with Steve.

# 5. Uncle Paul Gets His Turn

Compared to Uncle Jim, Uncle Paul would be more of a challenge. With Uncle Jim, it was just too easy as he was nothing but a horny perverted nasty man. All I had to do was spread my legs and Uncle Jim was mine.

With Uncle Paul, it wasn't that he needed to be convinced to have sex with me, but he was considerably more mature and careful than his disgusting younger brother.

The first time I was with Uncle Paul was almost two years ago. I was 24 at the time so it wasn't like I started having sex with him as soon as I got into incest with my dad and other uncle. In fact, my dad had always cautioned me not to get too carried away with his older brother as he wasn't into that sort of thing and didn't cheat on Aunt Julie. Well, my dad is pretty smart but sometimes he doesn't know everything.

As it turned out, I learned that not only did Uncle Paul want to fuck me, he had been doing my mom for years. Now granted, my dad as technically correct in saying he wasn't cheating as it was within the family, but I don't think my dad was trying to split hairs at the time. I had little doubt that Aunt Julie wouldn't have agreed with my position either.

I really couldn't blame my mom as while my dad had several yummy options to deal with his needs without committing adultery, my mom's choices were limited to Uncle Jim and his son Rick, neither of which were all that appealing. There was a time where she used Rick as some sort of boy toy and no doubt his better-than- average dick didn't hurt either, but it couldn't have been as emotionally satisfying as it was for my dad when he fucked my mom's sister.

After the first time I had sex with Uncle Paul once more a few months later and that has been it until now. We kept it between ourselves, just as he had with my mom. Other than me and mom, there wasn't even a hint of incest in his family and some people would say that fucking the tow of us wasn't exactly biblical incest in the first place since we weren't blood relatives. So while I knew he had in interest in me in the past, he didn't exactly chase after me the way my other uncle did. In fact, since we had sex if anything he remained even more distant from me whenever he could.

As we ate and talked, I felt Steve's hand on my leg under the tablecloth. Naughty boy... but I loved it. Of course nobody could see but it still felt rather naughty as he eased his hand under my dress and up to my hips, putting his whole hand on my bared leg. I uncrossed my legs and shifted slightly in my seat to make it easier for him and he quickly responded to my offer, running his fingers up against my panties.

"So did Jim get things working?" Uncle Paul asked, breaking my concentration on where Steve's hand was groping me.

Steve nodded and said something about how he'd just needed to plug something or another up. I elbowed his gently to remind him that not everyone at the table might appreciate WHAT my uncle had plugged.

Of course it went right over my aunt's head but I say a gleam in Uncle Paul's eye. Yeah, he knew what Steve was REALLY saying.

"Sometimes you just need to treat an engine like a woman," he said as he looked at me and winked. "Seems they're never happy unless they are constantly getting attention."

This time it was my aunt who elbowed her partner but she had no idea that she was reading his comments entirely wrong. From the way my uncle was smirking I knew he knew EXACTLY where I'd been paid attention."

It was all just a game, no different than when I would jump on his lap or sit next to him and rub up against him. Harmless fun. I knew it would take a lot more than subtle hints and risque conversation to get my card punched for my second challenge of the day.

After dinner the men went off to the family room to watch something on TV while the women, of course, cleaned up after everyone. I helped to clear off the table and wrap up the leftovers, leaving the dishwasher duties to my younger cousins. The kitchen was way overcrowded so I figured it might be an opportune time to finish up my duties for the day.

I headed off to the bathroom first to clean myself off again. My panties were soaked in the crotch now and I debated just taking them off but then if any of the women noticed it would be a scandal, family or not. Still, I didn't know how Uncle Paul would react to greeting my open legs and seeing his brothers cum wetting my crotch. Even if it really didn't qualify anymore as sloppy seconds, I knew a lot of guys are NOT into sex right after another guy does me, despite what the stupid porn videos might lead you to believe.

I checked myself in the mirror and was about to leave when I thought about it yet again and decided the heck with it. So long as I had them back on again before I got together with the women things should be OK. I reached under my dress and pulled the panties down to my ankles where I carefully stepped out of them. I had left my pure with my jacket so I dug around the closet and stuffed them between a couple of bath towels. I wouldn't be all that long and I doubted anybody would be needing a bath any time soon anyway.

Heading back toward the stairs, I noticed the master bedroom door was open down at the end of the hall. As tempting as it was to check it out, it would be just my luck the wrong person would come in after me and question why I was there. No, it was better to get going and get this over with while the timing was right.

Back in the family room, I was the only female in there as the three brothers and my cousin watched ESPN. ALL of them had fucked me in the past so I could have stripped in the middle of the floor and none of them would see anything they hadn't already. The reality was that neither my dad or Uncle Jim knew their older brother had done me and I didn't think this was exactly the right moment to break the news. Otherwise this would have been as simple as walking in and flashing them , then dragging my Uncle Paul off and to the bedroom. Still, there were ways to accomplish the same ending without being so blatant about it.

"Ummmmm, Uncle Paul, somebody did something in bathroom," I said, pretending to be embarrassed.

"The other guys laughed as Uncle Paul threw up his hands in mock disgust, "God dammit, how many times have I told people not to flush everything down the damn toilet."

"I'd offer to help Paul but you know how my back has been lately," my dad chuckled, leaning over and grabbing his back as if he was in mortal pain. My other slob of an uncle wasn't even subtle, he just shook his head and waved his younger brother away. Rick, of course, just ignored everyone and kept his eyes glued to the huge flat-screen TV.

"Well, I'd better deal with it before someone else needs it," Uncle Paul griped as he got up and headed towards the hallway where the stairs were.

I told everyone I was going back to help in the kitchen and left, looking back at Steve and winking. Once out of sight of the family room I took a detour back to the stairway where my uncle had already ascended. I made my way to the bathroom where I heard the toilet flushing.

"Hey, I thought you said there was a problem?" has asked when he saw me at the doorway. "Seems to working just fine now."

I walked in slowly with a grin on my face. "Well, I just said someone did something in the bathroom... I didn't say WHAT."

"So what's the story then Kelly?" he asked, his hands on his hips as apparently he wasn't getting my intent... yet.

"Do you realize it's been almost two years since you fucked me Uncle Paul?"

Now THAT got his attention as his hands dropped down and he looked at me with a puzzled face.

"Sort of hard NOT to but I don't see what that has to do with now?" he said but I noticed his eyes were no longer looking at mine but seemed to be focusing considerably lower on my body now.

I turned and closed the door, deliberately making an act of locking it so he could see what I was doing.

"Ummmmm, you DO realize there's a houseful of people down there and everyone will soon need to use the bathroom... get it?" he asked as if I was clueless.

"Then I guess we'd better hurry," I purred as I turned, lifting my dress as I did so my bare butt was showing. I turned my head over my shoulder and smiled back at him. "See anything you like Uncle Paul?"

He was torn but then so far as I was concerned, that meant I had him, it was just going to take another push or two.

"Kelly... any other time... and I mean ANY other time we could do this if you want to so badly but not today. It's just too dangerous."

OK, so it needed to be a hard push. I pulled my dress up over my head and then draped it over the shower bar which left me standing there in nothing but my heels and a necklace. He instinctively licked his lips and I knew I was at least another step closer.

"C'mon Uncle Paul... you know you want me," I said seductively. He needed to be pushed but I had to be careful as he wasn't like my Uncle Jim. If Uncle Paul thought I was just playing him then he would probably just brush me aside and walk out alone without me.

"Shit, what the hell," he cursed under his breath. Yeah, like it was some decision to do something he didn't want to do. I knew better... a LOT better. In any case, I had what I wanted so why rock the boat?

Uncle Paul quickly undid his belt and then his zipper, sliding his pants and underwear down to his ankles but keeping his shoes on. His shirt hung down over his waist, hiding his dick from view but I had a good idea what was happening behind the curtain.

"Come here Kelly," he said, motioning for me to come closer so he wouldn't have to shuffle his feet to get to me.

He grabbed me by the waist and spun me around. "Bend over," was all he said and I followed his instructions to the letter, leaning over and putting my hands on my knees to support myself.

"God you have such a sweet ass," he murmured as I felt his hand rub over my butt. Then he said something under his breath I couldn't quite make out, followed by, "Turn around... I need some... Ummmmm, help."

Not being sure what he meant, I stood up and turned to face him. He'd undone his dress shirt and I looked down to see what should have been a lovely erection only to be greeted by a flaccid cock.

"Damn blood pressure pills," he swore, "Haven't been able to get it up in ages. I thought maybe if you...," and his voice trailed off but I knew what he needed.

Still, now that I realized the problem I wasn't sure if there was anything I COULD do, no matter how talented my mouth might be or how horny he was. We weren't dealing with lack of desire or guilt. This was medical and god only knew what it would take for him to have an erection under the circumstances. Suddenly what looked to be a slam dunk in my quest to get my fiancé to church was looking like a long shot instead.

Reaching down to his limp cock, I held it in my hand and tugged on it gently. I looked up at him in his eyes, still holding his in the palm of my hand and said, "Let's see what I can do for you, OK Uncle Paul?"

I bent my knees and squatted down until my face was level with his crotch. Putting one hand on his leg to support myself, I leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth. Any other time and I would have loved to start this way with a man. There's something about starting when a man is still soft and then feel him grow in my mouth that never failed to run me on. Under the circumstance though, it was more worrisome than erotic.

"That feel so good," he sighed as I started to work my tongue around the shaft and licking him, "Julie won't do anything these days. She hates it when I can't respond." Normally once I started sucking a man's cock it was only a short while before I would feel SOMETHING. Every man seemed to grow an erection at his own rate, some fast while others seem to be more the slow and steady responders. Still, they ALL responded at least a little but... all but my Uncle Paul it seemed. After a few minutes and absolutely no response I was starting to get seriously worried. Damn it, I'd never had a man that couldn't get hard when I was naked in front of him, especially with his dick in my mouth!

"God damn it... I'm so sorry Kelly," he sighed.

Well, if HE was unhappy then how the hell did he think I felt? I'd NEVER failed to get a man hard before and some of them had been on medication as well. Crap, what the heck was he taking anyway?

Hearing how depressed he was becoming I knew THAT wasn't helping matters either. Talk about what was becoming a self-fulfilling prophesy. The more he thought he couldn't do it, the more likely he wouldn't unless I did something... and did it quick.

I stood up and for a moment he seemed to think I had given up but I put up a finger and told him to hand on a second. I quickly rummaged through the bathroom drawers until I found what I was looking for - some baby oil. It seems EVERYONE has baby oil in their bathroom, even though they didn't have a baby. Grabbing the bottle, I turned away from the sink and then lifted myself back up onto it, my bare ass suddenly feeling cold against the chilly counter top.

Uncle Paul was watching me, stroking his dick in what appeared to be a vain attempt at generating an erection. Well, who said a guy had to have an erection to fuck a girl anyway? I spread the baby oil over my pussy, lubing myself up liberally and the motioned for him to get closer. Grabbing his cock, I did the same to it, applying a coating of baby oil over it from the tip of the head down to his balls. Holding it as best I could with the slippery covering of oil, I pressed it against my pussy, trying to push it inside of me somehow.

"This isn't going to work Kelly, I'm useless."

"Just push Uncle Paul," I urged him on.

I had him by the head and I literally stuffed him inside of me using my fingers until the head was actually in me. He tried to push but his cock just folded over on my pussy. He groaned in frustration but I wasn't ready to give up yet. With all the oil it was like trying to grab a greased sausage but I slowly was able to stuff more and more of him in me, even if he didn't dare stroke or anything.

"See? You're in me Uncle Paul," I finally gloated.

It might not have been exactly ready to burst me open or anything but it WAS in me so legally he was fucking me. I smiled as I realized that next Sunday Steve would be in the pew next to me.

Was it my imagination or did his shaft feel a little firmer than it had before? Certainly it was still flaccid but I could have sworn that there was something more there. I wiggled my hips, trying to stimulate his dick in me. He now had it in me and if a warm wet pussy couldn't get a rise out of him, the I would have to declare a truce.

There it was again, not much but definitely something. I put my hand between my leg and touched his dick with my fingertips. Mmmmmmm, there WAS something happening. Not much but definitely there was something going on in the right direction.

"It's working Uncle Paul," I whispered to him, rotating my hips even more to rub my pussy against his dick in me. The odds of him attaining a full erection were still pretty low but then I knew from past experience that a man didn't have to be like a flag pole to cum. I'd fucked my share of older men and while many of them could get just as erect as guys half their age, it wasn't uncommon for them to get only semi-hard before they shot their wad. Maybe I could stimulate my uncle enough for that to happen... it was worth a shot anyway.

Uncle Paul put his hands on me, one under my butt and the other on my breast. I felt him pressing into me, like he was willing himself to fuck me. His medications were a hurdle to but I had the feeling I could feed him placebos at this point and he still would get an erection because he was convinced he couldn't. The male mind was more powerful than any drug!

There it was. A definite movement in me. While still no piece of pipe, he was at least hard enough to move in me without flopping out and that was a definite plus in his favor. The longer this went on, the more his confidence grew and before long he was fucking me in short, small stroked.

"Fuck me Uncle Paul... Fuck me," I whispered to him, trying to urge him on.

At this point I was playing to all his senses, trying everything and anything to get him to cum in me.

When he came I wasn't sure who was more surprised - me or him. Well, most likely him since he as the first to know but he quickly told me and I smiled, pleased at my success. He quickly pulled out and it was evident that he hadn't left anywhere near the bucket of cum that his younger brother has left in me earlier. Still, it served both our purposes.

"Thank you Kelly... god it's been so long." I looked at him and for a moment I thought he was going to cry!

I couldn't imagine what it must be like to go without sex for so long. I mean, for me to go one DAY is burden but to go over a YEAR? I'm not sure I can even imagine such a thing.

I reached for a washrag and wetted it under the faucet with warm water. This was far better than a paper towel in Steve's truck! I cleaned myself off as my uncle got himself back in order. He looked at his watch and cursed.

"Shit, I'd better get back or somebody's going to wonder," he stammered. I had a good feeling that by "somebody" he meant Aunt Julie but then I didn't blame him.

"Thank you Kelly.. I really appreciated that," he said as he started to unlock the door. With that he opened it, checked to see that nobody was looking, and then slipped out into that hallway, closing the door behind him.

I sighed and rubbed the wet warm washcloth over my crotch. I was long since cleaned off but it just felt so good against me. For a moment I contemplated getting myself off but then I'd been gone far too long as well. Besides, I knew Steve would be more than happy to help me with anything I might need as soon as we got back to his place.

I retrieved my panties and slipped them on, the wet spot feeling cool against my warm pussy. The dress was next and I checked myself out in the mirror before heading back to the family room. Steve was having some debate about sports with the guys and I pushed myself into the chair next to him.

"Guess who's going to church with me next week?" I said softly to him, poking him the side.

wholesome public version is so different from their private one? Do any of us REALLY know what goes on in the house next door when the blinds are closed?

Whatever "it" may be, it doesn't have to be anything so evil as a Ted Bundy. Is that hunk next door who is always showing off for all the women really more interested in trolling the internet in search of little boys? Is the seemingly naive mouse of a housewife really a lustful cougar after dark? Is your son's basketball coach's computer overflowing with child porn? Does your daughter's teacher peek up the girl's skirts under the bleachers during the pep rally?

When it comes right down to it, although any of these might say something about a person's character, does it really matter so long as it's kept private? Just because a guy has a bigger collection of panties and pantyhose than his wife, does that mean he's any less qualified to be a deacon at his church if the only place he wears them is at home? Does having a penchant for pics of little girls or boys have anything with a guy's ability to coach children so long as he just sticks to collecting photos from on-line? Would you really care if your daughter played with the kids of that mouse of a housewife if she only prowled as a cougar for men at night in clubs?

If you ask me, it's a lot like my position on fantasies. I've always said that I believe that ANY fantasy, no matter how perverted or distasteful, is "OK" so long as it remains just that - a fantasy. Now that doesn't mean that I necessarily share everyone's fantasies or get off from them. Indeed, I find many people's fantasies downright revolting but that I still defend their right to have them - just so I don't have to deal with them.

It's when a person allows their fantasies to carry over into their real lives that problems occur. The same goes with a person's "private" life. So long as it remains private, is it any of my business - or anyone else's for that matter?

Where the line starts to blur is when other people become involved. If you think about that guy with his pantyhose collection, so long as he's the only one that knows about it, so what? But what happens when his wife finds out? Ordinarily I would say it's an issue between two adults but what happens if his kids find out? How do he explain to his teenage daughter or son when they see their dad in mommy's panties or pantyhose? So you see, it's not so easy to categorize everything.

The line gets even fuzzier when kids are involved in adult situations that go beyond mere clothing fetishes. Should children see their parents naked? If that's OK then should they be allowed to see their parents masturbating? Going even further, how about their parents having sex? If even all that's OK then what if the family

his arm around me with his hand a little lower on my hip than most dad's would be doing with their daughter. At the same time I see other families and wonder if their daughter is looking around thinking the same thoughts as me (or son???).

Church is by no means the only place where I enjoy watching people and try to figure out who has a secret. Just about anywhere that families congregate gives me ample opportunities to let my fertile imagination run amok. Even when I'm teaching I sometimes look around the classroom, seeking any indication that there may be something going on that someone doesn't want me to know about.

Teaching in a small Christian school definitely has its ups and downs. On the Down side there is the low pay. It's so low that sometimes I feel more like a missionary than a professional teacher. The lack of benefits can also be a bit daunting. Then of course we don't get all the latest technology or other bells and whistles that the larger and more affluent public schools are blessed with.

On the positive side my class sizes are smaller, the parents are more involved, the rules are more defined (although bit overly strict at times, especially with regards to the dress code) and the kids in general are more attentive and motivated. Overall the positives more than outweigh the negatives so I think it's not a bad deal to be where I am, especially given that for the next school year I'll be married so the pay and benefits issues won't be as much of an issue.

Regardless of whether you're in a private or public school, teaching today is so much more complicated than it used to be. As teachers we aren't just helping kids to learn anymore; if anything that's just a small part of my job description. Today we're also given the responsibility to act as surrogate parents, even if nobody wants to put that in writing.

These days it seems any social or economic issue the kids face is somehow MY responsibility to deal with them. If they don't get a good score on a test it's not that they didn't study or that their parents are fighting every minute at home causing the kids to be more worried about an upcoming divorce than their grades. No, somehow it's MY fault they don't learn.

Perhaps one of the more touchy and hardest to define areas has to do with dealing with child abuse. When is a bruise caused by a fall on the playground or a beating by an abusive father? Is she always quiet because she's overly shy or is it because her father rapes her every night and she's afraid to say anything? Are her clothes a bit tattered because her family can't afford new ones or from her trying to escape yet another beating? When a child pulls away from their parent with fear in their eyes, is it warranted or earned?

All I know is to make the wrong call, even once, can easily spell the difference between a teaching career and the unemployment line. In some cases it could even lead to a criminal record. For many years the default position for most teachers was to ignore anything that wasn't directly connected to school activities. What happened at home, stayed at home so don't get involved.

Well, things have certainly changed. Today I'm not supposed to look the other way, no matter what my personal convictions may be. In fact, the State of Pennsylvania REQUIRES me to report even a mere suspicion of child abuse. Failure to do so can lead to suspension or even revocation of my teaching license, not to mention potential criminal charges.

Fortunately, so far in my career I've never had to face such circumstances. The twenty or so kids I have in my classes come in all shapes and sizes, mostly ranging from ten to twelve years old, but there has never any of the warning signs of child abuse. Until recently, that is... or so I thought.

Kaylyn was a girl in my sixth grade class. She was twelve years old with a birthday coming in a couple of months making her one of the older kids in my class. That's important to note because when you're talking this age group it doesn't take much of an age discrepancy to create radical differences between kids. Although age isn't always the determining factor, in this case Kaylyn was also by far one of the most developed; she'd even started wearing a training bra back at the beginning of the school year. It wasn't one of those thing I would've ever mentioned to her, but as a teacher I try to keep tabs on the growth and development of my students as often it has a direct impact on their learning. A girl dealing with raging hormones and a rapidly developing body certainly isn't paying as much attention to her homework as she did before such complications arose.

At our school the kids are required to wear "uniform clothing". By that I don't mean the classic "catholic girl" uniform of skirt and knee-highs that dominate so many male fantasies. In our case there is some variance allowed for style and manufacturer to allow for parents to manage their budgets, but essentially all the boys and girls dress pretty much the same. Well, I mean the boys dress the same as the pother boys and the girls the same as other girls.

Personally, I'm a huge fan of school uniforms in general as they minimize the differences between social classes. As a former student I know that I would've hated uniforms because I enjoyed dressing a little showier and sluttier than most of the other girls. Still, within the age bracket I was dealing with most of them weren't worried about such things - yet. To be honest, in most cases it was the mothers I worried about more than anything as they're the ones out there buying their ten year-old daughter outfits that would have had them arrested not all that many years ago.

I mention the dress code because it were designed such that girl's clothing would NOT to be revealing or form fitting. Thus as girls like Kaylyn matured, it wasn't as noticeable as it might have been had she attended a public school. This was especially true in sixth grade whereas had our school included older grades then perhaps it wouldn't have been so easy to hide the obvious.

Still, I couldn't help but notice for myself how quickly some girls matured at younger ages and Kaylyn was definitely in one of the higher percentile when it came to body development for her age. In some ways I was even a little jealous of her as I had been at the opposite end of the spectrum back when I was in sixth grade. I still have vivid memories of how some of my friends had such incredible boobs (at least for their age) while I was barely starting to show. It was so embarrassing!

Unfortunately for girls like Kaylyn, she had left most of the boys her age in the dust so far as maturity goes. As a result if anything her rapidly developing breasts and curving hips were the subject of teasing more than appreciation. I felt sorry for her at times when I would catch some little jerk taunting her about her new "titties". Unfortunately there is little you can do at that age but scold them and punish as necessary but you can never stop human nature completely. It didn't help that she was dark-skinned, a result of a black father and white mother. While we would all like to think that discrimination and racism is in the past, someone forgot to tell the kids.

I noticed as the year progressed that Kaylyn seemed to become more withdrawn and shy about her body, holding her books up to her chest whenever possible as if that would keep anyone from noticing how they were quickly pushing her dresses further out.

I also took notice that she was even doing the same when her father would pick her up from school. Her mother had some high-powered sales job so her dad was a stay-at-home father. Whether that was by choice or he couldn't find a job I didn't know for sure. All I knew was I had only seen her mother twice and even then it was just for a brief handshake and hello. I felt bad for Kaylyn and wanted to strangle the little jerks for causing her to be embarrassed of her body to the point where she seemed to shying away from any male, even her own dad.

When it came to the teasing the real shame, at least from my point of view, was that Kaylyn was transforming like a butterfly into quite a pretty young girl. Next year she would be going to a public school where I was sure that the older boys would be much more appreciative of her growing assets than the immature twelve year-olds who formed the oldest male group at our school.

While she may not realize it now, what was causing her so much trouble now would soon become her greatest weapon. I had no doubt that she would be the one calling the shots! With only a couple of weeks to go in the school year, I could only hope that she would make it through without anything traumatic happening. Though as a teacher I wasn't supposed to have favorites, Kaylyn had become one of those students I felt a special care and concern for.

# 3. Suspicions

It was the week before the Memorial Day holiday that I first thought there might be more to Kaylyn that I'd thought. As usual, Kaylyn's dad dropped her off at school. I was watching the kids entering the school from my window and I noticed she got out of the car quickly and started towards the front door without a word to her dad when he called out to her and made her come back to him. Although I couldn't make out what he was saying, she looked really upset. When she entered my classroom I noticed that her eyes were red as if she'd been crying. Naturally I went to her and asked if everything was alright. She just shook her head and turned away, going straight to her desk without a word.

This wasn't the first time I'd noted that something was different with Kaylyn but it was the first time it really drew my attention. In fifth grade she'd been the typical bubbly little girl that squirmed in her seat and never shut up. Throughout her year in sixth grade she had become more withdrawn and shy but I'd attributed it more to do with the teasing she was subjected to than anything else I could put a finger on. However this morning she was downright sullen, not even lifting her eyes to me as I taught. During recess she just stood off to the side, not talking to the other girls and especially avoiding the boys.

The next day was a repeat performance and I felt sure that it must be something more than just being yelled at by her parents or an argument with a friend. Finally during the morning recess I went to her and asked again if everything was OK. She insisted she was fine but her expression said just the opposite. Something was bothering her... but what?

Then I remembered how she had looked with her father the previous morning and took a shot in the dark. "Kaylyn, did your daddy tell you not to say anything about what's bothering you?"

The innocence and naivety of a young girl, even one maturing as quickly as Kaylyn, cannot be underestimated. I could've asked her yet again if everything was OK but she would've certainly continued to deny anything was wrong. By asking her if she was told not to say something, it allowed her to answer more truthfully without violating any instructions she might have against such a disclosure. Good ole' Psychology 101 pays off again!

"Daddy said if I tell anyone the a bad man will hurt him," she suddenly said so softly I barely realized she had said anything.

Whoa! I'd been expecting something more along the lines of her being grounded for not cleaning her room or something like that. It took all my self-control to keep a smile on my face and not reveal my inner shock as doing so would most certainly have made her retreat once again. Instead, all my training regarding potential child abuse kicked in and I gently probed a little more, trying to stay away from anything that would cause her to have to make a direct answer as to what was happening at home between her dad and her.

"You love your daddy, don't you Kaylyn?"

She nodded, biting her lower lip and staring at her brown shoes or something else equally interesting at floor level.

"You would do anything for your daddy to make him happy, wouldn't you Kaylyn?"

Again the nod without looking away from whatever was so important on the ground.

"I bet you're a really good girl for your daddy, aren't you Kaylyn. You do anything he asks. Am I right?"

"Yeah... Daddy says I'm his precious," she murmured softly, a slight smile coming to her face.

Just then the whistle blew and the kids came running back for class. Kaylyn turned to join them and I let her go, a million unanswered questions at the tip of my tongue. My suspicions were certainly been raised but in all fairness to her dad, nothing she'd said could be used to prosecute him assuming there was anything in wrong the first place. After all, what girl her age didn't love her daddy? What could be wrong with her wanting to please her him? Didn't most every dad have a pet nickname for his daughter? My dad always called me his "baby" and STILL does even though I'm now 26.

The key factor for me was not in the questions and answers themselves but rather in how she answered them. It's much like reading e-mails where the same sentence can be read by ten people and mean something different to each of them depending on what inflections they use when how they say it aloud. I was once her age, albeit fourteen years ago, but I can clearly remember that I would've done almost anything my dad asked me to. OK, so maybe cleaning my room was a constant sore spot but you know what I mean.

As a matter of fact, had it not been for my mother's overly protective nature, those "requests" could have been much more intimate than they were. Was Kaylyn's mother as diligent as mine had been when it came to monitoring her husband's feelings and needs for his daughter? For that matter, was she even aware of what was going on - assuming anything was in the first place? Again, was there anything she needed to be aware of in the first place or was I just letting my prolific imagination run wild?

I didn't have another opportunity to talk to Kaylyn privately until lunch at which time I asked her to stay in the classroom with me while the other kids went to the lunchroom, supposedly to help me with something or another. She seemed nervous, probably worried that she'd done something wrong, so I quickly put her at ease. There wasn't a lot of time before someone would question where we were so I got straight to the point, or at least in as short a path as I could take under the circumstances. I'd had enough training drilled into me to have a pretty good idea of where to direct the discussion.

"I just want you to know Kaylyn that it's wonderful that you love your daddy so much and that you work so hard to please him," I said, taking a seat at the desk next to hers, "You know... not every girl is such a good girl as you are."

She smiled shyly at me, then looked down at her desktop.

"Does your daddy give your presents when you're especially good?"

At that she smiled more and her eyes lit up but she didn't answer.

"What kind of presents are your favorite that he gives you?"

She glanced around then looked shy again but I just smiled at her and waited patiently for her to work it out herself.

"I like it when he buys me pretty clothes."

"Oh that's nice," I encouraged her, "Did he buy you a pretty dress?"

She shook her head but didn't answer. For a moment I thought she was going to retreat back into her shell again and I hoped that I hadn't pushed too hard.

"I bet he likes you to wear them for him, doesn't he," I said as an image starting to go through my mind.

Kaylyn just nodded again but a thin smile began to reappear. I was tempted to ask her if her mom had ever seen her in those clothes but if I was right, then I was pretty sure what the answer was already. If I was wrong, then it didn't matter anyway so I decided to not push her too much.

"You know Kaylyn, when I was your age my daddy use to take pictures of me when I wore special outfits that he bought for me. Does your daddy like to do that when you wear special clothes just for him?"

Her eyes brightened again at that. Once again I could relate to her response. Indeed, my dad DID take pics of me when I was her age wearing all sorts of outfits. I always loved wearing the ones he gave me the most when he took the photos because I could tell it made him happier when I wore those. Just as Kaylyn seemed to enjoy posing for her dad, I loved it myself when I was her age. The key was that's ALL my dad did when I was her age - take pictures. The difference was that somehow I was getting the impression that Kaylyn's dad was doing more than making it a Kodak moment.

Just then my co-teacher popped her head in the classroom door, asking me if everything was OK. I assured her that all was well and that we were just finishing up. Kaylyn took it to mean we WERE done and she rushed out to join her friends without looking back or saying a word. My co-teacher watched her fly by and I could see the questions in her eyes but she didn't press me on the issue.

The next day Kaylyn's dad dropped her off at school as always but this time I didn't see anything going on between them. Indeed, she even kissed him on the cheek when he leaned over to hug her goodbye. Any signs of tension or distress were clearly gone. Hmmmmmm, had I misread the earlier situation? Was she just being temperamental, as it seems all girls her age get to be at times? All the answers she'd given to me as far could be read a number of ways, most of which would never have held up in court. So what if she liked to please her dad? Just about every normal girl her age does. OK, so he buys her pretty clothes and takes pictures of her wearing them. We'd never discussed what kind of clothes they were. Sure they were "special" but at her age that could mean just about anything that her dad bought her. To a twelve year-old girl panties with Hannah Montana on them could be just as special as a sheer thong.

If I was to follow the letter of the law, even though I didn't have any "proof" even the mere suspicion of anything between Kaylyn and her dad had to be reported. However, doing so would inevitably end up with the police involved and could potentially turn totally innocent situation into something that could ruin their family no matter what the actual conditions were. It's the case where no matter what the final results were, nobody would ever forget the accusation and most would assume "something" was going on and he just beat the system rather than allow that he was actually innocent of the charges.

Given the potential for harm, even though it was a professional risk for me I just couldn't say anything to anyone until I had more to go on. In any case Kaylyn seemed to be in a much better mood today but I still noted that during recess she retreated off to her own little world. Thus I decided to see if she would be more talkative today.

"Hi Kaylyn, you seem happier today," I greeted her. She looked up at me and smiled, not nearly so forced as she had been the day before.

"Let me guess why you're so happy," I said in an off-hand manner, trying not to threaten her in any way, "Did you make your daddy happy last night?"

She seemed more trusting in me today and I noticed her eyes didn't avert to the ground nearly as quickly. She nodded and shrugged her shoulders a little.

"Did he take pictures of you?"

Again she nodded so I followed up with, "In one of the special outfits he bought you?"

Another nod but this time she grinned a little despite herself and then seemed to be a little embarrassed.

"Has your mommy seen you in those outfits?"

Kaylyn's eyes widened and she shook her head quickly - too quickly for my sensibilities. Obviously her mom hadn't seen her in the "special" clothes her dad was buying her. Just as obvious she didn't WANT her mom to see her so I didn't press the issue of her mother any further. At the same time her silence was becoming a little bit frustrating as well so I took a shot using a technique I often use when chatting

Option 1: I could leave things as they were and hope that nothing ever became public which would cause questions to be asked of the adults who interacted with her - such as her teachers, including me. I suppose I could always plead that she misunderstood the extent of what she had told me and I'd assumed that nothing was going on at home. That would mean not asking her anything else about what was going on at home as well as I'd already most likely crossed the line in terms of suspecting something was happening and not turning it in to the authorities.
Option 2: This one was a lot safer - at least from a strictly selfish point of view. All I had to do was to go to my school administrator and explain to him what I suspected. Then he would be responsible for contacting the authorities and launching an investigation. At best it would prove awkward if nothing WAS going on. Still, it would hold me blameless if something WAS going on. The problem was that if nothing was happening and it was just Kaylyn's overactive imagination at work, then I could be the cause of a lot of tension between Kaylyn's parents, maybe even leading to a divorce. Even worse, what if a vengeful father started looking closer into MY life?
Option 3: This one was the riskiest but also potentially the most interesting. I could continue to do an informal investigation on my own, basically continuing on with what I'd already started. Outside of the group that my dad and aunt were involved with, and ignoring the people I interacted with on the Internet, I really didn't personally know all that many people outside of my family that were involved with incest. Of course I didn't know for a fact that Kaylyn WAS involved with her father but that was what made it potentially interesting.

Three options, three very different potential outcomes. Of course the SAFEST, at least of me, was to turn this all over to the authorities as the law required. Most likely the BEST was the first option, and that was to just leave things as they were and stop sticking my nose where it didn't belong. The most INTERESTING was to continue my private investigation.

Really, if I was honest with myself, there was no reason NOT to go with the "best" option. Turning her father in might be the proper legal thing to do but the potential damage to their family was enormous making it just too risky for me. If indeed there was nothing actually happening and it was just Kaylyn exaggerating things then it would be like telling the jury to ignore the witness's last statement. Of course people would find out that I'd tuned them in so even if the outcome was nothing was wrong, nobody could ever completely erase the damage of the accusation. Could I live with myself if I was the cause of their family breaking apart just so I could keep myself in the safest legal position?

If I didn't take the "safe" option, then what was there really for me to gain by digging any deeper? It's not like I was personally attracted to Kaylyn and was looking for something that would lead to my becoming involved sexually with her. Sure she was cute but then so were many girls her age. Recognizing her sexuality, even allowing my fantasies to get carried away was NOT even close to actually wanting to do anything with her in that way. I've often said that I believe fantasies should be unlimited but that there was a line between fantasy and reality that should never be crossed.

What if I found out for certain that Kaylyn was having sex with her father? Even if it wasn't sex but just voyeurism on the part of her father, what possibly good could come from me knowing about it? Was I so curious that I would want to see for myself? The answer to that is an emphatic NO! Would it make my fantasies any more compelling to know it was REALLY happening versus just thinking about what MIGHT be going on between Kaylyn and her dad? Not really. Even if her mom knew about more than Kaylyn realized, that wasn't going to make ME get off any more than I already did now when I was home masturbating thinking about Kaylyn and her dad.

Actually, my biggest concern was more that if I pushed her further that Kaylyn might say something to her dad about it and who knew where THAT might lead. If everything was innocent, how might her parents react to her teacher asking her about her family life, especially from a sexual perspective? If her father WAS having sex with her, might it scare him into doing something, even if I couldn't imagine what that something might be?

Pushing Kaylyn any further was too risky so If I was going to find out anything there was just one person to talk to - her dad.

push inside of her? Did it excite her when eventually he pushed more of it inside of her pussy?

Wow, talk about an orgasm! I was so freaking horny by that time it was over all I could do was to stay on top of the bed and not jump up and call him to come over and fuck me. My mind was racing with fantasies as I wondered what it would be like to lick his incestuous cum out of his daughter's freshly fucked pussy? What would she taste like? Would she kiss me afterwards and share her father's cum with me, swallowing it down together with me as her father looked on?

Of course it was all fantasy but still as I paced back and forth waiting for her to show up I was being fidgety not only by my nervousness over asking her dad about things between him and his daughter, but also by my lingering fantasies of him fucking me in front of her. Of course I should never have been even thinking such thoughts at all but who can stop them? It's like telling someone NOT to think about pink elephants and then all they can do is think about them!

It was crazy to be standing out in front of school in my coat and long dress, waiting for Kaylyn and feeling horny as heck. Talk about letting your inner feelings take control! I was about one step from ducking inside to the restroom to take care of my growing "problem" when a familiar car drove up and I saw it was Kaylyn and her dad. Thank God... Finally! Then again, I almost wished they were another fifteen minutes late.

Taking a deep breath, I quickly moved to the car where it looked like Kaylyn was saying goodbye to her dad. I helped open the door for her and she looked surprised to see me, not to mention her dad as well.

"Good morning Mr. Smith," I said to him as I gave Kaylyn a quick hug before letting her go by to join her classmates. (Of course that's not his real name!)

"Well good morning yourself Miss Kelly... and you can call me Jerome," he responded, looking at me with a touch of curiosity. (Again, that's not his real first name for obvious reasons.)

I explained to Jerome that I wanted to discuss some of Kaylyn's schoolwork if he had a few minutes. He looked concerned and I felt a little guilty as he likely thought something was wrong with her homework or test scores. Actually nothing could further from the truth as she was consistently one of the top students in her class. Jerome parked his car and soon met me on the steps. It was quite 1chilly so I offered for him to join me in one of the spare classrooms. He agreed and followed me to one of the unused rooms where I quickly closed the door behind us before anyone saw us.

"OK, so what's this all about?" he asked, leaning back against the large desk in the room as he looked around the empty room.

Wow, it was like my mind went blank. I hate to admit this but I felt a little intimidated by this tall black guy who I was now facing along in an empty classroom. He was by no means ugly and looked like he spent some quality time at the gym. One thing I noted was his head was shaved which wasn't a big turn- on for me but then it was better than those guys who cut it down to a bare minimum growth and then left it that way. For just a moment I wondered if he was shaved elsewhere as well but then I quickly put those thoughts aside.

I'd rehearsed this numerous times and thought I was ready but then my nerves took control and my mind went completely blank. I stammered for a moment and then just blurted out the first thing that came to my mind.

"Are you having sex with your daughter?"

OMG, I actually said that out loud! My face immediately reddened and I realized how absurd it must sound for me to make such an accusation right out of the blue. Totally embarrassed now, I just wanted to sink right through the floor or run out of the room and never talk to him again. Instead I just stood there, waiting for him to respond as if I was frozen to the floor.

Jerome just looked at me, his eyes practically boring holes right through me. I was expecting a quick response like asking me if I was crazy or at least some sort of indignation but he just stood there staring at me with his eyes roaming up and down me and then back to my eyes again, as if he was trying to read my mind. This went on like that for almost a minute and I was starting to wonder if I'd better say something but then it was like he made up his mind and he answered my accusation.

"As a matter of fact... yes I do... and as you apparently already know about it then why are you asking me?" he answered back in a matter-of-fact tone. It was if I had asked him some simple question like what his phone number was or something like that..

Wow, did he REALLY say that? He caught me totally off guard. I'd rehearsed all sorts of responses to about every type of protest that I imagined that he might make but never once did I expect him to come right out and admit it. Heck, I wasn't even sure he WAS doing it in the first place.

"Ummmmm, really?" was all I could get out, feeling myself redden even more from the way I was stumbling around this like some amateur sleuth.

"I'm figuring that you've been talking to her and she told you or you wouldn't be asking me such a question in the first place," he said, keeping so utterly calm it was surreal. "So... now that I've answered YOUR question it's MY turn to ask a question. Why are you asking me such a question in the first place when you already know the answer?"

Frankly, I was starting to wonder the same thing myself. Now where did I take this? What had I gotten myself mixed up with? HE was the one who was supposed to be on the defensive, not me.

"Well as her teacher I have a responsibility...," I started to say but he cut me off abruptly.

"Sorry, not buying it," he said, shaking his head slowly, "If that was the case we wouldn't be talking alone in this empty classroom. No... I suspect it would be in some dingy room at the police station."

Then he tilted his head like a dog when it seems to be listening to you, staring at me intently. I was too shaken to say another word so fortunately he took over the conversation.

"Hmmmmmm, let me take a wild guess... I bet you had sex with YOUR father at my daughter's age, am I right?"

I shook my head, not trusting myself to answer verbally. His eyebrows raised as if he was either surprised at my response or disappointed.

"Alright, so be it... but I bet you have at some time or another... am I right?"

This time I didn't answer or move my head but he wasn't fooled.

"Ahhhhhh, so you did... and now I'm guessing that you're turned on because I'm screwing my own daughter like your dad did you... yes?"

He had me pegged but I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of knowing that, or at least I wasn't going to confirm it.

"So what's this REALLY about Kelly... do you want to join in? Hmmmmmm, maybe you have a thing for young girls? Do you want some of my daughter for yourself?"

The way my eyes widened and the astonished look on my face was probably my best answer. Jerome laughed and shook his head at me.

"OK, so maybe that was pushing it a little. So what is it? Are you looking for me to do you?"

"No, I'm engaged," I responded, flashing my ring at him and doing my best to appear offended. Well, it only made him laugh all the harder.

"Big deal, so you've got a ring with a stone in it. Since when did THAT mean anything? My wife has one too but it doesn't stop her from screwing every walking dick she meets. Besides, you didn't exactly say no."

Again, it was like he knew me from my diary or something but there was no way THAT could be true. Still, it was eerie to have someone that I'd never talked to about anything really personal be able to discern me so well.

"Really, I was just curious... I'm NOT interested in having sex with you... OR your daughter for that matter," I finally said in a stern voice, or at least as stern as I could make it under the circumstances.

"Well sorry bitch but I just don't believe you," he came back at me, the smile suddenly disappearing. "We wouldn't be having this conversation if you didn't want something so spill it... what is it?"

"Alright then, how long has this been going on between you and your daughter?" I said, trying my best to deflect the conversation away from me and back to him and Kaylyn.

"You mean between me and Kaylyn?" he asked, "Since Christmas if you're asking about the sex stuff. I've been working on her for well over a year though. It's not like you can just rush into something like this."

"Working on her?" I asked with a hint of incredulity in my tone.

He just shrugged and answered, "You know, touching her, buying her things, taking pictures, that sort of stuff. I didn't rape her you know. She wanted it by the time I had her ready."

"And your wife?"

He threw up his hands and exhaled loudly. "That bitch? She doesn't know nothing. Anyways, all she cares about is work. She's always gone and I know damn well she'll let anybody screw her - male OR female, to get a sale. The only person she won't do is me. Shit, we haven't had sex in over a year now so why shouldn't I get what I can?"

The bell went off and I was late for class. At this point I wasn't sure if I was feeling relieved or turned on. Actually I was more confused than anything. This hadn't gone any way even close to how I'd imagined it might and if anything I had even more questions now than before.

"Why don't you come over some night and we can discuss Kaylyn's 'schoolwork'," he said as I started to leave the classroom, using two fingers on each hand to emphasize the "schoolwork" comment.

Obviously he had much better things to discuss than her grades or at least her grades so far as her class work was concerned. Now THAT was a proposition full of danger and my immediate response was to say no but he cut me off before the words came out.

"C'mon, we both know you're curious and turned on or we wouldn't be here in the first place. Don't worry, I won't be naughty... we can just talk to start with."

Yeah, and the check is in the mail and this won't hurt. "We can just talk" fits right in there with every other cliche and there was no doubt in my mind that "to start with" meant just that. I turned the door knob without answering but he was right behind me, pushing on the door over my shoulder to prevent me from pulling it open.

"Tell you what... 7:00 tonight... I'm sure you have our address in her records."

With that he let me open the door and I hurried down the hall to my classroom without answering, afraid to even look back at him although I could literally feel his eyes boring into me from behind.

Stepping into the classroom I couldn't help but immediately look for Kaylyn. She was chatting away with another girl and didn't even notice me until I called the class to order. My first thoughts when I looked at her was to wonder when the last time she had been fucked by her dad. Now it was officially no longer a question of "if" but more that of "when".

As much as I'd thought about it before, it was always more a crazy fantasy than anything else. Now that it was confirmed I couldn't help but imagine her sitting on her dad's big black dick. OK, my apologies for the stereotype but I couldn't help but wonder if her dad's cock really was as big as people like to say in all the erotic stories and movies.

# 6. Getting Advice From My fiancé - and More

As for what happened the rest of that day, well I haven't hardly a clue. I tried to concentrate on my work but my mind kept wandering off to Jerome's stunning revelations... as then his invitation. Was it really an invitation or something more sinister. Had I refused what would he have done? It's not like he could've told anyone about what we discussed as he had as much if not more to lose than me. Sure my career would be in the tank but he could end up spending time in prison. Talk about a Mutual Assured Destruction scenario...

During a break I tried to call Steve but he must've still been sleeping and had his phone turned off, or at least silenced. Then again, if I knew my fiancé he could have it on full volume right next to his ear on the pillow and still not wake up once he was asleep. There were times this trait worked to my advantage, like when I enjoyed sucking him off in the morning before he woke, but at times this I wish it had some sort of override that would blast his ears.

I ended up leaving Steve a voicemail and then texted him as a backup. Before my parents' divorce I would've sought my mother's advice but now that I'm engaged I try to go to my fiancé before calling my mother way out in Oregon. Of course I still go to my mom for a lot of things but I'm trying to go more to Steve whenever possible.

On one hand it was like the afternoon never existed and then again, it seemed as if it would never end. Talk about being confused! I kept looking at my class but it was like the only student I could focus on was Kaylyn. She didn't look all that different than she did on any other day but I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I kept catching myself thinking about her father and I couldn't imagine such a sweet thing sucking off his dick and then allowing him to penetrate her between those thin coltish legs. It just didn't seem possible.

The more I thought about it the more I started to wonder if he was telling me the truth or just pushing my buttons. I had no doubt whatsoever that he was doing things with his daughter that would have grabbed the attention of the authorities, but other than his mocking answers to my questions I really had no proof that he was doing anything more than that. Kaylyn had told me about undressing for him and him touching her but nothing at all about sex. Then again, I hadn't really posed her any direct questions about that so who knows?

"Well I think I can take care of THAT," he said in a voice even deeper now as his lust began to build even more within him.

Steve grabbed my bare shoulders and pulled me to my feet. Then he twisted me around and maneuvered me towards my bed where I leaned over until I was holding myself up with my hands on the mattress which caused my bare ass to stick out towards him.

"Now THAT'S exactly the type of thing a guy looks forward to seeing when he comes home from work," Steve said as he smacked me playfully on my butt. I shifted my weight so my legs spread further apart, arching my back so my ass lifted up even higher to let him have the best view possible of my hungry pussy.

"Fuck me Steve," I begged him, "God I need it so bad... fuck me PLEASE."

Steve was holding his dick in his hand now, using it to rub along my pussy slit and teasing me as he would push it against my wet pussy hole and then pull it away. I shuddered when he would rub it up against my clit, twisting it in tight little circles all around it.

"In me... put it in me... PLEASE PUT IT IN ME!" I finally cried out, about ready to reach back and grab it so I could push it in me if he didn't stop teasing me with it. He smacked me on the butt again and then I felt him pressing it up against my asshole. I squirmed, trying to keep him away from THAT target.

"No... not there," I whined, wanting him still so badly but not there. Not when I had another place that was designed just for his dick.

"Hey, can't blame a guy for trying."

I didn't feel one bit guilty denying him my ass. My aunt and cousin were more than happy to let him fuck their assholes any time he wanted so it wasn't like he was being denied anything. My view was that when you have something MADE to fit a rigid dick, why not use it as God intended?

"Oh God!" I cried out as he suddenly found the right hole and without an further comment just pushed himself into me. As wet and horny as I was, it wasn't hard for him to penetrate me and fill me with that incredibly rigid cock.

"Fuck me Steve... oh yeah fuck me!"

Once he got started he quickly got into the rhythm, practically pushing me down to my elbows with the force of his thrusts against my butt. It felt SOOOOOO damn good to finally have him inside of me after dreaming about sex all day. I hadn't even asked him what he was doing in my bedroom but at the moment it didn't matter. The only thing I was concerned with was the feel of his perfect cock as it filled me up.

For the next half hour or so my world was reduced to a few square feet on my bed with the emphasis on what Steve was doing to me with that perfect cock of his. We must have fucked in every position in the book until finally he was laying behind me, spooning me with his strong arms over me and his hand cupping my breast. By then we were both exhausted and I loved the feel of his warmth against me with my butt nestled in against his hairy crotch while he slowly fucked me.

"I love you so much Steve." I purred as what had to be my fourth (or fifth?) orgasm filled me with pleasure.

He kept pumping me as I came, my pussy gripping him yet again as I felt even better than before. Then he stiffened and I felt him clutch my boob in his hand as he pushed himself deep into me.

"Cum in me Steve... give it to me," I encouraged him.

Steve's sperm soon was flooding my pussy, filling me with his warmth as he pushed himself even deeper into me. When he finished we just laid there quietly for a few minutes, the soft throbbing of his dick easily discernible in my sensitive pussy.

"Did I ever tell you what a great fuck you are?" he said softly into me ear as he began to kiss my neck and gently stroke my hair.

Steve's dick was still in me and as far as I was concerned, it could stay there all night. This was like I imagined it in heaven, laying in my fiancé's arms, his cock filling me along with his sperm, kissing me and touching me all over. Yep... this was indeed heaven on earth.

"So what's the story?" he finally asked me.

For a moment my mind was still too cloudy to comprehend the question so he repeated himself and this time I finally recalled what it was that had started this whole thing today. God, how could I have forgotten? Well, a slight push by his dick in me was more than enough to remind me.

If anything, this was the perfect time to bring up the subject. One of the first things a girl learns is that if she really wants a guy to do something, all she has to do is let him fuck her and then ask him while he is still blinded by lust. It worked with my boyfriends in school, it worked with my dad, and it certainly worked with my fiancé!

If there was one thing I decided early on with regards to marriage, it was that I wanted to have no secrets from my fiancé. OK, so keeping his birthday party a secret was OK but nothing of any significance. In particular I didn't want anything that had to do with our sex lives to be kept from the other. I'd had enough experience with other people to see where that sort of thing leads to. I didn't want my own marriage to become like so many others where the husband (or the wife in some cases) goes off and does things behind the other's back. Steve knew everything about me before I accepted his proposal - all my boyfriends, all my jobs - even the escorting, all the married men I'd been with, even the two dogs - as painful as THAT was to disclose. Most important, he knew about my incestuous past - and expectations for the future.

Until I was engaged to Steve, my intentions towards marriage had always been that once I got married I would stop having sex outside of marriage, meaning no sex with anyone but my husband and immediate family. This position was a result of being brought up by a conservative mother who believed that sex outside the family was adultery and thus a sin, even if both partners were in agreement.

Well, it's amazing how a divorce can change your mind about such things, and then when Steve expressed interests in swinging that sort of sealed the deal so far as I was concerned. The key for me is that whenever possible we promised that nothing would be a secret. Sure, if there wasn't time to check with the other that didn't mean we had to decline an opportunity, but it didn't preclude the obligation to tell the other as soon as possible afterwards. I don't mean that we planned an "open" marriage but rather one where trust and honesty were the guiding lights.

While I wasn't married to Steve yet, I still wanted our relationship to be as it would be when we were married during our engagement. Thus I wanted to run by him the situation with Kaylyn's dad before I made any decisions myself. Well, what better time to bring up such a question than now after we'd just had some great sex - especially while we were still coupled together? Given I had only a couple of hours now before the 7:00 deadline, I had better get moving!

Steve's hand was still cupping my breast and so I put mine over it, pushing it against me while I wiggled my butt in tighter against his crotch. Taking a deep breath, I slowly explained to him the events of the past few days and then what had happened this morning. Steve didn't say a word the entire time, laying behind me like a statue without even moving a muscle the entire time. Trust me, if he HAD moved a muscle I would've felt it!

"So what do you think honey? Should I go over there tonight?" I finally asked as I wrapped things up.

Steve shifted behind me but he kept his dick in me and I could actually feel him hardening once again. I took that as a good sign - obviously he wasn't turned off by what I'd been telling him.

"So are you telling me that you want to fuck this guy?" he asked softly.

Wow, now THAT was the question, wasn't it. Up until then I really hadn't decided but now I had to go with an answer one way or the other. Truth be told, I had never even considered sex with Kaylyn's dad until today and the way things had gone so rapidly I hadn't really absorbed everything yet.

"C'mon, you know you do," Steve teased me after I failed to answer quickly enough for him, "He's married, his wife's a bitch, and he has a young daughter he's either screwing or wanting to. Didn't you say he was black as well? Sounds like a match made in heaven made just for you!"

Did I ever mention how much I love this guy? You have to admit, Steve's quite a catch and for him to be so understanding of me and what turns me on without getting all jealous and possessive just goes to show how deep our love is for one another. I could've easily married a man and been faithful to him as I had always expected to be and undoubtedly been happy. Never did I even dream that my husband would turn out to be like Steve and actually push me to do the things I loved to do but was willing to give up out of respect and submission to my husband.

My silence was evidently answer enough for him and I felt his dick surge in me. Obviously this was all turning him on as much as it was me and he began fucking me again with renewed vigor. I took it to mean that he was OK with it so I put it out of my mind and concentrated once again on my fiancé's throbbing member.

"Oh... one last thing," he said as I worked on his growing cock, "Do you think they would mind if I came along?"

It was enough to make me drop his dick an look at him eye to eye. I should have anticipate the question knowing Steve's affinity for girls like Kaylyn. Indeed, she would have been just perfect, at least from his perspective. Unfortunately, at least for Steve, I wasn't sure yet what was going to happen this evening, if anything. However, if I took Steve along with me then it was a pretty done deal and I wasn't ready to make such a commitment.

"Sorry... maybe next time," I replied even though I was pretty sure that no matter what happened there wouldn't be a "next time".

"But...," he started to argue but I squeezed his cock in my hand and grinned saying, "Do you want to fuck me again or not?"

He took the hint and let me get back to business without further interruption. Have I ever mentioned yet how much I love Steve? LOL

## 7. Doing Some More Investigating

Somehow I managed to separate from Steve long enough to get showered and dressed in time to get out of the house to meet with Jerome. Unfortunately he and Kaylyn lived way out on the east side of town past Monroeville which meant two tunnels and a bridge for me, not to mention the evening traffic. Thankfully I had my GPS. How anyone found their way around the Pittsburgh area before the GPS was invented is beyond me!

My destination was not in a part of town that I was all that familiar with so I just listened to the annoying voice and followed his directions. I was essentially lost for a while but then I saw a place I hadn't seen in years. It was a hobby shop where my dad use to take me to buy stuff for our radio- controlled model planes that I use to fly with him. I hadn't done much with that in a few years and it had been ages since I had seen this place but the memories came flooding back. The club he belonged to was mostly men his age and older and definitely no other girls my age other than their wives ever showed up at the field. Needless to say I never was waiting for someone to help me fly my planes.

So anyway, that bit of nostalgia went by and soon I was winding my way through the hills until finally the voice said, "You have reached your destination". I checked the numbers on the mail box and thankfully it was the right one as the homes were few and far between this far out of town. I could barely make out a house through all the trees through which a narrow dirt driveway twisted it's way around. As I approached the garage I saw a familiar car parked outside - the same one that Jerome drove every day to drop off Kaylyn so I figured I must have reached the right place at last.

With my car turned off it was deadly quiet and at first I just sat in my car, my mind all a blur. Really, what the heck was I doing here? No lights had come on nor did I see anyone so evidently they didn't know I was there yet. I WAS about ten minutes early but still, I would've thought they would be watching for me. Still, it meant I could turn around and quickly leave and nobody would be the wiser that I had ever been there.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the car door and the dinging chime reminded me to take my keys. For once I was glad to hear it as the last thing I needed was to lock myself out of my car this far from home! How many times had I reminded myself to hide a key somewhere but it seemed the only time I remembered it was at times like this when I wished I had one hidden away just in case.

The house was a small ranch log home; nothing rustic but rather one of those manufactured type homes that looked like a Lincoln Log set on steroids. The one thing I liked was the green metal roof. When I looked around the back I saw what looked to be a hot tub which sort of surprised me. Why it surprised me I can't say, I just wasn't expecting one for some reason. The way it was situated and the furniture around it made it difficult to tell if anyone was in it but it didn't appear to be occupied.

There was a rear entrance but I decided to go back around to the front door. Standing on the front porch in front of the door, I looked back down at the road and realized just how isolated the place was. A car passed by and I could barely hear it and only caught a quick glance of it through the trees. There was certainly no need to worry about the neighbors spying on you here, that was for sure.

I stood up straight, tugging at my skirt to flatten it down after the long drive. It was by no means one of my shorter ones as it almost came down to my knees. Still, I liked it as it was perfect for those time when I wanted to look sharp without being overly slutty but at the same time not looking like I was some sort of soccer mom. I may be only 26 but then I know girls my age with kids who ARE soccer moms so it's become all the more important for me in the last year or two to make sure nobody mistakes me for one of them!

I was wearing a new white blouse with a white bra on underneath and matching white panties under skirt. While not "grandma panties" by any means, they did cover most of my butt while fitting snugly in the crotch. My black heels were only a few inches high and rather solid, nothing like the five inch stilettos I wear when "on the prowl" as my dad likes to say. Looking at my reflection in the storm door glass I thought I looked exactly what I was - a young professional teacher.

Reaching for the doorbell, my finger stopped about an inch away as I couldn't help but think that this was my last chance to back out. I thought back to the questions Jerome had asked this morning, about what it was that I really wanted. God, it seemed like years since that we had talked about all this, not just earlier in the same day. The point was that even now I wasn't entirely sure what I DID want.

"You want it Kelly... I can see it in your eyes... you want my hard black dick in your tight little white pussy, don't you? C'mon, admit it!"

I looked up from his crotch and into his eyes. I felt like I might faint from the tremendous buildup of desire I felt in me at that moment. My tongue ran across my dry lips as I just sat there without saying a word. It didn't take a rocket scientist or a behavioral psychologist to determine that I was all but overwhelmed with sexual desire. One more push and who knows if I could hold back any further.

"Let's do it Kelly," he urged me, "Show my daughter what a slut her teacher can be... teach her to be a real daddy's girl... show her how to please her daddy the way you were taught to please yours."

Well, by the time I was fucking my own father I'd been having sex for two years with a number of boys so it wasn't like I was inexperienced and needed any instruction on how to please a man. That's not to say my mom didn't pass on a few pointers when she would watch us together or offer me some advice when we talked in private. I doubted that Kaylyn had someone mentoring her and it's not like she could discuss it with any of her friends, at least not until her sexual report card read more than just her father on it. Indeed, I was sure I COULD teach her a lot of things that were not in my standard curriculum. The question was, would I?

OMG, I was SOOOOO close to crossing the line. I don't know what more he could have done but had he found it then it would've taken just another nudge and I'd have been naked and rocking on top of him with his cock imbedded in me in a heartbeat. In the end though it was not to be. Maybe had he caught me a few years earlier it would've been different. I'd grown up a lot in the past few years if I say so myself and if there was one area I feel that I've matured more than any other it is in my ability to say NO. Being engaged really had nothing to do with anything as I already had Steve's blessings to have sex with whomever I wanted, any time I wanted. If anything I had a feeling he was going to be disappointed that I hadn't fucked Jerome. Well, maybe not so much disappointed as surprised. After all, anyone who really knows me knows that self-control has never been one of my best virtues.

Jerome was much too horny to wait forever for me to decide so when I didn't react quickly enough for him he took matters into his own hands. Looking at me he said to his daughter, "OK Kaylyn, that's enough. Let's show your teacher what you REALLY like your daddy to do to you."

Kaylyn just grinned and then leaned back, letting his dick drop from her mouth. She looked over at me and it was like I was seeing her for the first time.

SEEING her naked in her father's arms with his cum seeping out of her pussy certainly did away with any semblance of normalcy.

I left before I could change my mind. God I wanted to lick that cum from her pussy so badly I could taste it - almost at least. To have her father fuck me while I licked her clean... well THAT would have made the night just about perfect.

If there was ever a sign that I was growing older and more mature, tonight was it. I managed to leave the house in my car without giving in to my needs - something that never would have happened even a year or so ago. Yes, my panties were in a pile on the seat next to me and I drove home one-handed the entire way, but the point is I DID drive home.

Now just wait until tomorrow when I told Steve what had happened. Something told me I was about to be well rewarded for my newfound sense of control.

# (Jun 04) Chapter 228: Weekend Swap

Story codes: MF oral adultery exhib
Me (26)
Steve - my fiancé (28)
Rob (42) & Eileen (40)

At 42, Rob is an Elder in his church and a respected man within the community while his forty year-old wife Eileen is well known for her charity activities. I'd never met them before but they came across as a nice couple in their bio video. I wonder if anyone at their church knows that Rob and Eileen had been swapping for most of their marriage?

## 1. Swapping vs. Adultery

When I was growing up my parents provided me with some pretty clear guidelines and morals regarding sex and marriage. Actually my mom was the biggest influence on me as I tended to go along with whatever she dictated. Looking back I can see how that may have contributed to their divorce after over 25 years of marriage but at the same time, it certainly helped during my teens years to have them agree upon such issues, even if behind the scenes there may have been some discontent.

For instance, so far as sex went my parents always encouraged me to basically do what felt good. At first that was limited to just masturbation. Unlike most parents who preach to their children the "sins" of masturbation while they do it themselves behind closed doors, my parents essentially made it a non-issue. So far as they were concerned, if I felt the need, then I should do it. It was really that simple. There was no need, or desire for that matter, on their part for me to put on a show and while SOME discretion was simply being polite, at least I didn't have to run off to the bathroom and lock the door behind me just because I was so turned on my some hunk on TV that I had to do something about it.

Once I started having sex with boys, rather than condemn me or preach to me about the evils of premarital sex, my parents showed more concern about my safety and well-being both physically and emotionally. If I wanted to bring a boy home for sex that was fine with them as they saw it as being better than doing it in the backseat of some car out in the middle of nowhere. My mom even took me to her gynecologist for birth control when I was just fourteen, ignoring the pointed comments from the doctor and insisting on a prescription for me. She didn't even try to pretend it was for problems with my period or the other typical excuses. She made it clear that her daughter was having sex and she wanted her protected. Seems to me the doctor should have been more impressed by her being so protective and less judgmental.

A source of constant amusement and to some extent frustration for me is how people all seem to assume that since my parents practice incest that they must be "swingers", get involved in would and crazy orgies, or otherwise have sex outside of the family boundaries. THAT never happened with my parents during their marriage, well except for a couple of times between my dad and my best friend but she WAS my best friend and practically family as it was.

My mother was always especially insistent that sex outside marriage was adultery - period. Whether both partners consented was irrelevant - to my mom sex was sex and sex outside of marriage was adultery. Because incest by definition is sex within a family and when you marry someone, you essentially marry their family, that means that incest is NOT adultery.

Many people have asked me if I will continue having sex with my father after I get married. Well, those people obviously know nothing about me or they wouldn't have to ask. Just because I marry someone doesn't make me any less of a daughter to my father. A wedding ring and vows do not somehow invalidate my duties and responsibilities as a daughter. I really don't understand why people would think that marriage would have anything to do with me and my father's relationship in the first place. It's not like he's been my lover or anything kinky like that. It's something between a father and a daughter, nothing more or less than that.

For almost my entire life I have assumed that one thing WOULD change when I got married and that was regarding having sex with people outside of my marriage. Having been raised by my rather conservative mother, I believed that sex outside marriage was adultery so once I took my vows then that meant no sex with other people. That's not quite as restrictive as it may seem at first as "sex" is defined as the penetration of a female vagina by a male penis. This blowjobs and such would still be ok, I just couldn't take another guy's dick inside of my pussy.

That was all well and good when getting married was just a dream of mine. Now that I have a ring on my finger and a wedding date all set I'm facing the harsh reality of married life. I love Steve more than I can express and it's not like I even once felt like I was making a "sacrifice" to be with him. At the same time there IS an element of risk and adventure that would be removed from my life. So you can imagine my surprise when Steve first came to me with the idea to swap with another couple. At first I thought he meant it to be like some sort of "last hurrah" before we got married but then I was surprised to find out that he intended this to be an ongoing thing with us even after we got married.

Although I was quite concerned at first, since we were just engaged I figured it couldn't hurt to go along with him in the long term. If I decided I didn't like it, then there would be plenty of time to discuss things between us before the wedding day made it official.

Although the adultery issue was the biggest problem I use to have when it came to the idea of swapping, I have to admit that deep down I've always wondered if I could remain detached enough to watch my husband having sex with a woman not in my family without feeling at least a little bit of jealousy or becoming insecure - especially if she was hotter than me. Now after having had some experience in the matter, I can say that today I feel a love and attachment to Steve that is beyond anything I ever would have thought possible.

Of course it's different watching my fiancé having sex with another girl compared to seeing him fucking my aunt or cousin. Face it, there's nothing threatening when he fucks my Aunt Linda or Kristen because I know they're family and just having fun. Being family there's no "competition" between them and me. Still, when he's fucking other women there are those times I can't help but feel a little twinge seeing the ecstasy on his face as he fucks them, especially when it's someone new and he's giving them his cum in his pussy - cum that normally would have been in mine.

In my defense I think it would be unnatural for me NOT to feel a little bit of protectiveness when it comes to having sex with Steve. The key difference is I know that it's just about sex when he's with them and at the end of the night it's ME that he returns to and it's ME he wants to fuck when we get home. That's sort of our own little ritual in that no matter how tired we may be after a party and no matter how much sex we each had, we still always make love when we get home, even if it's just a quickie.

## 2. Our Swapping Group

Once we tried it we both agreed that exchanging partners was something we'd to do more often. The key issue was finding other couples. It's not like you just walk up to another couple and announce you want to have sex with them. Thus in the end Steve and I got involved with a swapping group. Believe it or not we were introduced to the group by a couple I knew from church. I'd fucked the husband once a few years ago when their marriage was going through troubles. I'm sort of proud to say that I think I helped them get back together again by allowing him to live out his fantasies and return to his wife with THAT out of his system so to say. Apparently not only did they reconcile but they also started swapping. While I only had sex with him once, we still saw each other each week in church and he knew full well that I was now engaged.

One day after the service he pulled me to the side and asked if Steve and I would be interested in joining a swap group. While I knew their marriage had improved measurably, I have to say I was more than a bit surprised to find out it had improved THAT much! Well it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out WHY he asked me as he'd been trying to get me to have sex with him off and on ever since the first time. Still, outing aside his intentions I thought it might not be a bad idea to at least give it a try.

So in the end we joined the group. First we had to go through an "approval" process to be sure we weren't just looking to cause trouble and that we really were a couple. They even ran a credit check on the both us and checked our references although of course no mention was made of the real reason why they were being asked about us.

You have to be either married or at least engaged to join our group although I think they have let in a few couples with proven long-term commitments. It's nothing again like Beth's sex parties where the rules are the exact opposite - NO couples and definitely NO married people or at least both can't attend at the same time. Those events are intended strictly intended for singles looking to be selfish and have unattached sex with whoever they want for a night. Granted they can be fun but in the end I have found them to be rather exhausting and unfulfilling as there is no connection between anyone. Sure I get off at them but the next day it's like a Chinese meal - you're hungry for more right away.

Just to emphasize the point, our group isn't a bunch of wild and crazy people looking for all-night swapping parties and orgies. If anything the group membership tends to be on the conservative side. In fact, I was told that it got started by people fed up with the group sex scene and started looking for something more personal with better privacy and security. It's just a bunch of people with similar interests that use the group as a means of contacting people and arranging dates. Think of it like an on-line dating service whose objective is to bring people together, not hold group meetings and interactions.

So rather than having "parties" with lots of people trading around like what happens when I go to one of Beth's extravaganzas, within our group it's always just two couples meeting. Even then I would hesitate to call it even a four- some. The guiding charter is for two couples to swap partners for the evening, enjoy some "strange" sex, and then return home to their "normal" lives and families. So far with one couple we all fucked in the same room but the others have all been situations where we switched partners and then went off to our own rooms for sex. In one case the other wife and I played a little bit with each other but it was more to entertain our guys. Once the men got involved then we split up from there. We've gone to dinner with one couple, a movie with another, and just met at another couple's house once.

Technically there are no rules against meeting with the same people multiple times. We haven't so far simply because we're so new to the group and there are so many options available. So far I wouldn't mind getting back with any of the ones we've met; it just hasn't happened yet.

So far the people we've met have been either around our age or older. By sheer coincidence all of them have had kids but we've never met any of them as that's another cardinal rule - no underage kids can be involved in any way. That's perfectly OK with me but as you might imagine I think Steve wished they were a little more "open-minded" about it (his words, not mine). Actually it really doesn't matter anyway as he gets all he wants of that sort of thing when he's with my dad and aunt.

The one thing about joining the swapping group is that it has kept any suggestions of having sex with more of his friends off the table, at least for now. It's all still pretty new so I'm sure sooner or later the topic will come up again and to be honest, I wouldn't mind so long as he did a better job of choosing his friends.

I've found that I truly enjoy it when Steve watches me having sex with other men. Then again, I've always been an exhibitionist when it comes to sex so that's certainly nothing new. Sure I may be feeling another guy's dick in me but it's always Steve's eyes I lock onto whenever I can. I especially love it when the guy cums in me and I cry out to Steve to tell him how much I love him as my pussy is being filled with another man's cum. Who knows, maybe I'm starting to understand in a small way why his mother likes watching us so much. By the way - she knows nothing about her son's new sexual adventures. I don't get the idea from getting to know her better that she would be very supportive - especially about the kids.

## 3. Saturday With Rob and Eileen

I'd never met the other couple when Steve told me about the new arrangements. I read their bio. looked at their photo and watched their video. Overall they seemed to be nice people. Eileen looked pretty hot while the husband appeared to be your typical middle-aged guy with a little bit of a belly and a receding hairline. They were 42 and 40 respectively, a few years older than Steve had thought they were when he arranged everything. Rob was some sort of engineer while Eileen sold Jafra cosmetic products and apparently did quite well. Their group bio mentioned kids from previous marriages but all of the photos were of just the two of them. Again, that was perfectly fine with me but I know Steve was more curious.

Names: Rob and Eileen xxxxx
Address: xxxxx
xxxxx
xxxxxxxx,xx xxxxx
Phone #: (xxx) xxx-xxxx
Member Since: June, 2009
Age: 42 (Rob) and 40 (Eileen)
Status: Married 5 years, 2nd for both
Family: 2 daughters from Eileen's previous marriage (11 & 14)
1 son from Rob's previous marriage (20)
Career:
Rob: Electrical Engineer
Eileen: Jafra District Manager
Looking For: Like-minded couple to exchange partners, preferably over-night
Likes:
Rob: anal, oral
Eileen: oral (giving more than receiving), romance
Dislikes:
Rob: BSDM, water sports, overweight women
Eileen: anal, BSDM, facial hair on men
Both: anything involving underage kids
nothing public in Pittsburgh area

Give that they and their family were well-known in the Pittsburg area, Rob and Eileen preferred to go out of town for such things and so they suggested Columbus as Rob was an alumni of the university there and knew the city. The plan was to spend the day around the city and then the night in a hotel, returning to Pittsburgh late Sunday morning.

Steve had to work Friday night so we arranged to meet Rob and Eileen around noon or so to allow Steve to get a little sleep before we headed out to Columbus, Ohio. That turned out to work out well as I had a last-minute arrangement to visit a student of mine and her parents on Friday night.

Not surprisingly, we got started a little late. Steve didn't pick me up until almost 45 minutes after noon making us late to Rob and Eileen's house but they were running late as well thanks to some hitch getting their kids to her parents where they were staying the weekend. They didn't elaborate and I wondered if her parents had any idea why she and her husband really weren't taking the kids along with them. I also had my doubts that her parents knew who was going with them out of town either.

Rob drove which worked out best for everyone given his new Chrysler 300M was much more comfortable than Steve's extended cab pickup truck and roomier than my high-mileage Toyota Avalon that I was still driving long after my mom had given it to me way back in my college days. My only issue was his car had a large center console so while I sat in front with Rob, I couldn't snuggle up close as he drove. I can't say the same for the two of them in the back seat!

Steve and Eileen hit it off from the start and they were going at it like two teenagers in heat. Now and then I would glance in the rear-view mirror and I can't say there wasn't just a little bit of jealousy when I saw them kissing and Steve's hand up under her tank top caressing her large breasts. For a women her age they were surprisingly firm and she wasn't wearing a bra. Something told me they were the result of some surgical enhancements. Not necessarily implants but almost certainly a lift.

Just to keep things straight, from the beginning we'd all agreed that for the entire trip we would trade partners and so far as anyone else was concerned, I was Rob's wife and Eileen was Steve's. We didn't really plan to hang around together all that much outside of the car so it wasn't like people would look at us and wonder what the real story was. I suppose people would just assume Rob was dealing with some typical male mid-life crisis and Steve was being taken advantage of by a hot cougar.

It should have taken just over three hours to drive to Columbus but we made a stop in Wheeling, WV at the casino where we played the slots for about an hour. I hadn't been there in ages and I missed the loud sounds and flashing lights. Rob was really nice to me, paying for all my play and not even complaining a little when I lost it all. Then again, the only thing he really seemed interested in was standing behind me and looking down my cami as I played!

I didn't see much of Steve and Eileen while we were at the casino. At one point I even was thinking about asking Rob if they were gambling or had headed for somewhere more private but I figured whatever was going on was between Steve and Eileen was their business. It seemed a little odd at first but I started to get into it after a while as Rob would get talking to other guys and then introduce me as his wife. Since I had my engagement ring on most guys just saw the diamond and assumed I actually WAS his wife. Of course I went along with the act, hugging him and putting my hands all over him like we were newlyweds. I guess in a manner of speaking we were!

Once in Columbus Rob gave us the grand tour. Even though I'd gone to school only about an hour north of the city, I really hadn't spent much time in Columbus and what I did was pretty much focused on a few major shopping centers. Wow, I'd never realize there was so much to see and do! We stopped and did some sightseeing and a little shopping but didn't really have all that much time before our dinner reservations at some Italian restaurant right in the middle of the Arena District. It had such an unusual name even I couldn't forget it - Buca di Beppo. It had what can only be described as an "interesting" decor and I highly recommend it to anyone!

OK, you're probably wondering how many times I sucked his cock during the trip and where he first fucked me in Columbus. Well, I don't mean to disappoint anyone reading this but other than some major flirting and teasing, nothing happened between us so far as actual sex all that afternoon. It's not like we were on a church-sponsored field trip as there was lots of touching and groping but no sex. It wasn't until we split up at the hotel after dinner that I sucked Rob's dick for the first time! So I guess if anything tells you this is a different group to be associated with than most I've been with in the past, that would be it!

In a way I found it incredibly erotic NOT to have sex right away. The buildup and tension that rose throughout the day became incredibly erotic for us both. Steve and Eileen weren't as discreet but then being fourteen years younger than Rob he could afford to cum earlier in the day a couple of times and still have enough to get through the evening. I just loved the way Rob's eyes never seemed to leave me. Indeed, there were a few moments driving around town that I wished they would!

I wasn't wearing a bra and as the afternoon wore on it seemed that my blouse slowly unbuttoned itself until by dinner time it was over half-way undone. My denim shorts weren't quite as short as some I owned but they were extremely tight and I could tell he appreciated my ass from the way he would find any excuse to brush his hand up against it. They were hemmed to make them more "formal" and totally covered my butt but that was all. Put together with my heels and I thought my legs didn't look half-bad either.

After dinner we spent the entire evening at the Hyatt Regency doing nothing but having sex in some form or another. No sooner than we were in the room and it was like Rob was ready to explode. He shut the door, turned around, and there I was already kneeling front of him as I undid his pants and pulled out his dick and went to work without saying another word. I didn't undress or even touch myself as I gave my full attention to his poor dick that must have been hurting from being so hard all day as it was. He didn't last two minutes, cumming faster than a sixteen year-old boy getting his first real blowjob.

"God Kelly, you have NO idea how much I've been wanting that all day," he gasped as he caught his breath while I licked my lips. He'd cum in my mouth for the most part and it took a couple of swallows to get his load down me.

"Oh I think I have SOME idea," I giggled, standing up and using my fingers to wipe the cum from my cheek that had somehow missed my mouth.

I was curious if he would kiss me now but I have to say it didn't surprise me when he didn't. My guess is 90% or more of men have never even tasted cum and of those who have, only a very small percentage have done nothing more than a quick experimentation, let alone tasting it on their wife or girlfriend's mouth or pussy. It's always struck me as odd that men expect women to love cum so much but they never do themselves.

Rather than make him uneasy, I made the excuse that I needed to go to the bathroom to clean up which wasn't entirely untrue. I quickly brushed my teeth and rinsed my face off, then stripped down and wrapped the hotel robe around me. When I went back out into the room, Rob was sitting on the edge of the bed patiently waiting for me. I noted that he had put his dick back in his pants but other than that he hadn't done a thing. He even still had his shoes on!

"Hmmmmmm, figured you wouldn't be so... dressed," I teased him, twirling around in the robe but keeping it shut. It was rather long so it didn't reveal a whole lot.

Rob looked up at me and smiled. The room was so quiet as I waited for him to say something... anything.

"I guess I assumed that YOU would take care of that," he said rather pointedly.

OK, even I can take a hint when it hits me over the head like a baseball bat. I bent down and took off his shoes and socks, then slowly unbuttoned his shirt and pushed it back off his shoulders. He leaned back, supporting himself on his hands to make it easier for me to undo his belt again and unzip his pants. Then he lifted himself up enough for me to pull them off together with his underwear, leaving him sitting naked on the bed. Once again I got a good view of his dick only this time I wasn't in such a hurry to get my mouth around it. Also, it wasn't nearly as hard as it had been a little while earlier.

"Looks like you have your work cut out for you," he said, glancing down at his flaccid dick.

He wasn't teasing me either. It was more like he was telling me something I was expected to take care of.

"Why don't we take a shower first," I suggested.

It had been a long hot day and while I love the smell of a man's sex, body odor wasn't exactly my favorite fragrance. Something told me we wouldn't be going to bed for a while so why not get started on the right foot?

With that I took him by the hand and led him back to the bathroom where I got the water ready. He stepped in the shower and then I dropped the robe, letting him see me naked for the first time.

"Holy mother of God," he whispered as he stared at my nude body. His words were music to a girl's ears!

One thing I always find interesting in such circumstances is to note where a guy's eyes travel when he first sees me naked. For some guys it's the boobs and for others it's the pussy. That covers the vast majority although there are the ones who go for my ass or legs first. One thing that is always true - it's always something below my neck!

"So tell me Rob, how do I compare to your wife?" I asked.

Sure, I was blatantly fishing for compliments but nothing I wanted to apologize for.

Rob raised his hand as if to tell me to stop right there. "Kelly... tonight YOU are my wife and there's nobody else I want more than my wife right now."

Well, if that's the way he wanted to play it, I could live with that. In a way it was a two-edged sword. On the one hand I didn't get my ego fed but on the other, I didn't have to deal with anything regarding Eileen and Steve either. For just a brief moment I wondered what they were doing. Knowing Steve, he was fucking her already. Eileen must have been loving having someone younger like Steve ready and raring to go from the very start.

I stepped in the tub and Rob pulled the shower curtain over and started the shower. At first I tried to avoid getting my hair all wet but soon gave up and let it get soaked. Oh well, if he didn't mind wet hair, then I could live with it as well.

"Love your tits," he whispered in my ear, rubbing his crotch up against my bare wet ass as he reached around me and cupped my boobs, one in each hand.

I could still feel his hairy dick pressing in against my butt although there was still a notable lack of something poking into me.

I reached around behind me and grabbed his dick in my right hand, just holding it while he massaged my boobs and kissed my neck. I was facing away from the shower stream and most of it was hitting him in the back so it wasn't like I was getting a face-full of water.

"Shaved bare... nice," he noted as one hand moved its way down between my legs and started to play with my pussy.

I wondered if Eileen was shaved. She was just a little bit younger than my mom and aunt and neither of them shaved so I wondered if she was following the general direction of her generation or was she trying to be young? Even if she didn't shave she could be trimming it. Personally, I have always found pubic hair erotic in both men and women. I love the feel of it against my face and when a man fucks me I like to feel his coarse pubic hair grinding against my bare pussy. Of course I shaved as that was rather expected of my generation.

"I love the feel of your tits and pussy," he whispered a little louder as his index finger started to press inside of me.

His other hand was squeezing my boob and his fingers were on each side of my nipple, pinching down on it when he would press on my boob and nipple.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels soooooo good Rob," I sighed as he started to rub his fingertip on my clit.

As good as it felt, there was work to be done as well. I reached for the soap and fumbled with the wrapping which was all wet now. I turned and proceeded to wash him all over, paying special attention to his crotch of course. When I was finished he did the same to me. I loved the feel of the wet soap bar against me as he ribbed me all over with it and then allowed the shower to rinse me off.

Even after all this his dick was still hanging down without any sign of recovery yet so rather than spending more time in the steamy shower we decided it was time to get out and he then dried me off with a couple of large towels. One nice thing about expensive hotels... they have the BEST towels! My hair was wet and at first I was tempted just to let it go after brushing it out but I really didn't want to deal with a wet head all night so I took a few minutes to use the built-in blow drier to dry it off. I can't say the results were salon-=quality but at least I was dry again.

"I'm ready to be fucked now," I announced, returning the drier to its holder.

"Well if you want THAT then you'd better get busy while my little blue pill kicks in," he counter from the doorway where he'd been watching me dry my hair.

I then noticed the prescription bottle on the sink. When had he snuck those in? Oh well, it was likely going to be a awhile yet for them to help so why not give it a go on my own?

It wasn't like Rob as the first guy I'd had to deal such with issues. When you're "hobby" is fucking older married guys, such problems come with the territory. The biggest thing was knowing what I was dealing with. For guys there was nothing physical but rather it was literally all in their head - and I mean the big one. A lot of guys try to put on a big act about how they want to cheat on their wives but when the time actually comes to doing it the guilt is so strong that it overwhelms their lust. These guys were the easiest to deal with. Once I had them in my mouth it didn't take a lot to get them to put any of those guilty feelings out of their minds.

For some guys it's simply the age factor. Face it, every year that goes by is one year removed from those glory teen years when it seems they never went soft! Again, these guys weren't usually all that hard to deal with, they just needed some special care and attention coupled with a little patience. Sure they took a little while to recover, but usually it wasn't too long and besides, I enjoyed what it took to get them hard again.

By far the worst was when it was caused by medication they were taking, usually for high blood pressure. Most of those drugs work as blood thinners which have a side effect of making it more difficult to have an erection. Because it's totally a physical problem, no amount of work on my part can sometimes get them erect. Interestingly, what I have learned is that a full erection is not required for a man to cum. I have yet to find a man who, no matter what his erection issues were, couldn't eventually be coaxed to release a load for me. The big problem with those were that they couldn't fuck me. Thus I had to be content with them rubbing against me or just cumming on me. Sometimes I would use their dick to rub against my pussy and essentially masturbate using their flaccid cock like I would a dildo. It would be enough to make me cum and the guys seemed to enjoy it as well.

So now the question was, what was Rob's issue? I immediately threw out the first as he and Eileen had been swapping for some time now and if he was having issues with getting it up with new "wives" then I doubted that he would be doing it with me tonight. I also figured that the third reason was also probably not an issue as again, why would he put himself in such a situation if he knew he couldn't fuck me? So that left the age factor and fortunately I was pretty sure that I could deal with that!

"Why don't we sit on the couch for a while?", I proposed. Rob went along with my idea and took a seat at the end of the small couch. Rather than sit next to him, though, I laid down with my back to the couch and my legs curled under me, my head in his lap with one arm under me and the other draped over his hairy legs.

"So I take it you enjoy sucking dick?" he observed with a hint of amusement in his voice.

I let his dick slip from my mouth and held it in my hand. "Well I guess you could say that," I answered coyly.

"Not that I'm trying to talk you out of it," he chuckled this time, pushing my head back down on his dick rather firmly as if just in case I hadn't gotten the hint. Like I was going to miss THAT!

For the next half hour or so I nursed his dick, sucking on it gently at times, just licking it up and down at others while rubbing it against my face and lips. As my mouth did its magic I played with his hairy balls in my hand, running my fingers through his dense black pubic hair.

It wasn't like he suddenly waved a magic wand and an erection appeared. Actually it took all of the first 30 minutes just to get him to start to react. Until that time he was as soft as ever without a hint of the promise there was to come. Neither of us said anything though as I just remained patient and kept up my end of the bargain... like a good wife should.

It took another fifteen minutes or so from the time I first noticed any sign of an erection until he was fully hard again but thankfully there it was - a nice hard dick once again. I congratulated myself on my accomplishment but he never said a word to me the entire time, just a soft sigh or a groan now and then.

It was almost eleven o'clock by now so I figured the hallways and such wouldn't be as busy as they'd been earlier in the evening. Seeing how much work it took to get him back again this time, I could only imagine what it would take for a third time so I wasn't about to waste this one with just a simple fuck.

"Mmmmmmm, I think you're ready to fuck me now," I said to him, leaning back but still holding his stiff warm dick in the palm of my hand to keep it hard.

"Well have a seat then," he said, reaching out for me but then I pulled back.

"Noooooo, I have a better idea," I teased him, jumping off the coach and motioned for him to follow me. I went to the bathroom and brought out the two robes and tossed one of them to him.

"What the...," he started to ask, confused by my actions.

"Let's go out and do it," I teased with a naughty grin.

"Out?" he asked, obviously still not getting what I was driving at.

"Yeah, like out in the elevator, out in the hallway, out in the stairway!"

"Kelly, you've GOT to be kidding?" he said, apparently thinking I was just teasing him but I was as serious as ever.

"No really, I LOVE to be fucked in public and as my husband, I would think you would want to do me in front of other people."

"So you want us to do it right in front of a bunch of strangers?" he asked incredulously.

I laughed a little and shook my head. "Noooooo, not right in front of them but just where they COULD see us if they had any idea what we were doing."

I wrapped my robe around me, leaving untied so it only hung together as long as I held it closed. Rob put his on as well but he made sure it was tied securely in place. Both robes were the same size so while mine came down past my knees, his was a little more showy. Oh well, it was no worse than people going to the pool in nothing but their bikinis.

Rob remembered to grab the room key card and stuffed it on one of the pockets as I opened the door and stepped outside into the hallway. There was a guy trying to get his door opened a couple of rooms down and he looked at me in my robe and smiled. As tempting as it was to flash him quickly, I held off as Rob was right behind me.

Rob saw the other guy and he quickly looked away, sort of like maybe if he ignored him then he would go away. The elevator was quite a ways down the hall but we made it there without meeting anyone else. I pushed the UP button as we weren't that high up and besides, better to open the doors to one of the room floors than the lobby in case we lost track of where we were.

Once again luck held out and when the elevator finally arrived it was empty. We got in and I pushed the top floor, checking to see that it lit up and then turned to Rob.

"Ever fuck a girl in an elevator before Rob?" I asked him seductively, allowing my robe to fall open.

"I can't believe we're doing this," he sighed. Then it was like something struck him and he started looking around at the ceiling.

"Heyyyyyy, don't these things usually have security cameras?" he asked with a worrisome tone.

"So what?" I responded carelessly, "What do you say we let the poor rent-a-cop enjoy a few thrills?"

Rob clearly was distracted and I was worried in his tender state that he might lose that erection I'd worked so hard to restore. I bent my knees and lifted up his robe, allowing him to keep it fastened a I reached for his dick. Mmmmmmm, thankfully he still had a decent erection going! I quickly took him in my mouth, not wanting to waste any more time.

Rob wasn't exactly like a steel rod but he was firm enough to get the job done so rather than trying to get that last bit of an erection to come back I turned around and leaned over, my hands on my knees as I spread my legs wide apart.

"Fuck me Rob," I said to him over my shoulder as I rubbed my pussy with one finger between my lips, "Fuck your wife in the elevator."

It felt so naughty and hot to pretend to be his wife. For a moment I thought of his REAL wife and wondered if my fiancé was fucking her at this very moment and where he was doing her.

My thoughts of Steve and Eileen were interrupted by the wonderful feel of Rob's dick pressing in against my wet pussy. As wet and freshly fucked as I was, even though he wasn't 100% erect he still slid himself easily into my pussy. For a brief second I wondered if someone WAS watching us from some private security booth. If so, was he masturbating now as he watched this middle-aged man start to fuck his much younger wife?

Just then the elevator dinged and Rob quickly pulled himself out of me. I stood up, letting the robe fall back in place and clutched it around me just in time as the doors opened to allow three business guys to enter. One of them had this special key for the concierge level which he entered, making the floor level light shine brightly. It was the top floor so "our" floor, or at least the one I'd chosen, arrived before theirs.

All the way I could feel the eyes of the three of them practically boring through my robe. Once again I was tempted to give them a quick look but I was afraid that might spook Rob so once again practiced some uncharacteristic restraint.

The doors opened to our floor, or least the one I'd chosen so we got out and let the doors close quickly behind us. There was nobody in sight so I reached back and pushed the call button again. As we waited, I checked around once more and leaned over the table by the elevator, once again offering myself to Rob.

"C'mon Rob, fuck me. Let's not waste any time," I encouraged him.

Rob was clearly a bit distracted by being so exposed but from the way his dick was staying hard indicated to me that he wasn't overly worried. Indeed, it was only a few seconds before I felt that wonderful sensation of his cock back inside of me again.

"This is so cool, don't you think Rob?" I gasped as he held me by the hips and thrust himself quickly in and out of me.

I kept an eye on the hallway. Although I didn't say this to Rob, the reality was we would most likely not have time to hide everything away should someone pop out unexpectedly. God, what if it was a family with kids this time instead of three horny business guys?

Still, THAT was what made this so hot me... not that someone actually saw us but that someone COULD see us.

The elevator dinged, the same one we had just gotten off of so I assumed it must be the same one returning after having dropped out the guys. Unless someone from the Concierge level was returning to their room, odds were it would be empty but Rob wasn't ready yet for that sort of risk. He once again pulled out of me and we straightened up just as the doors opened. It WAS empty and for a moment my pussy tingled, reminding me that it had been unnecessary for Rob to pull out so quickly, leaving it's hunger unabated.

"You wanna fuck in the elevator or do it here some more?" I asked him, holding the door open with my hand.

Rob looked confused for a moment as he checked out the hallway and then looked at the elevator. Each had their pros and cons and frankly, it didn't matter to me which one he chose as we'd already done it in both.

"Let's finish here," he decided, suddenly acting like he wanted to take charge again which was fine with me. I liked it when a man thinks he's in charge. Of course in the end he never really is but it's nice to let him at least think so.

I released the elevator and the doors quickly shut and it was off on its way to its next destination. This time instead of just letting my robe hang open, I dropped my arms and let it fall to the floor in a heap at my feet, leaving me standing there totally nude.

"You have no shame," he teased me but I could see he was starting to get into this more. Still, he wasn't about to take his own off but once again just lifted it up to allow his cock to enter me.

I sighed loudly with pleasure as he buried his dick into me once again while I leaned back against the small table. He was having to bend his knees to fuck me so to my surprise her grabbed my ass and lifted me up on the table. I was afraid it might break as it wasn't very sturdy but he didn't seem to care. All he wanted at this point was a better angle to fuck me. I loved it when a man reached this point to where all his lust and desire for me began to override his common sense and he started to do things he never would have even an hour ago.

"That's it Rob, fuck me," I said firmly as I wrapped my legs around his robe, locking my ankles behind him.

It pulled me in tight into him such that his thrusts were more muted but I loved the way he felt pushing in against me between my legs.

"Oh Kelly, you're so fucking hot," he groaned as he rammed himself into me as deeply as he could. He was close... so close!

For a fleeting moment I wondered what we would do if a door opened in the hallway and God only knew stepped out to take a look at what was going on outside. For once we caught a break and nobody even threatened to interrupt us. What we would have done at this point I have no idea as we were both totally lost in what we were doing. I think an elevator full of people could have opened right now and he wouldn't have stopped for even a second.

"I'm cumming," he said with a grimace. He held himself tightly in me, not even moving for a moment as he closed his eyes and his head dropped back until he would have been looking at the ceiling if he opened them.

Then he jerked and I knew he was releasing himself in me. Again and again he thrust himself into me, each time I knew another load of his cum was leaving his dick and entering me. God I loved it this moment when a man was mating me, filling me with his sperm.

Another thrust, another ejaculation, and he was done. His head dropped and he let out a long breath of air and then sucked in another breath. His eyes opened and he stared into my eyes, then down at our crotches where his dick was still buried inside of me. I looked down myself and marveled at the sight of his lush pubic hair as it pressed against my bare pussy, no sign of the dick that I could feel throbbing inside of me.

I could have predicted what came next. So typical of men! It's like their lust is part of their cum and when they shoot it out, their lust goes with it. One moment he's lost in his fucking of me and the next it was like he was a totally different person. His eyes widened and he grabbed my legs, pulling them from around him so he could pull his dick out of me. His robe dropped down, covering his rapidly deflating cock.

"Shit, this is crazy," he whispered to me, as if that was going to matter after all the moaning and groaning that had been going on just a minute before. He grabbed my robe from the floor and handed it to me.

"Hurry up and put this on before somebody see us," he said quickly, his eyes darting about.

I wanted to say something about how he hadn't cared too much about anyone seeing us a couple of minutes ago but that wouldn't have helped matters.

I put on the robe and this time I tied it up. There was a mirror above the table I'd been sitting on and when I looked in it I grimaced as my hair was a total wreck. I ran my fingers through it, trying to get it to fall into place but it needed a brush badly.

Just then the elevator door opened and sure enough, a whole crowd of people came out all jabbering and talking loudly. They'd obviously been drinking but I doubted that would have mattered had they reached this floor about five minutes earlier! A couple of them gave Rob and me a second look but other than that they ignored us and split off for their rooms. Rob grabbed the elevator before the doors closed and motioned for me to get in with him.

"Damn that was close!" he gasped, pressing the button for our floor, "I hope you're happy now."

I snuggled up close to him and reached under his robe to grab his dick which was now pretty much flaccid. It was still damp though and I knew exactly where that dampness had come from. At the same time I could feel his cum start to drain from me, that feeling of wetness between my legs I get whenever I don't get to clean up right after being fucked.

"Let's wait for the room this time, OK Kelly?" he said, pushing my hand away from his dick. I was tempted to say the hell with that and start sucking it but I didn't think that would go over well at the moment. Rob seemed torn between the excitement of fucking me in the middle of the hotel versus the fright of possibly being caught.

Back in the room the robes were dropped and for the first time we laid in the bed together. Rob was on his back with his head supported by a pillow. I snuggled up next to him, my leg over his and my boobs pressed up tightly against him as I ran my fingers over his chest and stomach. His dick was flopped over and I knew it was useless to even try for a while regardless of how many Viagra pills he had taken. That was OK as sometime I find snuggling up like this to be just as rewarding.

Before long Rob was sound asleep - as confirmed by a steady snore. I flipped on the TV and laid there for another hour or so, playing with Rob's cock and even sucking on it a little now and then just to see if I could get another response. I loved the way his crotch smelled with a mixture of his lust and my pussy.

Finally I just laid back and masturbated one last time before falling asleep. Thoughts of Steve and Eileen ran through my head as my fingers fiddled with my clit and pussy. I wondered if they were asleep yet and how many times he'd fucked her so far tonight. If I knew my Steve he wouldn't have run out of gas after just two loads in her! Did they stay in the room or did they get a little adventuresome as well? God it felt so good to cum!

# 4. The Next Morning

After one last fuck in the morning, Rob and I met Steve and Eileen in the hotel restaurant for breakfast. It was fun to trade stories over our meal and it seemed like it was all over much too soon. I would have loved to have spent more of the day around Columbus but we had to get back to Pittsburgh by the early afternoon to pick up their kids which didn't leave a lot of time.

All the way back Steve and Eileen were going at it in the back seat. I have to say they really seemed to have hit it off well! Yes, there was just a little bit of jealousy as I heard them fucking but then I knew when things were done and over who was going to get him in bed with her later today! So let her have fun with him for now. Steve was all mine and he knew it!

After Steve and I drove away from their house I immediately attacked him! God, you would think after so much sex the previous night and early in the morning that I would've been somewhat satisfied but if anything the trip back home had all made me all the more horny for my fiancé. Indeed, we never even made it to the house. Instead he fucked me in his truck right there on the side of the street in front of my house. There wasn't really any danger of anyone seeing us but still, when I would hear a car drive by I couldn't help but want to sit up and flash my boobs at them!

Steve was like an animal with me! I was a little worried that maybe after everything he had been doing with Eileen that maybe his sexual energy might have been a bit dampened. After all, he's been fucking her all the way to the last freeway exit! It was at times like this that I realized that swapping was no threat to me or our impending marriage. Heck, if anything I think it strengthened our love for one another. It was like we both wanted to "make our mark" again on the other after someone else had been with them.

After Steve left I took a quick shower and then drove over to my dad's house for a quickie. It's not that I needed to be fucked all that much so much as I felt a little guilty that I'd missed being with him in the morning before church. Still, I figured better late than never. I know he appreciated it.

As I felt my father in me I couldn't help but think that even though mechanically he was doing nothing all that different than either Rob or Steve had in the past few hours yet it was a totally different experience. With Rob it had been all about being sexy and erotic. Pretending to be another man's wife always turns me on. With Steve it was about my love for him and my desire to please him and submit to him as his wife... even I was technically just engaged at the moment.

With my dad it was more similar to being with Steve than Rob yet it was still totally unique. I loved my dad but it was a different love than I had for my fiancé. Yes, I wanted to please my father but it was much more an act of submission than it was when I was with Steve. God tells a wife to submit to her husband but if you take the verses in context, it's an equal relationship. God tells me to honor my father and mother and as such I give myself totally to him without any expectation of the equality of a marriage relationship.

So I fucked three guys over the weekend in three locations under three very different circumstances. Yet I loved each of these experiences in their own way. As I sat at home later that night thinking about the events of the weekend, I marveled at how things had change so much in my life. Just a year ago I never would have even thought that Steve would ever be in my life and now I'm engaged to him. Not only are we engaged but we are swapping with other couples as if we were already married. It's like I'm becoming almost domesticated!

To think that in just two and a half months I'll be married. If being engaged had brought about this much change in my life, what will marriage bring?

# (Jun 11) Chapter 229: My Fiancé Dreams of My Cousin Tammy

Story codes: MF oral F-solo inc cousins
Me (26)
Steve - my fiancé (28)
Tammy - my cousin (19)

Steve took the news of my incestual relationship with my father pretty well. In fact, he even proposed to me a couple of days later! Even though he's not exactly thrilled seeing me and my dad together, I suppose one of the reasons he's OK with everything is because it also meant HE can have sex with my family members - assuming they want it. While his eyes have been mostly on my mother's younger sister - Aunt Linda, like most men he can't resist my youngest cousin Tammy. Now she's eighteen, soon to be nineteen, a brand new high school graduate. Even though she has a serious relationship with her latest boyfriend, that wasn't going to deter my fiancé!

## 1. Dealing with an Engagement and Incest

Incest and marriage are two institutions that would be totally incompatible in The vast majority of families. Not because there's anything wrong with it but more due to the taboos and restrictions engrained in our culture and society - not to mention the legal prohibitions. Now I'm not referring to a husband and wife having incest with their children but rather what happens when the product of an incestuous family marries someone without a similar background.

Indeed, while many men tell me they lust for their daughters, nieces, or others in their immediate families, I really have my doubts as to whether most of them would be nearly as enthusiastic when it came to their wife having sex with her father or brother, let alone his own father or brother. Even those who claim to fantasize about having sex with their own daughters are quick to say they would never actually do such things with them, even if they had the opportunity - just some other guy's daughter.

fact he was so comfortable with the whole thing that he proposed to me just a couple of days later!

To be sure, Steve wasn't the only one that had to deal with potential sexual issues in our marriage. He had a few quirks of his own that I've discovered since I put on his ring. I was raised by my mother to believe that sex outside of marriage is adultery regardless of "consent". The key is, what is adultery? I was raised with the belief that your family is the more important than any individual.

Thus when you marry someone it's not just that person you are vowing to love and honor, it's their family as well. Given that sex is an important part of any relationship, it just follows logically that sex within the family is acceptable as well. Thus so long as Steve has sex only with the women in my family, that is sex "within marriage" and thus is not adultery. It also means I really have no say about who he fucks in my family as once he's my husband it's his right to have sex with them – just as it is mine.

It took me a while to explain this to Steve but through it all I emphasized to him the biblical basis for my beliefs. If nothing else he had the evidence right in front of him to see the results for himself. When it finally dawned on him that I was essentially giving him permission to have sex with the other women in my family, that clinched the deal.

Unfortunately for Steve, not ALL the women in my family are involved in incest – just my mom, my aunt and her daughter and my cousin Tammy. While Tammy has had sex with her brother, father and uncle (my dad), her ultra-conservative mother knows nothing about any of it, nor does her older sister Kate. I've always felt a bit ambivalent about the fact that not everyone in their family is involved but Tammy seems to have made the best of it and if anything she seems more mature and responsible now than her stuck-up older sister.

Steve certainly didn't take long to take advantage of the situation. In fact, he fucked my Aunt Linda the same day we told my dad and her the good news about our engagement in person while my dad was "celebrating" with me. Since then he's done my cousin Kristen a few times although much to her chagrin he shows a definite preference for her mother. However, to his frustration my cousin Tammy has been an elusive target.

I haven't really helped in that so far I hadn't even brought up the subject with her. We really don't see each other a lot but mainly because she has been dating the same guy now for a year and they seem to be getting pretty serious. In fact, my dad hasn't had a chance to fuck her in over a year, almost two. Granted, now that she is approaching her nineteenth birthday some of the lust he felt for her when she was fourteen has dissipated but she's turned into a pretty young woman that I am sure he would still enjoy being with. If nothing else, she's grown the biggest boobs of all of us in her generation!

Earlier I mentioned that I was raised to believe that sex outside of marriage was adultery and thus a sin against God – period, no exceptions, no excuses. Thus for most of my life I begrudgingly accepted the fact that when I finally got married it would mean that I would be 100% faithful to my husband. Even if he was OK with it, I planned to follow my mother's example and refuse to have sex with anyone outside our marriage. Granted, my definition of sex as the penetration of a vagina by a penis leaves a LOT of wiggle room – for instance blowjobs aren't sex technically.

Still, sex is sex and as such it would no longer be an option for me once I took my marital vows. If anything that just goes to show yet another reason why incest can be such a benefit to a marriage. Yes, I would be married but that didn't mean I had to suddenly go cold turkey and restrict myself to sex with one man. There would always be my father, his two brothers and my cousin Rick to satisfy me as the need arose. Then there was Steve's younger brother but I haven't seen him in over twelve years so who knows what's going on there.

That all said, what I hadn't counted on back when I made these decisions were two things. One – my parents' divorce and two – my fiancé's thoughts on the matter. There were a number of reasons why my parent split after over 25 years of what I had always thought to be the perfect marriage. What I didn't know was that while the marital "house" looked perfect from the outside, in fact the foundation had been rotting from the very beginning. My father had always wanted to swing but my mother steadfastly refused, citing the fact that he had plenty of other opportunities for sex within his own family and that should be enough to satisfy any man. Maybe that would've been true for most men but my father has an extraordinarily high sex drive which simply wasn't satisfied by this arrangement.

The second reason, closely related to the first, was I hadn't counted on my husband being so much like my father. Steve made it clear to me from the start of our engagement that he expected us to continue having sex with other people during our engagement and then after we got married – and that meant outside the family as well. So far I've agreed to experiment with him during our engagement but I still haven't made any firm promises for after the marriage.

When I got the invitation to Tammy's graduation party one of the first things that went through my mind was that I wanted to bring Steve and then the second thing was I wondered how he would react to being so close to Tammy. I'd told him everything about what had happened between me and her, as well as between her and everyone else in the family. I even allowed him to look through some of my dad's photo albums - including the "private" ones he kept of her that her mother would never see (or her father). It was really something to see how much she had changed while in high school.

The first photos back when she was just fourteen showed a girl with small perky boobs and a figure that was more promising than delivered. With each year it was interesting to see the changes in her hair - both on her head and between her legs, and see how she had matured into a buxom young women. From the photos it was obvious that she had a wide exhibitionist streak and I teased poor Steve about the growing lump in his pants as we would pause at various photos showing her in different positions doing different things.

"Damn, your dad was one lucky son-of-a-bitch," Steve sighed as I stopped at one of my favorites - her mounted on my dad's dick and just sitting on him with this huge grin on her face.

She was obviously enjoying herself and from my dad's expression the feeling was mutual. I could remember taking the photo with his camera like it was yesterday even though it was one of the first ones I had of her doing my dad, back when they'd only done it a few times.

"You want her, don't you?" I taunted him, rubbing his hardness through his shorts.

"Give me a break Kelly, who wouldn't?" he came back, advancing the slideshow to a more recent shot of her.

She was sitting in a chair on our back deck, one bare leg swung up and over the arm while the other was spread out to the side to give a perfect view of her shaved pussy. It was from last summer during one of her visits to our house so if anything, her boobs were even bigger now than the ones prominently displayed in the photo.

"So say it... tell me what you want to do to her."

Steve just groaned as I worked his dick out of his shorts and started to stroke it with my hand. Mmmmmmm, it WAS obvious what he wanted but I wanted to hear him say it. No matter that I knew what he was going to say, it was so much sexier and erotic for him to say it out loud to me.

I advanced the slideshow to the next one where my dad was doing her in the hot tub with her sitting on the edge with her legs and feet in the water as he fucked her with him standing in the frothy water.

"God I want so bad to fuck her like that," he finally confessed, "I'd love to drill that pussy."

"Well that was the only time my dad has done her in like forever so don't get your hopes up," I warned him. Well, his hopes may or may not have been up but something else certainly was!

"C'mon, Kelly... you GOT to get her to let me bang her," he said, practically begging me now as my hand expertly worked his cock. If practice makes perfect I had to be an A+ student when it came to handling his dick.

"Hmmmmmm, and just what do I get in return?" I responded seductively.

Steve reached over and pushed my head down to his lap. I knew what he wanted and I was only too happy to fulfill his needs as my mouth took him inside. God he tasted so good and I loved the feel of his hardness on my tongue and lips.

Obviously watching my dad's slideshow of his favorite Tammy shots had Steve worked up pretty good. I only had to suck on him for less than a minute and he started to spurt cum into my mouth. I knew he was horny but this was ridiculous!

After he'd finished I sat back up again and opened my mouth, sticking out my tongue so he could see his cum coating it. I started to lean forward to kiss him but he pushed me away.

"You know better than that," he admonished me.

He was right, I DID know better but it never hurt to tease him now and then. It was no different than when he would tease me by rubbing his dick up against my asshole and threaten to press it home. He knew full well that I hated anal but he couldn't resist his feelings sometimes. Just as he didn't actually fuck my ass, neither did I force him to kiss me with my mouth full of his cum. If there was one thing I knew about Steve, he was NOT gay. He claimed that he had never even tasted his own cum and I believed him. The funny thing is that he loves to watch men fuck me so it's not the sight of another naked man that he can't stand, it's just even the idea of in any way touching another guy where he draws the line.

I swallowed the gooey treat down and opened my mouth to prove it was all cleared out but he still wouldn't kiss me and I knew he wouldn't until I brushed my teeth. Oh well, it didn't really bother me that he had this anti-cum fetish, so long as he gave it to me!

After that I knew I had to find some way for him to at least have a shot at screwing my cousin. It was at best a long shot but how would I ever know if I didn't at least try?

The invitation to the grad party said it was to be a beach theme. It helped that my aunt and uncle had this incredible in-ground pool. So many times growing up I'd begged my parents to take me over to cool off. I loved our hot tub and used it even on hot day but the pool was certainly in a league of its own. Over the years I'd always had to listen to my Aunt Sheri bitch and moan over my choice of bikinis. She made her girls wear one-piece suits that looked like throwbacks to the twenties. Eventually Tammy would rebel and try wearing more revealing bikinis which was a constant source of disagreement between them. Fortunately my mom would defend me and if anything, she encouraged me to wear them all the more revealing because she knew it pissed my aunt off so badly. I guess it goes without saying they didn't get along very well.

This would be the first family gathering since Thanksgiving making it the first time I was wearing my engagement ring to such a group. Of course there would be plenty of other people there besides the family - friends of Tammy from school for instance. It would be pretty crowded making anything between my fiancé and Tammy almost impossible but that also meant if something DID happen then it would be all the better under the circumstances.

Steve picked me up as well as Kristen to take us over. Neither of us were ready as he showed up a few minutes early so he waited in the living room for us. Kristen was the first to head down the stairs which didn't surprise me. Steve had sort of become her own personal project. The fact that he was marrying me AND he seemed to prefer her mother over her combined to make him her personal challenge.

What made it funny was that Steve knew what she was trying to do - I'm not marrying no dummy, and he was relentless when it came to teasing her. He'd fucked her a few times when Steve and I had been dating but since the engagement he'd only done her once - and that was with me there as well. Since then she'd practically tried everything but pinning him down and jumping on his cock, without success. Steve thought it was hilarious and he would tell me all about her latest antics later when we were having sex. It was great in that I could tell she turned him on and if anything, I was the beneficiary!

Heading downstairs myself, sure enough there was Kristen sitting in the overstuffed chair across from Steve, wearing one of her favorite thong bikinis with one hand pulling the bottoms over to the side and the other with a finger up in her.

"Ummmmm, something I should know about it?" I asked innocently. Kristen just glared at me as she pulled her finger out and straightened up her bottom.

"Are you SURE he isn't gay?" she huffed, pulling on a pair of tight gym shorts over her thong.

Steve just looked at me and put his hand up as if to say what could he do about it? I didn't blame him. If anything it made me love him all the more as not many men could have sat there and watched such as show without accepting the invitation. Not to mention the fact I got a kick out of seeing Kristen so frustrated. It's not like she was accustomed to being turned down by guys!

I was also wearing a pair of grey gym shorts but I had on a loose tank top over my bikini top. My thong wasn't nearly as revealing as Kristen's but then I already had my guy whereas Kristen was constantly trolling. I didn't mind showing off a bit myself but it was a public party and I wasn't too sure who would be there. Discretion apparently wasn't a part of my cousin's vocabulary.

It was only a few minutes to get to my aunt and uncle's place and from the cars lined up on the brick street it was obvious there had been a pretty large invitation list. Outside the house was a sign that said, "Congratulations Tammy" with balloons. A few other people I didn't recognize were walking up to the house just ahead of us so the door was open when we got there.

Tammy was there to greet people as they arrived and she gave me and Kristen a big hug when we stepped inside. She looked at Steve and for a moment I wasn't sure what was going to happen but then she gave him a big hug as well although there was no kiss. I watched as her boobs crushed yup against him firm chest and I knew he had to feel them against him. It wouldn't have surprised me to see something start to protrude out from his shorts but somehow he managed to keep things under control.

We were directed to the back yard where a small tent was set up with food and beverages. Everyone was walking around, talking and gabbing. Most people were dressed in summer clothes - shorts and stuff, but there were a few in swim suits. For the most part they were like any others you'd see that local pool or beach, that is until Kristen dropped her shorts, exposing her all but bare ass to the world. It was like someone had sounded off a horn as every male pair of eyes looked her way, to be countered by more than a few pointed elbows in their sides by some of the wives who clearly disapproved.

Leaving Kristen to her devices, Steve and I made the mandatory rounds, saying hello to the people we knew, showing off my ring of course to everyone who would look - and even those who didn't seem to care. Everyone asked about the upcoming wedding and it made me realize yet again that it was barely two months away!

Tammy finally made her way to the back and I saw Steve staring at her. It was my turn to poke.

"Don't STARE for god's sake," I hissed at him, "People will notice."

"Why not? Everyone else is looking at her too?" he countered.

He was right but that was more because she was the graduate and not because she was stripping. Indeed, she was dressed relatively conservatively, most likely at the firm direction of her mother. She might have been only days away from turning nineteen but her mother still ruled the house. She was wearing a cute little sundress, light blue with a peasant girl top that showed off her large boobs to their maximum effect, aided by the lack of shoulder straps. She had her had pulled back and the color of the dress accented her skin tone. She was about to be a college girl and she looked radiant!

"Just make sure you control yourself," I warned him, giving him a quick pat on the front but not enough that anyone would notice.

Steve just chuckled and then I heard him drawing a breath again. I followed his gaze and there was my Aunt Linda helping her sister-in-law with the food. She was wearing a nice pair of white shorts, not TOO short but more so than most women in their forties would wear and they showed of her bottom nicely.

"Ok horny boy, why don't you go over and talk to her?" I suggested.

Actually I wanted a chance to talk to Tammy privately but I hadn't figured out how to get Steve to give me a few moments alone. Well, I didn't have to tell him twice and he was heading over to where my aunt was setting out more food and drinks.

Now that I had a small window of opportunity, I went straight to Tammy and when she was finished talking to some couple and moving away I grabbed her and motioned that I wanted to speak to her off to the side.

"Hey Kelly, you're looking good today. Thanks so much for coming to my party. And thanks for bringing that hunk fiancé with you too," she said in a low tone with a sly grin.

She was just being sociable but till, it as an opening and I took advantage of it.

"You know he was staring at you before," I said off-handedly.

"Oh really? That was sweet of him," he said but there wasn't much feeling behind it, more like she was just keeping up conversation.

"So how are things with you and Greg?" I asked. Now THAT brought a smile to her face and she practically lit up like a light bulb.

"He'll be over later, he has to work."

I didn't really know how to broach the subject delicately so I decided to just go for it.

"You know, Steve wants to fuck you."

Tammy's eyes widened and for a moment I think she thought I was just teasing her but then she saw I was serious and her face became more serious as well.

"Ummmmm, I don't know what to say Kelly," she said hesitantly, "Like, that's really cool but I don't do that anymore. You know, Greg and all."

"Not even Rick?"

"Not since last year... He's pretty mad about it but I don't care."

"And your dad?"

"Well you know how I feel about him."

Indeed, I didn't blame her for not fucking her dad any more. He was such an asshole that I'd stopped letting him fuck me years ago and the only time since then was when my dad asked me to so he could fuck Tammy.

"I know about Greg but Steve REALLY wants you," I tried to explain, "I showed him my dad's collection and now it's like all he talks about."

"You showed him THOSE?" she said, suddenly looking a little upset.

"Tammy, he's going to be my husband soon so I didn't think it would hurt," I said, sorry now that I'd mentioned it but all the more committed to seeing this through. "Would you consider doing him just once, just for old time's sake?"

Tammy frowned and shook her head. "I can't Kelly, sorry. I promised Greg I wouldn't do other guys. Plus he doesn't know about my family crap."

I didn't know what more I could say. She'd obviously made up her mind about sex outside of her relationship and I had to respect her for it. Still, it didn't make it any easier for me to have to go back and give Steve the news. There was one last thing I could try.

"Not even a tease?"

Tammy looked at me with her eyes fixed on mine. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, if you're not gonna fuck him, how about at least letting him see you a bit more? I mean, how about just a BJ?"

Tammy frowned again. "Kelly, I know you claim a blowjob isn't sex but I don't subscribe to that theory. Pussy, mouth, it's still sex."

"So after all I've done for you, you won't help me out even a little bit?" I whined.

Tammy's shoulders dropped and I could see she was conflicted. Rather than push her any further I waited patiently - or not so patiently.

"I'll think about it... OK? No promises."

That was probably the best I was going to get out of her and by then the crowd had moved in towards us and she turned to greet newcomers. I made my way back to the kitchen where my Aunt Sheri was cutting up more vegetables.

"Can I help?" I offered. Inwardly I prayed she would say no as the less time I spent even in the same room as her the better.

"Thanks Kelly, I really could use the help. I don't know where Linda escaped to. She promised me she would help and now she's run off somewhere."

Damn, talk about bad news on all different levels. First, now I was stuck doing a task I hated for a woman I couldn't stand. As if that wasn't bad enough, I had a pretty good feeling as to why my aunt had dropped from sight - along with my fiancé.

For the next half hour or so it was like hell as I cut up things and tried to arrange them on the plates. Of course I could never do it the way she wanted it and everything I did she criticized and complained about but in the end we got the food ready. Just as I was carrying out the last batch my Aunt Linda appeared. From the flush in her face and the glow that seemed to radiate from her I knew she'd just been fucked - and no doubt by my own horny fiancé.

"Tell me you didn't," I said to her when my Aunt Sheri had vacated the kitchen, leaving just the two of us there.

"Do what" she asked, the grin on her face belying any innocence in her reaction.

"You know damn well what - fucking my fiancé."

"Ohhhhhh, you mean THAT!" she said, acting as though she had no idea up until then what I was referring to, "You know, that boy of yours really knows how to please a lady."

"Yes he does but then how would you know?' I teased. She acted as though she was shocked I should infer such a thing and then we both busted out laughing and then we hugged. She sneaked in a quick kiss on my lips but nothing more as we had no idea who might walk in at any time.

I just shook my head in mock disbelief. I should have known this would happen from the way Steve had reacted when he saw her earlier. As to who actually initiated everything, that would have to wait until later to find out but I knew Steve would be anxious to tell me all the details the next time we had sex.

It was time to head out to the pool where a number of guests had gathered and more than a few had already jumped in. It was mostly the kids but a few adults were in the water - including Steve and Kristen. Kristen was riding on Steve's back, her arms around his neck with her legs wrapped around him. There didn't seem to be any funny business going but then that would have been pretty hard with everyone around them. This wasn't like at the lake where the darker water allowed for more interesting things to do with people close by.

Shedding my shorts and top, I laid back in one of the lounge chairs and felt the warm sun against my skin. Memories of some of the things I'd done in this very chair came flooding back - back from days when my uncle hadn't been quite such as an asshole. I knew that my uncle hated my aunt and why they never divorced was always a mystery to me. In the end I figured he was just too greedy and selfish to take the financial hit a divorce would bring. It certainly wasn't because he was afraid of breaking up his family as he treated all his kids like crap. Sometimes I think the main reason he wanted to fuck me and Tammy was more to get back at Aunt Shari. Even if she never found out - and heaven help us all if she ever did, the act of betrayal seemed to get him off as much as the actual sex. Hence some of my memories out here by the pool where it seemed he especially liked to fuck us when she was in the house.

I closed my eyes and felt the warm sunlight drenching me. My thoughts focused on how scared I had been the first time we insisted he fuck me while just being out of sight of the kitchen window where she was doing dishes. I say scared not because I was worried she would be upset - THAT was a given. I was scared for my physical health more than anything as it wouldn't surprise me if she came out with a gun had she any idea of what her husband was doing to his niece and daughter right under her nose.

Just in time I caught myself as I realized my hand was starting to move between my legs. Now THAT would have been interesting - to say the least. Maybe under different circumstances but not with all these people surrounding me, most of who I didn't even recognize. I lifted my head and shaded my eyes with my palm and tried to locate Steve in the pool which was starting to become more crowded as the sun grew even hotter. I finally spotted him with Kristen clinging to him like a leech - albeit a sexy leech. As much as sometimes she frustrated me, one look with those brown doe-eyes and the hint of a naughty pout and she could melt the heart of the most hardened person meaning I never stood a chance.

They seemed to be doing just fine by themselves so I laid my head back down and shut my eyes against the intrusive sun. Finally it just was too bright so I rolled over onto my stomach and crossed my arms under my head to form a pillow. I was distinctly conscious that my ass was on full display but that never had been a problem for me before - and certainly wasn't today. Besides, it wasn't like I was wearing a barely-there string thing like Kristen's.

The sun felt soooooo good on my back and legs. I found myself dreaming about Steve getting out of the pool, the cool water dripping off his muscular frame as he approached me and removed my bikini - first the bottoms and then the top. God I wanted him to fuck me. Mmmmmmm, the thought made me tingle.

## 4. Steve's Dream Realized

"Kelly... Kelly... wake up, you're gonna burn."

For a moment I felt totally disoriented. I thought I was in my bed and if so, who was nudging me? And why was the sun shining in my bedroom? Then my sleepy eyes slowly opened and I started to focus on the people around me. Oh yeah! I was at Tammy's graduation party. I looked up and saw Kristen kneeling down next to me, her cool hand on my warm back slowly pushing on me.

"Dang it... I must have fallen asleep," I finally managed to say, my voice a bit shaky as my throat was feeling terribly dry.

"Yeah, you've been out like a light," she giggled, "How you can sleep with all this commotion is beyond me!"

"What time is it?" I asked, my eyes still not quite focused. She told me and I quickly did the arithmetic - it had been over half an hour, at least, maybe a little more. Sheesh, she was right; how DID I fall asleep with all the people and noise everywhere.

"Where's Steve?" I asked, sitting up as she stood up in front of me.

Kristen just grinned at me like the cat who'd just eaten the most delicious mouse.

"OK, what's going on?" I asked, my suspicions immediately rising. She only got this look on her when she had some major secret to tell me and she was dying to spill the beans. My cousin was never much of one to keep a secret.

"Oh I'm sure you'll be hearing all about it," she teased. I rolled my eyes at her and sighed, "C'mon, what's with all the secrecy?"

"I promised I wouldn't tell you but since you're forcing me too..."

Yeah right, like I had her arm twisted behind her back.

"Let's just say the guest of honor or your fiancé disappeared for a while... and now he's looking like some kids after getting laid for the first time."

I stared at her, my ears hardly believing what I'd just heard. Damn, what had I missed by allowing myself to drift off like that? I looked around to be sure nobody could overhear me and asked, "So what happened? Did she put out for him?"

Her smile sort of sagged at that point. "Well to be honest I really don't know," she confessed, obviously unhappy with her lack of knowledge, "I was hoping maybe YOU could find out and then let me know all the details."

For a moment I couldn't help but take a bit of delight over her frustration. It had to be killing her not to know what had happened!

"So where are they?"

Kristen nodded her head back towards the house. "Tammy's talking to some of her friends and I think your boyfriend is hitting on my mom again. Guess once wasn't enough."

"Fiancé," I corrected her.

"Whatever!" she huffed, walking away from me with that.

I grabbed my shorts and headed for the house where I found Steve in the kitchen with my two aunts, helping with the dishes of all things. Wow, he must have REALLY been horny still for my aunt as if there was one thing he was not, it was domesticated. Steve's concept of dishwashing was to run them under the sink to get the big stuff off and then overloading the dishwasher.

"Ummmmm, honey... can I see you for a moment?" I said after I stepped in the kitchen.

"Watcha need Kelly, sort of busy right now," he replied, grinning at my Aunt Linda who just rolled her eyes upward and handed him another dish to clean.

"Out here... NOW," I said a little more forcefully. My aunts looked at each other and for once they both grinned together.

"Boy Steve, looks like we know who's calling the shots in this marriage," Aunt Linda cracked, a naughty grin helping to make it not sound so intense.

Steve just shrugged at them and retorted with a grin, "The things a guy has to do to get laid."

My Aunt Linda laughed at that one while my Aunt Sheri got this funny look on her face like she really didn't know how to react. In any case, I took advantage of the situation and motioned for him to come out to the back with me. Once out there I turned to him and with as stern a face as I could muster, asked him, "OK buster... what the hell went on between you and Tammy while I was passed out by the pool?"

Steve licked his lips nervously and then the corners of his mouth started to rise in a grin.

"Would you believe me if I said I fucked her?"

"No, I wouldn't. Try again."

Steve raised his eyebrows at that and came back with, "Why do you say that? Don't you think I had a shot at her?"

Rather than answer, I let my silence send the message. Finally he broke into a huge grin, looked around us real quick to be sure the coast was clear. "OK, OK, so she wouldn't let me... not that I didn't TRY, mind you. All she did was suck me dry. Damn that girl must have an internal vacuum system running in her belly."

Great, and I had to be sleeping and miss it all.

"So where the heck did you do it?" I asked incredulously. Like the place was packed so where had they gone to get the necessary privacy.

"Downstairs in their bedroom, nobody was there," he said matter-of-factly.

"So she really sucked you?" I asked again, needing to hear it at least one more time before I could believe my ears.

"Like I said, she took it in her mouth and never let it go until I'd finished cumming and then she swallowed it all down without so much as a peep. Damn she was incredible. She even let me strip her before she did it. Shit, those photos your dad has don't do her justice, that's for sure."

"But you didn't fuck her," I asked just to be sure I had it straight.

"No but it was close. After I stripped her she let me eat her out and then I tried to get it in her but just as I started to push she backed away. Damn Kelly, I was like THIS close!"

"Well maybe next time," I tried to console him.

Steve frowned and he looked a bit rueful. "I don't know about that. She said she was doing this just once for you and to make sure I told you that. What the hell did you two discuss anyway?"

It was my turn to keep a secret so I just smiled at him playfully and let his imagination do the work for me.

"You owe me one," I informed him.

"Yeah, I guess so," he sighed, his eyes getting this faraway look in them.

With that we said goodbye to Tammy and my Aunt Linda and my dad. Kristen said she would get a ride back from her mom so that left just me and Steve – perfectly fine with me as I intended to cash in my IOU as soon as we got back to my place!

I told him that it was fine with me so long as he kept it to himself and didn't involve me. SO I guess he must have thought he shouldn't say anything to me but that was assuming of course that I wasn't going to be involve. So evidently things must have been going well and I wouldn't have put it past my dad to conspire with my fiancé to get me back in the mix again.

The one thing that didn't work out with the timing was my cousin Kristen. Surprisingly she wouldn't be coming. I say I was surprised because the sort of thing my aunt was cooking up was right up her alley. Unlike me, she was the one who was always looking for a young dick to fuck and in this case there would be two of them. The problem was that she was working with her mom now to sell homes and in summer almost every weekend they had at least one or two open houses and one of them had to be there for it. As I spoke with my aunt I could just imagine how jealous she was going to be. I can't say that didn't make me smile. It was only fitting that for once she was the one left out since it seemed all my life she was always the one I tried to keep up with.

The next time I saw Steve I gave him a bit of a hard time about letting my aunt do his dirty work. He seemed rather embarrassed – as he should have been. Like, so many times guys try to hide things from me and it turns into a mess when if they had just told me up front then everything would have been fine. It was like the time way back when I tried escorting and quite after being raped. I only call it rape because the guy didn't tell me before he tied me up that he had several friends waiting in the adjoining hotel room to fuck me and I wasn't given any say in the matter. Now if he had talked to me ahead of time about it I probably wouldn't have had any problems – it was the not telling me part that made it bad. That's also probably why to this day I hate being tied up for anything.

So anyway, we needed to get an early start as with the holiday it would be crowded. It wasn't the lake so much that my dad was worried about but rather the ramps. Sometimes you can waste an hour or more just waiting your turn to get the boat in the water if you get here too late before the crowds show up.

Steve stopped by my house to pick me up right from work. He had managed to talk his boss into letting him out an hour or so early so he wouldn't delay us. I was waiting for him with my bag and ran out to the curb to get in as soon as he pulled up and in a few minutes we were at my dad's place where he had the boat already hooked up to the SUV and ready to go. My aunt had packed some food for lunch. Steve stared at her when she came out of the house – as he always does. Of all the women in my family he can fuck, he really only seems to care about her. Maybe if my mom was closer he might like her more often but for now, my Aunt Linda was the only older woman in my family who was available and he took full advantage of the opportunity. It also didn't hurt that she was wearing tight short denim shorts that barely hid her butt along with a tied up short for a top that was unbuttoned and did little to cover her boobs from sight. Unlike me, she didn't seem to have her bikini top on underneath it - or at least it wasn't much of a bikini top if she did.

"You really don't have to stare at her you know," I teased my fiancé, "It's not like you're not going to never see her again."

Steve poked me in the side playfully and grinned saying, "What's the matter babe, jealous of your own aunt?"

THAT earned him a sharp poke in the side and I just huffed and went over to kiss my dad good morning.

"Looking good this morning," my dad greeted me after we had finished a nice long hello kiss.

My dad patted my butt and added, "Working out lately? Your ass looks great in those shorts."

I just smiled and gave him another kiss, this time making sure my tongue worked its way into his mouth. He knew better than that. While I knew I SHOULD be working out, other than an occasional workout on the elliptical machine at home I never seemed to find the time - or the ambition, to do much more than that. Someday I will probably pay for my lack of discipline but for now so long as my shorts fit me the way this pair did, I wasn't going to kill myself.

Soon we were on the road, me and Steve in the back seat with my dad driving and my aunt acting as copilot. Poor Steve, he was tied after having worked all night and from what he told me, it had been a busy Friday night on top of things so he was nodding off almost from the time we left the driveway. By the time we were on the interstate ramp his head was back and he was sound asleep.

"Looks like lover boy is sack out," my aunt remarked as she twisted in her seat to look back at us. I just shrugged. It was going to be a long day so it was probably best that he get some rest on the way down.

For the next half hour or so we just drove on silently, everyone pretty quiet with Steve sacked out. At least he wasn't snoring. My dad pulled off the highway long enough for us to drive through a MacDonald's drive-thru but other than that we stuck to the highway on our way to West Virginia. Inevitably I got bored and when I

"Will you guys be quiet... Steve needs his sleep," I returned in as quiet of a voice as I could yet still be heard over the sound of the SUV going down the highway.

"Your point being?" Aunt Linda teased me.

I knew what she was hinting at and to be honest the thought had already been running through my mind for some time now.

"You just want to watch," I teased her right back.

"Again... your point being?" she shot back with a bigger grin than ever.

If there was one thing my aunt was, if you ignore the young boy thing, it was a voyeur. She had loved watching her daughter with guys as she grew up, finally allowing one of her boyfriends to take Kristen's virginity when she was fourteen but by then she was a virtual pro at sucking cock. Whenever I would come over to be with my dad, especially Sunday mornings for our traditional pre-church fuck, she always made it a point to watch. It was not anything like Steve's mom watching us. Steve's mom just watched without saying a word or doing anything. My Aunt Linda would strip down and watch us naked (which she was 90% of the time at home anyway), masturbating and commenting the entire time.

I looked at Steve again and my pussy practically cried out for his dick. Still, I didn't want to wake him but then that didn't mean I had to totally put aside my needs. With his cargo pants being so baggy it wasn't all that hard to unzip them and work his dick out. It was totally flaccid so I guess that meant he wasn't dreaming about me!

Looking back at my aunt, I saw she has turned in her seat and was now on her knees looking over the back of the seat so she had a clear view of what I was doing.

"Bet you can't get him off before he wakes up," she challenged me.

I didn't answer but just smirked and turned my attention to Steve's limp dick. Oh it could be done, I'd proven that on other guys in the past. What I didn't want her to know was that so far I had never gotten Steve to cum when he was sleeping. Sure I'd toyed with his dick and sucked it numerous times while he was out but so far he'd always woken up just before the finale.

Reaching out with my tongue, I tentatively touched it to the tip of his dick and then put just the head in my mouth, sucking on it gently. Letting it out, I turned and looked up at him but there wasn't one ounce of movement on his part. That was a good sign as I'd learned so long ago that if a guy was going to wake up then typically he did right away as soon as I started sucking on him.

His cock was so soft it was hard to keep it upright to suck on it but I held it as low as I could and kept it in my mouth, using my tongue more so than my lips to stimulate him. I was rewarded soon by the first feeling of his dick in my mouth as it barely twitched. Not much but at least a sign that it was waking up while its owner stayed sound asleep. I could smell the male aroma of his crotch as I moved my head down further onto his slowly hardening cock. He had come straight from work with no time to shower so it was pretty strong but it didn't bother me at all. It just confirmed he was my man... all man.

Because I had to be so gentle with him it wasn't like his cock was stiffening at the usual rate but it WAS growing ever so slowly. As it began to grow it thickened and started to stand up on its own meaning I didn't have to worry so much about supporting it at the base. The head swelled and I loved the way it felt as I ran my tongue around it and under the base. Steve especially loved that and I had to be careful because I knew it really got him off to be licked there and I didn't want him to wake up - not yet at least.

It seemed like ages but finally I had him about totally erect. I was just starting to take him all the way in when my dad hit a particularly large bump, forcing Steve's dick into the back of my throat when I wasn't expecting it. I felt myself gag and I quickly pulled up my head off his dick and coughed several times. I thought for sure with all the nice that Steve would wake up but he didn't even twitch. Wow, he must have REALLY been tired. Poor guy!

I lifted my head up further and turned to the front where my aunt was watching intently but not saying a word. She knew better as if she woke up Steve then I could declare foul play.

"Dad! Watch the road, will ya?"

I saw my dad looking again the in the rear view mirror which I noticed had been angled so he could see what was going on in the back seat rather than in back of the SUV.

"Sorry babe, not like I can make any quick moves with the load in back."

I knew that but I felt I had to say something anyway just in case Steve had woke up. Giving road head could be iffy under the best of circumstances when the road was in bad shape and trying not to wake up your partner was all the more difficult.

I went back to Steve's dick and once again took it in my mouth. Normally IO would be stroking it and sometimes just licking it up and down the shaft but when you're trying not to wake the guy up it sort of limits your options. All that stuff they love when they are awake which is why it tends to wake them up when they're sleeping.

Steve was hard as a rock now and I started to take some risks to get him to cum. It was a classic compromise between working his dick too hard and wake him up or not hard enough and he never cums. If it's the first time you're doing it to a guy then you have to just take chance but I'd sucked this particular cock hundreds of time and felt I knew it's characteristics pretty well.

Just as I was starting to think I wasn't going to make it I felt his cock jerk and then the first taste of precum coated my tongue. That was quickly followed by a full load of cum and then several more. I wanted to swallow after the first couple but he was cumming too quick so I just let his dick out until just the head was in my mouth to make it easier to hold it all. Then when it was done I finally was able to swallow it all down in a couple of gulps. Looking up, my heart sank as I saw his eyes were open and he was looking at me. Damn!

"Now THAT is how a guy should wake up every day!" he said in a voice still hoarse from sleep.

I looked back at my aunt to get the referee's call. Did he wake up before, during, or after he had cum in my mouth. Even though she had an interest in the outcome, I trusted her to give me an objective answer.

"I don't know Kelly, it was hard to tell," she said with a shrug, do you say let's call it a tie?"

Had it been Kristen, or anyone else for that matter, I would have taken that to mean he had woken AFTER I had made him cum but My Aunt Linda can be honest to a fault so I had to take her at her word. I looked back up at Steve who was winking at my aunt. Now what did THAT mean?

"Are we not sharing this morning?" my aunt complained. I knew what she wanted - some of Steve's cum. Unfortunately I had swallowed it all so there wasn't any for me to give her. Opening my mouth and sticking out my tongue, she looked genuinely disappointed!

By now we were only a half hour or so from the state park so Steve started to put his cock back in his pants. For a moment I was tempted to have some more of it but then I knew he had a long day ahead of him and a lot of women would be wanting his cock and sperm so I'd better leave him be.

After I had my shorts back on I scooted over to be next to Steve and he put his arm around me with his hand cupping my boob - his usual position when he could get away with it. I started thinking and called up to my aunt asking, "Hey Aunt Linda, you gonna tell us just what is all going on today or what?"

So far she had divulged that we would be meeting with another family with three kids - two boys and a girl but that was about it. Of course under the circumstances I assumed that meant they all would be involved so I was wondering just what I was getting myself into.

"Didn't I already tell you?" she answered but then she couldn't help but crack up and laugh, "Alright then, if you MUST know."

She explained to the three of us that we would be meeting a family that she and my dad had never been with before. They were new to the area, having moved in from Arkansas with glowing recommendations from the group they were part of down there. We would be the first people they would be meeting with since having been transferred to the Pittsburgh area which I thought was pretty cool.

Basically it was a family of five. The husband and wife (Wayne and Nancy) were 38 and 37 respectively. He was a doctor and she was an RN so it was no surprise they had met at work. They had three kids: Dale was the oldest at fifteen, followed by Courtney at thirteen with Jason the youngest was just twelve. She broke out a photo of them that looked like it had been taken at a studio and from the looks of them they could have been any one of hundreds of families you see at church or school. Wayne looked quite handsome but my eyes were on Dale and Jason while I had no doubt that Steve was seeing only Courtney. She looked cute with curly blonde hair and a smile that would have charmed the spots off a leopard.

"So anything we need to know about?" I asked.

My aunt just shrugged and answered, "Nothing special I guess. Face it, people who do this sort of thing usually don't have all that many rules."

I wondered if she meant that applied to us as well. Well, I for one DID have a few rules like no anal or anything to do with potties or bondage so I hoped she had told them already so we wouldn't have to go into it when they got here.

"So what do you think horny boy?" my aunt teased Steve, "You want the mom or the daughter... or both?"

Steve just rolled his eyes and took the fifth but I knew the truth. It was only Courtney that held his interest. For whatever reason he preferred by aunt over my cousin but other than that if I REALLY wanted to get Steve horny all I had to do was talk about fucking a teenage girl. At least I mean I had learned that just a few months before as I had always assumed he was interested in the older ones.

For me, while Wayne looked handsome if I was going to do this then I was going to go for it and take both boys if I could. Normally I would have loved to have fucked a married man but in this case not only his wife but his entire family knew he fucked women besides his mother so that sort of deflated the balloon so to speak when it came to my interest in him. If I was going to do this then I wanted it to be something special and that meant fucking the boys instead of the father, or at least that was my preference.

We chatted about them a bit more and suddenly it was like we had magically made it to the entrance of the park. My aunt said she had arranged for them to meet us at the boat ramp and they knew what our SUV and boat looked like so hopefully they would be there already.

Sure enough, no sooner than we had pulled in line for the ramps (thankfully there were only six boats ahead of us), a guys walked up and I immediately recognized him from the photo.

"John and Linda?" he asked my hand, extending his hand, "I'm Wayne. Nice to meet you all."

Everyone was introduced to him and he pointed back to another SUV parked in the lot where I could barely make out his family unpacking things.

"We staked out a table by the beach that looks pretty good, figured we all couldn't fit on the boat at one time," he explained.

That was actually pretty good as there were so few tables and once they were gone they pretty much were taken for the entire day. Well, so far so good.

My dad and aunt stayed with the boat while Steve and I grabbed out picnic stuff and cooler and followed Wayne back to the beach area. Soon we met the rest of the family and introductions were made again.

My immediate reaction was trying not to let my mouth drop open. Nancy could have passed for a younger twin of my aunt with the same facial features, hair color and height. The difference was highly visible in that her chest had to be at least a DD whereas my aunt was more a solid C. Plus, being a few years younger there were a few less wrinkles although Linda was pretty well preserved still.

Wayne and the boys all were dressed in the typical long swim shorts that everyone seems to be wearing these days. Wayne was about ten years younger than my dad and was in great shape. Dale, the older son, seemed a little shy, hanging

I could see Steve and my Dad's shoulders slump as I knew they both were hungry for Courtney but they were not going to argue. We had all day and sooner or later they would be doing her.

So me and the mom went out with my dad, fiancé and her oldest son. It wasn't exactly the perfect match but to be honest, this early I was horny but I was also excited to get some skiing in before the lake got all crowded and choppy.

My aunt actually looked a little disappointed as well. I think she was looking forward to having both sons to herself with their dad their so serve as lookout or maybe even just a bigger dick if she felt the need. The other thing I noticed was that the two sons definitely looked pleased that their sister would be with them. That was interesting as the intent of this day was to be with other people yet they seemed more interested in their sister than me or my aunt. As for little Courtney (she couldn't have weighed ninety pounds soaking wet), she didn't seem to care one way or the other.

I dropped my shorts and left them at the table, revealing my bikini bottom for the first time. It wasn't anything close to being as revealing as what Courtney was wearing but it finally seemed to get the attention of Dale and his dad. Once again I noticed that Jason seemed more interested in his sister than any of the older women.

I waved goodbye to my aunt as the first group to go out on the boat started walking back to the dock.

## 3. Topless Waterskiing

Steve helped my dad to get the boat pushed away from the dock as my dad started the engine and backed away from the dock. Nancy and Dale took a seat next to each other on one side while Steve hopped in and sat down next to me as my dad looked back to check we were all OK and then gunned the engine to take us quickly out to the center of the lake. It wasn't long before he idled the engine and came back to help with the ski equipment.

"Who's first?" he asked but he knew better than to even ask. I may be a total klutz in every other sport but this was one thing I knew how to do and I couldn't wait to show off for Steve.

I reached for the life jacket and started to put it on when I thought better of it. Reaching behind my back I pulled off my bikini top and stood there topless. My dad and Steve just grinned and I felt a little better to see that Dale finally perked up a bit at seeing a new pair of boobs.

"Very nice Kelly," Nancy remarked, like she was passing judgment on my latest arts and crafts projects but then she was trying to be nice.

"There's a lot of boats out, sure you want to go out like that?" Steve asked although her had to know the answer already.

I pulled on the life vest and snapped the buckles together. "Like who can tell anyway?" I returned, "Now if I took my bottoms off then maybe..." as I let my voice trail off and pretended to start dropping my bikini bottom. Poor Dale must have thought I was really going to do it because he perked up but then seemed disappointed when he realized I was just teasing.

Soon I was up on the slalom ski, my dad running boat in lazy figure eights to let me cross the wake and have fun. We passed by a number of other boats and I found myself wishing I didn't have to wear the life vest as even though there was nothing underneath, there was no way anyone could tell.

Watching the boat ahead of me, I saw Dale take up residence on the stern while Steve turned his attention to Nancy. Even with my attention focused on not falling down I couldn't help but keep an eye on them. Nancy wasn't wasting any time as she was on her knees with her head buried in my fiancé's lap. I had a pretty good view from the rear but anyone passing by on either side wouldn't have seen much if they weren't really looking for it. Even then it would have just been the top of her head that was visible.

It didn't take too long for my arms to tire and I signaled to Dale who called up to my dad to stop the boat. The motor died down and the line slackened allowing me to gracefully sink into the water like a diving submarine. My dad carefully circled back and put out the ladder for me to get back in. Meanwhile Nancy still had her mouth on my fiancé's dick, not even looking back as I stepped back in the boat soaking wet and dripping water everywhere.

"Wow, you ski really good!" Dale gushed as I took off the life vest and sat down next to him topless.

"You wanna try?" I asked him.

He didn't seem to hear me as his attention seemed to be focused on my bare chest. I looked over and Steve just shrugged as Nancy kept on her assault of his dick. He gave me a thumbs up which I interpreted as his judgment of my skiing ability more so than Nancy's cock sucking skills.

later and I was mounted on his teenage cock like a corn dog on a stick at the state fair.

We were slowly being pushed across the lake by a breeze which actually worked to our advantage in that it took us out of the main path that boats were taking. From my seat on Dale's lap I had a great view of the main lake and I watched as other boats went by at a distance but none of them seemed to take any notice of what was going on in our boat. The three-some up front was pretty much out of view anyway by the sides of the boat. Even perched in Dale's lap I wasn't that much higher than the gunwales so someone would have had to drive by pretty close to see I was topless given the way I was bent forward as I bounced slowly on his super-stiff cock.

As I was being fucked by Dale I watched the three people in front of the boat as Steve was still fucking Nancy. As I watched Steve's cock moving in and out of Dale's mom, I could feel Dale's dick in me. I found myself thinking about how it felt so many years ago when Steve's dick was just sixteen years old and I would sit on him just as I was doing to Dale's right now. Back then his was still the only dick that had ever been in me and I could still remember the wonder and amazement I would feel as he penetrated me and I could feel him inside of me. I wondered if someday I wouldn't be the mother being fucked by my daughter's fiancé and my daughter might be riding some kid's dick in full view of everyone.

Steve was the first to cum which wasn't surprising given how long Nancy had been sucking him before he started fucking her. He pulled out and shot it all over her bare ass and back which sort of surprised me given he virtually never pulls out of me when he cums.

Nancy and my dad sort of traded places at this point with her sitting in the chair with one leg over each of the arms, spreading her thighs apart sand giving a great view of her trimmed pussy. That view only lasted a few seconds though as my dad quickly stepped forward and pushed his dick into her and started fucking her right off the bat.

Meanwhile it was time to get more serious with Dale so I sat up and let his dick flop out of me. I turned and sucked on him, tasting the sweetness of my pussy that covered him. Then it was my turn to take a seat. Turning sideways facing the front so I could keep an eye on things, I put on leg up on the gunwale and the other over the side onto the deck. Dale was obviously not your typical sixteen year-old in that he knew just what to do with me in this position and soon he had his cock back into me, pumping it in and out in a steady motion. He didn't last much longer now that he was doing the stroking and he started to pull out but I growled at him, telling him he had better stay in me if he ever wanted to fuck me again.

Well, one good thing about a sixteen year-old, besides a did that never goes soft, is they listen to demands pretty well, at least now that I am ten years older than them. He pushed himself in to me hard, burying the full length of his dick into me and then started to grunt as one load after another of warm cum was released inside of me.

That left just my dad although I would have bet good money that had I worked a bit on Dale he would have been fucking me as good as ever before long. There was a long day left to go yet though so why push the issue? Meanwhile Steve had pulled his trunks back on as did Dale but I sat on the seat naked and watched as my dad fucked Nancy. She was a moaner, that was for sure!

Just as my dad was about to cum he pulled out and pushed Nancy's face towards his cock. At first she resisted but he grunted, "Take it bitch." It wasn't said to be nasty, more out of lust which was fortunately how she took it. She dutifully opened her mouth just in time as my dad squirted cum all over her face and tongue.

"Like seeing your mom get it like that?" I asked Dale, trying once more to illicit something from him. He just nodded... so much for THAT idea.

"C'mon Nancy, jump in with me and wash off," I offered as I took a quick step and hit the warm water.

Nancy didn't hesitate, jumping in next to me and we treaded water until my dad tossed in a ring for us to hang onto.

"Nice way to start the day," I said to her as she rinsed her face off in the warm lake water.

I got in behind her and rubbed her back and bottom to scrub off the remains of Steve's cum. For just a moment I reached down lower and let my fingers trace their way down her pussy slit.

"Now don't start something you can't finish," she said to me slyly, not making any effort to stop me. It was tempting but then I was sort of anxious to get back to shore and see how my aunt was making out.

It WAS a nice way to get things started. I enjoyed Dale fucking me although I have to say it really wasn't all that special. Actually, what made it better was him fucking me in front of his mom, knowing he had probably fucked her himself not that long ago.

"So now what?" Steve asked, sounding a little dejected with the crowd all around us, "I can't believe how many people are around here today!"

Nancy sat down on the table with little Jason next to her. She put her arm around him and he reached around her, hugging her. They looked so cute together, so much in fact that it was hard to imagine that he was fucking her - or at least I assumed so.

I turned to Steve and kissed him. Then I looked around and whispered in his ear, "I need you in me... NOW!"

Steve grinned but then turned serious. "That's great, but where?"

I turned and pointed towards the beach. Steve looked puzzled.

"You DO realize there's like a thousand people down there?"

I huffed with exasperation. "Not the beach silly... duh!"

Steve is really a pretty smart guy but sometimes he can be totally clueless I swear. I just stared at him and he looked again in the direction I had pointed. Then he just shook his head.

"Sorry Kelly, you've got me this time. What the hell are you talking about?"

"There's a whole lake out there dummy," I finally blurted out, huffing rather melodramatically.

"Yeah but there's a thousand people in the water too," he argued. OK, so he exaggerates at times but there WERE a lot of people around.

"Yeah and so who's going to notice us then?" I reasoned.

I could almost see the gears moving in his head and then his eyes brightened.

"Oh no... you've GOT to be joking," he started to stammer.

"C'mon stud, you wanna fuck me or not?" I said, grabbing his hand and dragging him towards the beach. Nancy just sat there with Jason, running her hands though his hair. They looked so sweet together. Oh well, that was something to worry about later. Right now I had other things on my mind.

The so-called "beach" was a far cry from those beautiful scenes you see in the cruise portfolios. It was really a cleared out area of the lakeshore that looked to have had a few tons of sand trucked in. There was a large area that was roped off to keep people from swimming out into the lake where they could get hit by boats. A wooden raft was anchored where a large crowd was gathered. Other than that it was pretty much just an open area of the lake that had been cleaned up a bit to make it nicer to swim in. The trick was to find an area that was crowded but not TOO crowded yet at the same time not TOO open or we would stand out.

Steve was still holding my hand as we started into the water. He was looking around at all the people and I could clearly see that he was a little anxious.

"You're sure about this?" he asked in a low voice.

If anything, the sight of all these people had me more horny than I'd been all day. I couldn't help but notice the stress of some of the guys on the beach as I walked by, even if I wasn't wearing my naughtiest bikini by any means. I especially appreciated the looks from the dad with their kids, trying not to be noticed by their wives when they looked at me but still doing their best to get in as many looks as they could.

"Oh yeah.. I'm sure," I giggled back to him.

We slowly worked our way into the warm lake water. With all the commotion the water was murky and I couldn't see my hand more than an inch below the surface. Well, that meant nobody else could either.

Once we were in to where the water was just up top my boobs we stopped and checked out the area around us. Even though I had tried steering us to a relatively calm area, there were still people everywhere of all ages. The water was too deep for any really young kids but there were a few that seemed to be more adventurous than the others.

"Well, I guess this is as good a place as any," I declared as we came to a stop.

"Kelly... there is like a million people around us still, we can't do this here," Steve tried to say, turning to start heading back to shore.

"Oh come on, whose going to know?" I shot back at him rather sternly this time.

With that I reached down and dunked myself in the water, slipping my bikini bottoms off before I surfaced.

"Here... put these in one of those pockets and don't you DARE lose them," I warned him as I handed him my panties bunched up in a ball in my hand.

Steve took them and shook his head in amazement as he reached down to stuff them in one of his cargo pant pockets. That left me standing there totally bare-bottomed as kids and adults would pass by within a few feet of me. I felt a twinge as I tried to imagine what it would be like if the this was happening in a clean and clear pool instead of a muddy lake.

"Soooooo, are you gonna do me now or what?" I taunted him, sinking down until the water was over my shoulders and then reaching forward to fish his dick out of his shorts.

had to think, "There's NO WAY they can be doing THAT!" and so went on their way. Imagine if they knew we really were doing it!

"You like this Steve... you like fucking me out here in the middle of everyone?"

Steve didn't answer but instead just gave me an extra hard thrust so I took that as a "yes". It really wasn't all that long since he had fucked Nancy so I was starting to wonder when he was going to cum. As much as I loved doing this where we were it wasn't like it was the most comfortable position in the world. Steve has fucked me in a pool in the shallow end where I could float on my back while he fucked me and that was a whole lot easier. Doing it now submerged up to my neck was crazy because of the crowd around us but not exactly the easiest way to fuck.

"Getting close," Steve suddenly said and I could see the expression on his face as he approached his orgasm. He sighed and pulled me up to him, letting me hug him again as he started to pump his sperm into me. I looked over his shoulder and saw two boys swimming by just a couple of feet behind us without a clue that had the water been clearer they might have seen two people fucking for the first time ever - at least besides on the internet.

It felt so good to be so close to Steve. I had my legs wrapped around him while he supported me with his hands under my bare bottom. My boobs were pressed in tightly against him with just the thin fabric of my bikini top separating us. I could feel him jerk a little as he came in me and I tried to imagine how it must look inside of me as his cock shot out each load of his sperm into me.

After he came I slipped off his dick and stood there in front of him smiling. "Now how was THAT?" I said with a naughty grin as I looked around. Then I had another naughty thought and dipped down under the water and this time when I came up I had another gift for him in my hand - my bikini top.

"You are too much," he laughed as he took my top.

I moved around in the water, totally conscious that I was stark naked now in the midst of an ever-growing crowd of people, mostly young kids and teenagers. Nobody could see anything but that didn't mean it didn't get me off.

"C'mon, let's get a closer look at your girlfriends," I beckoned him as I moved towards the raft.

At first he seemed reluctant but then HE had his swimsuit on. We worked our way slowly until we were only maybe ten feet or so from the raft. The water was deeper here and I couldn't touch bottom so Steve had to hold me by the waist and support me. When we got to where he couldn't barely stand with his head above water we stopped and just watched.

"Bet you wish they were naked like me," I whispered as low as I could.

I could just imagine how hard his dick must be with me naked in his hands and all these cute girls flaunting themselves. He didn't say anything but I knew he had to be so horny again.

"We better be going back, my dad will probably be returning soon," I told him after we watched them playing for a while.

Steve grunted something in affirmation and maneuvered me back to where I could stand again. He pulled out my bikini from his pockets which calmed the one fear I had. I guess he could have gone back to get a towel had he lost it but that would have still been hard to explain. Once I had it back on again we headed for shore. Steve reached down to adjust himself so his erection wasn't so apparent and we made our way back to the picnic table where Nancy and Jason were waiting for us. I didn't ask them what they had been doing and they didn't volunteer any information.

After walking back to the dock, the boat still wasn't there but we only had to wait about fifteen minutes before I saw it approaching. As they pulled up to the dock you would have thought they were no different than any of the either hundreds of boatloads of people coming in and out. I caught my dad's eye and he winked at me with a grin and I knew then that he had fucked Courtney. I would probably have to wait until the trip home to hear about it though.

## 5. Couples Only Boat Ride

Even though it was now lunch time and I was starting to feel hungry, we decided to head out again. This time we all came to the agreement that it should be a "couples" time and let the kids stay behind and enjoy the beach... or whatever else they wanted to do.

As we backed away from the dock and my dad worked his way through the no-wake zone, he used the opportunity to say something before he gunned the engine which made talking pretty much impossible unless you wanted everyone on the lake to hear you.

"OK, let's just set one rule if that's OK with everyone," he started out. We all turned to him and waited for him to continue. "No sex with your own partner. Everyone OK with that?"

Everyone seemed to look around to see if someone was going to object but nobody said anything other than to nod.

"Oh... one more thing," my dad added, "no bottoms on the girls while out on the lake."

My aunt and Nancy exchanged glances but it neither of them seemed concerned. Heck, it wasn't like anyone was wearing all that much to begin with and so long as you weren't standing up nobody would be able to tell anyway. By then we passed the outer buoys and my dad hit the throttle, pointing the boat towards the other side of the lake. As agreed, all three of us promptly dropped our bottoms and tossed them in a small pile by my dad's captain's chair. I was the only one totally shaved as both of the older women were trimmed but still pretty hairy.

With all the boats that were now on the lake it was pretty choppy so everyone pretty much just was holding on as my dad sped across the water. As often as we came to this lake my dad knew all the coves and inlets and soon he was idling in to a quiet area that was mostly out of sight of the main lake. Finally he killed the engine and had Wayne help him secure us with the anchor.

"Well, we're here," my dad announced.

For a brief moment I thought to myself that the concept of water skiing had never even been discussed. Oh well, I could do that another time. Why waste time when you can be fucking strangers?

Nancy was the first to take off her top, followed quickly by Aunt Linda. I figured what the heck so I took my top off as well. We all looked at the guys and they quickly took the hint and took off their swim shorts which left us all naked. I sort of expected a pairing off to take place but apparently Linda and Nancy had other ideas. I was checking out Wayne and when I looked back there was my aunt and his wife in a 69 on the cushions! Well, my dad had said no sex between partners. He didn't say it had to be boy-girl.

"Damn, that is so hot," Wayne said to my dad, "Hope you don't mind but I'm fucking your daughter first."

It wasn't like he asked me or anything, he just expected me to let him fuck me but then why shouldn't he? It wasn't like I wasn't hoping for it anyway.

To be perfectly honest, of everything that happened today this trip out was probably the least erotic for me. Steve and I swapped with other couple already so trading places with Wayne and Nancy was enjoyable from the sex perspective but didn't really turn me on to any extraordinary extent. Of course Steve always loves seeing a new dick in me so he watched while Wayne fucked me whereas my dad was more into seeing my aunt and Nancy doing each other. Eventually Steve fucked Nancy again but I noticed he didn't cum - he must have been saving himself somewhat and I knew who he was saving it for.

We only spent maybe 30-45 minutes in the cove. Although nobody said it, I think that without the kids it wasn't as much fun for everyone. After all, weren't they really the reason we were getting together today? I DID cum a couple of times but once was from Nancy eating me out and the other I pretty much did myself as my dad did a quick fuck in me. Nobody came right out and said it but we all seemed to reach a point where my dad just put on his trunks and we headed back to get the kids.

As we bounced our way back to the dock I couldn't help but think how things had changed for me. Normally getting together like we had just been would have been enough to keep me going all day and here in just over half an hour everyone was anxious to get back! I guess it just goes to show that people always want something more than what they have and when it's available, I guess you can't blame them for desiring it more than anything else.

## 6. Beach Fucked by Wayne

This time there was no doubt about what my dad and Steve wanted - Courtney. My Aunt Linda went out with them along with Jason, leaving me with Wayne, Nancy and Dale. I felt a little jealous as I was hoping to get some of Jason but my aunt had her eyes on him and she used her age and status to trump my desires.

As we walked back to the picnic table I was glad we had grabbed it early. Every table was occupied and people were spread out on blankets most everywhere else. Wayne asked me how things went the last time I stayed back and I told him about how we had fucked in the water. His eyes widened and so I asked him if he was interested in trying it himself but he shook his head.

"No, sorry, but I have this thing about doing it in a lake... just not my interest I guess," he explained.

"Well, then do you want to do me or are we just gonna sit here and wait?" I asked rather pointedly. Wayne looked at his wife and son and asked, "So what did you and Jason do last time?"

To my surprise, Nancy told him they hadn't done anything because there were just too many people around. THAT surprised me as I had assumed they would figure something out.

"Any other ideas Kelly?" Wayne asked, looking around and frowning, "Damn this place is crowded."

Well, it was the 4th of July weekend so what did he expect? Still, I had never met a situation where I couldn't get laid one way or the other. I'd done it once with a guy under a blanket right on the beach but it wasn't nearly as crowded as it was today so that wasn't an option. The only thing I could see was the shower house but it looked really crowded. Well, when you only have one option you have to find a way to make it work, right?

"Follow me," I told Wayne, leaving Nancy and Dale behind.

I headed straight for the shower house, my mind working furiously as I weighted different option. I'd been in them before so I knew the layout. They were actually a combination restroom-shower house so there were stalls for the toilets and then individual showers with doors for privacy. I really wasn't thrilled with the idea of doing it in one of the toilets which left just one option - a shower. Getting Wayne in the women's side would be impossible and even if he could find a way to sneak in, if he got caught they would call the police. That meant I had to sneak into the men's side. There, even if I was seen, nobody would say anything. If anything, I would probably draw a crowd!

When we were about a hundred feet from the showers I stopped and explained my plan to Wayne. He seemed to think I was crazy but then he was horny and so he agreed to go along with my plan, although a bit reluctantly.

Wayne went in the men's side which seemed a lot less crowded than the women's side which worked to our advantage. I waited impatiently and then he reappeared and gave me a thumbs up which meant that he had an open shower for us. Now I just had to get to it. Well, there are so many advantages to being a girl and in this case I was counting on men watching too many Girls-Gone Wild videos. Had I tried to sneak in then someone might have said something but I figured that if I just walked in like I belonged there and went straight to the shower, anyone who did see me would probably either think they were hallucinating or just put it down as something to tell his friends later.

Sure enough, I went straight in without hesitating and I saw Wayne motioning me towards one of the shower stalls. There were a couple of teenage boys, maybe sixteen or seventeen, who stared at me as I walked by but they didn't say a word as I disappeared out of sight. Well, maybe they would be masturbating about me later!

"You are insane," Wayne whispered as we both quickly stripped.

He turned on the water so people would not think the stall was empty. Frankly, I would have preferred it off but then the last thing we needed was people banging on the door for it to open. It was one thing to walk in wearing my bikini and being seen, quite another if people were to see us having sex.

Wayne was certainly turned on; his dick was already erect and ready for me. I had sort of hoped it would not be so hard already so I could suck it and feel it grow in my mouth but then I wasn't complaining either.

What can I really say? It's not like we had a lot of options. I faced away from the stream of water, giving Wayne clear access to my butt. For just a moment I thought he was going to try to fuck my ass but thankfully it was just him trying to find the right hole. We fucked for maybe five or ten minutes before he started to cum after which I quickly turned around and let him finish in my mouth. I always prefer guys to cum in my pussy but under the circumstances I figured why not give him the extra thrill of cumming on my face and mouth. Since we were already in a shower it made it easy to clean off before it got too messy.

Once we were done the final step was to get clear of the shower house without raising a fuss. Wayne looked out first and shut the door, motioning to me that there were four people out there. Heck, we could wait all day for the coast to clear so why wait any longer? I brushed him aside and stepped out, walking right by the four guys without even looking at them. They all looked to be in their twenties or so and not one of them said a word. No doubt they were caught totally by surprise and later each of them would regret their momentary paralysis and jerk off imaging what MIGHT have happened had they spoken up.

On the way back to the table Wayne caught up to me. "You really are something else Kelly." I turned and smiled at him and then walked back to the table where Nancy and Dale were waiting patiently. We just sat there and talked for a while about Dale's school after I explained that I was a teacher.

"Ever fuck any of your teacher's Dale?" I asked.

I noticed Jason seemed especially interested in what his sister was doing. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off her. I couldn't help but wonder if it was just curiosity or maybe a little bit of jealousy. There was SOMETHING between the two of them, I just hadn't figured it out yet.

Finally Steve came in here and while she was still mounted on him my dad came all over her face. Without even thinking about it, I stepped up and started to lick the cum off her face. Then my dad lifted her off of Steve and laid her down on the back bench where I kneeled and licked my fiancé's cum from her pussy. She had a thin bush that was now covered with sperm and I loved the fresh taste of her pussy.

"She tastes pretty good, doesn't she?" Nancy asked me. It was more rhetorical as I got the impression she was just showing her pride in her kids.

"So what do you guys think about my daughter?" Nancy asked my dad and Steve.

Both of them sort of grunted and smiled more than anything. I could just imagine the next time Steve fucked me and I reminded him about Courtney. Damn, he'll be banging me silly!

It was mid-afternoon so time to head back. Somehow my dad managed to get just hard enough to fit his dick back in Courtney and she rode the whole way back on his lap with his dick up her pussy. Given how bouncy the ride was on the back hope I was a little envious of her!

## 8. The Kids Have Fun

It was starting to get late so there was time for one more rip out. Given my dad wasn't running all over the lake there was still enough gas for one more trip across without having to fuel. It was Nancy who spoke up this time.

"So what do you say let's let the kids have some fun?" Nancy proposed, "I think they've earned their reward today, don't you all?"

When she mentioned "reward" it reminded me of how they were rewards at home for doing well at their studies. The kids certainly perked up at her mentioning it though.

Nancy tried to volunteer to keep an eye on the kids but this time I took a stand. My aunt was interested as well but in this case I said it should be all kids as much as possible and since I was my dad's daughter I qualified.

# (Jul 04) Chapter 231: Maintaining Family Traditions

Story codes: MF FF oral inc father mother daughter aunt niece cousin
Me (26)
John - my dad (46)
Aunt Linda (43)
Steve - my fiancé (28)
Kristen - cousin (24)

Next to God, my family is the most important thing in my life. Part of maintaining a healthy family life is the development and maintenance of traditions. That may mean Christmas Eve at the same grandparent's house, Dad carving the turkey, all sorts of things. Some are light and frivolous, others more deep and meaningful. Some are just downright erotic...

Note: See 2004 (Jul 04) Chapter 56: Our First Family Orgy for the complete details of how this tradition got started. This is just a recap for those who haven't read the full version. Also, see 2003 (Sep 12) Chapter 47: Dad's First Time With My Cousin for the details on how my dad first did my cousin.

## 1. Starting a New Tradition

There are some traditions that span generations, some that are just starting so as traditions go, this falls somewhere in between. I was eighteen, on summer break after my freshman year in college so that will make this our ninth year so I guess that makes it a fairly well-established one.

By the time I left for college I'd been having sex for the past four years, ever since my boyfriend took my virginity the summer before my freshman year of high school when I was fourteen. During the course of my high school education I earned a well-deserved reputation as the class slut, thanks no doubt to the fact I always put out on the first date. Well, at least I gave a blowjob.

It wasn't until I was sixteen that I first started having sex with my parents. So you can imagine what a shock to my system when I started at a VERY strict Christian

pretty much had everyone else and so our 4th of July tradition expanded to become an annual family orgy.

One thing I want to emphasize is that even though we all enjoy sex with each other now and then, orgies are NOT commonplace. In fact, this is usually the only time of year that we do it. Sometimes there might be a threesome if the right opportunity comes up, but almost every other time it's just one-to-one. That's what makes this tradition so special.

Last year things were a little subdued as my mother wasn't there. I won't go into all the details here again about why my parents ended their marriage after over 25 years but the end result was my mother moved to Oregon and so our family orgy was one member short. This year, though, number-wise we would be back again as my fiancé Steve was going to join in. True, he wasn't officially a member of the family yet but with our wedding only weeks away I figured it was good enough for me and my dad agreed so it was set.

## 2. Steve Gets an Introduction

As I mentioned, Steve was my first but then he moved away when his mother was transferred to California just eight months after we first did it. His parent's had divorced a couple of years earlier when his dad decided to trade his mom on for a young secretary at work. The irony is she dumped him shortly after the divorce as apparently screwing a divorced older man wasn't as thrilling as being his mistress.

After they left I thought I would never see Steve again and except for his wedding a few years ago (which was annulled after a month) I didn't see him until last summer when his mom was transferred back to Pittsburgh again. One day he showed up at church and surprised the daylights out of me. After that we started dating and one thing led to another until right after last Thanksgiving when he proposed to me - and I accepted without a moment's hesitation.

A few days prior to his proposal (yes, I had suspicions he was getting close to pop[ping the question) I told him for the first time about my incestual family dealings. Simply put, I couldn't marry a man who couldn't accept my family as well. I waited until the last possible moment and I was 99.99% certain he was going to do it as I had been burned badly in the past by an asshole who I THOUGHT was going to be my fiancé and so I told him a few things (thankfully not everything) and ended up losing my job and almost my entire career over it when he freaked out.

Steve didn't believe me at first. Sure he knew I was a slut and so I could have told him I had just fucked 50 guys and I doubt he would have batted an eyelash. Yet when I told him my dad had been fucking me for the ten years his initial reaction was to laugh it off and accuse me of trying to play some practical joke on him. There was only one way to convince him - show him.

While Steve wasn't exactly thrilled seeing me with my dad, he didn't have any reservations about helping himself to my aunt and cousin! After all, if I was supposed to be free to have sex with anyone in my family, so was he. Still, after that first time he never saw me with my dad again. Well, if he wanted to participate in our 4th of July tradition then he would have to watch my dad fuck me. It didn't seem to be THAT big of a sacrifice to me.

As I said, ever since we got engaged Steve has just sort of ignored when I would go to be with my dad which is fine with me. My dad isn't the sort that likes threesomes - well, make that where two of the participants are male. I guess you could say both my dad and fiancé are super-homophobic. It's funny in that both of them love watching other men fuck me but neither of them want to watch the other fuck me. Go figure...

In the meantime Steve especially loves fucking my aunt which amuses me to no end because it drives my cousin Kristen insane. She's not use to playing second fiddle to anyone, let alone her mom, and when Steve turns to her mother instead of her she just storms off in a huff. I would never tell her this but I think sometimes he does it just to piss her off but that's fine with me. For most of my life I've had to deal with boys preferring her over me and I have to admit that I sort of enjoy seeing her put in her place for once!

## 3. Putting on a Show for the Guys

When it comes to our July 4th extravaganza, each year things go a little different as it's not like we have a fixed agenda or anything so terribly formal. During the course of the year people's lives change, their tastes vary, and so forth so it only makes sense that our annual family orgy would be different as well. Most importantly this would be the first year with my fiancé in attendance and thus the first year there would be two men so that certainly was going to change the dynamics a much as anything ever had.

Steve picked up me and Kristen just after noon. We both had on denim shorts but Kristen was wearing a skimpy bikini top while I had on a stretch tube top that barely stayed in place. I suppose it didn't really matter what we wore since I knew we would both be nude before much longer. That was another thing that made this a unique day for us. While my aunt was the type that enjoyed being nude all day around the house, I hardly ever just hung around stark naked. Even just a t-shirt or tank top was enough to make me feel comfortable, just so I had SOMETHING on top.

My bottom was different in that I NEVER wore panties or even a bikini bottom when I was home. My mother's theory was that I was so ashamed of my small boobs as a teenager that I would hide them and try to draw attention to my ass which I've always thought was my best "asset". She thought that it just carried over from my teens even though now my boobs aren't all that bad if I say so myself. On the other hand Kristen was more of a wild card. She would go nude with her mom but at home when she was alone with me she typically wore a thong or panties around the house and generally stayed topless.

"So you ready stud?" Kristen teased Steve from her spot on the opposite side of Steve's pickup.

I was firmly planted in the center, making sure it was ME pressing up against my fiancé and not my horny cousin. I can say she was horny rather confidently as she had been masturbating most of the morning, getting herself all worked up. Well, not that THAT was anything different I guess.

"I still don't quite get how this works," Steve said, sounding a little frustrated. "Like, is this whole thing just for sex, do you eat, or what?"

"Yes and yes," I answered, "But it's mostly for sex. You should feel honored as my dad has always been the center of attention and now he's agreed to share the spotlight with you."

Steve just rolled his eyes at the "honored" comment but I could see by the bulge in his shorts that he was ready for action. Still, I wondered if he really understood what he was in for. It's not like we'd never been to an orgy together before. While we dated we use to go to parties and get together with other couples but ever since we got engaged it had mostly been with other couples rather than the party scene. Still, it's not like he wasn't accustomed to us each having multiple partners at one party. The difference, I guess, was the other people weren't my own family.

"You know, it would've been nice to have your mom join us today," I casually tossed in but I was holding my breath while I waited for his response.

"Dammit Kelly, you know better than to say anything like that," he said rather tersely.

I knew him well enough to stop. There were some things I could tease Steve about but sex with his mom was NOT one of them.

The odd thing about it all was that Steve had actually fucked his mother long before I ever had sex with my dad. While we dated his mom had caught us having sex and before it was over he was fucking her while I watched. Since they had returned they both have sworn that it NEVER happened again and his mother refused to even acknowledge the question whenever I tried to bring it up. Steve steadfastly clung to his position that he had no desire to have sex with his mother yet at the same time the two of them would cuddle up on the couch like teenagers, hugging and kissing and feeling each other up.

True, their hands never went under the clothes but still, it didn't seem like that much of a stretch to go from that to sex. However, they claimed that the gulf between the two acts was a mile wide and never to be crossed. To make it even more surreal, she loved to watch him have sex with me but never made any indication she wanted to join in, not even touching herself while she watched. I probably shouldn't have mentioned it to Steve today but I keep hoping that someday he'll soften his position.

By then we were at my dad's house where my aunt was now living with him since my mom had moved out. Since he'd been having sex with her since she was twelve, it seemed silly for her to have to drive over every time they did it when he was now living alone. I can't say my mom was thrilled when she learned about the new living arrangements but then what could she say? She gave up any rights to telling them what to do when she filed for divorce.

No sooner did we step inside the front door than my aunt was there to greet us. Not surprisingly she was nude but she was holding a laundry basket.

"Not another step until you drop everything in this basket," she announced.

It seemed I was the only one to put up even a mild protest as Steve and Kristen quickly stripped down and tossed their clothes in the basket. Knowing it was useless to protest, I did the same. It sort of surprised me how at ease Steve was now being nude around my aunt and cousin. I mean it's easy to get naked in bed for sex but at least for me it's different just running around the house without anything on at all. I guess to be being nude is more something I do when I am flirting or having sex, not just hanging around the house. Even something as little as a bikini top makes all the difference.

We all headed for the deck where my dad was setting up to start grilling. Of course he was naked too which wasn't his norm either. Typically he wore gym shorts or boxer shorts around the house. For him I think it was more hygiene than anything else. Something about "sweaty asses" on the furniture that didn't thrill him – not that I didn't agree.

One thing was immediately apparent was the difference in numbers. Back when we first started all this it was must my dad and four women. Then the last couple of years it was him and three women. Now it was two men and three women which was a lot more balanced. While I think my dad rather enjoyed being the center of attention, it's not like he was a teenager anymore so inevitably there was a bit of competition as to who got his cum and who was fucked the most. As his daughter I usually got the most so I wasn't complaining but now with Steve we should all be getting it at least once I figured.

"Hi daddy!" I greeted my dad, giving him a big hug. He had tongs in one hand and a lighter in the other so he just held his arms out while I pulled myself into him. My boobs pushed into his chest and I could just feel his dick against my belly as he was just hanging there limp at the moment. Something told me THAT condition would be changing soon.'

My dad shook Steve's hand – no hugs between the two macho men. I almost laughed at the way they seemed to make sure they did NOT look at each other's junk. They could be so silly at times. Heaven forbid that their dicks should ever touch! It was so weird in a way. Like, they both loved watching other men's dicks when they were in me but otherwise it was like looking at the sun.

My aunt stepped up to Steve and reached down to grab his dick like a leash.

"C'mon big boy, I need help in the kitchen," she teased him, pulling him along like a pull toy on a string. Yeah, I knew what kind of help she needed!

Kristen was checking out the hot tub as her mom and my fiancé disappeared back into the house. My dad turned his attention back to the grill, using the tongs to lift the grates so he could light the grill. I asked him why he was doing it that way and he just grumbled about how the "stupid lighter" didn't work anymore. It seemed like a sore subject so I left him alone and went over to see how Kristen was doing.

"Wanna get in?" she asked, pushing the cover off to the side. I thought about it for a second and then looked at my dad who seemed pissed off all the more as the grate dropped from the tongs and he had to start over again. I thought I heard him curse something under his breath.

"You know, maybe we need to get my dad in a better mood," I suggested. Kristen looked over at him and then back at me and grinned.

"So what are you proposing?"

Yeah, like she didn't have any ideas herself. For someone who whored for a few years I bet she had LOTS of ideas on how to get men's attention.

"Well, what does every guy like to watch?"

Kristen grinned and started rattling off a list. Yeah, it WAS a pretty wide open question. Come to think of it, what didn't men like to watch when it came to sex? Of course some of her suggestions required equipment and various implements we didn't have, not to mention a few other people, but I already had an idea of my own.

"You know, it's been a long time since we had a race," I offered. Kristen knew what I was referring to. Back when we were young we use to masturbate together and sometimes we would compete to see who could cum the fastest. Over the years we still did it, although not nearly as often once we started having sex. It had probably been maybe a year since our last time so we were long overdue for a rematch. Considering the overall win-loss record was largely in my favor, it didn't take much for Kristen to step up to the challenge.

"OK, but no cheating this time!" she admonished me.

"Hey, I did NOT fake it," I protested.

She rolled her eyes and huffed, "Yeah right."

We walked over to the where the table and umbrella were and each took a seat on one of the chairs after turning them to face my dad. I put one leg up over the arm and let the other drop to the wooden deck while Kristen slouched in her chair and rested her feet on the edge with her knees spread apart. We looked at each other and then reached a silent agreement to get started.

It didn't take long for my dad to take notice of our little contest. He'd finally gotten the grill lit and dropped the lid down to let it get hot. Turning to us he put down the tongs (the lighter was already on the table by now) and started to rub himself.

"Now THIS is interesting," he commented.

Neither of us said anything. I had both hands on my pussy, one spreading my lips apart and the other rubbing my clit between two of my fingers. Now and then I would reach down further and push them into me to get them wet and then go back to my clit again. Kristen had one hand between her thighs while the other was massaging one of her breasts. She had her eyes closed and I could tell she was determined to get off before me this time.

Although I am one of those girls who usually closes her eyes when she masturbates, this time I watched my dad instead. I LOVE being watched when I masturbate. Back in high school I would go out on dates and lift my skirt and let guys watch me. It got me so off to see their reaction. While I knew a lot of other girls put out, for whatever reason not many of them had a reputation for doing themselves in front of a guy so it sort of gave me an extra mark on my resume so to say.

My dad was stroking his dick as his daughter and niece masturbated just a few feet in front of him. He wasn't really trying to get himself off, just more like absent minded stroking. I guess it was the same thing as when I get horny and without even realizing it my hand will go between my legs. I loved the way he looked at me, his eyes focused on my crotch. He also looked at Kristen but I felt that he was staring more at me which turned me on all the more. Anytime I can get more attention than Kristen it's a small victory!

Kristen was starting to moan and I wasn't sure whether it was just for show or if she was really getting close. I was getting worked up but admittedly was distracted with my dad watching me. I wished Steve was standing next to him as that would have made it perfect to see the two most important men in my life stroking themselves as they watched me masturbate.

Kristen suddenly cried out and her hips lifted up and off the chair as she plunged her fingers into her pussy and squeezed her boobs so hard I thought she was going to bruise it. "Oh fuck!" she moaned as she bounced her hips like she as being fucked and in her mind, she probably was thinking that was just what was happening.

As for me, I was horny bit not even close to cumming. Still, it felt so good to be put on a show for my dad. I remembered how I use to masturbate when I was barely a teenager - and actually as a preteen, and he would be in the room with me. Of course back then I didn't know he wanted to fuck me so I didn't put on a show like I was now. God, it must have driven him crazy to see me going at it on the couch and not be able to do anything to me. If only my mom had been more open-minded and then who knows what might have happened. If nothing else, I wouldn't have waited until I was sixteen to submit to my father!

Kristen slumped down in the chair and pulled her pussy hand to her mouth, sucking off her cum while she looked between me and her uncle.

"What's the matter Kelly, getting slow in your old age?" she teased me.

"You faked it," I accused her although I really didn't believe that. A girl has to defend her honor, doesn't she?

Kristen got up and put her hand to my mouth. "Here, have a taste and tell me if I was faking."

Well, she certainly DID taste good but I wasn't going to conceded that easily. It really didn't matter. It's not like we had a traveling trophy or anything to exchange. However, I knew she now had bragging rights and I wouldn't hear the end of it until our next rematch.

"So Uncle John, don't I get a prize?" Kristen said, looking at me with a wicked grin.

"Oh, I didn't realize there was a prize for the winner," my dad teased her but he started to move in closer as he said it.

Kristen slouched back into her chair again, assuming her earlier position such that her wet pussy was in full view. "It was fun dreaming about it but now I want the real thing."

My dad stepped up and bent his knees until his now stiff dick was even with her pussy. He held it by the shaft and used it to rub up and down her slick slit. Kristen sighed as he rubbed the swollen head over her sensitive clit.

"Fuck me Uncle John... fuck me," she moaned, raising up trying to push his dick into her.

My dad dropped his dick a little lower and then easily pushed it into her pussy, at first just going about halfway into her and swiveling his hips to move it around in her.

"Oh yeah Uncle John... just like that," she sighed.

My dad then pushed himself all the way in her. He had to hold the arms of the chair to keep his balance as Kristen wrapped her bare legs around him and locked her ankles, pulling on him to draw him in deeper.

After a few strokes, my dad pulled out, surprising both of us.

"That's good enough for a reward I think," he explained, "Got to conserve my ammo you know."

Kristen frowned and I couldn't help but smile. Then again, she DID get to have his dick first so there wasn't all that much to smile about when I thought more about it.

"What the fuck is going on out here?" I heard from behind my dad and then I saw my aunt carrying a platter of hot dogs and hamburgers.

Behind her came Steve, sporting one heck of a hard-on. Now Steve recovers pretty fast at times but not THAT fast which told me he probably hadn't fucked my aunt. Surprises never cease!

A quick look and she easily came to her own conclusions. "Damn, you let Kristen win Kelly?" she teased me. Kristen crossed her arms with a rather defiant look but before she could protest her mom told us to go to the kitchen and bring out the rest of the food and dishes.

Meanwhile my dad started cooking and it didn't take long before we were ready to eat. We all sat around the table and wolfed down the food. I felt a twinge of remorse as my mom was missing. She use to make the world's best potato salad and while her sister's wasn't bad, it wasn't mom's. I wondered if my dad missed having her for a day like this. He seemed happier with Linda but that just meant she satisfied his fantasies.

My mom always seemed to make my dad more complete, or something like that as it's hard to explain. She may not have allowed him to have his every desire but she did keep him in check. Sometimes I worried as to where my aunt was leading him and what it all may lead to someday.

## 4. Finally All Together

Once lunch was done it was time to get down to business, so to say. As I said, this was NOT something we typically did so it wasn't like we had a lot of experience. Sex in our family is NOT something that gets crazy like in all those stupid stories people write and post on the Internet. I have sex with my dad because I am his daughter and I believe that is what daughters should do - assuming their dad wants it. Face it, he's in his late forties and it's not like he's a super stud.

I enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction I give him more than the physical side of it. To see the lust in his eyes when he looks at me, to realize that my own father sees

So given all this, I suppose people would think we would just jump up and start sucking and fucking but that's not at all what happens when we get together. Maybe it's because we are so close that it makes it harder to get started. I've always found it easier to fuck a stranger than a friend. It's like you just do it and don't have to worry about what happens later - it's all that moment that counts. With family it's even more complex as you might imagine. I suppose that's one reason why incest is so hard for most families to deal with. It's not that the desires are there, but putting them into action takes more than most people realize.

So there we were, five people sitting around the table nude yet nobody was doing anything. Sure my dad had fucked Kristen a little but earlier but it wasn't like it was anything serious, just a few pokes that teased her more than anything. As to what my fiancé and aunt had been doing in the kitchen, I had no idea nor were they volunteering anything. I suspected he had probably eaten her out since my aunt seems to enjoy receiving more than giving when it comes to oral.

For Steve that's just fine as while he enjoys his dick being sucked as much as the next guy, he's also quite the pussy licker. He sort of spoiled me when we first dated as after he moved away most guys just wanted me to suck their dicks or fuck me. Eating me out was more something they seemed to just want to try out of curiosity or to be able to brag to their buddies more so than anything else.

Then just as quickly it was like all of us started to talk at the same time. Then we all shut up. Then everyone started to laugh and it was my aunt who took control.

'This is really stupid," she said joining in the general laughter, "C'mon, we all know why we're here and what we want so let's get things started."

Then she started pointing around, assigning partners for the opening round. "Steve, you're with me, John you do Kristen and Kelly... well you just do what comes natural I guess."

I sort of was hoping she would have my dad do me first, especially since he'd already fucked Kristen, albeit just briefly. As for her claiming Steve, that didn't surprise me. The two of them had hit it off from day one and had she not been family I might have been a little jealous at times.

Mother and daughter seemed to be of like minds as each of them quickly positioned themselves between the legs of their assigned guy. Soon both of them were slurping down a hard cock as my dad and fiancé exchanged a running commentary comparing their techniques. It was actually sorta funny to listen to them as they casually described how their dick was being sucked no different than like they were exchanging notes about a football game. If anything, it seemed to encourage the mother and daughter to be more competitive, as if they were trying to get their guy to brag the most about the BJ they were getting.

At first I wasn't sure what to do. Watching is always nice but I was horny and wanting some dick of my own but both other available ones were in use. Well, while a dick isn't available there WERE two pussies that I knew would like some attention. I still was carrying a bit of a grudge from Kristen's earlier win over me so I went in behind my aunt and laid on my back, squirming in between her legs until I could look up and get the perfect view of her hairy pussy. Once I was in place she lowered herself down until her pussy was pressed against my face and I breathed in the heavy aroma of her sex. Yep, she was horny all right!

It had been ages since I had licked a hairy pussy. Most of my friends were shaved and those that weren't were trimmed down quite a bit. Aunt Linda wasn't fully natural but she didn't trim off all that much, more like she paid attention to the edges and such so it didn't stick out of her bikini and panties. My mom kept her the same way so I put it down as a generational thing. In any case, it was like sucking on a dick with a full bush of pubic hair in that I liked the feeling of her hair brushing against my nose and cheeks. Although I wasn't as thrilled when it got into my mouth and teeth, with a little care that could be minimized. Although she wasn't saying anything with my fiancé's dick in her mouth, the way she worked her crotch into my face told me she was enjoying my tongue on her.

There was something special licking my aunt knowing that she was sucking my fiancé at the same time. Steve LOVES his dick to be sucked (really, what man doesn't?) and I knew he had to be enjoying it so to be pleasuring the person who was giving my guy so much pleasure at the same time seemed appropriate. It didn't hurt that I enjoy the smell and taste of pussy. When you think about it, I was tasting pussy years before I tasted my first dick. Granted, it was my own at the time but a pussy is a pussy. It amazes me how many girls claim they have never even tried to taste themselves, let alone admit they enjoy it. It's like guys who say they have never tasted their own cum. Personally I don't really believe them but it's not like you can prove it one way or the other.

After a while my Aunt was ready for more than just giving a BJ and so I slipped out from under her and watched as she turned around and sat back down on Steve's dick. Steve let out a low groan as my aunt leaned back onto his dick, driving it deeper into her until she was actually sitting on his lap. I was sitting Indian style on the deck with my legs crossed in front of me, the perfect spot to get an eagle eye view of my lover's dick as it disappeared into my aunt's hairy pussy.

Turning to the side, I saw that Kristen was also getting her share of a dick. Instead of having a seat like her mom, though, she was bent over the table with my dad driving his cock into her from behind. Damn, her ass looked so perfect it made me feel a little jealous - again as I almost always felt that way whenever I saw it. My dad had both hands on her, one on each side of her hips, holding her in place as he drilled her with his erection. It was hot to watch but didn't allow me much of an opportunity to do much so I took my attention back to the pair in front of me.

"Damn Kelly, you know how to pick 'em," my aunt said to me as she rocked on Steve's cock, "I just can't get enough of this guy."

Yeah, I could see that. Well, at least in the end I knew he was mine so while it might perturb me a little now to see him doing her instead of me, she was family so it's not like I had any say about it. Live by the sword, die by the sword as they say. I couldn't expect Steve to just let me have sex with any of my relatives any time I wanted without allowing him the same consideration. Of course, it WOULD help if he didn't seem to be enjoying too so damn much!

This went on a while and eventually enough was enough. It was time for me to have some dick of my own! I knew Steve would be good for at least three times this afternoon, maybe even four if I gave him enough incentive. On the other hand, even though I knew he had probably taken a good dose of Viagra earlier, my dad would be fortunate to get off twice in the same time period. Based on those statistics, it made my choice easy.

"My turn," I said to Kristen as I jumped up on the table next to where my dad was fucking her.

"Hey, he hasn't cum yet," she protested but I wasn't having any of that.

"You've had him twice now and I still haven't even been fucked once," I pointed out. My dad seemed confused, not sure if he should pull out of Kristen and do me or what.

"Daddy!" I whined like a little girl, "I want you to fuck me."

It always worked. I'd been using that line on my dad since I was sixteen and it always got the desired results. All I had to do was add in that little girl tone and he was wrapped right around my little finger. Sure enough, he apologized to Kristen, pulled his dick out of her and started to get it in me when I stopped him.

"I wanna suck it first daddy," I said.

As I said earlier, I enjoy the taste of pussy and the absolute best way to taste it was when it came served on a dick that was freshly covered. I leaned forward and took my dad's wet cock in my mouth, smelling and tasting Kristen's pussy on my dad's cock. All I wanted was to get a taste so after a few licks and then taking it all in once, I straightened up and spread my legs apart in submission.

"OK, now you can fuck me daddy," I said.

It was like at that moment a switch turned on and I was my dad's. At that moment he could have asked me to do ANYTHING and I would have said yes. And I do mean ANYTHING. The wonderful thing about it was that I knew my father loved me and respected me such that I could be this way without having to worry that he might try to do or ask me to do something that would be wrong. Sometime I play games with guys where I pretend to submit to them but in the back of my mind I know that I always keep veto power which means I'm really not submitting myself.

True submission is not some freaky or BSDM thing, it's a sign of love and respect to where you give yourself totally to someone with no reservations or outs. Of course to do that you have to trust the other person 100%. There are only two people in the entire world I have such trust in - my dad and my fiancé.

I started to close my eyes but then thought again and looked down to watch as my dad lined up his dick, just as he has so many times before. I shivered a bit despite the heat when the head slid down over my clit and then lodged in the entrance to my pussy. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he pushed it forward and I watched as it slowly disappeared inside of me. I could feel it forcing its way into me, like something was trying to split me apart but at the same time feeling so incredibly good.

"That's it daddy... fuck me... fuck me slow," I said so softly I wasn't even sure he could hear me but obviously he did. "You know how to do it."

"You got it baby, whatever you want," he replied in a voice husky with lust.

This was what I would call the perfect moment... laying back on my elbows, my dad with his hands under my bare butt supporting my legs with his arms, his dick half-way in me and ever so slowly pushing its way deeper and deeper into me. All the while I was watching it as it disappeared from view while at the same time I could feel it filling me up inside. The look on my dad's face said it all - the total concentration as he did his best to fight what had to be a terrible temptation to just thrust it all the way into me in one quick thrust. As I said, it was an act of lust for sure but also one out of love. Anyone else would have just rammed his dick in me and fucked me but not my dad. He knows how much it means to me to have him enter me slowly, allowing me to watch as my body accepts his until we become one, joined in the most intimate manner a man and woman can be. It was the closest I could ever be with my dad and I can't think of any way I'd rather be with him.

"Oh god you're still so tight," he groaned as he finally bottomed out with his dick now totally out of sight.

I may not have been able to see it anymore but I certainly knew where it was! There was no mistaking that one-of-a-kind feeling when a man is filling me with his manhood. No matter whose dick it was I loved the sensation but when it's your own father it makes it so much more special.

For almost a minute or more he just stayed that way, his crotch up tight against mine with nothing separating us as his cock was buried inside of me. Kristen was watching from the side, not saying a word as the three of us just allowed the moment to last. I swore I could even feel him throbbing inside of me. Not even the moans of my Aunt Linda as she was cumming on the other side of the table from me was enough to distract me from this moment.

"I've GOT to fuck you now baby," my dad said almost apologetically. He started stroking himself slowly in and out of me.

"It's OK daddy... that was special," I answered him softly. Even Kristen seemed to still be mesmerized by this few special moments I shared with my father bit then she perked up.

"Yeah Uncle John... fuck her," she cheered him on.

And fuck me he did. In and out, in and out. The good thing about it was how slow he was fucking me. Sure, I love to be fucked hard and fast at times no different than anyone else but at times like this, a slow fuck can be the most sensual and erotic act two people can share.

"Oh god... YES!!" I cried out as my orgasm struck.

I wasn't even playing with myself yet just the entire scenario was enough to make me cum. Everything came together and my pussy gripped his dick hard. As I came, my dad pushed himself into me as far as he could and once again just held himself deep inside of me.

"That's it baby, cum on my dick," he groaned as my pussy gripped him like a vise.

Then he reached down and put his hand on my lower stomach, letting his thumb move down until it was rubbing my clit. Damn, it was like a turbocharger kicked in and my orgasm skyrocketed!

"Oh daddy! Don't stop... oh fuck don't stop!" I cried out as it felt like the entire world had contracted and the only things that existed was my pussy - and the wonderful hard dick inside of it.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, Kristen must have decided the spectator role didn't suit her and she leaned over, pushing my dad's hand out of the way, and licked my clit with her tongue. OH MY GOD!

"OH YEAH!" I cried out, my eyes shut tight now.

I wanted to watch him fucking me but the incredible sensations emanating from between my legs were now all over me, like I was suddenly dipped in an overheated hot tub. I felt like I was on fire yet at the time shivering almost uncontrollably. All I could think about was the feeling of fullness inside of me as his hard dick filled pussy while my hot cousin lapped me on the outside.

Finally it started to ebb down and I opened my eyes to see Kristen looking up at me from my crotch, her tongue licking her lips.

"God Kristen...," I sighed, "That was soooooo... so damn good!"

"Well, given how slow you were cumming before I figured you could use some help," she teased him, a big grin on her face that was now wet from my pussy.

Kristen moved up and kissed me as my dad resumed his slow fuck. He hadn't cum yet and it was like he was still trying to conserve himself.

"Oh fuck! Take it!" I heard Steve cry out and I twisted around and looked along with Kristen.

Steve had his cock in my aunt's mouth as she kneeled on the deck in front of him, stroking him with one hand while she held the head of his dick in her mouth with her lips sealed tightly around it. It was obvious from the way his hips were thrusting into her face what was happening.

"Yeah go mom!" Kristen said, now cheering her mother on.

My cousin was being a pretty good sport about it all in contrast to her usual "it's all about me" attitude.

Kristen moved over and kneeled next to her mom, leaving me with my dad still fucking me although he had now stopped as he watched the action on the other side of the table. Steve pulled his spent dick from my aunt's mouth and she turned and kissed Kristen. I could see from her cheeks that she was pushing the cum into

Kristen's mouth. Then it was like she was reading my mind as she stood up and moved back to my side of the table. She leaned over my face and I knew what to do, opening my mouth wide as she opened hers and let Steve's cum drip from her mouth into mine. Mmmmmmm, I loved Steve's cum!

"Hey don't you DARE swallow that!" I heard my aunt say as she moved up and nudged Kristen out of the way, "I worked hard for that cum and I get to eat it."

I leaned up high on my elbows, kissing Linda and pushing Steve's cum out of my mouth and into hers with my tongue. With an exaggerated swallowing motion she took what remained and swallowed it on one gulp. I still could taste it I my own mouth though and I licked my lips like a cat after finishing a fresh bowl of milk.

Meanwhile Kristen was taking advantage if her mother being occupied with me. Steve was left alone for them moment and she wasn't about to leave THAT situation alone for long.

"Let's go stud, over by the tub," I heard her directing him. Meanwhile, my aunt was making her own move.

"How about giving me some of that?" she said, gently but firmly pressing my dad back away from me with her hand on his hairy chest.

I felt like something was being taken from me as he slowly withdrew in response to her insistence. Then when he flopped out of me it was being deflated as suddenly my pussy went from being warm and full to empty.

I looked over and saw that Kristen had gotten in the hot tub along with Steve. He certainly wasn't wasting any time as she was leaning over the side and he was already drilling her.

"Now that looks nice, why don't we join them?" Linda offered.

Sounded like a good idea to my dad and me and in a few moments we were in the tub ourselves. When I got off the table my legs were a little wobbly but the hot water got me going again.

"Tell you what Kelly, why don't you sit there in the corner," my aunt said, pointing like she was directing a movie. "That's it, now spread 'em girl."

With me legs parted wide, she got in between my knees and leaned over to start sucking on my nipples as her fingers worked their way into my freshly fucked pussy. At the same time she was bent over far enough that my dad knew what to do without any further need for direction. Before another minute passed he was standing in the middle of the hot tub with his dick deep in my aunt's wet pussy as she lowered her head further to lick my pussy. It was sort of funny in a way how he made darn sure not to touch Steve's bare ass as he was fucking Kristen. She was seated on the side to my left which gave me a good view of my fiancé's dick as he thrust it in and out of her like an oil rig pumping away.

My dad finally couldn't hold back anymore and eventually he came in my aunt's pussy. She had already licked me to my second "O" and was seated next to her daughter when he came, closely followed by my fiancé giving his to my cousin.

It was time for a break to let the guys recover. My aunt went in and brought out some wine and even I took a glass in lieu of my usual Diet Coke. The rest of us sat around the table, the warm air quickly drying us off.

"So this is how you guys spend every 4th of July?" Steve asked, sipping on his wine and then swallowing it half down.

"Works pretty good, don't you think?" Kristen was the first to answer.

"Nothing like a good fuck to bring everyone together," my aunt added.

"Still, not exactly what I imagined Kelly doing last year when she said she couldn't spend the 4th with me," Steve laughed.

"Oh?" I said as if I was shocked, "You mean you didn't know I had to fuck my family instead of watching fireworks with you?"

Steve almost choked on his wine. "Actually I was thinking back to OUR first 4th of July."

That brought up requests from everyone for a replay and so I was appointed as the resident storyteller and reminded them of how Steve and I had spent our first 4th of July together. He hadn't fucked me yet but there was plenty of heavy petting, not to mention the BJ I gave him. Of course I embellished it a little, especially when it came to my dick-sucking prowess. True, I felt I had a sort of in-born talent for cocksucking, but I hadn't had THAT much practice b then even though Steve certainly didn't seem to mind at the time.

By the time I was done everyone was ready for round two. We started again with a three-girl circle, each of us licking the other pussy. We would trade back and forth now and then so each of us got a taste of the other. It went on until each of us had an orgasm with Kristen managing to get in two before her mom finally came.

From there it got to be a little less formal than the first round of fucking. The guys just moved between the three of us as we laid on cushions on the deck. A few strokes in one of us and then on to the other. With three pussies and only two cocks, it meant we each had to go without for a few minutes at a time but they guys switched often which minimized the time in between. It became like a game of musical chairs in that we all wondered whose dick would be in whose pussy when they finally came.

Remarkably, or maybe not so much, it took over an hour for the first guy to cum. It was probably a combination of having cum once already together with the fact they never got any long term stimulation before taking a quick break to move to the next pussy or mouth - the girl got to choose when it came to her turn. I mostly took it in my pussy but now and then it was nice to taste either my cousin or my aunt on whoever's cock was next in line for me, especially if they had just cum. I came at least three times, maybe four if you counted the one that seemed to stop but then started again with an extra few strokes at just the right moment.

Believe it or not, Steve was the first to cum while he was in my cousin's mouth. She grinned victoriously as his cum dripped down her chin and onto her boobs. It was another five minutes or so before my dad came in my aunt's pussy, leaving me as the only one so far NOT to have a load of cum in me yet.

We were all fairy existed, especially the guys, so it was time for another break. Another bottle of wine, another tale from me about how Steve had fucked me for the first time. Of course in this version I was MUCH more experienced than I had been in real life but who was going to call me out? Certainly not Steve.

## 5. Keeping the Ultimate Tradition With My Dad

Finally the afternoon was starting to come to an end. Our second break turned into more like a day off as the guys were really worn out, even Steve. I suppose we girls could have gone on having fun but without the guys it took some of the fun out of it. Instead, Kristen and I spent the time trying to one-up the other with stories of our past adventures. Most of mine they had all heard before as many of them had appeared on my web site at one time or another.

On the other hand, I learned quite a bit about Kristen I had never heard about before. I don't know if it was the wine, the aftereffects of her orgasms, or if she was trying to impress Steve. Heck, maybe a combination of all three. Whatever it was, even I was amazed at some of the things she had never divulged about her life as a high-priced whore. Some of it I had suspected but this was the first time she had acknowledged a few things.

From their reactions, a lot of what Kristen revealed was new even to her own mother! Steve was especially enthralled and I noticed his dick was in his hand every time she weaved another story. When she told in incredible detail about some of the things she had done in a horse barn, even her own mother gasped and I heard her mumble "Oh my god" more than a few times under her breath. I had always suspected that she had more than a few experiences with dicks that weren't human but not to the extent that she was confessing to! This was the first time she had ever even admitted to having sex with animals, let alone provide the graphic details.

Before we knew it, it was time for dinner which consisted mostly of whatever was left over from lunch. The fireworks were still several hours away. We could see most of them from the deck although the large tree in our neighbors yard had grown over the years to where it was now more than a minor nuisance. Still, we could see at least 80-90% of them so it wasn't worth having to drag ourselves to the city park to see them. Besides, what better way to watch the fireworks than to create some of your own at the same time?

My dad turned on the new TV he had brought out on the deck and we watched some silly programs together while seated in the hot tub or around it. It wasn't like we just sat there of course. There was plenty of kissing, fondling and groping going on as we changed around periodically. There was no sex for a while but everyone seemed happy with just being intimate and friendly with one another. I masturbated now and then when I had the chance and even got myself off once when Kristen and her mom hogged the guys a little too long. The nice thing about it was with everyone having cum multiple times during the afternoon nobody felt pressured to give or take.

It grew dark and soon there was the first boom as the warning shot was fired, signaling the fireworks would soon be starting. At the time Kristen was sitting on my dad's lap while I was on Steve's, all of us just kissing and touching each other. Steve was hard as a rock underneath me and I knew he was anxious to get back into fucking mode sooner than later. Still, it was time he learned the final tradition of the day...

"Sorry Steve," I said, giving him one more kiss on the mouth as I wiggled on his dick that was poking me in the butt, "I've got something I need to do."

Steve looked at me quizzically, obviously a little disappointed as I am sure he thought I was going to ask him to fuck me. Meanwhile, Kristen was looking over at me from her perch on my dad's lap. She knew what I meant. After all, it happened every year!

"Take care of my fiancé," I told her, as if she needed to be told. She quickly moved over to Steve's lap as I took her place on my dad's.

"It's almost time daddy," I said, more for Steve's benefit than his. Heck, my dad was the one who had started this six years ago.

Even with Kristen now on his lap, reaching under the water for his dick, Steve seemed more interested in what was going on across the tub from him. Meanwhile my aunt joined us, sitting in the corner between us where she had a nice view of both her daughter and her niece getting ready to do what we did best - fuck.

The first firework went off, lighting the sky and sending every dog in the neighborhood into a frenzy. I twisted around on my dad's lap, kneeling on the each seat on each side of him such that my pussy was right above his VERY hard dick. Yep, he was ready.

"NOW it's time," I announced. With that I sat down on his cock, forcing it up inside of me yet again. This would be the last time today I felt that sensation of his dick entering me and I pressed down hard to get every bit of it in me I could on the first push.

As the fireworks went on, I fucked my dad. Normally I would say my dad fucks me as I prefer to submit to him and allow him to take me however he wants. This time however it was different. I was fucking him. Now he just sat there and I did everything. I was the one who set the pace. I was the one who determined how deep he went into me. I was the one who said when I stopped for a moment just to savor the feel of him in me as the hot water swirled around us.

Meanwhile Kristen was doing the same with Steve. Hmmm, was she establishing a new tradition of her own? Would this be the way it was from now on when the 4th of July came around, fucking my husband while his wife fucked her father? Sounded good to me!

"I love you daddy," I said as I bounced on his dick.

"I love you too baby girl," he said huskily back to me.

He had his hands on my bare hips, helping to balance me as I ride his dick like a horse on a merry-go- round. This was different than before when he fucked me slow. This was ME giving HIM pleasure. This was a daughter giving back to her father the most precious gift she had in return for all the things he had given her in the past. This was the two of us showing the others our love for one another, the never-ending love between a father and daughter that would always be there no matter who I married.

Over the years my dad and I had fucked so many times we each knew the subtle signs and hints of impending orgasms and I was using every instinct I had to time this right. He came so close a couple of time that I thought I might have overdone it but he managed to keep it under control until the right moment came. The finale suddenly lit up the sky and I gave his dick everything my pussy could muster. Just before the last firework exploded, so did my dad. With all the heat of the water it was impossible to actually feel his cum entering me but there was no mistaking it was happening, especially since he made it a point to tell me!

"Take it baby... take my cum," he gasped as he squeezed my hips so hard it almost hurt.

I put all my weight down on him, pushing him as deep into me as I could as he grimaced and then gasped and I knew from the thrusts under me that my father was releasing his final load of cum for the day deep inside of his daughter's hungry pussy.

It was suddenly so quiet and all we could hear was the distant applause from the park as the how ended. I looked next door to me and Kristen gave me a thumbs up. Apparently her timing had been right on as well and Steve looked radiant after having obviously filling my cousin with his cum.

"Good job girls, like the pros you are," my aunt applauded, adding her clapping to that of the crowd. I sincerely doubted THEY were applauding anything like the same thing she was though!

I just collapsed on my dad's lap, my arms wrapped around his shoulders with me head buried in his neck as he stroked his hands and fingers up and down my back down to my ass. My boobs pressed against my dad's chest as I felt him heaving under me to catch his breath.

"I love you SO much daddy," I whispered in his ear.

He answered with an extra squeeze with both hands on my ass. Then we kissed for what seemed like forever, our tongues meeting. God I love my dad!

With that we paired up to close the night properly. I was on Steve's lap as Linda took her place on my dad's. That left Kristen alone but then who knows, maybe next she will have a fiancé of her own. I kissed Steve but it was different from the way I kissed my dad. THAT had been a daughter kissing her father. THIS was a woman kissing her lover. While I loved them both, my love for Steve was totally different from how I felt about my dad. My dad would always be that – my dad.

On the other hand Steve was now much more than a boyfriend or even a fiancé – he was my lover and soon to be my husband. Two men, two loves, yet one way to share it in such a way that it worked for both. Still, my dad fucked me while Steve made love to me so it wasn't exactly the same.

Isn't incest wonderful?

# (Jul 10) Chapter 232: Swapping Party

Story codes: MF oral
Me (26)
Steve - my fiancé (28)
Dwight (41) & Virginia (40)
Mick (30) & Penelope (30)
Matthew (19) & Julie (18)

So much for my "stay within the family" ideals. Perhaps I was a bit idealistic growing up to think that once I got married my sexual activities would stay confined to my marriage family. Sure my mother had accomplished this throughout her 25 years plus of marriage but times have changed. All was well and good until that magical day when Steve asked me to marry him and I accepted his proposal - unconditionally. It's sort of ironic now to think that I always figured the biggest issue with getting married would be having my fiancé accept my requirements regarding incest!

## 1. Marital Give and Take

I have always believed that the foundation of a superior marriage is based on the willingness of both partners to compromise. Face it, no two people can live together, married or otherwise, for any length at time - at least not happily, without being willing to change some of their ways to satisfy their partner. Of course I've never been married (only engaged at the moment) so all this is easy for me to say. The real test will be after I take my vows. Still, based on what I've seen in so many other marriages it seems to me that this one of the most critical elements of a successful marriage.

At the same time I also believe that every person must have certain morals and ethics which they simply can't compromise. Without those then who are they - and who will they be down the road? If two people get married and they haven't previously identified what those "off-limits" areas are, then in my opinion their marriage is doomed. Sooner or later the afterglow of the wedding and honeymoon dies and what remains can become a harsh reality. It may not be for 25 years (as with my parents), but the day of reckoning has to come sooner or later.

As for me there are not that many issues which I can't at least debate but there ARE a few areas where either a guy will have to accept me as I am or else we simply can't get married - no matter how much in love with him I may be. The first and most important is my faith and religion. As a devout Christian, active in my church and community, I expect my husband to be engaged as a full partner and not just an onlooker. It's such a shame to see women at church with their children whose husbands never attend or attend a different church, using their kids as pawns in their little power games. I simply can't see myself living that way - and won't. My husband WILL attend church with me and he will confess to having Christ as his Lord and Savior AND believe it. This is simply not negotiable.

Another area of mine for which there is "no compromise" is my family relationships. My family, in particular my parents, will always take precedence in my life. If a guy can't deal with my parents or relatives, then he can't deal with me. None of this, "I hate my mother-in-law" crap. Like church, I know of couples who for one reason or another can't attend family functions together or otherwise are estranged from one part of their family or another. Sure there are members of my family I don't really care for (some I REALLY can't stand) but that doesn't mean I shut myself off from them. What a guy wants in terms of a relationship with his own family is up to him but when it comes to mine, it's all or nothing.

Another important area also deals with my family. I simply can't EVER see myself compromising when it comes to incest, at least with my father. In a way it's a combination of the first two subjects I stated as being non-negotiable. Biblically I believe that as the daughter of my father I am bound to honor him in every way possible and if that means he wants me sexually, then I will honor those needs. It's not that I feel trapped or forced to do anything, quite the opposite in fact. Don't take this the wrong way but in a sense it's like my relationship with Christ where as his disciple I am bound to honor him and obey him. I do this out of love and respect, not slavery or under threat. If my husband cannot understand this basic principle then better to end the engagement before entering into a doomed marriage.

Just to show why this is so important to me, my Aunt Linda married a man whom she loved dearly but who wasn't on board with her having sex with her father. Because he wanted to marry her he claimed that he could deal with it but when push came to shove he couldn't contain his jealousy and after a couple of years demanded that she stop. Like me, her family was a higher priority over her marriage and thus she was forced to make the terrible decision to demand a divorce. I like to think that I would've made the same decision in her situation so I want to be sure I never get myself into that situation in the first place.

Finally, just to show how things CAN change, there WAS a fourth area that I always thought would be beyond compromise - adultery. According to my reading of the Bible, adultery is defined as "sex outside of marriage". For some people the term "marriage" is defined as husband and wife ONLY. However, as I mentioned earlier I believe that when you marry someone you also "marry" their immediate family. Thus so long as sex stays within the "marriage family" there can be no issues with adultery, regardless of how you define it.

For my mom it was black and white - adultery was a sin, period. It didn't matter if your spouse was OK with it or whatever rationalization there may be. Adultery was a sin and she refused to allow it in her marriage. Having been raised by her, I always assumed that I would approach my marriage in the same way by limiting my sexual activities to within my marriage family once I said my vows. As much as I enjoy sex I can't say this thrilled me but then my first priority is God and HE takes precedence over my personal desires.

Growing up I worried at times that finding the "perfect man: who would agree to all my requirements might become impossible. Indeed, the one guy I thought was going to propose to me ended up dumping me and actually causing me personal harm once he got a whiff of my family's incestual activities. After that I was depressed as if the best guy I'd ever met couldn't deal with it, then who would? Still, while I was willing to negotiate most anything else, these three things were off the table. Better to be single than miserable.

As it has turned out, getting Steve to agree to my "conditions" of marriage was easy which just goes to prove that he indeed is "the one" for me. Although not nearly as deeply religious as I am, he at least goes to church and prays. While not as biblically versed as I would like, I believe he will teach his children to love the Lord and to follow his commandments. Steve loves my family - well for the most part but I certainly can't blame him for disliking a few of them as I can't' stand them either.

When it came to the incest part, he was naturally surprised as he had no idea I was involved in such things. In fact I it wasn't until after seeing me doing it once with my dad just to prove it wasn't some monstrous practical joke that he believed me. After that time he made it clear that he never wants to see me with my dad again but at least he has NEVER even suggested I abandon my responsibilities. I suppose it didn't hurt when I told him that I had no issues with him fucking any of the women in my family that were agreeable to it - especially my Aunt Linda who seems to have really caught his attention.

So as it turned out, all my worries about my fiancé agreeing to the "terms" of my acceptance of his proposal turned out to be for naught. In looking back I see now that our marriage was indeed ordained by God. How else do you explain that the boy I gave my virginity to and then moved thousands of miles away would come back to me after over ten years and eventually propose to me? After fretting for so many years about not giving my father my virginity, I was finally able to see God's plan - that I gave it to my husband instead. How many married women these days can say their first time was with their husband? OK, so there were a few in between but that doesn't take away the fact that he was my first.

Perhaps it was a bit selfish of me but I had never thought about the fact that my fiancé might bring a few demands of his own to the table. Steve really only two had big issues, but both of them were huge so far as I was concerned, especially given the background of my own parents' marriage.

Steve's first "demand" regarded what I considered to be adultery. Steve made it clear to me that he fully expected to continue to have sex with other people after we got married and he meant people outside of our families (well, MY family since he didn't have sex with anyone in his). For him this was non-negotiable and so I was forced to reconsider my stance on adultery. There was no way I could completely toss it aside as it was clearly stated in the Ten Commandments that we are not to commit adultery so what were my options?

I discussed the problem with my aunt as my mom was so far away, praying on it with her and alone a LOT. The one day it was like God spoke to me and I felt like my eyes had been opened to a new reality. My mom's definition of adultery was hers and I totally respected her for it. However, just as hers was based on her interpretation of the Bible, so I felt I should be allowed to have my own interpretation. Where do we go for the insight to achieve such interpretations - prayer. It was on my knees that I suddenly realized that yes, I COULD marry Steve without compromising my integrity yet at the same time satisfy his needs and desires.

The whole issue comes down to, what is adultery? In short, I came to the revelation that just as incest is not adultery (although some people would claim a strict biblical interpretation would say that it was), neither would be sex outside the marriage so long as both partners consented and nothing was hidden. It was clear to me now that adultery was more about "cheating" than sex. It's the INTENT, not the ACT, that counts. If my husband is hiding his sexual activities from me then he is cheating on me and thus committing adultery because in his heart he is betraying me

So much for what became my first "compromise". The other issue was a bit more nebulous and based more on my mother's personal feelings than any guidance from an authority such as the Bible. So far as my mom was concerned, and therefore me for most of my life, sex with a minor was OK so long as it was incest but otherwise it was strictly off-limits. Granted, her "age of consent" was more like fifteen to sixteen versus eighteen, but still it ruled out anything with a girl in her early teens and certainly any preteens.

On the other hand, my father has always been infatuated with underage girls. Still, for over 25 years he compromised for my mother's sake and relied on porn and then eventually his daughter and nieces to satisfy his dark hunger. How he held himself back for that long is some sort of miracle but eventually the dam burst and his uncontrollable needs became one of the major contributors to their eventual divorce. The sad thing is my mom knew about his perversions before they married yet clung to the hope she could change him or at least keep his needs in check. Sadly, it provides further proof to me that when you marry someone you have to accept them as they are!

Given all that, imagine my shock when I was informed by my new fiancé that he was into the same perverted things as my dad regarding underage sex. Once again I was faced with a major decision. Was I really ready to enter into marriage with the same understandings my mother had? The answer was easy - no. Either I accepted him as he was or not but none of this "I'll change him" crap. At first I considered compromising a little and allowing his to delve into these nasty things so long as he kept me out of it.

I quickly put that aside as I wasn't about to go through the rest of my life pretending that the reality wasn't there. The only alternative was to put aside my beliefs and submit to his authority as my husband. Of course technically there WAS another alternative - to give him back the ring but in reality that was never anything I considered seriously. This was an issue of public morals and ethics, not my religion or family, so compromise was acceptable to me.

In the end, as much as I tried to pretend to debate the issue, in my heart I think I always knew what the final outcome would be. After seeing the results of my mother's beliefs on their marriage, I couldn't mimic her knowing that sooner or later the same thing would happen to my marriage. Some might say that 25 years was pretty good but I intend to marry Steve "until death do us part", not until we can't stand each other anymore.

Even after accepting my decision, I didn't just jump in the deep end all at once. It was more like entering slowly into the shallow end and working my way deeper and deeper. Until now we'd swapped with a few couples, always just one other couple in which case we pretty much just traded partners for the evening - or in once case the weekend. I actually found it rather erotic to try someone new with my fiancé nearby and Steve seemed to love watching me being fucked by another guy as well. I can't really say I get the same enjoyment out of watching him screwing another woman, but it's nothing I can't deal with since I know whose pussy he'll be filling with his wonderful dick when it's all said and done.

Now with just a little more than a month to go before the wedding, Steve wanted to take it to another level - a swapping party with several other couples. The first thing that came to mind were the various sex parties my best friend Beth use to take me to now and then (although it's been ages since the last one). The irony was that those parties banned couples as only singles were allowed. Now it was going to be just the opposite in that you had to be married, or at the very least engaged for at least six months, to gain entry. Well, at least there wouldn't be any silly initiation ceremonies this time around!

## 2. Introductions

One of the most frequently asked questions I get about swapping is, "Where do you find these people you meet up with?" Well, that's a good question. When it comes to groups and parties, for most of my life it's been through friends. My best friend Beth is one of the principles in a group that meets frequently for sex parties. They are restricted to the group members and guests by invitation only. Strictly for singles and no voyeurs - you participate or leave. Beth's parties were my most common source. Now and then I would go to various parties where people would break off or maybe give a blowjob in front of everyone but those were pretty tame for the most part. Some of the craziest ones I've been to were courtesy of my cousin

Kristen back when she was a working girl. She was the one getting paid - I just went along for the experience. Some of those got really out of hand!

I never really "swapped" until Steve and I got engaged. I guess before then I never considered myself in a position where having sex with someone else would be considered "swapping". My Aunt Linda was the one who really opened THAT door for us. She was a long-time member of a local swapping club that was VERY exclusive and VERY private which also made it VERY secure - a key concern for most people involved in such things. She had been a part of it since shortly after her divorce making it over twenty years now. Call it our "engagement gift" from her when she showed my fiancé their web site. For years it was all done by phone calls and beepers but now they were in the Internet Age.

Steve was really enthusiastic about it and quickly got our application process started. I looked at the web site but he did all the work. It wasn't like Facebook where you just could make anything up about yourself and "buyer beware". Believe it or not we actually had to go through a formal credit check and other personal security checks to verify who we were as well as our intentions and expectations. My web site was discovered, even though it was no longer on-line (just goes to show what goes on the Internet is forever) which made for some tense moments as they were worried about my ability to keep things private. For a while I was worried sick that it might disqualify us until I was able to show how I managed it and modified the story details to keep things private.

By far the most stressful part of the "application" process, at least for me, was making our introduction video. Over the years I've developed a bit of a phobia about on-line photos and such after some of the things that have happened to me by people bent on hurting me because I somehow offended them in some way, shape or form. When Steve told me we HAD to do this video where we HAD to answer a number of routine questions, I was OK with it at first until he told me we also HAD to be nude when we did it - and not be hiding anything like crossing legs or folding our arms. Thankfully we didn't have to DO anything, just allow ourselves to be seen naked standing up and posing, then turning around slowly so whoever was checking us out got an idea of who they were going to potentially meet.

It wasn't like I've ever been exactly shy about exposing myself but I have to say I was nervous as a virgin on her first date while Steve was recording me! Images of me posing nude being posted all over the Internet still haunt me but so far as I know, nobody has ever violated the terms of the group as by the time you do the video you've already had to pass all the other tests.

As the head of our household, Steve is the one who does the initial searches for people to meet, browsing through the lists and then the various video profiles until he finds a couple he thinks might be fun to swap with. He knows me pretty well so I trust him to find someone I will like as well and so far he has done a pretty good job. Steve usually narrows it down to three or four couples that he is OK with after which he shows them to me and lets me pick the final one although he retains the ultimate veto power. I have to say my tendency so far has been to go with the older couples. In fact, we spent a weekend in Columbus, OH with the last ones we met and they were old enough to be our parents!

Once I picked out someone then Steve contacted them through the service so that they can check out our profile and decide if they want to accept our invitation without having to divulge any personal information. In fact, until both sides agree to meet no personal information is exchanged such as full names, addresses or phone numbers. When an agreement is made, THEN initial contact information is exchanged.

The usual means of "first contact" is via web cam. This is where we really find out a lot about the other couple. Some are pretty conservative whereas others have put on full-blown sex shows. For me, either end of the spectrum is pretty scary and we have turned down more than one couple after the web cam introduction when they proved to be just way too out there for us. We figure if they are THAT wild and crazy the first time on a web cam, what would they be like meeting them in person?

Finally when everyone agreed that a hook-up was desirable, THEN more personal information was exchanged. How you met the other couple, where, etc. was all negotiable and varied with every couple we met. Some would want to meet in a public setting like a restaurant, others just wanted to meet in a hotel room and get things started quickly. It was the variability that helped to keep it exciting each time.

So as you can see, it's not like you just get on on-line and ask someone to meet and next thing you know you're at some restaurant waiting for a total stranger to appear. It's a rather long and tedious process but in the end I feel safe meeting the people based on all the security background checks as well as the time we spend getting to know each other before any meeting actually takes place.

This time was even more arduous in that we were trying to line things up with three other couples instead of just one which made it more like ten times more difficult than just three times. Each couple had to approve of the other three so it took a couple of weeks before a full agreement was made. Again, this was a LOT different from Beth's parties where you just showed up and had no idea who was going to be there. For some people it may have been too troublesome and for those type of people I know there are plenty of swapping parties where anyone can show up and do anyone. Personally I just don't feel comfortable getting involved in those type of parties so much anymore. In fact, if it was totally up to me we would only swap with one other couple at a time but Steve likes having a "buffet" as he likes to put it rather than having to just order off a menu.

Finally it was all set with a time and place hammered out. One of the couples lived in a rather exclusive part of town with a secluded back yard that came complete with a pool hot tub and high security/privacy fence surrounding it all which sounded perfect. The people we were meeting with were:

Dwight (41) & Virginia (Jen) (40) – married twenty years, three kids
Mick (30) & Penelope (Pen) (30) – married two years, second marriage for both, one girl from Pen's first marriage
Matthew (19) & Julie (18) – newlyweds, just married in April, no kids

Of course none of their kids would be there. When it came to the swapping group that was a strict rule that was grounds for expulsion from the group – no kids, period. This was a swapping group, not an incest group and definitely nothing to do with anyone underage. There were no other real limits as you were free to find someone who matched your profile. If you're into BSDM then there were people who shared that interest and if you didn't then, you just didn't agree to meet with to those who did.

Interestingly, while kids weren't allowed, that didn't mean it had to be adult humans. Some of the profiles claimed to be interested in K9 and other forms of bestiality. The first time I saw one of those Steve grinned at me and I slapped him (maybe even a little harder than I intended). He knew better than to even THINK about anything like that.

Everything was set for Saturday afternoon at Dwight and Jen's place. They had warned everyone that they could only host for a few hours due to earlier commitments with their kids' sports schedules but it was the only weekend when it seemed everyone's schedules worked out. In any case, to be honest I'd rather meet for a few intense hours than drag it out over the whole day so putting an abbreviated time limit on everything up front was just fine with me.

Steve stopped by just after noon to pick me up. Parking his pickup at the curb in front of the house, he came to the door where Kristen let him in as I was still getting ready. Sneaking up behind me in the bathroom, he poked me in the middle of my back just as I was leaning over the sink to fix an eyelash, scaring me half out of my wits!

"Good lord, what can possibly take a girl so long to get ready?" he teased me, "Besides, it's not like anyone is going to care what you're wearing once when you get there."

He had a point I guess, at least from a man's perspective. Odds were I wouldn't be wearing my outfit for very long but then again, a girl likes to look good when she first meets someone. You can tell a lot about people by the clothes they wear so I'm always interested in seeing what the other couple was dressed like when we first met. Since I felt this way I suspected other women did too so I wanted to be sure to make a good first impression.

Ahhhhhh, now THAT was the question - how to make a good impression? While we wouldn't be the youngest couple we were more at the more youthful end of the range. Still, I didn't want to come dressed like some college girl Steve had just picked up. At the same time, we weren't even married yet whereas everyone else was so I didn't want to come looking like some sort of soccer mom either. Everyone would know why we were there so there was not need to dress like a slut to get attention yet at the same time I didn't want to give the impression I was doing something I wasn't comfortable with either by dressing like some old lady.

So here I was, standing in front of the bathroom mirror still naked after my shower. I'd already blown my hair dry and rubbed lotion on me after having shaved so it was just a bit of makeup and then getting dressed. Steve started to reach around me and grope at my boobs.

"Steve! We'll never get out of here if you get me started," I warned him.

Poor Steve; I could see his face in the mirror over my shoulder as he rested his chin on it and reached down to put his hand between my legs. I rolled my eyes a bit melodramatically and sighed heavily as his finger started to tease me. Damn but it felt good yet we didn't have time to mess around now.

"Damn it Steve, stop!" I said, although albeit not very convincingly.

Steve reluctantly pulled back and chuckled. "If only we weren't running so late already...," he whined.

Well, that made two of us with those thoughts. Honestly, if he hadn't listened to me and simply dragged me off to bed and made love to me all afternoon I would've been just fine with that. Face it, the party was really for him and if we missed it I wouldn't have been exactly heartbroken.

Ignoring him I put on the last touch of eye shadow and added a hint of perfume before reaching over to grab my outfit. I'd gone for a light summer dress, no straps and no underwear. It was a light yellow, short enough that it came down barely mid-thigh and defied gravity by clinging to my boobs without slipping down although all I had to do was lean over the least little bit for some nice cleavage exposure. What I liked about it the most was that it was relatively sheer such that if the sun was on the opposite side it would give you a pretty nice outline of me underneath. I slipped it over my head and adjusted my boobs.

"Damn, haven't seen that one before," Steve wolf-whistled as he watched me getting ready.

Well, it WAS brand new so he'd better not have seen it before! I twirled around on one foot, just enough to bring the skirt up but it was tight enough that it didn't rise up high enough to prove whether or not I was wearing panties. Of course Steve knew I hadn't put any on so it wasn't like he didn't already know the answer to the question.

"You know... we could just stay here and do it," I offered seductively. For a moment I could Steve was tempted but then he just smiled at me and shook his head.

"Noooooo, you don't get off THAT easy," he laughed, "Let's go, we're already late."

On the way out I gave Kristen a kiss and she lifted up my dress and spanked me playfully on my bare ass.

"Now don't do anything I wouldn't do," she said, trying to act serious. Well, THAT certainly left me with a pretty broad playing field as I don't know exactly what Kristen would NOT do in such a setting had she been invited.

With that we were off. It was just a ten minute drive to get where we were going but that meant we would still be about twenty minutes late. Oh well, all the better to make an entrance as my mother use to say.

As we pulled up and I noted the address, oddly enough I'd seen this house many times before driving around town but had never paid it all that much attention. Maybe that was because the reason I ignored it was the same reason it had been chosen for today's little party - it was set way back from the road without a hint as to what was happening behind the stone and iron fence that surrounded it. Large shrubbery and a forest surrounded the back yard, rendering it invisible to anyone driving by. It was built into the side of a hill with nothing above it or even to the side, making it even more private than my parents' deck which technically was visible from across the valley to anyone with a high-powered telescope. A cobbled stone driveway led past the iron gates which were open as we pulled in. Inside a circular drive allowed us to park close to the main entrance where double doors that reminded me of something from a knights of the round table movie guarded the interior.

"Pretty impressive," Steve mused as he put his truck in park.

Ahead of him was what looked to be a new Lexus and ahead of it was some older model Toyota which looked to have seen its better days. Evidently that other two couples were here and it didn't take a reincarnation of Columbo to figure out which belonged to whom.

"Figures, last ones to arrive as usual," Steve muttered as he got out of the cab.

I knew it was directed my way even though he hadn't looked at me when he'd said it. Steve was always complaining about me being late, even to the point he sometimes faked the time we were going somewhere by telling me it was a half-hour earlier just so I would be ready when the real time came around. What can I say? That's me.

We approached the front doors and Steve rang the doorbell. Within a few seconds a woman appeared and I recognized her from her profile. Virginia (or Jen, short for Jenny as she preferred to be called) was taller than I'd pictured her but other than that pretty much looked exactly like her profile photos and video. She was dressed in a short robe with a belt that barely kept it in place. The hem came down low enough to cover her butt but that was with her standing and I doubted that it hid much once she sat down. She had good reason for wearing it so short as even though she was almost twice my age I would've loved to have had her legs!

"Welcome to our humble abode," she greeted us.

I can't say THAT impressed me. The house was gorgeous and VERY high end so to try and pass it off as anything even remotely "humble" was being more than a little pretentious.

We stepped in and she motioned for us to follow her through the spacious great room and then into a hallway leading past the kitchen and then to the back of the house where it looked like something from a Hollywood movie. There was a large in-ground pool would have dwarfed my aunt and uncle's with a large hot tub off to one side as well. The concrete pad was large enough for several tables, a built-in grill/fireplace as well as a looked to be a wet bar that overlooked the pool.

"Wow, some place, eh?" Steve whispered into my ear.

I elbowed him as he never could master the art of whispering and no doubt everyone in the back heard him. If so, then nobody was rude enough to take notice and Steve nursed his bruised side like a hurt puppy.

Jen then introduced us to the others starting with her husband who was serving drinks. Dwight was wearing cargo shorts almost the same as Steve's but maybe a shade darker than Steve's khaki's. He also had a Steelers t-shirt which would have instantly endeared him to my father had he been along. I didn't have to recall their profile video to recognize Mick and Pen as they were definitely the older couple compared to what had to be Matt and Julie.

Pen was a bleach blonde bombshell with boobs that definitely had to stay away from the hot sun or the silicon might have melted. Like most women with boobs jobs she obviously loved to show them off and was wearing a VERY low cut tank that hugged them like Saran Wrap. Mick was rather non-descript, just your average Joe off the street with the beginnings of a receding hairline.

Matt and Julie caught my eye more than the others. Both of them looked like they may have been fudging a couple of years on their profile but then I when I considered the scrutiny Steve and I were put under, I had to believe their ages were as advertised (nineteen and eighteen respectively. Julie had her hair cut really short, actually shorter than her new husband's. She was extremely petite, maybe just a couple of inches over five feet tall and nowhere close to needing the "100" weight on the scale at the doctor's office. Matt was not all that tall himself, maybe just a little more than me but he must spend half the day at the gym. Damn, he was built! If anything being short and that muscular made him appear at first a little stocky but I imaged once he removed that muscle shirt and shorts there wouldn't be one ounce of fat to be seen anywhere.

We all greeted one another, shaking hands to start. Dwight efficiently took our drink orders and looked at me a little funny when I asked for a Diet Coke but then I didn't really care. I've never been much of a wine or mixed drink person so there was no reason to get started now. Besides, I wanted to remember what happened here today, not wake up with a headache.

Nobody said anything at first but I think we all felt a little anxious. We WERE on the clock and with Steve and me arriving late that didn't help matters. At least they'd been courteous enough not to get started without us. As experienced as we were in such matters, it still would've been a little awkward to have to walk in on a bunch of strangers having sex and just jump in without hardly even a word spoken between you. As the acting hosts, I think the rest of us looked to Dwight and Jen to take the lead.

"Well, I just thought maybe it would help if Dwight and I confessed to something," Jen said after a few minutes of discussion about the Steelers' upcoming season thanks to Dwight's t-shirt. "This is a first for Dwight and I. Oh I don't mean our first swap," she hurriedly corrected herself, "I mean our first time with a group."

The rest of us looked at each other and I got the distinct impression from the knowing looks on people's faces that this was NOT the case with the others.

"Hey, no sweat," Mick was the first to respond, "Pen and I were pretty anxious ourselves the first time but it's like riding a bike... well like riding something at least."

The rest of us laughed and then Pen added, looking at Jen, "Mick's right Jen, I was the one who was nervous though. Mick couldn't wait. We didn't start until we got into our late thirties and it was like it took ten years off his performance - or lack of it I should say... sorry sweetie."

Dwight took the opening to add, "Oh that's right. For the guys we've got the purple pills available although I apologize for being so late to mention that so I guess if you need one you'd better take it now. Girls, anything else you might need along those lines just as Pen - I think she could open a store with her current stock!

Thankfully Steve wasn't at that age yet where he needed pharmaceutical assistance to get or maintain an erection and I doubted very much that the others did either although I knew guys their age who took it thinking it would extend their performance even more. Mick was only a couple of years older than Steve and he just waved his hand to politely refuse.

With the introductions over, it was time to get started...

# 3. Round One

"Well, now that we have the formalities out of the way, any suggestions on how to get this party started?" Dwight asked, rubbing his hands together.

I almost laughed. Wow, this WAS really different from Beth's sex parties. With those once the initiation "ceremony" was over (provided there was someone new) then everyone just more or less went at it without a whole lot of thought. Then again, the average age of the people there was in the mid to late twenties compared with today's somewhat older crowd.

I raised my hand and then red-faced, lowered it again. School teacher habits die hard.

"Why don't we put our names in a hat and draw for first time partners?" I suggested.

Hey, it worked for sixth graders when it came time to match them up although in that case boys picked from the boy hat while girls picked from theirs. Then again, maybe THAT wasn't such a bad idea either although with a little twist in that the guys would pick from the girl hat and the girls would pick from the guy hat. It wasn't that I didn't want to be with any of the other women but I knew Steve would have had a stroke before he paired up with another guy.

We all agreed to my modified version. Pen produced some paper and pens and a couple of baskets instead of hats. We all put in our names with the caveat that if you pulled your own partner then you had to put the name back in and draw again. After all, what was the point in being here if you were going to have sex with your own mate?

As the youngest Julie was picked to draw first and wouldn't you know it, she picked Matt's name. Everyone just laughed as she tossed it back in again and then reached in for another one. This time she got Dwight's name who definitely looked pleased as punch to be picked first. Then again maybe as the oldest guy he was more pleased to be picked by the youngest girl if I know anything about men at all. They can say what they want but when given a choice men will almost always go for the youngest option.

It was then my turn so I reached in to pick out a name and drew Matt. It really didn't matter to me who I drew as I could've made a case for starting out with any one of them. Unlike the guys, I tend to lean towards older men anyway - more experience, care and appreciation. Besides, I had little doubt that before the day was done I'd get to try them all on for size, so to speak, so did it really matter which one went first?

Pen was next with a 50-50 chance between Steve and Mick. Knowing that Steve seems to prefer his women at either the extreme low or high end of the age brackets, I was happy for him when Mick's name was unveiled leaving Jen by default for Steve. Again, he'd probably be dipping his dick in all four of us before we got our clothes on again but I knew the guys were more focused on their first partner than the other girls.

At this point we were all still fully dressed and given that the initial pairing had been decided, everyone sort of looked around and then it was if an unspoken command was given and we all started to undress virtually simultaneously. Soon the four of us were stark naked. Looking around, I quickly took inventory...

First, the obvious things... Julie and I were the only ones shaved - male or female. Had I been asked to guess ahead of time, I would've bet that Jen was mostly hairy while Pen would be trimmed neatly. Jen was around the same age as my mother and aunt. They, and other women I've known in their age bracket, grew up with hairy pussies and I know my mom especially could never bear to shave hers off. I would be willing to bet that 90% plus of the women I know over forty, even many of those in their mid to late thirties, have most of their pubic hair intact. Well, Jen was in that other 10% as she was trimmed down to nothing but a small "V" above her pussy while Pen, who I would've expected to have a similar style, won the trophy for the hairiest pussy although she DID trim it down pretty low.

Other than that, we pretty much covered the spectrum in terms of body shapes and boobs. As for me, I was somewhere in the middle in most categories. By no stretch of the imagination did I have the largest boobs - Pen and her fakes took THAT prize without a close second. Julie had such a small frame that even though her boobs weren't physically the biggest, when taken in proportion to her body they looked much bigger than they actually were, creating an optical illusion that made was likely a B cup if you looked at the tag on her bra into what looked more like a C or a D.

As for the guys, I could tell that despite their outward macho behavior they were all checking out each other's junk. Considering a guy has zero control over the size of his dick I always get a kick out of how much emphasis they place on cock size. It seems so silly as I would bet if you took a poll of all women that most of them would tell you it really doesn't make a heck of a lot of difference to them. Oh sure if it's a monster or a dwarf then that means something but for the typical, run-of-the-mill dick, they all pretty much feel about the same once they're in you. In my opinion the only time it matters is when I'm giving head as then you can really tell what size a guy is - and yet another time when overly large is NOT the most desirable attribute in the world.

That said, three of the four dicks pretty much fell into the mainstream. I also noted that all four guys were circumcised. Over the years I'd had a few guys who weren't cut, maybe more than I know if you take into account the parties where it was hard to keep track of who was in you and who wasn't, but overall I confess that I prefer them cut. Maybe it's more because some guys simply don't practice good hygiene. Regardless, once they're erect and in you, it doesn't make any difference anyway. Again, it's mostly the blowjobs when I really care one way or the other.

I said three of four... Then I noticed Dwight, at apparently the same time as the others based on the soft gasp from Julie. Damn, the guy missed a stellar career in the porn business! If you ask most guys what size their dick is, I can guarantee almost all of them will reply with something at least one or two inches longer then they actual are. Then there's always the "shrinkage" copout, even when it's 110 degrees out. But if Dwight was to claim that his dick was a good eight inches, I would have said he was being conservative. Nine inches? Maybe even ten? Heck, he wasn't even erect yet!

That brings me another point when it comes to dealing with cock size - the erection process. Like, who really cares what size a guy is when he's flaccid? The only good thing about a limp dick is the promise it holds. Face it, the best dick is a hard dick and an small erect dick wins my vote over a long soft one every time.

One odd thing I've noticed over the years is that the larger a man is when he is flaccid, the less he tends to expand when he gets erect. Like I've had guys with dicks maybe only a few inches long when they were soft that practically pushed their way down my throat after I start sucking on them to get them erect. Also, the smaller dicks seem to get stiffer which is a selling point for those who like HARD dicks (like me). When a guy whips out a huge soft dick I find myself often more than a little disappointed when it only grows a little bit and never even gets stiff enough to stand up on its own. While the little guy is pointed up to the ceiling like a rocket about to take off, the big guy is just hanging out there like some sort of firm sausage. Oh well, every girl has her own version of what makes for a good dick so I'm just giving my two cents worth. In any event, it's rare to come across a dick like Dwight's so I was already looking forward to giving it a test drive if nothing else.

Steve leaned over, gave me a quick kiss and headed straight for Pen who had sat back down in her chair in anything but what her mother taught her was a ladylike pose. Her legs were wide apart in a manner exactly how every little girl's mom teaches her NOT to sit. She was cupping her huge boobs in her hands, bouncing them like melons as she waited impatiently for my fiancé. Unfortunately (or fortunately?) I didn't get to see what happened as at that very moment Matt stood in front of me with one hand on his dick slowly stoking himself.

"So Kelly, do you want to suck my dick first or are you going to watch it get hard from me just staring at your incredible body and then fuck you?"

Well, it was a unique approach, I had to give him that. Ironically I had to think about my answer for a moment. On the one hand I LOVE sucking on dicks but then on the other, sometimes it's nice just to fuck like rabbits without any fanfare or even foreplay. What the heck, I could always suck a guy's dick whenever I wanted but it's not that often you get the chance to JUST be fucked. That may sound strange but if you think about it it's true for most girls. Even if I don't suck their dicks first, guys always want to at least grope a little, rub my boobs, try to play with my pussy, maybe even eat me out. Even if it's just a little kissing and playful groping, there's always SOMETHING. That's right... think about it and you'll agree with me.

"Cool, let's do it," I finally responded, strolling over to the hot tub. Unlike my parents' tub this one was built into the ground like a miniature swimming pool, more like the type you see at a hotel. It was circular with decorative ceramic tile lining the sides and top. I sat down, feeling the sun-warmed tile warm on my bare butt. Swinging around, I dropped my legs in the water and then leaned back on my hands with my legs spread wide apart.

Matt watched me and quickly assessed the situation. Realizing what I wanted, he climbed in the tub and stood on the submerged seating area that went all around the interior. Whether by design or happy coincidence it put him at the perfect height to where his growing cock was right at the level of my crotch. He started to reach for my knees, probably to get his balance as he went down on me but I moved them away quickly.

"Noooooo, no touching... I just want you to fuck me Matt," I teased him, wagging my knees in and out to show him my pussy and then hide it from him.

as Matt was keeping his on the edge of the hot tub on each side of me to keep his balance. The only parts that were physically touching between the two of us was his dick and my pussy.

Not surprisingly as it was his first fuck of the day, Matt didn't last all that long. "Mmmmmmm, fuck yeah," he grunted as he started to cum in me long before I was anywhere near getting off myself. He let the first couple of loads of sperm loose inside of me and then he pulled out and the rest of his warm cum sprayed all over my lower stomach and pussy.

"Damn that was fucking hot," he huffed as he plopped down on the tub next to me, his spent cock already starting to droop. Hopefully it would rise again with some of the same speed that it was showing now when it came to dwindling.

I looked down and slowly spread his cum over my stomach with my fingers like it was lotion. Then I slipped down into the hot water and washed it off before it could dry and cake on me. Little streams of coagulated cum spread out over the surface, slowly falling to the bottom of the hot tub where hopefully the filter would grab it before someone got in and found it all over them - been there, done that, not the coolest thing in the world.

"Thanks Matt," I said with a grin, rubbing my pussy with hot water to clean it off. Now THAT felt pretty good too!

Having punched his score card so far as I was concerned, Matt was already looking around for the next piece of, stroking himself again with one hand as he walked away from me. Well, what do you expect when you've just been fucked for the sake of fucking, an after-sex cigarette?

## 4. Two for One's

After each of the men had cum we regrouped for the next round. Pen was toying with her pussy with a coupled of fingers, pushing Steve's cum out of her and the scooping it up and licking it off her fingers like she was cleaning the bowl after her mom had made cookies. She looked at me and at first I thought she was going to offer me some but she was just teasing me and if anything, made even more of a show of eating it once she knew she had my attention.

Julie looked to have taken a full load on her face, not to mention her hair but she didn't seem as inclined as I would've been to wipe it off but rather wore it like some sort of badge of honor. Jen must have taken her load on her boobs as she was rubbing it over them with both hands, one on each boob as if it were suntan lotion. Hmmmmmm, I appeared to be the only one relatively clean of sperm at the moment but then I was the only one who had gone into the hot tub for sex while the rest had remained on the tables and chairs.

"Well, that was certainly a great way to get things rolling, everyone agree?" Dwight proclaimed after we all were seated again.

Everyone sort of just nodded and smiled, especially the guys. I know at least one of us girls had cum but I wasn't sure who although the glow beaming from Pen's face would have lit a room.

"It would be nice if we had all day to try out various combinations and such but as I warned everyone while planning this, Jen and I have a soccer match to be as in a few hours and you parents know how that goes. So how about we try something to get more people involved all together?"

The rest of us, Jen included, looked at each other but nobody was offering up any ideas so it was left up to Dwight who seemed to relish his role but time was wasting away causing his wife to give him a playful poke and he got the message.

"Alright, alright, so here it is... the gals all lay on their backs next to each other over there on the big table, the guys start out with their own partner and the one on the end flips over this timer I stole from Jen's kitchen drawer." He lifted up a little old-fashioned egg timer with salt in it that spread from one globe to the other when you flipped it over. Each time the timer ends we move over one and the next guy on the end starts the timer over. If a guy cums he has to drop out - along with his partner, until only one pair is left and then we all get to watch the finale."

OK, so it was something different which made it pretty cool for me. Sort of like a sexualized version of musical chairs. It wasn't like anyone else had anything else to offer so we girls got up, went over to a large stone table and laid out some beach towels under us. Then we laid down tight up against one another far back enough so we could rest our feet on the edge of the table. Then the guys got into position. Steve and Matt were firm and ready but Mick and Dwight were still stroking.

"Hey, that's not fair," Julie protested, "The old guys aren't even hard yet!"

After she said it she covered her mouth with both hands, embarrassed a bit but everyone understood what she meant, even if poor Dwight looked a little embarrassed himself at his half-hearted erection.

"Sorry... I didn't mean to say it that way," the poor girl looked like she might even cry but Jen sat up and looked over her way, trying to calm her down.

"You know, she's right," Jen observed, "Dwight, why don't you go down and see if she can't help you out a bit and even the playing field? I think an eighteen year-old should be able to get that perked up pretty quick, don't you think?"

Being Julie was on the end, it made it easy for Dwight to move over and stand to the side of the table while Julie turned her head and took his dick in her mouth and started sucking on it like a baby on a pacifier. Sure enough, in a few minutes between her sucking on his dick and his fondling her boobs he swelled right up like a trooper.

"Ah the wonders of modern medical science... and teenager mouths," Mick observed, having stroked himself to a full erection in the meantime.

The it was my turn to register a protest.

"I think the guys need to give us a little attention before they just start fucking us, don't you girls?" Everyone looked at me and while I had their attention it was obvious I didn't have their understanding.

"Why don't we see which guys eats pussy best first... and THEN they can fuck us after we cum?" I proposed. It only seemed fair to me as odds were at least one of us wouldn't cum otherwise this time around.

Nobody seemed to protect, least of all the guys although I wasn't seeing any open signs of revolt from the female side of the room either. I wasn't trying to be smart-alecky or anything, I just wanted my pussy licked and what could be better than several guys licking it one after the other?

Steve proposed that the guys all line up with their previous partner to start, using some lame excuse about "transitioning" but I knew what his real agenda was. Steve was about as homophobic as they come and it was so soon after the first round that we all had cum still in us, especially me. Steve HATED cum - if he even got his own on him by mistake he acted like hot acid had been poured on him until he washed it off. The idea of having to lick a pussy dripping with another man's cum must have been driving him crazy from the moment I had first proposed it. I hadn't really thought about that or I wouldn't have proposed it but now I could as least support my poor anti-gay fiancé.

Matt returned to his earlier position - between my legs, as I leaned back on my elbows and propped me feet on the edge of the table, lifting my ass up just enough to give him a good clear view of my pussy. Although I had washed myself off, I knew there were still remnants of his last load in me and that if I pushed hard enough I might get some of it to squeeze out but something told me he wouldn't exactly appreciate such a move so I behaved myself.

Dwight announced that it was to get started and matt dropped his head down with his hands under my butt, lifting me up to his mouth like I was a giant piece of watermelon. He plunged his face into my crotch, going directly for my pussy hole with his tongue. I could feel the bridge of his nice against my clit as his tongue probed into me, apparently oblivious of what was lurking just inside. I wonder if he knew the pressure his nose was putting on my clit was actually feeling better than his tongue as it tried to wiggle inside of me - but without a lot of success.

My head leaned back and I closed my eyes as I focused on the feeling of my pussy being licked and kissed. Matt was OK, but definitely eating pussy was not his string suite. It didn't matter all that much as being as horny as I was it didn't take much to drive me over the edge as my hips bucked into his face while I groaned with the ripples of pleasure that were coursing through me.

Soon I could hear all the girls sighing and moaning as each of them was treated to the pleasure of having their pussy licked. Personally I would have been just as happy to get in a circle and do the next girl down the line while the guys watched as I had no doubt they would do a better job than poor matt but this was a party where WHAT we did was almost as important as anything.

Matt was followed by Mick, the Dwight and finally Steve. By the time Steve arrived I'd cum twice (Mick was by far a total novice when it came to female oral sex) and my pussy was soaking wet, well clear of any remaining cum by now.

"What are you waiting for?" I teased him as he seemed to hesitate.

More likely he was just catching his breath but I wasn't giving him any quarter. Steve wasn't nearly as much into giving as receiving when it came to oral sex and lucky for him, I was more than happy with that arrangement. If I really wanted my pussy licked then I preferred going to a girl for that anyway. Still, it wasn't like he was anything like Mick - at least he knew how to make me cum.

And cum he made me... twice in fact. It didn't hurt that he was my fiancé either as I always enjoy being eaten out by someone I know more so than strangers.

Once a full round had been completed, Dwight stood up and wiped his face off with a handy towel. He asked if we girls had had enough for them moment - with his eyes fixed on me, the troublemaker. Hey, I was happy but I didn't know about the others. Everyone seemed anxious to get to the fucking again so I shut my mouth and didn't propose anything more like that

With all the guys now ready, they positioned themselves and then Dwight counted down from three and all of them pushed their dicks into their partners pussy. I felt Steve's inside of me and compared it to having Matt in me a few minutes earlier. Had I closed my eyes and not known who was in me, physically there was little, if any difference. Still, there was something about having my future husband in me that was far more satisfying.

With everyone now coupled, Dwight flipped the timer and they all started.

"OK now, no cheating... full strokes only, none of this half-way shit," Dwight called out like a referee. "And keep up the pace - we don't have all day."

I could feel Julie on one side of me and Pen on the other as we had lined up by age. Their warm nude bodies felt so smooth and soft against mine. I laid one hand on each of their upper thighs as we all were fucked by our husband (or soon-to-be husband in my case).

Before I knew it Dwight was calling out to switch. Damn, that was one fast egg- timer! I wonder if he had doctored it to remove some of the salt in it so it would drain faster?

Dwight came around to replace Matt while the other three just moved down one girl. This time is was Mick's turn to run the timer and as soon as we were all filled once again with a dick he flipped it over and the fucking resumed. Once again Matt was in me and once again I compared him to my fiancé who was now fucking Pen and her massive boobs. Yeah, it was good but definitely not AS good. I wondered if it made the same difference to the guys or was a pussy a pussy and it didn't really matter whose? Hmmm, something I would have to talk to Steve about some time...

Once again the timer quit WAY too soon in my opinion and none of the guys seemed close to cumming. I was starting to wonder if the frequent starts and stops might make this drag on a long time. I mean, it was kind of fun but face it, once the novelty wore off this wasn't exactly the sexiest activity in the world.

The third round was about to begin and who was in front of me but Dwight with that monster dick. I'd heard Julie crying out in a bit of pain when he had first entered her and now when I looked down and saw that python of a snake about to enter me, I drew a sharp breath and prepared for the worst. Held it about half way up, aligning the massive head with my pussy. Thanks god he wasn't the first. After having been fucked now by three guys (OK, two of them was the same guy), I was wet and loose. Actually, when he started pushing there was a momentary sharp feeling and then it was more like I was being pushed apart than anything else. Then with one more hard push he was in me, well, almost all the way but close enough.

Oh yeah, now THIS was a different dick! It was midway through the third round when Steve started groaning. He was fucking Jen now and I thought to myself oh god, he's getting off fucking the MILF! Then he just grinned at me and gave the thumbs up as he continued to hump her - but without the accompanying sound effects. Bastard! He was just teasing me.

Then without warning I felt Dwight's rhythm change and he thrust himself hard into me, causing me a little pain as he pushed in too deep.

"Oh crap!" he groaned as he came inside of me. Now THIS was a surprise. I actually would have put money on Dwight being the last guy standing given the difficulty he had getting it back up again. Then again, who knew how much Viagra he'd taken before we came over.

"Dwight! How could you?" Jen complained as Steve pulled out of her. And so we were down to three.

I had a lot of confidence in Steve. He could go sometimes for like forever without cumming in me. The boy had staying power, I had to give him that. So imagine my surprise when just moments after he started fucking Julie my loving fiancé, the guy who could go on and on, started cumming. It figured, the young one got to him. Crap, it wasn't like she was THAT young.

"Oh Steve, you've GOT to be kidding me," I groaned.

Poor Steve, he could barely even look at me. To think he came in third place... out of four! I never would have called that one.

Eventually Matt was the winner and so he got to cum in Julie as the climax (sorry for the pun) of the event. From my perspective, who cared? It was first place or no place so far as I was concerned.

## 5. Anything Goes Gangbang

We were down to where things would have to end in about a half hour at the maximum so nobody was really in the mood for anything cute. The time had come for some good old-fashioned fucking. Poor Dwight, he was pretty limp and I didn't think even another blowjob by Julie was going to help at this point. Mick was recovering much better than I had expected as was Steve. Matt... well Matt probably had another two or three loads left in him before that well ran dry.

"C'mon Steve, let's DP Pen... she loves it," I heard Mick say to Steve.

Pen was actually sitting next to me. She had heard them just as I had and she leaned over to whisper to me, "Crap, looks like I'll be sitting sideways in the car going home."

We both giggled but then I wasn't so sure how much she was kidding. I HATE anal sex and DP's even more. OK, I've done them before but that didn't mean I liked them.

Meanwhile, Matt seemed interested in the opposite age range as his wife, heading for Jen with that unmistakable gleam in his eye. That left me, Julie and Dwight. Well, Dwight's dick didn't look like he was going to be making any progress anytime soon. I don't mind sucking on a soft cock so long as it stiffness in my mouth - actually I LOVE that feeling. But sucking on a spent dick that has no chance of recovering is sort of a lost cause.

So that left only one viable option so far as I was concerned. Julie.

Taking a seat next to Julie, I put my arm around he and hugged her close as we watched our guys fucking other men's wives. Steve and Mick were having quite a time with Pen. For all her minor complaints, she sure hadn't protested one bit when after climbing on top of her husband's dock she leaned over and let Steve stuff his cock up her ass. Well, I was glad it was her getting him that way and not me! Meanwhile, Jen was doing a little riding of her own on a dick young enough to be her son's.

"How does it feel to watch your husband fucking another woman?" I asked Julie as I gently touched my fingers to her perky breast, running little circles around the nipple. She was apparently too busy keeping an eye on her husband to notice.

"I really don't mind, we've never been exclusive since we started dating," she said softly.

Yeah right. Something just didn't seem right but then I had other things on my mind than how she dealt with her husband's lustful endeavors.

Reaching a little more around her, I cupped her breast in my hand as I leaned down to kiss the side of her neck. God she smelled so good!

"Ummmmm, Kelly... what are you doing?"

I guess it never even dawned on me that any girl involved in swapping might NOT be a little bisexual.

I leaned over further, taking her nipple in my mouth and sucking gently on it while playing my tongue over the tip.

"Kelly... please don't."

I sat up and looked at her but kept my hand on her boob. "Don't you like girls Julie? You HAVE been with a girl before, haven't you?"

Julie nodded vigorously and answered, "Oh sure, plenty of times. I just prefer boys... is that OK?"

Damn, stuck with an old guy with a spent dick and a hot teenage girl that only wanted sex with boys. Now this was turning into one heck of a swap!

Well, that left just one option. I wasn't about to force Julie into anything she wasn't comfortable with and as much as I LOVE sucking cock, sucking a soft dick wasn't my idea of how to finish the day. Looking over at Steve and Mick, I made an executive decision. Walking over to where Steve as still fucking her ass, I tapped on Mick's head.

"Sorry guy, this girl needs to be fucked and Steve can take care of your wife so that leaves YOU."

Pen look at me and started to say something but I put my fingers on her mouth and shushed her. "Sorry, but stop being selfish and share!"

It took a little rearranging but soon Mick was set free leaving his wife leaning over the table with my fiancé back in her ass again. I sat on the edge of the table and motioned for Mick to move in. If he was holding a grudge for me pulling him away from his wife he certainly wasn't showing it as he quickly inserted his dick where it belonged, at least for the moment - in my pussy.

As Mick fucked me for the last time that afternoon, I saw Julie and Dwight sitting off to the side watching. Well, Julie could be having her pussy licked pretty damn well by now if she had really wanted it so I wasn't feeling sorry for her. Poor Dwight was a different story though. I waved him over and he came up next to Mick.

"C'mon Dwight, let me see what I can do with that monster," I encouraged him.

I laid back and let Mick put my legs up over his shoulders as he held my thighs while he fucked me. That left my head on the table at the other side, in perfect position for Dwight to dangle his dick down into my open mouth. It was like lowering a worm down into the water but this was no little worm, that was for sure.

I started to suck on Dwight's dick. Damn, even when soft it was bigger than most any dick I had ever sucked. I'd had a few giants in my day and his was right up there with them. Even though it wasn't erect, it was so large and thick that it almost passed for a mild erection.

As I sucked on Dwight, Mick eventually filled me with my last load of cum for the day. This time I was playing with myself and actually came twice in the process. While Dwight never did get to cum again, I like to think I made his last moments memorable - they were for me.

It was time for Dwight and Jen to get ready to get their kids. They apologized for having to cut things off but then we all knew the rules before we started so it was fine with all of us. I could have done with a good shower - or even a dip in the hot tub to wash off but we needed to get going so I just threw on my clothes as did Steve. We all hugged and then left for our cars - or truck in the case of Steve and me.

"So did you cum in her ass?" I asked Steve as we drive away.

Steve just grinned at me so I continued, "Don't you dare ask me to suck that thing until you shower, got it buster?"

Steve laughed but he knew I was serious. There aren't a lot of things I won't do sexually but anything to do with assholes is off limits - especially ass-to- mouth. Nope, won't do THAT!

# 6. Back Home Again

Back at my place Steve came in with me. Kristen was there to greet us, asking all sorts of questions but I brushed her aside, telling her I needed a shower - badly. All that did was elicit even more questions but I just shook my head and told her she would have to wait until later for any details.

Steve followed me up and we showered in the bath tub together. First things first - washing that dick off. By now Steve was in high gear yet again so it began to harden as I scrubbed it but THAT would have to wait a few more minutes. My second priority after getting him cleaned off was scrubbing myself down - especially my hair. Somehow along the way I'd gotten someone's load in my hair which I discovered on the way home as I tried to comb my hair.

Once we were clean it was straight to bed. Part of my agreement to do this sort of stuff with Steve was that anytime we had sex with other people, we had to come home and make love first thing. Yeah, I know it's "just sex" but still, it WAS sex and no matter how you try to depersonalize it, it was someone else my fiancé was fucking. That was OK but before he went to bed he was going to always get a reminder of who really deserved that dick - ME.

Later that night as I lay in bed with Steve's dick still in me, I smiled to myself and squeezed down just a little on it, feeling that reassuring feeling in me I get whenever his cock is inside of me. It's like I'm totally his, completely his, only his.

Sure swapping is fun but nothing beats making love with the man you love!

# (Jul 20) Chapter 233: My Wedding Shower

Story codes: MF oral F-solo adultery inc father daughter
Me (26)
John - my dad (46)
Steve - my fiancé (28)
Josh (39)

So much for my "stay within the family" ideals. What I mean is that I always figured once I got married my sexual activities would stay within my family, just as my mother had done throughout her 25 years of marriage. That was fine until Steve asked me to marry him and I accepted unconditionally. It's rather ironic that I always figured my biggest issue with getting married would be getting my fiancé to accept my requirements regarding incest and here it was ME the one having to accept HIS requirements!

For those who just want to know what happened, here are the answers to your questions... YES, he fucked me. NO, his daughters had nothing to do with it. YES, his wife was home. NO, she had no idea. YES, my grandma knew about it. NO, my grandma was not involved in any way. YES, I enjoyed it. YES, their pool was involved. YES, he came in me.

Now for those who want the details...

## 1. Plausible Deniability

If you see something happening that you know is wrong, be it morally, legally, or whatever, if you don't report it or otherwise take action does that make you guilty of that activity as well? Well, a number of laws in the United States would say you are. For instance, if you witness a murder and don't report it, then you are considered an accessory to that murder. Sorry, but when your dad's a lawyer you tend to think about these things...

So now take a step back and look at the "guilt by association" concept from this perspective... if you SUSPECT that something is being done but you don't actually witness it, you have no proof that it happened and nobody actually confesses to you that it took place, THEN are you responsible? You may be wondering if such a thing is really worth worrying about but yet it happens every day. Such a situation is sometimes referred to as “plausible deniability” and most closely associated with the sleazy world of politics. This principle can apply to a lot of situations and all of us have probably engaged in it in one form or another to various degrees. For example, there’s the infamous, “Don’t ask don’t tell” policy in the U.S. military.

So why am I bringing all this up? Well, recently I spent a week at my grandmother’s house in northeastern Illinois. We’re talking about my mother’s mother, the same mother whose husband took the virginity of both her daughters in the course of two weeks when they were just fourteen and twelve respectively. The same mother who had to know full well what was happening behind her daughters’ closed bedroom doors even though she never actually witnessed anything or talked about it with her daughters or husband. This is the same mother who always seemed to need to go shopping or visit a friend when her now married (or divorced) daughters later came home to visit their father.

If you were to ask my grandmother on the witness stand whether she knew that her husband was having sex with her daughters, she could raise her right hand and swear on stack of bibles that she had never seen anything like that and that nobody ever told her anything about such things. No jury in the world could convict her on those narrow responses as they were absolutely true. Wildly misleading... but true.

Privately though, she has told me that she knew what was going on from the start. Like, how could she not? The knowing looks between the girls and their dad, the way they dressed and acted slutty around him; the flirting and occasional flashing. Where else could the cum stains on their pajamas and nighties have come from at such an early age? What about the flushed faces and the occasional bit of cum that they missed when they cleaned up? Did she really expect anyone to believe that seeing her husband getting an erection whenever her daughters were in the room was just a coincidence?

Yes, it was all about plausible deniability. So long as she wasn't told about it, so long as she never allowed anything to be done in her presence, she could always claim she had no hand in anything that happened and she wasn't responsible.

That’s not to say in private my grandmother kept her peace. As I entered my teens I wondered at times why my grandmother was so interested in how things were going between me and my dad. It wasn't until I had passed my sixteenth birthday and started having sex regularly with my dad that my mom finally told me about HER relationships with her own father as well as how her mother had stayed away from it all. It was then that the puzzle pieces all fell into place for me. The next time she asked me her probing questions I proudly informed her that my dad was fucking me, thinking she would be happy for me. It sort of struck me funny that she seemed more disappointed than anything else. Did she really think that the traditions that had started in her own family would not be passed down to the next generation?

As I got older, my grandmother and I would talk more and more about incest. I mean incest so far as I was concerned, not so much with my mom and grandfather. While my grandma may have been willing to admit she knew about it to me, it wasn't like she was willing to talk about it. She seemed far more interested in what was happening in my life instead.

Just to be sure, it's not that my grandmother is sexually repressed or some sort of prude. From what I gather she was a bit of a slut herself in her teen years, at least so far as that went back in those days. Like it didn't take much back then for a girl to get a reputation. So far as raising my mom and her sister, she certainly hadn't exactly been overly strict. While she may not have been as open-minded when it came to having sex in her house the way my parents were, it was also a different era when such things weren't even considered, let alone encouraged. I looked at photos in my mom's picture boxes and albums and she and her sister definitely dressed slutty and loved the boys.

I say all this because I was getting ready to spend a week at my grandma's house - just me and her. With my wedding just six weeks away, she wanted to throw me a shower and didn't want to make too many trips so she asked me if I could make it to her house instead. She had a number of friends that knew me from when I would visit as a teen and they were all going to get together. Considering the average age would be over forty, probably more like fifty or sixty, it wasn't going to be anything like the one my friends were plotting for me back home. Still, I imagined some silly games and prizes mixed with some practical gifts. The big thing was that it would please my grandmother and to me that was the most important part.

On the bright side two of my bridesmaids (I have six in all counting the MOH) said they would attend the shower. They were going to drive together and go home after the shower as they had to work the next day. At least I'd have someone that wasn't twice my age! I didn't envy them the long drive back that night but they were determined to help me with my shower. Once of them had recently gotten married herself and I had been a bridesmaid in her wedding so she was returning me the favor as well. Neither of them knew anything about me and my dad, or even of some of the things my fiancé and I had been doing since we'd gotten engaged. Both were really sweet girls and while they WERE good friends and thus knew a lot of my past history, I doubted that they would have really wanted to know everything about all that stuff anyway.

It's all about plausible deniability...

## 2. Road Trip

There are two basic options to get from Pittsburgh to the small town in Illinois where my grandmother has lived just about her entire life - drive or fly via Chicago. It's a good nine hour drive at the very least and I'd actually never driven it alone before but rather always as a passenger in the back seat. People might ask me why I don't fly but when you take into account the trip to the airport, the time to check-in and board, the flight time, then the time to get your luggage, get a car and then drive an hour to get to my grandmother's you really didn't save any time and the cost was a LOT more. Besides, hate to fly in the first place.

As you might gather, I can't say I was looking forward to the trip. I should clarify it is the travel part of the trip I dreaded, not the destination. As I mentioned, this would be my first time driving it alone. In fact, it would be the furthest I'd EVER driven in one day in my life. My previous driving record had been to college which was only a three hour drive or so making this like triple my previous record.

All my life my family made at least one or two trips a year to visit my grandmother, sometimes more. My dad always did the driving with my mom in the front passenger seat and me in the back, usually seated behind my mom. Sometime my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristi would come along as well in which case my Aunt Linda would pick her spot and then the two of us would negotiate our own seats. Sometimes one of us would sit in the third seat of my dad's SUV, sometimes we both would. It was always something different and usually changed several times during the course of the trip.

As a young girl, my mom would always bring me toys to play with or books to read to keep me occupied during the trip. As I got older, these became less a distraction but then when I got to be eleven I found a new "toy" that made the trip much easier to deal with, not to mention I always had the necessary "tools" right at

SUV I had to be a bit more careful who drove by me but then there were times it was fun NOT to be careful. Truckers were always safe to tease - even the female ones. They would honk and drive alongside of me before moving on. It was the soccer moms in minivans who I had to keep an eye out for the most. Armed with cell phones and pious attitudes, they could have called me in for indecent exposure had I not kept a rein on myself when they were pulling up alongside.

One thing I DID learn though about masturbating and driving... People may think that texting and cell phones are distracting while driving but they are nothing compared to masturbating, especially if you get serious about it. More than once I caught myself in a wrong lane or about to rear-end someone when my feelings and desires started to get the best of me. Still, it DID make the trip a lot more relaxing and passed the time quickly so I considered it worth whatever risk there might be. Thank goodness nobody is proposing a law to ban masturbation while driving!

So I was packed with my suitcase in the car and some clothes hanging in the back seat when Kristi met me at the door to kiss me goodbye. We hugged and I felt her bare breasts pressing against my thin pink t-shirt which was the only thing between our boobs. Not that this was anything unusual as Kristi was topless around the house at least 90% of the time. She had on a black thong though as unlike me, she wasn't a "bottomless" girl. Not that she was shy - quite the opposite in fact. I think that for her it stemmed back from her hooker days when she would tease the guys.

"Nice... I see you're all ready for your trip," she chuckled, stepping back to give me the once-over. My cousin's eyes started at my feet which wore a comfy set of sneakers with little white anklet socks. I don't like to wear sandals or open-toed shoes when I drive as I find that to get the car cool enough for my body that my feet would often end up freezing. In addition to a light pale pink t-shirt I wore one of my favorite denim skirts, one of those that looked like they were cut from long pants but actually came off the rack that way. Needless to say I wasn't wearing panties, something Kristi seemed to feel that she had to verify herself by reaching under the back and planting her hand on my bare butt, running her finger up my ass crack to make sure there wasn't anything hiding in between my butt cheeks..

"Mmmmmmm, you know I've always envied your ass," Kristi murmured as she rubbed and squeezed my butt.

"Well you're more than welcome to come with me and rub it the whole way if you want," I teased her, not that I would have turned her down if she had accepted.

Kristi just frowned instead. Actually I knew that she would've taken me up on the offer if she didn't have so much to do over the weekend. With the local home sales market starting to pick up, it wasn't a good time for her to be taking time away from open houses. Even if she had, I think her mom would have killed her had she even suggested it as they worked as a team.

One last kiss and I was off to the turnpike. It had been ages since I'd pushed my poor car this hard but hopefully it would hold up. Based on the forecasts for the week I was praying that the air conditioning wouldn't give me any problems. The road wasn't all that crowded and once I was through the toll gate (thank you God for EZ-Pass) I set the cruise control on 70 and settled in for the long haul.

It wasn't long before boredom set in. I know some people love driving and for them a road trip is heaven on earth but for me it's just about the most boring thing I can think of. I'd rather sit through an extra sermon than drive more than hour on the road, especially alone with nobody to talk to. It was bad enough when my dad drove and at least I had the back seat all to myself to do whatever I wanted - even if it was just to stretch out and sleep. Driving was worse in that you had to keep your mind on the road.

Yes, driving alone is the epitome of hell. Sometimes I wonder if masturbation got started back on some ancient cave-man road trip. Like the clan was on the move and the kids were bored and then someone discovered this wonderful way to keep them occupied and quit whining, "Are we there yet?" OK, so maybe that's stretching it a bit but the core concept still applies. I know my parents were thrilled when I started handling my own boredom issues by taking matters into my own hands - literally. The timing couldn't have been better. Just as I was getting to where keeping me occupied on the road was becoming more and more challenging, suddenly I had this new thing that if anything, made me sad when we reached our destination.

While I know some guys claim to masturbate when they drive, it has to be difficult to stroke your own dick behind a steering wheel. There are many reasons why I'm thankful for being a girl and I say a little thank-you prayer when I'm horny behind the wheel. I can't even imagine trying to wiggle out a cock from my pants and then trying to stroke it while I drive. Heck, it's hard enough for me to do it for a guy while he does the driving and all I have to do is concentrate on the task at hand! All I have to do is lift my skirt a bit and I'm home free. Even if I'm wearing panties it's a whole lot easier to slide them to one side then trying to work out this long hard dick through a pair of boxer shorts or, god forbid, tight jockey shorts.

I don’t really remember at which mile marker I started touching myself but it was somewhere just after Cleveland. It’s like one of those things you start to do without really even thinking about it. My mom use to nudge me at times when I first got into it and my hand would drift to my crotch at times and places it wasn't really appropriate - at least she said it wasn’t. Often I was just as surprised as she was. It was like my hand developed a mind of its own and did its thing without me even realizing what was happening.

Somewhere just after crossing into Indiana I was just driving along like I was on autopilot. A few miles before I’d passed though the toll gates at the borders and it was like one of those “How did I get here already?” moments. Ever find yourself somewhere you wanted to go and then not remember hardly a thing about how you got there?

Then a horn honked and I was jolted out of whatever surreal world I was driving in at the time and looked about to me see where the obnoxious noise had come from. It had to be a truck from the deep sound of the air horn and the way it seemed to come from above me rather than right next to me. Sure enough, passing by me was this huge semi with a guy on the passenger side hanging out of the window with one arm holding on for dear life as he stretched to peer into my car. He was saying something but with my window up and the air-conditioning on full blast there was little chance of me hearing what he was saying. Still, there was no mistaking what he was looking at - ME!

It was then that I realized my skirt was bunched up around my waist, exposing my bare crotch with my one hand tucked in between my thighs. From the guy’s perch above me there could be no mistaking what I was doing. Well, it’s not like I was embarrassed, just surprised at the unexpected intrusion. If anything, the fact that some total stranger had “caught” me doing myself was turning me on all the more if anything. I looked up and smiled at him while spreading my legs as far apart as I could in the confines of my seat. He gave me a thumbs up which just encouraged me to do more so I pushed my finger up into me to get it good and wet, making sure he could see what I was doing, and then pulled it back out and sucked it clean like I was sucking on a popsicle. Licking my lips, I returned my hand to where it belonged as the horn sounded once more and the truck passed me by.

Feeling a little flushed from exposing myself so blatantly, I got all the more serious about what I was doing. What I REALLY needed right then was a rest area where I could pull over and do myself properly but lord only knew how far it would be until the next one came up. Other cars were passing me as I wasn't doing 80 MPH like it seemed people thought the speed limit was but none of them had the proper height or angle to get a look inside to see what I was doing. Still, even that was sort of a turn-on as I would glance to the side to see who was passing me and then realize that they had no idea whatsoever what I was doing just a few feet away.

It was maybe half-way through Indiana when I came the first time, arching up against the seat back as I rubbed my clit fast and furious. God it felt good! A minivan with family complete with mom and dad in the front seat and three kids in the back was passing by just as I was peaking. Mmmmmmm, if only they had any idea of why I was looking a bit frazzled at the time! What would dad have answered to, “Daddy, why is that girl touching herself like that?”

My second orgasm came along just before the heavier traffic in the Chicago/Gary area started which was fortunate as I needed two hands on the wheel from this point onward. It’s not like I drive all that often, especially in this sort of traffic where there were five and six lanes in each direction! I left my skirt pulled up though in hopes that maybe somebody would notice but every seemed too intent on getting to wherever they were going to notice. Oh well, their loss...

Finally I reached the last interchange and turned on the smaller highway leading to my grandmother’s home town. It was amazing to see the growth in the area. Back when I was a little girl I remember my dad driving here and me looking at all the fields and pastures filled with farm animals. Oh well, now it was nothing but stores and roads. Not an improvement if you ask me.

Before long I was pulling into my grandmother’s concrete driveway. It looked just the same as I remembered it all my life although now it was dwarfed by all the newer, larger homes that had sprung up during the building explosions of the past decade or so. It was a small ranch home with a basement, nothing extravagant. The corn field in the back where I use to play as a little girl was long gone - replaced by a church which suited my grandmother just fine as she switched to it and could now walk to church whenever she wanted. She had lived next to the same people since my mom was born but in the past few years even that had changed. When the older guy to the one side had moved into a nursing home after his wife died, a new couple had moved in that were in their forties. Empty-nesters, they didn't associate much with my grandma other than to be polite and say hi when they were in the back yard. The only time my grandmother mentioned them was to complain that their dog pooped in her yard all the time.

The old widow on the other side of my grandmother's house had died a few years back and been replaced by a school teacher and his family. They had two daughters, both of who were now in high school if I remembered things right. I hadn't seen them in a while and we'd never really talked much in the past although I distinctly remember my father drooling over them! I noticed the above-ground pool they'd installed shortly after moving in was still there but nobody was home at the moment so I just went in to greet my grandmother.

## 3. The Bridal Shower

The primary reason for my trip was my first wedding shower. Actually I was having a total of three of them - this one, one by Steve's mother for her friends and family, and another by my friends (not to be confused with the bachelorette party Beth had promised me so many years before!). My mom and Steve's had initially been coordinating to hold one together but then they decided to hold off until just before the wedding when Steve's side of the family and friends from California would be coming in. My friends were talking about something a couple of weeks before the wedding so it ended up that this one was to be the first.

Just to be clear, this was my grandmother throwing the shower for me, not any of my crazy friends, and she was inviting her personal friends so I wasn't expecting it to be anything wild and crazy. In fact, the invitation list I'd seen numbered about thirty women and I hardly knew any of them. Thankfully two of my bridesmaids, Nancy and Samantha, were going to drive out the morning of the shower which I thought was really sweet of them. Sam had some friends in Indiana so they would drive back the night of the shower and spend some time there before heading back to Pittsburgh. At least I wouldn't be the only one under forty! Exactly why my grandmother couldn't have just waited until my "family" shower a month from now was beyond me but who was I to argue?

Arriving at my grandmother's house after a grueling drive, I was tired and frustrated from all the city traffic towards the end of the trip. Even though I'd done my best to keep myself "occupied" during the trip, it still was a long trip and without anyone to talk to or share the driving duties I was dead tired. Hmmm, or maybe it was because I did so that I was so tired?

Fortunately my grandmother is a sweetie and she had dinner ready and didn't push me to go out and do anything right away. It was crazy hot out but her back deck was shaded by several old trees that kept it down to a reasonable temperature. It was much nicer to sit out on the lounge chaise than being cooped up inside in the air-conditioning.

As we sat and exchanged small talk, I looked over at the neighbors' houses. The deck was on the side of the house that was closest to the teacher's house, actually just a few feet from the property line with just enough room for a car to drive back to get to the extra garage in back. It was never used as a garage, it was really a tool shed with a garage door.

"I bet they use that pool a lot in this weather," I commented to my grandmother.

She sort of shrugged and replied, "Not nearly as much as back when the girls were little. Actually it seems like a waste as I think he spends more time cleaning it than they do swimming in it."

The pool was mostly above ground with a wooden security fence around the perimeter. The stairs leading to the top deck that surrounded the pool had a swinging door that I noticed was padlocked shut. Damn, so much for sneaking in and cooling off while they were out!

A while later a lady arrived to talk to my grandmother about the shower the next day. It was going to be held in the church behind her house which made it convenient. From their discussions I learned they were planning on setting up right after the service with everyone due to arrive by around 2:00. Hopefully Sam and Nancy would be here by then!

****************

The next morning I woke in the guest bed and for a moment I was disoriented and when I looked at the alarm clock I felt a panic in my chest. Damn, I'd slept in and now I was going to be late! It was something I rarely missed, meeting with my dad before church, and now I would barely have enough time if I skipped a shower to get over there to his house and satisfy him before we'd be late for service.

Then my eyes focused and I remembered that I wasn't in my bedroom in Pittsburgh but rather the guest bedroom at my grandmother's house. I felt a little twinge between my legs as I realized that I wouldn't be seeing my dad this morning. Over the years I think I could count on one hand how many times I missed being with him because of something that was my fault. It wasn't so much that I missed the sex. Sure, any sex is good sex but it wasn't the physical rewards that made me so conscientious about fulfilling my obligations. No matter how many times I give myself to him, I don’t think I will ever grow tired of seeing the look in my father’s eyes when he wants me, or his sigh as he cums inside of me. It’s the kiss he gives me after we uncouple that tells me how I pleased him, how I satisfied his needs and desires even if only for a little while.

I threw back the covers and walked down to the hall to the bathroom. I didn’t hear my grandmother anywhere and the door to her bedroom was closed so I assumed she was still sleeping. After taking care of Mother Nature’s urgent call I started back to the guest room and was startled when my grandmother turned the corner into the hallway and almost bumped right into me. I hadn’t bothered with a robe or anything so I was stark naked at the time.

“Sorry grandma,” I stammered, instinctively covering my boobs with my hands. I know, it was a strange reaction as in most circumstance I LIKE to be seen naked but with my grandmother it was different.

Grandma stepped back a step and just shook her head. “Nothing I haven’t seen before honey,” she assured me.

With that I slipped back into the bedroom and closed the door partially behind me. It felt odd to be in a bedroom with the door shut, even when it wasn't shut tightly. Still, I respected my grandmother’s feelings and I knew she didn't really like it when people ran around naked in her house. When my dad was with me we made it a point to always put on a robe or a shirt or something to be a little modest. Even when we started sharing the same bedroom after he started fucking me, nothing was actually said about it although I noticed the first few times my grandmother didn't seem too thrilled about it even though she never brought up the subject or discussed it.

Still feeling tired, I lay back on the bed with my head on the pillow and my legs stretched out and spread open. Even though the air-conditioning was running, my grandmother didn't keep the house exactly cold and so the ceiling fan was running at mid-speed. The air the fan was blowing my way felt so good against my hot bare skin.

I closed my eyes and started to remember the last time I’d slept in this bed but then my dad had been with me. He had woken up first and by the time I awoke he already was spooning with me and had his finger up my pussy while his hardened dick was trying to push its way between my closed thighs - without much success I might add. I didn't even say good morning but just lifted my leg enough for him to get his dick up against my pussy. I felt his fingertips push the head into my pussy and then the thrust of him against my bottom as he pushed himself inside of me. Silently my dad fucked me; it was as if I was still asleep and he didn't want to wake me. Of course I WAS awake but neither of us wanted to spoil the moment. Eventually he came in me and as he flooded my pussy with his sperm he put his arm around me and pulled me in tightly against him, his hand covering my boobs and squeezing it as he thrust deeply with each load of cum. When he had finished, he left the room, still without saying a word as I laid there and drifted back to sleep once more.

Oh yeah, it was working! The memory of my dad's thick dick in me, together with the light touch of my fingers on my swollen clit and wet pussy, was working their magic on me and before long I was cumming once again on my grandmother's bed.

With THAT out of my system, I headed back again to the bathroom, still naked but my grandmother was out of sight this time. The shower felt good and after I dried my hair and did my makeup I went back to the bedroom to get dressed. I'd bought a new dress just for the shower - a black sundress with large roses. The spaghetti straps were so thin as to be almost not there and it came down to about the mid-thigh region - low enough to keep from offending the Victorian sensibilities of my grandmother's friends but high enough to bare some leg. A pair of simple black heels rounded it out. While a bra was out of the question in this type of dress, I DID choose a black thong. Again, this was going to be worn in front of a bunch of women two to three times my age so it wasn't like I was trying to show off anything.

I headed to the kitchen where my grandmother had breakfast ready. She took a long glance at my dress and for moment I thought maybe it was just a hair too short but then she smiled and nodded her approval. Again, she wasn't exactly a prude and I had seen some old photos of the outfits she allowed my mom and her sister to wear made this dress look positively conservative. We carried our cereal bowls out to the back deck and sat around the round glass table. I noticed the cars were back in the driveway next door which meant people were home again.

Not long after we'd sat down, I heard the door open next door and out walked this simply stunning teenage girl. Trying to keep my eyes from bugging out of my head, I couldn't help but think, "Damn, could this possibly be the same girl I use to baby-sit when I stayed over so many years ago?"

"Maggie's grown up a lot, hasn't she?" my grandmother said to me in a low tone, seeing my eyes focusing on the stunning neighbor girl. "She just graduated you know - but she's a year younger than Tammy."

She was referring to me youngest cousin Tammy who had indeed graduated from high school not long before. Tammy was nineteen though, whereas Maggie was eighteen if I was remembering correctly.

Maggie paid us no attention as she got in the car and drove off somewhere.

“She’s a bit of snot,” my grandma huffed, “Thinks she’s God’s gift to boys or something like that.”

Well, from the brief look I’d seen of her in her standard summer girl uniform of daisy duke shorts and tight low-cut tank top I could understand why she might have that perception of herself. Indeed, I bet the guys were falling all over themselves whenever she was around.

My grandmother continued, “Now Cindy... SHE is the cute one. She’s going to be even hotter than her sister but she has such a better attitude and personality. We still talk a lot whereas her older bitch of a sister doesn’t give me the time of day.”

There was no sign of her but just as I was about to pick up our dishes and take them inside, the door next door opened again and out walked the father. He seemed to have a mission - to pick up the pool toys that were strewn all about.

My grandmother sniffed a bit and leaned over rather conspiratorially, “He does that EVERY day - picking up for those girls. Always has you know. They don’t do anything around the house so far as I can tell. A couple of spoiled ones if I ever saw them.”

It wasn't until he had tossed everything back into the pool that he turned and saw us sitting there. He waved and walked over to the railing on the deck.

“Morning Martha, going to be another hot one, eh?” he greeted her. Then he looked at me and smiled, “So who’s your visitor this morning?”

My grandma just waved her hand at him and laughed. “For crying out loud Josh, you know darn well who this is. Now greet my granddaughter properly.”

“Oh my god, that’s little Kelly?” he exclaimed, maintaining his little façade for just a little longer. Then he leaned over and extended his hand which I took and shook. “So you’re finally getting married... you’re worried grandmother here thought THAT was never going to happen.”

“Josh!” my grandma scolded him but he just ignored her.

“So when’s the big day?” he asked. I told him and he whistled, “Wow, that’s not too far away. Nervous yet?”

I just shrugged and smiled. Meanwhile I was giving him a once-over, just as he was so obviously doing with me. I had my legs crossed and shifted slightly so my dress worked its way up just a little bit more to expose more of my upper thigh to him. His eye glanced down quickly and then he tried to act like he hadn't noticed. I wanted to laugh but that would have spoiled things.

"The gals are all throwing her a shower this afternoon, would you like to come?" my grandmother teased him.

"Hmmmmmm.... sounds tempting but I'll take a pass," he declined gracefully. Yeah, like some guy just under forty was going to spend the afternoon playing silly games with a bunch of ladies that could be his mother - or maybe even grandmother.

"So when you heading back?" he asked me. I told him I would be staying the week which he then used as an excuse to make his exit. "Great, hope to see you around. Gotta get back before the old lady hollers," he joked, saluting us and heading back to the house.

"He's always been a nice neighbor," my grandmother said once he was out of earshot, "Sometimes I don't know what I would do without him helping out around here.

"Yeah I see... I wouldn't mind him helping out either," I said, winking at her and then looking back to check him out as he returned home. OK, so he wasn't some twenty-something Adonis but he wasn't too shabby for a guy almost forty. Serving as a wrestling coach undoubtedly didn't hurt either.

My grandmother quickly caught onto what I was inferring.

"OK, I'll just say this once and then keep my peace," she started out, making me wonder what was about to come out. "I know a lot more about what you do than I let on but as you know it's not something I care to discuss. All I ask is that you control yourself this week and not do anything to mess with Josh. He's a decent husband and father who doesn't need someone like you messing with him."

With that it was like a light switch got flipped and she smiled and helped me with the dishes as if nothing had been said.

Wow, now THAT really stunned me. I wondered who had been telling her about me and just what she really knew. Obviously someone had clued her in on my weakness for married men. But it was the "someone like you" comment that really surprised me.

"Like me"? Just what did she mean by THAT? It certainly didn't appear to be a compliment that much I could figure out on my own.

After we had cleaned up it was time for her to head over to the church to get things ready. I offered to help but she insisted I stay behind.

“This only happens once in your life sweetie, take full advantage of it.”

Left all alone, I grabbed the remote and turned on the TV before calling home to Steve. God I missed him already, and not just his wonderfully responsive dick. One of the things that made me sure that Steve was “the one” was that I could do just about anything with him and still be happy. Even if we just sat next to each other on a bench on the park and never said a word, it was like I was in heaven. With most guys, if I was calling them it was for phone sex but right now I just wanted to hear my fiancé's voice, to hear him tell me how much he loved me and how badly he missed me. Now if he wanted to tell me how he missed fucking me, I could go for that too!

Time flew by and I was still on the phone with Steve when the doorbell rang and I went to find that Sam and Nancy had made it. I said goodbye to Steve and let them into the house. It was just for a brief moment as once they learned that things were being set up for the shower already they hustled out the back door, down the deck stairs and almost ran to the church in back, at least as much as their heels allowed.

Watching them leave for the church, I felt a pang in my heart to realize how fortunate I was to have such good girlfriends. Both of them had been in my inner circle of friends since we were little girls. Sam (short for Samantha) held a rather unique place in that she was the one who introduced me to doggie sex – and I don’t mean just the position. She was wearing a pretty white dress with a light tan crocheted shawl that was even shorter than mine. With her blonde hair and stunning tan she looked positively gorgeous. She was getting married a week after me and we were both bridesmaids in each other’s weddings. We had even tried on wedding dresses together. When she told me she was getting married it was a bit of a shock as I hadn’t realized she was all that close to her current boyfriend. In fact, I even thought maybe this was one of those “required” weddings but she assured me she wasn't pregnant. When I asked her if her fiancé knew about her favorite bedmate she’d just grinned and made it clear that he knew everything and that he was OK with it. Well, just as Steve as OK with sharing his wife with her dad, I guess I couldn't say anything about her future husband being willing to share her with the family pet!

Nancy had been wearing a cute strapless sundress in a blue pattern. She’d put on a few pounds in the last few years but was still nowhere near being fat. She had been one of the first girls I masturbated with at sleepovers as a young teen but other than that we'd never done much beside a few experimental times together. Perhaps one of the times I remember best was about four years earlier when Beth had joined us for a rather interesting game of Truth or Dare. She was still single but I had the feeling the wedding bells weren't too far off for her either based on the way she and her boyfriend behaved whenever they were together – which seemed to be all the time.

About a half hour later Sam came back over and announced it was time for me to make an appearance. It was about fifteen minutes after the hour so most of the women who were going to show up were probably there by now. I walked across the blazing hot asphalt parking lot and into the church where I was greeted by applause and yellow lei. The theme was a beach party and there was Beach Boy music playing along with decorations that all encompassed a beach theme.

I noticed that everyone was wearing a clothespin so I asked where mine was and Nancy just giggled and explained. Apparently anytime someone mentioned my name during the proceedings they had to give their clothespin up to the person who caught them saying it. The idea being that whoever had the most clothespins at the end of the shower would win some sort of prize. Thus from then on I was referred to as “the girl”, “the bride”, “sweet pea” – don't ask me why, and just about everything but “Kelly”.

Once things got started for the most part it was a typical wedding shower right out of “God Housekeeping or something like that. There were lots of snack foods followed by silly games. As dumb as they were, everyone seemed to get a kick out them and so I tried my best to smile and be gracious.

Then came time for the gifts. Nancy was appointed to hand them to me while Sam sat down next to me with a pad of paper to record who gave what so I could get the Thank-You letters correct afterwards. Apparently everyone thought I was going to be some sort of housewife like on Leave It to Beaver as I got mostly kitchenware, towels, baskets and such. Someone slipped in a box labeled “Sex Toys” and everyone gasped and acted all embarrassed but at the same time they all had something to say about me using them. The other gift I enjoyed was from my grandmother which was something NOT in my registry – a beautiful cream- colored satin nightgown with a matching short robe. It wasn't so much sexy as it was beautiful. She just smiled at me while everyone oohed and awed at it as I held it up to be seen.

By the way, supposedly I’m having three kids - two boys and a girl. That’s based on the scientific method where they counted the number and color of ribbons that I broke while opening the packages!

After the shower I thanked everyone, especially my two friends for having driven so far. It seemed like such a long drive for just a few hours but they were really great about it. Still, they headed off without staying too long afterwards so they could get to Sam’s friend’s house before it got too late.

And so my very first wedding shower came to a close…

## 4. Flirting With the Neighbor

The rest of the week was forecasted to be unbearably hot and indeed for once the weatherman got it right. My grandma had an old circular thermometer on a tree by the deck and it seemed stuck on the upper ninety degrees section, almost 100 degrees at times and that was in the shade. The heat wave made life miserable; almost too hot to even lay out for some much needed sun before my wedding. It didn’t help that my grandma's house isn't exactly situated for privacy. The deck was built out over the lawn from the back door with no fences and with the land as flat as it was the neighbors on both sides can see everything - and vice versa.

After my initial greeting by Josh, I didn't see anyone until the next morning when I went out to read the news on my iPad. I almost fell asleep when I heard voices and I looked over to see Maggie and Cindy getting ready to head out somewhere. I didn’t say anything but did look their way. Cindy waved and I waved back but Maggie just ignored me. It wasn't like she was being mean; she just didn’t seem to notice I even existed. They drove off without saying anything so I went back to my reading and e-mails. Given I was as much as ten years older than them I guess I could see where they didn't see me as much as another girlfriend but rather a mom and indeed, I imagined that if they babysat that some of the mothers could very well be my age. Wow, talk about making me feel suddenly so old!

My grandmother eventually joined me and she seemed fascinated by my iPad. Then again, I loved it myself so I was more than happy to demo it for her. As we played Josh came out, this time along with his wife Karen. It had been a while since I had seen her and the first thing I noticed was that she was a little chunky than she had been before. Not so much that she was fat but her thighs definitely were heavier and it didn't help she was wearing shorts that really should have covered more in her condition. The other thing I noticed was she apparently was one of those women whose weight is disproportional to her bust. What I mean is that when a woman like that gains or loses weight, it seems her boobs are affected the most before anything else. In Karen's case she was sporting what had to be 38DDs – significantly bigger than what I remembered her being before.

While her weight was a little bit more than before, her personality hadn't changed. Oh she was nice – but nice to BE nice, if you know what I mean. It was like it was all a façade and if you dug in just below that forced smile and cheerfulness it was a whole different person inside. Although she had always been fine around me whenever I visited in the past, I could never shake the feeling that behind closed doors there was another Karen that most people never saw.

Josh and Karen each grabbed a chair and we talked about the shower and my upcoming wedding. Being Josh was a teacher, he was off for the summer and unlike me, he seemed to make enough money that he had to moonlight during the summer to make ends meet. Then again, the high school where he taught was quite affluent and if the teacher salaries were anything like the facilities, and then he was paid handsomely.

This morning I had picked out a pair of shorts and a halter top. The shorts were loose as it was already in the nineties and it wasn't even noon yet and even the halter top wasn't one of my smaller ones. It tied in the middle and left me pretty much unsupported, allowing plenty of cleavage to be exposed which I saw that Josh had noticed almost immediately when he first said hello. It was like I wanted to give him the classic, “Hey guy, I'm up HERE,” but I didn't want to embarrass him in front of his wife. Still, I couldn't believe that she hadn't noticed her husband's wandering eyes. I mean like when I am with Steve I instantly know whenever his attention is on anybody but me. It's not so much that it bothers me, but I DO know it.

Needless to say my mind immediately went to the gutter. We hadn't been talking for more than ten minutes and already I was fantasizing about how I wanted him to fuck me. It would be cool if he just did me here in front of his wife but THAT wasn't going to happen – although it WAS a nice fantasy.

I started to think more about Maggie and Cindy. As hot as the two of the looked, did their dad ever have any thoughts about them? I wondered if he ever masturbated about his daughters while they played in the pool? There was a large kitchen window that overlooked the back yard – perfect for him to sit and watch them and jerk off without anyone seeing him.

I hadn’t yet seen their bikinis but something told me from Maggie’s demeanor that she wasn't wearing a one-piece these days by any means. When thinking about that I was reminded of those fathers who would take their daughter’s bikini tops and jerk off with them, coating the inner side of their daughter’s cups with their cum and then sending me photos of the results. What made them even hotter was seeing pics of them wearing that same bikini. I wondered if Josh was one of those secretive fathers doing such things in the middle of the night while his wife and daughters slept without having a clue as to what he was doing up so late.

Damn, all these nasty thoughts were making me horny and it was all I could do to keep my hands away from my crotch as I tried to focus on the conversation. Then I looked at Cindy and she reminded me of a couple of the mothers that I’d had sex with over the years. Sure she wasn’t a hot teenage girl anymore but she wasn't ugly by any means and even the extra weight managed to enhance her curves and as to some extent - especially those massive boobs. Hmmmmmm, was she bi? Had she ever been with another girl? Oh sure, there were probably those wild time at college when everyone experiments a little but what about as she got older? Did she have a BFF that came over to play when Josh and the girls were off at school? Was she into three-somes? Now THAT seemed a bit far-fetched under the circumstances but then you can never judge a book by its cover.

After they left my grandmother and I went back inside to watch some of her TV shows. As we sat there she turned to me and once again I was a little surprised at her expression.

“I thought we’d talked about Josh and that everything was settled so far as that went?” she asked rhetorically in a rather terse tone. I looked at her with a “what are you talking about?” expression so she shifted in her chair and then continued, “Now Kelly, don’t even try giving me that innocent look; you know exactly what I mean. Don’t forget I raised two daughters who were just as slutty - if not more so, as you. You just lay off of him, you hear me? Girls like you need to learn when something’s off-limits and that’s all I’m going to say about the subject.”

There it was again, that underhand “girls like you” comment again. Now what the heck did THAT mean? OK, so I’m not stupid and I had a good idea what she meant but I didn't understand why she was so upset. If anything I thought I had been quite the good girl all morning. I never even tried leaning over to show him my boobs, something that could have been done easily had I any desire to do so. Still, I wasn’t going to push the subject and in the end the rest of the afternoon went quite well so it was probably best I hadn’t.

Around 2:30 or so I decided it was time to get some sun. I’d brought along several bikinis and laid them out on the bed, trying to decide which once to use. Basically I had three options - church girl, school girl and slutty girl as I liked to call them. The “church girl” bikini was technically a bikini but with full legs and a higher waist while the top fully enclosed my boobs and wrapped up around the back of my neck halter-style. While it still would never have been allowed at church camp, it was about as conservative a bikini as I would ever allow myself to wear. The “school girl” bikini was a little less conservative but still wearable at a public pool. It was strapless which meant it covered most of my boobs in order to stay on but not much more than necessary. The bottoms were cut much lower, almost to where my hairline would have been had I not been shaved. The legs were cut up high on the hip and the back, while not a thong, didn't cover more than half my butt.

Finally, there was my “slutty girl” bikini - a name given to it by my horny dad who had first picked one out similar to it for me back when I was barely a teenager. It was definitely NOT for the public pool where I’m sure someone would have asked me to leave had I tried exposing myself in it - which is essentially what it did. The top was nothing more than a couple of small triangles that covered my nipples but not much else. As for the bottoms, let’s just say there wasn't any questions as to whether or not I shaved and the only thing in back was two strings - one around my waist and the other leading down my butt crack to join with the front at my crotch.

Frankly, I don’t know why I even bothered bringing the “church bikini”. I might wear the thing once or twice a year depending on where I was but other than that it never saw the light of day. I would’ve loved to have worn the slutty version and seen Josh’s reaction but the words of my grandmother rung like church bells in my ears. I really didn't want to offend her so today wasn't the day for such a thing. Maybe later in the week depending on how things progressed...

So the “school girl” bikini it was, winning more or less by default. I slipped it on and adjusted the strong so it wasn't too tight on me. Out on the lake in the boat or walking around on the beach I would have worn it a bit tighter to keep it from slipping off at the wrong moment but being I was going no further than the deck why be uncomfortable? After slipping on the top I grabbed the bottoms. Just as I was about to step into them I thought about how Josh had kept a close eye on me all morning. God I was feeling horny again! My hand started to reach for me but then I pulled away. If I got myself started who knows when I'd be done and really wanted to get some sun while it was still up but not as hot as it had been a little while before.

"Not exactly being shy, are we," my grandmother said as I walked by her on the way to the deck. I turned to her, half-expecting another lecture but she was smiling and I realized she was just teasing me.

"You know, I can remember back when your mother use to wear a suit almost just like that one. Some of hers were even sluttier than that one. But then, it wasn't like she ever listened to me."

I was tempted to tell her if she wanted to see slutty then I had just the suit for her but I kept my tongue and was just thankful she was OK with what I was wearing.

Out on the deck the wood boards were blistering hot so I laid down a couple of towels before stepping out to the chaise lounge chair. The cushion had been rolled back so it hadn't been exposed to the direct sunlight which allowed me to lay down on it without feeling like I was lying on a cast iron stove top. Still, I could already feel the hot sun blaring down on me and I knew I couldn't stay out for too long. Even though I had a decent tan already, it wasn't nearly enough to protect me on a day like today.

I must have started to doze off because suddenly I heard a voice saying, "You know, you really should use more sunscreen on a day like this."

Looking up, I saw Josh standing outside the deck, leaning over on the railing and supporting himself on his elbows. He was smiling at me and even though he seemed to try to pretend that he wasn't, he was definitely giving me the once- over – actually many times more than once. It wasn't like I didn't like it. Heck, what girl DOESN'T like to have a man look at her with desire and lust in his heart? It doesn't mean anything will ever actually happen, but it's just knowing he WISHES it would happen that counts.

I was turned sideways relative to where he was standing so he had a nice view of my body but not exactly an "up the legs" or "down the top" shot so I figured why not help him out a little? Standing up, I repositioned the chair so when I sat back down on it I was facing him with my feet flat on the cushion and my knees bent with my legs together – just as a nice girl would do. But then who says I am a nice girl?

"So where's the girls?" I asked him, pretending not to notice that he eyes were riveted on my ass, or at least as much as what he could see at the moment.

"Who knows, some friend's house I guess. They're never home anymore it seems."

"So no pool parties? Wow, if I had a pool like that I'd be in it every day."

Josh shrugged. "They use to practically like in it like they were fish. I guess it's not as big to them now that they're older. It's only a few feet deep."

I sighed and came back with, "Still, I bet it would feel good on a day like this."

"Actually it's pretty warm right now. Guess that's another reason they don't really like it. It's practically like bath water with all this heat lately."

Sheesh, talk about not being able to take a hint! Well, maybe he might start getting the idea if I showed a little more so I allowed my legs to open. My feet were on each edge of the cushion with my knees bent inwards to be together so all I had to do was straighten up a bit and it was like my crotch was on full display. Too bad I wasn't wearing my slut version as it would be pulled up inside my pussy by now leaving practically nothing to get in the way. Even so I had a pretty good idea that there was a decent camel toe for him to enjoy as the bottoms I had on were a little tighter than they should've been.

Poor Josh. As hard as he tried to carry on a normal conversation, it was like having a shark next to him ready to attack given the way his attention kept straying. I fanned myself with a paper and as I did so my hips rocked making my legs sway, further emphasizing the fact that I was deliberately allowing him to have a straight-on view of my barely covered crotch.

"Josh! Telephone!" Karen yelled out from the door. I would've been a hundred bucks that Josh would've gladly volunteered to call whoever it was back later but then it might've been hard to explain to his wife, especially if she came over and saw the position I was in for her husband. Josh said goodbye before THAT could happen and left me on my own - thoroughly horny by now as well.

Tuesday was pretty much a repeat. I wore the same suit most of the day, even around the house as it was so much cooler than anything else I had brought with me. Josh always seemed to find some excuse to come over to visit me, even if just for a few moments but it was always enough to get a good eyeful. The next time I was lying on my belly but I made sure I was pointed at the place he always perched to talk to me - he never actually came up on the deck, just stood there outside and leaned over. I had previously loosened the top about as much as I could and still keep it on me so when I got up on my elbows to talk to him I knew my boobs had to be fairly well exposed. He might not have actually seen my nipples but that was about all he didn't see.

That night I was on the phone with Steve in the bedroom. I told him about how I was teasing the married guy next door which seemed to turn Steve on even more than me – if that was even possible.

“So you want this guy to fuck you, don’t you babe?” he asked me.

I was naked on the bed, rubbing myself with one hand while I held the phone to my ear with the other. Using the speaker phone would’ve been so much easier but then I didn't want my grandmother listening to me having phone sex with my fiancé. Not that I cared but she might now approve of some of his fantasies that I played into at times. I just moaned in response.

“Ha, you’re playing with yourself thinking about him now, aren’t you my horny girl?” he teased me.

“You wanna watch?” I asked him. Needless to say he was more than agreeable so we set up FaceTime on my iPad and his iPhone so he could see what I was doing. I set the iPad up on the dresser so it had a full view of me on the bed while I talked to him on the phone.

“God you look so hot babe,” Steve sighed as he got his first images of his nude fiancé playing with herself. This was still rather new for me, even though we’d done it a number of times. It wasn't as good as him being there in person to watch me but under the circumstances you made do with what you had.

“Tell me what I should do for him,” I begged in a husky voice.

For the next half hour or so Steve did all the talking while I did all the actions. God, he must've been even hornier than usual for me judging by the incredibly sexy scenario he laid out for me and Josh. It was so hot to masturbate as my boyfriend told me his fantasy about how Josh fucked me and then his two teenage cute daughters joined in, all the while being watched by their loving mother who smiled and cheered us all on. Damn, I loved Steve all the more for the way he could dream up such things for me. Now if only he was a genie and could grant them all to come true!

After I’d cum a couple of times we went back to talking about the plans for our upcoming wedding and such so I closed the video app down and we just talked. Still, I was soaking wet by now and all I could think about was his dick.

“Kelly? You listening?” Steve said and I realized that once again my mind had drifted off as I dreamed about Steve fucking me. When I apologized he just laughed.

“Well, sounds like you need some serious ‘me’ time so why don’t you just hang up and take care of yourself and we can talk later?”

And people ask me why I want to marry this guy!

It was another hour before I called him back, exhausted and flush but finally somewhat satisfied. Although masturbation can never replace a real dick it still make me feel pretty damn good!

Wednesday came and went without much change in the local neighbor situation. Out on the deck I was still wearing the school girl bikini as I just couldn't imagine my grandmother going along with me wearing the sluttier one out in public. I only saw Josh once though as it seemed he had to take the girls somewhere for most of the day. When they came back the sisters headed straight for the house while Josh made a beeline for the deck. While he couldn't stay long without arousing the ire of Karen, I made sure this time I was on my belly facing away from him with my legs spread obscenely wide apart giving him the best possible view of my ass and crotch. It didn't hurt that I had tugged the bottoms in as much as I could when I hear the car returning in hopes he would stop by. I could just imagine the camel toe he was staring at. He still wasn't getting a direct view of my pussy but it was about as close as I could provide without me completely taking off the suit.

That night I did FaceTime again for Steve as he was ready with another fantasy about Josh - this time with just his daughters and me. Damn, he knew just what buttons to push to get me off! This time it took longer than an hour before I called him back...

Thursday morning arrived all too soon and as I laid in bed thinking about the upcoming day I came to the realization that I was stuck with a serious decision to make. So far Josh had definitely shown interest but nothing more than being a voyeur. In fact, we hadn't even talked about anything sexy or teased each other about sex. Heck, I was starting to think that while he WAS a man and thus couldn't control certain reactions, maybe he was also one of those rare creatures - a loving husband and father who was could stay faithful to his wife no matter how tempted, even if his eyes were straying a bit. Then again, it wasn't exactly like I'd thrown myself at him either. So whose fault was it that nothing had happened so far - his or mine? Well, if I was being honest with myself I would say it had to be me to take the responsibility. I was letting my grandmother intimidate me such that I didn't give it everything I could so how could I blame Josh for not picking up on my needs?

# 5. My Grandmother Reminisces

Once I was up and done in the bathroom I went in the kitchen to grab some breakfast and found my grandmother was already there, standing in front of the stove in a long cotton robe fixing some eggs and bacon. As for me, I'd thrown on a short tank top after my shower as I hadn't really expected her to be up so early. It barely covered my stomach so my ass was fully exposed. Actually the cool morning air felt good against my bare bottom. Before I could turn around and go back to my bedroom to put one something less revealing my grandmother turned and I say her mouth purse as she glanced down to my bald exposed pussy.

"You know you're a lot more like your mother than you may realize," she said, surprising me a little as I had expected her to just say something about me wearing more around the house. Stunned, I just stood there and waited for her to continue.

"Must be the genes or something, she was always trying to get away with running around bare-ass."

I was trying to think of something to say besides "good morning" when she really surprised me by adding, "You know, when I was your age I loved to be that way too but in those days nice girls didn't go about like that in front of their parents. Looks like you inherited the 'bottomless' gene though, unlike my other slutty niece."

By that she had to be referring to Kristi but I didn't interrupt her to confirm it.

"I don't know what it was with her mom and her always trying to be topless. Just never seemed comfortable to me."

This was new. She had never volunteered such information before and while I knew my mom sometimes hinted at being a little slutty around the house while growing up, she'd never let on about anything like this.

"So did you let mom dress like this?" I asked, modeling my tank top for her by spinning around once.

"Oh no! Not at all," she laughed, "Not with her father around at least. I know it probably seems silly to you but there WERE some things I had to put my foot down about."

I wanted to ask her why ignoring the fact her husband was having sex with her daughters was OK but when it came to them dressing slutty around the house that was bad but I knew better. Besides, while she usually was pretty closed-mouth about incest there had been a few times over the years she had opened up to me so I knew where she was coming from. Just knowing they were having sex was OK so long as they didn't do it where she could see. Running around without panties or shorts was different because then she could SEE what was going on and THAT was unacceptable. It seemed a rather fine and wiggly line in the sand but it worked for her so who was I to complain?

“Just make sure you don’t forget to put something on if you go out on the deck,” she reminded me as she served me my breakfast.

It had been a while since anyone had fixed me such a nice breakfast and I really appreciated it – not to mention how open-minded she was this morning. Damn, it was as if she had gotten laid last night or something! Of course THAT hadn’t happened but for whatever reason she seemed in an especially good mood so I figured I might take advantage of it a little.

“So did mom ever go out on the deck and forget?”

My grandmother looked at me a little more sharply and for a moment I thought maybe I had crossed some invisible line but then she just shook her head.

“Oh no. Don’t forget things around here were a lot different when she was your age. We didn't even have a deck back then. Heck, we didn't even have the family room – it was just a gravel area where the grill and chairs were set out. Your grandfather added the family room and then built on the deck over the lawn. None of the tress were there at first and he built the back garage about the time your mom left for college. So there really wasn't anything nice like there is now to go out and lay out unless you took out a lawn chair and set it out on the grass.”

I looked out thought the family room windows and tried to imagine how bare the yard must have been back then. It seemed so lush and green now with all the tress but I was reminded of some old family photos and how it had all been open space back in my mom’s younger years.

“So no neighbors to tease?” I tossed out, wondering how she would respond.

“If you mean like you’ve been doing to that poor man next door... no, nothing like that at all. It was an older couple that lived next door and they pretty much stayed to themselves.”

I caught the reference to the “poor man next door” and couldn't help but grin a bit at it – which she in turn picked up as well.

“Yes, I have seen what you’ve been doing young lady and I must say, I hope you’ve learned a valuable lesson. Not every man out there is going to fall over his feet just because you flaunt yourself for him. Some men actually have integrity and Josh is one of them which is why I haven’t said anything about it. If fact,” she added with a bit of a grin as if she was having fun with me, “I’ve gotten a bit of a kick out of your frustration this week. I bet you’re not use to being turned down like this... are you?”

Really, what could I say? I was guilty as charged and the expression on my face must have confirmed it for her.

“Oh now don’t get so defensive Kelly, I use to feel the same way when your mom and aunt would strike out. Granted, it didn't happen very often but it was sort of fun to see them get all bothered when some guy wouldn’t cave in to their little games. Personally, I don’t think it hurts now and then for girls like you to feel how others do the way you treat them.”

OK, once again she had referred to “girls like me” for the umpteenth time during my visit. It was time to address the situation.

“Grandma, what do you mean by ‘girls like you’?” I asked softly, trying not to sound overly accusing.

“C’mon Kelly,” she huffed a bit, “You know EXACTLY what I mean – sluts and whores like you and your screwed up cousin.” She paused to catch my reaction but I was doing my best to keep a deadpan face. “Do you really think I don’t know what you two have been doing? Really Kelly, the two of you are like mirror images of your mom’s so it’s not like I’m all that surprised how things have worked out.”

I could see how she could saw I was like my mom, but Kristi like her mother? Especially since she had practically spat out the word ‘whore’ when referring to Kristi. SO I asked her about it, figuring I had nothing to lose at this point.

My grandma looked at me like I was someone she didn't recognize. “You mean nobody has ever told you about Linda’s little side business in high school?” Obviously I hadn’t or why else would I have asked? “Your mom was a lot like you – screwing half the senior class and teasing every man she could. I could deal with that, it wasn't like it was anything illegal or what not. But your Aunt Linda...” she drifted off, shaking her head.

So NOW she had my attention. What could my aunt have done that she hadn’t told me about? It wasn't like she had ever hidden anything from me, and certainly not my mom – or so I had always assumed. Face it, with everything they had told me already, what could possibly shock me?

Grandma laughed, sitting back in her chair and folding her arms like she was pleased as punch to finally have something I didn't know about. Well, she certainly was making the most of my discomfort, that much I could say. Finally she leaned forward and all but whispered, “Your mom was the class slut but her sister was the school whore.”

Yeah right, and I’m the Queen of England. If what she was saying was true, why hadn’t anyone told me by now? Now when it came to my cousin Kristi, yes, SHE had been a whore for years and it was widely discussed and debated between us. I had always wondered why my aunt put up with it, even seeming to encourage her at times. Personally I was as thrilled as anyone when she announced her “retirement” as I was worried about her health but most of all her safety. When I’d tried being an “escort” back in college my career had consisted of five clients until I learned the hard way what the dangers were and quit before anything TOO serious happened. Kristi was a lost less discerning than I was when it came to who she whored herself out to and I knew she would do most anything for the right amount of money so I had always worried about her.

“You don’t believe me?” my grandma challenged me, leaning back again against the back of the kitchen chair, “When you get home go ask her. Tell her that her mom told you the truth finally. I mean really Kelly, do you think she got the idea for improving her real estate sales just out of the blue?”

I tried pushing her for more details but she just waved me off, saying she had probably told me too much already and to ask my aunt about it when I got home if I was really all that curious. Wow, talk about putting some puzzle pieces together that had been impossible to line up before now...

“So do you think Josh is never going to do anything with me?” I asked her, deciding to change the subject to something she might talk more about as it seemed she had reached the end of the line so far as my mom and her sister went – at least for today.

“Oh Kelly, do you really think I am so blind and naïve?” she said, rolling her eyes, “I’ve seen what you’ve been doing out there but I haven’t said anything until now because I DO think he is an honorable man.”

“Well, I still have one more day,” I retorted, not willing to give in quite yet.

“It won’t matter,” she said flippantly, as if the subject was already settled, “You can even wear that god-awful bikini you’ve been hiding in the room and it won’t matter, trust me.”

I started to protest, feeling a little angry now. What had she been doing? Had she been going through my clothes when I was outside?

“No, I didn’t look through your things,” she injected, as if she had been reading my mind, “You left everything open the other day with it right on top so it was sort of hard to miss... although with as little material as it has I’m surprised I saw it at all. You don’t really wear that in public, do you?” I assured her that I was a little smarter than that. If there was one thing I felt I was pretty good at - besides killer blowjobs, it’s knowing where the line is and how to push it as far as possible without getting arrested for indecent exposure. With my slut bikini on there was only one conclusion that could be reached if you saw me in it - I was all but naked.

“Well I can't believe your mom even lets you have one like that,” she sighed, “I mean, I let your mom and sister get away with a lot when it came to how they dressed - or didn't, but there were still certain rules that had to be followed.”

“Not even for Grandpa?” I asked before I caught myself. It was too late, it was already out there and nothing could bring the words back. If anything, it was like our conversation was opening her up though and she didn't respond as harshly as I was afraid she might. If there was one topic that was normally out of bounds it was incest.

“Especially for him,” she said rather rigidly and that was all that was said. Still, that was three more words than I had expected to hear.

At that point I should have known better and moved on but I was starting to get horny with all this talk about my mom and aunt. It was almost like I was drunk except I hadn’t been drinking anything.

“Grandma... why don’t you like to talk about grandpa and my mom?”

She shot me a look that told me I had indeed crossed the line and for a brief moment I was afraid she might get up and bolt from the room. Had I asked her earlier there wasn’t a doubt in my mind that she would have but now that we’d been talking for a while she seemed more open to this line of questioning.

“It’s just wrong Kelly,” she explained softly, “I know you don’t agree with me but I just can’t condone it. There are some things that aren’t exactly wise or safe - like the things your mom did at school and on dates. I can't say I exactly approved of the things she wore either but that was just clothes.”

She paused for a moment as if unsure of how to continue but then she took a deep breath and concluded with, “But when I found out what he had done to your mother and especially to poor Linda when she was barely even twelve... well I just couldn't go along with that.”

“So why didn't you stop grandpa from doing it again?”

Again she looked at me like I was some stranger in her eyes. “And just how was I going to do THAT?” she said with a note of exasperation in her voice. “When men feel urges like that they can’t be put aside forever. It certainly didn’t help that they both seemed to enjoy it. Maybe if they had protested or fought back even a little bit I could have stepped in but it was all I could do to keep them off of him at times. You have no idea how glad I was when he finally built that garage out back.”

Now THAT was an interesting point. The garage out back? So far as I knew, no car had ever been inside of it but they called it a garage because he’d installed a garage door in the front of it to make it easier to get things in and out. I’d always assumed it was more for his tool and a workshop but now based on my grandmother’s comments I wondered what else might have been the motive behind building it?

“I guess your mom never told you about THAT either,” my grandmother smirked. “They use to all disappear out there for hours at a time. Of course I knew what was going on back there but so long as they kept quiet about it and didn’t discuss it in front of me I could live with it.

As she spoke the thought of “plausible deniability” came back to my head yet again. At the same time, I was getting other ideas as well. I wondered if she had intended that or if it was just a happy coincidence? Was she trying to give me a hint? There was no outward sign of anything like that but then you never know, my grandmother has surprised me enough this morning as it was.

“You know he takes the girls to dance class on Thursday mornings,” she pointed out, pulling back the blinds so we could see the neighbor’s house, “He should be back any minute now.”

I looked at her, not sure if she was teasing me, taunting me, or trying to give me a boost. As it turns out, I was wrong on all accounts.

“Don’t get me wrong... I’m NOT try to help you out or anything like that,” she assured me, “I’m sort of anxious to see you crash and burn one more time before you go.”

Now that seemed a little harsh and even she seemed to realize what she had said, or least how it had sounded to me. “I’m sorry, I didn't mean that to be mean, I just meant that even you have to admit it’s sort of funny to see someone like you going all out and still getting turned down flat.”

Well, isn’t all that funny to me! I felt a slow burning in me and it wasn't from being horny. Well, I’d show her. She thought she had Josh pegged but I’d show her his true nature. ALL men are pigs at heart, if there was one thing I knew to be true that was it. For most men, being loyal to their wives was only a function of their opportunities. I'd seen the looks in Josh's eyes, the way he repositioned his shorts when he talked to me. He wanted me, I was sure of it.

Until the last few minutes I might have teased him today and gone home horny and frustrated, but not devastated. Now my grandmother had thrown down the gauntlet, where that had been her intent or not. I'd show her how wonderful her paragon of a neighbor really was. She'd see for herself that he was no better than any other father when it came to his desires and wants. He might not fuck his daughters bit before the day was out, he'd be fucking someone other than his wife I had anything to say about it.

"Well we'll just have to see about that," I said softly under my breath as I got up to put my plate in the sink. I half-expected her to warn me against doing anything or something like that but she was too smug about it all.

# 6. Behind in the Count

Back in my room I practically tore off the tank top and rummaged through my suitcase until I found my slut bikini that was now at the bottom. Holding it up, I marveled at how tiny it was - there was practically no weight to it at all. It actually wasn't the easiest thing to put on as it had to be positioned practically perfectly to stay in place. With a normal bikini my boobs would fill the cups and the top would pretty much automatically find itself in the correct position. With this one it was more like it covered my nipples and not much else so it was a lot harder to get into the right position.

The bottoms similar in that there was no material in the back so the strong just worked its way up my ass between my cheeks. The real challenge came in the front where it tended to fold in on itself and push into my pussy slit so I was constantly having to run my fingers under it and spread it back out again. Definitely not legal for the city pools!

I walked barefoot back into the kitchen carrying a beach towel in one hand and my iPad in the other, ready to hit the deck. My grandmother was putting away the dishes when she turned to see me passing through.

“You know Kelly, why don’t you just go out naked and get it over with?” she asked, sounding a little annoyed if anything.

I started to say something back but then thought better of it and instead just smiled and made my way out the back door and onto the deck. I noted that the car next door was still missing so Josh must not have made it home yet. I laid out the beach towel over the chaise lounge chair and moved it over close to the edge of the deck, pointing the head of the chair away from the lot line. I lay down on my belly, propping up on my elbows to read my email while I let my feet dangle over on each side for the chair, causing my crotch to be exposed to anyone who might be walking by. There was a large tree that hid me from the kitchen window of the house next door so if his wife should happen to look out she might notice that someone was lying out but she wouldn’t get a really good view unless she came outside to check.

Looking up, I caught my grandmother as she looked out the window and then turned away, leaving me alone at least for the moment. I turned the other direction and looked at the garage. I had not even gone into it on my own before so I wondered if it was locked or anything like that. I was about to get up and check for myself when I heard a car pulling up the driveway behind me. I knew it could be only one person – Josh was returning home.

God, my pussy was tingling like there was an electric current flowing through me. I was SOOOOO horny. Where I was he had to see me when he got out of the car so I had to believe that he would stop over to check me out. What I REALLY wanted to do was slip my bottoms off completely and start rubbing myself in front of him but I was afraid that might be too bold at the moment at least. Granted, there was technically little difference between them being on or off but it was the principle involved.

The car engine stopped and I waited for the door to open but nothing happened. Just as I was about to twist around to see what was going on, I heard the door open and the slam shut. Had he seen me? Was he heading my way?

"Good morning Kelly... last day, eh?" I heard a voice behind me. Of course it was Josh – like who else would it be?

"Oh hi Josh, I hadn't expected to see you today. My grandma said you had left early."

"Oh that... I just dropped the girls off at dance," he said, taking his usual spot at the rail as I turned on my said to face him. "It lasts about two hours – two hours more than I can take," he laughed. "Oh? I would think there would be lots of dad there to watch them," I teased him. He ignored my rather lame attempt at humor, probably best that he did.

"So do you like my new suit?" I couldn't resist asking.

"A little risqué, don't you think?" he answered, whistling softly to take the edge off.

"That's NOT what I asked."

Josh laughed but it sounded a little more nervous this time. "Well, it DOES show off your figure quite nicely."

I wasn't going to let him off the hook THAT easily so I said it again, a little more forcefully this time, "Josh... That's NOT what I asked!"

"OK, OK, you win... you look GREAT in it," he finally responded.

"I always thought my ass was my best part," I said trying to sound absentminded, "What do you think Josh? Are you an ass man, tits or legs?"

"How about all of the above?" he stammered.

"You're NOT being very cooperative this morning Josh," I teased him as much as I dared, ""I'm not making you uncomfortable, am I?"

"Why not," he lied, "Why would I be uncomfortable?"

I turned over onto my back then, letting my legs hang over the sides of the lounge chair so my crotch was exposed rather blatantly to him. My bottoms had gone back to their usual place, pulling up between my pussy lips so I was for all practical purposes naked below the waist.

"So if you're not an ass, legs or tit guy, then that must mean you prefer pussy, am I right Josh?" I asked, lifting my hips up ever so slightly but just enough for him to see me doing it.

"Ummmmm Kelly... I don't think this is appropriate," he said, drawing in a deep breath but at the same time his eyes were riveted on my freshly shaven pussy.

"Then maybe I should leave," he offered although he wasn't even leaning away from me at this point.

"That's up to you Josh... If that's what you really want."

He looked confused and conflicted. On the one hand his male ego was telling him "fuck her", I was sure of that. Then again, maybe he WAS the saint my grandmother had made him out to be. Sure he wasn't exactly turning his eyes away from me but at the same time he wasn't making any real moves either. In any case I had a nasty suspicion that if I didn't do more forceful - and do it quickly, that his angelic side would take control before anything better could happen.

Just then he looked back over his shoulder at his house and stood up straight, tugging at his shirt which was hanging out of his shorts.

"I REALLY have to go Kelly, sorry... Karen must have heard me drive up and I don't want her coming out to see where I am with you... well you know what I mean."

Before I could say a word in reply he turned and quickly walked back to the house and went inside, leaving me with this sinking feeling that maybe my grandmother was right after all. It had been going so well - TOO well in fact now that I had time to think about it. After a week of playing it cool and coy, did I really think it was going to be so easy to turn him?

I know people get the impression that I easily get every guy I go after but the reality is there can be a lot of work involved sometimes. It also helps that I don't just go after every walking dick with a wife and kids. The truth is there ARE a lot of faithful husbands out there. True, maybe it's more because they are too intimidated or scared to do anything but for whatever reason, they don't cheat on their wives - and won't no matter what temptation is put in front of them. What I HAVE learned is that is more the quiet and shy ones that are the most faithful. It's the outgoing braggarts that try to impress everyone with how saintly they are and what a perfect marriage he and his wife have that are the ones most likely to cheat. My experience has been that the more a guy tries to impress people with how virtuous he is, the more he is usually hiding.

So I guess you could say my high "success" rate when it comes to going after my favorite pastime - married men, is something like a baseball player having a high batting average if he gets to pick the pitchers he faces and what pitches they can throw. When you stack the odds in your favor, you're more likely not to have face rejection.

All this said it was little wonder I was having problems with Josh. He never said a word about his marriage - he just lived a respectable and moral life without making an issue out of it. Everything I'd seen this past week told me he was a loving wife, a caring father and an all-around decent man. Yep, all the more reason I wanted him to fuck me! Any girl can get a jerk of a husband to fuck her. Josh was now officially a challenge and I never back away from a good challenge. The only problem was, I had less than a day to go and so far I was way behind in the count and looking to stroke out if I didn't get my act together.

"So you struck out I see," my grandmother teased me when I returned to the house to get a glass of water. I just frowned which only seemed to encourage her. "I told you he wasn't that type, didn't I? I have to see, seeing you out there all but naked making a fool of yourself was a bit refreshing. Sort of restored my faith in human decency."

Wow! Now THAT was a bit harsh I thought. I looked at her with disbelief. Had my own grandmother actually SAID that? Even she looked a little sheepish now but I had no doubt she meant every word, even if she wasn't entirely comfortable with having said it to my face.

I went to the bedroom and undid the bikini and put it away in my suitcase. Oh well, so much for THAT idea. It wasn't exactly the most comfortable thing to wear so I rummaged through my things and found a pair of loose gym shorts and a cut-off t-shirt that came just down below my boobs. Returning to the family room, my grandmother was watching some silly game show on the television.

"Well, I guess that's a little better," she said when she realized I was back after checking me over. "So I was just wondering... you're getting married in a few weeks, just had a wedding shower for cripes sake, and still you're flaunting yourself to other men and if I get this right, trying to have sex with them. How does that all work for Steve or do you hide it from him?”

I sat down on the love seat across from her and explained to her the arrangements that Steve and I had worked out so far as swapping and such. Needless to say I didn’t breath a word about some of Steve’s other inclinations such as his feelings for younger girls and such. That was still something I waffled over as it seemed one day I was turned on by the whole thing and then the next totally set against it. I also didn’t elaborate on the swapping thing other than a brief overview – certainly no tales of any of the things we had done so far with other couples.

My grandmother listed to me without interrupting and I could tell she wanted to ask more questions but yet she also acted like she didn't want to know any more so I left it at that. We turned our attention to the games show but after a few minutes she sat up straight again and I could see she was struggling with something. Finally she took a deep breath and came out with it.

“Does Steve know about you and your father or is that something you’re going to stop when you get married?”

Hmmmmmm, loaded question. I could tell from her tone that she was expecting me to say he knew nothing about it and that I would be bringing it to a halt once we were hitched, maybe even already. Then again, maybe that was what she was HOPING was the case. Only one way to find out...

“He knows everything Grandma... everything,” I said softly, “Why do you ask?”

I was throwing it back at her because this was a subject she normally avoided like a dead skunk so why was she bringing it back up now?

“Just curious I guess,” she said, trying to sound flippant but I could tell she was anxious to dig a little deeper so I just kept quiet and let her work her way up to it.

“You DO know your father use to go out in the back garage with your mom and grandfather, don’t you?” she asked but it was more a rhetorical question than one she was expecting me to answer as she knew full well that I did indeed know. I knew where she was leading with the question though so I answered without her having to ask more.

“Steve’s not that way Grandma... he won’t be doing things like that,” I assured her and she actually seemed a bit relieved by that although I couldn't figure out why since it really had nothing to do with her. It wasn't like Steve and my dad were going to come here and head to the back garage to have sex, even if Steve WAS into that sort of thing.

Maybe I should have left well enough alone but I couldn't resist throwing in one more thing. "But he DOES have a thing for Aunt Linda."

Now THAT seemed to take her by surprise. No doubt had I said he was having sex to Kristi she would have taken that with a grain of salt. After all, not many men wouldn't given the chance. Seeing her expression, I was reminded of those words she had said when I came back in after Josh had turned me away. Looking back, I should have been more mature and kept quiet but after her hurtful words I couldn't help myself.

"Oh and by the way, yes he has done mom – back when she came for my birthday."

As soon as I said it I wanted to take the words back as she seemed so sad and disappointed. My grandmother had always been wonderful to me and as supportive as anyone in my family. Sure she had let her emotions get the better of her for a brief moment but that didn't justify me being hurtful in response. I got up and walked over to her and hugged her, telling her I was sorry and I didn't mean to hurt her.

"That's OK Kelly, you're just telling me the truth and I appreciate it... I really do," she said trying to keep her voice from cracking. "I guess I was just hoping that maybe things would be different for you once you got married."

I took her hand and smiled at her, assuring her that I was happier now than I had ever been in my life and that she had nothing to worry about. She just nodded but I felt better and vowed to myself to be more careful about what I said to her in the few hours I had left before I went home.

As we sat there I heard a door closing and I looked out to see Karen and the girls getting in her car. Josh wasn't with them so I wondered what was going on. Everyone seemed happy and I didn't have a clue watching them where they were going or why. Soon the car backed out and they were gone. Hmmmmmm, maybe my dad wasn't over yet!

My grandmother saw me watching the events next door and must have been reading my mind again when she said, "I swear all she does is take those girls shopping. Why anyone needs so many clothes is beyond me."

Assuming she was right – and who better to know the habits of the neighbors more than her, that meant I had a least a couple of hours or more. The question was, now what? I had tried what seemed to be a more outgoing approach and failed miserably. Did I need to go back to being subtle or was something more outlandish being called for? Giving the small window of opportunity and my failure to date with the less than direct methods, if I was really going to get anywhere with Josh that meant there was only one option available to me now.

“Kelly, can't you leave well enough alone?” my grandmother asked me, once again doing her mind-reading act with brilliant results. Still, I need to prove something to her as now it had become as much about showing her what I could do as it was about just having Josh fuck me. She had seemed so pleased with herself when he turned me down earlier that I felt this burning need inside of me now to prove to her that he was no better than any other cheating husband.

“One last try and if he turns me down I promise that will be the end of it, OK?” I bargained with her.

“Seriously Kelly, why?” she asked almost plaintively. “He’s really a good man and he doesn’t need his marriage ruined because you feel some perverted need to prove anything to me.”

“I’m not going to ruin his marriage grandma,” I assured her, “His wife will never know unless he tells her... or YOU do.”

“A wife knows Kelly,” she said softly, “Trust me, you’ll understand soon enough yourself. When your husband has sex with someone else you just know it.” I caught the inference – she knew that I knew that my grandfather had never cheated on her with any other woman so when she mentioned that a wife “knew”, what she was telling me that a “mother” knew as well. I thought back to when my mom and her sister were teenage girls having sex with their dad. Of course she knew what they were doing – it was sort of hard to completely hide that sort of thing. With Josh it was different. He wasn't going to be fucking his daughters and so long as he showered afterwards, there was no way Karen would ever find out so long as his guilty conscience didn’t get in the way.

# 7. Never Say Never

Time was ticking by and every minute passing was one less minute for me to work with so if I was going to do anything the time was now. Without another word I got up and headed for the door leading out to the deck. I briefly debated changing clothes but then what did I have with that was all that much better than what I was wearing now? Besides, more ideas were coming to mind and I didn't think it was going to matter for long what I wore anyway. I didn't even look back to my grandmother as I shut the door behind me and headed straight for the neighbor’s back door.

“Something you need Kelly?” Josh asked when he answered my knock on the door.

“YOU!” I responded firmly and without another word, I stripped off my shorts and t-shirt leaving me standing there naked on the landing.

“Oh my God, what are you doing Kelly? People will see you!” he exclaimed, glancing in both directions anxiously.

The reality was nobody could see me, at least not very likely. To the one side was my grandmother and she didn't count. The house on the other side was built closer to the street and so it wasn't visible when I stood this close to his back door. Behind us was the church but it was actually more up past my grandmother’s house and they had put up large evergreens to block the view of their parking lot from the homes that were already there so even if someone was there in the middle of the day they couldn’t be seeing anything. There was a highway on the other side of the church property but it was over a couple of hundred yards away or so which meant nobody would be seeing anything recognizable from that distance. Considering we were right in the middle of a suburban neighborhood, I was about as safe as I could be when it came to anyone seeing me standing there nude.

“Well, are you going to ask me in or just make me stand here naked outside?” I asked him teasingly.

Josh seemed frantic now. “Fuck no... but you can’t come in here... not dressed like THAT.”

He must have been really worked up as that was the first time he’d sworn in front of me all week – even after the time he got a sliver in his hand while leaving over the deck railing. I was going to point out to him that I wasn't really dressed like anything as I didn't have stitch of clothes on.

“Well then either invite me in or come with me to the back garage,” I responded. He didn't seem too thrilled with either option so I reiterated his options saying, “I’m NOT getting dressed so either you choose or I’ll just stay out here until someone sees me.”

He seemed resigned to having only one option. It was obvious form the way he was blocking the doorway that he was never going to let me in the house which is why I quickly came up with the back garage option. I reached down to pick up my clothes and started back towards the garage. At first he didn't follow but I called out to him and he then came out, closing the door behind him. Thankfully my grandmother never locked the side door to the garage and so in a few seconds we were both standing there in the cool air still trapped inside the garage from the previous night.

“Kelly, I don’t know what you’re doing or what you’re thinking I may have someone implied during the past week during our conversations, but this has to stop right now, understand?” he said firmly, keeping his distance from me.

“Oh come on Josh, I saw the way you looked at me before. I’ve seen the way your dick gets hard under your shorts... just like it is now.”

At that Josh shifted his shorts, trying unsuccessfully to make the rising tent less noticeable.

“Alright so I’m a guy... sue me,” he came back, “But I don’t do this sort of thing.”

“Oh, and what sort of thing is that Josh?” I asked pretending to be all naïve and innocent – or at least much as I could while standing there nude in front of him.

“You know damn well what I mean,” he came back rather angrily this time, “Now enough is enough... get yourself decent and I’m going back home now, ALONE.”

Yeah, like I was going to let THAT happen!

“If you leave now I’ll tell Karen you came over and forced me to have sex with you,” I called out to him as he started to open the door to leave. It was a drastic move but drastic times call out for drastic measures and I was running out of other ideas.

He turned and started at me, his eyes burning into mine. “You would never...”

“Look at me Josh,” I countered, “Do I look like the kind of girl that wouldn't?”

“You’re a fucking slut,” he practically spat out, ”Why would I screw a girl like you in the first place?”

Normally I take the word “slut” as a compliment, like when my dad called me “his little slut”. In this case I could tell that Josh meant it as anything BUT a compliment. Oh well, sticks and stones...

“Simple... because you have no choice,” I answered.

“She’ll never believe you... you DO know that,” he tried debating with me, “Just last night she was telling me she couldn't believe how you dressed in front of your grandmother.

I gave him a smirk and took a step forward. “All the more reason why she WILL believe me.”

The bravado disappeared from Josh’s face and his shoulders slumped in dejection. “PLEASE Kelly, I beg you don’t do this. I love Karen and I can't cheat on her.”

I took yet another step and was now just a couple of feet away from him but he made no move to reach out to me. “Yeah right, just like you don’t get off seeing your daughters run around in those little bikinis.”

It was a shot in the dark and I almost laughed at his response. His eyes widened like he couldn't believe I had even mentioned such a thing, let alone accused him of anything.

“Shit, what kind of person ARE you?” he gasped, “That’s just sick. I would never do anything like that.”

The funny thing is I believed him. Now when it came to their hot little friends I would have bet the answer would have been different but there was just something so honest about his face right then that I truly did believe he didn’t think about his own daughters that way. I wondered what he would have said had I told him what had gone on in this very garage in the past but for once I kept my mouth shut. No doubt that might have been enough to scare him off no matter what the potential consequences. It was all a major bluff anyway as I never would have breathed a word to his wife but then he didn't know that.

“I want to suck your dick Josh,” I said softly as I took a final step and was now right in front of him. I reached for his belt and he started to push my hand away but I firmly pushed him aside and he just stood there motionless. Soon he was undone and I pulled his zipper down and reached down inside his boxer shorts until I felt his dick – or to be more exact, his erection. Yep, he was hard as a flag pole!

“Mmmmmmm, I knew you wanted me,” I cooed as I pulled his pants and shorts down to expose his raging hard-on.

“Please Kelly, don’t do this,” he begged softly but I would have no part of it.

Holding his hard cock in my hand, I stroked it slowly with my fingers wrapped lightly around it. “Tell me you don’t like this Josh... You know you want it.”

“Please....” he groaned as I bent my knees and lowered my head down until my face was level with his crotch. I looked up at him and saw with watching me, his face a classic mix of fear and lust.

It wasn’t a no, that much was for sure. OK, so maybe it was implied but I wasn’t going to stop now anyway no matter how much he begged so it was a moot point. I could smell the musky odor of his manhood as I licked my lips at the sight of his hard dick poking out from a forest of thick black pubic hair. No trimming by this guy! God I wanted this dick!

“Tell me you want me to suck it Josh... Tell me.”

“I can’t Kelly... don’t make me do that,” he begged, his voice sounding more like that a little boy now as his lust grew in him.

“Tell me Josh... beg me to suck your dick. You know you want me to,” I murmured firmly as my hand worked on his cock while my other was cradling his hairy balls, rolling them gently between my fingers.

For a moment I thought he might actually hold out as the garage went silent with nothing but the sound of our breath and the slight noise I was making stroking his cock. Mmmmmmm, I wanted it in my mouth SOOOOO badly.

“OK, you win dammit... I want you to suck it,” he finally caved.

For a moment I wanted to let out a whoop of victory but I wasn't going to spook him. I looked up and our eyes locked as I smiled and reached out with my tongue to just touch the tip of his cock as I held it still. God it felt so warm and firm! I couldn't wait to taste it but I wanted this moment to be memorable for us both. His eyes widened as my tongue ran around the rim of his dick head and then up and down his smooth shaft until I felt his furry pubic hair against my face.

“Mmmmmmm, I love your dick Josh,” I murmured as I opened my mouth just enough to let the head fit inside. YES! I had his dick in my mouth and now I knew I had him. There was no turning back now and we both seemed to sense it as I started to suck on his cock slowly and deliberately.

“Oh my god,” he whispered as I took it all the way in until my face was pressed against the base of his shaft.

Josh had what I would call an average cock both in length and thickness. Nothing to brag about but big enough to get the job done which is what counted in the end after all. His pubic hair was thick but not so overgrown as to be gross. He smelled somewhat of sweat and lust, the sweat part no doubt from having run around town already this morning but so much that it turned me off.

I held the base of the shaft in my hand and let it drop from my mouth as I looked up at him and smiled, licking my lips.

“So tell me Josh, does Karen suck you like this?”

His answer took me by surprise. “Karen doesn’t believe in oral sex. She says it’s dirty.”

My eyes widened and I felt my heart skip a beat. Cool!

“So you’ve never had your dick sucked before?”

“There was one girl back in high school,” Josh gasped as I took the head of his dick back in my mouth as she answered. Karen doesn’t know anything about her though. Besides, she wasn't very good anyway... not like this.”

Well what more could I ask for? It was music to my ears, the perfect situation. God, how could any woman NOT like to suck cock? Oh sure, I knew of others who didn't but it still never ceased to amaze me. OK, so I liked being fucked more but I LOVED sucking dick. Over the years I’ve sucked off a lot more guys than I’ve let fuck me, probably by a margin of at least four or five to one. Back in high school it was a rare date indeed that I didn’t suck the guys off but I was a lot more choosey about who fucked me. Face it, a girl has to maintain her reputation.

I lifted myself up a little higher until his dick was between my boobs and I pushed them up against him, using them to rub his dick which he seemed to enjoy as well. Now and then I would reach down and lick on it or spit to make it easier to slide up and down.

“So tell me Josh, does that mean you don’t eat Karen’s pussy either?” I asked softly. He shook his head as his response so I asked, “Have you ever eaten one?” This time he nodded but didn't offer any further details.

I stood up, keeping my hand on his wet dick like a leash and moved over to the work bench where I let go of his cock and put my hands behind me so I could lift myself up on it. The wood felt cool against my bare ass as I spread my legs and started to play with myself in front of him.

“Eat my pussy Josh,” I said gently, spreading my legs as wide apart as I could. He seemed to hesitate for a second but then his lust won out and I knew at the moment he was finally mine. There wasn't going to be any need for me to encourage him, let alone force him to do anything to me from this point onward.

I gasped as his tongue ran over my wet clit and his finger pressed inside of me. Wow, he wasn't wasting any time! He looked up at me and I couldn't see his mouth as he pushed it tight up against my pussy do he could push his tongue up inside of me as much as he could. God it felt incredible!

“Make me cum Josh... Oh god make me cum hard,” it was my turn to beg. Sure part of it was an act to turn him but on but I really DID want him to make me cum! The more he licked me the less of an act it became and the more I really did need to orgasm. I leaned back on my elbows on the dusty workbench - I really should have thought ahead and come out to clean it off but then it wasn’t all THAT dirty.

“Oh god, right there!” I cried out softly as his tongue flickered right over my enflamed clit. I could feel my orgasm rising in me and my hips thrust upward, riving my crotch tighter into his face as I started to cum. I was feeling SO damn good. Between the physical pleasure he was giving me and the motional satisfaction of finally having him for sex, it was making me cum harder than I had all week, even when I was on the web cam for Steve.

I just had to have him now. I wanted his dick in me so badly. Actually it was more than just a want... I NEEDED his dick in me. My pussy was practically screaming to be filled by his wonderfully hard dick.

“Fuck me Josh... Oh god please fuck me now,” I begged yet again. Deep down perhaps I was expecting him to protest, to make one last stand in defense of the honor of his wedding vows, of his respect for his wife. For a man who had been so steadfast in his solemn vows could he actually do me now? Sure I’d sucked his dick and he had licked to orgasm but there was a BIG step between oral sex and REAL sex. Until now while his wife might have other ideas, legally he was still safe as he hadn’t committed an act of adultery. To do THAT he needed to put dick inside of me, to actually have sex with me.

Well, maybe it was a big step in my eyes but now that he had crossed the line it seemed Josh wasn’t even thinking about holding back any longer. Besides, I’d said those magic words that every man loves to hear, “Fuck me”.

Standing up between my legs, I scooted back just enough for my feet to rest on the workbench top but still leave my pussy accessible to his cock. He reached down and with one hand he grabbed his stiff shaft and with the other he reached down to spread my pussy apart. We both watched as he positioned the head of his dick at the entrance to my soaking wet pussy, then rubbing it up and down my pussy slit until he was all wet and slick 0once again. Damn, if he had rubbed me just a little more I might have come again before he even got it in me!

Just as I thought he was about to finally push it in me, I heard him groan and then he pulled back just a little, not more than an inch but enough to make me wonder what was happening.

“Oh god, what am I doing?” he sighed and I could see the conflict written all over his face.

Well, maybe he did indeed recognize the significance of what he was about to do. I had no doubt whatsoever that I was the first girl he was this close to fucking beside his wife since they had been married. Indeed, I was wondering just how many girls he’d had sex with before he got married. From the sounds of it, there was probably at least one but it didn't seem like there had been all that many.

“Fuck me Josh... I want you to fuck me,” I encouraged him gently, “You know you want to feel it in me... you know you want it.”

“Forgive me,” he muttered. I don’t know to whom he was saying it but it wasn't me. Well, whether it was to his wife or God, it didn't matter. All that mattered to me was the sensation if his dick forcing it’s way inside of me. Oh yeah, he was fucking me now!

Once the head was in me he seemed to hesitate but it didn't matter I the act was committed and nothing could undo it. From now until the day he died he would never forget this moment, this act. Every time he made love to Karen in the future he would remember how it felt to push his cock inside of me, how it felt as he slowly but forcefully press it deeper and deeper inside of me until finally his crotch et up against me and he was completely inside of me. How could he ever forget the feel of our two bodies joined together as much as any two people could be?

Perhaps this is what makes adultery such a horrible sin – the fact that not only was there the physical act involved but the emotions and memories lasted forever, well beyond any physical pleasures. Adultery is not just a husband fucking another woman outside his family – it is really the intention behind it. It is the act of hiding it, the secrecy, and the betrayal that makes it what it is. Two people swapping don’t commit adultery as there is nothing that the other doesn’t know about and approve. It’s the betrayal, the broken promises, the treachery that defines adultery, not just the physical act. And yes, what Josh was doing now was indeed adultery as had Karen any idea what was happening right now between us...

I picked my legs up and wrapped them around Josh, locking my ankles as I pulled him in tighter into me. He slipped his hands under my ass, grapping my butt as pulling me up into him as well. Each of us wanted the same thing – to have his buried as deep inside of me as possible! We hadn't even kissed up to this point and I wasn't expecting him to either. This was all about sex – raw, animal lust. Josh didn't love me or even like me for that matter. I was a pussy to him, something to fulfill his needs and desires, a fuck toy and nothing more. Then again, at this moment all I cared about was his dick and how it felt inside of me. I loved the way it felt as he moved it around inside of me, rubbing it all over me as he fondled my ass.

"Oh Josh... It feels so good in me," I gasped as my next orgasm began, "Tell me you love fucking me."

Whether it was the motion of his dick in me, my hand on my clit, his hands on my ass or his next words, the result was the same – a massive orgasm that wracked my body like I'd been hit by a lightning bolt. I closed my eyes and focused on the feeling of him deep inside of me as his words came out like the sweetest music.

"You're so fucking tight... so good... god I love the way you do that with your pussy!"

He was referred to how my pussy grabs down on whatever's in it when I cum, like it wants to just hold on to it and never let it escape. After two kids and almost twenty years of marriage Karen's pussy must feel like a loose bad compared to my tight pussy as I felt him struggle to pump it in me as my entire world collapsed to where nothing existed except his dick and my pussy. He just kept moaning and groaning, one minute telling me how good it felt and the next it would be something about how he couldn't believe what he was doing. Both sides of the conversation turned me on!

"Fuck I'm gonna cum," he groaned and I felt him lean back in preparation to pull out of me. Well, not if I had anything to say about it!

"Cum in me Josh. I want you to cum in my pussy," I managed to somehow get out in the midst of my pleasure. I gripped him even tighter with my legs, doing my best to prevent him from escaping.

"Oh shit... here it cums," he cried out as I felt his hips thrust himself even deeper into me until he practically pushed me backwards, his hands on my ass the only things holding me in place as he ground his hairy crotch into me. Then he did it again... and again... and yet again and I knew with each thrust any other load of his sperm was being ejected out of the end of his dick and deposited deep within me.

After he had finished cumming he pulled his hands out from under me finally and rested them on the workbench top on each side of me, leaning over me as he struggled to catch his breath. I loved it that he wasn't trying to pull out of me right away but instead seemed to enjoy the afterglow feeling of his now spent dick as it rested in me surrounded by his cum.

“You ARE on birth control, aren’t you,” he said out of the blue. Well NOW was a fine time to ask! I just giggled and nodded. I suppose it would’ve been naughty of me to say I wasn't and see how he reacted but after having fucked me so well I just didn't have the heart to pull such a trick.

“This is crazy,” he said then, standing upright and reaching behind him to unlock my ankles. He grabbed each ankle and gently lowered them down as he stepped back and his dick slipped out of me. I loved the way it looked, not hard anymore but now getting softer as time went by, covered with s sticky mix of our combined cum. Actually it looked delicious!

“Let me clean you off,” I offered. I stood up and he started looking around evidently thinking that I meant finding a towel or clothe to wipe him clean. Well, THAT wasn't going to happen, not with me anyway. That was probably what Karen did I was guessing. Well, I would show him how his wife SHOULD be taking care of him.

“Hold still,” I said firmly as I gripped his cock and then leaned over to suck him clean. He seemed a bit surprised at first but there was no misunderstanding the groan that he released when I started to suckle on his dwindled dick. I wondered if I was the first girl to suck his dick clean after fucking her. The odds seemed in favor of it assuming what he had been telling so far was true. Cool. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good!

Like most men, Josh’s lust seemed to have escaped him along with his sperm and it was looking more and more like he was starting to realize the magnitude of what he had just done. Grabbing his boxers and pants, he started to quickly dress, muttering something about how Karen was going to kill him. I stayed nude and as I stood there I could feel his cum starting to drain from me. He seemed so distraught but I assured him that I would never tell anyone about what had happened so he had nothing to worry about.

Once he got his belt snug he seemed ready to go but before he did he turned to me with his arms crossed – some serious body language was going on here.

“So are you happy now?” he asked, more of an accusation than a question so I just grinned and kept my mouth shut for once. “So now what? Are you going to blackmail or what? What happens next time you’re here?”

It was like he was a general who had just surrendered and was asking for terms. In a way that was not a bad analogy but the key difference here was that there were no repercussions for his surrender, at least none imposed by me. I assured him of that and that I would never say a word to anyone.

“So what if I want to do you again?” he asked. From the tone and his expression I got the idea it was not a real questions that he wanted answered but more of a leader to another question which I chose to answer instead before he asked.

“Sorry, I told you that you were safe from me and that goes both ways.”

Josh frowned but I didn’t think it was because he was upset that he couldn't fuck me again and sure enough, he did have other issues.

“So what then? I’m just some sort of notch on your belt? Just another horny husband that you tricked into betraying his wife?”

If I was being honest the answer was a resounding “yes” but I didn't want to be cruel. After all, he HAD fucked me nicely and I owed him something for that. So instead I shook my head and swore it was nothing like that.

“Then what WAS this all about?” he demanded, starting to get a bit agitated now.

“Can't a girl just want to get laid?” I responded rather lamely.

“Something tells me you don’t have to worry about THAT much,” he muttered. He reached for the door and opened it, turning to say his final words.

“You know, I really don’t know whether to thank you or curse you. Just promise me one thing – we NEVER even discuss this ever again, OK?”

It was fine with me. While we might never talk about it again, I knew from past experience that all I needed to see was his eyes on me and that would tell me more than a book of words.

“Don’t forget to shower before Karen gets home,” I said with a smile, waving goodbye to him. When he was gone I reached down to get my clothes off the floor. I debated putting them on but then what would be the point for the few steps it would take me to get to the deck and then to the family room. So long as Karen and the girls didn’t pull up at that moment, nobody would see me anyway.

I scampered across the deck and into the house where my grandmother was seated on the couch waiting for me. Oh she had the game shows on still but there was no doubt what she was really waiting for.

“You know, you remind me so much of your aunt,” was all she said as I entered the house. I must’ve looked a wreck with my hair all over the place and Josh’s cum draining out of me. Still, she didn’t make any comment about my nudity which rather surprised me - or of me fucking Josh, which surprised me even more. That one little comment and for the rest of my stay that was the only thing she had to say about the matter.

Later that afternoon Karen and the girls returned. I was shocked when Karen came over while after they got home and for a brief moment I thought maybe the guilt had been too much for Josh and now she was coming over to exact her revenge. Instead she invited me over to use the pool as it was so incredibly stifling hot that afternoon.

Of course nothing sexual happened in the pool. Indeed, the girls had to practically drag their dad out to join in. The entire time he never looked me in the eye, not even once but nobody seemed to notice. His daughters looked hot in their tiny bikinis and I imagined how my dad would be reacting if he was here now - or my fiancé for that matter. Sure they were getting to be a bit at the upper end of their target age group, but as cute and tanned as they were what man would NOT be turned on by the sight of them? Once when Karen went in to get some drinks and the girls were messing around on a float I tried flashing quickly for Josh. I was pretty sure he saw me but he didn't a valiant effort at ignoring me. By now most of his cum was long gone from me but as I saw him in his swim trunks I couldn't help but recall the sight of his beautiful erection and I wondered what his daughters would say if they knew that just a couple of hours earlier their deer sweet dad had screwed the neighbor girl who was swimming with them now.

That night it was my turn to do the talking when I cammed for Steve. Actually I also did the masturbating but this time he got to watch me as I relived every moment of the morning. OK, so maybe I embellished it a little in the telling but who would convict me? It was sort of funny though that with the show I gave him and the story I had to tell, what really got him off was when I emailed him some photos I had sneaked out the window of the neighbor girls running around in their cute little bikinis!

# (Aug 20) Chapter 234: Bachelorette Party

Story codes: MF FF++ oral group exhib inc father daughter
Me (26)
John – my dad (46)
John – old boyfriend (27)
Jim – my fiancé's younger brother
Kristen – cousin (24)
Beth – BFF (27)
Nancy – girlfriend (27)
Carrie – girlfriend (26)

Note: For those interested in the past events that influenced my bachelorette party, go to my diary and read the following entries:

1999 (Aug 24) Chapter 6: Doing It On the School Swing Set
1999 (Dec 11) Chapter 12: My Boyfriend's Brother Does Me
2000 (Aug 12) Chapter 22: Fucking in a Mall Restroom
2001 (Jun 21) Chapter 33: First Time at My Dad's Office
2002 (Apr 13) Chapter 38: Fun in a Grocery Store
2006 (Aug 19) Chapter 125: Casino Orgy

## 1. An Interesting Dilemma

You've probably seen ads and commercials touting gifts for "The guy who has everything". Well, put yourself in my best friend's shoes and ask yourself, "How you plan a bachelorette party for a girl who has done most everything?"

Most bachelorette parties are based around the theme of doing something shocking or at least memorable, something of the "what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas" sort of event. I remember the first one I ever went to for my cousin back when I was barely eighteen. They brought in strippers and my cousin did things I doubt she had ever done before, especially in view of so many people. No doubt she has never done them again either!

Well, that wasn't going to work for my party. I mean when you consider that I'd even been the entertainment for several bachelor parties then you see how bringing in strippers and such wasn't going to phase me – or anyone else who'd seen me at various parties and get-togethers over the years.

Beth had volunteered years ago to coordinate my bachelorette party so when it came time for my wedding I really didn't have to even ask – she just took over. Normally the Maid of Honor is responsible for this but in my case, my MOH had no idea about much of my past. Hillary was 40 years old and a good friend of mine as we taught together at the small school where I teach. Frankly I sort of copped out when it came time to select my MOH as I couldn't choose one of my friends over the other. Hillary and I had become quite close over the past year or so and it just felt right to ask her.

My other bridesmaids were going to be Beth – my absolute BFF, Brenda – my freshman year college roomie, Samantha – perhaps best known as the girl who got me to try sex with her dog, Nancy – one of my good friends who loved to play Truth or Dare, and finally Carrie – a close friend of Kristi with whom I'd spent quite a few fun times with. I decided NOT to include any relatives in my bridal party just so I wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings.

Whatever Beth was planning for my party, she was keeping a tight lid on it. Like, the secret formula for Coke probably would have been easier for me to learn than the details for my own party! She wouldn't even give me a hint as to what she had up her sleeve. All I knew was that it was scheduled for the Saturday before my wedding and would start at 2:00 in the afternoon. I was curious about the time as it seemed awful early but she just grinned at me and wouldn't even comment.

Finally the day arrived. Steve's bachelor party wasn't being held until Friday night after our rehearsal which sort of concerned me but then there weren't many options. Most of his groomsmen were coming in from out of town so they couldn't all get in until just before the wedding. Steve's brother was going to be the best man and had been working out the details long distance from California where he and Steve's sister had remained after Steve and his mom had moved back to Pittsburgh last summer. Jim wouldn't be flying in until Thursday night which made me wonder how he was making all the arrangements but then that was his problem.

Speaking of flying in, my mom was coming in from Oregon today also so Steve would be picking her up at the airport. I would have loved to have gone with him to greet her at the airport but with the odd timing of Beth's plans that meant I wouldn't be seeing her until after the party. Steve seemed excited to be seeing her again and I had a pretty good suspicion as to where he would be spending the evening.

So finally the time arrived and Beth pulled up to the curb in her car. Hmmmmmm, no limo or big vehicle so any thoughts of a traveling party went out the door immediately. Kristi and I went out and I noticed in the back seat that Nancy and Carrie were already there but nobody else from my wedding party. I had anticipated that Brenda probably wouldn't make it given she was living so far away since her wedding. Hillary being MIA was also not a surprise and if anything gave me a hint as to Beth's plans as she was the only one in the wedding party that was not aware of many of my past escapades. She only knew me as the conservative elementary teacher and to be honest, it was probably best for me and my job for her to stay unaware. The only person I wondered about was Sam. I guess she couldn't make it or what not.

Kristi hopped in back with the other two while I got in front with Beth driving. Everyone seemed to be talking at once until finally Beth broke in and demanded everyone's attention.

“OK everyone, we're gathered here today to mourn the end of our dear friend's life as she knows it,” she started out solemnly. They all just giggled and she shushed them, pretending to be serious about the matter.

“Kelly, you still have a chance to call this all off and retain your status as the sluttiest girls I know – Kristi excepted of course.” Everyone laughed, Kristi especially. “So we wanted to spend the day reminding you of your past and how you go to be here today. So what do you say – will you go along with whatever we have planned for you?”

Oh yeah, like I was going to agree to THAT! Only a crazy girl would agree to go along with anything Beth and company came up with.

OK, so I'm crazy. With all the excitement and buildup to this, what was I going to say other than to agree? I'd been dreaming of this moment from the time I first started planning my wedding and I wasn't about to throw a damp rag on anything. The only question I had in my head was what in the world was she talking about?

## 2. Back on the Swing Set

It didn't take long to learn more about the theme of the party. Beth drove through the neighborhood until we came to the old grade school that had been closed for years. She pulled around to the back where everything had pretty much been overgrown. Then much to my surprise we stopped by the old swing set and who did I see, but John, my old boyfriend. He was sitting on the swing set which surprisingly was still hanging.

“August 24th, 1999,” Beth announced, “Bring back any memories Kelly?” Bring back any memories? God, it was like it was just yesterday although almost exactly twelve years had passed. This was one of the many places that Steve and I had fucked back when we first started dating. Sheesh, I was only fourteen at the time and Steve was just sixteen. Back then we were like rabbits I heat, fucking everywhere and anywhere we could, not caring who might see us.

What surprised me the most was John and Beth must have seen me staring at him.

“I hope you appreciate that I had quite a time finding him,” she giggled. Since we couldn't get Steve to reenact the dirty deed I thought having one of your old boyfriends from back then might be a suitable substitute. He’s engaged too, in case you didn’t know, but the wedding’s not until next year and apparently he didn't mind cheating on his fiancé a little but when I went to him with my proposal. He even helped rig the swing back up again.”

It was starting to dawn on me what her plan was. Was she serious? It was one thing to have done it at dusk twelve years ago back when I didn't know any better and even if we HAD been caught, who would really say anything about two horny teenagers? Sure, the place was so overgrown that nobody could see anything unless they happened to cross through the schoolyard. Still, two people in their mid-twenties fucking in public in full view of the world would raise more questions than had we been ten years younger. And then there was the thing about having an audience... Were they all planning to just stand by and watch?

Apparently so.

“Well, we don’t have all do so get out and fuck him,” Beth finished up. “Don’t mind us – it’s not like you care whether or not some is watching anyway, right?”

John was swinging slowly, not making any moves or signs. Wow, it had been so long since we had done anything together. Back when we dated the two of us had done some pretty outrageous stuff. He had fucked me in the middle of a church picnic – right under the stage during the service! Then he had been the first to fuck me at a public beach out in the water in full view of everyone. He was also the one who had fucked me in a restroom ate mall. So needless to say, we had a bit of a history when it came to having sex in crazy places although the swing set hadn't been one of them.

Oh well, why not? After all, it was everything I loved to do - fucking in public with people watching me, even if they were all my friends and not a group of strangers as my fantasies usually went. The idea of John fucking me again after so many years wasn't exactly a bad idea either! Steve and I had promised after the last time we'd had sex a couple of days ago not to have sex with each other until the night of our wedding so I was more than a bit horny at the moment!

I got out of the car and stood there, waiting for some reaction from John. Beth had pulled up close so once I was out there were only a few feet separating us. Not knowing what to expect - and not getting any help from either Beth or Kristi, I had worn a rather neutral outfit - nothing all that sexy but not exactly church-wear either. I had on a pair of khaki capris that were about as tight as I could pull on without ripping out the seams with a lacy cami on top that was just short enough to expose a bit of midriff. It was cut really low so there was a lot of cleavage for John to see, not to mention my nipples poking through since I hadn't bothered with a bra. It didn't hurt that they were already starting to poke out further as I got more and more excited about what I knew was about to happen. My hair was hanging down to my shoulders and I was wearing black open-toe heels with a single strap around my ankle.

“Wow, I have to say your boobs certainly have grown,” he greeted me. I just rolled my eyes. Talk about a greeting after not seeing me for so many years! Not even a “Hello, it's been a while”. Then again, when he had last seen me naked my boobs didn't hardly qualify for a training bra so I didn't really mind the compliment.

“Nice to see you again too John,” I replied, waiting for him to make the next move. I looked back and saw the girls were all piling out of the car, taking their places on the hood and trunk to watch us.

“So I guess you know what's going on now,” he said, seeming a bit shy actually.

I looked back again and couldn't help but smile at all of them sitting there silently with their eyes fixated on the two of us.

“Yeah, I've got a pretty good idea.”

“So you don't mind then?”

Mind??? Like would I still be standing there if I did? Awkward was more the better description of the moment as neither of us seemed to know how to get the ball rolling.

“For fucking out loud... are you guys gonna do it or not?” I heard Beth behind me. The rest of them started egging us on as well with some not so subtle hints as to where his dick should go.

I glanced around one last time to be sure nobody else was watching. The place was deserted and since most everything had long been removed and the ground was pretty much overgrown with weeds and shrubs, there was little chance any of the neighborhood kids would be passing through. Still, one couldn't be too careful in such situations.

Walking up next to John, I grabbed the chains on each side of him and leaned in closer so my boobs were more exposed to him. As I had hoped, his eyes quickly moved down to stare at my cleavage.

“So do you want a blowjob first or do we just fuck and get it over with?”

John grinned at that. “I see you haven’t changed all that much, have you? Still the same slut I knew back in high school.”

“Well?” I asked, “What do you want?”

John seemed to contemplate his options although I knew he probably had known from the start what he wanted. After all, he had all week or more to think about this whereas I had found out just a few minutes earlier.

“As I recall, you had quite the reputation for sucking cock on the first date. You were pretty good back then so let’s see what you’ve got today.”

“Pretty good” back then? OK, so maybe I was being overly sensitive but I think I was more than just “pretty good”, even in high school. And yes, I was quite proud of my reputation at the time. It was a rare Friday night that some boy wasn't asking me out and I knew it had a lot to do with the fact they knew it was almost a lock that I would blow them before the night was over, even if they didn't get to fuck me or even feel me up.

“Well let’s see what you’re packing these days,” I replied, reaching down to undo his belt and jeans. He ended up helping me and I slipped them down along with his underwear to his knees, leaving him to sit bare-ass on the swing with his dick exposed for me.

“Not bad... brings back some good memories,” I murmured as I bent my knees to lower myself to his level. Indeed, John had a pretty decent cock. Nothing to threaten any of the major porn stars but certainly at the upper end of the average scale. It didn't hurt that he has already as hard as a rock.

One more look back at my friends and I smiled at them before turning back and taking John’s cock in my mouth using no hands. He was so stiff it was easy to do so without having to worry about it flopping around. Wow, it was hard to believe I was sucking my old boyfriend again after so many years! Talk about the one thing I had NOT thought would happen today...

As I sucked on his dick I reached down and lifted my cami up and over my boobs, leaving it on but allowing him easy access. He immediately reached down and cradled one boob in each hand.

“Damn, your tits are great Kelly,” he gasped as I put some extra suction on his cock for just a moment, “Fuck that feels good!”

I must have sucked him for five or ten minutes when Beth broke my concentration.

“Hey, we don’t have all day so let’s see how that swing set thing worked.”

Actually I was wondering about that myself. I wasn't all that huge today but certainly bigger than I was back when I was barely a teenager. John was also a lot taller and bigger than Steve had been back then as well. If I remember anything about how Steve had fucked me it as that it was a tight fit in the swing set as it was. How would John and I manage to squeeze in?

Leaving my top bunched over my boobs, I undid my capris and lowered them to below my knees, figuring it would be easier to get them back up in the event someone unexpectedly passed by. As John held his erect cock firmly upright, I turned around and tried to sit down on top of it. With his jeans still on and my capris keeping my legs together, it wasn't easy and finally he sort of picked me up and pulled me back on top of him. I was a little embarrassed at the display of awkwardness - not exactly a fine display of professional sluttiness.

“You have to sit up more Kelly, I just don’t bend that way!” John grunted as he tried to get his dick into me.

I held onto the chains and tried to pull myself up enough for him to position his dick under my pussy but it was like a comedy scene as when I tried to lower myself down he would be just enough out of position to not slide in and instead he would wince as his dick twisted under my weight. Finally we got it right and I dropped down as he slide into me until I was sitting on his lap with his dick firmly inside of me.

“That’s better,” he sighed as we just sat there and relaxed for a moment.

I looked over at our audience and everyone was watching intently. I couldn't remember the last time Carrie had seen me being fucked and as for Nancy... I wasn't even sure she ever had as the only time we were together was when it was just girls.

“Here goes nothing’,” John warned me as he pushed off gently. What a disaster! No sooner did the swing start to arc back then I was trying to slide forward on his lap. Only his dick served as an anchor to hold me in place and apparently it wasn't designed for the task.

“Fuck, this isn’t going to work,” he groaned as he let the swing go back to its neutral position, “How the hell did you guys do it anyway?”

Well, first of all back then I wasn't nearly as self-conscious about being caught. At that age I think kids think they are invincible - much the same reasoning that leads to pregnant teenagers when they don’t use birth control. Fortunately THAT was something my mom saw to as soon as I started having sex.

“Here, help me back up,” I told him as I slid down his lap and stood back up again. There was only one way it was going to work so I took off my capris and tossed them to Kristi who was sitting on the hood nearest to us.

“Now THAT is a sight worth seeing,” John said admiringly as I walked back to him bare-bottom with my cami still up over my boobs. “Why not go for broke and take off your top?”

I thought about it for a moment and then figured what the hell. In for a penny, in for a pound as I’ve heard it said. I crossed my arms, grabbed the bottom of the cami and pulled it up and over my head. I handed it back to Kristi again, leaving myself nude now in the middle of the playground. Thank god for overgrown bushes as I knew there were a number of homes less than 100 feet away or so that were out of sight thanks to the leaves and brush.

“Better!” John nodded approvingly.

I noted that HE still had on all his clothes, albeit his jeans were now down to his ankles. I still had on my heels so I guess technically I wasn't totally nude but that would have been a rather useless argument should the police arrive about now.

“OK, so let’s do this right,” I told him as I grabbed the chains yet again but this time I jumped up a bit to help me lift my legs up and over him, straddling him as I came back down.

My bare butt landed on his hairy thighs and I quickly wrapped my legs around his waist to keep me in place. My boobs were now pressing up against his chest and I could feel his erection poking into my ass.

“Ahhhhhh, this is better,” John said as I pulled myself back up and he worked his dick back into me again.

“Mmmmmmm, been a long time since I felt that in me,” I sighed as I enjoyed the feeling of his erection filling my pussy again for the first time in over a decade.

John had first fucked me back when I could still count the number of dicks that had been in me on one hand so I tried to imagine how many cocks had been there since we last did it. I wondered if he had any idea or if it mattered at all to him. Obviously if he knew it must not have bothered him. It’s funny how some guys react to a girl with “experience”. Some seem not to care or if anything, get turned on by the “challenge” of fucking me better than any of the hundreds of guys before them. Then there were those that were totally turned off by it, whether by concern over catching an STD or just intimidated that they might not measure up to those that came before them.

“OK, let’s try this again, shall we?”

I put my arms around John’s neck and pressed up tight against him to keep my balance as he pushed off again. This time it worked much better as I was able to pull myself into him with my legs while my death grip around his neck kept me from falling backwards.

“Go girl!” Beth cheered, followed by other encouragements from the peanut gallery.

John started to get some height which had the effect that reminded me of what it had been like to do this with Steve back then. It was like I was weightless at the peaks, lifting up and off his lap as we started to descend which made his dick pull out of me slightly and then once we hit bottom and started back up the opposite effect came into play and I was pressed down into his lap, driving his dick firmly into my pussy. As we gained height, the effect grew as well until it was almost scary.

“John! Not so high!” I begged as he gave an extra hard kickoff and we went high into the air.

I totally forgot that I was stark naked and was more focused on just hanging on than anything else, even more so than his dick in me. He let it drop a bit which made it better for me and I started to enjoy the ride – literally.

“Oh god... whoa!” I moaned as we reached the peak and I felt myself once again lift off his lap slightly.

It was like I was suspended in air, connected only to him by his dick which stayed inside of me. It was the weirdest feeling to be virtually floating on his cock. Well, it may have been weird but it was damn good as well! I wanted so bad to finger my clit but I didn't dare relax my grip around his neck.

John groaned even louder on the next upswing. “Fuck, this is crazy,” he practically grunted.

I was so hoping he would cum in me as we swung back and forth but I think the motion, while utterly erotic and sensual, was too slow to get him off. It was sort of like a hand job in slow motion. Still, it Would have been so cool to feel him cumming just as we reached bottom where his dick was pressed the furthest into me.

Although we didn't discuss it, it was like we both came to the same conclusion at the same time. John let the swing die down until he was able to stop it and then I lifted myself up and felt his cock slip out of me. Mmmmmmm, I knew it would be back where it belonged before much longer. John got up off the swing and shuffled out of the way, his jeans dragging on the ground around his ankles. I grabbed the chains one more time and then moved my feet back until I was bent over, supporting myself by the chains with my feet now spread wide apart. Without a word John moved in behind me and drilled his dick into me from behind.

“That’s it John... fuck me, fuck my pussy,” I begged him as I looked over my shoulder to see how things were going back at the car.

I was a little disappointed that nobody was masturbating but then I also thought that made it sort of hot that they were so mesmerized by what they were watching that they didn't even take time to cum themselves.

Then he reached around me and with one hand he cupped my boob and then with the other he reached into my crotch and rubbed my wet pussy until he found my clit. There was no doubt when he had the right spot as I practically jumped off the ground when he hit it.

“You like that there, eh?” he teased me as he pumped my pussy with his dick, slow and steady like he was drilling for oil and then picking up speed after he started playing with my clit.

“Just don’t stop,” I begged as my head raised back and I closed my eyes. All I wanted to think about was his hand on me, his dick in me. Someone could have driven up behind us right then and I doubt I would have even noticed, or if I had there was nothing I would have done until John made me cum.

“Cream pie, cream pie,” the girls started chanting, cheering John on. He at least was gentleman enough to ask first.

“I want to cum in you,” he panted as his rhythm quickened and the depth of his thrusts increased.

“Don’t you DARE pull out,” I responded firmly, not letting him have any doubt whatsoever as to my intentions for his cum.

“Oh fuck yeah!” he growled as he put one hand on each of my hips and pulled me into him. “Here it comes!”

With that he practically knocked me into the swing as he slammed his crotch against my bare butt and I felt the first ejaculation inside of me. Mmmmmmm, no THIS was worth all the effort.

After he had finished he quickly pulled out of me and started to pull up his jeans. It didn’t seem to matter that I was stark naked, just so long as he was covered up. Typical guy!

I went over to Kristi to retrieve my clothes but Beth wasn't having any of that.

“Smile!” she said, clicking away with her phone. Oh god, she had been taking pictures. Who knows, maybe video too.

“Let’s see that cum,” Beth insisted so I put my right foot up on the car bumper and spread open my recently fucked pussy. Squeezing down, I felt John’s cum drain from me as Beth snapped away.

“OK, hurry up and get dressed, we’re behind schedule,” Beth said, tucking her phone into her purse for safekeeping.

I turned to Kristi for my clothes but she was back by the trunk pulling something out of an overnight bag. I saw that she had folded my other clothes up and was getting out my favorite denim skirt and tank top.

“What’s with the new clothes?” I asked, impatiently waiting to get dressed. It was one thing to be naked while having sex, quite another to push it by just hanging around afterwards longer than necessary.

“You’ll see,” she giggled, handing me my new clothes.

It appeared the oath of secrecy was will in place so I didn't even try to argue. I knew I would find out soon enough. Beth was talking to John as I got dressed and once I was ready I went to turn to him to thank him but he was nowhere to be seen.

“Don’t worry, we’ll catch him later,” she said flippantly. Hmmm, now what did THAT mean? Was he going to be part of another trip down memory lane? Would it be one of the things we had done this time or would he be filling in for someone else again instead?

It didn't take long to get dressed, particularly since Kristi hadn’t bothered packing any underwear for me but then what else was new. The skirt was more than enough to cover my ass but not all that long such that when I sat down I had to be careful crossing my legs to ensure my lack of underwear wasn't noticeable.

“So now what?” I asked as we pulled away from the playground. I looked back one last time at the swing. Wow, who would have ever guessed twelve years ago as Steve and I left on our bikes that twelve years later I would be returning to re-enact what we had done?

## 3. Grocery Store Fun

“So Kelly, what do you think? Was that a cool way to get things started or what?” Beth asked as we drove to our next mystery location. At least it was a mystery to me.

I had to agree that it was great fun and something I never had expected. I mean, I was anticipating the typical hotel room suite with some fake delivery boy or whatever calling at the door who then transformed into a sexy stripper - the typical thing. I sat there feeling the afterglow of John’s dick in me, his cum still draining out as I wiped it up with a handkerchief that Nancy had so thoughtfully provided me. What other event in my past was she going to replicate now?

It was a few miles when she turned off into a Giant Eagle parking lot and before anyone said anything, I gasped and twisted around to face Kristi.

“Noooooo... you’ve GOT to be joking,” I gasped as the full impact started to overwhelm me.

Everyone started laughing but that was because THEY knew about this ahead of time and so it wasn't such a surprise to them.

“But it’s Saturday afternoon for heaven’s sake,” I protested, “There’s no way this is going to happen. When we did it the place was deserted.”

My words had no impact on Beth who sounded off like the introduction to the next circus act.

“Ladies and Ladies, watch now in the center ring as Kelly, along with her cousin Kristi, take center stage in the world’s most death defying act. We all know who won on April 13th, 2002 when these titans first clashed but who will cum first today in this classic battle of the ages?”

OK, so fucking out in the open behind a vacant school had been a little crazy but THIS was insane. Yes, over nine years ago my cousin and I had gone to this very store for a little contest we liked to play, only that time the stakes were raised to unheard of heights. Since we first started masturbating, there had always been a little friendly (and sometimes not so friendly) competition between us when it came to bringing ourselves to an orgasm. We would lay on the bed together, sometimes facing each other and then other times lying next to one another, playing with ourselves until one of us came. It was an honor system between us – no faking an orgasm allowed. Back then I was sixteen while Kristi was fourteen and just starting to have sex so she was masturbating a LOT to the point where she felt she was ready to end my winning streak.

“You’re really serious about this?” I asked yet again. Everyone in the car just laughed at me.

“Don’t worry, this time you have the three of us to be lookouts and to distract people.

The parking lot was full but not packed, a typical Saturday afternoon crowd I would say. Still, that was a LOT more than the time when Kristi and I had first played around and deep down I wondered if we could really pull this off.

Well, if nothing else I had the distinct advantage as I was horny as hell now after having just been fucked by John without having cum myself. Or at least so I thought. I heard a gasp in the back seat and when I twisted around to see what was going on, there was Kristi with her skirt pulled up and two fingers in her pussy. Damn, that slut was getting herself ready before we even got started!

“OK you two, now let’s have a fair match and no more cheating,” Beth said to the two of us, acting as more the referee than a friend.

We walked in as a group and I couldn't help but notice the eyes on us as we made our way inside – from both men AND women. Then again, while most of the stares from the men were appreciative and lustful, the majority of the women seemed more disgusted and envious. Kristi and I were the only ones with skirts and hers was higher than mine even, revealing much of her upper thighs. The other girls were all in the standard “summer girl” outfit – denim cutoffs, tight t-shirts and thongs. Beth had the biggest boobs by far and I noticed she wasn't wearing a bra today which was a bit out of character for her. Her boobs were at least a DD by now and she looked stunning without a bra but it was blatantly obvious when she left hers off - from all angles.

The produce department was off to the right as we entered and my heart sank when I got my first look. There must have been ten or fifteen people all around, mostly women but some men and kids. There was no way we were going to get away with anything with this many people around!

“Wow, look at all the people. This ain’t gonna work,” I sighed to Beth as we paused at the entrance. Although I had been a bit shocked when I first heard the idea, now that I’d gotten use to the idea I was looking forward to it. It had been ages since I had masturbated in a grocery store in any way but to be this naughty had been a VERY long time ago indeed.

What I was referring to was back when Kristi and I had gone in while the store was all but empty. Rather than simply finger ourselves to see who could get off first, we camped out in the produce department using the various foods as makeshift dildos. Everything from various types of cucumbers to carrots was a candidate. After we tried one out for a while we would put it back and maybe even take another one if we thought it was a good dildo. What made it really hot was watching when someone would come by and check out the produce to see if they would select one of the ones we’d played with.

That was all well and good when nobody was around to watch but not exactly the type of thing you do when people are in every aisle. I still hadn’t figured out how we were going to do anything when Kristi took control and headed for the far-most corner.

“Looks like your cousin isn’t so intimidated,” Carrie noted. “Yeah,” agreed Nancy, “Maybe you’re getting too old for this?”

I glared at them both even though I knew they were just teasing me to try and intimidate me into doing something nuts. Well, they were being quite successful if that was indeed their intentions. Anyone who knows me at all knows that if there was one thing I couldn't stand, it was being told I was getting to old to do anything. I made my way over to where Kristi was examining a long thin cucumber.

“Hmmmmmm, what do you think Kelly, just about the right size I would say, don’t you agree?”

She grinned and then looked around. There was nobody in direct line of sight just then although several people were only a few yards away and could turn at any moment. Kristi didn't seem to be overly concerned as she quickly slipped her hand under her skirt and then brought it out, this time without the cucumber in it.

“Mmmmmmm, a little cold but it will warm up soon I think,” she giggled as she wiggled her butt obscenely. That little vixen!

The other girls were spreading out and I watched as people came and went. There was a brief lull and I saw Beth give me an OK with her fingers so I took a cucumber that I’d been carefully examining, warming it up as much as I cold with my hands, and with one swift motion, reached under my skirt and slipped it inside of me. I stifled a gasp as it was like slipping a cold popsicle up me; nothing like the nice warm dick that I’d enjoyed about twenty minutes earlier.

“Oh my god, it’s so cold!” I whispered to Kristi, trying not to double over as I stood there with both hands on the counter top.

I saw she had one hand under her skirt and form the movement it was obvious what she was doing. With the pile of vegetables in front of her, nobody would be able to see her unless they moved directly across from her in the aisle but Nancy and Carrie were staked out at each end to keep an eye out for potential intruders.

Not wanting her to get too much of a head start, I did the same. It felt really strange to have something so chilly inside of me. It wasn't the first time by any means I’d used something around the house to masturbate with but I normally never took anything straight from the refrigerator. True, the cucumber hadn’t been in a cooler but between the cold sprays and chillers it was certainly cooler than normal room temperature at home. Thankfully it seemed to warm up quickly though.

I got maybe 30-45 seconds in when Carrie motioned to watch out so I pulled my hand up out from under my skirt. Kristi hadn’t seen Carrie but she must have seen me because she did the same, just in time too before a cart appeared with some kid in the seat and her mother pushing from behind. I could feel the cucumber inside of me and it was all I could do not to squirm too much as she looked over the produce and then finally moved on. No sooner than her back was turned than Kristi was at it again so I followed suit, even though I would have preferred to wait until the woman had turned the corner away from us.

While Kristi seemed to be getting off, I had to admit that maybe I WAS getting older. Somehow I didn't remember being so tensed up when we had done it before but then that was a long time ago. Plus, there hadn’t been so damn many people in the store. In fact, the lot had been practically empty at the time. By any account it felt good to masturbate but as for getting myself off, I wasn't holding my breath.

"Kristi!" I hissed as Beth motioned that someone was coming. Once again I relinquished my grip but Kristi didn't seem to hear me.

"Dammit Kristi, someone's coming!" I said tersely under my breath.

"It's just a guy," she muttered, barely looking up to assess the situation.

True, it WAS just a guy. He was maybe in his forties or fifties, overweight and balding wearing shorts and black socks with his leather sandals. What a dork! Still, I wasn't about to let him see me masturbate but Kristi didn't seem to have any qualms about it. Sure enough, he approached us from the side, checking over the tomatoes and melons on the shelves across from where we were standing. He glanced over at us and then turned away. Had he seen anything? I almost had to laugh then as he seemed to try and ignore us but at the same time positioned himself so he could keep an eye on us without being overly obvious about it. Yeah, head had seen but the question was, did he really believe what he saw?

"C'mon, let's give him a show," Kristi giggled as she made her motions more obvious. Then to my mix of horror and lust, she actually pulled it out of her and stuck the end in her mouth sucking off her pussy juices from it before reaching down and reinserting it. I thought the guy across from us was going to have a stroke! I could already see the letter... "Dear Penthouse..."

Just then I saw him look the other direction and hustle off where he met up with a woman who I was guessing to be his wife. I wonder when he got home if he masturbated about the two girls in the grocery store dong what he had always fantasized about seeing?

OK, face it, I was never going to cum this way. There were just too many distractions. I looked at Kristi and she had her eyes closed now, bending down so she was out of sight from anyone unless they actually came around to our side of the stand. It looked more like she was about to pee than masturbate but she as using both hands now, one to work the fresh dildo and the other to rub her clit. God, the girl could do it anywhere!

Beth again signaled and this time it was too much for me so I returned my cucumber to the pile and watched Kristi going at it, essentially surrendering to her. All she had to do was cum now and she would win by default. I saw three women coming our way, appearing to be shopping together which was good because they moved more slowly through the various sections as they talked and compared notes on the various selections and prices.

“Oh yeahhhhhhh!” Kristi moaned and I saw her bouncing on her toes a little as she tightened her shoulders and just held her hands still under her skirt. Either she was cumming or putting on a good imitation.

The ladies were almost upon us and I was afraid that they would see Kristi before she was done but her timing was impeccable as somehow she managed to stand up straight and pull out the cucumber all in one motion. Returning it to the pile, she grinned at me and pretended to be looking at the melons instead. We stood side by side and watched as the trio made their way to the cucumbers. I felt a jab in my ribs as Kristi poked me when one of the women picked up the cucumber she had used and studied it. Then she sniffed it and wrinkled her nose, returning it to the pile. I wondered if she recognized the scent mixed in with the smell of the cucumber. Even if she HAD, would she believe it really was what she thought it was? Whatever the answer, she ended up choosing another one and they moved on by us. Kristi burst out laughing when they were out of hearing range.

“I thought she was going to lick it,” she giggled.

Beth moved over, telling us it was time to go. We all returned to the car where everyone started laughing and telling Kristi how much they couldn't believe what she had done.

“Hey, I took one up me too you know,” I protested, trying to save a little face if I could.

They just teased me all the more, calling me an old married woman, over the hill, and more. It was all in jest but it still stung a little. What hurt the most was they were right! A few years ago it would have been me doing what Kristi had done and now here I was, playing spectator when I use to be the star attraction.

Well, it was still early so I figured Beth would have more up her sleeve to help me redeem myself and I wasn't disappointed.

## 4. The Mall Restroom Revisited

We crossed the main road and found a parking spot at the mall just outside the food court. My mind was racing trying to figure out what she might have planned for me to relive here. The problem was there was a lot to choose from as I had done a lot at this mall over the years. How naughty as she going to make me be for their amusement?

We gathered in a group on the sidewalk just outside the entrance to the food court. Beth waited for a couple of groups to pass us by and then acted as tour guide.

“We are now standing outside the mall where Kelly has flaunted herself shamelessly so many times over the years. Today we are going to visit the place where she first had sex in the mall back on August 12 in the year 2000. Notice that I said ‘first’ as only she knows how many times she has had sex here over the years.”

My mind was racing again. Damn, that was eleven years ago! Was I suppose to remember EVERY time I’d had sex? Then again, she had said it was the first time and I usually remembered most of my “firsts”. I almost laughed out loud when it all came back to me. No wonder John had disappeared back at the school earlier.

“So follow me now as we pass through the food court to the infamous men’s room where John molested our dear Kelly for her first time in a public restroom; or should I say SHE molested HIM?”

Everyone seemed to find that funny although I wasn't so sure why. In a way I felt almost relieved after the tense trip to the grocery store. Over the years I’d had sex in many a restroom stall, in both the men’s and the ladies rooms. It was always easier in the men’s room as if we DID get caught none of the men ever said anything whereas if a guy gets seen in the women’s room everyone screams. I wondered how she had set this up but I figured her usual efficiency would prevail and it would all be ready when we arrived.

Sure enough, as we approached the restroom area I say one of those yellow signs that the maintenance people set up whenever they are working that said the restroom was temporarily closed. I almost felt sorry for this kid who came rushing up to the door and then dropped his shoulders when he saw the sign, looking to be in a state of panic as he left to find another place to go.

“We don’t have time today to wait for it to clear out so I had John take care of things ahead of time,” Beth explained, pointing to the sign. She looked at me expectantly and I stood there, not sure what she was trying to tell me.

“Do I have to spell it out girl?” she said in exasperation, “He’s already in there so get going! I’ll take the sign down as soon as you go in so you better hide quick.

Without worrying about who was watching, I left them four of them and strode purposefully into the men’s room. Sure enough, it was empty except for one guy –

John. He was leaning against one of the sinks, arms folded and one leg over the other as he grinned.

“Glad to see you finally made it,” he greeted me, “Haven’t we already met today?”

I just rolled my eyes and pushed open the door to the handicapped stall. Over the years they had changed the furnishings but the basic layout was still the same. If anything there were even more stainless steel bars to hold onto and the door came even closer to the floor than before, offering more privacy than in the past.

“Not wasting any time this time I see,” he said as he joined me and I closed the door and latched it behind him. “Hmmmmmm, something seems familiar about this stall...”

“Yeah, like you don’t remember,” I said with enough of a grin to take the edge off. “So are you gonna at least be a gentleman this time and make me cum too?”

John licked his lips and rubbed his hands together in anticipation. “yeah, sorry about that back at the school but you know how it is. We guys are all just pigs.”

I still had on my short skirt and since I didn't have any panties underneath, it didn't seem necessary to undress. He’d already seen me nude not all that long before so why not just get down to what we both were there for?

“So how about another one of this incredible Kelly blow jobs?”

It was tempting and normally I was not the type of girl to turn down a dick when it was offered to me on a silver platter but it can also be quite sexy at times NOT to suck one, especially when the guys is so anxious for it.

“How about this time you worry about making ME cum,” I said in a teasing tone but at the same time not making any effort to reach for his dick which was now on display as he had dropped his pants and underwear yet again for me – twice now in the same day.

“Whoa, gotten a little bossy these days, haven’t you,” he joked, or at least I hoped he was.

“Why don’t you just fuck me before this place gets too busy?”

As if on cue, I heard the door burst open and the sound of feet as at least two or three people all entered the room at the same time. From the sounds and voices I guess it to be three people, two younger boys and what must have been their older brother or even dad – it turned out to be their dad. I looked at John and leaned back against the outside wall, holding the rail on each side of me in my hands as I rested one foot on the toilet seat and the other on the floor.

"Fuck me," I mouthed silently to him as the toilets flushed and the sinks ran while more people came in. I guess the word was out that the restroom was open again and it was like everyone had been waiting. Several times the door to our stall was pushed and I was thankful that the latch seemed pretty secure.

For the second time today I felt Steve's erection press itself inside of me. Then for whatever reason I remembered something that Beth had mentioned quickly about him being engaged. Damn, I hadn't asked him anything about that yet. Why was he fucking me when he had a fiancé at home? True, I was out fucking guys and it was less than a week before my wedding but that was with the complete support of my future husband. There were too many people around us now and the room was like an echo chamber so any questioning would have to wait until later.

John's hand were on my boobs over my tank top but not for long. Soon he lifted up my tank top to uncover them and then he had one hand over each one, pressing them together and squeezing them while toying at the nipples between his fingers. It felt good when combined with the pleasure of his hard dick as he slowly and steadily fucked me. It had been a while now since he had first fucked me so I figured he was still plenty young to have recovered fully by now but I figured he would probably not cum as fast as he had back at the swing set.

To my surprise John moved his head down and kissed me. I don't know why, but until then I hadn't really thought about kissing him, just fucking him. I had no romantic feelings for him whatsoever and all this was just for fun and pleasure. It wasn't that I minded him kissing me, I just hadn't expected it.

The voice in the room were distracting. Men are such pigs in the restroom and some of the things they were saying about the girls out in the all were downright chauvinistic and degrading. I wondered of some of them dared to say the things they were saying to their friends in front of their girlfriends?

My thoughts were interrupted when John pulled out of me and grabbed me by the waist, one hand on each side as he spun me around. I got the hint and "assumed the position" as they say. I felt his hands on my butt as he spread my cheeks apart and then once again the feeling of fullness as he reentered my pussy from behind this time. Thankfully he didn't try for my asshole! Like he had at the swing set, he reached around and grabbed one of my boobs while reaching down with the other hand and fingered my pussy.

While John massaged one boob, I lifted one hand and supported myself with just the other as I caressed my free boob. I heard the sounds of men all around us and I wondered what they would have said had they known what was going on just a couple of feet away from them with nothing more than a cheap door separating us? They probably wouldn't have minded watching but I was concerned about any young kids that might be out there so I didn't even suggest the idea to John.

Finally... yes FINALLY I was cumming. After all the teasing and such that my poor body had been subjected to so far I was more than ready. I felt my body tighten up and my back arched as my pussy gripped his cock like a python around its prey. I could feel my cum gushing around his dick, soaking him with my juices as he struggled to continue to stroke himself in and out of me. I wanted so bad to cry out, to tell the whole world how wonderful I felt at that moment but someone I managed to keep it to myself. That didn't diminish the feelings it was giving me though and I wasn't even hearing the loud voices anymore as one after another wave of pleasure rolled through me.

My pussy was still going but I wanted more of John so I straightened up which forced his dick to drop out of me. Spinning around, I bent down until my head was at the same level as his and took it in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, it tasted SOOOOO good with my cum all over it!

John took my head with both hands and ran his fingers through my hair before finally gripping it tightly. Then he held it still as he face-fucked me, driving his dick in deep and then pulling it out over and over and over again. I was fingering my sensitive clit, trying to get back up to the cliff edge once again and drive myself over when he started to spurt cum into my mouth. I kept a tight seal around his shaft with my lips, trying to keep any from escaping. Overall I was pretty successful which was good as I didn't have anything else to wear or even to cover up with should I get cum stains all over me.

Once he had finished cumming, he released my head and pulled his dick out. I looked up and our eyes locked as I opened my mouth to show him all his cum on my tongue and teeth. Then I closed my mouth and while grinning at him swallowed it all down in two gulps. When I had it all down I opened my mouth wide again to give him proof that it was all down in my stomach now.

My knees creaked a little as I stood back up but I made it with a little help from the handicapped bar. Pulling my tank top back down over my boobs, I straightened out the skirt and tugged at it to be sure I wasn't showing any ass when I walked out. Steve had his jeans back in order and then he turned to me and kissed me again. Surprise! Oh well, I guess he was just happy to relive a moment from the past. I mean like how many guys go through life remembering an event and wishing they could do it all over again? Well, John had just had such an opportunity so I suppose it was only natural for him to be a little emotional.

Still, we had a schedule to keep, or so Beth had warned me, so it was time to return. I doubted the room was ever going to completely empty out which left only one solution. Once again I was glad this was the men’s room as my approach would have never worked in the ladies room.

Taking John’s hand I opened the door to the stall and stepped out. There were two guys washing their hands and two others standing at the urinals. The guys at the sinks were the first to notice and they seemed too flabbergasted to say anything. I couldn't resist the temptation.

“What are you staring at? Haven’t you ever fucked your girlfriend in the men’s room before?”

Oh for a camera right then! The look on their faces was priceless indeed. Without another word or look back we left the room where the other three were anxiously waiting for us.

“Well?” Beth asked to the both of us. John just grinned but I hugged her and whispered in her ear that it had been great and I thanked her so much for it.

Apparently that was it for John for the evening as this time he didn't rush off but instead bid each of us adieu. I smiled when he got to Kristi who told him if he ever needed help in the men’s room she was always available. He laughed but I knew she was serious!

## 5. Office Sex

Beth was back in charge now and she was hurrying everyone back out to the car. She was saying something about we had to get going as we had to go downtown which made me wonder what was going on there that would be of interest to her. Downtown Pittsburgh was not someplace I frequently went as I did all my shopping and eating on the outskirts. In fact, there was really only one reason I ever went downtown...

“My dad’s office?” I exclaimed, turning to her as she drove through the tunnel traffic.

Beth didn't answer but the expression on her face confirmed it. Wow, now what did THAT mean. It wasn’t like she didn't know my dad fucked me as after all, he had fucked her twice over the years with one of those time being together with me. Kristi was certainly no issue as he had probably fucked her almost as many times as he had done me. No, it was Carrie and Nancy that I was concerned about. I'd never personally told them about my incestuous relationship with my dad although they obviously knew that Kristi and I played together. Still, having sex with your cousin was a whole different category than having it with your own father. Was this really the right time to let them in on the family secret? I wasn't so sure I would EVER tell them to be honest so what was Beth up to?

As we drove I thought about how I use to go to my dad's office as a teenager and flirt with the guys there. In fact, the first married guy, and to date still on the oldest guys I'd been with, was one of the partners and I had only been fifteen at the time which meant I wasn't even thinking about sex with my dad at that age. I recalled some "interesting" office Christmas parties but I think one of the most erotic memories had to be when my dad used me as a "reward" for some of his better-performing lawyers. Of course they had no idea that my dad even know about what I was doing, let along that he was having sex with me on a regular basis, but that still didn't make it any less exciting and fulfilling.

The more I thought about it, the more I started to wonder if maybe I was misreading Beth's intentions. Maybe instead of taking me to meet my dad at his office she was going to have me fool around with some of the guys there. Now THAT would be a lot easier to explain to Carrie and Nancy. Heck, if anything it was something they would've expected from me. Plus who knows, maybe they would get to participate finally as well. Personally I couldn't imagine being in their shoes so far today and have to just stand by and watch without being included at least a little bit.

Sure enough, we crossed the bridge and headed downtown where Beth pulled into the parking garage next to the office building where my dad worked. So far nobody had said a word on the trip, not even to discuss the events of the day so far. I didn't know if they just weren't talkative - something I would have had a hard time believing, or were they just so focused on what was coming up.

Being a Saturday and late in the afternoon, almost supper time by now, the garage was mostly empty. Actually it was nice to be able to just drive in and find a decent parking place for once where you didn't have to walk a mile or climb ten flights of stairs - or so it seemed, especially when I was wearing heels like the ones I had on today.

“We’re here,” Beth announced although I think THAT was pretty obvious. What I was waiting for was for her to reveal the next stage of the day’s adventure. It wasn’t until we got on the elevator and started upward that Beth finally broke radio silence.

“OK Ladies, we are now at the office building where Kelly’s dad works. As you all know, he’s a high-powered attorney and a senior partner in the firm but that’s not all. He’s also a loving father, a husband - well for 25 years at least, and I can tell you from personal experience... one heck of a lover.”

“Beth!” I gasped, not believing that she was saying what she was saying. Beth just put up her hand as to tell me to stay quiet and she resumed her tour guide moment.

“Today we go back in time to June 21st in the year 2001. Does that day ring a bell Kelly?”

Like it was over ten years ago and it wasn’t as if I didn't have anything to confuse it with. Back then I was doing all sorts of things at my dad’s office so I just shook my head and waited for Beth to continue. She was grinning from ear to ear, obviously pleased with herself for leaving me hanging and wondering what it was she had planned.

“Oh come on Kelly, how could you forget your first time with your dad in his office? And right in the middle of the work day at that!”

“Beth!!” I said more loudly this time, grabbing her by the arm to get her attention this time. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

The rest of the girls all started to laugh at that point, especially Kristi but even Carrie and Nancy. I saw we were almost to the proper floor so I stood back and waited until the door opened and we gathered in the foyer outside the offices. Normally a secretary would be standing guard there but at this time the desk was empty, leaving the whole area to ourselves.

“Oh Kelly, you can be so naïve at times,” Carrie giggled.

“Yeah, like are you sure you’re old enough to get married?” Nancy chimed in. She paused and saw the confusion on my face and then continued, “Oh for crying out loud girl, we’ve known for years.”

I looked at her with a bland expression, as if I had no idea what she was talking about - which was mostly true.

I looked at Kristi, the obvious choice when it came to who would leak such private information. She caught my glance and shrugged her shoulders, indicating it wasn’t her fault. Well, that just left one person and she was biting her lower lip and staying quiet.

“Well?” I said rather accusingly to Beth, “Are you going to tell me what the story is or not?”

Beth took a deep breath although I knew she must have had a prepared speech to go with all this confusion. It goes back to when your dad first did me. You can’t blame me for telling these guys. Then when he did me again, and this time he did you with me, I just HAD to tell somebody. But I swore them all to secrecy, didn’t I girls?”

Carrie and Nancy both nodded vigorously. “So you’ve both known all this time but never said a word to ANYONE?” I asked.

“Don’t worry Kelly, I think it’s cool what you do with your dad,” Carrie blurted out. Nancy nodded her head in agreement but didn't actually say anything.

“So what now?” I said, turning back to Beth.

“Well, someone special to you is waiting inside that office,” she responded, pointing to my dad’s office. “I don’t think I need to say who, do I?”

“And we want to watch,” Nancy blurted out. THAT really opened my eyes wide.

Kristi had been strangely quiet the whole time which was uncharacteristic of her who usually felt the need to dominate any situation. But now she stepped forward to add her two cents worth.

“Of course, SOME of us want to do more than just watch, isn’t that right Carrie?” she said teasingly. Carrie blushed a deep red but she didn’t contradict Kristi’s statement.

“Really Carrie?” I asked incredulously, “You want to have sex with my father?”

Carrie seemed embarrassed but I think it was more having her secret fantasy exposed than anything else. Well, she didn't have much to worry about compared to the so-called secrets that I thought were sacred until just a few minutes earlier.

“Well... I’ve never done it with an old guy before,” she said in a half-whisper. I wanted to say something about my dad not being all that old but it wasn't the time or place for arguing semantics.

Nancy was more blunt when she finally kicked in. “I don’t know about Carrie but I just want to see him do you. I’ve never seen a guy doing his own daughter before.”

“And you?” I said to Beth who hadn’t added in her reasoning yet.

“Well, they say three’s a charm, ain’t it” she said trying to suppress a huge grin.

“And my dad knows about all this?”

Beth rolled her eyes a bit melodramatically. “Like whose ides do you think it was in the first place? When I went to him to get some ideas for today all he asked about was could he be included.”

Well, that certainly sounded like my dear old dad.

“And he knows about Carrie and Nancy being with us?”

Beth REALLY grinned at that one. “Oh yeah, he knows all right. He said something about it finally being time so maybe you can explain that one to us.

Yeah, like I needed to explain that one to ANYONE!

“Then let’s get going, we’ve still got a lot to do tonight!” Beth encouraged us.

My head was spinning as we all marched through the inner set of doors into the office area. My dad’s was the last one down on the right and as we walked down I noticed nobody was in any of the other offices which seemed a little odd until I remembered what day and time it was. Still, it wouldn't have surprised me to see them filled knowing the hours my dad and his colleagues sometimes worked.

The door to my dad’s office was open and Beth was the first to go in, followed by Kristi, then me, then Carrie, with Nancy bringing up the rear.

“Sorry we are so late Mr. Wells, SOMEBODY just couldn't seem to get enough at our last stop,” Beth explained with a smirk.

My dad was sitting behind the desk with his legs up on the table. At first I almost didn't recognize him as he didn't have his suit on or at least a dress shirt and tie. Instead he was wearing a yellow polo shirt with a pair of dark khaki slacks with his beat-up deck shoes and no socks. Definitely dress-down for him!

“Wow, now THIS is what I call a nice surprise,” he greeted the rest of us.

My dad knew them all of course, and that meant in the biblical sense when it came to Kristi and Beth. Still, I had been hanging around with Nancy and Carrie since grade school so he’d met them many times during sleepovers, hot tub parties and such. Until very recently, while I knew he had always been turned on by them and even masturbated about them, that was true for most of my friends so I never thought he would ever actually DO anything with them. Of course for most of that time he was married to my mom who was strongly against adultery so that put them off limits. Even Beth was just a onetime thing (well, twice but that’s a long story) and it was only because she was my best friend and virtually a member of the family.

“So how’s the party been going?” he asked. Everyone started to talk at once and he held up his hand to quiet us down. When we finally settled down he pointed at me and said, “Why don’t we let the guest of honor fill me in?”

Everyone looked at me expectedly and so I quickly gave him the nickel tour of my day so far. He started to lean forward and as if he wanted to ask a question now and then but he caught himself and let me finish uninterrupted.

“I have to say, sounds like you’ve already had a full day already,” he teased me, emphasizing the “full” part. Everyone giggled like we were back in junior high or something.

“So what’s the story with you girls today? Is everyone good and horny after watching my daughter get laid?”

“Well we only saw her at the school,” Nancy whined.

“I beat her at the grocery store... something she forgot to mention,” Kristi bragged a little.

“Yeah, she wouldn’t even let us come in the men’s room at the mall,” Carrie added to the chorus.

“You should have seen her face when I told her the others knew about you and her,” Beth giggled, “I can’t believe I didn’t have my cell phone out.”

“Well, I have to admit I was a little surprised when you told me as well last week,” my dad replied. THAT surprised me yet again. So he hadn’t know they knew. Hmmm, VERY interesting. What had Beth told him?

“You understand that this is NOT something I’m entirely comfortable with,” he continued, “And I hope you can understand why I would appreciate it if nothing went any further.”

Nancy and Carrie both nodded vigorously and assured him that they would NEVER tell anyone. Carrie made a good point as well. She claimed they all knew about it for a couple of years now and hadn’t told anyone yet so he didn't need to worry about them. Then she added something that made both me and my dad perk our ears a little.

“Of course it’s been easier for Beth to not say anything. After all, you had sex with her and she has seen you and Kelly together. For THAT matter, we’ve only heard that you guys do it.”

There was a bit of an accusation in her tone, like she had only “heard” about it and thus implying that maybe we were making it all up, perhaps as some form of sick joke.

My dad was flirting with Nancy and Carrie so I pulled Beth over to the side for a quick chat.

“What the heck is going on?” I asked her. She just shrugged her shoulders like she had no idea but I wasn't buying that for a second. “I mean, what’s the story with Carrie and Nancy? They just wanna watch or what?”

Beth replied in a hushed voice, “Well, seeing how it’s YOUR party, what do YOU want?”

She didn't allow me to answer but instead rejoined the conversation where my dad was now showing off the view from his office. He had quite the view of downtown Pittsburgh and I could see Heinz Field in the distance, home of his favorite football team the Steelers.

“So John, did you really fuck Kelly right here?” Nancy asked in her best “little miss innocent” voice. God, she was pouring it on pretty thick!

“Well don’t you think it’s a beautiful place for that sort of thing?” he answered noncommittally.

“Weren’t you afraid people might see?” it was Carrie’s turn to egg him on.

“You mean across the way over there?” he said, pointing to the closest other office building, “Well they’d have to have binoculars and some incredible timing so I didn't think the risk was all that much.”

“I suppose everyone’s gone now anyway,” Carrie mused but it was obvious what she was implying but Beth wasn’t letting her off that easy – or me for that matter.

“You know John, I think what Carrie is trying to say is she’d like to see you do Kelly right here again,” Beth teased, reaching over and rubbing my boobs through my top.

Well, two can play this game and it was time for my partners in crime to step it up a little bit. My view of a bachelorette party isn’t just the future bride putting on a show, it’s everyone getting involved for some playing around.

“I’ve got a better idea,” I cut in, “I want him to do Carrie instead.”

For a moment there was total silence for like the first time that afternoon. Beth was grinning while my dad was eyeing Carrie a little more closely. Meanwhile Carrie’s blue eyes were like saucers and Nancy just stayed in the background like she wasn't sure what to say.

“Me?” Carrie finally squeaked.

Hmmmmmm, so it was a good idea when it was ME getting it but now that the attention was on her it seemed things were a little different. It wasn't like Carrie was a prude. After all, you just can’t be a best friend of Kristi’s and NOT be a bit of a slut. Still, most of my experiences with her had been with just girls. There had been a few parties where I’d seen her giving a blowjob but now that I thought about it, anytime she had sex it was always in a bedroom or someplace private.

Kristi added her two cents worth saying, “You know Carrie, you and Nancy are the only ones here he hasn’t done so it just makes sense if you ask me.”

Meanwhile my dad was just standing back, listening in on this debate over which girl he was going to fuck. He didn't say anything but then why should he? I would say that he was a winner no matter what the outcome.

“I’ve done an old guy before,” Carrie started to protest. My dad’s mouth opened and he raised his hand to say something but I jumped to his defense before he could get it out.

“Hey, you’re talking my dad you know!”

“You know what I mean,” she defended herself.

“So who was your oldest then?” Kristi asked inquisitively. She looked at me with a naughty grin after she asked and I had this instant feeling that something was up that I didn't know about.

“Steve,” Carried said, her eyes staying away from mine.

“What? When did he fuck you?” I asked incredulously. It wasn't that I cared that he had, I just didn't know about it which is what was perturbing me.

Kristi came to her defense, “You can blame me... I invited her over one time when Steve was coming by and well... one thing led to another. You know how it is. Besides, it was almost a year ago.”

“I see... so who else here has fucked my fiancé?”

Beth slowly raised her hand. Kristi I already knew about which left Nancy. We all looked at her but her hands stayed down. Beth started to say something to her but she realized the game was up and finally admitted to giving him a BJ at a party once. Hmmm, he hadn’t told me about that one either! Then again, I can't say I ran to him with every guy I’d had sex with since we reunited last summer so there wasn't much I could say.

“So back to what we were talking about... are you gonna let my dad fuck you or what?” I asked Carrie.

Carrie looked at my dad and then at me, and then back at my dad again who was trying hard not to show how excited he was at the prospect.

“OK... but I’m not stripping unless the rest of you do too,” she bargained.

That wasn't driving much of a bargain and in less than a minute we were all standing in a circle nude, even my dad. All of us were staring at my dad’s erection as it was obvious he was looking forward to what was about to happen – no matter what it was.

“Do her by the window,” Kristi suggested.

My dad and Carrie moved over next to the window while the rest of us formed a semi-circle around them. Carrie seemed about as nervous as I’d ever seen her. Whether it was the prospect of my father fucking her, of having her best friend watch her father fuck her, or doing in front of all of us, she seemed more like a girl on her first date than the slut I’d known over the years.

My dad, ever the gentleman, leaned over sand kissed her. At first she seemed to hesitate. Funny how some people can have sex with someone without a blink of an eye but to kiss that same person becomes “too intimate”. Then he started to run his hands all over her, stroking her hair, her ears, then her neck and slowly making his way to her breasts. From there his fingertips ran down her sides and then moved behind her until he cupped her bare butt in his hands, pulling her in tighter against her such that his erection was poking her in the stomach.

For the rest of us, or at least for me, we were torn between the desire to watch this erotic scene play out or have some fun ourselves. All of us had been with the other at one time or another although I’d only barely done anything with Nancy. Our times were limited more to parties where we would do things with more the intent to tease the guys than to really get off from each other.

My dad’s hand returned to Carrie’s shoulders and I say his biceps bulge slightly as he pressed down on her. The message was obvious and she knew what he wanted. Kneeling down, she took hold of his cock and started to stroke it slowly. A brief glance at her “audience” and she took him in her mouth and started to suck on him.

I have to say, the sight of her blowing my dad was more erotic than you might think. Really, over the years I’d not seen all that many girls do him outside of my family. There was Beth of course and then my mom’s best friend Tammy. But expecting the young girls at the kids parties I hadn’t ever seen him being blown by anyone else other than my aunt and cousins.

Evidently Kristi and Beth were getting turned on as they started to kiss and fondle and before long the two of them were on the carpet in a 69. They weren't wasting any time, that’s for sure! I looked at Nancy and she sort of smiled awkwardly, her eyes glancing down at where my cousin and best friend were licking one another’s pussy while my dad was getting blown by Carrie.

“Well... what do you say?” I finally asked, trying to break the ice. Nancy didn’t say anything but at the same time she didn't pull away either as my hand reached down to the curve of her hip and rested on her warm naked skin. As I slowly got down on my knees, I kissed her hardening nipples and then her smooth belly before rubbing my nose in the small “V” of pubic hair she kept right above her pussy. My hand moved to her ass and I felt the smoothness of her firm butt in my hands as my tongue worked its way to the top of her pussy slit and then slowly down until she jerked slightly when it found her clit.

Mmmmmmm, I loved the smell and taste of Nancy’s warm pussy. She was already a bit wet from everything that had been transpiring so it didn't take much to get her fully excited. I have to say I think I will always prefer my own pussy when it comes to flavor but Nancy’s was pretty damn good right about now.

“Oh god,” I heard Carrie sigh and I looked over, as did the others, to see Carrie with her hands on the glass window with her legs spread apart, welcoming my dad’s hard dick inside of her. Other than making work for the poor guy who clean the windows, there was no danger as my dad told me it would take a truck to break the window itself.

My dad had his hands on Carrie’s wide hips as he thrust himself deep inside of her. My pussy itched as I recalled how I had been in that very same place oh so many times over the past years. It was definitely my dad’s favorite place to have sex in the office which is undoubtedly why Kristi suggested it.

Knowing my dad, it wasn't going to take long for him to get off and I assumed that Beth had more up her sleeve for the evening so we probably didn't have time to get him ready again which meant we had to get the most out of his first time as possible. Kristi, who probably came as close to having been fucked by my dad as anyone (even my mom if you consider just since she turned sixteen), seemed to have the same concern.

“C’mon girls, get up,” Kristi encouraged us all as she lifted her head from between Beth’s thighs and stood up. She wiped off the wetness from her face with the back of her hand, licking it clean afterwards. The rest of us gathered by her as my dad continued his assault on Carrie's pussy.

Now what was she up to? Was this something she and Beth had worked out ahead of time or was she just playing it by ear now? Did it matter?

"Alright, let's line up," she directed us, "Nancy – you get next to Carrie, then you Beth."

Dutifully they took their places with Kristi next to Beth which left me at the end. We all followed her lead, standing back a couple of feet from the window and then leaning forward and catching ourselves with our hands flat on the glass. Our legs were spread apart and I could only image the image we presented to my dad as he continued to fuck Carrie at the other end of the line from me. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what we were expecting from him.

"So you ALL want some of this, eh?" he chuckled, pulling out of Carrie and holding his wet dick in his hand as me moved over to Nancy.

I really wasn't sure how Nancy felt about all this but peer pressure can be a powerful thing which is why I think Kristi has her first in line before she had more time to think about what she as doing. Of all of us, Nancy probably had the smallest list of sexual partners and I knew she had been hanging out pretty much with just one guy now for the past several years.

"Oh yeah, now THAT'S a tight pussy," my dad grunted as he worked to get his dick into Nancy. Whether he as saying it just to boost her ego or what I couldn't tell but I think it helped Nancy appreciate him more.

One by one he fucked us as each pussy became a bit more familiar to him. Going from Nancy he went to Beth, fucking her for just the third time and then on to Kristi who was more like his second daughter than a niece. When he had fucked her enough to satisfy himself, it was then my turn. Until now we'd all stayed in our little line but when he got in behind me the rest of them straightened up and moved in around us to watch the finale.

"This is what you wanted to see, isn't it girls?" Beth said smugly to Carrie and Nancy.

I felt so proud at that moment. It wasn't that often that I got to let someone watch my dad fuck me. Other than Beth and Tammy, until the recent parties nobody else had that also knew he was my father. There was that time when I pretended to be a hooker for a couple of his clients and he fucked me with them but they thought I was just a whore he'd hired without a clue that I was his daughter.

As my dad entered me the same as he had the other four, I heard a gasp from either Carrie or Nancy. “I can't believe it,” Nancy said in a hoarse whisper. Like did she think we had all been just teasing her before?

“Oh daddy... fuck me good,” I sighed.

It was as much for my friend’s benefit as his in this case. It was sort of funny in that all of them had seen me having sex umpteen times over the years and even today they’d watched me with John but now that it was my dad fucking me it was like it was something totally new and different. He WAS just a man after all, so what was the big deal? OK, so I’m not THAT naïve but still, it was interesting to see their responses to the sight of my dad fucking me in full view of the downtown area.

With four previous pussies to stimulate him, it didn't take much before my dad groaned and pulled me in tight to him. I felt him jerk against me several times as he pumped his cum into my welcoming pussy.

“Oh daddy, that feels SOOOOO good in me,” I sighed. Again, it was as much for my girlfriends as it as from him.

After he came he pulled out and stood back as I used my hands to pull my butt cheeks apart so they could all see his cum ooze out of me. Leave it to Kristi to never miss an opportunity as she quickly moved in behind me and lowered her face down to catch the cum on her tongue.

Once Kristi has most of it, she moved back and then it was Beth’s turn to lick me clean. I turned my head back to see Kristi go to Carrie and offer to kiss her and share my dad’s cum with her. She moved back, seemingly unsure of whether or not she really wanted to do it but when Kristi offered it to Nancy there was no hesitation. Hmmm, I would have predicted the opposite reaction but that just goes to show you can never be sure about anything when it comes to sexual preferences.

My dad was watching all this intently. Well, it was probably most every guy’s fantasy so who could blame him? His cock hung there limply so when Beth had finished with me I went over to him and did a little cleanup work myself on him. I could still taste myself on his dick and I smiled as I remembered how I had tasted that very same thing after the first time he had fucked me.

“Well girls, we have more to do,” Beth announced, trying to bring an end to the current festivities. “So what do you guys think now?” she asked Nancy and Carrie.

Both of them just seemed speechless as they gathered their clothes and got dressed. I wondered if they had any warning from Beth beforehand that this might occur. Judging from their reactions, I was guessing the answer was no. And then there was my dad. I wondered what she had told him to expect? No doubt he would tell me later. I knew all I had to do was mount him and he would tell me anything I wanted to know!

We all gave my dad a quick kiss and then left his office with him standing there still naked by his desk. It was definitely a Kodak moment!

## 6. New Casino, Old Sex

By now the sun was going down and eyeing was approaching. We made it back to the car without further incident and then we were off again for parts unknown. Really, it had been quite a “party” already so I had to wonder if Bath had anything more planned. Well, it seemed she wasn't finished quite yet as she headed over the bridge towards the stadium.

“So Kelly, do you remember visiting your Mom’s friend Tammy out in Oregon back in 2006?” Beth asked as I watched the river pass by below.

It was five years ago but I had to assume that I would remember it if it was something Beth was planning to relive tonight. That didn't leave much to go on as while I had enjoyed the trip, there hadn’t been a lot going on that would have qualified for tonight’s attention. Well... there WAS one thing.

“Ahhhhhh, so you remember,” Beth teased me as she w the look of recognition on my face. “Well it just so happens Pittsburgh now has its own casino so guess where we’re going... and what YOU will be doing?”

I didn't answer right away, waiting for her to fill in the blanks. Beth’s voice resumed her “tour guide” mode.

“So now look to your left ladies and you’ll see the latest in adult entertainment in Pittsburgh, our new casino!” she said excitedly like she was introducing a new celebrity. As you may already know, our Kelly here has quite a history when it comes to gambling institutions but tonight we go WAY back to August 19, 2006, almost exactly five years ago to the day. That’s right girls, that’s when Kelly got gangbanged at a casino.”

Now I really DID feel like one of those contestants in a game show where they look at the host with a “how the hell did you know about THAT?” look on their face. I certainly didn't remember telling Beth about it and so far as I knew, she never paid much attention to my diary as she said she hated reading about her in it. So who had told her? I turned on the seat and glared at Kristi but she insisted she had nothing to do with it. Well, there were only two other people who knew about it, or at least that could have told Beth, and that was my mother and her friend Tammy. I couldn't see Beth discussing anything like that with Tammy as neither of them really knew all that much about the other so that left just one suspect - my mother. Evidently Beth must have called her when she was setting all this up looking for ideas and so my mom had planted this seed in her pretty head.

Speaking of which, I wondered how my mom was doing? She must have gotten in by now and surely Steve had picked her up and brought her to my house at least a couple of hours ago. Beth had confiscated everyone’s cell phones before we got started so I hadn’t been able to get even a text message from her or a tweet. God, it was like being in Siberia, cut off from the rest of the world!

My thoughts were interrupted by tour guide Beth again as we drove by the stadium. Before long we had circled around to the back of the casino and entered the parking garage. She managed to find a spot about half-way up that wasn't too far from the elevators and in a matter of minutes we were gathered in the small elevator waiting area. It was just the five of us so Beth took the opportunity to finally explain what her plans were.

“OK girls, five years ago our little slut here went to an Indian casino with her mom and friend and... if you can believe this, she got herself banged by four guys in the parking lot.”

I rolled my eyes and pretended to be flabbergasted as they all oohed and ahhed, pretending to be mortified that anyone could do such a perverted thing and how they never would have guess that I, of all people, would allow myself to be defiled in such a crude manner. Yeah right, like none of them would have jumped at the opportunity had they been offered. I especially got a kick out of Kristi pretending to be all innocent and sanctimonious. I mean, her of all people should be the last to say anything about me. What I did at the casino was small potatoes to some of her escapades.

They must have had this all worked out ahead of time because it was Nancy that chimed in next, about the last one I would have expected to say such a thing.

“You know girls, she’s getting pretty old now so we shouldn’t push her so hard. After all, that WAS five years ago and now she’s all settled down, getting married and gonna have kids and such.”

“Yeah,” added Carrie, confirming my suspicions regarding a rehearsal, it really isn’t fair to expect her to be able to get four guys again... maybe just one or two?”

They were just teasing me of course, even I could figure that one out. Still, there was just enough truth in what they said to sting a little. It HAD been a long time since I'd been banged like that. It also had been quite a while since I had just gone out and fucked a total stranger on the spur of the moment. Even though I knew they were just joking, maybe they were actually right to some degree. Had I lost my edge? Was I now taking the easy path? Did I still have the nerve to just throw myself at a total stranger and let him have his way with me? To be honest, I really wasn't all that sure of the answer.

"I'll help her," Kristi offered.

I looked at her a bit puzzled as I still wasn't even quite sure what I needed help with. "It's only fair as we don't have all night and the rest of you don't want to get bored."

I could think of a few points to argue but I kept my mouth shut. For one, why didn't we have all night? It wasn't like I had anyone to be in the morning except church and I think my dad would have understood my missing one Sunday morning with him under the circumstances. As for the rest being bored, maybe she had a point there as this was suppose to be a party for all of us, not a few hours that it might take to get the right arrangements set up.

On the positive side, with Kristi as an ally I knew it would exponentially improve the odds of success in a much reduced timeframe. After all, she had made a small fortune as a high-priced prostitute by her uncanny ability being able to attract men. I WAS a little curious about the plans of the others until Beth stepped in to finalize the arrangements.

"OK then, here's the plan... Kristi and Kelly go in and find their guys. They bring them back here and we all watch them from other there (she pointed to a spot across from where she was parked). Deal?"

"Piece of cake," Kristi said smugly, hitching up her skirt a little, as if it already wasn't short enough.

The elevator arrived and we all boarded and dropped down to the casino floor. The door opened and we were hit with the myriad of sounds and smells and lights of the casino. I loved it! Kristi grabbed me by the arm and headed off for the crap tables while the other drifted away to keep an eye on us from afar.

"Just follow my lead cuz," she said as we moved quickly to where a group of guys were all gathered at the end of the table.

I was about to say that I knew what I was doing but she seemed so intent on running the show I let her do her thing. After all, she WAS a professional...

“See those guys?” she said in my ear.

I looked to where she was looking and it appeared to be maybe six or eight guys all drinking and making a racket as they played. I wasn’t sure if any real gambling was getting done but they seemed to be having a good time anyway.

“OK... one - they all have drinks, two - they obviously aren’t their FIRST drink by any means, three - I’ll bet none are over thirty, four - no signs of wedding rings, five - they all have the same logo on their shirts so they work together and odds are they’re her on an expense account,” she rattled off.

I guess we looked at things differently. Had it been me, the drinks would have been a warning. Drunks were never all that much fun and even though they were easier to get, they couldn't always perform and if they did nothing tasted worse than cum from a drunk. Second, Kristi was always looking for the younger guys. I would have been happier had they been in their thirties or forties. Along with that was the wedding ring thing. Again, had it been me they ALL would have been married. Then again, under the circumstances her selection was probably best as while it would have been more erotic and exciting to seduce husbands and fathers, they usually took a lot more time and work than horny young single guys. As for the “work together” observation, that really didn't ring with me other than I guess she figured that by being a group already they would be more likely to be ready to have sex as a group.

“Now we need to cut them off from the herd,” she mused as we paused about twenty feet away.

I took that to mean she had her eye on a select few of the group and that she intended to somehow isolate them from the others to make it easier to get them to leave with us.

Just then I felt a hand on the back of my leg that was quickly moving up under my skirt. I looked back and there was some creep sitting at a blackjack table trying to feel me up in the middle of the casino!

“Perv!” I said, swatting his hand away.

He just laughed and said something to the guy next to him about girls dressing like sluts and how they really wanted it. A different time or place and I might have challenged him on that but for now I ignored him and turned my attention back to Kristi.

“Why didn't you let him cop a feel?” Kristi teased me. I ignored her as well and we moved in closer to the table ahead of us.

Kristi whispered in my ear, or as best you can whisper in a noisy casino. “OK, you go for the two at the end – the one with the beer and the guy with the sneakers... I’ll get the two next to them. Just get their attention, I’ll take care of the rest.”

We moved in and split apart as we got up behind them. I sort of worked my way in between the two I was assigned, pretending to try to get a better view of the table while Kristi did the same with her guys.

“Oh I’m so sorry,” I apologized as I stepped on the toes of the one in sneakers.

As I said that I pretended to stumble as I avoided his feet which caused me to fall against the other guy who instinctively grabbed me by the waist to keep me from falling.

“Oh you’re so sweet,” I said, keeping myself leaning up against him as he seemed uncertain whether to let go of me or what. I was doing my best “dumb blonde” routine, flipping my hair, leaning forward to expose my boobs, the whole nine yards.

“I have NO idea how to play this game,” I said in my best girly voice.

Actually, I really didn't so it wasn't a stretch to say so. Gambling for me was more a spectator sport than a participant. When I thought about it, I spent more time having sex at casinos over the years than gambling.

Sneakers guy was the “expert” so he started to explain to me what was going on while I kept pushing back against his friend, rubbing my butt into him “accidentally” of course. In the meantime, I saw Kristi was making her own headway with her guys. One of them was already trying to feel her up with his hand on her upper thigh. The longer she went on saying nothing, the more aggressive he got.

“You guys live in the ‘burgh?” I asked.

They both shook their head and said they were from out of town and were here for some sales conference. I noted neither of them seemed to want to tell me exactly where they were from but that was OK with me. I managed to learn that all but the guy next to the one with the dice were from various states which to me was encouraging as that meant nobody would be going home tonight or having a girlfriend or wife nearby.

I kept one eye on Kristi, admiring the way she could just get comfortable with any man in a matter of minutes. She was laughing and giggling and being a general airhead which to be perfectly honest, wasn't all that much of an act for her. Nobody had ever accused my cousin of missing a career as a rocket scientist. But then, with a body like hers and a sex drive to match, who need brains?

It was less than fifteen minutes before she had them wrapped around her finger and from the looks of things, her fingers were wrapped around more of them than was typical polite in public although she was discrete enough to keep it from being overly blatant. Still, if you knew what to look for, and I did, it wasn't hard to miss what she was doing. From the looks of things, it was having the desired effect.

“Hey Kelly, my friends want to show me the view outside,” I heard from behind me and I realized she had moved in close. She looked at the two I had been chatting with and giggled. “Do you and your new friends want to come with us?”

I don’t know what she had told the guys she was with but until now, I’d been flirting but not much more than that, at least nothing overly aggressive. Thus the two of them seemed a little shy about things so Kristi took charge, as she had promised she would.

“Look guys, it’s up to you. Me and her either do just the two of them or all four of you so make up your minds now.”

You had to hand it to her, she wasn't bashful. At first the two seemed to think she was just flirting and teasing so I figured I needed to help push things along.

“It’s my bachelorette party tonight and I want to get laid and I don’t have all night so either get your asses in gear or I’ll find someone else.”

Sometimes the truth can be more compelling than anything else. To prove my point I held up my hand and made sure they saw my engagement ring and added, “Yep, I get married in seven days so what do you say?”

I really couldn’t blame them for hesitating. After all, this was the sport of things you saw on silly porn movies or bad comedies where two girls go out and trick guys into thinking they want sex and then something bad happens to them. Still, they needed to make up their minds and for our purposes, it really didn't matter of we had two guys or four other than trying to be true to reliving my past where I did four guys under similar circumstances.

“Fuck, what the hell,” the one said I had been leaning on. He put his arm around me and Kristi led the way back to the elevators. I quickly looked around to see if the other girls were around but I didn't see them anywhere.

Once in the elevator, we were the only ones in the express one that only went to the upper floors so Kristi immediately took advantage of the situation by reaching under her skirt and pulling down her panties, handing them to one of the guys as a sort of “souvenir”. I don’t know who was surprised more, the guy she handed them to because she took them off right in front of him or me because she was wearing them in the first place!

This was all going much too easy. I mean, I have always maintained that ANY girl can get laid within one hour no matter where she is or what time it is so long as she’s not choosey but this was ridiculous. To just walk in a crowded casino, meet up with four horny guys and have them split up from their associates in just under fifteen minutes so they can have sex in a parking garage? OK, so I like to brag a bit sometimes but not even Kristi or I have this sort of luck, at least unless it’s been pre-arranged by an agency or something like that.

Then it hit me... maybe this WAS too easy. Beth had been planning this day for quite a while and I had already witnessed the details she had taken care of so was it too much to think that maybe she had indeed arranged for this? Was Kristi in on it too (notice I has already convinced myself of the “true” story)? She just about had to be or else how would she have known who to go to. Actually, it was the way she made a beeline straight for those guys without any hesitation that had set my Spidey-sense tingling from the start.

Still, did it really matter, at least right now? Whether it was spur of the moment or pre-arranged, we had four decent-looking guys practically drooling over us so why not take advantage of other situation and just go with it instead of trying to analyze everything?

The trip up was quick and the doors opened automatically. A group was waiting outside and practically pushed their way inside instead of waiting for us to get out first. Rude people! We made it out in one piece and were once again alone in the elevator waiting area.

“So now what?” one of the guys asked, glancing about a bit nervously.

It was one thing to flirt and tease in the casino but now that the reality of what they were doing was starting to sink in I could see at least a couple of them might e having second thoughts.

“Follow me,” Kristi said, taking control as usual. And people say I am the control freak!

The two of use held hands and made our way to where Beth had parked. I quickly glanced about to see if I could see anyone watching us but the place seemed deserted. This floor had pretty much filled up so new cars coming in were driving right up to the next floor. We got to the car and I immediately appreciated Beth's choice of a parking spot. First, a large concrete column hid a good part of the spot from the general view. She also had the good fortune to be between a large van and an SUV. While they sort of restricted the area a bit, the also acted as virtual curtains so far as hiding anything that went on between them. Finally, she had parked about two or three feet away from the wall so while that left the back end out a little bit, it really didn't matter as the two vehicles to each side provided coverage and it DID allow for lots of room up front.

We gathered at the back end, Kristi and me leaning back against the trunk and the four of them in a semicircle in front of us. The guy holding Kristi's panties was playing with them rather absentmindedly so I took it as an opening to get things started.

"So I suppose since my slutty friend here gave you her panties that you expect me to hand over mine?"

All four of them just smiled; the answer was pretty obvious.

I lifted up my skirt quickly, just enough for them to see what was underneath – and not, and then just as quickly dropped it back down again.

"Well sorry, but as you could see, I don't have any to give you," I continued in a pouting tone, as if I was disappointed.

Well, they certainly weren't, that was for sure. One of them jabbed his elbow into the other, muttering something in his ear that I couldn't hear but whatever it was, they both grinned and stared at my boobs.

"C'mon Kelly, let's get this started," Kristi said, grabbing me by the arm and tugging me around to the front of the car where she leaned over and kissed me.

"Oh, forgot to mention something I guess," Kristi teased them, "We're kissing cousins."

They all grinned again although I would have taken bets that they didn't take her literally. What is it that turns guys on so much when two girls kiss? I've never quite understand it but I HAVE used it to my advantage more than a few times.

"So who wants their dick sucked first?" Kristi offered. I half-expected all four of them to rush in but instead they looked at each other, as if waiting to see who would make the first move. I cold tell that Kristi was rapidly running out of patience.

"Do I have to do EVERYTHING?" she complained as she went up to the closest one and started undoing his pants. It's not like he resisted so I turned to the two on my side of the car and did the same with the one first in line.

“Bet I can make mine before you get yours,” Kristi taunted me as she reached inside his underwear and grabbed hold of his cock.

“You’re on cuz,” I agreed, throwing in that last bit to see if I could get any more reaction but it didn't seem to register.

I wasn't sure about hers but the dick I inherited was only semi-hard, actually more on the flaccid side if anything. Whether it was the drinks, nervousness, or maybe the early onset of ED I didn't know but whatever it was I had to deal with it quickly if I was going to beat out my cousin. She’d already beaten me earlier at the grocery store so this was more a point of pride than anything so far as I was concerned.

It didn't take all that long to determine that he was fully functional as I felt the cock growing in my mouth with my hand wrapped around the base. There was no way I was going to put my bare knees on the concrete floor so I just squatted in front of him as I blew him. Still, I heard a groaning behind me and I knew that my cousin had beaten me yet again, a fact that was confirmed not much later when she announced her victory. I wasn't about to give up though. Just as the Olympic runner continues the race after the medals are won, I was going to finish this guy one way or the other.

It was at no more than another two or three minutes of determined work on his dick before he came but it seemed like eternity knowing Kristi was watching me triumphantly. I took the guy’s load in my mouth and then figured I may as well get something out of the effort so I turned and kissed Kristi with my mouthful of cum, pushing it into her open mouth with my tongue. She in turn pulled back and let them see what she now had in her mouth which earned us their praise.

“I want a rematch,” I demanded. We still had two dick ready to go so why not keep the contest going?

“Alright but this time you have to use your pussy,” Kristi negotiated. Now those were terms I had no argument with, that was for sure.

“On the hood?” I asked her. She nodded and the two of us backed up to the car hood and then together we hopped up and pushed back such that we were seated on the front part of the hood.

“Well what are you guys waiting for?” I asked, trying to take some of the control from Kristi. I couldn't let her run everything, could I?

Being on the receiving end of a BJ in a public garage really hadn’t been all that dangerous considering they never even dropped their pants but fucking a girl... now

THAT was upping the ante a bit. Who knew what hidden cameras were watching us even now and there was still always the chance someone might walk by - perhaps even the owners of the vehicles to either side. Still, I would have lost my faith in the male species had they not responded to me and my cousin lifting our skirts and rubbing each other’s pussy right in front of them.

My faith remained intact. Again, I couldn't help but feel the whole thing was a setup to one degree or another but then again, maybe these guys had thought whoever made the arrangements might be just pulling a very bad practical joke on them. In any case, I’ve learned that no matter how “prepared” people are, when it comes to doing something they have never done before there is always that moment of hesitation when they face the inevitable that had come upon them.

This time is was my guy who was the most anxious as he unzipped himself and pulled out his already stiff dick through his pants. Sheesh, he wasn't even going to drop them? I spread my legs apart for him, signaling my acquiescence but before he could push it in me Kristi protested. “Not fair! They need to both start at the same time.”

My guys made some comment to his friend like, “get your ass in gear” or something like that. It was only another thirty seconds or so before he was in position between Kristi’s bare legs with his own stiff dick firmly held in his hand. Both of them seemed comparable so far as size went so it should be a fair match.

“OK, let’s do it,” she said as she lifted her hips up to help her guy put it in her.

I did the same as my eyes switched back and forth between our crotches as I watched the two of them fucking the two of us. Damn, this was the fourth dick in me in just a matter of hours! I certainly wasn't getting jaded though as I loved feeling it in me. There was something about the entire scene that was really getting me off - the public garage, my cousin getting it right next to me, my friends watching (I assumed from somewhere), the fact that I didn't even know this guy’s name but he was fucking me like there was no tomorrow. All of it combined to make this one extremely erotic moment - just as I had always hoped my bachelorette party would provide. Granted, I had never quite envisioned a party like this one but so far it was better than anything I might have imagined earlier.

Getting a guy to cum fast when he’s fucking you is not always straightforward. Because I had never met this guy before, I really didn’t know a single thing about him. Different guys seem to get excited over different things which directly impact how long they can last. It was sort of surreal since typically my goal it so try and prolong this as much as possible whereas no I was trying to end it quickly – faster than my cousin at least. So anyway, some guys really love it when a girl talks dirty while for others it's more a turnoff. Whereas most guys like me to help them by doing things like wrapping my legs around them and helping to hump them, other prefer the more submissive role where they grab my legs and pin them back as they drive themselves in and out of me.

Perhaps the most unpredictable thing was playing with myself. While most guys LOVE seeing a girl masturbate, a surprising number take it as almost an insult to their manhood if a girl gets herself off while he is fucking her, as if I was somehow implying that his dick alone enough to make me cum. The sorry truth is they would be right many times as just his dick alone is not always what I need to orgasm. Some girls – including my cousin, insist they can cum easily with just a dick in them but the vast majority that I have discussed it with confess that they need a little clit action too – preferably with their own fingers. When a guys is humping you he is usually too worked up to give a good clit massage at the same time meaning he either gets forgetful and doesn't do much or he can't control himself and practical smashes my clit flat.

Watching my cousin being fucked, I saw that we both were using much of the same techniques. We each were talking up a storm, telling our guys what HUGE dicks they had and how food they were fucking us, pleading with them to fuck us faster and harder. Both of us were working our clits, sometimes even with both hands. The only difference was my guy was more the dominate type, grabbing me by the ankles and stretching my legs upward and over his shoulders which lifted my bare butt up off the hood as he fucked me. Kristi, on the other hand, had her legs wrapped tightly around her guy and was alternately pulling and relaxing to cause him to go even deeper into her with each inward motion.

In the meantime, the other two guys who we'd just sucked off just watched. I had sort of hoped they would at least stroke themselves a little as they watched but instead they just stood back and took in an eyeful as their partners in crime fucked the two sluts.

It was taking longer than I expected and I was fearful that Kristi was going to triumph yet again when I heard those words I wanted so badly to hear.

"OH fuck, I'm gonna cum!" the guy who was doing me cried out as he threw his head back and closed his eyes. Sure enough, he thrust his hips forward and then instead of backing out again he held himself deep inside of me - a sure a signal as there ever was one and then I felt him thrust as he started to cum in me.

Kristi turned her head and out eyes met. Her lips pursed ruefully as she realized I had won this round but it was pretty close as just then her guy announced he was cumming as well. I had only beaten her by maybe ten or fifteen seconds but hey, a win was a win.

A couple more thrusts and my guy was done. He pulled back to admire his handiwork as I obliged and spread my pussy open with both hands, squeezing sown with my stomach muscles to push his cum out of me. The smile on his face was perfect as I felt his cum dribble out of me and down to the crack of my ass, probably leaving a puddle on Beth's car hood. Not to be outdone, Kristi did the same once her guys was out and just to one-up me, she reached down to catch some of it in her fingers and then licked them clean.

"So you guys ready yet?" she said seductively to the first two. Well, maybe had they been jerking off while watching they would have been but neither of them seemed ready and if anything, appeared a bit embarrassed at the fact. Oh well, it would have been nice to have had seconds but why not skip straight to dessert?

Getting off the car hood, I moved quickly between Kristi's tanned legs and dived into her pussy, licking her clean. I didn't look but I could almost feel four pairs of eyes boring into the back of my head as my tongue worked on her cum-covered pussy and clit. Meanwhile, I was working on my own clit as Kristi finally came for the first time.

"Don't you dare stop!" she whispered hoarsely as her hand grabbed my head and pulled my face tightly into her pussy. She smelled incredible with the flavor to match. Indeed, about the last thing I was going to do at that moment was stop - and that included my own fingers as I drove myself to my own climax. Both of use were moaning and sighing as we came, oblivious to our audience for at least the moment.

"Enjoy the show?" Kristi teased the guys as she slowly calmed back down again. I stood and straightened out my skirt, licking my lips rather obscenely to get every last drop.

We all just stood there for a few seconds, as if nobody wanted to be the next to say something. A rather awkward silence...

"OK guys, show's over so move along," I said. Kristi looked at me inquisitively so I grinned and said, "Don't act so innocent, I know what's going on here."

The four of them tightened up their belts and left, back-slapping one another and carrying on like a bunch of teenagers. Kristi waited until they were out of ear-shot before she responded.

“That obvious?” she giggled.

“C’mon Kristi, not even YOU are THAT good,” I replied, shaking my head but grinning broadly at the same time. “So who set it up?”

“Ohhhhhh, I just called in some favors,” she said, flipping her hair back. Now THAT made more sense than anything. I had no doubt that she still kept in contact with her old agency and friends so it probably hadn’t taken much to get this arranged. Heck, knowing her she probably had earned quite a pretty penny tonight. Normally I would have pushed her to share but this was my party and I was having a GREAT time so why spoil things by being greedy?

“You know you have just told me from the start,” I said, looking around to see where the others were hiding.

“Yeah but what fun would THAT have been?” she giggled, “and by the way, Carrie and Nancy have NO idea about that, OK? Let’s just let them think we’re the two sluttiest girls they know.”

Yeah, like THAT would be a newsflash for either of them!

Then I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye and a few cars down the three of them appeared. Seeing where they had been hiding out I wondered just how much they could have seen but Nancy was quick to let me know.

“I would never have believed it if I hadn’t seen it with my own two eyes,” she gushed, “Like, you guys just went in there and suddenly four guys are having sex with you. How did you do that?”

I started to speak but Kristi judged me in the ribs and answered, “We’ll never tell.” That sort of quieted down the discussion and so I turned to Beth and asked her how much they had seen.

“More than you might think,” she answered. Actually once you guys got going we moved in across from you but when it was over we went back over there so they wouldn't see us.”

As we talked we piled back in the car again. Just then I thought of something.

“So Kristi, did you get your panties back?”

Kristi answered, “No... but who needs them.” Everyone laughed at that one.

been cool about it. So my loving fiancé had helped arrange for his brother to fuck me at my bachelorette party? Wow, have I ever mentioned how much I love that guy!!

At least I assumed that was what had been arranged. Then again, not everything tonight had gone exactly to what I had always figured would be my final party as a single woman. I didn't even know he was in town yet as I had been told both he and his sister would not be coming in until the day before the wedding. That brought something else to mind - what about Sharon? Now THAT would be REALLY wild. Back when we were teens I knew she had a crush on her brothers, especially Steve. It use to make me feel so hot to see her squirm when I would tell her about how her brother had last fucked me, knowing that she wanted so bad to experience that for herself. Steve had never shown one iota of interest in his sister though, so she could only play with herself and fantasize.

“Sharon?” I said to Beth. She immediately deciphered by question and answered, “No, I couldn't get hold of her so she won’t be here for anything.”

Everyone in back was still jabbering about this new tidbit concerning my sexual past - even though it was almost twelve years ago. I wondered where Beth had arranged for us to meet and I quickly got my answer as she took the exit for Steve’s house. Damn, that meant he must be there. What about his mom? I knew Steve was out with his buddies for his own party so he wouldn't be there but I couldn't imagine anything like this going on when Steve’s mom was home.

It was like Beth was reading my mind. “Don’t worry Kelly, your mom is helping out with this one.” I looked at her, not quite understanding what she meant so she explained, “She asked Steve’s mom to go out with her dress shopping so the coast will be clear.”

“And he knows everyone is going to be there?” I asked.

Beth shrugged and answered, “Well... sort of.”

“Sort of...” What kind of answer was that? I pressed her for more and she finally admitted that he only knew about coming by with her and not the other three.

“So is he single, married, girlfriend...?” I asked, fascinated by this turn of events.

“Oh he’s VERY single,” Beth laughed, “And trust me, he still has the hots for you, especially when I showed him a few of those photos of you in the pink panties.

“Beth!” I exclaimed, genuinely shocked. How could she have shown ANYONE nude photos of me? OK, so I was just topless but still...

“Hey, he’s going to be family soon so I figured what’s the big deal. Not like he hasn't seen you naked before anyway.”

We soon arrived at the small house Steve’s mom had rented when she and her son had moved back to the area last summer. With Steve moving out, I wondered if she would keep renting it or move into something else. It wasn’t all that much but it was located in a pretty high-class area of town so I imagined it still must have cost her a pretty penny in rent.

“Well, let’s go surprise Jim,” Beth said to everyone as we opened the doors and piled out.

Beth rang the doorbell and who should appear but Jim! Wow, he had certainly grown but then he was thirteen the last time I’d seen him and now he was twenty five. Damn, he was smoking hot!

“Kelly?” he asked, looking at me. I nodded and he smiled, “Steve was right, you DO look even more fantastic than ever.”

Then he looked at the crowd behind me and I could see the curiosity in his face. I introduced Beth first, explaining that she was the one who had made contact with her.

“Yeah, I figured it was all just another one of Steve’s practical jokes,” he laughed, “Can you blame me?”

Then he seemed to realize the awkward position we all were in and invited everyone inside. We moved into the living room where Beth introduced the others. Jim seemed a little uncertain about the situation as he had just said, who could blame him?

“So I suppose you’re wondering what is going on,” Beth finally said, addressing the elephant in the room. Jim just shrugged and so she continued, “I told you it was Kelly’s bachelorette party, didn’t I?”

Jim nodded, keeping rather reserved for the moment, unwilling to show his hand quite yet.

“And you said you would be interested in having sex with your brother’s fiancé before the wedding, am I right?”

Jim just nodded again but I noticed his face seemed a little red this time. Beth was about to continue when he suddenly spoke up, “But that was suppose to be between me and you.”

His face reddened even more when the whole room erupted into a symphony of giggles and snickers.

"I guess your brother hasn't told you much about his fiancé then, has he?" Beth Said, seeming to enjoy playing poor Jim like a prize fish.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Oh nothing....," Beth came back as more giggles followed. "Soooooo, do you want to fuck the girl or not?"

Jim's eyes opened wider and he looked at Beth like she was some Martian or something. "I don't get it."

Again, who could blame him? When he knew me I was just a young girl who had only had sex with one boy - his brother. Since it appeared that Steve hadn't filled him in much on me, that meant he knew nothing about my class slut days, the college escapades, escorting, and especially incest. SO now out of the blue he was facing five girls, four he'd never met before (maybe Kristi but that would have just been in passing since she wasn't even having sex yet in those days), and he was being grilled about having sex with his brother's fiancé. It was enough to make most any guy blush!

"Sounds like you need to have a talk with your brother," Beth scolded him playfully. "Meantime, obviously Kelly is willing or why would we be here?"

Jim turned to me finally and asked, "And Steve is OK with this?"

I hesitated. Technically I'd never talked to him about Jim other than maybe a few times when I tried to learn what he was doing these days. Steve had always been rather vague about him and I got the feeling that maybe they'd had a falling out or something. I could have been wrong of course, especially since Jim was here now for the wedding, but in any case I knew just about nothing about Jim's life in the past twelve years, let alone how Steve felt about me having sex with his brother. Still, if it was OK for him to fuck my cousin, aunt and even my mother, then what was wrong with me doing his brother?

"Steve and I have an... understanding," I finally said.

"So let's quit yapping and start fucking, what do you say guys?" Beth urged us on.

"Steve's room?" Jim asked. There wasn't a spare bedroom in the house so I assumed he was sleeping on the rollaway bed in the living room which was why he undoubtedly assumed that we'd use Steve's bed.

"Sounds good to me!" I agreed, standing up to join him. As we walked to the bedroom the rest of the girls followed making Jim pause.

"Ummmmm, they aren't coming in too, are they?"

“It’s her bachelorette party dummy,” Beth said before I could answer, “What do you expect, us to stay out here and play cards?”

“Trust me Jim, if you knew what’s already happened today....” I said softly, tugging at him to get into the bed.

Just as Jim knew nothing about me for all practical purposes, I didn't know anything about him either. Sure he was acting shy but for all I knew he could be a porn star back in California. Then again, he could also be a priest so who could say? It was in interesting situation to say the least!

“So how does this work?” he asked once we were both seated on the bed.

“Why don’t we undress first?” I offered. He couldn't help but look at our audience so I assured him everything was OK and tried to get him to just ignore them.

“Yeah right... easy for YOU to say,” he said a bit glumly.

Still, he didn't resist when I started to unbutton his shirt and slipped it off of him. I knew every pair of eyes in the room was on his chest as I exposed him. Damn, this guy worked out!

Jim returned the favor, undressing me until I was naked in just my heels. He whistled softly as he stared at my body.

“Whoa, you’ve certainly grown up,” he said in a low voice.

Considering the last time he’d seen me I didn't hardly qualify for a training bra and my legs were thin as rails it didn't surprise me but I still felt good about the compliment. Indeed, my boobs were a LOT bigger now and I like to think I have a pretty good figure. The funny thing is now that I am older I have less pussy hair than when I was fourteen. Back then I was so proud to have what I had, even if it was just short and fuzzy. Now I was shaved bare.

Jim stood and removed his jeans and boxer shorts. Again, every eye was on him and even I was impressed. Damn, now I knew who had the biggest dick in the house and it wasn't even a contest. Steve was maybe a bit above average and I was quite satisfied with his equipment. But Jim.... damn! It was only semi-hard but already was thicker than Steve’s and looked to be maybe eight inches at least. And this guy was still single?

Jim glanced around again so I asked, “What’s the matter Jim, never did it in front of people before?”

“As a matter of fact.... no,” he replied.

Once again his face was getting red. At the same time his dick didn't appear to be shy, growing in size and hardness the longer we went. “I take it that YOU have though?”

Yet again he was met with a chorus if giggles which made him all the more curious. I just gave him a seductive grin and answered, “Why don’t you ask your brother about that...” Gripping his shaft in my hand, I could barely get my fingers all the way around it. “Now this is what I call a dick.”

Jim didn't say anything but I heard him draw a breath as I started to stroke him with my hand. Not only was he bigger than his brother, but he was a lot hairier as well, practically a bear rug. On the beach that would have been a turn-off for me but at the moment my eyes were focused on his crotch and I couldn't wait to bury my face in that lush forest that was at the base of his incredible cock.

“This is insane,” he muttered as I pushed him onto his back with his legs hanging over the side of the bed, laying to the side of him and putting my arm over him so my face was resting on his stomach with his dick right up against my lips. Although he was only seeing the back of my head, the rest of them had a courtside view.

“Oh god,” he groaned as I licked him slowly, working up the length of him and then up and over the lip of his head and then to the very tip.

I opened wide - really wide, and finally had him in my mouth. God, he was huge! I’d had bigger dicks but it had been a long time since I’d had one this big.

The girls were all watching intently, especially Kristi. Was there a hint of jealousy in her eyes? Something told me that Jim was going to busier than he may have thought during his visit. I wondered if Steve would tell him about me and my parents? Technically Jim would be qualified to fuck my mother, even if she was still married, once Steve and I tied the knot. Would Steve be willing to share? I had no doubt that Kristi was going to be after him like a bloodhound on the scent but what about her mother? I knew she as perturbed as a it was that Steve preferred to fuck my aunt more so than Kristi. Would this be a chance for her to have revenge sex?

As much as I was enjoying Jim’s dick, I knew that this wasn't going to be the only time he and I had sex in the upcoming week and I REALLY wanted to feel that monster inside of me. Leaving Jim on his back, I mounted him in reverse cowgirl, giving him a nice view of my ass while I would watch the girls at the same time. Whether I was facing him or not wasn’t the important thing. With a cock this big I wanted to be the one in control the first time he entered me. Even though I was already pretty loose now after being fucked all day, I had no doubt Jim was going to be a stretch - pun intended. I wondered if Beth had any idea when she was laying out the schedule what a favor she had done me by leaving Jim until last?

“Wow!” I exclaimed, grinning at my friends as I pressed down on Jim’s firm dick.

Like most oversized cocks, he wasn’t steel hard the way smaller dicks get when they are erect but he was still plenty stiff to get the job done. As much as I was ready for it, I still couldn't help but gasp as my pussy felt like it was being split in two when that monstrous head began to press in me. I held myself in place, pausing for a moment to acclimate myself to his size and then allowing myself to drop down a bit more.

“Fuck he’s big!” I exclaimed to their delight as I got maybe the first inch or two in me and then had to hold on for a minute or so to catch my breath. Jim had his hands now on my hips, helping to steady me as I wiggled on his cock, working it slowly deeper and deeper inside of me. Finally I bottomed out, my ass meeting his bushy crotch. I would have sworn I felt him up in my stomach!

“Oh boy, this is incredible,” I bragged to them, pleased to see Kristi especially getting hornier by the minute. I knew she was most likely hoping I would eventually offer to share with her but this was MY party... and his was MY dick.

Once I got use to the weird sensation of such a large cock in me, I started to slowly work it in and out of me. I didn’t have to raise up much to make it stimulate my pussy I a way different from very other dick I’d taken so far today. It was just... different, what more can I say?

Once I’d ridden him for a while and my pussy was taking him more easily, I raised up and off of him and flopped down beside him on my back. He took the mount and got on top, fucking me missionary style. I loved the feeling of him over me, pounding that incredible piece of meat into me. From there we spooned, making sure I was facing the audience. It was so erotic. Not only was I being fucked by a guy I hadn’t fucked in almost twelve years, he was my fiancé's brother and I was doing him in front of four of my closest friends.

Finally I was on my hands and knees as he fucked me doggy style. I loved the way he grabbed my hips and pulled and pushed me back and forth in rhythm with his thrusts. My boobs swung under me until I collapsed down to my elbows, pushing them into the pillow under me.

“You can cum in me,” I gasped as my second orgasm dwindled down.

He was like a fucking machine, not taking break or pausing even for a moment. I was also impressed with his staying power as most guys would have cum a long time earlier the way he was fucking me.

One thing about Jim, he was what I call a “silent fucker”. None of the dirty talk or even few words here or there. The entire time he was either quiet or groaning but never anything I could make out in terms of words. Even when I invited hi to cum in me he didn't respond - at least not in words. But then the silence broke at least for a couple words...

“I’m cumming,” he gasped. Hmmmmmm, two words or three? Does a contraction count as just one? It didn't matter as all I cared was that he DID cum AND he was cumming inside of my pussy.

Rather than plunge deep into me the way most guys do when they cum, Jim actually pulled out until just the head of his dick was in me. The result was I had much more of a sensation when his sperm shot into me than I would have had he cum six to eight inches deeper inside of me. It also had the effected that after he came and pulled out, it was like a river of cum quickly followed and dripped onto the bed. Oh well, it wasn't like it was the first time these sheets had cum on them!

I feel forward, totally exhausted. Damn, what a day and what a way to end it! I felt totally fucked out, totally satisfied. Now that he had cum, Jim quickly dressed as if he was embarrassed to be seen naked any longer than necessary.

I looked around and saw the grins on everyone’s faces and felt really good about myself at that moment. Beth had promised me the greatest bachelorette party ever and boy had she delivered!

# (Aug 26) Chapter 235: My Wedding Rehearsal and Dinner

Story codes: MF F-solo oral inc uncle niece
Me (26)
Uncle Paul (54)

I've "rehearsed" this event at least a million times over the years so obviously it wasn't for me. Still, it's traditional plus everyone else needed to learn what to do. I had a few items on my "to do" list that I was looking forward to. Yet it was the things NOT on my list that made it memorable.

## 1. Traditions Old and New

It was almost here, the day I'd been dreaming about since I was a little girl. I mean, what girl doesn't dream of being a bride? Even being a princess is secondary since what do most girls dream of but a royal WEDDING more so than being a princess day to day. As for me, it was the culmination of a lifetime of fanciful dreams, naughty fantasies and high expectations. I think I can honestly say that since Steve proposed to me just after last Thanksgiving that not a single waking hour has passed by that I haven't thought about my wedding for at least a moment.

To be sure, my wedding has been planned from start to end for at least fifteen or more years. That's not to say it's always been the same plan, but there was always one ready and waiting for when the right moment finally arrived. Over time it's varied from the most formal and traditional wedding in an old ornate church with hard wooden pews filled with friends and family to a small sailboat adrift in the Caribbean with just me, my fiancé and the captain - and then about everything in between at one point or another. Even in the past year I've changed my mind so many times that I think Steve must have wondered what kind of crazy girl he asked to marry him! Nymphomaniac was OK, but schizophrenic?

No matter what the final plan may be, I was always pretty sure of a few things... the white flowing wedding dress (none of this ivory or otherwise non-traditional crap), a large wedding party, NICE bridesmaid dresses (unlike those hideous obscenities that some girls force their best friends to wear), my father walking me down the aisle, and so on. I THOUGHT I was pretty well set on the location. After all, what better place than the church I grew up in and had so many fond memories? When I changed my mind about THAT at almost the last minute I thought I might have finally gone too far but I managed to sooth my frazzled father's feelings in a way only his daughter could. After griping about outdoor weddings for years, I guess I couldn't blame him for being put out when I suddenly announced that I wanted one too.

My wedding planner took it all in stride without even one comment about “bridezilla”. Fortunately the country club where we were having the reception was very accommodating and it all worked out perfectly without too much fuss. Then there was a hurricane moving in and I knew everyone was saying I should have stuck with the indoor plans after all but it all worked out perfectly - just as I always knew it would.

So much for “old” traditions. There were also some new ones I wanted to establish. I guess technically doing something once doesn't establish a tradition but at least I would be setting the stage for future generations should they want to carry them on. At the same time I like to think that had my grandmother not been so prudish that my mother would have been the one to start some of these herself so in a way I was actually following her lead, even if she hadn’t actually been able to do them herself.

As you may be figuring out already, I owe an awful lot to my mom when it comes to traditions. After all, she was the first generation in our family to engage in incest, at least the first one that I know about. She was the first to submit properly to her father, the first to continue on that obligation even after being married, the first to allow her husband the freedom to be with her family members so as to create a truly biblically-based family relationship. So I guess you could say that everything I've done so far has actually been in her footsteps.

People ask me all the time if I will have an incestual relationship with my kids. That's almost impossible to answer. Technically it's easy to say the answer is yes in that I would LIKE to have such a relationship. However, whether or not that will actually happen is a totally different matter. Still, if they SHOULD decide that it's what they want, then I would say three generations definitely qualifies as a tradition, don't you?

So now it was up to me. I was only going to get one shot at this so I had to make it count. That’s where the planning comes in. Now it was time to put those plans into action…

## 2. Steve's Family Arrives

For those who have followed my diary closely, you know that I first met Steve back in the summer before I became a freshman in high school. His sister Sharon was one of my best friends at the time and we always sat near each other in class and at lunch and about every other time for that matter. Steve’s younger brother Jim (three years younger making him a year younger than me and Sharon) was always a pain in our necks back then. Admittedly some of it was our fault as we use to tease him mercilessly. Once I even let him fuck me but it was just so I could tease him all the more afterwards. It was at a summer camping party with Sharon and friends that I first drew the attention of her older brother. To my total surprise he called me later and asked me out. The rest as they say, is history.

Just so people understand, while I did let Jim do me once, it was more out of spite than lust so it wasn’t like I was doing both brothers or anything kinky like that. I say kinky because at that age it would have been that as I never even thought about the word incest, let alone engaged in the practice, so there was never any real thoughts of Sharon joining in, even though she DID have a huge crush on her older brother.

From the start Steve was the one I was in interested in, not his bratty seventh grade brother. As for me and Sharon, like most girls at that age we use to have sleepovers and play silly games like Truth or Dare that inevitably got a little carried away. Like most girls learning to deal with their budding sexuality, we masturbated at times together but we never went so far as to touch one another. Even the most risqué dares only went as far as kissing and the only touching was us touching ourselves. It was an age where being a lesbian was something “bad” girls did – or at least girls that couldn’t get boys to do them

Another question I get asked a lot is whether or not there is any incest in Steve’s family. The answer is a qualified NO. What I mean by that is for all intents and purposes there has never been nothing like that. Interestingly, as I mentioned earlier Sharon had a major crush on her older brother. Alas, unfortunately for her the feelings weren’t mutual. She use to get SO jealous when we would get together and I would tell her about what I did with her brother! I have to admit that I may have embellished things a bit in the telling once I learned how much it turned her on to hear about us. Between her and my mom, I guess you could say that is where I got my start telling erotic stories about my sexual experiences. The only difference is that with them it was verbal whereas today it's all written down. I have to say it's a LOT easy to do it verbally.

The qualifier is based upon an isolated incident that happened once and only once so far as I know. Steve's mom once caught Steve fucking me in their house. Long story short (as in VERY short), he fucked her too before it was all said and done. Marlene's job was transferred and so they moved away shortly after that. They have both sworn on a stack of bibles that nothing like that EVER happened again. Given their reluctance to discuss it even after all these years and the obvious discomfort it brings them when I mention anything about the topic, I have to believe them.

When Steve and his mom moved back to Pittsburgh last summer, Sharon and Jim stayed behind in California. From what Steve told me, they both had established jobs, friends and such so they had no real reason to move back. For Steve's mom, it was another promotion and a resulting job transfer so she had little choice, especially in today's job market. If your employer tells you to move, you move. It so happened that Steve had just finished his paramedic training and didn't have many prospects in California so he decided to move back with his mom when he learned the city was hiring paramedics. Even though he was twenty five at the time, they decided to live together to save money in a small house – separate bedrooms of course.

While Steve and his mother do not practice incest, they ARE very close, perhaps TOO close by some people's standards but then who is anyone to judge them? They enjoy cuddling and kissing each other – and I mean on the mouth with tongues. They even fondle one another in ways that would make some people blush or even gasp but everything is always over their clothes. I've never seen them naked together and Steve swears that they aren't when I'm not there either. To them, it's just a mother and son being close to one another, nothing sexual or even lustful. In fact, they both seemed quite offended one time when I implied otherwise.

One thing that I found a bit disconcerting at first when I started dating Steve again was having his mother watch us when we had sex at his house. It was sort of like back when I was in school and my own mother would watch my dad fuck me.

Unlike my mother, Marlene never masturbates or even touches herself while she watches. Also unlike my mother, she never says a word so over time I've become accustomed to her presence to the point I hardly even know she's in the room these days. ONE time I made a suggestion that maybe she would like to join in but trust me, I'll never make THAT mistake again. Let's just say she wasn't too pleased by the suggestion and leave it at that...

When we announced our engagement, Sharon and Jim both promised they would fly back for the wedding but I didn't have any idea how that was going to work out. As it turned out, Jim came in earlier than I was told such that he was a surprise ending to my bachelorette party. Unlike that one time over twelve years ago, I have to say this time when he fucked me we both enjoyed it immensely. In fact, I was already revising my rehearsal dinner plans and even thinking about how he might fit into the reception schedule after we were done!

Sharon wasn't due to fly in until just before the rehearsal so I wouldn't be seeing her until the last minute. While we had talked on the phone a few times, it had been a long time since we'd been friends so most of it was just reminiscing about the good old days. How things would go when she arrived would be anybody's guess.

After my bachelorette party and Steve and I were comparing notes about that and his own bachelor party, I asked him how he felt about me fucking his brother again after so many years. Granted, I had a pretty fair idea what his response was going to be or I wouldn't have fucked Jim in the first place but I still wanted to hear it straight from his mouth.

"What do you want me to say Kelly?" he responded, sounding just a wee bit exasperated, "So my brother screwed you. What's the big deal?"

"So you don't care if he does me again then?"

Steve's eyes narrowed down a little and he looked at me as if trying to figure out where I was leading the conversation. "Why? Was he that good?"

I just flipped my hair back and shrugged, trying to sound more nonchalant than I was actually feeling. "Well, he wasn't exactly BAD."

"Then whatever," he said abruptly, seeming to brush it off but I knew him better than that.

"You know Steve, I've always wanted to be fucked by two brothers."

"Sounds to me like you've already done it then."

I slapped him playfully. "No silly, I meant at the same time."

Steve didn't say a word but instead he leaned over and kissed me long and hard. As much as I loved him to kiss me, I also knew his habits and this probably meant he was going to tell me something I wasn't going to like. Sure enough...

“OK Kelly, you know better. It’s like you and your dad. If you want to get laid by my brother then just do it but please don’t ask me to get involved, OK?”

“So you guys never fucked a girl together?” I asked, a bit incredulously, “My dad said he and his younger brother use to fuck girls together all the time.”

“That’s fine for your dad but let’s not push this, OK Kelly?”

With only a couple of days before the wedding this was not the time to have a fight so I backed off. Still, I couldn't help but dream later when I was masturbating about having the two of them take me and both of them having their way with me. First it was Steve fucking me while I sucked off Jim and then swapped positions. In my fantasy world both of them came in my pussy - Steve first of course. Rank hath its privileges!

What I REALLY masturbated about that week was me and Sharon getting together with the two brothers. God, I would love to see the two of them fucking her, especially Steve. I wondered if she still had that old crush on him or did she have her own boyfriend now that drew her attention? Then again, just because she had a boyfriend didn't men she had to stop fantasizing, no more than I had to now that I was about to be married.

Well, his whole family would be together soon so I wouldn’t have to wait long to see what, if anything, was going to happen.

## 3. Surprising Uncle

My father has two brothers. Uncle Paul is now 54, making him eight years older than my dad. Uncle Jim is nineteen months younger than my dad making him the baby of the family. According to my mom, the two younger brothers were in a whole different world from the older one due to their age differences. Whereas Uncle Jim and my dad hung around each other and even double dated (and double fucked) together, including two girls named Mary and Linda, later to be known to me as Mom and Aunt Linda. Apparently the guys had the quite the reputation as a team.

I first had sex with Uncle Jim back when I was nineteen, just a week after me and my cousin Tammy played around for the first time. She was just thirteen then and all I did was give her some masturbation pointers. She was fourteen when my dad took her virginity, followed the next day by her own dad.

Uncle Paul was a different story. Being so much older than my dad, he had kids well ahead of my dad and so when my dad started getting into incest and his niece Tammy, Uncle Paul's girls Laura and Ginny were already married. So far as my dad knew, his older brother had no idea about the incestual nature of my mom's relationship with her dad, nor anything about what I was doing with him either. So while me and my mom were having sex with Uncle Jim and his son Rick, nothing like that was happening with his older brother's family - or so I thought. I was mostly right... mostly.

It wasn't until I was 23 that my Uncle Paul stopped by and dropped the bombshell that he and my mom had been doing it for years and that he knew all about me and my dad - even though my dad didn't even know about it. So that was the first time he fucked me but we only did it once more after that.

Both of my uncles would be at the rehearsal and wedding, along with their wives. Although nothing had been said, I could only imagine what the two of them would be thinking about when it came to the upcoming nuptials. After all, what guy doesn't dream of screwing the bride-to-be on the eve of her wedding?

While I wasn't sure how things would work out, I had a really good idea of what would NOT happen. There was no way in hell my Uncle Jim was going to fuck me, period. He was a total asshole and I hated him for the way he mistreated Tammy, treating her like some sex slave and forcing her to do anything he wanted. He was one of those guys who likes rough sex and I dreaded being with him. He especially likes anal and won't take no for an answer, making him very dangerous in my book.

There finally came a time when the only reason I let him fuck me was so he would let my dad fuck Tammy. Once she got into a serious relationship and the desire of her uncle began to fade, I cut off her father from me as he no longer and anything to hold over my head. It had been years no since he had last fucked me - and it would be many more years if I had anything to say about it.

The wild card was my Uncle Paul. I had a pretty good idea that he was going to be looking to get under my dress but I was having a hard time figuring out just how it could happen. The day and evening were already stacked full and with everyone there it would be difficult at best to sneak away long enough to actually fuck.

Kristi and I drove to the country club about an hour before the rehearsal. One of my friends had volunteered to be the wedding planner and I had total faith in

Wendy so there was no reason to show up any earlier and just mess up the works. Both of us were dressed to kill in short tight dresses that hugged our hips and heels that were at least five inches. I'd been working on the prefect tan all summer and had even spent some time at a salon to even things out. It's not something I recommend long term but I figured the risk of cancer was low enough to make it worth it.

Wendy greet us when we arrived and I couldn't help but grin at her. She was always the type to show off and she had plenty to show. Standing at least six feet in her heels, she had on a mini-dress that was so short I was sure all the men would be staring at her the entire evening - which turned out to be a rather accurate prediction by the way.

The ceremony was being held right next to the country club on the putting green. The first thing I noticed was high heels and natural grass are a dangerous mixture! Wendy laughed when I almost feel over and made some comment about us aerating the green or something like that.

Looking around, not many people had arrived yet but I DID notice that my Uncle Paul was sipping a beer on the outside porch of the country club which overlooked the putting green. I waved at him and he waved back, smiling broadly. I had to wonder how long he had already been here and which beer that was. Everyone seemed to have everything under control and I sort of felt useless so I wandered up into the clubhouse and went through the bar and out onto the deck where my uncle and some others had congregated. Looking at my watch I saw there was still 45 minutes before things got started so I went over to the outside bar and asked for a glass of white wine.

“A little something for the nerves?” my uncle joked from behind me as I thanked the bartender.

I just shrugged and smiled. “Not really, just passing time I guess.”

Uncle Paul glanced around to see who was listening and then leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Well if you need some help then I'm available.” He stood back up straight and winked at me. It was a little corny and I couldn't believe I'd been there less than five minutes and already my uncle was hitting on me. Then again, if I just stood around I WAS going to turn into a basket of nerves so why not?

“Follow me,” I mouthed to him as I walked out slowly. I'd been here a few times already getting things planned so I pretty much knew my way around. One of the things I‘d especially looked for were “private” places where people wouldn't notice what was going on. There really weren't all that many when you came down to it. As the temperature was pretty warm, one thing people were NOT wearing were coats so that left the obvious – the coat room. A little cliché but then what did that matter? If it works it works.

Nobody seemed to be looking so I slipped inside only to be followed shortly by Uncle Paul who closed the door behind me.

“Are you serious?” he whispered, appearing to be more nervous now that his bluff had been called.

“What’s the matter, afraid Aunt Julie will catch us?” I teased him. My aunt was pretty cool but I also knew there was no way she would ever understand her husband fucking ANY other woman, let alone his niece and let alone on the eve of her wedding.

“She’s off doing something or another,” he replied, then he looked me up and down in the small room. “Damn, did you have to pour that dress on or what?”

It WAS pretty damn tight and I DID have to really suck it in for Kristi to get the back zipped but when I looked at myself in the mirror the pain and problems were all cast to the side. I loved the way I looked in it!

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to take it off,” I assured him, rolling up the hem to my hips and then my waist, exposing the white thong underneath.

“You’re so fucking hot,” he said under his breath, his breathing starting to become more shallow and irregular. Yeah, he was horny all right!

“So are you just going to stand there or fuck me?” I asked as nonchalantly as I could, “We only have a few minutes before someone is going to be looking for me.”

That seemed to motivate him as he quickly undid his pants and pulled them down to his knees. The absurdity of seeing a grown man in what was not much more than a closet with his dress pants down to his knees, his shirt tails hanging down was offset by the sight of his erect cock sticking out from between them. Damn he was horny! OK, so he was not exactly the youngest man in the world and time had taken its toll, but there is still something about seeing a man’s erection that always turns me on – especially when it’s ME that is the reason for it being that way. After all, what normal girl doesn’t like knowing a man desires her? A man can SAY anything but his dick can't lie!

As much as I wanted it in me not to mention that little angel on my shoulder warning me that time was passing by, I couldn't resist. Ever since I had first put my hand on Steve’s hard cock over twelve years ago in that dark movie theater, the first thing that comes to my mind when seeing a dick is how it would feel in my mouth. Yes, fucking me was the best and nothing beats the sensation of a dick pressing its way into me that first time.

Sucking a dick was different. There was no real “pleasure” for me in doing it, not like the pleasure I got when it was in my pussy. For me it was all about what it did to HIM when I sucked his dick. It was the way a guy looks at me, hoping with everything he can that I’ll kneel down and take his dick in my mouth. It’s the way he groans when my tongue plays along the shaft and then my lips caress the head of his dick. I especially love feeling a cock grow in my mouth, knowing that it is all because of me that is making it happen. I guess you could sum it up in saying that for me, sucking cock was one of the best ways to see how much a man desired me and enjoyed the skills that I had.

So it was without any hesitation that I bent my knees and lowered myself to waist level and took his dick in my hand. Mmmmmmm, it felt so hard and warm! I stroked it a little and then leaned forward to let the tip of my tongue just barely touch the head of his dick. I was rewarded by a groan and the feel of him pushing his hips forward like he was trying to get more of it in my mouth. I didn’t need him to tell me what he wanted. ALL men wanted just one thing when I kissed their dick – to have me take it all the way in my mouth.

Uncle Paul’s cock was what I would call average size. If I grabbed it with two hands then I pretty much covered the entire length. I could smell the musky odor of his crotch as I slowly took him inch by inch into my mouth. In one continuous movement I lowered my head onto his cock until I felt my nose pressing against his the base of his dick with his pubic hair rubbing my face.

“Oh God that feels so good Kelly,” he groaned softly, using his hands to push my head onto his dick even further.

A few head bobs and then some sucking on the head was all I felt I had time for. Besides, as horny as he was I didn't think it was going to take much to set him off and I really didn't need him spraying his cum all over my face and hair and maybe even my dress. I stood up, using his dick as a support as I held onto it with one hand so as to keep my balance in my heels. Turning away from him, L bent over and pulled my dress up over my butt and then pulled my thong over to the side to let him get a good view of my pussy.

Uncle Paul didn't say anything but I felt both of his hands on my butt, one on each cheek as he shuffled forward until I could feel his erection poking me in the butt. Turning my head back over my left shoulder I grinned and said ever so softly, “Fuck me Uncle Paul... fuck me now.”

Yeah, like I really needed to tell him but then what guy doesn’t want to hear those words from the girl he’s about to fuck, no matter how certain he already is that she wants it. “Fuck me” has got to be the two words that drive men crazier than any others. Uncle Paul was no exception.

“Oh yeah, the little slut wants it before she gets married, doesn’t she?” he hissed under his breath as I felt him wiggle such that his dick finally got in the right spot and he gave a push.

I was so wet it easily slid into me and I couldn't help but sigh as the head of his dick split me open, soon to be followed by the rest of his shaft. When he bottomed out I could feel that thick bush of pubic hair between his legs tickling my bottom.

“I love fucking your pussy,” he moaned as he started to thrust in and out of me. “You’re a better fuck than even your mother.”

That was more of a compliment than maybe he even knew. My mom had taught me so much over the years and I owed her so much for everything. I wondered if the two of them were doing it now that she was back for the wedding but this didn't seem to be the appropriate moment to ask such a question.

Just then I thought someone was trying to enter but it must have been just somebody brushing against the door. Even so, I looked at my watch and I knew in a few minutes people would be hunting me down so hopefully Uncle Paul would be quick.

I really didn't need to worry...

“I’m almost there,” he sighed as the speed of his motions increased.

“Cum in me Uncle Paul, cum in my pussy,” I asked, more desperately than he might have realized. It was really the only safe way to do it as anywhere else ran the risk of ruining my dress or messing my makeup or hair. While I knew there were a few people out there that would smile if they saw a strand of cum on my cheek, the vast majority would be flabbergasted.

A grunt and a hard thrust signaled his orgasm was starting. Each time he pushed himself deep in me I knew he was releasing another load of sperm into me. Unlike my father, he was not “fixed” but I had relied on my good old birth control pills for this many years and they had always done their job. Finally he just grabbed my bare hips and pulled me tightly into him as he held himself still inside of me.

“God that felt so good!” he sighed, “Kelly, you are one sweet piece of ass.”

As he pulled out I could feel his cum wanting to escape. Looking around desperately, I didn't see anything to clean myself up with so I turned to him and asked for his handkerchief. Uncle Paul grinned as he reached into his pants pocket as he pulled them up onto place and pulled out a new white one. I grabbed it and reached between my legs, squeezing down to try and get as much as his cum out of me as possible. It wasn't that I didn't want it in me, not that at all. I just didn't need to have a wet crotch should my dress somehow get out of place and the wrong people got a peek.

Once I was cleaned up I folded the handkerchief as best I could to seal in the cum and handed it back to him saying, "I think this is all yours." Uncle Paul just grinned as carefully returned it to his pocket. Hopefully he would remember to do something with it before he got home and his wife did the laundry! Now THAT might have taken some explaining to do as nothing smells quite like aged cum on clothing.

Pulling my dress back down into place, I ran my fingers through my hair, wishing I had my purse with so I could brush it out. Oh well, it would have to do. Hopefully my face wasn't as flushed as it felt!

"Stay here until I get outside," I instructed my uncle. It would be hard enough to explain why I was leaving the coat room without him trailing behind me. Ho dick, while it had dwindled significantly, was still hard enough to form a noticeable bulge so a few more minutes wouldn't hurt from that perspective either.

As I stepped out there were only a few people around and none of them were looking my way as I started to walk across the foyer. Or so I thought...

"So who just fucked you?" I heard from behind me as I cleared the doors and started heading down to where the rehearsal was about to begin. I turned around and there was my cousin, grinning ear to ear.

"I have NO idea what you're talking about," I returned, trying to act naïve about the situation. Kristi wasn't having any of it though.

"Oh yeah, and that's why your face is all red and Uncle Paul just left the coatroom," she came back with. "So since when do you fuck Uncle Paul anyway?"

Indeed, hardly anyone knew about me and my uncle, not even my dad or about to be husband. It wasn't that I was ashamed of it, not in the least. The only issue I had was that it started because he had been having sex with my mother for all those years and nobody knew about THAT. It would be sort of difficult to explain how I got started with him without bringing my mom into the picture.

“Later... OK?” I said, hoping to brush her off or at least get her to not ask about it again but then I should have known my cousin better than that.

“Hmmmmmm, so maybe later I should check him out?” she mused as we walked hand in hand down to the ceremony location. Oh great, now what had I done? I knew better than to try and talk her out of it as if anything that would just encourage her all the more. Better to just ignore it and maybe she would be too busy with the rest of the guys in the wedding party to worry about her oldest uncle.

## 4. Kristi Takes Advantage

I only learned the details about what happened immediately after the rehearsal later that night after we got home so I have just my cousin’s version of the story to rely on – not exactly the most reliable source but I pretty much can count on her to be honest about the sex parts. I apologize that this is rather brief but as I said, I wasn't there to witness anything so I’ll just recount what I heard happened.

The rehearsal went well as expected. We walked through the entire ceremony, discussing everyone’s duties and responsibilities. Everyone wanted pictures so we had to pose and such with friends and families as well as the wedding party. The rehearsal dinner was being held at a restaurant about 20-30 minutes away so eventually we called a halt and everyone went to get their cars for the trip. I went with my mom and dad and Aunt Linda. I had expected Kristi to come along with us as well but apparently she found herself another ride.

When we got to the restaurant, everyone went inside and for a while we just had some drinks and enjoyed a table of appetizers that were laid out. From the looks of things everyone was there. My uncle came by me and squeezed my butt when he thought nobody was looking but he didn't know my mom saw it. Later she asked me what that was all about and I told her about the coat room. I really wasn't sure how she would feel about that but then I should have trusted my mom more. She actually didn't say a thing but instead just rolled her eyes and then this sly grin came to her mouth. I couldn't help but wonder if my uncle wasn't going to be one busy man tonight!

It wasn’t until we had been there for maybe twenty minutes that in came Kristi and her two escorts – the groom and his brother. She strode in with them like Cleopatra down the Nile, them both flanking her arm in arm like they were somehow her escorts. Once inside Steve broke off and headed straight over to me but Jim stayed with Kristi as they took their seats across the round table from me and Steve.

I kissed Steve and then whispered into his ear, “Did you really both do her?” I said it more of a whining tone in that I already knew the answer so it really wasn't a question so much as a “how could you do that” sort of thing. It wasn't that I was upset at them for screwing my cousin; after all, it’s not like I wasn't sure whose idea it was in the first place. I just couldn’t believe that they would be so obvious about it PLUS show up late for our once-in-a-lifetime rehearsal dinner.

“You’ll have to ask your cousin,” he whispered back before getting up to hug his mother who had just welcomed everyone. For a brief moment I had this naughty image of him kissing her in front of everyone the way I’d seen him kiss her at home - full tongue and all with his hands all over her. Well, at least he had enough common sense to not do THAT!

I looked across the table where Kristi was practically draping herself all over Jim. Like, it was one thing to keep up tradition when it comes to having sex with the bridal party but another to be blatant about it in front of everyone. Fortunately it appeared that those who knew Kristi just ignored them as if anything she was actually being somewhat subdued compared to her typical nature. For those who didn’t know her as well, I suppose they just put it down to being silly without realizing that she wasn’t just teasing him.

As for Jim, he had that look you think of when you imagine the cat after eating the canary. So far as I knew, he had never fucked Kristi before although for all I knew there may have been something going on there back in school as she was in the same class as he had been. In any case, it had to be at least twelve years since they’d done it and then to do both brothers at the same time must have pleased Kristi to no end, especially since I was sure she knew that I had never done them together.

For the rest of the evening I was bursting with curiosity. It didn't help that all three of them seemed to be getting a perverse pleasure from teasing me to no end about it. It wasn’t until the evening was finally over and we were back at our house that Kristi finally couldn't contain herself anymore.

“So cuz, you still wanna know what happened after rehearsal with the boys?” she teased me.

I just gave her my best “duh” expression and folded my arms as I sat down on one of the kitchen chairs to wait for her to continue. I wasn't going to play her game because I knew the more I let her tease me, the longer it would take to get anything out of her. The cool chair felt good against my bare bottom as I was just wearing my "bride" t-shirt that someone had given me. It was at least a size too small and as tight as it stretched across my boobs, it failed miserably when it came to covering anything much below my belly button. Kristi was wearing just a plain black thong, typical of her "run-around-the-house wardrobe choices.

Somewhere along the line we had our genes switched as I hated to be topless whereas she hated to be bottomless, at least when it came to just being alone at home. It had been that way since we were preteens. I guess I could blame my aunt for Kristi's condition as she was the same. If anything, Aunt Linda was the nudist of the family but when she DID wear something it was usually nothing more than a skimpy thong. On the other hand, my mother was more "traditional" in that she almost never went without full panties (no thongs around the house) and sometimes even wore a bra under her top at home.

Kristi pulled up a chair next to mine and sat down with one leg bent under her so she was sitting on it with the other dangling down to the floor. She adjusted the sides of her thong and then wiggled to get more comfortable. I think she was just having fun tormenting me as I waited for her to go through all her little rituals before finally getting down to the business at hand.

"OK, so here's what happened," she started, like a mother starting out a fairy tale foe one of her kids. All that was needed was "Once upon a time" and it would have been perfect.

For the next half hour or so she went into ridiculous detail of the events of the late afternoon. I think it took her longer to tell me about it than it did to do it in the first place. In essence, what had happened was she had gathered Steve and Jim together while everyone was heading to their cars and asked them if she could hitch a ride with them. Steve's truck easily held two comfortably and a third could fit in that center of the bench seat so long as your legs weren't too long. This I knew because many a time I'd ridden next to him with my feet up on the passenger side of the seat.

Kristi was wearing a short little skirt made of denim with ruffles and layers such that it looked even shorter than it actually was - although it WAS pretty darn short to start with. A yellow tank top with no bra underneath, coupled with five inch "fuck me" stilettos completed the outfit. Somehow in the process of getting to the truck she had managed to "lose" her panties, assuming she had them on to start with. This was made immediately obvious when she scooted across to be in the middle and her skirt “accidentally’ rolled up under her to expose her bare little bottom.

Of course she acted as though she had no idea what was exposed and when Jim nodded to Steve to look she caught it and acted surprised at what had happened although she made no effort to fix herself. In fact, her only reaction was something like, “Like what you see boys?”

Let’s see... two horny mid-twenties men, one slutty girl with no panties and a short skirt hiked up to her ass, a big pickup truck with a bench seat parked in a rapidly emptying parking lot. Like do I need to draw out a map?

The fact that they only showed up about twenty minutes late was actually rather surprising as Kristi told me all the various positions and combination that the two of them had fucked her right there in the middle of the now-empty parking lot. In the end, the both came at around the same time with Steve in her pussy and Jim in her mouth as stood outside the door with her feet on the pavement and her head buried in Jim’s lap as he sat on the outer edge of the seat while Steve fucked her from behind standing next to the door.

“So you’ve never had the two brothers together?” she asked me as the last details were filled in. I shook my head which prompted her to add, “So when will you?”

Now THAT was a good question. Until I’d heard Kristi’s story I hadn’t ever really seriously considered fucking the two of the them at the same time. Sure I’d THOUGHT about it but not seriously. For that matter I think about a LOT of ways to have sex, most of which I know will never come true even if I was given the opportunity.

“Well I guess now you’ll have to wait until after the honeymoon,” she said putting her hand to her chin as if in deep thought. She was right as even if they WERE available I wasn’t planning on seeing Steve again until I walked down the aisle holding my dad’s arm. True, there was always the reception but that wouldn't be as easy to pull off in real life as in my fantasies.

“I guess technically I could do them both in the morning though, right?” she teased me again. She seemed to be serious but I knew not even she would do such a thing on the morning of my wedding day. The night before was one thing but not just before the ceremony.

“Well, if the reception turns out to be anything like the rehearsal dinner then who knows?’ she said with a hint of amusement in her tone.

Indeed, if the rehearsal dinner was any indicator at all then I was more anxious than ever to get to the reception!

## 5. The Dinner

The rehearsal dinner itself was relatively uneventful. The restaurant had everything ready for us and everyone was served quickly and efficiently. We talked about a bit of everything and anything and I couldn't remember hardly any of the conversation just minutes after dessert was finished. It was sort of the way you sing a song from the hymnal at church that and then two minutes later can’t remember a single word you sang.

After dinner we had some music playing from a Bose speaker set using someone’s iPod plugged into it. For a tiny thing it sure put out some sound! Immediately me and my girls were summoned to the outside courtyard for photos and such. Wow, it wasn't even my wedding yet and already I’d had more pics taken of me than I think my entire life put together before then.

From there some people dance while others played corn hole and the rest just hung around and drank and talked. Nobody seemed to be in a rush to do anything, or least not to do anything in public. In all fairness, there seemed to be plenty of people wanting to do SOMETHING but it wasn't anything they were ready to share with the rest of us.

Kristi sat down next to me as soon as I had a moment alone. “So how long had Uncle Paul been fucking you?” she asked. I held up three fingers and her eyes bugged out. “What? Three years? And you never told your closest cousin?” she said in a tone that was intended to show me how terribly hurt she as. Yeah, like I was buying that one.

“Does your dad know? My mom?”

I shook my head and she put her hand to her open mouth as if in shock. “You’re keeping family secrets Kelly?”

I pleaded with her not to say anything as there was more to it than she knew. Instantly that seemed to turn on the calculator in her head and she immediately began trying to guess what those reasons might be.

“Oh my god, he’s fucking Ginny or Laura? Both?”

That was WAY out there and I just shook my head and rolled, my eyes as if I couldn't even believe she could think that. My Uncle Paul fucking his two daughters, now wives and mothers with kids, was about as likely as being hit by a meteor tonight.

“I know... he was doing your mom!” she announced triumphantly, seeming to be so proud of herself for guessing correctly. At least she thought she had but I was not up to sparring with her so I didn't even try to deny it.

“Oh... my... god!” she tried to stifle a shriek, “Uncle Paul was doing your mom! Fuck, how long did that go on? Was that why they divorced?”

I refused to give her anything more but instead pleaded again for her not to say a word to anyone. I looked over at the table where the parents were sitting and saw my mom talking to Steve’s mom. Damn, she would be so pissed if she knew what I’d just told Kristi. If there was anyone you didn’t want to tell when keeping a secret, it was Kristi.

“I wonder if he would fuck me?” she mused, glancing over at where he was sitting next to my dad and Uncle Jim. Well, two of them already had done her so there was no reason why the third wouldn’t. Besides, if that would help to keep her mouth shut about the other stuff then I was ready to do anything to make it happen.

Kristi sat there in thought for a while and I could have sworn I saw a little smoke rising from her head as she worked on her little “problem”. She may have had the attention of a two year-old in school but when it came to working out a sex problem she held a PhD.

“I’ve got it... you go and distract your dad while I work on dear old Uncle Paul,” she told me with a mischievous grin. “This is SOOOOOO wild... I never dreamed Uncle Paul would ever fuck any of us and here’s he’s been doing you for ages!”

By “distract” I knew what she meant. It was easy to “distract” my dad at home but this was not exactly in the privacy of our family room where all I had to do was walk in bottomless wearing one of his dress shirts and taking a seat on his lap. There were still a few dozen people hanging around and it wasn't like nobody was watching the bride. In a way I felt a bit like a Hollywood star being hounded by the paparazzi with people just walking by and snapping pics of me for now reason.

In a manner of speaking, I ended up doing much of what I would have at home except I was fully dressed and my hand stayed away from his crotch. I walked slowly over to where my dad was sitting and proceeded to make myself at home on his lap. I even tugged down my dress a little so as not to expose too much skin so people wouldn’t get the wrong idea from me sitting on my daddy’s lap. Well technically it would have been the RIGHT idea but you know what I mean.

At the same time I noticed Kristi moving in like a lion moving in on its prey. No sooner than I was on my dad's lap, hiding what was behind me from his view, Kristi was making her move, pouncing on her older uncle like that lion would had it reached its dinner.

As I told my daddy how happy I was and how pleased I was with all the wedding arrangements, I kept his attention away from my uncle long enough for Kristi to do whatever she had planned. Although I couldn't actually see what she was doing, the possibilities ran through my mind, none of them exactly what a "nice" girl would do. Whatever it was it must have worked because finally my dad twisted around to say something to his brother and lo and behold he was gone!

"Where the hell did Paul go?" he asked nobody in particular, looking all over to see where his wayward brother had disappeared. Apparently he hadn't seen Kristi making her move so he didn't even think about how THAT might have been working out about right now. On the other hand DID know and I was feeling hornier by the minute as I thought about what Kristi was doing with her uncle at this very moment.

Steve stopped by and pretended to be jealous so I moved over to sit in his lap. Soon we were joined by my mom and Aunt and Steve's mom and we were all together as one big family for the first time. Well, almost that is. Kristi and Uncle Paul were conspicuously absent... as were Jim and Sharon. The last two drew my attention. Now where the hell were they? I counted the remaining bridesmaids and groomsmen and all were accounted for. Hmmmmmm...

It was maybe twenty minutes or so later before Kristi came back. Her hair was not quite as straight as it had been but that could've been just from running around all evening. Other than that she had this glow about her and a sense of satisfaction that I would have recognized anywhere. I wasn't the only one that knew that look - he mom, my mom and my dad all seemed to zero in on her at the same time, just as my Uncle Paul came in behind her.

I thought for sure my Aunt Linda was going to say something but with Steve's mom there she caught herself in time. Marlene had no idea that my side of the family practiced incest and this was no time for her to learn, especially in an instance such as this. Still, I could see my aunt's eyes boring in on Kristi, and then on her brother-in-law. I knew that she had a pretty good idea as to what had been going on supposedly behind everyone's back.

Kristi sat down next to me again and I leaned over and whispered, "Could you have made it any more obvious?"

Kristi frowned at me and looked defiant. “Don’t blame ME, he’s the one that was suppose to wait and then enter through a different way.”

Looking around I had a feeling there were going to be some interesting discussions later that night. We were about to get up and start getting ready to go when in walked Sharon and Jim. I don’t think they had been expecting everyone to be sitting together like this as it seemed like they wanted to turn and run from the room when everyone’s eyes fell on them. This time it was Steve and his mom with the “you’ve got to be kidding me” looks. Now what the heck did THAT mean?

Whatever it was Steve’s mom seemed not too interested in discussing it as she hinted at it being time to wrap things up so everyone would be ready for the big day ahead of us. I looked again at Jim and Sharon and they seemed much too relieved for my tastes.

“OK buster, what’s the story?” I cornered Steve off to the side as people said their goodbyes. I had to know now as I wouldn’t be alone with Steve again until after the wedding.

“I have NO idea what you’re talking about,” Steve responded, pretending he really didn’t know.

”Oh come on, you and your mom were about to fall off your chairs when your brother and sister came back to the room.”

“Oh THAT!” he said, acting as though it was about the last thing I might have been talking about, “We were just worried about them and wondered where they’d gotten off to.”

I was buying that about as much as if he had offered me the Brooklyn bridge. There was more to this than he was letting on and I was starting to get a pretty good idea. Back in high school I knew Sharon always had a crush on her older brother. Steve had never shown any interest in any such things, leaving her to just masturbating when I would tell her about the things he did to me on our dates. She had never mentioned her younger brother though...

The puzzle pieces fell into place like a Sudoku puzzle once you had it almost solved. Was this why the two of them had remained out in California while Steve and his mom had come back to Pittsburgh? Was this why both Steve and his mom were so adamantly against doing anything sexual with each other, or even talking about the possibility? Oh my god, if what I was thinking was true then this was the most incredible thing I’d learned about Steve’s family – ever.

“So other two of them... they do it?” I asked softly, trying not to push TOO hard for a response.

Steve fidgeted like he always does when he doesn’t want to answer a question.

“So back in California I take it they are living together? Is that why you never give me their addresses?”

“I’d rally rather not talk about it now... not here anyway,” he said tersely, looking about as if the room was full of lip readers.

So it WAS true. Holy crap Batman! So Steve’s family WAS involved in incest, just not in a way I’d ever imagined. And my one-time best friend had never uttered a word about it to me since she’d been back.

On the way back home Kristi was driving as I sat in the front seat. Wow, what a day it had been. I had yet to hear from her about the events before the dinner before her and my fiancé and his brother but even so there was still more to talk about than we had time in the car. I had figured the main topic of discussion was going to be Uncle Paul but the last minute revelations at the dinner trumped everything.

“So what did Steve say?” Kristi said almost as soon as her door was closed. I told her to wait until we were on the road during which time she squirmed like she was about to wet her panties.

“OK, so what’s the story” she repeated no sooner than I had turned onto the main highway. I explained to her what Steve had told me and she seemed disappointed that I didn't know more.

“I would have never guessed,” she sighed as she relaxed back into the seat, putting her feet up on the dash and absentmindedly rubbing herself with her legs spread wide apart. It was dark and I doubted any of the cars passing us could see anything much.

I had to agree with her. I was like in shock. I mean, it’s like I was in shock because it was incest. Heck, if anyone is a proponent of incest it would be me. What shocked me was WHO was into incest. Sharon had NEVER even once given even a hint when we were friends that she had any feelings toward her younger brother. Now as for Steve... THAT she was pretty blatant about but Jim... never. What really was interesting was it was obvious that both Steve and his mom knew all about it and THEY had never made even a hint about it in all the time I’d known them.

It made me wonder how Steve’s mom would react if she ever learned that my dad fucked me on a regular basis? Would she be as surprised to learn about that as I was to learn about her two youngest kids? Had I managed to keep it a secret as well as she had kept her family secrets?

That night after Kristi finished telling me about her fun with the two brothers, we both headed up to my bedroom where we spent our last night together as single cousins. After tonight I was sure we would still find time to sleep together now and then but it would never be the same as it was tonight. After tonight I would be Steve’s wife and as much as he had made it clear that he had no objections to me having sex with other people, it would always be me doing it as his wife.

We were both horny as hell and as much as I knew I needed sleep, I couldn't resist my sexy cousin’s incredible body. Later as we feel asleep in each other’s arms, our naked bodies pressed tightly together with our legs intertwined, I could feel the warmth of her pussy on my thigh and the firmness of her boobs against mine and I realized what an incredible luck girl I was!

# (Aug 27) Chapter 236: Wedding Bells

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (26)
John - my dad (46)
Steve - my husband (28)
Kory - Steve's friend (28)

Was I dreaming? Could this be real? After so much has happened could I actually be getting married? Could it possibly live up to expectations? After all, I'd been dreaming about this day since I was a little girl and even written stories about my fantasy wedding. I had everything planned down to the smallest detail - or so I thought.

## 1. Wedding Dreams

The most beautiful white wedding dress, a church filled with friends and family, flowers everywhere, a giant extravagant wedding cake, the sun shining brightly overhead, a large wedding party, beaming parents and grandparents seated proudly in the front row... what girl doesn't dream of the day she gets married from the time she sees her first wedding? How many bridal magazines are bought every day by girls without even a boyfriend at the time just so they can fantasize about being the beautiful bride on the cover?

As for me, I had kept a box filled with all my ideas and plans that had grown from a small shoebox to a much larger version over the years. It included invitations and programs from weddings I'd either attended or been a part of in the past. (Yes, I had been the proverbial "always a bridesmaid, never a bride" for many years with the ugly dresses in the closet to prove it.) Clippings from magazines, newspaper articles I'd read, advertising materials from caterers, florists, and chauffeurs; it all made it to the dream box I kept in my bedroom while growing up. Over the years the type of service, indoors versus outdoors, the dress, flowers, colors of the bridesmaid dresses - and styles, it all changed based on my mood and the state of my life at the time. One thing never changed - the moment I said "I do".

So as I entered the second quarter century of my life I had just about everything I needed for the wedding except to one teenie weenie little detail - the groom. All through high school and college I was never lacking for boyfriends but they were really more boys who were friends than anyone I wanted to marry. Like so many girls I'd had a HUGE crush on my first boyfriend and even though I was just fourteen at the time, I knew as certain as the sun rises in the east that I'd met the guy I would marry someday. He was my first - and only, for months after we first did it as I couldn't imagine giving myself to anyone else but my future husband. You can just imagine how shocked I was when he told me that he was moving away to the west coast, leaving me despondent and convinced I would die an old maid. I want even fifteen yet but was convinced that love had passed me by.

I'll let the psychoanalysts make the call but if I'm honest with myself then maybe it was this feeling of loss and despair that led me to become the class slut. Heck, I think I qualified eventually as the SCHOOL slut although my younger cousin gave me a run for the title. Once I realized how much guys wanted me and the lengths to which they would go to have me it became like an addiction. It didn't hurt that I LOVED sex. It also helped that my parents, especially my mother, encouraged me to act out my dreams and fantasies. She even convinced my gynecologist to put me on the pill when I was fourteen. Mom wasn't the only one interested in my sexual exploits. Both of my parents went out of their way to make it easy for me to bring guys home rather than having to hide in the backseat of some car. I suppose them being able to peek in and watch didn't hurt either.

Still, there's a BIG difference between enjoying being with a guy for sex and wanting to live your life with him. While I did have a few guys I got closer to, something always seemed to get in the way. At the end of my senior year I thought I had finally met "the one" only to find that once I left for a college that was hours away and thus he couldn't fuck me whenever he wanted that he dropped me like a hot stone. It taught me a valuable lesson in that I became a bit cynical as I realized the lengths that guys would go to and how they would say just about anything to get in my pants. So far as I was concerned, when they said "I love you" it was really just another way of saying "I want to fuck you".

A few years ago I finally met him, the guy I just KNEW I wanted to marry. Duane was everything I'd dreamed of, or so it seemed, and I was totally convinced that he was the going to propose at any moment. As much as I was excited about the upcoming event, I was also nervous in that Duane didn't know anything about my incestuous background. Would he understand that as my father's daughter I had duties and responsibilities that were just as important as my future duties as a wife and mother? Would he object to my relationships with other members of my family? Could he ever truly comprehend the love and closeness that I had with my family because of incest when he had never been exposed to it before and only knew what he saw in the newspapers and 20/20 episodes??

Rather than come right out and tell him, I decided to introduce him one step at a time. At the time I was heavily influenced by my mother's belief that adultery was a cardinal sin and a violation of the Ten Commandments. Thus once I was married, sex outside my immediate family would be out of the question. However, that also meant for my future husband that he would be free to enjoy the women in my family - so long as it was someone in my family and NOT just any girl off the street. After all, incest is NOT adultery since it stays within my marriage family. (Just a note - since then my parents have divorced and I now consider adultery to be the act of CHEATING on your spouse, not just having sex with other people.)

So I told Duane about my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen who had slept together since their husband and father had divorced them just a couple of years after Kristen was born. I figured if Duane could deal with THAT bit of information then maybe I could tell him about mom and my father. Besides, I knew he wanted to have sex with them both anyway and this was basically giving him permission to do so.

Another lesson learned and this was a hard one. Duane did NOT react well to the news and before it was over I lost my job and what looked to be my entire teaching career. It was only the intervention of my father that salvaged anything. What he said to Duane that night neither of them ever told me but at least it stopped things in their tracks before they got any worse. Still, it took years to repair the damage - both to my career and to my heart.

Then my fairy tale fantasies came true. Imagine my surprise the day in church when Steve tapped me on the shoulder and I turned to see my old boyfriend had returned! As it turned out, my original prediction regarding him from back when we first dated came true. How many girls can say that the first guy they had sex with, the first guy they thought they would marry, would actually BE the one they married?

After the Duane incident, perhaps the scariest time for me was the day I told Steve about me and my dad. Unlike what I did with Duane, I came out and just spilled everything. It was a little easier as Steve was not entirely a stranger to incest. Once when we dated his mother caught us having sex and one thing led to another. Although they both claim nothing like that ever happened again, they were a lot closer than your average son and mother. Seeing them kissing and cuddling made me wonder about them at first, especially when the fondling got hot and heavy but it was always over their clothes and never went any further than that.

Steve actually didn't believe me at first, assuming it was another practical joke like the ones I enjoyed playing on him. I guess I couldn't really blame him but the only way to convince him was to show him. Well, THAT settled the issue and the next day he proposed to me so I was glad I hadn't waited any longer. While we both have agreed that what goes on between me and my dad stays between me and my dad, he didn't hesitate when it came to taking advantage of the situation. Surprisingly to me, it was my Aunt Linda that he was most attracted to and then my own mother. For a guy who has a fetish for younger girls, for whatever reason he likes the older ones when it comes to my family.

So after a nine month engagement, the moment was almost here. Everything was in place and there wasn't a whole lot left to do at this point. The previous night we'd had our rehearsal and dinner which went off splendidly. One thing I did take note of was that even though I thought I had everything planned down to the smallest detail, there were still a few surprises. For instance, I hadn't figured that less than ten minutes after arriving that my dad's oldest brother would be doing me in the coat room. I also hadn't even had the slightest idea that my cousin would be doing the groom and his brother between the rehearsal and dinner. Looking back it shouldn't have surprised me but who can predict everything?

Without a doubt the biggest surprise was when I learned that Jim and Sharon, Steve's younger siblings, also had sex during the rehearsal dinner. Now THAT really shocked me as I had no idea that sort of thing was going on and I couldn't wait to corner Sharon later to find out more about it. I knew she had a crush on her older brother back in high school but never once had she hinted about any longings for her younger brother.

Now it was August 27th, the day that would forever more be on my calendar as my wedding anniversary. I woke in the morning groggy and sleepy. Ideally I would've had a good night's sleep but when my cousin gets in bed with me it's not like either of us can just turn on our sides and ignore the other. In the end it turned out to be a great way to spend our last night together as roomies. Certainly there would be other nights but never again as two single cousins. Actually I didn't even remember falling asleep as somewhere along the line I just became so exhausted that I more or less passed out in the middle of things.

I was the first to wake and I laid there motionless, enjoying the feel of Kristen's warm nude body snuggled up against mine. Somehow or another I'd ended up on my back with Kristen laying on her side, one leg draped over me and an arm over my chest with her head resting on my shoulder. My left arm was under her head and I reached down and felt her bare butt, running my fingers lightly along the curve of her hips. She stirred at my touch but didn't wake; if anything she just seemed to press in tighter against me. I had to wiggle under her just a little to get comfortable and as I did I felt her smooth crotch pressing in tight against my upper thigh. Mmmmmmm, I wished I was the one on top right now as I knew where my head would have been before long.

Reaching over with my right hand, I gently stroked my cousin's hair away from her face. She looked so peaceful and innocent when she was asleep, not a hint of the sexuality she had oozed just a few hours earlier. Reaching down, I adjusted my boob under her as hers pressed down against it. My pussy tingled as I remembered how good her mouth had felt on me and how badly I wanted her again.

I've been with a number of women over my lifetime although only a small fraction compared to the number of guys. Unlike guys, who I'm willing to have fun with regardless of who they are, I tend to lean towards the women in my life I know and am comfortable with when it comes to sex. Even then it's a world of difference having sex with a girlfriend as compared to being with your mother or cousin. There's a sense of intimacy that just can't be matched when you're with someone you've literally known all your life. Neither Kristen or I had a sibling so we pretty much grew up as sisters more than cousins. With her mother being divorced, sometimes it seemed that they spent more time at our house than their own. Of course it didn't hurt that my aunt loved sex with my dad even though I didn't know about THAT until I was having sex with him myself.

As my fingers ran slowly up Kristen's bare back and then back down to her cute little butt, my other hand gently touched the sides of her perky boob and then I carefully squeezed my fingers under it so they were between our boobs, allowing me to cup her breast in my hand and slowly massage it. God her breast felt so good in my hand and I loved the way the back of my hand felt against my own hardening nipple. Apparently she liked it as well as she stirred again and I saw her eyes start to flicker open.

"Good morning sweetie," I greeting her softly, twisting my body so we were now facing each other on the bed. I put my arm around her and pulled her in tightly to me, pressing my leg in between hers and pushing it up tight into her crotch. Her pussy felt so warm against the top of my leg and I moved it just enough to rub her gently. Our boobs rubbed p against each other and I could feel my nipples move against hers.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels so good," her first words came out. She had her eyes closed again but I knew she wasn't sleeping anymore as I felt her arch her back and press herself in tighter against my leg. Then she started to slowly hump against me, rubbing her pussy on me.

"Fuck I'm so damn horny," she whispered under breath as she humped against me more. Well, so much for getting out of bed early!

Later as I showered all I could think about was the upcoming events! So far the day had started out perfectly. While I hadn't planned on 69'ing my cousin before even getting out of bed, it was definitely a good omen for the day to come. Like the day was barely underway and already I'd cum twice!

## 2. Getting Ready

Fortunately I'd woke with enough time to get the morning started right with my cousin as we were both due at the salon by 8:30. Ever mindful of her duties, my Maid of Honor was calling me a half hour beforehand to make sure my alarm had gone off. Hillary was 40 years old and a good friend of mine. We taught together as a team at the small Christian school where I teach. Hillary and I had become quite close over the past year or so and it just felt right to ask her. It also gave me a bit of an excuse for not choosing any of my friends over the other when it came to the MOH thing. Some decision are just impossible to make and I never claimed to be Solomon

My other bridesmaids were going to be Beth – my absolute BFF who I think was a bit disappointed not to be the MOH but she dealt with it nicely. Then there was Brenda, my freshman year college roomie who also had the distinction of being my first lesbian experience (I don't count my mom and aunt as that was family). Samantha is probably best known to people who read my diary as the girl who got me to try sex with her dog. Nancy was also one of my longtime good friends, best known for her obsession with Truth or Dare. Finally there was Carrie, a close friend of Kristen with whom I'd spent quite a few fun times with. I decided NOT to include any relatives in my bridal party just so I wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings. Even so, I still invited Kristen and my other cousin Tammy to join us for the preparations. Sharon was also invited. I probably should have included her as a bridesmaid but to be honest I wasn't even 100% sure she would make the wedding until I actually saw her at the rehearsal.

The colors for my wedding were pink and grey. The bridesmaid dresses were pink with grey trim while the groomsmen would wear grey suits with white shirts, pink vests and pink ties. When we got our nails done I stuck with just simple light pink nails with light grey tips. We all had them done the same of course, but when it came to hair it was every girl for herself!

With all the hustle and bustle of the rehearsal, this was the first time I actually got to spend some time alone with Sharon. It had been years since we had been together yet it seemed like just yesterday when we were young teenagers dealing as best we could with our erupting hormones. As was the case with all my friends at that age, we never actually touched one another but we did masturbate sometimes when we got especially hot talking about some guy we knew. Once I started dating her brother most of those times revolved around me telling her the latest dirt on what Steve and I had done. Perhaps I should have felt guilty for teasing her when I knew how badly she wanted her brother for herself but I never did.

After what had happened the previous night, or at least what I assumed had happened between her and her younger brother, I couldn't wait to get her off to the side for a few minutes. With so many of us crammed into the salon, privacy was not easily found but eventually we managed to get a few moments when we could be relatively alone.

"OK girl, spill it," I demanded as we sat on two chairs facing one another.

"Why Kelly, what in the world are you talking about?" she replied coyly, pretending to be clueless. For a moment she tried to appear serious but then she couldn't contain herself anymore and broke out into a huge grin. "OK, so what can I say? I know it must freak you out to think of me having sex with my brother but don't knock it 'til you try it."

I almost burst out laughing. Wow, if she only knew! Still, I didn't give her any clue as to my own history of incest. Talk about don't knock it 'til you try it, she had no idea!

"So how... I mean when did this all start?" I stammered, pretending to be flustered somewhat.

Sharon quickly gave me a rundown about how after they had moved to California. It seemed like everyone was stuck up and with Sharon being a little on the heavy side back then the guys wouldn't talk to her so her younger brother came to her defense. Not bad for an eighth grader considering how immature he had been when they were in Pittsburgh. She said that Steve just ignored her all the more now that he wasn't dating her best friend anymore so it was just natural for her and Jim to grow closer. Finally one day when she was upset about not being invited to a dance it happened. She said she felt incredibly guilty afterwards and a little bit dirty but she couldn't stop herself and so their relationship deepened.

We didn't have much more time but she mentioned that it got pretty tense when her mom found out. Apparently she came home early one day and caught the two of them in her bed and all hell had broken out. Still, they refused to stop despite her demands and eventually her mom and Steve just ignored them so long as they didn't do it in front of anyone.

"So you guys have sex all the time still?" I asked, trying to sound incredulous at the stunning news.

"Oh yeah. I even think we might move somewhere new where people don't know us and get married," she gushed.

Now THAT did make my jaw drop. I'm a firm believer in the potential benefits of incest when done in the proper setting but to MARRY your own brother? It was something I would never have even considered in a fantasy. Marriage would mean having kids and although I know of people who do that, it wasn't something I would ever do myself. People have asked me if I would ever have my father's child and my answer has always been a vehement NO. (Of course, the fact he got a vasectomy after my mom's difficult birth with me made the whole point rather moot.)

That was all we had time for, leaving me with a thousand more questions that I hoped to have time for later. With us leaving for our honeymoon the morning after the wedding I wondered if Sharon and I would have any time as the schedule was pretty stuffed as it was. Sitting back in the salon chair I tried to digest the new information. It certainly helped me to understand a few things better, such as why neither Steve or his mom liked to discuss the topic of incest. It also helped me to understand why even though they each obviously had carnal desires for the other neither of them was willing to cross the line - although they certainly pushed it about as far as they could.

It was interesting to see the difference in how people react to such situations. In a perfect world the relationship between Sharon and Jim would have paved the way for the rest of their family to become involved but in the real world, it actually accomplished the opposite. I wondered if the two of them had not started having sex if Steve and his mom would have gone on to the next step. Oh well, that was the way it was but it made me feel better to finally understand a situation that had baffled me for the past year or so.

There's just something about spending the morning, lunch, and then the afternoon with friends and family doing fun things like nails, makeup and hair that just makes you feel special. I looked in the mirror when all was said and done and I wanted to cry. It had been ages since I'd been doted on this way and I loved the way the girl had done my hair, exactly the way it looked in the magazine photo I'd shown her. I felt like a princess ready for her royal wedding. Well, the country club may not be Buckingham Palace but it was MY wedding this time and because of that it was going to be the most special one ever.

## 3. One Last Time With My Dad

We arrived at the country club a couple of hours before the wedding. Special rooms had been set aside for the wedding party with the guys off somewhere in theirs and all us girls in our own. I never did see where the guys were. For that matter we hadn't seen any of them all day. Steve had mentioned something about some massive video game tournament so I left him to do his thing while I had my day with my girls.

The room was decked out with flowers and ribbons. Someone had brought in a portable player and had their phone or whatever hooked up to play music. There was a table of finger foods which I tried to stay away from as the last thing I needed was to spill something on me or stain my fingers or dirty a nail. In the far corner was my wedding dress, hanging up waiting for me. I LOVED my dress. After all the ones I'd tried on it was the one that I knew was the perfect one the moment I looked in the mirrors. I still tried on some others but once I'd seen it I was just going through the motions. My aunt made sure the price tags were hidden so I never did find out exactly what it cost after the alterations but from the way my dad teased me I got the idea it wasn't exactly cheap. Oh well, it's something you only buy once and even though you only wear it for a few hours it's the memories that last a lifetime.

The photographers were everyone it seemed. There were three guys with cameras and one with a video recorder. The head guy was giving directions to the other three who pretty much stayed in the background taking shots of everyone else while he pretty much focused on me. My mom was with me the whole time for emotional support while my aunt hovered, keeping track of all the details. I wore just a robe while the girls all changed into their gowns and then they left, leaving just me and my mom with the head photographer.

I saw my mom talking to the photographer as I sat in a chair next to my gown, waiting for her instructions. She and the photographer were apparently discussing the shots she wanted with her doing all the talking and him just nodding his head with a serious expression. I'd never met the guy until the rehearsal the previous night and even then, we hadn't exchanged anything more than what it took to get the shots he wanted. He was actually quite handsome, probably in his late thirties or early forties if I had to guess. He wore black everything - black pants, a black t-shirt, black shoes and socks. I couldn't help but smile as he looked just as I imagined a cat burglar might dress before a heist.

"OK, I think we're ready now," my mom announced as the two of them approached me, "Let's take a few first for your special album, what do you say?"

We had talked in the past about the photos I wanted for my wedding. Of course I wanted all the usual shots but I also wanted to have something special that I could share with my husband after the wedding. Although he wasn't allowed to be anywhere near me now, I wanted him to be able to see the preparations for the wedding someday.

I stood up and she got in behind me and helped me remove the robe. I was nude underneath and while I assumed my mom had this all worked out with the photographer, I was still pleased to see his eyes widen just a little and then he regained his professional demeanor and got busy with the camera. As he took an almost continuous series of shots (isn't digital photography just the best thing ever invented?) I dropped the robe behind me into my mother's arms and stood there posing nude for the camera.

I got the idea quickly that this was not his first experience with erotic photography as he immediately began giving me direction for how to pose. These were not just porn shots but more what I would call erotic photography. Yes, I was nude but still there was a feeling of good taste about every shot. There actually was very little that was sexy per se in that he didn't have me touch myself in any blatant way. It was more like he was trying to tell a story in photos, of a girl preparing herself for her upcoming wedding, gazing out the window, holding a photo of my fiance, checking out my wedding dress.

After he had taken the nudes my mom stepped in to help me get dressed. I sat down in the chair as she put on my garter. If the photographer had any thoughts about how she caressed my bare leg in the process he kept them to himself but he had to have sense of how close my mother and I were and I just hoped he was managing to capture those feelings in the photos he was shooting.

Again, if the guy had any questions about me not putting on any panties as my mom helped me with my dress he kept those to himself as well. That was one thing I'd decided long ago. There was no way I was going to be wearing anything under there for when my husband got down to retrieve the garter. Plus there was the naughty feeling it was already giving me to know I would be standing in front of all those people completely bare ass under my dress.

Finally I was encased in the dress. What I mean is a wedding dress is NOT something you just slip on and off, at least not the one I chose. There were enough ties, snaps, and hooks to make it more like a strait jacket. Once on, it wasn't coming off again until the night was over! I looked in the mirror and again it was all I could do to keep the tears at bay so as not to ruin my makeup. My mom looked at me and I could see her over my shoulder behind me in the mirror, She was beaming. Indeed, her little girl was about to get married.

"You look stunning," my mom said, her voice choking up a bit as well as her emotions seemed to be about to get the better of her. I wanted to kiss her and hug her but that would have to wait.

"I love you mom," was all I could get out.

"I love you too baby," she replied. Then she shooed out the photographer and it was just the two of us for the moment.

"I need to go take care of something," she said cryptically. "But I know someone wants to see you right about now."

She was beaming and while I wasn't exactly sure what she needed to do, I had a pretty good idea of who she was talking about when it came to being with me. There was just one man in the world right now I wanted to see – my father.

She gave me a peck on the cheek and walked out from the room. I turned to look out the window which overlooked the putting green where the ceremony was to take place. Everything looked wonderful. My heart about burst as I thought about how so many people had worked so hard to make this day perfect for me. I looked down and saw Steve with his guys. The windows were tinted and with the sun as it was I knew he couldn't see me. He looked SOOOOOO handsome. It was hard to believe that in just an hour or so he was going to be my husband, my soul mate and partner for life.

Just then I heard the door opening behind me. I stood there silently, listening to the approaching footsteps as my heart rate climbed.

"Wow... You are the most beautiful sight I have ever seen."

I turned and smiled at my father. He looked so handsome! He was wearing the same style suit as Steve and the groomsmen. For a moment we just stood there a few feet apart, a father and his adoring daughter just minutes before her marriage. This was to be the last time I would be with him this way. Forever more I would still be his daughter, but I would also be another man's wife. This moment was so special as it was the last time I would be just his.

"I love you so much daddy, thank you so much for everything," I said, my voice breaking as I was barely able to contain my tears.

He stepped forward and put his arms around me, holding me tightly against him. I felt so protected, so safe in his arms. All my life this was the man I'd turned to when I needed protection. He was the one man who never betrayed me, never failed to be there when I needed him. Everything I had I owed to him.

"I love you too Kelly," he whispered to me. I could tell he was feeling as emotional as I was.

"Show me daddy.. show me one last time how much you love me."

Indeed, that was what I wanted more than anything else at this particular moment. It is important to note that I did not ask him to "prove" his love to me as I would never question my father's love for his only daughter. It was more the symbolic nature that counted. Words can only go so far before actions are needed. While my dad has told me more times than I could ever count how much he cares for me and loves me, when I feel him inside of me it takes me to an entirely higher level. Not only does it demonstrate his love and respect for me, but it is also a symbol of his lust for me which has supported me through those days when I felt ugly or unwanted. To have your own father desire you in the most intimate manner he can express is something that I can never fully express. Only a girl who has felt herself mated with her father, to feel her body joined with him and then to feel him moving deep inside of her can truly understand my desires at that moment.

"I would do anything for you baby," he whispered to me, "Just tell me what you want."

Of course he knew what I wanted, that wasn't the point. It wasn't the same "want" I feel when Steve is about to fuck me, and nothing like the urge I get when I am about to be taken by someone whom I've never met before. This was something special, something unique, something I could never share with any other man in the entire world because only one man is my father.

"Make love to me daddy," I said ever so softly.

At that I saw tears begin to stream from his face. For the first time in my life I asked my father no to just fuck me but instead to make love to me. It was not something that came easily to my lips. Indeed, the only man I ever intended to make love to me was to be my husband. Anyone else, no matter who he might be, could only "fuck" me. To be honest, I think I was as shocked as he was to hear those words as I had never dreamed or planned to say that to him. Indeed, whenever I fantasized about this moment the words were always along the lines of, "Fuck me daddy, fuck your little girl before she gets married."

"Oh baby, you have no idea how much that means to me," he said in a voice hoarse with emotion.

With that I turned around and twisted the chair around so that I was holding onto the back of it for support, facing the large window so that I could see the people assembling for the upcoming ceremony. The chairs were already three-quarters filled and more people were waiting to be seated by the ushers. As I watched I leaned forward and felt my dad raising up the back of my wedding gown. It wasn't quite as simple as flipping up a miniskirt and I could only imagine how it was bunched up on my back. Then I felt his large hand on my bare bottom as his dick pressed into my exposed butt.

A sigh escaped my lips as I felt his erection pressing against my welcoming pussy. He had his hand around his hard shaft, sliding it up and down my wet pussy slit. I gasped as he rubbed the head against my sensitive clit and then teasing the opening of my wet pussy with it.

"This is just for you baby," he whispered as I felt him penetrate me. Oh god, he did it soooooo slowly. It was like he wanted to savor every moment he could as he ever so slowly pushed himself inside of me. Inch by inch I felt his dick sliding into me, filling me more and more as he went.

# 4. The Ceremony

No sooner had my dad gotten his pants back together and I had my gown back in order was there a knock on the door. Thank god we were done as I hadn't realized it had been unlocked! In came Hillary without waiting for anyone to answer but then why should she have worried about privacy? After all, so far as she knew it was just me and my dad exchanging a few last words. I could only imagine if she had even the slightest clue that even now I could feel my father's incestuous cum threatening to drain from my pussy. No doubt my teaching position at a strict Christian school would have vaporized.

"Is someone ready to get married?" she called out gleefully as my dad stepped out of the room as inconspicuously as he could. Hillary helped gather my train and we worked our way out to the area where the wedding party was gathered.

My dad had joined my mother as it was about their turn to be escorted down the aisle to their seats. My grandparents on my dad's side were already seated and I saw my grandmother from my mother's side was being led down to her seat as the music played. Then came the parents and I watched with pride as my mom and dad took their sets in the front row. Steve led his best man and groomsmen in and then one by one my bridesmaids walked in holding their bouquets. Everything was set now. This was the moment I'd always dreamed of.

"Ready baby?" my dad murmured, holding out his arm for me.

The music changed to "Here comes the Bride" and everyone stood and turned to watch us make our entrance. A number of people had tried to talk me into something more non-traditional for my processional music but as tradition-bound as I was, there was really no other option no matter how corny it may sound.

I could hear the crowd murmuring as my dad led me across the grass and then slowly down the aisle. I felt like I was in a fairy tale and all this was somehow just a dream. Any worries I might have had about tripping from my heels digging into the turf disappeared as it was like I was floating on air the entire way. Everyone was smiling and I could hear them saying what a beautiful dress I was wearing. I felt so proud I thought I might burst!

As I stood there holding onto my dad's arm and the minister opened with a prayer, it was like I was in some sort of time warp and everything was happening in slow motion except me. Memories came flooding back to me of my childhood and how me and my parents were always doing things together. I thought about all the boys I'd had sex with during school and how I doubted any of them ever thought I was make it to this point in my life. I looked at my friends and family and thanked god for blessing me with the most wonderful people in the world.

I also said a little prayer thanking god for long wedding dresses as I felt my dad's cum seeping from my pussy and down the inner part of my thigh. There was absolutely nothing I could do about it so I just had to try and not think about it – not nearly as easy as that may sound. Of course I COULD have worn panties but then I would not have been able to feel his cum dripping from me and that has always been part of my dream for my perfect wedding.

The ceremony was short and simple. Rather than some long song I had arranged for a short bible reading by one of my cousins. Being it was outdoors we knew candles were a bad idea so instead of a union candle we used two different colors of sand which we poured together into a single vase to symbolize the blending of our lives. When it came time for our vows we did the usual "till death do us part" thing but then we each read own vows as well. For me, I reached back and Hillary slipped a rolled up scroll into my hand which I then made a show of unfurling all six feet of it or so. The crowd laughed as I started reading which turned out to be probably the lengthiest part of the entire ceremony by the time I reached the end of the scroll. When it was Steve's turn he reached inside his suit and pulled out his iPhone, again sending ripples of laughter through the crowd. His words were considerably shorter but that was to be expected.

Then it was time. The minister pronounced us man and wife and told Steve he could kiss me. Rather than lean towards him, instead I arched my back and leaned toward Hillary who had a small bottle of mouthwash ready for me. One spritz and then I turned back to Steve and we made out like lovers, tongue and all. For a moment I forgot about everyone else as all I felt was my new husband's lips on mine as my dad's cum drained further down my leg. The minister couched politely and reluctantly we parted as everyone clapped and cheered for us.

It was over. I was married!

# 5. Consummating the Marriage

After what seemed to be hours of pictures (but really maybe no more than thirty minutes) the wedding party made its triumphal entrance into the country club ballroom and the party began. The food looked delicious but honestly it was about the last thing on my mind at that moment. We hadn't hardly even sat down before the glasses were tinkling and we repeated out first kiss - a gesture repeated MANY times as the night wore on.

Over the years I'd spent many a night masturbating as I fantasized about my reception party. In my more vivid dreams I fucked every man in the room as the bride laid on the table and opened her legs for one and all to have a share. Of course those were just fantasies but it still would have been pretty hot. There were a couple of things that I wanted to happen, regardless of which scenario came true. First, my marriage Would be consummated before we left the reception. Second, each of us would fuck at least one of the other's bridal party.

The only thing is I hadn't mentioned that last one to any of my girls and I wondered if Steve had anyone prepared on his side of the table. For me, the choice was simple. There was only one girl I would even think of sharing with Steve on this night and that would be my very best friend Beth. As the only girlfriend of mine that had been fucked by my dad, it seemed only fitting she be the only one to fuck my new husband as well.

The first hour or so everything was so busy that there was no chance whatsoever for Steve and I to spend any time in private, let alone have sex. Between the meal, the cake cutting and the garter and bouquet ceremonies it was all a whirlwind to me.

When it came time for the garter ceremony, Steve and I had something special worked out that turned out really well. Unknown to anyone but Beth and Kristen, when it was time I made a quick entrance and sat down as fast as I could before anyone could see that I was waddling. I had my dress hitched up just enough to get it off the floor. My heels were ditched and I was wearing white flip-slops which were a LOT more comfortable and easier to get around in.

The DJ started the music and Steve came out on the dance floor like a proud peacock. His friends cheered him on until suddenly he dove and slid on his stomach right under my dress. Then he slipped out but instead of holding my garter he had small plastic wrench! Everyone laughed and in he went again, this time coming out with a lint brush. That was followed by successive trips resulting in items scattered all over the dance floor as everyone got into it and started debating what he would come out with next.

Finally he got serious and I swear half of him was buried under my dress. This was no reach under the dress and blindly follow the leg up to the garter thing like at every other wedding I'd intended. Fortunately the previous acts made the whole thing light-hearted and so people weren't offended by what could otherwise have been interpreted as being somewhat risque. Steve made a big showing of pushing out on my dress as he reached my garter which I had almost all the up to my crotch. What people didn't know was that he had on hand on my leg while the other was poking up my pussy! I let out a started shriek as two fingers went up inside of me and everyone laughed, thinking I was just faking being shocked by whatever he was doing under there. Expect for a few people, I doubt any of them had the slightest clue what was really going on underneath.

Steve merged triumphantly with my garter as I feigned embarrassment but nobody could have known how horny I was at that moment. God, I could have jumped Steve right then and there in front of everyone!

The groomsmen gathered to catch the garter and while they were lining up, Steve leaned over to me and said in a voice low enough that nobody else could hear, "The one who catches it is the one, got it?"

Oh my god, so THAT was how he was playing it. From the way the guys were positioning themselves and looking at me I had to wonder if he hadn't already told them about his plan. No doubt most of them probably thought he was just teasing them with a plan that bordered on being bad taste but then you never know.

In any case, Steve released my garter like a rubber band over his shoulder and the line surged forward as the guys practically fought to get it. At one point I thought they tear it to pieces and then what would THAT have meant - would I have had to fuck every guy that had even the smallest piece of my garter?

As luck would have it some guy caught it that I didn't know. He was one of Steve's buddies from out in California that had flown in for the ceremony. Steve had introduced me to all his guys at one point but it had just been a quick meet and greet and I had never even had a one-to-one conversation with him. Hmmmmmm, did he know about the arrangement Steve had made with me? Well, judging by the look and wink he gave me after catching the garter he must have.

With that it was time for the bride to dance with her father. As my dad took me in his arms I once again thought about how it had felt to have his cum in me during the ceremony. By now I'd cleaned up but the memories were still fresh. Too bad there couldn't be a father-daughter fuck instead! Steve and his mom danced next and as I watched them I wondered how many people knew what willpower they were exhibiting to keep their hands off each other's private parts! Hmmm, what would have people thought about the most - a father fucking his daughter or a mother being groped by her son? So much for the scheduled events. The rest of the evening was spent socializing, drinking and dancing. I stuck with Diet Coke and I gave Steve the evil eye when I thought he was going past his limit on the beer. He had a lot to do before the night was over and the last thing I wanted was him passing out before he'd fulfilled his responsibilities.

That left just two things on my "to do" list. The first thing had to be the consummation of our marriage. While I knew Steve had no objections to me having sex with other men after we were married, the FIRST guy to fuck me once I had the ring had to be hymn, no questions asked. As it was turning out, this was not as easy as it sounded. It was like we were never left alone more than a minute or two. I couldn't even go to the bathroom without an escort! Of course I really did need one to deal with the dress but you get the point. The question in my mind was becoming how were we going to do this?

Then it hit me. One of the things the wedding planner had arranged for was a photo booth. People could go in and have four shots taken of them in various poses, something like the photo booths you see in stores and other places. It even produced the same four photos on a single piece of photo paper. It was all done automatically. The only thing the guy running it had to do was put the printed photos in a plastic casing and run it though a machine that heated and sealed it. I had no idea it was going to be there until someone mentioned it and showed me the photos they had taken. Instantly I knew it was exactly what I was looking for - private yet almost public. We would only have a few minutes but the point wasn't to have a long love-making exercise but just to get his dick in me enough to seal the marriage.

There was a long line but one nice thing about it being MY wedding was that I got head-of-the-line privileges to everything. I grabbed Steve away from some guys he was talking to and told him what I had in mind. He just shook his head but he knew better than to argue with me. Hmmm, at least he was being a good husband from the start!

On the way I grabbed Kristen and filled her in quickly. As Steve and I cut in line to be the next inside, she worked her way to behind the guy working the booth where she would be sure he didn't see the ones of me and Steve, at least not the more private ones.

The couple ahead of us exited from behind the curtain and Steve and I ducked inside. There was barely enough room to maneuver as the mechanical voice welcomed us and instructed us on what was about to happen. Thankfully Steve was already hard from anticipation. I turned sideways to the camera as Steve lifted my dress up and over my back, quickly pulling down his pants as the voice counted down. He barely had his dick our and with it close to my ass when the flash went and photo number one was taken. The next one had his dick in me as did the third and for the fourth I turned quickly and took him in my mouth Justin time before the final flash went off.

Knowing people would want to see the results, I poked my head out an apologized, saying the first ones messed up and we had to do another set. These were more serious and soon our turn was over and we exited from behind the curtain. My pussy was tingling from being teased for those few seconds Steve had fucked me but the deed was done. NOW we were officially married.

Kristen had spirited away the first set of photos and a sleeve, allowing the guy running the booth to return to process the second batch. From the look he was giving us I had the idea that he had a pretty good feeling about what had been going on inside the booth between Steve and I. Oh well, let him fantasize. We were about to leave when Steve's face suddenly had this look of shock and he turned back to the guy running the booth. I couldn't hear them talking but then the guy w doing something on the computer with Steve watching carefully over his shoulder. The photo guy's face lit up and I saw Steve grab his arm a bit forcibly upon which the photo guy did something on the keyboard which made Steve happier.

"What was that all about?" I asked him.

Steve just pointed to a sign and I about burst out laughing. It said that a DVD of all the photos taken could be ordered and mailed to your home. Oh my god, imagine if those four pics we had taken had stayed on the guy's computer!

With our marriage sealed it was time for the two of to work on the second half of my list of things to get done at the reception. I'd already discussed this with Beth the last time she was at my house and she had been so turned on by the idea that we ended up in bed together - something that didn't happen between us except on special occasions. Thus I had no worries that she and Steve would find a time and place to get it done. For me it was a different story. I didn't even know this guy so how was I supposed to get him to fuck me? Heck, I wasn't even sure that he would do me.

"Could you at least introduce us again?" I asked Steve, nodding towards his friend who was wearing the garter on his arm like an old-time barkeeper. Steve grinned at me and agreed but before we reached him I grabbed his arm and pulled his ear down to me again. "So does he know the arrangement?"

Steve grinned at me and nodded. Seeing the curiosity on my face, he pulled me to the side and quickly explained. Apparently he had been to another wedding where the same sort of deal had been arranged. Yes, it was this guy's wedding. So he was married to boot!

"So you fucked his wife the night of their wedding?" I asked.

"Yeah, it was pretty wild," he smirked. "So that's why I made sure he got the garter. I owe the guy Kelly."

With that he introduced me to Kory who shook my hand and leered at me like some drunken pervert. From the looks of the bottles on the table around him, no doubt I had him dead to rights on both counts.

By now the crowd was thinning so it was easier to sneak off for a few minutes without everyone's eyes on me. I looked to Steve for any help but he just grinned and kissed me, whispering in my ear, "You're on your own this time Kelly." Then he walked off, apparently to check up on the whereabouts of Beth.

Had I been any other girl there it would have been pretty easy to slip out unnoticed and do it about anywhere. Heck for all I knew people had been doing it all night in the best of wedding reception tradition. However, wearing a billowing white dress made it rather hard to go incognito! The photo booth had been fine for what Steve and I wanted to accomplish but I imaged Kory had more I mind than just a five second fuck.

"Come on, I've been checking the place out and I know the perfect spot," he said, motioning me to follow him. We made our way out and he turned down a hallway and opened the second door on the right. It was some sort of office, from the looks of it maybe the clubhouse manager. In any case it was dark and deserted, perfect for what we needed.

Kory turned on a small desk lamp that barely broke the darkness and then locked the door behind us. Turning to me, he had that look of a lion about to pounce on its prey. Leaning towards me, he reached forward as if to kiss me but I pulled away, leaving him a bit surprised.

"What the fuck?" he complained.

I'll suck your dick and you can fuck me but no kissing, got it?" I said forcefully, leaving no room for negotiation.

He had been drinking and I don't like kissing drunks but that was secondary. Being fucked was just sex but kissing him felt a lot more intimate and on the evening of my marriage, the only man I wanted to be intimate with was my new husband.

Kory shrugged his shoulders. I suppose in his mind he was getting the better end of the deal in the first place so who was he to argue?

"Well, let's get to it then, shall we?" he said, undoing his belt and then pulling down his pants and underwear. I wasn't left with many options as there was no way the dress was coming off so all I could do was lift it up and out of the way as much as possible. I did so, sitting down on the desktop with my legs handing over the end as I held the dress bunched up on my lap in my arms in front of me.

"No panties... nice touch," Kory said admiringly as he stroked his already erect cock with his hand. "So tell me, was he really fingering you under there when he took off the garter?"

I just grinned which told him all he needed to know. "Damn, I figured he was just exaggerating," he said ruefully. Looks like good old Steve married himself quite a slut."

He stood in front of me with his dick poking out and so I leaned over and with my hands on the desktop to steady myself, I took his dick in my mouth without any fanfare or playing around.

"Damn, you're not just a slut, you're a cock-hungry slut," Kory laughed as I started to suck on his dick. His laughs changed to groans and moans as I worked on his dick. I only did it for a few minutes though, then I leaned back and spread my legs.

"That was sort of quick, wasn't it?" he whined.

"Are you gonna fuck me or just complain?" I said, suddenly feeling like I just wanted to get this over with. I thought of Steve and Beth and how the two of them were no doubt having quite a time at this same moment while I was stuck with this moron. Still, a deal was a deal.

"Alright, alright, you don't have to ask twice," Kory chuckled as he moved in between my legs and quickly inserted his pencil dick in me. Yeah, the guy was built like a fourteen year-old - and that's being cruel to the fourteen year- olds of the world.

He was in me and cumming in me before I hardly even realize he was fucking me. Wow, he must have been REALLY horny! He started to pull out of me as he came but I wasn't about to have my wedding dress stained with some stranger's cum so I grabbed onto him and pulled him into me as he came.

It was over and done in what had to be less than ten minutes, maybe ever closer to five. Still, even though it wasn't the best fuck I'd ever had, it was a notch in my belt so to say and something to remember as we sat around on future anniversaries.

"Stay here an count to 100 before you come out," I instructed him as I made ready to leave the room. I opened the door and thankfully nobody was watching. Making my way alone back to the reception I ran across Kristen.

"There you are! I've been looking all over for you. Where have you been?" she asked.

I held up one hand making a circle with my thumb and forefinger which using my other hand to poke a finger through the whole - the universal sign for fucking.

"But I thought Steve was with Beth?" Kristen started out and then her voice trailed off as she realized what I meant. She grinned and looked around, "OK, so who was it?"

By then Kory made it back - he must have either cheated or counted REALLY fast. I nodded towards him and Kristen's face scrunched up. "Ewwwww, him?" she asked in an unbelieving tone.

I quickly explained about the garter game rules, leaving out the part about the results being rigged. Kristen just shook her head, saying something about how I should have done someone better than him.

In the end that was all the sex I had that night. The rest of the evening was spent enjoying the company of friends and family. Everyone wanted to know where we were going on our honeymoon and my response to everyone as the same -= if they find out where then tell me. Indeed, Steve was keeping this one REALLY close to his vest so to speak. The only hint I had finally wring from him was when he checked to make sure I had my passport up to date. So I knew we would be leaving the country but I didn't have the foggiest ideas as to where.

Finally we announced our departure and left everyone to close the place down. Steve had arranged for a suite at a downtown hotel which was actually an expense he could have spared. We were both exhausted so much of the place went unexplored. We didn't even get in the giant whirlpool bath tub. It was like see how fast we could strip and get in bed where it was like we had sex for the first time!

So now I'm married... oh yeah!

## 6. Filling in the Gaps

As busy as things were and with all the people and events, it was impossible for me to know everything that was going on during the wedding. During our honeymoon and then in the days since I have pieced together much of what happened. As I didn't witness any of this I can only go by what people told me and even then, any details I might give would have to be made up since nobody told me any - at least not in enough detail to fabricate a story. So here are a few snippets to fill in the gaps of what went on during the wedding and subsequent reception...

First, as it turned out I wasn't the only one at the wedding bare ass under my dress with a pussy full of fresh cum. OK, so there may have been others but the one I know of specifically belonged to my mother and whose cum was more fitting to be in her than from her soon-to-be son-in-law. Yes, when my mom left the room so my dad could be with me it turned out she went straight to Steve where she offered to do what his mother should have - to let him fuck her. I'd like to say it was done out of kindness but knowing my mom she was happy to have any excuse to have Steve fuck her. How many years had I listened to her tell me how she couldn't wait for me to get married so she could have a new guy to fuck her? True, at those times we didn't know she would be divorced and then it wouldn't matter if the guy wasn't in the family yet. Then to just keep up with me, I guess, she left her panties behind in the men's dressing room. Wow, I hadn't realized that when she and my dad stood up during part of the ceremony that both mother and daughter were dripping fresh cum form someone other than their husbands.

As it turned out, not even my mother knew at the time that she wasn't the first older women that Steve had fucked that day. My Aunt, his favorite target in the months before the wedding besides me, was determined to be the first one he fucked on my wedding day so she had stopped by his house and offered her services. Fortunately Marlene was out with Sharon for breakfast or I don't know how my aunt would have explained her being there but thankfully it all worked out for the best.

Speaking of Sharon, Jim made sure to pull me aside during the reception to inform me that he and Sharon had done it just before the wedding as well. Damn, it was like everyone in our families was getting laid within a half hour of the ceremony! They had done it out in the parking lot which I would have thought to be a bit more dangerous given all the traffic but it seemed if anything that just motivated them all the more.

Afterwards I did manage to get Sharon alone for maybe two minutes, long enough to confirm her brother's boasting and for her to put in her own two cents as to how hot it was to fuck her own brother with people walking past the car - and I don't mean the 90 degree heat. She mentioned something about the four of us getting together some time but we didn't have time to finish our conversation before people broke in on us. Unfortunately I never got to follow up on that offer but I had a really good idea of what Steve's take would be and it wouldn't be pretty.

Then there was Kristen. What can I say about my ex-prostitute of a cousin? According to her she had taken three loads of cum in her pussy and two in her mouth. Two of those were from the groomsmen ranks while the rest were from guys she hooked up with during the reception. I had no reason NOT to believe her as if anything, I figured she was plenty motivated to outdo me on my own wedding day if at all possible, at least when it came to the total count.

And so just like that it was over. Years of planning, hundreds of hours of fantasizing, thousands of dollars in expenses and it was done and over with. Now it was time for the mystery to be solved. Where was Steve taking me on my honeymoon?

# (Aug 30) Chapter 237: Our Honeymoon

Story codes: MF oral exhib
Me (26)
Steve - my husband (28)

Boarding the plane I was still in a daze - was I REALLY married to my high school sweetheart? Now it was time for Steve to finally reveal to me where our honeymoon was going to take place. Steve had kept it secret for as long as he could, I have to give him that. I had all sorts of potential locations in mind - Europe (Amsterdam?), Asia (Hong Kong?), maybe Las Vegas or Atlantic City?

Now that it's over what can I say? My husband did himself proud. Costa Maya in Mexico was absolutely beautiful! We visited Mayan ruins, zip-lined through the jungle, snorkeled a wreck on a deserted beach, and shopped and shopped and shopped. We almost didn't have time for sex. Well, that's a bit of an exaggeration! Note: This is one of the longest, if not THE longest diary entry I've ever written. Maybe I should have broken it up but I felt it all had to be together or it would be like a puzzle with a piece missing.

## 1. Day 1 - Wakeup Call

It was day two of my marriage to Steve, actually the first full day since yesterday was only about seven hours. Day two of what I hope and pray will be the start of a relationship that will indeed last, "until death do us part." While nobody gets married with the expectation of being divorced, something about this just seems so RIGHT that I just know it's going to be a lifetime thing.

I woke up Sunday morning and for just a few seconds felt totally disoriented. This wasn't my bedroom! Heck, I wasn't even alone in bed. It only lasted a few seconds before it all came flooding back. I was in a huge king-size bed in a wedding suite of a luxurious hotel in downtown Pittsburgh, lying next to my freshly-minted husband Steve. My handsome man was still lying on his back, apparently not having moved an inch since last night after I dropped off his dick and laid down next to him after our first time having sex since being married - not counting those couple of minutes in the photo booth at the reception of course.

Rubbing my eyes, I focused on the man I adored in bed next to me, still sound asleep like a baby. Looking past him at the clock on the table next to our bed I saw it was already 6:30 meaning we had to get up soon if we were going to make our 10:40 flight to... well to wherever it was we were going. After months of keeping our destination a secret tighter than the Manhattan Project, he had at least told me the flight time so that I could help to make sure we got up on time. Steve was a notorious late sleeper and there were times a fog horn could be used as an alarm clock and it wouldn't wake him. However, I DID know one way to get his attention...

Reaching over, I gently grabbed Steve's flaccid cock in my hand. It was so soft and warm, nothing at all like the hard steel pipe that had fucked me so well late last night. Since I first held one in my hand at the age of eight, a man's penis has always fascinated me. Like right now it was small and soft, flexing easily in my hand as I wrapped my fingers around it. Yet with just a little bit of work - if you can call it work, it would soon change like a caterpillar becoming an amazing butterfly. What was even more amazing that even now, with its owner sound asleep and totally unaware of what I was doing, it STILL reacted like it had a life of its own. Perhaps that's why some guys refer to it as their "little head" as indeed it did seem to do as it pleased all on its own.

Ever so gently I let his dick slip through my fingers until it dropped back onto the soft cushion of dark pubic hair underneath. Using my fingertips, I grabbed it by the base and let it slip through my hand until it flopped back down again, repeating this several times. Cocks are SO cool! Even so I couldn't imagine going through life with one of those things stuck permanently between my legs. I know what it's like trying to walk with a vibrator up my pussy and while I realize that's not a fair comparison, it still makes me cringe at the thought of having my own dick. So far as I was concerned, it was a marvelous part of God's plan that he saddled men with such devices, all for the enjoyment of women like me while they have to deal with it the rest of the time.

As expected, I noticed that even with this slightest of attention it was beginning to react as it wasn't quite as flaccid as it had been a few minutes before. Getting on my knees, I leaned over him and supported myself with my hands on the other side of him as I dropped my head down and took the tip into my mouth. Mmmmmmm, he tasted soooooo good. OK, so he was going to need a shower before we left after the exertions of the night before but for now the sweaty musk smell just reminded me of what a man I had for a husband - as if I needed reminding.

For the first minute or so I just suckled on the head of his dick like a baby on the nipple of a bottle. Ever so slowly I could feel his cock begin to change, growing a bit longer and fatter. Gingerly I took more of him into my mouth until I had his entire semi-flaccid cock past my lips. As soft and short as he was in this state he easily fit into my mouth and I could feel the coarse dark pubic hair rubbing against my face like a soft hairbrush. For a moment he stirred and I held still, not ready for him to wake yet but he didn't make any more noises so I resumed my slow blowjob.

As I said, cocks fascinate me and perhaps one of the most fascinating things is feeling them grow in my mouth. There are so many things involved at that moment and all of them hot and sexy so far as I was concerned. First, there was the simple fact that he was becoming erect because of what I was doing to him, even if he didn't consciously know it. Then there was just the erotic feel of his dick swelling and filling my mouth as if someone had an air pump attached to a balloon and stuck it in my mouth. What had fit so easily just minutes before was now tickling the back of my throat forcing my mouth to open a lot wider to take him in without scraping my teeth against him. My mom had taught me from the beginning that guys will accept about anything when it comes to a blowjob so long as you didn't scrape your teeth on him.

Mmmmmmm, what can I say, I simply LOVE sucking dick! From the first time I had done Steve back when I was fourteen until this very moment, I don't think I have ever not been excepted by the sight of a man's cock. My boobs hung down and I let my hardening nipples barely rub against his hip bone as I leaned over him to continue sucking his dick. It was just enough to tickle them and stimulate them such that they grew all the more. Although it was nothing at all of the magnitude of his dick's growth, they were still significantly larger than they'd been before I'd started this morning.

Finally Steve's dick achieved full erection status. I ran my tongue up and down the shaft, wetting him and then rubbing it with my lips from the base to the tip. Leaning over, I took him all in my mouth, the last inch or so almost gagging me as I took it down my throat. One thing about sucking a sleeping guy - it's actually easier to deep throat him as he isn't moving about trying to get a look or push it in even deeper before you're ready. Holding myself down on him as long as I could, I finally rose up again and let him flop, or at least drop out of my mouth as being so hard he wasn't about to flop anywhere!

My pussy was tingling now with that familiar feel I get when I NEED to be fucked. There are those occasions when I WANT to be fucked but then there were times like now when I NEEDED a dick in me. It didn't even matter whose dick it was - I just wanted one. Thankfully I had my new husband's at my immediate disposal as some of my craziest (and stupidest) stunts had been when I was at the mercy of my pussy and couldn't control the resulting urges.

Carefully I got up on my knees and then lifted my leg up and straddled Steve's muscular waist. Damn, the poor guy must have been exhausted from last night - something that I was rather proud to take credit for. His stiff dick poked into my bare butt so I lifted myself up on my knees until it slipped down between my legs then I reached down past my crotch to grab it and direct it to its goal - my aching pussy. As horny and wet as I was there was no problem sliding it up inside of me until I was seating on his crotch with my bare butt against the base of his dick, his entire cock now buried deep inside of me.

For the next few minutes I just sat there, looking down at my lover - now husband, enjoying the feeling of his cock as it filled me. It was so hot knowing that this was now officially MY cock. Oh sure it may have some fun in some other girl's pussy now and then but at the end of the day I knew that it would always come home to MY pussy. He felt so good in me at this moment that I couldn't imagine how this feeling could ever grow wearisome or boring the way some people claimed to feel about sex after marriage. Of course I had one advantage most other wives didn't - my guy's dick was allowed to fuck other girl's pussies so he would periodically get reminded of just how special MY pussy was! The same applied to me as well. What better way to appreciate your husband than to try out someone else now and then?

Looking at the clock for the umpteenth time, I realized that as much as I'd have loved to stretch this out to fill the entire morning we DID have a plane to catch so it was time to get things moving along. Enough of being subtle, I started to rock on his cock, bouncing my bottom against his crotch as I fucked his dick.

"What the f....!" I heard him say without opening his eyes. Then those lovely brown eyes cracked open and then suddenly popped wide open as he came to realize what was being done to him.

"Oh God.... you are so amazing," he sighed as his head went back against the pillow and I felt his hips lift up to match with my movements.

It only took a few more seconds before he was totally awake. Bunching a pillow under his head, he looked down to where he could watch his dick as it appeared and then disappeared as I sank down onto him and took him inside of me. My boobs were bouncing as I got into a rhythm and he even grunted a couple of times when I especially dropped down onto him just a little bit harder.

"Damn girl, take it easy," he groaned as I literally dropped my entire weight down onto his crotch, driving his dick like a piston deep inside of me.

I heard him but it didn't really matter to me. I LOVED the feeling as he thrust hard and fast into me. That was part of the reason why I like to be on top - so I can control the pace and depth based on how I am feeling at the time. When I first mounted him I preferred it slow and shallow but the more I fucked him the harder, faster and deeper I wanted him in me until finally we would both cum.

That was when he came in me. My pussy was suddenly flooded with my husband's sperm, making its way up inside of me on its futile journey. I smiled to myself as I imagined how someday that sperm would be allowed to reach its goal and produce our children but not this morning - this was just for fun. Maybe in a year or so....

When he finished I dropped down onto his chest, my boobs pressing into him as we both laid their breathing heavily with his arms now around me, pulling me tightly into him.

"I love you wife," he said with a hint of amusement in his voice. Yes, it WAS something new for both of us as I responded with, "and I love you husband." Oh sure I had role-played being someone's wife in the past but this was for real! It hardly seemed possible but I still loved the sound of it.

"Oh crap, we have GOT to get moving," he said suddenly, looking at the clock for the first time.

Grabbing me by the waist, he rolled me off of him and hustled into the bathroom where I heard him lift the toilet seat and do his thing. When he was finished and flushed I listened for the seat to go down... and it did! Good boy. I guess living with his mother for so many years had taught him a few good habits.

"Hey Steve, what should I wear?" I whined as he brushed his teeth.

He mumbled something but I couldn't understand him with his mouth full of toothpaste so I waited - impatiently. In all the hustle and bustle of the night before, I hadn't even thought about not having a suitcase with me. Sure I had my "new bride" bag all ready with a sexy nightie and some toiletries, not that the nightie lasted for very long. But what about my clothes for the trip?

"Look in the closet," he called out, "Your mom packed for you."

Good news, bad news. At least I had SOMETHING but what had my mother packed me? It could go either way when it came to her. Now had Steve said my Aunt Linda had packed me then I would've known there wouldn't have been much in the suitcase except some naughty bikinis and sexy shorts - definitely no bras or panties. My mom might have done the same but then again she might have gone in a more conservative direction as well - after all she WAS my mother and as outrageous as she could be at times there were days when I felt she was overprotective of me, especially now that I was 26.

The suitcase was new, evidently a present from someone for our honeymoon. It wasn't all that large either - maybe we would have to check it but that would depend on what type of plane we flew on as to whether or not it would fit in the overhead of a plane. Whatever was in it, there wasn't much of it.

"We can buy more clothes when we get there if you need them," Steve said from behind me rubbing his still bare crotch in against my butt as I looked at the small suitcase.

There was no doubt from the feel of him behind me that he was erect again. Hmmmmmm, if he wasn't careful we might never make it to the plane!

"I suppose that depends on where we're going," I said, not even trying to conceal the burning question in my mind. Where the heck WERE we going anyway?

"Check out the front pocket," he said, patting me playfully on my bottom as he turned and headed for the shower.

Sure enough, inside the front pocket of the suitcase was a plain white envelope which I carefully opened to find two plane tickets. Hmmmmmm, final destination - Costa Maya, Mexico. Where the heck was THAT? Like, I could read that it was in Mexico but that didn't exactly narrow it down at all. I'd been to Cancun once for spring break but that was years ago and the only thing I saw then was the road from the airport to the strip and then the beach outside the hotel so it wasn't like I'd had the grand tour of our neighbor to the south.

Then I noticed a larger vanilla folder also tucked into the front pocket and took it out. Inside were a few travel brochures and some printouts from various Internet sites.

"Costa Maya is the section of the Caribbean coast of Mexico running from Sian Ka'an Biosphere south to the town of Xcalak, near the Belize border. Just north of the fishing village of Majahual (also spelled Mahahual), in the heart of Costa Maya, cruise lines have erected a pier and carved out a piece of the jungle to build an artificial

Mexican coastal village. Surrounded by jungle, this primitive setting offers a vast expanse of natural scenery."

There was a map and I saw it was quite a ways south of Cancun. It didn't look all that populated so I looked through the brochures until I saw one for an inn.

"Explore Costa Maya in one of our comfortable beach front cabana, ocean front rooms and large sea- view rooms. Boutique style hospitality and seclusion that can't be found on the crowded Cancun hotel zone, noisy hotels of Playa del Carmen and the Riviera Maya or even Tulum. Contact us- we personally answer all reservation inquiries from our hotel office on the beach of Costa Maya. We are 30 minutes north of Mahahual (also spelled Majahual) and the Costa Maya Port, Mexico's 2nd most popular cruise ship destination. Get the quiet and seclusion that you want yet still take advantage of Costa Maya and Mahahual activities. Check our Guest Book and Guest Photos to see what others are saying."

Sounded interesting... Looking at the tickets I saw we would arrive before 2:00 so it must have been a direct flight to Cancun. That was much better than the last time when I'd had to rot in a boring Houston airport for hours waiting for a connecting flight and then again in Atlanta on the way home. I wondered how long it would take us to get to our destination when I read further into the brochure...

"The drive from Cancun airport to Mayan Beach Garden takes about 4.5 hours - but there are several things to do along the way, from the Crocozoo, to the Mayan Ruin of Tulum, to the little town of Felipe Carrillo Puerto - so plan on making a day of it. If your flight arrives in the afternoon, plan on spending the night in Playa del Carmen, Akumal, Tulum or Paamul and enjoy the drive."

Wow, four to five hours! It sounded like we had a long day ahead of us.

## 2. Day 1 - Mile High

One way or another we eventually did make it to the airport. I'd wanted to stop by my dad' house to thank him for helping Steve set up what was already looking to be a wonderful honeymoon. However, Steve was worried that we were running late and were already in danger of missing our flight being it was international and the check-in times were more restrictive. He mentioned something about "getting up late due to some nymphomaniac needing attention" which I let run in one ear and out the other. Yeah, like he didn't enjoy every minute of it!

We ran to the gate and just made it, being among the last to board. Well, being five minutes early was better than being one minute late so we quickly took our seats. Wow, I'd never flown in first class before. For that matter, I had not flown all that much period but when I had, it had always been in Coach Class. Well, this wasn't actually true first class but the seats up front were upgraded so there were only two seats on each side of the aisle meaning no middle seat - and no partner to either side of me either other than my husband. There was also more leg room which Steve appreciated.

After much debate I had ended up wearing my "Just Married" t-shirt which my mom had so thoughtfully packed for me along with a pair of new white shorts which fit my ass like a tight glove. It seemed to please Steve even more than me that I got a lot of looks as we walked through the airport and then from the people on the plane as we boarded. Hmmm, I wondered what was getting more attention, my braless boobs poking out against the words "Just Married" spelled out in sequins or my ass that was barely contained in the shorts? The only other thing I was wearing besides some jewelry were new flip flops which promised to be MUCH more comfortable than heels on such a long trip, although I knew from past experience that the heels DID make my ass look even better in these shorts.

"So just married I take it?" the flight attendant greeted us.

I wanted to saw something like, "So you can read?" but she meant well and I was in WAY too good of a mood to be the least bit snarky with her. Then she asked if we would like a little champagne as it would still be a few minutes before we left the gate. An ice cold Diet Coke would have actually been better so far as I was concerned but we graciously accepted her offer.

Soon we were in the air with me holding Steve's hand in a death grip - partly because I liked to hold his hand but mostly because I really don't enjoy takeoffs. Our hands rested on his lap which allowed me the pleasure of feeling the warmth and bulge of his crotch through his shorts. There wasn't enough privacy in the open cabin to do much more but it still felt good just knowing his wonderful dick was so close to my hand.

Steve was seated on the aisle after graciously offering me the window seat so that I could look outside and watch the scenery. He had a lot more experience flying than me and claimed that the view was boring to him but I was fascinated to see the state I'd driven through so many times flashing by below me. Before long we were passing over parts of the country I'd never seen - from the air or the ground. We had a few hours to get to Cancun so I leaned back my seat and rested my head on my lover's shoulder. I found myself toying with the new feeling on my finger. It had taken me months to grow accustomed to the engagement ring and now I had TWO rings on my finger. Well, if I had anything to say about it they would never come off.

Steve had struck up a conversation with another couple that looked to be about our age in the seats across the aisle. Like us, the guy was seated on the aisle with what I was guessing was his wife over by the window. Other than the row ahead of us, there weren't that many other people around as the attendant had drawn the curtain separating us "elite" passengers from the commoners in the back of the plane (just kidding). Still, I have to admit that it DID make me feel a little self-important.

"No we haven't. This is actually our first flight together," Steve was saying to his new buddy next door. I'd dozed off just a bit so I had not a clue as to what they was talking about but now he had my interest. Hmmm, what hadn't we done?"

"Well, it's not as easy as they make it seem in the movies," the other guy was saying. What the heck were they talking about?

"Yeah I can imagine," Steve agreed, "Plus they don't seem all that private."

"I wouldn't sweat it. I don't think anyone here would say anything," the guy offered.

"I doubt she'd go for it anyway... she's pretty conservative."

Go for WHAT? As for being conservative, now I was wondering who he was talking about as it couldn't be me! If there were two words I never heard in the same sentence it was "Kelly" and "conservative".

"Yea, Monika was the same way but you know, it really got our honeymoon started out on the right foot. It was like once the dam broke... well, you know what I mean."

They both chuckled like two conspirators. Typical guys. I nudged Steve in the hip whispering, "OK buster, so what's the story?"

Steve just tried to ignore me and instead he turned back to the guy sort of laughing and said, "She just woke up I guess... wants to know what we're talking about."

Well HELLO, I'm right here! I wanted to say. He was talking like I couldn't hear what he was saying.

"I say just do it... don't tell her until you get in there and then see what happens."

"Nawwwwww, I couldn't do that to her, she might freak out," Steve resisted.

"Hey, it's your honeymoon so go for it... make a memory."

Something was going on here so what was it? Whatever it was, for some reason Steve didn't want to reveal too much about me, that much was obvious. I don't care what it was, Steve would have a hard time freaking me out about much of anything so long as it didn't involve animals, anal, torture or poop.

I felt Steve shrug his shoulders and then he sat up straight as the flight attendant checked in on us. She offered more champagne but we politely refused. Steve said he was going to have to drive five hours or so when we got there which eventually led to another discussion between him and his new friend about places to stay and things to see in the Costa Maya region. Any more discussions about whatever it was they were talking about seemed to have gone by the wayside.

About half-way through our trip my bladder began to remind me why I normally don't drink champagne. Feeling the urge growing stronger, I nudged Steve who had started to doze off as well and explained that I needed to use the little girl's room.

"Ummmmm, I hate to be the one break the news to you Kelly but little boys and girls share the same room on here."

OK smart ass, I had to GO so enough of the wisecracks. I playfully punched him and he stood up in the aisle to let me pass. Finally I made my way to the front where the flight attendant was getting some snacks ready for us.

"So was the wedding last night?" she asked.

I grinned and gave her the brief rundown. As bad as I had to pee I still couldn't pass up the chance to brag about my wedding to whoever would lend an ear. Finally I turned to open the door to the restroom and when I stepped inside I felt the door pull from my hands as Steve pushed his way inside and somehow managed to shut the door behind us.

"Steve, I really DO have to go," I implored him. There was barely enough room for ONE person to pee in here without a guy the size of Steve squeezed in as well.

"Then hurry up and go and quit whining about it," he teased me.

If there's one fetish I do NOT have, that would be I get absolutely no pleasure or kick out of peeing in front of people or seeing other people pee. If anything it just flat out grosses me out. Steve will just stop anywhere, whip it out and piss any time he feels the needs but I will cramp and do whatever it takes to await the security, comfort and cleanliness of a modern bathroom. Still, ever notice how much more you have to go when you're just about to do it? It's almost impossible to stop once that train leaves the station so I huffed and pushed down my shorts and sat down with my legs between Steve's as he leaned back against the door to give me as much room as possible.

"You know something? You're insane," I sighed as I did my thing and wiped myself clean. I reached to flush but Steve held my arm.

"Not yet, I don't want anyone to think you're done yet."

OK, earth to Kelly. Finally it dawned on me what the two of them had been talking about back in the main cabin. Well, well, so Steve wanted to join the mile high club (at least I assumed he wasn't a member yet as I wasn't). Crap, there was barely room in here with the two of us to masturbate, let alone fuck! Who was he trying to kid?

Then I realized why he'd been saying those things to that guy. Certainly he must have seen Steve sneak in with me. Steve was just setting him up and I could just imagine how turned on the guy must have been to think I was somehow being coerced to have sex in this little room. I almost laughed as I thought about how I was supposedly so conservative that I would "freak out". Little chance of THAT happening!

"Just leave your shorts down," Steve instructed me as he undid his own shorts and released his dick from its prison.

Oh yeah, my horny new husband was already getting hard! As it turned out, I found that it was actually quite easy while sitting down like this to simply lean forward and suck his cock so I wasted no time in doing so.

"Damn that feels so good," he groaned.

The whole situation seemed to be really turning him on something fierce as he got steel hard in record time and I had the feeling if I just sucked for a couple of minutes - or less, he would be cumming in no time. Did a BJ count for membership? Somehow I didn't think so. Technically oral wasn't sex anyway so if we were going to do this then we had to do it right. I didn't want to have to embellish anything later when I told the story to my friends.

I tried to stand up but the wall curved over me preventing me from getting upright with Steve in the way. Somehow I managed to twist around without banging TOO terribly much until I was facing away from him, leaning over as much as I could while balancing myself with one hand on the sink ledge.

"I guess he was right, this IS a little awkward," Steve chuckled as he tried to work his dick into me.

It turned out that getting everything in the right place was the real work as once he was in me things went easier after that. Steve reached under me and then under my T-shirt to cup my bare boob in his hand as he held my hip with the other while he banged me. With the limited space he couldn't really be as forceful as I would have liked but it was getting the job done nonetheless. Considering I hadn't cum this morning, I was horny as hell and this time I was determined to be the first.

"Fuck me Steve... fuck me," I gasped as I reached with my free hand to my crotch and rubbed my clit as he fucked me.

I thought of all the people just outside the door. Was there someone waiting, bouncing from foot to foot as they struggled to control their bladder while we hogged the toilet? Actually I would've been more than happy to do it on our big seats than in this little cramped space but somehow I doubted that the flight attendant would've gone for such a breach of protocol.

As orgasms went it wasn't at the top of the scale but it sufficed. I shuddered as I came while Steve's dick maintained its steady piston motion in and out of me. With all the difficulties and the distractions I don't think he even realized I was cumming as he had his own orgasm going just after mine started, flooding my pussy with his sperm as I came even harder.

"Fuck, that was wild," he gasped as he pulled out of me. I reached for some paper towels and wiped myself as clean as I could. Squeezing down, I did my best to push out all his cum so I wouldn't have this big wet spot between my legs later as we walked through the airport. If I could have worn a sign that said "wet from sex" it wouldn't have been so bad but my fear was that people would think I'd peed myself. Again, not my fetish.

We eventually got ourselves straightened up and then Steve kissed me before unlocking the door behind us. I had no idea what - or who, would be waiting for us but as it turned out nobody was there. Even the flight attendant had disappeared, either in the cockpit or to the rear of the plane to get something. Then again, maybe she had realized what was going on and had moved away so as not to be held responsible should anyone say anything.

Smiling broadly, we made our way back to our seats and then to my surprise, the guy sitting across from us started to clap, then the other three guys in the front row did as well. I noted neither of the two women did but that was understandable. Probably just jealous.

"Welcome to the club," our new friend greeted us as we took our seats.

I got in first as Steve high-fived the other guy. Pretending I didn't hear or notice, I turned sideways to look out the window, doing my best to ignore the post-orgasm pulses that were still emerging from my swollen and wet pussy. Checking myself out, I noted a small wet spot emerging between my legs and sighed. It seemed no matter how hard you try there's always that last little bit you can't clean up.

Soon the curtain parted and our attendant was back. Once again she offered us drinks, but this time she seemed to be looking more at me than Steve with a mischievous smile on her face. As a professional I understood she couldn't come right out and say anything but there was that knowing look in her eyes that told me all I needed to know. Yeah, she knew what we'd been doing, that was for sure.

Finally we landed and as I walked past the attendant I thanked her for all her hospitality. She smiled and informed us that our membership cards would be in the mail. She caught me a little off guard and told me she was just teasing but then I finally got the joke. Then I winked at her and off we went to get our bags and go through Customs.

## 3. Day 1 - Beach Sex

The trip from the Cancun airport to where we were staying actually took us six hours - on top of the hour and a half it took to get out the airport and rent a Jeep. I wasn't too sure about the Jeep thing but Steve said we would be going through a lot of areas with less than perfect roads so he felt more comfortable with something that wouldn't get bogged down. Seeing how once we left the airport and turned south I was immediately on road I'd never been on before, the entire trip was a new experience for me.

On the way down, I read more from the brochure about where we would be staying...

"There is a good coral head about 100 yards from the shore with a lot of fish of many varieties. We have marked with a buoy so that you can find it and so that boats don't run into it."

Now THAT sounded interesting. I had snorkeled once in the Keys while attending a friend's wedding and tat had turned out to be pretty interesting - at a number of different levels. Continuing on...

"Mexico uses 110, the same power type and outlets as the US. Because we are solar powered, the lights are low voltage, water is solar heated and the fans run off batteries that are charged by the sun. We run a generator for about 5 hours a day in order to do our laundry. This subsidizes the solar power and provides power to a 110 outlet in each cabana. This outlet only works when the generator is running -- usually in the morning. This is the only time that you will be able to use hair dryers or recharge batteries."

No hair driers? Generators? Sounded a little primitive to me.

"If you do venture from the dockside development, a trip to nearby Uyumil Che (nicknamed the Monkey Farm) can be entertaining. This facility can best be described as a rehab center for injured wild animals, or discarded pets that need to be reinstated to their natural habitat. Bird watchers are delighted with the number of toucans that can be spotted from the nearby jungle. Less than an hour away is Chinchorro Reef Underwater National Park. The world's second largest barrier reef that protects most of the Costa Maya shoreline is a treasure for divers and snorkelers. Sunken ships abound and the coral reef is magnificent."

A monkey farm? I mean like real monkeys? That one we could skip but the reef sounded really cool. Sunken ships? WAY cool.

Steve had borrowed my dad's GPS who had bought and downloaded the maps for Mexico before handing it over. We probably could have found our way as there weren't really all that many options when it came to roads - or at least paved major highways. The one thing I hated were the ridiculous speed bumps. Oh my god, who was the crazy lunatic that put those in? We'd be going 60 miles per hour and if you didn't see the other drivers stopping and missed the sign you could be killed. Speed BUMPS? More like speed MOUNTAINS. Calling them bumps is like saying my friend Beth has bumps on her chest (they're DD's).

Although I'd heard things about the security, or lack of it, in Mexico, the only time I really felt scared was when we were stopped out in the middle of nowhere for a security check. I guess they were checking for drugs which thankfully I knew we didn't have. We were just driving along without a soul in sight and then someone had strung this huge rope across the road which practically threw the stiff Jeep into the ditch. A tent had been set up with these kids (I mean they couldn't have been even eighteen) armed with what looked like automatic rifles started asking questions. Unfortunately I don't think they understood a word of English and my Spanish is totally rusty. They made us get out while they searched the Jeep but I think it was more so they could stare at my ass than any need for us to get out of the way since they never even looked under the seats. Other than that the trip was rather uneventful.

For most of the trip I cursed the Jeep. It rode more like a tank and my ass was sore as hell after just a couple of hours. The roads were actually pretty good so I was questioning the wisdom of choosing our current mode of transportation until we were about two miles from our final destination (as the GPS was saying). Then the road disappeared and what remained was a wide clearing in the jungle with HUGE potholes filled with water that you had no idea how deep they were until the Jeep plunged into them. I guess we might have made it with a car but for the first time I was glad we had out trusty Jeep to wade through this so-called "road".

We finally made it to the inn and to my pleasant surprise it didn't look primitive at all. In fact it looked rather elegant. Sure it was small but I already had expected that from the photos in the brochure. I noted there were a couple of other rental cars parked so evidently we wouldn't be alone. By now it was past 8:00 PM and getting dark so we grabbed our stuff and went in through the front gate.

The inn was quite homey with no formal front desk or anything like that. Instead it was more like we were visitors at someone's home. We were greeted by Maria who turned out to be a tall older women who hailed from northern Maine with a wicked accent. Later she would tell us the story behind how she and her husband had moved here and started up the inn but for now she welcomed us and showed us to our cabana.

OH MY GOD! Talk about heaven on earth and romance in the air! There were three cabanas, each facing the ocean which was like thirty steps away. Maria mentioned that Hurricane Dean had pretty much wiped them out a few years back so everything was rebuilt and still fairly new. A large covered porch with a hammock greeted us and then inside was a simple but well-kept room with a large bed and a small kitchenette. The bathroom was rather open except for a curtain over the shower. I noted that there wasn't even a ledge between the floor and the shower floor but the pitch was such that the water must go straight to the drain. No bathtub but that was fine - we had an entire ocean within a stone's throw from us. I listened to the waves crashing and the silence of the beach. It was SOOOOO romantic. Maria handed Steve the key and as soon as she was gone I turned to Steve and hugged him hard.

"Oh Steve, this is so perfect. I love you so much!"

Maria had mentioned that dinner was still available and that the other couples were gathered for drinks if we wanted to stop by and get something before they closed things down for the night. I was famished so we dropped our things on the bed and headed to the main house. Before we went thought there was one thing I HAD to do. Leaving my flip flops on the porch, I ran barefoot to the beach and tested the ocean water with my toes. It was perfect! I moved in so the water was about to my knees and then quickly moved out again as a wave threatened to soak my shorts. Satisfied, I ran back to Steve and kissed him again.

"Sorry, just had to do that."

Steve just hugged me and we walked with our arms around each other to the house where a large screened-in room with candles for light was set up. Maria's husband was there with two other couples. In the dim light I thought for a moment that one of the couple was the pair that sat across us from the plane but that would have been too surreal - and as it turned out not to be the case. Beside Maria and her husband we were the only Americans with an older couple in from Germany and the younger ones, about our age I would say, from Australia. The German woman spoke excellent English while her husband didn't seem to be as fluent. The Aussies of course spoke English but the Australian version which even by the end of the week I still had a hard time understanding at times.

Maria introduced us and added in that we were newlyweds to which everyone clapped and congratulated us. It was so pleasant, not at all like checking into some giant impersonal hotel with fake people at the bar. Everyone was friendly and open and treated us like we'd know each other all our lives.

The food was excellent - as I found for the rest of the week to be the standard for the inn. An older Mexican women came in each day to do all the cooking and everything was prepared in a kitchen in the back. Finally we decided to call it a night as it had been a LONG day and there was much to do in the few days we had left.

Back in our cabana, Steve closed the curtains but left the window open. I noted there were screens in the windows. I had no idea if insects were an issue or not but we WERE out in the middle of nowhere, or so it seemed, so God only knew what might come crawling or slithering into the room at night. Images of the monkey farm signs we had passed on our way in came to mind...

Steve moved our suitcases off to a table in the room. We both stripped and then he pulled back the covers. Well, he might be ready for bed but I had other ideas.

"Let's check out the beach," I said, wringing my hands like a little girl begging her parents to hurry and come out to the living room on Christmas morning.

"It's dark Kelly," he protested, "And we haven't unpacked our suitcase yet and to be honest, I'm bushed after everything today."

"Who needs bathing suits?" I replied mischievously, "C'mon, last one in the water has to shower last."

I used the shower order as a reward because Maria had warned us that they used solar heaters for the hot water so at night once the hot water was gone it was gone until the middle of next day or so. Being second to shower took on a whole new meaning!

Without waiting for him to respond I scampered out the door completely naked. There were no lights outside, just the moon overhead as I ran to the water's edge. It took only a few seconds but still I barely made it before Steve even with the unfair head start I'd given myself. Holding hands, we made our way quickly out into the water. I could feel some sort of grass with my feet now and then but mostly the beach seemed clear of rocks and anything too yucky.

"Mmmmmmm, now THIS is heaven," I sighed as he grabbed me and pulled my wet naked body into his.

We kissed and I tasted salt water on his lips but I didn't care. We were in the ocean all alone, totally naked with the moon overhead out in the middle of nowhere in Mexico. What more could I have ever dreamed for the first night of our honeymoon?

"You know, I've never had sex on a beach," I said to him as we kissed and fondled one another with the water up to my waist. Mow that my eyes were accustomed to the dark the light from the moon was almost like a lamp overhead. It was almost enough that I could have read a book!

I looked back towards the beach and didn't see anyone. I had no idea how long the other couple would keep drinking and talking but they hadn't seemed to be inclined in the least to be leaving when we'd said our goodbyes. Besides, I got the idea they were pretty open-minded based on some of the innuendos they'd mentioned once they learned we were honeymooners.

"Why not?" Steve replied with a grin.

Back at the water's edge I learned the real reason why I'd beaten Steve to the water's edge. A large beach towel lay just beyond the waterline where he must have dropped it on his way to chase after me. Hmmm, so my hubby must have had some ideas of his own already! I was actually quite thankful as I wasn't relishing the idea of getting sand in places where it really didn't belong.

For the next half hour or so, maybe even an hour, Steve and I made love on the beach. Yes, we made love. Steve wasn't my boyfriend anymore, not even my fiance. He was my husband and I was his loving and adoring wife. For the first time in my life I came to understand what the term "make love" really meant. Sure we'd had sex the night before and even early this morning and yet again on the plane. Those were fun times and I certainly enjoyed them but what we did on that beach towel at the very edge of the water as the waves came crashing in was like nothing I'd ever experienced in my entire life.

Not only did I make love for the first time, but I learned a whole new meaning to the concept of submission. Yes, I've always said that I submit myself to my father but that is because of my biblical obligations to him as his daughter - the "honor thy parents" thing. I have never resented those duties, nor would I have changed anything even if I could have. Even so, it was something I was born into without really being given any choice in the matter - you can choose your friends but not your family. You could also say it is sort of like a princess becoming a queen. Granted she is most likely pleased to do it but it's not like she did anything to earn it or had any choice in the matter.

There in the moonlight Steve took me in his powerful arms, picked me up and then slowly lowered me to the beach. It was like at that moment I truly became married to him. Oh sure we had the official paperwork and been through the ceremony but it was at this one special moment in time that the magic happened. It wasn't something I was waiting for or even anything I'd ever thought about. Up until now in my mind I was married to him the moment I said, "I do".

Yes, SOMETHING special happened. I can't even really explain it. As I felt myself held in his arms, then the gentleness as he laid me on my back, and then that special feeling as he quickly entered me without saying a word or touching me in any other way, it was like I was transported to another world.

"Oh Steve, take me... I'm all yours... I love you so much," I said before even thinking about it as he plunged deeper into me, silently fucking me as nothing but the sound of the waves broke the silence.

Yes indeed, at that moment I truly DID give myself to him, totally and irrevocably. I surrendered my very essence to him, complete and total submission but not in any sense of bondage or domination but rather as his wife, as his friend and partner for life.

Those were the only words spoken as we made love out in the open in front of God and the entire world. We moved from position to position, as if we just knew what the other wanted and when they wanted it. Finally I was on my back again as he thrust himself again and again deep inside of me. I sighed out loudly, my third or fourth orgasm rising from deep inside of me like a volcano eruption. My legs wrapped around him tightly as my ankles locked and I pulled him into me as my body felt like it was on fire yet at the same time I was covered with goose bumps.

Finally he came inside of me, spilling load after load of his sperm into me, mating me as he took me as he so well deserved. Gripping me tightly, he rolled over so I was on top of him but never letting his cock slip from my pussy. We laid for what seemed forever, panting and dazed.

"Oh my god Steve... what did we do?" I gasped as it seemed every pore of my body was tingling with pleasure.

"I don't know but THAT was incredible," he replied softly and then we kissed. He was still inside of me and I could feel him stirring in me. My body was certainly ready for more but I don't think emotionally I was able to take it any further. Somehow everything just seemed soooooo... perfect. For maybe the first time in my life I felt satisfied sexually - I mean totally satisfied.

"I don't want you to ever pull out of me... I want you to stay in me forever," I whispered as we kissed yet again and I felt him pull me in even tighter with his strong arms around me.

Sooner or later of course it had to end and reluctantly we parted. I tried to stand but almost fell and probably would have had Steve not held me up.

"Hang on there lover," he chuckled. Yeah, easy for him to say. I was the one walking bowlegged!

We slowly made our way back to the cabana. We were both still naked but somehow that didn't worry me. It was like that was how we SHOULD be at this moment. To be clothed would have just taken some of the intimacy away. As we stepped into our cabana I noticed a small light coming from one of the others. I didn't hear anything but I didn't remember seeing the light on before. Had one of the other couples returned while we were making love? It would have been virtually impossible NOT to have seen us being the shoreline was so close; not to mention I know there were a few times I had to have been heard over the waves.

Oh well, who cares? I'd just spent maybe the most special time in my entire life and if anything I wanted the whole world to know about it!

## 4. Day 2 - Visiting the Ruins

The next morning we somehow managed to wake up and get to breakfast. Thankfully they served until 8:30 and we made it with fifteen minutes to spare. I had just thrown on a simple bikini with a sheer wrap around my waist while Steve wore some shorts and t-shirt. The older German couple were still there but there was no sign of the younger Australians.

"Have a good night?" Maria greeted us. We just smiled at first and then Steve assured her that everything was going well so far. She seemed to hesitate and then added, "You know, I probably should have mentioned this but you might want to be careful about going in the water after dusk. That's when the smaller fish come in which means dinner time for the larger ones."

My heart skipped a beat for two reasons. First, what exactly did she mean by "larger" fish or for that matter larger what? Second, how did she even know we'd been in the water as all told we were actually the ocean only for a short while? She didn't offer any details and I wasn't about to ask. Some things are better left unsaid.

While we ate breakfast Maria sat down with us and offered some advice on where to go so as to maximize our short stay. I was a bit overwhelmed at all the activities there was to do within just a day's round trip drive and to think we only had three full days. One thing that caught my eye were the Mayan ruins, especially with all the flurry of late about 2012 and the end of the world stuff. It wasn't that I believed any of it, but it was interesting all the same. Maria offered us two options.

The largest and perhaps one of the most famous sites in Yucatan Mexico was called Chichen Itza. According to the brochure, eighteen structures have been restored over the years. Pyramid Kukulcan is the tallest of them and allows a view from the top of all Chichen Itza. During the Spring and Fall equinoxes, the setting sun creates shadows down the steps of the pyramid that resemble a snake descending. Maria explained that this was a popular event and usually draws big crowds so it was probably good that it was still several weeks away. It sounded interesting but was quite a drive, too far for today being we were getting started so late.

The other recommendation Maria had for us was Cobe which was supposed to be one of the most important archaeological sites in the area. I read that it was built between two lakes during the Classic Period (600-900 A.D.) and was at one time a very large city spread over 80 square kilometers. The main pyramid, Nohoch Mul meaning 'large hill', is 42 meters tall (138 feet) and is the highest in the Yucatan peninsula. Another pyramid known as Templo de la Iglesia, (Temple of the Church), is second in height at Cobe and from its summit there is a spectacular view of a nearby lake. The good news was that it was only a couple of hours away. Maria also told us that it was that being so far from Cancun it was much less crowded plus they allowed people to climb one of the pyramids - something that had been stopped at Chichen Itza a few years back due to the damage being done to the pyramid by tourists.

Maria offered to have box lunches prepared for us while we got ready to go so we wouldn't have to worry about where we ate or be stuck paying exorbitant tourists prices. She was so helpful and personal and again I thought about how much better this was than staying at a large chain hotel.

Maria also recommended that I wear shorts instead of the bikini I was wearing at the moment. She noted that while most anything was tolerated in places like Cancun, most of Mexico was more conservative and I would probably find people more helpful if I didn't overly flaunt myself. She laughed when she saw the downcast expression on my face and assured me I didn't have to wear TOO much. She seemed to have me all figured out already and we'd been there just over twelve hours.

Back in our cabana I selected a nice pair of red shorts that covered my butt but still left just about all my tanned legs exposed. I thought about sticking with the bikini top but I hadn't found any in the suitcase that didn't fall in the "slut" category. Evidently my mom assumed I'd be flaunting myself all week. There was a cute little camisole that I hadn't seen before which she must have bought for me. It was white with pink letters saying "bride" outlined by some glitter-like highlights. It looked way too small but it stretched out and actually held my boobs in tightly which helped support me as there wasn't a single bra - or pair of panties for that matter, in the suitcase. I giggled a little to myself about that. That was so like my mom!

My plans were that for the time being I would stick with my flip-flops but Maria warned us to pack good shoes as we would be doing a lot of walking and if we decided to climb the pyramid then solid shoes were a must as it wasn't exactly built to be tourist-friendly. Fortunately my mom had packed a pair of sneakers so I grabbed them and put them in a bag along with some toiletries and a roll of toilet paper - another Maria recommendation which would later prove to be a life-saver.

Once we were ready we stopped by the kitchen where the cook had our lunches ready along with some bottles of water in a plastic bag with some ice around it. Maria wished us a good trip and warned about not drinking anything that wasn't in a sealed container - and no ice either while we were on the road. I hadn't thought about the no-ice policy but once she mentioned it then it made perfect sense.

As we drove I was a bit surprised at how few cars we encountered. The Cancun area had been packed but down here it was much more relaxed and quiet. We would pass through towns where things would pick up but between them there were only a few cars with more trucks that anything. I also noted that we passed several tour buses which apparently were bringing people out from the cruise ships that pulled into the town that was near our inn.

Once other thing about the Jeep - it didn't exactly offer much privacy. Had we been in a car I might have teased Steve a bit but I was acutely aware of Maria's warnings about being too slutty while in public. The LAST thing I wanted was to be in a foreign country, especially Mexico, and get in any kind of trouble with the police. As fun as things might have been, nothing was worth that kind of risk.

We finally found our way in a small town where we wound around to the entrance. There was a large gravel parking lot with the entrance to the ruins at the one end with one side filled by a number of vendors selling their wares. Steve found a tree to park the Jeep under so it wouldn't be quite as broiling hot when we got back. I slipped on some white anklets and put on my sneakers, grabbed a bottle of water and we were ready for our first adventure in Mexico.

At the entrance we found that you had to buy tickets which was no problem. There had been a couple of tour buses ahead of us but they must have been there for a while as the line was only a few people long so all the tourists must have already passed through.

According to the signs, it was a good mile or more to get to the furthest ruin which also happened to be the one I was most interested in. That didn't seem too far but by now the sun was already getting hot and the trail wasn't exactly paved. One of the first things we came across was the equivalent of a taxi stand except instead of motor vehicles they were large three-wheeled bicycles with a seat for up to three people mounted behind the driver. They were lined up just like the taxis at the airport and apparently you were supposed to take the next one in line. Although they all were different colors and the drivers varied widely in demeanor and appearances, I doubted that it really made a whole lot of difference in the end which one you got. Steve paid some guy sitting in a small shack who then told the next guy in line to take us on our way.

OK, so maybe the Jeep isn't the most comfortable riding means of transportation but it was an absolute Cadillac compared to this bike! The path was filled with potholes, not all of which could be avoided. Fortunately our driver was a young kid who I felt sorry for being he seemed way too small to be peddling the two of us. One good thing was that he spoke excellent English and was quite the exuberant tour guide as he pedaled along. Granted, I knew he would be expecting a tip at the end but he was well worth it as he pointed out many things we would have missed on our own.

Along the way we stopped at several sites which were explained in the brochure they'd given us at the ticket counter. There was this large round stone that had been carved quite intricately which our driver pulled up next to. He said something about it being the god of fertility or something like that and then he grinned and I saw him checking me out a bit. Steve seemed quite excited but I poked him in the side to bring him back to his senses!

Eventually we reached the end of the trail. With all the jungle about us even then it was hard to see the pyramid until we were almost upon it. Wow! It was huge! Our driver parked in an area where the bikes all seemed to be gathered. I saw there was a small stand set up to sell souvenirs and food so I asked our guide if he wanted anything to drink. He politely refused but I insisted until he finally caved in and admitted he liked Diet Coke. I laughed and told him that it was my favorite drink as well. He really seemed to really appreciate it when I came back and gave it to him.

Steve had been taking photos with his phone and I poked him when I was ready. It startled him a bit and then I realized what he had been taking his last photo of – a couple of young girls running around while their weary parents were taking a rest. Apparently they'd decided to make the hike on foot and seeing their exhaustion made me glad we'd chosen to pay the ten dollars (plus tip). Besides, I would have sworn it was a lot more than a mile!

"See something you like?" I teased him.

Steve put his arm around me and gave me a kiss. "Mmmmmmm, yes, right in my arms."

knees were getting a little sore from the climbing. Steve was about two steps below me, taking photos of me as he'd been doing for the entire trip up.

"Flash your boobs," he encouraged me.

"Steve!" I admonished him. There were maybe a half dozen people in my line of sight below and ahead of us. Judging from the voices there may have been two or three at the top as well. Whether or not anyone could have actually seen me was difficult to judge but then you never know who has a telescopic lens on their camera or even a set of binoculars.

"Oh come on, I've got a ton of your butt so let's see some T to go with the A."

Glancing about, I grabbed the bottom of my cami with both hands, took a deep breath and quickly pulled it up to my neck, exposing my entire bust, then just as quickly pulling it back down again.

"You gotta warn me if you're gonna do it that fast!" he complained, playing with his camera to get the right shot. "One more time, c'mon you know you love it."

Well, I couldn't argue with THAT so once again I did a quick look-see and lifted it back up again. It felt good to allow the air to caress my sweating boobs but after about two second I lowered it back down again.

"That was better," he announced with a grin, check out the images on the camera.

I resumed my climb and resolved NOT to look back down again until I reached the top. Finally I crawled - and I do mean crawled, over the last of the stones and then stood up in triumph, my arms over my head like I was in some Rocky movie at the top of the stairs in Philadelphia. Steve was not far behind and when he finally got to the top we hugged and kissed - well away from the edge mind you!

Wow, what a view! I tried to imagine how this must have been so many hundreds of years again when the Mayans built this and stood here for the first time. It was positively breath-taking. At the top was some sort of stone structure that was taped off with signs that said it was dangerous and not to enter. I took them for their word. The pyramid was surrounded on three sides by jungle with only the front being climbable, or at least by normal human beings. Soon I learned that there were three people on the far side, taking photos and talking. It seemed to be some Russian or eastern Europe language and if they also spoke English they didn't volunteer any information. Seeing the two of us seemed to cause them to finish up whatever they were doing and start to make their way down, leaving me and Steve all alone at the top.

"Now is this cool or is this cool?" I gushed, looking out over the horizon at the dense jungle below us. Up this high a nice breeze was blowing and it felt so much better than it had down in the jungle under the trees with all the humidity mixed in as well.

"Actually I was thinking it was pretty hot myself," Steve said, planting his hand firmly on my butt, squeezing the cheek in his grip.

"Now now, down big guy!" I joked, pretending to try to run away from him. He followed me and grabbed me in his arms, pulling me in tightly to him which made me aware that it was definitely hot here, at least so far as his dick was concerned.

"Did I ever say I loved you?" he said, his intent obvious. Whenever he started out with those words I knew what was not far behind...

"C'mon, let's do it before anyone else gets up here." And there it was...

"You're kidding?" I replied, feigning mock astonishment at his blatantly horny condition.

"Hmmmmmm, is this the same girl who was running around nude in the ocean last night?" he mused, "the girl who wanted it on the beach right in front of our neighbors? My god, who are you and what have you done with my Kelly?"

"You're so silly," I sighed but I was getting just as turned on he was.

As high as we were anyone would have a hard time figuring out what we were doing even if we stood at the edge and they had a telescope. Being behind the structure effectively put us into total privacy, hundreds of feet above the jungle floor in the middle of the Yucatan Peninsula.

Lifting my cami up over my boobs, I twirled around for him and then I undid my shorts and let them hang open in front, still covering everything but offering a provocative hint of what was hidden a bit lower.

"Oh no, you're not getting off THAT easy," he chastened me, "Strip... I like my women naked when I fuck them, just like those Indian girls they use to sacrifice up here. You just KNOW those priests had to all be pedophiles. Why else insist they all be virgins?"

I didn't need remind him that while I may be able to get naked for him, I wasn't a nubile young girl anymore and as for being a virgin... now THAT was funny."

"Anyone coming?" I asked him as I pulled my cami up and over my head, laying it down carefully on a ledge. It's not like I had a backup in case the wind blew away what little I had to wear as it was.

"Nawwwwww, there's that family we saw but they're way down there. I can't imagine them making it all the way anyway," Steve said after checking again. Then he grinned and added, "But then again... talking about nubile young virgins to sacrifice..."

"Hey mister, ain't these good enough for ya?" I asked as I cupped my now freed boobs in my hand and juggled them for him. "And speaking of pussy... why worry about what you CAN'T have and concentrate on what you CAN?"

By then my shorts had dropped to the stone floor and I lifted them up with one foot and carefully secured them along with the cami, leaving me in just my sneakers which I had no intention of removing. Playing the role of the naked sacrifice was one thing, killing my feet was another.

"Hang on, I can't let this go by without recording it for posterity," he urged me, putting his hand out to keep me at bay. He took a few pics with his phone and then switched it to video mode and had me pretend to be a tour guide – albeit a naked naughty tour guide.

"Had enough?" I asked seductively, moving in closer to him. Judging from the tent in his shorts he was ready, no doubt about THAT.

Steve undid his shorts and dropped them, leaving them in a heap as he stepped toward me with his hard cock pointing out at me like an ancient Mayan spear. Amazingly we'd gone the entire day so far without sex, something I had not envisioned as even being possible on our honeymoon!

"Eat me," I whispered hoarsely to him as I put my foot up on a stone and spread my legs apart for him. Like most guys, Steve sometime got too anxious to get his dick taken care of and would forget that I had needs as well.

Steve grinned at me and knelt on one knee in front of me, reaching around grabbing my butt in his hands, pulling me into his face like he was about to consume a watermelon. I watched as his tongue reached out and started to lick my clit as his nose pressed into me.

"Oh yeah... right there Steve," I sighed as it was all I could do not to just jump up in the air.

He moved down, reaching with his tongue inside my pussy while his nose rubbed on my clit. One of his hands released my butt and he reached under his chin to push a finger into my pussy. I was soaking wet already so he put a second in me as he lapped my pussy slit like a cat at a bowl of milk.

God it felt so good! I loved the feel of his face in my crotch as I looked at over the surrounding jungle. I could hear voices from down further but couldn't see anyone where they were at. They sounded a long ways off so I wasn't worried.

"Oh my god," I groaned as he took my clit between his teeth and gently tugged on it while he licked it with his tongue.

Then he put it between his lips and tugged on it even more. I grabbed his head with both hands and pulled him into me as my orgasm made me shake. I humped my crotch into his face, almost fucking his tongue as I did.

"This time I want you to fuck me," I murmured to him as I shivered with goose bumps all over me, "Let me be your virgin sacrifice."

Leaning against the structure with my back to the jungle, I moved my feet out away from the wall and spread them in the universal "fuck me from behind" position. Indeed, it was one Steve was well acquainted with! He was already hard as the stoned we were standing on and my pussy was as wet as the jungle below us as he moved in behind me and with no further fanfare pushed his dick up into the pussy that was being offered to him.

"Oh yeah, that feels soooooo good Steve," I sighed as he began to fuck me quick and hard. Steve's hand reached round me and cupped my boobs, then grabbing onto them to squeeze them and caress them as his cock thrust in me time after time without a break. Then after a while he pulled out of me, twisting me around and moving over to where a smaller stone was all by itself on the flat stone floor.

One thing good about our honeymoon was that we didn't have to teach each other about sex but rather could enjoy ourselves in whole different ways. Placing my foot up on the rock, I spread my legs apart giving Steve full access to my crotch and wet pussy. Standing in between my legs, I put my arms around his neck as he reentered me again, fucking me as my boobs jiggled up and down against his strong chest.

"Oh Steve, just look!" I sighed as I peered over his shoulder and marveled at the view below us. It was like he was fucking me up in the clouds as we overlooked the surrounding jungle.

While I didn't want to ruin the moment, I did know that this was NOT a sacrificial pyramid form the brochure that Steve had refused to read. Still, why break the mood with facts when the fantasy was so much more fun? Besides, I was sure that there WERE pyramids such as this were ritualistic sacrifice DID take place and in general, it was accepted that the priests had sex with their virgin sacrifices just before slipping a knife between the ribs. Well, that's one method of birth control but not one I would condone.

"Damn I'm almost there," he groaned, "Suck me... be my little Indian slave girl and let me cum all over you."

Now the history books never mentioned blasting the girls' faces with cum but I suppose it might have been true. Besides, I doubted that cumming on a girl is something invented solely by western civilizations.

Instead of subjecting my already sore knees to further abuse, I just bent them and squatted down in front of Steve. He started to stroke himself but I pushed his hand away from his dick and took control. There was no way we were going down THAT path where he jerk off at the end. If he was going to cum, then I was going to be one to make him do it.

"Almost there, let me shoot it in," he gasped as he started to pull from my mouth. Well, I suppose that was a workable compromise. Besides, he was so close to cumming that it would probably only take one or two more strokes needed to get the job done.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned, almost growling actually like a caged animal. The first couple of shots made it safely into my mouth and onto my waiting tongue but after that all bets were off. The next one landed on my forehead and then my boobs and the rest just went everywhere. Typical man, can't hit anything with it, not even the toilet bowl.

I was about to make some smart-ass remark about his poor aim when suddenly I heard voices - children voices as in young girls. Holy crap, either time had gone warping by or that family was a lot more ambitious than I'd given them credit for being.

"Shit," was all Steve said as he reached for his shorts while I moved quickly to get my own clothes. Fortunately neither of us had much to put on which was for the best as no sooner than I was able to get dressed than the voices suddenly got louder and I realized that they'd made it to the top and must now be on the opposite of the roped-off structure.

Well, the good news was that Steve had cum so at least his erection would start to die down rather than keep poking out as it had been not so long ago. The bad news was I knew I had to look a wreck and I didn't have so much as a hanky to wipe myself off with. It was too late to do anything as the girls came scampering around and then stopped dead in their tracks when they saw they were not alone.

"Sorry, we didn't know you were here," the older one apologized. Yes, just as Steve suspected this one was no stranger to "adult" issues as she took one look at Steve's crotch and then at me and immediately sized up the situation. Her younger sister seemed more clueless although I had the idea that would be changing before much longer at the rate her sister was going.

"Suzie? Mandy?" I heard her mother calling and then she too appeared. If her daughter caught on pretty quick, her mother took only an instant to make her own assessment of what had been going on. She sternly told her girls to go back to their father and then as soon as they were out of sight she turned to me - not to Steve but to me.

"Slut!" she practically spit out, "How could you do such a thing with young children around?"

I started to say something in my defense but she would have none of it, motioning for me to shut up while she dug through the bag tied around her waist, finally pulling out some hand wipes, the type you tore open and then tried to use before all the alcohol evaporated.

"here, now clean yourself off, you look disgusting."

As I tore the first one open, she turned her wrath on Steve. "And as for YOU, don't let me see you standing in front of my daughters ever again with that... THING sticking out like that, hear me?"

To be honest it was all I could do to keep from bursting out laughing at her. Did she really think her girls were so innocent? Well, maybe the younger one but certainly not the older girl. Why was I getting the idea that mom was clueless about her daughters, especially the teenager?

After the third wipe I felt like I had most, if not all of Steve's cum off of me. I'd gotten lucky and his aim had been a little low so most of it was on my face, cheeks and chest without hitting my hair. THAT would have been a while different story in terms of getting it out here and now without a shower.

"So I take it a blowjob from you is out of the question?" Steve asked her so innocently. I about burst out loud laughing at his audacity.

"You're nothing but a sick, perverted man," she spit out at him and then turned to go back to her family, leaving the two of us alone momentarily. No sooner had she gotten out of sight than we both broke out in the largest of grins and did our best not to burst out laughing so she wouldn't hear us.

"Let's go you sick perverted man," I said with a sly smile. We made our way to the other side and passed the others. The mom refused to look at us and when her husband started to turn to look at me she grabbed him by the arm and gave a look that should have turned him to stone. She didn't have enough arms to control her entire family and I noticed the older daughter couldn't take her eyes off of Steve's still bulging crotch. Yep, she was looking more and more like a slut the more I saw of her.

If the climb up had been tiresome and difficult, it was nothing compared to the climb down. The view was frightening and I knew that one wrong step and I would get to the bottom a lot faster than I intended. It was a bit of an eye opener as I knew nothing like this would ever be allowed back home, at least not for the general public.

Thankfully our loyal driver was waiting for us when we returned. By then I needed another drink so I bought a bottle of water at the stand before we started back. As we looked back at the pyramid one last time, I could see the family was still at the top. I wondered if Steve would be jerking off later imaging he was all alone at the top with two the young daughters and their hot mother. I could only imagine what history lessons he'd be teaching her at the expense of her daughters' virginity!

By the time we made it back to the inn it was almost dusk already. It was really my fault as I insisted that we make a number of stops at various roadside marketplaces to do some souvenir shopping and just general window-shopping. One thing I'd caught onto real quick was that many of the places seemed to be nothing more than outlets for the same warehouse as I would see the same crap at all of them. Still, there were a few unique stores that had some really cool stuff for sale. The prices were always high to start with but with a little finagling you could always work it down quite a bit.

Another thing I learned was that the women running them much preferred to bargain with Steve than me. Maria had been spot on the mark when she warned me about being overly "showy" around the working-class Mexican women. This was definitely NOT Cancun where they catered to half-naked college girls and rich MILFs seeking to relive their youth. Deference and respect were the keys to getting what you needed out in the general population.

Back at the inn supper was being prepared so it gave us time to shower and clean up before we had to sit next to people after sweating all day, especially given the climb we made up the pyramid. Everyone was there when it came time to call for supper and I sat next to the younger girl, although as it turned out Kathleen was a few years older than me. Over supper I learned that she and her husband had spent their own honeymoon here and now they had returned to celebrate their fifth anniversary.

Everyone listened politely to our tales from the day although we left a few parts out of course. There was one interesting moment when I mentioned my fear of falling and how dangerous it was for them to allow just anyone to climb without anyone watching or having emergency services nearby just in case of an accident.

"Don't be deceived Kelly,' Maria cut in, "Things here aren't always as crude and backwards around here as they may seem."

From there she explained how she had gone on a tour of the ruins with a local business club to familiarize them with the place so they could advise their clients. She said she wasn't supposed to say anything about it but now that we'd been there and probably wouldn't be going back it should be OK. To my surprise she explained how the entire place was under 24 hour surveillance by hidden cameras. Should anything happen, police or rescue crews were only minutes away in the nearby town by helicopter.

"So you see Kelly," she concluded, "you really were a lot safer than you might have known... and a lot less private as well." Everyone around the table laughed when she added something about how many times the surveillance crews had watched people do all sorts of strange things when they thought nobody could see them.

"Something wrong Kelly," Maria asked me as I felt the blood leave my face.

"Oh no... just too much sun I guess," I responded weakly.

"Well you may have noticed that the locals actually cover most of their bodies in the sun. It may look like they should be hotter but actually they stay much more comfortable than those crazy tourist running around half naked."

She winked at me with a sly grin and everyone laughed again as they knew who THAT remark was addressed to. Still, I knew she meant no harm so I didn't take offense. Now I just wondered if they kept video tapes from those cameras.

Suddenly Maria's face lit up and everyone laughed even harder this time as I sat there bewildered.

"Oh Kelly, you're something else," Maria giggled, "Don't worry, there are no cameras there although there IS a helicopter nearby on standby but that's for the entire area, not just the ruins."

Even Steve was laughing and I wasn't sure if he was in on the joke or not but in either case he seemed to find it hilarious. Hmmmmmm, I would have to get even with him sooner or later for this one!

## 5. Day 3 - Snorkeling the Wreck

The next morning I was again the first to wake. It was only 6:30 so I let Steve sleep as I got out of bed to use the toilet. I was extra careful to wash off my pussy to rid it of Steve's cum that had dried on it after we'd had sex before falling asleep exhausted in each other's arms. When I was finished I dusted myself lightly with some Johnson's baby powder. Starting back in high school Steve had always loved the fresh smell of it on me even more than any of the fancy perfumes. Wrapping a towel around me, I tucked in the ends into my cleavage and grabbed my iPad before common sense hit me. We'd left any reception miles away and other than a small hot zone set up inside the inn we were cut off from all outside communication. Even our cell phones were at zero bars unless you went to the inn's roof and held your phone up as high as you could reach and even then it was barely one bar. Frustrated, I picked up a couple travel brochures and went out to the porch to lay in the hammock.

Now this was the life! The large hammock wrapped around me like a cocoon as the breeze blew in off ocean smelling of seawater. Various breeds of birds were flying and making all sounds of strange sounds as the waves crashed into the beach. It must have been high tide as the water's edge seemed even closer than it had before. In fact, I could've picked up one of the sea shells on the porch and easily pitched it into the water. Nobody else seemed to be stirring and it was like I was a million miles from civilization. Yes... this was heaven!

As I relaxed, the door to the cabana next to ours opened and out walked Kathleen. She too had a robe around her but hers was just around her waist, leaving her bare from the waist up. Judging from the total lack of tan lines, this was obviously not something unusual for her. Her long straight black hair hung down over her shoulders and down to her small breasts. She looked beautiful! She had a mug in her hand but I couldn't tell what she was drinking. If it was coffee then she must have already been up to the inn as there was not enough power in the cabanas to run a coffeemaker.

Watching Kathleen, I felt a stirring between my legs. I could only imagine what might lie under that white towel. She turned back to the door for a moment and I saw a hint of a tramp stamp on her lower back although it was low enough that the towel hid it for the most part. Whatever was on her mind she must have changed it because she turned back again and this time went to the edge of the porch where the stairs led down to the sandy beach. The rising sun was up enough to highlight her in a soft glow, further emphasizing her tan and perfect figure. Whether I moved or whatever, she suddenly notice I was there and she waved over and called out to me.

"Good morning Kelly, I see you're an early morning riser as well."

I about burst out laughing at that one. Boy, she really didn't know me, did she?

I replied with a good morning of my own as she walked over and stepped up on our porch and took a seat on one of the chairs, crossing her legs which left VERY little to the imagination considering she wasn't using one of the larger towels that were available.

"I just love it out here in the early morning," she sighed, "So peaceful... so relaxing."

I simply LOVED her accent. I know people always confuse a British and Australian accent but to me the Aussie version is much more lyrical and carefree compared to the stodgy British style.

She stood up and dropped the towel, then used it to line the chair for her to sit on. Once again taking her seat, she crossed her thin legs again but this time a bit more slowly... or was it just my imagination.

"Oh I hope you don't mind," she said, putting her hand to her mouth as if she had done something wrong. "I guess I just get used to it being so private here and nobody usually cares."

"Oh no... not at all," I assured her. I wanted so badly to take my own towel off just then but I felt it might be taken the wrong way for me to strip down right after she had exposed herself to me. Then again, maybe I was more afraid she WOULD take it the right way.

"You seem cool," she smiled, "I sort of figured that after you guys had that little show the first night." My face must have colored a bit. So there HAD been someone watching us. At least now I knew who.

"I hope you didn't mind," she started to apologize, "If anything I owe you one. After you guys were done Kyle was on me like it was OUR first night of our honeymoon." Then she gave a nervous sort of giggle and added, "You know, I think we did it in the exact same spot our first night, must be something about that location."

For the next twenty minutes or so we talked about our weddings and their honeymoon five years ago. Kathleen was such a pleasant, down-to-earth woman which made her as easy to talk to as if she had been my closest friend for years. When she mentioned she did social work and counseling it didn't surprise me in the least. Then she added that she specialized in child abuse situation which perked my ears.

"Oh Kelly, it makes me so sad at times," she went on, almost crying, "You wouldn't believe what some fathers do to their own daughters... the depraved and perverted acts. The worst ones are the sly ones, the ones who train them when they're young and convince them that it's all good and that it's their duty or something like that to be their father's little sex toy. I mean, how can anyone DO that to such a precious gift from God?"

Whoa, now this could get touchy. I knew better than to even begin to debate what she was telling me and actually for the most part I agreed with everything she said. Indeed, in the vast majority of incest situations I would agree that incest is used as an excuse by a perverted father to use his daughter for nothing more than his own sick pleasure. Still, I wanted to tell her that it wasn't 100% true, that there WERE fathers who truly loved their daughters and only did what they thought was best for them. I wanted to tell her that there WERE daughters who were not brainwashed but really DID love their fathers and wanted nothing more than to please them in any way they could. Just because I submitted to my father didn't mean he had "trained" me to be that way.

Before it could get too weird the door to the cabana opened up again and out stepped Kyle, her husband. My eyes widened just a bit as I saw he was totally nude with a large handsome dick hanging down proudly from his crotch. He also had shaved totally which further emphasized the size of his cock although I still preferred a bush on a man.

"Kathie?" he called out, shielding his eyes from the sun which was now shining brightly onto their porch.

"Over here babe," she answered, "I'm just talking to Kelly. Come on over."

Without any hesitation Kyle made his way to where we were sitting. As he did, Kathleen explained, "You'll have to excuse my husband, he's from a nudist family and getting him to wear clothes unnecessarily is like teaching an old dog a new trick - impossible."

Kyle too the remaining chair next to his wife. Unlike her, he didn't bother crossing his legs but just leaned back with his legs wide apart, totally oblivious to his nudity. Well, maybe Kathleen was accustomed to her handsome husband walking around naked but I certainly wasn't. Damn, he was gorgeous! Thoughts of how Steve wanted to swap with other couple once we got married ran through my head. I don't think he meant to do anything like that on our honeymoon but now I was having some naughty thoughts...

I pretended to have to stretch after laying so long in the hammock which caused my own towel to fall away, revealing my nudity to them. If I had hoped for any response from them it was quickly dashed as they just accepted it as something normal - which for them most likely was. Kathleen did have one comment though.

"You really do have a nice figure Kelly... do you work out?"

I pretended to be embarrassed by the compliment and told her that while I probably SHOULD, I didn't.

"Well, you might try it some time. It's more than just for maintaining weight, it drives your body rhythm and enzymes and just makes you feel better all over. I find it even helps with the sex drive, right babe?" she said as she nodded her head towards Kyle.

Kyle just smiled and reached over to squeeze her hand. They seemed like quite the couple, like none I'd ever known before. Their easy-going attitude and non-sexual way of addressing nudity and sex was refreshing.

Maria made her appearance then. If she was surprised to see the three of us having a conversation in the nude she didn't show it.

"Breakfast is ready. I just thought I'd let you know as I knew you guys were getting an early start."

Kathleen looked to me and said, "We're going deep sea fishing today."

That sounded pretty cool although visions of seasickness came to mind. I'd looked at some brochures and it looked like fun but boy was it expensive!

I excused myself, explaining I had to wake up my sleepy head. Neither of them seemed to catch the double innuendo - maybe it was a language thing. In any case, they said their goodbyes and headed back to their cabana, to put on some clothing I assumed!

Steve was still sound asleep. He had the covers thrown off and as usual was flat on his back with a raging hard-on going. Hmmm, either he was having one heck of a dream or he was going to be heading to the toilet as soon as he woke up. Maybe he was thinking about those two daughters we'd met yesterday...

I decided to rinse off quickly again in the shower. As much as I loved to lay out next to the ocean, the breeze must have been heavily laden with the salt from the ocean as I felt like I was covered with a light film. The water was lukewarm at best which made my nipples stick out like missiles. Still, I felt refreshed and ready to go as Steve was making himself slowly out of bed. He shuffled over to the toilet where sure enough, he must have pissed a quart!

I once heard it said you know you're engaged when you share a toothbrush but you know you're married when you share the bathroom. Watching Steve pissing into the toilet was not exactly the most erotic sight for me in the world. Maybe it stemmed from my early years when I first started sucking on cocks and lived in mortal fear that a guy was going to piss in my mouth. Pissing was bad enough but I just couldn't stand being in the same room when someone was taking a dump. Perhaps that was part of my anti-anal fetish coming out, who knows?

Steve finished and turned to me, s sigh of relief escaping as he greeted me. He reached forward to kiss me but I turned my head and gave him a peck on the cheek. Morning breath... Now had he started out by eating my pussy first, THEN he could have kissed me! I felt his dick against my belly but I was going to wait until he'd cleaned up. I don't have any great cleanliness issues so long as the guy takes decent care of himself but again, he'd JUST peed and I would rather wait until he either washed or at least "drip dried" for a while before I took it again in my mouth.

"By the way, I just met our neighbors," I said as he brushed his tooth, "Did you know they were nudists?"

THAT got his attention but he was doing his best to pretend to me all macho and nonchalant. I knew him better than that, especially when the girl was hot.

"Kathleen has an incredible all-over tan," I continued, laying it on thick and heavy, "Nice boobs too... and they're real."

Steve rinsed out his mouth and turned to grin at me. "Hmmmmmm, so what do you think? Would they be interested?"

I knew what he meant by that but it didn't bother me. For some girls, to be married just a couple of days and have their husband suggest a swap with a couple they barely knew might have been a bit offensive to say the least. Fortunately I knew my husband better than that to take such a thing personally. Heck he WAS a guy after all! Better he be open about his feelings and urges than sneak around behind my back.

"Not a chance," I said, shaking my head.

Although that line of conversation hadn't come up, based on her other comments I had a pretty good idea what her reaction would be if I was to ask her if she wanted to swap cabanas for a night. It was funny in a way. It just confirmed something I already knew - that the people least likely to be sexually active with other people were the ones most people would think would be the most likely - nudists. I guess it is just another illustration of how familiarity takes away the erotic nature. It's along the same lines of why strippers don't reveal it all until just before the end. It's what people do NOT see that really turns them on much more so than what is exposed.

Steve finally finished shaving, shivering a bit as the cold water splashed against his face.

"Are you going to shower and fuck me or what?" I finally said a bit exasperated.

Steve wrapped his arms around his nude body and pretended to shiver. "That water is ice cold!"

"Well I guess it just depends on how badly you want to fuck me," I said softly as I rubbed naked body up against him, letting my boobs run up on his chest.

"How about if I just rinse off my dick?" he proposed.

"Ahhhhhh, real men don't fear shrinkage," I teased, grapping his dick in my hand and giving it a tug before I let it go. "OK, but hurry up, I'm so damn horny now."

Indeed, after spending the early hours with Kathleen and Kyle, I WAS horny as hell. Funny thing was, I think I was more attracted to her than her husband. Too bad as I knew Steve would never go for THAT type of swap! Still, maybe we could work something out before the week was over.

We were a bit late for breakfast and our neighbors were actually on their way back and passed us on the walkway as we headed in. We each said hello and something about having a good day, see you at supper, that sort of thing.

"Damn, I wish I'd seen those tits," Steve whispered to me as we drew close to the main inn dining area. I nudged him in the ribs just as Maria greeted us.

During breakfast we talked about how we wanted to go snorkeling. Maria said she had equipment we could borrow and asked if we were familiar with it. Steve said he had done it a lot while out in California and I mentioned that I'd done it once down in the Keys. Steve looked at me curiously and it reminded me that it was just one of those things I'd never mentioned to him. Then again, it's not like he had ever told me that HE had gone snorkeling before either.

Maria said we could just go right off our beach where a small reef was out about a hundred yards. Steve seemed more anxious to go out and see more of the area. Maria hesitated and went off to ask her husband something. He returned with her and said he could describe an area where we could do some snorkeling that was pretty isolated if that was what we were interested in. I recalled how crowded it had been when I did it in Florida so being isolated sounded much better.

"Well, there's the Sian Ka'an Biosphere Reserve to the north of here," he explained. "The only thing is it's not really public but rather a government area so you're a bit on your own when you're there. It's usually pretty safe. It's been a while since I've heard of anything going on up there. Just stick to yourself and don't socialize. If anyone comes by then just be nice and leave as quickly as possible."

To me it sounded a little scary and the reef off of our beach was sounding better all the time. Steve, on the other hand, seemed all the more excited about the prospect.

"I wouldn't have recommended it without you having a Jeep," Maria's husband continued, "Even so, remember that it's sandy and even 4-wheel drive vehicles can get stuck if you're not careful. Just avoid the dunes and you'll be fine."

The guys hunkered down over a map while Maria and I talked about shopping in the area. Hopefully we'd get back soon enough to do some serious damage to the credit card my dad had so graciously given me to use on our trip. Maria said there were two cruise ships scheduled to be in during next couple of days. We needed to go while they were in as otherwise the place was a ghost town.

Once again we had lunches prepared and then Maria's husband brought out the snorkeling gear and checked to see that it fit us. It was a lot nicer stuff than the equipment I'd rented in Florida and just further convinced me we'd picked a wonderful place to stay.

So we were off. We headed north up the main road, following the directions we'd been given as the GPS became useless once we hit the end of the public highway. About a mile into the Biosphere we ran into a government patrol - the usual young guys in fatigues with large guns and from what I could tell, very little in the way of adult supervision. Maria's husband had forewarned us about everything so at least time we weren't caught by surprise. He'd even given us some advice about the best way to get through.

"They're just kids dumped off and they have to stay there for a week sometimes with hardly anything to do and very few cars so when you come by it's more something to entertain themselves than to really cause any problems. The key to keep them from rummaging through everything and causing a long delay is to 'entertain' them."

He was looking at me was he spoke and I was getting a pretty guide idea of what he meant but he kept on anyway.

"So everything Maria said yesterday about being discreet and humble....? Forget it. Give the boys a show Kelly and they'll let you right through. The better the show the faster you'll go through." He looked at me and then grinned a little, "Besides, I get the idea you're the type of girl who wouldn't mind doing that sort of thing."

"Ian!" Maria exclaimed, giving her husband a playful slap, "That's no way to talk to a guest."

"Hey, if the shoe fits..." he answered, earning himself another slap, perhaps not quite as gentle that time.

"I'm so sorry Kelly," she started to say but I cut her off and assured her everything was just fine.

She pulled me over away from the guys then and said softly, "OK, so everything he said was true but just remember one thing... don't get carried away and absolutely NO sex no matter what they say. The boys like a show so a little teasing is OK but if you get naked or have sex with them they'll think you're just a whore for some drug runner and arrest you. Trust me, you do NOT want that! Remember, they have no way to get back to town so if you're arrested..."

She didn't have to finish, I got the message loud and clear.

"And in any case, you really don't have to do anything. They won't hold you up too long regardless so it's up to you if it's worth an extra fifteen minutes."

It gave me something to think about so I figured we'd just play it by ear. I'd seen too many 60 Minutes and 20/20 episodes of girls being locked up in foreign jails for things they shouldn't have done so I wasn't about to take any risks when it came to the police - especially the military guys. Still, it never hurt to be prepared for anything so I'd chosen to wear a bikini top under a light unbuttoned blouse with really short denim cutoffs and flip flops. It was the sort of outfit that left open a number of options.

Steve slowed down as one of the guys stood out in the road waving at us to stop. With the machine gun hanging over his shoulder he didn't have to ask twice. He looked to be maybe in his late teens and was doing his best to appear stern and in control. There were three other guys sitting around a table under the pop-up tent, all of them with nasty looking guns. It sort of freaked me out.

The guy in charge started asking us questions but it was in Spanish and we tried to tell him we only spoke English which just seemed to frustrate him. He motioned to the other guys and one of them came along side and in halting English asked us where we were going and what we were going to do. In the meantime the other one was walking around the Jeep checking everything out. We had taken our innkeeper's advice and left all non-essentials behind so there would be as little as possible for them to see. Large bags that could be hiding drugs were definitely NOT recommended.

Steve pointed out our snorkeling gear and lunch boxes and tried to explain but it was like they didn't understand him. I noticed they seemed to be paying more attention to me than him which may have contributed to their lack of comprehension. Then the first guy said something to the other one, then formed a circle with his thumb and forefinger on one hand, poking his forefinger from the other hand through it. That was one form of sign language that was pretty universal! For a moment my heart beat raced as I thought maybe they were saying that THEY wanted to fuck me but then the other guy patted Steve on the shoulder and laughed, pointing at me and nodding his head. Evidently they were congratulating him on what they expected to be a "fun" afternoon.

For a moment I thought maybe I should show them a little bit if what Steve would be getting but then stopped when it looked like things were coming to a close. No sense in opening Pandora's box if I didn't have to. As it was it wasn't like I was hiding all that much anyway and I felt a huge sigh of relief when they stepped back and motioned with their guns for us to continue on.

"That was really scary," I told Steve as we accelerated away. He just nodded and focused on the road ahead as the pavement ended and we were on nothing more than a sandy pathway alongside the ocean.

We actually couldn't see the water most of the time because of the hill between the road and the beach but now and then there would be a cut-through into the foliage with an entrance to something or another. As tempting as it was to want to explore, we'd been warned to stick to the main "road" until we got to where we were going. Ian had warned us that you never know what you might find down some of those paths and odds were whoever you DID find didn't want you to find them.

In a way I felt more than just a little nervous. This wasn't like running around the Florida Keys where at least there were some form of law and civilization. I got this creepy feeling that someone could stop us, kill us (or worse) and nobody would ever know - or care. There was no cell phone reception so even if we simply broke down we were screwed. The road was so narrow that I kept worrying we would meet another vehicle head-on and then one of us have to back up forever to a more open area but it was like the whole area was deserted.

Finally we made it to the turnoff that matched the description we'd been given. Steve pulled in and immediately I was thankful for the Jeep as it struggled to work its way through the drifting sand that covered the path. We zigzagged up and over the hill until suddenly there was the beach. Oh my god, it was beautiful, like something straight off a postcard! The water was a crystal clear with a pale blue and turquoise tint and I could see from the waves and the sand that it was shallow for maybe fifty to a hundred yards out. Palm trees lined the beach and the sand looked fine and soft.

Sadly, the one thing that kept it from being perfect was the trash. I was amazed at the amount of garbage that had accumulated along the shoreline. Obviously it wasn't from beachgoers as it stretched out each way as far as I could see. Maria had mentioned it, saying it was from the cruise ships primarily and that the only reason her beach looked as good as it did was because she constantly raked it and picked up the garbage. What was really amazing was what had collected. It was literally everything AND the kitchen sink. I even saw a mannequin doll leg! Water bottles, batteries, plastic of every shape and size, shoes, clothing, paper... it all was there in about a three foot wide line that continued all along the beach. It made me mad to think of how people could be so wasteful and careless to dump all this into the water.

Looking out I could make out the shipwreck Maria had mentioned. It wasn't that much to see from shore and it barely broke the surface. From this distance you could see the basic outline of some sort of vessel that was maybe a hundred feet or so long but not much else.

The best thing was that the beach was OURS! There was no sign that anyone had been here recently and where we were parked nobody driving by would see us. Unless you knew to turn off here there was nothing to give any clue that this gorgeous vacation paradise was waiting just over the hill. If course there were our tracks that would tell someone passing by that a vehicle had entered but hopefully that would not lead to any problems.

"Oh Steve, isn't this beautiful?" I gushed taking off my blouse and tossing it back onto the front seat as Steve got out our snorkeling equipment. I didn't think twice about removing my bikini top and then my shorts. I hadn't worn anything under the shorts so it didn't make much sense to just wear the top by itself.

"Not wasting any time, are we?" Steve said with an admiring smile as I posed for him with the ocean in the background.

"C'mon, let's just try out the water first," I encouraged him, grabbing him by the hand, "Get out of those clothes!"

We kept our footwear on until we reached the clear portion of the beach. I hated to even imagine what might be buried in the ribbon of trash should I step on it with bare feet! Then we held hands as the two of us walked into the warm water until it was up to my waist. It felt so good as the waves caused the water level to rise up and down on me. The actual breaks were out quite a ways so this was almost like swimming in a lake more so than the ocean.

"Kiss me husband," I murmured to him as I reached my arms around his wonderful naked body. I felt a shiver through me as my lover's kips touched mine and then our tongues met. It felt so good to feel my breasts pushed in tight against him and I loved the way he reached around me and cupped my butt cheeks in his strong hands.

"I love you Steve," I sighed, "This is like so perfect!"

"I love you too Kelly," Steve replied. I could feel his dick growing as it started to press into my belly. Once nice thing about the warm ocean, it wasn't doing any harm to his ability to get an erection.

Still, there was plenty of time for THAT so for now I just wanted to play in the water like a little girl. We worked our way out until it got deeper. We must have been a couple of hundred feet out before it came up to my chest which was so cool. What I really liked was that for some reason the ocean floor was totally clear with none of the grasses and rocks that were at the beach by our cabana. It was hard to believe we could be out this far and still be able to stand on our feet.

We played and teased each other, like we were castaways on some remote island in the middle of the ocean. Perhaps that what fascinated me more than anything, having all this just for the two of us. Granted, it wasn't exactly on the map and I doubted many tourist even knew it existed, let alone take the trouble to get here. It was like we were rich movie stars with our own private beach, only with no paparazzi.

At the same time, I couldn't help now and then but wonder what would happen if someone DID show up... and what their motives might be. As wonderful as it was to be this isolated, it also meant we were pretty much at the mercy of anyone who might have plans that weren't so pleasant. Maria had said because tourists DID come here now and then that the drug lords and such stayed away from it so it was safe so long as you didn't go wandering much anywhere else. I couldn't see how she would have allowed us to come here if she thought we would be in any real danger.

"Want to see the wreck now?" Steve finally asked. I knew he was anxious to explore it so best to let him get it out of system right away.

From where we were it was hard to tell where the wreck even was as it was down past the cleared part of the beach where we were swimming. We worked our way back to the shore, grabbed our snorkel gear, and walked down the beach until we were closer to the wreck. It was still somewhat hard to see but the waves breaking over it made it a fairly easy target. It had been quite a while since my last - and only, time I'd snorkeled so Steve helped me out. For some reason he had to adjust my boobs and check out my crotch in the process! I didn't mind - and I returned the favor by tugging on his dick playfully.

"So if I hang onto your leash, will you guide me?" I teased. No answer other than a roll of the eyes as we worked our way into the water again.

This time it was much different. Instead of the ocean floor being totally clear we had to work our way through grass and rocks until the water was deep enough for us to start swimming out on our stomachs. Also, it deepened much quicker although once it got to just over Steve's head it seemed to flatten out. We took our time, our fins doing most of the work as I watched the coral pass by under us. The fish were incredible! It was even better than the Keys!

One thing we hadn't accounted for was the current. We had started out with the wreck directly in front of us but when I would stop to tread water and look ahead I noted we were being moved down the beach by the current. Had we been smarter, we would've started up the beach further and let the current carry us to the wreck but now it meant we had to do some extra swimming and I felt a little panic as my arms and legs started to tire.

Well, this is when strong and handsome husbands come in handy. Steve could see I was tiring and so he would help support me and let me hand onto him as he did the work. I thought for a moment about hanging onto his "leash" but that would have to wait until we weren't working so hard. The wreck had looked a ways away from the beach but now it seemed a lot further!

One way or another we eventually made it. I couldn't tell what kind of boat it had been, maybe some small fishing vessel. It was old and rusting, made of metal instead of wood. The fish certainly seemed to love it! We got on the side sheltering us from the waves and it was easier to stay in one place and just let the fish pass under us. Oh my god, they were so beautiful. It was like swimming in an aquarium.

"This is almost like Blue Lagoon," I said to Steve as we rested for a bit holding onto the wreck. It was too deep to stand up but this worked out fine.

"Mmmmmmm, you remind me of a naked Brooke Shields," Steve grinned, "You know I think I must have jerked off to her a hundred times in that movie with those underwater scenes."

"Well what about a naked wife?" I asked, pretending to be a little dejected at his thoughts of another woman, even though I had to admit I'd been turned on by the movie as well.

"Even better... and I can fuck my naked wife," he said with a grin as he kissed me. The water in his mouth was salty but I didn't mind.

"I wonder if anyone has had sex by this wreck before?" he said as he looked around.

"Oh I'm sure they have... so why not make it one more?" I came back as seductively as I could.

No more words were necessary. I could see through the crystal clear water that Steve was sporting quite an erection at the moment so he was certainly raring to go. I was getting more horny than ever thinking of how it might be if we were really shipwrecked as children, no clothes and forced to be naked all the time until finally one day we learned about the wonders of sex. Had we been in a swimming pool or freshwater lake I might've ducked down to suck his dick but the taste of salt water really wasn't all that great. Instead I leaned back and let my legs float up and then wrapped them around his waist. I could feel the pressure of his cock pushing against my crotch and at that moment there was just one thing in the world I wanted – to have it in me.

"Fuck me Steve," I asked softly, closing my eyes and just letting all the sensations and feeling imprint themselves into my memory. Steve worked his way until he was able to get himself positioned and I helped by pulling myself into him, literally pulling him into my pussy.

"Oh yes.... I love it when you first enter me," I sighed as I felt him deep inside of me.

How could it be more romantic than this? The two of us naked out in the water in the middle of an idyllic beach, having sex next to an ancient shipwreck. I looked down and marveled at how much I loved seeing him up against me with his cock out of sight, knowing I couldn't see it because it was IN me, the erotic visual matching up with the pleasure of the feeling of it inside of me.

In truth, it was more difficult than it had been in my earlier dreams when I'd fantasized about doing just what we were doing right now. Even though the wreck blocked us from the brunt of the waves, it still wasn't a calm lake by any stretch of the imagination. Being so deep neither of us could touch the bottom AND still breath. Now I found myself wishing we had taken along the buoyancy vests Ian had suggested. At the time it seemed like exactly what NOT to wear when you plan on swimming naked but you can only tread water for so long and hanging on to the wreck was dicey.

Finally I decided it was up to me to face the music. Yes, I ALWAYS loved it whenever we had sex but at the same time there WERE limits.

"Steve," I gasped, trying to catch my breath without taking in a mouthful of water, "why don't we finish this on the beach?" Was that a look of relief on his face? Then we both laughed as we realized that the other was thinking the same thing. I unhooked my ankles and let myself drift off of him. We took a few more minutes to just float and watch the beautiful coral and fish below us and then set off for the shore.

I always assumed it would be easier to swim towards the shore than away but it certainly didn't feel that way. It didn't help I was tiring fast but the thought of what awaited me on shore was all the motivation I needed. Looking towards the shore, I wondered what we would do if someone showed up as both of us had nothing on besides our snorkeling gear. It wasn't like we would have many options. With the grass and rocks I didn't want to spend any more time than necessary in the shallow water. Then again had we been further up where the sea bed was clear the water was so clear that anybody would have known we weren't wearing anything. Actually it made the whole situation all the more erotic,

We finally made it to the shore although we had drifted down quite a ways by the current before we were able to stand and walk the rest of the way in. Once back on "dry" land we gathered our masks and flippers and hiked back to the Jeep where Steve packed it away while I got out the lunches. Steve brought along a huge beach towel that Maria had packed for us and we made our way back to the water's edge.

How do you explain in words the setting we were in? Two people, just married, totally alone on a Caribbean beach with the most perfect view in front of us. There was even a cruise ship on the horizon, heading south most likely to the port a few miles south of our inn. We sat in the middle of the beach Indian style while munching on the lunch Maria's cook had made for us. The sun was quite strong and I was hoping the sun tan I'd worked so hard on for my wedding held out as the one thing we hadn't brought with today was sun screen.

"You know, I believe we have some unfinished business to attend to," Steve said with a grin as we packed away the leftovers. He was on his knees bending over the basket and I loved the way his dick hung down. OK, so I loved his dick no matter what it was doing but at this moment all I could think about was taking it in my mouth and making it hard. Evidently he was thinking along the same lines.

"So now that we're married, are you going to turn into one of those bitches that won't suck her husband's dick now that she has the ring?"

He was teasing of course. Besides, I'd already proven to him a number of times that I was NOT one of "those bitches". But then again why not have a little fun.

"Well I don't know..." I said slowly, pretending to be unsure, "I mean why would anyone want to take one of those nasty things in her MOUTH and then let it squirt all gooey stuff on her tongue? You know, it's not like YOU ever suck on one so why should I?"

Steve stood up and grabbed his cock in one hand and flopped it up and down to tease me. "Well... if you REALLY don't want to suck on this bad boy then I guess I'll just have to take care of it myself."

Two can play THAT game. Yes, I DID want it bad... REALLY bad but I wasn't going to be THAT easy.

"If you're going to do that then I suppose I'll just have to do the same," I said flippantly as I scooted my legs out from under me and leaned back on one hand while I started to rub myself with the other. I made sure I was positioned so with my legs spread apart he was getting a good view of my fingers on my pussy.

"Whatever... your call," he said, calling my bluff as well.

Steve just stood there jerking off his cock while watching me touch myself. So there out on the most beautiful beach in the world the two of us masturbated while we watched the other. Looking out I saw another cruise shop passing by and I wondered if anyone had powerful enough binoculars to see what was happening on shore? Oh well, if so I hoped they were enjoying the show.

Watching Steve jerk off was quite sexy for me. Actually I'd hardly ever seen him jerking himself off, I mean other than just a few strokes to help himself stay hard between positions and that sort of thing. He claimed he didn't masturbate all that often but I had never bought that one for a second. So to see him standing there out in the open on the beach, his eyes locked on my pussy while his hand gripped his now stiff dick was extremely erotic. The only question now was who would be the first to give in. I knew that as much as I was enjoying myself, there was no way I wanted to see his cum wasted by spraying all over the beach instead of in me. At the same time, it was a point of principle that I maintain the honor of the female species. Don't all girls claim to have more self-control than men?

Time to play dirty. Fortunately I was armed with more options that Steve, as a male, simply didn't possess. It really wasn't fair, more like a modern army compared to the knights of old.

"Ohhhhhh!" I moaned as my orgasm rose within me.

Luckily I wasn't faking as if it hadn't happened soon I would have resorted to faking just to make sure I got Steve's attention before it was too late. I leaned my head back, closed my eyes, arched my back and curled my toes, checking all the boxes of a classic orgasm.

I opened my eyes just enough to see Steve's reaction. On the one hand things looked good as his eyes were locked on my pussy like a heat-seeking missile. On the other hand, he was stroking his dick even faster than ever. Would this help or hurt me in the end?

"OK, OK, you win," he grunted as without another word he dropped down to his knees, right between my legs.

It was like he couldn't get his dick in me fast enough as he plunged into me and drove himself deep. It soon became obvious why he was in such a hurry as I held himself up on his arms and grimaced as it seemed he tried to hold back for as long as possible before he exhaled sharply and groaned again as he released his sperm into me.

If I HAD been faking then I wouldn't have been for much longer and as it was it just made my current orgasm all the better. I lifted my hips up to meet him and I could feel him shaking as he held himself still in me as the final loads of cum left him to enter my pussy.

"Damn that felt good," he sighed heavily as he flipped over on to his back and lay next to me.

I turned on my side with my elbow on the towel, running my hands over his firm body. I loved just touching him sometimes, feeling every inch of his male body. Sometimes...

"I believe there were some questions regarding my intent when it came to B-A-M," I said with a grin as my fingers traced over his flat stomach.

"B-A-M?" he asked?

"Blowjobs After Marriage silly," I giggled.

Before he could come up with a response I wiggled down until my head was on his stomach and the tip of his dick was looking me straight in the eyes. That was my Steve, still hard and raring to go even after just fucking me. Opening my mouth, I leaned towards it and took the head in my mouth, making him jump as my tongue teased the tip.

"Still a bit sensitive," he explained.

All the better so far as I was concerned. After all, he was never one to give me a break when my clit was so worked up that I practically flew out of bed when he sucked on it. Seemed only fair to return the favor...

I could smell and taste my pussy on his dick as I licked the shaft and kissed the base of his dick. I tried to imagine how just a few moments before this thing had been INSIDE of me. With my tongue tickling the very tip, I did my best to visualize the sperm spurting out of it as he deposited his cum way up inside of me. In fact, I could still feel it as it drained out of me while I played with his dick.

"Oh yeah... just like that," he moaned as I took about half his dick in my mouth and while my tongue circled around it I sucked on it with all the suction my cheeks could deliver.

With my free hand I played with his balls, rolling them in the palm of my hand carefully. As I gave my hubby what he wanted I also pushed myself up against him so I could feel his leg between mine, putting pressure where it counted most, right on my clit.

"I need to fuck you again," he gasped, pushing my head up and getting on his knees.

I wasn't exactly sure how he wanted me but he soon made that clear, grabbing me by the waist and twisting me around so that I was on my knees facing away from him. Soon he was back in me again, pumping away as I leaned forward on my elbows.

Unlike the other night on the beach, this was a good old-fashioned fucking and given the time and place it was exactly what I wanted. Steve seemed to be having a good time as well, changing positions frequently. After doing it doggie he pulled me over onto my side and spooned me from behind, holding my upper leg up high to the sun as his other hand cupped my breast. That didn't last long before he stood up and motioned for me to jump up and grab him around the neck, locking me ankles behind him as he grabbed my ass and held me up. With neither of us having a free hand, it was almost comical as he tried to get his dick back into me and we both laughed when it finally met up with my pussy.

"Where are you going?" I asked as he started to walk towards the water, holding me up with his dick impaled in me like I was some sort of marshmallow on a stick.

"Just shut up and let me worry about it," he said but the tone in his voice took any hardness of the words away as he entered the water and kept walking out until I could just start to feel the warm water on my ass. He stopped and it felt almost surreal as my butt was splashing into the water as he bounced me on his dick.

"Where do you want it?" he asked, which told me that he had to be getting close.

OK, had it been entirely up to me, such as had it just been any guys screwing me, I would have made the easy decision and stayed on his cock such that he came inside of me. ANY time I have the option, THAT is where I prefer the cum to go. I mean, isn't that what my pussy was designed for in the first place?

However, now I was married and so I had someone else's pleasure to consider, not to mention my new duties and obligations as a wife. I don't mean I infer I was some sort of slave or "barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen". It was similar to being a daughter where while I DID have similar duties and obligations to satisfy my father's needs, I did it not because I HAD to but because I WANTED to. So it was now with Steve. I didn't HAVE to make a decision based on what HE wanted, I WANTED to.

"Cum on my face and tits," I said grinning at him. OK, so I almost NEVER call them tits but hey, in for a penny, in for a pound so if I was doing this for him, why not talk the walk as well?

"Well, if that's what you want..."

Steve lifted me up so when I unlocked my legs I wouldn't accidentally end up bending his dick in the wrong direction (do that once to a guy and you'll never forget again). Dropping to my feet, the water came up to my waist but Steve's dick was just above the water so at least I didn't have to submerge my face into the salty ocean water. He must have been cutting it pretty close as in less than thirty seconds he pulled back, grabbed his dick, and started shooting cum all over me. Considering he had just unloaded in me less than twenty minutes ago, I was amazed at how much cum he could produce again so quickly. It hit me on the mouth, my forehead and then all over my neck as I rose up out of the water to let him hit me even more.

"You look so fuckin' sexy," he grinned at me. Why guys think having cum all over a girl is sexy has always mystified me but since it does almost universally, I stopped questioning it long ago and used it to my advantage.

One reason I really don't like guys cumming on me is the mess. One nice thing about Steve moving out into the water was all I had to do was dip down and wash it off of me before it coagulated and dried on me which tended to itch and made it harder to remove, especially if it was in your hair.

Once I was more or less cleaned off, at least as much as you can be using seawater, we held hands and walked back to our beach towel. I noticed that his dick still had some heft to it and I knew that I could probably get it back up again with a little lip work but for now I just wanted to spend some time with my husband. Now THAT still made my mind twist a little. Not my boyfriend, not my fiance, but he was now my HUSBAND. It hadn't been all that long ago when I was wondering if I would EVER use those words and now here I was, having sex in the water on a secluded Mexican beach with my HUSBAND.

"I love you Steve," I said quietly as we laid beside each other, leaning back on our elbows facing the water to watch the waves washing in.

The only sound was that of the breaks out in the distance. No cars driving by, no other people making noises, not even birds except for an occasional call by something I couldn't identify. It was like we were totally cut off from civilization.

"Now I want you to make love to me," I said softly as I turned to him and put my hand over his semi-hard dick.

For a moment I think he was about to protest. It was a little quick considering he's already cum twice in the last half hour. Yet now it wasn't about the sex, it was about making love and that put an entirely different light on the matter.

Over the course of the next hour or so, for the second time in my life I made love with the man I loved more than anyone else in the world. Afterwards while I was thinking back about it, I came to the realization that now I finally understood why my parents never had sex in front of me as a child, and then still almost never as an adult except for those rare times when we all got together. It wasn't that they were shielding me from anything a I had always assumed. It wasn't that they were embarrassed - an option I never considered seriously. Now I understand... it's something they shared as a husband and wife, something just between the two of them, something that made their marriage special.

I say all this as I decided at that moment that going forward, I would keep those moments between Steve and I private as well so please understand why I won't go into the details. I would never say that sex between a husband and wife is ALWAYS making love, quite the contrary. The vast majority of the time we fuck, pure and simple. The difference is that as a married couple we CAN make love whereas I can never share that with any other man, not even my father. If anything, it also helped me to better rationalize swapping with other couples in the future. No matter who else I had sex with or whatever the circumstances, I would never make love with anyone but Steve.

Suffice to say that it was the perfect ending to the perfect day at the beach. While I often fantasize about being watched at the beach while making love, this was one time when I was happy that we were all alone. My only regret was that we had to finally leave. Most likely we should have left even earlier as I started to worry about the amount of sun we were getting as neither us had been wearing anything for hours now.

The trip back to the inn was uneventful. Even the guys at the roadblock just waved us through. Apparently they were only concerned about people ENTERING the reserve. We got back about 5:00 or so, well before dinner would be ready. We only had one day left and from the plans we had been making up it was going to be pretty full so Maria suggested we make a quick run to Majahual just so we could see it and get a taste before it got dark.

We quickly showered and made the twenty minute drive to Majahual. We quickly learned that there were essentially two types of people there - tourists from the cruise ships and locals determined to lighten the tourists' wallets to the maximum extent possible. I don't mean anything crooked, just aggressive souvenirs sales, drink, massages, jet skis, and the like. It was obvious they didn't cater to many other tourists as the parking was almost negligible but with the Jeep we had more options.

It was fun to barter and we both got massages on a second floor porch overlooking the ocean. It wasn't near the view we'd had earlier but it was unique. I couldn't believe all the people! The beach was a madhouse and I didn't regret for a moment our decision to spend the time we had at our "private" beach.

That evening I was exhausted and a bit sunburned. We entertained our fellow guest and hosts with stories about the beach and snorkeling without going into any of the other details. Not everyone was as discreet.

"So did you guys have sex on the beach?" Kathleen asked, much to the amusement of her husband.

I wasn't quite sure how to answer. Just a yes or no or was she looking for details? Fortunately Maria came to my rescue.

"Doesn't everyone who goes there?" she said teasingly, poking at her husband.

We all laughed and the subject shifted to what others had done that day. I sat on Steve's lap the whole time, my arm wrapped around his neck as I snuggled up next to me HUSBAND. (I just can't get over that.)

That night as I laid in bed next to my sleeping man, I suddenly realized that the next day would be our last full day. Wow, time was flying by! Thursday would be spent traveling so that meant we had to do everything we wanted in just one day. Obviously that was impossible but if the events of the past two days were anything to go by, I couldn't wait for morning.

# 6. Day 4 - Extreme Zip-Lining

The next morning I awoke at sunrise. Steve was still dead asleep. He was a little sunburned from yesterday's day in the sun, especially in a places he normally didn't expose at the beach.

Looking out the curtains, I didn't see anyone outside so I dispensed with the towel this time and walked out onto the front porch nude. The rising sun felt good against my bare skin although I could still feel it against a few parts of my body. While my tans lines weren't all that big, they still were there only now instead of being white on tanned skin, now the white had been replaced by red.

"You know, you need to be careful. The sun is a lot stronger here than it is back home."

I turned to see Kathleen walking over from her cabana. She was naked of course but this time it didn't surprise me at all, nor did I feel any discomfort standing out in the open like this without anything on. It was still a little strange though. I'd never been one that was comfortable being nude in a causal way. Oh sure when it was for fun like at a party or during sex but just to run around the house in the nude? Not my thing. I'd started sleeping naked when I was twelve, a practice I'd continued whenever possible ever since but that was because I simple felt better without being all wrapped in something when I was asleep. When me and my family would gather in the hot tub we always were naked but that was only while in the tub. Once out I would wear a towel or a robe or even just a t-shirt. It wasn't like I was afraid to be seen naked - quite the opposite. If I was heading from the bathroom to my bedroom I didn't worry about being seen. There was just a difference in my mind between a quick view and just flaunting yourself for no reason.

Never in my 26 years had I done anything like this though. To just hang out in the morning air, sipping on a glass of water while talking to someone I barely knew, and doing so without a stitch a clothing on was something unique for me. I could have worn just a bikini top with no bottoms and felt just fine but to be completely naked? This was something entirely new for me. I know it may seem like no big thing, but there's a little security in having even the barest of clothing on. Kathleen, on the other hand, appeared to be totally at ease as if she had been doing this all her life - and maybe she had.

We started talking about our trip to the beach and I asked her if she had been there. Kathleen vigorously shook her head.

"Oh no, I was actually surprised to hear that the two of you went there," she said, "It would scare me to death."

I looked at here with a curious expression so she continued, "It's not like the area is exactly the safest in the world. There are a LOT of drug dealers that work out of there and they don't exactly appreciate unexpected visitors."

I explained to her how Maria had mentioned something about that and how she had warned us to stay on the road except for the shipwreck beach.

"Well, it's a good thing you took her advice. I suppose the drug lords know that beach gets the most visitors so they probably stay away from it. I wouldn't want to try anywhere else though. People tend to disappear around here when they poke their nose where it doesn't belong."

Wow, I was a little shocked at what she was telling me. Still, if it had been THAT dangerous I can't imagine Maria recommending we go here. Time to change the subject...

"Steve wants to go zip lining. I've never done it and it looks dangerous. Have you guys done it?"

Kathleen uncrossed her long legs, opening up her crotch for a moment and then leaned forward, her large breasts hanging down. "Oh yeah, it's really perfectly safe so long as you stick with the larger companies. It's a LOT of fun."

I asked her where she thought the best place was to go and she leaned back again to ponder.

"There are a lot of places to go but the best by far has to be Selvatica, but it's almost all the back to Cancun."

"Why there?"

"Oh my god Kelly, they have something like a dozen different runs and you just go from one to the next. Some of them are really long too. Then at the end you can take another one and land in the middle of a cenote."

Kathleen explained to me that the Yucatan is a large riverless peninsula made primarily of limestone. There were thousands of underground caverns, many running with underground rivers. Sometime these caves collapse and leave an opening. If the cavern is running with water, it creates what the locals called a cenote.

"If you're going to go, you better leave soon though," she warned, "And you probably should call to make reservations as soon as possible too as they tend to get pretty crowded."

I thanked her and we stood up. Then to my surprise she stepped up to me and gave me a quick kiss.

"If you go, then I won't be seeing you again as we're leaving around noon. It's been nice to get to know you though Kelly."

With that she smiled at me and walked back to her cabana. I couldn't help but wait and watch her perfect ass as she slowly made her way back. Hmmmmmm, too bad she hadn't followed up that kiss with something more. I surely wouldn't have turned her down.

Back in the room I shook my groggy husband awake. "C'mon sleepy head, it's our last day in Costa Maya!"

Steve reached out and grabbed me, pulling me into him until we were pressed tightly together. Mmmmmmm, somebody was horny!

"When she kissed you I thought I was going to cum," he whispered as he started to fondle me and run his hands all over me.

"Oh so you were spying on us?"

"Hell yeah... two beautiful women naked in front of me, who wouldn't?"

"You're so bad!" I chided him playfully, reaching down for his hard cock. Oh well, so much for getting an early start...

Later when we finally arrived for breakfast, Kathleen and her husband were just finishing.

"I thought you'd be right behind me," she said with a wink.

I just grinned back while Steve was taking a seat, anxious to eat. For a guy as thin as he was, he sure could eat a lot!

"So you guys going to go zip lining?" Maria asked as she brought us our drinks. I explained to her how Kathleen had recommended

"Selvatica? That's quite a trip. You'd better get started soon."

I said something about how I had thought we were going to be on the road. "But SOMEBODY had other plans," I said, nodding towards Steve.

"Well, you ARE on your honeymoon dear. Selvatica will be next year but this is your only honeymoon."

She had a point and besides, it's not like I was really complaining. I looked over at Steve and fondly remembered how he had cum in me from behind not ten minutes ago... nope, I wasn't complaining at all!

Soon we were off and on the road again. We didn't bring a lunch this time, figuring there would be plenty of opportunities to find something good to eat given the more densely populated area we'd be traveling through during the day.

Our trip took us through the entire Rivera Maya along the east coast of Yucatan. We made an early stop in Tulum for gas and while we were stopped Steve called and was able to confirm that we could make reservations for the zip lines. This time we passed the turnoff to Coba and continued heading north. After a while we passed Xcaret which advertised heavily. Nearby were some zip lines that we could see from the road but that wasn't what I had envisioned. I wanted to be out in the jungle, not in the middle of some sort of Mexican amusement park. The traffic through the Playa del Carmen region was heavy which delayed us somewhat. I had hopes we would be back in time to do some shopping. If we had one more day I think we would have taken the ferry there over to Cozumel but that would have to wait for our next trip to Mexico. I'd already decided we were coming back!

After passing Puerto Morelos we started watching out for the signs to Selvatica. As it turned out it was easy as there were actual highway exit signs for it. The drive once we turned off was longer than I was expecting but soon there was a large banner across the road that welcomed us and we were there. Steve parked the Jeep under some palm trees as it wasn't like they had much of a parking lot. Apparently most people road the shuttle that went around to the various resorts and hotels.

We checked in and learned it would be about thirty minutes before our group would be called. Given how far we had to drive and the traffic and construction I thought we had done pretty well so far as keeping on schedule.

As we waited I heard someone crying out and I realized that we were at the last stop for a group coming in. I watched as one by one the people flew in and came to a stop, aided by the staff. Everyone seemed to be having a great time. There were even some younger kids so I figured if they could do it, then I shouldn't have any problems. Still, as brave as I was trying to act I had to admit to myself that I was more than a little nervous. It didn't help when I read one of the brochures while we were waiting. Looking at our tickets, I saw Steve had paid $99 each for the "extreme" tour... oh great. There were twelve zip lines with takeoffs averaging 50 feet high and the highest being 65 feet. There was the typical picture wall where photos of groups were posted so they could buy them when they were finished, just like you see at many amusement parks. I saw some of the people were upside down! Well, I could guarantee that I would not be doing THAT.

Our group number was called and people started to gather in an area where the guides handed out our equipment. I took my turn on a mat while the guy gave me the once over, supposedly to size me up for the right gear but unless he was fitting me for a new bra his eyes lingered a little too long on my bust. Then again, I would've been more than a little disappointed had he NOT. What's the point in wearing a deep cut bikini top if it doesn't draw any stares? Maria had recommended I wear shorts over my bikini bottom and I quickly learned the wisdom of her advice. The straps went down between my legs and then up and under my butt, all of which would have been rather uncomfortable against bare skin. The worst thing was the helmet. It wasn't a full helmet like a motorcycle but more like a hard hat. I guess they didn't want us to bump our heads but my question was what out there that we could bump our heads against in the first place?

Once we were all outfitted, we went to a small area where we got the mandatory safety lecture. No booze, no fooling around, listen to the guides, etc. The guides seemed to be really fun though and they added some humor to keep everything from being too boring and serious.

Sitting there next to Steve, I glanced around at our group. There were twelve of us, which was apparently smaller than most groups but the guides said that would just make it easier to get everyone through. The brochure said that the minimum age was three years old but thankfully we didn't have anyone even close to that age. There was only one family with kids and they both were in their mid-teens from what I could tell. The daughter looked older which was later confirmed when they mentioned she was starting college. The other six were three couples, none of which were married. Steve proudly announced that we'd just been married the past weekend and everyone clapped and congratulated us.

One thing I DID notice was that everybody was dressed for the heat and humidity. All the guys were in shorts as were all the women. A couple of the women were already wearing their souvenir t-shirts. One was the mother and her t-shirt hung loose although you could still make out the outline of her bra underneath. The other was worn by her daughter with a somewhat different approach in that hers seemed to have been shrink-fit on and it was obvious she wasn't wearing anything underneath although she was rather small, maybe at the low end of the B cup range.

Of the others, one of the girls was wearing a tight tank top that was REALLY cut low which only enhanced her large boobs. The other two were somewhat similar to me in that all they had on was a bikini top although I was rather pleased that mine was the skimpiest. The dad gave me a few quick looks as did some of the other guys.

The first thing we had to do was climb stairs to a rope bridge leading to the first takeoff station. The rope bridge did nothing to help my nervousness! One by one we were snapped in just as we had been shown in the safety lecture, then released and on our way. We all wore heavy gloves with a large leather pad in the palm designed to wrap around the cable which became your brake.

The first line was rather short and not too steep, obviously intended to get you accustomed to the routine and gain some confidence. I went before Steve so he could be behind me.

Talk about cool! I loved the feel of the air against me as I went flying down under the canopy of trees. I probably slowed down too soon but at least I didn't stall the way one of the girls did and the guide had to pull himself out to her and get her started again.

The second line was twice as long and a lot steeper. My heart was racing as I was FLYING through the jungle, my hair streaming out behind me. Steve came in close behind, having gained ground along the line.

"Wow, that was wild!" he exclaimed as he cleared out the way for the next person coming in, making our way to the stairs that took us up to the next platform. "So what do you think, is this cool or what?"

As we approached the head of the line, one of the guide came to Steve and asked if we wanted to do the next one together. Steve didn't hesitate to say yes so when we got to the platform the guide had Steve hook up first. Then with him hanging down with his knees bent the guide had me straddle him as he hooked me up.

"Just ride him like you do at home," the guide teased us, winking at one of his fellow guides. I grabbed the cable and bounced on Steve's lap. "Like this?" I teased them back and they just laughed.

With my legs wrapped around my new husband and my arms around his neck, we were given a push and off we went. Steve kissed me for about half the trip and then focused on the end to make sure we didn't go crashing into the platform.

"Hmmmmmm, do you guys do private tours" Steve asked the guide who had joke about me riding him. The guide just laughed but then he didn't say no either.

Now THAT might be interesting should we ever get back here again with more time options.

The guides told us that Line #4 was the shortest one on the tour but it was almost one of the steepest, meaning that everything had to be done by the book. He was right. As I was hooked up I looked down the line and it seemed to me it went straight down but as it turned out I was getting into it by then and I went screaming down like a rocket. The guide caught me at the end with a big grin on his face.

We took a brief break before the fifth line. This time one of the other guides asked Steve if he wanted to go down upside down. Well, he didn't have to ask my guy twice. Steve handed me the camera and told me to go first and then get a good shot of him as he came in. When I go down I turned as quickly as I could with the camera ready to go. Oh my god, he was insane! Sure enough thee he was hanging upside down from the cable. Right next to him was the guide which made sense since Steve couldn't reach the cable to control himself. There were hooked together so it wasn't like they had to hold onto one another. Steve was whooping it up and laughing as they came in and I got some great shots.

As we approached the next line Steve kept pestering me about going upside down this time while he took the photos. I told him he was insane but he kept after me the entire way up the stairs. The guide who had gone with Steve said he would take me and that it was perfectly safe, something he did all the time and hadn't dropped anyone - yet. They both laughed at the poor joke but it wasn't all that funny to me.

Steve was ahead of me but I wasn't paying much attention to him as two guides worked to get me set up. First one of the guides got ready and then the other connected me right in front of him and told me to just relax. Yeah right. I squealed like a little girl as he grabbed my legs and flipped me around until the first one grabbed me by the waist and help me as we started off down after Steve.

OH MY GOD!

At first I just closed my eyes but that just made it worse. The ground seemed like it was at least a mile below me as the scenery flew past us. My boobs were handing down and I thought any second they were going to come flopping out but somehow the bikini top maintained its grip. My legs flopped back over the guides shoulders so he ended up with head right in my crotch. At the moment I didn't care - just so long as he didn't let me go.

I felt us slowing down and just before we got to the platform the guide somehow flipped me around so I came in head-up. Steve was taking as many pics as he could, laughing and pointing at me as he encouraged me to relax.

I thought I might never relax again.

"I'm going to kill you," I said through tight lips as they undid me. I was only half-teasing. My heart was thumping like it was trying to burst from my chest like some alien movie as my hair was a total wreck. My top was twisted with one boob half out as I tried to adjust it back while it seemed everyone was staring at me.

"Oh crap Kelly... you should have seen your face!" Steve went on between laughing.

Then he turned to the guide who had come down with me saying, "Enjoy the view between my wife's legs?" At first the guide looked stricken but then Steve whacked him on the back with a, "Just kidding... no sweat."

Well, we were half-way through the tour after being out for over an hour. Wow, this was a lot more than I had ever expected it to be. I had figured a few quick runs and it would be over but this was turning into quite the adventure.

Steve spoke to one of the guides who let the rest of the group pass us so we would be last. I was thankful at first as I thought he was doing it to give me as much time as possible to calm down. Once I got my breath back it wasn't so bad. Just goes to show you can adapt to most anything given enough time.

"I want you to go first this time," he said as we waited. It seemed to be taking longer this time.

Evidently someone up front must be having problems of some sort. There was one couple with a really dippy girl who never could seem to get the hand of the hookup. It was like she never learned from one platform to the next.

"Ready for some fun?" Steve asked with a mischievous smile. Uh oh.

"No more upside down or anything crazy," I protested, "You can do whatever you want but once was enough for me."

"That's not what I meant," Steve smirked, "I want some shots of you flashing your boobs."

"Steve!" I pretended to be offended, "And what if someone else sees my boobs?"

"Yeah, like THAT ever worried you before," he teased. OK, guilty as charged. "Besides, everyone else will be behind you."

Well maybe everyone in our group but there were always two guides at the rear to keep an eye on things and help the last person to get hooked up. When I pointed that little detail out to him it just seemed to make him all the more determined.

"Oh come on, they've all been staring at your tits all day. Give the poor guys a sample."

Good ol' Steve, he knew just what buttons to push.

After everyone else had gone down the line, Steve stood by as they connected me. He said something to the guide who started to shake his head but Steve seemed insistent until finally the guide shrugged and turned to me.

"He wants us to make it so you face backward," he explained. "You have to be careful and watch him so you know when to start slowing down."

I wondered if he had any idea WHY Steve wanted me to go down that way. Well, if he didn't he was about to find out.

"Take your time babe," Steve said as he got himself connected so he could leave as quickly as possible after me.

With the heavy gloves it wasn't easy to pull up my bikini top but I ended up using my thumbs to slide it up and over my boobs as Steve had his camera ready, capturing as much as possible. It felt so naughty to be going through the jungle with my boobs out in the open with just Steve seeing me. Well, Steve and two guides who were rapidly fading away as I went down the cable.

All too soon Steve motioned for me to pull my top down. Crap, I couldn't get a grip on it with the cumbersome gloves! My hands kept sliding off the thin bikini top, getting it just down over my nipples but nowhere close to covering my entire bust.

"Kelly, forget it, you have to slow down!" Steve called out to me urgently. Oh well, it would just have to be good enough. I reached up with my right hand and gripped the cable, feeling the heat buildup even through the heavy leather strip that was fit into the palm.

The guide at the receiving end grabbed me by the waist as I entered the platform. Quickly I dropped the gloves and adjusted the top but not before I'm sure he got an eyeful. Oh well, not like he was complaining. Steve was there in just a few seconds holding up the camera with a huge grin.

"You gotta see these," he said breathlessly.

We moved over to the side as he switched the camera to review mode and showed me the photos he had just taken. Well, it was something for the personal version of our honeymoon album!

The guide who had caught me took his turn at the end of the line while the other raced to the front. They switched around at each platform, I guess so as not to get bored.

"Would the two of you like to go down together on the next one?" he asked. He pointed ahead and I saw one of the other couples doing that very thing. Well, if they could do it I didn't see any reason why we couldn't, especially if we stayed at the end of the line.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Steve whispered to me. It didn't require me to be a psychic to figure THAT out. I quickly reached down and patted him once between his legs. Yep, it was easy to know what he was thinking.

The guide helping us recommended we go down with Steve facing forward and me basically sitting his lap facing him. It was a position I was quite familiar with! It was a little awkward but soon we were on our way.

"Steve!"

My new husband was groping me right in the middle of the jungle while sliding down a zip line in front of people we'd never met before. Granted, wearing those heavy gloves made it almost comical, not to mention a little rough on my skin. It was one of those cases where WHAT he was doing was more sensual than HOW he was doing it.

It only lasted for about fifteen seconds before he had to reach up for the cable to slow us down. My only regret was we should have arranged for one of the guides to photograph us!

Now that we had the position figured out and rehearsed, it was my turn to take the initiative.

"Can we do that again?" I asked the guide. He smiled and assured it that it was just fine with him. The sly grin on his face revealed his ulterior motives but it didn't matter to me. Heck, he would never see us again so what did it matter?

"Do I really have to wear gloves if we are connected together?" I asked once he agreed to my first question. That grabbed Steve's attention as he looked at me curiously.

The guide debated for a second and then asked one of the older guides. The second guy came to us and informed us that the safety rules required that people always wear their gloves. Seeing the dejected look on my face, he grinned and then added, "But sometimes mistakes happen, you know?" He elbowed Steve in the ribs and raised his eyebrows, the grin never leaving his face.

I took off my gloves and handed them to one of the guides. Finally it was our turn to go and by then I was feeling horny as hell. If I REALLY had my druthers we would just stay and fuck on the platform. The guides could watch... heck the way I was feeling they could do me! This time we had the routine down pat. The moment we left the platform my hands went straight down to between my legs where Steve's shorts were unzipped and waiting for me. Clever boy!

"Can you cum in ten seconds?" I joked as I grabbed his dick through his shorts.

"Just about," he groaned as we flew along, oblivious to the beautiful scenery below us.

Needless to say, there weren't that many option given the situation and the short time period we had but it was one of those "make a memory" moments.

"OK, we're almost there," he said and I could hear his glove gripping the cable. I didn't react but instead kept my hands inside our legs.

"Kelly! Now!" he said a little more urgently as we slowed down.

Even before we had taken off I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to let loose of him until I absolutely had to and by that I mean physically had to. I didn't care who saw us. What difference did it make? Maybe I was being selfish but I wanted something that we could share for the rest of our lives.

"You're crazy," he laughed as I felt hand grab me from behind once we were over the edge of the next platform.

Only then did I release my grip on him as we stood up. Steve's dick was sticking out from his shorts and I got a kick how the guides all turned their eyes. Well, no gays were here today. Steve quickly pushed his stiff cock back inside his shorts and zipped them up.

Nobody said anything but I felt rather pleased with myself. I could just imagine the laughs we would have someday when we were older and recalling our wild younger days. It wasn't like we'd be caught having sex.

After that we just rode the next line down without any horseplay. The guides looked noticeably disappointed! I wondered if they had hoped that maybe we would up the ante a little with each line but there was a limit to how far you can go hanging from a cable fifty feet above the ground.

It was the next to last line and for all practical purposes the last good one as we had learned the last one was pretty short. The big question faced us - what could we do after all we'd done so far? I really meant it exactly that way - what COULD we do? The physical limitations were real and maybe if we were a circus act there might have been more options but for now I could only think of one. Somehow I didn't think anyone would object...

"What would you do to get me to go totally topless?" I asked Steve with a naughty grin. "I mean, I'll give you my bikini top so I can't cheat."

Steve stroked his chin thoughtfully, overplaying it a bit but that was OK.

"How about I fuck you all night when we get back?"

I giggled and answered, "You're going to do that anyway so what else?"

He didn't say anything right away of I gave him my offer. "What do you say we stop at Playa del Carmen on the way back and you buy me any dress I want?"

He said yes so fast it made me wish I'd upped the stakes even more as no doubt he would have agreed to anything.

"But we need to do something about the rest of the group," I mused.

"I've got that," he said and then went up a couple of steps to the guide ahead of us. I couldn't hear what he said but then they both looked back at me grinning and I figured whatever it was they had something worked out.

"We're set," Steve said when he returned, "They're going to make sure the rest of the group has moved on. You'll have to bare it all in front of the guys though. I assumed that would be OK."

I just rolled my eyes. He could be so silly sometimes but that was one reason I loved him so.

Finally we were next in line. Usually you would go when the person in front of you was about half-way down but this time we stood there until everyone had traversed the span and were climbing up to the next takeoff platform.

"I'll go first," Steve offered, twisting around in the harness so he could look behind him as he went. He had the camera on his lap with the strap around his neck in case he lost his grip. I'd hate to have to find that camera in the thick jungle below us.

"OK, hand it over," Steve said, holding out his hand.

I reached behind my back and undid the tie, then worked the bikini top up and over my head which wasn't as easy as it sounds with the harness on. Steve grinned as he took it from my hand and stuffed it in his front pocket.

"So what do you guys think of my new wife," Steve asked proudly as I stood there topless.

They all just smiled and I think they weren't sure what to say. That was OK with me, the expression on their faces wrote a book. For a brief moment I imagined all the possibilities if we just stayed there on the platform but those thoughts were interrupted when Steve took off.

I was ready to go as soon as he left such that only about fifteen feet separated us. I held my hand up on the cable with a loose grip so my boobs were on display as much as possible while Steve had the camera going non-stop. Even in the heat the breeze felt cool against my boobs and I could feel my nipples instantly reacting.

All too soon we reached the end of the line. I reached for my bikini but Steve pulled it back just before I had it.

"Maybe you should just stay that way," he taunted me.

"Not if you want to get laid tonight," I warned him, holding out my right hand with my left on my hip in my most demanding pose.

"Here you go then," he said, tossing it back to me.

Holy crap, I missed it and my heart skipped a beat but the guide next to me grabbed it before it feel to the ground. He handed it to me while taking in a good look at my boobs. I worked it back on and we rushed to join up with the rest of the group.

"Last line!" the lead guide called out.

This time we would be going almost all the way to the ground so it would be steeper than any of the previous ones but it was also shorter so we couldn't build up too much speed. Before I knew it we were on the ground. Looking at my watch, it had been almost three hours!

Following everyone else, we returned to the equipment center and removed our harnesses and handed in our helmets and gloves. We thanked the guides and I saw Steve hang back to tip the guides. They'd certainly earned it!

We were led to the lunch area where they served us while we all rested. Sitting down, I suddenly realized how tired I was. Dang, that was a lot of work! Still, I wouldn't have wanted to miss any of it. As we were eating I saw people looking up and I saw a series of monitors where a slideshow was playing featuring each person in the group. I wondered how much they charged for them but that would depend on how we looked. Heck, they should have warned us when the photos were being taken so we could be sure not to be looking like idiots.

Oh... my... god! Steve's photo was the first of our to appear and I immediately knew which line where they had taken the photos - the next to last. Instead of a full head-on photo like most of the previous ones, this was more of a profile with his camera held out in front of him as he was taking photos of something. I knew exactly what he was taking them of, or should I say WHO he was taking them off.... ME!

The system was either automatic or whoever was running it didn't worry about any difference between G and R ratings. Sure enough, mine came up next and I heard a few gasps in the lunch area.

"Hey dad... look!" I heard the kid who'd been up in front with his family.

Sure enough, there I was in all my topless glory, a huge grin on my face as I zipped through the jungle wearing just a harness and my shorts.

"Now THAT'S interesting," Steve chuckled. I didn't know whether to be embarrassed or turned on. It was like everyone had turned to look at me but what could I do? I just shrugged my shoulders and lifted my hands up with a "whatever" expression.

"I've GOT to buy that one," Steve said as he got up to hustle to the desk where they sold the photos. I followed him and all of a sudden it was like the counter got a lot more crowded.

"I want the girl in the last one," I hear someone asking.

My eyes widened. Would they really sell someone else's photo to him? Apparently yes as I saw him handing over a ten dollar bill with a big grin as the girl handed him a photo holder which now held a topless photo of me in it.

Steve finally got to the front of the line and asked for mine. The girl obviously didn't know he was my husband until her had paid and took the photo from her. He opened it up to check and then I heard him say to the girl, "She's my wife" as he nodded to where I was standing. The girl looked over at me and just smiled sweetly. Hmmmmmm, was this a common occurrence?

"This is so cool," he said as we headed out to get on the army truck that would take us to the cenote. Was it my imagination or was everyone looking at me as we climbed aboard?

It was a short bumpy ride to the cenote. I stripped off my shorts and stuffed them in my bag along with the photo as we followed everyone to the top of the cenote. At the edge I looked down where it looked like a miniature lake of crystal clear water. People were already swimming along the edges and then I saw someone zipping down, hanging onto a bar with his hands. Right over the middle he let go and did a cannonball into the water.

"Cool!" Steve gushed and I could see he was eager to give it a try. There was quite a line so it would be a few minutes during which I did some people- watching, one of my favorite hobbies.

We were definitely in Mexico, or at least NOT the local public pool in Pittsburgh. Nobody was nude, or at least not technically as some of the thongs were all but nonexistent. Even those girls who probably should NOT have been wearing thongs were letting their asses hang out and their boobs all but busting out of mini-bikini tops. Heck, if anything mine was conservative as there was actually some material running up the back of my butt and not just a string.

The flight into the cenote was fun but by then I'd about had my fill of zip lines. The best part was the cool water after spending several hours in the jungle heat and humidity. Being we didn't have to wait for a van or bus to collect all its passengers, we could leave whenever we wanted so after Steve took a second run we decided we'd better get going as we had a long trip ahead of us... not to mention some shopping. I wasn't going to let him off from his promise!

# 7. Did I Mention I'm in Love?

After spending the week in mostly rural areas, Playa del Carmen was like New York City. The traffic was horrendous and I was scared to death we would get in an accident after hearing horror stories of what happened to foreigners having car accidents in Mexico. It wasn't until we finally found a parking space in a ridiculously expensive parking lot and began walking around that I felt at ease.

This would be our last "experience" in Mexico and my husband and lover treated me like a princess. He didn't refuse me anything, not even when I picked out the most beautiful (and expensive) dress in this perfect little boutique shop tucked away from the main drag. We had some drinks, bought some silly souvenirs and grabbed a bit to eat at what looked to be a safe restaurant. I don't think we separated the entire time, walking everyone holding hands or our arms around the other. We must have stopped to kiss a hundred times!

The trip back was fairly uneventful. Both of us were tired and had it not been for the tight suspension of the Jeep I would have fallen asleep long before I actually did. It wasn't until the Jeep lurched into a pothole on the final road to the inn that I woke.

"Have a good time?" Maria asked, offering us food which we politely refused. I started to tell her a bit about our day when Steve reached into my bag and pulled out the photo holder.

"No!" I said firmly but he just brushed my objection aside. He handed the holder to Maria who looked at me and then slowly opened it. A smile came to her face and she shut it again.

"Well, I guess you DID have a good time."

Understatement of the day.

We made our way back to the cabana where the soft glow of the low voltage lights lit the curtains of our neighbors. They would stay on a few more hours before the power was cut for the night. Steve shut the door behind us and then we turned and embraced one another, kissing passionately, our hands all over the other.

Suddenly I burst into tears. Our honeymoon was almost over!!!

"Oh Steve, I love you SOOOOOO much," I sobbed into his shoulder. He pulled me in tight and just held me against him, the strength and warmth of his body making me feel so secure.

I looked up into his eyes and traced my fingertips along his cheeks and forehead and then along his lips. He needed a shave but I didn't care.

"Make love to me Steve... oh darling make love to me like you never have before."

That night on the beach my husband made love to me in the same place where we did the first night we'd arrived only this time it was even better. We had been through so much this past week, spending more time than ever before in such a short time. As much as I knew I had loved him before, now it was deeper than anything I had ever imagined.

How many times did I cum? I know HE came three times. Eventually we made our way back to our cabana and slipped into bed together. I felt fulfilled, loved, so happy. It was almost scary. How could it ever get better than this?

The next morning we made love one last time before breakfast and then there was the long drive back to the airport. I watched as the scenery passed by, trying to take it in as much as possible, trying to drive every detail into my memory.

As we boarded the plane, I looked one more time back into the terminal and said a little goodbye to Cancun. Funny, I'd been here before and left from almost the exact same gate yet this time was so different. I looked at Steve ahead of me and smiled as I quickened my steps to join him.

Our honeymoon was over but something told me the best was yet to come!

Did I ever mention I love my husband?

# (Sep 23) Chapter 238: Our First Married Swap

Story codes: MF oral exhib
   Me (26)
   Steve - my husband (28)
   Leon (26) & Tamara (23)

It was really all my husband's idea. Before Steve asked me to marry him I'd always assumed I would be faithful to my husband once I wore his ring. There was only one minor problem with those plans - he didn't want me to be! We'd fooled around with other couples during our engagement but this would be the first time since we'd said our vows that we had sex with people outside my family.

## 1. Adultery or Not?

How do YOU define adultery? People have asked me that question so many times that it got to the point where I wrote an entire article on it so I won’t repeat everything here.

For those not wanting to take the time to read it, to summarize the article I would say that adultery is defined as the act of sexual intercourse by a married person with someone who is not within their marriage family AND without the knowledge and consent of their spouse. Thus by definition adultery requires two elements, both of which must be present to be found “guilty”: the ACT of sex and the INTENT to cheat. Given that sex is defined as the penetration of a penis into a vagina and it doesn’t matter how far in it goes, even just the tip counts. Thus things like blowjobs, pussy eating and such aren’t legally acts of adultery (not to say that is any consolation to their spouse).

Another important thing to keep in mind is that incestuous sex is by definition NEVER adultery as it is sex within a marriage (incest being further defined as sex within your immediate family - both sides, out to a first cousin). Cheating means keeping it a secret from your spouse unless it’s incest in which case the spouse gave blanket “permission” the moment they said, “I do.”

Admittedly anyone who has been reading my diary over the years would say that this view of adultery is NOT what I've preached in the past and they would be entirely correct. My mother raised me to believe certain things which I absorbed as if they were etched into stone tablets, just a most kids do. However, events of the past few years have caused me to reevaluate the wisdom of some of the things she taught me, the issue of adultery being one of the biggies. That shouldn't surprise anyone as it's only natural for a child to reach the age where they have to make their own decisions and create their own morals and belief systems so I make no apologies for any changes I may have made in mine over the years.

When it came to adultery my mom had it down plain and simple - sex outside of marriage was adultery, no questions, no options, no excuses or rationalizations. Adultery is condemned by the Ten Commandments and thus she considered it a mortal sin. It didn't matter to her what the circumstances, the intent or anything else for that matter. It was because of the adultery aspect that my mom considered swinging as being immoral and an affront to her marriage vows she'd made to her husband, her family and especially to God. It didn't matter that my dad would have been perfectly OK with it as God's will trumped her husband's.

Yet as black and white as my mom was on the issue, even she made a couple of exceptions over the years although they both involved my dad and not her. If there's one thing I can say for my mom, she remained true to her beliefs until their divorce was settled. On the other hand my dad was a man and as such he had needs and feelings he was unable to control at certain times, just as all men do. As a result there were two women that he had sex with that my mom considered adulterous acts.

Interestingly they both involved best friends - my best friend Beth and my mom's best friend Tammy. In both cases my mother was fully aware of everything and while I can't say she was happy about either one, she didn't stop him either. The only thing that kept their marriage intact was her stretching her definition of "family" to include "as good as being in the family." If anything she set an example for me as to how a wife is to submit to her husband whenever possible, even if it means having to bend a little in the process.

Growing up I had every intention of emulate my mother's examples, even when it came to her restrictive feelings about adultery. Thus in my heart I'd long accepted that I would not have sex outside of marriage once I took my vows. Fortunately since “marriage” means “family” that meant that I could still please my dad as that was incest and as I stated earlier, incest cannot be adultery.

If you ask me it should be obvious to anyone why incest is never adultery as it would be just wrong for me to stop submitting to my own father and I can't see how God would ever want that to happen. Even so, as a result I knew that once I was betrothed that there would be a drastic reduction in the number of sex partners that I’ve become accustomed to over the years. True, blowjobs would still be allowed and I LOVED giving those but face it, sucking a dick isn’t the same as feeling one in you.

After Steve proposed to me, we had a lot of discussions over how things would be in our marriage. Of course the majority of those discussions had nothing to do with sex but it was still an important topic. Given my mental preparations regarding sex after marriage you can imagine my surprise when he confessed to me that he fully expected us both to continue having sex with other people after marriage! I would’ve been thrilled had he wanted to get involved with incest but Steve wasn’t interested in incest with his own family in any way. In fact, he wasn't exactly thrilled about me and my dad although he supported me as he knew how important it was to me to maintain my obligations as a daughter. Instead he wanted us to have sex with people outside our marriage which was in direct contradiction with my long-standing beliefs regarding adultery.

When you love someone as much as I loved Steve, you don’t just throw everything away because a speed bump appears in the road. God wouldn’t have brought us back together again just to let us split up over one issue so I knew there had to be something I was missing. Since we were only engaged and not married yet, I agreed to try swapping with him and see how things went from there. At best it was a delay tactic as I knew sooner or later I would have to make a decision as there was no way I could marry someone and not have something this important still on the table. For the next few months we met with some other couples and needless to say, I had some really good times. Still, there is a lot of sin being committed today by people just “having a good time” so that didn’t make it right either. Something had to be resolved.

There seemed to be no way out so finally I ended up discussing the problem with the one person I could always bring anything to - my mother. My mom is not just my mother; she is my best friend, confidante, and at times even my lover. Who was the first person I told after losing my virginity? My mom. Who was my first girl to have sex with? My mom. So who else would I go to in order to bring this issue to a head once and for all? Of course it had to be my mother.

In some ways I suppose I went to her assuming she would reaffirm her beliefs and tell me that I had to either change Steve's mind or hand back the ring. My mom was pretty flexible in many ways but there were a few steadfast rules and beliefs that were beyond compromise so far as she was concerned and adultery was one of them. So you can imagine my surprise when she started to question her own beliefs after seeing how they eventually led to her divorce. Of course my dad's desire to have sex outside marriage was not only reason they split or even one of the major reasons but it was a contributing factor.

It was through these discussions that my mom and I came to the agreement that it wasn't so much the ACT of sex that defined adultery but rather the INTENT behind the act. Just as my dad having sex with our best friends turned out to be just fine, it was only because his intent at the time was not to cheat on my mother but to simply enjoy himself. Needless to say, adding in the "intent" factor when it came to determining if something was adultery changed things significantly.

So now I'm married which should tell you that I got it all worked out. Many people have asked and I suppose with high expectations but from a pure sexual point of view not a lot has happened or changed since our ceremony. It's not like anyone was under the delusion that I was a virgin at the altar although I doubted a number of my guests had no idea by what margin I was NOT a virgin. Granted, in the month since we've been married Steve and I have had a lot more sex than before but that's mainly due to the fact we now live together so there's more opportunity. In fact, we've had so much sex that other than taking care of my father's periodic "needs" I haven't had sex with anyone besides my new husband since our wedding ceremony. It's not that I have anything against such things. It's more the lack of opportunity as in addition to taking care of my husband I've been so busy with school starting and such that we haven't been going to parties lately either.

While things have been pretty much status quo for me, my new husband has already taken advantage of his blanket permission to be with anyone in my family he desires, anytime he wants. It's not that he couldn't before - and indeed he did, but it just seems different somehow now that we're married. He especially likes to be with my Aunt Linda and in fact he's has met with her numerous times while I've been at work teaching. As a realtor it's child's play for her to find free time and sometimes I know he has even meet her at a house while she was showing.

What I find interesting about my husband’s attraction to my aunt is for a guy who is technically a pedophile, for whatever reason he is much more drawn to my older aunt than to her daughter. This drives Kristi nuts of course which I sometimes suspect is part of his plan. Oh well, it doesn’t really matter to me so long as he’s happy.

Sooner or later I knew things would change, it was just a question of when and who.

## 2. Getting in Touch

It was almost a month after our marriage and so far we had not done anything with regards to having sex with others, at least outside our new marriage family. Steve mentioned it a few times but it was like more in passing than anything concrete. Still, knowing my husband as well as I do I had no illusions that he wasn't thinking about it when we would pass by a pretty girl or we’d get together with other couples.

In a way, I guess it was because now that we were married, it was like everything we had done before was put into the past and we reset the clock when we each said, “I do.” Just as having sex with my new husband became something new and special – I learned the true meaning of “making love” during our honeymoon, so I expected our first time with other people to be new and unique and special as well. Thus we weren't rushing into anything although I knew he was pretty active when it came to checking out the profiles for the swap group we had joined soon after our engagement last November.

When it comes to the swap group Steve normally handles all the details but I’m pretty much aware of the general arrangements. When he signed us up it was like having to get an Ultra Top Secret clearance or something from a spy novel. There was the typical questionnaire which was then followed up by personal interviews with the people who managed the group – together as a couple and then each of us separately. No, there was no “audition” required, that only happens on porn sites! Everything was handled professionally and confidentially.

Once we were informed that we’d passed the initial interviews, Steve had to submit all sorts of personal information about each of us – a lot more than I was comfortable with but the site claimed that it was needed to run credit checks and other security checks. Imposing warnings told us to be truthful up front about everything because if anything bad showed up and it looked like we'd tried to hide it would be cause to have us immediately rejected and forever banned without appeal. The final step in the process was a photo and video session where we had to turn in various types of photos ranging from the everyday "family" portrait style to full nudes. At least we didn't have to record us having sex as I would have drawn the line at that!

Even after all that we were only granted anonymous access to the group web site. No actual names or personal information was available, just member photos (non- nude only) and personal profiles. A critical part of the personal profile was where you indicated what you wanted to be involved in - and NOT. We were sternly warned once again that falsifying this sensitive information was cause for immediate expulsion without warning. Thus if you wanted BSDM, then you had to state so and not surprise your more conservative partners after you met. It was not meant to be restrictive, just informative. Basically nothing was off limits so long as you specified it ahead of time. Some people were into simple straightforward swapping while there were some that were really out there - animals, drugs, pedophilia, slavery, BSDM, you name the perversion and someone out there was a fan.

The way the site worked was that once you found someone who looked like a potential match, then you sent in an invitation which they had to accept for things to move forward. A preliminary acceptance just opened up their profiles to allow you access to their more personal photos (including nudes) and any other information that they may not have wanted to post to the general membership. Provided everything was still with both sides, only then was actual contact information exchanged - phone number only. Real names and addresses were NEVER disclosed through the web site, not ever. If you wanted to know someone's name or address, you had to wait until you contacted them personally. It was this dedication to security that drew my attention to the site in the first place.

Sometimes I would just browse through the profiles out of morbid curiosity and not even use the search tool to filter the weird people out. There were lots of people that were intellectually stimulating as I would imagine there would eventually be times we tried out people with different ideas about sex and such. However since this would be our first time since being married we were being especially choosey. I felt like it would be like the first time I had sex, something that would always be my "first", something I would never forget.

Then one day Steve called out to me to come to the computer and take a look. “So what do you think, perfect or what?” he grinned.

Reading the screen over his shoulder, I glanced through their profile and to be honest, my first impression as that it was some kind of sick hoax. Sure the group made every effort possible to ensure the members were all who they said they were but there were always those people wanting to game the system. Reading more I had to wonder how such people could have ever gotten into this group in the first place? According to their profile they were recent newlyweds having gotten married in May which put them a few months ahead of us. They were each a couple of years younger than us with her being younger at 23 and him being my age at 26. They claimed to be Christians but I’d learned since joining that people can have very different opinions of what THAT means. No kids so at least they weren’t producing offspring prior to marriage. From their photos they looked like your average couple next door with no obvious tattoos, weird hair, or crazy clothes. What had caught Steve’s eye – and then mine as well, was the final statement in their introduction...

“We were high school sweethearts and each of us has never had sex with anyone else. In fact, we were both still virgins until Leon proposed two years ago. Now that we’re married, we want to expand our horizons without going too far overboard. We were hoping to meet with another couple similar to us that can be discrete as well as understanding in terms of our lack of ‘experience’ in such matters. Please, no party invitations or people looking for a notch in their belts. We are quite serious about this and would hope for the same from anyone contacting us.”

Wow, no wonder Steve was so worked up over them. I glanced down and noticed he was stroking himself absentmindedly with his left hand up the bottom of his shorts as I was reading. I smiled to myself as he probably didn't even realize he was doing it – a “bad” habit of his, about as bad as mine when it came to touching myself. Thoughts of my mom slapping at my hand during church suddenly slipped into my head.

“Hmmmmmm, she’s really cute,” I teased him, “And he’s not exactly bad himself.”

Indeed, she was listed as being only 5’2” and 90 pounds, a really petite little thing. She seemed to be part Asian although her features were not as sharp, probably influenced by an Asian parent mixed with a Caucasian one. Her jet- black straight hair looked to be almost down to her butt but it was hard to tell as they were sitting together in a chair in their profile photos. Both wore glasses in their photos which I found a little surprising as most people took theirs off for the camera - people like me. My guess was that they must be a lot more near-sighted than me.

“So... what do you think?” Steve asked although it was obvious he’d made up his mind already.

My response was immediate, “Go ahead and poke them.”

“Poking” was how you told someone that you were interested in them. It sent the couple an e-mail and a link to your public profile. If they were interested, they could accept your invitation in which case we would hear back with a link to their private profile and they would automatically be able to access ours (you basically were giving permission to have someone see your private profile by poking them so it wasn't something you did without due consideration. If they weren’t interested, all they had to do was reject the invitation in which case we would be notified and locked out from being able to poke them again. I guess that was so people couldn’t become “stalkers” and pester those who weren’t interested in them.

The next day Steve received an e-mail alerting us that they’d accepted our preliminary “poke”. Steve couldn't wait to check them out and by the time I got home from work he was already busy jerking off with their photo album open on the monitor. When I finally got a peek it wasn't hard to see why he was so “motivated”. By accepting our poke they allowed us to see their nude portfolio and the girl was indeed extremely petite and even cuter than before.

As with many girls with Asian genes, she may be claiming to be 23 but she was probably still being carded every time she saw an R-rated movie. Her boobs were perky but very small, A-cups most likely and that was being generous. Her figure was perfect though, obviously she was not a child as the curves were all in the right places. There was something about her poses that seemed innocent and almost a bit naïve, like she was embarrassed but still determined to go through with the photo session. She was shaved but any lack of hair was made up by that long straight hair that came down to just above the crack in her ass when she stood on her bare feet.

The guy was also good looking in the nude. It’s surprising sometimes how many people look good in their clothes but when they take them off it’s like they suddenly look all flabby and unattractive. He didn’t have the physique of an athlete but at the same time obviously took care of himself. The guy was pure Caucasian - pale skinned if anything, with short blonde hair and perhaps Scandinavian descent. Steve poked his finger in my side and grinned as he pointed out that unlike the wife, the husband was definitely NOT shaved. When it came to pushing my buttons, my new husband knew me all too well!

Looking at their photos and seeing how my husband was reacting to the nude photos of the wife, I wondered how things were going at the other end where they should be seeing us now as well. Was her husband jacking off to my nudes? Well, hopefully he was jerking off to mine and not Steve’s! It wasn't like mine would have qualified as porn shots; nothing like being on my back with my legs spread out and in the air or anything like that. Personally I considered them to be quite tasteful and I was actually a bit proud of them if I might say so myself. I wondered what she was thinking about my new husband? Steve wasn’t Arnold by any means but he was handsome and fit and that wasn’t just his bride talking but a number of my friends had weighed in as well. From what I could tell, the guys had comparable dicks so at least there wouldn’t be any silly issues about that.

“Well, I’d say I’m ready to respond,” Steve said. Looking down at his cock in his hand, it appeared to me that he already had. Oh well, I would’ve been more worried if he had NOT responded this way. Indeed, the day my husband stops wanting to jerk off at the sight of a pretty woman is the day I check his pulse!

Still I remained skeptical. Were these people too good to be real? I wasn't so concerned about them physically as I had no doubt these were photos of THEM, unlike so many other web sites. The only photos that were posted were the ones you had taken during the interviews - nothing could be submitted to be posted. Thus there was no doubt that the photos represented the people but that didn't mean the profile was true. Granted, they’d checked ours out quite thoroughly but that didn't mean someone couldn't scam the system.

It wasn't their photos but rather their story that seemed far-fetched to me. How did anyone even get find out about this group with such a background? Everyone we’d had anything to do with had been heavily involved in similar activities long before joining. Like me and Steve, we saw the group as an opportunity to expand our social network while improving our security, not to mention not having to deal with all the fakes and perverts. Way back when I belonged to Adult Friend Finder (AFF) in college I soon learned the hard way that probably less than one percent of the people on there were really who they said they were, especially the women and so-called couples. There was no way I would have even considered meeting anywhere from that site no matter how desperate I might have been.

"Hell, what do we have to lose?" was Steve's response when I expressed my concerns. "We can do dinner, scope things out, and then blow them off if they turn out to be weirdoes or whatever."

He had a good point as dinner in public was about as safe as you could get in such situations. Meeting people for the first time at their home or even a hotel room was far too risky for me, even when they were arranged through a private group like ours. It wasn't until you actually met people and started to interact with them that you really could tell who they were and what type of things they were into. For example, some people's idea of what constitutes bondage might be far different than someone else's so they may not mention they are into silk scarves holding them to the bed frame even though they checked "no" for BSDM in their profile.

So with that Steve clicked on the "Ready to Meet" button which brought up a dialog box warning that our personal contact information would be disclosed if we continued. It was just be a phone number, not our address or names, so it wasn't all that risky so long as you used a phone that wasn't listed in your name with the Internet White pages. We kept one of those throwaway phones from Wal-Mart for just such things. It was a small expense for the extra security it provided.

When he clicked on the acknowledge button that brought up an introduction form where we could write in a personal invitation to the people we were trying to meet. Steve looked at me and got up off the chair so I could take a seat. Steve might be perfectly good at dealing with most on-line stuff but when it came down to writing letters and interacting with people he knew where the talent lay in our marriage.

Straightening our my dress under me, I took a deep breath. In the past when I'd written such things it was easy but in this case I felt I needed to be more careful about my wording and approach. Assuming their story was true, they were likely to be overly cautious and nervous. I would think that the last thing they wanted was some "experienced" couple writing them and making them feel out of place.

It took just a few paragraphs for me to complement them on their wedding and state my admiration for their willingness to expand their marriage boundaries. I didn't mention anything about incest, young kids or anything else that might make them skittish as they didn't need to know about such things. I also didn't mention anything about the number of partners we'd had or anything else that would make us seem imposing or otherwise threatening. I DID emphasize that I was an elementary school teacher and a devout Christian so they would hopefully see us as being “normal” people. You can just imagine some of the invitations we’ve received. What amazes me is evidently people must respond to such crude and crass letters or why would they write them. I guess says something about the general population although I’m not really sure what.

A few days later and no response which started me to think my first instincts had been proven correct. Even though the group site was supposedly extremely secure and everyone on it had been personally vetted by the couple who ran it, there were still the occasional perverts and weirdoes who somehow managed to crash the party. It was like the ones who write me after reading my on-line diary in that most of the time they are easy to spot simply because they ARE so crude. There are also certain warning signals that flash like a neon strobe light – like when the only thing they seem interested in is getting you to accept their initial poke just so they can have access to your personal photos and video. Every now and then the clever one comes along who can still fool me – although I like to think I eventually “out” them. Was this “couple” just one of the more clever ones?

What particularly disturbed me about the possibility of them being fake was that from the beginning I’d been extremely concerned about allowing nudes of me to be posted on ANY Internet site. It was only when everyone assured me that the site was as secure as they could make it and only real people would be seeing them who had valid reasons for seeing them. Even so, I drew the line at posting photos of me having sex – alone or otherwise. I know that some people get a voyeuristic thrill from having strangers watching them doing such stuff but not me – at least not when I had no idea who was seeing them or what they were going to do with them.

A week went by, still no response. By now I’d pretty much written them off and was pushing Steve to report them as frauds. Even if they weren't interested, protocol said that they should respond to all personal invitations. You didn't have to do anything if people poked you as those were a dime a dozen. But when you responded to someone and then they invited you, common courtesy said you should at least acknowledge them and say you weren’t interested if nothing else.

Then one day I was home alone and bored so I decided to check out our profile and see if anyone had posted anything. Even though I usually left the management of our stuff to Steve, I still liked to peek in on it now and then to see what was happening. As usual, there was a ton of pokes from people wanting to meet us which I ignored. Steve could sort through those later. To my surprise there was a notification that we had an invitation waiting so I clicked on the link and there it was... from Leon and Tamara, the couple we had “poked”.

The note was written by Tamara who started out by immediately apologizing for taking so long to respond to our invitation. Apparently they’d been totally overwhelmed by the number of responses since they’d posted their profile. It was something I could relate as it had been somewhat the same way for me and Steve when we first went “live”. Evidently a new profile drew attention like fresh meat to all the hungry wolves out there. Fortunately in our case I was accustomed to such attention after eight years of being on-line with my diary so we knew better than to even reply to most of them and thus kept the whole thing manageable. From the sounds of it Leon and Tamara were trying hard to be respectful of everyone and undoubtedly were being swamped by trying to answer everything that was sent to them. I smiled to myself as I thought they would learn sooner or later.

My heart then skipped a beat as she went on to say that they were indeed interested in meeting with me and Steve. She continued by saying how different my letter had been from the others they’d received. Again I could relate as even now the vast majority of invitations we get are from some of the weirdest people. Sometimes Steve would toy with the idea of responding to them just for the fun of it but I kept telling him no. I simply wasn't about to get involved with people who thought food condiments were sex toys. Apparently my adding the bit about me being an elementary school teacher and a devout Christian didn't hurt either.

Now that I had her name and phone number the next step was to give her a call. Maybe I should have waited for Steve to get home so we could talk about it ahead of time but I was too excited to put it off for even just a few hours. Picking up my iPhone, I dialed the number and listened to the phone ring with my heart beating so hard I could barely hear when she picked up the phone. At first I thought maybe I’d called a wrong number as this young girl’s voice answered but then she said her name and I knew it had to be her. I kept telling myself she was 23 but it was hard to imagine someone that old with a voice that young.

For the first ten minutes or so the conversation was pretty vague with both of us maneuvering like boxers in a ring during the first round, jabbing and dodging as we sought out the other’s weak spots. Maybe “weak spots” is the wrong phrase - it was more like probing to better understand the other. Tamara was obviously painfully shy about all this so I tried to be patient and not push her too hard although I had at least a hundred questions I wanted to ask.

Eventually we got around to the true purpose of the phone call and she went on and on about how uncertain she was about everything and how nervous she was. By the time the conversation ended, we hadn’t really discussed anything in detail but instead left things open-ended for our husbands to clear up. Frustrated, I hung up with as many questions as when I’d picked up the phone but at least I’d made contact.

After I hung up the phone I called their profile up again, staring at my favorite photo of her as I tried to connect the voice on the phone to the girl in front of me. It wasn't even one of the nudes but rather just her sitting on the floor in a pair of denim shorts and a skimpy halter top with her legs crossed as she smiled up at whoever was taking the photo. The shorts were cut so high there was just a hint of panties showing in her crotch while the halter top was so tight that is did what it could to emphasize her small boobs. What caught my attention was her smile; it was brilliant and the overall expression on her face was so joyful, almost child-like. Hmmmmmm, so this was the girl I’d just spoken with... not bad... not bad at all.

Later when Steve came home I showed him the letter and then told him about my phone conversation with Tamara. The fact that they were real people got him excited so he immediately called up Leon. They seemed to hit things off from the start and in less than ten minutes the two of them had set things up for dinner the next Friday night. Anyone listening in on the conversation would have thought they were two old college buddies calling up to get together again with their new wives as nothing sexual was spoken or even implied.

Steve hung up the phone and we just stood there staring at each other.

“So tell me... does this make you as horny as it does me?” I asked him, running my tongue over my dry lips.

Steve didn't say a word - nor did he have to. His dick did all the talking...

## 3. Dinner With Leon and Tamara

Steve and Leon hadn’t wasted any time in getting us all together. That very next Friday night they arranged for us to meet and have dinner at, of all places, an Olive Garden. I can still remember when Steve broke the news to me.

“Olive Garden? Did you say Olive Garden? As in always crowded, lots of families, no privacy, boring Olive Garden?”

I'm not sure Steve knew quite how to take me at that moment. Standing there in front of him, hands on my hips, a look of astonishment written all over my face, he must have thought I was some sort of wild woman gone ballistic.

"Sorry, he was the one who suggested we go there," Steve said holding up his hands defensively as if he was afraid I was going to attack him or something.

"Oh you mean the guy who's never had sex with anyone besides his wife? The guy who's probably never done anything in public before? The guy who was a virgin until he was in his mid-twenties? Is that the guy you're talking about?"

OK, so maybe it was going overboard but I was frustrated. Heck, I could've listed a dozen places off the top of my head that afforded a better atmosphere for this type of dinner. Like, we weren't really meeting for dinner, who was kidding who? This was a prelude to having sex but how in the world do you talk about such things in a wide open public restaurant like Olive Garden with kids and grandmothers sitting right next to you? Damn it anyway, I'd had my hopes set so high about all this. It was going to be our first swap with wedding rings on and I wanted it to be perfect in every detail.

"Oh Kelly, just settle down, it'll all work out. It's not like anything was going to happen no matter where we met," Steve tried to calm me down and then he grinned when he saw my expression, "Well, maybe YOU had other plans but for me this is just a meet and greet."

Trying hard to control my anger, I changed to subject to finding out more about the couple we were suppose to meet. As to where Leon and Tamara lived I hadn't a clue as so far we'd only exchanged first names and phone numbers. Steve then had the bright idea of looking up their phone number on the Internet and sure enough, up popped their full names! Seems nobody had warned them about being careful as to what phone number they provided to strangers. The names matched as did the ages so we figured it had to be them. Their address put them on the north side near the New Kensington area. I wasn't familiar at all with part of the area and neither was Steve. We put their address into Google Earth and there was their home - an older house snack in the middle of town which wasn't exactly the high rent district from the looks of things. We tried to research them further but there were no relatives listed or other connections.

"Well at least we know they're real," Steve mused.

On that I had to agree with him. Nothing like seeing confirmation in the phone book to put on the stamp of confidence.

“So which Olive Garden are we going to?” I asked.

“Some place called Tarentum?” Steve replied, evidently another new name for him.

Together we checked it out and I was a bit surprised that it was located so close to New Kensington. I say surprised as being so close to where they lived it was entirely possible that people there might recognize them. Then again, it’s not like we were planning on having public sex at our first dinner so evidently they had chosen familiarity over privacy.

We checked it out a bit more and saw it was located in a shopping area. Seeing the neighboring restaurants, I noted that at least they hadn’t picked the Red Robin right next door! Talk about the last place on earth I’d want to go for such a get-together...

That Friday in school I was totally distracted. It got so bad that at one point during the day one of my students actually had to call out my name when I started daydreaming about the evening to come and totally phased out from my lesson plan. Shaking my head to get back into the rhythm, I wondered what my adorable little 10-12 year-olds would have said if they knew their teacher in her long dress and conservative makeup was getting horny thinking about having sex with strangers after class? Well, maybe not right after class but close enough. Not that I would ever even consider doing anything naughty in class, I have to say for a moment I did wonder what they would think if I started masturbating right there in front of them. Like THAT was suppose to help - NOT!

By the time I got in my car to drive home it was like I had an itch between my legs that just wouldn’t go away. As soon as I was out of the parking lot and safe from the prying eyes of parents and young kids I pulled up my dress and reached between my legs with one hand while I steered with the other. Damn, the crotch of my white cotton panties were soaked! Pulling them to one side, it was a huge sense of relief when my fingers finally touched my pussy, pressing down on my poor clit where the itching sensation was centered. Talk about something I’d been wanting to do all day...

For once I didn't curse the red lights and if anything I found myself praying for them as I inched my way through Friday evening traffic. When I was stopped I would close my eyes for a few moments as I masturbated, dreaming of what it would be like to be fucked by Leon while my husband was busy with Tamara. Mmmmmmm, how about me and Tamara after that? I wondered if she’d even been with another girl. She claimed to have never been with another guy besides her husband but that didn't rule out some experimentation with the same sex. Sleepovers and college dorm rooms had led more than a few “innocent” girls astray, even if it wasn't something they ever confessed to later.

The guy behind me honked and I realized the traffic had resumed moving while I’d been entertaining nasty thoughts of Tamara’s bare pussy pressing up against my face. And to think people worry about texting while driving! I wondered if the guy behind me would have still honked if he knew why I wasn't paying attention to the light? Who knows, maybe he would have honked all the more.

By the time I pulled up to the parking lot behind out apartment I was flushed and breathing hard. My nipples were so hard they almost hurt as they pressed against the restrictive bra I was forced to wear while working. Turning off the car, I let the seat drop back and started to work on myself with both hands. There wasn't anyone else around and I didn't want to quit for even the few moments it would take to run up the stairs to our little newlywed apartment.

I was soooooo close...

YES! Finally I crossed the line, jumped over the cliff, scaled the mountain top, or whatever metaphor you want to use for achieving orgasm. After spending all day trapped in front of my class without the chance to even rub myself a little, it was like the dam burst and all my horniness that had built up during the day was released in one massive “O”. God it felt so much better to finally do it. I kept rubbing with one hand while I brought the other to my mouth, licking my pussy cum off my fingers, wondering if Tamara’s pussy tasted anything like mine? For that matter, how would she taste with my husband’s cum dripping from her?

No sooner had I lowered my dress than several people went walking by my parking place. I hadn’t even seen them pull in so they must’ve done so while I was cumming hard and not paying attention. Even so, in the dusky light and with me slouched so far down in the seat I doubt they would’ve seen much of anything anyway even if they had walked right by. Then again, so what if they had? Not like it was anything to be ashamed of, right?

Back in our apartment, I closed the door and turned to find myself in the arms of my adoring husband!

“I love you,” he whispered to me as he kissed my neck and ears while planting his hands firmly on his favorite place for them – my ass. Then he sniffed like a dog and grinned at me.

“Smells like someone’s been naughty while driving home.”

I grinned and put my fingers up to his nose. He opened his mouth and sucked gently on them.

“Now THAT is the kind of perfume they need to bottle,” he teased me, quickly undoing the zipper in the back my dress as he talked.

“Steve... we have plans for tonight,” I pretended to protest as my dress hit the floor, soon to be followed by my bra and then my wet panties. I stepped out of them, leaving my flats behind.

“And these just have to go,” he fussed, pulling down my hose, “How do you stand wearing all this crap all day?”

Fair question and one I asked myself usually several times a day when it felt like I was suffocating. Steve knew the school dress code rules as well as I did but that didn't stop him from constantly teasing me about them as he knew how frustrated they made me. He was always challenging me to go to school without any panties on, claiming that with a dress down to my ankles nobody would know anyway. As much as I would’ve loved to indulge him, I just knew that would be the day I slipped down the stairs or something would happen and everyone would see the youngest teacher in the school had been running around bottomless under her dress. NOT a career move to say the least if you wanted to teach at a Christian school, or any school for that matter

“So are you just gonna just stand there complaining about my clothes or are you gonna fuck me?” I teased him, standing there barefoot and naked except for a gold chain with a cross around my neck and my earrings – and wedding ring of course.

“Hmmmmmm, let me decide...,” he said, holding his hand to his chin as he stared at my naked body as if there was a real decision to make.

****************

Somehow or another we managed to shower and dress in enough time to leave the house with at least a shot at getting to the restaurant on time. In figuring out our timing I thought that so long as the tunnel traffic wasn't a mess there shouldn’t be a problem. At least we would be going IN towards the city from the south side instead of out so we wouldn’t be facing the worst of the Friday night madness.

It was starting to get to be a bit chilly in the evenings so I grabbed a light jacket from the closet as we left. Steve, still the newlywed husband and gentleman, took it from me and helped me into it.

“You know you could’ve just worn the jacket,” he whispered into my ear as he kissed me just behind the ear and then down my neck as he pulled the jacket up over my shoulders.

Actually, it wouldn't have been the first time I’d worn JUST this very jacket but never to a dinner with a couple of strangers and certainly not to a family restaurant like Olive Garden. It was white with a belt and came down below my butt but not much further. When I sat down it wasn’t long enough to sit on so it wasn't designed for those cold days that were threatening already – especially if all I had was a bare bottom underneath.

I turned to kiss my husband. “And you would just love that, wouldn’t you,” I giggled and then I playfully patted him in the crotch. “I would’ve thought you’d had enough after the shower.”

The shower was the last place we’d done it, preceded by the living room couch and prior to that the bed. He must have been really horny, that’s all I could say. Evidently he’d been thinking about this evening all day just as much as I had during my classes. Well, hopefully he’d be recharged by the time the evening progressed but knowing my husband I had all the confidence in the world that there wouldn’t be any problems in THAT department.

Steve continued to be the Southern gentlemen as he held the door to his truck open for me and then closed it behind me. The black dress I was wearing wasn’t all that heavy and with just a minimal thong on underneath I may as well have been bare-bottomed. The cool vinyl of the seat gave me goose bumps as I shivered while I waited for him to get in and start the pickup so the heater would get working.

“Cold?” he asked, seeing me wrapping my arms around myself. “Let’s see just how could you really are.”

I had scooted over to be next to him by then, one of the advantages of a bench seat. Steve reached over and unzipped my jacket down to the belt and pulled it aside to take a look inside.

“Either you really ARE cold or we need to go back inside,” he joked, seeing my nipples poking through the thin fabric. I wasn’t wearing a bra, of course, and the wrap-around style of the dress allowed for plenty of cleavage to be revealed.

“Hmmmmmm, interesting.... you’re so chilled up there but yet so hot down here,” he observed as his hand moved down to between my bare legs which I spread for him and then I felt his fingers pressing against my pussy through my thong.

“OK mister, either do something about it or drive,” I came back, pretending to be stern with him. Actually I could’ve gone with either option at the moment.

Steve just chuckled and pulled away from the curb. “Well, sorry but we don’t want to keep Tamara waiting, do we?”

No mention of Leon but that didn’t surprise me. No doubt Steve saw Leon only as the means for him to be able to fuck Tamara. If there was one thing Steve was definitely NOT, it was gay. Like your typical guy, he was always pushing for a threesome but also as a typical guy his idea of a threesome was two girls having sex with him. Yep, no crossing swords for Steve. Even in the past when I HAD been with other guys Steve would watch but he didn’t like getting too close. It was sort of funny in that as much I LOVED dicks, Steve was so repulsed by them (other than his own of course) that I think he would roll over and die if he ever had to so much as touch another guy’s cock in any way.

As we drove I thought about it all the more. Yes indeed, when all was said and done, this evening was more for Steve than me. I don’t mean to imply that I wasn’t looking forward to it but if it wasn't for Steve pushing for it we wouldn’t be doing this tonight. Frankly, I would’ve been happier just to stay home with him and make love. If we were going to go out and party, then I liked it more when Steve let me loose while he watched. Sometimes he preferred to stay in the background, not even letting people know we were a couple. There was something about me having sex with other guys that really turned on Steve and I loved to perform for him. By the time we’d get home he’d be so horny that he would practically jump me before the door shut behind us. The bonus for Steve came when the guy I targeted had a girlfriend that he was willing to swap.

In thinking ahead, while I was looking forward to having sex with Leon it wasn't like I couldn't go without it. For me it was just sex with someone new which was always interesting and hopefully fun. As for Steve, I could see the twinkle in his eyes and the twitch in his dick the first time he saw Tamara’s photos and then when he finally got to see her nude it was like instant hard-on time for him. For him, it was all about the new conquest, a new pussy he hadn’t fucked before. Yes, it was the newness that got him so turned on which was fine with me as I knew that also meant this would undoubtedly turn into yet another one- night stand, as did almost all our previous encounters under similar circumstances. I guess I liked that about him in that he never tired of me so that told me that any lust he might feel for another woman was just that – pure lust. There was nothing wrong with that. Like what man doesn't feel that way?

People who know me already know that one of my favorite "hobbies" is to seek out married men. Leon might indeed be married but he didn't qualify as anything special for me because his wife was involved. Going back to my explanation of adultery, what really turns me on is when a man commits adultery with me. If I was just meeting Leon tonight and Steve was doing Tamara but neither of them knew that the other was cheating, then THAT would have been the perfect night out for the two of us, at least from my point of view. It was also one thing that we hadn't done yet but that didn't mean we didn't fantasize about it sometimes. It was hard enough to find a husband to cheat with me without trying to get his wife to do the same without either of them knowing about the other.

Going through the long tunnel, I looked at Steve as the lights lit up his face. God I loved him so much! Sure I was horny thinking about tonight but the biggest thing for me was that I wanted this evening to be perfect for Steve and I would do anything to make that happen.

Leaving the tunnel, we crossed through Pittsburgh and then started the drive north. Neither of us said a lot as I think we were both fantasizing a bit about the upcoming dinner – and probably even more about what might come afterwards. Still, would they even show up? Then what if they turned out to be total fakes? No matter how much I tried to ignore the feelings, there was the nagging issue that they might chicken out halfway through dinner or something like that. If everything they'd said was true I had to think that right at this moment they were both nervous as heck. They might even be questioning what they were doing. I learned early on that it's easy to post on line and chat and such but making the move to actually meeting someone was a huge step for anyone to take.

Pulling into the restaurant parking lot, I saw that it was a bit crowded but not packed so hopefully that meant we wouldn't have to wait for long. As I looked around I wondered if any of the cars belonged to Leon and Tamara. We hadn't told each other what our cars looked like, not even that we would be driving a pickup truck, so there was no way they would know it was us even if they'd been watching. Steve stopped the engine, got out and started to walk towards the restaurant until he noticed I was still sitting in the truck, waiting impatiently.

"Are we getting spoiled madam?" he asked, bowing deeply as he opened the door finally to let me out.

As I turned to scoot out I let the dress slide up and flash up to my hip for just a bit. “Isn’t this worth it?”

“Well, it would be even better without the damn thong,” he said, pretending to be unhappy.

“Yeah, like you don’t know what’s underneath.”

The parking lot had been deceiving as there were about six people waiting for a table when we walked in. None of them looked like Leon and Tamara though so Steve asked the serve if we could take a look. She brightened up and said that another couple had just been seated that had mentioned that someone would be asking about them so she led us towards a corner booth where I finally laid eyes on our partners for the evening.

After brief introductions we took a seat in the booth opposite Leon and Tamara which sort of put me off a bit. I would have expected that I would be sitting next to Leon while Tamara moved over to be with Steve but for now we took our side of the booth while they kept claim to theirs. I was still wearing my jacket as I was cold but Tamara had hers on the seat over to the side. I noticed when we sat down that she was wearing a rather conservative blouse and skirt that came below her knees even while seated with her legs crossed. She was just as petite as she had looked in her photos, looking almost like a young girl. Leon looked rather handsome, I might say, even in just a dress shirt and jeans which happened to be the same thing Steve was wearing although different colors. Steve was more a dark blue guy while Leon’s was a light green pattern,

For the first few minutes we just chatted about nothing – the weather, the traffic, them waiting for a table, us being a little late. Our server came by and took our drink order with all of us ordering either a soft drink or tea. She was back quickly and by then we were ready to order. Once she left I looked across to Tamara and invited her to join me as I need to use the lady’s room. The guys just shrugged as both of them were well acquainted with the female herd instinct when it came to using the restroom. Funny, but I’ve never once heard a guy say to another guy that he was going to them men’s room and did he want to join him!

Once inside we went to the sink and I got out some makeup from my purse. Of course I didn't need to use the toilet, most of the time women don’t – they just need to talk and socialize without men listening in.

“You look really nice in that dress,” she complimented me, “It’s a bit revealing though, isn’t it?”

I was tempted to say something about how it wasn't nearly as revealing as most of my dresses but that wasn't going to do anything to help so instead I just thanked her and complimented her on her outfit as well.

“So, are you ready for tonight?” I asked casually. It was just the two of us for that moment as a mother and her two young daughters had just left.

“Kelly, I’m soooooo nervous,” she confessed, looking at me with eyes like a deer in the headlights.

“Well don’t worry, we’ll take this as slow as you want and besides, if you decide to change your mind just say so at any time and I promise we’ll respect your wished.”

“No, I’m going to do this,” she said firmly, checking herself out in the mirror. “I want to do this for Leon.”

That wasn't exactly what I would have liked to have heard so I asked, “What do you mean by that?”

“Leon thinks that now that we are married we need to... expand our horizons as he says,” she explained softly. “I think he feels like he missed out on things by being celibate for so long.”

I couldn't help but smile a bit as I remembered the “expand out horizons” thing from their profile introduction. “And you? How do you feel about that?”

Tamara shrugged her shoulders and stared into the mirror. “I don’t know, I guess I am happy the way things are now. I always wanted to save myself for my husband and I am proud that I was able to do that. Well, at least until we were engaged. I was ready to wait until the wedding but Steve couldn't.”

“So you’ve really never been with another guy before?” I asked, looking at her in the mirror instead of directly at her.

“Well, there was one guy in high school that touched me but that was all.”

If we’d had more time I might have delved into that one a bit more but we needed to get back to the guys before they wondered if something was wrong. I turned to her and held her by the arm so she would look at me in the eyes.

“Just tell me one thing Tamara, and trust me, it’s OK no matter what you say. Do you really want to do this?”

For a moment I was afraid she might say no. Granted, I really wouldn’t have wanted her to do anything she wasn’t ready for but at the same time it would have been frustrating to get this close and then have her back out at the last second. Then she got this determined look and my heart slowed down a bit.

"I think so... I mean it's not like I have never thought about it before, just that I was raised that such things were wrong. My mother would faint if she had any idea what we were planning right now." Then she grinned a little and I knew it was going to be OK when she added, "And besides, you're husband looks really cute."

While I wasn't so sure Steve would appreciate being called "cute", I understood what she was trying to say. Heck, I thought the same thing myself!

A couple of older women came in then which sort of cut the conversation short. There was no sense in just waiting around so we headed back to the booth. We were about to turn the corner to our booth when I pulled her arm gently to stop.

"Tamara... how old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

I looked at her in the eyes and asked her again how old she REALLY was. She seems a little exasperated then and I found myself wishing I hadn't questioned her.

"I KNOW I don't look it but you can see my driver's license. I turned 23 the day after we got married. Nobody ever believes me so don't worry about it."

Before we sat down I took off my coat and hung it on the post by our booth.

"Nice dress," Leon spoke up, his eyes zeroing in on my bust and exposed cleavage immediately. He could hardly be blamed as compared to little Tamara I was stacked! I've heard it said if you want to lose weight, hang around with fat people and it will seem like you have. Well, the same goes for boobs. If you want yours to look bigger, hang around with small-breasted women.

"So where did you guys meet?" Leon asked. Steve told him how he and I had been high school sweethearts, how we'd been separated for years after his mother was transferred, and then how we had met up again the previous summer when he and his mom had moved back to the area.

"That's really sweet," Leon said and then Steve asked him how he and Tamara had met. That was something that I was curious about as well so I leaned forward which also caused my boobs to spill out all the more - a point not lost on Leon.

"We met at a church picnic my senior year," Leon said, putting his arm around Tamara and hugging her. "Even though Tam her was just a freshman we just clicked. After I got out of college I proposed to her and a couple of years later we got married."

I looked at Tamara who just smiled across the table from my me. Steve was watching her like a hawk although with the way her blouse was shut at the top there was no chance of getting a view of her small boobs.

“So you two been doing.... ‘this’ for long now?” Leon asked Steve. I glanced again at Tamara who just rolled her eyes and shrugged her shoulders. It was like the two guys were having the conversation while the women kept quiet and in their places.

“Actually we just signed up with the group earlier in the year,” Steve explained, not volunteering any more detail than absolutely necessary. He also didn't mention anything about what we’d been doing since we were teenagers.

“Well as you know, this is our first time,” Leon said softly, leaning over the table so we could hear him. I mean like we’ve never done anything like this before. Heck, neither of us has been with anyone else period.”

For some reason I could buy that line when it came to Tamara but I have to admit I was starting to question Leon. He looked every bit his 26 years and if anything could have passed for a few more. If what they’d been saying was true then he’d kept his virginity until he was 24. Heck, I‘d never met a 24 year-old virgin before. The thing is with guys there’s no hymen to check, you just have to take their word for it. Well, if Tamara was OK with it then I suppose I should be as well.

“Well, so what do you think of my wife Leon?” Steve said although his eyes were on the cute little girl across the table.

“She’s hot,” Leon grinned. Short and sweet but that was enough for me and it was time to step in and move things along.

“Ummmmm, Leon, ‘she’ is right here so you don’t have to act like I can’t understand what you’re saying.”

Leon sat up straight and held his hands up like he was being arrested. “So sorry Kelly, I didn't mean anything bad at all. I was just trying to tell your lucky husband there what as babe he has for a wife.”

I looked at Tamara who was just sitting there with her hands in her lap, not saying a word. It was hard to read her and I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or bad. Our dinner came then and for the next ten minutes or so the conversation shifted back to the food, where to eat in the area and such. Once we were getting close to being finished, Steve perked up and suggested that Tamara and I switch places. Tamara looked at me and I smiled at her, trying to encourage her. She stood up, looking tentative and then I sat down in her place, leaving her with nowhere to go but next to Steve.

“You’re really small,” Steve said as he put his arm around her. She didn't pull away but then she didn't exactly jump in his lap either.

Leon took his cue and put his arm around me. I looked at Steve who just nodded almost imperceptibly and so I scooted over to be tight up against Leon. His hand went to my bare upper arm and held me while I allowed my hand to move to the top of his leg.

“So you guys just got married a few weeks ago?” Leon asked, the first time he’d addressed me directly.

“Almost four weeks now,” I replied, moving my hand over until it was on top of the bulge that was growing under his jeans.

“Wow, makes me feel like we’ve been married forever,” Leon laughed, “It’s four MONTHS for us now.”

“So how old are you again Leon,” I asked. Her replied that he was 26. “That’s my age too... when’s your birthday?”

It turned out he was older than me - by three days. March 4, 1985 was his birthday. That put him a couple of years behind Steve although had I seen them on the street together without knowing either one I might have said just the opposite.

Tamara jumped just a little and from the angle of Steve’s arm I had a pretty good idea. It must have been frustrating to him that she was wearing such a long skirt. Usually when he put his hand on my leg under the table there wasn't a whole lot for him to get out of the way. Still, she hung in there like a trooper and didn’t try to move away from him or anything negative.

Grinning at Steve, I leaned over to whisper in Leon’s ear. “Have you ever had a hand job in a restaurant?”

“Here?... Now?” he blurted out, not so loud anyone around us would hear but enough for my husband and his wife to take notice.

“You’ll have to excuse my wife Leon,” Steve pretended to apologize, “She has a certain weakness for that sort of... thing.”

From there it became like a Seinfeld episode where everyone was using euphemisms for sexual parts rather than saying “dick” or “pussy”. All the while I was rubbing Leon’s ever growing dick through his pants. Under the circumstances I wasn't about to unzip him or anything with all the people around and walking by but it was definitely getting his attention.

“Ready for dessert?” Steve finally said. Leon started to say something about being full but Steve stopped him mid-sentence to say, “I meant dessert at your place.”

He could have added, “you dummy” but as satisfying as that might have been I was glad he showed some restraint. Sometimes it’s best to just leave things unsaid, no matter how great the temptation.

“Ohhhhhh,” Leon mumbled and then grinned. “So how does this work?’

Rookies, I thought to myself. I had a feeling we’d be having to take the lead all night from the way things were going.

Steve signed the credit card slip – we picked up the bill for dinner while Leon insisted on leaving the tip. He sat back and put his hands on the table. “I would suggest we take our cars and drive to your place. Kelly can go with you and Tamara here can ride with me.”

Tamara and Leon exchanged glances but they seemed to go along with Steve’s suggestion. Well, things had to get started sooner or later so the sooner the better of you asked me.

We all laughed when we got out to the parking lot as it turned out that we had parked right next to them. Like, what were the odds? Tamara seemed surprised that we drove a large pickup truck while I was taken a bit off-guard as well to see they drove a Toyota Prius. Sort of two opposites in terms of the environment. Steve opened the driver’s door for Tamara who looked confused at first but then realized his intentions so she hopped up into the bench seat. Meanwhile, Leon beeped his car alarm fob on his keychain and we each got in ourselves. I’d never been in one of these and the first thing I noted was I missed the bench seat in Steve’s pickup! Oh well, it would be a short trip if nothing else.

Steve waited for us to pull out first as he had no idea where to go. As Leon fastened his seat belt I left mine undone and let my skirt ride up a bit to let me him get a much better view of my legs than he’d had in the restaurant.

“So are you ready for this Leon?” I asked softly, “Tamara seems a bit apprehensive.”

“Oh don’t worry, once she gets going I’m sure it will be fine,” he assured me as we maneuvered back to the highway.

“Does she ever masturbate in the car when you drive?”

Leon just laughed saying, “No way... she’s not exactly what you call a ‘public’ girl. I mean, you saw how she dressed.” He paused to look at me again and then grinned. “I take it you’re a bit more adventuresome.”

“Oh a little,” I sighed, trying not to sound too slutty, “Would it turn you on to see me playing while you drove.”

Leon let out a long breath as he looked in the driver's mirror to merge. "Like duh! What guy would say no unless he was gay? And even then he probably still would."

"You mean like this?" I teased as I pulled up my skirt to my waist and reached down inside my panties to touch myself.

"Wow, you don't waste any time, do you?"

"I can stop if you want."

Leon raised his hand and saved me to continue. "Are you kidding me? You can do that all day so far as I'm concerned."

I finally figured out how to lay the seat back which made it much easier. I kept my hand inside my thing so in the dim light he really couldn't actually see anything, just the movement of my hand under the flimsy material.

"I love to play with myself Leon... does Tamara use her fingers or does she like toys?"

"Hell if I know," he grumbled as he tried to watch me without getting us killed as we quickly approached the next exit. "She says she doesn't and I've never seen her do it."

"Not even during sex?"

"Shit, I've tried... even pushed her hand down there but she always pulls back."

"Mmmmmmm, poor girl doesn't know what she's missing...," I sighed as I rubbed my clit.

While I firmly believe that 100% of men masturbate (I go with the 80% admit they do and the other 20% are liars), I HAVE known a few girls that really don't masturbate although they have been few and far between. One of my college roomies was actually against it as she considered it the equivalent of "sex" and she was saving herself for marriage. Now whether or not she started after she got married, I'll never know but it seemed pretty dumb to me at the time.

"I bet YOU do, don't you Leon?"

That brought a smile to his face and maybe had the light been brighter I could have seen if he was blushing.

"I knew it... all men do so it's nothing to be ashamed of."

We were getting downtown and I figured probably pretty close to their house so I quickly pulled my things down my legs and off around my heels. I looped it over the rear view mirror like a garter after a prom date.

“There, something to remember the trip by,” I said as I smoothed out my dress again, “I’ve been told they make nice air fresheners as well.”

Leon laughed again at that one as we pulled into the narrow driveway of an older home. Steve parked on the street behind us as we all got out and followed Leon to the front door. I noticed Steve had his arm around Tamara but it wasn't like they were looking like teenagers in love quite yet as she had her hands in her coat pocket.

“Well?” I whispered to Steve as we approached the door. He just looked at me and shrugged. Evidently Tamara hadn’t been as open as I had been with Leon which didn't exactly surprise me. For that matter I hadn’t been all that crazy with Leon either when you take into account what I’ve done with other men in similar circumstances.

Leon unlocked the front door and we all stepped into the home which looked to be maybe a hundred years old. Well, maybe that was an exaggeration but it was not new by any means. Even the furniture had an old look to it and the carpet would have been politely referred to as “retro”.

“This was my parent’s house,” Leon explained, as if an explanation was in order in the first place, “They’ve retired to Arizona so they left it to me. “Tamara is working to fix it up, aren’t you babe?”

Tamara looked more embarrassed than anything but she smiled and started to talk about the new furniture they were looking at, almost as if she was taking advantage of the opportunity to go off on a tangent and NOT discuss the large elephant sitting in the corner of the room.

## 4. Getting Things Started

One of the things I love about Steve is that he is one of the few guys with whom I don’t feel I have to always be the one to push or take the lead when it comes to sex. I guess it all started when we first dated and he was the older, mature high school junior while I was just an incoming freshman who had never been on a serious date until I was with him. Steve had been the “experienced” one back than as everything was new to me and he loved to push my boundaries. You could probably say he is more responsible for me becoming the school slut than anyone else.

Having gotten off to a good start, when Steve left I never looked back and took full advantage of whatever opportunities came my way – plus those I worked on

One of my favorite things to do with Steve is to go out on a date where I promise to do anything he says, no matter what. To make this fun, you really do have to do everything as once you start making exceptions it sort of spoils the entire evening. For most people I'm not sure it would work as in addition to being pretty crazy you also have to trust the other person explicitly. While I promise Steve that I will never say "no", sort of our own private version of the "Just say YES" campaign, I also trust that he will never ask me to do anything that would be harmful or embarrassing. If you want a true test of your relationship, try playing this game as you'll quickly find out whether or not you can really trust the other person.

I say all this because at this moment you couldn't ask for two different couples to be in the same room together. Steve and I had been in similar situations dozens of times before, not always as a couple but in some sort of party situation. The last time we'd done something like this we barely even got comfortable before we split off to separate bedrooms for the night. Leon and Tamara were a different case. Now that we were actually in their house, I couldn't help but wonder of one or both of them was having second thoughts. It wouldn't have been hard to understand as many people find that playing on the Internet with the anonymity it provides makes it easy to say things you never would in person. Now that we were all face-to-face in person, there was no hiding behind the keyboard, this was the real deal.

"So ummmmm, how does this sort of thing usually get started?" Leon asked, fidgeting a bit as he rocked from one foot to the other.

Steve started to answer but knowing him, he would have been direct and to the point, NOT what was needed about now judging by the look of desperation on Tamara's face. She was smiling but it looked very forced and there was no laughter behind it.

"Maybe it might help if Steve and Tamara sat over there on the couch while you and me got things started," I offered. Steve looked at me a little quizzically as he knew from past experience that I liked to just be alone with the guy when we swapped but from the grin that followed I knew he was more than willing to sit back and watch his wife go to work on another man.

"Sounds good to me," Leon said and then looked at his own wife, "That OK with you Tam?"

If anything she seemed a bit relieved as she nodded without saying anything. Steve sat down and she took a seat next to him, maybe a little less than a foot separating them. Steve wasn't going to let that continue though as he put his arm around her and pulled her up next to him. She didn't resist but then it wasn't like she threw herself at him either.

“So it’s me and you,” I said gently, taking Leon’s hand in mine as I led him to a large overstuffed chair across from the couch with a tacky coffee table in between. It was one of those large heavy dark-stained pine monstrosities that you see in the cheap furniture stores but that also made it perfect for what I had in mind.

Deliberately ignoring my husband and his wife, I moved the flower arrangement from the coffee table to the floor which left it bare - the perfect stage. Being careful not to fall on my heels, I stepped up on the table and then stood there facing Leon as he sat upright in the chair watching me. It was then I noticed the front drapes weren’t pulled but with only a single lamp on in the corner of the room it wasn't like there was a spotlight on me. Besides, the neighborhood looked deserted when we pulled in and I always get a bit turned on by supporting other people’s voyeuristic tendencies.

We’d taken off our coats upon entering, hanging them up in a small closet by the entrance so all I had on was my dress. Indeed, after leaving my thong in the car ALL I had on was my dress if you discount jewelry and heels. That didn't exactly lend itself to a sexy strip tease but I would just have to make do. Seeing Leon’s eyes fixated on me, I didn't think he would mind one way or the other.

“I’m gonna strip for you now but you have to help out,” I said as I started to sway back and forth slowly, running my hands down my sides and hips. Leon looked at me expectantly so I continued with, “I want you to pull that cock out for me to watch... stroke it so I know you like what you see.”

Leon glanced over at Tamara before he caught himself and looked back at me again. I cupped my boobs in my hands through my dress, waiting patiently for him to do his part without saying anything further. He knew what I wanted so now it was his turn to make a difference.

It didn't take long for him to make up his mind. Slouching in the chair, he undid his belt and then lifted up his hips so he could undo the zipper and then undo the pants so he could open the flaps. Reaching through the opening in his jockey shorts, he struggled at first to get it out and when he finally did it was easy to see why he had problems. His dick was already practically fully erect making it hard to get out of the silly flap in the front of his shorts.

“Mmmmmmm, now that’s what I wanted to see,” I purred, slowly raising my dress up my legs, getting it up to where it was just below my pussy. It was enough to tease but not show anything. “Now stroke it... I want to see you jerk off for me.”

Once again Leon’s eyes shot behind me to where his wife was seated but then he saw that I was watching and he quickly returned them to me. I wondered if Steve was getting his dick out yet. It wouldn’t have surprised me as he took about any excuse he could to jerk off. Sometimes I swear he likes to jerk off as much as love to play with myself.

“That’s it... now tell me what to do,” I said soothingly, pulling my dress up with one hand while pulling it down with the other and then switching directions.

“Just take the damn dress off,” he said, the smile on his face disarming the directness of his statement.

“Not yet... in time,” I assured him but I did lift it up so my bare ass was now exposed to the audience behind me and my shaved pussy was visible to the horny guy in front of me.

“Oh, I suppose I should tell you that I left my thong on the rear view mirror,” I said jokingly over my shoulder to Tamara, “It needed to dry off.”

Oh to see Tamara’s face now! I resisted the temptation as I knew it would just increase her anxieties if we made eye contact. Still, I wondered what her reaction was to my announcement about my missing thong?

“You liked watching me masturbate in the car, didn't you Leon,” I teased as I started to rub my pussy by first cupping it with my palm between my legs and then pressing my middle finger inside of me. As horny as I was it slipped in easily.

Leon was stroking his dick with one had as he stared at my exposed crotch. He didn't even blink! I knew from her nudes that Tamara just trimmed her pussy so had Leon ever seen a shaved pussy that wasn't on a porn site on the Internet? His erection looked so yummy and hard and I loved the way he twisted his hand slightly on it each time he got up to the head. I couldn't wait to get my mouth on it!

When I first got the idea to table dance for Leon, my thoughts had been around doing a slow strip tease while seeing if I could get him to jerk off. Eventually I would get nude and then have him stand up and let me kneel on the table as suck it for his wife and my husband to watch, closely followed by him fucking me. Eventually that should get things started for Steve and Tamara after which we could then go our separate ways for a while.

Seeing how horny Leon was, I started having second thoughts about my original plan. Damn, I bet I would just get my mouth around him and he'd blow! Well, there were always options...

"I love watching you jerk off Leon," I said as seductively as I could, "I think you want to fuck me, don't you?"

Leon was breathing more heavily now so he just nodded - not good enough for me.

"You know Leon, when a guy wants to fuck me it's only polite that he ask," I hinted broadly. He just nodded again so I reiterated myself saying, "Well, do you want to or don't you?"

"I want to," he gasped.

"Want to what Leon?"

"I want to fuck you," he finally said. Good boy! I had to suppress a giggle as I felt like I needed to throw him a treat or something like a puppy who had just learned a new trick.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" I encouraged him as I carefully dismounted the coffee table and stood in front of him, "At least not as hard as that nice dick I see."

Without looking back at the couple behind me, I crawled up on the chair with my dress bunched up around my waist. Straddling his legs, I scooted up until his lovely erection was right under my wet and hungry pussy.

"Now fuck me Leon... put that hard dick in my cunt."

Normally the word "cunt" was not part of my vocabulary unless I was cursing another woman. While some people think slut is a put-down, I think it's a compliment. I reserve other words for women I don't like such as whore and yes, cunt. Still, I knew men well enough to know that they like a girl to talk dirty and what is more dirty than for a girl to call her own pussy a cunt?

Leon didn't say anything in response but I could feel him working his dick around under me, trying to hit the mark but failing miserably. Rap, I was just as anxious to feel it in me as he was so I reached down and grabbed it from him, easily getting it in the right spot to where it slipped up inside of me like it was greased. I put my full weight on him and sank down to his lap, burying his dick in me completely.

"Oh god that feels so good in me Leon," I moaned as I wiggled my hips just enough to feel it move inside of me.

I put my hands on his shoulders and lowered my head so I could see down to his crotch where my bare pussy was pressed up tightly against his coarse pubic hair. I could just make out the base of his dick in the dim light where it disappeared inside of me. It was quite a sight and it never failed to turn me on to think that that very thing I saw disappearing up my pussy was causing those incredible sensations inside of me.

Leon’s hands found my ass and he squeezed each butt cheek in one hand as I started to rock slowly on his cock. I wasn't lifting myself up and down so much as I was rocking back and forth, causing him to move in me but for the most part keeping the entire cock in me as much as possible.

A little of that and I decided it was time to up the ante a bit and stop pretending to ignore my audience. Lifting myself up, I let his hard cock flop out of me as I stood up on the chair and then twisted myself around until I was facing Steve and Tamara with my bare butt in Leon’s face. Steve was grinning from ear to ear and I noticed his arm was further around Tamara now until he had his hand over her small boob over her blouse. As for her, she wasn't pushing him away but then I couldn't see that she was reciprocating in any way either as her hands were in her lap still.

Once again I found myself wishing for a camera as I watched Tamara. It wasn't that she was doing much, if anything it was the blank look on her face that caught my attention more than anything. It was sort of like, “I can’t believe this is happening” sort of thing yet at the same time she wasn't turning her eyes away either as I would have expected if she was really upset about things.

“OK Tamara, watch now... your hubby’s dick wants back in me again.”

This time I lowered myself down as I face Steve and Tamara, grabbing Leon’s erection when I got low enough and used it to rub my pussy first. I couldn’t help but shudder when the head of his dick ran over my slippery clit.

“Do you ever masturbate using your husband’s dick?” I asked Tamara as I rubbed myself with that very same dick. She shook her head silently so I said, “You really should try sometime... he feels soooooo good against me.”

Enough of that as I pushed the head back until I felt it just under me and then I lowered myself down on him, easily taking him in this time being so wet and freshly fucked.

“Oh my god Tamara, he feels so good in me,” I gasped as I dropped down to my knees and then sat down on Leon’s lap. My dress kept trying to fall down to hide things but I pulled it backup and tucked it out of the way. Leon's hands went around me again but this time they found my boobs and like my butt cheeks, he took one in each hand and squeezed.

There was no sense in making him rub through my dress so I lifted it up and over my head, leaving me all but naked on his lap with just my heels on for the moment at least. It was sort of interesting as I was the only one undressed. Steve and Tamara hadn't even unbuttoned yet and while Leon's dick was out in the open, or as open as it could be while in my pussy, the rest of him still bore the same clothes he wore at dinner.

"Fuck I'm going to cum," Leon gasped as he seemed to try to push me off his dick like he didn't want to cum in me. Well, that was too bad as I was in control which meant I got to say where he came and there was only one option so far as I was concerned - my pussy.

"Watch close Tamara... he's about to cum inside of me," I gasped as I worked my pussy on his cock. No sooner than the words were out of my mouth then Leon let out a loud groan and I could feel his hot sperm being ejaculated in me like tiny blooms of warmth deep in my lower belly.

"Oh yeah, that's it Leon, fill me with your cum," I sighed as I planted myself down firmly around his dick. Of course by then he already had!

I was so proud of my husband. Seeing me getting fucked with the hot girl next to him had to be a tremendous temptation but he was behaving like a gentleman. Heck, he wasn't even stroking himself which in and of itself was a major accomplishment. It was time for his reward...

Lifting myself off of him, I cupped my pussy to keep everything in me and quickly made my way until I was sitting on the coffee table in front to the two of them. I leaned back and put my legs on the couch, one between each of their legs. Taking my hand off my pussy, I could feel Leon's cum drain from me, flowing down between my buttocks and dripping onto the coffee table top.

"So what do you think Tamara?" I pushed her a little, "How does it feel to see your hubby's cum dripping out of my cunt?"

Tamara didn't say anything at first so Steve stepped in with, "Well, I can say that for ME, it's pretty damn hot."

Steve gave Tamara's little boob a squeeze which seemed to waken her from whatever world she was in.

"Oh my god," was all she said as she put her hand to her mouth.

“See how turned on my husband is seeing your husband’s cum draining from my pussy?” I told her, “I bet your husband would feel the same way, don’t you?”

Her eyes widened as she immediately caught on to what I was hinting at for her to do. Steve was in on it too and I could see from the way he was looking down at her that he was more than anxious to get a piece of her.

Steve looked at me and I nodded. Nothing more needed to be said as we both knew what was coming next - or should I say WHO was cumming next?

Leaning over, Steve put his hand under her chin and turned her head towards him as he kissed her on the lips. At first she didn't respond but then she seemed to relax just a bit and returned the favor to him. Soon I could see his tongue pushing against her tight lips and I smiled as I saw them part and allow it to enter and explore. Steve kept kissing her as he reached down and lifted her legs so she was sitting across his lap, supported by his other arm behind her so she didn't fall backwards.

Meanwhile, I had gotten myself out of the way and returned to sit sideways on Leon’s lap so my legs hung over the arm while I leaned back against the other arm. Leon was watching my husband fooling around with his wife but that didn't stop him from taking advantage of having a nude girl on his lap and feeling me up. He seemed to stay away from my pussy as it was a bit messy with his cum (soooooo typical of a guy) which meant my boobs were his primary target. He seemed to be a nipple guy, pulling them and letting the backs of his fingers trace circles around them. As for me, he still had his dick out so at least I was able to feel it pressing against my bottom and there was no mistaking that he was ready to go for it again. THAT could wait as I thought it best we both concentrate on other matters for the moment.

Steve and Tamara continued to kiss and I knew it was Steve’s way of keeping her having to think about who was watching by distracting her from seeing us. It wasn't long before he had his hand up her skirt and was pushing it between her legs which for the moment she held tightly together. It took a little persuasion but she parted them just enough for him to get up between them and to her crotch where he lifted back her skirt to show us all her pink nylon panties. Showing unusual restraint for him, he didn’t immediately try to take them off or pull them to the side but instead starting to rub her through the slippery material.

At first there was no reaction but then slowly, ever so slowly, she couldn't hold back the feelings that I knew had to be building up inside of her. At first it was just a slight movement that I would have missed had I not been watching so intently but

At the moment that left both men fully clothed, with Leon's cock out but otherwise nothing had been taken off, while both girls were either naked or all but naked. We might not be barefoot and pregnant these days but when it came to sex, men seem to like their women to get naked first. Not that I'm complaining...

I was enjoying the feeling of Leon's hands on my breasts as Steve lowered Tamara to her back and then slid out from under her so she was laying on the couch on her back. Lifting one leg until her foot was on the top of the couch, he slid the other over to it fell over the side of the couch, leaving her cute little pussy spread wide open for him. At this point the possibilities were endless so I watched wondering where Steve would go next.

Once again I was impressed by my husband's restraint as I knew there was nothing more he wanted than to drop his pants and fuck this little girl. Rather than jump to the obvious, instead he got in between her legs and then reached under he to cup her bottom in his hands. Then he leaned down, lifting her up to eat her pussy like he was lifting a large watermelon to his face. Her eyes were tightly shut but she was clearly enjoying it and well she should. Steve isn't the type that always likes to eat pussy but when he does, DAMN is he good! So many men don't seem to have a clue what a woman wants but not Steve. Frankly, when we first dated he wasn't all that good but by the time we'd hooked up again someone must have given him some outstanding lessons.

For the first time Tamara started to react on her own as her hands moved to her small boobs, holding them like a security blanket as this stranger licked and kissed and sucked on her pussy. Once the ice was broken, it seemed she was replaced by another woman as in the space of a few moments she transformed from this quiet, shy and reserved girl to a loud sexy girl begging for more.

"Right there... yeah that's it, right there," she instructed him as his tongue worked around her soaking wet pussy. Her hips lifted off the couch on their own as if she was trying to push her pussy up against his face. Steve pulled one hand from underneath her and pushed a finger into her pussy, fucking her with his index finger as she humped like a whore in heat.

"Oh god," she cried out as she started to cum. Lucky girl, she got to cum before me! Her petite body literally shook as her orgasm rose within her. She stopped talking at that point and just moaned loudly as Steve tried a second finger in her.

Steve had shown remarkable restraint up to this point, EXTREMELY remarkable in my opinion so I guess it didn't surprise me when he tried to push the boundaries a little bit. Tamara was still moaning and humping on his finger when her pulled the second dinger out and tried pushing the wet digit up her asshole.

"What the....?" she suddenly cried out as her eyes popped open. She started to reach down but Steve was relentless, pushing it in her even as she tried to push his hand away. I could relate as having anything up my butt wasn't exactly a thrill to me but at the same time I knew that when it came to sex and Steve wanted something, he didn't take no for an answer too often.

"Owwwwwww!" she cried angrily, squirming her butt as the invader pushed in deeper. Steve had his mouth back on her pussy though and soon she was struggling as on the one hand she was loving the feeling of his tongue on her while on the other hand she wasn't too happy about where his other finger was.

Steve evidently had achieved his immediate goal and so he pulled away and quickly stripped. I was so proud of my naked husband! Tamara also seemed to enjoy the sight of this nude stranger with the hard dick pointing out from him like a branch from a tree.

"Mmmmmmm, my hubby's gonna fuck your wife now I think," I whispered again to Leon. He didn't reply but I could feel him shifting himself under me as his dick grew even harder. If there was any anxiety over seeing his wife have sex with another man, nobody had informed his cock, that was for sure. I parted my legs just enough to let it slip up between my legs until I could just see the tip of it appear between my naked thighs.

Leaving her on her back, Steve mounted Tamara, using one arm to keep his weight off of her while his other hand guided his erect dick. I was sort of hoping she would take over and replace his hand but she had her arms to the side, laying there still as she waited for the inevitable.

"Fuck her Steve... fuck her for me," I encouraged him, acting as his cheerleader on the sidelines as he got ready to make the big play.

Another moment and he did just that. Once he had the head in her he let go of his hard cock and now had one hand on each side of her as he used his hips to thrust himself deeper into her. She must have been pretty tight as it took several tries before he was even half-way in her. From there he gave one really hard push and they both groaned loudly together as he buried himself in her.

believe that she was loving it, as if her couldn't believe another man could make her feel the way she was feeling right now. Then again, maybe he was a little upset that perhaps she was feeling TOO good, that she was loving it more than anything he had been able to accomplish with her.

“I think she likes my husband’s cock in her, don’t you?” I returned. Perhaps I was being a little naughty by pushing him a bit on the subject. Hopefully he wouldn’t get TOO upset and bring everything to halt with some sort of jealousy tantrum. Fortunately he was more mature than I had worried.

“She certainly seems to,” he said slowly. Then he squeezed my boobs tighter and it was his turn to push. “But then YOU seemed to like MY dick in you while your husband watched if I recall.”

I smiled at him while keeping one eye on the happy couple a few feet away. Tamara had cum again and her pussy was so aroused now I could actually hear Steve’s cock as it sloshed in and out of her soaking wet pussy.

“Well, after he cums in her maybe you can put it in me again... it you really want to.”

“Fuck, I’m ready NOW,” he growled, shifting himself under me to move his dick even tighter up against my pussy.

“There’s no rush,” I assured him, “I want to see my husband cum in your wife first.”

I COULD have said I wanted to “see him cum in her first” but if I’ve learned anything about turning on guys over the years, it’s how to talk to them. “him” and “her” was impersonal. OK, so the act was sexy but where was that personal connection? “Steve” and “Tamara” wasn't that much better. But calling them “my husband” and “your wife” added that personal touch which seemed to turn men on so much more. It’s like when I chat to men about their desires for their daughters. Saying “your daughter” always seemed to turn them on so much more than just “she” or using her name. As my mom use to say when cooking dinner, “It’s all in the presentation” and that applied to sex as much as Thanksgiving Dinner.

Unlike Leon, who was ready to shoot his load so quick I skipped my one of my favorite parts - sucking his dick, Steve was more experienced and knew how to control himself better. Sure he was still a guy and so there were times he couldn’t hold back and came before he was ready but for the most part he had a good understanding of his personal rhythm and reactions. Most guys would have cum long before now under the circumstances but not Steve. Leon probably never noticed the subtle changes in penetration and speed as Steve would adjust his rhythm to prolong his ejaculation. No doubt he could have gone on like this for quite a while more and had it been different circumstances, like him fucking me, I would have treasured his skill but for now it was keeping me from getting laid.

“Cum in her Steve... I want to see you fill her,” I called to him.

Steve looked at me at first like he didn't understand why I was pushing him but then he saw the expression on my face and understood my personal frustration. He just nodded but that was enough, I knew he’d gotten the message.

The change was subtle but definitely noticeable if you knew what to look for. Now his dick was bottoming out in her with every stroke. When he pulled back he did so until just the tip of his dick was barely in her, followed quickly by a rapid plunge deep into her pussy. The stroke out was slower and more deliberate while the thrust in was hard and fast. Yep, my hubby was working it!

“Watch close, he’s about to cum,” I warned Leon and not a moment too soon. Not more than a few seconds afterwards Steve thrust himself up as far as he could into Tamara’s little pussy and I could see the muscles in his buttocks clench as he jerked time and time again. I knew each time her jerked that meant another load of his sperm was being shot into her and from the look on her face, so did she. Her eyes opened and she looked across at her husband, the look of pure pleasure on her face tempered in part by an expression of guilt as she knew that what she was feeling was maybe the best she’d ever been fucked in her life.

“OK, let’s go to your room,” I said as soon as Steve was done. Show was over, move along...

We stood up and Leon adjusted his pants so he could walk. I reached down and grabbed onto his dick like a leash and started to lead him out of them room. As we walked past our spouses I smiled at Steve as he just laid there with his dick still in Tamara, his chest heaving as he tied to catch his breath. Tamara was still looking at her husband, her face and upper chest flush from the multiple orgasm my husband had aroused in her. I saw Leon’s eyes glance down to where Steve’s dick was resting in her pussy, sitting still for the first time since he’d first entered her.

“C’mon... don’t worry about them,” I told him as I gave his “leash” a tug. I wasn’t sure where the bedroom was but at least I wanted to get out of view of those two so he could focus on what was important - ME.

# 5. A Strange Bed

Once he couldn't see his wife any more, Leon seemed to come out of the mesmerized state he'd fallen into and seemed able to focus more on me again. He took my hand and led me to their bedroom. I'd wondered where he was going to take me as from the size of the house I was guessing it had at least three bedrooms. Previously when guys would bring me home the results varied. Some guys found it erotic to fuck me in the same bed they slept with their wife, even going so far as to have me lay on her side of the bed and perhaps even wear some of her lingerie. For others, the guilt factor seemed to dominate and so they would take me to a guest room or one of the kid's rooms. The fact that he brought me to their bedroom was interesting.

As soon as we got there before we said anything he quickly dropped his clothes and I saw him naked for the first time. While not in Steve's league he wasn't bad either. Leon was a little shorter and not as hard a build with a bit of a belly but not fat by any means. Perhaps more importantly he had a dick as hard as a spear sticking straight up in the air like a missile launching for outer space.

This time I was going to get what I wanted at the start. Before he could say anything I practically dove for the floor in front of him and once on my knees, all but devoured his dick. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good and I could still make out the aftertaste of my pussy on it.

"That feels so good," he groaned. He really seemed to be enjoying it and then I thought about Steve and Tamara earlier. While I had foregone sucking off Leon because of my fears he would cum before he fucked me, Tamara shouldn't have had any worries about Steve yet she had never sucked his dick. It made me start to think...

"Does Tamara give good head?" I asked, coming up for air.

He didn't have to answer, the look on his face told me everything but I still wanted to hear the words.

"She's never sucked my dick."

Whoa! Hold the presses we have a new headline. "Like never as in... NEVER?"

"She says it's dirty. She won't let me eat her out either."

Now THAT was interesting as she certainly hadn’t stopped Steve and from what I could tell, she loved it at the time. So maybe that was part of why poor Leon had been a bit jealous. Can’t say I really blamed him if my suspicions were all true.

“So has ANYONE ever sucked your cock?” Leon, took a second to answer as after I asked that I made an extra effort to suck hard on his dick.

“Oh sure, back in high school I had a girl do it but she wasn't very good... her teeth practically killed me.”

Ah yes, the sure sign of an amateur.

“Have you ever cum in a girl’s mouth?”

I looked up and our eyes met as I resumed sucking his erection. He frowned and then shook his head.

“Tamara would never let me cum on her face, let alone in her mouth.”

Once again I marveled over the fact that a couple as inexperienced and filled with such issues could ever have applied for – and been accepted, into our swapping group. Maybe it was more of a joke for the people who ran it to have this naļve couple find themselves with people who might take all sorts of advantage of them.

“Well you can cum on my face Leon,” I said between licks, “and in my mouth if you want to.”

Leon just sighed, a long drawn-out sigh that sounded almost like he’d just been told his cancer diagnosis was wrong and he was not really sick.

“Get on the bed,” I told him. He got on over the covers and laid there with a pillow under his head.

“Well if we’re going to do this then let’s do it right,” I told him as I got on the bed I think he was expecting me to get in between his legs or something like that so it must have surprised him when I reversed directions with him and straddled his face while I held myself up with hands such that my boobs were hanging down to his dick.

“I take it you’ve never 69’d before,” I called back to him as I lowered my pussy to his face while his dick was right in front of mine. “Just remember, if you lick my asshole I won’t kiss you again tonight.”

Being someone who had never licked pussy before, I didn't have much hope for him and as it turned out, I was right although he did give it a good try. It was more for him than anything so at least he could go away telling his friends that he’d finally ate pussy. He didn't have to say it wasn't his wife’s – that would be up to him.

What I was more interested in was that nice hard dick that was aimed straight at my face. Between being in this position and the fact his dick was at the lower end of the average scale, it was easy to take him all in. Deep throat is deep throat when it comes to sucking just one guy. The fact that all of HIS dick gets in my mouth is all that matters.

He was getting close, it was just an instinct I'd developed over the years to know when a guys is about to cum and I've learned to trust that instinct. It would have been easy to just stay there and take it but I wanted to make it more of a memory for him so without taking my mouth of hid cock I twisted around so I was laying sideways on the bed with my head facing him as I finished off his dick.

Just as he was about to spurt, I pulled it out of my mouth and held it about half-way yup the shaft, aiming it at my open mouth. The first burst missed and hit me on the cheek but I wouldn't tell him that it was deliberate on my part. He wanted to cum on my face and so this was my way of letting him. The next load landed on the back of my tongue followed by another in them idle of my tongue. I moved in closer so the next load also reached my mouth but from there the rest was on my chin and cheeks.

"So what do you think Leon? How do I look with cum makeup?"

I was sitting up now, using my finger to scrape the cum from my face and then licking it off. I opened my mouth so he could see his cum pooled on my mouth and then closed it, swallowed, and showed him my empty mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, I LOVE cum," I said, licking my lips as if I was a cat after a bowl of milk.

That was twice now for Leon and I wasn't expecting a third time but then when it comes to men in their mid-twenties you never can tell. Over thirty and it's pretty fair to expect two at most. Over forty it goes to once and after that you're lucky to get him once, especially if he's on blood pressure meds! That doesn't mean they can't cum but it's just going to be oral sex as often they can't get it hard enough to fuck. Teenagers are special - do they EVER go soft? At 26, Leon was in uncharted waters for me. I suppose Tamara would have known but it wasn't like I could just go and ask her home many times her man as good fro in one evening. Well, it never hurt to try.

Leon had already pretty much gone flaccid and he laid there on his back with his eyes closed such that I was starting to wonder if he'd fallen asleep. Not that I would have been shocked or upset, it happens with men. Damn, how many times had I been left to my own fingers when a guy started snoozing after he'd cum? I coughed gently and his eyes opened.

"Sorry, was just thinking," he mused, "You looked so hot with my cum in your mouth. Why doesn't Tamara let me do that?"

Loaded question and one I was loath to answer as there was no good response. Rather than dig myself a hole I snuggled up on the bed next to him, put my arm around his hips and laid my head just below his crotch with his dick right in front of me as it laid down flat on his pubic hair, spent and soft.

"Why don't we worry about something more important Leon... like getting you hard again?"

Leon took in a big breath and let it out slowly. "I don't know Kelly, never did it three times in one night before."

"Maybe you just never had the right motivation," I teased him, toying with his limp dick with my fingers.

With that I pulled my head in closer and took his flaccid dick in my mouth. Actually I don't mind soft dicks when it comes to sucking on them. There's something about feeling them grow in response to my touch that really turns me on. As they swell and lengthen, it's like they are telling me how good I am making them feel, like how much I turn them on.

"Well, I'm game if you are," he sighed as he tucked in a pillow under his had so he could watch without having to strain his neck.

It took maybe twenty or twenty five minutes but finally mission accomplished. The key to resuscitating a cock is not to overdo it. You don't need a lot of action, just constant and uninterrupted action. Stopping even for just a few seconds can be enough to lose whatever gains you may have made in the past ten minutes. So for all that time I kept it between my lips at all times, kissing it, licking it and fondling it as I nursed him back to an erect state.

Victory! I held his erection in my hand and sat up to smile at him. "See, I told you all you needed was the right motivation." Yeah, that a LOT of skill and perseverance.

"Fuck me like you fuck Tamara," I said, sounding more like a little girl asking her daddy to read her a bedtime story than a slut begging to be fucked.

Leon gave me a rather sardonic grin and said, "That's easy... on your back... missionary style."

Like what a surprise... NOT!

This time I pulled back the covers. A quick look at the night stands told me her side was on the right so I laid there on my back, knees bent with my feet flat on the bed with my legs spread apart for him.

“Like this?”

“Yep, you’ve got it,” he almost laughed as he got in between my legs and without any fanfare just stuck his dick in me and started to pound away. Maybe it WAS starting to make sense to me why they were looking for other couples!

I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him into me as he kissed and licked my boobs. Given how long it took just to get him hard again, I didn't imagine he would be cumming any time soon and boy, as THAT an understatement! Not that I was complaining mind you. I’d take a guy who lasts forever before cumming than a one stroke and cum guy any day! As he fucked me I played with my pussy, recognizing that this wasn't in line with how they fucked but the heck with that, I wanted to cum a few times myself!

As it turned out, I came twice more before he finally groaned and let loose inside of me for the second time. As soon as he finished he rolled over to the side of me, panting like he’d just run a marathon.

“Damn, three times,” he said more to himself than me I think.

We just laid there for a few minutes, not a sound in the room as felt his cum start to leak out of me. Using the sheets to clean myself off, I stood up and faced him.

“What do you say we go back and see how they are doing?”

## 6. Settling Accounts

Somehow Leon managed to crawl out of bed and we both made our way back to the living room. I was half expecting it to be empty, figuring they would head to another bedroom where it was more comfortable but I soon learned that was not the case. Instead, what I saw was a familiar sight. I don’t mean familiar in that I’d seen the two of them I like this before but more so familiar as in I recognized the situation as one like Steve and I have ended many an evening in just this fashion. There was Steve laying on his back on the couch, his head resting against the arm, with little Tamara laying on top of him with her head resting on his shoulder with Steve’s dick resting comfortably in her pussy. No doubt he wasn't exactly hard at the moment so if she were to shift her position even a little bit she would have flopped out but by laying still with her butt pushed down against him it was still in side of her, even if just a fraction of what it had been earlier.

For a moment I felt a bit of nostalgia as Leon and I stood there taking in the scene. I wasn't sure how he was feeling but for me it took me back so many years before when Steve was the only boy I'd had sex with and at the time, assumed he would be the only one I would EVER be with in that way. It was rather ironic that back then when I was just fourteen I would dream about marrying Steve and how we would make love and have children. When I talked to my mom about my dreams she would just smile as I'm sure she recognized a teenager's first crush, knowing sooner to later I would move on. Indeed, when Steve and his family left town I did move on, even if it wasn't easy. I found solace by being with as many other boys as I could but my heart never forgot my first love.

Seeing Tamara perched on top of Steve brought back memories of how I would do the same back when I was fourteen - and about the same size as Tamara was now even though she was nine years older than I'd been at that time. I wondered if this was how my parents felt when they would peek in my room after Steve and I had sex and find me laying on top of him, his arms around me holding me tight as we lay there joined together. For me there was something special about being one with him, of having a part of him inside of me for as long as possible. From a more base perspective we were essentially mating, even if the end result wasn't a baby (thank goodness!).

Steve was out but Tamara must have heard our footsteps we entered the living room because her eyes opened even though she remained still. She saw me first but her eyes quickly moved to her husband who was now naked with his spent dick hanging down. Obviously she knew what we'd been doing, just as we knew what had been going on in the living room. A small smile appeared at the corners of her mouth and I saw her shift just slightly - not enough to cause Steve's dick to fall out of her but enough to feel it move slightly. It was a move I knew well!

"Looks like she likes having my husband's dick in her," I said softly to Leon who was staring at his naked, freshly fucked wife.

Leon didn't say anything making me wonder if he was as turned on as I was or was there a twinge of regret in that expressionless face?

"Why don't we sit down?" I suggested. Leon didn't seem to have a better plan so he went back to the chair we'd started in where I then took a seat on his lap, putting my arm around his neck and leaning in towards him with my head on his shoulder and my breast pressing against his chest.

The silence in the room was deafening. My first thought was thank goodness Steve wasn't snoring! He was usually a quiet sleeper but after sex if he stayed on his back then all bets were off. Fortunately tonight was one of his better nights. In contrast, Tamara was wide awake and I could tell from the way she was squirming that she was still horny as heck. I wanted to call out to her and tell her to just be patient and wait as it wouldn't take all that long before Steve's dick would be growing inside of her again. One of the more interesting things I learned when we first started having sex was that getting an erection was one thing he didn't have to be awake for it to happen.

Meanwhile Leon was just sitting there without saying a word. He had one hand on my thigh, absentmindedly rubbing it and running his had up and down the soft inner skin but as good as it felt I knew he wasn't really paying attention to me. No, it was his sexy little wife a few feet away that had his full concentration.

"This is really weird," he finally whispered to me after a few more minutes.

"Why's that?"

"I don't know, just sitting her like this watching."

"How does it make you feel to see your wife enjoying another man inside of her?" I asked, trying not to cause any hard feelings but at the same my curiosity was just too much to contain.

"A little jealous I guess," he confessed. "She's never done that with me... not like this anyway."

"Well have you offered?"

Leon frowned. "No but still... she doesn't have to look like she's enjoying it so much."

"Maybe it's time for you to be with her," I offered. The more I watched Tamara squirming on top of Steve and listened to Leon trying not to admit just how jealous he really was, the more I thought maybe we'd had enough for one night. Like, I'd been laid and Steve certainly seemed to have had a good time so why push the issue?

"If she wants me... she seems pretty happy right now."

Oh yeah, definitely time to leave. If we stayed much longer I knew Steve would start responding to Tamara's movements. Again, knowing my husband as well as I did, once THAT happened there would be no stopping him until he'd fucked her again. Not that she seemed worried! Frankly, I wouldn't have minded another load from Leon but I had to keep reminding myself that this was the first time either of them had ever done anything like this.

If we quit now, it would allow Leon and Tamara to build upon their experiences tonight and hopefully solidify their marriage by realizing they could trust each other to be with other people yet in the end, it was their partner they really wanted. On the other hand, if things kept going in the direction they were headed, it might result in serious damage to their young marriage in terms of trust should either of them feel like the other was happier having sex with a stranger than them.

One thing that struck me was the idea that maybe Tamara and I could have a little fun before we left. While I'm not one to normally push for such things with a strange girl as I prefer to keep my bisexual activities amongst friends, the thought DID cross my mind with regards to Tamara. There was not a doubt in my head that the boys would mind watching us. Over the years I can't think of any time when guys weren't turned on watching me with another girl. Even my dad loved it when my mom and I would do a special show for him as a treat for his birthday or other special event.

"We really need to get going," I said a little louder to Leon as I pulled away and stood up. Tamara watched me but wasn't making any moves to get off my husband.

"Hey girl, your hubby over there needs some attention and I need to get mine home," I said with a smile to Tamara. Wow, I was actually a bit taken aback when I saw the expression on her face as for a moment I thought she was about to tell me to get lost! She definitely wasn't thrilled about the idea. Sheesh, had we created a monster?

Putting my hand on Steve's head, I shook him gently until he woke up. "C'mon sleepy head, let's call it a night."

Steve looked at me and then to Tamara who had sat up now such that Steve's cock was firmly planted in her again. I saw her hips were moving in slow small circles as she ground her pussy into his crotch.

"Just one more time?" he pleaded, like a small boy begging his mom to stay on the carnival ride one more time around.

I shook my head. "I think it's time."

There must have been something in my face or the way I said it but he seemed to get the message as well as the reasoning behind it. He scooted up a bit and put his hands on Tamara's thin waist, lifting her up off his dick.

"Sorry babe... You know you're REALLY good."

OK, now we definitely needed to go. Tamara reluctantly got off of Steve, taking her dear sweet time about it, and moved over to where Leon motioned for her to sit on his lap. Steve and I dressed – the shower would have to wait until we got home but I didn't think he would mind.

As we got ready to leave, I turned to the still naked couple, thanked them for their hospitality, and then left them with my final words of advice...

“It might not be a bad idea for the two of you to finish off the night in bed,” I advised, “I know that’s where Steve and I will be in a little bit... right honey?”

Steve grinned but I noticed his eyes were on Tamara the whole time. Looked like I had my work cut out for me later!

And so we left the two of them. The ride back home was rather uneventful as we shared our experiences. Steve always loved me to tell him about how I had sex with other mean (my dad being a huge exception to that rule). To be honest, I really wasn't all that anxious to hear about him and Tamara. Talk about a picture tells a thousand words. Seeing her lusting for him to the very end told me more than anything he ever could. Not that I could blame her...

****************

The next day Steve pointed out to me that Leon and Tamara’s profile was missing from the group site. I couldn't but wonder what that meant. Had it been too much for them? I like to think they had chosen widely for their first swap as I could just imagine how some of the other couples we’d met might have taken advantage of their situation. Oh well, we had agreed long before to try to avoid meeting the same couples again. It was the “strange” sex that made it hot for me, not to have resident partners.

So now we’d broken the ice. We’d had our first swap as a married couple and I have to say, overall I loved it! The question now was, what would be Steve's next choice? The first time had been pretty much based on my fantasy of a first swap so I told Steve the next one would be whatever HE wanted. Hmmmmmm, things could get interesting!

# (Oct 01) Chapter 239: Indulging My Husband

Story codes: MF Mg Fm inc oral exhib
Me (26)
Steve - my husband (28)
Simon & Martha
Mark (15) - Simon & Martha's son
Elisa (12) - Simon & Martha's daughter

I've always contended that when you agree to marry someone that you'd better know who exactly they are and accept them for being just that way and not assume that you'll somehow "fix" them after the ceremony. In my humble opinion, if there are any major issues that you can't live with before marriage, then it's better not to marry him in the first place as you'll have to deal with them after marriage where your options are much more limited.

## 1. Husband vs. Father

Background

Like anyone else, I'm sure there are things about me that my new husband would like to change. For instance, he simply can't comprehend why I love watching Dancing With the Stars and then there's my "annoying" habit if stealing his favorite dress shirts for use as evening wear. More seriously, I know Steve's not all that comfortable with me having sex with my dad. Fortunately he understands that I do it out of love for my father as a means of fulfilling my obligations and duties as his daughter. As such there's no threat to our marriage or need for him to ever be jealous as I am most certainly NOT my father's "lover". Still, I can't help but feel at times that if he ever discovered a magic lamp with a genie bottled up inside that one of his three wishes wouldn't be for me to not have sex with my dad ever again.

In return, there are things I've had to accept about Steve that I would've rather not had I been given a choice. Why he can't throw away a pair of sneakers before they fall off his feet confounds me. Mixing ketchup with mayonnaise for his French fries gets to be a pain at times. Still, overall I love him enough that I can see past those little "warts. Perhaps the one thing about Steve that was the hardest for me to accept was his deep desires for young girls. In a way I’m lucky in that I'd already had to deal with that very same issue with another man I love – my father, so I knew that this was NOT something I could ever wish away or ever expect to change. When a man has such an addiction, the psychiatrists all agree that there is no “cure”. In the case of sexual predators we can isolate them and try to prevent them from acting out but those desires will always be there under the surface, waiting to break through at the slightest sign of weakness.

So just as Steve permits me to attend to my duties as a daughter, so I have agreed to allow him to indulge in his own fantasies. Well, I guess technically they aren’t fantasies since he actually DOES them but you get the idea. That doesn't mean either of us has to be involved in the other's activities, but we do support each other and isn't that was marriage is all about in the end?

==========

“C’mon Kelly... you promised.”

“I did no such thing... Not ever.”

“Oh give me a fucking break. You know damn well that you agreed that if I went along with what you wanted for our first swap then you’d let me pick who we did it with for the next one.”

“Well EXCUSE me mister if I assumed that meant the next COUPLE.”

“Well it IS... sort of.”

“Yeah right, now YOU give ME a break.”

It was five weeks into our marriage and Steve and I were having our first real fight. Well, argument maybe. Actually I guess that’s a pretty long time for two people not use to living with one another to go without something boiling over. A week ago we’d gone out on our first swapping date as a married couple. Despite his revisionist version of history, Steve had actually been the one to find the other couple on our swapping group web site. Granted, he knew what my expectations were for our first swap and yes, they DID fit exactly as to what I had wanted for our first time being married. Still, there remained the fact that HE was the one getting the better end of this deal. After all, who got to fuck a young newlywed wife who’d never had sex with anyone besides her husband... until then at least. Sure, I got to have her husband who also claimed he never had sex with anyone but his wife but somehow that just didn't seem as erotic – and Steve even agreed afterwards.

There was no doubt in my mind that under the circumstances no jury of my peers (does that mean a jury of twelve sluts, LOL) would convict me for assuming that when he picked the next couple for us to swap with that regardless of their idiosyncrasies that they would be just that - another couple. Call me naive or whatever but it simply never entered my mind that he might find something like this! When I think “couple”, I tend to imagine two people either engaged or married. Who in their right mind refers to a brother and sister as a couple anyway, especially at this age?

Knowing it was useless to argue further with him when he got this bullheaded, I stormed out of the room and headed straight for our bedroom, slammed the door behind me and threw myself down on the bed where I lay face down with my head buried in the pillow. As my heart rate eventually slowed down I was able to think things through more rationally. Although I wasn't about to admit it to him yet, it’s not like all of this should have come as any great surprise to me... After all, hadn’t I lived with a man almost just like him for most of my life?

*******************

“Every girl wants to marry a man like her father.”

Like any generalization or stereotype, this is not true for everyone, not by a long shot. Like what girl wants another abusive father in her life? What about the drunks and fat and lazy dads? Still, I’d like to think of those as the exception to the rule rather than the norm. At the same time, while I grew up loving my father and wanting nothing more than to please him and make him happy, I can't say I ever recall sitting down and imagining him twenty years younger proposing to me. Like just because you have sex with your own father doesn’t make him your lover. Quite the opposite in fact - it just meant that I was being a proper, respectful daughter doing what every good daughter should.

So if that was the case, then how the heck did I end up “marrying my dad”? I mean that figuratively course. The last thing I ever would do is marry my father. People have asked me if I would ever bear his child. It’s not a question that I can even comprehend, let alone respond. I know there are people out there who do such things and if it works for them, more power to them but NOT me. I am not a proponent of abortion but that would be the one case where I would make an exception.

To most people who know them I would think my father and husband appear quite dissimilar. They have totally different builds, personalities, occupations,

seem to think, there aren't any father-husband threesomes for me. Maybe it's because each of them are so close to me and so intimate that they can't just stand there and watch. I don't really understand it and they're both too macho to talk about it. Still, whatever it is at least both of the men who are closest to my heart love showing me how much they love me! Can't ask for much more than that, can I?

The next similarity is that each of them qualifies as a certifiable porn addict. I guess that makes them like a lot of other guys in the world if you believe some of the statistics about porn on the Internet. They both have extensive porn collections consisting of hundreds of gigabytes of videos, photos and erotic stories they keep on various DVDs, portable hard drives and such for safe keeping, well away from prying eyes. In fact, I think this is one of the things that "bonded" them from the start - comparing their "collections" and sharing them with each other. It was like an instant free upgrade for them both! My father looked at porn all the time when I was growing up, masturbating frequently. Steve does much the same, although he doesn't tend to do it so openly since if I'm around he prefers me to the porn stars. Like my mom, I don't see any harm in their little fantasies although sometimes it seems an incredible waste of time.

That sort of leads to their next common trait - neither of them is a "one girl" type of guy. I mean sexually, not when it comes to marriage and family relationships. All through their marriage my dad was faithful to my mother and I have no doubt whatsoever that Steve will be same with me. Still, both of them have wandering eyes and desires which can only be fulfilled by enjoying other women. For my dad, his urges were satisfied mostly with my mom's sister and then eventually his nieces when they got old enough. Because of my mom's definition of adultery, his options were limited as there could be no sex outside of their marriage. Fortunately my mom considered their entire family as part of their marriage so incest was not viewed as adultery. With Steve and me, the definition of adultery has been modernized to include the "intent" clause meaning that so long as there was no intent to cheat on your spouse then sex outside of marriage is OK. Hence the swapping group we'd joined shortly after getting engaged and to which we still remained active members after marriage.

Perhaps the hardest commonality between them for me to deal with is that both of my guys are certified, card-carrying pedophiles. I don't mean this term as a slur or to pass judgment, it's just stating the facts. They are both turned on by young girls which technically and legally makes them pedophiles. I mentioned that

while Elisa cheers on the sidelines, so we also enjoy watching when they have sex. They're both great kids and they love to show off so if you're interested in spending some quality time with them and don't mind their parents watching while you do, give us a poke."

The most vivid memories came flooding back and my pussy immediately began to tingle. Wow, that had probably been one of the most surreal episodes I'd ever been involved in up to the time. I was sitting off in the corner while my dad and my Aunt Linda did it with the two kids and indeed, true to their word their parents just sat there fully clothed watching everything. According to the mom they'd never had sex with their kids themselves but they certainly encouraged them to enjoy themselves and I remembered how cute they looked together after my aunt and dad had finished with them. Wow, so this must have been how she found them. I'd always wondered where she contacted such people.

"So what do you think?" Steve asked, a huge grin on his face - not to mention the raging hard-on I could see poking out of his boxers. I loved seeing him when he was turned on.

Now what? Well, I had to tell him. I mean, if we ever did actually meet them then they would probably recognize me and Steve would find out anyway so better to be up front now and get it over with. Steve took the news remarkably well, actually a bit TOO well and then it was his time to confess.

"Yeah, your Aunt told me about all that already which is why I looked for them. The whole thing sounded really hot, didn't you think so at the time?

We talked a while about it. I gave him the full account from my perspective which seemed to go along with what my aunt had said as well so at east she hadn't exaggerated anything much from what I could tell. As I got more detailed I could tell her was really getting turned on and when it got to where the two kids had started having sex that he finally couldn't stop from stroking himself. "Damn, that is SOOOOO hot," he said softly as pulled his shorts off to make it easier for him to jerk off. I was sitting on the bed next to him and it was tempting to give him a hand, so to speak, but instead I just continued on to finish the story. Besides, I always loved watching him masturbate.

"So tell me Kelly... did you wish Mark had fucked you too?" he asked when I was done.

I had to say one thing, the folks we were in contact with were punctual. Once again I was lying next to Steve but this time it was with a pussy full of cum. OK, so I could have gone another round but for all practical purposes I was finally satisfied. Steve was out of it though, practically passing out as soon as his head hit the pillow. I reached down and flipped his dick with my finger. Yep, he was finished! The poor thing just lay there limp and exhausted. Well, one good about them was it wouldn’t be long before it was ready for action again, even if it’s owner wasn't.

As I was starting to say, the folks were punctual in that just as I was about to pull up the covers over us the little “ding” went off again. Wow, could they really have responded back that quickly? I would have thought they would be deluged with people trying to contact them so it wouldn’t have surprised me one bit had they not responded even for a few days, let alone minutes.

Leaving my sleeping hubby in bed, I grabbed a nightshirt and pulled it on as I made my way to the computer on the desk. The t-shirt didn't do much for covering my bottom as I sat down on the cool wooden seat but at least it covered my boobs. If Steve had been with me I would have stayed nude as he would have me naked 24/7 if he had anything to say about it! Having his woman barefoot in the kitchen wasn't enough for him - he wanted me completely bare everywhere.

Sure enough, it WAS from them. They’d accepted our invitation and with it came a phone number. I could tell from the area code that it was a phone similar to the one we’d bought for such purposes, a simple throw-away from Wal-Mart. At least they were more cautious than Leon and Tamara had been the week before. I started to call them but then thought about it some more. This was really something I should let Steve take care of. After all, it was all about his fantasies and desires, not mine. Sure I was excited but I also knew what I felt was nothing compared to how Steve would feel once he read their response.

Leaving it for the moment, I headed back to bed, dropping the night shirt along the way. This time I pulled up the covers over us and fell asleep snuggled up against my wonderful husband.

## 3. Setting the Stage

It had been less than 48 hours since the arrangements had been made and here we were, sitting in Steve’s truck about to get out and walk into the hotel. Nothing like a little motivation to get a guy to take action fast. Steve had called

Simon, the father of the family we'd been exchanging invitation with, and in less than ten minutes the guys had everything worked out. Neither side of the conversation was willing to give out any more personal information than necessary so meeting at their house was off the table. The same went with our apartment although that was more a question of logistics as our single bedroom with one bed would have made things a bit cramped. The easiest compromise was to meet at a hotel where Simon volunteered to book the room. He then emailed Steve the name of the hotel and just a few minutes before Steve had received a text message with the room number which meant they were checked in and waiting for us.

"Now look me in the eye and tell me... are you sure you want to do this?" he asked me as he unlocked the doors. Yeah, like now was a good time to be asking this. It was more a rhetorical question anyway as he didn't wait for an answer but instead quickly got out which allowed me to slide out behind him.

The hotel was a rather upscale Marriott so at least Simon wasn't a cheapskate. We walked through the front entrance, bypassed the check-in counter and quickly located the elevators. As the doors closed behind us I took one last look at myself in the mirrored back wall.

"For goodness sake, quit worrying so much, you look great!" Steve encouraged me.

Yeah, easy for him to say. A quick shower, shave, a few strokes with a comb, some deodorant (hopefully) and dash of cologne and he was finished in the bathroom. Following that his socks, boxers, a pair of jeans and a dress shirt and he was ready to go. Sometimes men make me jealous! I also took a shower but in the process I had to wash my hair and shave a lot more real estate than he did. Unless I wanted my hair to be totally flat there was the blow drier and curling iron to contend with followed by fifteen minutes at least applying makeup. I'd been debating from the start on what I should wear but then did it really matter? I had little doubt that no matter what I chose I wouldn't be in it for long. Still, first impressions are lasting impressions so I didn't want to look like a cheap whore or just your average housewife either. Something to catch the eye but not look like I was trying too hard to do so.

If nothing else, the clerk behind the desk had validated my choice. I couldn't help but smile to myself when he stole a glance at my ass which was clearly outlined in the tight skirt I'd chosen. I'd considered going for one of my tighter jeans to give the same effect but that would've left too many marks when I undressed, not the sexiest thing in the world. The skirt wasn't the shortest one in my wardrobe by any means but it was suitable for the general public without raising too many eyebrows. I had on a light jacket so the white blouse I was wearing wasn't visible. The blouse was rather sheer so I'd decided to wear a bra rather than have my nipples show though which would have been a little over the top for a family affair. Actually the harder decision was what color bra to wear as it would be visible. Black was the automatic choice but I decided to go with a bright red one instead along with a matching thong.

"That bra looks pretty sharp on you," Steve observed as I opened up my jacket to check everything out. "Maybe you should wear one more often."

I turned and gave him an odd look. Was he serious? Steve couldn't help but laugh at himself, "OK, OK. So I'm just kidding... don't get any strange ideas."

The door opened just then and we stepped out into the hallway. My heel caught on the elevator floor where it was open between the elevator and the hallway but Steve was there to grab me before I twisted something, or worse.

"Why do girls have to wear heels THAT high?" he teased me.

"Because guys want our asses and legs to look tight, that's why," was my curt response. Sheesh, do guys think we wear them for comfort? Again, there was a little jealousy in that Steve was wearing brown loafers with flat bottoms. No tripping on floors for him and he could have walked home without being crippled in the process.

According the numbering on the doors, the room was about half-way down the hall. Just as Steve was about to knock I turned to him and said, "Are you SURE about this? We can still turn back."

Steve looked at me like he thought I was joking. Indeed, that was exactly what he said.

"Are you joking?"

Some things are better left unsaid so I giggled like an idiot and pretended that was indeed exactly what I was doing. I knew my husband well enough that when he had that wild look in his eye I could see right then that there was no talking him out of something.

Steve knocked and in a few seconds the door opened and there was a sight I hadn't seen in almost a year and a half – Simon standing there greeting us.

"Steve?... Kelly?... good to finally meet you," he greeted us and ushered us inside. My mind was racing and I had to wonder what he meant by "finally meet you"?

It had been like less than 48 hours since we'd first made contact so it wasn't like we'd been trading e-mails for a year.

"Steve... Kelly... I'd like you to meet my family... My wife Martha, son Mark and daughter Elisa."

Like we needed to be told. Steve had spent enough time staring at their profile the last two days that he probably knew their names better than his relatives''. Sitting down in the room were the three of them, looking exactly like they had on their profile. If anything, I'd have said the profile photos had been taken within the last week as even the haircuts and hair styles looked exactly the same. The only difference was while the parents were actively engaging us, the kids were on the couch fooling with their phones. Well, so what else was new! We had to ban them at my school (or at least they had to turn them in during classes) as even kids that young were glued to the things these days.

Once inside I quickly did a quick survey of the room. It was pretty standard issue upscale hotel style with two queen sized beds, a large desk, a bureau with a big flat-screen TV mounted on top of it, along with a small couch and two stuffed chairs. As we entered I noted a bathroom to the side. The light over the sink was on and I could see it contained a large bath tub which looked to be a Jacuzzi style as well as a stand-up shower stall. The towels looked to be extra-large unlike the napkins you get at the cheap hotels. Interestingly there was nothing laid out. Overall it was a very nice room if somewhat sterile. We could have been in any city in the country for all you could tell from the generic room décor.

Then there were the room's occupants which were NOT generic by any means. Even so, if I'd met them under different circumstances I probably would've categorized them as the stereotypical American family - mom, dad, older brother and younger sister. Heck, about all that that was missing was the family dog and I wouldn't have been surprised to find out they'd left it at home. Simon and Martha would have been right at home at the local PTA meeting with Simon in faded jeans and a Steelers polo shirt (making him an instant pal of mine). Martha was wearing plain khaki pants, simple brown sandals with pale blue blouse that hung loosely but still fit her well at the same time. A true soccer mom and her office-dwelling middle-management husband right down to the obvious tanning salon results for the mom and gold chain around the neck of the husband.

Oh yeah, then there were the kids. At the mall or school they wouldn't have stood out as anything unusual or different, certainly nothing in their appearance or

realized and he’d found our private, or so we thought, photo collection which he then showed to his sister. Apparently it gave them ideas...”

Simon once again looked at Martha and smiled. “We decided that what was done was done and that anything we did or said would just make things worse so better to just let nature run its course. I don’t think either of us really expected it to go any further than that though.”

Martha interjected then. “It was actually a bit humorous. Kelly, you’re a teacher so you should know what I mean. Kids think they’re keeping something secret from their parents but they have no idea how obvious they’re being. I remember finding magazines under Mark’s mattress like THAT was some secret hiding place where a mom would never look.”

She looked at Mark who evidently was listening as he shrugged his shoulders and frowned, maybe a little embarrassed at his mother telling such things, who knows. In any case, it didn't stop his mother from continuing...

“At first it seemed like we’d made the right decision as after the initial surge when it was all new to them, it seemed to start to calm down. From what we could tell it stayed at just the oral sex level between them. If anything more was happening we just assumed it was with their friends.”

This time it was my turn to make the discovery,” Simon took over. “As time went on and we didn't say anything it was like they thought we were clueless so they got bolder. Typical kids, always pushing the boundaries. We both woke up one night and we could hear them in their bedroom. Martha told me to go check on them so I looked in carefully and lo and behold, there was Elisa riding her brother like a bronco and it was pretty obvious that this wasn't their first rodeo.”

Martha laughed at that. “God, he came back to be with the biggest hard-on he’d had in ages. I asked him what was going on but he practically attacked me. It wasn't until later he finally told me what he’d seen.”

“So what could we do?” Simon asked rhetorically, “That’s one genie that wasn't going to go back in the bottle and we couldn't go on acting like nothing was going on. We finally decided to bring it up at dinner where we told them we knew what they were doing. Poor Elisa, she looked like she was going to cry but mark didn't seem concerned at all. If anything, I was a little concerned about the way he was looking at his mom!”

He paused, took a breath, and then, “We told them it was OK with us but they had to keep it at home and Elisa needed to get on birth control – which her mom here took care of pronto.”

Martha sighed, “My damn gyno was soooooo difficult about it but I told her either give my daughter the pills or I’d just find someone else. We eventually changed to someone different who wasn't so judgmental.”

Back to Simon… “Really nothing changed. It wasn't like we started having family sex or anything like that. Martha and I just aren’t into that sort of thing on so many different levels. The kids did their thing, we did ours. The next time we met with our friends we gave them an update. That was when they brought up the subject of family sex parties, something I’d never heard about before and frankly, was a bit shocked. Neither Martha or I wanted anything to do with that sort of thing and we weren’t thrilled about the idea of our kids being used by other parents either. They were cool about it though and asked we’d be interested in just getting together and let the kids do their thing while the adults did theirs.”

Simon took a break to catch his breath and continued. “That didn't sound so bad and if anything, Martha and I were concerned about our kids doing it with other kids who might say something so this sounded like a good opportunity. We brought it up with them and they thought it would be fun so we figured why not try it once and see how it worked out.”

“So that was how we got started the first time,” Martha said. “We went to their house and things got started with our kids all getting together.”

Simon cut back in, “Martha and I had expected that the other couple and us would leave them to their own devices but the other couple insisted that we stay and watch. It was a little strange for me to see my daughter having sex with another boy. Actually, I’d never really seen her and Mark together other than just a peek through the door. It was more erotic than I had expected to be honest.”

Martha sighed. “It started to get a little out of hand when the other couple joined the kids. They started with their own which was the first time I’d witnessed a real couple having sex with their own kids but as hot as it was, it didn't make me want to do my own son.

“Now THAT, I have to admit, really did turn me on,” Simon interjected excitedly. I mean, you hear about fathers and daughters and such but I’d never actually SEEN it in real life. His daughter was maybe a year older than Elisa but looked two or three years older. And then the son did his mom which I think got Martha’s teapot boiling, didn't it dear?”

Martha grinned. “What can I say?”

Simon just flashed her a toothy grin and went on... “Then they did our kids. At first I was pretty apprehensive - she IS my little girl after all. Even after seeing her with her brother and the other boy, I wasn't really prepared to see a guy my own age doing her. Yeah, I felt a little jealousy but it wasn’t sexual, more the way Elisa looked at him while he was doing her. She had never looked at me THAT way, I’ll tell you that.”

Martha nodded her head in agreement. “I was sort of the same way. I knew Mark looked at me THAT way sometimes and I have to admit I sort of encouraged him at times but it never went anywhere - and never has. But seeing him do another mom instead of me was a bit difficult to swallow the first time.”

“So anyway, that was the first time we did anything like that,” Simon concluded, “Later at a party they must have told your aunt about it because she approached us and asked if we would like to do something similar with her and your dad. We hadn’t really expected to do that sort of thing again - I mean once was more than enough for me. Still, the kids were all for it, especially Mark. I guess you could say he was afflicted with the classic MILF syndrome.”

Martha brought it to a close with, “Nonetheless, that was the last time we’d done anything like that. It was erotic of course but neither Simon or I thought it was something we wanted to get too much more deeply involved in. It’s one thing for the kids to have fun with other kids but when it comes to other adults then it starts getting risky. Still, when your Aunt Linda approached us and mentioned you were now married and explained how Steve here shared many of your father’s interests and thought we might be a good way for the two of you to break the ice, so to speak. Kelly, I hear you’ve been to a few family parties so you know how crazy those can be. So we set up a profile just for you guys and the rest is history.”

It was quiet for a moment and then it hit me like a ton of bricks. “Just for you guys”????? So the whole thing was a setup? But for that to work then Steve would have to either be incredibly lucky to find them or...

“You set me up!” I accused him. I wasn't really mad, just surprised. Damn, talk about being blonde and clueless!!! How could I have fallen for this so easily?

“Well, would you have agreed to this otherwise?” he said defensively.

He had a point but that still didn't mitigate what he'd done. That also explained some of the other questions I had like concerns about them posting underage sex photos. No doubt they were erased as soon as Steve showed them to me. No wonder he was in such a hurry to download them for himself.

Well, at least now all the cards were out on the table. Now I had a much better idea of the situation and why everyone was doing what they were doing which made me more comfortable about everything. Yes, I felt a little foolish and a bit peeved at being deceived but I could understand why they had done what they had.

“So how does this work?” I asked.

Martha seemed happy to let Simon handle this one.

“Well, remember it's not like this is something we do a lot so it's as much up to you guys as us,” he explained. “I mean, we can get right down to it, talk some more, visit the pool and hot tub a bit... whatever you want. We brought their swimsuits.”

While the pool and hot tub sounded great I hadn't brought a suit and it's not like you can go skinny dipping in the hotel pool without drawing attention. Besides, I didn't feel like dealing with wet hair and while I was pretty sure the bathroom would have a blow drier, why bother?

“Please just remember one thing,” Martha interjected, “As I hope you've gotten clear by now, Simon and I do not believe in parent-child incest and we do our swinging on our own time so we're just here to watch. I know it must sound a little kinky but we really do enjoy watching them. ”

She paused to see if there were any comments. There being none, she continued. “Kelly, your rep for hunting down married men precedes you but Simon stays off-limits – OK? I mean at least for today. Now if you and Steve want to swap sometime I'd love to get my hands on your hunk of a husband but not with the kids around.”

She smiled as I nodded my agreement and then focused briefly on Steve. “I guess we all know where Steve's attention is so there's no need for me to say this but I will anyway. As I just said I'd love to get down and dirty with you but that's NOT going to happen in front of my kids, ok?”

Martha rubbed the alms of her hands together as if she was trying to warm up. “OK, so what do you say we quit yapping and get things started, ok?”

# 4. Steve's Wish Comes True

There was another awkward silence that lasted for several seconds. I certainly wasn't sure how to proceed. I tried to remember how things got started when they were at my dad’s place but my mind was like mush. Fortunately there were others with more experience in this sort of thing than me.

“Elisa... why don’t you get on the bed with Steve there?” Martha said, more a direction than a question.

Elisa nodded, putting her phone on the small table in front of the couch and then she looked over at Steve and then at me. For the first time since we’d come in she smiled as our eyes met. It was more like a “watch me lady while I do your husband” sort of smile, not the sort of thing you expect to see from a girl her age. Damn, for being so young she knew how to turn it on.

As she moved towards Steve I stood up and took her place on the couch, crossing my legs such that both Mark and his father got a good view of my bare upper thigh as my skirt pulled up. I didn't bother to tug it down as that was the whole point in crossing my legs! Simon might be off limits according to Martha but then a girl can’t be blamed for trying. To be perfectly honest, at that moment I’d rather have him fuck me than his aloof son. I wasn’t blaming Mark, he was behaving no different than any other boys his age. At the same time, BEING a boy his age I also knew that once I got his attention then I wouldn't have to worry about it anymore.

For the moment all eyes were on Steve and Elisa, well all the adult eyes anyway. I could tell from even a few feet away that Steve’s breathing had picked up the pace and I could only imagine what his heart rate was doing about now. It wasn't like this was the first time he’d had a young girl but it WAS the first time I’d seen him with one so I was feeling a little anxious.

“Elisa, you’re not being very nice to our guest. Take those clothes off. I’m sure he wants to see what’s underneath them, don’t you Steve?”

Steve didn't say anything in response to Martha’s coaching of her daughter but the look on his face told us everything, not to mention the huge bulge in his jeans. He stared as Elisa got off the bed and without much fanfare, just undressed until she was standing there naked in front of him. No strip tease, no show, just as if she was undressing in the privacy of her bedroom yet somehow the simplicity and openness was as erotic as if she’d been on stage.

"I've got to admit, I've never been much for the taste myself but she seems to love it," her mother observed.

Indeed, she was aiming him carefully, taking each load on her tongue or towards the back of her mouth, keeping herself and the surroundings free of flying cum. Once he was finished she turned her head to her mom as if to show off like she was a little girl coming home from school with a painting to hang on the refrigerator.

"That's my girl," Martha said smiling at her foxy little daughter. Elisa turned back to Steve and I could see her swallowing down his cum, then opening her mouth to show that it was all down like she had been given a pill and now had to prove she'd swallowed it.

Steve grabbed her by her thin waist and easily lifted her up and onto her back on the couch. For the time being, he ran his hands all over her, caressed every inch of her body with special attention to her budding boobs and fuzzy pussy.

"Aren't you going to get some for yourself Kelly?" Martha asked, nodding her head towards her son, "He's trying to act all cool and pretend he's not horny but trust me, he wants to screw you."

"Mom!" he whined, once again demonstrating he was listening to every word.

"Why don't you treat Kelly like a woman?" his mom suggested although from the tone it was a little more than just a suggestion.

It only took one look into his eyes to know his mother had her son pegged. Yeah, he may have been putting on a show but one look at those big blue eyes and I just knew he wanted me.

"So what do you say Mark, you want to fuck me this time or would you rather do my aunt again?"

Mark lifted one side of his mouth in some sort of grin and I wasn't quite sure if he was smiling or leering at me.

"Yeah, I remember her, she was pretty hot."

"Mark!" his mother corrected him and rightly so. One thing a guy should never do to his date and that is to say another woman was a good fuck before he fucks his date.

"But you're even hotter," he lamely tried to fix his error. It was clumsy but I had to give him credit for at least trying.

"If that's true, then why don't you show me proof?" I teased him gently.

Mark grinned again but this time it was more on the leering side for sure.

fuck and show our true feelings for one another. Maybe tonight was a wakeup call. I knew Steve would sleep right through it so it was up to me.

There are many things I have done sexually in my life and I Can honestly say I don’t regret having done any of them. Certainly there are those that I won’t repeat but to regret having the experience just wouldn't be right. Being fucked by a dog is something I’ll never do again. Taking on dozens of men in a hotel suite is another. As I fell asleep I mentally added another to the list – no more young boys for me. If you can’t control yourself then you shouldn't be doing it and I most certainly had proved this was something I couldn't control.

That said I turned back and laid on my back as Steve slept. My hands went between my legs as I masturbated, dreaming about how I loved being fucked by Mark. My pussy ached for his hard dick, for that unrelenting erection that never seemed to go down. His desire for me was almost animal-like in its intensity. I was just something for him to fuck, nothing more, nothing less. And god did he fuck me good...

After I’d cum the feelings of guilt washed over me like a tsunami. Yet again I swore to myself that I would never do this again.

My hand crept back between my legs and all my resolve faded away once again...

# (Nov 10) Chapter 240: A Birthday Surprise For My Dad

Story codes: MF FF oral inc father daughter
Me (26)
John - my dad (47)
Steve - my husband (28)
Tammy - my mom's BFF (47)
Kristen - cousin (24)

What do you get for the father who has everything? It's a dilemma I face several times a year thanks to birthdays, Christmas and Father's Day. Sure he always tells me he doesn't want me to buy him anything, that he's happy just being my father, and all that crap. No matter what he says he can't fool me so I want to get him SOMETHING, even if I don't have all much cash available to spend. Fortunately my Aunt Linda's always there to give some help on the financial side and even my mom pitched in by applying a little "influence" to make things happen when I need the help.

## 1. For the Man Who Has Everything

When I say my dad has everything, that's not much of an exaggeration. Career-wise he's at the top of his game being a senior partner in large law firm - which also helps out from the financial perspective as well. Yeah, he's got all the boy-toys like a ski boat, radio-controlled planes, and every electronic gadget imaginable including the huge flat screen home theater where he watches the football package which I know he paid a bundle, not to mention his huge porn collection. Well-known and highly respected in our community, he's served in numerous positions in a wide variety of community organizations. At church he's served as deacon and elder. In addition to his time, my dad also contributes generously to a number of local charities.

All that's what everyone sees - the rich, handsome (at least I think so) successful man living a life that most men only dream about. What they probably

religious position was that such acts constituted adultery and as such was simple off the table.

Knowing the sexual creature that my mother is, I'm positive that had she not been bound by the Ten Commandments she would have loved to swing just as much as my dad but my mother takes her religion VERY seriously. In all their more than twenty five years of marriage there are only two women that my mom has allowed my dad to have sex with that were not related to either of them – my best friend Beth and her best friend Tammy (not to be confused with my younger cousin Tammy). In both cases she rationalized that the women were so intimate with our family that they were virtual family members so it was OK to treat them as family. Yes, it was rationalizing at its best but sometimes you have to compromise to have a marriage – something I've already learned early in my own marriage.

So with all that in mind, what would YOU give your father if you were in my high heels?

## 2. Sisters to the Rescue

While I may refer to Beth as my best friend, that is really in relation to my other friends where Beth clearly wins out as being my intimate confidante and most closest friend. However, when it comes down to who is my BEST friend (other than my husband) the answer is indisputable – my mother.

Really, who knows you as well as your own mother? I have always shared EVERYTHING with my mom. Indeed, she was the first person I told after losing my virginity. She was the one that taught me how to properly use a vibrator – even if I don't use one very often. She was the first girl I had sex with starting shortly after my dad started fucking me. One thing I learned immediately was that that having sex with my mother is totally different from being with anyone else, even taking into account my father.

You see, no matter what happens between us, I am always my father's daughter so I would never consider him as my lover when we have sex. Yet when I'm with my mother all that goes out the window. Sure, when we masturbate together or talk it's mom and daughter all the way and even when we just have a bit of fun together the relationship remains intact. However there ARE those times when we lay together and it's like something magical happens. My mom is the only women I've ever had sex with where I consider her as a lover and not just a partner.

So hopefully that explains why when I have a question about family or sex it's my mom who is my first choice for advice and so it was as my dad's 47th birthday approached. We were using FaceTime one night and I brought up the subject of my dad's rapidly approaching birthday.

"So what did you get him last year?" she asked although I knew she already knew the answer. My mom just doesn't forget things like presents or other events.

I shrugged into the camera and answered, "A new shirt."

My mom grinned as I tried to contain myself. What I said was technically true. It's what I did NOT say that was the real story. Yes, I gave him a new shirt but I was wearing it at the time - and absolutely nothing else but a smile.

My mom shrugged back and said, "Somehow I doubt he'd complain much if he got the same present two years in a row."

No doubt she was right but I was hoping for something original and I told her so. She paused for a moment and I kept silent as I watched her nose crinkle as she thought hard about it.

"What about Beth?"

I was surprised by that one as it wasn't something I had even considered. I especially hadn't expected to hear it from my mom as Beth was one of the two women my dad had committed adultery with while they were married. Sure she had been there to watch but the act was still adulterous to her no matter how she rationalized it at the time.

My mom must have seen my expression.

"Hey, she's got great boobs and you know how much he likes that sort of thing."

True, she was right on the money with that observation. It was sort of a conflict in my eyes as on the one hand he loved young girls with tiny breasts but when they were old enough to have full boobs then he liked them BIG.

I didn't respond right away as I needed to do some thinking about this one. Besides, although it had been years since my dad had last fucked Beth so on the one hand I'm sure he'd love to have her again. I didn't really see it as anything special or unique. Sort of "been there done that" sort of thing.

I told my mom I would think about it and thanked her for her help after which I signed off and laid back on my bed to contemplate my options.

Just then my wonderful husband came home. He'd been over at my dad's place and while he didn't tell me what he'd been doing there he reeked with the unmistakable scent of pussy that combined with the glow on his face told me all I needed to know - he'd been fucking my Aunt Linda. It was one of those "benefits" that come with marrying into an incestual family - the right to have sex with other willing family members and Steve took full advantage of it - especially when it came to my Aunt Linda.

Steve's interest in my Aunt Linda It was always a little curious to me. In general he seems to prefer the same sort of girls my dad's interested in thanks in no small part to my aunt's influence. Thus before Steve started have sex with my family I'd assumed he would go straight for my younger cousins Kristen and Tammy. However, Kristen's past history as a highly paid prostitute seemed to turn him off and Tammy is now serious with a boyfriend so those situation never evolved. Instead he got hooked from the outset by my mom's sister. Actually I think it started because my mom wasn't readily available so doing her sister was the next best thing but once things got started he couldn't seem to get enough of her. What could I say? After all, my Aunt Linda had the same effect on my father as well, going back all the way to when she was in eighth grade.

"So... did you enjoy yourself?" I teased him as he got undressed and headed for the shower.

Steve knew I was just trying to push his button so he just smiled and licked his lips as if he'd just finished a delicious dinner - which probably wasn't all that much off the mark knowing my Aunt's love of oral sex. Still, I like to think I give a better blowjob - at least my dad claims as much.

By the time Steve was out of the shower I'd removed my t-shirt and was sprawled naked across the bed with my legs open wide waiting for him. It wasn't long before his fresh-smelling dick was in my mouth and I loved the way it grew and swelled as I sucked on it hungrily.

"Someone horny tonight?" he gasped as I deep-throated his cock to the hilt. There was no need to answer, at least not vocally. My mouth was already doing all the talking that was necessary.

Steve might not be the horny sixteen year-old that took my virginity but even at the ripe old age of 28 he could still recover quickly although I had no idea how many times he'd cum while with Linda. In the end it didn't matter as it only took a few minutes to have him at full erect status. Flipping myself over, I got on my hands and knees and wiggled my butt to tempt him - as if THAT was necessary.

"Fuck me Steve... God I want so bad for you to fuck me," I encouraged him in as sultry a voice as I could muster. Again, not that he NEEDED me to say anything, the pose said it all, but what guys doesn't like to hear a girl beg to be fucked by him? Well, none that I have ever encountered.

We made love for the next hour or so and afterwards I was lying to the side of him with one bare leg draped over his, my boobs pressed up against his side as I ground my now cum-soaked pussy into his hip. Although I didn't say anything, I really could have gone for one more load of his sperm and maybe another "O" or two more for me but he was exhausted.

"So do you guys talk about anything when you fuck her?" I asked him.

Steve looked down at me and I could tell from the surprised look on his face that I'd blindsided him with that one. Normally I never asked about what he did with her, let alone what they talked about, so I could just imagine what was churning in his head right then. What was I up to? There had to be some reason I was asking but what was it? Well, I knew what my motivation was but he was going to have to find out on his own.

"I don't know... nothing much," he mumbled. It was like asking one of my students what they'd done over the weekend... "nothin".

"Was my dad there?"

"No.... late at work I guess."

That didn't surprise me as he was ALWAYS late from work. What WOULD have been a surprise would have been if Steve had said he was NOT late from work.

"You know it's his birthday next week, don't you?"

OK, so it was a loaded question. Heck, what guy remembers birthdays? I sometimes think my dad can't remember his own, let alone mine. If it wasn't for my mom or aunt reminding him I'm sure he'd forget mine every year.

"Yeah, Linda mentioned something about that actually," he grunted as he cleared his throat. I think he'd started to drift off. After fucking two insatiable women in the same evening I really couldn't blame him but now he had my curiosity up so his sleep would just have to wait for a few more minutes.

"Did she say anything about what my dad wants? What she's getting him?"

Steve shifted his weight and twisted to face me more directly. I liked it because he slipped his leg in between mine and his upper thigh pressed into my warm pussy, giving my still-sensitive clit a little jolt.

"Kelly, to be perfectly blunt I really wasn't listening to much of what she was saying at the moment... IF she was saying anything."

He said it in such a deadpan serious manner that we both burst out laughing. Now THAT I could believe.

With that he turned back onto his back and drifted off to sleep as I held his now flaccid dick in my hand. I loved laying like this next to my husband, our nude bodies tight up against each other with his cock firmly in my hand. Of course it would've been better if that cock was in my pussy but you can't have everything all the time.

I ground my pussy tightly up against his hip which caused my clit to rub against the bone, sending a shiver through my entire body. God I wanted him to fuck me again! I loved it when my husband fucked me and even more when he made love to me.

No such luck though as Steve was now sound asleep so I leaned back and grabbed my iPhone off the table by the bed. Within a few seconds I had my aunt on the line. She must have seen it was me calling on her caller ID...

"Hey, don't blame me if he couldn't get it up again," she answered the phone teasingly before I could even say a word.

"Like who do you think you're talking to?" I responded acting like I was surprised she would even THINK such a horrible thing could happen, "Not only did I have him up in less than three minutes, but he came in me TWICE."

"Wow, pretty impressive... you married one hell of stud there honey."

"Well, I could've gone for three but thanks to someone whose name I won't mention he was finished after the second one."

"Well, I can't say I'm sorry about that," she teased me again.

"So anyway... what am I supposed to get my dad for his birthday this year?"

There was a pause and then she answered with another question, "What did your mom say?"

I was startled at first. How did she know I'd asked my mom? While my mother had gotten over much of her animosity towards her sister for what she'd done with her ex-husband so soon after the divorce, it wasn't like they had each other on speed-dial. Then I realized that my aunt knew me so well that she must have assumed that the first person I'd ask about the subject would have been my mom.

"She suggested I wrap Beth up in a big red bow and make her my present."

Well, maybe she hadn't said so in so many words but that was the intent of her idea.

"Not very original," was the first thing my aunt said in response, "Not exactly on his 'to-do' list that I know of either to be perfectly blunt." Then she giggled, "But then I'm sure he wouldn't return her either."

"Well do you have anything better?" I practically pleaded, "I'm fresh out this year."

"Well honey, you know that you can always give him something that he appreciates."

I knew what she was referring to - ME. Still, that was something he could have anytime he wanted so it wasn't exactly anything special for his birthday - or something that would surprise him either.

My aunt seemed to sense my reaction even without the help of a cam. "Yeah I know... been there done that, right?"

"Aunt Linda!" I admonished her, "You know better than that!"

"I didn't mean it like that," she apologized, "I was just trying to say it wouldn't be the first time he got that for his birthday."

"So what do I do?"

"Well... I know a few people that might like to wish him a happy birthday..." she said slowly.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that one out. "No way, I'm NOT going there and you should know better than to even mention it," I scolded her a bit harshly - and meaning it this time as well. As much as I knew he would love it, I was not inviting some family over with underage daughter(s) for him to enjoy himself.

"Well you asked," she whined a little. Then she giggled and said, "Well there's always the other end of the spectrum you know."

My head must have still been a little woozy from my last orgasm as that one went right in one ear and out the other without registering. What was she talking about?

"Oh come on Kelly," she huffed, "You know there IS one older woman he loves to fuck that he hasn't for a very long time."

I was about to ask if she meant my mother but not even my aunt wouldn't be THAT insensitive. Just then the proverbial light bulb went off over my head.

"But how would I ever get her?" I mused. And that would be assuming she would agree to do it in the first place.

"I thought you two got along pretty well?"

True, I DID consider myself a pretty good friend to Tammy, my mother's BFF. We'd done a lot together - including my mother and father. Still, I hadn't spoken to her in ages and I had to think it would feel funny to just call her out of the blue and her if she was willing to allow me to give her as a birthday present to my dad.

"Yeah but how would I even get her here - assuming she was willing to do it in the first place?" I asked my aunt.

From the quick response it was if she had already thought the whole thing through. Then again, maybe she had...

"Tell you what honey... you get her to agree to come and I'll fork out for the ticket... deal?"

What could I say to that? I knew the real estate business had been picking up for her recently so I wasn't worried that she couldn't afford it. besides, if she needed cash there was always my dad she would grab it from.

We came to an agreement and then she said something about my dad pulling in the driveway so I let her go. I returned to my original spot next to my now dead-asleep husband and laid there thinking about this new turn of events. It was a great idea - one my dad would never see coming. Just one small problem... getting Tammy to travel from Oregon to Pennsylvania on one week's notice. What would she tell her husband? It's not like he had a clue as to what she had done in the past when visiting her best friend - or should I say WHO she had done.

Without realizing it I drifted off but then it was like I woke up instantly full awake. Like duh! The answer was there as plain as the nose on my face but for whatever reason I hadn't seen it. Picking up the phone again, I hit the dial button and waited.

"Forget something Kelly?" my mom answered her phone.

I quickly explained my idea, speeding through it as fast as possible so she couldn't answer until I was finished.

"And just what makes you think Tammy would even be interested in something like that?" was her initial response and my heart sank. Obviously my mom wasn't as enthusiastic about the idea as I'd been.

"Well... I was sorta hoping that that was where YOU could come in Mom," I said meekly.

My mom laughed but then responded with, "Well, I guess it couldn't hurt to ask her."

"So you think it's a good idea then?" I asked hopefully.

"Frankly, not your best but then I'll bet it's better than what my perverted sister proposed, isn't?"

She was spot on but then I suppose if anyone knew my aunt it would be her older sister. My guilty silence confirmed her suspicions.

"Well, if that's your Plan B then I'll get Tammy to fly out one way or the other. Just tell that cheapskate sister of mine to buy my friend a ticket in First Class."

We talked a little more and then hung up. This time I fell asleep quickly as it was like a huge weight had been lifted off of my shoulders.

## 3. Tammy Arrives

With my dad's birthday falling on a Thursday this year it made things more difficult than they would have been had it been on a weekend but one way or another we worked things out. I got a phone call a couple of days after my conversation with my mom and it was Tammy. We didn't say a lot as apparently she and my mom had discussed it at length but I'd already looked up flights and had everything set up by that evening.

Fortunately the arrival time was well after my school day ended so I was able to pick her up after dinner. Steve was home but would be leaving for work in a few hours. I hadn't told him anything, figuring a surprise would be better.

The drive to the airport went quickly. I had to circle the airport and park in the cell-phone lot for a while waiting for Tammy's flight and for her to collect her luggage. Finally my phone rang and it was her, telling me where she was waiting. As I came down and around the curve to the arrival area, there she was by the curb, waving to me with a big grin on her face. It had been ages since I'd seen her but she didn't seem to have aged one bit.

"Hey girl, so glad to see you again!" she greeted me warmly once I'd stopped and gotten out to help with her bag. We hugged and then she stood back and gave me the once over.

"It's been quite a while, hasn't it?" she giggled and then we got in the car and I drove off before the security guard said anything.

For the first few miles we exchanged pleasantries. The usual stuff - her flight and how that went, how things were back home with her sons and husband.

Tammy was what I guess you would call the typical soccer-mom. If you ignored some of her visits to our house then there was nothing in her background or home life to suggest she was anything but the neighborhood mom and loving wife. I'd met her family when me and my mom had visited and it was almost like living in Mayberry. So far as her husband knew, she was conservative in bed and had never cheated on him. That was quite true for the most part - again ignoring a couple of visits with me and my parents where she had the chance to let her hair down, so to speak (her dark blonde hair was actually quite short).

Just as my dad had fucked my best friend Beth, so he had with my mom's best friend. On top of that, I was the first girl she'd ever had sex with! She had been quite shocked to learn about me having sex with my parents but eventually overcame her prejudices in that area. While she may not ever consider doing anything similar back home with her boys, she seemed quite OK with me and my dad.

As we approached the exit, it was like she decided it was time to quit skirting the issue and address the elephant sitting in the back seat.

"You know, when your mom called and proposed this my first reaction was an emphatic no," she sighed, stretched her legs against the front of the car.

Actually, I didn't know, and I told her so to which she sort of giggled.

"You have to admit, after the divorce and now with your mom living out by me I hadn't ever thought I'd be back in Pittsburgh again... let alone for something like this."

"So what changed your mind?" I asked, glancing her way as I turned on the turn signal and prepared to stop quickly at the exit. One thing about the hills of Pittsburgh - they don't lend themselves to long off-ramps.

"I don't know," she sighed as she released a long breath, "If my husband knew the truth I'd be joining your mother in the divorcee ranks."

"So what DID you tell him then?"

Tammy chuckled at that. "Oh he thinks I came back here with your mom for moral support." She paused and put a finger to her lips in thought. "You know, I guess that's about wrong in every category. She didn't come with me and any support I give is going to immoral if anything."

We both laughed at that as I came to a stoplight and waited. Using the opportunity I turned to her and looked her in the eyes.

"Is that how you really feel... that this is immoral?"

"Well, if it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck..." she mused.

"But you're OK with it?"

"Kelly," she huffed, "I'm here, aren't I?"

She had a point.

"So how's the married life treating you?" she asked, pointedly changing the subject.

I could have talked her ear off about that one! I gushed about how wonderful Steve was and how much I was thrilled being married to him."

"Sounds like quite a guy," Tammy remarked. She had never met Steve as back when she was visiting he was living out in California with his mother. "So how does he feel about you `family' situation?" she asked with her fingers making those annoying quotation marks in the air when she said "family".

"He's OK with it" I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"Not exactly a ringing endorsement," Tammy observed, "So what's the story?"

We were getting close to home so I gave her the abbreviated version, explaining how he understood my obligations and duties as a daughter but at the same time didn't want to participate.

I pulled into a parking place in the lot next to our apartment. Before we got out Tammy turned to me and asked, "OK but what's with your Aunt? Your mother didn't say much but I get the idea something's going on with her that she isn't too enthused about."

Loaded question if there ever was one. I knew Tammy had to know that my mom's younger sister had taken up residence in her old bedroom just a few days after she had left. If anything that should be old news by now. Unless I heard anything more I wasn't about to say a word about the youth sex crap that my aunt had brought my father and husband into. Tammy was even more conservative than my mom about such things and I had to assume she knew nothing about it or I doubt she would be sitting in my front seat at this moment.

"Let's just say she and Steve have a thing," I said in a compromise move.

"A thing?" Tammy probed, "And just what does THAT mean?"

"You know..." I returned.

Tammy just shook her head at that one. "And you're OK with that?"

"Well, she IS my aunt and party of our family so what can I say?"

With that Tammy sat up straighter and leaned towards me, her face much more intense suddenly. "He's your husband so you have every right to say anything you want."

Not meaning to get this off on the wrong foot, I smiled and tried to defuse the situation. "Oh no... it's perfectly OK with me. We have an understanding in that regard - both ways in fact."

"So you have sex with other men besides your dad?" she asked, looking a little confused. "I thought you were always going to stop that sort of thing after you got married?"

It was starting to get cold in the car so I didn't want the discussion to go too far so I cut right to the punch line.

"Things change you know. I'm happy with our relationship now. In fact, see that truck? It's his so he's still home in case you need a little post-flight relaxation."

"Now you're pulling my leg," she laughed softly, sitting back in the seta once again.

"Well, what did my mom say about him?"

Tammy looked at me again before she answered. "Actually, the subject never came up. Are you telling me..."

I didn't let her finish but instead just nodded and grinned.

"But when?"

I told her quickly about my birthday party and then the time just before our wedding ceremony. Tammy seemed a little dubious about the latter.

"Now I know you're pulling my leg. Just before you got married? Oh come on, I'm not THAT gullible Kelly."

I wasn't about to debate it so I unlocked the doors and we got out. Opening the trunk I helped with her nag and she rolled it in to our apartment. We got to the door and I had my key out but before I put it in the lock I turned to her and smiled.

"I just want you to understand that anything you do with Steve, and I mean ANYTHING," is perfectly OK with me... OK?"

"We'll see..." she giggled as if we were just teasing but deep inside I got the idea she was just leading me on without any intention of testing my offer.

"Steve!" I said loudly as we entered and I shut the door and dead bolted it behind us, "I've got a surprise for you!"

"Hold your panties!" he called out from somewhere.

I'd more or less hinted to Steve that I was going shopping so he had no reason to think I would NOT be alone - as was obvious when he came out of the bathroom - stark naked rubbing his head with a towel to dry his hair. At first he must not have seen Tammy but then I heard a gasp beside me which made Steve's eyes avert from me to her.

"Oh crap!" he muttered and dove back into the bathroom.

He re-emerged a few seconds later but this time with a full robe on.

"You could've warned me you know," he said pointedly in my direction and then he turned to Tammy and shrugged. "Sorry, as I guess you could tell my darling wife here hadn't told me she was bringing home visitors."

I introduced Steve to Tammy but her name didn't register with him until I explained that she was my mom's BFF who lived near where my mom was living now. Steve extended his hand rather sheepishly.

"Nice to meet you Tammy, sorry for the unsolicited display earlier."

Tammy assured him that everything was OK and indeed, I noticed her gaze would periodically drop down to where Steve's dick had been in display not much longer before.

Steve then looked at me and although he didn't say anything, the look on his face was a definite, "What the hell is going on?"

This didn't seem like quite the circumstances to explain my plan so I told him to get dressed for work and then I could explain everything to him. Reluctantly her returned to the bathroom, leaving Tammy and me alone once again.

"So what do you think of my husband?"

Tammy smiled and said something to the effect he was handsome and seemed very well mannered.

"I meant... what did you think of my husband?" I prodded her.

"I don't get what you're driving at Kelly."

"You saw him when he first came out... what did you think?" I reiterated and then raised my eyebrows and grinned naughtily. "I mean his dick... would you like some of it?"

Tammy's eyes opened wider. "Oh I don't know about THAT Kelly... this is all happening so quick."

Steve was back out by then, dressed in his paramedic uniform. Mmmmmmm, I love a man in uniform!

"So is someone going to tell me what is going on here?" he asked, seeming a little irritated if anything.

He had to leave soon so I gave him the quick version of my surprise party idea for my dad. It didn't take long for Steve to get the gist of the plan.

"So I take it you're a friend of the family?" he asked Tammy directly this time. The way he emphasized the word "friend" made it clear his definition was far beyond the Webster version.

"I guess you could say that." Tammy said, her face noticeably reddening by now.

"Look, you go to work Steve and tomorrow while I'm at school the two of you can catch each other up, OK?" I proposed.

With that Steve gave me a kiss and headed out the door, leaving Tammy and me alone in the apartment.

"We don't have a spare bedroom so it's either the couch or you can share the bed with me," I explained as I gave her the quick tour of our small apartment.

"Well, I'm not as young girl anymore so if it's OK with you I'll take you up on the offer for the bed," she replied. "I'll be seeing my chiropractor for a month if I spend a night on a couch."

With that it was getting late but with her internal clock set three hours behind Tammy wasn't looking nearly as tired as I would have thought after a long plane trip. Still, I didn't have the benefit of jet-lag and morning would be here soon enough as it was so I excused myself and explained I needed to get to bed.

"Well, tomorrow looks to be a busy day so I had better try to get some shut-eye myself," she answered, following me to the bedroom where we both started to undress.

Seeing Tammy in her bra and panties, I suddenly felt something stir in me. It had been years since the two of us had done anything together and while she was about the same age as my mom, she wasn't quite as well preserved as my mother but certainly not bad either. I thought of how her eyes kept averting to Steve's crotch when she thought neither of us was looking. She might be the mousey housewife at home but there was a lot more under THAT facade that just needed the right circumstances to let it be free.

"You've had a long day," I said to her as she took out a nightie from her luggage, "How about a back rub?"

I saw her eyes light up momentarily at the suggestion but then she seemed to withdraw.

"That's not necessary," she said softly, her eyes avoiding mine.

"Oh I insist!" I said, taking the nightie from her hands and turning her by the shoulders to the bed.

"well.... if you insist," she quickly gave in as she got up on the bed and laid face down sideways across it. She was still wearing her bra and panties which HAD to go.

I went to the bathroom and came back with some massage oil. Judging by where I found it I suspected Steve had been using it to jerk off. I have to say he's masturbates as much as I do, maybe even more. Sitting on the end of the bed, I reached over and unhooked her bra. I felt her tense up but she didn't say anything.

"Can't give a decent massager with all this in the way," I explained as I pulled her panties down to her ankles and then off her feet.

Now that she was nude I took off the rest of my own clothes and then got up on the bed and straddled her butt with my feet locking in on her legs to keep my balance. I could feel her warm butt against my crotch and I wondered if she could feel the heat of my pussy as it pushed against her ass.

As I started to work on her back she groaned as I found a knot and worked it out. "Oh god Kelly... that feels so good!"

Working her neck and shoulders, I put more oil on her back and spread it out down to the small of her back and then along the sides of her torso. Working my hands over her shoulders, I let them drift down and then under her arms until my fingertips grazed along the sides of her breasts. I didn't linger there, at least not yet but instead worked my way down the rest of the way until my hands were right up against my crotch which was centered on her butt.

"It's been a long time since someone did me like this," she murmured with her eyes closed.

I giggled and replied, "Like since the last time I did this to you?"

We both laughed at that although it was entirely true. It seemed to break the tension a little and I could feel her relaxing more under me. I unhooked my feet from her legs and wiggled my way down further onto the backs of her legs, letting her bare bottom be exposed. OK, so it wasn't quite like the tight firm ass my cousin was so proud of but then Tammy was twenty years older, not to mention bearing two kids.

"Don't look at my butt," she groaned as I started to rub each cheek with my oil-covered hands and fingers. Just like a woman to say something like that under the circumstances, Like, how was I NOT to look at it in this position?

"Hey, you've got a great ass," I encouraged her. I could feel her huff under me as she came back with, "You mean for an old lady."

"Now I never said that," I reassured her was my hands worked further down until they were on the backs of her upper thighs. As I rubbed my hands slowly but surely worked their way more and more inside and then I let my fingertips roam upwards until they contacted her hair-covered pussy.

"Ummmmm... let's not push things too fast, OK Kelly?" she said over her shoulder to me.

Well, she could SAY anything she wanted but it was her actions that counted so far as I was concerned. She may be telling me to stay away from her crotch but her legs were spreading wider apart if anything. I wasn't quite sure they were entirely under her conscious control at this point.

My fingers were covered with slipper oil and they easily slid up between her pussy lips as my hand reached in higher between her legs. Then I felt the bump of her clit and she shuddered as my fingertip ran over it in tight little circles.

"Oh my god Kelly..." she moaned.

With that encouragement I shifted so I was straddling just one of her legs, pressing my own pussy against her leg as my hand worked its magic under her crotch. I was rewarded with her other leg moving out to the side, making it all that much easier for me to touch her. This wasn't our first rodeo but I hadn't been sure how she would respond after the years that had passed. Well, there had been no need to worry, that's for sure.

"Oh yeah, just like that," she groaned loudly as I inserted my thumb inside of her while my finger maintained contact with her clit.

I could feel her hips starting to rise now, then falling slightly as if she was trying to hump my hand. My hand had been so covered with oil it was hard to tell what was helping more, the oil or her own pussy juices but whatever it was it was making it easy for me to rub her and penetrate her.

"Turn over Tammy," I said softly to her. I didn't want to break the spell but I had more in mind than just finger-fucking her.

I didn't have to ask twice as she rolled over and then reached over for a pillow to put behind her head so she could watch what was going on, Well, nothing was going on YET but that was about to change real quick if I had anything to say about it.

Tammy reached for another pillow which she stuffed under her ass as she grinned at me. She knew what was about to happen and I could see she wanted me to know in no uncertain terms that she was ready for me to resume. Well, I wasn't about to disappoint her or keep her waiting any longer than necessary.

"Been a long time since I had a taste of this," I said with a smile at her as I rubbed her hairy pussy with one hand. She appeared to trim it a little but more to keep it from poking out a bikini bottom than to keep it short.

"Not to mention it's been a long time since anyone but my husband was down there," she said with a wink.

She was laying crosswise on the bed still which made it impossible for me to stretch out between her legs so it was decision time. Kneel on the floor or lay head to toe... or should I say head to pussy. THAT was on decision for the day I didn't think twice about as I stretched out alongside of her. She was a little taller than me which worked out nicely. With one arm under her leg I reached across and grabbed her butt from the side as I lowered my head to her belly and rubbed my nose against her.

"That tickles," she giggled as she squirmed under me.

I kissed her belly and then used my tongue to trace a path down to the edge of her pussy hairline and then laid the side of my face against her bush. It felt a little weird as she had more hair between her legs than most men I've dated have on their heads. I don't mean she was all wild and furry like those pics you see of European women. It was neatly trimmed and shaved outside of a distinct hairline. It was within the "boundaries" where is was long and soft. It felt so good against my face and the scent of her pussy was strong.

Scooting forward (or downward depending on your point of view) I pushed my head down between her legs, feeling the softness of her inner thighs against each side of my face as I burrowed through her thick pussy until my nose pressed in against her pussy. Using my nose to push her hair to the side, my tongue reached out and tasted her. Mmmmmmm.

My tongue worked its way to her clit and I felt her jump under me as I nibbled gently on it, tugging on it carefully with my teeth as my tongue worked over it.

"Oh Kelly... that feels so good," she moaned.

I felt her hand working its way under me and I realized what she wanted so without removing my head from her crotch I lifted my leg up and over her and then pulled myself over until we were in a perfect 69 with my shaved pussy right over her mouth. I could feel her hot breath against me and the touch of her tongue as she reached out to taste me.

How long we stayed in that position I have no idea but it seemed like forever yet at the same time was over much too soon. She came first, her hips thrusting up against my face as she writhed under me, burying her face against my wet crotch. It wasn't long after that when it was my turn. It had been quite a while actually since I'd been with another woman like this and while I'll never tell a guy NOT to eat me, there's nothing that compares to the touch of another woman's mouth.

Several orgasms later we were both exhausted as I flipped over and laid on my back next to me, my head up against her sweating hips with the feel of her head of hair against mine. Somehow I managed to turn around and she rolled on her side to face me as we hugged and kissed. Her large boobs pressed into mine and I could literally feel the urgency within her.

"Oh wow," was all she could say at first. Then we finally pulled apart enough to look each other in the eyes - hers rolling up and then settling back on mine.

"You know, I really wasn't sure what to expect," she started to say and then she went quiet again as if she wasn't sure how to express her feelings at the moment.

I knew what she was trying to say as I had felt the same way. It had been years since we had last had sex. How would we react when we were alone together for the first time? Well, I guess we both know the answer to that question now.

"I haven't been with a woman since out last time you know," she said almost apologetically. It was if she was worried that somehow she hadn't satisfied me well enough.

"Damn Tammy... I came THREE times, I wouldn't worry if I was you."

We both giggled like young teenagers being naughty for the first time during a sleepover and then kissed again.

Before we both feel asleep somehow I remembered that I had to explain a few things. I told her how I had to leave of work before Steve got home from his shift so she would be alone when he came home. My plans for my dad's birthday surprise didn't go into effect until the evening so that left her with a day to kill.

Tammy absorbed all this and then she started to ask me something but then seemed to think the better of it. She told me she was exhausted and thanked me for my jet-lag therapy. I hadn't really thought about it in that way until then but I guess she was right. She certainly wasn't having any problems going to sleep at a normal hour, her eyes closing as she was barely able to keep them open.

We fell asleep in each other's arms until my alarm clock blared. Good thing I had it set to go off every day as I hadn't even thought about it the night before and there was no way I was going to wake up on my own after the past evening's events.

Neither of us had apparently moved a bit during the night as I woke up in the same position I last remembered before I crashed. I extricated myself from Tammy's arms that were still wrapped around me and gently slipped out of bed. Standing up next to the bed in the dim morning light I gazed at her naked body stretched out in front of me. Sure she was almost twice my age and yes, she could lose a few pounds here and there but overall she was a good-looking woman who I was sure still made her husband proud to have on his arm. No doubt her son's friends saw her as one of the neighborhood MILFs although I couldn't imagine Tammy ever flirting or doing anything like that.

One thing I needed badly was a shower - first to wake up but also to wash off the strong odor of sex that still permeated the entire room. Stepping in and turning on the water, it felt great to feel the hot water beating against me. I was still feeling ridiculously horny but I was due in class in less than an hour so there wasn't time to take care of those needs. I did a quick blow dry and just pulled my hair back so I wouldn't have to fool too much with it. A little makeup and I was ready to get dressed.

Back in the bedroom Tammy hadn't budged an inch. I slowly pulled out my dresser drawer, trying to keep as quiet as I could although I probably could have played a drum solo and she wouldn't have noticed. Grabbing a bra and panties (yes, I HAD to wear them thanks to our strict dress code) and a pair of hose, I retreated back to the bathroom where I could see what I was doing.

With my underwear on and finally a dress, I took one last look at Tammy and debated if I should wake her. We hadn't discussed anything about Steve coming home in a couple of hours but then she was a grown woman and could take care of herself so I grabbed a coat and headed for school.

## 4. My Husband Does Tammy

With me teaching at school I wasn't home to witness any of the events of the day so all I have to go by is the accounts of my husband and Tammy. While their accounts agree for the most part, as might be expected they varied in the details so I had to make some decisions as to what really happened. In the end, does it really matter?

Steve usually gets home about an hour or so after I leave. This morning, knowing who would be waiting for him when he arrived, he didn't waste any time. Entering the apartment, he found a note on the table that I had left for him.

"Dear Steve, Behave yourself but have fun! Love you always, Your Wife."

Nobody can ever say I don't support my hubby!

Entering the bedroom, I can only imagine his expression as he saw a nude woman in her late forties stretched out, sound asleep. From the odor in the room there could be no doubt as to recent events which only served to make his already hardening cock stiffen even faster.

Having already showered before he'd left work, Steve was ready to go and so he quickly undressed and then debated his next move. After all, although I had spoken to him about Tammy in the past, he'd never met her until last night and even that had just been a quick hello. Sure, their first time he'd been naked but that was by mistake.

Steve's immediate instinct was to jump in bed and get started. Had it been me in bed rather than a strange older woman no doubt that's exactly what he would've done. Steve knew it turned me on to wake up with his dick rubbing against me or even probing mouth or pussy. At the same time he was well aware that not every woman shared my enthusiasm in this area.

There was also the letter I'd left behind with a reminder to behave himself. Then again, my definition of "behave" was pretty broad.

Do I really need to work through the rest of his thought process????

Leaning over the bed so as not to disturb it's sleeping occupant, Steve, gently let the back of his fingers stroke along the length of her bare leg, working his way up to her hips where he turned his hand and felt the warmth of her butt. She didn't stir which only encouraged him to go further, reaching down and pushing his fingers between her thighs as she laid on her side with the bottom leg straight out and the upper one bent upwards with her foot resting on her other knee.

"Damn, that is one hairy crotch," he mumbled to himself as his fingers worked their way through it.

Before he found her pussy he pulled his hand back, not wanting to wake her yet. Her large breasts beckoned him so he cupped the upper one under his hand to get a feel for its heft.

"Real," he noted to himself but then from the way they sagged it would've been a far bigger surprise if they weren't not to mention grounds for suing the doctor who performed the surgery.

Holding up Tammy's breast with his fingers, Steve's thumb worried it's way over her large nipple, teasing it as he rotated his thumb over it.

Still no reaction by Tammy.

Steve debated his next move. Again, had it been me in lieu of Tammy there would have been little to decide. Something like, "mouth or pussy?"

Steve's dick was rock hard by now. What a situation to come home to - an older woman laying out naked across his bed. Even better, it was a woman who he knew had travelled thousands of mile for one reason - to get laid. OK, so it wasn't to get laid by HIM but that was just a technicality. Ordinarily this had all the makings of something that normally only occurs in conjunction with a wet dream - BUT...

"Kelly would kill me," he thought as he stroked his cock with his right hand.

It wasn't that he was worried about my reaction to him having sex with another woman. We'd settled THAT issue before we said our vows. SO far as I was concerned he could fuck whoever he wanted so long as I eventually knew about it. Of course that understanding went both ways but so far he'd been the only one to take advantage of it since we returned from our honeymoon. Even then it didn't really :count" so far as I was concerned as the girls involved were less than half my age thanks to the arrangements made by my Aunt Linda for him and my dad. Enough said about THAT. Sometimes "don't ask don't tell" actually works.

No, what Steve was worried about was how I would feel if for whatever reason Tammy was upset by what he'd love to do right then. God forbid she should up and leave for home, leaving all my plans for my dad in a lurch without a backup plan. Now THAT would have been grounds for some pretty heavy-duty response by me.

Still, there WAS the matter of this MILF in his bed and he couldn't complete ignore her. Like, when might he ever get a chance like this ever again? If he just walked away now he knew he'd regret it for the rest of his life.

It's like I've always said... It's not the things I have done that I regret, it's the things I haven't. So why shouldn't the same apply to Steve - so long as he didn't go TOO far.

In the end the decision was made for Steve in that as he was stroking his dick within just inches of Tammy's sleeping face, he could feel that surge building in him and knew that it was too late to stop. In effect the fuse had been lit and now it was just a matter of where he would explode.

Steve frantically stroked his dick, the lust overwhelming him as he put his free hand on Tammy's head, her hair running though his fingers as he twisted it just slightly upwards. Any semblance of rational thought was gone, replaced by his male instincts to dominate and inseminate the female in front of him. While his dick was not in her pussy, he could still at least cover her with his sperm. Which is exactly what he did.

"Oh god..." he groaned, unable to maintain his silence as his orgasm erupted. A thick rope of cum spurt from the end of his erect cock and landed on Tammy's cheek and nose. Another groan and another load of cum, this time landing on her upper lip and then running a trail across her mouth and down her chin. Two more loads and two more trails of cum, one on her forehead and just into her hairline while the next added more to her nose and upper lip.

"Fuck me!" Steve sighed, using his hand to milk the last of his cum from his dick, rubbing the head of his dick on Tammy's cheek to put the finishing touches on his handiwork. Letting go of her head, he stepped back and looked at the results.

"Holy crap," he whispered to himself as reality returned with the unloading of his cum. He shook his head to clear it as he released his now dwindling dick, allowing it to droop down.

Immediately he started to wonder if he'd gone too far. He could have easily cum on Tammy's tits or just cum on the bed and not hit her at all. There could be no mistaking what had been done to her when she awoke. What was she going to say?

Steve shrugged and headed to the bathroom to wash up. There was nothing that could be done now so all he could do was wait and see. Washing his dick and hands, he decided that he had probably do more so he took a quick shower and after drying himself off, wrapped a dry towel around his waist and headed for the kitchen to get some breakfast.

***************

It was maybe only fifteen minutes or so before Tammy began to stir. As she woke, she went to rub her eyes and as she did, she felt something on her face. Steve's cum was still wet but was aging and she could smell something... something unmistakable if unbelievable.

"What the hell?" she mumbled to herself, her throat dry from sleeping. As she did she could taste something on her lips. It wasn't like it was something she tasted often but there was no mistaking the salty bitter taste. Getting out of bed, she went to the bathroom and turned on the light. Her eyes opened wide at what she saw.

"Oh... my... god!" she said to herself. At first she couldn't believe the cum-covered face of the woman in the mirror was her. Quickly she grabbed a washcloth, ran the water until it was as hot as it could get and then soaked the washcloth. She rubbed it over her face, trying to get the offending substance off of her as quickly as she could.

While nobody accused Tammy of being overly chaste as a teen, if there was one reputation Tammy had never had it was of being a cum sluts. Heck, she wasn't even too thrilled to do a blowjob. Boys expected them so she did it but it wasn't like she went out of her way to suck a dick. Early in their marriage she did the occasional blowjob to satisfy her husband but over the years as their sex life slowed considerably, one of the first things to go was oral sex. And now here she was washing a TON of cum off her face - something she rarely had ever done as she hated it when a man would cum on her face.

"Steve!" she huffed between tightly pursed lips. It had to be him, who else could it be? Obviously he had gotten home and done who knows what and ended by cumming all over her like she was some cheap whore. Had he told his wife he was going to do that? She couldn't believe that I would have gone along with the idea as I knew her preferences in this area.

A number of thoughts went through her mind. What should she do? Her first instinct was to call me and tell me what my husband had done to her while she was sleeping. But then she remembered that I was in school and if there was one thing worse than s student getting a cell-phone call during school, it was a teacher getting one.

He next idea was to get dressed and march down to confront Steve and demand an apology. Indeed, as she brushed her teeth and combed her hair that was her intent until the comb stuck and she realized that there was cum in her hair as well. Damn!

Forgetting her next move which had been to get dressed, she turned and started to reach for the shower controls. That was when another idea came to her.. a much better idea, at least so she thought. The shower could wait...

Running her hand though her hair, she ruffled it up and made it a mess again as if she had just gotten up. For a moment she regretted wiping off the cum from her face but it was too late to do anything about that. Taking a deep breath, she left the bedroom and headed for the kitchen.

****************

"Good morning Steve," Tammy greeted Steve as she entered the kitchen where Steve was sitting on a bar stool at the counter reading the paper with his coffee. She noticed that Steve was wearing a towel but it was tied loosely and as such it hung between his legs and to his hips, exposing his legs and hip except where the knot was threatening to come loose.

"Hmmmmmm, not bad... not bad at all," she said to herself but she worked hard to keep her admiration of Steve's body a secret.

"Ummmmm, hello!" Steve stammered as a naked Tammy strode into the kitchen like she owned it. She didn't make any comment about her nudity, nor did she mention a word about what had happened earlier in the bedroom. Instead, she went to the coffee-maker, selected a cartridge and started the cycle to make her cup of coffee. As she waited for the coffee cup to fill, Tammy turned and smiled sweetly at Steve.

"We didn't get much chance to talk last night," she started out, "Kelly's told me a lot about you and I suppose she's filled you in on my history here with her family... am I right?"

Steve was still uncertain how to take it all. What was going on? He barely knew her yet here she was taking a sip of coffee as she leaned back against the counter, acting as if being nude around a man she barely knew was the most natural thing in the world to do. Her face looked clean so she certainly HAD to know what he'd done but then her hair was a wreck so it wasn't like she'd showered as he had expected she would want to do after what he'd done to her.

Meanwhile Tammy was thoroughly enjoying herself. What Steve didn't know was she was feeling as self-conscious as a teenage virgin. Nudity was Not something she ever did at home and to stand like this in front of man she'd only met the night before was WAY out of her comfort zone so far as she was concerned. She was also well aware that barely out of sight under the thin towel was the dick that had only minutes before spewed cum all over her face - while she was sleeping at that.

Steve shifted in his chair. While he had just cum no long before, he could feel his dick stirring at the sight of the nude older woman in front of him. She must have been around the same age as his own mother - making her old enough to be his mother. Personally he thought his mother's body was in far better shape but it wasn't as if Tammy was fat and ugly either. Her boobs sagged a bit and she had a little bit of heft to her butt and thighs but other than the normal signs of aging she was pretty hot.

Tammy notice the movement and her eyes instinctively moved to his crotch where she couldn't help but notice the unmistakable tent beginning to rise before she averted her eyes. She had come in the kitchen with every intention of teaching Steve a lesson by teasing him a while and then leaving him with blue balls... but that was so five minutes ago...

Steve's mind was working at warp speed and finally he came to the decision it was better to beg for forgiveness than wait and have to be at the receiving end of whatever Tammy must be getting ready to say.

"Look Tammy, I know what you must be thinking and I just wanted to explain."

"Why I have no idea what you're talking about Steve," Tammy responded with a devilish grin.

"You know, the face thing."

"Oh! So that was YOU?" she replied, barely able to keep her face rigid as she wanted to break out in laughter.

Steve couldn't help but roll his eyes a bit before he caught himself. Yeah right, like who else could it have been, the mailman?

"Well in my defense, you did look irresistibly sexy this morning," Steve said, trying to sound as complimentary as possible.

"Oh really?" Tammy said, casting our her bait to fish for more compliments. She was suddenly all the more self-conscious of the fact that she was standing there stark naked but somehow managed to keep he hands to her side.

Steve smiled, sensing he was making headway, "I mean like look at you! You are hot!"

This was more than Tammy could take and she turned away from him without even thinking about it, then she was aware all she had done was show off her ass to him instead and if there was one feature of her body she was most unhappy with, it was her butt. So she turned around again but this time with her right hand over her left breast, her forearm partially covering the other.

Steve was thinking to himself, calculating his next move. Well, it was either go big or go home as they said. Standing up from the stool, he undid the knot and removed the towel, allowing his now semi-erect cock to pop out unencumbered.

"Well, if you don't believe me, believe him," he said with a sly grin, pointing down to his growing dick.

Regardless of the circumstances, Tammy WAS a woman and I can vouch for the fact that seeing Steve standing naked in front of you is more than enough to get a woman wet instantly. Tammy was not immune.

"Should we really be doing this" she said softly, her eyes fixated on the cock in front of her that was rising slowly as it grew. It was more a question for her than him but Steve responded anyway.

"Ohhhhhh? And just what are we doing?"

Tammy sighed and shook her head. "Let's stop all this silliness and put our cards on the table, OK?"

Steve just nodded so she continued. "We both know what you did to me this morning and just so you know, I really didn't appreciate it. I understand you may be use to Kelly but I'm not into many of the things she is, including the sex while sleeping thing."

Steve started to say something but she cut him off with a wave of her hand. "That said, I have to admit I've never had a man WANT to do something like to me and so in a way I guess I have to take it as a compliment."

Again Steve's moth started to work but she wouldn't let him get a word in edgewise. "Face it, we both know why I'm here so it's not like I can pretend to be all chaste and innocent, but I hope you also realize that this is NOT something I do on a regular basis... or even an irregular basis for that matter."

Steve didn't have to be told again so now he just stood there and listened. His hand went to his crotch without him even realizing what her as doing and he started to slowly stroke himself, much to the delight of Tammy even though she felt terribly slutty at the same time.

"Look, if you're going to cum because of me then you could at least do it do it right and put it where it belongs... and it wouldn't hurt for me to be awake either."

As Tammy spoke it was like someone else was doing the talking. Was she really saying all this? She was effectively telling him it was to have sex with her. This hadn't been part of the game plan. Yes, she would be committing adultery but it was supposed to be with the only man she had ever cheated with. Tammy loved her husband and had never even considered another man before or since she had sex with my dad. In her mind she had compartmentalized that into something totally unique. To do it again was more less a repeat of a sin she'd already committed but now she was coming close to commit adultery with yet another man - and one that could literally be her son at that!

Steve is pretty sharp and he didn't have to be hit over the head to catch the drift of what Tammy was offering. Indeed, his dick quickly went to full mast at the very thought of it. Before Tammy could think any more about what was about to happen and possibly change her mind, he stepped forward and put his arms around her naked body, pulling her into him until his dick was pressed into her and her breasts were squeezed against his chest.

"I'm gonna fuck you now," he said softly yet firmly in her ear. Tammy didn't respond so he said, "Tell me... tell me you want me to fuck you."

Tammy could feel Steve's raging erection stabbing her as his hands lowered to her ass, grabbing each cheek with one hand and pulling her even harder into him.

"Tell me dammit," he growled this time, "Tell me you want me to fuck you."

Tammy closed her eyes and whatever resolve she had left faded away. "Do it... I want you to do it."

That wasn't going to satisfy Steve. "That's not what I said... tell me you want me to fuck you."

"I want you to... be in me," she said, unable to bring herself to say those words.

"Say it," Steve said louder this time, "If you want me dick in you then you have to beg for it."

"Yes... I want to you to fuck me," Tammy broke down, her entire body now tingling as she wanted that marvelous cock pressing even harder into her deep inside of her. Whatever it took for that to happen she would do.

"Fuck me Steve... I need your dick in my cunt... fuck me... PLEASE fuck me!"

Steve knew when to push and when to take what he had. It made him incredibly horny to see the transformation of this woman right in front of eyes. It was like one minute she was this tame housewife trying to act all cool and nonchalant as she stood naked in front of him. She had been so obviously flustered by her nude scene that it was more amusing than anything but not to see her become this wanton slut as if a switch had just been thrown was almost unnerving.

Grabbing Tammy by the waist, he pulled her up onto the counter top and spread her legs apart. He'd never fucked a woman with this much hair before and for a moment he hesitated. Did he just push through it, push it aside with his fingers, or what? Even when he had fucked my mom she had been rimmed considerably more than Tammy's lush bush.

"Put me in you," he demanded, killing two birds with one stone. Now she could deal with the pubic hair plus her maintained his dominance of the situation.

Tammy lifted her legs which Steve took under his arms and lifted them up. Her hands reached down, the right grabbing Steve's erection while the other spread her pussy apart. She quickly ran a finger up and down her slit and then into her pussy, spreading the wetness to prepare for the intruder about to invade her. She couldn't help but think that when she had sex with her husband she always required considerable foreplay and even then the aid of some form of lubrication before she would even consider letting him try to entre her but now she was as wet as a teenage in heat! Well, it was not much of a mystery considering what she had in her hand was considerably bigger and harder than anything her husband could provide.

Steve just stood there and watched as this wife and mother of two played with her pussy for a few moments and then guided the head of his dick to the wet opening between her legs. She pressed it into her but he didn't push himself in... not yet anyway. Uncertain as to what was going on, she looked up at him and their eyes met.

"Beg for it," Steve said firmly, "Beg for my dick, tell me what a slut you are."

Tammy could feel the pressure of Steve's cock against her pussy, enough to send shivers up her spine yet not quite enough to press her apart enough to enter her. She wanted to scream at him to push it in and get it over with. Her pussy felt like it might explode if he didn't push it in her soon.

"Give me that fat hard dick," she said in a determined voice, "Make me your slut... your fucking slut. Please me like my husband can't... fuck me dammit... FUCK ME!"

Later when she would lay back in bed alone and recall everything that happened, this was perhaps the part that made her feel the most guilty. It wasn't that she cheated on her husband, it wasn't that she was more turned on by this younger man than she had been in longer than she could remember. No, it was saying that her husband didn't please her which really wasn't true. Granted, their sex life was rather predictable and unimaginative but he DID please her and she did enjoy their times together, even though they had slowed to maybe once or twice a month in the past decade or so.

At that Steve didn't say another word but instead thrust his hips forward, driving his rigid dick into Tammy to the hilt in one hard motion. Tammy gasped as suddenly her pussy was filled and she could feel the base of his dick pressing into her crotch, driving her back onto the counter a few inches from the sheer power of Steve's initial push into her.

"Oh god yes... fuck me hard Steve," she gasped, laying her head back with her eyes tightly shut.

She tried to imagine it was her husband fucking her but it was no use, it was Steve fucking her and there was no way she could compare what he was doing to anything that was done to her in the family bed.

Meanwhile, Steve was looking down, watching his cock sliding in and out of Tammy's hairy pussy in a steady rhythm as he fucked her. He thought to himself that this was just the third older woman he had ever fucked, the other two being related to his own wife - her Aunt Linda and her mother. Then he thought again and corrected himself - Tammy was number four as he had fucked his own mother once about twelve years before. For an instant he looked down at Tammy and wondered if this was what it would be like to fuck his own mother today but quickly pushed that thought aside. It was one thing to fuck his wife's mother but not his own.

Having just cum less than thirty minutes earlier, Steve felt lucky to be this hard and even luckier in that he knew he would last longer now than he would have otherwise. Perhaps it had been the right thing to do to cum on her earlier as it just made this time all the better.

Tammy opened her eyes and lifted her head, gazing down to where the younger man was ramming his stiff dick in and out of her. It was almost surreal, as if she was watching someone else as if it was some sort of porn video. Yet there was no denying the incredible sensations she was feeling inside of her that just happened to synchronize with the motion of Steve's dick. She shouldn't be doing this, that much she knew, but she also knew she wanted it... she wanted it BAD.

Back when Mary had first contacted her and proposed the idea that she come to Pittsburgh to celebrate her best friend's husband's birthday her first instinct had been to refuse. Those days, as much as she had enjoyed them at the time, were behind her. She had felt guilty at first about cheating on her husband but then over time the guilt gave way as she rationalized that what she had done was for her best friend more than for herself. It wasn't like she had gone out to a bar and picked up a guy, going to a hotel for adulterous sex. Having done it before, what could be wrong with doing it again with the same man? Again she would be doing it as a favor for her best friend, not for herself.

At least that is how she had rationalized it. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined anyone else joining in - at least not another man. She knew Kelly was married, of course, but Mary had also told her that Steve didn't want to be part of anything involving sex between Kelly and her dad so she hadn't worried about having to deal with Steve being part of anything. She hadn't thought about something like this though.

For the first time in her married life, at least as she defined it, Tammy was committing adultery against her husband. There was no excusing her actions, no rationalizations that could be made. She was letting this guy fuck her only to please herself with no regard for anyone else or to help anyone but herself. This was sex for HER, pure and simple. She might regret it later but at this very moment the only thing she wanted was more of what Steve was giving her. A LOT more!

"Let me ride you," she gasped.

Steve looked up at her and grinned. Pulling out of her, he allowed her legs to drop to the floor. Grabbing her hand, he pulled her into the living room as there was no way he was going to lay on the cold tile floor of the kitchen.

"God I love that dick," Tammy moaned as Steve laid back, grabbing a pillow from the couch for under his head.

With his arms to his side to steady himself, his dick was standing up at a 45 degree angle or so towards his head, almost quivering form being so hard and stiff.

There was no debate as to reverse or normal cowgirl for Tammy as the last thing she wanted was to have her butt in Steve's face. Far better to have her boobs hanging in his face, even if they did sag considerably more than they had back when she was his age. Kneeling down and straddling his waist, she reached between her legs and directed his cock once again inside of her, dropping down and sitting on his crotch as soon as he was in her.

"Feel good in there?" she asked Steve, grinning wide. Steve just smiled and grunted as she rotated her wide hips around, grinding into him and moving his cock within her. This was something she didn't get to do at home. Sex with her husband meant missionary style - and only missionary style. To be on top of Steve, to control the speed and depth of his cock moving inside of her, was a special sensation for her.

Leaning over with her hands on his shoulders, Tammy let her boobs hang down into Steve's face, letting his lick and suck on her nipples as she swayed side to side to drag them over his face. She'd always had larger than average boobs, even as a teen, and as she got older it seemed they got even bigger, albeit less firm.

As Steve toyed with her breasts, Tammy was rocking on Steve's cock, driving it deep inside of he and then lifting up until it was just barely inside of her. A few times she overdid it and it would slip out but Steve would quickly hold it back up under her so she could get it back in her as quickly as possible.

Tammy was getting into it more and more and before long she wanted it differently so to Steve's surprise she lifted herself off of his dick and moved off of him. She got on all fours with her ass facing him, at this point no longer caring what it looked like to him, "

"Fuck me like a dog, Steve," she encouraged him with a wiggle to her big butt, "Put it in me from behind."

Steve grinned as this motherly slut literally was demanding that he fuck her. No longer was she doing it because he insisted on her saying it. Noooooo, now she was saying it because she wanted it which made him all the more horny - if that was possible. Damn, he hadn't had a fuck like this .... well, since never. This was truly a unique situation for him.

Moving in behind her, he pushed aside her ample butt cheeks to expose her wet, now well-fucked pussy. Grabbing his cock by the base, he aimed it and hit the mark, once again sinking deep inside of he before his lower belly ran into her butt.

Tammy had dropped down to her elbows, letting her ass poke up towards Steve to make it easier for him to enter her. She rocked on her elbows as Steve once again took control of the rhythm. This time though, before he had gone on very long the motion began to speed up and become more urgent. Tammy was no virgin and she knew the signs and what was about to happen.

"Cum inside of me Steve," she moaned over her shoulder, "Stay in me... I want it in me."

Steve was fucking her bareback and since they had not talked much at all before this he had no idea where she was in terms of fertility and protection. Oh well, she was asking for it so she must be OK with it so who was he to argue?

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming!" he groaned hoarsely as his dick began to fill Tammy's pussy with his cum. Tammy closed her eyes and focused on nothing but what was happening to her, trying to feel the hot sperm as it was shot into her from Steve's dick. It was hard to feel anything as hot and crazy as she felt but she knew what was happening.

"Damn!" Steve gasped as he pulled out once he had unloaded into her. He just dropped to the living room floor on his back, completely exhausted. Tammy looked at him hungrily, seeing his cock wet with the coating of sperm and her pussy wetness. At this point her husband would roll over and go to sleep while she went to the bathroom to wash up.

Not today.

Turning around while staying on all fours, Tammy moved over and lowered her head to Steve's crotch. The smell of sex overwhelmed her as she took his dick in her mouth and tasted it. It was wonderful! After cleaning him off thoroughly and catching the few remaining drops of cum that she squeezed out of it (she wasn't totally against eating cum, just that she wanted it under HER terms), she sat back on her hip with her legs stretched out, looking at the naked younger man before her.

"Damn, I just let him fuck me!" she exclaimed under her breath, as much in amazement as in disbelief. There was no doubt the time was coming when she would feel guilty about this but not at this moment. No, now she felt more like a woman than she had for years.

*********************

Later that afternoon I returned home and the apartment was as quiet as a library. No sign of Steve or Tammy. Hmmmmmm, where were they?

As it turned out they were both in the bedroom, almost hidden by the covers over them. I gently pulled them back, trying not to wake them. I smiled to myself as I saw they were both naked and Tammy was laying besides my husband with her arm and leg drape over him. I had a pretty good idea of what had happened at some point during the day and I couldn't wait to hear about it!

# 5. A Surprise Show For My Dad

My dad would be home from work no later than 7:00 so I wanted to be there at least a half hour ahead of time which meant leaving home by 6:15 at the very latest assuming he typical south side traffic cooperated for once. My dad knew it was his birthday and a such we would be doing SOMETHING for him as we always did. The key was that this year would be something special ad hopefully he admit a clue. My dad's pretty sharp so even a playful hint or two was all it would take to alert him.

By now the pair that had previously been in my bed had showered and were dressed. Steve was the first to join me as I waited in the kitchen rather impatiently. He was wearing a new pair of jeans and a long-sleeved flannel shirt together with a grin from ear to ear. Talk about the proverbial cat who just ate the canary!

"I'm guessing you had a good time today while I was slaving away in class," I teased him.

"What can I say?" Steve replied, shrugging his broad shoulders and his lifting his hands, "Besides, apparently I wasn't the first one to take advantage of the opportunity."

I couldn't help but grin a that and said, "Sorry, I suppose you would have want to watch."

"Ya think? Steve answered, feigning exasperation, "When have I EVER passed on watching you with another girl?"

He leaned over to kiss me, fondling my boobs in the process. I was still wearing my long dress from school but the offending (though mandatory) bra had long since been consigned to the laundry basket. I loved it when he just grabbed for them whenever he could, especially when we were somewhere that Miss Manners wouldn't necessarily approve of his boldness.

"Careful there my horny husband, I don't have time for another shower."

"Yes, he is one horny SOB, isn't he?" I heard as Tammy entered the kitchen. She was dressed no with her hair and makeup in place, looking incredibly sexy in a tight white blouse that was just sheer enough to show off the black bra underneath. A pair of black slacks kept things casual but the heels kept it from being TOO casual.

"Well I'm glad my husband satisfied you, at least I assume he did."

Tammy moved over to Steve and playfully patted him on the crotch. The message couldn't be any clearer.

It was time to get moving so I grabbed my dad's birthday card and we put on our coats and headed out to my car. Tammy went for the back seat but Steve insisted that she sit up front with me. The traffic was heavy but no more than usual so in less than twenty minutes we were at my dad's house. Technically I guess it was mine as well given I'd lived there from the time I was born but now that I was married and on my own so I referred to it as his.

There was no need to hide the car as my dad would be expecting me to be there so I pulled over to the side at the bottom of the driveway by the garage. We entered through the garage side door and made our way through the basement and then up the creaky stairs to the first floor where my Aunt Linda was waiting.

"He just called," she said excitedly as soon as we shut the door behind us, "He'll be here in ten minutes... max."

According to our well-laid plans, we were to go to dinner and then return home where he would be surprised by Tammy. It was tempting to just dump then entire idea and have her greet him at the door but at the same time I'd looked so forward to surprising him later that I fought back the impulsiveness and we hustled Tammy off to my bedroom. Even though it was right next to his bedroom, it was also probably the one room in the house I could count on him NOT going into while preparing for dinner.

The three of us left Tammy and took a seat at the kitchen table just in time as my dad drove down the driveway and into the garage. A few minutes later he followed our footsteps upstairs and opened the door leading into the hallway between the kitchen and the front entrance.

"Happy Birthday Daddy!" I got up and greeted up with a big hug and then a sloppy kiss on the lips.

"Hey baby," he said to me when he was finally able to separate himself from my lip lock, "So you remembered."

I just rolled my eyes at that and then Steve shook his hand and wished him happy birthday followed by my aunt who hugged and gave him a kiss of her own.

"So daddy, get ready, we have to be at the restaurant in 45 minutes," I said, pushing him apart from my aunt who seemed to be trying to see how long she could kiss him without coming up for air.

With a grin he hustle upstairs and soon we could hear the shower running. One thing about a house that was almost 100 years old - not a lot of sound deadening in the construction.

It was only another ten minutes or so and he was back. Men have it so lucky when it comes to getting ready to go out - no makeup, easy hair, and no hard decisions about what to wear. He had on his customary suit and tie, one of what had to be more than a dozen in his closet.

We took my dad's SUV with my Aunt Linda in front and me and Steve in the back. Dinner was relatively uneventful at one of the classier restaurants overlooking the city. What made it fun was watching my dad. Throughout the meal he tried to act nonchalant but I could tell he was waiting for something "special". What I would dream up he had no clue but he seemed fairly certain that at some point in dinner either my aunt or me would do something crazy for his birthday.

Little did my dad know that it was all part of the plan. Had I done something like give him a hand-job under the table or fucked him in the men's room I'm sure he wouldn't have objected but what would be the surprise in that? At one point or another I'd done just about everything imaginable with him in a restaurant Well, that is except to do NOTHING.

By the time the check arrived it was becoming apparent to my dad that indeed, nothing was going to happen, not even a flash for the waiter (which wouldn't have been difficult given the way he kept looking down my aunt's dress when he poured the wine). He didn't say anything but I couldn't help but feel a little guilty in that I had disappointed him - at least for now. Yes, I knew he would soon realize the truth but for the moment I wondered if I was doing the right thing.

The trip home was relatively quiet. I was afraid that if I said anything the excitement building in me would come through in my voice. Steve, seeing me keeping my mouth shut followed my lead. Up in the front seat my aunt was talking about the dinner and the inadequacy of one of the waiters but other than that the conversations were rather restrained. My dad seemed to be sulking. For a guy his age you would think he would not be acting like some spurned teenager but there you go. It just goes to show that when it comes to sex, men never grow up!

*******************

I was ready to burst by the time we arrived back at my dad's home. We had talked with Tammy about how she should appear to my dad when he first saw here and there were a number of possibilities. The ideas ranged from simply sitting at the table in her customary conservative "soccer mom" attire to standing in the doorway naked with a rose in her teeth. Neither of THOSE ideas, of course, had been chosen but that left a pretty broad range in between.

So what was awaiting us? Actually we hadn't settled on any single idea but rather came to the conclusion that it was best left to Tammy based on how she was feeling after being alone in the house for a couple of hours while the rest of us were all out to dinner.

The first hint that our plans were out the window came as we drove down the driveway. Lo and behold, there was Kristen's car.

We had asked her long before if she had wanted to be part of my dad's birthday surprise but she claimed to have "other arrangements". What those could possibly be that could be so important that she would miss my dad's birthday, especially with the surprise we had planned for him, I had no idea. Lately I'd been suspicious of some of her activities. Since I'd moved out to live with my husband she was out at times when I tried to see her and her excuses were becoming more and more difficult to believe. There was only one reason why I could imagine she would be keeping secrets from me - she was back whoring herself again. She knew how I felt about her going back to her old "profession" but then I knew she had loved the excitement and the money.

Well, it appeared that she had changed her mind and showed up anyway. That threw in a whole new set of possibilities. When had she arrived? What had she concocted with Tammy in the meantime?

It didn't take long to find out. No sooner than we had walked into the basement family room than out popped Kristen wearing her birthday suit and by that I mean, the suit she was born in. The only thing she was wearing was a grin and black high heels. I had to admit, she looked incredible!

"Happy birthday Uncle John!" she greeted him with one hand on her hip and the other playing with her hair as she took on her best "fuck me" pose.

My dad turned back to look at her mom and me. He shook his head and pointed his finger at us accusingly.

"Ahhhhhh, so THIS is what you've had up your sleeves all night. You guys really had me going there."

Little did he know that neither of us had a clue Kristen would be here. What we WERE wondering was... where was Tammy?

Kristen reached out her hand to my dad and when he took it, she pulled him towards the stairs.

"C'mon Uncle John, I've got something you might want to watch," she said in a sultry tone. It was no wonder she had made such a great career as a high-end prostitute (and maybe was once again), the girl really knew how to work it.

As we followed my aunt and I exchanged glances. Neither of us knew what was going on. I wondered if she had caught what Kristen had said. The girl hadn't invited my dad to bed or offered to SHOW him something. No, she had distinctly said there was something for him to WATCH.

Poor Steve just tagged along at the end of the procession. I knew he wasn't all that thrilled about what I had planned to be doing with my dad. What I mean is he wasn't too happy about participating. He most likely would have been more than happy to have stayed home but for two reasons. Once, he had to come as my new husband or my dad would have been suspicious as he knew Steve didn't want to be part of anything between me and my dad. Then there was my promise that my aunt would take care of him while Tammy and I attended to my dad. He would never turn down any opportunity to be with his favorite older woman!

As we made it to the first floor and headed up the stairs to the second, I started to conjure up the most likely scenario. There really cold be only one possibility considering the broad hint Kristen had dropped. She and Tammy must have worked out something between them, most likely a girl-girl scene just for my dad's enjoyment. Like what guy doesn't love to see two women having sex? For that matter, what woman doesn't?

Sure enough, I heard my dad gasp as he followed Kristen's bare ass up the stairs. Then he clapped his hands and turned back to my aunt who was right behind him.

"Nice.... VERY nice... I would have NEVER guessed."

I wanted to see that he wasn't the only one but by then we were in the bedroom and sure enough, there was Tammy waiting on the bed. Knowing Tammy as I did, I would have expected her to be wearing a sexy negligee but instead she was almost naked with the exception of a bra and heels. The bra was one of those lace push-ups you see advertised at Victoria Secret and the heels looked perfect for bed as I couldn't even imagine trying to walk in them with the heels being at least six inches and so narrow they would poke a hole in most floors.

Tammy was laying on her side with her arm supporting her head, the bottom leg stretched out and her upper leg raised with her foot on her other knee which gave a blatant view of one the biggest surprise of the evening - she was shaved!

Well, not quite but it was trimmed down to about nothing. Actually that was probably a pretty good idea as I could only imagine how irritated her skin would be to shave it now after all these years.

"Whoa!" I heard escape from Steve behind me. I turned to look at him and saw his eyes were fixated on the older woman in the bed, even though Kristen was standing at the end of the bed stark naked without the benefit of even a bra.

My turned to me and Aunt Linda and smiled. "Alright, so whose idea was this?"

Aunt Linda stepped back and put out her hand upward in my direction as if she was introducing me. "It was all Kelly... with a little help from your ex just so you know."

"Soooooo...." my dad said as he released his breath finally.

"Just have a seat and enjoy the show Uncle John," Kristen answered for us. The room was lit with maybe a dozen candles so even with the overhead light out the room was well lit. My dad took the seat of honor - the only chair in the room for that matter while my aunt leaned against the dresser and I backed into Steve as he rested against the wall by the open door.

If there was any doubt my cousin is a "pro" (not there was any), it was dispelled over the next half hour or so. It was one of the most sexual, erotic, mesmerizing and downright HOT display of two women having sex that I've EVER seen. There was nothing titillating or naughty about it, like when I have watched my aunt and cousin with younger girls. This was sex between two consenting ADULTS that was everything you think about when you think of lesbian sex.

It started with Kristen taking the lead - not much of a surprise there. Laying in the bed alongside Tammy, she gently pressed the older woman onto her back and then leaned over her and kissed her. As the kiss intensified, Kristen lifted one leg and draped in over Tammy's, pressing her crotch into Tammy's hip bone with a definite push.

As they kissed they each were running their hands over the other's body. While both paid ample attention to the other's breasts, for the moment they both steered clear of their crotches. Oh they came close - so close as to tease their audience. Like Kristen would reach down and put her hand on Tammy's knee and the slowly work her hand up her thigh, moving in and out and then along the inner regions until she was within a fraction of an inch of Tammy's pussy but then would veer off and move to her hip or upwards towards her belly and then further up to her boobs.

Kristen lifted her head and then turned to check that we were all watching - as if it were possible NOT to stare at them both. With a slight grin she turned back to Tammy and began to lick and suck on her nipples. Pulling on them gently with her teeth, she would stretch them out and then let them snap back into place after which she would quickly begin sucking on it again.

After a while it was Tammy's turn as Kristen laid on her back and let Tammy return the favor. Tammy wouldn't look in our direction but she had to know all three of us were mesmerized.

Meanwhile none of us said a word or hardly even moved except to shift our weight. My dad was leaning forward in his chair with his elbows on his knees while supporting his chin with one hand. I could feel Steve's breathing quicken behind me and so I reached behind me and pressed my hands against the front of his pants. Mmmmmmm, he was hard as a rock!

Through some unspoken signal they simultaneously pulled apart and the moment we'd all been waiting for arrived. Tammy, being older and a little heavier, took the bottom while Kristen went on top and they began to 69. Neither of them hesitated for a moment before they plunged their faces into the other's pussy and nosily began to lap and suck.

Not for the first time I wondered how much they had "practiced" while we were out to dinner. So far as I knew, Tammy and Kristen had never had sex before when she had visited and they seemed all too comfortable which other for this to be the first time. Well, maybe for Kristen it wasn't a big deal but I couldn't see Tammy just diving into a girl's pussy the way she did without having done it before - even if by "before" it was only an hour or so ago.

Under any other circumstance I couldn't imagine just sitting here and watching them without jumping in myself but this was for my dad so somehow I found the willpower. When it comes to voyeurism, I like to be the one who is watched, not doing the watching myself.

Tammy was the first to cum and she dropped her head back into the pillow from Kristen's wet pussy as she moaned and cried out as Kristen's tongue drove her crazy with pleasure. Kristen was poking two fingers into Tammy as she licked and sucked on her clit, not showing any mercy as Tammy actually begged her to stop. She might THINK she needed to stop but Kristen wasn't buying it. Tammy's hips began to thrust up, almost throwing Kristen off balance with the force. It was like she was being fucked by it was Kristen's fingers in her, not some guy's dick.

My hands were rubbing Steve's erection and I could feel him squirming behind me. "Hot, aren't they?" I whispered over my shoulder to him. He just nodded, probably not trusting his voice.

As Tammy laid there gasping, Kristen lifted up her head and saucily liked Tammy's wetness from her mouth. Looking over at me and Steve, her eyes focused on Steve.

"God I need to cum... can you make me cum Steve?"

I took this to mean the show was over. The guys were both hard as pipe now so mission accomplished so far as Tammy and Kristen were concerned. My aunt stepped forward and moved over to me and Steve, gently but firmly separating us.

"Let's go to Kelly's room," she said to Steve as Kristen appeared at her side. The two of them each took and arm and disappeared around the corner, leaving me and Tammy with my dad. Once more I was amazed at my aunt's intuitiveness. She knew full well that Steve wouldn't want to stay to watch my dad and me with Tammy so she took care of him in a way few guys ever get to experience - a mom and daughter threesome.

## 6. My Dad Finally Gets His "Present"

For a moment the room was silent as Tammy recovered from her intense orgasm and turned on her side once more. She looked at me and smiled, then nodded towards my dad. I looked and saw that he was standing now, his erection obvious as it pushed out against the dress pants he was wearing.

"Well, what do you think of your birthday present daddy?"

My dad reached for me and kissed me briefly and then looked over at Tammy again. "I can't believe they got you to come out here for this."

Tammy shrugged and smiled back, rolling her eyes slightly. "Trust me John, I can hardly believe it either."

My dad, ever the gentlemen, help unzip my dress in back and slip it off. He nodded in approval as he saw I was sans a bra but wearing a sexy thong. Usually when I was with him like this it was the opposite - missing panties but with a bra or something else on top, or else I was totally nude.

"You know, you good in a thong baby," he complimented me. Well, it WAS his birthday so of course I would wear what turned him on, no matter how uncomfortable it may be.

Without another word my dad stripped down and both Tammy and I couldn't help but fixate on the raging erection between his legs. Yeah, he was ready alright!

"Why don't you lay down daddy?" I offered. I knew he loved me to call him "daddy" when we had sex, even though normally he was "dad".

I stripped off the thong, removed my heels and got up on the bed beside him. Tammy sat up, reached behind her back to unhook her bra and removed it along with her heels as well. The two of us lay on each side of him with our heads in position over his dick. For the next ten minutes (I'm guessing here, not like we had a time clock going) we took turns worshiping my father's cock. Tammy wasn't able to take him all the way in as I could but then I would have to say that I was pretty certain I had a LOT more experience under my belt when it came to sucking dicks.

Tammy was the first to feel his dick in her, I made sure of that. With him still on his back she straddled him and sat up straight as I guided my father's cock into her almost bare pussy. She moaned loudly as first the head worked its way ion and then inch by inch the rest of his stiff shaft disappeared inside of her as she dropped down on him.

"Oh God Tammy... your pussy feels so damn good!" my dad sighed as she started to rock on his cock, working her hips in a circular motion around the dick that had her pinned in place like a butterfly in a collection.

Tammy leaned forward until her breasts were pressing against my dad's hairy chest and then they kissed passionately as he worked his cock in her pussy. I played with my dad's balls as I watched him appear and then disappear.

"Oh John... I want you to fuck me... fuck me John... please fuck me."

Tammy may have started out on top but that was evidently just to get him in her to start. I knew from her past visits that in her heart she was a missionary woman though. My dad did as well and took the hint and they rolled over in bed until he was on top - his dick staying her during the entire move. Once they were in position he began pumping in and out of her.

"That's it John... this is what I wanted!"

My dad got up on his knees, pulling Tammy's legs yup and over his shoulders as he grabbed her ass with both hands and humped her. That left her boobs exposed which I took full advantage of, leaning over her to suck on them. As I did, I reached with my hand down to her crotch, feeling my dad's dick with my fingertips as it moved in and out of her.

"Oh god... like that!" she groaned. I wasn't sure if she was referring to the way I was now tickling her clit or how my dad was thrusting himself as deeply into her as possible but I doubted she meant for either of us to stop. Indeed, within minutes she was cumming again.

By now I was so horny I was ready to scream. I guess I COULD have laid back and masturbated but that just seemed silly with my dad's hard dick right there in front of me. Once it seemed Tammy was about done I patted my dad's hairy butt and looked him in the eyes.

"My turn daddy," was all I had to say. Pulling out of Tammy, he moved over to me and pulled my legs up by the ankles until my butt was on his thighs as he kneeled between my legs. I reached down and positioned his dick until lit was right at the entrance to my waiting wet pussy.

"Push daddy," I told him as if he needed any instruction on fucking me. Over the past ten years he'd fucked me far more than any other guy – even my husband (but that's only because he had a nine year head start). If there was one man in the universe who knew how to fuck me well, it was my dad.

"Damn," I heard Tammy say under her breath as my dad began to pump his dick in me like a wildcat oil well. I turned my head to see her sitting up with her legs under her. "Sorry, it's just sometimes I can't get over what the two of you do." Indeed, when Tammy had first learned that my parents were involved in incest I thought she was going to run for the airport. She simply couldn't believe my dad had sex with me – not to mention a couple of my cousins and my mom's own sister. Even when she grew accustomed to the idea and we would discuss incest in more general manner, she wouldn't even consider discussing her sons in any form of sexual manner.

Sometimes it's best to say nothing so I just grinned and enjoyed my dad's dick in me. While I enjoy missionary, I prefer it more as the closing act when the man came in me. There is more of a submissive feeling to have the man dominating you which went along with the act of his mating me that just made the position seem more natural than any other.

As such, when I pushed my dad off of me just a bit, he got the message and pulled out, waiting to see what I would want next. It wasn't hard to figure out as I got on all fours facing Tammy after which he quickly moved in behind me and resumed fucking me.

"Let me lick you," I said to her as softly as I could under the circumstances. Tammy seemed unsure what I was saying but then she seemed to get the message. Scooting up towards me, she put her legs to either side of me and even pushed one of the pillows under her butt to make it easier for me.

God she tasted good!

As horny as my dad was I was surprised he lasted as long as he did but before long the telltale signs began to emerge - the gasps, the faster motion, the harder the thrusts. As much as I wanted him to cum in me, this was his birthday and I hadn't arranged for his "present" just to let the opportunity to pass him by. I could have his cum almost any time I wanted it but a chance to mate with Tammy didn't come along very often.

Lifting my head from Tammy's pussy, I moved forward to let my dad's dick flop out of me. For a moment the empty sensation in my pussy overwhelmed me and I almost said the heck with it and put him back in but seeing Tammy's nude body in front of me I resisted the temptation.

"In her daddy," I said as he looked at me as if uncertain what I was trying to do, "I want you to cum in Tammy."

For a moment I thought maybe Tammy was going to say something. It was one thing to be nude for a man, another to suck him and yet another to let him penetrate you with his dick. Yet all that paled in comparison to letting him cum inside of you. Allowing a man to literally mate you was gather most submissive and intimate act a woman can share with a man. Regardless of whether there is any chance of pregnancy (and Tammy had confirmed she was on the pill) you were still being mated. I knew Tammy's views on adultery and there was no greater sin than to allow a man other than her husband to release his sperm within her.

Well, it didn't matter what she was about to say because my dad was not to be denied. He was so close to cumming, maybe even in the act as it was, that he literally threw Tammy back against the pillows at the head of the bed and pushed himself inside of her as quickly as he could without another word to her. Almost instantly he groaned and I saw his ass clenching as he began to spew his sperm inside of her.

How Tammy may have felt earlier no longer mattered. She was so far gone now after two orgasms and repeated sex that all she seemed to care about was the organ inside of her and the sperm she was allowing to be shot inside of her. Her legs wrapped around my dad and pulled him into her, as if she was trying to pull his dick even deeper inside of her to drive his cum even further in her.

"Oh yes fuck me John... fuck me... fuck me," she kept repeating over and over like she was saying a liturgy.

Finally my dad collapsed but he managed to fall to the side of her so as to keep his weight from smothering her. As he did his cum-covered cock emerged. I didn't hesitate. Moving in between her legs, I put my face u against her pussy and pushed my tongue into her, trying to get as much of my dad's cum from her as I could.

God she smelled so strong of sex! It was like sensory overload as I licked and tasted her as my dad's cum began to emerge from within her. My dad may have been through but Tammy wasn't. I felt her hands on my head as she pushed me tighter into her crotch and then finally orgasm number three hit her.

Tammy turned, her eyes tightly shut as she reached down to her crotch and palmed it, rubbing it with her hand. My dad turned towards her and put his arms around her, pulling her head to his shoulder as he fondled her butt with one hand and played with her hair with the other.

While a threesome can be fun - as was just proven, the old "two's company but three's a crowd" eventually applies. It was time of me to make my exit and leave the two of them alone. It seemed they were both finished for the night anyway.

Checking out my own bedroom, I saw a somewhat similar sight. There was my husband arm in arm with my aunt in the middle of my bead. Steve looked to be sleeping while my aunt was fading in and out. Kristen was sitting on the edge of the bed and she laughed softly as I entered.

"So you were odd man out too I see."

I smiled wryly as that was probably a good way of looking at it. Kristen stood up and came over to me. Putting her hand between my legs, she pushed a finger up into me and I jumped slightly at the sensation.

"What do you say we young'uns go downstairs and have some fun?" We did.

# 2012

## (Feb 03) Chapter 241: Flirty Mother-In-Law

Story codes: MF pett voy
Me (26)
Steve - my husband (28)
Marlene - Steve's mother (57)

It seems everyone asks me about goes on between my husband and his mother. It's as if people expect that just because someone has sex with her father that it means her husband must also be having sex with his mother. That's just ridiculous. True, they DID do something ONCE, but that was a really long time ago. Besides, what happened almost fourteen years ago doesn't mean a whole lot now. Or does it?

### 1. Past or Present?

Back in the summer when I was just fourteen and eagerly waiting for my first year of high school to begin, I would've been hard-pressed to imagine myself today. That's not surprising though, is it? Really, what adult can say they're doing today is anything like what they thought they'd be doing back when they were fresh out of middle school?

Perhaps what's surprising is how many things ARE what I'd hoped they'd be...

First and foremost, just as I had hoped for I'm now happily married to the man of my dreams. Sure it took a few years longer than what I might have figured, but better that then to rush into something that you later regret. Besides, in this day and age being 27 no longer qualifies you for old-maid status. While the two darling kids and cute house in the suburbs with a large porch and classic white picket fence haven't come about yet, I haven't lost hope. Second, I'm engaged in the career I've always wanted - teaching. It's what I've wanted to do for as long as I remember. While some girls posed in the mirror imaging walking down the runway and others dreamed of being a nurse or even a queen, I was the one giving lessons to my dolls. OK, so maybe I'm not working in the more prestigious public school system where I thought I'd be, making the big bucks with tenure and full benefits. Instead I'm blessed with a class of wonderful kids who love their teacher in a healthy learning environment supported by parents. That's not doing too shabby if I say so myself.

Finally, I have my family and friends and still am fortunate enough to live in the city I love. Admittedly I never imagined back then that my parents would be divorced, but at least they're still on talking terms and I get to see them both regularly. Unfortunately I don't see my mom nearly enough but with the wonders of modern technology it's not like we aren't in touch almost daily.

Starting my fourteenth summer I was still a virgin - much to my chagrin. It's hard to even imagine being a virgin now after having had sex with hundreds of men (and plenty of women) since then. A skinny young teen with boobs barely out of their training bra, I was totally self-conscious when I compared myself with my friends who all seemed to be so much more developed than me by then.

The idea that I would eventually surpass them and become the undisputed class slut, doing some of the crazy things that I've done, was not something I could even imagine. At the time the closest thing I'd come to having sex was masturbating with my friends while we talked about the hot boys in the neighborhood. Even then we never touched each other except maybe to tease someone.

One of the boys responsible for more rubbing than any of the others was the brother of one of my friends. Steve was sixteen at the time, about to become a junior which made him appear so old and mature to a bunch of newly minted freshman girls. Steve had quite the reputation for being a lady's man and all of us would swoon if he so much as passed through the room - his sister Sharon included.

To say that Steve didn't pay any of us a lick of attention would've been an understatement of gigantic proportions. Not that anyone could blame him. I mean, why should he care about a bunch of young immature girls with no sexual experience when he could have the entire varsity cheerleading squad (a collection of sluts if there ever was one) if he wanted - and apparently did if any of the rumors were even half true.

So when Steve asked me out after a weekend campout at their family camping club with me and a number of Sharon's other friends, you can imagine how thrilled I was. Well, maybe you can't because I was out of my mind with joy and excitement. I'd never even been on a real single date yet and here the most sought after boy in school was asking me out! Me, probably one of the least sexy and most immature girls entering high school that year - at least that was how I saw myself. High self-esteem was certainly not one of my better attributes at age.

I never would have dreamed (well, I DID dream but never really expected anything) that he would ask me, not when there were other girls like my best friend Beth who was already into a C cup and well on her way to an eventual D cup who would have done anything to get him to ask them out - and I do mean anything.

Other than a my dad's porn collection, I'd never seen a boy's hard dick other than the little kids I'd babysat (Not a turn-on for me). Of course there was my dad's but that didn't count as he was... well he was my DAD and who gets turned on by their parents' nakedness? After all, isn't that the stuff of most kids' "yuckiest" thoughts - their parents having sex?

Fortunately my mom had already had "the talk" with me long before and a number of follow-ups since then which eventually included a number of tips and hints on what do. Still, it's a big leap from talking about stroking dicks and actually having your fingers wrapped around one.

Do I even have to say that the LAST thing I was going to allow to happen was for Steve to go home after our first date and tell all his friends how I was afraid to do anything. What could be more embarrassing than to have the sexiest boy in class label you a prude? So when Steve made it clear to me that he wanted me to suck his dick, I did and without a moment's hesitation (or at least that he knew about). Not even the fact that we were in the middle of a darkened movie theater could deter me.

Nope, I was going to prove to him I could be as good to him as any of those older girls. I even swallowed the first time he came in my mouth although I have to admit it was more because I didn't know he was about to do it than any conscious decision on my part.

It wasn't long after our first date that I willingly gave Steve my virginity. When I say willingly, I mean like he could probably have had it on our first date if he'd only asked! Once that dam (or should I say hymen) was broken, it seemed like we were doing it all the time, taking advantage of every chance we had. Thankfully my mom was just as excited as I was about my new adventures and so there was no problem getting on the pill right away. All she asked in return was for me to tell her about everything as soon as I got home - in all the detail I could.

photos? (It's all in another diary entr[9] if you want the gory details.) As things turned out I couldn't have been more wrong. Instead, it turned out to be my first introduction to incest.

Yes, believe it or not that's exactly what happened. I know it sounds like some fantasy and I was as dumbstruck as anyone, but it happened and that was that. As I said before, the details are in another diary entry but in short Steve would up fucking his own mother right in front of me. I don't know who was more shocked of the three of us. I got the feeling it was something spontaneous on her part rather than anything pre-conceived. It was like the stars aligned for that moment and something that nobody could have ever predicted actually happened.

Of the three of us, Steve seemed the least concerned or surprised. I suppose it was that teenage boy horniness thing I mentioned. Put a pussy in front of him and he's gonna fuck it - no matter who's it is. Steve certainly had never made any mention prior to this about being horny for his mom. His own sister flirted with him shamelessly and he just ignored her so who would have ever thought he had any such feelings for his mother who'd never done anything to indicate she had such desires?

As for me, I was flat-out amazed and dumbstruck at the sight of a teenage boy fucking his own mother who was more than twice his age. Oh sure incest was a major theme in a lot of my dad's porn collection but that was just porn which we all know has nothing to do with reality. Anything else I'd ever heard about incest was relegated what I read or heard in the news and that was always something about a perverted father or uncle forcing himself on a poor daughter or niece. In other words, child abuse. Well, trust me... what Steve's mom did with her son was anything but child abuse!

As for me and my dad, at home I was comfortable being naked with my parents and even occasionally masturbating around them but there was never anything overtly sexual about it - at least in terms of anything indicating that they were interested in anything as sordid as incest. So you can imagine what a shock it was to me when Steve came inside his own mother's pussy, and right in front of his girlfriend at that!

When it was over, it was over. Steve never talked to me about or wanted to even bring up the subject again. Steve's mom went on treating me just as she always had - as Steve's girlfriend and Sharon's friend, without so much as a wink or a smile to indicate that such an incredible thing had ever happened. It was like everyone was pretending it never happened.

---

[9] Likely 1999 (Oct 05) Chapter 8: My Boyfriend's Mom Joins In

To the best of my knowledge, it never DID happen again. It was just one of those things where the stars aligned and people did something they might never have ever done and likely would never do again.

Who knows what might have happened between Steve and I had we been allowed to continue our relationship. I knew I was totally in love and was convinced that I was going to marry him. My mother tried to counsel me that I was just fourteen and that a girl's first crush didn't usually lead to the altar but I was blinded by my love for Steve - and mu lust for his dick. He was the only boy to fuck me while we were dating, except for his younger brother who did me one time when I was teasing him but I didn't count that as I did it more to show him what he couldn't have than anything else.

Alas, it was not to be. Steve's mom was transferred to California a few months later which effectively ended our relationship, at least for another twelve years. Even if there had been things like Skype and FaceBook then I doubt it would have changed anything since looking back I realize now that our relationship was as much about the physical as it was the mental. Steve and I didn't go out for a night of titillating discussion - we went out to have sex!

Steve wasn't around two years later when I started having sex with my father except in my case it was totally different than what Steve did with his mother that one time. For them it was one time fling brought on by a perfect combination of lust and opportunity. For us it became a lifestyle change which permanently altered my relationship with my father and mother. I find it interesting to say the least that Steve and his mom were the first to have incest but in the end it was me and my dad who were doing it long-term while Steve and his mother never did anything again.

# 2. Back With Steve Again

It was more than ten years after they left Pittsburgh when Steve's mom was transferred back to the 'burgh again. Sharon and Jim, Steve's younger siblings, chose to remain behind. The real reason for that was something I wouldn't find about until shortly before I married Steve. Either way it wasn't something either Steve or his mom cared to talk about.

As for Steve, he decided to move back and live with his mom, just as he had the whole time they lived in California. He'd just finished his paramedic training and there were supposed to be more job opportunities in Pittsburgh. I like to think he also was thinking of me when he made the decision to move back.

During those ten years we'd seen each other only once – at his wedding of all places! Seeing how I was the first girl he had sex with AFTER he said his vows, it wasn't much of a surprise when the thing was annulled a couple of months later. Even so the long distance between us prevented anything more from happening even when we ignited that spark for that one special evening.

In the mean time we both went through a series of unsatisfactory relationships. At one point I even thought I'd found the man of my dreams but like Steve, that turned out to be a dud. I was at least fortunate enough to find out before I married the jerk although there were some serious repercussions that took me years to deal with.

As I said earlier, while Steve's sister and brother remained in California he moved in with his mom to save on rent. It didn't take long for him to find me in church one morning and the rest, shall we say, was destiny. For a while we went through the ritual of dating while still seeing others but I in my heart I knew from the very first moment I saw him again what I wanted. The feeling was mutual and a little more than a year later we said our vows.

Along the way I got to know my future (and now current) mother-in-law better and more about her rather peculiar relationship with her son. To say it was "different" would not be doing it justice. From the start my eyebrows were raised and I was a bit embarrassed and confused. Whatever it was between the two of them was more than what you typically saw between mother and son, especially one who was 27 years old. For instance, when we would arrive at their place the two of them would hug and kiss and I don't mean just a peck on the cheek. Rather it was a full on-the-lips lingering kiss. As they hugged his hand would rip her ass and she wasn't shy about letting hers wander as well.

Although I never once saw her naked or anything like that, it wasn't unusual for Marlene to be in nothing but a short robe or a t-shirt and panties. Face it, she wasn't twenty-something anymore so she didn't wear anything too creepy but it was definitely not like anything when I would visit the mothers of any other guy I'd dated in the past.

When we reunited I didn't tell Steve anything about the relationship that had developed between me and my father since our teenage dating days. I'd learned my lesson earlier about not telling someone about such things after what happened to me when I told my secrets to a guy I thought was going to ask me to marry him. Talk about a disaster! And I didn't even get to the "juicy" stuff!

I certainly never did anything with my father in front of anyone, even Steve. Certainly nothing similar to what he did with his mother. It wasn't until we'd been dating well over a year and I knew a proposal was imminent that I finally told Steve and even then he didn't believe me until I proved it to him.

Knowing what had happened when we were younger and then seeing how close Steve was with his mother, I couldn't help but think that maybe they had developed an incestual relationship of their own and just didn't want to tell me for some reason. To tell the truth, I was HOPING they did because then it would make it much easier for me to open up to him about mine.

Well, THAT didn't work out. One time when we were out and having sex I tried to hint at there may be being something sexual between him and his mother and his reaction was a quick as it was explosive. It was like I had accused him of having sex with an animal or something else similarly repulsive to him.

Things got so out of hand that I was afraid for a while that we might even break up over it but things finally cooled down. One thing was clear to me then. No matter how touchy feely they might be, it was just their way of behaving with each other and there nothing sexual between them whatsoever.

I suppose to be fair such a relationship isn't as unusual as you might think. In the past year or so I've been involved in several situations where fathers would have sex with other daughters while watching their own daughter being fucked by other men, yet never fucking their own daughter. At first I assumed it was just for show to somehow rationalize what they were doing with other young girls while maintaining an "innocent" relationship with their own daughters. Of course at home I figured that all went out the window.

Over time as I got to know more such families I found that indeed, that's how it was. Of course that was with men and young daughters, not women and their late-twenties sons but I suppose the same principles could apply. I knew Marlene wasn't a prude and that she dated regularly, often with much younger men so why should I question that she drew the line with her own son at home?

There was one other thing that I had to adjust to when it came to Steve's mom. It soon became clear that not only was she OK with us having sex, she practically insisted we do it when she was home. She declared that we weren't teenagers anymore and that as adults we should all behave as adults and that sex wasn't something we should worry about hiding from her.

Again, if I was being fair it was no different than those men I mentioned who loved watching their own daughters having sex so why should a women be denied the same pleasure when it came to her son? Even my own mother loved to watch my dad fuck me but the difference was that sometimes she joined in!

It was one thing for us to do it when Steve's mom was home, but you can imagine my reaction one night when right in the middle of us having sex Marlene stepped into the bedroom and just stood there staring us without saying a word. Steve saw her but he just ignored her and for a moment I had a flashback to that day in the basement when his mom surprised us and guess what, his reaction was exactly the same - he just kept fucking me!

Unlike the last time, this time I wasn't about to just act like everything was normal. Like, SOMEONE had to say something so I pushed Steve away and sat up in bed, not bothering to cover myself as I wasn't like there was anything she hadn't seen already.

"OK, what the hell is going on?" I said, forcing the words out one by one as I gasped to catch my breath.

"Just ignore her baby," Steve insisted as he tried to mount me again, "It doesn't bother me and it's not like you usually mind being watched."

Yeah, like this was no different than being at some party or something. Nope, I wasn't about to accept that. Meanwhile, Marlene just stood there like a statue, not uttering a single word but she did have this rather amused look on her face as if she was enjoying the situation.

"But Steve... it's your mother for God's sake!"

Steve just shrugged asking "And that bothers you?"

My eyes rolled melodramatically as I huffed in response, "Of course not but shouldn't it bother YOU? I thought you said there was nothing going on between you guys like that?"

Now THAT was enough to illicit a response from his mother. She waved her hands in front of her and shook her head.

"Whoa now, be careful. Steve told me that it would be OK to watch. That's it - nothing more!"

Now I was totally confused. I looked at Steve accusingly and said, "You told her it was OK to watch us? Really?"

Steve shrugged. "I don't know. We were talking about you and me and the subject came up and I just thought she might appreciate it seeing how we were doing it when she was home and having to listen to us anyway."

This was starting to become surreal. Sure back when I was younger my dad would peak in now and then to check on me when I brought a boy home but that was just his way of making sure that everything was OK. If anything it gave me a sense of security knowing my dad was right outside my bedroom door just in case anything got out of hand.

This was different. Steve and his mom both insisted there was nothing sexual between them yet they both were Ok with her watching the two of us doing it. Well, I have always loved being watched so I finally just figured the heck with it and let things go without any more debate.

Since then I've become accustomed to our "guest" whenever I'm at Steve's mom's place. After all this time it has remained the same - she just watches with never a comment or a word or anything else to interfere with us. It was different when my mom would watch my dad doing me as she would usually masturbate and even make a few comments now and then. Marlene never touches herself in any way, not even through her clothes. In fact, I've never seen her masturbate at any time. For that matter I've never even seen her nude. All but, but not all the way.

So that's the way it's been. Even once Steve found out about my incestual relationships that didn't change anything so far as he and his mom were concerned. I'd secretly hoped that once he found out that my dad was fucking me that it might spur him to want to start something with his own mother but that never materialized. Apparently he is perfectly fine with fucking MY mother and her sister but when it comes to his mom the answer remains a clear NO.

# 3. Just Flirting?

The other night we went to Marlene's house for a visit, something Steve and I try to do at least once a week since he moved out after we got married and found our own place. His mom had offered for us to live with her but I wanted to be on my own with Steve now that he was my husband. Marlene and I got along great and I was afraid that living full time with her might strain that relationship. As much as I love my cousin, moving in with Kristen had sometimes created problems and if we couldn't get along all the time then there was no way it could work with Steve's mom.

After dinner we sat in the living room with Steve in his usual place - sitting between his mom and me. While the winter had been mild it was still a little on the chilly side this night so I was wearing jeans and a long-sleeved blouse. Steve was also in a pair of faded jeans with a flannel shirt.

When we arrived his mom was still in typical office attire - in this case a rather conservative dress which looked to be straight from the Macy's catalog. The hemline came down about mid-calf although with a rather low cut front although nothing out of ordinary considering the styles these days. It's like nowadays you can wear a dress showing half your boobs to church and nobody even bats an eye. The unspoken rule seems to be so long as you keep the skirt length long enough, you can get away with just about anything on top.

After dinner and we had cleared the table of dishes, his mom huffed something about getting out of her "straight jacket" and left the two of us as she disappeared to her bedroom to change. Steve and I moved to the couch where he flipped on the TV with the remote and started going through the shows she's recorded on the DVR.

We sat with him in the middle and me to one side, the obvious implications being that when his mom returned she would take up residence on the opposite side of him from me. This was something that had started shortly after our wedding. Before then Marlene would usually sit in one of the chairs or even on the floor, leaving the couch to me and Steve. Nowadays, though, she had taken to finding he place next to Steve, sandwiching him between the two of us.

As Steve busied himself with the TV, I sat there wondering what Marlene was taking so long to do. Was she showering or why was it taking so long? I was expecting her to return in maybe sweats or even jeans like us so what could be taking longer than maybe five minutes or so?

I might have sort of dozed off after dinner because I jumped in my seat as Steve scooted over a bit to make room for his mom who had entered the room without me noticing. I glanced over and saw she wasn't wearing sweats or anything else I'd expected. Instead she wore a sexy sheer white baby doll nightie with pink trim and lacy edges. Along with the nightie she had on a sheer wrap and over that a thin white cotton robe. I guess when she meant she wanted to get more comfortable she really meant it!

The robe must have been meant for the trip between the bedroom and the living room as it never made it to the couch. The wrap was left open, exposing her nightie underneath. The material was so sheer her dark nipples were clearly visible. Like my mom, she wasn't shaved but evidently trimmed quite a bit as I could make out the darkness of her pubic hair but none of it was poking out along the side of the narrow material between her legs. Even from a couple of feet away I could smell the scent of her perfume.

Taking her seat next to Steve, she put her legs up and under her so she was snuggling up tight against Steve, her head against his broad shoulders. Suddenly I felt distinctly overdressed!

As we watched TV Steve put his arms around us both and before long I felt him groping my boob, just like we were teenagers again on the family couch. The only surprise for me was that he waited until the first commercial break to do so. One of the things I loved about Steve was that he couldn't keep his hands off of me. It seemed he always was groping my butt or boobs or at the very least running his fingers through my hair. More often than not I had to push his hands off my chest when we were in a public setting, pretending to be shocked that he would have the audacity to do such a thing but at the same time secretly loving every minute of it. So far as I was concerned he could fondle me 24x7 and it wouldn't be enough.

My boob wasn't the only one he was paying attention to as I saw him cupping his mom's breast through the material of her thin nightie. It wasn't anything new in that he is always grabbing at her and playing with her boobs. While it got awfully close at times, I'd never seen him reach underneath and actually touch them which to me showed a tremendous amount of self-control on the part of Steve.

Indeed, that was the general rule for them - anything OVER the clothes was OK and indeed that meant anything. But UNDER the clothes was an entirely different matter. Maybe under the back of her blouse or even reaching down the back of her pants or under her dress to caress her butt was OK. Perhaps the easiest way to describe it would be that anything that would be covered by a tiny thong bikini was off limits. Everything else was fair game.

Well, those rules didn't apply to ME so after I'd conveniently loosened a few buttons he had his hand under my blouse and was toying with my nipples which quickly responded to the attention he was giving them. Of course I wasn't wearing a bra although sometimes in public I might wear one just to make it a little more challenging for him.

While he kept his hands outside his mother's outfit, I couldn't help but notice that her nipples were poking out through the light lacey material just as much as mine. One thing I'd seen early on was that Marlene had much larger nipples than mine which was especially noticeable when they became hardened with arousal. It didn't hurt that the lacey baby doll and thin robe did little to conceal them.

Like a good husband should, Steve leaned over and kissed his wife first but then he turned the other way to kiss his mom. We both got lots of tongue which we both enjoyed.

Steve then turned back to me and as we kissed I reached down to his lap but was a bit surprised to find that that Marlene had beaten me to it. Not to be outdone, I placed my hand on top of hers as we both pushed down on the growing erection that was pushing out against his jeans. Again, this wasn't any big deal as like I said, anything OVER the clothes was fair game and both of them seemed to enjoy rubbing the other down there, even it was through their clothing.

After having grown accustomed to this little charade over the past year or so I was more than a little bit surprised when she started to undo his belt and then began to work on the zipper of his jeans. Steve kept kissing me but I could feel him tensing up and I wondered if maybe something new and special was about to happen. Why it would be any different this time than any time before I had no idea but my heart started to beat faster as I watched.

Alas, while for a moment it looked like things were going to get a lot closer between Steve and his mom - FINALLY, it was not to happen. As it turned out she was just giving ME a hand. Once Steve's erect dick was freed she didn't touch it but instead she took my hand and gently placed it on her son's hard cock. It was like she was making an extra special effort to make sure she never came in contact with it.

Then she backed her hand away and placed the palm of her hand on his thigh about midway between his hip and knee.

Damn! I was a little disappointed as I thought for sure that this was going to be that breakthrough moment. One the other hand (quite literally), the feel of his hard shaft in my hand made up for anything else. If there is one thing I'll never grow tired of, it's holding a stiff dick in my hand – especially when it's my husband's. While it's always special to hold my dad's, that more for him than me. Holding Steve's dick may have been good for him, but I did it especially for ME!

As I gripped his stiff cock, Steve turned back to kiss Marlene again which left me free. It wasn't exactly the most subtle move he'd ever made – I knew exactly what he wanted from me so I leaned down and started sucking him off. It was a little awkward trying to lean down that much so I scooted up onto the couch, curling my legs under me so I was laying on my side facing towards the couch with my right arm under me resting on his lap and my left hand gripping the base of his beautiful hard dick.

"You know I always knew she was the right girl from you from the first time I met her," Marlene said softly to my husband, "I don't think I've ever known anyone who loves sucking cock as much as she does."

Steve patted me on the head and ran his fingers through my hair lovingly as I ran my tongue around the tip of his dick while my lips formed a seal around the underside of the head.

"Damn... you can say that again mom," he chuckled as I gave his dick a particularly hard bit of suction, my cheeks drawing in tightly as I made love to my most favorite dick in the entire world.

"Who knows... maybe if I'd sucked your dad as much as Kelly does you..." she paused for a moment as if in thought and then continued, "Then again maybe that's what that skank he ran off with was doing."

"It wasn't your fault mom."

"I know, I know... but then who knows, right?"

I hadn't heard Marlene mention her husband hardly ever except when an expletive was attached so this conversation was a little unusual. It wasn't the first time they'd talked about things while I sucked him off but it wasn't something that happened all that often either so I tried not to do anything that might draw them away from their discussion.

"Oh God..." Steve groaned as I took his entire dick down my throat. I loved the feel of his pubic hair mashed against my face and the musky odor of his crotch that filled my nose as I buried my face into his exposed crotch.

"Now THAT I never have been able to do," Marlene sighed, "Last time I tried with that guy from work I thought I was going to puke right in his lap!"

I quickly pulled my head up as I was about to choke on Steve's dick as I fought back the urge to laugh at her last comment. When you're trying to take a dick down your throat it's not a good idea to be listening to anything that might break your attention, let alone cause you to laugh.

"My bad," she giggled as I looked up and gave her a dirty look. She knew I was just teasing her but I think she felt a little bad anyway.

She turned to face the TV again and crossed her legs, exposing most of her leg to me and Steve. Well, make that ALL of her leg and a good part of her hip. The robe had pulled up long ago as she had let it hand open when we sat down and it's not like the nightie she wore covered all that much. For a women in her early fifties she wasn't all that bad. Personally I thought my bad kept herself in much better shape though.

Back to work on Steve's dick. Personally, I'd of been happy to just lay there for the entire evening and do nothing but enjoy the feel of my lover's erection in my mouth and against my face. I was still fully clothed so it wasn't like I could even properly masturbate so my entire concentration was focused on the dick in my mouth. Not that Steve was complaining.

Indeed, for the rest of that TV show and partly into the next that was just what I did. Steve and his mom just watched the show, Steve's hand running though my hair just as he knew I loved it. From what I could tell they weren't even kissing or necking. I guess whatever the show was, it was enough to keep them watching.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels good honey," Marlene purred. I couldn't exactly tell what was happening above me, only that Steve must have been fondling his mother. Whatever he was doing she certainly seemed to be enjoying it.

Finally my curiosity got the best of me and I lifted my head off his lap for a moment as if I needed to catch my breath. It was just enough that I could see Steve had his hand planted firmly on his mother's breast. For all the resistance the lacey nightie was giving he may as well have had it on her bare skin but they were maintaining protocol and he wasn't touching her directly. It may have been a small distinction - VERY small if you ask me, but it was important to them and it did serve to maintain a line that they never crossed.

As I turned my attention back to my more important things, I wondered what Steve's mom would say if she knew that Steve had fucked my mom, including right before we said our vows. In my fantasy wedding it would have been me with my dad and Steve with his mom in those final moments before we left our parents' care and gave our vows to one another. Still, seeing how his mother wouldn't have gone along with the program it was the next best thing to have my mom fill in for his.

The more I thought about the more I had to wonder how Steve felt about limiting his contact with his mother. Certainly he had to realize something of how it would be to be with his own mother when he was with mine. There HAD to be something just a little more special about fucking the mother of his wife than even doing my aunt or cousin.

From my own personal experience there was just something special about being with my dad that I didn't feel with any other man, not even Steve. I'm not saying it is BETTER to be with my dad than my husband, not by any means. Indeed, the only man I have ever made love to is my husband. My father is just that - my father whereas Steve is my husband and lover. Based on that, didn't Steve have to wonder what it would be like to have sex with his mother? That one time they did it so many years ago must seem like a distant memory to him now. Plus, back then he was just a boy whereas now he could legitimately BE his mother's lover IF that was what they wanted. How could he sit here now with his wife sucking on his cock, fondling his mother's breasts yet now want to move aside that slight bit of clothing and suckle on her breasts? He could protest all he wanted but I just couldn't believe that deep down that's not what he wanted.

What more could I do? I went along as far as they would allow me. Here I was with my mouth full of his dick as they sat next to each other with her all but naked watching TV as if it was the most natural thing to do. Didn't I mention earlier it was surreal?

Maybe if I had more guts I would have just stood up and demanded that they stop the charade and do what both of them had to know they wanted. Then again, I didn't have the guts and I didn't have the courage to take such a risk. So many things could go wrong! They seemed happy with things were the way they were now so who was I to step in and ruin it for them.

Reaching around Steve to allow some muscles to move after being in one position for over an hour, my hand brushed up against Marlene's bare upper thigh. She didn't move or make any noticeably reaction so I put my hand on her as if to steady myself as I raised my head up to get a better angle on Steve's dick. Marlene allowed her leg's to uncross so I could better push against her - or at least that's how I like to think it happened.

I paused for a moment and just let my head rest on his lap, his dick about half in my mouth as I took a brief break to let my jaw relax for a bit. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise - sucking dick can be a strenuous workout, for your mouth at least.

Feeling the warmth of his mom's leg under my hand, I wondered what her reaction would be to me reaching in further and pressing up against her now available crotch. Maybe that's why she uncrossed her legs, to hint at me that she wanted me to feel her up?

I was feeling like a young boy in school must feel sitting next to a girl in the theater, wondering if he should make the next move on his date. Was she sitting there secretly wishing he would do it or was she worried that he might? Was Marlene wondering now what was keeping me from making my move or maybe she was worried that I might be misinterpreting her motion and making assumptions that shouldn't be made.

Wow, it made me glad not to be a guy! This was horrible! It was SO much better to be on the other side with all the control. What was worse - to make the move and maybe regret it or NOT make and almost certainly regret it?

Maybe Marlene sensed my indecision and felt responsible to help me. Maybe she was just anxious for things to move to the next level. Maybe she was just feeling horny and wanted to watch? I'll never know but what I DO know is she made up my mind for me.

"So are you just going to be selfish and let your poor wife do all the work or what?"

She said it just as I was about to make my move but instead I froze in place.

"Huh?" Steve responded as if she had woken him from a deep sleep.

"I just think it's time you reciprocate, don't you?"

"It's OK, really," I started to say as I let his dick slip from my lips.

"Nonsense, this is ridiculous," she huffed, "Men will just take advantage of you if you let them Kelly. You need to speak up for yourself."

What I WANTED to say was, "If this is being taken advantage of then I LIKE it."

What I SAID was... well nothing. I just laid there looking up at Steve waiting to see what he wanted. I KNEW what he wanted - another hour or so of me sucking his dick! It had been ages since I had just done this, laying on my side worshiping his cock for hours on end without any expectations of him doing anything in return other than enjoying himself.

"Yes mother," he mumbled, with all the enthusiasm as if he was sixteen again and she had told him to go and clean his room.

"Well just don't lay there, get those jeans off girl. I KNOW you don't have anything underneath, am I right?"

I couldn't help but laugh a bit at that one. She certainly knew me well enough to know that jeans were not something I typically required panties to be worn under. For that matter there weren't all that many outfits that did.

I sat up and removed my heels and then worked my tight jeans down my thighs and off my feet. Marlene giggled like a young girl as her suspicions were proven - no panties in sight.

"What can I say?" I said meekly, raising my hands up as if surrendering to her, "I hate wearing them."

"Don't you chafe in those tight jeans though?" she said in a conversation tone as if we were comparing clothing in a store.

"Baby powder... Johnson's baby powder," I confided. Indeed, it worked wonders and I also learned early on that guys got off from the scent which made me seem all the more young and innocent when I dated.

I started to turn to lay my head against the arm of the couch but Marlene was in charge now.

"Get up Steve... and keep that thing out of my face for heaven's sake!" she joked (or so I thought). Here Kelly, why don't you lay with your head in my lap."

THIS was different, that was for sure. Marlene was the very definition of your classic voyeur. "Watch but don't touch" was her mantra. It's not like she was going to be touching me, but even for me to be next to her would have been a first, let alone laying my head in her lap.

I wasn't going to argue so I twisted around and laid back until my head rested on her bare thigh. I looked up and saw her looking down at me with her large boobs almost blocking her face. The nightie was so tight and sheer I could clearly see the dark outline of her hardened nipples.

Steve dropped his shoes and his pants and boxer shorts. He started to move in between my legs when his mom stopped him and told him to take off his shirt as well. She didn't say why but I was OK with it. Steve had a ripped upper body and I loved looking at it - and apparently so did his mom. That left me as the only one with anything substantial on top as I was still wearing my long-sleeved blouse. There wasn't a bra underneath of course but it was still buttoned up to my cleavage. I pulled it up to just under my bustline, exposed my midriff.

"Oh to be young again," Marlene sighed softly, "What I wouldn't give to have a belly like that again. Oh well, we'll see how yours looks after three kids and twenty more years."

Totally naked now, Steve got in between my legs. I had one foot resting on the top of the couch and the other leg hanging over the outer edge of the couch so my pussy was as exposed to him as much as I could make it. God! I couldn't wait for him to put his mouth on me!

I didn't have to wait long. Steve had always been one of the better pussy lickers I'd dated. I really didn't appreciate just HOW good he was until he moved away and I started dating other guys. I just assumed that all boys had the same innate talent that he possessed. Seeing as he was the only one to do it for the first six months or so that I was having sex, you really can't blame me for having such unrealistic expectations.

It didn't take long to learn the truth - most guys suck when it comes to licking pussy. It's the thing I like about having sex with girls. It's only natural if you ask me. Of course girls lick pussy better than guys, they know what makes them feel good. For the same reason I've always wondered why boys don't like other boys to suck them. I mean, who should know better how to suck dick than another boy? For me all I have to go by is their reaction31 and sometimes their words. It's not like I have any idea how they actually feel when my mouth is on them.

Suddenly my body just reacted and my hips thrust up in the air as my back arched under me.

"Oh my god!" I moaned as my orgasm surprised even me. It was like it just snuck up on me instead of building up to a climax as it usually did. Too many things on my mind I guess and finally my body just said it was in charge and took control.

This time his mother stayed silent although I was expecting some sort of commentary based on her earlier reactions. How she kept her hand out of her crotch seeing me getting off from her son with his head between my outstretched thighs, I just don't understand. It was like a clinic in willpower. Had it been me I'd of been masturbating from the get-go.

"Make me cum again," I begged him as I closed my eyes and concentrated on nothing but the incredible sensations his tongue was unleashing on my pussy. He did just that, bringing me to another climax, followed shortly thereafter by yet another.

I wanted it then. I wanted it bad. I wanted it more than anything in the world. I NEEDED it!

"Oh god fuck me Steve!"

# 4. Just Fuck Me

I've always maintained that the two words a girl can say that turn a man on the most are "fuck me" but what are the equivalent words for a girl to hear? I know lots of things men have told me were turn-ons, like "You're so much better than my wife," or "I wish my daughter was like you." I have to say, a new phrase has topped my list - "Fuck my son."

Yes, that's exactly what Steve's mom said as she broke her silence. It wasn't quite the same as what I had just begged for as I wanted Steve to fuck me, to take me I his strong arms and drill his hard shaft deep inside of me. I wanted to be taken, to be fucked.

Marlene put it in slightly different terms though. "Fuck my son." It was like she was protecting him, or seeing to it that HIS needs were addressed first. As horny as I was at that moment, I wasn't about to argue semantics. Indeed, I was more than happy to oblige her.

My pussy was practically screaming to be filled so I wasn't going to waste any more time talking about anything. I moved quickly, first sitting up and then standing up as I practically dragged Steve up onto the couch so he was once again sitting next to his mother. Only this time he was naked as the day he was born.

Climbing on top of him, I leaned up and over him, reaching down behind me to grip and his dick and then lowered myself down as I positioned it in place to penetrate me. By now I was so wet and horny that he met little resistance as my soaking wet pussy literally swallowed every inch of his hard dick.

"Oh god that feels so good in me!" I cried as out as rode his cock, bouncing up and down on him like a bucking bronco girl. Usually Il preferred to start out slow, letting him push into me all the way the way and the easing myself up and off of him until just the tip of his dick remained in me where I would do just the opposite as I dropped down on him. Not this time. No way I was going to wait as I drove him in me as deep as I could, grinding my butt into his crotch as I tried to get every bit of him in me that I could.

Normally when I was doing this with Steve at his mom's house she would be seated across the room in another chair or at least a few feet away. Not tonight. I could feel her thigh against me as I moved up and down on her son's hard pole, grunting with pleasure each time he bottomed out in me.

Steve had his hand gripping the bottom of his shaft to keep it me after he dropped out a few times when I got carried away and there wasn't enough of him in me to keep him on course when I dropped back down again. I noticed his other had was now between his mother's legs which she had parted for him. She still had on her nightie but there wasn't enough material in the crotch to cover her public hair which spilled out in both side.

I was sorely tempted to push Steve's hand out of the way and touch her myself but that have to wait for another time as I don't think we have reached that stage in our relationship or even if we ever will. Still it just made everything all the hotter to see him rubbing his mother's pussy as his dick fucked me. She HAD to be wishing it was in her... she HAD to be wishing it was.

After sucking on him for so long and then the workout I was giving his dick now with my pussy, I was surprised Steve lasted as long as he did but it wasn't long before he was cumming with what seemed to be buckets of sperm in me.

"Fill me Steve, fill me with your cum baby," I begged him, not caring what his mother heard. Why I even thought she might care I don't know but I still couldn't help but fall back on old habits now and then.

After he came in me I stayed on his lap, straddling him with my one leg pressed in between his and his mom's. It felt so sexy to feel her bare leg against mine. I wanted so badly for her to lick his cum from me!! Oh well, maybe someday.

## 5. What Next?

Later that night when we were back home Steve and made love again but this time in the privacy of our bedroom. While I loved it, I couldn't help but think of how it felt to do it with his mother right next to us. Maybe it was because she didn't have sex with him that made it hot for me, I don't know.

Later when he had finished and we laid in bed still joined - one of my favorite moments I have with my husband by the way, I tried to hint at what had been going through my mind as we had just made love.

"I loved doing it with your mom right next to us," I said softly in his ear.

"Oh, that turned you on does it?"

I smacked him playfully. "You know it does."

"You like it when ANYONE watches us so what's so special about my mom watching?

"DUH! It's your mom silly!"

"She's been watching us for like forever now, so what was the big deal tonight?"

Steve stirred and I could feel his semi-flaccid cock slip out of me. Damn!

"Well, for starts you had your hand on her pussy. THAT was new."

"She had her nightie on so it wasn't like I was feeling up her pussy," he protested lamely.

"Like THAT made any difference," I teased him, "You fingers had to smell of pussy when we were done and its wasn't just mine."

Steve frowned and I worried for a moment I might be pushing things too far but still, I was curious.

"Did you push your finger in her a little bit?"

"Kelly!"

"It's OK Steve, you can tell me. I mean it's only natural for a man when he's horny and has his hand on a woman's pussy to want to push it in her, right?"

"I'm warning you Kelly," he growled, his voice lowering an octave this time. I should have known better but I had to know.

"How far Steve? How far in her did you push your finger?"

I never found out because Steve practically jumped out of bed and headed for the living room where I heard him throw himself on the couch. I felt bad because I knew I had pushed too far but at the same time why should I feel that way? I had a right to know, didn't I?

Frustrated and a bit horny now, I called my mom. Fortunately it was three hours earlier her time so it wasn't too late for her. I poured out my frustrations and as always, she seemed to know just what to tell me. Basically, to get over it and not push my husband where he didn't want to go.

After I hung up I laid back and masturbated for a while, imagining how it would be to watch Steve fuck his mother and maybe then licking his cum from her pussy.

Maybe someday?

swinging would be permissible in our marriage, even sex alone with someone else, so long as we agree upon it as a couple. Steve agreed that "cheating" - sex outside of marriage without the knowledge of the other, is never to be allowed. Think of it as the INTENT is the deciding factor. If the intent is to deceive your marriage partner then that is wrong.

Underage Sex: As a general rule, "Don't ask, don't tell." What that means is I would not question what Steve does with my aunt or father so long as he doesn't tell me about it. I also agreed to periodically accompany him but only under special circumstances - like an anniversary present, father's day, birthday or something like that. These exceptions were expected to be VERY limited.

I'd like to think that through these compromises our marriage will outlast even my parents and we can truly honor our wedding vows and remain together "until death do us part".

## 2. Preparations

Since our marriage back at the end of August of last year, Steve and I have so far enjoyed what I would call a GREAT marriage. I have to think that part of the reason things have gone so well is that we made sure BEFORE we got married that we brought up potential problems and agreed on how we would handle them, including the two MAJOR issues that I have just discussed.

So how has that all worked out? Well...

So far as adultery is concerned, we've done things in our marriage that I never dreamed would happen. Well, maybe I dreamed about them but never expected it to really happen. Steve didn't waste any time setting up our first married swap and I have to say, it was a LOT of fun. Something about sharing husbands is so different than sharing boyfriends.

With sponsorship by my Aunt Linda we signed up with a VERY private group which had made me feel much more secure and safe than I would if we just went out clubbing or meeting total strangers. It was a real pain getting accepted with all the interviews, background checks and videos that were required to ensure we weren't spies or otherwise trying to scam them. At least we know that whoever we meet is on the level and has the same interests we have.

while I know I had insisted that he not take advantage of my compromise promise, that didn't mean he never could ask.

One night while I was lying in bed feeling wonderful after having just made love to Steve, a thought came to my mind. What better way to show him how I was feeling right now than to offer to him the opportunity to indulge himself once again. Only this time he wouldn't have to feel guilty about asking me as I would be the one to arrange things.

The idea had me so excited I could barely sleep and the next day I went over to see my aunt for help. So far Steve was the one who made all the arrangements so I had no idea how to do things.

Needless to say my Aunt Linda was more than eager to help me with my plans. She knew the sort of girls that prefers as well as my preferences. I have to say that she came up with the perfect compromise. Steve loves sex with young girls, I love sex with married fathers. Why not make us both happy?

Basically I left the arrangements up to her. As I said, I normally don't get involved with such things as Steve always takes care of the swaps. Usually he will show me the videos and pics of a couple he's interested in but other than that he deals with the logistics. In this case my aunt didn't even go that far. She just took care of everything with a cryptic "trust me" when I asked for more details. If anything she seemed to be getting a kick out of surprising the both of us, even though I had a vague idea of what was going to happen.

While I think both Steve and my Aunt Linda would have been fine with doing things at either her house or our apartment, that was where I drew the line. If anything should go wrong, better it happen away from our homes so arrangements were made to meet at a nearby hotel. As it happened, it was the same one that we met the couple for swapping the night before. It would have been a Twilight Zone moment had it been the same room but it wasn't even on the same floor.

Steve had NO idea what I was planning for him. We slept in Saturday morning after the swap and then went out for brunch at an Eat-n-Park restaurant like it was just any old weekend. It was killing me to keep everything a secret but somehow I managed to control myself.

As we got in the car to head home, I turned to my husband and said something about having left something in the hotel room last night and that we needed to go to back so I could get it. Steve had no reason to suspect anything so he just rolled his eyes at my forgetfulness and headed to the hotel.

Once there Steve was going to just drop me off at the front entrance but I gave him my best little lost girl look and so he parked and went in with me to "help", as I put it. Unbeknownst to him my Aunt Linda had preceded us and had the front desk clerk prepped. Of course the girl didn't know the REAL reason for the ruse, but she deserved an Oscar for her performance. She handed over the room key after I explained my so-called "problem". The cool thing about room keys now is that they don't have the room number on them so Steve didn't realize it wasn't for the same room that we had used the night before.

It was in the elevator that Steve got the first hint that things were not as they seemed. I pushed the button for the floor and he seemed puzzled and then finally reminded me that it was the wrong floor. I just smiled and told him that no, it was exactly the right floor. He started to say something but I just kissed him and told him to be patient.

Once in the room, which was empty, Steve finally couldn't contain himself and insisted I spill my guts and explain what the story was. I wasn't about to ruin the surprise so I just told him to have a seat and that all would be revealed before long. I threw in something about wanting to show him how much I appreciated my new husband but then THAT could have meant just about anything so it wasn't like I was giving anything away.

What Steve didn't know was that I was just as curious as he was. Yes, I knew a little bit more than he did but I didn't really know much of anything for sure. My aunt had made all the arrangements and I knew that she said she had worked out something to make everyone happy but then again, THAT could mean anything.

## 3. Introductions

Thankfully we didn't have to wait long. It was maybe five minutes before there was a knock on the door. Steve rose but I motioned for him to stay seated while I answered the door. I looked through the peep hole but all I could see was a guy getting ready to knock again on the door. Who, if anyone, was with him I couldn't tell. I assumed it was the people my aunt had arranged but I had to be sure.

Keeping the chain on the door, I opened it and looked into the hallway. The first person I saw a fairly decent looking guy, maybe in his mid-thirties, dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt with a winter coat unzipped. Then I looked down and there she was, the cutest little thing in a light blue jumper with a pink winter jacket left

# (Mar 01) Chapter 243: My 27th Birthday

Story codes: MF inc father mother daughter
Me (27)
John - my dad (47)
Mary - my mom (45)
Steve - my husband (28)

Twenty-seven years old. Yeah, big deal. Another trip around the sun and what does it get me? Better insurance rates? NO. Right to Vote? Already got it. Right to drink? Already can. What it DOES get me is one year closer to 30! Not a good thing.

Thankfully I have a great family that knows how to cure the birthday blues. It didn't hurt that they benefited as well!

## 1. Birthdays

Why do we celebrate birthdays anyways? What's the significance of the earth passing a certain point in the solar system once a year? I don't mean to say we shouldn't have them as they're necessary for a few things such as driver's licenses and voting rights. But why CELEBRATE them?

Face it, you're celebrating that you're OLDER. Now I guess when you're a kids, growing older IS something to celebrate as you're maturing and gaining responsibilities and rights. So I would propose that when you're 21 that the practice of celebrating birthdays stopped as from there it's all downhill!

This year I turn 27. Big deal. So I'm one year closer to being 30. Do I really need to be reminded? Do I have to be told that my boobs will never be perkier, my skin will never be smoother, or that my hair will never be fuller? Do I need a kick in the ass telling me that another year has gone by without having a kid and know when they graduate from college I'll likely be in my fifties?

It wasn't so bad when the cake had ten candles on it. Now it's like a bonfire! Last year they didn't even bother putting enough candles on it, instead just putting on a few to symbolize my old age. Talk about depressing...

The only thing different this year was it was my first birthday being married. Not that it should make any difference I suppose, but it did throw a new twist into the works. Still, it didn't make me any younger!

## 2. An Expected Present

If there's one thing I fully expected on my birthday, it's to be fucked by my dad. Since he first did me when I was sixteen he hasn't missed one yet so this will be the eleventh consecutive year (God, even THAT sounds like I'm getting old!). It was touch-and-go when I was in college as he had to travel several hours one-way but he never missed a single one.

There's something special about maintaining family traditions. Friends come and go and jobs change but the one thing you always have is your family. NOTHING comes before my family (except God but hopefully that never becomes an issue). My Aunt Linda even divorced her husband when he forced her to decide between her family relationships and him. It was a horrible thing for him to do, to put her in a position of having to choose. It had to be like that scenario where a mother is holding onto two children over a cliff but has to reach for safety and thus can only save one. How do you choose? Well, that's why you have priorities and for me the top three are GOD, family, and my husband.

What I mean by all that is the physical act of having sex with my dad on my birthday isn't what's important. Frankly, it's not any different from any other day. It's the meaning of what he is doing that is important. It's the expression of his love for me by ensuring that no matter what, nothing stops him from being there for me on that day. It shows me how important I am to him, how much I mean to him.

It's such an intimate act, something I'm convinced that can only be truly be understood by another father and daughter. Sure there are other emotionally bonding relationships - husband-wife, mother-son, etc. I don't mean to say that father-daughter is more special, just that it is unique. Just as I can never truly appreciate the feelings when a mother and son join together, neither would I expect them to have a complete understanding of how I feel when my dad does me.

I would especially never believe that anyone not involved in incest at all can comprehend the true meaning of the act. For those I think they see it from the physical and erotic perspective, like a porn movie personified. The reality is that sex with my dad isn't about sex, it's about him taking me to be more than his daughter and using me to satisfy the overwhelming urges within him. It's how he shows his love and respect for me in the most open and honest way.

This year was unusual in that it was leap year which meant my birthday was delayed by one day. Normally there was February 28th and then the next day was my birthday. Not this year! It had been a while since this had happened (OK, so it was four years) and I'd forgotten about what had happened until I got a phone call from my dad.

"How's my little girl doing?" he greeted me. I think I will be 50 years old someday and my dad will still be calling me his little girl".

"Fine daddy," I giggle in the phone. It was like a little routine we went through. He would call me his little girl and I would call him my daddy.

"So are you ready for tonight?"

Thankfully we didn't have a video chat going as he couldn't see my puzzled look but he could detect the pause as I racked my brain trying to figure out what he was talking about. We hadn't planned anything that I knew of. With my birthday the next day it seemed sort of overkill to do anything more the night before.

"Awwwwww, so you forgot," he chuckled, "So that's how much your daddy means to you."

"Daddy!" I protested, "Not fair!

"OK, here's a hint... what day is today?"

I started to answer and then it hit me. Of course, it was Leap Year Day. The last time this happened my dad had asked me out to dinner under the pretense that if the calendar had been fair then today would be my birthday rather than delaying it by a day.

"I take it the silence means you remember now," he teased me. "So I'll be over in an hour, ok?"

I said something or another and hung up. Crap, I wasn't even close to being ready!

I ran to the living room where Steve was watching TV and quickly explained to him my dilemma. He just grinned.

"So I guess that mean's your Aunt's free for the night?"

The horny bastard! I just rolled my eyes and hurried back to the bedroom to get ready. It was just like him, thinking with his dick. Then again, he hadn't been over at their house in a while, at least not that he had told me. Sometimes they got together for some of the family parties that he and Aunt Linda went to but usually he at least told me about them.

Damn, what to wear? If I knew my dad, this would be a no-expense spared evening which likely meant dinner on Mt. Washington overlooking the city. No jeans and a blouse tonight! Thankfully my hair had just been done so it wasn't in too bad of shape.

Still, a shower was mandatory so I quickly bent over and pulled the t-shirt I'd been wearing over my head and off, throwing it in the general direction of the laundry hamper. That was all I was wearing - standard evening wear for Kelly around the house, so I hopped in the shower. I KNEW my dad would be doing me tonight so I wanted to be clean and smell good for him.

As I scrubbed my butt and crotch I couldn't help but feel a little bit horny when my fingers rubbed against my clit. Damn it was tempting to do a little more but I knew that if I allowed myself to get started then there would be no stopping until I was done and that could take ten or fifteen minutes even if I rushed things. Noooooo, I knew my pussy was going to be satisfied soon enough so instead I got out and quickly dried myself off. Somehow I'd managed not to get my hair wet so at last that meant a little less to worry about.

With my dad, when it came to makeup I knew less was more. He didn't like me to overdo it, saying it made him feel like I was an escort, not his daughter. Still, men may not realize it but it takes a lot of effort to have that "no-effort" look! By the time I was finished I looked at the digital clock by the bed and my heart pounded. Fifteen minutes!

Going through my closet I debated what dress to wear. Nothing TOO casual like a sundress - despite the abnormally warm weather we'd been enjoying this past week it was still February. Then again, it wasn't prom night so nothing TOO overdone. Finally I chose one of my favorite dresses. It was black of course, cut with a diagonal hemline that started at about four inches above my left knee and then rode up until it was maybe a few inches below my hip on the right. It had full shoulders but with a deep-cut font that dove down to about three-quarters of my boobs showing LOTS of cleavage but not a lot of boob. The sleeves were cut just below the shoulder making it more a winter dress. The waist was cinched tight but there was no belt which kept it more upscale looking.

A long string of pearls with one loop tight to my neck and the other loop hanging below my bustline was all I wore for jeweler besides my wedding ring (it hadn't been off my finger since my Steve had put it there during our wedding ceremony). To finish it off and give some bling I chose my pink open-toed heels with a single strap around the ankle.

Checking myself out in the mirror, I thought I looked perfect for my dad. Not too slutty but enough to draw the attention of every guy in the restaurant, especially when I sat down and crossed my legs allowing the dress to expose almost my entire leg.

"Whoa, you look HOT!" I heard Steve exclaim. I turned to see him poking his head through the bedroom door.

"Not for you tonight," I teased him, "You get the cougar tonight, not the kitty cat."

We both laughed. Indeed, my Aunt Linda definitely qualified for the cougar designation, not to mention MILF and hot mom. Considering she was probably the only woman he lusted for over the age of twenty (his wife excluded of course), it was quite a compliment and I knew she loved the attention, especially when her daughter got all upset about Steve wanting her mother more than her.

Of course there WAS on other older woman he liked - my mother, but she was out in Oregon and out of reach tonight. The only time he'd done her was the day of our wedding and once at Christmas but I knew he wouldn't turn her down given the chance. The same time that my dad was loading me up for my trip down the aisle, my mom was getting hers from the groom. It was too bad he couldn't have done it with his own mother but they didn't enjoy that sort of relationship.

Just then we heard a horn honk outside. I peeked out the shades and saw my dad's big SUV parked at the curb. I was just about to make some snide remark about him not coming to the door to get me when I saw the driver's door open and my dad making his way up the sidewalk. I guess he'd just honked to give us warning in case we were fooling around.

I threw on a light coat and opened the door just as he arrived. He was dressed in his usual attire - a dark suit with a long coat. Most likely he'd just come straight from the office. He stepped in and shook Steve's hand, greeting him and saying something about the crazy warm weather.

"So you're taking care of things tonight Steve?" he asked him.

Steve just nodded and grinned. Yeah, he would be taking care of "things" tonight. More like he'd be taking care of my Aunt Linda's pussy and ass. If there was one thing I knew Steve liked about visiting my Aunt Linda, it was that she was an anal freak, unlike her niece. Oh well, so long as he got his fill from her and didn't take it out on me I was more than happy with the arrangement.

With that I kissed my loving husband goodbye and we headed out to the SUV where my dad even held the door open for me. Fortunately the traffic into the city was light and my dad made his way to the Incline.

I'm told that back in the old days a lot of the steel workers lived up on the hill and worked in the steel plants along the river. To get them back and forth were a number of "inclines" which were basically two cars on a cable such that when one went up the other went down, thereby balancing themselves to make it easier for the climb and drop. Today there were only two left in operation which served more as tourist attractions. Since, it wasn't a real night on Mt. Washington if you didn't start by riding the Duquesne incline. We parked near the lower station and I noted there were a surprising number of cars already there.

My dad took me by the hand and led me across the street to the station. I couldn't help but frown as little as there seemed to be a line waiting ahead of us. Me and the incline have conspired to create a number of memories in the past. The key is to catch it at a slow period so you get the cable car to yourself. That gives you several minutes of privacy while getting a great view of the city. The only catch is half-way through when you pass the other car going the other direction. Usually people wave as they pass. I do to - as I lift my head from my boyfriend's lap to take a brief pause from the blowjob I'm giving him! I've even had sex a few times but it's just for the thrill as there's just not enough time for much else.

Well, nothing like that was going to happen tonight as we packed into the car and took our seat next to a bunch of tourists and others heading to dinner like us. About the only thrill I got, if you can call it that, was knowing the guys standing up next to where I was seated where taking in the view I was giving them of my cleavage. Not that I did anything to discourage them. My dad noticed as well and I think he was proud of me. I'm old enough now that people can't be quite sure what to make of us together. I COULD be his daughter but it's not like I'm a little girl out with her daddy anymore. More likely, and I think this is what he got a kick out of, I was either an escort or a gold-digger. Why else would a woman my age be spending the evening with a man twenty years older than me?

As we left the upper station, we made a brief stop at the overlook which took you out onto a platform way up in the air with an unobstructed view of the city. It was already dark and the lights looked beautiful. It was soooooo romantic! My dad had his arm around me and I turned to him and gave him a hug around his neck. Then we looked each other in the eyes and he kissed me on the mouth. God it felt so hot to kiss my father in front of everyone and it was no peck on the cheek. No, this was long and passionate. Well, we both had wedding rings on so as far as anyone watching, I could have been his young trophy wife. It was a little risky in that someone might have recognized us but in the dark with our coats and out at the edge of the overlook the odds were pretty slim.

"I love you daddy," I whispered just loud enough for him to hear me.

"I love you too baby girl," he replied, his warm breath on my ear as he whispered softly.

It was a brief walk to the restaurant. The Lemont Restaurant is one of the most exclusive restaurants in Pittsburgh. Five Star rated, bring your gold card because the bill is going to be BIG! I'd only been there a few times so I knew tonight was going to be special.

My dad checked his coat but I kept mine as you never know in these places how cool it might be. My dad helped me out of it and then put it over my shoulders as we waited for the maitre d' to escort us to our table. Wow, we got the perfect spot, out by the windows in the center overlooking the city. It was a beautiful sight and I almost missed seeing my dad slipping something to the maitre d'. Yeah, I bet this table didn't come free!

"Wine tonight?" he asked, looking over the wine list.

Normally I stick pretty much to my Diet Coke or a glass of water. Beer has never been to my taste, nor hard liquor. I don't mind a good wine but it's not something I crave. How many people my age can say they've never been drunk? Well, maybe a little tipsy but nothing to warrant a hangover. It's just not something I've ever been into, sort of like smoking or drugs. My biggest vice would have to be sex! I think most people would agree what I "lack" in the other vices I certainly make up for there.

He ordered something but I really wasn't paying much attention, the view was spectacular. Even though we were next to the glass, it wasn't cold so I asked my dad to help me with my coat. He got up and removed it, changing it over the back of my chair as the table only seated two.

"Damn, I can't get over how good you look in that dress," my dad complimented me.

In response, I switched my legs around so my right leg was crossed over the left, sitting sideways to the table so my legs were outside the tablecloth that hung down so he could see the results. My right side was where the hemline came up the highest so with my leg lifted over the other, it only served to pull it even higher. As I didn't do the "ladylike" thing and pull it down, almost my entire leg up to my butt was showing. There was no danger of my panties or thong showing as I wasn't wearing either one.

My dad didn't make any effort to hide his admiration as he looked down at my legs. "You are the most incredible tease," he grinned.

I didn't glance around but I could tell he was checking out the crowd. Leaning over to me, he smiled and said, "You know, if that bald fat guy over at the table with his wicked witch wife stretches his neck any further to stare at you he's going to need a neck brace before the evening's over."

I would have loved to suddenly turn my head and catch him looking but what the heck, let him stare. From my dad's description he didn't sound all that interesting anyways. Now had I been alone or with my cousin Kristen then it would have been a different story. I would have bet my neck paycheck that I could have lured him into at least a blowjob in the restroom before dessert was served. Now I was with my dad and the only guy in the place I cared about was him.

In the meantime my dad ordered for us and we enjoyed our wine, even if I just sipped on mine.

"So what did you get me for my birthday daddy?"

He loved it when I called him daddy, even if I was almost 27 years old. We'd been discussing my job so when I changed the subject abruptly I think I caught him a little off guard but that's not always a bad thing. He straightened up and fixed his tie before answering.

"Birthday?" he asked, pretending not to understand what I was asking. Then he acted as if he just remembered and said, "Oh that's right, your birthday is coming up soon, isn't it."

"Daddy, quit teasing and give me my present," I pouted.

"So what makes you so sure I got you something?"

"Because you ALWAYS do, that's why."

At that we both laughed a little. It was a game we blamed every year where he pretended to forget what day it was and then act as if he hadn't bought me anything.

"Well, it just so happens I might have a little something," he said cryptically. Then he reached in his suit coat pocket and pulled out a small rectangular black box with a tiny gold bow in the middle.

"You know how I am about wrapping," he apologized as he handed it to me, "Happy birthday baby."

He didn't say anything but I knew how he was about cards as well – same as wrapping paper. It didn't matter as all I cared about was what was inside this small box.

I gasped as the contents became clear.

"Oh daddy, it's beautiful," I exclaimed softly. Then I reached in the box to remove the gold ankle chain. It was a weaved rope design where a number of thin small strands of gold were woven and then woven again to form a beautiful chain. This was no costume jewelry, that was for sure. Wow, it must have cost a FORTUNE!

It was the perfect gift from a dad to a daughter. Nothing too ostentatious but still elegant. Something I could wear almost anywhere yet was perfect even for a night as formal as this.

"You want to put it on me?"

My dad seemed a little surprised as that but quickly regained composure.

"Sure... so how is this going to work?"

We were seated at a small square table at ninety degrees to one another, each of us facing the outside glass wall at a slight angle so we both had a view. I uncrossed my legs and scooted back a little bit and then lifted by right leg (it was on the outside as we were seated) onto the top of his leg, dropping me heel on his pants.

"Here you go daddy, put it on me!"

It was killing me not to look around to see who was watching in the crowded room. My dress was pulled up so high if I hadn't been sitting on it then it probably would have pulled up under my butt. Meanwhile my entire bared leg was stretched out straight to his lap.

My dad fumbled with the clasp and then had it undone. After wrapping it around my ankle, he had a hard time getting it done again.

"You know, it might be easier if you would look at what you're doing instead of my leg," I teased him.

Just then he had it and he looked up at me triumphantly. I lifted my foot off his lap and shook it slightly to let the bracelet settle on my ankle. Of course that also had the effect of pulling my dress even tighter but that was just a coincidence of course, LOL. Lowering my leg, I started to scoot my chair forward but as I did it received some help as our waiter lifted it and helped maneuver it back into position for me.

Crossing my legs again, I turned back to thank him but he just smiled.

"No, thank YOU," he said in a low tone so he wouldn't be overheard by the surrounding tables. "That looked VERY nice."

My dad conspicuously coughed and the waiter quickly corrected himself.

"Of course I meant the bracelet sir."

Yeah right! He left and I turned to my dad who seemed to be about to break out in laughter.

"Daddy, that was mean."

"What?" he countered, "And I was supposed to just let some waiter stare at my daughter exposing herself and not say anything?"

"Isn't that the point? So he DOES stare?" I responded with a wicked grin.

My dad reached out and put his hand over mine. "Of course it is and you know I love to show off my sexy little girl. I just couldn't resist."

By then our dinner was served and I noted the waiter seemed to be making an effort NOT to look at me now. That was too bad, I like the attention.

My dad had this monstrous steak while he had ordered me a salmon dish knowing my preference for seafood. Everything was perfect and the service was outstanding. After clearing the table, the waiter asked if we were interested in dessert but I was stuffed and politely declined. As it turned out, it didn't make any difference.

"Happy Birthday!" I heard someone call out as the restaurant hostess appeared carrying a birthday cake with, wouldn't you know it, about a half dozen lit candles on it.

This was the Lemont, not Chucky Cheese, so there was no descending hoard of waiters singing silly songs and making a loud fuss. Things like that were frowned upon here but that didn't mean they couldn't serve a perfect cake. It was about six inches in diameter so in all fairness it never would have held 27 candles.

"Happy Birthday courtesy of the Lemont," she said as she presented the cake and waited for me to blow out the candles.

I paused to make my wish but it was impossible to think of anything I wanted right then so I just hoped for more years of being with my dad. It wasn't a great effort to blow them all out on the first try and then they cut it and served us each a piece.

By the time I was done the wine and dinner had done their work and I needed to use the restroom. I told my dad who helped me out of my chair.

"Would you like to join me?" I whispered to him.

"YES!" he grinned but then added, "but this place has attendants in the restrooms.

"I'm sure they won't mind watching," I teased.

My dad smiled. "You never quit, do you?"

Actually I had hoped he would have accepted my offer. If anything, doing it in a stall with the attendant there knowing the two of us were in it would have just been all more erotic. Oh well, I guess you can't have everything. I made my way to the ladies room I felt my new birthday present on my ankle and I loved the way it looked on me.

We eventually left and as we walked back towards the upper incline station I felt a twinge inside. Like how had we made it through such a meal without doing anything? Not even a hand-job! Damn, I was turning 27, not 72! There was just something about it that made me all the more determined and when I get determined I get more willing to take risk. Just ahead I saw my opportunity to remedy this situation - the overlook.

It was a few hours later now and the night had cooled off considerably. The crowds has disappeared leaving us alone on the sidewalk. As we approached the turnoff to the overlook, I turned to my dad and said, "Daddy, I want to go out there again."

My dad looked at me quizzically. "It's getting pretty cold; are you sure?" he glanced at his watch and for a moment I thought maybe he was late for something but that didn't make any sense.

"C'mon daddy, I have something to show you," I called to him as I went ahead.

He followed me reluctantly but eventually we got there. I went to the outer edge and turned, putting my back against the railing. He moved in close to me and we kissed again, only this time even longer than before. I felt his arms around me, pulling me into him. His tongue reached into my mouth and I could feel the passion growing in him.

My hands reached down to his coat and opened it up, reaching inside until I felt his crotch. Mmmmmmm, somebody was horny! Before he could say no, I unzipped him and reached in for his dick, pulling it out.

"Naughty girl," he whispered huskily to me and then he sighed as I started to stroke his dick with my hand. He felt so warm! Then again, that was as much because my hands were so cold. The coldness didn't seem to be affected him though!

"I love holding your dick daddy," I said to him, looking into his eyes and seeing the lust that was forming there.

My dad looked around, obviously a little nervous at the potential exposure but too turned on to stop me. As dark as it was there was almost no chance anyone was even paying attention to us and with his coat covering what I was doing and the way we were standing I think someone could have been right behind him and not known what was happening right in front of them. For me it wasn't about anyone actually seeing us that turned me on, it was just the idea of stroking my own father's cock overlooking the city that was so hot.

"You know, I can remember when you were little and we use to all come up here to look out over the entire city," he reminisced whimsically, "You use to be so scared of the height and I had to assure you we weren't going to fall. God, I can remember wishing so badly that you would do to me back then what you're doing now."

I smiled at him as I used two hands on his dick. I was probably ten or eleven at the time if memory served me. It made me wonder what would have happened if I had known what he was thinking at the time. Then again, my mom had been with us and I know she would have never allowed such hanky-panky when I was that age. Still, I couldn't help wish I could go back and get a do-over!

His dick was so hard in my hands! I licked my lips and wanted so back to suck him. I knew that he would protest if I tried as that would probably be crossing the line for him but at the same time I would have bet that had I managed to get my mouth on him that he would have given in to me. Heck, once I had my mouth on ANY man's dick it was like I could ask for anything and he'd give it to me so long as I didn't stop sucking him.

Just as I worked up the courage to give it a try, he looked at his watch I heard his breath exhale sharply.

"Something wrong daddy?"

"Hell no," he groaned as I gave him an extra little tug, "What could possibly be wrong right now?"

Still, it seemed he was suddenly preoccupied. Then to my surprise he pushed my hands away and put his cock back in his pants.

"What do you say we go back to the house and do this right?" he suggested. "I have this funny feeling that Linda's preoccupied right about now so the hot tub should be ours for the taking."

It seemed like a good suggestion but I still felt a little let down at missing this opportunity to suck him off in such a public place. Oh well, getting fucked in the hot tub wasn't exactly a bad alternative!

The ride down the incline was uneventful. The car wasn't as packed as it was going up but there were still a few other people so I wasn't able to do anything. When we got back to the SUV he opened the door but I turned to him instead and stuck out my leg so he could get a better view of his present for me.

"Damn I love your legs," he complimented me.

"Daddy, I was trying to show you your new present!"

He laughed and kissed me briefly. "How could it NOT look great when it's being worn on an ankle as sexy as yours?"

I climbed in and he closed the door behind me. It only took about ten minutes to get back home (I still think of it as "home" as I spent my entire life there until I graduated from college). I couldn't wait to strip and get in the hot tub. I LOVED his present on my ankle but now it was time for the present I was really looking forward to... my daddy's birthday fuck.

## 3. An Unexpected Present

"Last one naked in the tub is a lazy bones!" I called out to him as I raced into the basement from the garage. As soon as I was inside the door I dropped my heels and slid off my dress. The pearls were laid on top of the washing machine for safe keeping but I left my new present on my ankle so technically I wasn't totally nude but close enough.

My dad was right behind me but he had a lot more to get off so it was no contest. He was barely out of his shirt when I was running up the creaky wooden stairs to the first floor. Making my way through the kitchen, I opened up the back door that led to the deck and the hot tub. Ha, I'd be in the tub up to my neck before my dad even made it up the stairs!

The first indication that something wasn't right was the hot tub cover was laying on the deck. My dad NEVER left it off as the heater could barely keep up with the heat loss if it was off for a long time, not to mention the bugs and whatever that seemed to collect in it.

Then I saw WHY the cover was off. Someone was in the tub! My first thought was that Steve and my Aunt Linda had decided to use it but there was only the back of a woman's head with no Steve in sight. Plus there hadn't been another car in the driveway and if anything, Aunt Linda's had been missing from the garage. THAT meant it wasn't her which would have been odd as I couldn't see her being done with Steve already.

All these thoughts raced through my head in literally a couple of seconds and then I put the pieces of the puzzle together. Just as I was about to call out to her, my mom turned her head and smiled at me.

"Happy Birthday Kelly!"

Holy crap! Talk about an unexpected birthday surprise. I'd just spoken to my mother a few hours earlier and she hadn't even hinted that she was anywhere but in her apartment in Oregon. The tricks you can play with cell phones! I had been heart-broken a week before when she had told me she wouldn't get away from work for my birthday but that she would try to make it up to me soon. Boy, talk about taking it all down hook, line and sinker!

Just then my dad showed up, finally naked. I was standing in the middle of the deck, turning back and for the between the two of them. It had been literally years since we'd been together like this and I was virtually frozen in place, stunned by this surprise.

"Just don't stand there girl, come here and give your mom a kiss and a hug," she called out to me.

She turned around and kneeled in the tub, her set breasts dripping as she stretched out her arms for me. I hurried over to her and kneeled on one knee on the bench that went around the tub and we embraced. Without a word we kissed and our lips pressed hard against the others, tongues immediately out searching and probing.

I hadn't kissed my mom in months, not since Christmas. It was a little funny how kissing her was so much different than kissing my dad. With my dad it was all the thrill of me kissing my father, of me being his incestuous little girl ready to give him everything what he wanted. With my mom, it was more like kissing a lover. Of course it wasn't anything like kissing my TRUE lover - my husband, but in terms of a female lover, my mom was as close as it got to having one.

"Ahem!" my dad coughed. He had moved up closer to the tub to watch us. "Mary, do you mind if I join you?"

Although she didn't make any outward sign of it, for just the briefest of moments I felt my mom tense in my arms. After all, they WERE divorced and for a good while things had been really tense between them. It didn't help when her own sister moved in right behind her. My mom had been sharing my dad with her sister since high school but sharing is one thing, taking is another.

"Of course, you both need to get in... just like old times."

Yeah, just like old times. My oldest memories of me and my parents relate to times in the hot tub. When I was little it was like having my own private pool. I can say one thing, we got our money's worth out of it even if my dad did complain sometimes about the electric bill in the colder months. The hot tub was where I learned to be nude with my parents as a normal way of being, not something sexy or taboo-breaking. I sat down next to my mom, pressing my nude body against hers. She felt so good against me!

"OK, so which of you is responsible for this?" I demanded, pretending to be stern.

My dad laughed while my mom just rolled her eyes. "Believe it or not, your husband did," she informed me.

That made perfect sense. Leave it to Steve to arrange something like this. Of course I knew it had more to do than him just arranging for a great present for me. He was always telling me how much it turned him on to fuck his wife's mother, like the ultimate male fantasy. Actually that wasn't true. His ultimate fantasy for my mom was to fuck the two of us together, the old porn standby, mom and daughter having sex together with a stranger. I think he would've been even happy if it had happened fifteen years earlier, but this was better than nothing.

It was almost overwhelming. How many years had it been since the three of us had been together like this? For a brief moment a thought came to my mind and my heart practically stopped. Oh my god, could it be?

My mom could always read me like a book and tonight was no exception. She must have caught the expression on my face as I looked back and forth between the two of them, hoping against hope that the impossible was about happen.

"Oh Kelly, I'm sorry," she said softly as she put her arm around me, "Don't get the wrong idea. Your father and I agreed to call a truce tonight but that's all it is."

There could be no hiding the disappointment I felt. It would have been too good to be true but for just a moment I thought maybe... just maybe..."

"Hey, don't get all moody now," my mom teased me, putting her hand between my legs, "Let's just enjoy the evening, OK? We're doing this for you, for your birthday, so how about showing a little enthusiasm for your present?"

How could I resist? Even when I lived at home and my parent's marriage stood as a testament to all that was good about the institution we never did a threesome very often. It was almost exclusively reserved for something special for my dad - his birthday, Father's Day, times like that. We'd never done it just for me, except way back when I was just sixteen and we did it together for the first time.

"C'mon John, get over her and fuck her before she gets all moody again," my mom said, reaching out for his hand to pull him closer, "Damn, when was the last time I watched you two together anyway?"

It was more a rhetorical question and went unanswered as my dad took me in his strong arms. The light bulb went off finally.

"So this is why you kept pushing me away all night?"

He just laughed as his hands grabbed me above my hips and turned me away from him. Of course that was why. Considering he almost never could resist me, I should have known something was up - besides his dick.

Leaning over the edge of the hot tub, I kneeled on the seat and rested my boobs on the edge, grabbing the sides for balance. As horny as my dad was after resisting my advances al night he wasn't wasting any time!

"Here, let me help," my mom offered as she grabbed her husband's erection and directed it to her daughter's waiting pussy. Was she thinking about how long it had been since she had held his dick?

With my mom's help he slid easily into my waiting pussy, pushing his way in until I felt his crotch pressing up against my ass. For just a moment he held himself there as we both savored this moment as my dad and I joined together in the most intimate way a father and daughter can be.

"Fuck her John... fuck her for me," my mom encouraged him. God, it had been so long since I'd last heard those words from her. Talk about the best birthday present ever!

I grunted as my dad suddenly pulled back and then rammed his dick hard into me again. Again and again he fucked me hard, the water splashing as he thrust himself deep into me as far as he could push it.

"Can I get in on this?" my mom asked as she lifted herself out of the water and took a seat next to me. She spread her legs apart as an invitation, one I was anxious to accept.

My dad did his part to cooperate, temporarily suspending his thrusts and holding himself still in me to give me the chance to reposition myself between my mom's thighs. Her hairy pussy was wet, her thick pubic hair plastered against her crotch. She used her fingers to brush it out of the way and then hold her pussy lips apart for me as my tongue reached out for her.

"Oh god Kelly, eat me!"

My dad wasn't about to wait any longer than necessary as he resumed fucking me once I had established myself with my head up against my mom's pussy. He didn't bang me quite so hard now to let me more easily lick his ex-wife's pussy.

My mom's pussy tasted like bromine at first but soon her wetness and my licking overcame that and I enjoyed the fresh taste of my mother's pussy juices. She must have been REALLY horny! Her clit was huge as I sucked on it like a nipple, teasing it with my teeth and then running my tongue in circles around it. It was a little difficult with my dad fucking me from behind but between his cock in me and my mom's pussy in my mouth it brought back so many memories.

This was what is known as the best of both worlds. Oh sure I've been fucked and eaten pussy at the same time before - many times. That was just sex for fun, for my physical pleasure. This was so much different. This was incest and while technically it was sex, it was totally different, at least for me. This was not just two people I'd just met at a party, this was my parents, the people who had raised me and I'd known for my entire life! This was my father I felt inside of me, my mother I had my tongue pressing into. We were together again as a family sharing something only a family can share.

After a while we got out of the hot tub and my dad laid out the lawn furniture cushions on the deck. Under the stars my mom laid back on the chaise lounge and masturbated as she watched her daughter riding her husband's erection. My dad played with my boobs as I ground my pussy into his crotch, circling his dick as I felt him moving inside of me.

He was close... he was getting close to cumming in me. My mom could tell as well as I saw her sit up and watch closer with her hand still firmly between her legs. Lifting myself off of him, he knew what I wanted. After all, it's not like this was my first rodeo with him!

Quickly we switched places as I laid on my back and spread my legs apart for him. My dad moved in between them and was back inside of me as fast as he could get it in me. He lowered himself down, resting on his elbows to keep his weight from crushing me as his hips rose up and then down as he fucked me slow and deep, trying to hold back as long as he could.

"Cum in me daddy... give me your love," I begged him softly, wrapping my legs around him and pulling him into me.

"God I love you so much baby girl... I so love you."

It was more than just words. Anyone can tell someone they love you but it means so much more when they are SHOWING you at the same time. Yes, my dad loved me!

"Oh daddy!" I cried out as I felt him thrust one last time, deep and hard as he pressed himself into me, driving his erupting dick as deep inside of me as he could. His head lifted back and I heard him groaning as he began to release his cum into me, mating me with his incestuous sperm. Again and again I felt him thrust as he filled me with his love.

My dad let out a huge sigh as the last of his cum was left inside of his daughter's pussy. He looked at me and I wanted to cry with happiness. It was awesome, a mixture of love and pure lust. I'd just satisfied my father in a way only I could, as only his daughter ever could.

Looking over at my mom, she was laying back and rubbing herself. She gave out a squeak and then gasped as her own orgasm erupted. I could only imagine how it made her feel as my mother to see her husband cumming deep inside of me. The effect was clear to see!

What could be better than this? After so many years to have us together as a family, even if only for this one special night, was the most perfect birthday present a girl could ask for. What could possibly be better?

Indeed, what COULD be better? I was about to find out...

# 4. A Happy Husband

"Now THAT has to be the hottest thing I've EVER seen!"

I immediately recognized the voice but it had to be my imagination so at first I just ignored it and laid there enjoying the feeling of my father's dick as he stayed in me after having just fucked me so wonderfully. God, the things your mind can conjure up when you're in such an emotional state!

"Yeah, I LOVE it when a plan comes together."

The poor imitation of Colonel Smith wasn't my imagination. Looking up I could see the outline of my husband standing there watching us. What the hell?

Steve?"

My voice almost didn't work but it was enough to express my confusion.

"Hey babe, so how do you like my birthday present?"

I was TOTALLY confused now. None of this made any sense but then it did. That sneaky bastard! That wonderful, caring, loving bastard! He must have arranged all of this.

"You know, for someone as smart as you are you certainly can be naive at times," he teased me, "You never saw any of this coming today when it was all right in your face!"

Then behind me I saw more movement. It was my aunt and cousin! It was like everyone was in on this but me.

"Hey Kelly, happy birthday early," Aunt Linda greeted me, "That's OK, just stay as you are, enjoy yourself."

As much as I loved it when my dad would linger in me after he'd finished cumming, this was starting to be a little awkward. He certainly didn't seem to be having any problems with it though. If anything, he gave an extra little shove to keep his now dwindling cock buried in me. It was almost like he was subconsciously trying to show everyone who had me.

What was originally confusion was now becoming just outright surreal. Here I was laying on my back with my dad on top of me after having just finished fucking and cumming in me, my mother just a few feet away slowly rubbing her pussy after having masturbated herself to her own orgasm, and now my husband, aunt and cousin were standing there watching us like we were enjoying a cup of tea watching TV. Everyone was acting so... well so NORMAL. Any moment I was going to wake up in bed and shake my head at having had such a weird dream.

"Ahhhhhh, so there's my favorite son-in-law," my mom greeted Steve, "About time you showed up. I had to do myself!"

"Doesn't look like you suffered too much," her sister remarked, "Besides, he just told me about everything a few minutes ago." She playfully punched Steve in the shoulder. "Of course he waited until he'd fucked us both."

Kristen giggled at that. She was staying in the background, surprisingly quiet for once.

"So anyway, we just had to come over and see for ourselves," my aunt continued, "Kristen and I will leave you guys be... for now."

Kristen started to protest but her mom hushed her and before I could say anything she led her daughter back into the house. Whether they were heading back to Kristen's place (her mom's old house) or just going up to the bedroom I wasn't sure. Since my Aunt Linda loved here now with my dad it gave them a couple of options. Given how my mom felt about how quickly her sister had taken up residence when she had moved to Oregon after the divorce, I was sort of hoping they would go to Kristen's, at least for the evening.

That left the four of us. For the first time we were all together without anyone else around. It was only the second time ever that Steve had seen my dad and me having sex. The first was back when he proposed to me and I finally told him about my incestuous family relationships. At the time he thought I was playing some sort of practical joke on him and it wasn't until I proved it to him that he actually believed me.

Then there was my mom. I knew that Steve wanted to fuck her again but with her living so far away that wasn't something I thought was going to happen again for a while. He'd first done her the day of our wedding, actually at the same time my dad was giving me "something new" to carry in me while he walked me down the aisle! Since then there had only been one other opportunity back during Christmas. Both times I was otherwise "occupied" with my dad so I wasn't able to watch. While I'm normally not anxious to see Steve with another girl, this was one girl I really wanted to see him fuck!

"So are you just going to stand there and stare or get naked?" my mom asked Steve, pretending to be exasperated with him.

Interestingly, for one of the few times since I'd known him, Steve seemed to hesitate at a chance for sex. This was a guy who since high school, where he had a rep for banging every cheerleader, never turned down an opportunity to get laid.

I knew instantly what the problem was, if it could even be called a problem - my dad. Steve had always had a hang-up about sharing me with my dad. It wasn't that he cared if my dad say him fucking his daughter - he had learned to deal with that back when we first dated and my dad would spy on us when we fucked in my bedroom. As for fucking my mom, I didn't think he cared one way or the other about my dad since they weren't married anymore.

No... the issue was sharing me. Since the first time he watched my dad fuck me, Steve had made it clear that he was OK with me being with my dad, just so long as he wasn't involved. Steve LOVED watching me being fucked by other guys - except my dad. Why this was such a hang-up for him I don't know as he won't even discuss it with me. Maybe it has something to do with the relationship between him and his mother. Steve and Marlene are have a unique relationship, to say the least. But no matter how they tease and flirt and kiss, they NEVER touch each other, at least not on the bare flesh. They definitely never have sex. OK, so it's a little weird but that's the way my husband is and I respect him for it, even if I don't quite understand everything.

My mom seemed to sense the same hesitation in her son-in-law. As she always did, she took control...

"Get over it Steve," she told him in no uncertain way, "Get those off and fuck me and quit worrying about those two. They can take care of themselves, believe me."

Steve looked at me but I kept my mouth shut and just grinned at him. Amazingly, though it all my dad was STILL in me, a fact that Steve seemed well aware. I half-expected my dad to chime in but I had to give him credit, he kept his mouth shut the entire time. Really, what could he say? It probably didn't hurt that when he seemed about to open his mouth I squeezed down as hard as I could on his dick. He got the hint!

"What the hell," he sighed as he started to strip. As he did I gave my dad a small push after which he rolled over and off of me. His dick was limp now and knowing him, it would take a while to recover no matter what the visual stimulus may be.

I turned on my side and my dad snuggled in behind me, spooning me. I could feel his warm dick pressing in against my butt as he put his arm around me and pulled me in tight against him. His large hand easily cupped my breast, squeezing it gently with my nipple between his fingers. My pussy was tingling and I could feel his cum beginning to drain from me and down my leg.

By now Steve had stripped and stepped over to where my mom was laying on the chaise lounge. She turned to the side and beckoned for him to move in closer until his cock was right in her face.

I can't say how many girls I've seen suck Steve's dick or how many he's had sex with but I did know one thing. For the first time ever I watched as my husband's semi-erect dick was slowly engulfed by my mother's mouth. My heart beat fast as I thought of how many times she had told me growing up that she couldn't wait for me to get married so she could have a son to have sex with. To think, I was watching her dream come true! Sure, she'd been with him a couple of times before but now there was no rush and I could finally watch.

What's more erotic, to watch a son fuck his mother or a mother fuck her son? I suppose that depends on what your perspective is and since they were my husband and mother I suppose I could see it from both directions. All I know is that this was the icing on my birthday surprise cake - to watch my husband have sex with my mother. To watch AND feel my father's nude body pressed in tightly against mine just made it all the more special and memorable.

My mom sucked Steve's cock for a good ten minutes. If she was surprised at his ability to retain control then she wasn't listening to all the stories I'd told her about our dates in the past. I could suck Steve for hours without making him cum if he was determined enough. It was so amazing to watch as she worked his dick, using her hand to stroke him as she licked and sucked on his dick. Indeed, my mom was responsible for many of my techniques, especially when it came to the importance of using your tongue on a guy.

When my mom's mouth needed a break, she turned back on her side and spread her legs wide open for him. Steve moved down to the end of the lounge chair and kneeled down as she scooted herself down until her legs were up and over his shoulders. Without a word Steve went to work, eating my mom's pussy like a hungry cat at a bowl of milk. My mom moaned loudly and I knew why - Steve was one hell of a good pussy licker!

"He must be pretty good to get her off like that," my dad murmured in my ear.

I knew what he meant. While my mom was good at licking pussy, she was never one to get off from it herself. Oh sure she enjoyed it - what woman doesn't? But to get an orgasm from it? Now THAT was a different story entirely. Even I had a hard time getting her to cum and I consider myself an expert at licking pussy. I may not have as much experience at that as I do sucking dick, but I have the advantage of owning a pussy myself which gives me one heck of an advantage over every man on earth.

Yeah, Steve was damn good. My mom cried out with pleasure as her back arched and her legs straightened out when she started to cum. I couldn't help but feel proud of my hubby!

"Now fuck me!" she demanded in a husky voice.

Steve grabbed her by the ankles and lifted them up, pushing back to raise her butt off the chaise lounge chair to expose her dripping wet pussy. His cock was like an iron rod as he pushed his hips forward and tried to get it in her without any help. My mom was too horny to have that much patience so she reached down and practically pulled him into her.

"That's so much better Steve," she sighed as he pushed deeper into her. I loved it! My husband was fucking my mother!

"She's incredible, isn't she?" my dad whispered and I could feel his dick nudging me.

My dad had always loved my mom and despite the divorce, I knew in his heart he still loved her as much now as the day he watched her walking down the aisle. Was he thinking that maybe he had let her get away too easily? Was it worth losing her for the sake of a relatively few brief moments of underage sex?

"Oh that's it, fuck your momma!" she moaned. I couldn't help but think she was doing it for our benefit as much as hers. Yes, she was finally getting what she had always wanted - a son to fuck her in front of her family.

Steve pulled out of her and grabbed her by the hips and flipped her over on her belly. My mom was on her knees now, bent over the chair with her head down low and her ass up in the air. For the first time since he started fucking my mom, Steve looked over at me and then he grinned at me, like he knew something I didn't.

Steve put two fingers in my mom's wet pussy, wetting them and then rubbing it on his dick to get it even wetter than it already was. He leaned over and I saw him start to lick my mom's ass, sticking his tongue into her asshole. I knew where this was going... why he had grinned at me. Steve knew I hated anal sex but that was one area where I differed from the other women in my family that Steve had sex with, a number that included my own mother.

Steve went upright and grabbed his dick firmly in his hand. With a determined look he positioned his dick up against my mom's asshole and pushed. As hard as he was, his shaft bent a little as he pushed hard and then suddenly it was like he just popped in and half his dick was in her.

"Oh God!" my mom cried out as Steve started to fuck her ass. It wasn't a cry of pain but of lust. She was loving it! She got up on her elbows and I watched her boobs swing under her as my husband's dick stroked in and out of her ass.

"So why haven't you ever..." my dad started to say. He quickly stopped when I elbowed him! He knew better than to even broach the subject with me. If there was thing I made clear to every man who fucked me - my ass was one-way only!

Steve fucked my mom's ass hard and then he pulled out and immediately was back in her pussy again without hardly missing a beat. My mom was rocking on her elbows, synchronizing her motion with his to help drive him into her as deep as possible. In the dim light it was soooooo erotic to watch my husband taking my mother this way.

"Oh yeah!" Steve groaned as he started to cum.

He plunged his dick into my mom's pussy, pumping her pussy with sperm. Unlike my dad who had his tubes cut after I was born, Steve really DID shoot sperm into my mother but it wasn't like she was going to get pregnant any more. Still, it was somewhat erotic to think of about his swimmers eagerly making their way up inside of her, even if it was all in vain.

As Steve was cumming I could feel my dad reacting behind me. Mmmmmmm, his cock was starting to recover well ahead of schedule. Seeing his ex-wife being fucked must have been an inspiration for him! I turned around and saw indeed that he was growing so I lowered my head down and started to suck my dad's dick. Mmmmmmm, he still tasted like me!

In my current position I could still see Steve as he finished off in my mom. As soon as he pulled out of her she immediately twisted around to suck him off, pulling every remaining drop of cum from his dick into her mouth. Steve's dick was sensitive after his orgasm and he practically shook with pleasure as she sucked him.

I don't know how long the two of us sucked our respective guys but it was like neither of us wanted to be the first to finish so it went on for quite a while. I wasn't able to get my dad to cum again but just getting an erection so quickly was quite an accomplishment. My mom was treated to a mouthful of cum before the night was over so she was lucky enough to get some in both in her pussy AND her mouth.

Finally we were just too exhausted to go on so we managed to work our way back into the house and took our seats at the kitchen table. My dad went to the refrigerator and poured us all a glass of wine as we sat around the table, each of us flush with sex. For the next hour or so we reminisced about what had just happened as well as telling stories about things that had happened in that very same hot tub and deck in the past.

As it turned out my Aunt Linda and Kristen must have gone back to her place as we had the house to ourselves. It had been a while I think since the two of them had spent a night together so I felt good that they had this chance. I ended up in my old bedroom with my dad while my mom and Steve spent the night in the master bedroom.

The next morning I woke up to a familiar feeling – my dad's dick rubbing against my face. It was now my official birthday and I knew it would be a day of party and gifts but I'd already received the best gifts last night.

What more could I ask for? For once I had a birthday that meant something and I had all of my wonderful family to thank.

# (Mar 24) Chapter 244: My BFF Is Engaged

Story codes: MF FF oral group
Me (27)
Steve - my husband (28)
Beth - my BFF (28)
Max - Beth's fiancé (31)

Beth and I have been best friends since before I can remember. Over the years we've shared everything so why not share husbands?

## 1. What Goes Around, Cums Around

It seems like friends come and go despite everything. Someone you think is your closest friend and confidante suddenly turns on you leaving you wondering what the heck happened. Sometimes they just move and even though you both swear you'll stay in touch - you don't. Sometimes I think cliques and groups shift and change with the lunar cycle - or at least some other seemingly totally obscure event. Then there's the old issue of what happens when you have sex with a friend - can you stay friends? From my experience the answer is no, at least not close friends.

Then you have that special person who is a true friend. Time and distance can't ruin your relationship although everything changes with time. Arguments are smoothed over before they erupt out of control. Jealousy over boyfriends somehow seem to work out. Even the occasional sex doesn't screw things up.

For me, such a person is Beth. In my dictionary under BFF her picture appears in a gold frame. Although in many ways we are different, somehow we have always been close to each other. Sure I was jealous of her boobs and the attention she got early on when my own were taking their sweet time to make an appearance but it was more frustrating for me than anything I took personal. Our personalities are at opposite ends of the spectrum not to mention our looks and views.

When I come right down to it, there's actually little that we agree on. Politically she is much more liberal than I am. I am extremely religious whereas I doubt Beth would ever darken the entrance to a church on her own. I was the straight A student while Beth struggled just to pass. Beth had a younger brother while I was an only child. My parents are financially much better off than hers although she was not poor by any stretch of the imagination. As I mentioned, she has the huge boobs and a bit heavier frame than me (not fat, just a few extra pounds) while I was always the flat-chested wonder in grade school and thin. I went to college to earn a degree whereas Beth learned to do hair and nails and works in a salon.

Those are the things that most people would say if you were to ask them to compare the two of us. What most people don't see are the differences behind closed doors, are at least not so much in the public eye. Although Beth matured faster than me, I was the first to have sex. Over the years my preferences have been to stick with 1-1 sex but Beth has always been more the party girl, seeking out multiple partners and group events more so than dating guys and dealing with them individually. Thus while I went out a lot more than she did, she probably has had more guys than me simply because so many do her at one time. She has invited me to her parties and I have accepted a few times over the years but I have never been into them nearly as much as her.

Another sexual difference involves incest. I came from a family with an incest tradition, at least on my mother's side, which I have continued starting back when I was sixteen. On the other hand, Beth has never had anything to do with anyone in her own family and has no desire to change that status. Interestingly, we have both had sex with the other's dad but the circumstances were radically different. My dad wanted to do it with her whereas I had to seduce her father. It's not like we've done it all that much - I did her dad only once while my dad has done her only twice. Actually it was the second time when she first learned about me and my dad.

Speaking of sexual preferences, I probably am more bi than Beth. That's not really saying much since I don't do it with girls outside my family hardly ever but Beth tends to stick with men even more than me. As close as we are, the two of us didn't even do each other until late in our teens!

Perhaps the other major area where we diverge sexually has to do with the age of our partners. Generally I prefer older men, married if possible. There's something about the way they treat me and the rush I get when a man cheats on his wife for the first time with me that's irresistible. Beth has always looked for guys more her own age, maybe plus or minus a few years. Nothing extreme either way for her.

Which raises yet another difference - she is steadfastly against sex with anyone underage. Personally I agree with her and if I was in her shoes I would follow the same path. However, I have obligations and circumstances that she doesn't in that I have to sexually submit to my father and husband, both of whom are card-carrying pedophiles and occasionally insist that I participate with them. I've jokingly warned Beth that someday she will be married and so she had better make sure she knows all her fiance's quirks and addictions as she'll have to live with them for the rest of her life.

Well guess what? My BFF just announced she was engaged! The wedding won't be until next spring but at least she has the ring.

## 2. Marriage Vows and Swapping

One of the things Beth and I have talked a lot about over the years is how our lives will changes after we get married, or even engaged for that part. That brings up a good point... are you obligated to the same restrictions and commitments when you're engaged as those you'll have when you're eventually married?

This was one area where we both agreed - no! Until the final band goes on, all the rest is just a shiny rock and a promise. Until you say "I do" then it's more something between you and your fiance than anything biblical, ethical, or moral. For instance, while after we got engaged Steve and I tended to include each other more in our sexual activities, it wasn't like we never went off and did anything on our own or put something off until the other could be informed or made an offer to join. Personally I think it's only natural that if two people love each other enough to be engaged that they should just instinctively WANT to be together.

Another thing we use to debate a lot was the issue of cheating and adultery. Given Beth's leaning towards group events she naturally expected that she and her husband would be swingers. Until I was engaged to Steve, I took up a rather contrary position based on the teachings of my mother. As such I opposed any sex outside of marriage regardless of whether it was consensual or even encouraged by your spouse. One difference for me compared to Beth was that for me, "outside of marriage" did not include incestual sex leaving me a much wider playing field after marriage than Beth would face given there was no incest in her family.

Of course all that went out the window after Steve proposed to me and made it clear that he had every expectation that we would include other couples in our sex lives - outside of marriage. For the most part that meant other married couples in 1-1 swaps but like my dad, Steve has an addiction to porn and underage sex so again like me dad, he had expectation that I would join him now and then even though he knew it wasn't something I wanted to be involved with.

Given Beth was just engaged, all this didn't really matter to her anyway as technically she and her fiance could have any partner they wished for the time being. The only good thing was that me and my husband could join in, something I had not expected to be able to do back when we were teens dreaming about our futures.

When Beth first announced her engagement, it came as a bit of a surprise to me because I hadn't realized she was even that serious with any one guy. She rarely single-dated and I say rarely only because I don't want to say never in case she did without telling me. It was simple, if you wanted to be with Beth, arrange a party or go to one of hers. I knew she had a few "favorites" at these parties but not that she was THAT interested in any single one of them to where they would propose to her.

When Beth told me who her fiance was, I didn't recognize the name. He went by the name of Max which was short for something MUCH longer but unpronounceable so everyone just called him Max. Even when she showed me a few photos of him I didn't recognize him.

"Are you SURE you don't recognize him?" she asked me for the umpteenth time.

I shook my head and so she dug into her purse and pulled out another one of him. It was readily obvious why she wasn't keeping THAT photo in with the rest - he was nude with a monstrous erection!

"NOW?" she giggled, "I thought you never forgot a dick?"

She was poking fun at me because ONE time back who knows when I had bragged that I could remember very dick I'd ever fucked and sucked. Of course I was just showing off because there was no way that was possible, not with the number that I'd had over the years. Still, she never forgot and every now and then pulled out the old chestnut to taunt me.

"Honest Beth, doesn't ring any bells?" I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

"Well, HE remembers YOU!" she teased me.

I took the photo from her hand and looked at it closely. Nope, she must have confused us somewhere along the line which was hardly surprising considering how many guys she'd messed with over the years.

"Kelly, Kelly, Kelly," she fussed, shaking her head at me, "He fucked you right in front of me for crying out loud!"

This time I REALLY looked at him, paying particular attention to his dick. If he really had fucked me, then I should at least remember his dick!

Nope, no memory whatsoever. I handed it back to her, shaking my head.

"Hey, it's not like I wouldn't mind him fucking me, I just don't remember him is all."

"Well if you really WOULD like him to do you, then why not this weekend?"

At first I wasn't sure what she meant. A threesome? Foursome? Just me and him? Beth knew me well enough to know what I was worrying about.

"Hey, you don't think I'm going to hand over my fiance to your hungry pussy without getting your hunky husband in return, do you?"

Actually it surprised me a little as Beth could have my husband any time she wanted and she knew it. At the same time, I think in all the time Steve and I had been married she had only been with Steve once, at least that I knew of, and that was only because I was busy with something at school that weekend.

"So what is it you're proposing?" I asked her, getting more curious by the moment.

Beth shrugged and I got the idea this had been somewhat of a spur of the moment on her part, not really thought through.

"I don't know? Maybe just dinner and then see where things go from there. What do you say?"

Like I was going to protest? I really did want to meet this mystery guy who could suddenly propose to my BFF without me having a clue as to his existence until then. Not only that, I was curious to see this guy who claimed to have fucked me but I didn't have a clue who he was!

## 3. Beth and I Put On a Show

It wasn't hard to talk Steve into meeting with Beth and Max. In fact, I didn't even get to the part where she wanted us to meet before he was already on board.

"Sounds like a great guy... so when do we get to get together with them?" he cut in right in the middle of me explaining to him about Beth's engagement. "And I don't mean just dinner if you get my drift."

Yeah, that's my husband, subtle as always. Then again, he knew about my special relationship with Beth, not to mention the parties he'd heard about. Steve and I had never gone to one of them together because one of the rules was "no couples".

The idea was that people were supposed to go there without any entanglements so married and engaged couples were strictly forbidden and even serious boyfriend/girlfriend couples were discouraged. It made me wonder how Beth had managed to carry on with Max without it becoming an issue but obviously they had worked things out.

I finally got a chance to explain to Steve about what bath and I had planned, as thin as it was, but he wasn't thrilled by the concept in general.

"Why bother with the restaurant crap? We're not teenagers anymore. Just invite them over and we can order out and get right to it without wasting a lot of time posturing."

I knew that Steve had done quite a bit with Beth when he first returned to Pittsburgh, most of it before we reunited. He never spoke much about it, preferring to focus on the fact that it was Beth that helped him find me again. Still, there were those times when they would exchange glances or even a nod and a wink that made me wonder just what had gone on back then. No doubt it involved groups and parties as it would have been totally out of character for Beth to date anyone.

The fact that they both avoided talking about their past doings made it even more curious for me. It's not like either of them normally was afraid to brag about their past exploits. Whatever it was pretty much disappeared once Steve started dating me but I wasn't sure which of them drove that decision.

Afterwards I called Beth and explained to her how Steve had reacted. She took it all in stride which did nothing for me in terms of trying to decipher things. It didn't surprise me but then again it did. Things can get sure complicated when your best friend was a past sexual partner with your husband.

The next Saturday night we arranged for Beth and Max to some by our apartment. Normally I preferred not to entertain at home as our place was pretty small and not exactly what you would call extravagant. A motel room would have been my first choice for something like this but that seemed rather cold in terms of meeting with my best friend.

Another reason I would have preferred another venue was that it meant I had to clean house. Ugh! Not that my home is typically a wreck but then that's a relative condition. Little things like dishes and dusting were best handled via procrastination if I had a choice. We certainly didn't qualify for an episode of "Hoarding" but that didn't mean it wasn't on the long-range scanners.

Fortunately I'd been given a few days warning so I managed to get the place in pretty good shape. Some air freshener and carpet cleaner helped as well. If you can't clean it up, cover it up, right? It doesn't help we can't exactly afford the greatest apartment complex either and I refuse to let my dad pay for it. I even cleaned the bathroom - my most hated chore! Sorry to bring up an old cliche but why can't men aim? I can see when they're horny and cumming and can't hit my tongue if their life depended on it but a stationary toilet seat? Really?

We decided to just keep it simple and ordered out pizza and bread sticks. Beth volunteered to bring the wine and beer while I, as usual, was left to supply my own Diet Coke. My only stipulation was no hot peppers or anything too spicy. You can wash your hands and face all night long and it still stings when they're touching you in the more sensitive areas!

Beth showed up right on time as always. Funny how some people can always be on time when other, my cousin a notable exception, can never stick to a schedule. Long ago I learned to tell Kristen to show up at least a half hour earlier than necessary just so she wouldn't be TOO late. Max was right behind as Steve opened the door and welcomed them in.

Beth wasted no time planting a hello kiss on Steve, wrapping her arms around his neck in a big hug as she smashed her large breasts against his chest. It wasn't like there was much in between either as she was wearing a low-cut blouse that was fitted to her shape like a glove, leaving no questions that she hadn't bothered with a bra either. A short denim skirt was already riding up her ass which Steve quickly checked out, planting one hand on each bare cheek. I thought I could see a hint of a thong but there wasn't much material in back, that was for sure.

Once Beth released him, she introduced the guys who just shook hands and eyed each other up. Each of them was in jeans with Steve in a short-sleeved short and Max in a Hard Rock Cafe T-shirt from San Diego. Steve quickly noted the location and commented that he'd lived in the San Diego area for almost ten years and had been to that very place but Max confessed he'd never been there, it was just a gift from somebody.

Beth pulled Max by the hand over to the bar stool where I was seated with the toe of one foot on the floor and my other foot resting on the rail in the middle of the stool. I had chosen a pair of SHORT denim shorts with the bottoms rolled up to make them tight around my thighs to expose as much leg as possible. I'd chosen a tight salmon tank top which felt like Saran Wrap around me that was cut deep into my cleavage and exposed more midriff than would normally be considered "presentable". A pair of plain black heels with a simple ankle strap were good to start things out with but could be slipped off without having to untie a Gordian Knot.

"Kelly, this is Max, my fiance," Beth said as a formal introduction. Then she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "NOW do you remember?"

Honestly I didn't but then I hadn't expected anything different. One of the reasons I avoided Beth's parties for the most part was for this very reason - the impersonal nature. Like this very situation... what does it mean when somebody fucks you and later you don't even remember what they looked like, let alone their name or anything personal. Odds were I never DID know his name if that party had been anything like the others. Usually somebody just came up to you and you went to it without much in the way of introductions or foreplay. One day when I was bored driving I tried to guess how many guys I'd been fucked by at her parties and just gave up as I couldn't hardly remember even where we did it, let alone how many.

Well, I may not have remembered HIM but he certainly seemed to remember ME.

"Ah yes... your best friend Kelly," he said smiling at Beth and then at me, "A woman of MANY talents I must say."

I almost groaned. This was her fiance? For whatever reason my first impression was horrible, like he was trying way too hard to be sophisticated and suave. 'Just be honest with me' I wanted to say to him. Tell me I'm a good fuck or whatever but don't play coy.

Just then the doorbell rang and Steve grabbed his wallet and answered the door. The pizza guy was there and he quickly paid him and brought the food inside to the counter where I was still seated on one of the bar stools.

The guys, being guys, literally attacked and quickly were chowing down. Beth took a seat next to me and we both contemplated the food and decided to have a drink first. She'd brought a cork puller with and opened the bottle of wine she'd brought with while I topped off the glass of Diet Coke I'd been drinking before they had arrived.

"Pigs!" she teased the guys as they just grinned and grabbed a second piece while we hadn't even yet had out first.

Beth opened the bag with the bread sticks and held one up. It was long and warm and I think we both thought the same thing at the same time as we looked at each other and started to giggle.

Beth took her bread stick and holding it by the end, proceeded to do a pretty good simulation of sucking a dick, slowly pushing it into her mouth and then closing her lips around it as she brought it slowly back out into sight. By the time she'd finished the second cycle she had the attention of the guys.

"If you really want it then I've got something better than that breadstick," my own husband said in a naughty tone of voice.

I looked at Beth and winked and she got the idea. Taking the stick from her mouth, she directed it towards mine and did the same routine again, only this time using my mouth and lips instead of hers.

"Same offer applies from me Kelly," Max chimed in.

I looked over at him and grinned as best I could with a mouth full of warm bread. It was a tempting offer but I wasn't going to make it THAT easy for him, at least not yet.

Beth's eyes met mine again and another silent signal passed between us. When you know someone as well as Beth and I knew each other, words aren't necessary for such things. She put the breadstick to the side and leaned over, putting her hand on my bared thigh for support as our lips met and we kissed slowly and passionately.

"Oh yeah... now THAT's what I'm talking about!" Max crowed, clapping his hands once for emphasis.

Steve just kept quiet, showing that he understood me well enough to know that if he just watched and kept still that I'd give him the show they wanted.

My left hand moved up to Beth's boobs and I pressed my palm flat against her right boob as our kiss intensified, then squeezing down on it with my fingers. Her chest lifted in response, making it easier for me to caress her covered breast. I couldn't help but briefly feel a moment of jealousy at how large yet firm her breast was. As for mine, I was pretty proud of how perky and high they were but when I cupped my own in my hands they didn't have anywhere near the heft and weight of Beth's. Then again I could easily get away without a bra in most outfits whereas she had bemoaned to me more than once how her back hurt when she didn't have on a good supported bra.

Moving my hand lower, I reached under her blouse and moved my hand back up to her breast and felt its smooth warmth in my palm and fingers. The guys couldn't see my hand now but they had to see the impression it was making against the tight blouse, sort of like when I play with myself under a pair of panties to tease a guy.

Meanwhile Beth wasn't just sitting there doing nothing. While I was toying with her impressive boobs she had put her own hand down between my legs, clutching my inner thigh and using her grip to pull my leg up against hers and then over it. This had what had to be the desired effect of spreading my legs apart, drawing my shorts in tight against my pussy. The crotch material was so thin that had I not been shaven it would have also have caused my pubic hair to be exposed.

I couldn't help but sigh softly as my best friend's fingers kneaded my inner thigh and then she sent shivers up and down my spine as she dragged the backsides of her nails up and down my thigh from my knee to my crotch. God, talk about being sensitive!

I could tell from the hardening of Beth's nipples that she was really getting turned on. I pinched one of them just hard enough to make her gasp and then rolled it between my fingers.

"God I love it when you play with my nipples like that," she sighed into my mouth as our lips parted briefly.

As if to show her appreciation, she then moved her hand up into my crotch, pressing the side of her fingers into me and then pushing the tight denim into my pussy. My clit took the brunt of her actions, sending more shivers down my spine as out tongues toyed with each other's.

For just a brief moment I glanced over to our male companions. They were each seated on one of the kitchen chairs. Steve was leaning back with one elbow on the table top while Max was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. Both of them were staring at us like some sort of freak show, mouths hanging open slightly although I doubt either of them realized it.

Beth put both hands down now, working on the button at the top of my shorts. She expertly undid it and then tried to pull down the zipper but it was pulled so tight that I had to scoot down on the chair a little and bend backwards so she could get it undone all the way down. I lifted myself up on my elbows on the arms of the barstool chair, allowing her to slip my shorts down over my butt and then down my legs to my ankles where I kicked them off in the general direction of my husband, leaving me bare-ass on the chair.

If someone were to compare Beth and me, I'd like to think I have the better ass while she outdoes me in the chest department. Not that her butt isn't good but as I mentioned before, a few pounds on the heavy side maybe. Of course, some guys loved the extra beef in her ass but for most men, I think my tight ass is the best.

Thus I felt it was appropriate that if one of us was to be bottomless, at least for the moment, that it should be me.

Using the same logic, that meant Beth should the one who was topless and I think she had the same understanding as me because when I went to grab her blouse she Shifted her weight to make it easier for me to pull it up and over her head. Immediately I noticed the guys shifting their attention to the large breasts suddenly on display and I have to admit, even I took a pause for a few seconds to admire them, once again wishing MINE looked like hers.

Leaning down, I licked all around Beth's nipple, going from one breast to the other and then back again. Meanwhile, she was reaching for my crotch, pressing one finger into my pussy already without much hesitation. I was already so wet from being so horny that it easily slid up into me.

"Oh yeah, fuck me Beth," I whispered hoarsely as my hot breath played over her boob. I almost bit her nipple too hard when she surprised me by suddenly shoving a second finger up into me. Her thumb then played over my clit, making me sigh with pleasure.

I really wasn't sure what to do next as it wasn't like we had planned this out ahead of time. Actually this was the first time we'd ever done something like this. At parties when we would tease the guys it was usually one end of the spectrum or the either. I mean we either just kissed or got naked and went down and dirty fast. The few times we'd had sex privately it was usually laying together in bed and by then we were usually naked and horny which was why we did it in the first place. To be half-dressed and toying with each like this in front of somebody just wasn't one of those things best friends like us did.

As usual, Beth was the aggressor and took control. Gently pressing my head away from her chest, she withdrew her fingers from my pussy and then made quite the show out of licking them and enjoying the flavoring of my pussy. I watched, wondering what she had up her sleeve (but then she was topless sop she didn't have any sleeves... no matter.)

Beth looked over at the guys and I think she even winked at them as she dropped to her knees in between my legs. Putting her hands on the insides of my bare knees, she pushed my legs wide apart and then .licked her lips as she gazed at my wet exposed pussy.

"Fuck I love your pussy," she almost groaned as she sat on the backs of her heels for a moment and gazed between my legs. Then she looked up and our eyes met and I knew she was ready for more.

Pushing her hands from my knees down to my crotch without losing touch of my thighs, she outlined my pussy within a circle formed of her thumbs and forefingers, almost like a movie director visualizing his next camera placement and shot. Then without a word she leaned forward and I could feel her breath on my wetted pussy lips, followed close behind by the light touch of her tongue.

"Oh yeah... like that!" I sighed as she worked her tongue from my pussy hole to my clit, wiggling it like a fresh worm on a hook.

"You taste so good," she mumbled as she licked me like a kitten at a fresh bowl of warm milk.

I leaned back into the chair, resting my arms on the arm-rests. My hands clenching the ends so tightly my knuckles whitened as I closed my eyes and focused on nothing but the incredible sensations being created between my legs by Beth's talented tongue. While I consider myself bisexual, that comes with the caveat that I prefer men whereas Beth was always more into girls than me. While nobody could beat my mom when it came to licking my pussy, Beth as a close second!

As Beth sucked on my clit, she worked her arms under my legs, lifting them up and over her shoulders as she pushed her hands up under my ass to pull me into her face almost like she was eating a large watermelon. To carry the analogy to the extreme, as good as Beth was doing me I was probably just as wet or more than a freshly cut watermelon! I'd like to think I tasted better too. Nothing against watermelon but I LOVE the taste of a horny pussy, especially mine.

Almost as if she was reading my mind, Beth slipped my legs off her shoulders and pushed herself up to her feet and then leaned over me, her long hair draped over my face as she lowered herself down to kiss me. Mmmmmmm, yes indeed, I DID taste so good on her mouth. As much as I loved to reach down, wet my fingers and then put them in my mouth, it was always better to smell and taste myself on someone's face or a guy's dick.

It was just for a moment though, as if she just wanted me to enjoy the moment as she bent her knees this time let my legs drop to the floor as she used my upper thighs to support her arms as her face returned to my crotch. This time it was like she was being more serious and not just doing it for show. Her nose pressed in against my clit as her tongue reached into my pussy as deep as she could reach.

I tried to imagine how we must look at that moment to the guys... me with nothing on from the middle of my torso down except my heels; Beth with nothing on above the waist, her face pressed in tight against another girl's pussy as her incredible breast hung free. The only thing missing was having them stroking themselves!

Oh GOD she was making me feel so damn good! I have to admit, when it comes to me having sex, receiving oral sex is probably the one thing I get the least of as generally it's focused on what I can do for the guy, especially sucking his cock after which usually it jumps to fucking me. It was moments like this when I realized how much I LOVED to have my pussy licked and sucked, especially by another girl.

When my orgasm hit it was almost like an afterthought as it was like I was already feeling incredibly good. The extra jolt was extra good this time as I was practically gushing into her mouth. She didn't back off even for an instant as her face was covered with pussy cum as I groaned and moaned uncontrollably. Oh yeah, now THIS was an orgasm!

Beth was relentless as she pushed two fingers into me just as I thought it couldn't get any better.

"Oh my GOD!" I heard myself saying, crying out my most hated cliche despite myself as I couldn't control myself. I could feel the tears rolling down my cheeks as I lifted my hips and thrust them forward into Beth, almost like I was trying to fuck her face. Indeed, what I needed now more than anything was to be fucked... and fucked HARD!!!

"Fuck me! Oh God please fuck me!" I cried out as I opened my eyes and pleaded with the two guys that each had the one thing I wanted now more than anything else... a good hard dick.

## 4. Swapping Partners

Somehow or another I just assumed my husband would stand up and do me. I mean like Steve IS my husband and isn't that the sort of thing you expect your spouse to step up and do when you need it so badly? Instead it was Max that rose to the occasion (quite literally judging from what was sticking out of his jeans). Steve didn't even so much as lean forward so I had to think that somehow along the line the two of them had collaborated somehow about this eventuality. Actually at the moment I didn't give a damn which one fucked me, just so long as one of them did... and did it NOW.

Beth stood up and wiped her mouth off with the back of her hand and grinned at me and then turned to my husband with an even wider grin. She cupped each boob with one hand and jiggled them for him which caused Steve to sit up and take notice. Although he was too kind to admit it to me usually, Steve was a boob man and I knew he always had an eye on Beth's rack whenever she was around, especially if she was wearing a bikini or tight top.

Beth took a seat on Steve's lap and he put one arm around her and the other hand went straight for her nearest breast. They both watched Max as he approached me like a lion stalking its prey.

As for me, I hadn't moved hardly an inch since Beth had left me with my pussy pulsing like mad after having just cum so hard. My legs were stretched out wide, almost obscenely so, with my soaking wet pussy in full view of everyone.

Max had pulled out his cock from his jeans such that it was sticking out from between the zipper like a large worm from its hole. He was fully erect and ready for action! I almost drooled as I lusted for his dick and what it was about to do to me. God I wanted to be fucked so bad I wanted to scream for him to hurry up and ram it in me.

Stepping between my legs, the first thing max did was reach down and strip off my tank top, leaving me naked except for my heels and a gold ankle chain that had been a birthday gift recently from my dad. Of course I still had on my wedding rings - those NEVER came off. Otherwise I was as bare as the day I was born and horny as a teenager in heat.

Max pulled off his Hard Rock T-shirt and I admired his chest and flat stomach. Damn, this guy was built! Knowing Beth and her rather shallow taste in men it shouldn't have surprised me but still, she had landed a hot one for sure! Next he undid his belt and unceremoniously dropped his jeans to his ankles. He still had on his shoes so he just left them on and shuffled the remaining foot to so until his dick was aimed directly for where I wanted it so badly - my pussy. Reaching down for his cock, I tugged him in towards me, trying to literally pull him into my pussy.

"Just fuck me for God's sake," I pleaded with him, "Quit teasing me!"

Just as I thought he was about to do just that, Max turned around and looked at Beth, almost like he needed her permission. If there was one thing I knew had to be true when it came to Beth, any guy she fucked would have fucked LOTS of girls before so it wasn't like there were exclusive or anything. She hadn't said they weren't but I just couldn't imagine Beth EVER limiting herself to one guy, no matter how many rings she wore.

Then I realized it wasn't ME he was teasing, it was BETH. It was like she couldn't wait to see her fiance do me and he was toying with her now, acting like he was about to do me and then holding back at the last second. Well... enough of THAT crap!

"Will you quit whatever it is you two are doing and pay attention and fuck me god damn it!"

OK, so I swore, get over it. I was actually starting to get a little pissed off now. Like, here I was practically begging this guy to screw me and all he could think about was teasing his fiance. Best friend or no best friend, it was MY pussy his dick was barely touching, not hers.

I was about to say something when suddenly and without any warning he lunged forward and drive his dick completely into me, like ALL the way in until he pushed the base of his dick into my crotch. The only thing separating us was whatever pubic hair of his that was trapped in between. I instinctively clamped down on his dick, the breath escaping from me as I gasped from the impact of his dick. Damn, it was like one second my pussy was dying for it and the next I was feeling stuffed up to my throat with cock!

"Fuck!" I cried out, more out of surprise than pleasure. Again I swore which was totally against my nature but who could have blamed me as max began pumping his cock vigorously in and out of me as best he could with my pussy trying to do its best imitation of a vise around his dick.

"Oh yeah, that's better!" I gasped as the shock wore off to be replaced by the incredible sensations his erect dick was creating inside of me. He grabbed me by the hips and thrust himself in and out of me, over and over again and then suddenly he pushed extra hard and then just held himself with his cock buried inside of me.

"So is this what you wanted you fuckin' slut?" Max taunted me, "I bet you like my cock in you better than her tongue any day... am I right."

Was he right? Oh god he was SOOOOO right. Sure I loved what Beth had done to me with her tongue, more than almost anyone else could but she didn't have a dick and nothing felt better in my pussy than a hard hot dick. From the first time Steve had fucked me almost thirteen years ago I could never get enough of this, never get enough dick in me. It was like I could live with a dick in me if I could. Then again, there WAS that one time I went 24 hours with a dick in me. Actually several guys traded back and forth but the end result was almost a continuous 24 hours of having a cock in me. The results were mixed. Let's just say too much if Anything can be too much.

But for now I was a long ways from worrying about having him in me too long, Indeed, so far as I was concerned it was just getting started. If anything though, it DID give me an idea... Could I go all evening with one in me? A few hours wasn't asking for too much, was it?

At the moment it didn't matter because just as my mind was clearing as max caught his breath, once again he took up fucking me without any warning, just ramming his dick in me hard time after time. God it felt so damn good!

"You know, you're even better than the last time I fucked you."

That one caught my attention! We really hadn't said much about that so far so I wasn't sure how to respond. Did I tell him I didn't remember or just pretend and go along with it?

"Don't worry, Beth told me you didn't remember," he went on, "Trust me... you're going to remember me THIS time!"

Meanwhile Beth had enough of being the voyeur and had turned her attention more to Steve. She also had stripped off her remaining clothes and helped Steve out of his - at least he took off his shoes! She was straddling him on the chair, humping his hard cock while he buried his face in the middle of her boobs as she pushed them from the sides around his face. I knew he had to be in seventh heaven!

"Let's move next to them," Max said without pulling out of me.

Instead he grabbed me by the ass and lifted me up as I wrapped my legs around his tight ass and locked my ankles. I was mounted on his cock, my weight causing me to sink down until he was deeper in me than he been yet, his cock pressing up hard against my pussy as it literally was holding me up with the assistance of his hands under me. God, if he slipped and dropped me I might just snap it off!

Max sat me down on the kitchen table right next to the chair where his fiance was still riding my husband's cock. I almost laughed as could barely even see Steve's face with Beth's breasts around him. Then he pulled his head back, gasping for breath as he looked at me and gave me the biggest smile.

That was when I decided to make my announcement. It seemed like the right time before Max started humping me again and Beth was taking a seat on Steve's lap with his dick disappearing into her neatly trimmed pussy.

"I love having a dick in me," I started out but Steve interrupted...

"Yeah, like none of us here knew THAT!"

I reached over and playfully smacked him on the back of the head before continuing.

"Shut up husband or I might just get use to this nice big cock that's in me right now."

Max laughed at that but Beth pretended to be indignant.

"Hey, that's MY cock you're talking about sister... you can borrow it but don't get TOO use to it." She stopped as if she was finished but then got this sly look on her face and continued, "Then again, THIS one is filling me up pretty good right now as well."

Max laughed again so I tightened my legs and pulled me into me.

"Quit laughing buster and fuck me!"

"You heard the slut, fuck her!" Beth encouraged her fiance. Then she started humping on Steve again which caused her boobs to bounce against his face leading him to grip them and start sucking on her nipples. Yeah, he was a boob man through and through.

With all the interruptions I hadn't gotten to what I'd intended but then I didn't want Max to stop either so I just somehow managed to say, "Whatever you do to her is fine Steve but save some for me... I want a dick in me ALL night so if you want any of it to be yours then keep that in mind."

"Hey, what about ME?" Beth came back in mock protest.

I smiled sweetly and then came back with, "Tell you what best friend... If your man can satisfy me tonight then I'll let my man fuck your ass. Deal?"

"Whoa!" Steve burst out with a HUGE grin on his face this time, "You serious?"

He was only asking because he knew how I felt about anal sex. Not only did I now like it myself, but I didn't want any part of any dick after it was in someone's asshole, at least not until it had been scrubbed and disinfected. So basically by saying he could fuck Beth in the ass - something I knew SHE loved, then I was saying he would be fucking her last tonight and not me. That sort of went against our agreement on swapping in that we always said it never mattered what we did with the other person so long as we finished the night together.

Beth was also well aware of my hang-ups but she didn't say anything, almost like she was afraid if she DID say anything I might rethink it and change my mind. I don't know if Steve had ever done anal with her before we reunited, but I was pretty sure he never had since then. Fortunately for me my aunt and cousin also loved anal so it wasn't like my refusal prevented him from getting what he wanted. He just had to remember that there were consequences when he returned home to me!

"Will you quit running your mouth and just let me fuck you now?" Max whined. I nodded and for the next few minutes concentrated on his dick in me - not exactly a hard thing to do although it WAS a hard thing in me. He toyed with my clit while I played with my boobs as he established a smooth rhythm of thrusts.

"Over," was all he said but I knew what he wanted. I unlocked my ankles and dropped my legs as he pulled out of me and helped me off the table. I twisted around, wiggling my bare butt at him as I leaned over the table and spread my legs for him. With my heels still on it helped to tighten my butt and he must have had a great view of my freshly fucked pussy.

"Nice ass," he complimented me as he rubbed his dick up and down my ass crack.

As he held his firm dick he passed over my asshole a few times which caused me a moment of tension as I was afraid he might try something but he never did, thankfully. Instead he was soon back in me, thrusting again as I pushed my arms out straight in front of me and let my boob press against the table top as he did me.

Beth lifted herself off of Steve and stood up in her heels as well. Steve got out of the chair and pushed it to the side so Beth could take up position next to me. She got so close she was rubbing up against me and I loved the feel or her warm smooth skin against mine as she leaned over next to me and presented her pussy to Steve.

"Never thought we would be doing this as married couples, did you?" she teased me. Well technically she wasn't married yet but the point was made. Indeed, for years we had fucked like this at parties with guys behind us that I'd never met before. Who could have ever told me back then that someday it would be my husband and her fiance fucking us on top of a kitchen table in our own apartment? Not to mention it was my husband doing her and her fiance fucking me!

After a while Beth looked at me and grinned. "Ready to switch?"

I nodded and the guys must have been watching and listening as in unison they pulled out and within seconds I felt a dick in me but this time it was my husband's. Honestly, at this point with my pussy so well fucked and swollen I wasn't able to tell the difference but I never would have said that to Steve. There comes a time when a dick is a dick. What makes it special is KNOWING whose dick it is. For instance, if I felt a third dick in me now and nobody told me who it belonged to, it would just be another dick fucking me. But tell me it's my dad and that puts a whole different perspective on things.

This went on for the next hour or so as we traded back and forth, finding different positions and locations. We fucked in the kitchen, the bedroom, the living room and even the bathroom. It seemed we didn't stick with one partner more than five or ten minutes before trading.

Along the way each of the guys had cum twice. Somehow I'd been the lucky recipient of three of them but that was just a matter of fortuitous timing than anything else although I don't think Beth was seeing it that way. Oh well, it's not like she hadn't gotten more than her fair share on other nights we'd shared partners.

I wasn't sure about Max but for Steve to have cum twice and STILL be hard was becoming a rather rare event. Sure he was only 29 but that's a long ways from sixteen when he first started fucking me and it seemed he could stay hard all night... and then some. We'd been going at it a couple of hours now and I'd cum several times and I was sure the same was true for Beth. It was probably getting time to call it a night before we pushed our luck too far.

Steve had been fucking me on the bathroom sink while Max was doing Beth while having a seat on the toilet (the lid was closed). My last orgasm was dying down and I knew Steve was getting close to a third and what would be probably a final time for the night so before he got too carried away I leaned forward to kiss him.

"Are you forgetting what I said you could do tonight darling?"

Steve had this sly grin on his face and looked at Beth. Oh yeah, he remembered!

"So what do you say you do it before we call it a night."

Men have such fragile egos so I didn't want to say, "Before you cum in me and can't get it up again" but I think he knew where I was coming from. He pulled out of me as Beth stood up in front of Max, leaving his erection standing up from his bushy crotch like a horny missile.

"Well?" he said to Beth who then took him by the hand and led him to our bed.

Max was still sitting there so O motioned for him to stay seated. As the other two disappeared I turned away from him and slowly lowered myself back down to his dick for the umpteenth time that night. God, how many times had he entered me so far? It didn't matter, I still loved it the first time after we swapped partners.

"What do you say it's just the two of us now and let them do their thing?"

Max didn't seem to have any problems with my suggestion, especially since I was doing most of the work now. I had to admit, my legs were starting to get more than a little tired so it ended up being more like me rocking back and forth on his cock than bouncing on it like I'd been a couple of hours earlier. It had the same effect so far as I was concerned and he wasn't complaining.

Although neither of us was saying much, in the quiet of the bathroom every sound seemed to each off the tile walls. At the moment my goal was just to get him off one more time but after having cum twice already, it was turning out to be a lot more work than I'd expected and it didn't help I was exhausted. Max had his hands on my hips, helping me to maintain a quick rhythm as I did my best bobblehead imitation on his lap. As tired as I was I still loved the feel of his dick sliding in and out of me just enough to stimulate me.

After a few minutes it became almost automatic as I closed my eyes and tried to focus on my crotch. Max was grunting and breathing heavy and now and then he would add his own little hip action to drive himself especially deep. I was so lost in thought that I couldn't help but be startled when I heard a loud moan and then Beth cried out from the bedroom across the hall.

"Oh Christ, you're gonna split me in half!"

The words probably seem different in print than those that I heard. There was no hint of complaint, more like that of lust and desire. The loud moans and grunts from their room continued and I hoped that our neighbors were out for the night or they might be calling the police. For an instant I tried to imagine Steve pushing his hard dick into Beth's ass but it just wasn't there for me. If anything, the momentary image of the dick I worshipped forcing its way into my best friend's asshole made me pause and grimace.

"Hey bitch, don't stop now, I'm almost there!" Max grumbled as he gave me a bit of a nudge.

I shook my head to clear out the offending images and leaned back onto his lap to drive him into me. Max reached up and grabbed my boobs, humping his dick up into me.

"That's better... take it deep like you love it," he literally growled as he squeezed my breasts in his hands.

Indeed I did! I loved sitting down on his lap, putting my full weight on him as I lifted myself up on my toes to settle back onto the dick I was mounted on. I rocked my hips, moving them in a circle to grind myself on his cock. My hand reached down and played with my clit as I went for one more orgasm. Sure I'd already cum more times than I could remember but one more time never hurt.

God I was so close... I wanted him to cum in me and fill me with even more cum. If my husband could fuck my best friend in her ass then least her fiance could do was to fill me with more sperm.

"Oh yeah... there it is!" Max groaned as he pulled me back onto him as he leaned back on the tank.

I was rubbing myself furiously as I felt him begin to jerk under me, each time releasing more cum inside of me. Where it was coming from I had no idea unless he was making it as fast as he was dumping it in either me or Beth.

It was exactly what I needed, the final straw that broke the proverbial camel's back as the feel of his dick thrusting into me put me over the edge. I came as I knew that way up inside of me he was shooting out stream after stream of his sperm inside of me, literally mating me in the process although his millions of sperm were all doomed to the same fate. You had to give them credit for trying though as I imagined them working their way up into me in a vain attempt to impregnate me.

This orgasm wasn't like the first ones. No fireworks went off, I didn't want to scream out loud, it wasn't like the heavens had opened. No, this was more subtle, more even, less intense but longer lasting as it was like I was floating down a river of pleasure. I couldn't move a muscle as I just laid back against the man who was mating me, allowing myself to bask in the glow created by him fucking me.

Had it been up to me I'd of just sat there on his lap impaled on his now spent cock for the rest of the night. It was like when you are having the most wonderful dream and someone is trying to wake you but you resist them, trying to keep the dream going. It just felt so perfect, so RIGHT, so good to sit there and just absorb the feelings and emotions that had run amuck within me when Max fucked me.

Unfortunately, men just don't react the same after sex. Whereas I just wanted nothing more than to stay there feeling his dick in me as my pussy throbbed, he seemed more interested in what was going on across the hall. Reluctantly I reacted to him trying to push me off his lap, standing up and feeling his dick flop out of me, followed by a gush of cum that dripped down the inside of my thigh.

"Damn, you look like one well-fucked slut," he complimented me, or at least that's how I took it. Indeed, I WAS well-fucked and most people would probably agree that I was a slut so it's not like whatever he said I hadn't asked for. Heck, I could think of a lot of things far worse to call me after sex!

"I just have to see this," he mumbled more to himself than me as he grabbed a towel and used it to wipe off his crotch and then holding onto it he headed for the bedroom.

Not wanting to be left out, I followed Max after grabbing a hand towel and running it up between my legs to get the majority of the leakage cleaned up. When I stood up it had felt almost like I was peeing the way his cum just poured out of me!

What I saw on our bed was pretty much as I had imagined it. Beth was laying on her stomach, a couple of pillows tucked under her to raise her butt up off the bed to make it easier for Steve to enter her. Steve was leaning over her, supporting himself on his outstretched arms as his stiff dick stroked in and out of her ass hole.

As much as I LOVED seeing my husband's cock, I have to say this was probably my least favorite setting. His cock glistened with the covering of oil they had used to help him fill her. Neither of them seemed to even notice our entrance as Max and I stood side by side while we watched the sickening show going on right in front of us - at least that's how I looked at it. Obviously Max had a different opinion!

"Cum in her ass, do it man!" Max encouraged Steve who I doubted required any such support. This was one of the few times I'd ever seen him doing anal sex as usually when he did it with my mom, aunt or cousin I wasn't with them.

Speaking of which, I couldn't help but think for a moment that it was a little weird how somehow the anal sex gene had missed me in a family where it seemed to include every other female. As I'd mentioned, the other three women in my family that Steve regularly fucked all loved it. Even my cousin Tammy, who Steve WANTED to fuck so badly but as yet never has, let my dad and her dad and bother have her ass. It's nothing I apologize for, it's just something I won't do.

Steve then leaned back, arching his back as he thrust one last time into my best friend's asshole. He moaned and I knew from plenty of past experience that he was cumming. Beth didn't say anything but simply buried her pretty face into the comforter on the bed as she took every drop of Steve's cum right up her ass.

Steve pulled out just in time for the last shot or two to shoot into her reddened asshole, covering it in a layer of fresh cum. For a moment he glanced at me and I knew what he was hoping for but THAT wasn't going to happen, at least not in my lifetime.

With that Steve rolled over and flopped back onto the bed, sprawled out with his legs out straight and his arms out behind his head. His dwindling dick now flopped over, totally spent - at least for a few hours if I knew him at all.

I made my way over to the side of the bed and laid down beside him, my one arm and leg draped over him as I pressed my cum-filled pussy up against his hip and my boobs into his side. He turned his head to kiss me but I pulled back and shook my head.

"I told you the price if you did her ass," I told him softly as ran my fingertips over his chest. "You kissed and licked her there, didn't you?"

I would have bet Steve wanted to lie but he knew I ALWAYS knew when he did so there was no use in even trying, especially since the consequences of lying to me about such things would always be worse than the original sin. He just frowned a little and turned back to Beth who had no such worries about kissing him now. I just laid my head on his shoulder and enjoyed the feel of my husband's hot naked body against mine.

I sort of expected Max to do something similar, such as lay next to his fiance and cuddle a bit after a few hours of hot sex. If anything, the fact that they weren't married yet made me think he would be all the more ready to be romantic. So you can imagine how surprised I was when he got on the bed on his knees and moved up close to Beth, poking her in the back of the neck with his limp dick as she kissed Steve and ignored him.

Had it been Steve doing that to me, I would have cut him off for the night but they were just engaged so Beth was more accommodating. Twisted her head in the opposite direction, she opened her mouth obediently and took Max's dick back in her mouth. Mmmmmmm, I wondered if she could taste me on him still?

So far as I was concerned they could have stayed the night but Beth eventually said it was time for them to go. Steve and I stayed on the bed as they got dressed and then Beth came over to say goodnight.

"I love you Kelly," was all she said as we shared another kiss together.

Max also gave me a kiss and then Beth kissed Steve. Max didn't kiss Steve of course, but did shake his hand and made an offer that we could join up with them any time again in the future.

Once they left Steve turned to me and started to make a move but I pulled away and told him he needed to take a LONG shower and brush his teeth before we could do anything. Being the wonderful, understanding husband that he is, Steve didn't argue but instead headed straight for the bathroom.

As I listened to the shower, I rubbed myself and imagined what he was going to do to me when he returned.

Mmmmmmm. I LOVE my husband!

# (Apr 12) Chapter 245: Two for the Price of One

Story codes: MF FF Fmm mm oral adultery exhib voy inc mother son brothers

Me (27)
Steve - my husband (28)
Marge (38)
John & Jacob - Marge's twin sons (13)

I may have lost the bet but in the end I think I was the winner. Comparing the story codes to the rest of my diary should be enough to tell you that this was quite an unusual experience for me.

## 1. Games and Bets

Everyone plays games whether they admit it or not. Some games are for entertainment, some are competitive, others are imbedded in the way we live. Although most games are played for fun, some of them can be downright cruel.

Every game includes a bet whether intended or not. The bet may be financial, as in casino games or a friendly Friday night poker game. The bet may be just be for personal honor like when playing a board game of Monopoly or Clue. Sometimes a game may be played with some sort of personal act at stake. In general the loser is required to do something agreed upon at the beginning of the game, typically NOT something they would have done otherwise and usually they would have preferred NOT to do.

Every girl learns to play games when she reaches puberty and discovers that simply by letting Mother Nature take her course she gains the power to make boys do just about anything she wants. It may be something as simple and innocent as pretending to pout when her father threatens to ground her only to find he can't resist his little girl's sad face. At school she learns that boys argue over who gets to carry her books just so she will smile at them. All it takes to have a boy eager to pay for movies and food is to wear a short skirt and a tight tank top, preferably without a

again I trusted and respected enough to submit myself for an entire evening. Sometimes we played at home, sometimes we would go shopping or to a movie or dinner. I think perhaps the best was at church where his imagination really came to life. As my Aunt Linda the realtor always says, "Location, location, location."

When Steve and his mom moved back to Pittsburgh a couple of years ago and we started dating (eventually marrying last fall) I had my old game partner back and we quickly resumed the fun. The difference of course being we were ten years older so the demands became more risky but considering I trusted Steve enough to marry him, submitting myself to him for an evening wasn't hard at all.

As far as flirting and other games, I still love to play them. One difference now between being a teenage slut and now being a 27 year-old wife and teacher is that the innocence is pretty much put aside in favor of more "entertaining" possibilities. Face it, I can't get away with as much at my age now as I could back in high school when it was "cute".

Something else different now than when we first dated is that Steve LOVES to watch me have sex with other men. Since getting married we've become immersed in the local swapping scene which provide him with plenty of opportunities to see me getting it on with a strange guy.

When it comes to games today, as a rule I try to avoid making too many bets, especially when the penalty for losing is some sort of crazy sexual behavior. Now that I'm older it opens the door to a lot more possibilities, not all of which are my favorite things to do or even things I feel comfortable doing. When you play these sort of games and make crazy bets, anything can happen and without a strong moral compass and set of ethics and principles, you can easily get lost.

## 2. Ethics & Principles

Over the years I've pontificated in various articles and diary entries about my ethics and moral principles so I'm not going to talk much about them except how they are relevant to what happened.

Because I HAVE said so much in print about how I feel about a wide range of various issues - adultery, masturbation, incest, underage sex, etc., it leaves me fairly exposed. As I have grown up many of those feelings have changed or even been completely thrown out. Personally, I think that's just a normal part of life. Everyone changes their mind about things, just watch the elections!

The key for me is that there are certain core principles and ethics that can NEVER change. It's sort of like how I feel about churches and religions. I don't care if you're into full immersion or sprinkling, hands over the head or on your lap, dancing in the aisles or sitting stoically. People make way to much about RELIGION and not enough about GOD. So long as you believe Jesus died for your sins and that you have to confess your sins and be saved, what difference does it matter how you do it?

For me it's the same when it comes to sex and its related issues. So long as you respect other people and cause no harm, all the rest is just filler if you ask me. I've taken a lot of heat for some of the changes I've made in my thoughts about issues like underage sex and adultery. As I have gained experience and matured it's only natural that I have different perspectives on many issues. However, I have NEVER changed my core principles. Thus while I may change my definition of adultery, I have NOT changed my position against cheating which unlike the physical act of adultery, causes direct harm to your spouse. Similarly, I may have broadened my definition of what constitutes acceptable underage sex, but I have NOT changed my position against child abuse.

In other diary entries I've written about my feelings about submission and compromise. To repeat the most important take-away, I feel VERY strongly that a daughter should submit to her father and a wife to her husband - but only using the biblical meaning of submission. This is one core principle I can never change. Because of that, I've had to make compromises in other ethical positions about which I'm not so adamant. There is a difference between PREFERRING something was a certain way and REQUIRING it to be that way. So while I freely admit to changing my preferences over the years, I'd like to think I've remained true to my core requirements.

One of those "battles" between my preferences and requirements has been related to sex with underage partners. By this I mean anyone under eighteen (although the legal age of consent varies between states). For most of my life, at least after I turned eighteen, I considered this to be wrong and unethical.

My mother was the primary influence on me regarding this issue. She was always adamant that adults having sex with underage kids was the equivalent of them buying alcohol and giving it to a teenager. On the other hand, my father loved the idea but in deference to my mother, he restricted such sexual relationships to his daughter and nieces.

# 4. Steve Makes Arrangements For His Fantasy

Steve never mentioned anything about his plans for the next couple of days. Somehow I resisted the urge to ask him anything as I knew there was no way he could have forgotten. Steve may be forgetful about a lot of things, like taking out the garbage or picking up things at the store, but when it comes to anything about sex he has a photographic memory. The things he comes up with sometime amaze me. It's like he can list every blowjob I've ever given him - time, location and where he came!

Whatever Steve was plotting I assumed would take place on a weekend. Doing anything on a week night other than Friday wouldn't give a lot of time as we both had to work the following morning. Thus once I went to work on Monday morning I felt relatively "safe" from any surprises for the rest of the week.

What's that saying about what happens when you assume something...?

Thursday afternoon was no different than most as my classes came to an end and I drove home. I was feeling a little tired and looking forward to Friday coming and going so the weekend would arrive. After a wonderfully warmer than normal March, the weather was back to a normal April which meant cold, damp and rainy. Sitting in the car in my work clothes, for once I was almost happy to be wearing a long dress as it kept my legs warmer than having them exposed to the nasty weather. Unfortunately even the cold and damp didn't help make a case when it came to the discomfort of having to wear a bra and panties all day. At least I'd be home soon and out of them!

When I pulled into our apartment parking lot I was surprised to see Steve's truck. Normally I was home for at least an hour or two before him so my first thought was that something must be wrong. Was he sick? Oh my god, he didn't lose his job, did he?

Hmmmmmm, maybe he was plotting something?

I stepped into the apartment, bracing myself for a potential surprise greeting.

Nothing.

Hmmmmmm, now where the heck was my hunky hubby? The apartment was almost deadly quiet and for a moment my heart stopped. Was he OK? Had he come home and passed out on the bed? Was something wrong? If he was home then why hadn't he called out to me?

Setting down my purse and coat on a chair by the door, I kicked off my heels and called out, announcing that I was home but there was no answer. It's not like our apartment was all that big. While we'd been offered free housing by both my Aunt Linda and Steve's mom, I wasn't thrilled about either option. While my aunt was now living with my dad, my cousin Kristen was still living in her old house and while I dearly love my cousin I really didn't feel the need to deal with her and my husband every day! As for staying with Marlene, she's my mother-in-law so what more do I need to say? I love her dearly but live with her? No.

I turned into the bedroom and almost jumped as there he was. Steve was sitting on the bed with a small overnight bad next to him, grinning from ear to ear like a cat who'd just had an entire pet store of canaries. He'd already changed from his uniform into something more casual - jeans and a long-sleeved dress shirt.

"Ready to go?"

I just stared at him and crossed my arms as I assumed my best "What the hell are you talking about?" stance.

"Let's go girl. Get out of that granny outfit and let's hit the road."

Yeah, Steve absolutely HATED my work clothes. For that matter he pretty much hated most any outfit that covered me more than necessary to keep from being arrested for indecent exposure and even then I'm not sure he wouldn't mind THAT. Talk about keeping your woman barefoot and in the kitchen, Steve's idea of the ideal wife was naked and in the bed. I did my best but I refused to run around the house nude. He just had to be happy with me baring my butt at most although wearing one of his shirts unbuttoned seemed to be OK.

"Well it might help if I had some idea what was going on?" I huffed.

"Sorry, you don't get to ask anything," he teased, "It's time to pay up babe. I'm sure I don't have to remind you about your lost bet, do I?"

Ohhhhhhhhh, so THAT's what it was all about. But on a Thursday night? What the heck was he planning for me? The overnight bag had me concerned as it was still a school day tomorrow so staying overnight wasn't an option so far as I was concerned, not to mention I would need an outfit appropriate for work and that wouldn't fit into the bag, at least not without ending up so wrinkled as to be unwearable.

"But..."

"Shush!" he admonished me, "Just get changed... hurry up, it really doesn't matter what you wear."

OK, so that was at least a hint. Apparently I wasn't going to be wearing much during whatever he had planned as he couldn't have fit a lot into the small bag. I would've loved to see what he had in it but he was protecting it like a mother bear would care for her cub.

"Alright, give me a minute. Can I at least shower?"

"No need... hurry up, we're gonna be late!"

Another hint - no shower required? No what did THAT imply? Was I going to be getting wet or did it mean I'd be getting dirty or sweaty right away so it didn't matter if I started off clean or not?

Intrigued, I quickly stripped and pulled on a pair of jeans, a cami and a blouse over it. A pair of anklets and sneakers and I was ready. Or so I thought.

"Tennis shoes?" Steve whined.

His response was totally predictable as I knew exactly what he wanted - me in heels. God, he could be such a guy sometimes! I once read an interview where an actress said that when she came home alone the FIRST thing she took off was her heels but when she came home with a man, the LAST thing she took off was her heels. Back to the barefoot and in the kitchen thing, Steve would have wanted me naked wearing heels while I was in the kitchen. He's one of those guys that likes his women to wear heels to bed when they have sex. Whatever! If it makes him happy then usually I end up happy was well.

What the heck. I kicked off the sneakers and tossed the socks in the corner. If he wanted heels then I'd give him heels! Reaching into the closet I pulled out a pair I hadn't worn for him in ages. Sheesh, it was like putting on stilts! They were probably the most uncomfortable pair of shoes I'd ever owned but Steve loved them - six inch black stilettos with open toe and long straps that wrapped several time around my ankle. All I had to say was that he'd better be holding my arm tonight when we walked or I might break a leg!

"Now THAT's what I'm talking about!" he said approvingly.

One thing about these heels was that I was almost as tall as he was when I wore them. Still, it already felt like my feet and ankles were on fire but he was happy which meant I was too. My calves stretched, upper thighs tightened and my butt pulled in - just why guys like it when a girl wears them.

Steve helped me with my coat and even opened the door to his truck for me. As he pulled out of the parking lot I noted that he had an address already loaded in the GPS. Now where the heck were we going that we needed the GPS to find it?

I knew that to would be useless to ask so I just kept my mouth shut and did my best not to give him any satisfaction from my overwhelming curiosity. So many questions were running through my head. What was he plotting for me to do? Why didn't it matter what I was wearing? Where were we going? The GPS only gave the next turn and he pointedly refused to let me see the final destination or even the total miles to go. Were me meeting someone? Just one person? A guy? A woman? A couple? A group? Was I going to have to be an exhibitionist or a voyeur? How long was this going to last? Would we both be involved?

Steve drove for what seemed forever as the GPS voice seductively gave directions (he'd downloaded some woman's voice that sounded like a 900 phone sex line operator). When we finally exited there were a number of hotels, restaurants and gas stations - the typical expressway exit venues from what I could tell. If you didn't look for the local signs you'd be hard pressed to know where in the country you were as they all seemed to be the same.

"You have reached your destination," the GPS slut proudly announced as Steve pulled into the parking lot for a large Holiday Inn. My curiosity was really going to town now. A Holiday Inn? Not that they were all that bad but still, not exactly my first choice for a romantic getaway.

We checked in without any fuss. When the clerk asked us if we needed help with any luggage, Steve simply thanked her and held up the small bag, informing her that everything we would need was in it. Then he gave the young girl a devilish wink and nodded towards me. The poor girl blushed and tried not to smile. If she hadn't noticed the wedding rings she might have thought I was a hooker. Heck, even if she HAD noticed the rings, she still might think so!

"What do you say we check the place out first?" Steve asked rhetorically, slipping the room keycard in his front shirt pocket. What the heck, may as well I thought to myself. We'd grabbed a bite to eat passing through a MacDonald's drive-thru window along the way but I could've gone for a little more so with any luck maybe they would have a decent restaurant.

To my stomach's unrest, Steve passed right by anything to do with food as he seemed to be following the signs to the pool. It turned out that the pool was part of a large indoor area in the center of the hotel, surrounded by what must have been at least ten stories or more of rooms. Each floor had a walkway that circled the pool area with the doors to the rooms leading off from it. Several glass-enclosed elevators were located at intervals which allowed the people inside to look out over the pool area as they rode up to their floor.

"Hey, they've got a hot tub!" Steve observed as he elbowed me playfully. "What do you say we go up to our rooms, get changed and come back down to relax a bit?"

I was about to say something about needing a suit but then he must have packed mine in the overnight bag - not that any of mine took up a lot of space. I WAS curious as to which one he'd chosen though. Hopefully nothing TOO risque as this wasn't exactly a couples-only resort given the hordes of noisy kids that were running all around.

The pool area was rather crowded with a number of families with kids. Even the hot tub was in use with a few people lounging in it. Not exactly the greatest setting for any fooling around although it wouldn't be the first time Steve and I had a little fun in a public setting. However those times had been at the beach with rather opaque lake water, not in a clear pool or hot tub, at least not when they were as crowded as they were this evening. Still, I LOVE hot tubs so even if we just relaxed a little before heading back to the room for whatever Steve had up his sleeves, that would be fine with me.

Steve took my hand and we walked over to the elevator with the sign that was closest to our room number. The clerk had written our room number on the paper slip over the key card and I saw it said 1126 so I guess that meant there were at least eleven floors. As luck would have it, we were the only ones in the elevator when Steve pushed the button and the doors closed behind us.

"So how's my sexy wife doing... are you good and horny?" he teased him.

I had my back to the outer glass wall as he reached under my coat and started to rub my breast through my clothes. Although never one to turn away the attention of my husband, I couldn't help but glance behind me as the people got smaller.

"That depends... is there something I should be horny about?"

"Geeze Kelly, we're at a nice hotel all alone in a glass elevator where everyone can see us, I'm feeling up your tits and you don't know if there's anything to be horny about?"

I giggled at his faux outrage. "You know damn well what I mean buster. Are you going to continue to keep me in suspense or what?"

"Me?" he said, pretending to be surprised at my accusation, "Why I have no idea what you're talking about Kelly."

So that was how he was going to play it. Well, something told me that he had been stalling since we arrived for some reason or another. Yep, whatever it was would be waiting behind door number 2 - or should I said room number 1126. I had him all figured out...

We reached the floor just as Steve was starting to work his hand under my clothes. The door opened and there were several people waiting so he quickly withdrew it and acted all innocent as if nothing had been happening behind the closed doors. From some of the looks we were getting I don't think he was quite fast enough - or convincing.

We walked down the walkway, looking over the railing and keeping an eye on the people who were now so far below us. Finally we made it to our room and Steve started to put the card into the slot but then pulled it back and looked at me in the eyes.

"I love you," he murmured, leaning down to kiss me. Our tongues met and for a few minutes we made out standing there in the walkway but it wasn't like anyone could really see us being up so high. In any case we were just kissing, not like we were doing anything unsuitable for public consumption.

"Ready?" he said with a grin on his face as he unlocked the door.

The little lights on the door lock went from red to green and I heard the lock unlatch. Steve slowly opened the door and I held my breath to prepare myself for whatever it might be that was waiting for us inside.

Nothing.

That's right, nothing happened. The silence was deafening as they say as the door opened wide and Steve held it for me so I could enter first.

I walked in slowly, keeping an eye out for anyone that might suddenly pop out and try to surprise me. I peeked into the bathroom but it was empty as well. Oh well, so much for THAT!

"OK, so what's going on?" I asked as I reached the middle of the room and turned around before taking a seat on the edge of one of the queen-sized beds that dominated the room.

Steve kept up the facade, raising up his hands and pretending to be perplexed. "Come on Kelly, I have no idea what you're talking about. Just look around if you don't believe me."

Well, there WAS something - a dozen roses on the table along with a bottle of wine and a card. Like THAT was a big surprise worthy of all we'd already gone through. Not that I didn't appreciate them but it was already almost 7:00 and it was a school night. I politely smelled the roses and slowly opened the card without ripping the envelope. I smiled to myself... typical guy card; all flowers and such with a simple "Love, Steve" at the end. He must have put a lot of time into this one... NOT!

Still, I knew better than to think this was just some romantic getaway involving just the two of us. What was going on inside my husband's handsome head?

"Well, not that THAT is over, ready to hit the hot tub?"

Steve was already reaching into the overnight bag and pulled out his trunks along with my bikini. It turned out to be one of my older ones, bright pink with silver sequins. The top tied up behind my neck and back halter style. While it wasn't one of most revealing bikinis by any means it was more so than anything I'd seen on anyone else during my quick inspection earlier downstairs at the pool.

Steve started stripping without waiting for my response. Feeling my face grow warm, I took a breath as his boxers lowered to reveal his wonderful delicious dick. Mmmmmmm, I don't think I will EVER get tired of looking at it as it hung down limp from its nest of thick dark pubic hair. Steve's was the first real dick I'd ever had for my own and despite the hundreds that I've sucked and fucked in the ensuing years it will always be my most memorable and favorite.

"Are you sure you want to go downstairs?" I asked seductively as I reached for my dick. That's how I thought of it... it was MY dick, especially now that I wore a ring on my finger.

"Down girl!" he teased me, treating me like I was a horny dog trying to hump his leg, "You can have as much of THAT as you want when we get back to the room but I've been looking forward to the hot tub all the way here."

Somewhat dejected at his rejection of my attention, I undressed and put on my bikini as he watched me impatiently.

"Sheesh, why does it take girls so long to put on so little?"

Men! Always in a rush. Well, if he wasn't going to let me in on what the REAL story was here, then I wasn't about to rush things along.

Steve grabbed a couple of towels from the bathroom but I just draped mine over my neck. Really, what was the sense in wearing a revealing bikini if you weren't going to let people see you in it?

On the trip down the elevator we weren't alone this time. Well, we were to at first but the elevator stopped abruptly just as it was getting started, opening up at the tenth floor. In walked another couple dressed much the same as us. They even looked to be about the same age. He was quite a hunk while his wife (judging by the rings they wore) was built with a HUGE chest and a naughty string thong. Well, so much for me wearing the skimpiest bikini at the pool. I felt positively Amish!

Her husband was definitely giving me the once-over and I noticed she seemed to be positioning herself for maximum cleavage exposure for Steve. Suddenly my heart started to race. This was WAY too much to be just a coincidence. Was this the couple we'd be swapping with? Here I had been thinking it had something to do with the bet but it was just another swap opportunity. I don't mean anything by saying "just". ANY swap is fun but it wasn't at all what I'd been expecting.

Then I noticed the guy had pushed the button for another floor. Reading the engraving next to the button, I deduced that they were heading for the spa rather than the pool or hot tub. Sure enough, the elevator stopped short of the pool floor and they got off without a word. Well, so much for THAT idea.

In a few more seconds we were at the pool level.

"Now THAT was what I call a rack!" Steve gushed as we headed for the hot tub area.

In response I elbowed him in the ribs. He knew better. If there's one thing I'm sensitive about when it comes to my body it's my boobs. OK, so they weren't all that bad anymore but all through high school I'd been one of the smaller girls and it was a continual source of embarrassment.

The pool was still crammed full of kids and so far as I was concerned we could stay a mile away. They were jumping in and out, screaming and laughing as they created a din that echoed in the enclosed building. Not quite the mood for what I was hoping for this evening.

Any hopes of having the hot tub to ourselves were similarly dashed. There was a couple already in along with what looked to be their teenage sons. I was guessing they were in their late thirties or early forties while the boys looked to be maybe thirteen or fourteen. Oh well, at least they seemed to be behaving themselves. Interestingly, they looked to be identical twins, both with the same long blonde hair, freckled faces and lean bodies.

"Mind if we join?" Steve greeted them.

The guy looked somewhat annoyed at the interruption which I thought was quite rude. After all, it WAS a public Jacuzzi. He said something I couldn't make out to his wife and got out of the Jacuzzi, grabbing his towel and heading for the elevator.

"Sorry, didn't mean to upset your husband," I apologized as I lowered myself in slowly near the woman, staying opposite her boys.

"Him?" she guffawed, "No, I should be thanking you for scaring him off. The jerk was hitting on me. Can you imagine the nerve? I mean right in front of my sons!"

Steve got in next to me, choosing to sit between the two of us. I'd noticed the look he'd given her when he was standing up getting a good view down the top of the loose two-piece bathing suit she was wearing. After hearing her remarks about the last guy trying hit on her, I wondered if he'd heard her as well and gotten the message?

Apparently not as Steve quickly introduced us to Marge and she then got the attention of her two boys who were talking about something or another. The Jacuzzi was pretty big and with the noise of the pumps and jets it was impossible to make out what John and Jacob were saying.

For the first five minutes or so we just sat there and enjoyed the warmth of the jets. The boys got out as soon as the introductions were over, heading over to the drinking fountains and whatever else had their attention, leaving the three of us alone.

I was starting to zone out as the heat relaxed me. That only lasted a short while until I felt Steve's hand between my thighs, working his way quickly up to my crotch. He wasn't wasting any time! Before I knew it he had pushed my bottoms to the side and was fingering my pussy.

"Steve!" I hissed at him, nodding my head deliberately toward Marge.

"What? She doesn't mind," Steve said with a grin and that's when I noticed he had his other hand at the same angle but in the direction of HER crotch instead. Naughty boy!

Indeed, Marge wasn't having any issues at all. If anything, she seemed to have her own hand where it didn't belong - in my husband's lap. Well, I wasn't about to be outdone so I reached over myself only to find she already had his stiff cock in her hand. All this was going on with people not more than ten or twenty feet away, not to mention her sons. The Jacuzzi wasn't exactly in the traffic pattern which helped, but it still wasn't hiding behind a screen either.

Just as I was about to escalate things a bit (how I wasn't sure but there had to be SOMETHING that would work) when John and Jacob returned, dropping their towels on the floor and slowly lowering themselves into the water again. This time though, instead of taking up residence at the opposite side of the Jacuzzi, one went to the side of me while the other went to the side opposite his mom. Which was which I had no idea!

"Jacob?" I asked.

"Noooooo, I'm John, that's Jacob over by mom," he corrected me. I could only take his word for it and besides, what difference did it make?

John had scooted over a little close to me, close enough that it was more than what I would've expected in a public situation such as this. Jacob was practically shoulder to shoulder with his mom but then it WAS his mom, not a married woman he'd only met a few moments earlier.

All the while Steve had kept his hand in my crotch which I found to be quite erotic, especially now with this kid right next to me who didn't have a clue what was going on. Had he known I'm sure it would have fueled more than few masturbation sessions later this evening. From what I could tell, the other two hadn't slacked off either. I had my hand on Steve's dick now with Marge's hand playing with his balls.

It was right then that I felt another hand on me. I looked to the right and sure enough, horny little John was grinning as he had his hand on my upper thigh. For the moment I ignored him, intrigued as to what his intentions were.

I wasn't sure if Steve knew what was going on under the froth but for whatever reason he pulled his hand from my pussy and put his arm around my shoulder with his hand just under my boob. Was he feeling too shy to fool around me with this kid next to me? If so, that would be a first as Steve was NEVER shy about feeling me up in public, and in a lot more public situations than this.

No sooner had Steve removed his hand from my crotch than John made his move, pushing his hand in between my legs and going my pussy. That was when I realized what Steve's true intentions had been. He had been signaling to John that it was OK to feel up his wife!

"Steve?" I asked him, looking him in the eyes. His answer was just a huge grin and I knew in that instant what was going on. I'd been set up!

"Got you this time!" Steve crowed triumphantly.

Steve turned to Marge and she just nodded her head. The two of them got up, motioning to the rest of us to join them. We moved over to a table and chairs nearby and took our seats while Steve explained to me what was going on.

To sum it up without dragging things out, Steve had gone to my Aunt Linda for advice on how to deal with my "lost bet" issue. Of course by involving my aunt that meant the odds were it would involve something weird and perverted. She

Steve kept doing all the talking. "Well, I hate to waste this Jacuzzi so why not hang around here a bit and then head up to the room?"

He couldn't fool me, not any longer. Any thoughts he might be having about the Jacuzzi had nothing to do with relaxing! Seeing the looks on the boys' faces, I doubted they were thinking about laying back against any of the jets any time soon, at least not unless I was sucking their dicks (not that THAT was going to happen, at least not here.)

We all got back up and slipped in the hot water again as Steve reset the timer. The boys and me took one side while Steve and Marge took the other. Nobody had actually stated that this was the way it would be but it was pretty obvious what the intentions were. I tried to see if I could detect any discernible difference between the two young boys that were on each side of me now but it was useless to even try. It was like they had both been cast from the exact same mold.

"John?" I asked the one to my right.

"Jacob!" he laughed as he corrected me. Assuming that is, that he was telling me the truth and not just messing with me.

That's when I decided the heck with it. Who cared which was which? I would call one of the John and the other Jacobi and not worry about it anymore.

"Give me your bottoms," Jacob demanded. Wow, pretty forceful for a kid who'd only celebrated one birthday with "teen" in it. Still, I wasn't going to be THAT easy for him.

"You want 'em, you take 'em," I bargained.

Jacob just shrugged and dipped down. Next thing I knew he was sliding my bikini off my bottom, down my legs and then held them triumphantly in his hand.

"Look mom!" he called over to Marge, holding up my bikini bottoms like a wet pink trophy.

Marge admonished him saying, "You know better than that Jacob. We're not at the club so you have to be a little more respectful here."

Jacob didn't seem to bothered by her scolding him but he did lower his hand under water so anyone walking by wouldn't see that I was bottomless sitting between two boys less than half my age.

Meanwhile Steve and Marge were getting to know one another better, kissing and making out like two teens in the backseat of their parents minivan. The boys didn't seem to care what their mom was doing, all they wanted was me!

figure out just what was happening. Then she pointed a finger at me and said in a terse voice, "You are a very sick, perverted person and I'm going to report you to the authorities."

With that she stalked off. For a moment we all just stared at one another and then Steve started to laugh, followed by Marge. The boys didn't seem to quite catch what was so funny and I certainly wasn't laughing.

"Give me back my bottoms," I said firmly. Jacob must have been able to read the anxiety in my voice as he immediately handed them to me without any smart-aleck accompaniment and I slipped them on.

"Steve, I think we'd better go," I said nervously, "What if she really does tell someone?"

"Tell them what? She didn't actually SEE anything?" Steve protested. He had his hands back to where it looked like he was grabbing Marge's boobs and I could tell that he wasn't thrilled about letting go.

"She's right Steve," Marge said, taking up my side, "Besides, the room would be so much easier, don't you agree?"

Easy wasn't Steve's primary goal when it came to stuff like this. Fear and lust were his driving impulses and anything that made it more risky or dangerous was alright by him. Marge was having none of it though.

"Well, whatever. The boys and I are heading to the room, right guys?"

For a moment I thought the two of them might stay but then Marge rearranged her top and they got out along with us.

Once in the elevator, I turned to Marge and apologized.

"Sorry, I just didn't trust that bitch."

Marge smiled and then leaned over to kiss me quickly on the lips. "Not your fault Kelly. If my boy hadn't waved your bikini bottom around like a flag nobody would've been the wiser."

Poor Jacob, he looked so dejected. Ignoring the glass walls, I reached over and rubbed his dick over his wet suit.

"Don't worry, I know you didn't mean anything bad."

As we walked to the room with the boys running ahead, I couldn't help but think to myself, what the hell am I getting myself into? Then I thought of my on-line friend. If she could only see me now!

John identified himself quickly, sitting up straight on his knees. I almost giggled at the sight of his erection standing out so hard and stiff. It was curved up such that the head was pointed to the ceiling like a missile sitting on a furry launch pad. Mmmmmmm, if it was a heat seeking missile it would be headed straight for my horny pussy not long from now.

I reached over and grabbed the lipstick from him and before he realized what I was doing, I put a short horizontal line right in the middle of his forehead.

"There... now I can tell which is which."

With that I told John, since he had to deal with the lipstick on his head, that he could remove my bottoms while Jacob was in charge of top removal duties. Neither of them seemed to have any problem with my proposal and before I knew it two pair of hands were fumbling with my bikini and in a matter of seconds I was standing in the middle of the room between the beds totally nude. I looked over at my husband who seemed more amused than anything by my aggressive start with the boys. Marge wasn't even paying attention as her attention seemed more focused on my husband.

Wow, how many times had I dreamed about something like this. Well, maybe never anything quite like THIS but I mean more about me getting it on with two young twin boys. I always loved it when my on-line friends would write me and give me all the details of their last adventures with their twins, one of which was their mom. Both of those boys were proud to be "motherfuckers" - especially given the numbers of mothers they were fucking. It wasn't just their own family and inner circle of friends but now included the mothers of their girlfriends! So now it was finally MY turn. OK, so it wasn't the two I'd been writing and fantasizing about but beggars can't be choosers...

From what I gathered from what Marge had said, the boys' experience was pretty big in terms of numbers, especially when you took into account their age and amount of time since they started having sex, but not necessarily that broad when it came to variety and options. Face it, a sex party is a sex party no matter how many you do. That's one of the reasons I'd never been all that enthused about going to Beth's sex parties. Sure the themes and faces would change but it didn't take long for a "been there done that" feeling to rise.

Seeing as I was the adult - more than twice their age in fact, I felt like it was my responsibility to get the ball (balls?) moving yet at the same time I want to get the full pleasured experience. First things first though...

"Get off the bed and help me take off this comforter," I instructed my naked harem.

They both looked at me with a "what the hell is she doing" look so I explained.

"Haven't you guys ever watched those 20-20 shows where they take black lights into hotel rooms and check them out for sexual leftovers?"

They didn't seem to understand a word I was saying so I continued, "Besides everything else they find, the absolute worst thing in every hotel room is the comforter on the bed. I won't lay on one of those creepy things if my life depended on it!"

I looked over at Marge and she nodded approvingly. Steve didn't seem to get it but he was a guy and as such I don't think he would have cared if an orgy had just taken place on the comforter the hour before with every guy's cum dripping all over it. Ugh!

The sheets at least like looked they'd been washed so I laid down on my back in the middle of the bed on my back with my head propped up by a pair of pillows.

"Dinner is served boys..."

It was like being the Queen of the Nile as my two young man-servants lavished me with their kisses and touches. Actually, neither of them seemed the slightest bit interested in kissing me on the lips. Like I would have expected for boys their age, their attention was far more focused on two other locations - my boobs and my pussy. While their mouths descended on my nipples and clit, their hands went to work fondling and groping me as much as they could reach.

Jacob started on my breasts, kneeling to the side of me and heading straight for the closest nipple as his hands cupped my boob and squeezed it. He'd obviously been given instruction as he knew just how to make it feel good, starting with gentle tugs with his teeth and then sucking the whole nipple into his mouth as his tongue played with it. He licked my breast all over, wetting it with his saliva and then rubbing his cheek against it almost like a cat rubbing against you as it purrs. Meanwhile, his hands split up with one going for my other breast while the other moved up and started running his fingers through my hair.

At the same time his brother had pushed my legs apart and settled down on his stomach with his knees bent and feet up in the air as his arms pushed under my thighs and then wrapped around me with his hands on my lower torso. His arms served to lift my bare butt up off the bed a few inched and with my legs so wide apart he was rewarded with the perfect view of my shaved wet pussy. Wasting no

once again I was flooded with a double load of sperm – one in my mouth and the other in my pussy.

Had I not known that they both had cum twice now in the space of fifteen minutes, I would never have believed it. I couldn't remember a time when I'd had so much cum dumped in me in such a short time – or at least when only two guys were involved.

Taking a look at the bed next to us, I saw Steve and Marge were having a good time with her now riding Steve as she leaned over him to let her boobs drop into his face so he could suck them. His hands were planted firmly on her exposed ass (one of his favorite places to have them) as he rocked her back on forth on his dick which had to be buried in her pussy as it certainly wasn't in sight.

Marge's hair was hanging down which kept me from seeing her face but I could just make out him watching what I was doing with her sons. That didn't surprise me knowing my husband but I couldn't help but wonder how Marge would feel if she knew Steve was doing her more out of obligation than desire. Oh sure he had to be enjoying fucking her, what guy doesn't like ANY pussy he can get? Still, I knew Steve's preferences for younger pussy – MUCH younger than her and no doubt he was wishing she had twin daughters instead. The only older women – and by that I mean over thirty, that I knew Steve actively sought out for sex were my mom and her sister. Like what guy doesn't want to fuck his wife's mother not to mention doing sisters – especially when the sister was his wife's aunt.

Even over thirty was pushing it for Steve. While I hadn't realized this while we were dating and going to parties with girls around my age, he really would be happy if all he had were young teenage girls, even some at the preteen stage provided they were mature enough for sex. It drove my cousin Kristen nuts that Steve preferred having sex with her mother than her as at 25 she was almost twice the age that really turned him on. Then again, I knew her background as a prostitute turned Steve off as well although neither of us had ever mentioned a word of that to Kristen or even her mom for that matter.

It made me feel a little proud to know that even with a horny housewife and mother of two mounted on his dick like a Coney dog, his attention was focused on me more than her. Steve LOVED watching me having sex with other men and to see me getting it on with these two young twins had to be one for the highlight reel for him. It was a little odd for me in that seeing him having sex with Marge didn't really

Finally I went just a hair too far with John and I could feel him getting ready to cum. I had learned a LONG time ago that once that boulder starts rolling down the hill there's no stopping it so I turned my full attention to his groin and waited for the inevitable.

John groaned in his high-pitched tone and I felt his hips lifting up off the bed as he started to cum in my mouth. Damn, the kid STILL had a decent load left for me! Talk about a sperm factory, his balls must have been working overtime.

With a mouthful of his brother's cum, I turned back to Jacob. Leaning over his dick I spit his brother's cum down over his erection and used it like lotion to lubricate my hand around his hard cock. The I licked up one side and then the other to clean it back off again before taking him in my mouth.

"Oh that feels good!" Jacob cried out as he filled my mouth with more cum.

This time I swallowed it down and then sat back up again on my heels, licking my lips seductively and spitting out a little remaining cum between my lips and then sucking it back in again.

Damn, I'd never expected anything like this when Steve came home and surprised me!!

# 7. Unexpected Pairing

This time the boys' dicks finally showed some signs of being human and dropped a little bit but they never went totally flaccid. I figured it wouldn't take my effort to get them hard again and already I was planning out which position I wanted them to fuck me in next. It seemed that their mom had other ideas...

"Nice job Kelly!" I heard her call out to me as I turned my attention back to them. Apparently Steve had cum but from the looks of it he'd sprayed her boobs and face. Damn it, I'd somehow missed that and I knew Steve wasn't exactly one for cumming quietly. Guess I must have been busy...

"Why don't you come over here for a moment," she invited me waving her hand for me to move over to their bed. Steve's dick was going to need a few minutes to recover - he wasn't thirteen anymore!

I wasn't quite sure what she was leading up to; SOMETHING seemed to be on her mind as she had this mischievous look to her. What more could she possibly have up her sleeve than we'd already done?

"While you husband here takes a break, I thought maybe the two of us could get to know each other a little better," she started out. Hmmmmmm, from the way she said it, not to mention the way she was looking at me, I had the feeling she didn't mean we would swap recipes.

Sitting next to her with my legs under me, she turned to me and kissed me.

"Mmmmmmm, I'd recognize that flavor anywhere," she said with a grin, "Nothing like the taste of young cum, eh Kelly?"

I just smiled and nodded, not sure where this was going. But then she turned her attention back to the boys who were sitting up now back on their knees like two puppies looking for attention. There was something about their look of expectation that caught my attention, like this was somehow planned out and they were waiting for a cue from their mom.

"See them watching?" she whispered to me, "Have you ever see two boys doing it?"

You didn't have to be a rocket scientist to see where this was going. Was she serious though? Interestingly enough, while I've been involved in a LOT of girl-girl pairings primarily for the purpose of teasing and entertaining men, I'd never watched two guys doing it. It's not like I have made a conscious decision NOT to watch, it's just not something that has come up over the years with the type of groups I've been involved with.

Why is it that when two girls make out that everyone cheers them on but when two guys do it then everyone turns away? Like my husband LOVES watching me another girl even more than having a guy fuck me. Even if all we do is kiss he gets a massive hard-on. But even mention the idea of two guys doing it and he's history. Steve has reluctantly been involved in some MMF threesomes over the years but they are few and far between and then generally only under duress with the promise of some form of payback to make it worth the effort.

I still wasn't 100% sure where Marge was going with all this so I just smiled and went along for the ride to see where it would lead. Marge just nodded to her sons who knew the signal and then the most amazing sight began to unfold right there in front of me. When I think of 69 the first thing that comes to mind is being with another girl, followed close behind by doing it with another guy. That's as far as it goes though, one of two combinations. Yes, there is a third possibility but it's so far out there I never considered it. Well, from now on THAT wouldn't be the case.

The boys quickly "assumed the position" in that one of them, John from the mark that was still on his forehead, laid on his back while Jacob climbed aboard. Before I had time to even mention anything to their mother, they both had a dick in their mouth and started blowing the other.

"Holy crap," I whispered under my breathe, not even really thinking about what I was saying - it just came out automatically.

"They've been doing that for years now," Marge said, "We didn't even have to teach them, it just seemed to happen naturally. I just wish I'd been there the first time they figured it out for themselves!"

I looked over to see what Steve's reaction was but he wasn't watching. If he had seen them to start he wasn't showing any signs as he studiously avoided any indication of having anything to do with the activities going on a few feet away.

Now I've always contended that I thought it was silly that men didn't suck cock as easily as girls would eat another girl out. Of course a girl can lick me better than any guy as she knows what is going on down there. If that's the case, then why don't guys do the same when it comes to sucking dick? Heck, if anyone should know how to give the perfect blowjob it should be a guy. For that matter, who better than your twin brother?

my mom but she lacked that special ingredient - she wasn't my real mother and THAT was the trump card.

When I came it was the best orgasm of the night. Marge seemed to know my body better than myself as she would build me to climax and then back off just enough to prolong things without letting me crest. She was making me feel FANTASTIC!

When I finally regained my senses I was about to just pass out but then I remembered the boys and my heart sped up yet again. My heart skipped a beat as I hoped that I hadn't been so involved in my own pleasure that I'd forgotten about them and missed the climax of the show - literally.

It turned out my timing was perfect by some fluke as just as I looked the first one started to cum. Jacob kept his mouth clamped on his brother's dick, determined not to allow any to escape. I had to wonder just how much cum could possibly be left for John to spew into his brother's mouth! Apparently more than I would've ever imagined as it began to drip from the corners of his mouth and then when Jacob was finished, John opened his mouth to show his mother that he'd swallowed every drop.

It only took John a little while longer to return the favor to his brother. Now the both of them had taken a load in their mouths and just when I thought it couldn't get any more surreal, they turned and kissed, swapping cum between their mouths.

"I've never know two guys to love cum the way they do," Marge sighed, "But they only like each other's - nobody else's."

It was getting late and I had no idea how far they had to drive to get home but I DID know how far it was for me and I had school in the morning myself. Marge seemed to be having the same thoughts.

"Well, I think it's time to wrap things up," she announced. She looked at Steve and smiled, "So did everything go as you had hoped?"

Steve said something about how much better it had been but when Marge started to reach over to kiss him he backed away. She looked a little curious but I could have told her the story. Steve HATED cum and once I took a load in my mouth or pussy, either spot was off-limits until I had thoroughly cleaned up.

"C'mon boys, time to get dressed and back to daddy," she told them but then added, "Get over here and let your mom clean you up a little before you get dressed."

Now had any other mom said that to her kids I would have expected a towel or wet washrag to appear but Marge had other ways to accomplish her task. Once again

# (May 19) Chapter 246: Crossing the Line, Committing Adultery

Story codes: MF oral adultery inc father daughter
Me (27)
John - my dad (47)
Rich (48)

When you're married it's a fine line between having sex with another man and committing adultery. Would I ever cross that line? I've always said I never would but does that mean I won't?

## 1. Words With Different Meanings

The English language is a wonderful thing yet at the same time can be so confusing it's wonder anyone ever learns it at all! Forget the weird spellings and other such idiosyncrasies, just look at how many words mean almost the same thing but yet are really drastically different in how they are interpreted.

For example, take the word "slut". To me, I'm proud when someone calls me a slut as I take that to mean they see me as being sexy and desirable and unafraid to use those qualities to get what I want. A lot depend on who calls me that. Like my dad, when he calls me his "little slut" it's a term of endearment. My mom called me a slut when I was a teen because she knew I was sexually active and not extremely particular about who I did it with. Then there were the snobbish girls back in high school to whom I was a dirty slut. So far as they were concerned the word was synonymous with whore except I wasn't getting paid - at least in cash. Wow, it's amazing how one word can have so many interpretations.

As another example, what's "sex"? Oh sure the answer may seem obvious but I'm referring to what people mean when they say someone is having sex. My definition is pretty straightforward, a bit clinical, and so far as I'm concerned biblically correct. Simply put, sex is the penetration of a female vagina by a male penis... period. I suppose I should add, "regardless of the depth of penetration" as once the tip is in, may as well be all in so far as the act is concerned. Another way of putting it is, if you can't get pregnant as a result, it's not sex.

Despite come people's claims, I'm not all that naive so I'm well aware that many people use a much broader definition. Take the phrase "oral sex". I know what people mean by it, but it's not true "sex" even though many people would disagree with me. It's the same with "anal sex". I can't become pregnant if a guy cums in my ass so therefore it can't be real sex. Fondling, groping, etc.... none of that is sex in my book but there are extremist who would claim otherwise.

The reason I point at the word "sex" with such narrow focus is it directly impacts the definitions and meanings of other words. Take incest for example. Incest is defined (at least in my dictionary) as having sex with someone directly related to you as in a parent, sibling or first cousin. Well, that means anything that does NOT involve a penis penetrating a vagina cannot be called incest. That's a critical distinction as it means that a young girl sucking her father's dick is not committing incest, she's simply sucking his dick.

Sex and incest merge when it comes to adultery. Adultery is when a married person has sex with someone that is not incestual sex. Hopefully now the definitions of sex and incest can be seen as being crucial to the debate over adultery. As a married woman I can blow all the men I want and it's not sex so it's not adultery. I can have sex with my uncle but since that would be incest it falls outside the lines of adultery.

One thing more about adultery. What I just described is all based on how my mother raised me and as such reflects HER morals and values. Now that I'm married my first duty is to submit to my husband. Please, no feminists as submission does NOT mean I'm his slave but rather that I AM his wife. As such since my wedding I've had to adapt my personal morals and ethics to a further restriction on what constitutes adultery - it isn't adultery if your spouse is OK with it. For me and Steve we agreed that this means we have each given blanket authorization so long as sooner or later we tell the other about it. So long as it's all up front and nothing is done behind the other's back, then we both agreed that this was OK for our marriage.

# 2. The Seven Month Itch

So now a major part of our marriage, at least when it comes to sex, involves other people outside our marriage family. Steve and I swap regularly, enjoy family-style parties and have occasionally met with other people alone. The key to keeping our marriage successful has been nothing is ever hidden. usually we are together, or at least in the same vicinity, when having sex with other people and those few times when we were apart we made sure the other was fully informed as soon as possible afterwards. If anything, I think the trust and pride we have in each other as expressed by such activities has strengthened our marriage more than anything else.

So given all that, why in the world would anyone want to do anything to jeopardize such a relationship?

It reminds me a fable where the frog carries the scorpion across the river and the scorpion stings the frog, causing them both to drown. The frog asked why the scorpion would do such a thing and the response was, "It's my nature."

So why would I want to go out and something I swore I would never do -commit adultery?

It's my nature.

For all my life, at least since I was fourteen and started having sex, I was never happy with just plain old sex. I've always felt like there has to be something extra, some element of risk, something that would shock people, something that would allow people to see me a desirable sexual creature. Just look through my diary and this line of thinking should be obvious. When I was only fourteen I was already sucking boys' dicks in a movie theaters, getting fucked in a mall restroom, even doing it under the stage during an outdoor church service. Once I discovered the thrill of seduction and the ego-boosting results of driving a happily married man to commit adultery for the first time, it has since been one of my favorite "hobbies".

Other things I swore I would never do have turned out to be things I WOULD do with right motivation. It was easy to say I wouldn't when so many things were still new but as time goes by you start looking for even more riskier adventures and suddenly those "taboo" areas are no longer off-limits. When my husband informed me of his need to fuck other women my definition of adultery had to broaden to include men outside of my family.

Similarly my stand against underage sex withered when my husband turned out to have the same uncontrollable needs and desires as my father. Heck, sometime

I jokingly say I married my father but in many ways I did, at least when it comes to his sexual needs.

Granted, there are SOME lines that simply can't be crossed. For instance I would never do anything to bring harm to anyone. Perhaps the most non-negotiable area is my faith as I would NEVER do anything against God or my church. I can live with my husband's reluctance to attend church services so long as he never tries to stop me from going.

So if my husband could drive me to cross so many other ethical and moral lines, should it really be any shock that I would go beyond even those lines behind his back?

What might seem odd to some people is the only reason I chose not to tell my husband about my plans was that I knew if I DID tell him that he would be OK with it and that would eliminate all the risk and excitement. It's like when I fuck married men. When Steve and I swap with other couples it's not nearly as erotic to me when the wife is a part of things as compared to when we do it on his bed and his wife has no clue her husband is fucking me where she sleeps. Maybe a part of it is I just want to see if I COULD get away with it. Every girl's gotta have SOME secrets, doesn't she?

Sorry, I realize that it's somewhat cliche to talk about the "seven year itch" when it comes to marriages. For me it wasn't seven years but more like seven months or so when I first started to think about it. Steve and I'd just finished swapping with another couple and I was lying in bed with a virtual stranger (well, not as much as stranger as he had been a few hours earlier) thinking about all that had happened between us. It suddenly occurred to me that while I had a good time to be sure, there really hadn't been anything all that erotic or exciting about it. It was just sex. Yes, it was GOOD sex but just sex all the same. We'd gotten together knowing ahead of time what would happen, it happened, and that was it. Where was the challenge? What was the risk? Did anyone care about what we did? His wife certainly didn't, not judging from the sounds coming from the other bedroom!

It was then I started to fantasize about going out on my own to meet another husband who was looking for someone besides his wife. He needed to be a decent man and loving husband and father but one who just couldn't bear not having sex as his wife had closed that door after the third child. Even then it was always the same, a little fondling and kissing, then missionary style until he came. She never even orgasmed during sex and as for oral sex... forget it! As you can see I pretty much had my fantasy lover all figured out.

as Steve is, well maybe not QUITE as excited as him but I'm getting a little closer each time.

All this was after we had started swapping so in the space of less than one year of marriage, virtually every limitation that I'd envisioned would apply to my marriage had been eliminated. Wow, makes me wonder what will happen in our second year!

Now, laying in my bed after a pleasant if not overly memorable evening of sex with a man who wasn't my husband, I asked myself what was left? I don't have any interest in anything weird like BSDM, scat or bestiality so within the boundaries of "normal" sex could I be at my peak already before my 28th birthday? Face it, the specter of turning thirty draws closer every day and I know I'm not looking like a sixteen year-old school girl anymore as it is.

It was suddenly like being claustrophobic, like someone has squeezing me and I couldn't breathe. My chest felt like it was wrapped with steel bands. I felt trapped in maze with nowhere to go. Steve is a wonderful husband and doesn't restrict me in any way, at least when it comes to sex. If I want to have sex with someone, anyone for that matter, he is fine with it. If anything he encourages me to go out and do it with other guys. He especially loves it when he gets to watch! Granted, a part of his insistence that I do it with other men might have something to do about assuaging his guilt about wanting to be with other women - or girls in his case, but I like to think it's because he loves me and trusts me.

What could I do to escape the trap I was in? All my life I could find ways to shock people, to cross the line. Now it was like the line was behind me with nothing left to go after. My husband had freed me from all the restrictions of marriage yet I still felt like a lioness in a cage. Talk about being confused!

Well, he'd freed me from everything except adultery... I mean REAL adultery, not just the technical term. I mean adultery as in CHEATING which means doing it behind your spouse's back. We'd never agreed to doing that but then I knew he was going out with my aunt to have sex with girls and wasn't telling me. Didn't that give me the right to do the same, at least in principle?

The whole thing was driving me crazy. Really, if I was going to keep my sanity what other choice did I have? There was only way to feel complete and rid myself of this feeling of entrapment before it ruined my marriage was to cheat on my husband.

At least it made sense to me.

# 3. Motivation

A lot of men and more than a few women have contacted me over the years to tell me about how they've cheated on their spouse. Sure there are those jerks who just can't control themselves and even though their spouse does everything humanly possible to please them, they have to have more. Well, I have absolutely no respect for these people. Why did they get married in the first place?

Thankfully those kind of people are the minority. I say thankfully as otherwise I might have a pretty cynical view on life in general if they represented the majority of marriages. In most cases the adultery occurs because one half of the marriage no longer feels the desire, no matter what the reason, to sexually please their partner. I'm sure the real statistics are more equal, but given the nature of my forum I suppose it's only natural that I hear about it more from men than women.

WHY the one person turns away from sex has about as many reasons as people writing me. Age, kids, work... all factors. For many it's losing sex appeal when their partner gains 100 pounds or something like that. Everyone has a reason and it's always the "fault" of their spouse. There have been a few that take responsibility for their situation but those honest souls are VERY few and far between.

I would suppose that people could look at someone like me and wonder why in the world I would ever want to commit adultery. First off, it's not that easy simply because anything I might want (at least when it comes to sex) I know my husband would approve of if he knew about it! Given that adultery is defined as the act of sex with someone other than your spouse or relative without the consent of your spouse, that makes it pretty hard for me to do no matter how I feel about it. It's almost like I have to commit TWO acts - first to have sex without Steve's consent and then to hide it from him. So if I'm lucky enough to have a husband who essentially has given me blanket permission to have sex with anyone I want, whenever I want, just so long as I tell him, why in the world would I want to commit adultery?

First, it's not like I want to "commit adultery". What I want is to experience sex with another man and keep the experience to myself to treasure. The fact that this type of act is also defined as adultery just complicates the situation. Sometimes it's just important to have something for yourself, something only you know about, something you can smile about when you're with your husband and you think about it but he has no idea what's behind that wry little smile on your face.

It's like when I'm at a store and run across a man who fucked me behind his wife's back and now she's walking alongside of him with their two kids in tow. The feeling I get inside of me when I see them and smile, then look directly into his eyes and seeing the terror of worrying what I might say (but never would) is what makes me so horny I'm masturbating in my car later on the way home.

In a non-sexual context, it's like buying that naughty app for your iPad and not telling your husband. Or maybe buying a new pair of shoes just for you and not telling him about it. In both cases he wouldn't mind but it makes it feel so much naughtier that he doesn't know.

So it was after nine months of marriage. It wasn't like I was unhappy or frustrated, especially when it came to sex. I could NEVER ask for a better lover than my husband. When I learned that he wanted to swap with other couples it just added a delightful twist to our marriage I'd never anticipated. Even his obsession with little girls, while a little weird at first, was good in terms of opening my eyes to new possibilities and bringing some excitement to our lives when it was most needed.

Yes, I definitely couldn't complain about the quantity or variety of my sex life after nine years of marriage. Like how many women can say their sex life improved after marriage?

So again, why commit adultery?

Ok, so I was getting enough sex to satisfy three women and enough variety to spin my head but it all had one thing in common - Steve. God, this is SO hard to explain so bear with me...

I love Steve more than anyone or anything I ever have in all my life. I love him more today than the day I said my vows. I love him more than I ever thought was possible to love someone! Still, there are times when I wish he wasn't involved in every aspect of my sex life.

If I'm really honest with myself I'd have to say it's more than just some horny feeling inside that's driving me. One thing that DID surprise me about my husband after we got married was how similar he is to my father when it comes to certain addictions and sexual needs, especially when it comes to pedophilia. After seeing what happened to my parents' marriage when my mom didn't deal well with the issue, I was determined not to let my marriage suffer the same fate as theirs over it.

Whether I morally agree with everything my husband craves isn't the issue. I'm his wife and as such compelled to submit to him so it was up to me to find a way to deal with it. In a way it makes me feel a little hypocritical - not because I found myself doing things I swore I'd never do (what choice did I have?) but rather that I enjoyed doing them as much as I did. It was like I used my vows to rationalize something that I found that I also wanted but couldn't admit it, not even to myself. Yes, it IS wrong but god I love doing it!

Is it any wonder that having to deal with such demons that I don't feel just a little resentment towards Steve for placing me in this situation in the first place? He knew I was against adultery - adultery as my mother defined it in which case spousal consent had no bearing. Yet knowing how I felt he till demanded that we swap with other couples. Do I enjoy it? Hell yes! Do I feel guilty about how much I DO enjoy it? Of course I do - you don't erase twenty years or so of conditioning and just through all your morals and ethics out the window and not feel SOMETHING. Who can I blame but Steve for putting me in this position?

Like adultery, it's Steve's fault that I feel the way I do now about young boys and girls. For over 26 years I adamantly opposed sex with underage kids, at least by adults, unless it was incestual. When I learned that my mother had to leave my father because he could no longer contain his desires for twelve year old girls, I was bitter to say the least. So imagine how I felt the first time Steve told me he felt the same as my father?

It was bad enough that Steve wanted to be involved in such things but then he insisted I do what my dad had made me do - get involved. As his daughter, my dad had the right to insist but at least he only pulled that cord a couple of times. Steve, on the other hand, expected much more from me. Like swapping, the problem I faced was that once I got over my initial revulsion and saw it for what it was - consensual sex, I found myself just as enamored with it as my husband and father. It's like an additive drug that an dealer gives to you for free and without knowing it's happening you find yourself hooked.

All this because of my husband. When I walked down the aisle holding my dad's arm I resolved to be faithful to my husband for the rest of my life. I felt no need to have "family" sex. I was prepared to give up the swinging lifestyle. I was determined to raise a family in a healthy environment and basically be the best wife and mother I could be.

Well, if Steve could change all those dreams, then didn't I deserve something for myself? Didn't I deserve a little bit of payback?

I did... and I would get it.

As anyone who knows my background will tell you, many of my biggest fantasies revolve around seducing a married man with a teenage daughter. Preferably he's never cheated before and while he might fantasize about all sorts of naught encounters, he's pretty resolved himself to his circumstances. Yes, his teenage daughter drives him nuts to the point he even sneaks a pair of her panties to masturbate with, but he would never have the courage to actually go any further. So when he finds out that he has the chance to be with a girl like me, it's thrilling for us both. I do it just for fun and excitement, not to have an affair or hurt his marriage. The last thing I want is for his wife to find out. Ruining someone's life isn't good for anyone involved. Still, that doesn't mean I don't enjoy smiling at his wife if I ever see them together!

Fantasies are easy. Actually FINDING this guy is a LOT harder than what you may imagine. My best luck has always been in church but over the years even that has become more difficult as I've pretty much tapped that resource.

There's an old saying my dad use to love to quote - "Beggars can't be choosers." What I take from that is you can't always have everything exactly the way you want. While I've just described one of my ultimate fantasies, that doesn't mean I don't compromise my ideals at times. The only limitation for me is he has to be married. I would prefer his wife not know but I really would rather she not be directly involved. Watching is one thing, participating is another. If a husband wants to see me with his wife then their marriage must be good enough to support such things so why does he need me?

So why married? First, it makes the odds of anything bad happening from a medical perspective. A husband who isn't a serial cheater more than likely isn't carrying anything whereas the single guy hitting the bar scene may be a walking Petri dish of god knows what.

Second, single guys are easy. Most of them can't get laid so they'll all but pay you for sex - and some have offered. The ones that DO get it on a regular basis don't appeal to me. I want to be someone special to them, someone they will remember all their lives, not just another notch on their belt.

That also applies to why I like married men for sex. Assuming I'm the first girl they cheat with, imagine what they think about every time they are intimate with their wife after that? It really builds my ego knowing I am now a permanent part of his life, someone he will never forget after having done something he will always remember. If he feels guilty about it, so much the better as then he may never do it again - leaving ME as the only girl he ever cheats with, the only one he remembers when he is with his wife.

Gee, I've really rambled on but hopefully I'm getting my point across as to why I felt the need, the compulsion even, to go out and have sex behind my husband's back.

## 4. Finding the One

I suppose I could have easily headed for the nearest club or bar wearing a slutty outfit and let the first guy to hit up on me take me home but where was the fun and challenge to that? I've always maintained that ANY girl can get laid in the next thirty minutes if she really had to and wasn't particular about who did her. No, if I was going to do this then I was going to make it worth it. In the previous chapter I explained the type of guy I was looking for and why. Now it was just a matter of finding him.

Then it struck me... like DUH!

I quickly grabbed my iPhone and called. My dad answered the phone...

"Hey baby girl, everything OK?"

I think when I'm fifty years old my dad will still be calling me his baby girl but I didn't mind. It went along with the other descriptions of me I cherished - "precious", "princess", even "my little slut".

For a moment I felt guilty. It had been a while since I'd called which is why he must have thought something was wrong.

I didn't waste any time, we could catch up on things later and after all, it had only been like five days since he'd last fucked me so it wasn't like I was being a total stranger.

One thing a lot of people don't know about me which I find amusing is that I fly radio controlled model planes. Actually I think my dad tells people that I "crash" them more than fly them but that's his interpretation. My dad has been into the hobby since he was a teenager so it was natural for me to tag along with him to the air strip as a little girl to watch. As I got older he would let me fly with him keeping control on another controller but eventually I was soloing... and crashing with regularity but he never seemed to mind. He just kept buying cheap trainers for me and never let me touch his "good" planes.

RC planes are pretty much a guy thing. The club my dad belongs to has maybe forty to fifty members with perhaps anywhere from 3-10 flying on a given night. Most of them are his age or older although a couple of younger guys show up know and then. Virtually all of them are married but for the most part their wives never come with them or their families. My dad always took a little ribbing for me tagging along. Funny how that ribbing died off as I got older!

I always have an instructor with me when I fly as my dad has never felt comfortable with my going totally solo. It wasn't the planes he was worried about, it was when I almost crashed into the prep area that he realized I was a bit of a walking safety hazard. Well, as the only girl flying I never had a problem finding someone to volunteer to help me fly. It didn't hurt that I tried my best to flirt and wear slutty shorts and tank tops, that sort of thing.

It has been years since I flew with my dad. I'm not sure why we stopped but it was like once I went to college and got out of the habit, it never started back up again. Plus, not living at home had a lot to do with it since flying was usually a spur of the moment thing with my dad's crazy work schedule so when I was living at home it was easy to keep up with him. As a result I hadn't really thought about it much but now I was psyched - why hadn't I ever thought of this before?

When I explained to my dad what I was thinking he quickly bought in.

"So baby, you got your eyes on anyone in particular?" he asked, "You know the membership has changed a bit since your last time so maybe you should just come and check things out before jumping into anything... or anyone."

It was a sensible idea and as luck would have it, my dad said he was thinking about heading to the file in the next few days and he would call me to let me know. Then he added...

"Of course there's a little matter of a finder's fee," he teased me.

"Oh daddy!" I sighed.

My dad never quit. It was like ever since he'd first fucked me almost twelve years ago now that anytime he did anything for me there was always a "fee" of some sort. It wasn't like I didn't mind paying my fees! If it turned him on to play his little game then I was more than happy to please him by going along with it.

"As always, all fees payable up front," he continued, trying to sound all serious like some announcer at the end of a TV commercial.

"Oh daddy!" I sighed yet again but this time I added, "You know anytime you want to fuck me all you have to do is ask!"

The husky chuckle at the other end of the line told me all I needed to know.

"Dad! Are you masturbating about me right now?"

"Me?"

Yeah right, like I couldn't tell.

"Why don't you come over and find out?"

My pussy tingled and I really did wish I could. If he had come right out and asked I would've gone, no questions asked. In the past twelve years I've never once refused my father, at least not when it came to sex. The fact that he put it the way he did was his way of saying he wouldn't mind fucking me but at the moment he wasn't in dire need of anything. In this case I was busy with things around the house so it worked out best for me not drop things just to perform my duties as his daughter.

Just a note... this was one of the things I loved about my dad. I can see where some men might abuse their position and insist their daughter do things anytime they want without regards to her feelings or needs. Yes, there WERE times when my dad would impose a bit but he really did try to minimize such things. Like tonight, I knew he would fuck me if I came over but he also wasn't pushing me to do it if I was busy. I love him so much for being such a considerate dad!

Sure enough, the next evening he called and said he would pick me up in twenty minutes. I'd been expecting the call so I was already dressed and ready. RC planes are usually flown in the evening when the winds are at their calmest. It was mid-May and the weather could go both ways but fortunately tonight was a warm spring evening so I had chosen a pair of killer denim shorts that were cut off right at my butt. A stretch tube top was all I wore besides the shorts and I rubbed my nipples through it and was pleased to see them poking through. A pair of heels would have looked great but not exactly the thing to wear at a grass air strip so I thought about going with a pair of pink sneakers with white anklet socks. Then I thought about it again and thought what the heck, why not and grabbed the heels. I looked through my closet and found an old Steeler ball cap. Pulling my hair back in a ponytail, I ran it through the back of the cap.

A plain gold anklet around my right ankle, a couple more around my neck, followed by a pair of small diamond earrings. I loved to wear them when I was out with my dad as they always reminded me of my 18th birthday when he gave them to me for Christmas. Well, he gave them to me when I was sitting on his dick Christmas morning! Like I said, special memories...

Other than that I didn't even need a purse or a wallet as you don't need a driver's license to fly a model airplane. I heard my dad knocking on the door of our apartment and hurried to greet him.

"Hey baby," he greeted me after giving me a big kiss on the lips, "Damn, you're looking hot tonight! Where's your husband?"

There was something in the way he asked me about Steve that caught my ear. My dad was OK with Steve being my husband and they shared many interests (however models planes was NOT one of those). While they each had the same feelings for me, at least sexually, my dad was never comfortable doing anything with me when Steve was around. The funny thing is, Steve was the same way when it came to my dad. The really funny thing is neither of them has any issue having anyone else watch them fuck me. If anything they got turned on by being watched. So when my dad asked where Steve was, my Spidey senses were alerted.

"He's working an extra half-shift," I explained, "Someone called in sick so Steve and another guy are covering for him."

"It's going to be another hour before prime flying time... don't you have a fee to settle?"

Ahhhhhh, so THAT was where he was going with this line of questioning. Duh, why hadn't I been expecting it knowing my dad!

"Well, unless you're going to fuck me in the open door then you'd better come in and close it."

My heart skipped a beat as he looked around as if to see if anyone was watching or could see us. For a brief moment I thought he might just do that! Then the common sense lawyer took over and he took a couple of steps in and shut the door behind him.

We kissed again, this time more passionately with our tongues intertwined. He had one hand on each of my butt cheeks, pressing his crotch into me so I could feel his hard erection poking through the gray sweat pants he was wearing. Hmmmmmm, I had a feeling that was ALL he was wearing from the way it was poking out!

"So what are you waiting for? Pay up little girl. Get on your knees and suck your daddy's dick."

Like he had to tell me! Actually, I preferred it when he did, it seemed so much hotter when my dad told me what to do.

"Yes daddy," I said softly, assuming a submissive position as I dropped to my knees before him.

It wasn't like I was his slave but at the same time I WAS his daughter and as such he deserved my respect as well as my submission. Besides, he loved it when I acted like this so I laid it on pretty thick.

"Take off those shorts, you know how I hate you covering up your bottom."

"Yes daddy," I said, smiling this time. Oh yeah, indeed I knew!

The sweat pants he was wearing didn't have an opening in front. It was more than obvious now that my dad wasn't wearing any underwear. There was clearly nothing containing his erection under those pants. I couldn't help but smile to myself at his involuntary reaction. Actually that's one of the things that turns me on when a man becomes erect - the fact that it is totally out of his control. No man I've ever heard of can will himself to either become erect or not. Thus when I see a man react as my dad was now to me, I know that it is a true indicator or how he feels about me. A man can SAY all he wants about how much I turn him on or how good I look but it's his dick that never lies!

Standing back up again, I wiggled my way out of my shorts, leaving my tube top in place, at least for the moment. Slipping them over me heels, I just let them drop next to me on the floor leaving me wearing nothing but my tube top and heels. Before I resumed "the position", I twirled around to let him get a good view of my butt.

"Now THAT's much better," he mused, spanking me lightly on the right butt cheek as I turned, "Damn, what an ass!"

Smiling, I bent down again until my face was level with his crotch. Reaching out with both hands, I grabbed his sweat pants by the waist band and worked them down to his knees, freeing his rigid dick such that now it was staring directly at me as it emerged from the thick bush of dark pubic hair at its base.

"Mmmmmmm, somebody's horny," I teased as I reached out and grabbed the shaft with my right hand, using my left to cup his hairy balls and gently work them with my fingers.

My dad just sighed and put his hands on my head, pulling it into his crotch.

"Damn it Kelly, stop teasing and suck it."

He must have been REALLY horny as usually he liked this sort of foreplay where I would just stroke him and play with his cock, maybe kissing it or giving it a quick lick with the tip of my tongue. Then again, judging from how firm it felt in my hand, he didn't need any more encouragement!

At first I just took the tip of his dick into my mouth, my lips sealing around his shaft just under where his helmet ended. It left me with plenty of room inside to run my tongue around him, teasing the hole at the tip and then working all around the smooth warm surface. My efforts were rewarded by his moans of pleasure and more pressure on the back of my head as he tried to push himself into my mouth further.

Pushing back against him, I let his dick slip from between my lips and looked up at him with my eyebrows furrowed.

"Now Daddy, you know better... don't push so hard."

Without waiting for a response, I resumed my attention to my dad's dick, this time licking the shaft up and down, then running my lips along it as it got wet with my tongue just barely sticking out between them.

"Fuck this, I need to sit down," he said, releasing my head and moving over to the couch where he sat down on the edge with his legs spread apart obscenely.

I was close behind. This was actually better for both of us as I could now actually kneel given the carpet under us. Also, it was easier to keep my balance by resting my forearms on my dad's legs as I gripped the base of his dick and bent it towards me so I could take it into my mouth again.

"Oh yeah Kelly... just like that!" he groaned as I took his dick completely in my mouth, the tip of it pushing down into my throat.

My dad pushed my head down, driving his dick even further down my throat as I fought back the gag reflex and then felt my face pressing into that hairy bush of pubic hair I knew so well.

For the next few minutes I blew my dad. Pretty standard stuff, just bobbing on his dick but he wasn't complaining! In fact he wasn't saying a word other than grunting and moaning but that didn't bother me. It's when he doesn't say anything that I know he's really enjoying what I'm doing to him.

He was getting close. God, how many times had I sucked this dick? Probably more times than every other dick I'd ever sucked combined I bet if I could somehow get an official count. While my husband now got most of my attention, it would be a long time before his scores equaled my dad's given the head start my dad had on him.

"God that feels so good," he sighed and then surprised me by pushing my head away from his dick. I looked up at him and our eyes met as he smiled at me and said, "But I don't want to cum in your mouth... I want to fuck you... I want to cum in my little girl."

At 27 I was hardly his "little girl" anymore but I guess age is all relevant. Sometimes I think when I'm forty I'll still be his "little girl".

My dad pushed himself back further into the couch, bringing his legs together while motioning for me to climb aboard. My tube top was feeling restrictive so I quickly slipped it up and over my head, tossing it on the couch next to him. Cupping my boobs in each hand, I tugged on my hard nipples with each thumb and forefinger, twisting them and pulling on them.

As I got up on the couch I was now totally naked with the exception of my heels as I knew it turned my dad on to fuck me when I was wearing something on my feet. Not sure why, but something turns him (and a lot of men it seems) when I wear sock, sneakers or heels when they have sex with me. They may prefer me nude otherwise, but shoes or socks can really get them going.

At first I just kneeled on the couch, straddling my dad's bare legs as I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around his neck, smashing my boobs into his chest as I did. We kissed and I could feel his tongue exploring my mouth, meeting my tongue and toying with me. His hands moved to cup my butt, one cheek in each as he squeezed them and rubbed them alternately.

"I love you daddy," I whispered as we kissed, "I want to make you happy."

Indeed, that is what I really wanted more than anything at this moment - to please my father and make him happy. Really, why else would I have sex with him. He was my father, not a lover or even a boyfriend. He definitely wasn't just some guy I picked up to have some raw sex with. No, this was the man I'd known all my life, the man who gave his sperm to conceive me, the man who raised me, the man who had given me so much over my lifetime. After having given ME so much, how could I not want to give him back what he needed most?

"Tell me what you want daddy... tell me how to please you."

My dad looked me directly in the eyes, a look of lust and desire filling them. It was at times just like this moment when I knew no matter what anyone might say, what I was doing was right and moral. There was no mistaking what he wanted yet I loved for him to say it out loud.

"Oh baby... my baby... I want you," he sighed letting out a long breath, "You know I want you more than anything. God I NEED you... you know what I want... do it."

It wasn't quite what I was hoping for but good enough. Still, rather than just taking him in me I could do one more thing for him...

"Fuck me daddy... I want you to fuck me."

I thought he was going to cum right then the way he groaned at my words! Without further delay, I reached down between my legs and grabbed his steel-hard dick, directing it to my waiting pussy. I don't know who moaned louder as the thick head penetrated me!

"Oh yes daddy, fuck me... I want you in me."

Actually in this position it was me doing the fucking I guess you might say as I controlled his penetration in me, even though his hips were instinctively thrusting upward to try to speed up the process. Despite his efforts, I tried to take him in me as slow as I could, trying to enjoy the feel of every inch as it force its way into my pussy, stretching me out and filling me with his manhood.

Finally I bottomed out, my butt pressing down on my father's lap as I put my full weight on it, driving him into me as deeply as he would go. My ass was tickled by his coarse pubic hair as I ground myself slowly on his shaft. I leaned back as he supported me with his hands while he leaned forward as well to suck on my nipples. Mmmmmmm, I loved the feel of his tongue and lips on my boobs, especially when my nipples were as hard and sensitive as they were now.

As my dad attended to my boobs, I reached down and felt the base of his dick with my fingertips. There wasn't much to touch as the rest of it was inside of me. OMG I loved the thought of him in me - not to mention the feel of it. It was a sensation I doubt I will ever grow tired of - the feeling of my own father joined with me, our bodies coupled together in the most intimate and loving way possible.

I slowly rode his dick, using my pussy to squeeze him and then release him as I worked my ass in circles to pleasure him. He was getting close as he leaned back against the couch and looked down at his crotch to watch his dick moving in and out of me.

"Cum in me daddy... give me your love... show me how much you love me," I begged him over and over and then over again. My exhortations were rewards as he grabbed my hips and pushed me down onto him, thrusting his hips upward as he began to ejaculate within me.

"Oh fuck!" he cried out as he came, shooting one load of cum into me after another.

I have no idea how much cum my pussy has received over the years from all the guys who have fucked me but I imagine it must be measureable in gallons by now. It didn't matter. It seemed like every time my dad came in me it was like the

What more could a father say to his daughter than that? It was what I had hoped he would say, that was for sure!

## 5. Making a Connection

We were at the air field in twenty minutes as thankfully the traffic wasn't too bad. On the way we talked about the various options I might find. It was sort of strange, as if my dad was acting as my pimp. Even so, it seemed to turn him on to talk about various guys and whether or not he thought I might enjoy fucking them.

"What about that guy who flew the helicopter?" I asked.

"Oh Larry? Haven't seen him much this past year. I think he was having marital issues so I'm not sure if maybe they've split and he's moved away."

My dad turned his head briefly to look at me as he waited at a stoplight.

"So you're thinking about someone like Larry then? Isn't that a little old even for you?"

He had a point. I was remembering these guys as I had back when I was flying so they were all years older now.

"What about Rich?" he suggested, "His daughter's in high school now and from what I hear, quite the looker."

"Does she come?" I asked.

My dad shook his head, "No, you're really the only daughter that ever shows up... I mean use to show up."

"Did any of them ever say anything about me?"

That my dad smile. "No, I AM your father after all most men aren't going to say anything like that about you, at least not to my face. Still, it was pretty obvious who they had their eyes on. Besides, it's not like you ever had problems getting an instructor to help you."

It wasn't until we parked and my dad turned off the SUV that he addressed the elephant in the back seat.

"So what's this all about anyway Kelly? Does Steve know about this?"

I shook my head without saying a word so he continued, "Something going on in Paradise I should know about?"

"Oh no, nothing like that dad," I protested, maybe a little too quickly. My father the lawyer was quick to pick up on that.

"I guess I always thought you and your mother shared the same feelings about doing things behind your husband's back. I know you guys swap so you've past THAT hang-up of hers but I hadn't realized you were sneaking around behind his back now. Is he doing anything?"

I knew my dad which meant I knew that he wasn't going to let up until he got the truth from me, just as he always did while I was growing up, so I told him about my suspicions about Steve's activities.

"Well I suppose I'm the last guy to say anything about your aunt's ability to 'suggest' things you know better than to do."

Yeah he was right on that one. I know that as close as my mom is with her sister, she will always be a little peeved that my aunt had enabled my dad to meet up with young girls against the wishes of my mom. Now she was doing the same thing with Steve but at least I wasn't going to divorce him over it. No, I was just going to go out and do a little for myself as well.

"Well, if you think this is the best way to handle things, I guess I won't stand in your way," my dad finished and got out of the SUV.

Before long we were on the line, saying hello to the guys - and as usual, it was ALL guys. Seeing me, a number of them said hello and remarked about how long it had been since I'd been there. I also noticed that almost every one of them gave me the once-over as well. Of course it didn't bother me - I'd been disappointed if they hadn't!

As my dad set up his gear and prepped the plane, I walked around and watched the others. As much as they were looking at me, and thinking lord only knows what, I wondered if any of them realized that I was "shopping" as well.

At first I didn't see Rich and after all my dad had said about him I felt a little disappointed that he wasn't around. Then I noticed someone approaching from the pavilion where the rest rooms were and I was almost sure it was him. Again, it had been a few years since I'd seen him.

"Hey, it's Kelly!" he greeted me as he came closer, "Haven't seen you in ages... wow, married woman now I hear?"

I flashed my ring and smiled but left it pretty much at that. I couldn't deny I was married but that didn't mean I needed to dwell on it and scare him away.

"Yeah, been a year now," was all I said and then changed the subject, "SO I hear your daughter is in high school now. I teach 8th grade so I guess I missed her."

"Yep, a big sophomore this year. Just a few weeks and she'll be having her Sweet Sixteen birthday party."

"Awwwwww, so sweet, I bet she has lots of boyfriends."

Rich rolled his eyes and groaned a bit melodramatically, "I have to swat them away like flies to a cake. Now don't take this wrong but my daughter is pretty hot."

An odd thing to say but I just smiled and let it pass.

"Well, my number's up next so catch ya later," he said, giving me a wave with his hand as he headed to his plane.

I returned to see how my dad was doing. He had it fueled, batteries checked and was ready to go.

"Saw you met up with Rich," he observed.

"Yeah, he said his fifteen year-old daughter was hot," I said with a smile.

"Well, I haven't seen her but from what I hear, she is," my dad confirmed, "he must have said more than that though."

"We didn't have much time, he was up next," I said, looking over and seeing him at the flight line with his plane already up.

"Well, we're right with him so give me a hand if you're going to be here."

I carried the starter and his flight box while he carried the plane which had a wingspan almost as wide as he was tall. It was one of his favorite plans which meant I would just be watching. He didn't mind me flying his little planes or the trainer but my track record was pretty poor so I never even asked to fly his better models.

Rich was done and had landed his plane safely so it was my dad's turn. I watched as he set the plane in place and then I grabbed the glow plug for him. In doing so I had to lean over and as I didn't exactly bend my knees I knew I had to be giving the group of older men a better show than they'd seen at the air field in quite some time. If the cool feeling on my butt was any indication, at least part of my ass was exposed when I leaned over, not to mention a good view of my cleavage as the tube top was barely wide enough to stay on me.

Once my dad's plane had started, I moved back as he took his spot and away his plane went. I backed away to give him room and just happened to find my way alongside Rich as he was refueling. He was kneeling on the ground as he pumped the fuel and didn't notice me until I squatted down. It was a little tricky with my heels in the grass as I had worried back when I was getting dressed but I managed to keep my balance. I could feel my shorts pulling up tight in my crotch and once again, that cool feeling of air against the bottom of my ass.

"So your daughter's hot?" I said, getting straight to the point.

Rich looked a little surprised at my question and even blushed. I noticed his eyes wandered to between my legs which I had somehow forgotten to keep closed. I knew the thin material in my crotch had to be pulling up tight against my pussy - it was driving me crazy! Then he seemed to notice that I saw him and he quickly looked away but it wasn't long before his eyes were making their way back to my 34C bust.

"Ummmmm, yeah I guess so," he stuttered, "I didn't really mean anything by that."

"That's OK, my dad use to tell me I was hot when I was her age and I know it made me feel special so I'm sure your daughter feels the same way when you tell her."

Rich's eyes widened a bit at that. "I... I never actually TOLD her that."

I smiled at Rich, trying to keep him from feeling TOO uncomfortable.

"Well you should you know. Every teenage girl needs all the encouragement she can get, especially from her father."

Rich was finishing up the refueling and putting away his jug of fuel so he didn't say anything right away, leaving it up to me to continue.

"Do you think I'm hot Rich?"

Now THAT one took him by surprise and I almost laughed at how big his eyes grew. His face was beet red by now but at the same time it didn't deter him from almost instinctively glancing at my boobs again. The he looked over at my dad who was concentrating on his plane in the air as if he was sure that my dad had heard everything.

"It's OK Rich, he doesn't care," I tried to reassure him.

"Aren't you married now Kelly?" he said in almost a squeak.

I almost feel over as one of my heels pushed into the soft earth so I had to catch myself with my hand and readjust my position. Through it all my legs spread wider apart and my boobs bounced under the tank top - all of which he was taking in.

"So are you Rich," I reminded him with a grin, "So what?"

Rich glanced around to be sure nobody was listening but he was at the end of the flight line area and nobody was close enough to hear over the din of the planes.

"So you didn't answer my question Rich."

"Huh?" was all he could say being totally flustered now.

"I asked you if you thought I was hot. You know, like your daughter."

Now he was looking really flustered. "I really don't think we should be talking about this Kelly," he stammered.

I was pushing him a lot harder than I probably should have at this point. Heck, it had been quite a few years since he'd seen me and I really knew nothing about him either. Just because he made some comment about his daughter being hot didn't mean he was looking to cheat on his wife or fantasize about sex with his daughter. Granted, my guess is that 90% or more of husbands and fathers DO think about such things but almost just as many keep such thoughts to themselves and never act on them. While I'd found that many of them CAN be persuaded if you give them the proper "motivation", usually I knew a lot more about them and so had a pretty good idea of what direction they were leaning before I pressed them.

Still, I had come here today with the intent of finding someone and judging by the looks of the other geezers, Rich was my only option unless I was prepared to REALLY lower my standards.

"Just talkin', nothing wrong with that, is there Rich?" I said in a cheery voice while at the same time shifting my weight around to give him a better view of my crotch.

Rich finally stood up after which I did as well. It was easier to tease him squatting down but my knees were killing me! I grabbed the tops of my tube top above each of my boobs and tugged it up as if I was trying to get it to cover me better but in the process only made it drop even lower.

"Stupid top, won't stay up," I pretended to complain. Rich didn't say anything so I went on saying, "My dad says it's too small for me... what do you think Rich?"

Rich couldn't help but look at my chest again to make his "evaluation". He glanced over where my dad was getting ready to land. Sheesh, only three minutes had passed? It seemed like a lot longer.

"Well I'd say it look just about right on you," he finally decided.

"Thanks Rich!" I came back with a big grin, "Does your daughter wear anything like this?"

Rich again hesitated. It was one of those "damned if you do, damned if you don't" questions.

"I haven't seen her in anything like that but then you're quite a bit more... well more endowed up there than she is."

"What size do you think I am Rich?" I asked, trying to keep the conversation going in the right direction.

Rich was going to strain his neck if he kept twisting it back and forth between where my dad was now collecting his plane and me.

"Ummmmm, I don't know... 34C?"

I smiled at him and winked. "Right on the money Rich! Wow, you're pretty good at judging boobs."

He smiled at that one, like he enjoyed the compliment but yet didn't want to make too big a deal out of it.

"So what size is your wife?"

This time he game a strange look, like he was wondering where in the world that one came from. But now he was into the game so he answered, "I have no idea. Marge is rather... big. I mean big all over. Just say I have twice the wife I married."

Judging by the way he reacted to thoughts of his wife, I figured that would be a good topic to steer clear of, at least for the time being. Still, it gave me a new piece of information - fat wife to go along with his daughter. Man, my dad knew how to pick 'em!

"So how old are you Rich, 37... 38?"

Rich turned to face me directly. "OK, now I KNOW you're playing me. I haven't been 37 for eleven years."

I pretended to be hurt and pouted, "I was just being honest, you don't look to be as old as my dad is all I'm saying."

Rich chuckled. "We were friends all through school, didn't you know that?"

Actually, I didn't. My dad hadn't spilled that vital piece of information. Rich continued as it looked like I'd finally hit a hot spot for him.

"Yeah, we were quite a team back then. Hmmmmmm, if he hasn't told you that then I bet you didn't know I use to date your mom back in high school."

Wow, another piece of news. I knew my mom was quite the slut back in her school days but she hadn't given me a lot of specifics back then. Sheesh, and to think my dad never said anything back when I use to come here to fly with him back in my teen years.

He must have confused the expression on my face as I was evaluating this latest tidbit because he quickly came back with, Oh I'm sorry Kelly... didn't mean to bring up anything bad."

"No, that's cool," I assured him without saying much more. "So you must have had your daughter pretty late then."

Rich shrugged. "Actually she's the youngest. We had three other - two boys and a girl pretty early. They're all married with kids and all that stuff. You might say Lindsay was a bit of a surprise."

"She must keep you young."

"She keeps me something I guess, not sure if it's young though," he said with a bit of a laugh.

My dad had his plane back in place and walked over to join us.

"Hey Rich, making the moves on my daughter? Hate to say this but you missed the chance long ago - she's married now."

Rich didn't say anything but playfully punched my dad on the shoulder. It was funny, I'd never realized that they were classmates before. Guess back when I was coming her with my dad I just didn't notice such things. I was usually more interested in what guys were looking at (hopefully me) than anything between them.

"Yeah, she flashed me the ring right away," Rich replied, "Guess I missed my chance."

They were just two guys digging at each other but still, I liked it that with my dad around Rich seemed even more open. It was sort of like when Steve got together with his friends and each tried to one-up the other.

"I need to run to the hobby shop real quick," my dad said to me, "I don't like that last batch of fuel I was using, plane seemed sluggish."

"You can borrow some of mine John," Rich offered but my dad politely refused, saying he needed more anyone and it would only take twenty minutes to get there and back.

"Now watch my girl while I'm gone," my dad said, pointing to me, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

It was all I could do not to laugh. If Rich only knew what door my dad was opening for him! Poor rich, if he only knew that a little more than an hour earlier I'd been sitting on my dad's lap with his cock spewing cum inside of me! Then again, what if he DID know?

"Well, I guess it's time to get it up again," Rich said, looking back at his plane until it hit him as to what he'd just said.

"Oh god, I didn't mean THAT Kelly," he quickly apologized.

I smiled and replied in as innocent a voice as I could muster, "That's OK Rich, I'd LOVE to help you get it up." I licked my lips naughtily and put my hands on my hips, giving him my "model" pose.

"Ok, Ok, that's enough of that," he said quickly but at the same time he was taking in another view of my boobs.

Suddenly he startled me with a sharp, "SHIT!"

I looked down at where he was leaning over the engine. Rich was shaking his head and cursing rather eloquently under his breath.

"Something wrong Rich?"

"Damn it, I thought for sure I'd charged the batteries last night. See that indictor? All but dead."

I wasn't sure what to look at but there was this thing that looked like it was taped to the inner wall of the plane with a bunch of bars. They were all red except the last which was barely green.

"I ALWAYS check them before I leave... at least always except tonight I guess. Crap, this really pisses me off!!"

"So now you can't fly?"

Rich looked up and me and then stood up again. "Nope, all done for the night. I'd head home but I promised my dad I'd keep an eye on you."

Whatever opening he was going to give me, I took it.

"Well I was sort of hoping you'd be keeping BOTH eyes on me Rich."

Rich started to lean down to pick up the plane but then he stood back up and crossed his arms defensively in front of his chest.

"OK, enough is enough. I haven't seen you in what, ten years? Now tonight you show up with a ring on your finger and not much else on, all the while hitting on me like a downtown hooker. What's going on? Did your dad put you up to this, like some sick practical joke?"

This wasn't exactly going as planned. Fortunately I'd prepared a Plan B. I put on my best "hurt" look, checked around seeing that the old geezers were still clueless, and replied with, "My dad had nothing to do with it, it's all my idea. My dad just mentioned you would be here tonight, I guess because you were high school buddies, I don't know."

"So it's tease the old guy tonight?" he said accusingly, "You were always a cockteaser back in the day but I figured being married and teaching that you'd have grown up a bit."

I quickly cupped my boobs, lifting them in the tube top and letting them drop.

"Well, you DID say I'd grown up."

Rich looked a little pissed now. "You know what I meant. Really, what's the story?"

Here goes Plan B. Plan A was seduction with the hopes of winning him over. Plan B was being honest - much riskier but highly effective when it worked.

"My husband's out with another girl and I was looking for a little revenge sex," I said. What I didn't mention to him was that the "girl" was half my age - if that old.

Rich wasn't buying it though. "So someone looking like you come HERE for that? I don't believe that and if I did, why here? Makes no sense to me."

I wasn't about to go into all the details of my fixation on m0lder married men - especially older married men with teenage daughter, especially ones with HOT teenage daughters.

"So I've got a daddy's girl thing going, is that so wrong?"

Rich gave me an odd look and then recovered chuckling, "Knowing your father as well as I do, that doesn't surprise me..." and then trailed off before saying anything more.

This was becoming more and more interesting. Actually I knew very little of my dad's personal life outside of our family. He always seemed to be at work so I'd never given much thought as to who his friends might be away from the job. Anytime he talked about "the good old days" it was always about him and his younger brother Jim with nary a reference to anyone else and now I find out that Rich is some sort of comrade of my fathers. Another time and place and I might have explore this more but I knew my dad would be back before much longer so it was time to move things along.

Whatever I was going to say was interrupted by Rich picking up his things and heading to his pickup. It was rather old, rusting in a few places, with a cap covering the back end. He opened the back, lowered the tail gate and put the plane and gear inside.

With everything in, Rich turned and took a seat on the tail gate, sitting far enough back his legs were swinging in the air. He patted the metal pate next to him.

"May as well take a load off your mind until your dad gets back. But then with the traffic that direction who knows when that will be."

I did as he said, sitting just a few inches from him. My head came about to his shoulders so he looked down to talk to me which also allowed him to look down my cleavage at the same time.

"You know Rich, it's getting really chilly," I complained. It was true, not to mention the cold steel under my exposed butt.

Rich couldn't help but laugh a bit saying, "Well if you would wear some clothes it might help."

I pouted again, "Why, you don't like what I'm wearing?"

Rich leered at me this time as he said, "Its more what you're NOT wearing that I like."

"Oh you silly," I giggled, smacking him on the thigh playfully, leaving my hand on him after I did.

Rich looked down at my hand and then back to my breasts although I'm sure if questioned he would have sworn that he was looking at my face to talk directly to me.

"I'd give you the blanket in back but it's pretty dirty and lord knows what's slept in it where I park this rig," he offered.

I wrapped my arms around myself and shivered.

"Would you mind taking me home Rich? I'm really getting chilled. If you need proof..."

It WAS chilly. Maybe not as chilly as I was making to out to be but enough to bring out a reaction from my nipples, not that flirting with Rich wasn't helping matters. In any case, I dropped my arms down to reveal my nipples poking through the thin tube top.

"See what I mean Rich? I'd really appreciate it if you took me home."

Rich hesitated and for a moment I thought he would refuse. Things had progressed really fast in the past fifteen minutes and he looked like his mind was running about five minutes behind in terms of assimilating everything.

"What about your dad?"

"Oh he won't care, I just get in the way anyway."

"Well, I DO need to get home. Where do you live?"

I gave him my address which brightened him up a bit.

"That's even better - we're practically neighbors!" he said with a grin, "Alright, hop in and let's get going."

For a moment I questioned the whole idea when I couldn't open the passenger door and he motioned me to come around to his side and get in.

"That door hasn't worked for years," he explained, "Got bumped by some snot-nosed kid in his parent's fancy car and figured I'd just pocket the insurance money."

The floor on the passenger side was filled with what looked to be old car parts and rags. Even the seat didn't look exactly appetizing. I scooted over to the middle and brought my legs up under me so I wouldn't have to step on whatever those things were with my heels.

"Sorry, wasn't expecting to play limo service tonight," he apologized, "This is sort of my truck to run around in. The rest of the family uses the Rolls-Royce."

He laughed and I went along with his poor attempt at humor. I looked for a seatbelt and he said, "Sorry, if you're looking for a seatbelt this buggy was built before they were required. Grandfathered now."

Wow, I knew this wreck had to be old but not THAT old. Surprisingly it started right up. There was this big stick coming up from the floor which I gather was used for shifting. Come to think of it, I think this was the first vehicle I'd ever been in that had a manual transmission!

Rich pushed his foot down and then reached over my lap to grab the stick lever. He moved it around then pulled down and it dropped almost in my lap, his hand with it as he ended up with his hand right on top of my bare thighs.

"Sorry, have to shift," he grunted as he looked out the back mirror to back up out of his parking space.

As we headed out to the gate I saw my dad's SUV pulling in. Damn! Talk about rotten timing. Rich stopped as my dad approached, rolling down his window as my dad pulled up alongside us.

Rich poked his head out saying, "Hey stranger, your daughter was crying about being too cold so she conned me into taking her home. I guess now she can go home with you."

My dad just laughed saying, "Well, tell her if she wore some clothes she might not get so cold."

They both laughed and then again when Rich explained to my dad that he had told me the very same thing a few minutes before.

"Well, if you don't mind I'd like to try out this new fuel. Hell, she lives almost right door to you so do you mind?" my dad asked.

I could have kissed my dad! Talk about picking up quick on the situation and playing along...

"Sure, see you next week," Rich signed off as we continued our travels leaving my dad behind.

"So you dated my mom?" I asked as he pulled out into the main road.

"Well, me and I think every other boy in school," Rich said with a grin.

I laughed and added, "Yeah, my mom has confessed that she was a slut back then."

Rich started to say something but then thought better of it, instead saying, "Well, YOU said that, not me."

"So she was then!" I giggled.

Rich let out a long breath before answering, "I guess you could say that."

"Nail her?"

I thought Rich was going to choke with that one. I guess it's not every day a woman asks you if you had sex with her mother back in high school.

"Well?" I prodded him.

"That was a long time ago Kelly before she married your dad."

I grinned at him and put my hand on his leg as I said, "You don't have to apologize or anything, my mom's told me she was a slut in high school... same as I was."

Rich glanced down at his lap and then back up again as he drove. I noted that he didn't mention anything about my hand resting at the top of his leg just inches from his crotch.

"Well, now that you mention it... you did have a bit of a rep back then," Rich said, starting to open up a bit more.

"Sort of like your daughter does now?"

THAT brought a grin to his face as he replied, "Well, I don't think Lindsay is quite in your league, at least not yet."

"My league?"

Rich's cheeks puffed out and then he released his breath with an expression that clearly said, "What have I gotten myself into?"

"Heck Kelly, even your dad admitted you were the class slut back then so don't blame me."

"Sorta like you say Lindsay is one now?"

Again that expression of "Now what do I say?" but this time he wasn't as quick to respond so I decided to push a few more buttons and see what happened. We were only a few minutes away from my apartment so it wasn't like I had much more time. It was make or break time.

"So tell me Rich, how many times did you fuck my mother?"

"Let's just say more than a few times," he came back almost immediately. His quick response surprised me. Maybe he was just relieved to get off the subject of his daughter.

"Did I use to turn you on back then?"

We were just pulling up to a stop sign a few blocks from our apartment complex. As he pulled to a stop he looked in the rear-view mirror to see if anyone was behind us. Evidently not as he twisted slightly in his seat to face me. As he did his hand slipped off the stick shift lever and landed on my thigh. This time he didn't take it off or pretend it was a mistake.

"Not sure where you're going with this Kelly but yes you did. Not to mention every man around you so I don't think I was out of line or anything."

With that he turned back to the front and we drove the remaining couple of blocks in silence. The only difference was when he wasn't shifting, he rested his hand on my leg although it wasn't like he was fondling me or anything.

Rich pulled up to my apartment and I directed him to my entrance.

"You know, if we hadn't turned in back there my place is just down the road," Rich observed.

"Cool, so it won't take long for you to get home."

"Yeah, just a couple of minutes at most."

My heart was racing. I was pushing this WAY faster than I normally ever would but then the circumstances were different as well. Usually I had to get to know the guy and develop a relationship. Rich was a friend of my dad, knew me from years back, and even had sex with my mother when she was in high school. He obviously had SOME interest in me or why the hand on my bare thigh, not to mention his playful banter about his daughter and my mom. What the heck, why not?

"Well, since you're almost home anyway, would you like to come in for a drink? You were so nice to bring me home I just wanted to thank you."

"I don't know Kelly, doesn't feel like it would be appropriate. Is your husband home?"

I couldn't help but smile and wondered what he would say if I told him where Steve REALLY was and who I suspected he was fucking. Now THAT would have been a little too much!

"He's out with some friends," I said instead, shrugging as if it meant nothing to me, "I don't expect him to be back until late."

"Well, what would he say if he knew I came in for a drink while he wasn't there?"

Again I couldn't suppress a smile. The REAL answer is Steve would want to watch but again, that would be more than a little over the top for Rich no doubt.

"Steve and I have a.... let's just say we have an understanding about such things."

Rich looked at me more seriously now and I noticed the hand on my leg tightening, probably without him even knowing it.

"Sounds interesting."

It was my turn to squeeze his leg as I licked my lips and answered, "Well, if you want to know more than you'll just have to come in."

"Well, just for one drink... you got beer?"

I didn't answer as it seemed more like a rhetorical question than anything. There was a parking spot close buy so he pulled in. Once he was out, he held out his hand to help me get out on his side. Without a word we quickly made our way to our apartment. As I opened the door and stepped inside, I couldn't help but remember what had happened in here just a couple of hours earlier. Wow, what would Rich say if he knew my dad had recently fucked me almost right where he was standing?

Well, in my wildest dreams I hadn't expected the evening to work out like this. As Rich made his way to the couch, I headed for the kitchen to grab a beer for him from the refrigerator.

Now what?

## 6. Crossing the Line

By the time I returned to the living room with his beer, Rich was seated on the couch, leaning back with one leg crossed over the other. I handed him the can which he quickly opened and took a few swallows.

"Ahhhhhh, that hits the spot!" he sighed and then he looked at me asking, "Nothing for you?"

I explained to him that I hated beer and usually just drank Diet Coke.

"Breakfast of champions, that's what I always say."

I let that one slide and took a seat on the couch next to him. Again memories of my dad's earlier visit returned as I noted that Rich was sitting exactly in the same spot as my dad had been when I was riding his dick. Feeling more and more horny, I twisted towards him and put my hand back on his leg again over his jeans.

"I really do want to know Rich... tell me more about how you fucked my mother."

Rich took another sip of his beer, uncrossed his leg, and put one arm along the back of the couch behind me but not touching me.

"You DO realize that it's really weird for me to have the married daughter of one of my best friends asking me to tell her about banging her mom thirty years ago while sitting next to her alone in her apartment while she's half naked, do you?"

We both laughed at that while at the same time I inched my hand a little closer to his crotch.

"I'd say that sums things up pretty well Rich," I said softly, shifting so I was sitting on my hip facing him.

Rich glanced down at his lap and continued, "Not to mention the same gal's practically groping me!"

I inched it such that now I was only maybe an inch or so away from what was clearly a growing bulge in his crotch.

"Is that so bad?" I teased him.

Rich laughed somewhat nervously this time. "Nope, I never said it was bad. I just worry that you're husband's going to come in and get the wrong idea."

This time I went for broke and moved my hand so my palm was pressing down on his dick. "And what idea would that be Rich?"

"Wow," Rich said softly, "Maybe that I was fooling around with his wife."

I started to rub his bulge with the palm of my hand, going about it in small circular moves as I pressed up closer to him. "And what if his wife WANTED you to fool around with her?"

Rich laid his head back against the couch and let out a long breath of air. I used my fingers to grip his dick through his jeans as best as I could, enjoying the feel of his growing erection.

"This isn't happening," he sighed as he closed his eyes with his head still back.

"Well you just keep telling yourself that Rich," I murmured just loud enough for him to hear a I started to undo his belt and then his jeans.

Rich didn't resist as I unzipped his jeans and put my hand inside the elastic of his boxers where his erect cock was waiting for me. At the same time, he wasn't DOING anything either so that needed to be fixed.

"You know Rich, if I'm going to suck your dick the least you can do is touch me," I prompted him.

Without giving him a chance to respond, I leaned over and pulled his cock out as best I could and took the head of it in my mouth.

"This is NOT happening!" Rich again insisted to whomever he was talking to in his head.

I turned my head up to look at him and saw he now had his eyes open and was watching me. I smiled at him as naughtily as I knew how and purred, "Mmmmmmm, your dick is really nice, I think it likes me!"

It was like something switched on in his mind, like he made some decision to go for it and stop holding back as suddenly he was pushing his jeans and boxers shorts down. He still had his shoes on so everything sort of stopped at his ankles but he didn't take the time to remove them and just left everything bunched at his ankles. Sitting back again, he scrunched forward a bit and then leaned back against the couch which helped me to get to his waiting cock all that much easier.

"Tell me what you want Rich... tell me," I whispered to him as I stroked his hard shaft with my hand.

"This is SO wrong," he groaned but then he answered, "God I want you to blow me."

"Mmmmmmm, I can do that!" I said excitedly as I stretched out on the couch and put my face over his erection.

As I sucked his dick, Rich became more animated and vocal. He seemed to like holding his dick while I sucked him, sometimes even smacking me about the face when I would let it out of my mouth.

Given he was the same age or so as my dad, I knew odds were his dick would react about the same meaning I had one shot at this - literally. As much as I would have loved to get him off with just my mouth, this wasn't Steve on the couch who could fuck me right after I'd sucked him off. Besides, it wasn't like we had all night as I figured he was already going to have to explain to his wife why he was late as it was.

Dropping his dick from my mouth, I got up off the couch and faced him standing up. His eyes were glued to my boobs so I slowly pulled it down to reveal my breasts until the top was now wrapped around my waist.

"God you have the most incredible tits," he complimented me without taking his eyes off of them for even a moment.

With that I worked on my shorts next, turning away from him and then bending over at the waist as I dropped them slowly to expose my bottom to him. Sliding them down to my ankles, I stepped out of them, keeping my heels on. For a moment I debated about the tube top and then figured what the heck so I pulled it down as well and stepped out of it, leaving me wearing nothing but my heels.

Still facing away from him, I again bent over at the waist and put my right hand between my legs to play with my pussy as I spread my legs apart. God, I was soaking wet! Twisting my head, I saw he had his dick in one hand as he stared at my finger that was now up to the second knuckle inside my pussy.

"See how wet you made me Rich?" I teased him, "I bet I know where that hard dick you're holding wants to be."

If the loud groan that emerged meant anything, I was right! Of course the odds of me being wrong were virtually zero. Turning back to him, I stepped between his legs with one hand cupping my boob and the other palming my crotch.

"So now Rich, tell me what you want now," I said seductively.

"God I want to fuck you," he practically whispered but in the silence of the living room it was like a bullhorn.

"Well Rich... I want you to fuck me too," I said as I climbed aboard and straddled him.

As much as I was horny and needed to be fucked, what was REALLY getting me off was the memory of my dad in this exact same position on the couch and me doing almost exactly the same thing as I was now to him just a few hours previously. Wow, to be fucked by my dad AND his best friend in almost the identical manner was really hot!

As I positioned his dick at the entrance to my pussy and began to bear down on him, I could feel his split me apart as his cock head filled me.

"Oh Rich, your dick feels so good in me," I sighed, pulling his head into my boobs, "Am I as tight as my mother was?"

Richard was too anxious to take my nipple into his mouth to answer right away so I continued to descend onto his shaft until once again I was bottomed out on a dick in the middle of my living room. As I ground myself into his crotch, I pulled his head away from my boob and looked him in the eye.

"I want to know Rich... I want to know how I compare to my mom. Does my pussy feel as good around you as hers did?"

Poor Richard. I think all he wanted was to suck on my boobs while his dick fucked me and here I was practically interrogating him. Still, I was so turned on after I learned he'd done my mom that I had to know more so the next time I was with my mom I could tell her all about it.

"She was great but so are you... just like your mother," he gasped as I bore down on his dick with my pussy, squeezing him as tightly as I could.

"I bet you'd like to fuck us both together, fuck me and my mom, am I right Rich?"

Now I was back to rocking on his dick, causing it to stroke slightly in and out of me as I leaned back and forth. Mmmmmmm, I loved the way my clit rubbed against his crotch with him sitting up like this.

"God that would be so hot," he gasped again and then drove his head back into my chest again. His nose was in the middle of my cleavage so I pressed my boobs from the side against his face.

That seemed to be enough talk for him as he reached under my ass and leaned forward until he was able to stand holding up as I was mounted on his dick. Turning 180 degrees, he bent his knees until I was the one on the couch, keeping his dick inside of me for the entire sequence. I was on my back with my head up against the couch such that I was able to look down past my boobs and could see his cock as it drilled my horny pussy.

"Fuck, you have no idea how long I've wanted to do this," he cried out as he banged me deep and hard.

"That's it Rich, fuck me harder, fuck me like you want to fuck Lindsay."

It was a shot in the dark but in his aroused state I hit a bulls eye. Men may say one thing most of the time but get them horny and fucking and that's when the truth comes out. It's like sex is some sort of truth serum for men.

"Oh god yes... I want to fuck her so bad," he groaned as he lifted my legs up and held them by my ankles. Over and over he banged me, slapping his crotch into my pussy and pushing me tight up against the couch with every thrust.

"Oh yeah, fuck me like you want to fuck your daughter Rich... cum in me like you want to cum in her."

"Oh god Lindsay... daddy's cumming!" he groaned as he began to thrust and pump his sperm into me.

Each time he would pull out just a little and then slam it into me as he ejaculated. Finally he was drained and he released my ankle but I wrapped my legs around him as he fell forward on top of me, barely keeping his weight off as he rested on his elbows.

For a minute or so we both just rested as I felt his dick twitching inside of me. Keeping himself in me, he raised his head and had this odd grin on his face. Then he said the words that totally changed everything.

"You know, you're even a better fuck than your dad said you were."

# 7. Tables Turned

If Rich hadn't been on top of me I probably would have jumped right off his dick out of sheer surprise and shock. Instead, he kept me pinned down and started to grind his crotch into me, causing his dick to move which felt so wonderful in my cum and dick filled pussy.

"So you still haven't figured it out?" he taunted me, "And here I thought you were supposed to be the smart one. Kristen would have put it all together in a heartbeat."

Now I was really confused, as if I hadn't been from the instant he dropped his bombshell. Kristen? What the hell did my cousin have to do with this?

"Oh this is precious," he smirked, "Talk about taking it hook line and sinker!

Then he looked down where he was still buried in my pussy and added, "Well, make that taking it in the pussy!"

With that he chuckled and continued to grind himself in me.

"I should have said one thing though... you're pussy is the best between the four of you."

Seeing the complete confusion in my eyes he continued to grin like an idiot and explained.

"Yeah, I've done them all... your mom, her sister, and that whore of a cousin you have."

Rather than try and recreate the next five or ten minutes, let me just sum it up...

first time. I could only imagine if someone brought in one of those black lights they use in hotel rooms and took a look at our couch!

"So what do you say Kelly, clean me off so I can go home?"

He was standing there with his wet cock glistening in the light right in front of me. It was sort of funny in that he'd never removed his short the entire time.

"Why not?" I answered rhetorically, leaning forward to take his dick in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good! Nothing like the taste of my pussy all over a man's dick, especially when you add in a nice layer of cum.

When I was finished I dropped him from my mouth and wiped my lips off with the back of my hand.

"You know, you COULD have just come right out and told me all that from the start, I still would have let you fuck me."

Rich was pulling up his underwear and shorts as he answered, "Nahhhhh, where would the fun be in that?"

I laid back on the couch with my head on the arm and my legs outstretched. My pussy felt so much better now but I was still horny which I suppose drove my line of questions.

"So Rich, do you really want to fuck Lindsay?"

Rich grinned and sighed, "What father DOESN'T want to fuck his own daughter? You if anyone should know the answer to that one. Your dad's the luckiest guy in the world - first he gets two sisters and then a daughter and niece."

I started to rub myself slowly as I spread my legs apart a bit to make it easier. Rich was watching me as he buckled his belt.

"So why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?" he asked back at me.

"Fuck Lindsay?"

Rich was finished dressing now and he couldn't resist coming back over to the couch to rub my boobs with his hand one last time.

"It takes a pretty special family to have what your father has," was all he said. With that he leaned down and sucked on my nipple a bit, then stood back up and left without another word.

For the next half hour or so I masturbate on the couch, reliving the day's events in my mind as I imagined Rich going home to his young daughter and masturbating later as he dreamed that it had been her instead of me that he had fucked.

Well, I guess I was doing myself a little longer than I thought as somewhere in my fantasy world and after a series of incredible orgasms I was surprised when the door opened to the apartment and in walked Steve!

"Couldn't wait until I got home, eh?" he said as he started stripping off his clothes on his way to the couch.

Well, it looked like our poor couch was about to get a third set of fresh stains!

As Steve fucked me, I couldn't help but wonder who he'd been doing that evening? Since he hadn't told me about it, it meant it was with someone I might not approve of, or at least not approve of her age. It was one thing to do it now and then but sometimes it seemed that's all he cared about. Well, not at this moment, that was for sure!

could tell it was fully consensual, again I rationalized my thoughts and have participated with my husband and even helped provide him with some unexpected opportunities.

However... sometimes "never" means just that... NEVER.

So what are the things I would NEVER do, even if it meant having to divorce my husband, just as my mom finally had to do when faced with having to violate some of her "never" conditions? Well, this is a partial list but I'm sure you'll get the general idea:

## 1. Anything that would go against my Christian faith.

Yes, I know some people would claim that acting slutty, engaging in incest and underage sex, helping men commit adultery and other such things are not exactly biblical but I would maintain that such things are a matter of interpretation. Face it, if everyone agreed on the exact meaning of every phrase in the Bible we wouldn't have thousands of versions. For example, the Ten Commandments forbid adultery. Well, I define adultery as sex outside of marriage that is done without the knowledge and consent of your spouse so as far as I am concerned, I am on board. You say incest is on-Christian? What part of "Honor your father and mother" am I missing? How much more can a girl honor her father than to submit herself to him in every way?

## 2. Anything that brings harm to someone be it physical OR emotional.

Is it really necessary to comment on this? Humiliating someone, causing them to have unwanted pain, ruining their reputation, all these things are totally wrong. Unless, of course, the person deserves it as punishment for their transgressions.

## 3. Anything sexual that has to do with the toilet or such body functions.

No piss drinking or other perverted crap like necrophilia. Frankly I find such activities revolting. I may not agree with a lot of what some people find sexually exciting - BSDM, anal sex, etc., but there are some things that just should not be done by anyone at any time.

## 4. Child abuse.

This is a bit redundant with #2 but important enough to emphasize. I would also consider sex with a minor under the age to where they understand the significance of their actions. For example, a six year-old can't begin to grasp the consequences of a man having sex with her so it would be abusive for him to do so, no matter how much she "wants" it.

## 5. Anything sexual with someone I am responsible for professionally such as when I babysit or teach.

Putting aside the obvious - it's illegal and would lead to loss of my license and potential jail time, what's more important is the trust factor which is something that I would never violate.

Parents allow me to care for their children and that's a responsible I take VERY seriously. They did NOT leave them with me to teach them about sex.

So far as the events of this diary entry are concerned, #5 above applies.

For years now I have tutored during the summer and over time have developed several steady clients. In fact, this summer I have almost a dozen students! Most are teenage boys as it seems they have the most academic issues. If they want to be in sports (the usual reason for wanting better grades), then they call on me to get their grade point average up. Most of them are either just entering high school or in their first year or two although I do have one who wants to get a scholarship to college next year but his grades suck.

It's one thing to say you'll never DO anything but that doesn't mean it's not tempting. Yes, some of my students ARE very cute (boys and girls) and I'm sure I wouldn't have any problem getting laid by some of them. In fact, a number of them have already tried to make a move but I'm firm about that sort of thing from Day One. Not that I don't sometimes tease the poor boys. Not only do some of them deserve it, a girl has to have fun too sometimes, right?

One nice thing about tutoring in the summer - the dress code is a lot more relaxed both for me and my student. It's not unusual for us both to be wearing shorts and not a lot on top. I'll be the first to admit more than a few times I couldn't wait to get home before fingering myself in the car after a lesson with some hot little freshman boy.

Despite whatever temptations there may be, I'm a professional and in the end it's all nothing but innocent teasing. If one of my students locks himself in the bathroom and masturbates after I leave, what's the harm? Actually, I'd be rather disappointed if they didn't!

## 2. Tutoring Bambi

Most of the kids I tutor are boys. I don't think that it has anything to do with the relative intelligence of boys versus girls. At the ages I tutor it seems to be more the consequences faced by boys as compared to those a girl would have to deal with. Typically this revolves around sports as virtually all schools tie athletic eligibility in some way to academics. If a boy wants to play football in high school, he better keep his grades up!

Of the twelve students I tutored this summer, only two were girls. One was from my 6th grade class that just "graduated" from the small Christian School where I taught to the public middle school system. Her parents were just overachieving. I knew her well enough from having taught her for three years that she didn't need tutoring - she just needed motivation to keep her mind off the boys and on her school work long enough to do the work. But hey, they paid me pretty well so why argue?

As for the other girl, I didn't even get to meet Bambi when I interviewed with her parents as she was out with friends or whatever at the time. That's not all that unusual and there have even been cases where everything was done by phone and the first time I met anyone in the entire family was the first lesson.

It might be stereotyping but I almost giggled when they told me that their daughter was a cheerleader and her name was Bambi. All sorts of images came to mind - none of which were exactly complimentary. I found out later that Bambi wasn't her real name but rather the one she preferred to use. I didn't blame her - what girl in this day and age would want to be called "Barbara", even if it was in memory of her great grandmother?

Bambi's tutoring needs were based similarly to those of the boys I tutor. Her parents had explained to me that she needed demonstrate that she could get her grades up if she wanted to be on the freshman cheerleading squad. When I first heard that I was tempted to say that if all she wanted was to get her grades up then just have her get her teachers "up". Of course I knew better than to say anything like that to her parents!

In keeping with my stereotype image of cheerleaders, it didn't surprise me when it was obvious from the first time I laid eyes on her that Bambi was a slut. Again the same thought came to mind that I had with her parents. Given the way she dressed and talked I had little doubt that she wouldn't have had any problems following my suggestion for getting better grades. As with her parents, I never said anything even remotely like that to her but when I thought about it in private I couldn't help but wonder where she might have taken such a suggestion.

Knowing ahead of time that Bambi was a cheerleader I hadn't expected her to be fat and ugly but I was still pleasantly surprised the first time we met. Her dad had warned me that she was fourteen going on twenty but I assumed he was referring to her attitude. Well, it was more than that as she already had a killer body that made it hard for me to believe she was only fourteen. Had I seen her in school or on the street she could've easily passed for sixteen or seventeen or even older depending on her dress and makeup.

Unfortunately for Bambi, in the Ying and Yang of the universe whereas she was more than blessed in terms of her physical attributes, it seemed to have come at the cost of her intellect. To be blunt, she was just dumb! Oh well, let her parents worry as it kept me employed.

When I show up for the first lesson with a new client I usually dress rather conservatively so I am taken seriously as a professional and not some glorified babysitter. However on this morning it was already in the mid 90's and it wasn't even noon yet so I went with shorts and a tank top. I knew Bambi's mom would be at work and her dad hadn't seemed the type that would complain that I wasn't wearing something more "professional".

In deference to my position as a teacher, the cutoffs I chose were the ones I sometimes refer to as my "Goldilocks shorts". They weren't my shortest by any means and they actually covered my entire ass, coming down over an inch or so below my crotch. They weren't the longest pair in my drawer either but those I reserved for church. They were tight enough that I didn't need a belt to keep them on but still loose enough as to not present an obvious "camel toe". On a slutty scale of 1-10 where one is suitable for church and ten gets me tossed out of public places, I'd rate them maybe a three or four at most.

"You're not what I expected for a tutor," she said suddenly about half-way through the lesson in a sullen tone.

I sat back in my chair and smiled at her, trying to avoid being confrontational. "Oh, and just what WERE you expecting?"

"Don't know," she shrugged indifferently, "Some old maid or whatever. You seem cool. So you're married?"

I flashed my ring at her and she whistled softly.

"Wow, that's really awesome!"

Personally I agreed wholeheartedly with her. I smiled as I remembered every detail of that wonderful day when Steve gave it to me and proposed to me. Since then I've barely ever taken it off.

"Yeah, I've got a wonderful husband," I told her.

"I think my parents are getting a divorce," she said with a frown.

Now this was clearly not part of the lesson plan but it was our first day so I figured it might not hurt to get to know her better.

"Oh? Why do you say that?" I asked gently, "Have they said anything to you about it?"

She shook her head. "Noooooo, but I hear them argue a lot and last night mom said something about a lawyer when they thought I was in my room."

When I'd met them a couple of weeks earlier I hadn't noted anything that would've led me to think there were any serious marital problems and I'm usually pretty good at picking up on vibes like that. After all, that the sort of thing that usually means there's an opportunity for me! I mentioned something about that to her but she just shook her head more.

"Yeah... They put on a good show, don't they? Mr. and Mrs. America"

"Do you think either one of them is cheating?" I asked. OK, so maybe that wasn't an appropriate question to be asking a girl her age about her own parents but she had me curious.

"Noooooo, dad likes to flirt - as I'm sure you already know, but he's too scared of my mom to do anything."

For what little was left of the hour I tried to assure Bambi that even if her parents DID divorce it wasn't the end of the world and how my parents were divorced but I still got along great with them both. Of course I never mentioned that I also had sex with them both as well!

By the time that the lesson had ended I felt like Bambi and I had made a deeper connection which I figured should make future lessons easier with less distractions. I also find that the more I know about my students, the better job I can do when it comes to teaching them.

## 3. Teasing Bambi's Dad

For better or worse Bambi's not the first high school slut I've tutored and likely not the last. So far as I was concerned she really wasn't anything all that special or noteworthy - there are at least a few of her type on every cheerleading squad. Being I am a professional tutor it wasn't like we were ever going to play around together or do anything stupid. No... it wasn't Bambi that had my attention after the lesson - it was her father.

Rod (short for Roderick but I like to think about his "rod") is a PE instructor and so was off for the summer. His wife works full time as some sort of administrative assistant so he's always home alone during the day when I come over for Bambi's lessons.

Actually the only time I'd even met Bambi's mom was when I interviewed. Jackie was very professional, a little aloof almost. The one thing I could say about her was that it was easy to see where her daughter got her looks! I had to wonder what it was that was causing the strife in their marriage. Then again, married people argue so maybe Bambi was just blowing things out of proportion.

I also knew from my interview that Rod serves as a wrestling coach with a history of wrestling in college and still maintains an incredible physique. He's a bit shorter than me and stocky but it's all 100% muscle and it was clear from the moment I showed up for Bambi's first lesson that he loves to show it off. He answered the door wearing a muscle shirt and gym shorts which left little to the imagination. Mmmmmmm, there weren't any underwear under those shorts either from the way things were pushing to escape.

Like so many of the fathers of the kids I tutor, Rod started hitting on me from the very first day. What was different with Rod was that unlike most fathers who try to make sure nobody else sees anything, Rod made his moves right in front of his daughter. As I already mentioned, during our first lesson she confided that her dad liked to pretend to be a lady killer but that he never actually did anything so I should just go ignore him.

"Yeah, she's a real daddy's girl," he sighed as he watched her in the pool. "She has me wrapped tight around her finger, I'm not afraid to admit it."

Rod looked me in the eyes then and shook his finger at me adding, "Now don't go off with any weird ideas... she's my daughter and I'm not a perv but that doesn't mean I can't appreciate her."

I replied cautiously, commenting that I thought her suit may be a bit revealing but it was still tasteful - which was relative term I guess. Tasteful as compared to wearing one of my sluttier bikinis but I doubted she would be wearing it to the local public pool any time soon, at least not for long!

"She conned me into letting her buy it. Her mother hasn't seen it, thank God. She'd probably have a stroke, especially if she knew she wore it when her boyfriends are here."

I was about to snicker at the "conned" remark as I had no doubt that all Bambi had to do was pout a little and drop those big brown eyes and daddy would buy her anything.

"So I take it she's not at a loss for boyfriends," I commented.

Ron grimaced as he answered, "Oh yeah, she draws them like a magnet. God only knows what would go on if I wasn't home to keep an eye on things."

"So she doesn't go on dates yet?"

Ron chuckled and shook his head, "Oh she started those after she turned fourteen." He paused and sighed, "Don't take this the wrong way but as a man there are times I'm a bit jealous of them. I never got to date a girl anything like Bambi when I was in high school. They were all out of my league!"

We sipped our drinks as Bambi emerged from the pool dripping wet. She stood right in front of us, drying herself off with a large beach towel. It was quite a show. For a girl her age she certainly already knew the moves like when she would dry off her legs and feet without bending her knees such that her ass poked out right at us. It probably took at least two or three times longer for her to finish that was needed but her dad wasn't complaining or hurrying her along. When she was finally done she gave her dad a peck on the cheek and headed inside, that tight little bare ass wiggling the whole way. Oh yeah, she had it and she knew it!

After the show I figured what the heck, why not take a shot in the dark so I turned to her father and asked a leading question.

"I assume she's 'active' so has her mom talked to her about protection?"

"So what's with the slut outfit then?" she asked, going back to the original question.

"Well Bambi, teasing doesn't stop when you graduate from high school. It still works. You DO realize that I don't do this for free, right? Anything extra helps as well."

"So you're just doing it to get a big tip?" she said, grinning now.

"Whatever works?" I answered, going along with where she was heading. Hey, if that's what she wanted to believe then I wasn't going to ruin it.

"Cool!" she giggled, "I have friends who waitress that do the same thing."

Just then Rod walked in and greeted us. Bambi gave her dad a big hug and a quick kiss in the cheek before we all headed out to the pool.

Once there we essentially followed the same routine as last time except this time I also undressed down to my bikini. Rod whistled and Bambi seemed a little irked at my thong seeing that it was skimpier than hers. Still, after our recent conversation I wasn't sure if it was because her dad was looking at another woman or he wasn't paying attention to her.

Probably a bit of both.

This time around Bambi only swam for a few minutes, just enough to cool off, and then got out. Before she even had a chance to do her towel-drying exhibition her iPhone rang which took priority over everything. After she was finished she told us that she was getting dressed to go out with friends. She didn't even ask her dad, just told him but he didn't seem to mind. Once again we both got a nice view of her butt as she wiggled out of sight.

Alone again with Rod, this time as I laid back in the lounge chair next to him I was showing off a lot more skin. Not surprisingly, it wasn't long before his wandering hand once again was on my leg. This time the preliminaries were dispensed with and he immediately grabbed a handful of my soft inner thigh. I glanced over at his crotch and sure enough, the circus must've been in town as the tent pole was rising fast!

We both pretended as if nothing was happening while we chatted about Bambi's lessons and teaching in general. We both bemoaned the state of education in the United States and the hardships teachers face in these days. All the while Rod's hand was slowly worked its way up my thigh until his thumb was right up next to my pussy but not quite there. Just as I thought he was about to make the final move I twisted onto my side to face him, effectively causing his hand to slip off my leg.

"Did you know that Bambi's worried about your marriage?" I asked him. Clearly he was thinking more about where his hand was - or wasn't at the moment so I had to repeat myself to get his attention.

"Kids... you can't hide anything from them, can you?" he sighed, shifting to his side now to face me.

"So what's the story with you and Jackie?" I probed.

From the frown on his face I got the impression that this wasn't what he had in mind when we laid next to each other but he seemed to sense that I wasn't going to let it go so he went along with it.

"You remember what I said about the virgin shit and the blowjobs?"

I nodded.

"Well, the virgin part was true but I may have exaggerated about the BJs."

"Oh" I responded, "How much?"

The look on Rod's face was priceless as he took a deep breath. "Let's just say all of it... she's never sucked my dick - or anyone else's for that matter, at least so far as I know and I'm pretty sure about it."

"Well, you can't divorce her because she doesn't give head," I countered.

Rod groaned and he reached down to arrange the bulge in his shorts that must have been getting uncomfortable. Frankly I don't know how guys deal with that thing between their legs to start with!

"I gave up on that dream a long time ago but I still expect a LITTLE excitement in bed."

"Like what do you mean?" I asked. This was getting interesting...

"Would you believe the only position we've ever done it in is missionary?" he answered, "Lights off, in the dark, only in the bedroom."

I whistled softly. Yeah, I could see where that might be a problem in a marriage. Still, it was one thing to whine about it, another to DO something about it and I had the impression so far that Rod was just a whiner.

Shifting the subject, I laid on my back again with my knees up and spread apart, giving him a good view of my crotch.

"I also hear you enjoy Bambi's friends being around," I teased him.

"Oh, what did she tell you?" he asked quickly. I wasn't sure if he was worried or hopeful.

"Just that you tend to be like THAT when her friends are around," I said, nodding towards the blatant erection under his shorts.

"So what do you do with THIS when they're around?" I asked naughtily as I reached out and gently slapped his erection with my forefinger. I brought my hand back to my side and tried my best not to laugh at his expression - priceless!

"Well, what would YOUR husband do in my situation?"

That was easy - he'd fuck them! But I wasn't about to tell Rod that so instead I just answered, "Jerk off."

Rod seemed a little surprised at my direct answer but he hung in there and said, "Well, there you have it."

"So what does Jackie say when you do THAT?"

The look on Rod's face was so funny as he answered with, "She thinks masturbation is dirty and that I'm somehow cheating on her when I do it so I never let her know about it."

"Wow, that's too bad," I commiserated with him. Then I leaned over so my boobs showed more and said seductively, "You know Ron... I LOVE to masturbate."

Ron's eyes widened and I could tell he was already thinking in his head, "Dear Penthouse..."

At that point I figured things had gone far enough for now. If Rod had been ready for more we wouldn't have gone on this long with just the talk and gotten down to action. Oh I had no doubt that had I reached over he would have let me blow him and probably even sit on his dick but I sort of enjoyed where I had him right now - horny and wanting me. Just not yet...

Standing up, I reached for my shorts and pulled them on. Rod looked at me like he didn't understand what was going on.

"I need to get to my next session," I lied, "Besides, I think you need to take care of something."

I nodded to his erection again and smiled as a small wet spot had appeared. God he must have been super horny!

As I started to walk away, Rod called out to me.

"Kelly, do you remember what I said about cockteasers?"

I just smiled at him and replied, "Maybe next time."

He could take that for anything he wanted - which was my exact intent when I said it. Without another word I turned away to leave him to his own devices. I would have loved to stay and watch him jerk off but I was so damn horny myself I couldn't wait to get home to do it myself!

That night I practically jumped Steve when he came in the door. Little did he know I'd spent the last couple of hours in bed playing with myself as I fantasized about Rod fucking Bambi with my help! Oh well, my husband certainly wasn't worried my motivation as I ground my ass into his crotch while his dick was buried inside of me!

## 5. Taking the Next Step With Bambi's Dad

It was a week before I had another lesson with Bambi. This time I decided to dress a little more conservatively, packing my bikini in my purse and wearing a pair of white shorts with a semi-sheer black blouse that only hinted at the black bra underneath. I even put on a pair of heels instead of flips flops or sneakers to be a little more formal.

Bambi immediately was curious.

"Being more professional this week?" she asked.

As for Bambi, she certainly wasn't doing anything different. The shorts were a different style but generally had the same coverage. Instead of just a bikini top this time she had on a cut-off t-shirt that hung down just enough to cover her boobs. From the way her nipples were poking through she wasn't wearing a bra and I had to wonder if she even owned one. Not that I had many when I was a teenager.

I just shrugged and ignored the comment, getting down to the business at hand without much small talk. Bambi seemed to get the message, even if she wasn't sure what it was. Still, her attention span was simply too short for her cooperation to last very long.

"So did my dad screw you last week?" she suddenly blurted out as if she'd been holding it back and just couldn't contain herself any longer.

I tried my best to look shocked as if the very idea was inconceivable.

"Why in the world would you think THAT Bambi?" I replied, "I AM married you know... and so is your dad."

"Well I saw the way you were dressed last week and the way he looked at you," she said accusingly, "And when I got him he was jerking off in the bathroom."

Interesting...

"How did you know he was jerking off?"

Once again Bambi had that look of "what an idiot".

"The only time my dad locks the door to the bathroom is when he does it," she said, "Besides, he always has that look on his face afterwards. He thinks I don't notice but I do."

So many ways to run with this one...

"So what do you think about your dad doing that?" I decided to go with.

"It's gross," she snorted, "It's bad enough he gets a hard-on."

"Everyone masturbates Bambi. I mean, you do, don't you?" I asked, seeing how far I could push this.

Bambi looked at me suspiciously. "Do you?"

"Of course, like I said, everyone does," I said matter-of-factly.

"Well that's wrong... my mom doesn't," she countered, "She caught me once and told me I was a whore for doing something so dirty."

"Well, that's just silly. I bet all your friends do. Me and my friends use to do it during sleepovers and such."

"Really?" Bambi said wide-eyed, "That's awesome! I've never done it with anyone before."

Oh my god, if she only knew the thoughts that were going through my mind right then! Damn my rule against doing anything with a student!! My pussy was throbbing as I imagined the two of us in her bed...

"Kelly... you OK?" Bambi said, giving me a nudge. I guess I must have been dreaming a little more than I thought!

"Have you ever let your boyfriends watch?" I said, trying to get those thoughts out of my mind.

"Noooooo, you're kidding, right?" she said as if it were the craziest thing she'd ever heard.

It was time to establish one thing before we said anything more so I just came out and asked.

"Well, do you guys have sex?"

She hesitated and then nodded.

"Do you like to suck his dick?"

This time she didn't hesitate before she nodded, a slight grin on her face now.

"Does he cum in you? I mean without anything on him."

She bit her lip this time but answered, "Sometimes... I know I shouldn't let him but sometimes I just forget to have him put it on."

Oh boy, pregnant at fourteen here we come! This girl needed some serious talking. Oh well, it wasn't my problem but still, I felt I had to say something.

"You know it just takes one time..."

"One time for what?" her father said as he entered the room. I prayed he hadn't been listening to the previous part of our conversation.

"Hi daddy," Bambi greeted him, her face reddening.

"Lesson over?" he asked me, thankfully not pursuing an answer to his original question.

I nodded and he smiled saying, "Great! So did you bring your bikini with?"

I reached in my bag and pulled it out. It easily fit in one hand.

"Doesn't seem like much is there," he observed with a grin.

"Oh, it's enough," I answered.

I asked Bambi if there was someplace I could change and she took me to her bedroom. I expected her to leave me but she closed the door and started to take off her shorts. Surprisingly she wasn't wearing her thong this time - in fact she wasn't wearing anything.

I undressed without a word, trying to act casual as I stood there nude in front of my hot sexy student who was also naked now as she went to her dresser to find something to wear. Again I cursed my rule against getting involved with a student! Sure I'd seen her 99% naked before but there was just something different about seeing her totally naked that really turned me on.

Thankfully nothing happened as we both got dressed in out bikinis. This time I'd brought a suit that was similar to what my dad had always called "Kelly's Slut Bikini". It was a bathing suit in name only as you could never wear it in public. If anything it looked like it would be more at home at a joint with a pole, not a pool.

"Wow, that' really hot," Bambi said, her first words since we started dressing, "I wish I had one like that."

I grinned saying, "Just ask your dad to buy one for you. That's what I did when I was your age."

"Really?" she answered and it was like I could see the gears spinning in her pretty head, "Cool."

With that seed planted we headed down to the pool where Rod's eyes opened wide at the sight of us. He was checking us both out which I knew Bambi had to be aware of just as I was.

"Daddy, Kelly said you would buy me a suit like hers if I asked," Bambi said to the surprise of both me and her father. Like I had intended for her to ask him eventually but not in front of me!

Rod looked at me and I could tell he was trying to figure out how to respond but then, what choice did he have?

"Anything for you baby."

"Oh daddy, thank you!" she giggled as she reached up to hug him. I couldn't help but notice his hands were briefly on her bare bottom as they hugged - not for long but long enough - too long for it to be just an accident.

Just then her ever-present iPhone rang. Her eyes lit up as she hung up and turned to us.

"Sorry, that was Kyle, he wants me to come over for a while, is that OK daddy?"

Rod seemed a little disappointed but he nodded, then adding, "So long as you put some decent clothes on first!"

"Oh daddy!" his sexy daughter sighed as she ran off to her bedroom.

"Kyle?" I asked him.

"The flavor of the day," her dad sighed, "Last week it was Robby and the week before Gary - or was it David? Who knows who it will be next week or even tomorrow."

"You know you really need to speak with her," I said carefully.

"Oh, something I should know?"

I hesitated, unsure if I should be telling him what she had confided in me but then it was important and SOMEBODY needed to deal with it if her mother wasn't.

"She's having unprotected sex," I said slowly so I wouldn't have to repeat myself, "She's been lucky so far but..."

The light bulb went off over Rod's head. "Ahhhhhh, so that was what the 'it only takes one time' was all about."

"You need to get her on the pill," I encouraged him, "Sooner than later."

"But she's only fourteen!" he protested, "And besides, her mom is the one who deals with 'woman' things. I think so far as Bambi in concerned she doesn't think I even know she has periods!"

"Sure she's only fourteen but she's having sex with God only knows how many guys so if you don't deal with it - and fast, you're going to have a bigger problem on your hands as in the size of her belly."

Rod just shook his head and then went to our usual chairs by the pool and laid back. I noticed his erection was in full mode. Evidently talking about his daughter having sex was turning him on, even if it was about keeping from getting pregnant!

"So what did YOUR parents do when you were her age?" he asked as I took a seat next to him.

"My mom got me on the pill," I explained, "Really, it's the only way if your daughter is going to be sexually active."

"Sexually active...," his voice trailed off as if he was trying to wrap his head around the topic.

"Turns you on, doesn't it?" I teased him, reaching over and tapping his erection that was trying to burst through his shorts.

"I suppose you think I'm some sort of perv, thinking about my own daughter that way," he said, his face turning a little red.

As much as I would have loved to explain to him about my incestuous relationship with my father, it simply wasn't something I told people, not even most of my friends. No doubt it would have had an impact on him and who knows where that might have led but it was just too risky.

"Noooooo, actually I think it's pretty hot," I said with s naughty grin, "So tell me more..."

"You mean about how I think about Bambi?" he said uncertainly.

I just nodded at first, licking my lips seductively. Then I reached up and cupped my breast in my hand and squeezed saying, "It really DOES turn me on Rod... tell me more... make me horny."

As if I wasn't already! Fortunately, unlike him I wasn't making a public declaration of my sexual desires. It's great to be a girl!

"I really don't know how to say this," he said softly, "Not even sure I SHOULD say anything. I've never told anyone about any of this."

I kept my hand planted on my boob as he slowly began to tell me about how he'd first started masturbating about his daughter when she was just twelve and starting to sprout boobs and growing a figure. At first he seemed hesitant, as if he want sure I was serious about wanting to hear all this - or if he should even be telling me about it in the first place. As he told me about how he began taking her panties from the laundry and sniffing them to smell her pussy odor I lifted up my top so he could see my boobs in hopes of encouraging him to go on.

It worked...

"Mmmmmmm, so tell me how you imagine fucking your daughter Rod," I said, inserting a finger into my wet pussy while at the same time making sure he was getting a good view.

God this was so erotic! I love to be watched masturbating and to have this father telling me all his naughty thoughts about his daughter while her jerked off in front of me was so hot. My clit was so swollen and sensitive I thought I was going to jump off the chair as I rubbed it.

As Rod told me about his fantasy it was pretty much straight from a porn flick. A dark and stormy night, Bambi was scared and slipped in bed with him wearing nothing but a nightshirt. Of course they eventually had sex. As he went on I would occasionally break in to have him add more detail or to express himself better which seemed to turn him on all the more until he had his shorts off and I FINALLY got to see that massive erection.

Most guys seem to be embarrassed when they masturbate and over time I've found very few who will let me watch outside my dad and husband. In this case I think Rod was so worked up and horny that he just didn't care - which made it all the better for me. Seeing his hand jerking his hard dick, working it as only he could do, was fascinating. Actually, when I was younger I learned a lot about how to please a man by watching my dad pleasing himself.

My first orgasm hit me right in the middle of him telling me how he dreamed it would feel to cum in his daughter's pussy. God it felt so good! Normally I close my eyes when I cum so I can focus better on how I feel but in this case I kept my eyes on Rod's dick where his hand seemed to be stroking faster with each passing minute.

Then it was his turn as suddenly he groaned loudly and sperm began to spout from the end of his dick like a fountain. The first couple of shots made it all the up to his chest with the rest pooling on his stomach and pubic hair. Om my god, I wanted so bad to reach over and lick up every drop.

It was enough to drive me to my second orgasm although perhaps technically it was an extension of my first but what difference does it make, it's not like I was keeping score. This time I did close my eyes, imagining Bambi's pussy dripping with her father's cum as she sat on my face and let me lick her clean.

"Fuck, I can't believe this!"

What is it about men, especially older ones, that once they cum it's like someone turns off the horny switch? How many times have I been with an older guy and it's all hot and erotic until he cums and then it's like show's over. Well, it's not over for ME! Sometimes I have to masturbate right after he fucks me just to satisfy my own needs while he drifts off to Never Land.

Such was the case with Rod who seemed to have suddenly realized what he'd been doing for the past hour or so. He didn't say anything more but it was like Adam and Eve eating the apple and realizing they were naked. Rod reached for his shorts and pulled them up without even cleaning off his cum first as if he was embarrassed for me to see him after having just masturbated for me.

"Mmmmmmm, PLEASE don't hide that wonderful dick Rod... I loved watching you do that," I tried to encourage him.

After his initial qualms he seemed to be settling down as I laid there still naked in front of him.

"You're not going to say anything to her about this, are you?" he almost pleaded with me.

Who did I think I was? Of course I would never tell his daughter about her father's fantasies. What I didn't tell him was that I had a good idea that she already knew about them.

Sitting up, I felt a little lightheaded at first but then everything straightened out. I gathered up my bikini and reached over to kiss him on the forehead.

"I think it's time for me to leave," I whispered to him.

No doubt had I stayed longer and given his dick some tender loving care he would have recovered quickly and fucked me but I thought we'd accomplished enough for one day. All in all it had been quite an informative day, that was for sure.

Later that night Steve again was the lucky recipient of my pent up lust. Again I didn't tell him about the day's events as what would be the point? I didn't have sex with Rod so in the big scheme of things it really didn't matter what we did. As I laid in Steve's arms afterwards, my pussy was throbbing from the incredible fucking he'd given me but my thoughts were on a different dick and I wondered if Rod was masturbating with his daughter's underwear at that very moment...

# 6. Bambi's Father Finally Fucks Me

The next time I came to their house for another tutoring session I wasn't really sure what to expect. A lot had been said - and done, the last time and I knew from past experience that such things can be good or bad depending on how people handled them afterwards. Was Bambi overly embarrassed by our sex talk? Would Rod be shy now after having confessed his incestual feelings for his daughter, not to mention openly masturbating in front of me?

My fears at first seemed to be unfounded as everyone acted as if nothing had happened the last time. Bambi was in her usual summer outfit - did she having anything but shorts in her dresser? Rod was also in uniform although the shorts this time were a darker shade of grey. It was obvious he was still shunning underwear so nothing had changed in that department.

This time Bambi actually made it through the entire hour without going off on some tangent about her sex life or parents' impending divorce. In fact, we didn't discuss anything outside the lesson. I hadn't really realized until she clammed up how much I'd been looking forward to an update but my professional ethics bound me from being the one to instigate such discussion.

As the end of the hour approached and I came to realize that nothing was going to happen, it was MY turn to be distracted. Was she having sex with her boyfriend? Was he the same one or had she moved on to someone else? What about birth control? Had her father bought her the sexy bikini she'd asked for last time?

Other than saying hello, and a rather curt one at that, Rod had stayed away from us during her lesson. Of course that is how it SHOULD be but that didn't lessen my disappointment. Had he freaked about telling me some of his darkest secrets? Was he afraid to look me in the eye now after letting me watch him jerk off? Maybe he was worried about what I might tell his daughter?

The lesson ended and I was packing up my material, wondering if maybe I'd pushed things too far the week before and possibly ruined a good thing, or at least what might turn out to be a good thing. Bambi had run off as soon as I'd released her so it was just me in the kitchen all alone when finally Rod made an appearance.

"All done for the day?"

I nodded and so he asked, "Have an appointment to get to?"

This time I shook my head. Silence...

"I have to run Bambi over to a friend's house for a birthday party. Will you still be here when I get back?"

Now THAT was an interesting way to put it. Like, I was ready to go NOW so why would I still be here when he got back unless I made a deliberate effort to stick around? It was obviously an invitation but one veiled such that if I chose not to accept it then it looked like it was all my decision.

"I guess that depends," I said after a pause, "Why would I WANT to be here?"

Rod looked back to be sure his daughter was still occupied before he answered, "I think we both know why."

That wasn't good enough for me. Moving closer to him, I stood up next to him and looked up into his face.

"You're going to have to be a lot more specific than THAT!" I said, "A LOT more."

Rod seemed nervous, again checking over shoulder to be sure his daughter wasn't listening.

"You're just going to have to deal with that," he said more adamantly this time.

I picked up my bag and purse and started heading for the front door.

"Hey, where are you going?" be called out after me.

I paused and turned to answer, "No more games. Either you're up front with me or I walk... and I won't be back."

It was a bluff but then that's why they call it a bluff. The job paid well, especially considering the tips I'd been getting lately, and I enjoyed teaching Bambi, especially when she needed some extra credit. The question was, would he call it?

"Alright, come back here then," he caved.

I stepped over until I was right in front of him, looking at him expectantly and waiting for his next move.

Yet again he looked back and yet again the coast was clear.

"Alright, have it your way then... I want to do it."

"Oh? Do what?" I asked as if I had no idea what he was talking about.

"You're not going to make this easy, are you?" he said rather accusingly.

I just smiled sweetly at him until he finally said, "OK, I want to have sex with you."

"I'll be waiting," was all I said in response.

Just then Bambi was back and the two of them left without another word to me, leaving me alone in the house. Whether or not Bambi was curious about why I was still in the house, who knew? Did it really matter anyway?

It felt a little odd to be alone in the big quiet home. I figured I had at least twenty minutes before he could get back under the best of circumstances so there was no rush.

Out of curiosity I went to his bedroom and started to snoop through his wife's lingerie drawer. Damn, he was right about her being uninterested in sex. There wasn't a sexy or revealing thing in the entire dresser! No toys either, not even in the nightstand. Looking through the closet all of her outfits were "business professional". Even her dresses looked like they were way too conservative for anyone under the age of 80!

To be honest, at this point I really wasn't interested in a lot more flirting and gamesmanship. I was horny and wanted to be fucked - period. The only questions were where and how could I speed up the process?

Usually when I have sex with a married man my preference is to do it on their bed, preferably with me laying in the same space on the bed as his wife normally did. Sometimes I would wear some of her lingerie even, anything so long as it enhanced top mood. In this case I really wasn't looking at Rod through the eyes of adultery but more about his fantasies about his daughter. Well, that made the final decision pretty easy...

The last time I was in Bambi's room was when we changed into out bikinis so I was already familiar with the general layout. Glancing at my watch, Rod could be getting back any time now depending on the traffic so I needed to get myself moving if I was going to be ready when he returned.

My plan was simple yet elegant - strip naked, lay on Bambi's bed in some obscene pose and let him take me. Preparation was easy - I just stripped down and left my clothes on the top of the dresser, keeping on my heels. I forget what older Hollywood actress said it, but the quote was something like, "When I come home alone the first thing I take off are my heels. When I come home with a man, the last thing I take off are my heels."

I debated as to whether to lay on top of the covers or pull the covers down and lay on the sheets. If this had been a hotel room the decision was a no-brainer as lord only knew what had been done on the comforter and it probably hadn't been washed in years. In this case I wasn't worried about the covers and while I was doing this to turn on her dad, I didn't think it was all that wise to rub it in his daughter's face which is what literally we'd be doing if we messed up her sheets.

Laying back on her bed naked I wondered how many boys had fucked Bambi in this very bed or if she only did them away from home. If nothing else I would have bet my year's paycheck that she had laid in this very same spot and masturbated lately. I started to play with myself when I heard the door opening to the garage - Rod was home (or at least he better be).

Now that I knew he was back I got more serious with my masturbating, trying to get myself worked up well before he showed up so we could get straight to it - as if I needed all that much more encouragement. My pussy was already soaked an I had to believe the odor would be unmistakable when he entered the room.

"Holy shit!" I heard and for the briefest of moments I had this nightmarish vision that it wasn't Rod but instead Jackie had come home early. God, how would I ever explain myself? Amazing how many thoughts can through you mind in the space of a second or two.

Then he entered the room and all was OK.

"Looks like somebody got started without me?" he chuckled, unbuttoning his shirt.

"Don't worry, there's plenty left for you," I teased back.

Rod was pulling off his shorts when it was like he finally recognized what room we were in.

"Really Kelly, you want to do this in her room?" he asked although I got the idea he wasn't all that concerned.

As he made his way to the edge of the bed I grinned and answered with, "Don't call me Kelly... I want you to call me Bambi."

"Oh you've got to be kidding," he chuckled but at the same time he didn't protest, "OK Bambi, so you want your daddy top fuck you now?"

Well, he picked up on the concept quickly, I had to give him credit for that.

"Oh daddy... I've been wanting you for so long now... please do me."

I wasn't sure if Bambi was into dirty talk or not so I sort of ran the middle ground until Rod took the lead.

"You little fucking slut, your daddy's gonna show you how a real man fucks you."

Well, THAT certainly showed me!

that way about their daughters so I took a shot and hoped for the best. Turns out Rod had those feelings as well - in spades.

"Cum in me daddy... I want your baby daddy!" I begged him.

"Oh yeah Bambi, here it comes, I'm going to cum in you..., Oh yeah baby, take it all! Oh fuck me I can't believe this!"

I felt him thrust extra hard and then hold himself deeply imbedded inside of me as he began to pump me full of his "incestuous" cum. Actually it was more like "adulterous" cum but that was MY fantasy, not his.

Over and over he unloaded inside of me and I was starting to wonder if he was ever going to quit! Finally he pulled out and rolled over on his back next to me, groaning and moaning. I could feel his cum running out of me and down to my ass where I knew it was probably forming a wet spot on Bambi's comforter. Oh well, hopefully by the time her party was over and she made it home it would be dry again. If it wasn't then so what, it wasn't like she didn't know what sperm was and smelled like.

Mmmmmmm, his spent dick looked so awesome in the natural light, wet and glistening with our juices. I HAD to suck it and so I got up and leaned over him, taking his sensitive dick in my mouth and tasting the unique flavor.

"God that feels so good," he sighed dramatically, "Don't stop."

For a moment I thought he might recover but it was soon obvious he was packing a single shot but that was OK with me. Mission accomplished so far as I was concerned.

All in all the sex itself wasn't all that great but to be honest, it wasn't the sex per se that I was after. I mean, if all I wanted was to get laid I have plenty of options available. Noooooo, I wanted the horny father with the hot daughter who was frustrated with both of the women in his life - one for not giving him the sex he deserved, the other for not knowing he even wanted sex.

"You know Kelly, I DID cheat on Jackie once before," he said as if he felt the need to confess his sins to me now. "It was early in our marriage but she caught me and swore she would take me to the cleaners if I ever did it again. I've never even touched another women since then... until now of course."

Big deal so far as I was concerned but if it made him feel better to get it off his chest then so be it. I was thinking of other things...

"So are you going to fuck Bambi next?" I asked. I knew the answer already but it never hurt to ask.

"Hell no!" he insisted, "THAT's never going to happen but it was great to do her through you."

Once I had his dick cleaned off I rose up to kiss him but he pulled away. I almost laughed but then it was just a natural male reaction. So few guys will kiss me after a BJ and even fewer after they cum in my mouth. It's sort of funny in that they expect me to eat it and love it but they won't even take a taste.

## 7. A Bridge Too Far

Another of my "rules" is that I do it once with a guy like Rod and then never again. Well, seeing as how I would be going to their house twice a week for another month it was going to be all but impossible to say no - and frankly I didn't WANT to. Thus it became our little routine where I would hang around after the lesson until Bambi left for whatever reason and then we'd fuck somewhere in the house. My only disappointment was we never did it while she was home but then you can't have everything.

What I really wanted was for Rod to take me out on a date or otherwise take me out on the town and fuck me someplace more public, even if it was just a motel room. So far he's been hung up about getting caught so it's only been at his house but her lessons won't last forever and then what? I knew the answer - it would all end, but that didn't mean we couldn't have as much fun as possible now.

Oh well, sometimes guys just can't go out of their comfort zone but at least I tried to talk him into it.

I'm sure Bambi knows something is going on but she has been rather discreet. She DID confide in me that her dad was planning to take her to the doctor for birth control pills.

Lastly, I still haven't told Steve about any of all this. I know we're suppose to tell each other everything we do, at least sexually, but I have been viewing this as my own little private affair which makes it all the hotter for me. Besides, it's not like Steve doesn't get enough of my pussy now as it is!

# (Jul 29) Chapter 248: My Husband Visits His Mother-in-Law

Story codes: MF oral
Me (27)
Steve - my husband (29)
Mary - my mom (46)

It was really both of us visiting my mom but the star of the show was my husband. My mother had always wished she had a son and now it had been almost a year since she gained one through marriage and yet barely had any time with him. Then there was her best friend...

## 1. Mother-in-Laws

A marriage results in more than just the union of a man and a woman. Each person also gains a new set of parents sometimes known as "the in-laws". In some marriages that becomes a dirty word - the onerous mother-in-law is legendary. In others a close relationship develops. I would guess most fall somewhere between the two extremes.

In my husband and my marriage, the emphasis is more on our respective mothers than our fathers. Steve's father dumped his mother when he was a young teenager for a bimbo in the office and has never been a part of his life since then. When it comes to my dad, Steve accepts the fact that my father and I share a special bond which is often expressed through sex. I say "accepts" because he's not entirely sold on the concept of incest, at least not when it involves his wife and her father. Oh sure, he gets into incest porn as much as any other guy but when it gets too close to home then THAT is another story.

Other than that little issue he and my dad get along well but I wouldn't say they're especially close. They really don't share a lot in common that doesn't involve me other than a fanaticism for the Steelers. They both love me as much as any two men can and so whatever differences they may have are put aside for my sake and I love them dearly for that.

encouraged it once we started. After I started having sex with my dad, my mom and I also did it although not nearly so often as I did with my dad. My mom wanted Steve as a son for sex, plain and simple. Steve's mom, on the other hand, enjoys watching his son having sex with his wife but she and I have never even so much as swapped tongues while kissing.

Soon after my wedding mom went back to Oregon and since then she has visited a few times but the trips were always hectic and involved family and friends. As much as she had waited all her life for a son, now that she finally had one she hadn't really been able to truly enjoy him for almost a year now. Well, that was about to change.

One nice thing about them having an amicable divorce is that my parents still love and support the other. True, things were a little tense when my mom's sister moved in with my dad while her side of the bed had barely cooled. The fact that Aunt Linda had supported my father's perversions and since the divorce had arranged for various parties and get-togethers with young girls and their families didn't help. Still, my mom slowly came to accept the situation, especially since now that she wasn't his wife anymore and had little say over the matter.

Thus when I approached my dad and asked him for some financial help in arranging for a trip to Oregon of Steve and me before my school year started, he was more than willing to foot the bill. Of course I thanked him as only his daughter could afterwards, but then I would've given myself to him no matter what his answer had been. The great thing about my dad is he never puts me in a position where he disappoints me AND then expects to have sex with me. If that makes me a little spoiled, I admit it but I'm not ashamed to do so.

Just to show how great my dad is, I have to tell about what happened while we were having sex after he agreed to pay for our trip. We were lying in bed spooning with his dick still in me - still firm after having just cum inside of me. I had my eyes closed, focusing entirely on the feelings of lust and satisfaction that rippled through me post-orgasm. I was so happy at that moment, like my entire world was perfect. My father's hot nude body was pressed up tightly against me from behind, his strong arm and hand wrapped around my naked form, cupping my breast in his large hand as I felt him pressing his crotch into my butt to try and keep his dick in my pussy as long as possible.

"Oh daddy... you're the most wonderful father a girl could ever ask for," I sighed softly as my pussy tingled.

"And you're the perfect daughter," he responded in a soft deep voice, "God I love having you this way."

"I'll always be your little girl daddy."

"Yes you will baby... yes you will."

A squeeze of my boob and then he surprised me a little when he asked, "So your mom really wants to screw your husband, doesn't she?"

At first I wasn't sure how to answer so I hesitated and he quickly picked up on my concerns.

"Awwwwww, don't worry baby, I didn't mean anything by it. The old girl deserves it. You really have to give her credit for sticking to her principles all these years. I'm not sure I could've done it."

I bit my tongue before I said something to break the mood. He might not be sure but I certainly was. For my dad, staying faithful to my mom was relatively easy as he had several women in the family more than willing to have sex with him. There was his daughter (me), his sister-in-law (Aunt Linda) and her daughter (cousin Kristen), and finally his youngest niece (Tammy), the daughter of his younger brother. While he had four "legal" opportunities for sex besides my mom (legal in that incest is not adultery), my mom essentially had none - at least so far as my dad knew. His younger brother Jim was an asshole and my mom refused to have sex with him, though I did for a while so my dad could have Tammy.

What my dad didn't know was that my mom had been fucking his older brother Paul on and off for years but that was still a super-secret between us. Any way you look at it my mom didn't have near the opportunity my dad had during their marriage to have some variety in her sex life.

In the absence of any response from me, he continued saying, "So how do you feel about your husband having sex with your mother?"

That was an odd question. Like, Steve had to deal with his wife having sex with her father for over a year now so why would it be any different for me? I'd known for years that my mom couldn't wait to have sex with whatever man I married. By me marrying him that would mean she wouldn't be committing adultery by having sex with him although now that she was divorced it was a moot point.

"Well I think it's wonderful," I finally answered back.

"So are you gonna watch or leave them alone?"

Hmmmmmm, why was he so interested in all this? Was he maybe a little jealous of Steve? Face it, for over 25 years he had pretty much been the only man to have sex with her (so far as he knew anyways) so was the idea of some other man satisfying her sexually a threat? Of course he had to know she dated and had sex with other men since the divorce but I guess it's different when it's his son-in-law poking her.

"I don't know," I said slowly, trying to stall for time to dream up a better answer, "I guess that will be up to them."

"I bet you'd rather SHE watches you and him, like his mother does, wouldn't you my little exhibitionist slut."

He had me there. Well duh! Of course I'd ALWAYS rather be the one being watched rather than do the watching. It had been a little weird back when Steve's mom first started watching us yet insisting she not be involved but over the past year or so I'd come to look forward to putting on a show for her. If nothing else, Steve seemed to always put in an extra effort when his mom was watching!

"This trip is for him and mom, dad," I insisted, twisting around on the bed to face him. His cock had dwindled to where it was barely in me anyways. I reached down and held the poor thing in my hand. It would be at least an hour before he could recover these days but I still enjoyed holding him.

"It's ME you're talking to Kelly," he chuckled, "Not some sucker on a chat line. You can't fool me. I KNOW you too well."

Yes he did, that was for sure. He knew me in so many ways! Nothing brings a father and daughter closer together than sex. It's sort of difficult to keep anything secret from your father when your mounted on his dick like a corn dog waiting for him to release his cum in you.

"You miss her, don't you dad," I said gently, putting my leg between his so I could press my damp pussy against his thigh.

He didn't answer but I could tell from the sigh and downward look that I had hit the nail on the head. My heart went out to him. I'd always admired my parents for their loving marriage and when they were divorced it ripped my heart out because I knew no matter what their differences, they both loved each other more than ever.

"Let me help daddy, " I whispered, "Close your eyes and think of mom."

When his eyes closed I maneuvered on the bed so my head was above his dick and slowly began to suck on my father's cock. It was soft but that didn't matter. All that DID matter was I was giving my dad what he needed more than anything else at that moment - the memory of his beloved wife doing what he loved her to do more than anything else. It didn't hurt that it tasted like my pussy as well. Mmmmmmm!

When I finally returned home and broke the news to Steve, he was ecstatic. I didn't mention to him what I had done to thank my father for his generosity but then I figured he would assume it anyway knowing me. It was one of those idiosyncrasies about our marriage. Steve LOVED to watch me with other men except for one man - my father. It was the incest, not the man, but it still was something I had to accept early on. I'd always figured I would have both my dad and my husband after I got married and while I do, it's not the same as having them together at the same time. Oh well, you can't have it all.

Steve then took me to bed and we made love for over an hour before both of us passed out in each other's arms. Was it because he wanted to reclaim me from my father's loving embrace? Or was he just horny with the thought that soon he'd be fucking my mom? Mmmmmmm, did it matter?

## 2. Not Wasting Time

My mom was waiting for us when we arrived at the tiny airport near where she lived in the high country of Oregon. After departing from Pittsburgh's large facility, it was sort of quaint to walk off the ladder and straight into the airport to gather our luggage at the single carousel. No sooner had we walked in than I heard a familiar voice.

"Kelly!... Steve!"

Sure enough, it was my mother. Damn she looked hot and it wasn't just the 100 degree weather. Although I knew she was closer to fifty now than forty, I doubted any of the men eyeing her legs as she walked as swiftly towards us as her heels would allow would've pegged year anything higher than late thirties. The loose sundress with thin straps exposing her bra straps underneath didn't hurt either. Her tanned legs were what seemed to be drawing the most attention as the hem tended to ride up to mid-thigh or more as she strode quickly towards us.

Hugs and kiss for all as we greeted one another and then Steve gathered our luggage as my mom directed us out to the parking lot just outside the entrance. We approached what looked to be a new black Lexus and I saw the tail lights blink as she pressed the security fob that she had pulled from her purse.

"Wow, nice wheels Mary," Steve observed admiringly.

"Yes, it's nice to have a guilty ex when it comes time for your birthday present," she laughed lightly. Then a more serious look came over her as she put a finger in Steve's chest.

"And it's MOM when you address me, none of this Mary shit," she said forcefully.

Poor Steve wasn't sure how to take what she had just said and then my mom stepped back and laughed. "Oh you poor boy. I was just messing with you seriously, I'd love it if you called me mom."

"Sure MOM," Steve answered, heavy emphasis on the second word. We all had a laugh at that as Steve loaded our luggage into the trunk.

"Wanna drive my new baby?" my mom asked me, dangling the keys in front of me.

I just rolled my eyes and grabbed them. Compared to my little beast back home, this was luxury all the way and I wasn't going to pass up the chance. Then I saw her and Steve get in the back seat and I knew I'd been played.

"Wanna drive my new baby?" I said sarcastically over my shoulder as I started the car, trying to imitate her voice, "More like you wanna drive my husband."

"Who? Me?" she came back trying to act all innocent. Then I saw in the mirror as she turned to Steve and added, "You heard the girl, what are you waiting for?"

This was all going a little fast, even for Steve as he looked me in the eyes through the mirror as if asking for my permission. Yeah, like he ever needed my permission to have sex with another girl. Sometimes he did just to be polite but I was under no illusion that he would ever say no to someone just because he didn't have my permission at the time.

Steve's hesitation seemed to frustrate my mom. I think somehow she must have had the impression that Steve was pulling at the chain waiting to be let loose to do her and now that the first opportunity had arrived and he wasn't jumping her bones she was feeling a little let down.

"If you're going to be my son then you'd better learn to please your mother," she scolded him.

Now that I was in traffic it was harder to keep track on what was going on behind me so I had to listen for clues more than anything. It wasn't long before I heard a zipper being pulled down and rustling in the back seat, closely followed by a gasp from Steve.

"Oh Mary... I mean mom... that feels great," Steve gasped as my mom was apparently going down on his dick. She wasn't saying anything which wasn't surprising. It can be difficult to speak clearly with a hard dick filling your mouth.

I reached a red light - one of those few times in my life I was actually GLAD that the light was red. Sitting up high in my seat, I tried to check out what was going on behind me in the rear-view mirror. There was Steve laying back against the door with one leg up on the seat and the other down to the floor, or at least as best as he could with his jeans down to his ankles. Settled in between his legs was my mother with her sundress pulled up to her waist and her panties hanging on to one ankle. I couldn't see much of her but from the position of her arm and the movement she was making I was pretty confident she was fingering herself as she sucking on my husband's raging erection.

Well, she certainly wasn't wasting any time. True, we only planned to be here for a few days but at least she could have sat in the front seat with me and talked a little bit with her daughter before jumping my husband first thing! Not that I really blamed her - I would do the same in her shoes.

Traffic was heavy so I couldn't really pay a lot of attention to the doings behind me. The Lexus' windows were tinted enough in back that I doubted anybody driving by us had any idea what was going on. Even had they been clear, with her head so low in his lap it would have been difficult even for a trucker to see inside to catch the events unfolding.

"So Steve, what do you think of your mother's welcome?" I teased him over my shoulder.

"Ohhhhhh Gawddddd!" was all he could answer as my mom slurped away on his stiff dick.

We were nearing her apartment complex so the question now was would she finish him before we got there or would they have to go inside to complete the deed? If I knew my mom, she would want to prove her skills by bringing him off under the deadline. As horny as Steve was during the trip I didn't see that as being all that difficult a challenge. Sure enough, while still a block away Steve climaxed.

"I'm cumming Mom!" he exclaimed in a soft tone. I would have loved to have stopped the car and turned around to watch but I was in a line of cars on a winding two lane road with no chance of stopping safely so all I could do was listen.

"That's it my son... fill my mouth with cum... give it to you momma."

"Oh yeah.... OH YEAH!" Steve cried out as he ejaculated into his mother-in-law's waiting mouth.

I was just pulling into a parking space and quickly put it in park and twisted around in my seatbelt to watch. Steve had already cum and my mom was licking tip of his dick to draw whatever few drops remained. She took the head in her mouth and her cheeks pulled in as she suck on it hard, followed by her tongue running all around the base of the head to clean off whatever cum she had let drip from her mouth.

Finished, she raised up in the seat and gave a cum-covered smile to both of us. "Now THAT'S how to please your mother Steve... and don't forget it!"

I wondered if either of them was thinking what I was at that moment regarding Steve's REAL mother and how he should please her when we returned…

## 3. Dinner with Friends

We only had a few days as Steve needed to get back to work being he was taking unpaid leave for the trip. As such we didn't do much sightseeing but instead spent most of the time in my mom's apartment having sex in one combination or another. Of course the focus was on Steve and my mom but while Steve may be a healthy young man he's not a robot so when he needed to recover my mom and I would get together to reminisce and have some fun together. Steve slept with our mom but he still found time so I wouldn't feel TOO left out. I mean technically we all slept together in her king size bed but in reality the two of them snuggled together and had sex while I was usually somewhat the third wheel on the bicycle.

One thing my mom wanted to do was to have Steve meet her best friend Tammy. Tammy was to my mom what my best friend Beth was to me - girlfriend, confidante, and occasional lover. Well, the occasional lover part is a bit of an exaggeration. Expect for a few visits to our house she and my mom never had sex together or anything like that. Tammy was always the more conservative of the two even back in their high school days. My mom was the class slut while Tammy was little Miss Perfect. Most people probably wondered why they were even friends but I think it was their differences that brought them close.

Tammy and I had also had a few "experiences" during some of her visits and I even introduced her to incest - at least with regards to me and my dad. Tammy had two sons herself, both now married and living away from home in Seattle and

Portland. She never even once made any connection to them even after she learned about me and my parents. I've always maintained that incest was not for everyone and it certainly wasn't for Tammy.

Tammy had married soon after high school to her high school sweetheart. After he graduated from college he took a job in Oregon and they had lived there ever since. She was well known as the traditional soccer mom, especially given two active boys. She and her husband had a great marriage, served in church together and were very much in love. Yes, she did have sex with my dad a couple of times but so far as I knew, those were the only times that she had sex with anyone but her husband. A Classic "What happens in Pittsburgh stays in Pittsburgh" to borrow a phrase. It was obvious even in Pittsburgh that she felt guilty about cheating on her husband (although that didn't seem to stop her from letting my dad fuck her) so I can only imagine how she felt when she returned back home and was in bed with her loyal husband.

My mom wanted to show off her new "son" to her best friend so she and Tammy arranged a dinner for the three of us to stop by while her husband cooked out on the grill for us. I had been to Tammy's previous house before during previous trips, even staying the night once when my mom was still looking for a place of her own, but this was my first time at their new place.

"Wow, nice place," Steve said admiringly as we got the tour from Tammy. Indeed, it was and more. They had just moved in a few months ago and it even smelled of new paint in some rooms. What caught my eye was the pool out back - it was HUGE! It even had a separate hot tub set in a large deck. Everything overlooked a small canyon behind them making for as much privacy as you could ask for in a developed neighborhood.

"Don't even THINK about it," my mother whispered to me as I admired the pool. "Tom is strictly off limits and you know it so get your horny mind out of the gutter."

What is it about mothers that they seem to be able to read your mind no matter how old you are?

Indeed, my mom had insisted that everything stay on the up and up during dinner, even to the point of making me wear one of my more conservative outfits, including bra and panties. She wasn't taking any chances that Tammy's husband might suspect anything at all about the trips that Tammy took occasionally to visit her best friend out east. Of course that just made him all the more desirable to me but I would never do anything directly against my mom's wishes so I went along with everything.

The guys took care of burning dinner on the grill while the three of us did the lady chores in the kitchen. They were probably debating the merits of the Steelers versus whoever Tom rooted for while indoors the discussion was little more personal...

"You'll never guess what mom did on the way home from the airport!" I gushed to Tammy as soon as the guys were out of earshot.

"Ready to back that up with a bet?" she teased me in response. I knew better! Then she looked at Mary with an odd sort of expression that I wasn't quite sure how to interpret.

"So you're doing it then with him, eh Mary?"

"Now Tammy, do you really need to ask?" my mom responded teasingly.

"You know Mary, I still can't quite get my arms around all that stuff you guys do," Tammy said softly shaking her head slowly as she tossed a salad.

"It's more a matter of getting your hands around it than your arms," I interrupted but from the looks I got from both of them I left the rest of the discussion to them.

"As I was saying," Tammy continued, "Like he IS quite the stud - score one for Kelly, but is it really right for the two of you to do... that?"

"Well, it's not like he is my actual SON," my mom emphasized, "We're not talking about you doing your boys after all. It's not even legally incest. If anything, it's adultery and when it comes to that, well Kelly over there is the one you should be talking to as I'm single!"

Tammy shrugged and turned to me asking, Mary's got a good point there Kelly. What DO you think about your husband having sex with your mother?"

My first impulse was to say something like, "Duh! What the fuck are you talking about?" but I was more diplomatic to my mother's best friend.

"Well if he's going to do it with anyone wouldn't my mother at least be the first choice?" I tried to reason quickly with her, "Like, we swap all the time and that doesn't bother me so why would I think twice about him doing my mom? I think it's pretty hot actually."

What I did NOT tell her was it was also better than him fucking girls less than half my age but I figured THAT was a subject best left untouched.

"Swap?" Tammy said, almost choking on a piece of salad she had snitched. She looked at my mom accusingly. "And you knew about all this and didn't tell me? What happened to all that 'no adultery' crap you were always throwing out when you were married?"

"Things change Tammy," my mom said shrugging her shoulders, "So I was wrong, I admit it so don't take it out on my daughter."

Whoa, things were starting to get a bit tense but fortunately at that moment the door opened to the patio and the guys walked in with dinner. The rest of dinner went along just fine with everyone being polite and sticking pretty much to non-controversial topics - except football of course.

After dinner the guys headed back out poolside with their beers leaving the women to do the dishes. Humph, talk about male chauvinism! Actually we'd used paper plates and pretty much everything was disposable so it was more a matter of picking things up than actually cleaning. Rather than beer Tammy offered us wine which we took to their den overlooking the back yard and pool.

"I wonder what Tom would say if he had any idea about you and Steve," Tammy mused. I wasn't sure if she meant that good or bad and based on the last time I interrupted I decided to keep my mouth shut for now.

"Forget THAT, what if he knew what you and John did back home?" my mom teased her.

"Oh God Mary, don't even joke about that!" she sighed, shaking her head, "He'd divorce me in a heartbeat. Tom may be a forgiving man in many ways but adultery? No way, that would be a deal breaker no matter what."

"But you don't regret doing it with my dad, do you Tammy?" I couldn't help but blurt out.

Tammy seemed to struggle for an answer but my mom and I waited her out patiently.

"That's so hard to answer," she said haltingly, "Did I enjoy him? Of course I did, that would be silly to try and say otherwise as you both were there and saw it all. But I have to say the first night back with Tom and I felt like the Whore of Babylon. It was months before we could make love and I wasn't thinking of what I'd done behind his back."

Then my mom dropped the bomb...

"Well, since you enjoyed having sex with MY husband, don't you think it's only fair that you do the same with my daughter's husband?"

Tammy laughed as I think for a moment she thought my mom was pulling her leg. Then she looked at my mom in the eyes and realized she was being serious.

"Oh my God NO!" she gasped, "I could never do that... and not here in any case. What if someone saw us? I could never do that to Tom. He would know in an instant - I would look so guilty without enough time for it to wear off."

My mom held up her hand to make an observation.

"You know Tammy, everything you just said was all about being caught and nothing about whether or not you wanted to do it or not."

"That's not fair Mary," she said accusingly.

My mom chuckled at that one. "Your point?" she said with a sly grin, "Live a little."

Tammy rolled her eyes and sighed. "Easy for YOU to say Mary but for God's sake, he's not that much older than my sons."

My mom smiled even more at that replying, "Again... your point?"

Tammy shook her head this time. "Oh no, we're not even going there Mary. I've accepted what you and Kelly do despite my personal feelings about the subject so please give me the same respect."

"Fair enough," my mom replied, "But that's not Tim or Will or there, it's a gorgeous hunk of a young man that will make you feel like you haven't in a long long time. C'mon, when was the last time you were in bed with a 29 year-old?"

Tammy looked up at the ceiling with her lips moving. "Ohhhhhh, I guess it would be about seventeen or so years." We all laughed and the tension began to die down a bit. "You know I've never cheated on my husband... well, you know what I mean."

"So look out there Tammy," my mom encouraged her, "Forget about all that and just be honest with yourself. Tell me you don't want that. C'mon, it's ME you're talking to. Heck, I know what it's like when your husband's performance isn't what it used to be."

At that Tammy practically grimaced. My mom looked at her questioningly and Tammy muttered in a low voice, "Yeah, He's had ED for a few years now. Not even Viagra helps."

My mom took that and ran with it. Turning to me she asked, "Well Kelly, do you think Steve would be willing to fuck his mother-in-law's best friend?"

At that I couldn't help but smile broadly. That was like asking if he wanted season tickets to the Steelers. My first thoughts were that Steve would have been much happier if she had a young daughter to offer but then I had to think just the situation would be enough to get him all horny. Yeah, we swapped and such but so far as I knew, Steve had never been with a woman that was cheating on her husband. It was sort of odd when you think about it given my fixation on cheating husbands.

"Oh yeah Tammy, he'd do you in a heartbeat."

I was being a little generous. Guys like Steve would fuck just about anything with a pussy. Tammy wasn't fat by any means but she hadn't been shopping in the single digit sizes for a long time now. It would help if she wore a little more makeup and did her hair better. It was almost like she had given in to being the loyal housewife and didn't worry about her looks the way she did when she was younger. Then another thought came to mind... maybe her husband's ED was more a lack of interest rather than anything physical. For that matter, maybe HE was cheating on her!

"Oh I don't know," Tammy mused as she looked out the window at my husband. Actually listening to them talk about him it made me feel proud of Steve, proud to be his wife. Maybe this was a little how Steve felt when he would watch other men have sex with me.

Tammy was biting her lower lip as she watched our husbands chatting at the table next to the pool. Finally she let out a long breath.

"OK, I'll do it."

## 4. Getting Prepared

On the way back to my mom's apartment we broke the news to Steve. He didn't seem all that surprised but then I guess he knows me pretty well by now so it would take a lot for me to surprise him, at least when it comes to such things.

"So how is this going to work?" he asked, "Is she coming over to your mom's place, are we going back to her house, hotel, whatever?"

I recalled Tammy's reaction when my mom suggested that the three of us return to her house the next morning after Tom had left for work.

"Oh my God! No way!" she had responded, "It's bad enough that I'm even agreeing to be with him but to be WATCHED? No way! That may be fine for you two but would never be able to do it."

So in the end we had agreed that Steve would stop on over by himself. I felt a little dejected in that I would have loved to see the two of them together. Normally

I'm not all that excited to watch Steve with another woman. It's not jealousy or anything like that, I'm just not turned on by it the way he gets turned on watching me with other men.

That night when Steve fucked my mom there seemed to be something extra between them. Maybe it was my imagination but it was like the idea of doing her best friend had inspired him?

The next morning I woke first and took care of my immediate needs. Returning from the bathroom, I stood at the end of the bed and took a few moments to take in the scene in front of me. My husband was laying on his back, snoring just a little bit while my naked mother was snuggled up tight against him, one leg draped over his with his flaccid cock held in her hand like she was a young girl holding her teddy bear for security. She had her head on his shoulder and was sound asleep.

How many years had she dreamed of being in such a position with her son? Sometimes I almost felt a little guilty in that she couldn't have any more children because of the problems she had delivering me. Of course I knew it wasn't my fault but I also had wished over the years for a brother. Being an only child has it benefits to be sure, but almost all my friends have siblings and sometimes I feel like missed out on something. While I will never have a brother (Steve's brother was living with his sister and we had never been that close in the first place), at least now my mom finally was fulfilling her fantasy.

I threw on a t-shirt and headed to the kitchen to fix some breakfast. I was so intent on catching up on e-mail and the news on my iPad that I jumped a little when my mom entered the kitchen. She was nude, something I still was having a hard time adjusting to as she NEVER ran around nude when she lived with my dad.

"Your husband's doing his thing in the bathroom so I figured I'd see how you were doing," she greeted me.

She poured some coffee I'd made for her - I don't drink it but I CAN fix it. We sat down and talked about the news and things back home and such. She was always wanting to know more about what my dad and her sister were doing, even though she didn't seem to like what she heard most of the time.

"So you guys really are into the swap scene now I take it," she said, changing the subject away from her own husband and sister.

I grinned and nodded. "It's fun to be with someone new," I said and then added with a wink, "But it's not quite the same when the wife is OK with it."

We both laughed as my mom knew how much I got off from seducing married men and pushing them to cheat on their wife for the first time.

"You know, this is the first time Steve will be bringing a wife over to the dark side," I observed, "So far as I know at least."

"Well technically she has already cheated on her husband," my mom countered.

"Yeah but that was with dad so it's not the same, at least not to me," I countered.

"Ahhhhhh, so THAT'S what this is all about then!"

My mom and I both turned to the kitchen entrance where Steve was standing there without anything on, his hairy dick out for us to see and salivate over.

"So it's about me getting Tammy to cheat on her husband," he said wryly, "and here I thought it was all about me getting some new MILF pussy!"

We all laughed as Steve sat down and poured himself a bowl of cereal. After breakfast he went up to get dressed while my mom and I continued our chat. Before long he was back, dressed in jeans and polo shirt.

"Well, I'm off!" he announced as he leaned over to give each of us a kiss.

Once he was out the door my mom turned to me and reached out for my hand.

"You know sweetie, there's no sense in just those two having some fun this morning..."

I smiled at her as we both rose up from the table and headed back to the bedroom.

## 5. Results on Taped Delay

I had no idea how long Steve would be gone. There were so many variables... would they talk a while or just get to it? Foreplay or straight to the sex? Just once or multiple times (Steve was usually good for at least twice, three with enough incentive)? I wouldn't have been surprised if he returned in an hour any more than I would have it he wasn't back until later afternoon. In any case he had to be out before Tom came home and I knew Tammy would be nervous enough about that such that Steve would be gone well in advance of any possibility of Tom's return.

To be honest, I found myself hoping he wouldn't be back until the last minute. It been a long time since my mom and I spent an entire day in bed together and I wanted it to last as long as possible!

People are always asking me how sex with my dad compares to doing it with my mom. All I can say is it is two entirely different experiences. With my dad, it's all about pleasing him and satisfying his needs and desires. Of course he likes to make me feel good two but that is covered under the "pleasing him" clause. With my mom it's much more a mutual event and typically less intense to start, building more slowly with time.

Perhaps the biggest difference for me between my mom and dad when it comes to sex is I have NEVER considered myself my dad's lover, girlfriend, or anything other than his daughter. Even when I dress up like a naughty nurse or French maid, it's not that I become a nurse but I am his daughter dressed like a nurse. The father-daughter relationship is ALWAYS there. I would never consider having his baby as that would make me his lover or mistress. I LOVE being my dad's daughter and that's all I ever want to be for him.

With my mom it's totally different. Once we get in bed of course I am still her daughter but I become much more - MUCH more. As we kiss and fondle each other it's like being in bed with a partner and lover. There is no parental authority with my mom like I have with my dad. Thus when I get to spend an entire day with my mom, it is something I treasure and hold dear to my heart long afterward.

As it was, we didn't get the entire day but a good part of it. Steve returned shortly after 1:00 looking all full of himself.

"Well? How did it go"? I asked when he entered the bedroom.

At first Steve didn't answer as he seemed more interested in what was happening on the bed in front of him. At the moment my mom and I were laying back on our elbows sharing a long dark double dildo between us. It was one of the few toys I really enjoy and I had turned my mom onto them years ago.

Now ask a girl how her date went and she'll take a half hour giving you every detail and nuance. Ask a guy and you get a grunt and MAYBE a few words. Steve was no different.

"It went OK," he shrugged as he stared down at our crotches where the dildo was moving between the two of us.

"It went OK?" my mother repeated it back, "So is THAT all you're going to say about the past few hours, it was just OK?"

Steve grinned and folded his arms defiantly.

"Alright then, I'll make a deal... let me see the two of you get off with that thing and I'll tell you everything."

Typical guy! But then it was a bargain I was more than willing to take on and my mom didn't seem to mind either.

"Deal!" my mom blurted out, "Now shut up and just watch."

This was the first time Steve had seen his wife and her mother doing anything like this and I could tell from the flushness in his face that he was turned on majorly. He sat on the edge of the bed and twisted to watch the two of us.

Ten minutes and few orgasms later, my mom and I were exhausted as she slipped the dildo from her now soaking wet pussy leaving it just in mine. The extra weight of it as it hung from my pussy made me jump from the stimulation and then I pulled it out as well, licking my pussy juices from it for Steve to see.

Laying back on the pillows, I kissed my mom for a few minutes and then we both turned to face Steve.

"OK, we did our end of the bargain stud, so let's hear about it. And I mean ALL of it."

For the next twenty minutes or so Steve gave us the blow-by-blow (literally) of his encounter with Tammy. Well, actually if left to him it would have been less than five minutes but between my mother and I we managed to act like dentist and pull the teeth of the story out. So here's the key points as best I can relate them...

When Steve arrived he was greeted by Tammy at the front door. She was dressed more like she was heading out to go shopping than welcoming an illicit lover - khaki pants, a basic blouse, flats and minimal makeup and jewelry. Her hair was tied back such that for all intents and purposes she was just your everyday housewife greeting the delivery man.

Tammy explained her appearance by saying she always gets dressed before her husband leaves for work and so she had to wear something that didn't seem out of place. Once dressed, even after he left she was so nervous she just sat in the living room to wait without even thinking about changing clothes.

Listening to the start, once again I had to wonder if Tammy's husband was suffering more from boredom than ED!

Steve said Tammy was extremely nervous and wouldn't even look him in the eye to start. While he had no idea how this was supposed to go, he knew that what would NOT happen was an immediate jumping in between the sheets. At least he remembered my words of caution - no mention of her husband if possible and most of all, NOTHING about her sons. The last thing that was needed was for her to be reminded of how close in age her sons were to Steve and in any way associate what they were doing with incest - even so remotely connected.

Thankfully my husband isn't shy about approaching women so he made the first move, offering to take a seat on the couch next to her. Over the next twenty or thirty minutes he gradually calmed her nerves. He laughed as he recalled it, saying it was like dating a virgin back in high school where he had to start out slow and gradually work his way around the bases.

Actually, this was the one thing that Steve said turned him on the most. Whenever we swapped or went to parties, the women there wanted sex just as bad as the men so there was nothing he ever had to worry about other than being too slow to get down and dirty. Tammy may be almost twenty years older than him, but the experience was like being back in high school and trying to get to second base with a shy girl.

Indeed, Steve's eyes lit up as each step was made starting with simply touching her face and neck, stroking her hair, and resting his other hand on her thigh. That finally led to their first kiss and even THAT was a throwback for him as at first she kept her lips together until finally she parted them and their tongues touched and explored the other's mouth.

It was while kissing her that Steve started to unbutton her blouse. At first she started to pull away but Steve used the kiss to distract her as he opened it and then gently lifted her bra up and over her large breasts. Steve's always been more an ass and leg man but he tried to pay enough attention to Tammy's boobs to make her feel good about herself.

It was when he had her topless that Steve suggested they take things up to the bedroom. At first she tried to steer him to the guest bedroom as doing it in her own bed must have seemed like it was going TOO far but Steve would have none of it. I knew exactly how Steve felt. He was going to fuck her in her own bed so the next time she and Tom were laying together in bed she would be thinking about what he had done to her while her husband lies there clueless. My pussy tingled as I recalled my own experiences where just knowing that his wife would later be laying exactly where I was when her husband violated his most sacred vows was enough to make cum right then!

Steve said he debated whether or not to ask Tammy to blow him. As it was he was having to make the first move for everything so if she was going to suck his dick, it would have to be because he told her to do it. In the end he decided to tell her to blow him but from the way he looked as he described it I got the feeling it was more to dominate her and have her submit to him than anything else. I knew from past experience that Tammy could give a pretty good BJ when given the opportunity if my dad's reactions were any clue.

That's also probably what drive him to cum in her mouth without warning her – that perception men have of domination over a woman. Personally I've always found such thinking to be a bit backwards. Like, who is dominating who when I have a guy's most sensitive body part between my teeth? As for him cumming in my mouth, other than my pussy that's where I WANT him to cum as it's nothing but a mess when he sprays his cum all over me and my hair.

My mom and I debated earlier what positions they would fuck in. We actually both agreed on the same results which is exactly what turned out to be the case. Steve likes it when I start out the sex by mounting him and taking him inside of me on my own but the odds of Tammy being so aggressive were nil to known. Again, for Steve it was a trip down memory lane as he laid Tammy on her back, gently spread her legs apart, and guided his dick into her pussy. Needless to say after two boys and over thirty years of sex Tammy was no tight virgin but he said it still was a thrill to penetrate her knowing he was the first man she had taken besides her husband since her marriage. Of course he conveniently forgot about my dad but that didn't really make a difference.

One thing I was curious about by then - what was Tammy saying as Steve started to fuck her? Steve told us that she had said almost nothing after they started kissing. When he was about to enter her for the first time with his erection poking her pussy, just a push away from entering, he DID ask her if she really wanted him to do this.

God what I would have given to have had a recording of her response! Steve said she didn't say anything at first so he had to ask again, telling her he couldn't do it unless she said she wanted it.

Finally he got part of the answer as she closed her eyes and whispered barely audibly that yes, she wanted him to do it. Steve wasn't satisfied with this vague answer so he pushed her until she confessed that she wanted him to "put it in me". Again, that wasn't good enough so he pushed her to be more specific.

"OK, OK... I want you to fuck me, is that what you want me to say, that I want you to fuck me hard?"

Or words to that effect, I have to trust Steve on this but in any case it was good enough for him as he buried his wonderful dick deep inside Tammy's wet pussy... and she WAS wet according to Steve.

As Steve described how he slowly fucked Tammy, my own mind was filled with memories of him doing exactly that to me. Glancing over at my mom, I saw she was masturbating herself slowly as she was undoubtedly also thinking about how she had been the recipient of his cock just the night before.

As horny as Steve was by then it didn't take long for him to cum and before long he was releasing himself into her pussy. As he groaned and thrust himself deep inside, Tammy must have realized what was happening.

"Oh my god, you can't cum in me!"

Steve didn't have to tell me what happened next, I knew him well enough to know that once the launch sequence begins, nothing stops the rocket between his legs. "Pull out" is simply not in his vocabulary!

Steve said after he had cum in her he stayed in her and kissed her and her breasts. Eventually she told him not to worry, she was in the pill just I case her husband ever did want to have sex. For her the act of Steve releasing his sperm into her was more the symbolism than anything else. Having sex with Steve, committing adultery in her marriage bed, all that was bad enough but to allow him to mate with her was a step beyond sex. It was the difference between a physical act of pleasure and a union of a man and a woman in what to her was a spiritual, if not even holy, act.

Steve didn't push her on it, thank goodness. Instead he did something I gave him a lot of credit for - he ate out her pussy with his cum dripping out. It was a surprise for Tammy and just as much for me! He was between her legs and his face in her pussy before she realized what he was doing as undoubtedly she never even considered him doing such a thing. Knowing my husband's phobia of sperm and anything to do with another man sexually, I gave him a lot of credit. Heck, he doesn't even eat MY pussy after he fucks me!!!

No matter how confused or upset Tammy may have been, she was still a woman and I don't know of any woman who can have a man eat her pussy and NOT respond. By the time he brought her to orgasm, Steve's cock was ready to go again. This time he turned her on her side and spooned her from behind. He said he had been inspired by the large mirror on her dresser which was on that side of the bedroom such that they could both see themselves in the mirror as he fucked her again. Damn, I wish I could have been that mirror!

This time Tammy didn't say anything when Steve emptied another load of sperm in her. He said they laid together with his dick in her for a while, neither of them saying anything yet their eyes met in the mirror. At least he said she was smiling!

By now my mom was so horny she was actively masturbating in front of both of us. My mom has never been one to masturbate as openly as I do although she isn't exactly shy about it, just more discreet shall we say. Yet here she was, legs wide apart with one hand on her breasts with the other fingering her pussy. Steve certainly had taken note of it and I knew it was time for me to leave them alone for while (or as it turned out, a few hours!)

While my mom and husband were celebrating his conquest of her best friend, I was tempted to call Tammy to get her side of the story but figured her husband was probably home by now and besides, she was probably more apt to be willing to tell my mom more than me.

Before the trip was over we met with Tammy one last time for lunch. It was at a restaurant so it wasn't like we could talk TOO openly about everything but with enough innuendos and hints she basically confirmed everything Steve had said. Still, there was one thing that obviously had grabbed my mom's attention...

"So tell me Tammy, what was it like looking in the mirror and watching my son-in-law doing you?"

Tammy glanced shyly at Steve who had a huge grin and undoubtedly a massive erection by now.

"So you told them about that," she said softly, shaking her head slowly as if it was something she couldn't hardly believe had actually happened. "You know, I don't think I've ever seen myself having sex before and then for it to be someone besides Tom... Oh my god!"

It was interesting, at least to me, that after the trip the one thing Steve talked about the most wasn't fucking his mother-in-law, it wasn't running around naked for a few days in her apartment with his wife and her mother, it wasn't even the trip to the strip club. No... it was having sex with a rather ordinary housewife!

"So now you know why I get all hot and bothered about doing a married man behind his wife's back," I teased him one night after we'd made love.

Steve just grunted and then replied, "You know, I COULD get sort of use to the idea... maybe I should give it another try sometime."

I poked him in the ribs and hopped back on his erect cock before he could say anything more to get himself in trouble. Even so, while I was riding my husband's dick I couldn't help but think what a cool thing it would be to find a couple and me go after the husband while Steve goes after the wife with neither of them knowing the other was cheating on them for the first time. OK, so the logistics were pretty insurmountable but still....

Just say no? Drugs and alcohol never appealed to me. Don't you dare wear THAT bikini in public? Heck, my dad was buying me thongs before I was even a teenager.

So basically I approached my impending marriage with virtually the same principles and ethics as my parents, more so my mother though. The only thing I had not anticipated was the effect of submitting myself to my husband. Not submittal in the BSDM sense of the word but rather the giving over of myself to my husband for the purpose of establishing the proper boundaries of our marriage.

I've heard it said that women tend to marry their fathers. Of course that's not meant literally (at least most of the time) but in my case it was scary close. Outwardly my dad and my husband are two very different people in almost every way - looks, professions or political views. Even when it comes to incest they aren't on the same page. My dad is unusual in that he PRACTICES incest while Steve just gets off SEEING it in porn like most men.

No... it's the inner part of them, the secret part, the side that nobody ever sees but me that makes them so similar, at least when it comes to me.

First, they both love me - totally and unconditionally. Of course each is a different form of love but that's a no-brainer as one is my father while the other is my lover. Either way, when they express their love for me in the most personal and intimate way possible by joining their body with mine, all I know is either way I feel complete in a way I can't properly describe in words.

As I said, each has a different form of love for me. My father loves me as his daughter. Dad has needs that only I can satisfy because I'm his only daughter. I love it when I see the burning lust in his eyes, the smoldering craving for me that tells me he sees more than as just a daughter but as a sexual being that he wants more than any other woman. It makes me feel special in a way almost nothing else can. When my FATHER penetrates me and cums in me, filling me with his incestuous love, I know at that very moment with all certainty that I mean everything to him.

In contrast, when my husband makes love to me it's entirely different but even so, it's just as special in its own way. When I am with Steve I feel my LOVER penetrating me. I can feel our bodies joined in a union that can be formed only by a husband and wife. When he cums inside of me I feel like I am fulfilling my purpose in life as he takes me as his mate - just as the male has taken the female throughout human history. Sometimes after we make love it's like I wish we could stay coupled together forever as every thought and feeling is focused on my lover's dick deep inside of me.

# 2. Recognizing the Needs of Men

I prefaced my comparison of my father and husband's love for me as the "first" thing they had in common. The other common bond they share is something most men share - the NEED for sex. I don't mean the type of sex that they have with me which is based on love and respect. No, I'm talking about the purest form of sex - the pure lust and instinctive craving that men have of women for their own selfish gratification.

When I use to dream about being married I fully expected that I'd be faithful to my husband forever after we said our vows. What I mean by that is that I'd forsake having sex with any man outside of my marriage. Understand that for me and my family that takes on a bit of a different meaning than most families we consider incest as sex within marriage. This is a very important distinction as it means being married doesn't preclude me from having sex with my father or other men in the family (women don't have dicks so the issue of sex with women is moot).

One other factor in my favor is that one of my favorite "hobbies" - blowjobs, is technically and legally not "sex" because a dick doesn't penetrates my pussy. Thus it's OK even after marriage to have oral "sex" with anyone provided, of course, my husband approves.

For a woman to commit herself to a single man is rooted in biology and genetics, just as it's instinctive for a male to desire multiple partners. Think about it... you never hear of women having multiple husbands but plenty about men with more than one wife. As much as I LOVE sex, I was ready to take my vows with my husband and be his mate, just as my mother had done for over twenty five years with my father.

I've often said that whether or not a man is faithful to his wife is dependent on his options. It's easy to claim fidelity when you're too afraid to do anything because of the consequences. The REAL measure of marital fidelity is what you do when you HAVE the opportunities.

Well, as it turns out I was thinking too much about MY side of the marriage and not my husband's. As I said, it's simply not in a man's DNA to limit his seed to one woman. Like all men, my father craved sex with other women but his love for my mother kept him in check for over a quarter of a century, just as it does for most married men. Still, as time went by and he saw his youth fading and opportunities

One other thing I know is that Steve has approached their dad several times and asked if he would ever allow him get together with the two girls in a more private setting. Much to Steve's annoyance he's always been turned down flat without a good reason being given. Oh the rejection was gracious to be sure but still a solid NO.

So far my husband's fucked them both at two different parties and I know that he always enters into a new one hoping they'll be there as well.

One nice thing about having your husband fawning over two young girls like a schoolboy with his first crush is that you don't have to worry about being jealous. Like I mean be real. It's not like he'd ever want them more than me or leave me for them. It's all just good innocent fun so what's the harm in me letting him indulge?

At our last party I took a break and just watched while Steve was having fun with his two favorite playmates. Typically I don't usually get off watching Steve fucking other women. Sure, he seems to love watching his wife getting it from other men but the feeling isn't all that mutual. It's not that I'm jealous or anything silly like that. I KNOW Steve loves me unconditionally and that him fucking other women is not the same as making love to me. I just don't get a rush watching other people having sex. OK, so it's not nearly as bad watching it live as compared to a porn video but it's still not my cup of tea.

For whatever reason, seeing these two young girls anxiously approaching my husband and teaming up on him like they had it all planned ahead of time was just plain erotic. Becky seems to be more into blowjobs than her sister while I think if Phoebe had her choice she would have a dick inside of her from start to finish. I may not have had that right based on the limited times I'd seen them in action but they definitely DO know how to tease based. I couldn't help but smile seeing how they played with each other in front of Steve, making him even hornier if that were possible. When they would lick each other's pussy and rub themselves against each other I could see it wasn't just a show they were putting on for my husband but rather something they seemed to truly enjoy.

Maybe it's the sheer joy in Steve's face that makes this more enjoyable for me to watch. Usually when he's having sex it's like all business – serious work with a mission to achieve. With Becky and Phoebe it's like he's having FUN. When he first cums he always tries to give each of them a little which only seems fair since they act as a pretty darn good team.

I don't doubt that if I were to approach them that Steve would mind if I joined in but so far I've never so much as touched either of them. They know I watch and they glance my way, especially when Steve is cumming in one of them, grinning from ear to ear as if to tease me that they were getting it and not me.

I think that's when I had my idea - as I watched Steve close his eyes and moan loudly as he was cumming in little Becky's fuzzy pussy. I knew I had to do something that would make my husband the happiest man on earth - as if being married to ME hadn't already done that. LOL

## 4. Convincing The Dad

Unbeknownst to Steve, my aunt and I had been talking about his little crush on Phoebe and Becky. When I first brought it up, Aunt Linda just smiled and shook her head.

"Yeah, they seem to have that effect on most of the men here. And to think, they aren't even twins!"

We both chuckled at that stereotype. Like what man hasn't fantasized about having twin sisters - at any age for that matter but in their young teens years it would be heaven on earth for most men.

I mentioned him striking out with their father and she just smiled wryly.

"Yeah, he's not the first to ask and I'm sure not the last. Their dad is very protective though. I think the only reason he allows them to have sex with other men is so he can do the same with other daughters. You know, I've heard it rumored that he doesn't fuck them - never has for that matter. Can you believe that?!"

It WAS a little surprising. I'd heard it rumored that many of the families who came didn't engage in incest at home, leaving that sort of thing to the parties and not mixing it up in their personal lives. Still, this was the first time I'd encountered an actual living case.

"Have you tried asking him?" my aunt asked thoughtfully.

"Huh? Me?" I stammered, unsure of where she was going with this line of thought.

"Well, the problem as I see it is that Steve hasn't anything to offer him in exchange for his daughters seeing as how the two of you have yet to even get pregnant!" she said pointedly, a not so subtle hint at the fact I was past the age of 27 now and still no baby. At this rate I'd be nearing fifty before the kid leaves for college!

"He could offer me, couldn't he?"

Aunt Linda rolled her eyes and looked at me like I was asking the dumbest question ever.

"Kelly, I hate to be the one to tell you this but have you looked in the mirror lately?" she said gently, "You're not exactly a seventh grader anymore you know."

Ouch, that one hurt. Still, I knew what she was alluding to. While I may technically be a daughter when my dad is in attendance, with Steve I was more a mother than a daughter. Indeed, there were some mothers about my age As it was! God, suddenly I felt SOOOOOO old!

Aunt Linda was reading my face like an open book and laughed saying, "Oh give me a break Kelly; wait until you're approaching fifty and THEN you can put on the sad eyes about getting old."

"So what do you propose I do?" I asked, perplexed now.

She just stood there looking at me like I was supposed to already know the answer but I was clueless. Finally she huffed slightly and said,

"You're not thinking like a man Kelly," she said more seriously now, "You're forgetting what you already know all too well for yourself - that a man loves the taboo more than anything. Take that away and you take away most of the fun for him. Just like you love doing married men, imagine men with the same ideas except directed at the wife instead of the husband."

Like duh! Of course, it made perfect sense to me now. I DID have something to offer their father that Steve didn't - ME. I don't mean just me in that he would do me with Steve's permission. No, it would be for him to fuck me knowing that Steve had no idea about what we were doing. Of course the same would go for me - HIS wife couldn't know either.

My aunt went to her phone and checked her contact list.

"Here, I'm sending you his personal cell phone number so be discrete, OK? We could both get kicked off if anyone knew I was giving this to you so you better be convincing."

I meant to write about my husband and what happened to him so I won't go into all the details. Besides, if anything this was rather quick and to the point...

I did call him but rather than trying to explain things to him by phone where it would be easy for him to blow me off, I asked him to meet me in the parking lot of a local restaurant. When he arrived I quickly got in the front seat and started to talk to him about my plans. When I first explained what my intentions were his immediate reaction was to start to say no but before he could do anything I was leaning over the console and pulling out his dick to suck him. You might say he realized I was serious!

That eventually led to a quickie at my apartment as Steve was at work where I promised him that I wouldn't tell Steve so long as he didn't tell HIS wife AND so long as he was OK with his daughters meeting up with Steve.

The only catch was that in order to NOT tell his wife about our little escapade, he couldn't exactly tell her that it was OK for the girls to go out with someone as she would suspect something in a heartbeat. What he DID promise was that if his wife asked him if was Ok that he wouldn't oppose it as he always had in the past.

Well, that was good enough for me. Now the question was how to pull this off?

## 5. Meeting at the Mall

My Aunt Linda has told me everyone's real names by now, including the mother who was 35 year-old Dawn. With her husband out of the way, now I had to get Dawn on board with my scheme...

It's one thing to imagine doing such things with a couple of young teenagers but quite another when it comes going to their mother and asking of permission. I really didn't mind asking their dad as he was a man and men just think with their little heads when it comes to sex. Moms are an entirely different matter though.

The major factor in my favor was I wasn't going cold to her and asking for something crazy out of the blue. This was a mother who was OK with unleashing her two daughters on any number of strange men so they could have their way with them. She'd undoubtedly seen Steve fucking them both so it wasn't like I was going to be asking for anything all that unique.

This time I decided to do it by phone as I didn't trust my face to not expose my eagerness and excitement and maybe scare her off a bit. So I called her and introduced myself. At first she seemed a little surprised that I even had her number; let alone her real name, but once I started my pitch she seemed more assured. By the time I'd finished explaining my intentions, if anything I think she was as excited about the scheme as I was.

Now to just make it happen...

If there's one thing that Steve hates to do with me, it's to go shopping. Men just seem to be able to understand that a girl simply can't buy the first dress that fits her! The only time I can lure him into a store is when it's with the promise of something naughty - like blowing him behind a clothing rack or letting him fuck me in the change room.

The promise of change room sex worked this time... like it ALWAYS does. LOL!

The best places for such things is in one of the larger department stores with lots of rooms so people aren't waiting for the only change room to open up. You also have to find one with decent size rooms and doors that came down low enough to hide what was going on inside. Finally, it had to be a place fathers and husbands frequented as well so Steve wouldn't stick out like a sore thumb.

Macy's was my favorite locally. The dressing rooms were HUGE and they had like a half dozen or more so there usually wasn't a long line, if any. While not so many in number, at least one or two bored husbands also tended to be hanging around to return outfits and such.

The other thing that made Macy's perfect was the fact the women and girls sections were close enough that when the girl's dressing rooms were overflowing they would move down to the women's - perfect so far as my plans concerned.

It was nearing 2:00 and I was getting nervous - no sign of Dawn or her daughters. Of course that was the way it was SUPPOSE to be at this point but that still didn't make me feel any better. I was mad at myself for not making some sort of signal between us so that I would know for sure that they were hanging around. Oh well, if they didn't show we'd still have fun!

Steve helped me pick out a couple of bikinis to try out - naturally the ones he chose had the least amount of material. He seemed to judge them more by weight and cross-sectional area than style! We made our way to the dressing rooms where Steve stayed behind while I tried on the bikinis first. This was typical for us in such situations where I would try to give Steve and any other men hanging around a little "motivation" before he slipped in to fuck me.

Changing quickly into the thong and bikini top - God, it was REALLY small on me!, I stepped out into the hallway and looked for Steve. At first I didn't see him so I moved out away from the change room and to the entrance to the change area where I found him - sitting on one of the man-chairs with two girls on each side of him, grinning from ear to ear.

"Hey Kelly, look who else is shopping today!" he said admiringly as he looked back and forth between Becky and Phoebe.

Meanwhile, I was standing there all but naked in the skimpiest of bikinis and not a word was being said! Oh sure the sixty year-old guy was drilling holes though whatever little material was hiding my crotch but other than that everyone else was focused on the girls.

I glance around quickly but didn't see any sign of their mother. Again, that was all according to plan - the idea was to get Steve turned on first. Well, that wasn't going to be too difficult based on what I saw the girls holding in their hands.

"So you guys trying on swim suits?" I asked smiling as best as I could.

"Yeah, you guys wanna tell us how we look?" Phoebe said, taking the lead as usual while little Becky let her sister do the talking.

Steve nodded and that was all they needed - my opinion didn't matter it seemed so they went laughing and giggling to the change room.

"Earth to Steve!" I teased him as he stared after them, still all but ignoring me, "So what do you think of MY swim suit?"

Steve looked at me and then quickly glanced around. He leaned over and whispered to me, "Judging from the stares you're getting I would say it's about perfect!"

Amazingly, the girls were back in a matter of minutes. Then again, it wasn't like they had all that much to take off having worn just shorts and tank tops with flip flops - standard teenage girl uniforms for summer these days.

"What do you think Steve?" sexy little Phoebe asked, twirling about.

Phoebe and Becky had on matching suits, at least matching patterns. What little was on top was definitely filled out more by the older sister but both were displaying almost completely bare asses in the string things they were wearing. I didn't even know Macy carried such things in their sizes and I suspected they had brought them with them just for this purpose.

Even though Steve had seen both of them totally nude before - heck he had even fucked them both several times, it was like he was seeing them for the first time. I suppose it's like what the trippers say - it's what you DON'T show that gets them excited. Granted, there wasn't much not showing but it was just enough to get the creative juices flowing - and more than that judging from the tent pole rising in his shorts.

"Girls! Behave yourselves!" I heard their mom admonish them as she made her appearance.

I turned and Dawn gave me a wink.

"Ah Mommmmmm!" Phoebe whined, pouting.

I had no doubt it was all an act and while I'm sure it worked with their dad, the performance had little effect on mom.

"Stop showing yourselves off in public and get dressed," she said sternly.

From the way her voice was strained I got the idea it was all she could do to kept from breaking out in laughter but she did her best to maintain a stern composure.

The two of them headed back but I noticed they were wiggling their butts provocatively at Steve as they did. Just before reaching their room another mom and her daughter stepped out of one of the changing rooms. The look on that mother's face when she saw what they were wearing was priceless!

"Sorry guys, they can be a handful sometimes," Dawn sighed, taking a seat in the empty chair next to Steve. "It's like sometimes you just need a break from them."

That was my cue...

"Well, they could spend the night with us if that would help," I offered.

I cringed inwardly. Running though my lines beforehand it seemed like such an easy thing to say but now in the real world it seemed so contrived and artificial that I couldn't believe Steve was going to buy it. Well, I didn't take into account the fact that the head Steve was thinking with now wasn't all that discerning when it came to such things.

"Wow, would you really want to that?" Dawn asked.

Again, it sounded SOOOOO fake but that was how I heard it. Steve must have been listening to a different version.

I turned to Steve and asked, "What do you think honey, would you mind if the girls spent the night? It could be like a sleepover"

Later when we looked back at these events I asked Steve if he was just playing dumb or if he really didn't have any idea what game was being played. He swears that he was taken totally by surprise but somehow I just don't believe. Maybe it's more I just don't WANT to believe my husband can be this ridiculously gullible but then again, he IS a guy so who knows, maybe he's telling me the truth!

The girls were each grabbing one of Steve's arm, pleading with him to say it was OK. Yeah, like there was any chance he would refuse! When he finally said it was fine with him, they both jumped up and down and giggled like little girls. Then again, they WERE little girls.

Dawn and I quickly ran through the logistics although it was more a show for Steve as we'd already discussed everything earlier by phone. We decided the girls didn't need to bring anything with them as having extra clothes and such would have been way over the line so far as trying to sell this as a coincidence to Steve. It's not that we had to fool him, I just wanted it to be more special for him when her remembered it later. Besides, it wasn't like they would be needing much in the lines of clothes if things went the way I expected.

Just as I was congratulating myself on a plan well done, Dawn threw me a curve.

"You know Kelly, here's an idea... how about I drive the girls to your place and help you get them settled in?"

Now what she meant by "get them settled in" I had no idea, all I DID know was she was making some flimsy excuse I an obvious move to come over to our house with her girls. Dawn was one of those parents who spent most of her time watching at the parties, having just enough sex with some of the boys to satisfy the rules but no more. It was like one quick fuck or BJ and then she sat back and watched her girls for the rest of the night. Was this just her way of being overprotective or what?

Well, what was I going to say? It wasn't like I was in a position to negotiate as to refuse would probably bring an end to everything. I tried to put on a happy face and told he that of course it would be just fine for her to stop by for a while - with emphasis on the "for a while".

On the way home Steve was practically giddy with anticipation. I tried to reach over and grab his dick but he actually pushed me away!

"Now Kelly, I need to save myself for the my girls," he teased me.

My husband might be 29 now and not quite as virile as he was thirteen years ago when we first started having sex, but he was no old man yet either and he definitely didn't need any Viagra. He was just teasing me and again I found myself wondering if he was just playing along and using this as part of the game.

## 6. Apartment Complex Pool

Dawn followed us to our apartment complex and she and the girls were right behind us as we made our way to our little home. We passed by the pool and they both looked at their mom and then at us, pleading to use the pool. Apparently they didn't get to go to a pool often and since they had their bikinis they wanted to have some fun.

Dawn just shrugged and Steve didn't seem to mind. Sheesh, was I the only one who remembered what their bikinis looked like? This wasn't a private party and for girls their age to wear bikinis as revealing as these would certainly draw some attention - and not necessarily the right kind of attention. I mean, they may as well be naked if you looked at them from behind and even from the front there wasn't a lot that wasn't exposed.

Once in the apartment the girls immediately stripped down in the middle of the living room and donned their thongs and bikini tops. Yet again I couldn't help but roll my eyes. God, if I tried wearing anything like that they would surely toss me out but maybe at their age it would be considered "cute" and they could get away with it. Come to think about it, there were lots of things I use to be able to get away with when I was a teen than now as an adult I have to be more careful about.

Personally, I didn't want to get my hair all wet and I didn't figure we'd be down at the pool for long anyway so I decided not to change. Dawn didn't bring anything with her and given she was quite a bit bigger than me there was nothing I had that would come close to fitting her.

Steve declared that someone had to be in the a suit in case the girls needed help in the pool (there were no lifeguards). Yeah, like he was really taking one on the chin for the team! His suit was really large baggy shorts like most guys wear now which helped hide a lot at times as I knew from personal experience.

Stopping in the kitchen quickly, I grabbed a couple of drinks from the refrigerator for us and we all headed down to the pool. As we drew closer I was reminded of why we seldom came down here as the din of little kids screaming and making noise got louder and louder as we approached. There WAS an hour in the late evening reserved for adults and sometime we would come down for that but as a rule, the pool was one benefit at the apartment that we seldom used.

The sun was still pretty bright and hot so I felt fortunate that there was still a table open with a canopy. The three of us took seats while the girls shed their towels and headed for the water. I nudged Steve and tilted my head toward some of the other parents around the pool. No sooner had the girls left their towels behind than I saw the looks and conversations hidden behind hands begin. Dawn was smiling too as she noticed the reactions.

wasn't a little girl anymore. The thin wet material of her bottoms were plastered tightly into her crotch, emphasizing the hairy patch underneath. She did trim it but when she first got out I noticed it had pulled to one side, exposing her hairline. She quickly repositioned it but I knew anyone else watching must have gotten the same view as I had.

Becky hadn't yet developed much in terms of a bustline but what little she had seemed to be magnified by the small triangles of wet cloth plastered over them. Phoebe, with almost a B-cup already at her young age to show off, also had much larger nipples than her little sister. The tiny bikini top wasn't quite large enough to fit under her boobs so the bottoms were exposed. I also saw that now that the material was wet, it had become semitransparent as well, allowing the outline of her hard nipples to appear. Was it the cool water or was she horny - or both?

"I hope you don't think badly of me Kelly," Dawn sighed as the two of us watched the show in front of us.

"Why would you say that?"

"I mean letting my daughters flaunt their bodies like this, letting men have sex with them, that sort of thing."

"Well, why DO you do it?" I asked.

Dawn just shrugged and smiled, "I guess because I love seeing the reaction of other people around them. It turns me on to watch them with strangers. Maybe someday you'll understand when you have kids."

Suddenly at that moment I had a thought. Maybe this was the same way Steve's mom feels when she is watching me and Steve have sex. Like Dawn, Marlene only watched and never joined in. While I've learned to accept this odd behavior, I've never quite understood why she does it. Now here was Dawn in a similar situation. She never had sex with her daughters but yet she loved seeing them flaunting themselves and allowing other men to do whatever they wanted with them. Was the something along the same lines?

I would have loved to dig into this more but not in such a public place and besides, now that they were cooled off the girls and Steve were ready to head back to the apartment where I had no doubt things would be heating up pretty quickly!

# 7. A Different Kind of Sleepover

Once we were back the girls quickly stripped off their wet suits and tried off. I showed them my blow drier so they could dry their hair and went in to the bedroom to see how Steve was doing.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked as he stripped down and dried himself.

"What do you mean?" he responded, "You talking about the girls?"

"Well duh!"

Steve grinned. "It's a little insane but hey, I'm not complaining."

I peeked out into the hallway to make sure nobody was listening. Turning back to Steve I whispered, "What do you think the deal is with their mom?"

Steve just shrugged. "No idea... she's a strange one." Then a big grin appeared and he continued, "But hey, so long as she lets me fuck her daughter's I'm not complaining."

Spoken like a true man, LOL.

"Hey Steve, watch doin'," a pair of voices chimed in from the hall, effectively ending our conversation, at least for the moment.

We both turned to face the door where two cute young sisters were standing with their arms around each other, stark naked and grinning from ear to ear.

"Kelly, can Steve fuck us now?" Phoebe said with a naughty look.

"Now girls...," her mother said, stepping in behind them. She was still fully clothed, which didn't surprise me a bit.

"Sorry, it's my fault, I might have given them a few hints on how to get things started," Dawn said with just a hint of a smile but her eyes told so much more.

I looked at the girls and then back at my husband. Steve was hard as a steel pipe already so it was obvious what he wanted. Then I turned my attention to Dawn.

"Well mom, I guess the two of us should leave the three alone for a while. Let's go to the kitchen. Do you like white wine?"

With that I kissed Steve, gripping his hard dick in my hand and tugging on it gently. Mmmmmmm, I would have loved to kneel down and suck it!

I started to head for the door but Dawn once again surprised me.

"Actually I was thinking we could all go out to the living room," she suggested although it I could tell it really wasn't a suggestion. The implications were clear - "you want to fuck my daughters, you have to do it in front of me."

Why this surprised me I don't know, I should have seen it coming. No wonder her husband had caved in so easily. I felt like an idiot for being played so well by the two of them but there wasn't time for self-incrimination. Besides, the results were basically what I'd been shooting for, albeit with a bit of a twist, so why beat myself up over nothing?

I turned to Steve who just shrugged his shoulders. It's not like he was shy about having sex in front of people. In his mind I'm sure he couldn't have cared less if Dawn watched. He was just thinking about one thing at this point - how his dick would feel inside the two hot little pussies that were waiting anxiously for him.

Just a typical man!

Steve stepped past me and took one hand of each girl and led them down the hall to the living room while Dawn and I followed. The living room was really just an open area next to the kitchen. The kitchen area, which included a small dining table, was tiled and then it turned to carpeting where the living room theoretically began but that was all to separate the two.

The trio ahead of us headed for the couch while Dawn took a seat at the table and I went to the refrigerator to pour a couple of glasses of wine. It was just boxed wince but then I don't drink a lot of wine usually and Steve tends to favor beer so there was no sense in us stocking up on expensive wine. I filled two large wine glasses almost to the brim - I had a feeling this was one of those times when a Diet Coke just wasn't going to cut it, and handed one to Dawn who smiled appreciatively.

"This is the part I really like," she said softly as she leaned over the table on one elbow while sipping on the wine, "Don't you think it's hot to watch them getting started? It's like watching your favorite movie for the umpteenth time. Sure you know what's going to happen but you can't wait to see it again."

Well, it wasn't like there was a lot to wait for as no sooner than Steve had taken a seat on the couch than Phoebe jumped up next to him and leaned over to start sucking on his super-hard erection. Becky kneeled so she could reach him better and they started to kiss while her sister enjoyed my husband's cock.

"Phoebe's always been a little cock hound," Dawn said as she stared at her daughter's and my husband, "Never seen a girl who loved a dick as much as her."

My first thought was that she obviously didn't know a lot about ME but I wasn't going to argue the point. However, it DID provide me with the opening I was looking for.

"So when did she start?"

I nodded and waited.

"I mean, what sort of mother would NOT want to watch?" she challenged me. "It's beautiful to watch your own daughter being taken. I'm so proud of them both for the way they handle themselves. I mean I could watch them all day..."

She paused again as the girls changed positions. This time they both were kneeling on the couch facing the back with their butts up in the air to give Steve the perfect view of their wet pussies. Steve stepped up behind Phoebe first, plunging his dick into her. After a few strokes he switched over to her sister, fucking Becky for a few moments before returning back to Phoebe.

"Wait until you have kids someday Kelly," Dawn sighed, "I think you'll understand better when it's you own daughter with someone else's husband."

Once again I thought of Steve's mother. Was this how Marlene felt when she watched her son fucking me? When my mom watched I know it turned her on because she would often masturbate and in some cases even join in. However when it came to Marlene and Dawn while both seemed obviously thrilled to watch, neither of them even hinted at wanting to do anything, not even masturbate.

For the next ten minutes or so Dawn and I kept quiet and enjoyed the show. Indeed, it WAS like a show as all three of them would periodically look over at us and smile as if they wanted to be sure we were watching. Becky in particular seemed to be keeping one eye on her mother most of the time, as if she needed her mom's constant approval.

The couch eventually became too restrictive so Steve tossed a couple of cushions on the carpet and they moved to the floor. The girls more or less took over, acting like a team. Well, I guess they'd had plenty of practice! Steve was told to lay on his back with his head under a cushion while Phoebe mounted his cock yet again but this time Becky straddled his face, facing her sister who was rocking back and forth on the hard cock inside of her.

"They make a pretty good team, don't they?" Dawn observed, obviously thinking along the same lines as myself, "I was worried at first that one might be jealous of the other but I'd say they're closer now than ever.

It wasn't the first time I'd heard something like that before. A number of parents have related to me that letting their kids have sex with each other was the best thing they'd ever done so far as them getting along. I guess it's hard for a brother and sister to be mad at each other for long if they have sex later that day!

# (Aug 22) Chapter 250: Eighth Grade Again

Story codes: MFF inc mother daughter
Me (27)
Steve (29) - my husband
Mary (46) - my mom

For the last few years I've taught 4-6 grades at a small Christian School. This year I was finally accepted to teach at the local middle school where I once was a student. While the rules and culture were radically different in the public school system, that change was nothing compared to the hormonal differences between a 6th and 8th grader - and I don't mean just the boys!
Warning: Most stories like this have warnings about sexual content and such - always about there being too much for some readers. In this case the warning is just the opposite. There is very little sex and what is mentioned is mostly in passing as a reference more so than an experience. This is mainly intended to help my steady 'fans" to keep up with my life's journey, not to serve as a "stroke story" for those just passing by.

## 1. Needy

For as long as I can remember I've wanted to be a teacher. Never a nurse or even something as wild as an astronaut. Nope, I KNEW what I was going to be when I grew up - a teacher. Maybe it started because I always loved school, even the homework (well, most of the time). Yes, I was one of those kids everyone hated that always sat at the front of the class, raising my hand to answer questions, eager for my teacher's approval.

Actually someone once suggested to me that it was that very need for approval that drove most of my behaviors at school and elsewhere. The fact that the person who told me this was my own mother provided some credibility to her argument to say the least. At the time it was part of a larger discussion about me in general - one of those "mother-daughter" talks she liked to have with me now and then. In this case it was a little more a "mother-daughter-husband" talk as my husband Steve was with us. We were visiting my mom and it was our last night with her so after sex while we were still in bed we started talking about assorted family stuff and somehow or another the topic got around to psychoanalyzing me. It was two against one, not good odds.

"So what's your perspective Mary," Steve was asking my mom, "Do you think being slut just comes naturally for Kelly or is that something you helped her out with?"

We'd been talking about our families and the differences between them when this just popped up out of the blue. I playfully smacked him but he just ignored me and pressed my mother for her answer.

My mom took it all in stride, grinning as she laid her head back on the pillow. Her hair was a mess but she didn't seem to care. Watching her, I couldn't help but admire the way her breasts remained firm with just a little sag to the sides in deference to her age. The rest of her nude body was pretty tight as well. I mean when you're in your forties things don't quite hold up like they did in your teens but for an old broad she was in pretty good shape. From the way Steve had been nailing her just a few minutes earlier, I'd say it was a pretty good bet that he felt the same way about her.

"Oh I'd like to think some of it's in her DNA from me," she sighed, "But then to be fair she did pretty much most of it on her own."

Then she looked at me with a funny smile, as if she wasn't sure how to word what she wanted to say. Turning back to Steve, she continued, "If you ask me, she's always been a little needy so that's probably been part of it."

"A little NEEDY?" I protested as I sat up so I could lean against Steve who'd been spooning me from behind. Up until then I'd been enjoying the feel of his still rigid dick pressing against my bare butt but now my attention had shifted elsewhere.

My mom just smiled at my protesting and continued, "Oh come on Kelly, stop pretending. You're not fooling either of us. You've always had to have everyone's approval... especially your father's."

Steve seemed to find all this interesting so he joined in the conversation by saying, "Sounds interesting Mary... go on."

I glared at him but they both ignored me as if I wasn't even there.

"Well as you well know she's STILL a daddy's girl but you should've seen her back when she was younger. You know, before they started doing 'IT'. I tell you what, that little girl knew EXACTLY what buttons to push to get everything she wanted from her daddy."

Steve chuckled adding, "Yeah, I can relate to that!" as he reached around and cupped my boob in his hand, "She can be quite... persuasive."

My mom was eying the way Steve was fondling me, probably wishing for some of the same attention but then he'd fucked her last, not ten minutes ago at that. Heck, he even came in her so she had nothing to complain about. Still, I couldn't blame her for wanting more of my sexy husband's dick. Like what sane girl wouldn't?

"Like I was saying...," , my mom continued, "even when she was little she was always seeking John's approval. Whenever he'd bring home some new outfit for her to wear she'd immediately run off to her bedroom to put it on and then come back down so she could pose for him in it. Yep, she learned early to be quite a tease, even in grade school."

They both looked at me as if expected a response but what could I say? I had to agree with her on that point. Yes, I could well remember the outfits and bikinis that my dad use to buy for me. Of course since he was the one buying them they all were either super-tight, ultra-short, very small, revealing or some combination. And yes, I learned early that he liked it when I'd pose for him and I also knew just HOW he wanted me to pose. Granted, my mother had to be given a lot of the credit for that, providing me with tips and feedback afterwards like she was scoring me. And yes, I DID love it when he would tell me how pretty I looked and how much he loved it when I posed for him.

"Oh yeah, I've seen some of the photos he took of her back then," Steve sighed wistfully, "If I didn't know what I know now I don't think I could believe she was just posing. Wow, some of those outfits were pretty risque and suggestive. To this day I still find it hard to believe that she wasn't doing more when the camera was put away."

"Oh so what you REALLY mean is... was she sucking his cock after he took those naughty photos of her?" my mom asked rhetorically, "No but trust me, it wasn't for lack of desire on HIS part. Hell, he would've let her do it in a heartbeat. Actually it was all my fault. I had this thing back then that I didn't want her doing anything like that until she was ready and asked on her own. Yes, I realize now that I could've handled things better but I guess I was a little gun-shy back then after the way my own parents handled things with me and my sister."

Wow! Talk about a revelation. That was like the first time my mom had EVER openly admitted that she'd been wrong to hold back my father when he first started to lust for their daughter. Of course his feelings back then are pretty obvious to me

what it was like to be free of any relationship... well it was like no boy in class was safe after that."

Both she and my husband had a laugh at that one and even I couldn't help but crack a smile. She had me there - indeed once I started dating other boys it was like letting a homeless person loose in a buffet line. Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait to try a little bit of everything, or everyone in my case.

"Now if THAT wasn't being needy, then I don't know what is," she concluded.

"Needy?" I disagreed, "Nawwwwww, I was just horny."

My mom shook her head and continued the debate with, "EVERY girl at that age is horny but even you have to admit that there aren't that many who put out on the first date... and every time at that."

"Now wait... I didn't 'put out' most of the time - mostly just gave blowjobs," I interrupted to correct her. Even it was a minor point I thought it was an important distinction. "Actually I rarely had sex on the first date - and sometimes not even on the second one, and you know it."

"Blowjobs, fucking, whatever. Call it what you want but it seems to me like you're splitting hairs," she huffed, "Still seems like it was pretty needy to me. It was like you had to have the seal of approval from every guy that dated you - or should I say cum-stain of approval."

For some reason I couldn't understand both of them laughed at her last line.

"No, I just wanted their dick," I cut in again, "And besides, the last thing I wanted was yet another cum stain ruining another outfit."

But she didn't stop as she went on with. "Oh pshaw... you wanted them to like you and you know it. You were always so ridiculously self-conscious over your precious boobs. It was like you always had to prove you were sexier than your more endowed friends like Beth."

"Yeah, as I recall she had some BIG tits," Steve sighed, "I think she was growing them big in 6th grade already if I remember correctly."

It was more like 5th grade but I wasn't going to support his fantasy memories any more than they already were. It had seemed so unfair to me back then. Why did some girls get such great breasts so early yet I was barely out of a training bra at the end of grade school? To this day I can't walk around the house topless without feeling uncomfortable, even though I'm pretty proud of my 34 C's these days.

"So enough of 'pick on Kelly' hour, OK?" I finally whined. By now Steve had a full erection behind me judging from how it was poking me hard in my back. My mom had her load so I felt like it was time for mine.

"Where were we going with this conversation in the first place?" my mom laughed, "Oh yeah... something about why Kelly went into teaching, right?"

"I think she gets off having those horny young boys staring down her blouse and up her dress all day," Steve offered.

I elbowed my husband sharply in the belly for that one. He deserved it! First, because he knew it was absolutely NOT true and second, I knew my mom wouldn't like it and indeed the sour look on her face told volumes.

"You know better than that you jerk," I said, only half-teasingly.

Indeed, if there was one cardinal rule I'd always followed from the time I first started babysitting it was, "no messing with the kids". The same rule applied when I started working with the church youth groups, then as a tutor and finally as a teacher.

Sure, I'll admit that sometimes it gets a little erotic seeing one of my young students with a cute little erection as he stares at my chest for the entire lesson. Still, that's a FAR cry from doing anything to tease him or otherwise make him think I was in any way even aware of his lustful attention. Even when that attention became rather blatant I just ignored it. Bottom line... there was nothing good that could come out of making the matter public.

"Well I would certainly hope that's the case," my mom murmured. I'm sure she would have been quite disappointed had I responded to Steve's accusations any other way.

Well, I'd had about enough of all this...

"OK, OK, I hope you too are having great fun at my expense but you both know the truth. I love to teach because I love being with kids - and not THAT way you horny jerk," I directed at Steve who had this silly grin going, "and I love the look on their faces when they suddenly grasp something I've been trying to teach them all day."

"Awwwwww, that's so sweet," Steve said, a little too mockingly for my comfort. "I know what they were trying to grasp." He was still pushing the teacher-student sex thing and I was simply NOT going to go there.

"I have a better idea... Why don't you just shut up and fuck me?"

Steve looked at my mom who just shrugged her shoulders as if she had nothing to say about the matter. She didn't and this time I was the one to get my husband's cum while she had to watch and wish it was her getting it.

Ha! Who was needy now!

## 2. In-Service Week

I was thrilled, scared and nervous to death, all at the same time. It was InServ week, the week before school officially starts when teachers come to school to get prepared for the upcoming school year. The vast majority of the teachers had taught the previous year so they would start a day later as the first day was devoted to new teachers, or at least those doing their first year in this school district. The rookies...

OMG! Driving to the school on my first day I was SO excited. This was what I'd been waiting for so many years. What I'd worked so hard for. THIS had been my goal since I was a young student myself. It seemed almost impossible to believe that I was actually heading back to the same school where I'd been a student not that many years before.

Actually I was pretty lucky to even get the job. I'd been on the waiting list for years, during which time I took a position at a small private Christian school. The pay sucked and the benefits non-existent but at least it gave me some experience on my resume. As it turns out, that made the difference and so now I would be making twice the money with benefits.

The schedule for the first looked as boring as it did daunting. It was almost like something from my last year at college in an ethics course. There were lectures on harassment - both giving and receiving, codes of ethics, state and federal reporting laws for signs of abuse, and so forth. Most of it was so boring it was hard to stay awake but it was the examples that interested me. Kind of like taking a Driver's Ed course where they show pictures of car wrecks to try and scare the kids into being better drivers.

A good deal of time was spent regarding proper conduct between students and teachers. Granted, our students would be fourteen and younger it wasn't the same as being a high school or college teacher. Still, there were public cases of teachers having sex with eighth graders and now doubt younger that had been kept out of the national press.

Personally I never understood how anyone intelligent enough to get a teaching certificate could be stupid enough to have sex with an underage student of theirs. Did they really think a boy that age wouldn't go running off to their friends to brag about their conquest? Interestingly, at least to me, was that almost all the focus was on female teachers and male students. Apparently all the focus on child abuse tended to zero in on young girls so the perverts grew to focus more on young boys, at least that's how it seemed to me based on the evidence I'd seen.

During the lunch break after our "teacher-student sex" session, a group of us gathered together in the cafeteria for lunch.

"Now THAT was a waste of time," one of the older ones huffed, "I just can't believe anyone reaching a position in this district could do something so stupid and immoral. Did we really need two full hours? I would think five minutes would have been overkill."

"I take it then you've never had a student come on to you or even be a little forward with you between classes?" commented a good looking woman who was probably a few years older than me, "What have you been teaching, Kindergarten?"

The rest of us tried to suppress our smiles with little success. If anything, her comment opened the subject to more discussion and surprisingly, even a couple of confessions.

The lady next to me was the next to speak saying, "For me it started with seventh grade. I guess I never really even had given it much thought as I was doing mostly first and second grade before. I had a boy actually stand beside me while I was seated at my desk and deliberately lean over to look down my blouse! Thanks god I was wearing a bra."

Then it became a game of one-upmanship. One spoke about having to deal with erections, another with girls rubbing themselves. I kept to myself for the most part other than a knowing smile. I'd of loved to have related about how one of my sixth grade girls turned out to be having sex with her father who had in turn asked me to join (I refused of course). Now that would have been a little TMI (Too Much Information) even for this risque conversation.

I noticed that all of the examples were of students coming on to their teachers. None of them admitted to having any fantasies of their own but I would've been more shocked if they really hadn't. Besides, there's nothing wrong with fantasizing about most anything so long as you didn't cross the line in real life. Somehow I didn't think that line of thinking would've been socially acceptable with this group though.

The next day at lunch I took a seat alone at one of the round tables only to be joined by the same woman who had been sitting next to me at lunch yesterday - the same one who had related about the boy looking down her blouse. By now I'd learned her name - Naomi. She would also be working with eighth graders, same as me, but this was the first time we'd really had a chance to talk one-on-one.

At first it was the usual small talk - what schools we'd gone to, what we'd been doing since graduation, some basic social information - husbands, kids, and the like. Naomi was about four years older than me and had also graduated from the same highs school as me although she went on to college in central Pennsylvania while I chose mid-Ohio for my undergraduate work. She'd been a fulltime substitute here for the past several years and was surprised that I'd somehow managed to get in without having "paid my dues" so to speak. A potentially sticky situation was avoided when she changed to the subject to our previous lunch conversation.

"I noticed you didn't say a whole lot yesterday," Naomi commented, "That tells me one of two things... either you've been remarkably clueless or it was something you didn't want to share. Now you don't look like the clueless type so..."

She left it hanging for me to finish. Obviously I wasn't about to tell her anything like I had been thinking about the day before and I wondered just what she was fishing for from me... and why?"

"Well except for a student teaching stint with eighth graders, I've only taught sixth grade and below," I said, trying to avoid the question but she seemed to read me like a book and I knew I wasn't fooling her one bit.

"That good, huh?" she said in a soft voice, smiling at me with a conspiratorial look.

I must have blushed or something to give myself away because she continued with, "You can tell me. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone else."

Yeah, and whatever it was she was going to do wouldn't hurt not to mention she was from the government and here to help me. Next thing you know she was going to tell me she loved me and would respect me in the morning. Like I hadn't heard THAT line before.

Seeing I wasn't about to share anything "juicy", she leaned over close to me and whispered, "Would it help if I admitted that I left an extra button undone that day the boy had looked down my blouse?"

I smiled at that and answered, "Maybe... so did you?"

Naomi smiled back saying, "Didn't you say your dad was a lawyer or something? I can tell."

"I suppose a little rubbed off," I answered, shrugging my shoulders.

"Well, I never have sex with a student so don't get any wrong ideas," she hurriedly said, "But then haven't you ever gone home a little horny seeing those cute little boys all worked up over you?"

Where the heck was she going with all this? So far she really hadn't such much of anything. Nothing she mentioned was anything she said she had DONE, just asking me IF she had done them then what would I think. It was all a little too cagey for me and suddenly I felt a strong feeling of paranoia. Was I being set up? Better safe than sorry, right?

"Look Naomi, this is making me a little uncomfortable," I protested, gathering my things.

That effectively ended our conversation and we went our separate ways amicably. As things turned out, by the end of the week we learned that one of the teachers had been quietly let go but not quietly enough to avoid the rumor mill. Apparently my Spidey-senses had been on the money. "Naomi", or whatever her real name was, was indeed an undercover agent or whatever, working for the school and police to identify teachers with potential issues regarding improper student-teacher relationships.

Boy, talk about dodging a bullet!

## 3. First Week of School

If students think THEY are nervous the first week of school, then they should know how their new teacher is feeling. They had one new teacher to deal with, I had 32 new students. They had one name to learn, I had dozens and that's not including nicknames.

It didn't help that memories of the last eighth grade class I'd taught were still etched deep in my memory. True, I was much younger and less experienced then, not to mention constantly under the thumb of my mentor, but they still haunted me. I guess somehow I'd forgotten what it was to be that age or maybe kids were just maturing faster now in the thirteen or so years since I'd been in their desks. Whatever it was, nothing prepared me for the blatancy of the little pervs!

What I mean is that when kids are younger (and I say this based on years of babysitting experience), the idea of sex is either something they don't even think about or it's just a big game to them. In either case it doesn't result in anything actually happening from a sexual point of view. Sure there are plenty of "naughty babysitter" stories written by men who probably never got anything closer to being a babysitter than driving one home but they usually involve the sitter doing the initiating work.

Then there are the high school kids and here I draw on my own memories. While I may have teased my share of teachers, I never actually DID anything with any of them or even came close. At that age it's just all too easy to flirt and flash but I was more interested in the boys in class than the guy teaching in front. From what I saw, the guys were hot for some of the younger teachers but maybe it was our school policies or whatever, they just didn't DO anything - at least not like you see on TV these days.

Seventh and eighth grade is different though. The hormones or kicking in and it's like giving a kid keys to the car without any driving lessons. Face it, most parents may have "the talk" but it never what the kid needs to hear - or know. It's almost amusing in some ways to see them, the boys especially, stumble about trying to maintain that they aren't really interested in girls yet at the same time obviously wanting to know a lot more about them. It's like the slightest stimulus brings them to erection and sometimes I wonder if they even know it's happening. All the potty talk and teasing is just a cover-up for their emerging desires.

Meanwhile, as their teacher I have to try and give them the education they need while dealing with this flood of hormones that is distracting them at every turn. I suppose I could have dressed in a potato sack every day but even then I don't know if that would have put a damper on the boy's interests in me.

The girls were just as tough to handle but in a different way. Whereas the boys become boisterous and obnoxious, the girls turned into little princesses, acting like the world owed them everything and that they had the answers to anything. It wasn't about class work for them, it was all clothes, boys and sex and not necessarily in any particular order.

# 4. Parents

Parent-teacher conferences are one of those things that are looked at differently by everyone involved. As a student you worry about what great secrets about you are going to be divulged - by both sides of the table. As a parent I imagine the concern over how your kid is doing compared to the rest. Of course you KNOW yours is the best behaved and the perfect student but does that stupid teacher know it?

Now I have the joy (being sarcastic) of experiencing it from the teacher's perspective. One of the good things about our school being located in a high-rent area with Type-A rich parents is the high level of participation by the parents in their child's schooling. Then again, one of the worse things about it the same parents participate actively in their child's schooling!

What I mean is that it's great to see the classroom packed with parents, generally mother and father for the most part unlike the inner city schools where half the kids don't even have one parent representing them. On the other hand, these same parents seem to feel their ridiculously high school taxes and upper-class standing entitle them to a say in how the school is run - in particular how I as their child's teacher behave and operate.

If there is one thing I DID learn over the course of an exhausting evening was that all this crap in the erotic story universe about parent-teacher conferences is just that - crap. The favorite fantasy of a divorced father showing up and hitting on the impressionable young teacher - who of course welcomes such advances, and instantly falls to her knees to blow him right then and there in the classroom basically has absolutely no basis in reality!

Oh sure, the fathers LOOK. One nice thing about a public school versus the private Christian school I taught at previously is that now I can actually wear a normal skirt and blouse instead of an 1800's vintage dress that looked like a prop from Little House on the Prairie. Although the public school dress code doesn't specifically call out a requirement for a bra (unlike my previous employer's version), it does warn against "inappropriate" and 'revealing" clothing which pretty much leaves a lot open to interpretation. We were warning during InServ week that all such interpretations were made by the school so we shouldn't plan on reporting to class looking like a streetwalker and then try to claim that it's our personal interpretation of "inappropriate".

Personally I like to hold parent conferences seated at the student desks instead of doing them from my own desk. The idea is to make it less dominating and overbearing when I talk to the parents. In doing so my skirt tends to ride up a bit which and it always pleases me to gather my fair share of discreet (and some not so discreet) looks but nothing in terms of actual advances, at least not this early in the school year when everyone is still new to one another.

It also probably didn't help that in our school system parental involvement is incredibly high so the wife was usually there next to her husband which tended to keep them in line. Even so, the few single fathers that showed up were just as careful not to cross any lines. Of course it didn't bother me a bit to see their eyes drift down to my chest or to my exposed thighs. Let's be honest, I would've quite disappointed if they hadn't!

Each conference only lasted ten minutes as this early in the school year there was really nothing to repot in terms of progress or problems. The point was more for introductions and to answer any questions the parents might have about their child's education. Also, many parents want to meet their child's teacher and ensure that we knew THEIR child was special and gifted. It's amazing that 90% of the class was in the top 1%, at least according to their parents.

Even though I was a "new" teacher, it's not like I just fell off the turnip truck. With several years under belt at my previous school these weren't my first experiences with parents so I felt pretty confident ahead of time. Perhaps the only thing that had me concerned me was the same thing that I worried about earlier...

When my dad, and then later mu husband, insisted I attend a "family" sex party with them, one of the things that worried me was whether I would meet the same families outside of a party, like shipping for groceries or just walking through town. That would have been easy to deal with compared to my greatest fear – having the parents of one of the boys who did me come walking into my classroom. Heck, maybe even the dad had done me too!

Thankfully nothing like that happened but still, the mere fact I had to worry about it was reason enough, at least so far as I was concerned, to stop doing this sort of thing. Just because I'd dodged a bullet this time didn't mean I would the next and I would have to live with this apprehension for years to come if not more.

## 6. Looking Forward

So now after not quite a month of class in a totally new environment, what's next?

If I was trying to tease and make my "fans" happy, I'd say something like scoping out the dads and trying to find one to fuck me, maybe even with his son as a threesome. My forecast could include wild student sex parties with one or more of my students involved, perhaps including some of the girls in class too.

Unfortunately, it would be all too easy to write up some ridiculous fantasy story about such things. The sad thing is I think there are some people who would think it was all true as that's how they see me as a human being and a teacher.

What will really happen, heck if I know. It's almost impossible to foretell what WILL happen but I CAN say a few things that will NEVER happen.

First, I will never have sex with a student. That's always been a basic moral principle of mine, not to mention the legal and career ramifications of such inappropriate behavior in today's society.

Next, I will never has sex at school with an adult (students are covered in the first rule). I love risk and adventure, especially when it involves sex, but you can also go TOO far sometimes and whatever fun and enjoyment I may get from I far outweighed by ruining the rest of my life.

So what are my hopes and dreams? In between the two extremes outlined above, there are LOTS of possibilities and opportunities. While middle school is dominated by female teachers, there are certainly more than in grade school. My old private school was only K-6 and there were NO male teachers! Middle school male teachers tend to be younger, earlier in the career than their high school peers. Some are married, some are not. In less than a month I haven't really developed any strong feelings about any of them yet but only time will tell.

Of course there are the fathers - my favorite category of men for sex, outside my husband and father of course. With a daughter and/or son in middle school, what better time to "help" them pursue their fantasies about the emerging sexuality of their daughter - or a friend's if they only have a son?

So after only a month into my newest career move I would say while I haven't done anything really "dairy worthy" or naughty, there is plenty of time for that sort of thing to work its way out on its own.

# (Aug 25) Chapter 251: Cousin Surprise

Story codes: MF FF oral F-solo inc cousins
Me (27)
Kristen - cousin (25)
Ben - Kristen's husband (44)

Of all my cousins, Kristen is the closest to me in every sense of the word. Raised more as sisters than cousins, we shared everything and at times were as competitive as any siblings. It was like she was always trying to one-up me with an "anything you can do I can do better" attitude. Just when I thought there was nothing left she could to surprise me, she proved me wrong yet again.

## 1. Cousins

In my diary over the years I've spoken of my cousin Kristen many times. Indeed many of the entries revolved around her. When I sat down to write about our most recent experience I realized that most of what people knew about her was just bits and pieces gleaned over the years. People have asked me all sorts of questions about her so I guess it's about time I expanded on things a bit.

Let's start at the beginning...

Kristen was born on May 11, 1987 to my mother's younger sister Linda and her husband Don. Her baptism was probably the last time she was referred to as Kristen. Indeed, I would say most people don't even know that she was named anything other than Kristen.

I suppose to most people they were the typical suburban middle class family. Like so many of the false impressions we have about people, imagine if the neighbors knew what her parents argued about behind closed doors. In essence, Don was so upset because his wife was openly having sex with other men. At least openly in the context she wasn't hiding it from him.

Although she WAS having sex with men other than her husband, my aunt wasn't cheating. Sure she'd been quite the party girl growing up but once she said her wedding vows, she made a solemn commitment to be faithful to her husband,

Growing up in a home environment permeated by sex, it Kristen dropped out of college to pursue a full-time career as a prostitute. No, she wasn't walking the streets. She worked through a high-end "escort" service and made a ton of money. She'd always looked young for her age and was often carded just to see an R-rated movie so she was quite popular with the clientele.

While I had tried the escorting thing myself back in college, a bad experience caused me to quit after just a few gigs. Even then I was doing it more for my own pleasure than the money. Kristen, on the other hand, was in it for the bucks and as such she would do just about anything if she was paid enough - multiple partners, gang-bangs, facials, BSDM, even a few bestiality episodes and that's what she's told me about so who knows what's the full story. So far as I knew she only drew the line at anything super gross or physically harmful.

Kristen eventually quit the prostitution business after a few years but by then she had quite the bank account. Amazingly she actually managed to get a real estate license - something I was quite surprised to see her finish, and now works with her mom as a team for a local realty. While she may have given up the full-time whore career, that didn't mean her "talents" weren't being put to good use. Both she and her mom managed to keep up a good income even in the middle of the recession as they both were willing to do whatever it took to get a sale.

Throughout it all I couldn't even begin to count how many men Kristen has dated and had sex with. Even in school she never stayed tied down to one guy and so far as I knew at the ripe old age of 25 she still didn't have a steady boyfriend.

Then again, if there's one thing I've learned it's that I never seem to know much about what my cousin is doing until after it's happened!

## 2. Doing Myself

Before I got married I was living with Kristen in the house she was raised in. After my parents divorced my aunt moved in with my dad (a little TOO quickly if you asked my mom), leaving the house feeling empty. At the time I was working as a teacher at a small Christian school where the pay was minimal without any benefits. Making my apartment payments was getting harder every month without help from my dad so when he suggested I move in with Kristen it seemed like the perfect solution.

I know that people must think that when we moved in together that we had constant sex and orgies but the truth was quite different. Of course there were times when we DID sleep together and yes, there were more than a few times we invited one or more guys over but for the most part the house was more of a "sanctuary" where we both could relax and not compete. We slept in separate rooms and even when one of us brought home a partner the other usually stayed in her own room.

When I married Steve I suppose her could have moved in with us but I wasn't worried about him and Kristen having sex - he was my husband so of course he could. It was just that being married I was a little selfish and wanted him for myself when we were home. Steve was more than welcome to go off and fuck my aunt and cousin but at home he was mine!

Still, there are those times when I'm home alone while Steve is at work or out with friends that I will lay in my bed in our apartment and listen to the silence.

This was one of those nights...

Sometimes when I masturbate it's just a spur of the moment type of thing like when I'm driving or maybe watching a movie or even at a restaurant. It's one of the great things about being a girl - the ability to get yourself most anywhere without having to deal with the inconveniences men face when they get horny - an obvious erection.

Perhaps that's also one of the things that makes masturbation potentially dangerous for me - it's TOO easy to do and sometimes when the temptation gets overwhelming there's a tendency to do it when discretion would say otherwise. When I was just eleven or so and first learned the wonders of what my fingers could do to me, my mother would often poke me or even pull my arm to stop me when I'd forget where we were and start to reach between my legs without really even thinking about it. Fortunately I don't recall any particularly embarrassing moments but then again, who knows for sure what people saw?

Overall I'd say the vast majority of the time I masturbate that's all it is - a spur of the moment thing where I take advantage of the situation and just do what comes natural. Sometimes I do it to turn guys on, like when I'd be on a date or some other situation where it was fun to see the guy's reaction when I'd lift my skirt and pull my panties to the side and start rubbing myself in front of him. My husband Steve really gets horny whenever we're in a situation where there's nothing he can do but watch, like when he's driving.

While it's usually just a quick response to an immediate need, once in a great while it's nice to take my time and make it more meaningful. It's not meant to be a substitute for a REAL date but rather more a date with myself.

This was one of those nights...

It was a beautiful Saturday and I'd spent most of the day with my husband shopping the Strip in Pittsburgh. I love all the various shops and the food choices. Steve probably isn't into it as much as I am but he indulges me. Our first wedding anniversary was only a couple of days away and I was dropping major hints as to what I wanted for my present.

A perfect afternoon was capped by a perfect round of sex when we returned to the apartment. I'd been teasing him all day, flashing him and flirting with other guys so by the time we walked through the apartment door he was so horny the first load was bursting out of him within minutes of me sucking him!

Steve had plans to meet with some friends at some joint for the evening so after we finished he took a quick shower, kissed me and headed out, leaving me still in bed naked, my pussy dripping with his cum. Mmmmmmm, I love my husband! It was almost impossible to believe that in just two days we'll have been married for a full year! If possible I think I love him more now than I did when we said our vows.

Thinking of our anniversary was making me nostalgic. After the good fucking he'd given me I really needed a shower but instead I turned on my back and threw off the sheets, letting the cool breeze from the ceiling fan gently blow over my naked body. My nipples tingled as I closed my eyes and just let my hand and arms lay on the bed at my side with my legs spread slightly apart.

It almost made me cry as I started to think of all the ways God has blessed me. Wonderful parents, a supportive family (for the most part at least), a decent looking body if I say so myself, a career I'd dreamed of since I was a child, and the best husband in the whole world. Overall, how could I ask for anything more?

Just then my phone rang and I knew from the ringtone who it was... my cousin. For a moment I debated letting it go to voicemail but just in time I picked it up and answered...

"Hey cuz, watcha doin'?" her typical perky voice burst from the speakerphone.

"Ohhhhhh, just finished being fucked by my wonderful husband," I replied as if I was giving her the time and temperature.

"And you didn't ask em over to share him?" she whined, pretending to be hurt at being left out. Actually, she probably WAS disappointed.

"Maybe next time," I promised while crossing my fingers.

"Yeah... promises, promises," she huffed, "So anyway, you wanna come over?"

"What? The town slut's not going out on a Saturday night?" I teased her.

"Hey, can't I just ask my cousin over for a night without the grief?"

She actually sounded a little hurt so maybe I'd teased a little too much. It WAS a bit odd she wasn't out getting laid so maybe there was something I didn't know about and had accidentally struck a sore spot.

What the heck? My hubby was going to be out for the evening if past experience had anything to say about it so why not? Besides, it had been quite a while since the two of us had a girl's night out. After my husband's attention and then my own I felt as satisfied as I ever could be so a quiet evening with just the two of us sounded like a nice way to close out the perfect day.

"OK, give me an hour or so. I need to clean up."

Kristen giggled, said goodbye and hung up, leaving me alone once again.

Once again my nostalgic mood returned only this time I was thinking about Kristen and all the things we'd shared over the years. I said a quick thank you to God for giving me a cousin like her. Being an only child has its benefits but there were times I wished for a sibling so having Kristen as my virtual sister came in handy at times.

Mmmmmmm, lying in bed naked reminded me of the first time Kristen and I had masturbated together. It was at our grandparent's farm and while we didn't touch each other, it was the first time I'd ever masturbated with the distinct purpose of having someone watch me. Oh sure my parents had seen me doing it tons of time but it wasn't like I was putting on a show for them. So far as they were concerned it just didn't make sense for me to go running up to my room and hide it when I felt the need. All they asked was I didn't disturb them.

My hand started to reach between my thighs as I closed my eyes and recalled the excitement of watching my cousin masturbating for the first time as we sat facing each other in the hay loft. I felt a rush as my fingers touched my clit while I visualized Kristen's fingers pushing into her wet pussy.

God it felt so good to touch my pussy as my thoughts moved on to the first time I had sex with my cousin. I'd returned home for summer break after my freshman year of college. On July 4th we had our first family orgy where I watched my dad fuck his niece for the first time. Well, at least it was the first time I saw them. Our parents loved seeing the two of us in our first 69 together.

Oh yeah... I loved the feeling when my finger was in me, feeling all warm and wet inside. Rolling over on my side, I pressed my thighs together tightly to squeeze down harder on my finger as I used the palm of my hand to put pressure on my clit.

More thoughts of my cousin filled my thoughts as my breathing deepened. I recalled how she and I had posed as hookers for my dad so he could "entertain" some high-rolling clients. They had no idea we were his niece and daughter so for once he got to fuck us right in front of someone not in our family. God it was so erotic to have my own father fuck me while the other two watched us and traded off with Kristen!

My other hand joined my first as I rolled over on my belly and humped my hips up in the air like I would if my husband was going to fuck me from the rear. My fingers ran up and down between my wet and swollen pussy lips, pressing against my hyper-sensitive clit and then running little circles around it. Oh my god, I was SOOOOOO close...

Then there was the time Kristen enlisted me to join her on one of her escorting gigs. It was at a suite at a hotel where a convention was being held. Wow, talk about a once in a lifetime experience! I'd done a couple of bachelor parties before but nothing like this. Men were coming and going while Kristen lay on the couch and I was on the bed. For over two hours it was like non-stop fucking and sucking, one guy after another. Some of them didn't want to fuck a whore (I couldn't blame them for assuming I was one) and just jerked off, shooting warm cum all over me from my toes to the top of my head. By the time it was over I was a total wreck. My pussy was sore and dripping with cum, my entire body seemed to be coated with sperm and my hair was a stringy mess. It took forever to get to all off of me!

The memory of that awesome evening tilted the scales and I felt my orgasm surge through me. I clamped my hand tight on my crotch, pressing down on my pussy and clit as I shuddered with ecstasy.

Did I mention the other great thing about masturbation - that NOBODY knows how to get me off better than myself!

I slumped down on the bed with my hand still between my legs and just lay there breathing like I'd run a marathon. I was bathed in sweat while at the same time covered with goose bumps as if my body was totally confused as to how it should be reacting. All I knew was I felt so damn good!

Suddenly I looked over at the clock by the bed and sat upright. Damn, where did the last hour go? It felt like it was just minutes since I was talking to my cousin on the phone, promising her that I'd be there by now.

As much as I was late, there was no way I could go anywhere smelling like fresh sex so I took a quick shower and dried my hair without doing anything special. I was just going to be spending the evening with my cousin so it wasn't like I was worried about doing myself all up.

Damn, now I was REALLY late but then again, it wasn't like it would matter all that much. We could just start the movie when I got there and a few more minutes wouldn't kill her. I threw on a pair of loose gym shorts and one of Steve's short sleeved shirts. If I was going to spend the evening on the couch swapping sex stories with my cousin then I may as well be comfortable. Who knows, maybe I'd be doing myself again before the night was out so I may as well keep myself accessible.

## 3. Kristen's Surprise

It took about twenty minutes to navigate the traffic to Kristen's place which was typical for south-side traffic. Sometimes I swear I would walk there faster! I parked by the curb outside the front door and walked in without knocking. Heck, I use to LIVE here so it felt like home.

"Hello!" I called out.

It's not like the house was that big. Downstairs was the kitchen, dining room and living room. Upstairs were the bedrooms and bathroom. For years two of the three bedrooms were filled with junk until I moved in. Now my old room was the guest room although I doubted any of Kristen's "guests" ever stayed in it.

"Sheesh, are you EVER on time?" I heard from the kitchen and then my cousin appeared.

She was naked except for a pair of pink flip flips but that didn't mean anything - she was ALWAYS naked around the house, just like her mom. If anything, she MIGHT put on a pair of panties or a thong but the only time I ever saw her with anything on top was when she had company, at least the type that didn't enjoy seeing her half naked.

I grinned and snickered at her accusation. "Really? Like YOU are ever going to say I'm the one who is always late?"

Kristen just brushed it off, like she does anything that she doesn't want to talk about. Clearly she had something else on her mind. Oh well, I started to say something about ordering out a pizza when she put her fingers to her lips and shushed me.

"Who gives a crap about pizza? I have something MUCH better to eat waiting upstairs."

The way she grinned and her eyes twinkled I could only guess where she was going. With anyone but Kristen I would've had a pretty good idea but trying to predict anything about her made weather forecasting look easy.

"OK, I'll play along... what's upstairs to eat?"

My cousin was practically hopping up and down like it was Christmas morning and she was waiting to see what Santa had brought. I had to say that seeing her petite nude body bouncing freely with her firm boobs barely moving was quite an erotic sight. It was a good thing Steve hadn't come with me – he'd already be on her like a cat on a mouse.

Speaking of Steve...

Kristen moved up next to me and wrapped her arms around me. "I've got somebody upstairs that wants to fuck your brains out," she giggled.

She didn't come right and say it but it all fell in place. So THAT was what Steve was up to tonight! All that bit about going out with the boys and making love to me before he left was just a ruse to through me off track from his REAL plans for the evening. Well, I can't say I didn't enjoy it at the time so I wasn't complaining!

"That bastard," I huffed, pretending to be annoyed, "It's just like him to pull something like this to surprise me."

Kristen pulled her head back and looked at me with a surprised expression which she quickly replaced with a deliberate blank look as if she was trying to hide something. Hmmmmmm, maybe there someone WITH Steve upstairs? This was starting to get interesting...

Without another word Kristen took my hand and headed for the stairs.

As we walked up the squeaky wooden steps, we passed a mirror and I glanced at myself going by. Crap! I'd been planning an evening with just my cousin so makeup and hair wasn't high on my priority list. I looked like I'd just gotten out of bed but then it's not like Steve hasn't seen me like that before. Oh well...

As we got to the top Kristen slipped in front of me, glanced inside the bedroom and grinned at Steve, then turned around and put her arms out against the door jambs to block me from entering.

"Ummmmm, don't you think you're a little overdressed?" she taunted me.

By "overdressed" she of course meant being dressed at all. Oh well, she was already nude so why not join her? I quickly slipped out of what little clothes I was wearing and left them in a pile on the bed in the spare bedroom.

Now that I was properly "dressed" for the occasion I was ready for whatever Kristen had planned for me and my husband. Was she going to make it a threesome - or more? Was anyone already in there with Steve? "That's MUCH better," Kristen said approvingly as she reached out and ran the backs of her fingers over my boob to tease me. "You ready?"

I nodded and she stepped aside to allow me to enter. I walked through the door to greet my husband...

Only it wasn't Steve on the bed!

"Surprise!" Kristen whooped as she saw the startled expression on my face.

I'd never seen the naked guy on the bed before. He was laying on his side and obviously quite horny. If I had known it was not going to be Steve, my next guess would've been one of her young boy toys - or two for that matter. The LAST thing I would have guessed was someone who looked to be in his mid-thirties or so with a shaved head and a chest full of hair. He had his head up on his hand supported by his elbow on the bed with his other hand on his hip with his arm against his side. Sticking out from an incredibly hairy crotch (no man-scaping here) was a thick erect dick which drew my immediate attention. Damn, the dude was built!

"Kelly, this is Ben and he wants to fuck you," Kristen matter-of-factly said as her way of introduction.

Nothing about who the hell he was, why he was here or why he wanted to have sex with me. OK, so most men want to have sex with me but not before they even see me!

There was a bit of a pregnant pause as we all sort of just waited for the other to speak. I wasn't sure exactly what Kristen was expecting from me. OK, so a naked older man with a large erection wanted to do me. I could live with that but still it would be nice to know a little more about him before I just jumped on his dick.

"Ummmmm, are you going to tell me anything more?" I finally asked her, breaking the silence.

Kristen giggled and shook her head. "Nope, not yet at least. Go on girl, he's obviously ready for you."

So she just expected me to get on the bed and mount this total stranger without any explanation? What kind of girl did she think I was?

Well, obviously the kind that gets on a bed and mounts a naked strange man with an erection without asking anymore questions!

Really, why not? I never turn down a good fucking, he was obviously wanting to give me one, and everyone seemed to agree on the course of action so any further explanations could wait. If anything, it made it all the more erotic NOT to know anything about him.

Kristen seemed obviously pleased with herself as she circled around to the other side of the bed and jumped on to sit with her legs crossed Indian style under her where she could watch. She was licking her lips as I mounted the bed from my side, albeit a little more slowly and cautiously. Once on the bed I was on my knees and turned to face the object of my desire. I started to reach out for his magnificent dick when Kristen suddenly chimed in.

"C'mon Kelly, forget the foreplay crap and just fuck him!"

I could do that! This whole thing was surreal enough as it was so why not go straight to the main event. The appetizer could wait until after the main course. It wasn't like this was some porn movie where the same series of events always seems to occur - sucking his dick, maybe him licking her out, followed by her sitting on his dick facing away, then spinning around to face him, after which a little doggy and then finally finishing up in missionary position. Of course he always pulls out (unless it's a "creampie" episode) and she eagerly gets on her knees to take it on her face. BORING!

So far Ben, if that was his real name which I doubted, hadn't said a word to me but rather just rolled onto his back such that his dick stood upright like a rocket on a launch pad. I was on my knees so I sat back such that my butt was on my heels and started to rub myself to get my pussy all wet and slippery. It wasn't really necessary as I'd started to respond to the sight of that incredible deck from the moment I'd walked in the bedroom.

Mmmmmmm, my fingers tasted so good when I raised them from my now wetted pussy to my lips and tongue. There's something special about the taste of your own pussy and I loved the flavor and scent of my own best of all.

"You gonna ride him or just sit there frigging yourself?" Kristen urged me on.

I was getting hornier by the second but I still had desires and one of them was to listen to a man tell me he wanted me. It was really no different than when I would tell a man, "Fuck me" and see the emotions on his face that told me how badly he wanted to do just that.

"So tell me Ben... what do you REALLY want?" I asked him softly as I played with myself off to his side.

Ben looked over at Kristen who nodded. It was pretty clear who was running the show here.

"Just what she said," he told me, nodding towards Kristen, "She's been telling me about her sexy cousin and promising me that I could do her."

"So you really want to fuck me?"

Again he looked over at Kristen but I could tell that she was starting to get impatient from the way she had her arms crossed and was looking at me with this, "Get on with it!" expression.

"Hell yeah," he finally responded with a smile.

Good enough for me.

Without saying anything else, I swung a leg over his hips and sat back down on the top of his upper thighs with my knees bent under me. I looked over at my cousin as I reached for his hardened dick.

"Now you KNOW I have to at least taste this before I put it in me," I said jokingly, even though it really wasn't a joke. As wet as I already was little more lubrication never hurt.

Without waiting for her approval I leaned down and took the head of Ben's dick in my mouth and ran the tip of my tongue around it. I smiled as I heard him moan slightly. Now THIS was a dick, not one of those miniature versions that came with the boys Kristen usually preferred.

I looked up towards Ben's face where I saw him watching my every move. He had a couple of pillows under his head so he could get a better view more easily. Our eyes met as I took more of his dick into my mouth. My fingers cradled his hairy balls as I gently rolled them back and forth. Slowly, ever so slowly, I worked my way down on him, feeling him fill my mouth completely but still with a couple of inches left to go. Time to separate the girls from the sluts...

Relaxing my throat as much as possible, I took his dick into my throat and fought back the immediate impulse to gag. It doesn't matter how many times you do this, the body reacts in the way it was designed to react so the secret was to understand those reactions and how to deal with them. The key was to get past the gag reflex and once you did that you were home free!

"Oh my god!" he groaned as my face pressed into his thick coarse pubic hair at the base of his dick. I had his entire dick in my mouth now but this would only last for a short while as I still needed to breathe!

As slowly as I could, I lifted my head up and dragged my tongue along the hard shaft until only the tip of his dick remained between my lips. Then I came off the rest of the way and started to lick his shaft from top to bottom and all around, paying special attention to the underside of the smooth helmet top.

"That's enough cuz, he's gonna cum if you keep that up," Kristen admonished me.

I was about to respond by saying, "And your point IS?" but she DID have a point. This wasn't Steve on the bed so if he DID cum in my mouth then it might be a little while before he was ready to go again. Granted, that would give some time for me and Kristen to play - a double bonus for the guy if anything, but apparently not in accordance with Kristen's plans for the evening.

One last kiss to the tip of his prick and I sat back up straight again. Lifting myself up on my knees, I scooted up until I was centered on his cock. At that point Kristen couldn't contain herself any longer and she reached over to grab Ben's dick at the base to line it up with my pussy.

Oh yeah, again this was how a dick is supposed to feel when it first invades your pussy - like you're being split in two and you swear it's impossible that it can ever fit. None of this finger-sized young teen dick that barely even spreads me open when it made its entrance. No, there was no mistaking that what I was taking into me was a MAN's dick.

"He's big, isn't he?" Kristen said proudly to me even if she was stating the obvious.

I looked at Ben and then at Kristen as I held myself in that initial position with just the tip of his dick within me. God it felt so good in me! So many nerves were concentrated in this area that the extra thickness of his cock head actually felt as good or better than having him all inside of me.

Well, I may have been enjoying the moment but Ben had other plans. I saw he was looking down at his crotch where he could see his dick as it disappeared inside of my pussy. Then I felt it push further into me as he humped his hips upward to drive himself deeper inside of me.

"You want it all in me, don't you Ben?" I said rhetorically, knowing full well what his answer would be - what ANY man's answer would be in this same situation. I can't say I've EVER had a man put his dick in me part way and NOT want to push it all the way in.

Ben's answer was to reach out and grab my bare hips and literally push me down onto his dick. I didn't resist as I felt my pussy feel the pleasurable sensation of his cock filling the void inside of me. Ben's pubic hair tickled my bottom as I ground my crotch down onto the base of his dick.

"I bet you weren't expecting THIS tonight, were you cuz?" Kristen giggled as she watched us with one hand between her legs.

Well duh! That qualified as the understatement of the week, if not the year. My original expectations had been for a relatively quiet evening watching a movie and eating popcorn and pizza. MAYBE we might get a little horny and masturbate and MAYBE done a little more but that wasn't a given by any means. Then I thought I'd be fucking Steve and while I could never imagine being disappointed having sex with my husband, THIS was certainly something special that I would never have predicted.

I was rocking now on Ben's cock, using the motion to move his dick in and out of me as I established a rhythm that felt comfortable. The goal wasn't to see how fast I could make him cum but rather to find out how long I could extend this exhilarating feeling that was being generated within me. Lesbians can say what they want but nothing beats the feeling of a REAL dick inside my pussy.

"That's it, ride him cowgirl!" Kristen cheered me on as she rubbed herself faster.

I had my hands planted flat on Ben's hairy chest, his thick chest hair running through my fingers as I leaned forward to support myself while I rocked back and forth on Ben's erection. My boobs swung over his face and he lifted his head up to grab my nipples between his teeth and tug on them.

God he felt so BIG in me! As much as I love my husband, he's pretty much average in the dick department but Ben was MUCH bigger. He wasn't so long as he was thick which was what I preferred. I loved being on top like this where I could establish the rhythm and depth of him in me. Sometimes I would just flex my hips and then I would rock way forward until I felt his head about to slip out of me only to drive myself hard back down on him.

"Let's see if you can twist around without losing it," Kristen said as she acted as the director for the show being put on in front of her.

Ha, THAT was going to be easy with the size of Ben's dick but I wasn't going to give up any advantage I had in meeting her challenge. Indeed, it turned out to be quite easy as I twisted myself 180 degrees so my ass was now facing Ben while I remained impaled on his cock.

This time I put my hands on his knees as I deliberately leaned as far forward as I could so he had a good view of his dick as it slid in and out of my soaking wet pussy. If there's one thing I've learned it's that men LOVE to watch themselves fuck me. I have to admit I get off seeing them moving in and out of me as well as I can relate what I SEE to what I FEEL inside of me.

Ben responded my placing one hand on each of my bare buttocks and helped me to rock on his cock.

"She's got a GREAT ass, eh Ben?" Kristen told him, like I was being sold at some slut market. Then again, I WAS proud of my butt so I didn't mind her pointing out the obvious to him.

"You can say that again," he groaned, "And one helluva tight pussy. You sure she's married?"

Before she could answer I reached my left hand behind me and flashed my wedding ring in front of his face.

"Almost a year," I declared proudly.

At that moment I couldn't help but think of Steve. Wow, I hadn't even thought about my husband since I first laid eyes on Ben and his magnificent cock. It was hard to imagine that before we got married I would have sworn that I'd never have sex with anyone outside my family once I got married and now look at me, screwing a total strange without hardly even a thought about my husband.

Well, I didn't feel all that guilty. First, I knew that Steve wouldn't mind even if he DID know about it and besides, who knew what he was really doing tonight himself. He SAID he was going out with the guys but I knew that could have just been a ruse on his part. For all I knew he had met up with my dad and Kristen's mom and was off fucking some young pussy.

Well, Steve could keep his preteen pussy for all I cared, - give me a MAN's dick any day and believe me, Ben was all man when it came to his equipment!

Up until now Ben had more or less gone with whatever Kristen or I wanted but as he fucked me more he started to take control which was fine with me. I like a man to know what he wants and then use me to get it. None of this cuckolding crap for me, I want a MAN!

"Let's try this," Ben said as he maneuvered me onto my side facing Kristen.

Mmmmmmm, I LOVE spooning sex and with Kristen right there to watch it just got better. I lifted my leg up and put my foot on his upper leg as Ben's dick pressed against me freshly fucked pussy. Once again Kristen helped out, grabbing the thick shaft and directing it where it belonged - in my pussy!

Kristen and I looked at each other as Ben took control and started to pump his cock in and out of me. As I looked at Kristen and saw her eyes drift at times toward where she could see Ben's dick doing its thing with my pussy, I couldn't help but start to wonder just what was going on here.

Who the hell was Ben? It was so unlike Kristen to bring home a man older than her, let alone maybe ten years older that I could hardly believe it was happening. Was he married? I hadn't notice any rings but then not all men wore them, especially when they were out cheating on their wife.

Hmmmmmm, as he a client? Had she decided to earn a little money on the side? Was the realty business slowing down? If he WAS a client, then she should of at least share some of the profits with me later. Not that I was doing this for the money but a few extra bucks never hurt.

It WAS strange but then with Kristen, it's always something surprising so why was I surprised? My thoughts were interrupted as Ben pulled out of me pushed me onto my stomach.

Kristen and I have worked together often enough to make quite the team and she immediately provide me with assistance by tucking a pillow under my stomach to lift my ass further up to make it easier for him to enter me.

I grimaced as I felt Ben trying to position his cock at my asshole. Noooooo, no tight Ben! I tucked my butt down as much as I cold and turned my head to Kristen with "The Look" in high gear. She knew what it meant and took the correct action - thankfully.

"Sorry Ben, she's not into that," she said to Ben, "Don't worry, you can fuck my ass later."

When it comes to sex I'm open to most anything - literally, but anal is the one thing I prefer NOT to do if at all possible. Considering every other woman in my family that I have sex with loves it, I don't really know why the gene skipped me but I truly hate it. Yes, I've done it - plenty of times, so I do know what I'm talking about. It's just one of those things my husband had to deal with but at least he has plenty of other options for it when he feels the need.

Ben didn't seem to really mind as he rammed his cock into my pussy from behind. Typical guy - so long as his dick is in SOME orifice he's happy!

As Ben hammered his thick cock into me, I was expecting him to go for missionary next as that was the typical routine for most guys. Thus it surprised me when suddenly he groaned loudly and thrust himself tight up against my bottom, driving his dick as deep into me as he could.

"That's it Ben, cum in her," Kristen encouraged him, "Fill her up for me. Give it to her!"

As hot and horny as I was, I still had enough wherewithal to wonder what she meant by that last remark. "For me"? For her entertainment to watch? For her to enjoy after he was done? What was she really wanting from all this?

Did it matter? All that DID matter to me then was the feel of Ben's magnificent dick pulsing inside of me as it shot one load after another of his sperm deep into my welcoming pussy. This was the best part - him cumming IN me instead of on my face, boobs or in my mouth or wherever some guys liked to spray it like a dog in heat.

Ben collapsed over me, barely keeping from crushing me under his weight with his elbows. I could feel him starting to pull out but then Kristen reached out to stop him.

"Stay in her Ben," she instructed him, "At least until I tell her the news."

News??????

# 4. Kristen's REAL Surprise

So far it had been a night of surprises but I was pretty happy so far with how things had worked out. Well, more than just happy! It certainly had been better to be fucked by a stud with a big dick than trading war stories with Kristen to see who had the craziest sexual experience (she always won but by then, who cared?)

For a moment we all remained still and quiet. It felt a little weird to just lay on my belly with this guy still plugged into me after he'd just finished cumming in me while my cousin looked on with a big grin on her face. Hmmmmmm, she had something up her sleeve.

"So tell me Kelly, did Ben fuck you good?"

Another "duh" moment but I played along and nodded.

"What was that cuz? I couldn't hear you?" she pushed me.

"YES, he fucked me great... STILL feels great in me for that matter." Indeed, I WAS enjoying the feeling of Ben's dick in me. To my mild surprise he wasn't going to take long to recover from the way I could feel him stiffening already inside of me. Oh well, if he was ready I wasn't going to argue!

"Would you want him to fuck you again sometime?"

Crap, where was she going with all this? It wasn't going to be long before he would be fucking again based on the feelings I was getting from his dick.

So anyway, I answered, "Of course... he can fuck me again NOW if he wants."

Kristen was beaming and I knew she was leading up to something.

"Well, you let your husband fuck me whenever HE wants so I guess it's only fair that I let MY husband fuck you whenever HE wants."

It took a moment for it to sink in and even then I was stunned. It wasn't possible!

"That's right cuz, you just got fucked by my brand new husband and now he's gonna fuck you again!"

It was his cue and this time Ben DID fuck me missionary before releasing a second load of cum in me. In spite of how good it should have made me feel, I hardly even noticed as I couldn't take my eyes off my younger cousin who was grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

Oh my god, my whore of a cousin was married!

# 5. Postlude

My intent when I started writing this was to let it end with the revelation that my cousin was married. To describe in detail the rest of the evening as the three of us fucked and sucked seems almost anticlimactic after this revelation. No matter how much Kristen licked my pussy eating her husband's cum (I still can't wrap my head around writing "her husband's cum"), I couldn't get my mind off the shocking news. It was like she was determined to see how much cum her new husband could fill her "sister" the first time they met. (It was a LOT!)

When we were done Kristen finally filled me in on some of the details. As it turned out Ben was a client of Kristen's back in her whoring days. Apparently he was smitten by more than her sexual charms as she was with him. Without telling anyone they'd been seeing each other on and off in the years since. He had been married back when he first hired her. Fortunately there were no kids involved but still, so long as he wore the ring there was never anything more they could do other than the occasional fling.

Over time they fell deeply in love and it became impossible to hide it from his wife. The divorce has just been finalized a week before I met him and they wasted no time in sealing the deal. The only people at the wedding were her mother who served as Maid of Honor and one of Ben's best friends. How her mom had kept it a secret for the past few days was mind-boggling!

Of course my Aunt Linda had been the first woman in the family to get laid by Kristen's new husband being she was the mother of the bride. Still, while she hadn't invited me to the wedding I felt honored that she wanted me to be his second in the family.

Make that I felt honored AND damn good! I've got a good feeling I know where I'm going to be looking when my husband is off with his little girls…

technically I should be having sex with the fathers, not the sons, but to most of the fathers I was way too hold to be interesting while at the same time as a "kid" I wasn't supposed to be having sex with the boys who essentially saw anyone over twenty as being the same age. It all worked out in the end but you can see why I was uncomfortable going to them.

One of the biggest concerns I had with such events was privacy and security. Sure the club was worse than Fort Knox when it came time to grant gain entry for a new member. First there were all the background checks and interviews. Assuming you made it past those then there was the "blackmail" video which was intended to ensure that people weren't trying to get in "undercover" to expose everything. If things could have been kept within the walls of the party room I wouldn't have had any issues. Unfortunately these were real people with real lives so what happens when you cross paths at the movie theater or even church? Was there a secret handshake, a wink and a smile, or were you just suppose to pretend you didn't know them? (As it turned out, the last option was the preferred one.)

As a middle school teacher I face even more dangers as can be seen on TV when a schoolteacher is involved with one of her students, even when they are of age and it's "legal". What would I do if one of my students turned out to be one of the boys who had fucked me the weekend prior? What if a teacher-parent session resulted in me being face to face with the man who had cum in me the night before? True, the odds were astronomically against such a thing ever happening when you take into account that the families come from all over southwestern Pennsylvania and neighboring Ohio and West Virginia. Heck, my aunt some came from New York and Maryland for the bigger get-togethers! While the odds may be very low, people win the lottery and look at those odds!

As it turns out, maybe I need to start buying lottery tickets...

This is my first year in the public school system. Previous years I've taught at a small Christian school with less than a hundred total students where I knew each student by name and recognized their parents when they came to pick them up. Now I'm at a huge middle school with hundreds of students, most of whom I only glimpse in the hallways between classes, and depend on their name badges to call their parents by name.

It was only a week or so into the school year when Karma struck. I was standing outside my classroom between classes monitoring the students as they made their way through the crowded hallway to their next class when someone

make the best of it but to my surprise it was if anything just the opposite. Even when I finally DID spot him he stayed on the other side of the hallway. Still, he WAS a fourteen year old horny boy so he couldn't resist a brief look my way and a smirk but other than that, no contact whatsoever.

The more I thought about Ryan in the next week, the more concerned I became. In all fairness he never did anything to warrant such concern but that didn't stop me from becoming more and more paranoid. What if he decided to blackmail me? Even worse, what if he told his friends he was doing me - although I still wasn't sure that he'd even fucked me. Even if he hadn't, it wasn't like he hadn't seen me nude having sex with numerous other people.

There was only one person I could turn to in such a situation - my Aunt Linda. After all, it was really all her fault that I was in this predicament in the first place!

## 3. My Aunt Deals With It

"So you're SURE he was at one of them?" was her first response when I told my aunt about my situation.

Well, it's not like I had photos from the party although I knew the club did video everything for security purposes. Whatever we'd done it couldn't have been anything all that special for me not to remember him specifically. Still, there was no mistaking the lust in his eyes and the smirk on his face when his eyes all but bore through me.

"OK, so let's assume the answer is yes," she went on, her hand to her chin like she was related to Sherlock Holmes, "So what do you want me to do about it? Has he threatened you in any way?"

"Oh no!" I responded instantly. If anything I had to say he'd shown much more respect and privacy than I would've expected from my own husband back in our school days. Steve had wasted no time telling the entire school the very next day after he'd first fucked me!

"Well, how about I check to see first so we know what we're dealing with," she concluded, writing down his full name I'd given her on a Post-It Note.

When we met for drinks a few days later my aunt told me that she had been able to confirm a few things by checking out the attendance and video records of the last few parties I'd attended. Now more than ever it really helped that she's one of the top leaders after having been involved now for over twenty years or else she never would have been able to get access to such confidential information.

As it turned out Ryan and I only crossed paths during the one party so that sort of relieved me. It wasn't like I didn't remember him or didn't meet him at any others, it was just the one time. You'd think I'd remember everything from a time like that but afterwards it all sort of blurs like it's enveloped by some sort of haze or fog.

My aunt obviously had more to tell me based on the grin she was wearing so I finally managed to coax it out of her.

"Well, I watched the entire tape, fast forwarding through most of it but I kept track of all the ones you fucked - and didn't," she teased me, "Believe it or not, your little Ryan didn't fuck you or even come close although he DID do me."

My eyes widened a bit but then I'm not sure why I was surprised. My aunt loved young boys just as much as my dad did the girls and Ryan DID look like just her type. There had to be something else.

"Ok, I'll tell," she laughed, "Turns out his old man had a thing for you... fucked you twice from what I could tell although I'm not sure he came the second time."

It was like the proverbial light bulb went off over my head, only this one was a blazing searchlight. I may not remember Ryan but I had no problem remembering this guy. I just hadn't realized it was his father that had fucked me so well! Now that put a different spin on things. What made me really remember him was that he was the first one that wanted to fuck me which is sort of unusual as most fathers all go after the youngest girls first. So that sorta made him stick in my memory.

While his father - or at least his dick, was firmly imbedded in my mind, I couldn't for the life of me remember his mother although my aunt said according to the records she was there as well. I've found that usually unless their son is fucking you, most mom's don't care all that much to watch. Also, since they discourage incest at the parties to keep everyone mixing it up (which is sort of odd in that parents have to prove that they DO fuck their kids in order to join - and provide a video for security purpose as proof), I didn't see him with his mother.

The more I thought about it the more I figured that maybe that's why Ryan hadn't done anything more so far than look and a grin at me. He'd probably seen his dad fucking me but since he hadn't done me then it wasn't like he wanted to do me again. Like, he had a chance to fuck me and for whatever reason didn't take advantage of it so maybe I'm not his type, who knows? Maybe he'd been as surprised as I had been to cross paths in school. Still, it was like something hanging over my

wasn't exactly on my Top Ten List. Doing him at a party was one thing as being a girl I'm more or less obligated to service anyone who asks.

In addition to providing numerous options and opportunities, the party environment provides me with what I always enjoy - an audience. The idea of just having Ryan's dad fuck me alone without even so much as Steve doing his wife didn't turn me on all that much. It wasn't like he would be cheating on his wife or anything like that which would have made it exciting.

The idea of watching my aunt being fucked by a kid half my age also wasn't something I was getting all worked up over either. Unless it involves my husband I'm not much of a voyeur and even when it IS him in the mix I still prefer to be the one being watched, not the one watching. My dilemma was my aunt has done a lot for us and I sorta felt obligated to help her out. Even though I'm sure she could've worked something out on her own with Ryan, there was still the issue of him at school cluttering my life up and I thought maybe if I did his dad then he would help keep his son on a short leash. Now it was all getting all the more complicated, one of the things I'd feared when we got into this whole scene.

Thankfully my aunt is pretty perceptive, not to mention creative, so she came up with the solution - include Ryan's mom. As it turned out THAT required some negotiating as neither of them was likely to be exactly thrilled with the idea. Steve would've been more than happy had they a daughter and she would've been the same had we a young son for her enjoyment. Still, it's no different than when we swap. Sure Steve would prefer to swap with a guy's daughter but he knows what I prefer and as a wonderful husband he tries to keep me happy too. Besides, no matter what he might say I've never seen my perpetually horny husband NOT get an erection with ANY woman he's been with!

## 4. Driving Over

Naturally Aunt Linda took care of all the preparations. Without any kids other than Ryan to worry about (no babysitters or other complications) she set things up for their house.

Steve drove me and my aunt over in his pickup truck with me squished in the middle of Steve and Aunt Linda. I was a little miffed at her when we first picked her up and I saw her outfit. She'd told me to just dress casual as I wouldn't be wearing it for long anyway. Taking her to her word and given it was a cool fall day, I just wore a pair of jeans and a simple blouse with sneakers. No bra or panties but why bother?

Well, my aunt tells me that and then SHE shows up in a short miniskirt, sheer white blouse with ruffles down the front, unbuttoned to below her breasts, white hose and garter belt with what had to be five or six inch black stilettos! So I look like the local babysitter and then she comes out like the local streetwalker! Talk about playing unfair...

"Now THAT is an outfit," Steve gushed as my aunt stepped into the pickup, not even pretending to not notice that her skirt hiked up to her ass in the process. He made a pointed effort to look at me and shake his head as if he was disappointed in my efforts.

"But she told me...," I tried to redeem myself but my aunt cut me off.

"Oh shush it Kelly, I can't believe you fell for that," she laughed at me with my "loyal" husband joining in. She reached over and cupped my boob with her hand. "Well, at least you didn't wear a bra!" Again, the two of them seemed to find something funny in my distress.

For a woman who has celebrated her 39th birthday multiple times, my aunt looked really hot in an outfit more suited for a high school cheerleader. God, I hope my legs look as good as hers in fifteen years or so. Granted, she'd had a boob job a few years before but that was just to tighten things up again. Way back she had a scare with a lump that turned out to be benign but the doctor was still leery about any form of implants. Actually, I think her boobs look great as they are not to9 mention they feel natural as well. I've felt up a few girls with silicone implants and it was a real turn off to feel how hard and unnatural they felt.

"So is somebody gonna tell me what the story is here anyway?" Steve asked as he turned down at the next stoplight. I'd given him the details on my school encounters and what my aunt had told me about the party.

"So no daughter?" had been his first reaction.

Can't say it surprised me knowing my husband. In all the parties we'd been to, I can't recall seeing him with even any of the older girls, let alone a mom. Still, when we swapped it was usually with a couple at least our age or older so it wasn't like he couldn't get it up for a MILF. Then there's my mom and aunt who he can't seem to get enough of when the opportunity is there.

The one older woman who I know Steve won't fuck is the one I wish the most he would - his own mother. Wow, talk about a complicated relationship! I've discussed it in detail in other diary entries so I won't repeat everything now, but how a mother and son can kiss and grope but always keep everything over their clothes and never exposing themselves, at least not without something or another over them even if sheer, is beyond me. It's like there is this invisible line that they push up tight against but never cross.

Yes, if we had arranged something like this with a family that had a twelve or thirteen year-old daughter, Steve would be driving twice as fast as he was now, that was for sure!

"So is this just one big swap?" he probed further, "I mean do we have assigned partners or what?"

I looked to my aunt for help as I wasn't quite sure myself.

"Me and Ryan, Kelly and the dad, you and the mom," Aunt Linda clicked off counting each pair off on her fingers.

"So I don't get to fuck you or my wife?"

Actually it was something I wanted to know myself so I looked at my aunt expectantly.

"Give me a break, you fuck your wife every day and sometimes I think you do the same with me!" she teased him.

Actually, based on what I knew it was more like once or twice a week so far as he and my aunt with but I wasn't gonna act as the fact-checker in this conversation.

"She isn't fat, is she?" he grumbled.

I smiled at that one. I often claim that my horny husband would fuck ANY girl given the right opportunity but that wasn't quite true. There was something about overweight women that just turned him off, cooling down his lust like a bucket of water on a fire. Even my best friend Beth, who was maybe ten or twenty pound heavier than she should have been, was on the edge with him. Fortunately she's one of those girls that when she gains weight it goes straight to two places - her hips and her boobs more so than her belly and face.

"Oh quit whining," my aunt chastised him, "You know we have standards and being obese is one of the immediate disqualifiers."

Steve just grumbled more. He clearly wasn't overly thrilled with everything but then he knew how important this was to me to have this issue put to bed - in several ways.

Then it was my turn to express a concern. It was something that had been bothering me since that first time I saw Ryan at school.

She was speaking to my husband but she was talking to me. I wasn't sure what she was talking about but it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out. Steve had gone out with her to one of "those" parties as we liked to call them now. I was asleep by the time he came back and in the morning when we woke up I just treated things as if nothing had happened. Steve honored his end of the bargain by not trying to tease me about it or worse, bragging about it. Our deal was he could do whatever he wanted so long as I knew about it and when he came back we only discussed it if I asked first.

Unfortunately my aunt wasn't a signature to our agreement...

"God you should have seen him Kelly... your husband is a hit with the girls, that's for sure. Compared to some of those older dad he's practically a god!" she said, trying not to giggle as she did. For a 40-something mother, she could certainly act like a teenage princess sometimes.

I could tell Steve was torn between responding to her taunts and keeping quiet next to me. He had to be bursting to say something to me. Those few times when I did encourage him to tell me about his evening he practically rattled on non-stop, making sure to cover every detail. I was never quite sure if he was just so excited afterwards about everything, bragging, or thinking he might be enticing me to join in the next time. The first two options were fine with me but he was just wishful thinking if he thought the third was ever going to happen. Yes, I would go if my husband asked, just as a wife should submit to her husband's authority. At the same time I wasn't about to volunteer!

His mouth may be shut but there was one response he couldn't control and my aunt was as quick to notice it as I was.

"Oh look Kelly, I think someone's horny and I bet I know who."

God, how far was it anyway? Years and years of past experience had taught me one thing - the only way to shut up my aunt was to give in to her or get away from her but there was no way you were ever going to shut her up once she was on a roll. It was like trying to tear away a tennis ball from a bulldog!

"Oh Kelly, lighten up," she said, poking me playfully on my upper arm, "Besides, tonight is Lady's Night, right Steve?"

Steve just rolled his eyes, keeping them on the road ahead which was filled with the usual 'burgh area traffic.

"Aunt Linda...," I tried to intervene if for nothing else than to protect Steve from her playful taunts. His dick was straining against his slacks and from the way he was licking his lips and staring straight ahead I knew it was taking every ounce of will-power to stay quiet. Then again, what would he say if he could?

"Yep, just us old ladies," she went on, leaning back against the passenger door now allowing her skirt to ride up to expose her black thong, "But then Steve likes fucking mothers, doesn't he Kelly? He's a real motherfucker!"

"C'mon Linda!" Steve finally burst out, unable to contain himself any longer.

"Oh don't tell me you don't want some of this," she countered, pulling her thong aside to reveal her trimmed pussy. She taken to trimming it lately instead of the bushy look she and my mom had always preferred. With her one hand pulling it to the side, the other started to rub her crotch, pushing inside of her pussy to wet it and then circling her clit.

What could I say? Actually I didn't do it with my aunt all that much considering how often I saw her naked and having sex with my dad and husband. I'd never say this to anyone but she did have a hotter body than my mom and while my mom was as sexual as any woman, when it came to sheer sluttiness and exhibitionism, my aunt won the battle of the sisters hands down. I couldn't help myself as I stared down at her masturbating as Steve tried to navigate and get a glance without causing a car wreck.

"So tell me Kelly, what do you think of your motherfuckin' husband? Let's see... he's done your mother and the mother of your cousin - me. Tonight he'll add another notch to his belt. Who knows, maybe someday he'll finally do his own mom."

I stiffened as soon as the words were spoken. Damn, she knew better than to say anything about Steve and his mom. Sure, he and Marlene did it once but that was over thirteen years ago and today was a forbidden topic of discussion. If I so much as hinted at the subject Steve would go into a funk and sometimes not talk to me for the rest of the night.

"Yeah I bet you both would like to watch THAT, wouldn't you?" Steve responded.

As I worked to get my jaw back in place I looked at my husband as if I was seeing him for the first time.

"I don't know who you are but where's my husband and what did you do to him?" I asked in disbelief.

"Lighten up Kelly," I was told now for the second time tonight, "Just teasing you know."

As he finished he pulled into the driveway of a home in a relatively new subdivision. It was one of those tracts where every house seemed to look the same with only the numbers on the identical mailboxes giving any clue as to which was which. Judging from the size of the trees and the sparse lawns it looked like it wasn't all that old.

"Awwwwww, just when things were getting interesting," my aunt whined as she tugged her thong back in place again, licking off her fingers in the process.

As we got out of the car, something told me the "interesting things" were yet to come…

## 5. Sacrificing to the Karma Gods

Heath answered the door. I instantly recognized him, even with his clothes on. He was over six feet tall with a build that suggested an earlier career in football or some other sport. He either was shaving his head and past due for maintenance or just kept his hair extremely short with just enough showing to reveal a graying along the sides. His dark brown eyes practically bore a hole through me as he greeted us and welcomed us in.

No sooner were we in and the door closed behind us than Ryan's mother came out from the kitchen wearing nothing but an apron. It was one of those that came up to your chest but still did nothing to hide anything in back and even in front her boobs were plainly visible. Obviously she wasn't wasting any time!

Last to come in was Ryan. As he came down the stairs both my aunt and me looked to watch his make his entrance. After seeing his mother's choice of wardrobe I was half-expecting him to just stroll in nude but he was wearing a loose pair of gum shorts and a tight cotton muscle shirt. Wow, it was hard to believe he was only fourteen.

"Why don't we all take as eat for a moment and get to know each other," his mother said, introducing herself as Susanne as her husband never bothered making the proper introductions. It might have had something to do with his fixation on my ass...

Judging by the general decor, I'd say Ryan's family wasn't exactly listed in the social register. Everything was neat and clean but the furniture looked old and well-used and overall the place was barely decorated. Definitely not one of the "1%ers".

Steve and I took a seat on the love seat while my aunt sat on a chair, leaving the couch for the three of them. Ryan took one said while his dad took the other, leaving the idle for Susanne. I found it interesting that Heath leaned on the arm of the couch, away from the others while Susanne snuggled up tight against Ryan as Ryan's hand worked its way under the apron onto her bare thigh. Hmmm, what was that my aunt had called him.... a "Momma's boy"?

After a rather awkward pause my aunt took up the lead.

First I want to say I think it's great that everyone agreed to meet today and work this out. As you know, we don't get this sort of thing very often so we don't really have an established protocol."

Ryan looked confused and seemed about to speak when his dad spoke first saying, "She means they don't have a clue what to do."

Aunt Linda just smiled and nodded and continued, "I'm sure you both understand Kelly's concerns as a teacher when she realized that Ryan remembered her from the party this past summer."

"Like who would forget?" Heath cut in, still staring at me.

"Heath, behave yourself," Susanne admonished her husband, smacking him lightly on the leg.

"Sorry babe, I have NO intention of behaving myself," he replied with a grin as he locked eyes with me.

"Ignoring my ridiculously horny husband," Susanne continued almost apologetically, "Personally I thought Linda's suggestion was better than anything I would've thought of."

I couldn't help but think to myself why everyone couldn't simply have agreed to just follow the rules and shut up, leaving it at that. Still, if this is what it was going to take to make everyone happy - and close-mouthed, then I was up to the challenge.

The three of us hadn't hardly said a word other than hello but Susanne seemed more than willing to carry the conversation all on her own so we let her go on.

"There WAS one thing that the guys suggested that I thought was a pretty good idea though."

If I was my Yorkie then my ears would have been pointed up stiff and straight. Something was coming up that was going to screw everything up, I just knew it.

"I know we'd agreed on the pairings but before that starts..., well as you know the rules keep certain thing from happening at the parties, you know?"

My mind was racing trying to solve the puzzle of her story before she concluded. There really weren't all that many rules once you were in. Indeed, it was getting in that was the hard part! That left only a few things on the table... full nudity 100% of the time except socks or shoes, no incestual sex (that was for home, not the party), no voyeurism - you had to stay actively involved although breaks were permitted. Of course everything had to be consensual but that was pretty much a given if you were there in the first place unless you took into account things like no anal.

Well, that pretty much left just one thing then and sure enough, that was where Susanne was heading - incestual sex.

"I don't know about you Steve, but I know my guys would LOVE to see Kelly and her aunt get it on. As for Ryan here, it's not often he gets to have an audience when we do it, right baby?" she asked as Ryan looked hungrily at his mother as she sat all but nude beside him.

My first reaction was something like, "What the f....?" but when I looked at Steve he seemed totally into the idea. I guess when I think about it he hadn't really seen me with my aunt all that often, as in hardly ever. Based on the amount of mother-son "incest" porn that proliferates on the Internet (yeah right, like the two paid skanks had ever seen each other before the camera was rolling), the image of a young boy with an older woman especially his mother, seems to be extremely erotic for most men.

Looking over at my aunt, I was hoping she would see the confusion in my eyes as I just sat there waiting for someone to say what to do next. It's not like I'm exactly shy, but given I hadn't been entirely confident about this entire affair now that a new wrinkle had been thrown in I was just looking for a little guidance.

"Well, I think that's enough small-talk, let's get this party started," my aunt said a little too loudly, standing up and clapping her hands together once as if she needed to get everyone's attention. Judging from the adoring stares of the three men (I guess you could call Ryan a man in this situation) it was totally unnecessary.

As she started stripping in the middle of the room, she turned to me and waved me up with her hand saying, "Let's go girl, get 'em off."

So much for worrying about what to wear. In a few moments it didn't matter that my aunt had dressed to the nines while I was just casual, in the end we both wore the same suit - birthday suits that is.

Meanwhile Susanne had easily removed her apron and the three of us stood in a row as Steve moved over to take Susanne's place on the couch. It was a little snug, especially for men, but their thoughts were far away from worrying about any latent homosexual concerns.

As for what happened next, let's just say the old adage, "Two's company, three's a crowd," proved itself to be once again applicable, at least when all three are the same sex. While I could never be a full-blown lesbian (I love cocks WAY too much to even think about such a thing) I don't mind the company of another woman now and then. For me the difference is that I can more or less enjoy myself with just about any man so long as he can achieve an erection. I mean like one dick is pretty much like another and if all I want is sex then does it really matter who it's connected to?

With another girl it's a much different situation. Face it, she's not going to fuck me as she doesn't have the essential equipment and I'm really not into strap-ons and dildos for the most part. Yeah, a double ended dildo can be fun but that's about the extent for me. To just have sex with another woman for the sake of sex doesn't make sense since technically we can't have sex! So why bother?

For me being intimate with another girl means just that - being intimate. That's why for the most part I only do it with close friends and family, in other words people who mean something to me emotionally. The first woman I ever had sex with was my mother, followed closely by her sister. Yet when people ask me who the first girl I was with I usually say my Freshman roomie at college as she was the first girl I was with just for the fun of it (not to mention I was horny as hell under the restrictions imposed by my ultra-strict university).

I've often said that sex is 20% physical and 80% emotional. The best sex is more than just a dick in my pussy, it's when it means something for it to be there. Like when my dad fucks me it means my own father is expressing his love and respect for me. Like when my husband makes love to me and I know he loves me more than any other woman in the world. It's like when a married man fucks me despite the risks and the betrayal to his family just because he craves my body more than his honor and marriage. Take away the emotional aspect and it I may as well masturbate - well, not quite that extreme but you get the idea.

That's when I have sex with a man... With a woman the numbers change to maybe 5% physical and 95% emotional. Sure I love the feel of a woman's smooth naked body against my own. Yes I believe that there are few men who can lick my pussy as well as most girls and practically none for whom it's something they do instinctively well. Of course a woman can bring me to orgasm and I LOVE the taste and smell of pussy but it's not the same as being fucked by a man and tasting his cum and dick.

So here I was, standing in the middle of the room with three horny men watching while my aunt and Susanne wasted no time going at it. It's like one moment they were just getting up from their seats and the next they were in a 69 on the floor with my aunt on top of Ryan's mother, leaving me standing there like a third wheel – a naked third wheel at that!

I guess I could have butted in and maybe we could have gotten into a circle where each of us was eating the other out but it was almost like the two of them wanted each other more than being worried about putting on a show which is what I had thought the intention of this little show had been. I knew my aunt was heavy into women (not to mention young girls) and apparently so was Susanne, or at least she was taking full advantage of the opportunity.

Looking over at the guys, all three of them were sitting on the edge of their seats staring at the two older women just a few feet in front of them making lewd comments and comparisons. Steve glanced my way once, maybe more out of guilt than anything, but even her was more interested in the lesbian action than me at the moment. What the hell, I figured why not take a seat and enjoy the show myself so I returned to the love seat and nestled back into the corner. I lifted one leg up and put my foot on the seat while allowing the other to hang over the side with my foot on the floor for balance. This served two purposes – it made it easy to masturbate and hopefully gain some attention from the peanut gallery.

Not surprisingly it was Ryan who was the first to succumb to his urges. Without taking his eyes off his mother he reached down and undid his jeans enough to get his hard dick out and started stroking it slowly. It wasn't long before the other two matched, even my husband who I knew want all that thrilled about masturbating in front of other men. One thing I can definitely say about my husband, he doesn't have a homosexual gene in his body! No crossing of swords when Steve was involved.

It was more interesting than erotic for me to watch the two mothers licking each other to orgasm but I always enjoy masturbating so for the moment I focused as much on my own shaved pussy as the other two hairy ones in the room. I even managed to get a few looks from the guys but when Susanne reached orgasm first all

see earlier. It was like they enjoyed what they were doing to me but they were also getting off being watched by the guys. I guess you could say it was the best of both worlds.

Some orgasms sneak up on you, building slowly and then they are there without almost realizing it. Not this one! I was already pretty worked up from masturbating so it wasn't like my two benefactors were starting from scratch. Then with the two of them using every bit of experience from their thirty or so years of sexual activity it didn't take long for me to cum. Oh god did I cum! It was like somebody took the volume control on my pussy and suddenly gave it a twist, going from soft and mellow to hard rock screaming loud. My hips thrust up against Susanne's face as my arms reached out to my sides and my fingers dug into the carpet.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out as my entire body felt like each cell was going to burst with pleasure. Talk about the big "O", this was one for the books as both women continued their assault on my boobs and pussy, undeterred by my cries of ecstasy and writhing about. My pussy felt almost like I was taking a pee as my cum poured onto Susanne's waiting tongue, lapping it up like a cat at a bowl of warm milk.

"OK, my turn... let me have taste of that pussy," I heard my aunt say as she released the grip her teeth had on my nipple.

Susanne apparently wasn't ready to put up a fuss as I felt her hair lift off my leg and soon my aunt's mouth and tongue replaced hers, licking my up and down my pussy slit.

"Mmmmmmm, one thing I have to say Susanne, my niece has always had a great tasting pussy, especially after she cums hard like this."

I had my eyes close, laying there flat on the floor, letting the last vestiges of that fantastic orgasm slowly fade away, only to be jolted back no and then when my aunt would tease my clit with her tongue.

"So when did you first get to taste her?" I heard Susanne ask. I had a feeling she was asking as much for the sake of turning on her audience as she was interested in the response.

"Sweet sixteen," my aunt replied, getting back up to her knees again, "If it hadn't been for her mom I would have been her first."

Evidently that was enough background information for Susanne. I opened my eyes and saw Susanne turning to face the three horny guys in front of her.

"Well, was that enough to get you guys ready?" she teased them. Yeah, like they really needed anything from the moment we all walked in!

They nodded and grunted agreement so Susanne took control saying, "Then why the fuck are you still dressed?"

They didn't need any further encouragement, each of them quickly standing up and stripping off their clothes, throwing them back on the couch in three piles. I was so proud of my hunk of a husband as he clearly had the best physique - not to mention the biggest dick. Steve may not have an exceptionally large dick but today he had the distinction of being the "big man". Heath had the edge when it came to thickness though. While his was the shortest, it was unquestionably the fattest and I could remember back at the party how my hand barely fit around it. Ryan won the award for the hardest by which I mean when they stood up Ryan's dick was pointing straight at the ceiling with a hint of droop. Heath's, even when erect, still hung down while Steve's was almost as stiff in the upward direction as Ryan but just not quite there. In any case, Steve's was easily the longest which I'm sure he'd already figured out. Guys always say they have no interest in dicks but ask them who has the biggest in the locker room and they can tell you in an instant.

When Steve and I swap we almost always split out into separate rooms so I just assumed we would do that as well but then I guess I was the only one thinking of this as a normal swap. Then again, there hadn't been anything "normal" about all this from the first time my eyes met Ryan's in that school hallway.

Eventually the guys just moved in on us and things just sorta morphed into sucking and fucking right there in the family room. We started out in the pairing I'd expected - Steve took Susanne, Ryan went to Aunt Linda, while Heath and me were back together again. Seeing how I was getting a replay while Susanne and my aunt were getting first timers, I felt a little jealous but then it wasn't like heath was a slouch when it came to sex.

As I'd expected, once Steve got into it he was more than happy to fuck Susanne, even if she was three or four times older than he would have preferred. He even came in her twice! During the course of the day he pretty much stuck with her although he did fuck both me and my aunt briefly, just enough to show he cared but not really as much as I would have liked. Then again, he was 100% mine after we left so in the end I got the better deal.

As for Ryan, he eventually won the award for most loads of cum with a total of four. Actually he probably could have gone for more as he was still hard when we left. Yes, the advantage of being a young teenage boy, LOL. Ryan's first load went in Aunt Linda's pussy, then he turned his attention to my mother as he and Steve switched places. I think Steve preferred my aunt actually as she WAS my aunt which made it sexy for him compared to just doing another mother. The fact she had a daughter who loved to join in didn't hurt things either I'm sure.

Meanwhile Heath was giving me all of his attention. I was the only one he fucked the entire time, showing no interest in my aunt and I could only figure that his wife would get it later so why waste precious resources on her now? He confessed early on that he'd taken a heavy of Viagra which probably was helping him maintain an erection as loving as he did. It was no four hours like the commercials warn against but he still maintained it for a respectable time before he finally released himself deep inside of me.

Before that though we went through the usual sequence that seems to happen when you have sex with a guy who watches too much porn. First he stood as I squatted down in front of him and sucked his rigid dick while playing with myself. He had a nice thick crop of pubic hair which always turns me on, especially when I would take his dick fully in my mouth and push my face into his crotch so the coarse hair pressed against my face. He'd obviously showered from the faint scent of body wash but that was overpowered by the thick musk of his lust which turned me on even more.

I probably could have easily gotten him off with just a blowjob and evidently Heath was well aware of that possibility as well so he only allowed me to suck him a short while before taking a seat on the couch and beckoning me to get up and ride his dick. I started out facing him, my hands on his shoulders as he held his fat dick up for me to drop myself down on. Like most guys with really thick cocks, he didn't have the stiffness of a thinner dick like his son's but it was enough to get the job done. As wet as I was after my recent ministrations from my aunt and his wife, even as thick as he was he was able to push it in me without a great deal of difficulty.

"Oh Heath, if feels so big in me," I sighed as I dropped down on him until my butt was sitting on his lap with his dick now completely out of site as it penetrated me. Never hurts to massage the male ego!

"Fuck you're so tight!" he groaned, returned the favor.

Even though I knew he was probably saying it out of the heat of the moment, I still appreciated it knowing how many young pussy's he'd probably fucked over the years. Also, I'm pretty proud of how tight I've been able to maintain my pussy over the years. Still, to be honest with myself I'm almost twice the age as I was when I took in my first cock and since then hundreds more have followed. To expect me to still be as tight as I was as a fourteen year-old teenager was simply unrealistic but then Steve told me I was still tighter than my cousin and she was two years younger than me. Of course god knows what her pussy had been through during her whoring days but I still loved the comparison anyway.

Once I'd ridden his dick for a while - and noted that in his position he was able to watch the others as well, I laid on my belly on the couch with one leg hanging over and he entered me from behind. It was actually quite comfortable! I had my head on a pillow with another under me to make it easier for him to get in me and once he was in he did most of the "work", allowing me to enjoy the feel of him in me while at the same time observing my husband fucking Susanne and Ryan doing my aunt.

That didn't last long though as Heath evidently didn't like this position as much as soon he pulled out of me and flipped me over on my back, keeping the pillow under my ass so my pussy stuck up in the air towards him.

"I've been waiting to fuck you since that last party," he said in a voice husky with lust as he grabbed his fat dick and positioned it at the entrance to my pussy. "Perfect combination... married but still young enough to be tight as a teenager."

Ahhhhhh, so THAT was what was making him want me so much. Well, whatever gets his rocks off I guess. Evidently he liked fucking other wives, probably swapped a lot like Steve and I did. Still, I suppose most of those other couples had kids and face it, no pussy ever fully recovers from that sort of abuse. I've actually heard of women having C-sections just to keep their pussies tight and firm!

With my head propped up on the arm of the couch and my pussy pushed up by the pillow, I had a ringside seat to watch as he pressed his dick in me. Oh sure, this wasn't my first rodeo and I'd seen a lot of other dicks doing exactly what his was doing now. That didn't matter - the rest were all past history. What DID matter was the one I was watching now - the one I could feel as it forced its way into my wet pussy, stretching me out as it slowly penetrated me. I think I could be fucked by a thousand dicks and still feel that thrill as I watch a man entering me and at the same time feel it inside of me.

Heath continued until he was bottomed out in me with the base of his dick now pressed against my bare pussy, his pubic hair smashed in between us and rubbing me like a hair brush as he rotated his hips to move his dick inside of me. It sort of tickled yet at the same time was erotic.

Meanwhile the others had swapped after having cum in their respective targets but Heath was obviously trying to extend himself as long as possible. Odds were that even with the Viagra he was going to be a musket compared to the other's machine guns with just one load before an extended recovery time. It was no different than when my dad fucked my these days so I understood why he was taking his time. Sometimes when he must have been getting close he would just stop thrusting and stay still inside of me, probably leaking precum but holding back the grand finale.

"You can cum in my mouth Heath," I offered to him.

The reason I said that was I knew that for some guys it was a bigger turn-on to cum in my mouth. They wanted to fuck me until they were just about to ejaculate and then rush their dick so they could watch their cum shoot into my open mouth and cover my tongue after which I would swallow it all down. Personally I preferred them to stay in me but I try my best to make guys happy and so long as they keep it out of my eyes and hair it's not all that bad.

"Oh no," he all but chuckled at my offer, "You're getting it all where it belongs - your tight little cunt."

Just then we both turned as Ryan called out loudly, "Oh mom, I'm cumming!"

Considering how much sex I've been involved with over the years, it may be surprising to some people who little I'd witnessed this - a son cumming in his mother. I know my mom had often expressed her disappointment in not having son to fuck her - hence her glee at having a son-in-law finally. But as for watching a mom and son having sex, this was a rather unique opportunity for me!

"You like seeing your son fucking his mom?" I asked Heath who was holding himself still with his dick buried as far into me as he could push it.

Heath laughed softly before answering, "It was a little weird at first, I'll admit it, but these days he helps keep her satisfied so I'm not complaining."

I was thinking his son was doing more than just that but then he added on his own thoughts on the matter.

"Besides, he's my ticket to the dance," Heath said with a naughty grin.

Another time and I would have loved to hear more about just how Ryan and his mom had gotten started and then how as a family they got involved with the other families. Like how did they even hear about it? If it wasn't for my aunt I wouldn't have a clue such a group even existed! Instead, as Ryan finished cumming in his mother his dad returned his focus to fucking me, stroking himself harder and faster now. Evidently seeing his wife taking his son's cum had motivated him to cum himself!

"Well, if you insist," he teased me, stroking his erection in front of me, "But just this once, OK?"

Now who was lying through his teeth. I saw the way he was looking at me, the way his eyes fixed on my pussy as he rubbed his hard dick. He wanted to do me as badly as I did him and there was no way he could say otherwise.

I turned back over my back and spread my legs, reaching out to him with my arms. There was no foreplay, not even a kiss. He didn't even touch me except to press my legs a little further apart as he worked his way between them. Putting his hands on the armrest on each side of my head, I reached down to guide his dick into me. No sooner than he felt the warmth of my pussy against the tip of his cock, he thrust himself into me, sliding all the way in as his dick was lubricated by my wet pussy along with the remains of his father's cum.

Neither of us said a word the entire time Ryan fucked me. I turned and say the other four were watching us, my husband with his arm around my aunt while Susanne and Heath remained seated on the floor a few feet apart. Was this what they had been waiting for, to see Ryan fucking me? To see the student fucking the teacher? Granted, I wasn't one of his teachers but it was close enough.

After having fucked my aunt twice and his mother once you would have thought the fourth time would take a bit of work but either he was just a young stud or the excitement of fucking a teacher was enough to get him going again. Maybe a bit of both? In any case it seemed like he had just started doing me when he grunted and turned to look at his mom and I knew he was cumming in me.

In that instant yet another moral principle crumbled - I was fucking a student and letting him cum in me! Of course every boy I'd fucked was technically a student but in this case it was one I actually saw in school. It would have been even worse if he was actually in one of my classes but meeting in the hallways was close enough.

Once Ryan has unloaded, he leaned back and pulled out of me, returning back to the arms of his mother. Wow, talk about impersonal sex. He'd fucked me, cum in me, and now was off me having touched me with not much more than his cock and never having said a word the entire time.

That pretty much ended the day. As we dressed Heath pulled me aside and asked if we could meet again more privately but I told him it would have to be at another party. I tried to be polite but I really wasn't into doing a guy in his situation. There's just something about having his wife's permission, make that encouragement even, that just doesn't appeal to me. That said I wouldn't be opposed to a regular swap sometime without Ryan's involvement but we typically try not to meet with people a second time unless they were really special.

Once he had struck out, Heath gathered his things, said a quick goodbye and headed off probably to take a shower. Ryan and his mom took a seat on the love seat while the three of us sat on the couch. We were all still naked but it wasn't like anyone really was making a big deal out of it. I almost smiled as I thought about how my mom use to fuss if my dad and I sat on the furniture after sex, telling us to get cleaned up first if we were going to stay naked.

"Well, THAT was pretty good if you ask me," Susanne broke the silence, reaching over to grab her son's dick.

It wasn't like she intended to really do anything but more like she just enjoyed holding it. I could relate as I often did the same with Steve when we would watch TV or sit in a movie theater. Just the feel of his cock in my hand made me feel secure and loved.

"I think so too," Aunt Linda responded, "Your son there is quite a lover."

Susanne smiled and wiggled Ryan's dick a little in her hand. "Yeah, I've got quite the little motherfucker on my hands."

"Mom!" Ryan protested and I got the impression this was a routine they'd played out before.

"Sorry, you're definitely not little!" Susanne corrected herself and then she leaned over to kiss him.

Steve was looking a little bored so I reached onto his lap and took hold of his dick, giving it a playful squeeze. He wasn't flaccid by any means even after satisfying my aunt and Susanne, but his semi-erect dick was no match at the moment for young Ryan's.

Then my aunt turned her attention to me saying, "So Kelly, another milestone?"

I looked at her sharply but she didn't take the hint and instead seemed to think I didn't understand what she was saying.

"You know, screwing a student?" she went on, "After all that fussing about it you certainly didn't seem to mind when it finally happened."

What was I supposed to say? I was wrong all those years when I vowed this sort of thing would never happen? That I was now going to act as a wolf in an unguarded herd of sheep, seeking out every young charge in my class for sex? Well, THAT was never going to happen and she knew it.

There was no sense in trying to argue with her. My aunt was like dealing with a huge supertanker - you couldn't stop it but you could change its course.

"So tell me Susanne, how did you and Ryan get started?"

It worked. My aunt was obviously more interested in the answer to that question than teasing me as she turned her attention to Susanne.

Susanne just shrugged as if it was no big deal for me to ask her and she then spent the next five or ten minutes giving us the rundown on her family. Like most of the people I'd had a chance to talk with who were involved with their kids, they were first generation in that incest was not in their DNA. What I mean is that they didn't have sex with other members of their family, not now or any time in the past.

Apparently it was actually Ryan who got things started. As an only child with a father who travelled a lot for work, he spent a lot of time home alone with his mother. While not intending anything sexual, she had let him sleep next to her at night when Heath was gone on trips, not realizing the effect that was having on him as he got older. While not dressing in full pajamas, she didn't wear sexy lingerie at night but rather typical nightgowns like most women wear to bed.

Things began to change when puberty hit Ryan like a truck and he learned what his penis was for. Ryan blushed as his mother told us about how he was a masturbating fanatic when he was twelve. Like most kids, he had no idea that his mom knew pretty much everything he did. I smiled as she poked Ryan and said, "You didn't think I could smell those wet tissues that started filling the garbage can in your room, did you?"

Then there was the crusty underwear and pajama bottoms, not to mention the porn he starting hiding under his bed. He started locking the bathroom door, taking much longer than usual to finish his business. Susanne said she had mentioned all this to heath but they had agreed it was all just a normal part of a boy becoming a man.

The straw that broke the camel's back was one day when Susanne was making Ryan's bed and while tucking in the sheets she noticed something under the mattress which turned out to be a pair of her panties that had obviously been stolen from the laundry as they weren't clean. Not only had they not been washed, but she noted that they were covered with dried cum as well. Again, she brought this up to her husband and was mildly surprised at his response - he'd done the same with his mother's underwear so it was just a phase Ryan was going through.

Susanne wasn't exactly all that straight-laced when it came to sex and actually considered herself rather open-minded. She's given up her virginity when she was sixteen and had a healthy, if somewhat limited, sex life for the remainder of high school. She had planned on going to college but then she met Heath and they got married - against their parent's advice. While happy in her marriage, they both knew their sex life had dwindled since the birth of their son so Heath found out about this swapping group and they managed to get admitted.

Some of the other couples they swapped with had sons as well and Susanne learned that her son wasn't much different from the rest. In fact, one mother had told her she should feel lucky that Ryan wasn't trying to spy on her or even trying on her underwear. They almost unanimously had the same advice - give him some rope, don't embarrass him and he'd grow out of it.

There was one mother though who hinted at something more. While not coming right out and saying it, there was a definite hint that a son could be satisfying in more ways than one. The idea of having sex with her own son was shocking to Susanne, but at the same time it got her thinking about it...

Not long after she was doing laundry and was carrying the laundry basket to Ryan's room with his fresh clothes. The door to his room was cracked, as if he had meant to shut it but it hadn't fully shut and was now opening up slightly. Just as she was about to knock and walk in she heard a groaning sound and at first she about burst in thinking something was wrong. Just as she was about to push on the door she heard Ryan inside.

"Oh mom, I want to fuck you so bad!"

Well, THAT got her attention so she laid the laundry basket down and tried to look through the crack but she could barely see his head as he laid on the bed. Ever so carefully she pushed on the door gently until she could see inside. To her shock and amazement, there was her baby boy laying naked on the bed rubbing his dick with what had to be a pair of her panties while holding up a photo of her and him that was supposed to be on the coffee table in the living room. Evidently he'd been at it for a while because as she watched she saw him grown and start shooting his cum into her panties.

Not knowing what else to do, Susanne backed away from the door and picked up the laundry basket, trying to sneak away without alerting her son that she'd seen what he was doing. Unfortunately the floor squeaked loudly as she stepped back,

It was dark in the room once he got in bed and she turned off the light. Susanne had been masturbating to get herself ready, afraid that if she wasn't really horny she might not go through with it. She could only imagine poor Ryan in the dark next to her, next to his half-naked mother who he'd been masturbating about so much lately.

Knowing that as the mother it was up to her to make the first moved, Susanne snuggled up to Ryan and draped her leg over his, pressing her crotch in against his hip. Ryan didn't move, like he was frozen.

There was so much she wanted to say to him but she didn't trust her voice. As much as she wanted this to happen, how could she actually SAY it? The room was deathly quiet, the only sound the deep breathing from Ryan which was definitely quicker than it had been before.

Reaching down, Susanne pushed her hand under the waistband of her son's boxers and reached down to find his erect dick waiting for her. From there one thing led to another yet the entire time, neither of them said a word. By the time they eventually fell asleep in each other's arms, Susanne had sucked her son's dick and felt him on top of her with that same dick buried deeply in his mother's pussy, followed not long after by the first of several loads of cum he would release into her that night.

The next morning she woke first. They were both nude in bed, the covers flung off so she had the perfect view of her son's naked body. Her first thoughts were something like, OH my god, what have I done?" but those soon cleared to make way for, "God I HAVE to have that again."

This time they spoke. With the room lit she could now see his dick as it entered her and they each expressed their pent up desires for the other. Now that the dam was broke, it was like she had unleashed a sexual monster. While Heath was away, it was like he was asking her to let him fuck her all the time and with the regenerative powers of a boy just entering his teens, it was almost overwhelming for Susanne.

Susanne actually told her husband what happened on the phone that day but it wasn't until he returned that he got to see it for himself. Ryan was really worried and nervous when Susanne said his father wanted to watch but once his dick was in her mouth it was like he didn't even know his dad was in the room.

That was pretty much it until a few months back. Susanne was feeling rather guilty that she was getting all the joy of a son while poor Heath was getting sloppy

# 6. Postlude

It goes without saying that I was a nervous wreck the next school day. On the one hand I couldn't believe I'd let Ryan fuck me - and that I had been the one to ask at that. On the other hand it was like a load had been lifted from my shoulders in that it was done and over. No more sly looks in the hallway, no more worrying about whether he would say anything to me or worse, to anyone else.

The best thing about the whole affair was confirmed the first time Ryan passed me in school. He looked at me, smiled, and then just walked on without even a smirk like he'd done before. It was like we now shared something that was between just the two of us and didn't need to expand beyond that. I have to say I had never expected it to turn out this well. Yes, Ryan had fucked me but it was about as impersonal and basic as sex can be. He hadn't even touched me, let alone kiss me! It was like he was telling me, yeah, I can fuck you if I want but I really don't want to.

Had almost any other man told me that or even implied it I would have been offended majorly. But this was something special and unique. Yes, I'd fucked a student but that's all it was. It was done and over so should anything happen in the future it wasn't like I would be violating a scared vow. Not that I plan on starting to have sex with my students - far from it. I still have way too many fears about being found out to think of ever doing anything like that.

If I wanted to be technical, Ryan was no more one of my students than any of the other boys I've been with recently so let me close with this... I will NEVER have sex with one of my students. And this time I mean it!

# (Nov 25) Chapter 253: Thanksgiving With My Grandmother

Story codes: M+F+ oral inc father daughter aunt uncle niece
Me (27)
John - my dad (47)
Steve - my husband (29)
Kristen - cousin (25)
Ben - Kristen's husband (44)

It wasn't what we'd originally planned but even though it was last minute everything worked out in the end. Given my grandmother's passive opposition to incest we knew things might become a bit uncomfortable but at the same time maybe the "naughty factor" of doing it despite her misguided sense of morals helped things along.

## 1. Family Changes

For Thanksgiving our family normally rotates the duties to a different home each year so one family isn't burdened with all the housecleaning and preparations. As a rule this means my dad's side and then Christmas is typically reserved for my mother's side.

This year was my dad's turn to play host which seemed to surprise him. The last time the family gathered at his house he and my mom were still married and my mom did all the work. Somehow or another he apparently figured that since he was now living alone that it somehow disqualified him from the list. Well, he learned that he can't have his cake and eat it too. His older brother Paul solemnly informed him that so long as he was shacking up with his ex-wife's sister then he didn't qualify as "living alone" - even though both of my aunts were rather horrified with the arrangements. In the end though, they were willing to put aside their personal feelings in exchange for not having to host the dinner themselves. Isn't it amazing how people can adjust their principles when it suits them?

Having my Aunt Linda there to help was actually not the least bit of help. Unlike my mom the perfectionist home keeper, her sister was pretty much useless around the house. Her primary "duty" was to have sex with my dad and everyone knew it. Even when she and Kristen were living together Kristen did all the housework or the place was a wreck. Come to think of it, it was usually a wreck!

With my mom out of the picture things quickly deteriorated so my dad had to hire in a maid to do the laundry and housework. When I heard about his Thanksgiving predicament, against my better judgment I offered my help which unfortunately (at least for me) he quickly accepted. While I may not be Martha Stewart, compared to my Aunt Linda I belong on the cover of her magazine, LOL. The one good thing about the deal was how my dad showed his "appreciation" for all my hard work at the end of each day. Somehow I still think HE was the one that got the better deal - housework done AND sex most every day with his daughter.

After all my hard work and just a few days before Thanksgiving, wouldn't you know it but our plans were changed. My grandmother on my mother's side called saying she was depressed and was hoping somehow her family could visit her for Thanksgiving rather than leaving her all alone. Well, what can you say when you get THAT sort of phone call? Next thing I knew we were all packing up in my dad's SUV. I can't say the rest of the family was all too thrilled with my dad bailing out on such short notice but it's not like they had to change flights or anything serious.

Sadly, there was one other "casualty" from our change of plans. Steve's mom had reluctantly accepted my invitation to join our family for Thanksgiving as her other two kids still live out in California. Once we changed our plans and chose to go out of town Marlene decided to stay home rather than make the trip. I think she already felt like a fifth wheel no matter how much we told her it wasn't so and that she was more than welcome to come with us. As things have turned out it's probably best that Marlene didn't come as the SUV was packed between the six of us and our luggage but then I'm sure we could have found a way around it.

Another reason that it was probably good that Steve's mom didn't come was that coming over to my dad's house for the day with the rest of the family was one thing. Traveling and spending a few days away from home was quite another. Steve's mom didn't believe in incest, even though her two youngest kids were now "married" and living as a couple - something that definitely didn't thrill her. Steve and I have never disclosed the incestual nature of my family to his mom so trying to hide anything over the course of the long weekend would have been difficult to say the least.

Even without Steve's mom the family status quo at my grandmother's house was going to be a little... unusual to say the least. When you look at my mom's side of the family, basically all of us are involved with each other sexually to one degree or another so it would be natural for an outsider to assume that my grandmother would be as well. Ahhhhhh, the dangers of assumptions...

To briefly put things in context for this who haven't read the entirety of my diary, my grandfather was actually was the one to initiate what has become a family tradition by taking my mom's virginity just after she turned fourteen. I say "took" as that is more correct than any other phrasing as she really didn't have much say over the matter. For whatever reason he somehow decided at that moment that she was old enough for sex. It didn't happen on her birthday or any other special time. He simply came to her bedroom one night and took her for his own pleasure. He never told anyone exactly what drove him to do it and now that he is dead we'll never know.

My mother didn't fight him or say no but then she was barely fourteen at the time and my grandfather was not the type of man ANYONE said no to, let alone a young teenage girl taken by surprise in the dark of night. Some people have told me they feel that he raped her but my mom has always maintained that it was consensual. Planned? NO. Something she had dreamed about? NO. Something she accepted and learned to enjoy? Definitely YES.

Sometimes you hear about such things and the father tries to hide what he is doing from his wife but not my grandfather. He didn't even try to hide what he was doing from my grandmother. If anything, he told her right afterwards what he'd done, almost as if he was daring her to do anything about it or protest. My grandmother definitely didn't approve of what he'd done but she kept her mouth shut. As you might be getting the idea, my grandfather was a very controlling man and neither his wife or daughters dared to confront him. Not surprisingly there was no saying "no" when he wanted something and that included his oldest daughter's virginity.

Seeing how my mom shared a bedroom with her sister, it wasn't like Linda didn't know what was going on between her dad and sister. Whereas my mom once told me that it took her a while to fully understand and accept what her father was demanding of her, her younger sister Linda was more than anxious to be included.

Like most younger sisters, she wanted everything her older sister had and that included sex with their dad. So as you can see, the two of them have always had quite different attitudes about incest from the very beginning with my mom having to slowly adjust to it before truly embracing the idea whereas Linda has always been a "fan".

Knowing their different approaches to sex with their dad also helped me to better understand why they raised their daughters so differently. While my mom was holding my father back from realizing his dreams of sex with his young daughter, Linda was practically throwing her daughter at other men from an early age. Now that the dust has settled, so to speak, with both Kristen and me married I guess in the end it didn't matter all that much how we were raised. True, we both got to where we are walking down quite different paths but nowadays we aren't all that much different. She will always be a little more "out there" than me but I would say that's true of any two people when you compare them.

One of the reasons that things were a little more crowded than on the last trip was that we were now joined by Kristen's new husband Ben who she had secretly married a few months earlier. Actually he helped to round out the numbers as now we were three couples instead of Kristen having to be the odd girl out.

## 2. Wednesday - Sleeping Arrangements

The trip to my grandmother's house took over ten hours and I think I slept nine of them. I wasn't tired, just bored. With six people in the SUV and all our luggage it was cramped to start with. Then there was the constant strong of phone calls. Being a teacher I was the only one who officially had the day off. Everyone else was playing hooky and it was like someone was always calling them. I read a few magazine on my iPad and soon fell asleep with my head on my husband's shoulder.

Once we arrived at my grandmother's house it soon became apparent that with Kristen being married now that our sleeping arrangements were a little more complicated this time around - not like they weren't before. In the past my Aunt Linda would sleep with Kristen rather than my dad, at least to start out the night. Now with Ben being with Kristen and no more bedrooms available that meant she had to sleep with my dad - not that either of them minded. But then the issue wasn't with them - it was my grandmother that posed the dilemma.

As I said, my grandmother has never endorsed incest - "barely tolerate" would probably be a better description. Perhaps even better would be, "Don't ask, don't tell." She and I have had many talks over the years about it and I know she doesn't approve of my dad fucking me. Even so she has never openly challenged him about it or said anything directly to me even when I would visit with my parents and sleep with them.

Of course that never stopped "the look" but at the same time we've always tried to respect her feelings and not do anything openly in front of her, at least not the way my mom told me that my grandfather would do with their daughters. My mom told me he would do things like bring them to bed with him while my grandmother was "asleep" and have sex with them next to her while she pretended to remain asleep and act as if nothing was happening next to her. My grandfather dies of a heart attack years before I started having sex so I have to wonder to this day what sort of things he would have done with me in front of her as well. In the end my dad and Aunt Linda took the larger spare bedroom (don't even ask how my grandmother feels about her younger daughter sleeping with the divorced husband of her oldest daughter). Steve and I took the smaller bedroom while Kristen and Ben had to do with the roll-a-way third bedroom which served more as an office and ironing room.

For the first night we were all tired from the drive so there wasn't much thought given as to anything other than the obvious arrangements - each couple in their own room - treating my dad and aunt as a couple of course, even if they weren't married.

As tired as we both were, Steve wasn't about to let a new bed go "unchristened" as he liked to put it. It was like anytime we had the opportunity to have sex in a different place he was all for taking advantage of the situation. Being exhausted from the trip it was one of those nights where I was glad to let him take over and do the heavy lifting - literally. All I did was lay on my back and fight to keep my eyes open a Steve fucked me until he came in me. I felt a little guilty at my lack of attention - it must have seemed to him more like he was fucking a sex doll than his wife I'm afraid. Still, he came and that seemed to relieve him somewhat - typical guy!

The next morning we woke up refreshed with Steve sporting his typical "morning wood". I don't know what sort of dreams men have but they must be pretty awesome some times. In any case, my real pussy was better than any of his dream girls as I mounted and rode him until we both had cum.

Downstairs at the breakfast table I noted Kristen also had that "I just got fucked" look and when our eyes met she grinned and winked at me. Then lo and behold my aunt came in looking a little flustered herself. Wow, I guess all three of us had made up for lost time this morning!

## 3. Thursday - Swapping Husbands

It was Thanksgiving which meant lots of food which was the best part of the day. After the boredom of visiting and watching football on TV, Kristen and I decided to spice things up and bit and trade husbands for the evening. Although it may surprise some people, we've actually only done this once since her marriage. I guess I can't blame anyone that really doesn't know me other than through my diary to think that we would be swapping all the time. Even so, if they really think about it they would recognize that family "orgies" and swapping has never really been a big thing for my family.

For the most part, incest has been a means by which I demonstrate my love and submission to my father. For him it serves to satisfy his most secret and base inner needs and desires. When it comes to me and my mom it's entirely different - something we reserve for those special times we get together like mother-daughter nights and such. Finally, when it comes to my cousins and uncles incest isn't really a big deal per se. It's really more just a good opportunity for casual sex without any worries about relationships or commitments than anything else. Heck, the fact that it's incest really is more a technicality than anything that means anything one way or the other.

Besides, is fucking my uncle who I rarely see all that much different from fucking any other married man? In both case their wives don't know about it and it's not something we do all that much so if you ask me, it's only "incest" because of how the world has defined it.

When I moved out from Kristen's place after I married Steve, my sexual doings with Kristen took a marked downturn as I focused on our marriage and being a loyal and biblically submissive wife to Steve. Since Kristen married Ben we've seen even less of each other as our circle of friends are almost entirely different. Ours are mostly close friends and work colleagues whereas theirs tend to be focused around parties and such. That's one thing different about us - I've always had a close-knit group of friends like Beth while Kristen was more independent and less social.

We DID swap one night just because it seemed like it was something we needed to get off the table more than anything else. Until then whenever we were together it was sort of the "elephant in the room" so to speak and so to get things back to normal we decided to swap one night so as to get it out of the way. We debated on who should have to go to whom but in the end the girls won out (what a surprise... NOT) and the guys each travelled to the other's house while Kristen and I remained home for the evening. It wasn't by any means a first for me as Steve when it comes to swapping but it WAS sort of special for me knowing I was sleeping with a relative that I would be seeing for a long time and not just some stranger.

Since that one night, while we would meet at times for dinner or for the guys to watch football or something else on TV, we haven't had sex or do anything like the swapping thing again. It wasn't that I was opposed to it - not in the least! Spending the night with Ben had been exhilarating and he fucked me pretty good on top of it all (well, I was actually on top a good bit of the time).

As for Steve, he's always enjoyed fucking Kristen but since she got hitched I've noticed that those interests had waned a bit. While he won't admit it, I think that her working as a whore for so many years turned him off more than just a little. Well, not so much as to make him not want to fuck her of course but when she married one of her clients it seemed to amplify those negative feelings.

We actually started the swap in the family room watching TV with me nestled up against Ben while Kristen had her head on Steve's shoulder. I was wearing one of Steve's flannel shirts with no panties while Kristen had on a sheer black baby doll nightie with an almost invisible matching black thong underneath. My grandmother had stopped by earlier to say goodnight and while she didn't say anything when she saw how we were matched up, not to mention what Kristen was wearing next to my husband, her face told an entirely different story. Oh well, at least my cousin waited to started sucking Steve's dick until our grandmother closed the door to her bedroom!

For a while there I was beginning to think that we would just all do it in the family room and forgot about heading to the bedrooms. My grandmother had closed her bedroom door barely a minute before Kristen was undoing Steve's pajama bottoms while my dad and Aunt Linda started making out like two horny high school kids on the couch. As for Ben and me, he was undoing the last couple of remaining buttons that I hadn't already undone. Soon the shirt was wide open, exposing my boobs to the cool air. Meanwhile Kristen was busy bobbing her head on my husband's erection now that she'd finally worked it out through the opening in his pajama bottoms. Not to be outdone, my dad had his hands all over his sister-in-law's long legs and was working his way up towards her ass when Ben started to suckle on my nipples like a hungry baby.

My dad, the senior-most amongst us, assumed the "adult" role at that point and declared, "OK everyone, what do you say let's take all this behind closed bedroom doors?"

It really didn't matter to me where we did it although I knew my opinion didn't necessarily match that of the others. For me, I tend to prefer a more intimate setting when I have sex unless the entire purpose is to show off or be watched - like at a party. Otherwise, for me one-on-one sex gives me more privacy so I can concentrate on the man I'm with and I also like to know that he isn't being distracted by anything - or anyone else. I especially don't get off watching Steve having sex with anyone else. It's not anything to do with jealousy or such, it just doesn't do anything for me and tends to be more a distraction than a turn-on.

My husband and I share a lot of the same thoughts and opinions but this is one area where we're 180 degrees apart. Steve LOVES watching other men fuck me and goes out of his way to encourage me to let him watch. Hey, if he gets off from it then I certainly don't mind. When I say I want privacy during sex, that means no others having sex around me, not that I don't like an audience. Thus I'm sure that if Steve had his way we'd of all stayed right where we were just so he could watch Ben fuck me.

As for Kristen and her mom, what more do I need to say? You don't work as a high-end prostitute for years and have any hang-ups about doing it in front of people. As for her mom, like mother like daughter I guess you could say. After all, it's not like Kristen didn't do all the things she did without the full support and encouragement of her mother. Whereas my mom was flabbergasted when Kristen became a professional, her mother was as proud as a peacock.

I'm sure my dad wouldn't have minded a little voyeurism as well but he was undoubtedly more concerned that his conservative mother-in-law would come out for a glass of water or whatever and find us all doing the dirty deed in the middle of her family room - and not with our respective spouses. Odds are she would just turn away and go back to her room without a word as that was what she'd always done in the past when she caught me and my dad together but still, why push it? After all, we were the guests in her home so it was only polite to follow her rules.

One nice thing I soon learned about swapping at my grandmother's place was there was no travel involved like back home - we simply split up when the evening was over and headed for our respective bedrooms. My grandmother was already in bed by then so it wasn't like she saw what we did although frankly I was so horny by then that I wouldn't have cared.

Leaving my shirt undone - what was the point in buttoning it, I followed Ben to the bedroom he and Kristen shared while the others made their way to the others. Once inside, he firmly closed the door and then immediately stepped behind me and dropped the shirt from my arms such that I was left standing there nude. Stepping back and then a few feet in front of me again, he just stared at me, moving his eyes from my head to my toes as he took in my naked body like he was trying to memorize every detail of my body.

"Damn, you really are hot," he said softly, licking his lips in anticipation, "If I just looked at you long enough I'd probably cum in my pants."

This was actually the first time he'd seen me nude in quite a while. Besides the swap I mentioned before, the only other times had been shortly after he and Kristen got hitched and Kristen tricked me into fucking her husband without me realizing who he really was. Well, I should say that it didn't take much for her to convince me to have sex with him, The REAL tricky part was her not telling me that she was married to him until after he'd cum in me!

I started to step towards him but he motioned me to stay still as he moved back to the bed and took a seat without taking his eyes off of me for a moment.

"Don't move," he said in a voice husky with lust, "I just want to look at you... god you're so beautiful."

Hmmmmmm, I was starting to like him even more! He certainly knew how to make a girl feel good about herself, that was for sure.

Ben took in a big breath and released it slowly. "Touch yourself," he said to me softly, "I want to watch."

Ahhhhhh, so he wanted a little porn show first. Well, I could do that! I always like it when a man just looks at me with that expression that tells me he desires me and wants nothing more at that moment than to possess me and take me as his mate.

A little music would've been nice and had we been in my bedroom I might've pulled out my phone and played something sexy. One of my favorite "stripper" songs was "Don't Cha" and it would have been perfect right about now. Knowing my cousin she was already blowing my husband or even fucking him by now so I didn't want to go in and disturb them to get my phone. Under the circumstances I was left to improvise...

I smiled sweetly at Ben and ran my fingers through my hair, pushing it back and then shaking my head to let it fly about and land back on my shoulders. Then I ran my hands and fingertips from the sides of my neck, then down in front until they reached my boobs. Cupping one in each hand, I jiggled them like a woman in the grocery store comparing melons before squeezing them with my nipples pressed between my fingers. My tongues ran across my lips seductively as I watched for Ben's reaction and I wasn't disappointed. He was fidgeting on the bed, adjusting his jeans to accommodate his growing erection.

After playing with my boobs a while and tweaking my hardened nipples, I let my fingertips drag down over my smooth belly and then up my sides back up to my boobs where I played with them again briefly and then repeated the maneuver. Each time I went down a little lower, going first just to my belly button and then a fraction of an inch lower every time my hands descended until I was finally down to the top of my pussy. I wanted so badly to touch it but I knew Ben wanted me to even more so I resisted the urge to hurry and did my best to tease him by just missing it and going on down to my thighs.

Ben seemed transfixed, his eyes following my hands without hardly even blinking. As I swayed to the imaginary sounds of music in my head I moved up closer to him slowly but surely until I was just between his knees as he spread his legs further apart to accommodate me. That was when I ran my finger down the center of my pussy slit and pushed the tip slightly inside of me, moaning softly as I did. OK, so it may have been a bit overly melodramatic but Ben didn't seem to mind.

"Damn... I can smell you," he whispered, almost inaudibly, "I can smell your cunt."

Considering how wet and horny I was by then, I would've been amazed if he didn't! I started to rub myself with the middle finger of my right hand while my left hand caressed my left boob. God I was so damn wet! Pushing my finger in to the first knuckle, I pulled it out and put it in my mouth, sucking on it and licking my pussy wetness from it. It was wonderful! Ever since I was a young girl I've LOVED the taste of my pussy when I was horny.

From the way Ben was breathing and staring at me as I tasted my own pussy, I knew what he wanted but he wasn't going to get it that easily. Rewetting my finger, I briefly touched it to his lips but when he opened his mouth to try and touch his tongue to it I pulled it back and smiled naughtily at him.

"If you want it then you have to ask for it," I instructed him, "I'll do anything you want... ANYTHING mind you, but ONLY if you ask and you have to be specific... make that VERY specific."

Privately I'll say when it comes to men and sex, I like to be the one in control. Yet control can manifest in many ways. For instance, I think a lot of men believe that they are dominating when a woman sucks their dick but I would counter that the exact opposite is true. After all, who has their mouth and teeth around the most sensitive part of whose body? For me, I don't like to control as in being a dominatrix. Instead, I prefer to be more subtle. Leading and persuading are more difficult but yield such rewards. When I allow a man THINK he is control but yet totally determine the course of action, to me that means I'm in control. Following Ben's directions would make him feel in control, but he was doing it because I told him to, not because he was controlling me.

"I want to taste your nasty cunt," he demanded but from my response he quickly learned the rules of the game.

"Gotta be more specific than THAT," I teased him as I once again put my finger to my mouth and licked it off. Mmmmmmm, again I LOVED the taste of my pussy!

He frowned at first but then brightened up as he grasped the concept. "Alright then... put your finger up as far as you can into your pussy and then let me lick it off."

That was better. After all, it wasn't like I didn't want to do it myself! Reaching down I pressed my middle finger up into me, bending over slightly to get the right angle so I could get it in all the way or at least as far as I could. For a few moments I stroked my finger in and out of me, imagining how much better it was going to feel in just a little bit when it was replaced with that beautifully erect dick that was trying to burst from his jeans.

Pulling out my finger, I put it on Ben's lips at which point he opened his mouth and took it in like a pacifier, sucking off my pussy taste.

"Fuck you taste good," he sighed a I removed my now "clean" finger. "Now put your leg up here and let me get it straight from the source."

He reached out and put one hand on each of my buttocks and pulled me in closer. The reaching down with his right hand, he lifted my left leg up sop my foot was on the bed next to him. Then he scooted back until he could lean over and pushed his face into my crotch. His tongue reached out like a snake and started to lick the outer parts of my pussy as I held onto his shoulder to keep my balance. Soon he had his hand cupping my crotch and then was working his own finger into me, first one and then followed by a second.

"Fuck you're wet, aren't you?" he mumbled with his mouth against me.

Ben's tongue worked down as he finger fucked me, licking my clit and then my pussy was his fingers moved in and out of me. God it felt so good! For a guy he was pretty good at eating pussy, better than most I would say.

I pushed out my hips to drive my crotch into his face as his tongue worked its magic on my clit and his fingers continued to stroke non-stop inside of me. I was soooooo close!

"That's it Ben... lick me right there," I gasped as he flattened his tongue against my clit and pushed it around, "Oh god, don't stop... don't you fucking stop now!"

With one hand on his shoulder I used the other to push his head into my crotch. Whether he could breathe or not wasn't my concern - I just wanted to cum... and cum hard.

Then it hit... my orgasm screamed though me as I thrust my hips into his face, trying to keep from falling as my leg felt weak under me. Oh wow, this was it! Wave after wave of the most pure pleasure surged through me, driven by the intense sensations generated by Ben's mouth on me together with what now must have been three fingers up my pussy. He had his other hand gripping my ass, his finger exploring the entrance to my ass and then pushing its way in so he had fingers in both my holes now.

When I finally came back to earth all I could think about was one thing - I wanted to be fucked. It didn't matter to me what position or even whose dick it was, I just wanted a cock inside of me. At the moment there was one readily available and if I had anything to say about it then it would soon be buried to the hilt in my throbbing pussy. Fortunately Ben had the same idea...

Pulling his face away from me, he looked up at me with a grin as he wiped my cum from his face with the back of his hand.

"Bend over," he said roughly, grabbing me by the hips and twisting me around to face the bed as he got up behind me.

I leaned over the bed, my ass rising up in the air as he pushed my feet apart with his feet, his shoes still on as I heard him unbuckle his belt and drop his jeans.

He didn't even bother to take of his shoes and step out of his jeans and underwear before I felt the tip of his erection poking against my butt.

"Damn, I've been wanting to fuck you all day... hell, ever since we left Pittsburgh," he growled as he maneuvered his dick into position. No sooner did I feel the head of his dick against the entrance to my pussy than he thrust forward, driving his hard dick into me all the way in one swift motion.

"Oh Godddddddddd!," I cried out as it felt like he was filling me with his dick.

I love the feeling I get when a man first enters me, it's like I'm empty and in need and then suddenly he fills me and I feel complete. Usually I prefer to feel him push into me slowly, gradually entering me as I take in every inch of him. This time though it was like one second I was empty and then the next he was drilling deep inside of me.

"Fuck me Ben... oh god fuck me!" I groaned as he started to stroke quickly in and out of me.

With each thrust he slammed his crotch against my ass, his balls swinging out to hit me. I was so wet it sounded almost obscene as he would slowly draw himself out until just the tip was in me and then drive it back quickly back in me again, only to repeat the process over and over.

"Shit, you're so much tighter than Kristen," Ben groaned as he fucked me faster.

Talk about music to my ears! I loved knowing my pussy was tighter than my cousins, even after having fucked hundreds of men over the years. Lord only knew what things men did to her when she was hooking so it wasn't a big surprise that she wasn't exactly as tight as a sixteen year-old anymore.

At the rate he was going I was wondering how long he would last. It wasn't like he was a spring chicken anymore and I had no idea how fast he could recover so I wanted this first time to last a while.

Ben seemed to sense the same as suddenly he pulled out without warning, grabbed me by the waist and all but threw me up onto the bed on my back. Stripping quickly, he dumped his clothes on the floor and jumped up onto the bed, pushing me onto my side as he moved in behind me.

"Fuck I want more of that tight pussy," he said gruffly as he lifted my upper leg so my foot was resting on his leg.

I felt him reach down and position his dick once again but he was so anxious to fuck me again that he was having trouble lining up so I reached down and brushed him aside so I could guide him to the target. I was rewarded for my efforts by the feeling of him in me again, only this time he had his arm around me and was squeezing my boobs with his hand as I felt his hot breath against the back of my neck.

"You love it don't you?" he asked rhetorically as he fucked me, "Just like your cousin and her mother... you're whole family is nothing but a bunch of cock-loving whores... I bet you'll do just about anyone just to get laid, won't you?"

Another time, another place, and words like that would have earned him a slap in the face but this wasn't that time or place. I knew it was his dick doing the talking now and I also knew what he wanted to hear and so I didn't disappoint him.

"Oh yeah, fuck me... fuck me like a whore," I came back, "Fuck me like the hundreds of men before you."

Now some men might be turned off if the girl he was screwing reminded him of just how many men had fucked her before him, especially when the number was in the triple digits. Not Ben. If anything he seemed all the more turned by the numbers.

"Damn, I can't believe that many men have had this pussy... and STILL so fuckin' tight," he countered, "I'm gonna fuck you better than any of them."

Well, now it WAS all his fantasy as I've been laid by some pretty incredible men. Physically, I've had cocks that would have made Ben's look downright puny but cock size doesn't really mean anything so long as it's big enough to get in me and fill me enough to make me cum. What really makes it memorable for me is all about the emotional aspects. That's why my "best" fucks have all been by my husband and father. Like, how can sex with ANY man compare to having the man you pledged your life to, or the man you have fully submitted yourself to?

Then there's all the crazy circumstances where it's WHERE I've been fucked that makes all the difference. Wow, where do I even begin? Heck, even my first BJ was memorable being in the middle of a movie theater and me a total virgin - pussy AND mouth. What about the time my boyfriend fucked me in the lake with all the kids swimming all around us?

Then there was my dad "hiring" me and my cousin to act as escorts for his clients while he joined in, them having no idea what his true relationship was with us. I could go on and on but you get the idea. Yes, I LOVED Ben fucking me but to say he was better than all the ones before, hardly. Still, I was certainly enjoying it!

I had my eyes closed and was focused on the action between my legs when again Ben pulled out without warning and this time he pushed me on my back while he moved on top of me in a classic missionary position. I knew what that usually meant - he was getting close.

Once Ben's dick was buried in me again I lifted my legs and wrapped them around him, locking my ankles to pull myself tightly into him. Ben was holding himself up on his hands, lifting himself above me as he drove his hips into me to drive his dick deep inside of me. I lifted my head up and looked down to where I could see his hairy crotch up against my pussy, his cock out of sight but I could feel where it was - in me! He must have been really close as he was just circling his hips causing his dick to move around in circles inside of em and then he groaned and held himself still as I felt his cock surging inside of me, telling me that he was shooting his load into me.

"That's it Ben... cum in me, fill me with your sperm," I moaned loudly as Ben released load after load of into me, taking me more like he as mating me like a bitch in heat. There was no love, no emotional attachment. He was fucking me, pure and simple, with the sole intent to feel good and take me as a man only can when he mates a woman.

When he was done he dropped down and for a moment I was afraid he would crush me but he caught himself just in time on his elbows. He was breathing so heavily and his face was so red I was concerned he might have a heart attack! Finally he rolled over beside me, his cock spilling out of me, leaving a part of him inside of me.

His cock was still hard but I knew that wouldn't last for long so somehow I picked myself up and bent over him, taking it in my mouth to savor the rich flavor of the mixture of female cum and male sperm that coated it. Mmmmmmm, talk about a treat! Ben groaned as I sucked on his overly-sensitive dick but he didn't make any effort to stop me. Unfortunately, any hope of salvaging his erection for another round quickly disappeared, just as the size of his dick did while it was in my mouth.

Somewhat satisfied, I laid on my side and draped my leg over him, pressing my freshly fucked pussy against his hip and rubbing myself on him like a dog in heat. My boobs pressed against his side as he put his arm around me and pulled me in tightly against him.

As we laid there on the bed, naked and momentarily exhausted after sex, I wondered how long it Would take him to recover. I only knew that if he thought he was only to cum in me once then he had better think again!

## 4. Kristen and Me With My Dad

Night #3 came quick as the guys had slept half the day away after gorging on our Thanksgiving feast leftovers. On the brighter side, it meant we could change to the TV to something other than boring football games. Alas, all good things must come to an end and by supper their stomachs were ready for more leftovers after which we all got stuck watching more football - BORIONG!

During the day as the guys snored away we girls debated as to what out plans would be for the evening. It took a while to decide as we could only discuss things when my grandmother was out of the room which wasn't all that often as she enjoyed having a houseful of relatives over at last. Not for the first time I felt a sense of relief that Marlene hadn't come with us.

As part of our discussion it was sort of fun to reminisce about the past and how much things had changed since we were teens. My aunt was the one to bring up the first time Kristen and I had sex together with my dad.

"You have NO idea how much I wish I'd had a video camera that day," she said to me ruefully, shaking her head in mock despair, "Actually I was amazed that we were able to keep it all a secret from you for so long as we did."

Of course she was referring to the Fourth of July family picnic the summer after my first year of college. The picnic itself was something we'd done for as long as I could remember but that year's had been something special - it included our first family orgy. When I'd left for college I knew my dad would miss fucking my young pussy and indeed, I missed it myself... a LOT! Still, it wasn't like he didn't have options with my Aunt Linda always available at his beck and call.

While I was consigned to masturbation and lesbian sex with my roomie, I thought my poor dad was suffering manfully while he waited for me to return home. Well, little did I know that I was barely out of the house when my cousin Kristen stepped in as my "replacement"! Somehow during breaks they managed to keep it a secret from me and indeed, for almost two months into the summer break I still hadn't a clue. Sure the signs were all there but unless you were looking for them they were pretty easy to mistake for business as usual. I mean like to see my cousin and her mother running naked around our house wasn't exactly fodder for the nightly news and having the two of them flirting with my dad was just normal uncle-niece playfulness so far as I knew.

The whole story is in my diary so I won't repeat it here except to say I was quite shocked to learn the truth although I quickly adapted and for the first time had sex with my dad with another girl that was younger than me - the previous two being my mom and her sister.

Actually, other than our annual tradition which now took on even MORE traditions, Kristen and I seldom were together with my dad. Not that he didn't fuck her - he did that a LOT, especially when I was off to school. It was more like when I was home I wanted him to take ME and not have to share him with anyone, not even my mom for the most part unless it was something to celebrate like his birthday or Father's Day.

While I certainly didn't mind anyone watching, I much preferred just one-on-one sex with him where he could take me and give me his love and show his true feelings of lust and respect for me. The lust part was obvious, LOL, but the respect came from how he never took advantage of his position. As his daughter and a Christian I submit totally to my father and I would do ANYTHING he asked me to do. Still, while he knows he can ask for the world, my dad also knows that there are things I don't enjoy and some that I even despise such as anal sex. The fact that my dad LOVES anal sex yet never asks me to allow him to fuck my ass is a tremendous testimonial to the respect he has for me as a woman and his daughter.

My Aunt Linda was actually the one to suggest that Kristen and I sleep with my dad. My immediate reaction was to wonder if she was thinking more of my dad or her? Like, it was certainly generous of her to think of how to please my father for the evening. Still, at the same time that left her alone with our husbands - a situation she had yet to take advantage of so far as I knew. Whether it was curiosity or just being a little playful, I decided to call her out.

"Sounds great Aunt Linda but if we're with my dad, where does that leave our husbands? I mean like I don't see the two of them sleeping together."

Everyone laughed at that as if there was one irrefutable point it was that neither guy had a gay bone in his body. The very idea of them even sharing a bed, let alone having sex, was simply unimaginable.

All eyes turned to Steve and Ben, both of them who obviously knew what Linda had in mind when she made her suggestion. Ben looked at Steve who shrugged and turned to the rest of us.

"Well I guess that means Ben and I will just have to keep Linda warm tonight."

Again everyone laughed and Ben picked up the conversation saying, "Well, if we really HAVE to, I guess I could do it."

Yeah right, like the instant boners they both had at the very idea wasn't a dead give-away.

My dad returned then with my grandmother after talking about something in the kitchen. We all tried to hold back our laughter but it was obvious something was going on.

"Ummmmm..., something you guys want to share?" my dad asked.

It was all each of us could do not to laugh out loud again as my dad seemed puzzled as to what he had said that we found so funny.

I was sorely tempted to answer with some smart remark like, "Oh you'll find out later," or "We'll share it with you soon," but I doubted my grandmother would have appreciated the humor. As it was, it was already a little uncomfortable in that it was pretty obvious we had been discussion something we didn't want her to hear and that generally meant something incestual.

When bedtime finally came, or at least time to go to bed, we all dutifully headed to our "normal" bedrooms. Steve closed the door behind me and I didn't waste a moment stripping off my clothes.

"Somebody's horny," Steve teased me, taking a seat on the edge of the bed.

I wasn't quite sure how to respond. On the one hand, I WAS horny! If there was one thing I knew turned on Steve (well, there are LOTS of things that turn him on but this was one) it was to see me getting all hot and bothered. All I had to do was get a little flushed and reach between my legs to grab his full attention. Standing in front of him totally nude except for a gold ankle bracelet, my pussy was aching for relief and when he hinted at something like he just had, I knew he was hoping to see me start to masturbate for him.

On the other hand, what was making me all horny was the prospect of being fucked by my dad along with my cousin in just a few minutes. Steve was not exactly a prude by any definition of the word and if anything he loved to watch me having sex with other men. He once explained it to me that the more a guy got off with me the more he loved it as he knew for that guy it was usually a one-time thing and all he could do after was to wish for more. What turned him on was knowing that HE could have me anytime he wanted for as long as he wanted - and that the other guy was jealous of him because of it.

The only time Steve had seen my dad fucking me was back before he proposed to me. I knew he was getting close and I didn't want to have to postpone my answer while I waited for him to deal with my incest responsibilities. I had learned from my Aunt's divorce what could happen if you married a man without having his full consent regarding incest and I wasn't going to make the same mistake. Thus I wanted to get it out in the open and out of the way before I agreed to marry anyone. At the same time I didn't want to say anything TOO soon in case he never actually proposed in which case who knew who he would tell depending on how bad the breakup went.

What I ended up doing was hiding Steve in the closet while my dad fucked me in the cabin where we were all meeting for Thanksgiving that year. Honestly, I think Steve thought I was pulling his leg about having sex with my dad and didn't fully believe me until he actually saw my dad's dick inside of me and witnessed my father filling me with his incestual cum.

Whereas most every guy I know loves to fantasize about incest, at the same time it's almost always about someone else having an incestual relationship. In Steve's case, while he was extremely intimate with his mother, much more than what the majority of people would consider "appropriate", there was still a line never to be crossed. Even the thinnest, most sheer negligee was enough to create a "barrier" when it came to touching his mother's breasts. So long as there was no actual skin-to-skin contact, it was OK.

So it was with how my husband viewed me and my dad. For me to run around half naked in front of my father was fine with him. I could sit on his lap while he sported a raging erection but so long as I had a nightshirt between his dick and my butt, all was cool with him. It even went one step further than with his own mother in that so long as he couldn't actually SEE anything it was OK. Like, I could reach into my dad's pants and stroke his dick so long as there wasn't anything to actually see.

As far as Steve was willing to go, for me to actually have sex with dad in front of him... well THAT was too much. I guess technically I could've sat on my dad's lap with a robe or something covering me and rode his dick with Steve in the room but I knew it made him uncomfortable and that all goes back to the respect thing again.

So anyway... here I was with a warm wet pussy, about ready to leave my husband for my father's bed, and I didn't know what to say to my husband. Well, there is ALWAYS one thing a wife can say to her husband that is ALWAYS OK...

"I love you Steve," I said softly as I reached over to put my arms around his neck and kiss him.

I felt my husband strong arms encircle me and pull me into him until my boobs were pressed against his chest while his hands each grabbed a fistful of my bare ass. Mmmmmmm, as horny as I was if I didn't leave soon I Knew that I wouldn't be leaving for a lot longer time!

"Have fun with Aunt Linda," I whispered in his ear and gave him one last peck on the cheek.

Now THAT I knew was something I need not worry about. For whatever reason Steve loved fucking my aunt and I knew that he was often over at their house to get a piece of her whenever I wasn't available. In fact, I think he fucked my aunt a lot more than my cousin, as in almost always my aunt - especially now that Kristen was married to Ben.

This would be the first time that he would be doing her with a guy other than my dad which I thought would probably be for the best. Steve would never fuck me along with my dad and I think that influenced him somewhat with anyone my dad fucked, even Linda. To do her with another guy closer to his age was probably going to be a dream come true for them both.

"See you in the morning babe," he said, blowing me as kiss as I stepped through the doorway. I probably should have worn a robe but my grandmother's bedroom door was shut and I wanted to make an "entrance" when I entered my dad's bedroom. What better than to be 100% nude?

Walking swiftly down the hallway, I listened at the door and thought I heard something but wasn't quite sure so I turned the doorknob and opened the door. I was just about to jump in wearing nothing but a smile when I saw my dad wasn't alone. Wouldn't you know it, my cousin had beat me to the punch!

"Hey cuz, what took you so long? Sorry, I couldn't wait."

Kristen was grinning from ear to ear, obviously pleased with herself to be the first to get my dad's dick for the night and she certainly hadn't wasted a moment in climbing aboard. My dad was laying on his back with his head resting on a couple of pillows pilled in behind his head while Kristen was riding him reverse cowgirl such that she was facing the door as I entered. I doubted it was a coincidence that her first position was such that she could look me in the eyes as I came in while she was bouncing playfully on my father's rigid erection.

Well, I wasn't about to give her the satisfaction of showing any sadness or displeasure. Instead, I simply climbed up on the bad and swung one leg over my dad's chest and held onto the headboard while I positioned my wet pussy directly over my dad's face.

"Hi daddy!" I greeted him cheerfully with my first words of the night.

"Well hello yourself little girl," he said back with a grin as my pussy dangled just inches from his mouth.

"Eat my pussy daddy," I demanded, trying my best to ignore the rocking movement as my cousin rode his dick behind me.

Lowering myself downward, my dad put one hand on each of my hips and pulled me into his mouth, his tongues extending to lick my shaved pussy as it came into contact with his face.

God it felt so good to feel my father's tongue on my sensitive clit! My dad knew exactly where and how to lick me after having done so more than any other man in my life (although Steve was making a valiant effort to catch up). Other than my mom, my dad was probably the best person when it came to eating me and that includes women as well. Well as they say, practice makes perfect.

My grip tightened on the headboard as Kristen was moving around behind me. As it turned out she was twisting herself around such that she was facing me while on her knees as she straddle my dad's torso. I felt her arms around me as she put them over each of my boobs and started playing with my nipples between her fingers.

"Mmmmmmm, been a while, eh cuz?" she murmured in my ear as I tried to focus simultaneously on my dad's tongue and her talented fingers.

She was right, it HAD been a while. It's amazing how fast time can go by and it had been months since the last time we got together for some fun. For a moment my mind drifted to a few nights we'd spent together when we both were horny without a date... wow!

"Oh daddy... just like that!" I exclaimed, jumping a little as my dad's tongue pushed up inside of me. Any thoughts of Kristen were pushed aside as my dad brought me to my first orgasm of the evening.

"Already?" was all Kristen said as she reached down to touch my pussy as my orgasm peaked, "Damn, I'm jealous!"

She pulled her hand away so I took one of mine off the headboard, using the other to rip for dear life as I felt like I was going to leap off the bed at any moment if my dad didn't stop his relentless assault on my poor pussy. God it felt so damn GOOD!

Kristen started to groan and moan as my orgasm slowly waned and I knew why she had pulled away from me - she was doing herself as she fucked my dad.

"Oh yeah!" she cried out, a little too loudly as I was sure my grandmother would hear her in the adjoining bedroom, "Fuck me Uncle John... Fuck me harder!"

In reality it was HER doing the work as my dad more or less just laid there on his back. Really, what could he do with two girls on top of him, one riding his cock while crying out from her first orgasm of the night and the other rubbing her wet pussy against his lips and cheeks?

"My turn," I said rather demandingly as I pulled away from my father's face and laid down in the bed with my back up against my father's warm nude body - make that HOT nude body as he was already glistening with seat and the night was still young.

"Hang on.. almost done," Kristen groaned as she rubbed her pussy furiously to keep her orgasm going as long as possible. She gave one more heavy groan and then more or less fell to the side, allowing my dad's glistening cock which was still rock hard.

My neck was getting sore from twisting around to watch so I straightened it out and was rewarded with the feel of my dad turning to spoon me.

"I bet your little pussy's hungry for some daddy cock, am I right?" he teased me as he snuggled in closer to me, his dick poking me in the lower back.

"Oh daddy, stop teasing me and fuck me!"

As wet and horny I was now after him licking me to an orgasm, his hard dick slid easily into me as he pressing his crotch into my bare ass to plunge himself deeper and deeper into me. Within seconds he was stroking his incestuous dick in and out of me in slow steady movements. Oh yean, now THIS is what I'd wanted so badly to tell Steve that I was looking forward to, the feel of my own father's cock filling me as I laid there in total submission.

At the moment I had no idea what Kristen was doing but she was the last thing on my mind. I closed my eyes and focused on just one thing, the feel of my father's erection as he moved it slowly in and out of me as if he was trying to stretch out the time it took him to cum so he could fuck me as long as possible. I felt his hand work

A sharp thrust and then a quiver against my ass as he started to ejaculate within me. I knew that with each thrust yet another rope of his thick cum was spying from the tip of his dick deep inside of me.

Again as we all watched the riveting replay later the next day, I wondered if this was for the camera but no such thoughts were in my head as he pulled out and let the last couple of loads gush out over my pussy. Once he was done he quickly pushed it back into me and gave me a couple more strokes before just lying there still with his throbbing dick still in me.

"Oh daddy, that feels so good," I moaned with my eyes shut tight. Little did I know how well that line would go over when the others watched. They all teased me a little but there was no mistaking the intensity of my feelings at the time.

While I was pretty confident that my dad had taken his pill beforehand, he still was going to take a while to recover as he finally turned onto his back allowing his withering cock to slide from my cum-filled pussy. "Here Uncle John, take this while I do Kelly," Kristen said as she handed the phone to my dad.

With a shove she pushed me on my back and then she got back in bed again, kneeling between my legs.

"Ready?" she asked. I knew she wasn't asking me - it was my dad she was waiting for as he fumbled with the phone.

"Just push that thing on the bottom to the left for photos," she instructed him as he seemed unsure as to what to do.

He figured it out and took a shot of her as she posed with her face right over my freshly fucked pussy. Turning the camera to Kristen, she nodded her approval and waited for him to get ready again. Once he gave her the thumbs up she lowered her head and started to lick my pussy and lick the cum from my pussy where my dad had sprayed it just a few moments before.

"Oh yeah, not THAT's that I call a midnight snack," she said all with a grin as she licked her lips to get the last drop of cum. I didn't tell her it wasn't anywhere near midnight but why spoil her mood?

"Here, lift your fat ass cuz," she teased me as she tried to shove a pillow under my butt to make it easier to eat me.

I just let the "fat as" dig go by, she knew full well how had the bigger ass between us and it wasn't me, not by a long shot! I lifted my butt so she could shove it in under me and then she put her hands on my inner thighs and pushed my legs up to lift my butt up even more. Pausing a moment to pose for my dad, she plunged her face into my wet pussy, almost attacking it as she gobbled up the cum which was now draining from my pussy down to my ass and the pillow below it.

"Oh god!" I exclaimed as her nose pressed against my sensitive clit.

"She's pretty good, isn't she?" my dad observed.

"Don't worry daddy, you're still the best," I comforted him even though it was a slight white lie in that my mom was in a league of her own when it came to oral sex.

"God that's so fucking hot!" he groaned as he got up on his knees to get a better angle of my cousin's face in between my legs.

Yep, two girls - always a winner for the guys. Two cousins, even better. One licking his cum from the other's pussy after he'd just fucked her... priceless.

"Don't you dare stop," I threatened her as I felt another orgasm arising within me, "Don't you fucking stop now!"

"OH FUCK!" I couldn't help but cry out as she made me cum. My pussy gushed and the remained of my dad's cum flooded out of me into Kristen's waiting tongue as she lapped it up like a cat at a bowl of warm milk. Hopefully her camera had a lot of memory from the number of pics my dad was taking. I didn't care... all I cared about was my cousin's mouth as she licked me and rubbed her nose against my clit.

"Come here," I begged her, my arms reaching out to her.

Kristen moved her naked body on top of me, her boobs pressing against mine as we kissed and she shared the delicious flavor of my freshly fucked pussy. Damn it tasted so good!

We twisted until we were on our sides and for the next few minutes we just kissed and hugged each other like tow lovers. Damn, it had been ages since my cousin and I had made out like this and I realized just how much I missed doing this with her.

"Ummmmm, do I get any attention?" my dad finally broke in or we might have gone on all night.

We both looked at him where he was stroking himself as he watched us. His dick wasn't at its fully erect state, not by an means, but it wasn't entirely flaccid either. From plenty of past experience I knew the only difference now was just a little attention...

We both started to go for him but I pushed Kristen aside gently but firmly.

"You fucked him first so I get to suck him first," I said, "It's only fair."

In a way it was rather funny in that normally I would have sucked my dad for as long as possible before he fucked me but today it was all upside down. Kristen has been in such a hurry to one-up her cousin that she had just mounted him immediately without so much as a lick on his shaft.

Well, I corrected THAT in a few moments, taking my dad's semi-flaccid cock in my mouth and sucking on it softly with my tongue playing along the tip. His crotch had a thick heavy musky odor now that was tempered by the smell and taste of pussy - mine and Kristen's. Mmmmmmm, it was so erotic!

"OK, now I get some," Kristen demanded after I'd sucked on him for a few minutes. I wasn't about to pushed away THATY quickly though and I refused to give ground, keeping his dick firmly in my mouth.

"Now girls, no fighting," my dad chuckled, "There's plenty for both of you."

What I REALLY wanted was to feel my dad grow in my mouth. It was one of those things that really turned me on when I suck any cock - to feel it grow in my mouth. Face it, 99% of the time by the time I get a guy's dick in my mouth he's at full erection mode already. It's rare that I get to actually feel it enlarge and become thick and hard inside my mouth. Don't ask me to explain why, it just fascinates me and really turns me on.

At this moment that was exactly what was happening and I was not about to give it over to Kristen now just as it was starting to grow. Indeed, he had already grown substantially since I'd started and I knew it would only take a few more minutes at this pace to get him fully erect... and THEN Kristen could have it.

"I know what you're doing and it's not fair!" she huffed, obviously disappointed as she could see what was happening when I let him slide out of my mouth a little. Oh well little cousin, life isn't fair!

Soon my dad had regained his erection to where he was pressing against the back of my throat when I took him in all the way. Lifting my head up, I grinned at Kristen and nodded at my dad's dick.

"OK, you can have it now."

She just glared at me but she didn't waste any time replacing my mouth with hers. Meanwhile, as my cousin blew her uncle I moved up and offered him my boob to suck on. I loved the feel of his lips as he tugged ion my erect nipple and then the soothing touch of his wet tongue as he ran little circles around it. My dad was more a leg man and pussy lover but he wasn't about to turn down my boobs, at least not when I practically pushed them in his face.

After a while I went back down and joined Kristen as the two of us finally shared his dick between us, running our tongues up and down opposite sides and then switching back and forth to take him as deep into our mouths as we could one after the other.

"Damn girls, if you keep doing that I'm not going to be able to stop myself," my dad sighed, followed by a deep groan as Kristen took him down her throat, " Yeah, I mean like that."

Pushing us gently away, he sat up in bed with his wet cock pointed up to the ceiling. The two of us sat back on our heels, waiting to hear what he wanted next... and who. He'd fucked us both but I'd gotten his cum so it was only fair that Kristen get the next load as it would likely be the last but then again, as I'd told Kristen before, life isn't fair!

"It's like trying to decide between impossible choices," my dad sighed as he looked at me and then at my cousin, "I guess there's only one choice - do you both."

With that he positioned us both doggy style ion the edge of the bed with our knees on the edge and our lower legs and feet hanging off the side. We were side by side, our naked bodies pressed against one another as he had us lower down to our elbows so our pussies were more easily accessible.

"Now THAT is one incredible sight," he said as he stood back and stared at us, "Damn... stay that way for a minute... don't move a muscle."

He hustled over to the bed and pushed the covers around until he found Kristen's phone.

"OK, say cheese," he teased us as he moved around until he got the shot he wanted, "Finger your pussies now."

Dutifully we did as he told us, spreading our pussy lips apart and then rubbing ourselves and pushing our fingers in our pussies as he took one shot after another. I couldn't help but feel like one of those porn stars on the internet as it was such a classic pose.

"Fuck, enough of that, I'm gonna fuck some pussy now," he grunted as he laid the camera aside and moved up behind Kristen first.

Without any hesitation, he rammed his dick into her to the hilt, pushing her forward as she grunted from the force of his entry. Rather than pull out and do it again, he pulled out and quickly moved in between my legs and did the same to me. Like Kristen, I couldn't help but grunt as he suddenly rammed it deep inside of me and pressed in hard against my ass like he wanted to see just how far he could get it in me.

Well, he had said he was going to do us both and indeed, that was just what he did. Back and forth he went, a stroke in her and then in me and then back in her again. Finally as he tired he started to do two and then three strokes before he would switch pussies.

"Oh shit, I'm getting old," he gasped finally after going on for a while this way. He was fucking me at the time, now getting in maybe a half dozen stroked before he switched back to my cousin.

He pulled out of me then but instead of entering his niece he took a seat on the edge of the bed and pulled Kristen on top of him. She was still on her feet facing away from him as he pulled her down onto his dick.

"Sorry babe, I can't keep doing all the work, now fuck me."

Kristen knew what to do as it was pretty obvious what he wanted. I sat on the edge of the bed next to them, one leg bent under me with the other foot on the floor. My pussy was screaming for more attention and while it really wanted my dad's dick, for the moment it made do with my finger as I masturbated and watched my dad being fucked by my horny little cousin.

"OK Kelly, your turn," he said to my surprise. Wow, he was really holding out this time!

Kristen reluctantly made room for me as I got into position and reached back for my dad's dick. Kristen proved to be a good sport of it and instead she grabbed my dad's wet shaft and guided it into my pussy for me as I sat down and felt it slide into me.

He must have been closer than he had realized as I'd only been riding him for less than a minute when he suddenly pushed me off and motioned for Kristen to get aboard.

"Sorry sweetheart, I promised her a load too," he apologized as Kristen grinned at me.

His attention quickly switched back to my cousin's pussy now enveloping his dick as he moaned while he came inside of her. Kristen was grinning from ear to ear as she looked at me, obviously pleased that she was getting it instead of me.

Now it was my turn to eat my dad's cum from my cousin's pussy. This time my dad didn't worry about the camera as he leaned back and let Kristen lay on top of him as I licked and ate her pussy right over his rapidly dwindling dick. I even got in a few licks of his dick while it was available. It didn't take long before she was

do with either two brothers (not necessarily mine) or a father and son both taking me at the same time.

For my dad, you could say he hit the Trifecta! Not only did he get to fuck me as a teen as well as my cousin Tammy when she was only fourteen, but he got to do two or more girls at the same time (either me and my cousin Kristen or me and my mom or some other combination). Then to top it all, he got the mother-daughter box checked off when me and my mom joined forces to please him. Not many men get to realize all three of the top fantasies - and at the same time no less!

My husband Steve pretty much has the same opportunities as my dad and trust me, he takes full advantage of them. Sometimes I wish his mother would join in with us but that doesn't seem likely to ever happen. Unfortunately for him there's nobody younger left to fuck in the family so anything like that he has to do with my dad and Aunt when they go to their family parties. Still, overall I would say Steve's sex life is better than he ever could have imagined growing up and how many husbands can make THAT claim?

Then there's Ben, my cousin Kristen's new husband. When you marry a woman you met as a prostitute then it shouldn't come as any surprise that she doesn't exactly have a typical family life. Still, I have to wonder if he really understood what he was getting himself into... or should I say WHO he would be getting into? LOL. No doubt he had to expect that his wife wouldn't exactly be monogamous but so far as I know Kristen didn't reveal her incestual leanings until after their vows were exchanged. Again, while I'm sure it had to be a bit of a shock, it couldn't have been anything nearly as great as it would've been had he married a "normal" woman, meaning one that wasn't turning tricks for years with him as one of her clients.

We'd been quietly debating all day what to do this evening. There were even suggestions like heading up to go clubbing in Chicago but we didn't think it would be right to leave my grandmother when we were supposed to be visiting.

In the end the decision was sort of surprising to me. It was something we hadn't done in quite a while, in fact not since my mother had left my dad and moved out to Oregon. The guys were pretty all for it, even my dad who I would have thought would be the one to oppose it. I guess after a couple of nights of hot sex he'd loosened up a bit - at least for the holiday weekend.

No sooner had my grandmother's bedroom door shut than we all gathered in my dad and aunt's bedroom. I have to admit I felt both excited and a bit worried. In our previous "family orgies" it was always my dad with multiple girls - his wife, daughter, etc. Tonight the numbers were even which meant rather than being the man in the middle so to say, he would now be just one of three hard dicks. Oh well, he hadn't said anything to oppose things so I guess we would just have to take him on his word.

My aunt assumed the motherly role to get things started, telling everyone to just strip and get it over with rather than fooling around with any kind of strip teasing or whatever. Now that sort of thing would have been fun for me but I could see her point. The room was crowded enough with six people so hers was probably the best suggestion. Within minutes everyone was naked and either seated on the bed or standing next to it. All the men were already fully erect but I guess I couldn't blame them for their lack of self-control.

Once again it was my aunt directing things and her experience clearly showed as she knew just what to do to get things off on the right foot. It was an easy decision actually as I have never met a guy who didn't enjoy watching two girls having sex - with three being even better.

# 6. Breakfast With My Grandmother

It probably should go without saying that Sunday morning came way too soon. Even so, my internal alarm clock worked perfectly. OK, so my bladder may have had something to do with it as well but either way I was awake at 7:30AM while everyone else was still sound asleep.

Looking around the room, it was quite a sight. Nothing but naked bodies draped over one another in no particular rhyme or order. The strong odor of sex lingered in the air. Whew, some air freshener was in order!

Grabbing a robe that I think was my aunt's, I wrapped it around me and hurried to the bathroom to deal with my immediate needs. As I stepped back out into the hallway, I was startled to almost run into my grandmother.

"Good morning," she greeted me with an odd smile, "So are you going to the service with me? Starts at 9:00 you know."

Well duh, like what was I supposed to say? My body was telling me that another couple hours of sleep wouldn't hurt but my heart and soul was tugging me to attend church. I really don't like to miss it and I always feel guilty when I do.

To answer her I just nodded to which she responded, "I'm guessing the rest won't be joining us."

She nodded her head at the bedroom door and it was immediately obvious she knew everyone was in the room together. Well, it wasn't up to me to explain our actions so I figured best to just let it go and she wasn't exactly pressing the issue anyways. I was just like always with her pretending that things happening right under her nose never happened.

I started to follow her to the kitchen but she politely but firmly put out her hand and wrinkled her nose.

"How about I get breakfast started and you take a shower first?"

While she didn't exactly say WHY I should take a shower, it was pretty obvious. First, my hair was a disaster and it didn't help that I could feel clumps of dried cum in it when I tried to run my fingers through it. I hadn't really noticed anyone cumming in my hair the night before but obviously someone had been shooting with some pretty good range!

Besides my hair, I knew I had to wreak with sex and it was going to take more than a little deodorant and perfume to mask the odor. Besides everything, the more I woke up the grungier I felt. Although first I felt a little embarrassed, I realized it would have been nothing had I sat down to have breakfast with her in this condition only to realize later how bad I must have looked and smelled to her.

As the hot water cascaded off my shoulders and head I scrubbed my well-fucked pussy thoroughly. One of the additional benefits of shaving your crotch is it makes it much easier to clean up after a good night of sex! As my fingers worked their way between my legs, memories of the night before came back and I started to rub myself more than necessary to get myself clean. Then I remembered my grandmother was probably cooking breakfast for me and it wouldn't be polite to be late just because I wanted to masturbate first - plenty of time for that after we ate.

Wrapping my hair up in a towel, I started to put on the robe but when I held it up to my nose I realized that wearing it would negate the benefits of the shower so I just found a larger towel to wrap around me. I glanced into the bedroom before heading to the kitchen but nobody had moved a muscle since I'd left!

"Better?" I asked as cheerfully as I could muster when I entered the kitchen.

"Yes, thank you Kelly," she said softly, "Sorry, I couldn't help but say something."

I gave her a hug and kissed her on the cheek and it seemed like everything was OK between us, at least for the moment. As I sat down I recalled how many times she and I had done this very thing - share breakfast while the rest of whoever was with us slept soundly away. It was sort of like our special time together and we'd had some pretty interesting conversations over the years! It appeared soon that this time would be no different.

"So I take it you all had fun last night after I went to bed?"

Whoa, now THAT one came out of the blue as until then we'd been talking about the new pastor and how she wasn't happy with the way he'd changed around the order of the service.

"I guess so," I said slowly, trying to stall for time so I could see where she was taking this.

"You know Kelly, I'm not all THAT naive," she said but her eyes stayed focused on the plate in front of her and never met mine. I waited patiently for her to continue, not wanting to say anything unnecessarily that might make things worse.

"It seems to me now that your mother is gone that you've lost whatever sensibility she maintained. I just can't see the sort of thing you people did last night in my own house happening if she had been here."

Several things alerted me... "the sort of thing you people did" and "in my own house" were the ones that hit home the most. It was like it was bad enough we had an incestual mini-orgy but what seemed to bug her the most was that we did it all but right in front of her. It wasn't like the old walls exactly muffled the sound of what was happening on the other side of the bedroom door, especially something like last night's heroics.

I fidgeted in my seat, adjusting the towel which was threatening to drop. Yeah, like THAT was just what I needed right now. Of all the similar conversations we'd had in the past, this one was perhaps the most uncomfortable for me. Prior to this they usually centered around her concern for me, like she was making sure that whatever was going on between me and my dad was something I wanted and not anything he was forcing upon me. It all stemmed back to when my grandfather first took my own mother. It wasn't rape as while not entirely against her will, it wasn't like she protested or told him "NO". In the end she was even thankful although I knew she never felt quite right that her mother didn't approve.

Yeah, this was different. My grandmother wasn't worried about ME this time, she was more pissed off that we had disrespected HER. It was like our "don't ask, don't tell" policy had been stretched past the limits to the point where she wasn't able to entirely ignore everything.

"Well grandma, you DO know that mom has changed quite a bit lately herself, don't you?" I started to say. Indeed, now that my mom wasn't bound by her marital vows she was a LOT more slutty than I ever could have dreamed she could be but my grandmother wasn't listening to any of that.

"No you just be quiet about your mother Kelly," she scolded me, her face turning a bit red, "She was always the good one, not like her sister god help us all. Just look at yourself and be thankful you had her for your mother instead of turning into what your cousin became."

I couldn't let that slide entirely so I started to respond saying, "Now Grandma, you know Kristen stopped doing that stud a while ago. She's even married now."

I paused to catch my breath but before I could continue my grandmother cut back in with, "Like I said Kelly, I'm really not that stupid. Do you think I don't know how she and Linda manage to sell so many properties?"

Wow, it was ALL coming out now. She must have been even more upset than I'd thought. Actually, I was a little surprised that she even knew about the "benefits" of buying a home from my Aunt Linda. Then again, it's not the sort of thing you can keep a secret amongst family forever.

Then she leaned over and said quietly as if worried someone might hear her. Judging by my last peek into the bedroom the odds of THAT happening were about zero but I didn't say anything.

"I'm sorry Kelly, it's just so hard for me to comprehend sometimes, even after all these years. How can you even think about setting foot in church this morning after what you did last night?"

Well, I could take only so much before I had to draw the line. "Grandma, I didn't do anything last night that I am ashamed of in the slightest. If anything, I'm proud of it."

Now it was her turn to be exasperated. "Kelly, you committed incest and adultery. How can you be proud of that?"

"Well, incest maybe but not adultery," I muttered under my breath but as old as she was she still heard me.

"Listen Kelly, don't give me any of that crap about it not being adultery if it's incest. Committing one sin doesn't offset another. You're mother tried pulling that one and I didn't buy it then and I most certainly am not buying it now."

"I'm sorry Grandma, I just don't see it that way. Now do you want me to go to church with you or am I too unclean to sit next to you in the pew?"

Maybe a little too much but she got the message and the conversation ended in what could be best described as a draw. I helped her with the dishes and then hurried to my bedroom to change. Thankfully we hadn't used that room last night so my clothes were pretty much all where I'd left them. I'd brought along a rather conservative floral dress just for church, at least it was conservative for me. Although still a few inches above my knees, it was perhaps the longest in my closet.

Back in the kitchen my grandmother was waiting for me, her Bible open in front of her - no doubt to the anti-incest and adultery pages but I wasn't about to reopen that conversation again. She looked up at me and her eyes covered me critically.

"No bra? Really Kelly?" she sighed with exasperation as she closed her Bible.

In the first place, I hadn't brought one so it wasn't like I made a conscious decision NOT to wear one. I thought the dress was thick enough that my nipples wouldn't be poking through and an earlier glance in the mirror hadn't drawn any attention but apparently she was able to figure out I was missing something - probably the lack of a strap line.

"Well I hope you're at least wearing underwear then," she muttered shaking her head.

I just ignored that one. Of course I was wearing underwear! Like, I WAS going to church with my ultra-conservative grandmother, not my father, so I wasn't about to even think about drawing such attention to myself. Not that they were exactly granny panties but then they weren't a full-blown thing either. Tasteful is how I would classify them.

"How do you girls even walk in those things?" she asked as we went out to her car for the short drive to church.

I glanced down and shrugged. It wasn't like I was wearing six-inch stilettos or anything like that. I thought they were rather classy - black strapless with maybe a four-inch heel. Not like they were clear stripper heels!

In the end church went just fine. My grandmother introduced me to her friends and even the pastor. I almost laughed when even the pastor managed a quick downward glance at my cleavage although I doubted anyone noticed it was so fast. Hey, he's a man too and most men can't entirely stop the instinct so it didn't bother me at all.

By the time we got home the rest of the gang was up and my dad was already packing the SUV. I hadn't planned to wear a dress on the trip home and especially not the heels but my dad had already packed the suitcases so I wasn't left with a choice. Seeing how the guys were looking at me in my dress, somehow I don't think it was entirely coincidental that my clothes had been locked up so quickly!

We all kissed and hugged my grandmother goodbye and it was back on the road for the ten hour trip home. You would have thought that after all the sex the night before that everyone would have been worn out and settle in for the trip.

You might have thought so but then you would've been wrong, LOL.

# 7. The Trip Home

Actually, with the SUV loaded up as full as it was we didn't really get into any sort of crazy doings on the way home. Kristen was the one to start flashing her boobs at the truckers. Not to be outdone I flashed a few of my own and we even finally managed to talk my aunt into doing it a couple of times herself. It made me wonder what the truckers were saying on their radios to each other. Were some of them making deliberate moves to pull up alongside of us?

The only other real "event" was when my aunt dared me and Kristen to relive one of our older car games that we use to play when travelling together - see who could cum first. Back as teens even before we started having sex together we use to masturbate all the time. Whether it was because I "practiced" more than her or whatever the reason, I usually won like 80% of the time or more.

This was a first for Ben whereas for Steve it was sort of "been there, done that" type of thing. In the end it was sort of funny because neither of us wanted to "win" the contest as we both enjoyed what we were doing too much to have to stop. Finally she couldn't hold off any longer and as soon as she started hers and I was confirmed the winner when I allowed myself to finish as well.

It was late in the evening when we finally got back to the 'burgh. My dad dropped Kristen and Ben off first and then pulled up to our apartment.

"Maybe next time your mom can join us," Aunt Linda said to Steve as we gathered our suitcase.

Now had I said something anywhere close to that Steve would have gone off the deep end and chastised me for bringing up the subject, fiercely denying that he had any such desires for his mother. To my shock,. In response to my Aunt's comments he simply kissed her gave her a "who knows" sort of answer. Was he just teasing her?

After being cooped up all day in the SUV, Steve was anxious for a little relief and then we finally slept in our own bed again. I fell asleep thankful for having such a wonderful husband and family. Wow, this was a lot of fun so maybe we should plan something similar for Christmas!

# (Dec 03) Chapter 254: Swapping Recap

Story codes: MF FF oral adultery
Me (27)
Leon (26) & Tamara (23)
Stuart (66) & Lisa (61)
Craig (20) & Jenny (18)
Ken (32) & Corianne (31)
Hugh (33) & Naomi (30)
Derek (43) & Amber (44)

I'd assumed all my life that once I got married that having sex would be limited to my husband and family. You can imagine what a surprise it was for me when my husband told me that he wanted us to swap partners now and then and not necessarily even together! While I've enjoy doing it, I can't say every time we did it has been "diary worthy". Over time some of those I never wrote about have added up to where I thought it might be interesting to tell a little bit about each of them.

## 1. Changing My Views

First, check out my September 11, 2011 diary entry[10] for a synopsis of how we handle swapping. For more detail about how I have reconciled my earlier convictions with my husband's new directives, read "Appendix (D.1) My Thoughts About Adultery". For those who just want to get on with this one and without repeating everything I've written in past diary entries on the subject, let me summarize things quickly...

Even though I know many people take issue with it, I define adultery as "an act of sexual intercourse outside of a marriage without the knowledge and consent of the spouse". Yes, it's rather long-winded but it's a complicated subject where a quick sound-bite can be easily taken out of context.

By my definition adultery requires two essential elements, BOTH of which must be present to be found "guilty":

---

[10] Don’t know what this entry is really called.

1. The ACT of sex. When I say "sex" I mean the penetration of a penis into a vagina. It doesn't matter how far in it goes as even just the tip counts. This is an important distinction as it means blowjobs, pussy eating, and such are NOT acts of adultery.
2. The INTENT to cheat. Cheating means keeping it a secret from your spouse. The only exception is when it's incestual sex because a spouse automatically gives blanket permission for their partner to have sex within their family from the moment they say "I do".

My views on adultery have changed over the years but I won't get into that now. What's important is what I believe NOW. Changing my views doesn't mean that I was wrong in the past or that I'm just trying to rationalize my current actions. It just means that I'm adapting to new elements in my life and new situations that I hadn't considered before when establishing my values and morals. I feel that people who refuse to change when presented with the better information and a more mature outlook are the real hypocrites.

Before our wedding Steve and I discussed many things about our future - everything from the proper position of toilet seats and sharing of tooth brushes to babies, incest and swapping. I'm not saying we agreed on every point but at least we put everything out on the table and agreed to disagree in some areas.

A few months before the wedding I learned that there were a few things that Steve hadn't been totally forthcoming on, most of which were inconsequential. The one thing that WAS significant was his desire to be in the swapping scene. I don't mean group parties and "open" marriages. He just wanted us to meet with other married couples and exchange partners. In our earlier discussions I'd been adamant about how I felt that swapping was adultery and a sin, regardless of whether or not "permission" was granted by the spouse.

Maybe I'd been TOO adamant as evidently Steve had been concerned until then that my rigid positions on adultery (no) and incest (yes) were non-negotiable. While he wasn't totally happy about the incest part, he agreed because it also benefited him. He knew that I wouldn't object to him having sex with anyone in my family and he really had an eye on my mom and her sister. It was the "no adultery" thing that he kept silent on, not so much because he wanted to commit adultery but because his definition was a little different than mine on one crucial point - consent.

For me being raised with my mother's morals, adultery was adultery - black and white simple. If you had sex with someone outside your family it was adultery regardless of whether everyone agreed or not. Just because people didn't care didn't change the fact of what was done.

I have to say that while I accepted my mother's ways as mine, deep inside I struggled at times with the premise. I mean like if your husband is OK with it then why is it wrong? After all, it's just sex and not like you are falling in love another man.

While I may have debated it internally, I never voiced these thoughts to anyone - not even to my mother or my husband. If that was the way a marriage was supposed to be, then it was up to me as a Christian to honor and follow the scriptures. It wasn't until Steve finally confessed to me how he felt about the subject that I was forced to reevaluate my position. After much prayer and thought, two things caused me to change my mind.

First, I've learned over the years to listen to my internal "voice". Whether it's my guardian angel whispering in my ear or the Holy Spirit influencing my thoughts, whenever I feel THAT strongly about something I've learned that it's best to listen and just do it. In this case I'd been hearing that little voice for a long time and tried to push it aside which should have told me something. Deep down I knew that it couldn't be considered adultery if my husband was on-board so why continue to fight it?

Second, and far more important than any of my own reasons, it's what my husband wanted. As his wife and a Christian I'm biblically bound to submit to his will knowing that he loves me and respects me enough to never abuse that authority and thus cause me to do anything harmful or against my core religious beliefs. Thus if my husband wanted to swap with other couples, then who was I to say no?

Given that my husband is the head of our family I have to believe that he is influenced by his faith and relationship with God to make the proper decisions in such matters. When I look at our long history together, seeing how he was the first boy I'd had sex with, then the long separation only to see us get back together again and finally marry, I KNOW our marriage must be ordained by God. If so, and if this is what my husband wants, then my own views on the matter must have been wrong.

After Steve confessed to me his true feelings on the matter, we swapped a few times before we got married just to see what it would be like. We'd had sex with other couples before but that was just friends so going out with total strangers added an entirely new element to the equation. Seeing as we were only engaged at the time, it was "safe" from the view of any worries about adultery and cheating.

Needless to say I'd some really good times and I felt better about going into our marriage with this issue resolved.

Steve and I have been married over a year now and in that time we've had sex with numerous partners. In terms of events, most of these have been with other couples like us. Usually when we swap it's what I call a "pure" swap where we actually switch partners and go to separate rooms or even homes. That's my preference and Steve has pretty much gone along with it. There may be some interplay before the "split" but the focus is usually on couples, not groups. There have been a couple of times when we made it a "foursome" where we all stayed together but I have to say I enjoy the intimacy of being alone with another man much more as being all together in a small group. It just makes it feel more like some sort of sex show than anything else.

While swapping has pretty dominated our "external" sex life (I'm not counting incest as that's a whole different thing) we've been to a couple of parties with friends. Then there are the family parties which have been primarily Steve's thing, something he does more often than not with my dad and Aunt Linda without me in the picture. Also, there have been a few times when I've met with other men independent of Steve but that's always been when he was with someone else like my Aunt Linda or at a family sex party so it's not like I left him home alone or anything.

I had to do some considerable thinking before writing this entry. I started out by writing down as many of the couples that I could remember us being with. In many cases I didn't remember their names anymore, only the event, but that didn't matter as I wouldn't use their real names in public anyway. I then grouped them by "theme" and finally chose the one couple that I thought served as the best example. Thus these short entries aren't from the "top" of the overall list but rather a compilation of different types of people we've met since last year.

Except for our first swap with Leon and Tamara, I haven't written diary entries about any of these encounters until now; the reason being that I only like to write up events that were either unique or in some way impacted my life - good and bad. It takes me a lot of time to write a typical entry so I try to reserve my efforts for the really important events so a lot of things go by without any mention. That doesn't mean I didn't enjoy them or they weren't erotic, just setting priorities.

In each entry I've condensed things down quite a bit but overall I believe that I stayed essentially true to what happened. I just didn't go into the detail as I would have if they were individual diary entries. My objective isn't so much to tell the story but to offer a collage of various types of people we've swapped with since getting married.

## 2. Leon and Tamara - First Married Swap

Leon and Tamara were the first couple we had sex with after our marriage, almost a month to the day after our ceremony. Being it was our first time I wrote about it in my diary (see 2011 (Sep 23) Chapter 238: Our First Married Swap) so I won't repeat it all here. Still, being they were our first couple I think that makes them important enough to make it into this entry as well.

By this time in my life I'd had sex with literally hundreds of men, many of them married, so it wasn't like Leon was anything special from a purely sexual perspective. What WAS unique was for the first time I was having sex with someone outside my family while wearing a wedding ring! Until that very moment when Leon entered me for the first time and we joined as one, the whole concept of adultery and such was an intellectual exercise. It's easy to SAY you're OK with something and that you accept a fundamental change in personal morals and values that's you held onto for years. It's quite another to actual DO it.

At the time, and even later when I wrote about it, I really wasn't quite ready to admit just how nervous I was when Leon was about to fuck me. It's almost ludicrous for me to expect anyone to understand how I could be nervous about sex after everything I've done in the past thirteen years but my head was spinning with all the ramifications. My god, I was about to have sex with someone other than my husband! This was something that just a few months earlier I never could have imagined ever happening. Oh sure I've had sex with my dad since the wedding but that's incest and doesn't count.

As I've already said, seeing Leon's erect dick approaching my pussy was one of the scariest moments I can remember in a long time, at least so far as sex goes. Maybe even more so when I felt him press against me and then start to push into me. THAT was the point of no return. It was almost like giving up my virginity all over again. No matter what happened now or in the future, once his dick was in me I would never again be able to say what my mother was so proud to say after 25 years of marriage - that I'd never been unfaithful to my husband.

Oh sure I was going along with the "no cheating" modification to the adultery argument and I knew that Steve would never consider me to be cheating on him. If anything, I imagined he would have loved to be there with me as Leon fucked me. Still, attitudes built by twenty-some years of listening to my mother don't get erased overnight regardless of good intentions.

Thankfully once Leon started fucking me all such thoughts and worries quickly disappeared. All that poisonous negativity was finally replaced for good when my body experienced an intense orgasm which I think was driven primarily because I DID feel a little guilty which only made the sex that much hotter. Leon was my age and a great partner so I have to say I really enjoyed him fucking me.

Afterwards when Steve and I compared notes about our evenings I could see he was concerned about how I'd handled everything. To see his face light up when I told him how much I'd enjoyed myself told me that we'd made the right decision and after that I never looked back or questioned our decision again.

## 3. Stuart and Lisa - Grandparents

Whereas Leon and Tamara had been close to our age (26 and 23 respectively) Steve was well aware of my fetish for older married men so it was like he wanted to test my boundaries. Stuart and Lisa were in their 60's making him the oldest man I'd ever had sex with. For Steve, Lisa was well beyond any previous woman as my mom had been his oldest and she was only 45 the first time he did her. With me being 26 at the time this happened, that made Stuart forty years older than me! Lisa, at a "young" 61, was still 33 years older than Steve, more than twice his age.

Interestingly, Stuart and Lisa had only started swapping about a year earlier and thus far had only been with a few couples, all of them more or less their age until they met us. During dinner he confessed that they'd been leery of meeting with us at first after Steve had extended the invitation. Once the acceptance was made, they could see more of our profile and recognize that we were both younger than their three kids, two of which even had kids almost our age. Stuart was quick to point out that they didn't want us to role-play as their kids or anything like that. I almost laughed at seeing his concern that he might have somehow offended us with any notions of incest.

What was rather ironic was that each of us wanted to know why the other started swapping. Of course I wanted to know why after almost forty years of monogamous marriage they decided to have sex with other people. From their perspective, they couldn't understand why Steve and I would want to extend out sec life to other couple so early in our marriage. The difference in perspective were interesting to say the least.

I answered for Steve and me. My explanation was really quite straightforward – we both loved sex and didn't want our marriage to get into a rut by making any drastic changes in our sex life just because we now wore wedding rings. Lisa asked how much sex we'd been having before marriage to which I stayed a little vague. I was worried that they might change their minds about us if they had any idea just how many partners we'd had over the years, especially me.

Lisa seemed a little surprised even at what I did tell her, saying she and Stuart had waited until marriage to have sex. Well, I guess things were a lot different forty years ago!

Stuart then did the talking saying that for them it seemed to be more a matter of "do it now while we still can" than anything else. Of course over the years they'd both wondered what it would be like to have sex with someone else, especially given that they'd each only done it with each other. Stuart had already passed the age where an erection was assumed every time and he playfully patted his pocket where he kept his "sex pills".

Lisa had apparently not been exactly happy when he mentioned the idea but then at their age it wasn't like their marriage was going to be affected or anything else. What I found interesting was when Stuart smiled at Lisa after describing their first time. I couldn't let that pass so I asked Lisa what was the story and she almost sheepishly admitted that after the first time, SHE was the one pushing for doing it again.

I was still curious about why they agreed to meet with me and Steve seeing how all their previous partners had been about their same age. This time it was Lisa looking at Stuart rather pointedly and we all laughed together as Stuart sat up and turned a bit red.

"OK, I'll admit it," he said, not entirely happy it seemed but what choice did he have now? "I wanted to have sex with a younger girl. At my age I know most girls aren't interested in someone like me so when Steve contacted us I was both surprised and elated."

He paused for a moment, looked at his wife who nodded, and then continued, "But how do you tell your wife you want to have sex with a girl not much older than one of your granddaughters without sounding like some sort of pervert?"

He seemed uncomfortable so I chimed in with, "Well you know Stuart, some girls LIKE to be with older men. I find them to be much more caring about my needs and not so much like I'm just a notch on their belt."

Lisa poked Stuart saying, "See honey, I told you not to worry so much." Then she looked at Steve and then grinned rather naughtily at me adding, "I have to admit too that the idea of being with a hunk like your husband isn't exactly all that bad either."

With that the two of them leaned together and kissed. It was easy to see why their marriage had lasted as long as it had.

Later Lisa and I went to the restroom together which I think was more to do with her wanting to talk to me privately than any bladder concerns.

"So you really want to do this?" she asked, looking me in the eyes, "I mean don't get me wrong, I love my husband but compared to Steve..."

Wow, how could I explain all the thoughts I had then to her in just a few words? How do you explain to someone who had been only with one man for over sixty years and was barely into the swapping lifestyle what it meant for me to have sex with other men besides my husband? I still got the idea she felt it was more than a little naughty to do what they were doing rather than as a natural extension of their sex life. How could she possibly relate to my life and feelings?

"Trust me Lisa," I said, putting my hand on her shoulder, "This has nothing to do with Steve. I enjoy sex and I like older married men, it's just that simple."

She seemed to accept that but there was one thing more I was curious about.

"So Lisa, do you always just do the other husband or have you ever tried anything else?"

At first I think she wasn't sure what I meant but then it became obvious when she understood. Her hand went to her mouth and she blushed slightly.

"Oh no Kelly, I could never be a lesbian," she said in a hushed tone even though we were the only ones in the restroom at the time, "Did you think... I mean are you asking... well I guess I'm trying to ask if that's what you were expecting?"

She looked so concerned that I think if I'd said "yes" she might have fainted. I suppose being with just older couples that the issue hadn't come up before but I never really thought of being bi-sexual as anything limited by age. Still, I couldn't resist tweaking her a bit.

"Well to be honest Lisa, I wouldn't say no if you were willing but I understand where you're coming from so don't worry."

She still seemed as bit flustered. "I'm sorry Kelly, I don't mean to seem like a prude. I just can't ever imagine myself doing something like... like THAT."

I smiled and touched her hand gently and noticed she didn't pull back. "Well, if you decide to change your mind about THAT I'm sure our husbands wouldn't mind."

We both giggled like girls at that.

"I know, Stuart has talked about it before," Lisa explained, "I don't understand why guys like watching two girls having sex with each other but when it comes to two guys together... oh my gawd!"

With that we needed to get back to our guys so that was the end of that conversation. I had to admit to myself that Lisa didn't exactly turn me on as I like older MEN, not so much women. I don't mean the younger ones that Steve and my dad enjoy, but more around my age is my preference.

With dinner over it was decided that each of the women would return home with the other husband to spend the night and that we would meet again for breakfast the following morning. This was apparently also something new for them in terms of making it an overnight event. Evidently in the past they'd met at a hotel with adjoining or nearby rooms and once the "deed" was over they returned back to their spouses. Even though the arrangements had been made ahead of time, I could still see that Lisa was a little concerned.

"You know, I've never spent a night away from Stuart before," she said to me as the guys retrieved our coats.

"Never?" I responded incredulously. I couldn't see how that was even possible.

"I'm serious," she replied, "Even when he had his heart attack I was in his room all night and he did the same when I had my hysterectomy."

Wow, now THAT was incredible. At the same time, it made it all the more erotic for me knowing that I was the only woman Stuart will have ever spent the night in bed with besides his wife. I could see how that was a big thing for her at the same time I didn't feel sorry or anything as it's not like they didn't know what they were getting into when they accepted our invitation.

As for the sex that night, it wasn't anything special. If anything, Stuart was more the "missionary" kind of guy but I was able to loosen him up a bit and try some doggie and even to let me ride him cowgirl for a while. There were a couple of things which I think made it a night he would never forget, I mean besides the obvious.

First, he'd never gotten a BJ while driving before. His reaction was so funny when I started to undo his pants on the way back to their house. I'm sure he'd fantasized about it before but to have it actually happen was something I don't think he ever expected.

Next, while it normally isn't something I do,. I made it a point to undress as soon as we walked in and I didn't put on anything else until we got ready to leave in the morning, staying nude for him the entire time. I loved the way he stared at me but then when was the last time he'd seen a real girl naked that wasn't a member of the AARP?

Finally, when he woke up to find me sucking on his dick I think he thought he was still dreaming. It was obvious the entire night that Lisa wasn't as infatuated with blowjobs as I was. He made the point numerous times that he'd never had anyone suck his dick as much as I did.

The next morning at breakfast we found Steve and Lisa had already arrived with Lisa beaming like a newlywed.

"So everything went OK last night?" I asked her quietly as I took a seat next to her in the booth.

"Oh yeah," she sighed, her eyes rolling into the top of her head.

Her reaction didn't go unnoticed by the men and Steve was beaming like a proud father with a newborn baby. As for Stuart, he seemed a bit conflicted. Men and their egos! On the one hand it was fine for him to have one of the best nights of sex he'd ever had (his words, not mine) but then when his wife expressed her satisfaction then the jealousy kicked in.

After breakfast and we were getting ready to go our separate ways, I pulled Lisa aside and smiled as I took her hand.

"I'm so happy Steve was good to you last night."

Lisa glanced over to the men to be sure Stuart was out of hearing range before she answered, "Oh my God Kelly! You are so lucky. I never knew sex could be like that."

I just smiled and then leaned over to whisper in her ear, "Well, if you think THAT was great, if you ever decide to do it give me a call and the two of us can have some private time together."

Talk about blushing! To be honest I knew my offer would never be accepted but it was fun to get her reaction. Who knows, maybe she might change her mind someday and surprise me!

# 4. Craig and Jenny - Newlyweds

Having been married less than six months at the time, I still considered Steve and I to be newlyweds and would until our first anniversary. Yet compared to Craig and Jenny, we were old-timers. They had been married only two weeks when we met with them. Interestingly, the arrangements had been made before their wedding so it was like they entered into marriage knowing they would be swapping shortly afterwards. A quick honeymoon and now they were already looking for new partners. Heck, even Steve and I had waited a month!

At twenty and eighteen, Craig and Jenny would also be the youngest married couple that Steve and I'd met with Jenny having celebrated her 18th birthday on the same day as their wedding, something I'd never heard of before but then I guess it must happen more often than one might think. Neither of them had gone to college with Craig working for his father's construction business and Jenny having just graduated from high school the previous spring.

Apparently his parents were supportive while hers had been firmly opposed which is why they waited until her eighteenth birthday to tie the knot. While I could empathize with her parents' concerns, I couldn't believe that anyone could be so cold as to refuse to even pay for their daughter's wedding because she was going against their wishes. Fortunately his parents were well off and took over the financial responsibilities.

Rather than our usually met and greet at some neutral location like a restaurant or bar, Craig and Jenny had asked that we just come to their house directly which was fine with me. Sometimes all the foreplay got a little old so it would be nice for once just to go straight for what we all knew we wanted in the end anyway - sex.

For a young couple they had quite a nice home but then during the tour Craig mentioned about his father owning a construction business and that the hoe had been a wedding gift. Wow, must be nice to be rich! They had both greeted us in robes and I had to imagine that they weren't wearing anything underneath. Walking up the stairs Jenny's bare ass was plainly on display under the short robe and I wondered if the show wasn't deliberate as a means to get Steve turned on. Yeah, like he needed any encouragement!

Indeed, it was easy to see Jenny as still being in high school. She looked younger than eighteen, that was for sure! Small boobs and a petite frame, she was barely five feet tall if I was to guess and probably something like 90 pounds - or less.

On the other hand, Craig looked like a linebacker which was confirmed when we passed by a series of family photos with a few of him in his high school football uniform. One of them had them both in it with Jenny in a cheerleader uniform. THAT didn't surprise me at all as she seemed the stereotypical cheerleader type - bubbly and perky to the point of being annoying.

We paused by some wedding photos on a table and I turned to Jenny to ask, "So you guys just got married... that's so sweet. Is this your first swap since the wedding?"

The two of them looked at each other and grinned. Craig answered saying, "Well, the first since our honeymoon."

Jenny giggled - just like an annoying cheerleader. Craig smiled even more broadly as he added, "We went to an adults-only resort south of Cancun... VERY adults only if you get my drift."

"But we DID spend the first night together," Jenny cut in almost defensively. I had to wonder who she slept with on the other nights but it seemed pretty obvious it wasn't her husband - or least not just him.

"So you guys must have been pretty open about things before you got married I take it," Steve observed.

"She was a slut, no doubt about it," Craig said, looking at Jenny who was beaming at her husband, "The first time I met her she was banging half the team with a few of the other cheerleaders."

Jenny was sounding more and more like my type of girl, LOL.

"Well, it's not like YOU didn't have a rep," Jenny countered, looking more amused than upset. She looked at me and whispered in a conspiratorial tone which everyone could still hear, "I think he did the entire squad his senior year."

Craig looked pretty proud of himself and then Steve stepped in, not wanting to be entirely outdone.

"That's great, both of you," he said nodding his head but then he turned to me with a look of pride, "Now Kelly here was quite the slut herself in school. In fact, I was her first when she was not even a freshman!"

"Oh really?" Jenny said, then she got that mischievous look on her face again. "I did it in sixth grade the first time.

I looked at Steve who seemed ready to rush to my defense and put my hand over his, squeezing it to signal him to back off. Face it, Jenny was an even bigger slut than I'd been in school!

"I even did my brother once," she boasted, "He thought I was his girlfriend because the lights were off but we planned it ahead of time so he would do me."

"You did your own brother?" I asked in a tone of disbelief. I was NOT going to get into an incest one-upmanship game even thought I knew this was one area I could more than likely blow her away. It was more fun to egg her on and see where she'd go.

"I know, it was so naughty of me and boy was he mad because I was still in seventh grade and he was a junior," she went on like she was telling us the weather.

"Well, I was an only child so you got me there," I said half-jokingly only she had no idea what the other half was.

"I always wanted my dad to do me but no matter how hard I tried he never would do it," she said in a disappointing voice, "And I tried REALLY hard."

Craig chuckled and said, "Yeah, she was hitting on both our fathers at our reception. They just thought she was drunk."

"We've got a hot tub out back if you're interested. No suits allowed of course," Jenny invited us.

Something told me that if we all got in the tub together that we wouldn't be leaving for quite a while and to be honest, I didn't know if I could take much more of Jenny the Cheerleader. Girls like her annoyed the hell out of me in school and I really didn't want to spend any more time with her than we'd already done.

Steve, on the other hand, seemed infatuated with the little girl look which didn't surprise me. He accepted her invitation to the hot tub while Craig took my hand and led me off to the bedroom.

"She can be a little overwhelming at times," Craig said apologetically after we were in the room, "It's funny but after all she's done she still gets nervous when something like this happens. Actually I find it sort of sweet."

With that he dropped the robe, standing nude in front of me with his erection poking up as I remained fully clothed.

"I'd love it if you just sucked me without getting undressed," he explained.

That was fine by me!

Don't ask me why but there's just something exciting and erotic about sucking a man's dick while I'm fully clothed. It's like it all about his dick and my mouth without my nudity distracting him from what I am trying to accomplish with my mouth and hands.

After I'd sucked him off he quickly regained an erection - one benefit of swapping with younger couples, and this time he insisted on fucking me with everything on, even my thong which he simply pulled down and to the side to make room for his dick. He unbuttoned my blouse enough to reach in and grope my boobs as he did me from behind, standing up as I leaned over the bed for him. Other than that, I never took off a single piece of clothing the entire time!

What made it extra special for me was after fucking me on the bed for a while he pulled out and told me to stand by the window and look out as he reentered me again. As he fucked me I noticed that the hot tub was right below the window on the back patio with us on the second floor overlooking everything. It sort of reminded me of my old bedroom as a kid where my window also overlooked the hot tub on our deck. It was that very window from which I observed my parents making love for the very first time when I was just sixteen - an observation which eventually led to me having sex with my parents.

"Looks like they're enjoying each other, doesn't it," Craig observed as he leaned over me to look out.

Down below us I watched as my husband sat on the edge of the hot tub with Jenny sitting back on his dick, bouncing on him like she was doing some sort of cheer. God, it was wonder she wasn't snapping off his dick!

"I love her," he sighed as he leaned back and fucked me harder, "I don't think there's anything she won't do if I asked her."

Well, watching below I soon saw one thing she WAS willing to do that I wasn't as she put both hands on the edge and lifted her little ass to Steve, letting him fuck her in the ass.

"She LOVES it in her ass," Craig remarked, almost like he was a commentator for some sort of TV show featuring his slutty wife.

"Don't even think about it," I said firmly, cutting him before he went where I knew he was going.

"Hmmmmmm, looks like Steve likes it though," he chuckled as he stood back and pushed me on my back onto the bed with my legs dangling to the floor.

Steeping in between my knees, once again I felt his dick entering me and before long he was filling me with cum.

"Damn, that was good," he groaned after finishing, "Mind if I clean up?"

At first I thought he meant using the bathroom but then I quickly learned he meant it in quite a different way - in that he wanted to clean ME up. Kneeling between my legs, he lowered his head to my freshly fucked pussy and licked me clean, cum and all. OK, I might not let Steve fuck my ass but if he insisted I would let him. On the other hand he would NEVER eat his own cum regardless of what I said. Steve was so homophobic that he didn't even like TOUCHING his cum, let alone taste it.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT was good," Craig said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "Time for seconds."

Once again he fucked me but this time he came in my mouth, telling me not to swallow. Then he kissed me and I knew what he wanted so I pushed his cum into his mouth with my tongue. Now THAT was a first - snowballing with a guy! Again, I could never even conceive of Steve ever doing something like that.

Although we had never really said one way or the other, that finished things so far as Craig was concerned. I'd cum a few times and he had now done it three which seemed to satisfy his lust. I looked out the window and saw the two of them still in the tub but now just sitting there. Jenny's hand was under water in Steve's lap and I had a feeling what she was holding! Still, it seemed more out of habit for her than anything she was actively pursuing as they were talking away about one thing or another.

The two of us walked out to the patio, me fully dressed with Craig still naked. Nudity certainly didn't seem to be an issue with him, even around other guys - unlike my poor neurotic husband.

"Was she good?" Jenny asked excitedly as Craig joined them in the hot tub, taking a spot on the opposite side of his wife from my husband.

Craig looked at Steve and they high-fived which more or less answered the question for both of us.

I looked at Steve expectantly and he got the idea quick enough, getting out of the hot tub and drying himself off before getting dressed. Meanwhile Craig has lifted himself up on the edge of the hot tub and Jenny was sucking his cock.

"They could at least wait until we left," Steve mumbled to me.

We said out goodbyes and left them to their own devices. I have to say one thing, Steve REALLY worked hard on my when we got home which I appreciated more than he might realize. It's fun to get fucked by someone like Craig but I'll take making love to my husband over that any day!

## 5. Ken and Corianne - Marriage Counseling

Ken and Corianne were probably the most unique of all the couples we've met, at least so far. Almost the same age as us, their marriage was a lot older and it seemed the proverbial "seven year itch" had struck hard, at least for Ken. He'd cheated on Corianne with a nineteen year-old intern at work. Naturally he claimed that she was the one to come on to him when Corianne inevitably found out and threatened to divorce him. He pleaded for her forgiveness so they met with their pastor who passed the buck by referring them to a marriage counselor. When I learned about his methods I had to wonder what sort of pastor they had! If this is what he had in mind, no wonder he had to find someone else to prescribe the "treatment".

To make it simple and short, after listening to both sides their counselor felt that the best way to resolve Corianne's anger issues was to let her give her husband a taste of his own medicine. In other words, a revenge fuck. She could have just gone out and had sex with another man but that wasn't enough; the counselor felt it was essential to the healing of their marriage that Ken watch and feel firsthand how it felt to see his spouse being satisfied by a total stranger.

Personally, to me it was like telling someone to put out a fire by pouring gasoline on it. Then again, my psychological training was limited to a few courses in college whereas he had the diplomas on the wall so who was I to argue?

There was an added wrinkle to the "therapy" in that her deeds needed to be more than just an act of revenge. Corianne was told by the therapist that just being equal wouldn't teach her husband a lesson. She needed to go one step beyond what her husband had done, to do something that would really drive home to him the seriousness of his transgressions and make him understand how she felt to be left alone at home while he was out screwing a college girl.

One thing the counselor had to help him in his practice was access to our sex group. We learned later that he was the one who had sent us the invitation on their behalf - they had no idea how he had arranged a couple to meet with them.

When Steve and I were first contacted through the group we had no idea of all this craziness. It seemed no different than any other invitation - a married couple saw our profile and wanted to know if we'd be interested in meeting with them for sex.

Although Steve is usually the one to handle these sort of things I know that we must get at least a dozen or more such requests every week, often from the same people as we'd turned down before. Steve's pretty picky about who we meet so it's only the ones that really stand out that he even bothers to open up their invitation and check them out in any detail.

At a glance, Ken and Corianne were one of those couples who initially didn't stand out in any way. Both were in their early thirties with no kids and no history of swapping, was it worth the effort of having to deal with newbies? While we also tended to avoid the 'serial" swappers - the ones who seem to do it every night, we've also learned that a little experience can really make the whole experience go smoother. When both couples have done it before they know the drill with the "new" factor worn off and no hesitation or guilt. After all, the whole point is to enjoy yourself, not to train someone.

For whatever reason, Steve was in one of those inquisitive moods (or maybe he was just horny) so just for the hell of it he clicked "Yes" in response to the request but instead of the couple contacting us, he heard from the therapist instead which was a bit unusual to say the least.

After hearing the situation from the therapist, Steve finally told me about it and asked me how I felt getting involved. Frankly, I still wasn't sure what "involved" meant, especially for me. It sounded more like him fucking Corianne while me and Ken watched. I doubted Ken was suppose to be getting any satisfaction from the deal.

To say that I wasn't initially thrilled would be an understatement. Watching Steve fucking a woman we'd never met while her husband and I watched was NOT on my "to do" list by any means. In any case, I've never been much of a voyeur, at least when it came to this sort of thing. When it comes to Steve and me, HE is the one who likes to watch while I prefer to be the one doing. It's always nice to see my husband enjoying himself but it doesn't do much for me sexually except make me want to have sex with him afterwards.

Steve agreed to talk to Ken and Corianne on the phone - we keep one of those prepaid ones for such occasions so we don't have to reveal our "real" cell phone numbers. For whatever reason he wouldn't tell me what they told him but whatever it was it certainly had him smirking. All I knew was that he told me not to worry and to trust him that everything would be just fine so far as I was concerned. Well, Steve was my husband so what choice did I have? If I couldn't trust him, who could I?

We arranged to meet for an evening at a local hotel - with just one room I noted when we all checked in. We'd just met a few minutes before in the hotel lobby for the first time so this was my first opportunity to get an impression of them both other than the photo on their profile.

My first thought when I saw Corianne was why in the world would her husband want to cheat on her? My goodness, she was gorgeous... stunning even! Once in the lobby she'd removed her coat to reveal a red dress that was form fitted to her figure emphasizing every curve, including what had to be at least a D-sized bust. The dress was made of one-piece stretch material that you pull down over your head and then down to your hips. There were no shoulder straps, depending on the tightness around her boobs to keep it from slipping down any further than it already did. It didn't even seem to have a lining as her nipples were clearly outlined. She had rather wide hips - not fat, just her body shape and the dress barely came down low enough to cover her butt. The effect was to show off an incredible set of legs, highlighted by the tall stilettos on her feet.

Steve was infatuated at first sight. As for me, I was more interested in Ken, both physically and intellectually. There was obviously a lot going on in their marriage we didn't know about to cause him to risk losing a woman like her. Why had she married him in the first place? Had I seen him anywhere else he wouldn't have gotten a second glance. Shorter than his wife, even if she wasn't wearing the heels, he had a bit of a belly and was half-bald already. While not ugly, he wasn't what I would call handsome either. My first thought was he must have had one hell of a dick!

"Shall we go to the room?" Ken said, not so much a question but a suggestion.

The elevator ride was uneventful without anything being said. It was like we were all still checking each other out and not quite sure what to say. I noted that while Corianne wasn't making a move on Steve, at the same time she wasn't exactly cuddling up to her husband either. Obviously things were still a little strained.

One thing I DID find interesting was the way she was looking at me. I hadn't dressed nearly as provocatively as her, just a plain black skirt with a white pullover top. Compared to her outfit I was downright conservative. I guess I figured since this was going to be starting out immediately in the room, what was the point in getting all dressed up, especially if I wasn't going to be the main attraction - a point that still bothered me, even more so now that I'd seen Corianne.

Once in the room, suddenly Corianne spoke up for the first time since a quick hello when we first met.

"First, I want to thank you two for coming tonight. I have to say I've been a little nervous about all this as you might imagine. Since we've been married I haven't had sex with anyone but Ken."

She made a heavy emphasis on the "I" when she mentioned not having extramarital sex, with a glare at Ken who squirmed as he sat in the chair by the desk. Definitely some unresolved issues here!

That was about the end of my rope. "OK, so is someone going to tell me what's the game plan? Is this all just so you can fuck my husband in front of yours?"

Corianne looked a little surprised at me being so blunt but she seemed to recover quickly. She looked at Steve as if wondering why he hadn't told me something. Steve just shrugged, patted me on the leg and let her answer.

"Well, he certainly deserves it but I guess your husband didn't tell you everything." She seemed a little worried now as she continued, "Well this is a little awkward now, isn't it?"

I looked at Steve and he knew better than to keep quiet.

"Well... the idea was that you two would start out first and then both do me."

I rolled my eyes. So THIS was the big secret? Good grief, it wasn't like I'd never put on a show before with another girl. Besides, one look at Corianne and why wouldn't I want to do it with her? It would be just for the guys to watch but then I felt pretty confident it would be fun for me too. Certainly not like having sex with one of my friends or my mom, but still nothing to turn down when it was handed to you on a silver platter.

So that was the therapist's plan for "punishing" Ken and allowing Corianne to exact her revenge. How this was supposed to "cure" their marriage problems was beyond me but then I wasn't the one being paid to help them. Whether or not it worked... who cared?

The first thought I had was how seeing me and Corianne going at it was suppose to punish Ken? Based on all my experience, guys beg to watch two girls getting it on so wouldn't this be more like a reward for bad behavior? Heck, if this was the result of him cheating, odds were he'd be banging every girl I the office in hopes of being "punished? again! Well, I wasn't about to argue about it as Corianne stood up and approached me.

"You ever do this before?" she asked softly, keeping her eyes focused on mine as if she didn't want to look at either of the guys.

I just nodded and smiled then answered, "You?"

She bit her bottom lip and shook her head. Wow, a babe like her and she'd never been with a girl before? No wonder she was looking nervous. Hmmm, was this the real plot behind their therapist's plans, to introduce her to lesbian sex so maybe down the line she had her own alternative when Ken ignored her? A little farfetched but a possibility I guess.

"Let's just make it simple then," I said softly, reaching out to take her hand in mine, "Kiss me."

Our lips met and I could smell her perfume as we hugged and pulled in tight to one another.

The kiss lasted a few minutes after which we both undressed. I couldn't help myself - I HAD to know and a quick glance at Steve showed he was thinking along the same lines. I couldn't help but stare as she pulled down her thong to reveal her pussy and sure enough... a real redhead! Corianne looked to trim it down considerably when it came to length but in terms of square inches of real estate she left a pretty large patch.

I pulled back the covers on the bed and we laid down next to each other and continued our kissed and fondling. Frankly, I could've done this for hours. We didn't cover ourselves so the guys could watch yet at the same time after a few minutes I wasn't even thinking of our "audience".

Supposedly Corianne had never kissed a girl before but I took that with a grain of salt as what girl hasn't played around a little at a slumber party or otherwise, even it was just on a dare. Whatever the truth was, she certainly didn't seem to have an issues with kissing me nor was she shy about putting her hands all over me. At the same time I knew how she must have been feeling as I was doing the same with her.

What I mean is as much as I love to touch Steve and put my hands and mouth all over him, a guy is just built differently than a girl. When I touch a man I admire his strength and physical attributes and the musk of his manhood. With a girl it's more the enjoyment of soft skin and perfume. Caressing a man's dick and balls is sensual and erotic because of what it represents - his male sexuality. In comparison, a woman's breasts just feel nice to caress and cup in your hand.

I don't mind a little hair on a guy so long as it doesn't get to where he looks more like a cousin to some gorilla. The only exception is his crotch where the hairier the better so far as I'm concerned. I LOVE running my fingers through it as I reach into his pants and the feel of it against my face as I suck him adds to the eroticism of a blowjob.

When it comes to as woman, I'm definitely not into the European scene. Except for her head I can't deal with hair anywhere else on a woman unless it's a well-groomed patch between her legs. For a long time now I've been shaving mine down there although recently Steve has been hinting that he gets turned on by a landing strip or something like that - not enough to have to part before he licks me but something to play with when he's just fondling me.

My hand was the first to reach between a pair of legs as I caressed her butt and then her hip, working my way down her thigh and then pressing between her legs. Corianne lifted up her leg allowing me to work my way up. God her thighs felt so smooth and soft! Evidently she liked it as well as she moaned softly into my mouth as we kissed.

Finally I worked my way up to the convergence of her legs and at first just palmed her pussy, enjoying the feeling of her warmth against the fingers of my hand as they pressed into her. Slowly I rubbed her, working my middle finger into her pussy lips gradually until the tip of my finger was at her pussy hole. A little push and it was in up to the first knuckle.

"Oh Kelly...," she moaned softly as I felt her body stiffen when my finger invaded her pussy.

As I finger-fucked her slowly, she put her right foot on her left thigh, making her pussy more easily accessible to me which I promptly took advantage of in order to sink another finger into her wet pussy. Her eyes were closed as I broke off her kiss and began to work my way down her neck and upper body, kissing and licking her continuously.

When I reached her boobs, Corianne twisted back over onto her back, her eyes still closed as if she couldn't bear to watch me as I kissed and sucked on her breast. Looking up, I smiled as I noticed the guys had each taken a chair and brought it right up to the bed so they had ringside seats. Both of them looked as if they had raging erections poking up through their pants and I had no doubt that both of them would have gladly joined us on the bed given half a chance.

Ignoring them, I slowly worked my way down her belly and to the upper parts of her hairy pussy, never once during the entire time allowing my fingers to slip out of her soaking wet hot pussy. Just as I was about to lick her I repositioned myself between her legs, laying on my belly with my bare feet hanging off the end of the bed. Resting my head on her perfectly smooth inner thigh, I watched up close as I played with her pussy with my fingers. She wasn't watching but instead keeping her eyes closed as she laid her head back into the soft pillow. I wrapped my right arm under her left leg, using her thigh like my personal pillow as my finger moved all over her pungent pussy, pushing into her to wet them as needed to keep her clit nicely lubricated.

Looking over again, I smiled at our husbands as they watched. I knew what they were hoping to see and I teased them by stretching it out as long as possible but eventually even I had to give in to my own lust and desires as I moved my outstretched tongue toward her pussy hole until I was rewarded with the sweet aroma and flavor that I loved so well. Mmmmmmm, she tasted so good!

It wasn't until her first orgasm died down that I withdrew my face from her crotch. I moved up over her until I could kiss her again. I half-expected her to push me away because of the smell and wetness of her pussy that remained on my face and mouth and tongue but she again showed no signs whatsoever of discomfort or distaste. Perhaps she was like me, having grown up enjoying the taste of her own pussy whenever she masturbated or just got horny. I've found that girls who like the taste of their own pussy typically have no problems with tasting other girls' pussies.

Corianne then pretty much mimicked my moves on her, from the kissing of my neck and books to resting her face on my inner thigh until she was licking my pussy and making me cum.

More than likely had their therapist been controlling the "session" at this point he probably would have considered it "mission accomplished so far as the lesbian part of the show. Since he wasn't, I wasn't about to not take full advantage of the opportunity. Twisting around yet again, I put my head between her legs with my own pussy in Corianne's face as we moved into a 69 position. Now THIS was heaven! The smell and taste of her pussy while I felt her own face and tongue on mine.

Again, Corianne acted as though all this was old hat to her. Maybe she had watched enough porn videos over the years that she was as prepared as much as she could be. Then again, maybe she was a covert lesbian? Well, I was soon to find out that the latter couldn't have been any more wrong!

"She's ready," I gasped to Steve as I came down emotionally from yet another orgasm courtesy of Corianne. She had also just cum again and if she was feeling anything like me, she was absolutely craving a warm stiff dick in her pussy.

Steve looked at Ken who just shrugged. Naked in a heartbeat, Steve was quickly located between Corianne's outstretched legs facing me, stroking his cock as he gazed upon another man's wife's pussy, confident that in a matter of moments it would be yet one more notch on his belt.

Reaching over, Steve grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under Corianne's butt to make her pussy more easily accessible. I put my elbows on the bed on each side of her hips, my pussy still smashed into her face, with my hands under her butt to help he lift it up even more. I watched with my face just inches away from her red-haired pussy as my husband held his dick by the base and brought it up close to her pussy. At first he just rubbed the tip against her, sliding it up and down her slit between her clit and pussy hole. Each time he touched her clit with it I felt her shudder beneath me.

Opening my mouth, my eyes met Steve's and he smiled as he leaned forward to let me taste her on his dick. I sucked just the head for a moment and then he pulled back and this time he simply put it against her pussy and shoved it in her. Seeing it all so closely was incredible. God, my husband's dick was suddenly buried in the pussy of a woman we hadn't even met until a short time ago and he was doing it with my pussy resting on her face while I had a front-row seat to the show.

I could just imagine how Ken must have felt seeing this strange couple fucking his wife. It had to be even "worse" for him than it would have been had two guys taken her. With a couple, he was seeing her not only being satisfied by another man, but he also was witnessing her hereto unknown bisexual instincts as well. As hot as his wife was, he had to be well experienced with seeing other men lust for her, and maybe even her for them but had he ever imagined seeing her with another woman?

It was almost enough to make me cum just seeing Steve's thick black pubic hair mixing together with Corianne's short but dense red bush, mashing together when he would drive himself all the way into her and then rotate his hips to move his dick around inside of her. Mmmmmmm, how many times had I felt him do this exact same move to me?

Speaking of which, nothing had been agreed upon so far as him fucking ME so why not have some of the same? Moving off of Corianne, I told Steve to sit back for a moment as I positioned her on her side to face her husband and then directed Steve to spoon her from behind, lifting her leg up in the air so Ken had a straight-on shot of his wife's pussy with Steve's hard cock back inside once again.

Standing up naked and sweating next to Ken for a moment, I tapped him on the shoulder and couldn't help but dig in a little.

"So Ken, what do you think of how my husband's fucking your wife?"

Ken didn't seem to want to answer at first but I was persistent. In any case, it's hard to ignore a naked woman right next to you, especially one that had just 69'd your wife just moments before.

"I don't know," he stammered a bit, "I hate it but yet it's so damn hot."

"Bet you're wishing now you hadn't banged that intern, eh?"

He didn't answer that one, instead for just a moment I saw an odd expression but it disappeared before I could figure it out. Was it a smirk? What was the real story here?

"Well, sort you can't join in but I want some of my husband's cock for myself," I teased him as I got back up on the bed again.

Steve took my return as a hint (which it was, duh!) and pulled out, dropping Corianne's leg limply down and then rolled her over onto her stomach. I got on all fours next to her, wiggling my butt as I gave Steve the signal as to what I wanted. LOL, he hasn't fucked me hundreds of time not to know what it meant when I did this.

"Fuck me Steve," I groaned as he entered me from behind without any fanfare.

My husband was in the zone now, that netherworld he disappeared into whenever he was super horny and in the middle of doing something about it. In this state it was like he was a robot programmed with one prime directive - fuck someone. I really don't think at this point it even matter whose pussy it was, he just HAD to have one.

"Get up," I nudged Corianne who seemed ready to pass out after her last orgasm. Damn, how many times had she cum already? She certainly hadn't taken any time to become adjusted to her new lifestyle.

Corianne got on all fours next to me, leaning against me for support. No sooner had she done so than Steve moved over behind her and once again she took his dick in her. Back and forth he went, from his wife's pussy back to Corianne and then back to mine again. It was like he would do a few stroked in one and then move to the other, just enough to make me feel good and then out again he would go.

It was my turn to enjoy Steve's cock when I heard him groan, "Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

Looking over at Ken, I quickly nudged Corianne to get ready and turned my head back to Steve over my shoulder saying, "In her Steve... give it to her."

Normally I get rather possessive when it comes to my husband's cum. I don't mean when he's off with someone else like during a swap or a party, but more like when we were together I felt like it was my prerogative as his wife to enjoy the feel of my husband's warm sperm as he ejaculated. This time though I wanted Ken to watch as my husband mated his wife. For just a moment I reflected how we hadn't discussed anything about prevention. Was she on the pill? Well, hopefully so or this would turn out to be a lesson for them both!

Whatever the case, Steve wasn't going to be stopped no matter what anyone said now. Once a man starts his orgasm, there's no stopping him and Steve was all man! You could've hit him over the head with a bat and I wouldn't be surprised if his dick kept right on shooting cum.

So it was as he barely got back into Corianne than he started ejaculating. While I couldn't see his sperm erupting from the end of his cock, I'd certainly been on the receiving end enough times to know what she must be feeling at that moment. Not only was a man mating her, but for the first time since their wedding it was not the man she had married. I remembered the first time Steve and I swapped after our vows. Sure in my case it wasn't nearly as dramatic as it must be for Corianne, but there was still that inner revelation that it was something you could never take back or forget. No matter what happened to their marriage after this, Corianne would always have to live with the knowledge that she'd had sex with another man besides her husband.

Corianne felt forward onto the pillows in front of her as Steve remained coupled and feel forward as well onto her back, pinning her to the bed as if she was a butterfly with a pin driven through her abdomen except in this case while the "pin" was steel hard, it wasn't made of metal.

I moved over, putting laying on my side so I was pressed up against them both, pushing the hair out of her eyes so she could see me – if she ever chose to open her eyes again. Finally I caught her squinting out at me, a smile on her face. Steve groaned and rolled over his back, his dwindling cock flopping over after its recent workout.

Turning back to ken, I sat up in bed and laid back against Corianne's freshly fucked nude body.

"I think she liked it, what do you think Ken?"

"Yep, she sure did," he said almost like he was proud of her.

Yet again I felt this odd feeling... something wasn't kosher. Based on what I'd heard, Ken was supposed to be grief-stricken or at least jealous enough to show him the error in his ways. Instead, he seemed more happy than he had the whole time we'd been together.

"You guys did a great job," he said to me, smiling and nodding his head, "Couldn't have asked for things to work out better."

"Huh?" was the most philosophical response I could muster. Where was he going with all this. Even before he spoke I think I had it figured out. Damn, what a ruse!

Ken stood up and gestured to us to get off the bed.

"Thanks guys, I think you can go now. Corianne and I have a few things to work out now."

Steve was becoming more alert as the blood returned to his big head. He looked at me questioningly but I told him just to get dressed and I'd explain it all to him on the way home.

Ken was already undressing before we were ready to go. I turned to him and held out my hand.

"Congratulations... I think," I said shaking my head, "Just one question..."

Ken stopped what he was doing and just nodded.

"There was no therapist, was there?"

Ken looked over at Corianne to check that she was still more or less out of it before replying and even then it was barely loud enough for him to whisper in my ear.

"Does it matter? SHE thinks there was."

Steve didn't hear what we were saying and so he started to move over closer but I just turned and motioned for him to leave with me following behind. I closed the door but as I did, the last thing I saw was Ken stripped naked, crawling in bed with his wife. OK, so he wasn't a hunk but the way I felt right now I'd of fucked him!

Steve was pestering me in the elevator and then all the way to his truck as he tried to get the full story out of me but I waited until we were on our way home before I said anything. Even then I wasn't about to lay it out for him like a book,. Some things would finally sink in eventually.

In a villainous sort of way I had to admire Ken. After enjoying an intern and then getting caught, someone he had managed to manipulate his wife into learning about a change in lifestyle that I assumed he'd been unsuccessful in coveting her up until now. So now who REALLY had the leverage? It certainly wasn't going to be Corianne, not the way she so easily took to everything we threw at her. Then again, maybe those desires had been just under the surface for her as well and she just needed someone to help bring them up and out of her.

Now that the genie was out of the bottle, would it ever return?

## 6. Hugh and Naomi – Foursome

As I mentioned earlier my preference for swapping is to meet to get to know each other and then split off, preferably for the entire evening. To just have sex and then jump out of bed to go back to your husband or wife seems to take the air out of things, ruining the impact as it makes me feel like I was doing something wrong instead of becoming an emotional and heartfelt event to treasure later. Even THAT is assuming you split off to separate rooms or homes.

So what happens when you don't?

Well, the answer isn't all that hard to figure out. We only did this once and then only because I didn't know that was the plan beforehand or we wouldn't have accepted the invitation. It's not that I didn't enjoy myself – quite the opposite. It just isn't what I look for when we do this sort of thing. I'd rather keep this type of sex more between family and friends. It's like being at a sex party but only one other couple shows up. If I'm going to be with multiple partners in multiple combinations, then there need to be more people involved to get the most out of it. The way I see it, a straight sex foursome is like playing poker with only two people at the table.

Like I started to say, Hugh and Naomi were a great couple. A few years older than use, they already had three kids – two girls as bookends with a boy in between. The oldest was just starting kindergarten so they were all left with a babysitter while we got together at a local hotel just for the evening (another strike but that's another subject).

Steve still swears to me that he hadn't realized that Hugh was only making reservations for one room but sometimes I know my hubby likes to surprise me only this time it wasn't a good one. Personally, I think he knew the story all along but he knew what my response would be so he waited until it was too late to back out before spilling the beans.

Take two married couples close to the same age, put them in a hotel room with a king-sized bed, mix well and then what do I really have to say? Add in a few pertinent facts like ONE of the girls (if you know me then you know which one) allowed anal sex. Also, ONE of the men (again, if you know Steve then you know which one) was bisexual. Finally, BOTH girls were bisexual so there's no mistaking identities there. Stir well and I'm sure you can imagine the outcome probably better than I can explain.

We only had a few hours thanks to the babysitter situation and the distances between us so there really was not much time for sitting back and talking or getting to know one another - at least from other than a physical standpoint. It was pretty much a meet and greet in the hotel lobby then straight to the room and directly to bed - do not pass GO, do not collect $200.

Alright... a few of the highlights for me. As I said, it wasn't as if I didn't enjoy myself, it just wasn't what I'd of done if I'd been given the option of something else at the same time...

We agreed from the start that all cum had to be directed at the other wife, regardless of how it was encouraged. So if her husband was fucking me, then it was easy but even if Hugh was fucking Naomi or she was sucking his cock, then he had to make sure that he moved quick enough to give it to me either orally or vaginally. Steve was under the same constraint only he had a third option - her ass. It may seem like a silly rule but it led to a few interesting contortions at times.

Another "rule" established up front was that the guys were in charge and that the women had to do whatever they were told - within limits. Of course I made sure the "no anal" rule was in effect, at least for me as Naomi wanted it for herself.

We discussed condoms at the outset. We all quickly agreed that none of us liked them yet given our sexual histories, should we use them? Given neither couple had been with anyone outside the group in the past few months we agreed that our recent tests covered us. Interestingly, that's not a subject that gets raise often and I was worried at first that they were going to insist on using them. It's not that it makes all that much difference to me WHILE he is fucking me although I can understand why men don't like insulating their dicks during sex. Then again, I hate them because they deprive me of his cum which is now something the guy could probably care less about, at least physically. Not only that but dealing with used condoms is sort of gross.

If I had to guess, I would say that 60% of the time was just 1-1 sex between couples with maybe 80% of that swapping while the other 20% was doing your own spouse. Of the remaining 40% of the time, It was probably 30% girl-girl with guys watching, 9% threesomes with me and name switching off with the two husbands.

The remaining 1% was something I'd never seen before and probably never will again - Steve getting sucked off by Hugh. In all fairness to Steve and his hang-ups with homosexuality, he didn't "give in" to temptation or compromise his position on gay sex - Hugh tricked him. I was sitting on my husband's face while Naomi was supposedly sucking him off when I realized to my fascination and horror that Hugh was taking the pace of his wife and sucking Steve's cock. By then Naomi had him almost ready to cum so it only took maybe another minute for Steve to cum - right in Hugh's mouth. He backed off and THEN I got off Steve's face so he really didn't know that it wasn't Naomi that had made him cum. That is, he didn't know until Steve started to thank Naomi and she pointed to her grinning husband who opened his mouth to show him Steve's cum still coating his tongue.

For a moment I thought Steve might do something drastic and I was even a little scared at first but I was proud of him when he backed off and took it all in stride - but with a VERY stern warning to Hugh that anything more along those lines would not be tolerated, whatever THAT meant. Later in the car he made me swear NEVER to tell anyone but he should have known better than that, LOL.

# 7. Derek and Amber - Stepfather's Lust

Derek and Amber were also a unique couple in that this was the second marriage for both of them and each had kids from the previous marriage. Derek was forty years old with a son and daughter in high school with the son a Senior and his daughter a sophomore. At 44, Amber was older than Derek but must have started her family later as her daughter was just in eighth grade.

While Steve and Derek had been working out the arrangements, Derek and confided to Steve that we would be the third couple they'd swapped with but the previous two times hadn't gone all that well. This time was either going to work for them or it was "three strikes and you're out". That was all he had said so at first we were a little concerned as to whether or not to accept their invitation. Until we actually set up a meeting place and time, no personal details were exchanged so we could back out from the deal at any time without any repercussions.

It was Steve that pushed for us to meet with them. He figured we could bring things out in the open during dinner or whatever was worked out as a prelude and then make a final decision. After seeing their profile, I knew what was REALLY driving his decision. Amber could have passed for the twin sister of Bree on "Desperate Housewives", red hair and all.

Steve has always had this thing for redheads - "natural redheads" in his words. Something about a red bush got his motor running! Of course if the girl shaved then there was no telling what was missing but at Amber's age odds were she was still hairy down there to some degree. I know my mom and her sister, both close to Amber's age, trimmed a bit but otherwise preferred the "au natural" look. Not to mention the ease in maintenance compared to keeping it shaved.

Another thing I noticed in their profile - no family photos, just the two of them. One the one hand it didn't surprise me, 99.9% of married couples did the same but it also told me they weren't advertising any other possibilities which relieved me. I was looking for as simple swap with no dramatics so keeping the kids out of it, even at their somewhat older ages, was just fine with me.

Rather than meet for dinner, Derek suggested a local bar which, like many Pittsburgh drinking establishments, also included a small menu and eating area. It was on the South Side near the river and we'd been there before so it was easy to come to an agreement. It wasn't a "bar" in the sense of a smoke-filled dark biker joint. In fact, it was a fun place to gather and have a drink with a light sandwich or appetizer. One thing that stood out was rather than sporting a collection of cut-off ties as some places do, this one specialized in hanging bras from the ceiling taken from those women who made the mistake of wearing one inside.

Another thing I recalled, less favorably, was the bar itself which dated back a hundred years back to the steel mill days. At the foot of the bar ran a copper lined trough under the brass foot rail. The first time I was there I naively asked what it was for and it was explained to me in more detail than necessary that in the old days the place would be crammed after work and getting a place at the bar was coveted. If you left to use the restroom - which was inevitable given the amount of beer men "rent". To do so would lose his spot so the trough was essentially a urinal! Thankfully these days it's just for memorabilia purposes!

I chose to wear one of my "little black dresses" of which I kept a small collection in my closet. This one was not my most risque by any means but it still did a nice job of showing off my cleavage especially. It was cut so low down the middle that let's just say there would be no questions as to whether or not I was wearing a bra - which of course I wasn't.

Steve and I arrived first and found a table off to the side. There was no such things as a "private" table considering how tight everything was packed in but it did afford a better spot than most of the others. Once we were seated Steve helped me with my coat. Our waiter was a guy which pleased me, especially the way he made no effort to hide his interest in my boobs.

"I see you know about our dress code," he said with a smile, nodding at my cleavage.

I just smiled and Steve had his own self-satisfying grin, reveling in the interest the waiter was showing in his wife. Yeah, the waiter could look but Steve was the one I'd be sleeping with later. Then again, not tonight I suppose!

Derek and Amber arrived shortly after and I'm not sure who was more turned on, me or Steve. Amber was every bit the redhead her profile photo had promised. Not so bright as to appear fake but more auburn and natural. The rest of her wasn't too shabby either, especially for a woman in her mid-forties. Like me, she had chosen a black dress but while hers covered more of her large boobs, it was cut so short that I wondered at first if she planned on sitting down!

Our waiter was back promptly and he smiled as he took in Amber's ample bosom. I was guessing a D cup, maybe even DD. Obviously a boob man as he barely even acknowledged her incredible legs that were shown off to their full advantage when she took a seat and crossed them under the table. Amber was wearing heels but even without them she would've towered over me but her legs seemed almost unnaturally long in proportion to her body.

"Ummmmm, ma'am," the waiter said as he put down the drink napkins for them, "It's our policy that no bras are allowed so if you wouldn't mind..." and with that he pointed up at the ceiling where hundreds of other girls had contributed before her.

Obviously neither of them had been here before, at least not Amber and I was starting to get suspicious of Derek as he didn't seem any too shocked. Heck, if anything he was winking back and forth with Steve. I smelled a setup but Amber went along without complaining.

"Well, it would've nice had someone TOLD me about this before I wore on of my better bras," she said teasingly toward her husband.

I expected her to excuse herself to the restroom for a moment but not Amber. Whether it was just her or she was trying to make an impression on us, she turned her back to Steve and said, "Would you like to do the honors Steve?"

All three men were enjoying this already as I just sat back and watched the spectacle. Steve reached down the back of her dress and unhooked her bra. She then reached down the front and pulled it up and over her boobs, then through one arm and then the other. Tugging at her dress to arrange her boobs back in place, I was impressed that without the bra her boobs didn't sag nearly as much as I would have expected which made me suspect implants. Oh well, I was sure Steve would find out soon enough for himself and fill me in later.

Amber held out her black bra which the waiter took and hung up over our table. From the quick look I got it didn't look like all that expensive which made me wonder if this wasn't prearranged. I guess one way or the other, did it matter? The only question I had now was whether or not she was wearing panties! As high as her dress rode up there were no signs but that could just as easily mean a thong so again, I would have to wait for Steve to inform me.

With the formalities over, we each ordered a drink - the guys had a beer while Amber and I each chose wine - me white and her a red. I was going to say something about red wine for redheads and white wine for blondes but the more I thought about it the sillier it sounded so I kept quiet.

We'd all read each other's profiles so it wasn't like we were starting from scratch in terms of knowing about each other. Still, that was just the stuff they posted in their profile. What was always more interesting was the stuff that people left out...

Amber seemed to be the talker of the two of them and she led off with, "So tell me Kelly, how many other husbands have you been with since you guys got married?"

It was a little more direct than I'd expected, especially for the opening question so I took a minute to answer during which she quipped, "THAT many?" and everyone laughed which helped to break the ice a little.

"Derek will be number twelve," I answered to which Amber's eyebrows raised a bit.

"And you just got married last August?" she returned, "Guess you guys have been busy."

Rather than answer, I replied with a question of my own, basically asking her the same thing even though I knew the answer but I wanted to use it to lead into another question.

"Steve's number three for me," she said, reaching over to put her hand over his and squeezing it gently.

"So how did the other two go?" I asked, even though Steve gave me a warning look that meant I shouldn't push the issue.

Amber frowned and sat back in her chair with her back straight. "Well to be perfectly honest, not so well." We all just sat there looking at her so she huffed a little adding, "So I suppose you want to know why."

I shrugged my shoulders and smiled. She was right of course.

"Well, maybe it will help so we don't repeat anything," she mumbled to her husband, "OK, quick and dirty... Couple #1 was their first time and they felt so guilty that we didn't even finish before they went home. Couple #2 was more concerned about me and her getting it on and it turned out the husband was more interested in Derek than me."

Whoa, no wonder they weren't so happy! Then again, I was afraid it would be something more complicated. Heck, these were easy to address.

Steve and I looked at each other and couldn't help but smile. He nodded at me so I took the ball.

"Well I can assure you first of all, there's no guilt here," I started out, "If anything Steve loves me to be with other guys and so far as I'm concerned, whatever he wants is OK with me."

Amber and Derek smiled at that so I continued, "As for the other, while I wouldn't mind a little playtime if you were interested, that's not why we swap and trust me on one thing... Steve hasn't got a gay bone in his body!"

At that Steve murmured his agreement and this time it was Derek who sighed rather melodramatically at the good news. I looked at Amber expectantly but she just gave me a wry smile and shook her head almost imperceptibly but the answer clear - boy-girl only. Actually I was more than happy with it. I'd only mentioned it to see how she would react.

Steve was the next to speak up saying, "So did you guys swap in your previous marriages?"

Derek answered, as if since the girls had answered each other then it was the guys who responded to the guys.

"No, neither one of us. I was only married for four years so I was single for quite a while with the kids living with their mom. Then I met Amber..."

Amber picked it up from there with, "What Derek failed to include was that I was married at the time. Sort of goes without saying it wasn't a good marriage. I divorced the cheating jerk six months ago and we has a quick ceremony as soon as the papers were signed."

"So why this?" I asked.

"The two of them looked at each other as if debating who should answer. I expected Amber to be the one but Derek replied with, "Why not? We both had rather sexless first marriages, barely enough for two kids for my part, so we thought we'd see what it was like to be more adventurous. We just didn't realize how crazy it could be."

"So how did you find out about the group?" I asked, curious as to how that happened.

Amber was the one this time to answer... "It was just pure luck. You're the first ones we've met since joining - the other two we met on-line. I was telling one of my friends about how horrible they had gone and it turns out she was a member so she recommended us."

Derek cut in with, "I have to say though, if I'd known what it was going to take I don't know if we would have applied."

we reached our floor he already had his hands over her boobs. As for me and Derek, I went straight for the crotch, tugging up on him as we watched our spouses making out.

Our rooms were on opposite sides of the hallway. I left Derek for a moment and moved over to give Steve a kiss, whispering to him, "Enjoy yourself." Steve just grinned and gave my ass a squeeze after which I went into the other room that Derek had just opened without a look back.

Confident that my husband was set for the night, I turned my attention to Derek and my own needs. As for him, he seemed a bit nervous so I knew it would be up to me to get things rolling. Any number of options came to mind but given his current reaction and past history I thought a more subtle approach would be best.

Thus for the first half hour or so, I didn't even undress or touch his dick as we made out on the couch in the room. He fondled me of course but only over my dress or what was exposed of my legs. It sort of reminded me of a high school date! Actually, that was the way I was treating this - as if he was a nervous young teenage boy about to get laid for the first time.

It worked. By the time we got in bed naked with each other any trepidation on his part was over and for the next couple of hours we had some great sex. There wasn't a moment of hesitation when he got on top of me to fuck me the first time and as he slipped into my soaking wet pussy I couldn't help but wonder how long it had taken Steve to get his in Amber... and was she really a redhead?

Surprisingly, Derek ended up cumming a total of three times if you count the morning sex. The first time was so quick I think he was a little embarrassed and it took me a while to get him hard again but I actually enjoy that sort of thing. It's different to suck a guy when he's flaccid and then to feel him slowly rise back to full glory again while inside my mouth is incredibly erotic for me.

Honestly, other than the fact it was our first divorce couple swap, it wasn't all that much unique based on the sex alone. Yeah, Derek knew how to fuck a girl and I came several times during the night so I wasn't about to complain because he wasn't kinky or had any weird fetishes. Thankfully he didn't even try to go for my ass, at least not my asshole although he DID seem to enjoy holding my butt whenever he had the chance.

As I said, what made it interesting for me wasn't the sex per se but what Derek told me DURING sex. It was after he had cum for the first time and after I'd sucked him back to an erection again and he was spooning me from behind. He was moving

"Do you masturbate watching her?" I asked as I sat down onto his cock, driving it deep inside of me as I wiggled my butt to work it in tight little circles inside of me.

"Yeah... I use her panties... Amber would KILL me," he gasped as I squeezed down on his cock with my pussy.

"You want to fuck her, don't you?" I teased him, "What's her name?"

"Patricia... she HATES to be called Pat or, god forbid, Patty."

I leaned over, drawing his dick out of me until just the head remained and then leaned back again to drive him in. Then I leaned forward again but keeping my ass down so he would stay in me as I dangled my boobs over his face and outstretched tongue. Without moving anything else, I lifted and dropped my ass to stroke him in and out of me while meeting his eyes with mine the entire time.

"Soooooo... what do you want to do to Patricia, eh Derek?"

Derek groaned as I worked my pussy on his dick. "I want to fuck her... GOD I want to fuck her so bad. I want to be her first... teach her everything."

"What about Amber?"

"I want her to be there too... licking Patricia, getting her ready for me and then helping me into her for the first time."

Wow, he had some serious fantasies going. Too bad Amber didn't know about them. Then again, from what I could tell about her feelings about her daughter maybe it was a good thing she didn't!

It was fun egging him on, using my pussy to drive his dick crazy and my words to draw out his inner feelings and lust.

"I bet you'd love to watch Patricia and Lindsey together... with Amber too... right?"

That one really drew a loud groan from Derek and even though he didn't answer I knew I'd hit the mother lode of his fantasy world.

He came soon afterwards and I had to wonder if in his mind he wasn't fucking one of their daughters more so than me. Oh well, it didn't really matter as I all I cared about was getting fucked and the more he was turned on the better he fucked me.

The next morning after we had sex again and showered, as we dressed Derek asked me to be sure not to say anything about Amber so far as his thoughts about their girls. I wondered if perhaps he was regretting what he had told me now but I assured him that he had nothing to worry about. Whatever we'd done, Amber would only know what he told her.

Derek seemed relieved at that and started to say something about getting together again, maybe just the two of us but I cut him off quickly. Yeah, I enjoyed the sex but I didn't want to get involved in a family situation that was so potentially volatile. Besides, Steve and I had a pact that we wouldn't swap twice with the same couple and no "follow-up" sex with either partner but I didn't tell Derek that.

While we had agreed to meet "for breakfast", in reality we just met in the lounge and each of us went our separate ways. I couldn't help but wonder if Derek wasn't anxious to avoid any possibility of me spilling the beans to Amber.

On the way home I told Steve about Derek's feelings for their daughters and he seemed to think it was funny so I asked him to explain why.

"Can't say I blame him," Steve started out with a big grin, "She showed me pics of all their kids and I can confirm that both girls are really HOT." He paused for a moment and looked at me with a sly grin, "I wonder if Derek would be interested in sharing?"

I punched him in the arm playfully. Yep, that's my husband!

# (Dec 09) Chapter 255: Building Self-Worth

Story codes: MF oral inc adultery exhib
Me (27)
Kyle (52)

Ego, self-esteem, self-worth... we call it many names but what it comes down to is this... How do you feel about yourself when you look in the mirror? If you're not happy with what you see, what can you do about it? I guess that depends on how determined you are to do it.

## 1. Fragile Ego

Some people are lucky in that no matter what happens, how they look, what they do, or what others do to them, they always seem to have a positive outlook about life in general and themselves in particular. Some might call them optimists, others may declare them naive, but the funny thing is such people probably wouldn't care what other people named them anyway.

For the rest of us more practical people, and I like to think I have lots of company, looking in the mirror can sometimes be a difficult chore and when we finally work up the courage all too often what we see isn't all that wonderful - at least so far as we see it. I can remember as a young teenager being full of angst and self-doubt to the point I almost wouldn't even look in a mirror. The alarming image that looked back at me of a skinny girl with underdeveloped boobs and pony legs was not what I would dream about. Heck, I didn't even have to dream. All I had to do was look at the other girls my age to realize what they had and I didn't.

At least I had one thing many girls like me didn't - supportive parents. As an only child there were no sibling rivalries or favorites, it was just me. Although at times I found it hard to believe, my mother use to be a teenager and so she seemed to sense my insecurities. She was always trying to help me by buying me outfits that enhanced whatever meager assets I had. She would always tell me that while I may not be at the front of the bell curve in terms of boob development, I DID have a cute butt. Thus she would buy me really short shorts, extremely tight little skirts and skimpy bikini bottoms that most mothers would never allow their daughter to wear.

Even Sharon, Steve's sister who was my age, was jealous of me. I knew she'd had a crush on her brother for years although he never gave her the time of day, let alone a second look which was too bad as she was pretty amazingly hot in my opinion.

Sure enough, on our first date Steve expected me to give him a blowjob. He didn't even really ask, he just told me. Well, needless to say there was no way I was about to tell him I'd never done one before. I'd seen enough of my dad's porn to know the basics of what I was supposed to do. Also, my mom had given me some advice when I went to her with my worries, even including a banana for a teaching tool. I even swallowed my first time although it was more because I was surprised when he suddenly ejaculated without any warning than any preplanning on my part. I must have been good enough as he asked me out again and it wasn't long before I willingly gave him my virginity. It made me so proud to finally joined the ranks of the other girls in school who put out for their boyfriends, especially to a guy like Steve.

Steve and I dated for the next six months which became the highlight of my life up until then. Until he left he was the only boy I had sex with (well, his brother once but that was just to tease him) and he pretty much stuck just with me. I felt so proud walking the halls with him, knowing that everyone knew what we were doing as Steve of course had immediately bragged to all his friends about doing me. My parents were proud of me as well. It was so cool to see them smiling when I would lead Steve up to my bedroom. Yes, for a brief period of time I was in heaven!

Then the most horrible thing imaginable happened – Steve's mom was transferred and suddenly he was in southern California, gone forever. Once I got over the initial heartbreak and shock I realized that there were other fish in the sea. It didn't hurt that he was barely gone before the other boys to start hitting on me given the reputation I'd earned being with Steve. It was like they all wanted to know was if I was really as good a lay as Steve had been saying. While it was different from the more loving attention that Steve gave me – I had been madly in love with him, it WAS attention. Indeed it made me feel much better when I looked in the mirror knowing that so many boys wanted the girl I was looking at. It's not that the image changed so much as it was how I perceived that image.

After losing Steve I wasn't ready to have that sort of relationship again. Indeed, I didn't know if I ever COULD after how I'd felt about him. Also, I learned that going out with a new guy was much more fun than dating the same guy over and over. On our second date they knew what was coming and it became just about the sex but

wanted me when I was sixteen so long as I spread my legs wide open for them. Then the day comes and you're walking through the mall and suddenly you notice the husbands checking out the high school girls and you realize they don't give you a second glance! The pervs who all wanted to chat endlessly on the Internet when you were a teen now suddenly seem to disappear when they learn your real age. People start asking you if the little girl next to you is your daughter (now THAT was a real downer for sure when it happened to me the first time).

Of course when you're older there are also different opportunities from what were available as a teenager. While most guys love to LOOK at underage girls, at the same time they're are well aware of the legal and social consequences of doing anything more than a quick glance. When it comes getting a man to make a move, it doesn't hurt to be a little older if you're into that sort of attention.

One of the positive things I found about being married is that the ups and downs get smoothed out a lot. Having a man permanently in your life that tells you every day how beautiful you are and how sexy you look definitely has some plusses! Of course I know that there are days when he's just being kind but yet I like to think that even when I'm puffy or sick, to my husband I'm still as beautiful as the day he married me.

One thing I hadn't expected so far as marriage and self-esteem was how good it would make me feel when my husband shared me with other men. Maybe sharing isn't quite the best word to use... more like he is loaning me out. It almost takes me back to my escorting days or even to my high school class slut status. What does it say when your husband is so proud of you that he gets off seeing you satisfying the lust of other men? What does it say about the trust and faith he has in me to see how much I enjoy doing it and yet knowing that I will always be his in the end? Finally, just knowing that I can still turn men on enough to drive them to cheat on their wives has always been one of the biggest ego boosters for me since I was fifteen and got laid by my first older man.

As wonderful as my marriage may be, there are still the occasional down days. That's to be expected as no marriage can be perfect. For example, while I try to put on a good face about it I don't generally feel the same way about seeing Steve fucking other women as he seems to feel about when he watches other men doing me. I guess it's a man thing but for whatever reason he just can't get enough of watching me having sex with other men. Even he can't seem to explain it but I think it's something to do with the fact that he likes them to know what HE is getting all

times in high school where a boy wouldn't fuck me after I told him it was OK. Maybe it was a religious thing, worries about my past partners, concerns over pregnancy or whatever, it didn't matter to me. The point was that any guy dating MUST have known my reputation so why bother taking me out if he wasn't going to fuck me?

I don't mean that every guy I dated had sex with me, quite the opposite in fact. While in general I didn't mind blowing a guy if for nothing else than as a thank you for dinner or a movie, sex was much more carefully rationed out. There's a difference between being a slut and a skank - a fine line but one nonetheless. The key for me was it was ME that made that decision, not him. Once I made up my mind to have sex with a guy, then I expected him to fuck me without any questions.

If it hurts being turned down by a boy at school, then imagine how it makes me feel to offer myself to my father or husband and have them say "no". Actually they never really say no, they're far too diplomatic and loving to be that blunt about it. Maybe they're just "too busy" or not feeling good or some other lame excuse. It's easier for me to accept that from Steve since we live together and I can't expect him to be ready to screw me at the drop of a hat 24/7 (although he seems to think that I can when he wants it, LOL). It's when my dad turns me away that really hurts as we do it so much less these days than we did when I lived at home. Yes, I know it's very selfish of me but what can I say, it's who I am.

## 3. Feeling Down

Such was the case this past Sunday. I woke up a little late and had to hurry to get to my dad's before church started for our traditional "pre-church fuck". It's something we'd started years ago as a whim, my dad fucking me just minutes before we left so that when we walked in and took a seat barely ten minutes later I was still tingling between my legs and his cum would be dripping out of me. Mmmmmmm, talk about an erotic situation! It was even better if my pastor was there to shake my hand without a clue as to where it had been a few minutes earlier.

Typically Sunday morning sex with my dad is was what I call quick and dirty sex. I don't undress but rather simply lift my skirt or dress up to reveal my panties. True, wearing them is a bit of a waste of time but he seems to get off taking them off of me. Once my bare bottom is exposed and ready for him to fuck we don't waste any time with foreplay. Usually I'll play with myself during the drive over so I'm ready as soon as he is - which is as I walk in the door and he is standing there with a full erection in anticipation. Typically he cums in just a few minutes which is good as we end up late to church half the time. It's more of a "tick in the box" sort of thing than a real fucking but it's important to me that we maintain the tradition, especially now that I'm married. Steve rarely went to church with me so it's just me and my dad, the way it used to be.

This morning I arrived to find my dad in the garage packing up his football tailgating gear. Damn, I'd forgotten it was a Steeler game day! Oops, Steve was still sound asleep when I left the house, something my dad was quick to point out.

"Hey, where's your horny husband Kelly?" he asked as he packed, "We should've left a half hour ago. You didn't delay him, did you?"

Didn't I wish! My last view of Steve was laying naked on his side in bed, his wonderful dick all soft and flopped over against a lush bed of black pubic hair. Yes, I HAD been tempted but as late as I was already there just wasn't enough time.

"Noooooo, but you better call him as he was still sound asleep when I left."

My dad cursed softly and I admonished him for his language at which he just rolled his eyes.

"Daddy, it IS Sunday so of all days not to swear..."

"Yes my little church girl," he teased me, reaching out to pat my butt.

"Speaking of your little church girl...," I said softly, lifting my skirt and pulling my panties to the side to reveal my bare pussy, all wet and ready for him.

My dad sighed, "C'mon Kelly, how about a rain check? I'm already running late and your husband's not helping matters."

That may be true but by now his favorite parking spots would be taken anyway so what would it hurt to spend another five minutes maintaining our tradition? It was what I WANTED to tell him but instead I was an obedient daughter and didn't say anything more although my pussy certainly wasn't happy about the outcome. Like damn, I'd passed on Steve and now my own dad wasn't going to do me. Not a good start to my day.

My dad kissed and reached under my skirt to finger me quickly.

"Mmmmmmm, you're a horny girl this morning... Hmmmmmm, why don't you see if your Aunt Linda's hungry?"

As much as I knew my aunt would make me feel good, what I needed right then wasn't pussy – I wanted a hard COCK! It was one of those times when suddenly I wanted to be fucked so badly it was like my pussy hurt. Maybe it was because I was

NOT going to get laid that made em so horny for it, who knows. Whatever it was, I was really feeling low suddenly.

"Daddyyyyyyyy, PLEASE... I want YOU to fuck me!" I begged him, reaching for his crotch and pressing against his dick.

"Kelly, how about just once giving your old man a break. I don't want to be out a mile away from the stadium and if the guys can't hold my space, that's where I'll be if I don't get going now, especially if I have to wake up your husband. So blame him, not me."

With that he kissed me and got in the car and drove off, leaving me standing there in the garage horny as hell. I looked at the large round Coca-Cola clock on the garage wall and saw I still had a half hour before the service was underway. The sign outside said it started on the hour but I knew it was more like a movie where the first fifteen minutes wee advertisements.

For a moment I thought about going up to see if my Aunt Linda was awake yet but then that would mean missing church. Unlike my dad who could get off in five minutes - given the right incentive, once I got started with my aunt it would be an hour at least before I could get away again and I didn't want to miss church. Bad enough not getting laid but I wasn't going to compound things by not showing up for service either.

Hmmmmmm, fifteen minutes more or less... time for one thing to cure my "problem". I stepped into the basement from the garage and flopped down on the couch, my favorite spot in the family room. Many a time I'd laid here and gotten off, either by myself or with someone's help. Why not once more?

Pulling up my skirt, the couch felt cool against my butt as I sat back and spread my legs apart. Touching my crotch, it was slick with my wetness as I'd been practically dripping while hoping my dad would do me. It didn't help when he'd briefly put his finger up inside - not long enough to accomplish anything but enough for me to want more.

It took me less than ten minutes to get off as I rubbed myself with one hand and cradled my boobs with the other. While it may sound fast, in reality I was so horny that I had to hold myself back to stretch things out longer. Somehow or another my aunt didn't wake up although being two stories up from the basement I suppose the neighbors would've been complaining before that happened.

Feeling somewhat satiated but not fulfilled, I headed for church where hopefully I'd relax and settle down a little after being spurned by my father. While my pussy was tingling when I took my seat, it just wasn't the same as when I was holding in my dad's cum. Worse, when I got home I knew Steve would be gone to the game with my dad and who knew what time they'd be home. After the game they liked to hit the casino right down the block from the stadium. For all I knew they might be home until midnight, or later.

I knew things weren't right when in the middle of the pastor's prayer I found myself thinking about how much it bothered me to have my dad just toss aside our little tradition as if it meant nothing to him. Yes, I knew I was being harsh and with the exorbitant price he paid for his season tickets who could blame him for not wanting to be late. And yes, it was partially my fault for running so late that I was pressuring him when had I been on time then maybe he would have wanted to do me.

During the boring sermon I daydreamed about sex with my dad and how it has evolved over the past eleven and a half years. I wondered if the older couple beside me had any idea why I was smiling to myself. What if they knew my thoughts were about how I use to wait anxiously for him to come home from the office so I could throw myself into his arms and beg him to do me. It was like having sex for the first time all over again in that I couldn't get enough of his attention. True, he'd always paid me a LOT of attention before but nothing like the kind of attention he was giving me now.

During my college years things cooled down between us of course for no other reason than I wasn't home. During those years my father turned to my younger cousin Kristen and I think that was when things really changed between us. Not that it was anything bad, just more mature and less frantic. After all, by the time I graduated I wasn't a teenager anymore so who could blame him for seeking one out?

It should go without saying that the biggest thing to happen to me which changed my relationship with my father was my marriage. It only makes sense as I was marrying a man to be my lifetime soul mate, partner and lover. I pledged myself to him, vowed to submit to him as the Bible commands, even more strongly than to my father. While my dad was still extremely important to me, my husband was now the number one man in my life and there was no way this couldn't be reflected in my sexual relationship with my dad. Still, I WAS still his only daughter and that was something no other man could claim. Steve was my husband but he never can take the place of my father in my heart – or my pussy.

As church finally let out I just sat there in the pew for a few moments, praying and looking to God for guidance. Over the past hour or so I'd done a lot of thinking and my mood had changed to something more melancholy than horny as it had been when I arrived. For the first time in ages I found myself doubting myself, almost like back when I was a young teen wondering if the boys would ever want me the way they did my best friend Beth with her ridiculously early developing bustline.

Indeed, ten years ago my dad wouldn't have turned me down for sex in ANY situation. When it came to concerns about his season tickets or his little girl's needs his priorities were perfectly clear. True, it wasn't HIS responsibility to submit to me like I did to him but still, he never turned me down out of love for me. Not that I had any doubt that he loved me now but obviously I didn't turn him on the same as I did as when I was a high school slut.

What really ticked me off was that even my own husband hadn't bothered to wake up to fuck me before I left. Sure he'd been out late the previous night with my Aunt to some sort of family sex party but it wasn't like he was drunk or anything as alcohol isn't even permitted at those events due to all the underage attendees. OK, so maybe I could've helped jump-start things by starting to suck on his dick while he slept but I was already dressed in my Sunday church outfit so I would've had to undress first and then been even later to my dad's - not that it would've mattered as it turned out.

After leaving church I sat in my car, placing my Bible on the passenger seat and fastening my seat belt. Just as I was about to start the car I watched as a guy walked by with his two young girls in tow. Ahead of them were three teenagers I knew from the youth group, all three terrible teases. From what I'd heard that was all they did - tease, but they obviously had a great time doing it.

I smiled to myself as I watched the father holding his girl's hands but his eyes were fixed on the girls asses in front of them. Wow, when was the last time a man like him stared at MY ass? OK, so maybe I didn't wear quite as short of skirts as the girls were but then at 27 people stopped shaking their heads at "youthful inappropriate behavior" and started accusing you of flashing young boys and arresting you.

Wow... suddenly I felt SOOOOOO old. I bit my lip as I watched the girls move on, suddenly insanely jealous of their youth and blissfully naive existence. Those days had been so much fun and now they had passed on out of my life, at least it felt like they were.

The more I kept thinking about things the more I wallowed in self-pity and indulgence. No doubt had my cousin Kristen been with me she would've just slapped me and told me to get a grip which probably would've worked even up to this point. As it was I started the car but when I reached the end of the parking lot instead of turning left to go home, suddenly I made a hard right turn, almost smacking into a car that blared its horn as it swerved to miss me. The driver flashed a middle finger at me and I couldn't help but think he had probably just come from church. Just another hypocrite.

Where was I heading? For the moment I didn't know other than it wasn't home. No way was I about to sit in our lonely apartment and feel sorry for myself all afternoon and night. For now I was just heading towards the city, destination unknown…

## 4. Teasing

It was like I was on autopilot as I navigated the busy post-church traffic and entered the long tunnel heading into Pittsburgh. Breaking out into the sunlight on the other, I smiled as I always did as if by magic the city that hadn't even been visible on the horizon a mile or so behind me was now suddenly laid out in front of me. Crossing the river I headed downtown to my favorite hotel. I guess when you're feeling down there's no better place than one filled with pleasant past memories.

Seeing the hotel ahead I wondered how many times had I'd been here now for one thing or another. Everything from meeting one lonely husband for a night of adultery to being one of the "party favors" along with my cousin at a company party where for over three hours I was fucked almost non-stop and finished the night literally covered in cum from head to toe (yes, some men actually like to cum on a girl's feet... go figure.)

I recalled once how Steve had brought me here once while we dated, daring me to see how many men would try to hit on me. He scored me on a scale of 1 to 10 where a one was leading from them groping me on the dance floor all the way to a ten if they tried to give me their room key. At the time that's all it had been - one massive tease for the benefit of my boyfriend but at times like this it brought back so many memories and thoughts.

Thanks to my antics with Steve, I found myself thinking the large lounge that was always filled with business travelers from out of town of all shapes and sizes. It was early Sunday afternoon but I imagined that for men travelling it would be a time when they had nothing better to do than to sit in the lounge and drink while they watch the game on the big screen. No doubt being away from home they'd be a bit horny. Mix that with a few drinks to lower their inhibitions and who knows what they might do if a girl walked in all by herself. Hmmm, maybe I should find out?

By now I was at the entrance and decided to splurge on valet parking. Hotel garages can be dark and creepy, especially when you're a single girl all alone. As I came to a stop the valet opened my door and I smiled as I noticed his eyes drifting down to where my dress was pulling up as I worked my way out of the car. I suppose a "nice" girl would've tugged it down as she turned in the seat but the last thing I was in the mood for was to be a "nice" girl.

Taking my valet ticket I started to turn to go inside when I thought for a moment and asked him to wait. Undoing my coat, I tossed it out flat on the back seat so I wouldn't have to worry about it inside. Maybe they had a coat check but if they didn't then I wouldn't want to carry it around with me all afternoon. I felt goose bumps rise on my exposed arms and shoulders but it was a quick few steps to get inside where it was nice and warm again.

First things first... the ladies room to check myself out and freshen up a bit. All I had with my was a small purse just big enough to hold my driver's license, a small hair brush, one tube of lipstick, a VERY small bottle of perfume (the samples they hand out in stores work great for this purpose) and a little cash. It was just a carry purse without a strap but a girl can't leave without something in her hand.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I fixed my hair and added a little lipstick before stepping back to take stock. My dress wasn't one of my sluttier ones as I had to wear it to church but at the same time it wasn't exactly overly conservative. I smiled as I thought to myself that I had to maintain my reputation after all. If I ever showed up there in a long dress to my ankles I think people would have stared more at me than they do now. It had thin straps to hold it up which to me worked better than going strapless as straps allowed for a deeper cleavage and it didn't have to fit so tight against me to keep it from falling down. It wasn't like some of my "little black dresses" where half my boobs show nor did it ride up as high as my typical "date-night" dresses and skirts. The fact I wasn't wearing panties wasn't obvious and I would have had to practically pull up the hem for it to ride high enough to show anyone.

What I DID like about this dress was the way it clung to me. It was like pulling over a tube top that extended below my hips. Tight on my ass, it then pulled in tight along the tops of my legs all the way down to maybe a third of the way to my knees. I remember the first time I wore a dress like this and how weird it felt to walk in it. It was like somebody had wrapped a huge bandage around me from bust to thighs. Being so tight it didn't ride up all that much as a loose skirt would but at the same time when I DID pull it up, it stayed up - a useful trait at times.

One thing I liked about this hotel was that they provided warm cloth washcloths in the restroom. I dampened one with hot water and went inside the handicapped toilet where I had enough room to move around without banging into the toilet paper holder. Lifting up my dress, I reached down and cleaned my pussy to wipe off any of my dad's cum that had leaked out of me during the service. The guy who left it there might enjoy seeing it but I didn't think anyone else would be turned on seeing dried cum on me, especially down there.

Using a second washcloth to dry me off, I pulled my skirt back down and straightened it out. Opening the door, I almost bumped into a couple of older women that had somehow entered without me hearing them. Thankfully I'd hidden inside the toilet as I could just imagine what they might have said had they walked in and seen my cleaning dried cum off my pussy and thighs. One last touch of perfume to my neck and wrists and I was off... Entering the lounge, it was obviously game day as every TV in the place was tuned to one game or another, half of them to the Steelers of course. For a moment I thought of my dad and Steve and wondered how they were doing. It wasn't raining yet but the skies were threatening. Why people want to sit in a cold football stadium in the rain when they could be home warm and dry is beyond me - especially when I could be sucking their dicks as they watched the game!

I took a quick look around, debating where to sit. There were a few tables as well as booths but they didn't seem appropriate for what I was planning. The bar area had high stools and at the moment only had a couple of guys there so I walked over slowly and lifted myself up to take a seat. Crossing my legs, I could feel my dress trying to pull up but as tight as it was on me it only came up a few inches keeping my ass well covered. I was sitting sideways on the stool so I had to twist myself to face the bar, leaning on it slightly to keep my balance.

The barkeeper came over quickly and asked if he could help me. For a brief moment I was tempted to tell him just HOW he could help me but instead I just asked softly for a white zinfandel. He poured me a glass, a little fuller than I think he normally would have and I just smiled and asked if I could run a tab. If I was lucky, I wouldn't be paying it!

Looking around as discreetly as I could, I counted maybe five men in the place. Not surprisingly there were no women except for the waitress wearing just a football jersey and dark fishnet stockings. From the looks of things there wasn't anything else under the jersey. She looked maybe in her late teens or early twenties and was obviously working for tips given the way she was flirting with each guy and moving her hips as she walked the room.

So much for the competition, LOL. All the guys were mostly in their thirties and forties from the look of it. One guy might have been older than the others but then it could have been just the grey hair. A couple were in dress shirts and slacks while the others were more casual - like jeans and a polo shirt, that sort of thing. The old guy wore a sport coat but he seemed to be the type that never went anywhere without it.

The other two guys at the bar were each a couple of seats away on either side of me. They seemed more fixated on the game than anything else. My eyes met one guy's seated at a table a few feet away. He smiled at me and nodded, almost like he was acknowledging my outfit and how I looked in it - or at least that was HOW I hoped he was thinking. I smiled back, nothing overdone but enough to let him know I was available.

He apparently got the message which both excited and worried me at the same time. Excited because he started to pick up his drink and napkin to move over to next to me. Worried because it was just a little too easy. Was he a player? The last thing I needed was a serial adulterer looking just to add another notch to his belt.

"Hi, my name's Kyle," he introduced himself, holding out a hand for me to shake. I noticed the wedding ring immediately.

"I'm Kelly, nice to meet you Kyle," I responded, accepting his hand and shaking it briefly. I saw him glance down at my hand and he certainly couldn't have missed the diamond on my ring finger.

"So pardon the cliche Kelly... but what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this on a Sunday afternoon?"

Cliche... yes. Did I mind... no. I glanced at his hand and saw the wedding ring which made me feel good. It was the single guys you really had to watch out for.

"Nothing really, just thought I'd have a little wine."

Kyle looked at my wine glass, then at my legs and then finally up top my boobs and over to my hand where I was sure this time that he noticed my own wedding ring.

"So you're a Steelers fan?" I nodded and he smiled as he asked, "I take it your husband is as well?"

"Well, he's at the game with my dad so I guess you could say that," I said with a slight frown.

"And he left you home all alone?"

I just nodded and he continued, "Well I have to say, if MY wife looked like you I that dress I'd never leave her home alone, let alone in a place like this."

"Thanks," I said trying to act embarrassed at his compliments.

"Seriously... that dress fits you like a glove."

"Well I'm glad SOMEBODY noticed today," I sighed, taking another sip of wine.

Kyle put his hand out and rested it on my knee. It was a little bold but nothing overly so. I pretended I didn't notice.

"So why are YOU here today Kyle?"

Kyle rolled his eyes and answered, "Business... I'm from Atlanta and this is my first time in Pittsburgh. It's a nice city. Was hoping to get tickets to the game but with the weather and all I guess that it worked out for the best."

Not exactly telling me much which was actually a good sign. Guys who jabber too much are usually just all talk and no action.

"Family?" I asked.

"Just the wife these days... empty nesters. Two daughter, both graduated and married," he replied and then asked me, "And you?"

Hmm, obviously I'd misjudged his age. He had to be in his mid-forties I was thinking based on his introduction. Oh well, why not? "Just married last year, no kids yet."

Kyle huffed a little saying, "Don't rush into it, enjoy life. We got pregnant two months after the wedding so it was like barely had a honeymoon and then it was all about kids for the next 25 years."

"We can't have kids," I said with my eyes downward, "But we're looking to adopt."

I didn't see any reason to explain WHY we couldn't have kids. Besides, it might not help me along here if this guy found out that my husband was sterile from an STD he'd picked up before moving back to Pittsburgh with his mother. It wasn't anything that could hurt me now but during his last physical the doctor did some tests in case we wanted to start a family and that was when we learned the awful news.

Kyle at least had the common sense to avoid pursuing the subject. In any case I changed the subject quickly.

"So it must be nice now to have the house with just you and your wife," I said, trying to draw him out a little.

"You would think," he answered, looking a little dejected now himself, "Things don't always work out that way. Now if I had a wife like YOU then I wouldn't be looking for an excuse to leave town every chance I get."

With that he moved his hand up my leg. It was just a fraction of an inch and almost imperceptible should anyone be watching but I could feel his touch against my skin.

"And I bet you wouldn't leave me home for a stupid football game."

With that I acted as though I was fidgeting in my seat with the effect being I pulled my leg up a little but higher to expose just a little more thigh. Kyle responded with some movement of his own such that he was now sitting right up close to me with his hand now firmly on my thigh.

"You know Kyle, I bet your wife wouldn't appreciate where your hand is right now," I teased him but making no effort to push him away.

"I really don't give a crap what she thinks anymore," he grumbled, spreading his fingers apart to cover more of my leg with his hand.

At that point something happened on the TV as groans emerged from the other guys watching which caused us both to look up and see what had happened at the game across the river. Personally I could have cared less but it seemed the appropriate thing to do at the time.

The result was a bit of a reset as Kyle moved his hand back to my knee again. We started talking about Pittsburgh, things to do and such. Other than what he had told me earlier, the topic of his family and marriage stayed off the table... or the bar I guess in this case. Actually that was a good sign so far as I was concerned. Had he brought out the family photos and bragged about his wife then anything more than a creeping hand would have most likely been off the menu.

One glass of wine down and another magically appeared. Kyle smiled and told me not to worry, he was on an expense account and would take care of my bill. Yep, works every time!

One glass of wine was unusual enough for me but to tackle a second was definitely not my normal routine. I'd have been just as happy to order a Diet Coke but then I'm sure Kyle was working on the assumption that if he got me drunk then I'd be easier prey. Little did he know just how easy I was planning to be!

"So tell me Kelly, you're pretty dressed up and here you are wandering into a hotel lounge on a Sunday afternoon," Kyle said offhandedly, trying not to appear as nosey as I knew he wanted to be, "I hope you don't mind if I ask why?"

I hesitated before answering, not because I didn't know how to answer but I wanted to appear not to know.

"Well, this is what I wore to church today and I didn't go home to change."

Kyle smiled at that and I noticed his hand moved back up again to where it had been before.

"Really? Wow, I need to start going to church if babes like you come dressed like this," he chuckled and then added, "You know, I've always wondered how a girl can even sit in a tight dress like that."

We both laughed at that one, more than it qualified for but it didn't matter. Then he just sat there and waited for me to respond to the other part of his question. Again I paused for moment and averted my eyes as if I was embarrassed to say anything.

The hand inched up a little more to where he was just a couple of inches from the hem of my dress.

"Hey... it's OK, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

I took another swallow from my wine glass and sighed softly.

"Guess I'm just a little depressed is all."

Kyle squeezed my thigh and said, "So why don't you tell me a little more about this husband of yours."

About the LAST thing I was going to tell him was the truth so I made up what I thought was a pretty nifty story.

"I don't know... we were high school sweethearts and I've never really dated anyone else. He's never ignored me like he did today... well for the most month or so."

With that I pretended to hold back tears and noted that Kyle took advantage of my "weakness" to inch his fingers up until the tips were just up to my dress.

"Sorry," I said with a little choke in my voice, "I just worry he's cheating on me."

Kyle leaned over until his face was maybe a foot or so from mine.

"Well, all I can say is that if you were MY wife I'd never even look at another woman."

Little did he know just how many other women my husband had done a lot more than just look at since we got married, LOL.

"Well, I noticed his shirt smelled of perfume that wasn't mine after he came home late from work last week. And then it seems lately like he isn't interested in... well, you know... sex."

Rather than push his fingers under my dress which would have been pretty forward given how tight it was around my legs, Kyle started to slowly rub my leg, running his hand from my knee to my dress hem.

"Sounds like a jerk to me," Kyle murmured and then he quickly apologized, "Sorry, that was uncalled for and I shouldn't have said anything."

"No it's OK," I assured him, "I guess I was just thinking that maybe I should give him a taste of his own medicine.

"Have you ever cheated on him before?" Kyle asked in a tone that was maybe more optimistic than what would have been considered appropriate.

I just shook my head and bit my lower lip before answering with, "Oh no! Actually he's the only one I've ever done it with."

Well, that was quite a whopper but one thing about men... they'll believe just about anything if they're horny enough.

Kyle sat up a little and I wondered if maybe I'd laid it on a little too thick but then I knew I had my hook caught.

"You know Kelly, that's pretty incredible. You just don't meet many people who can say that these days... you know, they've never been with anyone other than their spouse. Especially someone that's as beautiful as you are."

That was sweet of him to say about me, especially given that such compliments and observations were exactly why I decided to take this little jaunt. Another drink of wine and I pretended to be getting a little bit tipsy. It wasn't all that hard as I was indeed starting to feel the effects.

Kyle's hand was slowly working its way from the top of my leg in to between them but with my legs crossed it wasn't all that easy. In any other situation I would have kept them crossed but in this case I thought a little un-ladylike behavior was warranted so I lifted my leg and placed it aside the other with just a little bit of separation, using my heels to grab the bar-stool underneath to keep my balance.

The whole time Kyle never moved his hand so when I was situated again I leaned over and whispered, "Does this make it easier?"

For just a moment I thought Kyle was embarrassed but then I think he figured if I was going to be so bold then why not go for it?

"You know Kelly, for a young wife who hasn't been with any other man other than her husband you're being pretty forward."

I knew where he was leading me. Was this real or just a setup? Maybe I was a hooker looking for some action. Even worse, what if I was an undercover officer looking to bust some out of town guy on the hunt for some local pussy?

"Ok, you got me," I confessed and I could have laughed at the expression on his face. Even his hand started to pull back so I reached down and put my hand over his, pulling it back until he was in between my legs.

"I HAVE had sex with another guy but that was at my bachelorette party and they got me so drunk I didn't know what I was doing. The only reason I even know it happened was because they took a video of us. Well, I know better than to drink too much since then!"

As if to emphasize the point, I reached over and grabbed my wine glass, taking a good couple of gulps this time.

"So THAT's what you weren't telling me?" he asked, looking a little bewildered.

"Isn't that enough?" I said as if I couldn't believe what he had said, "It's not like I'm some kind of prostitute or undercover cop or anything like that."

"Well that's not what I meant," he quickly said, backtracking from the conversation.

"So then tell me Kyle," I whispered just enough to be heard above the game, "what DID you mean?"

The gears were spinning in his head as he seemed to be debating with himself on what to do next. Was I just a tease? Was I on the hunt? For that matter, could he believe anything I'd told him? Was I worth the risk?

Considering my entire purpose in being here today was to see whether or not men were interested enough in me to take whatever risks were needed to have me, I'd say I'd probably already achieved that goal. Kyle wanted me, no doubt about that. I felt myself warming inside as his hand moved along the inner part of my thigh, my most sensitive part of my leg.

He wasn't answering so I decided to up the stakes a little bit.

"I tell you what Kyle... let's make a bet. What do you say... am I wearing panties or not?"

"And how will I know if you're telling the truth?" he said, a smile coming to his face.

"Let's just say you won't have to just take my word for it," I said in a teasing voice as I put my hand over his and pressed it against me tighter.

Kyle then pretended to go through this soul-searching muse as to what to do when I knew what his answer would be from the start. He didn't disappoint me.

"So what if I get it right? Wrong?"

I giggled and licked my lips just enough for him to see me do it.

"Does it matter?"

At that Kyle laughed again but I could see the lust building in his eyes. For the first time since we met I felt confident that he was going to fuck me. The only questions now were when and how.

"Why don't you stand up for me then and let me get a good look at your butt?" he asked rhetorically.

I just shrugged and slipped off the edge of the stool, not bothering to hike my dress back down to where it should have been. Well, "should" from the standpoint of Emily Post, not mine.

"So... like my ass Kyle?" I teased him as I turned slowly in front of him. he started to reach out to touch it but I pushed his hand away and warned him, "No touching, that wouldn't be fair. You have to guess based on what you see only."

Kyle acted as though he was making a determination to bring about world peace or some other momentous decision. Putting his hand to his chin, he gazed at my ass for far longer than it should have taken for such an easy decision. Finally he sat back and crossed his arms almost defiantly as he rendered his decision.

"It would be easy to say you weren't wearing anything under that sexy dress based on how tight it conforms to your body and the total lack of panty lines. Still... given the technology today panty lines aren't as easy to spot these days and frankly, you just don't seem like the type who would go out in public commando. Yeah... you talk a big game but I suspect that's all it is.... talk."

Wow, he really didn't have a clue! Still, I thought it was pretty hot that he had no idea about my background I wondered what he would say if he knew the truth about the hundreds of men who have fucked me over the years, not to mention the who knows how many that I've blown.

"Oh really?" I said, my turn to cross arms.

"Yeah, it may not be much but it's there I'll bet," he said rather smugly as if he had me nailed.

He waited for me to respond but I just sat there with a slight grin, teasing him as best I could. Finally he couldn't take it anymore.

"Soooooo? Am I right or wrong? I KNOW I'm right so pay up sister.

I leaned back in the stool and crossed my legs once again, letting my dress ride up even higher this time but still well low enough that he couldn't verify his guess one way or the other.

"Let me put it this way Kyle," I said slowly, "What you see is what I got."

Kyle just laughed softly and shook his head in protest. "No way, I bet you've NEVER gone out bare ass in public."

I almost choked trying to hold back the laughter. Just goes to show you can't judge a book by its cover.

"So what do I get for my prize?" he asked.

Shaking my head, I answered, "Noooooo, you don't get a prize because you're wrong."

"Prove it then," he came back quickly and rather forcefully this time.

"Here? In the middle of the lounge?" I protested in mock modesty. I shook my head answering with, "No way, there's people watching us for goodness sake."

"Well, it appears we're at a standoff. I claim I'm right and you say I'm wrong but yet you won't provide any proof one way or the other. Doesn't seem quite fair to me."

He seemed to be becoming truly agitated but I wasn't about to go out of character this easily and just sat there silently as if I didn't know what to say which just seemed to agitate him all the more.

"So what's this all about anyway? You some kind of cock teaser or what? Hubby leaves you all alone so you go out on the prowl but when things get a little too personal you pull back? Yeah, I should've seen it coming."

I pretended to be hurt by his comments and if I was a better actress I'd have tears streaming but it was the best I could do just to look down and act as though I was upset.

"I am NOT a cock teaser," I murmured just loud enough for him to hear.

I'm sure in his mind I was playing right into his hands. Lonely housewife spurned by her husband out trying to act out her revenge only to have her bluff called and now wanting to prove she wasn't bluffing in the first place. Of course all that meant was now I was in position to do what he wanted... or so he thought. Little did he realize that now I had HIM in the exact position I wanted!

Kyle reached into his short pocket and pulled out his room key, putting it on the bar and sliding it over in front of me.

"The prove it... here's my room key. Go up ahead of me and I'll be there in a few minutes."

I wanted to grin and give a big "YES!" but instead I stayed in character and acted as though I wasn't going to take it.

Kyle reached out and put his hand on my leg, this time sliding it up until his fingers were under the hem up to his palm placing them precariously close to me crotch but still far enough away as to keep him in the dark as to my underwear status.

"C'mon Kelly... you know you want it," he urged me, "Don't you want to show your husband how it feels to be left all alone while he goes off and has a good time at the game. I bet he's flirting with every girl he sees. Why let him do this to you without fighting back?"

I picked up the card key but just held it between my thumb and forefinger, holding it against the bar and rotating it slowly from one edge to the next.

"I don't know... I guess I really hadn't thought this through..."

Kyle huffed and held out his hand, "Screw it then bitch. Give me back my key and then go back to being a slave to your asshole husband. You deserve him."

I clutched the key in my hand and held it to my chest defiantly.

"Fuck you," I said which was quite uncharacteristic of me as I almost never swear but then everything I was doing was not "normal" for me so why not? "I'll show you... but you better be there in two minutes or I walk."

With that I slide off the chair and without bothering to pull down my dress I started to walk out of the lounge. Just as I reached the entrance I turned and headed back to him, pretending to be sheepish.

"What room number?" I said with a slight frown.

Since he hadn't told me I couldn't tell from the key where to go. Of course I knew that from the moment I picked up the key but I thought it added a nice touch to emphasize my lack of experience in such situations.

"628... turn right out of the elevator and it's on the left," he said, clearly pleased with himself.

I headed back out again and couldn't help but notice the looks from several of the guys. Maybe they were no wishing they'd been the ones to approach me when I came in instead of Kyle.

Without a look back I made my way to the elevators and pushed the UP button. A door instantly opened and I was on my way up.

The question was, up to what?

## 5. Sex in a Hotel Room

My first impression upon entering the room was that obviously Ryan hadn't planned on bringing a girl back when he left for the lounge. The double bed closest to the window was still unmade and I had to wonder why the maid service was so late. A single suitcase was open on the other double bed with clothes scattered around. I didn't see any signs of pajamas so either he slept in the nude or his underwear.

A quick check of the bathroom had the usual suspects - toothbrush, toothpaste, razor, a can of gel shaving cream, and a can of body spray deodorant. A couple of towels were in the bathtub which made me happy as it looked like he'd showered in the morning.

Then I saw one last thing that really told me he hadn't been expecting visitors... a couple of porn magazines next to his suitcase, Oh well, I guess that just meant he was a normal male, LOL. At least he obviously wasn't gay.

That was all the time I had for an assessment as there was a single knock at the door and I knew it could only be one person. Opening the door, I was startled to see that I was wrong - it was the maid finally making her appearance. She was a young girl in Muslim attire and she seemed quite shy.

"Maid service," she asked in a soft voice, her eyes looking downward rather than meeting mine.

I smiled as sweetly as I could and answered, "Not now... I don't think he wants to be disturbed for a while."

She looked at me and then I think she realized what the situation was and she quickly nodded and headed away just as Kyle came walking down the hallway. I held the door open for him to enter.

"I take it she didn't want to join us?" he said jokingly.

I just ignored him which hopefully signaled my response better than words. Without saying anything I walked back to the center of the room between the two beds and then turned to face him with my arms folded in front of me. For just a moment I felt distinctly aware of my situation and considering how quickly his temper had flared at the lounge I couldn't help but wonder if I was making the right decision.

"Well, let's see the proof now," he demanded, motioning to my dress, "No excuses anymore, there's nobody to see you but me."

I turned away from him and raised the hem of my skirt up until it was over my butt such that there was no doubt I wasn't wearing anything underneath. Without turning around I pulled it back down again and now if anything it was lower on my legs than before.

"Ahhhhhh, so we're going to be playing games now," he grumbled. I still didn't say anything but gave him a questioning look instead. "Still teasing... rear view only, eh?"

"Well there was nothing about which side of me you got to see," I said with a slight smirk on my face which only seemed to antagonize him.

"I've had enough of this shit," he suddenly growled, "Take off the dress... now!"

I hesitated and he took a step words me warning, "Either you take it off right now or I will."

That funny feeling in my stomach that I'd felt before was coming back. Damn, what had I gotten myself involved in? Kyle was more than a head taller than me and obviously a lot stronger so if he got violent there would be nothing I could do about it. Apparently he saw the fear on my face and he softened his tone.

"Hey, just kidding," he said smiling now at me, "Why should you be the only one to do the teasing?"

It wasn't his request that I hadn't liked, it was the manner in which he made it. Even though he'd offered me a way out, I really wasn't looking for one. In fact, I had sort of wondered how this was going to play out and if this was how he wanted to do it then it was fine with me.

Actually, I pleased when he did a reversal from the domination role. After all, what I really wanted was to have my ego massaged and to feel sexy and wanted – not dominated. Fortunately, it was looking like I was in luck...

"Damn you look sweet," he said huskily as I lifted my dress up and over my head.

Since it was all I was wearing, I was left naked except for my pumps which I left on knowing how men seem to get off from a girl keeping her shoes on during sex. So long as I didn't have to stand in them much longer I was happy to oblige.

"Do I look better than your wife Kyle?" I asked softly, pretending to be unsure of myself.

"Holy crap... she NEVER looked like this, not even as a teenager in high school," Kyle said after letting out a long wolf whistle.

I stood there, waiting for him to make his move which he finally did, moving up close to me and putting his hands on my bare hips, rubbing them softly.

"You feel so soft... your skin's like silk," he whispered to me as his hands began to explore me.

First he moved in closer so he could put his hands on my butt, squeezing me and lifting up with his hands cupped under my buttocks. From there it was up my sides and then over my shoulder blades until he held my neck with both hands. It wasn't like he was throttling me, more like caressing.

He leaned down to kiss me and I turned my head up until our lips met. As out tongues touched his fingers ran though my hair, tugging gently as he went from my scalp to the ends. Putting my arms around his neck, he moved his down until he had my ass again, pulling me in tight top him such my boobs were crushed against his lower chest.

"You taste like honey," he softly spoke, "God I love the feel of your ass... so soft yet so firm."

I imagined how flabby his wife's butt must be and it made me feel good to have him compliment mine.

We kissed again as he directed me backwards to the bed. Laying me back against the pillow, he pulled the rumpled sheets back until I was able to lay on my back against the bottom sheet without anything under me. Kyle stood up and gazed down at me, his eyes running up and down my exposed body as he wet his lips with his tongue.

"Ahhhhhh, you shave your cunt," he observed, running his fingertips along the region right above my pussy, "That's so hot, my wife's won't even trim hers."

So his wife didn't shave or even trim her pubic hair. Well to be perfectly honest I'd been contemplating lately as to whether to allow mine to grow out a little bit. Not a full-fledged bush but just a light covering right above my pussy, keeping it short and well-groomed but still something for guys to play with. I guessed this wasn't the time to bring up those plans however.

Spreading my legs just slightly, it was enough to send him the signal that it was OK with me for him to explore a little more and he ran his fingers down and between my pussy lips until the tips were pushing against my pussy hole. As wet as I was from anticipation, it slipped easily into me up to the second knuckle.

"Ahhhhhh, you like this... don't you?" he grinned.

Still not having spoken anything, I just nodded and let him explore me further, pushing his finger deeper inside of me. Once he was in as far as he could reach, he pulled it out and then started to slowly fuck me with his finger as he used the palm of his hand to apply pressure to my clit. Mmmmmmm, it felt soooooo good!

"Oh yeah, right there," I encouraged him, speaking my first words since we started.

Kyle reached out with his other hand and started to massage my boobs as he continued to play with my ever wetter pussy. I loved the way he tugged gently on my nipples, not enough to really hurt but at the same time making them tingle and harden.

"You have perfect tits," he complimented me, "Not those fake ones... I hate those. Yours are just right - firm and perky and not a lot of sagging."

Before I could answer he let go of both my boobs and crotch and was moving up and onto the bed, pushing my legs further apart. Grabbing a spare pillow, he pushed it under my ass to lift my butt up in the air and then dived into my crotch without saying a word, going straight to licking and sucking on my clit. God it felt wonderful! Although I can't really say why, for some reason I just hadn't pegged him for being all that great a pussy eater. Just goes to show you can't judge a book by its cover.

"Oh Goddddddd," I moaned almost continuously as his tongue manipulated my clit, even better than most girls which is quite a compliment from me.

I could feel my orgasm rising and then he pushed two fingers into my wet pussy, fucking me with them as he tugged on my clit with his lips. My legs draped over his shoulders as I couldn't concentrate on holding them up in the air anymore but he didn't seem to mind. My ankles locked and I pulled him into my crotch, trying to increase the pressure against my clit and crotch in general.

Wow, talk about an orgasm! I didn't say a word not because I didn't have anything to say but more that I couldn't get anything to come out as I gasped for air and my body stiffened while my pussy convulsed around his fingers. Like a pro he didn't miss a beat, his tongue working against me to drive me deeper and deeper into whatever world my mind goes when it loses control of my body and it's like nothing exists except the feelings that surge within me.

As to how long that continued... your guess is as good as mine. All I know is I never wanted it to stop but then all good things must come to an end and so it was with this. My stomach was hurting from doing what essentially amounted to a series of crunches that under normal circumstances would have had me begging to stop.

Kyle, realizing round one was over, looked up at me and raised his head with a grin from ear to ear. He knew he'd made me feel REALLY good and he seemed quite proud of himself. Moving his way up and over me, he kissed me and I could taste my cum on his tongue and mouth. Mmmmmmm, I LOVE the taste of my pussy, especially just after having cum so hard.

"Feel good?" he whispered as our eyes met.

"Oh... my... god!" I gasped, still short of breath, "That was like incredible. Where did you learn to do that?"

Kyle smirked as he answered, "Let's just say it wasn't my damn wife."

It wasn't much of an answer but right then I didn't care as my pussy was still so sensitive that just the feel of him brushing over my clit was enough to make me jump and shudder.

With that he got off the bed and I expected him to strip down and join me. Instead, all he did was undo his belt and pants and unzip them. Then he pushed them down just enough to let his semi-hard cock pop loose. It was the first time I'd actually seen it other than outlined in his pants. While certainly nothing to earn him a role as a porn star, it was more than adequate, right there in the middle of the pack from my experience. I would say maybe just a little bit smaller than my husband's cock but about the same as my dad's.

One thing that caught my eye immediately was how hairy his crotch area was. It was like it started up on his belly and just got darker and heavier the further down you would go until by the time you got to his crotch it was like a small forest between his legs. I LOVED it! Nothing is worse than a guy who shaves his crotch. Frankly, I think a shaved dick looks sort of like a shave sheep - unnatural and looking like something's missing. Give me that thick coarse pubic hair any day to run my fingers through and then feel up against my face and eventually my crotch.

"Well?" he asked.

I wasn't really sure what he was asking me. Did he want me to comment on his cock size? Surely he'd been in enough locker rooms to compare himself against other guys so unless he was fishing for false compliments he must know that he wasn't all that spectacularly endowed. Was it his dense hairy body? Now for many girls that can be a real turnoff and to be honest, I prefer a hair crotch but not a hairy body. A guy doesn't have to look like a gorilla, that was for sure. Hairy backs and shoulders don't really do it for me.

If there's one thing I've learned over the years, you can NEVER go wrong complimented a guy on the appearance of his dick. Really, do they ever actually LOOK at them in the mirror? Whatever, it's like they live in some sort of dram world and I've never met a guy yet who thought his dick didn't LOOK good. When it comes to size, well they can't fake that but appearance is always open for discussion.

Looking at his crotch and then up to his eyes, I went back to gazing at his dick as I licked my lips seductively and answered slowly, "I love your cock Kyle... it looks beautiful."

Let's be honest... NO cock LOOKS beautiful, especially the uncircumcised ones. Actually, the vast majority of the ones I've seen (and I'd like to think I've seen a LOT more than your average girl) are sorta ugly. What makes a cock "beautiful" to me is not how it LOOKS but what it signals to me and what it tells me about the guys it's attached to and what he is thinking of me.

Face it, if I'm sitting naked in front of a guy and his cock is limp, that's not exactly a defining moment of me. What I LOVE is when a guy gets an erection and I know that I'm the reason for his uncontrollable reaction. So far as I know, no man on earth has ever been able to achieve an erection on his own just by wishing for one (ignoring "morning wood"). Thus if a guy's cock grows when he looks at me it's a sure sign that he finds me desirable and that he wants to have sex with me. I like to call them the perfect lie detector. A guy can say anything to me about how I look and what he wants to do to me and most I take with a grain of salt. The only thing I believe 100% of the time is his cock. Yep, a dick never lies!

So anyway, Kyle seemed happy with my assessment of his dick and I was reminded by the expectant look in his eyes of his "Well?" statement just a few moments earlier. It wasn't like I didn't know what he was expecting - the same thing EVERY guy at least hopes for when a naked girl's head is just a matter of inches away from his exposed cock. In Kyle's case it was more than just wishful thinking - he EXPECTED it and I can't say I blamed him at this point after what he'd done for me.

As I leaned forward I could almost feel the Kyle's excitement his cock literally twitched in front of me. At this point I had two options - stroke him a while first or go for the mouth from the git-go. Usually I prefer to stroke a guy for a while and feel his dick in my hand. It helps in my decision that generally a guy has an erection by the time I can lay a hand on him. The times when I like to take him my mouth from the start are those rare instances where he's still soft or at least semi-flaccid. Mmmmmmm, I LOVE to feel a dick rowing inside my mouth!

In Kyle's case his erection was already in full arousal mode so I reached out and took his shaft in my hand, wrapping my fingers around it with my thumb running up and along the underside of his dick head. Leaning forward, I spit on his shaft to make it easier to stroke and very slowly ran my hand down his shaft until it was pressed against the base of his crotch and covered by his thick and lush pubic hair. I paused stroking him for a moment to run my fingers through the dense coarse hair.

"Mmmmmmm, I just love running my fingers through your pubic hair Kyle." I said sweetly looking up at him and grinning naughtily.

Kyle grinned and answered, "That's a relief... I was afraid when I saw you shaved cunt that you would expect me to be shaved as well. Obviously that's not the case."

Shaking my head I said, "Oh no.... I LOVE it thick and long, just like this."

He seemed anxious and I knew it was enough talk so I gently took his cock head in my mouth and licked the very tip of him as I grasped the shaft at the base to keep it still in my mouth. When I ran my tongue around the head I could feel him shudder and I knew he liked what I was doing to him but it never hurts to hear it from the source.

"So you like that?"

Kyle groaned and pushed my head back on his dick which was answer enough for me.

As I took his dick deeper, I pushed his pants down to his ankles but he still had his shoes on so I couldn't get them off. Kyle had both hands on each side of my head, gripping me and pushing me onto his cock, driving it deep into my mouth and throat. At one point I had to push back to restore my senses and get a breath. It was just a moment as he was super-anxious for me to get back to work again on it.

"God it feels so good when you do that," Kyle gushed at one point where I twisted my head around his dick as my tongue ran over it while I slowly drew up from my face buried in his crotch until just the tip was in my mouth. I like to think of that as my signature move and practically every guy begs for it over and over again. Kyle was no exception! Mmmmmmm, talk about an ego booster!

Theoretically I guess I could have continued until he blew his load in my mouth but I don't think either of us really wanted that to happen, at least not yet. Indeed, he started groaning louder and his hands were gripping my head more forcefully when suddenly he pulled back, his dick popping out of my mouth with a wet slurping sound.

"Whew, that was close," he whispered huskily, more to himself it seemed than to me.

It didn't take a psychology degree to know what was coming next but at the same time I like it when a guy has to at least make an effort to fuck me so I sat there as if I had no idea what he wanted to do next. I didn't wait long...

"Lay back," he said in a soft but firm tone as he put his hands on my bare shoulders and pushed me backwards.

I reached behind me and pulled one of the pillows under my head to make it easier for me to watch what was going on between my legs. Silently I lay there as reached under legs and put his elbows under my knees to lift me up until my ass actually came off the bed a few inches. His dick was pressing against my crotch but an inch or so off the mark if he was going to fuck me. With both his hands occupied it was left to me to reach down and guide him home.

Kyle was so anxious to fuck me that it was a bit of challenge lining his quivering dick up with my pussy hole. He kept thrusting it forward every time I moved him whether I had him in the right spot to not which caused him to poke me in all the wrong places but finally, more by luck than design, the stars aligned and before either of us knew it really he was half-way in my with one stroke. It didn't hurt that I was still soaking wet from his earlier ministrations.

"Damn!" he cried out as he pushed again to drive himself in further.

From his tone it was clear he wasn't cursing but more that he was expressing the feeling of his dick being surrounded by my warm wet pussy. While I knew how wonderful it felt to have him IN me, sometimes I wonder what it's like for a guy to have this THING protruding out from his crotch and then pushing it inside a woman. I suppose it's no different than a guy wondering how it feels to have boobs but then again, I've seen a few guys that could use a bra.

"Fuck me Kyle... I want you to fuck me."

The words that EVERY man loves to hear... a girl begging him to fuck her. It's amazing that after all the hundreds of times my dad has fucked me that he still seems to get a little extra stiffness when I whisper those words in his ear, the only difference is then I say, "Fuck me DADDY."

"Oh yeah... beg it for it you slut," he groaned as he thrust hard into me, driving himself deep inside of me until his hairy crotch pressed in tight against my bare pussy. I could feel his balls slapping up against my ass each time he drive himself into me.

If that's what he wanted...

"Oh Kyle, your dick feels so good inside of me," I cried out as I wrapped my legs around him, crossing my ankles to pull him into me. "Harder... fuck me harder Kyle."

Actually any harder and he'd drive me across the bed but it was the thought that counted.

"I want to ride it... let me ride your dick Kyle," I begged.

"Whatever you want Kelly," he groaned as he gave one more thrust into me, holding himself still in me for the first time as he pushed himself into me as far as he could. "God your cunt so fucking tight... I don't EVER remember Ann being this tight."

Evidently that was a reference to his wife, at least I hoped so. It wasn't fair of him as she'd borne two children but I wasn't about to point that out to him. Then suddenly it was like my pussy felt empty and I realized he had pulled himself out of me.

Kyle laid back on the bed next to me with his pants down to his ankles and his shirt still on but the important thing was his dick as it pushed out from his hairy crotch, stiff as a steel pipe.

"Front or back?" I asked with a slug grin as I sat up and got on my knees.

"Front," he said immediately but then he seemed to think better of it and changed his mind saying, "Noooooo, I just HAVE to get a better view of that incredible ass."

Given a choice I usually prefer facing the guy when I ride his dick as I like seeing his face and having him play with my boobs or even suck on them. Then I saw that the way he was laying I would be facing the mirror on the wall which offered the best of both worlds. Swinging my leg over him, I lifted myself up on my knees to get his dick under me with my ass in full view.

"Oh god.... it's perfect," he sighed as I felt his hands on my butt, one on each cheek. He squeezed them like a woman checking melons in the grocery store as I lowered myself down onto his stiff dick.

"Slow.... take it slow," he said suddenly as I felt his cock begin to penetrate me once again, "Lean forward... I want to watch it go in you."

I looked into the mirror at my naked reflection and smiled as I slowly dropped down on his dick, gyrating my hips just enough to make him move around inside of me. I had just the bulbous head of his cock in me now and it felt so damn good to have it tease my pussy. Reaching down to touch myself, I played with my clit as his dick worked its magic in me.

"That's it Kyle, play with my butt," I said over my shoulder. It's sort of funny I guess that for a girl who hates anal sex, I LOVE my butt being touched and played with. So long as he stayed away from my asshole I was in heaven.

"Christ," he groaned as he tightened his grip on my butt, "I've NEVER felt an ass like yours... I just love it."

Then my orgasm struck as my fingers flew across my clit and I cupped my left boob with my other hand. It was like I couldn't be stimulated any better with my own hands doing their work together with his hands on my butt, not to mention the nest part of all - his adulterous dick as it moved slowly but surely into me deeper and deeper.

"Oh my god Kyle," I groaned loud and long, "You're making me cum."

OK, so maybe he personally didn't have a lot to do with it but it WAS his dick in me so I had to give him credit for that. It didn't matter, all I cared about at that moment was how wonderful I was feeling. Without thinking I dropped down on his dick suddenly, impaling myself on him as my full weight landed on his lap. The feel of his dick filling me just made my orgasm all the stronger.

"Fuck me Kyle... fuck me... oh god fuck me," I chanted as I started to bounce on his dick.

For the first time since my orgasm started I opened my eyes and looked in the mirror. God, I looked like a wild woman with my hair a total wreck and my face and chest all flushed. Kyle has his hands on my hips now, pushing me down onto his dick as I swung my hips to make his dick spiral inside of me.

At that moment the one thing I wanted more than anything was for him to cum in me. I wanted to feel his sperm filling my pussy. I wanted him to consummate his adulterous act. I wanted to know that I was so desirable to him that he would mate me and fill me with his seed.

I know he must have been surprised when I suddenly slipped off his dick and laid on the bed on my back next to him. When I spread my legs and lifted my legs back, holding them with my hands to give him an easy target, he quickly got the message.

"You want more," he said with a wicked grin, "You just have to have more of my dick, don't you... don't you... you fuckin' slut."

He wasn't really asking any questions - he has making a statement. And YES, he was correct... I DID want his dick, more than anything at least at this moment.

"Oh god!" I cried out as he thrust himself into me, driving his dick deep into me once again as he held my legs up in the air and fucked me on his knees with my butt up against his hairy thighs. "That's it Kyle... cum in me... I want you to cum inside of me."

No doubt it didn't really matter what I wanted - at this point he was going to cum in me no matter what. This to me is one of the most erotic and exciting moments in sex, that time when he is beyond control and can't stop what he doing. It's at this point when a man WILL cum in me and I have no say over it whatsoever. It's not that I didn't want it myself, but at the same time it can be a little scary to see that blank look in his face and know that it's all animal instinct driving him.

"Holy crap!" he cried out as his head arched back and he drive himself into me, holding his dick deep inside of me as I felt him jerk. A faint sense of warmth filled me as he ejaculated inside of me, his sperm shooting from his dick in one load after another. Mmmmmmm, it was sperm meant for his wife but now I was the one getting it.

"Oh shit," he sighed as he convulsed one last time and then all but collapsed on top of me, letting my legs finally drop to the bed. Fortunately he caught himself on his elbows but it was still a bit of a squeeze to be under him.

"Stay in me Kyle," I whispered huskily, my arms around his neck as he breathed heavily against my neck, "I want to feel you in me now."

Each moment during sex has its own special characteristics and meaning. This was the time when I just enjoyed laying still with him on top of me, his spent dick still in me as his sperm that had flooded my pussy engulfs his dick. I could feel it twitch involuntarily now and then and somehow it just felt safe and secure to have him inside of me, like I was a part of him.

We must have laid like that for over five minutes without saying a word. The only sound in the room was his breathing in my ear and the occasional honking of a car down below. As I laid there I thought of my husband and wondered what he would say if he knew where his was at that moment... and what was in her. Then I smiled as I compared HIS reaction to what Kyle's wife would say if SHE knew. Ann would probably freak whereas Steve would most likely be pissed he wasn't there to watch. Such is the difference between men and women I guess.

Kyle suddenly groaned and slipped out of me as he rolled over onto his back.

"Sorry, I can't feel my arms anymore," he apologized.

His now flaccid dick was flopped over onto a bed of pubic hair. I loved to see it covered with a mix of his cum and my pussy wetness.

"Don't move," I whispered to him as I moved between his legs and stretched out as best I could without falling off the end of the bed.

"What the...?" he started to ask as he lifted his head up to see what I was doing.

I just hushed him and took his soft dick in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, I loved the taste of us in my mouth!

"Oh god that feels so fuckin' good," he groaned as he reached around to bunch up one of the pillows under his head so he could watch more easily.

I really wasn't trying to give him a BJ per se and I knew better than to think I would revive him this quickly. No.... this was for ME as I slowly sucked on him and ran my tongue around his dick in my mouth. Of course a hard dick is always good but sometimes it can be so sensual to feel a soft one in my mouth right after it has fucked me. I try to imagine how just a few minutes before it had been so stiff and anxious to be inside of me. How out of this tiny hole that I touched with my tongue had spewed so much adulterous sperm inside of me... and how it STILL was in me.

With that though I got up on my knees again and moved over his dick. Again I could see that questioning look in Kyle's eyes but I just grinned at him and put my finger to my lips to signal him to be quiet and enjoy the show. Bearing down, I forced his cum out of my pussy until a little bit ripped out of me and onto his dick below. Reaching down between my legs, I scooped whatever else I could with my finger from my pussy and wiped it off his dick.

"You're so damn sexy," Kyle sighed but he hadn't seen everything yet.

Returning to my previous position, I reached out with my tongue and licked the cum from his dick. Mmmmmmm, it tasted so good! Then keeping my eyes locked on his I pushed it out onto my lips, blowing little bubbles of cum before sucking it back in and swallowing it. Opening my mouth wide, I stuck out my tongue to show it was all in my tummy.

Kyle was grinning ear to ear by now. "You know, I've NEVER had a woman do this to me before... damn you're hot."

With that I got up and laid back down alongside of him, wrapping one leg over him and putting my arm on his chest as I pressed my boobs against his side. He still had his shirt on but it felt good to snuggle for a few minutes.

Just then his cell phone rang, playing some silly tune.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath, "That's her ring."

It didn't take a genius to figure out who he meant by "her". I pressed in tighter to him, wondering if he would get up to answer it or not.

"Sorry," he apologized as he sat up and slipped off the edge of the bed, "If I don't answer she'll think something is wrong."

"IS something wrong?" I asked naughtily, rubbing my crotch with my hand as he retrieved his phone from his pants pocket. It wasn't as easy as you might think when they were bunched up around his ankles.

"Fuck no... nothing is wrong, nothing at all," he grinned as he punched the answer key.

I got up and started to dress as he sat on the end of the bed talking to his wife as if everything was normal. I wondered if she was worried about him and why as several times he had to insist to her that he was doing fine and missed her. Yeah right, I bet he was really missing her a few minutes ago when he was slamming his dick in my pussy.

Ready to go, I started to leave but then a naughty idea came to mind. I tried to kneel down but as tight as my dress was it was near impossible so I pulled it up to my waist to expose my ass to him one last time. With that out of the way I was able to kneel down and take his dick in my mouth again. I don't think he was really expecting me to do that because he gasped as I sucked on him.

"No honey, I've already told you umpteen times I'm fine!" he said in a voice pitched a little higher than before. I guess she must have heard his gasp but I would have bet a thousand dollars she had no idea WHY he did it.

Mission accomplished, I stood back up and pulled my dress down again. Giving him a peck on the cheek I mouthed a "thank you" to him. He held up one finger to signal he was almost done but I wasn't going to wait. So far as I was concerned I'd gotten what I wanted so there was no need to stay any longer. It's not like we were friends or anything.

As I closed the door behind me I looked back and shook my head at the sight of this older man sitting on the bed with his pants around his ankles, talking to his wife on the phone while staring at me. I could tell he wanted more of me and that was the last thing I needed to complete my mission.

Walking to the elevator, I passed by the young maid as she left a room to go to her cart. She didn't even look eighteen! I was tempted to tell her to go make up the bed but then she looked so cute and innocent I couldn't bring myself to do that to her. Instead I just smiled at her as I strutted past her. From the way she looked at me I knew what she thought - that I was just another hooker leaving my john behind.

# 6. Recharged

As I hit the button for the lobby level, I took in a deep breath and let it out slowly. My pussy felt wet and I knew I probably should have cleaned up in the bathroom before I left, or at least taken a few tissues with me but at the time I hadn't wanted to delay my departure such that he could finish on the phone with Ann. Oh well, it wasn't like I was dripping or anything. Squatting over Kyle earlier had taken care of THAT!

Handing the valet my ticket, I waited in the lobby to stay warm as someone fetched my car. When it arrived I hurried to it and grabbed my coat from the backseat before getting behind the wheel. I smiled at the guy who was trying to not look like he was checking out the hem line of my dress but that only made it all the more obvious. One good thing about being a girl... you don't have to have cash to tip someone. Indeed, I licked my lips for him and then quickly pulled my dress up for just a moment to flash my pussy to him and then got in the car before he could react. The shocked look on his face made it hard not to laugh as I drove off.

Comparing my mood as I drove away from the hotel to how I felt earlier when I arrived was like comparing night and day. God I felt so GOOD about myself!

As I drove, my dress worked up until it was practically up to my hips. I debated whether or not I would tell my husband about what I did while he was freezing his cold ass off at the game. On the one hand I knew it would turn him on and no doubt lead to a great evening of sex. On the other hand, he would probably be horny and want to do me anyway. There was also that temptation to keep it a secret as that made it seem more naughty. After all, this was something I'd done for ME because Steve hadn't fucked me so why should I reward him for ignoring me?

I just knew one thing... I couldn't wait for my husband to get home and fuck me!

# (Dec 15) Chapter 256: Early Christmas Present for My Husband

Story codes: Mg Fm Fb Ff Mf oral adultery inc mother son
Me (27)
Steve - my husband (29)
Matt (35) & Carrie (34)
Jon (15) - Matt & Carrie's older son
Joey (14) - Matt & Carrie's younger son
Melody (12) - Matt & Carrie's daughter
Simon (33) & Sally (33)
Jacob (11) - Simon & Sally's son
Phil (37) & Ann (35)
Casey & Chloe (14) - twin sisters, Phil & Ann's daughters

The Christmas season is all about giving. It's always fun to receive but in your heart the pleasure comes from seeing the expression on the face of the one you love when you unexpectedly give them something special. I knew what my husband wanted for Christmas more than anything but I also knew he would never ask for it nor would he expect it. That's what made giving it to him so special for me.

## 1. All He Wants For Christmas

It was almost Christmas and as always I'd procrastinated in my shopping. Then again I had a good excuse. After all, what do you buy for the most important man in your life, the guy who's given you so much that you could never give back anything that even remotely compares? Of course I am referring to Steve, my husband and soul mate.

It used to be that this sort of debate was limited to what was then the most important man in my life - my father. Growing up I admired and respected my dad as a businessman, community leader, Christian, husband and father. I'll be the first to admit that as his only daughter he spoiled me terribly. Anytime I wanted something all I had to do was smile at him sweetly, sit in his lap and wiggle and I knew it was mine. Later after we started having sex, it even easier to get what I wanted as you may well imagine.

So what does a girl possibly get for a father like mine? When I was little my mom use to help by picking out something she knew he needed such as a dress shirt for work or something else deemed "practicalÓ. There really wasn't much else as I got older so it has become sort of a tradition for me to buy him a shirt every year. Around the time I became a teenager I use to tease him by putting it on afterwards like a big nightshirt. After I turned sixteen I stopped buttoning it...

Now that I'm married to Steve my annual quandary has doubled or even more so because with him I didn't have years of tradition to fall back on like I have with my dad. Nonetheless one nice thing about being a girl is that there's always a an infallible fallback - Victoria's Secret. Interestingly enough, sometimes the best present I can give my hubby is the one he just gave me. What I mean by that is after he gives it to me in a box then I give it to him... on me. At least it's on me for a little while.

Basically there are two types of presents when it comes to making your man happy - those things he NEEDS and those he WANTS. For a birthday maybe something he needs is OK but for Christmas I like to make it something special. Christmas isn't the time to buy what he would get any other time of year. It should be something that only comes once a year.

Which only serves to bring me to yet another decision point. Yes, it's something he wants but is it something he has told me he wants or is something he REALLY wants but doesn't tell me for one reason or another. Maybe it's because it's ridiculously expensive - like a fancy new convertible. Maybe he would rather pick it out himself - like a new iPad or computer. Then again, maybe it's something he thinks I wouldn't ever buy for him, like a porn video.

As you can see, my Christmas gift buying can get pretty complicated! Small wonder I am always late in finishing my list.

Normally in the past when I've made up my mind to buy something Steve needs AND I want to surprise him, usually it's not all that difficult. A sexy nightie or other lingerie is ALWAYS welcome. True, the sexier it gets usually the less comfortable it is, but then I don't expect to be wearing it for very long either.

This year though I wanted something VERY special. It was going to be our second Christmas as a married couple and I wanted to make sure it was one he would never forget. The past year has been incredible and so many things are

As Steve orgasmed and filled me with his love I actually caught myself thinking about how he would be doing to this someone else the next day, someone that could almost be my daughter (ALMOST. I'm not THAT old yet, LOL). Then what really surprised me were the thoughts in my head of how while he was doing her I might be doing her brother right next to them! God, what kind of crazy thing was I getting myself involved in this time?

## 3. Setting Up

The next morning we slept in late so Steve didn't made love to me until the middle of the morning. While I certainly enjoyed it in a way I was a little surprised as usually on party days, or even days we had swapping planned, Steve is sort of ritualistic when it comes to "storing up a big load". Was he feeling a little guilty about leaving me so close to Christmas was he went out and had a good time with my aunt her friends? Well, I'd be the last one to tell him otherwise as I love any time my husband makes love to me!

While we showed together I came up with some malarkey about having to get in more holiday shopping but in reality I needed to get out of the house ahead of him so I could make the necessary arrangements at the party before Steve arrived. I met my Aunt Linda at a nearby hotel parking lot where I left my car and rode with her for about a half hour until we arrived at the party location.

As we neared our destination I have to say that I was a little taken aback when my aunt made the turn into the long drive that led to the conference center where evidently the party was going to be held. Like who would have ever called this shot? For this sort of event it was one thing to meet in a large hotel suite or somewhere that was relatively "neutral" ground but a Presbyterian Church owned and operated conference center? Had the organizers told the people running the place just what sort of Christmas party was being planned? I wasn't sure which option was worse – the fact we were doing it basically under the nose of an unsuspecting religious organization or that the church knew the real story and had sanctioned everything anyways.

Then again, as we approached one of the larger buildings I thought about my own dealings with churches> To be fair. I was really the last one to be throwing stones at this glass house. Wow, like how many times had I been fucked in church – including by my own dad and even the youth pastor? It was more than a little hypocritical of me to criticize when I routinely showed up for the service with my dad both next to me AND some of him still inside of me. Wow, like how many times had I masturbated as a kid during a boring sermon? At least from the look of things we would using one of the more generic conference buildings so it wasn't like we'd be doing it in the sanctuary on the altar or anything kinky like that. Not that I haven't done such things but certainly not with the equivalent of an entire congregation.

"Nice place," I said off-handedly to my aunt as she found a parking spot close to the door. At this time it wasn't all that hard to find a good spot as there were only a couple of cars parked anywhere nearby.

"Yeah, it gets harder and harder to find a place each year as it seems this one just gets bigger and bigger the more people know about it," she sighed as she turned off the car and put the keys in her purse, "It's not like you can just book ANY place for this sort of thing, you know?"

I nodded my head but in reality I did NOT know as I'd never been in charge of doing so.

"This place is perfect - remote yet not that far from the city for people to drive. At first I was a little concerned that being church-affiliated that they might question our insistence on total privacy - can't have the janitor emptying garbage right in the middle of things as you might imagine. But in the end money talks... right?"

I just nodded. Indeed it did! Given enough money I don't think there's much of anything that anyone wouldn't do so why be surprised that even a church turns a blind eye to what HAD to set off any number of alarm bells, just for the sake of a few dollars.

"Will you help me carry these in?" she asked rather rhetorically as she already had the trunk open and was handing me a box to carry. There were no markings on it but it was a little on the heavy side so who knows what was in it. She grabbed a similar one and pushed the trunk down with her elbow as she tried to retain her balance.

Fortunately it was only a short walk down the sidewalk to the entrance. I noticed as we approached that the single story building was built with large windows over most of the side facing the parking lot but that they were covered inside by blinds so I couldn't see much more than the fact that the lights were on inside. I also spotted security cameras at each corner of the building and I wondered how that would sit with some of the people attending but then so long as none were operating inside it shouldn't be an issue.

It wasn't like there was a sign stating this anywhere but then no doubt before things got rolling there probably would be. It was SOP - Standard Operating Procedure for people to undress before coming into the main room but with the way this place was laid out with a smaller foyer and no place to store clothes and such I couldn't see how that was going to work.

"Hi there, I'm Janet... Janet Baxter," a woman introduced herself to me, "Sorry, my daughter can be a little exasperating at times, believe me!"

She was also nude but unlike her daughter with the naturally bare pussy and barely budding nipples, she looked to be maybe at least a D cup with a rather hairy crotch. She DID have a great figure and I suspected the boobs had a little help from her friendly plastic surgeon but they looked pretty darn natural.

"Charlene... I told you before that people would have to strip here today. That's why I asked you to set up the tables... which I see you haven't been doing. You know what we told you about Waldo."

"WalDEN," she protested to her mom with her hands on her bare hips.

"Whatever," Janet sighed, "You need to be more social this year... starting with your new friend here. I'm sorry, I don't think we've met."

I introduced myself to her and then started to say something more about helping to set up but she held out her hand top cut me off.

"Sorry but Char WAS right about one thing - you really shouldn't be wearing anything when you're in here. I don't mean to be a stickler.. just the rules you know."

I didn't really mind one way or the other so I quickly stripped down and placed my clothes in one of the baskets that were piled up by the entrance.

Janet was putting on the rest of the tablecloths which gave her daughter an excuse to bolt leaving just the two of us so I tried to lend a hand.

"I hope you don't mind me being forward but is this your first time?" she asked, "I don't remember seeing you here before."

I explained that I'd only been to a couple of parties so far but that my husband was more of a regular attendee."

"Ohhhhhh, so you're Steve's wife," she nodded. Then she sort of frowned and added, "Guess it must be nice to be the niece of the president."

I understood immediately what she was implying - that Steve and I enjoyed special privileges. Well, she was right but then again, I wasn't complaining and I'm sure Steve wouldn't either.

I just laughed and pointed over to little Charlene who was now over by her father arranging a small Christmas tree that he was setting up. I didn't even have to say a word.

"Oh, I see you've met our little police girl," Aunt Linda laughed which Janet joined in. "Yeah, she can be quite... demanding."

I got the impression by "demanding" my aunt meant more than insisting on the rules being followed but no need to go there, at least not yet.

For the next hour or so we set out decorations, laid out the food table and then arranged matting and blankets all over the place. Someone must have come in the day before or at least earlier to bring in so many! As I looked the place over, I tried to imagine it filled with maybe a hundred people, all naked and having sex. It was certainly going to be something new for me, that was for sure!

Soon after the various families began to arrive. It was obvious that some were regular attendees from the way they seemed to know everyone while a good number looked to be relatively new from the way they appeared a bit more shy at first. I wondered if they allowed newbies at such a large gathering as it was quite different from the smaller groups that normally go together.

The answer to THAT question was soon available as my aunt pointed out a family as they came in and started to undress.

"That's the Carson family. It's their first time here. Actually I was the one to recommend them. Kristen and I sold them their new executive home in that new development in Upper St. Clair. There was just something in the way Phil and his daughters interacted... you know what I mean. It's like when you're with your dad. You don't even realize it at times I think but there's something beautiful when a father and daughter have that sort of special bond between them."

"So what... they just told you he was screwing their daughters?" I asked rather incredulously.

"Of course not silly," my aunt groaned, "It wasn't until Kristen 'sealed the deal' with Phil that he spilled the beans."

Leave it to my slutty cousin. It didn't surprise me at all that Kristen had slept with the father to help get them to sign the paperwork - if that was even necessary. More likely she had been flirting the whole time and he just couldn't hold back anymore.

"Did the mom know at the time?"

Linda shook her head as she watched the two teenagers undressing next to their already naked parents.

"It was more like your grandmother... don't ask, don't tell. Oh she knew but she didn't say anything. Besides, they were both already in their teens when they started so it wasn't like they didn't know what they were doing."

"Whatever," I sighed, not quite understanding how such things worked, "So how old are they now?"

"Fourteen... their twins but you'd never guess it from looking at them. Amy is the brunette and she's the adventurous one. You should see their interview video. It was like she was a porn star. It's the little blonde Chloe I'm a little worried about today - see how long she's taking to undress?"

"Why are you worried?"

My aunt frowned slightly, the corners of her mouth turning down just a bit but enough for me to see the concern. "I don't know, just a feeling I guess. Remember how I said Amy was practically begging to be on camera? Well Chloe practically had to be bribed. I get the feeling it's mostly Amy and her dad at home. I guess we'll just have to see how things work out... they usually do."

Then my aunt's mood brightened and she turned to me with a grin.

"You know, I have JUST the perfect idea."

As my aunt described her latest stroke of genius I just stood there and marveled. Damn, the things this woman could think up! No wonder she was the President of the group.

For the time being people were just milling about striking up conversations and renewing acquaintances. A few of the families were off on their own and I assumed they were new. My aunt and a couple of other mothers made it a point to bring them into the fold and help them overcome their nervousness. I could just imagine how it must be for them to be introduced to this sort of thing in front of so many people. It was like the place as a mad house.

Steve still hadn't shown up which didn't surprise me. That guy will be late to his own funeral - or least that's what my mother says about him. It was past the scheduled starting time so my aunt had one of the guys whistle loudly and slowly the din died down and everything turned to watch her as she took her place in the center of the room.

"Welcome everyone and Merry Christmas!" she greeted them, "I'm SO thrilled at the turnout this year - 110 so far which is a new record!"

Everyone cheered and clapped. My aunt then went on to explain the setting – the food, restrooms and other important things. Then she got serious and reminded everyone of the rules along with a brief but quite pointed hint that anyone not following them would not be around for long.

1. First and foremost – EVERYONE participates. No voyeurs allowed. Nobody expected anyone to go at it nonstop but at the same time, sitting around for an hour or more would be considered lack of participation.
2. No incest – that was for home IF you were into it and nobody had to say one way or the other if they did. For the purposes of the party you had to have a partner that you weren't related to.
3. Age appropriate partners. What she meant by that was at least one person had to be a different generation. Thus if it was just two then it had to be a mother-son or father-daughter. If more than two at least one had to be a different generation. It was implied that those were the options – no man-boy or woman-girl combos.
4. 100% consensual. If someone didn't want to do something, like anal, then they couldn't be forced to do it or even asked more than once. Above all else, if ANYONE felt uncomfortable being here then they should leave immediately.

Those were the big ones and she obviously didn't want to get all legalistic and boring. I knew that in the indoctrination they were told a lot more including such things as options for protected sex, use of toys (heavily discouraged but OK if someone really felt strongly about them).

That done... as they say, let the games begin!

It was sort of like watching the opening of a horse race where all the horses come out of the gate at once and it's mass confusion to start.

Just then someone came in from the reception area and whispered in my aunt's ear. She grinned and immediately made her way over to me.

"He's here! Showtime!"

"So Kelly, I think it's time, don't you?" my aunt asked rhetorically. Well, since she was the one that had thought up the idea and set everything up, I guess she needed to be the one to make it happen. Heck, I didn't even know the parents.

My aunt grinned naughtily and turned to Steve, reaching down to stroke his dick a few times to keep his attention as his gaze wandered the room taking in the sights.

"Remember that ne family I told you about earlier?" she asked him.

"You means the Casey's?" he asked with a little hesitation.

"No... see what happens when men fuck Kelly," she teased Steve as she tugged on his cock, "All the blood leaves the brain.

"The CARSON family dummy," she reminded my husband.

Steve rolled his eyes up and nodded. "Oh yeah, the ones with the twins, right? Yeah, the brunette one sat on my lap earlier."

"That would be Amy," my aunt filled him in, "and I bet she did more than just sit on your lap."

Steve chuckled and looked at me and winked.

"Well I was telling Kelly that Chloe, the blonde one, had me concerned a little. Not only don't the twins look alike, but they seem to be on different pages when it comes to sex."

"And...?" Steve asked, trying to draw out of her whatever it was my aunt was cooking up for him.

"Well, me and Kelly thought it might be easier for Chloe if she started out with another couple that wasn't so old rather than handing her over to just any horny father."

Steve's grin grew exponentially larger. "Sounds interesting."

"So anyway, look over there in the corner," my aunt directed him, pointing over to the far corner which was furthest away from the entrance.

Seated on a folding chair between what must have been her parents was Chloe, her legs crossed and her hands folded in front of her. She was nude of course but wasn't exactly displaying herself to everyone.

"Let's go, they've been waiting so patiently while you two have been playing around."

The three of us made our way through the crowd, trying not to trip over the various couples. I'd never been anywhere where so many people were all having sex

# (Dec 25) Chapter 257: Spending Christmas With Family

Story codes: MF exhib inc father daughter brother sister cousin

Me (27)
John - my dad (47)
Steve - my husband (29)
Marlene - Steve's mother (48)
Sharon - Steve's younger sister (28)
Jim - Steve's younger brother (26)
Rick - cousin (24)

Christmas is many things to different people. If you asked me I would tell you that the primary reason for the season is to celebrate the birth of Jesus. So far as the secular holiday season goes, for me it's all about family. Traditions - both the keeping of old ones and the making of new ones, play a key role during this time.

## 1. Christmas Traditions

Everyone has their Christmas traditions whether they admit it or not, even if it's NOT to have any traditions. Some folks open all their presents Christmas morning after Santa has treated himself to milk and cookies. Others open one gift on Christmas Eve while I have friends that open them all the night before Christmas. Real tree or fake? Do you attend a Christmas Eve church service and if so, do you go in the evening or for the late night version? Where do you go for Christmas or do you stay at home? Is it always the same place like at grandma's or the relatives with the biggest house or do you rotate it around? Does everyone come together or is your family so far flung that it's just impossible?

Growing up my family faced the same conundrum that most do - which family to visit and when? Long before I was old enough to weigh on the matter my parents had worked it out to where we met with my mom's family on Christmas Eve and my dad's on Christmas Day. Family presents were opened when we met while "Santa" gifts magically appeared under the tree Christmas morning, even long after a friend spilled the beans about the great myth perpetuated by my parents.

Actually when I say we met with my mom's side of the family I really mean usually just her sister and my cousin as my maternal grandparents lived far away in Illinois. As such we usually didn't actually see them right on Christmas but usually sometime during the holiday break season when my dad was able to travel away from the office and my mom could get off from her hospital duties.

In contrast almost all of my dad's family resides in the general Pittsburgh area so it was usually quite a gathering. To lessen the load we rotate it between the three brothers and my grandparents' farm. Even so having it at our house once every four years was still once too many so far as my mom was concerned!

Anyone who is familiar with me knows I'm a fanatic When it comes to traditions. I believe strongly in family and I feel that traditions are critical in maintaining those bonds through thick and thin. So it should come as no surprise that I have my own little traditions that started when I was younger and I still work to maintain today. Also, traditions don't have to be "old" - you can always start a new one when the opportunity arises. After all, in ten years it won't be "new" anymore and it will be something that you look forward to each year or whenever it occurs.

My sentiment for tradition was passed on to me by my mom who in turn took it from her mother. Some were little - like the two cookies and milk for Santa. Never three, it has to be TWO cookies and real milk, none of this skim or low-fat stuff for Santa. Our stocking were always arranged with my dad's on the left, my mom's on the right and mine in the middle. Every year I sat on Santa's lap and recited my wish list. When I got too old for the store Santa my dad took over the duties.

Who initiated one of my favorite Christmas traditions has always been a source of disagreement between my parents. Each of them claims the other got it started although I tend to think my mom had something to do with it despite her insistence it was all my dad's idea. Simply put, the last "Santa" present I open is always a special outfit for me to wear and model for my dad.

I'll always remember the year we started this tradition - one that has been maintained to this day by the way. I was twelve years old, struggling with the same self-image issues that most girls deal with at that age. Some of my friends were wearing bras AND actually filled them out while I barely qualified for a training bra. It wasn't so much I wanted to wear one, I just wanted to have the boobs to where it fit me.

Inside wasn't a sexy outfit but instead was the most perfect "little black dress" ever. It had thin spaghetti shoulder straps and a plunging neckline I could tell just from looking would dip below my boobs. The hem was cut at a sharp angle such that on one side it dipped down halfway from my hip to my knee while on the other it was just inches below my waistline, revealing massive amounts of my left leg.

"Keep looking," he encouraged me with a grin.

I set aside the dress and rummaged through the tissue where I found two tickets to a special Pittsburgh Symphony Christmas performance. I knew it had been sold out for like forever and I wondered how he had gotten his hands on them.

"Well, you have to have someplace to wear your new dress," he said with a shrug as if it was nothing but we all knew better.

This was the first and only Christmas where I didn't model the outfit he gave me. Besides, "Santa" had another special gift for me this year which from the massive erection poking from his robe I knew he couldn't wait to give me.

As for the dress, I waited until the night of the concert when he escorted me looking so handsome and proud in his tuxedo. I loved the way the other men at the affair looked at me when I removed my coat, not to mention some of the women as well. Knowing that my dad had just fucked me not an hour before just made it all the more erotic for me. It was like I could still feel him in me and I wanted to shout it out to everyone. I loved the concert but it was all the more special to feel my dad's hand on my exposed thigh in the darkened theater. It was packed so it wasn't like I was going to get away with anything naughty but that just made it all the more sensual to feel him work his way between my legs. Later when we got back home I was so horny it was like I couldn't wait for him to get undressed and bring me to his bed next to my mom.

Just because I'm married doesn't mean these sort of traditions have to die. If anything matrimony has opened the doors to new opportunities to establish traditions between me and my husband that I hope will last for years. Of course some things do have to change to accommodate new realities. Like now I don't open my dad's special gift in front of everyone since my husband prefers my incestual dealings with my dad stay between us and not involve him. Still, I always manage to find a time either on Christmas Day or shortly after when he gives me my special pink-wrapped box with that red bow so I can model it for him and 'thank" him properly.

Yep, you can call me a traditional girl!

Still, no matter how she flirted with him or even flashed him, Steve never showed the least bit of interest in her, at least not sexually. Indeed, Steve has never been turned on by incest, at least not when it involves him. That's not to see he doesn't share the same fantasies just about every man has about OTHER incestuous families. It's just HE doesn't want to have sex with his own sister. It's sort of like guys who contact me and tell me how much it turns them on to read about me and my dad yet they would never do it with their own daughter.

For purposes of full disclosure, Steve DID have sex ONCE with his mother but that was back when we were dating and his mom "caught" us having sex. To be fair everyone at the time was major horny - he couldn't even stop humping me when his mom walked in the room! One thing led to another and what is now unthinkable for him happened - he fucked his mom right there in front of me. At the time I knew nothing about incest so you can imagine how shocked I was to see them together like that.

To this day both Steve and Marlene swear that nothing has ever happened like that between them since that one time. Actually even getting them to acknowledge that it DID happen is like pulling teeth and I learned quickly that bringing up the subject is a sure-fire conversation killer.

I mentioned Steve was a mom's boy earlier which is all the more intriguing considering his anti-incest stance. Apparently having SEX with your mother is verboten but groping and making out on the couch like two teenagers in heat is OK. Based on my amateur psychology analysis, apparently they've dealt with their smoldering lust by agreeing to allow things to progress to a certain point but once the line is reached then that's as far as it goes. I have to give them credit for having a lot more willpower than I would under the circumstances!

What I mean to say is that based on their "rules", it's OK for Steve to massage his mom's boobs thru a sheer nightie but it's NOT ok to actually touch them on the bare skin. Nudity in front of each other, at least unless he's having sex with me, is strictly forbidden but so long as you're wearing SOMETHING, even if it's next to nothing, then it's OK. Giving her son a blowjob is out of the question but rubbing his dick though thin boxers works so long as he doesn't cum. Rubbing her clit through panties is allowable but pulling them aside to touch her... never. It was really hard for me to figure it all out at first but once I understood what was going on it sort of all made sense - in its own rather kinky way.

Similarly I had to deal with another quirk that on the surface seemed really weird but once I realized it was honest and well thought out I accepted it for what it is. By that I mean Marlene's penchant for watching her son having sex with me.

Again, using my vast knowledge of Freudian psychology (yeah right), I think it stems back to that day she first caught us having sex and in the heat of the moment couldn't help herself from taking her son for herself. now it's like she needs to prove to herself that she can see us without succumbing to her instinctive desires. I Do know it's a totally different thing than when my mom use to watch me and my dad together. She would usually masturbate and even give words of encouragement and make suggestions watching us whereas Marlene NEEVR touches herself or says a word the entire time.

I'll never forget the first time she came in while Steve was fucking me. I was a little startled to say the least. I mean it's not like I mind being watched, but knowing their relationship it surprised me. Steve just ignored her and so I didn't say anything until we were done and she had left the room as silently as she'd entered. Apparently I wasn't the first girl she'd watched him with which was why he hadn't reacted to her entrance. Well, he could have forewarned ME though!

Back to Sharon and Jim... I learned from Steve that since Sharon wasn't able to attract her older brother's attention she evidently turned to her younger one – with much greater success apparently. It wasn't the sort of thing that you can hide for long and when Steve's mom found out about it I guess she sort of went ballistic. Still, how could she stop them? Eventually it became a moot point so long as they didn't flaunt it.

The two of them had attended my wedding the year before so it was the first time I'd had a chance to talk over the situation with Sharon. Given all the talks we'd had before about her and Steve, it wasn't like it was a big deal for her to discuss her current relationship with Jim. Now that they were out of school they'd moved in together in a new neighborhood where people didn't know they were siblings. She told me they intended to get married and have kids which I knew raised Steve's blood pressure so I studiously avoided the topic with him.

Last year had been our first Christmas as a married couple. After having spent the money to attend my wedding a few months earlier, Jim and Sharon decided to stay in southern California for the holidays so it was just the three of us for Christmas Eve. I sort of felt sorry for his mom not having anyone there but her one son. Still, seeing the two of them making out on the couch after eggnog was more erotic for me to watch than I think they'd intended.

This year I got an email from Sharon telling me that she and Jim would be arriving Saturday morning and staying through Christmas Eve to return on Christmas day as they had to be back at work on the 26th. Well, that worked out perfect for me as it meant I didn't have to worry about any schedule conflicts.

One nice thing about them getting in a couple of days early was it allowed me some time to spend with my old girlfriend while the brothers caught up on things, well whatever it was brothers caught up on. In their teen years they hadn't really gotten along that well with Steve being so much older and always teasing his younger brother. He even had me flaunt myself and have sex once with Jim just so he would know what his big brother was getting most every day - and Jim wasn't.

Sharon stayed at our place for lunch while the guys went out somewhere. She looked really great! At the wedding last year we hadn't all that much time to talk given everything going on so this was like the first time in ages we had some real personal time together. At first we just discussed the usual things - careers, things going on in the community, even some politics. Before long we got around to the elephant in the room - her and her brother.

"So you are planning to have kids?" I asked trying not to appear TOO incredulous and disrespectful. It wasn't like I didn't respect her of what she believed, it was just I personally would NEVER have a baby with my own dad which to me would be similar to having one with your own brother.

"Why not?" Sharon asked, flipping her hair from her face, "Everyone knows we're getting married soon and isn't that what married people do?"

"Sorry but I have to ask... how did all this get started?"

Sharon smiled at me and had that mischievous look in her eyes I knew so well from back in our school days. She was always the instigator and when she got those eyes working I knew something was about to happen that I would probably regret later!

"I don't know really, it just happened," she shrugged. Then she pointed at me and said, "Actually, I would say it's YOUR fault Kelly."

I frowned and looked skeptical. How in the world could THAT be? I barely said a word to Jim back then, actually trying my best to ignore the little peeping tom. The only time I gave him the time of day was that one time we did it and that was just to mess with him. Speaking of which...

"You really don't know, do you?" she continued seeing the look on my face, "Well after what you did to him that time - which was VERY cruel of you by the way, I figured why waste my time with Steve when Jim was available."

"So just because he fucked me that meant he was available for YOU?" I asked incredulously. This sounded like a pretty tall tale, even for Sharon. "And why did it have to be a brother in the first place? You had all sorts of guys chasing you back then."

She shrugged and replied, "I don't know... maybe for convenience?"

This time I couldn't hold back and laughed. "You mean you wanted to commit INCEST because it was CONVENIENT?"

Bear in mind that Sharon has never known about me and my own dad. First, my dad and I weren't doing it back when we were childhood friends. Since I'd never really seen her since she didn't have way of knowing since fucking your dad isn't something you post on your FaceBook page. Since Steve's mother wasn't aware of it either, both Steve and I agreed that it was best that none of his family know anything, especially given his mother's firm stance on the subject.

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," she said flippantly. I had to REALLY work hard this time not to crack a smile that might have made her wonder.

"Whatever," I said, effectively closing the subject and we went back to catching up on life in general. Then another thought came to mind...

"Ummmmm, does your mom watch you guys having sex?" I asked.

Sharon's expression was enough but she answered me anyway. "What??? Are you kidding me? Why would you ever think that?"

Then her eyebrows furrowed and she looked at me suspiciously. "Wait a minute.... are you saying she watches you guys? Is that why you wondered about us?"

I started to protest even though technically she was correct but she shut me off with an uplifted hand.

"I'm not surprised, she use to peek in on him when he would bring girls home. I caught her a few times."

Sharon sat back in the kitchen chair and crossed her arms grinning at me.

"So the sanctimonious bitch gets off watching you guys screwing. And she has the nerve to say anything about me and Jim - and we keep it private."

I was sure I liked Sharon referring to her mother as a bitch. In all fairness Marlene has always been nothing but sweet towards me but then I could see where in the heat of the moment Sharon might feel a little pissed off.

Then Sharon leaned forward and whispered, "So has she ever joined in?"

Now it was my turn. "Sharon!"

Sharon leaned back again and laughed. "C'mon Kelly, I know what happened in the basement. When they started getting all touchy feeling I pushed Steve about it and he confessed."

"Whatever... NO, she's never even said a word," I informed her.

"So she sits there and watches?" Sharon asked looking a bit taken aback, "That's just weird."

Yeah, tell me about it. That was exactly my feelings the first few times until I sort of figured her out, or at least rationalized her behavior to myself.

"Well Sharon, face it, your whole family is a little weird," I teased her trying to lighten up the mood.

It seemed to work as Sharon joined in with me. "Yeah, I guess you could say that. But then everyone can't have the Norman Rockwell family like yours."

"We're not perfect by any means," I corrected her, "Not like my parents are still together."

"Yeah, what's with that anyway? I never dreamed those two would ever get a divorce and then suddenly boom, they split. What the hell happened?"

That was one area I really didn't want to discuss. Like how to you tell a friend that you mom left your dad because he was into little girls. For that matter, imagine if I were to tell Sharon that her own brother, while not in the same league as his father-in-law by any means, was also attracted to them? What would she say if she knew that not much more than a week ago he'd played Santa for a dozen or so girls ranging from eleven to fifteen only in this case everyone was nude and the girls were sitting with Santa's hard dick inside of them as they recited their wish list?

So instead I told her in the most diplomatic terms that I didn't want to talk about it. As my friend, Sharon accepted it for what it was, or at least what she THOUGHT it was and we moved on.

***************

So it was now Christmas Eve and before heading over to his mom's place I dragged Steve to church. While my faith is be one of the foundational pillars of my life, for Steve religion isn't exactly on his to-do list. Still, he knows that there were certain times and events when attendance is mandatory and he doesn't protest - at least not THAT much. My dad and Aunt Linda joined us although I noticed somehow

Kristen had managed to find some excuse for her and her new husband to dodge things.

Once the service was over we headed straight to the house where we parked next to Sharon and Jim's rental car. I looked over at Steve and took his hand.

"You ready big guy?" I asked. I knew he was a little uptight as this would be the first time they'd all be together for Christmas in years.

"Yeah, let's get this over with," he sighed as if we were going to a funeral rather than a family celebration.

"Oh c'mon, it won't be THAT bad," I teased him, slapping his arm playfully.

"Easy for you to say. How would you feel if YOUR brother and sister were shacking up together? And to be planning on having kids? Good Lord!" he asked and then he leaned his head back with his eyes rolled up. "Yeah right, look who I'm talking to."

Unfortunately we really hadn't talked this through as in general anytime I brought up the subject of Sharon and Jim, or even anything sexual about his mother, it was like this steel door came down over his face and the conversation ended.

"You know Steve, incest really can be a wonderful thing," I said gently, squeezing his hand in mine, "Besides, you know how I feel about incestual pregnancies but it's not for us to judge. They're family so you have to support them no matter what."

He just grunted and started to turn to get out but I held him back. We needed to get some of this out of the way before it ruined the evening.

"Look, I see how you and your mom are when you're together. It's obvious you both are physically attracted to one another. I mean like you practically are doing it now so I really don't understand why you don't just stop fighting it and let nature take its course."

I held my breath, waiting for the inevitable explosion but instead Steve just sat there in silence, staring through the windshield without even acknowledging what I'd said. Well, as it's said... in for a penny, in for a pound.

"It's not your fault. It's only natural that a son be attracted to his mother... or for a mother to want the love and attention of her son - especially her first born. I think that's why it bothers you so much to see Sharon and Jim together, because they have what you want but won't allow yourself to have. Especially when it's something you CAN have as you know your mother wants it too."

Steve took a deep breath before he spoke which was never a good sign. It just meant instead of exploding he was trying to stay calm but one way or the other he wasn't happy with me.

"I really don't think this is the time or place for this discussion Kelly," he said slowly in a soft voice, "Whatever the case, what I do with my mom is between me and her. I don't do anything about what you do with your dad so why don't you give me that same courtesy? Just because you think incest is so great doesn't mean it's for everyone you know. Isn't that what you tell everyone else?"

With that he pulled away from me and got out of the truck, leaving me sitting there alone in the cold. Well I guess he told me!

****************

Once inside Steve was all smiles and it was like our conversation had never taken place. He gave Sharon a big hug and even hugged Jim although not quite as tightly as he had his sister. Steve may not want to have sex with Sharon but they always got along, or at least didn't fight.

Jim took our coats and Sharon admired my new Christmas dress that I'd worn to church. It was deep red and went around the back of my neck halter style, tied up under my boobs so it lifted them up and helped bulge my cleavage out through the deep cut in the middle. From there it hung tight to my midsection and hips before loosening up slightly down about mid-thigh.

"Nice," she said approvingly, "And you wore THIS to church?"

I nodded and she shook her head, "Guess some things never change... except maybe your bra size. Oops, forgot... no bras, right?"

We laughed and went into the living room where someone's iPod was playing traditional Christmas songs though one of those speaker systems where you just plug and play. After some cookies, crackers and wine we took our seats with Jim and Sharon perched on the love seat while Steve too the middle of the couch flanked by his mom on the right and me on the left. Steve and I were the only ones really dressed up but then the others obviously hadn't just attended church so there really was no need.

Sharon was wearing a pair of flannel boy shorts and a cami with a glitter reindeer in front. It was tight enough to remind me of why I use to be jealous of her back in the day. She never had the really large boobs that Beth. my BFF, was endowed with but they were virtually perfect when it came to shape. Thirteen years later they were even better if anything.

Jim was in sweatpants and a plain black sweatshirt with the sleeves pushed up to his elbows. He had on thick grey wool socks which must have been more comfortable than Sharon's bare feet. The only thing keeping her feet warm was the red nail polish on her toes!

As for Marlene she was wearing what she always seemed to wear around the house, a long white housecoat that tied around the middle. It came down almost to about mid-calf and only opened up again at her neck. It looked quite warm - much more so than Sharon's skimpy outfit. Judging from the way her nipples were poking through the cami, maybe Sharon needed a robe to keep herself warm as well.

For the next hour or so it was just routine family talk with Sharon and Jim telling about their jobs, new home and friends. Conveniently left out of the picture was WHY they had sought out a new place and there was no mention of any upcoming nuptials or children. Everyone was playing nice, staying relatively neutral and safe.

"So maybe it's time to open presents?" Marlene offered and we all agreed.

Steve had brought ours in earlier in a shopping bag which I distributed to each recipient. Jim and Sharon had their own as I hadn't thought it politically correct to buy them a gift as a couple, at least not this year. Apparently Marlene had used the same logic as she handed them each a small present but gave me and Steve a single gift.

Nobody had gone overboard thank goodness. Marlene had gone the practical route, giving Steve and me bed sheets of all things. Not that we couldn't use them but still, sheets?

A little more wine and eggnog followed the presents and everyone was loosening up. I got the idea that this wasn't the first bottle of wine that had been opened this evening not to mention whatever was mixed in with the eggnog. For someone like me who normally doesn't consume much in terms of alcohol, my head was buzzing. Together with the late hour I found myself nodding and then drifting off with my head on Steve's shoulder.

I only dozed for maybe fifteen or twenty minutes, or so it seemed at the time. I woke with a blanket over me, leaning back into the corner of the couch. Rubbing my eyes, I tried to focus on the candle on the coffee table as they seemed to be the only source of illumination in the room. Sitting up, I didn't see Jim or Sharon and the love seat was empty.

As my eyes cleared and adjusted to the dim room I saw on the other side of the couch Steve turned away from me with his arms around his mother. From what I could tell they were kissing and it wasn't simple peck on the cheek from the sounds of things. I leaned over to get a better look and saw Marlene's robe was still tightly closed above the belt but with her legs crossed it had opened up to expose most of her legs up to her thighs. Steve was taking advantage of the situation – maybe he'd even helped move it up a bit, who knows? His left hand was on her upper thigh while his right was around her neck and planted on her boob through the heavy robe.

As for Marlene, she wasn't exactly just lying back and taking it all in. Twisting toward him, her right hand was firmly planted in Steve's crotch, cupping his balls and dick through his black dress slacks. Neither one of them seemed to notice that I was awake and watching but then I had a feeling it wouldn't have mattered if they did.

Oh well, it's not like this was the first time I'd seen this sort of behavior and if past experience was a teacher then I knew it was about all the entertainment that there would be. God, I wanted to scream at them sometimes as it seemed like such a silly game for them to play.

With all the wine and eggnog I had to go to pee REALLY bad which is probably what woke me in the first place. I quietly stood up and made my way to the bathroom. On my way I passed by the spare room where Steve use to sleep when he lived with his mom before we got married. Evidently it was now the guest room and had been absconded by Jim and Sharon.

"Oh yeah!" I heard from behind the door which I noticed hadn't been shut tightly.

Peering through the opening I couldn't see the bed directly but I COULD see the dresser and the mirror above it which afforded a reflection of what was going on in the bed. It had been a long time since I'd seen Sharon naked but there she was in her birthday suit on top of her also naked brother in a 69 with her knees on either side of him such that her hairy crotch was planted on his face. Oddly my first thought was surprise that she left it so bushy but then I watched as his hands were on her bare hips while she sucked on his dick – which had grown significantly in the thirteen years since I'd last had any dealings with it.

As tempting as it was, I REALLY had to go potty so I continue down the hallway and made it to the bathroom before I peed on myself – barely making it in the nick of time. Had I been wearing tight jeans instead of the dress... who knows?

As I sat on the toilet I thought about the others in the house, how my husband was making out with his mother while his brother and sister were doing the nasty in the guest room. It struck me how different it was from my own family where everyone was open and honest with one another and nobody played these sort of silly mind games. To see Sharon sucking on her brother's dick yet THEY were the ones Marlene didn't approve of while at the same time her own son was feeling her up like a football player with the head cheerleader seemed a little backwards to me. At least Sharon and Jim didn't try to pretend there wasn't anything between them. Like, what was the real difference between stroking your son through his pants or without anything in the way?

Back when I first saw Steve and his mom doing their thing it use to turn me on as I kept thinking sooner or later they would escalate things to the next level. Tonight wasn't as hot with the heavy robe she was wearing and the pants her had on but in the past the line had been much narrower. I remembered one hot summer night when she wore a loose T-shirt that didn't even make it to her belly button with a flimsy pair of panties underneath. Several times rather than the T-shirt she just had on her bra. One night for some reason she really pushed things with a sheer black nightie that only tied in the middle with a single bow with matching sheer black panties. Now you tell me what the difference is between allowing yourself to be fondled through a sheer negligee and not bothering with anything in the way at all?

For Steve it was sort of the same in that he would favor one of two extremes - loose gym shorts or boxers or tight bikini style Jockey underwear. The only thing keeping him from spilling out of the loose ones was the fact he had an erection the whole time so his dick wasn't flopping down though the openings at the legs. What worked for the loose clothes was almost too much for the tight ones as then his erection was practically pushing its way past the elastic waist band. I have to say I love seeing him in the tight pair as it outlines his manhood quite nicely!

Still, no matter how far they pushed it there was always that last line that was never crossed. Personally I don't understand how they're able to control themselves when they get so carried away. Remarkably, despite her ministrations I've never seen Steve cum as if there was some private signal between them that warns her to back off. The most ever I've seen have been some dark spots where his precum soaks through the grey bikini bottoms. The same went for Marlene. IF she has ever had an orgasm from Steve's working her boobs and clit through her panties then she has hidden it pretty damn well. Like Steve, I've noticed as few signs of wetness in her panties after he fondles her but nothing like the flood of a major orgasm.

The more I thought about all these things the hotter I was becoming and my fingers began to work my pussy as I leaned back on the toilet seat. God I was soooooo horny! For a moment I considered whether Sharon and Jim might be interested in me joining them but then Sharon had never even broached the subject. From what I could determine based on our conversations, they only had sex with each other and never even mentioned doing anyone else - boy OR girl. Sure we masturbated together back in school but then I did that with most of my friends and it never went any further to where we would touch each other. It wasn't until college (ignoring my mom and her sister) that I had actual sex with a girl where I touched her and licked her and she did the same to me.

I was on my own but then it's not like that was so bad. I LOVE to masturbate and it's all the better when you've got things going on around you to encourage your fantasies and dreams. I began to imagine myself sneaking out to the living room to find Steve's mom finally sucking on her son's wonderful hard cock, soon followed by him slipping his incestuous erection in his mother's warm wet pussy.

My pussy was SOOOOOO hot and wet! Now I was using two hand - one to push a couple of fingers inside of me and the other to toy with my hard sensitive clit. I wanted SOOOOO bad to cum and I was SOOOOO close....

Mmmmmmm, I imagined Jim fucking me, taking his hard dick in me again so many years after our first time. Only this time his sister would be watching and then I'd lick her wet pussy for the first time as her brother fucked me hard from behind. My fingers were flying on my clit as I imagined him crying out as he came in me. Once he was done I imagined crawling up onto Sharon and squatting over face as she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to take her brother's sperm as it leaked out of my freshly fucked pussy.

That final image of Jim's cum fresh from my pussy all over Sharon's tongue and lips set me off and I tried not to scream as my orgasm finally took hold of me. I was doubled over with what probably would have looked like pain to anyone watching but it was just the opposite - the most exquisite pleasure imaginable.

When I'd finished I wiped myself off with toilet paper and pulled my panties back up from my ankles. The pressure of the soft material, slight as it was, was enough to make me jump as it pressed on my ultrasensitive clit.

Back in the hallway I peeked into the guestroom again. Things had advanced quite a bit since I'd first looked in on them. Sharon was on her side with her left leg held up by her brother's hand as he spooned her from behind. This time I was afforded a much better view of her frontal naked body thanks to the bed lamp. Actually, it couldn't have been any better if I had posed them myself. Jim's hardened dick was slowly moving in and out of her, as if he was trying to sustain himself as long as possible and enjoy every moment. It was the sort of thing my husband or even my dad would do when they weren't in any rush but just wanted to "savor the moment" as my dad use to tell me.

A flicker caught my eye and I saw that Sharon's nipples were both pierced by small silver rings with yet another in her navel. I also was able to make out a tattoo just above the hairline of her crotch that appeared to be a butterfly. The meaning behind that was a total mystery to me.

Neither of them was making a sound other than Sharon gasping when her brother would thrust himself hard up inside of her. He would hold it there for a few seconds, pushing it hard against her as she ground her hips to move it inside of her. Her eyes were closed as she held her boob in her hand whole her brother's incestuous dick did its job.

Once again my pussy tingled and I found myself reaching for the door edge. I caught myself before touching he door and instead pressed my hand between my legs and almost gasped involuntarily. Damn I was so horny!

It certainly didn't help matters when I got back to the living room and found Steve and his mom almost in the exact same position as before only now Steve had his hand up under the bottom of his mom's robe, well up in fact. Judging from the way his mom was reacting I had a pretty good idea where it was. Marlene's eyes were tightly shut as she leaned into her son with one leg draped over the arm of the couch and the other over Steve's leg. She had her hand in his crotch, gripping what I knew had to be a massive hard-on underneath his pants.

You would think that after a year of this I'd be a little jaded from all the teasing and "almost but not quite" game the two of them played but this time in the dim light from the kitchen I had to wonder if maybe something had happened. Had the fine thread separating them from crossing the line finally snapped? Maybe the goings on between her younger kids had been the proverbial final straw.

So far the robe had kept everything of true importance out of sight. I could infer what might be happening underneath but there was only one way to be sure. I didn't even know what she was wearing beneath the heavy robe - if anything. Normally, like my mom and most woman I knew of her generation, she never went without panties and a bra but then the way things were going tonight who could know for sure?

Wow, talk about a night of temptations! Twice now I'd erred on the side of caution when it came to Sharon and Jim. I had to wonder if knowing them both so well when I was younger had anything to do with my decision. The only time I'd been with a brother and sister together for sex had been with younger siblings which was an entirely different situation. On the face of things I'd love to have a threesome with a brother and sister but there was just something about this whole evening that was too surreal, even for me.

Sitting back in the corner of the loveseat across from the couch, I watched the scene unfolding before me like I was watching some movie on the Lifetime Network. I could almost see the title scrolling through the TV guide... "The Final Temptation" or maybe "Crossing the Line". I was STILL incredibly horny and once again the temptation came over me like a tsunami to join in, just as it had a little earlier with Sharon and her brother. What if I went beside the couch can undid the robe, opening it and the caressing her boobs as my husband finally made love to his mother?

Any such thoughts were ended when Marlene took her hand off Steve's crotch and then with both hands undid her robe and pulled it open. I held my breath as she pulled it open and then I saw that true to form, she WAS wearing a matching red bra and panties set, not that there was much of either.

Meanwhile Steve hadn't taken his hand from her crotch but now I was able to see what had been hidden until now. Indeed, he was fingering her but as has always been the case, at least when I was watching. His palm was flat against his mom's crotch with his middle finger pushing in against the thin fabric. He seemed to be right over her clit and from the way she was reacting, she was enjoying every second of it.

I knew that while they may not have sex, there was no way that this time she wasn't going to cum. Maybe Steve would along with her as he certainly seemed close from the way he was moving his hips under her touch. Either way, I barely blinked as I waited holding my breath for the inevitable conclusion.

"No!" suddenly Marlene gasped, pulling her hand from Steve's crotch so she could grab his hand and draw it away from her own. She gasped, yanking her robe back together and leaning forward. Then she looked up and our eyes met. Was that guilt I saw... or maybe a touch of anger that I was there so they couldn't finish.

"Would you like some dessert?" she asked me, running her hand through her hair to straighten it out and then tying her robe back together again.

I was totally caught off guard by her question and just sat there dumbfounded. Like, how do you go from the brink of an orgasm to being the hostess as if nothing had just happened?

Just then we were joined by Sharon and Jim with Sharon now in a long terry robe with Jim in pajama bottoms and a T-shirt. Both were barefoot and both had the look of someone who was well-satisfied.

"Someone say something about dessert?" Jim asked as Marlene left Steve on the couch and headed for the kitchen.

As we walked into the kitchen, Sharon moved up close to me and whispered in my ear, "So did we miss anything?"

I looked at her like I had no idea what she was talking about but I wasn't following her. She winked at me and took a seat at the table.

We left soon after and made it home without a word about what had happened earlier. The self-imposed silence continued when we got home and even as we started to make love in bed.

"Steve...," I finally started to say as my husband mated me.

Steve somehow seemed to know what I was going to ask and he just shushed me as he pumped me in a simple missionary position. As he came in me I just laid back with my legs tightly wrapped around my wonderful husband. Yes, of everything that had happened today, THIS was by far the best moment!

# 3. Christmas With MY Family - Act One

Christmas morning arrived and thank goodness we'd set the alarm or most likely we'd slept in until past noon. It was going to be a hectic day and that meant getting an early start.

Assuming things went as planned today would be the equivalent of a three act play. Act One would feature just me and Steve as we celebrated Christmas between just the two of us. Act Two would be a quick stop at my dad's house to maintain our Christmas traditions. Finally Act Three would be at my Uncle Jim and Aunt Shari's house as it was their turn to host the annual Christmas party for my dad's side of the family.

Act One was simple. Sure I had a number of traditions dating back years, I think it's important that Steve and I establish some of our own. One year doesn't make a tradition so if I was going to get things established then it would have to be a continuation from last year which meant sex by the Christmas tree.

"C'mon!" I extolled my husband after he'd shaved and brushed his teeth. He was about to step in the shower but I knew that was just a waste of time.

"What the...?" he questioned me as I dragged him out of the bathroom towards the living room. We were both stark naked and the apartment was a bit chilly but that didn't matter. If my plans were carried out we'd be heating things up pretty quickly.

Once by the tree I saw the drapes were open and theoretically anyone could be watching us but with the lights out and the glare from the outside that wasn't very likely. Besides, who cared? Wrapping my arms around his neck, I jumped into his arms and my legs circled his waist and I locked my ankles as his hands reached down and cupped my buttocks. We kissed and then I grinned at him.

"Remember what we did last year for Christmas morning?"

I knew he must remember every moment but he tried to pretend he had to think about it and then his face brightened.

"Ohhhhhh, so THAT is what this is all about."

I kissed him as a reward for answering correctly. "You know, if we do it two years in a row then that makes it a new tradition."

Steve shook his head at me. "You and your silly traditions."

"Hey, they're NOT silly," I protested playfully, "Now fuck me."

He did!

Sometimes it's WHERE you fuck someone that makes it memorable. I'll never forget the time my dad took me from behind as I stood out on the lookout point overlooking the city the night my dad took me out to dinner. It was chilly and I had just raised my dress up enough for him to pull my thing aside and get in me but it was enough. Grasping the railing in the darkness I leaned over and felt him thrusting into me, seemingly oblivious to the traffic behind us. Sure we'd been in this position before - I mean our sexual position, not geographic, but never at this particular spot. THAT is what makes that particular time stick in my mind so brilliantly.

Such it was this morning with Steve. As I laid on the floor under him with my head at the edge of the tree I smiled - yes because I love anytime my body is joined with my husband's, but also because I knew that we would be doing this next year... and the year after and then who knows for how many years after that.

As my tongue licked off Steve's dwindling cock, savoring the odd mix of male and female cum, he leaned back on his hands on the floor as I lay between his legs.

"Well, NOW can I take a shower?" he said playfully as he lifted up one hand to run his fingers through my rumpled hair.

Actually we both needed a shower but I knew if we got in together that we'd never get to my dad's on time so I took mine first to allow me to fix my hair when he took his.

"So what are you wearing to your dad's this morning?" Steve asked as he shaved, "Or just a coat?"

"Steve!"

He laughed at my protests but it made me feel good to see him in such good spirits considering what was coming up next. While Steve supported me when it came to my obligations and duties as my father's daughter, it's not like he especially is thrilled by it and usually tends to avoid the subject. Even an oblique reference such as this was a positive sign.

I opened the closet and took out a dress covered in a plastic store bag.

"Ready?" I asked him as I posed like a game show model about to show what was behind the curtain.

"Well frankly I think you're looking just fine in that!" he said grinning at me.

He was referring to the bright red lace bra and panty set I was wearing. As I'd put it on a few minutes earlier, I couldn't help but think to myself how it was similar to that which his mom had been wearing the night before. Of course my boobs weren't the size of hers but I knew my ass was a whole lot tighter than hers. Hers had been on the skimpy side but mine was downright scandalous - at least to some people.

Unfortunately I was barefoot but at least I had on the gold rope ankle bracelet on my left leg. Still, I knew that if I had on my matching new pumps that my legs would've looked better - not to mention a little tightening of my ass which never hurts. Still, Steve didn't seem to mind from the way he kept staring at me.

"Tada!" I giggled as I pulled off the plastic. At first I could see in his eyes that he wasn't quite grasping it but then he made a good effort to pretend he did.

"Oh wow, that is hot!" he tried with obvious lack of any real feeling.

"Just wait a moment," I assured him as I took the dress off the hangar and pulled it on. Straightening it out, I reached in the closet for the box with my new shoes and quickly slipped them on.

"Well? Better now?" I asked as I put on my best modeling pose with hand on hip.

NOW I had his attention.

"Whoa!" he whistled, "You're wearing THAT to your family thing today?"

"Why, does it make me look fat?" I asked, checking myself out in the mirror.

The dress was pure red like my Christmas Eve one but other than that it was a completely different style. This one was a sleeveless number that came around tight under my arms with the one inch shoulder straps wide out on my shoulders to allow for a wide opening in front. It was cut extremely low which allowed for a LOT of cleavage AND upper boobs to show. From there it was tight all the way down to the high cut hem that covered my butt completely but not much of my legs. It was the sort of dress that you didn't spend a lot of time sitting down while wearing it.

Steve wasn't stupid so he knew better than to answer that question. Instead he came over and kissed me, his hand exploring the bottom of my dress. I reached behind me and pushed his hands sway.

"Down boy!" I teased him, "We're late enough as it is."

# 4. Christmas With MY Family - Act Two

It didn't take long to get to my dad's. All the way there I grew more and more excited like I was a little girl again. What did my dad get me this year? I knew it would have to be something special.

"So how long do we have to stay at your dad's?" Steve asked as he drove.

"I don't know, I guess it depends on what he gives me this year," I answered. I knew where he was going with this. It was about as close as he could get to saying he wished we weren't going without causing trouble.

"You know my Aunt Linda will be there," I pointed out the obvious. Of course she would be there - she lived there.

"Whatever," he mumbled under his breath. Boy, he must be really up tight this time. Normally all I had to was hint about my mom's sexpot sister and bingo, he was up and ready.

Thankfully we arrived at my dad's place before things could get out of hand. Steve parked at the top of the driveway meaning we would enter through the front door instead of driving down to the bottom with the basement entrance.

"Merry Christmas!" we were greeted by my aunt at the door.

Oh wow, it was just like her to dress up like one of Santa's helpers at the mall. She even had on the silly hat. Only rather than wearing green tights she had on black fishnet thigh-high hose with stilettos in lieu of elf shoes. It was easy to see where the hose ended as the outfit only came down within a couple of inches of the elastic tops. Also, if the Santa helpers at the mall wore outfits cut as low in front as hers there would be a lot more fathers taking their kids to see Santa! All in all she didn't look bad for a woman in her mid-forties, not bad at all!

"Too much?" she said with a grin that belied any concern on her part. Yeah, like she was worried about THAT. Well, at least she was wearing clothes which was always a 50-50 things anytime I came over.

Steve helped me off with my winter coat and my aunt stood back with her hands on her hips taking in my own outfit.

"Now THAT is what I call a Christmas dress," she said admiringly, "Love the ankle bracelet by the way - didn't your dad give you that?"

I nodded adding, "Yeah, it was a Christmas gift."

"Well come on in then... you're late you know," she said as she led the way to the downstairs family room where the tree was set up.

My dad was waiting for us looking like he'd not woken up himself all that long ago. He was wearing his favorite around-the-house sweatpants and a Steeler sweatshirt with a pair of warm slippers.

"Merry Christmas daddy!" I greeted him as I rushed to give him a kiss and a hug.

"Wow, love the dress Kelly," he said when our lips finally parted and he stood back to take a closer look at me.

"I bet Aunt Shari's gonna love it," I said teasingly.

"Oh so you're planning on wearing it this afternoon as well?" he said with a look of surprise. "You know that someday your poor aunt's going to have a heart attack or stroke thanks to you."

We all laughed and took seats with me and Steve on the couch, my dad in his recliner and my Aunt Linda in the matching one next to it. For a brief moment I remembered how it use to be my mom sitting in that chair and now to see her sister in her place seemed a little sad but I guess that's how things work out sometimes.

We WERE running quite a bit late so we got right down to the gift exchanges. There weren't all that many as we'd agreed long before to limit ourselves to a few token items more in spirit of the season than anything expensive or big. Most were gag gifts, like my dad giving my aunt a new vibrator - she was into them as much as my mom had been.

Finally it came down to one gift under the tree - wrapped in pink paper with a red bow, the same as it was every year for so long now. It didn't need a tag on it to say who it was for, or who it was from for that matter.

"Looks like there's one left for Kelly," my aunt said smiling at me. Then she got up and stood in front of Steve and extended her hand.

"C'mon stud, let's head upstairs and leave these two alone."

Steve quickly got up without any hesitation as if he'd just been pardoned and couldn't wait to leave. While he didn't know what was in the present, he certainly knew what it meant to me and more or less what it would entail.

I tried not to frown as once more I wished my husband wasn't so weirded out by my relationship with my father. After what he'd done with his mother last night it seemed a little crazy that he couldn't deal with me and my dad having sex. Well, at least he didn't do anything to oppose me either so I had that to be thankful for.

He looked a little sheepish, almost like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "That was sort of the general idea I guess."

"Wait a minute then," I said as I took the box and quickly headed up the stairs into the kitchen hallway. My pussy was tingling as the idea of what I was about to do ran through my head.

Once upstairs I didn't see anyone but I could hear something in the living room so despite my rush to get back to my dad I took a peek just to check things out. Sure enough, there was my husband sitting on the sofa by the window with his pants and boxers down at his ankles while a sexy Santa's helper was bouncing on his stiff dick. She'd pulled down the top to expose her boobs to him and he had his head buried between them as she pulled him into her chest.

It didn't appear they needed any help from me so I quickly took off my dress and thong and laid them carefully out on the kitchen table. I chose to keep on my pumps and ankle bracelet - the bracelet as it was a past Christmas gift from my dad so it seemed appropriate to leave it on. I already was wearing a simple gold necklace but it was nothing compared to the quality of the one my dad had just given me, nor did it have a diamond cross so it went to the wayside as I fixed the clasp of my new one behind my neck. The cross dangled down just above my cleavage as my nipples poked out nice and hard from the cool air.

Taking a deep breath, I slowly walked down the wooden basement stairs as my dad turned to observe my approach. I felt like a Miss America contestant making her way to the stage as my "judge" monitored and evaluated my every move. Strutting my stuff, I eventually stood in front of him and "modeled" my new outfit - so to speak.

"It looks perfect on you," he said softly, almost inaudible even in the silence, "But then again, YOU look perfect."

"Oh daddy, I don't know what to say... it's so beautiful!"

My dad then grinned and sat back in the recliner. "You don't have to SAY anything," he said directly to me as he pulled his sweatpants down to his ankles.

I couldn't help but smile at his lack of subtlety. Well, he'd behaved himself pretty well so far so I couldn't fault him for finally caving in to his carnal instincts. After all, if I was ever to stand all but nude in front of a man wearing nothing but a necklace around my neck and ankle along with a pair of four inch pumps and he DIDN'T react then my life would pretty much be over!

"Hmmmmmm, so what does my naughty daddy want for Christmas?" I said as I turned slowly in a circle to show him my bare butt once again.

"That's simple... What any father with a daughter like you would want," he answered but it wasn't enough for me.

"Tell me daddy, tell me what you want," I almost pleaded with him, "Tell me how to please you. I want to make you happy."

That was when it happened, the moment I was waiting for. Up until now anyone watching or listening to us would have just seen some playful flirting and teasing - putting aside the fact I was naked in front of my dad while he had his pants down to his ankles But now... now it was different. It was like a switch was thrown and something happened to my father, like some spirit had possessed him. It was the way he looked at me, the way his face was suddenly almost expressionless. His eyes were the most telling with the way they seemed to almost penetrate me with pure lust and desire.

It was times like this when I felt like my father REALLY wanted me more than anything else in the world. When I knew he desired me in a way different from any other woman, even my mother. I was the object of his most base sexual instincts, the focal point of his need for sexual gratification.

I'll never forget the first time I saw him like this - it was the first time he fucked me. As he entered my bedroom that fateful day it was like he transformed before my very eyes like some cheesy werewolf movie. One moment he was the smiling playful father at my doorway and then suddenly he was replaced by this hungry lustful man thirsting for my sexuality as he prepared to take me for the very first time. What REALLY made it erotic for me was I knew once he reached this stage there was no turning back, no telling him no. We WERE going to have sex - period.

"I want to fuck you," he almost growled as he reached out for me, "God you're so sexy... so hot... so damn fuckable."

Smiling now I stepped in between his legs as he grabbed me by my bare hips and pulled me in closer. He leaned over so my boobs hung in his face and he took each nipple in his mouth and bit it softly, then licked it and sucked on it.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered in his ear, "Please fuck me... I'll do anything for you... ANYTHING!"

As I submitted myself to my father I thought that this is what "true" submission is all about. It's not domination or anything kinky. No leather or whips. No slavery or nonconsensual acts. Submitting yourself to someone totally and completely is the

nudge him until he was just in the right position and then I lowered myself down onto him until I was squatting on his lap.

"That better daddy?" I giggled as I ground my naked bottom onto his lap.

He could only moan which was good enough for me!

Rather than bouncing on him I just rotated my hips around him, grinding my pussy down onto his crotch as his coarse dark pubic hair acted almost like a brush against my shaved pussy. Now and then he would thrust up against me, more like an involuntary reaction as he enjoyed feeling himself inside of me.

"I love my new necklace daddy," I said as I held it out from my chest to his face, taking a brief pause and just sitting there mounted on top of him.

"I love more who's wearing it," he replied, giving me a little extra boost as he thrust his hips up once.

"Mmmmmmm, you feel so good in me daddy," I whispered into his ear, "I love it so much when I feel you in me this way."

"Lean back.. let me see," he demanded.

Then he put his hands on my back to support me as I leaned back to allow us both to look down and see where his cock was penetrating me. It looked so erotic to see just the base of his dick while the rest of it disappeared between my wet pussy lips. Where the "missing" part had gone was easy for me to tell from the way I could feel it filling me up inside. Knowing it was my own father's incestuous dick filling me made it even better.

"I never get tired of seeing this," he sighed as I reached down to play with my clit while he watched. I groaned as I reached orgasm quickly and cried out to him.

"Fuck me... fuck me daddy oh fuck me more," I pleaded as I began to shake and shiver as if suddenly I was freezing cold yet if anything, my pussy felt like it was burning up! Each time giving me the ultimate sign of his love for me. Giving me his love, his desire, a piece of him.

Exhausted, he couldn't hold himself up any longer so he flopped over onto his side and then his back, gasping for air and sweating profusely even though the basement was the coldest room in the house. I turned on my side, pressing up against him so my boobs were against his side and my leg was draped over him so my sperm-filled crotch was rubbing up against his hip bone.

"I love so very much daddy," I said softly as my fingers ran over his hairy chest as he fought to catch his breath, "I love being your daughter."

We both must have fallen asleep because it was like moments later that someone was nudging me. At least it seemed like moments to me.

"Hey you two horny toads, we're late already and you haven't even showered yet."

My eyes struggled to focus but I had no trouble identifying my aunt as she leaned over to poke me again.

"That's it... up and at it," she pestered me, "Steve and I are done so the bathroom's all yours."

After all these years I still never understood why my dad hadn't put in a second bathroom. Sure there was a toilet in the basement but that's all it was - commonly referred to as a "Pittsburgh toilet" as it was the practice back in the old days to include the appliance in the basement of multi-story homes. At least this one had been enclosed by plywood walls. I'd been in a number of homes where it just stood out in the open like a throne.

I struggled to my feet, feeling a little unbalanced as if I'd been drinking but after a few steps everything was OK again. Walking up the stairs, I looked back to see my aunt working on my dad. Good luck with that one! When he was out like this after sex I knew sometimes he could pass out for hours.

Opening the door to the kitchen I stepped out and saw Steve seated with a cup of coffee. He was dressed and looked sharp in his new Christmas slacks and long-sleeved shirt.

"You're dripping," he said casually as he took a sip of coffee.

Like I didn't know. My dad must have been saving up a good load or he was just extra horny as it was like my pussy had been flooded with sperm. I guess it's a bit ironic that after all that it took to get it up inside of me simple gravity was enough to get it back out.

So anyway I just gave him a eyes-in-the back-if-my-head look and ignored him. I was headed for the shower so what did it matter? It wasn't like I was going to the Christmas party with my dad's cum running down my leg.

"So what did he get you to wear this year?" Steve asked me before I could leave for the stairs to the second floor.

I reached to my chest and held out the diamond for him to see. His eyes bulged a little when he saw all the diamonds. Then his mind started to work...

"So THAT was what he bought you to wear? Just that?"

I just giggled at first and then said, "Well, why else would I be nude running round the house?"

Steve just shook his head as if he wasn't going to play the game but then he said, "Just figured your outfit must have gotten lost along the way."

That was often true but not today. No matter, there was no need for debate. I just flipped my hair back and gave him a quick peck on the cheek before heading up to shower and clean up. I didn't tell him that I'd seen him and my Aunt Linda together but then what would be the point? Not like it was anything new for any of us. Granted, I actually rarely saw them together as usually I was doing my dad at the time.

Somehow or another we all got ready without any further "distractions". My dad offered to drive us all over in one vehicle but Steve preferred driving us in his pickup. He didn't say so but I got the idea he was hoping to get out sooner than my dad and wanted the flexibility in case the opportunity arose.

## 5. Christmas With MY Family - Act Three

Now for the final act - the annual family Christmas ritual. I don't ever remember missing one and for the most part, nobody else did either. The usual suspects were:

husband - Steve (29)
dad - John (48)
aunt (mom's sister) - Linda (44)
cousin - Kristen (25) married to Ben (42)
uncle (dad's brother)- Jim (46)
aunt - Shari (45)
cousin - Rick (24)
cousin - Kate (22)
cousin - Tammy (20)
uncle (dad's brother)- Paul (55)
aunt - Julie (53)
cousin - Laura (29) married to Alan (31)
cousin - Ginny (34) married to Bill (36) with Katlyn (13)

Unfortunately my mom wasn't going to be there. Technically my Aunt Linda and Kristen weren't part of my dad's family but they had started coming after the divorce. I'm sure it caused plenty of gossip, especially between my other aunts. Since both my uncles had long histories with Linda going back to their high school days they didn't seem to mind - imagine that!

Over the past thirteen years or so a lot has happened that isn't public knowledge or even known by everyone in the family - not even half of them actually. For instance, the fact that my dad has sex with me is only known amongst my immediate family (of which I tend to include my Aunt Linda and Kristen now). Both my uncles know of course as they've both fucked me but interestingly nobody else knows my Uncle Paul has done me. Granted it's only been a few times but as was the case with my mom, we've kept it just between us. Heck, not even my husband knows! I guess since my mom kept things discreet that I sort of felt obligated to follow suit.

Nobody else in my Uncle Paul's family has a clue about any incestual activities and would likely be shocked to the core if they did. I mean like it's one thing for me to flirt and flaunt myself but that I would be fucking all three brothers... not a chance - at least in their minds.

Uncle Jim and family is another story entirely but vastly more complicated. Without going into all the details, over the years I've done both my uncle and cousin Rick although neither of them have done me now in a number of years. Frankly, Uncle Jim is an asshole and the only reason I ever did him in the first place was so he would let my dad fuck his youngest daughter - my cousin Tammy. My dad actually took her virginity when she was fourteen thanks to me - sort of payback for me not letting him do me at that age. Long story but it's in my diary for anyone interested.

Now Tammy's in college with a serious boyfriend (again) and so far as I know her past dealings with her brother and his friends are only in the history books. Of course my horny husband has shown an interest in her and once I thought they might get it on but that sort of fell through at the last minute. Not to say he wouldn't do her in a heartbeat!

As for Tammy's sister Kate, oh boy. Talk about a clone of her mother! My Aunt Shari is the type that gives Christians a bad name - obnoxious, closed-minded, intolerant and condemning. Considering my uncle use to be quite the horny dog I still can't figure out why he married such a shrew. All my life she gave my mom heck over the clothes she let me wear and those weren't even my naughty ones!

Such was the case with Katlyn and her dad. Bill was a great father and husband but I couldn't imagine him ever fucking Katlyn - not ever. Then again I have to wonder if people looked at me and my dad back when I was a teen and said the same thing about us? Really, does it matter?

We were probably an hour late by now so everyone was there when we arrived. My Aunt Sheri and Aunt Julie were already on less than amicable terms with Aunt Linda and for whatever reason they seemed to put the blame on her for us being late. I started to say something in her defense but Aunt Linda put her hand on my shoulder and I got the message - live to fight another day.

The REAL ire from them was reserved for me though. I can't say I hadn't expected it and to some degree I'd sort of gone out of my way to ask for it. From the moment I saw my dress in the store the first thought in my head was wondering how they would react to seeing me wearing it in front of everyone - especially their husbands. Now just imagine if they knew both of their dutiful husbands had fucked me a number of times over the years. Oh wow, that would REALLY be something special to behold.

It started from the moment I took off my coat and handed it to my wide-eyed cousin Rick. I barely had time to turn around before I was eye to eye with Aunt Shari.

"Really... I mean really Kelly, do you think that's appropriate for a family gathering? You look like the office slut."

Maybe not in the same words but had anyone asked me to predict her reaction I think I would've nailed it. It took all my willpower to keep from grinning and tell her that this was exactly why I wore it but then she would have gone ballistic, I'm sure. Instead I appeared shocked at her accusations.

"Well I thought it looked good on me and after all, it's red, isn't it?"

"Yeah, like a red light district," she muttered shaking her head as she turned and stalked back to the kitchen.

I don't know why she even tried anymore. For years she bitched at my mom for the bikinis she bought me and the skirts I wore and none of that had any effect so why bother? Didn't she realize that the more she griped the more brazen it made me want to be the next time?

Exit bitch #1, enter bitch #2...

"Oh my god Kelly, you're NOT going to wear that?" my aunt's little clone chimed in.

I just glared at Kate. She was years younger than me and I didn't have to take her guff and even pretend to be polite.

"I guess you're right, maybe I'll just it off right now. I have to warn you though, I'm not wearing a bra."

Her face reddened and she muttered something like THAT was obvious. This time I didn't hold back and laughed in her face as I turned and went to mingle with the rest of the family, putting an extra wiggle for her benefit.

If past experience told me anything, their bark was far worse than their bite so now that they'd put on their little show I figured that would be the end of it... until the next time we got together and they were offended by whatever I chose to wear that time. Maybe a naughty string bikini? My mom had always held back somewhat in that department. She didn't mind me tweaking her nemesis with a revealing bikini but she didn't want to go overboard to the point it started raising any awkward questions - like why I was wearing things like that around my dad.

When I finally made it into the living room where most everyone was crammed in, I moved over to take Steve's arm who was already in a heated debate with Uncle Jim over who was going to win the national college football championship.

BORING!

I looked around and saw my Uncle Paul had taken up residence in one of the overstuffed chairs, working on a beer which most likely wasn't his first knowing him. I saw him giving me the once over - several times and winked at him. He grinned back at me and tilted his bottle as a salute to my dress. Odds were this party would be like most where I got away with a lot of teasing and flirting but when it came down to it nothing all that special would happen. Still, it wasn't that long ago when dear old Uncle Paul had fucked me over at his place during Easter. Of course then the weather was warmer and we'd gone out to Steve's truck to do it but it still counted.

A number of folding chairs had been set up to accommodate everyone so I gingerly sat down, trying to keep my dress pulled down to where my thong wasn't visible. With my legs crossed it drew up quite a ways but nobody seemed to mind.

"Hey Kelly!"

I glanced over and saw Katlyn take a seat next to me. She was all dolled up in a pretty dark green skirt with a white sweater and white tights. As usual, the skirt came down to her knees and the sweater up to her neck. Still, she was finally at the point where even all that wasn't able to hide her budding breasts that were just enough to create a bulge in her chest.

"So what did you get for Christmas Kelly?" she asked. I showed her the necklace around my neck and her eyes widened like she'd seen a flying saucer.

"Wow, that is so pretty," she exclaimed, reaching out to touch it as if she couldn't believe it was real, "Did Steve give you that?"

I shook my head and explained that it was a special present from my dad. She smiled saying something about wishing HER dad would give her something so nice. I could have easily told her that he probably would if she sucked his dick as well as I had my dad's earlier but somehow that one didn't actually make it past my lips!

With that she was off to make a nuisance of herself in the kitchen, leaving me sitting there alone for the moment. One thing about wearing a dress like this one, you don't get up and down any more than necessary!

Just then my cousin Tammy came by. Wow, I hadn't seen her since summer and she looked great - as always. Surprisingly her boyfriend apparently wasn't with her.

"Hey Tammy, how's school?" I asked. She was a nursing student working for her RN the same as my mom.

She took a seat next to me and we talked for maybe fifteen or twenty minutes about school - hers and mine. God, it seemed like so long ago that I'd taught her to masturbate and eat pussy. Come to think of it, it WAS a long time ago and for a moment I felt so old!

We were interrupted by a call to dinner. Everyone took their places and my Uncle Paul said grace. I was seated next to Steve on my left with Tammy to my right. Thankfully with the long tablecloth and the two of them on each side of me I didn't have to worry about my dress so I just let it ride up to wear I could feel the cold chair under my exposed butt. Steve's hand appeared on my thigh and I felt him run his fingers along almost to my crotch at which point I poked his arm and teased him.

"Behave!" I hissed at him although my heart wasn't in it.

Other than Steve feeling me up every chance he could get dinner was pretty much simple and to the point. The usual spread of good food and everyone overate - even me and with my dress the last thing I needed was to be bloated!

After dinner was the gift exchange. Everyone had drawn from a hat at the end of last year's gathering to determine who they would buy for the next year. The results were supposed to be secret but I think most people already knew who was buying for who by the time the event came around. I got a gift certificate to Macy's from my cousin Laura which was perfectly fine with me. Even if I didn't use it I could always re-gift it.

While both my uncles showed an interest in my dress - and what was underneath it, it was starting to look more and more like this year was going to be a bust so far as anything "fun" went. Again I felt like I was OLD! This use to be so much easier when I was younger and people didn't look for such things. Now it was like just wearing a revealing dress was as far as I could get away with and how many more years was my figure going to allow even that?

Steve was starting to get antsy and making comments about leaving when I went to the kitchen for some Diet Coke. Everything had been cleaned up with some munchies left out and for the moment I was alone for the first time all afternoon. More importantly, the constant din of numerous conversations was muffled by the walls. Ahhhhhh, relief!

"Been a while since you showed that much leg girl."

I turned and there was my cousin Rick. Actually those were the first words he'd spoken to me since I could remember. This past summer our schedules never seemed to mesh and except for our wedding over a year ago I couldn't recall even being this close to him in years.

Giving him a quick inspection I have to say one thing, Rick looked a whole lot better than I last remembered. He'd finally grown out of that geeky stage during high school, had his hair styled instead of just flying about, and was wearing a nice looking pair of slacks and a long-sleeved white dress shirt. Damn, my screwed-up cousin was a hunk!

Wow, how many years had it been since we last had sex? It was back before my parents' divorce as he was fucking my mom more than me. At that age he seemed to be trying to emulate his father which meant so far as I was concerned he was an asshole. With my mom he seemed to behave better, at least so she said. Sometime I wondered if she did it because she was horny or just wanted the satisfaction of fucking her sister-in-law's son right under her nose - either was a viable option.

I'd quite fucking Rick around the same time as I had turned away his father. Since my dad wasn't getting any of Tammy's teen pussy anymore, what was the point in degrading myself with them? Even worse, Uncle Jim enjoyed anal and he wasn't very s respectful of my wishes in that department.

So now we were face-to-face once again after years of separation. So much had changed in my life as well. I was married to start although I guess technically that didn't matter so far as Rick was concerned. Technically anything with him was covered under the incest clause to our marriage so Steve really didn't have any say one way or the other. Of course I would never abuse that right but even so...

"So you like my dress?" I asked him, showing off a little.

"Like you have to ask," he chuckled, "I think dad hasn't taken his eyes off you since you came in wearing it."

He moved in a little closer, glanced around to see that we were still alone, and then said, "You know, it's been a long time."

He didn't saw WHAT had been a long time but then what else would he be talking about with me? It wasn't like we were close friends or anything. Sure we'd had sex but that was all it was - sex for the sake of sex. I just licked my lips once and leaned back against the counter, waiting to see where he was taking this.

"I bet nobody would notice if we disappeared for a few minutes," he suggested, the hidden meaning in his words not really hidden at all.

"Oh? And just where would THAT be?" I said teasingly. No sense in making it TOO easy for him. What the heck, make the guy work for it at least. It wasn't like I was worried he would quit trying.

"Right here if you can handle it," he teased me back. Yeah, like I was going to suck him off in the middle of the kitchen. Now his bedroom was a different option...

Funny, but had anyone suggested the idea that I might do anything with Rick ahead of time I would have laughed and told them they were nuts. But the guy in front of me now wasn't the brash showoff I knew back then - not by a long shot. I felt my pussy tingle as I imagined being with him.

"Quit teasing," he suddenly said more seriously, "You were always a slut and you're STILL a slut so stop the stupid games and lets go to my room and REALLY celebrate Christmas."

"Steve's ready to go," I started to protest but he would have none of it.

"Trust me, you in that dress... this won't take long," he said somewhat self-depreciatingly.

Another quick check and we quickly made our way to his bedroom without being noticed. He closed the door behind him as I stood in the middle of his room.

"You know... It was hot fucking you back when my dad was doing you... now you're married and that just makes things so much hotter," he said as he started to undo his pants.

"So do you have sex with other married women?" I asked, not doing anything but watch him almost fall over as he tried pulling his pants off on one leg.

"Just your mom," he said with a grin as he stroked his already hard cock in front of me. "Damn she was one fine fuck. I can't believe your dad traded her in for her sister. Not that Linda is bad by any means but your mom just had more... class I guess you could say."

I probably should have defended my dad by correcting his inaccurate historical account but what would be the point? I was here for one thing so why delay things?

"So how do you want to do this?" I asked as if talking about moving furniture. "Doesn't look like you need much stimulation but I can suck you first if you want."

Rick shook his head before answering. "Nawwwwww, I'd probably blow as soon as you took it in your mouth," he confessed, "Just lean over my bed and pull up the dress."

I did as he said and heard him sigh behind me.

"You know something Kelly? I thought your butt couldn't be any sweeter but I was wrong. God almighty, now THAT is an ass!"

I just smiled and waited for him. I didn't wait long as he pulled my thing aside and quickly pressed his stiff dick up to my already wet pussy. It hadn't been THAT long since my dad had fucked me but I was ready for more.

"Damn girl, are you ALWAYS horny?" he laughed as his fingers felt the wetness of my pussy. He didn't wait but instead just pushed it in me and thrust it in deep.

"Oh yeah, now THIS is the way to celebrate Christmas!" he groaned as I gripped him tight in my pussy.

Rick had been right about one thing - it didn't take long. I mean like it was as if I was doing a sixteen year-old horny toad of a boy! I swear he didn't fuck me more than two minutes before he started to cum. I quickly twisted around and took him in my mouth, draining his load and then swallowing it in front of him.

"Damn girl, guess things have changed - thought you preferred it in your pussy."

He was right, I DID prefer it in my pussy but not now - not with this dress and thong. It was one thing to be dripping cum in front of Steve after my dad had filled me, quite another in front of the whole family after my younger cousin had done me.

I wiped a little from the side of my mouth where it had landed and then checked myself out in the mirror over his dresser to be sure I hadn't missed any. Turning back to him, I smacked my lips and replied...

"Well, a little dessert on Christmas never hurt you know."

I managed to sneak into the bathroom without anyone seeing me going from his room where in the brighter light I made sure I was cleaned off. Good thing I did as I had to wipe one long streak from the side of my neck.. Damn, when had he hit me there? I thought I had everything cleaned up and then bam, there it was where nobody could have missed it.

"Ready to go honey?" I asked Steve when I returned. Checking the clock I'd been gone for less than fifteen minutes thanks to Minuteman Rick but there must have been something about me that made him suspicious.

"I don't believe it... you just got laid, didn't you," he said in a hoarse whisper. He wasn't upset but I could tell his mind was churning trying to figure out how I'd done it.

"Later," I promised as this wasn't exactly the time and place for such an explanation.`

We said our goodbyes and ended up being the second to leave as Katlyn and her parents had apparently departed while Rick was fucking me. Rick mentioned something about Katlyn hunting for me which is why he noticed I was missing. Apparently he hadn't expected anything with Rick knowing how long it had been since anything had gone on between us.

And so ended Act Three! No quite according to the script but I wasn't complaining.

## 6. Christmas Night With My Husband

Wow, what a day it had been! When we arrived home the last thing on my mind was sex. Sheesh, like how many times had I been fucked today already? Still, for whatever reason Steve was in a chatty mood so I couldn't just curl up and fall asleep.

"So you're SURE Katlyn doesn't do it with her dad?"

I reached over in bed and smacked him on the arm, a little harder than I think he expected.

"Owwwwwww!" he exclaimed, "So I guess the answer is no?"

Duh?

For the moment he was quiet and so I reached down for his cock and sure enough, he was horny. So why was I surprised when he didn't give up THAT easily?

"What about her mom? Think she might be in play?"

I'd just started stroking him and was considering the possibility of blowing him but the idea of Ginny and Steve was too ludicrous to ignore. Back in her youth she was a little wilder and I'll never forget the bachelorette party she threw for her younger sister - my first as it was. But over the years she'd succumbed to what I call "soccer momitis" where the weight slowly but inexorably was added on a few pounds each year. Not much at one time but take two or three pounds times ten or more years and suddenly you're visiting the queen size racks. She wasn't FAT by any means but not exactly svelte either. In any case, I knew full well that the only reason Steve was interested in her was because of her daughter. "You just want mother-daughter sex," I teased him with a playful tug on his rigid member.

"If I wanted THAT I'd just do you and your mom," he countered.

"Yeah but I'm not in a training bra anymore."

Steve brightened and said, "Oh yeah, you think she was wearing one today? I don't know... her nipples were poking out a lot more this time."

This time I gave him a harder jerk and he protested saying, "Hey, just pointing out the obvious. Not like I was the only one noticing."

Enough of this. I loved my little cousin and as much as it would turn me on to see her with Steve, it wasn't going to happen so why make him miserable wishing for the impossible?

"OK my horny husband," I said to him, "You can either keep fantasizing over what you CAN'T have or take what you CAN have right now."

Steve turned to me and kissed me briefly before touching my boob and pinching my nipple.

"Why not both?" he offered?

What choice did I have? Even if I didn't play along he'd be thinking about her anyway so better to have it out in the open.

Role-playing for my husband as thirteen year-old Katlyn turned out to be a great way to end what had been a pretty good Christmas day overall. For the most part I could say it went according to plan. Getting a quickie from Rick though had definitely NOT been anything I'd anticipated. Hmmmmmm, maybe I needed to keep in touch with my only male cousin!

# 2013

## (Jan 18) Chapter 258: Kissing Cousins

Story codes: MF inc cousin
Me (27)
Steve - my husband (29)
Kristen - cousin (25)
Ben - Kristen's husband (45)

Growing up like sisters, Kristen and I have always shared most everything - clothes, makeup, and boys. Most of that has dwindled away over the years but every now and then it includes our husbands...

### 1. Growing Up With Kristen

I was raised an only child which has its pros and cons. From a purely selfish perspective, I got mostly everything I wanted without having to share anything with siblings. Paying for only one child to go to college is a lot easier than three and so there were more financial options, allowing me to attend the institution of my choice. There was no time that this worked out better than during Christmas. Was I spoiled? Of course I was and hopefully without sounding TOO self-centered, I don't mind saying so.

The flip side of the coin showed its face more as I got older and realized what I was missing. Sure as youngsters almost all brothers and sisters fight and don't get along but as they get older and mature typically they become best friends and confidantes. There were times growing up when things weren't going all that well for me when it would've been nice to have a sister to turn to for help and even at times when things went well. Having a big brother to watch over me at school would've come in handy more than once.

One thing that helped compensate for a lack of a bigger family was my Aunt Linda and her daughter, my cousin Kristen. Kristen lost her father when she was a toddler which meant she had to grow up never knowing what it meant to have a father. Not only that, she was also an only child so really who am I to complain about not having a brother or sister when I'd been blessed with such a great father?

My Aunt Linda is two years younger than my mother, just as Kristen is almost two years younger than me. With Aunt Linda deciding not to marry again, the two of them more or less took up residence with us. Thus while technically they lived a few blocks away, in more practical terms they seemed to spend more time at our place than theirs. Kristen was in many ways more of a sister to me than a cousin, especially in comparison to my other cousins who I only see now and then, usually on special occasions.

It wasn't until my later teen years that I learned the complete story behind WHY my aunt chose to be at our house so much. Once my father started having sex with me when I was sixteen, my mom filled me in as to what had literally been happening right under my nose. I guess it goes to show how you can miss even the most obvious goings-on when you don't know to look for it. Then again, how many girls would suspect that her favorite aunt wasn't just talking real estate issues when she came over to talk to her dad in his office? Like why would I even THINK that my dad was having sex with my mother's sister, especially knowing how firm my mother was when it came to issues like adultery. At the time, of course, I wasn't aware that sex within your marriage family wasn't adultery but again, there was no reason for anyone to explain that to me.

Kristen and I always seem to be together growing up and often that meant getting into trouble together as well. I like to tell people that Kristen was usually the instigator when it came to us being naughty but I can't say I was all that hard to talk into doing such things. I WILL say that I've always been far more conservative than Kristen in many ways. First and foremost, religion plays a major role in my life whereas for Kristen attending church is something she did growing up because her mom made her go. Now that's she married and on her own without her mother's daily influence, the only time she attends services is usually as a favor to me. Like she and Ben wasn't even married by a pastor but instead they just went to the courthouse and bingo they were legally married.

Another way we're different is to the number of sexual partners we've each had. Not counting parties I've had one-to-one sex or at most a threesome with over fifty men, probably closer to 100 these days. If you include the anonymous quickies at various parties I've attended then that number shoots up past 300 or more but that's because there might be dozen or more at one time. As for blowjobs, I really have no idea but it's well into the hundreds. Heck, I blew dozens of boys before I even graduated from high school and like to think I had a pretty darn good reputation when it came to my skills.

While I'm no slouch in the sex department, Kristen makes me look like a virgin in comparison. Whereas I was willing to blow any boy who dated me, I usually drew the line when it came to actual sex and reserved that for the more deserving ones. Kristen's reputation was considerably more "enhanced" in that for her, NOT putting out on the first date was something to write home about.

In college my sexual resume was rather restricted, to say the least, because of the draconian rules regarding sexual conduct as dictated by my ultra-conservative Christian university. In contrast, Kristen's brief collegiate career at a state university was marked more by coed dorm sex parties and even her own version of an escort service until she dropped out rather unceremoniously. Upon graduation I went on to pursue a teaching career whereas Kristen turned to a so-called "professional escort service" where she made more money in a week on her back (among other positions) than I did in a year as a 4-6th grade teacher at a small private Christian elementary school. Needless to say her tally of sexual conquests skyrocketed upward whereas mine sort of hit a plateau, especially after an old boyfriend showed up in town again.

That leads to another difference between us. I'm now married to the guy who received my first blowjob and then soon afterwards took my virginity - my first crush and love. In contrast, Kristen married one of her "clients" who was married at the time he was paying for her services. Eventually he dumped his wife after Kristen "retired" so he could marry her. At least there weren't any kids involved. I mean like talk about two totally different paths to the altar! Well, at least mine actually included an altar.

Even now as married working women we lead totally different lives. I teach at the public middle school now but still volunteer at church and various civic organizations. Within the community I like to think my husband and I have earned a reputation of being a loving couple with high morals and standards. Personally I believe that to be true in private as well. For obvious reasons our more private activities, including swapping and incest (at least for me) are kept private and other than my penchant for dressing a bit more risque than most people might consider "appropriate" I don't think I'm all that different from most other women my age.

Kristen may not work as a hooker anymore but even as an assistant in her mom's realtor business she puts her well-honed "skills" to work. Nothing closes a deal better than screwing the client, at least that's her motto. My aunt may have developed this rather unusual business plan but it was her daughter who perfected it. As for Kristen's public reputation... let's just say most women wouldn't let their husbands within fifty feet of her if given the choice! I may dress a little risque but she goes for the major slut look even though she's well past her "school slut" days. Then again, it's not like her mom dresses all that much more conservative.

There have been times through the years when I wondered if my sexy little cousin would ever settle down and pick one man to marry. As it turns out, while she DID marry I can't really say she picked just one guy. A perfect example of how Kristen approaches marriage was demonstrated when she first introduced me to her husband. Sounds innocent enough until you learn that I didn't know they were married until AFTER he'd fucked me. The ceremony had been private and included only her mother. Heck, I didn't even know they were getting serious, let alone engaged!

As I mentioned, it wasn't until after Ben had fucked me in front of her that Kristen informed me that I'd just taken a load in my pussy from her newly minted husband. I mean like talk about keeping your cards close to your chest! She thought it was hilarious to play such a joke on me which only goes to show her mindset regarding marriage and fidelity.

Since that first time Kristen and Ben have gotten together with me and Steve for the occasional swap. I mean like the convenience was simply too hard to turn down - no worries about getting hooked up, no security issues or privacy problems. A simple phone call or even just a knock on the door was all it took to get the balls rolling... literally.

So far as I was concerned, swapping with Kristen was fun and I knew Steve had always enjoyed fucking my cousin. Ben was a lot older than Kristen, 42 in fact making him closer to my dad's age than my husband's. Given my preference for older men when it comes to sex this wasn't anything bad so far as I was concerned. Of course the additional thrill of him cheating on his wife didn't apply in this situation. Based on her stories sometimes I think he has sex more with other women than his own wife - with her consent of course.

Normally when Steve and I swap with another couple we try to minimize the time we're all together and split off into separate rooms as soon possible while being

young daughter was the ultimate fantasy. Over time she went from being pursued to being the one doing the pursuing.

Absolutely none of this was known to me until after my parent's divorce but once I was told it made perfect sense; allowing a number of perplexing puzzle pieces to fall into place. Again, like so many things in my life it had always been all out there in front of me but without any suspicion as to the shape of the puzzle there was no reason for me to suspect anything. Who would?

After my surprise introduction to Ben we didn't waste any time getting together as couples. It quickly became apparent to all of us that what we had was unique in comparison to what we did with other couples who didn't share the history we were lucky enough to have. By far the biggest element was the connection between me and Kristen which outside our mothers was without doubt the most intimate female relationship either of us shared.

Not to go off track again but this brings up another difference between us - lesbian sex. I think for Kristen that sex with girls is on par with the sex she has with men. What I mean is that she enjoys women just as much as men. Of course men tend to be more available under most social situations but that didn't mean she didn't take full advantage of any "alternative" opportunities that arose.

For me, I'm not afraid to proclaim that I enjoy the physical pleasure of being with a girl. Face it, with the exception of his dick (and that's a BIG exception) a guy's body isn't nearly as pleasurable to touch and caress as a woman's. But for the most part I like guys for what they physically do to me whereas I like girls for how they make me feel emotionally. Hence most of my female liaisons outside of parties and such tend to be with family and close friends. If you ask me my opinion, a dildo can certainly make me cum but not in the same MANNER as a real dick! Of course I'm sure Kristen would disagree with me.

So anyway, now we're both in the latter half of our twenties, married but still without children. True, we got here using totally different paths and our current lives diverge in almost every way, but we're still "kissing cousins" which has to count for something.

# 2. All Together

It was the new year and we were all off to a fresh start with resolutions most likely doomed from the start but still fun to at least try. Now that the holidays were over there was nothing special on my schedule for the near future. After the holiday break I was back teaching with Steve working his normal shifts putting life more or less on cruise control. Steve hadn't even gone off for any family parties with my aunt although I think that had more to do with scheduling conflicts than any lack of desire on his part. At the same time he hadn't even made any plans for us to swap. Given these usually take at least a week or more to set up, sometimes a month depending on the other couple, that meant life was going to be pretty routine for a while - or so I assumed.

OK, here are enough jokes about the meaning of "assume" so I won't go there but at the same time the reason they are so popular is because they are all too often true. Such was the case with my assumption with regards to my upcoming sex life.

Sometimes I think I must be either really naive or dim-witted. Based strictly on my own ego, let's go with naive... What I mean it seems all my life I have missed what others see instantly. Maybe it's because I tend not to look too deeply into people's motivations and take their behavior at face value. Whatever it is, the pattern has been too consistent and too extensive over the years to attribute to coincidence.

Probably the biggest example of this was in my preteen and early teen years. Despite what I now know to be obvious indications, somehow I never figured out that my dad wanted me in a sexual way. OK, so I wasn't quite THAT naive. Sure I knew that as a female I turned him on and indeed I was above using this knowledge to my advantage when it came to asking for things. But then just because he reacted as all men did when I behaved that way it didn't mean he wanted to have sex with me - or so I reasoned. Actually I never even thought of it that way. I didn't come to the conclusion that he didn't want to fuck me, I never even thought of it in the first place!

I could go on but it's just more the same - Kelly going about blindly and not seeing what was right in front of her face until someone spelled it out for her without nuance.

So you would think knowing my own susceptibility that I would be more cautious or even suspicious but it's just not in my nature. Hence when Steve approached me after he got home from work Friday night and told me to get ready to meet with my cousin that he caught me totally by surprise.

At first I figured he meant for dinner which was good as I'd conveniently forgotten to set anything out for dinner - a trick my mom taught me early in life. Then I finally caught on when he smirked and I saw that twinkle in his eye that meant he was horny, or at least hornier than usual.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "You mean THAT!"

We both laughed as he reached forward and hugged me, kissing me as his hands grabbed my ass through my skirt before reaching under it.

"Anyplace special?" I asked him. It WAS Friday night and I had been hoping to go out instead of just staying at home.

He mentioned a club we liked to go to which usually had a great DJ and a small dance floor but still big enough to draw a small crowd. Sounded great to me, not to mention an opportunity to show off the new dress I'd bought myself over the holidays.

It was only six o'clock so we had plenty of time for me to shower and get ready. Actually we had enough time for more than that...

## 3. Getting Started

When I listen to the radio or read a magazine article where someone rants about how couples who swap risk their marriage or have less satisfying marriages I just want to scream. Like, do any of these so-called experts have any REAL experience or are they just basing on the people they counsel or otherwise hear from? Sure it's not for everyone just as most things in life but that doesn't mean it isn't a helpful tool for those couples who marriages are founded on personal trust and love.

From my perspective, swapping has had a positive impact on my own marriage. First, I can't imagine being limited to sex with only one man for the rest of my life. That would be like saying I could only drink one flavor of soft drinks or only drive one model car for my entire life. Face it, sex is FUN and to stick with just my husband would certainly eliminate one of the most enjoyable parts of life.

I also see swapping in a similar light to many reality shows. Like who wants to really be (or even know for that matter) the sort of families in shows like Honey Boo-Boo? As I heard one person say, "It makes me feel good about my own parenting skills when I watch that show." So too with swapping. Sometimes the best sex between me and Steve is right after we've swapped with another couple. Making love to my husband is always special but to do it after being with someone else makes it doubly so.

Of course there are some drawbacks. One of the worst things about swapping with another couple you've never met before is the anxiety of not knowing ahead of time what will happen. Will they be outgoing or introverted, kinky or conservative, into groups or pairing off?

That said, of the best things about swapping with another couple you've never met before is the excitement about not knowing ahead of time what will happen. Will they be outgoing or introverted, kinky or conservative, into groups or pairing off?

This is one reason why I've never been a fan of meeting more than once with someone I don't intend to have some sort of relationship, even if it's just to be friends. While I DO enjoy it, it's not the sex itself that gets me so excited. Face it, ANY woman no matter her age or appearance can get laid in 60 minutes no matter where she is or what's she doing IF she really wants it. What gets me exited is the newness factor, the thrill of having sex with "strange". Take that away and what's left? That is unless it's someone you actually like and appreciate for being who they are. So unless it's a couple we plan to engage in more than just sexual couplings, doing it more than once is sort of a letdown the second time around.

When it comes to my friends and relatives, it's an entirely different matter. Again, it's not just the sex itself that makes it fun although I DO enjoy it. Needless to say it's not the newness of to all as generally I've known at least one of them all my life or at least most of it. In these cases it's because it IS my close friend or family member and having sex just is one way of maintaining and strengthening our friendship and/or relationship.

It's like when me and Kristen when we shared boyfriends (or now our husbands). I LOVE having sex with my cousin because we're such close friends that it feels only natural that we should be together so intimately. The fact that we can do it in front of another guy - be it a boyfriend in the past or our husbands today just makes it all the more erotic. It's not the sort of thing I'd want to do every day but now and then it's definitely on my to-do list.

One of the good things these days about having sex with Kristen is we don't have to mess around with all the formalities and introductions. None of that silly the gamesmanship where we have to try and learn about each other and how to please the other. Indeed, I know EXACTLY what to do if I want to make Kristen cum as quickly as possible and by the same token, how to drag it out without frustrating us both. Then again, she knows the same when it comes to pleasing me. Even more importantly we know what NOT to do, the things that spoil the mood or make the other uncomfortable.

I've spoken a lot about the things I have in common with my cousin. Well, as it turns out our husbands may seem to outwardly be quite different in many aspects but it's their more hidden traits that bring them together.

For example, both of our husbands love watching their wife having sex with other men and you can forget all that crap you see on the Internet porn sites. I wouldn't classify either of them as a "cuckold" as it's not like they are being humiliated or having us taken from them. If anything THEY are the ones who push us to do it with other men and get off from watching us.

Another area of similarity between our husbands that I really get a kick out of is their blatant homophobia. Neither of them can hardly even look at another naked man, let alone foster any thoughts about sex with him. Yes, they both watch a TON of porn but they claim it's more to fantasize that they're the guy than getting of actually seeing the guy himself. One good thing about it is that I never have to worry about having to deal with a DP with either of them as I don't think they would even allow their dicks to get that close to another guy's cock.

What I enjoy about our husbands, as I know Kristen does as well, is that both guys are shameless exhibitionists when to comes to having sex. While they may not care to see other dicks so much, they aren't at all shy about anyone seeing their own or using it for that matter. Public sex? Oh yeah, bring it on. Steve LOVES me to suck his cock anytime in public where we can get away without being arrested and from what Kristen has told me, her Ben has the same fantasies. Luckily for them they each married a girl who doesn't mind fulfilling such fantasies!

As such none of us were to be satisfied just showing up at the other's place or hotel room and just have sex behind closed doors. Now maybe later... but certainly not to start things off. The fun part for me was coming up with an idea in the first place, and tonight had been no different. It's maybe one of the most redeeming points when it comes to porn, at least in my eyes - helping to suggest ideas for a fun night out.

It wasn't helping though that it was January in Pittsburgh. Fortunately we'd been experiencing an unseasonably warm spell after having just gone through a rough patch of ridiculously cold weather. I suppose years later this January would be "average" in the record books but that's because the average was of two numbers at the opposite extremes. In any case, I was ready to take advantage of the mild temperatures.

Steve was the one to come up with the idea for tonight. A hard-core porn aficionado, one of his favorite themes was the so-called "innocent" girl being "interviewed" on the street. Of course she always puts out even though supposedly she claims that she "never did this before". Even though it's all obviously posed, some of them are still pretty hot when you can see the people in the background going about their business either clueless as to what's happening or trying to appear not to watch.

Steve and Ben came up with a basic script and then we all sat down at dinner to iron out some of the details. We didn't want it to all be by the book as the spontaneity is what makes them erotic. At the same time we didn't want to be arrested for indecent exposure so SOME preparation was required. For instance, you need to find a place where people were around that COULD see you theoretically but in actually practice probably wouldn't or even if they did, might not believe what they were seeing.

Several ideas were tossed out, most with some merit but none of them hitting on all cylinders. Kristen suggested the restaurant booth thing where we flashed and sucked cock in a MacDonald's or similarly busy establishment. I was the one to shoot that one down as there were too many kids which meant if we DID get caught the odds were higher of being arrested due to the kid issues.

My idea was JCP or Macy's where we could do the infamous change room sex scene. Surprisingly Steve was the one to nix that idea reminding me of the last time we'd done that ourselves and how small the rooms had been - definitely not good for three, let alone four people.

Ben was the one that earned the prize with his idea. It was a classic porn idea but we all agreed it would be fun to play out all the same. Essentially it was where a guy meets a girl in a public place and convinces her to have sex with him nearby, typically right out in the open. Of course if there's anyone out there who believes that this girl just happened to come along and was somehow talked into doing this, then I have a great bridge to sell them in Brooklyn.

The devil, as it always seems to be, was in the details. The most important problem to face first was where to do it. With the mild weather I didn't mind being outside for a while, but not all night for sure. At the same time Kristen was pushing for something more "public" than a movie theater or parking lot. They guys... well all they cared about was sex so it didn't really matter to them!

After Steve and I had finished with our second shower (what can I say, we had the time...) I spread out my evening's "costume" on the bed. I call it that because it's something I would have normally worn to a party than out in public but then tonight was supposed to be something special.

Working my way up, it started with pure black pumps with a thin ankle strap to make sure they stayed on regardless of what position I might be in - a useful trait I'd learned from past experience. White semi-sheer thigh-high hose didn't quite hide all my legs as the red plaid skirt only came down to within a few inches of the elastic tops. A white matching thong was to be worn under the skirt. The thong was more a "normal" version rather than something totally risque - such as the ones I have with mere strings to hold them up. This one actually had a substantial amount of material - nothing even close to being classified as a panty but it covered my crotch completely.

On top I had on a white blouse that I left unbuttoned and merely tied the bottoms sides together to form a halter-like top. The black bra underneath would be plainly outlined through the thin material. Not quite a "wonder-bra", it still gave me a nice push-up look to maximize my cleavage that would be plainly visible with the open blouse. It was cut just above the nipples to allow for plenty of boob to show.

I decided to wear the diamond cross my dad had given me for Christmas and other than my watch it was the only jewelry I wore besides the gold hoop earrings. Although I didn't go for too much makeup, I DID choose a bright red lip gloss and darkened my eye shadow to give me a bit if a that school girl slut look.

I'd debated a lot about my hair and at first was going to go for the younger teenage girl look by pulling it back into a ponytail or maybe even braids. Common sense won out thankfully so I just wore it straight onto my shoulders. I suppose I could've gone out and paid a hundred bucks for somebody to add body but since I doubted anyone would be looking all that much above my chest, I figured why bother?

Steve watched me dress silently, smiling the while time as I put one foot at a time up on the bed and slowly rolled up the hose onto my leg. I saved the thong for last, teasing him with the idea that I might "forget" to put it on but then dashing his hopes at the last minute.

"Do you REALLY have to wear that?" he asked like a little boy upset that his mom had denied him something.

Putting my hands on my hips, I pretended to be exasperated and replied, "Take another look at this skirt Steve. Do you think I can really go out in public doing the commando thing with a skirt this short?"

OK, stupid question.

With the mild winter weather I forego a long heavy winter coat and instead put on a coat more suited for fall or early spring that came down about half-thigh - just enough to cover the tops of my hose and leave someone wondering if there was anything else underneath. Steve immediately pulled out his phone and snapped a shot.

"OK smart aleck, you can have THAT one but you may as well leave that home," I warned him.

"Ah c'mon babe, where's that Kelly sense of adventure?"

I flipped up my skirt playfully. "I don't know... I think this way is sexier actually. Keeps them wondering."

It was true, that WAS how I felt about it. Heck, strippers have known this secret for centuries. It's not what you show that gets guys off, it's what you DON'T show. I mean look how many strip clubs don't even allow the girls to get naked and yet men still flock to them. Even where they do allow nudity the girls don't usually take it all off until the very end of their final set. With a short skirt they wonder what's under and then when they are thwarted by the thong it just makes them want me all the more. If anything, Steve's protests were just proving my point!

"So what's Kristen wearing tonight?" he asked as he helped me with my coat.

Actually I had no idea. We had talked about a few ideas but neither of us had settled on anything last time we'd talked. With her huge wardrobe it could be about anything so even trying to guess wasn't worth the effort.

Looking at Steve, I thought to myself how easy guys had it sometimes. After all I went through preparing for tonight, he'd just thrown on some nice jeans and a shirt and bingo, he was ready to go. No makeup to worry about, legs to shave, perfume to fret over, or unruly hair to tame. A quick pass in the armpits with some deodorant, a splash of aftershave and a few runs with a comb and he was off. I mean like half the men these days didn't even shave! Thankfully Steve wasn't one of them as I hated the feel of stubble against my sensitive inner thighs.

We'd agreed to meet Kristen and Ben at our first port of call - the T-Station in Mount Lebanon.

The Pittsburgh Light Rail (commonly known as The T) is a 26.2-mile (light rail system that also functions as a subway in downtown Pittsburgh. For travel to downtown Pittsburgh it can't be beat. While usually quite crowded during the week, especially in the morning and evenings with downtown workers, during the weekends it tends to be lightly used. The station in Mount Lebanon has a large parking lot to accommodate the heavy usage and then a platform from where you boarded the train car as it came north towards the city. On Saturday nights they run about every twenty to thirty minutes which was plenty of time for what we had planned and if we skipped one of the runs, it didn't matter anyway.

Arriving at the parking lot, we spotted Ben and Kristen walking towards the station. They spotted Steve's truck easily and waved, stopping as if to wait for us. It only took a few moments for Steve to find a spot given the lot was practically empty.

"Nice hose Kelly," Ben remarked as I hugged Kristen. I knew what he was thinking so I didn't make him ask.

"Yes... I AM wearing something more than just the hose," I teased him but at the same time not opening my coat to show him.

"And what's with THIS?" Steve asked Kristen, nodding at the long coat that came to her ankles, "I think that's the least amount of skin I've ever seen you showing!"

We all laughed yet at the same time he had a point. It didn't matter what the weather or season, Kristen NEVER wore anything on her legs other than hose and NEVER wore a coat that came much below her butt, MAYBE mid-thigh depending on the style but that was the limit. Heck, I didn't even know she HAD a coat that long and I suspected it was more than likely her mom's.

"So what are you hiding underneath?" Steve continued, acting as though he was trying to pull it up so see for himself.

Kristen just swatted his hand away and grinned. "That's for me to know and MAYBE for you to find out."

Yeah, typical Kristen. Always the tease.

With the preliminary greetings over, Kristen took over...

"OK, so Ben, you know what to do. C'mon Kelly, let's go."

Kristen took my hand and led me towards the platform, leaving the guys behind. Both Steve and I had a general idea of the evening's theme but Kristen and

Ben had been responsible for the detailed planning which meant Kristen had done everything if I knew her.

"This is going to be so cool," she giggled as we went up the stairs. The place was deserted and as we'd see the last train go by just as we drove in I knew it would be about fifteen minutes until the next one.

"OK, so act normal," she said as she turned away from the stairs as if to watch for the next train.

Just then one came in from the opposite direction. Ooops, being so focused on the last train I'd forgotten that they ran both ways! Just a couple of people got off and headed straight to the parking lot without hardly giving us a glance.

"Hey, you girls waiting for the T?" I heard Ben calling behind us.

"Yeah, what's it to ya?" Kristen answered back over her shoulder without hardly a glance.

The two of them were up behind us by then.

"Well my friend here and I, we're photographers and we saw you in the lot and I knew right then that you would be perfect for this shoot we have coming up."

OK, so it was a total line of crap but then it didn't matter.

"Oh really?" I said, acting as if I bought it hook line and sinker, "So what do we have to do?"

It was Steve's turn and he answered saying, "Well, to be honest it's for a summer catalog so there'll be lots of swimwear and that sort of thing. We'll need to see more of you before we can recommend you."

"What do you mean by 'more of us'?" Kristen asked, pretending to be skeptical.

Ben took out a camera and held it up. "Well, like if you're going to be modeling a bikini then our sponsors are going to want to know what they would be seeing. Understand?"

"I don't get it" I asked, looking confused, "Do you have some sort of studio?"

"Oh now, nothing that complicated," Ben said, "Just a couple of quick shots is all. We can do it right here if you're OK with it?"

"Here?" Kristen asked, "Like right HERE?"

"Hey, if you don't want to then that's perfectly OK, we understand," Steve explained, "Most girls aren't ready for the modeling profession and the demands it places on you. If you don't want to strip then that's perfectly fine, we'll just find some other girls who need a break to get into modeling."

They started to turn away but Kristen called out after them. "Wait, we didn't say no."

Ben held up the camera. "OK, but we have to hurry, the train will be here any minute now. Let's see the goods. You, the one in the white hose - open up your coat."

He pointed at me so I untied the belt and pulled it open to show them my bare midriff and cleavage.

"Nice boobs," Ben complimented me, "But the skirt's a bit too long - I can't even see your ass. You know how it is with today's swimwear - very revealing, so I really do have to see it."

Of course he did! LOL

"Whatever," I said with a shrug as if it was nothing. I lifted up the front of the skirt to expose my thong.

"Nice... turn around now," Steve said acting as director as Ben snapped shots of me, "You, lift up your friend's coat so we can see her butt."

I turned away from them as Kristen lifted up my coat and skirt with it so my all but bar ass was exposed to the guys AND the cold air. I could feel the good bumps rising on my cold butt.

"Oh yeah, VERY nice," Ben said as he snapped a few more of my ass. "Sorry.. that thong is hiding too much, drop it."

Yeah, like it was hiding a few square inches total of my ass but that wasn't the point so I dropped it to my ankles, bending over with my feet apart to show off my butt and rear view of my freshly shaved pussy.

"Better give that to me before you trip on them," Steve offered.

I stepped out of my thong as Kristen helped and she handed it over to Steve who put it in his coat pocket. Somehow I knew it was the last I'd seen of it this evening.

"Very sweet... perfect ass," Ben continued to compliment me. Then he turned to Kristen.

"OK sweetheart, how about you? It's your turn now."

Kristen glanced around as if she cared if someone was watching and then unbuttoned her coat, pulling it open when she'd gotten the last one.

"Now THAT is what I call a body," Steve all but growled as he stared at Kristen's totally nude body under the coat. We'd talked about the possibility of going naked but she'd been the one to talk me out of it and now I knew why - so SHE could be the only one.

"So do you always go around town without any clothes?" Ben asked as he snapped shot after shot as Kristen posed on the platform.

"Only when I'm horny," she answered seductively.

That was Steve's cue and he quickly pulled out his rapidly hardening dick. All it had taken was one look at Kristen's nude body and he was ready to go!

"Well, I hate to see a girl all horny with nothing in her mouth," he explained as he stroked his stiffening cock.

Kristen didn't wasting any time either, squatting down in front of my husband with her coat half open, just enough so he could see her boobs as she started to suck him. As she blew him I looked to Ben who was snapping away.

"So what's the story, don't I get any?" I pretended to complain. Actually I wasn't pretending anymore!

"Sure thing Baby, all you want," Ben answered me as he pulled out his own half erection which I took in my mouth almost instantly.

"Uhhhhh guys!" Steve warned us. He'd seen the headlight of the approaching train and in our current position we'd be in plain view of the conductor and everyone else on the train.

There was a bench off to the side and the guys both took a seat facing away from the platform. Kristen and I each squatted in between their legs and resumed our efforts. With their coats and such there was no way to actually see for sure but in our position it could easily be inferred what we were doing. There's something about a girl's head bobbing in a guy's lap that is rather unique!

The train stopped but nobody got off. There were only a few people on board and they all must've had business further north. A minute later it was gone but we continued sucking as neither Kristen or I wanted to be the first to let go of their dicks. It was always like that with us, just a little element of competition, especially when it came to our sexual prowess.

"God I want to fuck you so bad," Ben groaned as I deep throated him.

"So what's stopping you?" I teased him as I looked up at him with my hand around his wet shaft.

Ben grinned and lifted me up and then spun me around.

"I think it's time the lady took a seat, don't you agree?" he suggested coyly.

Now that my thong was safely tucked away in Steve's pocket all it took was a lifting of my coat and skirt and there was nothing between his waiting dick and my wet pussy than a few inches of cold air. Damn, it WAS cold so I was more than anxious for a number of reasons to "have a seat".

"Now THAT's better," Ben moaned as I ground my butt into his crotch, feeling his dick moving inside of me.

I look over and my cousin was basically doing the same with my husband although I noticed she was keeping her coat closed now in deference to the chilly air.

It was fun riding Ben's dick literally out in the open with the town in full view. Actually our current position was less suggestive than when we were blowing each other's husband. A BJ is unmistakable but grinding on a guy's lap doesn't always necessarily infer sex - just ask any lap dancer.

For a moment my theory looked like it might be put to the test as off in the distance I saw the headlight of the next train. Damn, twenty minutes can sure fly by when you're having fun!

"Train!" I rang out, looking over at the other two to see what their response would be.

"Screw it, we can catch the next one," Kristen said as she wiggled on my husband's dick.

True but my ass was getting cold and my whole body in general was starting to feel the chill. Yes, it might be unseasonably warm but we're still talking about warm for January - not July. So it wasn't snowing or sleeting. That didn't mean you still didn't get cold, just ask the rest of my body. The only thing hot was my pussy but then it had a built-in warmer thrusting in and out of it.

"Let's take this one," I countered. Looking over my shoulder into Ben's face, I added, "We can pick this up once we're inside and it's warmer."

Ben didn't seem to mind one way or the other as I would have expected. Typical guy, only concerned that he was getting some pussy, not where he was getting it.

I guess that's why you never see glory holes for girls. Guys are so one-track minded when it comes to their dicks they don't even have to see who's doing him, just the fact that someone's mouth or pussy is around their dick is all that counts. In contrast, the girl gets off from the situation. Yes, it's fun to suck a cock in that sort of situation and I speak from experience. Still, the biggest thrill for most girls is the setting and the circumstances, not just the piece of flesh poking out from the hole.

Kristen still wasn't convinced and I could hear the train now so one way or the other we needed to make up our minds.

"C'mon Ben," I said, sitting up and pulling down my skirt and coat, "It's too cold for me."

We were up close to the tracks but Kristen seemed determined to wait until the last minute. Sure enough, the train arrived and she was still mounted on Steve's dick right in front of anyone who might be watching. The second car was empty but the first one had maybe a half-dozen people in it, looking like a group heading for some event downtown.

Timing it down to the last second, Kristen suddenly hopped off Steve's lap, pushing her coat down as she did. One advantage of wearing nothing under it was she didn't have to worry about pulling it down or smoothing it out. The coat was heavy enough to drop down on its own and nobody watching would be any the wiser. IF they even noticed they would have thought she was just sitting on his lap to stay warm until the train arrived.

No sooner had they boarded than the doors closed and the train left the station, heading for the next stop on the Red Line - Dormont. By the time we reached it, Steve and Bob had taken their seats next to one another at the end of the car and Kristen and I had resumed our positions as well.

Pulling into Dormont for a quick stop, I was pleased that nobody was waiting to board and so the train left without any change in the passenger manifest. I loved looking out the bog windows at the traffic and people going by as I slowly rocked on Ben's cock. Actually the motion of the train added its own element to the sensations in me.

Potomac and Fallowfield were small stop so it wasn't any surprise that we just went by but South Hills Junction was a major point on the line. It was the last stop before the tunnel and I saw a number of people waiting to board meaning our private car was about to become a bit less exclusive.

Just as we stopped I lifted off of Ben's lap just enough for his dick to flop free and he quickly repositioned it inside his pants and just got it zipped again when the train came to a stop. I sat down between him and Steve but Kristen didn't join me, maintaining her position on Steve's lap. Leave it to her to push the envelope. She and Steve were wedged in the back corner with Ben and me next to them but that wouldn't keep anyone from sitting across from us.

As it was, only six people got into the car with us and there was plenty of room for them to be seated in the front half of the car as they appeared to be a couple and a group of four. They glanced back as they boarded and scoped out the available seating but if they noted anything different in the back seats then they didn't show it. I suppose it's not all that unusual for a girl to be sitting on her guy's lap, especially when it was as cold as it was.

"This is so fucking hot," Kristen whispered in my ear as she leaned over towards me.

"You're such a slut," I teased her, rolling my eyes as if I couldn't believe she was doing this. Actually I couldn't believe that I WASN'T. Wow, almost 28 and it was like I was becoming a prudish old lady!

"Yeah, I know," she giggled and smiled, looking quite proud of herself. I suppose it didn't hurt that she was doing it to my husband but I wasn't to hers. Score one for her.

## 4. Shopping

It was a quick run through the hill until we appeared back out in the open again at Station Square.

"Let's do some shopping," I suggested.

A collective groan from the guys but then it wasn't like they got a vote in the matter so who cared? LOL

"Sounds like a plan," Kristen agreed with me as she grabbed a pole and used it to steady herself as she stood up and let her coat fall down over her bare ass before anyone could see anything, or at least they didn't get to see much. Steve maneuvered his hard dick out of sight while I blocked it from view.

The four of us followed the others off but they never even looked back at us. Apparently either they were doing a great job of pretending to ignore us or they didn't see anything. More likely they didn't see anything but when it comes in public sex matters it's not whether someone actually SEES you that scores the points, it whether they COULD have seen you that really matters.

After the events of the past few minutes the cold air felt even chillier as we made the short walk over to the shopping mall. As always, it was filled with people shopping and eating out. Despite the wide selection I really didn't see anything that I was all that interested in, at least not until we passed by Hometown Sports, a store that specialized in Steelers wear. There was the main store but now there were also two others across the aisle that specialized in women's apparel and another for kids. Guess where I wanted to go?

"I need a new jersey," I informed Steve as the four of us approached. It was like I was ASKING for one, I was TELLING him I needed one. At the time I was holding Ben's arm while Kristen was practically welded to my husband's side from the way she was pressing in so tightly against him..

"Why? Don't you already have what... three?" Steve sighed. Typical guy, thinking women only need one of anything.

"Actually only two... and THAT's the problem," I corrected him. "They're both getting all raggedy and after that last party I never could get the stains completely out of the white one and we won't even talk about the black one!"

That brought as smile to Steve's face and I saw Ben looking back and forth at the two of us, obviously hoping for more information on the inside joke but it was his wife who filled him in.

"Oh it was nothing, she's just being a diva again," Kristen huffed, "I mean it was like ten guys so like duh, you can't expect them ALL to hit the target, can you?"

Ben's eyebrows furrowed. "Target?"

Kristen just rolled her brown eyes at her husband's naive response. At the same time I turned my head towards Ben and opened my mouth with my tongue hanging out.

"Ohhhhhh.... THAT target," he laughed as Steve just shook his head. Well, he'd been one of the ten so he should know.

By then we were in the store and I was making my way through the racks. Kristen was obviously bored and started to wander the store and I started worrying about what she might do. Hidden nudity and boredom - not a good combination when it came to Kristen and not one that typically remained stable for long.

Leaving her to her own devices for the time being, I found something my size and held it up against me for Ben to see.

"What do you think?" I asked.

Ben just shrugged but then who could blame him. I mean like how could he really say anything when I was holding it up against my coat. In any case it wasn't like it was all that difficult to buy, it was just a question of how loose I wanted it to be on me.

"Maybe I should try it on... what do you think Ben?"

Ben looked around and shook his head. "I don't think they have change rooms here."

Silly man. Of course they did but then I'd been here many times before so I knew what to look for. This specialty store wasn't half the size of the main version and so their fitting rooms weren't quite "rooms".

"Follow me," I instructed him as I headed towards the back of the store. I didn't see Kristen or my husband which made me wonder where they'd gone as it was sort of hard not to see them in the relatively small confines of this store. Well, I had my own agenda and they were big kids now so I figured they could fend for themselves.

"See?" I said to Ben as I pointed ahead.

Ahead of us was a small space that had been curtained off in the back corner with a sign that said, "Limit 2 pieces at a time." The curtain only came down to within maybe a foot of the floor so it wasn't like it was intended to be anything all that private. For trying on a jersey like the one I was carrying, though, it was perfect.

Ben helped me out of my coat and I noticed the store clerk give me a bit of a look when she saw my outfit. Whatever. She looked like she was still in high school and seemed more in interested in her cell phone than helping out anyone in the store.

Slipping behind the curtain, I removed my top and looked at myself in the full length mirror. Frowning, I reached into my purse for a brush and did my best to smooth my hair back out again. I stood up straight and turned to the side for a profile look and felt pretty good at the outline I saw. The bra did a great job of showing off my boobs to their best and I liked the way my hose and skirt were coordinated to show off about three to four inches of bare thigh between them.

"Ummmmm, Ben?" I called through the curtain, "Can you help me out in here for a second?"

Ben poke his head between the curtains saying, "What do you need Kelly?" Then he saw me in my bra and smiled saying, "Looking good girl!"

"Don't just stand there, get in here," I said demandingly, moving as far inside as I could but there was still barely room for him.

Again he just stood there like he was clueless and I was ready to slap him. God, like did I have to do EVERYTHING? Apparently so...

"Like how the heck am I supposed to blow your dick if you don't help out a little?"

Ben looked over his shoulder and then down at the floor, undoubtedly taking into consideration the fact that anyone outside could see the bottom 12-18 inches of our legs.

"Since when are you so worried about doing it in public?" I teased him softly, "You sure didn't seem to shy back at the train station."

"Yeah but there wasn't some kid sitting less than ten feet away at the time either," he whispered back.

"Oh like she doesn't know what a BJ is," I huffed, "The little slut probably blows her boyfriend ever day after school."

With that I reached down to undo his pants and he didn't make any effort to resist me. Soon I had his pants open and pulled down just enough to let his dick escape into the open. Holding it in my hand, it felt firm but not yet fully erect. I loved the warm feeling as I wrapped my fingers around it and tugged on it gently.

"Now be a good boy and be quiet," I said teasingly as I bent my knees and squatted.

There hadn't been any customers nearby when I had entered but by now some may have moved down so I tried to be careful not to squat TOO far down so my bare butt would be showing under the curtain. being so short it was next to impossible to keep it from pulling up over my ass when I squatted down like this.

Mmmmmmm, he tasted so good and his dick felt so warm and thick in my mouth. Something about doing it with people right outside seemed to add flavor as well.

"Oh god," Ben sighed softly as my mouth engulfed his shaft.

Ben placed his hands on my head, pulling me into his crotch which quite honestly I could have done without but I didn't protest. So long as he didn't try forcing me to stay down on him when I deep throated him I was OK with it I guess.

Trying to keep my balance, I put my arms around him and held onto his legs as I sucked on his dick hands-free. Looking up, our eyes met and remained locked as I licked and stroked his cock with my tongue. I know that men love me to look at them when I suck them but at the same time I enjoy seeing the expressions on their face as I work their dick. If anything, it serves me as feedback to know what he likes best. No two guys have exactly the same reaction to the same techniques so until I get to know a guy pretty well I try to keep an eye on his facial expressions to learn how to best please him. Even then he can like one thing one day and another the next so it never hurts to watch.

My knees were starting to hurt from holding myself in this awkward position of half-squatting. In any case, he was fully hard now and I had a better place for his dick in mind - my pussy.

Standing up and holding onto his cock, I leaned towards him and stood on my toes to whisper in his ear.

"Fuck me Ben... I want you to fuck me now."

Someone once asked me how many guys had ever turned me down after I'd asked them to fuck me. Well, I have to admit that I don't bat 1,000 but at the same time my record's pretty darn good. By the time I get into a situation where's its appropriate for me to ask for it (OK, sometimes not appropriate as well), the odds are he says yes.

Ben was no exception but then wasn't this the point of the entire evening?

Turning to face the back wall, I put my hands out and leaned forward, spreading my feet apart for him to get easy access. I felt his hand reach between my pegs and cup my crotch, his forefinger immediately searching for the entrance to my hot pussy. It didn't take long for him to find it and push it up into me as far as he could.

"Not your finger dammit, your cock," I hissed as low as I could yet still be heard. It wasn't that I didn't like what he was doing but there was a time and place for everything. Under the circumstance, there was no need for foreplay, I just wanted him in me!

"OH yeah, that's better!" I gasped as his finger was replaced with his hard cock. It felt so good as he pushed it up into me, bottoming out as the base of his hairy dick met my smooth butt. I loved the feel of his thick pubic hair against my ass as he ground himself into me.

"Excuse me... is everything OK in there?" I heard the store girl outside the curtain. Yeah, like she didn't know what we were doing on the other side of the curtain. One look at our feet and how we were positioned should've been enough for most anyone to connect the dots.

"It's OK," I somehow managed to get out although my voice cracked at first, "Just trying it on for size."

"Sorry, didn't mean to bother," she said and I wondered if she was standing close or had resumed her earlier seat. Did it really matter?

"It's OK, I love the way it fits me," I couldn't help but throw out as poor Ben practically choked trying to hold back his laughter.

Ben must have been turned on by the exchange because I could tell from the way his rhythm changed that he was about to cum. Yep, one thing I've gotten pretty good at over the years is predicting a man's orgasm. Oh sure sometimes I was surprised but I like to think I'm better than 90% accurate. In this case I was right on the money.

"Oh fuck!" Ben groaned as he tiered his best to keep his voice down.

Then Ben started thrusting up against me, driving his steel hard dick as deeply as he could into me each time he ejaculated inside my pussy. Over and over he shot load after load into me, the evening's events to date obviously allowing for a large load of cum to be deposited in me.

Once he'd finished he pulled out and I immediately felt a stream of cum flood from me as I stood upright. Looking around desperately, I chastised myself for not being better prepared. Then I looked at the jersey and cringed. Damn, I hated to buy it pre-stained! Fortunately Ben was better prepared - must have been a Boy Scout or something.

"Here, use this," he said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief. It looked new but even had it been used I guess it wouldn't have mattered considering what I'd be using it for in a few seconds.

"Thanks Ben," I said with an appreciative smile. Reaching between my legs, I used his handkerchief to soak up and wipe off the fresh cum that was now threatening to drip down my thigh. Once I was finished I held it put to him.

"Thanks again, want it back?" I teased him.

Of course I knew he wouldn't. Ben was like my husband in that he loved shooting his cum but once it left his dick he wanted no part of it. The way Steve reacted should it so much as touch him was like it was some sort of potent acid that would eat his flesh if he was exposed. Now mind you, these are the same guys that love watching men shoot cum on my face and letting loose their own spunk on my chest and ass, not to mention eating it by the mouthful, but let so much as a drop touch them and it was like they'd been bitten by a zombie. Yep, I could wash that handkerchief a dozen times and Ben would never use it again.

"Ummmmm, feel better," I said as I watched him pull up his pants and get himself back together again.

Once we were both ready I brushed by Ben with the jersey on its hangar and handed it to the store girl.

"I'll take this one," I told her as she gave me a look that told me she knew everything that had gone on. Still, like I cared? Who knows, maybe I'd given her enough incentive to try the same when her boyfriend visited her in the store next time!

As we made our way to the counter where Ben looked at me. Realizing I was making no effort to get into my purse, he just sighed and pulled out his wallet and paid for my new jersey with plastic. Like what did he expect? I hadn't paid for anything on a date like in forever so I should start now?

Having paid and walking out holding my newly purchased jersey, there was still no sign of the other half of our foursome. I looked up and down and decided the food court was probably the best option. I was batting a perfect score tonight as sure enough, the two of them were sitting at a small table out in the middle with a soft drink for each of them.

"Sheesh, what took you guys so long?" Steve was the first to say, "Did you try on everything in the store?"

"Just one thing," I said with a naughty smile as I licked my lips and looked at Ben while wiggling my hips and shifting my weight from one foot to the other.

"That's my cousin!" Kristen laughed as she high fived me.

"So what... you two just been sitting here?" I asked rather incredulously.

"What did you expect?" Kristen replied, pretending to be hurt by my insinuation, "I've just been sucking on this straw."

Unlike Kristen who could be teasing at times, Steve wasn't about to not brag about their little adventure. I guess he'd always been that way. Way back from when we first dated he was always going to school the next day and telling all his buddies about how he'd done me. I didn't mind - it gave me quite the reputation which at the time I didn't really appreciate how handy that would be later when Steve moved away.

"Kelly, your sexpot cousin here has been flashing every guy she can," he said, smiling and pointing at her, "and a few girls too."

"Really?... Here?" I came back.

OK, so with Kristen anything was possible but even for her this was a bit out in the open for such things. She wasn't even sitting at a table towards the side or back but right out in the middle in full view of everyone.

"Nobody seemed to mind," she said innocently.

Steve chortled, "Yeah, there was this one kid who I think circled by here a dozen times."

Oh well, enough of that... I was hungry and not just for dick.

## 5. Dinner

Station Square has a number of places to eat, most of them pretty good but my favorite place isn't even right in the shopping center but across the street - the Gandy Dancer Saloon. It was advertised as the more casual sister restaurant - the Grand Concourse to which was attached. The Gandy Dancer Saloon features a rustic atmosphere with wood plank floors and small secluded booths, perfect for an evening like tonight. There was also a long oak bar and another horse-shoe raw bar & pasta station, both with tall bar stools which had served me well in the past as well. What was also nice was it featured entertainment seven nights a week. Not necessarily the best all the time but at least it was better than canned music.

Saturday night and I feared the worst in terms of having to wait forever but our timing was impeccable. We were asked if a booth would be OK and it was all I could do not to say something like that was exactly what we wanted... and why.

This time we sat next to our respective husbands with Kristen and me taking the inside positions. The girl eating us was HOT, dressed in the usual garb of fishnet hose and an outfit more suited for dancing on the bar - which she may also do for all I knew. She offered to help with our coats which I gladly took her up on. Steve helped me take mine off and handed it to her but Kristen was sort of stuck. I wondered if she had really thought this through when she chose to go bare under the coat as now she had to wear it during dinner.

"No thank you," she said to the girl, "I'd probably freeze if I took this off."

The hostess just smiled and told her that if she changed her mind then just let her know and she'd check the coat with mine. Meanwhile was scooted into the booth as she left behind our menus and set out coasters.

"You're going to boil in that," I teased her.

Kristen just frowned at me and responded, "Well, I COULD take it off you know."

I let it drop as there was no telling what she might do if I pushed her any harder. While it would undoubtedly get us kicked out, and hopefully nothing more, I knew Kristen well enough that she might do it just to prove to me that she would do anything no matter the consequences. Indeed, while at times she would hint at some of the kinkier things she'd done during her prostitution career, I sometimes had to wonder what she wasn't telling me.

"Missed you," my husband said as he leaned over in to my ear.

I smiled and turned and we kissed for a moment while his hand found its way to my leg and worked quickly under the short skirt to get in between them. For a moment I was worried that more of Ben's cum may have leaked out but Steve didn't put his finger in me but rather just teased my clit a little. I had to wonder if he did that because he I knew that Ben had cum in me and he didn't want to get his cum on his fingers. It made me feel a little guilty as Steve WAS my husband so if anything he should not have to worry about such things, at least not on a night like tonight.

"Oh!" I couldn't help but blurt out as his finger rubbed my clit just the right way.

"Now kids, behave yourself at the table," Kristen teased us yet at the same time she looked at Ben with a "Why aren't you doing what he's doing" kind of look. I noticed that she had unbuttoned her coat up to her waist so it was only being held by the top couple.

Our waiter came by dressed in western garb. He looked to be about our age, not bad looking but nothing special. Still, he had a cute smile and greeted us cheerfully. He took our drink order to start and left.

"Wow, place is crowded tonight." Steve observed as he looked around.

"Yeah, can't believe we got a seat so quick," Ben concurred.

"Well I for one and glad because I'm starving," I added.

Kristen smirked and I reached across to slap her hand playfully.

"And what are you smirking about," I asked.

"Oh nothing," she said whimsically, "Just thought after one sausage you'd be filled for the night."

Steve's hand pressed harder into my crotch and I wasn't sure if he was being turned on or trying to stake a claim on me. It wasn't like him to ever be jealous and I knew he loved watching me being fucked so I was placing odds he would've liked to hear all the details. Well, he would but later tonight when we made love in our bed. Oh yeah, if I knew one thing about my husband it was if I wanted him to fuck me REALLY hard, all I had to do was tell him how another guy had recently drilled me.

Our drinks arrived and the waiter took our order. No sooner had he left than Kristen announced she need to use the little girl's room so naturally I had to go with her.

"God! I'm SO fucking horny," she whispered to me as we made our way through the crowd. She'd conveniently "forgotten" to button her coat so she had to hold it closed to keep from flashing the mob.

The restroom had several other women in it at the time but two of them left almost immediately leaving just us and an older woman. She was washing her hands and checking her makeup, paying no attention to us.

Kristen undid the few remaining buttons on her coat and flapped it open and shut to cool herself.

"I hadn't realized this coat was so warm," she complained.

Can't say I had much sympathy for her. Indeed, I responded with, "You know if you'd at least worn SOMETHING under it you wouldn't have to keep it on."

I glanced over at the older woman but either she hadn't heard me or just chose to ignore us. Kristen also seemed to catch the lack of response and for Kristen, nothing is worse than being ignored.

"Well I think your husband appreciated my so-called wardrobe malfunction, don't you?" she said to me but facing towards the other woman as she said it, "Especially how easy it was for him to screw me earlier. Don't you agree?"

Either it was the last straw or she was actually finished. Either way the woman hurriedly left without so much as a glance in our direction. If anything, Kristen seemed rather disappointed.

"Do you think she heard?" my cousin giggled as she nodded towards the door.

"Well duh!"

"Maybe I should have taken it off," Kristen mused, looking at herself in the mirror holding the coat back behind her such that the reflection was her nude image.

Now it was my turn to ignore her. No sense in egging her on as I knew from plenty of past experience that could only lead to trouble. In some ways Kristen was like an eight year-old boy. All you had to do to get her to do something was to dare her. I have to admit to having some of the same tendencies. Still, at least I knew when it was better to say no whereas Kristen's "moral compass" had lost its direction a long time ago, if she ever had it in the first place.

"God I'm horny," she whined yet again for the umpteenth time now, or at least so it seemed. For the moment we were alone but as crowded as the place was I knew that aberration wouldn't last for long. Apparently Kristen was thinking along the same lines albeit with a different conclusion.

"Ever do it in a restroom?" she asked me, her eyes bright with smoldering lust.

Sheesh, she knew the answer to that so why ask? I first did it in a mall men's room back when I was fifteen and many times since then. Actually, except for one notable exception in the church lady's room, it's always in the men's room as it's a lot easier and safer as well. Face it, if a guy walks in and sees a girl in the men's room, the reaction is a LOT different than a woman walking in on a man in the girl's room!

Kristen caught my eyes rolling and giggled. "No silly, I know you've done it plenty of times with a GUY, but what about a girl? I don't remember you ever telling me about that before."

As you might guess, Kristen never bothers reading my diary. Now if I had a video blog, then maybe she might but reading much of anything isn't exactly her strong suit.

Thoughts again of my one-time thing with a wife and mother during summer Bible School came to mind. God, that seemed so long ago I'd almost forgotten about it! Still, we didn't exactly have all day and the guys would be wondering what happened to us soon so I just shook my head and muttered something about another time.

"Well, WE haven't ever done it so what do you say?" she asked with a silly grin and the twinkle in her eyes she always gets when she's working on getting me in trouble.

"Here? Now?" I asked incredulously, "You're crazy."

"C'mon, before someone comes in," she urged me, stepping into the handicapped stall.

As if to force me to make a decision quickly, she dropped the coat and hung I up quickly on the hook in the stall and stood there nude in front of me in nothing but her heels.

"If you don't get in her quick someone is going to see me," she threatened as if something would happen to ME if she was caught standing there naked in the women's restroom.

I sighed and stepped in, closing the door behind me and not a moment too soon. I didn't even have it locked before I heard the door open and what sounded like a herd entering the room.

"Eat me," Kristen whispered in my ear and then she turned to face the wall and grabbed the handrail, bending over and spreading her legs, wiggling her sexy hips to tease me.

OK, so maybe seeing a girl in that position doesn't turn me on the same way it would for a guy like my husband, but at the same time it WAS my cousin and I couldn't help but feel a little tangle in my pussy. Maybe it was as much to do with all the talk going on just outside the door. I had no idea at all who they were or even what age or anything else about them, but I did know one thing, they couldn't have had a clue as to what was behind door #1.

"Why not?" I mumbled to myself.

I'd left my coat back at our booth so it wasn't like I had to worry about dragging anything on the restroom floor. If anything I was most fearful of losing my balance and touching it as I squatted down and held onto my cousins sexy bare hips for balance. Kristen was only holding on with one hand now, her other between her legs and fingering herself. I could see from the wetness on her fingers she was indeed quite the horny girl!

Leaning in closer, I could already smell the scent of her sex and thoughts of Steve's dick in her not so very long ago came to mind. Mmmmmmm, now THAT would be even better - to lick her out with my husband's cock in her. Watching Steve fucking another girl is one of those take it or leave it things for me except when he was doing someone in my family - especially my mom! Still, seeing hid doing Kristen was still special for me. It was one thing to see him do her when we just dated but now that it was my husband fucking her, it seemed even more erotic.

God she tasted good! My tongue ran up between her swollen pussy lips and I pushed it into her pussy hole as best I could, feeling it moving around my tongue as she rubbed herself outside. I could just hear her breathing hard but with all the hubbub going on outside I was pretty sure nobody would notice even if she started panting loudly.

Hanging on to her hip with one hand, I reached up and pushed s finger inside of her. Leaning back on my heels a bit, I watched as I finger fucked her and she played with herself. Mmmmmmm, she looked absolutely delicious bent over naked with her legs as far apart as she could and still keep her balance.

Over the years I've masturbated enough time with my cousin, had sex with her enough time, and shared men with her that I like to think I'm pretty much of an expert when it comes to Kristen's sexual responses. Of course during her career as a prostitute I'm sure she faked an orgasm more than a few times but even so I doubt it was all that often. There may be women who claim they have a hard time cumming but Kristen certainly isn't one of them. Maybe it's in the genes as I've never had a problem myself, nor either of our mothers so far as I have ever known. Like me, Kristen usually can control things pretty well, either holding back for the "big one" or getting into it quickly when the circumstances needed it. This was one of those time.

"Lick me!" she hissed as she turned her head and our eyes met. Oh yeah, she was ready!

My nose was buried in her crotch, even pushing slightly into her pussy as my tongue worked on her clit together with her finger. Suddenly it was almost like she was peeing but from the scent and taste I knew she was cumming. Again it must have been in the DNA as we both are more "gushers" than "squirters".

"Oh God!" she sighed and for a moment I was afraid that the women outside had to have heard her but there was no indication of that being the case. If anything, the yakking got louder as more women entered. Damn, how many could fit in here?

Someone knocked on the door. Actually as crowded as it was and with only a few stalls it was surprising that it hadn't happened sooner. Then again, 90% of women who go to the restroom never actually use the toilet. Either it's to do your makeup, wash your hands or just to yak with friends away from the men. God, if guys only knew what their girlfriends say about them in the restroom to their friends!

Kristen stood up and quickly grabbed the railing as she almost lost her balance. She was grinning from ear to ear.

"Thanks cuz, I feel soooooo much better," she whispered in my ear as she reached for some tissue to wipe herself off.

No mention of her reciprocating but then again we really DID need to get back so I didn't make an issue of it. Once she had a couple of buttons done, I opened the door and stepped out. Wow, there was only three others in there but from the jibber jabber I would have thought it was twice that many. They looked to be younger than us but definitely out of high school; probably college students.

None of them said anything but I did notice each of them looking at my face which must have been covered with wetness from Kristen pussy. It probably didn't help that my hair must have been an absolute mess - which I confirmed in a few moments with one eye-opening look in the mirror. As for Kristen, from her flushed face and bright eyes it didn't take much imagination to see she'd just had sex and enjoyed it.

It was like someone sounded the fire alarm or something as suddenly the room went deathly quiet and all three of them scurried out. One of them was saying something like, "Oh my god!" and another "can you believe it?" Obviously not party girls. LOL, if it had been me in their shoes I might have asked to join in! Well, maybe not but I can fantasize.

For the moment we were alone again and I leaned over the sink to rinse off my face.

"Did you see her face?" Kristen giggled, "That was hilarious!"

"Do you think they knew what we were doing?" I asked her, more to egg her on than anything as it was obvious they did.

"Oh yeah, they knew... I bet they'll be talking about us all night."

For that matter, I had a feeling they weren't the only ones that would be talking about it. Kristen pulled out a small hair brush and fixed her hair as I tried to do the same. Damn, I had to practically redo my whole makeup after washing Kristen off my face. A toothbrush and toothpaste wouldn't have been a bad idea either but they weren't part of my usual arsenal that I kept in my purse, especially a small one like I was carrying tonight.

Back at the booth, the guys stood up to let us in.

"Sheesh, what do you girls DO in there anyway?" Ben asked with an exasperated look on his face, "Good thing they are running so slow tonight or we could've had dinner and dessert by now."

"We had sex," Kristen said in a matter-of-fact tone, as if she was telling them we put on makeup or something.

Steve knew Kristen long enough to know she could be quite a tease so he wasn't falling for what her suspected to be just that = a major tease.

"Yeah right... and that hot hostess stopped by to blow the two of us while you were gone."

I smiled sweetly at Steve and leaned over to kiss him. I may have washed my face and put on makeup but it would take more than that to totally erase the strong scent of my cousin's pussy cum.

"No shit!" Steve chuckled and then looked over at Ben. "Well, guess they did."

Ben didn't seem to catch on right away - not like he's the sharpest knife in the drawer sometimes which I guess is one reason he and Kristen get along so well.

Steve could see he was being too subtle for Ben so he added, "I do believe my wife her has been eating our yours judging from what I can smell on her face."

Not even Ben could miss that one and his eyes widened as he turned to Kristen. She was practically beaming as she wore a full-tooth smile.

"Before you ask, yes she did," I said to him as I leaned forward over the table.

There it was again, that "duh" look so I just took a deep breath and said, "What I mean is yes, she came."

Ben appeared embarrassed now as I realized that maybe I'd gone a little overboard. Still, they guy was married to an ex-prostitute and he knew what she was and he STILL had to have everything explained to him in the dumbed down version.

Ben seemed more interested now. "Wasn't there anyone else in there? The place seems pretty crowded."

Kristen nodded and answered, "Oh sure, we did it in the handicapped stall."

Steve whispered in my ear, "Sound familiar."

I giggled a little myself as I knew what he was referring to. Indeed, we were both well acquainted with the virtues of the larger handicapped stalls with their handy rails and open floor plans.

Our dinner arrived which effectively ended the conversation as the waiter placed our meals in front of us. For the rest of the meal Ben was full of questions as to what we'd done. No detail seemed too small when it came to satisfying his curiosity. Kristen did most of the talking and to say she embellished things a bit would be an understatement but I let it slide. Ben didn't seem to questions anything so why not pour it on a little. After all, how would he know I wasn't carrying a rabbit in my purse? (Of course I'm referring to a small dildo, not the furry kind!)

By the time we were done it was getting late and seeing how Kristen wasn't really dressed to go dancing or such we decided to head home for the evening. Unfortunately we apparently weren't the only ones calling it a night as the T was filled almost to capacity, making it all but impossible to repeat our incoming performance. I say "almost" because the one thing the crowded car DID provide was a form of privacy to where Steve could feel up Kristen under her coat and not be noticed with everyone so close to them. Even Ben managed to get his hands between my thighs and tease me a little with his thumb as he pressed it against my still bare pussy.

Back at the station, we got off along with most of the remaining passengers. On the way to our cars, Ben was the one to ask the question I think we all were wondering about.

"Soooooo," he drawled, "Who goes home with who tonight?"

It wasn't so much a question as a statement about what he would like for the rest of the evening. Obviously he was hoping to swap wives for the night. Personally I was divided. One the one hand I wouldn't have mind IF that was what Steve wanted. However, after being teased and teasing all evening, frankly what I wanted was to make love with MY husband more so than being fucked by Kristen's. I say that because there is only ONE man in the entire world who makes love to me and that's my husband. Not even my father, the number two man in my life, has ever made love to me.

I looked up at Steve and squeezed his hand, hoping he would take it for what I meant and not interpret it as me telling him to go with what I knew his dick was telling him.

"You know, it's been fun but I think I'd like to spend the rest of the night with my wife," Steve said firmly, leaving no room for negotiation.

YES! And people ask me why I love my husband and even though I still fuck other men and his other women, why I know he wants me more than anyone else. In that one sentence he said it all. God I love him!

Ben shrugged. This time there was no need for further explanation. I kissed him and Kristen goodnight and we left as we came - husband and wife together in their respective vehicles.

It wasn't long before Steve DID make love to me. Having sex with as many men as I have in as many situations as I has left me with many memories, some good and some bad with some of them never to be forgotten. Yes, it's special to have a man commit adultery for the first time with me. yes, it's special when my father fucks me. But none of those hold a candle to my husband making love to me.

Our day ended actually well into the next day. I fell asleep in my husband's arm, his dick pressed into my ass as my pussy tingled from the multiple times he'd cum in me. My last thoughts were how much I loved him...

# (Mar 16) Chapter 259: Rookies

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (28)
Steve - my husband (29)
Aunt Linda (44)
Keith (39) & Camille (41)

Do you remember the first time you swapped with another couple? Then again, odds are you're one of the vast majority that have never done in the first place so the question most likely isn't relevant. Putting that aside, in a manner of speaking it's like asking someone if they remember losing their virginity.

Taking it another step... do you remember the first time you TOOK someone's virginity? Is it even possible to forget? I'd like to think that most people have had the chance to be at least person's "first". For some it may have been both of you at the same time. In any case I find that there something special about knowing I'll be a part of that person's most intimate memories for the rest of their lives.

## 1. Marital Compromises

Steve and I were married the afternoon of August 27, 2011. As I'd fully expected it was a day that brought about quite a few significant changes to my life. Of course there was the whole marriage thing to absorb but I'm talking more about changes to my personal lifestyle and moral/ethical commitments. If anyone had asked the day before my marriage, I would've told them I was completely prepared for marriage. Oh to be so young and na‹ve again!

Not surprisingly for someone with my history, some of the biggest changes I was prepared for had to do with sex. For as long as I'd been thinking about it my assumptions were that once I said my wedding vows that I'd remain loyal to my husband. By that I meant that I wouldn't have sex with anyone outside our families. To put it in even more simplistic terms, I wouldn't commit adultery. It's not like there are THAT many men in my family that are into incest so I knew that limiting myself to having sex with only a few men was going to be a MAJOR adjustment. At the same time it's not like I wasn't fully prepared - or at least thought I was.

It was during my teen years that my mom thoroughly indoctrinated me with regards to adultery. Her view was pretty simple - adultery was a sin against God, a violation of the Ten Commandments. Even if you could somehow put aside the religious issues (not a viable option for her but just to make a point), adultery was simply not something a "good" wife did. In a manner not so different than a daughter with respect to her father, a wife must submit to her husband and give herself only to his family (which was now joined with hers through their marriage).

While these limitation may seem rather draconian, one thing to keep in mind is that my mom's definition of adultery was also a bit more liberal than most people's. She defined adultery as "sex outside your family" where "family" included members on both sides of the wedding aisle out to and including first cousins, nieces and nephews. She also used the legalistic definition of "sex" which limited it to penetration of a female vagina by a male penis (doesn't matter how much, even the tip of his dick counts). Technically that left groping, grinding and other such activities on the table, even blowjobs although my mom never took advantage of this rather significant "loophole". It was the principle that mattered to her and parsing the wording wasn't an excuse to violate the intention of scripture.

So what did all this mean to me in terms of how my life would change after I was married? Not committing adultery meant NOT going out to parties and enjoying myself with whoever was available just for the fun of it. It meant I could no longer go out alone and spend an evening with a married man who was cheating on his wife for the very first time. It even meant no swapping even if the other couple were close friends. While some might consider all this as a significant and harsh sacrifice, not me. I loved Steve unconditionally and I was more than willing to submit myself fully to my new husband, regardless of the consequences and hardships it imposed.

With all those years of preparation you can imagine what a surprise it was to me when shortly after our betrothal Steve told me that he wasn't ready to put aside the sexual freedoms of being single. It was less than two weeks after our incredible honeymoon when he told me that we were going to swap with another couple. Wow, you can imagine what a shock that was to me! Note he didn't ASK me... not, he TOLD me.

As I mentioned to some degree before, I consider Steve to be the head of our household and as such I freely submit to his authority as dictated by my Christian beliefs. PLEASE, I don't mean in any way that being submissive means that I'm subordinate to him or otherwise giving in to his every whim. I don't go barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen as his personal slave. Indeed, the concept of true biblical marital submission has been terribly twisted by perverted men as a means to put women "in their place" whereas the true scriptural directions promote nothing of the kind. It's a complicated topic and I even wrote an article that's posted in my diary about the true meaning of submission for anyone really interested in such things.

In any case, the bottom line is that Steve wanted to swap with other married couple so either I had to accept his direction or not. Knowing how much Steve loved me I suppose that if I HAD chosen to oppose him that he would've dealt with it but at the same time I think that would also have put a wedge into our new marriage that might never get removed.

So I had to find a way to submit to my husband yet remain true to myself and my own beliefs and ethics. After much consideration and a LOT of prayer, I came to the conclusion that if my mom could define adultery to suit her situation then why couldn't I? Thus I revised her definition slightly by adding, "...without the consent of your spouse." I mean like if Steve was OK with me having sex with other men (actually he was more than OK - he WANTED to watch me), then how can that be considered a bad thing, let alone adultery?

Essentially now that I'm married I've taken the stance that it's a person's INTENT more so than their actions that determine whether or not adultery is being committed. At its core adultery would be me cheating on my husband, not simply having sex with someone else. Cheating is a state of mind, not an action.

Now that we were married and had come to an agreement on the adultery thing, there were basically two options when it came to us having sex with other people. We could either go out on our own alone or do it together - in other words a traditional swap. Interestingly, while I enjoy swapping with other married couples I find that I prefer to spend most of the time in separate rooms rather than having something like a mini orgy. It's sort of the best of both worlds for me in that I'm doing something in conjunction with my husband yet at the same time enjoying the intimacy of being alone with another man.

Some people talk about swapping like you just go out and start talking to another couple and bang, you all head for the bedroom and have glorious unrestrained sex. Yeah sure, maybe such things happen in porn movies and stories. Well, I suppose maybe that MIGHT happen in real life if you're really lucky but in my experience nothing works quite that easily. Anyone who just goes out to a club looking to swap had better be prepared to be mugged, raped or who knows what else - even blackmailed.

## 2. Playing by the Rules

Let me make one thing straight up front - Steve and I don't NEED to swap for sexual fulfillment. Indeed, we're both quite happy with the sex life we share. So if that's the case, then why bother swapping at all? Indeed, swapping is fraught with all sorts of risks - real and imagined. At the start my biggest fear about swapping was how to meet people without taking a huge gamble. Just as I'd never agreed to meet anyone I met in-line, I felt the same when it came to other couples and swapping.

Fortunately my Aunt Linda was there to offer us help through a group to which she belonged for years where swapping was much more secure and safe. It didn't hurt that she was a senior member as well.

After her divorce twenty-some years ago my Aunt Linda could have gone out on her own and played the club scene. Instead, she chose to become heavily involved in a relatively small local group that enables sexual exchanges between like-minded adults and their families. Think of it as like one of those companies that arranges for Time Share swaps. The only difficult thing, if you can call it that, is that you have to be a member and fully checked out before getting involved with anyone. Gaining membership to such an exclusive organization meant playing by the rules. This wasn't an option - it was a firm, nonnegotiable requirement.

So how do you becoming a member of such a tight-knit community? Well, it certainly isn't like joining Facebook. First, you can't even ask to join - a current member has to recommend you. Then there's the vetting process which I would think makes getting a Top Secret security clearance look easy.

The first decision a couple has to make is which level of group membership they desire. I mention "couple" because ONLY married couples are allowed as members and BOTH husband and wife have to participate.

## Step 1 – Questionnaires For Each Person

As simple as this step may be, from what I hear people have dropped out the moment they see how detailed and in-depth it is, not to mention personal. Plus, it's not just a bunch of multiple choice boxes but instead is almost entirely essay. The expectation is that the applicants will be forthcoming and detailed in their responses. At the top of the questionnaire is a bold-faced warning that there will be no follow-up questions or opportunities to revise your answers once submitted. EVERY question must be answered satisfactorily the first time or both applicants are rejected with no chance to reapply ever again.

## Step 2 – Financial/Criminal Record Review

Next are though reviews of financial and criminal records. It's amazing at how much information about you is available on-line to anyone willing to fork out a few dollars. Again, the idea is to make sure that they don't have other issues which could cause them to have problems that might lead to discovery of their group activities.

## Step 3 – References

Assuming the questionnaire is OK, then personal references are required. These can be anyone, even a local pastor. Nothing sexual is asked and no hint is made of the true purpose of the reference. The idea is to see if the applicants are decent citizens in the eyes of their neighbors and friends. If someone runs into problems due to other things they are involved in then that cause others to delve into other areas of their life – such as the group.

## Step 4 – Interview

Provided everything to this point has cleared then a personal interview with a senior member (such as my Aunt Linda) is arranged. Everything has to go smoothly without a hitch. Like the written questions, ANY perceived attempt to hold back information is cause for immediate rejection of an application. It's all up to the opinion of the interviewer and I know my aunt is ruthless. Even the slightest hesitation or conflicting response is enough to end the interview on the spot. It's little wonder that less than 25% of the original applicants make it past this point.

overwhelming preference for younger girls but my husband IS a male human being and what guy would say no if offered the opportunity?

To reiterate, security is like the Star Trek "Prime Directive" when it comes to the group so swapping is still handled with care even after the vetting process until you've established a suitable reputation. Although not nearly as complicated and exhaustive as the initial application process, arranging a swap still has its rules that must be followed:

## Step 1 – Level 1 Profile Search

When we want to meet with someone Steve first looks through the web site pages of "public" profiles. They are public only in the manner that everyone in the group can see them at any time. Using a customized search feature he finds another couple with the characteristics and interests we're looking for. The public profile is pretty vague – no photos, addresses, phone numbers or anything that could be used to identify someone.

## Step 2 – The Invitation

Once a potential couple if found, Steve sends them a message through the site. All this is kept within the site – no external e-mails or other potential security threats.

## Step 3 – Level 2 Profiles

Provided the couple we invite agrees to move on after viewing our public profile, we then give them access to the next level of our profile which shows photos and provides an on-line secure chat window. Typically the photos are clothed although bikini shots and even sexy lingerie are encouraged. Essentially nothing that Facebook would censor. If they like what they see, then they can open their next level to us as well.

## Step 4 – Contact

If we make it this far, the next step is to make contact by phone or webcam. We keep one of those anonymous phones you get from Wal-Mart for such things. An option at this point is to open your profile further to allow them to see nude photos and videos of yourself to "encourage" them to meet with you. Some couple get quite revealing at this stage while others prefer to keep that in reserve until the first meeting.

### Step 5 - Meet

Finally, if everything works out then you arrange a time and place to meet - usually someplace public to start like a restaurant. You can have all the security in place but it still never hurts to be careful!

Typically this process takes at least a week or two, sometimes even longer depending on how busy each couple is and how long it takes for them to respond to each phase. However, it IS possible to short-circuit the process in special circumstances...

## 3. The Setup

Unbeknownst to either Steve or me, my Aunt Linda had recently interviewed a new couple for Level One membership. They'd passed all the steps so far and now were anxiously waiting for their video. Although they had two teenagers (boy and younger girl), they weren't involved with them sexually nor were they interested in doing so.

Normally Level One membership is a shoe-in for anyone that is truly motivated and can pass the background checks. The problem with this couple was that they'd never swapped before so they didn't have another couple to bring in for their video. Such a situation doesn't happen very often as most people are fairly experienced for no other reason than usually the only way they even hear about the group is from another member. Still, when it does come up occasionally there are contingency plans in place to deal with the situation without embarrassing the applicants. This usually consists of asking an existing member couple to step in and help out. Knowing me and Steve's interest in new things and people (or at least my interest), my aunt had volunteered me and Steve to help out, even so far as making the arrangements.

"So you just told them we'd do it without even asking us first?" I asked my aunt incredulously when I heard the news. She'd stopped by over at our apartment - something she almost never does so I knew even before she said a word that it had to be something "special".

Aunt Linda shrugged and smiled answering, "Give me a freakin' break Kelly, it's not like you're exactly overly picky about who you have sex with and anyways, I

her husband reacted. I guess you can't blame him for being interested but I suppose it would've helped had he not been so enthusiastic from the outset."

That drew a laugh from both Steve and I.

"Yeah, I suppose some women can't handle their husband showing an interest in another woman," I said, giving Steve a playful punch in the arm. At least he never had to worry about THAT with me. While it might not turn me on all that much to watch, it certainly didn't bother me. After all, it was just sex and not like he was in love or anything. In LUST - yes but not in LOVE. THAT was reserved for ME!

For a moment I could just picture the scene where the neighbors were discussing the possibility of swapping, especially when one side of the table wasn't doing it yet. Funny how often it's the wife who's against the idea. Or at least that's what most husbands tell me and I would say 99% of the people who contact me are make (no matter what they might SAY).

"Well, they eventually grew interested but without any kids involved," my aunt went on, "But it was just about the concept - nothing actually happened so they sort of hinted about the group. It's taken since last summer but eventually one thing has led to another and now they're almost our newest members."

At that point Aunt Linda paused and got this far away look as she sighed.

"I mentioned before about them maybe not showing up and to tell you the truth, I'm putting it as 50-50 at best. They say all the right things but there's something about the wife's eyes when she talks about it. Camille doesn't seem nearly as confident about it as Keith and I'm worried that they may back out at the last minute. Frankly, I'm not sure how they got past the interview. I doubt I would have passed them."

"So you called in the A-Team," Steve chimed in with his head held high.

"Well, it's not like they have another couple to bring with although the LaCroix's DID offer. I got the feeling from Camille's reaction that she wasn't ready to take that step with someone she'd have to live next door for who knows how long afterwards in case things didn't go as planned."

"Well you still could have asked us first," I said, pretending to pout just a little.

"Why bother? It's not like you're that hard to predict my favorite horny niece," she chuckled. She started checking off on her fingers, "Married, late thirties, never been with another couple, teenage son and daughter... Oh god, just wait until you see their family album photos... their daughter is soooooo cute."

She was looking at my husband when she made that last remark. My eyes rolled melodramatically and she quickly took the hint.

"Oh get off your soap box girl," she chastised me, "It's not like I'm saying you'll have to watch your husband with their daughter or anything like that. Besides, I really can't see anything like that happening - not ever, and you know how optimistic I can be about such things. I'm just saying she looks a lot older than fourteen."

With that she got up and walked over to our computer on the desk.

"Here, let me show you their private profile album," she said, logging in to the group site as she spoke.

From across the room I could see she was accessing a part of the site we'd never been in before. Boy, would I love to have THAT password! So anyway... a few more keystrokes and a slide show started.

"Whoa!" Steve said as he whistled softly, leaning forward to get a better look.

It was all he said but no more words were necessary as indeed, they made quite the good-looking couple. The photos started out with what looked to be from their wedding. A series of others, some of them single and others with them together followed in various stages of dress and undress. The final few were of them both naked but nothing that flaunted anything or involved sex. Notably missing from the nudes were any of their son and daughter. Still, it didn't surprise me that the ones of the daughter with her brother at the beach on vacation and some alone around the house seemed to catch Steve's eye more than any others.

Steve had been standing behind my aunt watching the slideshow with his hands on her shoulders. As the photos got more risqu, those hands gained a mind of their own as they began working their way down her chest until he was cupping her boobs as we all watched in silence. Yep, my guys was getting horny now!

"Hey tiger, you'd better not start anything you aren't ready to finish," my aunt purred, putting her hands over his and pushing them against her. My husband was just wearing boxer shorts and a T-shirt so his erection was pretty obvious.

"You mind Kelly?" my aunt asked me, raising her eyebrows with a "sorry but what can I do about it?" look.

Yeah, like there was nothing she could do about it. If she DIDN'T end up in bed with my husband before everything was said and done... THEN I would be surprised. She could've easily done all this on-line but she chose to make a personal visit so tell me she wasn't expecting something to happen when she started to show Steve more explicit photos.

It wasn't long before the two of them headed for the bedroom while I took a seat in front of the computer to finish perusing the profile. Some people just put the bare minimum of work into their profile while others seem to want to make them their autobiography. While not TOO far to the one side, someone had spent a lot of time writing up a biography and marital history. My bet would have been on Camille. It was the same with ours. Steve did almost all the research but I was the one responsible for our profile and I figured the more the better.

I smiled as I listed to the goings on in the bedroom. It's not like we had all that big of an apartment to start with and they'd apparently not bothered to close the door. It didn't help matters that my aunt is a classic "moaner". Yes, this was one of the benefits Steve enjoyed being married to me - ready access to my family members, at least the ones interested in such things. Indeed, it was something he took FULL advantage of!

I turned my attention back to the photos. They must have posted like a hundred or so of which maybe half were in some state of undress with about a quarter nude and then I saw maybe ten or so in some sort of explicit pose. There weren't any of actual sex but Keith was obviously being turned on by the photoshoot judging by the erection he was sporting in several of them. While sometimes photos can be deceiving, my guess was he was maybe seven or eight inches long when erect - not bad by any means but at the same time not exactly mythological proportions. He was also circumcised which I tend to prefer.

The thing that really draws my attention to a guy is not necessarily the length of his erection but rather the stiffness and stamina. Some guys never seem to get really HARD but Keith wasn't one of them. Indeed, he was more like what I would associate with a teenage boy in that his dick literally stood up and out on its own like a missile on a launch pad, aiming for the skies.

While most of my attention was focused on Keith, I couldn't help but take a closer look at Camille as well. The first thing that I'd noticed when I saw her before was something I didn't mention to either of the others as they didn't say anything. She looked a lot like Steve's mother's (although she doesn't have on in real life). Well, not her twin sister but the "family resemblance" was there. Even her hair was the done up the same. The resemblance was remarkable and I wondered if Steve had noticed as well?

I have to say, sitting there imagining I was seeing Steve's mom naked was a bit of a turn-on for some reason. Then again, maybe I was just using it to rationalize my overall horniness in general at the sight of her nude. Even when dressed she looked gorgeous and if I had anything else to say about her I would say her style was impeccable.

Camille's boobs looked real - just enough sag to go along with her age but nothing TOO much either. They reminded me of my mom's than my aunt's as Aunt Linda had hers lifted a few years back - nothing added, just tightened up. It was her legs that caught my eye. She had the body proportions of a model with legs that were unnaturally long for her body - legs I would have killed for!

Looking MORE at Keith, I couldn't help but wonder what his daughter looked like. I wondered if he had any carnal thoughts about his daughter? Really, what father doesn't when his daughter gets to that age? I'm not saying that many ever DO anything as that's a one in a thousand chance at best. Still, it never hurt to fantasize to jerk off about her. Judging by my conversations with quite a few fathers, I'd say THAT is a VERY common with most fathers although I doubt their wives know about it, LOL.

Suddenly a thought came to mind. Not certain what would happen, I started to check out the site now that I was logged in under my aunt's username. Wow! All sorts of stuff I hadn't seen before. Out of curiosity I searched for our name and lo and behold, there we were. It was pretty much the profile that Steve had set up but I noticed there was a section I hadn't seen before. Clicking on the icon a page opened with various dates. Some of them I recognized but a lot I didn't. Apparently these were the dates we had attended parties, or least the ones Steve had. My heart was racing as I opened up each directory. Oh my god, there were tons of photos of us having sex at the family parties! There was even some of Steve fucking his favorite little redhead.

My thoughts were interrupted by what must have been my Aunt Linda having yet another orgasm. I smiled to myself as I thought of how much I loved it when Steve made love to me and I could just imagine how good she must be feeling having him fuck her right now.

Then again, why just imagine it? Logging out from the site, I made my way to the bedroom... two's company but I was sure neither was going to protest making it three!

what else. In this case I knew the video file would be safely locked away and would only come out if something were to happen involving Camille and Keith. From what I'd heard it wouldn't be the first time the threat of releasing their video was all that kept some people from going off the reservation.

So anyway, when we met with the other family it was a little awkward at first which I suppose was to be expected. It wasn't like this was a natural evolution of a friendship or an encounter at a party where everyone was doing it. If anything it seemed rather cold and sterile, at least at first. We introduced ourselves, keeping everything to first names and most everything else as vague as possible. Everyone was a little standoffish about the personal details. For instance, afterwards I had no idea where they lived nor they did with regards to us.

With everyone dressed we could've easily been mistaken for your average folks getting together for conversation and a few drinks. They were older than us, I was guessing in their mid to late thirties primarily because their son looked to be around fifteen and his younger sister most likely twelve or thirteen. Either could have easily been plus or minus a year or two though, maybe even more. They seemed to be well-versed in how to handle the situation, never mentioning what school they went to or even what grade which might have provided a clue as to where they loved and how they were.

There were a few formalities at the start to take care of. We had to present a recent STD test to the parents to prove we were clean. I noticed the they didn't produce any such documentation in return. I guess the "burden of proof", so to speak, was on us. As condoms were forbidden, if not so in writing than heavily implied, I could see where it was important to make sure that anyone entering the group was clean.

There was more paperwork... We had to sign a rather legalistic two-page form that basically certified that we understood that what we were doing was illegal in the State of Pennsylvania and that we waived all claims against pretty much the entire world should anything happen as a result. There were also things like declaring that I was on birth control and that again, nobody was responsible for any failures in that department. Only Steve and I had to sign anything and none of this was required for anything we did later. Under the circumstances it was important and just one more area where security was deemed more important than being polite.

With that we all undressed - that is Steve and me along with the two kids. The parents didn't as they would not be actively participating so what would have been the point? They had nothing to prove and this wasn't intended to be for fun and games so their role was only to be there as proof that they both had given their full and willing consent and that everything was being done with their kids was under their watchful eyes at all times. If nothing else it made me feel even more self-conscious, as if I now had an audience and not the type I usually hope for when I'm having sex.

Steve was standing naked next to me with a massive erection already going. Frankly that didn't mean a whole lot to me. Whether or not he was feeling any of the same concerns as me didn't matter when it came to his cock. I swear the guy can get hard in an instant even over the slightest hint of sexuality. Steve looked at my aunt with a "now what" expression and she stepped in to act as the de facto "director".

Looking at the parents she asked, "Well guys, the usual?"

The parents looked at each other and the wife shrugged as if it didn't really matter one way or the other. It wasn't that they appeared not to care per se, more like they just were going along with what was evidently a pretty standard routine for them.

"Fine with us," the father then said adding, "Oh, sorry but we really have to be out of here in half an hour, 45 minutes tops. We've been planning on seeing the new Oz movie and we'll miss the 4:00 IMAX showing otherwise."

I wanted to let out a big sigh but held it in. Sheesh, talk about making this as empty and business-like as it could possibly be. Like, we were about to have sex with their teenage kids and all he was worried about was getting to a movie on time! Besides, I'd seen that movie the previous weekend when it opened and I could've told him to save the sixty bucks for IMAX tickets plus concessions.

Aunt Linda didn't say anything in response but instead just seemed to ignore him. She turned to me and said firmly, "Kelly, why don't you go first. Looking at your husband's condition over there I think it best to keep him waiting until the end. He's not going to take long I'm sure."

For whatever reason that seemed to break the ice and the room temperature seemed to jump a little as the chill left the air.

"Now Steve," she directed pointing to the second bed, "Why don't you lay over there on the bed with our little princess so the two of you can get to know each other a little better while you watch Kelly and her brother getting it on."

Steve smiled and stretched out on the narrow bed, laying on his side with his erection sticking out in full view. Well, he'd never been afraid to strut his stuff since

"Come on Kelly, you know better," my aunt chastised me, " Let's see it. After all, that's the whole point."

Back to being a porn movie again I guess. Fortunately Aunt Linda had been quick enough that I had time to release his dick from between my lips and allow him to shoot his final couple of shots of sperm into my mouth from maybe a couple of inches away. Some of it got on my face as well but nobody seemed to care until I reached to wipe it off.

"Kelly, stop!" my aunt the Director quickly cried out, "Leave it on for now."

I wasn't quite sure what the point was in making me leave his cum on my face but then she didn't give me time to think about it before continuing.

"OK, how about you mount him now, OK?" Aunt Linda told me. It wasn't really a question but more like an order. Well, she WAS the director after all.

As I started to straddle him I looked over to see the reaction of his parents. It didn't surprise me that the mother was the one showing all the interest although I guess it could've easily been his father having sex with him at home. Bisexual family relationships weren't supported within the group which I knew probably caused some applicants to think twice about joining but for those who weren't into seeing such goings-on can find it distracted at best or turned-off at worst seeing it.

So far I was pretty impressed. My Aunt Linda was doing a great job in her role as guardian of the group security. Everything was choreographed to demonstrate that I wanted to do this. The boy never once asked me for anything - he was well trained. Anyone watching the video would believe that everything we did was initiated by me, even now as I prepared to fuck him.

"Hold right there for a moment," Aunt Linda directed as I held his dick and was just about to sit on it. She p7layed with the camera, apparently zooming in for a close-up. "OK, go for it girl!"

As everyone watched I slowly lowered myself onto him, feeling the hard cock pressing into me and then pushing its way in as I put more weight on him. A quick look over to his mom confirmed it - the smile on her face and the lustful look in her eyes told me someone was going to be fucking mom tonight!

While he lasted longer this time, it still didn't take long before he was cumming. Aunt Linda didn't say anything so I stayed down hard on him as he pumped his cum into me. I suppose I'd been expecting her to tell me to let him squirt it all over me like a typical porn shoot but she had other thoughts in mind...

"That's good Kelly... now squeeze it out onto his dick," she finally said as she focused in tight again onto my pussy with a still hard cock filling me.

Bearing down, I could feel the cum exiting my pussy and I looked down between my legs to watch it drip down on the boy's dick. Amazingly the teen was STILL erect!

"That's it Kelly... now clean it off of him."

I looked around for some tissues or anything else to wipe him clean only to hear my aunt groan, "Oh good grief Kelly, please don't embarrass me."

It hit me right between the eyes. Hopefully my face wasn't anywhere close to being as red as it felt. Like duh! With all my experience you would think I would have known what to do even without being asked, let alone have to have it all but spelled out for me.

Sucking a cock covered with cum fresh from my pussy would have to be considered one of my favorite delicacies. It's like a favorite dessert with everything mixed in together - a hard dick, sperm and a hint of my own pussy. Mmmmmmm!

With everything now duly recorded so far as I was concerned, it was Steve's turn. Surprisingly, and no doubt somewhat to his dismay, my aunt wasn't all that interested in different positions, foreplay, or even oral.

"OK Steve, let's pick up the pace or they're going to miss their movie," she said as she motioned him to get together with the girl.

"Noooooo, just fuck her," she interrupted as he started to lean in towards her fuzzy pussy, "Remember, this isn't about what SHE will do so let's get it on record and get it over with."

Later she explained it more to me. With most couples it was the woman who was usually the problem if there was going to be one. Hence on average the video spent two or three times as much attention to the wife as to the husband/father. The same went for the kids - it was the girls that got all the attention when compared to the boys. Think about it, when was the last time you heard of a teenage boy that did NOT want to fuck a MILF or a father that did NOT want to fuck a young girl?

"We all know the male WANTS to do it," she explained, "The only thing we're verifying is that they WILL. With the girls we have to make sure they really want to do it and they're not being coerced in any way."

I guess it made sense even if it DID frustrate Steve. Then again, it's not like he complained all that much when the girl got on her hands and knees and leaned forward to present her pretty butt to him. I noticed her pussy seemed wet, probably

tops, but that was long enough it seems. By the time I was back my aunt was laying on her stomach between my husband's outstretched legs, sucking his dick as she cupped his hairy balls in her hand. I couldn't help but smile - they certainly hadn't wasted any time!

A couple of hours later we decided to head home rather than spend the night in the room as we hadn't brought any fresh clothes or toiletries with us and I HATE hotel crap. On the way I asked my aunt what she was going to do now with the video.

"Oh it gets passed around to the senior members who review it and give their approval. Then I burn it to a DVD and it goes in the archives along with the party videos."

It was all I could not to roll my eyes or otherwise demonstrate my disbelief. Yeah right, like they just "reviewed" them. Probably more like masturbated watching them.

The it hit me again....

"Party videos?"

Aunt Linda smiled. "Sure. We record every party so there's never anything that people can come back and say that didn't happen. If you look hard enough you can see the cameras but we try to make them as unobtrusive as possible so people aren't so self-conscious.

I tried to imagine just how many of these videos she had on record. I'd never seen them at any of the parties but then I hadn't been looking for them either. Like who would suspect that everyone was being recorded at such a thing? Actually this was the first time we'd even talked about them. Boy, what some people would pay for a copy. Then again, I bet they'd pay more to have theirs expunged. It would be like hitting the jackpot for some government agent to come across such a collection.

## 5. The Swap Video

It took a couple of weeks to sync up our schedule with Camille and Keith. In the meantime we had another swap previously planned which was OK although nothing to write home about so to speak. It's not like you can expect EVERY swap to be "dairy worthy" as I explained to Steve when we returned home and he asked why I wasn't all bubbly and excited about the evening. It might have gone better if we could have spent the whole night with them but they had to get home for the sitter. I've found over time that not having to rush and having the time to cuddle and be more intimate with your new partner makes things much more enjoyable and memorable. Steve seemed quite happy though but then he's a guy so I think for him getting to fuck her was enough - why waste time doing anything else?

So it ended up that we had two swaps in seven days - not our usual schedule. I think once a month is more than enough for this sort of thing. It's not like I NEED another man - Steve fully satisfies me. heck, until we were married I assumed that I wouldn't be having sex outside my family once I was wed so anything we did was more than I had ever anticipated. It was Steve that pushed for the swapping and individualized sex scene, It took me quite a bit of prayer and rationalizing to adjust my most closely held beliefs and values to accommodate his desires but then he WAS my husband by then and as his wife, it was my duty to submit to his authority, not different than as a daughter I submitted to my father (and still do).

Actually, while technically this was our second swap in as many weekends, if things went at all the way they had for Steve and my session then the next one would be quite a bit more abbreviated than normal. This time it would be Steve that got the better end of the deal as the wife would be the one my aunt would be most concerned about. That was back to what my aunt had said previously about the interviews focusing on the wife and/or daughters as they are almost always the ones that are cause for them not being accepted.

One of the most unique things about this time was the timing. Previously, every swap we'd been involved with had been in the evening. Come to think about it I'm not really sure but I guess since they usually started with dinner as a means of breaking the ice, they just naturally got off to a start in the evenings.

In this case we would be meeting in the morning. It was my Aunt Linda who had driven the schedule as she had a house showing in the afternoon and was hoping to close the deal. Knowing the potential buyers, that might require some "special attention" so she didn't want anything planned for the evening. The other couple was anxious to get the interviews and such finished so they'd agreed to meet at 10:00 AM. If this went as usual, we'd be done and out of there by 10:30. Steve and I arrived at 9:30 along with Aunt Linda to be sure we got there first and everything was set up properly.

"Steve, close the curtains and Kelly, take those nasty comforters off the beds," were her first words when we entered the room.

I agreed totally with her about the comforters. If you've ever watched any of those shows on TV where they take a black light into a hotel room then you know that most hotels may put clean sheets on but the comforters are disgusting.

Meanwhile she got out a small video camera and checked it out to be sure it was working properly. I noticed she also had a spare battery with just in case the first one went bad. I guess that would sort of screw things up of the camera quit halfway through.

"You guys ready?" she asked, setting the camera down on the desk.

We both just nodded, awaiting whatever instructions she seemed about to give.

"OK, here's how these things go," she started, motioning for us to sit on the bed, "Kelly, you go first again. You might notice that I'll be taping the wife's reactions as much if not more than the two of you. Usually when there's going to be an issue this is when it happens. For some couples this is old hat and no big deal but this is the first time these two will be having sex with someone else in front of each other so anything might happen once he starts screwing you."

It made sense to me. Heck, now that she mentioned it I might even give her some attention as well just to see if she was really ready for this."

Then my aunt turned to Steve. "OK stud, hands off of her while Kelly gets it on with the mister, got it?"

Steve nodded although he pretended to be disappointed. Then again, maybe he wasn't pretending.

"OK then, when it's your turn don't waste a lot of time with foreplay and such. Frankly, I don't WANT her to have much time to deal with it and be drawn up in things. We want to see if she's ready to put out, period."

She paused to see if Steve was getting the message. He squeezed my hand and assured Aunt Linda he knew what she wanted.

Aunt Linda took a deep breath and finished with, "Just be ready for anything, especially with the wife. You never know how these play out. Most of the time it's no big deal and it's over in a few minutes. Sometimes they freak - especially the wife although I had one husband once who couldn't handle seeing his wife taking another man's dick. It's easy to fantasize and talk about such things, another to actually do them, especially in front of a camera."

Just then the door knocked. My aunt had called them after we checked in to give them the room number so they wouldn't have to stop by the front desk. Steve and I stayed on the bed holding hands while my aunt went to answer the door.

We could hear the greetings and then my aunt came in with the two of them following her, the husband leading the wife.

"Camille and Keith, this is Kelly and her husband Steve," my aunt introduced us, "They are the couple I was telling you about."

One thing she had told us from the start - there would be no mention that I was related to her in any way. This was to be about swapping, not incest even if it wasn't even what some people would call an incestual relationship. After all, she was my mom's sister, not my mom, and it was between two women. Still, no sense in making a big deal out of it so it was best to just not bring it up.

They both pretty much looked exactly like their photos. Keith was dressed about the same as my husband - jeans and a dress shirt. Camille had chosen a rather modest skirt that came below the knees and a loose blouse with a pretty necklace. My first impression was that she was nervous - VERY nervous, but then I would think That was to be expected under the circumstances. Keith was trying to appear NOT nervous but if anything it made it all the more obvious that he was.

We just shook hands and then my aunt motioned for each couple to sit on opposite beds. They were only twin size which wouldn't leave a lot of room for us but then it's not like the intention was to make this a major event.

"OK, so I know this has to be a little nerve wracking for you two," my aunt started out as she looked first at the other couple, "Let me assure you that Kelly and Steve here are both committed to making this as easy as possible for you. I'm guessing we'll be done and out of here in half an hour tops."

No response so she continued, "OK then, Camille, why don't you trade places with Kelly then to get things started."

Camille looked at her husband and I saw him squeeze her hand and smile at her with an assuring look. Then she got up and we each took a seat next to the other's husband. Each of us sat there with our hands in our laps, waiting for the next instruction.

"Well, this isn't supposed to be anything romantic or drawn out so why don't you two just get undressed and let's get things rolling," Aunt Linda said to me and Keith.

My aunt picked up the video camera and turned it on, the little red light appearing in front. OK, it was show time!

We each quickly undressed. I had actually worn a bra and panties. My aunt thought it would help make me appear more "normal" to Camille rather than coming across as a slut. As Keith dropped his jeans and then the boxer shorts I noticed his dick was flaccid. Yep, he was nervous all right! I wanted to smile and say something as it had been a long time since a guy had gotten undressed with me and not be at least semi-erect but I was a good girl and kept my mouth shut... at least for a few more minutes.

"Good... Now Kelly, why don't you help Keith here."

She was being tactful but I knew what she meant. Keith was still standing at the foot of the bed, Steve and his wife a few feet away, when I knelt in front of him and took his dick in my hand.

"You have a great cock Keith," I said looking up at him as I gently stroked him. Then I remembered my aunt's earlier observations and turned to Camille. "I bet you love sucking this cock, don't you Camille?"

From her reaction, I got the idea that sucking cock wasn't exactly something that happened a lot between the two of them, I noticed my aunt had captured her reaction as well. Hmmmmmm, were they going to be rejected before things even got started? My aunt had told us on the way over that unless one of them broke down and ended things that we would go through to the end. The decision as to whether or not to accept them would be made by the senior board later when they reviewed the video.

My aunt coughed discreetly and I turned my attention to the dick in my hand. Keeping my eyes locked in with Keith's, I took his dick in his mouth and was pleased to feel him shudder slightly as I went to work on him. Turns out that he wasn't TOO nervous as it quickly grew in my mouth. That was an unexpected pleasure for me as I LOVE to feel a cock grow and harden with it in my mouth. Unless it's after he has already fucked me, usually a guy is already well on the path towards a full erection by the time I get him in my mouth to start.

As I sucked him, I reached down with my left hand and started to play with myself. I wasn't sure how much foreplay my aunt would want to record so I wanted to be sure I was good and wet from the start. As it turned out, it really wasn't necessary - I was soaking wet already!

No doubt had I sucked him long things would have been over before they'd hardly started. I didn't need any direction from my aunt this time as I stood up while holding his dick firmly in my hand. Looking over at Camille, I smiled and said, "Your husband's gonna fuck me now."

She kept a rather straight face so I wasn't sure if she was trying to hide that she was excited or unhappy. It didn't really matter to me so I turned back to Keith and gave his stiff dick a playful tug.

"Well, how do you want to do it?" I asked him softly as my fingers rippled over his dick.

Keith glanced over at Camille just a moment and then seemed confused.

"I don't know... how do you prefer?" he said haltingly.

"Do you like doggie?"

Again he glanced over at Camille and I had to wonder if they were one of those couple that stuck with missionary from start to end. Oh well, no matter. I climbed up on the bed so my knees were right at the edge and my lower leg and feet hung out in the air. Getting down on my elbows, I spread my knees as wide apart as was comfortable. Looking over, I saw my aunt had her camera focused on Camille, recording her reaction as he husband moved in between my legs.

"That's it Keith... fuck me," I encouraged him as I felt his dick poke me. He used his one hand to spread me apart and the other to guide his cock between my wet pussy lips.

"Oh yeah, like that... deeper now," I gasped as I felt the head of his dick penetrate me.

Keith responded by pushing in until I felt his pubic hair teasing my butt and then the pressure of his crotch against me. He wasn't wasting any time either as he started stroking quickly in and out of me.

The room was deathly quiet with the only sound being his crotch slapping into me and the occasional grunt from Keith as he drove his dick into me. The other three occupants weren't saying a word as they watched us.

"Cum in me Keith, I want you to cum in me," I gasped as I suspected he was getting about ready to ejaculate.

"Noooooo, cum on her ass Keith at least once and then put it back in her to finish," my aunt interrupted. Once again I was reminded of why we were doing this. It felt even more like a porn shoot than ever with her dire4cting him.

She was just in time as it turned out because Keith suddenly pulled out and I felt his warm cum on my butt. He quickly pushed back in me to finish off inside my pussy with my aunt capturing every moment for history.

When he was finished he pulled out of me and I turned over and sat on the edge of the bed. Fortunately for the hotel I'd removed the comforter so the sheets absorbed his cum from my butt instead. I was about to ask him if I could clean him off but again, the director cut in.

"Well, that takes of Keith... nice job by the way," she congratulated him. He looked over at his wife and seemed a little embarrassed at first but then he broke into a wide smile when my aunt stoked his ego.

"OK Camille... your turn."

I was expecting a little hesitation at the very least but if anything she seemed anxious to get it on with my husband. I wondered if she was just horny after watching her husband fuck me or maybe she was thinking more of revenge after seeing how much he enjoyed fucking me.

Steve was just as anxious and before I knew it they both were naked and standing in front of us looking at Linda who was fooling with her camera.

"Sorry, a little technical problem," she apologized but then seemed to have everything ready again. "So let's see.... Camille, why don't you suck on Steve for a while."

Again, she responded without so much as taking a deep breath. Steve was already erect - no way he was ever going to watch me being fucked and NOT get aroused. Camille kneeled and it seemed like she was imitating what I had done with her husband. Again I asked myself if she was really into oral sex. To be blunt, her technique sucked and all she was doing was bobbing her heads on him, taking maybe half of his dick in her mouth at most and it's not like Steve is all that spectacularly hung.

Aunt Linda let her go for maybe a minute and that seemed to be enough for her purposes.

"So Keith, any particular way you'd like to see Steve have sex with your wife?"

Keith seemed surprised by the question but not more than Camille. I guess she had assumed that she would get to choose the same as her husband had. I wouldn't have been surprised if she had gone for missionary and I bet that my aunt was thinking the same - hence the question to her husband.

"How about on top... facing away," he said after thinking a few seconds. Hmmmmmm, was Keith into porn and this was one of the positions he liked watching the most?

Camille pursed her lips for a moment but then caught herself and a smile appeared. Whether it was real or not I wasn't sure but it didn't matter one way or the other. Steve was on his back with his head on the pillow, holding his dick at the base to point it to the ceiling.

As Camille mounted Steve I became more and more certain that this was f first for her. She just seemed too hesitant for it to be something she'd done much in the past, if at all. Still, I had to give her credit for her determination as she straddled his lap and positioned herself over him.

"Steve, let her do it," my aunt cut in as he started to position his dick to enter her. She didn't have to say more - I knew what she was going for. She wanted to record HER positioning his cock into her pussy so there was no doubt she wanted it.

Camille reached between her thighs for Steve's cock and wiggled about to get it right and then quickly sat on it, driving it into her in one quick movement. She must have been more turned on than I had suspected because Steve hadn't licked her and I hadn't seen her masturbate at all before this.

"Damn girl, you sure you have two kids?" Steve gasped as she ground on his dick. He was being kind I was sure but then it just made me all the more proud of him.

"Lean forward... put your hands on his knees," my aunt offered advice. She did as told, giving my husband a perfect view of her ass and his dick in her pussy. It also gave the same view to Aunt Linda's camera. Sure enough, just as she had told me she hardly ever gave Keith the time of day with all her shots being of Camille.

Seeing Keith fucking Camille was more erotic than anything hot. Everything had proceeded so fast there really hadn't been time to get that involved in the action. Even though I was still nude, as was Keith sitting next to me, I didn't even play with myself. It was almost clinical the more I thought about it with my aunt moving about taking shots from various angles, especially of her face and her reaction to the feel of another man's cock in her.

Steve was doing the best he could, humping under her to try and cum as quick as possible.

"OK stud, same as our Keith did," my aunt told him as he started to get that look on his face we both knew so well. "One on the ass, the rest inside."

Well, when he DID cum he totally missed her butt. In fact, the first shot flew so high it landed in the hair that was hanging down her back and a little on her back. He struggled a little to get back in her and before she could help a second shot landed right in her ass crack and started to run down. The rest he was able to shoot in her pussy as she sat down on him and let him cum while under her.

This time my aunt had different plans for Camille than she'd had for me when I was full of cum.

"Nice job Camille... now roll off of him and lay on your back," she said quickly. Once Camille was laying back she continued, "Now lift up your legs and spread... that's it... now push like you're having a baby again."

With a little work Camille was able to push out Steve's cum until it started to drain down her butt onto the sheets. My aunt was right up close, catching every drop as it emerged.

Then just as fast as it had started it was over. Steve got up and came over to give me a big kiss. God I wanted soooooo bad to suck his dick after having just fucked Camille but there was business to finish.

"OK, that does it," my aunt said as she put away the camera, "While I can't say anything official until your video is reviewed, I don't think you're going to have any problems."

Then she smiled at looked at Camille adding, "And I have to say dear, you really got into this a lot more than I'd expected!"

Camille seemed to blush and then she nodded to Steve, "Well, I had a good partner."

Not to be outdone, Keith chimed in with, "and Kelly... damn what can I say? You're a lucky man Steve."

Then Keith asked Aunt Linda, "So when do you think we can start with other couples?"

"Maybe a week at most," she answered as we all started to get dressed, "The reviews should be done in a day or two and then we have to update the profiles and get everything posted."

Keith looked a little disappointed but then he seemed to brighten up. Nothing more was said until we all were dressed and about to say our goodbyes.

"Ummmmm, not sure how to say this," he stammered, looking at his wife who seemed just as clueless as the rest of us as to where he was going. "OK, I'll just say it then. Would you guys like to get together for dinner tonight?"

I think we were all a little surprised but I had to say it was an interesting idea. Everything had been so fast and clinical that I wouldn't mind doing it again in a more casual atmosphere - and without the video camera.

"Is that like legal?" I asked.

My aunt laughed answering, "Well of course it's legal... you're all adults. And I guess it's not like you don't know each other already. Although I'll say this is the first time I know of that anyone has done this right after their interview. So are you saying you're ok with this Kelly?"

I looked at Steve and he just grinned. Yeah, like I had to even ask. We all were in agreement. Steve and Keith discussed arrangements while the three women all giggled about how the interview had gone.

Eventually it was all worked out. We would go out for dinner and then simply return to this same room since it was booked for the entire night anyway so why waste money on another one? Their kids were old enough that they didn't have to worry about finding a sitter at the last minute. What excuse would they come up with for why they would be away the entire night? Oh well, they would work that out by the time they got home.

## 6. Dinner for Four

One of the best things about what we had planned was we would be spending the night with them at the hotel. Just going to bed with a guy, having sex and then leaving shortly after seems to cheapen the evening for me. Steve and I make it a firm rule not to do repeat swaps so it's not like I am looking for any sort of relationship to develop. In fact, the reason we don't repeat with anyone is just so that doesn't happen! In this case while we had technically "swapped" with Keith and Camilla, I don't consider our initial encounter as being a true swap so it wasn't like we were breaking any of our own rules.

For me when it comes to spending time with another man it's all about emotions and sentiment. If I'm going to let a stranger fuck me then I at least like to feel as if I mean something to him, at least for that evening. Otherwise I may as well be his whore for the night. I love it when a man takes the time to stay in me after he cums, our bodies joined in the aftermath of mating. I like to fall asleep naked in a man's arms and wake to the feel of his firm erection pressing against me, knowing he wants me yet again. I like to whisper to him as our naked bodies press together, feeling his hands running all over me as he tells me his most intimate secrets. For a few brief hours I fulfill his every desire and I know that during that time he wants nobody more than me, not even his own wife.

We chose a relatively expensive restaurant for dinner but nothing too extreme. An upper-end joint tends to have fewer families and kids in general and provided for a more intimate atmosphere. Places like Friday's or Applebee's are much too noisy with too many people coming and going to allow for any sort of sexual dialogue to develop. While this place was known for its seafood (my first love), it also had a reputation for good steaks as well so it should satisfy anyone's pallet. Not that the primary goal for the evening was an exquisite meal but at the same time if you're going to have one, why not enjoy it?

Steve had made the reservations and as it turned out we were the first to arrive. As I took off my coat and handed it to Steve so he could check it, I was pleased to notice some of the other men waiting for their table glancing my way. It had been quite the debate for me earlier in choosing a dress to wear so I was pleased that my final choice was passing the second test of the evening. The first, of course, had been Steve's reaction when I stepped out from the bedroom and posed. I'd bought this dress months before but hadn't had just the right night to wear it until now so he'd never seen it on me before.

"Damn!" was all he'd said but the ravenous look in his eyes and the way he licked his lips told me more than anything he could say.

I turned to the side, allowing the high-cut slit to part just enough to show off my leg almost up to my hip. Although I had a black thong on underneath it was cut high enough so as not to reveal itself, lending the illusion that I MIGHT not have anything on underneath the dress.

The dress was a one-shoulder style where my right shoulder was bare and the dress came up and over the left shoulder for support. I actually preferred it over a couple of strapless versions I'd tried on as the extra support allowed for it not to be so tight around my boobs as to make me feel like I couldn't even breathe. This then allowed for the cleavage to plunge and hang just loose enough that it appeared that any second my boobs might fall out of it but yet just enough that I didn't.

Under my bust the dress was cut tight, showing off my firm stomach and hips and then loosening up down to my ankles. The left side was slit up almost to my hip but the dress was cut in such a way that it only really showed my leg if I pushed out my foot ahead of me and twisted slightly. Then again, if I sat down and put my left leg over my right then it certainly veiled a LOT of leg as well as some hip but then I could always cross the right instead in situations where that might be too risqu,. Sort of hard to imagine THAT sort of situation but the option was always there.

I suppose it goes without saying that I wasn't wearing a bra. Even if I was so inclined the neckline cut much low. Then again it wasn't like I needed one all the time anyway. If it wasn't for my job and sexy date nights for my husband, I'd probably not bother buying one in the first place. I DID go for a thin black thong but that was more for Keith than anything else. Around my left ankle I wore my favorite ankle bracelet that my father had given to me. Simple black pumps with ridiculously high heels on my feet were totally uncomfortable but the things women will do to make their legs look great! I also wore a delicate gold braid chain around my neck from which my gold and diamond studded cross was attached, hanging down right above my cleavage.

My hair... what can I say about my hair! All my life I'd fought it and I suppose I will for the rest of my life as well. Even $150 at the salon earlier didn't get the results I wanted but at least it looked better than it would have if I hadn't gone at all. Normally it's straight without a hint of anything but tonight I had fullness with enough curl to make it look thicker and with more body than normal.

"So you like it?" I asked sweetly, knowing full well what the answer would be but then what girl doesn't want to hear it?

"You... look... FANTASTIC!" Steve gushed as he moved over to me and wrapped his arms around me, clenching my ass with his hands as he kissed me.

"You know I have to redo my lipstick now," I teased him when he finally let me go.

"It was worth it," he said smiling at me but I noticed his eyes were fixed right where they belonged - my exposed cleavage. Well, may be for him as I was the one who had to head back to the bathroom to touch myself up again.

It felt a little out of place to climb up into Steve's pickup truck dressed like I was going to the prom. Someday I hope he'll break down and buy something a little less... manly I guess you could say. My car wasn't exactly in the best of shape so we tried to minimize the miles on it but that meant driving around town like we were heading for a rodeo. The only redeeming value was the full bench seat - not something you see much anymore. I loved riding up next to him and it made a lot of other things a lot easier as well if you know what I mean. Not tonight though - not in this dress and $150 for my hair before we even got there!

Soon after we were seated Keith and Camille made their appearance. Keith looked handsome in a dark blue sports coat and matching slacks. He even wore a tie over his white shirt. It was almost like he was heading for church after dinner. Camille was dressed in a conservative cream-colored dress that came to mid-calf. It was sleeveless but came up high to her neck. Judging from the looks of things, she was wearing a bra underneath as well. Her matching heels were about two inches at most and she had on nude hose. Her hair was loose with a bit of curl but nothing fancy. I guess she hadn't rushed to the salon the way I had.

Steve stood up as a gentleman should and shook Keith's hand. I smiled at Camilla who took the seat across from me as we assumed a boy-girl seating arrangement.

"Well we made it," Camille giggled as we all settled in.

Keith was smiling so I had to ask, "Oh, problems?"

This time they both smiled and Camille was looking down at her plate when Keith answered.

"You have to admit that this morning was pretty intense... especially for us as you can imagine. You guys do this sort of stuff all the time so I guess it's no big deal but that was the first time I'd ever seen Camille with another man - or her seeing me with another woman."

Camille finally looked up and add, "I think it really hit me when we lied to Emily about being away for the night. I was thinking about what if she told me such a story so that she could spend the night with one of her boyfriends. I don't think I've ever lied to my daughter this way before."

The waitress showed up just then and took our drink orders. I asked for my usual - Diet Coke, while Camille asked for a Chardonnay and the guys both ordered beers. I silently prayed that Keith wouldn't drink TOO much. Not only did beer give bad breath but I think it makes a guy's cum taste bitter.

Once she was gone I took the opportunity to change the subject. After all, we really didn't know anything about them so far as their personal lives were concerned. We talked about our families and interests. Of course neither Steve or I made any mention about incest. So far as I knew, neither of them even had any idea that Linda was my aunt. There had been a couple instances where I almost slipped and called her "aunt" but I managed to catch myself every time.

Other than the one brief mention of their daughter at the start, I noticed that she was carefully kept out of the conversation. Normally parents are all too proud not to mention their kid's accomplishments which made the lack of mention all the more blatant.

Dinner was served finally and as we ate the conversation slowed but also became more focused.

"So how long have you and Steve been married?" Camilla asked.

"It will be two years this coming August," I replied proudly, taking Steve's hand and squeezing it.

"And when did you start swapping?" she asked.

Steve coughed and I almost slapped him as I answered, "About a month after we got married."

I had a feeling it would surprise her so I was ready for the wide eyes and open mouth and didn't react.

"So I guess you guys really like it then," Keith said stepping into the conversation.

I looked at Steve for him to answer.

"We think it keeps our marriage fresh," he said, emphasizing the "we". Yeah right, it was HIS idea from the start but not that I complained.

"So why did you guys decide to get into it after all these years?" I asked Camille.

This time it was her turn to give her husband "the look". Keith rolled his eyes just a bit and took a deep breath before answering.

"I suppose it was our neighbors. He was joking one day about some of the hot wives in the neighborhood and made some comment about swapping. I thought he was joking at first but gradually he started telling me... well telling me things that they were into. I suppose one thing led to another and finally he asked me if Camille and I would be interested in doing such things. At first I thought he meant with him and his wife but I thought that would be a little kinky with them living right next door and all. Then he mentioned the group. So now we're here."

"Camille, have you ever seen Keith with another woman before this morning?" I asked.

Again she seemed embarrassed but she did answer. "Oh no, never before. It was harder than I thought but Linda had warned us not to show any hesitation or reluctance so I think I put on a pretty good show."

As she spoke, I felt a hand on my leg over my dress. It was from the left side – Keith's side of the table. I didn't say or do anything to indicate that I knew what he was doing but at the same time I also didn't do anything to discourage him. If anything I was wondering if my husband was doing the same with his wife. Probably not as I had a feeling she wouldn't have disguised her surprise very well.

"I don't know if Linda told you or not about us," I started and then felt a nudge against my knee from Steve. Apparently he thought I was going to spill the beans but he should have known better than that. I'd had over twelve years of experience in not making such mistakes and I wasn't about to start now.

Ignoring him, I continued, "but this was our first time doing the interview thinking with someone."

"Oh really?" Camille asked, "So how does that work? Do you volunteer, put your name on a list, or what?"

Little did she have a clue as to the truth and my answer didn't bring her any closer.

"Oh we've known her since we first got started. She videoed our interview as well. I guess she just knows how much we've come to enjoy it and she thought that we might find this as something new. After all, isn't that why people swap in the first place - for something new?"

Keith grinned and it was obvious that was why HE wanted to swap. Typical man. He leaned forward a little over the table, allowing his hand to slip between the slit opening of my dress and land on my bare upper thigh. Our seats weren't really all that close so he had to lean over quite a bit, making it obvious to everyone what he was doing but he didn't seem to mind. For that matter, neither did anyone else. Even Camille seemed to be trying her best to be a team player.

"Feel good honey?" she teased her husband. Then she looked at me with a wild look in her eyes. "You know, not long ago had he done anything like that I would've slugged him!"

I smiled back. "Well to be honest, he's being quite the gentleman - at least so far."

With that I reached under the table and took his hand, pulling it up into my warm crotch. Keith responded immediately, pressing his finger into my slit through my thong. He was now leaning so far forward he was pressed against the table. Anyone looking would think was trying to reach his shoe or something as the table cloth hung low enough to conceal the true location of his hand.

"NOW he's not being so gentlemanly," I said with a sly grin. Keith then pressed his finger almost into me, or at least as far as he could stretch the fabric of my thong. "Make that VERY ungentlemanly!"

The way the others reacted made it more a game than anything sexy. I let him rub me a little more and then pushed his hand away. Keith sat up straight again, looking a little sheepish all of a sudden.

"He ever do that to you before?" I asked Camille.

She gave her husband a sharp look and sighed, "Not for a LONG time... back when we were dating he use to get quite frisky."

"Maybe next time you guys go out he might be again after tonight... won't you Keith," I said to him in a tone that expressed I meant that he WOULD, not that he MIGHT.

Steve was starting to get a little restless. He never was very patient with the preliminaries. Heck, I think if he had his choice we'd just meet at the hotel room and jump right in bed. Well, sometimes there's something to be said for that but I felt like this was helping Camille and Keith work their way into things.

"So tell me Keith, how did feel when you got back home and had time to think about this morning?" I asked. Steve glared at me, pissed off most likely that I was prolonging it even longer. Keith didn't seem to mind though as he glanced at Camille before turning back to me.

"Like I said earlier, it was pretty intense. In fact, I think it was maybe 50-50 as to whether or not we were going to call Linda and call the whole thing off."

I arched my eyebrows. "So what made up your minds to meet us tonight?" Again Keith looked at his wife before responding and then said, "To be honest, if it wasn't with you guys and then so soon afterwards, maybe we would have dropped out. We figured since we sort of got things started with you two, why not spend the night and see how that goes before making our final decision."

"So you really haven't made a final decision then?" I asked.

Keith shook his head while Camille let him do all the talking. "I hope that's OK with you guys?"

That was Steve's cue.

"Of course it is," he insisted, "So what do you say we go and get this started for real?"

Nobody protested so Steve signaled for the check. Within a few minutes we were heading back to the hotel for the second time in one day. We'd agreed that

Steve and I would go in first since we had the key and then Camille and Keith would follow a few minutes later so it wouldn't look like all four of us were entering the same room.

We were on the second floor so it's not like the elevator ride was all that long. I suppose we could have theoretically taken the stairs but anyone who would suggest such a thing has never worn four inch heels and a tight dress. Walking in a straight line is challenge enough! I once read a quote from a Hollywood actress that went something like this, "When I come home along the FIRST thing I take off is my shoes. When I come home with a man, the LAST thing I take off are my shoes." personally, I think she said it all.

Once in the room, true to that starlet's observation, the shoes remained on. Steve hung up my coat in the wardrobe closet with the tiny ironing board and built-in safe, along with his own jacket. Then he turned to me and put his wonderful arms around me to hug me tight and kiss me.

"What do you say we just leave the door locked and spend the night her by ourselves," he whispered huskily in my ear as he leaned down over me.

As much as I thought the idea had merit, I knew he was just trying to be romantic. There was no way he was going to actually DO that!

As we kissed he reached his right hung down to my hip and slip it under my dress through the slit side. I felt the palm of his hand cup my bare ass and squeeze it, then releasing me and roaming about my all but bare butt until he found my thong. Not that there was much to find.

"Damn, for a moment there I thought you'd changed your mind and gone commando tonight," he said in a low deep voice as he slipped his fingers under the thin material just at the top of my ass crack where it appeared, "You know, if this was any smaller you may as well not bother wearing one."

I giggled and replied, "Well, it's got a little more in the front and besides, that's sort of the whole idea anyway, keeping you guys guessing."

"God I love your ass," he groaned as his hand moved all over my butt, "It's like so... so perfect."

Steve was always going about my butt but I loved it when he did. He'd learned back when we were first dating that if he wanted something from me the best way was to compliment my ass over anything else, especially back then when there wasn't much about my body to compliment.

Where this might have gone was not to be found out though as there was a light knock on the door.

"Our partners have arrived," I whispered as he continued to play grab-ass, "Ummmmm, dear... let go of my ass and answer the door."

Begrudgingly his hand slipped from out of my dress and I quickly straightened myself out as he went to the door while I stayed standing in the center of the room waiting.

As someone once said... Let the games begin!

## 7. Swapping

Of course it was Keith and Camille although I guess there was always a possibility no matter how remote of it being a maid or other hotel staff. They were carrying their coats over their arms and Steve offered to help with Camille's while Keith hung up his own.

"I see you've got him trained well Kelly," Camille observed as she handed over her coat.

At least she didn't say I had him trained "good" which gave her a check mark in the "good" category. I guess I have found that people with decent grammar skills tend to have better skills in other things as well.

"Actually you can thank his mother for that," I answered back, "Later you can thank ME for what I taught him."

She acted a little uncertain at that one but quickly recovered her composure.

"So anyways... how does this usually work," Keith asked anxiously, "I mean do we just split up, undress, or what?"

I left this one to Steve.

"Actually there's no standard scenario," he started, "It's a little different with every couple which is why we like meeting with different people."

Keith nodded. He appeared to be loose and nonchalant but after watching him for less than two minutes I quickly got the impression it was all a big act on his part. Maybe it was to impress his wife but in any course, it didn't make a difference.

"I hope you don't mind me saying that this morning was a little intense," Keith reacted, "I think both of us felt a little rushed by Linda. Is she always that way?"

Oh the things I could tell him about my favorite aunt! "Could" being the operative word as I never would do it.

"Honestly I hate those interviews," Steve said. Oh what a liar! "They seem so artificial... almost like a porn movie or something like that."

Then he looked at me and I think he say the impatience in my eyes and knew it was time to get things moving.

"How about we do this...," Steve started anew and then paused briefly, "Some people like to do the all-together thing if you know what I mean. Kelly and I usually prefer to enjoy ourselves alone with the other couple."

Keith and Camille looked a little confused and I did myself. Yes, there separate beds but so far as I was concerned those didn't qualify for the intimacy trademark. Then we all got a surprise...

Steve walked over to the door in the sidewall, the one that interconnects hotel rooms like when you have a big family or a party to let people go between room without having to go out in the hallway and disturb people. He undid the bolt lock and opened the door. The door to the other room was open as well leading to a room that was essentially a mirror image of this one.

"So now Kelly and Keith can have their own room while Camille and I can have ours as well. I suggest we leave the doors shut but unlocked. Anybody have a preference in rooms?"

Once again my guys proved himself to be a wonderfully thoughtful husband. I had no idea when he had worked out the second room but I wasn't going to complain, that was for sure!

Meanwhile Keith and Camille seemed a little confused as well. I imagine that after the events of the morning they probably accepted that they would be doing it again under the same conditions as their first time which meant in view of the other while they each had sex with someone else. Now things were going to be much more intimate and private. Yes, it was exactly what I'd wanted but hopefully it would turn out that way for everyone else before it was over.

Keith and Camille whispered something between them and it was Camille that did the talking this time.

"Well, we really weren't expecting this to be honest. So you mean I will be spending the entire night alone with Steve?" she said slowly but firmly, "And the same goes for Keith and Kelly?"

Since she was talking now I figured it was my turn to contribute to the dialogue.

"Are you OK with that? After all, this IS supposed to be a swap, not a gangbang."

I asked the question while looking directly at Camille as I had the idea it was her with the doubts. After everything else today, it was a little late to say no to anything I would think.

Camille shrugged and stood a little straighter saying, "Well, let's give it a shot then. This is what you wanted, isn't it honey?"

Oh boy, now THAT was a warning sign if I ever saw one but thankfully Keith just smiled at her and took her hand and squeezed it.

"Well what are we waiting for?" Steve asked enthusiastically, "Let's get fucking!"

I winced a little at that one as it things still seemed a little delicate in the room but didn't say anything to bring any more attention to his words. Steve reached out for Camille's hand and escorted her into the other room, closing the door behind them.

"Well, I guess that leaves you and me," Keith observed, stating the obvious.

"How about I just take off this dress before it gets ruined and we can talk a little bit first," I offered.

"And me?" he asked before I had a chance to do anything.

"You look fine for the moment," I assured him, "Here... help me with the zipper."

I turned my back to him but I could still see the both of us in the mirror over the desk. His hands felt a little cold as he carefully undid the clasp and then worked the delicate zipper down slowly.

"You know for what they charge for women's clothing you would think they could make them a little easier to deal with," I commiserated with him as he struggled.

With it unzipped I carefully stepped out of it, leaving me with just my heels, thong and jewelry still on. The cool air in the room quickly brought my exposed nipples to their fully heightened state of arousal. I laid the dress carefully out over the back of the chair. I turned to him and saw his eyes involuntarily drop to my breasts which were now in plain view.

"Just sit and relax for a few," I prodded him and after he had, I took a seat sitting sideways on the edge of the bed with my right leg under me and my left leg up against his leg with my foot barely touching the floor for balance.

"You can put your arm around me," I said softly and then giggled, "After all we DID have sex about twelve hours ago, didn't we?"

That seemed to break the ice a little as he put his arm around me with his hand on my opposite hip.

"You know, we really haven't had a chance to just, well, you know, TALK," I started as I laid my left hand on the top of his leg on his pants. "Is there anything you want to ask me first before things get too heavy?"

At first he didn't say anything but I just kept quiet - an old lawyer's trick my dad had taught me. "Nature abhors silence," he'd told me long ago, "If you want someone to say something, then just sit and don't say a word. Sooner or later they will fill the room with words." My dad was always right about such things...

"Ok a couple of things," Keith blurted out, "I feel silly asking though.

"Awwwwww, nothing you ask me is silly."

"OK then... How many men have you had sex with?"

"Why does it matter?" I asked, stalling until I could figure out where he was coming from.

"I don't know," he said in more a mumble than a real voice, "Guess I'm just curious."

"Twelve," I answered lying through my teeth, "At least if you count full penetration."

That seemed to relieve him somewhat. I figure there are three reasons why men ask that question. First, the male ego thing. Guys want to be the "best she ever had" and that's not easy when she's fucked a couple of hundred other men before him. Second, concern over STDs as the more partners you have, the greater the odds. Then lastly, some guys just don't want to have sex with a slut. Sort of stupid I know, but that's been reason for a number of guys. Whatever Keith's reason, we were past that now.

"When did you start?"

I smiled and patted him on the thigh. "You first.. tell me when you lost yours."

Keith seemed a little less anxious to answer than he had been to ask but nonetheless he did.

"Seventeen, it was horrible. Neither of us knew what we were doing. I mean I didn't even really know for sure how to do it. Don't laugh - I didn't'! We never saw each other again after that."

Keith stiffened.

"Don't worry, I won't say anything to her, promise," I assured him, "Why else bring up all this stuff about the neighbors and such?"

He didn't say a word yet although his hand was back to massaging my boob again.

"You know Keith, it's only natural for a father to have such feelings for his daughter at her age. After all, you may be her father but you're still a man," I said as I moved my hand into his crotch and pressed my hand against his stiffening cock. Oh yeah, the big head might be reluctant to discuss all this but not so when it came to the little head.

"But it's incest... and Camille would cut off my nuts if she ever found out."

"Found out what?"

"It's not fair," he went on complaining as if he hadn't heard me, "She wears practically nothing around the house and her bikinis keep getting smaller in all the same places she's getting larger. And she knows it... I know damn well she does. Anytime she wants something she sits on my lap and grinds her cute little bubble butt on me and daddy caves in every time. I mean what the hell is a man SUPPOSE to feel? I'm not a eunuch for crying out loud."

"Here... let's try something," I told him as I quickly slipped my thong down my legs and over my heels. I crawled up on the bed naked except for my shoes and laid on my back down the center of the bed with my head propped up by two pillows. The comforter was still off from this morning so the cool sheets felt good against my nude body. Parting my legs just enough, I turned my head to him.

"Close your eyes Keith," I said softly. When he did I continued, "Now tell me what your favorite fantasy is about Emily... tell me what you like to think about most when you masturbate about her."

That last part was pushing a little as he hadn't ever actually admitted to jerking off about his daughter but I knew from past experience that making a statement as if it's fact often serves to confirm that it IS fact."

Keith sighed, maybe it qualified for a moan. "Oh my god... she's sleeping, wearing just a light cotton T-shirt that's too short to cover anything. I peek in her bedroom and see she's thrown off her covers and sheet and is lying there all but naked in the moonlight."

I had a pretty good idea where this was going so rather than waste time with the details I figured it would be best to go for the real thing.

then two fingers deep inside of me, using his thumb then to rub my clit as he "fucked" me with his fingers while I continued with his dick in my mouth.

"I want you," he said in a deep husky voice, "Oh god I want you so bad Emily."

"Then what are you waiting for daddy?" I finally spoke as he sat back which allowed his dick to slip from my mouth and allow me to speak again.

He didn't answer but instead slid off the edge of the bed and stood up. He then rapidly ripped off his clothes until he was naked in front of me. It's not like I hadn't seen him naked less than twelve hours before but there was something entirely different about the entire scene and atmosphere, something intensely erotic.

Had I done nothing I have no doubt the outcome would have been the same but I couldn't resist. Why not make it a moment he would never forget? I knew what he wanted to hear. The same words EVERY man wanted to hear from a girl but especially a father from his nubile young daughter...

"Fuck me daddy... I want you to fuck me now!"

He had his eyes open now but somehow I got the idea he was still looking at Emily. His eyes had the crazy faraway look you see in a man's eyes when he makes that transition from a normal man to a sexual entity. It was the same look I saw in my dad's eyes when we first started having sex and even still today, the same that I saw in my husband's eyes when we made love. It was almost frightening in its intensity, its animal-like ferociousness. When I see I know one thing for sure - he was going to fuck me and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it, even if for whatever unimaginable reason I wanted to do something.

Keith moved to the end of the bed and grabbed my ankles, one in each hand. Then in one strong pull he brought me down to the edge of the bed, spreading my legs apart and then pushing them back until they were almost against the side of my face.

"Your pussy is so beautiful baby," he moaned as he reached down to rub it while he stroked his erection. The he pressed the head up against me, not enough to penetrate me but just enough to let me feel it trying.

"Tell me you want this Emily... tell me what you want daddy to do to you."

Role-playing is not typically one of my strongest suits but in this case it was an incredible turn-on to pretend to be his daughter.

"Oh daddy, I love you.. Show me how much you love me. Give me your love daddy, give me it all."

"Oh yes baby, whatever you want," he said as the last part sounded more forced as he pressed forward, shoving his dick inside of me.

Granted, I'm sure Emily's pussy wouldn't have allowed him to slide in quite so easily but then it wasn't like I was exactly loose either. Even after having been sexually active for over fourteen years and granting access to hundreds of dicks, I like to think my pussy still holds up well in comparison to even a fifteen year-old. OK, so maybe I'm being a little overly egotistical but it's not like anyone's complained to me about it.

"Oh daddy... deeper," I moaned as I enjoyed the feel of him filling me.

At first he didn't say anything but instead he leaned into me and drove himself in until I felt the base of his dick pressing up against my ass. His pubic hair smashed up in between us, feeling like a soft hairbrush being run over my asshole. Then with his dick fully imbedded, he groaned out loud.

"Oh god Emily, I want to fuck you so bad!"

For the next hour or so I managed to keep changing positions and manipulating him before finally he couldn't hold out any longer. I was riding him cowgirl, facing him as his hands each held one of my boobs while I bounced on his dick. Then I felt him jerk under me and I knew what was happening.

"That's it daddy, cum in me," I encouraged him, "Give me your love... I want all your love for me."

He humped under me as I kept the pressure down on him, letting his splash his sperm deep inside of me each time I felt his hips push up against me. God he must have come a quart inside of me given the number of times he ejaculated!

When he finished, I stayed on top, letting my legs push out behind me as I leaned forward and laid on top of his chest. He kissed the top of my head and it was then I realized that he hadn't kissed me once the entire time. He hadn't even licked my pussy and if he was like 99% of the guys that fucked me, he wouldn't now that he'd cum in me. I just turned my head and laid down on top of him, distributing my weight so as not to crush him and feeling his arms around me as he hugged me.

"Did you like that daddy?" I asked softly.

"That was amazing!" he gasped, trying to catch his breath, "But you can call me Keith now."

I felt exhausted and now doubt he must have as well. As I laid there I felt his arms loosen and before long he started to snore a bit - nothing like a foghorn but still a bit annoying. Then again I don't know of many guys who don't, even those in their twenties, especially after a long round of sex.

Somewhere along the line I must have fallen asleep as when I opened my eyes I realized that I must have slipped off the side of him and was now laying against him with one arm and leg draped on top. Keith was sound asleep and I saw his dick was laying flaccid to one side, barely even visible from this vantage point. It was just too tempting to ignore!

One of the things I love about dicks is their independence. It's no wonder they are referred to as the "little head". Still, I would say that only applies in terms of physical size. If you were going to base it on the amount of influence it exerts over a man in comparison to his so-called "big head", we'd be swapping those names around without question.

What I'm referring to is the reaction I was getting as I gently stroked his cock as Keith slept soundly away oblivious to what I was doing. Even though he was practically unconscious, his dick still responded to my ministrations. When it started to harden, I gently got up enough to move down to his crotch and took him in my mouth. Mmmmmmm, he still smelled and tasted like me!

Slowly his dick hardened in my mouth, a sensation that REALLY turns me on. I love the way it extends further and further into my mouth and gradually fills me up as his dick lengthens and expands. Keith wasn't exactly huge so I didn't have to worry about deep-throating him per se but he DID fill me up satisfactorily when taking in to account his width.

As he got fully erect, I played gently with his hairy balls as I licked his cock up and down the sides and then played with the tip of his dick using my tongue only. All the while he never hardly so much as moved a muscle! Just when I thought I might get him to cum without waking up, I heard him groan and his hands moved up to grab my head, more of an exploratory move than anything else.

"What the heck...?" he started to say when his eyes focused and the fog cleared from his "big" head enough to let home figure out what was happening to him.

"God, you never get enough, do you?"

I lifted my head to smile at him and licked my lips. "Are you complaining?"

At that his eyes widened and he vigorously shook his head.

"Hell no!" he said emphatically, letting his hands drop to his sides.

"You're going to fuck me again Keith, right now," I said with not even a hint of uncertainty.

"Damn.... What time is it?" he said, his head evidently not in full gear yet.

"What difference does it make?" I chastised him, "I need to be fucked and you're going to do it. And this time you're fucking ME, not your daughter."

I didn't so much yell at him or try to be overly stern, but I wanted him to know he didn't really have a say in the matter and it was MY turn to be satisfied.

Actually, I didn't have any idea what time it was. The clock on the nightstand was turned such that I couldn't see the face and the heavy curtains were closed such that I wasn't even sure if it was dawn yet. For all I knew it might have been only a short time since we fell asleep or it could be almost time to meet back up with our spouses. Oh well, even if the latter were the case, they would just have to wait.

We were both nude with the covers thrown off, with the only light coming from the bathroom where the light had been left on by one of us. Still it was more than sufficient to see by and even if it had been dark I don't think it would've mattered anyway. Keith rolled over and pushed me on my back, pushing the length of his nude body against mine. His dick was already erect and I could feel it pressing in to my hip as he scooted in closer. He started to suck on my nipples but I was too horny to play around with that.

"Eat my pussy this time," I told him, "Let's see if you can make me cum."

What I didn't add was that of he ever going to bring me to an orgasm it would be now. True, too many men don't have a clue what to do when their face is between a girl's thighs but as horny as I was at the moment if he couldn't then there was something seriously wrong!

Keith got between my legs and put his hands under my thighs just above my knees. Then he lifted my up and back so my ass was off the bed and my pussy was open and available without having to get down to the level of the bed. His tongues reached out and I shivered as I felt it run up between my pussy lips and then over my clit which was already swollen and ready to go.

"That's it Keith, suck on it gently... not as hard as you were with my nipples... use your tongue more," I instructed him. "Oh yeah... right THERE!" I cried out as his tongue caressed my clit perfectly. His lips surrounded it and his tongue dashed all over, twirling and lapping on my hyper-sensitive clit.

"Oh god YES!" I moaned as I felt first one finger and then a second penetrate my pussy as he continued to slobber all over my pussy.

Keith looked up at me and grinned, his face glistening in the soft light with the wetness of my pussy. "Damn, I LOVE you being shaved," he said quickly as he caught his breath, "No hair in my teeth!"

I playfully smacked him on top of his head and he resumed his earlier position. When he would go off course I'd correct him and the longer he went on the more I found myself enjoying him.

I felt my orgasm rising and put my hands on top of his head and pushed down on it crying, "Don't stop... don't you DARE stop now!"

God it felt so good! Exactly what I'd woke up and found myself craving. I'm sure everyone has this moments when it's like you can't think of anything except sex and you'd do just about anything to have it.

Finally I just laid back with my head on the pillow, my legs being held up entirely by Keith as I just collapsed. Keith lifted his head out of my crotch with a big grin on his face.

"So did I do good teacher?" he asked like a young boy. For a moment I felt a bit of a jolt. Just how the heck did he know I was a teacher? There are some things I never put on profiles on adult sites - one of them that I am a teacher. Too many bad things can happen when people know that. Then I realized he was just teasing me for giving him so many instructions.

"Not bad for a new student," I teased him back.

"Did you cum?" he asked.

Like duh? If that wasn't an orgasm than I don't know what was. I nodded and he seemed to be happy with his accomplishment.

"So NOW can I fuck you?" he sighed, lowering my legs down but remaining kneeling between them.

I laughed and answered, "Why aren't you in me already?"

He grinned broadly and reached down to grab me under my ass. Then he lifted me up and pulled me into his thighs as he remained kneeling. I felt his stiff dick immediately press against me as he got me in tight up against him. My arms were outspread to balance myself as he maneuvered his cock until he literally popped inside of me!

"Damn you're so much tighter than Camille," he grunted as he pushed himself in deeper. I suppose not having pushed a couple of babies through mine gave me an advantage that no mother could overcome but I accepted the compliment without saying anything about that.

"Well Keith, my advice to you is to masturbate about Emily but other than that, stick to swapping. You seem to have gotten though this one pretty well."

Keith mumbled something and then said, "Guess I'm a little worried about Camille. I hope everything went well for her with your husband."

"His name's Steve," I reminded him as I gently tugged on his "leash".

"Sorry, Steve then," he apologized.

"She hasn't come rushing back in her so I would take that as a good sign," I observed.

Keith turned onto his back and stared at the ceiling.

"How do you deal with it Kelly?" he asked with a sigh.

"Deal with what?"

"Jealousy, worrying about comparisons, you know... that sort of stuff."

"Awwwwww... so you're worried that Camille will start comparing you to other men," I observed.

"Well... yeah, he said so low I could barely hear him, "I mean look at me... my penis is smaller than Steve's... actually smaller than most men I would say. I could lose more than a few pounds, my hair on the top of my head is disappearing and reappearing in all sorts of places elsewhere. I haven't had the experience of guys like Steve. What if Camille isn't happy with me anymore?"

I reached over and grabbed his dick again. I guess I just enjoy holding dicks, what can I say?

"If anything I think it makes our marriage even stronger," I answered him, "Sure I get laid by guys who are so-called 'better' than Steve in some ways but Steve is my husband and the only man I love and truly care about. It makes me feel secure to know that he trusts me enough to be with other men and still want him afterwards. It's sort of the same for me. I know Steve has sex with other partners much more erotic than me but when it's over it's me he comes home to. Doesn't that say something?"

He seemed to be digesting what I'd said so far so I continued saying, "Today when you go home, you will have the best sex of your marriage, trust me. If you think of me, so what? You're going to be making love to your own wife and that's what matters."

Mmmmmmm, his dick was actually getting hard again! I wondered when the last time he managed so many erections in such a short time.

"So tell me Keith, how does it feel to be with a woman other than your wife?"

Keith couldn't help but look down where I was stroking his dick which was gradually stiffening again.

"It still all seems a little crazy to be honest. I mean, 24 hours ago I'd hadn't been with anyone but Camille since we started dating and now..."

I smiled at him and put my head against his chest. "So do you like me stroking you like this? Does Camille do this to you in the morning?"

Keith grinned at that one. "Actually I have to admit Camille takes pretty good care of me. I've never been one of those guys bitching that my wife wouldn't blow me after she got the ring. Hell, if anything she's more into oral sex now than she ever has been."

I tried to suppress a giggle. Odds were his wife's increased "interest" in oral sex was more lie compensation for his lessening abilities as they got older. Still, I was impressed. It wasn't often that a man in his position admitted that his wife was good in bed, especially when it came to oral sex.

"Don't get me wrong though," he chuckled, "You give the best head of any girl I've ever known. Damn, I'd let you suck me as long as you wanted."

Sounded like an invitation to me! I moved down to his hairy crotch which now smelled deeply of sex and sweat. Keith groaned as my mouth engulfed his rowing erection.

Just then the door opened between our rooms and Camille popped her head in.

"You guys decent?" she called out.

Both Keith and I laughed but I answered saying, "No, there hasn't been anything decent in this room all night!"

That seemed to get everyone chuckling and in she walked with my husband right behind her. It was sort of funny in that she was wearing a bathrobe but Steve was naked of course. Camille turned on the lamp and saw her husband lying on his back with my mouth surrounding his now stiff dick.

"Oh, I thought you'd be done by now," she said shyly.

Keith didn't seem to know what to say so I dropped his dick from my mouth, smiled and answered for us both. "Nahhhhh, I just enjoy holding his dick. Trust me, it's had quite a workout."

I could have sworn Camille blushed but it was too dim to tell for sure.

"Well, his wasn't the only one," Steve said as he opened his mouth for the first time since entering.

"Oh Steve, you naughty boy," Camille teased him - or at least I assumed she was teasing. Then again I remembered Keith's proud statements about his wife's cock sucking abilities.

"So what do you guys think... breakfast in the restaurant or breakfast in bed?" Steve proposed.

Keith started asking something about room service menus but his wife had my husband figured out better than that.

"He wasn't talking about eating FOOD in bed, Keith," she said sarcastically.

Poor Keith, now it was his turn to look embarrassed so I decided to help things along.

"You know, for your first swap this has been pretty intense. I don't know about the rest of you but I'm starved... for eggs and bacon that is."

With two rooms we have two bathrooms and we ended up as couples again when it came time to split up between them. It's not like we debated it or even discussed it, it just happened.

As I showered Steve was peppering me with questions about the night. It was like he wanted to know every detail. Well, he was going to have to wait until we got back home to hear all that as we made love in our own bed.

As I had told Keith, one of the great things about swapping was the incredible sex after returning back home. I had the idea that today was going to be an even more special event!

# (Apr 13) Chapter 260: Celebrating a Milestone

Story codes: MF MFF oral inc cousins aunt niece
Me (28)
Steve - my husband (29)
Marlene - Steve's mom (48)
Aunt Linda (45)
Kristen - cousin (25)
Beth - my BFF (28)

It's the birthday milestone everyone dreads - the big 3-0. Yes, my husband was turning 30 which officially moves him into the "middle-age" bracket, no longer a "twenty-something" and yet another step removed from his teenage years. While for some people such a day is marked with dark humor and black balloons, I chose to celebrate my husband's transition in a way he wouldn't forget!

## 1. Getting Old?

There was a time, not that long ago it seems, when anyone over the age of 29 was OLD. I recently celebrated my 28th birthday so that barrier is beginning to loom closer but I still have one more birthday before having to deal with THAT trauma. However, my husband wasn't so fortunate this year. Yep, my dearest darling Steve was turning thirty! While on the other hand it was easy to laugh at his sad predicament, on the other it also served as a sharp reminder of what someone once told me. "I don't mind being a grandfather. No, it's being married to a grandmother that makes me feel old."

On the positive side, I've always preferred older married men when it comes to what some people might call "recreational" sex which in the past meant having to go out and find one. Well, now I had one at my beck and call every day of the week! As you might imagine, Steve was NOT the least bit amused when I made this observation to him.

Actually for an old man Steve was taking things rather well - a LOT better than I probably will when my time comes. Heck, I can still remember back when I turned twenty. Like, I moped and sulked for the entire week leading up to that terrifying birthday. The mere thought that I would soon no longer be a teenager and was becoming an "adult" in the eyes of the world was enough to bring tears to my eyes.

Indeed, it wasn't my fertile imagination either. Once I started listed my age starting with a "2" I immediately noticed a difference even in the letters and chats I had with people. For one, the number of chat requests dropped off significantly. I guess guys aren't as turned on sharing their fantasies and desires with an "older" girl. I guess I could've lied about my age but by then I had so much already posted in my diary that people knew my correct age so I would've had to start all over again with a whole new persona - a concept I'd abandoned years earlier. If there was one thing I learned early on, being a fake (or at least a convincing one) wasn't all that easy. I found that it was pain to maintain a lie for any length of time, practically impossible for that matter,.

One good thing about my wonderful husband is that even though he's getting older he hasn't allowed himself to gain weight or become less active. Granted, his job requires him to work out and maintain his stamina but still, frankly some of his friends haven't been so diligent, Seeing their expanding waist lines just makes me appreciate my husband all the more.

At the same time I took great pride that I was still at my wedding weight over a year and a half later (Well, within a couple of pounds). The last thing I wanted was for Steve to be with another woman and complain to her about how his wife had let herself go once she got the ring.

Another checkmark on the plus side was that keeping trim also made him look a few years younger than most guys his age. Knowing how much I appreciate his efforts, I've done the same and I'm proud to say I'm within a few pounds of my weight on my wedding day!

Thanks to the unrelenting commercials, for many guys the biggest source of anxiety when crossing the thirty-something milestone is performance. By that, in case you didn't already figure it out, I mean sexual performance. God, I remember back when we first dated and he could go practically all night and never lose his erection, or at least keep it long enough that I was more than satisfied myself. OK, so Steve may not be sixteen anymore but he still does pretty well. I can usually get him hard again rather quickly after the first time while the third time usually takes a little more diligence on my part. Fortunately sucking a guy's soft dick until it grows into a stiff rod really turns me on so there's an added benefit in it as well for me.

In the end, a birthday really is just another day but that didn't mean I couldn't use it as an excuse to plan something fun for my husband!

## 2. Brainstorming With My Cousin

Talk about being stuck! Dang it anyways, I really had no freakin' idea what to get my perfect husband for his thirtieth birthday. Steve was so good to me and so I wanted it to be something uplifting and memorable, nothing that made fun of him or otherwise embarrassed him. It was the memorable criteria that had me stumped. I've done so many things for him in the past that were pretty amazing (if I say so myself), what could I do that would put this occasion at the top of the list?

In talking to as many horny and lonesome men as I do on-line, over the years I've acquired a pretty good idea of what men fantasize about and desire. For 99% of the guys, that's all it ever is - fantasy. Still, they give me lots of ideas, some of which I've already done with Steve.

So what were some of the options I considered based on the most prolific and crazy fantasies that men tell me?

## - Mother-Daughter Threesome

The general threesome category is probably one of the most fantasized about events for all men but having a mother and her daughter at the same time seems to be the ultimate combination, even more than sisters although twins seems to do pretty well. Well, Steve's already had me and my mom so it wouldn't be anything new for him. There was also the problem of my mom being thousands of miles away.

## - Mother-in-Law

This of course completely depends on how attractive his wife's mom is unless the guy's really into some wacky stuff. For most guys I think it's more about the naughtiness and taboo than the actual sex as almost invariably they say they want to do it behind their wife's back. Again, Steve has had sex with my mom a number of times - starting the morning of our wedding while my dad was doing me for the last time as a single daughter. So even if my mom WAS available it wouldn't be something new for him. Still, it's not like he wouldn't jump at the chance! Indeed, sometimes I think my mom is his favorite woman to have sex with (except for me of course). Just goes to prove what I always say - sex is 80% mental and only 20% physical.

## - Wife Swapping

This was one of the first things Steve changed about me after we got married so I know it's something he really desires. before then I'd always assumed that once I got married that I would be faithful to my husband and never commit adultery. Well, I may have had to modify my definition of adultery somewhat in order to submit to my husband's needs, but I can't say I don't enjoy it as well. It's something we generally do about once a month so bringing in another couple on his birthday wouldn't be special. Fun yes, but not special.

## - Watching Another Man Fuck His Wife

Now THIS is definitely a guy thing. I don't know another woman who says she really enjoys watching her husband having sex with someone else unless it's incestual. Not saying that women are jealous or wish their hubby wouldn't, it's just that they don't get off on it the way men seem to when it comes to seeing their wife with another man. Steve absolutely LOVES watching me getting fucked by other men - the more the better. Given I about as exhibitionist as they come I love pleasing him! Still, it's too common for it to be a consideration for his birthday.

## – Committing Adultery

By this I mean having sex with someone not in your family behind your spouse's back. Even then, adultery isn't necessarily committed by having sex with a woman outside of your marriage family. No, it's doing it without the consent and approval of your spouse that pushes it over the line into adultery. Given that Steve knows he has my full approval and agreement for him to indulge himself at any time with any woman this simply isn't an option for his birthday.

## – Public Sex

This is one area where Steve and I are pretty much on the same page. We both love sex in public places but the idea is not to have people watch us – that gets you into trouble. Rather we like situations where people COULD see us if they knew where to look and when but as it is, they have no idea what happening right under their noses. A simple example would be me sitting on his lap in a park at a picnic table with his dick inside of me but my dress hiding it from view. One time I especially remember was being fucked in a lake right in the middle of the family swimming area with kids and their parents all around but without any idea what Steve was doing to me from behind as I leaned over a float. This was actually my first choice for a while as the possibilities are almost endless and I was sure I could come up with something daring.

So as you can see, this wasn't an easy decision. In the end it was my slutty cousin who helped me out. If you knew my cousin Kristen or have read about her and me in my diary then that shouldn't be a surprise. After earning a remarkable sum of money as a high-end prostitute over the course of just a few years, Kristen also had a wealth of experience now to draw on. Although she "retired" from the business a couple of years ago to join her mom in the realty business, she still used her "talents" at times when a client needed an extra "incentive" to close a deal. Speaking of which, it was also a great time to put into practice the mother-daughter fantasy I mentioned earlier.

It was now just a couple of weeks before Steve's birthday, about a week or so since our last swap, and I was panicking. What was I going to do? Time was running out fast. Kristen was over in our apartment visiting me while Steve was at work. It had been a while since we'd gotten together as between my teaching career and her property sales our schedules never seemed to mesh much anymore. Actually it was HER schedule that was usually the constraint. It seemed crazy to me the hours she had to put in sometimes to satisfy her demanding clients, especially the ones who demanded a "special incentive" to sign the bottom line.

Sitting across from em at the kitchen table, Kristen was telling me about her latest sale to a single guy in his mid-forties, some high-powered executive married to his job. He was being transferred to the Pittsburgh area from Boston and loved the housing prices in the area compared to where he was coming from. Indeed, he was looking at quite an upgrade! The commission from the sale would be quite substantial and even though my Aunt Linda and Kristen had to split it between them, they were both looking at making more from one house sale than I would in a year at my teaching position.

"Yeah, it pays almost as good as hooking," she giggled when I pointed that out to her, "and without all the drama."

"So let me guess... he wanted you both?" I asked but I already knew the answer.

As I knew she would, Kristen nodded. "Yeah. At first he was pushing my mom pretty hard, even had her blowing him at each home she showed him. He's pretty arrogant actually. Then he started backing off and threatening to use another agency so she called me in."

I couldn't help but roll my eyes. I wondered what their national agency would say if they knew the lengths to which my aunt was willing to go for a sale?

Apparently the offer of a mother-daughter threesome (see my reference above when it comes to the priorities of male fantasies) was what he was driving for. The home he was looking to buy still had furniture in it from the previous owners to help out the sale. I doubt they expected it to be used for what my aunt and cousin had in store for their client!

"So what do you have planned for Steve's birthday?" Kristen asked, "This is the big one, isn't it?"

I couldn't help but laugh and nodded. I explained to her my dilemma and for a few moments she just put her hand to her mouth and got that thoughtful look on her face she gets whenever concentrating on something. Kristen may have inherited her mom's youthful looks and love of sex but when it came to what was in her pretty head, let's just say when God was handing out brains Kristen was taking a nap. Still, while her schoolwork may have been dismal, if there was one thing she excelled at it would have to be dreaming up new and different sexual ideas. It was probably one of the reasons she was so successful as a whore.

"What if we role-played that he was buying a house but was VERY demanding buyer?" she offered.

She started to expand on her idea but I put my hand to stop her saying, "He's already fucked you both together so that wouldn't be anything new. Maybe doing it in a stranger's house would help though..."

My voice trailed off as I tried to imagine the possibilities. Yeah, there was a little hope but it didn't immediately set off fireworks so I knew it wasn't the answer I was looking for.

Kristen got up from the kitchen table chair she was sitting on and moved over behind me. She put her hands on my shoulders and started to rub them. Mmmmmmm, felt so good!

"You know cuz, I know a way we could be better inspired," she said in a soft tone as her hands worked their way down my front until she was cupping my firm boobs through my tight tank top.

I probably should've stopped her as it was obvious where she was heading with this. Then again, why? It wasn't like I had anything better to do at the moment and it had been like ages since she and I had gotten it on with one another. When we were teenagers in high school it seemed like we were always doing something or another, usually with other boys but a lot of the time it was just the two of us.

"OK then, let's go to my bedroom," I said, starting to get up from my chair.

Kristen had other ideas as she quickly pushed down on my shoulders to keep me seated.

"What's wrong with right here?" she said with a smirk, "God, you're becoming so domesticated!"

THAT hit the mark. Wow, maybe I was! Come to think of it, I DID seem to do a lot more in my bed lately than around the house.

Kristen pulled down her jeans - I couldn't help but notice the lack of panties but I would have been surprised had there been a pair on her. I mean like I don't even think she OWNS a pair if you didn't count the sexy ones she wore for teasing. With her bottom bared my horny cousin sat down in the chair next to me, lifting one leg up and resting it on the table while the other was at her side with her foot on the floor for balance. Now with her bare pussy was there right in front of me I felt a smile automatically come to my face as I recalled how it felt to put my face between those perfect smooth legs.

"Well, are you just gonna watch or what?" she teased me as she started to slowly rub her pussy.

I was just wearing my tank top so it wasn't like I needed to undress further. Typically I wear something a little longer around the house so when I sit down my bare ass isn't directly on the furniture for no other reason than good hygiene. Well today's nice weather was enough of an excuse to go with just a short tank. If nothing else the cool wood of our kitchen chairs felt good against my bare butt.

Keeping my eyes between her legs I scooted myself up until my butt was at the front edge of my chair and then leaned back with my legs spread obscenely wide apart. With my cousin already in full masturbation mode I didn't need any more encouragement so my hand went straight for my crotch. God, I was already soaking wet!

"Mmmmmmm, you look hot like that," Kristen asked me with a mischievous grin, "Remember back when we first did this together?"

Like duh, how could I ever forget? We were playing around in the hayloft at my grandparents farm and one thing led to another. Back then we were too intimidated to touch each other so each of us just watched one another. No matter as at the time it was the most erotic moments of my life. I'd never watched anyone else masturbate before other than my parents and then it wasn't like they put on a show for me the way my cousin was. Similarly, my parents had seen my doing myself countless times but in the same way it was more they happened to see me, not that I sat in a chair opposite my dad and spread my legs for him to watch me. That time in the hayloft led to many more such encounters which became much more intimate but I'll never forget our first time.

As we both masturbated, more or less quietly although we each let out the occasional gasp or loud breath when things were feeling especially good, I couldn't tear my eyes off my pretty cousin. God she was so much more than pretty – she was hot! Little wonder she was the school slut having dethroning me once she moved up into high school. Even though Kristen was married now, you would never know it as she behaved the same as she ever did before her rather odd marriage.

For a moment I started to lean forward, tempted by the beautiful woman in front of me who was so obviously enjoying herself yet not the least bit intimidated at having her older cousin watch. Then again it's not she ever was shy. A cutie since she was a young girl, she knew exactly what she had to offer and she worked it like the pro she was. Her motto was more or less along the lines of why be shy when you can use what you have to get almost anything you want?

As much as I would've loved to kneel between those shapely legs and kiss what appeared to be a freshly shaved pussy right there in front of me, I held myself in check, trying to enjoy the moment as it brought so many memories back, flooding me with erotic thoughts and sexual feelings. Back then when we were in that dusty hay loft it was the first time I saw masturbation as something sexual between two people. Before then it was always a personal, private affair. Well, personal and private in that I didn't openly invite anyone to help out or watch. You don't have to lock yourself in your bedroom to make something private. It's all in the way everyone involved handles the situation.

My thoughts were interrupted as Kristen started to orgasm, her breathing becoming fast and shallow as she moaned and closed her eyes tightly. I wondered what she was imagining in her mind as came? Was it about her husband or was she fantasizing about another man? For that matter, maybe another woman? Was it just one person or a group or even an audience? God only knows what experiences she has stored in that cute head of hers. Sure she's shared many of them with me but sometimes I get the distinct feeling that she doesn't tell me everything.

A smile came to my face as I rubbed my wet and swollen clit slowly, enjoying the demonstration of sexual lust in front of me. OK, even though she had cum first it wasn't like we were having a contest or anything like that. I guess maybe someone should have told Kristen though. Wow, how many times over the year had we competed to see who could cum the fastest? I mean like it was an honor system but then again, I was pretty good at recognizing the real thing when it came to Kristen and even her mom. I think I "won" the majority of the time and actually we hadn't had a true contest in years. In this case I hadn't really tried to beat her to the punch but rather was happy to see her enjoy herself in such a close and personal time.

God my pussy was so incredibly wet and sensitive! It was like my clit had grown into a massive erection of its own and damn, talk about being hyper-sensitive! I could easily slip one and then two fingers inside of me but generally I preferred to rub the outside and my clit. Typically I would only push a finger in to get it wet so I could lubricate the rest of me. That is, if I was by myself. If a guy was watching then it was just the opposite with at least one finger buried in my pussy .

Oh yeah, now THIS was the way to spend the afternoon! I closed my eyes tightly and dreamed of my sexy husband. I tried to remember the very first time we had sex, how it felt when he first entered me. Then it hit me. Wow, at the time I was only half the age I am now! I remembered how at the time how insecure I was about my immature body. It seemed all the other girls my age were into real bras while I barely qualified for a trainer. Then to have a junior boy want to fuck me for the first time, and one of the hunkiest guys in school at that, well it was like a dream come true!

I felt a shiver run through me as my pussy responded to my touch as I thought about of how it felt the first time his dick forced its way inside. Although I did play with some of my mom's dildos before then, I was always careful not to get too carried away and ruin myself for my first guy. So while it stung (to put it mildly) when Steve's erection tore through my hymen, it wasn't a totally foreign experience either.

With my eyes still closed tightly and my mind so focused on my memories as I fingered my wet pussy, I guess it was little wonder that I never noticed my cousin as she got from her chair and knelt before me. Well, maybe not that but there was no denying she got my attention when her tongue reached out to lick me!

"Oh God!" I gasped as I looked down to see her blonde head between my thighs.

Kristen put her hands on my hips, working them under my bare butt as she nuzzled her nose against my clit. In doing so it seemed to give her better balance as she pushed her face into me, driving her tongue into my pussy as far as she could and wiggling it inside of me like a squirming worm.

As I moaned loudly but she didn't say a word, keeping her lips and tongue on me the entire time. Oh my God she knew how to lick pussy!

"I cumming!" I tried to cry out but it ended up more a whimper as my orgasm took my breath away. I felt myself gushing onto her face, covering her with my cum as she eagerly licked it up.

"Bring back some old memories?" she finally said with a naughty grin once my orgasm had peaked and started to fade.

My cousin leaned back on her heels, running her hands over the inside of my thighs as I reached down to cup my crotch with mine. Damn, I felt like a furnace - a soaking wet furnace!

Memories? I wasn't quite sure what she meant. Actually as often as we masturbated together during high school, we never actually DID anything together. In fact, I didn't have any sexual contact with a girl until I was sixteen. It was shortly after my dad started fucking me that me and my mom became intimate. She was the first girl to lick me and hers was the first pussy I tasted other than my own. Soon after that her sister became number two. Then it wasn't until I went to college that I met my lesbian roommate (well, lesbian at the time which changed when it came to her brother later on - in no small part thanks to me).

While we masturbated a lot together, Kristen and I didn't have sex until the summer after my freshman year. It wasn't until the 4th of July that I even learned my dad had been doing her almost from the day after I left for college, sort of acting as a substitute for me being gone. After watching the and my dad, it was during the ensuing family "orgy" (I hate using that word for it but it gets the point across) that I first tasted Kristen.

So back to memories... was she referring to the first time Steve ate me out? Maybe when my dad did? Maybe she WAS referring to our first time together while my parents and her mom watched. Not being entirely sure, I chose to dodge the question.

"God you really know how to make me cum so hard," I complimented her.

Kristen just gave me her patented naughty girl smile in return saying, "Well you know what they say... practice makes perfect."

I was feeling hot and sweaty, not to mention incredibly horny. Kristen pretty much looked the same as she stood up and used one of the kitchen towels to wipe off her face and pussy. I smiled to myself wondering if I should toss it in the laundry later or leave it for Steve to discover. THAT decision could be made later. For now I had bigger questions to be answered...

With that out of our systems (or at least partially satiated - can you EVER masturbate too much?), we got down to business and started throwing out ideas for Steve's big birthday that was looming closer every day. Of course her initial thoughts were insane and totally unworkable but it got the ideas rolling. One thing I rejected totally was anything to do with other families or his other dealings with young girls that were being facilitated by Kristen and her mom. It was one thing for me to look the other way when he went off with them under normal circumstances but I wasn't going to base my party for him on such things.

She DID have some good ideas but for one reason or another I had to drop them, most simply because of the impossible logistics. There was also the issue that Steve might rationalize to himself that he is OK with me and my dad having sex, he would be furious with me if I included my dad in any "special" events for his birthday. I tried to explain this to Kristen for what must have been the hundredth time but it was like she never could quite grasp the concept. To be perfectly fair to my airhead cousin, I also had a difficult time trying to figure out why a man who LOVES to watch his wife being fucked by other men can be so freaked out when the other man is her father - especially when I see how many men chat with me on line and seem to get off from wishing they could watch!

I also had to weed out anything involving his mother. This was something Kristen was constantly pestering me about, her mother as well. Both of them thought it was simply crazy that Steve could be fooling around so much with his mother yet drew a line at actual physical contact or sex. Indeed, if it was up to them I think they would've invited them both over, blindfolded them and then had them do it without knowing who the other was until it was too late.

Well, I could never do that to my husband. As crazy as it made me to watch them cuddle, kiss and grope one another, I also respected their unspoken agreement that the hands never went under the clothes and nudity while playing together was out of bounds. Still, I have to admit that if I COULD have figured out a means to convince his mother to let him fuck her on his 30th birthday it would've been as much as present for me as for him.

While I hate to admit it, in the end we came to the conclusion that a safer route would be the best. A third decade birthday party only comes once in your life and there was no sense taking any more risk than necessary that it might implode.

Besides, while none of our plans was exactly original, the way we choreographed the day promised to make it a birthday he would never forget. It just went to show that you can use several "been there, done that" ideas and come up with an original composition.

## 3. An Intimate Beginning

Finally the day arrived... Saturday, April 13, 2013. It was thirty years ago that my Steve had emerged from his mother's womb. Who would have ever imagined the path he would take over the next thirty laps around the sun? Until our marriage I'd only been a part of that journey but now our lives moved in sync. Although less than half his life had been spent in contact with me, if I had anything to say about it that percentage would increase every year until the day we left this earth. When we said our wedding vows we included the traditional, "till death do us part" and I meant it when I swore it before God and our families.

Poor Steve had been working the evening shift all the past week so he wouldn't get home until well after midnight. As was usually the case, he arrived home horny so it wasn't until almost 3:00 AM that we finally went to bed AND fell asleep. Although I didn't even hint at what I was thinking, when my man erupted deep inside of me I couldn't help but wonder if he should've been saving it up for the events to follow before the day was over. It wasn't like I could say anything as that would've spoiled my surprise and besides, it wasn't like his hairy balls didn't seem to be able to produce a ridiculous amount of sperm in a short time. To be sure not quite what seemed at times like gallons when he was a teenager but it was still more than enough for me.

As tired as he'd been when he got home, not to mention the ferocity of which he'd just fucked me, it was little wonder that my perfect man fell asleep almost instantly once he'd shot his load up in my pussy. At the time I was riding him cowgirl, facing him so he could play with my boobs as I rode his wonderful dick.

Resting now with my weight on his crotch, I loved the intimacy of feeling him still inside of me as he laid there under me sound asleep. Oh wow, he looked so handsome and content!!! My heart felt like it would leap from my chest as I squeezed my pussy down on his spent cock. God I was so lucky to have him as my husband. Who else could love me as much as he did. Sure my father loved me but then I was his daughter so he basically didn't have any other options. I don't mean diminish what he does to me - indeed, how many fathers demonstrate their love to their daughter so intimately and deeply as my father did to me when he fucked me? What I'm trying to say is that Steve didn't HAVE to love me and fuck me like a father does his daughter. No, he did because he wanted to have sex with me more than with any other girl in the world. Now if that's not romantic than what is?

Finally my own exhaustion won out and I leaned forward, laying on my husband's hairy chest with his dick barely in me as I fell asleep. It was one of my favorite things to do with my husband, followed closely by waking up to feeling him already in me (NOT all that easy to do as he usually finds out, LOL).

When I awoke the room was bright with the sun shining through the window. Steve was still sound asleep which didn't surprise me in the least. Sometime during the night I must have rolled off of him as I awoke with my back pressed against his side. My first instinct was to wiggle my bottom against him and I was rewarded with the feel of his hip against my butt. Another time and I might have considered rolling over and enjoying a morning snack but there were too many things on the agenda.

Steve didn't even twitch as I carefully slipped out of bed and headed quickly for the bathroom. God, I had to pee so bad! Once that urgent need had been addressed it was shower time followed by my usual battle of the hair. God I envy those girls with the curls and perfect hair! These days I was wearing it a little shorter than was typical for me in the past which helped a little as it didn't look so straight as when it was longer. Still, was LITTLE natural curl really too much to ask for?

Everything Kristen and I had been planned was to take place at my dad's place so there wasn't anything I needed to do around our house. Actually Kristen and I had debated endlessly as to where to do it. I definitely didn't want it in our apartment as that would have been impossible to conceal. With Kristen being married now and living with her husband, that pretty much ruled out her place as her husband wasn't included in the plans for the day. If there was one thing Steve was not it was gay. Even when he fucked me with other guys it was like watching a dance to see him make sure his cock never touched another one.

I suppose we could've gone off to a hotel or B&B but those have their problems too when it comes to this sort of thing, especially when it comes to noise and privacy. It's one thing to sneak in a quickie alone in a hotel hot tub, quite another to do it multiple times with other people watching.

That left us with just one logical place - my dad's house. I call it his because he'd bought out my mom's share as part of the divorce settlement so now it was all his - lock, stock and barrel. Well, in a manner of speaking it was his AND my Aunt Linda's home but since she was only living in sin with him it didn't seem quite fair to credit it to her as well.

For once I was glad that my dad was going to be spending the day at the office. It seemed back when I was growing up that he worked six days a week as a norm with the seventh day being optional as more often than not he spent part of the day at work after church. At least with him gone for the day the place was ours to do with as we wanted and I didn't have to worry about Steve's silly quirks about me and my dad having sex.

Feeling nervous, I was tempted to give my aunt a call to make sure everything was ready but as I started to touch the numbers on my iPhone I changed my mind and pressed the red END. My Aunt Linda was about twenty years older than me so who was I to be calling her to check on her? As a realtor she was pretty organized and to be fair, she'd always pulled through whenever anyone gave her something to do. It's not like there was all that much anyway - the cake was the biggest thing and it had been put on order days ago. All she had to do was pick it up. Now if my air-head cousin had been given that responsibility... enough said.

Before heading to the kitchen I threw on one of Steve's shirts but didn't bother buttoning it. It's not that I wore it to hide anything, just that I prefer not to run around totally nude. For whatever reason, even wearing a bra or bikini top makes me feel better than being totally naked. In contrast, I DO love the feeling of being bottomless. There's just something about feeling the cool air against my butt that makes me shiver sometimes.

Before I left the room I took a quick glance at Steve to confirm that he was still passed out. Oh God I love him! Seeing him stretched out on his side all naked in bed, dead asleep with his incredible cock hanging down so limp, it was something I could stare at all day! My husband is so handsome! When we dated back in high school I loved the way the other girls looked at me when he would walk alongside me. I knew they were so jealous of me and I took a sort of perverse pride in knowing they probably couldn't understand why he would want me when every hot girl in school was practically throwing herself at him. It was then that I recognized the power of sex when it came to getting what I wanted from a man - especially if you had a natural talent for it as I appeared to have. My mom use to tease me it was in the genes.

Any other day and as horny as I was suddenly feeling my mouth would have had that soft dick inside in seconds. Mmmmmmm, I love the feeling of a man growing in my mouth, responding to what I was doing, knowing that I was solely responsible for this miraculous transformation. Imagine if a woman's boobs were normally small and then swelled up when a man (woman?) fondled and sucked on them. Not that I would ever WANT that to be the case, but it was the closest way I could relate to how a man's dick reacted when properly stimulated. One thing I did know was that it must a pain sometimes to have a part of your body grow like that uncontrollably every time you got horny!

While nobody has ever accused me of being a good cook - or even a willing one, it WAS my husband's birthday so I felt a little responsibility to be domesticated a little bit. It had been ages since I'd made breakfast - Steve was usually the morning person in our marriage and thus the one to deal with so much unnecessary work that early in the morning. Thankfully there were eggs and bacon available in the refrigerator as I'd forgotten to check earlier. Somehow cold cereal in bed just doesn't sound all that romantic.

As the bacon cooked it splattered a little and I was thankful to have Steve's shirt on. Yep, as a general rule it was usually good to have something on around the house. I even managed to fix his eggs without breaking the yolks - quite the accomplishment for me. Some toast and orange juice completed the menu. Steve had bought a tray with legs that was made just for eating in bed a while back when he tried to do his own version of a romantic breakfast in bed. The only problem was he served it totally nude so what I ate didn't end up being what he'd cooked!

Looking at my achievement I felt pretty proud of myself. So much for all the smart aleck remarks by my parents and even my husband about my cooking skills - or lack of them. This looked like it came right out of a restaurant kitchen even if I say so myself. A couple of pretty napkins, silverware (the real stuff, not the plastic we usually used - washing dishes is even lower on my list than cooking) and I was ready to surprise my lover and best friend.

Just as I was about to head back to the bedroom I stopped in my tracks, almost spilling everything. Like dang it, how could I forget? I went quickly to my purse, grabbed the ridiculously expensive Hallmark card I'd bought for him the day before, and quickly signed it and sealed the envelope. Having placed it under the silverware and napkin, NOW I was ready to go.

Stepping into the bedroom I halted yet again and then quickly backed out, setting the tray down on the bathroom sink. Looking in the mirror, I figured what the heck and dropped the shirt to the floor, kicking it over by the bathtub. I knew that Steve loved nothing more than to see me nude. Heck, sometimes I swear that if he had his way I would drop my clothes at the door and stay that way until I left again! My little fetish about wearing something on top was one of the thing I don't think he still quite understands but he quickly learned I was dead serious about it. Well, this was one day I was willing to satisfy his desires - in more ways than one.

FINALLY I was ready. Taking a deep breath, I stood by the side of the bed and nudged him. As he rolled over to see what was going on, I smiled broadly and cried out, "Happy Birthday!"

He was still groggy and I don't think at first he realized what I was holding but then he rubbed his eyes and focused.

"Holy crap! Well will you look at this... you actually cooked something!"

Any other day and I might've dumped the entire tray on him bare lap and stormed out. Oh well, it WAS birthday so I held my emotions in check and instead just smiled sweetly.

"Oh now stop it silly," I said, pretending to tease him even though I wanted to smack him. Not hard, just enough to get his attention. Guys need that now and then. You have to keep them trained!

Steve pushed a couple of pillows behind him for support and sat up. Reluctantly I set the tray down on his lap. I say reluctantly because it hid his dick and it looked SO much more appetizing than the meal I'd cooked.

"Wow, you went all out... real silverware?" he teased me some more, holding up a fork. "You DO know these aren't supposed to be thrown away, right?"

OK, so the silverware was one of those wedding gifts that hadn't seen a lot of use. Could I help it that I hated doing dishes? My mom had made me do them after every meal back when I was growing up and I'd sworn when I was on my own that I would never do them again unless absolutely necessary. Ignoring his jibes, I stood back and crossed my arms, waiting for him to partake of my hard work. Still, Steve seemed to have other things on his mind.

"You know, the one time you go topless and you cross your arms in front of your tits," he sighed, "Not fair."

OK, so I couldn't help but laugh at that one. Rolling my eyes, I uncrossed my arms and held my hands behind my back which also had the added benefit of causing my boobs to lift and push out further.

Steve smile. "Oh yeah, now THAT's the way a good wife should always be at home - naked. God I love those puppies."

Steve was always complimenting me whether it be my boobs, my butt or legs. Sometimes even my hair! Still, it never grew old and I loved it when he told me how pretty and sexy I was. I mean like, what girl wouldn't?

Steve started to eat his breakfast, grabbing a piece of bacon first and then attacking his eggs with a piece of toast to break the yolk and then soak it up. As he ate he kept staring at me like I was on display - which I guess in a manner of speaking I was. I couldn't help but notice that he seemed particularly fascinated with my crotch whereas usually he was a T&A man.

"Ummmmm," he started to say but his mouth was full so just a grunt came out. Then he swallowed and pointed at my pussy with a piece of toast in his hand. "What's going on down there anyway?"

I wanted to say that it was nothing that hadn't been in progress for the past couple of weeks of he had bothered to notice but kept my tongue - birthday again. Instead I ran my hand down between my legs, feeling the short hair that was starting to grow right above my pussy. It wasn't like I was going back to nature or anything quite like that. With the type of outfits I like to wear, especially with summer approaching, a full bush was totally out of the question. Still, I'd been shaving my pussy for so long now I'd almost forgotten what it was like to have pubic hair, even if it was just a little triangle above my slit.

"So you like?" I asked, rubbing myself a little.

"Different," was his response. I gave him one of my "what the hell?" looks and he finished saying, "So what's your plan for summer landscaping this year?"

Well, that was one way to put it I guess. I just shrugged and answered, "Don't really know... just thought I'd try something different."

Come to think of it, Steve had never seen me with pubic hair except back when we first dated fourteen years ago. At that age I was proud to have it and the last thing I would have done was shave it off! It was sort of funny that while my boobs were barely making their entrance my pussy was already filled out and becoming bushy.

"Well, I think it looks hot," Steve said to my surprise, "To be honest, I think a little pussy hair on a girl is sexy. Really, I don't know why you all decided to shave it all off in the first place. Was there some sort of vote?"

I laughed as he went back to his meal. By now he was almost done - he never was one to take his time with a meal. I waited impatiently as he got serious about eating and finally finished it off. Setting the tray to the side, his dick popped up like the lid of a Jack-in-the-Box had just opened. Mmmmmmm, he sure wasn't soft anymore! Damn he looked so hot sitting in bed naked with his erection poking up out of the thick bed of pubic hair that filled his crotch!

"So how's the service in this establishment?" he asked with a sly grin.

It didn't take much imagination to figure out what type of service he was hoping for. Any other day and I would've been on that dick like a bee on a flower. Thus it must've surprised him when I hesitated for a moment, wondering if this was such a good idea given what I knew would be the demands on that dick not too much longer from now.

"Now THIS is a first," he said in a joking manner yet at the same time the look in his eyes said otherwise, "Since when does the Kelly I know have to be asked twice to suck a dick?"

That was all it took to change my mind. In any case, the answer to his question was something like, "A hell of a long time ago" or maybe even, "Never." Ever since the first time I'd taken his swollen cock in my mouth that night in the dark movie theater, it was like I could never get enough of one. For sure I LOVED to be fucked but sucking cock was something totally unique, like nothing else I'd ever done. Everything about it - the way it swelled and grew, how it moved and twitched, then how it would spew out one load of cum after another and suddenly dwindle, yes I loved everything when it came to sucking dick. Heck, I usually didn't have to be asked ONCE, let alone twice.

To protect my reputation I wanted to explain to him why I'd hesitated but that would spoil the rest of my birthday surprise so instead I simply did what cam natural - I leaned over and took it in my mouth. Like, isn't that what any girl would want to do when presented such a wonderful offering?

Steve reached under me to fondle my hanging boobs as I bobbed and licked his shaft. Then his hand moved back to my butt, reaching from behind and between my legs until his finger was exploring my pussy hole.

"I'd say someone's pretty horny," he chuckled as he pushed it in.

Yeah, like there was any other option when I had his stiff cock in my mouth LOL

"Here, get on up here. I need some dessert," he instructed me as he pulled on me to get on top of him.

Keeping his cock in my mouth the entire time, I straddled his face and lowered my pussy down until I felt his tongue on me. Steve used both hands to spread my ass cheeks apart to get a better view of my wet crotch.

"Fuck, your pussy's beautiful," he sighed and then ran his tongue from my pussy hole, up my slit, and then around my clit, "And it tastes great too!"

Beautiful? I guess that's all in the eyes of the beholder. Up close I have to say a pussy is sort of gross but as for taste, now there I fully agreed with him. Indeed, as much as I enjoy licking another girl, the pussy I've always loved to taste the most has been my own. OK, so I'm a little biased. It was the first one I ever tasted of course and not a day goes by that I don't get at least a little.

We 69'd for what seemed like forever. Somehow Steve was holding back his orgasm as usually he would have cum by now, especially this early in the morning. Not that I was disappointed. I knew he would sooner or later - all men do. In the meantime I got to enjoy his engorged shaft all the more than usual.

"Turn around," he finally gasped as I could feel his breath on my ass.

I started to get back into the same position, more or less, that we'd ended earlier in the morning but just as I was reaching down to guide him in me he sat up more, taking his dick out of play. I gave him an odd look to which he responded, "You know, this IS my 30th birthday."

I cocked my head the way my dog does when it seems to be trying to understand me.

"Oh is it? I'd totally forgotten."

He wasn't buying it, that was clear, but he didn't challenge me. Instead, he continued to his destination, where I had no clue.

"So do I get to ask for something special?"

Oh if he only knew what something special he already had waiting for him!

"What do you mean?" I asked, intent on not spoiling his surprise. At the same time I began to wonder where he WAS going with this so I rubbed his dick against my cheek as I waited for him to finish.

"You know, like something we don't normally do but since it's my 30th birthday we can."

Warning Will Smith!

My Spidey senses were tingling. Where the heck was he going? Still, it WAS his 30th birthday and I WAS going to spring a huge surprise on him but then he didn't know it. If I was going to keep MY surprise a secret, then I pretty much had to go along now with his.

"OK, I'll bite," I started but then he cut me off laughingly saying,

"Oh no! No biting!"

It was silly but it helped to lighten the mood. I waited, licking his dick gently with the tip of my tongue. It was like I couldn't control myself when a dick was this close to my face. I HAD to do something.

"I'm gonna fuck you in the ass."

A few words led to a thousand thoughts in a blur. Like wow! I mean WOW! Yes, I knew Steve loved anal sex and that he often got it from my aunt and her daughter, even my mom. Well, this was one thing that was NOT in my genes from my mom.

The whole concept of anal sex grosses me out. My asshole is strictly a one way street - out only. All I can think about anytime I'm near an asshole is what came out of it recently. OK, so I HAVE allowed some men to fuck my butt in the past, but I've always drawn the line at touching one with my mouth. Even when I have done allowed a dick up my poop chute it was for something special - like allowing my Uncle Jim to fuck me in the ass so he would let my dad fuck his young daughter. It was NEVER for me, always for someone else.

To set the record straight, for all those people who tell me to do it and then I'll love it.... you're 100% wrong! It felt wrong from the start, felt wrong while I was doing it, and then felt even more wrong later when I thought about it.

Steve knew full well my feelings about anal sex. It was one of the things that endeared me so to him. Sure, I knew how much he wanted to fuck me in the ass. Yes, as his Christian wife I would submit to anything he told me do - including anal sex. The thing that made him so wonderful was even though he KNEW he could do it anytime he asked, he loved me and respected me enough to never take advantage of his position of authority. To me, such love and respect is the centerpiece of a Christian marriage where a wife submits totally to her husband. It's not that she becomes his slave, its more HIS responsibility to use his position wisely and lovingly.

Steve had never fucked me in the ass, never even asked once I'd explained to him how I felt about it. How many times had I bragged to people about how much he respected me to not ask me to do anything I didn't like? Yet here he was, telling me that he about to do one of the few sexual acts that went totally against my every sense of ethics and morality. Still, he was my husband and I was his wife so I didn't have a choice.

"All I can say is that you had better have a LOT of lube," was my response, thus agreeing to let him do it. He grinned even more than when I'd dropped his shirt earlier.

Resigned to my fate, I kneeled on the bed on all fours, spreading my legs apart to give him the best possible access. Meanwhile Steve had run to the bathroom where he snatched some lotion and hurried back before I changed my mind - something I was VERY close to doing.

"I love you so much baby," he whispered in my ear as he leaned over to kiss me. Mmmmmmm, he tasted like pussy! Well, hopefully he wasn't planning on licking my asshole as that would be the last thing he'd be kissing he got until his mouth was thoroughly disinfected.

As Steve lubed up his dick I waited anxiously. As I said, it wasn't like I'd never done this before but the last time was years ago and never with Steve. I looked back over my shoulder where Steve was rubbing the lotion on his dick.

"Looks like you're enjoying yourself," I said in a sarcastic tone.

Steve grinned and now he was deliberately stroking himself.

"You know you like to watch."

Sorry but given my aversion to anal sex I'd rather not go into the details of what happened. I mean like it's not like anyone doesn't know how it works. Did I have a choice? Technically yes (I'm not a slave) but practically no (I AM his wife). Did it hurt? A little but nothing all that horrible. Did I enjoy it? Not really but I did my best to make it good for him. Do I want to do it again? NO! Finally, did I please my husband? A definite YES.

As a proper Christian wife the final "yes" trumps everything prior so I can't say I regret it. All I will say is that I love my husband very much, I'm thrilled to be his wife, and it makes proud to submit to him knowing he loves me and respects me for doing so.

By the way... Steve promised me immediately afterwards that he will NEVER demand that I do anal again and I believe him. Of course he left the door open to me offering my ass to him again in the future but I don't see THAT happening anytime soon!

# 4. A Quick Visit With Steve's Mom

Somehow I got the idea that Steve was assuming that I'd given him my birthday present (including one I hadn't intended) and that the remainder of the day would be relatively quiet. That was more or less how things had gone last year with the biggest thing being I spent the entire day naked just for him. That may not sound like a big deal but it also included driving around town for a bit of fun as well. Well, if things went as planned then this year was going be more memorable than just me masturbating naked in downtown traffic...

Now that Steve had gotten himself off his horniness had subsided - for a little while at least. Without another word he headed for the bathroom and started the shower, leaving me laying on the bed with a rather sore butt. For a brief moment I contemplating joining him the shower. It's not like I didn't need one! Then again, it wasn't like he wouldn't be getting enough sex the rest of the day; it's just he didn't know it yet. Considering my plans for his dick, it was probably best that I NOT let him fuck me again... at least for this morning.

Laying still in the quiet of our bedroom, I could feel his cum dripping out of my ass which felt sort of weird - not something I was accustomed to as you might imagine. Dang, I think the last time I'd felt anything similar was back when I let my uncle do me in the butt so he'd let me dad fuck my cousin. I mean like the things you as a daughter do for your father sometimes! I guess it's no different now as a wife. The title may change but the obligations remain the same.

When Steve finally came out he was naked with a towel over his head as he vigorously rubbed it to dry his hair. It wasn't like he had all that much as he preferred keeping it short so it wasn't a hassle while working with patients in the ambulance. I couldn't help but smile as I admired his trim nude body, especially his sexy dick as it hung down flaccid from his hairy clean crotch.

"See something you like?" he teased me after dropping the towel and catching me staring at his dick. He grabbed his cock and flopping it up and down as if to taunt me.

That little trick might work for him sometimes but I wasn't going to blow him now. Instead I just grinned at him as I got up to take my turn in the shower. As I walked by him I reached over and gave his dick a playful little tug. I bit my lip, willing myself to let it go. God it was SOOOOOO tempting!

It's not like he didn't already know how much his dick (well, ANY dick for that matter) fascinated me. There's not a dildo in the world that can properly substitute for a dick which I suppose is why my personal collection is so small compared to most women I know. Heck, my mom must have had at least a dozen different models in the drawer next to her bed when I was growing up. She offered them to me but I've always been more a finger girl unless I'm playing with a friend and then a double dildo becomes my favorite.

In response to he smacked me on my bare butt as I tried to jump out of the way but not entirely wholeheartedly. It smarted a little as I hadn't expected him to hit me quite THAT hard!

"Hey guy, haven't you abused my poor ass enough for one day?"

Of course he just ignored me so I went off and got myself cleaned up. The shower felt great as it washed off the sweat and cum, leaving me all clean and smelling fresh again.

"So I guess you're probably wondering what I've got planned for the rest of the day," I started as I walked out with nothing on but a towel wrapped around my hair.

Steve had dressed while I was in the shower, wearing some jeans and a plain blue shirt. Not exactly dressing up I noticed.

"I don't know... last year wasn't so bad," he said grinning, "Damn you look great. I'd be happy if you just stayed naked all day again. Make that EVERY day."

I undid the towel and flicked it at him. He dodged it easily but then it wasn't like I was really trying to hit him.

"Guess you should have married a nudist then," I came back as I twirled in front of him, "But I can be bare-ass for you anytime so there's got to be something else you'd rather do on your birthday."

Steve shrugged but then his eyes lit up and I think he must have thought he'd figured out my plans. "So when are they coming over?"

Poor Steve. He obviously was now assuming he'd be getting a more traditional birthday party where friends and relatives stopped in for cake and other boring crap like that. Well, in case he hadn't noticed there was no cake anywhere in the house but it also reminded me of one substantial flaw in my plans that somehow I'd overlooked - his mother. Dang it! Like how could I have forgotten her?

Making matters worse, there was no way I could include her in my plans as she would positively freak if she saw her son fucking the women I had lined up for him. Not that she didn't enjoy watching him having sex but that was when he did me.

"Ummmmm, Earth to Kelly," Steve prompted me as I'd become lost in thought. People have always teased me that when I think too hard it's like I shut off everything and everybody around me. Still, it's a trait that has always helped me to focus so I've never worried about changing anything.

Hmmmmmm, this was going to require some last minute adjustments. Dang, I'd been so distracted all week that I never even thought about Marlene. It didn't help that she hadn't called me either so maybe she was just expecting us to drop by at some point. Then my heart jumped. OMG, what if she was planning on surprising her son and was on her way over now? The odds were pretty low but still, it wouldn't be the first time she'd popped in unannounced.

"Be right back," I said hurriedly to Steve as I grabbed my phone and all but ran to the kitchen. I hit the speed dial for his mother and thankfully she answered. She still had a hard line phone to her place (we never had one activated, preferring to just use our cell phones) so I knew she was home.

"Hey Mom!" I greeted her.

It had taken me a while to get use to calling her that, especially with my own mother out of the picture now as much as she was. Still, I knew Marlene appreciated it when I called her that. In fact she'd often told me I was like her second daughter. Given her own daughter's recent "engagement" to her own brother, I think I'm also her favorite "daughter" these days.

Putting all that aside, I quickly explained to her that Steve and I would be over in a short while and apologized profusely for not telling her sooner.

"Oh you're no bother ever Kelly," she assured me, "I know how busy you were and besides, I knew there's no way my oldest boy wouldn't come by to see his own mother on his birthday so I wasn't worried."

There are times I'm really thankful phones don't have video yet and this was one of them. My eyes rolled as I fought the impulse to tell her that her "boy" was now thirty years old and trust me, he was no "boy" anymore. Still, sometimes the less said the better although all too often I don't follow my own advice. We exchanged a little small talk and she assured me that she would be ready by the time we got there. Hanging up the phone, I started to walk back to the bedroom only to meet Steve in the hallway half-way there.

"So what's my sexy wife cooking up that's so secret?" he asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

Rather than bluff I told him the truth - at least so far as about going to visit his mom. The only stretch was I told him I was calling just to be sure she was ready. he didn't need to know that it was all a last minute thing.

"Yeah, mom's always made a big thing about birthdays," Steve said, "She use to serve me breakfast in bed too come to think of it."

I couldn't help but think to myself that while his mother may have served him breakfast, I was willing to bet big money that Steve enjoyed my version more than hers.

"I'll be ready in twenty," I said over my shoulder as I passed him and headed back into the bedroom, wiggling my bare butt a little extra just for him as I knew without checking that he was looking.

Now that we were going to his mother's place first it sort of threw off my plans on what to wear. It wasn't as warm as I'd hoped it would be but for the few minutes I'd be outside wearing anything I figured that I could deal with it so I had picked out a short yellow sundress - very short indeed. Aside from some matching pumps and jewelry that was ALL I'd planned to wear. So much for plans...

Yeah, I suppose that technically I could've still dressed that way as it wasn't like his mom would be seeing anything she hadn't already. Then again, I'd always tried to dress a little south of slutty when I was with her so she wouldn't ever suspect the things that we'd never told her about me. It was one thing for her to see me naked having sex with her son - that was expected. It was quite another for me to expose my bare bottom when I was wearing an outfit that I supposedly considered fit for public consumption.

At first I debated on another outfit but I really liked this one. My best friend Beth had gone shopping with me when I'd picked it out and she said it looked great on me when I tried it on in the Macy's dressing room. What the heck, it wouldn't kill me to wear a thong under it while we were at his mom's place. Scrounging through my dresser drawer I remembered that I didn't have a yellow one that matched the dress which set me off on an entirely different decision tree.

In the end I chose a bright red version which went against my usual dress code. Deciding what to wear in terms of lingerie and what color can get pretty complicated. basically it depends a lot on what I'm wearing with it, where I'll be seen and by who. At work it's an easy choice - whatever's most comfortable which means typically a white bra (unfortunately the school policy requires one) and granny cotton panties. It's not like I'm trying to impress my students or turn them, if anything just the opposite. In today's school environments the last thing you want is a reputation for dressing to satisfy a fourteen year-old's fantasies.

Then there's the formal occasions where some modesty is appropriate like going to church. Going back to when I was a little girl, Sunday mornings I ALWAYS wear a dress. As I said, it's just something I've always done since I was a little girl not to mention it comes in sort of handy when I stop by my dad's place on the way. Normally I choose panties that match so as not to be so visible, especially if the dress I'm wearing is a little sheer or short (or both). Unlike school, I can't even remember the last time I wore a bra to church though. It was probably back when I was a young teenager and proud that I was developed enough to need one. Well, THAT stage didn't last very long!

For most other occasion when I wear underwear, it's generally a thong without a bra. I don't mean those nasty ones which are nothing but strings and a triangle that feel like a constant wedgie. No, more the type that ride high on my hips and provide just enough material to cover the crack of my ass. My favorite color for all lingerie is black although at times I might wear a different color just to change things up, especially if I anticipate someone seeing it.

Of course there are times when I WANT to wear a bra and panties. Just as guys get turned on by strippers who start out dressed and hint at what's to show later, the same goes with wearing lingerie to tease a guy. Like why let him see everything right from the start? So at parties and other "night out" type of activities I usually choose something that contrasts with whatever else I'm wearing. Like under a sheer white blouse I would go for a black bra.

Finally, there are times when lingerie is ALL I wear. This is typically when I want to get the attention of my husband but lately it's become more common when we swap with other couples. It's interesting that most men are actually more turned on when I wear sexy lingerie than just standing there in front of them nude. That's when the rainbow effect happens by which I mean I try to wear something BESIDES white or black. Red is a favorite of mine but I've acquired quite a collection of various colors and shades over the years. It doesn't hurt that my husband and father love buying it for me as well.

So anyway... I decided to go with a red bra and thong because we'd be visiting his mom and I knew she'd most likely be dressed to kill given it was her favorite son's birthday. She never wore anything with him that was so revealing as to actually expose herself but some of her outfits came pretty darn close. For instance, when the two of them would fool around on the couch and she had on a robe with just a bra and panties on underneath, it's not like there was a whole lot between them especially when his hand could cup her barely covered crotch. Still, there ALWAYS was SOMETHING in between which seemed to satisfy the unwritten rules of the odd little game they played.

Did I say "odd"? Make that downright weird! LOL

Checking myself in the mirror, I frowned. Something was missing...

Yes! I had it. Rummaging through my drawers I found what I was looking for - a pair of white hose that came up to about mid-thigh. The sundress barely came down that far so as I walked or moved anyone could see the elastic bands at the top and what remained of my bare upper thigh above it. I frowned a little at my pale skin. Well, hopefully things would warm up and my tan would be back. Another thing about the hose was that somehow I felt that it made me look younger while at the same time just a little more sexy.

"Shit, you're wearing THAT to Mom's?"

I spun around to see Steve standing in the doorway ogling me. OK, so maybe it wasn't my sexiest outfit but anything that draws the attention of my husband was always a good sign.

"What?" I replied as if I had no idea what he was talking about.

Steve just smiled at waved me off saying, "Oh nothing."

Well, it was obvious from the way his eyes were looking me over and the grin on his face what he was thinking so I turned back around to put on my watch and some jewelry. As I stood in front of my dresser I saw Steve approach me from behind.

"Do you really have to wear THIS," he murmured in my right ear as his hand reached under my skirt and tugged on my thong.

"Well it IS your mother you know," I huffed.

What I wanted to add was "and if you would ever get over your hang-ups and just fuck her and get it over with then I wouldn't have to wear it" but I knew that was one direction to take the conversation that would only end in disaster. Steve was not exactly a fan of incest, to put it mildly, at least when it came to boy-girl sex. As with his mom, it didn't help that his younger brother and sister were living together out on the west coast under the guise of being engaged. Steve had spurned his sister's advances back when we were all in high school and I guess knowing his brother was fucking her now sort of pissed him off. Not that he regretted not doing her when he had the chance, he didn't like that they were doing it in the first place.

I suppose he wasn't all that different from most men in his views toward incest. Steve was fine with seeing me together with other women like my mother or cousin. I mean like doesn't every guy have that sort of fantasy? It was me having sex with my dad that things got sticky (no pun intended). Indeed, Steve has only seen me and my dad having sex once and that was way back when I knew he was about to propose and so I told him about my incestual life. No matter how much I loved Steve, I couldn't marry him if it meant betraying my responsibilities as a daughter. It was sort of funny in that he didn't believe me at first, taking it as some sort of practical joke and a poor one at that. Once I proved it to him, that was enough for him and he never watched us again.

So as a general rule, Steve wasn't in favor of incest. I think he rationalized what I did with the female members of my family as sex between two women more so than sex between family members. While drawing the line at incest, it's not like he's some sort of prude when it comes to family. Thus fooling around with his mother was OK so long as nothing went under the clothes, as little of them as there might be. It was the principle that mattered more than anything else.

We were both finally ready to hit the road. Fastening my seatbelt, I glanced at my watch. Wow, we wouldn't have much time to visit with his mom which was probably a good thing. based on past experience it was like we either stayed for fifteen or twenty minutes or for a few hours without much in between. This was especially true after we got married and he moved out. Before then I would visit and sometimes stay the night which meant she could watch us. Now it seemed if whenever she knew we'd be staying a while it was almost like she pushed us into the bedroom! Another day and time that wouldn't be so bad but I had other plans.

Given how things had gone so far this morning, naturally instead of the usual half hour drive it took to get to his mom's place it took us almost forty five minutes thanks to a detour for some sort of construction. Then again, if you live in Pittsburgh then road construction is a way of life. It was a little frustrating but finally we made it.

"Happy Birthday!" his mother greeted Steve as we walked in. She gave me a brief hug first and then quickly turned to her son and planted a messy kiss on his lips.

I left them in the entrance to do their thing and headed for the living room where I took off my coat and took a seat in one of the overstuffed chairs. After a few minutes I glanced back towards the door where I saw they were still kissing only now she had her arms wrapped around his neck while he had both hands under her robe, cupping his mom's ass in his hands and pulling her tightly into him.

As I'd expected, Marlene was indeed dressed for the occasion - or should I say underdressed. She was in what I'd come to know as her favorite outfit, or at least her favorite when her son was visiting. The first thing I noticed was the light cotton robe which barely came down to the bottom of her butt when she was standing, let alone stretching up on her toes as she was now. Even from my distant viewpoint I could see the white high-cut panties underneath although Steve's hands were now hiding most of them from view. The black heels contrasted somewhat with the robe but her legs looked good when she wore them. So far the robe as still tied closed but I would be shocked if that was the case for much longer given their past history.

The two of them kept at it a few more minutes before finally they broke apart and I heard Marlene gasp as she caught her breath.

"Now THAT is what I call a birthday kiss," Steve exclaimed as he looked over at me and smiled.

Marlene led Steve into the living room, planting him down on the couch opposite of me. It had become our usual seating arrangement - the two of them on the couch with me across the room in the chair. If Steve and I had sex it was almost always in his old bedroom rather than out in the living room. Once again, it was all part of their unwritten code. It was OK for her to stand in the doorway of the bedroom and watch us having sex in bed but not if we did it on the couch in the living room. Like really, did the doorway have some sort of force field that the chair in the living room didn't? If anything, the door was closer to the bed than the chair was to the couch!

It had taken me a good while to come to grips with Steve's unusual relationship with his mother. True, they DID have sex but that was only once, a long time ago when we were first dating. Back then things had gotten a little out of control on everybody's part to say the least. Nowadays it was like they both knew there were lines that could be pushed but never crossed. Unfortunately in the years when they lived out in California they seemed to work out all these complicated rule and it's not like they wrote up a list of rules for me to understand them. Instead I just had to figure it out on my own. The one cardinal rule I learned VERY quickly when we first dated was that to even mention them having sex again was one of the worst things I could say.

"Wait here," she said excitedly as she hustled off to her bedroom or somewhere else down the hallway.

With her out of the room, I leaned forward towards Steve.

"She seems awfully excited today. What was with that kiss at the door anyway? Like that was a little over the top, even for her."

Steve just shrugged and waved his hand at me as if to tell me not to worry. I gave him one of my wide eye looks and he just grinned and finally said, "It's sort of a birthday thing I guess. I don't know how it got started but it seems to get a longer every year. Guess by the time I'm fifty we'll be at the half-hour mark!"

OK, chalk up one more to the continuing strange but true saga of Steve and his mom! For the thousandth time I wondered why they just didn't say the heck with it and just do it. It's not like Steve didn't appreciate older women. Oh sure he loved fucking young girls but what normal man wouldn't given the right opportunity. No, Steve loved doing older women like my mom and aunt, not to mention the couples we swapped with. So what was the big deal about doing his mom? Heck, most guys tell me they would love to fuck their moms but they never got the chance so what made Steve so different. Like I couldn't begin to believe that she would resist him if he tried.

My thoughts were interrupted by her return. Marlene was carrying a large present wrapped in red paper with a white bow. I had NO idea what was in it and my mind was already running through a dozen possibilities by the time he started opening it.

"Wow! Just what I was hoping for!" he said as he looked inside after taking his sweet time unwrapping it. I still couldn't see and I fought back the impulse to go over and take a look for myself.

"Oh wow," he gushed again, "Oh mom, you're the best!"

He set the box down without taking whatever was in it out and turned to his mother who was positively beaming. This time the robe didn't stay closed and I saw she had on a matching white lace bra underneath which left very little to the imagination, especially being as sheer as it was. It was cut so low her nipples almost popped out and the support it gave her made her boobs look great, especially for a woman almost twice my age!

Frustrated, I sat back with my legs crossed wondering if I should just wait them out or take a peek. Judging from the way they were going at it, this could be a while so finally I stood up and walked over to find out for myself. Neither of them seemed to even notice me as I leaned over the box and looked inside.

"Wow" had been the least he could say. OMG, I was so jealous! It was just what I'd been pestering my dad to get me for the past year. Funny how a father who indulged just about my every wish drew the line when it came to computers. All my life I' been forced to struggle with his hand-me-downs which often led to no end of frustration when I would lose files, get dropped while chatting and such.

So now Steve was the proud owner of a brand spanking new MacBook Air. It was still in the box but I had dreamed of exactly this one since they first came out so I knew what was inside. Dang it, now my old clunker at home seemed even more out of date than ever!

Judging from the way he was "thanking" his mom Steve was as thrilled as I would've been had it been given to me for my birthday. Shaking my head, I didn't know which of them looked to be hornier - Steve with his hand cupping her crotch or Marlene rubbing on her son's erection through her jeans. My bet was on her judging from the darkness that was spreading between her legs as her panties soaked up her wetness. Steve can get hard from just about anything so having an erection wasn't a good indicator of much of anything.

Back to the computer... Well, maybe he would let me use it. If nothing else I was already planning on how I might use his mother's gift to help push my dad to buying me one for myself. I'd tried everything so far and none of my usual tricks had worked. It seems the days when I could talk him into anything with just a BJ were long gone. Oh to be sixteen again!

While the two of them were occupied I pulled out my phone and texted my Aunt Linda, letting her know that we would be running a few minutes late. Well, more than a few as there was no sign of a letup over on the couch. I really couldn't say anything since it had been a couple weeks since we'd last come over. Still, sometimes I felt like a fifth wheel when they got into things this hot and heavy. Usually the intense stuff only lasted for a short time and from there it just went to groping and fondling when at least they would hold a conversation with me.

Theoretically I guess that I could have masturbated, my typical reaction when I'm bored. Yet for whatever odd reason I wasn't all that much in the mood. Frankly, seeing my husband and his mom fooling around on the couch like two middle school kids wasn't that much of a turn-on as it was downright frustrating. Plus it was killing me that his mom, who wasn't poor by any means but still didn't earn anywhere near what my did, would buy him such an expensive birthday gift when my father wouldn't do the same for his favorite (and only) daughter.

I turned to my phone to keep me busy, texting and checking my mail and updating FaceBook. The affair on the couch had been going on over thirty minutes now and I was starting to become exasperated. Like I had other plans for him which should excite him a lot more than being teased by his mother. True, I hadn't told him about them yet but why should I have to? He could stop over and see her any time he wanted without me tagging along.

My frustration only elevated when she twisted in the couch and straddled his lap, grinding her panty-clad pussy on his hard dick still hidden away under his jeans. She put her hands on the back of the couch and leaned forward, pressing her cleavage into his face. His hands were back to cupping her bared buttocks, just as they had during their initial kiss at the entrance. Crap, we were never going to leave at this rate!

Suddenly it was like someone turned off the switch and she slid down his legs onto the floor. Leaning over to kiss him, I imagine he got quite a view of her impressive boobs.

"Well, I think that's enough for one birthday, don't you son?" she gasped.

Seeing how flushed and out of breath she was I couldn't help but wonder if she had been on the edge of an orgasm and that was why she had quit so suddenly - before things went too far. It seemed to be one of those lines they wouldn't cross in that neither of them ever orgasmed when they played together. I guess then they could claim they weren't being sexual. Hey, I've heard crazier rationalizations by other people for even more bizarre behaviors.

"Sorry honey but I didn't make a cake," she apologized, tying her robe loosely back together and running her hands through her tussled dark hair.

Steve was already working on removing his new toy from its wrapping. He looked thrilled and so he should've been. I think that he must have bought his old Compaq laptop back in California before moving back to Pittsburgh with his mom so who knows how old it was. It was running Windows Vista if that's any indication - and not very well I might add.

"Ummmmm Steve-O, maybe you should wait until we get home to do that." I gently prodded, nodding towards my watch when his mom was looking away.

The downcast look on his face suddenly made him look like a little boy who was told he couldn't play with his new toy more so than a thirty year-old man. Then again, is there really that big a difference? Fortunately his mom stepped in to support me.

"It's OK baby, Kelly's right. If you get started now you'll never leave," she soothed him as she glanced at me and winked.

Why did I get the idea that she somehow knew I had further plans for him. Well, maybe she didn't know the specifics but I guess it was a stretch for her to assume that I would.

Steve reluctantly closed the lid and set the box to the side on the couch. Standing up, he leaned forward to kiss his mom and for a moment my heart seemed to stop. Crap, not again I was thinking!

Thankfully this time it was more what most people would call a "normal" mother-son kiss - a peck on her cheek with no tongue action or groping. Steve thanked his mom yet again and then scooped up his present, holding it tight to his chest. I put my jacket back on again and with Steve leading the way we headed for the entrance.

Steve was already out the door when Marlene pulled me to the side, checked to see that Steve wasn't close enough to hear, and then whispered in a conspiratorial tone, "So what DO you have planned for my baby, my naughty little daughter-in-law?"

I tried to act as if I didn't have a clue as to what she was talking about but she didn't buy it for a moment.

"C'mon, you didn't dress like that just to come visit me. And oh by the way, you DO look extremely hot."

Should I tell her? For a brief moment I debated with myself. Would it really matter of she knew? Wasn't it about time she did anyway? After all, it wasn't like I would be fucking my dad and some people would argue that sex with a cousin wasn't really incest in the first place.

"I thought we'd head to the casino and see what trouble we can get in," I said, lying through my teeth. Either I'm a pretty good liar or she was clueless as it seemed she bought it.

"It's pretty early for that, isn't it?" she questioned me. Then her face brightened and she added, "You know, the two of you could hang out here for a while if you wanted. I just changed the sheets on the spare bed."

Yeah like THAT was a coincidence.

It was obvious what she wanted - to watch us get it on but frankly, if she wanted to see that sort of thing then she should have come along with us and see what I had in store for her son. of course I wouldn't have allowed her just to watch...

"Well, OK then, I get the message," she said in a sulking voice.

This time it was my lips that kissed her cheek. Funny, while her son did about everything with her a guy could do when it came to kissing, our lips had never touched.

"Oh mom, you know we both love you," I assured her.

She tried to put on a smile but I could tell she was still disappointed. Oh well, life happens. A few minutes later I was back with Steve as we drove to my dad's home. He'd looked at me a little strange when I gave him the destination but other than that not a word. No doubt he knew better than to ask me in the first place.

Back in the car, the first thing I did before even putting on my seatbelt was to reach under my sundress and pull down that irritating thong to my ankles and take it off. The coolness of the bench seat pressed against my bare butt. Even though it may have been all in my head as there hadn't been much material there in the first place, it still felt better.

"Feel better now?" Steve teased me as he started the engine.

"Oh sure, like you don't it better when I take them off," I retorted playfully as I tossed them in his lap.

Steve reached down to pick up my thong and then held the crotch up to his nose and took in a deep breath.

"Mmmmmmm, LOVE that scent," he sighed as he put the truck in gear.

One more quick sniff and then he hung them up around the rear-view mirror like a trophy. It joined a couple of others which he liked to keep handy. Now and then I'd leave a "fresh" pair, fresh at least from the standpoint of my pussy smell on them. Really, what would be the point of putting them up there otherwise?

As his mom's place disappeared in the rear view mirror, I took the opportunity to relax for a few moments. Whew, dodged THAT bullet! Now with our obligation to Steve's mom fulfilled that meant getting back on track with my original plans.

# 5. My Aunt Linda Gets Things Started

On the way to my dad's house I called my Aunt Linda. She must have seen me on caller ID as she answered with, "Hey girl, where the FUCK are you?"

Yeah, my aunt isn't exactly the most subtle one in the family.

I explained to her that we were on our way but I didn't say anything that might give Steve a clue as to what was awaiting him. Still, now he knew that at least my aunt was going to be there. I figured I could at least put one worry that I knew must have been going through his head.

"Ah Steve... just in case you're wondering, my dad's working at his downtown office all day and won't be home until after 7:00 PM at the earliest."

"And that's important because...?" he teased me, trying to draw me out. He knew full why it was so important. Then again, with my aunt being there it wasn't like he wouldn't have something to do if I WAS going to do it with my dad. Actually that's usually what happened when he tagged along with me.

My husband wasn't going to break me that easily. Instead I sat there and just crossed my arms and kept quiet, leaving him to wonder what the real story was going to be. I noticed that this time Steve avoiding the construction traffic by taking a different route which normally was a little longer but with the traffic getting heavier as the door wore on it would probably be significantly shorter in the end. When we hit some lighter traffic he looked over at me and smiled.

"Kelly... you're not mad that my mom bought that Mac for me, are you?"

Like DUH! Then I explained that I wasn't mad so much as jealous which only made him grin all the more.

"You know, maybe we could work something out..." he started to say. I waited, wondering where this was leading. Then it hit me. Oh crap...

"Don't EVEN think about it," I said sharply before he could say anything else that would only get him in trouble.

Not always one to take a hint, Steve started to protest saying I was being unfair as I didn't even know what he was going to ask. Yeah, like I didn't have a pretty darn good idea how the mind of a horny man works. True, I may not understand the internal process but I certainly know the results as well as how to manipulate a guy to get whatever I wanted. As Chris Rock is notorious for saying, all men care about is food, sex and silence. "Feed me, fuck me, shut the fuck up" I believe is pretty close quoting one of my husband's favorite comedians. That's OK, it's what makes women superior to me – we're not as predictable and thus easy to manipulate.

"I'm warning you Steve... I love you but don't even THINK about going there."

He huffed as if he was being misunderstood but I knew I had to put a line in the sand if I wasn't going to have a sore ass again in the future. It's a very fine line between submitting to your husband and standing up for yourself, one that took me a while to understand after our wedding. Like many sins and temptations, I learned early on in our marriage that the best way to deal with this sort of problem was to avoid it in the first place. Like if he didn't even get the chance to ask me to let him fuck my ass then I wouldn't be put in the position of having to submit to him (another unintended pun... sorry!).

We both sat there quietly for the next couple of miles as my thoughts swirled. I love Steve. I mean like OMG I REALLY love him! As his wife I would do ANYTHING he asked me but that didn't mean I had to like it or that I couldn't try to avoid it. I mean like this was dealing with one of my most fundamental beliefs, right up there with some of my most deeply held religious convictions. Growing up I was taught from my earliest childhood to respect my parents and elders and I guess you could say it stuck.

Of course I wasn't perfect – just ask them! Still, when push came to shove, especially as I grew older and could better understand my duties and responsibilities as a daughter, I generally did my best to obey them. Fortunately when I started having sex with my father I was old enough and mature enough that I knew exactly what I was doing and what it meant, something that I just can't see happening with people who claim to have sex with their kids at significantly younger ages. Thanks to my mother's teaching and guidance, at sixteen I clearly understood the importance of submission and made a conscious and deliberate decision to follow my Christian beliefs which meant pleasing my father in whatever manner he required.

Those same principles now apply to my role as a Christian wife. I don't care what new-Age teachings and other such crap may say, according to the Bible my husband is the head of our household. In the end it's his decisions that are final and it's my duty to submit to him and his right to expect it. At the same time, as my husband he has just as much responsibility to love me – in fact the same as Christ loves his Church which is a pretty high standard I would say! Finally, just because I'm charged to submit to him doesn't give him the right to abuse that privilege.

Still, we're all human and it's only natural that we fail at times. What Steve did earlier had surprised me more than anything because it was the first time I could ever remember when he purposely asked me to do something sexually to which he KNEW I was opposed. Sure he's asked me such things before but this was the first time he played his "head of the household" trump card. Because I DO love him I understood that this was something unusual which is why I was now helping him to avoid a repeat performance. Knowing how much Steve loved and respected me, I was sure that later when he looked back at our discussion that he would be happy that I had kept him from crossing the line again.

As things turned out, it didn't take as long as I thought...

"Baby, I'm really sorry," he apologized. For a moment I thought he was going to tear up but he kept his emotions under control as he went on to apologize for what he'd done to me and begged for my forgiveness, swearing he would never do such a thing again.

Well, I knew better than THAT - he was human after all and thus subject to temptation. Still, I wasn't going to quibble and instead snuggled up next to him and put my head on his shoulder while he wrapped his arm around me.

Finally we arrived at my dad's house. Funny I guess in that I always refer to it as his house even though he now shares it with my Aunt Linda. I guess I'm correct from a legal perspective as it's just his name on the deed (he'd bought out my mom's share as part of their divorce settlement). So far as the rest of our family was concerned I knew that my two other aunts on my dad's side were aghast when Aunt Linda moved in practically on the heels of my mother's departure and I'm sure their tongues wagged incessantly. Not that Aunt Linda ever seemed to care.

Steve parked at the bottom of the driveway which sloped from the front of the lot down one story until it was level with the garage which had been added to the back side of the basement. The deck was built above it and only accessible from the kitchen upstairs which made it quite private - especially given the privacy fence that surrounded it and protected it from prying neighbors.

Aunt Linda must have been watching out for us on the security cameras as I didn't see he in any of the windows as we drove up because she greeted us at the basement door just as soon as I entered the code into the garage door opener and we stepped into the garage.

"Hey! Happy birthday you old man!" she greeted us with open arms.

She was also totally nude which didn't surprise me in the least. While my aunt may vehemently protest that she isn't a nudist, she does like to run around the house nude whenever possible so in my book that made her one. It was also a distinct difference between her and her older sister (my mom) in that while Linda even enjoyed doing housework while naked, my mom was always a bra and panties gal.

Interestingly, their daughters each grew up somewhat in between but with different results. Kristen, for instance, was a topless girl. She was never more happy then running around with nothing on top while she almost always wore at least some sort of thong or panties. It could be something skimpier than a stripper's so long as she wore something. I was similar in principle but in my case it was all about going bottomless. In the same manner as my cousin, I really didn't care how much coverage my top provided just so long as something was up there be it a T-shirt, a guy shirt, bikini top or in a pinch, even a bra.

Poor Steve! It had taken quite a bit of an adjustment on his part at first when we would visit my dad and aunt and she would be nude the whole time. I guess growing up with it sort had desensitized me so it never even really phased me. On the other hand, for Steve to see a naked MILF (and my aunt WAS the very definition of a MILF), well it took quite a while before he didn't get an instant erection. Not that my aunt minded. Indeed, she seemed to take it as a compliment, even going out of her way to encourage him.

One thing was a little different though. Rather than going barefoot (rarely) or wearing sneakers or flip flops (much more common), she was standing in a pair of black pumps which elevated her almost to his height. One thing was for sure, they certainly firmed up her legs and ass!

Neither of us made any mention of her lack of clothing - what would be the point? Instead we entered the basement, made out way past the family room and then up the stairs to the kitchen hallway and into the kitchen where we all just stood and waited to see who would talk first.

"So Stevie, how's your big day been so far?" my aunt asked, "How many times have you screwed my slutty niece so far?

As I said earlier, subtlety must have been out of stock the day my Aunt Linda was made.

She knew better than to ask such questions so I just assumed she was doing her best to make conversation in her own unique manner. I glanced down at my

him back in high school. I don't mean in that muscle-beach type of look but more like a guy from the LL Bean catalog - ruggedly handsome!

As for that crack about me watching, what she meant was that probably at least nine times out of ten (and that's being conservative) I never am there to watch them have sex. Typically he fucks her one of two different times - when he's with me when I visit my dad or when they go as a couple to various family parties. Steve doesn't like seeing me and my dad together like that so while my dad takes me to the bedroom or hot tub, Steve and my aunt head for my old bedroom or the family room to do their thing out of sight from us.

Given that these days I rarely go with when they party with other families, I also miss out on seeing them together. I don't mean AT the party - incest (even if not blood-line) isn't allowed as a rule so usually they enjoy a "nightcap" afterwards.

So for the next hour or so that's exactly what they did - ignore me. Well, not totally as a few times while he was fucking my aunt, Steve would turn for me as if posing for a shot like some porn star. Once in a while he'd even twist his muscled torso such that I could get a good shot of his dick halfway in her hairy pussy, just like the pros. Later when we were back home and looking though them he told me that having me there taking pics made it all the better. Yep, not a shy bone in his firm strong body.

One good thing about Steve cumming so quick - he held out for a long time before the next. He was even able to give me plenty of warning such that I got the perfect video of his dick pulling out of her, squirting cum as it did. He timed it just right so the first shot went off in her and then he was pulling out just as the second one erupted. Damn, I should be a film director!

"Now don't forget that I want copies of everything," my aunt barely got out as she laid there in the middle of the formal living room, her legs spread wide with my husband's cum covering her bush and lower stomach. For a moment I almost got down to help clean her off but decided to hold off and let this be totally Steve's moment.

Then I remembered that actually she already had them. Oh the wonders of modern technology and Steve Jobs! Since I was at my dad's house my phone was tied in to his network and whatever I had on my phone was shared with him. You've just gotta love Apple!

Note - It wasn't until before church the next day when I stopped by for our traditional pre-service fuck that my dad told me he was able to watch everything from work as well as I took the pics! Not sure how he did it but he seemed quite pleased with himself.

"I need a shower," Steve declared and he headed up the stairs for the bathroom leaving the two of us behind in the living room.

Once he was upstairs and I heard the shower running, I sat down on the floor next to my aunt who was still panting. Well, given the way the two of them had been going at it without so much as a break, I had to give the old lady credit!

"So when's she getting here?" she asked me.

I checked my watch for the umpteenth time. "Any time now. She had to pick up the cake - that was pretty dirty pawning that off on your dumb daughter you know."

"Hey, what good is it having kids if you can't take advantage of them now and then?" she joked, or at least I thought she was joking.

## 6. My Cousin Kristen Joins In

I peeked through the front curtains just in time to see my cousin's car pulling up to the curb. Kristen got out and ran around to the driver's door to give her husband a kiss. Then he popped the trunk and she reached in and brought out the cake. I gasped when she almost stumbled on the curve but thankfully she held her balance and made it to the door where I was waiting, holding it open for her.

"Sheesh Kristen, trying to give me a heart attack?" I teased her.

"Hey, YOU try maneuvering with this thing!" she retorted as she hurried to the kitchen where she placed the cake on the center of the table.

"Now I know why my mom dumped this on me," she whined, "Crap, what did they make this out of, cement?"

She took off her jacket and tossed it over the back of one of the chairs.

"So where's the birthday boy?" she asked eagerly, "All I know is he better be already naked."

I explained to her about how we were running late and that he'd just finished with her mom and was now upstairs showering.

"Hmmmmmm, so he has no idea about me?"

I shook my head and then she asked why we were so far behind schedule. I made a rather oblique reference to being delayed at his mother's place to which she grinned. I'd explained to her before the rather "unique" relationship between Steve and his mom and Kristen was even more perplexed than I was about it.

"You know, that's just plain bizarre," she giggled, "Then again, I'd LOVE to watch them some time. Do you think they'd mind an audience?"

I punched her playfully. She knew the answer to that full well. She ASLO knew better than to even ask it in the first place.

"Whatever," she sighed melodramatically, "I just don't understand why the hell he just doesn't do her and get it over with. You SURE they just don't wait until you're not watching and this whole things is like some cruel practical joke on you?"

Then she got that nasty grin she always gets when she's thinking of something sexual - which is most of the time when it comes to my cousin. People claim that men are obsessed with sex more than women. Maybe in general but I'd put up my cousin against any guy. When it came to Kristen, I think it would be a lot easy to measure how much time she does NOT think about sex.

"Actually, if I was his mom I'd of been all over that a long time ago!"

We both laughed at that just as her mom walked in, wiping herself off with a dishtowel she'd borrowed from the kitchen.

"Your turn my dearest daughter," she said with a grin as she high-fived Kristen like a tag team match, "That is, if the poor guy has anything left after me. Really, when was the last he fucked you anyway? Seems like ages ago unless you just haven't told me about it."

As Kristen put her finger to her lips in a classic "I'm thinking" pose, I found myself wondering the same thing. Like when I was dating Steve as a teenager it seemed he was also hot for her, even if he didn't fuck her. Ever since he moved back and we got married it was more her mom's tail he was chasing. Personally, although I never had told Kristen about this, I think it was more her "career choices" than anything. Steve certainly didn't mind a girl with some "history" (thank god for me) but Kristen's prostitution days were a total turn-off for him. It's like in his rule book it's OK for a girl to fuck a dozen guys at a party just so long as she isn't being paid for it. Personally I thought he was being a little hypocritical but if that's the worse trait I ever find in him, I can live with that.

"Whatever, it doesn't matter," she finally blurted out. Then she looked up at the ceiling where we could still hear the shower running. "What the fuck anyway, how long does your husband need to shower? Mine would have been out of there long ago."

I just shrugged. With Steve that was impossible to answer. Sometimes it was two minutes, another time it was an hour - assuming the hot water held out. No doubt he thought he was finished with sex for the day, or at least for a while having just exhausted my aunt. So if that was the case, why be in a hurry?

"You know, screw it, I'm heading up there," Kristen declared. Neither her mom or I protested nor do I think it would have mattered if we had. When Kristen gets that airheaded mind of hers set on something, especially when it had anything to do with sex, you needed dynamite to change it.

I almost said something about waiting for the cake as that had been the original plan but then I guess it really didn't matter what order we took things in so I just watched as she made her way quickly up the stairs with me and her mom close behind.

Outside the bathroom door, which Steve had partially closed but left a crack open for whatever reason, Kristen quickly stripped, leaving a small pile of clothes by the door. She'd only been wearing a pair of shorts and a cami other than her heels. Sometimes I had to wonder if she even owned any underwear!

Aunt Linda and I crowded together at the door, watching as my cousin opened the shower curtain and stepped in the tub without saying a word. I did manage to get off one shot of her half way in and out but that was about it for the moment so long as the shower was running and the curtain stayed shut.

"Whoa!" I heard Steve exclaim.

Smiling, I knew he would never have been expecting Kristen, especially since it had been so long since he'd last fucked her. Come to think of it, this would be only the third time since she got married. Not that her husband would care. Heck, he was a client of hers back when she was whoring - and he was married at the time as well. Thankfully there had been no kids to make things messy when he told his wife he was leaving her for a prostitute.

Steve stuck his head out of the curtain and grinned at me saying, "Holy crap Kelly, you trying to kill me now that I'm thirty?"

"Just shut up and fuck my cousin," I threw back at him, laughing so hard I had a hard time holding my phone still to snap a photo of him.

"Well if you insist," he replied. Yeah, as if THAT was such a chore.

I heard the shower stop and then Kristen pulled open the shower curtain to give her mom and me a view. Yeah, she was still a pro and when it came to putting on a sex show there was none better in Pittsburgh - just ask her old agent.

They were both soaked with Kristen's hair wet and pulled back. She wasted no time squatting down to get to work on Steve's dick which was not exactly rising to the occasion as fast as usual. Well, if anyone could come close to my cock-sucking skills I would have to give that to my cousin. In fact, Kristen was the only girl I knew that had sucked more dicks than me, or even come close for that matter!

Steve's wet pubic hair was mashed down to his crotch, making his dick appear even longer than usual. Kristen was working him alright, playing with his balls and using her tongue like a maestro. I had to say that I don't usually get all that excited watching Steve having sex with another girl but seeing him with my aunt had been HOT and now seeing him with her only daughter was even hotter. The family relationship also added an extra bit of flavor to the mix. Whatever the reason, I was feeling soaking wet watching her do my guy. Had my aunt started touching me I think I might have orgasmed right then and there but she was just as mesmerized watching her daughter doing Steve as I was.

Steve might have turned thirty today but he was also saying that he wasn't ready for the purple pills yet. Yes indeed, THAT boast was confirmed as his dick swelled in her mouth and hand as she stroked him and sucked on the bulbous head. Slowly but steadily his shaft grew thicker and longer until finally she could hold it with her entire hand and still have plenty to put in her mouth.

Finally Kristen seemed happy that Steve's dick was ready although I think in his mind he'd been ready long before. She pulled her mouth off of him and said the two words EVERY man wants to hear - fuck me.

She didn't have to ask twice. Steve lifted Kristen up by her upper arms and twisted her around to face the tiled wall opposite the shower head. As for Kristen, she needed no prompting or direction. She leaned forward with her palms against the tile, shifting her feet back towards Steve, spreading them apart as far as the tub would allow and then lifting her ridiculously hot ass to show off her ready and willing shaved pussy. "Fuck her... come on, fuck her," my aunt whispered under her breath so low that I could barely hear her and her head was right next to mine.

Steve didn't hear her of course and in any case to my surprise he had his own idea of what to do next and it didn't, at least for the moment, include fucking my cousin. Instead, he kneeled down on the rubber shower mat and used both hands to spread her dripping wet ass even further apart before burying his face in her tight butt.

"God... yesssssss!" Kristen moaned loudly as his talented tongue flickered against her asshole.

Steve wasn't allowed to do that with me, or at least not unless he wanted to wait until he disinfected his face before kissing me again, so why not take advantage of the one girl in our family who liked anal more than anyone? Full Disclosure in that I was the only one amongst the four of us that Steve usually fucked in my family that didn't like it but Kristen was the without question one who seemed to appreciate it the most.

As Steve licked her hole he pushed in one and then two fingers into her wet pussy, stroking them in and out as he teased her asshole with his outstretched tongue. Kristen was humping her butt so hard I don't know how he kept his face in there!

"OK, that's enough of that, fuck the little bitch," my aunt practically hissed next to my ear, evidently becoming impatient with the slow pace of my husband.

I should be clear, my aunt was always calling Kristen some name or another so I took the "B" word with a grain of salt. It just showed her level of horniness as in general the hotter she got the coarser her language became. Actually, "bitch" was pretty mild compared to some other pet names she kept on hand for her only daughter.

"Finally!" she sighed, this time a little louder. The bathroom echoed terribly - as I'd learned way back when I was a little girl and started masturbating in the shower, totally unaware of how the sounds carried out to my amused parents.

"Hey, quite worrying mom, I'm getting there!" Steve called back over his shoulder as he stood and held his still stiff dick in his hand right up next to Kristen's butt. The grin on his face and the light tone of voice served to reveal the amusement he seemed to be feeling teasing my aunt. Yeah, sometimes guys really do know the right buttons to push as well.

Indeed, my incredible husband seemed determined to tease all three of us as much as possible. He already had my aunt on edge, waiting for him to drill her daughter. It was nothing new as she'd started handing Kristen over to other men as soon as she thought Kristen could take their dicks without being injured. Now, almost twenty years later, she still seemed to get as much excitement and pleasure from watching her daughter being fucked sex as ever.

It wasn't just my aunt that Steve was teasing. Poor Kristen must have been going nuts wondering which hole he was going to use. Steve was gripping his dick by the base, directing the tip first against her asshole, then against her pussy hole. Steve was missing back and forth between them, sometimes even giving a little push until the tip was barely inside. I had to give my husband a lot of credit for his self-restraint as I figured he'd never go so long without pushing it all the way - whichever one he chose.

Then there was me. I decided to get a little more comfortable so took advantage of the opportunity to move inside the bathroom and take a seat on the toilet (the lid was closed). It gave me a ringside seat to the bathtub across from me where Steve was no posing as I took first a shot of him pushing into her asshole and then another of the same with her pussy. I knew what he was doing even if the other two didn't have a clue as to what had transpired earlier this morning. God, it was like days ago, not just less than twelve hours away!

"Well?" he asked me as both he and Kristen turned to look at me. I knew what he wanted - for me to tell him where to fuck her first. I say first because there was all likelihood that he wouldn't be happy until he'd done both so it was just a question of which one first.

If there was one thing that repulsed me more than anal sex, it was having vaginal sex immediately afterward. I know some people don't seem to mind but to me it's an incredibly unsanitary practice. I knew that Kristen didn't care but it would likely spoil everything for me if her did that to her so I took advantage of his offer to choose.

"Her cunt... fuck her cunt first."

If there's one word I hate when it comes to describing my pussy, it's "cunt". I don't know why, just do. I guess it's like saying "fuck" in that it's not the word that's bad but the meaning behind it. I say fuck all the time but it's not to curse but rather to describe a sex act so I don't feel I'm swearing when I say it. When it some to the word cunt though, it only has one meaning and it's always bad. Still, for whatever reason I knew both my aunt and my cousin seemed to get off talking dirty so I used it for her sake even though I felt a little dirty saying it - and not in a good way

Aunt Linda had come in and was standing next to me as the moment she'd been waiting for had arrived.

"Get a close-up," she urged me, pushing me in the middle of my back towards the tub.

I leaned forward until I was as close as I could get and still have an idea of what I was looking at. Steve took that as his cue and just as I asked, he slipped his rigid dick into my cousin's welcoming pussy.

Two moans and one groan emerged as Steve pushed it hard into her until he was buried in her all the way to the base of his cock. The groan of course was from my husband as my cousin's pussy enveloped his cock. While not as tight as mine (she was much more into large toys than me and those take their toll over time), she was still only 26 and as such had a good grip on him. The moans came almost simultaneously as Kristen's head lifted back more and more as Steve rammed his dick in her while her mom started to masturbate and moan watching her "little girl" getting laid.

Steve fucked Kristen for just a few minutes that way which was plenty for me to get some pretty good shots. Then, just as I'd expected, he switched to her asshole. I'm sure he loved fucking her pussy but that ass must have been driving him insane knowing Kristen wanted him in it as much as he did.

Aunt Linda was leaning against the sink now, one hand between her legs masturbating while the other was cupping her boob and toying with her nipples. I turned and got off a couple shots knowing that Steve would likely be masturbating to them sometime in the near future. Then I thought better and switched it to video, alternating between my aunt masturbating and my husband fucking her daughter's ass. I smiled to myself knowing that THIS would get him stroking tomorrow!

"Why not join in?" I suggested to her.

At first I didn't think she could hear me the way her attention seemed totally focused on the sex act in front of her. Then she seemed to come out of her trance and moved towards the tub without saying a word. Kristen, seeing her mom approach, lifted up and let my aunt move in between her and the wall. Steve didn't stop his stroking but did somehow manage to move back in sync with Kristen.

Kristen leaned back towards her mom, sucking on her breasts and taking her mom's nipples into her mouth, gripping them with her teeth and tugging – not always that gentle either. Aunt Linda seemed to love it!

"Harder," she gasped as Kristen pulled on her nipple with her teeth.

At the same time she put one hand between her mom's legs, pushing a finger up into her hairy pussy. It was a scene so hot I almost forgot about my iPhone and I quickly snapped a few before I missed it. God, what would my dad say if he saw this pic with Kristen in the middle as my husband fucked her ass while she fingered her mother's pussy?

Kristen was cumming - hard. She had her eyes tightly shut while resting her head against her mother's stomach. Both hands were on her mom's hips as she used her mother for support as Steve kept banging away on her.

"That's it baby girl, cum... cum for your mommy," Aunt Linda encouraged her as she held Kristen by the head with both hands.

Whether it was Kristen cumming, listening to her mother, the act of Steve fucking my cousin's ass, or a combination of everything, Steve was on the verge as well. He pulled out of her ass suddenly and started stroking his rock hard cock vigorously.

"Fuck yeah!" he groaned as yet another load of sperm erupted.

Oh my God, I was so proud of my husband! Like how many men his age could even cum again after all he'd been through, let alone shoot his first load all the way to the back of Kristen's head! The following ones didn't have quite the distance but landed a respectable ways onto her back and then her ass.

"A little shampoo?" my aunt laughed as she smeared his cum into Kristen's wet hair. Well, if nothing else she was going to need some REAL shampoo now. As hot as it may have looked on the video later, having a load of cum in your hair is NOT all that much fun later on when you're trying to wash it out.

Kristen staggered to her feet, her face beet red. "Oh Wow!" was all she could get out as she stumbled and Steve had to grab her before she collapsed.

My aunt stood up and let out a deep breath. "Damn, now THAT was good!"

I had to agree with her and if anyone were to later disagree, well I had the whole finale on video to prove it!

Everyone eventually got their wits about them. The three of them had to all shower again but this time without the extracurricular activities. We ended up in the bedroom, the four of us lying about on the king-sized bed. It was a little odd being the only one dressed but in a way that seemed more appropriate. I hadn't brought Steve here to have sex with me after all.

"I have to hand it to you Kelly, this was the most incredible birthday party I've ever had," Steve congratulated me, leaning over to give me a kiss as he tweaked my boob teasingly.

"What, you think that's all?" I replied, trying to act shocked as if how could he say such a thing.

For just a moment Steve looked perplexed but then a broad grin broke out.

You've GOT to be kidding me," he groaned. "God Kelly, I'm not sixteen anymore you know."

Then he perked up, or at least his eyebrows did. His poor dick was pretty flaccid at the moment.

"Oh god... it wouldn't be Tammy, would it?"

Now there were actually two Tammy's he might be talking about but I knew which one he meant. The first Tammy that came to mind was my mom's best friend. She lived out in Oregon which is why my mom moved out there after the divorce. Happily married with a couple of handsome sons, she'd never had sex with another man (I mean NO other man) until she was visiting us and did it with my dad. Similarly, the two if us had sex a few times as well which constituted most of her lesbian experiences other than with my mom. She even eventually learned about me having sex with dad and while she would never entertain such thoughts about her own sons, she seemed to accept what we did better than I'd thought she would and even watched my dad fuck me a couple of times.

No, the Tammy that Steve was started to actually get hard about again (just to show what she meant to him) was my cousin Tammy, the youngest daughter of my father's younger brother. Thanks in no small part to me, Tammy had lost her virginity to my father back when she was fourteen and then did it later with her own dad and brother. Throughout high school she was a bit of a slut (nowhere in my league but adequate in her own way) choosing primarily to play with her brother and his friends. Then she went off to college and met a really nice guy which seemed to settle her down. Once she started having sex with her boyfriend she stopped with the incestual sex so by the time Steve got back in the picture she would tease him but that was about it. It was one of Steve's dreams to fuck her and no doubt he thought his dream was about to come true.

Unfortunately it wasn't.

"You silly goose," I said as I playfully slapped at his dick which was noticeably larger, "Haven't I provided you with enough pussy for one day?"

Unsaid of course was that he'd had the opportunity for yet another but hadn't taken advantage of it.

Poor Steve. In like an instant he went from perky and alert to deflated and slumped over.

"Hey, don't look so sad," I said, trying to make him feel better, "I DO have another surprise for you though."

I jumped off the bed and rushed downstairs. The it hit me - where the heck were the candles? When it came to keeping house, my mom and her sister couldn't be more different so when I looked in the drawers where such things had been kept most of my life, nothing to be found. Oh well, he would just have to go without.

Crap! Where was my head at. Half way up the stairs I realized I didn't have anything to cut it or eat it with so back down the stairs again. This time the options were fewer so I didn't have any problems finding what I wanted.

"Happy Birthday honey!" I cried out as I finally entered the room with his cake.

If anyone had anything to say about the lack of candles at least they kept it to themselves. We enjoyed the cake, making a bit of a mess on the bed but then that was my aunt's problem to deal with later. Just then my phone dinged - someone had just texted me.

"Really Kelly, can't you live without that thing for just an hour?" Aunt Linda sighed deeply.

I just glared at her but then we both broke out in laughter. It was a running joke between us so I knew that nothing was meant bad by any of her comments.

Steve tried to lean over to see what the message was but I pulled the phone back like Lucy yanking the football out from under Charlie Brown.

"Hey, you know better buster," I admonished him. Indeed, if there was one thing I kept private, it was my phone.

I excused myself, saying I had to use the restroom but I don't think any of them believed me but then so what? I wanted to be alone and it accomplished my purpose.

The text had simply - "ready". It was the "who" that made it interesting. Whether or not Steve would have figured out what was meant by the message was debatable. Most likely he would be suspicious but I doubted he would recognize the addy. However, he WOULD certainly recognize the face that popped up on my phone that was associated with the caller... my very best friend in the entire world.

Beth.

always shut when they had sex. So what happened that night to me was what some people would call a paradigm shift (watch The Big Bang Theory if you don't know what that means). Sure, I'd been having sex with all sorts of boys by then but it was just for fun and to feel good, not to mention a great way to be popular. Now I saw another side of sex, something totally different - a most intimate demonstration of the love and respect someone has for another. My dad wasn't fucking my mom, he was making love to her.

I loved my dad. I respected him as much as anyone else in the world. But at that moment my heart burst as I realized I'd never truly SHOWN him just how much I loved and respected him. Oh sure I tried to be a good daughter (most of the time) and tell him how I felt about him, but now I saw how I could go so far beyond all that and SHOW him. I wanted to give him the most sacred and intimate gift of all - ME.

Well, without going on about all that any more, that was what led to me having sex with my dad not too long after that. Seeing Beth there also reminded me of the first time my dad fucked her, again almost in that exact same spot. It was more significant than most people might imagine as to the best of my knowledge Beth was the first girl he'd had sex with since marrying my mom (that was not part of our family).

OK, so that particular spot in the hot tub had a lot of memories for me, not to mention God only knows how many times I'd had sex there or even just spent the evening masturbating. I felt the excitement grow as I knew before long, yet another memory would be added...

"OK, so what was all THAT about?" Steve inquired when I finally re-entered the bedroom.

Looking past him, I saw that Kristen had instinctively nestled up against her mom who was lovingly fondling her with her fingertips. I suppose it just came natural considering they'd shared the same bed from the time her father had left when she was two. Still, I always thought it was a little hot just in the way they seemed to get into this sort of thing with what seemed to be no real thought or effort - it just happened.

Rather than answer I put one knee up on the bed and reached out for his dick. Steve didn't make any effort to push me away or move out of reach but then why would he? I suppose it didn't hurt that my sundress rode up to expose my bare bottom. Tugging on it gently, I grinned at him and I think he realized at that moment that his birthday party wasn't quite over yet.

"Oh fuck Kelly, NOW who do you have for me?" he groaned suspiciously loud. Yeah, like he was really worried.

"Well, rather than tell you, why not go out back on the deck and find out for yourself?" I said teasingly.

Both Kristen and her mom were smiling - they knew my plans. Steve, on the other hand, didn't have a clue. So far I think he could've somewhat predicted the events, or at least the people involved. Not so with Beth in that he'd NEVER have guessed that she would be involved, at least not today.

It wasn't that Beth was a prude or that she and Steve didn't have any history. Oh no, quite the opposite in fact. Beth was having sex with Steve long before me, aided by her early budding breasts that drew the high school boys like moths to a flame. Interestingly enough, one of those boys happened to be my current husband! It was a point she never let me forget once I started dating Steve and having sex with him and then so many years later marrying him. Yes, she'd had him first but sometimes she could get a little annoying about it.

When Steve returned to Pittsburgh a few years back with his mom, one of the first girls he'd fucked after me had been Beth. Beth and I had been friends since I could remember so it wasn't unusual for us to be having sex with the same guys, sometimes even at the same time. Interestingly, she didn't seem to have the same rep as I did in high school for being a total slut but I guess that was because she didn't flaunt herself quite as much. Yeah, she loved showing off those boobs but with hers she could do that in a sweatshirt!

Another key difference between us is that while I don't mind a good gang-bang now and then, my real preference is for one-to-one sex. On the other hand, Beth has always been more into the party and orgy scene, rarely going out with a guy alone for sex. She's pulled me into a number of her sex parties over the years and while they have been fun at times, usually I would look back afterwards and realize how empty they left me feeling when compared to having a guy focus just on me all night.

I mentioned that Beth was the first girl my dad fucked outside of marriage, technically committing adultery but my mom managed to rationalize it somehow since she was watching from my bedroom window while my dad did Beth in front of me in the hot tub. At the time he didn't do me and Beth had no idea he had been. It wasn't later until after I'd seduced her father (a one-time thing) that I revealed to her the truth by having her do a repeat performance in the hot tub, only this time my dad did me as well. So Beth was fully aware these days about everything I did which made life a lot easier.

Beth had also gotten married recently, about six months after I did. Steve and I have swapped with her and her husband just a couple of times but it wasn't something we pushed. Being my best friend, Beth was actually the one close girlfriend that I was the least sexually involved with while growing up. We didn't even masturbate together all that much, certainly nowhere near as much as I did with Kristen. It was like our friendship was so tight that to bring in sex was something we both were worried might ruin what we had. I know, sounds silly now and we probably wasted a lot of good opportunities, but that's how it was with us.

So Steve was now heading for the deck with no idea who was waiting for him but I could imagine he had some ideas. I only hoped that he still wasn't hoping that it would be little cousin Tammy (although not so little anymore as a college girl) and didn't let Beth see any disappointment on his face when he saw who it was.

Well, as it turned out I need not have worried. I tried to keep up with him but he was faster than me and was out on the deck before I got to the kitchen door. Damn, I missed his initial reaction! Oh well, regardless he seemed quite pleased at my next surprise for him. Steve didn't hesitate for a moment but got in the hot water as fast as he could to take a seat next to my naked best friend.

"Well?" was all I said as I stepped out, crossing my arms as I waited for an answer. It wasn't like he didn't know what I was asking about.

"Fuck Kelly, you're too much sometimes," he laughed and then turned to Beth to add, "You DO know what she's all had planned out so far I hope?"

Beth just nodded, not having said a word yet, or at least not with me there. Steve was already fondling her large natural breasts. God, it was like they had some sort of magnetic force over a guy's hands whenever she was next to one.

"OK then, I'll do my best but Little Steve hasn't been asked to perform like this in a longgggg time!"

Oh crap, again I wondered where my head was at! I'd left my phone upstairs! Then I looked up to my bedroom window and who did I see but my aunt and cousin looking down. My Aunt Linda held up my phone and I saw that she was already taking matters into her own hands. I breathed a sigh of relief as one of the final presents I wanted to give Steve was a DVD filled with the events of his 30th birthday.

Beth looked over at me and waved as I took a seat on one of the deck chairs to watch.

"What's the matter Kelly, not going to join in?" she called over to me.

I'd considered this earlier when planning everything and had decided from the start that I was going to wait until everything was said and done and Steve and I returned home before I had sex with him again. All this was just something I wanted to give to him and let HIM be the focus of attention. I feared that if I got too involved that it wouldn't be all about him anymore. Sad to say, it would probably be ME that drove it that way as I didn't trust myself in such situations.

So I just waved back and called back, telling her to enjoy herself. As I watched them get started, I wondered how often she'd done something like this after her marriage. So far as she'd told me, she'd stayed loyal to her new husband except for parties and even then they both always went together. I knew Steve held a special place in her heart and while I was never really jealous of her, I knew when he looked at her he saw something different than he did in any other girl but me. Indeed, it was telling in how quickly he was able to regain his erection!

Steve was sitting now on the edge of the tub, his feet and most of his legs underwater but his dick was well above the water line and looked to be amazingly hard yet again. Damn, I was once again so proud of my husband! I know a lot of women even at my age that would kill to have a husband with his kind of recovery. Of course today was a little special and I imagine that didn't hurt but still, it was pretty incredible.

Beth soon started rubbing Steve's dick between her large boobs, pushing them together with her hands such that they completed surrounded his dick as she moved them up and down his shaft. While I must say that these days I'm quite satisfied with mine, seeing how Steve was getting off from it made me wish mine could be a little bigger for just a little while so I could do it to him like she was. Yeah, I tried with mine and Steve was kind enough not to compare, but there was nothing I could do with mine to measure up to Beth's at the moment.

As Steve leaned back and let her go to work, Beth lowered her head and took the head of his dick in her mouth while she pushed her boobs down on the shaft, letting it go in and out between her lips as she stroked his dick. From the way Steve was moaning, he was loving it!

Looking back up at my bedroom window, I noticed it was empty again. Oh well, I guess they must have gotten bored watching and decided to get back in bed together. I enjoyed sex with my mom but it wasn't something we ever did a lot. Kristen, on the other hand, seemed to be constantly doing it with her mother but then she didn't have a dad growing up so I guess that was a large part of it. My dad had tried to help out when she was older after I left for college but by then it was too late to change her habits.

Before long they'd switched places and Steve was eating her pussy. Hmmm, she was a lot hairier than I'd ever seen her before! I was going to have to ask her about that afterwards to see what the story was. With the water from the hot tub matting it down I wasn't sure how much was really there. Oh well, something to talk about later I guess. My guess it was probably something her husband had pressed as I knew that not every guy liked the bald pussy look. Even Steve now and then would watch some porn from the eighties and comment how hot it was to see a hairy bush.

For the most part, the next half hour or so was what I would call "routine", if watching your husband fuck your married best friend could ever be called that. Granted, sex in a hot tub can be hot at times (no pun intended) but it DOES somewhat limit what you can do, at least without drowning. Steve mostly did her from behind while she leaned over the edge looking at me. I loved seeing the look in my friend's face as she orgasmed and then came again thanks to my husband's cock in her.

When Steve eventually did cum Beth was quick to twist around and take it on her face and boobs. That was the one concession she made to marriage - she didn't let guys cum in her anymore, or at least if she could help it. I had to give her credit as that wasn't something I could ever limit myself to. Heck, for me THAT was one of the best parts of having sex!

Steve didn't exactly have his usual output but then who could blame him after all the sperm he'd already pumped out today. It was still respectable, as much as some guys squirt the first time, so she seemed satisfied. They quickly kissed while she washed off the sperm in the hot water and then they both got out with Steve giving her a hand as she still seemed a little wobbly.

"Thanks babe," she said to him as they approached me. Steve just smiled and leaned over to kiss her briefly as he squeezed her bottom with one hand.

"So tell me honey, did I do good today?" I asked sweetly.

Steve rolled his eyes, puffed his cheeks and then blew out a big breath.

"All I can say is this had better be it, I don't think I can cum again for a week!"

Beth turned and grabbed his now already flaccid dick. Damn, he shrunk fast!

"Oh???? Is that a challenge?" she asked, tugging gently on him and licking her lips. She was just teasing - I hoped.

"Well he better be wrong," I heard coming from the kitchen and then my aunt walked out. She was still nude - and would be I was sure until she had to leave the house. Kristen was behind her, naked as well but then that didn't shock me either. I couldn't help but smirk. Now it was THREE naked girls, one naked husband, and me still dressed.

We all looked at my aunt as she came out with her phone in her hand.

"OK guy, your wife may be through with you but now your mine!" she said saucily, "Get that damn fine ass dressed 'cause we're heading out in ten minutes. The party starts in less than an hour and you know I like to be there when it begins."

What the hell? She'd never even hinted at this with me. I looked over at Kristen who had to know this was coming but she just shrugged and tried to play like she was as surprised as I was. Poor Steve, I knew he wanted to go to the party - he would ALWAYS accept such an invitation regardless of the notice given, Still, he looked at me and I knew he was afraid that I might be upset at him leaving for the rest of his birthday.

Yes, I DID have plans for an evening together after a full day of outrageous sex. Yes, it sort of pissed me off my aunt would plan this behind my back, knowing I wouldn't want to go with them. But then I guess that's what comes with the territory when you marry a sexual guy like Steve. No matter how it made me feel, the last thing I was going to do was tell him I was disappointed and make him have to turn down the invitation.

My aunt and Steve hustled back to the house to get cleaned up and dressed, leaving me with my best friend and hot cousin. They each took a towel and spread it out on one of the other chairs and took a seat at the round glass patio table with me.

"So now you have to tell me, how did things go today?" Beth asked, acting as thought nothing had just happened.

Well, maybe that was for the best as for the next couple of hours we talked about everything that had happened and then moved on to an evening of reminiscing about our high school years. I even had a little wine, something I rarely indulge in. We'd quickly moved back in the house as it was chilly outside. Kristen put on her usual panties while Beth grabbed one of my dad's shirts.

Interestingly I don't think any of us ever even considered having sex. It was more like three close friends spending an evening together sharing mutual experiences and a few new stories were even confessed.

As my eyes closed and my mind drifted off to sleep, I was dreaming of how good he would fuck me the next day... and the day after that... and the day after that!

Yes, I'm married to the best husband in the world!

# (May 12) Chapter 261: Mother's Day

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter mother son
Me (28)
John - my dad (48)
Steve - my husband (29)
Marlene - Steve's mom (48)

Unfortunately I couldn't treat my own mother this year but now that I'm married I have a mother-in-law to take care of. Well, maybe I didn't do as good as job as her son did. Meanwhile, just because it was Mother's Day didn't mean my father didn't get the attention he deserves as well.

## 1. Dealing (or not) with Incest

If you believe all the ridiculous stories posted on the Internet about incest, then you probably believe that getting into an incestuous relationship is easy. After all, according to the stories all you need is any of the following situations:

- A parent dies leaving a loving daughter or son to help their emotionally distraught remaining parent deal with their loss and resulting anguish. I'd say that this is the premise, in one form or another, is used in more published incest stories than any other. Well if you ask me it's just plain stupid. Do I really have to explain why? * Someone gets hurt so a family member has to "make them feel better" or even sillier, "help" them use the bathroom. This is similar to the first scenario only this one can be about anyone in the family such that they need "assistance". Yeah right, when your leg's in a cast and you're in pain, all you want it to fuck your sister.
- Parents leave the kids home on their own and next thing you know they're having sex. Oh yeah, this is just what happens when siblings are left alone together. Maybe in some pervert's fantasies but in real life? Sure... and by the way I've got a great bridge in Brooklyn for sale if you're that gullible. Personally, the only actual case of a brother and sister having sex involves my husband's younger siblings and THAT didn't happen until they were older. As for my husband, I think the last girl in the world he would fuck would be his own sister.

- While camping the inevitable unexpected rain storm forces a parent to share a sleeping bag with their naked kid, or the kids have to share. Like doesn't anyone ever bring along the basic necessities when they camp? Even then, no matter how wet they may get, who really gets in the same sleeping bag naked with their kid, let alone initiate sex?
- Bring home your girlfriend and she wants nothing more than to seduce your father or brother. I'm pretty sure it isn't stretching anything to say that most every dad LOOKS at his daughter's friends HOPING for such an outcome but as for really having sex with them? I think the answer's pretty obvious. I've always had a thing for older married men, including many of my girlfriend's fathers when I was back in school. The only one I managed to have sex with was my BFF's dad and THAT was more a case of me blackmailing him than him acting out his fantasies.
- "Open" family attitudes towards nudity and sex lead to incest at puberty - or earlier. Actually this may be the least objectionable rationalization of the bunch. Still, the few nudists I've known all tell me that if anything their kids are LESS inclined to having sex with each other simply because nudity isn't taboo and thus the sexual associations that normally go hand in hand with nudity aren't part of the equation. Interestingly, those families I'm familiar with that enjoy incest are almost exclusively NOT nudists.

I'm sure I could go on for another page or more but by now you get the picture. In real life things are a LOT different than what people write about in their fantasies. Trust me, I know from experience. Assuming nobody gets raped or pressured by a horny father who just wants to get off fucking a young girl, having sex with their parents is probably the last thing most kids think about. Heck, most kids I know can't even imagine their parents doing each other, let alone wanting to actively participate. Even though I was probably as sexually active as a girl could be when I was a young teen, and even with a father who, looking back now, did about everything but tell me he wanted to fuck me, I STILL didn't even consider for a moment that we would ever actually have sex together until I was practically hit over the head with it.

I really hate using the term" open" when describing my upbringing because the phrase is so over-used and implies a sexual relationship is present. Still, it's not like I was raised by prudes. We weren't nudists by any stretch of the imagination yet at the same time nobody screamed if someone walked in the bathroom while the other

with if later when their feelings and emotions change. When it comes to incest you can never be too careful. After all, once you fuck your own family it's like getting a tattoo that can never be totally removed or forgotten.

Personally I've seen many sides of the issues played out and I can't say one is better than the other. For me the tipping point was when I finally watched my parents making love in the hot tub when they didn't know I was home. Seeing their love and joy expressed in an intimacy that went beyond anything I'd ever seen between them showed me a side of sex that until then I'd never experienced or even witnessed. Sex for fun and personal enjoyment was great but this was something totally different.

For me, the first two years of sex after losing my virginity were all about having fun and feeling good. The concept that I could share myself with someone that allowed for love and respect in the most intimate way was like a revelation to my young sixteen year-old head. For the first time I saw sex more than something to make me feel good. It was a way I could make someone ELSE feel good and do it for THEM, not ME. Yeah, I loved to suck a guy off and make him feel good, but to be honest it was more an ego trip for me than it was anything about him. Oh my god, suddenly more than anything else I wanted to submit myself to my father and yield myself to him, something I'd never even thought about before. Given my hard-won reputation as a bit of a control freak when it came to sex, this was more significant than it may appear at first glance.

And so it began, becoming what is now a part of my life that I can't even imagine NOT having. I've always maintained from the start that I knew my dad loved me before we had sex and I know that he would love me just as much even if he never fucked me again. I don't NEED my father to fuck me to know he loves me but it certainly adds something extra to our relationship that wouldn't be possible except through the blessings of incestual sex.

But that's me. I'll never try and say my life has been typical or even "normal". I've been VERY fortunate and I thank God every day when I pray for his guidance and the gifts he has given me that enable me to fulfill my father's needs and desires. Still, I'm not under any delusions that everyone feels the same as me... starting with my husband.

When Steve married me he knew I was having sex with my dad. Indeed, after some horrible experiences in my past I knew that I could never say my vows to a man who couldn't accept that part of me. It was something I can't imagine living without and no matter how much I loved Steve, I couldn't take on a new responsibility only to abandon another. Thus just before Steve proposed I told him the full truth - which of course he didn't believe. It's not that he didn't think I had an unusually close relationship with my dad but at the same time he couldn't imagine it was so far as incest. That day he watched from the closet as my dad fucked me and then he had no choice but to believe me. As things have turned out, that was the first AND last time he ever has watched me having sex with my dad, even so much as a blowjob.

It's not like Steve is some sort of prude - far from it indeed! Like the guy was fucking plenty of other girls long before he took my virginity and he's had more than his fair share over the years since. He's another one of those guys that LOVES fucking young girls who are part of someone else's family but to do one in his own? Never. Indeed, his sister Sharon was one of my best friends who was insanely jealous that I was fucking her brother most every day. She tried everything but he coldly rejected her every advance no matter how far she would go. Years later she turned her attention to their younger brother who was more than happy by then to fuck his older sister. Today they even live together under the guise of being married, something that drives Steve (and his mother) insane whenever the subject comes up.

The ONLY time a crack has ever appeared in his wall against incest was the time his mother caught the two of us fucking in their basement back when we were just starting to have sex. Of the three of us it would've been impossible to determine who was hornier - his mom after watching us, Steve who was fucking me hard in a state of pure lust when she walked in, or me feeling the shock of being caught by his mom on their couch with her son drilling me deep. Considering the emotional state of everyone at the time, it's not that hard to picture what happened next. I witnessed incest for the first time in my life as Steve and his mother fucked each other for the first time, Steve even cumming inside his mother's wet pussy. That was the first AND last time such a thing ever happened between them. In fact today neither of them will even discuss the matter and if anything Steve gets quite testy if I push the matter to put it mildly. A couple of our biggest arguments since we got married have been around that very subject.

I said Steve knew about me and my dad but I did NOT say he approved of it. Yes, he tolerates it because he loves me enough to look past what I do with my dad but he won't do more than that. He's never even seen me hold my dad's dick since we said our vows and he refuses to even have sex at my dad's house if he's home. Fortunately my wonderful husband has never so much as hinted that I should stop fulfilling my duties and obligations as my father's daughter, but that doesn't mean he encourages them either. I guess you could say he tolerates my behavior.

As for Marlene, Steve's mom, she hasn't a clue that I enjoy sex with my father let alone that her son's fucking several of the women in my family - including my own mother! While Steve may not approve of what I do with my dad he isn't the least bit afraid to take full advantage of the "benefits" of marrying an incest girl. He loves fucking my mom the most - something about that mother-daughter fantasy nurtured by most men I'm sure. With my mom living so far away though he doesn't get much of chance to be with her so these days it's her younger sister, my Aunt Linda, who gets most of his "attention". Steve also likes to be with Kristen, my aunt's only daughter, now and then but he's never been all that excited about sex with her. Although he insists that it's got nothing to do with it, I'm convinced it because of her prostitution background. As much as he may pretend to be turned off by that though, it's sort of funny to me how he seems to forget about it when he gets horny and she's available.

Marlene may not know about what goes on behind closed doors in my family but she IS fully aware of the goings on between her youngest two children. Given her reaction whenever the subject of Jim and Sharon comes up, I'm sure that if she ever found out about me and my dad that she would probably disown me. Well, maybe things wouldn't be THAT bad but still I'm positive that we wouldn't enjoy the close relationship we share today. In many ways she treats me better than her own daughter and when I call her mom, it's not me kissing her ass but rather a heartfelt tribute.

Pardon me for maybe sounding a little sorry for myself, but from my perspective I'm the one who has to make the most compromises and deal with the most issues. Marlene may feel bitterness and even a little disgust with the way her two youngest kids have turned out, but it's not like they live next door or even in the same state to where she has to worry about what the neighbors will think.

Actually I think it's my husband who's getting the better end of things - literally. As the head of our household I submit to his every sexual need even when it means I have to engage in sexual activities that aren't exactly on my list of favorite things to do. My Aunt Linda dotes on him like he's the son she never had, sometimes even stopping by for a quickie (and not so quick sometimes). Perhaps best of all for him, she provides him access to family sex parties even though technically he doesn't meet the requirements to participate as he doesn't have a son or daughter himself. My mother practically drools over him to where it's almost embarrassing. Even my cousin Kristen will set aside most anything when he shows just the occasional interest although I think with her it's more to do with her doing him in front of me than my husband's sexual prowess. Although he refuses to be around when I'm with my dad sexually, any other time he and my dad get along like old school buddies even though there's a more than twenty year age gap.

Meanwhile, while everyone else is fulfilling their fantasies, I have to walk on eggshells around Steve's mom to be sure I never let anything slip that might alert her to what goes on within my family. Even harder, I have to just sit and watch while she and Steve fool around like two middle school kids on the couch, groping and kissing but never quite crossing the line. I always seem to be trying to figure out how to balance my duties as a wife and those of being a daughter which can be extremely difficult at times, especially given how horny and possessive they each can be.

I was talking to my best friend Beth not long ago about this very subject. Beth knows about most everything in my life, probably more than even my husband I think sometimes. Not only is she one of the few people outside my family that knows about me and my dad, she's actually one of the few girls my dad ever fucked while married to my mom. Make that one of two with the other being my mom's best friend. Like many people she finds my incestual sex life interesting but also like most people, Beth has never had any interest in doing any such thing with her own father or brother.

Actually I found myself telling Beth much of the same that I've been writing up until now, then asking her for her advice. As always, she had an opinion and wasn't afraid to express it...

"Kelly, why the HELL do you put up with it?" she huffed, folding her arms as she glared at me, "Sometimes you carry this 'submission' thing a little too far, don't ya think?"

It wasn't the first time she'd lectured me on the subject and odds were not the last either. To put it mildly, Beth doesn't agree one bit when bit comes to my philosophies on submission. Having gotten married not that long ago herself, she and her husband have a much different arrangement where supposedly they are "equals". Well, in my humble opinion there's no such thing as ANY type of relationship where two people can be totally equal and from what I've seen so far, theirs is no exception to the rule. I would bet they've already had several times more fights and arguments since getting married than Steve and I have had after being married more than twice as long. If anything, it just proves my point on why submission is so good for a marriage but she won't listen to reason and facts.

Beth apparently took my lack of response as me disagreeing with her which was true, but then I really didn't want to say so. It didn't matter...

"Seriously... you HAVE to see it Kelly, Steve's so taking advantage of you. Damn girl, you need to stand up for yourself!"

I could feel my face redden a bit but it wasn't embarrassment that was raising my blood pressure. Best friend or not, there WERE lines not to cross and Beth knew better than anyone how seriously I took this issue.

Beth was on a roll though and continued... "So let me make a prediction here... you go to his mother's house, the two of them play footsie on the couch leaving you on the sidelines like it's some sort of weird spectator sport, and then what? Let me guess... the two of you put on some sort of sex show for her to watch? Kelly you know I love you dearly but even you have to admit that's sort of sick."

"But he's my husband and I have to..." I started to refute her but she cut me off mid-sentence...

"BULLSHIT! You don't HAVE to do anything. C'mon girlfriend, who the hell taught you that line of crap? Look in the mirror for God's sake. You're young, sexy as hell and smarter than the average bear. Steve would do ANYTHING if you held out on him for just one day and you damn well know it."

Well, she had me there. Still, true or not, THAT set me off and before I realized what I was saying this came out...

"OK Beth... now listen to me as I'm only going to say this once... I would NEVER do that to my husband," I said in a stern and unyielding voice, "You may not care about treating your husband right but I do and I will NEVER withhold myself from him, no matter what I want. Before lecturing me, remember that it's not like I've ever showed up at YOUR door looking for a place to stay the night."

Ouch! It was a low blow to bring up something that I'd promised never to bring up with her. That night when she and her husband had really gone at it was probably the low point of her new marriage and for me to use it now against her was pretty bad of me and I instantly regretted it.

"Oh Beth, I'm soooooo sorry," I pleaded as she rose abruptly and started to head for the door.

Beth wasn't listening, or at least not reacting until after opening the apartment door she turned to me with tears streaming from her red eyes.

"Well fuck you Kelly. At least I have my self-respect... I haven't caved on my morals just because my husband wants to screw little girls... I'm no doormat for my mother-in-law. And MY parents didn't groom me to be their little home sex toy. So you know what? You can go fuck yourself. Or do you need your overlord husband's permission to do THAT as well these days?"

With that outburst she stormed out and now I found myself in tears. I couldn't ever remember her saying anything like that to me before. Oh sure we've had our fair share of fights and arguments over the years - what best friends haven't? But she'd NEVER said those type of horrible things to me before. As quickly and easily as the words had flowed, obviously these weren't new feelings for her. It was just her emotions that had lowered her defenses, allowing her most inner feelings to emerge and it hurt me to know she felt this way about me.

About an hour later Beth called me and apologized and we both cried our eyes out on the phone making up to one another. Still, later that night after I'd dutifully sucked off my husband I was lying there in bed naked next to him and found myself lost in thought as he drifted off to sleep with my head in his lap.

If anyone else but my closest friend had said the things Beth had I would've easily shrugged them off. Heck, over the years those would've sounded downright complimentary compared to some of the nasty things people have said to me. But when they're from the one person you trust with your deepest secrets such words take on a whole new meaning.

Was it true? Was any of what she said the truth? Could I possibly be THAT big of an idiot to be so blind as to not see the truth? It was the part about my parents "grooming" me really bothered me. I can't even begin to estimate how many strangers have said something similar to me over the years but I've never taken such hateful words seriously, figuring it was just idiots on the Internet jealous of what I enjoyed with my family. Still, I'd given this a lot of thought to this very matter over the years once people started throwing it at me and I've always come to the same conclusion. In any case, so what if my parents HAD groomed me? If anything I should be thankful that they cared enough about me to prepare me for my proper role in life as a wife and daughter.

No, the part that REALLY made me think was the deal with Steve and his mother. I had to admit that even I get frustrated at times with their antics. More than once I DID feel like she was using us for her own self-gratification, even if she strongly denied any such thoughts. C'mon, really? The woman sits in the bedroom and watches her son fucking me and she's not getting off about it later? Either she's lying through her teeth or she's one really twisted personality. Then again, it's not like either wasn't a good possibility. As much as I loved Marlene, she was a little weird as well. According to Sharon, ever since her husband dumped her for that young bimbo secretary she was never quite the same.

The more I thought about it the more I questioned whether or not it was time I pressed for the real reason why my husband had one of the oddest relationships I'd ever seen between a son and his mother. There HAD to be more to what either of them had told me. It was downright crazy the way they pushed the line so hard and then tried to act as if nothing happened. What REALLY happened after they moved to California so many years ago? What REALLY went on while they lived alone together after returning to Pittsburgh? What REALLY did they do these days when I wasn't around? Steve adamantly claimed that if anything it was less than when I was there as my presence apparently stimulated them both but I was starting to wonder if that was just a fib to boost my ego.

Well, maybe the time had finally come to learn some answers. There was just one problem... Was I really ready for the answers?

## 2. Mother's Day Also Falls on Sunday

Sunday's are my favorite day of the week. First and foremost it means another opportunity to attend church and worship God. Even if I miss the Wednesday night service or any of the other weekly activities like my Bible study or prayer group, the Sunday morning service is the one thing I try never to miss. Usually we attend the second service even though it's the boring "traditional" version which means less lively music and more solemn in general than the earlier "contemporary" service. The problem is making it to church by 9:00 AM is just a little more than I'm usually up to, especially when the Saturday night before ended late.

Sunday's are also the day we ALWAYS eat out. Well, technically most day's my husband and I eat out as I don't exactly have the greatest skills when it comes to the kitchen. Steve likes to say I'm great in the bedroom but unless he's doing me on the counter then the kitchen's not my place. No "barefoot and in the kitchen" at our house, it's more like "heels and in the bedroom"! So anyway, what I intended to say is that Sunday means a NICE dinner out - no carryout or fast food. The restaurant has to have tablecloths (cloth, not paper) and real waiters who aren't chewing gum.

extremes depending on how I was doing that morning but invariably he would get off one way or another with his cum left behind either on me or sometimes in me.

Now that I don't live at home our morning tradition has morphed into something a little different but the basic core of the tradition remains the same. Now instead of him stopping by my bedroom each morning, instead I come by every Sunday morning before church to submit myself to him - as every Christian daughter should. As soon as we're done then we go to the service together. If you think wearing a short sundress makes you feel good, try wearing it with your own father's cum practically dripping from your freshly fucked pussy as you take your seat in the pew. As you may have already guessed, that same cum leakage is also the main reason why I usually wear underwear to church. Yeah, I HATE underwear but then as I've often said before, there are lines even a slut like me doesn't cross in church. Indeed, it's such morals and ethics is what separates a true slut from the skanks.

The key to making all this work and why it's been such a successful tradition is we've never made it into some grand production where it becomes a burden after a while. Usually I show up alone (sadly my husband doesn't go to church with me most Sundays) maybe a half hour before the service starts. Fifteen minutes or so is usually plenty of time for just getting my dad off be it just sucking his cock or letting him fuck me. As always when it comes to sex with my dad, it's HIS enjoyment that's the most important. If I cum I just consider it a bonus as the whole point is to please my dad. It all goes back to being a proper Christian daughter and fulfilling my obligations by submitting to my father's needs and desires (the whole "honor your parents" thing). I submit myself to my dad for HIS enjoyment, not mine. Not that I don't enjoy it mind you, it's just that MY pleasure comes secondary to his. Yes, it may seem complicated to some people but to me it's just common sense.

And so it was when I awoke to the annoying buzzing of my iPhone alarm on Sunday morning. As I stretched out to poke the snooze I felt my husband's warm nude body pressing against my bare butt. Rolling over cautiously so as not wake him, I gently pulled down the covers and gazed longingly at Steve's beautiful flaccid cock as it lay over to the side all but covered by the thick bush of pubic hair that sprouted from its base. Memories of how well he'd fucked me with that incredible dick not that many hours earlier came flooding back and my pussy tingled with the desire to feel him inside of me again if for nothing else than for a few quick moments.

Instinctively I started to reach for my husband's cock but at the last second somehow found the willpower deep down inside of me to pull my hand back. As tempting as it was I knew that there would be plenty of opportunities later. For now I had to get moving if I was going to get to my dad's house in time to fulfill my duties as his daughter. It's not like I hadn't pleased Steve the night before after all.

One last look at that wonderful dick before I got out of bed. God my husband looked so handsome lying there naked on his back sound asleep! I wanted to just run my hands and tongue all over his nude muscular body and then mount him, riding his erect dick until he flooded me with his warm love.

Suddenly I felt myself jump as my finger pressed down on my wet slippery clit. Oh my, I hadn't even realized that I'd pushed my hand down there and now here I was already masturbating without even really thinking about it! Reluctantly I pulled away and slipped out of bed as softy as I could without waking him.

Entering the bathroom my bladder suddenly reminded me that it needed some immediate attention as well so I took care of the little detail before anything else. Brushing my teeth, I poked my head out of the bathroom to once again take in the sire of my wonderful husband stretched out without a stitch of clothes on his lean body. Mmmmmmm, perfection!

After my shower and finishing my hair and makeup, I walked out into the bedroom and opened my closet to deal with my usual Sunday morning quandary - what to wear. The good news was I had lots of options. Between my own shopping trips and those courtesy of my father and husband, my closet was pretty mush overflowing with all sorts of outfits. Of course most of the ones they bought me weren't exactly suitable for church even by my standards although I doubt either of them would've complained if I wore them there. The only problem was that I couldn't say the same for the church leadership! Indeed, as a teenager I'd had more than a few run-ins with the church authority figures although usually they took the case to my mother first. Fortunately she stood up for me in all but the most egregious cases although there had been more than a few "mother-daughter" discussions at home about dressing appropriately for church.

With the weather warming up the options were even more open. I LOVE sundresses so starting in Spring and going through most of Fall they were pretty much my uniform of the day when it came to church. Unfortunately I couldn't wear them to work at school. A light frilly sundress would've definitely crossed the line when it came to the public school dress code for teachers even though it was still light years more relaxed than what I'd had to deal with at the private Christian school I'd taught at before finally securing a position in the public school system.

Sunflower yellow and sky blue are my two favorite colors for sundresses although I probably pretty much have the rainbow covered in my closet. I tried to think back to last week and was pretty sure it was the yellow one that I'd worn for the first time this year to church. It was my all-time favorite with thin shoulder straps that attached more to the side of my bust than right on top like most did which gave the illusion of a bigger bust. Hey, anything that makes my boobs look higher and bigger is a go for me!

Thus it came down to the sky blue version. It was a pretty plain design but I loved the color which ultimately won the day. It also was a little shorter than the yellow version which hadn't been all that long to start so I knew I'd be turning more than the usual heads this week which was just fine with me given the mood I was in. It also turned my dad on to be seen with me on his arm even if people knew me as his daughter and thus most likely never even considered what had gone on between us not so long before.

That's one of the things I love about having sex with my dad right before church - going to the service and knowing what we'd done with so many people seeing us together without a clue as to what we'd been doing literally just minutes before. I enjoy fantasizing about what some of the more sanctimonious bitches with their holier-than-thou attitudes they wear on their sleeve at church would say if I lifted my hem and pulled aside my cum-soaked panties so they could see my dad's incestuous sperm seeping from my freshly fucked pussy? Then again, it also gets me tingling to fantasize about the reactions of all those guys who stare at me while trying so hard NOT to appear to do so.

Dropping the towel to the floor, I pulled the dress from the hangar and slipped it on over my head, letting it drop and then working it down where it would catch from being so snug in the middle. Just as I was about to reach around to pull it down the back I felt it moving down all on its own. Well, as it turned out it had a little help...

"Mmmmmmm, good choice, one of my favorites in fact," I heard from Steve who had sneaked up behind me, "Now if you would PLEASE tell me you're not going to wear any panties under it..."

I turned to face my husband who must have been more awake than I'd realized for him to be able to sneak over behind me so quietly as I picked out my dress.

"Yeah, I imagine you'd just be thrilled if I didn't," I teased him as I lifted it up in front to reveal my freshly scrubbed bare pussy.

His leering smile quickly faded as I pulled open the top left drawer of my dresser where I kept my panties and pulled out a matching pair of French cut panties. Slipping them on, I almost laughed as he seemed so disappointed, like a boy who thought he was getting a puppy but then told to put him back.

"Oh come on my horny hubby, you don't really expect me to wear THIS dress to church without any underwear under it, do you?"

Steve gave me a look that clearly conveyed that such a thing was EXACTLY what he was hoping for.

"Ohhhhhh, quit looking so sad... maybe later when we go out I'll leave them behind," I tried to console him but he didn't seem happy with even that offer so I changed tactics and asked, "How about I promise to take them off before I get home from church?"

Steve had something going on, I could tell. It's hard to describe but there was just something about the way he was fidgeted, almost like a little boy that needed to go to the bathroom.

"OK buster... what's going on?" I asked, deciding just to confront him head-on as I really didn't have time to play Twenty Questions.

Steve bit his lower lip and I couldn't help but notice his dick was no longer flaccid, in fact far from it as it was starting to raise up all on its own like a missile raising up on its launch pad.

Steve noticed me staring at his cock and he teased me by flopping it up and down with his hand saying, "How about I make you a deal... I'll go to church with you today but YOU have to leave the panties home."

Boy, talk about a good news - bad news proposition. For Steve to even offer to go to church was music to my ears as usually he never would go unless it was a major event like Christmas or Easter. It's not that he's an atheist or anything, it's just he doesn't like large organized religious groups which included the Presbyterian Church. But to wear this dress without anything under it all - no bra or panties, was a little dangerous even by my standards. Still, it wasn't like I couldn't just be a little extra careful, especially doing things like sitting down and getting up when it tended to ride up. Usually I didn't worry about flashing a little underwear but if I was going to go commando then that put things in an entirely different perspective.

There was also one more thing to consider before making such a commitment and it's not like it wasn't important...

"OK but we have to stop by my dad's first," I reminded him as if it was something he could forget.

"Oh.... whatever," he said, allowing a frown appear for a moment before he perked up again saying, "Well it IS Mother's Day after all and since your Aunt Linda is a mother I suppose I could find something to keep me occupied while you do your... thing."

Wow, talk about a series of understatements! When he said "something to keep me occupied" I just about burst out laughing. Oh yeah, like screwing my favorite aunt was just something to keep him occupied. And as for me "doing my thing", I've always found it amusing how my husband would twist the English language into knots to avoid using the "I" word. I mean like would it really kill him to say "incest" just once?

I dropped the panties back in the drawer and smoothed out my skirt as Steve watched approvingly. Well, hopefully the sun wasn't too bright such that it wouldn't shine through my dress as I walked through the parking lot.

Steve patted me on the butt and kissed me as he made his way to the bathroom to get ready.

"Now THAT's much better. Besides, you know you love it anyway."

He was right!

We arrived at my dad's house a few minutes later than I'd planned thanks to having to wait for Steve but there was still almost 45 minutes before the service started. It only took five to ten minutes to drive there and adding in the time to park and walk in, that left a good half hour which should be plenty of time for the two most important men in my life to enjoy themselves.

"Hey, look who the cat dragged in with her," my aunt teased as she opened the door while we approached. She must have been watching through the front window and seen us drive up. Normally she would've been out of sight by now but seeing Steve with me must have grabbed her attention.

"So to what do I owe the pleasure," she asked, looking at Steve as she closed the door behind us.

Steve was just staring back at her so I explained that it was Mother's Day and that Steve had asked if he could come along to give her a present.

"Oh really? And just what would that be by chance?" she asked, knowing full well ahead of time what the answer would be.

Steve finally spoke up replying, "Well, where would you like me to give it to you?" with a special emphasis on the "give it" part.

Aunt Linda laughed and took him by the hand, leading him to the living room.

"Well, seeing as Kelly will be heading upstairs this morning, I suppose we'll just have to make do in the living room."

By that I took it to mean my dad was waiting for me in their bedroom. It was a little different than usual as normally he was waiting for me in either the kitchen or living room. As I was always in a dress of some sort, typically he just had me bend over the table or a chair and he'd lift up my dress and take me standing up so as not to wrinkle my dress and allow him to keep his clothes on.

I gave Steve a quick kiss and a pat in his crotch. God, he was already hard as a rock! Oh well, that was all the better for my aunt. Meanwhile I had my own man to deal with...

I quickly made my way up the wood steps to the second floor and across the hallway to the master bedroom. Inside I found my dad leaning over as he looked in the mirror atop the dresser, fixing his tie.

"Damn tourniquets," he fussed, "Whoever came up with this idea I hope he's rotting in hell."

Another time and place I would've taken the time to commiserate with him as indeed, it did seem like a pretty silly thing to wear but then look at some of the things women have worn over the ages.

"Hey, was that Steve I heard?" he asked as he turned to face me.

I quickly explained our deal which brought a smile to my dad's face.

"Can't say I'm disappointed but in THAT dress going bottomless is a bit risky, don't you think? Especially today with it being so crowded."

Now that he'd mentioned it I couldn't help but wonder if I'd made the right decision. I mean it's not like Steve would've bailed if I'd pushed the issue. My husband LOVED fucking my mother's younger sister and had push come to shove he would've caved but then that's not the way I believe a wife should treat her spouse. This is what my husband wanted and if I could deal with it then that's what I needed to do as a proper wife.

"Maybe I should just walk in like this," I teased my dad as I lifted the hem up over my waist, revealing my naked bottom and pussy to him as I twirled in a circle.

"Now THAT would certainly make it a service nobody would ever forget," he laughed but as he did he was unzipping his dress pants and reaching in to pull out his almost completely erect dick.

"Hmmmmmm, I see somebody likes my outfit," I said softly as I wiggled my hips.

My dad put his hands on my breasts, cupping one in each hand through the thin fabric as he leaned down to kiss me on the lips. Our tongues met and I felt myself tingle deep inside as his fingers tweaked my nipples through the dress.

"Why don't you lean over the bed there and let me show you how much I like it," he said as our lips finally parted.

I'd barely done as he asked when I felt him push in from behind, driving his erect cock into my wet pussy as quickly as he could. It was like he couldn't wait to fuck me and now that I was there he wasn't going to waste a single moment.

"Oh daddy!" I sighed as he thrust himself deep inside of me.

"Oh baby girl... I love you so much."

It was all he said as he began thrusting himself in and out of me but it was like music to my ears. Yes indeed, my father had said the very words I wanted so badly to hear. It wasn't just the words that told me he loved me though as his cock drilled deep inside of me. Indeed, how could he NOT love me when his actions told me that he did. How could he lust for me and want so badly to give me the most personal thing he possessed if he didn't love me the way he did?

"Yes daddy... love me," I somehow managed to blurt out as he literally pounded his dick into me, driving me down onto the bed with the sheer force of his desire for me, "Take me daddy... I want you to show me how much you love me.... let me please you... You can do anything to me daddy - anything."

My father's hands were on my bare hips, my sundress pulled up and out of the way as he drove himself in deeply and then just held himself there with the hairy bush of his crotch ticking my bottom. I could hear him grunting as he ground his stiff dick around inside of my tight pussy.

For whatever reason my dad seemed especially horny this morning. Usually he liked to talk to me as he fucked me, telling me how much he loved me and how I pleased him and made him happy. He would call me a good daughter and thank me for giving myself to him. Almost always at some point or another he would want me to suck his cock as I looked up at him and our eyes would meet as he pushed it down into my throat. I loved to taste him after he had been inside of me, the smell

I smiled back at him, seductively licking my fingers clean of his cum. I'd always loved that nickname he'd given me way back when I first started having sex - "my little slut". Little did I know back when I was just fourteen that a couple of years later it would be HIS cum that I'd be tasting after I'd been just fucked.

"We need to get going daddy," I reminded him, nodding towards the clock. We had just ten minutes, barely enough time and even so we were probably going to be fashionably late this morning to the service.

He just nodded as I hurried to the bathroom and grabbed some Kleenex to wipe myself off. Damn, he must've really been loaded this morning judging from the way it just kept draining from me as I wiped it off time after time. Oh well, I grabbed a handful to take with to try and get the rest on the drive over. I found myself starting to question the wisdom of my agreement with my husband regarding my lack of panties. As thin as this dress was and with the color of material it would show any wet spot like it had flashing lights announcing itself.

Speaking of my horny husband...

I hurried down the stairs ahead of my dad just in case the two of them were still going at it. It's not like either of them were shy about being seen having sex but for whatever reason my husband didn't like doing it front of my dad, even if it wasn't with me.

As it turned out, my concerns were totally validated. I'd no sooner turned the corner at the bottom of the stairs but what should I see in front of me was my aunt riding my husband as he sat in the leather chair in the living room. It was the perfect chair for such a thing as I knew from plenty of past experience - firm with a wide seat, it had strong arms that were perfect for maintaining balance as you rode the guy sitting under you.

"Sorry babe, looks like we'll be missing church today," Steve informed me as I approached them. The grin on his face totally conflicted with his words though. Sorry my ass!

Damn, it's not like I shouldn't have seen this coming from a mile away. No doubt he had no intention of attending church from the get-go and this had all just been a ruse so he could fuck my aunt this morning. And to think I hadn't even thought to bring along my panties just in case something like this happened. Like duh, where had my brain been this morning not to anticipate this? It's not like it was something I shouldn't have suspected that Steve would pull.

Oh well, what could I say? Steve was my husband and this is what he wanted so it didn't really matter how I felt about it.

I backed out of the living room, taking one last moment to enjoy the erotic sight in front of me. My Aunt Linda might be pushing fifty now but you'd never know it seeing her as she bounced on my husband's erection. She'd taken off her dress and was just wearing her bra and panties with the panties pulled to the side to allow for Steve's dick to have easy access to her hairy dark crotch and pussy. Damn, I could only hope my genes had some of what was in hers!

I closed the French doors in the entrance to the living room just as my father made it to the first floor.

"Let me guess," he said with a grin, "Just you and me this morning baby?"

Oh well, it's not like THAT was the worst thing in the world that could've happened. Besides, Sunday mornings were a tradition between my father and me that didn't include my husband anyway. After all, Steve got me every other day of the week so I didn't think that asking for just one morning to be dedicated to my father was too much.

On the way to church I kept dabbing my leaking crotch with a Kleenex. I had my dress pulled up and bunched around my waist as the last thing I needed was a wet spot on the back of it when we got there, Fortunately by the time we made it things seemed to slow down. If nothing else, it seemed to make my dad happy to watch me judging from the somewhat lewd comments he was making about me riding with my skirt pulled up to my waist. What the heck, I figured better to deal with a few wrinkles than the alternative.

Actually the service went by quickly without anything all that eventful. Being it was Mother's Day they were handing out small corsages to all the moms. I couldn't help but notice that many of the mothers were now younger than me which made me feel a little left out. Here I was just 28 years old and already starting to feel like my biological clock was ticking away. While Steve and I had been talking more seriously lately about a baby, I was still on birth control so even if we DID decide to have a baby to would likely be months before I was pregnant. Then again, if my mom's and aunt's experiences had anything to say about things, I came from a pretty fertile line and it wouldn't take much to get me pregnant!

Somehow or another I managed not to leak during the service although immediately after I made my way to the ladies rest room and once inside a stall hitched up my dress and used some toilet paper to clean off what remaining cum from my dad that had managed to gather. As I checked myself out in the mirror, it was all I could do not to grin as I noticed the disapproving looks from one of the mothers standing behind me. Yeah like the stupid bitch wouldn't be wearing the same outfit if she hadn't gained fifty pounds since high school.

Of course I was the recipient of numerous appreciative looks from the guys at church, many of whom knew me well and I knew had come to expect me to "entertain" them. More than a few of them had even fucked me at one time or another although I never did anything to let on that there was anything like that in our history. I've always made it a point never to let them do me twice and this type of thing was a major reason. Sure it was incredibly hot and erotic to seduce them into cheating on their wives for the first time but there weren't any long-term benefits to maintaining any sort of relationship with them. It was enough now to see the look in their eyes when they saw me, knowing that they would all fuck me in a heartbeat if I ever allowed them.

By the time we got home I saw another car had parked in on the street in front of the house. It looked like Kristen and her husband had finally made it over. At least she hadn't forgotten about her mother on Mother's Day! I hoped that my husband and her mom had finished their thing before she'd arrived although I doubt it would have had any impact on anything. Given the family sex parties they attended together it's not like there was anything the two of them could do that would surprise my cousin.

Actually as my dad pulled into the driveway and made his way down the slope to the garage I started to wonder just what might be waiting for us. Knowing the four of them in the house it could be just about anything! Here was another thing I hadn't thought through when I agreed to my husband's plan earlier this morning. OK, so going bottomless to church turned out to be a non-event but that didn't mean who knows what was going on while my dad and I had been at the service.

Fortunately as things turned out my fears had been for naught. Well, maybe "fears" isn't the right word as it wouldn't have bothered me no matter what they were doing. Maybe "concerns" would have been then a better way to say it as we were supposedly taking Steve's mother out for dinner and if things had blossomed into some full-out orgy then who knows when we'd ever be on our way to her house. It's not like I could just call up Marlene and explain that we were going to be late because we all decided to have sex together!

It was thus a bit of a surprise when we walked in and found the four of them in the basement family room fully dressed and ready to go. Wow, maybe we WERE getting old! For my cousin this had to be some sort of milestone in her maturing process to pass up such an opportunity but that was something we could talk about another time so I didn't even bring up the subject.

Instead, Steve and I gave out goodbyes and hit the road. It would take maybe a half hour to get to his mother's place with the holiday traffic and she was expecting us in five minutes so no matter what we were going to be late. Well, it's not like SHE was ever on time…

## 3. Pushing My Mother-in-Law

As things turned out we were only fifteen minutes late - which for Steve was "early". Much to my exasperation, I'd learned early in our relationship that if we really needed to get someplace at a certain time then I had to make him think it was at least a half hour earlier. At least then when he was "late" we'd had a fighting chance of being on time. Fortunately it's not like his mother was any more punctual than her son so at least she couldn't hold THAT over our heads. Indeed, even though we were still a little late (by my definition) as it turned out Marlene wasn't anywhere ready to go when we arrived. Heck, she was still in her bath robe when we walked in through the back door to the kitchen!

"Hey mom, happy Mother's Day," Steve was the first to greet her.

My husband put his strong arms around his shorter mother and hugged her tightly before loosening up just enough so he could lean back to kiss her. As always in such situations, this was no innocent peck on the cheek but rather a full blown open-mouth, tongue touching smooching. As I waited patiently (well, maybe not THAT patiently) it was at least a couple of minutes before they finally broke apart enough for me to express my wishes to her for a happy Mother's Day as well.

At least given her state of undress there was no need to apologize for being late. Instead it was Steve's mom who was making up the excuses for running behind which was fine by me. Yet again I found myself having to hold back as I've never understood how people like Steve and Marlene can always be at least thirty minutes late. Like if you KNOW you're always going to be a half hour late, then why start a half hour earlier and be on time? It was a minor thing I guess but no less irritating. Then again, I guess I could have to deal with some of the crazy quirks my friends told me about when it came to their husbands and family. In the grand scheme of things running late wasn't even in the same league of the horror stories I've been told.

Once I finally grabbed the opportunity to wish her a happy Mother's Day, Marlene turned to me and gave me a hug although it wasn't anything like that she shared with her son. Stepping back a bit, she looked over my outfit closely for the first time as until then she'd pretty much been focused on her oldest son.

"Hmmmmmm... now that's a pretty dress Kelly, I don't think I've seen you wear it before. New?"

I smiled and answered as I nodded towards my husband, "Yeah, Steve just bought it for me."

Marlene grinned as she looked over at Steve and rolled her eyes, "Yes, I can definitely see why he would like it. So I'm just guessing here... it didn't come with any underwear?"

At first I wasn't sure whether to take her seriously or not. Was she joking, teasing or just being sarcastic? Then I saw her and my husband exchange glances and from the grins on their faces I knew she was just teasing me so I decided to give a little back myself.

"Well you know your son better than I do mom."

For just a moment I think it was her turn to wonder where I was coming from but then she shook it off and smiled. The funny thing is that if she were to ask, I might've told her that I wasn't teasing but then that wouldn't have been nice of me.

"Oh well... the days I could get away with wearing something like that are long past me," she sighed melodramatically.

"Awwwwww mom," Steve consoled her, putting his arm around her and grabbing her butt firmly, "You still look great."

Marlene turned to me and shrugged her shoulders. I noticed she made no effort to dissuade her son from fondling her ass. "Well Kelly, what can I say when my son's my biggest fan?"

In a different time and place I might've said something sarcastic about it being the same as when your father was your biggest fan but then I knew that Steve would've killed me. As it was we all laughed and then Marlene told us to take a seat in the kitchen and help ourselves to the wine coolers in the refrigerator. She promised she'd be ready in ten minutes but I knew from past history that it would be at least twice that long that if not more.

Moving into the kitchen as she disappeared, I thought about how with the traffic and all on the drive over we hadn't really talked all that much so if anything this would give us a chance to catch up on the morning "activities". We just had to be careful not to let his mother overhear the conversation. It sort of irked me more than just a little that we still had to play this little game. Like when was Steve going to finally own up to things and tell his mother what all went on with my side of the family? Even if he wasn't ready to tell her that her daughter-in-law was being fucked by her father he could at least admit to what he did with the other women in my family. No matter how his mother felt about the subject, technically some people wouldn't call that incest since they were not related by blood even though in MY book it still counted. It was an important point for me in that it was the basis for the rationale that allowed me to have sex with other members of my family without having to call it adultery.

"So where are we going to eat?" I asked. Steve had this blank look on his face and for a moment I panicked.

"Oh good lord Steve, you did remember it's Mother's Day. We'll NEVER get in anywhere nice if you forgot to make reservations."

Seeing the look of sheer exasperation on my face, Steve couldn't keep a straight face any longer and burst out laughing.

"C'mon, give me a break Kelly, I'm not THAT dense," he teased me, "Of course we have reservations."

He then explained to me how he'd managed to secure a nice table at one of pricier downtown hotel buffets. There was just one hitch - it wasn't for another two hours. I didn't say anything but I knew then that he'd likely forgotten until the last minute and thus had to make do with whatever crappy time was available. Oh well, at least we had something, even if it was in the middle of the afternoon.

"Soooooo...," he went on, reaching over to put his hand on my upper exposed leg, "How should we pass the time until then?"

From the way his hand was moving up my leg with his fingers already under the hem of my dress (as short as it was and with my leg crossed it meant he was only a few inches away from my crotch already), it was pretty obvious what HE had in mind. Then again, as a heterosexual male it would have been more a surprise if her hadn't.

"What's the matter stud, my Aunt Linda didn't satisfy you?" I teased him although I certainly wasn't about to do anything to discourage his wandering fingers.

"Shhhhhh!" he hissed at me, looking worriedly over his shoulder at the hallway which led to his mother's bedroom, "Damn it Kelly, what if she heard you?"

"Oh phooey, she won't be ready for another half hour and you know it," I huffed, "Besides, why would she care anyway?"

"Well, you know how she is..." Steve started to say but I cut him off, this time clamping my hand down on his to hold him in place as I turned towards him.

"No I DON'T know how she is," I sighed, "You know, I'm so sick and tired of worrying about what your mother knows about. This is really getting to be tiresome."

Steve's face darkened, maybe not physically but I don't know how else to describe his expression.

"Shit, we're not going to go THERE again, are we?" he asked but it sounded more like an order than a question. In the past it would have been enough to cause me to back down but after my recent exchange with Beth I wasn't ready to back off so easily this time.

"You know, it IS Mother's Day," I started to say softly but he was way ahead of me.

"As so you think that that makes it a good time to tell my own mother that I have sex with my wife's mother and family?"

He paused but I wasn't saying anything so he continued, "You know how I feel about all that Kelly, so just drop it, OK?"

Damn! I wanted to scream at him and say that NO, I didn't know how he felt about it. Oh sure, I knew what he told me but I knew there had to be more that he was hiding away deep down from me. Well, to be honest so far everything had gone just as I had assumed it would when I'd thought about this earlier so while he might not realize it, all was going according to my plans...

"Whatever, " I huffed, acting as though I was accepting what he'd said, "So you wanna fuck me eh?"

I said it in a mischievous voice and got exactly the reaction I expected. It was the same reaction I've gotten all my life whenever I ask any guy that question - a huge smile and a hard dick - not that he hadn't been erect since kissing his mother. Yes, I noticed!

Steve started to reach under my dress for my unprotected pussy but I scooted away and stood up.

"Uh uh, not here my horny husband. Let's do it on the bed where it's more comfortable."

He didn't have to be told twice. Within a matter of minutes we were both naked on his bed with me on my belly between his legs with his dick in my mouth. I still had my heels on but otherwise had removed my necklace and bracelets. Steve had his head propped up with a couple of pillows so he could watch as I worked his cock. Yep, two things I'd learned from back when I first started blowing men - they LOVE to watch and the love it even more when you make eye contact.

"Damn... I don't think I can EVER see enough of you doing that," he gasped as my tongue worked around his swollen head while my fingers cupped his hairy balls and gently rolled them.

Then I noticed his eyes shifted from what I was doing to something behind me. Glancing over my shoulder, sure enough there was Marlene standing at the doorway watching us. What a surprise... NOT! As usual, she hadn't said a word or made a sound to announce her presence and if past experience held true, she wouldn't say anything as she watched either. It had been that way from the first time she'd watched us. Back then I'd been a little surprised to say the least but then who wouldn't be under the circumstance. Naturally I also had expectations that she would soon join us but nowadays I've come to accept that she never will. Marlene was still in her robe although it looked like she'd done her hair and makeup. The robe was untied and fell open just enough to show that she wasn't wearing anything underneath. regardless, she wasn't touching herself or otherwise doing anything to suggest she was turned on by watching. Again, no different than any other time.

THAT was what really got to me - her just standing there doing nothing but watching us! In comparison, my own mom use to enjoy watching my dad fucking me and like Marlene, she always liked to see Steve and me together when she could. The BIG difference between our mothers was that in my mother's case she almost always masturbated while she watched. Sometimes it was just a light touch, not necessarily enough to bring her to the point of reaching orgasm, but at least enough to show that she was turned on. Actually I'd never even seen Marlene masturbate period, let alone while watching us. Although Steve liked to rub her through her panties or other clothes I'd never seen her touch herself, at least not in my presence. I couldn't believe that she didn't do it when she was alone though. I guess it was the difference in how you're brought up with her obviously having been taught that such things were done in private.

Oh well, in the course of the past two years this had all become sort of routine so for the moment I returned to Steve's dick and more or less forgot all about his mother as I worked to please my husband and her son. Still, it was sort of like hearing a song and then not being able to get it out of your head. Like when someone tells you NOT to think about a pink elephant, no matter how I tried NOT to think about it the harder it was not to think about it. As I sucked Steve's dick, Beth's words came to mind again. Should I at least TRY, even though I knew it would be courting potential disaster on a day that should be full of hope and promise?

Well, it couldn't hurt to try a LITTLE, could it?

Feeling determined, I got up on my knees and worked my way around 180 degrees and draped myself over Steve in a 69 position. Lowering my bare pussy to his face, he eagerly started to lick me as I turned my attention back to his hard dick. Only now I also had a great view of his watchful mother. Steve had always told me to just ignore her and so far I'd listened to my husband's directions but heck, it was Mother's Day for goodness sake!

"You know... I LOVE sucking his dick," I said softly, my eyes fixed on Marlene's. She met my gaze without looking away but otherwise didn't respond in any way.

Lifting myself up a bit, instead of sucking him I started to stroke his wet cock with my hand as I ground my pussy in my husband's face. I could feel his tongue as he tried to push it inside of me and it tingled soooooo good!

"It's just a dick you know... you can touch it and it won't bite - I promise," I whispered seductively to his mother. Steve started to say something but I pushed my crotch down onto his face harder to muffle whatever he was trying to say.

This time I got a reaction from her but not exactly what I was hoping for. Marlene shook her head slowly although she DID smile, perhaps trying to show me she wasn't offended, just not accepting my offer. Well, I wasn't ready to quit THAT easily. At least not this time.

"It's not really sex you know... blowjobs I mean... and I KNOW you like to touch him."

Indeed she did, even though every time I'd ever seen her doing it her hand was always over his underwear or pants or whatever he was wearing at the time. Personally, I could never quite figure out how grabbing an erect dick through cotton briefs was any different than holding it bare but obviously SHE saw a distinction. I guess after almost two years now I'd sort of become use to it but then I don't know if will ever totally understand such convoluted logic.

Then the proverbial light bulb lit over my head. Like duh! Damn, why hadn't I ever thought of this one before? Reaching over, I pulled the sheet over and covered

Steve's crotch such that his dick was now poking up under it like a tent pole. With my hand staying under the sheet, I continued to stroke him but now, or so at least I hoped, maybe this was the opening to new possibilities...

Although I didn't come right out and say anything, it was obvious from the odd look on her face that she had already realized my intentions. Whether she knew it or it was just an instinctive reaction, Marlene licked her lips quickly and I noticed she seemed to be shifting her weight back and forth, almost as if she needed to use the bathroom.

Suddenly I couldn't help but gasp as Steve's tongue was rubbing up against my clit now and it felt like an electric shock shot through me. Then his lips grabbed my clit and he gently tugged as the tip of his tongue teased me. God it felt so good! I doubted that he had any idea of what was going on at the other end other than me stroking his dick. I wasn't even sure whether or not he even realized what I'd done with the sheet although he probably didn't care one way or the other. His renewed efforts at eating my pussy were timed perfectly though even though it was sheer coincidence that it was just what was need to get his mother's interest a little bit of a shot in the arm.

As his tongue licked me, my pussy was screaming with pleasure. God I wanted so bad to throw off that damned sheet and take my husband's erection in my mouth but instead I fought back the temptation and locked my eyes on Marlene's as I bit my bottom lip when my orgasm caused me to moan uncontrollably. It felt so hot to have her watching but I wanted more... much more!

"Help me," I mouthed silently to my mother-in-law.

At first I thought this would just be one more time where she remained stoic and restricted herself to just being a voyeur to her son's sexual life. Then slowly, oh my god ever so slowly, she started to walk towards us and finally sat on the edge of the bed. Between my husband's tongue in my pussy, the orgasm that was still racking my body, and the sight of his mother sitting now just a couple of feet away from where I was stroking her son's dick under the sheet was all part of one incredible erotic moment. Like this was a first and even if it went no further, it was something that might help in the future.

Fight back the urge to drag her over, I tried to be not too aggressive and scare her off. Instead I just nodded to her, glancing down at the rigid pole below me that was pushing up against the white sheet. Now it was her turn to bite her lower lip. I held my breath, not wanting to break the spell as without a word Steve's mom reached over and wrapped her hand around the ghostly image that was protruding upwards. I held onto my husband's dick at the base, directing it straight up to the ceiling and holding it still as she tentatively gripped it in her hand through the sheet. Her eyes were now fixed on her son's covered dick and I noticed she never so much as glanced upwards at me. It was almost as if I didn't even exist to her at the moment and indeed, maybe that was exactly what she wanted.

Granted, this wasn't QUITE what I'd been hoping for as seeing Marlene holding his dick through the sheets wasn't much different than what I'd witnessed in the past when only his underwear, swim trunks, jeans or other item of clothing served as the barrier between them. Still, the sheet was about as light and thin as anything he wore and I was sure she could feel the warmth of her son's blood-engorged cock in the palm of her hand as she gripped it.

Funny thing was, I still didn't think Steve had any idea what was going on as with my crotch planted on his face he couldn't see his own lower extremities. Unless he'd noticed the slight dip in the bed when his mom sat down, there really was no reason for him to think anything other than I was now using both hands on him. Judging from the non-stop tongue lashing he was giving me, I was pretty positive he was clueless as to the change of events that was taking place between his legs.

With the sheet still covering her son's dick, it wasn't like Marlene could really stroke it the way she could have if her hand had been directly on him, especially if she had wetted it down a bit with her mouth first. Again, nothing new here as whenever I'd watched before she'd just rubbed and gripped him. Not that it wasn't enough at times to make him cum although that was rather rare. Usually it was more like something she did while they kissed or he was fondling her rather than focusing just on her hand on him.

As I watched, I wondered if she was as turned on as I was by what she was doing. Was she wet with excitement? I kept waiting for her to reach down between her legs and rub herself at least a little but THAT would have been really pushing things. To date I'd never seen her do much more than a quick rub of her boobs while stroking Steve and even that was more to settle them in place than to get herself off. It wasn't like it would've been all that difficult as her robe had mysteriously pulled up to her waist as she sat sideways on the edge of the bed with her legs crossed.

Seeing her without panties underneath was quite a surprise as it seemed she always wore them. Like my own mother, Marlene was rarely without her bra and panties. MAYBE she might not wear a bra under her robe but she ALWAYS panties. Of course in some of her lingerie outfits she didn't wear a bra but again, panties were always there of some shape or size. Come to think of it, until now I'd never actually seen her pussy exposed other than what was visible through some of her more sheer panties. It's not like we showered together or even dressed in the same room.

As hot as all this was, it wasn't what I wanted, especially considering it was Mother's Day. OK, so maybe it was a little cliche but it just seemed like this was the sort of event that begged for something momentous to occur - the perfect day for one of those "first time" stories. True, she'd never so much as done anything other than stare when Steve and I were in bed together before this WAS something new. Still, it wasn't exactly front page headlines but more like a small article at the bottom of page three. Well, what was there to lose by pushing a little more?

Pulling my free hand from under sheet and keeping my balance with the other, I gently pulled the sheet to the side. At first Marlene seemed determined to ignore my efforts, keeping her grip firmly on my husband's cock and thus preventing the sheet from pulling over any further. I tugged a little harder and this time she finally looked up at me and our eyes met. She shook her head firmly, her message obvious, but I refused to take her NO for an answer and tugged a little harder. I felt a bit constrained in that I didn't want Steve to wonder what was going on. Something told me that if he DID know what was happening then he would get cold feet and join sides with his mother, bringing everything to a rapid conclusion and an unsatisfactory one at that.

Thank goodness, this time she reluctantly released his dick and I quickly took advantage of the opportunity, tugging the sheet over to expose that beautiful erection for us both to enjoy. God it looked so yummy and it took all my willpower to keep my mouth from just diving down and engulfing it. Instead, I gripped it again by the base, his lush black pubic hair poking through my fingers as I looked up at Marlene who was now sitting up straight on the edge of the bed.

It was obvious she wasn't about to do anything on her own so I reached out with my hand open, offering to help her but she seemed more determined now and started to sit up straighter as if she was going to stand up and return to her post by the doorway. In desperation I reached out and grabbed her just above the wrist, pulling her back towards me. She resisted but yet there was something in the way she pulled back that seemed less than determined. It was like she WANTED me to "force" her to do it and I so obliged her, tugging harder until her hand was right next to her son's stiff cock.

Left with "no choice", Marlene reached over and for the very first time I saw Steve's bare cock in his mother's hand. Ok, so technically it wasn't the first time but fourteen years is a long time and there's a huge difference between a mother catching two horny teens in the basement versus that same mother stroking her thirty year-old married son as he ate out his wife! At first she was tentative but then it wasn't like she was some young teenage girl giving her first hand job.

I had no doubts that Marlene led an active sex so I felt confident she knew what to do. My confidence was confirmed when she leaned over and drooled spit over his cock to slicken it which allowed her to stroke it better. OK, so she didn't put it in her mouth but it was definitely a step in the right direction so far as I was concerned. As the minutes went by, she became more and more active, her hand moving up and down the stiff shaft of her son's cock faster and faster. I loved the way she would twist her fist when at the top, causing her palm to rub over Steve's bulbous cock head which I knew he loved. Oh yeah, she definitely knew what she was doing.

Hmmm, time for Steve to learn the truth...

Feeling quite naughty now, I rolled over to the side which allowed me to press my bare body up against my husband's with my wet pussy close to his ear. Steve must have thought this was a prelude to me sucking his cock because he leaned his head back and kept his eyes shut tight, waiting for the feel of my lips surrounding his cock. When that didn't happen, he opened his eyes and lifted his head to look down to see what the problem was and that was when he realized what was REALLY happening.

"MOM!" was all he said but it spoke volumes as he repeated it saying, "Mommmmmm!" The words were the same but the tone was vastly different. The first was an exclamation of surprise as I knew he had to be shocked by what he saw given he'd had no warning beforehand. Yet within the span of a split second that surprised tone transformed to one of lust as his second exclamation was so much deeper and sexier, more like he was paying her a compliment this time.

As for me, I didn't say a word out of fear of spooking either of them. It was like being in the wild watching two animals up close, afraid to move and cause them to bolt out of sight. I wanted so bad to rub myself as I felt ridiculously horny watching Marlene stroking my husband's cock so intimately for the first time. Now if she would just suck it! Who knew where THAT might lead. Needless to say I knew where it would if I had anything to say about it, but something told me this was now out of my hands... literally.

Well, as it turned out I was counting my chickens well before they were hatched. Any thoughts that Marlene might blow Steve, let alone get on top of him and ride it, were WAY premature but at least they were now one step closer, even if neither of them would likely admit it. Usually Steve would need me to suck him a little to make him cum but evidently the sight of his mother jerking him off was more than enough for him as he began to groan uncontrollable and his hips started to thrust upwards against her hand. From plenty of past experience I knew what he wanted - to have something around his dick be it a mouth or a pussy. At the same time I knew this was just instinctive on his part. No doubt he wouldn't have pushed his mother away - not in the aroused state he was in at the moment, but at the same time I didn't assume he even was aware of what he was doing either and so far as I could tell, Marlene wasn't taking the hint.

"Oh my god!" Steve groaned through gritted teeth as his back arched and he started to cum.

A HUGE eruption of cum burst from his dick him and shot straight up in the air, narrowly missing Marlene's face (damn!) and landing on her outstretched arm and hand. She didn't pull back though, pumping his spurting cock like she was madly liking a cow as one after another load of sperm flew up and added to the mess on her hand and arm. God, would it ever end? Well, of course it did eventually but not before there was quite an impressive amount of fresh sperm just lying there going to waste. I debated whether or not I should lean over to clean it up with my tongue but this wasn't the time or place for self-indulgence.

Keeping her hand on her son's already dwindling cock, Marlene scooted over and leaned down to kiss Steve. Well, it was probably a good thing she hadn't taken his cum in her mouth as Steve would never have kissed her if she had, or at least he's never allowed ME to kiss him with my mouth filled with cum. If there's one thing my husband is NOT, it's gay! Then again, this WAS his mother so who knows? Steve reached under her robe and I could tell her was fondling his mother's boobs as they continued to kiss. Finally they broke apart and this time she stood up at the edge of the bed, seeming to ignore the cum dripping from her hand and arm. She looked over at me with a funny expression and I wondered what she was thinking right then. Then she turned back to her son and smiled.

"Now THAT was quite the Mother's Day surprise," she said softly. Then she turned back yet again to me. "And as for YOU, my naughty little daughter-in-law, I think we need to have a talk."

With that she motioned to me to follow her as she left the room. I looked at Steve who was all grins by now but he just shrugged with a "don't look at me" type of look and then laid his head back and sighed loudly. What was he thinking? I was dying to know but no doubt I'd find out before the day was out. Marlene was at the door now and seeing I was still lying next to Steve, she motioned with her finger again. Something in her eyes told me this wasn't just a simple request any longer so I got up and followed her, still in my heels but not bothering to cover myself. Really, what bother at this point?

# 4. The Truth Comes Out

I'd expected to follow Marlene to her bedroom but instead she stopped by the bathroom where she grabbed a towel and cleaned herself off before going to the sink to wash off the residue. Drying herself with a fresh towel, she turned towards me with an odd smile.

"So I suppose you're quite pleased with yourself about now, eh Kelly?"

Like how do you respond to THAT sort of question? Then again, it really wasn't so much a question as a rhetorical statement as she didn't seem to be expecting an answer from the way she quickly moved on.

"C'mon, do you really think that I haven't done that before?" she said quietly, not looking me in the eye, "And no, I'm NOT referring to that little debacle in the basement when you two were kids. Do you really think that you're somehow so persuasive that you could seduce me into doing something against my will, especially after all the little sex shows you always seem so anxious for me to watch."

ME anxious for HER to watch? Now that was an interesting spin on past events to put it mildly. From my perspective, SHE was the one who started all that. It's not like we did it on her bed or anything. From my perspective, SHE was the one who opened the door and watched the first time... and every time after that although the door wasn't closed anymore after the first time.

Maybe she realized that she was stretching things a little as she frowned and said, "Well, maybe I was a little to blame as well but you have to understand; after what happened back then I didn't know how you would react if I allowed things to go any further while you were around." Her face suddenly paled a little and she lifted up her hands as if to protest her own words. "Oh now don't take me wrong, I don't mean we had sex or anything... well... I mean it's not like we were lovers. It was just with all the stress of moving, the new job, not to mention Steve's feelings about leaving you... then there was Sharon and Jim... Still, I wouldn't expect a Christian girl like yourself to understand and I never wanted anything that might cause you to leave Steve or be unhappy with him."

All this was more than a little surreal so far as I was concerned. While Marlene had grabbed her robe and slipped it on before getting to the bedroom - albeit not bothering to tie it closed or even wrap it around her tightly, I was still nude with just my heels on as I sat on the bed next to my sexy mother-in-law. This was a first for me. Sure, she seen me naked plenty of times but it was always when Steve and I were doing it and never alone with her. It's not like I was shy about nudity or anything, it was just... unusual I guess you could say.

"Ummmmm, understand what exactly?" I asked softly, as if I didn't already have a pretty good idea where this was going. Still, I wanted it to be completely open and explicit to be sure there was no confusion or misunderstandings later.

Marlene sighed and again averted her eyes. "Well, last time I checked most Christians consider incest to be some sort of sin, or at least not allowed by the Bible."

"So you're saying that you and Steve have sex? That you have an incestual relationship?" I asked, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice and sound as if I was surprised yet without appearing shocked.

"Does that shock you?" she asked looking more worried than anything, "I mean would you think any less of either of us?"

I reached over and took her hands in mine. "Mom, I love your son and there's nothing that will ever change that. So far as I'm concerned, the only part that bothers me is that you felt you had to hide it from me and instead played this ridiculous charade for all this time. Do you have any idea how weird this has all been for me?"

Marlene nodded. "I can imagine but then wouldn't it have even more weird to know your husband has been having sex with his own mother since he was sixteen? Now I DO know you guys are into some kinky stuff and whatever, like swapping with other couples, but a lot of people are into that sort of thing. I mean it's not like you didn't already have quite reputation when we moved back here. Still, it's not like it was anything all that crazy... although I do have to say you've been quite the busy girl since we moved."

Just as I thought I'd finally heard the revelation I'd been hoping for though, she paused and then clarified one little detail...

"Oh and just so we're clear about one thing... when I say 'sex', I mean oral. I know some people don't believe that oral sex is 'true' sex but for my generation, Bill Clinton aside, sucking a dick IS sex. I mean it wouldn't be right for him to actually penetrate me - I AM his mother for goodness sakes. THAT would be wrong and I have to say, I still regret to this day allowing myself to get carried away that one time. It has haunted me ever since. How any parent could have that sort of sex with their own child is beyond me, don't you agree?"

That last part was accompanied by a bit of a smirk which I wasn't quite sure how to take. Was she making fun of me or even criticizing me? Did she know more than she was letting on about me? Then again, did it really matter?

"Soooooo, now what?" I asked, deciding that it was probably better to change the direction of this conversation while I had the chance.

"What do you mean?"

I couldn't help but roll my eyes despite my better judgment.

"Well, why call me in here?"

Marlene huffed softly, as if I shouldn't even have to ask the question but I wanted everything out in the open without any reservations or misunderstandings. It's not like I hadn't been wanting to have this conversation for over a year now but now I wasn't sure where to go with it. This wasn't exactly how I'd played it out in my imagination before now.

Marlene shrugged. "I guess I just assumed that you might want to talk about what just happened. I mean it's not like every day a woman sees her husband's mother giving him a hand job."

Again the unintentional eye roll but why was she being so coy in the first place?

"I mean... like you and Steve... now what?"

"Well, don't get any ideas about family threesomes or anything like that," she quickly said, leaning back and holding her hand like she was stopping traffic, "Just because things got a little carried away today isn't any reason for anything to change... don't you agree?"

Of course I did NOT agree but then it wasn't like I was being given a real choice here. Suddenly I I realized I was now in the same sort of situation Steve faced every time I had sex with my dad. Did I really want to watch his mother blowing him – assuming she'd allow it in the first place? I had no doubt at all that Steve wouldn't hesitate given his flair for showmanship when it came to sex. It was quite obvious that the one holding everything back from the beginning was his mother and I wasn't seeing any real cracks in that wall she'd built up. Sure, today she'd crossed the line but from what I was gathering, she was already retreating back.

What Marlene didn't know was the internal struggle I was having as to what I should be telling her about my own incestual family relationships – the magnitude of which made hers look miniscule by comparison. Could she handle the truth? Well, not based on what I'd heard so far. I'd always imagined that at a point like this I'd be spilling the beans but now that events had finally fallen into place it was looking more and more like such secrets would remain secret, at least for now. Then again, it wasn't like I was ready to totally just let this all slide and go on acting as if nothing had happened...

"I agree," I said but at the same time I scooted over closer to her, "There's just one thing though that I think you and I need to get out of the way..."

She seemed puzzled and then even more so as I leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

"Kelly... no," she whispered huskily but at the same time I saw she wasn't stopping me or even retreating the tiniest bit. If anything, she leaned into me.

"I love you mom," I whispered back as I put my arms around her neck and pressed my nude body against her robe. We kissed again, but this time we didn't pull apart and instead our mouth opened and tongues explored as she hugged me and pulled me in tighter against her.

I wanted so badly to reach within her robe but figured this was pushing things as far as I thought she might be ready to go. We kissed for several minutes before I heard something at the door.

"Now THAT's something I've always wanted to see!"

Sure enough, Steve had sneaked and was standing there naked in the doorway, stroking his growing dick as he smiled broadly. At that moment I knew exactly what I wanted...

Motioning with my free arm, Steve came in closer and I saw his dick was fully erect now. Typical guy, seeing two girls kissing was enough to practically make him cum just watching. Now make those two girls his wife and mom... well, you get the picture.

"Fuck her... I want to watch," I whispered to him.

Wow, like was he really going to do it? FINALLY was I going to see my husband fuck his own mother? Sure, she'd been pretty forceful just now about NOT wanting that to happen but in the heat of this moment, who knew what was possible.

Steve started to move towards his mom and I knew that look in his eyes all too well. It was the same look my father gets in a similar situation, that look that tells me he was now on autopilot, that his dick was firmly in control and nothing was going to stop him until he'd cum in her. It was the sort of look that thrilled me yet at the same time could be a little scary. While I knew neither man would ever do anything to hurt me, at the same time it was like a volcano when it begins to erupt – nothing stops it.

Then again, I wasn't Steve's mother...

"No."

That was all she said. One word. Soft but firm with no room for doubt as to who was in control. I guess had it been me and my dad had tried to say no I might have protested a little - and usually got my way. In this case I immediately sensed a totally different dynamic. It was like I was seeing the two of them in a totally different light. Such a simple exchange yet it spoke volumes. Indeed, there was no doubt who was in charge in this relationship. In a way it answered a lot of questions, in particular why Steve had never told me anything. No doubt Marlene had directed that such information be kept secret and I knew now that so far as the two of them were concerned, what mom said was law - no questions asked or tolerated.

He may have respected his mother's command but that didn't mean he had to like it. Steve got that hurt puppy dog look he would get whenever he didn't immediately get his way but his mother just ignored him and if anything, she finally tied her robe and stood up, putting distance between her and the two of us.

"I think it's time we went to dinner, don't you think?" she said matter-of-factly, as if we'd just been watching TV together.

And just like that it was like everything changed. She turned to go to the bathroom while Steve and I quietly went back to the room to get dressed. Like wow! I had a million questions I wanted to ask Steve but they would have to wait until later - if a good time ever arose at all. Meanwhile, we still had dinner ahead of us. I couldn't help but wonder what the conversation would include.

Later that night in bed while Steve was fucking me I tried to steer the bedroom talk towards his mother but it was like he didn't hear a word I was saying. It was OK though. Today a major crack had appeared in the armor that he and his mother had put up in front of me. Where this would lead, if anywhere, remained to be seen...

# (May 19) Chapter 262: A Father-Daughter Day (and night)

Story codes: MF oral exhib inc father daughter
Me (28)
John - my dad (48)

My how time flies! One day I suddenly realized that it had been a long time since I'd spent an entire day together with just my dad. Even though he'd never complained I couldn't help but feel guilty for being so derelict in my duties as a Christian daughter. Well, there was only thing for me to do...

## 1. Duties and Responsibilities

If you ask me, it's an unsettling sign of the times that the divorce rate amongst so-called Christian couples is higher than fifty percent and growing each year. Like, what is a statistic like this one telling us about our decaying moral values? Just think about it... I mean like less than half of all Christian couples stay true to the sacred vows they took before their families and God and it really bothers me. Not only is it an affront to God, but what sort of message are we sending to the non-Christian communities? Is it really any wonder why Christians are treated the way we are. I guess you could even say that we deserve it based on the hypocrisy that's become so rife within the ranks.

It's not just the religious implications but also the impact that divorce has on families as well. Indeed, as a teacher in a large public school I witness every day the results when I see the growing number of children who come from single-parent families - and I'm fortunate enough to be employed by an upper-income community where the "problems" of the inner city are supposedly minimalized. While exceptions certainly exists, anyone who's had any exposure at all to kids these days will tell you that as a general rule, having two parents is always better than one.

So what's led to this decline in family values? Well, everyone has their opinion in the matter and of course, so do I. No doubt I could probably write an entire thesis and barely scratch the surface so instead I'll just focus on what I consider to be one of the most critical features of a successful marriage - the firm establishment and understanding of roles and responsibilities. Although nothing can guarantee a marriage's longevity, I firmly maintain that without this crucial element that a marriage is almost certainly doomed to fail sooner than later. Even if it doesn't result in divorce, it might be better that the marriage DID fail based on what I've seen where couple don't separate.

Simply stating that roles and responsibilities are critical is the easy part. It would be impossible, or at least undesirable, to spell out everything that each member of a family should and should not do. Making it all the more complicated, no two families are exactly the same so it only makes sense that no two families would necessarily have the same assignments. Thus I would maintain that what is REALLY important is that each couple HAVE roles established and that they well understood. Of course, following them is pretty important as well.

Like most things in life, as important as roles and responsibilities are there's always the risk of going too far, especially when dealing with what are really trivial issues. Decisions regarding who takes out the garbage, who does dishes, etc. will almost certainly change over time. Really, so long as they don't lead to unnecessary bickering and fighting, who really cares? Indeed, as I've already stated I believe that there's a real danger of going TOO far when it comes to the establishment of responsibilities to where people feel like they're in boxed in.

OK... so when it's all said and done, by now I imagine any reading this is asking just what does all nonsense this have to do with anyone who might be considering incest? Well, if you were to ask me I'd tell you that that a successful marriage is a non-negotiable prerequisite to incest. As part of creating such a successful marriage, each partner needs to confirm that they've dealt successfully with the issue of family roles before taking any steps toward actually engaging in incest. Even if they have, the strain that incest can place on these roles can lead to quite severe and complex issues even if a solid foundation is in place so just imagine if one isn't!

When it comes to determining your roles in life, whether it be in marriage or at work or even amongst friends, it always helps to have a mentor. For me, as a daughter and a wife I've always tried to emulate my mom. After all, what better role model could a girl possibly ask for than her own mother? Thanks in no small part to my mom's firm convictions and broad understandings, my parents' marriage lasted more than 25 years before their unfortunate divorce. Even though in society's eye their marriage technically "Failed", the reason for their separation had nothing to do with their love for one another (indeed, they have remained best friends) but rather to the sexual addictions that my father was unable to contain. It's really no different than how an addiction to drugs or alcohol will typically lead to a divorce. Over the years weakness grew until eventually my mother was forced into a situation where she had to make a decision - to either totally compromise her most sacred ethical and moral beliefs or leave her husband of over a quarter century. I'm incredibly proud of my mom for having such strong moral convictions such that she was able to make such a terrible choice and in the end be absolutely certain that she made the correct decision. Hopefully I'll never have to face such a situation myself but if I should, at least I have her example to follow.

To summarize what I learned from my mother, and what I hope someday to pass on to my own daughter, is that in a Christian marriage the man is the head of the household. It is then the duty and responsibility of the woman to submit to the biblical authority of her man. (Please, let's not go off on a tangent regarding gay and lesbian couples, the same principles still apply.) Neither my mother or I had a brother so in our cases this applied to our fathers only but I know that someday if I have a son that he will assume his rightful place in our family authority structure when he enters puberty and becomes a man.

In the same manner my daughter will also learn to submit to our men as it's simply the proper thing for a daughter to do. Thus my daughter will be taught to do the same things which I did with my father, and that my mother did with her father before me - to submit herself wholly and completely to her father without question or hesitation.

Now before everyone jumps all over me, some clarification is needed because the subject of Christian submission is far too complex to be properly explained in just a few sentences. In fact, so complex that I wrote an entire diary entry about it which is posted in the "About Me" folder of my diary site and even then I don't do it justice. Thus in this entry I'll only cover the highlights to the extent necessary to allow people to gain a basic understand of my actions on this day.

First and foremost, as a daughter my ultimate responsibility is to my father (after God of course). The biblical top ten list (AKA The Ten Commandments) instructs us to honor our fathers and mothers. Therefore every father has a right granted by God to expect his daughter to honor him. What better way to do this than by submitting herself to him in whatever manner is necessary to satisfy his most

only tells a woman to submit to her husband, it also instructs the husband to love his wife as Christ loves the Church. Like wow, can anyone even really comprehend what that means? If anything I would say it puts more responsibility on the man than the woman! Thus for a man to abuse his wife or daughter or to force anything on them against their will or beliefs would be a blatant violation of the biblical responsibility that has been placed on him. Just because a man has AUTHORITY over his wife and daughter doesn't mean he has the RIGHT to do just anything.

That's where the line gets drawn between submission and abuse and to me it's pretty clear. For example, my father LOVES anal sex but he also knows that I don't. of course if he ever insisted I would allow him to fuck my ass without hesitation but at the same time I never worry about it because I know he respects me enough never to force me to make that choice in the first place. You see... it's a two-way street...

So how did this submission thing work out for me as I grew up? Let's be real - I wasn't a perfect daughter and by no means was I some sort of angel. There were more times than I care to admit when I didn't always obey my dad or I did things that frustrated and upset him. But in my defense it's only natural in the growth and maturity of any human being to rebel against authority and to question everything, especially your typical teenager. Still, it's one thing to not make your bed or to come home past curfew from a date but quite another to say "no" to your dad when he comes to him horny and needing your help. Indeed, I'm extremely proud to be able to say today that I've NEVER refused to satisfy my father's sexual needs. Now if only I could say the same about that curfew thing... LOL.

People often ask me if there's anything I've done in my life, at least sexually, that I regret. I honestly can say that from a sexual perspective that there's nothing I would take back if given the chance to do it over again. Indeed, my experiences, both the good AND the bad, are what made me who I am today. Without all of it who knows who I'd be today? Certainly not the Kelly people know me as.

Ironically, what I DO regret are the things I did NOT do. At the top of that list standing head and shoulders above the rest is not giving my dad my virginity. Yes, I know technically it wasn't my fault as he never told me that it was something he wanted before it was too late. Still, it tugs at my heart strings whenever I think about it. Next on the list would be not pleasing him even before I became sexually active in the ways I know now that he wished that I had. Again, like my virginity everyone is always telling me that I shouldn't feel guilty because my mother prevented anything like that from happening. It's not that she actively stopped me from doing anything,

men outside my marital family (thankfully blowjobs and such aren't technically sex!). Sure to some extent I felt a little trepidation at this change in lifestyle but at the same time I knew it would be replaced by my husband's love for me - a love like that of no other man. Indeed, I've always maintained that every man I have sex with I have "fucked". This even applies to my father. It's only when I have sex with my husband that I consider myself "making love".

Fortunately as things worked out my husband was more than anxious to share me with other men than to keep me locked away so my worries about having to scale back my sex life turned out to be unfounded. I guess you could say I now have the best of both worlds - a husband who adores me and takes every opportunity to please me while still having the freedom to enjoy the fun of casual sex with strangers.

While on the one hand it may seem that I have similar roles and responsibilities by submitting to my father and my husband, in reality it turns out that they're quite different. The basic underlying theme is the same - submission to their authority and needs but it's HOW I achieve those goals that has turned out to be a lot more different than what I'd expected. Given my grandfather had passed away years before I knew about my mother's incestual relationship with him but I never was able to witness how she dealt with it and have only her recollections to go by. Taking into account the incredible changes in our society and culture between her generation and mine, I doubt that even if I had it wouldn't have made much difference.

For example, with my father sex is pretty much about taking care of his needs and desires. My father has always had what I think of as an abnormally high sex drive, even to the point of compulsion. Indeed, he use to masturbate when I was younger more than most teenagers I came to know later. It wasn't until much later that I grew to understand his preferences for younger girls (nothing creepy - like ages eleven to fifteen). Indeed, if anything it just made me feel even more guilty at times knowing how badly he wanted me when I was in that age range and yet not be able to do with me the things he craved so badly. It also goes to show you that even though my mother submitted to him as his wife, he also honored her morals and commitments when it came to youth sex and pushing me into a sexual relationship. Sure by virtue of the fact he was her husband he could have demanded that she stand aside and let him take me but he loved her too much to do such a thing. Now THAT is the perfect example of a Christian marriage based on love and submission if there ever was one.

watched but in almost every case the guy doing me had no idea that my dad was looking or that my dad would be fucking me later. Now with Steve the other guy definitely knows - Steve IS my husband after all!

I can't say that I ever seek out my dad just to satisfy my own arousal needs while Steve is the first man I look when I feel that insatiable need to get laid. Like WOW, nobody satisfies ME the way my husband can - not even my dad. With my dad sex is a responsibility to the point of even being a burden at times (not often but yes, there have been those rare times). While I have those same responsibilities to please my husband, I never feel that way when we're doing it.

Another area where my roles and responsibilities vary between my dad and husband involves public sex. Of course both men like it - they ARE men after all and what man doesn't want to screw a woman in a public place? The real difference is HOW they want to do it.

My dad has always been all about me and him in public areas doing something without other people catching is or even having a clue as to what we're doing. Dressing rooms, behind clothes racks, parking lots, restaurant booths, you name it. The more we can observe other people as he fucks me, the better for him but never to where we are seen. I personally think this goes back to when he was fucking me as a teen and the legal ramifications would have been quite significant. Although he wouldn't go to jail today, old habits can become really engrained.

Steve, on the other hand, is all about watching me getting fucked or whatever in public. Whether it be on stage for a wet T-shirt contest, sucking and fucking other men (and women) at a party, teasing guys at a bar, or simply wearing a ridiculously skimpy bikini at the beach, he's never happier than when he sees other people (men AND women) watching me and visibly lusting for me. Oh sure he enjoys his road head as much as the next guy but he never gets off from it as much as when a trucker is alongside watching and honking his horn.

Steve shared with me the week after Mother's Day that he was feeling guilty about not paying enough attention to his mother since moving out to live with me after our wedding. Considering that the two of them had lived under the same roof for twenty eight years, dealing with her divorce, his brief marriage and subsequent dissolution, the cross-country moves, and all the other challenges faced during those years, it did have to be a bit traumatic for her to suddenly become an empty-nester. So I offered a suggestion that he took up immediately - to spend a day with his mother. Just the two of them without me being the wet blanket. It's not like anything serious was going to happen - I was quite confident of THAT! Still, a son and his mother SHOULD spend some quality time together every now and then.

The next weekend was one of Steve's "split weekends" where he was off duty all day Saturday and then had to work the full day on Sunday. Like the other weird shifts he often works, the goal was to maximize time off while still providing full paramedic care to the community on a 24/7 basis. I hated it most of the time but in this case it worked in our favor as normally he wouldn't be getting anything off this weekend. So although I would've loved to spend the day with him, I was happy that he had the chance to spend some quality time alone with his mom for once.

Rather than spend the day alone, I called up my dad and not surprisingly my Aunt Linda answered the phone. I explained the situation to her and asked if my dad was going to be home this coming Saturday. She paused as she checked out their calendar on her phone and then came back with the all-clear although I learned later she DID have plans for the two of them but kindly deferred to me instead which I thought had been quite sweet of her. Little wonder she's my favorite aunt!

The rest of the week went by like a blur. Gosh, I couldn't hardly even remember the last time I'd spent an entire day with my dad. I wondered if he would want me to stay the night as well. Like I hadn't spent the entire night alone with my dad since I'd been married. Well, not like I would be getting much sleep if I did but you get the idea.

## 2. In-Laws

Given my husband was going to spending the day with his mother while I was with my dad, not to mention the events that occurred not long ago on Mother's Day, I figured people might be interested in a bit of an update.

Well... while I have little doubt there are those who probably read a lot into what happened on Mother's Day as being the "opening of the door" so to speak when it comes to Steve and his mother's sexual relationship (including me), the truth of the matter is that things haven't quite lived up to such lofty expectations. In fact, it sort of reminds me of a similar set of events that happened almost fifteen years ago...

Back when Steve and I first dated something happened that to this day is still vivid in my mind as much as it was the night afterwards. People who read my diary know what I'm referring to - it was the day Steve fucked his mother for the first time. As things turned out, it was also the LAST time that Steve fucked his mother.

I won't go into the details here except to say things back then were such that a series of events all culminated in a situation where people did things that probably none of them ever anticipated could ever happen - and regretted them afterwards. Sort of the "perfect storm" sort of thing. It was a situation where a recently divorced mother as having self-esteem issues after her husband and father of three children suddenly left her for a young bimbo at work. Add to the mix a horny son who, like just about every sixteen year-old boy, was ready to fuck anyone with a pussy given the chance. Now put the two of them together in a situation where the son is drilling his fourteen year-old ultra-horny girlfriend, totally unaware that his mother is spying on everything, and what happened next wasn't really so unbelievable.

Since that time though, neither of them would ever discuss it with me and if anything, it's proven to be one of the few things that can drag Steve and me into a serious argument. As such it was a serious concern of mine when he was getting ready to propose to me as I knew he was opposed to incest yet there was no way I could accept his marriage proposal if it meant not being able to maintain my duties and responsibilities as a daughter. I COULD decide to marry Steve or not but there was no way to change the fact that I was my father's daughter.

What has evolved with my husband and his mother is a bit weird, to say the least. Steve LOVES watching me having sex with other men except for ONE man - my dad. After witnessing my dad fucking me before he proposed to me, he has never once since then even peeked in on us. It's almost a case of "don't ask, don't tell" in that while he doesn't oppose my attention to my dad's needs, at the same time he simply doesn't want to discuss it or be told about it.

When it comes to Steve and his mom, THAT is what's really odd, or at least I think it is. Indeed, it took me quite a while to come to grips with it and even now I still shake my head at times. Perhaps the easiest way to explain it would be to imagine two middle-school kids making out - lots of groping and kissing but nothing actually happening. The first time Steve's mom watched him fucking me after we got married I expected a repeat of what had happened over a dozen years before... and then more. Well, nothing could be further from what happened in that that was ALL she did - watch. Heck, my own mother at least usually masturbated when she watched my dad fucking me but Steve's mom didn't even do THAT! Not a word, nothing. She wouldn't even talk about it later.

Watching Steve and his mom kissing and fondling each other, I've always marveled at the control each of them exercises. I know both of them to be very sexual in nature but yet somehow their wandering hands never go under the other's clothes, at least not down to bare skin. True, there's not much difference in fondling a boob or rubbing a pussy through a thin piece of sheer lingerie but apparently to them it DOES make a difference.

Then came Mother's Day and what I thought to be a breakthrough when Steve's mom joined me and sucked off her son. Granted, I would be the first to say that a BJ is not technically "sex" and therefore can't be counted as incest. In the end it didn't make much difference though and if anything, since that day they've been all the more circumspect even in their make-out times. Granted, I don't know for sure what goes on when they're alone together, but then why would they bother hiding anything? It's not like I wouldn't enjoy watching after all. Granted, I've never really gotten off from watching my husband having sex with other women (it's just not a turn-on, nothing to do with jealousy or the like) but with his own mother... I'd make an exception for sure. Still, I would love to have a hidden camera in her bedroom today when Steve goes to visit…

## 3. Surprising My Dad

Given it was a Sunday, showing up at my dad's place in the morning before church wasn't going to be much of a surprise. Indeed, it would've only been worthy of note if I DIDN'T. If there's one thing my dad has tried to instill in me over the years it's the importance of family traditions. Visiting my dad just before church and allowing him to fill me with his cum only minutes before the service was a tradition we'd established over the past few years and neither of us broke from it unless absolutely unavoidable. Of course it didn't hurt that I loved the naughty feeling of sitting in church just minutes after him cumming inside of me, sometimes even leaking a bit as we sat in the pews looking so innocent. OMG, sometimes I just wanted to shout to everyone, "My wonderful dad just fucked me and came inside of my pussy!"

At the start of the day it was no different than any other Sunday morning - me standing in front of my closet trying to choose an outfit to wear. Dang, like how many years of my life have been wasted in this very situation? More than I would care to admit for sure, LOL.

It's like I have two wardrobes - one for work and one for everywhere else and I really doubt that anyone would have any problems distinguishing between them. My work clothes are what I guess I could refer to as my "necessary evils". It should not be any surprise to anyone for me to say that teachers in public schools are under more scrutiny than ever these days when it comes to teacher-student relationships. Heaven help any teacher - female OR male, that doesn't conform to the strict dress and behavior rules imposed by the school board.

Basically it boils down to nothing is permitted that could possibly be construed as "sexy" or "suggestive". Thus underwear, both bras and panties, are a definite requirement and that doesn't include thongs and lacy decollete bras. Nothing strapless for sure and sleeveless tops and dresses are generally forbidden except at an occasional social event with the parents - and even then heavily frowned upon. Dresses are preferred for women over skirts and in either case the hem has to be below the knee. No plunging necklines and absolutely no cleavage is allowed to be on display, even when leaning over - or maybe I should say, especially when leaning over. That's understandable as I know every time I lean over to help one of the boys that his eyes go straight to my boobs, praying for even a brief glimpse of my bra-covered breasts. I could go on as the Code of Conduct Manual is quite thick but I think everyone should be getting the picture by now.

One good thing, if you can call it that, is that the public schools are at least a little less strict than the private Christian school where I worked at in the past. Dang, back then it was like we could've been mistaken for the cast of Little House on the Prairie! At least now I can show a LITTLE leg, LOL.

So much for the boring side of my closet. One point of interest now that I think about it... I've bought everything on that side. In comparison, the rest of my closet is filled with various outfits of which well over half have been bought by someone else. When I was younger that "someone else" was primarily my dad although my mom sometimes surprised me. While my father still enjoys giving me the occasional new outfit to model for him, these days my husband is the one bringing home the majority of the sexier outfits. It's a different world these days so unlike my father he doesn't have to visit the sex stores as he can do his shopping on-line. I guess that means in reality it's really the FedEx and UPS man doing the actually delivery but the principle remains the same.

As usual, my intentions were to go to church after seeing my dad which meant I needed to choose something that would catch people's eye but at the same time it couldn't be TOO inappropriate. After all, it WAS church so some modest version of decorum had to be observed. My mother may have raised a slut but I was a classy slut! I've always loved seeing the guys stare at me, even more so the older married men chained to their overweight wife and obnoxious kids. To have them do so in at church was even better than at the mall.

While I love seeing the look of desire in their eyes, in some ways I almost get more of a thrill from the reactions of their wives. Their looks of disdain, sometimes even to the point of disgust, tell me everything I want to know when it comes to the impact I'm having on their husbands. Not that it bothers me in the least. Hey, it's not MY fault they let themselves go after marriage to the point where their frustrated husband is looking at me instead of them.

Given it was forecasted to be a nice day in May I would have usually chosen a light sundress or something similar - something just inappropriate enough to get the men looking and the women clucking but not TOO inappropriate to where I would be subjected to yet another lecture from the church leadership. It has been years actually since my last little "discussion" with the elders at which we reached a truce when it came to my church attire. Still, no need to wake the sleeping dragon as at one point it got to where they threatened to ban me from church. Wow, my mother was SO furious! Like what church has the right to tell people they can't come, regardless of the reason?

Today though I wanted something special for my dad so I figured it was time to perhaps push the line just a little more than usual. I guess it's a sign of my maturity at the ripe old age of 28 that I wouldn't go flying over the line as I was prone to do when I was younger. Still I wanted something that would give my dad a special day to remember.

Pushing aside one outfit after another, suddenly I saw the perfect one... It was a strapless dress in the "peasant girl" style which my dad had bought for me years before when I'd just graduated from college and was living at home. These days it barely contained my larger boobs and definitely emphasized what I had on top without actually exposing anything TOO overtly. One of the things I'd always liked about it was how easy it was to just pull it down and over my boobs when I wanted to tease a guy.

The dress was more of a wrap than a skirt such that it came together at my right hip and overlapped just enough that when I was standing it didn't even look like there was a separation in the cloth. But then when I would sit or twist it would part to show off my upper thigh almost all the way up to my hip in some situations, depending on how I moved myself. I loved it because it had that element of surprise in that when a guy first saw it the assumption was it was relatively conservative but then with one crossing of my legs I practically exposed my entire leg!

Underneath I chose a simple black thong with a high hip cut so it wouldn't be seen no matter how I allowed my dress to part. I didn't have a bra suitable for such an outfit as my bras tended to be at one extreme or the other - ultra conservative and comfy for school or sexy and naughty for home. I was about to put on a new pair of peach colored high heels when I hesitated. Hmmmmmm, hose or not?

Now that I bring up the subject... I love the topic of panty hose when I chat as it's probably the one thing that most fakers aren't ready for. Most guys know the basics of women sizes when it comes to pants and tops but when asked for a pantyhose size they're stumped. After all, what guy ever buys it? When I ask someone who I suspect to be a fake what their pantyhose size is (usually after I've led up to the question after talking about lingerie and such) I typically get one of three responses:

1. "I don't wear any." Such a BS answer as EVERY woman knows their sizes regardless of whether or not they wear that particular item. Instant confirmation of a faker.
2. A wrong size - typically a pant size. Another instant confirmation.
3. Providing a legitimate size but only after a long delay tells me that he was smart enough to know he didn't know the answer so he looked it up on-line before getting back to me. Yep, another faker.

Ask any woman if she would wear pantyhose if she knew she would never be seen by anyone and I guarantee the answer. Like most women, I don't really LIKE pantyhose per se yet like most women, I DO like how they make my legs look, particularly when I don't have my summer tan going strong. Pasty white legs just don't go with an expensive new dress. Also, when it's frightfully cold outside they do offer at least a LITTLE bit of warmth, especially when wearing a short skirt.

Church and school are usually the only places I wear pantyhose with church being much more rare. Still, today I wanted to look my best so with a shrug I dropped the thong to my ankles, stepping out of it as I dug out a pair of nude pantyhose and pulled it on before dropping my dress over my head and tugging it over my boobs. Checking myself out in the mirror I couldn't help but smile as my legs DID look a lot better. It would unlikely draw a sigh of protest from my dad when I arrived at his house in just a few minutes but at the same time I think some guys are turned on more when they have to undress me before having sex. Granted, my dad isn't one of these guys - he would have me approach him nude every time if given the option but I doubted he would complain TOO much so long as they didn't stay on for long.

Fixing up my makeup and a touch of perfume, followed by selecting my favorite cross hanging on a gold chain, and I was ready to go. The cross was a birthday present from my dad way back when I turned fourteen. It was beautiful with diamonds lined all along it. At the time it was the most expensive piece of jewelry I'd ever worn except when my mom would let me try on some of hers - under her watchful eye the whole time of course. I love wearing it for special occasions with my dad and I hoped he noticed it and understood WHY I was wearing it.

I glanced over at the clock next to the bed and my heart skipped a bit... maybe even two, Damn! What had happened? It was like I'd just passed through some sort of time warp as it had seemed just moments ago that I had plenty of time but somehow or another I managed to have lost an hour. I quickly grabbed my purse and car keys and hustled out to my car without taking any more time than necessary - you try running in heels sometimes! Dang it, would I make it in time for him to fuck me and still get to church within a reasonable amount of tardiness?

Fortunately the police weren't out in force and I made it to my dad's house without getting what would've been a well-deserved citation. I parked on the street as I knew my dad would want to take his SUV to church and with a one-lane driveway it was just take that much more time for us to get to church while I moved my car out of the way. Hustling up to the door, I reached for the handle but the door almost magically opened just as I was about to pull.

"Cutting things a little close today, eh Kelly?" I heard my aunt from the other side of the door.

"Oh hi Aunt Linda," I responded as I glanced around, "Where's my dad?"

There was no sense in making small talk with my aunt when I was running so late already. Fortunately I knew she would understand and indeed after she closed the door behind me she turned and grinned as she pointed up the narrow staircase leading to the second floor.

"Upstairs?" I couldn't help but ask. It wasn't like I meant to question her but at the same time it just surprised me a little, especially being so late this morning.

"What can I say?" she shrugged, "He was getting all antsy down here and it was just a few minutes ago that he went up." She smiled somewhat naughtily and added, "Probably jerking off if I know the bastard."

She was just teasing so I just rolled my eyes and didn't reply. Then just as I turned to head upstairs she asked, "So where's your hunk of a husband Kelly? I was sort of hoping he might want a little MILF pussy this morning."

I giggled this time and replied with, "Hmmm, now who's the one who's really horny? Sorry, he's going to spend the day with his mom."

"Oh really?" she responded with a thoughtful look but I wasn't giving her time to get any more details - not that I had any to give anyway. My aunt swatted me playfully on the bottom and then grabbed my ass firmly in her hand as she gave me a gentle nudge up the stairs.

"You're a fuckin' teas, you know. Now you'd better get going smarty pants if you want to make it to church before the closing hymn."

Well, it wasn't going to take THAT long no matter what but still a good suggestion. I wiggled my butt in her hand for just a moment and then made my way quickly up the squeaky stairs. Back when I was a teen I knew the exact route that would avoid the worst of them but there was no reason to hide the fact I was coming this morning.

"Hi daddy," I said in my most seductive voice as I stood in the doorway with my hands clasped behind me. I almost laughed as my aunt had him pegged - he was indeed jerking his dick as it poked out of his dress pants. Then again, the odds were she would've been right under most any circumstances anyway so it wasn't like it was a risky guess.

"Sorry I'm late daddy... miss me?" I said after a brief pause. He was looking up at me so I licked my lips seductively and wiggled my bottom just for his viewing pleasure. God he was already soooooo hard! Something told me we weren't going to be late to church after all as it want going to take long to get that rocket launched.

"Damn girl, you're looking so pretty this morning," he said in a low husky voice. The bright lust in his eyes carried clearly into the thick tone of his voice.

I loved it when my dad was in a mood like this and looked at me just as he was now. Like any girl, I love men to look at me hungrily, knowing that even though they don't know anything else about me they still want nothing more at that moment than to get on top of me and drive their horny dicks deep inside of me. It just takes one

think I can say without sounding too self-centered that most men feel that way when they see me. This was something more though, something more than just the raw lust of a man for a woman. I was his daughter and he wanted me. As his daughter, what more could I possibly ask?

Even though I was running late, I felt compelled to respond to my father's desires so without another word I started to strip in front of him, turning slowly as I did as I pulled my dress over my head to expose my bare breasts.

"Pantyhose?" I heard him whisper softly, more to himself I think than to me. He seemed so disappointed and I almost giggled as I knew he would have that exact reaction. Yeah, men can be SOOOOO predictable.

It was then that I realized a potentially fatal flaw in my plans. It had been my intention to leave my heels on after taking everything else off as I knew my dad, like most every heterosexual man in the world, got extremely turned on seeing me wearing nothing but my heels. For whatever reason men seem to think it's even better than me being completely naked. It reminds of something I once heard from some movie star who said something like, "When I come home alone the FIRST thing I do is take off my heels. When I come home with a man, the LAST thing I take off is my heels."

Well, unless I took off my heels it was against the laws of physics for me to remove my hose with my heels still on. Like how did I overlook something so obvious? My mind raced and then the proverbial light bulb went off over my head. Why not just pretend that this was part of my plan from the start? As my mom always said, when you're served a lemon, make lemonade!

Walking over to my dad I just ignored the pantyhose and knelt between his knees. I looked up and our eyes met as he continued to slowly stroke his dick which by now was firm and erect. Placing one hand just above each knee, I smiled at my father.

"What do you want daddy?" I asked as if there was any question, "Tell me what you need."

First, I knew he loved it when I called him "daddy" even though I was now 28 and long past the age when most girls would call their father by that moniker. In normal conversation I typically just called him "dad" but this was a special time between the two of us.

Of course it was a leading question yet just as I loved seeing him look at me with such intense sexual desire, so too I doubt I'll ever grow weary of my father telling me of his hunger for me. Indeed, the way he slowly licked his lip and stared down at me it was as if someone had placed a fresh steak in front of a ravenous wolf. Then I heard those words I so craved...

"I need YOU baby girl," he whispered huskily, "Oh God I need you so badly right now." He paused and then groaned as his lust too over adding, "Suck it... put that beautiful mouth on your daddy's cock. Be daddy's good little girl."

Yes, I WAS his good little girl, at least when it came to sex. From that first time he'd fucked me over twelve years before I'd ALWAYS been good when it came to this. OK, so maybe I wasn't exactly perfect when it came to most other things but at least I was batting a thousand when it came to submitting to his most personal wants and desires. And now I was going to show him yet again just how good a girl I could be.

"Oh yeah... just like that," he groaned loudly as my lips circled his erect dick as he held it firmly by the base.

My tongue teased the tip of his head and flicked all around it, paying special attention to the sensitive underside of the ridge. Keeping my hands on his thighs, I slowly worked by way down his shaft, taking a little more and then backing off before taking even more of it in my mouth until I felt it pressing against the back of my throat. Fortunately my father was about average in the dick department so there wasn't a lot more left making it relatively easy to relax and take the rest of his dick down my throat briefly before rising up to left about half of it escape.

"Damn you do that so well," he said as I repeated the movement several times before keeping just the head in my mouth.

The musky odor of my father's hairy crotch was almost overwhelming as he grew more and more aroused, leading me to take him all in again until his thick public hair was pressed against my cheeks while I took his entire stiff dick in my mouth.

Personally, had it been up to me I'd of sucked my dad's dick all morning but I knew time was short and as tempting as it was at the moment to blow off church, I didn't want to miss it. Still, there's just something so incredibly erotic about sucking a guy's cock... like I have him totally under my control for those brief few minutes.

It was time to make my decision and I made what I knew to be the right one, even if a good part of me was telling me to do otherwise. Letting his stiff shaft slip from my lips, I looked up at my dad and smiled again at him.

"Do you wanna fuck me now daddy?"

Another "duh" question but isn't this what makes for good sex - the two people communicating their needs to one another? It's not like I expected him to say no or even hesitate. Heck, I don't think there has EVER been a time when he's responded negatively whenever I've offered myself sexually to him. Still, I wanted him to say it. Heck, I NEEDED him to say it. I needed to hear my dad declare his love for me. I mean like any guy can say "I love you" all day but nothing seals the deal like "I want to fuck you," especially when it's coming from your own father.

My dad didn't hesitate a moment as he reached out to grab my bare upper arms and lift me upwards saying, "Oh you know it Kelly... Now sit on my lap and be daddy's good little girl."

It was then the pantyhose issue arose but by now my dad was so aroused he wasn't about to let such a minor thing get in the way. I suppose another time or place he might have just pulled them down but instead he reached between my thighs and literally ripped a hole between them, followed by stretching the material with both hands until my crotch was exposed to him.

"Mmmmmmm, I love you letting it grow out," he murmured as he grabbed me by the ass with both hands and pulled me into him.

What he was referring to was the ever-thickening patch of pubic hair covering my pussy. For over a decade I've been shaving my crotch but for whatever reason I decided to let it grow out for winter this year. It's not like I had to worry about how it looked in a bikini or super short shorts after all. Of course I trimmed it so I didn't look like a total cave girl but it was more on the edges to keep it from spilling out past my panties than in reducing the fullness. I figured what the heck. If I was going to let it grow out then may as well let it go all the way. Steve wasn't all too sure I think about it all but as for my dad, he was thrilled and each week when I'd stop over before church he'd comment about how much thicker it was than the week before.

My dad scooting back onto the bed so I could move up and straddle him. Putting my hands on his shoulders for support, I lifted myself up until my wet pussy was positioned directly over his pulsating erection. Then I dropped down slowly until I felt the head pressing against my crotch. Positioning myself carefully, I rocked on his lap to allow his hard dick to rub up against my pussy so as to excite my clit.

"Stop teasing me and sit on it," he said gruffly as I felt his large hands grip my buttocks tighter.

I kissed my dad, letting my tongue reach out to meet his as my right hand moved down between my legs to spread myself open enough for his dick to properly position itself. When I felt it pressing up against my pussy hole I dropped down onto it, feeling that intense surge of passion as my father's incestuous cock finally penetrated me.

Now I would say that I pretty much love most of anything when it comes to being fucked but if I had to pick my favorite then it would come to two things which I wouldn't even try to separate in terms of priority - the moment the guy's dick first enters me and the first surge of sperm as he cums in me. Feeling my father's erection force its way into my wet pussy, spreading me apart, it was like at first it wasn't going to happen but then my pussy expanded and accepted the invader. His head popped into me and then I felt it fill me as I sat down until my full weight was on his lap with my hose-covered ass now against his pants.

"God you feel so good around me," my father sighed as we finally ended our kiss and I began to ride his dick like I was riding a horse.

His hand released my butt and moved up to my boobs which were bouncing now as I rocked on my daddy's incestuous erection. I leaned back enough so he could take my nipples in his mouth, moving from one to the other as he sucked on me. God they were SOOOOO sensitive! I was so damn horny that I came almost immediately.

"That's it baby girl, cum... cum for your daddy," my father encouraged me as he felt my pussy clamping down on his cock like a vise. God I felt so good, as if my body temperature suddenly skyrocketed and I tingled all over.

"Make me cum harder daddy... do it like only you can," I begged him as I cried out with the pure pleasure of my orgasm.

Surprisingly, or maybe not so surprisingly I guess when you think about it, my father also started to cum as I felt that faint surge in me as he erupted deep inside of my pussy. Wow, just goes to show just how horny he must have been to cum so quickly!

Why guys like to spurt their cum on a girl's face or boobs, or shoot in into their mouth or on their butt, or heaven forbid - in the ass, well It's a mystery to me. Sure I let them do it as after all, it gets them off and I love to please a guy. Still, if anyone were to ask me where I wanted it there was just one response - in my pussy. Like, isn't that where God intended? Besides the obvious reasons - it's a huge mess, it gets sticky and smelly so fast, it's damn near impossible to get out of your hair, etc. I just feel that if a man really cares about ME then he will cum in my pussy. All the rest is for HIS fantasy. Frankly, I blame the porn industry for making every man think that women want it on their face every time.

I sat down hard on my dad's lap, pushing his spurting cock as deep inside of me as it would go, wanting nothing more than to have his love inside of me. This was the moment I wanted, the feeling that overrides everything else. Oh yeah, my DAD was mating me. Forget for the moment he'd been fixed. So what if the last thing I ever wanted was to actually bear my father's child. What mattered was that he was mating me so far as his desires and actions were concerned. It wasn't the results of such a union that I wanted, it was the act of him doing it that made me feel so special.

As my father's ejaculations ended, he put his arms around me and pulled me in tight so that my boobs were crushed against his hairy chest. I buried my face in his shoulder against his neck as I listed to his catching his breath, neither of us able to speak for the moment. Then I pulled back and looked down, mesmerized for the moment at the sight of my father's cock as it disappeared inside of me. I could see rivulets of his sperm as it leaked from my pussy around his shaft and pooled on his pubic hair. Mmmmmmm, talk about the most erotic sight...

"Now THIS is heaven," he whispered in my ear as I looked back up and say the expression of pure satisfaction on his face.

Once again we kissed and I could feel his dick throbbing inside of me. I guess maybe there is something to be said for the stamina of a teenage boy as I knew so far as fucking me was concerned, my dad was finished for the morning.

"I love you daddy," I said to my father, "You make me feel so good."

"Well it's not like the feeling isn't mutual baby girl."

Just then my aunt called up the stairs, reminding us that we were already late for church. Oh well, what choice did we have?

Lifting myself up, I watched as my dad's now limp dick flopped out of me, followed by a flood of sperm and my own cum. My pantyhose was ruined but I guess it was my fault for wearing it in the first place. It wasn't like I'd paid all that much for it anyways. As I moved off his lap to stand a bit unsteadily on the floor, I smiled at the sight of my dad's dick... all wet with the combination of my cum and his sperm. As tempting as it was to lean over and lick it clean, I knew that once I headed down THAT road that we'd never make it to church!

In the bathroom I took stock of my messy pantyhose. Well, at least they weren't one of my more expensive fishnet pair but then I wouldn't be wearing those to church in the first place. Even though I'd decided earlier that going to church bare-bottomed wasn't an option, it appeared that now I was left with no other choice. If it was just a matter of ripped hose it wouldn't have been that big an issue as who would be seeing my crotch in the first place. No, the real problem was the mess created that had now seeped into the nylon fabric including a couple of spots on my inner thighs where I'd dripped when getting up and walking to the bathroom.

Once I was dressed I returned to the bedroom to find my dad had already headed downstairs. Well, hopefully he'd at least cleaned himself off with something beforehand as he hadn't joined me in the bathroom. Perhaps he knew too that if he had we might not have left in time to make it to church.

Looking in the mirror, I straightened out my hair and smiled as I took stock of the woman looking back at me.

"You're a Daddy fucker," I whispered to myself. Yep, that's exactly what I was and proud of it!

## 4. Church

As usual I left my car behind and rode to church with my dad in his SUV. Hopping in the passenger seat, my dress rode up but I didn't make any effort to pull it down which gave him a pretty good view of almost half my upper thigh. With the split in the side it made it especially revealing from his vantage point. I saw my dad glancing over at me as we pulled out onto the street and headed towards the main road.

"You know Kelly, seeing you sitting there like that reminds me of back when you were still in high school," he reminisced.

Grinning back at him, I just shrugged as if I had no idea what he was talking about.

"Yeah, I remember when you would wear those crazy short sundresses to church," he sighed, "I couldn't believe your mother even let you out of the house in those, let alone go to church wearing them."

Just then we stopped at an intersection and without warning he reached over and lifted up my skirt and pulled it up to reveal my bare bottom.

"Yep, just like the old days," he laughed as he rubbed my upper thigh, "You never were one for wearing panties, were you?"

Unfortunately we'd just arrived at church as I was enjoying where our conversation was heading. It had been quite a while since my dad had taken a trip down memory lane so to speak and I loved knowing more each time about how he'd felt about me back then. Dang, if only I'd known back then what I knew now. It was hard to even begin to imagine how different my life might have turned out.

"Ummmmm... there are some wipes in the glove department..." he started to say, obviously in reference to the wetness on my fingers and pussy. Heck, even I could smell my sex and it really wouldn't do to go in church reeking of pussy.

As we made our way from the parking lot I took my dad's arm and walked proudly next to him. My pussy was tingling something fierce and I loved the way it felt to be naked under my dress as we passed various families. Like wow, what would they say if they had any idea what my dad had just done to me not twenty minutes ago? Better yet, how would those husbands react if they knew I was NOT wearing underwear, or if they had any inkling of just how horny I was at just that moment or for who I was horny FOR?

The usher was just as clueless as he led us down to an opening about a third of the way from the front on the right hand side with me going in first so my dad could have aisle seat. That was just fine with me as similar to the arrangement in the SUV, this allowed me to cross my left leg over my right, allowing the slit in the skirt to part and ride up showing a peek of almost two-thirds of my now bare upper thigh. The usher looked down and I saw his eyes widen just a little as he stared and then quickly walked away making a scene.

"Now behave yourself young lady," my dad whispered in my ear, pretending to be stern.

"Oh daddy, I'm not thirteen anymore," I responded, pretending to be annoyed.

"Exactly my point," he came back, this time winking at me.

Indeed, he had a point. It's sort of ironic how much I was able to get away with as a young teen as compared to now as a young mother. Well, maybe not SO young anymore but then 28 isn't exactly middle age. Still, when I was in my early teens I got away with murder although I didn't really appreciate just how much until years later. Like I could wear just about ANYTHING when I was twelve or thirteen and the response was more about my mom's parenting than anything personal about me. In contrast, had anyone known I was bottomless today I would most likely be labeled a slut. Not that THAT was necessarily a bad thing, just it was directed at ME now instead of my mom. Heck, if anything odds were it would just reinforce the image most people already had of me - one that I had worked for years to cultivate.

But then today wasn't about flashing the ushers or teasing some poor husband sitting next to his fat wife. Noooooo, today was all about my dad so if there was anything I could do to please him then I was all-in. Now if that just happened to garner the attention of anyone else then that would be just a bonus.

We'd only been there a moment it seemed when we had to stand for the opening hymn. As the organ grew loud I held the hymnal with my dad and lifted myself on my toes so I could whisper in his ear.

"I bet you want to fuck me right now, don't you daddy?"

He rolled his eyes and jabbed me with his elbow slightly but at the same time he couldn't suppress the grin, let alone the hungry look in his eyes. It certainly wasn't the look most fathers around us had for their daughters although I wouldn't be surprised if more than a few were trying not to let anyone see what they were staring at.

God I was so damn horny! My pussy felt like it was going to scream if it didn't get some attention... and soon. Like it hadn't been all that long since my dad had cum in me and I was willing to bet that enough time had passed to where he was ready for Round 2.

After the hymn and some opening words and prayer, it was time for the greeting ritual to where everyone went around to greet others and shake hands. Church was pretty crowded today and for the first time I paid attention to those around us. To my right was a woman I hadn't met before. She looked a little familiar so odds were I seen her here before but I didn't know her name. I was guessing fifties, maybe even late sixties. I turned to say hello and she gave me the once over and it was obvious from her initial expression that she wasn't exactly impressed. Then she quickly gathered herself and put on that fake smile worn by so many people every Sunday morning as she pretended to be all happy and non-judgmental - exactly the opposite of what I suspected to be reality.

"Nice to meet you... Kelly you say?" she replied after I introduced myself.

She seemed about to say something else but my dad poked me on the shoulder so I turned to see what he wanted. Standing in the aisle was a face I hadn't seen in years...

"Kelly, do you remember Mr. Gardner?" he asked as he leaned back to give me a better look.

"Oh John, she's not a little girl anymore," he said with a chuckle, "Hi Kelly, please call me Bill."

Holy smokes, I couldn't believe it. It had been years since I'd seen Bill after he'd retired from my dad's law firm. As for remembering him, like how could I ever forget? You see, Bill was the first married man to ever fuck me. In fact, he even fucked me before my dad did!

Yes, it was back when I was fifteen and in heavy demand as a babysitter. My dad had volunteered me to sit for the Gardner kid (he was definitely "Mr. Gardner" back then). It's all in my diary but to summarize quickly it turned out to be something more fitting for "Dear Penthouse". In fact, thirteen years later I now had a hard time believing myself that it all actually had happened.

First a disclaimer... As a babysitter I NEVER did anything even remotely inappropriate with ANY of the kids I sat, and that's not even using my standards when it comes to defining "appropriate". Fathers, on the other hand, were fair game. Many a time I remember being driven home and flashing some poor horny father, wondering if he would masturbate later about having sex with me. Of course I never actually DID anything with them, at least not most of them. After all, they were OLD and until my night with Bill the oldest guys I'd done were the boys at high school and the church youth groups.

That said, it's not like I was an angel when I babysat. One of my favorite things to do as a babysitter was to rummage around through the parents' private things. It was amazing what I would find sometimes as you may imagine. Sometimes I even tried on some of the wife's sexier lingerie and masturbate on their bed as I imagined myself being caught by them when they returned home. It was all good clean fun and so far as I knew the parents had always remained clueless. No harm, no foul... right?

Hot tubs have always been a source of entertainment for me and the Gardners had one. With the kid confirmed to be sound asleep in bed I was naked and enjoying the feel of jets on my pussy when I was surprised by Mr. Gardner who returned home alone early. Well, without going into all the details, I was fucked by my first married man and as anyone who knows anything about me should know, that was the start of what has been an obsession with me ever since.

As things turned out it was the first - and last time the that two of us did anything and I don't think he ever knew that my dad learned soon after what had happened. Like of course I told my parents immediately afterwards, just as I did after just about all of my early sexual encounters. As for whether or not my dad had revealed that he knew about what happened, I think he never did so as not to embarrass Bill. Judging from how things were going today, my gut feeling was that I'd been correct so if he remembered what we'd done (and how could he ever forget) then he wasn't letting on.

"Oh yeah, now I remember," I exclaimed softly as I pretended not to recall at first. Looking at Bill in the eyes I added, "If I recall, it was a pretty good night. You gave me quite a tip!"

Bill's eyes averted from mine quickly and I could have sworn his cheeks reddened a little. As for my dad, he played along and didn't make any mention that might have given a clue that he knew what had gone on between us or even that he noticed how uncomfortable his friend had suddenly become.

"Well Bill, I hope you're enjoying Florida and remember, you're always welcome back at the office," my dad said as they shook hands again.

"And if you ever need another babysitter, you know who to call," I added in not being able to resist a little tease.

Bill tried to laugh it off replying, "Well, I don't think the missus and I need a babysitter anymore."

Wow, I could have gone in all sorts of directions with that lead-in but it was time to take a seat again so everyone quieted down and sat in their pew. I crossed my leg again, this time allowing my dress to open a little more than before. My dad had his hand on the pew between us and left it there as I nudged closer to him such that the side of his hand was now pressed against my bare upper thigh. Nobody could see anything with his hand almost completely under my leg but I could feel his fingers moving against me.

Again my pussy practically shook as I felt my dad's hand under my leg. God I would've loved it if his hand had been on top of my leg instead, working its way between my thighs down to my ready and waiting pussy. All the more so if he did it now in the middle of church. Actually in the past he HAD done this but that was back in the colder days of winter when we had the benefit of winter coats to hide his efforts. It also helped when things weren't as crowded unlike today where everyone was smashed together like sardines.

The rest of the service went rather uneventfully. I tried to make it a point to make littler suggestive remarks to my dad whenever I could get away with it but other than that it was simply too crowded for us to actually do anything. Oh well, I guess you can't always have everything.

After the service we joined the line to greet the pastor and his wife as they shook everyone's hand. I got just a nod from the pastor but his bitch of a wife was in her usual full self-righteous mode.

"Good morning Kelly," she greeted me with ice behind her forced smile, "I see some things never change, do they?"

She was looking down at my dress and I knew she was telling me she didn't approve. What she didn't seem to realize was that when idiots like her tell me they disapprove of me or my actions that it just makes me want to go even further the next time. So far as I knew she didn't have a clue about what me and my dad did but she certainly had her opinion of my behaviors and past escapades as part of the youth groups. Just imagine if she had known what I was doing with the youth pastor back then!

"Let's go Kelly," my dad nudged me. As we made our way outside he shook his head in mock despair saying, "You were about to say something you know you shouldn't back there, weren't you?"

"You mean to Bill?"

My dad shook his head, pretending to be stern with me. "Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about. The poor guy looked like he was going to have a stroke."

"Oh daddy, you know I would NEVER say anything I shouldn't," I giggled.

"Yeah right," was all he had to say in response but I could tell he was actually pleasantly amused. I wonder if he would've been turned on even more if I'd asked the preacher's wife if she wasn't wearing panties, like me. Well, of course he would have but then there ARE some things you just can't say in church, no matter how tempting.

Soon we were back to his place and he hugged me before I got in my car.

"Soooooo, 8:00 then?"

"Yep, I'll be waiting daddy."

I drove off, wishing the clocks would turn faster!

## 5. Date Night

I have to say one thing about my dad that I can never complain about - he's ALWAYS on time. Obviously that's not something that gets passed in the DNA, or at least it certainly missed me. It use to exasperate him to no end when I was growing

comes to sex. Steve doesn't even care for threesomes, or at least when it involves two guys. Two women - fine with him though. I have to smile sometimes as he's such a typical guy when it comes to sex!

Tonight I was wearing the latest new outfit my dad had bought for me - as I always did. It was waiting at my doorstep when I arrived home earlier and I couldn't hardly wait to get inside and open it. The box wasn't that big nor did it need to be as it turned out. The dress was neatly folded and I instantly fell in love with it from the first moment I held it up in front of me as I face the mirror. It seemed to weigh almost nothing which was due in part to the material but mostly to fact that there wasn't a whole lot of it. It was a little unusual in that it came over just one shoulder while leaving the other bare. With the one should strap it allowed the bust line to dive dramatically across my boobs to within less than an inch above my nipple on the opposite side. From there it continued down allowing for some nice "side boob" as well as plenty of bare back. The hem line, while a little longer than usual when it came to my father's tastes, allowed for a slit side than came well up my hip requiring the matching thong (thoughtfully provided as well) to ride up even higher so as not to be exposed every time I twisted or turned.

Trying it on for the first time in my bedroom, I hadn't bothered with the thong which only demonstrated how essential it was to wear SOMETHING underneath as I couldn't sit or bend over without the dress parting and exposing everything. I suppose that's one reason why my father has a thing for dresses with side slits in them. There was no bra in the package and for good reason - there was nothing that would have worked underneath this dress given the low cut and daring plunge. Then again, if there HAD been a bra it would have been a first as my dad absolutely hated me to wear one! The only time he'd ever bought me one was the time he gave me a sheer white silk shirt with a black bra to wear under it.

One thing NOT in the box was shoes but then that was to be expected as well. My dad loved to take me shopping for shoes but I knew it wasn't the shoes he was interested in but more how I would tease the poor guys helping me try them on. With no guys to watch... what was the point in fooling with them? Besides, it wasn't like my closet wasn't well stocked. In this case I had the perfect pair - black open toe with five inch stiletto heels.

While I had a light jacket to wear for the evening, I deliberately chose not to wear it at first and was rewarded with a wolf whistle and leering smile from my dear father as he came in through the door to greet me.

"Damn! Now THAT is one hot outfit," he said softly as his eyes ran up and down, "I'd say that whoever bought you that had terrific taste, wouldn't you agree?"

"Oh daddy!" I sighed in reply as I reached out to hug him.

My father's strong arms wrapped around me and I felt his hands clench my butt after they had pulled up the dress. With the thin thong it was like I wasn't wearing anything so far as my rear end was concerned so it felt good to feel him grabbing my bare ass in his large hands.

"Here... something to go with that outfit," he said as he reached into his suit jacket pocket.

"Oh DADDY!" I exclaimed as he opened the box to reveal a beautiful gold chain with an incredibly gold cross filled with diamonds. Compared to the one he'd given me as a teen, it was twice the size and the diamonds looked to be twice as brilliant. It was unbelievably pretty and most likely just as unbelievably expensive. Then again, it wasn't like he couldn't afford it. My dad may not be filthy rich but he certainly didn't lack for anything.

"Here, let me help with that," he said as he put it around my neck and fastened the clasp, "there, now you look perfect... not that you didn't already mind you!"

What could I say? Well, I couldn't think of anything so I just reached up, put my arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. Our tongues met as we enjoyed each other's embrace.

"Oh daddy, I love you," I whispered softly.

"And I love you too Kelly."

With that he reached over for my jacket and helped me to put it on. Without further ado he escorted me out to this SUV and opened the door for me while offering his and for assistance. With the heels I was wearing it was certainly appreciated!

One of the things I loved about my dad's SUV was that unlike so many cars today - and trucks as well, it had a bench seat in front instead of the typical bucket seats meaning there was no center console to get in the way. I scooting over past the middle so when he took his place behind the wheel I was right there by his side with my legs folded up under me on the seat. I suppose I should have been wearing a seat belt but they just got in the way... if you know what I mean.

"So... where are we going?" I asked eagerly. It was a useless question as he never told me but it was like I felt I had to ask anyway. Sure enough, I got the usual response...

"My little girl will just have to patient," he answered in his best "fatherly" tone. Then he reached down and put his hand on my upper thigh which was exposed thanks to the slit in the side of my dress. "Of course we both know patience is NOT one of your better virtues."

We both laughed at that but anyone who knows me would have had to agree with him. Just to prove his point, I reached over and placed my hand on his crotch, pressing down firmly with my fingers in search of the dick I knew so well underneath.

"Yep, definitely not a virtue," he chuckled as he glanced down first at his lap and then smiled at me. "But then, not that I'm complaining."

As he drove on towards the tunnel I couldn't help but remember one of the first times I'd given my dad "road head" and it just happened to be when we were going through this very same tunnel. Back then we were heading to his office for a "take your daughter to work" day which eventually became a "fuck your daughter at work" day but on the way there I'd blown him until he finally came just as we entered the downtown parking garage. Well, I'd like to think that over the past ten years my skills have improved quite a bit such that I can get the job done a little faster when necessary. Then again, my dad is also ten years older as well so perhaps that might balance things out. Oh well, I guess there was only one way to find out...

"Now just what do you think you're doing naughty girl?" my dad asked, pretending to be surprised as I started to unzip his pants, "You know, good girls don't do this sort of thing."

"Your point being?" I teased him back as I reached in and felt around for his dick. Not that it was all that difficult given he was already sporting quite the erection.

"True, true," he sighed as he adjusted his position to help me pull his cock out through his pants. Fortunately he'd been thoughtful enough not to wear any underwear which made my task considerably easier.

"Oh shit!" he gasped quietly as I leaned over and took the smooth silky head of his dick in my mouth. My tongue worked its way around the lip, just as knew he loved me to do.

"You know, one of these days I'm going to crash into somebody when you're doing this," he pretended to protest as I took his cock deep into my mouth. He had a point as I guess it WOULD be a little incriminating when the rescue team saw his dick poking out through his pants while working to extricate my head from the steering wheel!

"So you want me to stop daddy?" I taunted him as I worked his dick with my hand while looking up at him as I ran my tongue over my lips seductively.

"Now why would I EVER say anything so ridiculous as that?" he pointed out as he merged with the traffic heading into the tunnel. I had to catch myself as he made the sudden turn so it was probably fortunate I didn't have my teeth around his dick at that moment!

"Oh yeah... just like that," he groaned as I started to suck him seriously, "God you know how to make you daddy feel good!"

Well, it wasn't like I hadn't had enough practice! It didn't hurt that both of my parents had never been afraid to share their thoughts and feelings with me when it came to sex. I hate it when guys don't say anything while I'm blowing them. Even though I've been told by numerous guys that I'm better at it than most girls, a little feedback never hurts. Thankfully my dad wasn't shy about telling me what he liked - and didn't for that matter. My mom had also been quite helpful in sharing her own little tips for pleasing him as well.

Ever since I'd given my first job to my boyfriend in a dark move theater I've been hooked. Some girls say they hate sucking a guy but personally I love it! It's not the actual act that does it for me. For instance, sucking on a dildo does absolutely nothing for me. It's the reaction I get that from him gets my heart going, not to mention my pussy flowing. While I'm sure every guy I date has wanted to fuck me, face it... most didn't REALLY expect it to happen, at least not on the first date. But when it comes to a blowjob then that's entirely different.

One of the things I love about a BJ is when I'm lucky enough to start with a soft dick. Too often a guy is already worked up and at least semi-erect by the time I get my mouth on him and I miss out on the thrill of feeling I growing in my mouth. Even after who knows how many times I've done it, I don't think I'll ever get over the amazement of feeling a guy's dick getting bigger and thicker in my mouth. The thing about it I also know it's really nothing he can control which tells me that he likes what I'm doing and that I'm turning him on. It's not like a girl who can easily fake an orgasm - a guy's dick is the ultimate lie detector!

While I love a BJ under just about any circumstance, what REALLY turns me on is to do a guy in a public place. It's fortunate that it's really so easy in that a guy doesn't have to undress or anything, he just has to let it out from his pants for me to suck it. For example, fucking in a store can be a little dangerous at times unless I make sure I pan ahead of time and wear the right outfit. Yet I can blow a guy behind

Yeah, like THAT was ever going to happen. Like when had I EVER stopped when it came to getting my dad off? Still, it was nice to hear my own father tell em that he appreciated what I was doing.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," he sighed as we emerged from the tunnel just as his hips bucked slightly and I felt the first shot of sperm spurt from his hard incestuous cock into my mouth.

It was quickly followed by another and then a few more as I felt the SUV shifting lanes as he maneuvered the complicated roadways of Pittsburgh. I couldn't help but wonder just how in the world he was able to concentrate on the road while at the same time ejaculating into his daughter's eager mouth? Then again, as my mother had warned me so long before, once the rocket is launched there's no way to stop it.

Once he DID finally stop cumming I made sure I had every drop contained so it wouldn't get on his pants and then lifted myself up and sat back beside him again. Glancing around at the cars surrounding us I couldn't help but wonder what the occupants would say if they knew what I was holding in my mouth - and who it was that had given it to me?

"Taste good?"

I just mumbled and nodded a I tried to smile without spilling any of his cum onto my dress. If we were on the way home it would be different but not before we even made it to the restaurant. My dad was now totally focused on the road just then as he made his way onto the off-ramp heading downtown. We reached the stoplight at the bottom and for once I was glad to hit a red light!

"Ahhhhhh," I said as I opened my mouth like I was at the dentist and let me see his cum on my tongue as I pushed it out for him.

"Alright silly goose, you'd better swallow that before we have a real mess on our hands."

He may have been trying to sound serious but I knew my dad was no different than any other man after he'd shot his load into my mouth. Yep, every last one of them wants to SEE it before I swallow. In their defense, guys are so visually oriented when it comes to sex that I guess if not then what was the point of even doing it? For me, just knowing a guy was cumming inside of me was all I needed, I didn't need to SEE it to be fulfilled. But guys are wired differently in that it's like it's just as important, if not more, for them to SEE the results than to actually do it. Go figure...

I quickly swallowed his cum and then stuck my tongue out for him to see that I'd done it. Again... the visual thing. Just in time as it turned out when the light turned green and his focus shifted back to the road again.

So just where WERE we headed now? Knowing my dad, it would be someplace with a great steak but that didn't exactly narrow things down all that much. Indeed, over the years we'd visited Morton's, Ruth Criss and The Capital Grill, all of which offered premium (and expensive) options. Then we went straight through the light onto Liberty Avenue and I knew pretty much exactly where we were headed.

"Soooooo, Morton's tonight?"

"Nothing but the best for my favorite daughter," he acknowledged and then he quickly glanced and patted my on my bare leg, "Besides, after that incredible blowjob I figure I owe you."

"Oh daddy.... you know better than that!" I pretended to protest but at the same time I loved it when he complimented me. Sure, every guy will tell me he loved his BJ but there's something special about it when it's your own father paying you the compliment.

As we approached the restaurant I coughed slightly and patted his still exposed but now quite limp dick. My dad chuckled.

"Yeah, I guess I'd better do something about that before the valet gets an eyeful."

By the time we pulled up to the curb he was "decent" again although in my book he'd been pretty decent with it sticking out!

"Good evening sir... and miss," the valet greeted us as he opened the door for me. He was pretty discreet but even so he couldn't help but glance quickly as I emerged and my dress pulled up almost to my crotch as I stepped out. I pretended to be a little embarrassed as I tugged it back down but of course that was about the furthest thing I was worried about. Heck, what was the point in even wearing something like it if guys didn't get to look?

Smiling, I took my father's arm as he led me into the restaurant. The maitre d' greeted my dad by name - he was a frequent guest as he often entertained client here. "We have your table ready sir... follow me please."

I felt so proud to walk beside my dad to our table and I wondered how many people were looking at us and wondering about our relationship. Were we a couple? After all, we both were wearing wedding rings and in this day and age it wasn't all that unusual for an older gentlemen to marry a woman half his age. Back when I was younger I suppose most people immediately probably took me as his daughter. Then again there were probably those with dirtier minds that wondered if this wasn't some old guy trying for a piece of teenage pussy. Given my usual attire at such times (provided by my dad so you can imagine...) it wouldn't have surprised me if more people didn't think that way. After all, how many daughters dress like a hooker when going out alone with their own father?

While there were a number of booths open and tables in more private locations, we were seated at a table in the middle of the main dining room in full view of the dozens of people already seated. While definitely NOT my choice when Steve and I would go out, the arrangement was typical for date nights with my dad. It wasn't like my dad wanted a private seat so we could fool around the way Steve and I do. Noooooo, this was all about him being seen with me and for him to see the reaction of the other men - not to mention a few women at times as well. My part in our little play was to be his trophy girl and I knew how to play my role well.

With our jackets safely secured with the cute little coat check girl, I was a little chilly but that actually worked in my favor as my nipples were hard as rock. It didn't hurt that I was also horny as hell after the road head! With my dress as tight and thin as it was, it was like someone could have measured the dimensions of my boobs and nipples the same as if I wasn't wearing anything. My dad didn't fail to notice either.

"Nice...," was all he said but I caught the slight tip of his head and the direction of his gaze as he looked at my aroused boobs.

Crossing my legs slowly, I made sure to lift my left leg over the right as the slit in the dress was on that side which meant my upper thigh was now in view to whomever might be interested in such things. As it turned out, the older guy to the side of us WAS and I almost laughed out loud when I say the disapproving look on his wife's face as she looked to see what had gained her husband's interest. It was an interesting choice as to which reaction turned me on more? Was it the way he openly stared at my bared leg or the way what he was doing pissed off his wife? Honestly, I would have to say it was his wife's reaction that turned me on the most. Really, for a guy to stare at me isn't exactly headline news and while I don't mean to sound stuck up, that's just the way it is. What's so much more fun is when somebody else sees what HE is doing and how they react to it. Usually this is his wife but there have also been the occasional girlfriend and in a few cases even a daughter. Then it's THEIR reaction that really makes my day!

Trying to keep with the atmosphere of the place, I actually ordered wine rather than my usual Diet Coke. I figured I could nurse one glass through the entire meal but then my dad changed the order to be the entire bottle.

"Ahhhhhh Dad, did you see the price?" I leaned over to whisper to him after the waiter left. Like damn, it was over $200 for the bottle! Of course it was probably a fraction of that price at the store but still. Not to mention I really don't know one wine from the other so hopefully he would enjoy it,

"Like I've always said, only the best for my favorite daughter."

I smiled at him - like he had another daughter to compare me to. Yet again I was so proud that this man was my father. And to think that people have the nerve to question me when it comes to my desire to please him - in every way. How could I NOT want this more than anything given the way he loved me and spoiled me?

I sat and suffering through the wine ritual and finally got a taste. While I didn't say anything to my dad, I thought he'd been ripped off. OK, so I don't exactly have a cultured wine perspective but still, at what, $50 a glass I was expecting something spectacular. Frankly, the $5 diet coke would have been fine with me.

Soon after we gave our orders and of course my dad chose the filet mignon - bleeding rare. As for me, I've always preferred seafood over meat so I started with a shrimp cocktail (I LOVE the giant shrimp they use here) followed by the fresh fish special. Actually I wasn't even sure WHAT fish it was, it just sounded hood when our waiter explained how it was prepared. I'd been sorely tempted to go with the king crab legs but I knew from past experience that they were messy and tonight I wanted to be more formal for my father. Eating with my hands and wearing a bib was NOT part of the strategy when wearing a dress like mine.

While waiting for our order I informed my dad that I needed to use the ladies room and I was thrilled when he got up to help me with my chair like a perfect gentleman. Of course it also gave him the opportunity to give my ass a quick feel so there WAS a bit of an ulterior motive. I doubted anyone noticed but it's not like either of us really cared.

What my dad hadn't noticed - guys never do when it comes to this sort of thing, was that the timing of my request was linked to that of the wife next to us, the very same one who had been so unhappy with her husband's unabashed interest in me. Once I saw her get up and head towards the rest room (noting that HE didn't help with HER chair) I couldn't resist the temptation to stir the pot a bit so to speak.

With her now gone my first step was to make sure I got up on the side of our table that faced him. Now that his wife was away apparently he felt that he could get away with more so he didn't even try to appear as if he was just accidently looking at me. I suppose most women would have thought of him as a pervert and while that's more or less what it appeared he was, it didn't bother me at all. Like what fun would it be to have him NOT be interested in me? At the same time, what fun would it be for my dad if I didn't take the opportunity to flirt with some poor guy like him?

While I swear it wasn't premeditated, I couldn't resist myself...

"So have you been enjoying the view?" I said softly to him as my dad turned to push my chair in again.

I glanced downward and twisted so that my leg was poking out for him again. It was pretty blatant but then it wasn't like I had twenty minutes to flirt and build things up with him. Besides, I felt pretty confident that he wouldn't protest and I was right. My expectation was that he would blush and try to act as though he had no idea what I was talking about. But I had to give him credit, he was even more of a pervert than I'd figured...

"Why yes I have," he said in a low tone unabashedly, "You're quite pretty. Your husband is a lucky man."

I suppose I should've left it there but now my dad was standing back next to me again listening in on the conversation so I figured why not give him a bit of a show.

"Oh no, he's not my husband," I replied, looking back at my dad and smiling before turning back to the pervert.

"Oh really," the guy came back and then grinned wickedly at my dad, "So you're both cheating tonight.... nice. My congratulations to you sir."

As much as it turned me on, it DID surprise me a little that he would be so bold and I felt my dad move and although I had no idea what he was about to say, to be safe I quickly replied before he could.

"Well actually you see, he's my father."

THAT did the trick. This time he did blush just a bit and the look on his face was so funny.

"Oh I'm so sorry," he stammered and then he looked to my father, "Sir, I never meant anything by that, it's just..."

Again I cut in to keep my dad from answering. Leaning over and placing my hand on his leg, I whispered in the guy's ear, "You don't have worry, would you believe that I blew him on the way here and after we get home he's gonna fuck me?"

From the look on his face he clearly thought I was joking so I turned to my dad and said softly so just the guy would hear, or at least not the entire restaurant, "Isn't that right daddy... I mean what we did on the way here and what we'll do afterwards."

Now my dad didn't make it to be a senior law partner in a prestigious firm for nothing and he immediately caught on to what I was doing. He looked at the guy and I saw him give a wink and a grin. OMG, I wish I'd had a camera!

"Damn," was all Mr. Pervert said at first but then somehow regained his composure and added, "Well, in any case I still maintain that he's one lucky man."

With that I straightened up and headed towards the restrooms, leaving the two of them behind. To this day I have no idea what was said between them afterwards, if anything, but I would've loved to have been a proverbial fly on the wall to listen.

The whole episode actually only took less than a minute so by the time I got into the restroom his wife had only been in there for a few minutes at most. When I entered it was just the two of us and I found her checking out her makeup in the mirror. Without a word I took up station at the sink next to her and fished out some lipstick from my purse.

We could see each other in the mirrors so it wasn't like I had to actually look directly at her and I saw that she was taking advantage of the same thing to check me out. The tension levels quickly rose but I remained quiet, waiting to see if she would react. Well, I didn't have to wait long as obviously this had been something working up through their entire meal.

"You know, I just don't understand why a pretty girl like you needs to dress like a hooker in public," she said in an accusing tone of voice without actually looking at me directly.

I turned to her without answering but giving her an expression as if I had no idea what she was talking about.

"Oh don't give me that look you slut. It's bad enough you're out with a married man old enough to be your father, but from the looks of things I'll bet you're cheating on your own husband as well."

Again, it wasn't like I'd worked this all out ahead of time. Instead I was just running on instinct and reacting to what was offered, just as I had with her husband. And her husband's reaction I was feeling pretty naughty so I replied with more than even I'd anticipated. Hey, we were the only ones in the room so what the hell? Not like we were being recorded or anything.

"Well, first of all, he IS my father," I started out and I saw her eyes widen. "Second, my husband knows we're out together tonight so it's not like I'm cheating on him."

At first she just stood there and stared at me like she really didn't understand what I was saying so I made it clear to her.

"Oh just so you know, he's just fine with my dad doing me."

Well, it was a bit of a stretch since my husband really wasn't "just fine" but as a good husband he tolerated what I did with my dad but then she didn't have to know that.

This time she got the message but apparently she wasn't buying it.

"You're disgusting," she practically spit out, "I know you're just being mean but to even say such things is terrible. And even if he IS your real father, to dress like... THAT?"

In for an ounce....

"I'm perfectly serious, my dad's been fucking me since I was sixteen. Why else would I dress this way on a date with him?"

"Liar... Slut!" she practically spat out.

My heart was racing and my pussy was practically throbbing now as she quickly threw her things together into her pace and practically ran from the rest room without another word between us. Oh well, mission accomplished! I still couldn't figure for sure is she believed me or not but in either case I couldn't have asked for a better reaction from her. Heck, I was more turned on now than I was after teasing her husband!

I gave her a minute head start and then returned to our table. By the time I arrived the guy was asking for their check and then it was like they couldn't wait to leave. Both of them looked at me as I approached with one staring and the other glaring - not hard to figure out which was which. God I felt so hot! My dad again stood up to help with my chair but before I took my sat I whispered in his ear.

"God I'm so fucking horny now daddy!"

My dad just smiled as I too my seat and he returned to his. It was all I could do not to turn to look at the couple next to us. Finally when I noticed the waiter returning their check I couldn't help myself. Damn, the look she gave me was priceless but that was nothing to what she gave my dad when he saw me looking over and did the same. Well, I guess that answered any questions as to whether or not she believed me.

Once they had left my dad leaned over towards me.

"Damn you're so hot when you're naughty," he said in as soft a voice as he could and till be heard.

"Well, anything for my favorite daddy," I responded, not worrying this time about who might hear me. It was an innocent remark by itself after all but not so what I followed with...

"Anything...," I repeated but this time in a much deeper, more seductive tone of voice.

Our meal finally arrived then and for the most part things pretty much were "normal" after that although I made sure I shifted my legs now and then just to allow my skirt to ride up a little bit more each time. Again, it wasn't like I was doing this strictly for my father as he couldn't see anything. What I was going for was more for the OTHER men around me so my dad could see their reactions and be proud to be my daddy. I'd like to think I was pretty successful.

After our meal we shared a desert and then relaxed as the wine bottle emptied. Normally even a full glass was more than my limit and tonight I'd downed twice that much so I was feeling it in my head. I can honestly say I've never been "drunk" in my life but I was getting close to I tried to limit my intake. Last thing I needed was to pass out on my dad later!

After the meal and we were back in the SUV, my dad turned to me.

"Alright, I just HAVE to ask... what the hell did you say to that poor woman in the rest room? Damn, the look she gave me when she got back... it was like she could've killed me! And then the way she told her husband to get the check, you would've thought the place was on fire!"

I explained to him the whole episode and the smile on his face got wider and wider."

"So you really told her?" he asked as if he couldn't believe his ears, "I mean, you told her I was having sex with you? Shit, no wonder she looked at me like I was the devil incarnated!"

We both laughed at that as I put my head on his shoulder.

"You know daddy, I don't give a damn what old bitches like her think. I LOVE it when you fuck me and I ALWAYS will."

My dad put his arm around me, steering with one hand as he fondled my boob under my jacket.

"Oh Kelly, I can't even begin to tell you what it means to me to hear you say that," he said, sounding as if he was about to shed tears.

"It's just that.... well... it's just that when you do I feel so close to you. It shows me how much you love me... and respect me not just as your daughter, but as a woman as well. Sometimes I just don't know how to say it... It's like when you cum inside of me I feel more like your daughter than at any other time. Oh I don't know how to say it right!"

My dad pulled me in tight and squeezed my breast in his hand.

"You said it just perfect baby girl... just perfect."

We didn't say a word the rest of the way back to his place. We didn't need to. As for me, I don't think I trusted my voice not to crack if I had. I felt so loved... so close to my dad at that moment. I couldn't wait until we got to his home where I could prove to him once again that I was worthy to be his daughter. Where I could receive his parental love and experience his deepest lust in the most ultimate way possible. Where we could spend the night together as father and daughter in the manner every girl should be able to experience at least once in her life. A tear finally escaped, followed by another just as we pulled in as I felt this incredible NEED to please him and in doing so, satisfy HIS needs as well.

## 6. Satisfying My Father's Needs

It was almost mind-boggling how the mood of our evening had changed so dramatically. It was like one moment we were both teasing and being outrageous and then the next everything was intimate, loving and tender. My dad silently pulled into the garage and then went around to the passenger side to help me out. My aunt's car was missing which left him plenty of room. Evidently she was making sure nothing would disturb us and I suspected my husband wasn't going to have to worry about being lonely tonight but then with her, who knew?

At first I thought he was just going to help me out the same as he usually did but instead as I scooted over to the edge of the seat he reached underneath me and gently lifted me out, holding me close to his chest as he turned and leaned back to shut the door. My dress was pulled up practically to my waist but it didn't matter as there wasn't anyone to see us with the garage door shut. Placing my arm around his neck, I put my head against his shoulder and just enjoyed being so close to my loving father.

OK, so I'm not exactly heavy but then I'm not a little teenager anymore either so I couldn't have been THAT easy to carry but my dad somehow managed to get me through the basement door, through the family room, up the stairs to the first floor, then down the hall and up the stairs to the second floor and then to his bedroom without so much as a heavy breath or comment. Still, I imagine it was with at least a small sense of relief as he lowered me to the bed and then leaned over me to kiss me briefly on the lips before standing straight.

"Oh my God, you're so beautiful," he practically gushed as he crossed his arms and smiled as he gazed at me lovingly. Each word came out slowly and I felt like the most beautiful girl in all the world.

"I love you daddy," I whispered but in the silence it was easily heard.

Without waiting for him to answer I bent my legs and lifted my butt off the bed, first slipping my dress even further up and then pulling my thong down and over my heels, flipping them to the bottom of the bed. Sitting up, I pulled the dress up and over my head, leaving me wearing nothing but my heels and the beautiful cross necklace he'd given me earlier in the evening. Now naked for all practical purposes, I laid on my right side, pulling my left foot up so my leg was bent upwards, exposing my hot wet pussy for him to enjoy. My hand seemed to have a mind of its own as it moved to my crotch and I felt the wetness there with my fingertips.

The room was deathly quiet as neither of us seemed to want to be the first to break the silence. It was my dad's turn to strip and it didn't take long for him to undress and lay his clothes on the chair against the wall. OK, so my dad's not a young man anymore and sure he doesn't have the physique of my husband's body but the naked man that now stood before me wasn't just ANY man... he was my father and it thrilled me to see his dick so full and thick with lust - a lust that was for ME, for his own daughter.

My dad seemed content for the moment to just stand there and gaze at me, his eyes roaming up and down the length of my nude figure with special attention to my boobs and pussy where I was now rubbing myself slowly. Well, he WAS a man in addition to being my father so where else would you expect him to look? Seeing him with that special gleam in his eyes, I knew what I needed to do at that moment. After all, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure this one out!

Leaning back with my head against the pillow, I bent my knees and placed my feet flat on the bed, spreading my legs apart and twisting a bit to give him a direct view of my pussy and butt. My left hand moved down further between my thighs as I cupped my boob with the right one. At first I just continued to slowly masturbate, simply rubbing the tip of my finger against my sensitive clit without even penetrating myself.

My dad was the first to break the silence...

"I can't imagine anything more erotic than to watch you play with yourself," he said softly as his hand started to stroke his erection slowly.

Well, personally I could think of something - seeing him staring at my crotch as I masturbated for him. Sure it felt good but my REAL enjoyment at the moment was seeing him being turned on as he watched me.

"I love you so much daddy."

"And I love you too baby."

God I wanted more than ever to make him happy, to please my father, to fulfill his every desire and need. I wasn't worried whether or not I COULD, I mean like THAT was a given. After all, who could even begin to compete with his own daughter when it came to meeting his sexual desires? No, I wasn't worried about anything like that. I simply wanted to DO it or should I say, for him to DO me.

"Love me daddy...," I practically pleaded, "Take me... I give myself to you, totally and completely."

Don't ask me why, but at that moment the words I'd just uttered reminded me of that time over twelve years ago when my dad entered my bedroom with the intent of having sex with me for the very first time. We both knew what was about to happen when he appeared at my door naked with his erection in full bloom. I'll never forget the words I'd said to him then - almost the exact same words I'd just said to him a few seconds ago. Now, twelve years later and who knows how many times he'd fucked me in between, those words held just as much meaning to me as they had that first time. Now, twelve years later and after so many other men had fucked me, it was my father I wanted more than anyone else, even more than my own husband, at least at that moment. How else could it be? This was my father, the man who created me, the man who raised me and who done so much more for me than I could ever possibly repay.

Another time and place and my dad would have probably laid between my legs and eaten my pussy, even though I knew he wasn't overly thrilled about it himself. It

I knew that but it was more an intellectual understanding, not an emotional one. Like of course he didn't have to fuck me for me to know he loved me. I knew perfectly well that even if we never had sex again he would continue to love me just as much as he ever did. That wasn't the point. I wanted him to fuck me because I already knew he loved me. I wanted him to fuck me because I wanted to give everything I had to give to him. It was because I knew that he loved me like no other woman in the world, not even his own wife, that made me feel so special when he was inside of me with our bodies literally joined together, especially when he symbolically mated me by leaving his cum deep inside of me.

"I know daddy," I acknowledged, "But I WANT you to fuck me... I WANT you inside of me... I WANT you to cum inside of me."

"Oh yes Kelly, and believe me... I so badly want to do just that."

And so he did. My right hand guided my father's incestuous erection to the entrance of his only daughter's wet pussy. Rubbing it against me, I wanted SOOOOO badly for him to push it in and I didn't have to wait long as he was just as anxious to do it.

"Oh daddyyyyyyyy!" I moaned as I felt him penetrate me, my pussy spreading open to engulf the stiff fleshy member that was trying so hard to invade it. It was ironic that the very same pussy that was screaming to be fucked was at the same time doing its best to resist the very thing it wanted so badly.

"Ohhhhhhhhh... YESSSSSSS!" I cried out as my father's dick pushed deeper and deeper inside of me until finally I had him all, I had every inch of his dick inside of me until the base of his dick met up against my crotch. I loved the feel of his thick stiff pubic hair as it pressed up against my pussy. Wrapping my legs around him as best I could, I pulled him in tighter, trying to push him into me even further.

For a few minutes, which seemed like hours at the time, we remained in that condition with his erection buried inside of me and neither of us moving or saying a word. I swore I could feel his pulse inside of me but it could've been just my own heartbeat pounding in my ears. It was what I'd been waiting for all night – to be physically joined with him in the most intimate manner any man and woman can be.

Memories of that stupid woman at the restaurant flashed through my head as I thought about how she was so clueless and closed minded. If only she could see us now and see for herself how wonderful incest can be when it's done right. This wasn't like the stupid fake porn sites designed to turn on horny men. It wasn't anything even remotely related to the abuse of young girls by perverted family members that appear on the TV news. No, this was incest as it was meant to be " a loving, sharing, respectful union of a father and his daughter. How could she even begin to understand the feeling of satisfaction that was almost overwhelming me at this moment?

My dad suddenly started to pump his dick in and out of me, starting out ever so slowly and then gradually picking up the pace until he was pounding me. Oh my god, it was like I'd died and gone to heaven!

"Yes daddy.... yes! Fuck me harder daddy... harder!" I encouraged him as if he needed any form of encouragement at that moment.

Soon we'd traded positions with him lying on his back and me riding his stiff dick facing him. I grabbed the headboard and leaned forward so my boobs hung down in front of his face, allowing him to suckle my breasts as I rode his dick. His powerful hands cupped my ass as he assisted me in bouncing on him, driving him oh so deep into me!

From there we traded again only this time I was on my belly with a pillow under me so my pussy was more easily accessible. For a brief moment I felt his dick head against my asshole and I wondered if he was going to fuck my ass. Given a choice I would've said no but then that was one word missing from my vocabulary when my dad and I were having sex. My dad knew my feelings about anal sex and 99% of the time he honored those feelings but there were times when his own lust overrode things and he fucked me in the ass. Well, if that's what he wanted then that's what he would get from me but I have to say I wasn't sad when he didn't want it.

After fucking me in that position for a while it was back to missionary which told me that he could feel himself on the edge of cumming. With rare exception, when my dad fucked me he would cum in my pussy while on top of me as though he was dominating me. If I was blowing him then he would cum in my mouth but either way he generally avoided the body shots unless he was unable to hold himself back at that moment. It was something that he'd always seemed to prefer? I mean that when he came inside of me he liked to be in this position which I attributed to his desire to dominate and control me. We both enjoyed trying out as many positions as possible but when it was time for him to cum there was just one that worked best for him - good old-fashioned missionary position.

Knowing he was on the verge, I cried out, "Cum inside of me daddy... give me your cum! Give me your love!"

Indeed, that was exactly what it meant to me when my father came inside of me. For him to mate with me, to leave his cum inside of me was the ultimate outward act of his fatherly love for me. Why else would he do it if her didn't love and respect me? What better way for him to show me?

It was like that little extra bit of encouragement was all he needed and sure enough, I felt him press himself hard against me as he seemed to try and drive his dick into me as far as he could.

"Oh yeah!" he groaned as he started to cum, "Take it baby girl... take your daddy's cum."

Like I had a choice at that point... but who cares? Indeed, I wanted it just as badly as he wanted it in me. In my mind I tried to imagine the head of his dick deep inside of me, the white ropes of cum exploding from him and filling me with his love. It was just the final thing I needed for my own orgasm to erupt causing my pussy to clamp down on his incestuous cock and squeeze down on him.

"God!" was all he said as he finished and feel down to his elbows, barely enough to keep from pressing down heavy against me. He just stayed that way as my own orgasm rippled through me like a forest fire blazing though the mountainside. Oh my god, it felt so damn good!

As my orgasm slowly subsided, we were back to the beginning as we competed the full circle of sex. Once again we laid there silently, still coupled together so intimately although this time he was rapidly dwindling inside of me.

Finally his arms betrayed him and he barely caught himself from dropping down on me. Rolling over next to me, he laid there on his back, still breathing heavily. I turned on my side, draping one leg over him as I pressed my cum-filed pussy up against his hip. His arm pushed under me and I laid my own across his hairy chest with my head laying on him. Soon he was sound asleep as I remained awake for a long while.

Knowing I'd satisfied my dad left me content. I could feel his cum as it seeped from my pussy and drained down to the bed over my leg. I knew that morning would come quickly and that when he awoke he would want me again and I knew just as certainly that I would give myself to him as willingly and lovingly as I had this evening.

As I laid there too worked up to fall asleep - unlike my father who, like most men, dropped off within minutes of getting off, I thought about the next morning. Hmmmmmm, I wondered if maybe my dad would enjoy waking up to my mouth on his dick? In a way it would be sort of a twist on those days back in high school when he use to come into my room before leaving for work and get himself off. Sometimes he just jerked off and cum on me for me to discover later when I awoke. Other times he might press his dick into my lips or even my pussy depending on how I was positioned. Usually I would wake up at the first touch but after a particularly sleepy night I might not until he was inside of me. Granted that hardly ever happened but it left such an impression that I could recall almost every time it did.

I can just as clearly remember the first time I ever sucked a guy's dick when he was sleeping. It was during a sleepover at my first boyfriend's house (who would have known at the time that he would eventually become my husband). In theory it was with his sister and our friends but they covered for me so I could sleep with Steve overnight for the first time. My mom was actually the instigator in that she was the one who suggested the idea to me once she learned my plans. At that age I doubt I would have even thought of the idea myself because really, who would have ever thought a guy's dick would respond when he was sleeping? As it turned out, THAT was exactly what made it so hot for me, that it DID respond all by itself without him even being aware of it. Over time it became more or less a challenge for me - could I get him to cum without waking him? Without going off too far a tangent, I can say that it's possible but not easy, not by a long shot!

So anyways... Afterwards I knew that he would drive me back home where I would greet my husband. No doubt Steve would want to immediately fuck me. It was as if he needed to reassert his dominance over me after having given myself to my father. That's one area where I've been unsuccessful in getting Steve to understand the relationship between me and my father. There's nothing to be competitive over. My husband is my only lover, period. By the same token, my dad is my only father. Two different men, two different roles, two different forms of submission.

Although I sincerely wish Steve could accept my duty to my father in more positive ways, if that's how he needs to handle things then so be it. As his wife it's my duty to yield to him wishes although I've never considered it in such crass terms. I love my husband like I love no other man but when he fucks me it's distinctly different than when my father does. I would never say one was better than the other, just different. How lucky I am to have both options!!!

Unable to sleep, I rolled onto my back and began to masturbate. It's funny to me how people seem to feel that masturbation is a substitute for sex. It's like people think that if you need to masturbate then you must not be getting enough sex. Well sure I masturbate if for some reason I'm not getting enough but really, how often has THAT ever happened to me. I mean like no girl can ever really claim she's not getting enough. If I can't go out and get laid within 60 minutes - and I mean anytime, anytime, anywhere, then it's ME that's the problem. The same applies to any girl in my opinion. If you're female and not getting enough sex, the problem is facing you in the mirror.

For me, taking aside what I might do to tease a guy or to please him by putting on a show, as a general rule I masturbate for only one reason - I LOVE to masturbate! What I was doing right now - masturbating after just having had great sex with my dad, wasn't the exception for me but rather the rule. It's not like the guy should care as he's the one sleeping. Even if he DID know it's not a reflection on him. Some guys have seen me doing myself after they'd fucked me and taken it almost as an insult to their abilities, like I wasn't satisfied after sex with them. Whatever I'd just done with them has nothing to do with it, I just enjoy playing with myself. If anything, they should take it as a compliment as usually the better the sex the harder it is for me to unwind and fall asleep myself which means I usually masturbate until I calm down enough to drift off.

Another reason I enjoy masturbating after sex is it's like it's repay time for me. Just as I was doing now, I love laying there and fingering myself as memories of how my father's dick had flooded me just a short time ago ran through my mind. I also fantasized about the next morning, planning out how I wanted to wake him with his cum in my mouth and then serve him breakfast in bed - naked of course.

After bringing myself off a couple of times I finally drifted off to sleep as my last thoughts were of how happy I was. At that moment there was nothing more in all the world that I desired. My every need had been fulfilled and I felt so incredibly loved. Really, what more could a girl ask for in her life than to be a proper daughter for her father with the perfect husband anxiously waiting for her return?

# (Nov 21) Chapter 263: Making an Announcement

Story codes: nosex
Me (28)

In publishing my diary I've had to make a lot of decisions as to what to tell people - and what NOT to tell people. At times this can be difficult so in some case I simply avoid certain aspects of my life. However, it's just getting too hard to hide this one anymore so here goes...

## 1. Author's Prerogatives

Of all the questions I get asked, probably the most common is, "Are the stories in your diary true?" I've no doubt that most people don't believe me or at least think I'm stretching things a bit and that's OK with me as I really don't care what they think. It's not like it makes any difference in MY life either way. It doesn't hurt my ego or self-worth to be told I'm a liar or stretching the truth. I know what's true and that's what matters to me.

Simply put, if you look at the diary I publish on asstr-mirror.org, there are several folders, or "sections" as I like to call them. I refer to everything in them as "stories" simply because it's easier, not to imply anything as to whether they're real or not.

NOTHING in my diary is 100% accurate and I've never hidden that fact or made any claim otherwise. What I claim to be "true" are those that are based on actual events in MY life and for all intents and purposes, I believe that they reflect the spirit of the occasion. By that I mean I'm more concerned about my security than accuracy so I change a lot of what I consider to be insignificant details - names, ages of people, their appearance, family makeup, dates, locations, etc.

My first name is Kelly but other than that, just about every other name I use is a pseudonym which sometimes leads to problems when I lose track and mess them up! Does it really matter if someone is blonde or brunette or exactly how tall they are? Does it make any difference if someone has three kids or two if only two are pertinent to the story? Does it affect the outcome if it happened in May or June? How does where I live really matter in terms of what happened that day?

Also, I'm not a professional author and I don't get a dime for publishing anything. My only "reward" is the feedback I get from those who read my diary and in some cases, the exchanges they foster wither as chats or e-mails. Indeed, the LACK of such feedback is why at times I get frustrated and delete my diary as I figure if I don't get "paid" then why provide my diary for "free"?

I have no intent or desire to ever meet anyone from any of these exchanges but I do find it erotic and interesting to learn about other people's fantasies and experiences. There's something about dealing with a real person that means a lot more than just going on line and reading some fantasy or fictional story that somebody posts.

I'm not so naive as to believe that most of what I'm told is true but it's still fun and in those few cases where I get to verify who someone really is, it makes it more exciting for me to know I COULD totally screw up their lives if I wanted - but then why would I? That would be totally stupid and undoubtedly end up only hurting me as well. At the very least it would soon be announced all over the Internet and then who would ever want to be in touch with me after that? Yes, there have been a few cases where I know people have been hurt because of what they have done for me but in every case it was THEIR fault for not taking the proper security precautions at their end. If someone leaves their e-mail open or files available for their spouse to find, don't blame me! If anything, it's just one more reason I keep my own privacy such a priority - just in case someone DOES screw up and a vengeful spouse or self-appointed vigilante group tries to find me.

So what's "real"? Everything in the "About ME" and "Diary" sections, taking account what I've said above. Nothing else.

The "Fantasies" section contains stories I wrote but are entirely just that - my fantasies. Any resemblance to actual people or events is purely coincidental.

I won't vouch for anything in the "Friends" or "Stories by Others" sections. These were submitted to me by people who have contacted me after reading my diary. Note that in EVERY case, THEY made the initial contact. I never initiate a chat with a stranger or seek out people. If I even get a hint they are underage, the conversation ceases immediately. I don't exchange porn and do not want anyone to send me anything unsolicited that would be considered illegal such as child porn.

Also, I don't repost stories from other websites as I prefer to keep everything in my diary original content. Some people claim what they send me is real, some admit to it being fantasy. Personally, I doubt most people are who they claim to be and I doubt even more that much of what they send me is anything more than a male masturbation fantasy - even the ones who claim to be female. In the end, what difference does it make?

So why am I bothering to say all this? Well, there are many things in my life that I don't lie about, distort or change - I simply don't say anything about them. I realize that people who read my diary didn't go to asstr-mirror.org to read about Bible studies or crafting events so I stick with those things in my life that involve sex. This undoubtedly gives quite a distorted view of my life but people should understand that I have a LOT more to my everyday activities than having sex!

Similarly, I don't talk a lot about family and friends that aren't involved with me in a sexual way. That's to protect their privacy not to mention it just isn't germane to the stories.

All that said...

Recently something happened that has had a significant impact on my life, more than anything else ever before. People have been asking me why my diary updates have been rather sparse in recent months and there's a very good reason - my baby girl!

## 2. The Joyous News

Yes, I am the proud mother of a baby girl. She is perfect in every way and the joy of my life.

When was she born? How old is she now? What does she look like? What's her name?

Sorry, not saying.

with. At the same time I would never want to impose on her or pressure into making that sort of decision.

********

Q: As an only child, are you planning to have more children of your own?
A: While being an only child certainly has its benefits, for my parents it wasn't really a choice as my mother was warned not to have any more kids after the difficulties she had with my birth. I DO want more kids and would hope to have a son next although of course I will feel blessed regardless of whether it's a boy or girl. As for when, soon I hope! (Maybe I already have... sorry, couldn't pass up the opportunity to tease a little.) In any case I want them to be close in age. I WILL say that I want to keep it to two so I decided that after the next I would take action to ensure there aren't any "accidents" in the future.

********

Q: How does this factor into the stories you have published recently?
A: Once I decided to go off the pill, I wanted to be sure that the baby would be my husband's so that meant I minimized the men cumming inside of me and those that did wore high-quality condoms that I provided. This included my dad. Once I was confirmed to be pregnant, those restrictions were lifted. When I wrote about events that occurred during that time though, I never mentioned the condoms. Typically when I considered something important enough to wrote about it was one of those times when I would allow him to cum in me so I wasn't fibbing about that when I said it happened, I just didn't mention that they used a condom.

I had sex throughout most of my pregnancy and if anything, it enhanced our swapping life as a lot of guys got off fucking me knowing I was pregnant. My dad especially seemed to get off from it and I have to say, I think we had sex more during my pregnancy than even the first year after we first started doing it back when I was sixteen.

Remember that I sometimes "adjust" the dates in my diary a bit so don't try to go back and analyze the gaps and periods between entries to try and figure out when I was pregnant or had my baby. Trust me, I've made a concerted effort to make that difficult!

********

Q: Why spill the beans now?
A: Well, it's more out of convenience than anything. I'm pushing thirty now and people are always asking me when I will start a family. It's gotten to the point where I

felt I needed to say SOMETHING to at least let people know we weren't still putting it off and thus stop the incessant questions. The past few months have been very busy with family, school and such so I figured I may as well get this out of the way and move on.

I realize some people will be upset with my "white lies" about not having a baby before now but I hope they understand my situation. It's not a lot different than back when I claimed my mother had died so I didn't have to face all the people writing me about my parent's divorce. It took a while before I was in a place where I felt comfortable addressing that situation, just as it has taken me a while to feel comfortable letting people know about this change to my life. I just ask that people be patient with me and understand I try my best to be open and honest but my family will ALWAYS come first.

********

OK, so this is ALL I will say about my daughter. She will never be mentioned in any future stories so unless you have read this you won't even know she exists! PLEASE do not write me and ask for more information, pictures, etc.

# (Dec 30) New Year Reflections and Resolutions[11]

2013 was quite a year in many ways for me, most of which never made it into my diary but that didn't mean the events weren't significant in my life. It's time to quickly look back and then move on to 2014.

## 1. Blessed

I titled this chapter "Blessed" because if I had to sum up my life in one word I can't think of a more fitting one to use. If you know anything at all about me then hopefully you know that I personally have a strong belief in God and I believe in living a life for which someday I can stand before him and not be ashamed of anything I've done, nor stand accused of not putting him first in my life. In return, I believe we're rewarded in our time here on this earth. Not that there is this super God handing out doggie treats when his pets perform for him but more like a loving father returning a part of what is given to him.

OK, so maybe I'm not the best when it comes to making a religious analogy but hopefully my point is getting across. I fully understand that there are many people who would claim that many of the things I've done in my life are sinful and perhaps even blasphemous. Well, they're entitled to their opinions - just as I would hope they would allow the same respect for me and mine. My point being, I can't understand how anyone can truly stand up and say that submitting yourself biblically to your parents and husband can EVER be wrong. Yes, the needs and demands will vary a lot between different families and cultures but that doesn't mean anyone has the right to judge someone else. So long as we're talking about TRUE submission from a loving and respectful perspective and NOT some crazy BSDM fantasy, I'd counter that NOT being submissive would be the more improper course of action.

Growing up as a teen, I was like most other girls in that I had a hard time understanding my mother and her beliefs. It's no stretch to say that I wasn't the perfect child by any means and instead was often rebellious and looking to make my own way in the world. Still, looking back I can see how my mother's patient

---

[11] This is not an official chapter.

Another area where I feel blessed in may sound a little vain yet at the same time it's not something to be ashamed of either. When I look in the mirror I may spot every blemish and fault but at the same time I also realize that God has blessed me with a sexy body that men find desirable. Even better, I really haven't done anything to deserve it in terms of helping things out by working out, dieting, etc. It has been a blessing to me in that this was something else that I was taught by my mother – to use the gifts God has given me.

As a result, I am not ashamed in any way to admit that I am a slut. Heck, if anything I'm quite proud of it, at least based on how I define the term. I've always said that the difference between a slut and a whore is that whores allow men to use their bodies for money in whatever way they want. In contrast, sluts use their bodies to get what THEY want. When a guy "dates" a whore, he knows what he's getting in advance and in general, that's what he gets. When a guy dates a slut like me he may have hopes and expectations but there are no guarantees and if anything, he might get even more than he expected if he plays his cards right.

Being slutty certainly has other advantages and benefits. Like I almost never pay for much of anything be it movies, clothes, jewelry, or whatever – at least when a guy's involved. Guys never complain when I cut in line, arrive late, or make any negative comments to me about what I wear. Most of all I LOVE the looks I get – both the stares from the men who desire me and the frowns from their wives and girlfriends who feel threatened by me. It's exciting to flirt and even more so to be able to drive men to do things they might never have done if they hadn't met me.

Yes, I am blessed to be a slut!

When it comes to my family, few people are more blessed than me. Oh sure there are those in my family tree that aren't exactly what I'd choose given a choice but overall I've got no complaints. Over the course of years I've had sex with both my uncles and a few of my cousins, not to mention my mom's sister. Sure it's all about the sex and nothing to do with "love" but it's exciting to sit around at a family gathering and exchange knowing glances with them while the others haven't a clue. Other than a few friends, there is really nobody I have sex with on a regular basis outside my family and even when it comes to my friends it tends to be few and far between. So while most of my more "memorable" experiences (and hence diary entries) tend to revolve around sex with strangers and friends, when it comes to casual sex without the stress and worries nothing beats family.

Yes, I am blessed to be part of an incestuous family!

anywhere else other than our home. I like to think that my life serves as an offering to God and that He is pleased with all that I say and do.

Yes, I am blessed to have God in my life!

I suppose I could have gone on but those are the top areas where I feel I have and continue to be blessed. The only reason I mention them is to bring context into my reflections of the past year and to provide a better understanding when it comes to my hopes for the new year.

## 2. What Didn't Make It Into My Diary in 2013

People are always asking me when I will publish a new diary entry. When it comes to deciding what and when to post, several factors enter the equation...

First and most important, it must be an event that had an impact on my life both current and future. This could be either positive or negative. For example, I was once raped back in college when I was doing some rather foolhardy things. Even though it was a "negative" experience at the time, I don't regret what I did because in the end it served a useful purpose in my life by driving me out of the escort business before anything more serious could happen. It also served as a reminder in the future when I would consider ever doing such things again which is why I posted it in my diary.

Next, it needed to be something worth the effort to write about. Most of my diary stories are rather lengthy, not novel length but more than just short stories. If something happened quick without a lead-in then why bother writing a few paragraphs about a quick blowjob?

Finally, I need to have the time to sit down and write it out. Many of my diary stories get started and are never finished. Finally enough time goes by that I just don't bother and start working on something new. Such was the case in 2013 where I posted fewer stories than usual. I mean like being pregnant and having a kid can keep you busy to where writing stories simply isn't at the top of the priority list!

As a reminder, here's what DID make it in...

### (Jan 18) Chapter 258: Kissing Cousins

Growing up like sisters, Kristen and I have always shared most everything - clothes, makeup, and boys. Most of that has dwindled away over the years but every now and then it includes our husbands...

So what did NOT make it in?

## Swapping

For the most part I didn't write about our swapping. Steve is really into this and I have to admit it turns me on more than the party scene. However, looking a little deeper into our motives and you'll find some significant differences...

Steve is like any man in that he'll fuck any pussy made available to him. For whatever reason it seems that most of the couples we swap with are older than us which means the wives are usually older than Steve. Steve certainly doesn't protest but I know the sex isn't the primary driver for him in these situations. No... what my husband loves more than anything is watching his wife being fucked by another husband, especially in front of the wife. When he gets his choice then we all do it in the same room so he can watch me while he is doing the other wife.

In sharp contrast, I enjoy swapping because unlike parties, there is an element of intimacy that is missing when everyone is just trading back and forth. Heck, half the time at a party I never even know the names of the guys who fuck me. I've always preferred one-on-one sex when it comes to my own satisfaction although I learned early on that one easy way to please a man was to put out for more than one. As for me, while I'm not bothered seeing my husband fucking another women, it doesn't really get me all that excited either. Certainly I'm pleased to see him enjoying himself but really, what's in it for me? As for having him watch me, now THAT I do enjoy immensely, just as I always loved my dad watching me being fucked back in high school. Why? I'm not really sure other than I love them seeing how much other men want me so that they want me even more themselves. When it comes to the wife watching, definitely not a factor simply because I know she is OK with it. (What DOES turn me on is when guy fucks me and his wife DOESN'T know.) Given the option, I would disappear into separate bedrooms for the night and enjoy the intimacy of having sex with a total stranger whom I will likely never see again.

We swap every few weeks or so but hardly any of those made it into print. Hopefully based on all I just described now you can understand why. Swapping is a great way to keep your marriage fresh and it's one of a few activities that can demonstrate your commitment and love for your partner. Being with another person for the night and then return home to have sex in your own bed again is like a shot of adrenalin to our marriage! Still, diary worthy? Usually not.

# 3. Hopes and Dreams for 2014

As a general rule I'm not a big fan of New Year's Resolutions. Losing weight seems to be number one for most people but that's not something I am overly worried about. As for resolving to work out... yeah right! Still, making up a list is like the thing to do so here's what I worked up...

## Serve as an Christian Example

God is always first in my life so I want everything I do and say to glorify him. I want people to look at me and see someone who loves God and provides an example to others. I would hope that people can see through me that sex and incest can be a means to a stronger marriage and a healthier family when done properly with the right attitude and biblical guidance.

## Be a Proper Wife and Daughter

I know I say this a lot but submitting myself biblically to my father and husband is extremely important to me. It's literally the foundation of my marriage and the cornerstone of my relationship with my father. In the past twelve years I have never said NO to my father when he has asked for me to satisfy him sexually and I want to add 2014 to record. Similarly, I have never refused such a request from my husband and I hope to extend that record for another year as well. Admittedly, this will be an easy resolution to keep!

## Be a Proper Mother

I want to tell people something right now and get it over with... you will NOT hear much of anything from me in 2014 regarding my daughter. As much as I believe in the intrinsic value of incest and the proper role of a daughter, those days are still many years away. While I understand that there are people who believe in what I would call extreme pedophile activity, that's their call and while I will not judge them for it, neither do I condone it in my own life. As such I will NOT involve ANY young child, and especially my daughter, in any sexual activities regardless of circumstances. So let's just leave it at that, OK?

## Support My Husband More

I went to great length earlier to explain why I don't fully support my husband perhaps as much as I should when it comes to his "youthful desires" - perhaps going to TOO much length for some. At the heart of it is something I've already said in that I know I shouldn't feel this way yet I do. So in 2014 I want to try harder to push those feelings aside and become a more willing and active partner for my husband in ALL of his activities.

From a purely selfish perspective this should be another easy resolution to keep in that I DO enjoy myself a lot when I go with Steve. Plus if anything I find that I enjoy the times we've met privately with a family even more so than the parties but that's just being consistent with my feelings about swapping as well. I'm always more comfortable in more intimate settings when it comes to my own physical satisfaction be it with another couple p with or without their kids.

This resolution will largely a mental exercise from me as I try to cast aside the demons and reconcile myself to reality. What makes this resolution important to me is that I do NOT want to repeat my mother's mistake by hoping that someday my husband will "grow out of" his desires as if they are some sort of teenage acne. If anything, my dad has demonstrated to me that such addictions only get all the more powerful as a man grows older so I figure that the sooner I can help Steve control his urges the better. Well, what better way than to be his active partner and supporter? Plus who knows, maybe I'll find that I even enjoy it all the more if I can do away with the "hangover" guilt trip.

So there you have it. I hope everyone had a great Christmas and that your 2014 resolutions are all met.

# 2014

## (Apr 10) Chapter 264: Catching Up

Story codes: MF FF
Me (29)
Ron (43) & Cindy (40)

It's been quite a while since I've provided any updates making this the longest stretch since I first started my on-line diary over ten years ago. Wow, sometimes it's hard to believe it's been that long! So anyways... Sorry for the drought and I appreciate your patience while I'm trying to catch up. Because it's been so long since my last posting I thought I would go over a few things before getting into what happened this day so bear with me... or skip to Chapter 5!

### 1. Blessed

This chapter is entitled "Blessed" because if I were to sum up my life in one word I can't think of one more fitting. Hopefully anyone who knows much of anything at all about me knows that I have an intense devotion to my God and church. My goal is to live a life such that someday when I stand before Him I'll not be ashamed of anything I've done, nor be guilty of not putting Him first in my life. Of course I'm human so I'm not perfect - not by a long shot! Still, I DO try my best.

In return, I believe we're rewarded during our time here on this earth. Some people call it Karma which is OK with me so long as the principles are the same. Now don't take me wrong - I'm not saying that there's some super sugar daddy handing out treats when his pets perform. What I mean is that when someone lives their life in accordance with Godly principles then such rewards are simply a natural consequence. After all, God gave us these rules for our benefit, not to enslave us.

OK, so maybe I'm not the best when it comes to making religious analogies but hopefully my point is getting across. I'm fully aware that there are people who would claim that some of the things I've done in my life are sinful and perhaps even blasphemous. Well, they're entitled to their opinions just as I hope they show the same respect for mine. My point being, I can't understand how anyone can truly stand up and say that submitting yourself biblically to God, your parents and husband can EVER be wrong. Yes, the needs and demands in doing so vary a lot between different families and cultures but that doesn't mean anyone has the right to judge someone else. Also, I'm talking about TRUE submission from a loving and respectful perspective, NOT some kinky BSDM fantasy.

Growing up as a typical teenager I was like most other girls in that I had a difficult time understanding my parents and some of their beliefs, especially my mother's. It's no stretch to say that I wasn't the perfect child by any means and indeed I was often quite rebellious as I struggled to make my own way in the world. Still, looking back I can see how my mother's patient perseverance paid off as I couldn't help but absorb her teachings - both direct through her words and indirect through observing her actions. As is often said, a picture paints a thousand words.

Perhaps one of the most significant "lessons" from my mother, if I can call it that, was when I first witnessed my parents having sex. I was sixteen at the time and even though my parents didn't hide much from me, there were still limits and lines not to be crossed. For example, in our family nudity was tolerated but not exactly encouraged. It was OK given the proper time and place but just flaunting yourself was being impolite. Thus being naked in the hot tub together as a family was fine whereas running around the house buck naked for no reason was not. Similarly, sharing the bathroom or even a shower was OK but sitting nude on the kitchen was not (not to mention the sanitary issues). Thus it just followed naturally that KNOWING my parents enjoyed an active sex life was one thing but actually SEEING them was a different story. Not that it was WRONG per se, just not proper etiquette.

Without beating the subject to death, it's all sort of like the difference between something being pornographic versus erotic. Your typical porn is exploitive of women with little if any redeeming value. Fantasy situations are depicted which lead to improper stereotypes and promotion of unsafe behaviors. Porn misleads men into thinking situations are "normal" such as when a woman says NO she really means YES. As such, porn can be dangerous as well as destructive. On the other hand, while often drawing on fantasy, eroticism is more in lines of art than exploitation. To use the same example, I didn't have to see them for it to be erotic knowing my parents were having sex.

Being a slut has other advantages and benefits as well. Like I almost never pay for much of anything when it comes to movies, clothes, jewelry, or whatever - at least when a guy's involved. I think it's so cool that guys never complain when I cut in line, arrive late, or what I wear. Most of all I LOVE the looks I get - both the stares from the men who lust for me and the frowns from their wives and girlfriends who feel threatened by me. Admit it girls - it's exciting to be a flirt and even more so to know that you can drive men to do things they might never have done if they hadn't met a girl like you.

*******************

When it comes family in general few people are more blessed than me. Oh sure there are a few odd branches in my family tree that aren't exactly what I'd choose given a choice but overall I've no serious complaints. Over the course of the years I've had sex with both of my father's brothers and several of my cousins as well as my mom's sister. That leaves out the majority of my family but that's OK. If anything it just makes it all the more exciting to sit around at a family gathering and exchange knowing glances while the others haven't a clue. Personally I find this most satisfying when it comes to a couple of my sanctimonious aunts. It's a lot easier to shrug off their disparaging comments about how I dress and act knowing that I'm fucking their husbands behind their backs.

Other than a few friends, there's really nobody in particular that I have sex with on a regular basis outside of my family. When it comes to my friends, so far as sex goes it's only with a few and even then rather rare. Thus while most of my more "memorable" experiences (and hence associated diary entries) tend to revolve around me having sex with strangers and friends, when it comes to casual sex without the stress and worries nothing beats family.

*******************

Of course, nothing has been more of a blessing to me than my incredible husband. If nothing else proves God's will it would have to be my marriage. Like how amazing is it that the sixteen year-old boy who took my virginity back when I was just fourteen would wind up marrying me ten years later? Sure there were hundreds of guys in between those two events but what else but a miracle from God could have brought Steve back into my life?

I may be a little biased but my husband is the most marvelous man any girl could ask for. Of course I'll always submit to him as a proper wife should, but nobody can ever accuse me of being his slave or bitch. Steve not only loves me totally and lusts for me now more than the day we first dated, most importantly he RESPECTS me. It's a little awkward at times in that Steve isn't exactly a fan of incest, much to the chagrin of his sister back in high school I might add. Yet while he refuses to be anywhere nearby when I'm having sex with my dad, at the same time this amazing man has never discouraged me from fulfilling my obligations as a daughter. As for what will happen someday when our daughter gets older... that's still out with the jury but regardless of the outcome I know he'll love her unconditionally. I've always said that I don't have sex with my dad so that he will love me - but rather I have sex BECAUSE he loves me. In the same way I know Steve will love our precious gift from God regardless of whether he allows her to give him the gift of true submission.

*******************

In many other areas of my life I've also been richly blessed. Take my teaching career for example. Sure there were some speed bumps along the road but now I look back at those times and I can see how God was testing me. Yes, there were times when I had to do things that at the time I thought were unfairly forced upon me but now I look back and see how I was ultimately strengthened by them. As a result, today I have exactly what I've always dreamed of - I'm teaching 8th grade at a school that's well-funded, pays well with extraordinary benefits, along with a parent-driven curriculum and level of support that would be the envy of any school district in the country.

Finally, and although I list it last it's really first in priority, I'm blessed to enjoy an intimate, personal relationship with my Lord and Savior. For sure I'm not perfect, not by any stretch of the imagination, but I DO try to keep God number one in everything in my life. I attend church faithfully and participate in a number of groups including women's bible studies, youth ministries and neighborhood outreach programs. Indeed, outside of work I think I spend more time in church-related activities than anything else. My hope is that my life, both public and private, serves as an offering to God and that He is pleased with all that I say and do.

I suppose I could go on but those are the top areas where I feel I've been and continue to be blessed. The only reason I mention them is to bring context into my reflections of the past year and to provide a better understanding when it comes to my hopes for the new year.

# 2. What Didn't Make It Into My Diary in 2013

People ask me all the time when I'll publish a new diary entry. When it came to deciding what and when to post, several factors enter the equation...

First and most important, I try to restrict my diary entries to events that have an impact on my life - both positive or negative. For example, I was once raped back in college while engaging in some rather foolhardy things. Even though it was a "negative" experience at the time, in the end it served a useful purpose in my life by driving me out of the escort business before anything more serious happened. Thus I posted it in my diary even though some people ask me why I would write about such things. Well, it's now part of who I am for better or worse.

Next, it needs to be something worth the effort to write about. Most of my diary stories are rather lengthy, not novel length but more than just short stories. Why go through the bother of writing a few paragraphs about a quick blowjob?

Finally, and most importantly of late, I need the time to sit down and write it out. Many of my diary stories get started without ever being finished. Finally enough time goes by that I just don't bother and start working on something new. Such was the case in 2013 where I posted fewer stories than usual. People should understand that being pregnant, having a kid, keeping up with my job, being a wife, serving in my church and so on has kept me just a little bit busy! So sorry folks, writing erotic stories simply hasn't been at the top of my priority list!

So what did NOT make it in? Well, a brief summary...

## Swapping

For the most part I didn't write about our swapping events. While Steve is more into the party scenes I find swapping with other married couples to be much more satisfying and fulfilling. I suppose that to be fair, it's only natural for us have these difference. Steve is like any man in that he'll fuck any pussy made available to him. Oh sure he has his preferences - the younger the better (to a point) but trust me, he would never refuse a sexy grandmother. Most of the couples we swap with are older which means the wives are usually older than Steve and I can say for certain that he doesn't protest!

On the other hand, I enjoy swapping more because unlike the sex parties, there's an element of intimacy that's missing when everyone is just trading back and forth. Heck, half the time at a party I never even know the first name of the guy fucking me. Actually I've always preferred one-on-one sex when it comes to my own satisfaction. It's not that I don't enjoy parties - sex is sex after all and sometimes it's nice just to do it without any real thought or need to be worried about your partner. I'm just saying what I PREFER, not what I limit myself to doing.

People always ask if when we swap if we share a room or do it separately. Once again, another example of the difference between men and women in my opinion. If it was up to Steve, we'd share the same bed because I know nothing gets him going so much as seeing his wife being fucked by another guy. As for me, while I'm not bothered by the sight of my husband fucking another women it doesn't really get me all that excited either. Certainly I'm pleased to see him enjoying himself but really, what's in it for me? As for having him watch me, now THAT I do enjoy immensely, just as I loved it back in school when my dad would watch me being fucked by my boyfriends. Why? Hard to say other than I love them seeing how much other men want me so that they want me even more themselves.

So.... given the option I'd disappear into separate bedrooms for the night and enjoy the intimacy of having sex with a total stranger - one whom I'll likely never see again. Then again, it's important to me that Steve is happy so sometimes we'll all stick together for his benefit.

Nowadays we swap every few weeks or so, sometimes maybe going a month or more in between. I think it's been good for our marriage so I don't like to go TOO long between couples. That said, hardly any of those times have made it into print and hopefully now, based on all I just described, you understand why. In my humble opinion swapping is a great way to keep a marriage fresh and it's one of only a few activities where you can clearly demonstrate your true commitment and love for your partner. Being with another person for the night and then returning home to have sex in our own bed again is like a shot of adrenalin to our marriage! Still, are most such encounters "diary worthy"? Usually not.

## Masturbation

Anyone who knows me knows at all knows that I LOVE to masturbate, even if they don't know any other details of my sex life. I was masturbating with my girlfriends in middle school long before having sex. An none of this crap about getting enough sex so I don't need to masturbate. Sex and masturbation are two different things in my book. Of course I LOVE sex but I can be fucked al night and still feel the need to rub myself when it's all said and done. I know it sometimes bugs him but it's not uncommon at all for me to have sex with my husband and then lie next to him as he falls sleeps and bring myself off yet again.

In the past I've written about some of my masturbating experiences but in general I don't see where it's worth the effort. I think that overall I mention it enough in other stories so it's not like people don't know that I do it. While I'm masturbating I tend to fantasize so even if I DID write about it then it would be more about the fantasy than the actual act of masturbation.

## Incest with My Dad

I've been posting stories about sex with my dad for many years now so really, what's left to tell? It's not like I enjoy it any less now than before, just not something to write home about so to speak. If anything, I would say I enjoy pleasing my father even more now because we do it so much less and I know that as I'm getting older that he's fucking me more and more as his daughter rather than as a teenage girl.

Because my Aunt Linda is now living with my dad, it's not like he doesn't get enough sex. If anything, I'm glad that she's living with him as she's one of the few older women he has sex with these days – in fact the only one besides me and occasionally my mother when she's back to visit. As for meeting his "young" desires, I really don't know how often he indulges and frankly I'm not interested. I'm sure it's more than just the times my husband joins him so it's got to be quite often but really, what does it matter so far as I am concerned? It's really none of my business.

I DID post a couple of entries about me and my dad last year as I know people want to hear about us. Still, I didn't see any point in detailing the dozens of other times.

## Sex With My Husband

Steve and I have made it a tradition since the day we got married that we would have sex at least once EVERY day. To date I can't remember a day when we didn't do SOMETHING to keep our streak alive, even it was just a quickie (and in a few cases, REALLY quickie). Both of us are admittedly sex freaks and we love to play and fool around most any time or place we can get away with it. We're married and in love so do the people who turn to sites like ASSTR really want to hear about each and every little thing we do? I don't think so and as such there are no entries about just us having sex, only when it involves others.

# 3. Hopes and Dreams for 2014

## Serve as an Christian Example

God is always first in my life so I want everything I do and say to glorify him. I want people to look at me and see someone who loves God and provides an example to others. I would hope that people can see through me that sex and incest can be a means to a stronger marriage and a healthier family when done properly with the right attitude and biblical guidance.

## Be a Proper Wife and Daughter

I know I say this a lot but submitting myself biblically to my father and husband is extremely important to me. It's literally the foundation of my marriage and the cornerstone of my relationship with my father. In the past twelve years I've never refused my father when he has asked for me to satisfy him (at least when it comes to sex) and I want to add 2014 to that record. Similarly, while our streak is considerably shorter I've never refused such a request from my husband and I have every intention of extending that record for another year as well.

## Be a Proper Mother

I want to tell people something right now and get it over with... you will NOT hear much of anything from me in 2014 regarding my daughter. As much as I believe in the intrinsic value of incest and the proper role of a daughter, those days are still many years away. While I understand that there are people who believe in what I would call extreme pedophile activity, that's their call and while I will not judge them for it, neither do I condone it in my own life. As such I will NOT involve ANY young child, and especially my daughter, in any sexual activities regardless of circumstances.

So when it comes to when she was born, what she looks like, what we do with her, or anything else for that matter just give it up. Not going to say, period. I WILL say she has ZERO part in any of our sexual activities and won't for a long time, if ever.

So let's just leave it at that, OK?

## Support My Husband More

I went to great length earlier to explain why I don't fully support my husband perhaps as much as I should when it comes to his "youthful desires" - perhaps going to TOO much length for some. At the heart of it is something I've already said in that I know I shouldn't feel this way yet I do. So in 2014 I want to try harder to push those feelings aside and become a more willing and active partner for my husband in ALL of his activities.

From a purely selfish perspective this should be an easy resolution to keep in that I DO enjoy myself a lot when I go with Steve. It's my own hang-ups that get in the way. If anything I find that I enjoy the times we've met privately with a family even more so than the parties but that's just being consistent with my feelings about swapping as well. I'm always more comfortable in more intimate settings when it comes to my own physical satisfaction be it with another couple with or without their kids. Given the parties are the usual source for finding such families, it makes them even more worthwhile to attend.

This resolution will largely a mental exercise from me as I try to cast aside the demons and reconcile myself to reality. What makes this resolution important to me is that I do NOT want to repeat my mother's mistake by hoping that someday my husband will "grow out of" his desires as if they are some sort of teenage acne. If anything, my dad has demonstrated to me that such addictions only get all the more powerful as a man grows older so I figure that the sooner I can help Steve control his urges the better. Well, what better way than to be his active partner and supporter? Plus who knows, maybe I'll find that I even enjoy it all the more if I can do away with the "hangover" guilt trip.

Summary

Hitting my 29th birthday this past March 1st was quite a blow. Like damn, I'm almost thirty! Aside from brooding forever over it, it also led me to think about just how different things were in my life now than even just a few years ago. Dare I say it - I'm more mature and perhaps less adventurous in some ways. Security and personal fulfillment mean more to me than breaking rules and trying out new things.

It didn't hit me until Steve one day casually tossed out that he was now married to a MILF. OMG! He was right! It wasn't that long ago before that referred to my mother or the sexy mom down the street. Now guys are looking at me behind the stroller and putting me in a new category entirely. Well, so long as they keep the "mother" part out of the conversation, I suppose I can live with it.

So yes, I still do many of the things I've always done. I masturbate regularly, have sex with my dad, dress slutty when I go out, and so forth. I suppose if I'm being honest though I'd have to say I just don't do these things as often. It's not just being older, I have more things in my life that take up my time. I use to masturbate every morning and then every night before I went to sleep, and usually a few times in between. Well, now other things are putting demands on those times and I simply have had to adjust. While I try hard never to miss a Sunday morning with my dad before church, more and more that's become the only time during the week our schedules allow us to meet. As much as I LOVE seducing married men, who has time to get dressed up and go out for the evening, especially when you have to make other arrangements a well?

As a result, what use to be the "now and then" has become the dominant features of our sex lives outside of home. Swapping tends to substitute for my married men cravings. Admittedly it lacks the excitement of him cheating on his wife but at the same time it adds more intimacy as generally we spend the night together. The family parties and occasional hookup afterwards has pretty much become the source of "new" adventures. Fortunately, dressing and acting slutty in public is almost always an easy option and if anything, I've found it draws all the more attention when I'm behind a stroller!

So for now, here's a typical example of the first - a swap with another couple...

# 4. Swapping

The first question people typically ask me when the topic of swapping comes up is, How do you find these people?" Well, there are actually numerous ways. Keep in mind that so far as we're concerned, we ONLY meet with married couples.

## Internet

Probably my least favorite as I consider it to be the most dangerous and the least secure. In fact, I have almost never met with someone just by meeting up on an Internet site.

I chose to write about our swap with Ron and Cindy because it best represents the "average". Nothing too crazy but not boring either. Not too old, not too young. Thus I call it the "Goldilocks" swap.

Ron and Cindy have been married for just over twenty years. While neither was anxious to divulge their age, the site where we read their profile only puts people in broad categories like "40-50" so they fell in there somewhere. It's been a bit of a tease between me and Steve as to whether we were in the 30's or 20's category but unfortunately, it's now only a matter of months before THAT debate is settled.

Speaking of profiles, it was pretty cool when we got to change ours to "yes" when it came to children. Also, it just goes to show you the character of the group we belong to that the only category we could choose was "under 10".

We learned after meeting them that Ron and Cindy had two boys, both in college, separated by a little under two years. I quickly got the message from Cindy's tone that any further information would NOT be forthcoming and that neither son had any idea that their parents engaged in such activities. Still, parents are parents and they couldn't resist showing us a couple of wallet photos - mmmmmmm, very cute!

There have been a few couples along the way that have hosted us at their homes. As for me and Steve, we have never invited anyone to our apartment. In fact, we don't even discus where we live, not even in general, for security purposes. Apparently most other couples have the same concerns although I will admit, I find it especially hot to do it in their own beds. Once I even spent the night in his daughter's bed with him which proved to be VERY erotic for us both.

## 5. The Goldilocks Swap

For this particular swap we arranged to meet at what is chosen probably 80% of the time - a downtown hotel. Sometimes we add in dinner, other times it's just drinks at the bar or lounge, but almost always there's some sort of icebreaker involved as just showing up and splitting off into separate rooms seems to take some of the edge off. Why even bother swapping even if you're not going to spend some time together as couples?

Steve had worked out the details with Ron well in advance and in this case they decided to meet in the hotel lounge. One good thing was that this allowed Steve and me to enjoy dinner beforehand. Both of us were horny so we spent much of it teasing and playing coy with one another as to what our plans and expectations were for the night. Well, more like ME teasing him as he typically gets off more than me when hearing about such things. I guess you could say I prefer doing it more than hearing about it.

When Steve and I first started swapping I can remember debating for like a week beforehand as to what I should wear. It wasn't like we all didn't know what was going to eventually happen so seduction wasn't a driver. Usually I chose something slinky more for Steve's benefit than anything as I knew how much he loved it when men would stare at me with "that" look in their eyes. At such times he would usually get up close to me and do something like put his hand on my ass - anything to show off to the guy watching to let him know that HE was going to fuck me later and for the guy to eat his heart out! Then again, sometimes he did just the opposite, backing away to see how far the poor guy would go before being shot down.

By now it was all pretty routine so this evening I picked an old standby - a long black dress slit high on one side, halter style that tied back behind my head. Nothing all the special but what I really loved about this particular dress was the large oval shaped opening in the center right between my boobs. Basically it exposed my entire cleavage with a generous view of side boob - from both sides. As for the side slit, it ran up to my waist leaving me the option of wearing either a high-cut thong or nothing at all underneath. In either case it left whoever was watching me wondering what, if anything, was underneath. It was not exactly a cold-weather dress given the bare shoulders but then I didn't plan to be wearing it all night either.

For jewelry I chose a pretty diamond cross necklace that my father had given me along with a gold ankle chain. A simple gold watch was all I had on my wrists as I've never been much for bracelets. Probably the most time I spent was my hair which was pure vanity in that I knew it was also the one thing that I was sure wouldn't survive the night. Still, I wanted to make a good first impression and flat straight hair was never a turn-on.

"You know, I'll never understand how women can walk in those damn things," Steve teased me when I stumbled slightly right after putting on my heels.

Granted, they WERE a bit on the high side but then it wasn't like I wasn't use to wearing them. In addition to the added height, I chose this particular pair because of the ankle strap kept them on despite whatever else I might be doing. Most men love it when they fuck me with my heels on (nothing else of course) so I didn't want to have them flying off the moment I raised my legs in the air.

After arriving at the hotel Steve let the guys park our car which I thought was considerate of him. Given the cold weather I didn't want to have to walk any further outside than absolutely necessary, especially when wearing these crazy heels. It also allowed me a golden opportunity to show off my legs to the guy opening the door. Hey, I'll take whatever I can get!

Steve escorted me into the lobby where he quickly checked in. Of course He didn't mention to the girl at the desk that we wouldn't both be in the room. As usual, Steve picked up the tab for his room and it would be up to Ron to do the same for his. It was just a standard room, nothing fancy, but then it wasn't like any of us would be too worried about the accommodations.

Steve had arranged for us to meet at 9:00 PM given there wasn't going to be a dinner involved between us. Assuming 30 minutes, maybe even as long as an hour, I figured that would get us to our rooms by 10:00. Plenty of time to have fun yet still get some sleep before morning. It WAS Sunday the next day after all so I didn't want to sleep in too long and have to miss meeting with my dad before church.

Speaking of which, this wasn't something we'd mentioned to the other couple as we couldn't be sure as to how they felt about incest. Typically this is one of those topics that don't come up unless we'd already met them in a situation like a family party. This policy was put in place after we learned the hard way early on how a controversial topic can ruin an evening. This is especially true when one of the couples is just fine with swapping but for whatever reason can't deal with incest. I know, it seems silly to me too but then hey, that's their choice and so long as it didn't affect me or our upcoming evening I had no right to say anything.

Looking around, neither of us saw anyone that looked like the couple we were to meet. We'd seen all their photos on their profile and given that the profiles were closely monitored for accuracy, I was totally confident that they would look just like what we'd seen. Yet another reason I love using the group connectivity method – honesty was assured. People might not post everything about them that needed to be posted at times, but at least you knew that what they DID post had been verified to be true before it went live.

Steve ordered a beer for himself and a Diet Coke for me. At least until the other couple showed up I'd stay away from anything alcoholic. Once I saw what the other wife was drinking, then MAYBE I might order something like a white zin but in any case it would never be a mixed drink and definitely not a beer. UGH! One swig of beer in my life had been more than enough for me!

Our drinks had barely been served when Steve's eyebrows raised and I turned to follow his gaze. Yep, there at the entrance to the lounge was our couple. Ron was easily identified by his thick white hair. When I'd first seen it I couldn't help but wonder if he hadn't shaved a few years off his profile but then in reading further he explained that he actually preferred it that way and colored what otherwise was a rather mottled blonde. As for Cindy, her shoulder-length red hair was right up Steve's alley. Although he never had asked me to color mine red, I knew from back in high school that he had a thing for red heads - along with girls with big boobs, nice asses and mile-high legs. Well, at least I'd had the ass back then!

"Steve?" Ron was the first to speak as he extended his hand to my husband.

The guys shook firmly and then we quickly exchanged introductions. We'd chosen four soft chairs with a round table in the middle for a reason. Like me, Cindy was wearing a dress but unlike me in my long version, hers was crazy short, especially when you consider her age. Not that older women can't wear short skirts but still, my mother would NOT have approved. On a normal bar stool or chair Cindy could've sat down comfortable and crossed her legs without doing more than baring some significant upper thigh. Well Steve had banked on her wearing something less than discreet and so he'd picked these seats where she would have to more or less plunk down with a little less control in the process.

As for me, I was seated to the right of Steve and again, this was not by accident. It wasn't so much that I was on his right side as I was one side or the other. This meant the incoming couple would have to make their first decision of the night - who to sit next to. This was just one of the ways we'd learned how to glean as much information as possible in as quick a manner as we could about the couple we'd be soon be having sex with. Maybe it really didn't matter as by this point the sex was pretty much a foregone conclusion unless something ridiculous came up but still, I like being on control which meant knowing as much as I could about them.

I was pleased when Ron chose to sit next to me leaving Cindy next to Steve. Why? Well it showed me that he ready to start making a move towards me from the start which typically meant we would probably not have to spend as much time fooling around with small talk and such before getting down to what we'd all come for - sex. Now had Cindy sat next to me then odds were we'd likely be exchanging "girl talk" while the guys discussed the latest game or politics. Of course it would all eventually lead to the same place but the path would be lot longer.

As horny as I was, thankfully it didn't take long in this case for things to get started. No sooner had the waitress left with their drink order than Ron turned in his seat to face me.

"Nice dress Kelly," he complimented me, "I have to say, it shows off your... assets quite well."

I somehow managed not to roll my eyes at his cliche opening but at the same time at least he wasn't asking me about the weather or what I was drinking. If anything I shortened my estimated TBS (Time Before Sex) by a few minutes. He was obviously just as horny as my husband was - already staring down at my boobs without any hesitation.

As I smiled in return, Ron looked over at Cindy and asked, "So what do you think Cindy, wouldn't this dress look better over her leg like this?"

With that he quickly reached over and before I could react he flipped my dress such that the slit flipped over my upper leg, literally exposing my entire bare leg with just enough remaining to barely cover up my crotch. Heck, if I hadn't had my legs crossed it would have - exposing it to the entire room.

"I'd do the same but I see you didn't bother covering up anything," Steve said to Cindy in response to his wife's exposure. Not to be outdone by the competition, he reached over and started to rub his hand on Cindy's upper leg.

Actually things were getting interesting in that it was all happening a little quicker than normal. Usually the groping and public exposure didn't get started until at least the second round but in this case things were already at play by the time the waitress arrived with their cocktails. I do have to pass out a compliment - the waitress was 100% professional and didn't so much as bat an eyelash at whatever she saw when she leaned over to place their drinks down on the table.

"Nice boobs," Ron observed after the girl had left. Steve just smiled and nodded.

"So Cindy, do you mind if I ask if you guys have done this before?" I said, changing the subject back to us.

Although I'd deliberately asked the question of Cindy, I saw her lock eyes on her husband and it was Ron that responded.

"Actually we just got started a few months back," he explained, "God, we've talked about doing it for years but had to wait until the youngest was out of the house if you know what I mean."

Even though we knew exactly what he meant he explained himself anyway saying, "You can't tell a couple of horny teenage boys to behave themselves and then go out and do this sort of thing, am I right Steve?"

Steve, to his credit, for once watched what he was saying when he answered. At first I was a little worried that he might use this as an excuse to delve into any potential sexual relationship with their sons. To me it was obvious no such thing existed and it would probably not be a good thing to say but Steve could sometimes be a little clueless. Hey, I'm his wife so I can say such things!

"I hear you," Steve nodded with a sly grin. Thankfully he left it at that. "So how do you like it?"

Again the two of them exchanged looks. Was it my imagination or did Ron seem more eager than Cindy? Or was she just being more discreet?

Ron sighed and said, "Being perfectly honest, the first time was a little rough. I mean after twenty years of monogamy... well it wasn't the easiest thing seeing my wife with another guy. Especially when she seemed to be enjoying it so much!"

Cindy seemed to blush a little although in the dim light it was hard to tell. A smile cracked her lips though and now I was wondering if maybe I'd had it 180 degrees wrong. Was SHE the one enjoying it more?

"So what about you Steve?" Ron asked as his hand worked its way higher onto my thigh.

It's not like I was doing anything to discourage him. If anything, Steve was already well ahead him, his fingertips poking underneath Cindy's short skirt which was barely concealing anything to start with.

This time it was Steve and my turn to exchange glances. How much did we want to reveal? I left it up to Steve to decide whether to just match up with Ron or go for the lead. I gave him just the slightest shrug, but enough to let him know I was OK with whatever he told them.

"A little different for us I guess, but then we've only been married a couple of years. We actually started on our wedding day."

He paused to let that sink in a bit and I saw Cindy's eyebrows raise a little as she did the math.

"Ahhhhhh, the old best man routine, eh Kelly?" Ron teased me, using it as an excuse to inch his hand up to my waist.

I just smiled demurely and let his imagination go to work. Whatever else I might tell him, I wasn't about to let him know it was my dad who fucked me on my wedding day so anything he might imagine was probably better than what I could make u on the spot. Interestingly, Ron didn't even ask Steve if he'd done anyone so at least that avoided any potential Steve might brag about doing his new mother-in-law on his wedding day.

"Well, sounds like you too are the more experienced ones then," Ron observed, "I hope we meet up to your expectations."

Steve used this as an excuse to push his hand into Cindy's crotch. To her credit, she didn't even flinch as his hand pushed in tighter against her.

"I talked her into going commando tonight," Ron whispered to me with a smirk as he followed Steve's example. "Apparently Steve did the same," he said with a grin as his finger met up against my bare pussy.

I didn't bother correcting him - Steve had nothing to do with my decision!

While we may have been in one of the more private areas of the lounge, we were still out in public and should anyone come over it would be pretty obvious what was going on without much problem. One disadvantage of sitting in our current arrangement was that nothing was concealed. Now had we been around a dinner table then all sorts of groping would have been possible even in a crowded restaurant. Not that I was all that concerned either way, but some people take offense when you get TOO blatant.

"So how is this going to work tonight?" Ron asked, keeping the conversation between the guys, "One room or two?"

I caught Steve giving me a quick glance but he didn't get what I knew he was hoping for. At least he didn't show his disappointment when he answered, "We typically prefer separate rooms... if that's OK with you guys."

I almost rolled my eyes. He just couldn't resist throwing in that last little bit in hopes that we would be "forced" to all be together because the other couple insisted. Oh well, too bad for Steve as Ron seemed fine with that. If anything, it was Cindy that I could've sworn was a little unhappy. Hmmmmmm, maybe she'd been hoping for a little action with ME? Not that I would've opposed such a thing outright but it really wasn't what I'd been looking forward to, at least so far as tonight was concerned.

Ron chuckled saying, "Well, guess I can live with most anything just so long as you and I aren't paired up in the same room!"

We all laughed at that. As I always did during such moments, I couldn't help but smile to myself. Such a typical thing for a guy to say! Now had Ron suggested they watch me and Cindy together then it would've surely been fine with Steve but heaven forbid two men even so much as kiss one another, let alone get sexual.

Steve reluctantly pulled out his hand from Cindy's crotch and signaled for the waitress.

"My treat," Ron insisted as he snatched up the bills.

Unlike Steve though, Ron kept his hand up against my crotch the entire time almost like he was daring the waitress to say something. This obviously wasn't her first rodeo as she managed to be polite while pretending to be totally oblivious to the blatant fingering he was now providing Cindy as his finger poked up into my pussy.

"Oh it's was more than worth it," Ron said with a smile.

I was starting to wonder what we'd gotten ourselves into as we all stood up and I tried to adjust my dress. Cindy, on the other hand, just stood up and didn't even bother pulling hers down until Ron reached over and tugged the back a bit but not before she'd flashed just about the entire lounge so now it was now obvious to everyone she was indeed sans panties.

"No need to show off dear," Ron pretended to whisper to his wife although it was obvious he was making sure Steve and I could hear him.

Yep, this was going to be interesting...

Whether by design or coincidence, we both had rooms on the tenth floor. Nobody else was with us in the elevator so no sooner than the doors shut behind us than Ron turned to me and started feeling up my boobs through my dress.

"Nice... B cups?" he asked me with a smile.

I was a little perturbed by that - I was a solid C cup and had even flirted with being a D not long ago. A man should know that if he's going to say anything at all about a girl's bust he should at least err on the larger side. I decided that it was time for a little of his own medicine so rather than respond directly, I reached down and grabbed his already erect cock through his pants.

"Nice... 6 inches?"

"Touche," he replied pulling his hand off of me after finally realizing his mistake, "Sorry, guess I deserved that."

For better or worse it was a pretty fast elevator and we'd already reached our floor by then so our little tit for tat was effectively cut off by the opening doors. Two younger boys, maybe barely into their early teens, almost knocked me over as they tried to rush in wearing just their swim suits, evidently in a hurry to get down to the pool for a late night swim before it closed. Typical boys, both of them made no effort to avoid staring at me and Cindy, most of all Cindy whose skirt had mysteriously ridden up again during the elevator ride. I wondered if it was due to her efforts or Steve's. Well I got my answer when I saw that as Cindy turned her back to the boys she flashed them her bare ass with a quick flip of her skirt. Looked like Steve was going to have interesting night to say the least!

"Soooooo... breakfast tomorrow?" Ron inquired as each couple turned in different directions to their rooms.

Steve looked at me and I finally got a chance to answer, my first real response of the evening!

"I ALWAYS go to church on Sunday's so we really need to be out of here no later than 8:30 or 9:00. Does that work for you guys?"

Obviously Cindy wasn't thrilled at that but Ron was a little more diplomatic, answering with, "Let's play it by ear then I guess, OK?"

Whatever... worked for me so with that I went to Steve and we kissed goodnight. Yes, I was about to leave my husband to spend an evening having sex with another man but that didn't mean I didn't love him more than anyone else. Ron belatedly went to kiss Cindy but I got the feeling he was doing it more out of guilt after seeing me and Steve than any real desire on his part. Hmmmmmm, I was starting to see more and more perhaps why they'd started swapping.

*******************

Our room was about half way down the hall. Ron slide the key card through the slot and opened the door for me to enter first. It was a standard room, any one of a million you might check into anywhere in the world. King size bed, flat screen TV, small sofa, small desk with chair, and a rather small bathroom. Nothing memorable, at least not yet.

"Soooooo," Ron said softly as we entered the room and hung up our coats over the back of the chair.

I quickly started to gain the impression that everything so far had been a bit of a put-on by Ron. It seemed like now that we were alone all that confidence and swagger suddenly melted away. No longer was he the aggressor feeling up a woman in public, now he was just your typical older husband looking down at his wing tips, unable to even meet my eyes. It was like he was hoping that we'd just strip, hop into bed and have sex without any further ado but he wasn't going to get off that easily. Oh no! Sure I enjoy swapping but for more than just getting laid! I want intimacy, confession, ownership. If all I wanted was sex we could have stayed home and done it without going through all the extra effort.

"Tell you what Ron, why don't we sit on the couch for a few minutes first to get things started?" I asked pleasantly, reaching out my hand to him.

The only light on was the one over the entrance by the door so the rest of the room was rather dim but I left things that way so Ron would be less intimidated. The sofa was small and a bit cramped so we wound up pressed up against each other from the moment we sat down.

Suddenly a light bulb went off...

"So tell me Ron... just how many times have you guys REALLY done this?"

Even in the dim light, my eyes had adjusted more than enough to see the chagrin plain on his face.

"Is it THAT obvious?" he said meekly, "OK then... this is our second time. Sorry, I really didn't mean to lie or mislead you. We were just worried you might think we were amateurs. Guess we kinda went overboard trying to impress you."

"And the first time... whose idea was it?"

"Oh it was mine. Actually Cindy didn't want to do it at first even though our sex life had been pretty much extinct for years. If anything, she accused me of wanting to cheat on her. For a while things were pretty touch and go but she finally agreed to it. Still, it's not like she was exactly thrilled with the idea."

He paused and seemed unsure as to whether to continue so I took his hand in mine and asked, "Let me guess... things didn't go quite as you planned, did they?"

"Well, I'd heard about this group from a close friend. I mean you have to admit that the application process is pretty daunting. It took us forever to get through it. Cindy was pretty resistant when it came to all the private stuff they asked us for - especially the blackmail video. Oh my god, she REALLY hated that."

He was referring to the video that the group kept on file to ensure that if anyone did anything to expose or threaten the group then they had something that would basically ruin the lives of that couple. What they required depended on what level of membership you were applying for. For example, if you qualified for the family parties then you had to be videoed having sex with your kids, regardless of whether you believed in incest or not. For many couples that's a deal breaker but the group isn't concerned with numbers, just security. Since Steve and I didn't have kids of our own we had to be taped with another family. I wasn't sure what they had to do to be swappers. From what I heard from my Aunt Linda it was usually along the lines of large group sex where the wife has to take on a contingent of men while the husband has to watch.

"So anyway, we met this couple but they were even older than us. Frankly, I had a heck of a time even getting it up with a sixty year-old woman but Cindy lucked out - he didn't need Viagra and if anything, looked to be about ten years younger than her. Also, we all stayed in the same room which didn't work out so well either, to say the least. I quickly learned that porn isn't real life. Watching your wife being fucked isn't nearly as much fun as they make it look."

It was a testimony to my self-control that I somehow managed to keep a straight face. Ron obviously didn't know Steve very well! If there's one thing that turns my husband on, it's watching his wife having sex with another man - or men for that matter. Women are also fine with him but there's something about seeing me being fucked that really gets him horny for me. I also think it's a matter of pride as well, knowing that all these men get to only have me for a brief time but that HE gets me anytime he wants - and they know it.

At that moment Ron was looking pretty upset so I just let him take his time. It took a couple of minutes before he continued...

"I guess I could've dealt with it better if she hadn't enjoyed it so damn much! I mean like it was as if she WANTED me to know she loved being screwed by this guy more than me. Shit, I don't know whether she was faking it or not, but she orgasmed harder than any time we'd even been married. It didn't help that she made it a point to look at me the entire time as if she wanted to be sure I was watching. After that I was barely able to even get hard and didn't even get off. Talk about embarrassing!"

"So I take it that this time it was her idea."

Ron nodded. "Yeah, after that fiasco I was ready to say the hell with it all and never do it again but now sex-happy Cindy was all into it and demanded we do it again. When I said no she said that if I didn't agree that she would tell the boys and ask for a divorce, saying it was all me and that I'd force her to do it."

"Bitch!" I hissed under my breath.

"What could I do?" he lamented, "At least she went along with meeting a younger couple this time."

Ron finally looked me in the eyes and his hand moved back to my boobs. This time I didn't do anything to spook him.

"I know she just wanted to do a young stud and I'm sure Steve is just what she wanted, but damn Kelly, you're the most beautiful and sexy girl I've ever been with in my entire life! When I first saw you I couldn't hardy believe that you really were here to be with me."

This time his words rung true and I knew he was speaking from his heart... well maybe a little from somewhere else a little lower as well. How sweet! Feeling a little better now, I turned towards him and pressed my hand against his bulging crotch. My voice went low, filled with as much intensity and sexuality as I could muster.

"Tell you what Ron, I'm going to fuck you tonight like you've never been fucked in your life. I'm going to do things to you Cindy has never done, things you'll never forget."

"Oh my God," he sighed as I gripped his stiff dick through his pants. I almost laughed as if that was all it took to get such as response, boy was he in for a night to remember!

"Come on, sit on the bed," I urged him as I stood up and took his hand.

I led Ron to the side of the bed where he sat so he could watch me in front of him. The coffee table looked pretty sturdy so I decided to take a chance and gingerly stepped up onto it, fighting to keep my balance in my heels as I slowly turned to face him. Reaching behind my neck, I untied my dress and slowly lowered it until by boobs were exposed.

"So tell me Ron, has Cindy's boobs ever looked like these?" I said in the same low husky voice as I cupped my girls with each hand and gave them a little shake.

Ron's lips were already dry judging by the way he licked them nervously. At first he just shook his head but that wasn't good enough for me.

"Noooooo, you have to tell me Ron," I corrected him, "I want to hear you say it."

Ron cleared his throat and coughed before answering, "God no, never, not even when we got married. They're so saggy now... nothing like yours. Oh my god, yours are perfect!"

Music to the ears of any girl but especially for one who still bore the emotional scars of a bust that stubbornly refused to grow until she was well into college. Oh the years I spent in high school doing everything I could to draw attention away from my tiny boobs! To this day I would much rather go around bottomless than topless, even though once they DID come in they were indeed pretty damn good even if I do say so myself.

"You want to touch them, don't you Ron? You want to suck on my nipples. I bet you want to run your dick between them... don't you?"

He just nodded, not having yet learned his lesson. This time all it took was me raising my hand with one finger up, just as I did in class when one of my students started out with the wrong answer.

"Sorry, I meant yes I do... I really do Kelly."

Good boy! Heck, he was a pretty quick learner which was better than half the fourteen year-old boys in my 8th grade classes.

Ron started to get up, apparently interpreting my questions as an invitation but I motioned for him to stay seated. Not yet guy!

No doubt he was probably expecting me to continue pushing down my dress but instead I reached down and pulled the slit apart, sticking my leg out in my best Angelina Jolie Oscar night imitation.

"And what about my legs Ron? Do you like them?"

He got it right this time and I was pleased by his eagerness to please me.

"Oh yes, they're PERFECT too... damn, everything about you is perfect Kelly."

"And how do my legs compare to Cindy's?" I asked, gently reminding him that each response had two parts that needed to be addressed.

You see it wasn't enough for me just to hear him say what he thought of my legs. Heck, ANY man does that. What I wanted to hear even more was how he compared me to his wife. I wanted him to tell me in his own words how he felt about me versus the woman he married, the woman whom he'd sworn to love and cherish above all others for the rest of his life.

"Well she has never had great legs - they were fat even as a teenager. Yours are SO much better," he dished.

In all fairness, now I think he was trying a little TOO hard to please me. From the brief demonstration she'd provided not very long ago I actually thought hers weren't really all that bad, especially taking into account her age. Still, it was her husband's opinion that I valued more than my own. In these sort of situation reality doesn't matter nearly as much as perception.

Turning my back to him, I twisted around so I could see him and then pulled the dress even more to the side such that my bare butt was now in full view. Ron took a deep breath and let it out so hard that I could hear him release it from where I was standing. This time he knew the drill...

"Damn, that's one fucking incredible ass," he gushed, "Cindy has a pretty decent ass but yours... damn Kelly I've never seen one like yours before, at least not in real life."

Actually my butt has always been my favorite body part. Back when I was a teenager trying to hide my boobs I used my bottom to draw attention away from my all but flat chest. Men have always seemed to be attracted more to my rear end. Even before we started having sex my dad couldn't resist rubbing my butt in the hot tub or for that matter, just about any time he could get away with it.

"And what about this Ron?" I asked as I turned around slowly and dropped my dress to my ankles, giving him as much a view of my naked body as was possible in the low light.

For a moment it was like he couldn't say anything. I loved it! Really, what better compliment can a man give you than to not be able to even say anything at all when he first sees you nude? Still, I waited for his analysis.

"Oh... My... God!" he said softly, "I never even dreamed..."

"Never dreamed what Ron?" I promoted him as his voice trailed off without finishing.

"Oh Kelly, you're beautiful! I never dreamed I would EVER get a chance to be with a girl like you. You're like... you're like a dream come true."

"So does that mean that you want me Ron?"

No hesitation this time... "Oh Kelly, more than anything."

"More than Cindy?"

"More than ever," he sighed, "She's nothing compared to you... nothing."

I waited for that to sink in to see if he fully realized what he was saying. Then with a sly smile I motioned for him to get up.

"Alright then, come get me Ron," I whispered to him seductively, "Fuck me."

I suppose it goes with saying that I didn't have to tell him twice!

As the horny husband approached me I put up my hand. He looked confused and a little disappointed until I said, "Not so fast... I want you to strip first Ron. I want you to be naked for me."

Another time or place and I got the feeling he might have hesitated but the guy was in full horny mode by now. It took literally seconds for him to undress, dropping his clothes to the floor without so much as a second thought. I couldn't help but see he was fully erect with his dick looking to be a respectable eight inches or so. Even better, it looked to be as hard as a pipe, standing up even as he stood there, pointing to the ceiling like a missile on a stand ready to fire. Some guys, at least when they get older, tend to lose the capacity to get really hard but not Ron.

Mmmmmmm, I knew that soon that delicious dick was going to be firing a big load of sperm deep inside of me!

Enough words had been exchanged and so Ron scooped me up off my heels and lifted me in his arms. At least he didn't grunt! Just as he was about to lay me down on the bed I gripped him tightly by the neck.

"Take off the comforter first," I urged him.

Thankfully I didn't have say more as if there's one thing that grosses me totally out, it's hotel comforters. I mean like just watch one of those 60 Minutes or 20/20 episodes where they take a black light into a random hotel room and you'll never touch one again!

Things were a little awkward as he didn't want to put me down so he released one arm to pull the comforter back off as I hung on for dear life. It only took another second or so before I was on the clean sheets. The cool freshness of the linen felt good against my bare skin. With the pillow tucked under my head, I stretched out and parted my legs to provide Ron with a rather obscene display of my shaved pussy. He was about to jump in bed with me but once again I held him up and this time he looked visibly frustrated with a "now what?" look.

"Watch me," I teased him, "Does your wife ever play with herself for you?"

I didn't wait for what became an eventual shake of his head as I reached down between my legs with my right hand and started to rub myself slowly. Mmmmmmm, I was already getting nice and moist. Pressing my index finger into me, I pulled it back out and brought it to my mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the taste of my pussy when I'm horny," I sighed softly, sucking on my finger a moment before returning to rub my clit. A chill ran down my spine as my fingertip toyed with it, tracing tight circles all around it while Ron stood there mesmerized.

I grinned and turned to him saying, "You know Ron, I LOVE to masturbate... I usually do two or three times a day. What about Cindy, how often does she do it?"

Ron was starting to breathe a little heavier now and I saw his cheeks puff out as he released his next breath slowly, stalling a bit before answering.

"I don't know," he confessed, "We really don't talk about it."

His answer didn't surprise me. I'm always amazed at how hung up so many couples are when it comes to masturbation. It's like it's some form of cheating to pleasure yourself. I suppose if you're really insecure then maybe you might worry that you're not satisfying your partner if they have to masturbate as well. Personally I think either of this reasons are rather silly. Really, what does masturbation have to do with having sex? It's not like if you do one then you can't do the other. I LOVE sex and at the same time, I LOVE masturbating. Each has their time and place and me masturbating has NOTHING to do with my quality of my sex life. Still, I would say the vast majority of couples are more like Ron and Cindy than me and Steve.

"Do you like watching me touch myself Ron?"

Yeah, like he was going to say he didn't, LOL. Actually he didn't say anything as instead he let his hand do all the talking, gripping his rigid dick as his natural impulses took over.

"Here, tell me how I taste," I told him as I wetted my finger again but this time I held it out to him instead of bringing it to my mouth. He leaned over and suckled on my finger like a baby on a nipple.

His face told me everything I needed to know so without waiting for him to formulate a response I asked, "If you like it, why not get some for yourself?"

Spreading my legs apart even more, it was obvious what I meant. Ron went to the end of the bed and climbed aboard, moving up on his hands and knees between my legs, his erection hanging down below him until he reached his target - my crotch. Without a word he leaned down, placing one hand on the inside of each of my thighs, pushing them wider apart as his tongue extended.

"Oh my God Ron, right there!" I gasped as his tongue licked my hard clit. There was no acting required on my part as it felt pretty damn good!

While most guys claim to enjoy eating pussy, I sometimes wonder if they do more out of pride than actual desire. Some literally attack me, smashing their mouth in tight as they try to fuck me with their tongue. Others suck on my clit, sometimes to the point of being painful. I try telling them it's not the speed or pressure that turns me on, but rather the simple touch and caressing. If they can overcome their eagerness and take their time then most guys do a pretty decent job.

Mind you, as a general rule of thumb women are MUCH better than men when it comes to oral but then they have a rather unfair advantage as how does a guy really know what it feels like to have a pussy? There are times when I have to wonder why 99.9% of the men in this world are so homophobic when it comes another man sucking their dick. Heck, if anyone should know how to do it then I would think it's another man! Well, THAT sort of thing is about as rare as they come. Just being grazed by another man's cock is enough to make most men go ballistic, let alone actually doing it deliberately.

So anyway... Ron was a pleasant surprise as his technique was pretty good. I wondered if that was courteous of Cindy or just watching a lot of porn. Odds were the former as like most things, watching porn can definitely give guys the wrong ideas.

It must have been like five or ten minutes and I figured I'd better let him have a little for himself so I reached down and grabbed his head with both hands, lifting him off my soaking wet crotch.

"Mmmmmmm, you're doing great," I praised him, "Let me do you now."

I pulled him forward and he quickly got the hint, straddling me on his knees to allow his dick to move right in front of my face. I stuffed another pillow behind my head so make things easier and then reached for his cock and kissed the tip.

"You have a great dick Ron," I told him with a grin, "And just so you know, I LOVE a hairy crotch."

Oh yeah, he was certainly that to say the least! This was a crotch that had likely never been trimmed, full and bushy and smelling of heavy male musk. Oh yeah, I wanted to suck this one bad... really bad.

Taking his dick into my mouth, I suckled on the head, gripping the shaft in my hand as my tongue played around the rim teasingly. After a bit I took more in, then more until I had him all the way down my throat with my nose pressed into his hairy crotch, my lips against the base of his dick.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned, obviously enjoying the moment. He jerked a bit causing me to almost choke so I pulled back and then took him down deep again. I looked up at him and our eyes met, the look on his face priceless!

I needed to breathe so I let his dick out and stroked it with my hand as I looked up and smiled at him. I wasn't disappointed by his response.

"Damn Kelly..., nobody's ever done that to me before... that was incredible!"

Clearing my throat, I answered with, "Well I LOVE sucking cock Ron. I told you I was going to do things to you Cindy never has."

Ron let out a loud breathe saying, "Well, she certainly can't do THAT!"

I almost smiled as I thought of my poor husband. Steve LOVES me to deep throat him and now he was probably going to be a little disappointed but in a perverse sort of way it made me happy. I knew tomorrow when we got home and had sex that he would appreciate me all the more.

My neck started to hurt after a while so I asked him to get on his back. Laying on my side, I snuggled up next to him so my crotch was next to his face with my head and shoulders draped over his waist so I could reach his dick. It was easier sucking his this way even though almost impossible to take him all in. I bent my upper leg up so my crotch could move in closer to his face, not quite close enough for him to reach but enough that he got a great view and could smell my sex.

After about twenty, thirty minutes or so I figured I'd probably outlasted anything Cindy had ever done. There were a couple times along the way I had to be careful as he would start to leak precum and I knew it was just a matter of a few good licks of my tongue and he'd be spraying me with cum. While I enjoy sex with older men the best, this was one of the tradeoffs. Whereas sometimes I found myself wondering if a virile teenage boy would EVER go soft, even after cumming several times, alas that ability fades fast with most men. Heck, even going from fourteen to nineteen is enough for most boys to start succumbing to the ravages of time. Even my own wonderful husband was starting to take more time to recuperate even after the first time and he was only thirty. When it came to my dad... well he was one and done. I figured Ron was more in my dad's range so the last thing I wanted was for him to ejaculate this early in the evening.

Lifting myself up, I sat next to him with my hand gripping his wet dick. I wasn't stroking him so much as using it as a support to keep my balance. Our eyes met and the room was deathly quiet as I knew what he must have been praying for to happen next. Well, sometimes prayers do come true...

"I want you in me Ron," I told him in a husky voice, "I NEED you in me... I want to fuck your dick. Are you ready Ron? Are you ready to fuck me?"

It was like at first he couldn't get the words out. He coughed and then managed to get out, "Oh god yes... yes Kelly, I want that more than anything."

I thought about Cindy for a moment. Sure, for an older gal she wasn't bad but then she was a lot older than me and gravity had taken its toll. Where her boobs were probably sagging right now as she and my husband had sex, mine were perky and firm. If anything, pregnancy had only made them better, almost a cup size larger now than they'd been. My nipples were so hard!

As I moved to get on top of him, straddling his waist as I faced him, I knew my stomach was much flatter than Cindy's, that my thighs were firmer. How long had it been since Ron had fucked a girl like me? For that matter, had he EVER fucked a girl like me? I don't think I'm all that vain but facts are facts.

When I was positioned over his cock, I reached down to grab it with my right hand as I rubbed my pussy with my left. God I wanted him in me so bad but I knew as badly as I did, he must even more so I wasn't about to rush anything. I lowered myself down until the tip of his dick just grazed me, moving my hips and hand together to basically masturbate myself with his erection.

"Tell me what you want Ron... Tell me what you need."

Oh sure, it was obvious to the most casual observer what he wanted - to fuck me! His dick was practically quivering in my grip as I felt him involuntarily hump a little under me as if his dick was straining to push up and get inside of me.

"I want to be in you," he gasped but that wasn't good enough for me. None of this small talk, I wanted him to beg for it.

"Oh now, you can do better than that Ron... tell me how bad you want it!"

"Damn, I want to feel you around me Kelly, I want to fuck you."

Better, but not enough...

"Who do you want to fuck more Ron, me or Cindy?"

I know, it's sort of my thing to pester guys about wanting to fuck me more than their wives. It's even hotter when they are cheating on them but even in a situation like this it's enough to turn me on. Sometimes I find guys reluctant to tell the truth, as if somehow their wife might find out. Other times, especially when their wife has gained a lot of weight or lost interest in sex, the answer is quick and forceful. In Ron's case, it's not like his wife as a slouch. After all, she DID agree to swapping and I didn't think my husband was exactly not having a good time with her right about now. Whatever the reason though, Ron didn't even hesitate.

"You... I want to fuck YOU Kelly," he pleaded with me, practically begging now which is just what I was looking for. I suppose I should have given him a pass at that point but I pushed just a little bit more.

"More than Cindy?"

"God damn it yes... more than Cindy," he practically spat out this time, "I want you more than my wife... is that what you want me to say?"

As a matter of fact, it was!

I figured I'd pressed the issue far enough so using my fingers to spread myself, I took him in me, quickly and deeply all at once. God it felt SOOOOO good to feel him filling me, my pussy stretching to accept the warm fleshy invader. When I was all the way down on him, I took the weight off my knees and let my bare crotch grind into his hairy bush.

"Damn girl, you're so fucking tight!"

Well, there are some things that DO get affected when you have a baby and I'm under no delusions that my pussy is as tight as it was when I was sixteen. Still, in comparison to Cindy's I was pretty confident that so far as Ron was concerned, I was practically a virgin.

While I wasn't watching the clock, it another hour or so must have passed as Ron lived out his fantasies of fucking me in a number of positions. There were a few close calls but in each case we managed to delay the inevitable. As for me, there weren't the same restrictions that Ron faced and I came a few times as Ron's dick fucked me over and over again. In between positions I would suck on him for a few moments, relishing the flavor of my hot pussy on his swollen cock. I have to say that while I pretty much love pussy in general, I DO have a preference for one in particular - my own! Even before I started to masturbate I would explore myself and lick off my fingers. Being able to taste my own pussy on a hard dick... well that just was the best of both worlds!

Perhaps the only tense moment came when he made an attempt to do my ass. Well, that was where I drew the line but thankfully he didn't press the issue.

"Oh fuck, I can't hold it anymore," Ron groaned as he thrust into me from behind as I was on my hands and knees.

Most any other time at this moment if anything I would plead for him to stay and cum inside of me. After all, isn't that where Mother Nature intended for it? Still, I also knew that part of all of this tonight was to put on a bit of a show which meant doing that - putting on a show.

Leaning forward his dick slipped from inside of me, causing me that momentary sensation of emptiness anytime that happened. I mean like one moment your practically stuffed with a dick and then the next.. nothing. I quickly turned around and took his dick in my mouth, just in the nick of time as I felt the first shot of cum spew from his bursting cock against the back of my mouth.

"Oh god!" he groaned as he thrust his dick into my mouth, shooting one stream after another into it.

I suppose I could have allowed him to shoot some of it on my face as well but then there's a limit to everything. I wanted his cum in my pussy, he probably wanted it on my face. It never ceases to amaze me why a man likes to shoot his cum on my face. First, I blame the porn industry for making it a standard by which men think they need to follow. Second, I can't help but feel a little bit used when a guy does that, like he doesn't respect me. My perception is that men do it to demonstrate their control over the woman, their dominance. It's like I am just a piece of property that they feel they can use without any regard to my own feelings or well-being.

So anyways, enough of that. Let's just say that I felt that taking his sperm my mouth was a pretty decent compromise.

Looking up at him once he'd finished spurting, I took what I'll admit is a porno-inspired route - I opened my mouth wife for him, sticking out my cum-covered tongue so he could witness his handiwork. Mission accomplished so after a couple of quick swallows I opened wide again to prove to him it was all down in my belly.

"Damn, you swallowed it?" he asked, almost as if he didn't believe his eyes.

Well duh! Like what else do you do with a mouthful of sperm? Somewhere I'd heard that semen was actually healthy so I Googled it to find out. Turns out it contains fructose sugar, water, ascorbic acid, citric acid, enzymes, protein, zinc and more. Basically the same as a protein shake! Heck, I even found books like "Semenology" that provide recipes! I guess you could say I prefer mine straight from the tap.

"Mmmmmmm, tasted good... got any more?" I teased him as I licked my lips and got up on my knees to face him.

"Shit, I don't think I can cum again for a month," he gasped as he sat back down on his butt, his dick already dwindling like a turtle's head retreating into its shell.

One good thing about swallowing his cum was at least I didn't have to go wash off my face right away. For those who haven't experienced it, dried cum on your skin, especially your face, is NOT pleasant. A shower would've felt good about then but I wasn't in any rush to jump out of bed. After all, one of the main reasons I prefer swapping with older married couples and spending the night alone with the husband is for the intimacy. In other words, not a "slam, bam, thank you ma'am" sort of situation.

There was one other reason for not rushing off - I was still horny as hell! Oh sure he'd gotten his rocks off and no doubt would be falling asleep in a few minutes but that didn't mean I was satisfied. Still, no need to confuse him or make him feel embarrassed or inadequate by rushing off to the bathroom to masturbate. While not in the same league as my husband, Ron HAD been a pretty good fuck.

"Soooooo...," I led him on, curious to see where he would take it from there.

Ron moved up on the bed and laid down, tugging me in tight against him. As I laid there in front of him with my back to him I could feel the warmth of his crotch pressed up against my bare bottom. Unfortunately, missing in action was the protruding erection, no doubt for the rest of the evening. Ron put one arm around me, cupping a boob in his hand as he nuzzled my neck. For a moment I feared he wanted to cuddle. Not that I mind cuddling, but I want it to be with someone I care about, not just a one-time fuck. It was one thing to be in bed with him, but things didn't need to get carried away either. After all, THAT is what I have a husband for!

"That was incredible Kelly," he whispered, his hot breath against my ear, "I don't think I've ever felt that way before."

Laying there silently, he drifted off and I felt the tension in his arm relax as he fell asleep. Yep, men are SOOOOO predictable!

He sort of had me trapped but that didn't mean I couldn't reach between my legs. As I tried to explain before, just because I'd just been just fucked (and rather well), that didn't mean I wasn't still horny! It's not like a man where I swear their current sex drive is ejected along with their cum. As we lay there I literally took matters into my own hand and began to masturbate. With my eyes closed, I imagined my Steve in bed now with Cindy. Hopefully she had satisfied him as I knew without a doubt that he would take care of any of her needs. Then my thoughts drifted and I pictured me and Cindy in a 69 with both of our husbands watching us as they stood by the bed, jerking their dicks as the two of us ate each other's pussies.

Eventually I'd had enough and finally fell asleep...

Morning came all too quickly. Ron was still asleep when I woke and saw the time. Amazingly I'd woken up on time as we'd forgotten to set the alarm or even do a wakeup call. I gently slipped out of bed without waking him which, given the way he was snoring, wasn't all that big a deal. Heck, I probably could've done jumping jacks on the bed without waking him!

After a quick shower and getting myself ready for my dad, I debated whether I should wake Ron but then decided to let him sleep. It's not like we were lovers or that I owed him anything. Besides, odds were we'd never see each other again. It's not like either couple knew where the other lived - something we are VERY paranoid about when we meet up with people. Yeah, there have been a VERY few special cases where we enjoyed ourselves so much we agreed to meet with a couple a second (or more) time but those are truly exceptions to the rule. After all, the reason we swap is to keep things fresh and new, not to find alternative partners!

I was pleasantly surprised to find Steve already waiting for me in the lobby. That he was alone didn't really surprise me. No doubt he'd left Cindy in much the same condition as I'd left her husband although then again, I wouldn't put it past Steve to get in another quickie given the opportunity. I couldn't help but smile to myself. So far as he was concerned she didn't even to be awake! Many a morning I've woken to him groping me, not to mention even trying to fuck me more than a few times. I guess it wasn't much different from his perspective than me sucking him off sometimes while he slept. Of course the difference being that HIS equipment was operational whether he was awake or not!

We kissed and grinned at each other. Looking into his eyes, my husband just nodded as a quick signal to tell me that everything had gone well from his end. I did the same, knowing we'd have some great sex later that day while we filled each other in about every detail.

# (Apr 20) Chapter 265: Easter Dinner

Story codes: MF inc cousins father daughter uncle niece

Me (29)

Steve - my husband (30)

John - my dad (49)

Uncle Paul (57)

Uncle Jim (47)

Rick - cousin (27)

Sure the family meal was good but along the way I had my own menu which satisfied more than just my stomach!

## 1. Ghosts of Easters Past

Easter has always been a special time for me. Special because family means so much to me and every time we get together I love the feeling of belonging and the sense of history as the generations gather.

As with most things in life, I've learned that getting older has it's pros and cons. One thing I never really realized as a teenager and that was just how much I could get away with. Oh sure I knew I could do a lot, but I had nothing to reference it against so the appreciation of my freedom wasn't there until I got older. Again, like so many things in life, you don't appreciate what you have until it's gone.

When I was sixteen, sure people may have disapproved of the way I dressed, perhaps even calling me a slut behind my back (and sometimes directly to me), but nobody actually stopped and told me to change or that I was dressed in appropriately. Even at church I could wear a short skirt or a tight top without a bra and go unchallenged. Well, now that I'm 29 those days are past me! Heaven forbid that I should show up with my nipples poling through, or a skirt that reveals just a little too much upper thigh. Apparently now it's OK for any nag to complain and for a church elder to pull me aside and ask me to please consider wearing something different.

I could go on with a hundred examples but you get the picture. Just go to a store today and look at the girls, at how they dress and act. You don't see their moms doing it! And don't tell me it's because their mothers don't wish they could. No, they just know what would happen if they did.

So it was with the annual Easter family gathering. Well, I guess the same applied to any time we were together. When I was little I could sit on my uncles laps and my dress would gather up, exposing my panties and everyone would laugh and say how cute I was. As a teenager things became a little more restrictive but so far as my uncles were concerned, they didn't mind at all if my skirts rode up. It was my aunts that caused the ruckus but even they would mostly just cluck and half-heartedly say something about how I was getting older and they should know better. In some ways I guess it helped I had history behind me so it was a small progression each year, not like a girl just came up and jumped in their lap exposing herself.

I suppose my aunts might not have been as easy to placate had they known everything that was going on behind their backs.

Easter gatherings have been fodder for my diary in a number of years:

2005 (Mar 27) Chapter 77: Teasing My Uncles at Easter
2006 (Apr 15) Chapter 114: Easter at Brenda's
2010 (Apr 04) Chapter 211: Easter Uncle
2011 (Apr 24) Chapter 226: Easter Uncles

As I've always said, my diary is not a complete biography of every sexual event in my life, not even close for that matter. It takes a lot of time and effort to put it all down so I limit my efforts to times that have had a significant impact on my life, both positive and negative. I guess you could say my goal is that anyone reading my entire diary should have a pretty good understanding of not only WHO I am today but also WHY I am that person.

Of course that leaves a LOT out of my diary. With regards to Easter that would include one of my more memorable ones, at least for me personally. While it wasn't anything all that extensive, it was the first Easter family gathering after I had started having sex with my father. We'd been doing it since the previous summer so the initial excitement and fury had died somewhat but that didn't mean I loved it any less or didn't look forward to him doing me anytime he wanted me. I was seventeen and firmly established as the school slut which was no small task mind you if you knew some of my competition - including my own cousin!

At the time, while my mom had revealed quite a few family secrets once my dad and got started, there were still a number of things she'd kept from me. For instance, I didn't know she'd been fucking my dad's older brother Paul since high school but then my own dad wasn't aware either! The only incestual sex for me involved my parents and Aunt Linda. Sure I played around a little with my cousin Kristen but nothing more than I did with most of my other friends from time to time when we got horny and whatever at a sleepover or something like that.

Of course back then nobody outside of my parents and aunt knew my dad and I were having sex. Like wow, my other aunts would have had a cow if they even had a clue of anything even remotely hinting in that direction. All of course which just made it all the hotter for my dad when he did me that Easter with all of them nearby. It helped that this Easter we all met at our house so it was easier to run up to my bedroom and do it quick without drawing attention. Still, I could tell from the way he as fucking me as he looked out my window to the deck below where everyone had gathered that he was super turned on.

One thing I can say about Easter dinners... whether or not you read it about it in my diary, I got laid at every one after that. As time went by the potential list of cocks hungry for my pussy grew as my circle of incestual relationships expanded. First there was my dad's younger brother Jim, followed by his son my cousin Rick. Eventually it even came to include my cousin Tammy, Rick's younger sister. Most years it was more the equivalent of getting my ticket punched, so to say. It's like once you get s streak started you don't want to ruin it. I can't say it was exactly difficult to find someone willing to help!

Easter dinner sex is always exciting, though, regardless of the intensity or who is doing me. It has all the elements that really turn me on – incest (I mean other than with my dad which is a special case), doing a husband behind his wife's back (as in the case with both of my uncles), and semi-public sex (the rest of my family was never that far away).

## 2. Appetizers

Yes it was Easter but it was also a Sunday and that means I have a tradition to uphold. The great thing about it is that not only does it maintain our traditions, but it also serves to fulfill my obligations to my father, at least until the next time he needs me.

an every-day tradition, so did what today is our most enduring tradition - the Sunday pre-church fuck.

I actually don't remember exactly when this exactly started but the point being my dad and I have always tried to attend church together since I was a little girl. Of course back then my mom was there too but these days it's just him and me. Parking was always an issue so I would pick him up since it would have been totally out of his way to stop by my place. One day I was a little early and he wasn't waiting at the door so I went in the house to see how things were going where I surprised him when I entered the bedroom where he was buttoning his shirt but had yet to put on his underwear and pants. Of course the first thing that caught my eye was his cock hanging down flaccid, emerging from the thick pubic hair that surrounded the base.

We had some time so why waste it? He simply stayed as he was as I leaned over the bed and he lifted my skirt over my butt and pulled my thong aside. It was just a quickie and when he came not long after he filled me with his cum, holding himself in me afterwards to keep it in me. I was in heaven! Not wanting to be late, there wasn't much time to clean up so we ended up sitting side by side in the pew with most of his cum still in me. Thankfully my thong was a little wider over my pussy than some of my others and so while it was soon soaked with his cum as it leaked out of me, it did manage to act as a dam to keep it from spilling down onto my skirt under me.

Afterwards in the parking lot as I prepared to pull out I lifted my skirt to show him my cum-soaked pussy which of course turned him on immensely. Next thing you know he wanted to do it every Sunday before church, bringing me with him with my freshly fucked pussy filled with incestuous sperm. Well, I have to say it was more than just a bit of a turn-on for me as well as I would feel it leak out of me right there in the middle of the service! OMG, I could just imagine what some of the more sanctimonious bitches who were always complaining about how my cousin and I dressed for church would say if they had any clue at all what was going on between my legs.

********************

If there's one area where Steve and I probably differ the most, it's church and religion. I like to think that Steve is saved and a Christian but he's one of those "Christmas and Easter" attendees when it comes to church. I guess it's more a matter of upbringing since his mother never attends church either and thus never instilled the same beliefs that my parents did with me.

connections that he was able to do what most men can only fantasize about, but in the end he was the one that made the final decisions.

So for Steve to gripe about having to go with me this morning was more about church than going to my dad's. Had it been up to him I'm sure it would have been business as usual with him staying behind with Aunt Linda while my dad and I attended the service. Well, he could just deal with it so far as I was concerned. Twice a year wasn't too much to ask in my opinion.

My hopes had been to show up to my dad's place with plenty of time so that we wouldn't have to rush. Given it was Easter, I knew the church would be packed with folks like Steve so it wouldn't do to show up fashionably late as we sometimes did. Still, despite my best efforts we showed up with less than a half hour before the absolute deadline for leaving again. Oh well, it would just have to do. Actually it was longer than most other times so it wasn't like I was worried we wouldn't have enough time. The whole point of this was to make my dad cum inside of me after all. If there was enough time for me to orgasm, that was just icing on the cake. What was important to me was satisfying my dad's hunger. I had complete confidence that thirty minutes was PLENTY of time given the low bar being set. Heck, it might even be enough time for my horny husband to cum twice!

"Mmmmmmm, my baby girl!" my dad greeted me at the door when we arrived. He was fully dressed, ready for church complete with tie. He waited until I was in the house out of sight from the neighbors before putting his arms around me and giving me a long kiss on the mouth, his hands immediately grabbing my ass over my dress.

"And how's my boy doing?" I heard my aunt greet my husband.

She took him by the hand and they immediately took off for the family room downstairs without further ado. Everyone was aware of my husband's phobia when it came to watching me being intimate with my dad. Sheesh, for a guy who loved nothing more than to watch his wife being fucked by other men (and women at times), he could certainly be a pain in the ass when it came to my own father. It just goes to show that everyone has their own views about incest and even when someone is exposed to what I would call a wonderful example of "good" incest they can still not understand the relationship and what it means to those involved.

I've always contended that if Steve could just get past his hang-ups about sex with his mom that he would for sure understand how it was between me and my dad. The funny thing about it is that Steve HAS fucked his mother - back when we were first dating and she "caught" him and me fucking in their home. At the time they certainly didn't seem to be bothered by it but something happened afterwards that changed everything. Neither of them have ever confided in me exactly what that was; all I know is whatever happened it completely changed the game.

In any case, their departure left me alone in the hallway with my dad.

"Fuck me daddy," I said to him, uttering those three words that I knew turned him more than anything that I, or anyone else for that matter, had ever said to him.

"Oh Kelly... my baby girl," he groaned as his hands pulled my dress up so that he could grab my all but bare ass underneath. It's not the thing underneath was getting in the way. "Tell me again."

I smiled, knowing that I could probably say it a dozen times and he'd want to hear it again.

"Fuck me daddy... fuck me good."

I felt the pressure against my pussy as my dad leaned in against me. His hands spread my butt cheeks apart as I heard him groan softly. Then the pressure increase sharply as drove his incestuous dick into me. God it felt incredible! Whenever I have sex, it's that first moment when I fell a cock spreading me apart and forcing its way into me that never ceases to make me gasp. When that dick belongs to my dad, it only makes it all the more special. It's been almost thirteen years now since I first felt him inside of me and although that moment has been repeated now literally hundreds of time, each time is special. It's more than just being fucked, more than just having sex. It's my own father joining his body with mine, a piece of him burying itself deep within me, taking me as his.

"God you feel so good," he groaned deeply as he drove himself in deeper until I could feel him bottom out against my butt. He gave one extra push as I leaned against the wall with my ass pushed out against him.

With his hands now planted on my hips, he began to thrust himself into me, drawing himself out slowly each time until he almost pulled out and then quickly driving his dick back into me again. Pausing for just a second or so before repeating the process.

"Faster daddy, fuck me faster!"

My words encouraged him and he stopped pausing after each penetration, pistoning himself in and out of me now rhythmically with a grunt each time he pushed up against me. Using his hands, he pushed me forward and backwards as he fucked me while I spread my legs even further apart to keep my balance.

"Getting close...," he gasped, his hands gripping me even tighter.

By now my dad's dick had pretty much shrunk down to a shriveled version of the hard shaft that had been waiting for me when we arrived. Even if we weren't close to running late for church I knew he wouldn't be that way again for a long time so no point in trying to get a rise out of him now. Standing up straight, I adjusted my thong and dress. The front of my thong darkened almost immediately as his incestuous cum began to seep out of my pussy. Oh well, you would think by now I'd remember to have something handy to wipe myself before putting my underwear back on but it's hard to keep your mind straight at such times.

My dad was fixing his pants as well after which he checked himself out in the mirror hanging on the hallway wall.

"You look very handsome daddy, I'm so proud of you. I love being your daughter."

And indeed I was proud. I mean for a guy in his mid-fifties my dad still looked pretty darn good! Yeah, his hair was greying and maybe there was a bit more of a belly now that hadn't been there a few years earlier, but it wasn't like he'd let himself totally go and acquired a beer belly like so many other fathers I knew - not to mention his younger brother. He looked at his watch and nodded towards the basement door.

"I think you'd better go down and break them up or we'll never get a seat at the service," he sighed, rolling his eyes in mock despair.

I just smiled and shook my head as I headed down the stairs. I didn't have to go far before I knew what was going on even before seeing it - as if THAT was a surprise. Besides, it's not like my Aunt Linda is exactly the silent type when it comes to sex. Like it's a wonder the neighbors couldn't hear them!

"Oh yeah, that's it Steve, drill me with that fucking dick!"

Yeah, classic Aunt Linda. Even more so when I saw what was happening. Yep, Steve was definitely taking advantage of his opportunity this morning! Well, I've never been a fan of anal sex. Heck, I don't even consider it true "sex" for that matter. I mean like what's the point in a guy ramming his dick up where I poop when I have a perfectly tight and wet pussy literally an inch or two away that was designed specifically for that sort of thing? I mean my pussy was a two-way street whereas my ass was definitely designed to be a one-way avenue.

Well, just try telling that to my husband and aunt. Trust me, I've tried and failed. Both of them were big fans, specially my Aunt Linda who I think preferred anal over vaginal sex. Well, it pleased Steve to no end when he found out for himself.

"Hey... you guys about done?" I asked loudly once I was close enough to get their attention.

Steve more or less ignored me but I got my answer anyway. With a sharp cry he pulled out and grabbed his rock hard cock, jerking himself as he shot his load all over my aunt's ass and back. Fortunately she'd taken off her dress beforehand so he didn't make a mess of her Easter outfit.

As for my aunt, she just looked over at me and shrugged, feigning exasperation with Steve. "When are going to teach your damn husband some manners Kelly? How am I supposed to go to church like this?"

Then she turned to my grinning husband who was obviously quite proud of his handiwork despite her admonition and added, "You know stud, if you hadn't taken so long to cum I would've had time to shower."

That was as far as she could take things before breaking into laughter. Yeah, like since when had my aunt cared about such things. Heck, it wouldn't have surprised me if she didn't even wipe it off before putting her dress back on but she at least made a token effort with one of the used towels in the laundry pile.

"We're gonna be late you know," I complained glaring at Steve to let him know who I blamed. Sheesh, like this was the first time he was going to go to church with me all year and he couldn't even cut things short so we could get a decent seat. Now we'd either be in the back row or the front row, either way a pain in the neck. Actually, surprisingly it didn't turn out all that bad. By some miracle there was actually a pew with barely enough room for us about a third of the way back. We had to squeeze together tightly with me sitting between my dad and husband but it wasn't like either was complaining.

Easter service came and went rather uneventfully. Still, it felt good to sit there and listen with my pussy still tingling from the pleasant feel of my dad's dick in me. The only time things got a little dicey was the first time we stood to sing the opening hymn and I almost forgot that I didn't have any panties on. Fortunately I didn't drain out any cum - would have been a bit hard to explain!

When the service was over we headed straight over to my aunt and uncle's place for dinner. I was hoping there's be more on the menu than what the women had expected to be serving!

## 3. Main Course

Before going any further let me just say that my past relationships with my oldest male cousin has been... well, "mixed" would be one way of describing it. Confusing, erotic, naughty, troubled... lots of ways to describe what has been a rather inconsistent past.

2005 (Mar 27) Chapter 77: Teasing My Uncles at Easter
2005 (Jul 23) Chapter 92: First Time With My Uncle Jim
2005 (Jul 25) Chapter 93: First Time With My Cousin Rick
2005 (Aug 10) Chapter 95: My Mom and Cousin Rick
2005 (Dec 27) Chapter 107: Cousin Tammy's First Blowjob
2006 (Aug 05) Chapter 121: My Dad's Dream Comes True
2006 (Aug 06) Chapter 122: Swapping Daughters
2006 (Aug 08) Chapter 123: Rick Finally Gets Tammy
2006 (Aug 10) Chapter 124: Cousins Get Together
2006 (Sep 04) Chapter 126: School Sendoff
2006 (Nov 25) Chapter 130: My Cousin Rick and His Friends
2007 (May 19) Chapter 135: Graduation
2007 (Jun 02) Chapter 138: Nephew's Birthday Present
2007 (Aug 13) Chapter 149: Cousin Tammy and Friend
2007 (Sep 02) Chapter 153: Daughter Swap Rerun
2008 (Jul 19) Chapter 166: Sleepover with Tammy
2009 (Apr 25) Chapter 184: My Dad and Cousin Tammy
2009 (May 02) Chapter 185: Surprising Uncle
2009 (Jul 24) Chapter 193: Uncle Paul Gets More
2009 (Nov 26) Chapter 202: Thanksgiving Brothers
2011 (Apr 24) Chapter 226: Easter Uncles
2011 (Jul 03) Chapter 230: Family Boating Day With a Twist

Essentially it started off more or less as a lark. It's not like I have EVER felt anything for my cousin other than lust. We haven't even hardly even kissed in all the times we've had sex. Perhaps the most redeeming value when it comes to sex with Rick is for whatever reason he has the biggest cock of any of them men in the family, at least the ones I've seen. Heck, when he was just sixteen he was already hung better than his father and uncle.

My biggest issue with Rick was he was too much like his father - arrogant and downright rude at times. There were times when I would turn to him in the middle of sex and ask, "Just what part of NO don't you understand?" such as when he would try for the umpteenth time to fuck my ass. Then there was how he treated his younger sister Tammy. One thing I was proud of Tammy and that was her refusal to allow her brother to fuck her until her father had done it. She would blow him and let him eat her out, but no sex. If anything I got a kick out of how she would tease him, sometimes riding on top of him sliding her cute little wet pussy over his erection but never quite letting it into her. Yeah, it drove him nuts!

However, once they DID start having sex it was just like Rick to push things. He wasn't happy with just fucking his sister. No, he had to have all his friends fuck her as well. Granted, she wasn't exactly protesting at the time but still, I always felt like he was taking advantage of the situation.

It was my mother that had the most control over Rick. Obviously his own mother had no say in the matter as she had no idea what was going on between two of her kids and father right under her nose. Had she any clue, no doubt she would have cut the guy's dicks off as they slept! Aunt Shari was about as straight and hypocritical as they come when it comes to so-called "religious nuts". Like half the reason I fucked her husband and son was more out of a sense of revenge for the way she harangued my mother over how she had raised me.

Yet to be fair, for my mom it wasn't like she had all that many options due to her own self-imposed limitations when it came to adultery. She despised Uncle Jim and managed to keep her extracurricular activities with her older brother-in-law a secret from me for years. Since there were no other adult males on either side of the family, that pretty much left her with no option other than her nephew if she wanted someone besides her husband. And yes, there WAS that incredibly fat and long dick... I also noted that Rick didn't pull any stunts with my mom. If anything, he obeyed her better than either of his parents. Of course, he wasn't fucking neither of them either!

Rick went to Junior College and got himself and associates degree in something or another, it wasn't like I really cared. Once I stopped fucking his dad I pretty much stopped everything with Rick as well. The only reason I really fucked Uncle Jim in the first place was tit-for-tat to allow my dad to fuck his daughter - my youngest cousin Tammy. Granted Uncle Jim didn't have any say over their first time but once he also started fucking Tammy then it pretty much became an agreement that if my dad wanted more of Tammy's sweet young pussy then Uncle Jim had to have access to mine. Tammy eventually went to college, started dating some nice boys, and turned from being a school slut to your average horny college girl. What I mean is she was still putting out, but now limited it pretty much to her boyfriend at the time. With my dad no longer fucking her, there was no reason for me to put up with my boorish uncle - or his son for that matter.

Once Rick got into his twenties though, he started to mature FINALLY and I couldn't help but notice he treated me as well as his sisters much better. He even stopped flirting with me every time we got together although I noticed his eyes still roamed freely over my body - not that I minded! Funny thing was, the less attention he paid to me the more I wanted it. Of course I realized what was happening yet I still couldn't shake the feeling despite myself.

When we finally arrived at my aunt and uncle's place after church, I hadn't been there long before Rick and I crossed paths.

"Hi Kelly, you're looking good today," he greeted me.

Now in the past, that seemingly innocuous compliment would've been accompanied by a leering grin, not to mention a wandering hand in search of my ass at the very least. Well, surprise, surprise... this time he was actually nice to me! No raised eyebrows, no winking, no "accidently" brushing up against my boobs, nothing at all for that matter other than a respectful compliment. Boy, Rick WAS growing up! Not to mention he LOOKED more grown up. Gone was the acne and the awkwardness. I have to admit, the guy looked hot!

"Thanks, you're not looking bad either," I responded.

Only in my case, this time it was MY turn to be the one to take a good look at his crotch and grin. I was rewarded by Rick blushing. Damn! I NEVER would have dreamed I could have ever made him blush so easily. Yeah, I hadn't really paid him much attention for some time now, but it was like I was seeing a whole new person. Like, who are you and what did you do with my cousin?

With that others were coming in and so we each continued on our separate ways without any further exchange. However, apparently I hadn't been quite as discreet as I'd thought...

"He's all grown up now, isn't he?" I heard a voice whisper in my ear. Aunt Linda was standing there and I saw her grinning at me. "Although obviously I don't need to point that out to you, now do I?"

I looked at her with my eyes wide open, feigning ignorance but she wasn't buying any of it.

"Oh don't even try," she huffed at me, "I saw the way you were checking him out. Have to say, he's still got the best package of the clan."

With that I couldn't help but smile as I shook my head at her bluntness. It was getting more crowded so rather than risk saying more, I just nodded my head and winked.

"Kelly!" someone cried out to me, effectively ending my little exchange with my aunt. I looked and for a moment almost didn't recognize my youngest cousin. Like holy crap, was I just getting old or what? It was like I'd been in a coma or something while everyone had all grown up around me. Like wow, what had happened to my cute little cousin? In her place was a gorgeous woman with an equally hunky guy all but attached to her side.

"Oh Kelly, it's been ages!" she gushed she reached out and we hugged. Damn, she was as tall as me now, if now taller but then it might have been more a question of whose heels were higher. She smelled great and the Easter dress she was wearing, while modest in terms of exposure, fit her like Saran Wrap, showing off an incredible figure and perfect legs.

"This is Craig," she said, introducing me to her boyfriend. Only I was wrong, he was more than just a boyfriend as it turned out.

"See my Easter present?" Tammy gushed, putting her hand out right in front of my face. Well, it would have been hard to miss the dazzling ring from tree feet away. Wow, my little cousin was engaged!

"Oh that's so wonderful!" I said joyfully, hugging her tight again. Boy, there were going to be a lot of broken hearts, not to mention a few right here in the house today. Granted, it had been years since my dad last fucked Tammy but I know he always had a special place in his heart (not to mention his crotch) for her. After all, he WAS her first, something Craig would never get to boast.

She went on to tell me all about how he had surprised her and such, a story I knew I'd be hearing over and over all day but who would blame her? I remembered when Steve had proposed to me and I couldn't wait to relate every detail to anyone I could corner to listen.

After yet another hug, she rushed off to show off her new bling to the next person she could find, leaving me momentarily alone. That wasn't about to last long though.

"So what do you think?" a deeper voice asked from behind me. I turned to see Rick had managed to circle back behind me. "Who would've thunk, eh?"

"Well, it's not like it was any great surprise," I answered. Indeed, rumors of an impending proposal had been circulating for months with most of us surprised it hadn't come last Christmas.

"Yeah, I just still can't imagine my youngest sister married I guess."

He sounded a bit whimsical and yet again I was impressed by the change in his general attitude. It wouldn't have been that long ago and he would have been making some sarcastic remark.

"I assume Craig doesn't know...," I started to say before Rick cut me off to answer.

"About everything I assume you mean? Hell no!" and at that he finally chuckled and sounded a little more like the Rick I was more familiar with. "He's like all straight and narrow, you know the type. He'd probably have a cow if he had a clue."

We both smiled at that thought and for a brief moment, our eyes met and it was like we had a bond, the type that only two people with a shared deep dark secret can share.

"You know, she told me they haven't had sex yet, that he wants to wait until they're married. Can you believe it?"

I looked across the room to where Tammy was holding up her ring yet again for inspection. Now THAT was a little hard to believe knowing her background.

"Really?" I questioned him, "He can't be THAT clueless. Surely he knows SOME of her reputation."

By that I meant mostly her high school days. True, Tammy had never acquired quite the level of distinction of her cousins - me and Kristen but she had held her own pretty well in terms of making her own reputation. She had never been quite as showy as her mother would never allow it, but most of the boys knew what to expect on a date with her. Granted, from what I heard she toned it down a lot in college but still, it wasn't like she instantly changed her tastes. Surely SOMEONE had to have told Craig at least a little of her former days.

"Well, actually I guess he does know," Rick replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Apparently she's convinced him those days are past and somehow or another he doesn't hold it against her, not that I would either if I was in his shoes. Like look at her, is she hot or what?"

"Down boy!" I teased him, "So when was the last time you two did it anyway?"

Rick's cheeks pushed out as he let out his breath slowly. "Damn, it's been a while," he said sounding regretful - as I sure he was, "I think it was almost two years ago now."

"Well I'm sure that he doesn't know about THAT!" I half-heartedly joked.

"Oh I'd agree with you there, although I'd love to see the look on his face if he knew."

I punched him playfully in the shoulder. "Bad boy! Besides, it's not like you haven't been getting it... and don't try to tell me otherwise."

Rick was quiet for a moment and I wondered what he was thinking. His eyes were fixed on his cute sister, his cute ENGAGED sister.

"Oh I get my share. I gotta admit though, I'd do her again in a heartbeat."

"Yeah, you and half the other men in the room," I teased.

Rick looked around, taking stock of the crowded room. "Well, maybe a couple more than the others," he chuckled.

I knew who he was referring to - our fathers. Indeed, I could only imagine my father's reaction to hearing the news. Sure the odds of him ever fucking his niece again had been a long shot at best, but this sort of sealed the deal. I'd quickly gotten the distinct impression that this marriage was never going to be an "open" relationship.

"Well, it would be her loss," I tossed out softly, like a fisherman casting into a still lake.

Rick didn't respond but from the look he gave me I was pretty sure he'd gotten the message. Any other time and I would have expected him to pull me out of the room and find the first place to fuck me yet that want the case today. Instead, he just winked at me and moved towards the kitchen, probably to try and sneak some food ahead of dinner. As I watched him leave, I couldn't help but wonder if I wasn't losing my touch!

It was getting close to dinner time. I suppose I should have helped more getting things ready but this wasn't exactly my sort of thing. We could have gone out to eat and I'd of been happier. Too much work doing it this way! Turning towards the dining room, I bumped into my cousin Kristen as she was heading out the other way.

"Ooops, sorry Kelly, have you seen that husband of mine? We're about ready to eat you know."

Kristen had been married for some time now yet it still seemed surreal to me. Indeed, it was rare even to see her together with him. Often I wondered exactly why they had gotten married in the first place. He had been a customer of hers back when she was a working girl (her nomenclature - whore would be the more appropriate term if you asked me). Married at the time, he was one of those rare guys that actually DID leave his wife for another girl. Fortunately there were no kids involved which made it less messy.

Say what you will about my marriage, Steve and I are downright Amish compared to Kristen's arrangements with her husband. Sometimes I think they have sex more with other people than they do with each other! While Kristen continued working as a whore for a while after the wedding, she soon quit and became "proper", earning a real estate license and joining up with her mom. True, there were times when her past "skills" came in handy to close a deal but for the most part she stopped fucking for money and just did it for fun. Meanwhile, her husband still was out with different women all the time. The only difference it seemed for him was that now he had a wife who didn't give a damn. I wasn't about to be the one to question things though so I never said anything to my favorite cousin. Still, I couldn't help but wonder at times what the complete story was.

Evidently she found him quickly as she was back catching her breath a moment later.

"Dumb jerk," she huffed, "Can you believe it, he was checking out Tammy - and I don't mean her ring."

Then she threw up her hands and we both laughed before she change the subject.

"Damn, have you checked out Rick?" she asked surreptitiously, "Now I have GOT to get me a piece of that for dessert."

"Go for it girl," was all I could think of to say. No doubt she would!

Just then my Aunt Shari called everyone into the dining room where the table had been expanded as big as it would go. There still weren't enough seats so some people would have to eat in the adjoining kitchen at the table there but my Aunt had evidently saved seats for me and Steve. Speaking of which, where had HE been all this time?

Somehow or another my husband appeared out of thin air and was seated next to me. Rick managed to snag the seat on the opposite side and I couldn't help but suspect an ulterior motive. Well, maybe not so much I suspected as I hoped?

My Aunt Shari said grace, droning on for what seemed forever with some sanctimonious prayer. She was the type that wanted people to know just how religious she was and how "good" she was when it came to praying. Frankly, I felt like it was aimed more at the people in the room than to God. Typical hypocrite, the type that gave Christians a bad name the world over.

Just when I thought I might fall asleep, I felt a hand on my thigh under the table. Judging by which side, I knew it had to be Rick's. Hmmmmmm, maybe he HAD gotten my signal after all? I parted my legs a little, just enough to signal to him that his move was being welcomed but not enough to give him full access – yet.

His hand moved up a little more, pushing up my dress a little when Aunt Shari finally announced, "Amen" and there was more than one sigh I think as we were finally allowed to eat. Rick had to pull his hand out to pass the food and the rest of the meal was rather boring with the usual inane small talk and meaningless chatter.

As we ate dessert though, the hand reappeared on my thigh and this time he didn't waste any time, pushing his fingers in between my legs and getting a handful of bare inner thigh in the process. I pretended not to notice but this time I allowed my legs to part further, essentially putting the ball back in his court as to how far he wanted to go. Still, it wasn't like we were in some dark movie theater so there WERE limits, especially with his mother seated across and down a couple of chairs keeping a close eye on everyone.

As things started to wind down, Rick turned to me and said innocently, "That was great, I could eat some more dessert though."

From the way he squeezed my leg it was obvious just what he wanted for dessert. I decided to go for it and see where this might lead answering him with, "I always find the best place for dessert though is in bed."

"Spoken like a true connoisseur," he replied with a smile, giving my leg one last squeeze before he grabbed his cloth napkin and wiped off his mouth with both hands.

There was no need to get cute and say anything that might be overheard. Message sent, received and replied. Now it would be up to the both of us assuming either of us wanted to take this to the next level. Rick got up to leave but I felt a little guilty for not helping setting dinner so I stayed behind to help clear the table. My slutty cousin Kristen, though, wasn't having any of it.

"Look, it's obvious who he wants," she said with a look of exasperation, "Why he's always wanted you more is totally beyond me but there you go. So either you jump him now or I will."

She had caught me in the corner of the room but I still couldn't help but glance about to make sure nobody had heard. It's not like my cousin was always the most cautious about such things. Kristen, on the other hand, was far less patient.

"What the fuck are you waiting for?" she sighed rather melodramatically, "Like you'd rather do dishes than get a piece of THAT?"

"Well, it HAS been a long time you know," I tried to argue.

Kristen eyes rolled back. "Sheesh, since when have YOU become the cautious one?" Then she grinned naughtily, "Unless of course you want to do him together?"

OK, so for a moment I actually did contemplate the idea. It wouldn't be the first time the two of us had done it with Rick, although the last time would have taken two hand to count the years passed. Then again, why share? After all, I deserved a bit of fun just as much as anyone so why not?

"Forget THAT," I said firmly, "Alright then, you'll cover for me, right?"

"I guess," she said, sounding a little dejected, "But I want a full report afterwards, ALL the details, right?"

I just waved my hand at her and grinned as I checked to see who might be watching and walked slowly out of the room. This was actually the hardest part, getting to his room without being noticed. I didn't see Rick anywhere so I was assuming he was there - he damn well better be at least!

"So where are you sneaking off to?"

Damn, busted!

I turned to my husband who was grinning at me. It wasn't like he was upset or anything but the curiosity in his eyes was burning bright.

"You dad?" he guessed, then looked over to see him talking to his older brother. "Oh god Kelly, not your Uncle Jim? I thought you'd sworn never to let him do you again?"

I grinned at my husband and pushed him to the wall away from where everyone could see us.

"So what makes you so sure that ANYONE is going to be doing me?" I flirted with him.

Steve looked amused, almost annoying so I might add.

"Give me a break Kelly. You think I can't tell when my wife's hot and horny? Shit, I bet your creaming right now, aren't you? A whole houseful of prospects, just a matter of picking the lucky guy I'd say. So who is it?"

Just then Uncle Jim came walking across the room, evidently having just visited the bathroom after dinner. Steve's eyebrows raised as I saw him rapidly doing the math in his head.

"Oh you've GOT to be kidding me!" he started to exclaim but caught himself just in time, "So what is it, his big dick?"

Now he WAS annoying me. Like the only reason I'd choose a guy was over dick size? If anyone, Steve should have known better than that. I've always maintained that within limits, dick size is about the last thing I consider when choosing a sexual partner. It's rather difficult to be TOO small unless you're worried about a man's fragile ego. As for being too large, that's actually where I sometimes have issues. Anything I can't get my fingers around or requires more than two hands to stroke is getting to the point of simply being uncomfortable. It's one thing to be ABLE to take a big dick - I've never had a case where I couldn't. Face it, if a baby can come OUT, then I doubt there's a dick in the world too large to go IN an adult woman's pussy. Still, ability isn't the same as ENJOYING it. Personally, give me an average sized cock that I can deep throat without gagging and fits in my pussy without having to call for the jaws of life and I'm perfectly content.

"You know, sometimes you can really be clueless Steve," I said a little more harshly than I intended for it come out.

Steve looked hurt and just walked away without saying another word. Damn, I was going to have to do something special later when we got home to make up for that one!

I was literally at the top of the stairs leading to the basement when yet again my quest was interrupted. Damn, it was like Grand Central Station today. Like can't a horny girl just get laid without having to deal with all these issues?

"Kelly, you HAVE to do something about that bitch!" Tammy demanded as she reached out to grab my arm to keep me from going forward.

I turned and sighed. Good grief, NOW what?

"Just look at the slut... she's all over Craig," Tammy whined, "I know what she's up to. You've got to say something to her."

Looking over, sure enough there was Kristen up to her old tricks again. Oh for goodness sake, this was just too much! Crap, it wasn't THAT many years ago and SHE was the one stealing other girl's boyfriends and she certainly didn't seem to mind whose heart she broke back then. I mean if anyone should understand Kristen's motives, it should be Tammy. Besides, she might be trying to put on a show now for her new fiance, but as for calling her cousin a slut... well talk about the kettle calling the pan black!

"Well maybe if you put out for the poor guy he wouldn't be so easy to tempt."

No, I didn't actually SAY that but I was one step away. God, I was so dang horny now and to be sidetracked by this crap?

"Look Tammy, if Kristen was REALLY after your new fiance then trust me, they'd be doing it right now, probably on your bed," I tried to assure her, "She's just teasing and flirting, probably just to see if she can get a rise out of you. I'd say she's being pretty successful."

Tammy frowned and crossed her arms almost defiantly as if she wasn't about to accept what I was telling her. Well, while my first thoughts were probably the most on the mark, what I actually DID tell her was true as well. If there was one thing I knew about Kristen, when she seriously wanted a man, there were very few she didn't get. Then another idea came to mind. It wasn't exactly nice but then what the heck, look what she was keeping me from doing right now?

Whispering softly, I said to her, "You know, Rick's waiting in his bedroom right now. What do you say? It's been a long time after all."

Tammy looked at me with a mortified expression.

"You're going to do it...? with him...? NOW...?"

I just grinned and nodded.

"But I thought you weren't doing that type of stuff anymore," she hissed back at me.

Huffing just a bit, I replied, "Well, maybe not with your brother but hey, he's grown up quite nicely and if I remember correctly, there was a time his own sister couldn't get enough of it."

For a moment she seemed to hesitate. "Well... it WAS pretty good for a while," she confessed as her cheeks flushed.

"So what do you say? Join me?" I pushed a little. The odds were against it but what the heck, nothing ventured nothing gained.

I actually thought she might say yes but then she glanced back to the living room where Kristen's dress was pulled up WAY more than would normally be considered appropriate, especially now that she was a married woman. None of the men seemed to be complaining and obviously Craig couldn't help but look at her legs as well.

"Well if you're not going to help than I'll just have to deal with it myself," she fumed as she walked back towards her fiance.

FINALLY, the coast was clear. I took one last glance to see if anyone was watching me and quickly made my way to the finished basement where the two kid bedrooms were located. As the only boy, Rick got his own room whereas his two sisters had to share.

The basement was quiet compared to the noisy upstairs. I started to turn the door knob to Rick's room when I was startled by the door across the hall opening.

"Kelly? What are you doing going into Rick's bedroom?" my cousin Kate asked.

Dang it, of all people it had to be her. Kate was Tammy's older sister, the middle child of the family, and a total clone of her mother when it came to behavior and attitude. The whole "Holier than thou" thing, looking down on people she deemed "less favored" than herself, totally judgmental. When it came to sex... well let's just say she'll probably be a virgin on her first wedding anniversary. Well, maybe not THAT bad but pretty darn close.

Kate and Tammy couldn't be more opposites, especially in their teen years. Tammy was the stereotypical rebellious younger sister. Where Kate was ultraconservative and always did exactly what her mother demanded, Tammy would try to get away with murder and was in constant battles with her mom. I think half the reason she got involved with incest was just to get back at her mom. Of course if my aunt had ever even so much gotten a clue as to what was happening, often right under her nose, there would have been hell to pay!

Anything Kate knew, Aunt Shari knew, so I couldn't let her get any wrong ideas. At the same time, my pussy was practically cramping with being so horny. The smart thing to do would have been to make some excuse up and head back upstairs. Well, at times like this people don't always make the smart decisions.

"Steve told me he left his EMT book in there last time he was over. I guess Rick was interested."

God, talk about a lame excuse but it was the best I could come up with on the spur of the moment.

Kate looked at me and I couldn't quite tell if she was buying it or not. Then again, why wouldn't she? I would think that about the last thing she would ever consider would be that her brother was fucking me. Well, maybe THAT wouldn't be the LAST thing – I imagine that honor would go to him fucking her younger sister. No, even THAT wouldn't make the top of the list. Tammy being fucked by their father... now THAT would take the prize. So inconceivable though would it be to someone like her, I really wasn't too worried. If anything, she probably though I was covering up for something else. As to what that might be who knows but the point is she would never guess as to my true motives.

"You've got something up your sleeve, I know it," she said accusingly, "I'm keeping an eye on you."

For a moment I was stricken. Crap, just what I needed to have that little snot hovering around. No, I didn't have anything up my sleeve but I sure as heck was dying to have something up somewhere else!

"Ha! Got you!" she crowed, snickering at her poor excuse for humor. "I mean like you're so easy sometimes Kelly."

With that she shook her head and went up the stairs giggling. Oh well better that than to have her hanging around.

So FINALLY the coast was clear and I twisted the door handle to enter Rick's bedroom. The room was dim, lit only by a small lamp on the desk against the side wall but there was enough for me to see him lying on his side on the bed. Damn, he was naked! Wow, did he have any idea how close he'd come to having his uppity sister at the door instead of a horny cousin?

"About time you made it. Thought I was going to have to jerk myself off for a while there."

For a fleeting moment the old Rick was back but I just ignored it. Besides, I wasn't about to back out now.

"So are you just going to stand there or what?" he pushed me, "Figured you'd have that slutty dress on the floor by now."

On the one hand I wanted to be mad at him for being so cocky but then on the other I had to admit he was right. With all the goings on upstairs it wasn't like we had all that much time before someone started noticing we were both missing and asking questions that would be hard to answer.

And speaking of hard... as my eyes adjusted to the dim light I could see that marvelous dick appear. God, he was just as big as ever! It didn't hurt that he'd obviously taken things into his own hands and was as erect as the Eiffel Tower! OK, so I've said that cock size wasn't important yet at the same time, damn! When presented with a dick of his proportions who could blame me for being impressed – AND horny as hell?

Without another word I quickly stripped although I hung the dress over his chair by the desk rather than dropping it to the floor as he'd suggested. Soon I was naked, even to the point of removing my heels such that I was barefoot on the cold tile floor of the basement bedroom.

"Fuck, you look pretty damn good for a mommy," he teased me. I frowned at him and he got the message without me even saying a word. No mommy jokes, nothing about my daughter. No perverted comments or sick ideas.

"Miss me?" he teased me more as he held his dick by the base and made it wiggle like a puppet in front of me.

Well, more than I would ever admit, at least to him. When it came to Rick and me it seemed to always be a conundrum. On the one hand I have to admit he was one heck of a good fuck. Then on the other he could be such an asshole, almost as bad as his father. When he first started fucking me so long ago it was as much to defy his mother as anything else. Even though she didn't know about it, I loved that he would fuck me sometimes while she was in the other room or upstairs. Just knowing how much she would hate what we were doing was like an aphrodisiac for me. Maybe the only thing more satisfying from that perspective was when her husband fucked me, knowing I was satisfying him so much more than my aunt could ever have dreamed.

Suddenly I heard laughter above us and was reminded of our families, most of whom would be totally shocked if they had any idea what was happening right below them. Maybe not as mortified as my aunt would be, but it would certainly open some eyes. If they thought my aunt living with my dad was so horrible, just imagine if they could see me now as I kneeled in front of Rick's bed, reaching out for his massive erection.

"Wouldn't you love for them to watch?" Rick mused as he pointed a finger to the ceiling. I grinned and just shook my head in mock disapproval as I felt his warm throbbing cock in my hand. God, it has been a while since I'd held one my hand couldn't reach around.

Leaning forward, I began to get ready to suck him when to my surprise, he pushed my head back away from him.

"Noooooo, I got a better idea," he said and for a moment I wanted to correct his grammar but thought better of it before saying anything.

"This is just about sex, right?" he asked. I nodded and he continued, "Then that's what I want... sex. I just want to fuck you, OK?"

Now THAT wasn't something I heard much... a guy NOT wanting his dick sucked. Then again, there was something about it that just seemed... well it just seemed right. He was right in that this WAS just about sex. Nothing intimate, nothing even all that personal even though he was my cousin. We both knew we wanted it so why not just fuck and get it over with?

"Naughty boy," I whispered seductively as I got back up on my feet and stood up straight, "Now lay back."

Rick flopped onto his back and stuffed a pillow under his head so he could watch more easily. With his hands to his side, his dick was so hard it hovered parallel to his stomach without touching it, like a dolphin leaping out and skimming across the surface of the ocean. I could have sworn it was quivering!

Reaching between my legs, I rubbed my pussy. Damn, it was as wet as I'd thought it was. I was more than ready for him. Heck, I was ready for every guy in the house at this point. All this craziness so far had left me so dang horny that I was happy that he'd foregone the preliminaries. Straddling his waist on my knees, I reached underneath me and directed the head of his cock to my waiting pussy. Ordinarily I would rub him against my clit and sort of masturbate before having it enter me but not today. No, today it was just about sex.

"Oh fuck," I couldn't help but gush as I started to put my weight down on him. God, it was like pushing a telephone pole into me. Shifting my weight to spread my legs further apart, I made a second attempt and this time was rewarded by the head of his cock splitting me apart and forcing its way into me. It was just the head but It was like he was splitting me in half!

"Shit, you're as tight as ever cuz," he grimaced, "Are you SURE you had a..."

"Rick!" I interrupted him before he went further.

"Sorry... just you're ridiculously tight. Reminds me of back when we were in school."

How could I be mad at him when he said things like that to me? Whether it was really my pussy being so tight or just him being so big, I wasn't going to debate the issue wither way. What was important was how he felt inside of me, not why it felt so damn good!

"Oh fuck yeah!" he groaned as I pushed down onto him and his dick rammed its way all the way into me until I bottomed out and my crotch was against the base of his hair dick. Damn, I felt like I was stuffed! Oh wow, maybe there was something to say about a big dick!

"God you look so fuckin' sexy riding my dick," he moaned as I started to bounce slowly on his erection. I wanted to say something like if he had turned on some lights he might get a better view but that was about the last thing on my mind right then.

After a bit I leaned over and let his dick slip out of me. Whoa! When his head popped out it was like I had this incredible sensation of emptiness. He flipped me over onto my knees and pushed my head down onto the pillow as I leaned forward on my elbows with my ass up in the air. For a fleeting moment I worried that he might try taking advantage of my position but the "new" Rick wasn't misbehaving today.

"Now THAT is what I call one fine ass," he complimented me as he pushed my butt cheeks apart and then I felt that incredible cock pressing its way back into my now well-fucked pussy. This time he slipped in much more easily although it felt like he was going to pop out of my mouth as he drive it deep inside of me!

"Oh yes Rick," I sighed as he pounded me, "Fuck me... fuck me hard."

One thing a girl never had to ask Rick and that was to fuck her HARD. Not only was his dick as hard as a steel pipe, he was always the type to pound a girl, drilling his dick into me as he thrust himself in against my bare butt. It was like I was being driven into the pillow with each thrust into me.

From the way he started to accelerate I thought he was about to cum but instead he pulled out and roughly flipped me over, spreading my legs apart and quickly reentering me before I could even catch my breath.

"I'm gonna cum in you," he declared, "I'm gonna fill your fuckin' cunt with my spunk."

Not that I especially cared for his language, but I wasn't arguing with his intentions. Personally, when ANY man was fucking me the last thing I wanted was for him to pull out at the very moment when I wanted to feel him inside of me. When a man ejaculates in me, it's like the peak of our sexual act, even more than me having an orgasm. Even though I know technically it's not happening, it's like he's mating me, taking me as his bitch. It's the one moment above all others when I feel totally possessed by a man. I mean like think about it... his sex organ is deep INSIDE of me, shooting its load of sperm in my womb. No, I have NO desire to have him make me pregnant but at the same time, it's the attempt that makes it erotic, even if ultimately doomed to failure.

"Yes, cum inside of me Rick... give it to me... give it ALL to me."

Now what man doesn't want to hear those words? Maybe the only thing more would be before we even begin when I look into his eyes and whisper, "Fuck me." Yeah, those are the two words I think every man wants to hear but after that, "cum in me" has to be a close second.

"Fuck!" he groaned as he pushed against me and held himself in as deep as he could. He jerked and I knew he was cumming in me. While I really couldn't feel it, I could imagine the stream of his sperm as it shot from the tip of his dick into my welcoming pussy. Over and over he came in me until finally he groaned and flopped over on the bed beside me.

"Oh shit, that was good," he sighed as he tried to catch his breath.

Even though I hadn't cum, I was more than satisfied. Heck, I felt great! His cum began to trickle out of me and I tensed my stomach and pushed, driving more of it out until I felt the stream of our warm fluids dripping down over my asshole onto the bed. Neither of us said a word and I could clearly hear the voices now above us. There were a couple of them that wouldn't have been surprised by what had just taken place below them, but the majority would probably not even believe me if I told them. Many times over the years I had wished our entire family had been in on everything, envious of people who claimed to have such a family. Then again, it DID provide me with a number of fantasies that were probably hotter than any reality could ever be.

Just then our moment of reverie was interrupted by a knock in the door. Damn, had I locked it? I couldn't believe that I would have NOT but then I also know that when I was in as horny of a state of mind as I had been when I came in that such trivial matters sometimes got overlooked.

"Rick, you in here?" Tammy asked as she opened the door. Crap, I hadn't locked it! Thankfully if there had to be one of sisters to walk in, it was the right sister. There would have been no bluffing my way out of this one with Kate.

"Oh crap, I don't believe this," she huffed when she realized what was in front of her. She quickly entered and closed the door behind us.

"Really?" she asked as she pointed a finger at us, "You DO realize that people are starting to ask about you two. I guess it's a good thing I was the one to figure it out. Shit, you couldn't even lock the door? What if Kate had come in?"

She wasn't saying anything that wasn't obvious so what was the point in answering so she continued on her rant uninterrupted.

"Sheeze Kelly, I thought you weren't doing this crap anymore. So is this why you were so distracted before?"

What could I say? I just shrugged and figured it was better to let her get it out of her system than to say anything and get her really going.

"Well you better get dressed and get back up there pronto. Desserts about to be served."

Didn't I say it was better to just let her get it out of her sister and say nothing? Well, apparently Rick didn't get the memo.

"I got dessert here for you sis," Rick said smugly, stroking his dick which somehow was already getting hard again. Maybe it was the inspiration of seeing his sister again while he was naked, who knows?

"Fuck you," she shot back and it wasn't meant as an invitation. With that she bolted from the room, leaving the two of us alone in the semi-dark.

"She's right, we should get back up there," I reminded him as I pushed his wandering hands away. Yeah, he was still horny all right! Not that I would have minded going for seconds but I also had the presence of mind to know there was a time and place for everything.

Before he could protest I got out of bed and used the sheet to clean off the sperm from between my legs. Knowing my horny cousin, I doubted it was the only sperm to stain those sheets so not like it would be noticeable to his mother when she did the laundry.

"Kelly," he started softly as I straightened out my dress, "Thanks."

Wow, NOT what I was expecting. It was nice of him, nicer than I could ever remember him being after we'd done it. Sometimes a simple thank you can say more than anything else.

Heading back up the stairs, my pussy tingled with the memory of my cousin's wonderful cock. Hmmmmmm, maybe his suggestion about dessert might not be such a bad idea after all assuming Tammy wasn't up to it.

Sheri may be a bitch but when it came to making a cheesecake, she was unmatched. Mmmmmmm!

After taking a seat on the couch in the family room next to my Uncle Paul (my dad's older brother), his eyes met mine and then I saw them look down my dress to get an eyeful of my boobs, or at least as much as he could. It turned me on a little as it had been a long time since he'd last fucked me. Was he imagining one of our previous moments or maybe just fantasizing about what he'd like to do to me right then. Either way, I had a pretty good suspicion it had nothing to do with the thread count of my dress.

For a brief moment I had similar thoughts but then he sat back in the couch and I knew it wasn't going to happen, at least not today. Then again, it wasn't like I could blame him. The last time he'd fucked me was at his house during a similar family bash but we'd managed to get out of the house to where nobody could see us. Today it wouldn't be nearly so easy and as much as I knew he'd love to do me again, at the same time it wouldn't be worth it for either of us for anyone to find out. Sometimes a little discretion is necessary, even when I'd rather not.

Sitting there quietly as everyone ate their choice of dessert, my pussy was starting to throb with the memory of Rick's thick dick so recently filling it. I worried for a moment that some of the remnants of his massive burst of cum might still leak out of me but fortunately that didn't seem to be a problem. Funny how that works in that sometimes nothing leaks out at all and then others it's like I have to wipe myself off for hours afterwards. Naturally the latter usually happens when least convenient. One of those mysteries of life I guess.

Looking across the room to where Tammy and Craig were nestled together in the love seat, I thought about how Kristen had been flirting with him earlier. Oh yeah, I could definitely understand her motives. Yes, it WOULD be hotter than anything to seduce him and have him fuck me, even hotter if Tammy caught us but couldn't do anything but watch. OK, so maybe that's getting a little bit over the top. After all, she WAS my cousin and not just some overweight wife who wasn't satisfying her husband like the wives of so many of the men who had fucked me in the past. Besides, would I really do it? Probably not. Well, to be perfectly honest make that I would never do it although I have to say the fantasy was enough to make my pussy tingle even more than it had been. As for Kristen though, I doubted my ex-whore of a cousin would've exercised such constraint given the opportunity. I could only imagine how many divorces she was responsible for over the course of her "career".

Watching the two lobe birds though, I couldn't help but remember those days back so long ago when I first started fooling around with my cute little cousin (at least she was little back then). Watching her being fucked by my dad, then by her dad the next day, and eventually by her brother a week or so later, were all special memories that I'll never forget. Seeing her with Rick has been the only time I've actually watched a brother and sister have sex, at least the only time that it meant anything to me. Oh sure, I've seen numerous brother-sister matchups at the family parties Steve and I have attended but that was a totally different situation. As I didn't really know the people involved it lacked any sense of intimacy, at least not the same as seeing my two horny cousins fucking each other.

Tammy also had the distinction of being the first young girl I'd had sex with. Not that I was all that old myself at the time but still, virtually every other female I'd had sex with before then had been either older than me (like my mom and aunt) or close to my age (like my cousin Kristen or my BFF Beth). In some ways I felt like I was Tammy's sexual mentor. Like if it hadn't been for me, would she have ever had sex with her dad and brother? Odds were against it. Would she have enjoyed being a slut in school? Just imagine all the fun experiences she might have missed out on if it had not been for my example.

With all these thoughts running through my head, my pussy was warming fast and it startled me for a moment to realize the real reason. It wasn't so much Craig that was drawing my attention to the love seat, it was Tammy! Oh my god, she had grown up so much since our last time together in bed. I imagined being alone and naked with her now, not as a young teenager anymore but as a mature, confident woman. Usually I never felt this strongly when it came to an attraction to a woman yet we shared a special bond that had been forged over the years. Hmmmmmm, did she feel the same about me?

"Cute, aren't they?" my Uncle Paul said to me quietly as he broke my concentration. Guess I hadn't realized I'd been so mesmerizing!

"Yeah, I hope it works out for them."

"Too bad though, always wanted to nail that."

I sat up straight and looked around to see if anyone was listening. Damn, was he nuts? Thankfully everyone seemed occupied in their own activities and with all the hubbub nobody would have overheard what he'd said only inches from my ear. Still, not exactly typical family room conversation.

"Yep, your dad was one lucky jerk."

Damn, what was this, confessional time without the private booth?

"Uncle Paul...," I started, not really sure what to say though.

"What?" he feigned surprise as if he had no idea what I was objecting to, "Just saying your dad's lucky."

My eyes just rolled. Yeah right!

"You know, back when he first told me I didn't believe him," my uncle continued anyways, "Damn, fourteen! Pretty darn sweet of you."

I had to smile at that. Back then it had been more an attempt by me to assuage my guilt for not allowing my father to have my virginity when I was fourteen, instead allowing my boyfriend to do it. Sure, as fate would have it that same boyfriend became my husband but at the time, who would have ever expected THAT massive coincidence to occur? These days I've reconciled myself to understanding that it wasn't my fault but more my mother's for making my dad keep his true feelings bottled up until I made the first move. But back then I saw my cousin a sort of a reconciliation prize, allowing him to take my virginity by proxy using my fourteen year old cousin, if that makes sense.

"Think he's gotten any yet?"

My mouth dropped a little. Like damn, how far was he going to take this? It wasn't like we were texting or conducting a private conversation after all. Yes, so maybe nobody was hearing us but I still felt a little uncomfortable under the circumstances.

"Probably not," he mused, answering himself, "I hear she's become Miss Innocent lately. Oh well, guess that's one that got away."

"Well, you've done pretty well I think," I teased him, knowing he must have been feeling pretty horny so why not? "Two out of four nieces isn't bad."

I was referring to myself and Kristen as being on the "I banged that" list versus Tammy and Kate on the "struck out" side of the ledger and he knew exactly what I meant.

"Can't blame a guy for wanting to bat 1000!" he said wryly, "Pisses me off to lose to your dad most of all."

Another rolling of the eyes in response to his "scorecard" remark.

"Speaking of which, you guys still doing the Sunday morning thing?"

"You mean church?" I replied teasingly.

"Yeah sure... let's call it that," he chuckled, "I guess there's a lot of 'my god' going on."

I elbowed him sharply.

"Damn girl, what did I say to deserve THAT?" he laughed, pretending to be upset at being misunderstood, "You know, I wouldn't mind making a contribution myself."

My eyes were going to get dizzy if they kept rolling like this!

"Seriously Kelly...," he added, allowing his voice to drift off.

Whoa, he WAS being serious. Up until now I figured it was just all hot air and flirting which was typical for him. Still, reality said there was no way. Like where could we do it even if I DID agree?

"Uncle Paul... get real."

Then he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I want to fuck you Kelly... now!"

It was all I could do to keep a straight face. Damn, right in the middle of the family room too. Then again, it WAS pretty hot and in the mood I was in at the moment... appealing as well.

"Then what's stopping you?"

From the brief look of surprise I got the idea that he had been bluffing and now he was caught. Well, served him right for thinking he could pull this sort of thing on me. Like not my first time around the block you know.

"Really?"

"Why not?" I shrugged, trying as best I could to act casual as if it was something I could just take or leave.

"Right here?" he said with a wink.

Oh sure, NOW he was getting ridiculous although I have to admit that for a brief moment the idea was really erotic. Just imagine if I were to sit on his lap right now, his erect dick sticking out of his pants and pressing up into my welcoming pussy with my skirt hiding what he was doing from everyone. Well, as improbable as it would be to get away with that when I was younger, now at 29 and married with child who was going to buy it? Still, so far as fantasies go it wasn't half bad!

"Your just trying to tease me Uncle Paul," I accused him.

He glanced around, apparently to assess the situation and then gathered himself up saying, "Well, I need to use the restroom..."

From the way he winked at me it was obvious he had more on his mind than his bladder. As he walked towards the hallway I knew the ball had been served into my court so the question was, would I let it go by or return the serve? I knew I only had moments to make a decision as this couldn't drag on too long. In fact, that was probably the one thing that made me hesitate - how much time before either people noticed us both missing or someone else needed to use the bathroom?

Well, nothing ventured nothing gained. It wasn't exactly what I'd been fantasizing about watching Tammy and Craig - I think I would have taken either of them before my Uncle Paul! Still, the odds of anything happening with those two were likely zero so why not take what was being offered? Uncle Paul was not a spring chicken anymore but I had some fond memories of our previous times together. Unlike his youngest brother, he was very sweet and always seemed to be more concerned about my pleasure than his. Small wonder my mom kept him to herself all those years!

I got up but instead of following him directly to the restroom, I headed back to the dining room and took the long route through the kitchen to the hallway leading to the upstairs master bedroom and guest bathroom. Nobody was in sight so I twisted the doorknob and quickly entered, closing it behind me as quickly as possible.

"Well, well, I was wondering if you'd come," Uncle Paul greeted me with a wide grin, "From the way you were eying those two I had a feeling you were a bit on the randy side today. Haven't gotten any today?"

I just smiled back and let him draw his own conclusion which didn't take long.

Uncle Paul slapped his head in that "I could have had a V8" way saying, "Oh that's right, it's Sunday. So how was daddy this morning? You know, I've never quite figured out how both of my brothers managed to do their daughters when I haven't so much as gotten a feel of my own."

That made me crack a smile. Indeed, both of his daughters WERE pretty hot. I recalled going to a bachelorette party for one of them when I was barely eighteen and yes indeed, they were both pretty wild back then. Marriage and kids though seemed to have settled them down a lot. Oh well, it should serve as a lesson to em what NOT to do now that I was in the same boat.

"You know this is the only restroom on this floor for people to use," I reminded him as he seemed more interested in chatting for some reason, "We don't exactly have all day."

Uncle Paul almost cracked up. "Wow, so my slutty niece IS horny. What's the matter, your cousin didn't satisfy you today?"

I gave him the evil eye which just made him smirk all the more. "Oh come on, you think people didn't notice? Of course it didn't help when Kate came around looking for her brother at the same time you'd pulled a disappearing act. Didn't have to be an accountant to add that one up."

Well, he was right about one thing - I WAS horny, surprisingly so actually. Despite his teasing, Rick HAD done a pretty good job earlier and up until a short while ago, about the last thing I'd figured was going to happen today was to have sex with my uncle. Now my hot little cousin... that was a different story. Funny how in the end things were working out exactly the opposite.

"Do you want it or not?" I huffed softly with my hands on my hips.

"Oh yeah... I want it baby," he all but growled, "But you're going to have to be a miracle worker."

No what was THAT about? Then he undid his belt and pants, unzipping them and dropping it to his ankles along with his white underwear. Whoa! He wasn't just joking. Indeed, judging from some past experience I WAS going to have to pull off some kind of miracle if I wanted him to fuck me.

"Damn new blood pressure medicine," he said apologetically, "Frickin' doctor warned me this might happen but I figured he was just covering his ass. Well... see what you can do I guess."

Crap. He was flaccid and by this time when I'm with a guy his cock is showing at least a LITTLE bit of life. Granted, most of the older men I'd ever been with didn't exactly grow at the rate of the young boys I sometimes enjoyed but still, there was SOME response by now. My uncle looked like he just came out of a cold shower!

Oh well, couldn't hurt to at least try I figured so I squatted down and took his soft dick in my hand, leaning forward on my heels to take his dick in my mouth. Now I've always said one of the more erotic moments for me is to be able to start with a soft dick and feel it harden in my mouth and eventually cum. Of course that assumed it reacted as God intended! Even when I started with a guy totally flaccid - such as when I would suck my husband in his sleep, it still would perk up pretty quickly. Well, after about a minute there was still barely even a twitch as my tongue and lips caressed his limp dick.

"Now this is embarrassing," he finally said and from the apologetic tone of his voice I was pretty certain he WAS. I imagine that for a man it IS pretty embarrassing to be unable to perform. I mean like so many guy's entire self-esteem seems to be built around their dicks. Hence all the talk and such about cock size and performance which seems to come primarily from men unless a woman is trying to get the attention of him.

As embarrassing as it was for him, I also felt a little discomfort. Like he couldn't get hard for a girl 30 years younger than him, his own niece at that? It was almost insulting. I mean like didn't I turn him on? I didn't give a dang about what medication he was on, there had to be SOME reaction to me, right?

"Strip for me Kelly," he suggested.

Given the circumstance that was about the LAST remedy I would've suggested. It's not like we were sequestered in some hotel room with the entire night ahead of us. I figure we had maybe ten or fifteen minutes max before someone would start wondering what was going on. Still, drastic circumstances sometimes require drastic measures so I dropped him from my mouth and stood up.

"Give me a hand," I asked him as I started to lift my dress over my head.

It didn't take much for me to be naked although I kept my heels on. A woman NEVER takes her heels off for sex, LOL. I once heard a Hollywood actress quoted saying something like when she arrives home alone, the FIRST thing she removes are her heels yet when she brings a man home then the LAST thing she takes off are her heels!

"Oh shit you look incredible," he said softly as his eyes ran up and down my now nude body, "Are you sure you didn't adopt?"

I just shook my head at that one and went back to work on his dick. Well, almost immediately I felt a tremble and sure enough, he started to react. Not like he grew all that much, but enough that I could feel him just a little bit larger inside of my mouth.

"Keep going... don't stop!" he urged me, putting his hands on the back of my head and pulling me into his hairy crotch.

After a few minutes though I was starting to get a pretty good idea of where this was going. Now while I LOVE being fucked by older married men but while there are certain advantages - being treated like a princess, the satisfaction of him cheating on his wife to have me, the thrill of roleplaying as his daughter, there's also the point that older men also come with some complications. Heck, even my husband who's only thirty has already "lost a step" when compared to his teenage years although I'd never even so much as hint I've noticed.

The one thing I had going for me now though was my experience. What I mean is that this wasn't my first rodeo in terms of dealing with a "problem" (heaven help that I ever mention the words "erectile dysfunction!) If anything, it was sort of a revelation the first time in that I guess I always assumed a man had to have a full-blown erection to achieve orgasm. Like isn't that what they teach you in sex-ed? I guess technically it's never stated as a requirement but the assumption is certainly implied.

It wasn't until I started having sex more often with older men that I learned a starting secret - men can have orgasms without being erect! Or at least not rock hard like I'd become accustomed to until then. It was amazing to suck on a guy and feel him soft in my mouth and then suddenly the precum would flow followed by a flood of sperm!

Granted, this might be good news for the guy but there WAS a rather glaring problem so far as I was concerned in that it could be next to impossible for him to fuck me without at least being semi-rigid. Indeed, there have been a few cases where it never got stiff enough to push its way into me and thus all I got was a mouthful of cum.

So it appeared to be the case on this day. While there WAS some reaction stirring in my uncle's dick, it was getting more obvious by the minute that so far as being fucked... not gonna happen. It was about as sharp a contrast as you could imagine when compared to what my much younger cousin had done to me a couple of hours earlier but then that's like I suppose.

"Touch yourself," Uncle Paul whispered in a voice husky with lust, "Let me see you play with your cunt."

Ugh, there was the "c" word - cunt. Do guys have any idea how degrading that sounds to a woman? While "vagina" sounds cold and clinical when compared to "pussy", "kitty" or other similar nicknames, it was a LOT better than it being referred to by such a skanky name. Nonetheless, I knew what he wanted and why. Since I first let a guy watch me in the front seat of his parents' car back in high school I've know the power I have over men who can't seem to get enough of watching me masturbate. Hey, if it helped my uncle get off, why not? It's not like I minded! That and who knows, maybe it might motivate him sufficiently to where he might get stiff enough to actually fuck me?

"Shit you look so hot when you play with yourself," he murmured as I continued to suck on his dick with every trick I had in my arsenal.

Alas, with each passing minute I became more resigned to the understanding that it just wasn't going to happen. On the other hand, it DID feel pretty damn good to finger myself while I sucked on him! As occupied as I was with his dick I wasn't about to cum myself but from the resulting wetness there wouldn't have been any doubt if someone was watching that I was feeling pretty darn good!

"Oh my god!" he groaned. Precum began to ooze from the tip of his dick onto my tongue. Unlike when a guy came and it would spurt into my mouth, this was more like a continuous oozing of fluid over my tongue and taste buds.

He was close and none too soon as I figured there had to be somebody needing to use the bathroom sooner or later after dinner. It would be sort of difficult to explain why the two of us had been in there together, especially if the person had any idea for how long.

The distinct taste of precum in my mouth signaled his arousal was about to reach the critical stage. Then without further warning my uncle's hips pressed into me as he began to cum. The first load shot out and hit the back of my mouth, followed quickly by another. Early in my sexual "career" this would have caused me to choke or gag resulting in total embarrassment. Those days were long behind me though as I am much more experienced, to say the least, and was ready to handle it.

"Ohhhhhh," he groaned as he held me head in against his crotch as he finished ejaculating. It really wasn't necessary as I had no intention of letting him escape until he was done. The last thing I needed as an errant cum shot staining my dress or landing somewhere on me that I didn't know about only to be in full view of everyone later. One last shudder and he stopped, leaving me to let his dick slip past my lips and flop down.

"Damn you're good," he whispered with a smirk. My own smile in return was if to say. Yeah, like I didn't know!"

He quickly dressed as I stood up and straightened myself out. I washed my hands as I checked myself out in the mirror just to make sure I hadn't missed anything. Looking back at him, I couldn't help but think that there was at least one thing good about his condition - he didn't have to wait for his cock to shrivel before leaving the room.

We both stood there in an awkward silence as neither of us seemed to have anything to say. Finally he just shrugged and said, "Well, I guess I should say thanks. I feel really bad though that I couldn't do more."

Yeah, it WOULD have been nice to have had him fuck me after all the work I'd gone through. Still, it wasn't like it had been a total waste of effort. I'd had one guy ages ago that not only couldn't get it up but he never came either. The difference being was that for him it was all about a major guilt trip in that he couldn't deal with cheating on his wife. Oh sure, adultery was a great jerk-off fantasy for him but when it came to real life and having sex with a real woman he couldn't get past his guilty conscience.

I smiled and leaned up on my heels to kiss him but he shied away.

"Sorry," he apologized," Not 'till you use some mouthwash."

Why is it that every man in my family is a homophobe? I don't mean just when it came to sex with other men but anything related to the male sex act. Just because my mouth probably had a bit of an aftertaste following the blowjob, he was freaked out totally! Oh and it was HIS cum! So you can just imagine what his reaction might have been had it been after I'd been with another man.

Just then there was a knock on the door. Damn! Had we just been a minute or two faster this sort of situation might have been avoided. My heart raced as I wondered who was on the other side of the door.

"Just a minute," I called out.

"It's ok, no real hurry," said the voice from the hallway. Oh great, it was my cousin Tammy! Well, at least it wasn't her sister.

Decision time... oh well, it wasn't like she didn't know about some of the things I'd done although I was pretty sure she didn't know our Uncle Paul was on my resume. Heck, even if she didn't her own father had fucked me numerous times so why would it be a big deal. For that matter, I wondered if SHE had been fucked by our uncle in the past. If her dad had used her to get my dad to agree that he could fuck me, then who knows what he might have used Tammy for when it came to something in return from his brother-in-law. The only thing I was pretty sure of was that it didn't involve his daughters although I could be wrong there (but I REALLLY doubted it). Still, the very idea was pretty hot!

Uncle Paul was zipped up and ready to go so I took a deep breath and slowly crack open the door. I was OK with Tammy seeing the two of us together I the restroom but I had to be sure nobody else did, at least nobody that would matter.

The coast was clear so I opened it wide enough see my cute cousin standing there impatiently. She was about to say something, probably some smart remark about me taking forever, when I saw her eyes widen after seeing who was standing behind me.

Oh.... my... god," she whispered. I couldn't help but cringe as if you ask me, that's become the most worn out and cliche phrase in the English language today. It seemed I was always correcting my students whenever the situation arose.

"You saw noth-ing," I said with a grin in my best Sergeant Shultz impression.

"You slut!" she said hoarsely, trying to keep her voice down, "Uncle Paul?"

Few words but her expression and tone of voice spoke volumes. It was like she wasn't shocked that I might be having sex in the bathroom (the slut reference came out more as a compliment) but rather that she couldn't believe I'd done it with our oldest uncle.

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," I taunted her as I moved past her and into the hallway.

That's when I saw it - the conspiratorial glance and eye contact between the two of them. Damn, he HAD fucked her, I just knew it. Well, this was definitely going to be a topic of discussion someday in the future but for now it was more important to clear the hallway before an unexpected visitor arrived.

I turned and went into the kitchen while my uncle made his way back to the living room so we wouldn't both return at the same time from the same direction. This might not fool everyone but for those without any knowledge of our true relationship it should be enough to keep inquiring minds from knowing.

My husband was in the kitchen, snacking on leftovers as usual.

"THERE you are," he greeted me, smacking me playfully on my bottom.

"Steve!" I hissed, moving my eyes towards the others across the room. Well, even if they HAD seen him it wasn't anything to talk about. After all, he WAS my husband.

"Where the hell have you been?" he asked, "Been looking all over for you."

"In the bathroom."

Steve rolled his eyes saying, "What happened, fall in?"

I glanced around briefly and seeing the coast was clear I grinned naughtily and opened my mouth to show him my tongue. My uncle's cum was long gone by now but Steve took the hint quickly enough.

"You're shitting me," he said softly with a grin. I knew he'd be turned on. The only complaint Steve would ever have about me sucking another man's cock was that he didn't get to watch. "Who?"

I just grinned but didn't answer him. Let him stew over it a bit. It was getting close to the time for us to leave and I knew the more he thought it over, the hornier he would be and the better sex we'd have when we got home.

As things turned out, I was right on the money!

# (May 19) A Father-Daughter Time Together[12]

My husband was spending the day with his mother so I figured why not do the same with my dad? It's been a long time since the two of us spent a some quality time together and it wasn't long before I realized how I'd been derelict in my duties. Well, I'm pretty sure I'm back to being a good and proper daughter in my father's eyes.

## 1. Duties and Responsibilities

It's an unsettling sign of the times that the divorce rate among so-called Christian couples is greater than fifty percent and growing every year. Like, should this be telling us about our decaying moral values? I mean, to think that less than half of all Christian couples stay true to the sacred vows they took before their families and God really bothers me. Not only is it an affront to God, but what sort of message is being sent to the non-Christian communities? Little wonder that Christians are being treated the way we are these days. I guess you could even say that we deserve it based on the hypocrisy that seems so rife within the ranks.

It's not just the religious implications but also the impact that divorce has on families as well that concerns me. Indeed, as an 8th grade teacher in a large public school I witness every day the results of this alarming epidemic when I count the growing number of children in my classes who hail from single-parent families. Another disturbing point is that I'm fortunate enough to be employed by an upper-income community where the "problems" of the inner city are supposedly minimalized. If that's the case then I can only imagine the situation in some of the inner city districts. While exceptions always exist to every rule, anyone who's had any exposure at all to kids these days will tell you that having two parents is generally better than one.

So what's led to this decline in family values? Well, everyone has their opinion in the matter and I suppose it wouldn't surprise anyone when I say that I do as well. No doubt I could probably write an entire thesis and barely scratch the surface so instead I'll just focus on what I consider to be one of the most critical foundation of a successful marriage - the establishment, understanding and practice of clearly defined roles and responsibilities.

---

[12] This is not an official chapter.

Although nothing can guarantee a marriage's longevity, I firmly maintain that without this crucial element a marriage is almost certainly doomed to fail sooner than later. Even if it doesn't result in divorce, failing to establish roles and responsibilities may create a situation where it might be better that the marriage DID fail. Based on what I've seen where a warring couple doesn't separate and instead allow their marriage to disintegrate to the detriment of their children's health and well-being.

For me to simply state that roles and responsibilities are critical is easy. Putting it into practice - now that's where the problems lurk. It would be impossible to spell out everything that each member of a family should and should not do in detail. Making things all the more complicated, no two families are exactly the same so it only makes sense that no two families would necessarily have the same assignments. Thus I would maintain that what's REALLY important is that each couple have general roles established and that these are well understood. If the basic concepts are agreed upon thereby forming a firm foundation, the rest can be built on top of them using less restrictive definitions.

Like most things in life, there's always the risk of going too far. This is especially true when dealing with what are really trivial issues. For example, decisions regarding who takes out the garbage, who does the dishes, and so forth will almost certainly change over time. Like really, so long as it doesn't lead to unnecessary bickering and fighting, who really cares? Indeed, as I've already stated I believe that there's a real danger of going TOO far when it comes to the establishment of responsibilities to where people feel like they're boxed in.

OK... so when it's all said and done, by now I imagine any reading this is asking just what does all nonsense this have to do with anyone who might be considering incest? Well, roles and responsibilities are critical for a successful marriage and a successful marriage is a non-negotiable prerequisite to the proper practice of incest. I mean like technically anyone can just jump into incest but there's some pretty darn good reasons as to why it's illegal in most societies and generally considered taboo even when it's not. "Proper" incest is not what you see on the TV news or porn sites. In fact, if it's indeed "proper" that means you'll never hear about it in most cases. The crap we see on the television news and the Internet is all about pornography and exploitation, not love and respect. It's about perversion and selfishness, not true biblical submission and giving. If you think about it, it only makes sense that incest is the natural RESULT of a proper marriage, not the driver.

Thus each partner in a successful marriage must have successfully dealt with the issue of their family roles BEFORE taking any steps toward actually engaging in incest. Even if they both have, the strain that incest can place on these roles can lead to quite severe and complex issues even in cases where a solid foundation is in place so just imagine the potential for disaster when these are missing!

When it comes to determining our roles in life, whether it be in marriage or at work or even amongst friends, it always helps to have a mentor. As a daughter and a wife I've always tried to emulate my mother. After all, what better role model can a girl possibly ask for than her own mom? Thanks in no small part to my mom's firm convictions and broad understandings, my parents' marriage lasted more than 25 years before their unfortunate divorce. Even though in society's eye their marriage technically "failed", the reason for their separation had nothing to do with their love for one another (indeed, they remain best friends even today). Instead, it was the sexual addictions that my father was unable to contain after a lifetime of battling the siren's lure of child pornography. It's really no different than how an addiction to drugs or alcohol will typically lead to a divorce.

Over the years my father's weakness grew until eventually my mother was forced into a situation where she had to make one of life's cruelest decisions - to either totally compromise her most sacred ethical and moral beliefs or leave her husband of over a quarter century. Though I feel sad for the result, I'm incredibly proud of my mom for having such strong moral convictions such that she was able to make such a terrible choice. To this day I am absolutely certain that she made the correct decision. Hopefully I'll never have to face such a situation myself but if I should, at least I have her example to follow.

To summarize what I learned from my mother, and what I hope someday to pass on to my own daughter, is that in a Christian marriage the man is the head of the household. It is then the duty and responsibility of the woman to submit to the biblical authority of the man. (Please, let's not go off on a tangent regarding gay and lesbian couples, the same principles still apply). Neither my mother or I had a brother so in our cases this applied only to our fathers but I know that someday if I have a son that he will assume his rightful place in our family authority structure

watched them together but she DID keep everyone happy without them having to hide anything or feel guilty about it.

All this leads me to the other person to whom most every girl will eventually submit - her husband. Just as with her father this has nothing to do with bondage, slavery or anything weird or perverted. It can be as simple as acknowledging his place as the head of their home and affording him the proper respect and actions he deserves. It could also mean providing sexual relief at a time when she's really not in the mood but knowing and acknowledging that his needs come first.

One point that's VERY important - submission is a two-way street. Yes, the woman is tasked with yielding herself to the men in her marital family (by which I mean father, son, grandfather, uncle, cousin) but at the same time a HUGE burden and responsibility is placed on them as well. This point is conveniently forgotten by those who would use the Bible as an excuse for their debauchery. The Bible not only tells a woman to submit to her husband, it ALSO instructs the husband to love his wife as Christ loves the Church. Like wow, can anyone even really comprehend what that means? Thus to abuse his wife or daughter by forcing anything on them against their will or beliefs would be a total violation of this incredible responsibility placed on him. Just because he has the AUTHORITY over his wife and daughter doesn't mean it's he has the RIGHT to use it.

That is where the line gets drawn between submission and abuse. For example, my father LOVES anal sex but he also knows that I hate it. Yes, if he ever insisted I would allow him to fuck my ass without hesitation but at the same time I never worry about it because I know he respects me enough never to force me to make that choice in the first place. You see... submission is a two-way street...

So how did this submission thing work out for me as I grew up? Let's be real - I wasn't a perfect daughter and by no means was I some sort of angel. There were times when I didn't always obey my dad. Many times I'm sure I did things that frustrated him or even upset him. That's only natural in the growth and maturity of any human being - to rebel against authority and to question everything, especially the typical teenager. Still, it's one thing to leave your bed unmade or to come home after curfew from a date but quite another to say "no" to your dad when he comes to you all horny and needing your help. Indeed, I'm extremely proud to be able to say today that I have NEVER refused to satisfy my father's sexual needs. Now if only I could say the same about my curfew... LOL

So I guess you could say that more or less describes my relationship with my dad today. There is much less spontaneous sex and more reliance on traditions to maintain. For example, when I was in high school he would come to my room every morning for a BJ or a quick fuck, sometimes just jerking off if I was sound asleep. Often I'd awaken with cum all over me or to the feel of his fatherly hard dick pushing against my lips (mouth and pussy versions!). These days though the spontaneity has become much less and instead we meet regularly every Sunday just before church for a quickie. It doesn't really matter in that while our "traditions" may have changed it's the principle that really matters.

Now with my husband Steve it's a whole different ballgame. While Steve makes love to me at times, there are plenty of others when he just "fucks" me like he would any other woman. Another key difference between my father and husband is that Steve loves to watch other men fuck me whereas my dad is happy to have me all to himself. Yes there have been times when he's watched but in almost every case the guy doing me has no idea that he fucks me later whereas with Steve the other guy knows - Steve IS my husband after all!

I can't say that I ever seek out my dad just to satisfy my own arousal needs as Steve is the first place I look when I need to get laid. Like WOW, nobody satisfies ME the way my husband can - not even my dad. With my dad sex is a responsibility to the point of even being a burden at times (not often but yes, there have been those rare times). While as a wife I have similar responsibilities when it comes to pleasing my husband, I never feel that way when we're doing it.

Another area where my roles and responsibilities vary between my dad and husband is one more relevant to what happened this day - public sex. Of course both men like it - they ARE men after all and what man doesn't want to take a woman in a public place? The real difference is HOW they want to do it.

My dad has always been all about me and him in public areas doing something without other people catching is or even having a clue as to what we're doing. Dressing rooms, behind clothes racks, parking lots, restaurant booths, you name it. The more we can observe other people as he fucks me, the better for him but never to where we are seen. I personally think this goes back to when he was fucking me as a teen and the legal ramifications would've been quite significant, to say the least. Although he wouldn't go to jail today, old habits can be really engrained.

On the other hand, Steve is all about watching me getting fucked or whatever else he can dream up for me in public. Whether it be dancing half naked on a stage for a wet T-shirt contest, sucking and fucking other men (and women) at a party, teasing the guys at a bar, or just wearing a ridiculously skimpy bikini at the beach, he's never happier than when he sees other people (men AND women) watching me and visibly lusting for me.  Oh sure he enjoys his road head as much as the next guy but he never gets off from it as much as when a trucker is alongside watching and honking his horn.

Steve shared with me the week after Mother's Day that he was feeling guilty about not paying enough attention to his mother since moving out to live with me after our wedding.  Considering that the two of them had lived under the same roof for twenty eight years all the while dealing with her divorce, his brief marriage and subsequent dissolution, the cross-country moves, and all the other challenges faced during those years, it did have to be a bit traumatic for her to suddenly become an empty-nester.  So I offered a suggestion that he took up immediately - to spend a day with his mother.  Just the two of them without me being the wet blanket.  It's not like anything serious was going to happen - I was quite confident of THAT!  Still, a son and his mother SHOULD spend some quality time together every now and then.

The next weekend was one of Steve's "split weekends" where he was off duty all day Saturday and then had to work the full day on Sunday.  Like the other weird shifts he often works, the goal was to maximize time off while still providing full paramedic care to the community on a 27/4 basis.  I hated it most of the time but in this case it worked in our favor as normally he wouldn't be getting anything off this weekend.  So although I would have loved to spend the day with him, I was happy that he had the chance to spend some private time with his mom for once.

Rather than spend the entire day alone, I called up my dad only to have my Aunt Linda answer the phone.  Oh well, I explained the situation to her and asked if my dad was going to be home this coming Saturday.  She paused as she checked out their calendar on her iPhone and then came back with the all-clear although I learned later she DID have plans for the two of them but kindly deferred to me instead which I thought had been quite sweet of her.  Little wonder she's my favorite aunt!

The rest of the week went by like a blur.  Gosh, I couldn't hardly even remember the last time I'd spent an entire day with my dad.  I wondered if he would want me to stay the night as well.  Indeed, I hadn't slept an entire night with my dad since I'd been married!  Well... it's not like I'd be getting much sleep if I did but you get the idea.

to come to grips with it and even now I still find myself shaking my head in disbelief at times.  Perhaps the easiest way to explain their weird relationship would be to imagine two middle-school kids making out on the living room couch at a party. Yep, lots of groping and kissing but nothing actually happening.

The first time Steve's mom watched him fucking me after we got married I was hoping for a repeat of what had happened over a dozen years before... and then maybe more.  Well, nothing could be further from what happened in that ALL she did was watch.  Heck, my own mother at least usually at least masturbated when she watched my dad fucking me but Steve's mom wouldn't even do THAT!

Watching Steve and his mom kissing and fondling each other, I've always marveled at the self-control each of them exercise.  I know both of them are very sexual in nature but yet somehow their wandering hands never go under the other's clothes, at least not down to the skin.  Like maybe under her blouse but only if she had a bra underneath.  True, there's not much difference in fondling a boob or rubbing a pussy through a thin piece of sheer lingerie as compared to directly I contact with bare skin but apparently to them it DID make a difference.  There may not be much of a line for them but what little bit there is, they never cross it.

Deep down I keep hoping that one of these days they'll choose to stop with the facade and have sex like a normal mother and son.  Did I think it would happen this weekend?  No.  Still, that didn't mean I couldn't have a nice day with my own dad and trust me, I was planning on LOTS of incestual sex!

## 4. Getting Ready for My Dad

Given it was a Sunday, showing up at my dad's place in the morning before church wasn't going to be any sort of surprise.  Actually it would've only been worthy of note if I DIDN'T show up.  If there's one thing my father has tried to instill in me over the years it's the importance of family traditions.  Visiting my dad just before church and allowing him to fuck me and deposit his cum in me literally just minutes before the service was a tradition we'd established over the past few years and neither of us wanted to break from it unless absolutely unavoidable.  Of course it didn't hurt that I absolutely love the naughty feeling I get when sitting in church just minutes after we've had sex, sometimes even leaking a little bit as we sit in the pews looking so prim and proper.  Just imagine if the people around us had a clue as to the truth!

At the start of this day things were no different than any other Sunday morning with me standing in front of my closet debating with myself over which outfit to wear. Dang, like how many years of my life have been wasted in this very situation? Probably no more than any other woman I suppose.

Looking in my closet, it was like I had two wardrobes - one for work and one for everywhere else. Although I keep them separated I doubt anyone would have any problems distinguishing between them. My work clothes are what I guess you could call "necessary evils". Teachers in public schools are under more scrutiny than ever these days when it comes to teacher-student relationships and heaven help any teacher that doesn't conform to the strict rules imposed by the school board. Basically the dress code for teacher forbade anything that could possibly be construed as "sexy" or "suggestive". Needless to say underwear, both bras and panties, was a non-negotiable requirement. Even though they should never be visible, just in case even these had to be conservative which meant no thongs, lacy decollate bras or the like. Nothing strapless for sure and sleeveless tops and dresses were generally frowned upon and worn only at your own risk. Dresses were preferred for women over skirts and in either case, the hem had to be below the knee. No plunging necklines and absolutely no cleavage was allowed to be on display - especially when leaning over. I could go on in more detail but I think everyone should be getting the picture by now.

On a more positive note, the one good thing, if you could call it that, was that the public school is a lot less strict than the private Christian school I'd worked at prior. Dang, back then it was like we the cast for Little House on the Prairie! At least now I can show a LITTLE leg, LOL.

Well, so much for the boring side of my closet. One point of interest now that I think about it... I've bought everything on that side. In comparison, the rest of my closet is filled with various outfits of which over half have been bought by someone else. When I was younger that would have been my dad and while he still enjoys giving me the occasional new outfit to model for him, these days my husband is the one bringing home the sexy outfits. As he does most of his shopping on-line in reality it's really the FedEx and UPS man doing the actually delivery but the principle's the same.

Today I would be going to church after seeing my dad which meant I wanted to choose something that would catch people's eye but at the same time, nothing TOO inappropriate as it WAS church after all. Since I first entered puberty I've always love seeing the guys stare at me, even more so the older married men chained to their boring wife and kids.  While I love seeing the desire in their eyes, in some ways I almost get more of a thrill from the evil eye looks I get from their wives.  Their looks of disdain, sometimes even to the point of disgust, tell me everything I want to know when it came to the impact I'm having on their husbands!

It was a nice day in May so typically on such a day I might choose a light sundress or something similar - something just inappropriate enough to get the men looking and the women clucking but not TOO inappropriate to where I would get yet another talking to by the church leadership.  It has been years actually since my last little "discussion" with the church elders.  After the last incident we seem to have reached a truce when it comes to my church attire and I really didn't want to reopen the topic.

Today though I wanted something special for my dad so I figured it was time to perhaps push the line just a little.  Hopefully not go flying over the line as I was prone to do when I was younger but still enough to give my dad a special day to remember.  Pushing aside one outfit after another, suddenly I saw the perfect one...

It was a strapless dress, sort of a "peasant girl" style that my dad had bought for me many years before.  These days it barely contained my boobs and definitely emphasized what I had without actually exposing anything TOO overtly.  One of the things I'd always liked about it was how easy it was to just pull it down and over my boobs when I wanted to tease a guy.  The dress was more of a wrap than a skirt such that it came together at my right hip and overlapped just enough that when I was standing it didn't even look like there was a separation in the cloth.  But then when I would sit or twist it would part of show off my upper thigh almost all the way up to my hip in some situations, depending on how I moved myself.  I loved it because it had that element of surprise in that when a guy first saw it the assumption was it was relatively conservative but then with one crossing of my legs I could practically expose my entire leg!

Underneath I chose a simple black thong with a high hip cut so it wouldn't be seen no matter how I allowed my dress to part.  Of course there was no bra suitable for such an outfit so there wasn't any issue for me in choosing one.  Not that I ever wore one away from work for that matter anyways.  I was about to put on a new pair of peach colored high heels when I hesitated...  Hmmmmmm, hose or not?

Now I love the topic of panty hose when I chat as it's probably the one thing that most fakers aren't ready for.  Most guys know the basics of women sizes when it comes to pants and tops but when asked for a pantyhose size they're stumped. When I ask someone who I suspect to be a man pretending to be a woman what "her" pantyhose size is (usually after I've led up to the question by talking about lingerie and such) I get one of three responses:

1. "I don't wear any."  Yeah right.  This is such a BS answer as EVERY woman knows her sizes regardless of whether or not she wears that particular item.  This serves as an instant exposure as a fake.
2. A wrong size.  Typically I get a pant size as a response.  Another instant exposure of a faker.
3. A right size but only after a long delay.  This tells me they were smart enough to know they didn't know the answer so they looked it up on-line before getting back to me.  Yep, another faker.

Like most women, I don't LIKE pantyhose per se.  If I knew nobody would see me then I'd never wear them.  I mean no woman wears them around the house when they're all alone!  That said, I DO like how they make my legs look, particularly until I get my summer tan going strong.  Pasty white legs just don't go with an expensive new dress.  Also, when it's cold outside they do offer at least a LITTLE bit of warmth, especially when wearing a short skirt.

Church and school are usually the only places I wear pantyhose with church being the more rare case.  Still, today I wanted to look my best so with a shrug I dug out a pair of nude pantyhose and pulled it on before dropping my dress over my head.  Checking myself out in the mirror, my legs DID look a lot better.  It would unlikely draw a sigh from my dad when I arrived at his house in just a few minutes but at the same time I think some guys are turned on more when they have to undress me before having sex.  Granted, my dad wasn't one of these guys - he'd simply have me nude around him 24/7 if given the choice, yet somehow I doubted he would complain TOO much!

Looking through my jewelry box, I picked out the beautiful gold ankle chain he'd bought me as well as a gold and diamond cross which was another gift from my dad.  One thing I learned early... if you want more jewelry, be sure to wear what he's already given you.

Hmmmmmm, shoes?  I must have a couple dozen pairs of heels of one sort or another but then can a girl EVER have too many?  With the outfit I was wearing and the venue where I'd be wearing it the "appropriate" choice would be something open toed with a moderate heel, maybe just an inch or two at most. But then when had I ever conformed to wearing anything "appropriate", at least when I had a choice? Rummaging through them, I pulled out a pretty black pair of pumps I hadn't worn in quite a while. There wasn't much to them which of course made them one of my more expensive pair. Funny how most women's clothing works that way - the less there is the more it costs! The four inch spike heels didn't qualify as my highest pair but they were at least walkable in that I didn't stumble over each minor imperfection on the floor. At the same time they definitely sent out the message "slut" that I was looking for.

Grabbing a clutch that matched my outfit, I checked in on my sleep-head husband. As usual for a Sunday morning, he was sound asleep and no doubt would be until noon. I smiled as I gazed lovingly at his nude body stretched out on the bed before me. Never one to keep the covers on, he was laying more or less on his side which gave me a great view of my favorite part of his anatomy. Granted, it wasn't much to look at for the moment but memories of how it had felt in me the night before made my pussy tingle. As tempting as it was to lean over and give him a little kiss on the tip, I knew better. Once that train left the station it was all but impossible to stop until it had made it to the next stop!

Car keys in hand, I headed out to the parking lot where the summer sun was already heating up the interior. Turning out of the lot, I bit my lip in anticipation. No matter how many times my dad and I may have sex, I don't think there will ever come a time when it's "just another time". There's something special about giving yourself to you own father that makes it different from anything else in the world and each time it was like we were doing it again for the first time. Well, maybe not THAT special but you know what I mean!

Arriving finally, I parked on the street in front of my dad's house as I knew he'd want to take his SUV to church and the driveway was only a single car wide. Stepping out onto the brick street, I stood there for a moment looking at my old home. Wow, the memories that came flooding back! While I may not live there anymore, I don't think I'll ever think of it as anything but "home". Taking a deep breath, I walked deliberately up the sidewalk to the front porch and rang the doorbell...

# 5. Tradition Satisfied

"Good grief Kelly, since when do you ring the doorbell?" my aunt chastised me playfully as she opened the door almost before my finger was off the ringer.  Then she looked at me closer and raised her eyebrows.  "Damn girl, looking hot today!"

I just smiled sweetly as I stepped into the house and then turned to her and kissed her.  Of course in my family, a kiss is never just a peck on the cheek so as our lips pressed tightly together her tongue reached out for mine and we made out for a few minutes before separating.

"I suppose you're anxious to get to your father," she said with a matter of fact tone such that it wasn't a question so much as a statement.

"Well, he's upstairs and I KNOW for a fact that he's anxious!"

She just grinned after dropping that little nugget and even if I HAD wanted to ask her for an explanation I figured it was best not to rise for the bait as I was sure she was hoping I would.

"So you coming with us this morning?" I asked her.  Sometimes my Aunt Linda would attend church with us, sometimes not.  Lately it seemed the "not" was winning out though.  Before long she'd be as bad as my husband when it came to attending church.  I knew someday I'd have to address this with Steve before our kids got older but for now it just wasn't worth the debate.

"Nawwwwww, really not in the mood to get dressed this morning."

By getting dressed she meant putting on ANY clothes as at the moment she was nude, as usual.  Aunt Linda was the designated family nudist of sorts in that she was always running around the house naked.  For one reason or another she was the only one in our family to have that penchant and I sometimes wondered where she'd picked it up.  Her sister, AKA my mother, was a definite bra and panties girl which were usually further covered by a shirt, robe, or something similar.  Her daughter, my slutty cousin Kristen, was the topless one in the family, always running around in a tiny thong or whatever suited her fancy but usually without anything on top.  Now if anyone was going to take after her mother I would've thought it would be Kristen given her previous successful career as a prostitute but then she would always remind me that typically she wasn't nude even back then.  As for me, my dad likes to call me his bare-ass girl.  It's a little weird how each of us has come to have our own "style" when it comes to what we wear around the house in private but then it seems to work.  Not like my dad has ever complained.

Aunt Linda wiggled her bare butt at me almost defiantly as she disappeared towards the kitchen in back.  I had to say, for a women approaching her late forties her ass was looking pretty darn good!  As for me, the stairs leading to the second floor were right next to the entrance so up I headed up without wasting any more time.  There was less than an hour to go before church started and while that was actually a pretty good margin compared to most days, I didn't want to have to feel rushed today.

Pausing at the landing about two-thirds of the way up, I found myself debating as to whether wearing panty hose had really been such a good idea.  Regardless I still had the thong on so it wasn't like I needed them for any public decency concerns - as if THAT ever deterred me. Unfortunately at this point it would be a pain to have to undo my heels to get them off so instead I just went up the remaining four steps until I was standing outside his bedroom door.  Peering inside, I was momentarily disappointed to find it empty.  Now where the heck was he?

"Hey baby girl!"

I almost peed my panties!  He must have been just inside the bathroom behind me and startled the crap out of me.

"Daddy!" I huffed in exasperation, "You trying to give me a heart attack?"

"Sorry, couldn't resist," he chuckled, "You must have jumped a foot!"

My dad had such a grin on his face that I couldn't be mad at him.  Besides, when could I ever be made at my dad when his dick was as hard as it was right now and I knew it was that way because of me, his daughter.  He must've just stepped out of the shower as his hair was still wet and from the fog in the bathroom I could see the vent fan was working as poorly as ever.

Reaching down instinctively, I took his erection in my hand and just held on to it as he pulled me up into him with one arm around my neck and the other hand planted firmly on my ass.  We kissed like teenage lovers as he pulled up my dress to find my pantyhose-covered butt.

"Pantyhose?"

A single word but the tone of his voice spoke volumes.  It wasn't just a question but more like he couldn't believe what he was saying.  Immediately I regretted my decisions - first in picking them out to begin with and second, for not taking advantage of my opportunity to remove them on the landing just moments earlier.

"Damn, that's sexy. You haven't worn these in ages."

Surprise! Well, maybe I wasn't going to regret my decision after all.

"God I'm so fucking horny!" he whispered to me as our lips barely parted, "It was all I could do in the shower to keep from cumming just thinking about you and that sexy ass."

"I love you daddy," I responded, thinking to myself I was glad he had managed such self-control. No matter how horny he might be, he was almost fifty now and mind over matter only went so far these days.

With that he reached under me and lifted my off my feet and carried me to his bed, carefully lowering me down after which he immediately lifted my dress and surveyed the challenge before him.

"You know, you look incredible but these still just have to go!"

With that he grabbed the top of my hose and began to work it down over my butt and thighs. I lifted my ass up to make it easier for him which was also being a little selfish on my part. As hard as his dick was I had no doubt it was all he could do not to just tear them open and ruin yet another expensive pair of pantyhose of mine so I didn't want to frustrate him sexually any more than he was already. Soon he had them rolled down to my ankles. I figured he would work on my heels next but patience wasn't one of my dad's strong suits when he was uber horny.

"Daddy!" I squealed playfully as he pulled my thong to the side, all but ripping it in the process.

"Oh shut up, you love it!" he grunted as he twisted me so I was laying with my legs over the edge. He lifted my feet up and over his shoulders as he descended to my crotch and started to lick me.

"Oh Daddy!" I sighed with delight as his tongue worked on me. I could feel his nose pressing against my clit as he pushed one finger inside of me. I was already pretty wet and all he did was make me go from being wet to soaking wet.

His finger was joined by a second as his lips encircled by swelling clit and then his tongue teased the tip of it. Oh damn it felt good!

My father wasn't the only the one who was horny and it didn't take a lot of effort on his part before I had my first orgasm. It was one of the "holy crap" ones that just hits you and quickly overwhelms you before you even realize what's happening. It was like one minute I was loving the feel of his fingers in me and his face pressed against my wet crotch and the next the fireworks went off all at once, like I went straight to the finale.

"OH MY GOD!" I cried out as he relentlessly continued his assault on my pussy, elevating my orgasm even higher. Just as I thought I couldn't go any higher, suddenly he stood up, push me back onto my back even more and without hardly missing a step he was in me.

It happened so quickly I barely even realized what he was doing. As wet as I was his hard incestuous cock easily slid into me and next thing I knew my pussy was clamping around him like a vise as my initial orgasm was followed by another of even more magnitude.

With my pantyhose holding my ankles like they were tied together I straddled my dad's neck with my legs. He already had his strong hands under my all but bare butt, lifting me up into him as he drove his incestuous erection into his daughter's willing pussy over and over again with increasing lust.

Somehow I managed to open my eyes and look up at my father as he fucked me. The look on his face reminded me yet again of why this was one of the most precious times we could spend together. It was at moments like this, those special times when he was inside of me and all his most base instincts and desires were set free, when I became more than just his daughter to him and he saw me as the ultimate prize that made me feel more special and loved by him than at any other time.

Also, in some ways it was almost scary. I don't mean that in a bad way but at the same time it goes to show much I trust him and love my father. When a man gets so deep into his most animal-like lust, as my dad was at this moment, I know that all he cares about is fucking me and mating me. It's like being at the bottom of a mountain and seeing an avalanche heading your way. It's going to happen and there's nothing that can stop it. Not that I would even dream of wanting him to stop, it's just the point.

"Fuck me daddy," I begged him, "Give it to me... cum in me, please daddy!"

One thing I LOVE about when my dad fucks me - 99% of the time he cums in my pussy. None of this squirting on my face or boobs like I was some whore in a porn flick. When my father comes he gives me his sperm where a man should when he wants to demonstrate his love and respect for me - in my pussy. To feel this incredibly satisfied and then have a man pull out of me just as he is about to climax has to be one of the most selfish things a man can do. From a girl's perspective it makes it all about him without any consideration for her. Since the very first time my dad fucked me and came deep inside of me, it's almost like an unwritten pact between us that he never pulls out. Well, almost never but then he's a man and sometimes men do things without thinking when they get horny!

My dad hadn't been fucking me for more than a few minutes before he couldn't hold back any more. Damn, he really WAS horny! I was on the verge of cumming again when suddenly I felt his cock slam deep inside of me and then he held himself there, a sure sign of what was to come... or should I say cum?

"God I love you Kelly!" he groaned as he ejaculated as deep into my pussy as he could.

As he came I tried to imagine the streams of cum emerging from the tip of his cock, propelled even further up inside of me. With my eyes tightly closed, I could only think of how much my father must love me to give me the most intimate gift a man can possibly give a woman.

Exhausted, he dropped down on top of me, barely keeping his full weight off of me as he caught himself on his elbows with his dick still pushed into me as far as he could. I could feel the base of his thick shaft pressing up against my crotch, pressing against me and pushing me up onto the bed more. It was like now that he had mated me he didn't want it to leave me and if anything, I wanted him to stay in me even more.

"Oh daddy, you're cock feels so good in me."

"Yes baby girl... I could just be like this with you forever."

As rapidly as he was dwindling that wasn't going to happen but I took in as much as I could before he finally slipped out of me, followed by a small flood of sperm and cum that I could feel dribble down over my ass on top the bed covers. Oh well, not like it was the first time it had been soaked in cum and surely not the last!

"Hey, do I need to remind you two what time it is?"

I lifted my head as best I could to see my aunt standing nude in the doorway. I suppose it's redundant to say she was standing there nude as she always stands there nude, LOL.

"Now THAT was quite the show I have to admit," she grinned.

"Couldn't resist, could you Linda?" my dad retorted seeming a little ticked off. It's not like he didn't like anyone watching him fuck me - my mom use to all the time when I loved at home. It was not knowing she was watching that I think sort of pissed him off.

"Hey, not like either of you would've cared."

She was right but then my dad wasn't about to agree with her. Rather than argue though, he reached for his clothes so he could get dressed. I looked at the clock on the dresser and damn, we only had about fifteen minutes to get to the church! Looked like we were going to be "fashionable late" yet again.

My aunt entered and wrinkled her nose. "You really need another shower John. You don't want to go to church smelling like sex, do you?"

My dad started to say something and for a moment I thought he was going to follow her suggestion.

"Dad!" I interjected, nodding my head towards the clock.

For a moment he hesitated and then looked at my aunt and shrugged.

"Well, guess if my own daughter doesn't mind then why should I?"

Rebuked by my dad, she turned her attention to me and stepped up closer to the bed where I had my feet held close together on the edge by my panty hose with my knees spread wide apart.

"Really?" was all she said, her eyes glancing down to my cum-spilling pussy.

"Please, just give me a wash cloth and I'll be fine."

With a bit of melodrama she rolled her eyes and hurried to the bathroom and quickly returned with a warm damp wash cloth. I reached for it but she waved me off and went to work on my crotch, cleaning off my dad's mess.

"Jesus John, I'm impressed!" she giggled seeing the flood of cum that had drained from my well-fucked pussy.

She had most of me cleaned up when she moved forward and dropped her head between my legs, licking my pussy with her tongue and sucking out whatever cum was left that she could gather. Wiping her face off with the cloth, she turned to my dad again.

"There, that should keep her decent."

My dad just laughed as he buttoned his shirt. "Any excuse to lick her pussy, eh Linda?"

"What can I say John? Looked too delicious to pass up."

I finally managed to sit up and then started to work on getting my hose back up again. It didn't take long to realize it was a useless effort as all my dad's fumbling with it had left several runs. Crap, another pair ruined! Oh well, so I finally took off my heels, pulled off the hose and dumped it in the small garbage can in the corner of the room, and put my heels back on again. Rearranging my thong, for a moment I contemplated leaving it off as well but then figured it might come in handy should any more of my dad's cum try making it out the exit while I was sitting in the pews at church.

"Well, you too look great," my aunt complimented us as we hurried out of the room. Church would be starting in a few minutes and if we hurried we could get there before the first hymn was over.

Actually we made it at the end of the second one but nobody really seemed to notice. The sanctuary was rather sparse and we had no problems finding a pew with plenty of space remaining about half way down. As we took our seats when the organ music died, I sat up tight against my dad and crossed my legs to give him a nice view. God, my pussy felt like it was on fire! I glanced down at his crotch and it was almost impossible to imagine that just a few minutes earlier and he had been buried deep inside of me!

Looking around, I spotted a family in the pew ahead of us with a cute teenage daughter parked between mom and dad. She looked to be maybe sixteen or seventeen and I couldn't help but wonder if he had fucked her this morning? If he had, who would know? Why would anyone suspect that my dad had fucked me any more than him fucking his daughter? After all, when I was her age my dad was doing me and nobody in the church had a clue!

After the service was over, we started to make our way out of the sanctuary when I spotted someone I knew ahead of us. When I say "knew", I mean that in the biblical meaning in that he had fucked me a couple of years before. It was just one of my typical conquests in that at the time he had a daughter who was a freshman in high school plus two younger boys and a shrewish wife, putting him right in my crosshairs. To be honest, it hadn't been all that hard to seduce him, almost to where I felt guilty afterwards... almost! He'd tried several times to get me to do it again with him but I knew that doing so would only lead to complications and besides, for me it's all about getting him to cross the line. Once he was there then what was the point after that? I wasn't sure why - maybe his wife had found out, but I hadn't seen him in church much after that. I was pretty sure his daughter was now married - pregnant I believe if the rumors were true, and judging from the body language things with his wife hadn't improved either.

"You OK?" my dad asked, giving me a nudge and I realized I was sort of holding up the line getting out.

"Sure, why?"

"You just seemed distracted, that's all."

I grinned and nodded just ever so slightly towards the direction of the wayward husband.

"Really?" my dad grinned, "You and him?... when?"

"Oh it was a couple of years ago at least."

My dad rolled his eyes slightly but then he leaned over to whisper in my ear, "Ahhhhhh yes, I remember his daughter... damn she was hot."

We both smiled and then continued our way out until we finally got to shake the pastor's hand. His wife was standing next to him and although she shook my hand, it certainly wasn't an enthusiastic one. Then again, she and I had never gotten along very well. She didn't like the way I dressed and acted in church and I didn't like the way she was always prying into my business so it was sort of a mutual dislike. Still, we both faked a smile and greeting, just enough to be proper if not sociable.

Back in the car my dad turned to me and laughed.

"You two are never going to bury the hatchet, are you?"

I looked at him as if I had no idea what he was talking about so he just sat back in the seat and started the SUV.

"Don't give me that innocent look."

"She's a bitch daddy."

"Yes but she's the pastor's bitch so you need to behave with her."

Reaching over to his pants as he waited for the cars to clear before pulling out of our space, I unzipped them and started to undo the belt buckle and pants as well.

"I just wish the old hag could see me sucking your dick in the church parking lot."

"Oh sure, like THAT would solve anything."

Although he was trying to act like nothing was happening, his "lie detector" hadn't gotten the memo. Reaching into his underwear, I felt his stiff cock and pulled it out enough for me to get a firm grip on it. It had been well over an hour since he'd fucked me and while sometimes these days it took longer for him to recover fully, he wasn't doing a bad job of it today.

Well, it may not have been any help regarding my on-going feud with the pastor's wife but it certainly didn't seem to bother my dad! Although he hadn't cum yet by the time we pulled into the driveway, since he was in the garage and able to sit back without the distraction of traffic I was rewarded for my efforts within minutes.

# 6. Satisfying My Father's Needs

Usually after church we would go out for lunch but today we didn't even discuss it and instead he headed straight for home.  After finishing my blowjob, we got out of the SUV and headed into the basement to which the garage was attached.  The house was a typical Pittsburgh style home meaning it was built on a hill such that the front entrance was at street level but the driveway plunged down one story to where the garage was on the back of the house at the level of the basement.  I guess back when the house was built about eighty years before the garage was actually IN the basement but sometime in the past someone had added an external garage.  In any case, to get in the house from the garage you entered the basement where the family room was.  Actually this was often handy as the laundry was there was well so if the weather was bad or we were returning from a trip we could just drop out stuff off without havening to carry it further into the house.

Closing the overhead garage door and then the entrance to the basement behind us, my dad reached out for me and took my arm, turning me around and pulling me back into him.

"You are the most wonderful daughter a father could ever ask for Kelly."

My heart swelled as he leaned over to kiss me.  It wasn't like the kiss of my husband or even that of a boyfriend or lover yet at the same time it wasn't like what most girls share with their father.  Just as sex with my dad was special, so was kissing him.  It was my father loving me as his daughter as only a father can - I don't know how else to describe it!

"I guess we sort of messed up on lunch today," he apologized, "Seems someone was distracting me after church."

I just grinned at him and licked my lips as naughty as I could for him.  I could still taste the cum in my mouth from when he had filled it in the SUV just a few minutes before.  While my dad was about as straight as any man could be and as such he normally avoided even touching his cum, I knew when we kissed he had to taste himself on my mouth and it just showed me how much he loved me knowing he somehow managed to put aside his feelings on the matter and kissed me anyway.

"I'm sure Linda has something we can fix or whatever," he mused and then he got this look in his eye which I knew all too well.  Uh-oh, now what?

"So with your hubby out does that mean you'll be staying the afternoon?"

Technically I guess I'd never come right out and said it but that had been my plan all along but still, it didn't hurt to have him think he had just talked me into it. Men are easy to manipulate and one of the most time-tested methods was to let them think something was THEIR idea, even when it wasn't.

"Sure daddy, anything for you. Anything..."

I let the last word drag out slowly, my meaning obvious. My dad can take a hint and he just smiled at me as we kissed yet again.

"Will you do something for me then?"

I just looked up at him and nodded. Like I was ever going to say no to him?

"I want you to be naked for me... I mean totally nude. All day until you go home."

Now THAT was a rather unusual request. In fact, I couldn't even recall him ever asking me to do this, at least not in quite this way. Oh well, not like it would kill me to run around nude for a day.

"So like right now?"

He grinned and nodded eagerly, more like a teenage boy than a grown man.

It only took me a few minutes to strip. Actually it would have been faster except I hung up my dress and laid out my thong to air out - a bit of my dad's cum had leaked out of me during church obviously. I was left in just my heels, ankle bracelet and necklace.

"You can ditch the heels Kelly, I know they have to kill your feet."

Well, I didn't give him a chance to change his mind and quickly dropped them off as well leaving me standing barefoot and naked in front of my father. I struck a pose and smiled at him.

"Like what you see daddy?"

Like duh! He WAS my father after all so what would he ever say but that he loved seeing me naked? Still, it's always nice to hear.

"You are the most beautiful daughter a father could ever ask for," he answered me smiling, "And the sexiest to boot."

"So what, am I the only one being nude here or what?"

He took my not-so-subtle hint and hurriedly undressed. His dick hung limp and I knew after the activities so far today it was going to be a while before it was ready to go back into action. A few extra pounds and a little hairier than I normally would prefer but for a guy pushing fifty he didn't look all that bad.

"So now what?"

It was more to maintain the conversation yet I was also interested in his plans. What was the point in getting me naked so quickly anyway? It's not like he really cared in the past when I had something on. After all, a cami doesn't exactly interfere with him poking his cock in me!

"Well, why don't we take a seat and see what comes up?"

I pretended to grimace at his poor attempt at humor. Yeah, like I couldn't figure THAT one out! In any case, we made our way into the family room area. Our basement was laid out long before "open concept" became the buzz word for home renovations. The only real separation of the so-called "family room" and the rest of the basement was just the way the furniture was laid out such that anyone seated had a good view of the huge flat screen TV. I don't know how many inches it is, just that it's HUGE! It was a lot better than the old projection-style monster that we had when I was living here, taking up only a fraction of the space yet with a much better picture.

I stretched out on the couch. Mmmmmmm, this couch and I shared a LOT of memories. It was pretty ragged but like an old friends, I hoped my dad would never get a new one in its place. I suppose some people might find it pretty gross considering the stains but like scars, each was like a historical marker for something that had happened in the past.

My dad took his assigned seat in the Lazy-Boy. Unlike the couch, this had been replaced numerous times over the years and I noticed the latest version was different from the all the rest in that it was leather, or at least faux leather. There was a bath towel though covering the bottom which undoubtedly made it more comfy at times like this when he was naked. Then again, my dad was hardly ever nude except the usual places - bedroom, bathroom, and back deck (primarily for the hot tub). I figured it was probably there more for my aunt's use than his but for today it was coming in handy.

Reaching to the side or the bottom shelf of the lamp stand beside his chair, my dad pulled out his DVD collection, or at least the ones he kept handy. Not like they were exactly Oscar winners though. My dad only bought one type of movie - porn movies. Anything else you might find around the house would have had to be purchased by someone else. With all the on-line downloading these days you would think he would have converted to a less cumbersome means of storage but in some ways my dad was old-school, especially when it came to technology. Heck, I think he still listened to music on cassettes in his SUV!

Leaning over, he dropped the heavy case in front of me saying, "Your turn to choose."

I almost laughed but contained my mirth. My turn? Yeah right, like it was EVER my turn. Had it truly been my turn we would have watched something with at least a hint of redeeming value. While I don't necessarily find porn disgusting or degrading per se, I do feel about some forms that I WOULD feel that way regardless of what the plot was. I take porn for what it primarily is intended - masturbation fodder for men. Do I feel it degrades me as a woman? That's just silly. Like who takes porn seriously?

Looking through his DVD collection (at least he finally had converted over all his VHS tapes!), I skipped by all the newer stuff. To me, it's pretty much all the same. Either just pointless sex or the latest fad of "reality" porn with fake job interviews, calendar shoots, etc. Working my way towards the back, I came across some of the old-school stuff from the 70's and 80's. Well, if nothing else at least back then they TRIED to pretend to be actors and actresses. True, the plot lines were ridiculous but at least you got some entertainment instead of just one sex scene after another.

Ahhhhhh, "Taboo IV", one of my favorites. If I had to pick a favorite porn star that it would be Ginger Lynn. In her better days she was pretty and "innocent", at least as innocent as a whore can look on camera because face it, she WAS nothing more than a whore. Still, for someone like me who comes from an incest family the movie was almost comical. Like I would ever crawl into bed and fuck my dad while my mom slept, totally clueless. OK, so maybe I HAVE done that but it wasn't like my mom would have been surprised if she woke up. The only reason we kept quiet was so we wouldn't disturb her sleep!

I handed the disc to my dad with a smile.

"Again?" he asked with a sigh, "Thanks god it's digitalized now. I think you would have worn the tape out by now otherwise.

What could I say? Back when I was just starting to date I must have watched this one dozens of times, especially some of the blowjob scenes by Ginger Lynn and Karen Summers. Damn, talk about two experts! To this day I'll readily confess to stealing many of their techniques. While the last thing I would ever be is a porn star, I have to say there are times when I would watch and be jealous because they seemed to so thoroughly enjoy themselves being fucked to where it was like they weren't even acting.

her sister too so she won't squeal on them.  OK, so the plot gets pretty thin about then but I felt myself getting hornier buy the minute as we both watched silently.  My hand went between my legs and I started to masturbate.  At first I wasn't in the best of positions though so I twisted up onto the couch and laid with my back against the arm rest so I could still see the TV screen but with my legs spread apart, have easy access to my wet pussy.  Mmmmmmm, my fingers felt so good on my clit!

Glancing over, my dad was stroking himself too and I was pleasantly surprised to notice he was even starting to react, albeit only about half-hardness so far.  I smiled to myself.  Some people get so up-tight when it comes to masturbation yet it was such a natural reaction.  If you're horny and in need, why hide it?  When I was little and my dad would masturbate I just pretty much ignored him.  When something is handled openly without the taint of taboo then it tends to lose the sense of excitement that some people get when they see something they "shouldn't".

We watched the rest of the movie in silence and over the course of time I came several times.  I LOVED the scene where the son fucks his mother for Ginger to see and then she walks in and he fucks her.  God, every time I see that I think of my husband and how much I would love to be able to surprise him and his mother as he fucks her against the wall in her bedroom.  Yes, it's why I enjoy these old movies!

One of the final scenes where the father finally caves into his desires and lust and fucks his daughter has to be one of the greatest porn movies scenes of all time.  At the same time, it almost brings me to tears every time I watch it as I wish that was how my dad had taken me for my first time. Indeed, after the events so far today I had more than a few tears as I saw the joy on her face as her father fucked her for the first time.  Oh sure, they were just acting but for me it was a special moment.

Oh my god, I started to cum so badly as I closed my eyes and remembered the first time my dad entered my bedroom with the intent to fuck me.  The look in his eyes was almost terrifying.  After having teased him and "seducing" him (little did I know at the time that there was no seducing necessary) I knew by that intense gaze that he was going to fuck me... and nothing in the world was going to stop him, not even me - as if THAT would ever happen.

I felt exhausted yet at the same time my entire body was tingling like when you hit your funny bone, except in this case my entire body felt this way.  I panted deeply as I worked to catch my breath.

"Nice job."

"God your pussy's so fucking wet," he groaned as I ground down on it.

"What do you want daddy... tell me what you want."

I could only imagine how desperately he must have wished that I would have uttered those words back when I was a little girl but there was no question today what he wanted!

"Daddy want to fuck you... I want you to ride my dick."

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned as I turned and wrapped my arms around his neck, leaning into him so my boob pressed into his chest as I started to kiss him yet again. Oh yeah, I loved kissing my dad!

"That's it daddy... tell me more," I whispered in a husky voice filled with my own lust and emotions, "Tell me what you want."

He groaned as I swiveled my hips to tease the tip of his dick that had almost found its way into me.

"God I want inside of you. I want to fuck you so god damn badly right now. I want to cum in you, fill you with my cum."

Good enough for me! I turned on his lap and straddled him, my knees squeezing in between his legs and the arm rests as I lifted myself up and positioned my pussy directly over his hard dick. His eyes were fixated at his lap where I held his shaft in position just outside his daughter's wet hot pussy. Then slowly, oh god ever so slowly, I descended until the tip was now pressing hard into me. Moving my hips in small circles, I started to press down onto him and I could feel the head of his dick begin to split me apart, filling me with his manhood. Then I had his whole dick head in me and at that moment I just stopped and let us both revel in the moment.

"Oh daddy, that feels so good inside of me."

There was no response, at least nothing verbal. Just a low series of grunts as I felt his hands on my bare hips, pushing me down further onto his dick. Inch by inch my father's cock disappeared into me as each of us stared down where the distance between our crotches slowly diminished until finally he was all the way into me and my full weight came to bear on the base of his dick, driving him into me as far as he could go.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned as I ground my bare pussy against his hairy crotch.

I started humping him slowly, as slowly as I could by rising up until just the head of his dick remained in me, pausing for a moment, and then dropping down again as slowly as I could bear myself to do it. As I fucked my dad, I started to move a little faster until I was bouncing on his lap with his dick inside of me. Oh god I loved to feel my dad's incestuous dick inside of me!

From the way he was starting to react I knew he was getting close. When a guy has fucked you literally hundreds of time you get to know these sort of things! Still, I wasn't really anxious for that to happen quite so fast. Besides, my legs were starting to tire a bit so taking a breather would be good for both of us. Settling down on his lap, I sat there motionless for a moment, both of us looking each other in the eyes without saying a word. I could feel him throbbing inside of me, his crotch involuntarily jerking now and then upward against me as his dick seemed to want to push even further into my pussy.

"I love you daddy," I whispered, smiling at him.

"I love you too baby girl."

Oh god, I was going to cry! It was like everything in my life was just perfect at that moment. My career, my marriage, my family... what more could a girl ask for? Yet as blessed as I was by all that, here I was with my father's arms around me, my arms wrapped around his neck as we kissed yet again. I could feel the strength of my father's hands as they gripped my ass, pulling me into him as his wonderful cock filled my pussy. Yes, I knew he loved me. Oh my god I knew he did! True, he didn't have to fuck me to prove it. If my dad never fucked me ever again it wouldn't diminish his love for me in any way. My dad wasn't inside of me right now, about to explode and fill me with the most intimate expression of his desire for me, to PROVE he loved me. No... my dad was about to cum inside of me BECAUSE he loved me and he wanted to do this for me as an expression of that love. Tears filled my eyes as my emotions threatened to overwhelm me!

"Oh yes!" he suddenly groaned as he began to orgasm and spurt his cum inside of me. Evidently the sentiment of this moment was enough to drive him over the edge without me even having to work more to stimulate him further. Over and over I felt him surge into me, each time knowing yet more of his love was filling me.

I've often said that sex is 20% physical and 80% emotional. Well, right now make that 95% emotional and 5% physical. Of course I loved the physical sensations my father was giving me but that wasn't what made the tears stream down my cheeks. Moments like this happen all too rare in life, moments when two people become so close and intimate it's like they're merging into one body. In some ways that was almost true considering a portion of my father's body was no firmly lodged inside of mine. But it was more than just him fucking me... it was the incredible feelings of love and honor that had me speechless and crying like a baby. I loved my father SOOOOO much and at this moment I don't think I've ever felt closer to him.

"Love me daddy," was all I could barely squeak out as I hugged him tightly, my pussy clamping down on his now spent dick. God, I never wanted him to pull it out of me!

We remained like that for what seemed to be hours but I knew could only have been maybe ten or fifteen minutes. A father and daughter linked together in love as only a father and daughter can be. No, he wasn't my lover and it was nothing like what I shared with my husband. He was my father which meant it was like nobody else in the world could ever be with me. No matter what ever happened, I only had one father and nobody could ever take his place.

## 7. Closure

"Kelly... Kelly..."

Startled, I opened my eyes and for a moment felt totally disoriented. I guess somehow I'd fallen asleep, totally exhausted physically and mentally drained. My head was on my father's shoulder as I felt his fingers tracing lines up and down my back making me tingle as he slid them down my spine and into my butt crack. I started to stir and then felt him still inside of me and everything came back to me in an instant.

"I love you daddy," I whispered after clearing my throat.

"I love you too Kelly."

I almost cried again. He didn't call me his "baby girl" or "daddy's little slut", his typical terms of endearment for me. It was a rare moment like this when he used my actual name and I knew that meant he wasn't teasing me but rather he was being quite serious for the moment. Calling me by my name just seemed so much more personal and intimate than even the most endearing nickname.

Any other time after we'd have sex like this I most likely would have gotten down on my knees in front of his chair and sucked his dick clean, enjoying the unique flavor of his cum mixed with mine that coated his cock. Somehow that just didn't seem necessary this time, or even appropriate. What we had just shared had been so personal, so intimate, that to just suck his dick seemed wrong as it would defile the memory.

was more strings than material with tiny triangular pieces that were supposed to cover my nipples and pussy slit. What little bit was in the crotch quickly pulled together to slide into my pussy slit so for all practical purposes it may not have even have been there.

What my dad didn't know though was that I'd worn this for my boyfriend Steve at the time (yes, the same Steve I later married but a LOT of water went under the dam in between those events) shortly after the first time he'd fucked me. I'd wanted to be sure he wouldn't just make me another notch in belt which his reputation would have forecasted so I thought maybe if he saw me in this that he'd want to do me again. Yes, I had a HUGE crush on my sixteen year-old new boyfriend, even if he didn't know he was yet. I suppose that's only natural considering he was my first real date, my first blowjob and the one to take my virginity.

The slide show ended with my wedding ceremony. Actually it ended with me and my dad hugging just before the ceremony. For most people, it was the typical bride saying goodbye to her father before he gave her over to her new husband. What they didn't know was that photo meant a lot more to us - a LOT more. Imagine if they, or even the photographer at the time, had a clue that just minutes before my father had fucked me for the last time as a single woman, the last time when I belonged solely to him. Imagine if they knew my pussy was filled with his cum, just as it was now as I sat on his lap. No, I wasn't saying goodbye ion that photo. I was promising him that no matter what happened I would always be his, that I would always be his daughter and he could count on me to do anything he wanted just as he had just minutes before.

I may be married to my husband but I'll always be my father's daughter!

# (Jun 27) Chapter 266: Tutoring Challenge

Story codes: MF oral exhib adultery
Me (29)
Eric - Alexis' father

One of the things I love about my marriage is that my husband totally loves and trusts me - just as I do him. When you have this solid of a relationship it opens the door to all sorts of possibilities that couples who are less secure would never even consider, including being able to enjoy having sex with other people without having to commit adultery.

## 1. Summer Challenge

In my humble opinion, my husband and I have about as solid of a relationship as anyone could ask. We both love other totally and are 100% committed to making our marriage work. Each of us trusts the other completely and we don't hide anything from the other, that is unless there's a good reason such as what I bought him for Christmas!

One of the key factors in our relationship is that we each understand our roles as well as the associated responsibilities and duties that come with those roles. For example, as a Christian wife I submit to my husband's authority. In return I know that he ensures that I'm never placed in a position where having to obey him would compromise my principles, cause me discomfort, or humiliate me in any way. For me it's all about trust and respect rather than blind obedience.

If there's one area which I think illustrates the strength of our marriage best it's our sex life. More specifically, how we handle having sex with other people more so than between us. For most couples I think that mutual jealousy and insecurity prevents them from allowing themselves to fully enjoy one of the most important aspects of maintaining a healthy marriage - sex. Steve and I each recognize that sex is not just something limited to a husband and wife but it can also be a great source of fun and enjoyment when others can be included.

Some people, including my mother, claim that all sex outside of marriage family (meaning non-incestual sex) is classified as adultery. I suppose that technically it's correct to say that adultery is defined as sex outside of your marriage family. However, is it the act itself that is the sin or the intent behind it? To me, CHEATING is the real problem. Having sex behind your spouse's back with the intent to deceive is what ruins a marriage by violating your spouse's trust. Sex is just sex. Yes, it can serve as a means of intimacy and love but at the same time if can also just be a whole lot of fun! Saying that having sex with someone is bad is like saying all alcohol is bad. It's not the sex that's the issue - it's how it's used that creates the problems.

Thus putting aside the dictionary definition, the act of adultery from the standpoint of being sinful is about what it means to your relationship, not the actual act of sex. If your spouse is OK with you having sex outside your marriage family then what's wrong with that? After all, as I said it's just sex.

Normally when we have sex with other people we're together and hence there's no chance that the other doesn't know about what's happening. Still, there are often times when advance notice isn't always given so Steve and I have given blanket permission for the other to take advantage of any such opportunities without having to worry about gaining "permission". Like either of us would say no! Usually we'll tell the other about it afterwards but it's not necessarily something that's required. As I said, it all comes down to intent - are you hiding it or simply just not mentioning anything?

Rather than worrying about me being with other men, if anything my husband loves watching me having sex with others - men AND women. I love it when he watches me for a number of reasons not the least of which is it simply turns me to be watched when I'm being fucked and the more that watch, the better. There's also the added bonus that I know when he watches it usually means I'm going to be one lucky gal later on when we get home!

In contrast, while it doesn't necessarily bother me I don't go out of my way to watch Steve having sex with other women. Naturally there are times when it's unavoidable like when we're at a party or swapping and we're doing other people in the same room. Other than that I can't say that I go out of my way to watch him having sex with other women or asked him to do it just so that I could watch.

One of Steve's favorite things is to watch me in public flirting with other men and women, especially when it starts to get hot like when they start trying to feel me up. As a general rule, the more I do in such a setting with a guy the more it turns my husband on. Sometimes we'll go out and he'll even challenge me to pick up certain

"Soooooo, anyone you have in mind to start?"

Steve's grin was a little disconcerting. I knew what it meant when he had that expression - trouble! Uh-oh, what did my naughty husband have in store for me?

"Yeah... Eric."

My heart skipped a beat. Wow, talk about a challenge! The guy he was referring to was the father of one of my new clients, a thirteen year-old girl I was tutoring in math once a week. I'd actually only started with her a couple of weeks ago, right after school had let out, and as such had only met him a few times. Like most guys in his situation I knew he checked me out when he thought I wasn't looking but to be honest I'd of been disappointed if he hadn't! Still, it was a long ways from a guy staring at my boobs and ass to having him fuck me! Contrary to what porn sites might lead you to believe, getting a guy to cross the line wasn't always as easy as you might think. Yet I wasn't about to let Steve know he'd rattled me so I just looked into his eyes defiantly and responded saying, "OK buster, it's on!"

Then I thought for a moment and sought to clarify the rules just a bit. "But it has to be 24 hours from the next time I see him, not from now."

Steve just shrugged and then he turned to me such that I could feel his dick pressing in against me. Hmmmmmm, evidently all this talk about me getting fucked by other men was turning him on! Any further talk about my challenge went by the wayside for a while as my horny husband and I made love yet again!

## 2. Ethics and Morals

After we'd finished - and this time Steve WAS finished as he drifted off to sleep next to me, I laid back on the bed and slowly masturbated as I thought about my upcoming challenge. By the way... I wasn't masturbating because Steve hadn't fucked me well enough; it's just I always feel super horny after a guy cums in me and so often I'll masturbate for a while after the guy's finished.

One thing I DID know... there was more to Steve's challenge than first meets the eye. Steve knows my personal ethics and morals as well as anyone so I had no illusions that his choice for my first challenge wasn't simply a random pick. Oh noooooo, he knew exactly what he'd done in choosing Eric.

Sure I know that there are people who don't agree with my lifestyle and a number of other issues. That's fine with me and I respect their right to have their own opinions. At the same time I expect the same consideration in return in that they allow me to have my own as well. Unfortunately all too often that's not the case. I've been called everything from a slut, a nymphomaniac, and a sex addict - all of which I agree with. Then there are those who call me a whore, marriage-wrecker and even a pedophile - all of which I violently disagree with.

Still, there are a few areas where even my most ardent distractors and critics have to give me credit. One would have to be my professionalism. Be it as a babysitter or a teacher, I NEVER compromise my professional demeanor. No matter what the opportunity, no matter how tempted I may be, I've NEVER done anything with a student or child placed under my care that I wouldn't allow published in the local newspaper. Not saying I'm perfect, just that there's a line which I've sometimes edged up to but never crossed.

That all said then yes, I HAVE had sex with "underage" partners although I disagree that the notion that anyone under some arbitrary age is automatically too immature for sex. And yes, while most times the primary motivation has been more to satisfy my father and husband's needs than my own, I HAVE enjoyed myself. At the same time I have to repeat myself and say that there's one cardinal rule that I've never violated - not one of them has been a student of mine or under my care as their babysitter.

As I've also said, it's not like such opportunities have never presented themselves. Indeed, there have been numerous situations where it took all my willpower to turn away. The point is that as a professional I know that parents place their utmost trust in me with the most precious people in their lives - their children. While technically such limitations wouldn't apply to their parents, I've found based on personal experience that this is usually the best course of action as once you start down that slippery slope it can be awfully hard to stop before you hit bottom. Oh sure, there have been a few cases over the years where I've done it with the father of one of my charges but all those events are years in the past, That's not to say I haven't had opportunities since, just that I've grown up. Face it, for better or worse I'm not sixteen anymore!

# 3. Getting Hired

Usually when I take on a new tutoring position it's for one of my past students so the odds are I've met the parents already even if it was nothing more than a fifteen minute parent-teacher conference. In most cases I find it's the mother who's doing the hiring while dear old dad does the financing. The majority of my tutoring session are scheduled during the day meaning I never meet the fathers. Even when I do, it's not like my babysitting days of the past when he would drive me home, giving me the opportunity to flirt with them - and sometimes more. Now I have my own car and drive myself to and from the homes of my clients which further distances myself from anything to do with the fathers.

True to form, Eric's wife was the one who contacted and then hired me. It was somewhat unusual in that their daughter Alexis didn't even attend my school district, let alone one of my classes. Instead she'd heard about me from one of my other clients who had referred me after she'd mentioned the problems her daughter was having with math this past year. After she called me I went over for an interview where I met her and Alexis. At the time her husband was out with their younger daughter for some dance lessons or whatever so I didn't get to meet with him. Apparently I impressed her as she hired me for six sessions, one a week.

Eric's wife told me that he worked as a sales manager for some company I'd never heard of. She also warned me that odds were that he would be home during the tutoring sessions as she worked full-time as a nurse. His business hours were pretty flexible so he'd be arranging to be home during the time I was there. I was about to tell her that it wasn't necessary for either of them to be home but held back as I could tell she was one of those parents that insisted their kid never be home alone without one of her parents, even though she was thirteen and probably babysitting kids on her own.

## 4. First Lesson

It was just a few days after I was hired that I arrived for my first hourly session with my new client. Ringing the doorbell at the front door of this incredibly big home, I listened to the pleasant sound of chimes that resulted inside. Wow, if the size and opulence of their home was any indication then they could well afford my fees! Maybe I should have negotiated for more...

My thoughts were interrupted when the front door opened and I was greeted by Alexis, or so I assumed it was her. She was just like any other typical thirteen year-old that I see every year as they enter my eighth grade class for the first time in the fall. Dark-complexioned like her mother, she had braces and wore her long black hear in a ponytail down the middle of her back. Not that I'm exactly tall, but I towered over her leading me to wonder if she was even up to the five foot level yet. Cute as a button in her standard teenage uniform of denim shorts and tank top, I could tell from her budding chest and developing legs that she was going to be chased by all the boys soon, if not already. Alexis' shorts were REALLY short, to the point where they didn't really even come down her legs but rather were cut off at crotch level which allowed her tight little butt cheeks to barely peek out at the bottom. The tank top had spaghetti shoulder straps and plunged downward, revealing a slight bulge where the bra she was wearing pushed up and made the most of what little boobs she had. As seems to be the style now, the straps of her bra were showing under the thin tank top straps. I couldn't help but admire her tanned legs which even though she was barefoot, were tight and smooth. Oh to be thirteen again!

"You must be Kelly," she said rather tersely.

Oh boy, not another "Miss Attitude". It was a common malady amongst this age group, one which I dealt with all the time as an eighth grade teacher. It was like the only person on the world that mattered was themselves and everyone else was placed on earth to either persecute them or do their bidding.

"And you must be Alexis," I replied, trying to put on my most congenial smile and not allow my annoyance to creep through.

She just rolled her eyes and spun around on her heels before heading towards where I assumed we'd be conducting our lesson. We entered the family room or whatever they called it which included a huge flat screen TV, a pool table, various couches and chairs, as well as a game table and roll-top desk nearby. I saw what looked to be textbooks and other supplies on the game table so I made the obvious assumption that it was where we'd be conducting her lessons.

"So is your mom home?" I asked after she sat down in one of the chairs and looked up at me expectantly.

"Working."

Ok... so much for a conversation starter. At least I got one word out of her which was actually better than some of the princesses I've worked with.

"So you're home alone?"

After a melodramatic sigh I finally was answered with, "Oh Dad's somewhere, probably still sleeping. He's always sleeping."

Well, that got me a bit more of an answer while at the same time I couldn't help but catch a bit of anger and even some resentment in her tone. There was a heavy emphasis on the "always" which made me wonder what the real story was but then I knew nothing at all about the family, let alone their sleeping habits so who was I to judge?

Usually my first lesson with a new client was more a time to get to know them and try to win them over than it was to make any real accomplishments from an academic perspective. If she was like most of my charges, Alexis was probably annoyed at the very least to be forced to spend any time at all of her precious summer break doing schoolwork and often I would end up bearing the brunt of their hostility. Thus I found it to be better in the long run to spend a little time trying to get to know them better and make them realize this wasn't just an extension of their school year but more an opportunity for them. Granted, I wasn't entirely successful usually on getting them to see any benefit but if I could at least curb the hostility then it made the rest of the time we spent together more bearable for us both. It usually starts with me telling the parents to use my first name rather than a more formal title more appropriate for the classroom. Hence I was somewhat pleased when Alexis had greeted me as "Kelly" when she answered the door. At least we'd gotten off on the right foot.

Unlike most of my peers, I've never held a "real" job growing up or even in college. When they were off waitressing or working for minimum wage at some store in the mall, I continued babysitting. Sure I took some ribbing but as an older sitter I was able to command at least twice the minimum wage rate plus I didn't pay taxes given I was paid in cash. Instead of having to work for some jerk trying to feel me up at every opportunity, I got to spend evenings watching TV and taking it easy as typically my chores ended with them going to bed no later than eight or nine o'clock. Sure, I might still be a "babysitter", but I think I was getting the better end of the deal.

In college I didn't work much as my dad pretty well funded whatever needs I had. The only "job" I had was a VERY brief "career" as an escort. While technically I wasn't being hired for sex, it was pretty well understood by all parties involved why the charge rate was so high. That only lasted a few "dates", the last of which I was raped by several uninvited "friends" of the creep who had hired me for the evening. Needless to say I quit after that before anything worse happened. It's not that I was really mistreated. Heck, if he'd arranged for it beforehand I wouldn't have had any issues. It was the element of surprise that causes me to refer to it as "rape".

Since graduating from college most of my resume reflects either teaching or secretarial positions held while trying to get a teaching position. The most enduring of these is my tutoring career which I started in college. Besides the good pay I liked it because it was almost entirely daytime work and the schedules were usually pretty flexible.

Much to my chagrin, however, one thing I've noticed over the years is that while my client base has pretty much remained the same age, albeit the names and faces change every year, I'm the one who is aging. It wouldn't be so bad, especially since I'm fortunate to have the DNA where I look more like 21 or even younger if I dress the part. Yet while this may fool the adults I deal with, especially the older married guys looking for someone to live out their fantasies of sex with young girls, it doesn't fool the kids. Somehow they seem to sense exactly how old you are despite your looks. Thus I knew that Alexis was well aware that I was more than twice her age and like other girls these past few years especially it was getting harder and harder to get them to relate to me as anyone other than someone like their mother. After all, to a thirteen year-old girl, anyone over twenty pretty much looks the same.

"So how are you doing this summer Alexis?"

"OK."

That was it, two letters, two syllable, followed by more silence as she stared down at her bare feet swinging slowly below the chair. I noticed her toenails were bright red, matching her fingernails.

From there I tried various lines of questioning, asking about her studies (NO response) to her boyfriends (shrugging of shoulders), her girlfriends (more shrugging) and then finally her family (grimace when I asked about her younger sister). Then I asked about her mom (rolling eyes) and finally her dad. THAT was when I finally got something other than just a flipping of the hair and a one syllable response after I asked why he wasn't around for her first lesson other than maybe being asleep.

"Oh he will be, don't worry," she said in more of a cynical tone than anything she meant to cause me not to worry.

"OH? And why is that?"

Alexis grinned for a just a moment and then it was back to the blank stare.

"He's always checking out my friends. He'll want to get a good look at you too I suppose."

An interesting response, not exactly what I'd expected but at the same time not all that surprising. If Alexis' friends were anything at all like her I'd have been more surprised if her dad did NOT come out to grab an eyeful.

"And why do you say that?" I asked, knowing full well the answer but curious as to what she would say.

"You're his type I guess."

"His type?"

"You know, pretty and sexy."

I giggled a little at that to try and assure her I didn't take what she said in the wrong way. It wasn't like I was exactly wearing one of what my dad use to call "Kelly's slut outfits". Indeed, I was dressed pretty conservative given my usual dress code and code of conduct. Even though the weather was scorching hot I was wearing jeans. Like most of mine, they were pretty tight - especially around my butt and crotch. In fact, tight enough that I was even wearing panties so the denim crotch wouldn't dig in so much into my pussy. On top I wore a tank top but in addition I was also wearing a blouse over it which I left unbuttoned, making it more like an ultra-lightweight jacket than a top. My one concession to my usual professional dress code was foregoing a bra. During the summer months I never wear one except maybe as part of date-night outfit with my husband or some other guy. Funny how in the right circumstances wearing a bra can actually turns guys on more than not wearing one.

"Well, if anyone's looking sexy right now it's you," I replied, trying to compliment her and hopefully get her to like me a little better in the process.

As I'd hoped, she brightened up a bit at that. "Really, do you think I look sexy?"

"Heck yeah, I bet all the boys at school are hitting on you."

Alexis giggled at that and I sensed the barrier she'd raised from the start begin to lower just a little. Not much but a sliver of light was shining through the crack.

"So do you have a boyfriend?"

Her cheeks reddened a little at that and I wondered about the reason. Was she embarrassed because she DID have one or was it because she didn't?

"Has he kissed you?" I asked, leaning in a little closer to her and whispering in a conspirator tone even though there want anyone around to hear us one way or the other.

She nodded, her cheeks reddening a bit and I couldn't help but notice she Pressed her smooth bare legs together a little tighter.

"Second base?"

She looked up at me questioning me with her facial expression. Good grief, didn't they teach girls anything these days?

"I mean have you let him feel up your... you know," I told her, glancing down at her perky little boobs.

At that she really reddened up. Maybe it was because I even mentioned her breasts but more likely in my opinion as I'd hit the nail on the head.

"Anything else?" I teased her, trying to not appear to be as anxious as I was to find out what she had been doing.

Alexis shook her head quickly, enough so that I took her at her word without question.

"Well that's good," I assured her, "You've got plenty of time before you have to let a boy do that."

Then something flashed across her face, like the sort of smile you see when someone is keeping a secret. Hmmmmmm, maybe she was a better actor than I'd given her credit for being. Maybe she HAD been a visitor to the third base line! Maybe even more?

Seeing how I'd known her now for maybe all of fifteen to twenty minutes, I figured I'd pushed enough though. Maybe the next time I could see what I could find out about what she was trying to keep secret from me.

Enough small talk to get things moving, I reached out to look at her textbook when I heard someone coming down the staircase from the upstairs bedroom. Alexis obviously heard the same as she straightened up in her chair and I noticed she glanced down and tugged a little bit to make sure her top was properly situated.

after first checking to be sure her dad wasn't listening in on us, she leaned over towards me and whispered.

"My dad took my phone away last month for two weeks! And just because I was Skyping with some guys I'd been chatting with and tweeting."

"Well, how old were these guys?"

She bit her lower lip and hesitated, seeming now to regret having mentioned anything but now she'd opened the door.

"Maybe a little older."

I wasn't about to let her get off THAT easily!

"And just how much older?"

Again the hesitation. For a moment I was afraid that she was going to draw blood if she bit her lip any harder!

"Eighteen or nineteen I think."

"So old enough to know better than to be doing anything with a thirteen year-old girl," I mused, "You weren't doing anything you shouldn't, were you?"

This time she was quick to answer saying, "Oh no. I mean like they WANT me to but I won't do it."

"Like what do they want you to do?"

"Just show them my tits," she said in a voice I could barely hear even though I was right next to her, "But I was too embarrassed. I mean like they're so small."

I smiled at her and put my hand over hers on the table and squeezed it gently. "Alexis, you're totally perfect for your age. And you know what? I'd have killed to have boobs like yours when I was your age."

For just a moment she glanced down at my chest and then looked at me a bit surprised.

"Really? I mean like yours look great now."

I squeezed her hand again. "Well, that was sixteen years and one baby ago. Trust me, you should be proud of yours now."

She didn't appear to be convinced so without thinking I tossed out, "Well your father obviously likes them."

Ooops! Maybe I shouldn't have said that. She pulled her hand away from mine and clasped them together tightly on her lap.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have said that," I tried to apologize. She didn't say anything so I said, "You know, my mom use to always tell me that fathers are men too and men can't always control everything they do."

She didn't say anything more about it so I tried to move the conversation to the lesson for the day. There was only about fifteen minutes or so left in our scheduled hour so we didn't get very far but even in that short period of time I had to ask myself why her mom had arranged for me to tutor Alexis. Oh sure she wasn't any Albert Einstein but she was also further along than most girls her age when it came to math. Then again, these days parents were so competitive when it came to their kids it didn't surprise me all that much.

Our hour was up and Alexis couldn't wait to skip out to be with her friends. I figured I should at least introduce myself to her dad so I looked around to see if I could find him. Damn, the house was huge! Finally I made my way to the kitchen and through the window over the sink I could see a pool in back. Oh yeah, REALLY nice house! There laying in a lounge chair by the side of the pool was Eric. I made my way out to say my goodbyes...

Now let me put this politely... Eric wasn't exactly skinny. There was that and my opinion that speedos should be require licenses such that only certain men were allowed to wear them. Had that rule been in place, Eric wouldn't be laying out in the sun with a speedo that almost a thong. His eyes were closed and for a moment I thought he was asleep. I stood a few feet back, wondering if I should wake him or just leave. Meanwhile I couldn't help but notice the large lump in the front of his super-tight swim suit. I had to assume at home he wouldn't bother padding anything which meant there must be something rather substantial underneath!

Just as I was about to leave his eyes opened and he grinned up at me.

"Done so soon? You're as bad as a stripper when it comes to hauling in the money!"

The disarming way he said it took away any sting that you might read into his words without hearing the tone behind them. Still, was he flirting with me or just being less than polite, as they say?

"Don't worry, you got your full hours' worth," I assured him.

"Just teasing, I hope you realize that," he quickly backtracked, "You know, next time you should bring your suit and you can take a swim afterwards if you'd like. Wouldn't hurt for this expensive hole in the ground to see some action for once."

Oh sure, like I was under some delusion as to why he was REALLY making such an offer. Heck, if he was already eyeing me from head to toe now wearing this conservative outfit then I could only imagine if I was wearing a bikini, especially one of my sluttier "private" ones.

For shorts I again decided to keep things toned down slightly so rather than wearing one of my cutoffs with the leg cut so short my ass hung out like Alexis did from hers, I selected one of more conservative pair - white denim that came down almost a couple of inches below my crotch. Just as I'd gone with the bra decision, I chose a pair of bikini-style panties rather than going without. I guess I could've worn a thong as well but my philosophy on those is that if nobody is going to see it, why bother given the discomfort? The denim was thick enough such that there really was no outline anyway and as tight as the shorts were the panties actually helped a bit to prevent rubbing my poor pussy raw!

Had this been more of a date I would've picked a pair of heels but under the circumstances I thought they'd be inappropriate so I chose a pink pair of sneakers with white ankle socks. For just a moment I contemplated pulling my hair back into a ponytail but after further consideration decided that I didn't need to go TOO casual and besides, that was Alexis' look so why even try to compete with a thirteen year-old.

Just as with my first visit, Alexis immediately answered the door. This time, however, I saw Eric just down the hallway and he came quickly to greet me.

"Hi Kelly! My but you're looking hot today."

I glanced over at Alexis who had her arms crossed in front of her. She just rolled her eyes at her father's rather blatant flirting. Still, she didn't seem terribly upset at his behavior which made me wonder if he was that way with other women as well. That begged the question as to how he behaved when his wife was home. Somehow I got the impression from the brief time that I'd met with her that she might not be exactly appreciative of such behavior.

Actually the way I was dressed I could've passed for Alexis' older sister. Like me, she was in her usual shorts and tank top and in fact they appeared to be the same style as the last week's editions. One difference though was that unlike me she'd dispensed with a bra such that her nipples stood out prominently under the thin smooth material. Poking out as obvious as they already were, I could just imagine how they'd stand out if she was aroused. Judging by the way her father kept ogling her chest I got the idea that he was thinking along the same lines.

"OK then, lesson time?" I asked rhetorically as Alexis led the way. Looking back at her father I said softly, "Too bad it's raining so hard. Sorry but I left my bikini at home."

Even though he must've already known that there would be no swimming after the lesson today, the look on his face was more dejected than I'd anticipated. Like what had he expected, for me to come over and do the lesson all but naked in my sluttiest bikini?

This time we got into the lesson immediately, starting with me looking over the homework I'd assigned from the last time. She had everything correct which led me to wonder if she'd had some help or perhaps more likely, she didn't really need these lessons at all. Based on the questions I tossed in looking over her work, she certainly seemed capable of doing the work on her own. Still, so many parents today are so competitive that even if their kid is doing fine they still push them to do better.

As we neared the end of our hour together I was looking through some stuff I'd brought with to give to her to complete for the next week when she finally opened up the conversation a bit.

"Sorry by the way, I can't believe my dad sometimes."

I smiled at her as if I had no idea what she was talking about and replied with, "Oh? Why is that Alexis?"

Again with the eye roll... "Like when he said you looked hot. OMG, like so inappropriate!"

I smiled again, a little broader this time if anything. "Well, what's so bad about that? I just took it as a compliment."

She just shook her head. "He's like that with my friends too... always commented on how they are dressed - or not."

I kind of looked at her questioningly as if I didn't understand what she meant so she explained saying, "You know, like when they come over and we all get in the pool. Can you believe he even told them last week that they could skinny dip if they wanted!"

Taking a shot in the dark I asked, "Oh? Do you guys do that?"

"Yes but ewwwww... not in front of my dad!" she quickly replied, "That would be so gross!"

Of course I didn't miss the fact that she said they did, only that they hadn't in front of her dad. I almost laughed when I thought to myself that it wouldn't surprise me in the least if he had been spying on her and her naked friends from one of the upper windows in the house that overlooked the pool.

"So does he like to watch you guys in the pool?"

Alexis giggled a little at that which told me all I really needed to know but she answered anyways.

"Oh yeah... It's SOOOO embarrassing," she sighed, cupping her boobs and shifting them absentmindedly. Hey, when you don't wear a bra the girls have to be adjusted sometimes.

"Yeah but I bet you and your friends don't help things either, do you?" I teased her a little, "Am I right?"

This time it was her turn to be embarrassed as her cheeks reddened a little. She didn't answer this time but once again her non-verbal response told me all I needed to know.

"It's OK," I tried to reassure her, "My friends and I use to do the same with my dad only we just had a hot tub instead of a big pool like you have."

"Oh? Like what did you guys do?"

"Nothing really, just flirted a little. Some of our suits were a little... well let's just say they didn't cover much. Sometimes he would get in with us and we'd brush up against him and even sit in his lap sometimes."

A brief pause and then, "When you did that, did your dad get hard too?"

I almost choked when she said that but somehow regained my composure. I mean like she hadn't asked IF he did, at least not the way I would've asked. From the way she worded it, it would seem that Eric was getting erections when they sat on his lap. Like THAT was a big surprise!

"Oh sure, of course he did. You remember what I said last time about fathers are men too? They can't help it. It's all in the DNA."

It was almost at the end of our scheduled time but I wasn't in any hurry to leave. Considering this was only the second time I'd even been with her for a grand total of less than two hours, I was amazed that she would open up to me so quickly. Then again, I knew from my own youth how difficult it could be to discuss this sort of stuff with anyone. At least I had my mom to go to when I needed answers but odds were that Alexis' mom wouldn't have been as understanding as my mom had been when it came to her husband's sexual reaction to their daughter and her friends. Maybe she just needed someone to listen to her and she figured that dressed as I was and the way her dad had reacted to me that I would understand.

"That's what Lisa says," she mused, seeming to be thinking over what I'd said. Seeing my questioning look she added, "She's one of my friends. She's a slut."

I couldn't help but smile again. It wasn't like Alexis was criticizing her friend but more like simply stating a fact.

"A slut?" I asked, trying not to appear too anxious to hear more.

"Yeah... you should see her bikini. It's ridiculous. I mean like you can just about see everything. She said her dad bought it for her but I don't know, my dad would never buy ME anything like that!"

"Maybe you should ask him," I offered a bit of unsolicited advice. "My dad loved to buy me clothes."

"You're not going to believe this," Alexis said without looking me in the eyes, "but Lisa claims he bought the last one after she put her mouth on his penis. I mean like I don't even believe she did that for real but she insists it's true."

Now she had my attention for sure!

"Would you like to do that for your dad?" I said softly, not sure if I should go there but figured what the heck, she was the one to bring it up in the first place.

Alexis' reaction was as swift as it was pointed. "Ewwwww! Like how can you even say that? God Kelly, that's just gross. My DAD?"

As tempted as I was to tell her that it probably wouldn't be long before she learned the joys of a well-delivered blow job, even if not for her dad, I quickly backed off.

"Oh no... just saying since you mentioned Lisa doing her dad."

"Well like I said, she's a slut. Everyone at school says so."

There was a finality in her tone that pretty much shut down THAT conversation. Plus we were now over the scheduled time and while she'd been extremely patient and cooperative this time, I also noticed she kept a close eye on the large grandfather clock in the corner the entire lesson.

Wrapping things up, I quickly gave her the homework assignment after which she couldn't seem to leave the room fast enough, grabbing her phone on the way out (I have a strict rule about no phones during lessons so hers had been left on a table outside the room). With that done, I was feeling a little flushed after the last part of our "lesson". Wow, NOT what I'd expected, that was for sure.

As I turned to leave I almost had a heart attacked as somehow Eric had moved in right behind me without me noticing. He was grinning ear to ear which told me he had probably been eavesdropping on my conversation with his daughter.

"Now THAT was what I call a lesson," he said with a smirk.

pool. As for the "in her bed" reference, probably nothing more than a back rub or something like that, again with maybe the occasional "accidental" groping. All pretty innocent stuff in my book.

"To be honest," he continued, "I WAS pretty turned on when she mentioned me getting hard with her on my lap. I've never heard her say anything about that before. Hell, I wasn't really sure if she even noticed."

I wanted to laugh at what was either his naivety or duplicity. Did he really think any girl would NOT notice something poking her in the butt - especially while sitting on a guy's lap? Even if they were all still virgins, it's not like they weren't old enough to know how men work! I can still remember how it would feel when I sat on my dad's lap when I was Alexis' age. Yeah, there was no way you could miss THAT! Though I wasn't about to open up about my own experiences with Eric, I figured a little encouragement on my part couldn't hurt.

"Well, sort of hard NOT to notice that sort of thing you know?"

Eric grabbed onto my comment like a drowning man to a life line thrown to him.

"Oh really... did you ever feel YOUR dad's erection under you?"

No way I was rising to THAT bait! Actually I was a little shocked that he was being so forward with me. Apparently since I hadn't gone screaming out of the house by now he figured he could say just about anything to me. Rather than risk a verbal answer, I just huffed and gave him an eye-roll as if to say he had to be kidding to even ask me such a question. Eric wasn't deterred by my lack of positive response. If anything, it was like he was on a roll...

"Well, maybe next week the weather will cooperate and you can join me in the pool," he offered, "Maybe you'd like to sit on my lap like Alexis' does." Then his eyes lit up and he added, "Hmmmmmm, maybe you BOTH could take turns sitting on my lap."

"Ummmmm... I don't think so Eric," I said, surprising myself almost as much as him by my response. Things were moving along fast - a little TOO fast for my comfort levels. I wasn't sure where he was going with this but at the same time I had to wonder if he even knew. "What do you say let's just leave Alexis out of it for now, OK?"

Instantly I realized that my response was a little more open-ended than I'd intended.

"OK... I can deal with that," he agreed, licking his lips subconsciously. Something told me that he was sporting a raging erection about now but in his baggy shorts it was difficult to tell.

Just then my phone announced I had a text message so I fished it out of my purse. It was from my husband who didn't text me very often so I wanted to find out what the issue was. It also provided me with a great excuse to leave before things between me and Eric got any weirder.

Back in my car I called Steve. Turns out he just wanted to say he loved me! Awwwwww, he's such a wonderful husband!

## 6. The Challenge

Later that night I related everything that had happened during the day with Alexis and Eric to my husband over dinner.

"Wow, I can't believe they told you all that!" he exclaimed when I'd finished, "And on just your second lesson at that. Seems pretty risky if you ask me. Any idea why?"

Slowly I just shook my head. Indeed, I'd thought about it all afternoon myself and I hadn't come up with anything more. Heck, I'd even masturbated imagining what might happen if I joined Eric and his sexy little daughter in their pool.

"So do you think they're doing it?" Steve asked, the look on his face telling me he was hoping and praying for a positive response but I couldn't help him out.

"No... just something in the way she talked I could tell. I DO think she's probably teasing him but at the same time it's no different than when I use to tease my dad at her age. Most girls like to tease their dads - it's a pretty safe way to get an ego boost without having to worry about the guy getting the wrong message. Face it, teasing and flirting are a long ways from having sex."

I saw Steve frown for just an instant before he caught himself. For me to even mention anything about me and my dad together was generally off limits but I took a chance in this case as I felt it was important in understanding the relationship between Alexis and Eric. When I was barely a teenager I use to sit on my dad's lap all the time while he was fully erect. Heck, in the hot tub we didn't even have anything on so then it was REALLY easy to feel his hard dick against my bare butt and pussy. The thing is, I had no sexual feelings towards my dad whatsoever at that age, just as I sensed Alexis had none towards her dad. Maybe if somebody had told me how he really felt about me it might have been different but he was under strict orders from my mom NOT to say anything like that to me. Who knows, maybe if Alexis knew how her dad felt about her (he hadn't come right out and said it but it was obvious he did) then she might look at his dick pushing against her in an entirely different light!

"So do you wanna fuck him Kelly?" my husband teased me.

"I don't know... maybe," I replied, trying to be casual and unconcerned but my husband knew me far better than to believe that.

"Oh don't EVEN try to give me that," he laughed out loud, "I bet you jilled off all afternoon thinking about it."

Dang, was mind-reading becoming common-place now?

"Ha! I knew it!" he exclaimed, not even giving me a chance to argue before he continued, "You want her as well, don't you? You want Alexis... admit it girl!"

Knowing my husband the easiest answer would have been yes and then to go on about how badly I wanted to undress her and 69 with that sexy little girl. As horny as he obviously was he would've believed every word and no doubt it would've led straight to our bedroom - if we even made it that far. Still, it wasn't true...

"Well, I know YOU would fuck her in a heartbeat," I replied, dodging his question but knowing he would be totally distracted by even discussing him fucking this hot little girl.

"God I'd love to see her naked," he sighed, "Heck, I'd settle for a bikini pic."

Sometimes men are just too easy to manipulate! Suddenly Steve go serious and I knew whenever his demeanor changed so quickly that it usually meant trouble for me!

"Challenge time!" he announced.

Oh crap, here it comes. And to make it worse, just when I was thinking he'd forgotten about our little summer bet. Over a month ago we'd gone out for one of our "submissive" dates where I agreed ahead of time to do anything he asked for the entire evening and I do mean ANYTHING. Sounds easy yet at the same time it requires an extraordinary amount of trust in your partner. When I would agree with Steve to do anything he wanted for the entire evening, trust me it had nothing to do with cooking and laundry. Inevitably it was 99% sexually oriented but then that was sort of the intention from the beginning anyways.

The real key to such date nights was I had to TOTALLY trust my husband. The last thing I wanted was to be placed in a position where I needed to say no as that just totally ruins the entire evening.

So anyways, our "summer challenge event" was an offshoot from the single date night format to where I agreed to do ANYTHING he asked for the entire summer, regardless of whether it was a date night or whatever. I don't mean simple things like doing the dishes or whatever, rather more like a series of date nights strung out over the summer.

I sat there across from my husband and waited for him to give me my mission except unlike the Tom Cruise movie, I wasn't being a choice as to whether or not to accept it. As his wife I'd already answered that question when I answered, "I do."

"Next week you have to get Eric to fuck you," Steve said. While it didn't sound like an order from his tone of voice, believe me when I say that there was no doubt for either one of us that it was.

I sat patiently there waiting for the other shoe to drop. There had to be more as this was just too easy! Where was the punch line? Was he going to make me get Alexis involved? Maybe the information about Lisa had stirred up some erotic ideas and now he was going to make me somehow get her involved. Was he going to demand that I have Eric fuck me in his bed where his wife sleeps? Maybe I'd have to wear her underwear at the time? Certainly something kinky was waiting for me - I just knew it and the longer he hesitated the kinkier the ideas I figured he was harboring.

"I want pics... video, the works."

THERE it was. I knew it had been too easy an assignment. Heck, the way things were going I was probably going to be fucking Eric the next time I was there anyway so simply ending it there wouldn't have been much of a challenge.

"And just how do you propose I get those?"

It was a legitimate question. Perhaps maybe not 100% in line with the rules which we'd worked out to where I didn't protest or try to negotiate anything he gave me as a challenge. Still, this was a logistics question more than an ethical or moral one.

"Oh I'm sure he'll help you out," Steve responded smugly.

Oh sure, Eric would no doubt jump at the chance to record himself fucking me - what guy EVER says no? The trick would be getting them from him!

So my mission was established. Now it was just a matter of making it happen which I had no doubt would be the easiest part of my challenge. I stood up and walked over to my wonderful husband.

"Ok big guy... What do you say in the meantime that YOU fuck me?"

It shouldn't be a surprise that I didn't have to say it twice!

## 7. Third Lesson - Meeting My Challenge

For the rest of the week I couldn't help but think about my next lesson with Alexis. God, like how many times did I masturbate over the course of those six days thinking of all the combinations and permutations? On top of Steve's challenge I'd say maybe half of my fantasies also involved Alexis. It wasn't so much that I was attracted to her sexually even though she was incredibly cute. I'd also sensed that she was a girl with a lot of pent-up sexual desire based from how quickly she had shared with me after barely even getting to know her. The rest of my fantasies centered around me and Eric - sometime us alone, others with his wife and/or daughter near us but not knowing what was really going on between Eric and me.

The morning of our third lesson arrived and thankfully this time the weather was looking perfect. All sunshine and hot weather! I was awakened by the pressure of my husband's hard dick against my pussy, Mmmmmmm, my favorite alarm clock was ringing...

"Hmmmmmm, I think somebody's horny this morning," I groaned as he lifted my leg and I felt him pressing in from behind me.

"Just getting you ready for your lesson today," Steve grunted as his fingers spread my pussy apart for his dick.

"Oh god yes..." I sighed as he entered me. My husband's dick fit in easily thanks to having lubed me up while I was sleeping with some massage oil we kept by the bed. God it felt so good to have Steve inside of me! While I was still trying to clear the cobwebs from my head my pussy was throbbing wildly with the pleasure of my husband's erect dick as he thrust it quickly in and out of me.

"You want that naughty daddy to fuck you today, don't you... You want his cheating dick filling your cunt with his sperm, don't you?"

Well duh, of course I did! I mean like what else had I been rubbing myself while thinking about it all the past week?

"Tell me," my husband pressed me as he fucked me faster, "I want you to tell me what you're going to do today while I'm at work."

By now I was fully awake... "Oh god, I want him to fuck me... I want it so bad!"

"Damn Kelly, you're such a fucking slut... you want him to cum inside of you, don't you? Tell me."

I groaned as he pressed himself in deep, holding his cock in me as far as he could as he began to ejaculate inside of me. Yep, he was horny as hell this morning, that was for sure!

"Fuck yeah! Just like this... I want his cum in me just like yours!"

"Then you're going to come home filled with his sperm, like a good slut."

"Oh yeah... dripping out of me as I drive home," I sighed as I just laid there with my husband imbedded in me like a stake driven into me.

Steve grunted and I felt him spasm, his dick thrusting into me again even as it slowly dwindled.

"Then who's gonna fuck you tonight? Whose dick do you want more than anyone else's?

"Yours! I want YOU to fuck me Steve, more than anyone else in the world I want you in me."

Indeed, that was the key to everything. True, another man was likely going to invade my body with his penis today, mating me and filling me with his adulterous sperm. Yet that was just sex. That was just about my personal pleasure and ego. What I REALLY wanted was what I had right now... my wonderful husband making love to me. I knew that if all went well today with Eric that it would lead to a spectacular night of sex with my husband and in the end, isn't that what's most important?

It was running late for him to get to work on time so he had to pull out of me and get showered and dressed. God I was so damn horny! While he was doing his thing, I laid in bed and masturbated until I'd orgasmed a couple of times. Damn I wished the time for her lesson was here already!

This time I didn't mess around choosing an outfit. After my discussion with Alexis I wasn't worried about what she thought and her mom wouldn't be home so why tip-toe around? No bra, no underwear - THAT was a given from the start. I even fooled around with the idea of wearing a super short skirt but then I DID have to do a lesson with Alexis to do first and I wasn't going to have to worry about baring my pussy to her the entire time. In the end I wore my standard summer slut uniform - super short cutoff denim shorts and a belly-baring cut-off t-shirt that had been too small when I bought it and now after several wash cycles was way too tight to be even remotely appropriate. But then "appropriate" wasn't the look I was going for, not by a long shot.

Sneakers were out as well. Again, why be subtle? I didn't choose my highest heels by any stretch of the imagination but these were at the four inch mark and showed off my thighs and ass to their best. With my summer tan that I'd been working on I knew my legs looked great even without them. Hey, I may not have the most fantastic boobs but I'll put my ass and legs up against anybody's!

One thing I definitely wore - my wedding rings. Two reasons - one being that I love my husband and it means something special to me whenever I'm having sex with another man men to see my wedding ring on my finger and remember the vows I made at the altar. Yes, I will love and honor my husband all the days of my life! Indeed, to me it's my commitment to my husband that makes it possible to say I'm not committing adultery when I have sex outside of marriage. The second reason is that I know it turns guys on when they fuck me to be reminded that I'm married. Well, I may allow them to fantasize that I want them more than my husband but that's all it will ever be - THEIR fantasy. But hey, if it makes the sex better, what's the harm in indulging them a little?

Finally, I rummaged through my dresser drawer of bikinis, debating which on to wear. I must have had at least a dozen ranging from a relatively conservative two piece that I hated but had to buy for when I chaperoned the youth group the previous summer at a pool party. The new youth pastor was well aware of my reputation and we'd had a very brief but pointed discussion about what was considered "appropriate", at least from his point of view. Technically it wasn't a discussion really as he did almost all the talking but I got the message loud and clear. It was a shame to waste the money as I'd never worn it since!

At the other end of the spectrum was the latest version of what my dad use to affectionately call "Kelly's slut suit". It was a swim suit in name only as here's no way it was ever intended to actually be worn in the water. Not more than a few pieces of small material tied on with strings, it would definitely have had me thrown out from any public pool or beach but then that wasn't why I bought it. There's only one reason any girl buys such a suit - to show off her body in as sexy and sensual manner as possible without actually being nude.

Only my dad and husband had seen me in these type of suits and I saw no reason to add Eric to that list so I ended up choosing something in between the two, although biased more towards the slutty side than the church camp version. Actually I'd found it at Macy's so it's not like I had to shop at some sleazy internet site. It was a peach colored halter style that tied behind my neck making it easy to undo and drop to expose my boobs should anyone want to see them. Lots of cleavage of course and side boob as well but it did more than just cover my nipples and actually had more coverage than some bras I own. The bikini bottoms weren't quite to where I'd call them a thong although the hips were cut high and the lack of any lining made it easy to get out of the water with an obvious camel toe.

Tucking my suit into my purse (not like there was all that much to squeeze in), I headed out the door and was on my way...

******************

Ringing the doorbell, I wondered who would answer this time. Well, whoever it was must have been waiting for me as no sooner did it go off than I heard the handle being turned. When the door opened it revealed them both with Alexis standing in front of her father. We did the standard greeting thing and Eric closed the door behind me after I'd stepped into the foyer.

"Whoa!" Eric practically gasped as he stood back and gave me the once-over - several times in fact. This time around he didn't even try to pretend he wasn't undressing me in his mind - not that there was all that much to imagine off of me.

"See dad, I told you that she was a slut."

"Well look who's calling the kettle black," I retorted.

To be fair, Alexis' shorts weren't nearly as revealing as mine but they were still an upgrade from the previous ones I'd seen her wearing. That and her cami came down to cover most of her belly with just a hint of skin revealed near her waistline. She wasn't wearing a bra but then it wasn't like there was all that much on top that required any support to begin with. Even then, what she DID have was perky and needed no support whatsoever.

"Now behave yourself Alexis," Eric corrected her, "Remember what I told you."

Needless to say I'd love to know what he'd told her! Nonetheless, there was no further hint along those lines. Hmmmmmm, was he just trying to tease me? If so it was working.

"Well, I guess we should get started," I proposed.

No doubt neither one of them would've protested had I just skipped the lesson for the day. Alexis undoubtedly had other places she'd rather be and I was getting some pretty good vibes from her father that he was more interested in my body than my teaching skills for his daughter's education.

From the frown on her face I wondered if maybe Alexis was thinking along the same lines but she dutifully led the way, leaving her father behind us. Once at the table we took our seats and I started to ask her about her homework when she interrupted me.

"So what's with the slutty outfit?" she asked accusingly, pointing her finger at me as she sat back in her chair and crossed her tanned legs. It had the effect of showing them off and I had to say they looked pretty darn good, even if they were still a little on the skinny side. Another year. maybe two at most, and she'd be at her prime.

"Oh? What do you mean?" I asked innocently.

She rolled those big brown eyes and shook her head before answering.

"C'mon Kelly, give me a break. My mom would kill me if I ever even ASKED to wear something like those shorts. Not to mention your tits are practically hanging out."

"Does it bother you if I dress this way for our lesson?"

"I don't give a crap. Not like I'm a lesbian you know."

Well I couldn't help but smile a bit at that remark.

"What dos THAT have to do with anything?"

"What?"

"About you not being a lesbian?"

Alexis shrugged. "Just saying, doesn't matter to me what you wear. I figured you were a slut anyways after last week - that's what I told my dad after you left."

"Well just so you know, I'll take that as a compliment."

"Wasn't meant to be," she mumbled.

"Why? Something I said wrong last week?"

Again the shrug but she just sat there this time without responding so I waited her out by pretending to look through some papers in my notebook.

"Well... first you asked me if I wanted to put my dad's penis in my mouth. How sick is that? Then you asked my dad if he wanted to do you me along with you. Like, what's with you anyway? Only a dirty slut would even think of something like that!"

So her dad wasn't the only one who listened in on other people's conversations...

"I was just teasing your dad," I said defensively although I didn't know why I needed to defend myself to her in the first place.

"Just like you teased him today wearing THAT?" she retorted, nodding her head towards my outfit.

Not exactly the sort of question you ask most young teen girls but then this conversation was already surreal so why not give it a shot?

She gave me her best "duh" expression followed by, "Well how would YOU feel if your dad did it with someone besides your mother?"

Although I knew the answer immediately, I paused for a moment to give her the impression I was considering her question.

"I can't say I guess. My dad never did."

Well technically I was telling her the truth. At least as I define it, my dad never HAS cheated on my mom. No doubt she might have thought differently had I told her everything but so far as this discussion was going, I didn't think I needed to get into any deep philosophical discussions about adultery and incest.

"I don't want them to get divorced."

It was a valid concern. Like what kid DOES want to see their parents split up? Even though I was an adult, it still hurt when my parents did.

"Well, that would only happen if you told your mom about it."

OK, so I was laying a guilt trip on her but if I had any chance at all of meeting my challenge I had to be sure Alexis wasn't going to throw a monkey wrench in the works.

"Why can't you just NOT do it with him?"

Another valid question. I supposed I could've gone into a long explanation of why having sex with married men behind the backs of their wives was such an incredible turn-on for me. Still, I have problems with adults sometimes understanding it so how was I going to get a girl her age whose only concern was that her father was going to do something to hurt her mom and maybe lad to a divorce.

"Let me explain something Alexis," I said softly, reaching out to take her hand in mine. She didn't pull it back this time which I took as a good sign.

"When a man like your dad has the feelings and needs that he has now, sooner or later he's going to give in and do something about them. I like to think that if he does it with me once that maybe those ideas and feelings in him will be satisfied and he won't cheat on your mom again, or at least not for a long time. On the other hand, I could NOT do him today but then he might do it with another woman who might not be so nice as me."

"As nice as you?" she asked me sounding a bit perplexed.

"I mean someone discreet and someone who won't try to make him cheat even more later. Nice like that."

"But what about YOUR husband?" she asked. I took it as another good sign that she seemed to accept what I had just said and now was expressing a different set of concerns.

I squeezed her hand and smile. "Alexis, I love my husband more than any other man in the world and I know he loves me just the same. It's just sex and we both enjoy it... a LOT. Just because you have sex with someone else besides your husband doesn't mean you love him any less."

She look dubious so I continued, "I know, most people don't see it that way, at least they won't admit they do. But trust me, your dad can fuck me once and still love your mom just as much after. In fact, I bet he loves her even more once he gets this out of his system."

She hadn't bought it completely, that was obvious, yet at the same time I could see she was mulling it over and not just outright rejecting everything as she had a little ways before.

"I guess you're right," she mumbled, not sounding at all convinced but it was good enough for me.

"Would it better if you watched us?"

Now THAT got her attention but I quickly learned it wasn't the sort of attention I had hoped for.

"Ewwwww, you mean like watch you and my DAD having sex?"

"So I take it you've never seen your mom and dad do it?"

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, "I don't even like watching them make out. Why, did you see YOUR parents do it?"

"No I didn't," I answered which was 100% truthful so long as you only considered me the as she was now.

I was actually three years older than her before I ever SAW my parents making love. Oh sure I HEARD them plenty as their room was right next to mine and the 100 year-old walls were paper thin. Regardless, sex was something they kept private between themselves while I was young.

"I can EVEN believe you asked me that," she grumbled, folding her arms in a defensive posture, "That's just sick."

"I didn't mean anything bad," I tried to assure her, "You just seems like you were a little jealous and I thought just maybe..."

There really didn't seem to be any point in going on. By now over half our lesson time had expired so I felt obligated to get in at least a LITTLE academia considering how much her dad was paying me. For the rest of the hour we made a half-hearted attempt to go over the material but in all fairness, it was a total waste of time as I don't think she listened to a word I said.

******************

"Soooooo, good lesson today?" Eric asked as he came into the room at the top of the hour.

Alexis immediately took it as her cue to exit and she hurried out of the room without a word to either of us.

"So what's with her?" Eric asked me. I just shrugged and he chuckled, "Female hormones... god what a mess!"

He went over to the window, apparently to check that this time his Peeping-Tom daughter was really heading over to her friend's house. She must have been as he turned to me with a grin.

"Bring your suit?" he asked.

I nodded and he pretended to be unhappy.

"Aw shucks, I was rather hoping you'd want to go skinny dipping!"

He said it trying to make it sound like he was teasing but there was something in his eyes that told me he clearly would've preferred I'd left my suit at home. Well, he hadn't seen it on me yet!

I glanced around. "So where can I change?"

His face scrunched up a bit as he considered. No doubt in his fantasies I'd either do it right here in front of him or ask to go to his bedroom where he'd come in while I was naked and fuck me. Well, so much for fantasies Eric and welcome to reality!

"I guess you can use Alexis' room," he offered.

I smiled and nodded so he led me upstairs where her room was a couple doors down right next to the bathroom. It was a typical teenage girl room - looked like a tornado had just passed through! Bed unmade, clothes on the floor, pretty much your standard disaster area. I looked back and he was standing there watching me.

"Ummmmm, do you mind closing the door or are you just going to stand there watching me?"

Well no doubt what he WANTED to say but instead he just grinned and reached for the handle to pull it shut. I wondered what he would've done if he knew that it would've been fine with me had he replied that he wanted to watch me? Heck, for that matter I probably wouldn't have stopped him from helping me undress. Once that was done then what would be the point in even bothering to get dressed again given his daughter's bed was available. Oh well, so much for THAT line of thought.

I quickly stripped down until I was bare-ass naked and then pulled out my bikini from my purse. Before putting it on, I looked around the room and tried to imagine Alexis in it. Did she look at herself in that long mirror mounted on the back of her bedroom door? Was she ever nude when she did, assessing herself in that ultra-critical way only a girl can of her own body? No matter what anyone might say to me, I never could score myself more than a six, maybe a seven. There were all those annoying imperfections that I suppose most guys never bother noticing when their attention is focused on my boobs, pussy or ass. Even then I would find fault. There was always something that could be improved.

Turning to the bed, I tried to picture Alexis laying in it at night with those thin pony legs spread wide apart, her hand nestled between those smooth tanned thighs as she touched herself. Did she masturbate often? I didn't have any doubt that she DID, it was just a question of how much. There have been very few girls in my life that I've known that did not masturbate to some degree or another. Of those who claimed they didn't, I've learned that it's more a question of not wanting to admit so rather than not actually doing it. By the time I turned thirteen I was masturbating on a regular basis although not quite as often as when I first discovered the joys available between my legs! No doubt Alexis had by now as well.

Enough with the daydreaming... I slipped on my thong bottom and then put on the bikini top. Using Alexis' door mirror, I adjusted everything into place and ran my fingers through my hair to fluff it out over my shoulders. Thankfully I'd shaved my crotch earlier as my so-called bikini bottom wasn't covering much more than the slit of my pussy. Heck, if I actually wore it in the pool for some odd reason it would probably slide between my labia and more or less cover nothing. The top did a nice job of supporting my boobs just enough to enhance my cleavage with plenty of side boob showing. With no lining my nipples were showing prominently even without being fully excited at the moment.

Inspection complete, I slipped on my heels again - something about a girl in a bikini and heels seems to turn guys on. Heck, even the Miss America type pageants figured that one out decades ago! I stuffed my clothes into a plastic grocery bad I'd brought with me, grabbed my purse and stepped back out into the hallway.

"Oh yeah... now THAT's what I call a bikini," Eric wolf-whistled from a few feet away where he'd been waiting for me.

I grinned and followed him back downstairs again where he led the way through the kitchen and then through a set of double sliding doors out onto a concrete patio that stretched out to the pool. It was an older pool and I saw where the mounts for a long-gone diving board had been. Thus there was a deep end which sloped up to a shallow end that looked to be maybe a few feet deep at most. What really drew my attention was a hot tub that looked like it had been added recently given it wasn't built-in but rather stood atop the patio with steps leading to it.

"So what do you think?" Eric asked as he turned and stretched out his arms.

"Nice... really nice," I complimented him nodding my head.

"Take a seat," Eric offered as he pulled out a chair by the glass table under a bright yellow umbrella. It had nice soft cushions which were far better than what you usually found in cheap lawn furniture. For that matter, nothing I could see looked like it came from Walmart.

"Thanks," I said as I took a seat and crossed my legs, very much aware that as I did his eyes were glued to them, especially up higher near my crotch.

For the next fifteen minutes or so it was like for one reason or another we were rationalizing being here, as if there needed to be some excuse for a 29 year-old married woman to be sitting with a mid-thirties married man whose wife was totally unaware of who he was seeing in her absence. Come to think of it, I'd really only met her briefly and since having started I'd only met her husband so it wasn't like I knew her all that well.

"It's getting pretty hot... do you want to take a dip?" Eric offered.

I just giggled playfully. "In this?" I teased him, running my fingers down from my bosom to my hips.

Eric grinned answering, "Well I guess that wasn't exactly designed to ever get wet."

We both laughed and then he asked If I wanted something to drink. He offered me wine but I politely turned him down and asked if he had a Diet Coke instead. He seemed a little surprised but just shrugged and disappeared into the house, leaving me alone by the pool.

Waiting for Eric to return, I sat their contemplating my current predicament. Just where was this all going? Oh sure there had been lots of flirting and suggestive talk but then I'd been down this path before with plenty of other married men. Truth be known, the more a guy talked about cheating or at the very least suggested it by his actions, the less I've found he is really ready to do it. So far that was exactly what Eric had been doing. Oh sure he'd been wildly suggestive and indeed, his eyes had been practically undressing me from the first time he'd seen me but did that really mean anything? Lots of men window shop but few buy the goods.

My thoughts were interrupted by Eric's return. He set down a large ice-filled glass of what looked to be my favorite beverage along with a beer for himself.

"Figured you for a white or pink wine girl," he commented as he took a seat again opposite me.

"Just never been much for anything alcoholic I guess," I said trying not to sound defensive. Funny how it is that everyone seems to expect me to drink white wine when in reality I could probably count the total number of glasses I'd drunk in my life on my fingers and toes.

Eric had also taken the opportunity to change into a swim suit, a rather baggy blue pair that came down almost to his knees. Well, at least it was better than a Speedo! Like a thong bikini for women, certain articles of clothing should require a license to wear! He was a bit overweight such that his belly hid the elastic band of his suit but not overly so. Really, at his age most men have developed a bit of a pot belly so if you're going to want to have sex with them then it's just something you have to accept.

As for the rest of his body, Eric was a bit on the hairy side which I can take or leave. Chest hair is fine but heavy shoulder and back hair starts to look a bit pre-evolutionary. Still, the only time I really get turned off is when it comes to facial hair. PLEASE guys, shave it off! Regarding pubic hair - don't you dare even trim it!. Yeah, sort of ironic I guess how I hate the feel of hair against my face when I kiss a guy yet when I'm sucking his dick I love his coarse pubic hair rubbing against my cheeks. I also love pubic hair for when I'm reaching into a man's pants like in public and feel my fingers running through a thick bush in his crotch. That and let's face it guys, as much as I enjoy what they do and what I do with them, a dick and set of balls just look a little creepy without any hair around them. Guys might like women looking like little girls but I don't know many women who like men looking like little boys.

"So do you typically hang out with the parents of your students in an outfit like that?"

It really wasn't a question in terms of wanting an answer to his specific question. I can read between the lines with the best of them! What he meant to ask was, "Do you typically hang out with the fathers of your students all but naked?" That to be followed closely by, "And do you have sex with them?" if he was like most men.

"Noooooo," I answered teasingly, "I don't think so."

"So why today?"

Now that WAS an honest question for which he probably wanted an answer. Well, for starters I couldn't tell him the truth. No matter how horny he may be, telling him I was doing this based on a dare issued by my husband that I was bound to follow wouldn't have exactly set the mood in the right direction. So I took a different approach...

"I hope you don't mind I picked this one?" I said in a worried tone of voice, "You don't like it?"

Whoa, I almost said, "My dad loves it," but caught myself in time. Talk about a potential Freudian slip!

Eric quickly backtracked. "Oh no, I didn't mean that at all Kelly!" Then he asked what was probably the most honest and thought-provoking question he could've.

"OK, let's be honest. I know I'm no Abercrombie & Fitch model while you belong on the cover. Sexy girls like you just don't come onto guys like me without there being some ulterior motive."

"Oh? So you think I'm sexy?" I asked before he had a chance to even finish.

Poor Eric, I could see he was struggling. Gone was all the swagger. It was almost like he was afraid that at any moment the cameras would come out and some jackass stuck a microphone in his startled face to tell him it was all some practical joke. Had he maybe figured that this would never really happen and now that it was, did he think it was a case of something being too good to be true?

My mind was racing. Indeed, Eric wasn't the only one for which this wasn't exactly going according to script. I think that I could've handled most anything I guess but to see him in such a state of distress almost made me feel guilty for what I was about to do... almost.

Standing up, I moved in closer to him until I was right in front of him. Then I put one hand on each of his hairy shoulders which caused me to lean forward and all but falling out of my bikini top in the process. Looking at him straight in the eyes...

"Eric, when a girl comes on to you, the polite thing to do is say something nice about her and stop putting yourself down."

A grin started to form and no doubt had I looked down I would have seen another shape taking form but I kept looking straight at his face as I waited for his response.

"Well OK... You look fantastic Kelly... totally hot."

"Do you know why you turn me on Eric?"

He just shook his head which was probably the best I could hope for at the moment.

"One... you're married. Two... you have a hot teenager daughter. Three... you're wife isn't bad herself. And four... I like the way your dick gets hard when you're around me."

The first three he didn't have a problem with. It was when I rattled off the fourth that he seemed to be a bit embarrassed.

"Oh don't worry about THAT! I love it," I said in as seductive a tone as I could muster, taking my right hand and planting the palm of it onto the erection hiding beneath his baggy swim trunks. He immediately squirmed a bit.

"Kelly, what the hell are you doing?"

I started to rub his crotch slowly through his trunks. He didn't push me away yet at the same time I could tell he was really tense.

"I'm doing exactly what YOU want me to do Eric."

"Oh god... I'm married Kelly. We can't do this. Shit, I mean you're married too. How can you cheat on your husband like this?"

Then the REAL worry came out as he glanced back towards the house. "What if Alexis comes back? Shit, she could be back any time now!"

He kept looking back at the house so I reached out to his chin with my left hand, keeping my right on his crotch. Turning his head back to me, I released his chin and reached behind my neck to undo my bikini top. Just in time I remembered something important - my challenge requirements. Damn!

"Be right back!"

Poor Eric looked totally perplexed as I raced back into the house for my purse. Grabbing my phone, I was back where I'd started with maybe barely a minute gone by. Eric saw the phone in my hand and I could see he was dying to ask me what was going on.

"I hope you don't mind....," I said seductively as I handed him the phone. He still looked like he didn't understand so I added, "Don't you want to be able to watch this again later?"

OK, so I was pushing him a bit and there was always the risk of going too fast and scaring him off, especially since everything was being recorded. Still, this wasn't my first rodeo and as horny as he obviously was the risks seemed minimal. If anything, I was more concerned about exactly what he'd voiced earlier - the unexpected return of Alexis. Oh sure the concept was erotic but as I always say, you have to be able to separate reality from fantasy.

"Yes," he gasped but that wasn't good enough for me.

"Say it then... tell me what you want."

His hand squeezed my boob really tight then but I didn't protest and he didn't disappoint me.

"I want to fuck her... I want so bad to fuck Alexis."

"Give me the phone," I demanded and he reluctantly stopped the video and handed it to me. I took control from that point forward.

"Now close your eyes," I said softly, gently squeezing his dick. He would have done about anything I think for me at that moment so closing his eyes was a pretty easy thing for him to do.

I took a deep breath. "Oh daddy, I love the feel of your dick."

His eyes immediately popped open!

"Close them!" I said abruptly which caused him to immediately do so. "Now don't open them again."

My drill sergeant tone disappeared only to be replaced by my teenage girl voice.

"Take these off," I told him as I tugged on his swim suit.

It was a little difficult with only one hand available but I wanted to record everything he was saying about his desires for his daughter. God Steve was going to love this!

It pleased me that he kept his eyes tightly shut as he released my boobs (which was actually not a bad thing given how hard he'd been squeezing them!) and used both hands to pull his suit down and drop them to his ankles, stepping out of them and letting them lay on the concrete.

"Mmmmmmm, you look so sexy daddy when your cock is so hard."

I squatted between his legs and kissed the tip of his dick. Keeping an eye on him, I noticed his eyes started to open to catch a glimpse but when he saw me staring at him he quickly shut them tight again.

"Do you want me to suck your dick daddy?"

It was like all the air in his lungs escaped as he sighed deeply and then took a deep breath.

"Oh yes baby... suck daddy's dick... I so want you to suck it."

He didn't have to ask twice!

As I sucked him one thought came to mind as he groaned and his cock twitched as my mouth and tongue worked it... Alexis might be half my age and cuter than hell but there was no way on God's green earth that she could ever hope to give her dad the kind of blowjob I was giving him! Give her a few more years and a few dozen dicks and maybe she might be competitive but for now, daddy was getting the BJ of his life as I doubted his wife was any match for my skills either. OK, so maybe I'm bragging a bit but personally, based on my experience and results I think I can back up everything I've said!

His cock was rigid and it wasn't long before the telltale signs began to emerge. Not knowing his physical condition I couldn't be certain, but still by taking into account things like age and weight I would have been surprised if he was going to be capable of cumming more than once in any reasonable time period. Well, we didn't have that much time and I didn't want him shooting his load prematurely so I slowed down a bit on the blowjob.

"Oh fuck don't stop Lexi," he groaned, putting his hands on my head and trying to pull me back into his crotch.

Now I'd never heard him refer to her with that nickname so I knew he was pretty much buried in his fantasy of me being his daughter now which just made it all the hotter for me. Well, that fantasy was about to get a whole lot more real - and soon.

Standing up (my knees were a little sore now from being bent so long but I managed), again I was pleased to see his eyes never opened even once. I'd have loved to be able to read his thought just then to see what image he'd conjured up in his mind.

"What do you want now daddy," I whispered into his ear as I held his throbbing dick in my hand while doing my best to keep the camera on target. God, it felt like it was on fire! He didn't hesitate.

"Daddy wants to fuck his baby girl... I want to feel it inside of you."

"Oh yes daddy, I love you," I replied.

Now had he been MY dad I would have leaned over and kissed him but he wasn't and frankly, I didn't think he cared one way or the other at this point. Indeed,

My own orgasm had retreated just enough for me to somehow respond with, "Yes daddy, cum in me... mate me daddy... make me yours daddy. I want to be all yours."

"Oh Lexi!!!!" he called out as I felt his hands on my hips, pulling me into his as he buried his dick as deep as he could inside of me.

Into my pussy his sperm spewed from his throbbing dick. With each thrust of his hips I could envision yet another stream of white cum rushing from the tip of his cock deep inside my welcoming pussy. Of course unlike his daughter's at the moment, mine wasn't throwing out the welcome mat in terms of a waiting egg but what difference did that make at a time like this? It was the symbolism that counted as much as anything.

"Oh my god!" he gasped as he finished.

Gasping for air, I turned my head back over my shoulder to look at him. His eyes were open now and they met mine, followed by the biggest grin I'd seen yet from him.

"You can stay in me a while if you want daddy," I offered since he didn't seem in any hurry to pull out of me. As if to emphasize my invitation, I squeezed down on him a bit with my pussy which made his eyes widen a bit.

"Oh shit... God your pussy feels so good!"

I smiled and wiggled my ass against him.

"Well, your cock isn't doing such a bad job either you know."

We both laughed but then I saw him glance at the house and suddenly he pulled out of me so quick it almost shocked me.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped, reaching down for his suit, "You have to get yourself fixed up... hurry!"

I lifted myself up, feeling a little light headed after such a great fuck. It's not like there's some switch to just turn these sort of things on and off you know.

"C'mon Kelly, NOW!"

I turned and pulled my thing back over from where he had tugged it to the side to make way for his dick to get in me. Not like it made much difference as it was quickly soaked with his cum that was draining out of me now that I was upright. My top was still hanging loosely so it didn't take a lot to pull it behind my neck and tie it once again.

"What's going..."

He didn't let me finish.

"She's home!"

"Who?"

"Alexis!"

I couldn't help but notice he now referred to her by her full name instead of the shorter version he'd used while imagining it was her he was fucking instead of me. Under different circumstances I might've teased him about it but right now he was in full panic mode. I looked at the house but didn't see anything different than I'd seen since we'd left it. What in the world was going on?

"Are you sure?"

Eric had his swim suit waistband tied again. He looked at me and then his eyes went wide open as he glanced down at my crotch. He grabbed a towel and tossed it to me.

"Put this around you," he instructed me. I held it in place, not quite understanding what he was worried about so he added, "She can't see... THAT!"

Oh... THAT! He was, of course, referring to the obvious wetness of my crotch, not to mention the cum on the inside of my thigh. I suppose he had a point - it would've been a bit difficult to explain. Not to mention that everything about us even being out here was going to be difficult to explain as well.

"Let's see if we can get you out of here before she sees you."

I suppose I could have been a little upset at the way he was now treating me as used luggage but to be fair, it was completely expected. First, he'd just finish unloading and like most men no doubt along with his sperm had gone his horniness, at least for the next half hour or so. Second, there was his smart-ass little daughter. As much as he might fantasize about having sex with her, he was under no delusions that it might even have the slightest probability of happening. Then of course Alexis might also tell her mom. Even if somehow he managed to come up with some cock and bull story about what the two of us were doing out on the patio - obviously not swimming, there was no way her mom was going to buy it for an instant.

We hurried back to the house with him in the lead. The coast was clear in the kitchen and just as I thought I might make it out the front door without being caught a voice from the top of the stairs called out.

"You're still here Kelly? I saw your car and I wondered."

Oh yeah - that was one minor point Eric hadn't remembered. Even if she hadn't seen me in the house, how could she have missed my car sitting in the driveway?

a little unhappy I hadn't taken any of her. Still, I'd won the dare fair and square. He still had most of the summer to go so who knew what he'd come up for me next.

Knowing my husband, he'd come up with something real soon...

# (Oct 19) Chapter 267: Familiarity Breeds Happiness

Story codes: MF inc father daughter
Me (29)
John - my dad (49)

Although this isn't one of my longer entries, at the same time it's about something that happened which meant a lot to me and so I wanted to share it with everyone. It's not about one of those "life-altering" events that I tend to wait for before writing a new diary post yet it goes to show that sometimes it's the familiar things that make you the most happy and content.

## 1. Being Me

One of the things that's always struck me as being rather ironic (maybe surreal would be a better description) is when people tell me that either they wish their life could be like mine, or that they wish their daughter was more like me, or in some more stranger cases even that they wish they WERE me! Hopefully those last folks are already female but then in this day and age who knows?

The reality is that it's pretty hard for me to relate the person I see in the mirror every morning with this mythical paragon that people seem to think I am. After all, when I look in that mirror all I see is ME, more or less the same girl I've been seeing there for almost thirty years now.

If there's one thing I've found in publishing my diary it's that the vast majority of people reading it have a very narrow one-dimensional perception of me. From the precious little feedback that I receive(I've also learned that the almost everyone who reads my diary is a lurker) it would seem that the typical person thinks that all I do is think about or engage in sex on a 24/7 basis. Don't I wish THAT was true!

Yeah, I'll admit that it used to bother me knowing that the majority of folks out there classify me as either some sort of pervert, nymphomaniac, pedophile, or even worse - a naive brainwashed and abused victim. Then again I also understand that I really only have myself to blame. Given that almost all of the diary entries I post focus on some crazy sexual event in my life, how can I blame people for having those impressions? The point is that represent the most exciting or otherwise impactful events in my life - both good AND bad. I mean it's not like I sit down at the end of the day and spend time writing about the everyday sex I have with my husband - and yes, we DO have sex in one form or another just about every day. Face it, who wants to hear about my daily prayer life, my crafting hobbies, church events I attend, local charity work I do, or even just a typical everyday lunch with friends and/or family or any of the hundreds of perfectly ordinary things that make up the majority of my life.

No, all anyone wants to know about it is that tiny percentage of my life that I write about and post on-line. It's not that I would mind writing about anything else but it takes a long time and a lot of work to do each one so if nobody's going to read it and comment to me about it then what's the point? Even when I DO write about my sex life people complain that I don't "embellish" it enough when it's not as exciting as their imaginations would make it out to be.

OK, before people blast me let me say here that I'm not THAT naive. It's not like I don't recognize that my life isn't exactly the norm but then again, whose is? Like doesn't everyone have SOMETHING about them that's a little different from everyone else? It's just that the things that make my life a bit unique tend to fall into categories that most people would call "taboo" - at best. Yet those same people fail to recognize, or maybe it's that they refuse to recognize, that from my perspective it's all perfectly normal as that's how I was raised. I mean it's sort of like how an Amish girl certainly knows that her life is different from most people's but that doesn't mean she sees it as something other than "normal". Same with me.

Perhaps the one element of my life that I've written about which seems to draw the most "attention" is my relationship with my father. Of course I'm referring to my sexual relationship with him. Again, I'm not trying to downplay anything or even to try and suggest that what we do is typical for most people. Yet at the same time I think based on what I've been told over the years that what I share with my dad is something that a most people WISH was typical for them as well. My only concern, if that's the right word, is that for too many people their wishes are actually based solely on their physical desires and lust which is exactly the type of attitude that has caused incest to be labeled as "taboo".

Now don't worry as I'm not going to go into some long drawn-out sermon on the pros and cons of incest - there's plenty in my diary about that subject already (too much according to some people). It's just that before I relate the events of this day I wanted to emphasize a few things for those who haven't read my diary. Then again I suppose it wouldn't hurt to remind even those who have of a few things as well. If such stuff bores you then I suggest skip straight to Chapter 2 instead of complaining to me. You've been warned!

Soooooo.... THE question of the day... why would a girl want to have sex with her own father? Although it's a question that everyone seems interested in, at the same time it's the part of my life that's clearly the most misunderstood. So let me get one thing straight from the start – it's NOT just for the sex. I mean like I've had all I wanted without having to engage in incest. Any girl who claims she can't get laid within the next hour is either lying or not very horny. Now I'm not saying I don't enjoy the physical aspects of incest but they're not the driving force behind why I like it.

When it comes to incest it's really quite simple... so much so that I think people just don't WANT to believe me when I say it because it IS so simple. I like to have sex with my dad because he IS my dad and as his daughter it's simply the right thing to do for these reasons:

impossible. Second, it pleases my dad who gets off fucking me while I'm still dressed in my Sunday dress or whatever outfit I'm wearing that day to the service. Lastly, it really turns me on to sit in church just minutes after he fucks me with my pussy still wet and throbbing knowing that some of my father's cum is still inside of me. It's such a turn-on to look around and imagine what people would say if they had any idea what we'd just done!

Usually that's about it - just a quickie before church. Typically it's only a few minutes, maybe ten to fifteen at most as I'm not the earliest riser on Sunday mornings. It's really not so much about the sex per se but more that we do it each and every week. OK, so for my dad it IS a lot about the sex but you get the idea.

Since by the time I arrive time we're both dressed and ready for church he usually just lifts my dress or skirt and we, as Nike would say, just do it. It doesn't hurt things that I almost never wear panties under a skirt or dress except at school when I'm teaching!

As you may imagine it's not like our little tradition is always the easiest or most convenient thing to do. There are even times when it's not even really something I WANT to do. By not wanting I mean that there are those days when I, just as anyone else, simply am not at the top of my game or just in the sort of funky mood where sex isn't at the head of my priority list. Also, the odds dictate that there will be those weekends when my period hits and while I'm not adverse to sex at those times in principle, there are those days when it's just not that convenient in the time we have to do things. Granted, I still give him a blowjob but it's not the same as him fucking me.

For whatever reason this morning was one of those times. Don't ask me why, guess I just woke up in a weird mood, the wrong side of the bed or whatever else because there was no real excuse for it. I simply felt in a crappy mood with a bit of a headache. One of those mornings you just want to crawl back in bed and stay there for the day.

I'd been woken by my alarm and after using the toilet I looked in the mirror and grimaced. Damn, what was WRONG with me? I looked like crap. Felt like crap. Good morning to just crawl back in bed and snuggle with my husband.

Then it hit me - it was SUNDAY morning! While the thought DID help perk me up a bit, I still wasn't exactly feeling up to par. It wasn't like my father would disown me or anything if I didn't show up and I knew he'd be the first to say that it was OK with him if I didn't. Yet knowing that didn't help as I knew he'd just be saying it for my benefit. I had no doubt that the look on his face wouldn't match the tone of his voice if I were to call him now and ask to stay home today.

Then I was hit again with a different feeling and this time it was 100% guilt. Wow, like how could I be so selfish? Like all the things my dad had done for me over the years, all that he had sacrificed to make my life what it is today, all the support he'd provided when undoubtedly there had been times when he would have rather stayed home rather than attend whatever event I was involved in. Sure, it wasn't like he wouldn't get to fuck me again soon, worst case being a week until the next Sunday rolled around. Yet was that really a valid excuse for me to put my own needs ahead of his? Besides, it wasn't like I was dying or anything really horrible. Nothing a couple extra-strength Excedrin's wouldn't cure. It was just me being selfish so what was I doing even thinking about it?

The other thing that drove me was simply not wanting to ruin my streak. It's sort of like me not taking drugs. I've NEVER used any form of illegal drug or abused any legal ones. Many times I've been at parties where people were using most anything including pot and was asked if I just wanted to try it once. I've always refused and I'm proud to be able to say I've never wavered.

So too when it comes to sex with my dad. I've NEVER told him "no" regardless of the circumstances and believe me, there have been times when I was a LOT worse off than I was feeling this morning and yet I always made sure I satisfied him. Sure he would have understood and I know he would never get mad at me for doing so but that's not the point. I've NEVER withheld myself sexually from him and I wasn't about to ruin a streak of almost fourteen years over a headache. Like how cliche!

So it was that an hour later I found myself walking up the sidewalk to the front door of my dad's house. Most of the time I still refer to it as "my" house as after all, I did live there for most of my life. Still, technically it was just my dad's now. My mom had moved to Oregon after the divorce so it wasn't my "parents" house. Even though my Aunt Linda lived there now with my dad it wasn't like they were married or anything. So in the end it was just my dad's now.

Thankfully the headache had just about disappeared. It's pretty amazing what two little pills can do! As I approached the door my anticipation of what was waiting for me on the other side completed the transformation the aspirin had already pretty much taken care of by now. Even when I almost tripped on that damn rise in the sidewalk where a tree root had pushed it up - how many times had I tripped over it through the years and STILL somehow would catch a heel, I didn't let it get to me.

Not surprisingly the door was unlocked so I just let myself in. The hallway light was off and after the bright morning sun it took a moment or so for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. Hmmmmmm, so where was everyone? The downstairs was empty whereas usually either my dad or my aunt would be there to greet me. Walking down the hallway towards the eating nook and kitchen, I listened for any activity in the house but all was quiet as a church mouse.

Turning into the kitchen I wasn't sure who was more startled - me or my dad who was putting the coffee creamer down on the counter.

"Whoa, just about spilled it all," my dad laughed as he looked up at the clock. "Damn, I didn't realize it was getting to be that time already."

Obviously. Normally I'd expect him to be "preparing" himself for me but this morning he was fully dressed in his suit with everything buttoned and zipped looking like he was about to step out the door.

"So where's Aunt Linda?" I asked, a bit curious as usually she was always up before he was.

"Oh she had to leave early for some house showing," he explained, "You know how some people are heathens and want to do their shopping on Sunday morning instead of going to church."

He said that with a bit of a smirk. Yeah, my parents had pretty much always been regular church attenders but I never got the impression my dad was really all that into it. My mom had been the true instigator and I always got the impression that he pretty much went along for the ride rather than fight the inevitable. Since she'd left after the divorce I think the only reason he goes now is because he wants to go there to be with me. Oh well, better that he go than not regardless of the intent. Who knows, maybe something might rub off whether he wanted it to or not! I really couldn't say anything as least he went, unlike my lazy husband who had to be practically dragged to attend even for Christmas and Easter.

"So then it's just you and me, eh daddy?" I said seductively, pressing into him and licking my lips.

He didn't say anything. Instead he leaned down and pulled me in tight, pressing his lips to mine and we kissed passionately for the next few minutes as his hands roamed over me. Definitely not your typical father-daughter peck on the cheek, that was for sure!

"God I love your ass," he muttered as he squeezed my butt through the thin dress I was wearing. Of course that was all that separated his hand from my ass as

I'd conveniently "forgotten" my panties - as if I ever remembered them in the first place.

It wasn't long before I could feel his hands inching up my dress, bunching it up in my lower back until he had his hand planted on my bare smooth butt cheek. His tongue continued to explore my mouth as he bent at the knees until he was able to press his middle finger between my legs from behind and then straight into my wet pussy.

"Hmmmmmm, I think somebody's horny for their daddy," he murmured as he easily pushed it deeper into me. Yeah, I was horny and my pussy was wet to prove it.

"Fuck me daddy," I sighed deeply.

It wasn't like we had all morning. Church would be starting in less than half an hour so I just went straight to the punch line. I think of all the words I could utter, those three are the ones that turn my dad on the most. Not that he's unusual in the regard as from what most men tell me those are the same words just about all fathers want to hear from their daughter - if they're honest enough with themselves to admit it.

"God I want to baby... so damn bad," my dad said in a voice husky with pure lust. Sure we usually started off as just your typical father-daughter interaction, just some kissing and groping. Then as things progressed it usually became more and more about his desires for me. Not that it bothered me at all to have my dad get all horny for me. Like what girl wouldn't be proud to have her own father feel that way about her? Even better, what girl wouldn't be even more proud for him to SHOW her that he felt that way about her.

Well, show me he did as he released my butt to quickly undo his belt and pants. Then his pants dropped to the floor along with his underwear. It was a little comical in that he didn't even bother stepping out of them but then it would've been rather difficult without removing his dress shoes. In any case, what difference did it make as I wasn't about to go running off anywhere.

Reaching under my butt my dad lifted me up onto the cold counter top next to the sink where I knew the drill. I dutifully spread my legs for him and pulled up my dress affording him a perfect view of my soaking wet bare pussy. Under the circumstances it wasn't much of a surprise when I got the response I was hoping for! My dad paused for a moment to just stand and stare between my legs. Like I could almost feel his eyes boring into me!

"God I love your fuckin' pussy," he whispered as if there was anyone who might hear him, "I can't ever imagine NOT wanting it."

Well, he better not! LOL.

My dad grunted just a little as he grabbed my ankles and then lifted my legs up and onto his shoulders, scooting my exposed bottom to the edge of the counter top in the process. We both watched intently as he grabbed his stiff dick and ran the head of it up and down my wet slit. Oh yeah, I LOVE the feel of my father's cock as it slides over my sensitive clit!

"Love it when you get this wet," he murmured without taking his eyes off of what he was doing down there.

"Fuck me daddy, I want you in me," I pleaded softly with him, scooting even further to the edge to try and drive him in.

Granted, it's not like he needed the encouragement! After a couple of final passes he positioned the head of his erection at the entrance to my waiting pussy. Then he slowly pushed it into me and I watched as one of the most wonderful sights imaginable played out in front of me, one that I've seen hundreds of time yet each time it's like it's the first - my father's cock as it disappeared inside of me! Of course not only did I WATCH it enter me but at the same time I could FEEL it penetrating deeper and deeper into me as he slowly but steadily filled me with his incestuous dick. Pushing harder, he didn't pause until the base of his dick met up with my crotch and he was completely buried in my pussy with his thick dark public hair smashed against my shave crotch.

I groaned with pleasure! "Oh daddy, that feels soooooo good!"

"Well you ought to be at this end," he said a bit jokingly with me.

Although I didn't think about it at the time, I have to admit sometimes I wonder just how it DOES feel to be a guy with that big thing sticking out of your crotch and then to have it surrounded by a woman's warm and wet pussy. Obviously it must feel pretty damn good considering what men will do for the opportunity! Yet I'm more than happy to be the female in this coupling. It's like I am surrendering myself to my father as I accept his sexual organ inside of me. And while it may feel good for the guy, it feels pretty damn good to me. It doesn't hurt that as a woman I have the equivalent of a semi-automatic whereas he has only one-shot in his holster. None of the "one and done" for me!

Then there's also the advantage that I don't lose my mind after cumming like all men do. God, the things guys do and forget after they cum! It's like when they shoot their sperm into me their consciousness goes with it and until they recover they just act all silly and forgetful. I'm reminded of what Chris Rock once said about where wives find their husband's porn... in the VCR. Why? Because after they cum they space out and forget to take it out!

Whatever I guess! The only really important thing at this moment was I was doing exactly what I should be - submitting myself sexually to my father. It thrilled me to see the almost animal-like expression on his face, the lust in his eyes, the almost frantic motions as he thrust himself into me and then pulled out almost all the way and thus rammed himself back into me again... over and over and over. At times like this there's not a doubt in my mind that I'm doing exactly what I should be doing - honoring my father and making him feel good.

"Oh daddy that feels so good... push it in me deeper."

Apparently by now his vocabulary had been reduced to a series of grunts and groans as that's all the response I got but at the same time he DID push himself in a little more as he would press his crotch in even harder and deeper into my waiting crotch. I actually liked it best when he would pause between a series of rapid fucking motions and just hold himself inside of me, allowing me to feel him throbbing and moving just a little bit inside of me.

As horny as he was I knew he wouldn't last long and as usual I had my dad pegged pretty well. Granted, I may not always get things right when it involved other issues but when it came to sex I knew my dad like the back of my hand! I guess when you consider how many times we'd been together since that fateful day over thirteen years ago that shouldn't come as any surprise.

"Oh fuck baby... I'm gonna cum!"

My dad had his hands back under my butt again and I felt him pull me into him as he jammed his hard cock into me as far as he could.

"Give it to me daddy... give it to me! Give me your love daddy!"

And indeed he did! With a series of rapid thrusts my dad's cock began to spurt his incestuous sperm deep inside of my pussy. Each time I felt him jam himself into me as I tried to imagine his cum shooting out from the tip and filling my pussy. That was the final straw as I came, groaning loudly as my pussy felt like it was on fire! My dad knew the signs, just as I knew his...

"That's it baby, cum for daddy."

It's all he said, all he needed to say. My eyes closed and with my ankles locked behind his back I pulled him in even tighter as if somehow he could go even deeper inside of me if I tried.

"Ohhhhhhhhh My Goddddddd!" I groaned. A little cliche I know but then what else are you supposed to say? Not like I was in any position (literally and emotionally) so make a speech.

After he'd finished my dad hugged me and pulled me in tight against his chest as he worked to keep his dwindling dick inside of me. I smiled as I knew why he did it - for me. Like all men, I knew my dad's lust ejaculated along with his sperm and so far as HE was concerned we were all done and over. One of the things I love about my dad is that he knows I need more than that and he does his best to give it to me. Oh wow, it just felt so good to keep him inside of me as long as possible. It wasn't about the sex. It was just a daughter loving her father.

My head was pressed against his chest and I could feel his heart racing. About the last thing I needed now was for him to have a heart-attack!

"I love you Kelly," he whispered in my ear and then he let me lean back enough to kiss me. Mmmmmmm, his tongue entered my mouth as I felt his dick still barely inside of me. I loved knowing as we kissed that my pussy was now flooded with my dad's cum.

My dad started to pull out but even at moments like this you had to keep your wits about you if you're going to stay out of trouble.

"Wait daddy... hand me that napkin first."

He chuckled as he knew what I wanted it for. Heck, it wasn't like it was our first rodeo yet it seemed I always had to remind him. As I said... out goes the cum, along goes his mind.

With the napkin ready in my hand I unlocked my ankles to allow him to pull what was left of his erection out of my freshly fucked pussy. As soon as he did I pressed the napkin to my crotch to stem the inevitable flood that until now his dick had been holding back like a finger in a dike. I felt the napkin immediately get wet as our cum drained from me and into the napkin. Meanwhile my dad was pulling up his underwear and pants...

"Good thing you always remind me... hate to have had that all over your pretty dress."

Yeah, while I'd pulled it up enough earlier to reveal to him my bare my pussy I really should've pulled it higher so I wasn't sitting on it. About the last thing I needed was a large wet stain in the back when I walked into church, especially in that location. I suppose my coat would have covered it but sooner or later it would have to come off. Granted, most people would probably not think twice but I knew more than a few people, especially some of the wives, weren't exactly my fans and would be quick to draw conclusions - conclusions that we didn't want to have to deal with in any case.

Once I was pretty sure most of it was out I slid off the counter top onto my heels once again. As a precaution I held a fresh napkin under me which was a good idea as it gathered some more cum as well. It wasn't nearly as much as the flood that had escaped earlier but damn, how much had he dumped in me anyways? It's funny how that works with men. Like why do they sometimes seem to have this huge load and then at other times it's just a spurt? You would think it would have something to do with how often they cum making it a production issue but that doesn't always hold true. Just one of those mysteries of life I guess...

Straightening out my dress, I saw my dad was putting the finishing touches on his belt buckle after which he turned to me smiling.

"Kelly, that was incredible... as always."

I just smiled and we hugged and kissed again. Even though it had technically only lasted a few minutes, it HAD been incredible. When it comes to the emotional satisfaction I get from sex, time really isn't relevant. It's all about WHO I have sex with and WHY they are fucking me. In this case it was my father fucking me because I'm his daughter and he loves me. It really doesn't get any better than that so yes, incredible was the right word to use.

# 3. During Church

The drive to church was rather uneventful. I'd brought a couple of napkins along which came in handy as I didn't need his cum dripping down my leg as we walked down the aisle! There was a time and place for that sort of thing and church was NOT one of those times! It was a quick drive to the church parking lot and a few minutes later we walked into the vestibule where the pastor was there greeting people.

My dad shook our pastor's hand and I just smiled when he looked at me. Granted, while I'd never done a thing with him and he'd never shown any interest in me other than to admonish me for dressing inappropriately, I still had fantasies about doing him during a sermon. Guess it really wasn't about him - more the act of doing such a thing! Oh wow, my pussy was tingling and all I could think about was what he would say if he had a clue as to what my dad and I had just done not ten minutes before!

For the first part of the service the theme was pretty much just me looking around, saying hello to people during the greeting time, and just sitting there fantasizing about all the naughty things I'd love to do in church. One of things I've always said about fantasies - you can fantasize about ANYTHING, it's what you DO that counts. Of course I'd never give my dad a hand job under his coat in the crowded pews but that didn't mean I couldn't dream about it as I sat next to him.

As I sat there I would look at the other families and I couldn't help but wonder if any of the other girls had been fucked by their dad this morning. Like how would I know if they had? I mean who seeing me sitting next to my dad looking all prim and proper would ever even imagine that less than thirty minutes earlier I'd been planted on the kitchen counter with my legs locked around his waist while he fucked me until he flooded my pussy with his incestuous cum?

Having gotten in late we were seated somewhat towards the back so ahead of me I could see one father in particular that interested me. He was there sitting in the middle of the pew with his frumpy wife on one side and his idiot son on the other with their cute college-age daughter sat on the opposite side of her mom from him. Years earlier I'd teased him while working with his daughter's youth group and one thing led to another until finally he took me home and fucked me on his daughter's bed. It was one of those things I loved - being fucked by a man committing adultery

girl can never be told too often. "And I love you too daddy and you're the best father a girl could ever hope to have."

Just as things were getting all sentimental and fluffy, the smirk returned along with my horny father. "Well, if that's the case then why aren't you sucking my dick yet?"

I glanced around and saw that the parking lot was already pretty empty. Guess people were in a hurry to get to the restaurants before they got too full. The again, even if someone was to walk right by the window they wouldn't have seen anything given the extra tint my dad had ordered for his SUV. Oh well, why not?

One thing I LOVED about my dad's SUV was the bench seats. None of this massive console and bucket seat crap getting in the way. I kicked off my heels and then twisted such that my bare feet were on the seat against the passenger door and wiggled my way until I was able to start undoing his pants. He was just as anxious as I was so he helped to release his cock which was already well on its way to an erection. No sooner was it available than I put my fingers around the base to steady it and took his warm dick in my mouth.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT's what I call being the slut I love," he groaned as my tongue worked its way around his warm shaft.

Looking back, I think my dad first started calling me a slut shortly after I started having sex with my first boyfriend - who also happens to be my husband now although a lot of guys came and went in between (oops, another pun there). Actually I think the first person to call me a slut was one my Aunt Sheri, the bitchy wife of my dad's younger brother. She has always been the preachy bitch and has never been able to deal with the way I dress. While she never called me that to my face when I was younger, I overheard her use the phrase numerous times when she would gripe to my mom about the way I would come dressed over to their house when we visited. Needless to say my mom never paid her one bit of attention. Heck, she was the one who bought me the clothes and bikinis in the first place! If anything I think she would have me wear even shorter skirts or tinier bikinis just to irritate my aunt all the more.

So anyway, one of my dad's pet names for me since then has been "my little slut" and I love it when he calls me that as I knew it means whatever I'm is turning him on. I guess sucking his dick in the church parking lot qualified - his erection certainly substantiated things and everyone knows that dicks never lie.

I could hear people nearby but my dad didn't say anything other than the occasional groan so I knew everything was OK. My dad wouldn't ever allow anything bad to happen with me. I knew no matter how horny he might be that he was keeping an eye out for us even if he WAS enjoying the BJ.

As I sucked my dad's dick he reached into my dress and started playing with my boobs. The advantages of not wearing a bra... Although he was stretching out the dress a little it was nothing I thought it couldn't handle. I just loved the way he played with my hard nipples, running them between his finger tips and tugging on them just the right amount.

"You know something Kelly, you're boobs have really blossomed since having a baby," he complimented me. He was right, I was still pretty much a full cup size bigger now than I had been a couple of years before. Not that I'm complaining mind you!

As my father played with my boobs, I had my right hand stabilizing his dick leaving the left one free to put between my legs. Continuing to suck his dick I started to masturbate with my dress hiked up to my waist so he could watch. I'd learned early that my dad enjoyed watching me touching myself so I always tried to make sure he got a good view.

Everything was going so well! I was sucking my dad's dick, he was groping my boobs and I was fondling my clit and pussy all at the same time. To top it off, all of this was happening in the middle of the church parking lot! Well, not so much in the middle as on the outskirts but the principle was the same. After enduring an hour of horniness in church it was just what I needed.

"Ohhhhhh!" I gasped, my voice muffled by the dick planted between my lips.

Oh yeah, I was cumming and cumming hard! My fingers plunged into my pussy as the palm of my hand rubbed against my clit. My dad has just cupping my boobs now as he was concentrating more on his BJ and I think he was pretty close to cumming as well.

"Oh SHIT that feels so good!" he groaned loudly. Good thing there wasn't anyone right outside the door!

As my orgasm continued it was his turn and I felt the first spurt of warm cum flood my mouth as I sealed around his shaft with my lips. He came again and then again and I found myself trying to deal with the pleasures of my own orgasm while at the same time worrying I might choke on my dad's cum. Well I guess there are worst dilemmas a girl can find herself in, LOL.

He finished quickly this time - maybe the "production" model for sperm quantity was working as it was a lot less than what he'd unloaded into my pussy before church. As for me, I just laid there with the remnants of my own orgasm flooding over me like a gentle wave following the tsunami that has just hit me.

"Uhhhhh, you'd better get up baby."

That was NOT at the top of my agenda at the moment so I just laid there with my eyes closed next to his now spent dick.

"Kelly, I mean it... get up!"

The urgency in his voice grabbed my attention and I sat up quickly. Almost TOO quickly as I felt a little lightheaded in doing so. Then I saw what had him so concerned. Across the lot but heading straight for us from the church was none other than the pastor and his wife!

"Shit!" I cursed under breath, "Sorry daddy, didn't mean that."

My dad was too occupied with getting his pants back in order to worry about a little slip of the tongue like that. For me I just had to adjust my dress a little and I was more or less presentable. Thankfully my dad had cum completely in my mouth and after I'd swallowed the "evidence" there wasn't anything to worry about it so far as it showing up in my hair or on my face or clothes. One good reason for taking it in your mouth - no messy cleanup required.

My dad pushed the button to roll down the window as we each sat there as if nothing was out of the ordinary. I guess technically that was true as an definition of what was "ordinary" for me and my dad would've included what we'd just done.

"Everything OK John?" the pastor asked, "Just noticed you guys have been sitting here a while so wanted to be sure nothing was wrong with your SUV or anything."

"Oh no," my dad replied trying again to sound as if all was perfectly natural, "We were just debating over where to go to lunch and Kelly was looking on line to see where we could get reservations."

By then I had my phone handy and I waved it to him. He couldn't have known what app was open so it really didn't matter. I had to give my dad credit for some quick thinking though.

"Well, you're always welcome to join the wife and me if you'd like," he offered.

My dad looked at me and out of our pastor's line of sight he licked his lips and winked at me. I knew then that my dad wanted lunch but what he wanted to eat wasn't served by any of the local restaurants! Well, none of the reputable ones at least.

"Hey, we appreciate the offer but I think we're all set for today. Maybe another time?"

That sort of ended that and we were alone once again. My dad turned to me and grinned.

"What do you think he would have said if I'd told him I wanted to eat my daughter's pussy for lunch?"

See, told you! I know how my dad thinks.

We both laughed and he started up the SUV for the quick trip to his place. Usually our Sunday "tradition" ended at this point and I'd head home for my horny husband. Today, however, I could tell that things were going to be a little more extended than usual.

Well, not that I was complaining. As I said at the start, sometimes it's the familiar things that bring the most happiness!

# (Nov 28) Chapter 268: Thanksgiving Surprise

Story codes: MF adultery
Me (29)
Bill (35) - Cousin Ginny's husband, Uncle Paul's son-in-law

"Integrity is what you do when nobody is watching."
"A husband is only as faithful as his options."

## 1. Family Complications

When I with someone about incest or read an e-mail sent to me by someone who read my diary, I can't help but get the impression that people think that whenever our family gets together it's just one big orgy, like somehow sex permeates everything we do. The truth of the matter is for the most part I'd say our family gatherings aren't any different than anyone else's. Undoubtedly one big reason is that not everyone in my extended family is even aware of everything that goes on. On my dad's side, his is the only one family where everyone is involved and by that it's just me along with the knowledge of my mother. While both of his brothers have been with me and my mom, only my Uncle Jim, the youngest of the three brothers, has fucked his own daughter and only my cousin Rick has fucked me and only his youngest sister Tammy.

Given the obvious complications, it shouldn't be hard to understand why when we all get together for Thanksgiving or Christmas that it's definitely NOT anything wild and crazy. Oh sure there's the occasional sneaking about and fooling around but then I'd be willing to be that there's a lot more of that going on during many family get-togethers than people may want to admit. Granted, it may not be so much incestual but then again, who knows?

Sometimes I do have to wonder what it would be like if we didn't have to keep everything so secretive. I'm not saying that I necessarily want to do anything weird like fuck my dad in front of everyone while opening Christmas presents. Still, it would be nice to be able to thank him with a proper kiss without creating a scandal.

eighteen is under eighteen and it really doesn't make a lot of difference if it's one day or two years. Then there's my cousin Tammy who was only fourteen when she was having sex with her father, brother and horny uncle...

Which brings me to Thanksgiving 2014...

## 2. Thanksgiving Dinner

When it comes to traditions, probably no two holidays are more filled than Thanksgiving and Christmas. For my family, the issue over whose house was settled many years ago by establishing the tradition of rotating between the homes of my father's generation. Thankfully that left me out which was a good thing as I doubt everything could fit in our tiny apartment standing up, let alone find a place to sit.

This year was my dad's turn. Given my Aunt Linda was now living with him, it effectively meant it was her turn as well.

Yeah.... talk about scandals... When my aunt moved in with my dad shortly after my mom moved out (shortly as the very next morning), I know it created quite a stir amongst the family. For those of us that knew the true relationship between them there was no surprise. Heck, my dad had been fucking my mom's younger sister since she was in grade school and getting married didn't change anything. Granted, even I didn't know he was still doing her until he started fucking me, so it's not like they made it obvious to the rest of the family. Then again, I'll be the first to say I was naive about a LOT of things back then so who knows?

So anyways, the next time the schedule went out to remind everyone of who was hosting when, my aunt's name was quietly left off with the implication she was now included with my dad. Nothing was ever said but I had to admit I couldn't help but smile a little when I noticed, especially being it was my Aunt Shari who was the keeper of the schedule. Oh yeah, she must have been having a fit when she made the change!

Every year there was another tradition, although I don't think anyone came right out and called it one. It was the "let's forget all the fuss and go out to eat" debate. Many of my friends and their families have started doing this and when they tell me about how great the buffets are these days and how easy it makes it for everyone I have to say I think there's merit in the idea. However, I know it means a lot to my grandparents to get everyone around the table again (even if that means several tables these days) so while not meaning to sound morbid, I imagine things will stay as they are until they pass.

While my parents were married I use to help out when it was their turn to host. Now that my aunt is involved though I've sort of passed the reigns over to my cousin Kristen. Well, not completely as when it comes to cooking Kristen isn't exactly much of a chef. Let's be real, she didn't get where she is today on her feet in the kitchen. More like on her back in the ... well, wherever she might be!

This year I've also been blessed with an even better excuse for dodging as much of the work as possible. Like who asks a pregnant woman to do dinner? OK, so it's not like I was closing on nine months and ready to drop but hey, why not take advantage of it? It's not like I get to have THAT many holidays with one in my own oven!

As things turned out, I was pretty much ordered to stay away so Steve and I didn't show up at my dad's house until around noon with our cute two-year-old in tow. Being the youngest grandchild now and the only toddler she was sure to be the center of attention which meant I was actually going to be blessed with plenty of help from fawning relatives. It was like a two-fer in that I was pregnant AND had the cutest grandchild (if I say so myself).

One of my more enjoyable "traditions" is the classic "tease the uncles". This was a lot easier back when I was younger. When you're fourteen you can practically get away with murder! Now with me closing in on thirty (OMG!) if I were even do a fraction of the hijinks my cousin Kristen and I use to do everyone would be shocked, especially now with my extended stomach. Sitting on my uncle's lap and grinding was a lot of fun and to be honest, something I wouldn't mind doing to this day, but as with many things I've already mentioned, just not something you do in "mixed" company. Heck, I was even wearing panties!

That all said, it's not like I've been converted to be a nun either. During the course of the day I'd press up against them, especially my Uncle Paul who was my favorite. At first I wasn't sure how he would react given my pregnancy but he didn't seem to mind at all. In fact, a few times he even reached under my dress and rubbed my crotch when he thought he could get away with it. It was just all teasing and such. As crowded as the house was there really wasn't much in the way of opportunity even if we HAD wanted to be more naughty. It didn't help that the weather sucked which further limited potential locations.

she was wearing a bra but at her age the push-up style helped them look a little bigger.

"For crying out loud behave yourself!" I'd whisper sharply in his ear. Oh yeah, he knew exactly what I was talking about even if he tried to deny it.

"Whatever...," was probably one of the most common responses, if he even said anything more than a grunt.

While I wouldn't have stopped my husband from fucking Katlyn, assuming that VERY remote possibility ever happened, I can't say it would necessarily turn me on. Then again, as a general rule watching Steve fuck other women has never really been a big turn-on for me, except perhaps when it was with my mom. Now if he ever fucked his own mother, now THAT I'd love to watch but that's something like the Katlyn situation in that I'd given up on that possibility a long time ago. Although my husband may have what some people would consider a totally inappropriate relationship with his mother, it's never included having sex. I could go on and on about it but let's just say it borders on being weird, LOL. Bottom line is my husband is no different than most men I know - turned on by incest so long as it involves someone else's family and not his own.

By the time the day ended I'd say it was probably had been one of the most "normal" Thanksgiving dinners we'd had in a long time, at least normal in terms of how most of the world would define it. No sneaking off for even so much as a blow job, at least if someone HAD done it they didn't bother to let me know. If it had been my cousin Kristen I'm sure she would have been bragging all about it! As for Tammy, she was all but engaged and so far as I knew hadn't engaged in any incestual sex in a couple of years now. That pretty much left my Aunt Linda and I knew she wasn't typically involved in such things during these affairs so it looked like the men just had to get by without. Oh well, not like they didn't get it most times whenever they wanted it.

That said, I'm not saying the day was a total bust. Steve and I hung around afterwards to help clean up a bit, at least that was the excuse we were using so far as everyone else was concerned. Both my husband and father were horny so between my aunt and I we took care of THAT problem, LOL. Personally I was running a bit tired by that time so we didn't take long but my dad seemed happy and that's what counted so far as I was concerned. It's sort of funny to me how guys get turned on fucking a pregnant woman and my dad was no exception.

As things turned out, my dad wasn't the only guy that day who had a fetish for pregnant women…

## 3. The Day After

As I mentioned, while we told everyone that Steve and I were hanging around to help put things away, the truth of the matter was very little cleaning got done. If anything I'd say we may have left it even messier. The next morning I woke and with Steve home I decided that maybe I should follow up and actually help clean up my dad's place a little.

While the day after Thanksgiving is a holiday for most - not to mention the shopping, my dad's work rarely allowed him to take consecutive days off so I knew he'd be downtown in the office early doing whatever it was he did in the world of corporate law. As for my aunt, she'd mentioned something about a couple from Canada doing some house hunting. She pretended to complain that they didn't care about American holidays but I knew better. My aunt would do most anything for a sale and I mean just about anything. She and Kristen had been talking strategy off in the corner before Thanksgiving dinner so no doubt they were pulling the "mother-daughter" ploy to rope in some client. Well, whatever works I guess in the cut-throat world of real estate sales.

Soooooo, that meant I'd have my dad's house to myself. I smiled, wishing it was summer so I could use the hot tub, or at least not as cold as it was this day. We pretty much used the hot tub year-round but having to deal with the cover and everything in frigid weather was a pain, especially in my current condition. Granted, I wasn't even showing a lot yet but my back was already feeling it!

Everything in our apartment was under control so I threw on some casual clothes appropriate for cleaning, kissed my sleepy husband and headed over to my dad's house. I'd chosen an old pair of sweatpants, an oversized Steeler sweatshirt, and one of more comfortable pair of sneakers so it wasn't like I'd be turning any heads, LOL. Then again, I doubted anyone would even see me so it really didn't matter. My hair was pulled back into a pony tail as I decided a shower could wait until I came back. I didn't even put on any makeup as again I figured I'd shower as soon as I got back so who would even notice if I bothered?

Normally when I drove alone over to my dad's house it was for one reason - to submit to my father. Most times this would be Sunday mornings right before church when we'd play out our traditional "sex before church" time. The anticipation was usually enough that I'd typically play with myself a little under my dress on the way over but not today. Cleaning house exactly my favorite thing to do and while I didn't mind helping out a little, I can't say the idea of working alone in a quiet old house was turning me on.

Upon arriving I started to turn into the driveway and was surprised to see a pick-up truck parked right at the top. Heck, it was such a surprised that I almost rear-ended the damn thing! At first I was a little pissed that one of the neighbors was using my dad's driveway until I noticed the sticker on the rear glass with the cheerleader emblem and the name "Katlyn" next to it. Usually whenever I saw my cousin Ginny she was in the family car so this was the first time I'd really taken notice of what apparently was her husband Bill's truck. Well, at least I assumed it was his but then it would've been quite a coincidence that someone just happened parked in my dad's driveway with the exact same name of their daughter on the back who also just happened to be a cheerleader.

So what was Bill doing here? To be honest, I really didn't know him all that well. Oh sure we talked during family gatherings and such but it was more a social thing. True, I'd caught him more than a few times giving me the once-over but then that didn't really mean much. Actually he'd never shown all that much interest in me even back when I was younger and made a few half-hearted attempts to flirt with him. Although he never came out and told me her wasn't interested, I got the impression very quickly he wasn't and that even to say so would have been crossing the line so far as he was concerned. Not that I would've turned him down if he HAD flirted back! Bill wasn't the day-time soap opera leading man type but he was still pretty cute for his age. If I remembered correctly he was a few years older than my cousin which would make him around 38 or so. In different circumstances I'd probably have tried making more of a move on him as he basically ticked off all the boxes... married, good looking, young teen daughter.

As tempting as such a move might be, the potential repercussions were more severe than what I was prepared to risk. Like what if he told my cousin and then she told the rest of the family? It's not like I didn't get enough comments and such about how me and my cousin Kristen dressed and behaved. Still, there's quite a leap in going from being known as a slut to trying to get it on with a family member when such attitudes weren't universally shared.

Seeing that the garage door was open I chose to carefully make my way down the steep concrete driveway rather than go in through the front door. The garage was empty - confirming my expectations that both my dad and aunt would be gone. Stepping up to the basement entrance I opened the door. Hmmmmmm, nobody there. Since most of the activities had gone on in the family room and the rest of the basement except for dinner itself in the upstairs dining room, this was where most of the work needed to be done so I'd figured Bill would be there yet it was quiet as a church.

Surprisingly, the basement wasn't near the wreck I'd anticipated. Apparently someone had done some work after Steve and I left which frankly surprised me as housework wasn't exactly my aunt's cup of tea. When people would talk about Kristen I would just tell them to look at her mom if they wanted to know why she was the way she was. Granted, Kristen took things to a new level but she took after her mom in many ways. Basically you could sum it up with both managed to get through life pretty much by using their looks and lack of morals to get whatever they needed from horny men with money. In high school I still like to think I was the bigger slut but after graduation I attended a Christian university which more or less forced me to tone things down considerably. Kristen attended a public university for all of one semester before getting tossed out for "lewd" behavior. Giving everything else that went on at her dorm whenever I visited, she must have really gone overboard to stand out from the crowd!

I couldn't help but jump a little when a sudden sound from upstairs broke into my thoughts. It sounded like a chair scraping on the floor so obviously someone was upstairs. I didn't hear much more but I figured it had to be Ginny and Bill which would explain the cleanup work that had been done so far. For a moment I debated turning around and heading home as there really wasn't all that much left to do so why not take advantage of someone else's willingness to deal with it? Then again, if I did that then I wouldn't have anyone to confirm that I'd showed up and even though I wouldn't have done a whole lot, who had to know THAT?

Walking over the wooden stairs leading to the first floor, I carefully made my way up. Years of sneaking up and down these same steps had taught me the exact spots to place my feet to avoid making loud creaks. Once at the top, I slowly turned the door knob and pushed the door open into the hallway leading from the front door to the kitchen. So far, so good in that I hadn't made a peep. I guess I was sneaking more out of habit than any really good reason. It wasn't like I was getting in late from a date or anything, LOL.

Turning to the right I looked into the kitchen eating area and kitchen. Standing at the counter facing away from me was a single figure - Bill. He seemed to be fussing with the coffee maker and wasn't paying any attention to anything else. There was no sign of Ginny so it seemed he was all alone.

"God damn it, why do they make these things so complicated?" he was fuming under his breath as I sneaked up behind him with a sly grin on my face.

"What the....,?" he blurted out as he jumped when I tapped him on the shoulder. Twisting around, he saw me and let out a deep breath.

"Shit Kelly, you trying to kill me or what?" he said I an exasperated tone.

I just giggled and sat back down at the table, crossing my legs and leaning on one elbow.

"Gotch ya!" I quipped triumphantly.

"If you weren't... well if you weren't in your current condition I'd put you over my knee and spank you!" he teased me as turned back to the coffee maker. "You know, I think you owe me one now... so how the hell does this thing work?"

I huffed and stood up, pushing him aside just enough to get access to the Keurig. Like how hard can it be to pop in a capsule and hit the button?

"Oh... so that's it?" he said sounding a little chagrin.

"You're a man...," was all I needed to say, "So what are you doing here anyway?"

His cup had filled so he picked it up and took a sip before answering, "I suppose I could ask YOU the same question."

"Well first, I use to live here," I started and then added, "I just felt guilty I guess leaving the place a wreck so I thought I'd stop over and clean up a little."

"Place didn't look all that bad when I came in," he responded, "I just came over to pick up the chairs and table. Figured I'd grab a cup before heading back home to the zoo. Hadn't exactly planned on it being such a production though."

"Zoo?" I asked, taking my seat again.

Bill sat down opposite of me and sighed. "That's putting it mildly. Ginny and Katlyn went out on some wild safari hunt for Black Friday deals and were already home by the time I got up. God, what racket! So much for sleeping in on your day off. Figured I may as well get out and take care of this since I was up anyways. Of course Ryan was still in bed. I think a nuclear bomb could go off and he'd sleep right it. Sometimes I think all he does is eat and sleep."

"Any good buys?" I inquired, feeling a little guilty that I had blown off most of the sales but then I hate facing such crowds and figured I'd just do my shopping on-line this year.

"Oh sure... according to Ginny she saved me hundreds of dollars. Shit, I guess according to her logic we should be ready to retire soon if she goes out for more."

He huffed again and took another sip before continuing, "Oh well, she's not fitting into anything so I guess if she has to buy new ones it's better to at least get them on sale."

"So she's up another notch?" I couldn't help but tease him. It's not like it hadn't been obvious yesterday when her blouse was too tight and I don't mean in a sexy way. Back when they got married Ginny was HOT but as with so many married women, with each wedding anniversary it was like she moved into another dress size. It hadn't helped that with each of their kids she'd gained a lot of weight and never seemed to get it back off again.

"Hey, I'm not complaining," he said sarcastically, "I've got twice the woman I married now!"

"Oh be nice Bill!" I chastised him. "That's my cousin you're talking about."

"How the hell do you do it?" he asked.

"Do what?"

Bill just rolled his eyes and pointed at my belly which was pushing out even against the oversized sweatshirt.

"Well, I would have thought you'd figured THAT out by now," I teased, "You see the man puts his penis in the woman's..."

"That's NOT what I meant and you know it Kelly," he cut me off, "I meant look at you. If you faced away from me I wouldn't even be able to tell you were pregnant. Looks like you're the same as last time. Crap, I mean you were ready to drop and it was like the only place you gained weight was right in front."

Not sure quite what to say, I just sat there and he continued, "And then, to make it worse, a month after you had Mia you looked like the sexiest MILF on the street! Shit, Ginny's STILL waddling around thirteen years later."

It was something I was extremely thankful for. Frankly, I couldn't take credit for it as it was all in the DNA. It's not like I did anything special or went on some weird diet or anything. For whatever reason I was blessed to not gain all that much weight when I was pregnant and then it just seemed to disappear afterwards. Matter of fact, I had Steve take photos of me in my old wedding clothes just a little before we found out I was pregnant again.

What DID surprise me a little was the one comment he'd made... something about being a sexy MILF? Now that wasn't something I'd heard him call me before. No doubt it was just the frustrations of the day making their way out in an unguarded moment.

"So did Katlyn get anything?" I asked, looking to change the subject.

Unfortunately that didn't seem to help as Bill sat back in the chair and looked up at the ceiling, puffing his cheeks and letting out the air slowly. "Whatever she got she wouldn't show me so I can just imagine. Kelly, you teach girls her age so is it just me or are ALL girls dressing like little whores these days?"

I couldn't help but laugh which just got him going all the more.

"I'm serious. I couldn't believe the bikini Ginny got her this past summer - if you call two tiny pieces of material a bikini. Shit, I remember back when everyone in the family was scandalized when you use to wear some of your more creative ones and now it's like all her friends are wearing them. And don't school have dress codes anymore? When I was in school skirts had a minimum length and all the girls wore bras. Now it's like anything goes, and it doesn't help when she wears that cheerleader outfit half the time."

I smiled as I thought about the girls in my eighth grade class. It was just as he described and even I had to wonder sometimes where things were going. Then again, I didn't blame the girls so much as their mothers who came to school dressed like third daughters. God, talk about women who refused to act their age!

"Well, it's not like I have anything all that sexy on today," I laughed, pulling out ton my baggy sweatshirt.

"Shit Kelly, don't give me that crap. You'd look hot in a garbage bag and you know it," he replied, giving me a bit of a once-over in the process.

I smiled at the compliment. "Even when I look like this? Don't tell me you're one of those guys with a pregnant woman fetish."

I was just teasing but from his reaction it seemed that I'd hit a chord. Hmmmmmm, maybe he WAS one of those guys...

Bill leaned over the table with a conspiratorial look in his eyes. "I have to say, most pregnant women just look like blimps but there are those who I have to say look pretty damn hot."

"Oh?" was all I said in hope he would continue.

"Now I hope you don't mind me saying this and don't you dare tell your husband I did, but pregnancy helps you out in other departments as well."

His eyes dropped down to my chest and he smiled so it didn't take a rocket scientist to get the drift of what he was referring to. He was right in that my boobs DID improve when I was pregnant. In fact, they seemed to get bigger even faster than my belly which mad my husband VERY happy. Steve never complained about my boobs but I know he wished they were bigger. "Perky" was how he would refer to them which I knew was code for "small". Granted, I was a lot better than back in my high school days and I even could wear a C cup depending on the style and manufacturer but when I was last pregnant I was into a D cup at the end and even now I was wearing a C cup to school with the old B cups set aside for the next year or so.

"Hey, you're staring at my boobs mister," I said jokingly.

"Yeah, like you hate that," he came back, "Shit, it's not like you don't do everything you can to flaunt them all the time."

"So you like my boobs?"

"Give me a break Kelly, I AM a guy you know."

It was one of those spur of the moment crazy things. I don't know what came over me but without thinking I reached down to the bottom of my sweatshirt and quickly pulled it up over my boobs and gave him about a two second flash before pulling it down again and giggling. I wasn't wearing a bra of course so he got a pretty good view.

"Wow, nice... VERY nice," Bill said although I noticed he was turning a little red in the face, "That's a cute bump too."

Shrugging my shoulders I figured what the heck, why not? Once again I lifted my sweatshirt although this time only up over my belly without exposing my boobs. Holding it up with my left hand, I rubbed it slowly with the right.

"So what do you prefer Bill, my belly or my boobs?" I said only half-jokingly.

Bill scratched his chin while his eyes were fixed on my bare belly.

"Well, your tits are incredible," he said barely audibly, "Not going to deny I enjoyed seeing them either. Still, I can't believe how sexy you look right now."

It was just the two of us, something that I really don't ever remember happening before. It seemed anytime I ever saw Bill it was with Ginny or one of the kids. Really, there wasn't any reason why we ever would be alone together and even today was more of a fluke than anything. At the same time, it WAS just the two of us and my mind was racing as I debated my next move... if I even was going to have one.

"Really Bill? It's not like you've never seen a pregnant belly before," I tossed out there like a fisherman making her first cast into an unknown lake. Would anything bite?

"Well these days it's like she ALWAYS pregnant," he said wryly, "Not to mention the rest of her as well."

I looked at Bill and realized he was no different than most men is age in his situation. Classic "married with children" scenario. Closing in on forty, probably commiserating that his best years were behind him as he questioned what the future held for him. A wife who while I knew was a wonderful woman, was following the same path it seemed so many women did once her kids started to get older and the anniversaries began to blur together. Yeah, I was probably stereotyping them both but then again, stereotypes exist for a reason - most people relate to them!

Well, in for a penny, in for a pound as they say (although I have no idea who "they is!)...

Lowering my sweatshirt again, I leaned forward in my chair until we were only a foot or so apart over the table. In a soft seductive voice I asked, "So tell me Bill, does Ginny still suck your dick?"

His reaction was almost comical. I think at first he thought he must have misunderstood me because he gave me a quizzical look as if he wanted me to repeat what I said.

"I was just asking if Ginny..." I started before he cut me off in midsentence.

"I heard what you said Kelly, I just can't believe you said it!"

"I was just asking if your wife sucks your dick Bill. What's the big deal?"

Obviously I knew it wasn't quite so lighthearted of a question as I was making it out to be but then again I wasn't going to let him know I knew. The pause that followed was more pregnant than I was. Finally Bill must've decided he may as well answer although I wasn't sure yet if it was just out of resignation or what his true motives actually were.

"Would you believe she hasn't hardly done it since we got married?" he asked in a low voice as if afraid someone would overhear us, "For that matter, I don't even remember the last time... it was years ago... MANY years ago."

I frowned, more to appear supportive than to counter what he was saying.

"Well, can't say I haven't heard THAT complaint before," I said in a joking tone but still tried to be serious at the same time, "I've never understood why some women seem to think once they have their husband that they don't have to make him happy anymore."

Once again a long pause and it was almost comical, like I could see the gears spinning in his head.

"Can I ask you something personal Kelly?" he asked softly, as if he wasn't sure he should even be asking in the first place. "Do you cheat on Steve?"

It wasn't quite the question I was expecting and obviously my expression gave me away. Bill sat up and put his hands up like he was being arrested.

"Sorry, none of my business. I don't know why I asked that."

"It's OK Bill," I assured him, reaching out to touch the back of his hand once he put them down on the table again, "I assume we're talking confidentially of course."

"Oh of course... I promise to keep everything said here to myself."

"Well then... the answer is no, I have NEVER cheated on Steve... never have, never will."

The way his face scrunched up I got the idea he wasn't buying it but he wasn't about to call me out either from the looks of things so I offered up a little more.

"Of course, by 'cheating' you mean doing things behind his back without him knowing and approving, right?"

Bill looked at me with eyes a bit narrowed like he was trying to figure out if I was just leading him on or what but finally he answered, "Not exactly what I think most people think when they talk about the subject but OK, I'll go with it. So then let me rephrase my question and pardon me for being more blunt but do you have sex with other men?"

"Of course, why not?" I answered immediately as if I couldn't believe he might think otherwise.

Bill swallowed noticeably and came back with, "And Steve is OK with that?"

"Sure, so long as he gets to watch," I answered rather flippantly. Bill's look of disbelief caused me to temper my response somewhat. "Not that he DOES, at least not always."

"OK Kelly, if we're going to go down this path... and I can't believe we are even discussing this, so you just go out and do it with other couples, just men, or what?"

I considered my response and then figured what the heck, why not? This was starting to be fun...

"Let's just say my preference is married men who haven't cheated... yet... but who have issues with their wife so are looking for something but are afraid to make a move. It makes it even better if they have a teenage daughter."

The fact that I'd just more or less described HIM wasn't missed by Bill although he didn't say anything right away. Still, from the way he was concentrating on every word I said and how he was looking me over I knew what he must have been thinking.

"Ok... I get the married guy thing.. you figure they won't say anything because they'd be screwed."

"That's part of it," I agreed smiling.

"Then what's with the teenage daughter part?"

Yeah, like he couldn't figure THAT one out for himself. Of course he could, I knew he just wanted me to say it for him so he wouldn't have to admit to anything up front. Yep, I've been down this path before and while no two men are exactly the same, it's pretty amazing how close they are when it gets down to the basics.

"Oh I think you know Bill," I said softly with a smile, "Don't tell me you haven't been noticing some changes at home."

A little too far too fast? Judging by the way he sat back and crossed his arms, his body language certainly was saying so. For a moment I feared I'd crossed the line which while that WAS my intent, at the same time I wanted to just nudge my way over it slowly and give him time to adjust, not go crashing through it like a runner at the end of the race! "Oh no, I wasn't implying anything Bill," I tried to reassure him, "Just saying it would only be perfectly natural for a guy like you to get turned on by a girl like Katlyn. I know she's your daughter and that nothing weird would ever happen, but you have to admit when she and her friends are in their bikinis... well you know what I mean, right?"

I waited as Bill digested my words for a moment. His shoulders relaxed and he seemed less stressed out.

"Well, if that's what you mean then OK, I'll admit it, they're starting to look pretty hot but just to be perfectly clear, we're just talking about fantasies, correct?"

"Of course," I agreed although inside the last thing I was thinking about was anything to do with fantasy, "But that's why I said that before. Sometimes it's fun to do a little naughty role-playing, don't you agree?"

Bill just shook his head rather incredulously.

"Well, Ginny would never agree. Damn, she'd cut off my dick if she even caught me looking at her that way. In any case, that would be just too weird for me. Now some of her friends... oh yeah!"

It was all I could do not to laugh. Like how many times have I heard THAT line before... yeah, he was into his daughter's friends but not her. What a line of crap! In any case, I wasn't going to argue with him.

"You know, maybe we need to stop before things get out of hand... well, more out of hand than they already have," Bill said as he pushed away from the table and started to get up.

"Oh Bill, sit down, what's the big deal? We're just talking. You know, I don't think we've ever really sat down and talked like this before."

Bill chuckled, "I don't think I've sat down and talked with ANYONE like this before!"

Before he could think about it any further, I decided to push ahead a little more. Hey, I'd never expected anything like this to happen this morning and odds were the circumstances would likely not happen again, at least not anytime soon, so why not take advantage?

"So wanna see my boobs again? How about my belly?" I offered with a smile.

"I assume since you're asking that there's a price?"

Well, nobody could accuse Bill of being stupid. He was putting the dots together pretty quickly.

"Nothing you can't handle... just be honest with me."

Bill's mouth curled into a sly grin. "Alright, fire away but I want to see your belly first."

Without another word I raised my sweatshirt back up again without exposing my boobs this time but giving him a good view of my baby bump. Holding it up, I asked, "What would it take for you to cheat on Ginny?"

Bill chuckled deeply again and shook his head.

"Hmmmmmm, have to be someone who would never say a word... stunning - I mean hot enough to make it worth it... and access to a good divorce lawyer for when Ginny found out."

"So why would Ginny ever find out?"

Bill shook his head. "I answered, now show me your tits before I answer that."

He was technically correct but I still huffed a little to let him think he'd gotten me. Slowly I lifted my sweatshirt up until it was just over my nipples.

"Higher," he urged me, flipping his hand upward.

I pulled it up until it was above my breasts but he still wasn't satisfied.

"Just take it off and get it over with."

"Not until you answer," I bargained.

It was an easy question and I think he knew it as he didn't argue.

"First, I'd never trust anyone to keep their mouth shut. WAY too much risk to have someone have that much control over me. I've watched Basic Instinct!"

We both laughed at that and he continued, "And Ginny can read me like a book. Heck, I can't hide anything from her as it is, let alone something like that."

I found it interesting that nowhere in his line of logic was there anything about NOT wanting to do it or feeling guilty about it. He was just afraid of being caught. Yep, just like I quoted at the start of this, "A husband is only as faithful as his options." At the moment he apparently didn't see any options so now it was up to me to give me some.

"OK, asked and answered as your dad likes to say... take it off."

I pulled one arm out of the sleeve and then the other such that just my head was poking through with the sweatshirt around my neck like a huge scarf. Then I pushed it up and over my head until I was topless. Tossing the sweatshirt onto the empty chair next to me, I turned back to him and bounced my boobs with my hands under them for him.

"They're already starting to grow... what do you think Bill?"

"Fantastic... god, compared to Ginny's sagging tits yours are incredible! Steve's one hell of a lucky guy."

"Wanna touch them?"

Bill's eyes narrowed again. "And what would THAT cost me?"

Yeah, he was getting the hang of this!

"All you have to do is answer one simple question... have you ever thought about having sex with me?"

I really didn't have to wait for Bill answer as the smile on his face spoke volumes.

"Really Kelly, what guy who has ever seen you has NOT wanted to do you?"

I smiled at the compliment as I played with my hardening nipples for him to watch.

"So is that a yes?"

"Hey, it's not a crime to look at a hot sexy woman and want to have sex with her," he rationalized, "No harm in window shopping and wishing you could buy. So yeah, I've thought about it."

He pushed his chair back and started to get up but I motioned for him to sit down.

"Hey, I answered and you said I could have a feel if I did so pay up."

It was a more than a little surreal actually to hear him say that. Heck, less than an hour before this the last thing I would've ever imagined was having my cousin's husband feel my boobs while sitting at the kitchen table in my dad's empty house. Sure I'd seen him look at me before but no more so than most men do. Just yesterday while we were all together I caught him stealing glances at my chest but I hadn't said anything so as not to embarrass him. Then again, it wasn't like I really knew the guy all that well at a personal level so maybe he was more into this sort of thing than I'd realized.

"Don't get all worked up, I'll keep up my end of the bargain," I assured him as I pushed my chair back, "I just thought it would be easier if I sat on your lap."

Bill's eyes widened a little but he didn't protest so I got up and stepped over next to him. He had his seat back as far from the table as he could push it in the cramped eating area and patted his lap.

"Works for me, have a seat!"

Which I did. I sat sideways on his lap with my legs hanging over his left leg as I wrapped my left arm around his neck to keep myself steady. My nipples were standing out now like bullets, a combination of the cool temperature my dad kept his house at while he was gone and the excitement I was feeling. I shuddered slightly as he placed his entire hand over my right boob and squeezed it gently.

"Damn, fucking incredible," he whispered, almost as much to himself as to me or then again, maybe just to himself, "Perfect... and real."

"Hey, of course they're real!" I came back trying to sound exasperated.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," he muttered as he alternated between my boobs with his left hand as he cradled me around my bare back with his right arm.

I almost started to say something about not worrying about it but then I wasn't sure if that would help or just make him think about it all the more so I just kept quiet. Instead I let out a slight moan as he tugged on one of my nipples.

"Getting more sensitive now?" he asked.

I nodded and he smiled but his eyes were fixed on my chest as he caressed me.

"You can suck on them... I like it when they are licked and sucked."

He didn't even look up or hesitate this time. I leaned back a little using his arm around me and mine around his neck for support to make it easier for him as he leaned forward to take my right nipple into his mouth. God it felt so good!

"Oh yes... just like that Bill," I sighed as his tongue played with the tip of my nipple as he sucked more of my breast into his mouth.

I shifted my weight on his lap and was rewarded with the feel of his hardening cock under me. He was obviously enjoying this as much as I was!

As Bill suckled on my breasts his hand moved down to my belly where he gently rubbed the palm of his hand over me like he was shining up his bowling ball or rubbing a lamp for some genie to appear. It actually felt pretty good coupled with the touch of his lips and tongue on my boobs.

"That's it Bill, I love you touching me... you can touch me anywhere... anywhere," I sighed into his ear as his head pressed against my upper chest.

I'd had my right hand on the table for added balance but I was pretty secure I his arm so I reached down and put my hand over his on my belly, guiding him lower and helping to slip it under my sweatpants. As I wasn't wearing underwear there was nothing else for him to overcome on his journey to my pussy. Just as he reached the top of my pussy slit I felt his arm stiffen and resist from going down any further. I spread my legs apart more to try and let him know it was OK but he still resisted.

"It's OK Bill... you can touch me there, I want you to... and you know you want to."

He started to lift up his head and I assumed it was to explain to me why he couldn't so I withdrew my hand from between my legs and pushed his head back down against my chest. Tellingly, he didn't lift his hand although at the same time he didn't move it any further downward either. Neither did he push back against my hand on his head. Like most men in such a situation, he just needed to be able to blame someone else for his transgressions, regardless of how easily he could have ended everything had that been what he truly wanted.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" I moaned as his finger pressed against my clit. God I wanted him so badly at that moment. I felt like I'd peed myself I was so wet and horny. His finger explored all over the outside of my pussy until finally, FINALLY, he pushed it into me, burying it in as far as he could push it, closely followed by a second.

"Fuck my pussy with your fingers Bill," I gasped as I closed my eyes and just leaned back to enjoy all he was doing to me. Bill moved his fingers in and out, like his fingers were a dick fucking me. I could smell the musky scent of my pussy as his wet fingers glided easily and out of me.

"Make me cum Bill... Oh god make me cum so hard!" I moaned loudly this time as my orgasm gathered strength like a thunderstorm on the horizon and them the first bolt of lightning struck and it was like thunder in my ears as my heart beat so hard as I came.

I pulled his head tight into my bosom as he sucked even harder on my boobs and nipples. The palm of his hand was rubbing up against my sensitive clit as he pumped his two fingers in and out of me relentlessly. God I felt so hot... so sexy... so slutty!

As my orgasm subsided I took my hand from his head and he lifted it up and smiled at me as I tried to catch my breath. I knew what I wanted and I was pretty sure it was the same thing he did.

"Take me to my room," I managed to gasp as my breathing slowed but my heart was still pumping overtime.

Given all the bedrooms were upstairs, it wasn't hard for him to know generally where to go and once on the second floor it should be easy enough for him to figure out which was mine. Even though I hadn't lived there for years, my dad still kept my room just as it was when I was younger.

Bill reached under me and grunted slightly as he stood up, picking me up along with him. OK, so maybe I was a few pounds heavier now but I rationalized it was the awkward position that made it a bit difficult for him. I laid my head on his shoulder as he carried me quickly up the stairs and directly to my room. Hmmmmmm, someone already seemed to know which was mine! Well, then again it couldn't have been THAT hard to figure out given there were only four rooms plus the bathroom. Bill gently laid me down on my back on my bed and stood up to catch his breath. I laid there topless with my growing boobs bare before him, still a bit wet from his mouth.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Strip!" I encouraged him as I lifted up my behind and slipped off my sweats, leaving me now completely naked on my back on the bed. Meanwhile he was unbuckling his belt and within a couple of minutes he was also completely naked as he stood by the side of the bed.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT's what I call a pleasant surprise to my expected morning," I said softly as I reached out to his already erect dick. It was more the entire situation than his dick that was the surprise as he was what I'd call average in the penis department. Average length, average thickness, typical bush of dark pubic hair. At his age I wasn't expecting a six pack but I was still somewhat impressed at how well he did look. The guy obviously worked out quite a bit.

Once I had my hand around his shaft I pulled him gently towards me until he was standing right at the edge of my bed. Laying on my side, I leaned forward and licked the very tip of his erection and then looked up at him and grinned.

"Next question... Do you want me to suck your dick Bill?"

Yeah, and is the Pope Catholic? My dad always told me that no lawyer ever asks a witness a question to learn something. He only asks questions that he already knows the answer to and now he needs the jury to hear it. So it was in this case as mine wasn't a question intended to make him answer one way or the other. There was only ONE answer so far as I was concerned. The trick was I wanted HIM to say it.

"God forgive me... yes," he stammered as he stood there with his hands hanging uselessly by his side.

"Yes what Bill? Tell me."

"Yes I want you to suck my cock. Is that what you want to hear?" he said more forcefully this time.

I held onto his cock but shook my head. "It's not what I WANT to hear, it's what YOU want. So tell me Bill, what do YOU want?"

"You cock-teasing little slut," he immediately answered but from the way he was looking at my hand gripping his dick I knew he didn't mean it badly, "Alright then... I want you to suck it. I want to see my dick in your mouth."

"Well OK then, but only because you called me a slut Bill," I responded and then I took the head into my mouth, sealing my lips around it just under the crown. My tongue played all around his sensitive head as my hand stroked his rock-solid shaft ever so slowly at first, gradually working up speed as I started to suck his dick more in earnest.

"Fuck you're good," he groaned as his knees buckled slightly and then straightened again.

As I sucked his dick I started to play with myself with my free hand. My pussy needed attention SO badly and it was letting me know in no uncertain terms!

Had to give the guy credit... I was initially afraid that he was going to shoot off right away and at his age, no matter how horny he might be or how motivated he probably wouldn't be ready to go again for at least a half hour or more. As much as I enjoyed sucking his dick and would have loved to feel his erect adulterous dick shooting off inside my mouth, this was likely going to be a single shot so I wanted it to be where it counted most - in my pussy!

Thus when he started to act more agitated I knew I'd better move on. Gripping his wet shaft with my hand, I dropped his dick from my mouth with a "plop" and looked up at him smiling.

"Ready to fuck me now Bill?" I asked him ever so sweetly, almost like I was asking him if he wanted to go for a simple stroll in the park.

His eyes widened. Here we were both naked a the day we were born in my bedroom with me having just sucked his dick yet the mention of him fucking me seemed to scare the daylights out of him.

"Ummmmm, are you sure," he asked, his eyes saying much more as they looked towards my protruding belly.

"I don't have a problem with fucking you like this Bill," I assured him, "Don't you want to fuck me? Don't you want to fuck me when I'm pregnant?"

He subconsciously licked his lips. Oh yeah, the answer was yes and yes, that much I knew. Now he just had to say it.

"I don't know Kelly," he stammered, "This is going further than I ever intended. Not sure I can do this."

Time to apply a little more pressure...

"Oh come on Bill, I've seen the way you look at me, the way you stare at my legs and ass, at my boobs. You've always wanted to fuck me so here's your chance finally. And you know you get off from me being pregnant, don't you Bill.... don't you?"

"Of course I want to do it Kelly, I'll admit it. Shit, the way you sucked my dick... Oh My God!"

He was wavering... just a little more and he'd collapse like the World Trade Center. I suppose that I could've probably gone on like this and eventually convinced him but there was a faster way to get to my destination. Sure it was a little riskier but the rewards would be worth it.

would have preferred either riding him or having him on top of me but conditions being what they were this was simply the easiest way to go.

"You have such a sweet ass," he complimented me as he rubbed both of my bared butt cheeks with the palms of his hands. He playfully smacked one using the palm of his hand so it sounded much louder than it felt.

"Hey, baby on board!" I chastised him teasingly although I really didn't mind. While I've never been one much for the pain crap, a playful spanking now and then could be hot so long as everyone involved had the right perspective.

He didn't respond but instead spread my butt cheeks apart to get a better rear view at my shaven pussy. I was expecting him to just get right down to business and fuck me but he surprised me somewhat when he bent down and buried his face in my butt, his nose against my asshole as his tongue worked on my wet pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels so good Bill" I sighed as I wiggled my butt against his face.

Turned out that he really wasn't as ready to abandon fucking me as he was making it out to be as after less than a minute he was standing up again with his erection pressed against my ass. For a brief moment my heart raced as I feared he might be getting some crazy idea about fucking my ass. Thankfully just as I was about to say something he pulled away and repositioned the head of his dick more in the area of my willing pussy. Reaching back between my thighs, I gripped his cock with my fingers and guided him home.

"Do it Bill," I said looking back over my shoulder at him, "Push it I me, fuck me!"

Like we he going to stop now? Yeah right...

"Oh god," he groaned as he pulled my hips into him as he pushed himself forward, driving his dick easily into mu soaking wet pussy in one quick motion until the base of his cock met my bare butt and he was in me as far as he could be. God it felt so good to have a dick in me!

"That's it, now fuck me... fuck me daddy!"

He didn't say anything as he drove himself in and out of me slowly and deliberately at first, picking up speed gradually as he fucked me longer. It didn't matter to him that I was pregnant, that I wasn't the thin flat-bellied girl he'd been lusting after for so many years. I caught myself wondering if he was imagining fucking his daughter but I didn't want to take any chances of ruining this moment by asking him anything so potentially distracting.

We fucked like that for a while and then he pulled out. It was like we both knew what we wanted as I twisted over onto my back as he helped me. I laid there with my butt up at the edge of the bed, my legs up and over his shoulder as he held my ankles with his hands to support my legs. I used my hands to guide his adulterous cock back inside of me quickly. It only took a few seconds it seemed before once again I was filled with his wonderful hard cock. God I LOVE to be fucked so badly!!

Really, that was exactly what he was doing - fucking me. There was no love involved, nothing "personal". We hadn't even kissed once. This was what sex should be at its most basic love - two people doing what makes them feel good with no strings attached. I had no illusions about having an affair with Bill and I knew he would never even entertain such thoughts. No doubt he'd look back at this later and wonder what had come over him and how he'd gotten to the point of even doing it but at the same time, I doubted that he would regret it. Like if he was worried about privacy, who better to fuck than the cousin of your wife? It's not like I was going to say anything to the rest of the family. Personally it wouldn't have bothered me if he did but at the same time, it would life a little bit more difficult for a while no doubt if her did.

Most of these thoughts actually came later as while I was on my back on my bed my attention was pretty much laser-focused on what was going on between my legs! I had a couple of pillows behind my head and I could look down through my cleavage and see his dick as it plunged deep inside of me. My belly was just big enough to turn him on but not so big yet it hid everything from view. A few more weeks and no doubt THAT would change if my first time told me anything!

"Fuck I'm cumming!" he groaned as he leaned his head back and closed his eyes, thrusting his dick deep into me and holding himself there as his hips thrust hard with each load of his adulterous sperm.

Well, if there was ever a time a guy's sperm was wasting its time this would be it but that didn't change the implications of what Bill was doing. Whether I was pregnant or not, he was still shooting his sperm into a pussy other than his wife's and assuming he want lying to me, this was the first time since they'd been married. Another notch in the Kelly belt of scores!

When he'd finished, he just stood there panting with his dick still in me. I looked at him in the eyes and then down as where I could see his dick still half buried in my pussy.

"I like SEEING your dick inside of me Bill... and I like even more how it FEELS inside of me."

"Not so bad from this end either," he replied with a grin. As if to prove his point he gave playful thrust inward although by this time he was getting almost too soft to do much of anything.

"Let me taste it," I told him.

He looked at me as if he didn't quite understand me at first and then his face brightened up as he realized my intentions. Quickly he pulled out and carefully lowered my legs and helped twist me around so I was laying along the edge of the bed again on my side. Once I was situated, he stood in front of my face with his dick an inch or so from my waiting mouth. I opened wide and he guided his cum-coved cock into my mouth.

"God that is SO sexy," he murmured as he watched me clean our cum from his dick. I loved the taste - a mixture of his cum and my pussy. A little more and I dropped him from my mouth to look up at him and smile.

"Mmmmmmm, that's tastes so good!"

"You know, Ginny has NEVER done that," he said softly, "Trust me, I've tried!"

"She doesn't know what she's missing," I said as I licked my lips for him to watch.

Just then I heard his phone ringing in his pants on the floor. He quickly turned and dug through the pile of clothes, answering just in time before it went to voicemail.

"Hey baby, what's going on?" he answered.

I watched as he listened, trying to get a word in edgewise but apparently my cousin was worked up over something. Judging from his attempts to answer, I gather he was supposed to have been home by now and she was wondering where he was and why he was running so late.

"Sorry babe, something came up and I had to take care of it," he said cryptically, turning to me with a wink. Yeah, something had come up indeed! And yes, he'd taken care of it but not in the way I'm sure she assumed.

"I was just leaving, just quit bitching, OK?" he said, obviously getting a bit pissed off now.

I could hear her voice even from where I was so obviously THAT hadn't been the right thing to say!

Finally he hung up and turned to me. I was still in the same position, laying on my side naked with his cum starting to run out of my pussy just a little bit as I played with myself.

"You know, I was just starting to feel a little guilty about doing this but now fuck it... stupid bitch!"

I wasn't about to get in the middle of THAT so I just keep quiet as he got dressed. Mumbling and grumbling the whole time about Ginny and what a bitchy wife she was.

Normally at this time when a guy had finished fucking me, he would usually say something about wanting to meet again and I'd have to remind him that I only did guys once. Indeed, the last thing I wanted was to become someone's mistress! In this case though, I'd assumed after he was done that this would be the first AND last time for me and Bill. I seem to have caught him at a bad time so far as he and Ginny were doing, something that had just been confirmed by the last phone call. Whatever was going on, it was enough to allow him to do something he probably never thought he would do - and rather easily at that, maybe TOO easily for his peace of mind.

But then while Bill may have been my perfect "fun fuck" - a married guy with a teenage daughter cheating for the first time, at the same time he was also family, albeit a little bit removed but technically still family. Calling what we did incest would be a stretch though but it certainly DID qualify as adultery given his wife knew nothing about it and would never approve if she did. Thus my "one and done" rule really didn't apply when it came to Bill which led to my next line of questioning...

"So are you gonna fuck me again at the Christmas party?"

Despite everything that had gone on this morning I still managed to surprise him.

"Seriously?"

Was he really asking if I was serious or was he asking if I was crazy? Only one way to find out...

"Why not? Do you really think you're be the only one who will?"

At that he shook his head as if trying to get a grip on what I was implying.

"So who else?"

It was my turn to shake my head. "Unless you want me telling them about you, I can't tell you about them, deal?"

Bill finished up dressing and before he left the room he turned to me.

"OK then, just one question though... Has Ginny's dad fucked you?"

"What?" I replied, as if the question was preposterous.

"Just made me think about something Ginny once said... it was a few years ago after the Easter thing at her parent's place. She was talking to her sister and I overheard something that happened at the party, something involving 'that slut" and her dad. Were they talking about you?"

I just gave him my best Cheshire Cat smile.

"My lips are sealed."

"Not exactly a no then, eh?"

"No comment - you can read into that anything you want but I didn't say it."

"Hmmmmmm, he said with a smile, "You're going to be quite a bit bigger by then."`

"You like fucking me when I'm pregnant, eh Bill?"

Bill grinned as he got ready to walk out. "Kelly, I LOVED fucking you. See you at Christmas!"

He left me and I turned over onto my back and started to masturbate. Yeah, Christmas was looking to be fun this year!

# (Dec 25) Chapter 269: A Christmas Trifecta

Story codes: MF adultery inc father daughter uncle niece
Me (29)
John - my dad (50)
Uncle Paul (57)
Uncle Jim (48)

Thanksgiving had been... well, interesting would be one way to put it. Now the question was, would my newest "favorite" family member make another holiday special for me? Of course I had to treat Santa first! And if you're going to do it with two brothers, why not three?

## 1. A Common Fantasy

Talking with guys, there are a number of fantasies that most seem to have in common. Of all of them though, the one that seems to create the most interest is having a threesome - where I mean two girls for him. Of those, the most common subcategory of that fantasy has to be to do it with sisters... and then the best version of THAT would be with twins, especially if they were enjoying each other right in front of him. Of course, the absolute ultimate scenario for most men would be if the twin sisters girls were virgin young teenagers!

When people talk about fantasies though, it always seems to be implied that you're referring to MALE fantasies. It's as if it's perfectly fine and acceptable for a guy to fantasize and masturbate about having sex with two twin underage girls but should a woman have a similar fantasy two brothers then that's somehow off-limits and perverted. Personally I think it's because most men are homophobic to some degree and so the very thought of two brothers having sex together goes against everything that turns them on.

(If a guy claims he's NOT homophobic, just ask him if it's ok for his dick to rub up against another guy's during sex. Odds are pretty good he'll NEVER say yes!)

Well heads-up to all you macho men out there... women DO fantasize and we DO think about such things when we masturbate. And yes, we DO masturbate - a LOT, and it's not just on cam for guys to get off watching us.

In my case I've come about as close as you can get in terms of this particular fantasy. My own father has two brothers - one older, the other younger. Over the course of the years I've been fucked by all three. However, while I've done it with my dad and his younger brother Jim together a few times, much to my chagrin my older Uncle Paul has never been part of any threesomes with me, let alone a brotherly foursome. Mmmmmmm, not that I haven't imagined doing it! Indeed, many a day after a family get-together I find myself masturbating afterwards as I dream of missed opportunities.

People might ask why I haven't had all three at the same time if I've been with each individually and even together with my dad and Uncle Jim more than a few times? Well, as you might imagine it gets complicated...

First, you need to understand that my Uncle Jim is an asshole. Not just any old garden-variety asshole but a TOTAL, 100% asshole. The only reason I even allowed him to fuck me in the first place was more a quid pro quo as a favor to my dad so that he could fuck my younger cousin without having to do it behind his brother's back. When I have sex with a man I like to be treated well - as a lady if you will. I'm not at all into the humiliation and bondage scenes. Yes, I like a man to be assertive and controlling but in the end I know that I'm the one who is really in control. With my Uncle Jim though, that's not the case. What especially annoys me is his lack of respect for my feelings about anal sex and facials. Yes, he IS my uncle and as a male within my family I'm obligated to submit to him. Still, Christian submittal is a two-way street and it doesn't give him the right to disrespect me and take advantage of his position in the family.

Second, my dad is exactly what I described earlier - a total homophobe. Threesomes are fine for him - so long as he's the only male involved. Those times when my Uncle Jim had fucked me with my dad there were more like they shared me and almost always when my cousin Tammy was there as well making it more of a swap. Only once have they ever both fucked me at the same time and that was a LONG time ago in what turned out to be a never to be repeated act. Like most men my dad has always enjoyed being WATCHED as he fucked me. I know it turns him big-time when people see him fucking his own daughter - he IS such a guy after all!

But to do so WITH other men, especially his brothers, was simply not going to happen.

Last but not least, it's not like my Uncle Paul has been that anxious to advertise his infidelities, not even to his own brothers. When I learned that he'd been fucking my mother all through their respective marriages it was a total surprise to me as she'd never mentioned it to me - or to my dad either for that matter as I learned. From my perspective even though we are not blood related, we're still related by marriage which is sacred and just as binding and equivalent as if we were. Thus I would claim that as my uncle our sex is an act of incest which, by definition, is not an act of adultery. However, I'm well aware that what to me are simple truths are considered by others to be rationalizations and Uncle Paul is one of those. Then again, it's not like he's exactly been worried about committing adultery which in my book is a sin. I guess you could say it works for us in that I view it as incest and thus not a problem and if he considers it adultery then so far as I am concerned then it's HIS problem, not mine.

So bottom line... I've more or less reconciled myself to the fact that any fantasies I might have about being fucked by three brothers at the same time were almost certainly going to stay just that - fantasies. That is, unless I get lucky enough to find three other brothers but what are the odds of THAT considering it's almost impossible to even find TWO brothers. Even when I was a teenager and dating the guy who is now my husband while also fucking his younger brother it was impossible to ever have them both at the same time!

That said, there really wasn't any reason why I couldn't have all three on the same DAY at least. If course that meant a day when all three were available which only happened a few times a year, typically Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas which was when our entire family traditionally gathered. It wouldn't be the first time by any means that I'd done it with at least one of them during these holiday events but not all three - at least not yet.

As I said, not YET! This year I was determined to make it happen for a number of reasons. First, and I hate to even mention it as it makes me almost choke even to write it, I'll be hitting the thirty mark in just a few months. OMG, I never dreamed I could ever be this old! Second, and probably more influential, I was pregnant with my second child. So you're probably asking just what did THAT have to do with this? As my mom always says... it's all in the timing. I was at that point where the morning sickness was behind me and the horny stage was now in full swing. Don't ask me

the corner from the kitchen. She was wearing what looked to be one of my dad's flannel shirts with the sleeves rolled up to her elbows. Well, at least for Christmas morning she wasn't nude! Of everyone in our family my Aunt Linda was probably the closest to being classified as a nudist. It was sort of funny in a way how the women in our families were so different in that way. My mom, the most conservative, was almost never seen without at least wearing a bra and panties and when I say panties, I mean the standard issue type from Macy's or Penney's and not a skimpy revealing thong. As for me, I had the rep for being the "bottomless girl" in that since I was a little girl in grade school I've always loved to run around with my butt bare exposed to the cool air around me. In contrast, my slutty cousin Kristen was the family "topless girl" in she was always finding some excuse to NOT wear anything on top although she did seem to enjoy wearing a thong most of the time. Not that the ones she wore covered much but it seemed to just be a thing of hers.

At the far end of the spectrum was my aunt who had been the one to run around the house naked all the time for as long as I can remember. Even when I was little and they would visit us (which was most of the time it seemed) she would doff her clothes as quickly as possible and just hang around nude. My mom wasn't exactly thrilled to say the least but what could she really say without being rude? I guess I was a bit naive in that I never put two and two together when it came to Aunt Linda and my dad. Looking back now, seeing my mom's nude sister disappearing into my dad's home office and then shutting the door behind them should have clued me in that SOMETHING was going on more than just talking about taxes and her real estate business. That said, in my defense when you're brought up that way it becomes something normal and as such these sort of thoughts just don't automatically come to mind.

So anyways, seeing my Aunt Linda completely covered (at least her torso) by a long men's shirt was a bit of surprise and I knew my ever-horny husband was a little disappointed from the way he was looking at her. I mean it's not like he hadn't seen her nude most every other time we visited, plus the fact they usually had sex as well, but as a man I guess he would've preferred her to be naked 100% of the time! While she might be 46 years old now, she took good care of herself. She'd had a boob lift a few years earlier which took a few years off as well. Even then, the girls were still 100% "real" in that she didn't get implants; she just had the sag removed that had accumulated after decades of fighting (and losing to) gravity.

Then the real surprise hit me as right behind her was my cousin which took a bit of a load off my mind. Theoretically it wouldn't have mattered if she had been there or not in terms of what I knew I'd be doing with my dad. The key difference with her was that it left Steve and Linda free to do their thing without having to babysit. Knowing them, they would've probably just given her some toys to keep herself occupied and done it anyway in front of her but I preferred having someone around that was dedicated to taking care of her.

Of course my husband didn't waste any time checking to ensure Aunt Linda wasn't wearing anything under her shirt - and she wasn't to nobody's surprise. Indeed, I would have been shocked if she had!

"So where's my dad?" I asked Linda after we'd exchanged our Merry Christmas hugs and kisses.

"Oh he should be down in a minute or so," she answered flippantly and sure enough, no sooner had she finished than I heard the wooden steps to the second floor creaking and my dad made his appearance.

"Hey Daddy! Merry Christmas!" I greeted him, hugging him tightly. He smiled down at me and lowered his head down to kiss me. Our tongues immediately met and I felt his hands cupping my butt as he stretched to get them around me with my belly protruding between us.

"Almost can't reach," he teased me, squeezing my ass playfully.

"Oh John, she's looking great," my aunt chastised him as she complimented me, "How the hell do you do stay so skinny? I looked like a walrus already when I was at your stage."

I just grinned at her and turned back to kiss my wonderful father again. She was right though, I was really lucky in that when I'm pregnant I don't gain a whole lot of weight anywhere but in my belly. People are always telling me that from behind they wouldn't even know I was pregnant!

Steve and my dad shook hands and I was a little surprised when they actually hugged - OK, so just a little but still, even a man-hug was more than they usually shared. Guess it was the spirit of the season as they say.

"You guys are late... as always," my dad observed checking out his watch. He made quite a show of checking the time and I immediately saw he wasn't as concerned about the time as he was about making sure we all saw his watch.

"Oh wow, a Rolex!" I gushed, pulling his wrist to me so I could get a better look.

My dad smiled and I saw my aunt grinning from ear to ear.

"Apparently the real estate business is recovering quite nicely," he teased my aunt who just kept smiling and nodded.

Then it was my turn to show off the new gold bracelet that Steve had given me earlier (hence the "thank-you" BJ I'd given him). It cost a fraction of what my dad's watch had cost my aunt but it still meant a lot to me.

"Looks like Santa was nice to you this year," my cousin said looking a little jealous.

"Just goes to show Santa likes his girls naughty, not nice," I answered half-jokingly.

My dad stepped in saying, "And speaking of Santa's gifts for naughty girls..."

We all took the rather unsubtle hint and headed to the living room where the Christmas tree was set up in the corner. We exchanged a few gifts although most had either been opened prior to getting together or would be later when we met with the rest of the family. This gift exchange was for those that wouldn't have been quite appropriate to open in front of the relatives, particularly the ones who would've been shocked to know some of the family secrets.

Finally came time for what I'd been eagerly waiting for. There was one present remaining under the tree and I knew whose it was without evening having to read the tag. My dad reached under the tree and to nobody's surprise announced this one was for me. I was grinning broadly as I settled back into the couch cushions with it on my lap.

"Not going to even try and guess?" my cousin teased.

"Nope, gave that up a long time ago," I sighed as if it really mattered.

Still, just to add a little suspense I shook the box and looked it over as if I was trying to figure out what was inside. I DID notice one thing - it was a little heavier at one end compared to the other which was unusual. Genuinely perplexed, I finally ripped off the wrapping to see what was hidden underneath.

"Oh cool!" Kristen cried out as she saw what it was, "I've been wanting one of those for like forever!"

I had to say, it was something new, at least in terms of my dad's Christmas gifts go. They'd always been some form of clothing but this year was a first - it wasn't something for me to model for him.

"Oh John, you're really being Bad Santa this year," my aunt said as she rubbed her hand on his thigh as they sat together and watched me. She turned to me and explained, "He must have had a thing for them this year, I got one of my own this morning."

I held up the box for Steve to see and he just rolled his eyes. I had a feeling it wasn't so much anything to do with what it WAS so much as what it MEANT I'd be doing with it in the very near future.

"Really, a dildo?" he muttered.

"Actually Steve, it's a vibrator," my cousin corrected him.

"Dildo, vibrator, same difference," Steve retorted.

"Obviously you've never used one," Kristen replied, only half in jest.

Smiling, I looked at my dad, seeking his input.

"Well, given your condition I wasn't sure exactly what you'd be able to wear this year so I figured why not get something I know you can use any time," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

Actually I didn't have a working vibrator at the moment. My previous one had quit - of course at a most inopportune time, and I just hadn't gotten around to replacing it with all the hustle and bustle of the holidays. Besides, it's not like I used one all that often as I'm mostly a finger-girl. Way back when I first started masturbating my mom had shown me her collection which she kept in a drawer by her bed. She'd graciously offered to share them with me anytime I'd wanted to use one but I rarely took advantage of her offer. The one favorite of mine over the years has been a double-ended dildo which I prefer to use when I'm with another girl. I love it when I was up close to another girl with one end in each of our pussies and I can feel it move in me whenever she moves, almost as if she is fucking me but without the weirdness of her wearing a strap-on. I've always maintained when I'm having sex with a girl I like it to be with a GIRL so strap-ons have never been my thing. That said, when I can sit and watch the two of us sharing the same dildo... well THAT's something entirely different, at least that's how I see it.

"Soooooo?" my dad prompted me as he glanced towards the stairs leading to his bedroom.

This was one of those things I love about my dad. It was his home and I was his daughter so he could've just come right out and said what was on his mind. Yet he knew how Steve felt about what I did with him and so he kept the reference as oblique as possible. Not every guy in his situation would have been so understanding. Yeah, my dad is truly wonderful!

I leaned over to kiss my husband. "Be back in a bit honey... not don't you dare behave yourself!"

Kristen knew her role and so she took our daughter by the hand to lead her up to my old bedroom after which I stood up and headed up after her with my dad right behind me. I looked back briefly and saw that and my aunt had already taken my place next to my husband - she wasn't wasting any time! I knew they would soon be enjoying themselves so it didn't bother me to leave my husband briefly even though it was Christmas morning. It wasn't like he'd be missing me!

Up in my dad's bedroom I opened the box and inspected my new toy more closely. It wasn't anything weird like some of those crazy things you see advertised but rather more or less just your basic vibrator. My dad took it from me so he could put in the batteries and check it out. It was remarkably quiet - a feature which I immediately loved. So many of these things sound like a chain saw going off which I find it distracting when I try to use them!

All my prior plans for this morning had gone out the window when my dad didn't give me an outfit to wear so I was winging it. I briefly debated about whether to just go ahead and get naked or leave some clothes on. I quickly came to the decision based on not wanting everything all wrinkled up when we left to go to see the rest of the family so I didn't waste any time stripping although I was careful to fold or hang everything up. I suppose some women would feel self-conscious being pregnant and naked but this was my dad so I didn't feel shy at all in showing myself off to him. Besides, what's to be embarrassed about being pregnant?

"Oh... my... god! Kelly, you look absolutely stunning," he whispered to me softly, the deep sexual lust in his voice unmistakable as he emphasized each syllable of each word.

Even without the words the way he was looking at me would have told me everything he was thinking. For the record, I LOVE it when men stare at me any time. It fascinates me to know that they're wishing they could fuck me. It turns me on knowing that later when they go home they'll masturbate about doing just that. Yet no man gives me the chills quite like my dad when he has the expression on his face that he had at this very moment. Not even my husband can make me feel quite this way when he stares at me. There's just something unique, something special about having your own father be so open and honest about his sexual desires for you that makes it special and distinctive for his daughter in a way no other man can.

anything it would make it easier and in my condition, anything making it easier was OK with me.

Laying back with me feet spread apart on the bed, I poured a little oil into the palm of my hand as my dad took up residence at the foot of the bed. There wasn't really anything for him to sit on so he sat back on the edge and twisted so he could watch me. Reaching down between my freshly shaved thighs, I flipped my palm over so the oil spilled onto my shaved crotch and quickly spread it around, lubing up my pussy slit well. Then I used the remains on my hand to oil up the vibrator shaft, twisting my hand around it like I was trying to give it a hand job. It was about the same diameter as an average dick so my hand fit easily around it. This was definitely better than sucking on it and spitting on it!

As my dad watched me intently without saying a word, I started off by playing a little with my boobs, setting the vibrator down by my side momentarily as I placed one hand over each boob, pinching and twisting the nipples gently. I LOVE my boobs to be played with, especially my nipples, but I've never been one of those girls who likes it rough. OK, so maybe some women get off to clothes pins on their nipples but not this one! A gentle caress with your tongue, a firm but not overly so squeeze with your hand, and I'm in heaven! I tried breastfeeding with my first daughter but that didn't work out. Oh my god I was so sore!

My nipples were already hard – it seemed to have become a more or less permanent condition while I was pregnant. One thing my husband loved when I was knocked up was that my boobs seemed to be the first thing to expand – well before my belly was showing overly so. Indeed, it had been the sudden increase in my boob size that led me to check to see if I was pregnant! Normally a solid B cup (although I wore C in most of the ones I wore to work so they'd be plenty big an comfy), they were now easily filling a D cup which made my husband – as well as my father, more than happy. While I didn't necessarily get a thrill over having to wear a bra more than usual, I found the benefit for me was they got even more sensitive than they normally were when I wasn't pregnant.

Reaching down with my head, I pulled up on my right boobs and reached out with my tongue. I could hear my dad suck in a breath when I was able to reach my nipple with it – something I normally couldn't even come close to accomplishing. It wasn't so much that I enjoyed it but that I knew my dad did. Given this was the whole point at the moment, why not?

Keeping my left hand on my left boob, I moved my right hand down to between my legs. It was almost like an electric shock hit me when my finger pressed down over my clit! God I was so damn horny! It was being watched that really had me going, especially since it was my own father doing the watching. Even if I had my eyes closed and didn't actually see him, just knowing my dad was there, staring intently as I enjoyed myself in front of me, added an extra element of eroticism that made it so much better for me - and him as well I hoped. I was pretty confident it did.

"Are you my mirror today daddy?" I asked him, smiling as I slowly toyed with my wet and slippery clit using just my index finger.

At first I think he didn't quite get what I meant but then the light bulb over his head went off and he grinned. No words were necessary, his widening eyes told me all I needed to know.

Reaching over, I picked up the vibrator and gently started to rub myself with the tip. I left it turned off for the moment to allow myself to get started gently rather than just running off a cliff full bore from the beginning. With its slippery oily coating it glided easily over my well-lubricated pussy.

My dad shifted his weight to get a better view. "You know, I've always loved your pussy," he said as he focused on where the vibrator tip was rubbing over me.

What could I say? He's a man! I've never known ANY man to say he did NOT love my pussy but that didn't diminish the point of his comment. I don't care what kind of man a guy claims to be - boob guy, ass guy, leg guy, whatever... show him a girl's crotch and everything else goes by the wayside. Face it, the only reason my dad, or any man for that matter, looks at my ass or chest is when he can't see between my legs.

Slowly the vibrator worked its way down my pussy until it found its way at the entrance to my waiting pussy. I loved the feeling of it as it barely penetrated me, just like when a man is trying to position his erection to enter me for the first time. I moved it in tiny little circles, threatening to push it in further but then holding off just as it was about to go in. As I teased myself my free hand dropped from my breast and I use it to rub my clit again sending chills up my spine once more. A soft moan escaped from my lips as I closed my eyes and dreamed.

For whatever weird reason old memories of family road trips came to my mind as I rubbed myself slowly. Riding in the back seat of my dad's SUV, bored out of my mind as we slowly worked our way from western Pennsylvania to Illinois to visit my

from the vibrator experience was more than made up for by the attention from my father.

"Oh fuck me daddy, fuck me!!" I begged as I worked my pussy. It was a performance meant just for him as I knew he loved it when I said those magic words.

As I squeezed my eyes tightly closed while masturbating I fantasized about some of the times when my dad had watched me in situations similar to this. Like wow, there had been a LOT - different times, places and situations. Despite all the exterior differences there was one common thread - a father watching his daughter enjoying herself.

The bed suddenly moved and I felt the vibrator being pulled from my pussy. What the heck? Opening my eyes, there was my dear old dad with his pants and underwear having mysteriously disappeared, standing at the foot of his bed holding his newest present out to me.

"Don't you think it's time for the real thing baby?"

Personally, it had been THAT time since the moment we'd arrived. The only real reason I was doing this was to show him how I could use his gift. Not that I wasn't enjoying myself, just not what I was hoping would have happened this morning. Heck, I could (and often did) masturbate just about anywhere but these days it wasn't like my dad was fucking me every day anymore.

One thing I immediately noticed - his dick was hard... REALLY hard which pleased me. It wasn't like my poor dad was a teenager anymore and most times I had to blow him a little before he fucked me to get him stiff enough to do it. Yeah, daddy's little slut was now daddy's little fluffer, LOL.

"Yesssssss, fuck me daddy," I said in earnest this time, saying those most magical three words with heart-felt enthusiasm. This time wasn't said just to turn him on. No... this time I meant it. Yes, I wanted my daddy to fuck me! Oh god I wanted him to fuck me SOOOOOO badly!

Grinning with anticipation, my horny reached out and grabbed my ankles. Pulling me towards the end of the bed, I was soon laying there with my ass right at the edge and my legs extended upward in his hands. My father lowered his arms, allowing me legs to part and wrap around his waist which pulled my pussy into his crotch. I could feel the tip of his dick brushing up against my aroused pussy, teasing me as he dragged it along my slit.

"Stop it daddy!" I pleaded, "Stop teasing me and put it in me!"

"My little slut wants her daddy's dick in her, doesn't she?" he teased me mercilessly, "Kelly wants her daddy to fuck her, doesn't she?"

"YES DADDY!" I cried out, probably load enough for everyone in the house to hear me, "Kelly wants you to fuck her. Let me be your little slut.... fuck me daddy, PLEASE fuck me!"

Fortunately he was just as horny as I was and there was no way he was going to be able to hold back any longer. I gasped as I felt his dick penetrate me, forcing it's way inside of me and burying itself deeper and deeper in my hungry pussy.

"God you feel so wet and warm," he gasped as he just stood there still with his incestuous erect dick now fully stuffed inside of his daughter. I could feel his coarse thick pubic hair smashed against my bare skin rubbing into me like a soft hair brush as he ground himself against me.

It was like I was in heaven. I closed my eyes and concentrated on my father's cock in me. At that moment nothing else existed... my entire world had compressed into one singular point where our bodies were now joined together as only sex allows to happen. My father and I were now one body as he gave me the most sacred gift he possibly could - himself. It was an amazing feeling, especially knowing that it was my own father's dick that was filling me up down there. How could he do this to me unless he loved me and respected me in such an incredible way? It was at moments like this when I can't imagine how anyone can even question why I love incest with my dad.

Slowly he started to fuck me, drawing his erection out of me until just the tip of his dick was between my pussy lips and then just as slowly driving it back inside of me. I couldn't help but feel a little conflicted. It felt so damn good when his dick would rub against me yet at the same time I loved it best when I knew he was as deep in me as he could be, when we were joined together to the maximum amount possible. I wanted him to be a part of me but I also loved the incredible sensations that coursed through me as he stroked his dick in and out of me.

"Oh yesssssss, make me cum daddy!"

Between the time I'd spent masturbating and the eroticism of the moment, it didn't take long for my first orgasm to rise within me. It would be followed shortly by another and then more, each seeming to be a little stronger, each lasting a little bit longer, each making me cry out a little bit louder than the one before.

"That's it baby, cum again for me."

We both laughed together as he wiped graciously me off. There wasn't time for a shower and besides I didn't want to get my hair wet so this would have to do.

"Merry Christmas Daddy!"

My dad stood up straight and gazed at my freshly fucked nude body as I laid back on his bed with my legs rather obscenely spread apart. He held up one finger so as to say I needed to just be quiet and sit still for a moment. Opening the dresser drawer, he pulled out his old camera. Even though he had the latest iPhone, my dad was still a little old-school when it came to photography.

"Just a few for the album," he said in response to my look of protest. It wasn't that I didn't like my picture taken - I LOVED it when he did. I just felt a little funny looking the way I did. I know, it was silly of me to feel that way but it wasn't like I was in bikini-shape.

"It's not too many chances I get to get a shot of you like this," he said as he started to take shot after shot of me. After a few minutes he handed me back his Christmas present.

"Now show daddy how you like your Christmas present."

He switched the camera to video mode and I just rolled my eyes, smiling as I did. Men! Well, it wasn't any different from past Christmas mornings I guess in that he always took a set of photos and then when all was said a done I would dress again so he could video me stripping out of them for him. He mentioned his album... the mysterious album he as always referring to. I could only imagine how big it had to be these days. Wow, what would guys pay to see it? My dad could probably retire if he put it up for sale on line! I knew that was just fantasy as he never would do it. Besides, much of what was in it would likely just end up getting him arrested!

"Are you guys about done yet?"

I looked over to see my aunt standing in the doorway. She was still naked and looking flushed so it wasn't like she was exactly ready to head out the door yet herself.

My dad just grinned and pointed at me. "Ever see such a sexy sight?"

Well, he WAS my dad after all!

# 3. Brother #2 - Putting Aside Old Issues

Driving up to my Aunt Sheri and Uncle Jim's place, it was obvious we must be one of the last ones to arrive judging by all the cars parked outside in the driveway and on the street. Oh well, I'd take the tingle I still felt between my legs over being on time any day!

"So do you think Tammy will be here today?"

It was obvious why Steve was asking. He'd been dreaming about fucking my cute cousin since the day he first saw her! It didn't help him knowing most of the other men in my family had done her at one time or another, including her brother and father and as well as my dad.

Unfortunately for my poor husband, things with Tammy had changed lot in the eight years since my dad had been lucky enough to take her virginity when she was fourteen. While she'd been what I would call a wanna-be slut in high school, her aspirations to follow in the footsteps of her older cousins (me and Kristen) had been largely thwarted by her overbearing, sanctimonious mother. Whereas both Kristen and I had been encouraged by our mothers to take advantage of our situations, my Aunt Sheri did everything she could to keep poor Tammy from enjoying high school as only a sexy young teenage girl can.

I mentioned that her brother and father had fucked her but obviously this was something about which her mother was kept totally in the dark. No doubt she would have killed them all (and I'm not sure that's an exaggeration) if she ever found out. So not only did Tammy have to hide her incestuous activities, she also had to deal with a father and brother who weren't exactly what I considered the most nurturing and caring people in the world. In fact, as I mentioned earlier her dad was a total asshole and her brother emulated his father. Once she was off to college, she was meeting other boys and with her newfound freedom, was finally able to realize her sexual dreams. Now that she was getting what she needed and wanted, she pretty much had shut off her dad and brother so far as sex goes. While normally I would frown on a girl not performing her Christian duties for the men in her family, in this case I had to side with her as those same men had failed to meet up with their end of the bargain.

So this left my poor husband in the unfortunate situation to where Tammy simply had no reason to give herself to him. I have to say one thing for the girl, in college she not only got to be the slut she never could be in high school, she also had become a world-class tease. She knew my husband wanted to fuck her. Heck, I'd even tried talking her into letting him do her at least just once as a favor to me. Regardless, she seemed to enjoy teasing Steve relentlessly and even though he KNEW that was what she was doing, it was like Charlie Brown kicking the football with Lucy. Her kept thinking the next time would be different and that she really meant what she said when she would tease him. Now I love my husband but sometimes I really have to wonder about him! Oh well, just goes to show that when it comes to sex, the little head wins every time.

As for me, it had been a few years now since I'd last let my Uncle Jim fuck me. Even longer since I'd done my cousin Rick. I say "let" him fuck me in that was more or less the case. As my uncle I had an obligation to submit to him which I did for many years. However, submission is not slavery and the man has as many responsibilities as the woman for it to work. My uncle had failed to live up to his end of the bargain from almost the very beginning so technically I could have refused him long before I actually did. The only reason I didn't was as a favor to my dad as Uncle Jim wouldn't allow my dad to fuck his daughter if he didn't get to fuck my dad's - meaning me. Once Tammy stopped fucking my dad, that left me free to do the same with her father which I promptly took advantage of.

Today though I was on a mission. The simple facts were that if I was to realize my fantasy of fucking three brothers, that meant one of them had to be my Uncle Jim. The key would be not to let him know that was why I was doing it. As much as I knew he wanted to fuck me, I wouldn't put it past him to refuse if he knew how badly I wanted it. Yes, the trick was going to be to have him think it was his idea and the he was the one who was talking me into doing it...

As we gathered our gifts and headed to the front door, I was still debating over whether or not to tell Steve my plans. Indeed, I hadn't told him yet and the more I'd thought about it, the more I thought it better I didn't. It wasn't like I needed his permission to get laid. Even though legally (at least legal per Kelly's laws) he knew he HAD to allow me to have sex with my family, neither of us required the other to get "permission" to have sex with someone else. I mean it was just sex after all, not like I was cheating on him. Cheating in my book is all about intent so as long as I was just doing it just for my own enjoyment, why should he care? Having an affair is something entirely different though, something I would NEVER consider doing as that would be adultery, one of the "top ten" rules by which I lived my life.

My decision was also confirmed by Steve's usual sulking after I'd had sex with my dad. It was so childish that I wanted to smack him but I knew he'd get over it the next time we had sex. He hadn't SAID anything after I'd come downstairs after fucking my dad, not even some smart-aleck remark about hearing me - which he must have considering how loud I'd gotten a few times. It was the look in his face that told me everything. It sort of irked me that it was just fine for him to fuck my aunt at the same time yet he acted as though me fucking my dad was something wrong. Again, he didn't SAY anything - he learned his lesson back the first time he tried that crap. Sometimes though people say more with their body language than they do with words.

The house was indeed filled with people when we entered and the din was almost overpowering at first. Everyone came up to greet us and I have to say I probably got the most attention thanks to my current condition. Passing by the living room on my way to the kitchen where most of the women were, I noticed my two uncles sitting in the chairs, talking about world issues for which I figured they had all the answers if someone in authority would just listen to them. LOL

Steve was carrying our gifts so his arms were filled when my cousin made her way to us. She was dressed rather conservatively although the sweater she was wearing was so tight it showed off her well-developed breasts to their fullest. I couldn't be sure if she was wearing a bra but I suspected she wasn't from the way she jiggled as she approached. No doubt it was pissing off her mother to no end but I figured that was one of the reasons why she wasn't wearing one in the first place. She was 22 and not taking any crap from her mother these days.

Tammy greeted us and then she whispered something into Steve's ear and walked away with a smirk in her face. OMG, Steve's face actually reddened a little but I wasn't sure if he was embarrassed or what. Well, he's better tell me later what she said, that's all I had to say! Whatever it was it must have been good but I suspected it was more her being a cock-teaser than anything else.

Well, two can play that sort of game. Switching gears, I reversed directions and headed for the crowded living room. Everyone seemed to be talking at the same time and within the small room the noise level was ridiculous. At the same time, it also made it easier to say something to someone without everyone hearing.

For a moment I hesitated... who first? Well, since his daughter was the one to tease my husband, why not start with her father?

"Hi Uncle Jim, Merry Christmas. Wanna fuck me?"

I was whispering in his ear so nobody could hear and he must have thought he misunderstood me judging by the surprised look on his face followed by something more like disbelief. Unlike my cousin though, I wasn't being a cock-teaser.

"You're joking," he said out loud although nobody could have had a clue what he was referring to so it was safe.

"If you say so," I taunted him, "Your loss, not mine."

I gave him a peck on the cheek, just the sort of thing any niece would give her uncle, and walked away. Unlike my cousin though, I didn't swivel my hips and tease him further as she had done to my poor horny husband. First, in my condition it just seemed wrong plus the fact the majority of people in the room would have wondered why I would even do such a thing. Keep in mind most of my dad's side of the family hasn't a clue what goes on between the three brothers and their daughters, at least the daughters of the two younger ones.

Steve had been watching my little performance from the hallway.

"What the hell was THAT all about?" he asked me, nodding his head back towards the living room.

"Do you really want to know?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

Then it clicked and he just shook his head at me without saying anything further. Of course he'd known what I'd done earlier with my dad but then he was pretty used to that. Granted, he might still not be thrilled about my incestuous responsibilities but he loved me enough to deal with it and not make it an issue. Still, having sex with my dad was one thing - my uncles another. Especially when it came to my Uncle Jim who even Steve could barely tolerate.

"Whatever!" was all he finally said under his breath as he turned in the hallway to move past me and join the other men in the living room. As for me, I knew I'd be expected to make an appearance in the kitchen so thoughts of my uncle were put aside for the moment as I made my entrance.

"There she is!" my Aunt Shari greeted me. Somehow I managed to smile and give her a hug. God, what a hypocrite! Most of my memories of her growing up revolved around her constant nagging of me and my mom over how I dressed and acted. Thank God she didn't know the half of it! Then again, there were times when I almost gave in to temptation and wanted to tell her how her husband was fucking me and her youngest daughter. Yeah, it would have made me feel good for a few moments but the ramifications would have been HUGE so I kept my tongue to myself.

So it went with my other aunt and cousins. Everyone asked the usual questions - when I was due (as if they all hadn't been told umpteen times), how I was feeling, was she kicking yet, and so on. It was to the point I wanted to write an FAQ for my pregnancy like I include in my on-line diary which I could hand out whenever I met with people.

One good thing though was nobody pestered me to do anything. If anything it was just the opposite in that I was told to stay seated and not to over-exert myself. Even though I really wouldn't have minded helping out, it wasn't like I would have this opportunity again (Steve and I intended to stop at two) so why not take advantage of it while I could?

Another helpful thing I'd learned already was I could tell people anytime I needed to go to the bathroom and nobody questioned or even thought twice, regardless of how often I went or long I was gone for. Sometimes this came in useful... like now.

To get to the bathroom I had to walk past the living room entrance and I paused for a moment there, just long enough to catch my uncle's eye. I raised my eyebrows and shrugged my shoulders, then smiled and moved on down the hallway. Standing outside the bathroom door - which was occupied by somebody (I think it was one of my younger cousins but it was hard to tell through the door), I couldn't help but smile when I saw my uncle make his appearance. God, men can be SO easy sometimes!

"Not the bathroom," he whispered as his hand landed on my butt and gave me a bit of a push down the hallway. The only thing down there were two bedrooms - the master bedroom and a guest room that usually was so full of clutter nobody would have slept in there anyways. Figuring the only real option was his bedroom, I walked in and he quickly followed, shutting the door behind us.

"So what's the story slut?"

If it had been my dad calling me a slut I would have taken it as a compliment. From my uncle, though, it was said with more of a sneer. Oh well, whatever, didn't matter to me as I'd been called a lot worse by people I respected a lot more than him. It never has bothered me for someone to call me slut. If anything for me it was a compliment. As I've always said, a whore does what she's paid to do, a slut does what she wants to do.

"Seems I was pretty clear," I said firmly with a sly smile, "Exactly what part of 'do you want to fuck me' was so difficult to understand?"

He glanced back at the door as if expecting it to fly open with a 60 Minutes camera crew capturing everything. That must have caused him to think as he quickly moved over to lock the door.

"Don't you think people might wonder why the door is locked?" I asked.

"That's better than they find out why it should have been locked," he chuckled, "So really... what's the story? You've been pretty downright rude for a long time now when it came to this sort of thing."

Well, talk about the kettle calling the pot black! I withheld my reaction though as it wouldn't have gotten us anywhere and besides, I was on a mission.

"I'm pregnant and horny, isn't that reason enough?"

He started to come back with something but I cut him off saying rather curtly, "Look, if you don't want to fuck me just say so. Otherwise we're wasting time."

"Hey, I never said THAT!" he said defensively, "You can't blame me for wondering considering everything."

I pretended to be angry then, which really didn't require much pretending. "Sorry I asked. Sheesh, all I asked was for you to fuck me. The least you could have done was just say yes and do it without giving me a lot of crap."

I huffed and started for the door as if to leave but he grabbed my arm and pulled me back.

"Then get off your high horse and on your knees then and suck my dick," he hissed at me, unzipping his pants and pulling them down to his ankles along with his jockey shorts. Yep, tightie whities, what else?

Typical Uncle Jim, always trying to be the one in charge, always trying to humiliate the girl. And we wondered why his own daughter no longer felt she needed to perform her proper duties as a daughter for him. Well, in my mind he forfeited his rights to her years ago in the way he treated her. If this was just about him fucking me I WOULD have walked out then and there, leaving him with his ugly cock hanging there. Fortunately for him I was on a mission so I didn't yet at the same time it pretty much locked in the fact that this might very well be the last time he ever got to have me.

The room was carpeted in thick ancient shag so it wasn't too hard on my knees as I gingerly got down on them. Like the jerk he was, Uncle Jim didn't even have the decency to help a pregnant girl!

"That's it slut, suck it!" he groaned as I enveloped his dick in my mouth. I really wasn't interested in giving him the best BJ, only enough to get him good and hard as quickly as possible. This wasn't for HIM, it was for ME.

Regardless of how he might try to act as thought this wasn't that big a deal for him, his 48 year-old dick betrayed him. Yes indeed, dicks never lie! He was already half erect by the time my lips touched the tip of his cock and it was only a few minutes before he was good and hard. As I sucked his dick I was reminded of why I despised him so much. God, did he ever bathe? I don't mind the scent of a man's crotch and even get off from the musky odor sometimes, especially like when I reach into a man's pants and run my fingers through his thick pubic hair and then put my fingers up to my nose to smell him. However, there's a fine line between mucky odor and poor hygiene and with my uncle he was WAY over that line. Yes, thank God he was ready quick as if it had a few more minutes I might have just said the hell with everything and walked out for real.

"I think you're ready," I said to him, looking up at him and meeting his eyes with mine as I stroked his erection with my right hand.

The animal lust in his eyes confirmed my words and he certainly didn't protest although no doubt he wouldn't have minded me sucking him longer - what man wouldn't? Then again, he also knew what was next so that more than made up for it.

I struggled a little to get to my feet but the asshole still wouldn't offer a hand to help me. Turning around so I was facing the bed with my back to him, I lifted up my dress pulled it up onto my back as I leaned over the bed with my legs spread apart. Reaching down I pulled my panties to the side - no need to strip I figured.

"Fuck me Uncle Jim," I sighed, acting as though it was the one thing I wanted most in all the world at that moment. In a way it was - from the standpoint of my goal for the day. So far as HIM fucking me... it was more a means to an end I guess you could say. Couldn't very well fuck three brothers unless he did me so that meant I wanted him to. Yet I really didn't want him to... complicated I know.

Whatever quandary I might be having, there was nothing to debate so far as my uncle was concerned. Almost immediately felt the head of his dick between my thighs as he maneuvered his way. My pussy was wet - I LOVE to be fucked, even it was going to be by this boor of a man, and my pussy didn't care what a jerk he was. Uncle Jim had a nice hard dick that would fit well into my pussy and that's all my pussy cared about.

"Oh yeah... fuck me," I moaned softly as he found the entrance and began to push himself into me. As his dick pressed deeper, I focused totally on the incredible sensations his hard dick was creating inside of me. Yes, I LOVE to be fucked! The deeper he drove his cock the more I wanted it, the more I wanted him to thrust it deep inside of me, the more I wanted him to cum and fill me with his sperm.

"God I love your cunt," he groaned as he fucked me in earnest. Only an asshole calls it a cunt in front of a girl but I just ignored him.

So far as sex went, the next few minutes were about as raw and basic as it gets. No words, no kissing, not even any real signs of motion. It was just a man driving his dick into a woman - over and over again. Maybe had it gone long enough I might have cum but that wasn't going to happen, at least not given how quickly HE came.

"Oh yeah! Fuck!" he groaned, a little loud if you asked me so hopefully nobody was standing outside the door with their ear against it!

Sometimes I can feel it when a man ejaculates in me, sometimes not. This was one of those "not" times yet I knew when he did. The sudden change from thrusting to jerking signaled the arrival of his orgasm and then the way he slammed himself into me, driving his dick into me as deeply as he could press it confirmed the act.

Uncle Jim held himself in me for maybe half a minute after which he pulled out. I stood up - almost too quickly as I felt a little lightheaded. I could feel his cum draining out of me so I reached over next to the bed where there was a box of tissues and pulled out a few to clean myself off.

"Suck me clean," he demanded, standing there with his cum-covered dick glistening in the light from the overhead fixture. Well, little did he realize that now that he'd fucked me and given me what I wanted - his sperm in me, there was no reason whatsoever for me to do anything more that HE wanted.

"Fuck you," I sneered at him, dropping the facade, "You're such an asshole."

For a brief moment I was rewarded with a look of confusion on his face but he quickly recovered.

"What the fuck is this?" he all but hissed at me, "As I recall it was YOU that wanted ME so badly."

"Well, then let's just say I got what I wanted and forget it," I countered.

"What a bitch," he said under breath but loud enough to be sure I heard.

"Well, maybe so but this is one bitch you'll never fuck again."

Before he could say anything I had my dress rearranged and was out the door, leaving him behind with his pants still around his ankle and his now all but flaccid dick hanging out. It would have been hilarious had someone walked in now but the hallway was clear. I smiled to myself as I made my way back to the kitchen, quite pleased with myself.

Two down... one to go.

## 4. Brother #3 – Just Going for It

"Finally back," my Aunt Linda greeted me when I reappeared in the kitchen.

I just cocked my head and shrugged. Then, when I was sure nobody else was looking I winked at her. While she didn't know any of the specifics, she got the clue and I'm sure she was wondering who I'd just been with. Not like I didn't have plenty of options! Still, I would have been willing to bet she would have been surprised to know whose cum was wetting my panties as I stood there as if nothing had happened.

"So, who have you been talking to?" she asked me as I took my seat again at the kitchen table. We both knew she wasn't asking anything to do with conversation but none of the other women in the room had any reason to think otherwise. Given Tammy wasn't in the room, none of the other women on my dad's side had any idea what went on with their men and me.

"Uncle Jim."

I almost laughed out loud at her reaction. Yep, caught her by surprise with that one!

"Yeah, I need to catch up with Uncle Paul too," I said off-handedly but again, Aunt Linda knew what I was REALLY referring to.

"Ohhhhhh, I get it now," she said barely loud enough for even me to hear and she was sitting right next to me. Not that anyone else would have understood her true meaning.

My pussy was throbbing as I chatted with my cousins and aunts while they prepared the meal. I almost felt like I was being lazy and taking advantage of my situation as I just sat there while they did all the work. ALMOST that is!

Soon it was time for dinner. I took a seat in the dining room before anyone else and waited to see who would be next to me. Naturally Steve took the spot on my left but then I was pleasantly surprised when my Uncle Paul too the one to my right. It was like the stars were in alignment! I couldn't have asked for two better partners - the man I loved on one side, the man I was horny for on the other. Not that I wasn't horny for my husband - that's a given. It's just that I was two-thirds of the way to my goal now and all that remained was the oldest man in the room seated right by my side.

"Hi Uncle Paul, I've missed you," I said pleasantly. It was a natural greeting but with my hand pressing on his thigh I'm sure he got the true meaning to my words. With the chairs so tightly pressed together so as to fit everyone it was easy for me to just reach over without being obvious about it.

Uncle Paul cleared his throat and answered, "I could say the same. So how's my not-so-little niece doing? You somehow manage to still look amazing you know."

I think that he said it louder than he might have intended as his wife seated on the other side overheard him. Not realizing the background to our conversation she poked him in the shoulder and chastised him saying, "Now Paul, that's a heck of a thing to say to a pregnant woman. Of course she looks amazing!"

She meant well but I wondered what she would have said had she known what her husband had done to me at their house at one of their Eater gatherings back a few years earlier! For that matter, what he'd been doing to my mother since they were back in high school. Yeah, family gatherings can be so interesting!

Steve had been quiet up until that point but now he spoke up.

"You're kidding, right?"

Nobody but me could have had any idea what he meant by that, at least nobody but perhaps my Aunt Linda and she was seated at the far end of the table away from us next to my dad so there was little chance she could make out anything from our end. When my mom first divorced my dad it created a bit of a stir when My aunt moved in with him but now enough years had gone by that everyone seemed to accept that the two of them were living together. After all, it wasn't like it was HIS sister.

"Just mind your own business," I said rather curtly, almost TOO curtly so I smiled at him and leaned over to whisper in his ear, "Don't worry honey, I'll make sure you're rewarded when we get home if you behave yourself."

By "behave" of course I meant ignoring what I was doing. God, things would be SO much easier if he would just get over his issues with incest! Sooner or later I was confident he would come to his senses. I just hoped it would be before our daughter was ready to come to him for what I so fervently hoped would be her first time. It was how things SHOULD be and just because I'd screwed it up when it came to me and my dad, that didn't mean I didn't want what was right for my own daughter.

"Just too weird is all," he couldn't resist adding in and then thankfully dropped it, turning to join in with whatever conversation was taking place to the other side of him. Well, if we were going to go there then it was HIM that was the weird one. For a guy who loved having sex with young girls in front of their fathers it seemed to me that THAT was a lot weirder than me having sex with my own family.

Dinner went on from there without much fanfare when as the main dish was finished and my aunts left to get dessert that my uncle took advantage of his wife being gone. I felt his hand on my leg and then my dress being pulled up was he worked his hand under it and onto my bared leg underneath. I didn't react but then at the same time that also meant I didn't do anything to discourage him which only encouraged him to go further. With me being scooted up close to the table, my belly pretty much hid everything going on below.

"Still hungry Uncle Paul" I asked innocently while at the same time parting my thighs just enough to send him the right signal.

"Depends on what's for dessert," he answered but we both knew the dessert he was referring to wasn't coming from the kitchen.

"I bet I know what you want," I teased him gently, reaching down and pushing his hand closer to my pussy. He was at the point where reaching any further would have been rather obvious so his fingers got within a couple of inches of my crotch before he judiciously held off from going any further.

"Oh I'm sure you do," he replied, carrying on our little game.

"Don't you have to watch what you eat now?" he asked cryptically.

I just shrugged and smile. "If anything, I find being pregnant makes me crave all the more some of my favorite desserts."

Uncle Paul was under now delusions what my favorite dessert was. After all, he'd provided me with a number of helpings in the past!

Just then the ladies appeared at the door with their hands full of pie dishes. Uncle Paul quickly pulled his hand back and I adjusted my skirt just before my Aunt Julie leaned over my shoulder to ask me what my preference was.

"Oh thanks Aunt Julie but I think I'll save my dessert for later," I told her, giving my uncle a wink I was pretty sure my aunt didn't catch.

Uncle Paul wasn't about to turn down his favorite pie though so as he dug in I excused myself and pushed back my chair.

"I think I might need to lie down a bit," I sighed, holding my hand to my extended belly and breathing deeply.

"Why don't you lie down in our room Kelly," my Aunt Sheri offered as she must have overheard me while dishing out some pie for my hungry husband. "I'll make sure nobody disturbs you."

If she only knew...

I excused myself an made my way back to the very same bedroom where not all that long ago my Uncle Jim had fucked me. The bed was covered with coats and as this time I wanted to lie down I just pushed them over to one side and laid back on my back. Not like I had that many options - laying on my belly was out of the question and even rolling over to my side could be uncomfortable at times.

Turning off the overhead light, the room was dimmed as I laid back on the bed. I could vaguely make out the sounds of everyone talking in the distance but with the door shut it pretty well muffled things. Still, did they ever shut up? Oh well, that's what family gatherings were for I guess - talking. Too bad the entire family wasn't more like the men in the family and then we'd have other things to do as a family as well!

As horny as I was, I still was almost asleep when I heard the door creak slightly. Turning my head, I smiled as my Uncle Paul looked back over his shoulder and then quickly sneaked in, shutting the door quietly behind him. Yep, as I keep saying, men are SO easy!

"This is crazy you know," he whispered in a husky voice, "I mean this is CRAZY!"

Yes, it was. Yet that was exactly what helped make it so hot for us both. To have sex with the rest of the family literally just feet away was incredibly erotic. To have sex with the third brother of my trifecta just made it all the more so.

"We have to hurry... Julie gave me a strange look when I told her I needed to go to the bathroom. Still, never thought my prostrate issues would come in handy!"

At 57 it didn't surprise me. My own dad was already at that stage where we never passed by a men's room without him taking a precautionary stop. Even so, taking a pee didn't take that long and even if he was as horny as I was this was going to be a little difficult to explain to his wife when he got back. Oh well, his worry!

"You know it's been over 30 years since I did it with pregnant woman," he observed as he quickly kicked off his shoes and dropped his pants and boxers, keeping his shirt on.

"So you didn't fuck my mom when she was pregnant with me?"

My uncle just smiled and gave me this look like I wasn't catching on. "Like I said, over 30 years..."

OK, I got it. Blonde moment I guess. My 30th birthday was just a couple of months away which meant... yeah I got it!

"Soooooo, how do we do this?" he said hurriedly, stroking his dick in his hand. God, he was acting as antsy as a grade school boy about to have sex for the first time!

Well, obviously missionary was out of the question. At least that is, full on the bed style. That didn't mean I couldn't be on my back, just that he couldn't be on top of me. Seemed pretty obvious to me!

Without saying anything, I reached under my dress and pulled down my panties to mid-thigh. Uncle Paul took over from there and pulled them the rest of the way down and off my feet over my shoes. At least he was more of a gentleman than his youngest brother who no doubt would have just stood there and left me to fend for myself! I grunted a bit as I maneuvered my way such that my butt was at the edge of the bed with my head back against a couple of coats I scrunched up under me. With a bit of effort I lifted my legs apart so my bare pussy was exposed for him.

"God, that is so sexy," he sighed as he stared down between my legs. He helped me to get my feet up over his shoulders as he bent down just enough to get his dick in position and without any further ado pushed himself inside of me.

"Someone really IS horny!" he chuckled as he easily slid into me. What he didn't know of course was that all of that lubrication wasn't mine but then he didn't need to know THAT. Despite what the porn videos would claim I think most men are grossed out at the thought of having another man's sperm on their dick.

"Mmmmmmm, now THIS is what I call dessert," I moaned as he thrust himself deeper into me. Unlike my other uncle, he was so much more caring and gentle with me, driving himself into me but at the same time not slamming so forcefully into me that he pushed me back across the bed.

"God your pussy feels so hot!"

At least he called it my pussy and not a cunt! Sometimes I almost find it hard to believe that he and Uncle Jim are brothers.

"Oh Uncle Paul, your cock feels so good inside of me!"

There was no acting involved in my reactions, no pretending to enjoy what he was doing to me. This was so much better than what I'd done an hour earlier in this very same room. Oh sure I enjoyed the raw sexual lust of being fucked like a slut but I have to admit, it felt so much better when I knew then man was trying to please me just as much, if not more, than himself.

With Uncle Paul we could have fucked the rest of the afternoon so far as I would concerned but the clock was ticking and we both were well aware that time was of the essence. Despite that, Father Time isn't so easily thwarted and it took at least a good ten minutes of determined sex before he finally erupted inside of me. Not like I had a stopwatch.

"God yes!" he groaned deeply as he just held himself in against my crotch as his dick throbbed in me. Holding still as he did, this time I could actually feel it as he came inside of me as I could feel the thrusting of his dick inside of me as each load of his sperm was deposited deep inside of me.

"Oh shit, this is crazy!"

Men! It's like when they cum everything just whooshes out with their sperm and in an instant they go from super horny to super stupid. One second his eyes were glazed over as his true instincts drove him to do what nature intended. The next he was suddenly scared stiff that his wife was missing him!

"I've got to get back before Julie comes hunting me down!" he said more to himself than me. He quickly pulled on his underwear and pants, almost catching his still somewhat stiff dick in the zipper as he rushed to get himself collected.

"Here Uncle Paul, Merry Christmas!" I said with a grin as I grabbed my panties next to me, rubbed them between my legs to wet them, and tossed them to him.

For a second I thought he would chicken out and toss them back but then the male urges still inside of him took over. Tucking them into his pants pocket, he blew me a kiss and hustled from the room.

He must have been gone for less than a minute when the door opened again. Thankfully I'd managed to pull my dress down as who should appear but my Aunt Julie!

"Have you seen my lost husband? I swear, if he's outside smoking I'm going to kill him!"

I just shook my head and pretended to be half asleep. Meanwhile, my pussy was practically screaming for me to rub it and I wanted to just yell at her to leave me alone.

"Well, sorry to bother you, get some rest girl. You have to sleep for two now."

By that logic I guess I could have said I also needed to have sex for two as well. Well, as horny as I was these days it was like I was craving enough sex for two!

I waited a half hour or so before returning to the gathering in the living rom. The rest of the day would likely be rather uneventful although I couldn't help but enjoy the totally opposite looks I was getting from my uncles.

## 5. Thanksgiving All Over Again?

It was getting near time when people would start packing up and heading home. I knew Steve was more than ready. After the events of today - some of which he knew for sure and others I'm sure he had a pretty good idea about, he would likely be on me the moment the front door was closed to "reclaim" me for himself. It was actually something that helped make our lifestyle work. No matter who I fucked, my husband knew that when it was all over I was HIS and that HE was the only man who really mattered to me and the only man who ever had, and ever will, make love to me.

So despite the fact that three different men had fucked me today, and even more important- at least from my husband's perspective, all three were family, Steve had no reason to be jealous because he knew I would always submit to him when we came home regardless of how tired I might be.

Frankly, I was ready to go home and have sex with my husband as well. While I'd achieved my "mission" goals today, and even though it marked an occasion of something I'd likely never do again (fuck three brothers in one day), in the end there was nothing I wanted more than to be made love to by my wonderful husband.

So you can imagine my reaction when I went to the kitchen to get a glass of water when Bill, the husband of my cousin Ginny (Uncle Paul's oldest daughter), came in behind me. We'd had sex for the first time just this past Thanksgiving but it was the first time he'd ever cheated on Ginny, let alone the fact he did it with her cousin, so I really didn't expect a repeat performance any time soon, if ever.

"Do you always have sex with your uncles at these things?"

I didn't even know he was behind me and I almost dropped the glass in the sink I was so shocked until I realized who it was.

"Oh don't give me that, I saw what was going on," he went on, "I guess in the past I just never would have believed it was possible. Guess I just assumed you were a flirt and that was as far as it went but now..."

Yeah, now he knew what I liked to do so it probably hadn't been much effort for him to watch things unfold today and put two and two together. Really, I have to admit that the primary reason I think the rest of the family didn't know what went on wasn't that they didn't see things, they just would never have even have thought such things were possible.

"So I'm just curious... is this typical?"

I turned to look him in the eyes, trying to get a feeling for his angle, where he was coming from. He was maintaining a pretty good poker face, making him all but impossible to read. Oh well, why not just be honest?

"Usually just one or the other," I answered matter-of-factly, as if he had asked me the score of the latest football game.

"So who's all involved in this?" he asked, checking to be sure nobody was around to overhear.

"Well, Uncle Jim, Uncle Paul, Rick, my dad... and you of course," I said, adding him in with a grin.

"And just you?" He was referring to the women of the family obviously.

"Oh no... Aunt Linda, Kristen and Tammy."

"Tammy?" he asked, his eyes opening wide. Typical guy, going straight for the youngest one.

"Don't get any ideas," I warned him.

"I've just been thinking I guess," he said, shaking his head. Yeah, I bet he'd been thinking a LOT since he'd fucked me a month or so ago.

"This is... insane!"

I looked at him sharply. "Be careful now. It's only what a woman is supposed to do."

"What's THAT?"

"Submit to the men in her family of course."

He kind of cocked his head like a curious puppy. "So that's why you let me do you? Because you're SUPPOSE to?"

"Well, that's being a little simplistic but technically correct. I enjoyed it too you know."

"So let me get this straight... if I asked to have sex with you like right now, you would?"

I all but laughed at his naiveties. "Duh!"

"Prove it."

I looked at my watch. Damn, I really wanted to get home before it got much later so I could spend the evening with my husband but then how could I say no? Especially after what I'd just told him.

Just then my cousin Ginny walked in...

"There you are! We need to get going before the kids drive me nuts!"

She was of course referring to her fourteen tear-old daughter Katlyn and her thirteen year-old brother Ryan. My husband had the hots something fierce for Katlyn! Who knows, maybe if things went well with her dad and me...

My thoughts were broken when my own husband joined us and informed me that he had our coats and was ready to go.

Poor Bill! The look of disappointment was written all over his face.

"Next time?" I teased him.

"Next time what?" Ginny asked. I hadn't expected her to overhear - she must have ears like a dog!

"Oh nothing babe, she was just telling me about she was going to make me that dessert she made for Thanksgiving."

It was a fast recovery but not well thought out. First, I don't make much of anything in the kitchen very well and I certainly hadn't brought a desert for Thanksgiving but Ginny was in too much of a hurry to notice.

We all said our goodbyes and soon Steve and I were in his truck on our way home.

"Dessert for Thanksgiving?" he asked me rather incredulously.

"Trust me lover boy... you're getting all the dessert tonight you can handle!"

with a tough decision - agree with him or end the marriage before it had hardly begun. How could I agree if I considered adultery to be one of the basic building blocks of my moral foundation? Well, it was simple - modify the definition just a little. So now MY definition of adultery, in contrast to my mother's, comes with the caveat that any sex outside the marriage family is not adultery so long as it's OK with both of us. Thus whether or not you're committing adultery is determined by INTENT more so than the actual ACT. At its heart adultery is all about CHEATING - the act of doing something against the desires or knowledge of your spouse. It's not that I have to tell Steve everything I do... it's that I don't HIDE anything from him deliberately.

The last major difference that has emerged between my mother and me has to do with underage sex. This was probably the hardest for me to deal with in that it is the primary reason why my mother had to divorce my father. For her to feel THAT strongly to the point she would divorce the man she loved more than anyone else in the world was a testament to the depth to which this issue went for her. For my mother it was simple and straightforward, NO sex with anyone under eighteen unless it was incestual and even then, it had to be PROPER incest, not this crap you see in porn videos and such. I wouldn't say it was like on your eighteenth birthday suddenly a light shown down and everything was OK. It was more like something around that age - an issue of maturity more than a calendar date. And finally, for her it was like any other fantasy - it was ACTION that counted, not desires. So long as my dad kept to his porn and masturbation fantasies she was OK with it, or at least tolerated it. It was when my Aunt Linda got involved things turned from fantasy to reality that my mom was pushed to draw the line.

I've written plenty about this subject and posted it in my diary under various entries so I won't go into great detail here. In summary, for most of my life I was always right in line with my mother's thinking on this topic. Indeed, in all my babysitting years I never once did anything with anyone under my care that I wouldn't publish in the newspaper. Now when it came to some of the fathers... well that was a different subject, LOL.

Similar to the adultery issue, it was Steve who pushed me in this area and again just like adultery, I was faced with a situation where I had to reevaluate my thinking on the matter. Just as my aversion to adultery was really a matter of cheating, not the actual sex, so too I delved deeper into my opposition to under-age sex. Was it an age thing or something deeper? After much soul-searching and debate I came to the conclusion it wasn't that I was opposed to underage SEX, but more the

feelings. They may try attributing them to the old adage, "the devil made me do it." Incest is a classic case study. Almost every man will eventually admit to me that they're turned on by teenage girls but the vast majority will deny vehemently that they have such desires for girls in their own family, especially their own daughters. Yet at the same time, given enough time and assurance, virtually all of them eventually admit to actually having such feelings. In many cases they feel guilty even admitting to them, let alone even think about acting on them.

Similar to incest, I find the same "denial" in most men when it comes to underage sex, perhaps even to a stronger level because of our cultural norms. Again, most men will swear to me that they have no desires for young girls when the topic first comes up. Like incest, the more comfortable they feel in talking to me the more they tend to allow their true feelings to emerge. Most men still draw the line at the tween ages (11, 12, 13) but I think that's more realistic in that girls younger than that age bracket are typically only of interest to hard-core pedophiles.

I think it's important to point out that even when they admit to having such feelings and desires, most men STILL see taboo sexual acts such as incest and underage sex as fantasies and not something THEY would ever actually engage in. Personally I think that's good as let's face it - it's illegal and can lead to family and career destruction, jail time, and labeling as a sexual predator if not handled properly. It's also something that few families are in the situation where it can be dealt with in a healthy and loving environment. I've written a lot on the subject so read those entries for more of my thoughts but in the end there's one over-riding set of guidelines that I stress to anyone who expresses interests in these subjects:

"If you think it's wrong... it is. If you think she's too young... she is. If you have to ask if it's OK... it's not so don't do it."

I'd known my husband for a long time before we got married so I figured I pretty much knew where he stood on most topics and I suppose he felt the same about me. After all, he was the first boy I ever had sex with! Of course back when I was fourteen I never would have dreamed that someday I would marry him (although I DID have a huge crush on him at the time.

Thus I suppose it wouldn't surprise anymore that Steve was shocked to find out just before he was about to propose to me that I'd been having sex my dad since I was sixteen. Oh sure he knew that things had been a little less strict around the house as I grew up in terms of nudity and masturbation but to actually have incestuous sex? THAT he never suspected and indeed I think he still thought I was

actually enhance a marriage when it's done right. Some of the best sex I've had with my husband has been after we'd each had sex with other partners. I've always maintained there's a difference between fucking and making love. There's only ONE man in the entire world I have ever made love with - my husband. Not even my father can make that claim. My father is just that - my father. He's NOT my lover... only my husband can lay claim to that title.

Another thing I've learned over the years with Steve is that he LOVES public sex. By "public" I don't mean having sex actually in front of people although I can't say he's shy about doing so. If anything, I'm the one that loves people watching me being fucked. Maybe a better way to put it would be to say that Steve loves to be near people and in a position where they COULD see us if they knew where and when to look. Some easy examples would be me blowing him while he's driving, fucking me on a carnival ride, doing it in a movie theater, fucking me in the middle of a department store, even sex at the beach in the water surrounded by other people. The naughtier the better which means location plays a big part for him. Like fucking me in church during a service is always a major turn-on for him.

While Steve isn't overly anxious to be watched when he fucks me, he DOES love to watch other men fuck me, especially when he gets to be up close and personal like sitting next to us on the couch. I've found that many men are influenced by the types of porn they watch and I know Steve gets off on those fake videos of guys watching their so-called wives or girlfriends being fucked by other men. So I guess it's only natural he should want to do the same when he gets the chance. It's like men cumming on a girl's face. I personally think that's become all the rage because of the porn industry as I don't know many women who actually like it but rather they do it to please their man. I don't necessarily have to have sex with other men to get Steve all hot and bothered. Sometimes he likes to go into a club ahead of me and then be there when I walk in wearing some ridiculous outfit and watch the men come onto me. Even if all I do is tease it's usually enough to have one SUPER horny husband waiting for me when we get home!

I think Steve likes watching men fuck me more out of ego than anything. Knowing that other men desire me and will often go to great lengths just to have me for a few brief minutes, when he can have me literally any time he wants, is a great turn-on for Steve. What I end up doing with another guy is his call which means they're literally at his mercy yet when it comes to his desires, nobody can tell him what he can and cannot do with me - not even me!

With great power comes great responsibility, or so someone once said. What makes me love my husband so much more is that even though he has all these desires for me, and even though he knows that I would willingly do ANYTHING he asked me, at the same time he loves me and respects me enough to NOT go over a certain line that he knows would make me unhappy. For example, Steve LOVES anal sex yet he never (well, almost never) pushes me to do it because he knows I hate it. Yes, in those rare times when he can't help himself and he wants to do it with me I have done it without protest, but afterwards he always apologizes and if anything, I usually get something really nice when he's on a guilt trip, LOL. In the same way, I trust him enough to do things like promise before a date that he can ask me to do anything while on the date and I will do it without question. Now that could get you in some pretty hot water with the wrong guy but I can submit myself wholly to my husband because I trust him enough to know that he would never push me to go past the point where I would be hurt or otherwise get in trouble.

Which sort of lead me up to recent events and I worked out something for Steve...

## 3. A Proposal

Since my getting pregnant, Steve and my sexual lives have pretty much revolved around my family, or at least MINE has. Heck, we haven't even swapped with friends for ages! I don't know exactly how we got into this rut, maybe more out of convenience I guess with all the things going on in our lives now. I can't say I was complaining as I enjoy incest.

Early in my pregnancy we still did some swapping with other married couples. Like it's a no-brainer when it comes to family but for "outside" sex I've always preferred more intimate swapping session than full-blown parties. Then there was also the not-so-minor issue in that the family party group we belonged did didn't allow pregnant women once they started showing which meant that only Steve could go - which he often did, leaving me home alone with our daughter. Honestly I didn't really mind. If anything I actually preferred it when he went without me anyways and now I had a an iron-clad excuse not to go.

Speaking of swapping, I should mention that I enjoy doing that over the party scene because for me there's simply something so much more personal and satisfying spending the night with someone else's husband than just going to some place where anyone can just fuck you and you go home not even knowing the name of half the men whose cum you were now carrying inside of you. I've have always preferred older couples, especially those with teenage children. Even though I'd say at least 95% of the time there's no incestual activity involved, the fantasy is still usually there - especially for the father if they have a teenage daughter.

There were a few times after I was "with child" where we went out on our own but those were pretty limited as Steve gets really protective of me when I'm preggo even more than usual. Usually when I went out, like with a couple of men I'd met at church, Steve would spend the evening with my Aunt Linda or with some young thing he could enjoy - sometimes even both. After such situations we really don't talk much at home later about it - sort of don't ask don't tell sort of thing. It's not that we ever hide anything but that doesn't mean you have to rub your spouse's face in it either. Usually it's Steve who wants all the details while for me I'd rather he just keep them to himself.

Once a couple of weeks ago after we'd spent the evening with a really nice older couple, Steve made love to me REALLY good when we got home. Well, he always does so let's just say this time as even better than usual! These days with my stage of pregnancy sex isn't exactly the easiest anymore so it was mostly me on top. After he'd cum in me I stayed there for a while afterwards, simply enjoying the erotic sensation of my husband's now spent dick as it remained inside of me. God, the bedroom reeked with sex! No matter, I felt so incredibly content and happy at that moment, it was like everything in my life was perfect. I loved Steve so much!!!! I felt so thankful to have him as my husband, lover and father to my daughters. While we made the best of it, I knew sex wasn't the same for us under the circumstances and I wanted so badly to do something just for him. But what?

Then the proverbial light bulb went off over my head and it was like I was blinded by the brilliance of my idea. Of course! The answer was obvious. I like to think that I faithfully submit myself to my husband every day so just "submitting" to him wasn't exactly something new. Still, there is submittal and then there is SUBMITTAL. What if I allowed my husband to have whatever he wanted - no questions asked, no restrictions, no limits? The idea was a little scary as I knew Steve had some pretty crazy fantasies and once I made the offer there would be no turning back without appearing to be a hypocrite. Still, I loved and trusted him enough that I was ready to do this for him. There's not another man in the world that I would do such a thing, not even my father.

I fell asleep in our bed smiling a I imagined his response when I broke the news...

Later I woke to hear the water running in the bathroom sink. Steve was obviously up and shaving. Wow, I must have really zonked out! Somehow he must have rolled me off of him onto my back without waking me and left me sprawled out naked as he went to do his business. Not that I would have expected him to cover me up. If Steve had his way I'd be stark naked anytime we were home!

"Hey lover boy," I greeted him as I walked in the bathroom still totally naked and stood behind my hunky nude husband as he shaved. I tried to put my arms around him but was barely able to get them with my belly was now becoming more than a bit of an obstacle.

"Ahhhhhh, the dead have risen!" he teased me as he looked at me in the mirror.

"Yeah, after SOMONE left me sprawled in my back without any covers on!"

Steve pulled the razor from his face and laughed saying, "Well can I help it if I love seeing my beautiful wife naked whenever possible?"

"Even when I'm all fat and ugly?"

My wonderful husband kissed me saying, "You are - and always will be, the most beautiful woman in the world to me."

"Well if you want me naked then you know dang well that all you have to do is ask," I responded, rolling my eyes as mine met his in the mirror. Steve held up the razor as if in deep thought... "OK then, how about you never wearing clothes in the house?"

"Oh Steve!" I admonished him. I knew he was just teasing me because there was no way he would really expect me to do such a thing, especially in my current condition. Not that I'm embarrassed to be nude, just never been a nudist.

My husband returned to his shaving so I figured it was my turn to tease a little so I reached up to his face, wiped some of his shaving cream on my hand and then lowered my hand to grip his cock, applying a nice coat of shaving cream as lubricant as I started stroking him to life. He did his best to pretend he didn't notice what I was doing but his cock wasn't cooperating with his little ruse. Yes indeed, the male "truth detector" was working perfectly yet again. Men can lie and make whatever expressions they want but their dicks ALWAYS tell the truth. Steve's growing erection was exactly the response that I'd been hoping for. Even as he leaned over to rinse off his face, my hand didn't stop as I nursed him quickly to a full erection.

"You know, you shouldn't start something if you're not ready to finish it," he warned me.

I couldn't help but giggle as I replied, "Who said anything about not being ready to finish?"

Steve reached for a towel and after drying off his face he tossed it towards the laundry basket and twisted around to face me. Somehow I managed to maintain a grip on his hardened dick as he lowered his head to kiss me. Even though I hadn't brushed my teeth yet he wasn't complaining about my morning breath at this point. In any case, I had a feeling I'd be getting some "mouthwash" soon.

"Well then I'd say put up or shut up slut!"

I smiled at his favorite nickname for me. It was sort of ironic that the two most important men in my life - my husband and my father, both like to use the same nickname when addressing me. My dad had started using it back when I was just twelve or thirteen after my mom started dressing me more provocatively. Steve really hadn't picked it up until after we got married and we started having sex with other couples. Both of them typically added some sort of adjective to it, like "sexy slut", "my little slut", or some other form of endearment but then again, sometimes (like now), just "slut" was all that was deemed necessary. Of course I never minded. In fact, I took it as a compliment as to me it meant they were telling me how sexy I was and how they recognized that other men were sexually attracted to me.

Well, with an erection now in my hand it didn't take a rocket science degree to know what my husband wanted, at least to get things started. Then again, it wasn't all that much different from what just about everyone man wants - a blow job.

Reaching for a washcloth, the first thing I did was wipe away as much of the shaving cream as possible. I'd learned the hard way many years ago that shaving cream and other forms of edible cream were NOT the same. Yuck!

With his stiff dick now clean and hard, I slowly bent my knees and gingerly lowered myself down to my knees, using my grip on his dick for balance. With his erection now right in front of my face, I licked my lips in anticipation. Mmmmmmm, sometimes it was hard to believe that this was the same dick that I'd sucked for the very first time when I was just fourteen. Wow, how things had changed since that fateful day in the movie theater. Seeing as it had been our first date, I remember being petrified that I might not do it right or at least not the way he was expecting. With his reputation I knew lots of others girls had been in that exact same position before me so would I measure up? Sure my mom had helped me prepare but there's a huge difference between one of her dildos and the real McCoy!

As ready as I thought I'd been beforehand, the first time I felt a REAL dick slip between my lips was something I don't think I'll EVER forget! Since that evening I couldn't even begin to guess at how many dicks I've sucked. OMG, it has to be in the hundreds, maybe more than 500? It's hard to come up with an exact figure as after some parties I wasn't even sure how many different guys I'd sucked as usually some of them had me do them more than once. All through my high school years I was somewhat judicious about who I fucked but when it came to just blowjobs I like to think my reputation was pretty well established before the end of my freshman year even. Heck, sometimes I wouldn't even kiss on a first date but so long as he treated me well it was a rarity if one of my dates still had a full load of sperm when he dropped me off at the end of the night.

These days though, other than my dad there's nobody that even comes close to my husband when it comes to how many times I've sucked his cock. By now, given that almost not a day went by since we'd been engaged that I HADN'T blown Steve, he MIGHT be close to overtaking my father in terms of all-time high count but it would take a lot for him to match all the times I'd sucked my dad while living at home. I know especially while I high school it was almost a daily thing for him and me.

I do have to say one thing though. Of all the cocks I've sucked the one I love the most is without question my husband's. Sure I love to suck my dad's dick but that's totally different. What I mean is that as his daughter I'm SUPPOSE to do that, assuming of course he wants it. It's not that I ever felt pressured to do so but for me blowing my dad was more about him and satisfying HIS needs. Given I was born his daughter, it's not like I had much of a choice when it came to fathers. Again, it's not that I would want ANY other man as a father, just saying it was all inevitable.

In contrast, Steve is my husband... my soul mate, my lover. I CHOSE to be his wife and while that title brings with it a certain amount of responsibility for submitting to and satisfying my husband, I am ultimately the one responsible for my situation. I WANTED Steve to be my husband.

**************

After having finished and cleaned up we sat at the kitchen table for breakfast. We discussed the previous night a bit, comparing notes. Steve LOVED to hear all about what I did with other men. As for me, I really wasn't overly enthusiastic to hear the details of him and the other wife but I knew he liked to talk about it so I put up with it without complaint or even hinting at my lack of interest. When we were done and I'd cleared up our dishes Steve started to get up but I motioned him to keep a seat for a moment.

"You know I love you, don't you?" I asked him.

Steve look at me with his eyes narrowed a bit. It was all I could do to keep from laughing. Not that I blamed him as usually when I started out with a line such as that it meant either I'd done something really wrong or there was something I really wanted.

"Yesssssss...," he answered cautiously.

"And you know I would do anything for you, right?"

"Yesssssss...," he answered even more cautiously this time. His spidey sense must have been on high alert by now.

I giggled and kissed him and then stood back smiling at him before adding, "Then I want to do something for you... something extra special."

His posture eased a little but I could see he still wasn't quite ready to let his guard down yet as he waited impatiently for me to continue. By now he knew better than to interrupt me when I was like this.

"You've been so wonderful to me lately that I want to grant you one wish."

I paused and stood back, waiting for him to respond. He seemed a little confused, as if he wasn't sure if I was finished, if he was supposed to guess, or what.

"So name it," I said trying to help out

"OK, so help me out a little here," he said slowly, "Exactly what sort of wish are we talking about here?"

"Anything... ANYTHING."

He sensed a trap so he paused and then slowly asked, "And just what do you mean by anything?"

I huffed a little and put my hands on my hips to express my growing exasperation.

"Who are you, Bill Clinton?" I teased him, "I said anything so that's exactly what I meant... anything."

"Can I think about this?"

"Noooooo, you KNOW what you want so just ask me for it."

Men! They can be so difficult sometimes! Of course he knew what he wanted but this wasn't an offer I'd ever made before, at least not quite in this way.

boundaries. We actually sat down one time and each of us wrote out a list. Needless to say mine was quite a bit longer than his. In fact, I remember he'd sat there quite a while before even putting down one thing while I had half my page already filled out!

Technically and "legally" my list didn't count. I mean that as the head of our family Steve had the ultimate authority to make decisions which gave him veto power over anything on my list. However, just because he had the authority didn't mean he had to use it. There were a few relatively minor things where we negotiated and I gave in but on the "big" hitters he respected me out of his love for me. It's the sort of thing that has made our marriage what it is today.

One thing on my list dated back to my childhood - babysitting. A firm rule for me had been that I NEVER did anything with any of the kids I sat. Parents were another thing of course but NEVER the kids. Not even teasing or anything suggestive. It's been the same in my teaching career. Oh sure I know the boys look at me but then they look at ANY female at that age and it's been my personal directive to never do anything to encourage them. Yes, I've known a few teachers that liked to push the line now and then but none that actually DID anything. The last thing I need in my life is to draw any attention to me like that.

The same principles apply when it comes to the kids in our neighborhood and especially the ones that come to our house. It's not like they gather at our place but we come in contact with them in just our daily lives like when they come to the door to sell cookies or popcorn. Forget all the fantasy stories - it never happens! This especially applies to the babysitters. Of course my husband has the same fantasies as I'm sure most of the fathers had when I was the sitter. And yes, I know a couple that like to flirt with him, just as I did with the fathers when they would drive me home and my skirt would "accidentally" ride up. But he knows better - I would neuter him if he ever so much as touched one of them!

Still, as I said it's not like my husband doesn't have the same fantasies about the babysitter as most men. Just look at the porn on the internet and it's obvious it's a huge male fantasy - and for some women as well. So when my husband told me his answer to my offer was "the babysitter", I knew exactly what he wanted.

Fortunately for Steve, unlike most fathers HIS fantasy was something I could provide for him. Well, not with a real babysitter but the scenario wasn't all that difficult to work out. For that I had my Aunt Linda to help me out...

# 4. Working Out the Details

Once I had Steve's answer the next step was to put a plan in place to fulfill his request. The next day after he'd gone to work I called my aunt to ask her if I could stop over. It wasn't like I didn't do it often anyways, more to make sure she was home. She said to stop by the office after lunch as she had some clients in the morning but her afternoon was free. One nice thing about being a realtor, you pretty much set up your own schedule.

As it turned out getting IN her office was easy... getting OUT wasn't. My cousin Kristi was there as well as a few other associates plus the secretary and everyone had to ask me how I was doing, when I was due, and what seemed to be like a hundred more questions. One thing they all commented on was how skinny I'd managed to stay but for that I could only take a little credit as it was all genetics. It had been the same with my first in that it was like everything was in front where it looked by now like I had a basketball under my dress but from behind people didn't even know I was pregnant! A side benefit had been I managed to lose the weight and get back into bikini shape within a couple of months so with my due date at the end of April I was hoping to be ready for summer when bikinis and short shorts were my primary wardrobe selections.

Kristi seemed a little miffed when she was politely told that just her mother was going out but Aunt Linda explained that she had several closings to get ready for the next day or two and my cousin took the hint. I'm sure that my aunt would fill her in on all the details later anyways, it's not like they kept any secrets from one another!

Finally we made our escape and drove over to a local Panera Bread for a bite to eat. The lunch crowd had dissipated and we found a booth away from everyone where I sat across from her and munched on a muffin and sipped my diet soft drink.

"Soooooo, what's this all about?" my aunt asked, checking to be sure we couldn't be overheard, "You sounded rather mysterious on the phone yesterday."

In a few minutes I gave her the rundown on what Steve and I had discussed the other day. She listened intently and started grinning as soon as I told her what he finally had decided on his "anything" choice.

"Well, THAT was certainly a surprise," she commented sarcastically, "Like I NEVER would have guessed THAT one."

"No, at least not yet," Aunt Linda answered. She knew what I meant by the question.

It didn't surprise me actually. One of the things that had surprised me when we first started attending the "family" parties was how many of the people there did NOT engage in any incestual sex even though they were fine with their kids having sex with other adults. In fact, I'd estimate that more than half fell into this category. It was the reason why incest wasn't allowed at the "public" parties. If you were into that sort of thing then you made your own arrangements to meet with like-minded families.

My Aunt Linda had explained it to me back then that there were a number of reasons for this. The first was the common myth about "inbreeding" that concerned many folks. Oh sure carried to the extreme you get "Deliverance" but one generation or so isn't going to mess with the gene pool all that much. Seems we do a pretty good of that already without worrying about incest! The biggest reason seems to be less "scientific" and simply more cultural. Many people are simply uncomfortable with the idea of having sex with their own kids. I can understand it just from the myriad of conversations I've had with people on-line over the years. Most men seem to be infatuated with incest porn but when pressed as to whether they would do their own daughter the answer is usually a firm NO. Their daughter's friends - yes but their own daughter is off limits.

At the same time I got a bit of a kick out of the way my aunt had phrased her answer, adding in that little "not yet" at the end. Indeed, you never know where people will go and given this girl was an only child it sort of left the door open to her father changing his mind in the future. I knew of several families where this was the case, especially when the daughter got older and the idea of sex became less "creepy" if that's the right way to put it.

"Tell you what, they're supposed to be there this coming weekend so I'll ask her father about it. I DO happen to know they meet up with other families off-line so I wouldn't think there would be any issues."

She paused, her brow wrinkled as she seemed to running things through her mind. Something must have come up because she looked up and asked, "One thing... overnight or just for the evening."

I hadn't really thought about that so now it was my turn to hesitate. I almost just blurted out that it would just be for the evening before thinking it through as

been lying to me but still, most people lump it together with "real" sex when they are discussing incest.

Steve sighed. "Oh I'd agree with your father on that one, you're incredible."

She was practically beaming from his compliment and went back to work in my husband's dick. Seeing this little sexual creature sucking my husband off in the middle of our kitchen was more erotic than what I had imagined it would be, especially since she was still fully clothed and he hadn't so far as much as laid a hand on her.

Well, he hadn't up until then at least. As Amanda did her magic on his dick, Steve reached down and pulled up her top. She raised her arms up so he could pull it up and over her head, dropping his dick from her mouth just long enough for it to clear and then right back she was again. When she had said she loved to suck dick she hadn't been exaggerating, that much as for sure.

With her now topless I could see her budding breasts were a little bit bigger than what I had thought when she had the top on. Maybe it was because it had been so tight that it compressed them, I don't know. Whatever the case she had what Steve would have called the perfect boobs - barely a handful, or at least covered by his hand. Her nipples were surprisingly large and deep brown in color. Judging from the way they were poking out she was obviously excited as the kitchen wasn't nearly that cold.

I knew Steve would have loved to have held those perfect little boobs in his hands but that would have to wait until she was standing up straight again at the very least. Meanwhile he seemed to be more than enjoying her expert blow job and I was getting concerned that he was going to blow in her mouth before things even had barely gotten started. Not that his recovery time was likely to be short under the circumstances, but still it was something that wouldn't hurt to wait for a while if you asked my opinion.

Steve then proceeded to strip off his shirt and kicked off his pants and underwear along with his shoes leaving him in just his socks - for the moment at least. I gazed longingly at his naked body. Mmmmmmm, I wanted him! Little Amanda had better appreciate what a hunk she was getting for the night was all I could say!

"Fuck, I have GOT to taste your pussy," Steve suddenly blurted out.

My horny husband seemed terribly anxious to move things along but who could blame him? Now I enjoy being with a woman under the right circumstances

****************

The next morning I woke to find them both in bed with her squeezed in between us. I have to say the touch of her smooth warm bare skin against me was tempting to say the least! Too tempting as I couldn't resist getting at least one touch of that smooth olive skin. God, she felt like warm velvet as I ran my fingertips along her stretched out legs and then over her tight little butt.

After copping a quick feel of Amanda I left them still sound asleep. No doubt they'd pick up where they left off when they awoke. In any case Steve had sworn to me that she would be back with her parents before I returned from church.

After getting dressed I stopped by my dad's place on the way to church for our traditional father-daughter time together before the service. I wasn't about to let an evening like the night before interfere with my duties as his daughter! Of course Aunt Linda was anxious to hear all the details - as was my dad since apparently she'd informed him of my plans.

We didn't have a lot of time before the service started so I quickly told them how I'd watched little Amanda riding my husband and then how they'd fucked in just about every position imaginable - and then some. Turns out she WAS a gymnast and it was pretty amazing the way she could bend in some really weird ways during sex! I wasn't really sure how many times he actually fucked her as I'd gone to bed early and they moved off to other parts of the house to leave me in peace.

Not surprisingly my dad was SOOOO turned on, so much so that we ended up being a few minutes late to church as he couldn't go without fucking me even in my condition after listening to my rendition of the events at our house last night.

"So you told Steve that he could ask for anything, eh?" my dad asked on our way to church.

I nodded warily as he continued, "So if your dear old dad asked for anything, would you grant him his wish as well?"

I rolled my eyes as I could see where this was leading... looks like Amanda's going to be getting another babysitting job!

# (Jun 21) Chapter 271: The Best Father's Day

Story codes: MF oral inc daughter father mother son

Me (30)
John - my dad (50)
Steve - my husband (31)
Marlene - Steve's mom (51)

Being an unabashed "daddy's girl" all of my life, Father's has always been extra special to me. Even so, this year it turned out to be one of, if not THE, best ones ever. Not only did my incredible dad have a great day, but my husband also took a huge step towards the day when his daughters can do the same for him.

## 1. My Dream for My Daughters

Every mother has her hopes and dreams for her daughters. While I don't know if I lived up to my mom's for me, I'd like to think I've done a pretty good job of fulfilling most of them. Finished my education degrees, got a great job as a teacher, married a wonderful man, and now she has two beautiful granddaughters.

For most moms that would probably be enough but my mom had bigger plans for me. I'd like to think I've more than risen to the challenge earning the title of "Class Slut" (I'd like to think by my junior year I even took the trophy for "School Slut"). Thanks to her I'm a cock sucker extraordinaire and most of all... a truly submissive daughter in the biblical sense of the term.

Really, what more could I want when it came to my own daughters? Perhaps the only major thing would be I'd hope that unlike me that they will allow their father to have their most precious gift a girl can give him - her virginity. Of all the things I've done sexually, I really have very few regrets except for this one which tends to overwhelm everything else. While he's far too discreet to tell me himself, I know my dad was extremely disappointed when he learned from my mom that I'd had sex for the first time with my boyfriend. Oh sure, people say I shouldn't feel bad about it because at the time I had no idea he even wanted to be my first, but it's not like

you can divorce a husband but family is forever. Because of this if it ever came down to making a choice between submitting to my father or my husband, I know that as a Christian woman my first obligation would have to be to my father. It would be a terrible choice to have to make which is why I laid it out for him before we got married. It was sort of funny when I told him as I'm pretty sure that he thought I was just teasing him. Well, his denials only lasted until he "hid" (or so we let him think) in the closet and watched as my dad fucked me right in front of him!

As things turned out, that was the first and the last time Steve ever watched me having sex with my dad. It's not that he opposes what I do or that he says anything negative about it. We simply practice the time-honored tradition of "don't ask, don't tell". It's sort of the same way we deal with many of HIS activities with young girls which I don't necessarily approve of - "don't ask, don't tell".

The odd thing about it is that it's not like incest is foreign to my husband or his family. His own brother and sister live together posing as a "married" couple in Southern California where nobody knows their true relationship. When Steve and I dated we had sex most every day (sometimes more often than that!). There was one memorable day when his mother caught us and before the day was over I witnessed my first incestuous act when Steve fucked his own mother. Yes, my husband fucked his own mother when he was just sixteen. And yes... it's a lot more complicated than what I'm describing here so check out my diary entry for 1999 (Oct 05) Chapter 8: My Boyfriend's Mom Joins In if you want all the gory details. So if that's the case then you're probably wondering what's the story now?

To start with, to this day I didn't know what all happened after I left that October day when things happened between Steve and his mother. Oh trust me, I've tried to get them to tell me but it's one topic that's absolutely taboo with them both. Some of our worst arguments as a married couple have arisen when I pushed a little too hard to find out. All I know is that to the best of my knowledge they never did it again. Steve's sister was one of my best friends in school and she had a fierce crush on her brother. Sharon was like SOOOOOOO jealous of me when I started having sex with her oldest and hottest brother. Yet no matter how much she literally threw herself at him, he just turned her down totally. It's like after Steve and his mom did it once, they were both so traumatized over it that they simply can't even discuss incest, let alone participate or even condone it.

After that it became "normal" for us when we would visit with her to have sex while she watched. It wasn't like we arranged it or anything, it just happened. We never put on a show but rather simply left the door opened and if she wanted to watch, she could. We would did it the same either way. After a while I just tuned her out. After all, it wasn't like I'd never been watched while being fucked before! If anything, I found myself looking for her, anticipating the rush of adrenaline when she would slip into the room and take her position by the door. OK, so I'm an exhibitionist, sue me!

Once that routine was settled it was like it opened the door for Steve and his mom to be more open about their relationship as well. Only what they revealed wasn't what I was expecting, not in the least! At the beginning I was excited and hoped that maybe now that we were being open about me and Steve doing it in front of her that maybe Steve and his mom would explain why he was still living with her and why they were so "close". Knowing they'd had sex over ten years earlier, I just assumed they'd been waiting for the right moment to tell me. Keep in mind that while Steve knew all about my family background, Marlene didn't have a clue.

If I thought her watching us having sex like a statue was surreal, what followed next was right out of the Twilight Zone - the Sex Edition. Maybe to be more accurate, the NO sex edition. You see, while the two of them behaved like young teens in heat, at the same time there was like this invisible line that neither would even discuss, let alone cross. Basically the "rules" boiled down to this... anything goes but the clothes stay on and nothing underneath them. What this means is that fondling and groping is fine so long as it'[s always OVER her bra or OVER his underwear but never under against the bare skin. Likewise it was permissible to kiss on the lips and neck and even tongue but no sucking cock or nipples. The sheerest night gown was OK so long as there was material of SOME sort covering her, even if it was all but transparent and she wasn't wearing anything under it. She could grab his dick but only with his shorts around it, never reaching inside. Get the idea? What can I say? They weren't MY rules!

Like how weird is THAT? I might even say stupid but then that would be disrespectful. Really, what's the difference between his rubbing her clit through a sheer lace thong that barely covered anything until she orgasmed versus simply pulling it to the side and rubbing it directly? Would any sane person see a difference between stroking his cock through his underwear and just pulling it out and getting it over with? Well, it really doesn't matter what I thought, it was what THEY thought that was important and apparently this served as enough of a distinction to them that it wasn't incest. I'd have to reluctantly agree since by definition, incest means having sex and sex means penetration of a vagina by a penis.

Over the years now that we've been married I've more or less come to grips with the reality of Steve and Marlene's abnormal situation. I've even stopped trying to push either of them to discuss it, let alone to change their behavior. As I've mentioned, doing so just leads to a massive argument. So you might ask, why do I care?

The simple answer is that so long as Steve and his mother draw the line between fooling around and actual incest I can't be myself around her. How could I ever dare tell her about my family relationships when she goes to such ridiculous lengths to draw the line at incest? Most of all though, how can I ever realize the dreams I have for my daughters if their own father is opposed to incest?

It was the birth of my second daughter that caused me to seriously take up the issue after leaving it dormant for so long. I'd secretly hoped to have a son so we'd have one of each but God had other plans for me. In any case we'd always said we would stop at two and we were already taking steps to ensure that it would be medically impossible for either of us to be new parents again. Thus any hopes of being submissive to my son were out the window so it was up to my daughters now to carry on the family traditions. Yet without their father's cooperation and approval, it will never happen.

The time to deal with this wasn't going to be ten years or so in the future – that would be far too late. No, the time was NOW. Somehow, some way, I was going to find the means to break down that last barrier between my husband and his mother. If nothing else I felt like I would be doing the two of them a huge favor as well. Like one of the most satisfying times in my life is when I submit to my father and he takes me and fucks me, cumming in me as a physical expression of his love and lust for me. Why would Steve and his mother not want to share that emotion again... and again!

## 3. Making Preparations

I knew I'd be playing with fire and girls who play with fire sometimes get burned but what choice did I have? The last thing I wanted was to cause any problems between my husband and his mother or especially between the two of us.

I surprised my dad again when I took him by the hand and led him to the living room. Usually we just did it in the kitchen or even the hallway but again, I wanted some extra time today and not him pulling out of me a soon as he'd cum.

"The couch, eh, something special in mind?" he teased me as he undid his pants and pushed them down just far enough for his already erect cock to pop out. Hey it was Sunday morning with less than an hour before church started so no time to waste!

I feigned some back soreness and this soon after my delivery he didn't question me. So long as my pussy was recovered enough, he was fine with most anything else. Yep, typical man! Sure he was my father but he was first a man.

We'd only fucked a couple of times since my doctor had declared me "available" so it was still pretty special to lay back on the oversized couch, spread my legs as I lifted my dress and felt my father's erection quickly penetrate me. God, how many times had this happened in the almost fifteen years we'd been having sex? Hundreds? Maybe even thousands? The point being no other man had fucked me even close to the number of time my father had or left even a fraction of the amount of sperm inside of me as he has. Sure it's "unleaded" thanks to his vasectomy many years ago but without a microscope who can tell?

"Oh daddy... I love you in me!" I sighed as he pushed himself deeper into me, "Oh God, that feels SO good!"

"Oh baby girl, you're pussy is still as incredible as ever," he groaned, not realizing that it wasn't exactly what a girl wanted to hear when she was concerned about the effects of having recently passed a watermelon through it! Still, I knew what he intended by it and I loved him for caring about me.

"Yes daddy, stay there for a just a minute," I whispered once he was fully inside of me with the base of his shaft now pressed up against my pussy. Oh my god, I just loved this moment when he first entered me fully and I had him completely inside of me. To be joined with my father, to have our bodies combined as one, to have his sexuality buried in me, to see the pure lust and desire in his eyes as I became more than just his daughter to him... THAT was why I wished this moment could last forever. So if anything I wanted for it to last at least another minute or more before his lust could no longer hold him back.

"Sorry, I HAVE to fuck you," my dad groaned as he started to pump his cock in and out of me slowly.

"Yes daddy... fuck me... I want you to fuck me!"

My mom taught me early that if a girl wants to get a man's full and undivided attention, if she wants to fulfill his deepest fantasy, all she had to do was say those two words... "fuck me". Add the word "daddy" and you hit the trifecta! Every man wants to fuck me but what they REALLY want it to have me ASK them to fuck me. Like I said earlier, he might be my father but he IS a man and like a man, he reacted.

"God yes, say it again... tell me what you want Kelly," he moaned in a voice hoarse with sexual desire.

"Fuck me daddy... fuck me... I want you inside of me daddy... cum inside of me."

OK, so maybe "fuck me" is number one but a close second would be, "I want you to cum inside of me".

"Oh yesssssss!," was all he could respond with as he drive himself into me again and again and again.

He must have been unusually horny or maybe he had been masturbating before I'd arrived. In any case he came a lot faster than usual. I wasn't complaining in any case. Our Sunday morning tradition was for HIM, my gift to my dad each week before we went to church and thanked God for having each other. I was getting what I wanted anyways - my father ejaculating inside of me.

I knew he was cumming from the motion of his hips and the sighs from his lips. It can be hard enough to actually feel when a man cums any time but now with my pussy still not 100% I had to go by inference that he was cumming more than anything else. Usually he would announce it but not today, it was like he was so focused on fucking me that he wasn't saying anything more than a few grunts and moans.

When he'd finished I felt him start to back away but I quickly wrapped my legs around him and pulled him in best as I could. Our eyes met and I could see the question behind them.

"Stay in me a minute daddy... I need you in me."

Even if I hadn't had ulterior motives I think I would've asked anyways. I was actually in a rather comfortable position for once, not laying up against the counter or kitchen table as was often the case, so why not savor the moment for a little while?

"Daddy?"

My dad's eyes opened and he looked into mine, the animal lust having faded now, replaced by the love of a father for his only daughter.

"Yes baby?"

I drew in a breathe, here goes nothing...

With my dad's rapidly dwindling incestuous dick still in me, I quickly told him about my plans for the afternoon. He listened without a word until I was finished and then he smiled at me as he looked down to where his cock was now barely inside of me.

"So still going with the 'ask daddy after he fucks me" strategy to get your way?"

He was obviously teasing me so I just smiled innocently, well at least as much as a girl can when she's laying on her back with her father's cock inside of her after having just filled her with cum.

"You know damn well I can never say no at this moment, don't you?"

Again I just nodded and smiled, not ready to break the spell.

Then he chuckled. "Damn, I'd have said yes no matter when you asked me for this one baby girl. Sounds like it could be fun. Are you sure about it though? Marlene can be an ice queen sometimes."

I lowered my legs, allowing him to fully withdraw and stand upright again after a few groans from being sore after having been bent over me for so long.

"So what's your end game Kelly?" he asked, the lawyer coming out from within, "Why push this now?"

I had a big explanation all prepared for this question but then it came to me and I answered simply, "Well daddy, don't you want to duck your granddaughters someday?"

My dad didn't get to be a top ranked lawyer and a senior partner at a prestigious law firm by being stupid. He quickly put two and two together and came up with five and smiled at me.

"Do you even need to ask?" he answered and I'm sure had it been a few years earlier the very thought would have had him on the road to another erection.

I stood up slowly, not sure what would happen with the load of cum in me but for the moment it was OK. Reaching out to him we embraced and kissed passionately, tongues touching and his hands all over me butt and breasts.

"Oh daddy, I can't wait to see you someday with my daughters... I want them to be good granddaughters, just as I want so bad to be a good daughter for you!"

Before he could answer our emotions overtook us and we kissed again, even more passionately than the time before if that was possible.

"Oh Kelly baby, You're the best daughter any father could ever ask for!" he assured me. Then he pulled up his pants and patted me on the butt adding, "Not to mention the sexiest and the best fuck any man could have!"

"Oh daddy!" I replied acting as though I was embarrassed but secretly so proud that he would say that about me.

Looking at his watch he quickly zipped himself up. "Better get going, we're running late as usual!"

Yeah, so what else was new? It seemed we were always making an entrance during the middle of the first hymn anyways. People would likely talk more if we showed up on time!

So the first step of the day was taken... yes it was the easiest one but at the same time, all were critical and none could be missed. Now for the next step.

## 4. Getting Started

Church was... well, church was church so what more is there to say? Granted, there are those occasional times when I like to be a little naughty... sometimes even a LOT naughty, but a crowded Father's Day Sunday simply wasn't the time or place. Wow, did I just say that? I really must be over 30 now! As much as on the one hand I hate the thought that I might be turning more conservative in my "old age", on the other I also can't help but realize what crazy risks I'd been taking when I was younger without even giving it a second thought. These days, as a public school teacher and mother of two, I simply have to be more responsible knowing the consequences if I didn't.

All through the service people kept asking me about my new daughter and how they wanted to see her. I'd politely smile and tell them she was home with her proud daddy. What really made me feel good though was when folks would say how great I was looking already so soon after pregnancy. Thankfully I'm fortunate in that I'm one of those women who put on almost all their weight during pregnancy in front. More than one person has remarked that from behind they couldn't tell I was pregnant! The best part of that was it also meant my body recovered back to "bikini shape" a lot faster than most women did. Granted, I wasn't 100% of the way there yet but I'd bet I still would look better at the beach than the majority of the other girls.

It was a non-eventful standard Father's Day service with all the obligatory songs and sermon honoring the fathers. When the pastor made some comment about how the Ten Commandments instruct us to honor our fathers, I wondered how many other girls and women who were listening truly understood the full implications of those simple words? How could I honor my father any more than to submit myself to him, to present my body to him and allow him to satisfy his deepest feelings and fervent desires for his daughter? It didn't matter that I was 30 and not sixteen anymore... or even fifty. It didn't matter whether or not I was married. Age and marital status didn't make any difference when it came to our relationship. I was my father's daughter - always have been, always will be, and as his daughter I will always honor him in the most personal and intimate way a woman can for her father.

After the service concluded, my dad and I met up with Steve and his mom at the restaurant along with our two girls. From the way she was doting on them, I think Marlene had enjoyed her moments with them alone without anyone interfering. If she had any questions or comments as to why she had to pick them and Steve up while I went to church with my dad she wasn't saying anything. Then again, it WAS Father's Day so I suppose she just figured it had something to do with that. Besides, Steve rarely went to church with me in the first place and she knew it as often he would visit her Sunday mornings while I met up with my dad for our ongoing morning tradition.

Dinner was nice, if a bit crowded but certainly nowhere as much as it had been on Mother's Day. Having been a bit spoiled by my oldest who was now getting a little more independent and mature, it wasn't long after we were seated that I was reminded again of what it was like trying to take a newborn out in public with you. The good news was everyone fawned over her and didn't make a fuss when she was loud or caused commotion. Still, I had other things on my mind all through dinner and even Steve, who isn't exactly the most observant person in the world, couldn't help but take notice.

"Something on your mind?" he asked me softly when he had the right moment finally.

"Why do you ask?" I answered, stalling for time as he surprised me by even noticing - or was I being THAT obvious?

Steve shrugged and said, "I don't know... it's like you're here but your head is somewhere else. Something like that anyways... Something wrong?"

I quickly perked up and smiled responding, "Oh no Steve, everything's fine... I just hope you're having a wonderful Father's Day!"

Steve grinned mischievously. "You know, we could sneak to the men's room and make it a VERY special and memorable Father's Day."

Horny boy! Actually the idea wasn't all that bad in and of itself but there was no way we could do it under the circumstances so I poked him in the ribs and rolled my eyes melodramatically as if to say, "Good grief, just like a man, one thing on his mind!" Yes, another day and I might've taken him up on his dare. Not today but I DID have a lot on mind and I knew I needed to do better at hiding my thoughts.

Dinner, like church, was uneventful and when it was finally over my Aunt Linda paid the check - although I knew it was probably my dad's credit card she was using. We all piled back in the cars and headed back to their house. After a week of high humidity, heat and rain, it was looking cloudy yet again so we made our way to the family room in the basement rather than the back deck. While normally I would've preferred the deck, the family room fit into my plans better so I was pleased I didn't even have to steer us in that direction.

Being it was Father's Day I sat on the couch next to my dad which left the love seat for Steve and his mom as my aunt took the chair and held my youngest daughter while her sister played on the floor in front of us. Again my luck held up as it was just the seating arrangement I was hoping for and amazingly I didn't have to do anything to make it happen. Now if my string of luck just held out...

It was then that I realized that I hadn't told my Aunt Linda anything about my plans. Damn! Still, knowing her there was no question that she'd fully support what I was trying to do so that wasn't a problem. The trick would be getting her out of the room and just how was I going to do that? Fortunately I had two young ladies helping me out...

"Uh oh!" my aunt suddenly exclaimed as she quickly reached for a towel, "Looks like somebody needs changing."

Seizing the opportunity, I leaned forward towards her and said, "Oh Aunt Linda, thanks so much for helping out with her! If you're taking care of Kylie maybe you could also take Mia up and put her down for a nap or she'll be unbearable later."

Aunt Linda gave me sideways glance as usually I would've jumped up to take care of everything - they WERE my daughters after all. Yet similar to my dad, my aunt hadn't risen to where she was in the real estate business being anything but an astute observer. She'd caught what nobody else had - my hand lying flat on my dad's thigh. Innocent enough normally but I had my fingers a little more into the inside of his legs than what most folks would deem "appropriate". She gave me a quick smile and a wink - god I hoped Marlene didn't see THAT, and then hurried off with the kids. She probably didn't know what my exact plans were but the mere fact I HAD something going was enough for her to clear out and leave us space. No doubt she knew me well enough to have a pretty good guess.

With my aunt and the girls out of the picture, for a moment the room was eerily quiet as we all sat there looking at each other without any of us saying a word. Then just as quickly it broke into pandemonium as we all started to speak at once . We all laughed and sat back, trying to reestablish some semblance of order. I took the lead...

"Well, I guess it's time to wish you a Happy Father's Day again, daddy," I said with a smile as I looked into his brown eye lovingly.

Steve's mom spoke up next saying, "I guess I'll be the one to wish you Happy Father's day Steve since your girls aren't here to say it. And TWICE the father this year as well! I'm so proud of my boy!"

Back to me... "So daddy... let me give you a proper Father's Day kiss."

Nobody spoke but I could feel their eyes boring into me as I took a deep breath. 'And so it begins,' was all I could think at that moment.

Letting out my breath, I leaned up and put my arms around his neck as my dad leaned down towards me and our lips met. THAT in itself should've caught Marlene's eye as I'd never kissed him on the lips before, always like on the cheek. Well, if she hadn't noticed yet then she was sure to soon as I pressed my lips into his even tighter and slipped my wet tongue between them into his mouth. He responded in kind and for several minutes (it felt like hours) we kissed like that in front of my husband and his mother. It was just a kiss but then not JUST a kiss.

"Hey, get a room!" my husband teased.

I turned to him and pretended to frown. "It's not like I'm a little girl anymore you know. I'm a big girl now and I'm gonna kiss my daddy like one."

Steve just laughed and his mother sort of smiled but then I wasn't sure if she was really smiling or what. Sort of a Cheshire cat thing going on there... In any case I wasn't about to leave things at this level.

"So am I going to be the only one giving a father his Father's Day kiss?" I said, looking deliberately at Marlene.

For just a brief moment I caught a glimpse of something in her expression, sort of a "What the fuck are you doing?" thing which she quickly suppressed and forced a smile.

"I suppose so... why not?" she responded as she turned to Steve and kissed him. She kissed him on the lips but just for a moment and it definitely wasn't their usual greeting at all. It wasn't like she was shy about it normally but then hat was with just me looking on, not my dad as well.

"OK... so THERE! Happy Father's Day," she told him after breaking away quickly.

"Sorry Steve, guess I get the best kiss this year!" my dad gloated. I was so proud - I wanted to kiss my dad again to show him!

"Mom?" Steve asked in an anxious tone as he looked from my taunting dad to his mother.

Let me just say at this point that my husband is one of the most competitive guys I've ever known. He can never be #2 in anything if he has anything to say about it, which helped in terms of his career but could be darn annoying at times as well. Even in situations such as this one he couldn't stand the thought of being told someone had done something better than he had. It didn't matter that he was essentially being dared to kiss him mother in front of us, all he cared about was being beat by my father. Steve's mom had known him a lot longer than me so she knew his little quirks as well as anyone.

"Alright then, whatever!" she said, lifting her shoulders and heaving out a sigh that was more than a little dramatic.

Something told me that this time it was going to be more the standard mom-son kiss they'd just shared. Apparently neither of them was going to be outdone by me and my dad so they went at it without restraint. I glanced at my dad seeing him staring at the two people on the love seat across from us. At the same time I also noticed he already had one heck of an erection pushing up against his pants!

With Steve and Marlene making no signs of cutting it short, my dad and I resumed our own make out session although this time I maneuvered my way up onto his lap and put my arm around his neck so it was more comfortable. Sure enough, Marlene did the same with her son. Hmmmmmm, so THIS was how it was going to be, eh? A little one up-manship maybe? This was going to be easier than I'd thought... or maybe not. It was way too soon to tell. After all, it was just a kiss so far.

As my dad's tongue explored my mouth, I found myself thinking back to this very same couch almost twenty years earlier where I was in almost this very same position with my dad, only back then I was just ten years old and instead of wearing a short dress I had on my long nightshirt which was my favorite thing to wear around the house. Indeed, my mom confessed to me many years later that she had gone and

would be much of a stretch for him to do so, even with me and my dad there to see. Apparently it was as he kept his hand on her upper leg, although well under the hemline and out of sight. Oh well, his loss as I turned back to look at my dad's face and take in the range of emotions on display - love, lust, desire, curiosity.

When my dad got this horny I knew it was out of my hands and this wasn't an exception. I'd lit the fuse and now there was no running up to put it out at this point. Might as well try to stop a locomotive barreling down the tracks at 60 miles per hour! It was something I'd learned early on when my dad and I first started having sex which sort of scared me a little at first but now turns me on something fierce. My dad was now in control - or should I say my dad's hard dick, and nothing was going to stop him until he'd fucked me and given me his most precious gift - his sperm. The fact that Steve and his mother were watching no longer mattered as one way or another, it WAS going to happen.

Not that I minded of course. My mom always teased me by calling me an exhibitionist, even when I was a preteen and she had to explain what the word meant. Well, who was I to argue as she was right - even though I would tease her back by asking who I inherited it from. I simply LOVE to be watched. It didn't matter the place or circumstances, just that someone was watching me and wishing it was them in place of the person I was actually with (even if that someone was imaginary while I was masturbating). It makes me feel so sexy and desirable to see men (and women) stare at me, even if their eyes never go higher than my neck - or my ass in some cases. It's even better when they watch me having sex because then I really know they wish they were the one that was fucking me! So if Steve and Marlene watched me and my dad... so be it. If anything it was even more of a turn-on than usual as few people have actually seen me and my dad having sex.

So at that point I was "all-in" as they say yet without any assurance of Steve and his mom reciprocating. Had it been even an hour earlier, I doubt I would have gone through with such a risky move but at this point it was really out of my hands. My dad was going to fuck me and if there was one thing I was more determined about than even risking everything with my husband it was never saying no to my father. In over fourteen years now of incest, I've never even once stopped my father once he was determined to have sex with me. Beyond the fact it's what s daughter SHOULD do for her father, it's also a record I'm extremely proud of as well.

This wasn't quite how I'd imagining things going. Steve and Marlene were supposed to get carried away as well seeing me and my dad making out and then go on to do what they usually did - groping and touching each other. Then my dad would have the excuse to do the same for me and push the envelope a little further, drawing them along in the process until things had gone too far to turn back. That's how it was SUPPOSED to go! Instead, they'd just kissed (albeit with his hand under her dress but still not between her legs) and then stopped. God those two can be so frustrating at times!

As my dad's hand began to reach under my sundress, I turned away from my husband and his mother to focus on my dad. If they wanted to watch then so be it and I hoped they enjoyed the show! I knew I would!!!

Then something struck me that I hadn't thought of before, even though I should have so I wondered why it hadn't already. This would be only the second time my husband had ever seen me fucked by my father, and the first time since we'd been married. It wasn't like Steve hadn't watched me being fucked by other men before, far from THAT. There was just one man who he didn't get turned on seeing with me... my father. So now that my entire game plan was in shambles, would watching my dad and I having sex turn him on enough to make him fuck his own mother or would it be a train wreck and screw up everything between us?

Only one way to find out…

## 5. Being Watched

My mind was all a whirlwind and I was having a hard time focusing on anything with so many thoughts churning, things going on around me, and memories flooding back out of nowhere it seemed. I was feeling so agitated about Steve's "failure to launch"... why the heck couldn't he just do what he usually does when facing any sexual situation and take it for all he could? It's not like I'd ever really ever seen him say no to anything or anyone for that matter. Sometimes I'd swear he'd fuck anything with a pussy and human DNA. Sure he had his preferences but in the end she could be old, young or in between. A friend of mine, a relative, someone's wife or daughter, heck a complete stranger and it didn't seem to matter to him. The one thing though that DID matter to me was in the end I knew there was only one woman he was committed to and truly loved... his wife.

So why in the world wouldn't he just fuck his mother and get it over with? I just wanted to scream it out at him and kick him in the butt. For years now I'd dealt with the frustration and confusion and just when I thought I had everything in place to finally straighten everything out, everything just went to heck.

Then I was brought back to reality as my father kissed me on the lips and I felt his hand moving up between my thighs under my sundress. For a few moments I forgot all about my husband and his mother, all about my ruined plans, and focused on the feel of his fingertips as they traced along my smooth sensitive skin. Speaking of memories flooding back... it was like shortly after we first started having sex and I was sitting on his lap on this very same sofa fourteen years ago. It was after I'd come home from a date with a new boy I'd met at school and my dad had fallen asleep waiting up for me to be sure I got home safely. Well, at least that was his excuse even though we all knew the real reason.

"What the...?" he mumbled as he awoke with a start as I'd dropped onto his lap. Then his eyes cleared and he saw who it was and he smiled asking, "Soooooo, good first date?"

Actually it had been. Although this many years later I couldn't recall his name or even for that matter where we'd we gone, I do remember his dick, LOL. Yeah, some people remember faces, others hair color or whatever. Me... I remember their dicks. While most guys at that stage of my life could count on a BJ the first date, I really wasn't THAT easy so typically I made them take me out at least two or three times before I put out - if at all. The way I looked at it, the BJ was my thank-you for the date while getting laid was my reward if I liked the guy.

"Yeah, he was pretty good," I answered with a shrug as if it was no big deal. Technically it wasn't but to my overprotective father it was always a big deal so I knew he'd want all the details.

"So tell me what happened," he said as he sat up straight and adjusted himself. I sort of smiled as I hadn't even gotten started and yet he was already getting a little stiff.

I recalled how my dad started to rub my bare legs, most of which were exposed with my skirt riding up high after getting onto his lap. It was the same as my sundress was doing today as my dad raised it up to my waist an inch at a time as his hand danced over my bared upper thigh. My eyes shut as I jumped involuntarily when he accidently tickled me, just as I did that night so long ago. My legs were still thin back then although even now I'd like to think I still had pretty good legs for a 30 year-old mother of two.

I could feel his erection more now under my bare bottom, like a lump on his lap that I wiggled my ass ever so slightly over. Reaching under my butt I put my hand on the growing lump and was rewarded with a sharp intake of air both times. He took his hand from my pussy just long enough to undo his belt and zipper, allowing me access to reach in and find his cock. I quickly fished around until I had his hardened warm dick in my hand.

"You're so hard daddy," I whispered. Nobody had been there to hear me the first time but now I was sure both Steve and Marlene must have heard me. I couldn't see them and frankly, at that moment was caring less and less what they were doing. What I DID care about was what my father was doing... to me... to his daughter.

"It's for you baby girl," he said lovingly to me, "All for my beautiful daughter who I love so very much and adore."

I'd started to tell him how when the movie was over and we'd returned to his car how I was already pulling down my panties by the time he'd walked around the car after closing my door for me. He sat in the driver's seat and turned to me where I was holding them up with a grin on my office.

"See anything you'd like to have?" I'd teased him. He smiled and took my panties but seemed unsure what to do.

"What's the matter, never had a girl give you her panties before?"

It was dark but the parking lot lights were enough for me to see him blush.

"Well... aren't you gonna smell them?" I teased him with a grin, "I thought that's why guys steal a girl's panties - so they can smell her crotch."

Something told me he'd never had a date quite like me but then from what I'd heard my reputation was such that he should have been forewarned.

My thoughts were interrupted when my dad leaned down and started to suck on my nipple as his index finger rubbed little circles around my excited clit. It's a little difficult to focus on past memories when your dad's sucking on your boob and toying with your clit!

"Oh daddy... feels so good," I sighed as my thoughts returned to the present. I wanted so bad to turn my head over to look at our peanut gallery but then it would have been obvious I was checking up on them.

"I love you Kelly," he told me in a soft yet firm voice.

Oh how I loved my father! It wasn't like the way I loved my husband... he wasn't my LOVER after all but he WAS my father. If push comes to shove, I can always marry another man - ask the 50% of married couples in the country who do so. However, I

two people can, no matter how many times I accept him inside of me, no matter how many times I feel his incestuous cock driving into me, it will always be special to me just as it was the very first time on my bed.

All my cares and worries melted away like wax on a hot stove top. "Oh daddy I love you!" I cried out louder now as I rode his dick, lifting myself up until the tip of his hard cock was barely between my pussy lips and then dropping back until he was buried inside of me. Over and over he fucked me, grunting as I would drop back down on his lap, moaning as I would tease him and not drop back down right away but instead rotate my hips around in circles around his incestuous shaft.

My dad put his hands under my ass and pulled me tightly into him. I knew what he wanted so I wrapped my arms around his neck and held on to him tightly as he worked his way to his feet while keeping himself buried inside of his daughter's welcoming pussy. Twisting around, he tried to stay in me as he leaned down to lay me on my back on the couch but he slipped out, causing us both to sigh and then laugh together at our simultaneous reaction to him dropping out of me.

It wouldn't be for long though as once he had me on my back with my head against the cushion against the arm rest, he quickly dropped his pants and underwear, kicking them off with his shoes. In seconds he was in my favorite position - on top of me old-fashioned missionary style, the head of his dick searching for the entrance to his daughter's sweet and warm pussy.

"Yes daddy! Fuck me!" I cried out even louder now. So what if they heard me as they certainly didn't need me to tell them what was happening. It was for me this time though, expressing my desire to couple with my dad, my NEED to have him join his body with mine. It was like the need of a drug addict for his next fix only this was a loving and respectful need. There was something I wanted, badly, and there was only one thing that could satisfy me - my father's cock.

This time as my dad fucked me it was easy for me to turn my head to the side to see what was going on next door, so to speak. No matter what it wouldn't have changed anything for me at that moment but the longer term implications were too enormous to ignore so I just HAD to look.

I only had a glimpse as my orgasm struck but as my body felt like it was on fire, my mind was just as struck by the sight not more than a few feet away where my husband was fucking his mother! OH.... MY... GOD!

It was momentous yet I couldn't focus on it as my dad's thrusts drove my orgasm to new heights, effectively isolating me from the rest of the world - even the world that was so incredible across the room. It was better than the orgasm I'd had on my boyfriend's lap watching the people go by in the parking lot. It was better than even when my dad had fucked me an hour later in our basement as I replayed the events for him with a demo included. Then again, I think I say that every time my dad makes me cum it's the best time ever. It's not so much that I achieve orgasm - it's that my dad is the one making it happen that drives me to new heights.

"I love you Kelly."

My father was barely able to gasp the words but I knew it was important to him to say them. Ever since the first time he'd fucked me my dad always tried to tell me he loved me just before he shot his load of cum inside of me. Indeed, it WAS an act of love. True, it was also an act of lust but I knew with my father it was always so much more and that the love connection was the strongest between the two of us.

I laid there with my hips raised, welcoming his incestuous sperm into me as my father drove himself into me deep, thrusting hard with each ejaculation. (OK, technically no sperm was used in this event as my dad shoots blanks but really, what does it matter?) My father was mating me, taking me as his as I submitted to his will and desires. Again, technically I would NEVER want to have his child but that's not the point. It was the ACT that made all the difference, the INTENT, not the results. I'd say of all the times my dad has fucked me, only a handful of times has he cum other than inside my pussy unless I was only giving him a BJ. It just didn't seem right for him to do it any other way. I remembered the very first time my father came to my bedroom and took me, the very first time he released himself as deeply inside of me as he could, and how incredible it made me feel. Sure other men had unloaded in me before but never had I felt anything so emotionally intense as I did then - or now. Even when my own husband came in me, even when he actually accomplished the mating task, it was still not the same as my own father doing me. Not that it was any better or worse - just different. After all, my husband is the only man in the world who makes love to me.

Having spent himself, my dad held himself from crushing me with his arms which soon tired forcing him to pull out what was left of his dwindling cock so he could sit on the couch placing my legs and feet over his lap with his cum-covered cock draped over his pubic hair. He gazed down at my freshly fucked pussy where I could feel his cum already seeping out of me. Pressing down on my belly, I used my muscles to try to force a little bit more out of me for him to see more of it.

"Happy Father's Day," I said, gazing lovingly into his eyes.

# 6. Their Turn

OK, so I know this sounds all but impossible but even after catching a glimpse of my stud of a husband fucking his mother I put it totally out of my mind until my dad was finished with me. Even then he had to turn my attention to the other incestuous couple in the room.

"Ummmmm, Kelly?" my dad said softly with a huge grin on his face as his head bobbed in the direction of Steve and his mother.

Holy crap... FINALLY!

It was too bad we didn't have the place rigged with cameras as I knew I was going to forever regret not paying more attention (or maybe not!) to how things had gotten started but obviously something had set events in motion. Sure enough, there was my perfect husband on top of his mother, much the same as my dad had been on top of me just a few moments before, banging away at her. Somewhere along the line he'd stripped and I couldn't help but lick my lips at the sight of his awesome naked body and perfect ass. Yeah, I wanted a piece of that later, that was for sure!

I turned back to my dad who was grinning like a loon. No wonder as I knew he always had a thing for Steve's mom although he'd been careful to hide his feeling for her - not as much as I think he thought he did though. She was older than my mom and not in as good of shape but still respectably "mature". Her bikini days were long gone but that's not to say she didn't look sexy in the right outfits. At the moment she was still mostly dressed as it appeared all they had done was lift her dress up far enough for her oldest son to get between her legs and pull her white panties to the side enough for him to get his dick into her.

Wow, how had this started? Did they have oral first? Was this their first position or had they been in others before I'd seen them? So many questions for him later!

More memories... more thoughts of the past back to when Steve and I first dated. He was the first boy I dated and I blew him on the very first date - my first BJ as well so I was quite nervous. Sure my mom had told me how to do one, even bringing out on of her dildos to demonstrate but there's something about a real dick that a piece of plastic can't replicate. I was successful - taking the first load in my mouth thanks to my inexperience in knowing when a boy was about to cum but Steve thought it was deliberate so it worked out well.

Once Steve took my virginity it was like we couldn't get enough sex. Oh sure he'd had lost of girls before me but for me it was all new and I didn't date any other boys other than Steve. After all, I loved him and was going to marry him. Oh to be fourteen and so naive again. Then again, I DID marry him although it was over a decade later and literally hundreds of other men for me.

The point being we had sex everywhere - in his car, at school, the mall, the theater, the park, and anywhere else we had the remotest chance of getting away with it. We had it in my room even when my parents were home which freaked Steve out at first although he soon learned that my parents never disturbed us. My dad once remarked that he'd rather we do it in my room than some back seat of the car. Steve wasn't sure whether my dad was joking or what but I knew he was just being honest. Of course also didn't know that my parents, especially my dad, liked to peak in now and then to see how things were going!

We also had sex at his house whenever we could get alone which wasn't all that easy with his brother and sister being around all the time. Then came the fateful day we THOUGHT we were alone only to be interrupted right in the middle of things by his mother with her camera! To his credit, Steve never pulled out or even softened a bit when his mother appeared although I know he was scared. Looking back it had to be obvious to everyone what we were doing but back then we thought we were being so secretive.

To make a long story short (the long version is in my diary) Steve's mom wasn't mad and didn't lecture us. This may sound crazy (and I certainly thought it was at the time) but it ended up with Steve fucking his mom right in front of me. Of course I'm leaving out a LOT in between but that's the meat of the story. It was my first exposure to incest (I had no idea what was going on within my own family yet at that age) and I was shocked to say the least - not to mention incredibly turned on.

Afterwards I sort of expected things to change around his mom but as it turned out, nothing did. In fact, Steve would never even talk about it with me afterwards and his mom acted as if nothing had ever happened. Years later when we were reunited and even after I married him, Steve maintained his silence. In fact, if I even mentioned the subject it would lead to some of our biggest argument so I learned to avoid the subject entirely.

Yet now, after all these years, it was like history was repeating itself. Once again Steve was naked and his mom was wearing a dress. Once again they were on a couch although this time it was in our basement and not his mom's. Most importantly, once again his wonderful dick (Yes, I LOVE it) was buried out of site in his mother's hairy pussy.

Neither of them were saying a word although the breathing was pretty heavy and ragged. We must have caught them towards the end as within a couple of minutes Steve was cumming into his mother's pussy for the first time in eighteen years! I'd seen him fucking my own mother many times by now but this was the first time I'd watched him with his own mom since we'd been married and I thought it was one of the most erotic sights ever.

When he was finished he dropped to her side, keeping himself in her for a while before finally slipping off and struggled to his feet. For the first time since I started watching he turned to us and then his eyes bored into mine.

"Well, are you happy now?"

I smiled at him. He said it in a nice tone of voice, as if he was actually wondering if I was happy and not some sarcastic snarky comment.

Marlene sat up and brushed her hair back from her face. She was flushed and undoubtedly had cum at least once during their lovemaking.

"I can't believe this," she sighed, burying her hands in her face.

Silence for a moment as the three of us looked at her, waiting for her to continue. Was she upset? Mad? Would she blame me? Was my relationship with Steve totally screwed now?

My heart was racing and then she lowered her hands and looked at me with a sly smile.

"Don't think you're so smart young lady... you have NO idea."

## 7. Back Home With Our Girls

An hour or so later Steve and I were back in our little apartment with two very tired young girls which we quickly put to bed. I put my arms around Steve as we stood by the crib admired little Kylie as her older sister slept on the opposite side of the room.

"You know... someday you're going to hear those words," I whispered to him. Steve looked down at me with a questioning look so I finished, "Fuck me daddy... only you're going to have to deal with two of them!"

Steve leaned down and we kissed.

"Well, I'm sure if they turn out to be as wonderful of daughters as their mother I'm going to be one happy father."

God I loved him so much at that moment! Such a relief, so much weight was off my shoulders. I'd worried for years whether Steve would embrace my heritage and make our daughter 3rd generation incest girls. Would he allow them the honor of giving themselves to their father their first time, to please him throughout their lives as only a daughter can for her father? I was so worried and as it turned out... for nothing.

After Steve's mom had teased me the conversation surprisingly steered away from what had all just happened. It was like nobody wanted to talk about and we gathered our things and quickly headed upstairs to where my Aunt was playing with Mia while poor Kylie was asleep in her bassinette. Clearly my aunt was curious but again, nothing was said by anyone. It was like there was so much to say it was just too much to even begin so we all sort of came to the same conclusion that it would be better to deal with it another time.

Of course I wasn't about to let that last for long so no sooner had we strapped the girls in and started heading back home that I grilled my husband for details. It wasn't the sex that interested me - it was just sex after all even if it was between my husband and his mother. No... I wanted to know more about that teasing comment at the end. No idea???

So here's what I learned. It was sort of like back when I first started having sex with my dad and my mom finally allowed me in on all the family secrets. Yes, it was a lot to take in, almost overwhelming.

It seemed that after Steve's mom and siblings moved to California, things went a little crazy. Basically everyone was fucking everyone. Yes, my best friend finally got her wish and got to fuck her older brother after being jealous of me for so long. Yes, both Steve and his brother fucked their sister and mother and even the two girls got in on the act. He claimed I was to blame - although I think that was a bit of an exaggeration.

Things went along just fine for years. His brother and sister even moved into their own apartment and posed as a married couple. Steve lived with his mom, sharing her bed and acting more as her lover than a son.

Then, as they say, the shit hit the fan. Apparently one day they got a little carried away and thought the office was deserted and were doing it in the conference room on the big table when her boss walked in. The office sex itself was against company policy and then he discovered WHO she was having sex with. Yep, it hit the fan.

At that time Steve was in his mid-twenties so there was nothing illegal about them having sex. Fortunately Marlene is VERY good at her job so her boss wasn't anxious to fire her being nobody else knew about her incestuous relationship with her son. So what to do?

So now I know why they were transferred back to Pittsburgh. It was accept a job somewhere away from the current office or be fired and nobody wanted her fired. The biggest problem was what to do about their relationship?

What they came up with was that while he would still live with her, they would stop having sex. It would have been too much to go totally chaste so they compromised on allowing anything so long as the clothes stayed on. It didn't matter how much so long as bare skin to skin was avoided. Of course neither of them was happy with the compromise but they both knew that if they allowed themselves to go further that they would never be able to stop, hence the anger they had whenever the subject came up.

"So why didn't you just tell me?" was my biggest question followed closely by, "So why come out so against incest in your family?"

While he answered I'm not sure if I will ever get the complete picture. It's one reason I caution people considering incest to think carefully before they cross the line as it can open doors and lead to things they never envisioned - or wanted. Steve and his mom are classic examples of how messed up things can get when problems arise.

No matter and I'm not pressing the issue anymore. What's important is that Steve is now anxious for his girls to grow up and submit to him as I have been praying for so long that they could. I'm glad to see that he had finally opened up about his mother, at least mostly, and it's going to take time to see where this one goes. You can't put the genie back in the bottle so hopefully everything turns out.

In the meantime this will likely go down as one of them incredible Father's Days I'll ever experience and I just hope the two most important men in my life feel the same!!

That's not to say I was an angel while at their house. Remember what I said about the kids being in bed half the time? Well, that's when I would snoop around and it's pretty amazing what seem people leave around for inquiring minds to find. I guess the typical couple didn't think that I'd check out their closets or dresser drawers or snoop through their computer files.

Of course everyone wants to think that I had sex with the fathers - and maybe even the mothers. Sorry... just didn't happen. Well, almost never. Yes, there was one father who I messed around with but he was the exception to the rule. Not that I wasn't tempted or that I didn't tease my fair share of men. One of the most awkward moments of the evening would be when he would drive me back home and he'd pretend not to be interested in me. Despite your typical porn movie plot, the reality is that most men are too afraid to do anything with a teenager so while I knew they looked, that was all they did but I didn't mind. I knew they looked and that's what made it fun!

When I got older and started having sex, there was one guy from my dad's office who fucked me while I was babysitting at his house. That was before my dad and I started having sex so he was by far the oldest guy I'd had sex with at that point in my sexual "career". I have to say that I always look back to him though as the one responsible for planting the seed in me (I mean in my mind as well as the seed he DID plant in me!) that makes me hunger for older married fathers to this day.

I always knew that someday the tables would be turned and so when we had our first child and were discussing babysitters I kept my own experiences in the back of my mind. Would she snoop through our room the same way I had in my teen years? If I left some sexy lingerie out would she try it on as I liked to when I found something that was especially sexy? Would she lay in our bed and masturbate as she imagined my husband coming home and fucking her - as I sometimes did? Then of course there was the BIG question... would my husband fuck her? Considering he didn't have to worry about my reaction, it would likely come down to the girl we chose so who knew?

## 2. The Group

Of all the topics I get asked about, other than my incest experiences with my dad the one that I get asked about the most is the group of people I meet with for swapping and family sex. Let's call it "The Group" for want of a better term. I've written quite a bit about The Group in previous diary entries so I'll try not to be overly redundant but a general understanding is needed to fully understand the events I'll be describing later...

Basically, people wonder where we find the couple that we swap with and how we get involved in the various family-oriented parties. Needless to say, it's NOT via the internet. You may as well post an ad in the classifieds if you do. Anyone who knows me at all knows I am obsessed with privacy and security so the last thing I would ever do is place myself or my family in jeopardy. Yet if you want to enjoy the type of lifestyle I prefer, then you have to address these concerns somehow.

My Aunt Linda provided the means. While growing up I had no idea she was involved in such activities, let alone that my young cousin was right in the middle of it all. I guess it's the old story of "hiding in plain sight". Looking back it was all so obvious I can understand how people can accuse me of either being incredibly na‹ve or just plain stupid but put yourself in my shoes. So much of my life was already exposed to things of a sexual nature that I didn't think anything when other people from a more conservative upbringing may have thought to be blatantly obvious. In short, she helped to organize "The Group" and to this day serves as one of the key leaders.

The whole purpose of The Group is to provide a safe and secure means for like-minded people to get together and enjoy the lifestyle of their choice. Most of what is done could be considered immoral or even illegal by many people so security is the top priority. Many people are rejected through no fault of their own but simply because of their past or associations - no police officers for instance regardless of their stance on adultery and incest.

The Group has two totally separate and distinct sub-groups - one for swapping and the other for families. Each has its own rules and entry requirements with the family group being much more difficult to join and having much more stringent rules.

Communications are all done using some sort of fancy state-of-the-art computer programs that encrypt everything to where I'm told even the NSA would have a hard time cracking it. Once you're in you get access to other people's profiles and can set up "dates" with other couples you want to swap with pretty much like most any on-line dating service.

Both groups require basic background checks, credit reports, and most of they require references from existing members. Nobody gets in or even is allowed to get in touch that isn't known by at least someone already in the group. Medical records are required including proof of no history of STDs. That's about it for the swapping folks as everyone there must be married and over 21 years old to join (so there are no issues with alcohol).

The family group is MUCH more stringent. First, the vetting process is pretty crazy. In addition to the items I just mentioned, a key part of the process to gain access to the family group is the interview which takes place in two steps. First, the entire family is interviewed by people who are professionals and pretty darn good at reading people to see if they are lying or trying to hide anything. The questions get VERY personal and anyone reluctant to answer is immediately disqualified. Secrecy and shyness are simply not acceptable.

A lot of people with issues are weeded out by the first interview. The second one is where their true commitment is demonstrated, not to mention it pretty much eliminates anyone trying to infiltrate the group. Every family that joins must have a video on file showing them all having sex. If they practice incest then they may choose to have sex between family members. For those who don't, then volunteers from the group are asked to come in and have sex with each member of the family. Everything is done openly and in plain view of the parents. Anyone unwilling to do this or to have a video of them doing such things kept permanently on file out of reach is disqualified.

Provided you make it past the interviews, here are some of the more important rules:

certainly can get it hard and right now he was like a steel pole sticking straight up to the ceiling.

"You know, you MIGHT think about letting it go so she can see it better," I suggested with a bit of a giggle. Men and their dicks... they just LOVE to hold them!

"Oh," Steve mumbled, quickly pulling his hand away from his crotch. No doubt he hadn't even realized what he'd been doing.

"You want to fuck her, don't you?"

Steve audibly groaned at that and I knew in his mind he was already mounting her, probably imagining those thin tanned legs trying to wrap around him and pull him deeper and deeper into her.

"Don't look now but I think she's heading our way."

Sure enough, after giving her dad a hug and a kiss (on the lips I noticed - some girls have a hard time forgetting the "no-incest" rules) she twirled in front of him as if to show off a little and then stared straight at my husband. Just as I thought she was going to come over she twirled again and moved to the other side of the table.

"Crap!" Steve hissed out in exasperation.

I was about to try and soothe his ego but I was also keeping an eye on the object of his desire and lust. It was then I noticed she had gone around to talk to one of her brothers, the older one if I was any judge of age although it can get tricky some times. After some rather animated discussion with him and their mom, all three looked over to where Steve and I were seated and then they huddled with their mom again. She seemed to be giving them some sort of direction. None of which I had any idea about but whatever it was, she grabbed her brother by the hand and pulled him along behind her.

"Hmmmmmm, not THAT's interesting," Steve said softly as we watched.

"Hi, I'm Amber and this is my brother Alex," she announced. I had expected the older brother to take charge, especially at first but Amber not only looked older than her years, she apparently also had as much or more maturity than her oldest brother.

Being the girl introduced them, being the woman I responded back, giving our first names and saying how nice it was to meet them.

"First time?" I asked, not letting on that I knew all about them.

"Yeah, how'd you know?" her brother responded this time.

"Just hadn't seen you guys before is all," I replied, not wanting them to feel out of place.

Our conversation was interrupted when two boys approached us. I recognized the one in front of me - he always seemed to want to do it with me whenever we were at the same party. He was much older - sixteen years old, and this must be getting close to the end of his eligibility. What pleased me even more was that he looked more like he was maybe 18 or older. Smaller boys like Alex were OK I guess but I prefer older men and if I couldn't be with one then at least I could draw one of the older teenagers.

Heather, on the other hand, had about just the opposite to deal with. I could never remember his name but he was one of the youngest of the boys. I supposed that having been fucking her son at this age not all that long ago made her appetite a bit different from mine.

After that night whenever we showed up at a party with Amber's family, Amber always made it a point to run straight to Steve and claim first dibs. It was cute to watch their relationship evolve. It wasn't anything like becoming loves or such, it was really all about the sex which was fine with both of them - and me too.

## 4. The Perfect Sitter

So how do you find a good babysitter? Well, all sorts of ways. I'd say for most people there are two sources - referrals from friends and family is probably #1 with the local neighbor girl coming in next. I know some try to advertise but that never seemed wise to me - too much like an underage escort service.

Fortunately my husband and I have access to girls at the prime of their babysitting careers from a couple of different sources. One of those is church where I've been involved with the junior high youth group since I was in high school myself. Although my involvement these days is not nearly as much as it was when I was younger, I still try to help out when they need chaperones or someone to volunteer for a fund raiser, that sort of thing. While I love working with the kids, I'll admit to an ulterior motive as well - their fathers.

Actually over the years I've found the best place to find a cheating husband is at church! Many of them attend church only because they are married and their wife insists they go. So many of those same wives are so bent out of shape when it comes to church and religion that they no longer take care of their husbands needs which I find ironic since the Bible teaches women to be submissive to their husbands. Granted, it ALSO teaches husbands to love their wives but when that wife tells them

"What the...?" I gushed, so taken aback I couldn't make up my mind whether to push her away or lay back and enjoy it.

Steve just shrugged and grinned saying, "Hey, don't blame me it was ALL her idea."

This was a first. Over all the years Steve and Amber had been having sex, I'd watched them plenty of times but never joined in. I'd always assumed that Amber was made from the same mold as her mother and didn't like girls, at least not in that way. Apparently I was wrong!

Pulling a pillow up under my head so I could maintain a view without straining my neck, I pushed her hair out of the way so I could watch her eating my pussy. Damn, the girl was good! This wasn't her first time, that was for sure!

It wasn't going to take much to bring me off if she kept it up the way she was going and I somehow got the idea she could sense it because it seemed to be her clue.

"Hey, are you just going to stand there or are you gonna fuck me?" she taunted my husband as she wiggled her butt at him while on her knees bending over between my thighs.

Steve shook his head as if in amazement but he didn't waste any time correcting the situation. Still stroking himself, he somehow managed to fit on the end of the bed enough to get in behind Amber's sexy tanned bottom. Gripping his cock firmly by the base, I could barely see what he was doing but I could tell he was positioning it to enter her.

Amber had her mouth on my clit when Steve leaned forward and pressed his dick into her. I could feel her hot breath on my pussy as she let out a cry.

"Oh shit... you couldn't resist fucking my ass, could you?" she accuse him. Apparently Steve was really taking advantage of the situation. Had our positions been reversed he never would have tried anal sex with me but it would seem Amber had other fetishes I hadn't been aware of.

"Fuck her Steve... fuck her ass," I encouraged him. Mind you I'm not AGAINST anal sex in principle, I just don't like it for myself and frankly, don't really get off watching it all that much. This was different though. If Amber hadn't mentioned it I wouldn't have even known he was poking her asshole as I didn't have that viewing angle. Plus, she seemed to be enjoying it just fine.

# (Jul 11) Chapter 273: A Date to Remember

Story codes: MF oral exhib inc father daughter
Me (30)
John - my dad (50)

Nothing turns me on more than knowing a man wants to have sex with me. It's the ultimate compliment a man can pay a woman. But not just any man - not if I have anything to say about it. I mean like face it, just about ALL men want one thing - sex, so it's not like just because a man wants to fuck me that it makes it special or anything. What differentiates the genetic sex drive of the typical male from an erotic lust for me is all about WHO wants me and what he's willing to do to get it. Along those lines, what can beat a husband and father who desires me so intensely that for a few brief hours he takes me as his own wife in the most intimate manner possible between a man and a woman?

## 1. Saying My Goodbyes

"Damn, you are absolutely the sexiest damn MILF I've ever seen!"

I smiled at those words coming from none other than my own loving husband as he sat on the couch admiring me as I made my entrance into our small living room.

"So I take it that you like my new dress?"

OK, so I was fishing for compliments but why not? After all, I already KNEW he loved it simply from the way his eyes roamed up and down mentally undressing me as they went from my five-inch heels, up my legs to where my stocking tops were barely concealed by the lacy hem of my short dress. A pause as he took in my ass, clearly outlined in the tight thin fabric of my dress. My thong was so small it could barely be seen while higher up my brown nipples showed through prominently without any liner or bra to conceal them. Then again, with a neckline plunging so low and the sides cut so sharply it wasn't like much of my boobs were hidden in the first place. Although my boobs weren't as large as I knew my husband wished they were, I was still rewarded with his eyes fixated on them such that anything from my neck upwards barely got any attention - which was a shame given the charge he'd be seeing on the credit card for the hair styling I'd just had done earlier in the day.

"You know... I'll never figure out how you even get those dresses on," he joked with me, "Some sort of textured paint?"

I couldn't help but roll my eyes at this well-worn joke of his that he never seemed to tire of. He loved all of my tight outfits - the tighter and skimpier the better so far as he was concerned. As yes, this particular dress wasn't the easiest to squeeze into and I did feel somewhat like I was going to split it open any second but the sales girl swore it was designed to stretch without breaking so I'd have to depend on her word on the matter.

Steve nodded at my legs saying, "Those stocking really do it for you... they make your legs look so long and I love how the tops just barely come up to your dress."

Like most women, I'm not a big fan of pantyhose or stockings. There's really only two reasons for wearing pantyhose - first, keeping your legs warm in winter without having to wear pants. Maybe not the most protection in the world but definitely better than bare legs! Then secondly, and the reason most women wear them, is to make my legs look better. Thus if it was always decent weather and nobody ever saw me, I'd never wear the damn things but unfortunately that's far more the exception rather than the rule.

This particular pair were sheer black and thin enough that it was more like they were superimposed over my legs rather than hiding them. The elastic band on top keeping them from falling down my thigh was decorated in pretty black lace. With my open-toe heels I'd chosen a style without the heavy black toe but then I wasn't exactly worried about durability as the life expectancy for this pair was being measured in hours, not days.

"I see you're wearing his ankle bracelet," Steve observed.

Indeed I was wearing my Christmas gift from my daddy given way back in my teenage years It had to cost him a fortune back then and I've always worried it was going to get caught accidently and come off when I wasn't paying attention but after all these years it's still intact.

"Yes but I have YOUR necklace," I soothed his precious ego as my hand went to the sparkling cross hanging by a gold chain around my neck. It was diamond studded and I loved the way it caught the light and shown like a beacon. It was my favorite piece of jewelry and rarely did it leave my neck.

"And don't forget this," I added, holding up my left hand to show off the wedding and engagement rings he'd given me. These NEVER came off no matter what I was doing. It kills me just to take them off long enough to be cleaned and checked once a year by our local jeweler. Just because I was planning on having sex with another man tonight didn't mean I was going to remove my rings. If anything it meant all the more to me TO wear them in such circumstances.

Stepping carefully so as not to trip over my own two feet, I stood in front of my loving husband and twirled on one foot.

"God I'm going to miss you tonight," he groaned as he repositioned himself on the couch to allow his swelling dick some room to expand.

"Well, that's YOU fault," I reminded him all too quickly, "Aunt Linda said she'd watch the girls if you wanted to fuck Kristen tonight but noooooo, you had to play the martyr. And what's with that anyways? Sheesh, I remember when you'd jump at any chance to do her."

Indeed, Steve DID normally seek out any chance he could get to fuck my slutty cousin who was about two years younger than me. Back when she was a high-paid prostitute he seemed to avoid her more but ever since she'd hung up her transparent heels he put all that behind them and it was back to the old days again. Then Kristen married this creepy guy who use to be a client of hers and during that time Steve again seemed to avoid her. None of us could figure it all out though and frankly it didn't surprise any of us when she finally divorced him a few months ago.

"Hey, since when is it wrong for a guy staying home and jerk off while his wife's out screwing another guy?" he asked me teasingly.

"Well, the fact that you EVER have to jerk off is nobody's fault but your own you know."

Steve just shrugged his shoulders and ignored me, or at least pretended to. Sitting on his lap, I leaned into him and put my arm around his neck and then kissed him on the mouth, our tongues quickly emerging to touch the other. Mmmmmmm, I loved to kiss my sexy husband! Then it was like an almost automatic reaction as his hand started to work its way up under the hemline of my dress.

"No no no... you know better," I admonished him playfully as I swatted his hand back, "I want to be nice and fresh for later tonight."

"Well, then you'd better not be fresh when you get back home then," he muttered almost sullenly.

school jock asked out the little incoming freshman who fell madly in love with him, gave him her virginity and felt the tragic loss when just six months later he moved away, never to return - or so she thought. And then how out of the blue he reentered her life and they were engaged and finally she married him, just as she'd dreamed she would so many years before. Yes, most everything I'd hoped for back when I was fourteen had come true - and so much more. Marrying my soul mate, having his children, and pleasing him in every way I could.

Yes, I enjoy going out with other men but that doesn't in any way reflect on our marriage or my love for my husband. Like I could never love the man I'll be sleeping with tonight in even the remotest the same way I love my husband. In the morning I'll leave him and return to my true love, my only love. Yes, I plan to enjoy myself and the feeling I'll get knowing he wants me so badly will surely be indescribable. But that's all it will be - personal satisfaction and sexual gratitude, not love. The only man I love that way is the one on whose lap I was now sitting.

"Soooooo, feelin' horny?"

I grinned... such a silly question. Like duh! When wasn't I?

"Well, it HAS been a long time you know," I reminded him, "Hey... you're not getting jealous on me now, are you?"

Steve pretended to be taken aback by my question answering, "What, ME jealous? Let's see... my beautiful wife is about to go out on a date with a man maybe 25 years older than she is. Then she'll probably go with him to his house where she'll spend the night in bed with him not to mention having sex while she's there who knows how many times. Hmmmmmm, I guess there's nothing to be jealous about in THAT scenario!"

We both laughed as I knew he was just teasing me. If there was one thing my husband does NOT have is a jealous bone in his body. I knew in reality things were just the opposite in that it turned him on knowing what I would be doing this evening. Not so much by what I was doing as it was knowing that when all was said and done, HE was the one I loved and would return to spend my life with. It was like the more other men wanted me the more it turned him on, almost as if he owned me. Sort of like the guy who buys the expensive sports car just so he can show off for other people. My husband seemed to be enjoying his teasing me and I have to say, the more he did the hornier I WAS becoming!

"Close your eyes," he commanded me and I instantly obeyed. "Ok now, just imagine this... a few shorts hours from now and you'll be sucking his hard dick, your pussy soaking wet as you crave his prick inside of you. And then... finally... he's inside of you, filling you up with his dick and finally his sperm. Imagine it Kelly... imagine him fucking you."

Indeed I could imagine it and my pussy was tingling with anticipation. If it hadn't been for the knock on the door I'm not so sure I wouldn't have just jumped my husband and said the heck with the plans I'd made.

"He's here," I barely was able to get out with my heart beating so fast, "Go to the bedroom, I don't want him to see you."

It wasn't I was ashamed of my husband - quite the opposite in fact. It was just I didn't want to destroy the fantasy that my date had undoubtedly made up for me and the upcoming evening as I was pretty sure it didn't include my husband!

Steve gave me one last kiss and a final smack on my bottom as he left the room, leaving me horny and alone to answer the door.

## 2. Dinner for Two

I answered the door and opened it to find him standing there waiting for me patiently.

"Good evening Kelly," he greeted me formally with a smile. He had one hand behind his back which he then brought around to the front, revealing a single yellow rose - my favorite color for a rose.

"Awwwwww, how sweet!" I said.

"I was going to pin it on you but now I'm not so sure exactly how to do that," he chuckled, "It's not like your dress is loose anywhere."

"It's OK, just go for it," I encouraged him.

He reached his fingers in behind the material right at the top of where my left boob swelled. Working carefully so as not to stick me, he somehow managed to shut the clasp of the safety pin and affix the rose stem to my dress. Standing back, he looked at me admiringly although I think his eyes more on my boobs than they were on the flower.

"You look absolutely stunning," he complimented me. Not a bad start as what girl doesn't like to be told she looks good?

"Now that THAT's done, shall we go?" he asked, extending his hand.

With that he led me to his car like a gentleman. As I sat down, I deliberately did NOT hold my dress down so it rode up almost to my waist as I twisted to get my feet inside, revealing several inches of my bare upper legs from where the hose ended and the retreating hemline started. From the way his eyes were staring, he got to take in a pretty good view before he shut the door.

Our short drive through the tunnel and over the bridge was filled with small talk, nothing I even hardly remember it was so trivial but I almost got to where I was ready to warn him to watch the road after narrowly missing an oncoming car as he stared at my exposed legs and boobs. My sensitive nipples were still hard from my husband's teasing, poking through the thin material of my dress like it wasn't there.

As we neared the restaurant, he turned to me and smiled saying, "I've been SO looking forward to this evening... you have no idea!" Although I wasn't about to say anything, I like to think that actually I DID have a pretty good idea. True, as a girl I can never fully comprehend how a man feels when he wants a woman but I CAN discern his reactions and imagine how he feels about me. Judging from the obvious bulge in his crotch, it didn't take a rocket scientist to have at least SOME idea!

It wasn't long before we pulled up to the front of the restaurant where the valet opened my door and his eyes immediately dropped down to my lap. I pretended not to notice as I stepped out of the car and paused for just a moment before finally tugging my hem back down, just long enough to give him a good look.

"You're such a tease, aren't you?" he whispered in my ear after coming around the car and taking my arm.

Our reservations were confirmed and in this sort of place you don't wait around for your table to be cleared so we were seated immediately.

"Do you mind if I order?" he asked, picking up the wine list.

Normally I don't drink a whole lot and having been pregnant for most of the past year I haven't been drinking at all so I was open to suggestion. Besides, I had a feeling he wasn't going to be ordering anything cheap so why not indulge?

During the course of the entire meal we spoke about our jobs, families, and pretty much the normal stuff any two people would talk about on a date. Religion and politics were carefully avoided but more out of politeness than any other reason. At times it seemed like he seemed more interested in my husband than me, especially when it came to our marriage, kids and the things we enjoyed doing as a couple.

Of all the range of topics we discussed, interestingly neither of us made a single reference to sex, at least in terms of having sex with each other. Yes, I did answer some of his questions about my past and certain events most guys seem to like to hear about - losing my virginity for example. There's nothing regarding my sexual history that I'm ashamed of so it didn't bother me no matter what he questioned me about. Still, not one word about US having sex or what would happen after dinner. Then again, was it really necessary to talk about it?

Just because we didn't talk about sex between us didn't mean it wasn't part of the conversation - just not verbally it turns out. We were seated in a line of semicircle booths such that you couldn't see the people next to you and with us both scooted towards the back half of the table the tablecloth pretty much concealed everything below our waists. It wasn't like a private room yet at the same time was surprisingly intimate given the size of the restaurant and the number of people. Couples and families would walk by us from time to time as they went to and from their tables so it wasn't like we were shut off from everyone. It's what they couldn't see that counted...

"You know, I'm a sucker for a woman in sexy hose," he said softly as he took a sip of wine while we waited for our salads, "And with your legs?.... god but they make yours look incredible!"

"I picked them out just for you."

He grinned and actually I was telling the truth. I HAD picked them out just the day before and I HAD bought them with this date specifically in mind. It's not like most men don't like a women in thigh-high hose.

"And that dress... it's the perfect length."

I squirmed a little, looking down to where it had once again ridden up pretty much to my waist and all but exposing my thong underneath.

"You know, some people might say it's a little short. Your wife for instance?"

He snorted, "No such thing as a dress that's TOO short. And let's leave my wife out of it, OK?"

"My feelings exactly," I agreed smiling naughtily at him, taking note of his last comment as well.

With that he placed his hand in top my leg about midway between my knee and hip, right at the top of my hose such that part of his hand was on my bare leg and part was over the lace stretch top. Lightly rubbing his hand on me, he sighed softly.

"Decisions, decisions... I love the feel of sexy lingerie yet at the same time your skin is so soft and smooth it's almost a crime to cover it."

"You know... I can take them off if you'd rather," I offered.

He shook his head as his hand moved a little up my leg. "Noooooo, they are WAY too sexy and besides...." he paused as his hand moved more between my legs than over them such that his little finger was now pressed against my crotch as his hand gripped my inner thigh before continuing, "It's not like they're in the way like if you were wearing pantyhose."

Just then the waiter came with our salads and refilled our wine glasses. Throughout it all the hand between my legs never made the slightest move to leave and if anything, he pressed up against my warm pussy all the more, moving his little finger against my wet slit as he did. The waiter, a pro in every way, had to have noticed but he didn't make any mention of what was happening practically right in front of him.

As we ate our salads and talked about my teaching career, I could feel his finger moving between my legs, probing and searching for a way around my thong. It actually tickled me more than anything and several times I found myself giggling like a little girl. With our salads finished and now waiting for dinner, I told him I needed to use the lady's room and excused myself.

Sliding around the booth I felt my dress ride up behind my butt such that when I stood up I practically mooned this older couple making their way to their table. Although the husband certainly didn't seem to mind, his wife's eyes could've bored holes through me as she frowned and coughed to signal her disapproval. If she thought that she was making me feel bad for what I'd done the she certainly didn't know sluts like me very well. The only thing better than her husband staring at my exposed butt was his wife disapproving of him doing it.

I excused myself, smiling at the older man and quickly licking my lips. Oh well, so much for that! Making my way to the lady's room, I entered and started to rummage through my purse as I stood in front of the sink and mirror. The room was empty but not for long as I heard the door open and then who should I see in the mirror coming up behind me was none other than my friendly (NOT) wife whose husband I'd just flashed.

"You know, this is a family restaurant so I don't see why whores like you feel they have to dress like that when you come here. What's the matter, did you forget to bring your pole?"

Whew, what a bitch! My first inclination was to simply ignore her and get myself back to my dinner date without making a scene. Then I thought about it and it sort of peeved me off that she had to be so nosy and stick her self-righteous nose where it didn't belong. And as for calling me a whore... that REALLY pissed me off. I'll proudly take the label "slut" but I am NOT a whore!

Apparently she thought I was going to be embarrassed by her comments but if anything it had just the opposite effect.

"So why blame me when your husband clearly prefers looking at MY ass than yours? Seems to me it's more YOUR problem than his or mine."

It was almost like I'd punched her and had the circumstances been different I might have even laughed at the shocked look on her face.

"Well at least I'm not half MY husband's age," she countered and then came back with, "At least MY husband's doesn't have to pay for me to go to dinner with him."

"I'm not a whore," I protested, turning to her with my hands on my hips. Then I flashed her my wedding ring. She didn't need to know it wasn't given to me by him.

"So just a gold digger then," she replied contemptuously, "Like that's any different?"

Then a naughty thought came to mind and before I really thought it through I reached under my hemline and swiftly pulled down my thong and slipped it over my heels and off.

"Here, I bet your husband would like to take this home with him," I teased her, reaching out to her to offer it to her. She waved it off like I was handing her a dead skink which didn't surprise me in the least.

Holding it up to my nose, I took in a deep breath and before I go on, just to be clear... sniffing panties is NOT my thing. Yes, I love eating a pussy but that's entirely different than dirty panty crotches. While I've done my part to encourage it, I've never really understand why men get off from having them in their mouth and over noses.

"Oh come on, I have to wonder... would you like to smell these?"

That was more than enough for her and so she just huffed and stormed out of the restroom, no doubt to complain to management that a now bottomless woman was fooling around in the restroom making the other guests feel uncomfortable. Probably better to get going then so I returned to the table but kept my thong covered in my fist.

"That was quick," he noted, "I thought the rule was that women weren't allowed to spend less than 30 minutes in the restroom."

Ignoring him, I reached over and took his hand and pulled it towards me, placing my other hand over his. Opening my other hand I allowed my thong to drop into his hand and then closed his fingers over it.

"I didn't think I needed this anymore, don't you agree?"

He opened his hand as if he couldn't believe what I'd placed there. And then, almost like he'd been listening to my earlier thoughts, he pulled his hand up to his face and sniffed, almost like he had a handkerchief and was suffering from a cold.

"Not bad," was all he said as he stuffed the thong into his pants pocket, "So then I assume that means something's no longer in the way."

"You'll just have to find out for yourself I guess."

It certainly didn't take long for him to confirm it. His hand started mid-thigh again but quickly worked its way up under the hem of my dress - what little there was to get out of the way, and I shuddered uncontrollably as I felt his finger pressing against my exposed pussy.

Wouldn't you know it... right then our dinner arrived! I expected him to pull his hand back to himself for at least the few minutes while our waiter was placing our dishes but no, he kept his hand right on the upper part of my bare thigh with his two fingers wedged firmly against my horny bare pussy. OK, so granted there WAS a little coverage from my dress but it had to be pretty obvious he wasn't searching for a dropped spoon. I was beginning to think the guy was either blind or clueless when I caught him giving my date quick wink. OK, maybe not so clueless after all!

Each of us had ordered a seafood dish which worked in his favor. Maybe Emily Post would object but he managed to use just one hand to start eating, using the edge of his fork to cut when needed. It was like now that he had his hand against my pussy he wasn't about to move it away any time soon - which by the way, was perfectly fine with me! It was REALLY hard to concentrate on eating, not to mention the occasional couple or family passing by, as his finger worked its way just a little into my pussy. I was so wet by now he could have probably put his whole hand in me if he worked hard enough!

I glanced over at him and if I wasn't feeling him fingering me, from his expression I would never have thought he was doing anything other than enjoying his meal. I kept waiting for him to make SOME comment about me. I mean like a girl likes to have her body complimented when a guy's feeling her up. But instead he just asked me more about teaching and how it was to teach in a public school as compared to a private Christian school.

It was tempting to try and reach over to grab his dick but the way we were positioned it would've been difficult to reach and awkward in any case. It was like he didn't even want me to try as he certainly wasn't making himself any more accessible, that's for sure. The more he touched me the hungrier I was getting – and not for the incredible meal in front of me either. It was a shame in a way. The meal cost a small fortune and was really quite good but I could've had a Happy Meal and it wouldn't have been any different. While I ate it was more mechanical than enjoying the meal. Heck, I'd like to see anyone concentrate on food when the guy next to you has his hand between your legs and rubbing your clit.

"Oh god!"

I couldn't help myself. His finger was rubbing my clit in small circles and I felt like I must be soaking the seat beneath me the way my pussy was craving even more.

"Shhhhhh!" he hissed under his breath. That was all – nothing more. Damn, I really was hoping he'd say SOMETHING. Yes, I loved him feeling me up in the middle of a busy restaurant but it would have made it even hotter if he talked naughty to me, at least a few words about how my pussy felt.

I tried... I really did try. I could feel my face turning red as my breath turned ragged and short. Dang it felt so good the way he as touching me. I couldn't eat... heck I could barely hold a fork. I wanted to scream out, at the very least a loud moan to release some of the sexual tension building inside of me.

"Do it."

Just two words was all he said but we both knew what he was referring to – my impending orgasm. God I was soooooo close... it felt so damn good!

"Oh!" I briefly choked out. It seemed the more I tried to restrain myself the less I was able to control it until I finally reached that point where I simply couldn't hold back anymore.

Of course that's exactly when our waiter stopped by to check on us.

"Excuse me for asking... is everything OK? Is there something I can get you? Some water perhaps?"

His words didn't register as I just stared down at my plate as my pussy felt like it was on fire. In the midst of my orgasm the man with his finger in my pussy answered, "It's ok, everything's perfect," and then to my amazement he removed his hand and put his finger in his mouth, sucking off the wetness form my pussy. "Yep... finger licking good as they say."

I looked up just in time to catch another wink from our waiter. Someone was due for the largest tip of the evening I figured. Dang, had what I thought just happened really happened? The first thing that came to my mind was, "Steve is never going to believe me when I tell him!"

"Ready for some dessert?"

Like, I'd barely caught my breath and he expected me to be thinking about a cheesecake selection? As much as I should've been enjoying the meal, frankly I had much more important things on my mind at the moment.

"Would you mind if we just finished up and left?" I asked tentatively. I didn't want to offend him as this meal must be setting him back quite a bit, at least by my economic standards.

"So does that mean you want to go back to my place and have me fuck your brains out?"

Wow! Talk about out of the blue! Where the heck did THAT come from? Like one minute we're talking parent-teacher conferences (albeit while he was fingering my pussy) and then wham, a crude sexual overture. For a second he caught me off balance which clearly amused him.

"Weren't expecting THAT one, were you?" he practically taunted me, "Well, I don't want you to get any wrong impressions."

Yeah, like fingering me to an orgasm in the middle of a high class restaurant with the waiter right in front of us was giving me any wrong impressions!

"And by the way," he added, patting his pocket, "I'm keeping the panties."

Not like I expected to get them back. Giving a man your panties is one sure way of kissing them goodbye. I've often thought about how much money I could make selling my panties - certainly had enough offers!

Catching the waiter's attention, my dad asked for the check.

"Dessert for home sir?" he said, somehow managing to keep a straight face. It was the first time he did more than just wink and I couldn't help but notice he was staring at me when he said it.

It was more a rhetorical question and when my dad didn't answer the waiter handed him the little book with our bill inside. I couldn't help but grin - he seemed to have anticipated everything quite well.

Rather than pay by credit card, the bill was quickly returned with several large bills. Either someone was in a hurry to leave or he didn't want a record of the evening. I preferred the former reason but it could have been either - or both for that matter.

"Shall we?" he asked motioning for me to take the lead out of the booth. I carefully scooted around the curved seating, trying to keep my dress from riding totally up in the process but not succeeded entirely. I quickly pulled it down as soon as I stood up but who knows, maybe someone got a quick peek at what was underneath - and what wasn't.

Our car was waiting for us - apparently the waiter had signaled for it. Soon we were seated and on our way. I turned and smiled once we'd maneuvered through traffic and were back on the Parkway.

"That was a lovely dinner... thank you so much."

Keeping his eyes on the heavy traffic, he grinned and replied, "Just so you know... I meant what I said this evening."

I didn't answer right away, not really sure what he was referring to, and so he reminded me saying, "You know... about fucking your brains out."

Ohhhhhh, THAT!

Like I was expecting anything less.

## 3. Spending the Night

It was maybe a twenty minute ride at most to get back to his place during which neither of us said another word. Although I don't know for sure what was running though his mind, being a man I figured it was most likely limited to one of two subjects - sex and sports, and I didn't think sports was the topic of the night.

As for me, all I could think about was how he had fingered my pussy in the restaurant. Yeah, sometimes it's the little things that make the most impact. It wasn't like he'd done anything all that much but it just proved a point I always make in that sex, at least for a woman, is 80-90% mental. Yeah I know the percentages reverse for men but that just makes it easier for us women to rule the male population. True, I loved how he touched me and it was like he'd watched me masturbating in the past as he seemed to know exactly how to play with my clit to make me cum the fastest. But the physical contact wasn't what got me off the most. No, it was all about WHO was touching me, WHERE we were while he was touching me, and WHO was watching - or at least COULD have watched, that really turned me on. Maybe the only think that would've made it better would have been if that cold bitch in the restroom had been seated close enough to see me cumming!

It was tempting to lift my dress and play with myself as he drove. Like I've yet to meet a man yet who objected when I'd done it! Looking back maybe I should've but at the time it seemed a bit much although I was probably being a little overly conservative. Yikes, it's time like this when I really feel I'm getting old! Back when I was a horny teenager I would've done it without hardly a second thought but now that I'm officially middle-aged in my thirties I find myself thinking about things first. I was still debating with myself when he pulled into the driveway and into the two-car garage - although his was the only car in it. Well, we were here!

Allowing my date to take the lead, I followed him up the couple of steps from the garage into the house. This was one of those defining moments for any date, at least the ones I go out on - which room would we go to first? Sure it doesn't sound like anything all that much but it would set the tone for the rest of the evening. It was already close to 10:00PM so what would it be... small talk, some kissing and groping, or maybe just getting right down to it? It's one of those things that makes dating fun - something new and maybe even unexpected whereas had I been coming home with my husband it was almost always straight to the bedroom! Not that I'm complaining...

In this case we passed the living room which took out the middle ground option leaving the two opposite extremes. The kitchen/dining room option usually meant a slow building evening (unless he's really kinky) whereas the bedroom would usually signify more urgency. Well, unless he had an odd house with a kitchen on the second floor, it looked like urgency was winning out.

"Do you need to use the restroom?" he asked as we reached the top of the stairs. I shook my head so he pointed to the left saying, "OK then, I'll see you in a few minutes then... I could use it myself."

Although he hadn't drunk all that much wine during dinner I had noticed him putting away several glasses of water. At his age it didn't surprise me he needed to use the restroom. He closed the door behind him, leaving me standing alone in the hallway so I went into the bedroom and considered my options...

Option 1 - stand there and wait for him. Assuming he just had to pee then he wouldn't be long so why not let him resume the lead?

Option 2 - lay on the bed fully dressed and wait for him. I could strike a sexy pose and it seemed a little more appropriate than just standing around doing nothing.
Option 3 - lay on the bed without my dress in just my hose and heels (face it, nothing else would be left anyways once the dress was off). This option had the added benefit of sending a strong message that I was in a hurry to get things started!
Option 4 - I suppose you could call this the "pure slut option" as I could strip off my dress and lay on the bed, maybe even masturbating when he returned. This was one of my husband's favorites but I quickly trashed the idea - WAY over the top.

In the end - and I only had a brief moment to make a decision so it's not like I debated it forever, I chose Option 2. The king size bed was massive in comparison to the full size bed in our apartment back home so the hardest part was figuring out where to lay down - on the edge or more in the middle? I chose a position about two feet inside the edge of the mattress and lay there on my side with my legs curled behind me. Personally I thought it was a pretty sexy pose and I hoped he'd appreciate it was well.

Any questions along those lines were put to rest a few minutes later when I heard the bathroom door open. With a tingle of anticipation running through me I watched the open doorway and suddenly he appeared, dressed in just a robe. Now THAT surprised me!

"Thought I'd slip into something a bit more comfortable," he explained seeing me eying the robe. Then, as if he wanted to change the topic of discussion he said, "Wow, you are truly stunning in that dress."

Well, considering what I paid for the darn thing - and let's not even THINK about it in terms of cost per yard of material, it SHOULD have looked stunning but hopefully he was referring to what was under the dress as much as the dress itself. I stretched out my legs and received the response I was hoping for.

"I know I've said it before but you have the most incredible legs," he said softly as he approached the side of the bed and reached out to run his hand along the length of my upper leg.

Then he leaned over me and put his hand on the bed behind me to steady himself as he lowered his face to mine and kissed me. Mmmmmmm, I felt like I was glowing!

"Step back a little," I said to him after we'd kissed for a few minutes. He didn't debate and simply did as I asked, standing up straight with his hands to his side, waiting for me to make the next move. I twisted my legs to the side of the bed and stood up in front of him.

"Now THIS was totally unnecessary," I remarked pointing at his robe and then reaching for where he'd tied it in front of him.

"Well, I HAD thought about just walking in stark naked but I was afraid that it might be a little too forward."

We both laughed and I had to say it... "This from the same man who said he wanted to, mmmmmmm... how did you say it... fuck my brains out?"

More laughter as I loosened the belt and opened his robe. "Now why would you want to hide that wonderful sight from me?" I teased him although I pleased to see that he was already erect. Well, pleased in that I was happy to see his desire expressed in such a positive manner although I was just a little disappointed that I wouldn't get to watch him grow and feel it filling my mouth as it did. Erections have always fascinated me, especially the process of getting one, and to feel a guy growing inside of my mouth is incredibly erotic as I know it's me that's making it do that!

Slowly I reached up and pushed the robe off his shoulders, allowing it to fall in a heap to the floor leaving him standing there as naked as the day he was born. Extending my right hand, I carefully took his stiff dick and wrapped my fingers around it as best I could, pulling him gently but firmly towards me. As he got closer he put his arms around me and pulled me in tight to his hairy chest. I maintained my grip on his cock as it pressed into me.

"Damn it feels so good when you hold it like that," he whispered in a husky voice.

Again we kissed, our mouths together while his dick throbbed in my hand, feeling so hard yet warm and soft as well. His dark pubic hair was coarse and thick and I loved the way it felt running though my fingers. Mmmmmmm, I wanted him!

"I'm going to suck your dick," I informed him almost matter-of-factly, "I want you in my mouth."

Not surprisingly he didn't object so I backed away just a little without releasing my grip on him and carefully bent down, hitching up my tight dress up my butt to allow me to dip low enough to where my face was level with his crotch. With my nose just inches away now I could smell the heavy musky scent of his manhood and I licked my lips in anticipation.

"Suck it... suck my dick," he groaned, putting his hands on my head and pressing it into his crotch where his erection waited impatiently for me.

I was only too anxious to comply! Even so, I didn't just pull him into my mouth but rather lifted his erect dick so it was pointing straight up and ran my tongue from the very base all the way up the shaft to the very tip and then back down again.

"Oh fuck that feels so good Kelly," he groaned.

I kissed his cock, letting my lips wet his shaft as my tongues played skillfully along the length of him. Then I focused on the underside of the ridge around the base of the head, letting my tongue run along it and then up the center slot to the hole at the very top. Finally, after teasing him as long as either of us could stand it, I let the head poke between my lips and into my mouth where my tongue again fluttered over the end of his cock.

Did I ever mention that I LOVE sucking cock? LOL

It's sort of amusing to me when I hear women say things like, "That's so dirty," or "That's disgusting," when the topic of blowjobs comes up. Of course a man needs to have decent hygiene but that goes without saying when it comes to just about anything intimate between two people. I mean like kissing someone with morning breath can be pretty disgusting but nobody ever makes a blanket statement about kissing being dirty.

Another rather silly observation made by many men is that someone when a woman gives a man a BJ she's under his control or in some way submitting to him. Submission to a man is an attitude, not an act. I suck a guy because I enjoy it and I know he want me to, not because I subject myself to his authority. If anything, I'd make the claim that the exact opposite is true - that men submit to ME when I blow them. Really, is there much of anything a guy won't do to get me to suck his dick? And then when I AM blowing him, look at the situation. Like whose most sensitive part of his body is sliding between my teeth?

Perhaps one of the things I like about blowjobs is more to do with dicks than what I do with them. A woman can fake an orgasm and most men can never tell the difference. Yet for a guy, there's no faking an erection and the final act of ejaculation. If he's not turned on by me his dick won't respond and by the same token, if he IS aroused by me there's no way he can stop his dick from reacting. A guy can't fake cumming - either the sperm erupts or it doesn't. One of my favorite sayings is that cocks are the world's best lie detector. A man can tell me anything but his dick always tells the truth.

Well, if all that is true then there was no denying how he felt about me at this moment if the firmness of his cock was saying anything about the matter. His dick felt so wet and smooth between my lips, the tip running up along my tongue and then pressing against the back of my throat as he pushed himself into me as far as he could. He would thrust himself into my mouth and then pull out to do it again, over and over and over again. Now and then he'd push it in and stop, holding himself up against my face with his pubic hair smashed against my cheeks and forehead as I could hear him groan with pleasure.

"That's it Kelly... suck it... take it all... God I love fucking your mouth like this!" he would moan as I felt his tremble with lust.

Then suddenly he pulled out and grabbed me by the shoulders to lift me up to my feet again. "Shit, that was so close," he sighed loudly, "Don't want to rush things now, do we."

It was a statement, not a question, and I was in full agreement. It's not like he was some horny teenage boy with the stamina of a stallion. Odds were one good ejaculation would be all he would be good for so better to delay it as long as possible.

He needed a moment to unwind just a little so I took the opportunity to take off my dress, leaving me in front of him in just my hose and heels. For a moment I contemplated stepping over to the chair by the window and slowly removing my stockings, or even just rolling them down to my ankles but then I figured why not just leave them on? He seemed rather obsessed by my legs and face it, the hose showed them off to their best potential so why mess with a good thing? Of course I left on the heels - they'd stay on as long as possible. What is it with men that they love a woman to wear her heels during sex? At least I don't have to stand in them!

He started to reach for me but I wanted to stall his impending orgasm a little while more so I playfully pushed him back and told him to just stand there and watch me. Reaching back to the edge of the bed with both hands, I gave a little jump and landed my bare bottom on the edge of the bed. Reaching over to grab a pillow and pulling it behind me, I then scooted back until my feet were on the edge of the bed while laying back with the pillow under my upper back and head so I could watch him.

"Like the view?" I teased him spreading my knees apart and then pushing them back together, bouncing them in and out slowly to give him a view of my shaved pussy.

"You're fucking gorgeous," he replied with a grin as he couldn't help but reach for his engorged cock to hold it.

"I want you to just watch me for now," I instructed him as I ran my fingers around my breasts and tugged playfully on the nipples. Yeah, they were hard alright! Then I traced the backs of my fingers along my torso, gliding slowly down my belly and then just as I approached my crotch veered off to each side and down the insides of my legs as far as I could reach. I could feel the goosebumps rising as I did the same in reverse until I cupped my boobs in my hands, pulling them up until I could bend my head down enough to lick my nipples.

All the time I kept my eyes fixed on his, noting when he seemed to react more so I could be sure to focus on that part of me more. Of course his eyes would widen the most as I approached my pussy and it was almost funny to see the disappointment in them as each time I would go off to the side just at the last moment.

As much as I was enjoying the tease, frankly after a while I wasn't sure who was more disappointed - him or me! My pussy was crying for attention and since I knew he wasn't going to complain, the next time I surprised him by cupping my crotch with both hands, pulling up and palming my warm wet pussy. God, it was like I was burning up down there!

"Sometimes I like to masturbate in front of a mirror," I told him softly as I rubbed my palm against me, "Do you want to be my mirror today?"

I'm not sure if he thought I was being truthful or just teasing him but actually it was exactly as I said it. Indeed, sometimes I DO like to watch myself masturbating. Yeah, maybe that sounds a little weird or even a little bit narcissist but it's just me I guess. In any event, he quickly nodded which was probably all he could say at the moment without his voice cracking.

And so it went... me masturbating in front of him. Usually I close my eyes when I masturbate - unless I have my mirror of course. Not today though - I was getting off as much from watching him as I was from what I was doing to myself, maybe even more. Whatever the incentive, it didn't take long for my orgasm to rise within me.

"I'm cumming!" I gasped as I rubbed my clit with one hand while reaching under my butt and fingering my pussy with the other. I was so damn wet! The smell of my sex filled the room and I knew that if I could smell it then so could he.

"Oh god!" I sighed, throwing my head back and gasping for air as my pussy exploded with pleasure. My whole body felt like someone had hit my funny bone but in this case it wasn't just my arm that tingled - it was EVERYTHING.

With my eyes now shut tight as I rubbed myself furiously, I wasn't watching him so I was surprised when I felt something pressing against my pussy. Opening my eyes and lifting my head I saw he had moved up to the edge of the bed and was holding his steel-like shaft up against my pussy, trying to push my hand out of the way so he could enter me.

"I can't take any more," he groaned, "I want to fuck you now... shit, I NEED to fuck you NOW!"

Not saying the feeling wasn't mutual!

"Yes... fuck me... I want you in me," I begged him, pulling my hands out of the way as I lifted my hips upward to make it easier for him.

At this point I fully expected him to just ram it in me, pushing himself into me as hard and deep as he could. So I have to say I was a little surprised when he demonstrated more willpower than I would have given a man in his position to possess. Instead of pressing himself into me, which would have been easy enough in my aroused state considering how hard he was at the time, instead he ran the head of his dick up between my pussy lips and over my ultra-sensitized clit, rubbing it up and down as it was his turn to tease me.

"Stop teasing me and fuck me!" I hissed at him, not entirely faking my exasperation. Like I was ready to be fucked and so I wanted him to quit horsing around and FUCK me!

"Well... if you insist," he responded coyly, as if he want as anxious to do me as I was for him to do it. Yeah right!

"Oh yesssssss!" I sighed loudly as I felt him pressing into me. I love sex, I love every part of sex, yet I have to say the moment when a man first enters me has got to be one of my favorites. It's like my pussy has two identities - one wanting him in it and the other doing everything to stop him from doing just that. I was so wet it almost felt like I was peeing yet when he tried to press himself into me he grunted as his dick tried to expand my pussy to take him.

"Two kids?" he murmured as he pressed harder, "unfuckin' believable!"

Call me lucky but that's one thing I've been blessed with by God - a really tight pussy. Yeah, childbirth tends to mess with that a bit but before then I've had guys ask me if I was a virgin the first time they fucked me - and that was well into my late twenties! I was appreciative of his remarks though I knew I wasn't nearly as tight as I had been in the past.

Then the head of his dick popped in and he stopped. I could see down between my boobs to where the shaft of his cock was aligned with my crotch so I could see the head was nowhere in sight. Of course I didn't need to actually SEE it as the incredible sensations in my pussy told me where it was! Still, it was an erotic sensation to feel him inside of me while at the same time watching him entering me.

"Ready for more?"

Like DUH! Yeah, I was impressed. Not many men had the willpower to hold themselves back at this stage. Just goes to show yet another reason why I prefer sex with older men. A teenage boy would have plunged right in and probably already cum by now!

"Yesssssss... fuck me," I pleaded, "I want it ALL in me."

At that point it was like he just caved in. Al his willpower disappeared in a flash as he literally rammed his dick inside of me! The base of his dick met my crotch and with the impact I felt myself pushed back a couple of inches on the bed. Rather than pull out immediately, he ground his cock into me, pressing himself inside of me as deeply as he could penetrate. It was like I could feel him all the up into my belly!

For what seemed like forever, although it had to be only a minute or two at most, we remained locked together, intimately joined as only a man and woman can be. I looked up at his face and it was like he was meditating or maybe he was just totally focused on the feeling of his dick buried inside of my body. While I can't even begin to imagine how THAT must feel for a man, I DO know how it feels to be on the receiving end - literally. The room was dead quiet with just the sound of him breathing deeply and the occasional passing of a car over the brick street to break the silence. I could feel my heart pounding as I laid on my back, not moving a muscle as I let my knees fall to the side and accepted his penis inside of me. It was sort of weird as without him moving the sensation of him in me changed from one of pleasure created by the friction of his cock over the sensitive nerve endings in my pussy to one that's hard to describe. It's like I was "full", almost like there was something inside of me pushing to get out. Of course that makes sense as something WAS inside of me only I don't think it had any intention of getting out any time soon!

"Wow...," he finally blurted out, "Your pussy feels incredible."

I smiled and took another look down past my belly where all I could see was the base of his shaft pressed up against my crotch, the rest of his dick buried inside of me. "Well, I could say pretty much the same thing about your dick," I responded with another smile.

"Sometimes I just like to be like this," he said, apparently feeling the need to explain his rather unusual approach to sex. "Nothing crazy, no banging away, just the feel of a warm pussy surrounding me." He glanced down and then rubbed his thumb over my clit sending little shock waves up my spine. "Touchy, aren't you?" he chuckled, "Do you find it more pleasurable when I touch you when my cock is in you?"

Like duh! Was he seriously asking me a question or was it more rhetorical as how could there be any doubt as to the answer? I say I love sucking cock, that I love being eaten out, all sorts of things but when push comes to shove, when the rubber hits the road, NOTHING beats sex and by definition, sex is the entry of a male penis into a female vagina so that means being fucked! Sure there are various levels of sex that differentiate one time from another - primarily WHO is fucking me and my relationship with him, but that doesn't detract from the underlying requirement that our bodies be joined as one.

"All I'm going to say is you damn well better keep it in me," I practically growled at him and then broke into a grin.

He STILL wasn't moving though and I had to admit I was starting to wonder how long this was going to carry on. I mean yeah, I sort of enjoyed our moment of mutual introspection but come one, let's get things going!

I felt a movement then but what he actually was doing was leaning down over me and kissing my breasts, then running his tongue in little circles around my nipples, teasing them by grabbing them with his lips and tugging on them. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good, especially as it meant he also had to move his dick in me during the process which made the sensations in my boobs feel even better. I put my hands on his balding head and pressed him into my chest.

"That's better... suck my boobs," I moaned softly, "Not so hard... be nice."

The last was when he started to get a little carried away. Sure, SOME women love their nipples pinched and hurt but not this girl. Nope, treat me like a princess, like your own personal Elsa. Nothing wins me over more than to be fawned over, doted on by a loving older man like I'm his little girl. Thankfully he took the hint quickly and stopped squeezing my boob like he was trying to pop a water balloon!

As he leaned over it drew his cock out of me a little and then when he stood back up again it like automatically found its way back "home" again. I mean isn't that what it's all about? A cock trying to return to the place where it came? I know, sort of a silly metaphor...

At that point he finally got down to business. Taking me by the ankles, he lifted my legs up and over his shoulders, allowing me to lock my ankles behind his neck so as to lift my butt up and off the pillow under me and literally drag me into his waiting dick. He helped by cupping my butt with his hands and lifting me up even further until I was back on my shoulder blades. It also had the advantage of making it easy for me to watch him fucking me. Guess it's one reason I prefer a guy on top as I enjoy actually watching a man as he enters me, matching up the visual with the physical sensation for a complete experience.

From there it was sort of what I would call the "usual rotation" if you think about it in gymnastics terms of moving from one position to another. Next we did it doggie with me down on my elbows so my butt stuck up higher for him. I enjoy doggie almost as much as missionary but for different reasons. Whereas missionary adds the visual element, doggie style provides the deepest penetration. Not THAT much more but enough to notice. Soon he pressed down on my ass and I lay almost flat with just the pillow under my belly as he stayed in me the entire time. On to my side which is probably my second favorite when there's a nice big mirror in front of me so I can watch.

Amazingly he still hadn't cum even thought through it all he'd maintained a pretty good pace - enough to keep my heart racing and my breath a bit ragged so he had to be pretty worn out by now. So when he flipped me over on my back and mounted me I was please on the one hand that he was fucking me in my favorite position yet on the other I was just a little concerned he might slip and fall on top of me!

He'd pretty well stopped talking to me a while back but now he seemed to recover his voice. "You're incredible... god I love fucking you so much!"

"You can cum inside of me," I whispered into his ear as he kissed my neck and along the back of my ear. OK, so it was a silly question, as if I had anything to say about it. Face it, once things progress to this point a girl can say all she wants but nothing's going to stop a guy from ejaculating in her pussy if he's determined to do it.

I'm sure it was just coincidence but no sooner had the words left my mouth than he groaned loudly and felt his dick drive into me and grind into my crotch.

"Oh god I'm cumming!" he announced as if I needed to be told. Yeah, there are times when a guy can "stealth" cum in me but most of the time I can tell simply from how he reacts and moves. It's like men lose all color of their composure and don't even seem to realize it. Lots of guys send me videos of them masturbating and cumming on photos of me, my relatives or their daughters and the part I like best of them all is when he cums and I can watch his face as he orgasms!

Whether he was just naturally gifted or simply hadn't masturbated in a long time, whatever the reason boy did he cum! He must have shot off ten times into me judging from the way his butt would slam into me each time. Of course I couldn't actually SEE how much he was shooting off each time, it really didn't matter when you come down to it.

Oddly, at least to me, when he finished he pulled out of me almost immediately. I say odd in that usually a guy starts fucking me as soon as he enters me and then they seem to like to hand around in me for a little while at least afterwards. Today was just the opposite of the usual protocol where he dillydallied away at first and then it was like he couldn't get out of me fast enough once he came. Then I understood why...

"Push it out, show me a creampie."

Oh for goodness sakes... another porn fantasy. I swear guys these days watch entirely too much porn and think all sex should be just like it is on their favorite porn site. I never had guys want facials so bad before they became commonplace on the internet. The "creampie" thing was another internet-driven fantasy I could do without as well. Sure I love a guy to cum in me but then to spread my legs and push like I'm birthing another baby just so he can watch his sperm drain out of me? Give me a break!

Still, I did it as I figure what's the hurt. After all it was HIS bed that it would be dripping down to once it made it past my ass. I bore down until I felt the warmth of our cum dribbling out of me and down over my asshole until it hit the bed spread. He stared at my pussy the entire time without hardly even blinking, like he was admiring his handiwork. At least he wasn't taking a video the way some guys do these days with cell phones and all!

Eventually enough was enough so I sat up and pulled the sheet down to wipe myself off since he apparently wasn't going to offer me an alternative. I really didn't want to run to the bathroom all messy. Besides, it's not like he wasn't going to have to wash the bedding anyways.

I twisted around and pushed the pillow back up to the head of the bead and laid on my side to look at him. I felt good...

"That was perfect," he said gently as he got in bed along side of me, stretching his naked body out along mine and putting his arms around me.

"I love you Kelly," he whispered in my ear as he pulled me in tight to him.

"I love you too daddy... fuck me again!"

Even if he could have recovered - a long shot at best at his age, he didn't get the chance before I fell asleep in my father's arms. It was the end of a perfect evening, one I knew he would add to his memories of so many others we'd shared over the years. The next morning after we woke and he fucked me quick before I dressed to go home to my family I couldn't help but just look in his eyes after we kissed goodbye and it was all I could do not to cry. I was so happy knowing I'd pleased my dad so well!

Yes, it was a date to remember, hopefully one my dad never forget!

# (Aug 29) Chapter 274: Ashley Madison 1

Story codes: mf FF inc
Me (30)
Ashley - girlfriend
Ben - Ashley's husband

One nice thing about having the type of marriage my husband and I enjoy is that we don't ever have to worry about the other cheating. Thus when the Ashley Madison debacle emerged I thought it was humorous yet at the same time I didn't think it would have any impact on me. However, that didn't mean the same applied to everyone and I never would have imagined that that would lead to for me.

## 1. Cheating Husbands

Before I get started, let's get on the same page in terms of what "cheating" means. In my opinion (for what it's worth), cheating in marriage is when you have sex with someone other than your spouse without their knowledge and consent. The key is the last four words - WITHOUT their knowledge and consent. Really, just because you wear a wedding ring shouldn't mean you're chained to one person when it comes to sex. Rather it just means you pledge to be faithful to them and not hide anything from them. It's not like I have to go to my husband ever time before I have sex with someone else to get his permission, that would be silly. We agreed before we took our wedding vows that we could both continue the sexual practices to which we'd been accustomed. If we want to share our experiences with each other afterwards that's fine but it's not mandatory.

The reason I wanted to explain my outlook on cheating is so people don't confuse my Christian values and views regarding adultery with my sexual activities since becoming a wife. Face it, adultery is one of the "big ten" and as such I'm firmly opposed to it and I can firmly state that I will NEVER commit adultery. However I realize that when I say this that people get confused because most people equate having sex with someone other than your spouse with adultery. I respectfully disagree such a confining definition. Why would God bless us with our sexuality and then not want us to enjoy it as much as possible? Also, in my opinion adultery is when YOU cheat on YOUR spouse. The reason I emphasize those words is very important in that just because a husband commits adultery by having sex with me behind his wife's back, that doesn't mean I am doing so as well since my husband knows everything about what I'm doing (if not specifically in that instance, at least in general).

So with that little matter clarified...

While most people probably didn't know it existed just a month ago, I doubt there's anyone today who isn't aware of the web site dedicated to cheating cleverly named Ashley Madison. According to the news reports the name for the Canadian-based site was derived from two popular female names but whatever you call it, the purpose was pretty blatant in that it "helped" people who wanted to cheat find someone of a similar interest. Supposedly about 86% of the people who signed up were men - surprise, surprise. Personally, based on my own experience with on-line personalities, I'd be willing to bet that the majority of the 14% "females" were actually male as well.

When the news hit the headlines that the names and personal information of more than 30 million people were now public information, a number of my friends at church told me that they were shocked that so many people were looking to cheat on their marriage. Many of them wondered who in our congregation might be on the list - including whether or not their own husbands might be members. Of course I pretended to be amazed as well yet secretly the news didn't surprise me at all. Assuming about half the population is male, and that the majority of members were in the USA, that would encompass roughly 15-20% of the male population. Taking into account that these people were supposedly married and over eighteen, and then it probably tapered off for guys let's say over sixty year old, then you could guess that a large proportion of married men were at least members. True, many might have been just curious but still...

The question I want to ask everyone is why are they shocked by the fact that so many married men are looking for an affair? It was all I could do in a couple instances not to smirk when some sanctimonious wife at our church would cluck over how awful men must be to do such things and how thankful they were that THEIR husband would never be involved in such perverted activities. I wanted to grab a few of them by the shoulders and shake them as I told them how clueless they were and how their so-called perfect husband had done more than just sign up for some silly web site - he'd HAD an affair and that the woman he'd fucked behind her back had been ME!

Indeed, over the years I've had sex with about a dozen married men from our church and flirted with who knows how many more. I know some people look down on me for this but I find that having a married guy lust for me to the point he's willing to risk virtually everything, to violate his most sacred vows, simply to enjoy an evening with me, to be incredibly erotic and exciting. It's like a validation stamp on my sexuality passport, or an approval of my desirability. Oh sure it's nice to see a guy staring at me or to have a man compliment me, or even better - to see the reaction of his wife or girlfriend when she catches him looking at me. Still, all that is nothing in comparison to that moment when he gives in to his most deepest desires and lust and I feel his adulterous cock entering me got the first time!

Technically I wouldn't call what I do with such men an "affair" as to me that implies some long term relationship. In fact, one of my cardinal rules is "one and done". Unless there's a special reason, I never have sex twice with a cheating husband. Affairs lead to nothing but problems and that would likely mean trouble for me as well as him. While I realize (and to be honest, a bit proud of the fact) that I have more than a bit of a "reputation" in the community, including my church family, there's a big difference between being known as a slut versus a marriage destroyer. Actually from my point of view I think it's quite the opposite in that I would say I have HELPED most of their marriages rather than hurt them. Allowing a man to fulfill a fantasy that has probably overshadowed his marriage gets it out of his system. Afterward being with me, the next time he has sex with his wife he no longer needs to imagine what it would be like to be doing it with me - now he KNOWS! Now he can please his wife all the better as he has the memories of me being in her place to motivate him as his wife just lays there or he has to ignore the hundred extra pounds she put on since their wedding. There's really no need to do it again with him - I got the "notch on my belt" while he has his memories so there's nothing more for either of us to be gained by putting his marriage further in jeopardy.

So while I would never confront any of those women with the hypocrisy in their marriage, it DOES give me a bit of thrill listening to them and knowing what her husband had done with me. In some cases it was many years ago, some so far back as when I was a teenager in high school, yet it shows how important these times are for me as I can remember each one as if it was yesterday. Perhaps even more interesting are the wives whose husbands had shown interest but hadn't yet crossed the line. If anything hearing them go on about how awful it was what men were doing on line it just makes me all the more anxious to push their husband along a little more the next time the opportunity arises!

## 2. A Worried Housewife

Besides the ladies at church I've also discussed the Ashley Madison issue with most of my friends as well. It was sort of interesting in that for the most part the discussions went either one of two directions. Most of them were like the church women - shocked at the news yet confident that THEIR husband would never do such things. There were also a small number, like my best friend Beth, who had marriages similar to mine in that they regularly swapped or otherwise were involved with other people to one extent or another. For them the response was pretty universal - not a surprise and happy that we knew we didn't have to worry about our husbands having to resort to such sites to satisfy their natural hunger.

Of the girls in the first category, one was a little different. It was sort of ironic in that that her name is Ashley. We'd known each other since grade school, attending the same schools, the same church, and participating in most of the same community events. While we are pretty close friends, at the same time we are different in many ways, especially when it comes to our sexual lives. While I started having sex when I was fourteen, Ashley was one of those rare girls who hung onto her virginity until she was married. She even drew the line at oral sex even though I tried numerous times to convince her that it wasn't "real" sex. I tried in vain to explain to her that "sex" is a pretty strictly defined term meaning penetration of a female vagina by a male penis. Thus no penetration, no sex. No sex, no cheating. No cheating, no adultery. Ashley has never agreed with me on this line of reasoning and I respect her feelings so I've never pushed too hard as I enjoy our friendship and don't want to allow that to be an issue between us.

What makes our friendship so special is she allows the same for me. Ashley knew pretty much what I enjoyed doing with the boys at school, including much of what wasn't public knowledge amongst the female ranks. About the only thing I never shared with her was when I started having sex with my dad but then there were VERY few people who knew about THAT - even to this day.

Unlike me, Ashley married right out of high school and never went to college. She started her family almost nine months to the day after the wedding (must have been quite a honeymoon!) and so she was a number of years ahead of me in terms of kids with three coming out like a factory line. The youngest was her ten year-old son with the older two being eleven and twelve year-old girls. I guess she was going to keep trying until she got a boy! In contrast, my oldest is my daughter Mia who is now three years old with little Kylie approaching the four month mark. We get together as families now and then but never in a sexual way. While I catch Ben, Ashley's husband, eying me now and then I never think much about it as most men look at me that way. Not that I mean to sound vain, it's just a natural male reaction to a woman, especially when she's a slut like me. Still, out of respect for my friend I never encourage him or flirt with him in any serious way.

It was a hot August day when I met Ashley for lunch. She'd left her kids at home under the care of her oldest. I suppose some might say twelve is a little young to be left alone as a babysitter but I know her kids and they are all pretty mature for their ages. My two girls were spending the day with grandma - Steve's mom, so it left me pretty much free for the afternoon so when Ashley asked if I wanted to meet her downtown at the Strip in Pittsburgh, I immediately said yes. It had been a few months since we'd had a girls' day out together and I was looking forward to catching up with her on all the latest news and gossip. Correction... Christians don't gossip, we "share" and when it's gets juicy we "share in love."

Sitting at an outside table at the caf,, we ordered lunch and discussed out kids - mostly about my newest addition of course. Lots of photo sharing on our phones! Somewhere about midway through lunch we got to talking about news and community and Ashley leaned forward, checking around to be sure nobody was listening.

"Did you hear about the Andersons?" she whispered in a conspiratorial tone.

The Andersons were a couple in our church that had a huge family - six kids at last count, and were one of those couples that seemed to be involved in everything. The husband was an elder and the wife led a woman's Bible study. Their oldest was in college and they had been members long before I could remember.

I shook my head and her eyes widened. "I hear that Susan found out that Gary was one of those perverts using the Ashely Madison site."

She sat back and raised her eye brows, waiting for my reaction. It was all I could do to keep from bursting out in laughter - Gary had been one of the first husbands at church to cheat with me. It was years ago... back when I was a junior in high school in the youth group with one of their daughters. Both Gary and Susan were heavily involved in the youth activities at church so I saw a lot of them both. By the time I was at that age I'd already pretty much established a reputation both at school and church for being a slut and having just recently started having sex with my dad my interest in older men was at an all-time high. Long story short - Gary fucked me in some cheap hotel bed (with all the kids their home was NEVER empty it seemed) wearing his daughter's bikini. When I told my parents about it later (yes, I told them everything I did), my mom warned me about not doing it with him again and that's when I established my "one and done" rule", even though I was quite confident that Gary would've loved to have fucked again and it was pretty hot pretending to be his daughter as he came in me.

"Noooooo! You have to be kidding me!" I somehow managed to blurt out instead.

"Oh yeah... and I hear they're getting a divorce."

I raised my eyebrows, not having to fake my surprise this time. "Wow, that seems to be a little harsh for just being on a web site."

Ashley pursed her lips with disapproval. "It doesn't really matter whether or not he actually cheated, he should never have been on that wicked site in the first place."

From past experience I wasn't about to argue. I knew Ashley well enough by now to know she took the position that when it came to adultery, intent was just as bad as actually doing the deed.

"So then tell me Kelly, what would you do if you found out that Steve was on there?" Ashley asked me.

I just shrugged. "It really wouldn't bother me if he did other than him wasting our money on a stupid web site."

Ashley frowned and I knew what she was thinking when she replied, "Well, I guess that works for people like you."

Yes, Ashley knew that my husband and I swapped. It wasn't something we discussed all that much but some things are hard to avoid when you're as close as we were. She often referred to me and Steve as having an "open marriage" although personally I despise the term. People use it to describe a marriage where people are married on paper but that's about it. More like for couples having sex with everyone and anyone and not really committed to their marriage. To me, that doesn't describe my marriage at all. Steve and I are madly in love, I'd say even more so than when we took our wedding vows. True, we enjoy having sex with others but that's just for fun and has nothing to do with our marriage or commitment to one another. Yet I could see that to someone with as black and white a perspective of the world as Ashley had to where that distinction could be lost.

"OK then, what would YOU do if you found out that Ben was a member?"

Ashley looked down at her plate, not seeming to want to look me in the eyes and suddenly it dawned on me why this topic had come up in our conversation.

"Ashley... you can tell me anything you know," I said gently, reaching out across the table to grab her hand.

The tears started to flow. "Oh Kelly, I'm so sorry but I didn't know who else to turn to. You're the only person I could talk to about this."

While Ashley and I were good friends, I wouldn't have classified us as BFFs so it seemed a little odd that she would say something like that. Surely she had to have someone even closer to her that she could have confided such information with. Then I realized the real reason - no doubt none of her other friends had a marriage like I had. Oh well, their loss.

"It's OK Ashley," I tried to console her, "Odds are he was just curious. I'm sure Ben has never cheated on you."

"But you don't know what he said about himself on there... the perverted things he was looking for... the horrible, AWFUL things he wants," she sobbed.

True, I didn't know specifically but I doubt anything he could've written would've surprised me. Over the past twelve years since I started posting on the Internet I've had literally thousands of men write me and trust me, I don't think much of anything can shock me anymore! But then Ashely didn't have a clue about that side of me, nor was I about to tell her, especially now.

"Men do that sort of thing... that's just what men do," I said, squeezing her hand, "It doesn't mean he would ever DO anything."

"But we've been married for thirteen years now. What if he's tired of me? We were both virgins when we got married, what if he wants to know what it's like to be with another woman?"

I quickly grabbed my water glass and took a drink, anything to hide my face as I almost lost it. Both virgins when they got married? I'd never heard her say that before, guess it's the sort of thing that didn't come up in our type of conversations. The reason for my reaction was simple. While Ashley was undoubtedly a virgin when she got married, and I've no doubt she's never had sex with any other man or even held another dick in her hand, she was dead wrong about Ben. Ben had NOT been a virgin on their wedding night. I can say that with confidence as I know exactly when and where he lost his virginity and with who - ME. Whether he'd ever done it with another girl, I haven't a clue, but fortunately for him men don't have hymens or Ashley would have known the truth the first time they did it - it was HER first time, NOT his.

I finally calmed down my friend and she seemed consoled somewhat by what I told her. Apparently Ben had no idea she knew about his indiscretions so I encouraged her to leave sleeping dogs lay and so long as there weren't any other issues, to just pretend she had never heard anything.

Later that night when I was home in bed with my husband sleeping soundly next to me as our oldest snuggled between us - something that seemed to be growing more common as she got older rather than less as I would've expected, I couldn't help but think about what had happened between Ben and I so long ago. I started to masturbate...

## 3. High School Memories

It was the fall of my junior year of high school. Sweet Sixteen indeed! I was having the time of my life. It had been more than two years now since I first started having sex and over that time I can say that sex pretty much dominated my life. For the first six months or so after losing my virginity I only had sex with one boy, foolishly thinking at that na‹ve age that I was in love and would never want to be with anyone else.

Well, that all changed when my "true love" moved away when his mom's job was transferred to the west coast and I learned that I could have pretty much anything I wanted in exchange for sex. Who needed to be a cheerleader to be popular? I could have had any football player in school if I wanted him. Why work at some stupid job in the mall when guys would pay for everything I wanted in exchange for just a chance they MIGHT get a blowjob, let alone fuck me. Although I was always a good student, a little extra credit never hurt - especially when I could get it just by flashing my boobs or butt.

One thing I learned about myself early on when it came to sex - I LOVE it when boys and men want to have me so badly that they do things that normally they would never consider doing just to be with me even for a short time. I guess you could say it's sort of like what hunters say in that it's as much about the hunt as the final kill. I love to be the "hunter", identifying my "prey", learning its patterns and secrets, then drawing it in close enough until I finally realize the "kill". Like if I just wanted to get laid, that was easy. If fact I've always asserted that ANY girl who can't get laid within 30 minutes at any time or place just isn't trying very hard. So just getting a guy to have sex with me quickly lost its thrill. It's sort of like playing a video game at Level One and never moving up - boring!

So it was with the boys at school. If I was horny and just wanted sex all I had to do was smile at the right guy and give him "the look" and far more often than not I got what I wanted without much further ado. It was the ones that turned me down or ignored me that made me want them all the more. It became all about the "hunt".

Back then Ben was a senior and I really didn't know him all that well, I just saw him in the hallways between classes mostly. He never approached me or showed any real interest and I had no overwhelming reason to be drawn to him, at least not at first. He attended the same church as Ashley and me and we were all in the same senior high youth group that year but still, for whatever reason we just never had much to do with each other. He and Ashley had been dating for over a year but we never double dated as she wasn't willing to "put out" - which would've pretty much been a damper for me. Like what was the point in going out on a date if you weren't going to have fun?

Then one weekend we had a pool party for the youth group. Being it was a church-sponsored event, supposedly the rules were that girls had to wear "decent" swim suits but that was pretty subjective. What was "decent" for a girl like me wasn't for someone like Ashley. I figured as long as my nipples were covered and no pubic hair was showing (I wasn't shaving yet at that age) then that was OK. In contrast Ashley was the type who wore one piece suits that didn't even let any of her butt hang out and practically no cleavage even. Well, you can imagine who drew the most attention!

Let's be real... the only reason a girl wears a revealing swim suit is to be looked at. Like how many guys who love seeing a girl in a thong bikini bottom ever actually had to wear one? Maybe if they did then they'd realize what a favor she was doing for him! A swim suit like Ashley's was a lot more comfortable and didn't require constant attention to keep in place but then it didn't draw the stares and admiring looks from the boys so what good was it?

While I was flirting in the pool with a couple of boys, playing a little and letting them touch me just enough to turn them on yet not so much that we could be accused of doing anything "bad", I noticed Ashley and Ben doing what they always did - sitting around and talking to each other with their doe-eyes and other goofy little things they did, like they were still in sixth grade. As I watched them I could feel someone's hand cupping my exposed butt but while it felt good, my real attention was focused on the two kids on the other side of the pool area.

There are moments in our lives when later we don't really know WHY we do something, only that we did and later when I would think of this moment that would be the case. I can't explain why I did what I did. To the surprise of the three boys surrounding me, I pushed through them and climbed up the ladder to get out of the pool, no doubt giving them a nice view of my crotch in the process with a nice camel toe to boot.

"Hi Ashley... Hi Ben," I greeted them as I approached their table, "Mind if I sit down with you guys a while?"

Based on the frown on her face, Ashley clearly minded but Ben was always the proper gentleman so he smiled and even pulled out a chair for me. I thanked him and took a seat, ignoring the daggers in Ashley's eyes. Ben was seated to my left so I crossed my left leg over my right to give him as much of a view of my upper thigh and butt as possible without being TOO overt about it. I caught him take a glance quickly but then turn his eyes away. It's not like that was in any way an unusual response from Ben but for some reason it irked me this time.

"Ummmmm Kelly, I think your posse wants you back," Ashley remarked with more than a hint of sarcasm as she nodded towards the three guys I'd left behind rather unceremoniously.

I giggled a little and pushed my wet hair back away from my face. "Oh they'll wait."

"Oh I'm sure they will," Ashley muttered under her breath. Damn she was being a little snarky today!

We chatted for a little while... that is at least Ashley and I chatted. Ben hardly said a word. I figured he probably felt it was safer that way given the stormy mood his girlfriend was in. I shifted in my chair, inching my leg further over to expose more of my bare skin to his occasional glances.

"Kelly, how did you ever get Mrs. Delaney to let you wear that?" Ashley finally asked, seeming almost relieved to get out the question that had obviously been bugging her.

"Oh I think she's given up on me," I said with a laugh and gave Ben a come-hither look which no doubt Ashley caught as well but then who cares? It's not like I was asking him out on a date... at least not yet anyways.

"Yeah but isn't that the same suit I heard that you wore at the park district pool... the one they kicked you out for wearing?"

She was right, as always it seemed when it came to Ashley's memories. About a month ago I'd taken the girls to the pool by the high school. Just a few minutes after taking off my clothes one of the female lifeguards came over and told me I would have to cover myself up more if I wanted to stay. She also had some issues with the suit my daughter was wearing, claiming it was inappropriate for a girl her age. Like what's the big deal with a three year-old wearing a thong? Needless to say I refused, certain she would never carry out her threat. Well, I was wrong and next thing I knew a bigger male lifeguard was escorting me and my daughters out. Gawd, talk about embarrassing!

"Well, I like it," I said with a firm tone before looking towards Ben and asking, "What do you think Ben? Is this an appropriate suite to wear or not?"

Poor Ben, talk about being caught between a rock and a hard spot with Ashley being the rock and the hard spot showing up between his legs. Lucky for him only I could see the erection growing in his swim suit.

"Well, it IS a little revealing," he finally said lamely. What a cop-out!

Ashley didn't seem amused by the dialog and she motioned for me to follow her as she got up from the table and walked towards the refreshments table.

"OK girl, just what the hell do you think you're doing?" she demanded with her hands on her hips.

I acted as if I had no idea what she was talking about but she wasn't buying it.

"Kelly, don't pull that shit with me. Remember who you're talking to. I know you better than that. You have all the other guys here to do your thing with so leave mine alone."

OK, that was two curse words in the space of a few seconds from a girl who normally NEVER cursed. Yeah, she was upset alright.

"Whatever," I mumbled, a little ticked off myself now. It wasn't like I'd done anything overt or like that. So I flirted with her boyfriend a little, it was no big deal, I flirted with all the guys. Heck, I COULD have reached over and grabbed onto that growing erection if she wanted something to really bitch about. Still, Ashley and I rarely fought so I was taking this seriously now. I didn't want to upset my friend yet at the same time I was more than a little annoyed. Annoyed that she was being this possessive when she didn't to be yet even more annoyed at Ben for not giving me the attention I craved.

"Why don't you go back to your boy toys in the pool Kelly," she suggested rather pointedly, "You plan on getting screwed by all three of them or will there be just one lucky winner?"

At first I thought she was being serious but then she smiled and I knew she was just joking. The funny part was that while SHE was joking, I really WAS planning something along those lines. As tempting as it was to tell her my plans, I figured I may as well take her peace offering. I was horny as heck and it wasn't like it was looking as if Ben would be doing anything to help me in that department.

Before the party ended I had indeed been fucked – by the three of them in fact, and blown two other boys as well so I was feeling pretty proud of myself as things wound down. As I was leaving I looked to see if Ashley was still around but both she and Ben were nowhere to be found and their stuff was missing as well. I hadn't seen them leave but then it wasn't like I'd been in a position to see much of anything for the past hour or so. My dad picked me up and on the way home I talked to him about Ashley and Ben, along with telling him about everything else that I'd done while at the party.

"So what's your plans then Kelly?" he asked, "You seem a bit flustered over this Ben character. Is he on your radar now?"

"Well, he IS pretty cute," I answered with a giggle.

"Cute? You're talking about a boy, right? Now I'd call your girlfriend cute – I'd fuck her in a heartbeat you know."

"Oh daddy!" I scolded him. It was typical of him to talk about my friends that way yet at the same time I knew he was just fantasizing. My parents may have been pretty modern in many ways of thinking about sex but one thing my mom was firm about was cheating and adultery. Her definitions were much more like Ashley's – incest aside of course. So far as she was concerned my dad could lust for my friends all he wanted but he knew he'd be facing my mother's wrath if he ever acted on those urges.

I leaned over the console and rubbed my hand on his crotch. "Besides Daddy, why would you need Ashley when you can have me?" My dad smiled at me but the look in his eyes told me that with all this talk he was going to be needing me as soon as we got home!

take much to convince her otherwise. Seeing how adamant I was, Ben caved, no doubt to get out of the parking lot and then hopefully deal with me out of sight of the student population.

"Alright then Kelly, I'll drive you home but I'm NOT having sex with you."

My thought was I'd just won the first battle so it didn't matter what he was saying - it was what he was doing that counted. One step at a time...

It was only a few blocks to my house so normally I just walked. When Ben driving it was just a minute or so before he pulled up to the curb outside my home and turned to me. "PLEASE don't tell Ashley I drove you home, OK?" he requested.

It was my opening... "Fine. I won't tell her IF you come inside and fuck me Ben."

Ben's face reddened and he looked flustered. Before he could say anything I pulled up my skirt, grabbed my panties by the sides and pulled them down and off my legs and over my heels. I handed them to Ben with a grin.

"Here. You can take the rest of my clothes off of me when we get to my bedroom."

Ben dropped my panties like they were radioactive squealing, "Kelly, I don't know what's going on here but THAT is NOT going to happen, clear?"

I turned and looked at him directly in the eyes. The words came out slow, soft and firm...

"Let me make THIS clear Ben. Either you come in and fuck me right NOW or I tell Ashley that you did."

"She'll never believe you," he protested lamely.

"Oh I wouldn't count on that," I responded, "She saw how you looked at me at the pool party and from the way she pushed me away from you I think she would believe most anything I tell her about me and you."

Ben looked totally flabbergasted. I almost felt sorry seeing the look of panic on his face but then at the same time I didn't. Nope, I knew what I wanted and when I wanted something I got it!

"So you're saying either I have sex with you now and you won't tell Ashley... or I don't have sex with you and you tell her we did it anyways."

Who says boys are all stupid? I smiled at him and nodded, not wanting to say anything that might change his way of thinking.

"I can't believe this is happening," he mumbled to himself as he turned to get out of the car. YES! Victory was mine!

Nobody was home of course as my dad never got in until at least six or seven from his downtown office and my mom's shift at the hospital wouldn't be over until six. I unlocked the front door and then shut it behind us once we were both in. From there I didn't waste any time and headed straight up the stairs and to my room where I plopped myself down on the bed, waiting eagerly for him to follow. Ben was pretty much right behind me so it wasn't like I waited long. There he was, standing at the entrance to my bedroom door looking all handsome and flustered.

"Get over here stud," I told him, waving him over towards me. There wasn't any point in wasting a lot of time with kissing and foreplay. Besides, he WAS my girlfriend's boyfriend so I wasn't out to treat him like he was mine. The only part I really wanted to kiss was hidden under those jeans!

"Now hold still silly," I chastised him as I tried to undo his belt but he pulled away. I reached forward and grabbed his pants by the waist and pulled him closer to me until I was able to get his belt undone and stared unzipping his fly. Once it was down I pushed his pants down to his ankles leaving him standing there in his grey boxer shorts. Hmmmmmm, I saw his male "lie detector" was betraying his earlier protests as it bulged out behind the cotton shorts. Soon his boxers followed his pants and there he stood, short still on with his boxers and pants down to his feet with his growing erection right there in front of me.

"So tell me Ben, has Ashley ever sucked your dick?" I asked him. Yeah, like I didn't already know the answer but I wanted to hear him say it.

"No," he practically choked getting out in a hoarse voice, "We promised each other we wouldn't have sex before marriage."

Grabbing his erection in my hand, I loved the feel of him. For that matter, I love the feel of any warm dick in my hands! In this case, knowing my hand was the first one to ever grab his cock in this manner made it extra special for me.

"You DO know that oral sex isn't really sex Ben," I told him, explaining to him my philosophy about sex in general.

Ben shook his head when I was done. "I don't think Ashley agrees with you."

Still holding his now stiff cock in my hand, I looked up and our eyes met. "I really don't care a bit what Ashley thinks, and from the way your dick feels in my hand I don't think you do either."

Ben started to protest but before he could I had his dick in my mouth. Normally when I give a blowjob I liked to play a little, running my tongue along the length and kissing and licking it all over. In this case though I didn't want to lose my fish by playing him too much so I simply plunged his dick into my mouth as far as I could until my face was buried in the thick patch of coarse pubic hair at its base. God he smelled so good! I love the musky smell of a boy when I suck his dick.

"Oh my god," Ben gasped as I deep throated his stiff dick.

Pulling me head off his dick, I looked up at him as I stroked him. "Now tell me Ben... do you really want me to stop?"

Poor Ben, he looked so helpless! "This is so wrong Kelly... we shouldn't be doing this."

Once again I took him in my mouth, this time bobbing up and down on his cock, running my tongue along the sensitive underside of his dick as I gently massaged his hairy balls in my hand. He jerked a little as I sucked on the head, running my tongue along the underside of his helmet and then teasing the slit at the tip. Again I pulled my mouth off of him and repeated my question.

"Do you still want me to stop Ben?"

My pussy twinged as I saw the look on his face that told me that I'd done it - I'd crushed his willpower and released his true urges and feelings!

"Oh god... no... please don't stop!"

"Then tell me Ben," I demanded, "I want you to tell me what you want me to do."

"Oh my god... I can't," he croaked.

"Tell me Ben... TELL ME!" I told him strongly, "Tell me now what you want. Tell me or I'll stop sucking your dick."

For a boy who had been protesting he didn't want me to do it in the first place, he'd certainly changed his tune! "I want..." he started to say and then hesitated but then continued, "I want you to do it."

"Do what Ben?" I demanded, not giving in an inch, "You waited too long so you have to beg me for it now."

"Suck it..., suck my dick Kelly," he said, almost like he was ready to burst into tears, "I want you to suck my dick."

I stroked his dick with my hand and smiled at him in victory. "See that wasn't so difficult now, was it? I knew you wanted it. I knew you wanted me to suck you when you looked at my ass at the pool, didn't you?"

He caved in totally at that point as my mouth encased his hard cock yet again. It was like a dam had broken inside and now it was all flowing out.

"Yes, I did... I wanted you to suck my cock.... I've wanted you to suck me for years, just like you do all the other guys at school."

And so I did, but not enough to make him cum. No... I had better plans for his first ejaculation with a girl and it wasn't going to be in my mouth! After a few minutes he was already starting to show all the signs of an impending eruption so I knew it was time...

"Undress me Ben," I instructed him and he quickly removed my clothes until I was bare ass naked in front of him. The remainder of his clothes followed and finally we were both totally naked in my bedroom.

"Do you like looking at me when I'm naked Ben?"

Ben nodded but that wasn't good enough for me.

"Don't just nod... tell me."

"Yes Kelly... you look incredible naked. Oh god help me... I've dreamed so many times of seeing you this way."

Then a question came to mind I couldn't resist asking.

"Do you masturbate about me Ben? Do you jerk off thinking about me?"

He looked embarrassed and so I had my answer. Still, I hadn't meant to ruin the moment so I added, "It's OK Ben, everyone masturbates - in fact I do every day. I think it's sexy that you masturbate about me."

Being it would be his first time I wanted to make it easier for him, not to mention to give him the prefect memory. So I decided we'd do it missionary style as most likely that was the way he'd probably imagined fucking me the most when he masturbated about me. I laid back on my bed with my head supported by a couple of pillows and spread my legs apart to give him a good view of my ready pussy, I started to rub myself, to wet my fingers.

"I'm ready for you Ben... now tell me what you want."

Thankfully we didn't have to go through the same series of responses that it took earlier to get Ben to admit he wanted me to suck his dick. No, he was ridiculously horny now and I knew that this was a case where the little head was in total control of the big head!

"Oh my god Kelly, I want to make love to you."

I couldn't help but smile. How quaint! Not even my dad would say he wanted to make love to me. No, daddy just wanted to fuck me and usually he made that pretty clear. I maybe should have corrected Ben as making love was something I considered to be reserved for between a husband and wife but why spoil the mood?

"Then do it Ben... do it."

Ben started to move in between my legs but then he hesitated and I knew he must be so nervous.

"It's your first time, isn't it Ben?" I asked gently.

Ben just nodded, looking a little embarrassed.

"Well, as I'm sure you know it's not mine so don't worry... I'll help you."

"I feel like such an idiot," Ben mumbled.

I reached down for his dick and took it in my hand and gently pulled him into my crotch.

"Don't worry Ben, it's not like you can do it wrong," I said with a smile. I positioned his dick with one hand while I opened my pussy with the other, setting the head of his dick at the entrance to my pussy.

"Now push Ben... push your hard dick into my pussy. Fuck me Ben!"

Ben pressed but it was like he was afraid to hurt me and his dick just pushed into me without going in.

"It won't go in!" he said worriedly.

"It's OK, just push harder, you can do it Ben. PUSH!"

Ben pressed into me harder and I could feel his dick flex in my hand as I tried to keep him on course. Then I gasped as I felt the most wonderful sensation when I felt him suddenly slip in, pushing in past the head and almost half-way up his shaft before he even seemed to realize what had happened.

"There! You did it!" I praised him... "You're fucking me Ben... oh god you feel so good inside of me!

For the moment he just held himself still in me, unsure of what do next.

"Keep pushing Ben... push it all the way in me."

Ben obediently followed my instructions until I was rewarded by the feel of him bottoming out, the base of his hairy cock now pressing in hard against my furry crotch. He fell forward, holding himself off of me with his elbows on each side of me, my small boobs pressing into his chest. For a short while we just stayed that way, joined together now as one, each of us savoring the loss of his virginity.

Oh Ben, I can feel you inside of me," I moaned softly. "You can suck on my nipples," I told him and he eagerly did so, gently at first but then more aggressively. In doing so his dick moved in and out of me slightly.

"That's it, stroke your dick in and out of me Ben."

Instinct seemed to take over as Ben began to fuck me in earnest.

"Faster Ben... fuck me harder!"

"Oh god, I think I'm going to cum!" Ben cried out. Oh well, what else could I have expected for his first time? It was probably pretty amazing that he hadn't cum the first moment he was in my pussy as some girls have told me happened with them. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him in tight as he seemed to want to pull out.

"Cum in me Ben... I want you to cum inside of me!"

Ben seemed to panic at that. "But what if you get pregnant?"

"Don't worry... I'm on the pill."

It's not like he was going to argue with me as suddenly I felt him drive himself deep inside of me and then start to jerk, signaling that he was ejaculating inside of me.

"That's it Ben... cum in me... mate me... give me your love," I groaned as I felt him jerking, knowing that each time he did another rope of his potent teen sperm was being deposited deep inside of my welcoming pussy.

"Oh god Kelly I love you!" he cried out as the final streams of sperm emerged from his cock.

To this day I have no idea if he remembers telling me that as we never mentioned it afterwards or any time since. I took it as being in the heat of the moment, not as a true testimony of his feelings for me. After all, he was having sex for the first time, doing what he'd always considered to be reserved for the woman he loves and I imagined that whenever he masturbated about fucking Ashley he most likely did so saying he loved her. The fact it was me with his dick inside of my pussy instead of Ashley didn't mean that those feelings were for anyone but her.

With that he collapsed, barely able to hold his full weight off of me. I could feel his still hard dick buried inside of me like a hot poker, throbbing with his lust. For a brief moment I thought of my friend Ashley. Imagine if she appeared at my door at this moment! Imagine what she would say if she saw her boyfriend's dick lodged in my pussy, his sperm running down out of me past my asshole and dripping onto my bed cover. I felt fulfilled, sexy, satisfied. I done it! I'd taken Ben's virginity, something he can never give to anyone again. No matter what her did from this day forward, no matter who we was with, he would always know that I was his first, even if she didn't. Even better, I had something Ashley would never get.

Not surprisingly, at his age he was ready to go again almost immediately and this time he didn't hesitate. I helped him get into a couple of different positions and when he came the next time it was fucking me behind in a doggie position so he was really able to bury himself deeper inside of me when he came. What surprised me was afterwards as we laid in bed, facing each other and holding the other in our arms. I'd sucked his cock and he'd cum in me twice yet it wasn't until this moment that we kissed for the first time. Not a word was spoken as we kissed and our tongues explored each other's mouth. He kissed the backs of my ears, then my neck and finally down to my boobs were he squeezed my breasts and sucked on my nipples for what seemed to be forever.

We kissed a little while more and then it was like it was the most perfectly natural thing to do as he mounted me yet again and we merged together as one for a third time. This time was different, as if we'd been doing it for months instead of just the past couple of hours. It was almost like we actually did make love it was so sweet and tender. When he finally came it was the best of the three times by far as we kissed and whispered to each other how we felt. Yes, the "love" word was used frequently but then we were in the heat of passion as much as any two lovers would ever be so it was only natural.

We may have done it yet again had not my dad come home from work. Wow, of all days for him to be early! Ben and I were laying in my bed pressing our naked sweaty bodies tight together, kissing and touching when I heard the door from the basement open (it squeaks horribly) and knew my dad was home. I was tempted not to say anything and let him discover us in bed together but as much as I knew my dad would get off from it, poor Ben would likely be scarred for life!

"Ben... my dad's home, you need to go."

Wow, talk about getting dressed fast! I mean it was like less than a minute and Ben was ready to go.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" he asked as he headed for the door and then finally realized I was still laying on my bed nude.

I suppose I COULD have told him the truth, that there wasn't any sense getting dressed since once I told my dad what I'd been doing he'd probably be so horny that he'd want to do me right then and there. Common sense prevailed so I made up some story about having to shower first so Ben started to leave but then he turned back and rushed over to me, leaning over me to kiss me.

"Thanks you Kelly... that was... wonderful!"

With that he left. Knowing my dad, he probably just smiled at Ben IF they crossed paths but Ben would be heading straight out the front door so odds were they didn't even see each other. I laid back in bed, legs spread lewdly apart, smiling to myself as I fingered my now sperm-filled pussy, waiting for my daddy to come to my room as he always did when he got home.

## 4. Never Too Late For a First Time

That was the first... and LAST time Ben and I even were together by ourselves, let alone having sex again. Not that it was by HIS choice. Indeed, he flooded me with calls begging for a chance to be with me again. Still, I had no desire to interfere with what he and my girlfriend had so I refused every plea and turned down every request until finally he realized it was pointless and stopped pestering me. Still, for years whenever we met I saw the look in his eye and knew what he was thinking. He might have been holding hands with Ashley but it was ME he desired.

Of course I never said a word to Ashley. I might have felt a twinge of guilt keeping it a secret from her at first but that wore off over the years. A few months after our high school graduation I was thrilled to be asked to be a bridesmaid in their wedding. I have to admit that as I watched them exchange their vows I felt a little tug at my heart (and pussy) knowing the bond I shared with her new husband. Still, I suppose if the Ashley Madison thing had never happened I would've never given it much thought. It wasn't until she made a point of saying that Ben had been a virgin when they were married that I found myself having problems keeping those feelings and memories at bay.

It was maybe a week later when I got an urgent call from Ashley. She said she had to see me right away so I packed up the girls and headed over to their house as fast as I could. Ashley met us at the door and quickly ushered us in and to the kitchen. Her oldest daughters was kind enough to take my girls into the play room leaving her mom and me alone. I couldn't help but notice how her little but was starting to take shape and was reminded of the remarks my husband had made the last time he'd seen her. Wow, imagine what Ashley would have said had she known my husband got off from imagining fucking her daughters?

No sooner were we alone than Ashley broke down into tears. "Oh Kelly, I should have listened to you," she sobbed.

I wasn't 100% sure what she was talking about so I sat there patiently waiting for her to continue.

"I did it... I did exactly what you warned me NOT to do," she cried, "I confronted him... I told him I had to know."

Now that I knew for sure what she was talking about I couldn't help but wonder. Oh wow, NOW what had she done?

"He said that he loves me but he needs more. He told me that he wants to have a threesome... He wants me to find another girl to join us in bed. Oh my god Kelly, what am I going to do? There's just no way I can do that! No way!"

This was going way too fast... to even hear Ashley talking about a threesome was a little mind blowing as so far as she was concerned, sex was supposed to be between one man and one woman - period. Nothing premarital, no swapping, definitely nothing gay or lesbian.

"This is Ben we're talking about... your husband Ben right?"

I meant it to be a little in jest, to slow her down and pause for a moment to put things in perspective but unfortunately she was too wound up to see it that way.

"Really Kelly? I thought if anyone would understand my situation that you would. Thanks, I thought you were my friend."

She was wound up like spring so I didn't take her retort as anything personal. Obviously this was a major problem for her and she was right, if there WAS anyone who could understand her situation it was me - for a lot of reasons she didn't even know about.

What as making it difficult for her was that the one area where Ashley and I were in agreement was when it came to the biblical authority of a husband over his wife. Like me, Ashley subscribes to the belief that a wife must submit to her husband, although in my case I pretty much restrict that to sexual situations whereas I knew Ashley applied it across the board. Granted, in a Christian marriage there's also a requirement for the husband to love his wife and treat her properly - the part most people forget about when they use the Bible to rationalize their non-biblical views of female submission. So like the situation Ashley was facing now, I too have had to deal with situations in my marriage where I had to reconcile some rather firm beliefs and ethics with the demands of my husband. Of course there are lines that I could never cross, no different than when my mom was forced to divorce my dad because of things he was demanding that she simply could not compromise on. Fortunately I've not found myself in such a predicament as I've always found a way to "adjust" my morals and ethics to where I could agree to my husband's needs while still not living up to my most basic ethical and moral standards.

concerned. Still, I could still relate emotionally so yes, I WAS the best friend she had in terms of dealing with the problem she was facing.

"So what about it bothers you the most?" I asked, "Seeing your husband having sex with another woman or you having sex with a girl?"

No doubt to Ashley there wasn't a real answer as she would have said both if she could but I wasn't taking that for an answer. Better to deal with the most pressing concern and then hopefully the other wouldn't seem so bad.

"I don't know Kelly... I really don't. The idea of Ben even having sex with anyone else kills me but to have to WATCH? I'm not sure I can do that." She paused as if to collect her thoughts and I waited patiently for her to continue. "As for me with another girl... that's just gross. I can't even imagine kissing another girl, let alone doing anything else."

She'd been staring at her hands, wringing them on the table as she spoke but when she finished she looked up at me and he cheeks reddened.

"Oh my God, I'm sorry Kelly. I didn't mean to say anything about what you do."

I just smiled, actually more amused than anything else. Of course Ashley knew about a lot about my sexual preferences and even that Steve and I swapped now and then. Back when we had sleepovers I would kiss the other girls but Ashley could never bring herself to do it, no matter how crushing the dare. When we would masturbate together she would pretend to be asleep, not even willing to watch us, let alone join in.

I pressed her hand in mine and assured her that I understood and didn't take it personally. After all, everyone has their sexual morals and beliefs so who was I to judge hers? At the same time I appreciated that she didn't judge me for mine.

Ashley looked relieved by then asked, "But how do you do it Kelly? How can you even kiss another woman, let along down there? Like I feel so embarrassed when Ben puts his mouth on me there, I can't even imagine how it would be to have a woman doing that."

Hmmm, maybe this was the opening I'd been looking for...

"You mean you don't cum when Ben eats your pussy?"

Her eyes dropped again and cheeks reddened even more. I realized my language was a bit more direct than perhaps she was used to hearing but it was time to get it all out on the table - no mincing of words.

"I've never had an orgasm."

Her voice was so low that I barely heard it when she said it so I wasn't sure I'd heard her right yet what else could she have said?

"You've NEVER had an orgasm?" I asked, trying to keep the incredulous tone from my voice but only partially successful. "What about when you masturbate... don't you cum then?"

"I've don't masturbate," she said in the same soft voice, "I never have."

Oh wow, not THIS I wasn't ready for. Yes, I've known girls who have claimed not to masturbate but frankly I don't believe the vast majority of them. I had a roommate back in my college days who never masturbated but that was because she considered masturbation to be "sex" and sex was reserved for marriage so I've assumed that once she got married she started masturbating. But to go your whole life and not do it even once? It was almost too much to believe. Heck, if I went one day without doing it I was feeling edgy and horny, let alone go for years.

"Does Ben masturbate?" I asked, stalling more than asking a question but it was the first thing that came to mind.

"I've caught him a few times with porn," she answered softly, like she was embarrassed to admit it. The tone of her response didn't bode well for what had happened when she "caught" her husband jerking off. From the sounds of things he felt it necessary to hide it from her and most likely it was a good thing he did.

"And so I take it that you don't approve when he jerks off?"

Ashley rolled her eyes at that one. "Kelly, if your husband's going to have a sexual fantasy about another woman to the point he's stimulated by the thought of having sex with her, isn't that the same as cheating with her?"

From past experience I knew that it was an argument that couldn't be won by either side so I didn't take the bait.

"You DO realize that almost all men masturbate... and most women, don't you?" I asked carefully.

"Whatever... That doesn't make it right," she protested.

OK... Time to move on...

"So why do you think you've never had an orgasm?" I asked, trying to shift the discussion.

Ashley answered surprisingly quickly. "Well, Ben claims I'm frigid. At least that's what he accused me of being when I confronted him about his cheating."

There it was again - "cheating". Poor ben, he hadn't done anything yet he was being labeled for cheating on his wife. It made me think about something so I asked, "Tell me Ashley... do you enjoy sex?"

She huffed and pointed out the kitchen door. "Three kids... doesn't that tell you anything?"

I shrugged and replied, "Not really to be frank. It just tells me you were willing to do whatever it took to have them, not that you enjoyed the process."

"Sex is soooooo dirty, I don't know how people can enjoy it," she practically spit the words out, "Sorry, I know you obviously feel differently but that's how I feel about it."

So cool... since I was about to embark on a career change from being a school teacher to s sexual counselor, this was turning into quite a practical lesson for me!

"I imagine it was your mother who taught you that sex was dirty?"

"Yes, she told me that sex outside of marriage was for whores and perverts. She said that women who touch themselves are dirty and bad."

Oh my God, it was like I'd gone through a time warp back to medieval times!

"So why haven't you ever told me any of this Ashley? You know how I feel about sex."

Ashly shrugged. "I don't know, I like you and I wanted to be your friend so I thought if we just didn't talk about it then I'd be OK with whatever you do - just so long as I didn't have to be involved."

"And now you feel you're involved? Is that the problem?"

"Well, I AM!" she whined. "This was never supposed to happen to me. I've always a good girl."

I looked her in the eyes and smiled saying, "You know Ashley, accepting God's gifts and enjoying them doesn't make you a bad person. C'mon, just look at you, you're pretty, sexy and overall one really hot babe. I've never told you this but I've always been turned on by you?"

She rolled her eyes and looked at me funny. "So you get turned on by another girl?"

I smiled again. "Sure, why not? After all, who knows better how to please a woman than another woman? I bet I could make you feel better than you ever have with a man." I paused for that to sink in a little and added, "And I'd love to prove it to you."

Ashley blushed and broke her eyes away from mine to stare at her hands which she now had clasped in front of her on the table. We were alone, the kids were all occupied, so I figured after all this if I didn't do something now then the moment may never come again. So I stood up and walked over to her and took her head in my hands, running my fingers through her long hair. She looked up at me, her eyes wide as who knew what conflicting thoughts must be going through her head right now.

"You're so beautiful Ashley... so sexy," I whispered and then I leaned over and kissed her gently on the mouth. Her lips stayed tight together and she didn't move a muscle at first but then she pushed me away.

"Kelly! What are you doing?" she gasped.

"What I've always wanted to do Ashley... don't fight it," I whispered softly as I pushed her hands to the side and kissed her again. This time she didn't fight back, at least not so quickly but at the same time she didn't react positively either. I parted my lips and my tongue touched her mouth which caused her to jump. She broke her hands free and pushed me away again.

"I can't do this," she said in a panicked voice, "This is so wrong."

"Just close your eyes and relax," I said soothingly, trying not to rush her yet at the same time not leave her too much time to think any more about it. Again I kissed her and this time I quickly pushed my tongue against her mouth. I held her hands down as I enjoyed the sweet taste of her lips. Finally I felt her arms relax just a little and the stiffness of her lips soften, allowing me to press my tongue deeper between her lips. Glancing at her eyes I saw they were tightly shut and then I felt the tips of her tongue reaching out for mine. I was SOOOOO turned on, my pussy was so wet it felt like I'd wet myself!

"Mom!" I heard her oldest daughter calling out. Ashley practically leaped from the chair, pushing me firmly back looking like a deer in the headlights.

"Oh my God!" she blurted out.

"It's OK, they're in the bedroom," I assured her.

Ashley went running out of the kitchen to see what was going on, leaving me standing there feeling horny as hell. She was back in less than a minute.

"Kids!" she huffed. Then she turned to me with her face still red, "Oh my God Kelly, what if they'd caught us?"

"Then let's go to your room," I suggested. Implicit in my offer of course was that we would continue where we'd left off. At this point I figured it was a 50-50 chance she'd agree, at best, so I was pleasantly surprised when she twisted her face a little and then nodded her head.

## 5. Ashley and I Do It

Once in the bedroom, she closed the door and I saw that she made sure it was locked. It wouldn't have bothered me for my daughter to see us but hers were older and no doubt would have been quite shocked to see their conservative mom kissing another mom!

"This is crazy," she muttered as she paced the room.

I sat on the bed and watched her having a mild fit and then offered, "Tell you what, why don't we pretend it's the first time we all get together and Ben is sitting there by the window watching us. You know what he wants to see... what ALL men want to see."

Ashley just nodded, probably not at the point yet where she was willing to articulate those desires.

"So let's give Ben a show, what do you say?"

She stopped her pacing and looked to where I was patting the bed next to me. I saw her take a long deep breath and without a word she sat on the bed about a foot away from me.

"Don't think of this as you and me having sex," I said, trying to find a way to make her feel less inhibited as if THAT was possible. "Do it for your husband. You're his wife and you know that you have to submit to him so do it for him. Just imagine he's standing right over there watching us."

She didn't seem all that convinced yet at the same time she seemed to be maybe just a little less tense although that was a totally relative comparison.

"Close your eyes and kiss me Ashley," I said gently, "Do it for Ben."

This time I wanted HER to be the one to initiate the kiss, to take the first step herself and not just follow my lead. I knew Ben would be even more turned on to see his wife wanting another woman than to have her appear as if she was being forced to do something she didn't want to do.

Ashley moved over closer to me, closed her eyes and leaned over to press her lips to mine.

"Put your arms around me," I encouraged her before we got started too far.

Ashley hesitantly put her arms around me, not really hugging me tight but more like you would hug your favorite aunt. It was better than nothing so I was pleased she was at least willing to go that far. In response I put mine around her as well with my lower hand just above her hip.

"That's it... relax," I whispered soothingly as I pulled her in tighter to me, my tongue now pressing against her pursed lips. Finally they parted and I felt my tongue slip between her lips into her mouth where I was rewarded by the feel of hers reaching out to meet mine.

We kissed like that for a while as my fingers ran through her hair. Reaching with one hand, I pressed my palm against her breast through her blouse and felt her stiffen.

"It's OK," I assured her as I squeezed her breast gently. Her boobs must have been at least a D cup and my hand couldn't even begin to cover her but I could feel the outline of her nipple even through her bra. Slowly I unbuttoned her blouse until I was able to reach inside and trace my fingertips over the top of the swell of her bosom. I smiled as I thought of how many times a boy had made similar moves with me and now here I was, playing the part of the aggressor!

"Your breasts are so beautiful Ashley," I whispered in a husky voice as we maintained our kiss while I lifted the bottom of the cups up and over her boobs. I could feel the hardness of her nipples under my fingers as I gently ran my fingertips over he now exposed boobs.

Ashley wasn't saying a word but I could feel her breathing quicken as I pinched her nipples gently. Her boobs weren't as firm as they'd been back in high school but after three kids and over thirty years they weren't exactly sagging either.

"Your turn," I encouraged her. She seemed to hesitate and then she pulled away from me, licking her lips a little. I still had my hand cupping her boob as she looked down with curiously. I leaned back, hands to my side now as I waited for her. Just as I was starting to wonder if she'd lost her nerve, she reached out with both hands and lifted my tank top up and over my head, exposing my breasts as I hadn't been wearing a bra. For whatever reason that seemed to amuse her.

"Something funny?" I couldn't help but ask.

Ashley shook her head but she was still smiling. Then she asked, "Something I've always wondered Kelly... do you even OWN a bra? I can't ever remember seeing you wear one, even at church."

There wasn't any need for me to answer and we both giggled a little which seemed to let some of the tension release from her. I reached out, took her hands, and placed them on my boobs. Mine were smaller, barely a C cup but I felt a little pride in that mine were still perky enough to allow me to get away without the confinement of a bra.

"Ever touch another girl's boobs?" I asked her. Of course I knew the answer but I was trying to get her more comfortable.

Ashley's eyes widened as she clumsily fondled mine. "Oh no... never!"

"Just pretend you're touching yours," I offered but then remembered that she claimed to never have masturbated. Well, I'm sure that didn't mean she'd never explored her own body a little.

Ashley fondled me a little but seemed unsure of herself so I leaned into her and we kissed again. This time I scooted in close to her and with our arms around the other we pressed in tightly until our exposed breasts pressed against each other's.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked softly, twisting my upper torso to rub our nipples together.

"A little," was all she was going to admit but I noticed she was responding just a little herself.

"Lay back," I told her, "Let's give Ben more to watch."

She leaned back with her legs still hanging over the edge of her bed, her large boobs draping themselves to each side until she covered herself with her hands as best as she could. I laid next to her and pushed her hands away.

"Don't cover yourself," I said, "You look so beautiful."

With that I leaned over and took her nipple in my mouth. I don't think she had been expecting that, at least not at that moment and I felt her shiver under my lips. Not wanting to giver he time to react, I suckled on Ashley's breasts like a newborn baby, enjoying the feel of my tongue over her warm smooth skin and hardened nipple.

"Oh Kelly," she moaned softly.

Keeping my mouth on her boob, I started to loosen her jeans, unbuttoning the top after which she put her hand over mine as if trying to stop me.

"Remember... Ben's watching, this is for your husband," I reminded her, "You don't want him to think you're not enjoying it."

She didn't pull her hand away but she did loosen her grip allowing me to unzip and open her jeans. I reached in and slip my fingers under her panties until I felt the start of her pussy hairline. I immediately could tell she wasn't shaving! My fingers ran through her thick pubic hair until I pressed them between her thighs which she still had clasped tight together.

"Move onto the bed," I told her, pulling my hand out to allow her to do so. Ashley seemed to be in a trance, not saying anything yet doing as I instructed. I stood up by the bed and grabbed her jeans on each hip and started to work them down. While she didn't say anything, I was pleased to notice she was lifting up her bottom to allow me to more easily remove them!

With her jeans off, next was the panties and before I think she even quite realized it, Ashley was laying naked on her bed before me, her eyes closed tightly as if by not seeing she was naked it was like she really wasn't.

"Oh my god Ashley... you look so pretty," I praised her, running my hands over her nude form from her boobs down to her hips and over her upper thighs. Each time I worked my way a little more between her thighs until finally I was pressing my hand to her furry crotch with the long black pubic hair. She obviously trimmed the edges for her swimsuit but that seemed to be about the extent of it when it came to pubic hair maintenance. I smiled as it reminded me of my mom and her pussy.

Ashley opened her eyes and she looked panicked. "Kelly, I don't know if I can do this anymore."

I just smiled at her as I stripped off my shorts. Of course I wasn't wearing panties - I wear them even less than I do bras! So now we were both naked in her room.

"You can do it Ashley... you can do it for your husband."

She just closed her eyes again, as if trying to shut out what was happening but at least she wasn't stopping me from doing anything. I stood at the edge of the bed and leaned over her nude form, this time though instead of using my fingers I used my lips and tongue up and down her nakedness. I couldn't help but notice the odor of her pussy as my face passed by her crotch. God she smelled so good!

Kissing her thigh, I gently pressed her legs apart and looked upward towards her crotch where her pussy lay hidden beneath all that pubic hair. With my fingers I parted her hair until her pussy was exposed and I was pleased to see it looked to be a little wet even! A touch of my finger on her confirmed the diagnosis. Climbing on the bed, I kneeled between her legs and ran my hands up and down her thighs, concentrating on the sensitive smooth inner skin. It was now or never so I kissed her belly right below her belly button and felt her squirm underneath as I tickled her with my tongue. Slowly I worked my way down until I felt her pubic hair against my face and then I finally felt my tongue on her pussy slit and tasted her. Oh yes!

"Kelly!" she blurted out. I wasn't sure if she was trying to stop me or encourage and indeed, I wouldn't have been surprised if it had been a little of both. I paid no attention and started to eat her pussy, running my tongue up and down her slit and then I pressed my forefinger inside of her, penetrating her pussy like a small dick.

"Kelly!!" she blurted out even more urgently this time but this time I think it was more out of pleasure than worry.

As I ate Ashley's pussy and played with it with my mouth and one hand, I started top masturbate myself with the other. Damn I was so fucking horny! I found myself wishing that Ben WAS watching us so that he could fuck me like I needed to be fucked so badly at this moment.

Ashley was bucking now under me, her butt lifting off the bed and dropping back again. Looking up, I was thrilled to see that even without me encouraging her she was holding her boobs, rubbing them and playing with her nipples.

"Oh my God Kelly... what are you doing to me?" she gasped as her hips lifted up and she held herself there as I buried my face into her, pressing my tongue up into her swollen pussy as my nose pressed in against her clit. "Oh my god!"

Ashley's first orgasm burst out and she moaned and sighed to where I was afraid her daughters might hear and had they been standing outside the door, odds were they would have. There was no reason to think they would be so I felt pretty safe and besides, they weren't MY daughters!

Ashley grabbed my head and pressed in down tight into her pussy as if she didn't want me to ever stop what I was doing. Seeing as how I'd been experiencing this since I was a preteen, I couldn't even imagine what it must be like to have your first orgasm when you're in your thirties!

Then just as suddenly as it had struck her, she collapsed and laid back in the bed almost lifeless, her body convulsing slightly every now and then as the aftershocks of her first orgasm struck. I moved to her side and laid next to her, pressing my nude body against hers with my leg draped over hers so my pussy was pressing up against her hip. Caressing her face, I kissed her.

"Oh!" she uttered as she recoiled and I realized that she must be tasting her own pussy for the first time on my face as we kissed. I know some girls who claim to not like the taste of their pussy but I'm certainly not one of them!

"It's just you Ashley," I assured her, "enjoy it."

We kissed again, this time without her pulling away.

"Oh my god Kelly, what happened to me?" she finally sighed as she opened her eyes and looked into mine.

I just smiled and pressed my pussy in harder against her, humping her slightly. "Welcome to the club Ashley. You just had your first orgasm."

"I never knew I could feel that way," she muttered in a soft tone.

"Well, now that you DO, you know how to make it happen again," I reminded her.

That drew a response from her. "Oh now... I could never do that - not to myself."

I chuckled a little and humped her a little harder, feeling her hip bone rubbing against my clit. "I seem to recall someone telling me they could never imagine a girl eating her pussy."

"Touch,," Ashley answered, a sly grin now on her face.

"You know, I bet nothing would turn ben on more tonight than watching you make yourself cum in front of him."

Ashley stared at me, not saying anything but I could see the questioning in her eyes.

"Oh yeah," I assured her, "Men LOVE watching girls masturbate. Didn't you see any of that stuff when you were checking on Ben?"

"Well yeah but that's porn," she finally responded.

"True... and that's what turns men or else why would they show it?"

She seemed to accept that but she didn't really say whether or not she would do it. Well, time would tell.

God I was horny! If I couldn't get fucked, the least Ashley could do was return the favor! I was about to suggest that very thing when there was a knock on the door.

"Mom? Are you in there?"

It was her daughter again. God, talk about timing!

"Oh my god!" Ashley cursed under her breath as she bolted upright in bed. She quickly gathered her clothes and started to dress.

"Get dressed Kelly!" she urged me.

I had less to put back on so I was finished by the time she was, even granting her a head start. The room must have smelled of sex, something I wondered if Ashley had considered.

"Any air freshener?"

Obviously she had NOT considered it but when I asked about the air freshener the look on her face told me she was now. Her eyes practically bulged out of her face and she looked around desperately before finally grabbing some perfume and sprinkling it around in lieu of anything else.

"Mom?" the voice outside the door grew more urgent as the door knob turned, "What are you guys doing in there? Why is the door locked?"

Ashley unlocked the door and outside all the kids were lined up in a row and promptly came into the bedroom in single file.

"It smells in here," her youngest daughter said, wrinkling her nose.

"Geeze mom, enough perfume?" the twelve year-old said in that classic tween condescending tone. Well, at least she wasn't asking why it smelled like two people had been having sex.

"Are you OK mom?" the older one asked, noticing the red flushness of Ashley's face.

"I'm fine, now you guys get out of here and we can have some snacks in the kitchen, ok?" Ashley replied, scurrying them out of the room before it got any more awkward.

"Next time Ben will be watching," I reminded her with a grin.

Ashley started to protest but then she just shook her head. I couldn't quite be sure if she was saying no or just amazed at what all had just happened. I could still taste her pussy on my tongue and lips. Yep, personally I was rooting for the latter!

# (Sep 13) Chapter 275: Ashley Madison 2

Story codes: MF FF MFF inc father daughter adultery
Me (30)
John - my dad (50)
Ashley - girlfriend
Ben - Ashley's husband

It was only a couple of weeks ago that my friend Ashley confided in me that her husband had been one of the men "outed" in the Ashley Madison debacle. One of the things she learned about her husband were his fantasies of having a threesome with her and another woman. Until then she had never even been with another man, let alone a woman, so she came to me for advice. So now she's been with a woman but the question remained, could she muster up the courage to allow her husband to realize his fantasy?

## 1. First Times

First of all, if you haven't read my diary entry from 2015 (Aug 29) Chapter 274: Ashley Madison 1, I'd advice starting there as I'm not going to repeat everything. So here's a BRIEF summary to serve as a reminder for those who did read it...

Ashley and Ben are two friends of mine going back to our grade school days. While we're quite different in many ways, particular when it comes to sex, Ashley and I just seem to click and we each respect the other's convictions and lifestyle choices, even if we don't necessarily agree with them. For instance, Ashley was a virgin when she got married whereas I'd lost mine when I was fourteen and had sex with literally hundreds of men prior to being married - ironically to the same guy who took my virginity (talk about going full circle!). My husband's sexual resume, while not as extensive as mine, was pretty impressive but so far as Ashley knew, Ben had also been a virgin when they took their vows. What she didn't know was that he and I had sex once back in high school - something I never intended to ever tell her. While I'm not what I would call a lesbian, I do enjoy sex with women while Ashley had never even kissed a girl. Steve and I enjoy swapping and mixing it up but neither Ashley or Ben have never been with another partner since their marriage day.

I found it rather ironic therefore when Ashley came to me seeking advice after finding out her husband had been a member of Ashley Madison. What I mean is that although I had found out my husband was a member, it would have been no big deal yet he wasn't. Yet in Ashley's case, where it WAS a big deal to her, her husband was a paying member.

When Ashley confronted Ben, he admitted his membership but claimed it was just something he did on line and had never actually met anyone. Ashley believed him, just as I would have. While Ben and I shared something we could never totally put aside, it wasn't something we ever discussed or even mentioned. Fortunately for him, being a man his wife didn't know that he wasn't really a virgin on his wedding night but seeing as how it was just a one-time thing with a girl back in high school, I'd have to say he was pretty much a virgin in spirit!

The biggest issue for Ashley was Ben's confession that he'd always fantasized about having another woman join them for sex. For Ashley, I'm not sure which part of that bothered her the most - her husband wanting to have sex with another woman or him wanted to watch HER having sex with another woman!

Long story short (again, see my diary entry for the details) Ashley and I had sex in her bedroom while our daughters played outside. I only mention our daughters since while they had NO idea what their mothers were doing, they DID interfere by knocking on the door before we'd done everything I'd hoped we'd do but the important thing was that Ashley had crossed the line - two lines in fact. First, she had sex with a girl for the first time and in doing so, in her mind she technically had sex with someone other than her husband which was adulterous. Personally, I would disagree with the adultery thing as unless a cock other than your husband's penetrates your vagina without your husband's permission and/or acceptance, it's NOT adultery but then as I mentioned earlier, Ashley and I have our own views on things and I respect her beliefs.

So now the question was... what next?

## 2. Making Arrangements

For me, the "What's next?" question was easy - tell me husband. While Steve and I don't necessarily share every sexual experience we have when apart, I do try to keep him up to date on what I think are the more important events. For instance, a simple blowjob at a store or even a quickie for lunch with a friend isn't all that exciting to talk about but I knew Steve would get off hearing about me and Ashley doing it for the first time. Indeed, I knew Steve had a thing for her and had she and Ben been receptive I'm sure he would have had no problem trading wives with Ben for a night! But like me, Steve respects other people's morals and lifestyles and it's not like we had to have sex with EVERY couple we were friends with to enjoy being with them.

Of course Steve was excited to listen to me tell him all the details. He came practically as soon as he started fucking me after I'd finished which was a little more troublesome these days as recovery time now that he was in his thirties wasn't quite the same as back in his teenager days when it was like he could fuck me over and over again without a break. Yet the time in between allowed us to talk more about the two of them and of course his initial reaction was to ask why it couldn't be a foursome. I tried to explain to him that this was just a "fantasy come true" thing, not like Ben was looking to open up their marriage or anything like that. I had no doubt that IF it ever happened it would be a one-time thing, much like when I have sex with cheating husbands who need to have that adulterous episode they always dreamed of but once it was over, it was over. I have to give Steve credit though, he tried every which way to find an angle including offering to hide a video cam so he could watch if they wouldn't allow him to do so in person but I finally convinced him that he would have to be satisfied with my recounting of the day afterwards.

So while breaking the news to MY husband was easy, I had to wonder what was happening between Ashley and Ben. Oh sure she had SAID she was going to propose something to him but I had to admit I had my doubts as to whether she could go through with it. We met for lunch again later the following week and she turned so red when I even brought up the subject that I dropped it and we never said another word about Ben, let alone what had happened between us the week before.

The day after Labor Day I ran across Ashley at the store and we took a break at Starbucks. It was just us, no kids this time, so we didn't have to worry about little ears overhearing our discussion. Not that they would have likely understood anything although her oldest was twelve now and might have questioned a few things. At first we just chatted as usual but finally I knew one of us had to bring up the elephant in the room and it certainly didn't appear it would be her.

"So Ashley, have you talked to Ben yet?" I finally had to ask.

Poor Ashley's face turned bright red which could have gone either way. Then she nodded which actually surprised me as I would have given odds she had chickened out.

"I hope you're not embarrassed about what we did," I said trying to smile sweetly.

After a moment's hesitation she answered, "I still don't know quite HOW I'm supposed to feel about that."

I grinned at her saying, "Well, I know how I do... I loved it."

"Well sure YOU did," she said a little sullenly, "But I'm not a slut."

If we hadn't been such close friends I might have taken that in the wrong way but I knew what she intended to say, even if it had come out rather snarky.

"We'll just have to keep working on that problem," I teased her and she just rolled her eyes in a "whatever" expression. "So have you talked to Ben or not?"

Ashley heaved a bit of a sigh and replied, "Actually I did. Yeah, I know that surprises you but we talked about it over the weekend - it took me all week to get up the nerve. So anyways... he seems thrilled - even more so when I told him it would be with you."

"Oh really?" I commented, trying not to look TOO pleased.

Ashley frowned. "Yeah... not so sure how to take that to be honest. Maybe a little TOO thrilled if you know what I mean."

"Well I'm sure it really wasn't anything to do with me so much as he's excited about doing it with you," I jumped in, not wanting the conversation to go off in any direction where she might suspect that Ben and I had anything but a chaste history.

"I don't know," she said slowly, looking at me with what might have been a little suspicion but then it may have just been my guilty conscience. "Now it's all he talks about when we're alone... Kelly, Kelly, Kelly."

"Did you tell him about last week?" I asked, curious more than ever to know.

Ashley's eyes widened and she shook her head. "Hell no," she replied quickly. For her to use a rare profanity just emphasized how she felt about it. "I'll never tell him. It's bad enough to talk to him about this as it is."

We paused for a few minutes to eat some lunch and then she put her fork down and looked me in the eyes.

"So how do you do this sort of thing anyways?" she asked, "I mean, I don't even know how to get started."

I reached over and took her hand in mind and gently gave it a squeeze. "Tell you what... leave everything to me. You just get someone to take care of the kids Sunday afternoon and I'll come over right after church is done."

For a moment I thought maybe I'd pushed a little too hard in suggesting a date so close but then she seemed to relax. "What do I wear then?"

"Well, you guys always go to church, right?" I asked although of course I knew the answer since I saw her and her family there every week. She nodded and so I continued, "So let's both just wear out church outfits. I bet that turns on Ben even more than if we were in lingerie."

It was obvious she hadn't been thinking along those lines but then she wasn't as experienced as me when it comes to such things. It's the taking of innocence that turns men on so what better than to have us dressed in the same outfits we'd just worn to church?

"Well, if you say so," she answered although not too confidently. So we were set, or least for the moment. I still wasn't ready to make any major bets on Ashley carrying out this plan. Something told me she'd chicken out, even at the last minute. As much as I loved my friend, I knew our little adventure the previous week had only taken place because I caught her off guard. Now she was going to have plenty of time to think about things so would she really be able to do it?

## 3. Getting Ready

There were several reasons I suggested Sunday afternoon. First and foremost, Steve's schedule would have him home for the afternoon so I was appointing him the babysitter for our two girls. I wasn't sure what Ashley would do with hers as it wasn't like we could just lock them out of the bedroom this time. Oh well, that was her problem to figure out I guess. Then too, I guess I thought it would add a little spice to add the church element given how religious I knew Ashley was. While I'd like to think I am just as "religious" as she is in terms of our faith and commitment, she is much more narrow minded in her interpretations of the Bible and such so doing this on a Sunday right after the service just seemed the right thing to do.

The only person NOT excited was my poor husband who was stuck with babysitting chores while his wife was out having a good time. Oh well, not that I felt particularly guilty about that. There are a LOT more times when I'm the one keeping an eye on the kids while Steve goes out alone or with my aunt to some party so it

dressed or in the bathroom in which case I might get undressed and have "normal" sex in bed. It didn't really matter to me as it was all for him. As his daughter I had a biblical duty to honor my father and submit to his so however he wanted to fuck me was just fine with me so long as he did.

"Hi daddy!" I returned my greeting, putting my arms around him as he pulled me in tight with his hands on my ass. We kissed for a few moments, his tongue and mine each exploring the other. AS we did he worked my skirt up over my butt and I felt his large hands cupping my bare ass.

"No panties, that's my girl!" he said approvingly. Well duh, of course I didn't have any panties on - when DID I?" The same with a bra although I sometimes would wearing both if I had a new outfit to show off. Still, most every time I went over on Sunday morning I made it a point to leave my underwear at home. Even if I DID wear it there, it was a pretty safe bet it never made it to church!

"Sorry I'm a little late," I apologized as he started to feel me up.

"No problem... I'm ready to go!" he reassured me. Reaching down between us, I could feel his cock bulging out against his pants - yes indeed he was!

"Besides, I was thinking maybe after the service we could go out for lunch and get a little naughty in the parking lot."

Hmmmmmm, as much as it sounded inviting, I already had other plans. So much for not telling my dad about my upcoming adventure! As I undid his belt and worked on his zipper, I quickly used the opportunity to explain my conflict and sure enough, I'd been correct as to what his reaction would be - spot in in fact.

"OH I remember Ashley - the little one that always wore a one-piece bathing suit," he mused as he stood there with his hands to his side as I pushed his pants down enough to free his erection. Mmmmmmm, he was really hard and I couldn't help but wonder if memories of my friend were having any impact. I couldn't help but smile - he WOULD remember that about her. Nothing my dad hated more back then than was when one of my girlfriends would hide her assets. Then again, had Ashley any ideas of the thoughts my dad was having about her she probably would have never come over to my house again!

"Good grief, she goes to our church dad," I responded with a hint of exasperation, "Like you see her every week." Then again, being twice the age she was back when he was masturbating about her he probably didn't notice her these days, especially as conservative as she tends to dress.

the first. I don't think I'll ever grow numb to the sensation I feel when my father first enters me. Yes, I'll admit I LOVE it when our bodies join as one, when my father gives me what only he can - my father's incestuous cock. My dad doesn't have the longest dick or the thickest. He doesn't have any magical staying powers and at his age he's pretty much a single shot musket rather than the revolver he'd been when he was younger. None of that concerns me as the only thing that DOES matter is the fact that he is my father and that for a few brief moments in time he and I are joined together as one, sharing our love for each other in the most intimate way possible as I submit myself totally and selflessly to him in any way he asked.

"Ohhhhhh daddy!" I moaned loudly, pushing my butt back against him when he would drive his hard incestuous dick deep inside of my wet willing pussy, "Fuck me daddy, I want you to cum inside of me."

Indeed, that was one of the things I loved most when having sex with my dad - having him ejaculate while buried as deeply as he could push himself inside of me. Pulling out and cumming on my face or boobs was the sort of thing people do for porn videos, not in real life, or at least not when a father fucks his daughter.

"God I love you Kelly!" my father exclaimed suddenly as I felt him ram his erect dick as deep as he could inside of me. From our extensive past history I knew what THAT meant so I closed my eyes to allow me to focus on the happenings between my legs which meant so much to me.

Over and over my dad jerked and I knew each time another load of my father's cum was being deposited inside of my body. Finally he finished and for a moment he just stood there with me impaled on his now spent dick.

"We better get going," he said suddenly and pulled out of me. Without his dick acting as a plug I could feel his cum draining out of me and down my ass and thigh. Hmmmmmm, for a moment I questioned my decision about my panties. Maybe I SHOULD have brought a pair with me for no other reason than to catch his massive load of cum as it drained out of me! It's not like I had to KEEP them on after all.

"Just like a man," I teased him, "He cums and then it's all over. What about me?"

"Shit, you can always do yourself in the car on the way over if you're THAT horny," he came right back. Yep, he might be my dad but he thinks like any other man. It's all about HIS orgasm.

I knew my aunt was waiting impatiently in the car so I pulled my skirt down and checked out my hair in the hallway mirror. Not perfect but good enough. I was about to head down the stairs after my dad when I felt something between my legs and made a detour for the kitchen where I grabbed a washcloth and quickly wiped between my thighs to collect the cum that was draining out of me. I decided to hang onto the washcloth as no doubt there would be more cum where that came from.

"Well it's about time," my aunt groused when I finally hopped into the back seat. I just ignored her as she seemed to be in one of her strange moods today and I'd learned from bitter experience that when she was like that it was best just to leave her be.

As my dad pulled out from the garage and hit the door opener button on the rear view mirror, I leaned back into the corner behind the driver seat and spread my legs enough so I could rub my pussy. By the time my dad was on the street I was already masturbating. Ok, so sue me, I was horny!

"Really?" my aunt asked with exasperation in her voice when she realized what I was doing.

"Hey, I'm only doing what dad suggested," I came back with.

"That's a bunch of crap - don't blame your father, I know you a LOT better than to listen to that," she said with a smile. Oh sure, like SHE didn't do it all the time herself.

Aunt Linda turned back around and poked my dad in the ribs. "So let me guess... left your poor daughter high and dry again?"

My dad just chuckled and nodded back towards me in the seat behind him. "I wouldn't exactly say dry."

"Oh you goof!" my aunt retorted, poking him a little harder.

In truth I wasn't really paying all that much attention to them. Instead my eyes were focused on the people in the cars next to us and walking on the sidewalks as we drove by. It was exhilarating to be able to lay back in the seat and rub my freshly fucked pussy - fucked by my own dad no less, and being so close to my orgasm finally which they either drove by or walked by totally clueless of what was going on just a few feet away. I've always loved public sex an masturbation. Oh sure I'd like them to actually see me but in some ways this was even better where I was doing it with them in sight so close to me yet without any knowledge about it. In some ways it was actually more erotic for me to be in a place where people COULD see me than to be where they actually did. I guess maybe because the people who would stay and watch weren't the ones I wanted to see react to my activities.

"Better hurry up if you're going to do it," my dad warned me. Yeah, like I needed to be told. I was horny, not blind!

"Oh yeah!" I moaned with my eyes closed as my orgasm crested and came crashing down on me like a monster wave on a surfer's beach. Just then my dad made the turn into the church parking lot and even in my current state I had the wherewithal to slouch down a little bit more in the seat. Tinted windows or not I wasn't about to let any of the uptight church ladies catch me getting off in the middle of the church parking lot. As much as I'd love to see the expression on their face, years of discipline imposed by my parents ensured I took the proper precautions.

"You done?" I heard my aunt asking softly as my dad parked and turned off the vehicle.

Like when is anybody ever really DONE when they masturbate? OK, maybe guys who only carry a single shot musket but as a girl with the pussy equivalent of a semiautomatic Glock I could have kept going for the rest of the afternoon given the opportunity. If anything, my orgasms just get better the longer I do it. Still, I knew what she meant by the question.

"I guess you could say that," I replied to her teasingly, "Or maybe you'd like to finish me off after the service?"

She just rolled her eyes and answered, "Careful there, horny little nieces shouldn't ask for something unless they're prepared to get it."

"And who said I wasn't prepared?" I teased her as I tugged my skirt down as I scooted out of the SUV. Not TOO much but just enough to be at least a little bit decent - after all, it WAS church so displaying my bare butt wouldn't have been exactly socially acceptable.

My dad finally intervened, "That's enough of THAT you two, or maybe we should just skip the service?" he asked with a sly grin.

"DAD!" I blurted out before my aunt could get in a word edgewise. He knew better - church ALWAYS came first on Sunday.

"Oh don't get your panties in a bunch," he teased me and then raised his eyebrows to add, "Oh that's right... you aren't wearing any panties!"

"John...," my aunt said softly, nodding at the people we were about to join. Sometimes my dad needed to be reminded to behave himself and she took it upon herself at those time to nag him a little. It really would be bit hard to explain how my dad knew I wasn't wearing panties - or even why I wasn't wearing them in the first place.

The church service followed the usual routine so nothing really of note happened. As I sat in the pew between my father and aunt, I couldn't help but look around and wonder what people would say if they had any idea of what I'd been doing with my dad over the past hour, or the conversations I'd shared with my aunt. Other than perhaps revealing what some of the more conservative women in the congregation apparently considered to be too much leg when I crossed my legs and allowed my skirt to ride up, I was pretty sure nobody had any idea that under my outfit there was nothing but me. Well, maybe being braless was a little more obvious but these days with the styles available, no panties lines didn't necessarily mean a woman was going commando.

As I looked over the congregation I saw other girls sitting next to their fathers and I wondered how many of them were fucking their dads. If I had to bet I would have figured at least a few. Based on my own past I knew what people see in church and what happens in the privacy of your own home aren't necessarily anywhere close to being the same thing. Oh sure people sometimes commented on how close my dad and I were but I really doubt whether anyone actually knew just how close we really were.

As the sermon droned on (my least favorite part of the service), I started thinking about Ben and Ashley. I'd arranged with Ashley to where my dad would drop my off after the service so we could all go to lunch together and sort of break the ice a bit without having to jump right into the middle of things. I noticed they weren't in church this morning so I wondered what they were doing right now. Ashley and I really hadn't talked much about what we were going to do but then I hadn't really pushed her into that sort of conversation as I was worried it might overwhelm her and lead to her changing her mind.

Sitting still in the pew. my pussy tingled as various scenarios played out in my head. With my legs crossed I squeezed down a little and was rewarded with a sharp sensation between them, causing me to let out a little squeak before I could better control myself. It was all I could do to keep my hands from reaching down and I found myself longing for winter when I could have my coat over my lap to hide such things. Of course none of this escaped the watchful eyes of my Aunt Linda.

"Behave yourself!" she whispered as softly as she could while nudging her shoulder against mine. I just smile and looked at her with a "what are you talking about?" expression, as if I didn't know what she meant. She wasn't buying it of course...

"It's your fault so live with it."

She turned her head back towards the front of the sanctuary but I got the message. Without panties to soak things up, if I got myself TOO horny it could be a bit embarrassing to walk out of the church with wet spots on the back of my skirt. Not that it hadn't happened in the past but these days I was over thirty so people wouldn't just attribute it to being a typical teenage girl daydreaming in church.

Still, I was getting more and more excited about the possibilities of my upcoming afternoon tryst. The combinations and permutations were practically endless! For instance, how much would Ashley participate? Would she be able to play with me in front of her husband? Doing it behind closed doors in her bedroom was one thing but with an audience - even if it WAS her own husband? How would she react to seeing her husband fucking me - assuming of course he did which I figured was a pretty sure bet at this stage. I've had to deal with situations where the wife loved it to others where she found that turning fantasy to reality sometimes requires a heavy price be paid.

"Kelly... earth to Kelly."

My thoughts were interrupted again by my aunt nudging me and I realized that everyone was praying as the pastor concluded his message. I quickly bowed my head and said a few prayers of my own - undoubtedly with nothing in common with what our pastor was praying for!

When the service concluded we were waiting in line to greet the pastor when my best friend Beth passed by with her husband and two kids in tow. It had been a while since I'd seen her so we hugged as her husband shook hands with my dad. I smiled as I saw them as I was pretty certain that Beth's husband had no idea that my dad had fucked Beth back when we were in high school - twice for that matter. It was pretty significant as back then he was married to my mom with a strict "no adultery" rule in place so to fuck anyone outside their marriage family was pretty much out of the question. I think my mom only went along as Beth and I were so close it was almost like Beth WAS a member of our family. The other important point was that it was the second time when my dad fucked Beth that she learned that he was fucking me as well, making her at the time the only person outside our family that knew this was happening.

"I can't believe you're wearing that outfit to church," she said softly to me as we hugged, "You know you're going to get the church ladies all in snit again if you're not careful."

She stood back and then grinned, meaning forward as if to hug me again but what she really wanted was to get close enough to me so that she wasn't overheard.

"Are you horny or what? Your nipples are poking through like headlights!" she said quickly in a voice so low I could barely hear her yet her mouth was up next to me ear. "And you really should wear panties afterwards... I assume that's what those spots are at least."

Crap, that meant my earlier concerns about dripping onto the back of my dress had been realized. I turned to my dad who had been up for hours. Although I didn't say anything, I couldn't help but think the least he could have done was warn me when we got up so I wouldn't have paraded around with a spotted dress.

"What can I say?" I simply replied, shrugging and smiling.

"You're incorrigible," she giggled after which she said goodbye and left with her family.

I shook the pastor's hand, thanking him for the beautiful message although I hadn't heard a word of it. Then again, had anyone else? A little cynical, I know...

"Don't forget to drop me of at Ashley's," I reminded my dad as he prepared to pull out from his parking spot.

"So will we get to watch the video?" my dad teased as he turned onto the street.

"Oh daddy!" I groaned, my usual response to the same line of questioning we usually went through when he knew I was on my way to a sex party for even just a date. He always got the same answer yet since I first started dating he'd asked the question every time I was about to leave.

It was a pretty short ride to Ashley's and I stepped out of the SUV and blew a kiss goodbye to my father and favorite aunt. As they drove off I turned and walked to the front door, feeling like I was sixteen again on a first date. What would happen in the next few hours?

## 4. Can She Do It?

Ben answered the door after I rang the bell which sort of surprised me as I'd more or less expected Ashley to be the one. Not really sure WHY I felt that way, perhaps more because I thought she would want to control events, at least to some extent.

"Well imagine seeing you at my front door," Ben greeted me, his eyes quickly roaming over my body. "Nice outfit!"

Judging from the way his eyes were focused on my chest I assumed it was more what as under my outfit. Yeah, Ben had always been a boob guy, one reason most likely why he'd been so attracted to Ashley who had the biggest bra size of any of my friends back in those days. After two kids mine were now considerably larger than the tiny A-cups I sported through most of my high school years - not that the boys complained when I let them play with them!

"So where's Ashley?" I asked, "And the kids?"

Ben poked his thumb towards the house next door. "Kids are at the neighbors playing with their kids... good luck to them! Ash's still upstairs... getting dressed I guess or whatever you women do."

Standing in the living room now with front door closed. I checked to see the hallway was clear and turned to Ben.

"So just to be clear... she has NO idea what we did back then, right?"

Ben smiled naughtily. "Not even a hint. She'd die if she ever found out you know. All that crap about marrying as virgins and such... you know."

I just smiled and then he reached out and grabbed me by the waist with both hands, pulling me in closer to him as his hands slipped down and lifted my skirt up from behind until he had both my butt cheeks cupped in his hands.

"That's not to say I don't remember," he whispered huskily as he groped me, "God, it was so hard to keep a straight face when she thought she had to convince me to screw you."

A sound of a door opening caused him to suddenly pull away and I yanked my skirt back down. Just in time too as Ashley made her appearance. I can't day really what I'd expected her to wear but I HAD assumed it would be a least a little suggestive. Instead, she looked more like she was dressed for church - at least the way most women dress for church, with a conservative dress that came down to just above her knees without even any revealing any cleavage.

"Hi Kelly, sorry I wasn't ready," she apologized as she came up to me and gave me a hug. She started to pull back but I wasn't going to let her get off THAT easily, not with what I had been hoping for all the past couple of weeks. So I pulled he back to me and kissed her on the lips. At first she resisted, more out of instinct I think, but finally she responded and for at least a minute we stood there kissing like lovers in front of Ben who was clearly enjoying himself.

"Now THAT's worth the price of admission," Ben gushed, "Damn, I have to admit I wasn't sure if this whole thing wasn't some practical joke you guys had concocted for me."

"Well Ben, then you ain't seen nothin' yet," I teased him as we parted from our kiss.

There was a bit of a pause at that point, it was like neither of them had any idea quite how to move things along from this point so I decided to help out a little.

"So lunch then? Where do you guys want to go?"

Ashley stammered a little, allowing Ben the opportunity to do what guys do... cut to the heart of the discussion. "You know... personally I think I'd rather just stay here and have some pussy for lunch," he said with a lewd grin, his eyes dwelling on first his wife and then me and then back to her again.

Ashley looked a little distressed and I knew this might be moving things a little fast for her. But then again, I was a little surprised as to how easily she adapted to kissing me in front of her husband. Maybe Ben had the right idea in getting right down to things without a lot of "foreplay".

"I guess that would be OK with me," Ashley said but her tone of voice didn't sound as confident as her words might have suggested. "Kelly... is that OK with you?"

Duh! Let's see... waste away an hour or more at some place like Eat n' Park or get in bed with a sexy married coupe...? Oh yea, like THAT was a hard decision to make.

"Sounds good to me," is what I actually said, trying not to sound TOO excited about skipping the boring parts.

Another pause but this time I left it to one of them to pick up the torch and lead.

"So how does this work?" Ben asked, looking at me as if I was the professional. Then again... I was!

"Hmmmmmm," I pondered with my hand under my chin as if in deep thought. Then I took Ashley by the hand and the two of us turned to face her adoring husband. "Ashley and I have been practicing Ben... would you like to see what she's learned?"

"Oh really?" Ben said, looking rather surprised as he turned his gaze to his wife who was blushing like a high school freshman on her first date. I realized then that she must not have told him about what she and I had done before asking him about fulfilling his fantasy. Naughty girl!

"Why don't you take a seat then Mr. Ben... and watch," I told him, more a directive than a question actually.

Ben had a huge grin on his face now as he reluctantly backed off and took a seat in the middle of the large couch, stretching his arms out along the top and leaning back against the cushions with his legs parted slightly.

"You ready?" I asked Ashley gently as I turned to face her.

"I guess so," she answered barely audibly, her eyes looking down at the carpet.

"I love you Ashley," I said loud enough for her husband to hear. With that I put my hands on the sides of her head and we kissed again, quickly turning it into a deep passionate kiss like we had learned to do back in her bedroom. I didn't look at Ben but I knew he must have been staring at the sight before him.

"Undress me," I said to her after we'd kissed for a while. Personally I couldn't wait to get that dress off of her but I figured it would be easier for her if I got naked first. It's not like her husband had never seen her naked of course, but more about what it symbolized.

Ashley bit her lower lip and then she licked her lips which seemed to have become dry suddenly. It's not like there was all that much to remove after all. A few buttons down the front of my blouse freed it and without a bra underneath I was quickly topless. Once she started it was like she didn't want to stop or she might lose her nerve so she unzipped the back of my skirt and it dropped to my ankles before she could grab it, revealing my bare ass underneath as I stepped out of it. Of course I left my heels on - they would stay on all day no doubt.

"I was wondering...," Ben commented as he grinned looking at my naked butt. "Still hate underwear I see."

Ashley gave him a sharp look, like she wanted to ask him he knew my preferences regarding the wearing of underwear but I think he realized his slip-up as soon as the words were out so he quickly attempted to recover.

"Oh like everyone doesn't know that," Ben admonished his wife, "It's not like she tries to hide it. Shit Ashley, you use to call her a slut even back in high school, remember?"

Ashley seemed to accept this so a potential crisis was averted.

"My turn," I said, more to Ashley but for her husband's benefit too. I turned her around so I could reach the zipper on the back of her dress, undoing the clasp first and then slowly dropping it down to her lower back before it bottomed out. Of course she had on a white bra underneath and as I slipped it over her shoulders and lifted it over her head I saw the matching panties.

I was a little amused at how red her face was now that she was standing there naked in front of us. She started to push off her heels but I stopped her.

"Leave them on Ashley. When I come home alone, the FIRST thing I remove is my heels. When I come home with a man, the LAST thing I remove is my heels."

She couldn't help but smile and while I felt a little guilty plagiarizing an old line from some Hollywood actress, it DID serve to lighten her mood so why say anything?

Once again we kissed and this time I allowed my hands to start exploring her soft warm body. God I love the feel of a woman! Not that I don't like touching men but let's real... a woman simply feels a lot better than a man! My hands roamed down her bare back and then I cupped her buttocks, drawing her in closer to me as our exposed breasts pressed against one another's. My nipples tingled at the feel of her boob pressing against them so I wasn't the least bit unhappy when she surprisingly took the lead and started to caress my breasts even before I touched hers.

"Lay on the couch," I whispered to her and guided her over to where Ben was sitting. I motioned for him to move more to the end and then maneuvered Ashley so she was laying on her back with her head on her husband's lap. At first her legs were extended out until her feet met the arm rest but I gently pushed them up so she bent her knees and then spread them apart for me.

"Ever see a woman eat out your wife's pussy?" I asked Ben with a sly grin.

"Fuck no!" he was barely able to push out.

"Then watch and learn," I said as I lowered my face to my friend's hairy pussy. Mmmmmmm, she tasted even better than I'd remembered! My tongue quickly found her clit and she stiffened and groaned as my forefinger pushed in and explored her already soaking wet pussy.

"Don't just sit there watching," I scolded Ben, "Play with those boobs!"

Needless to say he didn't have to be told twice.

Ashley pressed her legs together so my face was captured by her soft smooth thighs. Oh yeah, they felt incredible against my cheeks! There's something special about a woman's skin in that erogenous zone between her upper thighs that feels so special! I can speak for myself in that I LOVE to be touched there, even if it's my own hands.

Ashley was twisting back and forth as her husband and friend worked together to bring her to the first of what I was hoping would be many climaxes this afternoon.

For a woman who claimed she didn't orgasm, she did a pretty darn good job after less than ten minutes of the proper stimulation.

"Oh my god!" Ashley moaned loudly as her hips lifted up off the couch and she stiffened like a board, "Oh god I'm cumming.... I'm cumming Ben!"

Ben? Like HE was the one licking her delicious pussy and tugging gently on her clit with my teeth? Was HE the one with two fingers up her wet hairy pussy? True, he was doing a fine job massaging her impressive boobs and tweaking her nipples but I'd like to think I was the one principally responsible for getting her off. After all, it's not like he'd been exactly doing it for her all these years. Oh well, it wasn't like it was a contest I guess.

"Oh my god," she kept moaning over and over. Yeah... if there's three words I'd love to purge from our daily vocabulary it would have to be, "oh my god" as it seems that's the only phrase people know when anything happens.

Finally she stopped and she just shut her eyes and breathed heavily, her chest rising and falling as she regained her breath. I looked up at Ben who gave me a thumbs up and a huge grin. I could only imagine what was pressing up underneath Ashley's head at that moment. Then again... why just imagine?

Getting back up on my feet, Ashley let her legs drop as she practically collapsed on the couch. I stepped over to Ben and gently took her head in my hands and pulled it down towards his knees so I could better see his crotch. Yep, there was definitely something there trying to get out!

"While she's recovering, what do you say I take care of your problem?" I teased him as I rubbed my hand on top of his pants right over his obvious erection.

Ben just looked at me and grinned, just waiting for me to carry out my suggestion so I undid his belt and pants, then unzipped his fly.

"Really Ben, tightie whities?" I huffed, feigning exasperation although in truth I was a bit miffed he didn't bother wearing boxer shorts if he simply HAD to wear underwear at all knowing what we had planned for the day.

"What can I say, it's all she buys for me," he said apologetically, pointing down at his docile wife.

"Whatever, I'll deal with it," I muttered as I worked his pants open and reached down under the elastic where the head of his dick was lurking not far down. It was hard to believe that so many years had passed since I last had my hand on this dick! Leaning over him with my hand around his cock, I whispered softly in his ear, "I've missed this."

Ben's eyes widened and he pointedly looked down at Ashley who wasn't asleep, she just was relaxing now and obviously he didn't want her to hear me say this sort of thing. For that matter neither did I but I couldn't resist the temptation to push the bar a little, especially if it turned him on as much as it did me.

I could see Ashley starting to get restless so before I went any further I took my free hand and rubbed her boobs just enough to get her attention. Her eyes opened finally and she looked over at me questioningly.

"Don't mean to disturb you Ashley but I thought you might like to watch me such your husband's dick."

Her eyes opened wide at that and she struggled to get her balance and sit up which worked for me as it made it easier to get at her husband's firm dick.

"Take his pants off for me," I directed her. Then I continued but I was looking at Ben as I said, "I don't want to let go of this nice hard dick."

Ashley almost robotically slipped off the couch onto her knees on the carpeting and pulled her husband's underwear and pants down to his ankles before removing his shoes and socks and then taking his pants off completely. Not surprisingly, she actually folded them before putting them on the couch over at the end!

The best part of all this was to leave Ben naked from the waist down with just his white dress shirt on. For the moment I decided to just leave his with the shirt as the most important part of his body was now revealed. He spreads his legs apart, his hairy crotch fully exposed.

"You're a very luck girl Ashley," I commended her, "Your husband has a WODNERFUL cock. I can't wait to taste it."

I didn't wait long, like big surprise, right? Mmmmmmm, he smelled so masculine and his dick felt so stiff yet smooth and soft as I first licked up the sides and then around the underside of his dick head. Them I took him between my lips as I started to seriously blow Ashley's well-hung hubby. Mmmmmmm, I could have sucked his dick for the rest of the afternoon! It certainly didn't hurt knowing his wife was watching another girl blow her husband for what she thought was the very first time.

"Help me Ashley... let's both suck Ben's delicious dick."

I ran my hands through his lush pubic hair, cupping his hairy balls in my hand as his naked wife took him in her mouth while I watched. We traded back and forth, first one of us licking him while the other sucked and then reversing roles.

"Fuck! You guys are going to make me cum!" Ben gasped as I felt him squirming on the couch under us.

"Remember what we agreed?" I reminded Ashley. She nodded but Ben couldn't help but notice our little exchange and as horny as he was at that moment he couldn't resist asking what this so-called "agreement" was. I turned to Ashley, sending her the message to answer her husband with my eyes.

Ashly took a deep breath and smiled sweetly at her husband. "Kelly gets all your cum today."

"So I can cum in her mouth?" Ben asked. I couldn't help but smile as I saw that it was directed more at his wife for her permission than at me for mine. Ashley just nodded and so he asked, "And I can cum inside her too? I mean in her pussy?" Ashley nodded yet again and Ben just sighed and let his head lay back against the couch as if he was in heaven. Then again, in a manner of speaking I suppose he was!

"You heard you wife... cum in my mouth Ben," I followed up before taking him in my mouth yet again. He came so quickly I had to wonder if the words we'd exchanged hadn't had as much to do with getting him off as our mouths although I'm pretty confident they had a lot to do with it.

I sealed his dick with my lips as my hand stoked his dick until I felt the first ejaculation send his sperm into my mouth, the sharp salty taste quickly filling my senses.

"Oh my god," he groaned as he came again and yet again into my mouth which as still sealed around his dick, keeping every drop inside. I didn't even get miffed at his use of my least favorite phrase but then when a guy is cumming in your mouth it's sort of hard to think about much else of anything.

When he finally finished I leaned back and opened wide to let the husband and wife see his gooey sperm coating my tongue. With a sly grin I closed my mouth and exaggerated as I swallowed it all down in one main gulp. It took a couple of smaller ones to clear my mouth but I don't count those. All gone, I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue in my best porn-star imitation to show all his cum had been swallowed down into my belly.

"Mmmmmmm, this beats lunch at Applebee's any day!" I joked, well maybe a half-joke, as I licked my lips like a cat after enjoying a bowl of milk. Other than the flavor and texture of sperm as compared to milk, I guess I wasn't far from that!

Glancing over at Ashley who was perched on the couch with her legs tucked under her, I tried to read the expression on her face but it was like trying to deicer the Mona Lisa. Was she pleased or unhappy? Maybe a little of both? Maybe one more than the other? Normally I'm pretty good at reading people but she was making it difficult to say the least. Well, this was just a blowjob which in my dictionary doesn't even qualify as "real" sex so did it really matter?

Ben wasn't the teenage boy I'd fucked so many years ago so his dick pretty much went on strike and shrunk down to a fraction of its former grandeur. I could think of a number of ways to stimulate it back to form, the only question being which one? Well, if Ben was like 99% of the men I've encountered, I might as well take advantage of something I knew would work as well as anything... his wife. By that I mean ME and his wife of course! Especially given the way the last time Ashley and I had been together. Like, she owed me one, right?

"C'mon Ashley, I think Ben needs a little break so why don't we show him your new skills?"

Since technically she hadn't yet eaten another girl's pussy (not even her own for that matter assuming she was being truthful about her feelings regarding masturbation) she was a little confused but then Ben didn't have to know. All the better that he got to visualize us doing it even before today.

Ashley seemed a little hesitant but then I took that was from the fact she wasn't 100% sure even what I was referring to but didn't want to say so in front of Ben. So rather than spell it out, I basically took the same position she'd had earlier with my head on Ben's lap except this time his dick was out in the open next to my face rather than being cooped up inside his pants. Ashley moved out of the way so I could lay on my back and she quickly got the idea of what I was expecting her to do. If that wasn't enough, I made it painfully obvious by saying, "Your turn now Ashley, show your husband how much you love my pussy."

It had to be obvious to Ben that his wife wasn't exactly leaping at the chance but then no doubt he was assuming that we'd only done it once or twice so she was still a little nervous. If anything, I was willing to bet that turned him on all the more thinking that he was getting to see her "learn to be a lesbian", one of those all-time top male fantasies. At the same time, I think Ashley was more worried about disappointing her husband than she was about sticking her face into a girl's crotch so she managed to get in between my legs. I tried to give her some hints along the way, knowing that hearing me would just turn on ben all the more and get that dick to stiffen even faster.

"Lick along the inside of my legs," I said to her gently, running the backs of my fingertips of each hand along my inner thighs. Oh wow, that felt incredible, especially as horny as I was at that moment. Feeling her wet lips follow was even better as I looked down and watched my friend caressing my thighs with her long tongue.

"That's it... now work your way up to my crotch slowly."

Ashley followed my instructions to the letter, slowly but surely inching her way up, wetting my legs with her mouth and tongue as she did.

"That's it... use your fingers to open my pussy."

Ashley shifted her weight to get balance so she could move her hand between my legs. Using her thumb and forefinger she parted my wet pussy lips exposing my swollen clit and vagina entrance.

"Aren't pussies beautiful? I asked Ben, turning my head up to look at him. Ashley also looked up and a noticed a small smile on her face appeared as well.

"Now watch Ben... watch your wife eat my pussy."

Ashley took my cue and stuck out her tongue, albeit rather tentatively at first. I felt the tip touch my pussy right below my clit and then move up until she lingered over my clit. I shuddered slightly as chills ran up and down my spine. Oh yeah, one of the best things about being licked by a girl was she knew from the outset where to lick you. None of this journey of exploration that guys would embark on when they weren't very experienced. Heck, even the experienced ones would often leave the trail and get lost at times! It's pretty simple - stay on my clit!

"Oh yeah Ashley, right there!" I exclaimed although it was more for ben's benefit as Ashley knew what a girl wanted. Even if she didn't admit to masturbating, just the couple of times I'd eaten her out should have been plenty to provide her with a roadmap permanently etched in her brain.

"Finger my pussy... push your finger up inside of me."

This time she took a little longer to comply but eventually felt the pressure of her forefinger as it circled the entrance to my pussy, wetting the tip until it slide easily inside of me.

"Yesssssss Ashley... fuck me... fuck me with your finger," I encouraged her. She started to lift her mouth off of me to focus more on her finger but I pushed her head back down without saying anything and she quickly got the hint and continued licking my clit.

Reaching back with my hand I grabbed onto Ben's dick and was pleased to feel a little life already returning. I wasn't surprised. Heck, if watching his wife eating out the pussy of the first girl he'd ever fucked didn't get him going, what would?

"Talk to her Ben... tell her what to do."

I squeezed his dick slightly and started to tug on it, feeling it growing ever so slightly more.

"Make her cum Ashley. God damn you look so sexy!" he said in a voice filled with passion and lust. Oh yeah, it wasn't going to take him long to get hard at this rate and I knew without any doubt that he'd be more than ready to fuck me as fast as I could mount him.

Meanwhile I was about ready to cum. I turned my head and rubbed Ben's dick against my cheek as his wife made my pussy feel like it would explode.

And then it did.

OK, I have absolutely no idea what a guy feels when he cums. Heck, I can't even imagine having this thing hanging between my legs let alone what it feels like when it stiffens and shoots its load. It MUST feel good or else why would guys be so driven to do it? Still, at the same time I think women have an edge in the orgasm department. Ok, so men can pee standing up but women can cum and cum again and again and again whereas for men it's one and done. All I know for certain is that there is no feeling in the world to compare with my orgasm. Oh sure there are all sorts of variations on the theme. For me it's also as much a factor about the circumstance surrounding me at the time as the actual physical stimulation. For example, the orgasm I get with my husband is like that no other man can give me. We make love - the only man which I can say I do that with. Then again, even that is totally different from what I experience when I cum with my father's dick buried inside of me. True, my dad fucks me rather than making love to me but that's only because I am his daughter, not his wife and lover. With other men it's all about the when and were, not so much the who. Are we in public? Is it behind his wife's back? Hold is he? That sort of thing.

In this particular case it was all about getting licked out by a friend who had always been so chaste and conservative while being watched by her husband, the man who gave me his virginity yet his wife has no ideas as she eats me out that we'd even ever had sex before. I can make myself cum by myself so I didn't NEED Ashley to orgasm. What Ashley did was give me one that was even better.

Ashley tried to pull her face from my pussy as I came but I held her down with my free hand, not wanting to let go of her husband's dick. She didn't really try all THAT hard - my hand isn't THAT strong. After I'd cum I let her sit up and both Ben and I were treated to her face covered with my pussy cum. She started to raise her hand to wipe her face off but I stopped her.

"Don't do that... let me help," I told her, motioning her to come closer to me. Ashley looked a little perplexed but she did as I said and when she got close enough I reached for her and pulled her face to mine where I kissed her and licked my cum off her cheeks.

"Now THAT's hot!" Ben burst out causing both me and Ashley to look up at him and grin.

"I LOVE the taste of my pussy," I told him - and her in the process, "But it's even better when it's on a nice hard dick that just fucked me."

It wasn't like I was saying it just to turn him on - which it DID do as I knew it would. I really DO love the smell and taste of a woman's pussy - mine most of all. I started seriously masturbating when I was eleven. I say "seriously" to differentiate from those early years when I would explore myself out of curiosity but it wasn't until I was a little older that I learned how to get myself off. I'd experimenting by licking my fingers after touching myself at an early age but I learned that there was something special about it after I'd made myself cum. What I like about tasting myself on a guy's dick - other than the fact I love putting his dick in my mouth in the first place, is knowing that just moments before that very same cock had been buried deep inside my body and now after having left his seed in me I could taste him and me on it. It's sort of along the lines like how sprinkles make an ice cream cone even better.

Ashley and I kissed some more but now I was hornier than ever after having just come off such a great orgasm. So many thoughts were running through my head, so many reasons why I couldn't wait for him to fuck me. Of course there was the basic need just to be fucked - that pure and simple instinctive drive to be mated by a male. THAT goes without saying. I also was excited about renewing my sexual relationships with one of the few guys who I'd had the honor of revoking their virginity. I suppose what I was anticipating the most, of course, was to see Ashley's reaction when she witnesses her husband, who has supposedly never had sex with any other girl but her, fuck one of her best friends right in front of her.

"Are you ready?" I asked. I directed the question to Ashley, not Ben. There was no doubt in my mind judging by the firmness of the dick in my hand that her husband was ready and willing. Really, name me one man in the world who would say no to such an opportunity if he's being honest. No, it was his wife that I waited for a response from.

Ashley looked up at Ben and I could see the conflict in her eyes and facial expression. Up until now she had done pretty well if you were to ask me. I mean to go from being such a conservative marriage to even just the oral sex fun that we'd just shared was a HUGE step, more than I would have ever guessed she was capable of just a few weeks ago. But THIS was the real test. For some women sex represents their marriage and can't deal with their husband "cheating" with anyone else but her. "Forsaking all others" in their wedding vows is taking quite literally whereas for women like me, it's the intent that counts, not the literal interpretation. I will never cheat on my husband which is what I meant when I took my vows. That didn't mean I wouldn't have sex exclusively with him. Of course as things turned out I would do it with a lot more men that I'd expected when I said those vows!

"Ben?" she asked softly. It was almost like she was hoping he would suddenly rise to the challenge, declare his love exclusively for her, and tell her that he didn't need to have sex with anyone but her. Well heck, if that's what she was hoping for then she was even more na‹ve than I'd taken her for being.

In my eyes it was Ashley's "fault" she found herself in this position. She was the one who snooped and found out about his Ashley Madison account. She was the one who approached me and asked my advice. She knew me well enough so like what did she expect me to tell her? She was the one who made the arrangements. And now here she was, naked on top of me on her couch after having just shared her husband's dick with me (albeit only orally so far) and eaten me out in front of him. Honestly, what right did she have to think her husband could say no to anything at this point?

Ben bit his lip and for a brief moment I thought he might actually do it! Perhaps my cynicism was misplaced and there WAS one man in the world who could be that knight in shining armor and resist the most incredible temptations. Had things continued on this path, who knows, maybe he would have.

But not if I had anything to say about it!

"Fuck me Ben...," I suddenly broke the silence. It was like both of them came out of some sort of trance and Ben looked down at me and grinned broadly.

"Ashley?" was all he said, looking down at her and then at me. Mmmmmmm, I knew it, he wanted me! There are few better moments in life than to know a man wants me so badly that he's willing to do virtually anything to possess me, even for just a few brief moments. Ben wanted me - I could see it in his eyes, I could feel it in his hard shaft. I knew at that moment he wanted me more than his own wife - so much so even that he wanted to fuck me right in front of her.

From the look on Ashley's face, I could tell that she had come to the same realization. I couldn't help but wonder what it felt like to know that your husband desires another woman more than you, his wife. It was difficult because I can't say I've ever experienced that myself. Yes, I've seen the lust in my husband's eyes for other women. Yes, I've known how it feels to see my husband's most base instincts take over when a young girl offers herself to him. Yet I've never felt at any of those times that he wanted her more than me. I've never been in a situation where if my husband had to make a choice that he would choose anyone over me. It goes both ways in that I will always be faithful to husband. There's only one man to whom I would have to deny my husband if he ever tried to keep me from being with - my father. It's not a question of love - I love my husband more than anyone. It's simply that my dad is my father and that relationship can never be broken whereas a marriage could be. I pray that such a horrible decision will never face me! My Aunt Linda was forced to do so and I hope I would have the strength to make the same decision she did when her husband tried to stop her from having sex with her father.

"Sit back in the corner Ashley," I said to her softly, "Don't say a word... just watch."

For a few seconds I wondered if she was going to be able to do it but then her eyes dropped and she meekly moved to the far corner of the couch where she sat with her legs tucked up under her.

"OK Ben... this is it," I said to him as I lifted myself off my back and stood in front of him with nothing on but my heels. "Tell me... tell Ashley... say you want to fuck me."

Poor Ben! He wanted so bad to fuck me and I'm sure in his mind he was thinking why doesn't this woman just shut up and sit on his dick! But for me this was more than just sex. This was something that marked a major milestone in their lives, in their marriage. I wanted to make it something they would never forget, even if we never did anything like this ever again.

Ben looked over at his wife who was sitting silently in the corner, her hands clasped tightly in her lap to where I could see the whites of her knuckles. What I would have given to be able to read her thoughts at that moment! Then he drew a breath and looked directly at me, our eyes meeting and I could see the determination in them.

"I want to fuck you... Forgive me Ashley but I want to fuck Kelly so bad right now."

Good enough for me! I worked my way onto his lap and straddled his legs such that my ready pussy was directly over his dick which was so hard now it was pointing straight up like a missile ready to launch. I was about to reach down and guide him into me when I looked at Ashley and a light bulb went off over my head.

"Come here Ashley... guide him into me, help your husband to fuck me."

Ashley didn't respond at first but I could see from Ben's expression that he was on board. He turned his head to his reluctant wife and said, "C'mon Ashley, do it... I want you to be part of this."

Personally I thought Ashley had already been more a part of all this than she had expected and that this was maybe a bridge too far but Ben urged her again and she finally drew a deep breath and stood up on her heels.

"She's so beautiful, isn't she Ben," I said softly to him but loud enough for his gorgeous naked wife to hear me clearly, "You're so lucky to have such a sexy wife. You're so lucky to have a wife willing to let you do this."

That drew a smile from Ashley although I wasn't so sure she was as willing as I was making her out to be but the point was, she WAS doing it and in the end that's all that mattered.

"Kneel down and guide him into me," I instructed her. Ben and I watched as she knelt onto the carpet and reached between my legs for her husband's stiff erection. I helped a little by dropping down until I could feel the tip of his dick just touching me.

"That's it, rub it against my clit," I told her. She leaned over a little to get a better viewing angle and then I felt his cock pressing against my still super-sensitive clit. Oh wow that felt so good!

"Tell me again Ben... tell me what you want... tell your wife what to do."

I think Ben was about ready to shoot right then and there! His face was red and his breathing already a bit ragged as he looked down at his crotch where his wife was rubbing his cock against her friend's pussy. He never even looked up at me, he just stared down at what she was doing.

"Damn I want to fuck you so bad Kelly... so bad! C'mon Ashley, put it in her... now!"

Ashley held him in position and I did the rest, lowering myself down onto him until I felt the pressure of his head forcing its way into me. As wet and horny as I was, it didn't meet a lot of resistance and I moaned as I felt myself part open to accept him inside of me. I tried to take it slow, to savor the feeling as his dick pressed into me deeper and deeper but once he was about half way I couldn't hold back anymore and just dropped down and took all of him inside of me with my pussy pressed into the base of his shaft.

"Oh Ben!" I sighed, feeling exhilarated by the sense of fullness in me and the crazy sensations I was feeling emanating from my crotch that seemed to move out throughout my entire body as I rocked slowly on his dick.

Ashley didn't stay on her knees any longer than necessary and moved back to her corned on the couch as soon as I was impaled by her husband's now adulterous cock. OK, so maybe technically in my book it wasn't adultery as his wife was a willing participant, but somehow I got the idea from the look on her face at this moment that she wasn't quite as willing as she had been just a few minutes earlier.

Perhaps part of her change of heart was due to her husband's reaction to having his dick in me. Ben quickly reached around and grabbed my butt with both hands, helping me to rock on his cock and fuck him. I leaned forward so my boobs were in front of his face and he immediately started sucking on my nipples and burying his face in my cleavage. But what I think affected her the most, even more than seeing her husband's dick appearing and then disappearing back into my pussy, was when we kissed. It was wild and passionate and there could have been no doubt in her mind that this was more than mere sex... he LOVED fucking me!

Of course that's exactly what I wanted... I wanted him to love doing me. I wanted him to demonstrate to Ashley how much he enjoyed me. It became even more evident when he pulled me in tight and stood up, allowing me to wrap my bare legs around him as he turned and laid me on my back with my head right next to his wife. His dick never left my pussy during the entire time as he started to fuck me right next to his wife.

I was sort of hoping that Ashley would get more involved at this point, even if it was just reaching over and playing with my boobs or even my hair for that matter but she sat still in the corner, never making a sound and barely even registering an expression. Well, so long as she was still there and watching, I was happy. The last thing I wanted was to push too hard and have her leave the room!

Ben was losing himself as he fucked me hard and fast. He drilled his dick so hard into me that he would drive me towards Ashley a little more with each thrust until I felt my head pressing against her legs. It got to where his head was almost touching hers as continued to fuck me relentlessly.

"Oh my god... I love fucking you," he said suddenly which I think took all three of us by surprise. Oh sure it was obvious from his actions that he did but to come out and say it, and to say it just inches away from his wife? Mmmmmmm, this was working out even better than I'd hoped!

"That's it Ben... fuck me... I love your big cock inside of me!"

It was like Ashley wasn't even there anymore as Ben and I fucked like two lovers, each of us now telling the other how much we loved what we were doing, how good it felt, how we both wanted more. I couldn't see Ashley's face at this point and I was wishing we'd set up a video camera before we got started.

"I'm gonna cum!" Ben groaned as he pushed himself into me as deep as he could and held himself there.

"Cum inside of me Ben," I begged him - no acting skills required at this point, "Give me your cum... I want it in me!"

"Ben?"

It was the first sound I'd heard from her but if she was questioning her husband mating me, well that ship had already sailed. Ben grunted and I felt him thrust hard over and over as he ejaculated deep inside of me, filling my wet pussy with his sperm. It was like he would never end as it just kept pouring out of him until finally he was spent, dropping down onto his elbows and kissing me as his dick throbbed inside of me.

"Ben?"

This time is was little more urgent but neither Ben nor I wanted to deal with her at this moment. I felt so good... so complete. As he kissed me I could feel his dick moving ever so slightly inside of me. He kissed my nipples and then sucked on them gently, still keeping his dick in me.

"Get off of her Ben... that's enough, don't you think? Ok you fucked her so now get off!"

I was wondering if Ben was going to keep ignoring her as he continued sucking on my boobs but then he lifted up his head and said, "OK babe, don't worry."

With that I felt him pull put, leaving my pussy with that feeling of emptiness I get after any guy fucks me, like something was missing now and I wanted him back in me. I felt his cum draining from me and down my ass to where it was likely making a mess on the couch. He sat back on his heels on the couch, looking down at me with my legs spread apart, grinning as he was apparently admiring his creampie handiwork. His dick was almost deflated at this point but it glistened in the soft light with its wet coating of sperm and my pussy.

Looking directly at his dick, I licked my lips and said, "You know what I want now Ben..."

Ben looked at Ashley and while I don't know what she did, one way or the other Ben did what I wanted and straddled my chest to let me suck on his tasty dick.

"Mmmmmmm, I told you I loved tasting a dick after it fucks me," I said for Ashley's benefit. "You want a taste?"

"No, I don't think so," she said rather sharply, "Well Ben, are you happy now?"

Poor Ben. Here he was getting his dick sucked by a woman he'd just fucked and now his wife was already nagging him.

"What do you mean babe?"

"Don't 'babe' me," she spat out, "You know exactly what I mean. Did you enjoy fucking the whore?"

Now THAT was getting a little personal. If there's one thing I take offense at, it's being called a whore. Slut is just fine - can't deny that. But whore? Nope, I don't get paid for sex, at least not as a prostitute.

Ben got off of me which allowed me to sit up slowly as I tried to keep my balance. Ben stood in front of Ashley and reach out for her hands but she wasn't exactly cooperating.

"Ashley, you know I love you more than anyone," he pleaded with her. "You're the only one I want."

It was a little incongruous to hear him say that under the circumstances. Standing naked in front of you wife with your cum leaking out of the woman sitting next to her is hardly the time to be telling her that she's the only one he wants!

"That's not what it looked like to me," she said rather determinedly.

"Hey Ashley, it was just sex so don't blame Ben," I said, trying to defend him a little.

Ashley turned to me and frowned. "I know, that's what we said before but it's not the same when you have to watch it."

As much as I loved having her watch us, at the same time I didn't want this to hurt their marriage. Actually, that's true anytime I have sex with a married man. I never want it to hurt his marriage and in most cases I think it actually helps in that he gets the chance to realize his fantasies in a safe and confidential environment. So now I felt a little bit responsible for helping them through this.

"Ben... I think you need to make love to your wife."

Ben raised his eyebrows, looking at me and then Ashley and then replied, "Oh we will."

I shook my head. "No Ben, not later... NOW!"

The two of them both looked confused so I continued. "C'mon, let's go to your bedroom, all three of us."

"Kelly, I appreciate what you're trying to do but maybe you should leave now."

Maybe she was right yet in my heart I knew that if I did it would likely spell the end of our relationship. Frankly, I wanted to fuck Ben again sometime!

"Just trust me Ashley...," I said as gently as I could.

Ashley looked at her husband who just surged his shoulders in a "why not" expression.

"OK, but if I tell you to leave then you promise to go?"

I just nodded and the three of us made our way to the bedroom. Once there, Ashley pulled back the covers and the two of them laid down next to each other, looking back at me for direction.

"OK guys, here's how this goes down," I started, "Ashley, you are the only one who touches Ben and Ben, you only can touch Ashley."

I could tell they were a little confused as with the two of them in bed together, what other options were there. Then they found out...

"I'm going to lay next to Ashley. She deserves a little extra loving care, don't you agree Ben?"

Ben nodded but Ashley didn't seem so sure. Yet she didn't say no so I took what I could get. I dropped my heels at the side of the bed and snuggled up against her nude body, pressing my boobs into her back as she cuddled with her husband.

"Now make love to your wife Ben, just pretend I'm not even here."

Ben recovered surprisingly fast and for the next hour or so I was treated to being a part of their lovemaking. Yeah, it was fairly conservative with mostly missionary and spooning positions but I loved seeing a husband and wife so clearly in love. Throughout it I fondled Ashley and played with her hair and rubbed my hands all over her. When Ben first fucked her I was SOOOO tempted to grab his dick and return the favor Ashley had done for me earlier but I kept my process and didn't touch Ben the entire time.

Yes, it was really hard seeing him fuck her and not get some of that dick for myself but I managed by masturbating and even got myself off a couple of times - once more than Ashley actually. When they were finally done we all just laid on our backs in bed, Ben and I holding hands with Ashley as she lay between us, apparently happier now that her husband had cum in her almost as much as he had cum in me.

"OK Kelly.... it's time," Ashley whispered, trying not to wake ben who had fallen asleep next to her.

I turned on my side and smiled at her. She smiled back at me whispering, "Sorry I was so bitchy before, I don't know what came over me. It was just so overwhelming!"

I leaned over and we kissed briefly. I ran my hand down between her legs and gave her pussy a quick press.

"Maybe next time Steve can join us. I know he'd LOVE to fuck you!"

For just a nanosecond her face clouded and I worried that maybe I'd pushed too hard, too soon but then she smiled just a little.

"We'll see, OK?" she sighed, "I still can't believe we did THIS!"

I took one last look at the nude couple on the bed and waved goodbye to Ashley before returning to get my clothes in the living room. I called Steve who came to pick me up. On the way home I told him everything that had happened - as we usually do whenever we go out without the other.

"Wow, did she really say I could fuck her?" Steve asked excitedly, "I always figured she would be like the last one to agree to that."

I patted my horny husband on the lap where his stiff dick was ready to welcome mm home.

"I didn't say that was for sure, but we'll see!" I said, trying to keep his hopes in line with reality, "Now I need another good fucking. Know anyone interested?"

Like duh!

# (Oct 11) Chapter 277: Another Notch in My Belt

Story codes: MF inc father daughter adultery
Me (30)
Steve - my husband (32)
Donald (Lindsey's husband)

What can I say? I admit it and I'm not the least bit ashamed of it. I LOVE seducing and fucking married men. Not just men who are married though. What I really want is the thrill of driving a faithful husband to his first act of adultery. It's not as easy as you might think!

## 1. The Thrill

I've explained in my "Appendix (B.4) FAQ - Married Guys" as well as in "Appendix (D.1) My Thoughts About Adultery" (they're the "About Me" folder in my diary) so I won't dwell too much on it here but for those who aren't familiar with my past writings and don't want to bother reading them, here's a brief explanation...

First of all, let me make one thing clear - I do NOT approve of adultery and would never commit such an act against my husband. Adultery is a sin and an affront to your wedding vows, not to mention the insult to your spouse and the potential damage to your marriage, career and family. Of course, I'm speaking using my definition of adultery which may vary from what many people would say. Adultery is the act of cheating on your spouse which means having sex with another person without their knowledge and approval. So long as you and your spouse are in agreement, sex is just sex so why not enjoy it with others as well? It's when you do it behind their back that it becomes a sin.

Thus while a man can commit adultery with me, that doesn't mean I am committing adultery as my husband is fully aware of everything I do, or at least in general. It's not like either of us keeps a scorecard or feels the need to report to the other every time we're with someone else, but we also know that we are OK with it so long as it's just sex.

I've always loved it when men pay attention to me. Seeing the lust in their eyes when they look at my boobs and ass, I feel so sexy and desirable knowing that they wish they could fuck me. It build my self-confidence and it's a definite ego-booster to catch a guy staring at me when he thinks I don't notice but even more so when he's not supposed to - like a married man whose wife doesn't approve of him looking up the skirt of another woman.

For the vast majority of married men, that's as far as it goes - looking. Some will flirt a little which can be a little embarrassing for both of us when it gets to be ridiculous. But face it, 99.9% of men don't cheat on their wives, at least not in a physically sexual manner. It's not that they are all faithful and morally straight. Just look at how many married men were exposed in the Ashley Madison debacle! The reality is that most men don't cheat because they're afraid of getting caught.

This is where the thrill comes in for me. What does it take to make a husband desire me so badly that he finally puts aside his fears and take the irrevocable step to break his wedding vows? Even if I went directly to them, I doubt hardly any would accept an offer for sex and might even think I was just trying to entrap them.

The ultimate thrill then is after what can be even years of flirting and seduction that he finally takes me into his bed. When I feel his adulterous erection penetrate me it's like I am taking his virginity again, taking something from him that he can never regain - his faithfulness to his wife. When he cums inside of me it's such an incredibly emotional moment for us both as he literally is mating me without his wife's consent.

My standard rule is I only fuck a married man once if he's cheating on his wife. It's sort of like the virginity analogy in that once it's gone, what's the point in doing it again? I have ZERO desire to be someone's mistress. There's just too much risk in that and the last thing I need is to get involved in someone's divorce.

While I may not fuck him again, that doesn't mean the thrills are over. In most cases these are men I know, often from church, so I see them every week or so afterwards, usually with their wife and family. I love the tingle I feel when he looks at me and I know he's remembering how much he loved fucking me. It makes me feel so naughty to talk to his wife, who often may even be a friend of mine, and know that I had her husband and that now every time they have sex he is thinking about me instead of her.

Yet despite what the porn industry might lead you to believe, it's not easy to find such men which makes it all the more special when I do. It would be easier if I was open to having sex with the serial cheaters but what's the fun in that? The last thing I want is to be a notch on someone else's belt!

## 2. The Hunt

People are always asking me where I meet the people I have sex with. The assumption usually is bars, nightclubs, that sort of scene. Well, as a married 30-something with two kids, I really don't hang around those place too often and when I do, it's usually with my husband or friends so it's not like I'm looking to hook up. I believe Groucho Marx said something like, "I would never belong to a club that would have me as a member." Similarly, in most cases I would never want to have sex with a man I meet in a bar - married or single.

So if I'm going to find someone to have sex with, then it would make sense that I take advantage of the places I spend the most time at. Although I'm not teaching this year, in the past the number one place I spent time at would have been school but this wasn't an option. First off, it was mainly populated by kids - not what I go hunting for. Second, the surest way to get fired was to have sex with another teacher.

After school, the next "place" I spend time with is my church. This doesn't necessarily mean the building but more the organization. Through the week I attend services, meet with my bible study group, assist with the youth groups, meet with our couple's group, and generally just assist with administrative or other chores that need to be done.

People seem surprised at first when I say that my church is my primary source of hookups. Usually this changes when I start to explain my reasoning and they find themselves agreeing with my logic.

First and foremost, although this is somewhat cynical, a lot of people who attend church are there for show or because they're dragged there by their spouse or family. A husband whose wife pulls him to church isn't paying attention to the sermon... he's looking at women like me!

A lot of people attend church for their kids, be it out of a sense of duty or guilt, it doesn't matter. Same thing... what does a father do when he's hanging around waiting for his kids to do their thing?

Some couples attend church because of problems they are having in their marriage, as if attending church will fix things by some divine intervention. Usually this is driven by the wife who think if only her wandering husband would get right with God then he'd be the husband she wants him to be. He's just going through the motions of course but it brings out all sorts of possibilities.

Finally, church is considered "safe". I can talk to a husband at church without raising the same level of attention as I would if it was at a store or restaurant. After all, it's church, right? How could there possibly be anything going on between us in the middle of church?

Over the years I've fucked a half dozen or so husbands. They all have pretty much fallen into the same categorization - mid-30's or early 40's, married with preteen or teen kids, usually successful in business but with a marriage that has suffered for it or maybe just getting boring. It would seem it would be easy to find these guys and seduce them but it's actually quite a challenge. I would guess at least 90% of the guys I think MIGHT be a possibility never respond in a positive way and of the remaining, most of them may talk a big game but they never go through with it.

So it was with Donald. I'd known him since high school actually as he was a friend of Steve's. We never dated, let alone had sex, and other than an occasional hello I never really got to know him until a couple of years ago when he and his wife decided to join our church.

Donald's wife, Lindsey, was one of those "power" wives who immediately jumped into the middle of everything. While Donald pretty much stayed in the background, she was the one to always offer a prayer request, the one to volunteer for the latest committee, to drive the kids to their activities. Every church needs these sort of people yet at the same time she could be a little annoying!

Steve hadn't kept in touch with Donald after high school so they renewed their acquaintance. I remember when he first introduced me to him.

"Hey Kelly, come over here a minute," he'd called over to me after the service one day. At the time we only had the one girl and I was holding her in my arms trying to keep her quiet.

"Kelly, this is Don, remember him from back in school?" Steve said, "Don, this is my wife Kelly and our daughter Mia."

Donald turned to me and I couldn't help but smile as I noticed he gave me the quick once-over. It was summer and I was wearing a short sundress with spaghetti straps and no bra and I knew my nipples were poking through nicely. The short hem didn't come even half way down my thighs to my knees and with my having to adjust to hold onto Mia it tended to ride up even more.

"Oh wow, so you guys actually got married!" Donald exclaimed, patting my husband on the back, "That's incredible."

I smiled and answered, "Yes, I knew from our first date that I was going to marry him. Just goes to show God works miracles."

"Well I have to say, you're looking great Kelly. Seriously, you look like you could still fit into that little number you wore at the homecoming dance."

Donald's face quickly reddened and I looked at Steve to see if he had caught it. In any case, Donald tried to apologize.

"Oops, sorry there Steve... I think that was after you had moved to California."

Steve was gracious though, as he always was when someone complimented me. "No problem, I'm pretty sure I know the one you're talking about and yeah, it was something to remember!"

"I think every guy at the dance remembers," Donald chuckled and then realized he had probably quit while he was ahead - if he even was at this point.

"So anyways, all married with children now I see," Donald quickly changed the subject. "I've got two of my own although we started a little sooner than you guys it seems."

Donald looked through the crowd and then pointed in the direction of a group of kids. "That's Chris my son, the one tormenting his older sister Taylor. He's in 5th now and Taylor's entering 6th."

"Wow, I guess you guys did get quite a head start on us," Steve laughed pointing at the baby in my arms.

"Let's just say the wedding dress had to be a little big," Donald said to Steve, winking. I was surprised he would be so flippant about it but then I could see where there was no sense in hiding it as sooner or later someone would start putting anniversary and birth day dates together.

I left the two of them to catch up on old times and no doubt, old flames. I'd met Lindsey briefly at a church dinner where we both were serving. Of course she had to take charge of everything which sort of drew the ire of a number of the older women who weren't any too pleased at having this new girl tell them what to do. At the same time, the dinner went flawlessly and I had to admit that Lindsey had a lot to do with that. Afterwards I asked her if she would be interested in joining my bible study but with her schedule it didn't work out so I asked if she and Donald would like to join our couples group. It consisted of married couples with kids still living at home so we barely qualified and had only joined a few months earlier ourselves. It was usually held at the church as the number of member had grown to where most people couldn't host it at their home.

Lindsey and Donald became regular members of the group and as usual, Lindsey stepped right in and quickly dominated discussions. A few of the other women made some comments "thanking" me for inviting her which made me feel a little bad but then whenever something needed to be done, we always had someone ready to volunteer.

Personally I would have preferred a smaller group as often times it felt more like a service than a group meeting. My women's bible study usually has four to five ladies showing up on any given day so it tends to be much more intimate and personal. Our couples meeting had anywhere from twenty to thirty people so intimacy was NOT part of the equation. On the other hand, it DID make it easier to socialize with the other people, especially the men, without drawing a lot of unneeded attention. This definitely worked to my advantage and in the past six months wince we'd joined I'd struck up a number of "acquaintances" with several of the husband. Nothing had come to fruition yet but at least the seeds were planted. Prior to this group we had belonged to a group for young married couples without kids which was similar in format. I'd managed to bag two of the husbands in the two years we belonged so hopefully I could do the same or better with this group!

One of the sessions dealt with marriage problems after the birth of a child. Afterwards during the refreshments I saw Donald grabbing a drink by himself so I decided to see what I could do to get something started.

"Hi Donald, haven't had a chance to say hello since Steve introduced us," I greeted him with my hand extended.

Donald shook my hand lightly, took a sip from his cup and smiled. "Well then shame on me for ignoring such a pretty woman."

I smiled at the compliment. "So what did you think of tonight's topic?"

Donald's lips pursed as he seemed to try to come up with the right answer. "Well, honestly it's been quite a while since we had to deal with this but looking back I can't say we really had all the problems that were mentioned tonight. Of course it helped that I could afford a nanny to help out Lindsey with her schedule and all. How about you and Steve? Things still going well?"

"Oh yeah," I answered immediately, "We've been so lucky with Mia. You know she slept the whole night through the third night home from the hospital? I woke up in the morning in a panic!"

Donald laughed. "Yeah, our first was sort of like that but just look out for the second one! Payback's a bitch."

Donald looked around furtively as if he was worried someone might have heard his last comment, Then he smiled at me saying, "Sorry, didn't mean to offend any sensitive ears."

"They'll get over it," I assured him, waving his comment away, "So 7th grade now, eh? You know I teach 8th grade so I have some idea what you're facing these days. How's the little princess doing?"

Donald's eyes rolled. "Oh you got her pegged. Maybe we need a session on dealing with puberty!"

"Yeah, I imagine that can strain a marriage," I said softly.

Donald took a couple of sips before answering. "You can say that again!" he finally huffed, more to his drink it seemed than to me."

I suppose I could have pushed him for more but it seemed like we'd made enough progress for one evening. One thing I'd learned by now is that putting on too much pressure is the surest way to lose the fish off your line.

For the next few months that sort of set the tone for Donald and I. We never said much to each other any other time but after the group session we'd somehow always find ourselves at the refreshment table at the same time and exchange a few words. Gradually we would be a little more open and flirt just a little bit. Nothing serious, just more teasing than anything. I'd say it was more like his daughter would be doing with some boy in her sixth grade.

One night it was a little chilly and I had on a light sweater without a bra underneath with a pair of tight jeans that really hugged my butt. The sweater really wasn't warm enough so my nipples were poking out like crazy. It didn't help that the more excited they became, the better it felt when the material rubbed against them as I moved making them respond all the more!

"A little chilly tonight?" Donald asked me as I approached for our usual banter time.

"Yeah, they really need to turn up the heat, don't you think?"

"Oh I don't know, I'd say it's about perfect right now," he joked with a deliberate look at my boobs.

"Now Steve, behave yourself!" I joked, pretending to be embarrassed.

"Well, I always figure if a woman doesn't want to be looked at then she would wear a bra," he teased me.

"Well, if you weren't staring at my boobs you wouldn't know I wasn't wearing one, would you?"

Donald just grinned over his drink as he checked out to see who might be listening. "Hey, don't look at me. Every guy in the room was checking you out tonight - as if you didn't notice."

"Yeah but only one's commented to me about my nipples," I retorted.

"Are you complaining?" he said with a sly grin.

I checked out the crowd and saw we were pretty much obscured by the people standing around looking in other directions so I decided to try something.

"Maybe you'd like to do more than stare at them, eh Donald?" I practically whispered as I brushed my hand against my boob, rubbing my nipple for just a moment.

Poor Donald, I don't think he was prepared yet for this as he reddened and set his drink down on the table.

"On THAT note I think someone might be looking for me," he said hurriedly, looking over my shoulder to see if his wife was anywhere in sight.

"Meow!" I teased him, snapping my arm in a whip motion.

Donald just shook his head and walked away but I felt rather pleased with myself. That night I told Steve about my encounter.

"I don't know Kelly, you may be playing with fire on this one," Steve warned me, "That Lindsey is a tiger and if she ever thought for one second you were after her husband she'd tear your throat out! Besides, I don't know how Don is these days but back in the day he wasn't exactly a player."

Steve paused and ran his fingers over my bare chest as I lay next to him in our bed. "Or is that it? You never bagged him in high school so now you're going to make up for it?"

I grabbed my husband's hard dick and moved my head down to give it a kiss. "Can't a girl just want to get laid without some major philosophical hoopla?"

As I started to suck my husband's cock, I knew one for sure... I was going to get laid that night!

# 3. The Seduction

The first move is always the hardest but that doesn't make the rest any easier. As I expected, the next time Donald and I had our little banter session it was all about the lesson that night and nothing with any sexual innuendoes. I say expected because most guys are like that. They get a little carried away and then feel guilty. If I had tried to push I would have only intensified those feelings and likely lost him off my line.

The following week though I came a bit more prepared. The weather was still chilly so I wore a pair of black leggings with a long sweater that came to my knees almost like a dress. It buttoned down in front but I left it unbuttoned with a white blouse underneath that was mostly hidden so long as I kept the sweater closed in front of me - which I was careful to do all night as the blouse was also quite sheer. Of course there was nothing underneath it so not only did my nipples pop through, but their dark outlines could be easily seen thought the sheer fabric. Not exactly the type of outfit for general consumption but exactly what I needed to follow up my early success with Donald.

"You look much warmer tonight," he started off and I was pleased that he finished with a nod towards my boobs which were pretty much concealed under the heavy sweater.

"Actually a little TOO warm tonight," I sighed, "I wanted so bad to take this off but then I don't think your wife would have appreciated."

With that I allowed the sweater to part and reveal my boobs with my nipples in full display behind the thin material.

"I think you made the right call there," he said, almost choking on his drink which he had just started to swallow when I parted my sweater.

"I wore this just for you tonight Donald," I said as I moved in a little closer to him.

Donald looked away but then he couldn't take his eyes off my breasts. He kept glancing away thought to be sure nobody was looking, especially his wife but she was at the opposite end of the room fully engaged in some debate over who knows what.

"So what do you think Donald... Like what you see?"

Donald took a long breath, more to stall I think before he had to answer.

"Kelly... I know we've been teasing and such but I'm not sure where this is going."

"Going?" I asked innocently, "Who said it was going anywhere? I just wanted to show you my boobs a little better. Isn't that OK?"

"So you're still the slut, eh?" he came back, "I thought you and Steve had such a great marriage."

"Oh but we do," I answered back, "But that doesn't mean we can each have some fun."

Donald reached out and pulled my sweater together but in the process his fingers brushed against my breasts and I felt a tingle.

"Well, I can guarantee you one thing, Lindsey would never go along."

"Who said anything about Lindsey? This is just between you and me."

"Hey, it was great talking to you tonight Kelly," he said hurriedly and then bolted.

I smiled as he hurried over to his wife. He hadn't said no after all!

Then I got pregnant and once Donald learned it was like all sexual banter was off limits. It would have been funny had it not been so frustrating. One night when I was about five months and starting to develop a pretty nice bump, we finally crossed paths at the refreshments table after a few months of avoidance on his part.

"Well hello stranger," I greeted him, "Seems like you've been avoiding me."

"Why do you say that?" he asked, trying to be attentive while at the same time it appeared he was anxious to be someplace else.

"Well, for starters we haven't talked in months!"

Donald nodded towards my protruding stomach. "I sort of figured you had other things to deal with than teasing married men."

I know he meant it nicely but it still sort of irritated me. "Why do people think just because you're pregnant that you don't think about those things? I mean like did Lindsey do that?"

I wasn't sure if he was grinning or what, sort of an in between look so I waited for the answer.

"As a matter of fact she did. Total off-limits the moment she found out."

"Really?" I couldn't help but blurt out. I know some women think sex during pregnancy is "dirty" or otherwise harmful to their child but that's been debunked by every credible medical expert on the planet. In fact, my OBY-GYN encouraged us to maintain a healthy sex life as long as it was comfortable.

"Oh? What's wrong?" I heard behind me and turned to see Steve standing there with an empty glass, evidently on his way to get a refill of punch.

"Oh nothing, we were just talking about tonight's lesson," Donald hurriedly said and then he quickly made his goodbyes leaving me alone with Steve.

"OK, so what was THAT all about?" he asked.

I tried to explain and as soon as I got to the part where Lindsey had shut off Donald when she was pregnant Steve couldn't help but chuckle.

"I can believe it, she seems the type," he said giving me a hug, "Not like my sexy slut wife who just gets hornier the further along you go. Speaking of which, isn't it time we got home?"

I poked him in the ribs with my elbow. He knew why and he just hugged me all the more.

"OK, OK, sorry to push but I can't help myself," he sighed in my ear.

Of course he couldn't - he's a guy and guys can't help but get horny thinking about fourteen year-old babysitters waiting for them at home. What could I say? She was a GREAT sitter and since she would be staying the night it really didn't matter if we hurried home but I knew my husband better than to ask him to delay any longer.

I realize that I have many things to thank God for when it comes to my body but there's one thing I never knew he'd blessed me with until my first baby. While some women put on lots of weight during pregnancy and turn into low-orbit blimps, people have told me even in my 9th month that from behind they couldn't tell I was pregnant. Oh sure from the side I have a basketball under my shirt but it's like all my weight gain is the baby without spilling over to the rest of me. The only exception, and one my husband really appreciated, was my boobs. Normally a solid B cup, it's like the day I get pregnant they start to grow and by the time I'm in my 2nd trimester I'm actually a true D cup! Unfortunately it's only a temporary benefit and within a few months of delivery they're pretty much back to normal, my boob-obsessed husband LOVES my breasts!

Being I carry most of the weight with the baby, it also means I don't have a huge problem getting back to my normal weight within a couple of months although muscle tone and such takes a bit longer. I HATE a few stray stretch marks but they are mostly hidden once I get back into bikini shape. Yes, I actually do wear a one-piece suit for a couple months after delivery, something Steve seems to find great joy in teasing me about as until my first baby, I don't think I've ever worn one in my entire life.

In any case, things stayed pretty low-key between Donald and I during the summer months after my delivery. During the summer we only had group sessions every other week instead of weekly and even then attendance was low. It wasn't until the kids were back in school that normalcy was regained. Donald and Lindsey were amongst those that pretty much took the summer off from group so I was happy to see them entering the room at our first meeting after the start of school.

Everyone seemed to have stories about back-to-school issues and so there weren't any problems getting people to speak up like we have at times. Of course Lindsey had to be one of those to chime in on everyone else's story and then finally she rose. There was something about her demeanor though that drew my attention - and those of the rest of the group. The always confident, always "in charge" Lindsey looked like she would burst into tears at any moment. Everyone suddenly quit talking and the room was deathly quiet.

"I know people think that Don and I have the perfect marriage with two wonderful kids, a nice home, and you name it. But something happened recently. We weren't going to come back to group but I told Don we had to or else I would leave him. So now he can tell you what happened."

I had no idea what this was all about, nor did anyone else it appeared. The room was filled with a stunned silence as everyone turned to stare at poor Donald who looked like he wanted more than anything else to just run out of the room and never come back.

Lindsey was seated now with her eyes focused on her poor husband like a laser. Any signs of tears had been replaced by something more akin to anger or revenge. Whatever Donald had done, she was going to make him pay for it. As curious as I was, I couldn't help but think to myself, "What a bitch!"

Don stood up slowly and addressed the group. In a few quick minutes he confessed to having dealt with an addiction to pornography for most of his life, an addiction which he had apparently successfully kept hidden until recently. No mention was made of what Lindsey found or how she found it. It could have simply Playboys or something as dark as child pornography or anything in between. I guess in Lindsey's eyes it didn't matter. Porn was porn and for her husband to dabble was akin to cheating.

Donald finished by apologizing to his wife and then to the group for his behavior, promising to make good on his vow to Lindsey that he would seek counseling and make the necessary changes to his life. With that our pastor stood up and offered prayer for Donald and his family, and then for all men facing the struggles of addiction, be it porn or drugs or whatever. I'd wondered why the pastor and his wife had attended tonight as they normally didn't. Well, in the future I'd be paying closer attention to those nights when he showed up!

Needless to say, Donald and I didn't do our little dance around the refreshment bar afterwards. He and Lindsey quickly made their exit without so much as a word with anyone once we broke up. On the way home, Steve and I talked about the incident.

"Wow, that was pretty intense, didn't you think babe?"

I sort of grunted agreement, still a bit weirded out by the whole thing.

"Thank God I have a wife like you," he said sweetly, reaching over to hold my hand.

I couldn't help but laugh a little at that one. "Yeah right. Imagine if I had got up and told them about YOUR porn collection!"

We both laughed together at that. Indeed, Steve had this giant hard drive which was practically filled with all sorts of porn. The only person I knew with a bigger collection was my dad and then only because he'd had more years to collect his. Still, Steve was doing a pretty good job catching up, especially with all the home videos he collected from various parties and get-togethers with other families and couples. At times I get a little worried that somehow the wrong people might find out what they have as much of it is illegal and would like.ly land them in jail or at the very least, brand them a sex offender for the rest of their lives. Back in the early days of the Internet, my father would download all sorts of crazy stuff but I know these days he stays off-line for the most part and doesn't go near anything that would draw attention. Same for my husband. Fortunately they both have their own local sources so they don't have to deal with the Internet Nazis.

"So what do you think?" I asked Steve who knew exactly what was on my mind.

Steve grunted which wasn't really a response. Then he came back with, "I don't know... hard call to make. On the one hand he's in so much hot water and Lindsey is probably watching him like a hawk so odds are he's off limits in any case, On the other though, I bet deep down he's not happy about all this. You don't do what he's done for so long and suddenly go cold-turkey. You know... he MIGHT be ripe for the picking about now come to think about it."

And people ask me why I love my husband so much! Like how many men would encourage their wife to seduce another man, especially one in the situation

Donald was in right now? If anything I could tell he was turned on by the whole idea if the lump in his lap was any indication. I reached over to rub my hand over it.

"I love you so much Steve," I said gently as my hand massaged his growing cock through his jeans.

"Oh you DO, do you?" he teased me. "Then why aren't you sucking my dick instead of just playing with it?"

OK, so he had a point! I quickly corrected my behavior...

The following Sunday I didn't see Donald or any of his family at church. It sort of worried me as I hoped nothing had escalated any further between him and his bitchy wife. The night for our next group meeting came and it looked like they were going to be no-shows for that as well when they came in just at the last minute before the opening prayer. Donald looked like a deer in the headlights and I was sure he feared the worst but everyone greeted them as normal and nothing was said one way or the other.

There were no surreal moments this night and afterwards I saw Donald standing alone and quickly made my way to him.

"Kelly... not a good idea," he said as soon as I was within ear shot. I knew better than to think anything was going to happen with Lindsey on the prowl so I'd come prepared.

"I just wanted to say I thought your daughter did well at the service a couple of weeks ago and you should be proud of her."

Their daughter had sung a short solo as part of the choir so it was a good thing to say to give Donald plausible deniability just in case anyone asked what we talked about. That someone being Lindsey of course. I reached out to shake his hand which at first he hesitated to accept but then took my hand just long enough for me to pass a note. A little old school but a heck of a lot safer than an e-mail or text message for which a permanent record would be maintained.

"Thanks Kelly, I'll be sure to pass that on to her," Donald replied, quickly tucking the note in his pants pocket without even looking at it. With that I left before his wife saw us talking.

On the way home Steve didn't even get the car door shut before he was asking me how things went.

"Heck if I know Steve! For goodness sakes, I just gave him the note and for all I know he hasn't even read it yet."

"Well, he better not forget it's in his pants pocket before Lindsey does the laundry."

I giggled naughtily, "Oh I doubt he's going to forget. I just hopes he flushes it right afterwards."

It's not like I had written him a long letter, just a single short note with an e-mail address and three words, "Chat With Me".

"Hopefully he's smart enough to not use his regular e-mail account or keep a history log going," Steve remarked.

"He seems pretty smart," I remarked.

"Yeah, then how did his wife find out?"

I had an answer for that one. "I was talking to some of the other wives and from what I hear, it's not like she found some treasure trove of hard-core bestiality porn. Apparently all she found were some stories he'd downloaded from some porn story site."

"Oh really?" Steve said, raising an eyebrow, "I wonder if it was the one you use?"

It sort of surprised me as Steve rarely mentions my on-line activities, most of which I think he tolerates more than anything else. From the beginning we agreed that so long as I kept it vague enough for us not to be identified and didn't post anything illegal that he didn't mind me having fun with my "hobby" as he called it. It WAS interesting, though, to think about what Donald had been reading. Wouldn't it be amazing to find out that he was one of my "fans"? Even more so, what if he was one of the ones who contacted me and sent me tributes? Most of the guys who send those to me don't include their faces so unless I saw Donald's dick I wouldn't be able to tell if it was him. In any case the odds were in the stratosphere that he would be one of those guys but it still made me feel a little tingle between my legs thinking of the possibilities. Then I thought some more and figured it was virtually impossible as he would have recognized me from any photo I might have sent him to use when he masturbated about me. Oh well...

Every night for the next week I checked that e-mail account which I'd set up just for him so it wasn't like anyone else would be contacted me through it. Not so much as a peep though. The one night it was late and I was just about to shut down my iPad for the night when a message appeared.

"Kelly?" was all it said. My heart was pounding as I answered back. I didn't ask who it was as I knew it could only be one person, even if the address was something totally unrecognizable.

And so started a series of chats that went on for a month! Sometimes they lasted for just a few exchanges, at others for as long as an hour. He was using his work iPhone for which fortunately his company allowed personal use as well so he could load personal e-mail accounts and even chat via them. Apparently this was a "benefit" he hadn't told Lindsey about so for as far as she knew, all his personal communications were through his home phone with his work phone strictly regulated to work-use only.

We continued to see each other at church and couples meetings but stayed away from each other so as not to draw the attention of his ever-watchful wife. Still, there were those opportunities when our eyes would meet and I could see it in them... the growing desire that I'd been working so long to cultivate.

It wouldn't be long now... I was sure of it. All we needed was the right time and place.

## 4. Another Notch In My Belt

It was October before anything could happen. In the preceding weeks we'd gotten more bold in our chats but at the same time, I can't say we ever went TOO far. Flirtatious comments and lots on sexual innuendo but never anything like, "I want to fuck you." No matter how secure the communications might be, I think he was still reluctant to say anything that couldn't be explained away as just some flirting and playing around.

Then came the chat I'd been waiting for so long. I chat with a lot of people and many of them ask me if I masturbate when I chat with them. Usually I tell them no but even with those who I try to make feel better by saying I do - I don't. First, it's hard to type and finger yourself. Second, when I masturbate I like to concentrate on what I'm doing, not multitasking. This, however, was one of those nights when I laid in bed stark naked, one hand between my thighs as I typed awkwardly in response to Donald's questions.

Was I available Saturday afternoon? That's right, afternoon, not evening. Why not? Could I make it to a hotel on my own? Like duh. Then he explained that his son had an out of town soccer match with his travel team while Lindsey was going to take their daughter to a movie as part of a mom-daughter afternoon. That left Donald with a 3-4 hour window of opportunity, one he didn't want to spend doing yardwork apparently!

I couldn't help but feel a bit taken for granted when after I said it was OK with me, he gave me the room number at the hotel where he'd already made reservations. A little presumptuous perhaps? But then I really couldn't blame him as it wasn't like I'd given any signs of playing hard to get.

That was all and after shutting down I joined my naked husband in bed - not that he ever wore anything in the first place.

"You're pulling my leg," was his immediate response.

"No... I AM pulling your dick but not your leg," I joked as a laid on my side and stroked his soft dick - a condition I didn't expect it to maintain for long.

"A hotel room, eh? That cuts down on his time so why not just ask you over to his place? That's what you prefer anyways, isn't it?"

Steve was right, I WOULD have preferred to be invited over as it added a special element to fuck a husband in the same spent on the bed where his wife would be sleeping just hours later. Then again, I could see where Donald would be apprehensive of his wife noticing anything out of place or the slightest smell she didn't recognize. Pretty risky when he wouldn't have enough time to ensure the place was cleaned and ready for her return.

"Think he'd let me watch?"

"Steve!" I said, giving his now hard dick a little extra tug, just enough to make him jump a little and get the message, "You know better than that."

Steve just shrugged it off saying, "Hey you can't blame a guy for asking." Then he brightened again with another "aha" moment. "Video?"

I didn't even answer him this time but gave him a really hard tug this time and he got the message this time! My perverted husband. But I love him!

Saturday came after what seemed to be an eternity. Steve offered to drive me, an offer I gladly accepted as downtown parking can be ridiculous.

"Behave yourself now," he said to me as he kissed me before I left to go inside the lobby.

"Oh I will!" I said with a roll of my eyes. I turned and walked away, fully aware that my husband's eyes were fixated on my ass and legs which were on full display starting with my five inch hooker heels, thigh high fishnet hose, short skirt that barely came to the tops of the hose, topped by a skintight sheer white top with long sleeves that fit me like a glove and showed off every curve to its best. It hugged my bustline like Saran Wrap, my nipples showing through as if there nothing covering them at all. A gold chain around my ankle - a gift from my dad many years before, a wedding ring courtesy of my husband, a diamond cross hanging from a delicate gold chain around my neck, and half-carat diamond earrings were it for jewelry. With a skirt this short I wore a high waist thong which did little to nothing to cover my butt with just enough to keep my pussy covered, especially since I'd let my pubic hair grow for the past few months. Nothing too bushy but nicely trimmed and maintained.

I glanced back suddenly and sure enough, Steve was still standing there with his arms crossed admiring his wife as she trotted off to meet another man like a hotel hooker. I smiled as I saw I also had the attention of several other guys as well which was fine with me. After all, what's the point in getting all dressed up if nobody sees you?

I entered the elevator alone, pressed the floor button and waved goodbye to my husband as the doors closed. It was like the doors were a symbolic transition point where I left my husband and now was offering myself to another man. Yes, I love my husband and I want nothing more than to be his wife, but for the next few hours I would be giving myself to another man. True, I wouldn't be submitting myself to him as I did to my husband or father, but so far as he was concerned, I would be his for the taking so long as he showed me what I wanted - his lust and desire for me over his wife. So long as he satisfied MY needs, I'd make sure to satisfy his!

The room number he'd given me placed him on the 15th floor. I barely got started when the elevator stopped and in rushed a young boy in a wet bathing suit followed by what was likely his younger sister and harried mother. The boy pushed the button for the 10th floor and everyone settled in. I looked at the mom as she tried to gather all their things and then finally she got it together and noticed me for evidently the first time. I almost laughed when she quickly pulled her son closer to her, as if I was contagious or something.

"You know, I don't bite," I told her sarcastically. Then I couldn't resist adding, "Unless that's your thing."

She looked about my age yet I could tell we had virtually nothing in common. She turned her attention to her kids and when she caught her son peeking at my legs she pulled on him to turn him around so he couldn't see me. I don't think the elevator could have gotten to her floor fast enough!

Finally I arrived at my floor and walked down the aisle until I reached the door with his room number. My heart was pumping as I took a deep breath before knowing softly on the door. Within a few seconds it opened and there was Donald, dressed in a nice pair of slacks, a long-sleeved dress shirt, and black dress shoes. I could smell the scent of his cologne and noticed he looked freshly shaven. Glancing at the bathroom as we stepped in wordlessly, I saw the shower had been used which accounted for the fresh look.

"Soooooo, here we are," he said nervously as he closed the door behind me.

"Do you like my outfit Donald?" I asked, trying to lower the tension level.

Donald's cheeked puffed and he let out a deep breath. "What can I say? You look... stunning."

"I bet Lindsey never dresses like this for you, does she?"

Donald just shook his head as his eyes roamed over my body, noticeably lingering at my boobs and ass although he seemed quite taken with my legs as well.

"Well, then THAT leads me to a few quick rules before anything starts, OK?"

He looked at me with a curious expression. I guess he hadn't planned on there being any rules to follow but I knew from past experience this was perhaps the most important few minutes of our encounter.

"OK then Donald, Rule #1 is that's the last time we talk about Lindsey. From now on it's just me and you, nobody else, got it?"

"Sure, no problem," he quickly agreed.

"Good. Rule #2... for the next few hours I am your wife and you will treat me as such. In return, I'll treat you the way a wife SHOULD treat her husband."

He seemed a little surprised by that one but he didn't argue, not that I expected him to, so I continued. "Rule #3. What happens here stays here. We never talk about it ever again. No photos, no videos."

I added the last part as I'd seen his phone on the table by his room key and I wanted to be sure he wasn't having any ideas about recording anything. Otherwise it was a simple rule and he had no issues so far.

"My 4th rule is you will treat me as a lady and respect me. Nothing hurtful, no tying me up, no biting and especially no anal sex."

Donald hadn't struck me as the kind of guy into anything kinky but then you never know. Sometimes those are the exact guys who ARE into it as their hidden personality is revealed. Better safe than sorry and get it out on the table now rather than fighting him off later.

Then for the big one. "Finally, I want you to promise me that you will never ever cheat on your wife again. And that includes anything with me. This is a one-time thing and I will NOT become your mistress or lover. I will do my best to bring your fantasies to life today and those memories will be yours if you ever think about cheating on her again."

"You never mentioned this was a one-time thing," he started to resist.

"Let's be honest Donald, up until now we haven't even really said what this was in the first place, have we?"

It was true in that everything leading up to know had been more flirting than actual straight talk. Never once had either of us actually said we wanted to have sex. It was all implied so now it was time to nail it down.

"Soooooo, tell me you want me Donald," I whispered seductively standing in front of him in the middle of the room.

Donald looked more like the kid in the elevator now than a grown father and husband. His cheeks were flushed and his breathing was quick and shallow. Dang, I hope he wasn't about to pass out!

"I want you Kelly... Oh god I want you so bad."

He started to reach for me but then I surprised him by pushing him away. For the moment I was calling the shots...

"Just stand there Donald... don't touch me... let me do it."

I approached him and I could tell he wanted so badly to reach out and grab me but he followed my direction and stood there like a statue. I bent my knees and crouched down, my hands working on his belt and then the button on his slacks. I looked up at him and smiled as I slowly lowered the zipper. The sound of it opening seemed abnormally loud in the silence. Once it was down I reached for the sides of his slacks and pulled them down to his ankles. He was wearing boxer style underwear, black, that hugged him tightly and showed off the outline of his dick quite nicely. I placed my hand over it and gently rubbed it in small circles.

"Mmmmmmm, I've been waiting to do this for a long time Donald," I whispered as I pressed my face into his crotch against the soft material of his underwear. I could feel the heat of his dick against my cheek even though for the moment he wasn't erect. In fact he was surprisingly flaccid despite the size of the bulge. Most times by the time I get a guy's pants down he's already hard as a rock!

"You smell so sexy," I sighed as I rubbed my nose into him. In fact he did! Yep, he had definitely showered before I'd showed up as I could smell the floral scent of the body wash. I had to say I was thankful for his consideration as some guys seem to think the musky scent of a sweaty crotch is somehow sexy... NOT!

I felt him placing his hands gingerly on my head but I pushed them away without saying anything. He got the message... it was my show for the moment.

"Let's see what we're working with here," I said all business like as I leaned back and worked his underwear down to join his pants at his ankles. Out flopped his dick and my eyes widened at the pleasant surprise that greeted me. Damn, Donald was hung! Even though his cock flopped down the moment his underwear was no longer supporting it, I was impressed at the length and more than anything, the thickness. Wow, it was like a giant sausage! And talk about one of my favorite things... his pubic hair was incredibly thick and long, it was like a forest between his legs!

"Whoa!" I said, looking up at him with a smile as I balanced myself by holding onto his hairy thighs, "You never told me you were built like a porn star."

"Well, you never asked," he replied with a grin, obviously pleased that I was impressed. It was true, I rarely ask a guy about his dick as frankly, for the most part it really doesn't matter to me so long as it works. The vast majority of men fall in the mid-range with more leaning on the small side than the large. I've never exactly been one of those girls who gets all fired up over a huge dick. If anything, they're more of a pain - and I mean that literally! Still, I couldn't help but feel a special hunger for Donald now, even more than before!

Grabbing his cock, I could barely get my fingers around it even now and it took almost two hands to grip him from stem to tip. He was circumcised and had nice brown ring around his dick to show for it. The head was HUGE and I couldn't wait to get it in my mouth.

"Oh Kelly!" he moaned as I licked up the side of his cock and then around the head. I kissed the tip and ran my mouth along the shaft using my tongue and lips to wet him and make it easier to stroke him. I looked up at him and as soon as he saw me looking he averted his eyes away.

"You can watch me Donald," I encouraged him as I stroked his cock slowly with my hand, "In fact, I LIKE to be watched when I suck a man's dick."

It didn't take much to convince him! Keeping my eyes locked on his, I slowly took the head of his dick in my mouth. Damn, it was big and felt so soft and smooth against my tongue.

As I worked on his cock, Donald never took his eyes off of me. I knew he wanted to grab onto me but I wasn't ready for that. I had a mission for the moment and until that was complete he would just have to wait.

Slowly, ever so slowly, his cock began to grow. In fact, I was worried at the start that maybe he was so worked up over cheating on his wife that maybe he wasn't going to be able to get it up at all! Those fears were put to rest as I felt him swelling in my mouth, reaching further and further back into my throat as I worked on him.

"So you've never watched a girl suck your cock before?" I asked, taking a breather when his dick had poked down into my throat enough to where I barely controlled my gag reflex, "Really?"

Donald shook his head, as if he was afraid to trust his voice at this moment. His cock was rigid now and again I was impressed. Typically I find guys with larger dicks tend to have less firm erections. It's amazing at times how much a small cock can grow in size, doubling in length and width or even more. In contrast, most really big dicks tend to grow only a small percentage and often fail to attain that steel pipe status. Well, Donald's was the best of both worlds in that while it didn't double in size (thank god!) it certainly did grow and it was amazingly stiff. I pride myself on being able to deep throat any cock but his was going to be a challenge!

"I want you to cum in my mouth Donald," I said, preparing myself for what was to cum. I'd been stroking and sucking him for ten to fifteen minutes by now and my mouth was starting to get a little tired so time to complete my initial mission.

I didn't wait for a response before settling down in front of him, taking a deep breath, and slowly pressing my face further and further into his crotch, taking his cock deeper and deeper into my mouth. The trick to this was to get past the gag reflex and into your throat. Most girls I know that say they can't deep throat are afraid to push past that point, thinking they WILL gag or worse, puke. I try to tell them that they WILL if they just keep it at that stage but if they just push through it as quickly as possible then it's all downhill after that.

Well, that's usually true. In Donald's case I felt like I was taking a log down my throat but I was determined to do it. I wanted him to watch until his entire cock was in my mouth and throat, my face pressed into his pubic hair until my lips circled the very base of his dick. In the end I did it but I have to say, it was one of the most difficult ones I've done!

Pulling my face off of him, I gasped for air and smiled as I looked up at him in triumph. Without wasting further time I worked relentlessly on his cock with my hands and mouth until I felt him starting to thrust and I knew he was close.

"Cum in my mouth Donald," I told him for the umpteenth time now, "Fill my mouth with cum."

Donald grasped my head with both hands and this time I didn't fight him off. He pulled me into him as I felt the first surge of sperm as he ejaculated into my open mouth with perfect aim. I knew he was watching as the next load shot across the gap between the end of his dick and my waiting mouth. Then I took him in my mouth and sealed around his shaft with my lips as the remaining loads of his adulterous sperm filled my mouth.

I held onto his dick as I looked up at him and opened my mouth, sticking out my cum-covered tongue for him to see. Then I closed my lips and swallowed, and then again to get the rest down. Reopening my mouth, I showed him that it was all gone and down into my belly.

Mission accomplished. I knew Donald's first orgasm would likely be quick so now that it was over we could concentrate on having sex without worrying about him cumming inadvertently. We had a couple of hours so I wasn't worried about him reenergizing at least one more time. Standing up, I licked my lips and grinned. "So tell me Donald, how did you like your first blowjob?"

Donald looked a little ludicrous standing there with his semi-flaccid cock while his pants and underwear hung around his ankle. But it didn't keep him from grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

"THAT was insane!" he panted, almost as out of breath as I was.

"Well why don't you take off those clothes now and get on the bed," I said to him. I waited as he quickly stripped, carefully hanging his clothes over the chair.

"Oh no... take off the comforter," I groaned as he started to just climb on top of the bed, "Have you ever SEEN what's on them?" Indeed, just take a black light to any hotel room and you'll be grossed out by what you see. At least the sheets have hopefully been washed!

Donald threw the comforter onto the floor and climbed in bed, laying on his back with his dick sticking up like a periscope from a sea of lush pubic hair.

"Watch me Donald... watch your wife strip for you."

I swayed gently to the music in my head as I slowly stripped off my clothes for him. It's always a question as to what order to go as different men have different fetishes. My policy is to strip such that the things he's interested in the most are revealed last. In Donald's case I'd noted he seemed fixated on my boobs which were still larger than typical having not yet lost all of their pregnancy "enhancements". I'd say I was still a full size C in fact. It didn't hurt that Lindsey was practically flat but then she was so skinny she didn't have much of a figure to start with.

Even when I stripped off my thing I noted that while Donald certainly took an eyeful of my trimmed pussy, he was still locked in to my boobs so I took my time revealing them. By the time I was all but naked, my nipples were so hard that even exposure to the cool room air did little to affect them. I still had on my hose and heels and I debated quickly as to whether to keep them on or get nude. A lot of guys are turned on by hose and heels though for some reason Donald didn't seem the type. I got the idea that he was a man who liked his woman stark naked in bed so I slowly rolled off my hose and kicked off my heels until I was standing before him as naked as the day I was born.

Well, expect for my jewelry. The wedding ring was staying on - I NEVER take it off no matter who I'm having sex with. The earrings weren't a bother but I removed my ankle bracelet and cross as I didn't want the delicate chains broken during who knows what was going to happen in that bed.

I slowly climbed into the bed beside the nude husband lying there anxiously waiting for me. This time when he put his arm around me I didn't resist. From now I was his...

"Love me Donald," I whispered huskily to him, "Love me like you've never loved anyone before."

Donald gently pressed me onto my back as he laid on his side next to me. I watched with a smile as he ran his hands all over my naked figure, from my ankles to my neck with special attention to my boobs at first. Oh yeah, he LOVED my boobs! Then he leaned over and started to suck on my nipples as his hand moved down and pressed between my thighs. I opened them, inviting him inside. He fingers began to caress my pussy as his mouth and tongue played with my breasts.

"That's it Donald, suck my nipples, use your tongue on them," I encouraged him. He was rubbing his finger against my wet pussy so I reached down and gently maneuvered his finger to the entrance of my vagina and pressed him into me. He quickly took the hint and pushed his forefinger deep inside of me. I lifted my hips up to meet his finger, sighing as he fucked me with it.

"Kiss me," I asked him softly, "Love me Donald."

As our lips met and tongues collided, I was in heaven. YES! He wanted me, he desired me. I felt so much like a woman at that moment but I wanted more.

"Make love to me Donald," I sighed, "Love me!"

OK, so a little theatrical but I wasn't about to tell him that in reality, only one man COULD make love to me and it wasn't him. That wasn't the point though. I wasn't asking him to make love to me so much as I was asking HIM to do it from that perspective. I wanted to take Lindsey's place in his heart... and libido. I wanted him to remember making love to me as he had never done to his wife.

At the same time, I DID want him to love me. I wanted to feel loved, to be loved. I didn't want him to just fuck me like a whore, I wanted it to mean something to him, to be something he would never forget as long as he loved.

At first I was a little worried that maybe I had rushed things along. It had been enough to get him hard the first time, what about the second? True, we'd been making out like teenagers on their parent's couch for the last forty five minutes or so now, but was that enough time for him to recover?

Well, two things seemed to take effect. First, whatever feelings of guilt and nervousness that may have been affecting him before were evidently history now. Second, I knew he WANTED to fuck me and that, more than anything else, made me feel incredible. THIS was what I wanted from the first moment I saw him and his wife together. He wanted me... more than Lindsey, more than his own wife.

"Here, put this under me," I whispered as I grabbed one of the pillows and tried pushing it under my butt. I lifted myself up and Donald positioned the pillow under me so it supported me in a more easily accessible position.

As much as Donald wanted to fuck me, there was something else he wanted first, something he'd never been able to do with his wife. Well, if Lindsey wouldn't let him do it then I was more than happy! Donald worked his way until he was barely on the bed and put his arms under my legs, pushing them up with his shoulders as he lowered his face into my crotch.

"Mmmmmmm, somebody's hungry for pussy I see," I teased him nicely. "I hope you don't mind but I've been letting it grow out a bit."

Donald laughed, lightening the mood just enough. "Actually I love it this way. I want to make love to a woman, not a little girl."

My pussy tingled. First, in anticipation but also at the way he'd phrased his response. He didn't say he wanted to fuck me, he said he wanted to make love to me. I wondered if he had any idea of how significant that was to me?

For a self-proclaimed first timer, Donald wasn't bad in the pussy eating department. No doubt with all the porn out there for a guy to learn from he had some idea of what to do to start. I probably could have given him a few pointers but then I didn't want to make him think he wasn't doing a good job so I just let him do his thing. Not that it wasn't enough!

My first orgasm rocked me quickly as I was already on the edge before his tongue ever touched me. I moaned and cried out as I gripped his head and pulled him in tightly into my crotch. God it felt so damn good!

"Did you cum?" Donald asked me so sweetly after I finally collapsed back down onto the pillow.

"Are you kidding?" I gasped, "haven't you ever seen a woman having an orgasm before?"

"Actually..." he didn't finish the sentence but I got the message. Didn't surprise me, that was for sure.

Without another word he pulled himself up and over me, holding his weight off of me as we kissed. Mmmmmmm, I could taste myself on his face and lips and I LOVED the scent of my pussy that now dominated over his cologne.

"Oh Kelly...," he whispered as I felt him pressing into me. Then he suddenly thrusted forward, driving the thick head inside of me as I felt like I was being split in two.

"I'm so sorry Lindsey," he said as he pressed even deeper into me. I don't think I was supposed to hear that last line so I ignored it and pretended I hadn't. IF anything, it just made this moment all the better for me! He was mine now and he would never be hers again.

"Fuck me Donald... oh God fuck me hard!" I cried out, encouraging him to drive it even deeper. God, he was so big inside of me!

I was happy that I had blown him to start as now he seemed to be able to go on forever without cumming which worked out well as we tried out various positions on the bed. Finally I was riding him cowgirl, slowly rocking forward and back as I took the moment for us both to relax and catch out breaths yet at the same time, I didn't want his dick out of me for one second more than necessary.

"You're incredible Kelly," he groaned as he held onto my bare hips while I gently worked his dick in my pussy. "I've never felt like this before!"

This was perfect... exactly what I had dreamed it would be. Donald's body and mine were joined together as one, sharing our mutual lust and needs as only sex can achieve. I loved the feel of his thick pubic hair smashed against my pussy as I took his dick inside of me. To look down and see his cock all but disappear inside of my body while at the same time feeling him within me, was just beyond words. The way he looked at me, the animal lust and sexual desire that consumed him, made me feel so good about myself. I felt sexy, beautiful, like I was the most important woman in the world at that moment.

I was about to answer when suddenly this shrill tone went off. What the heck? It was his cell phone which had somehow found its way to the table next to the bed. When had he moved it? And why was it going off now anyways?

"Oh my god, it's Lindsey!" he almost choked. "I'm so sorry Kelly, I HAVE to answer it or she'll know something's up."

"Well, answer it then," I replied rather smugly as I sat down and imbedded his adulterous cock firmly inside of me.

"But I can't with you..." he pleaded, obviously expecting me to somehow disappear.

"I told you, I'm your wife now so you can make love to me while you talk to her."

The phone was going off and we both knew he had only seconds before it went to voice mail and he would have to explain why he hadn't answered. For him it must have been his worst nightmare while for me it was more like a dream come true. Once before, a LONG time ago back in my college escorting days, I'd fucked a guy while he talked to his wife on the phone and to this day I recall it as one of the most erotic sex moments of my life. It was one of those things that you figure happens once in a lifetime but it appeared as if now lightning was going to strike twice.

"Hi honey," he answered, trying to breath heavily into the phone, "Sorry, I left the phone in the other room."

"Speaker," I mouthed to him. He wasn't exactly thrilled by the idea from the expression he gave me but I threatened to reach for the phone if he didn't so he pushed the screen and I heard his wife's shrill voice.

"We just got out of the movie so I want to check on you. Is everything OK? You sound a little out of breath."

I wiggled my butt around Donald's dick as he tried to keep his composure saying, "I told you, I had to run from the other room. Sorry. How are things going?"

I started to slowly rock on his dick, picking up the pace. He'd been almost ready to cum before we were so rudely interrupted... could I get him to cum now?

"Oh the movie was perfect... you would have hated it of course. Here, your daughter wants to thank you."

I almost giggled at that. It was good enough to be fucking him as he spoke to his wife, but now with his daughter? Oh yeah!

"Daddy, thank you so much for buying the tickets and arranging lunch, this has been a perfect day. I love you."

Donald couldn't answer at first as I was working his cock with my pussy, squeezing on it as I starting to lift myself up and down on his shaft.

"Daddy?" the little voice asked again.

"Sorry baby, I'm glad you and mommy like everything."

I could hear Lindsey telling her daughter to run over to get something and then she was back on the phone.

"Don, I really do mean to thank you for being so thoughtful today. I know things have been rough. Maybe tonight when I get back I can thank you more personally."

Despite dealing with his wife at the very moment he was committing adultery, some things in nature a man can't control. When his dick wants to cum... it cums. As Lindsey went on, telling him she wanted to start fresh and that she loved him, she had no idea her husband was at that very moment having an orgasm, spewing his adulterous seed into another woman's pussy.

"Oh I love you!" he burst out as he drilled his dick as deep into me as he could, filling me with every drop of his sperm he could release.

"I love you too Don," Lindsey replied, thinking that he had been talking to her. Well, I knew better!

"We should be home in an hour or so. I think we'll save the restaurant coupon for another time. We filled up on popcorn and candy at the theater. See you soon. Love you!"

With that the phone went dead and Donald dropped it on the bed next to us. I sat on his hips, luxuriating in the feel of his now spent dick still inside of me. Oh my god, how could this have worked out any better?

"I don't believe this," he groaned, almost like he was in a daze.

I bore down and gave him a squeeze. "Well, you better believe you just fucked the hell out of me. That was perfect."

I lifted myself off and his cum immediately started to pour out of me like a thick soup, covering his dick. I got between his legs and eagerly licked him clean, enjoying the flavor of the mixture of our cum.

"That was SO cool when you came inside of me while you pretended to love her."

Donald had cum twice now and like most men, it was like all his horniness had left him with his cum as he laid there with his eyes tightly shut.

"You know Kelly, I really do love her, even if she is a bitch sometimes."

I moved up and laid alongside of him, my warm naked body pressed in tightly against his hot nude form. My boobs were pushing in against his chest and I lifted my leg over his such that my wonderful pussy was pressing into his hip bone.

"Whatever, but you can't tell me though when you were cumming inside of me that you were telling HER you loved her."

Donald put his arm around me and pulled me in tight. "You got me there."

We lay there quietly for a few minutes, our bare bodies pressed tightly together. I felt utterly at peace. Yes, THIS was how I achieve my self-worth and ego. What I'd just done was something not many women could do and felt so sexy and desirable. It was like I could walk on air! My hand curled around his well-used cock as I marveled at how wonderful it had felt in me. Mmmmmmm, I wanted it back in me again!

For better or worse though, that was something that I would never experience again as Donald gently pushed me aside.

"I really have to go Kelly... she'll never understand if I'm not home when she gets there and besides, I can't have her smelling you on me!"

I sighed, expressing my desire for more of his love yet understanding it wasn't possible. I watched as he quickly dressed and wondered what he would do when he got home to rid the smell of perfume and sex from his clothes and body. Oh well, that was his problem. I'd gotten what I wanted so whatever happened wasn't my concern. Of course I didn't want Lindsey to find out, what I meant was I wasn't concerned about the details.

Donald came over and kissed me on the cheek. He took the opportunity to run his hands along the length of my body and grab one last feel of my breast. Then he was gone.

I stretched out in the bed and thought about what had just happened. I couldn't wait until the next time I saw Lindsey. While I could never even hint to her what I'd done to her husband, I could at least savor the knowledge that her husband was forever going to be thinking about me whenever he was in bed with her. Oh well, she deserved it in my opinion. Had she performed her marital duties properly her husband never would have been in this room today to begin with!

I really hadn't looked at the room very closely but it was actually quite nice. Not a suite but bigger than average with a nice minibar. Hmmm, Donald was paying so why not?

Another thought came to mind. I called my Aunt Linda and asked if she was up to a last minute babysitting request. What can I say, she's always been great to me and she wasn't letting me down today either. She DID say she had something to attend to later in the evening so I hurriedly called my husband.

"Steve... I'm sitting in an empty hotel room and I need to be fucked."

Hey, the room was paid for so why not?

when it came to anything about her. I remember the first time I asked her if she masturbated and how red her face turned! Yet once she finally confided to me that she did and realized that I was just trying to support her rather than digging for dirt to tattle to her mom, she opened up and we had some of the most amazing discussions about her self-satisfaction episodes - and mine as well. We'd never DONE anything together, at least not like my mom and I would back when I was just a young teenager girl, but then it's not like she was raised to be THAT open. I'm sure that if I told her that I use to masturbate openly in front of my parents, or that my dad use to jerk off to porn in the living room while I did my homework, that she would have been shocked to say the least!

Once Katlyn started dating in seventh grade I was deluged with all sorts of questions and concerns. "Do I let him kiss me?" eventually evolved into, "Do I let him feel me up on the first date?" Needless to say I'll warrant my answers and suggestions were considerably different than what her mother would've told her! It's not that I encouraged her to be a school slut as my cousin Kristen and I had been, but I didn't exactly press her to be a prude either. Katlyn was rapidly turning into a remarkably sexy and HOT young teenage girl so why not encourage her to take advantage of her assets?

Now that she's a freshman in a large high school, Katlyn is like fresh meat thrown into the lion's den. Unlike 8th grade where she was older than most of the boys - both by the calendar and definitely maturity-wise, now she was years younger and I'm sure all the guys had their eyes on her, or at least her incredible legs and growing bustline. Little wonder that less than a month into her start of high school she was already seeking me out for advice.

"Aunt Kelly, he tried it again last night and this time I really had to push him off," she confided. It was the continuing saga of her and her latest boyfriend, a junior that was quite a hunk in my book. Her mother was horrified that a boy two years older than her daughter was dating her but then who was I to say anything? When I was younger than her I was dating a boy who was a junior and by the way, who also took my virginity on our third date. Taking into account I eventually married that same boy (over ten years and hundreds of sexual partners later), I'd say it worked out pretty well for me!

"OK then, so what were you wearing?" I asked her, sitting across from her at my kitchen table.

"Well, pretty much what you told me to," she couldn't help but giggle.

"Yeah but don't forget I ALSO told you that wearing a bra can sometimes turn a guy on all the more."

Katlyn grinned at me as she rolled her eyes playfully. "I know, I know. But Aunt Kelly, Matt gets so turned on when my nipples show through and besides, it feels so much better not to wear one."

"And I suppose it didn't hurt that you were probably poking through even more than you are now," I teased her with a nod to her chest.

Katlyn glanced down where her dark nipples were clearly visible through the tight white cotton cami she was wearing - clearly with nothing underneath it.

"Don't worry, I'd of killed to have those puppies when I was your age," I said as her faced turned a little red, "What are you now, a B cup?"

"Almost," she confirmed, "Mom said I needed to start wearing a bigger bra. I wish you could talk her into not making me wear one."

Just then Steve walked in the kitchen and stopped next to Katlyn where he put his arm around her neck and gave her a quick hug. I don't know how long he'd been listening but obviously it had been for a little while. He was wearing his usual outfit for around the house - sweatpants and a T-shirt. As baggy as the sweat pants were I would have thought they would disguise the rather obvious erection he was growing underneath but judging from how he was poking out he wasn't wearing any underwear to contain him.

"Yeah, Kelly was rather petite I guess you could say," he taunted me knowing it was a sore subject for me. Then he glanced down and I would have kicked him if he had been closer the way he was staring down at her boobs. "Trust me Katlyn, you aunt WOULD have killed to have had those back then."

"Oh Uncle Steve," she said softly, glancing down at the table in her embarrassment.

I gave Steve "the look" and he knew he'd better behave or else face my wrath later so he grabbed a cold beer from the refrigerator and headed back to the TV or whatever else he was doing before so rudely interrupting us.

"You'll have to excuse him, he IS a man you know but he still needs to control himself too," I apologized to her once he was out of earshot.

"Oh it's OK Aunt Kelly," she said rather shyly and then she grinned mischievously, "Besides, I sort of like it when men look at me that way."

I smiled at her and nodded. "Yep, been there done that!"

never want to do it again," she whispered. The giggle were gone and a tear was forming at the corner of her eye.

We were seated on the couch in my living room and until then had been sitting facing each other with one leg crossed under the other. Without another word I scooted over closer to her and put my arm around her. It was a little bit of struggle to do so - who would have ever thought my little niece would ever be taller than me?

"It's OK... you can tell me about it," I said soothingly. I felt a little guilty in that while I was worried about her feelings, at the same time I could feel a tingle between my thighs as I wondered what had happened. Not to mention the softness of her shoulder and side as I put my arm around her and pulled her into me. Oh yeah, my husband wasn't the only one infatuated with her. Thank god for being a girl - at least I didn't have this thing growing between my legs announcing my true feelings for her.

"He didn't even kiss me Aunt Kelly. After I let him lick my boobs - he was squeezing them so hard I let him just so he would stop doing that, he put his hands down into my panties and between my legs."

"Did you want him to go further right then?"

Katlyn's face showed the indecision she must have had at the time. "Well yeah, of course, but I also had dreamed about my first time. I wanted it to be all romantic and dreamy."

What could I say? What girl doesn't have such dreams? I was fortunate in that while it wasn't in some opulent castle I DID lose mine on my own bed in my own bedroom which was sort of romantic I guess you could say.

"And then?" I pushed just a little when she seemed hesitant to continue.

"We were in a bedroom at this party and he just pushed me back onto the bed and then pulled off my panties. He just got on top of me and pushed it in without even giving me a chance to say anything. It hurt... It REALLY hurt Aunt Kelly. It wasn't at all like what you told me it would be like, not at all. I hated it! I just wanted to get it over with."

For just a moment I couldn't help but feel a little defensive. OK, so was it my fault she didn't follow ALL of my advice? Losing your virginity is going to hurt no matter how well you prepare, but then you CAN do things to reduce the pain and improve the experience. Obviously her experience didn't include any of the preparatory things I'd recommended but then was that MY fault?

"Did he use a condom?"

"Not at first but I pushed him off of me before he could get in very far and told him he had to wear one if he wanted to finish in me."

"So I assume he put one on,"

"Yeah, at least he did THAT!"

Miracles never cease, as they say. If I'd read what she'd just described in a story I never would've believed it. Getting a teenage boy to pull out long enough to put on a condom AFTER he already started fucking you was pretty unheard of!

"So he came while he was inside of you?"

Katlyn huffed and nodded, sniffling and wiping her eyes. "Yeah, it didn't take long - thank god. I've never felt so dirty."

I hugged my young niece as she started to cry. I really felt bad as this was exactly the sort of thing I've always attributed to bad parenting. I've always felt a little self-righteous thinking that I will prepare my girls so their first time was as good, or better, than mine and now my first opportunity to do so was a failure. It wasn't like Katlyn was my own daughter so I wasn't able to prepare her as well I was planning to my own girls someday, but still it should've been enough to prevent something like this from happening.

"Are you OK now though?" I asked, concerned that maybe he'd been too rough with her.

"Oh I'm Ok now... a little sore for a few days but I was expecting that," she muttered, "At least you were right about THAT."

Now I was really feeling guilty. It was like I'd let her down and now she was blaming me. Granted, had she and I been able to more openly share everything I was pretty confident that this would never have happened yet there was no way that could tell her so now.

We just sat like that for the next five or ten minutes, her wrapped in my arms as we sat silently on the couch. My hand was just under her bosom, up tight enough that I could feel the swell of her breast against the top of my thumb. I would have loved to move it up higher yet never in the course of any of our discussions had Katlyn ever expressed the slightest interest in girls, at least not in that way, so I'd never broached the subject or done anything that might in any way intimidate her. Still, at this moment it was all I could do to keep my hand from moving up and cupping that perky little breast.

"You know, when I was a teenager I found that sometimes the best partners were older than me," I started out cautiously. It was a little daring on my part to use

the latest update as soon as possible while my dad usually got it second hand from her or from me the next day.

"Wow Aunt Kelly, my parents would KILL me if they knew what Matt and I did, let alone if I did it with someone like THAT!" she exclaimed.

"Well, sometimes you just have to do what's right for you Katlyn," I advised her, taking the role as her dutiful aunt once again. "I have to say though I wasn't too sure about it at first but it turned out to be really a lot of fun and I have to say that I was hooked on older men after that. Still am for that matter."

"I guess," she muttered softly and then added, "But I'm NEVER doing it with Matt again, that's for sure."

"Well, what about someone older?" I suggested cautiously, "Ever think about that?"

Katlyn sorta frowned. "Noooooo, can't say I have. Besides, where would I ever find someone like that? I'm not going to meet some perverted creep on a dating web site, that's for sure!"

The room was suddenly deathly quiet as I debated my next move while she waited for me to answer. This was the sort of opportunity that came about rarely, if ever, so do I waste it and hope for something else later or take advantage of what I had now? If I waited and the chance never came again, would I hate myself for being so careful? It wasn't like I'd prepared myself for this so now I was winging it!

"Well I just might know someone who would love to be with you." The words just seemed to spill out of my mouth before I was even sure I was going to say them. Now that they were out and could never be retracted, my heart felt like it had stopped as I waited her response.

"Oh? Like who?"

"Well, it's someone who thinks you're a beautiful, sexy young woman," I started, "Someone you know very well... someone I would trust more than anyone else with you."

Katlyn looked at me in the eyes without blinking, just staring at me as I could practically hear the gears in her pretty little head as they whirled.

"Really?" she barely was able to get out with a hoarse voice, "You don't mean..."

It was like she was afraid to name him, leaving it to me to finish her sentence. Well, since I was the one to raise the subject I guess I shouldn't complain that now I was the one who had to spell it out.

"Your Uncle Steve would love nothing more, trust me Katlyn," I said softly, gently stroking her long dark hair slowly as I did.

"Oh... my... god!" she gushed as she bit her lip and her face reddened. "But he's my uncle... your husband! I could never do it with him. That would be..."

I smiled at her and moved my hand upward to cup her firm breast in my hand. I could clearly feel her hardened nipple with my fingers - despite her words she was excited, that was for sure!

"Incest... is that what you're trying to say? Yes, it would be but that's OK, true incest is all about family love and respect. Don't let all the crap on the internet give you the wrong impression."

Katlyn was pretty sharp and she quickly put two and two together. "So you're saying YOU have done incest? With who?"

I hadn't really expected the conversation to go in this direction so now it was my turn to put the brain in high gear. It would no doubt be a bridge too far to tell her about me and my dad so I chose a lesser option.

"Well, to be honest Katlyn... with my own uncles."

If I thought Katlyn's sparkling brown eyes had been big up until now, that was nothing to the saucer's staring into mine now.

"You mean Uncle Jim? she asked breathlessly. Then it was like she just caught the plural in my answer. "My grandpa too? Kelly, you and my grandfather have had sex?" she gasped and when I just nodded she continued, "OMG, does grandma know? Who else knows?"

I shook my head. "No, your grandmother has no idea. I WISH we could tell her as I hate doing it behind her back but some things are better left a secret, I think you'll understand why and agree with me when you get a chance to think about it more. And I'm trusting you will never tell her."

Katlyn vigorously shook her head, "No Aunt Kelly, I would NEVER tell her. You can trust me." She paused and then asked, "What about Uncle Steve?"

"Oh of course he knows," I kept nodding, "I could never hide anything like that from my husband."

I was tempted to tell her that her own father had as well but that might have been too much for her. It was shocking enough for her to know what she already did!

It was a lot for her young mind to take in and for now at least that was as far as she seemed to want to pursue which didn't bother me in the least. I didn't want to lie to her yet at the same time I wasn't anxious to reveal to her everything that was going on within our family, at least not yet. At least the one positive thing this side bar conversation had done was delay her having to deal with my original offer, at least for a few minutes. Sooner or later though it would have to be dealt with as you don't say such things and then pretend they never happened.

"So what do you think Katlyn... I mean about you and YOUR uncle?" I gently nudged her. I purposely phrased it that way to try to tie in what I was asking her to something I had done myself - with her own father at that. I was hoping it sounded more personal and intimate for her to consider having sex with HER uncle more so than MY husband.

All the while my hand was still cupping her breast but she didn't seem to notice, or at least she hadn't reacting to my touch - positive or negative. True, I wasn't doing any more than just holding her, squeezing her just enough to let her know I was there but nothing too overt. Still, she had to know what I was doing... something I'd never ever done with her before, at least not deliberately.

"I really don't know Aunt Kelly," she said indecisively, "It just seems so weird. I mean I KNOW Uncle Steve looks at me that way. All the men in the family do so I'm sort of used to it by now. But I never thought for a moment that he actually WANTED me, I mean I know he probably thinks about it but not for real."

At that moment I wanted to tell her that I knew exactly how she felt, that I'd had the exact same thoughts when I first learned that my own father had been wanting to have sex with me for years. Oh sure he'd looked at me with lust at times and I was more than aware that he would get an erection whenever I was on his lap, especially if we were both nude in the hot tub. Yet all that was just a result of biology - the things all guy do when they see a pretty girl. It never meant any more to me and I'd never even dreamed that he actually wanted to fuck me - not for real at least. Oh sure he may have fantasized but so what? Yet again, I wasn't ready to reveal quite that much yet, at least not today, so I did the next best thing.

"Well then, if you really want to know what he things then why don't you ask him?"

Katlyn stiffened at that and for a moment I thought maybe I'd pushed a little too hard, a little too fast. It was cause for relief when she sighed and smiled at me.

"OK, I guess it can't hurt to ask. He won't think I'm weird, will he?"

I grinned at her and have her boob a little extra squeeze. "Really Katlyn, you HAD to see how he felt when he came in and hugged you a little while ago."

It turned out to be the perfect ice-breaker for what had become quite a tense situation as Katlyn giggled like a sixth grader. "Oh yeah... he was really sticking out, wasn't he?"

What she didn't know was just behind us my husband had been standing the whole time listening to our conversation. I couldn't help but wonder if she would she have said all she had and agreed to what she's just agreed to had she known her horny uncle was less than three feet away, stark naked as he slowly stroked a steel-hard erection?

## 3. Steve's Dream Comes True

Of course I knew he'd been there the whole time as he'd positioned himself to be in my line of sight and thus out of hers. I turned my head up and smiled at him, giving him a slight nod which he took correctly as my granting him permission to make his move.

Katlyn had her head on my shoulder, not saying anything as perhaps the magnitude of what she'd just agreed to was starting to be realized. Steve slowly walked around the end of the couch from behind her and then stood in front of her, his hands now off his cock as it stood out rigidly from his crotch, like a heat-seeking missile blasting off from a plume of thick pubic hair substituting as the smoke from his lust-filled engine of sex.

"Look Katlyn... you can tell by his erection see how much a man wants you," I whispered in her ear, "Just look how hard you make him!"

Katlyn turned enough to see Steve and I heard her draw in a deep breath and hold it. I started to massage her breast now, enough so that she couldn't help but notice that what I was doing was quite deliberate and not just an "accidental" touch.

"That feels good Aunt Kelly," she said softly, placing her hand over mine but not doing anything to push me away. Mmmmmmm, I'd dreamed so many times before of feeling her perfect little boobs and now my dream was being finally realized!

"Look at your uncle's cock Katlyn, look at how hard he is! And he's that way because of you." I looked up at my horny husband and smiled, "Tell her Steve... tell Katlyn what you've been wanting to do to her for so long."

"Here, lean back so I can see his cum," I told her. I guided her to lay on the couch to the side of him and as she lifted off of his dwindling dick a gush of incestuous cum and her pussy juices drained from her freshly fucked young pussy. Knowing the typical loads my husband blew, I knew there was a lot more where that came from!

With Katlyn now on her back I spread her legs apart and quickly placed my mouth over her pussy. Oh my god, the fresh smell of sex was as overwhelming as it was intoxicating! Not only could I could taste her teenage pussy but also the sharp taste of my husband's cum. As I licked it off of her, even more of it oozed from her pussy and I didn't let a drop go to waste!

"Here, clean him off while I take care of you," I told her and she worked her way to lay on his lap so she could lick his dick as I kept my face pressed in between those delicious thighs. Steve was in heaven. Then so was I!

When we'd finally finished she sat up and I leaned against her, kissing her as we exchanged the remaining cum on our tongues and mouth. I wondered if she'd ever kissed a girl before? I mean, REALLY kissed a girl? Imagine your first kiss of a girl and she was covered with your own cum and that of her husband's after he'd just fucked you! Wow, just think of the thoughts that must've been going through that pretty little head at that very moment!

"Well, was I right?" I asked her after things had calmed down a little and we all had caught our breath.

Katlyn just grinned at me and then looked over at my husband. Then she looked serious for a moment.

"Ummmmm, Aunt Kelly, I'm not protected," she said hesitantly, as if afraid to broach something that must have been worrying her.

I leaned over to kiss her again... it was feeling so much more natural already to do so!

"Don't worry, after Kylie was born we both got fixed so we wouldn't have to worry about such things anymore."

Katlyn's eyes brightened.

"Cool... so Uncle Steve, I want you to fuck me again!" she giggled as she reached for her uncle's not-so-erect dick.

Steve chuckled as he looked at me and smiled. "Well, if you really want to then you're going to have to work on getting me hard again."

She giggled again and then for the first time she put her hand on my breast. Until now I'd been pretty much the only one to do any touching with her either fucking my husband or allowing me to touch her without reciprocating.

"Boys are nice but a girl feels good too, don't you agree?" I asked her softly, not wanting to break the mood yet at the same time wanting her to know I appreciated what she was doing.

She giggled yet again... I almost laughed this time as it seemed she was full of them. "Feels a little strange I guess. I never touched another girls boobs before."

"Then try sucking on it," I encouraged her, "You know what to do... just imagine whatever makes you feel good and do it to me."

Oh if Steve could only see us now! I didn't have a doubt in the world that any sleepiness would have disappeared instantly at the site of this teenage girl suckling on his wife's breast!

I was in heaven! Oh she knew just how to make me feel good! Nibbling on my nipple, she didn't bite so hard it hurt yet strong enough to tug on it just enough to make me tingle all the way down my spine! The girl was a natural lesbian! Then again, deep down what girl isn't?

"Do you think Uncle Steve will want to fuck me again?" she asked me innocently as she licked all over my breast.

I chuckled answering, "I think the question is more like when will you LET him? Now that the barn door's been opened, there's no putting the horses back in!"

She giggled yet again. "I sort of figured that. It's OK, I liked it. You're lucky Aunt Kelly, you get to fuck him all the time!"

For a moment I hesitated but then why not strike while the iron is hot as they say?

"You know Katlyn, Steve's not your real uncle."

Katlyn, grinned and kissed the tip of my nipple before answering, "Oh I know that, and you're not my real aunt but I like calling you guys that, especially now. You got to fuck your uncles so now I got to fuck mine."

Stroking her hair as I watched her pretty face against my chest, I said, "Well I also know someone else who would love to fuck you. Any guesses?"

Unfortunately my question got her attention enough such that she leaned back and stopped playing with me but then I was also more concerned about her response so I didn't mind so much.

"Ummmmmmmm, I don't know," she said but I didn't believe she didn't have SOME idea.

"Oh come on Katlyn," I teased her, "Just think back to this summer when we were all swimming and you were wearing that sexy little number. You HAD to see the guys looking at you."

Katlyn laughed this time more than just a giggle. "Yeah but that was ALL the guys, so that doesn't help."

She had a point so I tried to narrow it down. "Well, who was it that had this raging boner when he asked you to sit on your lap? Who was groping you in the pool?"

So much for narrowing it down... She smiled at me like I was so clueless.

"Well, the boner could have been Uncle Jim or you husband... and we know how your husband feels now, don't we?" she grinned, "Or at least I really know how he feels NOW!"

We both laughed and I waited for her to continue.

"Hmmmmmm, in the pool is harder. Lots of people touch me and I just figured it was by accident." She thought some more and then brightened up, "Now your father seemed to accidentally touch me the most... so does that mean it wasn't so accidental?"

"What do YOU think?" I asked her.

"Well, I remember a few times when it seemed he sort of got a little carried away. And come to think of it, he also was pretty hard when he would ask me to sit on his lap."

"And soooooo?" I said, trying to get her to put the pieces together which didn't take much work on her part.

"Oh my god Aunt Kelly, do you mean your dad wants to fuck me too?"

I rubbed her head and smiled at her. "Katlyn, I'm sure by now you know just about every walking dick out there wants to fuck you so of course he does!"

Katlyn had those gears turning faster than ever though and this time she had a zinger for me.

"Aunt Kelly... I can see you knowing that Uncle Steve wanted to fuck me but... how do you know your dad does?"

Ooops, I hadn't planned on THAT question so I danced my way around it like a modern day Ginger Rogers.

"Well, I'm not saying he has actually TOLD me in so many words," I started out. Technically I wasn't lying as I didn't say he hadn't told me either. "But I see him looking at you... just as you have. Really, do you NOT think that he wants to?"

Katlyn frowned. "I don't know Aunt Kelly. Sure he may WANT to but that doesn't mean he would. Like he must be seventy years old! It would be a little weird having sex with someone that much older than me, don't you think?"

I was about to correct her in that my dad was just under 51 but then I remembered that when I was her age, anyone over 40 looked the same age - OLD! Still, even at 50+ he was more than three times her age.

"Maybe if he was just some guy down the street but Katlyn, he's family so what does that mean for you as a girl in the family?"

I'd alluded in the past to the duties of a woman in a Christian family but I don't think it was until today that she really began to understand what I meant. Even so, she was a quick study as she proved by her response.

"You mean I'm supposed to submit to him, right?" she asked. When I nodded approvingly, she continued, "I guess I never really quite understood what that meant until today."

Yeah, I had her pegged, LOL. It WAS a hard concept for those who don't understand the proper role of a woman but for those who do it can be extraordinarily comforting and satisfying.

"So now what am I supposed to do?" she asked.

"I think you already know the answer to that, don't you?" I replied, wanting her to be the one to make the connections without me leading her on TOO much.

Katlyn placer her head on my chest, resting her cheek on my breast innocently. "Well... I guess know WHAT I am supposed to do. I just don't know HOW."

I smile at her, so proud of my niece for accepting so easily what some people never could seem to figure out. I could only pray that my own two girls could be half so accepting of their responsibilities when they reached the right age.

"That's part of the beauty of Christian submission Katlyn," I explained, "You don't have to worry about such things. All you need to do is submit to him and do what he tells you to do without question or hesitation. You just have to trust him and know that as a member of his family he will never ask you to do something that you don't want."

She was quiet as she seemed to be digesting everything. It WAS a lot to take in considering where she'd been only a few hours before.

"So let me help you get started then, OK? I asked. I felt her face nod against my boob so I continued, "Why not just call him and offer yourself to him – no conditions, just give yourself to him."

"What if he doesn't know what I'm talking about?" Katlyn worried, "What if he turns me away? I'd be SO embarrassed!"

I lifted her chin so she could look me in the eye and smiled at her.

"Trust me Katlyn, he will NEVER turn you away. He's been waiting for you to do this for a long time now."

My biggest fear was that she was going to ask me how I knew all this but for whatever reason she didn't. Maybe she'd already figured it all out in her head and just didn't want to get that deep into things, at least not yet. Something told me though that our day of reckoning wasn't too far off in the horizon!

"Here... call him," I encouraged her, reaching back to get my phone. I hit the speed dial for my dad, put it on speaker and handed it to her. Katlyn held the phone nervously, biting her lip as she was prone to do whenever she was worried about something.

"Hello?" I heard my dad answer.

"Hi Uncle John," she said sweetly. It was like she called every guy in the family uncle!

"Well hello darling, and to what do I owe the pleasure?" he came back.

She looked at me as if hoping I might call it all off but I just smiled and nodded encouragingly. "Just say it," I mouthed wordlessly to her.

"Katlyn? You still there?" my dad was asking when she was quiet for too long.

"Ummmmm, Uncle John," she said hesitantly.

She couldn't seem to get the words out and I was afraid she might freeze totally so I reached over and hit the facetime button, inviting my dad to video chat with her. She didn't seem to quite get what I had done before my dad's face appeared and she realized that he could see her – naked and everything!

"Whoa!" my dad huffed with a wide grin but he didn't turn his eyes away.

"Tell him... tell him now," I hissed at her.

"Uncle John, I want to submit to you."

As incredible as those words sounded to me, I could only imagine the impact on my dad hearing the naked little teenager on the screen uttering those words to him.

"Are you sure?" he asked?

me. I knew my dad had to be stroking himself and lord only knows when he came the first time! No doubt not long after she started if I knew him at all.

"OH!" she cried out as she finally orgasmed, her curvy hips lifting up off the couch as she rubbed her pussy with the flat of her palm in tiny circles with one hand as she gripped her boobs with the other.

By then I'd cum at least twice myself so I was pretty exhausted. Katlyn looked up a little sheepishly as the waves of pleasure smoothed over and she seemed to recall where she was - and who was watching!

"That was beautiful Katlyn," my dad complimented her, "See what you did?"

My dad turned his phone to his dick where he was still holding it with a hand covered with his sperm. Katlyn smiled, understanding that she had been responsible for what he'd done.

"So Katlyn, what do you want?" my dad asked her. Of course I knew exactly what HE wanted and once again I was so proud of my special student who responded perfectly.

"I want you to fuck me Uncle John," she said pointedly and with a huge grin. " I want that dick and cum inside of me next time."

"Well, if that's what you want then Katlyn I guess that's what we'll have to do... soon I hope," my dad replied, a huge grin never leaving his face.

"And Kelly," he continued as I turned the camera to me, "I think you owe me quite an explanation, don't you think?"

We all laughed at that one although I doubted Katlyn understood exactly what type of explanation my father was expecting from me. Maybe someday soon she would. It had been an incredible day and I really didn't think I could add a thing to it without being even more overwhelmed. I just hoped that I would be able to be there when my dad fucked Katlyn for the first time. Who knows, maybe she'd get to see how a Christian girl pleases her father and then from there...?

practiced. For my mom's side of the family that pretty much includes everyone whereas for my dad's side it's less than half but in all fairness that's mainly because her extended family is a lot smaller than my dad's. He side also has the "advantage" in that incest has more or less been a family tradition since my mom lost her virginity to her dad back when she was fourteen (soon to be followed by her twelve year-old sister Linda). In contrast, my dad's side is totally opposite in that until he fell under the influence of my mom, my dad never even considered incest outside of the typical male fantasy realm. Still, once he got on board things spread out to include both of his brothers and a few of his nieces and nephews. That still leaves out a large part of the folks who gather at our family reunions so it's not like you could call it a true family practice. Indeed, both my aunts on my dad's side would likely call the police if they had any idea what was happening behind their backs - sometimes quite literally.

Besides my aunts, one of the "outsiders" has been Katlyn, the granddaughter of my dad's older brother - AKA my Uncle Paul. Technically I guess that makes her my second cousin but we've been so close from day one that she's always called me Aunt Kelly - which I find to be rather cute. Along those same lines, after I married Steve she started calling him Uncle Steve, sort of the same way she refers to my dad as her Uncle John. I suppose some people might wonder about it at times but it's just something that's become common practice and everyone in our family goes along with it.

Interestingly, my Uncle Paul has a bit of history with my mom that started long before my dad married her. Actually I didn't even know until years after my dad started fucking me that Uncle Paul and my mom's history went back to her high school days. Unbeknown to me (and my dad as it turned out) their sexual relationship had continued on a low key basis over the years since graduation and both marriages. I only learned about it the day he first approached me for sex. As you might imagine I was quite surprised at the time but it wasn't like I complained under the circumstances. Yet even though he was fucking his brother's daughter and knew my dad was fucking me too, I never once heard Uncle Paul even mention a thing about wanting to have sex with his own daughter, let alone his granddaughter.

All this isn't really not so surprising when you think about it. Despite what the porn industry would have us all believe, it's really not that easy to get something like incest started when you don't have the family's support. Even then it's not like everyone has the desire, which seemed to be the case with my Uncle Paul. Like many

Katlyn was now fifteen, having grown even taller than me and was looking positively incredible! It's amazing how much she has changed just in the past couple of years. In fact, to be perfectly honest I was a little jealous of her in that when I was fifteen some people thought I was twelve whereas Katlyn had people asking her what college she attended. OMG, both my dad and Steve would get so horny whenever she was around! Sometimes they would get carried away and try to steal a quick "accidental" feel of her cute little butt or growing boobs, especially in the hot tub or swimming pool, but she never seemed to take notice. Personally I could relate to that as I remembered having men staring at me all the time when I was at the pool as a teenager. After a while most girls just accept it and stop worrying about it. If anything, I'd try to tease them and see how hard I could make them, something I noticed Katlyn seemed to be doing at times as well!

Despite the growing temptation, both my dad and husband had dutifully kept their desires in hand (literally at times) until last week another of my firm assumptions fell when my husband got to finally fuck Katlyn. (If you want all the details please go read my diary entry for 2015 (Oct 17) Chapter 278: Katlyn... Finally!.) The day ended with Katlyn FaceTiming with my dad, masturbating for him and teasingly offering herself to him - in every way mentionable (and unmentionable). I was thrilled, not to mention a bit in we, at how quickly my little niece picked up on the concept of Christian submission!

Needless to say my dad was more than anxious (a LOT more in fact) to take Katlyn up on her offer. The only problem was the logistics - how was I going to arrange a time and location for them to meet? It's not like it was normal practice for her to go to his house without her parents nor could he just pick her up and take her to a hotel room.

At the same time, my husband was just as anxious for a second go at Katlyn. I guess who could blame him? Heck, I'd even masturbated myself several times in the past week recalling the intense memories of her beautiful nude teenage body pressing against mine, her wet lips locked on my boobs as I stroked my fingers over her warm naked body. OMG, the taste of her pussy after my husband had filled her with his cum has been so incredibly erotic that I couldn't wait for a second helping as well!

Since it would be quite awkward to arrange a date with Katlyn and my dad, I wracked my brain to come up with some other ideas. One thing I had going for me was that being Katlyn and I had been so close over the years, nobody ever questioned the two of us getting together. Indeed, I often would pick her up for lunch or shopping trips. Especially now that I had two daughters, asking her to drop by to help out with them wasn't something anyone even thought twice about. Perhaps I was being overly cautious but as anxious as I was to make the arrangements, at the same time I knew full well that if I botched things up then our entire family would likely be torn apart - at best.

As it seems so often the case whenever I faced a dilemma, my dad was there helping me come up with the perfect solution, even if he hadn't realized it at the time. It was the very next morning after our little adventure with Katlyn and I was over at my dad's house for our traditional Sunday morning tryst prior to us heading off to church. For years we'd maintained this father-daughter bonding tradition, missing out only when he was out of town on business or some other major event or plague interfered. I suppose it shouldn't have come as any surprise that he didn't waste any time getting to his favorite subject - Katlyn.

"Damn Kelly, I don't know how the hell you pulled it off but WOW!, THAT was the most intense FaceTime I've ever shared!" he sighed as he quickly hoisted me up on top of the kitchen counter and spread my legs apart. As usual I wasn't wearing panties under my skirt as it would've just been a waste of time. It was sort of funny how my dad and husband differed in that aspect. Of course Steve loved me to be nude as much as possible but when I was dressed he thought it was sexier for me to wear revealing panties and thongs than go commando. On the flip side, my dad would have me remain bottomless 24/7 which is why I'd been that way 90% of the time when I was living at home! I guess that sort of explains why even today I'm usually commando any time I'm home.

"Well you certainly LOOKED like you were enjoying it," I gasped as he quickly plunged his already stiff dick inside of me without even touching me first. Fortunately I'd anticipated his desires - after submitting to someone for over fourteen years you tend to anticipate such things, and had masturbated during the drive over so I was more than wet enough to allow him to penetrate me without any problems. "I think she was a little surprised to see you jerking off, not to mention cumming all over the place. Dang dad, you were quite a mess!"

My dad just grunted as he thrust his incestuous erection even deeper inside of his daughter's welcoming pussy. I leaned back against the cupboard, supporting myself with both hands to the side of me as he put his hands under my bare thighs and lifted me up and pulled me into his groin. Oh god I loved the feel of his thick pubic hair as it rubbed like a soft brush against my crotch! Closing my eyes, I concentrated on nothing but his dick inside of me as my father fucked me like a man possessed.

How would you explain the difference between red and blue to someone who has been blind from birth? Well, unless I'm talking to someone else who has done it, it's a perfect analogy for the problem I face whenever I try to explain the difference between enjoying sex with my dad and any other man. There are simply no words for something that can never be adequately described, only experienced. As I closed my eyes and submitted my body completely to my father without reservation, it was like I was glowing from something emerging from deep inside of me. Indeed, something WAS deep inside of me, the very source of the feelings and emotions that swelled and then burst within me in a series of orgasms.

Indeed, this was no ordinary man fucking me. The hard dick now inside of me didn't belong to just any ol' horny guy at a party, a lusting cheating husband, or even the man I love most in the world - my husband. The fact is that ANY of these other guys could be replaced with a hundred others. Yes, as sacrilegious as it may sound, even my husband was technically replaceable (technically in that I'd never even want to consider such a reality). In all the world there is only ONE man who can claim to be my father and at this very moment that man was pumping his incestuous cock in and out of his daughter's most precious gift she could give him - her body. Just as my father is unique, so too am I in that I'm the only woman in the world he can fuck as his own flesh and blood, as his loving daughter.

Oh god... each time I felt my father thrust deep inside of me I wanted to cry out with joy and ecstasy. Each time he pulled back, threatening to leave me empty and unfulfilled I wanted to pull him back in with my bare legs that I'd wrapped around him, locking my ankles so he couldn't pull out of me (yeah, like THAT was even a possibility!) I could feel my breasts bouncing when the base of his cock pressed up and pushed firmly into my crotch, pounding into me enough to make me shudder from the physical expression of his love for me.

Normally I knew my dad would be thinking of nothing but me as he fucked me, his sharp mind focused like a laser on his daughter as he mated her. Today though was like no other. Under different circumstances I might have been upset that his thoughts could drift to another girl as he fucked me but who could blame him in the here and now?

be followed by a second and serval more after that. This was the moment I had been waiting for. This was the one moment when my father expressed his love and respect for me in the way only he could. Hundreds of men have fucked me but my dad was, and always will be, someone special.

When he'd finished my dad kept his dick in me, leaning back so we could both get a good view of his incestuous cock as it remained imbedded in me, sort of like a finger in the dike holding back the sea - the sea of sperm that he'd just emptied deep inside of me.

"You know, I don't think I'll EVER grow tired of looking at this," he said softly. He was referring, of course, to the sight of his dick joined with his daughter's bare pussy. Yep, it was a view I also could never get enough of and so I leaned forward a little to get a better perspective. It never ceases to amaze me when I try to relate what I'm seeing to what I'm feeling - to comprehend that the thing inside of me making me feel so sexy and hot was the very same dick I could see disappearing from view.

"Wait a second daddy," I urged him as he started to pull out of me. I reached over and grabbed a dish towel from by the sink. "OK, I'm ready!"

My dad quickly popped his dick out of my pussy (yes, it literally DID make popping sound, sort of like a cork from a wine bottle) and as I expected it was like opening the floodgates as his sperm almost immediately began to drain out of me. Well, this certainly wasn't my first rodeo so I was prepared. I quickly pushed the dish towel tightly into my crotch to soak up the tidal wave of cum and pussy juices that followed before it could make a mess of the kitchen counter and floor.

"Now don't forget to wash it this time before you try doing dishes," I teased him. OK, so I was being a little snarky maybe but I was never going to let him forget about the last time! My aunt had been more than a little annoyed when she started drying the dishes only to realize what was soaked into the towel, LOL.

"Do you have a hankie, daddy?" I asked. Duh, of course he did, he was just waiting for me to ask as I usually did sooner or later. The reason I asked was that his handkerchief was a whole lot less conspicuous than a kitchen dish towel should I need a repeat performance in church later. Always best to be prepared... Too bad I had to learn this lesson the hard way but then what else do those old ladies at church have to worry about?

As usual we were running late so he quickly pulled up his slacks and rearranged himself as I tugged down on my skirt hem and checked myself out, taking special care to ensure that none of his cum had dripped onto the back of my skirt. Of course the one time I'd forgotten to check was the one time a big wet splotch appeared. It wouldn't have been so bad except I was sure everybody knew exactly what it was but if so, then they must have assumed it was my husband's. I mean like who would think it was there because my dad had just fucked me, especially the old folks at church?

Less than twenty minutes later I was seated in church next to my dad, my pussy still tingled with the afterglow of my dad's dick filling it. Wow, I was suddenly so horny that it took just about all my willpower to keep from pulling up my skirt and plunging my fingers inside of me! I looked around and saw a number of girls around that looked to be about Katlyn's age. Hmmmmmm, were any of them were fucking their dad's or other men in their family? As naughty as that sounded, actually I would've been quite surprised had the answer been anything but none! As much as I truly believe incest is more commonplace than most people realize, at the same time I don't think it's THAT common.

As I sat there thinking, I thought about how it was too bad that Katlyn and her family hadn't chosen today to visit our church. Even though they had a really nice home church they often would come to ours to visit. Then again maybe it was a good thing after all she wasn't there as I think my dad might have blown another load without even touching himself had she been in sight right about now! As it was I couldn't help but notice he was keeping a hymnal on his lap which just happened to hide whatever was going on in his crotch.

It was maybe half-way through the sermon and I was daydreaming about how good Katlyn's pussy had tasted when it hit me. Of course! It was so simple that why I hadn't figured it out sooner was a mystery - must be slipping in my old age! Sometimes the most simple solution is the best and I'd call this one almost elegant in that I figured it would make everyone happy by the time it was over - my husband, father and even me!

## 2. Saturday Night Sleepover

Arranging for Katlyn to sleep over was a piece of cake. I simply called her mom and explained that Steve and I had been planning a date night but our regular babysitter had bailed at the last moment. Would she mind if Katlyn filled in? Since we'd most likely be out pretty late I offered that it would be easier for everyone if she just spent the night at our place, promising we'd bring her home after church services the next day.

Of course Aunt Ginny was more than supportive - I mean why wouldn't she be? So far as I knew there was no reason why she would ever begin to even suspect my ulterior motives. I was positive she had idea her husband had ever fucked me and as for Katlyn, best as I knew she wasn't even aware her daughter wasn't a virgin anymore. Lord help me if I'm ever so clueless when my daughters are old enough to start dating! All I can hope is that they'll do the same as I did after my first time by coming straight home and telling their mother all the details! Then again, it had better NOT be their first time or my husband wouldn't have been doing his duty as their father.

Of course the REAL agenda for the evening was just a little different than what I'd told my aunt. Surprise! Steve and I had no plans to go anywhere. Fortunately his mom was always more than willing to watch over her granddaughters whenever possible so asking her to take them for the night was a piece of cake. Dropping them off was also an opportunity for a little mom-son time. Now that my husband and mother-in-law had stopped hiding their extracurricular activities - and even allowed me to watch, I found myself looking forward more and more to our trips to her house! Another benefit of Steve's mom taking the girls for the night was that she lived not all that far from where Katlyn's family lived so it worked out perfectly.

Steve stayed in the pickup while I went in to get Katlyn and say a brief hello to her parents. As it turned out my Aunt Ginny and Uncle Bill were both home. As always, my Uncle Bill gave me the once-over. Even though we'd done it a couple of times so far it wasn't like we had anything special going on between us. Even so I still enjoy the tingling feeling I get whenever I see the way he looks at me while his wife stood right there, totally oblivious. Yet as much as I enjoyed sneaking behind a wife's back to have sex with her husband, in this particular case I actually wish she knew as it would have made so many things so much easier. Oh well, can't have everything, right?

Katlyn made her appearance shortly after I entered, rolling a small pink suitcase behind her along with her backpack.

"Hey Katlyn, you DO know it's for just one night," her father teased her. Aunt Ginny smacked him playfully in the shoulder saying, "Now dad, girls need a lot more than boys do and don't forget, she's going to church with them in the morning so she has to have all her makeup and such."

"Oh sure, heaven forbid she forget the war paint!" Uncle Bill chuckled but the three of us girls just ignored him. Men can be so clueless at times! Then again, I wouldn't want it any other way as overall I think that works to our advantage.

"Oh honey, don't you think you're going to be cold in that outfit?" her mom asked her worriedly, "I hate to be the one to tell you but summer's over."

My aunt was referring to the denim cutoffs and tight cami Katlyn was wearing. Surprisingly neither she nor my uncle made any mention of how high cut the shorts were - to the point of the bottom of her cute little bum was hanging out. Not to mention the cami looked about two sizes too small, hugging her like it was painted on and eliminating any questions as to whether or not she was wearing a bra - not that the way her nipples were plainly poking through didn't already make it plain to see that she wasn't.

Then again it wasn't all that surprising in that Katlyn had always been allowed to wear pretty much anything, although not quite as risqu, as the outfits my mom use to buy for me to wear. At least she wasn't threatened with the third degree my mom use to receive from my onerous Aunt Shari who couldn't believe any mother would allow her daughter to dress the way I did. If anything though I think it just caused my mom to dress me all the sluttier whenever our families were getting together.

"Oh mom, quite worrying... I'll be just fine," she huffed rolling her eyes and looking every bit the part of an exasperated fifteen year-old teenager.

"Well, at least I certainly HOPE you're not planning on wearing that to church," her mom continued as if she never even heard her daughter's protests. What is it about moms anyways? Dad's never complain about what their daughters wear, at least mine never did.

"Mom!" she blurted out over her shoulder as she dragging her bag behind her and headed out the door.

"I swear, sometimes she can be impossible!" Aunt Ginny said to me with a weak smile, "Oh well, she's all yours tonight to deal with."

Little did her mother know just how true that statement was!

By the time I'd said my goodbyes and made it back to Steve's pickup truck, Katlyn had already made herself at home scrunched up tight against my husband. I often swore that the only reason Steve hung onto this rolling wreck was the bench front seat!

"You know you guys could at least wait until we're out of sight of the house," I admonished them. Katlyn already had her hand rubbing over my husband's crotch where his erection was outlined.

"Sorry Aunt Kelly," she said although her tone didn't sound too sorrowful, "I've been thinking about this all week and just couldn't wait."

I just shook my head in amazement. My god, what had we unleashed onto the world when we'd opened Pandora's Box last weekend? It's not like Katlyn had been some prudish nun beforehand - she was already quite the accomplished tease and face it, like it or not she'd already given away her virginity to some boy at school so odds were all the other boys knew she was putting out now. Still, I'd never expected her to make the leap from virgin teenager to little slut quite so quickly!

Then again, on second thought the only thing that really surprised me was that I was surprised at all. I guess we all tend to forget what it was like when we were teenagers with raging hormones and sex was brand new and so exciting. Thinking back to that night in a dark theater when I sucked Steve's dick for the very first time, I remember how apprehensive and scared I'd been. Not that I scared about doing it but more scared that despite my mom's lessons that I might not do it right. Steve was two years older than me with quite the reputation for his rather lofty expectations of the girls he dated. If there was one thing I didn't want to happen it was for him to think I was some sort of amateur - even though I clearly WAS. Thankfully I discovered that I had a natural talent for doing it, or at least that's what guys have always told me, and I couldn't wait for our next date.

It was the same way when it came to having sex. I mean I don't care how prepared she may think she is, what girl isn't at least a little scared when it comes to giving up her virginity? Yes, it hurts but for me at least it was more a sharp sting rather than like falling down and whacking your knee causing it to throb and hurt for a long time. Again, just like the blowjob once I got past that first time I couldn't wait to do it again... and again and again and again!

So to be fair, I'd say Katlyn was probably pretty much in the same place as I was around her age. She'd made it through her first time with some boy from school and then she seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed her second (and third) time with my husband. Now that she'd discovered how incredibly enjoyable and fun sex can be, who could blame her for being anxious for more? It's not like I had been exactly patient when Steve would pick me up on a date. And to be totally truthful with

"Yeah... he wants his dick sucked!" she announced triumphantly.

"Fast learner," Steve commented with a sly grin and a wink for me.

"See, now that wasn't so hard, was it?" I told her. She giggled at my choice of words - silly teenager.

The light turned green and Steve was forced to focus on driving through the heavy Pittsburgh traffic - always a nightmare and one of the few things I hated about Pittsburgh.

"But Aunt Kelly, he's driving. Maybe you should drive so I can suck him."

I just shook my head, feeling a bit old suddenly as I once again was reminded of how young and naive she was.

"One thing you need to learn about guys Katlyn, they LOVE their dicks sucked and they especially love them sucked in public."

"Public?" she questioned, a little perplexed.

"Oh I don't mean like on stage or in front of everyone. It's more like someplace where you COULD be seen. The secret is to do it where you can see other people but they don't easily notice you. After all, you don't need anyone freaking out on you and getting you both in trouble."

"But won't people see me if I do it now?"

Steve couldn't hold back anymore and had to put in his two cents saying, "All they see is the back of your pretty head, they can think all they want but they won't know for sure. And trust me, if he DOES see you a guy will just be jealous as hell!"

"So do you suck Uncle Steve in the car Aunt Kelly?" she asked. Sheesh, it was like trying to get something across to a toddler who always had another question ready to fire out.

Again Steve answered for me. "Your aunt gives INCREDIBLE road head. She even sucked me off once going through a drive-through!"

"Really?" she exclaimed, although it was more in astonishment than a real question this time.

"Trust me Katlyn, there's a LOT I'll be teaching teach you although some things are fun to learn on your own," I teased her and then decided enough was enough, time to get to work. "Ok then... since we've only got a few more minutes, why not give it a shot?"

"Cool!" she gushed with excitement growing in her voice.

Steve did the best he could while trying to steer to undo his pants. He'd left his boxers at his mom's place so it was easy for Katlyn to fish out his erection and

respects you he won't do that. Aiming it into your mouth shows he honors and respects you."

Katlyn sat up and playfully stuck out her tongue to reveal the coating of my husband's white sperm and then she quickly swallowed it down, taking a couple of tries before she could get it all down.

"Hmmmmmm, it really doesn't taste bad," she grinned, "At least not as bad as some girls claim it does." Then she got this questioning expression. "But I thought men liked to do it all over a girl."

Steve started to say something but I wasn't about to let him contradict me so I cut in saying, "Well, like most everything, there's always exceptions. Sometimes Steve gets a little carried away... But trust me, ALL men love seeing a girl swallowing their cum. Just remember, if you're going to take it in your mouth then you'd better swallow it. Spitting it out is SOOOO disrespectful!" I was going to mention that it was OK if she spit it into another girl's mouth but held my tongue - even though I would have loved the taste of my husband's cum on it right then.

With that we headed inside with Steve bringing in her suitcase like a gentleman. Heck, after that BJ he had BETTER do something nice for her! Once inside, the first thing Katlyn noticed was how quiet the apartment was.

"So where's the girls?" she asked looking around.

"Oh we dropped them off with Steve's mom for the night before we picked you up," I explained, leaving out the part about what else Steve and his mom had done, "We'll see how well Grandma can handle them all by herself."

"But I thought you guys were going out?"

Too bad she was a brunette as she couldn't use my standard line when I failed to grasp the obvious. Steve started to say something but I put my hand on his arm and squeezed to keep him from speaking. Hopefully she'd catch on sooner than later.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" she said as the light bulb flashed over her pretty brunette head. Then she looked at Steve with the most devilish expression.

"So I guess that means you're gonna fuck me tonight, right Uncle Steve?"

Yep, a natural-born slut alright. It was like she instinctively knew exactly what to say to turn my husband on the most. Katlyn started to reach for Steve but I wasn't about to repeat my mistakes from last week so I motioned for them both to stay still while I dug through my purse. Pulling out my phone, I turned to them but directed my question to Katlyn.

"Just watch me," I told her, motioning for her to take a seat, "Steve, you know what to do."

Steve surely did as he sat down in the couch with a wide grin of expectation.

"It's pretty simple really Katlyn, you just dance while you're on his lap... like this."

I climbed aboard and put my arms around my husband's neck as I ground my crotch on his lap.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, OK, I've seen that in movies," she gushed. Hmmmmmm, now what kind of movies had she been watching?

Katlyn started to reach to undo her shorts but I quickly got off of Steve to stop her. "No no no! ALWAYS start out fully dressed," I taught her, "Men love it when you strip for them and the slower the better."

"Cool," was all she said as she took the place I'd just vacated. She started to move and at first was a little awkward but I could see Steve was softly telling her what to do and it was just a few minutes before she started to get the hang of it.

"If you ever go to a club you'll see that guy's usually aren't allowed to touch the girls but we're not to going to have such silly rules here, right Steve?" I teased, offering him a hint as my way of giving him permission to proceed with what I knew he wanted.

"Damn your tits are so cute," Steve complimented her as he put on hand over each. They weren't the biggest by any means but then still more than I had been blessed (cursed?) with when I was her age. Steve had been a boob guy since high school so I knew he appreciated large boobs but he wasn't complaining one bit about Katlyn's firm perky versions.

Steve was horny and anxious so it wasn't long before his hands were working their way under her cami, pushing it up and over her breasts exposing them to the cool indoor air. Her nipples were already little bullets so it didn't really have any further effect on them.

"Mmmmmmm, YES!" he murmured as his mouth encircled her little brown nipples and his tongues rolled around her breast. I stood back a few feet, a little jealous if I was being honest - that's being jealous of HIM mind you.

"Good... now grind down a little harder on his dick," I instructed her and she got this cute little look of determination as she worked her butt around in circles over his cock through his pants. "That's it - see the look on his face - he loves it!"

the evening and this was only meant to keep Steve happy so it wasn't like it needed to take all that long.

"OK, now grab his cock Katlyn," I instructed, "That's it... you know where he wants it... same place I think YOU do, right?"

Katlyn giggled at that and I knew I was correct on both counts. Even though it would've made me happier to be the one directing my husband's erection into her, this wasn't about ME. Rather it was all about pleasing my hubby and as much as it might frustrate me, I knew he loved having her guide in him, showing him she wanted it there.

"Shit you're cunt's so fuckin' tight!" Steve groaned as she pressed down on his shaft. As hard as he was it actually bent just a little as he strained to press himself into her all but virgin pussy. I smiled at the expression on her face - complete concentration as she bent forward to get a better view of the fleshy invader forcing it's way inside of her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly as it was like he just popped into her in one swift motion. It was so quick she lost her balance and dropped down hard onto his lap, driving my husband's dick deep inside of her so fast it took them both by surprise. "Oh wow!" she blurted out as she just sat there. Steve might not have the biggest cock in the world at six inches (OK, so I'm being a little generous but then I AM his wife you know) but he was moderately thick which I loved even better and I knew she must be feeling positively stuffed.

"Shoot! Hang on or just a sec!" I said quickly, regaining my senses after a momentary lapse but then who could blame me given the view right in front of me. I stepped next to them and took a few quick shots looking down at the incredible view of my husband's hairy crotch pressed in tight into hers without a sign of his dick anywhere. Switching to video mode, I said, "OK Steve, now fuck her... fuck her like you've always dreamed of fucking her."

It was a video I knew he would always cherish - not to mention my dad and who knows, maybe even her own dad someday. It didn't hurt that as she rode his dick she panted and cried out as her orgasm racked her stiff body, her pussy clamping down on Steve's cock as she rocked back and forth on his lap clutching her boobs.

As horny as Steve was, I knew it was only a matter of time - a very short time, before he couldn't hold back any longer. It had been a couple of hours now since

Poor Steve, one minute he was fucking the girl of his fantasies and now he was about to be left home alone as his wife and that same girl left to be with the one man he least appreciated me having sex with - my dad. Oh well, he had better not complain as I COULD have simply had him drop the two of us off on the way home. But then what kind of wife would do that to her husband?

## 3. Updating Our Sunday Morning Tradition

For a brief moment I toyed with the idea of just having Katlyn put on her coat and remain naked under it for our short trip to my dad's place. I'm sure my dad would've been thrilled to see her nude so quickly but then what had I just told Katlyn about men wanting to watch a woman strip? Yeah, he would've been happy to get down to it quickly but then I knew his memories would be so much sweeter if we did it right.

"Why don't you do to the bathroom and clean yourself off?" I offered to Katlyn who quickly ran off to do just that, leaving me alone for the first time that night with my spouse.

"You sure you're OK with this?" I asked him, not wanting to upset him yet at the same time a little anxious that he might insist on modifying my plans for the rest of the evening. The problem was that if he did then I knew I'd have to obey him as his wife yet at the same time I felt confident that my wonderful husband would do what he knew was best for me.

"Well... you KNOW how I feel about this," he started off rather sternly and for just a fraction of a second I wondered if maybe this time I really WAS going to find myself in a pickle. Then he couldn't keep a straight face any longer. "Hey, I really did appreciate you doing this for me tonight so while I may not be thrilled... I'm happy for you."

I threw myself into my lover's arms and felt his still naked body press against me - something that never would fail to turn me on.

"Of course... there is ONE thing I insist on..."

Uh-oh, now what was my conniving husband up to?

"I want that video while you're gone."

My eyes rolled and I just sighed. My dear husband - always so predictable. No doubt he'd have it Air-Playing to the big screen TV all night. I was about to bet him as to how many times he'd jerk off watching it tonight but decided to leave that one untouched - it was his business and besides, I was the one who filmed it so who could I blame but me?

Surprisingly, Katlyn seemed to be taking her sweet time so I quickly hooked up my phone to our Mac and transferred the video using iTunes. It was still on my phone in case my dad wanted to watch it later but something told me he'd be more interested in making his own version!

"All ready Aunt Kelly," Katlyn announced as she came out all dressed once again - if you call those shorts and cami being dressed which barely qualified.

"Bye Uncle Steve," she said, hugging my husband and kissing him on the mouth. Of course he took advantage of the opportunity to grope her boobs again which I quickly put a stop to before he could get carried away.

"Uncle Steve, don't you wanna watch Uncle John fucking me tonight?" she teased him as we headed for the door. I shook my head in disbelief - what had I created? Then again, I'd have to admit it was exactly what I'd wanted. Steve just let it go and I gave her a little push out the door. It was hard enough for ME to understand the thing between my dad and Steve when it came to incest, let alone try to explain it to a newbie like Katlyn.

It took less than fifteen minutes for me to drive from our house to my dad's and the whole way Katlyn was like a little chatter box. She wanted to know when my dad first fucked me, where we'd done it, had he cum in me, how many times we'd done it after that, and even more about my first time with him. I wondered if she was interested so much in my past experience as she was in her relationship with her own father but for the moment I let that sleeping dog lay. It was something I knew would have to be discussed sooner than later but not at this moment. There was another father to be pleased tonight...

I parked at the top of the driveway so we could enter via the front door. It just seemed more appropriate than driving down to the garage and entering by the basement entrance. Besides, this was often where I parked on Sunday mornings when I dropped by so it seemed the right thing to do. My intentions for the evening were basically to replicate my Sunday morning tradition with my dad - only substituting Katlyn for me. Only problem was that I hadn't taken into account my dad's desires.

"Hey! There's my slutty little girl!" my dad exclaimed as we walked into the entryway. For a moment I forgot myself and started to say something but then felt a little chagrined when I realized his words weren't for me.

Oh from the mouth of babes... Yes, I'd fully expected the first half of her response but I was caught a bit by surprise by the second part. Even my dad raised his eyebrows a bit afterwards.

"And where do you want him to fuck you?"

"In my pussy of course," she answered, giving me a weird look as if to say, "Where else?"

I laughed and shook my head at her response. "Well of course he's going to fuck your pussy," I assured her and I looked at my dad who nodded. "What I meant was WHERE, as in where in the house or wherever do you want him to fuck you?"

Katlyn looked a little sheepish. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh," she sighed, "Sorry. I guess that was silly." She paused and then finished saying, "I want him to fuck me where he fucked YOU the first time."

My dad just shrugged and then I understood some of her line of questioning during the drive over. Fortunately for her my parents had kept my room pretty much in the same condition it had been when I was living there - even the bed was there same, so that wasn't the issue. I was just a little surprised at her maturity in coming up with something that I knew would turn my dad on so much - which it clearly was doing if the bulge in his slacks was any indication.

"So how do you want to get started?" I asked her, not really sure at this point where things were heading since my pans were certainly off the rails.

Katlyn stood up and took my dad by the hand. "Do you still remember where it started that time Uncle John? Aunt Kelly told me all about it on the way over."

The expression on my dad's face showed us both that he clearly did. "I'll always remember that day like it was yesterday," he said gently as he looked at me with love in his eyes - and more than little lust as well. "I was trying to watch TV in the basement and somebody just couldn't behave herself!"

"Oh, so like it was all MY fault?" I responded, pretending to be upset.

"Well, it's not like I was the one exposing myself," my dad argued.

I turned to Katlyn and looked at her critically. "What do you say dad? I know it's not the same color but I'd say it fits her about the same as that T-shirt I was wearing, don't you?"

My dad chuckled. "Oh yeah, I remember that little number. I don't even know how you got it on with it being so crazy tight and short. Then again, you always did love running around showing off that cute little bare bum." He put his hand to his chin and stared at Katlyn like a film director before a scene. "But the shorts and shoes... those have to go."

"Katlyn?" I hinted, nodding at her.

"You don't have to spell it out you know," she complained slightly as she quickly stripped off her shorts and this time - her sneakers. She stood there semi-naked in the hallway - fortunately my dad remembered to close the door just in time before she exposed her bare butt to the neighborhood through the glass exterior door.

"Perfect?" I asked my dad. He just nodded and then I turned to him. "If I remember right you were wearing those shabby workout shorts Mom was always trying to throw away but you insisted ion wearing.

My dad shook his head. "No, that was the night before, remember? I was wearing sweatpants so these should do I think."

Well, his dress slacks weren't exactly sweat pants but since it really didn't matter assuming we were going to be reenacting the scene I could go along with it.

"OK then... we'll see you downstairs."

My dad started to head to the basement door by the kitchen eating area when he turned and raised a finger. "Just a second, ok?"

He quickly ran up the stairs and almost as quickly was back, this time with his favorite video camera.

"If you're going to record this then I want something with a little more quickly and effects than your phone."

I grinned as I took the camera. Katlyn had only mentioned it once but he wasn't going to forget her offer, was he? It had been ages since I'd used it but then it was like riding a bike. Wow, how many times had he videoed me growing up with a series of cameras, each one claiming to capture me in more and better pixels? I had no idea where he kept his library - no doubt he'd converted everything to digital by now.

Once my dad was out of sight I turned to Katlyn and put my hand on my shoulder.

"So THAT is why you were asking so many questions you little minx!" I teased her, "So do you remember everything I told you?"

Katlyn grinned like a cat with a fresh bowl of milk. "Enough I think... do you think he'll care if it's not a perfect reproduction?"

I rolled my eyes and sighed but smiled as well. Hugging her I whispered in her ear, "I think we both know the answer to that one, don't we?"

slacks - no sweat pants around I guess, but the short was gone, just as it had been way back then. He was seated in his favorite chair, remote in hand as he gazed intently as a porn video on the nog screen TV. Other than the fact the TV was a modern giant flat screen versus the monstrous projection model he'd been so proud of at the time, things were pretty much just the same as I remembered. Looking more closely at the TV, I smiled as my memory was jolted yet again - it was the very same video he'd been watching when I had walked in all alone. Yep, Taboo IV - The Next Generation starring one of the old-time porn stars I most admired - Ginger Lynn. I wonder what the guys I'd blown in high school would've said had they known many of the techniques I used that they so raved about had been learned watching her in action.

"Hi Uncle John, mind if I watch with you?" I heard her say. It seemed that while she was intent on duplicating the scene between me and my dad, the script was going to be hers.

"Of course baby," my dad replied, motioning her to take a seat on the couch, "Do your parents let you watch this sort of thing at home?"

Evidently my dad was going to ad-lib as well. He never had to ask me THAT question, that was for sure. Seeing my dad watching porn was something I took for granted long before I even started masturbating to them along with him.

"Are you kidding?" she exclaimed and then giggled, like a little girl getting away with something naughty.

Meanwhile I was capturing everything on video, taking a seat in the chair my mom use to sit in while watching me and my dad having fun together. It was a little surreal as I realized I wasn't all that much younger than my mom had been at those times. Too bad she didn't have the technology available to her that I had in my hands now. I'd given most anything to have a recording of the first time I had sex with my dad!

We all sat silently, watching the scene playing out in front of us. It was one of my all-time favorites where Ginger says to the son, "First your mom... then me." Then she watches him fuck his mother after which she gives on of the best blowjobs ever and gets fucked perfectly! It was also one of my dad's favorites as well and I watched, knowing what was soon to come and I wasn't disappointed as he undid his pants and started to stroke his hard dick. He never looked at Katlyn or me, just as he never looked at me back then when he would get horny and start to masturbate.

Not to be outdone, Katlyn laid back on the couch with her head on the armrest, laying on her side with her upper leg draped up and over the back of the couch to make it easy for my dad to watch her as she started to rub her pussy slowly. Unlike my dad, she barely even glanced at the TV screen but rather was focused on my dad as he jerked off in front of her. It made me wonder if she had ever watched a man masturbate before, at least in real life and not some porn video on the internet.

My dad HAD to realize what she was doing but he was doing a good job of disguising his interest, just as he use to do when I would start playing with myself as a teenager. My parents had always told me that masturbation was a normal reaction and that it wasn't necessary for me to have to run off to my room to do it privately. Of course I also wasn't expected to put on quite the show that Katlyn was!

Katlyn was either getting herself off quickly or doing an Oscar-worthy performance but then the flushness of her face and the ragged breathing would have been hard to fake as she neared an orgasm. I zoomed in on her, catching her as she pushed first one finger and then a second into her wet sloppy pussy, the very same pussy my husband had been fucking not so long before. Speaking of masturbation... it wasn't going to be too much longer and I'd have to put down the camera and deal with my own issues!

Just as I thought she was about to go over the edge, Katlyn seemed to remember what I'd told her in the car and stopped toying with herself, sitting up straight on the couch before getting up a bit wobbly to her feet.

"Sorry to have to leave you all alone Uncle John but I really need to take care of something in my room."

My dad looked up and asked, "Is it something I could help you with?"

I smiled, remembering vividly how he had asked me almost the same question using almost the very same words. I'd wanted to scream, "YES! I want you to fuck me daddy!" but didn't dare. Would Katlyn? I wouldn't have been surprised given how forward she had been from the start but then she surprised me, and likely my dad as well, by declining his offer. With a naughty grin she wiggled her bare little butt as she scampered up the stairs. Pausing the camera, I sat it down on my lap and looked at my dad.

"So tell me dad, when I ran up the stairs like that how long did you have to think about it before you followed me?"

My dad still had his hand on his dick and I noticed he was still stroking it slowly. Yeah, some things never change!

"Well you have to remember Kelly, you were the one all worried about incest. I'd been wanting to fuck you for years so it was pretty much a no-brainer. Besides, after all the 'seducing? you'd been doing on me for the previous couple of weeks, I figured it was time to stop playing games and just do it."

I couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed even now at how ridiculously naive I'd been back then. Looking back it had been pretty obvious what my dad's desires had been. Even worse, I thought when we'd first starting having sex that my mom didn't know about it which just went to show I was about as clueless as a blonde could be! My mom had never been against my dad fucking me, she just wanted me to be the one to initiate it. It went back to when she started having sex with her own dad but in her case it was more him demanding it of her than her offering herself to him.

"So are you ready to finally fuck her?" I teased him.

My dad groaned as he gripped his hard dick. I was suddenly worried he might just cum at the very thought ad then where would we'd be? It's not like he was some teenage boy who could get hard almost instantly after his first orgasm.

"You know Kelly, this is almost like a dream and I just know any moment I'm going to wake up and it will all disappear. I almost came just watching her fingering her pussy on the couch!"

"Well, no sense in keeping her waiting," I hinted to him. He finally released his grip on his erection, dropped his pants to the floor along with his socks, and headed upstairs naked to where Katlyn was waiting for him. It felt a little odd being fully dressed while my dad was naked and obviously aroused - not the usual case around this house, that was for sure!

Grabbing the camera, I followed and then worked my way in front so I could get a shot of him entering the room. I motioned for him to wait a few seconds while I entered my bedroom ahead of him. There I found my little niece laying back against the bunched-up pillows, stark naked now and playing with herself with her eyes closed. I caught her peaking.

"Just ignore me," I told her, "Go on like I'm not here."

I captured a few minutes of her masturbating and then motioned to the door where I knew my dad was watching through the cracked opening. I turned the camera to capture him opening it and "catching? Katlyn playing with herself.

"Oops, sorry, didn't mean to interrupt anything," he apologized and acted as though he was about to step out. I knew that in reality it would've taken an

As the two of them fucked in front of me I tried to be quiet and not interrupt yet at the same time I wanted to get everything recorded as much as possible. Thank goodness for digital technology! If this had been on one of the old VHS tapes I imagine the tape would be worn out before long, especially the part where I got the perfect angle to capture his dick as it pushed its way into her the first time!

"Roll over," my dad murmured to her, putting his arms around her to hold her tight against him as he twisted himself around to be on his back. Like a pro she managed to keep him in her without slipping out - not bad considering my dad's no porn star when it comes to length! Once they'd accomplished the reversal of positions she sat up and put her hands on his hairy chest and started to rock back and forth on the dick that was impaling her.

"Like that Uncle John?" she said with an impish grin.

My dad responded quickly with, "Unbelievable! Damn you're so fuckin' tight!" He reached up and cupped each of her breasts with one hand adding, "And these are... perfect!"

Yeah, unlike my husband who LOVED big boobs, my dad was more into the small perky ones of which Katlyn's were the perfect representative. She MIGHT be wearing a B cup now but I'd guess they were more like a solid A. Even as she started to bounce more on my dad's dick they barely moved.

"Slow down... you're gonna make me cum!" my dad gasped as she worked her pussy around his cock.

"I want you to cum inside of me," Katlyn said in a firm voice.

It was a no-brainer for my dad but I knew he loved to hear those words, just as all men do. He'd been fixed since I was born when my mom almost died and the doctors warned they shouldn't try for another so even though she was theoretically "safe", it wasn't like anyone had to worry about the 1% chances of her getting pregnant from unprotected sex.

"Oh god!" my dad moaned loudly as he humped up against her, grabbing her thin waist in his hands and pushing her down onto his crotch to fully imbed himself into her as he came. Once, twice, and then several times more he thrust into her, each time releasing another load of his incestuous lust into her welcoming pussy.

Like wow, this was turning into a total memory lane experience for me! Even as I videoed my father mating Katlyn (figuratively at least) I was taken back to the first time he came inside of me. Of course it wasn't my first rodeo but there was something special about having my own father releasing his love into me that I'd never experienced with any of the boys I'd fucked up to that point. Even the first time Steve had cum in me (which was also my first time for sex) didn't compare. It just goes along with my axiom that sex, at least for women, is only 20% physical and 80% emotional ( I think it's probably the opposite for men though). At times like this I think the percentages go even more towards the emotional side judging from the impact having sex with my own father for the first time had on me.

As much as I had managed to be just an observer to this point, seeing my dad thrusting himself into Katlyn, knowing with each one another stream of his lust for her was being left inside of her pussy, remembering how it felt when he had done the same to me for the very first time, pushed me over the edge. Dang, my pussy was soaked! All I had to do was just touch myself through my clothes and it was enough to set me off. The warmth of my orgasm swelled through me as I somehow managed to keep the camera trained on the pair in front of me.

My dad released his grip on poor Katlyn's hips, signaling he was finished as his head dropped back into the pillow. He seemed totally exhausted and at his age, fucking a little nymph like her was enough to do that to a guy! Katlyn looked over at me with the biggest grin on her face as she lifted herself off of him, allowing his dwindling cock to slip out of her and flop over on top his hairy bush of pubic hair. The twinkle in her eye told me she wasn't finished yet and indeed she quickly scooted down until she could take my dad's cum-covered dick in her mouth. Yet again I was impressed at how quickly she was learning.

"Oh fuck!" my dad groaned loudly as she cleaned off his cock with her lips and tongue. The little tease even posed for me, laying on her side between my dad's legs with her legs parted, one hand parting her pussy so I could see my dad's cum leaking from her, the other laying on his crotch surrounding the base of his cock as she held it all in her mouth. It was like a scene straight from one of my dad's favorite porn movies.

"Why don't we all go to the bedroom now?" I proposed before everyone got too relaxed. Katlyn looked at me questioningly, like we were already in a bedroom so what was I talking about? "HIS bed silly - where's the room for all of us."

Yes, I was a little jealous. Daddy's girl wanted some attention too!

Somehow my dad worked up the energy to sit up and as they headed for his bedroom I quickly stripped and left my clothes on my old bed. By the time I joined them, Katlyn was in the middle of the bed laying on her side with my dad spooning her from behind, one arm over her cuddling her against him as he cupped her

the first time I did it like that. I loved it! He said you use to love it too when you lived here."

I could have told Katlyn that there were still a LOT of things she would get to experience for the first time but I was too groggy as I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

After taking care of my bathroom obligations and makeup, I returned to the bedroom where Katlyn was laying naked on the bed rubbing herself. God, did the girl ever stop?

"Church starts in 20 minutes, don't you think you need to get dressed?" I reminded her.

She looked a bit sheepish as she pulled her hand away from between her legs and got up from the bed. "Sorry Aunt Kelly... I just can't seem to stop myself." She then laughed and continued, "I was doing it at the table during breakfast and your dad thought it was funny. He said you use to do it all the time at my age." Her voice lowered then as if she was sharing a secret she shouldn't. "He even said your mom had to scold you when you would do it in public."

I just spanked her playfully on her bare bottom. It was true, I LOVED to masturbate when I was younger and even to this day I rarely go a day without doing it at least once, usually two or three times. It has nothing to do with how much I have sex - I just enjoy doing it. From the looks of things it was another attribute I shared with Katlyn.

"That's a pretty dress," I remarked as she pulled it over her head and allowed it to drape down over her thin body. It hugged her just enough to show off her teenage form without being overly slutty. My guess was it was maybe a size too small which showed itself more in the length than the overall fit. The hem was definitely higher than the designers had intended, not even making it halfway down her thighs to her knees. She started to head out the door and I realized that apparently that was ALL she was going to wear - no bar or panties. Thankfully her parents wouldn't be there today!

Not to be outdone, I had chosen a dress of my own that was a little shorter than what I usually wore - not that I had any reputation for wearing long dresses. I hadn't brought any panties, which was normal as it was Sunday and normally I would have been fucked by my dad by now. Going to church bare-bottomed with my dad's cum threatening to leak out of me as I sat in the pews was always an erotic feeling for me. As for a bra, yeah right!

We all met in the foyer where everything has started last night. Katlyn and I had brought heels to wear although mine were about twice the height of hers which brought me to where I was just a little taller. My dad looked handsome in his suit.

"Ready to go?" my dad asked us. Katlyn nodded but I couldn't help myself from being a little glum.

"Something wrong baby?" my dad asked with a worried look. I just stared at him - I mean like how could he NOT know?

"Ohhhhhh!" as he finally came to his senses. Looking at his watch he turned to me. "Church starts in ten minutes... do we really have time?"

Looking at Katlyn, I took a deep breath. "Someday hopefully you'll have something like this with your dad, something that you both treasure and keep dear in your hearts." Then looking at my dad I smiled and kissed him before continuing with, "Daddy, I know you just fucked her and that's fine with me but I don't want to go to church without us at least doing a little."

He didn't say a word as I reached down and undid his slacks, unbuckling his belt and unzipping the fly. He was wearing his boxers so I reached inside of them to release his dick. He was pretty flaccid but with Katlyn watching I had no worries that he would rise to the occasion - literally. Taking him my mouth, I finally tasted my dad's dick after having watched him with Katlyn all night... and morning. As I suspected, he quickly grew and as soon as he was hard enough to where I thought he could penetrate me I turned and lifted my dress up enough to expose my bare butt.

"Fuck me daddy," was all I said which was all I NEEDED to say.

"Oh baby, you know I love to fuck you more than anyone else in the entire world," my dad said softly as he maneuvered his dick into my waiting pussy. I grabbed onto the staircase post as I bent over to make it easier for him to penetrate me. Katlyn took up a position sitting on the stairs right in front of me, watching everything intently. I realized then that it was the first time she had witnessed my dad fucking me, the first time she was witnessing the most intimate of incestual acts.

"This is what every girl should experience," I told her as my dad began to thrust in and out of me quickly. This wasn't the time for a lot of preliminaries and I knew he wanting to cum as quickly as possible which was fine with me. We'd be a few minutes late for church but this was important - for both of us. "Someday your dad will fuck you too. Is that what you want?"

"Yes!" she replied quickly. The energy of her response told me her father had better fuck her soon! Hopefully my dad would have a talk with him. It was a discussion I would have loved to be a fly on the wall to listen.

It only took a few minutes before my dad ejaculated. Granted, it wasn't the biggest load in the world given all his activities in the past twelve hours, but that wasn't what was important. What WAS important was that he had fucked me and mated me, that I now carried the symbol of his ultimate love and lust for me.

"OK, NOW are we ready?" my dad teased as he ticked his dick back into his boxers and rearranged his pants.

I gave him a kiss, followed by Katlyn and we were off!

It was only a five minute drive with Katlyn sitting in between us. Even so, she didn't miss the opportunity to tease her uncle as she lifted her dress up to expose her pussy the moment we were seated.

"So did Kelly use to play with herself in the car when she was my age Uncle John?"

The little vixen! I think she was teasing me as much as my dad and she was loving every minute of it.

"Are you kidding me?" my dad laughed, "Non-stop!"

Katlyn giggled and started to finger herself. "Like this Uncle John?"

My dad glanced down and shook his head. He stopped at a light and looked over at me saying, "Are you sure she's not your daughter?"

We all laughed but Katlyn didn't pull her hand away. She didn't do that until he had parked and started to open the door and even then she seemed reluctant to stop.

The three of us walked up the steps and into the church where the music for the first hymn was playing. We weren't the only ones running late by any stretch of the imagination and the usher showed us to our seats. He looked to be in his mid-twenties and I noticed that he gave Katlyn quite the once-over as she scooted into the pews. It was a look usually reserved for me when I was seated with my dad but I had long ago come to the realization that I couldn't turn this into some sort of competition - she had every advantage!

We sat with my dad between us - I wasn't about to relinquish everything to her. The service went along more or less without anything worth noting although Katlyn seemed to have issues sitting still - squirming and moving almost constantly through the service. As she did her dress rode higher and there was appoint where I

# 2016

## (Jan 08) Chapter 280: See No Evil

Story codes: MF F-solo voyeurism
Me (30)
Steve - my husband (32)

Have you ever have sex and then afterwards wonder who it was that fucked you? Taking that one step further, have you ever done it when you didn't even see who it was? Sound crazy? Well, I did and it just goes to show how far I'll go to please my incredible husband!

Also, after I posted this I got a response from a reader which was so interesting that I added to the end as a new chapter - with his permission of course!

### 1. Male Fantasies

OK, with such a title this chapter could easily turn into a novel so let's restrict the scope to "husband" fantasies! In particular, what is it about husbands that they love to watch their wife being fucked by other men? When you're dating, they're all possessive and won't even let you kiss another guy and such. Yet something seems to happen when the wedding ring goes on and suddenly it's just fine to suck the guy's dick. It's almost like now that he officially "owns" you it doesn't matter who else fucks you because they know when all is said and done they're going get you for themselves later.

I've actually discussed this with husband Steve many times and all I typically get is the usual male to response to anything requiring some thoughtful insight... "I don't know." Even THAT is doing well as usually it's just a grunt. To be fair though, I really don't think he DOES knows. So much of what a man seems to be driven by instinct and evolution. Thus even though I still ask, I'm not all that surprised anymore when I get the "duh" response.

What I do know is that my husband just loves it when men look at me with undisguised lust and desire. Steve loves it when we go out and I dress all slutty such that all the other guys are staring at me with obvious thoughts as to what they want to do with me. So when it goes a step further and they actually DO fuck me, you can just imagine how excited that makes him! When I look over at my husband while having sex with another man, it turns me on as well seeing how much I'm pleasing my hubby, knowing that later when we get home he'll be "repossessing" me for his own.

When you think about it, it seems most of what women do is based around satisfying the fantasies of the men around them. Really, what do men do when it comes to taking care of MY fantasies? It's not that I'm complaining - just an observation but it's telling in that it forms the basis of much of what I do when it comes to my sex life and for that matter, life in general.

Don't believe me? Well, just look at a typical girl's wardrobe and then ask yourself how much of it would she have if men weren't going to see her wearing it. Shoes are especially true of this. Face it, heels serve only one purpose - making your legs look better for men. A famous actress once said something like, "When I come home alone, the FIRST things I take off are my heels. When I come home with a man, the LAST thing I take off are my heels." Tight short skirts, thongs, form-fitting jeans, 99% of lingerie... all for men.

For me, of all the male fantasies the one that I find the most provocative, the one that at first seems so wrong yet drives my guy so crazy, has got to be when he watches me being fucked by other men, especially strangers. What I find a little odd is that anything less than full penetration really doesn't do it for him. What I mean is that if all I do is give another guy a BJ or let him fondle and grope me, unless it's a prelude to the full monte then Steve doesn't go for it, at least not the same as if the guys fucks me.

To top it off, despite what the porn industry seems to think excites guys, my husband want me to not only be fucked but to be "mated" as well. He wants the guy to cum inside of me - ALL of it. It may also have to do with not having to deal with the mess of a guy's cum on my face or in my hair as Steve reacts to other men's sperm like it's radioactive waste. Whatever the reason, the only time he ever says much of anything when he's watching me with another guy is when it gets towards the end and he thinks the guy might be thinking about pulling out before he cums inside of me. I have to admit, it turns me on to when my husband tells a guy I may have just met to cum inside of me!

So what more can I say? I love my husband and as his wife I'm biblically bound to submit to him so if that's what turns him on then that's what I will do. It's not like that's a burden - it turns me on just as much!

## 2. Setting the Stage

"C'mon Kelly, you'll love it!"

Yeah, like how many times had I heard THAT line before? In this case it was probably true but my husband could have used a better expression rather than one that he would conjure up whenever he knew it was something I wouldn't love to do - like when he came up with that crazy idea of fucking me on a Ferris Wheel. I'll let your imagination work on that one but it wasn't nearly as hot as it might sound like it was.

"OK, but why the blindfold?" I couldn't help but whine a little.

Steve grinned and rubbed his hands together like he was working on some master plan for me - which he was in fact. "I already told you... he doesn't want you to know who he is."

My eyes rolled in big loops. "C'mon... Like who cares?" I countered, "What's the big deal?"

"I can't tell you," Steve chuckled, "If you knew why then you'd know who it was."

Seemed like circular logic to me but I knew it was pointless to argue any further. "Alright then... so I have to wear a blindfold. What else?"

Steve's eyebrows arched up and I knew the answer before he said it. Guys Aren't very complicated in such matters so it wasn't hard to see where THIS conversation was headed.

"Nothing of course," he confirmed, "Just the way God made you... and every man wants to see you... stark naked nude."

"So I take it that this isn't going to be exactly anything all that crazy. He doesn't even want to watch me strip? No lingerie?"

"Well, although it might seem crazy for YOU I've a pretty good feeling that it's going to be SUPER crazy for him."

"Whatever, so is he married? Can I at least know that much about him?"

Steve put his arm around me and hugged me tight against him. "Yes he is but I'm only telling you that because I know how much it gets you off to fuck a married man and before you ask... his wife won't know a thing about it, and he hasn't cheated before."

Sounded good and at the same time it cut out several guys from on the list of men I was thinking were potential candidates.

"So how old is he?" I asked. Steve shook his head so I tried again with, "At you can at least tell me if he's older or younger than me."

Steve shook his head again and smiled. "Sorry, can't divulge any personal information other than marital status."

I frowned, trying to let him see my frustration but it was useless. He's never in any mood to care about my feelings when he gets all hot and horny - like he was now based on the huge erection he was sporting.

"So tell me again my darling husband... just how did this all get started anyways?"

Steve sort of huffed but this time, after I'd asked the same question now over a dozen times, he finally caved in and answered me. Apparently he'd been at some strip club after work with some of his friends and the conversation got around to women they'd like to see on the stage. Someone mentioned me and much to Steve's delight, everyone agreed and the discussion got a little risqu, as to what they'd like to see me do while up there. One thing led to another and soon in their fantasies I was blowing them and finally fucking each of them on stage in front of the crowd. It was all just male fantasy talk of course and eventually they moved on to another hot wife or girlfriend.

Evidently later in the evening when the drinks had been flowing and the conversational barriers lowered, someone had mentioned to Steve that having sex with me had always been a fantasy of his. Obviously the alcohol was doing the talking as how many men would tell another guy they wanted to fuck his wife - seriously? I would've loved to have seen the look on the guy's face when Steve responded saying he could make that happen! Having had his bluff called, the guy backed down, saying his wife would kill him if she knew he even thought about such things, let alone did them. Then the thing that intrigued me the most came up - he also didn't want me to know about his feelings for me.

It was the last part that had me really curious. Why in the world would anyone care that I knew he was sexually attracted to me? Heck, if anything I did everything I could so that men WOULD be attracted to me. Was he afraid that if I was aware of his desires that I might be tempted to approach him? If so then he didn't know me very well. If anything, seeing a man NOT looking at me that way just made me all the more determined to attract his attention. Flirting with a man who was nursing an erection because of me didn't turn me on nearly as much as getting a guy trying NOT to flirt with me lose the battle.

"So you just told this guy that he could fuck your wife?" I teased Steve, pretending I was flabbergasted. He knew better than to even begin to believe that line.

"Why not? It's not like I was worried you would say no."

I smiled at the compliment. My husband knew his wife as well as she knew him!

"But still I have to be blindfolded?"

Steve let out an exaggerated sigh. "Yes, for the five hundredth time YES!"

"So I assume he won't be saying anything either?"

It was Steve's turn to roll his eyes. "Like duh, that would sort of defeat the purpose of the blindfold."

"So then I would recognize his voice," I deduced. So that meant it was someone a little closer to me daily life. If was just someone I would recognize by his face that would encompass a huge spectrum but now the list was narrowed at least a little.

"Nice try but you're not going to trick me into revealing who he is, my slutty clever wife, Steve taunted me.

"Well at least you called me a clever slut."

We both laughed. He knew full well I loved being called a slut. Indeed, it had been one of my dad's favorite nicknames for me as a teenager - his "little slut". While I know some women take it as an insult - and it can be when used in the wrong context, for the most part it tells me that the person sees me as a desirable, sexy woman who's not afraid to use her sexuality to get what SHE wants. That's in contrast to a whore who uses her sexuality to do what HE wants. Yep - NEVER call me a whore!

"So what's the plan my master?" I asked, pretended to be his slave. It was just an act and he knew it. Submissive - yes, slave no. It was a biblical difference that many people fail to understand but meant a lot to me.

"Well, tomorrow night after the girls are in bed he's going to stop by and fuck you."

That was it? That was his master plan? The blank look on my face must have conveyed my disappointment.

"I told you it wasn't going to be anything crazy. He just wants to screw you."

"Yeah in front of the girls? You know how I feel about that."

"Don't worry, even I know better than that! They'll be in bed and it's not like this is going to take all night," Steve said trying to convince me, then he muttered under breath, "At least it better not."

Huh? What was THAT remark about? And so I asked him and he immediately got that silly look on his face when I know he's trying to hide something from me, like a little boy with his hand caught in the cookie jar.

"Just saying it better not take too long."

"Why not?" I pressed, keeping my eyes locked onto his.

"No special reason... wouldn't want to wake up the girls, right?"

Like I was going to buy that one. Yeah, he was hiding something, that much I was sure of, but what? Why would he care how long the guy fucked me? After all, when we swapped I usually spent the entire night with the other guy so it wasn't like even a couple of hours would be anything special. Something was up that he wasn't telling me. Hmmmmmm....

Then it hit me. Again, it's not like guys are all that hard to figure out. All I had to do was think what sort of stupid thing would he and his friends come up with under the circumstances. It had to be... guys will bet on anything, right?

"So how long did you bet he would last?"

There was no way he was expecting me to figure out his little secret so easily so he wasn't prepared for such a direct question - and the guilty look on his expression betrayed him instantly.

"Huh? What are you talking about?" he tried to make out as if he didn't know what I meant. All it did was confirm that I'd hit the nail on the head.

"Come on, tell me. I can't believe you guys bet on this! So just how many guys are in on this?"

Poor Steve, he looked so guilty! Well, it wasn't like it wasn't his fault. He's a guy after all.

"Six total, counting me and him," he confessed but then countered with, "But I can't tell you... that would be cheating, don't you agree?"

I guess that depended on how you looked at it. If I DID know his bet would I help to make him win.. or work to make sure he didn't? In any case I just nodded. Then another thought hit me.

"If those guys all know, how come the rest didn't want to fuck me?"

The disappointing tone of my voice wasn't lost on my husband. Heck, if I was going to go through all this for one guy, why not five - six if you counted my husband.

Steve leaned over and kissed me, his hand fondling my boobs as he almost always did whenever we kissed. "God I love you Kelly... you're such a damn slut."

Hmmmmmm, two slut compliments in one conversation. Not bad!

In the end he never did answer so I just had to assume things just worked out as they did without knowing the full story behind them. I couldn't help but grin to myself wondering how many of them had already fucked me. It wasn't like he'd told me yet who he'd been out that night with.

By then his hands had worked their way down between my legs.

"Hmmmmmm, someone's getting horny thinking about getting laid tomorrow night," Steve teased me.

I reached down and grasped his erection through his boxer shorts which he was still wearing for whatever reason. "Oh yeah? Well, seems someone else seems to be pretty horny thinking about watching me."

"Actually I was thinking more about fucking you right now," he growled as he lifted me up and headed to bed with me...

Yep, now THAT's what I love about fulfilling my husband's fantasies...

## 3. Fulfilling the Fantasy

As Steve had said, it wasn't like this was all that complicated. The next night the girls went to bed on time for once - it was almost like they knew what their parents were planning and were doing their best to be good daughters. Of course at their age they could've even watched and not had a clue what was going on but not many guys are all that comfortable with a three-year-old watching them having sex with me!

Once it was confirmed they were passed out for the evening, Steve texted a message to someone. He didn't show it to me of course but I had a pretty good idea who it went to. Well, not by name of course but that really didn't matter at this point.

"OK, strip girl," Steve demanded as soon as he entered our bedroom where I was sitting on the edge of the bed. It wasn't like I had all that much to take off – just one of his dress shirts that he enjoyed seeing me wear around the house.

"Here, I think these should work, what do you think?" he asked, holding out what appeared to be taken from his last flight.

"Really? Airline eye covers?" I teased him.

He just grinned and placed them on my head. "Here, let's try them before he gets here."

Handing them to me, I pulled the elastic over my head and arranged the eye covers in place. For better or worse, they worked pretty darn good! The room had gone pitch black.

"How many fingers?"

"Steve! I can't see anything," I scolded him. Pulling the covers quickly up to my forehead, I looked and smiled replying, "Two!"

"Now no cheating like that, OK?" Steve asked me sounding a little bit worried.

"Oh don't get your shorts in a knot, I promise to be a good girl."

Steve laughed a little at that one. "Trust me, the LAST thing anyone wants is for you to be a good girl tonight!"

"Well I guess that depends on what I'm being good at doesn't it?" I purred seductively, tugging at his belt.

"Later slut... later," he teased me back.

"I'll remember you promised!" I laughed, falling back on the bed. My hand instinctively went to my pussy. God I was so horny! Just then there was a knock on the door.

"Put the shades on!" Steve urged me. It only took a moment and then I started to sit up. "No, stay like you were... play with yourself... God you look so fucking hot when you do that!"

Like he had to ask me twice!

As I started to masturbate I heard Steve leave the room to answer the door. It wasn't long before he was back and from the sounds of the footsteps he wasn't alone.

"There she is, just as I promised... naked and horny."

Oh what I would have given to take just a peek to see the loo on the guy's face! Like who WAS he? How old was he? Was he fat – was that why he didn't want me to see him? OMG, was I going to be crushed!

As my thoughts started to go off course I could hear the guy undressing. I just assumed he would get naked but then not every man was exactly thrilled about undressing in front of another dude, at least not outside the locker room. The blinders over my eyes pretty much shut out everything but there was enough leakage around the edges that I could tell the lights were still on.

"Sorry, no pics," I heard Steve say. Whew, that was good. Last thing I needed was some unknown guy running around with naked pictures of me! It was one thing for my dad and husband to have literally gigabytes of photos of me, at least I knew those were safe, but not anyone else. Even when we swapped we always stuck with the rule that cameras and cell phones were off limits. You just can't be too careful these days as once it's out there on the Internet you can never take it off. Especially being a teacher I have to be extra careful about what was posted on-line of me.

"Just look at her," Steve gushed, obviously proud of me, "Bet your wife doesn't do THAT for you, does she?"

By "that" he had to mean masturbating since that was all I was doing at the moment other than just lying there exposing my naked body to a stranger (assuming he even WAS a stranger of course). Yeah, it was something I learned back when I first started dating - men just LOVE watching me play with myself. Not that I mind doing it of course. What I found absurd, though, was how hung up most guys are about jerking their dicks in front of me (or anyone else for that matter from what I've been told). I remember sleepovers where all of us would be playing with ourselves and nobody cared who saw us. But Steve told me that guys would never even think of doing anything like that, let alone help one another out if they got horny enough as sometimes happened with me and my friends.

I took his comment as a hint as well as a compliment and pushed my middle finger deep into my wet pussy, moaning a little as I put on a bit of a show. It's always nice to see the reaction of the guy, especially when I push my fingers inside of me, so I was missing that feedback but in some ways my imagination more than made up for what I was missing.

"Go on... I think she's ready," Steve encouraged him with a playful tone to his voice. "Remember the rules - no anal, nothing rough. After all, she IS my wife you know!"

God I love my husband! Even at a time like this when he had me totally submissive to him (and whoever), he still cared enough about me to ensure I was treated right. It's that sacred marital bond, that unconditional love, the complete trust, that allows me to submit to him in a way I could never submit to any other man other than my father. It's the key between biblical submission and just kinky sex - the trust and love between us.

I felt the bed move as he climbed up next to me. My heart was racing - what would he do first? Would he want to kiss me? Maybe touch me all over? Then who knows, maybe he'd just want to go straight for the sex? Not being able to see him, to see where he was looking or the expression on his face, kept me from having any advance warning as to his intentions but they became clear pretty fast as I felt his hand on my ankle. The room was suddenly so quiet as Steve must have stepped back and decided to start watching and quit yakking. Without him being able to say anything, there was nothing to create any noise - except me of course, and at the moment I was focused entirely on that hand around my ankle.

Slowly the hand worked its way up my leg, stroking my bare skin with the backs of his fingers and then grasping me more in his grip as he would run his hand up my shin and over my knee. I shivered slightly as he ever so slowly worked his way up my inner thigh, as if he knew exactly where I loved to be touched. It was like he was trying to savor ever moment, to stretch this out as long as possible.

"Oh yeah..." I sighed softly as I spread my legs slightly more for him. His fingertips just grazed my pussy as they trailed up to my belly and then made little circles around my boobs.

"Suck on them," I whispered softly as he lightly pinched my nipples, "Gently though."

Yeah, I'm definitely NOT one of those girls who likes her boobs to be abused, especially my nipples. I see shots of women with clothespins on their nipples and other such things and it makes me shudder. I LOVE my boobs to be played with - I tend to do it myself whenever I get the chance. Why make such a delightful feeling so painful?

Another piece of the puzzle fell in place as his lips gripped my sensitive nipple. Not even a trace feeling of any beard or moustache so at least I knew that eliminated all the guys around us with facial hair which was actually a pretty good number of guys these days.

"Ummmmm," I sighed as his tongue played on the tip of my nipple and then ran around my entire boob, moving from one to the other, "That feels soooooo good!"

As he gently sucked and licked my breasts, I felt his hand working his way back down over my belly and between my legs. At first he just cupped me between my thighs, the palm of his had resting against my pussy as his fingers pressed up against the bottom of my butt. For just a moment I thought he might try poking one up my ass but either he wasn't interested or he remembered my husband's admonitions. It wasn't that I don't like my butt to be touched – actually I LOVE that. It's my asshole that creates the issue with me. Yes, I know a lot of people find that sexy and all but not me. Everything I think of an asshole I think of what comes out of it and that just ruins it for me. It doesn't help that so many guys just don't take good care of themselves... enough said!

His hand moved up slightly, enough for his fingers to run up and down my pussy slit, slowly working their way in between my wet lips until they found my clit which was already pretty worked up from me masturbating earlier. I involuntarily jumped a little when he first touched it.

"Sorry... a little sensitive there," I apologized but all he did was grunt just a little – way too little for me to make any sort of identification. OK, so I wasn't REALLY apologizing – I wanted more in fact so I gyrated my hips ever so slightly under him to give him the hint.

"Fuck me with your finger," I said hoarsely as he pressed it against me. I was rewarded with the incredible sensation of his finger penetrating me, easily sliding in as wet and horny as I was at the moment.

"That's it... just like that," I encouraged him as he slowly pushed his finger deeper into me and then gently thrust it in and out of me while his thumb worked over my clit. Mmmmmmm, he was pretty good!

Until then I'd just laid back with my arms over my head, enjoying myself but I felt like I needed to reciprocate a little so I reached down until I found his dick. Oh yeah, he was HARD! Not the biggest cock in the world... average I'd say, which was just fine with me. While I'll admit to be a bit biased against REALLY small dicks (just one of the reasons I'm not a huge fan of young boys), I don't really like the huge ones either. They may be great for a porn shoot but in real life they're just a pain the neck – sometimes literally!

He was circumcised, no that it helped me in identifying him. I could tell he had a pretty full bush of public hair but again, the vast majority of guys don't trim it down there so that didn't mean anything. While reaching for his dick I noted he had a bit of a belly but it didn't seem like he was grossly overweight. Again, the didn't help me one bit.

"I like your dick," I said trying to compliment him. EVERY guy wants a girl to say he has a great dick so why disappoint him? "Can I suck it?"

It wasn't like I ever expected him to say no, even if he COULD say anything. Like what man in the world has ever refused a blowjob when it's at all possible for him to get one? Sure, maybe if his wife was right there he might not accept my hospitality, but alone (for all practical purposes) in a bedroom with me... not a chance he would turn me down!

I could feel the bed moving as he sat up onto his knees. At first I thought he might straddle me and maybe even rub his dick between my boobs first. Not that I was exactly overly endowed in that category but men still loved to do it. Instead, he put his hand behind my head and pulled me up towards his crotch. I tried laying on my side but it was uncomfortable so I reluctantly moved so his hand had to drop from my crotch and got on my knees. He helped guide me to his crotch until I felt the head of his cock against my chin.

I "looked" up at him, figuratively at least as I was still quite blinded, and smiled as I held his firm erection in my hand. "When was the last time your wife was in this position?"

OK, so call me a tease - I won't argue with you.

Just a grunt and so I licked the head of his cock and then kissed it, just allowing the very tip to move between my lips. Then I pulled away and ran my tongue up the underside of his shaft, from the base of his dick back to the tip and then returned only to repeat it again... and again. God I loved the musky smell of his sex and the feel of his pubic hair against my cheek!

"Ugh!" he groaned as I took his dick in my mouth and quickly lowered my head until my lips surrounded the very base of his dick with his entire cock in my mouth. He was just long enough to press against the back of my throat and actually I was now wishing he was maybe an inch or so more as it right now he was the perfect length top activate my gag reflex but not quite long enough to get past it and down my throat. Still, practice makes perfect my dad always said, so I fought back the instinct and then withdrew, letting most of his dick slip from my mouth as my tongue ran alongside of it.

My mom taught me as a young girl that the key to a good blowjob is lots of tongue action and suction. I just shake my head watching so many of the crappy porn sites now where all a girl does is just bob her head up and down. No wonder the guy has to finish himself off! Personally, I take it as an insult if I can't get a guy to cum without him having to stroke himself.

It was times like this when it pays to know who you're fucking. Like if I allowed him to cum now, was he going to be able to fuck me? The answer to that depending a lot on whether he was 20 or 50 years old. Unfortunately I had no idea at the moment so I figured it would be best to play it safe. The last thing I wanted was for him to blow his load into my mouth and then not be able to recover in any meaningful way. Besides, Steve had made it clear earlier when we talked that this guy wanted to fuck me so he would no doubt be understanding if I didn't push him over the edge right off the bat.

"Mmmmmmm, I think somebody's ready now to fuck me," I said more or less to my audience in the room. As much as I knew the guy whose dick was in my hand loved it hearing me say it, I also know someone else who was probably jerking off at this very moment.

Again being blindfolded made things a little awkward as I couldn't see what position he was trying to get into to fuck me to get started. If it was up to me we'd either start of doggy style or even better, I'd get on top and drop down on his dick for the first time. But that was me – it seems every guy has his own wish list when it comes to sex so I waited as patiently as possible for some hint as to his intentions. I wasn't surprised when I didn't have to wait long.

So missionary it was...

The guy pushed me over onto my back and then pushed a pillow under my butt. I could feel the bed rocking as he maneuvered between my legs and then it was like nothing... I mean nothing was happening.

"Fuck me... please, I want you to fuck me!" I called to him urgently. Yes, it was little bit of playacting as I know every guy loves to hear those words, but in truth I really DID want him to fuck me! I was horny and I wanted a dick in me – and any dick at the moment would do, even one belonging to a total stranger, or at least a totally unknown person.

Maybe he was going to eat me first. Was that what was delaying him? Not sure why it would but who knows at times like this. Then my husband chimed in after having been silent for so long.

"Yeah, I know how it feels. She looks incredible, doesn't she? I mean, just look at that smooth cunt! Hard to believe it's all yours right now, isn't it?"

Ugh, guy talk. Hey - it's a pussy, not a cunt. I don't know why but cunt sounds like something a whore has, not a slut like me. I don't really have a lot of pet words for my vagina - just pussy.

"Go on, fuck the dirty slut," Steve encouraged him. Like did the guy really need to be encouraged? I certainly hoped not!

I felt his hot breath then as he lowered himself over me, the bed pressing down to my side as his one hand held his weight off of me as his other must have been guiding his cock as I felt the head finally oppressing against my shaved pussy. I was tempted to reach down and help guide him in but he seemed determined to do it on his own as I felt the firm head moving around as he tried to get it into the right position.

"Yeah... right there!" I couldn't help myself as I felt him just start to press into me. I lifted my hips upward a little to help him press into me and then I gasped as his cock head penetrated me! Oh yeah, it felt so good to finally be fucked!!

"Deeper... all the way in me," I begged him as I wrapped my legs around him, locking my ankles and using my legs to pull him into me. There's just something I can't quite describe when a man first enters me, when his dick penetrates me and our bodies join together in a sexual embrace. Yes, technically nothing can happen (I made sure of THAT after our second baby) but I still like to think of it as being mated. Even if I am incapable of getting pregnant again, the ACT of mating is still being performed and it's like I am submitting myself to him... accepting his manhood and ready for him to fill me with his lust and desire.

"Fuck yeah... fuck me... fuck me faster," I urged him as he grunted while thrusting himself in and out of me. I could feel myself pushed down onto the pillow under me each time the base of his dick met against my crotch, when his entire dick was buried deep inside of me trying to go even deeper if it could.

"Oh yeah... fuck her!" I heard my husband saying over and over again. It was unusual for Steve to say anything while watching me having sex with another man so I chalked it up to the other guy having to be silent so Steve was providing the dialog. No doubt he was jerking off hard right now at the site of his wife not just having sex with another man, but loving every moment of it!

"Oh my god, I'm cumming!" I cried out as I indeed felt my first orgasm emerging. No faking necessary - I was being fucked, and fucked well, and all I wanted at the moment was for him to release himself inside of me and fill me with his adulterous sperm.

"Fuck me," I kept repeating, "Fuck me like you never fucked your wife. Fuck me like you wanted to every time you saw me."

I don't know if my words had that much impact on him or he just couldn't hold back any longer from fucking his dream girl but whatever the reason he didn't last long. I was still feeling the aftershocks of my orgasm when I felt his dick erupt inside of me. Those aftershock were quickly replaced by yet another orgasm as I cried out as he filled my pussy with his sperm.

"Oh God!"

Wow, he spoke! Not exactly in words I could make out all that well, at least not well enough recognize his voice, but it just showed how he must have been feeling at that moment. Then again, what exactly did "Oh God!" mean? Was he overwhelmed at having just fucked me? Was he suddenly aware of what he'd just done - committing adultery for the first time? Oh well, either way it was Ok with me!

He collapsed on top of me, barely holding his weight off of me as he dropped to his elbows with my boobs pressed tight against his chest. He was breathing heavy but at least he had his head to the side so it wasn't into my face. I could feel his dick still in me, moving every now and then as if it had a little mind of its own.

"You can stay in me a while," I offered him, not wanting him to feel he had to immediately pull out of me. I actually appreciate it when a man DOES stay inside of me after he's cum. It seems so much more intimate and not like he just wanted to ejaculate inside of me and then jump off as soon as possible once he'd gotten himself off. I've actually fallen asleep while lying on top of a guy after he'd fucked me, his softened dick still buried inside of me.

Thankfully he seemed to be willing to accept my offer as he did stay in me for what seemed like forever! In fact, I was starting to wonder if he might start getting hard again but it seemed like that wasn't in the cards for the evening and finally I felt him groan as he pushed himself up and then rolled off of me, his now totally limp dick slipping that last little bit out of me, leaving me feeling empty and incomplete. Sometimes I think the only time I truly feel whole is when a man is filling my empty void with his dick.

"Have to say, I don't know who you are but you're welcome to fuck me anytime you want!" I gushed, my pussy aching for him to fuck me again but it seemed that was to be all for now at least.

No response but then I wasn't expecting one. My husband, on the other hand, was quick to chime in.

"Well, we'll have to just see about that, won't we?"

Was he talking to me or him? If it was me, he should have known the answer already. If it was him, well... he'd BETTER want to fuck me again!

I just laid there feeling the afterglow of good sex as I listened to him dressing and then Steve led him out to the door. Once he was out of the room I took off the blindfold, my eyes blinking at the glare of the overhead light.

"Well, I have to say you seemed to have enjoyed yourself!" Steve said as soon as he returned.

I smiled at my loving husband and reached my arms out towards him as I laid on my back. I could feel the guy's sperm starting to drain from my pussy and down my butt crack to the bed. Oh well, more laundry to do!

"Yeah, I did, but now you know what I want!" I said with a sexy smile for my wonderful husband.

Steve started to undress. Yes he did!

# 4. A Reader's Response

Note from Kelly: Actually I get very few responses to my diary postings so when I do I try to reply when possible. In this case I felt that the e-mail I received complimented my own experience so I asked if I could include it. Fortunately Tom said it was OK!

From: Tom S.
To: pghpa_girl
Sent: Sunday, January 24, 2016 5:13 PM
Subject: Diary - See No Evil

Dear Kelly,

I've very much enjoyed reading your diary entries for a few years now. Today, I read your latest entry "See No Evil", and it really stuck a chord with both me and my wife. What you described is a practice in which my wife and I have engaged for nearly 40 years. We too have had (and have enjoyed) a D/S relationship for over 39 years. Even at this period of our lives, it does not cease to be just as exciting as the first time we tried it. BTW, it may interest you to know that, shortly after we knew we were serious about each other (4 decades ago), she was the one who first expressed her desire for a D/S relationship, and her reasons were religiously based (primarily via the book of Ephesians) as are yours.

Your description of a husband's response and reaction to the situation in "See No Evil" is a lot more accurate and powerful than you may be aware of. We have many "special" friends where the husband's reaction is exactly as you described. I can only repeat that watching my wife coupled with another man (especially one whose identity is unknown to her) and unleashing her sexual desire on another man is the most potent natural sexual aphrodisiac that I've ever experienced in my life and, after nearly 40 years of marriage, the experience has never dulled my response even once. All of the other men who enjoy the same experience with their wives have repeated the same claim to me. I suppose you really need to understand how the male brain and chemistry works but there's nothing that pumps up my sexual ego (and related equipment) quite like seeing my lovely wife churn the sexual fantasies and desires of another man and take her pleasure with him. I have always told her, and still firmly believe today, that it's one of the things that has kept us so close and so intimately connected with each other's mental and emotional needs. At the very least, it's a component of the cement that has kept us so tightly connected to each other in every sense.

Many thanks for sharing your experience. We really did enjoy it. In fact, I think I'll be making a few phone calls this week in order for us to relive the experience again.

Tom & Marcy

**************************

From: pghpa_girl
To: Tom S.
Sent: Sunday, January 24, 2016 7:08 PM
Subject: RE: Diary - See No Evil

Wow, that's really cool. I was thinking... would you mind if I added your response at the end of my diary entry? I would only include your e-mail address if you said it was OK.

Luv,
Kelly

**************************

From: Tom S.
To: pghpa_girl
Sent: Sunday, January 24, 2016 5:13 PM
Subject: RE: Diary - See No Evil

Kelly,

I would have no problem at all if you added my response and you can certainly include my email address if you like.

Take care, be well.

Tom

It was only a short time later when I was shocked yet again. We were having sex in his basement, thinking nobody was home, only to have his mom walk in right in the middle with both of us nude, Steve on top, his dick buried in me as I lay on the couch under him. Long story made VERY short (it's all in my old diary entries if you're curious), I witnessed my first incestual act as Steve fucked his mom for the first time. Wow, talk about crazy! The only incest I'd known was watching my dad's porn collection so seeing it in person between people I knew was an eye-opening experience for sure.

Despite their early encounter, at the time Steve and I got married I was confident that any such relationship between them had been scuttled immediately after the first time. Indeed, if anything both of them seemed to turn against incest. Of course I had to tell Steve about me and my family before I could accept his wedding proposal, but it wasn't something we shared with his mom. I knew how she felt about Steve's younger sister and brother living together and the last thing I wanted was for her to feel that way about me. Mother-in-Laws can be tough enough to please as it is without throwing in something like that!

Steve wasn't exactly thrilled to learn my dad had been fucking me since I was sixteen. Nor was he enthralled with the caveat to my proposal acceptance that he had to allow that relationship to continue. Still, he loved me enough to understand how important it was to me to submit to my father and while he maintained a "don't ask, don't tell" attitude when it came to me and my father, he didn't seem to mind the benefits of marrying into an incestuous family. Then again, what guy wouldn't be turned on to fuck his wife's mom - with his wife's permission? Unfortunately that same mindset didn't extend to his own mother. I say unfortunately because so long as he was against doing anything again with his mom, we couldn't share with her the things we did with my family. Such a pain!

I can remember as if it happened yesterday the first time we had sex at her house when Steve was still living with her after the two of them moved back to the Pittsburgh area. I about had a heart attack when she appeared at the bedroom door and watched silently, just standing there without a word or doing anything. After the first few times the newness wore off and we pretty much just ignored the audience after that, but it was just one more time when I was taken by surprise by Steve and his mom.

The odd thing though was that while Steve and his mother seemed deadest against incest, that only seemed to establish the limits of their relationship in that

crossing the line from porn to actual sex with underage girls - an accusation to which my aunt freely pleads guilty. It didn't help when she moved in with my dad just days after she left after the divorce was finalized.

Soooooo, I have to say that at the moment my life is pretty good. My marriage is as strong as it's ever been, I'm healthy and have a satisfying sex life. Sometimes I wonder if Steve and I aren't getting into a bit of a rut but then it's not like that's a negative. These days I don't go to many of his family parties - I leave that to my cousin Kristen or her mom to be his "spouse" for the day. Steve grins and bears it when I ask him to arrange a swap with an older couple. While Steve still isn't 100% thrilled about watching me being fucked by my dad, he's actually joined in lately - something he never would have even discussed not all that long ago. Our daughters are growing up SO fast and I smile when I see that look in my husband's eye's at times - not to mention the occasional erection when he's with them.

At this point, given my history and current life, I was pretty confident that there was nothing that would surprise me when it came to our families.

Yep... never say never...

# 3. I Love Being Married

"What do you think about dropping the girls off with Linda and seeing my mom after church?"

It wasn't exactly an unusual question coming from my husband, especially these days since I had a pretty good idea the reason behind his idea. It wasn't that I minded him asking to visit his mom but what I DID feel a little put off by was his timing. I mean like is THAT what was on his mind right in the middle of me giving me a blow job after he'd come home from work?

"Really?"

"Yeah... I was just thinking it's been a couple weeks now since we've stopped by and all."

Like duh! Sometimes I have to wonder about my husband. Obviously the incredulous tone in my sarcastic response had done right over his head - and I mean the big one up on top, not the little one in my mouth. THAT one was paying VERY close attention if the way it had grown and hardened as I enjoyed it. Men! Oh well, what can you do about them - other than enjoy their dicks.

"Fine with me I guess, I'll check with Linda though to make sure she doesn't have any showings," I answered as I reluctantly dropped his dick from my mouth and stroked it slowly in my hand.

Sometimes I think guys forget that blow jobs aren't all about THEM, despite what they may think and fantasize. While I know some girls aren't all that thrilled about doing it, for me it's something I actually enjoy immensely. I'll never forget the first time I took Steve's dick in my mouth almost seventeen years ago in that dim movie theater. I was petrified someone might see us yet at the same time almost ready to burst with anticipation of finally doing what I'd masturbated so many times about doing to a guy. Then when I actually took his stiff cock into my mouth, felt the silky smoothness of his skin, smelled the aroma of his crotch... I was hooked. Knowing his dick was so stiff all because of ME was such a tremendous compliment and ego booster. And then when he came... OMG that was so crazy as I felt his warm cum spurting into my mouth, almost gagging me as I tried to swallow it down before it spilled out.

Now, seventeen years later and literally thousands of blow jobs later, I still feel a chill when I first take hold of a man's cock and realize in a few short moments I'll be sucking on it, bringing him pleasure and pleasing him in a way only a good BJ can bring. What I like the best though, is to start out with him soft and take him in my mouth so I can feel it respond and grow, expanding further into my mouth and thickening with his lust for me. It's a source of pride for me to get a guy off with just my mouth. Forget all those silly porn videos where the guy has to jerk off to cum. Either the girl is incompetent or it's just for the visual of the porn scene as the LAST thing I want is for the guy to have to finish himself after I've worked so hard to get him to that point!

While usually a BJ is just a precursor to sex (remember, in my dictionary oral "sex" is NOT sex as it does not involve the penetration of a vagina by a penis) often times I just like to suck a guy off and enjoy his dick. I know Steve certainly doesn't mind when he's watching TV and I lay on the couch beside him and just slowly stroke and suck him for sometimes as long as an hour or more. Then there's those times when sex isn't an option - like when we're driving around or in a public place where fucking me would either be all but impossible either physically or legally. I know Steve loves it but I think I love it just as much, or more, when I take him in my mouth at those "inappropriate" times.

So it was when Steve came home from work tonight. It was late and the girls were in bed and I was horny - as usual, LOL. I'd changed into one of his flannel shirts and a pair of wool socks and laid on the couch watching TV anxiously waiting for my handsome husband to return to me. To say I'm horny most of the time doesn't really accurately describe me. I mean like I'm up for sex just about ANY time so I wouldn't say that's necessarily "horny". But tonight I felt this need in me, the desire for him more powerful than hunger for food. It was like my body craved something I couldn't give it. Not that I didn't try! I LOVE to masturbate and I'm pretty confident that not many people - men or women, masturbate as often as I do. Most of the time that does it for me when I have that immediate need but face it, my fingers or some artificial toy can't take the place of a real cock. In legalistic terms I guess I'd be classified as bisexual as I enjoy sex with man AND women but in terms of physical fulfillment, no women can please me like a man for one simple reason - she doesn't have a dick. I can't merge my body with a woman, I can't feel a part of her inside of me. She can't ejaculate her sperm inside of me, mating me even if it's more symbolic than actually accomplishing anything. A woman can't give me something that can only be shared though sex - be it out of love or lust. So yes, I LOVE being with another girl but faced with a choice... the guy wins every time!

Tonight was one of those nights when no matter how hard I masturbated, no matter how many times I brought myself off, I was still left with that empty feeling - literally. Empty in that nothing was in me - no cum, nothing physical to tell me how much I turned him on, how badly he wanted me. I guess you could say it was more than just the need for physical pleasure - I wanted the emotional high that came from knowing a man WANTED me, that he desired me, that he wanted to FUCK me!

So waiting there for my husband I reflected on how wonderful it was to be married to him! Oh sure when I was single and horny I could go out and without much trouble find SOMEONE to fuck me but that meant getting dressed and having to deal with who knows what. Being married, I know I can always count on my husband to come home and take care of me - not that Steve seems to mind indulging me when I need it! I think it's sort of funny how so many guys complain that their wives lose their sex drive after marriage and having kids, or how many gripe their wives won't blow them. All I can say is MY husband had better never say anything like that to anyone. If anything, I think I'm the one who initiates sex the most and when it comes to sucking him off he is usually the one to play the "adult" and tell me to wait until the time is more appropriate.

But being married to Steve isn't just about having a permanent fuck buddy. I can honestly say he's my best friend and confidant. I share EVERYTHING with him and what makes that possible is his love for me and lack of selfishness and jealousy. He knows I love him more than anyone in the world and that I am HIS, totally and completely. Sure my religious beliefs compel me to submit to him but that's not the reason I do - I simply WANT to. Now that we've been married and have to adorable daughters, I've also been treated to the pleasure of seeing my husband develop into a loving and caring father.

It also doesn't hurt that not only does Steve not mind me having sex with other people, he encourages me to do so. I do the same for him as well which is one of the cornerstones of our marriage and a big reason for why I think our marriage is stronger today than it ever was. It turns me on SO much to see Steve watching me as another man fucks me!!! I love it when he get to witness how much other men desire his wife, knowing that I am HIS and while they may get to enjoy me for a few moments, I'm ALWAYS his submissive wife, even when I'm being fucked by another man. Even those times when I'm out alone having sex with someone else, while I may enjoy the intimacy and excitement of another man's lust-filled embrace, I know he doesn't love me the way my husband does and I could never give myself to him the way I yield my body to my husband.

Given all that, hopefully you can understand my feelings when my husband finally walked through the door! My first thoughts when I saw him were how handsome he was, how sexy he looked, and how badly I wanted him - right NOW!

Over the years my husband has learned to expect such a greeting so I can't say I took him by surprise when I rushed up to him and threw my arms around his neck, kissing him passionately as I pressed my boobs tight against him.

"Whoa!" he chuckled as our lips finally parted, "Somebody's horny tonight I think."

I pressed my hand into his crotch, feeling for the prize I knew was hiding under his jeans. "And whatever gave you that impression?" I asked as seductively as I could be (which I'm told can be pretty damn seductive!)

"I suppose it wouldn't matter if I told you it was an exhausting day and I just need to get some sleep?" he teased me, like THAT mattered to me.

"You can do whatever you want," I responded defiantly, "But I'm going to have some of this dick no matter what - sleeping or awake."

It wasn't just a joke... It wouldn't be the first time I'd sucked him off as he slept in bed, far be it. In fact, I find it extremely erotic to take him in my mouth as he sleeps soundly, his mind unaware of what I'm doing but his cock certainly pays attention. Actually the first guy I ever sucked in his sleep was my dad and it amazed me at the time how his dick reacted just as if he was wide awake!

"Yeah but I want more than that... you're going to fuck me."

It was a statement, not a question, and he knew better than to even tease me at that point. Steve knew full well that when his wife wanted to be fucked, she wanted to be FUCKED! Just because I say I'm submissive to my husband doesn't mean I don't make demands on him. Submission is more about respect and clarity of roles, not slavery or domination. Heck, why be married if you can't insist on having a good lay now and then? It's not like he doesn't make the same demands of me at times and I'm proud to say I've NEVER refused either of the men in my life I've pledged myself to - my husband and my father. OK, maybe a little hard to get sometimes and not always enthusiastically, but they never went away unsatisfied.

Which led to us where I left off... me stoking my husband's dick trying to figure out what his true motives were. The fact he wanted to leave the girls with my aunt was a sure sign it wasn't going to be a visit to grandma's house. Obviously he was looking to have a little fun. The question was, in what way? Until recently that was a pretty simple question to answer. We'd stop in, engage in a little chit chat followed by Steve and I fucking while Marlene would watch. Depending on the time left, Steve and his mom might fool around a little and that would be about it.

These days it was more complicated now that Steve was openly fucking his mom. Of course his version is that "openly" doesn't apply and they never had done it since that day in their basement back in high school but I haven't quite bought into that one. Not that I think my husband would deliberately lie to me but is NOT saying something a lie? Not only did that totally change the dynamics of our "private" visits in terms of expanding my husband's playtime with his mom, it also seemed to make her more open as well in terms of her reaction to watching her son having sex with his wife. For years she would just watch us, never saying anything or touching herself which I found so odd (even weird?). Back when my mom would watch me fucking my dad, she would often masturbate and sometimes even throw in a few words of encouragement. It actually made me more comfortable now when Marlene would do the same rather than just standing there like a statue.

I was sort of hoping that with his plans for the afternoon that maybe Steve might forego his usual Sunday morning sleep-in and go to church with me. Of course that meant he'd have to come with me when I stopped by my dad's place beforehand but now that he was more open to watching me with my dad, that excuse had pretty much been shot down. Besides, my Aunt Linda wouldn't mind him stopping by either! Other than my mom (and now his own mother), she was the only older women I knew that he looked forward to having sex with. Yeah, he would go along with me when I wanted to swap with other married couples, but I know in his heart (and crotch) where his true desires fall - their young daughters. Oh well, compromise if all part of being married, right?

So when I'd finished my morning routine in the bathroom I was a little disappointed to find my sleepy husband still laying under the covers. Obviously he had no intention of joining me so I left him alone. Maybe had the covers been thrown back showing me his wonderful dick I meant of been tempted but at the moment I was thinking more of where I was heading - my dad's house.

As much as I love being married to Steve, as much as he is the number one man in my life, there's one thing he can never be - my dad. I have to admit that while I say that Steve is number one, that's only true so long as we're married. After all, Steve is just my husband whereas my dad is my father. In theory I can always marry another husband but there's only one father in my life. It's no different than what my Aunt Linda faced so many years ago when her husband wanted her to stop having sex with her dad. Even though he knew about everything when they got married, shortly after they had my cousin Kristen he became jealous and possessive, insisting that she stop having sex with my grandfather. Unfortunately she finally had to make the most difficult decision in her life - she divorced him. I thank God every day that my husband is so much more in love with me and so much more understanding. It would kill me to have to make the same decision my aunt made if those circumstances ever arose!

It was a cold Pittsburgh day so I chose to wear a dress that was a little more conservative than usual - one of the ones from my "school collection". My wardrobe is pretty much divided into two categories - school and not school. Teachers these days are being held to such strict moral codes and the dress codes, especially for the women, have become almost ridiculous. It's pretty easy to tell which category a particular outfit belongs. Anything that extends below the knee - school. Anything that shows cleavage - not school. Utilitarian (as in comfy) underwear - school. Sexy panties and bras (as in desired to appeal men) - not school. Flats - school. Hooker heels - not school. You get the picture. For the most part I tried to restrict the school collection to work only. While I may not wear my sluttiest outfits to church, that doesn't mean I have to dress like an old lady either. If nothing else, I've found over the years that the best place to meet up with married men isn't some bar but rather church!

Given the temperature outside I picked out some sheer black thigh-high hose to wear - not that anyone would know it wasn't pantyhose but I knew my dad would appreciate my efforts, especially given that was all that was under the dress - top or bottom. Outside of work about the only time I wear underwear out is when I want to make an impression on a guy. Any stripper will tell you that men are more turned on when you hide a little to start, especially if it's sexy and he gets to think that nobody else can see it but him. Other than that, I HATE bras and thankfully am fortunate to have boobs that have pretty much have held up over the years through two pregnancies and a 30th birthday. Yeah, gravity and kids have taken their toll but I still feel pretty good when I stand naked in front of the mirror. I guess being a MILF isn't so bad.

After one last look in the mirror and a quick brush of the hair, I grabbed my winter coat. Checking on the girls, they were going well and yet again I thanked my lucky star to have two kids who actually sleep in most mornings! Steve would take good care of them so no worries there as I closed the door behind me and headed out to the parking lot to my car. Even though my coat was long and my legs were covered I still was shivering when I started the car! Dang I hate winter! If my ties to the 'burgh weren't so strong I'd get my hubby to move us to Florida in a heartbeat! My fantasy is to live where I can wear shorts and a bikini year 'round.

As I drove to my dad's place, my thoughts wandered between anticipation of seeing my dad and whatever was going to happen after lunch but the closer I got the more I was focused on him. I love Sundays. First there's church, something that's always been a central point in my life. Then there's the "before church" tradition my dad and I established after I moved out of the house. My parents have always been big on family establishing and maintaining family traditions in that they can be the glue that holds us all together. One of my favorites back in high school was when my dad first started coming to my room in the morning before he left for work. At first I think it was just something that came over him one morning waking up horny but it worked out so well that he started coming back more and more often until it became

"Oh my god, you have NO idea!" he gushed, even though he knew perfectly well he'd probably told me a thousand times over the years how badly he HAD wanted to. This was just a little game we played, I guess you could call it foreplay, LOL.

"Well, then why don't you fuck me now?" I asked almost rhetorically as I was already positioned over him and needed only to drop a few inches to make that happen.

"God I love you Kelly," he groaned as my pussy contacted the tip of his dick. As wet as I was, he easily slipped in and next thing you know I was seated on his lap with my bare butt on his legs, his incestuous dick buried to the hilt in side of me.

"I love you inside of me daddy," I whispered as I circled my hips just enough to feel my dad's incestuous cock move inside of me, "Fuck me daddy... I want you to cum in me."

Given our mutual state of arousal before we even got started, I knew it wouldn't take long for him to fulfill my wish but then I was surprised when my aunt walked into the kitchen.

"Running a little late this morning, eh Kelly?" she said with a smile. As usual, she was nude - and still not bad looking for a woman almost fifty. I think the only time my Aunt Linda ever wore clothes around the house was when we had visitors and even then it was a tossup depending on who they were.

"Shit Linda, I was just about to cum!" my dad grumbled.

Linda just waved him off saying, "Yeah right, like I don't have ears. You guys just started so give me a break John, not even Kelly can make you cum THAT fast."

Aunt Linda squeezed past us, stopping for just a moment to give me a quick kiss before heading over to the coffee maker.

"Forget it daddy... you can do it," I encouraged him, bouncing on his shaft a little faster as I squeezed down on his cock with my pussy.

"Fuck that feels good when you do that," he moaned, making me grin. Like after the hundreds of time he'd fucked me I didn't know all the little things to do to make my dad feel good!

"Then fuck me daddy, fuck your slutty little girl," I replied, "Give me your love... show me how much you love me."

I looked over at where Linda had poured her coffee and was now leaning back against the counter top to watch. I was pleased when she started to rub herself - nothing all that much but enough to signal she was enjoying the show. For just a moment I felt a touch of sadness as it brought back memories of my mom doing the same when my dad would fuck me in this very chair back when I was a teenager. Fortunately my thoughts were interrupted...

"Oh fuck... I'm gonna cum!" my father gasped as he pulled he down tight in his lap to drive his dick completely inside of me. I could feel his thick pubic hair against my bare butt and giggled a little, just as I always has since I first felt it when I was so much younger. True, back then his dick wasn't in me, but I still enjoyed the sensation.

"Finally," my aunt teased softly as she sipped on her coffee while my dad proceeded to unload his cum in me. I closed my eyes and concentrated totally on my crotch, reveling in the unique sensation of my father mating me. Granted, the very idea of ever fathering his child has never crossed my mind, but the erotic symbolism cannot be denied.

"You're incredible Kelly," my dad whispered as I lifted myself off of him and turned so he could kiss me. I quickly made my way to the kitchen to grab a few paper towels to wipe off whatever of his cum I could as it was already starting to drain out of me.

"Yep, won't want to mess up those pew cushions now, do we?" my aunt teased me as she watched me clean up. It wasn't the cushions so much that concerned me, it was my dress between me and that cushion. It wouldn't be the first time if some of if soaked into my dress and left a wet spot showing, but it was also something I tried to avoid as it left too many open questions.

By the time I was done my dad was already sipped up and tightening his belt. Then I remembered!

"Oh Linda, can you watch the girls this afternoon?" I asked, not believing I had let it go this late before checking with her, "Steve wanted to visit his mom after I got back from church."

Aunt Linda gave me a sly grin before nodding her head. "No problem. Anything else I can do to help a son fuck his mom?"

"Oh stop it!" I answered, pretending to be outraged at her boldness. It seemed to me that ever since Steve had started fucking his mom it was like my aunt was a little jealous. Steve didn't fuck many older women on his own so I guess I could understand why she had been enjoying her exclusivity.

"Well, don't blame me - why else wouldn't you leave the girls with me?" she responded as if she was the aggrieved party.

"Well, maybe he'll stop by to pick them up and personally thank you," I teased her back.

"Is that a promise?" she asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

My dad was ready and broke in, "That's enough you two. Let's go Kelly, we're late."

Actually we weren't all that late - the first chorus had barely started when we took our seats. It had been less than ten minutes though since my dad had cum in me and my pussy was still tingling!

"I love you daddy," I whispered spontaneously into his ear as the organ played.

What I REALLY wanted to say was "I love you to fuck me daddy," but then, we WERE in church after all!

## 5. After Church Surprise

When we got back to my dad's place after church so I could get my car, I was a little surprised to see Steve's truck parked on the curb. That was a little unusual! What did my husband have up his sleeve now? Unfortunately, I soon found out.

"What the...?" I burst out when I entered the living room and say what was unfolding. There were my two perfect little angels, three year-old Kylie and almost a year old now Mia, playing in the middle of the rug which was just fine - Kylie was already imitating me, being the little mommy to her younger sister. What was NOT just fine was seeing my husband fucking my aunt on the couch. My Aunt Linda was on her knees, leaning down on her elbows, as my naked husband was drilling her from behind like he was ready to hit oil.

"Ooops!" was all Steve could say yet at the same time his rhythm didn't slow a notch.

"Dang it Steve! How many times have I told you no sex in front of the girls?" I whined. Well, technically that was no sex with anyone but each other as we'd never tried to hide anything, at least not yet, from our daughters. What I was against was them seeing us having sex with other people, even if that person was a family member. Well, make that especially with a family member. Kids at that age talk (at least Kylie does) and they haven't learned yet what's appropriate and what needs to be kept confidential.

"Kelly, lighten up. They're not paying any attention," Steve protested as he continued unabated.

Steve smiled like a cat with a fresh bowl of milk. Then he nodded back into the room but more around the door where I hadn't seen yet. I poked my head in further and was struck by yet another major surprise. Not only was his mother being screwed by some young boy, it looked like his sister was having a good time watching. Unlike what I assumed was her brother, she was fully dressed in the cutest little cheerleader outfit. It was emblazoned with the name of one of the local middle schools and looked to be authentic so I assumed she really WAS a cheerleader. Not that it changed anything. The sweet little brunette with the pixie cut didn't seem to notice either of us, not that I could blame her. She was focused on the scene on the bed, sitting Indian style on the overstuffed chair with her right hand planted inside her little cheerleader panties, rubbing herself as furiously as her brother was fucking Marlene.

I grabbed Steve by the arm and yanked him back into the hallway and down to the kitchen where we couldn't be heard.

"What... the... HELL... is... going... on?" I demanded through gritted teeth. If my slow, deliberate tone didn't convey my anger, my use of a swear word certainly did. Steve knew full well I never swear unless I'm REALLY angry! (BTW - I don't consider "fuck" a swear word, it's a descriptor).

"Seemed pretty obvious to me," he said back with a grin I wanted to slap off his face.

"So you KNEW this was going to be going on?"

Steve shrugged his shoulders. "Well, let's just say I had a pretty strong suspicion. If anyone, you should know how these things work, you never know for sure until they happen."

"Who are they?" I demanded, not letting up the pressure.

Steve's face sorta screwed up as evidently he wasn't sure. "Not really sure," he answered, confirming my read, "I think they belong to a couple we swapped with not long ago."

When Steve said "we", I knew he was NOT referring to him and me so he must have meant his mother. Dang, another one out of the blue, Since when had he and his mom started swapping? Oh well, THAT was one for another time. I had bigger fish to fry.

"And she knows we were coming over?... So she knew we'd see this?"

"Well, why not?" Steve responded as if it was obvious. Then he couldn't help but grin again. "Guess we know now where the my genes for little girls came from."

"I think we need to leave them alone for a little while, don't you?" I said just loud enough for him to hear.

Steve hesitated - he was staring at the two kids still coupled in front of him. Then he frowned a little but he scooted over and off the bed with me. I looked at Marlene and she nodded, joining us as we went back to the kitchen.

"Oh... My... God!" Marlene gushed when we got there, "Have you EVER seen anything so hot in all your life?"

Steve and exchanged glances and grinned- if she only knew some of the things we'd done and witnessed but then she was right - it WAS hot.

"And god Kelly... seeing you eating Steve's cum from that crazy little pussy... Well I have to admit, I wasn't sure if you would go through with it."

"I've always told you she a total slut Mom," Steve chuckled.

Marlene laughed. "Well, there's total slut and then there's TOTAL slut."

"Hey!" I protested.

Steve poked me in the arm teasingly, "Oh like you mind!"

He had me and we all laughed together.

"So now what?" I asked.

"Well, their dad is due any time now to pick them up. Then maybe we could spend a little more family time together, what do you think Steve?" Marlene said.

Yeah, like she had to ask!

Just then there was a knock on the door. I started to reach for my coat to cover up but Marlene just waved her hand saying it was OK, it was just their dad. Well, I guess considering what we'd been doing with his kids that seeing us all naked wasn't exactly a stretch.

Marlene opened the door and I was a little surprised. He looked a little older than I imagined, almost like an stereotypical accountant - a little pudgy, balding, maybe 5'10". Certainly not the image I had of a man who was fucking his kids but then I guess that's not really fair of me - what DOES such a man look like?

"Hi! I'm Will," he greeted us stepping into the kitchen. It was a little surreal in that if the sight of three people standing nude in the kitchen was something he didn't even notice. Yeah, he DID give me and Marlene the once over but it wasn't like he stared. For that matter, he gave Steve the same look. I remembered the comment by Derek. Well, hate to break the news to him but Steve treats other men's dicks like their radioactive waste! Both he and my dad are so homophobic it's almost embarrassing at times.

We introduced ourselves and then Will asked, "So I take it everything went well? How did you like my little girl Steve?"

Steve just grinned which was more than enough to convey his satisfaction.

"Yeah, she can be quite the little tiger sometimes when she's horny," Will commented as if we were talking about the weather, "Then again, you haven't met her sister yet."

He smiled, this time a little more seductively. There was something about the way he added the "yet" to the end that made me wonder.

"I have to say Will, your kids showed remarkable maturity, I was impressed," I complimented him, "You've done a great job with them."

"Thanks, we try," he said with a smile, "So let me guess... they're still at it?"

Marlene nodded and he grinned. "Yeah, I swear sometimes if we let them they'd never quit. They can be pretty inseparable at times."

Marlene led him down the hall as Steve and I stayed back in the kitchen.

"Ok you two, time to get going," I heard him call out to them from the doorway. I didn't hear the response but I imagine it wasn't positive and he came back with, "You heard me, you can finish at home."

It was a little different, to say the least, to witness such casual conversation. It made me wonder what things would be like when our daughters were older. Would we be as comfortable discussing sex with them as Will was with his kids?

It took a few minutes but then they finally all came back out. Chelsea was back in her cheerleader outfit, looking as cute as a button.

"What do you say guys?" their dad admonished them.

"Thank you!" they both responded as a chorus. It was like we'd just handed out their treats on Halloween!

"Talk later?" Marlene said to him as they made their way out.

Will nodded and smiled. Hmmmmmm, now what?

With the door closed, it left the three of us finally alone. Marlene took the lead.

"Well, now that we're all naked and horny, what do you say we do something about it?"

time? Oh sure I was well aware that I aroused him - I wasn't THAT na‹ve! Having his erection poking my bottom when I would sit naked on his lap in the hot tub made it pretty obvious. Still, my mom would always remind me that even fathers were still men and that's what happens to guys when they see a naked girl - even if she is his own daughter.

All my dad would've had to do was just TELL me, or even just do it, and I would never have protested. If there was one thing I always wanted while growing up to it was to please my daddy and make him happy. So you can imagine how heartbroken I was when two years after my boyfriend deflowered me that I finally learned about my father's past feelings and desires for me! It's a bit of a guilt trip I ride to this day. Still, there's a silver lining in that while my dad didn't get to do me first, my husband DID! Not a bad second choice as how many married women today can make that claim?

Other than that, even the seemingly "bad" things that have happened to me aren't necessarily on a list of things I wish had never happened. Instead, I tend to view most of those times as the things that made me who I am today. Without those experiences - the good and the "bad", who knows what type of women I might have become! A good example is when I tried being an escort back in college and was raped early in my new "career" which caused me to quit. Who knows, without that one time would I have become a whore like my cousin? As much as I hate to admit it, I've had sex with a dog (twice in fact but the second time didn't really count). Would I ever do it again - NEVER! Do I regret doing it - no. It was an "experience", to say the least, and it gave me a perspective towards such things I would never have today without having done it myself.

I've been blessed in many ways throughout my life. My parents have been as supportive and loving as anyone could ask. Finances have never been a huge issue (OK, maybe more so now than when I was growing up). I've got a career that I always dreamed of being a middle-school teacher. Yes, I'm currently just substituting so I can spend more time with my young daughters, but in a few years I plan to return to full time. Then of course there's been my sex life where I have absolutely no complaints. Please don't think of me as being conceited, but I think it's fair to say that God has blessed me with a sexy body that attracts most men, and I've made good use of what He has given me.

Actually, if I had access to a time machine it would be my dream to go back and simply relive many of the sexual experiences I've been so fortunate to have had.

Many of these simply can't be repeated with an obvious example being the day I gave my first blowjob and then shortly afterwards, my virginity. Needless to say, it's the "first times" I think about the most as they can't be repeated even if I tried. Of course the one "first time" that sits at the top of the list would have to be the first time I had submitted and had sex with my dad. Other than the day I gave myself to the Lord, I would say that was the most important event in my life as it changed virtually everything. I have so many special memories of that day and have masturbated probably thousands of times thinking about it so to be able to go back and relive it would be the most fantastic wish to be granted me ever. Of course I wouldn't want a single thing to change - I'd want to repeat it exactly the way it happened - over and over and over again.

Anyone who reads my diary should realize how many things I have available to me think about in terms of wishing I could repeat them. The ones most relevant to the events of this Valentine's Day would be the sex parties my BFF Beth use to invite me to attend.

Beth and I have been BFFs since as long as I can remember. In some ways we're a lot alike but I think that most people would also say we're opposites in many ways. For instance, back in the sixth grade she was already wearing a "real" bra while my mother had diplomatically bought me a trainer even I didn't even need even that until almost the eighth grade. I was always the thin petite one (nice words for being scrawny) while Beth, while not fat by any stretch of the imagination, always has a little more "meat on her bones" as my dad would describe her. We both LOVE sex but in different ways. She was the first to lose her virginity when we were both thirteen but then with her boobs she drew the high school boys like bears to honey. I've always leaned more towards intimacy and 1-1 sex while she's the party girl. Sure, I enjoy partying too but nothing like Beth. Again, that was probably because early on she was invited to all the wild parties even though she was usually the youngest girl there.

One area where we differed perhaps the most was in our family relationships. While I became involved in an incestual relationship with my father and other in my family in my mid-teens, Beth never even came close to such relationships in her own family. She was so lucky to have a brother and it sort of bugged me that she never took advantage of him - what a waste in my view. As for her father - THAT was never going to happen.

I didn't tell anyone, not even Beth or my cousin Kristen, when I first started having sex with my dad. It wasn't until some years later that Beth learned the truth but even that didn't happen until my dad had already fucked her earlier. Yes, if you didn't catch that my dad actually fucked someone outside our family which was as much as shock to me as anyone given my mother's strict interpretation of adultery. I guess because Beth and I were so close that it was almost like she a member of our family that my Mom reluctantly went along with it. However, while Beth was more than OK with fucking MY dad, she wasn't nearly as thrilled when I seduced (he would say tricked) HER dad. Yeah, it was just the one time but it strained our friendship more than anything ever had before... or since. It was a little rough for a few weeks but we managed through it and like everything else, I think the experience was worth it even if it was never repeated.

But back to the parties...

Somehow or another Beth became involved with a group of singles who would periodically get together for what was basically an orgy – no other way to diplomatically describe it. The rules were pretty simple – you had to be single (no dating couples could attend, at least not the same time), under 30 but at least 18, and willing to have sex with multiple people. The last was sort of obvious I guess but then you might be surprised how many people want to attend such things just to watch.

One of my most vivid memories of those days was the very first party I attended with her where I learned Beth hadn't exactly forewarned me about everything. She'd conveniently left out the part about the "initiation" where the new person had to have sex with the party host or hostess in front of the entire group to kick the night off. Not that I really cared, mind you, but it would've been nice to have been told ahead of time!

While I never got into the orgy scene anywhere near Beth's level of interest, it was a pleasant diversion at times so I might pretend to protest when she invited me but in the end I always accepted. For the most part I enjoyed myself as the people there were always respectful and I never felt pressured to do anything I didn't like. There was only one party that I remember as being one of those "how did I ever agree to THAT?" moments where I ended up volunteering to substitute for another girl so she wouldn't have to have sex with a dog (long story... it's in my diary). It was something I'd done ONCE before and had solemnly sworn never to do again but sometimes you just have to bite the bullet and do things to help others which is why

I really don't count that in my "resume". It's not something I'm proud of and frankly, still grosses me out a little when I think about what I did - even though I can't say I didn't enjoy it a little at the time.

Since the rule was that you couldn't bring a boyfriend or significant other with you, I pretty much stopped going once I started dating Steve again. Of course after he had proposed to me I became ineligible so that put a complete stop to it even if I had wanted to go. Steve never did attend one and I've never really told him all that much about the ones I did. While Steve and I don't hide anything about our pasts from each other, we don't exactly go out of our way to through in the other's face either. If he had ever asked me I would've gladly told me anything he wanted to know but as he never seemed all that interested I just never bothered.

My how things change... Now Beth and I are both in our early thirties, married with kids although she has two darling boys whereas I have my two wonderful daughters. We both tease each other that now instead of being school sluts we're the neighborhood MILFs but I think she secretly enjoys her current status just as much as I do. We've swapped since she got married but only a couple of times. Growing up we both enjoyed other girls but somehow or another we never had sex with each other all that much. It was like we were such close friends that we didn't need it - it was a little awkward even. Now that we're older and married, the same mindset seems to have continued. Whatever I guess... I can't really explain it, it's just the way it is.

So you can imagine my surprise when out of the blue one day, my BFF made a proposal to me that she hadn't made in a LONG time!

## 2. BFFs Unite

"You're joking, right? Ha, ha, not funny."

It was the first thing that came to my mind as I sipped on my morning coffee sitting at Beth's kitchen table. Me and the kids had stopped over for a brief visit and now with the rug rats occupied, we enjoyed those few cherished quiet moments moms never seem to get enough of.

"Dead serious," Beth responded crisply, grinning at me naughtily.

"But I thought those were history now... Like how many years since the last one?"

"Whatever... just saying," she added, determined to get in the last word as usual.

Before I could interrupt Kylie started crying so I had to leave the kitchen for a bit to calm her down from whatever the heck was bothering her. Ugh! As much as I love babies, I have to say I can't wait for her to grow up a little more so she can better communicate her needs!

When I return I found Beth leaned over the table staring into her coffee mug. She seemed startled when I sat down so I asked her what she'd been thinking about. She looked a little sheepish - not a norm for her.

"Oh sorry... I was just thinking back to the good old days."

"Good old days?"

She cracked a smile saying, "Just that all this talk about parties, your husband... brings back old memories. Did you know he was only the third guy I had sex with?"

I couldn't help myself, I had to laugh. Like she hadn't told me a thousand times before. Beth never seemed to grow tired of reminding me how she'd had my husband before I did.

"Oh a few times," I responded instead, trying to be a little diplomatic. "I hated you back then... well, I hated your boobs."

Beth grinned and hefted her breasts with both hands. "Yeah, the girls certainly were popular. I don't think most of them even knew what my hair color was!"

We both laughed and she continued, "You know, I still can't believe he even asked you out. Like, every girl he'd ever dated before you was at least a B-cup. The boy loved his boobies!"

"Well, you know I was as shocked as anyone," I confessed even though she knew the story full well herself.

"Not as shocked as half the girls at school," she teased me. "Everyone figured you must have been giving some of the best blowjobs in his life!"

"Well..." I grinned, "I think I did pretty good even back then."

Beth sat silent for a moment and then turned to me and said more softly, "You know, I really AM looking forward to him fucking me again. I mean like Spencer is great - not complaining mind you, but I've always had a thing for Steve." She paused and grinned wider, "Well, at least I do for his dick!"

We both chuckled at that. I wasn't sure what was with her this morning as we hadn't talked about my husband, at least in this way, in ages.

"Hey, everything OK with you and Spencer?" I asked softly.

Beth just nodded. "Sure, like I said - no complaints. But tell me Kelly... don't you miss those days sometimes?"

"Those days?"

"Yeah, back when we were single and could do anything. I don't know, maybe it's just the reminder of those parties but lately I've been feeling like I'm locked in this house. You know how it is... the kids, money, keeping your husband happy."

Honestly, I DIDN'T know how it was as for me as married life has been the best thing to ever happen to me. Oh sure we all pine for the past now and then but really, why would I want to go back to those painful days in high school when it seemed all I did was try to prove myself to everyone? Still, it wasn't like I could say that to my best friend.

"So how does Spencer feel about this party?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"He's a guy, what ELSE would he say?" Beth laughed, her mood swinging rapidly.

There was a sharp cry from the bedroom. Oh great, now what? We both rushed up and that pretty much brought an end to our discussion as our kids consumed the rest of the time we were there. When I left I gave Beth a nice long kiss - it had been ages since we shared one, and smiled at her.

"You know I love you," I told her as our eyes met.

Beth hugged me tight and whispered in my ear, "I love you too Kelly."

And so I left with the girls. When I looked back Beth was waving goodbye. As I walked to the car I thought how the next time I saw her would most likely be at the party. Hmmmmmm, why procrastinate? Maybe it was time the two of us had some fun again together?

## 3. Kicking Things Off

"So how does all this get started?" Steve spoke as he was driving towards the address Beth had texted me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "It's just a party."

"Not quite 'just' a party and you know it," Steve smiled glancing over at me. "C'mon, I never got to go to one of Beth's shindigs so clue me in."

"The number one rule about sex parties is you don't talk about sex parties," I teased.

"Nice line," he shot back smiling, "I know better so spill it."

To be honest, I wasn't sure myself so I didn't know what to tell him so I kept stalling until we pulled up to the house. It was huge! Wow, somebody was doping pretty good for themselves. There was a big circular driveway which already was almost full with other cars.

"See, I told you we wouldn't be early."

Steve just rolled his eyes, "OK, you know you don't have to tell me you told me so."

Steve, ever the gentleman, rushed over to my door after he'd parked and held it open for me. So much for being a gentleman though as from where his eyes were focused I knew he had ulterior motives.

"Something wrong with my skirt?" I asked innocently as I slowly lifted my leg up and out. I knew the answer of course as the skirt was so short most of my upper thigh had been exposed while just sitting in the seat. As I didn't make any attempt to tug it down as I exited, it just rode up even higher.

"Skirt? What skirt?" he said jokingly, "I don't see one."

Standing up on my heels, I did reach down and tug it a down little - more to straighten it out than anything else.

"Awwwwww, now why did you have to go and do that?" Steve whined like a little boy.

"Don't worry horny toad, I doubt it will be on for long anyways," I answered grinning at him.

While I hadn't been given all that much information from Beth, if this party was like the ones she use to bring me to then that was an understatement. Typically most people stripped immediately after the initiation ceremony or if there wasn't going to be one, then right after they walked in the door although now and then some of the girls would keep on some of their lingerie - at least to get things started.

As we approached the house, I thought about how Steve had been a little disappointed when I told him that this was an all-adult affair and that no kids would be joining. Then, as now, I couldn't help but be reminded of Beth's brief commentary. Yes, maybe it WAS good for us to be with a large group of grown-ups for once. It seemed lately we pretty much did the swap scene and left the parties to the family events - most of which I didn't attend these days in the first place. It had been ages since I got to show off in front of Steve by having sex with multiple men our age or older. Too bad as I loved it when he watched me - and so did he!

"Welcome!" we were greeted at the door. I had to look twice but then I recognized the face.

"Tyler?"

I was rewarded with a smile as he held the door open.

"Hi Kelly, been a long time," he said to me as I passed. Boy was he right! Wow, did I look that much older as well? Not that he looked bad, not at all. If anything the added years gave him a look of maturity that I find quite attractive in a man.

After stepping in, Tyler took our coats and hung them in the closet. He turned back and gave me the once over - twice, as Steve watched.

"Damn girl, nice outfit," he complimented me. He then turned to Steve and shook his hand. After introducing himself he added, "You're a lucky man Steve!"

Steve put his arm around me and hugged me tight into him. Wow! He wasn't usually this protective of me, at least when it came to other men eyeballing me.

"Indeed I am!" he responded with a hint of pride in his voice - at least that's how I heard it.

The doorbell rang and Tyler went to greet the next guests as we made our way into the living room. Well, at least that's what they probably called it although in comparison to our little space at home this was more like a convention hall.

"Kelly!" I was greeted as Beth rose from the couch where she'd been seated next to her husband.

We hugged and she turned to Steve, "Hey big boy, I've been SO looking forward to seeing you today."

Whoa, she wasn't wasting any time! But then that was Beth for you. She was in her element, that was for sure.

"C'mon, you guys can sit next to us, I've been saving a spot," she said as she took my hand and led me to the couch. The two of us sat together with our husbands flanking us.

"Seems like old times already, eh?" she gushed as I took in the surroundings. There looked to be about a dozen or so other couples, most of them still milling about talking to one another. I was having a hard time trying to remember who I'd met before and who was new. Like, it had been quite a few years so who could blame me?

Tyler came in then and clapped his hands loudly in what at first was a futile attempt to get everyone's attention. It took a few more tries but finally the room was relatively quiet.

"OK... I'd like to welcome everyone to our little reunion," he started, "But first I want to introduce my wife Brianna."

A dark-skinned woman moved in next to him and smiled at everyone, not saying a word. She was dressed in an outfit more appropriate for summer than the middle of winter but then I guess that didn't matter. Wow, talk about legs! She was wearing super tight white denim shorts with a tight tank top that left nothing to the imagination - no bra by any means. Steve's mouth dropped open like a fish out of water.

"You'll have to bear with us, Brianna's English is a little limited but don't worry guys, that's about all that will be limited for her today!"

Everyone laughed politely and he continued, "I know that for a lot of you this is your first time at one of our little events but hopefully your husband or wife has filled you in on most of the details. So let's get started... my hope was to run this like the good old days, OK?"

Like who was going to debate with him? There was a low murmur but nobody had anything to add.

"Great, then I don't see any reason to delay things. I'm sure none of you came here to listen to my speeches."

That brought a louder chorus of laughter and then he continued, "So in keeping with the spirit of those days, what do you say we start out with an initiation ceremony? I know we have a lot of first timers today but to keep things moving let's keep it to one person. Soooooo, any volunteers?"

I felt Steve stir next to me. As I hadn't told him anything about the initiation ceremonies he was probably wondering what this all meant but I just kept quiet, looking around wondering who would volunteer. This was slightly different from the past in that typically the person didn't get a choice - that was half the fun, surprising them in front of everyone. Volunteering sort of took away the charm but I could see why as maybe half the people here were new.

While I kept my mouth shut, Beth quickly spoke up. "I would like to volunteer someone!"

I looked over at Spencer, who seemed as surprised as anyone at his wife's announcement. He must have been wondering what the heck she was doing! As things turned out though, he needed have worried.

"Steve here is new... I volunteer HIM."

I almost choked. Not that I was upset, just surprised, although not nearly as much as Steve.

"Wait a minute... what's this all about?" Steve whispered to me. Then he looked at Tyler with a flustered expression asking, "And what if I don't WANT to volunteer?"

That only drew a chorus of laughter from a number of people - most likely the ones with past experience here as I doubt they would've told their spouse just in case something like this happened.

Tyler looked around with his arms out. "Well everyone, what do you say?"

"He's gotta do it," a guy from across the room called out. "Yeah, no copouts," a woman standing up near Tyler chimed in.

Tyler walked over to Steve. "So I'm assuming Kelly didn't tell you about the initiation process we have here." Steve shook his head, looking at me accusingly. "Well never you worry. Trust me, SHE did great with hers... and I ought to know."

Steve looked at me again questioningly but then Tyler explained to everyone how the initiation worked. It was pretty straight-forward. All the new person had to do was fuck the host in front of everyone to kick things off. Once that was done then the party got started for everyone else.

"Don't worry Steve, when your wife did it I got to have the honors but you don't get me," Tyler told him although he was looking at me.

Everyone laughed.. silly joke but still, for a full-blown homophobic like Steve I knew such a concern probably came to mind instantly. "Nope, you get the pleasure of my wife Brianna."

Brianna was smiling from the middle of the room where she'd remained. Steve suddenly didn't seem so unhappy!

"So let me get this straight... I HAVE to fuck you wife, right now, here in front of everyone?"

Well, he didn't have to grin quite so broadly! Oh well, I was happy for him anyways. Steve looked over at Beth and grinned. "Thanks Beth! First time I think I've ever been so happy somebody volunteered me for something!"

Steve leaned over, gave me a quick kiss - a VERY quick one, and stood up before heading for his prize. I couldn't help but think to myself that this was sort of a role reversal for us. While Steve had never been one to be shy, it's not like he was an exhibitionist - certainly nothing in my league. If people happened to be watching, so be it, but it's not like he went out of his way to be the center of attention. Me, on the other hand, well I LOVED to be the focus of attention and I knew Steve loved it just as much when I was - he was so proud to be my husband!

Meanwhile, Brianna wasn't wasting any time. With a hand from her husband, she was already half out of her shorts by the time Steve got to her. Taking the cue, without so much as a glance back at me Steve quickly shucked his clothes until everyone was treated to the same sight I so loved - my naked husband!

"So now we just do it?" I heard him ask Tyler, "Right here?"

"Yep. Like I said, my wife's English is a bit limited so don't worry about any small talk," Tyler told him, "Besides, everyone here has to wait for you guys to finish before they can get started so trust me, this is NOT the time to take your time."

By then Brianna was naked, even dropping her heels leaving her barefoot. Tyler had brought in a thick floor mat which he obviously meant for them to use. I was impressed - she was stunning, everything I knew Steve fantasized about, well at least for one out of middle school. Big firm boobs (they looked real though), dark complexion, GREAT figure with legs I'd kill for, and long jet black straight hair that draped down her back almost to her ass. In short, she was Miss Universe beautiful.

No sooner than she was undressed than Brianna dropped to her knees and took Steve's semi-hard dick in her hand, stroking him as she stared up into his eyes. Spitting on his cock, she stroked him a few times before taking him in her mouth again, quickly engulfing him until her face was pressing tight into his thick hairy pubic hair. Damn, the girl was good!

Steve was oblivious to the watching crowd as he looked down at this gorgeous woman sucking on his dick, quickly hardening until he fully erect. I was so proud of him! Then I felt a hand on my thigh as Beth put her hand on me and started to slowly rub me.

"Pretty good, isn't she?" Beth whispered to me, "Wow, it sure didn't take long to get him to full mast!"

"Well what do you want? She's beautiful!" I replied softly. Indeed, I wouldn't have minded had she "initiated" me.

Tyler had stepped back just a few feet, keeping a close eye on his model wife. Then he looked around and shrugged his shoulders.

"Hey folks, since this is the first time we've had couples at one of these, don't you think the initiation should be with a couple as well?"

It figured, why was I surprised? Now I assumed the question would be which of the new women was to join Steve in the process. Evidently my thought process was a little too constricting as it turned out.

Since nobody seemed to disagree (big surprise!), Tyler then turned to ME!

"So Kelly, get up here and join your husband."

I turned to Beth who just shrugged her shoulders. So now what, a threesome? Yet again I wasn't thinking of all the possibilities. So what the heck? It wasn't like it would be the first time Tyler had fucked me by a long shot. Smiling at the watching audience, I stood up and headed towards where Brianna was still doing quite the number on my horny husband.

"Where you going Kelly?" Tyler called out. I turned and saw he had dropped his pants - no underwear by the way. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure this one out.

"You know, you were my favorite initiation," he told me as I neared him. I heard a cough from the couch. Beth had once told me that Tyler had done her initiation as well so she obviously wasn't all that pleased to be number two.

"So let's do it then," I said simply, slipping my skirt off and dropping my blouse. Unlike his wife, I chose to leave my heels on, at least for this part given the watching audience. Other than the heels, a gold ankle bracelet (a gift from my dad) and my diamond cross I usually wore around my neck, I was quickly naked in front of them all.

Tyler stood next to Steve and so I got down on my knees next to Brianna and went to work on Tyler's cock. Brianna had a head start on me but it didn't take long for her husband's cock to reach the same status as my husband's.

"So what do you think Steve... great way to kick this off, don't you agree?" I heard Tyler say to my husband.

"Well frankly, I'm ready to fuck yours," Steve replied and I saw his hands reach down to Brianna's head and lift her off his cock. He twirled his finger and she got the message, spinning around so her butt was facing him while she leaned forward on her elbows. She rubbed her pussy and pushed her fingers inside, drawing out her wetness and lubricating herself for him. Steve's dick slid in her easily as I tried to watch out of the corner of my eye while I sucked off Tyler.

"Looks like your husband likes my wife," Tyler said to me as he lifted my head and spun me around, "Why don't you just lean over so you can watch too as I do you."

Frankly, I would've been just as happy to focus on Tyler. It's not that it bothers me to watch my husband fuck another woman. Heck, if I had THAT sort of hang-up then we'd have been divorced a long time ago! Seeing he was enjoying himself why would that be an issue for me? After all, it wasn't like he loved her. Heck, they hadn't even spoken two words to each other and here he was, drilling her in front of everyone. In the end, it just didn't do anything for me. So my husband was having sex with another wife... so what else was new?

I reflexively let out a little grunt as Tyler penetrated me from behind. Not taking his time, that was for sure! Then again, it wasn't like this was supposed to be the epitome of intimacy.

"Damn, I can't believe you have two kids," Tyler said between thrusts, "How the hell do you keep so tight?"

What could I say? Mother Nature may have been a bit unfair with me growing up but she did bless me with a pussy for which most guys still compliment me. Oh sure I know some of them probably say the same thing to every girl, just as I tend to compliment most guys on their dick. Then again, I DO like most guy's dicks so I'll take it that they feel the same way about pussies.

One thing I could say though about watching Steve - I was so proud of him! In my unbiased opinion he looks even more handsome today than when we were married and seeing him nude in front of all these people all I could think about was how lucky I am. Loving husband, caring father, doting son... he was the whole package!

And speaking of packages... if there was one thing that DID turn me on watching him fuck Brianna, it was the sight of his wonderfully hard cock as it appeared and then disappeared into her dark pussy. Of all the dicks in the world, his was the one I loved the most! So even with another guy's inside of me right then, I was still thinking about Steve's and how much I adored him and wanted to make love with him. The best part was that even though I knew at this moment his male mind was zeroed in on Brianna's pussy, when he was done it would be MY pussy he'd want!

Surprisingly, it was Tyler who came first. I felt him pull out and groan, followed by the warm sensation as his cum spurt out onto my butt and back. Crap. I mean, why make such a mess when I would've been perfectly satisfied to have him cum inside of me? Was it just for the show or was this his sort of thing?

Well, speaking of shows... not to be outdone Steve pulled out of Brianna and moved to where his dick was in front of her face. She kept her lips pursed tightly shut as he spewed his cum all over her face and boobs. My first thoughts were I was happy that at least Tyler hadn't done that to me but Brianna seemed OK with it, even if she evidently didn't like the taste of cum.

Everyone erupted in cheers and clapping – whether it was for the performances or the fact that now they could finally strip down and get things going was debatable. In any case, it didn't take long for everyone to get naked and the party to begin in earnest.

## 4. Back in the Swing of Things

For the first few minutes Steve played the loving husband, leaving Brianna and leading me over to the couch where Beth was kind enough to have already gotten a towel to wipe the mess off of me. Then she was off with a big grin.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" she said cheerfully as she gave me a quick kiss and took off. Yeah, like THAT put any limitations on me.

"Well, now THAT was interesting," Steve said as we sat down on the couch next to each other and he put his arm around me, clasping his hand over my boob in the process – his favorite resting place. "So... you couldn't have at least warned me?"

He tried to look so seriousness but the veneer quickly cracked and we both laughed.

"Oh sure, like you were really upset that you got to fuck that gorgeous woman."

"Well...." he teased, "She wasn't so bad."

"I was surprised she didn't take it in her mouth," I commented, "Pretty lame, especially in front of everyone."

Steve laughed again and squeezed my boob. "I was surprised you didn't say anything about him pulling out."

I just shrugged, it wasn't something I wanted to dwell on.

"So now what?" Steve asked as we looked around. Most of the people had paired off with some of them leaving for what looked like to be the kitchen. In the past the rule was you were supposed to stay in view of everyone making the bedrooms off limits but I didn't know what, if any, rules applied to this day.

"Well, I don't mean to tie you down... have fun!" I encouraged him.

"You sure you're ok with that?"

I sighed and rolled my eyes. OMG, after all the parties and swapping he was worried about leaving me alone to have sex with other men?

"Go for it stud," I replied with a seductive wink, "Just remember - I get it last."

It was the one rule we had when going out. No matter who else we did, before we went to sleep that night we would make love, even if it was just a quickie. It was like renewing our vows and showing our true love and commitment to one another.

Steve kissed me and then kissed me again. With a quick pat on my crotch he was off. I looked around, trying to decide where to best fit in - or should I say who to best fit in me!

For better or worse, the rest of the time we spent at the party was what I would call relatively routine. OK, so maybe not so "routine" as for most people but given our past experiences it wasn't all that special in general. Don't get me wrong, I thoroughly enjoyed myself - like who wouldn't like being with a half dozen or so guys you either never met or haven't seen in years? The best part about such parties is the lack of any connections or expectations. You go, enjoy yourself, and then leave with no commitment, no regrets. True, it also lacks any sense of intimacy or personal satisfaction (other than pure physical), but then that's the tradeoff I guess.

The one thing I DID enjoy though was when Beth challenged me to a blowjob competition. We hadn't done anything like that in ages and once our husbands heard about it they wouldn't let the matter drop until I accepted. Of course they weren't eligible to participate due to their obvious bias, but both of them seemed more than anxious to have a front-row seat in the spectator gallery, so to speak.

The rules were simple, first one to get all three of our assigned guys to cum was the winner. The reason for having three was to even out the individual tendencies. I mean like some guys can cum in a heartbeat while others will hold out for what like seems forever! So with three, that just made it more fair. The other requirement was that each could not have cum for at least the last hour. It's not like they were all young guys anymore!

We lined the guys up shoulder to shoulder, my three facing Beth's three with us in the middle on our knees working our way down the line. I felt pretty confident going in - Beth had never beaten me before after all. Back in high school this was something we did a lot more as having sex in front of their friends wasn't something guys that age tend to go for. Yeah, they love to TALK about it but show their dicks so blatantly in front of other guys.... yeah right, LOL.

In the end it was a closer finish than I'd expected. In fact, Beth had her first guy off in a matter of minutes! We had to swallow, again to keep things fair, but that didn't slow her one bit. Thankfully the last guy she had saved me. He had the biggest dick of them all and seemingly the hardest time getting it good and hard. It wasn't a big surprise to me - I've never really been a fan of huge dicks. Maybe in porn they work but in my experience performance gets traded for size, not to mention it's a lot harder to suck them!

Steve was so proud of me when the last came filled my mouth with cum! He was cheering me along the entire time - as always my biggest fan. I went to kiss him but he pulled back just as I knew he would. My husband is one of the most homophobic men I've ever known! It's like to him sperm is toxic waste. Funny in that he has no problem with his wife swallowing it down by the gallon but he doesn't even like to get it on him, let alone touch it and heaven forbid taste it! And that's his own cum - don't even think about anyone else's!

By the time things wound down I was pretty tired and poor Steve - he looked exhausted! We thanked those that were still there, especially Tyler and Brianna, got ourselves cleaned up enough to drive home and left for home.

## 5. The Aftermath

We got home about thirty minutes later where I was pleased that the babysitter had the girls already in bed. She was a new one for us, a cute fifteen year-old one of our friends had recently recommended to us. Good sitters are so hard to find! Steve was infatuated with her of course, his babysitter fantasies immediately kicking into high gear, but after a glare from me he behaved himself. Yes, despite how he felt life SHOULD be, not every teenage babysitter was hot to fuck him! She seemed very sweet and given her accomplishments with the girls I was sure we'd be hiring her again so I didn't need my husband freaking her out by exposing himself to her or whatever on the drive home. While he was out I check and found that the refrigerator hadn't even been touched - the girl was a goldmine in a world where decent sitters are so hard to find!

As soon as Steve returned we immediately hit the shower. I was feeling all itchy from dried cum and my hair was a disaster - why can't guys aim? Hopefully the sitter noticed, she probably just figured I needed my hair washed.

"Well, THAT wasn't such a bad party," Steve commented as he washed me down. Of course he seemed to think I especially needed it between my legs and on my chest but what else would you expect? Heck, I'll freely admit that I made a big deal about getting his dick all scrubbed up!

"Mommy?" I suddenly heard. Pulling back the shower curtain, who else but our dear three year-old daughter Mia. I guess she hadn't been so sound asleep as we thought! Of course she was wearing her Frozen nightshirt (I SO wish she would grow out of that phase) looking cute as a button as always. Not that I'm biased of course.

"I can't sleep," she complained, rubbing her eyes in direct contradiction to her statement.

I tried to explain to her mommy and daddy would be out in a minute and we'd help her then. Reasoning with a three year-old is never easy but she finally agreed to sit on the toilet and wait. I was anxious to get her back to bed so we quickly rinsed off and stepped out of the shower. It wasn't like Mia hadn't seen us both naked before. I'd decided from the outset to treat nudity the same as my mom had - something not to be ashamed of but at the same time, not to be flaunted. Along those lines getting out of the shower nude was natural. Running around the house naked unnecessarily was not.

Toweling myself down, I wrapped my hair up in another towel and hustled her back to bed where she insisted I rub her back. Sitting nest her in bed, I gently rubbed her for a while as slowly her eyes drifted shut and finally closed. Once she was out I quickly made my exit to rejoin my husband.

"Out?" Steve asked as I climbed into our bed beside him.

"Like a light," I assured him rubbing my clean naked body up against his. Mmmmmmm, after the shower he smelled so good!

"You looked incredible tonight," he complimented me as we kissed, "I was so proud of you!"

"As I was with you," I responded, my hand moving down to his crotch.

People always ask me why I use the word "fuck" so much. It's not a curse word when I do, it's just a way to describe sex. Basically anytime I have sex, we're fucking. It's entirely different from making love in that there's only one man in the world I ever have, or ever will, make love with - my husband. Not even sex with my father

# 3. Making Plans

Unfortunately as with most things in life the devil would be in the details. Oh sure the concept was simple, it was the logistics that caused me headaches. It wasn't that I expected any problems getting my dad to go along and I was sure Uncle Paul wouldn't be a fuss either. I figured even Katlyn wouldn't want to miss out on such an opportunity. No, my problems weren't with any of those who I expected to be involved - it was the ones who WEREN'T that drove me nuts. The biggest problem I faced was that it WAS going to be Father's Day how would I get my cousin to allow Katlyn to spend the day with her grandfather rather than her father? It wasn't like I could go to Ginny and ask, "Hey, do you mind if your slutty daughter comes alone with me and her horny grandfather and my uncle so they can fuck her all day?" Of course it WOULD be kinda fun to see her reaction if I did, at last for a few moments until all hell broke loose. Obviously I had to come up with a more realistic approach.

In the end I had to compromise a little. My initial thoughts were to surprise Katlyn but it soon became apparent I would need her on board if my mission was to be successful. Of course THAT meant confiding in her my plans ahead of time. I'd felt pretty confident seeing what a slut she'd become in the past year that once she found herself in a situation without many options she'd gladly go along and from there we'd all have fun. Telling her ahead of time gave her more options though, not all of them necessarily favorable to my plans.

Even before she started having sex with my husband and father I'd realized that Katlyn and I had a few different views about men. For me, the older the better (up to a point). If he was married, all the was better. Add in a teenage daughter or two and it was perfect. Katlyn, on the other hand, was obsessed with boys at school. It may have been because they were just as obsessed with her and fawned all over her throughout the day. To her, older men were just that - OLD. So while the thrill of being naughty in committing incest kept her interest, over time things along those lines dwindled as her sex life with boys more her age blossomed.

There was also the fact that despite my best efforts, I'd never made much headway when it comes to teaching her about the duties and responsibilities of proper Christian daughters, particularly when it came to giving themselves sexually to their fathers. It wasn't totally my fault though as her dad never made even the slightest move in that direction from which she could initiate anything. It wouldn't be such a big deal normally except it was messing with my plans. The problem was that if she wasn't fucking her own father, then doing her grandfather was going to be a bigger step than for most family-oriented girls.

For days I struggled trying to come up with a plan that would work perfectly but just when I thought I had it licked there always seemed to be a glitch. My first thought was to go with the obvious - an invitation to go water skiing. That one was quickly shot down as I knew if we extended the offer to Katlyn it would be difficult to explain why JUST her and not the entire family as was the norm. Maybe if it was just her I might have been able to strike a deal but adding in Uncle Paul without anyone else would be pretty impossible to rationalize.

It wasn't until once again I found myself praying in church when the answer came to me. Hmmmmmm, I don't want to hear anyone try and tell me that God doesn't answer prayer!

One thing my Uncle Paul was big on was fishing. His biggest problem was he didn't have a boat. The main reason he didn't have a boat was that nobody else in the family was into fishing so the money went elsewhere - like their big camper. On the other hand my dad was never one for dealing with messy fish but he DID have a boat. Yeah, it was really meant more for water skiing than fishing but it WAS a boat. From what I'd heard the my uncle would try to take his kids and grandkids out to a nearby lake for fishing now from the bank although I wasn't sure how thrilled Katlyn was about it. She was always pretty much the girly-girl and so dealing with messy, smelly fish didn't seem like her cup of tea. Still, it WAS the only opening I could think of so maybe it could be made to work. Hey, it was better than nothing!

# 4. Getting Katlyn on Board

All the plans in the world are fine... it's putting them into play that counts. I'd leave it up to my uncle to work things out with his family. When I mentioned to him my plans he was excite - to say the least! As much as he craved his sexy teenage granddaughter, crossing the line with her had proved to be more than he was ready to do on his own. Watching her flirt with him made me almost feel sorry for the poor guy but then she flirted with everyone so nobody thought anything of it. It wasn't much different than when I was her age only my mom caught a lot more flack back then for my outfits even though they weren't much more risqu, than Katlyn's these days. I guess times have changed in fifteen or so years. Wow... makes me feel so old!

Yet again, church came to the rescue - and people wonder why I'm such a church girl! As usual I was seated up tight against my dad, legs crossed this time which allowed my skirt to ride up my tanned bare thigh on the side next to him a bit more than perhaps was socially acceptable but then being "socially acceptable" had never been a worry of mine. This time I'd noted Katlyn and her family were seated behind us so I couldn't see her once we'd taken our seats. It was about midway through the second hymn when I felt a wetness between my legs. Oh crap, I must not have pushed out enough of my dad's cum in the car on the way to church and now it must be leaking out! Had I worn panties it wouldn't have been such a problem but when do I ever wear panties to church - or much anywhere else besides at work? Not like it would be the first time my dad had to walk behind me as we made our way out after the service to hide the wet spots on the back of my dress. Still, why even get into that situation in the first place? With everyone standing and my dad next to the aisle it made it easy to step out and make my way quickly to the restroom on the lower level without drawing too much attention.

Entering one of the stalls, I cleaned off the seat and took a seat, pulling up my dress to my waist in the process. Reaching down, I could feel the slickness of my father's cum as it drained from me. Wow, he must have cum bucket this morning! I wondered if it had anything to do with the discussion we had about my plans for father's Day. It wasn't like I could NOT tell him after all since he had to deal with the logistics.

Wadding up some toilet paper, I dabbed my pussy and then rubbed to wipe it clean. Suddenly it was like a jolt of electricity traveled up my spine as my fingers

years ago, instead I pulled my hand from my horny crotch, stood up and pulled my dress back down. At least I didn't have to worry about panties!

"Actually Katlyn, I need to talk to you about something, OK?"

"Wow, must be pretty important," she said with a surprised look, "I mean like you stopped masturbating... you NEVER do that!" and then she giggled again.

I swatted her on the butt playfully. "Give me a break!"

Checking myself out in the mirror, I was a little flushed but otherwise OK so I turned my attention back to Katlyn.

"You know Father's day is next Sunday," I started out, "And I wanted to make sure it was extra special for my dad, fifteen years now and all."

Katlyn looked a little puzzled. "Fifteen years since what?"

I just gave her a "duh" look and then she laughed. "Oh yeah, THAT!"

"Did I ever tell you about how he and Tammy did it the first time?"

Katlyn nodded. "Only about a dozen times," she laughed then in response.

"Well I was thinking about getting my dad to take me to the lake next Sunday." I paused to give her time to consider.

"You mean with Tammy again?" she asked with her eyebrows raised, "I thought she wasn't..."

"No, not with Tammy," I interrupted before we went too far down that wrong road. I looked at her and waited...

"ME?" she blurted out as she finally put the pieces together, "But that doesn't make sense, we've already done it."

She also didn't appear all that enthusiastic. Whether it was something she'd done before or not, she wasn't exactly jumping at the chance to do it again.

"I was thinking more in terms of the next day, remember?"

Katlyn got that screwy look on her face whenever she was thinking hard. It wasn't like I'd actually told her all this stuff a dozen times. A few, maybe. Then she got more serious.

"You mean swap dads?" she asked incredulously, "Oh Kelly, my dad would NEVER go along with that, you know that."

"Well, maybe not your dad but I know someone who would," I tried to tease her.

"Not Uncle Jim," she groaned, "He's a jerk... always trying to feel me up in the pool or when people aren't looking."

"No... someone a little closer to you..."

# 5. Father's Day Morning

The week went by slowly but finally Sunday arrived. I woke up early, too excited to sleep in even though I didn't have to be at my dad's house for a few hours. My dad and his brother had figured it would placate a few people's feelings if we all at least attended the Father's Day service at church as a family before heading off on our own to the lake.

Wiping the sleep from my eyes, I rolled over towards my husband but instead bumped into someone else - our oldest daughter. Mia was sound asleep and snuggled up against her naked father. Steve and I had debated, briefly I might add, over whether or not to start wearing something to bed when our daughter started sneaking into bed with us. I think it was more a formality so later we could at least say we discussed the matter as neither of us was so inclined. Other than a few brief periods while in college, I haven't worn anything to bed since I was twelve or so. It really has nothing to do with sex but rather more I just feel more comfortable when I'm naked in bed. Don't think that makes me a nudist though. I keep a nightshirt or robe next to the bed and the first thing I do when I get up is to put it on.

Mia, of course, wasn't naked like her parents although we'd had a few battles over it recently when she insisted she had to sleep like mommy. Well, maybe in a few years... or more. For now mommy wins this debate. Yet while she was wearing her favorite Frozen nightshirt, it had pulled up to her waist such that her father, who WAS nude, was laying with his hairy crotch pressed in tight against her bare little bottom.

What could I say? They were both sound asleep so it wasn't like there was anything going on. Still... so much for any thoughts of seeing how hard I could get Steve while he slept - a favorite game of mine that he didn't seem to mind playing. With a sigh I slipped out of bed and grabbed my terrycloth robe. Had I been wearing it in a more public are I would have needed to be wearing shorts or PJ bottoms as it didn't quite come down to the bottom of my butt and if I so much as reached up or down in the slightest it totally revealed my ass. Still, at least I wasn't naked and that was the whole point of putting it on.

Checking in on our other daughter, all was well with Kylie as always. She was an angel! Unlike her older sister who never seemed to have slept a night through in her life and seemed hell bent on spending as much time in bed with her parents regardless of what they might be doing, Kylie had gone the entire night without a peep just the third night after brining her home. In fact, I'd woken up late the next morning after being exhausted the day before and almost had a heart attack when I realized she hadn't woken up. My first thoughts was she was dead but thankfully it was for a much less intense reason.

There was no sense in going back to bed as I would never fall asleep again thinking about the day to come. It was Sunday morning so forget the TV and I didn't want to get started with anything on the DVR. I thought about my short visit with Katlyn in the lady's room at church the previous week and her remark about now knowing anyone who masturbated as much as me. I chuckled, thinking to myself about how my mother use to say almost the same thing when I first started doing it.

I was eleven or so, closer to twelve I think, when I first touched myself in a way such that I deliberately tried to get myself off. I'd been on "journey of self-discovery" (my mom's wording) for a couple of years by then but that was much more driven by curiosity than anything sexual. Once my mom gave me a few pointers, including a demonstration on herself, I learned how to make myself cum and quickly became addicted. Since that day there haven't been many days that I haven't done it at least once, most multiple times. It has NOTHING to do with sex - I just enjoy masturbating myself. It isn't like one cancels out the other - if anything doing one just makes me want to do the other even more!

In the end I just ended up doing my bible study for my women's group at church. It wasn't often I had time to myself these days so it was relaxing and fulfilling as well. So engrossed was I in the material that suddenly I realized I was running later. Dang it! For once I had woken up in plenty of time yet here I was again rushing around to get ready. The plans were to leave straight from church to the lake, stopping only to hitch up the boat at the storage place so I had already laid out my clothes for the day last night. It wasn't like I needed much - just my swim suit, a few towels, the usual purse stuff and the like. Of course I couldn't wear a bikini to church, nor would my go-to short shorts and tank top be well received by the stuffy elders and old ladies. I'd had enough run-ins with them over the years as it was! Still, it was summer and dress codes were much more relaxed these days so I grabbed my favorite "Ben" football jersey which came down almost to my knees to throw over the shorts and tank top underneath. Pretty good compromise if you asked me.

Ready to go, I checked in again on everyone. Kylie was rolling around a bit but was probably good for another hour or two. Amazingly, Steve and Mia were in the

just one way of doing this. Of course the number one gift I can give him is my body, to allow him to take me and enter me, to fill my empty pussy with his thick incestuous cock, to accept his ultimate gift as he release his love inside of me, flooding my pussy with his cum.

Indeed, that was exactly what he did not long afterwards. My shorts were at my ankles with my jersey pulled up as I bent forward over the kitchen counter and spread my legs apart for him. Quickly he was in me, penetrating me with no hesitation, thrusting his hard wet erection deep inside of me until I could feel the wooly thickness of his pubic hair against my smooth bottom.

"Oh daddy...," I moaned softly as he withdrew slowly until the tip of his dick was barely in me and then I cried out with pleasure as he thirst himself hard back inside of me, only to repeat this again and yet again.

"Fuck me daddy," I cried with pleasure, tears spilling down my cheeks as I felt my father's body joined with mine. How many times had I had this pleasure, this honor? Hundreds? More? It didn't matter as every time was like the first and I knew no matter how many more times he did it would never change.

My dad groaned as his orgasm grew. "I love you baby girl," he breathed heavily into my ear as his hands clutched my boobs under my jersey and over my tight tank top.

Instead of withdrawing and thrusting he jerked inside of me and I knew exactly what was happening. My father was cumming inside of me! He was mating me, taking his only daughter as his own! It was overwhelming to be loved and respected so intensely by the man who created me, the man who raised me and had given me everything - and continued to give me all he had within him.

"I could stay like this forever," he moaned as he held himself still inside of my throbbing pussy, "I love you Kelly."

"I love you too daddy," I somehow found the strength to reply.

We stayed like that for a while, our heartbeats slowing as his dick slowly dwindled inside of me until finally he withdrew. I could feel the war wetness of our cum as it quickly drained out of me once the plug had been removed from the dike.

"I'd better clean up a bit," I giggled as I reached for a dish towel. My aunt was always fussing at me for messing up the towels in the house when paper towels were always available but it felt better to have the soft cloth against me than stiff paper.

"Just once I'd love to watch you walk into church with a load running down your inner leg or maybe all over you face, just to see the look in old Mrs. Petersen's face!" my dad chuckled as he got himself back together while watching me wipe myself off.

"Daddy!" I scolded him, pretending to be shocked but secretly I would have loved to do it as well. Oh well, SOME fantasies just have to stay as fantasies.

"You know... you COULD leave those shorts and tank top off," my dad suggested, "Not like that jersey reveals anything."

It was tempting but then I knew better. It wasn't so much what the jersey revealed in terms of my body but more what it revealed about what else was underneath. Sort of like seeing a girl with no panty lines or bra straps. True, she wasn't actually showing anything but it was considered naughty all the same. Not seeing any bulges or lines under the jersey wouldn't show anyone my nudity but it WOULD tell them I was naked underneath which to some people was just as bad - especially the people in charge at our church.

"I promise to take them off right afterwards daddy."

The look on his face was priceless. I'm not so sure THAT was exactly what he was hoping I would be wearing once we left the restricted confines of the church.

We made it to church at the usual time - about half-way through the first chorus of the first hymn. I looked around to see if I could locate Katlyn and her family and just as we took our seats I finally caught a glimpse of them way on the other side. I almost laughed - she too was wearing a football jersey. I couldn't help but wonder what SHE was wearing under hers. Dang, I was feeling so old again! At 31 I was wearing shorts and a tank, worried about what people would say if I hadn't. Fifteen years ago when I was her age I wouldn't have worn anything if I could get past my mom that way - who cared what people said about you when you were an invincible teenager?

It seemed like we were caught in a time warp as ages went by before the final benediction. We met Katlyn and her family outside the church at the bottom of the steps. I noticed she had a beach bag with her - all set to go. Uncle Paul there with Aunt Julie along with my cousin Ginny, her husband Bill and Katlyn's younger brother Bill who about thirteen and a half or so.

"Ready to knock 'em dead bro?" Uncle Paul asked my dad, punching him playfully in the shoulder.

"I don't know how he talked Katlyn into going with you guys but I imagine you had something to do with it, eh Kelly?" my cousin asked me.

"I'm just thankfully you said yes Ginny," I replied, pretending to be unhappy with the planned events, "At least I'll have SOMEBODY to talk to while those two do their thing."

"Maybe you can convince them to let you guys do a little skiing?" Ginny suggested. Hmmmmmm, now THAT was a nice suggestion! I tried not to look too pleased with myself.

"I don't know," I said sullenly, shaking my head, "You know what it's like once they get started.

"Well jut behave yourselves out there," Ginny teased me, "All those hunks are going to be fishing for two girls."

We laughed and I gave her a hug. As cousins we'd never been especially close, nothing like I was with my cousin Kristen, but still family is family.

"Oh don't worry, I promise you none of them will lay a hand on her."

Of course I didn't say anything about the hands of her father or mine!

## 6. Lake Swap

It took over two hours by the time we got the boat and made it to the lake. The drive down was rather uneventful, unlike some other trips I'd made with my cousin Kristen. Maybe it was the age difference as after all, I wasn't all that much younger than her mother and the guys in the front seat were both old enough to be her grandfather - and one of them was! We'd quickly dropped the jerseys once in my dad's SUV where I was treated to the sight of Katlyn's new bikini. Wow, if the men in church had any idea what had been hiding under that jersey! If fact, I had to wonder if her parents knew either. It wasn't like she exactly wore conservative suits to start with but this one was definitely not for public pool consumption, at least not in the United States.

"Excuse me young lady," my dad called back checking us out in the rear view mirror as we drove, "Are you wearing anything? You know the rules, no nudity in the vehicle."

Katlyn and I both laughed as we both knew how absurd his statement was. At the same time it wasn't THAT much of a joke as in the mirror it probably WAS hard to tell she wasn't nude given the small area that the so-called bikini was hiding. It obviously wasn't her usual as the tan lines that were already forming were extremely obvious.

"You like it Aunt Kelly?" she asked as if she didn't already know the Answer from the looks I was giving her.

"How about for today we just call me Kelly, OK?" I offered. She just shrugged which I took as agreement although a few times on our trip down I had to remind her until it seemed she was comfortable with it.

I was still wearing the same shorts and my tank top, feeling totally overdressed in the presence of Katlyn's micro bikini. Even if I HAD mine on I still would have felt so as even though mine wasn't exactly conservative by any stretch of the imagination, it wasn't in the same league as her. Rather than draw comparisons I decided just to leave my shorts and tank on until we got on the boat.

We had to wait almost a half hour at the ramp to unload the boat, most of which Katlyn and I spent laying out on the bow of the boat flaunting ourselves to the men around us. I'd quickly changed once we'd arrived so now neither of us was hiding much of ourselves. My bikini was actually as similar in style to one my dad had bought me back when I was fifteen or so to wear on the boat or on our deck. He had labeled it "Kelly's slut bikini" for obvious reasons. I'd hunted everywhere for it, hoping he might notice and remember the style. Even so, I was a bit surprised when he did!

"Where did you dig up THAT old suit?" my dad teased me once as he passed by while pacing back and worth waiting our turn. I just grinned and didn't correct him. Like how would I EVER fit into a suit from back then even if I DID still have it after all these years? It's not like I've gained much weight but my boobs are considerable larger now after two kids and besides let's face it, I'm 31 - not 15, ok?? Deal with it.

Katlyn was in her element, drawing the eyes of everyone that passed. It didn't hurt that she was practically nude. From behind she was covering nothing with just some thin strings around her. Even from the front she all but spilled out of her top with every twist and turn and she was constantly fussing with the tiny bottom to keep it from pulling into her pussy crack and disappearing from sight altogether.

FINALLY we were in the water! As I stepped onto the boat, my uncle holding out his hand to steady me as I stepped off the pier, I noticed something missing though.

"Ummmmm daddy? Where's the fishing stuff?"

"Really Kelly?" he responded jokingly as he sat down and prepared to leave the docking area. OK, so it was a stupid question. Still, I thought they might at least pretend to be serious about it.

Katlyn and I took our seats in the bow seating area ahead of where my dad and his brother sat in the driver's seat and passenger spot. It was a perfect day with the sky clear and the sun shining brightly overhead. I looked around and saw lots of boats were taking advantage of the good weather and the holiday.

The first hour or so was pretty much your average day out on the lake as we took the time to get comfortable and let some of the initial awkwardness playout. Considering the men in the boat were 59 and 52 years old while the girls were 15 and 31, it was an interesting mix, one I'm sure wasn't lost on some of the folks cruising by us. I wondered if maybe they thought one of the men had married a younger girl (me) and then had a kid (Katlyn) while the other guy was maybe just a family friend or relative. I felt pretty confident that had a poll been taken that none of them would have guessed the truth. Really, this all sounded like something from some silly porn movie, not real life. But then who would have believed it in a movie? Just goes to show that life can be stranger than fiction sometimes.

The best part was that instead of having to deal with stinky fish, we got to go my favorite sporting activity - water ski! All my life I'd been pretty much a klutz when it comes to sports. Something about striking a ball with a stick just isn't in my DNA. My gym teacher even labelled me as the worst tennis player he'd ever seen! Any thoughts of sucking HIS dick went right out the window I can tell you that! For some reason water skiing works for me. I can't snow ski or ice skate but put me on a slalom ski and I'm an ace! Tammy hadn't near the opportunities as me to learn but she could at least get up on two skis and have fun.

These days you really stand out when you ski as most people are on boards or tubes. Few people it seems want to go through the years of practice it takes to be a good skier. I loved raising a huge rooster tail as we zoomed by some poor soul in a tube bouncing along. I LOVED to ski!

Another think I love about water skiing as compared to snow skiing, ice skating or similar activities is that you get to do it in a bikini. Unfortunately you also have to wear this cumbersome life vest which hides most of your top but that also means you can go without anything under it and nobody knows. As for the bottom, these days you can practically go bottomless and nobody seems to mind - as Katlyn was proving today.

It was mid-afternoon by now and as much as I would've loved to ski some more there were other things on my mind. After all, I hadn't planned on skiing for my Father's Day present. Until now things had been more or less innocent. A little grab-ass and groping but nothing serious. Katlyn and I were topless most of the time but then looking around it wasn't like we were the only ones. After my last run I kissed my dad and gave him a hug.

"Time?" was all I needed to ask as he knew exactly what I meant.

My dad looked over at his brother and his hands moved quickly to my ass, grabbing my all but bare bottom and squeezing both buttocks.

"What do you say Paul?" he said with a grin, "I think it's time we did some fishing."

We all knew he didn't mean getting out the rods and lures and when it came to bait, the only worms that would be involved were hanging between the guys' legs.

"Katlyn?" Uncle Paul asked in a surprisingly gentle tone. Then again, she WAS his granddaughter. He patted his lap with obvious intentions.

I looked at Katlyn who suddenly seemed a little unsure. I couldn't blame her. From personal experience I know it's easy to be the school slut where the guys are all your age or close and they practically bow at your feet. Aside for his age, Uncle Paul wasn't just any guy - he was her grandfather. Sure she'd fucked my husband and her uncle, but again I can vouch from my own experience that it isn't anything even close.

An idea popped into my head, one I'd maybe thought about before but never given it any real thought as it had never seemed feasible.

"Daddy, why don't you drive somewhere a little more private while me and Katlyn get ready."

My dad looked at me and I could tell he was dying to ask me to explain myself. Get ready? For what? Oh sure it would ultimately be to fuck her, THAT I'm sure he was confident that I would follow through for him. But I obviously had something else in mind and it was killing him with curiosity - not to mention the rapidly rising of his crotch.

Uncle Paul was likewise curious but he kept silent. Once thing I love about older men trained by years of marriage - they know when to keep their mouths shut!

"C'mon Katlyn, let's sit back here," I told her, reaching for her hand. She took it and followed me to the stern bench seat. With an inboard motor it allowed for an almost sunken living room in the back of the boat - perfect for my idea.

My dad revved up the motor and started moving towards the shore across the lake. This wasn't our first rodeo so to say and over the years we knew the lake well enough to have a good handle on where to go for our more private requirements. It would take a few minutes to get there, hopefully my dad wouldn't rush and give me the time I needed.

"I want you to close your eyes and forget about them, OK," I said into her ear over the noise of the engine. Again, we had an inboard so the noise level wasn't anything like my dad's older boats with the monster engine hanging off the back making any conversation impossible.

With her eyes closed I leaned over and kissed her. As my lips met hers she briefly opened her eyes but then shut them and pulled back a little.

"Just relax and enjoy," I encouraged her as pressed my mouth against hers again. This time she didn't pull back and as my lips parted, hers did as well. Soon our tongues were touching and I could feel the tension begin to fade as I hugged her. Without releasing our kiss, I reached in and pushed her top off her boobs - not exactly a difficult task as it took a lot more work keeping it ON them than off. Mmmmmmm, they felt wonderful, nice firm B cups I estimated. I'm pretty fortunate in that my boobs haven't sagged much with age but I'd be fooling myself to compare them to Katlyn's. Feeling hers, I could remember how it felt to touch mine when I was half my current age. Her nipples were a little larger than mine and when they got nice and hard as they were now they really poked out.

"You can touch mine too," I said, parting my lips from hers just enough to speak and then resuming our kiss. I was rewarded with the caress of her hand on me, fumbling at first with my bikini top and then pulling it up and over my boobs.

Sadly I was sort of on the clock so I pressed things along quickly, pushing a little more until I felt her resist, backing off slightly and then pressing forward again. Each time it was like she felt compelled to push back but on the second attempt she always allowed me to continue. Before too long I had her on her back on the bench seat, one leg draped over the top with the other balancing her on the deck while I was eating out her pussy. It wasn't like it was our first time but then again it wasn't our tenth either and never with her grandfather and uncle watching - my dad as best he could without ramming somebody!

It had been a while since I'd tasted someone else's pussy. I've always found it a little contradictory that while I LOVE the taste and smell of my own, when it comes to another girl it's not such a big thing for me. When I first started masturbating as a tween I was always licking my fingers, driving my mom nuts when I didn't wash my hands afterwards. So while Katlyn's pussy was OK - not counting a bit of lake water mixing in its own flavor, I was far more interested in looking up at her as I licked her,

come in her was almost unheard of and I certainly couldn't remember a time recently when he had. I wondered if Katlyn had any idea how much my father craved fucking her? Oh sure she knew he wanted her - didn't every man? But did she know just how special she was to him? Maybe later we'd need to have a little talk about how to better show her appreciation...

Without a moment's hesitation my dad buried himself in Katlyn's freshly fucked pussy - quite an easy feat given how wet she was being drenched with his brother's sperm. Oh sure she might be tight but nobody's pussy is THAT tight! It only took maybe thirty seconds at most before his cum was mixing with his brother's. OK, so technically he was filling her with unleaded while my uncle was premium grade, but for all practical purposes there was no difference just because my dad was shooting blanks.

"That... was... incredible!" my dad groaned after he had cum.

"Yeah, that's one hell of a tight pussy," his older brother agreed.

Meanwhile there was Kelly standing there all alone and empty while my niece lay there content with two loads of incestuous cum draining from her... oh well, just another sign of getting older when you weren't the young teenager getting all the attention - and the cum.

It was getting later and we still had a long trip back home so now that both of them were running on empty it was time to head back. Their lust now satisfied, my dad and uncle quickly slipped on their shorts and T-shirts and got the boat ready to go, leaving Katlyn and me all alone in the rear. Men can be so weird right after they cum, like all their horniness drains out of them with their sperm. I sat down on the bench seat next to her head and ran the backs of my fingers lightly along her smooth cheeks and forehead, remarkably free of any blemishes that plague most girls her age. Her skin was so soft and I loved the feel of her nakedness against mine. My eyes took in her beautiful nude body so deliciously laid out before me. Oh to be sweet sixteen again!

"You were incredible," I told her, "I'm so proud of you."

Katlyn twisted onto her side and rubbed her crotch a little like it itched. Probably all that cum in her now draining out that was making her feel that way. Two loads in quick succession tend to do that! Maybe "itch" wasn't the right word but in any case it just made you want to rub it and rub it!

"Ummmmm... 'proud' of me?" she asked with a wry look, "For what... being a little fuck toy?"

Not exactly the response I'd been expecting.

"Oh no Katlyn, don't let all that fool you. You're so much more than that to both of them," I assured her, "MUCH more... I mean you're his oldest granddaughter for goodness sakes."

Katlyn sat up now and watched the activity ahead of us as she mused, " I guess not many grandfathers fuck their granddaughters like this, do they?"

The way she said "like this", emphasizing the two words, gave me more of a clue where she was coming from.

"I think the real question is more how many grandfathers WISHED they could fuck their teenage granddaughter like this," I replied with the same emphasis on the last two words.

I wanted to explore this more with her, to ensure she was OK with everything, but then Uncle Paul was back with us.

"We're ready... maybe you two should be thinking about put something on?"

I reached for my bikini but Katlyn had other ideas apparently.

"No, I don't think so," she said defiantly. "In fact, I don't plan to put ANYTHING on until we get home." Then she looked at me as if expecting me to back her up. What could I say?

Her grandfather looked a bit out of whack, like he didn't know what to do next. Then HE looked at me like he expected me to back HIM up.

"Hey, sounds like a plan to me," I responded on the spur of the moment. Just HOW we would do that I wasn't sure but then it wasn't like out bikinis hid all that much to start.

Actually it wasn't all that difficult to pull off with the large beach towels we'd brought. Out on the lake we just went nude until we got close to the marina where we wrapped the giant towels around us. Well, maybe not so "giant" as I quickly found that the towels weren't nearly as large as I'd thought - no wonder they'd been on sale! Still, they were just enough to cover what had to be covered although I think we got a few stares along the way.

The ride home was sort of anticlimactic. I'd thought as we rode across the lake that maybe this time we'd split up with boy-girl in the front and back seats but nope, men in front and girls in the back again. It was probably best as Katlyn was still acting a little weird at times. Oh well, she WAS a hormonal sixteen year-old so no telling what was going through her pretty little head.

In some ways it was a little surreal if anything. Anyone spying on us would have no idea what had transpired just hours earlier listening in on our conversations. Not a word was said about anything we'd done, at least from a sexual perspective. Oh lots about water skiing but even then nothing about us being topless and all but bottomless as well as we were in full display of everyone out on the lake. Maybe a few questions may have come up if it was a web cam as to why the two women in back seat were naked but nobody could see us anyways so what was the big deal?

After we exited the highway and drew close to home we got dressed (more or less, "dressed" can be a relative term) in the back seat. I had to admit it felt sort of good to ride home naked - we hadn't bothered with the towels other than to spread them out on the seat. The windows in the SUV were tinted so it wasn't like we were putting on a show for anyone. Unnecessary nudity wasn't ever really my thing and if we weren't going to show off for people driving by then my usual response would have been why get naked? If it hadn't been for Katlyn insisting on doing so I probably wouldn't have but it worked out for the best.

My cousin was waiting as we pulled in, coming down the sidewalk as we drew near. Then I remembered Katlyn's cell phone - had Ginny been tracking us using a phone finder app? I'll have to remember to check on that next time - if there WAS a next time. Oh well, if so it didn't matter this time as we went exactly where we'd said we would - even if we hadn't DONE any of what we'd said we would.

Katlyn's father appeared shortly from the garage and joined Ginny as they welcomed home their daughter. Seeing her parents give her a hug I wondered what they would've said had they any clue at all what she'd been doing since they last saw her in church? Well, maybe the idea of her having sex wouldn't be terribly shocking although I know many parents who like to live in a world of denial, but had they know it was her own father and his brother that were responsible for the remnants of sperm in their daughter's pussy... well THAT might have been a different story entirely.

Katlyn ran off to her room as soon as she'd said hello to her parents without so much as a goodbye or thank you to her grandfather and my dad. Hmmmmmm, yes, I definitely needed to have a talk with that girl!

# 7. My Father's Gratitude Expressed

It wasn't that long a trip back to my apartment alone now with my dad. For the first time we discussed the day's events. I was thrilled that he seemed so pleased with my "gift" for this special day.

"So what do you think Kelly, do you think she'd be up for something like this again?"

As much as I wanted to make him feel good by saying something like, "Oh yeah daddy, she can't wait to fuck you both again," I knew that would be a lie and just raise false hopes so better to be honest and up front.

"You know daddy, I don't think so. Maybe if her own dad was involved but I think it's just a little too much for her with it being her grandfather and you. Heck, even Steve seems too old for her!"

"Yeah, I wish there was some way we could get Ginny and Bill on board. You know I've always had an eye on Ginny and Laura."

Like I didn't know THAT, LOL.

"Ginny seems pretty open to most things," I mused, "I mean she lets Katlyn get away with murder and even allowed her to get on the pill."

"True," my dad agreed, "but I just don't see it happening now that they're so old."

"Well Laura is only two years younger than me daddy!" I teased him.

He reached over and playfully rubbed between my open legs. "Don't get so upset... you'll always be my baby girl."

"I don't know daddy... you seemed happier with Katlyn today than me," I pretended to pout.

"Well what else did you expect?" he answered defensively, "After all, YOU were the one who set things up."

"So do you want me daddy? Do I turn you on?"

"Oh baby girl, you know I do," he assured me with a smile, "You know there's nobody in the world I'd rather fuck than you."

I pulled away and crossed my arms. "Prove it then daddy... easy to say."

My dad chuckled. "Same ol' Kelly... alright, soon as we get back."

This time it was my turn to be defiant. "No daddy, fuck me right now!"

My dad shook his head and smiled, "I'm driving silly!"

"Then pull over... the rest area is right ahead. Fuck me NOW daddy!"

Indeed it was fortunate that the last rest area was just before our exit and another minute and we'd been past it. It was only five minutes from there to home but I wanted to prove a point.

I've often said this but I think it bears repeating... I don't need to have sex with my dad to know he loves me. I have sex with my dad BECAUSE he loves me. So was the case now. I wasn't overly horny, at least no more than usual, so it wasn't like I NEEDED sex. Even if that was the case I had a perfectly willing husband waiting for me at home who would be more than happy to help me out in dealing with such needs. Other than back as a teen when it seemed I just couldn't get enough of it no matter how often I did, I can't say I've ever gone to my dad because I needed him to satisfy me, at least in a physical sense. Usually it's because HE wants me but there are times when he can give me what nobody else can - his love and respect.

Such it was now as I laid out on the back seat of the SUV after stripping off what little clothes I had on. My dad closed the door behind him and dropped his shorts, his erection popping out like a Jack-In-the-Box.

"Love me daddy," I murmured softly to him as I reached out to him. Indeed, that's what I wanted from him... to love me not just fuck me. Not love in a romantic sense - we'd NEVER gone down that road, not even in a roleplay sense as it was just too creepy and weird for me to even imagine taking my father as a lover. No, what I wanted from him was the unique love of a father for his daughter.

My eyes were closed as my father entered me. I heard a gasp and realize it was from me as he pushed himself deep inside of me and then just stopped, holding himself in me as we both relished this moment.

"I love you Kelly," he whispered in my ear as I felt his hips gently move just enough for me to feel his dick do the same inside of me.

"I love you too daddy.... so much!"

He gradually began to fuck me a little harder and then a little more. We kissed as I just lay there letting him take me as his, surrendering myself totally to him to do with me whatever he desired. Honor your father we're told and what more could I do to honor him than what I was doing at this very moment?

I heard a sound outside the door as some people parked right next to us. Sheesh! An entire parking lot and they had to pick the one spot right next to us. I wanted to roll down the window and shout out, "Hey, my daddy's fucking me so go away and leave us alone!" but of course that would have been ridiculous to say the least. Besides, it wasn't like they were bothering us or trying to peer in through the tinted glass. Not that I would have cared if they had!

My dad didn't even seem to notice, or at least if he did he wasn't allowing it to interrupt things, as he just kept thrusting himself into me over and over - not fast but slowly and deliberately. Each time he bottomed out he would hold himself still for a few moments which let me focus on the incredible sensations created when my pussy was stretched out and rubbed in the most wonderful ways. The thing is though it wasn't just his dick that was making me feel good, it was the fact that it WAS his dick in me that did the trick for me.

"You want it?" he asked me, looking me in the eyes with that intense gaze whenever he was in that world men do as they are about to get off.

I knew what "it" was - his orgasm, and of course I did!

"Fuck me daddy...give it to me now... give me your love... I want it all inside of me!"

My legs pulled him in tightly as his hips jerked and somehow he drove even himself further into me just as he released.

"Oh god I'm cumming so hard!" he winced, trying not to be TOO loud with the people right outside.

It had been a few hours now since he'd fucked Katlyn, plenty of time to reload and he gave it all to me. Dropping to his elbows after he'd finished, we kissed for a while as he stayed in me.

"Oh my baby girl... I love fucking you more than anyone else in the world," he finally told me.

I just kissed him again in response, too worked up to say anything. THIS was what I really wanted from my daddy on Father's Day! In some ways it was almost better right now with his cum filling me as it was held back from spilling out by his dick resting in me. We didn't say a word as we held each other and kissed gently, remaining joined together in an intimate father-daughter bond.

**************

When I finally arrived home I let myself in and the apartment was as silent as a morgue. Hmmmmmm, where was Steve and the girls? It was too early for them to be in bed.

Checking the girl's bedroom, it was empty. Then I got to ours and sure enough, there they were, daddy and his girls.

From the looks of things, and I'd have to confirm it later when they all woke up, Steve had been helping himself to his own version of Father's Day! Oh for sure nothing at all like what my dad had received from me but a foretaste perhaps of things to come maybe by 2020? I will say I was proud of my hubby though for respecting me enough to honor my wishes when it comes to our own daughters. Maybe in six more years or so though.... who know?

# (Jul 17) Chapter 284: The Love Boat Cruise

Story codes: MF FF oral voy adultery
Me (31)
Steve - my husband (33)
Greg (40) & Amelia (38)

Other than my dad's ski boat I'd never been on any sort of cruise so when we were invited by some people from our swapping group I was SO excited. To top it off my dad even paid for everything as an early anniversary gift! We planned to pretend to be honeymooners with the only "catch" being our spouse wouldn't be the one listed on our marriage certificates!

## 1. Swapping Fun

There was a time not THAT long ago when I would've told you I would never cheat on my husband. Of course that was before I was married to Steve when my mother's influence was heaviest on my principles and ethics. My mom is sort of old-school in many ways and when it comes to adultery it's pretty black and white so far as she's concerned. According to her rule book, which she drilled into me all my life, once you put on that ring you don't have sex with anyone outside your marriage... period, end of story.

Granted, my mother isn't a classic conservative in that while she draws strict lines and rules, it's the fine print that you need to read. For instance, "sex" is defined as the intimate union of a man and woman penetration meaning the penetration of a penis into a vagina. This leaves a lot of openings. For example, what most people like to call oral "sex" isn't really true sex in that there's no union involved.

The other key factor element is when she says, "outside your marriage". According to mom, when you marry someone you marry more than just a man, you marry his whole family including parents, siblings, aunt and uncles, and first cousins - all on both sides of the family tree. Thus adultery would be having sex with anyone outside that circle. In short, incest is not adultery. The basis for this is my mom views adultery as the blending of a family, a demonstration of mutual love and respect, and above all compliance with the Bible's requirements for submission of a wife and honor to your parents.

Thus when people ask me if my parents swapped and such I've always said no as swapping with another couple would have been adultery so far as my mother is concerned. Another example she set for me regarding my fianc,. My mother always wished she could've had another child, a son if she had any choice in the matter. For medical reasons this wasn't possible so when I was engaged she was thrilled as this meant once I was married Steve would become part of the family and hence the son she never had. As much as she dreamed of being with her new son, she never allowed herself to get carried away prior to the wedding. It wasn't until we said our vows that my mom's dream of a son to fuck her finally came true!

Naturally when you grow up having all this drilled into you it becomes part of your moral code as well. Thus my intentions were when I married Steve that I would follow my mother's example. So imagine the problem I faced when my husband declared his desire for us to have sex with other couples. He would have preferred swinging but at least was willing to compromise most of the time and just swap.

Before I go on I suppose I should explain what I mean by "swap". People tend to use the term interchangeably with "swinging" but to me there are important differences. Swinging usually involves parties with multiple couples who may or may not be married. It's usually rather voyeuristic in that people have sex in groups or at least in view of others. Intimacy is NOT an attribute of these parties and often I would get home and not even know the names of most of the men I'd had sex with.

In contrast, when I use the phrase "swapping" I refer to the exchange of partners between married couples. While this may involve a brief period where all four are together, it soon moves to where the couples separate for the night and I spend the evening (and usually the entire night) in bed with another married man while my husband is in another room or home with his wife. Yes, I know his name and it's much more personal and intimate, almost like I become his wife for a short while.

So how did I deal with this dilemma? I had only a few options. First, I would have had to divorce Steve if I could not find some way to deal with the adultery aspect. If there was one thing I will not and never will is compromise on it's the issue of adultery. The commandments say thou shalt not and so I will not. If there's one thing the women in my family share it's the determination to NOT compromise on principles and responsibilities. My Aunt Linda was forced to divorce her husband when he told her she either had to stop submitting to her father or leave. There's no way she could stop fulfilling her responsibilities as a daughter so she left! My own mother feels so strongly about underage sex (although as with adultery, incest didn't count) that she was forced to divorce my dad when he couldn't find the willpower to resist.

Well, I wasn't about to divorce Steve if there was any way possible to submit to him so I prayed and received my answer. The scriptures don't provide a lot of guidance on what adultery is in every case so until now I'd been following the lead of my mother. The more I read my Bible and prayed the more I came to the realization her interpretation was a little excessive. It seemed to me that the commandment meant was not to cheat on your husband, that it was the intent more than the act that mattered. So long as my husband was OK with me having sex with other men I wouldn't be cheating on him and thus wouldn't be committing adultery.

Problem solved!

Well, the problem was solved so far as my principles went but then there were the practical issues, the biggest by far being WHO do you swap with?

Believe it or not, it's not that easy finding couples with the same attitudes and compatibility. Fortunately my Aunt Linda had the perfect answer - a swapping group. She'd been a member for over twenty years and was now serving as president so it was easier for us than most people to get an invitation to join and eventual acceptance. The group actually has two parts - one for swapping and the other for families. The family group was what got my dad in trouble with my mom and I wanted no part of it. On the other hand the swapping group is strictly for married couples and even if they have kids there was no involvement by them. I've discussed this group in other diary entries and even in the About Me portion of my diary blog so I won't repeat myself here other than to say it provides us with a safe and confidential means to meet like-minded couples.

As it turned out I LOVE swapping! I think it's helped our marriage immeasurably as a means to go out for a night of fun, bringing a renewed energy to our marriage life. There's no commitments and in most cases we never meet with them again so it's always something new which makes it exciting for me. Over time Steve pushed to become members of the family group as well and even though we didn't meet the requirements (no kids of the right age) my aunt was able to pull some strings to get us in. So now we're both satisfied. I get to swap with another

it was they were sharing. Seemed a little rude to be whispering with Steve and I there but then I learned the reason.

"Last night Kelly told me she'd never been on cruise before," he started. Steve looked at me rather incredulously, as if to question why in the world THAT would have come up while having sex.

Greg took Amelia's hand and sat back with a smile. "Well this summer we're taking an Alaskan cruise and we had hoped that another couple could join us. Interested?"

I looked at Steve and my heart raced. Wow! That would be so cool!

Before we could answer, Greg continued, "Well.... there's a catch..."

Of course there was. It couldn't possibly be THAT easy. OMG, was he going to try selling us something like a timeshare?

Greg must have read my face as he put his hand up defensively. "Oh don't worry, nothing I don't think a couple like yourselves wouldn't mind. We were just hoping that we could swap for the entire cruise."

Amelia stepped in. "What my husband is trying to say is that we'd go as married couples, just not as real husbands and wives. Nobody would know but us."

Neither Steve or I said anything at first. It was an intriguing idea but I'd never even thought of anything like this. So many questions and things to consider. We'd never swapped longer than one night and almost never multiple nights with the same couple. How would this work in terms of reservations and such? What about our kids? And then the BIG question... how to pay for such an expensive venture?

Just then Mia joined us in her nightshirt, carrying her favorite Frozen doll. She immediately made herself home on her daddy's lap. I watched Greg closely, curious to see his reaction to my cute little four year-old daughter. Other than a quick glance though, I didn't see any undue interest which made me feel a little better about him.

For the next half hour or so those questions and many more came out and we had quite a lively discussion. While the plane tickets required photo identifications, according to Greg there was nothing so far as the cruise went where anyone would ask for identification where it mattered. Having never been on a ship, I had to take his word for it.

As for the kids, theirs would be spending the week at their grandparent's farm while I had no doubt that I could find someone in our family to tend to our girls. Again, I was pleased that there was no suggestion of our kids joining us although no doubt Steve had hoped for a miracle.

As for the expense, that was the only thing we left open. Obviously Greg brought home a nice paycheck to afford such things but there was no way we had the funds. Sounded like a job for Kelly to see what she could talk her father into doing for his daughter!

As it turned out, the finances were probably the easiest problem to overcome. It wasn't like over the years I hadn't worked out a foolproof formula for such situations. My dad had never been able to refuse me when he was horny so why should this be any different? When I left his house a few days later I carried two things I hadn't had when I arrived - my pussy with a full load of his love and my purse with a VERY nice check as an advanced anniversary present. Who knows what else would happen but at least we wouldn't be worried about money.

## 3. The Flight

Wow, I never realized how much planning went into a cruise! My biggest problem was what to wear. I guess whenever I'd thought about a cruise I assumed it would be somewhere warm like the Caribbean where packing would have been easy. Not so for the inside passage. Everything I read said be prepared for anything - warm days, cool days, rainy days, dry days. There was even something called "formal nights" when apparently people dressed up like some Titanic scene for dinner. Amelia warned me that laundry was outrageously expensive which meant packing outfits for every day. Steve didn't see any issue but then IU think he'd wear the same clothes every day for a week if I didn't gran them for the laundry.

While we kept in contact for making plans and reservations, otherwise we didn't meet with Greg and Amelia before departure. We figured since we would be posing as newlyweds (my idea!) we may as well wait until the cruise to consummate our "marriages". OK, so we had some "premarital sex" but that was now long in the past.

Finally the morning came to leave. My Aunt Linda drove us to the airport to save us the parking fees and such. She was so jealous!

"I've been trying to talk your dad into taking one of these for years!" she huffed as we approached the airport.

At the curb Steve grumbled something about packing for a month as he unloaded our bags. Well, technically most of them were mine. I gave my Aunt a kiss goodbye and thanked her or the ride. She was just wearing a bath robe as it was only

4:00 AM and no doubt she'd be shedding it as a soon as she got home and back to bed.

It was Steve's turn to kiss and say goodbye but in his case I noted he reached in and grabbed a handful of boob as he kissed her. Sheesh, what a guy. I mean like he hadn't even bothered to look around to see if anyone was watching! This early the airport already busy but everyone seemed too consumed with their own stuff than to worry about my perpetually horny husband.

"Really?" I sighed as he finally broke free and she drove away.

Steve just smiled. "You're just jealous. Besides, who wears just a bathrobe to the airport unless they're looking to get felt up?"

I just shook my head in mock disbelief. Spoken like a true guy alright.

Next thing I knew we were checking in. Poor Steve grumbled the entire time about my bags but then what are men for? At least he wouldn't have to worry about them the rest of the way now that they were checked in.

We'd agreed to meet Greg and Amelia at the gate as you never know how security is going to be so may as well deal with it as soon as possible. Somehow or another we'd been chosen for TSA PreCheck which helped avoid part of the crowd.

Boarding the tram to the terminal area, I was a little disappointed at how full it was. I nudged Steve asking him if he remembered our last trip.

"Wanna try now?" was his response. So typical!

"Yeah right," I sighed, elbowing him just a bit, "Like we need to get arrested the day before our once-in-a-lifetime cruise." It was one thing to blow your husband on an empty tram, quite another when it was filled with travelers!

McDonald's was open for breakfast, big surprise, so with over an hour before our boarding time we stopped in for some breakfast. My phone buzzed and I saw a text from Amelia, saying they were just arriving at the airport. If our recent experience was any indication, we had at least a half hour before they'd be joining us.

"Well, I suppose once they're hear things get started," Steve mused.

Suddenly it was like reality came rushing in. This wasn't just a fantasy anymore. It wasn't something we teased and joked about. No, this was about to be REAL! In just thirty minutes or so I'd take on the role of being the wife of another man and Steve would be her husband. We'd agreed that while we would interact as friends, during our vacation we'd be regular newlyweds with no swapping or fucking other people. Heck, it was going to be more restrictive than our actual honeymoon!

"I love you Steve," I told him reaching out hold his hand mine, my wedding ring glittering in the harsh lights. "You know that, right?"

Steve got this funny expression like he wasn't sure what I meant. Oh he knew I loved him but he also knew when I said things like this there was usually something else going on underneath in secret girl code.

"Of course I do Kelly. And you know I love you."

He was playing it so safe I almost laughed. Then I looked around and then at my watch again.

"You know we have 25 to 30 minutes..." I let my voice die off suggestively.

"Hey, I'm game if you are," Steve reacted instantly.

It wasn't our first trip to the airport so we pretty much knew the layout which included the family restrooms. The men's and women's were way too busy to try anything too crazy but the family ones were always fair game. I grabbed my purse and led the way...

Thankfully it was early and the room was still decent from the overnight cleaning crew's efforts. Steve locked the door and I bent my knees to crouch down and undo his jeans. Yeah, the floors LOOKED clean but it was still a public restroom so no way was I getting on my knees!

"Oh yeah, gonna miss this!" Steve moaned as I started to suck on his already stiffening cock. Not like he wouldn't be getting it from Amelia but then I like to think I'm pretty good at this, probably better than her but then you can't always trust first impressions.

Twenty minutes later I was pulling up my shorts and pulling down my cami as Steve zipped up his jeans. My mouth felt a little slimy with his cum still fresh in it while my pussy tingled with the memory of my husband's dick inside.

"Better wipe your face off," Steve teased me, "We don't want Greg to get any wrong impressions about his new wife!"

Frankly that was exactly the impression I wanted him to have but then after giving it a second thought I figured maybe it would be better to start out slow.

"Why not lick it off my face?" I offered innocently to Steve.

"Oh my god," Steve mumbled with disgust. Yep, I know how to push his buttons. Steve can sometimes be easier than shooting fish in a barrel. If there's one thing I never have to worry about my husband is him leaving me for another man!

My estimate must have been off or the security lines had gotten smaller because Greg and Amelia were waiting for us at the gate. The first thing I noticed was her outfit. Well, it may have been the first thing I noticed but it would have been the LAST thing anyone else did. She looked like any other typical soccer mom on vacation just without the two kids and a dog in tow. White capris, flat sandals, an opaque white blouse (bra straps evident through the material) and hair pulled back into a bun wasn't exactly what I think Steve had been expecting.

Meanwhile, judging from the once-over I was getting from BOTH of them, it was obvious they were thinking along the same lines only in their minds in that I wasn't wearing what they'd expected - only from the opposite end of the spectrum. It wasn't like I was dressed slutty, just nobody would have hopefully looked at me and seen a dowdy mother of two! White denim shorts (not TOO short but enough to show off my legs well enough to catch the eyes of the guys we'd passed in the terminal), pink thong pulled up to show when I bent over, matching pink cami with spaghetti straps and bare midriff, no bra, hair in a ponytail and yes... three inch white heels. Nothing to win me Slut of the Year awards by any means but enough to catch my new husband's attention.

We greeted and hugged, a few comments on the long lines and what a pain TSA can be, and then we took seat to wait for our flight to board. Instinctively I sat next to Steve across from Greg and Amelia.

"Well, now that we're all here maybe it's time we got things started off on the right foot?" Greg suggested, nodding at me.

Ooops! Already I could see this wasn't going to be as easy as I'd thought! My every instinct was to be with Steve so it was going to take a conscious effort to pretend not to be his wife for an entire week. Looking at Steve and biting my lower lip, I stood up along with Amelia and we quickly exchanged seats. Greg immediately reached over put his hand on my bare upper thigh, giving it a squeeze.

"That's better honey," he said to me, "I'm looking so forward to our honeymoon together."

Meanwhile Steve and Amelia held hands. It was a little awkward for all of us at first, especially it seemed Amelia who kept stealing glances over at her real husband.

The gate attendant starting into her routine and we stood up with the rest of the waiting passengers. Greg handed Amelia her ticket and asked me if I had mine. Holding up my phone I smiled. Like who prints anything anymore?

As we waited to board Greg planted his hand over my butt. Hmmmmmm, he wasn't wasting any time! Not that I minded of course, just an observation. Steve, not to be outdone, did the same with Amelia. Was that a slight pull away I noticed? Maybe I was just imagining things as Amelia moved up closer to Steve.

Although my official seat assignment was next to Steve, I sat in the seat next to Greg where Amelia should have been. As nobody actually checks those, unless there was a seat mix-up it wouldn't be an issue. Steve had signed up for "comfort" seating and was in the second row behind First Class. Evidently Greg didn't have a father paying his way so we had just regular coach seats about two thirds of the way back where I couldn't even see Steve. Well, I was now officially "married" to Greg so technically it didn't matter although I still would have liked to keep an eye on the two of them.

I had the window seat while Greg was in the middle, at least at first. Fortunately the flight wasn't packed and so when nobody claimed the aisle seat Greg moved over. Not exactly an auspicious start to our honeymoon! Then again, I don't think Greg was quite as into the whole honeymoon thing as I was (I LOVE weddings!) so I figured he just acted out of instinct. Like who stays in a middle seat if they don't have to?

It was just starting to get light out as I looked out the window. Dang, I was freezing! I reached up to turn off the air blowing down on me but that only helped a little. Greg checked to see if any blankets were available but apparently for those of us in Cattle Class that was another cost savings measure.

Finally a flight attendant walked past and Greg asked for a blanket. She took one look at me and raised her eyebrows but didn't say anything. She returned with one of those ultra-thin airline blankets but at least it covered my bare legs. It was a long flight so once we were in the air I laid my seat back and pulled the blanket over to cover my bare shoulders as best I could. Why do they keep these things so cold?

Having woken up at 2:00 AM I was tired so I closed my eyes to get some rest. It was going to be a long day with the time zone changes so best to grab some sleep while I could. Well, THAT wasn't to be as it seemed just as I was started to fall asleep Greg decided to behave more like a newlywed and moved over, raising the arm between us. I could feel his hand on my thigh again under the blanket only this time it was right up to my shorts. What the heck, why not get things started on the right foot?

I placed my hand over his but on top of the blanket and gently pulled it higher up onto my thigh. Greg quickly took the hint and moved it even further until he was gripping my inner thigh with the side of his hand pressing into my crotch - the only warm spot on my body at the time! I spread my legs a little further apart to allow his hand to fit in better. His fingers felt so good rubbing against the bare skin of my inner thigh!

"Want more?" I whispered. Greg just grinned and so I pulled the blanket up over me a little more secure and put my arms underneath which wasn't entirely for his benefit - I was still feeling chilly. My shorts were buttoned on top but not for much longer as I quickly undid them and then put my hands up to my chest to keep them out of the way. I closed my eyes, pretending to be asleep as I waited to see what Greg's next move would be.

I didn't have to wait long as the hand on my leg moved up and rested on my bare belly. His hand lay flat on my stomach, moving ever so slightly. With the arm rest up and the blanket over me, I doubted that anyone walking by would even notice. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he started to work his way under my shorts until his fingertips encountered my thong.

"I thought you said you never wore underwear," he whispered to me, barely audible over the hum of the engines even with his face up close to mine.

I kept my eyes closed and just smiled slightly to let him know I heard him but other than that he could read into that smile whatever he wanted. Had I planned on sitting next to my husband I wouldn't be wearing any as Steve hated having to work around panties or thongs. Since I knew I'd be next to another man I figured why not give him a little more to deal with?

It was almost like being on a date back in high school when a boy would want to feel me up in a movie theater yet was worried I'd object so he would take forever to get anywhere. It was funny back then as I never stopped them or even hinted they should yet it might be 3/4 of the way through the movie before they even got their hands on my boobs! Greg was no high school boy so I assumed he was more concerned on someone seeing us than worries I'd object. I mean like he'd fucked me just a few months ago so not like this was new territory for him.

A shiver unrelated to the cabin temperature ran through me as his fingertip moved over my clit. A deep breath escaped as I'd been holding it back for what seemed like forever as he drew close. Mmmmmmm, it felt good to feel him rubbing me. It was even better being rubbed on the plane!

My shorts were so tight he was having a difficult time working his finger into me so I put my arms down and grabbed them by the sides, working them down enough so my crotch was freed yet not so far I couldn't easily hide the fact I was for all intents and purposes bottomless on my seat. Not having flown much this was all new for me and while I'd often fantasized about what I'd do in such a situation, the reality was much more erotic. Just then the attendant came by and asked if we wanted anything to drink. I have to hand it to Greg, he handled it like a pro!

"Sure, just a moment," I heard him answer as I kept my eyes closed feigning sleep, "My wife's out so just a water for me please."

Keeping his right hand under the blanket, I could hear Greg use his free hand to lower the tray table in front of him and then he must have taken the glass of water from her and set it down. Keeping his hand in my shorts was probably the smartest move as had he jumped and pulled it out quickly at best he would have appeared guilty and at worst the blanket may have pulled off revealing me with my shorts pulled down!

With that distraction out of the way, I felt his finger pushing down my now wet pussy slit until the tip pressed just slightly inside of me, the palm of his hand now applying pressure over my clit area as he mini-fucked me with his finger. It was too slow to get me off enough to ever orgasm but I loved the sensations it created. One advantage of being a girl - you don't have to orgasm to be satisfied!!

How long this went on I have no idea but I enjoyed it while it lasted. Sometimes just being fondled and groped can be just as erotic as being fucked depending on where you're at. Just being touched isn't necessarily what gets me off. It's WHO is touching me, WHEN he's touching me and WHERE we are when he touches me that determines the response my body returns. It just proves the truth of my old adage about sex being 80% mental.

Finally Greg must have had enough as he pulled his hand out from my crotch. Before he could do anything though I reached out from under the blanket and took his hand, pulling it up to my mouth where I sucked on his finger. Oh yeah, I tasted GOOD!

With that I opened my eyes and smiled at Greg. Then came the toughest part - getting those dang shorts back on again! When I put them on this morning I had the benefit of lying flat on the bed and lifting my hips as I tugged them on. Well, it wasn't easy then and it was REALLY not easy now, especially while trying to keep that flimsy blanket over me.

Finally I had them more or less back in place when I was rudely reminded why I hate thongs. It was hard enough just getting the shorts up but now the thong was all in the wrong places and sitting in this cramped seat was making it impossible to get it right.

"I need to use the restroom," I said softly to Greg. He grinned and I knew what he was probably thinking - I wanted to go finish myself. Actually that wasn't a bad idea but my number one priority was getting that damn thong pulled out from my pussy slit and butt crack.

I made my way to the back of the plane where the flight attendants were doing whatever it is flight attendants do. Of course both restrooms were occupied so I had to stand there with my arms folded and wait. I could see both the attendants looking at me but they didn't say a word. I guess they must teach discretion in flight attendant school.

It only took a few minutes to get myself in order once I was finally able to lock myself in the tiny cubicle. Checking myself in the mirror, it was plain to see how chilly it was as my nipples were in full erection mode, poking through my thin cami like it wasn't there. Oh well, so what?

Making my way back to my seat, Greg was phasing out so I carefully worked my way over him and dropped back down onto the seat cushion. Pulling the blanket back over me, I turned on my side and didn't wake up again until the flight attendant was fussing over my seat back not being in the full and upright landing position.

After landing, we finally got off an joined Steve and Amelia where we made our way to Customs. On the way I managed to pull up next to Steve.

"Well, have a nice flight?" I asked.

Steve just rolled his eyes which told me things either hadn't gone well or maybe things just hadn't gone in the first place. Oh well, we had a week on the ship to get things rolling.

As we worked our way through the never ending line at Canadian Customs, I found myself thinking a little more about Greg and Amelia. I guess we'd just assumed that since they swapped they'd be a little more obvious about the objective of the cruise, well at least what I THOUGHT the objective was. For me it was more than just changing beds with another woman which is why I suggested the honeymoon ruse to provide an excuse for a little misbehaving on board. Everyone expects newlyweds to be at each other all the time so even if we pushed those boundaries a little at least there would be a plausible excuse to fall back on. My fault I guess for thinking things would start off with a bang. Oh well, it's not like Greg and

Amelia were TOO conservative or they never would have swapped with us in the first place.

## 4. Vancouver Surprise

Other than a quick visit to the Canadian side of Niagara Falls with my parents as a kid, I'd never been to Canada before and certainly not British Columbia so I had no idea what to expect in Vancouver. First impression - nice city but just another city. Whatever I guess. Not like this was supposed to be our vacation destination. From the brochures we passed there were obviously lots of things to do but we wouldn't have time with our ship boarding the next morning.

The taxi took the four of us to our hotel which was right across from where the ships boarded which should make it convenient for the next morning. It came at a cost though, literally. Once again I was reminded of the difference between planning a trip using someone else's American Express gold card and having to pay out of your own wallet! Steve and I hadn't given a thought to making the reservation but I noticed Greg mumbling about the cost for one night when we checked in.

Speaking of checking in... it felt a little weird checking into a hotel standing next to my new husband. In some ways it was like a honeymoon I guess, doing things together for the first time. The girl at the counter was so sweet, complimenting us on our wedding rings and newlywed status. Greg had his arm around me the whole time as did Steve with Amelia when it came his turn.

Thinking about it more it wasn't really the first time I'd checked into a hotel with another married man besides my husband but those had been just to get into a room and we didn't play into our roles as I was doing now with Greg. I think the most memorable time was when my dad and I went out on a father-daughter date night and stayed the night in a luxury hotel in Cleveland. It was so obvious I was much younger than him yet we both had on wedding rings which I assume led the clerk to think either I was some kind of gold-digger or my dad had a trophy wife. In some ways I guess he would have right on both accounts!

We were on different floors so Steve and Amelia stepped out before we did, leaving Greg and me alone in the elevator for the next few floors. I turned to him and pressed in tight, my hand planted firmly on his crotch.

"Ever do it in an elevator Greg?"

Greg laughed and nervously looked to see where the hidden surveillance camera might be located. What a kill-joy. Being watched by security was half the fun! It's not like I was am minor and so he would have been molesting me.

The door opened and I removed my hand just in time before a father and his young son stepped in looking to be heading down to the swimming pool. The boy might have been eight or nine I was guessing while his dad hadn't seen the inside of a gym in years from the looks of it. I smiled at him when his eyes finally worked their up past my chest and he quickly looked away as if I hadn't seen him staring at my boobs and projecting nipples. Silly men!

Once in the room I took a quick look around, checking to see the bathroom was clean and the comforter wasn't TOO gross. Liked do they EVER clean those things? Heck, I knew what I'd done in the past to contribute to the collection of bodily fluids!

"Nice room," Greg mused as he looked around. Unspoken were the words I was sure he was thinking, "Should be for over $400 a night!"

I was horny though so I didn't care about his wallet. What I wanted was closely related though, located just on the other side of his pants.

"Whatever... fuck me Greg."

My tone of voice wasn't loud, it was just as if I'd told him to turn on the TV or something. Just a straightforward request... I wanted sex, simple as that.

"Our bags will be coming shortly," he protested as my hands started to undo the buttons on his shirt.

"So?"

"Well so shouldn't we wait a few minutes for them to arrive?"

"No," was my simple answer. Well, if he wasn't going to let me undress him then I'd just undress myself. Not as if I had all that much to take off.

"Oh my god!" Greg sighed as I quickly stripped. Pulling down the comforter (I wasn't about to lay on it naked if I could help it), I pulled down the sheet as well, piled a couple of pillows on top of one another, and made myself at home.

"So does my new husband like what he sees?"

"God you're beautiful," he sighed yet again. He looked back at the door and then at the nude woman his bed. The frustration was clear on his face. Just then his problem was solved as there was a knock on the door.

"Valet, your bags," a voice called through the door.

"Cover up!" Greg hissed at me as he started for the door.

"Why?" I teased him. He was speechless which was the best response I could ask for. I giggled and pulled the sheet up until it just covered my bust. With my clothes at the end of the bed there wouldn't be much doubt to even the least observant bell boy that I was nude underneath.

The knock repeated just as Greg unlocked the door and opened it. The bell boy was cute! He looked to be maybe in his late teens or early twenties and all prim and proper in his uniform.

"Is everything OK with the room sir?" he asked before he bothered to bring in the bags.

"Oh it's just fine, LOVE the bed," I called over to him, grinning from ear to ear.

"We just got married," Greg told the bell boy as if that would explain the actions of his wife.

The kid didn't respond and while he tried to avoid eye contact, I noticed he still took a few glances at me although the sheets kept anything interesting out of sight. Had it been Steve instead of Greg I probably would've teased him a little more but I was still trying to figure Greg out.

The poor guy dragged in our suitcases. It was the first time Greg had seen mine and I could see him mentally counting mine compared to his single bag. Not to mention the struggles the guy had lifting them. Thank goodness for those handy scales for measuring your bag weights as mine were all right at the limit.

"You know this is just a seven day cruise..." Greg started to say.

"You sound like we've been married ten years instead of one day," I interrupted him as I threw back the sheet. "Why don't you quit worrying about my bags and just fuck me."

It was more a statement than a question and this time Greg didn't protest. Smiling finally he quickly undressed and soon was lying next to me in the king-sized bed.

"Mmmmmmm, that's better," I murmured as I reached down and grabbed his cock.

It was when I felt Greg's dick pressing hard into me, as if he was trying to inject his sperm as deep inside of me as possible, listening to him grunting and gasping as he came that it suddenly struck me. For the next week this man was going to be my husband! I thought of Steve, wondering if he was fucking Amelia at this same moment and if he was thinking of me. Probably not. I mean I know Steve loves me more than anyone in the world but it wouldn't be fair of me to expect him to think of his wife while he was having sex with someone else.

Greg gave his final gasp and pulled out, rolling over onto his back gasping for breath as I felt his cum almost immediately start to spill out of me and drip down my butt onto the sheet. Damn, how much had he cum? It was like a sea of sperm was spilling out of me!

"This week is going to be incredible!" he sighed as he closed his eyes and drifted off.

I hadn't cum yet, too many things on my mind I guess, so instead I got up off the bed and moved to a stuffed chair by the window. The curtains were open and I could look don and see where our ship was moored. So many people running around! Leaning back in the chair, I draped one leg over the arm and started to masturbate. Yeah, maybe Greg wasn't the lover my real husband was but I still had high hopes for the upcoming week. I reminded myself as I rubbed my clit that what really mattered was how much fun it was going to be pretending to be his wife, about all the places on the ship I dreamed we might have sex. Would I "cheat" on my new husband? Hmmmmmm, when else would I ever get the chance to commit adultery without actually sinning?

My thoughts focused on my hand as I rubbed myself faster, my fingers strumming my clit like a fiddle as my overdue orgasm consumed me. It was so cool to see the people below me as I came, none of them seeing me yet I could watch them as I trembled with the pleasure of my orgasm. Oh yes, I was planning on doing a LOT of this as well in the upcoming week...

A few hours later we met Steve and Alecia for dinner. We decided to take a walk to find something besides hotel food and ended up in a small place where a crowd had gathered so we figured it must be good.

"So how's married life," I asked Steve as he sat across from me. Of course my husband for the week was seated next to me.

"Let's just say we consummated our marriage."

Amelia actually seemed to blush but the way she looked at Steve seemed to signal more than just mild embarrassment. Trust me, a woman knows and a wife especially. It was almost the kind of look I probably gave Steve when we first started dating. OMG, Amelia was infatuated with Steve! Not that I could blame her as compared to Greg, Steve must have been quite an upgrade in the husband department. Steve of course didn't seem to have a clue and for that matter, neither did Greg or at least he wasn't letting on he noticed anything. Like wow, they couldn't SEE it right in front of them? Hmmmmmm, things could get interesting...

"You wouldn't believe what Kelly did to the poor bell boy," Greg told Steve as if Amelia or I couldn't hear everything.

Steve grinned and looked at me knowingly. "Let me guess, she gave him a BJ for a tip?"

"Steve!" I protested playfully.

Greg laughed. "Actually I think she would have if she wasn't so anxious for him to leave so we could get at it."

Oh man, what an ego! The ONLY reason I didn't blow the kid was because it would have likely embarrassed Greg to no end. And now here he was bragging he was the reason I turned down the opportunity to blow a cute guy in front of him.

Greg put his hand over mine and patted me like a puppy. I just smiled graciously but my eyes met Steve's and I knew he wasn't fooled. Steve had more than enough of experience with me to know better.

As we ate dinner I dropped my heel off one foot and reached out to touch Steve between his legs. He glanced at me over his fork and then at the other two who didn't seem to notice anything which only served to encourage me. Mmmmmmm, I loved to play with Steve's cock in public!

After dinner I excused myself to use the restroom. I asked Amelia if she would join me. Not like a girl can go to the restroom alone, right? Besides, it would give me an opportunity to see what was going on between her and my real husband.

"So what's with you and Steve?" I asked her when we were alone in the lady's room.

"Sorry... what do you mean?" she answered as if she really didn't know.

"Oh come on Amelia, I saw those doe eyes looking at Steve."

She blushed but I put my arm around her and said, "Hey, I don't blame you. I felt the same way about him seventeen years ago! He's quite a guy."

"Yes he is!" she gushed and then caught herself.

"It's OK, I know my husband so it doesn't bother me in the least if you fall in love with him. Just remember that one week from now and he's mine again."

"But I'm not falling..." she started to protest.

I broke her off, kissing her on the cheek softly. "Like I said, it's OK. Enjoy him for the week. I really want this to be a great trip so I'm counting on you to please my husband... totally, understand?"

"It's just... well I never expected it to be this way," she murmured.

"I know this is probably different than your other swaps," I said agreeing wither, "We've never done anything like this either. I mean, one night is the longest I've ever spent away from him."

For a moment I thought she might cry! Then she blurted out something I'd never anticipated.

"Easy then for you I guess. You guys must do this kind of stuff all the time. We only did it that once with you!"

THAT stopped me in my tracks. Oh wow, I would NEVER have expected that to be the case.

"You mean you guys had never swapped before you met us? But the way Greg talked you did it all the time."

Amelia shook her head, her eyes red. "HE said that, I never did. Steve is the only guy I've had sex with besides Greg... ever!"

Oh boy, wait until Steve found out! He was going to be in seventh heaven if I knew him at all. When had been the last time he'd been with a woman who had never had sex with anyone beside her husband? In fact, had he EVER had such a woman? Now if the roles had been reversed it would have been different as that was the sort of married guy I sought out. But Steve wasn't out prowling for married mothers looking to cheat like I was for married fathers. As if she could read my mind she pleaded with me. "Don't tell Steve... PLEASE. And PLEASE don't let Greg know what I just told you. He'd kill me!"

Well, hopefully that was an exaggeration but I could understand the reasoning. Greg was already "competing" with Steve it seemed and the last thing he would want Steve to know is his "amateur" status when it came to being with other woman. Amelia hadn't commented on whether Greg was been a virgin when they met but I wouldn't have been surprised since it was the sort of thing such couples typically shared.

"Greg was so thrilled after having sex with you," Amelia continued. "That's when he came up with this cruise idea. I thought it was going to be just the two of us as we haven't had a vacation alone together since the kids were born. I never even dreamed I'd be spending it in bed with another man."

We'd been in there for a while now and thankfully nobody had come in to disturb us but I knew we needed to get back before they wondered what was happening. Too long and Greg might even get the idea that his wife had spilled their secret and that wouldn't do.

"Don't worry, this will all work out fine. Just have fun, OK?" I encouraged her, "Trust me, just do whatever Steve wants and you'll have a great time."

"I'll try," she said, gathering herself together. "I was so afraid to tell you... you're great Kelly, even if my husband prefers sex with you over me."

What could I say? It wasn't my fault I'd had over 300 men more than her to practice with? I just smiled and we walked back out to meet our husbands, whoever they may be.

"Everything OK?" Steve asked when we returned. I just nodded and wondered whether or not I should tell him the real story behind this cruise. Nawwwwww, let him find out himself and if he didn't, so much the better. Not to sound too boastful but all in all I think of myself as a pretty darn considerate wife!

## 5. Cruise Highlights

Wow, I could write a book about our week so for now I'll just recap some of the more memorable moments while on board. We stopped at several ports where we did lots of things but those stories will have to wait for another day... sorry!

### Not-So-Private Balconies

Back when I first thought about a cruise I had visions of tiny cabins with little portholes to peer out from, your basic claustrophobic nightmare. Sure I'd seen photos in the brochures but it was hard to imagine the real thing.

Once again the differences between our bookings was evident. Using my dad's AMEX card we'd booked a full suite of which apparently there were only about a dozen on the ship not counting the ridiculously huge suites for the rich and famous. Greg and Amelia had booked a standard size balcony room which were pretty much the standard for most people on board other than the inboard rooms for those on a tight budget. We hadn't really thought about the consequences until we prepared our luggage for pickup and Greg commented that I should use Amelia's tags on my bags so they would go to the right room. At first it didn't hit me but then a light went off over my head - no, a blazing sun! Whoa! That meant Steve and Amelia would be getting the big suite while I'd be in the smaller room with Greg. No way!

I immediately called Steve on my phone and laid it out... it was on my dad's credit card, I was his daughter, so I get the suite. Really, what was there to debate about?

The phone was silent for a moment and my face flushed as I prepared for battle should he disagree. Apparently Steve knew me well enough that he didn't even try to argue as he simply came back with, "OK." I'd been holding my breath so I let out it all out in a whoosh. I was almost disappointed as I had a whole speech prepared in my head should he even dare THINK about stealing that room.

Greg and Steve worked it out as Steve came to our room and exchanged tags with Greg. Before he left though, he gave me a kiss and whispered in my ear, "You owe me one." I just grinned from ear to ear. Meanwhile Greg was looking pretty pleased with himself. Obviously getting the keys to the bigger room while relegating his wife to one half the size didn't bother his conscience.

This whole thing of switching places was making things complicated as to get through Customs we had to have our passports and boarding passes that matched so we went through as "real" married couples. Then when we checked in to board we swapped boarding passes as another difference in our experiences as when we showed our boarding passes came to light. Apparently as suite holders, Greg and I bypassed the long check-in line and went straight to a special desk while Steve and Amelia were shuttled off to the cattle car line with a hundred people in front of them.

Greg and I checked in quickly and were led off to a special holding are with snacks and drinks. We bypassed a large room with chairs where everyone else had to wait to board - no food or drinks there! Poor Steve! Oh well, it wasn't like I hadn't earned it when I convinced my dad to pay out a fortune for the trip.

We struck up some conversations with other couples. Most were a lot older as apparently to reach this level you had to have taken a LOT of cruise before or paid a LOT of money for your cabin so that probably leaves out most younger families. One couple was on their 58th cruise! Of course I told all of them we were newlyweds. It was so much fun!

Finally the ship was ready to board and yet again we got to enjoy special privilege as out group was boarded before everyone else. Not that it really made any difference as it wasn't like a plane where overhead space was at a premium. A few wrong turns and we finally found our room which had balloons and a sign announcing our honeymoon. How sweet!

Walking in my eyes widened. OMG! No claustrophobia for me. It was bigger than our hotel room with a couch and chair, a queen bed, closet, restroom and a shower. It even had two TVs, one in the bedroom and the other you could watch from the couch.

Then I saw the balcony. Wow! It was the size of two balconies below us. One thing I noted was the balconies were staggered such that the people above could see about half of the balcony below. Above us we only had one room as it was a suite like ours but below were two sets. The walls between adjacent balconies were high such you couldn't see over them but anyone in the balcony above us, or even the ones to the sides of it, had a pretty good view of ours. I guess that wasn't so bad... if you don't mind people watching and if there's one thing I LOVE, it's people watching me.

Being larger than most our balcony had two lounge chairs plus a table and four chairs. I noted the ones below us only had smaller tables and a single lounge chair not to mention ours seemed much nicer. I guess that would be what Steve would be getting. Oh well...

"Hello neighbor," a voice from above called down. I looked up and saw another woman, maybe in her fifties, looking down at me smiling.

"I'm Nancy and my husband is Ron, we're from Chicago," she introduced herself and her husband who was out of sight.

I replied with our first names as well and added in we were on our honeymoon. May as well lay the groundwork from the start.

"Oh that's so sweet!" Nancy gushed, "Now you lovebirds behave yourselves," she teased.

"I wouldn't count on that," I warned her. Nancy laughed, thinking I was joking apparently. She'd find out differently before long if things went my way.

Greg joined me and I introduced him. Ron also made his appearance, evidently having heard his wife talking. They both seemed like your typical Midwesterners. Nancy explained to Ron that we were on our honeymoon. Ron looked down at us and congratulated us but I was pleased to see he wasn't paying any attention to Ron. My cami was pretty tight which served nicely to show off my boobs and nipples. It was cut low and while it offered a nice cleavage view, it was also tight so what you saw was what you got, nothing to gain from looking down from his vantage point. Hmmmmmm, maybe I'd have to keep that in mind for later though.

The next couple of hours were busy with unpacking and the silly lifeboat drill. Well, no lifeboats, just cramming into one area with a hundred other people holding our lifejackets listening to what would happen should the ship sink. Somehow I couldn't see the actual thing being nearly as casual and calm!

Later that night after we'd had dinner and explored the ship a bit, we returned to our room. It had been sort of surreal already, touring the ship with Greg and no sign of Steve or Amelia. There were over a thousand people on board and their cabin was a couple decks down and on the other side of the ship so it wasn't like we would routinely pass each other. Still, I wondered how things were going with him and Amelia, especially now that I knew her secret.

Returning to our room, I immediately made it out to the balcony. We were already out of sight of land and the other balconies were all empty so far as I could tell. Apparently the wonder of being at sea wore off quick when there was nothing to see but water. Greg was fooling around with the TV and his phone. Apparently there was some sort of app that worked on the ship's Wi-Fi where you could make reservations and such. Oh well, that was his thing to worry about. I didn't intend to use my phone for anything more than a camera all week.

Back in the room, I noted there were two heavy robes hanging in the closet. Hmmmmmm, they were nice! I thought for a moment and undressed, checking myself out in the bathroom mirror before donning the robe which came down almost to my ankles. If felt so soft and luxurious against my bare skin!

Greg was still fussing with things as I passed by him, hardly even acknowledging me as I went back to the balcony and rested my arms on the railing. I felt so calm as I watched the waves and the setting sun. The days were already getting longer and I wondered how it would be when it stayed light out past midnight!

I did a quick look around and seeing nobody was in sight I dropped the robe and tossed it over one of the chairs. Standing there at the railing barefoot and naked, I stretched out my arms and closed my eyes as I faced the sea. It was like a scene from Titanic, well, almost. It was a little chilly but if anything it felt good against my bare skin for the moment.

My thoughts drifted and I remembered what my dad had told me when I asked him about paying for the cruise. He'd just finished fucking me and I was laying on top of him, my boobs pressed into his hairy chest feeling his dick under me. It was the perfect time to ask him anything and I took advantage of it. Of course he'd said yes, what else COULD he say at that moment? Then he mentioned something about how maybe someday we should take a father-daughter cruise. It was just said in passing and I hadn't really thought about it until now. As I looked out over the ocean, feeling the breeze across my nude body, I wondered what it would be like to have my father press in behind me and fuck me as I leaned over the railing. It would be the most wonderful thing I could imagine!

Turning around, I laid out the blanket that was rolled up on the lounge chair and spread it out, then I stretched out and laid back. Looking up all I could see was the steel overhang of the balcony above with all its pipes and wires. My hand reached between my legs and I thought about Steve and wondered what he was doing with Amelia right at this moment. Knowing my horny husband, they were in bed for what would be an all-night fuck. Meanwhile, I was laying out naked on the balcony masturbating while my husband was playing IT guru.

Through the glass of the balcony I could see the ocean and I thought how it was the most beautiful scenery I'd ever had in front of me while masturbating. I wasn't really working for an orgasm yet, it just felt good to play with myself and touch myself. I tell people how much I love masturbating and guys usually think it's like watching some porn scene where the girl gets all hot and bothered and works like mad until she comes to a screaming orgasm. Well, that's porn for you which explains why in general I could care less about it.

No, what I was doing now was more typical. I looked down and dragged the backs of my fingers over my flat belly, going from side to side and then down, just over the top of my pussy and back up until they reached my boobs. From there I traced lines around my breasts, lightly touching my nipples and shivering as they responded. With my other hand I cupped my breast, squeezing it softly and massaging it gently as the fingers on my other hand ran over it. Oh it felt so good to touch my breasts!

Gripping my one breast with my left hand, my right moved down between my legs. I had my knees bent so my feet were flat on the chair, each at the edge of the chair with my knees bowed out. At first I just cupped my crotch, my palm flat over it with my fingers pressing down barely into the entrance of my pussy. The back of my palm rested perfectly over my clit, pressing down on it gently. I felt so warm and increasingly wet as I held myself while massaging my breast.

Slowly my fingers began to work their magic and for a while that's all I needed or wanted, just the light touch of my fingertips tracing over me, touching against my soft inner thigh, running up along the junction of my leg and crotch, around my belly button and back between my legs again. Around and around, a slightly different path each time as I closed my eyes and listened to the passing ocean.

Gradually things heated up as my lust and sexual energy grew like a fire starting from an ember. A warm glow at first, then the start of a flame and finally my body felt ablaze with need and desire. God I needed to be fucked! I suppose I should have gotten up at that point and sought out relief from Greg but I couldn't take my hand off my pussy as my finger worked its way inside of me, my imagination taking it as a dick seeing entrance. I as incredibly wet and I replaced one hand with the other as I licked my pussy wetness from my fingers as I coated the others with more. Mmmmmmm, I loved the scent of smell of my own pussy, so sensual and musky when I was aroused.

My hips thrust upwards into my hand as I dreamed of being fucked by an unknown assailant, a man desiring nothing more than to quench my sexual urges with the driving force of his dick inside of me. Again and again I drove my hips into his monstrous cock as he fucked me. I could feel him in me, swollen and hot with his lust for me. Oh god I came.... I came SO hard! It was like the ocean had spilled over the railing and washed over me with waves of pleasure. My head pushed back against the blanket as I gasped aloud, moaning as I couldn't control myself while my hand worked furiously to drive me even higher...

Laying back, sweating now despite the cooling night air, I struggled to regain my breath. And people ask me why I like to masturbate! Are they kidding? Oh sure I love sex even better but this had been perfect, exactly what I needed at this moment. It was all about me and nobody else but me which was fine with me. LOL

"Kelly?" I heard Greg calling, my reverie broken. Wow, had I passed out or fallen asleep?

"Oh there you are," Greg said as he pushed open the sliding door to the balcony, "Aren't you afraid someone might see you out here?"

Greg might be my "husband" for the week but he was certainly not my husband! Of all the thing Steve might say had he found me laying naked out on the balcony of a ship after satisfying myself, that was probably the last thing on the list.

I may have calmed down somewhat at this point but that didn't mean the needs and desires that had overwhelmed me were quenched. I looked at Greg and saw a man, a man I wanted to fuck me, a man with a dick designed and created by

God for one purpose... to fit into my pussy and deliver his sperm. Well, it was time it served its purpose...

While I couldn't convince Greg to fuck me from behind as I stood at the rail (what a prude!) it didn't take much talking to get what I really needed most - his dick in me. So what if we did it on the bed and not on the balcony? Another time and place that would have been fun but tonight at THIS time and place I wanted one thing more than anything - a man to give me his dick and become one with me!

As my mom always told me, sometimes it's the simple things in life that brings the most pleasure.

## Movie Night

If there's one thing that turns me on it's having sex in the middle of a bunch of people and they don't know it. I remember the first time my boyfriend fucked me at a beach in the water with me leaning over a float. Leaning over the inflatable raft, I was holding my bikini bottoms tucked into my hands (I didn't trust him not to get carried away and lose them) while he entered me from behind. My feet were off the bottom but he was able to just stand up to keep us balanced. The water was up almost to his chest and being lake water nobody could see anything more than a foot or so below the surface.

I was SO turned on! I mean like people were all around us, mostly kids but a few adults trying to keep herd on their kids passed by as well. Not one of them seemed to have a clue that Steve's dick was the warmest dick in the lake! Some of them ever said hello or whatever as they passed by and I simply smiled and said hello back, all the while trying not to cry out as I felt my boyfriend's cock moving behind me. He didn't even have to try as the movement of the water and the raft floating on it were enough to make me move relative to him.

Funny thing about it was if I tried to do that today with my husband I'm sure people would have thought differently. So many things I could get away when I was a teenager that now as a thirty-something mother of two were off-limits unless I wanted to get arrested. We would still look for opportunities - doing it behind a clothes rack in a store was still an old favorite of mine as I could watch the people shopping and quickly drop my skirt if someone approached too closely.

Greg and I faced a similar quandary on the ship. Well, maybe not so much Greg but I did. I think Greg would have been happy to stay in our suite all day and just fuck me on the bed but why be on a cruise ship if you're not going to take advantage of it? The problem was where to do it. I was a little surprised at how difficult it was to find a spot private enough to have sex yet public enough to be in view of others. The pools and hot tubs were full of kids. There was one "adult" pool but because it WAS adult only, it was always full of adults! Not that I wasn't a natural-borne slut and ready to be a little playful, but there ARE limits to what you can get away with before they call the captain in.

Nonetheless I was always keeping an eye out for possibilities. While looking at the ship's app on Greg's phone I noticed there was a movie playing that night out on the upper decks. Apparently they did this every night on the screen I'd noticed while walking around. People could see it from the pool and the surrounding chairs, as well as a couple of decks worth of tables and chairs surrounding the pool area.

Hmmmmmm... my mind was working overtime as it seemed such an obvious answer to my quest. Now to just get Greg to go along with. Yet again I found myself wishing my "real" husband was with me - he'd be over all this... and me as well.

After dinner I mentioned my idea to Greg. At first he seemed pretty unsure of things, immediately saying something about being caught and all. He was easy to convince, just as all men are when you ask them while you're sucking their dicks!

The movie would start in an hour so I needed the time to get ready. Guys have it so easy but girls always have so many things to deal with, not the least of which is what to wear. The only thing Greg had to think about was keeping himself "accessible". If he wanted me to play with him then he had to wear something that wasn't too difficult to navigate - NOT the time for tight pants he'd outgrown or buttoned jeans. Fortunately he'd brought a loose-fitting pair of cotton pants more fit for a Bahamas cruise than Alaska but perfect for what I was planning.

In the end, after several false starts and changes, I finally chose a floral wrap meant to wear to the pool over your bikini. Along with it I chose one a bikini top that wasn't so much revealing as accessible and easy to maneuver. What I mean is that it wasn't one of those tiny ones that has to be positioned perfectly to not cause a nipple slip or a complex string contraption that I had to be looking in the mirror to get right. I always wanted to avoid anything that couldn't be put back in place easily so that left out anything tied behind my neck or I had to put my arms through. In the end I chose a simple strapless bikini top that was little more than a headband around my chest. People seeing me would naturally think that I'd be wearing a matching bikini bottom under the wrap. Those people would be wrong...

After finishing my makeup and hair, the last thing I did before dressing was to do a quick touchup around my pussy to ensure I was nice and smooth for Greg. Nothing's too good for my new hubby, right?

Greg looked me over and smiled his approval at my outfit. I didn't say anything about how what he saw was all I was wearing but if he hadn't figured that out by now then what could I say? It was day three of the cruise and I had yet to soil a pair of panties!

It was tempting to wear heels but that would have been more snooty than sexy from what I'd observed, especially in the outdoors areas. Only the snobs wore heels to anything but dinner. So instead I just put on a pair of flip-flops, grabbed my ever-present purse and I was ready to go!

I hadn't even bothered to check on what the movie was and wouldn't you know it, it was some kids movie. Really, it was 10:00 at night so shouldn't the rug rats have been in bed rather than a showing of, Lord help me, Frozen? I mean give me a break! I'd long reached the saturation point with the movie and all the marketing ploys that Disney deluged us with. About the last thing I wanted to watch was yet another showing and having to listen to "Let It Go" yet again. Thankfully I wasn't planning on watching much of the movie.

The pool deck was mobbed with kids and parents so Greg started to lead me to another deck where we could view it more privately. Where was the fun in that?

"But I like it down here better," I protested, tugging at him like I was just another kid in the mob.

"A little crowded, don't you think, for what we have planned?" Greg replied looking at me as if I was crazy.

"That's the whole point, isn't it?"

Again he just stared at me uncomprehending my logic. Then he smiled wryly. "You really get off from this sort of stuff, don't you?"

It was sort of like my panties, or lack of them... if he hadn't figured that out by now, then when would he? While nothing major, I'd taken every opportunity to play the newlywed game to the hilt. Every time we were in the elevator alone (which unfortunately wasn't very often) I was rubbing his dick through his pants or exposing myself to him. Come to think of it, a few times the elevator wasn't empty. At meals I would rub my foot into his crotch if he sat across from me and flirt with the waiters. My motto for the week was, "Why button more than you need to?" allowing plenty of other husband and a number of their sons to get an eyeful while Greg looked on.

There were a number of couples we seemed to pass on a regular basis where their husband would be looking at me the entire time waiting for me to tease him. Then there were our balcony friends who soon learned I loved to lay out topless with just enough to not be bottomless as well. Nobody complained so why not?

Most of the chairs and lounges were taken, at least all the "good" ones but that was looking at it from the perspective that you intended to watch the movie. There were a few off to the side with obstructed views that nobody was taking so I grabbed a couple of pool towels and spread them out on one. Greg was looking around for something so I asked him what he need.

"I'll see if I can get another chair," he said as he started to walk off. I ran after him and grabbed his arm.

"One's all we need, right?"

"A little tight, don't you think,"

I grinned, "Exactly my husband."

I'd brought one of the blankets from our balcony with but it turned out they had more as with the sky darkening the temperature was starting to drop. It was still likely in the upper 60's but without the direct sun it felt a little more n the chilly side. Fine with me as it's hard to justify being covered by a blanket when it's90 degrees out1

The movie was started but I didn't care. Like what adult can stomach this one more than once? Before settling down I sent Greg off on a mission for a couple of glasses of wine and some popcorn. Even if we didn't watch the movie I wanted my movie food.

While Greg was out I arranged our seat better, grabbing on of the complimentary blankets and adding it to act as more of a seat cushion. I raised the back to a comfortable height and laid down on my back, feigning interest in the opening. I looked over and saw a dad with two princesses enthralled with the movie. He looked about as interested as I was and when I caught his eye I smiled at him. He smiled back and I was pleased to see his eyes wandering. Too bad I was married! I laughed at the irony and settled back to wait for Greg. I had to be careful with my wrap which kept trying to UNwrap. Flashing husband is one thing, little kids not so cool!

Greg finally made it back, huffing about long lines or whatever. He handed me a glass of white wine while he had gotten himself a beer. Best part was a bag of popcorn!

"Take a seat," I offered as I scooted over on to my side. The wrap pulled back and exposed my bare legs up to about 3/5 upper thigh but enough not to show any butt so I didn't try to pull it back into place. I'd disposed of the flip flops when we arrived leaving me barefoot.

Greg worked his way onto the chair on his back with me on my side more or less draped over him to fit without falling off. It really wasn't meant for two people, that's for sure!

"Here, pull this over us," I told him, grabbing the blanket we'd brought and tossing it over us.

Greg arranged the blanket such that we were covered from neck to feet. I giggled thinking about the guys who had probably been watching wondering if my wrap was going to go any higher. Ahhhhhh, they must be so disappointed to see me covered up now. Any bets they wished THEY were under it with me?

"What's so funny?" Greg asked, sounding a little annoyed as he was probably thinking I was giggling at his discomfort.

"Oh nothing, let's just have fun, OK?"

For the next half hour or so I munched on popcorn as Greg felt me up under the blanket. I wondered if people could see his hand moving under the thick cloth, especially when it was on my butt. What they couldn't see of course was he'd discovered I wasn't wearing a matching bikini bottom... or ANY bottom for that matter. He'd started to say something when his hand first touched my bare butt but I just shushed him and told him to enjoy the movie. Yeah, like he was watching it any more than I was.

Over time the accessibility qualities of my top became apparent as Greg pulled the band down off my boobs, leaving me effectively topless with just the blanket covering me. Together with pulling the wrap away from my butt, had anyone pulled off the blanket I may as well be naked in terms of what would be hidden from the general public. I glanced around, looking to see if we were generating any interest but it seemed everyone was just watching the movie, even the movie dad a few feet away.

After what seemed to be a reasonable waiting period, I figured it was time to make this more interesting. Sort of like when do you date after your husband dies. You may want to do it right away but you have to wait an appropriate period before it's socially acceptable. So too was fooling around in public. You might want to start immediately but things you can get away with later on are not considered acceptable from the start.

So far Greg had done little more than a typical guy on a date back in high school. He'd felt up my butt and groped my boobs but that was about it. As for me, I'd just relaxed and enjoyed it with my head on his chest and my arm wrapped around him. I had my right leg draped over his right leg, my crotch pressed tightly into his hip bone. Now and then he would play with my hair which I loved as well. Anyone watching would think we were just your average newlyweds enjoying a night out.

One by one I unbuttoned his shirt and then spread it out to uncover his chest. Running my fingers through his hairy chest, I slowly but surely made my way down until I met the resistance of his pants. As it's been said, "resistance is futile."

"Feel good?" I asked him as I nuzzled in closer to press my breast against his bare chest.

Greg couldn't help but look around as he just nodded but at least he smiled.

"It gets better," I teased him as I started to move my hands down to his pants.

Greg started to reach to push my hand away as I started to slip it under his pants but I wasn't about to take no for an answer.

"You know... the more you move around the more people will notice."

He seemed to grasp my logic and relaxed as my hand slipped further down until I could feel his dick. It wasn't exactly responding yet, most likely he was too nervous but that could be overcome based on plenty of past experience. I remember one guy I was dating that about leaped out his seat when I put my hand on his crotch while sitting next to him in a booth at a McDonald's. It wasn't all that crowded so the risk of being seen was low and once I had my hand on his bare cock he didn't seem to mind at all!

I could feel the warmth of Greg's cock as I just held him in my hand to start. His thick pubic hair acted as a bed for my hand to rest, my thumb gently stroking under the lip of his cock head, right where men tell me it feels best. I lifted my head up just enough to look down and while I could definitely make out my arm under the blanket, it wasn't like it was TOO obvious what we were doing. Besides, who would say anything?

"Your cock feels so good in my hand my sweet husband," I murmured to him. Greg countered by moving his arm on the side where I was laying so his hand was twisted to feel my bared pussy. By now the poor wrap had pretty much given up any hope of covering me, leaving just the blanket between me and the cool night air.

"Mmmmmmm, I like that," I softly cooed as he fingered me. With my on leg on top draped over his and my other lying flat it left him a nice space in between to fit his hand without drawing attention.

Between my grip on his cock and the feel of my pussy, I could feel him responding, slowly thickening and growing in my hand. The only thing better than feeling a guy growing as I hold him is to have him grow as I suck him. I've always been fascinated by cocks, especially when they change magically from this flaccid small thing to a magnificent hard erection. Even before I knew much about sex I use to stare at my dad's dick when he would watch a porn movie or even just a sexy girl on TV and his cock would grow until it emerged from his boxer shorts. Of course I didn't know any better back then so I just assumed all men popped out of their shorts when they grew. Even today as a 31 year-old housewife and mother of two, I still get all horny and itchy when men send me photos of their dicks growing stiff and hard looking at photos of me. It's the perfect therapy for a girls with low self-esteem like me!

Eventually his dick grew until my fingers barely wrapped around him. Without thinking I slowly stroked him, like a reflex reaction to his cock in my hand. Stiff cock - stroke cock, right?

"Ohhhhhh," he groaned softly as my fingers played over his cock.

"Shhhhhh!" I warned him.

Yep, just as I knew it would Greg's little head began to wrest control from his big one. I'd only been stroking him for maybe five or ten minutes and not very fast at that when he started to leak precum. It was like one thing led to another as his precum lubricated his shaft making it all the easier for me to stroke him which just led to even more until it was like a stream of liquid pouring from his stiff dick. If not for the consistency and the fact it didn't small like a bathroom it was almost like he was peeing in my hand!

The only negative was the more he was consumed by his growing lust, the less he was able to focus on his hand by my pussy until eventually it was just still between my crotch as I pressed down onto it and gently rubbed myself on him. Typical man. Oh well, not like I wasn't enjoying the hand job I was giving him.

I sort of lost track of time as it wasn't like I was in any rush to make him cum. People walked by all the time but Greg wasn't paying any attention now to anything but his cock in my hand. His eyes were closed and he had that rather dazed look men get when I suck ion them and they're getting close to their orgasm.

"Don't stop," he whispered hoarsely as he let out along breath. Yeah, like THAT was something I was planning to do.

If there's one thing guys could never accuse me of it was being a cockteaser. Oh maybe when I flirted but once I had a guy's dick in my hand or mouth I wanted them to cum just as badly as they did. There was none of this getting you close and quitting crap when you dated Kelly! It was sort of like my fascination with the erection process. So too do I LOVE to see a man ejaculate. It's just the coolest thing! The best thing is once that train leaves the station, it never stops in that once the process starts, there's no stopping him until he does it. I could be sucking on a boy and his parents walk in and if he's starting to cum I don't care what happens between him and them, he's cumming in my mouth one way or the other!

I felt his dick surge as the launch sequence counted down to zero. Greg gasped as his first load shot out onto his stomach and then another, followed by several more. Mmmmmmm, he was a horny guy all right! His whole body seemed to quiver beneath mine as I could feel him jerking just a little as he climaxed. Nothing anyone would have noticed had they not known what we were doing but enough to turn me on.

"Geeze, what a mess," Greg whispered as almost instantly he switched from horny guy squirting sperm to boring guy worried about the loads of cum now all over his belly and how know what else.

Maybe in my teen years I might have put my head under the blanket and licked him off but OK, I'll admit it... I'm not a teen slut anymore and mothers my age just don't do those sort of things in a public place surrounded by little kids and their parents. Not the sort of thing I enjoy confessing but that's life I guess.

So instead I grabbed a pool towel I'd been thoughtful enough to stash next to the seat within reach beforehand and used it clean up things as best I could. Greg worked on fixing his pants and shirt while I pulled up my bikini top, hopefully high enough to keep from flashing all the eight year old boys and girls.

"Had enough of the movie?" I asked him teasingly once we were more or less in a state of dress ready for public view.

"Movie?" he joked and we both laughed. Not like either of us had watched a frame.

Now came the tricky part - standing up without exposing my bare ass to everyone. I'd tried to pull down the wrap as best as I could but without standing up it was pretty much impossible to get it right. Hmmmmmm, maybe I should've worn the thong after all?

I ended up using the blanket as a wrap as I stood up on my bare feet while Greg followed once I was off of him. Trying to hold the blanket together with one hand, I reached inside and did my best to adjust the wrap until I was pretty sure I wouldn't hear any gasps when I dropped the blanket. Sure enough, I dropped it and no gasps.

I looked around for my flip flops and grabbed my purse. Before we left I looked after at Movie Dad whose kids were still mesmerized by their little princesses. He smiled and gave me a thumbs up. I just smiled back and winked. Something told me he hadn't been watching much of the movie either!

## Formal Night

When I first found out that there was going to be a "formal night" I immediately had visions of the movie Titanic and everyone dressed up in tuxedos and gowns. While some people actually do go full out, more research told me a really nice dress would suffice. Of course that meant buying a new one as what girl wears a used dress to such an event? Well, at least not me.

It took a while but I found one I really liked. Steve wanted to see it but I teased him, telling him I wanted my "husband" to be the first to see me in it. Even though I was just teasing he didn't seem all that thrilled about it. Oh well, there you go. It's not like this wasn't his fault in the first place.

A few hours before dinner I started to get ready. Greg was taking a nap so I undressed and got in the shower. Yet again I was reminded how nice it was to have a full suite as the shower was much larger than I'd expected. The hot water flowed down over me as I washed and rinsed my hair. I thought about Steve, wondering how things were going with him and Amelia. Would they be dressing up? I knew Steve had brought his suit. I tried to get him to rent a tuxedo but that went over like a lead balloon. Steve's not a "suit guy" to begin with so just getting him to put on a tie was quite an accomplishment!

The more I thought of my real husband the more I missed him. Was it worth doing the cruise without being with him? I probably could have convinced my dad to pay for one just for the two of us although it had been a lot easier once he found out the circumstances for this trip. Sure I was enjoying myself but I knew by the end of the week I'd be more than ready to return to the arms... and dick... of my husband!

With my eyes closed and the water cascading over me I caressed my breasts, cupping them and squeezing them together as my nipples poked between my fingers. God was I so dang horny! My pussy itched so bad I squeezed my thighs today almost like I was trying to hold back going to the bathroom. It didn't help. Keeping one hand on my breast, I reached down and palmed my pussy, fingers reaching between my legs and pressing down on my clit. Mmmmmmm, felt so good to rub myself!

I began to fantasize about Steve fucking Amelia while Greg and I watched. It was so hot to imagine her with my husband, only the second man she'd ever had sex with. After being fucked by Greg, I knew she was getting an upgrade this week. Would she ever be fully satisfied by her real husband ever again or would she remember how it felt to have Steve fucking her whenever she was with Greg?

My mind wandered to thoughts of leaving Greg and lying next to Amelia as my husband thrust slowly in and out of her. I could almost taste her boobs as my tongue flicked over her rock hard nipples, feeling her hot breath on my neck as I sucked on them. My head turned to the side, I could see Steve's rock hard erection appear and then disappear again inside of her as he fucked her slowly, making her beg for more, crying out to be fucked harder and faster but he just teased her with his cock.

I rubbed my clit, just as I would watching my husband enjoying the feel of another woman's pussy around his hard cock. I'd kiss her, tongues intertwined as she moaned with the ecstasy of the best orgasm a man had ever given her, like none her husband ever had.

My own orgasm swelled within me as I pictured Steve starting to ejaculate, spewing his sperm into another woman as I watched, fingering my own pussy as he came inside of her. Was he thinking of me when he shot his cum into Amelia or was it just blind lust driving him, focusing on nothing more than the feel of her warm wet pussy surrounding his incredible dick?

My whole body jerked violently as I came, my cries echoing in the shower as my orgasm peaked and filled me. I clasped my free hand over the first and pressed down hard into my crotch, bending over as I held my breath and tried to maintain this feeling as long as possible. Finally I couldn't hold back any longer and exhaled and then just as quick drew in a deep breath, groaning with pleasure.

It was like I couldn't move, like I was frozen in this position in the shower stall. The water felt so good over me, like my entire body was sensitized to the slightest touch.

Did I ever mention I LOVE to masturbate?

Finally I turned off the water and sighed. Opening the glass door I reached for a towel and dried myself off standing on the mat outside the shower. Now THAT's what I call a shower!

Checking on Greg, he was still sleeping so I returned to the bathroom to dry my hair and get ready. It was almost an hour before I checked out the results in the mirror and smiled. OK, so sue for being a bit egotistical me but I think I looked pretty damn good for a 31 year-old mother of two.

In the closet hung a clothes bad with my dress. Pulling it out, I checked it over and it seemed to have weathered the trip pretty well so far. It was actually quite similar to a dress I'd worn to a school dance way back in high school. Of course it was black - what else? I'd debated long and hard as to whether I should invest in a fancy thong to wear under it - no way was I going to wear a bra in any case. While my boobs were now solid B's, actually close to a C since the birth of my second daughter, I was fortunate to defy gravity in that they were almost as firm and perky as when I was eighteen. How many more years I'd be able to claim that was unknown but I wasn't complaining.

Like my school dress, this one was long - down to the floor WITH four-inch heels. It draped over one shoulder, leaving the other bar as it curved down and revealed as much cleavage as possible without my boobs popping out. My nipples aren't as dark as some girls nor as large as say my BFF Beth's. It was actually fortunate (though Steve might disagree in that assessment) as had mine been like hers the dress wouldn't have covered them fully.

From there it fit me like a piece of Sara Wrap to my hips where it feel to the floor with a slit up the left side. This was where it varied just a little from my high school dress. Back then since I had to wear it to school I couldn't get one that came up TOO high on my hip as the jerks chaperoning the dance would likely have sent me home. As it was I got a few second glances and not because they were admiring my exposed leg. The new version I'd bought didn't have to contend with such narrow-mindedness so it came up almost to the side of my hip. Standing up it closed and was almost invisible but all I had to do was start walking and it opened and closed like a flag waving.

Sitting down was the most fun as I had several options. If I wanted to be the most modest I could grab the upper portion and keep it down and over myside, almost entirely hiding anything underneath. At the other end of the spectrum I could pretend not to notice how it would ride up, especially when I crossed my legs, and display my entire leg from the side. Something told me which option I'd be choosing for most of the evening and it wasn't the first.

Of course a new dress requires new shoes and I'd bought a matching black pair with stiletto heels that made me over four inches taller. This late in summer my legs were tan and having just shaved this morning they would be smooth to the touch. Hmmmmmm, I wondered who would put that to the test?

Around my ankle I'd brought a light ankle bracelet to remind me of the man who'd made this all possible - my father. He'd bought it for me when I was still in high school before we even started having sex, just to be a wonderful father! Of course like all gifts he gave me I had to pose wearing it and like all gifts, all I could wear was his gift for the mini photoshoot session. Since then I'd treasured it and wore it to many special occasions.

Around my neck I wore a present from my mother - a gold chain with a small diamond cross. I loved it and not just because my mom gave it to me shortly after I'd lost my virginity. It also reminded me of my faith and religious obligation to be a loving and submissive wife and daughter. If what I was doing this week didn't demonstrate my submission to my husband then I don't know what could.

Next was a pair of diamond earring from my husband - a gift after I'd announced I was pregnant for the first time. They always reminded me of him as well as our beautiful daughters.

Finally came a matching gold bracelet, a gift that I'd never told anyone who it was that gave it to me. It really didn't matter WHO he was but more what it represented. He'd been married at the time and I knew his wife from church. Their marriage was struggling and for the first time he was considering cheating on her. Their daughter was in my youth group so I often would see him and we'd get to talking. I knew from listening to his wife at Bible Study, asking for prayer for their marriage, that things weren't going so well which only served to perk my ears as such opportunities don't come around every day. It took a few months but eventually I was able to bring him around to where he was able to rationalize committing adultery with me. While he was initially hurt by my refusal to repeat out initial tryst, in the end I watched as their marriage grew stronger now that he had these urges addressed. Then one day he'd given me a present - a gold bracelet, as thanks for what I'd done for him. I was overwhelmed and to this day I treasure it.

All decked out, I returned to the bedroom to find Greg out on the balcony watching the beautiful scenery go by. Somewhere along the line he'd woken up and gotten dressed for dinner. I had to admit he cleaned up pretty good! Stepping out in the glare of the sunshine, I stood by his side, my arms on the rail as I took in the spectacular view.

"Beautiful," he said softly looking straight ahead.

"Scenery or me?" I teased him, standing up and striking a pose.

I knew what he's meant but when he looked at me I could see in his eyes that he was about to change his answer.

"Wow!" he whistled, "You look incredible!"

"Oh yes she does!" I heard above us. Sure enough, Ron was hanging over the railing staring down at me!

"Hey, you looking down my wife's dress?" Greg taunted him.

"Can I help it if the scenery in Alaska is so beautiful?" he replied back with a grin but I saw his eyes never left my bust.

We all laughed and then Greg put up a finger as if to tell me to wait. Turns out that was exactly what he meant.

"Wait here a minute, I've got to get my camera!"

I was about to protest as one of our rules for the week was supposedly no photos but then I guess that was more pertaining to nudity and sex. Heck, every guy on the ship would be seeing me shortly so why not let Greg take a few?

"Back up to the rail Kelly," he directed me when he returned. "Spectacular... great mountains, great tits, REALLY great legs."

I twisted a bit, allowing the slit to do its thing as it opened up and exposed my entire leg and most of my hip.

"Whoa, are you wearing anything under that?" Greg asked as he snapped one after another. Thanks goodness for digital cameras!

"You'll just have to find out later," I teased. I looked up and Ron was still watching, seemingly oblivious to the fact he was staring at another man's wife while his own must have been someone close by.

"I vote for nothing!" he called down grinning. I wasn't about to settle the question on way or another but I did pull back the back half to show off a little more of my butt though not enough to put to rest any questions over whether I had a high-top thong or not.

"That dress shows off your legs perfectly Kelly," Greg complimented me.

I was beaming. I love it when men tell me I look good, but then what girl doesn't? Why else do they make dresses like this one in the first place? I felt like a princess. It was so light and without anything under it I could almost imagine I was naked.

"About time to go," Greg said, looking down at his watch. Looking up at Ron, he grinned as Ron gave him a thumbs up. A few naughty thoughts went through my head but by then we were inside with the sliding glass door shut once more.

"You know, I'd bet anything he'd fuck you in a heartbeat after seeing you in that dress," Greg laughed.

"isn't that the point?" I said teasingly.

"Damn, you ARE a slut," he sighed.

"And you just figured THAT out now?" I laughed, tossing my hair back over my shoulders.

"Good point," he nodded, "Let's go... I can't wait to show you off."

Yeah, he was just like my "real" husband. Steve always tells me the same thing, about how he loves to go out and show me off like I was his trophy wife. It's probably the same train of thought as when he tells me he loves to watch me being fucked by other men. The more he sees the desire of other men for me, the more they want to fuck me, heck the more they actually fuck me, the hotter it is for him knowing when the day is done I go home with him and he gets to claim me as his.

We stepped out into the passageway where other couple were already on their way dressed in their fancy outfits. I was thrilled to get my first stares - one of appreciation from the husband and another of jealousy from his wife. Perfect!

I'd expected this to just be for dinner but it turned out to be an entire affair as a couple of photographers were taking pictures of everyone (which I'm sure would be available later at some ridiculous price). Maybe half the people I saw were dressed up with the rest apparently not into this sort of thing but so far as I was concerned it was their loss. This was fun! I looked around to see if I could spot Steve and Amelia but without any luck. It was a big crowd so it wasn't surprising but I was curious what she had brought to wear and how it compared with my dress.

"Do you mind if we get a portrait made?" Greg asked me as I held his arm. I just smiled and shrugged. Why not?

We got in line and I checked out the other women - just as they were all doing themselves. The husbands were doing something similar but in their case it was for different purposes. Women were being critical, looking for any flaw in the other whereas the men were just checking the ladies out, no doubt fantasizing about a few of them - hopefully I was one of those lucky ones.

When it was our turn we took our position and I smiled as I noticed a number of women pursing their lips in disapproval. I wondered if they realized that their jealousy was more of a compliment to me than the stares from their husbands! I made sure to turn just enough to cause my dress to open and pushed my leg out to bare it even more as the photographer took the shot.

"Yep... you're indeed a sexy slut!" Greg whispered in my ear as we moved off to the side with his hand planted on my butt over my dress. So long as he kept it over the dress I was fine but without any panties on I wasn't going to let him get away with anything more. The whole point was to tease, not to flash.

We made our way to the elevator where along with a number of other couples we waited to board to go to the deck where we would eat. The elevator was crammed tight with us in the back, perfect for Greg's purposes as it turned out with his hand immediately snaking in through the slit in my dress to check out my bare butt.

"Naughty boy," I whispered as I pressed back hard against the wall of the elevator to trap his hand before he could get any further. The elevator opened then, depriving him of further opportunity as we all got out and headed to the dining room.

"Kelly!" I heard someone cry out and then I finally saw Amelia, Steve dutifully by her side. She was dressed in a black dress as well but nothing compared to mine. While it did a nice job of exposing some cleavage, other than that it seemed a bit baggy to me and even with her plus size figure she should have worn something a little more tight fitting.

"That's a beautiful dress," Amelia gushed as we met. Then she looked down to where my leg was exposed and I could see her eyes widen. "Oh my...I could never wear anything like THAT!" was all she could say.

Whether she meant she couldn't because of how revealing it was or she couldn't because of her figure, it didn't matter as both would probably been right.

"So... how are things going?" I asked her as the guys compared notes or whatever it was they were discussing beyond earshot. It could have been most anything given they were guys.

For a moment he eyes dropped and her happy expression cracked just a bit but then she beamed again although it seemed more forced this time.

"Everything's OK," she said. Just OK? She was shacking up with my husband, only the second man she'd ever been in bed with in her life, and things were "OK"?

"You're husband has been so wonderful," she added, "I couldn't ask for anything more from him."

As in more dick or more polite? I almost laughed as I pondered the question but I didn't want to do anything to upset her.

"Well Greg has been great as well."

Amelia smiled wryly. "So I've seen."

My eyebrows raised and I waited for her to continue.

"I saw you at the movie, I couldn't believe what you were doing!"

"We were just laying down watching the show," I countered.

Amelia shook her head. "More like BEING the show from what I saw."

"Well, isn't that sort of the point this week?" I asked defensively.

"Maybe," she said, looking over to see if the dining room was open yet, "But I guess I didn't expect you to be... to be... well, to be so brazen about it!"

Just then the doors opened and the crowd started to move. Steve and Greg took the arms of their respective "wives" and we made our way to our assigned tables. We had seats at opposite sides of the room so that was the last I saw of them that night.

"Everything OK?" Greg asked as we walked to our table, "Amelia seemed a little agitated."

I debated whether to tell him anything but then figured why not? "She saw us at the movie."

Greg just grinned. Obviously he didn't mind that his wife had seen another woman jerking him off in public under the cover of a thin blanket. But then what mad wouldn't if given the chance?

"So how did Steve say things were going?" I asked, a little curious.

"I don't know, we didn't talk about it."

Figured!

We introduced ourselves to our dinner companions. No doubt Greg was happy that I was the youngest women there by at least ten years. From the initial looks I was getting, the other husbands didn't mind either. With the table serving as cover, I crossed my legs and didn't bother to arrange my dress, allowing it to fall between my legs in front, exposing pretty much my entire leg and hip on the one side. With more self-control than usual I restrained myself from looking but I couldn't help but wonder who was checking me out from the table next to us!

Dinner was rather uneventful. I loved the king crab - red Lobster would never be the same again! Amazingly Greg was able to eat with one hand most of the meal as his other was planted on my bare leg the rest of the time. He probably would've gone further fi he thought he could have gotten away with it but it wasn't like I had a blanket over me like he'd had during the movie. It must have been making him horny though as we finished quickly and he announced we were leaving - the first at our table to do so. My suspicions were confirmed as we walked out and he whispered in my ear that he couldn't wait to get back to the room!

Well, I had better ideas. I hadn't bought this dress to just wear for a photo and dinner. Having left so early, we were one of the first to walk out which had the advantage of making it easy to get an elevator by ourselves. Greg reached for our floor but I pushed his hand away and pressed the top button. He looked at me and I just smiled.

"I'm not ready to go back yet Greg," I said softly, "I want you to fuck me."

"That was sort of the plan," he said looking a little confused.

"Not in our room silly!"

I grabbed his hand and pulled it in so his hand was finally free to roam underneath. The elevator started to move as I felt his palm against my bare butt and then his fingers checking me out.

"Ohhhhhh, so you really aren't wearing any," he announced with a grin as he reached under and between my legs, his finger finding my pussy without anything in the way.

"Surprised?"

Greg laughed, pressing his finger into me, "Can't say I am. Actually I would have been surprised had you BEEN wearing any."

I pretended to be shocked although I did nothing to deter him from feeling me up. "Greg, just what kind of girl do you think I am?"

"I know exactly what kind of girl you are," he practically growled, the lust in his tone becoming more pronounced.

Just then the elevator stopped and he barely got his hand out from my dress when the doors opened. Nobody was there though... false alarm. We stepped out and made our way over the enclosed walkway to the lounge at the stern of the ship. I hadn't been here yet but I'd read about it in the brochure. It was supposed to offer a great view being one of the highest points we could go on the entire ship. One additional feature I liked - nobody under 21 was allowed in so no kids to worry about.

Greg escorted me into the lounge as I hung onto his arm like we were newlyweds. It was pretty deserted as apparently we were there well before the usual activities started. I didn't even see anyone at the bar. Off to the one end was some dude with his computer doing something and other than that the only other couples were two old folks sitting near the window watching the wake behind the ship and a foursome sitting off to themselves seemingly having a good time laughing and joking.

"Want to dance?" I asked Greg.

Greg didn't look exactly enthusiastic about my idea. "There's no music," he answered.

"So?" I responded smiling sweetly at him, "C'mon, let's have some fun."

"Fun" wasn't exactly the way Greg seemed to think when it came to dancing but then he'd never dance with me. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to us as we centered ourselves in the tiny so-called dance floor. We assumed a classic dance position holding hands with my other hand on his shoulder and his on my back.

"Really?" I teased him reaching back and pulling his hand down, "You've been trying to grope me all night!"

Greg finally smiled as he planted his hand firmly on my butt. "You have such a sweet ass," he said softly as he gave it a squeeze.

We just kinda shuffled around but it didn't matter as dancing wasn't really on our minds. I pressed in tight against him with my head into his shoulder as he continued to rub and squeeze my butt.

"You know, I didn't pick this dress out so you would rub my bottom over the top of it," I tried to hint.

At first it was like he didn't get it but it seemed he wanted to check out the "crowd" before doing anything so blatant. Like who cared? Not me, that's for sure. It wasn't like we were surrounded by kids this time.

Finally! I could feel Greg shifting to slip inside the side of my dress until his warm bare hand was on my hip. He just kept it there for what seemed the longest time until slowly - and I do mean SLOWLY, he inched it under more and around to the back. Sheesh, I felt like a teenager again being felt up in a guy's car by some horny teenage boy afraid he was going to get shot down if he moved too fast. Back then I never told them to stop and some things haven't changed in the fifteen years or so since.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels good," I murmured into his shoulder as he cupped my buttock in his hand. Funny I guess. For someone who simply HATES anal sex, I LOVED my butt to be touched and played with. So long as a guy stayed away from my asshole he had free rein so far as I was concerned.

"Amelia would kill me if I ever did this with her."

I wiggled my bottom just a little and replied, "Well, I'm not Amelia, am I Greg?"

Greg chuckled saying, "No, that's for sure!"

"I bet she wouldn't do this either," I said reaching in between us and rubbing his crotch with the palm of my hand.

"You can say that again," he sighed, "Maybe we should go back to the room now."

"Later," I said firmly this time, "But not until I get what I want."

"Oh?"

I wasn't about to tell him what I wanted. Heck, if he couldn't figure THAT out with the way I was gripping his now erect dick in my hand through his pants then there was no hope for him. I reached my hand around and started to pull down his zipper.

"Kelly!" he hissed at me, "People can see us."

"Exactly," I giggled as I started to explore inside his pants. He started to tug at my hand but I fought back. "You know, the more of a scene you make the more people will wonder what's going on. Just stay in close to me."

"Oh fuck, I can't believe you're doing that," he groaned as I finally wormed my way through his open pants and underwear until I had my prize in hand... literally!

"I love holding your hard dick in my hand while we dance Greg," I cooed, "This is so beautiful... the ship, the ocean, your hard cock..."

"Can we at least take a seat?" he asked with a hint of desperation. Well, he certainly was no Steve, that was for sure! My hubby would have been egging me on rather than trying to go hide.

"Whatever," I sighed, pulling my hand out.

Greg led me over to a circle of chairs as far away from everyone as he could find. I could still hear the laughter and carrying on although from this distance it was hard to really see what they were doing. I guess that was Greg's thoughts as well. Oh well, half a loaf is better than none, right?

"Now where was I?" I giggled as I reached over and found his cock again. It took a little work, especially since he didn't seem to want to help, but I was finally able to free him enough to get maybe half his cock poking out. Greg kept twisting his head around keeping an eye on everyone but apparently nobody was paying us any attention. Well, his big head might be all worried but his little one certainly didn't care. Mmmmmmm, he was so nice and hard!

"Do you like it when I stroke your cock Greg?"

Greg rolled his eyes. "Of course... it's just insane to do it here though."

"Why? I think this is the perfect place," I countered, "But then, any place is perfect when it comes to sucking a man's dick, don't you agree?"

Before he could react to what I was implying, I was on my knees between his legs working on his cock with both hands, pushing down his pants to expose as much as I could without unbuckling him. While I might like a little fun I also know how far to go. Well, usually I do, LOL.

I quickly too his dick in my mouth and I felt him jump at the contact with my tongue on the head. Then I let it out and licked up and down along the side, my eyes looking up at his and I tried to smile best I could while my tongue ran along his shaft.

"Oh my god," he sighed, shifting his weight to slouch down which allowed me better access to his horny cock. Yep, right on schedule as the little guy was taking control from the big one.

My biggest fear was he would cum too soon and spoil everything. At Greg's age it wasn't like he was a teenage boy with the recovery rate of an Energizer Bunny. If I got careless and overdid things then we WOULD be heading back to the room!

"Ever get a blowjob from Amelia in public?" I asked naughtily as I kissed the tip of his cock.

"Shit, just GETTING one is hard enough," he groaned as I took him back in my warm mouth. "I thought this sort of thing only happened in porn movies."

That made me giggle which must have felt good to him given his dick was still engulfed in my mouth as he jumped a little. Ooops! Not too much as I had a better place for his sperm waiting for it. Obviously he wasn't going to last much longer so I accelerated my plans a bit.

"I want you to fuck me Greg," I said softly in a husky voice as I stroke his dick all slick with my saliva.

"Well, let's get going then!" he grinned, not understanding my intent. I guess that's the sort of mindset a man gets when married to a woman like Amelia. Well, Greg was about to learn what it was like to be married to a woman like me...

"Nope," I grinned, "I want you to fuck me NOW!"

"Kelly!" he started to protest but I wasn't having none of it. I stood up and did a quick check to make sure we wouldn't be TOO noticeable. Coast was clear - relatively speaking, so I pulled my dress to the side revealing to him my bare pussy as I climbed aboard the Greg Express. The chair was wide enough for my knees to fit and straddle him. As wet was I was at that moment he easily slid inside of me as I reached down to guide him while I dropped down onto his lap. Before he even knew what was happening I was sitting on his lap with his erection buried inside of me!

"This is crazy!" he hissed but his instincts betrayed him as he revealed his lust for me as his dick pressed up into me.

"God I've been wanting you in me all night Greg!" I sighed as I put my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Fuck me... Oh Greg fuck me!"

Other than our obvious position I doubted that anyone even close by would actually SEE anything as my dress covered my butt. Oh sure in front my bare crotch was exposed such that I could look down and see Greg's dick as it disappeared inside of me but that would be hidden from anyone else's view. It wasn't like I was riding a bucking bronco but the gentle rhythm of me riding his dick would have been a dead giveaway.

Greg's breathing and the expression on his face spoke volumes. Yep, he was almost there already! Again I couldn't help but compare him to the teenage boys I use to fuck, cumming so quickly the first time. Only thing with Greg though was instead of packing a loaded revolver he had a musket that was only good for one shot so I needed to make it count.

"Cum in me Greg," I whispered into his ear as I rocked my hips to draw him in and out of me, "Give it to me... give it all to me."

"OH!" he suddenly let out more loudly than I'm sure he would have liked had he been thinking straight but what man thinks at all when he's about to orgasm? The train was leaving the station and nothing was going to derail it now no matter what happened.

I could feel him bucking under me, thrusting his cock even deeper into me as he came. I closed my eyes, trying to imagine the tip of his dick so deep inside of me and the sperm that it was spewing out to fill me. Each time I felt him jerk I imagined another stream of his adulterous sperm shooting out like a firehouse as one load of his cum after another entered me.

"That's it Greg, give it to me," I moaned into his ear, "I want it all!"

"Oh shit," he groaned as he finished, his shoulder slumping as his head went back and he stared into the ceiling.

For a few moments I just stayed there, my bare butt planted on his lap with his now spent dick still within me. It felt so warm in me! Nothing make me feel more complete, more like a woman, more sensual and desirable, than when my body is coupled with a man's, my pussy no longer empty but filled as it was meant to be.

"Satisfied?" he asked as I felt him trying to lift me off of him. Typical man! Now that he'd cum who cares about the girl? I would have loved to just stay like this, our bodies blended as one trying to keep him in me as long as possible as he dwindled. Oh well, maybe I'd get more later if I was lucky.

"Oh you wanted it as much as I did," I teased him as I backed off his lap and stood up, straightening my dress back around me.

He didn't argue that time!

"So NOW can we go back to our room?"

"Well... only if you promise to fuck me again," I teased him as he zipped himself back up again.

Greg smiled as he stood and took my hand to lead me out. "Now THAT's a promise I can keep."

We kissed briefly and headed out. Just before we hit the ramp I heard clapping. We both turned around and saw the small group looking at us and applauding. Greg's face turned a brighter red than I would have thought possible.

"oh god!" he groaned.

"Hey, it's no fun if someone doesn't see us," I teased him.

"You're incredible Kelly," he sighed as we walked out, "Steve is a lucky man."

Speaking of which, I wondered how things were going with Steve and Amelia. Too bad they couldn't have been in the lounge to watch us! Maybe Amelia might have learned something about how to please your husband. Then again, if I knew my Steve he was probably giving her lessons right then.

By the way... Greg DID keep his promise!

# 6. Back Home

All in all I enjoyed the cruise, enough that I'd like to take another soon so maybe I need to work on my dad some more! Only next time it's going to be me with my REAL husband and someplace where we can do more wearing less clothes like in the Caribbean.

I'm not sure who was more thankful to have her real husband back - me or Amelia although I'm not so sure Greg wouldn't have minded extending our time together. Steve, on the other hand, was definitely ready to take me back!!!Once off the boat we pretty much split up and that was the last interaction we had. Given our normal policy is not to repeat even our usual one-night swaps with the same couple, a week was definitely more than enough for me. If anything, it made me all the more thankful we imposed that rule from the start even though there had been times when an encore performance would have been fun. Really, what's the point in having sex with the same guy twice unless he's family? It's not like there's any shortage of ready and willing dicks available. Like I've always said, any girl who can't get laid within thirty minutes simply isn't trying.

Surprisingly, we both pretty much slept on the lights home. With the time changes and spending weird nights without much darkness, we were both fairly exhausted. It was rather ironic that all week I'd been dreaming of being back in my husband's arms having sex and now that I had him to myself I just slept with my head on his shoulder.

I suppose it goes without saying that when we got home we made up for lost time! With the girls still with their grandmother until the next day Steve and I got to do what we hadn't in ages - fuck all night in our own bed with no interruptions! God I missed him!

Although we were supposed to pick up our daughters the next day, first things first. It just happened our first full day back was Sunday which meant church which meant spending some quality time with my dad beforehand. It was rare we missed a week but the last Sunday was unavoidable with our trip and all. So now not only had we missed a week but I also owed my dad a BIG thank-you for funding our cruise. Of course he had never stated anything about owing him a thing but there are just things you do out of simple respect and courtesy.

Fortunately I'd set the alarm on my phone or I probably would never have woke up in time. I had no idea when Steve finally ran out of steam (or sperm should I say?)

but it was late and thankfully very dark for the first time in over a week. As tempting as it was to hit the snooze I got out and showered as once I start down that road I'd be in bed another hour. It's not like I had a reputation for being early, quite the opposite in fact. All too often we ended up doing just a quick BJ or maybe squeezing in a quick fuck and then it was racing to church to get there before the first hymn was over. Today of all days I wanted to be early!

The shower felt good, especially getting my hair clean again. Steve had been extra horny last night, that was for sure. Usually he would cum in my pussy or at least on it, then maybe now and then in my mouth but he knew I really preferred not getting it all over me, especially my hair where it seems to be impossible to get out and even more so if allowed to dry. Still, there are times when he gets carried away and I guess I couldn't blame him last night. Heck, one week was the longest we'd gone with sex of some sort since we said our vows!

Soooooo, when Steve was ready to cum quickly when I started blowing him in bed, he insisted on playing macho porn star and jerked himself off to finish so he could shoot it into my open mouth. Ladies... things like this happen when your husband watches too much porn. The problem was that he got so carried he was jerking all over the place and cum was flying everywhere. A little on my tongue but the vast majority on my face, in my eyes, forehead, and inevitably in my hair. While I wiped most of it off my face with the sheet (Steve, ever the homophobe, refuses to kiss me if I have cum on my face or mouth) I still could feel it in my hair and I just knew it was going to be a pain in the neck sooner than later.

Well, several passes with my shampoo and conditioner and I finally got the mess out but the entire time I was muttering about how this was never going to happen again. Yeah and while I'm at it I may as well declare the sun will never again rise in the east. Still, a girl can hope, right?

While on the cruise I'd found a pretty sundress at a shop in one of the stops we made and convinced Greg to buy it for me. It made me smile to see him frown at the rice but then if you want to marry a slut then you better be ready to deal with the maintenance fees. Just ask Steve - he's always complaining to my dad about me being "high-maintenance" like he expects to get any sympathy from him after having raised me through my teen fashion years!

The sundress was a light peasant girl style in that it was strapless with an elastic top around my boobs that always appeared to be one slip away from falling down and letting my boobs pop out. Maybe I should have brought one size bigger but I actually liked the look. Of course I would never admit that I'd tested it out in the dressing room by bouncing hard up and down and the girls stayed home no matter how hard I tried to free them. Why ruin the suspense?

It was definitely not the shorted sundress I owned but then it wasn't exactly conservative either. It was just long enough that I could sit down without having to tug it down hard to keep it under my butt. With some of my shorter ones I could hardly sit down in certain places because unless I grabbed the hem and held it down as I sat the next thing I knew I could feel the chair seat against my bare bottom.

Not that I went commando or anything like that. First, the dress was just a little bit sheer. Opaque enough that inside it wasn't an issue but outside with the sun behind me it didn't leave much to the imagination. Second, I WAS going to church and while I'd never shied away from having fun at church, THAT was done in the proper time and place rather than flashing the pastor and any other guy with his eyes riveted to my ass. I suppose it comes with the territory as you get older in that you learn to be more respectful of others even when it's not what you WANT to do.

Often times when I was running late I'd just through a pair of panties or a thong ion my purse to put on after my dad was done with me since they'd just be coming off anyways so why waste the time? Yeah I know, it take two seconds to take them off but it just SEEMS like something unnecessary I guess more than anything. With what was looking to be more than twice the usual time we had most weekends I decided to surprise my dad and wear something under my outfit.

It was sort of like when I lived at home in that the only time I wore panties on a consistent basis was on dates. Actually those were also the only times when I wore a bra as well. My mom had told me before I started dating that guys love to see a girl in her underwear and more so, to take it off of them. Sure enough, as always (well, mostly always) mom was right. Oh sure guys fantasize about girls with no underwear but I could tell they were so much more turned on after undressing me than if I just dropped my dress and was naked.

Ready to go, I took one last look at my husband passed out on the bed. Hopefully he'd wake up and be ready to go when I was back from church. It was so strange not to worry about my girls and I missed them, even when my little angels WERE a bit of a nuisance. I smiled seeing Steve stretched out nude with the covers thrown off. After spending a week with Greg I was definitely ending up with the better half of the deal compared to what Amelia most likely had in her bed right now.

I gazed lovingly at Steve's limp cock, flopped over lying on a thick bed of male pubic hair. Mmmmmmm, I wanted to run my fingers through it and kiss his cock but I knew better than to tempt myself that way or I'd never make it to daddy's house...

"Daddy!" I cried out when I finally arrived after driving over to his house. He was waiting at the front door for me, evidently as anxious to see me as I was to see him.

"So how was the cruise?" he asked, even though I'd told him a lot when we'd talked on the phone over an hour while waiting at the airport the day before. Of course I hadn't told him EVERYTHING.

"It was incredible daddy," I gushed, "Thank you so much for letting me go!"

My dad smiled. Even though I was now in my thirties he still loved it when I called him "daddy". Once when I thought I was getting too old for such things I'd tried calling him by his first name. Whoa, I'll never try THAT one again! I was always his little girl, his baby, or my favorite, his little slut and I knew that wouldn't change even when I was in my sixties.

"Nothing's too good for my little baby girl," he replied cheerfully, hugging me close to him.

A couple hours later as I sat next to my dad in church my mind started drifting during an especially boring sermon. I squeezed my crossed legs together a little more tightly and felt the tingling sensation in my crotch I always feel after being fucked well. I'd wiped off most of his cum that was threatening to dampen my dress with his handkerchief on the drive over but you never knew what still make an appearance. Well, it wouldn't be the first time I'd stood up and had my dad walk behind me to try and hide the wet spot on the back side of a dress.

Sometimes you don't know how good you have it until you don't. A whole week without my dad or husband! Except for when I was away at school, I couldn't even remember the last time that had happened. Heck, usually I was counting the time in hours, let alone days and certainly not weeks!

Sitting in church was the perfect time to pray and be thankful for everything in my life. A loving husband, two perfect daughters, parents who loved me, a father who wasn't afraid to SHOW me his love, so many friends! Who could ask for anything more?

# (Jul 22) Kelly's Diary is Back[13]

Dear Loyal Reader,

Every now and then my diary disappears and then reappears raising questions as to what happened. Usually when this happens it means I'm overly frustrated with the lurkers and pervs who seem to hang out at sites like this. When it comes to the lurkers, ASSTR provides its authors with reports of the number of hits for each posting and thus I know that 99% of the readers never contact me. Well, it takes a lot of work to write about my experiences and the only payback I get is the response of my "fans". The people I consider perverts are the ones who only want nude photos of me or free phone sex.

I made the mistake of mentioning in some diary entries about my daughter Mia. I was astounded at how many men seem to be interested in sex with a four year old girl! Not only does this not interest me, it's my own daughter for goodness sakes. At first I played along with some of them being curious about this sort of thing but it quickly became boring and repulsive. Hey, if that's your thing then fine. I just ask not to be part of it.

So one day in a fit I just blew up and deleted everything. We then went on a cruise with another couple and before I knew it ASSTR has deleted my account for "inactivity". My requests for reinstatement were ignored so I opened this new account.

So if I was so upset then why am I reposting them again? Well, it goes back to why I started doing it in the first place. Most people probably don't realize that I've always been extremely insecure. My struggles with my self-image go back to my middle school years, back when it seemed I was the only one in my group of friends who hadn't graduated from a training bra - albeit a theoretical milestone since I never even owned one but you get the idea. My parents were so concerned that they took me to a counselor who taught me coping mechanisms that helped me, some of which I continue to use today. One of the most effective has been to seek the attention of men which then serves to make me feel better about myself. Yeah, I guess you could say I was officially sanctioned to be a slut! It worked in that nothing boosts my ego and self-image like a guy wanting me so badly that he's willing to sacrifice everything - his marriage, family, girlfriend, even his job just to have me, even if it's only a photo of me in a dress or jeans. Matter of fact, it worked so well I still rely on it today for those days I am depressed and unsure of myself.

---

[13] This is not an official chapter.

Getting such attention is pretty easy when I meet guys in person. Sometimes all it takes is just the right look, a smile, or a flick of  my hair to do the trick. Once he's on the line, a little bending over to reveal some major cleavage or up-skirt views and he's hooked!

In contrast, on-line it's a LOT more difficult as guys can SAY anything but who knows if they're telling the truth. I assume now after over 13 years of this they usually aren't. Thus I've come to rely on the old adage, "Dicks never lie!"  Hence my push for men to submit tributes as nothing backs up their words like showing me photos and videos of them masturbating, their hard dick shooting out their sperm all over my pictures - or that of whomever they are lusting for be it their daughter or another girl/woman in their family.

In the process there's one thing guys always seem to get wrong but I really can't complain - they're guys after all and so when it comes to girls they do most of their thinking with their little head. The reality is that I could care less about nude photos of your wife and daughter. Actually less than that - I don't want them at all, especially if your daughter is under eighteen!  I mean like give me a break. How many real father have nude photos of their daughter?  (OK, so I know of one!)  My immediate assumption in such cases is that they were stolen from the Internet so I could care less about them as they're just porn. Even worse, it tells me I'm being taken for a fool, scammed or worse - trying to entrap me thinking what I do is more than what I say which simply isn't true.

The thing to remember is that the only reason I'm on-line is to satisfy MY ego, not yours. For the women out there, my therapist was right ? this DOES make you feel better about yourself. So if that makes me sound selfish or self-absorbed then so be it. At least I'm being honest which is more than I can say for most people who contact me.

For me it's all about reality as the only thing I care about is if you REALLY feel about me the way you claim. Thus I usually start by asking for "normal" shots of your family as they tell so much more about them and your relationship with them. My favorite ones are wedding photos and family vacation shots. When it comes to photos, size DOES matter (or at least numbers). I mean like in this day and age of cell phones and digital cameras, who doesn't have hundreds of family shots?  Yet I still have guys who claim they don't have any or that they're "on the other computer", or that their hard drive crashed and they lost them all, or some other ridiculous excuse. C'mon... I have literally thousands of me and my family so anyone who plays such games is telling me that whatever web site or FaceBook page they stole them from doesn't have more to "share" with me.

Then there are those that that claim they only have nudes. Like give me a break - do you really expect me to buy that? The REALLY dumb ones send me porn site photos! Both my father and husband have massive porn collections so they can tell me instantly who has been stealing photos.

One more thing guys... pretending to be a woman doesn?t get you anything special. First, most men are so horrible it's easy to identify them almost immediately. Even some of the best "posers" trip up sooner or later so trust me, I've probably already met someone trying to use your line so don?t even try.

I don't expect guys to share with me without something from me in return but most guys never get a single photo of me because they won't share first. I NEVER initiate contact with anyone so sorry, YOU contacted me first so you share first. Of those that do get one, 99% of them will never see me out of a dress or jeans. As for the remaining 1%, most won't get more than maybe a sports bra or bikini shot. I've decided for my own privacy concerns that unless a guy is willing to be totally upfront with me and open up completely about themselves and their family, followed by tributes, then he isn't interested in me enough to earn a naughty photo.

Usually this process take months if not years of interacting with someone. This is because for security/privacy reasons I NEVER do phone calls or video. People complain but I don't care as both are WAY too easy to record and track. Thus please don't expect much if you're contacting me for the first time. Pushing me will only get you blocked.

So yes, Kelly's Diary is coming back! I plan to restore it slowly and use this opportunity to edit my stories as many were written a long time ago and as a teacher I cringe now when I see the spelling and grammar errors. Please have patience as this will take time! Also, people grip when I post too many at a time which I understand as I feel the same way when other like the Nifty folks do that.

If you want my diary to stay around this time then how about dropping me a line to at least show your appreciation? Even better, do a tribute to demonstrate to me that I turn you on and that you think I'm pretty and sexy. Tell me your REAL thoughts about your daughter (or whomever in your family turns you on no matter what age or relationship) that you've never confessed to anyone else. Maybe you could even do a tribute to them. Don't you think it's the least you can do in response to the hours and hours I spend sharing my life so you can masturbate about it?

Oh... one final note. My belief is that ANY fantasy is OK so long as that's all it is - a fantasy. Fantasies can be about literally anything and while I may not be turned on by yours, it doesn't mean you don't have the right to have it. On the other hand, it also doesn't mean you have the right to expect me to like your fantasy so please don't bother if you're into bondage, anal, scat, porn, animals or anything else I personally consider disgusting or disrespectful of women. Also, I do NOT trade porn so please don't ask me for nudes of me. When you've earned them you'll get them so asking for them it just makes me stubborn and you definitely won't get any.

Finally and most important... I especially want NOTHING to do with child pornography, not even the old-time favorite "topless in the bathtub" shots of your little girl. Sorry, the Wild West days of the Internet are a thing of the past and everything we do now is being monitored by Big Brother. Therefore to protect myself if anything of this nature is sent to me it will be immediately forwarded to the FBI so you've been warned!

Luv,
Kelly

Unrestricted

# (Aug 13) Chapter 285: The Seduction of Keith

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (31)
Keith (36)

OK, so this is something I've never done before... writing from a man's perspective. So does that make this a fantasy or a diary entry? My thoughts are that since it is based on real events that it belongs in my diary. Sure I've had to make up pretty much everything that Keith is thinking and feeling but for the most part his actions, at least those involving me directly, are accurate. In the end isn't that what matters the most anyways?

## 1. LBK (Life Before Kelly)

How did this happen? I've always been pretty much an ordinary guy, not some pervert or cheater. Pillar of the community and all that crap. Who would ever think someone like me could get caught up in something like this? Now my marriage, my wife, maybe even my job are in jeopardy and for what purpose? I want to blame her but to be honest, she only took advantage of my weaknesses.

Who is "she"? None other than Kelly, a married woman, mother of two, devoted daughter and dedicated volunteer at our church. Before our lives crossed my life was so much simpler.

Born 33 years ago as the oldest son of my conservative mid-west farming parents, I pretty much grew up in your basic "Mayberry" town where everybody knew everybody, Republican politics ruled, and 90% of our WASP neighbors attended one of the local protestant churches. I met my wife Megan in church youth group, finally getting the nerve to ask her out my junior year of high school. We were each other's "first" and so far as I know, "only" although I have no reason to believe Megan was ever with another guy.

I had my life planned... high school graduation, engineering college, then on to a comfortable middle class life in the suburbs with my wife, three kids and our dog living happily ever after.

Well, that never happened as wouldn't you know it, Megan got pregnant the summer after we graduated so there went my college plans. What can I say? We were both stupid and didn't use birth control so sooner or later it was bound to happen but at that age we thought we were invincible and somehow it could never happen to us. After all, we were the "nice" kids and Megan wasn't one of the school sluts although THEY never seemed to get pregnant!

What choice did I have? We got married less than a month after Megan found out and then wouldn't you know it but she lost the baby! Maybe I should have tried to annul the marriage as after all, I never even formally asked her to marry me, we just did what had to be done. In my family thought that sort of thing just wasn't done so we stuck it out.

Ryan was our first born followed by Molly after which I said enough was enough and got a vasectomy. Two kids was plenty when you struggle from paycheck to paycheck. Working for the local construction company paid OK - when there was work but not as much as I'd dreamed of making before I was forced to marry Megan. OK, so maybe nobody literally put a gun to my head but I could never have shown my face in town again if I hadn't so isn't that the same thing?

When the construction firm went belly up I was forced to look for another job. The economy in our part of the state was going to hell so we ended up moving to where the work was, in this case Pittsburgh, PA. It was new for us all and we did our best to fit in. We moved into the city of Mt. Lebanon on the south side, known for its outstanding school district and equally outstanding school taxes. Still, the kids were unhappy enough as it was having to leave their high school friends behind but at least they were just getting started and not having to deal yet with missed proms and graduations.

We immediately joined a local Presbyterian church which was maybe five times bigger than our church back home. While Megan was concerned about being lost in the crowd, we were both excited about the youth programs as well as the various opportunities for small groups and other social activities that would hopefully help us fit into our new home. Little did I know just what I'd be "fitting" into before all was said and done.

# 2. Innocent Church Girl or Slut?

With Ryan being a sophomore and Molly a freshman, they both joined the high school youth group. It met on Wednesday evenings which just happened to be at the same time as Megan's women's bible study. I think the two groups deliberately overlapped to allow for the moms to bring the kids and then not have to leave and drive back later to pick them up which is exactly what worked out for Megan and the kids.

One night Molly wasn't up to par so she asked me to take the kids. It was about a 20-30 minute drive so I figured it just made sense to hang around rather than drive through the crowded streets of the Pittsburgh south side. Turns out I wasn't the only dad finding a seat in the meeting area outside the gym where the kids met. Several guys I'd met casually during services and such were also doing penance, most of them engrossed in their cell phones.

At one point the kids all poured out to head to the parking lot for some game they were going to play. It was a herd of buffalo passing though! The leaders tried to maintain some semblance of decorum while they were still in the building with little to show for their attempts. I was about to go back to my e-mails when I looked up and drew in a breath. Whoa! Who was THAT? Most of the leaders were parents so about my age or even older as well as a couple of college kids attending local universities but one girl stood out. At first I thought she was one of the students being about the same height and weight as most of the high school girls. She was even dressed pretty much the same in short shorts, a tight-fitting cami and sneakers with no socks. If anything though, her shorts were even tighter and skimpier than the others and that cami looked at least one f not two sizes too small the way it hugged her breasts. She was either not wearing a bra or it was the thinnest I'd ever seen as there were no lines and her nipples were just visibly outlined. It was then I saw how she was trying to corral the kids that I realized she wasn't one of the students but rather one of the leaders. Wow, they allowed leaders to dress like THAT? I was starting to like this church even better!

"Kelly."

I wasn't sure who said that but I instinctively averted my eyes from her ass and looked back down at my phone, trying to appear as if I hadn't noticed anything.

"Her name is Kelly is you wanted to know."

I looked at the guy closest to me who was grinning as he nodded towards the most perfect ass I'd ever seen leaving the building.

"Not sure what you mean," I lied defensively.

The guy laughed and smiled at me. "Don't worry, every guy gets that look on his face the first time."

"First time?"

He reached out with an outstretched hand. "The name's Roger. Welcome to Wednesday night with Kelly."

I shook his hand and introduced myself. "Sorry, what do you mean?"

"I've been attending this church since forever and I still can never get enough of that sweet piece of ass," Roger sighed glancing toward the door which was now closed. "Why else do you think most of us hang around here every week?"

He looked around and the others were listening and nodding their heads.

"Biggest cock teaser in the church," one of them muttered.

"Biggest SLUT you mean," another countered.

"Hey," Roger cut in, waving his hand, "All rumors, nothing but rumors."

"Not from what my son tells me," one of the older ones argued, "He claims she was the biggest slut in her class back in high school. Fucked half the class from what he heard - and not just the boys."

"Naw, I heard her cousin had THAT honor," another guy who'd been silent until now added.

I was flabbergasted that these guys could all be saying such things openly in the middle of a church about anyone, let alone one of the leaders of our kids' youth group.

"So what's the story then?" I asked no one in particular.

"Ok... she's maybe 30 or 31, married to the luckiest prick in the world, two kids - can you believe it?" Roger ticked off on his fingers, "Teaches at the middle school."

"Thirties?" I asked rhetorically. No way, she didn't hardly old enough to drink legally!

"Yeah, it should be illegal to have a wife like that," Roger chuckled. Then he wagged his finger, "Just don't let your wife catch you eyeing her sweet ass again. From what I've heard she's just a major tease but good luck convincing your wife of that."

"I don't know about that," someone responded, "From what I heard she was the reason for Bill's nasty divorce a few years ago."

Roger shook his head. "I don't buy it. Who would approach her? Her husband may have his own wandering eyes but her dad watches over her like a hawk."

That sounded a little odd which must have been signaled by my expression so Roger explained.

"What I meant was that she and her dad always attend church together. Apparently hubby isn't a big church fan, chases a few skirts supposedly himself. Just saying if anyone tried to make a move on her that her father would probably cut his balls off!"

At that point the discussion digressed into a comparison of notes regarding Kelly's various outfits and which ones showed off the most of her assets. By the time the kids came back in I found myself eagerly waiting to get a better look at this woman of whom the entire conversation had dwelled for the past half hour.

I almost missed her as she was mixed in the middle of the boys. Damn, I couldn't believe anyone would dare to wear shorts so tight and cut so high to a church youth group meeting. Any higher and her butt would be spilling out! This time her nipples were definitely more defined, poking through the thin cami that wasn't hiding anything. I could just imagine if Megan was here now, she would have had a fit that our daughter's leader was setting such an example. Megan would have Molly dressed in a heavy sweatshirt in the middle of summer if she could get away with it and shorts had to be at least mid-thigh to get her approval.

To my embarrassment Kelly glanced my way, catching me red-handed staring at her. She just smiled at me, flipping her hair back over her shoulder in almost a suggestive manner although that was most likely a product of my over-worked imagination. A few seconds later and she was out of sight.

No doubt about it, I was in love! Or maybe better said, I was in lust! I'd never cheated on Megan and honestly had never even seriously considered it but I'd have to say at that moment my resolve may have weakened given the opportunity. That night after everyone had gone to bed, rather than checking out some porn on my computer to masturbate with instead I closed my eyes and tried to imagine those tight white shorts slowly dropping. Did she shave or trim? Was she even wearing anything underneath? My dick erupted as I came imagining fucking her, the thin camisole pulled up exposing those perfect breasts with her nipples hardened as I drilled her deep, releasing myself deep within her. Slipping into bed next to Megan I felt a little guilty yet at the same time I just couldn't get that cute sexy smile out of my head.

The next day at dinner I asked the kids how they liked the Wednesday night program. As usual, I got a couple of shoulder shrugs and "It's OK," which from those two could have meant anything from incredibly boring to the most monumental adventure ever. Teenagers! I tried getting a better response by asking how they liked the leaders, hoping maybe for more information about Kelly but this time all I got were eyes rolling like, "Dad, why are you even bothering to ask?"

Trying a different tact, I asked Megan about her women's bible study - more specifically who was leading it.

"It's pretty good, we share a lot - Christian version of gossip, right?" she laughed. Then she added, "Kelly and Lyndsey are taking turns leading it this year. You probably saw Kelly helping out with the kids as it was Lyndsey's turn this week. Why do you ask?"

"I know why," my smart-mouthed son snickered.

Megan looked at me and then at our son and frowned. "I was trying to be civil," she said with ice in her tone, "I guess some women can't grow out of their high school years."

I looked down at my plate, trying not to say or do anything that might betray my thoughts at the time but it didn't help as once Megan got on a rant there was no stopping her.

"Personally I think it's outrageous the elders don't say something to her. I mean the way she flaunts herself in those outfits and flirts with the men - married ones at that. It's a disgrace that she's allowed to mentor young girls."

The table was silent for a while and then we moved on to another topic but the message came across loud and clear - Megan didn't like Kelly and we'd all better stay clear of her if we knew what was good for us.

So THAT was a topic I'd never bring up again! Little did Megan realize was that her outburst just made me all the more curious. Guess I'd better keep a closer eye on this Kelly from now on. Oh yeah, twist me arm just a little more... OK, I'll do it!

## 3. Old Enough to Know Better

Over the course of the next few weeks and months "watching Kelly" sort of became a hobby of mine. Albeit the only hobby where you go home afterward and jerk off but it was rewarding in its own way to say the least. I had to be careful whenever Megan was around as she would watch me like a hawk when Kelly was anywhere in sight. We never discussed Kelly again but the huffs and eye-rolling told me plenty when Kelly would come to church in a short sundress that was almost transparent in the right light. Then there was the youth swimming party where she showed up in a bikini blatantly flaunting the un-written rule against "revealing" attire. Not that any of the male chaperones were about to say anything and the women just huddled and whispered snarky comments.

Over time I tried to get a little closer to her without being overly flirtatious, just saying hello and thanking her for her work with the youth, that sort of thing. Always innocent. Kelly always rewarded me with a sensuous smile and a twinkle in her eye that I hoped meant she was pleased... pleased enough to suck my dick in private later, at least she was when I would masturbate thinking about our encounter later.

Using my kids as camouflage I sneaked a few photos of Kelly now and then under the guise of capturing Ryan and Molly at play or with their friends. Somehow the camera would sometimes miss a shot and instead focus on an incredible ass or deep cleavage. Funny how it always seemed that Kelly was just in the wrong spot at that moment to get in the photo instead of the kids. Those nights I'd make sure the photos were off my phone and stored on my secret thumb drive that I kept hidden in my work bench. After a few months I had quite the collection for use when I'd fantasize about being with Kelly as I jerked off. One of my favorite "go-to" jerk-off fantasies was Kelly leaning over to show something to Molly. In my perverted mind Kelly would be wearing a loose top that already hung open to show most of her boobs. Somehow I would capture the perfect moment when it dropped and be rewarded with almost an unobstructed view of her boobs all the way down her top! Just another half inch and I'd have had those nipples that always seems to be popping through on their own.

One thing I noticed was that I rarely saw Kelly's husband. In fact I don't think I ever saw him in a Sunday service and it was only a few times when he'd pick her up on Wednesday nights that I even got a glimpse of the mystery man. On the other hand, come Sunday mornings she was practically inseparable from her father, sticking to his side like glue. It was the subject of much discussion how they always seemed to arrive a few minutes late to service. Usually their arrival came during the opening hymn as if they wanted to be sure everyone there saw them as they took their seats. From the remarks I'd gleaned from some of the old-timers it wasn't anything new as apparently she'd be a "daddy's girl" back as far as anyone could remember. My wife's comment about women who can't grow up came to mind. What can I say? Heck, if MY daughter looked and dressed like Kelly when she was in her 30's I'd escort her alone to church in a heartbeat! Her mother was never with them though, something about a divorce from what I'd overheard Megan saying one time. Wow, talk about your male fantasy machine at work... divorced father, hot daughter... the things that come to mind (and dick) are simply too crazy to be true but what if they were? Oh well, it made for a few good masturbation sessions.

As my "hobby" continued, I'd watch the other husbands at church and take solace in their unfulfilled fantasies of Kelly. At least I want the only one dreaming about the unreachable star. Even so, I just hoped I wasn't as obvious and looked so pitiful as some of these guys who couldn't help but turn their heads and stare as the best ass in church made its way past them.

At time I would fantasize I was Kelly's father. I'd see Kelly arrive to church, five minutes late as usual, holding hands with her dad as they found a pew. My dick throbbed as I took in the shape of her bare legs - no need to wear hose when your legs were as tanned and smooth as hers. Did she have any tan lines? Was she wearing panties under that short pleated skirt? Was her pussy dripping with her father's cum after having just fucked him in the parking lot which is why they were late? Oh yeah, I had quite the fertile imagination when it came to Kelly, most likely a product of too many nicest porn sites!

It was like I was some high school boy in heat to lust for a girl in this way - more like a woman in Kelly's case. For crying out loud I was in my thirties now, old enough to know better. Girls like Kelly never fall for guys like me. Oh sure they tease and flirt but you can see it in their smiles that they're enjoying the reactions more than any sense of actual desire - on their part at least. Old to know better but still young enough to not care, that was my motto.

The nights when Kelly would lead the women's study sucked, putting it bluntly. You could almost feel the disappointment in the air when my group of guys would learn that she wouldn't be putting on a show for us, at least not until everyone was heading home when we might get a brief glimpse. Plus then I had to worry about being caught by Megan. She wasn't a dumb blonde by any means and I already heard enough griping about how Kelly was dressed that night or what she would wear to church. It may have been my imagination but sometimes I would get the idea she wasn't griping so much about Kelly as watching to see my reaction to her running commentary. It was like walking a tightrope as she would've been even more suspicious if I tried acting as if I never noticed anything. Still, I couldn't agree TOO much or then she was question why I'd been looking enough to be able to make such an evaluation.

## 4. Kelly Weaves Her Web

OK, it was just my imagination working in overdrive, my dick taking control, a classic "Dear Penthouse" moment or whatever. No way had Kelly actually flirted with me. Or had she?

I was watching the girls playing basketball in the gym one Wednesday night. Molly wasn't exactly WNBA material to be sure but I tried to cheer her on and encourage her. Kelly was acting as one of the coaches who also served as referees, sort of a conflict of interest but it wasn't like they were even keeping score. What happened next was totally my fault and totally embarrassing. But no court in the world would convict me - so long as my wife wasn't the jury foreman.

It was those damn shorts again. Well, not the exact same pair but obviously from the same rack. Black this time instead of white but just as tight and every bit as short, maybe even a little bit more so. When Kelly would bend over to grab the ball her butt cheeks would briefly poke out - not for long but an eternity for the men like me begging for another ball to go out of bounds. And then when she would trot along the sideline to keep up with the action. No way could she have a bra on, not the way her breasts bounced and jiggled. I must have sort of zoned out imagining my hands on each side, forcing them slowly down and off of her, when suddenly it was like a train hit me in the head!

Turns out the train was an errant basketball and fortunately it hit me on the side of the head and not directly on my nose. Still, it was enough to sting and I shook my head to clear the ringing... or at least tried.

"Are you OK?" I heard an angelic voice ask. I opened my eyes and right in from of me was none other than Kelly, my fantasy girl extraordinaire.

"Sorry, I guess I should've been watching closer," I started to apologize as she tossed the ball back and the action resumed. Rather than turning back to the game though, Kelly stuck with me apparently to check to be sure I was OK.

"Maybe if you had been watching the GAME as close as you were watching my bottom you would've seen it coming," she accused me teasingly.

"Uh... Uh...," I floundered, embarrassed now at being caught. Oh crap, it was fun so long as she didn't see me but now I felt like some perverted stalker.

"Oh it's OK... I really don't mind," she went on with a giggle almost like Molly would have done. "Sort of a compliment if you ask me."

"Really, I wasn't staring at your...," I caught myself before I called it her ass, "At your bottom."

Kelly's eyebrows raised and she smiled seductively - at least if you ask me it was seductive. "Don't worry, I won't tell your wife if that's what's bothering you. Like I said... to me it's a compliment when you look at me that way."

From the tone she was apparently trying to let me know that this wasn't the first time she'd caught me staring at her assets. I couldn't help but blush, feeling every bit the shame of a sixteen year-old caught by his mother jerking off in the bathroom.

"If you'd ever like to see more of it, just ask, OK?" she said almost like an afterthought as she smiled and then turned back to the game.

My eyes widened. Did she really say that or was my dick driving my imagination yet again? Even if she had, what exactly did she mean by it? Well I can't say for sure what HER thoughts actually were I know what I fantasized she meant later that evening as I masturbated.

For some reason, and maybe again it was just wishful thinking or male hormones in overdrive, Kelly started flirting more openly with me, I mean more so than she did with the rest of her "fans". Nothing major, just a wink as she walked by, a little tongue running over her lips as she caught my eye. While Molly never mentioned anything, I was getting more status reports on her progress from Kelly - just quick comments about schoolwork, her outfits, nothing really major but enough to warrant a few sentences and then. Each time as she would finish she would give me that damn smile again, like she knew I hadn't been listening to a word she been saying. Funny thing... if that was true then she was right.

One time I was standing off to the side trying not to look too obvious as I watched Kelly working with the kids. During a break she made it appoint to stop by, something I was starting to look forward to more and more.

"Molly's shorts are getting a little tight on her, don't you think?" Kelly commented as if she was mentioning the weather, "But I don't suppose you've noticed, have you dad?"

She grinned as I turned various shades of red. Like where had THAT come from? True, now that she mentioned it I could see that maybe it was nearing time to retire Molly's wardrobe as she'd be on a bit of a growth spurt lately - and more than her legs were involved if I was being honest. Still, I left that department to Megan as now way was I going to say anything about my daughter making her way through puberty.

"Just curious," Kelly continued when I didn't respond, "Would you say you're more a boob or an ass man?"

I almost choked on that one! Maybe that might be something a drinking buddy might ask after a few beers but a married woman - and not my wife, bringing up such a topic wasn't exactly something I was prepared for, especially in the middle of a church gymnasium!

"If you don't want to answer that's OK," she said off-handedly, "But I'd guessing you're into girl's butts, am I right? Either that or you don't like my boobs."

Why not just ask me when I'd stop beating my wife? No right answer - only minefields no matter what I said. Yet I couldn't say nothing... could I?

"Your boobs... I mean your breasts, are incredible too Kelly," someone said and then I realized that someone was ME! Oh god, had I really told her that she had great boobs, like really straight to her face?

"Why thanks, I'm glad you like them!" she answered happily, grinning at me as she moved off before I could say anything even more ridiculous for a man my age and marital status.

Once the barn door had opened it was like the horses kept trotting out. I wondered if it was just a game for her, just something to tease some poor married father who'd been caught red-handed with his hand in the cookie jar. Well, maybe I was WISHING my hand was in it but I'd certainly been caught staring at it and now it was like I was paying the price. It got to where she'd pass by me two or three times a night, dropping a teasing comment about her ass or tits although she never called them THAT, just her "bottom" or "boobs". I was masturbating almost every day now imagining her next "fly-by". My porn collection was almost forgotten as visions of a nude Kelly filled my thoughts when I was jerking off.

She seemed to be having fun at my expense, there was no doubt about that. At one point I almost felt a little anger. I wasn't just some teenage boy available to be taunted by the school cock-teasing slut. I had at least a little self-respect, didn't I? Maybe not as much as I gave myself credit for though as I certainly never allowed my frustrations to come forth and discourage Kelly's little game.

"Can you help me get something for the snacks tonight?" Kelly asked me one night. Yeah, like I was going to refuse? I followed her down to the end of the hallway to a storeroom I'd never noticed before. Looking around it seemed more like a janitor's closet than a food storage room.

"What did you need help with?" I asked, being serious actually as I looked and saw nothing but boxes of toilet paper, napkins and paper towels.

"Do I make you horny?" I heard behind me, not really realizing I'd even turned my back to her as I scanned the shelves.

"Huh?" was my instinctive response. OK, so not eloquent but she caught me by surprise yet again. Kelly seemed to have quite a knack for doing so it seemed.

I turned and saw Kelly leaning back against the door which she had somehow shut without a sound. She was standing on one leg, the other bent with her foot against the door as were her hands to her side. Then I noticed her shorts and it wasn't just to admire how they form fit her bubble ass. The top button was undone with the zipper down maybe half-way. Even better, nothing was visible but bare skin through the opening.

"I just asked if I made you horny," she repeated softly, "Do you masturbate about me when you go home after church?"

"What are you doing Kelly?" I responded automatically, as I'd been "trained" to do after over thirty years of being raised in conservative WASP neighborhoods. It was OK to LOOK, well, so long as you didn't get caught being overly aggressive in doing so, but not to TOUCH. Window shopping is OK but don't buy the goods.

"I know you do and it turns me on," she said in the most seductive voice I'd ever heard. It was like the siren call of old, luring me into a trap from which I could never escape if I followed.

"Kelly, I don't think we should be doing this," I tried to protest weakly, "I'm married... you're married..."

"Is that all you're worried about?" she grinned, "It doesn't bother me that you're married."

No mention of HER being married but somehow I was getting the idea that it didn't matter for her.

As I stood there like a statue, my eyes alternating between her open shorts, wishing she'd undo the zipper a little more, and those perfect boobs which now threatened to spill out with only a single button holding her blouse together. How or when the others had come undone I didn't have a clue!

"Well, if you ever change your mind you know what to do," she said suddenly, the seductive tone flipping to dead pan flat instantly as she buttoned her blouse and did he shorts back again. She opened the door and then it was back - that sultry smile and tongue sticking out just barely between her lips as she wet them.

And that was it. She was gone and I was left standing in the middle of the tiny room with an all-to-noticeable erection threatening to burst through my jeans! No way could I return in this condition so I paced in circles as I tried to erase the image of Kelly all but asking me to fuck her. I mean, that IS what she meant, didn't she?

What an idiot! All this time I'd dreamed of just this very thing happening and then when it did I'd frozen like a teenage boy getting his first glimpse of a girl's bra - at least first time when a girl was wearing it. What if I had responded to her teasing properly, called her bluff? WAS she just bluffing or did she somehow know I would never have been able to respond given such a surprise with no notice?

Damn I was so fucking HARD! No way this was going down and it wasn't like I didn't have enough napkins available so I shut the door and dropped my jeans and underwear, leaning back against the door to make sure it stayed shut in case the lock failed. It was literally less than thirty seconds and I was shooting buckets into the napkins in my hand, soaking them with my cum as I imagined Kelly dropping those damn short shorts to the floor and turning to allow me to fuck her from behind.

Even so it took another few minutes before my swollen member dropped down to manageable size, the whole time I was almost shivering with fear that someone might try to come in and then wonder what I'd been doing inside with the door locked - all alone at that. Finally I made my way back and joined in the crowd, just in time as it was as everyone was leaving for home. Megan spotted me and joined me.

"Where have you been?" she asked, "We got out a little early but I didn't see you with the other fathers."

I mumbled something about taking care of business to which she took the hint and just rolled her eyes, saying something about TMI. It was an old fallback that never failed to end a conversation I didn't want to continue and thankfully it worked as well as ever.

Just then Kelly went by, totally ignoring me which was actually not a bad thing with Megan right next to me. Still, only a few minutes ago she'd all but stripped for me and begged me to fuck her and now it was like she didn't know me. OK, so a little exaggeration but that was my story and I was sticking to it.

"Oh for goodness sakes," Megan huffed, "Can you believe it?"

I pretended to have no idea what she was talking about but Megan wasn't buying it. "Don't give me that. Look, every man here is looking at her like moths to a flame," she griped, "I'd never let Molly wear anything like that even at home, let alone to church. It's disgusting."

"Well, you know dear, Molly's starting to outgrow a few outfits of her own these days," I tried to take advantage of an opening to change the subject. Out of the pan... into the fire...

"Since when would YOU notice?" Megan cut me off accusingly, "Dang it Keith, what's getting into you lately?"

I paused outside by the car as the kids jumped in and were out of earshot. "What the heck do you mean by THAT?"

Megan frowned and looked at me accusingly. "I'm not stupid Keith and I'm certainly not blind. You think I don't know what you do in the bathroom every night?"

"Oh give me a break!" I came back defensively. I quickly got in the car with the kids, effectively ending this line of conversation but something told me it wasn't to be the last of it.

Despite her words, I was so horny that I couldn't stop myself. When I thought she was asleep I slipped out of bed and locked myself in the bathroom. I was already hard as a pipe and quickly came as I dreamed of Kelly's ass being revealed as she slowly dropped those shorts in front of me. As I came I imagined my cock buried in her tight pussy, so much tighter than Megan's even though she had the same number of kids.

Slipping back silently in bed, I pretended not to notice when Megan shock my shoulder gently and then harder.

"Feel better?" she whispered sarcastically, "For your sake I hope so 'cause don't think you're getting the real thing again for a while."

I just stayed silent, figuring anything I had to say would only make things worse. If anything I was angry. So I wasn't going to get any, eh? Yeah, not like I was getting any as it was so what's the difference. I found myself thinking that I'd bet Kelly's husband never went two nights in a row without getting some of hers.

True to her word Megan shut me off. There had to be more to it than just a comment about our daughter's attire but what I couldn't be sure. Had she found my porn stash again? No, I was pretty sure that if she had the blowup would have been even bigger than the last time, especially since now it was highlighted by my photo album of Kelly. Did she have any idea of my lust for Kelly? Was that part of why she was so critical of her? Whatever it was it was just me and the one arm bandit for the next couple of weeks. It didn't help that for whatever reason not even Kelly was giving me the time of day. Was she mad at me for turning her down? Something told me not many guys ever turned down an open invitation from her.

All I knew was I was SO damn horny and none of the women in my life were doing anything to help. To my horror I was even starting to look at my daughter a little closer. She wasn't a Kelly, that was for sure but she WAS developing curves where they'd been missing before and I couldn't help but think that if she wasn't my daughter...

## 5. Crossing the Line

It was like being back at square one with Kelly. After turning her down she'd stopped flirting with me, at least stopped any of the more personal attempts and now it was just the usual general teasing she did for all the husbands in her fan club. God, it was like every night now I relived that moment in the closet, dreaming of how things might have been if I hadn't been so stupid. If only I could turn back the clock and be given another chance. I certainly wouldn't blow it this time, that was for sure!

Then one Sunday morning after the service Kelly became separated from her dad, something that almost never seemed to happen but he was caught up talking to someone about who knows what, leaving her standing alone just outside the door waiting patiently for him. She looked like an angel, her figure outlined perfectly in a white dress that hugged every curve and line of her body like it was spray-painted on. It was just plain white with no frills but in its simplicity it looked incredibly erotic. Either she wasn't wearing a damn thing under it or underwear technology had advanced into the 22nd century as there wasn't so much as a ripple anywhere that might indicate a bra or panties hiding underneath. She was just standing there, hands crossed as she held a small white purse that matched her dress and heels. I noticed a beautiful gold chain around her ankle and wondered who had given it to her... and why.

Megan had told me to go to the car and wait as she would be a few minutes late so with some time to kill and being horny as usual I figured what the heck, why not? Most likely had I hesitated my nerve would have failed and nothing would ever have happened but this time I wasn't going to fail, not again.

"Need some help with anything?" I asked her with a gentle smile.

Kelly looked at me as if she had x-ray vision, peering into the very depths of my soul as if she could see my every intention.

"I guess that depends on what you want to help me with?" she came back non-committal.

"I think you know," I tried to tease back but she wasn't having any of it. It was like she had given me a chance once and now that I'd blown it I was going to have to beg for another chance. Well, if begging would work I was game.

"Look, I know I messed up and I wanted to make it up to you."

Her eyes brightened just a little. "And just how do you intend to do THAT?"

I really hadn't thought this through, that was becoming apparent. I'd just assumed that since she had all but thrown herself at me once that all I would need to do was let her know I was ready and willing and she'd take me up on my offer without question. Guess that's what you get when you assume something.

"Dinner maybe?"

What the hell made me say THAT? I'd panicked and it just came out. How was I going to get away with taking her to dinner? In any case, why would she want me to take he n the first place? This was worse than the first time I tried asking a girl to dance!

To my surprise for the first time she really brightened up and smile. "Oh wow, that sound like fun! When do you want to take me?"

"First of all, it's Keith," I corrected her, actually more stalling for time as I had no idea whatsoever where, when, or how I was going to pull this off. I'd created quite a mess for myself and boy did I ever step in the middle of it.

"OK then Keith, " she giggled, "I accept. Text me."

I was about to say something about how I had no idea what her number was when her dad came through the door.

"Hi daddy," she greeted him, snuggling up against him more like her husband than a father. Lucky him I thought at first and then I corrected myself. Actually he had to be the most unlucky guy in church with her being so intimate with him yet at the same time being his daughter.

They walked away arm in arm as I was left wondering what the hell I'd gone and gotten myself mixed up with. Then Megan and the kids joined me and we left to have lunch at the local Eat 'N Park. It was hard to keep my mind on what everyone was saying as it seemed all I could think about was taking Kelly out to dinner. But dinner? In all my masturbation fantasizes going out to dinner hadn't played a part.

That night I was surprised when I felt Megan's hand reaching into my pajama bottoms. Without a word we made love, something we hadn't done in weeks now. Yet as I thrust into my wife all I could think about was what it would be like to have Kelly under me, to have Kelly moaning with lust for me to fuck her harder. After I'd finished I rolled onto my back and Megan snuggled up next to me with her arm across my chest.

"I missed that," she whispered.

"I love you," I answered, feeling like a total heel as I did as in my mind it was Kelly's perfect breasts pressed against me, it was her slim tanned leg draped over mine, her bare pussy (I assumed) pressed into my hip bone that I was thinking about as I said those empty words.

I'll never forget that moment. It was at that exact moment in time that I crossed the line. It was no longer just a jerk-off fantasy. It wasn't just fooling around acting like a teenager in heat stalking a pretty girl. I knew what I wanted then more than anything else in the world...

I was going to fuck Kelly.

# 6. Dream Come True or Nightmare?

First things first... how was I supposed to text Kelly when I didn't even know her phone number? Then it hit me. Duh! She was in the church directory. Of course whatever number in there would be her cell phone. Who even had a land line anymore? Certainly not anyone her age.

A quick look on-line to the church youth site and that road block was cleared. Next step - where? It couldn't be TOO far away as it wasn't like it could be an overnight trip yet at the same time I couldn't take any chances that somebody might recognize us. I gave it about a 24 hour grace period before Megan found out if that should happen. Searching around I finally found a nice Italian place that wasn't really all that far away yet small enough and tucked away in an out obscure location that the odds were miniscule we'd be seen by any one of consequence. Heck, I'd never head of the town myself, let alone recognized the name of the restaurant.

Hurdle #2 cleared. Next problem to address was when. I didn't want to wait too long, not after having finally taken the step of no return as I liked to refer to it now. Yet what excuse was I going to use? Good fortune must have been smiling at me when I looked at the calendar. Megan had entered a date for some women's conference in the north hills region along with hotel information. Somewhere along the line I'm sure she mentioned it to me but most likely I'd just let it go in one ear and out the other since it was probably another boring "men-bashing" conference. I wondered if she was planning on taking Molly? Hmmmmmm, sounded like something I might suggest if she wasn't.

That just left Ryan. It was a Friday night and so hopefully he might be going out with friends. Maybe even a date of his own if things were working out with this girl he'd been swooning over recently. In any case he'd be out late - hopefully late enough not to know, or care, about his father's whereabouts.

Plans in hand, I texted Kelly before I lost my nerve. I have to save hitting "send" was one of the most nerve-wracking yet erotic moments ever. No take-backs. Once it was gone it was irretrievable and I was committed. Probably a good thing as I'd be second-guessing myself from then until next Friday night!

****************

The women were gone - Megan and Molly had left mid-afternoon for their retreat. Molly thought it was a GREAT idea when I suggested she go with her mom now that she was a big girl. Megan was concerned about the extra cost which normally would have put me in high alert as well but I was so gracious in telling them not to worry, or so they assumed. Nothing like getting major husband-daddy points for agreeing to something that allowed me to cheat on my wife!

As for Ryan, he had a date with his new girlfriend. Last thing I needed was for him to get home before me so I teased him about making sure he was home before mid-night. Teenage boys can be pretty easy to manipulate at times and my reverse psychology worked like a charm. I got back a, "Oh Dad!" and I knew he was out until at least 2:00AM now. Oh well, let HER dad worry about them getting in late.

It was finally 7:00PM and I was a nervous as a schoolboy on his first date. Was this for real? All I'd gotten back from Kelly as a simple, "K" for my text messaging efforts. C'mon, has it gotten so bad that people can't even take the time to spell out "OK" anymore or am I just showing my age?

After a shower I'd picked out a nice pair of khaki slacks and a simple white short sleeved shirt. For a brief moment I toyed with the idea of not wearing underwear but after trying on the slacks without them I felt totally weird so I ended up with a new pair of black boxers Megan had just bought me. A few years before she'd announced she hated me in my whitey-tighties and thrown them all out to be replaced by colored boxers. It took a while to get accustomed to "swinging loose" but I have to admit that I've grown to like them. A pair of brown loafers and socks and I was done. It's great to be a guy! Five minutes to dress, a little deodorant and I was ready to go. Megan wouldn't have even picked out her outfit yet, let alone finished with the ridiculous makeup and hair rituals.

Before I left I ran over everything in my mind and then I thought of something. Whew, almost blew it! I pulled out my phone and turned off the location services. All I needed was for Megan to get nosey and look me up only to find me someplace unexpected. It would be far easier to explain why my phone had unexpectedly changed its settings than to come up with an excuse as to what I was doing in a part of town we'd never been.

On the way I stopped at the bank and pulled out some cash from the ATM. Again, I may have been crazy paranoid about covering my tracks but I figured it was best to not have any credit card records from this evening. Even though I handled all the bank records such that the odds were she'd never notice, it would be just my luck something would come up to where we'd look at the account and then I'd have to explain the unexplainable.

Another close call... I was about to program in Kelly's address into the GPS as I wasn't exactly sure how to get there. The roads in Pittsburgh are the classic case of "can't get there from here". Nothing runs in a straight line! Just in time I pulled my hand away like my phone was on fire remembering that anything I entered would stay in the history - another thing to explain that couldn't be explained, especially if she checked to see what was at that address!

Without the aid of the GPS I made a few wrong turns but I finally found Kelly's apartment complex. After parking the car I realized this was one step I hadn't thought through sufficiently. Was she going to be waiting outside for me or did I have to go to her door like some boy on a date? If I had to knock then who would answer? Suddenly my stomach knotted. This was insane!

Not seeing her anywhere, I summoned the courage to walk to her apartment door. I stood there for several minutes before finally taking a deep breath and knowing twice. Damn! My worst fear was realized when the door opened and who should appear but Kelly's husband! Ummmmm, talk about awkward. Well, it was for me anyway. On the other hand Steve seemed quite amused at my discomfort.

"Hey Kelly!" Steve grinned and then turned and said loudly enough such that I was sure the entire complex could hear, "Your date's here!"

Steve turned back to me and offered for me to step inside. "She'll be late to her own funeral," he sighed, shaking his head. After he closed the door he grinned again at me and added, "So you're the guy who's going to fuck my wife tonight, eh?"

Can't say I've ever had THAT one tossed my way before! My face was burning with embarrassment and had I been of sound mind and body I would've run out the door and forgotten the entire evening. At first I thought he was taunting me or maybe just trying to get a rise out of me. Worse, maybe he was out to humiliate me? I just knew that had the tables been turned I couldn't see myself having a casual conversation with some older guy my wife was planning on committing adultery with that evening.

I hemmed and hawed which just got Steve to laugh as he slapping me on the back like we were old-time buddies. "Aww, just messing with you Keith... it IS Keith, right? Guess I'm getting older, just can't keep track of all her guys it seems."

OK, so NOW he was messing with me but at least he admitted it. Not that it made me feel any better. Was this like the price I was having to pay for the privilege of seeing Kelly privately? Yet again I was back in my younger days, waiting for Megan to some out while her father grilled me relentlessly. Just then I got a glimpse of Kelly as she scampered from what must have been the bathroom to their bedroom wearing what looked to be nothing but a small towel around her body.

"Be there in a minute Keith!" she called out from the bedroom where the door had been left open.

"Wow, she must like you," Steve chuckled, "Usually I would have given her another ten or twenty minutes before she was anywhere close to being ready."

He called THAT close? Nothing but a towel wrapped around her? OK, so now he'd moved from taunting me to being a used car salesman selling me a bill of goods. Oh this car was made just for you... She must like you... yep, they were one and the same.

"Look Keith, I'm sorry," Steve apologized, suddenly more serious. "Just remember one thing, OK? If she doesn't come home happy... well, you know."

I started to try to say something - what I have no idea but thankfully he didn't wait for an answer as he left me standing there finally alone. He disappeared down the hallway and turned into the room where I'd seen Kelly entering a few seconds earlier. From there it was like eternity. Remember what I said about men getting ready faster than women? Well, Kelly was making Megan seem like a speed-dresser. It seemed like hours but later when I checked out the time on the dashboard clock in my car I realized it was more like ten or fifteen minutes when finally she appeared. Thankfully Steve remained nowhere in sight. My god, she looked incredible!

"Hi Keith, sorry to keep you waiting," she greeted me, "Like my dress?"

Like it? I LOVED it! A pale blue sundress that had the initial appearance of being almost sheer yet somehow managed to barely hide what was underneath. Tiny spaghetti straps over her bare shoulders struggled to hold up the bustline enough to cover her boobs and even then I was guessing the clearance from the top of the material down to her nipples could have been measured in millimeters. No bra - that was apparent from the outline of her nipples through the smooth thin material yet it was amazing how perky they were knowing she'd had two kids. No sagging like Megan's. It hugged her torso and then her hips, ending in a hemline that seemed more appropriate for a figure skating outfit than a dress for wearing in public. My immediate thoughts were to wonder if there was anything under it but it did hang low enough to cover her ass and then a little more - although not much more!

Then there were her legs... oh my god! Perfectly shaped, tanned, smooth as silk without a blemish. Her matching blue heels were impossibly tall - how do girl even stand up in them? The effect on her leg muscles made her legs look even better

- if that was possible. She even had matching blue polish on her finger and toe nails. A simple gold chain around her right ankle, a similar gold chain around her neck with a small but exquisite diamond cross, large diamond earrings (they had to have set someone back a pretty penny!) and her wedding ring were all the jewelry she wore.

Kelly twirled with her hands over her head which had the dual effect of raising the skirt sufficiently to answer my initial question. Yes, she WAS wearing underwear if you can call her miniscule thong legitimate underwear. From behind you'd almost think she was wearing nothing as all there was were some thin strands around her waist and then down almost hidden within her butt crack. In front the strings met at a small piece of triangular pale blue cloth that matched the sundress. Either she was shaved totally or 99% as it wasn't hiding much, that was for sure.

"You look incredible," I somehow managed to croak out in a hoarse voice as she flicked back her blonde hair which was hanging loose over her shoulders.

"Thank you Keith, you're always so sweet to me," she replied moving in closer to me. Then to my surprise she threw her arms around my neck and pulled me down until she could kiss me. My arms hung uselessly to my side as her tongue almost immediately emerged and pushed into my mouth. I didn't know quite what to do having never intimately kissed another married woman before, let alone in the middle of her living room with her husband and most likely two daughters somewhere nearby.

"You know you CAN put your arms around me when we kiss," she giggled, reaching down and grabbing my one arm and pushing it behind her.

Somehow until now it had all been some kind of dream, as if it never was REALLY going to happen. As I reached around her slim body, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her in tightly against me, suddenly it all seemed VERY real. Holy crap, I was actually holding her and kissing the girl of my dreams, the girl I'd masturbated about so many times! At first I just kept my arms around her back but then as our kiss intensified it was like caution went to the wind and I reached down and grabbed her perfect ass, one perfect buttock in each hand. God she felt so good! Firm and round, almost like Megan's had been so very long ago only better.

"Maybe we don't even need to go out," she offered as we finally broke our kiss. At first I thought she was teasing me but from the look in her eyes I could see she was being quite real.

"But Steve... the kids," I stumbled.

"You kidding?" she giggled, "Steve would LOVE to watch and it's nothing the girls haven't seen before."

A bridge too far was how I'd always remember it although I admit now when I look back I want to kill myself for not taking her up on it. How was I to know it was a one-time offer? OK, so maybe somewhere along the line she'd mentioned the night would never be repeated but it must have gone in one ear and out the other as who would be listening to such trifles when she was so close?

"OK, then let's get going," she said, suddenly changing course. Without so much as a goodbye to her family we were quickly out the door and to my car. I started to go to my side as she approached the passenger door but then I noticed her just standing by the door.

"Forgetting something?" she asked innocently.

Either I was too nervous or just a moron. Whichever didn't matter as I'd already started the evening off wrong. Damn, how could I not have opened the door for her? I quickly moved around the car and opened the door.

"Why thank you Keith, you're such a gentleman," she said without a hint of irony as she lowered herself in.

The sundress immediately pulled up but she made no effort to do anything about it, acting as though she didn't even notice that it was now almost up to her waist, enough that I could see the small outline of her tiny thong between those fantastic tanned legs. As I made my way back to the driver door my eyebrows raised. Oh boy... what was I getting myself into?

It was about a thirty minute drive to the restaurant during which Kelly kept up a running conversation focused mostly on my wife and daughter. She asked what they were doing this evening, how they were doing in general, and generally the sort of questions I might expect from most anyone interested in my family life. Nothing TOO personal or intrusive but she did seem genuinely interested in them both. We talked about church and how Molly was doing in the youth group. I noticed the subject of the women's bible study wasn't mentioned much except to remind me that it was one of those things where people didn't talk about what was said. So much for getting the goods on what Megan was telling people about us.

I used the valet parking and noticed the eyes of the college kid fixated on my date's ass as she made her way out of the car. Kelly DID make a rather perfunctory effort to tug the hem down when she stood up, not that it made a whole lot of difference in terms of percentage of coverage of those fantastic legs and ass!

Inside we were quickly seated thanks to the reservations I'd made in a U-shaped booth. It was large enough to accommodate up to six people which gave us the option of sitting opposite each other at each end or scooting in to sit next to each other facing outwards. I allowed Kelly to sit first and waited before sitting on the opposite side to see where she would roost. It was all I could do not to do a fist pump as she worked her way inwards to sit inside, waiting for me to join her and take the adjoining seat which I quickly did.

"This is nice," she commented, her hand disappearing under the long tablecloth to rest on my thigh. The waiter handed us our menus and took our drink orders. I wasn't sure what to order, not knowing what her preference in alcohol was, only to be a bit surprised when all she asked for was a Diet Coke! So much for my mixed drink as I ordered an ice tea to match.

"You can order a drink if you want Keith," she told me, "I've just never been one much for alcohol."

I assured her I was just fine with my selection after which the waiter disappeared, finally leaving us alone.

Before I could say anything, Kelly turned to me with her hand still planted firmly on my leg, out of sight from us both under the white table cloth.

"So tell me Keith... when you masturbated about being with me tonight what did you imagine me doing at dinner?"

Oh boy! This was turning into a night with all sorts of new situations. First, she just seemed to assume I'd masturbated about this but I couldn't be upset as she was right! Then again, what normal guy wouldn't have? But to then ASK me about it... THAT hadn't been part of the fantasy. Really, how do you even answer such a question?

"If you don't want to answer that's OK Keith," she comforted me, "Was it anything like this though?"

I had just taken a sip of my ice tea as a stall tactic after her first question when she asked this one, moving her hand up my thigh at the same time until the palm of her hand was planted firmly on my crotch. Oh yeah... in my wildest dreams this was it except now I wasn't just dreaming as I jerked off in private!

"Hmmmmmm, I was hoping for a little more," she teased me with a pout, "Does this help?"

I could feel her tugging at my zipper as I glanced around, positive that everyone in the restaurant must be watching us but realistically nobody seemed to care about us. Thankfully so as I felt my zipper being tugged down until her hand tried to work its way inside. Suddenly I was regretting the choice of boxers. Damn, why had I worried about being comfortable?

With the boxers blocking her way, Kelly gripped my rapidly rising dick in her hand through the cotton material. For a brief, horrible moment I thought I was going to blow right then and there!

"Hmmmmmm, I think it likes this, don't you agree Keith?" Kelly said softly as she took a sip from her Diet Coke with her free hand as she gripped my all but fully erect dick in the other.

Wouldn't you know it but that was when our attentive waiter returned, checking to see if we were ready to order. I fully expected Kelly to pull her hand out of my pants the moment he appeared but while she stopped her gentle pumping action, there was zero attempt at withdrawal. Then again, I suppose if she had then it would've been even more obvious. Still, I felt the blood rushing to my cheeks as I turned my attention to the menu while Kelly's hand gripped me.

Somehow I managed to order the steak special. Really, at that point I could have just told him to give me anything so long as he just disappeared! Kelly ordered the fresh fish special - whatever it was as I wasn't listening too well and it didn't make any difference to me anyways at this moment.

As soon as he left us Kelly pulled her hand from my pants and grabbed her small purse which until now I hadn't even noticed. Where the heck had she been hiding that? Then again, if it hadn't been attached to her breasts or ass the odds were pretty good I would never have seen it.

"I need to use the little girl's room," she announced as she scooted her way out, leaving me with my pants undone and an erection as hard as a steel pipe. No way was I going anywhere in this condition!

I watched her beautiful ass gently swaying as she walked slowly away. Surely she had to know I was staring at it - along with every other male in the place from what I could tell. I sat there with my hands clasped above the table, my erection still throbbing under the table. Surprisingly, she was back in less than five minutes.

"Miss me?" she asked as she made her way back around the table next to me.

"What do you think?" I tried to joke.

Kelly reached down under the table again and did a brief check to verify my erection was still there before pulling her hand back out again much to my disappointment.

"Well, here's something in case you DO forget about me next time," she teased, reaching into her purse and pulling out a small piece of blue cloth.

"You might want to put this in your pocket before everyone sees it," she giggled as she handed me her thing. Damn! I quickly scrunched it up and thrust it into my jacket side pocket. As I did, Kelly bounced up just a little with her hands to her side and I could see just enough to know that her sundress was now pulled up to where there was nothing between her fine ass and the booth seat - not that there had been much to start.

"These seats are cold!" she giggled as she wiggled her butt. She looked at me in the eyes and added, "It doesn't bother you that I'm not wearing anything underneath my dress, does it Keith?"

"Well, not like you were wearing all that much before," I said trying to sound humorous.

"You can keep it if you want," she came back. At first I wasn't 100% sure what she meant which she must have seen in my expression so she added, "My thong silly... you can keep it if you want."

Married too long - my only excuse and defense as my first thought was where the hell would I keep them so Megan would never find them?

It wasn't long before Kelly's wandering hand was back in my pants. "Dang, don't these have an opening in front?" she said under her breath more to herself I think than to me. She seemed to be a little frustrated and yet again I cursed my decision to wear them in the first place.

"Ahhhhhh!" she sighed triumphantly as her fingers found their way between the sides of the elusive opening and I was finally treated to the feel of her small hand as her fingers encircled my rigid dick.

Between her trip to the restroom and the time it took to figure out my damn boxers, no sooner had her hand gripped me than our waiter appeared with a large tray and folding table to set it on. Again I expected Kelly to release her grip but now that she had me it was like she was more determined than even before to keep ahold of it. This time though I noticed our waiter taking a quick glance and I swear he allowed a smile to crack for just a moment. Yeah, he knew the score.

"Anything else I can get either of you?" he asked when everything had been placed in front of us, "More water, bread... maybe some napkins?"

If looks could kill the damn kid would've vaporized from the glare I gave him. Napkins indeed! I suppose he thought he was being quite clever. Kelly, on the other hand, took it all in stride.

"I'm OK for now but Keith... now that he mentioned it you might need some napkins soon."

The girl was outrageous! By throwing it right back at the waiter it was his turn to turn a bit red having his supposedly "cute" comment actually validated. The waiter excused himself after which Kelly laughed and gripped my dick all the tighter.

"Did you see the look on his face?" she giggled, "Well, I suppose we should eat now. I can always have dessert later."

She just grinned naughtily at me as she gave my aching cock one last squeeze before pulling her hand out. Just when I thought we were back to "normal" she put her hand to her nose and sniffed.

"Mmmmmmm, I LOVE the scent of a horny man," she whispered to me and smiled.

For the next twenty minutes or so we ate our meal and the conversation went back to everyday events and other generally mundane topics. I kept waiting for her to jerk me off. Even more so, I found myself recalling some of my masturbation fantasies, hoping she might find a way to crawl under the table and blow me with the table cloth providing cover. In my fantasy the waiter would check up on us and ask if she had gone to the lady's room after which I would just nod while her mouth engulfed me. Maybe I'd even cum right there in front of the waiter! Alas, there's a reason such things are called fantasies!

Our illustrious waiter checked in as we finished, asking if we wanted to see the dessert menu. If there was anything at that moment I did NOT want to see it was anything that would keep us in the restaurant any longer than necessary!

"No... I don't think so," Kelly answered as my response was delayed. She looked at me then and smiled before turning back to the waiter, "I think I'll have MY dessert when we get home."

She looked at the waiter and licked her lips seductively. There was no doubt in any of our minds what she was referring to, that was for sure!

"Indeed madam," the waiter nodded as he presented Keith with the check, "Some napkins to go perhaps?"

Now he was being a jerk but Kelly seemed to revel in the game. "No, that won't be necessary," she answered with a naughty grin, "I swallow."

Clearly the game was going out of bounds now for our poor waiter! He'd seemed so cocky up until then but he didn't have a comeback for Kelly's blunt retort. He quickly took the check and Keith's credit card and then hurried off without another word.

"You're incredible," I said for what must have been the hundredth time already that night.

"Cool! Did you see the look on his face when I told him I swallow?" she giggled. The she turned towards me and smiled, "Oh and I do by the way... swallow I mean."

"Well we'll just have to find out," I answered, suddenly feeling my oats a bit and trying not to appear to be such an old fuddy-dud.

The waiter returned and simply dropped off the charge receipt and card with a simple thank you and then hurried off. Evidently he'd met his match with Kelly!

"So now where?" she asked. I realized then I hadn't really confirmed my plans for the night.

"My place?" I asked, hoping against hope she wouldn't for some reason prefer some place more like a hotel room.

"Perfect..." she said softly, almost to herself than answering me. It made me wonder WHY it was so perfect but then I wasn't about to look the proverbial horse in the mouth, not tonight at least!

As I started to make my way out of the booth, Kelly giggled yet again. "Ummmmm, Keith..." she said, nodding towards my crotch. Damn, I was totally unzipped and with my dick still hard it was threatening to poke right out! It was then I asked myself had I ever gone through an entire dinner before with a raging hard-on the entire time? Not in my memory, that was for sure.

I noticed this time when she worked her way out from the booth that she was a little more attentive to her dress, tugging it down as she stood up. She must have noticed me watching.

"Well, can't exactly put on TOO much of a show here, you know?" she explained, "Unless you want to give me back what you have in your pocket. Some things only YOU get to see tonight".

At this moment was there a man in the world luckier than me?

*********************

As horny as I was, I pretty much expected the drive to my house to be about the same as the earlier drive to the restaurant but yet again I underestimated Kelly.

No sooner than the car was brought up for us and we were on the road than she was pulling up her hemline and exposing her bare pussy!

"You know I shaved extra careful for you tonight Keith," she declared as if it was perfectly normal for her to expose herself to another man and discuss her hygiene practices.

I was too awe-struck to respond so she just flipped the bottom of her sundress back down and turned to me smiling. "So how far to your house?"

I estimated maybe 30 minutes to which she replied, "I bet you can't hold out before we get there."

I started to ask what she meant by "hold out" but it quickly became apparent as she reached over the console and undid my slacks for the second time that night. This time she undid the belt first and along with it the top button making it easier for her to unzip me.

"I hate underwear," she murmured as she pulled the elastic band out from my belly with one hand as she reached inside with the other, searching for my erection hiding inside. Well, at that moment nobody hated it more than me!

"There!" she sighed triumphantly as she pulled my underwear down until my dick was exposed, her hand gripping it firmly about mid-way up the shaft. She looked at me and grinned. "I've been dreaming about this all day!"

With that she bent over and took me in her mouth. Oh my god, Kelly was sucking me! It was everything I'd dreamed of... and more. No matter how I might have fantasized about it nothing could compare with the actual feel of her warm wet mouth as it surrounded my hard cock while her tongue ran along the side and over the tip. In the first ten seconds she already was making me feel better than Megan ever had with her feeble attempt at pleasuring me orally. I think what made the real difference was that with Megan it was forced, never done because she wanted to do it. Kelly, on the other hand, obviously enjoyed sucking me!

"Oh god," I sighed, swerving slightly as my cock twitched in her mouth.

"Eyes on the road!" she reminded me, taking her mouth off of my dick just long enough to serve her warning.

At least twenty minutes before we got home. As for "holding out", well that was a forgone conclusion from the moment I felt her talented mouth on me. It wasn't a question of whether I'd make it not, just at what address along the way I'd be blowing my wad into her waiting mouth! It wasn't like she was taking her time either. If anything it was almost like she WANTED to make me cum as fast as possible. The way her tongue played along my shaft was impossible to describe other than it created the most erotic sensations I've ever felt with my horny dick. She didn't just suck my cock, she made love to it. None of this head-bob forever crap, not for my Kelly. She WORKED my dick, sometimes with it in her mouth, other times kissing it or running it between her lips as she made her way up and down my hard shaft over and over again.

Perhaps the most incredible sensation though was when she would press her head down and engulf me totally within her mouth, the first time in my life I'd been deep-throated. OK, so I'm not a porn star with a huge dick but it's not exactly all THAT small. I could actually feel it entering her throat, almost like I was fucking her pussy as it pressed into her. How she didn't gag I'll never know but she was good... DAMN good! Kelly would bury her face into my pubic hair, twisting so her cheeks and nose rubbed against my coarse pubic hair.

"Fuck I'm cumming!" I groaned, "You're making me cum!"

At this point in my usual masturbation scenario she would pull her head off my cock and look up at me, begging me to cum on her face and all over her tits before diving back down to finish me off. Well, she HAD said she swallowed, hadn't she? And swallow she did as I blasted into her mouth with her lips acting as a seal around my shaft, sucking me and literally pulling my erupting cum from my cock into her waiting mouth. I could feel her mouth moving as she swallowed twice to make room for the rest of my cum, never once relaxing her grip on my shaft with her lips to allow anything to escape.

When I'd finished she sat up in her seat and grinned at me. I pulled up to a stoplight at that moment and for once in my life I said a silent prayer to thank that the light was red! I turned to her and watched as she opened her mouth and stuck out her cum-covered tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing down the remainder. Then she once again exposed her tongue to demonstrate that it was now all gone - buried deep in her belly now.

"Mmmmmmm, now THAT's what I call a dessert," she said softly as she smiled at me, "And check it out... no napkins required!"

The light turned green and I was forced to pay attention to the road so I didn't even notice her until I felt her mouth on my spent cock again.

"Mmmmmmm, you taste so damn good," she sighed as she sucked on my dwindling shaft, "I could suck this all night!"

Well, if that's what she wanted... why not? Then again, truth be told I had someplace else I was hoping to fit my hard dick into before the night was over.

She didn't say another word as I drove the remaining distance to my house, never once taking her mouth off of me the entire way as she gently suckled my cock. Well, I'm not exactly eighteen anymore and as I drove I found myself worrying as to whether or not I'd be able to get it back up again any time soon. Maybe I should have taken up my doctor's offer of the Viagra last time I'd seen him?

In the end there was nothing to worry as I wasn't taking into account the effect Kelly would have on me after being accustomed to the lackluster love life I'd had all these past years. This was the first time in my life anyone had taken me in her mouth like this and I was pleasantly surprised at the results as by the time we reached my driveway I was already responding - and in record time!

"We're here," I announced as I opened the garage door remotely and then closed it after driving in so no none of our nosy neighbors would see who was exiting. Kelly didn't respond, instead she just kept sucking my cock like a calf nursing on its mother.

"Kelly, we're here!" I said a little louder this time with the car now turned off.

Kelly finally lifted her head and smiled at me, gripping my semi-erect shaft in her hand.

"Sorry, just was enjoying myself," she explained with a smile, "Can't blame a girl for that, can you? Like I said, I LOVE sucking cock!"

"Let's go in where we can be more comfortable," I offered to which she seemed to reluctantly agree. We got out of the car and entered the house into the laundry room from the garage.

*********************

So here I was, standing in my empty house with Kelly, the woman of my dreams. I looked at my watch. Damn, the night was going by so fast! It would take at least an hour to drive her home and get back and I didn't dare be gone if anyone came home. The girls were unlikely to come home but it was Ryan that I was concerned about. Not that he would ask me anything worrisome but I was more worried he might make some comment later the next day.. or week, or whenever for that matter which would make Megan ask me what he was taking about. No, I HAD to be home for good when he got back from his date and I couldn't assume he'd be out as late as I'd hoped. That left maybe an hour... one hour with Kelly when what I wanted most was to spend all night with her!

As much as I hated to admit it, she was probably right. Now that the subject had been brought to light I had a sneaking suspicion that her nasty prediction would be coming true. It was eerie how Kelly could manipulate me and it make me wonder for a moment just how far she could push me. Was there anything I would refuse her? Looking at her incredible body at this moment, I knew the answer.

We finally made it to the master bedroom where she quickly made herself at home atop the bed, stretching out on her side leaving her short dress no option but to pull up enough to allow me to get a glimpse of her bare pussy. Those incredible legs laid out in full view and yet again I marveled out perfectly shaped they were. God she looked so sexy! Oh yeah, there wasn't anything I was going to refuse her.

"So... are you ready to fuck me Keith?" she teased me, rolling over slightly such that her upper leg moved over the lower, effectively shutting off access to her crotch from my eyes.

In all the years I'd dated Megan and then throughout our married life, never once had she ever asked me such a question. It was always in some secret sex code or "nice" language like, "make love to me" or "let's do it". Never once would she be the slut I so wished she would be. Never once had she ever just come right out and asked me to FUCK her. Yet here I was now in our bedroom and within a minute of entering it Kelly had already said those magic words. Damn, I could only imagine what it must be like to be married to HER!

I started to move towards the bed but she sat up suddenly, swinging her bare legs over the side and standing up. Moving over to the dresser, she started pulling out the drawers as she searched for something. I had no idea what to say as she rummaged through my wife's clothing until she opened up the one with Megan's lingerie.

"Cool, this is what I was looking for," she murmured softly, rearranging everything. I panicked for a minute, knowing how particular Megan was about her things. Surely she would notice they weren't how she'd left them! What possible excuse could I give when she asked me about it? My worries were shunted off to the side though as she giggled and turned to me, holding up her prize.

"I like this one," she announced, holding up one of Megan's sexier numbers. It was a sheer black baby doll negligee I'd bought her years ago at Victoria's Secret, hoping it might rekindle some of the kinkiness in our marriage. She'd worn it once and promptly announced she felt like a whore in it and never wore it again. It was actually surprising that it was still in her drawer.

Kelly held the negligee up against her front, turning and looking into the mirror atop the dresser.

"What do you think Keith?" she asked innocently, "Want to see me in it?"

Personally what I really wanted to see her in was nothing but her birthday suit yet the idea of her wearing my wife's lingerie was creating all sorts of conflicting feelings and emotions within me. Oh yeah, I'd LOVE to see her in it yet at the same time it WAS my wife's so could I really handle seeing the woman with whom I was about to commit adultery wearing it? In the end it wasn't like I had much choice. Kelly didn't wait for a response but instead turned and disappeared into the master bathroom.

"No peeking!" she teased as she shut the door behind her, leaving me standing there somewhat flabbergasted.

So now what? Was I supposed to undress? If so, did that mean strip naked or leave on my boxers? In my mind arose images of a group of friends and neighbors all emerging from the bathroom yelling, "Surprise!" as I lay sprawled out nude on the bed harboring a massive erection in anticipation of fucking a woman who was NOT my wife. As crazy as it might seem, what if this all was some sort of sick joke my wife was pulling on me? I really couldn't imagine Megan ever doing such a thing but still, what if? The longer I stood alone in the quiet bedroom the higher my anxiety levels rose.

OK, so call me a coward or maybe just an idiot but I ended up just standing there like a marble statue, wondering what was taking Kelly so long. It's not like she had all that much to take off and how long could it possibly take to drop a simple negligee over her? It seemed like hours but in all fairness it was probably only a few minutes before the bathroom door reopened.

Oh... my... god!

Kelly looked like a sexual vision, one that couldn't possibly ever be real yet there she stood wearing nothing but my wife's sheer negligee and her jewelry... and her high heels of course. She just stood there, hands on her hips with one leg forward, knees bent ever so slightly, posing for me as she watched me to see my response.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked, breaking the silence as I couldn't say a word with my mouth dropped open like a fish out of water.

"You're beautiful," I gasped.

It was a dream come true. Oh sure I'd seen girls in similar outfits posing for the audience at strip clubs but I wasn't under any illusion that they had any real interest in me other than emptying me of the contents of my wallet. No, at this moment one of the sexiest and prettiest women I'd ever seen was standing before me wearing nothing but the sheerest and shortest of negligees, waiting for ME to respond, waiting for ME to fuck her!

"Do I look better in it than your wife?" she asked, biting her lower lip as if she was really worried she might not. Yeah, like there a chance in hell Megan could EVER look so sexy. Even when Megan HAD worn it that one time she'd included a matching pair of panties and of course no heels. Whereas Kelly looked confident and obviously KNEW the effect she was having on me, Megan had been embarrassed and shy even though it was ME, her own husband, that was looking at her.

Kelly slowly walked over to me. Each step a deliberate act as her hips swayed sexily from side to side. Her arms reached out for me and we embraced, pulling each other in tightly as we kissed passionately. As hard as I was I could feel her pressing against my cock as it strained to be released. My hands reached under the lower edge of the negligee and I cupped her bare ass in my hands. It was incredible - I was actually holding Kelly's perfect ass in my hands without anything between them! God she was so firm and smooth!

"I thought you'd be undressed when I came out," she whispered as our mouths parted, "Strip for me."

Kelly pulled back and started to pull back the covers from Megan's side the bed as I undressed quickly, dropping my clothes to the floor in a pile. It occurred to me I had noted she was undoing Megan's side. I guess she must have deduced which was hers from the contents of the nightstand on that side of the bed. Once the top sheet was down she lay on the bed, bunching up pillow behind her head to watch me as I finished stripping.

Once undressed I glanced at the mirror and cringed. Other than Megan no woman had ever seen me nude and seeing my belly sticking out and the beginning of man-boobs starting to emerge made me want to turn out the lights and hide from Kelly's sight. How could such a beautiful woman be turned on my a middle-aged, overweight hairy man like me?

"Leave it on," she called out as I started to reach for the light switch, "Don't you like looking at me?"

How could I tell her it had nothing to do with her when it was ME that I wanted to hide? Yet she had a point. When would I ever again have this opportunity to be in bed with a woman like her? I just wished I had a video recorder going but at the very least I was hoping every image would be burned in my brain forever. Turning from the wall switch, I quickly got I bed next to her, trying to minimize the time she had to see me nude just in case she decided to call it all off.

"Mmmmmmm, that's better," she sighed as she pressed herself into me, "I love being with a naked man."

Again we kissed and this time my hands roamed all over her body, especially her boobs. Two kids? Impossible! Compared to Megan's sagging breasts Kelly's tits were firm and perky, hard nipples poking through my fingers as I gripped her breasts. I'd never felt breasts so perfect and I couldn't resist dipping my head down to taste them as I pulled the negligee up and out of the way.

"Yesssssss," she sighed as I took her nipples I my mouth and sucked, my tongue teasing the tips. As I licked and sucked her tits my hand worked its way down her incredibly smooth and flat belly, down to where I would be feeling Megan's pubic hair but not with Kelly who was shaved bare like a young girl. A little further and I hit pay dirt - Kelly's pussy!

Kelly lifted her hips in response as I ran my finger up and down her pussy slit, pressing into her already wet hole and dragging up to her clit. She moaned as my finger pushed into her and my heart raced as I pressed even further into her. Oh god, I was fingering Kelly's pussy!

Kelly's hand reached down and gripped my hard dick, her fingers wrapping around it and just holding me in her grasp and I fingered and licked her. Reluctantly I moved my head from her breast - reluctant in I could have suckled on her all night yet at the same time eager for more. Kissing her smooth skin on her torso, I slowly moved downward and as the scent of her sex grew stronger and stronger. It was like the smell of heaven!

"Right there Keith!" she groaned as my mouth encircled her clit. Without removing my mouth from her pussy I worked my way around until I was between her legs, pushing them further apart with my hands on her smooth inner thighs. She tasted wonderful and even better was the feel of her writhing under me as I tongued her clit with my finger pushed up into her pussy as far as I could reach.

"Don't stop Keith," she cried out as her hips lifted up against my face, "Make me cum Keith... make me cum!"

My face was suddenly flooded with her pussy cum as her orgasm hit. It seemed unreal. Megan use to allow me to eat her out when we were first married but she never seemed to like it and eventually I just stopped doing it. Certainly she never orgasmed when I ate her out. In fact, sometimes I wondered if she really orgasmed ever. Not so with Kelly as she bounced under me, crying out and grabbing my heads with her hands as she pulled my face in tighter to her bald wet crotch. I moved my hands under her ass, gripping it and pushing my face in like I was eating a large melon.

Kelly's hips dropped to the bed again and now instead of pushing my head into her she was grabbing it and pulling me up towards her. Moving on top of her, I kissed her with my face covered with her pussy cum.

"Mmmmmmm, I love the way I taste on your mouth," she whispered. It was amazing - Megan wouldn't even let me near her face after I'd eaten her pussy until I'd washed it off.

Kelly pushed me away slightly until we could look at each other in our eyes. Her face was wet now with her own pussy cum, giving her such a sexy slutty look. For a moment we just looked at each other. I could feel my erection pressing against her crotch and I instinctively rotated my hips slightly to move it against her.

"Fuck me Keith," she whispered huskily.

That was all she said... just three words. Three of the most wonderful words I'd ever heard. God, Kelly wanted me to fuck her! The woman I'd dreamed about for so long, stared at during church for so long, masturbated about so many times, actually ASKED me to fuck her! Of course I wanted to do her just as badly, probably a lot more, but the point remained she'd ASKED me to fuck her rather than just agreeing to allow me. No woman had ever ASKED me to FUCK her before.

I felt her hand between us as she reached down to take my erection in her hand. Following her unspoken directions, I shifted to allow her to position me at the opening to her pussy. The feel of her warmth, the wetness of her sex, was overwhelming. I wanted nothing more at this moment than to be inside of her, to fuck her. Yet she wasn't going to let it be that easy... not Kelly.

"Tell me you want me more than your wife," she whispered, "Tell me you want to be with me more than her."

My mind was so crazed with desire I'd have done or said anything if that meant she would allow me to enter her so quickly responded with, "God yes... I want you more than my wife. I want to fuck you more than Megan."

"Then fuck me Keith... fuck me her in her bed."

It confused me for a moment but then I understood. I was so focused on Kelly's body, on her sex, that I'd forgotten where we were. Indeed, Kelly was laying exactly where Megan had been the last time we'd had sex. She was wearing Megan's sexiest outfit. Was this what Kelly wanted? Was this what turned her on - causing a man to commit adultery in his own wedding bed?

Oh well, who gave a shit? Not me at that moment, that was for sure. Megan could've appeared at the bedroom door at this moment and it wouldn't have mattered. An earthquake could've hit and it wouldn't have mattered. Hell, the surprise group of my nightmares could've jumped from the bathroom right now and it wouldn't have mattered. I was going to fuck Kelly and I was going to do it now no matter what. My thirst for her, my hunger for her sex was impossible to hold back any longer as I thrust myself forward, ramming my dick into her wet tight pussy all the way in one hard stroke! I felt the hot wetness of her incredibly tight pussy gripping me as I buried myself in her, forever breaking the vows I'd made to my wife - and happy to do so.

"Oh yeah Keith, that's it... fuck me good!"

I'd had sex with Megan an untold number of times over the years but it had never been like this. It was always tempered by my concern for her reaction, my worry over what she thought of what I was doing and whether I was adequate or not. She rarely even made a sound, let alone say a word out loud and after I'd cum she would just lay there and wait for me to pull out and move away. In other words, it was NOTHING like sex with Kelly.

Fucking Kelly was like nothing I'd ever dreamed could ever happen to me. I thrust myself deeply into her, pulling almost all the way out only to ram myself back into her again as deeply as I could. She met me with her own movement, pushing her hips up against me as if she wanted me even deeper each time I entered her, wrapping her long legs around me and pulling me into her like she couldn't get enough of me. Through it all was a non-stop series of sighs, moans and a litany of outspoken desires for me to fuck her harder, to make her cum, to give her everything I had. I like to think she came several times before finally I couldn't hold myself back anymore.

"I'm gonna cum," I gasped as I started to pull out of her more out of routine than true desire. Megan hated for me to cum in her pussy except when we were trying to get pregnant. Obviously Kelly wasn't Megan!

"Don't you dare!" she cried out sharply, locking her ankle around me and using her legs to pull me back into her, "I want your cum... give it to me Keith, give me your love. Give me your wife's sperm."

And I gave it to her - buckets it seemed. I hadn't cum this hard since I was a teen and even then never inside of a woman like this. Over and over I ejaculated sending stream after stream of my adulterous sperm deep inside of Kelly's pussy. We'd never once discussed birth control but I had to assume a slut like her was protected and in any case it wouldn't have mattered at this moment. She wanted it in her - she got it in her!

"Oh my god," I groaned hoarsely as I barely was able to keep my weight off of her when I'd finished. I started to pull out so I could move off of her but she would have none of it.

"Stay in me Keith," she moaned ever so sweetly, the sound of contentment if I'd ever heard it.

"You'll never be able to make love to your wife again without remembering this moment," she whispered into my ear, "I'll always be a part of your marriage, always in the back of your mind whenever you tell her you love her. You're mine now... forever."

It was almost like she was implanting some hypnotic suggestion but it didn't matter - I knew as I laid there with my dick still inside her hot pussy that she was 100% correct. I would NEVER forget this moment, NEVER purge my mind of the feel of her wet pussy gripping my expended dick after having just fucked her with everything I had.

I could have stayed like this all night, regardless of how my arms were hurting from holding myself off of her. Unfortunately I made the mistake of checking out the clock on her nightstand. Oh shit!

"We have to go," I said in a voice louder than I'd intended. It was almost impossible to describe how quickly things could change. One moment I was a sex-crazed wild man fucking the woman of my dreams, the next I was a scared-stiff husband looking to cover my tracks. Suddenly the feel of my dick still within Kelly's tight pussy lost the eroticism and became a nightmare. Hold crap, what had I done?

"No really Kelly, we HAVE to go!" I said urgently, scared stiff now that the clock had struck midnight and my carriage was about to turn back into a pumpkin if we didn't hurry. What if Ryan came home right now and saw his father in bed, naked on top of another woman who was wearing his mother's negligee? Not that I thought he'd recognize it (at least I hoped he wouldn't) but the point remained.

"If you say so Keith... but I bet I can get you hard again if you want to fuck me again."

That would have been a sucker bet for sure (no pun intended), one I would've loved to have lost but now with my lust having drained from me along with the sperm I'd left behind in Kelly's pussy I was being more practical-minded. Had I known what I do now though I would have taken her up on her offer, the hell with getting caught.

As it was I pulled out of Kelly and even as distracted as I was I still couldn't get over the erotic sensation as my dick dropped out of her. Would I ever feel this again? God I wanted to fuck her again... and again... and again! Shit, I'd dump Megan in a heartbeat if I thought Kelly would marry me!

Grabbing my clothes from the floor I started to dress as Kelly made the bed. Damn, I hadn't even thought about doing that. It wouldn't be until later that I would give any thought to how the bed must smell after all the times Kelly had cum and then to have my cum mixed along with it, draining out of her onto the bed. Then she disappeared back into the bathroom but this time she was out in less than a couple of minutes, back into her slut dress.

"Thank you Keith."

I looked at her in amazement. SHE was thanking ME? My expression must have betrayed my thoughts.

"I mean it Keith, it means a lot to me for you to do this. For you to show me how much you want me... to tell me how much more you want me than your own wife. It made me feel sexy... and wanted."

Well, if there was ever a girl who never needed to worry about feeling sexy and wanted it would have to be Kelly. Still, it made me feel good for her to say that. Talk about an ego boost... THE amazing Kelly said I made her feel sexy!

With that we left. I half expected her to kiss me or at least hug me but we made our way to the car in the garage without another word. Even during the drive back to her place was silent. I wasn't sure what to say so unless she said something I wasn't going to say something stupid.

When we got to her apartment complex I headed for the lot but she told me to just drop her off at the entrance to her complex. Before I could do anything she opened the door for herself and stepped out.

"Thank you Keith," she said, dipping her head back into the car.

"When can we do this again?" I finally had to ask. The question had been burning a hole in me all the way back and I couldn't let her go without asking. Surely if I'd been all she said she would want me to fuck her again, right?

"No Keith, I'm sorry," she said shaking her head, "We only do this once. I'm happily married and have no desire to be your mistress."

"But..." I tried to interrupt.

"No 'buts' Keith," she said in a stern voice. Suddenly all the sexiness and softness was gone, replaced by a cold business tone. "Never ask me again or try to touch me again... never."

With that she shut the door and turned to walk away, not even glancing back. I drove home an emotional wreck, filled with confused and conflicting feelings. What had I done? What was I going to do? The only thing I was sure of as that I would never have Kelly again yet she was right, I'd never get her out of my mind. In the back of my mind I couldn't help but wonder if that was her intention all along...

# (Sep 24) Chapter 286: Shopping With Aunt Linda

Story codes: FF inc aunt niece
Me (31)
Aunt Linda (48)

As much as I see her and as intertwined as she has been with my family throughout my entire life, you'd think we would do this more often! Oh well, I guess it just makes it all the more special when we do.

## 1. Part of the Family

There are times I look back at my childhood and can't help but feel more than a little embarrassed at how clueless, naive, or however else to describe what I was. Yet at the same time it just goes to show that all children grow up thinking things in their family are "normal" and the same for everybody even though later in life they usually learn differently. In some cases it's sad as the child who is abused or sees her mother abused doesn't understand it's not right but rather accepts it as how things are. Even more sad is when those impressions are so deep they carry over into their teen and adult life. All too often you hear about a woman abused by her husband only to learn that she was raised in a family under similar circumstances.

Fortunately in my case I was never abused or molested in any way, shape or form by my parents. Indeed, if anything I was always treated with what I now recognize as extraordinary love and respect. Oh sure at the time I probably would have told you different, now that I have the advantage of 20-20 hindsight and the maturity (at least I'd like to think) that comes with being in my thirties I look back with admiration and thankfulness for my parents. Oh sure there were times, especially during those rebellious teen years, when I might not have agreed with such an assessment. However, now being a parent myself of two lovely young daughters I'm seeing things from a totally different perspective. Were my parents perfect? Heck no! That's not to criticize them as has there have NEVER been perfect parents outside the TV world of the Brady Bunch, My Three Sons and such unrealistic families. Still, I was fortunate to have been blessed with such a wonderful upbringing.

The reason that I say all this is because people sometimes look at me (a figurative term as it's usually by letter or e-mail) as if they think I'm either making all these things up when I tell them how much I did NOT know was going on in my family while growing up or that I was just totally clueless, maybe even stupid. In my defense it's not like my family was really all that different than most. We lived in an upper-middle class neighborhood doing the same things that most families did. We attended church where my dad was an elder and my mom was in the PTA. Sexually my parents were somewhat conservative in that they didn't swing or host crazy sex parties. We weren't nudists or go about flaunting our naked bodies for no reason. Heck, I didn't even see my parents having sex (not even by accident) until I was sixteen!

At the same time to be fair there WERE a few things I couldn't help but notice that were different about our family from those of most of my friends - the things my mom made sure that I knew from an early age not to talk about with other people. While I mentioned that we weren't nudists, it's also not like anyone went bonkers if seen undressing or even totally naked. For instance, as my bedroom door was almost never shut, if I was dressing and my dad just happened to pass by on his way to the bathroom he might look and see me but it wasn't considered anything worth mentioning by either of us. It's not like I would turn or try to cover myself yet at the same time I didn't "perform" for him. If my mom or dad were in the shower I didn't have to wait outside the bathroom door if I had to use the toilet - I just did it and nobody said anything. My dad had this silly thing about no swim suits in the hot tub - he claimed it had something to do with maintaining the water chemistry. So we all just dropped our towels and got in naked - no big deal. I never saw the parents or siblings of my friends nude when I was at their house but then again, they didn't see MY parents nude either so was it really all that different? For all I knew growing up they did the same. I wasn't supposed to talk about it so I just figured they weren't either.

Perhaps the most "extreme" thing that differentiated my family from most, at least from some people's perspective, involved masturbation. My parents viewed masturbation as a normal event and as such didn't have to be hidden. Even so, like nudity it may be acceptable but it wasn't something to be flaunted either. I didn't start myself until I was eleven or so but while growing up before then it wasn't all

serious while my aunt, even now in her fifties, tends to play the role of the "little sister" looking to cause trouble. They don't even look much alike and supposedly my mom would tease her younger sister that she had been adopted. While my mom married a great guy - my dad, Linda married a real loser who dumped her shortly after the arrival of my cousin Kristen. What a jerk! Even though he knew all about her incestual relationship with her father long before they got married, apparently he assumed things would change after they got married. Of course they didn't as incest isn't the sort of thing you just stop once you do it. Apparently he suffered from an over-inflated ego and couldn't handle the thought of his wife doing what a proper daughter SHOULD do when it comes to submitting to her father. After much arguing he gave her an ultimatum to either stop fucking her father or he would leave her, leaving her with no choice but to divorce him. Aunt Linda never remarried so while I was growing up she and my cousin spent more time at our house than theirs - or at least that's how it seemed at times.

Aunt Linda's personality and outlook on life were just as different from my mom's as their looks. While my mom went along with my dad's "no swim suit" decree in the hot tub, other than that I rarely saw her naked unless she was taking a shower, dressing or in bed. Even around the house she always wore at least panties and a bra and 99% of the time more than that. In contrast, her younger sister was always running around the house stark naked which was sort of hypocritical in that she fussed at her own daughter if she tried to follow the example of her mother.

When I say some things I didn't notice were obvious in hindsight, Aunt Linda is Exhibit #1. As I said, it's almost embarrassing to confess to my cluelessness. Like how could I have possibly bought into the story that she and my dad shut the door to his office so they could discuss taxes for her realty work without being disturbed? When she would sit on his lap naked in the hot tub, how could I have not realized what was really happening right in front of me? All their flirting, even the blatant groping and more, simply went right over my head. Again, in my defense when you see something most every day from as early as you can remember, it's not something you really notice.

For most girls, hopefully that is, "the talk" comes when they're young and their mom explains periods, boobs, boys and such. For me, such a talk would have been rather redundant given THAT was all covered by everyday type of conversation. For me, the "talk" came when I was sixteen soon after I started having sex with my dad. One day after my dad had fucked me my mom pulled me aside and filled me in on everything they'd been keeping from me until then. As you might imagine it was a bit of a shock to say the least. Learning my mom had sex with her dad wasn't really that big of a deal given I was now fucking my own dad. What really surprised me though was them having sex with my uncle and aunt. Given my mom's sometimes forceful reaction to reports of adultery, I had to grapple with the idea that when it came to sex "family" now meant ALL of my family, not just my parents. It made sense so it's not like I had to think about it TOO much. In fact, it served as a useful learning experience for me in understanding that sometimes you had to adjust your thoughts about some things so long as you didn't abandon your core principles. A VERY handy lesson I've put to use a number of times since then when faced with certain situations!

Since they now longer had to worry about me seeing anything, things became less secretive between my dad and his sister-in-law. For instance, the study door wasn't shut and while I may have noticed they certainly weren't doing taxes, the same principles of nudity and masturbation applied in that I didn't just stand in the doorway and watch, not even when invited to do so. When they fucked in the hot tub they didn't just do it underwater but I just used the time to make use of my favorite water jet. They did their thing so I did mine!

While I DID eventually have sex with my Aunt Linda as a teenager, it wasn't something we did very often. The few times we did was usually when I was playing around with my cousin Kristen and one way or another her mom would find an excuse to join in. Perhaps one of my most memorable times was when I pretended to be my aunt's daughter while I was helping her to close a deal with one of her clients - something my mom would never have done!

Unfortunately, not everything was perfect when it came to my aunt and dad's activities. One thing I learned about years later was her involvement with a secretive group that arranged for swapping between married couples as well as bringing together families for "community" sex parties. My dad wasn't exactly subtle about wanting to swap with other couples but my mom stood her ground firmly. As a proper wife she may have submitted to her husband in most areas but there WERE a few lines she couldn't cross. What eventually happened was similar in concept to when my aunt had to leave her husband because she couldn't cross a line.

Like most men, my dad LOVES porn and over the years he has acquired a rather impressive collection. My dad also shares a number of characteristics that I've found to be common to most men over the years, one of which is that as he has

# 2. An Invitation

"Hey slut!"

Yep, there was no mistaking the voice on the phone and besides, not many people would greet me like that in the first place. Thank goodness it wasn't a FaceTime call or she would've seen my eyes rolling!

"Hello Aunt Linda... and to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

OK, so it was a little sarcastic of me but really, she almost NEVER phoned me. Thus my attention immediately raised to a high level as the few times she DID call me were usually about something that was sure to either get me in trouble or something close to it.

"Oh now Kelly, is that any way to answer the phone?" she tease me, "You're supposed to be the "good one", remember?"

At that I couldn't help but smile. She was of course referring to the inevitable comparisons between me and her daughter, my cousin Kristen. My mom and her sister were always teasing one another about how their daughters turned out with the usual conclusion that Kristen was the wild and wicked irreligious daughter of a single mother while I was the so-called "good daughter" who always obeyed and submitted to her loving parents as a proper Christian daughter should. BOTH descriptions were wildly exaggerated in my opinion although like most generalizations there was an element of truth in each.

"Well if I remember correctly the last time you called you tried to set me up with that neighbor kid," I corrected her.

"Oh posh! That was nothing," she replied, "You would've loved him and you know it."

Yeah sure... inviting the fourteen year-old neighbor boy who mowed my dad's lawn in for a "treat" was NOT something I would've ever thought of doing. Now THERE was a recipe for trouble if I ever heard one, especially considering he was a student in one of my classes! Like talk about something being wrong on so many levels!

"So now what, the pool boy need a tip?" I teased her.

"We don't HAVE a pool boy," she answered in a tone that clearly implied she wished they did. "Can't I just call my favorite niece and say hello without it being about sex?"

I was one breath away from telling her that was exactly my point - she couldn't, but I caught myself just in time.

"OK, I'm sorry... so then why DID you call me?"

"I was just going out shopping and thought maybe you'd like to come along with me."

"Oh? What KIND of shopping?" I asked suspiciously. With my aunt that could've been most anything from groceries to middle-school boys.

"Don't get all uppity now," she came back, clearly sensing the tension in my voice, "I've got some open houses in the next couple of weeks and was just looking to get a few new dresses."

For most people that would've been a complete answer and not anything remotely risqu, or worrisome. Well, my Aunt Linda was NOT "most people" so due diligence was always required.

"So do you mean for during the open house or after?" I clarified, knowing that it was the latter that dictated where we'd be shopping.

"Both," she answered, clearly enjoying our little repartee. She wasn't showing her hand which meant she was still holding some aces.

"OK, so when?"

"How about now?"

Dang it! Sometimes I think she forgets I'm not single anymore! If we'd gone grocery shopping I'd have just taken them with but trying to corral two toddlers wasn't something I was ready to tackle at the stores where I suspected that my Aunt Linda would be shopping. I quickly thought of a couple nice girls I could call last minute to sit my daughters and told my aunt I'd get back to her. It took several calls before I found someone willing, or at least desperate enough for the money, to spend a weekend afternoon with my daughters.

A phone call to my aunt and we were all set. I quickly sent a text to my husband to let him know I might not be home when came in from work, warning Steve that it was NOT one of our "friendly" babysitters so to behave himself! Good babysitters were hard to find and the last thing I needed was my horny husband hitting on one and scaring her off!

Then the hardest part... deciding what to wear...

With my bank account in the tank I wasn't thinking about buying anything but that didn't mean I couldn't try on some outfits which could serve as future hints for my hubby and daddy. Thus I didn't want anything that would be difficult to take off and back on again yet at the same time being I would be shopping with my aunt so I wanted to look sexy when I tried them on. We hardly never went shopping together but I knew that there was one common denominator when we did - we loved to fool around and tease the guys!

While the summer heat was still oppressively higher than normal I still had a wide range of options given the mall was heavily air-conditioned. I considered some high cut skin-tight shorts but then my favorites were to the point where I to practically lay on my bed and lift up my butt to pull them on! Not exactly a good thing to try in a cramped dressing room. So that left my choices to either a skirt or dress which was actually an easy choice. With a dress I would have to take it all the way off no matter what I was trying on whereas a skirt allowed me to either remove my top or bottom depending on what I was checking out. Hmmm.... maybe I should make it a naughty schoolgirl day? It hurts to say it but I'm 31 now even though most guys still think I'm at least ten years younger - especially the bar tenders who insist on carding me! Then again, why not take advantage of it while I could still pull it off?

So I dug out my short white and red checked pleated skirt and after some frantic searching finally found the matching sheer white blouse hanging way in the back of my closet. Apparently it had been longer than I'd thought since wearing this outfit! My dad had bought it for me years ago while I was in college - he's always had this thing for the "catholic schoolgirl" look. The outfit, with white ankle socks with lace tops and tall black heels really wasn't something I normally wore in public so it was still in good shape. The blouse had been tight when he'd bought it meaning now it was even tighter. OK, before anyone says anything nasty it wasn't TOO tight and forgive me for being ten years older and having been pregnant twice. Personally I think I deserve a medal for even being able to squeeze back into it.

Looking in the mirror, I pulled my hair back into a ponytail and put the finishing touches on my makeup just as the doorbell rang announcing the arrival of the sitter. Karin was fourteen, almost fifteen and cute as heck making her one of my husband's favorites. Unfortunately for him, all he'd ever gotten from her was a flirty smile while hoping for a nice tip. Oh well, not like he should expect every teenager to jump at the chance to fuck a guy over twice her age. Then again, YOU try and tell him that!

"Hi Kelly," she greeted me. I smiled at her as it had taken most of the past year to get her to call me by my first name. It goes with the territory I guess when you're a teacher. Heck, even I still find myself calling my past teachers "Mr." or "Mrs." even today!

"Hi Karin, thanks so much for bailing me out!" I told her as I opened the door to let her in. Karin gave me a quick once over and I could see her eyes widen while the wheels spun in her pretty little head.

"Ummmmm, where did you say you were going?" she asked almost nervously, as if maybe she thought she shouldn't ask.

"Oh, just some shopping at the mall with my aunt," I replied. Honesty is the best policy!

"OoooooK," she said softly under her voice, her eyes taking in my full outfit.

OK, so she probably had a zillion questions but she was too sweet a girl to ask them and I wasn't about to say any more than necessary. Honesty may be the best policy but that didn't mean you had to tell someone everything either. As always, we quickly reviewed my safety rules, the food situation in the refrigerator and pantry, phone numbers, etc. and then I was off!

## 3. Out With My Aunt

Entering the front door (yes, I still have a key to the house I was raised in), it was so quiet that at first I thought maybe nobody was home. I knew my dad was more than likely at work as most Saturdays that's where you'll find him. Still, I'd expected my aunt to be ready and anxious to go! Then I heard footsteps on the stairs, accompanied by those squeaks I knew all too well. Growing up and trying to sneak in after getting home late, I'd learned the secret path to avoid the worst ones, like I was making my way through a mine field.

"Be right there Kelly!" she called down, "Make yourself at home."

Like I wouldn't? After all, I still like to think this is more MY home than hers. Just because she'd moved in to replace my mom without even waiting a day didn't make it HER house. Not being bitchy... just making a point.

Soon she came down the stairs in what I can only describe as a schoolgirl mom's outfit. It was surprisingly modest, in fact I was surprised she even owned such a dress as I can't say I'd ever seen it on her before. It must've been the only skirt in her closet that came below her knees and the blouse was actually a little loose rather than tightly conforming to her bust line as usual. Yeah, she LOVED showing off those boobs even if they DID have a little help a few years ago. Then I looked closer as I couldn't believe my eyes. OMG, sure enough she was wearing a bra! Like WOW! Since she'd had her boobs lifted (just tightened up, no implants) a few years ago she refused to wear a bra, claiming she didn't spend all the money just to be uncomfortable. In all fairness though I think my dad paid the bill but I couldn't blame her. If I wasn't forced to wear one at school I'd probably go braless 99% of the time as well. Well, it would be more like 100% but there ARE those times a sexy bra can make for a more enjoyable evening with a husband - yours or someone else's.

Taking a closer look at her, I had to say that for a 48 year-old woman she looked pretty damn good! While the blouse wasn't exactly form-fitting, with her C-cups it still was pretty obvious there was nothing underneath the way they jiggled as she came down the stairs. While most of her legs were hidden, I knew she was proud of how well she'd kept her figure - with a lot of work at the gym I might add. So far I'd been fortunate that my DNA had allowed me to avoid working out but no doubt those days would be coming to an end before too much longer. OK, so maybe a touch too much makeup but I wasn't going to say anything. It was tastefully done - not like she was wearing clown makeup.

Aunt Linda smiled at me when she saw my outfit saying, "I had a sneaky suspicion you'd choose that to wear today so I thought I'd play along. So what do you think... sexy schoolgirl and her distraught mother?"

OK, so she finally confirmed what I'd expected - she wanted to roleplay a bit today. Well, whatever floated her boat but it sounded like fun actually. Even though I was now 31 I could still pass for at least a college girl and if I worked the attitude maybe even a high schooler. While no amount of makeup or choice of outfit was going to let my aunt pass for a young woman anymore, she still had a youthful look for her age and staying in shape as she did didn't hurt either. Yep, still a definite MILF.

"So... where to?" I asked as she followed me down the wooden stairs to the basement and the attached garage.

"Just a moment... stop right there girl," she called from behind me just as I hit the landing about a third of the way down where the stairs turned. I looked up at her a little confused but she quickly moved in up close and then I knew what it was about.

"Just a panty check," she chuckled as she lifted up my short skirt, "With a skirt THAT short we could get arrested you know."

We both laughed as I doubted that would ever happen. In all the years I've ventured out bare-bottomed I've never had any run-ins with a cop even when I knew people had noticed I was sans-panties.

"Oh Kelly, nice thong!" she commented, teasing me a little by pulling it away from my butt and then letting it snap back. "Can I assume it covers a little more in front?"

I grinned and twisted around, lifting my skirt to show her. True, the back was just a few strings that hid absolutely nothing and while there wasn't much material in front, what WAS there was strategically placed to cover my pussy in all the right spots without pulling in TOO easily between my pussy lips although it was inevitable without me constantly tugging at it.

"Hmmm, still shaving I see," she said more to herself than me. True, it seems more and more of the girls I know have started leaving more hair down there recently. It's like the baby-girl smooth look has come and gone, at least for the meantime. As for me, I was planning to let mine grow out a little now that summer was over, just not yet.

Without further commentary she dropped my skirt and made like we needed to continue but I wasn't letting her get away that easily!

"Uh, uh... your turn now," I protested as I reached down to grab her skirt by the hem. It didn't help it was ridiculously far down below her knees but she was also a couple of steps up which made it less difficult. My aunt just stood there with her arms crossed defiantly while I convened my investigation. What a surprise... NOT! Yep, not a thing under the skirt, not even hose but then when DID she wear anything? Personally, I think if she could get away with it she'd just go nude 24/7 and get it over with!

"Cool... you finally trimmed!" I exclaimed with surprise. Wow, first time for everything I guess. While my mom and her sister were opposites in many ways, one trait they shared was their love for their thick, lush pubic hair. Sure they both trimmed it a little so it wasn't poking out a swim suit like some European beach slut but otherwise it was pretty much au naturel. I'll never forget the first time I licked my mom's pussy not long after my dad first fucked me. Feeling all that coarse curly hair with her pungent aroma against my face was certainly a unique experience, even after blowing my dad with his own thick pubic hair!

My aunt just shrugged saying, "I figured what the hell, why not? I was just noticing at the last party that I had the hairiest crotch there - by a lot I might add. Just seemed like the right time I guess."

Just goes to show even 48 year-old aunts can bow to peer pressure! Then again, most of the mothers at those parties were considerably younger than her so if you asked me it was more a case of her trying to stay "young" than anything else.

Without even discussing it we just automatically got into her car - for me I figured why not use up her gas, and we were on our way to the mall. It had been a while since I'd been there other than to the theater which technically isn't even in the mall but rather across the parking lot from the food court. To my semi-surprise she found a parking spot right outside the lower entrance to Macy's. Then again, not so sure why I was surprised as it wasn't like there were that many options for shopping these days at the mall.

"Since their sales started dropping they've broadened their choices," my aunt explained as we made our way through the parking lot, "And besides, they have the best dressing rooms of any store in the mall."

My aunt's definition of "best" used a different set of criteria than most folks. For her it was more about what COULD be seen versus the expectation of privacy that most women would expect. I knew from past experience the dressing "rooms" were more like cubicles with what I called "saloon doors" - the kind that swing open from the center and don't go to the floor or much higher than the average person's head. It was also a very short walk from the dressing area to the shopping area and people standing in the right place outside could see the hallway from which the rooms were accessed. Not at all like their competitor Sears where the dressing rooms were like Fort Knox in comparison.

We made our way straight to the Juniors section from which technically even I was well past being eligible but in my outfit and with my hair and makeup I was hoping to pull it off. It would be just another ordinary everyday mom taking her daughter shopping, right? Yeah right.

First stop - bras and underwear...

"I wish they'd had this selection when I was a junior," my aunt mused, reaching out to feel the texture of a small push-up bra that was all lace and soft. I was about to say the same thing!

"Just think, another few years and you'll be here with your own girls," she said smiling at me. Well, maybe in six or seven at the very least. I prayed my daughters hadn't inherited their mother's genes when it came to boob development or it might be more like ten years!

"What do you think of this dress?" I asked her, moving over to the next aisle where a few remaining summer dresses were surrounded by the winter crop. It had a deep cut down the middle guaranteed to show off a young girl's emerging cleavage and was so light I felt like I was barely holding anything. I think the metal hangar weighed more than the dress!

"It's terribly sheer," my aunt observed thoughtfully, "Probably need to wear a slip under it."

We both giggled at her inside joke. Yeah, like either of us ever wore s slip under a dress, no matter HOW sheer it might be. Really, what was the point of even buying such a dress if you were just going to hide everything underneath it?

I looked at the tag. "It might even fit me," I mused, putting it off to the side while I went through the rack. By this time of the year the selection was really picked over with most of the dresses either for midgets or fat girls.

"May I help you?" I heard behind me. I turned and a store clerk was standing there with a smile. She looked to be college age or so, probably earning some extra money on the weekend. I might pull off LOOKING like a college girl but I certainly didn't FEEL like one, especially seeing the real McCoy. Dressed in tasteful jeans and blouse with a dark jacket, she looked professional yet casual at the same time. I suppose she meets all sorts working in a store like this but I couldn't help but wonder if she'd ever met a "mother-daughter" pair quite like me and Aunt Linda.

"I don't know... do you think this would look good on me?" I asked, holding up the dress I'd chosen, "My mom here thinks it might be too sheer though."

"Well, we have some nice slips I can show you," the clerk offered. I looked closer and saw the name on her tag was Emily. Cute name, a little dated but then she seemed the "Emily" type.

"I don't know Emily... I think I might try it on the way it is, would that be OK?"

"Ummmmm, sure I guess," Emily answered, looking at my aunt as if she expected her to say something. Maybe something about picking an outfit my size? Or even something that wasn't quite so revealing but then given my current garb it wasn't like we gave the appearance of adhering to a strict dress code.

"You right Kelly, it would probably spoil the look I think. Let's just go and see how it looks on you," my aunt offered.

The store was rather empty and again I found myself wondering how much longer these big dinosaur stores could survive in today's world of on-line shopping but then at least for me, I'd never want to see them totally disappear. Like we wouldn't be doing this sort of thing on-line, now would we?

Making our way to the dressing rooms, my aunt turned her attention to the clerk. "I assume it's OK if I go in with her, right Emily?" she asked.

Emily nodded vigorously and for a moment she reminded me of that girl in the TV AT&T commercials. Not quite as cute but she had her beat in the innocence category. and answered quickly with, "Oh sure, not a problem at all. I'll be out here in case you think that you find that you need that slip."

Of course it really hadn't been necessary to ask. Like what store ever would keep a mother from accompanying her daughter to a dressing room? I fully understood that it was more like my aunt wanted to emphasize to Emily that she would be with me. Poor Emily was too clueless to catch on to the subtly of my Aunt's question though.

Leaving the girl behind, Aunt Linda chose the first "room" although technically it was more like a three-sided box with a door. By design it allowed anyone to see that it was occupied without actually getting a view of who was in it. It was the sort of style that I'd learned to avoid when out having fun with boyfriends or even my husband or dad as it was all too easy for anyone to see that I wasn't in there with another girl. It also made it difficult to squat or kneel down to blow him without essentially advertising to everyone outside what I was doing. May as well leave the door open! Now I LOVE public sex but for me the turn-on is doing it while seeing other people, not other people actually seeing me. It can be a fine line between an erotic episode and getting arrested.

My aunt latched the door shut as I hung the dress on the hook on the back wall. She watched as I quickly undressed, leaving my heels on of course. The very thought of my bare feet on the gross carpet was too much to think about. I've seen people change diapers and just about everything else in dressing rooms! You might say that dressing rooms aren't just for sex anymore.

"Oh... My... God! You're amazing," she said softly as she took in my naked body as I stood there posing with one hand on my hip trying my best to look young and innocent. "How the hell do you do it?"

"Do what?"

Aunt Linda rolled her eyes, not buying my attempt to act all innocent for a second. "Fifteen years, two kids, you eat like a horse yet never work out, and yet somehow you still manage to look like when we first did it."

She was referring of course to the first time we'd had sex. Actually it had been with my mom as well not too long after my life had changed so dramatically thanks to my new incestuous lifestyle.

"You're too kind," I said feeling suddenly a little shy. The way she was looking at me reminded me more of the way most men did when they first saw me undressed. She subconsciously licked her lips which only served to emphasize the point. I don't care what those stupid women's rights dykes say about objectifying women. It makes me feel incredibly good about myself when men look at me like I'm a piece of meat with just one thought in mind - how can they fuck me? Well, my aunt was certainly not man but the look in her eyes was the same.

Even though I'd assumed it would come to this - or something like it, when I accepted her invitation, suddenly I wasn't quite sure what to do. In the end I figured I might as well go along with our roles and turned to take the dress off its hangar.

"Here, let me help," she offered as she reached for it and helped me to duck under and then pulled it down over me. It was snug, VERY snug in fact, especially around my bust. Now THERE was one area where I definitely was NOT the same girl she'd bedded fifteen years earlier. For most of high school, at least after my freshman year, I was a solid A-cup, a B-cup in my dreams. It wasn't until years later I was able to buy a C-cup and actually fill it out without the help of some tissue.

"Chilly?" my aunt teased me, nodding at my boobs. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw the dark outline of my nipples and the way they pushed out from the tight thin material stretched over them. I just giggled at how yet once again they betrayed me. It's sort of ironic that a man can't control his erection and when he gets cold it shrinks yet for a woman, while we can't control our nipples we can always claim they're cold as an excuse. Yet again, women rule!

"I suppose a 'nice' girl would ask Emily for that slip," I observed as I checked myself out closer in the full-length mirror.

"Your point being?" Aunt Linda asked innocently. OK, score one for Team Linda. Yes, a "nice" girl would dress appropriately but then when had I ever been one, especially when it came to my wardrobe? Even when I was living at home my parents would keep me stocked in sexy clothes, especially my dad. True, my teaching wardrobe was a totally different story but had I been given the option it would have never been bought in the first place.

"Why don't we ask Emily's opinion," my aunt suggested with a naughty grin.

"You're so nasty," I teased her.

"Why thank you sweet daughter," she responded, suddenly looking all prim and proper. We both laughed as she unlatched the door.

The general area was still clear of anyone except our attentive clerk although I noticed a couple of teenagers shopping nearby with their mothers. True to her word Emily was right there, all ready to do her best to make a sale. I wondered if Macy's paid her a commission or she was just the eager-beaver type naturally.

"Oh my, that looks... amazing," she stuttered. The wall behind me was lit up to show the dresses hanging there so it was like being outdoors with the sun behind me. While I couldn't see myself, I had a pretty good idea of what Emily was seeing and it wasn't just a dress.

"I don't think we'll need a slip," Aunt Linda said to Emily standing next to her while they both watched as I twirled around. Not only was the dress quite tight on me, being a couple sizes too small it was also more than a little short and while I don't think it lifted high enough to show I was sans-panties, I doubted in the current lighting conditions that anyone would have to actually see under the dress to realize that.

"What do you think Emily?"

OK, so now my aunt was just being mean, teasing poor Emily who obviously couldn't believe what I was wearing - or not, not to mention the fact my "mother" was encouraging me.

"I guess not, if you don't think so," was all she could say although her tone didn't match her words. She clearly DID think a slip was needed and to be fair, it was but that's like saying I should be wearing a bra as well yet nobody mentioned anything about THAT. Being shaved it wasn't like she could see any pubic hair yet THAT area seemed to grab all the attention while my dark nipples showing through didn't even get a glance.

Not about to let my aunt have all the fun, I turned to look in one of the mirrors just as another mom and her daughter walked by, the mom carrying an armful of dresses. I noticed they both gave me quite the look, especially the mom who also looked at my aunt with one of those patented motherly, "You HAVE to be kidding me!" looks.

"Oh mommy, I can't wait for daddy to see me in this," I exclaimed cheerfully, making sure everyone could hear me. In the mirror I could see Emily's eyes widen while my Aunt Linda just rolled her eyes and smirked. Yep, score one for Team Kelly! The other mother hustled her daughter down to the last dressing room as if she didn't want her to hear any more.

"Maybe you can surprise him with him next time you go out together," my aunt said, piling it on now pretty thick. I would've thought Emily might have realized by now that we were pulling her leg but she was still on the line - hook, line and sinker as they say. True, I WOULD have loved to have my dad see me in the dress but that was beside the point. This was more about having a little fun with Emily than anything to do with my dad.

"My apologies but I need to help out some other shoppers, call me if you need anything," Emily quickly said. Funny how she could hang around while two sets of mother-daughter shoppers went unattended but suddenly now she needed to leave to help out the remaining pair. My aunt and I returned to the dressing room, mission accomplished.

With the door latched again, my aunt almost burst out in laughter.

"That was SO funny," she whispered to me, "Did you see the look on her face when you mentioned showing it off to your dad?"

"Which one?"

Aunt Linda grinned even wider. "Well, both that mom and Emily - both were priceless!"

I started to lift the dress up to take it off but my aunt put her hand on mine to stop me.

"Leave it on for just a little while longer... you really DO look ridiculously sexy in it."

With that she put her arms around me and pulled me in close. I closed my eyes like a schoolgirl waiting for her first kiss as I felt her warm moist lips against mine. We were about the same height making it all the more easier as her tongue and mine met.

"God you have me so fucking turned on right now," she whispered huskily in my ear.

Her hands reached down and pulled up the short hem until she was able to grip my bare butt with them. Our lips pushed even harder together as she squeezed my ass, pulling me into her as our boobs pressed tightly together.

"I'd kill for your ass," she said softly as she kneaded and caressed my bottom, gradually working her way around to my shaved pussy where I felt the palm of her hand cup my warm crotch. I sighed, louder than I meant to, as her finger pressed into me, easily pushing all the way thanks to my horny wetness.

"Sit," was all she said as she pressed me back against the bench on the back wall. She held my dress up so my bare bottom was touching the cool painted wood. With one hand on each knee, she pushed my legs apart to expose my bare pussy. It wasn't like I was resisting...

"You're so beautiful," she sighed softly as she squatted down and leaned her head between my thighs. Her tongue ran up my inner thigh sending a tingle up my spine until her face was pressed against my exposed crotch.

"Oh yeah...," I whispered to her, looking down and pushing her hair to the side so I could watch. I shivered and shook as her tongue lapped me like a cat at a bowl of milk. Her lips took my clit between them, gently tugging on it while her tongue teased the tip. God it felt so good!

I pushed the thin straps of my dress to the side, exposing my boobs so I could hold them. My fingers teased my nipples as I pressed them tightly together while my aunt's tongue expertly brought me closer and closer to her goal.

"Oh my god... right there!" I whispered maybe a little TOO loud but at this point I didn't care. I wanted just one thing at this moment and nothing else in the world, let alone the occupants of a Macy's dressing rooms, mattered.

"Yes!" I groaned, almost more a growl as the dam burst allowing my lust and desire to flood through me. My orgasm filled me with the most unimaginable pleasure as my sexy aunt, sensing I was cumming, renewed her efforts with vigor. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better her finger was followed by a second and then a third, all of them pushed up inside of me, fucking me like a thick dick as she worked my clit with her mouth. Her eyes looked up at me and mine locked in with them. Even so I could still see her smiling as her tongue continued its assault without a pause.

It was truly amazing. I've already mentioned a lot about the differences between the sisters but here was one area where my mom and her sister were virtually twins. I've never had anyone make me cum from licking my pussy like my mother does to me, not even my dad or husband. Maybe it's more mental than physical as after all, she IS my mom - something nobody else can claim. While I would still give the trophy to my mom, she only wins by just a nose over my her sister, Aunt Linda. Indeed, I could've closed my eyes and it may as well have been my mom loving me!

As my orgasm finally wound down after I have no idea how long, my aunt straightened up - with a little effort I might add, LOL. Well, she WAS almost fifty you know. Leaning down to me, she kissed me and I could taste the delicious flavor of my pussy cum on her mouth and tongue. I've known girls who refuse to kiss a guy after he eats her until he washes and brushed his teeth but not me. Nope, I LOVE the taste of pussy and none more than my own. Even as a little girl I would play with myself and put my finger in my mouth like it was a treat much to the consternation of my mother as I wasn't always as concerned as she was about where I was when I when I did it.

"Now THAT was incredible," I whispered to her as we kissed for the longest time.

"Funny... I was about to say the same," Aunt Linda agreed with a smile.

I stood up and it was my turn to be a little shaky although for a different reason. Aunt Linda said, "Oh well, I guess we really do have to buy that dress now."

I looked at her and she nodded towards the mirror. Sure enough, right in back there was now a large wet spot where somewhere along the way it had worked under me and with all the cum I'd gushed when my orgasm arrived, the dress material was just perfect for showing off every drop. We both giggled like naughty schoolgirls.

"Maybe I should just wear it home."

She didn't respond to my bait as I was just teasing and my Aunt knew it. It was back to the thing I mentioned earlier about public sex. Wearing a sexy schoolgirl outfit was one thing, a sheer dress with cum stains... probably a bridge too far considering we weren't in some bar or close to home. My mom had taught me better than that. It was one thing to be slutty and act like a tease, quite another to be a whore.

With the dress back on its hangar I put my outfit back on while Aunt Linda straightened her hair out in the mirror. As we stepped out in the hallway I noticed that at the end the mother was still there with her daughter checking out a cute winter dress. As soon as she saw us she shooed her daughter back into the room as if she didn't want her to see us. Kind of uppity of her but then again who knows what they'd heard. I knew a few times both us had been a little louder than might have been appropriate but we'd tried to keep it reasonable.

Back in the main store area, Emily was with some other customers, different ones than before I noticed so she'd been busy. We made our way to the counter where I laid the dress and waited impatiently.

"Why don't we just leave it - it will dry and nobody will know the difference."

My aunt looked at me with a surprised expression. At first I think she was wondering what had gotten into me but then Emily politely coughed to get her attention and she realized who I'd been speaking to indirectly.

"Oh... sorry Emily, I didn't see you there," my aunt apologized unnecessarily.

"Oh that's OK... happens all the time," she assured us, "My mom says I move like a cat."

It was soooooo tempting to make some pussy-related comment but I wasn't thinking all the quickly yet. Maybe we should have stayed and made out a little longer in the dressing room after giving me that crazy orgasm? "We'll take this one," my aunt told her and I watched as Emily took it off the hangar and lifted it up to fold. She HAD to see the large wet spot but I had to give the girl credit when she didn't miss a step and ignored it. It made me wonder where she'd been while we'd been in the dressing room. Something told me she hadn't been helping customers the entire time.

"Thanks mom!" I gushed, turning to her and kissing her in front of Emily who was doing her best to appear nonchalant but I noticed she couldn't help herself from staring a little as I kissed my "mom" on the lips and gave her some tongue.

"I can't wait for Daddy to see me tomorrow morning in it."

OK, so maybe I was pushing a little but I couldn't help myself. Had Emily said something or at least blushed a little I might have quite but she had turned out to be a lot more impervious to our teasing than I'd originally assumed she might. Was she just clueless? She certainly didn't look to be the dumb blonde type, especially given she was a dark brunette.

My aunt handed over her credit card and Emily finished up the transaction and handed her the receipt while holding out the bag with the dress to me. Just as I was taking it from her she smiled... a funny little smile at that.

"Too bad that's the last one... I bet my daddy would love to see me in it too."

A twinkle appeared I her eye and she winked... I think at least as she turned away the moment she said it and made her way to another customer. I looked at my aunt she as she looked at me and we both put our hands to cover our mouths like

OMG! Now who was doing the teasing? Better yet, was she just teasing? Talk about turning the tables...

We left via the lower mall entrance to Macy's and stopped next to the kid's play area where a dozen or more rug rats were sharing germs. I could never imagine allowing my kids to come anywhere close to such a place!

"Wow, I didn't see THAT coming!" I exclaimed to my aunt.

"Maybe we should have asked her to join us and give her opinion on the dress," my aunt mused and I think she was only half joking.

I looked over and saw a store I hadn't seen before. Then again it may have been there for ages given how seldom I was in this part of the mall these days. It was called "Sweet and Sassy". Hmmmmmm, sounded like my type of store.

We made our way over and I realized what it was - a tween's dream and a parent's nightmare! Whoever thought of the concept was a genius though. Before we'd left I must have run up a hundred dollar bill buying cute little things for my girls. Thank goodness my aunt had my dad's American Express card!

From there we just toured the mall. Riding up the escalator by Sears, my aunt had first waited until the opportune moment and then stepped right in front of a couple of boys. They didn't say anything but at first I could tell they were a little mad we'd gotten in their way. That is, until my aunt reached over and planted her hand firmly on my butt right in front of them! I was a little surprised but didn't move, leaving it up to her. The ride up only lasted a few seconds so it wasn't like she could do anything THAT naughty, right?

Even so, in just those few minutes she gave those boys something they're probably STILL bragging about to all their friends, none of whom I imagine believe a word of it. Had she just kept her hand on my butt over my skirt - maybe that would have given them points but then she pulled up the material, exposing my now bare bottom as I'd somehow "forgotten" to put my thing back on when getting dressed again at Macy's. It was only for a couple of seconds before we were up too high and she had to loosen her hold and allow the skirt to drop back down but for those brief precious moments they had an up front and personal view of my bare butt and pussy as I wasn't exactly being lady-like with my feet planted as far apart as I could on the step.

At the top we both just stepped off and walked away without so much as looking back. After about ten steps I couldn't help myself and twisted my head around for a peek. Sure enough, the two of them were talking wildly to another group of boys, gesturing and pointing our way.

"What do you think Kelly, I'd say they don't believe a word of it," my aunt chuckled as she also had turned to look. We both laughed and continued on our way.

We spent maybe another hour or so shopping and teasing. It was almost TOO easy at times. My aunt preferred to flash the young boys while I kept a lookout for the bored husbands in their chairs waiting for their wife to finish spending their money.

## 4. Showing My Age?

By the time we'd made our way back to the car, I was ready to leave. My aunt was all excited and spent the entire trip back reliving her favorite moments while I sat in my seat and pondered. Yes indeed, I was 31 now and no teenager anymore. While I enjoyed the flirting and teasing, somehow it just didn't have the same impact it use to when I was young and less experienced. Back then it was all new and I was thrilled at the responses. But now... as I mentioned it was maybe TOO easy. Any guy with a pulse it going to look when he sees someone dressed like me flaunting herself. While his wife might get pissed if she catches him looking, it's not like he cheated on her so the danger level is minimal.

That night after I'd made love with my husband, I laid next to him in bed holding onto his now spent dick after he'd cum in me. I'd gotten him all hot and bothered telling him about my adventures with my aunt earlier in the day and he'd fucked me especially good - although ANY sex with my husband is always good. As he drifted off to sleep, I thought about how I'd felt in the car afterwards.

OMG, I'm OLD!

OK, maybe an overreaction but still... I'd changed so much since those early days as a teenager when I could spend an entire afternoon at the mall or grocery store teasing men for fun. Now it was like if they weren't married I wasn't even all that interested. Even then, if they didn't end up fucking me, what was the point? Without the reward of knowing they were putting their marriage on the line, that they were putting me ahead of their wife... it was like it was all for them and nothing for me.

It was sort of ironic that I found myself in the same camp as the women who fought against men objectifying women only in my case it was for different reasons.

They fought it because it made them feel humiliated and belittled while I felt unsatisfied that they didn't go further.

As I fell asleep I thought about one of the male teachers at school. There weren't all that many these days at the middle school level but one of them in particular had caught my eye. I'd heard he was married but no kids, maybe a few years older than me. I'd never met his wife and we'd actually only briefly interacted crossing paths during the school day. All my life I'd made it a point to never have sex with a teacher but that was as a student. Teasing them was fair game of course but sex – too many potential problems for both of us that could get out of hand quickly. Well, I wasn't a student anymore so after today's revelation maybe I needed to revisit my "no teacher" policy...

# (Nov 06) Chapter 287: BFFs Share Everything

Story codes: MF oral voy inc father daughter
Me (31)
John - my dad (51)
Beth - my BFF (31)
Ryan - Beth's Father (52)

While a number of my friends qualify for "BFF" status, there's one who has always been at the top my list - Beth. We've been best friends since I can remember. Through the years we've shared everything, the good and the bad. As teens it was boyfriends, school, and church. Then it was college and eventually marriage followed by kids. I didn't think there was much more we could share but isn't that how it always is - it's the things you never saw coming that keep life interesting!

## 1. Sharing With Beth

The phrase "BFF", or Best Friends Forever, tends to get tossed about to the point where today it has lost most of its meaning. Yes, I'm guilty as well of using it to describe most of my friends Still, if anyone wanted an example of what it REALLY means to be BFFs, I would hold up my relationship with Beth as Exhibit #1. From the time we met as little girls in preschool to today where we're in our thirties, married with children, we've always shared a special bond. Of course we've had our ups and downs but we always reconciled and if anything I believe it's been the struggles that have brought us even closer in the end.

I've been fortunate to have been raised by the most wonderful parents anyone could ask for. Oh sure some cynical people might say that's easy to say given that I was an only child of two professionals, each bringing home six figure salaries. OK, I'll admit I was spoiled from the perspective I didn't lack for much but there's a lot of kids who are financially better off than me who don't get along at all with their parents. And yes, those same people might say I've been "groomed" by my parents for their sexual gratification but that would be so wrong I can't even begin to express my disgust at such a suggestion. They conveniently forget that I didn't even start having sex with my dad until I was sixteen so it's not like I was abused or anything. By then I'd been sexually active for two years!

What makes my parents so special is not their wealth or sexual activities but the emotional support they provided me and the ethical/moral values they instilled in me. Also, as much as I may have felt differently about it at the time, they were also rather strict with me in many ways which I realize today was for my own benefit and kept me from landing in trouble while still giving me the freedom I wanted. First and foremost they raised me to be a Christian and church has always been a major focus of my life. Most of my ethical and moral values are tied to my religious beliefs, as well as those of my parents - especially my mother.

Beth is my #1 BFF but my mom has her own special place. She IS my mother so I guess technically that disqualifies her from being a BFF but in terms of sharing my most intimate secrets she's always been there. For example, it was my mother who I first told after losing my virginity although Beth was a close second.

People always ask me about my sexual relations with Beth. I know what they want to hear - that she and I have had rampant sex since we were little girls. Actually the opposite is true, at least in terms of being physical with one another. Who was the first girl I masturbated with? Beth. Who was the first girl I had sex with - NOT Beth. Who invited me to her sex parties? Beth. Who was the one girl I rarely had sex with at them? The same Beth. Why? It's hard for me to explain as I'm not even sure how to describe it. I love Beth as a person, not as a lover. I think we both realize that being sexual would bring in an element to our friendship that isn't needed.

The one thing I didn't share immediately with Beth was when I started having sex with my dad. With all the time she spent at our house while we were growing up, she knew my parents weren't hung up about my sexual activities but the rules my parents had were such we didn't show her - or anyone outside our family, everything. For example, I wore my bikini in the hot tub and my dad wore his swim suit whenever Beth was with us. While my dad might have his usual erection (he IS a man after all so some things can't be prevented), it stayed in his pants and he never masturbated openly when Beth was with us. When he would have us pose for him and take pictures, while we might have fun wearing something suggestive and posing a little naughty, it never crossed a certain line.

One rule my mother had always been adamant about was adultery. While sex with her father and my dad's brothers was OK as incest isn't adultery, it also meant no swinging, swapping, or anything sexual with someone outside her marriage family. She applied the same rule to my dad which meant while I knew he was turned on by Beth, he also never crossed the line with her. Oh sure he might "slip" in the hot tub and grope a little but it was always "accidental" and something we laughed about later rather than leading to anything more.

So that said... enter Beth. While legally she was not my relative, in every other sense of the word she was like a sister to me. Other than my cousin Kristi, I spent more time with Beth than anyone else. We certainly didn't LOOK like sisters - I've been jealous of her boobs since she was wearing a real bra in 5th grade! Then again, look how many REAL sisters don't look anything alike. We have different opinions and preferences. I've always preferred more intimacy during sex whereas she's been the ultimate party girl. I'm extremely religious but Beth only enters a church when I drag her in. I was having sex with my dad and so far as I knew Beth wasn't (and in reality she wasn't).

So imagine my surprise, not to mention more than a bit of shock, when my dad suddenly fucked Beth right in front of me one day while we were all in the hot tub together! It's a long story (I've written a diary entry[14] devoted to it) but it was one of those events that stressed our relationship. It was certainly erotic to watch my father fuck my BFF but for him to commit adultery - and right in front of me? Considering how forceful my mother had always been on the subject - and then for her to watch as well (from my bedroom window unknown to Beth but I knew), I couldn't help but felt a bit of resentment towards Beth. I'd never seen my dad fuck anyone outside my family and never thought he would and here my BFF was the one to lure him into sin.

Of course we made up. Two things helped. First, the next time my dad fucked Beth I didn't just watch - I made sure he fucked me too! Wow, talk about opening her eyes! Incest was something we'd never really discussed. Really, for 99.99% of the world incest is porn fantasy, not something "normal" people do. Seeing Beth's expression when my dad's dick first pushed into me was priceless! Yes, we had some interesting discussions later! In the end I'm not sure she ever entirely understood why I would want to have sex with my own father but like other issues where we were on different sides she accepted it and I think she secretly was turned on more about it than she admitted. To this day it's something more we have an understanding about more so than discussing it. At the same time I have never pushed her into doing it with her dad as I realize it's something that just will never happen.

---

[14] 2004 (Nov 27) Chapter 66: First Time With My Best Friend Beth

As much as seeing my dad fuck Beth made me resent Beth more than anything else had ever done in our history, I got my "revenge" by seducing her father. He'd been sneaking peeks at us in our bikinis by their pool and I took advantage of his horniness. Granted, I may have used a little blackmail to get my way but in the end all that mattered to me was that he fucked me. Although Beth didn't see us, I made sure she knew about it right afterwards! She was so mad at me! I wasn't sure if it was that I'd fucked her dad or that he cheated on her mom that infuriated her more but things were a little dicey between us for a week or so until we inevitably made up. We declared a truce and that was the last time either of us fucked the other's father.

Over the years Beth has remained my confidante and friend. We both are married now with me having two daughters and her having two sons. Sometimes we joke about our kids fooling around when they get older although I think it's less of a joke for me than her. One thing we do NOT discuss is incest with our kids. While she doesn't agree with me on the topic, I know Beth respects me enough to not judge me. At the same I time I respect her views and don't rub it in her face or make any suggestions about her and her sons. I DO have to admit I'm a bit jealous in that she got TWO sons while I have none. Still, I love my daughters and accept that it's God's will.

For those curious, yes we HAVE swapped husbands although only a couple of times. Beth's husband was a frequent attendee at the sex parties she loved to frequent so they share similar interests when it comes to such things. It's funny though in that I found it a little awkward having sex with my BFF's husband, much the same as how I feel when it comes to having sex with her. Not that my husband had any such problems! After all, he was fucking Beth back in school long before he did me. Something about her big boobs attracted the boys like flies! While I'm much more happier with my breasts today, they still pale in comparison with hers and I know from the way he stares at them that Steve thinks so too. Oh well, he married ME after all so I'm not complaining.

## 2. Surprise Announcement

A few weeks ago I was at Beth's home sharing a little wine while our kids played in the back yard. While I'm not much of a drinker, for some reason whenever I'm with Beth it seems like a good glass of white wine tastes better than my usual Diet Coke. It was unseasonably warm so we were seated on her back deck. Someday I hope Steve and I can afford our own house as living in an apartment we don't have the privacy I miss from living with my parents. While not a nudist, I DO like to lay out in the sun naked at times although Steve says I look sexier with tan lines. Having a private back yard also had other advantages which I was exploiting much to Beth's chagrin.

"Kelly! Really?" Beth exclaimed as she shook her head.

"Hey, don't blame me," I retorted, "You're the one getting me turned on."

Beth had been relating the details of the last sex party she and her husband had hosted. Being married they weren't eligible for the ones she use to attend and besides, those had pretty much changed over their attendance list as people married and moved. Shortly after their wedding she contacted some of the couples she had known and started a new group with a different twist. Now instead of requiring people to be single and forbidding couples, the new rules allowed for only married couples and both had to be there.

Steve and I had attended a couple of Beth's parties but neither of us found them particularly fulfilling. For me, I guess I'm getting older as I just don't find the sex party scene all that much fun. Fucking a series of guys, most of whom I don't even learn their names, is so impersonal. I've become drawn to more intimate encounters, one-to-one where I can spend an evening or even an entire night with a man. Also, while I find being fucked by a married father to be erotic and fulfilling, the shine comes off when the wife is an active participant. It means so much more to me when a man cheats on his wife as it shows me he finds me more sexually attractive than her to the point he is willing to risk his marriage and possibly his career just to spend one time with me.

For Steve it's not nearly so complicated. Fucking older married women is simply not his preferred partner. Oh sure he doesn't complain! After all, he is a man with normal male urges so it's not like he turns down the opportunity. As I said, it's more a matter of preference. It's why he prefers the sex parties my Aunt Linda

Now I knew she was pulling my leg and we both laughed. Little did she know that her last offer WAS more than just a little interesting!

For the next few minutes we sipped on our wine and watched the kids. I couldn't help but reflect how OLD we were getting to be! It was like seeing my mom with her friends when I was a kid. Not exactly a thrilling thought. I could only imagine what it will be like when I hit forty... UGH! My musing was interrupted by Beth...

"Do you remember back when you first did your dad in front of me?"

Whoa, now THAT was certainly a detour I hadn't seen coming. I looked at Beth a little bewildered, not quite sure how to answer so I just nodded and waited to see where was going with this. Like it was something we hadn't discussed in ages!

"I've guess I've always been a little curious, you know?"

No, I didn't know but I don't think she was really asking a question as she continued.

"Why did you decide to just do it in front of me? Why not tell me about it first?"

OK, so now what do I say? I was mad at her for seducing my father into sin? I wanted to get back at her for making my mom watch her husband commit adultery? Oh sure my point would have been made if I HAD just told her privately but surprising her as I did by doing something I'm sure she never suspected... that was better. Still, not like I was going to tell HER that. Being BFFs didn't mean we shared EVERYTHING. Sometimes being a friend also means spinning little white lies.

"I don't know... I hadn't really thought about it and it just happened."

"You DO know I wasn't as surprised as I let you think I was, don't you?"

I looked at her, my eyes narrowing a bit as I wasn't wearing my glasses. Now what did she mean by THAT?

"C'mon Kelly, you think I didn't always suspect there was something between you and your dad? Like how he was never embarrassed to have a hard-on in front of us? The way you sat on his lap and ground your ass on it? The "accidental" boob groping? The way you kissed him... I mean how many daughters French kiss their own father? And the way you dressed for him and posed for him... I would NEVER have done anything remotely like that with my dad, at least not in those outfits and not in those poses."

"So why didn't you ever say anything?" I asked, curious now as much about why she was telling me all this than anything.

Beth shrugged. "Well, to be perfectly honest I wasn't sure if you were actually having SEX. I mean incest isn't the sort of thing you think about normal people doing. Sorry... I didn't mean that the way it came out."

"It's OK, I know what you meant."

"I figured you might be touching more, maybe even sucking him but I REALLY didn't think you were actually fucking your dad until I saw him doing it with you that day."

I giggled a little at that. "So you WERE surprised then."

Beth huffed and dropped her shoulders like I was pointing out the obvious. "Well duh! Face it, incest is the sort of thing I think about happening in the hollers of West Virginia or some pedophile abusing his daughter in a trailer park. I never considered anything like what I saw with you and your dad. That's what I think surprised me more than anything. It wasn't like you were acting out some porn scene... I could see how much you adored him and he obviously was totally in love with you in ways I never imagined a father could be."

"So if I set such a good example, then why didn't you ever fuck YOUR dad then?" I countered.

Beth almost choked on that one. "Oh Kelly, don't be so silly. You know perfectly well why not. The same reason every other girl in the world I know doesn't have sex with HER dad, at least other than YOU. He's my FATHER! I just couldn't even imagine doing such a thing and I'm sure he never thought about ME that way."

"Yeah, I've heard THAT one plenty enough," I grinned, "Most every dad I chat with on-line gives me the same line about his daughter. Oh sure he lusts for her friends but NEVER her. Well, THAT is almost a line of crap when push comes to shove. Just about EVERY father confesses to me sooner or later that he has lusted for his daughter. The difference is most of them never ACT on those feelings. I bet your dad was no different. I saw how we would look at us when you wore those bikinis so skimpy your boobs practically fell out."

Beth didn't take my bait, instead changing course a few degrees.

"So may I ask you something? Do you think your daughters will have sex with Steve when they get older?"

I hesitated for a moment. I knew the standard answer I give out to people on-line who ask me this question and I DO get asked it a LOT. "It will be up to them. I HOPE they do but in the end it's their choice," is how it goes in one way or another but that's the general gist of it. But this was Beth and I wanted to be honest with her.

"You heard me. My dad and I have been doing it for four months now."

"Does Keith know?" I asked. I knew how MY husband had reacted when he learned about me and my dad and I could only imagine the response from hers.

"Fuck no!" Beth exclaimed, "He'd just want to watch... or maybe even join in. he can be such a perv and I'm NOT goin' there."

"But... but how? Why?" I blurted out.

"Well, since my mom dumped him he's been so down..." she started before I interrupted.

"You've GOT to be kidding me," I interjected. What I meant was she was starting out like so many so-called "erotic stories" where a father and daughter start having sex right after either the mother dies or leaves. It's SUCH a corny line and when I encounter it I just skip the rest of the story as it's just SO silly and unbelievable. Beth was well aware of my feelings on the matter after dealing with enough of my soap-box theatrics after having just read such a stupid story.

"I know... it's so stereotypical but don't forget I also HAVE had the prefect mentor," she tried to explain.

"Me?" I asked, not quite believing what I was hearing.

"I know I always say I don't want to hear about it but it's so obvious in how you lead your life," Beth continued as if I hadn't interrupted, "Anyone with eyes can see how adoringly you look at him and how he undresses you with his eyes. The way you hug him, kiss him, everything. Sometimes I can't believe what you guys get away with but I guess people buy your perfect little "church-girl" routine so they simply ignore what's right in front of them."

"But that's nothing new," I came back, "I'd say if anything we've toned down on that over the years. It's not at all like it was when I was a teenager."

Beth giggled. "Yeah you're right on THAT. Still, even I was fooled back then until you demonstrated it in front of me. Given your involvements in church and the community and your dad's standing at work and in town, who would even dream you guys were doing it? I mean sure once I knew it was SO obvious but I wouldn't ever have believed it if someone just told me!"

"So back to you and your dad..." I said to bring her back on course.

"He was so crushed when she dumped him although you have to admit, she DID upgrade. He almost lost his job he got so depressed. He just moved out a few weeks ago when he finally found a place to stay. Meanwhile while he was staying with us it wasn't like there weren't a few 'accidents' now and then. Like forgetting to lock the bathroom door and him barging in while I was in the shower, that sort of thing. And you know me... I don't exactly wear all that much at home although I did make a special effort while he was staying here."

"Still... why would you want to have sex with him now after all these years? It's not like he's a spring chicken anymore."

I was trying to diplomatically say that her father wasn't exactly the epitome of a stud. He'd never been all that handsome and the beer belly he'd had even when we were teens had become bigger every year since, not to mention the gorilla suit he wore with all that body hair! Beth caught what I was saying though.

"Hey, YOU fucked him once, remember?"

Well sure I did but the operative word was "once". Also, I didn't fuck him because he was handsome and sexy, I fucked him because he was my BFFs father and that was the ONLY reason. Sure I've fucked a lot of guys who weren't all that sexy or handsome, but they all had some redeeming quality even it was just having a wife and daughter at home for him to cheat on when he was with me. But again, the key word was "once". If you're just doing a guy for the emotional thrill of the hunt, then once you've "bagged" him what's the point in a doing it again? It would be like shooting a deer again once it was dead.

Obviously I didn't point this out to her. LOL

"One night it was late and we were all in bed... or at least that's what I thought. I had to use the toilet and when I went out I barely heard the TV. When I peaked in the living room my dad was watching some porn movie and jerking off! I'd never even seen him naked, let alone doing THAT."

She paused as if expecting me to respond but I just stayed quiet and waited for her to continue.

"I know I shouldn't have watched or at least been disgusted but I just couldn't tear myself away. And then when he was getting close he started to mumble something but I couldn't hear him over the TV, even though it was barely audible as it was. It wasn't until he started to spurt out that I could make it out. Kelly, he was talking to me! Well, not to me really but he was fantasizing about me! He kept saying how he wanted to fuck me and cum inside of me. It was incredible!"

I couldn't help but smile a little smugly. "Well, I TOLD you every father fantasizes about fucking his daughter."

Beth nodded. "Yeah but hearing you say that and hearing HIM say it was totally different."

"So then what?" I pressed her, anxious now to hear more.

"Well, nothing that night. I went back to bed but it took me forever to get back to sleep as all I could think about was watching my father jerking off while thinking he was fucking me."

"It's not as if other men haven't dreamed of that you know," I teased her. "Heck, I think half the boys in grade school were jacking off at night after you wore that see-thru blouse to school, probably even Mr. Edwards."

I was referring to our sixth grade teacher. He'd dragged her off to the principal's office where they called her mother and made her change clothes before she could return to class. Still, I remember even now how he'd looked down her top before they left the room.

"Yeah but my own dad?" Beth continued, "OK, so I know what you say about you and your dad but nobody thinks that sort of thing happens to THEM."

"Go on then..."

"So now I was curious. I wanted to say something to Keith but I was afraid he would either be grossed out or get so turned on he might say something to my dad so I didn't say a word. I started waiting for Keith to leave for work and then change into something sexier in the morning for breakfast, like a negligee or a panties with a T-shirt look. I wanted to see if my dad would notice."

I couldn't help but smile at that one. "Yeah, like any male with a pulse wouldn't!"

Beth actually blushed a little which surprised me as she was probably the LEAST self-conscious person I knew when it came to displaying her body. Like they say, if you got it, flaunt it! Beth certainly flaunted hers.

"Whatever Kelly... well he did! The more he looked the more I would work to grab his attention. Like wearing a button-down short with no buttons buttoned or just a bra. Maybe a really short robe with nothing underneath while we watched TV."

Sheesh, would she EVER get to the punch line? OK, so I was getting horny again and if she didn't want to stop so I could masturbate again she had better get on with it.

"I didn't know what to do though. I wanted so bad to ask you but I knew what you would say... to just fuck him."

OK, so she had me there...

"Then I remember those movies you told me you thought was so hot... the Taboo ones? Remember?"

Like I wouldn't? I've mentioned may times I'm not a big one for porn, especially the modern stuff which is so predictable and redundant. See one and you've seen them all. All those silly "interviews", "castings" and so-called "first time" amateurs. It's ridiculous as the same girls appear in all of them and the plot is the same for each one. The only ones I can bear are the "vintage" ones from the 80's where they told a story, as lame as it may be sometimes. At least the actors were good at what they did! I have to admit a lot of my moves and techniques have been stolen from watching girls like Ginger Lynn who really made it look like they enjoyed what they were doing!

"So anyways, I went on-line and watched a couple of them. Do you remember the one where the girl snuck into her parent's bedroom and started sucking on her dad while he slept next to her mom? And then he woke up and fucked her while mommy slept unaware? I was SO turned on watching it!!"

Visions of that Dorothy Lemay scene came to mind. Yep, she wasn't the only one turned on by that scene! Dorothy Lemay was what I call the perfect slut and I believe that was one of her best scenes. When she said, "Quiet daddy, you'll wake mommy!" I thought I'd cum on the spot!

"It got me thinking about my dad and how hot it would be to do that with him. I know, my mom isn't here but the idea of him waking up to me sucking his dick... the more I thought about it the more I found myself thinking about really doing it."

"So you did?" I asked rather rhetorically as obviously this is where she was leading.

"OMG I DID!" she blurted out. Even the kids heard her as I noticed they turned their attention to us but then went right back to their toys.

"I was SO nervous... I had to play with myself for an hour before I got the nerve. In a way it was almost like the movie in that my husband was sleeping while I went to my father's room. I even wore just a sheer nightshirt, just like she did in the movie. Keith had given it to me for our last anniversary which made me feel all the naughtier for wearing it."

I was already miles ahead of her and my pussy was screaming for attention. Really, there was no way she could blame me this time for anything so I once again removed my shorts and tossed them on the deck.

"C'mon, you know you want your off too," I encouraged her. Beth sheepishly checked out the kids. It was like the stars were aligned as for once they were all behaving themselves. It was like they knew we needed this time to ourselves and

"It only took a few minutes before he was firm in my hand and it was a little difficult getting him through the crotch opening without waking him but I took my time and did it. I held his dick and just stared at it Kelly... I knew what I wanted to do but my courage almost failed me. I was one step removed from dropping it like a hot rock and running from the room before he caught me!"

With my eyes still closed I could imagine her in the dim bedroom, her hand on her father's erection with her perfect big boobs dangling out from the sheer negligee. Had it belonged to anyone else I'm sure she would have devoured it immediately but this was a huge step for her, one not easily made by anyone, let alone a girl who had sworn all her life that incest was for naughty girls like her BFF.

"OMG Kelly, I just did it... I just leaned over and took him into my mouth without anything else first. It was so surreal I almost thought I would wake up at any moment. It couldn't be real... I couldn't REALLY be sucking on my dad's dick, could I? But there was no mistaking it... I was and now that I was there was no turning back. It's like you can't be a little bit pregnant, it's all or nothing so if I was going to suck him then that meant now I had to fuck him."

"So did he wake up?"

"Of course he did Kelly. Like how could he not? I think at first he thought he was dreaming as he didn't say a word but just stared at me. Then it seemed to dawn on him what was happening and he started to push me away but I pushed back and took him even more into my mouth. He was SO hard by now I don't think he could even think about what to do so he just laid back and let me continue."

I looked over at Beth next to me and saw she had unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her bra up and over her huge breasts. God they were still incredible even after two kids and over thirty years! I felt mine under my hand and for perhaps the millionth time in our lives I dreamed of what it would be like to have boobs like hers. SHE would say they were more trouble than anything giving her backaches and almost always having to wear a bra. She would tell me that she wished she had MY boobs and could go braless without looking like she was flopping all around. Oh well, I guess we each had pluses and minuses to go with our boobs but I still wouldn't mind going home to Steve one day with DD boobs and get his reaction. He may claim he loves mine but I know he wouldn't hesitate a second if I told him I wanted to get bigger ones.

Beth started to tell me about how she sucked her dad's dick for the first time, in the same explicit detail she was known for. I kept my eyes closed as much as I could while still ensuring the kids were OK, imagining how her heavy boobs draped over his erection as she rubbed it between them. Oh sure, I have to admit by this time I was starting to question whether or not this was all some ruse just to serve us both as a masturbation fantasy. It certainly wouldn't be the first time one of us made us a whopper to get us going. Usually it was about something that was obviously sheer fantasy as both of us knew the lines the other wouldn't cross so it was our "duty" to at least come up with a fantasy that did do. Normally we didn't try to pretend it was real though, so I wasn't sure what her motivation would have been to do so today but what the heck, we were both having a good time now so why not?

"It was incredible Kelly," Beth continued. I noticed she seemed to be more interested in watching me, seeing my reaction to her story. It was fine with me, as she knew so well I LOVE to be watched!

"You've told me in the past how it made you feel when you looked into your dad's eyes as you blew him and saw his lust for you, how it made you feel so sexy and desirable yet at the same time so loving knowing it was your own dad looking at you that way. I never really understood what you were telling me though until I saw that same look in my dad's eyes."

It was like by telling me she was reliving it, something I could relate to as often I feel the same when I write about my experiences. Just as I often stop to masturbate when I write, so too Beth would pause at times as if the memories were too much to ignore and she HAD to touch herself. It gave me time to visualize my own father just a matter of days earlier when I kneeled before him in submission, wearing my Sunday dress as I took his dick into my mouth and pleased him as I knew only I could.

"Honestly I think until that moment I wasn't going to be able to go all the way," Beth said softly, "But the way he LOOKED at me Kelly... the expression on his face... it was like nothing I had ever seen before, not even with my husband. It was at that very moment I knew I HAD to do it, I HAD to know what it was like to have him in me."

Talk about bad timing...

Just then her oldest son stood up and yelled at his brother who promptly stormed off to complain to mommy. I noticed him first and nudged Beth who almost choked when she saw him approaching. We both straightened up and crossed out legs, acting as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

It took a few minutes to soothe things over to where the kids were playing nice again. My pussy was screaming the entire time as I worked my legs together to stimulate it best as I could with her son standing right in front of us. If he noticed his mom and her friend were all but naked he didn't say a word. While I knew Beth didn't allow her boys to be in the room while she and her husband had sex, she wasn't all that hung up about letting them see her naked so more than likely he just figured it was just one of those times. I couldn't help but smile as I wondered how many more years she had before he started asking more questions. I guess it's no different than when I wonder when my daughters will stop just ignoring her parents when they do it when they are around.

The break also gave me time to reflect on one difference between Beth's realization of her father's true feelings for her and her decision to have sex with him versus my own experiences. It had been totally different for me. My decision to have sex with my dad started well before I discovered his desires. That night I came home early from a party and watched my parents in the hot tub from my bedroom window. It was the first time in my life I had seen them having sex. I'd never even so much as seen my mom give my dad a blowjob although with the thin walls in our old house I knew without a doubt they had quite an active sex life. I'd always known my parents loved each other but it wasn't until I saw them MAKING love that I realized just what they were doing demonstrated that love as nothing else I had ever witnessed. It wasn't just sex like some porn movie... it was LOVE. While I could never even imagine loving my father as a lover, I DID love him as my father and I knew at that moment I wanted to have sex with him so I could demonstrate my love for him just as I watched my mom doing. It took time after that before my desires were realized, but it was everything I had ever hoped it would be... and continues to be.

"Kelly?"

I must have drifted off, lost in those memories from so many years ago a Beth poked me. I felt her hand reach between my legs and tease me. Well, THAT got my attention!

"They'll see you!" I half-heartedly protested.

"Yeah, like THAT would bother you," she giggled but she did pull her hand back to her own lap where she started to touch herself again.

"Have they ever seen you masturbate?" I asked. It wasn't that I wanted to change the subject but I was just curious.

"Oh no!" she came back quickly, "God no, I could NEVER do that!" Then she looked at me with her eyes narrowed a little. "You let them watch?"

"Well, it's not like we put on a show or anything," I explained, "There's nothing about masturbation to be ashamed of so why hide it?"

Beth didn't miss one detail in what I had told her. "Steve does too? Oh my God Kelly, Steve jerks off in front of your girls?"

I huffed a little like she was being over dramatic - which she WAS in my opinion. "Again, he doesn't just standing front of them and wank it. It's no different than what my dad when I was a little girl. If he had the urge he did it, nothing special about it."

Beth shook her head and grinned. "Yeah, you've told me a hundred time how you guys sue to masturbate in front of each other but I guess I never really paid much attention to it. Now though... with them right in front of us... it's hitting a little closer to home I guess."

"So anyways... you fucked your dad then?" I interjected, not wanting to stray TOO far off subject.

That lit up her eyes. Her free hand pulled back her blouse again to expose her breast which she then held in her hand as she reached further down between her legs.

"I guess I hadn't dared to fantasize we would actually do it so I wasn't sure what to do next. I mean what position would we do it first? Should I stay in control or let him take over? WOULD he take over if I let him? It was that worry which made the decision for me. I was afraid he might not go through with it if I left it up to him so I dropped my nightshirt and straddled his waist. I've kissed my dad a million times over the years Kelly, but I've never KISSED him if you know what I mean. So I leaned over and we kissed. I couldn't believe it when his tongue reached out for me... he WANTED to kiss me!"

Again I reflected on how different our two experiences with our fathers had been. I'd kissed my dad like that since I was a little girl. None of this cheek pecks stuff, we always kissed full on the mouth and I loved it when we would use our tongues. It was like a game we played but my mom also made sure I understood THAT game was for home play only. I suppose people might have questioned things had they seen how we would kiss as I sat on his lap... especially if they had seen the big erection it gave him!

"I was SOOOOO wet Kelly, it was like his cock just slid along my pussy like I was oiled up. I could feel his head rubbing along me and touching my clit. We hadn't said a word up until that moment but I felt like I had to say SOMETHING before going any further so I just whispered into his ear, 'Fuck me daddy.' His eyes were SO wide but I felt him buck up under me and I knew he wanted me."

Beth gasped as she rubbed herself, pausing for a moment as she did. Oh the heck with it! I reached over and gently pushed her hand out of the way and replaced it with mine. Oh yeah, she was hot and wet! Our eyes met as I pressed my middle finger up into her pussy as far as I could.

"Kelly...." she whispered as she gasped yet again.

"Tell me Beth... tell me how your daddy fucked you."

Hey, by now I was 99% sure it was a fantasy but boy oh boy it was one of her best, that was for sure. I figured a little extra "motivation" wouldn't hurt so I fingered my friend as she struggled to cope with what I was doing while trying to relate her story.

"I reached down and guided him in me. It was like he just slipped in all the way without me even trying! Oh god Kelly, I was fucking him! I was fucking my father! I was fucking my daddy!"

Her words coincided with my hand pressing against her clit as I pressed a second finger into her hot pussy. Beth's hips instinctively thrust forward to meet them.

"He didn't last long but it was wonderful. We looked at each other the entire time, our eyes never separating. His hands reached up and grabbed my breasts as I felt him thrust into me as I pressed down onto him, driving him into me as deep as he could reach. And then he came... he came inside of me Kelly, my daddy's cum was inside of me! Oh god I've never felt the way I felt at that moment when my daddy fucked me."

She may not have felt quite the same as she had then but she certainly was feeling good now as her orgasm exploded and I felt her gush over my hand. Her hips bucked up as if she was imagining her father fucking her and even though I knew it was all a fantasy I was so turned on that she would even HAVE such thoughts now after all her years of denial.

Beth tried to hold it back but she couldn't help let out a couple of soft cries as she came harder and harder as I worked my hand on her pussy. Suddenly she just slumped in the swing and tried to catch her breath.

"Oh wow!" she sighed with her eyes still tightly closed. THAT didn't last long though.

"Mommy, is Aunt Beth OK?"

We'd taught our kids to call the other "aunt" as each of us cringed at the thought of being called "Mrs." by them. We were all but sisters anyways so why not? So it was only natural for my Mia to wonder if her Aunt Beth was OK given she must have thought she was having a seizure or something.

"Oh my god.... Mia!" Beth exclaimed as her eyes popped wide open and she realized my daughter was practically stepping on her feet. Mia looked so innocent, a look of concern on her face. Beth bolted upright and crossed her legs in one motion, flinging my hand from her crotch as she pulled her blouse together.

"Aunt Beth is just fine baby," I assured my daughter, "You know how daddy sometimes make mommy feel good? I was just doing the same for her."

"I can't believe this," Beth was muttering. Meanwhile, satisfied that her "aunt" was ok, Mia went back to play with Kylie her sister.

"Like I said, if you teach them it's nothing unusual or bad they learn to just ignore it."

"Well, it didn't seem she was ignoring me!"

"It's not her fault, she just never saw you do it before."

"We need to get dressed anyways," she insisted so we grabbed out things and gathered ourselves back together again. Once we were 'decent" again, at least by her definition, we refilled out wine glasses and reflected on what had just happened.

"Well I got to tell you Beth, THAT was one of your best," I complimented her.

"What, you think I was spinning a fantasy?"

"Hey sister, I was complimenting you so don't get all huffy," I protested.

"Well it wasn't a fantasy. You think you're the only girl who can fuck her dad?"

I had to admit that when it came to the two of us, yeah, I DID think I was the only one. While I didn't actually SAY it, my expression must have given me away.

"Well news flash Kelly, we've had sex most every day ever since."

I gave her my patented "you've got to be kidding" look and she rolled her eyes.

"OK, so not EVERY day but we've done it a few times now."

"Seriously?" I questioned.

"What do I have to suck, fuck him in front of you to make you believe me?"

I couldn't help but grin at that. I recalled how when I had first told Steve that my dad was fucking me that he didn't believe me either. He had just asked me to marry him and I had to be sure he was OK with me and my dad before I could accept so I told him all about us. To my surprise, he thought I was just pulling his leg! I actually had to have him hide in the closet and watch as my dad fucked me before he took me for my word.

"Well, I'm NOT going to ask him to put on a show for you if that's what you're thinking."

Actually something has popped into my mind that immediately grabbed my attention. It was perfect!

"No I wouldn't ask you to do that but I DO have a suggestion."

I could see from her reaction she knew what was coming. Whenever I had a "suggestion" it usually led to something weird or crazy, not that she minded of course.

I explained my idea and to my surprise she seemed to go along with the idea. The strange thing was I STILL wasn't 100% sure she wasn't just pulling one over on me but of nothing else this would prove it one way or another. We went on making plans until the kids were played out and it was time to leave.

"You know, you really should try doing it and let them watch," I suggested naughtily as I kissed her at the door after the girls had gone out.

Beth smacked me on the butt, a little harder than necessary!

"You never give up, do you?" she lamented.

"Hey, you're fucking your dad and you said THAT would never happen. I'll make a bet that before they are in high school they fuck their mommy."

"Oh Kelly!"

I ducked out before she could smack me again and waved. Who knows, in a few more years we'll see who wins THAT bet.

## 4. Taking It to a New Level

I didn't go running off to my dad and tell him anything because I still wasn't convinced that Beth wasn't trying to pull of the biggest scam ever between us. I struggled to find a reason though why she would. The only thing I could come up with was maybe for some reason she wanted to have sex with my dad again. Why she would after all these years and changes in her family life I had no idea but it was the only thing that made even a little bit of sense. My sense was I would show up with my dad and it would be just her and then the two of us would do it with my dad. Not that it was such a bad idea, but why not just come right out and tell me that she wanted to do it? Why the elaborate ruse? There was something more to all this than I was seeing but what could it be?

It wasn't until the next Sunday that I mentioned it to my dad. I decided to stop over a little early before church to give us more time rather than rushing things as it always seemed to happen. Arriving a little over an hour earlier than usual, I let myself in and found him still in bed with my Aunt Linda.

"Did we forget to set the clocks back?" my dad teased me as I almost NEVER show up more than fifteen or twenty minutes before the services starts.

"Just wanted a little quality time with my daddy," I said in my little girl voice, "Is that OK with him?"

"Fine with me," he grinned, "But I think she's not ready to get up yet."

"So?" was all I said as I quickly undressed. We had the time so why wrinkle up a nice dress or risk getting cum spots on it right before church?

Although admittedly it wasn't my true reason for arriving early, it WAS nice for once to take our time. Sometimes all we have time for is a quick BJ and while I make sure he always cums, typically it's more for him than me. It's OK with me, that's my duty as his daughter, a duty I relish performing. Still, having us both cum together as he mated me was a treat. He even stayed in me after he came, propping himself on his elbows as I felt his hot dick inside of me, his love for me expressed in the sperm that was still dammed up deep within me.

"OK, so spill it girl, what's the REAL reason for the unexpected pleasure this morning?"

I looked over at my aunt who had somehow managed to sleep through the entire episode! It wasn't I didn't want her to know - my dad would be sure to tell her everything in any case after I had left. I just wanted to discuss this privately with my dad first. I explained to him about the plan Beth and I worked out, including my concerns that it all might be a charade. He took it all in stride and didn't seem the least bit worried about my concerns.

"So let me get this straight... if it works out as planned I get to fuck your Beth. If you're right though, then I get to fuck the both of you. Sounds like a Win-Win to me!"

We both laughed and I could feel his dick move inside of me as he chuckled. God if we could only stay this way forever, father and daughter united as only sex allows.

"I guess I hadn't thought of it that way," I answered. True, from HIS perspective it was a no-brainer!

I looked at the clock and saw we needed to get going if we weren't going to be even more late than usual to the service. It didn't take me long as all I wore was the dress. Sunday mornings were reserved for pleasing my dad and I knew it pleased him the most for me to sit in the pew with him bare under my dress with his fresh sperm inside of me. You know, I think I'm a pretty darn good daughter!

Beth and I had debated the most on the location. Should we do it at one of our homes? Hers was so much bigger than out apartment but then it's not like we would need a lot of space. While it would have been the easiest it was also immediately tossed out as the plan was to make it an all-night affair which meant our husbands and kids would have had to find someplace to stay. While I'm sure Steve would have been happy to spend the night with my aunt, it just didn't seem right.

We were leaning towards getting a couple of hotel rooms, maybe adjoining rooms so we could go between them. While that pretty much met all the requirements, it seemed so sleazy, like I was meeting with one of my old escort customers.

In the end we went full circle, back to using my apartment. Putting aside any thoughts I might have, I knew Steve would love to spend a night with my Aunt Linda and the girls certainly loved her as well. With their real grandmother living so far away in Oregon, my aunt had become their surrogate grandmother - not that my mom was entirely please but then she couldn't complain living so far away.

My thoughts were to make it a father-daughter "date night", maybe going to a movie, dinner, and then back to the apartment for sex. I was a little surprised when Beth wasn't as thrilled about the idea as I had thought she would be.

"Don't get me wrong Kelly, I sounds like a nice evening but that's not how it is with me and my dad," she tried to explain. "It would just feel weird to 'date' him I guess. I mean like we love having sex but that's what it is - us having sex."

Whatever. It just made me all the more convinced that "daddy" want going to show up which is why she wanted to start out in my apartment. It would be a little awkward making dinner reservation and then have just her show up.

The night FINALLY came. Steve seemed to be as excited as I was but for all the wrong reasons.

"What if I hide a few webcam? I'd give anything to watch," he tried to suggest.

OK, so I may submit to my husband but that doesn't mean I'm his slave and I don't go along with all his crazy ideas. After all, ONE of us has to be the adult. Left to him, we'd both probably been arrested years ago!

"Hey, you can't blame a guy for asking," he chuckled when he saw the look I gave him. I wanted to say something about how he never wanted to see me and my dad having sex before but kept it to myself.

I got the girls packed and kissed them before they left with their father. The apartment seemed so empty without them! I'd been debating all week what to wear at first with ideas ranging from full nude to a bikini to a nightgown to a Sunday dress. Finally I settled on what I knew turned MY dad on... one of my school outfits. I don't mean the "catholic schoolgirl" type that he would buy me when I was younger. I'm talking about my daily wear when I teach my eight graders, one from the closet with the clothes I refer to as my "Little House on the Prairie" collection. It's easier to keep two closets - one for school and one for everything else. All the "school" dresses are long hems - well below the knee, NO cleavage, no bare shoulders and totally opaque. Along with them I wear a bra and panties - no thongs. We're talking bras from Macy's not Victoria's Secret. Bras that are comfortable, not sexy (usually the two don't mix). Shoes with low heels, pantyhose, basically everything NOT in my other closet.

My dad arrived first as I had given him a time about a half hour earlier than the others. He gave me a nice long kiss after he closed the door behind him.

"I have to admit, NOT the outfit I was expecting," he laughed taking it all in as he looked me up and down, "Those young men have no idea what's being hidden under all that I bet."

"Oh they have imaginations I'm sure," I giggled. And they did! If they could get all excited with me dressed like a nun, imagination if I came to class in one of my date outfits!

We just talked about work and local politics although staying away from the national election as I knew it always got him riled up. The top of the hour arrived and no Beth. Hmmmmmm, maybe she wouldn't even show up? I suppose it might be a little embarrassing to show up alone and have to confess she had been pulling my leg the entire time. Then again, that would kill my thoughts as to why she might have made the whole thing up in the first place if she didn't show up for a threesome.

Another half hour passed...

"Well, looks like it's just the two of us," my dad finally said. He seemed so disappointed!

"Hey, you still have me you know," I reminded him, "Besides, it's been ages since we had the whole night alone together."

He kissed me, long and soft as his hand caressed my breasts over my dress and bra. I was a little surprised when he started to laugh softly.

"What's so funny" I asked, a little perturbed.

"You're wearing a bra," he answered, "I can't remember the last time I felt one on you."

"Well if THAT's a surprise, wait a little bit," I teased him.

"Oh god no," he gasped in mock shock, "You don't mean you're wearing panties?"

I nodded and he threw his head back as if the world was coming to an end. I was about to remind him how he could take them home with him when there was a knock on the door. For a brief moment I was disappointed - I had just gotten use to the idea of spending the entire night with my dad!

"Guess she's here," my dad said as he leaned back. I noticed he said "she" and not "they". Was he also suspicious of her story?

Well so much for our expectations. I think I was more surprised seeing her with her dad at the door than I would have been if it had just been her.

"Beth!" I exclaimed as we hugged, "You made it... and your dad too."

"I told you so," she whispered into my ear triumphantly.

I moved aside so they could enter. My dad had remained back and stood in the middle of the living room with his hands in his pockets. I decided it was up to me to make the introductions as it occurred to me they had never met before, at least not privately. Oh sure they'd crossed paths at school and community functions but that was an entirely different situation that what this was, to put it mildly! Just as I started to say something my dad stepped in.

"Hi, my name is John," he introduced himself extending his hand, "Ryan, right? I think we met at the last community board meeting."

They may as well have been meeting at church! Before I knew it they were discussing some issue that had been raised recently, leaving Beth and me to stand there watching! I noticed Beth had made a similar decision as I had, choosing a rather conservative outfit. Still, she didn't have to worry about middle school dress codes and with her boobs, I think everything she owns is designed to show off her splendid cleavage. This particular number was cut so low you could see half her boobs even before she leaned over! No bra with this one although from the looks there was quite a bit of support built into the dress.

"Ummmmm, daddy?" I finally cut in.

Both father's chuckled. I think for Beth's dad it was more out of nervousness as he seemed less comfortable leaving the safety of their conversation.

"So.... now what?" Ryan blurted out. Yep, he was nervous!

"Why don't we sit down and have a drink?" my dad suggested. Beth took a seat next to her dad on the couch while I pressed in tight by my dad on the love seat after passing out some wine. I know my dad would've preferred beer but I hate the taste on him.

"From what Beth tells me John, you and Kelly have a lot more experience at this than we do. I have to tell you, I'm more than a little uncomfortable with all this but Beth insisted." He put his hand on her exposed thigh - no pantyhose for her. "And as I'm sure you understand John, when your daughter insists who can say no?"

We all laughed at that but the anxiety level meter was still pegged high. Thankfully my dad seemed ready to steer things.

"Well, it's not like it's the sort of thing we usually share with people. I'm sure you're a little concerned that this might be some sort of trick schemed up by our daughters... not that THEY would ever do such a thing."

Again we all laughed... the meter dropped just a little.

"So maybe I suggest we all put our cards on the table at the start and get that over with."

I wasn't quite sure what he meant and Beth and Ryan certainly seemed uncertain but my dad continued.

"Why don't you show Ryan how you suck my dick Kelly?" my dad told me, "It's not like Beth hasn't seen it but I'm sure Ryan would feel better if you did."

Whoa, talk about jumping right into things! At first I thought maybe he was joking but he started to undo his pants and I realized he was dead serious. Oh well, why not? No point in dragging things out I guess.

Surprisingly my dad didn't just open up his pants but actually took them off, along with his boxers, socks and shoes. He still had on his dress shirt but he pulled up the tails so his hairy crotch was exposed. I guess I don't think of my dad as being much of an exhibitionist so this was a different side to him for me. While not in full-blown erection status, his dick was already starting to show some life, lifting slightly from its bed of thick pubic hair.

Looking over at Beth and her dad, I grinned as I saw them both staring at my dad's dick although I was pretty sure they had quite different perspectives. Beth was undoubtedly being reminded of where the dick she was staring at had been in the past while Ryan seemed more mesmerized by the fact my dad could be so open about his sex.

I got off the love seat and lifted my dress just enough to allow me to kneel on the carpet between my dad's legs. Reaching out with my hand, I grasped his semi-hard dick at the base with my hand and smiled at him. Oh well, here goes nothing!

Cupping his hairy balls with one hand as my other held his shaft in place by the base, I licked him slowly from the base to the tip and then kissed the tip of his dick. My dad has his hands palm down on the love seat cushion, anchoring himself in place as I took his dick in my mouth. I twisted just enough to I could watch Beth and Ryan as I began blowing my dad in front of them. It made me feel good seeing them staring as I loved my dad's dick. Actually if there's one dick I regularly have that the fewest people have seen me suck, it would be my dad's. I rarely have had sex with him when anyone outside of our family was there so this was a special treat for both of us.

"Well, time to ante up Ryan," my dad encouraged him.

Beth and her dad looked at each other. As I sucked on my dad's dick I wondered if they were going to go through with it or if he would chicken out and just watch. One thing seemed certain though. Any idea I might have that she and her dad went having sex were gone. No way would she have invited him if they weren't.

It seemed like hours but was likely more like seconds before Beth placed her hand on her father's crotch and nodded at him. Ryan took one more look over at where my dad was enjoying his daughter's mouth on him and shrugged. Soon his pants joined my dad's and Beth assumed a position similar to my own.

"Best sight in the world, eh Ryan?" my dad called over. Beth's dad wasn't saying a word but his dick betrayed him – already stiff as a pipe!

"This is a pain having to talk like this... move over baby," my dad told me. I leaned back and he moved over to the couch by Ryan. I think at first Ryan was worried something inky might be about to happen but he didn't know how much a homophobe my father was! There was a good foot or to between them, about a close as my dad would allow himself to get with another exposed dick.

"This is better," my dad mused. "Talk about two beautiful daughters! I have to say Ryan, we were two VERY lucky fathers."

Ryan was obviously happy with his BJ but I wasn't so sure he felt as flippant about the entire situation as my dad. Then again, this was still all new to him so what would you expect? If everything Beth had told me as true – and it seemed that was now the case, then he'd only been involved in incest for a few weeks and nothing so far as group sex or being with other people. Actually it was amazing I guess you could say he could even get it up!

"How about a friendly wager Ryan, father to father?" my dad proposed, "Which of our daughters can get her dad off first?"

I glanced over at Beth who did the same with me. Her eyes opened wide but she didn't let her dad out of her mouth.

"Ummmmm, I don't know John," Ryan stuttered.

"It's a fair bet," my dad went on, "Trust me, I've been blown by them both and their both EXTREMELY good. From what I hear you know as well."

Basically he was telling Ryan that he knew all about how I had fucked him years ago at their house. I wasn't sure if Beth had told her dad about having sex with my dad but in any case THAT was on the table now as well.

"I think to make it fair we should swap daughters."

Wow, THAT I hadn't expected and from Beth's expression, neither had she. Holy smoke, Ryan was raising the bet! Maybe he was just compensating for his nervousness by a false sense of bravado but whatever the reason, sounded like a pretty good idea to me.

"Why not? I agree, it would even the playing field," my dad concurred. I noted they hadn't set any wagers but in this case pride was as much at stake an anything.

"OK girls, switch daddies," my dad announced.

Soon I was sucking on Ryan while Beth had my dad in her mouth. It WAS a little more fair as I had sucked my dad probably thousands of times of the years so I knew every nuance and trick to get my dad off. In contrast Beth had sucked him twice and I had sucked Ryan once but those had all been many years ago. Both of us had been sucking dicks since we were teens and if anything, Beth had started a couple of years before me so it wasn't like either of us had a real advantage in the experience department. It wouldn't be the first time we'd competed in such a competition although this was the first time our fathers were the lucky recipients.

Beth still insists it was a tie but I think I got her dad just a fraction of a second before my dad let loose in Beth's mouth. It was so close that it was basically impossible to tell as they both came in our mouths so even if we had a camera recoding us it wouldn't have been possible to see who actually ejaculate first.

It was Beth's idea though to snowball. We looked at our dads and opened our mouths to show off their respective loads when Beth tapped my leg and turned to me. I immediately knew what she intended and we leaned together and kissed, exchanging our fathers' sperm and mixing it together between us. Finally, when we each had a mouthful of the mix, we showed them again and then swallowed it down with a flourish.

"Damn, I'd say they're both as slutty as they come, agree Ryan?" my dad bragged.

Ryan has still reeling from my blowjob. I leaned forward and couldn't help but tease him a little saying, "I bet you never thought I'd be sucking your dick again, did you?"

He just grinned and shook his head. "A few weeks ago I would have said ALL of this would never happen!"

We all laughed at that one. Indeed, I think we all would have said the same thing.

With both men in their fifties, their cocks were dwindling rapidly. None of the ol' teenage boy instant replays for them! Based on my experience with my dad, I knew it would be at least a half hour or so before he had any chance of regaining an erection and even that would require some "motivation". Well, if Ryan was like 99% of the men I knew, I had just the solution.

"Hey dad, what do you say Beth and I put on a little show to help you guys along?"

The two father's looked at each other and it was like they read each other's mind as they each gave a thumbs up at the same time. I had to say for a relative rookie Beth's dad was getting into the swing of things pretty quickly. Then again, from my experience with other fathers like him, he'd probably been fantasizing about something like this for most of his life and I would have bet my next paycheck his computer was filled with incest porn. It obviously wasn't a new concept to him! With his wife leaving him his self-image must have suffered even more, making him all the more open to this sort of thing. This had to be like a dream come true for him.

The two of us stood up and moved to be in front of our own fathers this time. Slowly but surely we stripped for them, dropping once piece of clothing at a time while running our hands over ourselves and each trying to look more suggestive and sexy than the other. Now I was actually happy to be wearing a bra and panties as it let me string it out even longer until finally we were both nude except for our heels. That was the one exception I'd made to my outfit, substituting a pair of 5 inch spike black heels with a strap around my ankle from my other closet rather than the bland short ones from my school selection. Beth had on a similar pair as well so we were about the same height although I was by far the skinny one. Not that Beth was fat but she was little more on the plus size. It didn't help that she'd had more problems dropping weight after her pregnancies than me. It made me proud knowing I can still fit into my wedding dress without cutting off my breathing.

"Nice," my dad complimented us, his eyes roaming over each of our nude bodies.

"My thoughts exactly," Ryan confirmed.

With that we turned to one another and hugged, my hands reaching around to her ass as she grabbed mine as well with both of hers. Her large breasts pressed in tight against mine as our lips touched and I could feel her warm breath on my face. Softly we kissed, tongues reaching out and touching, lips pressing against one another our passion built. Each of us pulled the other in tighter until our naked forms were pressed tightly together. Slowly we dropped to the floor where we laid on our sides, hands now wandering over each other as my leg pressed in between hers and I could feel my warm pussy against her thigh.

Beth was the first to break off our kiss, moving slowly down my sensitive neck and then to my breasts, taking each nipple into her mouth and toying with it between her lips with her tongue. I found myself watching the reaction of our fathers as much as watching her. Each of them was sitting there motionless, hands to their sides with their flaccid dicks dropped over into their hairy crotches. I was sure each of them wanted to grab their cock and start jerking on it but Ryan was probably like my dad, not too thrilled about masturbating in front of another man. It's funny how men love to watch girls masturbating together but when it comes to doing it with another guy - no way!

Rolling over onto my back, Beth worked her way slowly down my torso, licking a circle around my belly button before continuing to my pussy where I gasped as her tongue teased my clit. She was laying on her belly now between my bare legs, her face looking up at me as her fingers ran over me and then pushed inside my wet pussy. Reaching down, she licked me from the bottom of my pussy slit to the top.

"Mmmmmmm, you taste perfect," she sighed softly as she licked her lips. My dad tossed me a cushion from the couch so I could prop up my head easier to watch as my best friend brought me to the brink of an orgasm and then literally shoved me off as I cried out with pleasure, begging her to never stop!

The scene repeated, only this time it was my mouth bringing her pussy to its peak. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd eaten her pussy it had been so long. Damn she tasted good! No sooner had she climaxed than we scissored, grinding our soaking wet pussies against one another's as our fathers maintained their vigilance. It was tempting to run to my room and grab my trusty double ended dildo - how could I have forgotten to have it out and ready? Each of us came again after which we rested somewhat in a 69 with me on top. I say rested because we just took our time, each of us savoring the other's cum-soaked pussy rather than rushing to bring on an orgasm as we had earlier.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a movement. Looking over I smiled as I saw my dad finally cave in and grab his cock. It was starting to respond finally and while he wasn't stroking it- yet, he at least had a grip on the thing. Soon Ryan followed suit.

Another day, another time, and I think Beth and I could have just enjoyed one another for the entire evening. Still, I think we both knew this was just to get our fathers ready again and as much as we were enjoying it we both kept an eye out to see when they would be ready. Even with the "motivation" we'd given them, it was still like a good 45 minutes before they were both hard again! Maybe I should have added some Viagra to their drinks.

I was about to say something when my dad and Ryan started talking for the first time since Beth and I began our show. Perhaps along with the return of their erections they blood flow was diminished to their brains lowering their inhibitions? Whether that had any truth to it or not, who knows but then again, who cares? The point being that's what was happening.

"Hope you don't mind me saying this Ryan but I've been horny for Beth since she was in sixth grade."

Fortunately Ryan was in a good mood, to say the least judging by the size of his cock at the moment. "I've never told anyone before but you weren't the only one

John. Where she got those boobs from I have no idea, certainly not her mother. It was all I could to not stare at them all the time."

"Yeah, I don't know what's worse, not being able to look openly or to BE able to look but not touch. Kelly was always running around half naked and when she would sit on my lap it was all I could do to keep it my pants."

I couldn't resist chiming in at that point. "What do you mean daddy? You were always 'accidentally' slipping out."

My dad just waved me off, pretending he had no idea what I was talking about. Beth had her two cents to add as well saying, "Yeah John, just like you 'accidentally' grabbed my breasts whenever I sat on your lap in the hot tub."

Poor dad, being picked on by us both but he didn't seem to mind. Judging by their dick status, it was time though to stop the teasing and get down to business. Holding Beth's hand, we each straddled our own father and stared grinding slowly on their dicks until I couldn't hold back anymore and let him slip inside of me, followed closely by Beth doing the same with her father's incestuous dick.

"Ah yes... incest... it's not just for breakfast anymore," my dad sighed with a smile as I slowly raised and lowered myself on his pole, "what do you say John... is there anything sweeter than fucking your own daughter's pussy?"

I turned to Beth and her grin was as wide as mine. Seeing her father's cock filling her pussy, I felt rather foolish now for not believing her earlier. Indeed, there was no questioning her now - she was definitely fucking her dad! I can't even begin to estimate how many men I've watched fuck Beth, including my own husband and father. Still, I have to say this was the most erotic scene with her I'd ever witnessed. Come to think of it, this was the first time I've watched someone having sex with their father who wasn't in my family, at least someone I felt close to.

"Switch?" I mouthed silently to her, hoping the guys wouldn't notice just in case she didn't want to do it. She shrugged as if it didn't matter then broke into a smile and nodded vigorously. We both lifted off our surprised fathers and switched positions. Neither of our dad protested!

"Been a long time Ryan," I teased him as I gripped his dick with my pussy, "Although I bet you've been dreaming about the day you fucked me ever since."

Poor Ryan, from his expression I knew I had him pegged dead to rights but it was like he was afraid of offending his daughter of he confessed.

"It's OK daddy, I think John here feel the same about me," Beth confessed.

"Guilty as charged," my lawyer father confessed raising his hand.

"Hell, what can I say?" Ryan sighed.

"Switch!" said Beth this time. As I felt the emptiness of my pussy after Ryan's cock left me be filled once again by my own father's erection, another spark of genius struck me.

"Let's play Russian Roulette," I offered to which all I got back was two blank expressions although Beth knew what I was talking about. It was a favorite game at her old sex parties as I explained. "Every minute or so we switch daddies until one of you cums."

I didn't mention that in the party version usually at least three or more men would be involved and that the "winner" was the girl who got the first guy to cum. For her prize she got to finish off and receive the sperm of the other contestants.

Between having recently cum about an hour earlier and the frequent breaks in action as Beth and I would trade laps, the guys were taking a lot longer to cum this time than the first time we did it. Not to mention neither Beth or I were hurrying things along either. There's a lot a girl can do with her pussy to hasten events but what was the hurry?

It was around twenty minutes or so before Beth's father erupted with a sharp gasp and quick upward thrust. As luck would have it the lucky recipient was his own daughter. Destiny was smiling on us tonight! Once he had cum I started fucking my father in more earnest, successfully bringing him to ejaculation a few minutes later.

The two of us remained pegged on our father's cocks like butterflies in a collection. Neither of us wanted to be the first to drop our dad's dick from our pussy! Rather than push things along, I leaned over and kissed my dad, taking pleasure in the feel of him inside of me as we did. It was like he couldn't decide where to keep his hands - on my ass or boobs. Beth followed my lead and I noticed her grinding slowly on her dad's dick, her hips rotating ever so slowly around him. He had his face buried in Beth's boobs to where it was barely visible as they wrapped around his head. Oh well, THAT wasn't about to happen with mine, LOL.

"Ready?" I asked my dad. After having cum in me hundreds of times we didn't have to say much to convey what we meant. He nodded and I gently lifted up and off his cock which dropped out of me and flopped over on its side against a lush bed of wiry black pubic hair. Almost immediately it was followed by a flood of cum that coated his poor little cock. Dismounting, I leaned over and too his dick in my mouth, scraping off his cum into my mouth with my lips as I let it drop out. Mmmmmmm, nice dessert!

Beth and her dad had watched and it seemed they were ready to do the same. After Beth asked if he was ready, she also lifted herself up and no sooner had his dick stopped plugging her pussy the flood of sperm came flooding out all over his dick and pubic hair. Again, just like me she took it in her mouth and swallowed the= entire mess down in one gulp.

Beth and I squeezed in between our dads, our naked bodies pressed tight against each other on one side and our fathers on the other. Each of them put his arm around his own daughter, with Ryan reaching around to get a handful of Beth's boob.

"So Beth tells me you guys started doing this when Kelly was sixteen," Ryan remarked, "How the hell have you kept it a secret for so long?"

Not as hard as you might think," my dad answered, "Really, it's no different than in one of my legal cases. People tend to see what they want to see. So long as we didn't go overboard, why would anyone think we were committing incest?

Ryan seemed to digest that for a moment before responding back. "I guess you're right. I know there were a few times I noticed you and Kelly seemed awful close but I just attributed it to her being an only child, a daddy's girl, that sort of thing. Besides, the way she dressed and acted it wasn't like it was any secret she was easy."

"Oh, and like your daughter was some angel?"

Ryan quickly clarified himself saying, "Oh I know. Beth was as much the school slut as Kelly but that was her mother's fault, not mine."

I was about to protest. Sure Beth was a slut but she wasn't anywhere near my league, at least not at school. And as for it being her mother's "fault", what was wrong with being a slut? My dad must have felt me tense as I got ready to say something so he cut me off.

"No matter. What counts now is what you guys just did, right?"

Ryan gave his daughter a squeeze. "You're right. I'm still having a hard time believing this isn't some sort of dream though. It's like any moment I'm going to wake up with some doll in my arms and a bed soaked with cum after having masturbated all night!"

Beth had her dad's dick gripped in her hand now, same as me. They might not be ready for action but it was comforting to have it to hold. My dad leaned down and we kissed. For the next half hour or so it was like a high school party where we made out on the couch, kissing and touching one another. It stayed as father-daughter which was just fine by me! Finally it was time for bed... or at least time to go to bed.

"So how is this going to work Kelly?" my dad asked as we broke apart and faced the next step.

He was diplomatically pointing out the flaw in my plan, As I never really dreamed that Beth's dad was going to show up, I hadn't worried about the fact that we only had one adult-sized bed. My assumption would be it would be the three of us which would have been just fine. Now what?

"I tell you what. Why don't Beth and I go back to my place and you and Ryan enjoy each other her tonight?" my dad offered, "Linda won't mind sleeping in the guest room Kelly and the girls won't even know we were there if we leave first thing in the morning."

I looked at Ryan as I had a feeling he would be the deciding factor. I assumed that Beth had told him that we were planning to spend the night with each other's father... had she? I mean like I can always be with my dad but how many chances did I get with hers?

"Ummmmm, I guess that works... OK with you baby?"

Beth seemed to be struggling between her earlier commitment with me and now her desires for her father. I knew exactly how she felt. When my dad first started fucking me I wanted to be with him every waking moment and by be with him I mean with him IN me. It was even worse than after I gave my virginity to Steve and couldn't wait to fuck him every day after. It was easy when I thought she was just teasing me but now it was real so how could I ask her to so this?

"You know daddy, I think Beth and Ryan need to be together tonight," I gently nudged him, hoping he would remember how it had been for us fifteen years before. From the smile that emerged on his face I gathered he did!

"You're right Kelly, as always."

"Oh daddy!" I gushed as I hugged him.

"Are you guys sure?" Beth asked.

"Oh yes, not a problem," I assured her. "You guys stay here. Besides, Steve and the girls are already at my dad's so it's like we'll all be having a sleepover."

"Feels sort of funny kicking you out of your own bed," Ryan commented.

I went over and hugged him, his arms wrapped around my slim nude body.

"OK then, I'll make a deal with you. Spend the night tonight here with Beth but you have to fuck me again sometime in the next month. OK?

stereotyping. Like, does it really make any difference what color or race your partner is when you're having sex?

That said, I'm not just another dumb blonde. I fully that realize my rants aren't going to change the way much of the world views interracial sex. Heck, even though he knows full well about my feelings on the subject, even my own husband makes no effort hide how much it would get him off to watch me being fucked by some big black stud as well as his own desires for young black pussy (with emphasis on the "young" part of that description).

Despite my husband's lurid fantasies, it's been years since I've had sex with a black guy and I've never seen Steve with his fantasy young black girl. Sure, I certainly haven't been there every time he's had sex outside our marriage so I can't be 100% sure he hasn't, but I'd still be simply amazed if he could keep it a secret had he ever fucked a young black girl knowing how horny it makes him to even fantasize about it. Please don't try to read anything between the lines when I say that it's been a long time since I had sex with a black guy. It's not like I've ever made a conscious decision about whether or not to do it - or with any guy of any race for that matter. The few times it's happened were nothing special. From my perspective the guy fucking me just happened to have much darker skin than me. As for all the silly talk about black male endowment, I can't say they were all that different in that department than most male white guys I've had sex with and I'd like to think I've had a pretty extensive dossier to compare. It's been more a case of opportunity than anything else - or rather lack of opportunity. Our friends and the people we know through our on-line sex-swapping group simply seem to have sprouted from more Caucasian and Asian bloodlines. Oh I'm sure the liberal apologists would say something like it's "imbedded racism" but that would just be baloney. It's no different than driving through neighborhoods in Pittsburgh where the old adage, "birds of a feather flock together" plays out quite openly.

As I mentioned, I HAVE had sex with a few black guys over the years but they've all been older than I was at time, some quite a bit older. Perhaps the most memorable time for me was when I met a father whose daughter was in one of my classes. Long story short... by the time my visit to their home was over my suspicions about there being an incestuous bond between them was confirmed beyond any reasonable doubt. That occurred well before I was married, or even engaged for that matter, so my husband wasn't involved. Since being married and joining our sex group Steve and I have enjoyed sex with primarily some version of Caucasians with a

do NOT engage in incest, incest is not allowed during the family parties so as not to make it overly complicated as to who can have sex with who. Imagine what a pain it would be to have to wear wrist bands of different colors to denote who you'd be willing to have sex with!

As the leader of the group, my Aunt Linda is one of the more active "interviewers". She has asked Steve and me a few times to help out with adult applicants needing a couple to join them for their video. Although I'm the type that LOVES to be watched, normally I have a strong resistance against being recorded being a teacher and all. It helps knowing that these recordings are kept extremely secure and unreachable from the Internet making it not a concern for me.

Unfortunately Steve and I don't get to watch the families during their final interview - my Aunt means it when she says those videos are kept private! On the other hand, Aunt Linda will often give us advance notice of a new family's first party. Steve almost always finds a way to attend those while I try to stay home whenever I can get away with it. The reason I stay home most of the time is while I LOVE the adult swapping sessions, the family parties are definitely Steve's "thing", not mine. Why you ask? Well, even though there ARE usually a number of guys who check off the boxes on my list of preferences - married, teen daughter, older than me, etc., I never get to have sex with them! The rules are quite strict in that sex is only allowed between a parent and a kid, no incest partners, and it's the kids that get to choose their partners. As a result I don't get the opportunity to have fun with the dads so whenever I can get by with it I let Steve go with my cousin Kristi in place of me. Like her mom, she's attracted to young boys so she's more than happy to do me the "favor" so it's a win-win for everyone!

So anyways, enough of all that. A while back my Aunt Linda was out of town for some sort of realtor convention for which she'd been invited after having closed a number of large sales in a tough market. She took advantage of the all-expenses paid trip by blending in some "me time" by herself. Before leaving she asked me if I could fill in for her should any interviews get scheduled in her absence. Typically there are very few, if any, each month so odds were my services wouldn't be needed but she liked to keep her bases covered. What my Aunt Linda lacked in morality and ethics she more than made up when it came to organizational and planning skills, probably one of the reasons she'd risen to be head of the group.

Well, as things turned out there were not one but TWO interviews scheduled. The first was for a younger couple, married just a year, looking to spice up their

ass and long lithe legs to match. Wow, she was going to be a busy girl if not already when it came to the boys!

Reading through their responses to the numerous survey questions, I learned that Trevor and Charlene were high school sweethearts which made me smile - same as me and Steve! Unlike us though, they didn't go through a ten year separation period but rather stuck together more or less through college and then got married after which they quickly added Marcy to the family.

As if it was needed, Marcy's questionnaire confirmed my earlier assumption. She'd lost her virginity just this past summer at band camp. I couldn't help but grin when I read that - sheesh, how typical! Then my eyebrows lifted when I saw that she claimed to have only done it with only one boy so far, which took me immediately to the next section of the questionnaire. Hmmmmmm, no incestuous activity, nothing with girls and most curious - no oral sex, not even with the boy who had fucked her. I took that to mean she just let some boy at camp fuck her without much, if any, foreplay. Maybe that's why she only listed having had sex with him a few times.

Marcy's relative inexperience was a major red flag to me making me wonder how they'd even managed to get to this stage in the interview process. Incestuous experience was a requirement to be a member - a firm, non-negotiable requirement at that. Well, that meant doing it at least ONCE, even if just during the video interview although it was extremely rare for that to be the case. I'd heard rumors of instances where people had lied on their applications, evidently hoping that somehow they could sneak by without having to actually do it. Well, THAT never worked as sneaking wasn't an option - the camera sees all and if it didn't capture an unobstructed view of a father's dick buried in his daughter's young pussy then it was game over. It would've been the same if they had a son in regards to having sex with his mother. Checking to see, I saw the initial interview wasn't conducted by my Aunt Linda which made sense as had she been doing the interview she would've dropped everything then and there rather than wasting any more time listening to delusional parents try to rationalize whey they were special and didn't have to conform to the rules.

Well, it was obvious that if I was going to do this interview I needed more information so I removed the small envelopes in their file and took out the USB memory stick inside. Plugging it into the side of my computer, I opened the video file from their initial interview. Anytime during in the application process the couple or family interacted with someone it was recorded. This was primarily for security purposes to avoid any claims of "I never said that" but it was especially useful to me as tone, inflection and body language often gave more information than just words in a transcript.

The first thing I noticed was how the three of them positioned themselves for the interview. The room allowed for several options with a combination of several types of chairs and a large couch. Unknown to applicants, this was done quite deliberately as how they chose to sit was part of their "test". It was encouraging to see Marcy seated between her parents and not off to the side. It was a small point but telling. When a couple sat together with their kids set apart my first instinct is that this is all about them and meeting their own needs more so than their kids. It makes me wonder if they're simply using their kids as their ticket to get to the parties. Seeing Marcy snuggled in between her parents with her father's arm around her and his hand on her shoulder made for a good first impression.

Trevor was dressed in what people refer to as "business casual". Khaki Dockers, a pale blue dress short-sleeved shirt with black dress shoes and black socks. At least he seemed to be taking this seriously rather than showing up in jeans or worse - cargo shorts. At the same time a suit coat was a little much, maybe indicative of being a bit rigid and uncompromising? Clean shaven, he didn't appear overly nervous but he kept glancing at his wife and daughter as if he was concerned about them. Overall I scored him an A so far. OK, so I'm a teacher, get over it!

Charlene also impressed me, pulling off an alluring look without being slutty - something many women just can't seem to get right. She was wearing a tight white dress that hugged her body like Saran Wrap - someone spent some serious time at the local health club! It was short but not TOO short. I mean like it was short enough to draw appreciative looks but no much so that she looked like a hooker. With her bare dark legs crossed, it rode up a little more than half-way up her firm thighs. Matching white heels looked to be on the expensive side and I noticed a delicate gold chain around her left ankle as she bounced her leg just slightly - a little nervous perhaps? Then there were those boobs - wow! As tight as the dress and being strapless as well, you just knew she was proud of them and had every reason to be. She wore a matching gold chain necklace with a small diamond cross - very similar in fact to the one I usually wore. Her hair was straight and shoulder length, nothing fancy but it framed her face nicely. Overall she didn't look like a mom in her mid-thirties - mark up another A for the family.

And then there was Marcy...

"Well, I think we each just feel like our marriage has gotten a little stale in that department, maybe a little routine if you know what I mean."

Charlene just nodded as she allowed Trevor to continue.

"I started checking out some adult sites but then the Ashley Madison scandal hit and I became worried about getting involved with anything like that. Then I was having a few beers with a buddy of mine I've known since high school. Things loosened up a bit and we started talking about marriage and how it was to be locked in with just one person. He mentioned he belonged to this private group and how it's helped his marriage. Over time we talked about it more and he asked if we wanted to be recommended. I talked about it with Char and well... here we are!"

"So you were OK with your husband wanting to join a swapping group?" the interviewer asked Charlene.

Charlene smiled and looked at her husband before answering. "Well, I can't say the idea hadn't crossed my mind as well. I mean I LOVE Trevor and would never want to cheat on him so I just assumed there wasn't anything I could do about it. So when he mentioned this group and how safe and confidential it was it seemed almost too good to be true."

Trevor then continued saying, "I have to admit, I had NO idea the application process would be this complicated. I was a little concerned at first by all the personal information - especially the financials. But then I realized that if everyone was providing this information it was a pretty powerful incentive to keep things private and confidential. I mean, you guys know enough to pretty much ruin our lives with that alone, let alone the more... personal stuff!"

"Well we have no intention of ruining anyone's life," the interviewer assured them, "In fact, that's the whole point of all this - to NOT ruin anyone's life."

"Oh I get that now but still, all this is pretty intimidating," Trevor agreed, pointing his finger right at the camera.

The interview continued with the standard questions about their other sexual partners and experiences. Nothing much interesting, all pretty much routine stuff. All the while Marcy just sat there quietly without much expression as she listened to her parents describe in detail their sexual histories. Was this all new to her? It wasn't like Trevor and Charlene exactly jumped at the chance to share all this. In fact, the interviewer had to press them repeatedly for more details.

Finally it was Marcy's turn. When she was asked about her first time she bit her upper lip and turned to her mom as if asking if she really had to do this. Poor girl, I

"Since your parents told you about all this, have you masturbated about having sex with older men?"

More nods and a grin as she looked at her dad.

"Do you talk to your parents about sex? About masturbating?"

"Noooooo," she answered shyly.

"But yet you are now, aren't you?"

Marcy shrugged this time. "They said I have to answer everything or we wouldn't be accepted."

Not exactly a resounding note of assurance but then she WAS willing to discuss it given the right incentive. Still, SO many questions came to mind and the biggest had yet to be broached. Amazingly, the interviewer never asked a single question about incest! OMG, my Aunt Linda would NEVER have been so flippant. I wondered if maybe the interviewer knew them and knowing that this would be recorded, decided to put it off until the final sex interview.

The video ended so I closed the file and sat back to think about what I'd seen. Well, it looked like the ball had been passed to me. Maybe "dumped" on me would be a more appropriate way to put it! OK, so Trevor was a little more "personal" with his hands on his daughter than the average father but in no way could it be interpreted as anything more than just an innocent fatherly touch.

Yes indeed, this was going to be "interesting" to say the least!

## 4. The Final Interview

The morning arrived for my interview with Trevor and his family. I deliberately chose one of my school outfits so as not to give any impression that I might have any intentions other than conducting the interview in a fully professional manner. With my dress almost to my ankles, bra and panties and flats, I looked more like I was going to be teaching one of Marcy's classes than orchestrating an incestuous event.

We met at my father's house. With my aunt away and my dad working at the office (Saturday's were a just another work day for him) it was empty plus I didn't have to worry about my girls as they stayed home with their dad. I got there early to get things ready, setting up the cameras in the basement family room area. Unlike the first interview, which used just a single camera, this one would have three to capture different angles. This way I could just watch and offer suggestions rather than trying to hold a video camera and do the interview as well.

Right on time the doorbell rang and I quickly went up the wooden basement stairs to answer the front door. Sure enough, the three of them were there. I welcomed them all in and without fanfare Trevor put their coats in the hall closet after which I led them back downstairs where they took a seat on my dad's couch - much as they had in their first interview.

As we got situated I was pleased to see that they'd followed the recommendations in their application package with Trevor in sweat pants and a T-shirt while Marcy and her mom were also in casual sportswear. If things went as planned, they wouldn't be wearing them for long so why make it any more difficult to get out of them than necessary? If they had followed the instructions to the letter they wouldn't have anything else underneath and judging from how Charlene's boobs were outlined in her tight white tank top it appeared this would be the case.

"Wow, quite the setup you have here Kelly," Trevor commented, nodding at the array of cameras and monitors which allowed me to ensure everything was being properly documented without having to get up and check out for each camera.

"When it comes to IT and gear like this, several of our members have been quite generous," I explained briefly, "Hopefully your friend told you all the parties are captured on video as well- now THAT requires quite the setup as you can imagine. Wouldn't want anyone to feel left out."

My poor attempt at a joke fell flat. They were nervous, that was more than obvious.

"So when do the others arrive?" Charlene asked, looking about and seeing how we were the only ones there.

"Others?" I asked, my pulse quickening as I had a pretty good idea why she asked and it wasn't good.

"Well, Trevor said he was told we had to do some sort of 'demo' tape to prove we aren't part of some undercover sting operation," Charlene explained, "So where are the others?"

I looked at Trevor to see if he displayed any signs of guilt for not having told his wife and daughter the entire truth but he looked as curious as his wife. Uh-oh, his friend must not have mentioned everything to him. Still, it wasn't his responsibility but rather that of the first interviewer who I was REALLY becoming annoyed with.

"Did your friend - Riley, happen to mention who was included in his video interview?"

Trevor looked annoyed but answered, "Yeah sure, he said they were a couple from the North Side. No names of course."

I nodded. "OK, that would have been for their application to the swapping group but this is for the family party group. Did he say anything about THAT?"

Trevor again looked annoyed, as if I was asking an obvious question. "Well, he said he couldn't tell me any details of course but he said he got to watch his wife with two teenage boys. He doesn't have a daughter so he said he didn't have to do one for the interview."

My mind was whirling. OK, so technically everything Riley said was true. It was what he had NOT told his friend that made all the difference.

"Ummmmm, Trevor... you DO know the two boys he mentioned were their sons, don't you?"

Charlene's face dropped and went pale. Trevor just had a look of disbelief as if he must have assumed I was just teasing. Marcy was just grinning, apparently finding her parent's reactions amusing. Well, there was nothing amusing from my point of view.

"yeah but I thought the rules said there was no incest allowed at the parties," he protested.

"What do you think baby... would it be so terrible to do it with your own father?" Trevor asked Marcy softly, placing his hand on her thigh as he had done in the previous interview but this time noticeably closer to her crotch.

Something told me dear old dad had been dreaming about fucking his teen daughter a lot more than he was confessing. Then again, what father didn't? To paraphrase an old saying, in my experience there were two type of fathers - the ones who admit they masturbate about having sex with their daughters and ones who lie about not wanting to do it. The biggest real difference was that the vast majority of dads never get the opportunity to realize their dreams.

"I guess not," she answered softly. She may have sounded hesitant but I couldn't help but notice her looking at her dad's crotch for the first time since they'd sat down.

"OK with you then Mom?" I asked, trying to get things moving.

Charlene took a deep breath and rolled her eyes. "Whatever I guess. I mean like if that's the only way we can get this done then what choice do we have? You're sure that everyone has done this... you're not just making this up to get us to do this?"

I assured her that yes, EVERY family that she would meet had sex with their kids before being granted membership.

Charlene seemed relieved and then she smiled. Hmmmmmm, maybe mommy was more interested in getting involved in the family party scene than she had been letting on! I wondered if she had her own dreams about the two sons we'd been discussing earlier. After the last interview I looked to see if I could figure out who this "Riley" guy was that Trevor had mentioned. That wasn't the name listed on their application as their reference but when I checked out that person sure enough, a guy matching the description with two sons the right age came up. They'd been members for several years. Looking closer, I recognized the boys. Wow, both of them had fucked me a few times! I briefly thought about mentioning it to Charlene but held back, not wanting to freak her out with too much information at one time.

"So why don't we get things started then?" I encouraged them. They all just sat there so I went on, "Well... just don't sit there - get naked!"

Trevor and Marcy got up off the couch but Charlene remained seated.

"You too Charlene," I directed.

"But if it's just the two of them, why do I have to get undressed?" she asked. Then she took a sharp breath. "You don't mean I have to do it with her too?"

reached an orgasm but I knew later when I checked out the recordings THAT omission would be addressed.

"No daddy...." she sighed, her voice tapering off as he finally withdrew from her. His cock was covered with sperm and her pussy cum as she just laid there with her long thin legs spread wide open, almost obscenely as her freshly fucked pussy remained spread wide allowing her father's cum to slow emerged and drain down past her asshole onto the couch. Mmmmmmm, what I would have given to lick her pussy at that moment!

Apparently I wasn't the only one with such thoughts except her mother had one advantage - it was HER daughter lying there and it was her husband's cum overflowing her pussy so who had a better right than she did to do what she did...

The look on Trevor's face was priceless! I don't think any of us had any expectations that Charlene would do anything, let alone this. Even little Marcy seemed shocked to a degree when she felt her mother's tongue on her pussy. Marcy's eyes had been shut tight as she reveled in the moment but they popped open wide as her mother licked her clean.

"Mom?"

"Shhhhhh," Charlene simply said as she returned to her daughter's pussy. Oh my god, now THIS was SO hot to watch! It didn't take long for Marcy to cum yet again making that what, three or four orgasms for the lucky girl? I was willing to bet she'd never done THAT before! When she'd finished Charlene sat back up next to Trevor, leaving their freshly fucked little Marcy to lay back on the couch to recover.

"Well?" was all I had to ask.

Trevor and Charlene looked at each other and then each burst out laughing. Nothing hysterical but more like they both realized that something incredible had just happened. Something special...

"Well... Not exactly what I woke up this morning expecting to be doing," Trevor observed.

"YOU didn't expect it!" Charlene teased, poking him playfully.

"Well, that's all I need for today," I said, wrapping things up. "Although I can't speak officially, I don't think there will be any issues getting your application approved now... not after THAT performance!"

"So when's the next party?" Trevor asked.

"Actually there's one tomorrow afternoon," I answered. "it's not a very big one with the annual Christmas party coming soon. There's a few folks who can't make

"You know dear, it won't be too much longer before she starts asking some uncomfortable questions and you're gonna have to stop doing that."

Steve just grunted, all sleepy now that he'd gotten off. "We'll see," he grumbled.

No sense arguing. True, as a submissive wife I bow to the wishes of my husband but that doesn't mean I'm his slave. As a husband it was also his duty to love me unconditionally which meant taking my thoughts and wishes into account when making decisions. True biblical submission doesn't mean mindless obedience! It's actually a two-way interactive between equal partners in a marriage. Technically Steve had the final say but for him to go against something I felt so strongly about wouldn't be right either. OK, so if he REALLY demanded I would agree having anal sex with him but when it came to our daughter's health and well-being there were no compromises.

"I want to go with you tomorrow," I whispered in his ear. I was met with the sound of my husband falling asleep. So much for him taking care of MY needs after one of the hottest mornings in recent memory. Oh well, that's what fingers are for!

Later that night as I was fixing dinner, Steve silently moved in behind me and put his strong arms around me, reaching inside his shirt I was still wearing to grab my boobs.

"Hey, you wanna eat or not?" I teased him.

"Oh I want to eat," he murmured into my ear as he kissed my neck - he knew I LOVED that, "I want to eat some pussy!"

"Well you could've had THAT when I came home earlier," I taunted him, "But someone was too busy doing his thing with our daughter."

"Hey, I played by your rules so how about giving me a break," he protested like a little boy.

"Yeah right... you know big fella that one of these days you're going to get carried away and then I'll have to neuter you!"

For a moment I think he wasn't sure if I was teasing or not. Actually even I wasn't quite sure myself. Mia came in then looking for supper so that was the end of that but I was looking forward to when they went to bed this evening. Fingers are OK in a pinch but I LOVED my husband's dick and what it could do for me.

About halfway through dinner Steve looked at me and grinned. "So did I hear you right when you came home? You want to go with tomorrow?"

"But you're saying we can't do it here?"

I was about to give him another sigh and agree when I looked out at the people in front of us. My dad was now fucking little Cindy and Steve had wasted no time arranging Marcy into position and was enjoying her mouth on his dick. My aunt and her daughter were getting fucked as well by teenage cock and here I was just standing there watching it all.

What the hell, why not? What could they do, ban me? My aunt would never allow that even if they tried.

"Tell you what Trevor... as soon as my husband cums in your daughter, you can fuck me."

"Why wait?" he responded with a sly look?

"I just assumed you'd want to watch," I answered, "I mean it's not like every day you get to see your daughter fucked by a total stranger for the first time."

"Well, I have to admit that Marcy seems more than happy right now," he observed, "Still, I think it would be hot as hell to fuck you right next to your husband while he fucks my daughter. Shit, sounds like something right out the script of an old porn movie!"

I laughed as we quickly made our way over to where my husband was enjoying the ever improving skills of Trevor's daughter.

"I take it this little goddess of love belongs to you?" Steve grinned as Marcy's outstretched tongue licked the tip of his rigid dick.

Trevor just grinned and looked around. "Well, unless someone's wife likes 'em black, I'd say that's a pretty safe guess."

"Kelly told me she didn't start sucking cock until this week," Steve said conversationally as Marcy looked up at her dad with the head of my husband's dick in her mouth.

"Well, have to thank your wife for that!" Trevor answered and then he groaned as I started on his cock, "Jesus Kelly, how do you DO that?"

He was referring to me at the end there as I suddenly just plunged down on his cock, taking it all in until my cheeks were pressed against his thick black pubic hair. What the heck, I figured I'd surprise him and evidently I had!

Although I was about to gag I knew Marcy was watching and frankly I wanted to show off a little for her. Besides, I couldn't remember ever Steve getting to watch his wife deep throat a black dick so why not "make a memory" as they say?

# (Dec 10) Chapter 289: Flying Solo

Story codes: MF Mf oral inc father daughter
Me (31)
John - my dad (52)
Shannon (28)

One of the things that really makes our marriage work so well is trust. My husband and I love and trust one another totally and completely without any hesitation or conditions. While sex plays an essential role in our marriage, we also recognize the difference between sex as in "making love" and just plain ol' having sex for fun. For the most part we tell each other everything we do but now - that can really lead to some fun time later! Then again, sometimes it's fun to just go out on our own.

## 1. Making Love vs. Fucking

Over the years many sanctimonious people have criticized me for my use of the phrase "fucking". OK, so maybe I DO overuse it sometimes but in my defense it's just easier to use then something like "having sex" or other euphemisms. The way I use it I don't see it as a curse word but rather just a description of an action.

Perhaps the quickest way for me to define "making love", at least how it would appear if I was editing the dictionary, is to say there's only one person in the world who has or ever will make love to me - my husband. My love Steve is so much different from that I have for any other man (or woman for that matter). Steve's my husband, my best friend, my lover, my soulmate, my inspiration and most of all - the father of my children. I can't even imagine what my life would be like without him. Because of that, the term "making love" means something special to me. Yet even when it comes to me and Steve it's not like every time we do it I consider it making love. Heck, there are lots of times one or both of us gets really horny and we just have sex for the simple fun of it. In situations like that we're simply addressing our physical needs, more so than an act of love between a husband and wife. The times we DO make love are special and only happen when we are alone - no kids, no relatives, nobody else.

That said... EVERYONE else just fucks me and that includes my father. As I've also said, he's my father, not my lover!

All this is not to imply anything bad or to demean having sex with someone besides my husband - actually I'd say quite to the contrary. There are many "levels" you could say when it comes to fucking. For instance, at the top of the list would be when my dad fucks me which is not anywhere the same as when I'm doing it with some guy whose name I don't even know. However I've no desire to complicate things by devising some sort of ranking for me being fucked based on who, when and where I have sex so I just resort to using the catch-all phrase "fucking". Hey, it works for me!

Another way of differentiating between the terms "fucking" and "making love" would be to compare how they would apply to a marriage more "conventional" than ours. My guess (and hope) would be that the typical wife would agree with what I with regards to "making love" with her spouse be that male or female. However, my suspicion is that she wouldn't look upon "fucking" the same as me because her relationship with her husband is probably a lot different than mine. Without the deep trust and self-confidence my husband and I share, I'm sure that if her husband fucked someone that she would call it an act of adultery and lead to a few issues with their marriage, to say the least.

Such a wife would more than likely be surprised to know that I also abhor adultery and that I've warned my husband he would be neutered in his sleep without anesthetic if he ever committed such an act. Then again, I'll admit that my definition of adultery is a little more flexible than for most wives. In short, I believe adultery is the act of sex with someone besides your spouse without their permission. Another way of saying it would be that adultery is "cheating". Adultery is being dishonest with your spouse, hiding something from them that should never be hidden. Even so it doesn't necessarily mean that Steve has to tell me every time he has a little fun with someone else, just that he never deliberately hides it from me or lying about it. He knows that he has my blanket permission to have sex with anyone he wants so long as if I ever ask about it that he tells me. Personally, it doesn't turn me all that much on to listen about his little adventures or whatever he calls them. It's not that I'm jealous or anything, it just doesn't get me off.

The same goes with me. While I tell Steve about the vast majority of my extracurricular sexual activities, I don't feel compelled to "confess" the next time I see him. Usually I DO tell him simply because I know he gets off from hearing about it! So I suppose while I tell him most everything, typically if it doesn't impact me in some way then Steve's more than welcome to just keep it to himself. That's particularly true when it comes to having sex with my dad - something he'd rather practice "don't ask - don't tell".

Now that I'm in my thirties with two beautiful daughters, I find my needs and desires slowly changing. Actually, I'd rather say they're "evolving" more so than something I feel needs to be altered. For most of my life I've enjoyed striking out on my own like a cat on the prowl, seeing the reaction of men and just enjoying myself for the evening or afternoon, sometimes with multiple men. Older men - preferably the "happily" married ones are now my favorites. It's even better if they have a teen daughter or two. It's such a boost to my ego and self-worth knowing such men want me so bad they do something they've dared do before!

Nowadays I find I'm more and more into intimacy which mean more one-to-one relationships. I'm much more satisfied these days after spending the night with someone than just a few hours of wild sex. The fact that he has a wife at home clueless about what he's doing turns me on something fierce! Knowing he wants me more than her, even though it's just for one night, makes me feel so sexy and desirable. Fulfilling his fantasies about his daughter can be such a turn-on, especially knowing when he goes home he'll more than likely be looking at her with even more lust than ever before. If nothing else he'll always remember what he did with me! It's like I've been tattooed into his brain. He'll never make love to his wife or hold his daughter close again without memories of me intruding.

Because of my personal "evolution", I find that most of my sexual dalliances outside our marriage (as in non-incestual sex) now tend to be swapping with other married couple. True, it takes away the "cheating" aspect I find so erotic but then it's a whole lot easier to find a couple that wants to swap than a husband who wants to cheat for the first time. Any man who has been married that long hasn't cheated for a reason, even if he WANTS to do it. All of which just makes it all the more fulfilling for me when he does with me!

There's a HUGE difference for me between being fucked by husbands who cheat regularly on their wives and the first timers. I know this may sound strange at first but bear with me... I despise men who commit adultery, especially the ones who do it serially. In my eyes marriage is a solemn commitment and he took an oath before God and his family which makes such a violation wrong on many levels. Thus other than his first time, where's the joy and thrill of being fucked by such a bastard?

Keep in mind I'm referring to the ones who hide it from their wife. As I said, while it's still wrong and a sin, I don't hold the "first timer" in such contempt. Let's be real... typically it's not all his fault. Shouldn't his wife have to share some of the blame if she's not satisfying his needs? I mean like if she was then he wouldn't have been seriously thinking about it fucking me in the first place. Also, I'll admit I often have to bear a smidgeon responsibility as the average married guy I fuck doesn't usually come on to me first. It's like almost always I'm the one who has to pursue him. True, that's usually only when I see some sort of signal he might be interested but in most cases I doubt that if I hadn't made the effort then nothing would have happened. Doesn't every man fantasize? It's getting them to cross the line from fantasy world to the real world that's the problem.

As much as I get grief from it, I have maintained a personal policy that I don't do it again with a husband who has cheated just once with me. Maybe it's a bit to assuage my guilt but I have no desire to ever hurt someone's marriage or become someone's mistress. Rather I like to believe that in most cases allowing him the opportunity to cheat with me HELPS their marriage by allowing him to release those pent up needs and live out the fantasies he's been masturbating about. OK, so maybe for the rest of their marriage he thinks a little about me every time he makes love to his wife, but at least she's still his wife! If anything, if she ever found out she should thank me for the great sex after I did it with him. I know... fat chance of THAT ever happening but I can dream!

Thanks to writings such as this one, I get letters from all sorts of guys who claim to fit my desired "profile" - married, never cheated, teenage daughter. Most of these I take with a grain of salt as I figure they're just saying what they think will get my attention, maybe even convince me to send them a nude of me or two and have some free phone sex. If that's the case they're doomed to be disappointed but still it can be a little entertaining to go along with them for a while although it gets boring pretty quickly. I say that because if they're lying then they quickly use up the fake photos stolen from somebody's Facebook page or run out of excuses as to why they won't rummage through their daughter's underwear and cum on it. Amazingly though, every now and then I get a real guy which can lead to a long-term "relationship" where I share more than usual. Still, it's all just fun and games as I would never consider getting more intimate with anyone on-line, certainly not to where I would share personal information or even cam with them or talk on the phone.

Meeting real guys though is different from chatting on-line of course yet in some ways not so much. For example, I NEVER share my real name or any information with a guy that I don't need to share, even after he's fucked me (or should I say, especially after he's fucked me). In some cases it's unavoidable because we met in church and he's known me maybe for years. It's when I'm with someone I've never met before that my obsession for secrecy comes in full throttle. I'd NEVER consider meeting a stranger at my apartment or even let them see my car (license plate!) or share a photo showing something that could link me to my "real" life. At the same time it can be quite interesting when I've known the guy previously and then see him again later knowing what we've done - especially if his virtuous wife or adoring family is with him. Greeting his clueless wife shortly after he's fucked me, knowing she has no idea I'm carrying his adulterous sperm within me, is incredibly erotic!

## 2. Developing the Need

It had been months now since I'd been out on my own with anyone. It's not like it was something I made a conscious decision about, it just happened. Then one night I was masturbating in bed while Steve was at work and started daydreaming about various men I'd met recently or knew from the past that had flirted with me or I'd caught staring at me when I wasn't looking. Om my God I was so dang wet! It's such a turn-on to be viewed by men in such a way, especially now that I'm not exactly sixteen anymore. Even so, people tell me all the time I don't look like I'm even 21, let alone 31. Hey, I'll take it!

As I played with myself I smiled as I felt something I hadn't in years - my pubic hair. I've been shaving more or less regularly for ages now but times change and the trends now seem to be more towards the hairy look. Not full-on bushes like my mom and Aunt Linda still maintain, but well-trimmed and tasteful. It feels a little funny now when Steve eats me out with feel my growing pussy hair rubbing on his face but thankfully he seems plenty happy with my new appearance. Then there's the advantage of not having to shave myself smooth. Trimming is still essential but not nearly as much a pain - sometimes literally.

Rubbing my wet sensitive clit, I sighed as my bare legs tingled with the pleasure that emanated from my crotch and progressed down through them. With my free hand I cradled my breast, gently squeezing it as I pressed my finger just

As I previously mentioned, if there's one adage I've always followed it's you don't mess with your career. Being an eighth grade teacher, people are always asking me if I'm ever attracted to a student. Well duh, of course! Then again, so what? I'm attracted to a lot of men but that doesn't mean I want to have sex with them. Besides, any teacher who does it with a student deserves to lose their license and go to jail if for no reason than being insanely stupid. Like what young boy is not going to eventually tell his friends he's been screwing his teacher? Even if a girl doesn't say anything now, how does a guy know she's not going to come after him years or even decades later and destroy his teaching career and marriage?

Similarly, messing around with other teachers has never been a thing for me. Sure, when a guy like Shannon comes around I'm attracted and may even masturbate about him at home just as I was now. Again, that didn't mean I was ever planning to DO anything with him. Maybe if I was single it would be different. Single teachers date and even get married all the time. Everyone knew I was married - and I made sure they saw my ring to prove it! For me to have an affair with another teacher would likely bring nothing but trouble - the kind that gets you fired under the "inappropriate behavior" clause of our contract.

Still, for whatever reason I'd found myself thinking a lot about Shannon from the start of the school year. He teaches in the room next to mine so we see each other often in the hallways and sometimes in the teacher's lounge or cafeteria. We've always maintained a strictly professional relationship although I could've sworn there were more than a few times when he "checked me out". It's not like I wear anything particularly suggestive at school to draw attention to myself. In fact, it's quite the opposite. The majority of my school outfits would feel right at home on the set of Little House on the Prairie with their long hemlines, high necks with NO cleavage, bra and panties at all time, nothing sleeveless or revealing. The dress code for teachers, particularly female ones, is quite detailed and ridiculously strict - so much so I felt it was a little unfair given the "anything goes" mentality when it comes to the seventh and eighth grade girls I teach. Even though they're mostly just twelve to fourteen years old, it amazes me how their mothers will allow them to come to school dressed like little sluts and yet nothing ever gets said to them.

Despite my better judgement, around mid-October or so found myself starting to REALLY fantasize about Shannon. These days it seems like whenever I masturbate at least part of the time I'm imagining it's him fucking me. I think it's sorta quaint that some guys worry when they write me, saying that they hope their fantasies are not too extreme or turn me off. Well, no need to worry as my feelings are that NOTHING is wrong so long as it's just a fantasy. Instead, it's what you DO that counts. OK, so I may not necessarily share your enthusiasm for your weird fantasy but that doesn't mean I would ever condemn you for having it. Trust me, there are plenty of guys with fantasies that are total turn-offs which I try to politely turn away but hey, if it turns him on then he can have them - just not with me.

While I have definite rules and boundaries when it comes to my real life, I DO have some fantasies that can get pretty crazy. Some things just never turn me on - scat, BSDM, sex with animals and very young kids, that sort of thing. However there are plenty of other things that I'd never DO in real life that I still enjoy dreaming about them. Most of these fantasies have to do with people I'd love to fuck but know I either can't or never will have the opportunity - celebrities and such. For instance, I can remember watching TV with my dad as a little girl and masturbating over some guy I thought was cute - just as he did when Amanda Tapping of StarGate was on the screen or another sexy girl. Needless to say I wasn't going to ever actually have sex with them. Back then I use to make myself cum thinking about a teacher at school, or even my pastor at church - men who the idea of fucking me turned me on yet I would never do them in real life. OK, so I did a youth pastor (and later his wife) once but never a head pastor!

At first my thoughts of Shannon followed the usual pattern - nice fantasy material when I was pleasing myself but at the same time knowing it would never happen in real life. Then for whatever reason I started thinking to myself, heck with all this nonsense - why not do it? It wasn't like he was some fifteen year-old kid who would go running off to his friends bragging about doing the teacher. No matter what else might happen I still felt confident that I would only want him once, sort of like notching my belt so to say, so it wouldn't be like we would have to hide an affair from the rest of the staff. Shannon was just so dang HOT and seeing the young girls flirt and fawn over him while he maintained such a distance from them yet at the same time gave just enough attention to be effective turned me on even more. I wondered if he jerked off at night thinking about the teens and tweens who so idolized him. Just the same, I wondered if he'd ever done so thinking about fucking ME!

Of course Shannon knew I was married and maintained an extremely professional demeanor with me at all times. He'd even met Steve in the parking lot a few times when my husband picked me up from school. I wondered what Shannon would've said if he knew Steve was checking out the guy who'd been making his wife so horny recently? Not that Steve would EVER have considered anything with him. My husband's phobia against homosexuality was legendary – at least between two guys. Knowing I was married and seeing how I kissed Steve to greet him, Shannon had to know what a great marriage we have. I'd bet most anything though that he had no idea that one of the biggest secrets to our success was Steve allowing me to be with men just like him! It's not like Steve pulled him aside and encouraged him to fuck me – although sometimes when I was masturbating I'd fantasize that he did just that!

As much as the desires grew and my fantasies became more and more livid, I was stuck. Like how in the world could I ever convince Shannon to fuck me? For all I knew he might even be offended to know how I felt about him. I mean he might take offense that I'd think HE would be willing to do such a thing. It's another reason I find it so hard to find married men to cheat with – many of them may WANT to do it but their ethics and moral values prevent them from doing so. Like what would happen if I flirted with Shannon and then he told someone else? I shudder to think!

Well, one of the reasons I was so into masturbating about him at this moment was that I HAD just recently taken a risk...

## 3. Teasing

My heart was beating a mile a minute. For crying out loud, I felt like I was thirteen again with a crush on one of the older boys in my church youth group. I'd been planning this out carefully, like a hunter checking out his prey in the weeks before deer season. I knew between period two and four that Shannon usually spent time in the teacher's lounge snacking on something. I also know that it was one of the least frequented periods of the day so far as that location went. For the past week I'd passed through quickly, checking to see who was there but it seemed there always one person or another who just had to be there, ruining my plans in the process.

Not so today. The small room was empty so I quickly shut the door behind me and took a seat on a small couch opposite the table he was seated at, snacking on what looked to be a Greek yogurt container.

"Hi! Hope you don't mind me ruining your solitude," I greeted him.

Shannon just smiled. God I loved that smile! How many times has I imagined seeing that exact same smile as I took his dick into my mouth?

"No problem, not like it's my private sanctuary." With that he went back to his yogurt and what looked to be some news app on his phone. CNN?

Silence... I leaned back in the chair and sighed, reaching behind me to push in against my back and then straightening up. Using both hands, I cupped my breasts and gave them a heft or two as if I need to adjust how they were cradled by my stupid bra. Sort of like when men grab their crotch and give it a hitch. All the time I'd deliberately NOT looked at Shannon and then with my hands full of boob I looked up to see him eyeing me. I dropped my hands and pretended to be embarrassed.

"Sorry!" I said with a giggle, "I just HATE wearing bras and this one is REALLY killing me today!"

Shannon just smiled, a Cheshire cat type that gave away nothing.

"Well, thankfully men don't have to deal with those medieval instruments of torture."

We both laughed. I frowned then asked more rhetorically than anything, "It's really not fair you know... students don't have to wear them so why do teachers?"

Shannon didn't answer for a moment and then said, "Well, from what I've always heard, I think most of them WANT to wear one."

Again we laughed together as I replied, "True... true... I remember when I was this age and I was SO self-conscious that most of my friends were wearing one while I was still so flat. Thank God for Kleenex!?

With that his expression flattened a little and I was afraid maybe I'd gotten a little TOO personal. He quickly changed the subject to something he'd read on his phone and that was the end of our first discussion about my boobs - or at least that's how I like to remember it.

Well, THAT didn't exactly go as it did the last I masturbated about it! Still, it was a start and served as the foundation for what was to be a slow but steady journey. Like a hunter on the trail, I worked my way slowly towards my prey, ever careful not to get too aggressive and spook it away. I guess you could say I felt like I was hunting with one bullet - and I needed to make it count!

As I said, it was a start of our teasing about bras. I'd make a show of twisting myself a bit in it and he'd joke about how I really needed to go out and buy some new ones. Sometimes we'd be monitoring the hallways and he'd nod ever so slightly at some girl blatantly showing off her new assets. Who could blame them? I'd have given anything at that age to be able to wear some tight flimsy blouse with my boobs pressing out and nipples poking through. I'd been SO jealous of my best friend Beth who was practically in a B cup while still in sixth grade! She NEVER wore a bra and we use to laugh and giggle after school talking about how some of the teachers use to stare at her chest when they thought she wasn't looking.

It was a while before I had him to myself again, this time at a table in the cafeteria. Glancing around, his nose wrinkled in such a cute way as he asked, "So why DO teachers have to wear bras anyways? I mean I can understand why some of them would WANT to."

We both laughed as I saw him tilt his head towards one of our more matronly teachers. Yeah, her bras had to be industrial strength to keep those monsters in check. I couldn't even imagine how they would hang left on their own!

"C'mon, you know," I sighed, "Same reason I have to wear this granny dress. Can't have the little boys getting all excited now, can we?"

Shannon smirked. "Well, don't take this wrong but I think you could come to class in a gunny sack and they'd be turned on so what's the difference."

"Oh Shannon, that's so sweet of you!" I exclaimed, smiling at him.

"Sorry... that came out before I had time to think about it," he apologized, his face turning a bit read. HE was SO cute!

"Well I took it as a compliment," I assured him but the period was ending and it was back to class.

*****************

God, it WAS like being back in high school again except this time it was ME chasing the boy instead of the other way around. Not to mention that he wasn't being nearly as "easy" as I'd been. I mean it's not most boys had to work very hard to get me to go out with them. Having the sort of rep I enjoyed as the school slut meant never having to spend a Friday night alone!

Along those lines, our next conversation took me a little by surprise...

"I hadn't realized you had been a student here," he casually mentioned.

"Oh yeah, I guess that's one reason I was able to get a position here so young," I answered. It was true, the waiting list for a teaching slot in the district was huge and I knew my alumni status had helped. "So how did you find THAT out?"

Shannon just shrugged. "Oh someone was mentioning it the other day."

That peaked my curiosity. Now how had THAT come up just in some casual conversation? "Oh really?" I came back.

Shannon paused in that way he always did when I could tell he was debating whether or not he should say something. Thankfully it seemed that lately he was coming down more and more of the side of telling me.

"Well, from what I hear... and mind you I'm sure it's just gossip so I hate to even repeat it... but from what I hear you, shall we say, were pushing the dress code yourself back in the day."

"I guess you could say that," I murmured with a smile.

"So no granny dresses back then?" he teased me.

This time I tried to put more of a seductive tone when I answered. "Well, even now they're just for school. I wouldn't get caught dead in public wearing an outfit like this!"

Shannon smiled and I noted his gaze momentarily dropped to my chest before he caught himself.

"Well, I'm sure there's a few places where you do... church and such, right?"

I couldn't help but smile at that. "Like I said, wouldn't be caught dead!"

"Hmmmmmm, maybe I need to start attending church," he joked... or at least tried to make it sound like he was. I took the opportunity to tell him the name of my church and the times I attended. He smiled dutifully.

"Sorry, wasn't trying to convert you or anything," I apologized.

Our time ran out but I couldn't help but wonder if the seed I'd planted would take root. Odds were it was for naught but then one never knows! That following Friday as I passed by him on the way to my car I "fertilized" my seed, calling out to him to remind him about the service on Sunday. He waved and nodded but that was about it.

****************

When I got home I couldn't get the girls busy and strip fast enough! Flopping myself flat on my back in bed, my hand immediately plunged between my thighs. Dang I was SOOOOO damn horny!

"Mommy, Kylie hit me!"

Crap! I looked over and there was my cute Mia, hands planted on her hips.

"Just get in bed with mommy and don't worry about her," I urged her, anxious to get back to business. She clambered up, dragging her favorite doll and laid on the pillow beside me.

"Now just be quiet and leave Mommy alone for a few minutes, OK?"

"What are you doing mommy?"

The question had nothing to do with the fact I was naked and rubbing myself. She was ALWAYS asking me that question - drove me batty sometimes with it. I'd learned the hard way I couldn't ignore her or she'd just keep asking so the best thing to do was play the "mommy card".

"Just something mommy's do."

Amazingly it still worked - as it did most of the time. I guess so long as she got SOME response she was happy. Whatever the case, she rolled over on her side facing me and held her doll tightly in her little arms as she watched me. Oh well, at least she was quiet!

I closed my eyes and did my best to ignore her which became easier and easier the more I touched myself. Imagine if Shannon met me in church... if we snuck downstairs during the service... if he fucked me in the furnace room just as the boys use to do when I was a teenager in heat!

My free hand cupped my boob - no dang bra and dress in the way this time! My finger plunged into my pussy as I dreamed about Shannon's hard erection filling me. God I wanted him to fuck me so bad! Feel him inside of me, wanting me, his monstrous dick so HARD for me.

"Oh yeah!" I gushed as I came, my orgasm of course cumming just as I imagined Shannon releasing his sperm inside of me, flooding me with the symbol of his lust and desire for me. I felt like I was on fire, sweating now as I kept rubbing myself, trying to drive myself even higher.

"Fuck me Shannon... Fuck me harder!" I whispered to myself, semiconsciously aware of my daughter next to me and the need to control myself at least a LITTLE bit.

I came again! My fantasy Shannon never went soft as he fucked me over and over, cumming inside of me time after time like a teenage stud. My pussy was flooded now with my cum, dripping down my butt and onto the bed sheets as my only thoughts were of how badly I wanted... no I NEEDED him to cum yet again in me. I laid there exhausted, the room reeking of my sex but who cared? Mia wouldn't notice and Steve certainly wouldn't!

******************

The next day I was picking up some milk and bread at the local Giant Eagle when lo and behold who should I see but Shannon! So far as I knew this was the first time I'd ever crossed paths with him away from school. Dang, and here it was so cold out I was wearing a long winter coat over jeans and a thick sweater. So much for not wearing a granny dress. For once I wasn't wearing bra but he'd never be able to tell.

"Hey, fancy meeting you here," I greeted him with a smile. I don't think he'd noticed me up until then as he seemed startled but he quickly recovered. We compared notes over our purchases and then just as we were about to part I poked him saying, "Don't forget about the service tomorrow... you promised you know!"

In all fairness he had done no such thing but he didn't contradict me. Instead, he just nodded concomitantly and walked away. Sheesh, what did THAT mean?

*****************

Sunday morning and that meant just one thing - daddy time! Yet as much as I looked forward to our weekly ritual, I found myself daydreaming about Shannon as my dad was fucking me - apparently obviously so.

"Damn... you're hot and horny this morning baby," he observed as he easily slid into me as I leaned over the kitchen table with my dress pulled up over my butt. Of course I was sans panties. "What's got you so worked up... couldn't wait to be fucked by your old man this morning, eh?"

We both laughed as he stroked his incestuous erection in and out of his only daughter. I didn't tell him how I'd been playing with myself the whole time as I'd driven to his house... or the reason WHY I was playing with myself.

"Oh daddy... you know I love you to fuck me!" I assured him in my little girl tone of voice I knew he loved as I worked my bare ass against his hairy crotch.

For a moment I debated telling him the real reason. Well, it wasn't like it was the ONLY reason as after all, I DO enjoy having sex with my dad. Still, I had to admit I WAS a bit hornier than usual this morning! I closed my eyes and once again dreamed it was Shannon inside of me only this time it wasn't my fingers pretending to be a cock but rather my own father's hard cock. Mmmmmmm, that made it a whole lot easier to imagine!

"Oh baby girl... daddy's cumming," he announced quite unnecessarily as he thrust himself hard into my ass, driving his cock into me as far as he could as he released his cum inside of me. It wasn't like after him fucking me now for over fifteen years that I didn't know the signs of his impending explosion!

In my mind Shannon's cum flooded me yet again as my dad erupted inside of me. Oh god this felt so much better than just my finger and imagination! I love it when a man cums inside of me, especially when that man is my father. How better could he ever express his love and respect for his daughter than through this most intimate act?

Less than ten minutes later I was taking a seat in our usual pew, my pussy still tingling from the incestuous fucking my dad had given it just minutes earlier. I'd tried to wipe up as much of his cum as possible while it leaked out of me on the way from his house to church but I could still feel a bit under my dress. Oh well, who cared?

Unfortunately there was no sign of Shannon. Damn! He'd stood me up! I squeezed my thighs together making my still sensitive clit throb. What I would have given to sneak off out of sight and show him my father's cum in my pussy! Well, I didn't know at all how he felt about incest so maybe that wouldn't have worked in real life but hey, I was fantasizing so no rules, right?

Throughout the entire service I was distracted by thoughts of being fucked by Shannon. Then as the service ended, who did I see shaking the hand of the pastor ahead of us but none other than the object of my masturbation sessions of late - Shannon!

In the parking lot I saw him ahead of us so I called out to him. He turned and smiled.

"Well, I made it but I thought I'd missed you," he apologized.

I introduced him to my dad and after some small talk we went our separate ways.

"Let me guess... so THAT's who had you so horny this morning, eh?" my dad teased me on the way home.

"Oh daddy, you know better," I tried to defend myself - being about as successful as I had ever been as a teenager.

My dad laughed as we pulled into his driveway. "That's right... I DO know better."

We both laughed and then as he held the door open for me he continued, "Well, since half this morning was evidently about HIM, then I think you owe me," he taunted me.

"Oh daddy," I came back again... it was a phrase I seemed to use a lot with my father.

"None of this "Oh daddy" shit," he corrected me as he closed the door behind us, pretending to be serious about disciplining me, "Now strip!"

I laughed and pretended to protest but at the same time was already doing as he ordered. After all, I AM his daughter which means I submit to him unquestioningly.

This time it was all about him...

## 4. Culmination

Seeing Shannon in church made me think maybe he WAS more interested in me then he let on. I mean why else would he have bothered to get dressed and attended service at a strange church? Still, it was LONG step to go from meeting him at church to meeting him in bed.

The game had gone on too long as far as I was concerned. Heck with this, I wasn't a silly teenage girl anymore! We were both adults in our thirties so why did we need to keep playing these games? I mean like he HAD to be interested in me, right? I don't mean to sound full of myself but I'd never met a heterosexual man who DIDN'T want to fuck me - not to mention more than a few who weren't necessarily heterosexual. Oh sure they all didn't fuck me - opportunity can be an obstacle no matter what the desire. But since I'd first lost my virginity I really wasn't all that accustomed to being turned down by men once I'd set my mind to having sex with them. Well, Shannon wasn't about to be the first.

That morning I lay in bed touching myself as I made my plans. I rehearsed everything, knowing full well that when push came to shove I'd forget all my lines and make it all up on the spot but that didn't keep me from thinking about it as I masturbated yet again. As I dressed, I was sorely tempted to leave off my underwear. Still, even though I knew that would likely make it almost TOO easy, I decided that I'd better stick to the rules or I'd likely not get a chance at Shannon before I was sent home and disciplined.

Sometime I can tell when I'm doing something right or wrong just by how everything works out. If obstacles keep dropping in your path, maybe second thoughts are needed. In this case, it was like a steam roller was ahead of me, clearing a path. I said a silent prayer, thanking God for giving me the signs that it was OK. Never hurts to have the big guy on your side!

Yes! The teacher's lounge was clear, or least clear with the exception of Shannon. I took a deep breath as I walked in, my resolve steady. It was now or never.

"Hey, how are you this morning?" he greeted me, "Any girls catch your eye this morning?"

We both laughed. It seemed that lately the bra thing had become our private "in" joke. These days I didn't even have to answer, just a roll of my eyes was enough to get my point across. But then I wasn't there to discuss bras, or lack of them, amongst the student population. Instead of taking my usual seat on the couch across from him, this time sat in the chair next to him. Leaning on my elbow on the table, I smiled.

"You know Shannon, we're both adults," I started but he cut in.

"Oh no, now what did I do?" he teased me, putting up his hands to shoulder height like he was surrendering.

"Can you just be serious for a moment," I lightly chastised him. His wonderful smile disappeared but I could see the curiosity remaining in his expression.

I took a breath... well, it was now or never!

"OK... so what would you say if I told you that I wanted you to fuck me?"

His eyes immediately widened and I could hear him take in a sharp breath. He started to smile and answer but then I think he saw in my face that I wasn't joking.

"Are you serious Kelly? I mean REALLY serious??

"I thought I asked a simple question," I said ignoring him, "So let me make it easier for you... Shannon, will you fuck me?"

He coughed and I could almost see the thoughts spinning in his head.

"You ARE serious," he said breathlessly, "But I thought you were married. That IS a wedding ring on your finger, isn't it??

"So?"

He sighed, "Well, that means you're married and your husband would kill me. And if he's the same guy you introduced me to a while back I don't exactly want to piss him off!?

"Quit worrying about my husband and just answer the question... will you fuck me?" I pressed him, licking my lips seductively.

"Here? Now?" he questioned.

That deserved a heavy rolling of the eyes and then, "Of course not silly... someplace a LITTLE more private I would think would be best."

"Ummmmm, Kelly... What the hell brought THIS on?" he asked, obviously trying to stall for time to think, "Some kind of joke or something??

"I don't get it. Just because I'm married shouldn't mean I can't enjoy being with other men," I explained, "And besides, don't worry - Steve's just fine with it. He makes out in return, trust me!"

Shannon sat back, putting a few inches more clearance between us as he glanced anxiously at the door as if worried someone might overhear us.

"I mean really Kelly, I'm flattered," he whispered conspiratorially, "But I don't think I could ever do it with a married woman... Besides, I thought you were such a Christian with all the church-going and Bible reading between classes and such."

"First, I AM a Christian and a VERY serious one at that so let's get that straight. It just seems to me that if God gave me this body that he'd want me to use it to the best of my ability, don't you think?" I argued, "Like why buy a Ferrari if you're going to stay within the speed limits? "Now for the last time... will you or will you not fuck me? Last chance Shannon - please don't make me beg."

Poor Shannon. The lust and desire was evident in his eyes - no mistaking that! The color in his cheeks, the licking of lips... every sign was there that he was aroused. Still, I had the feeling he wasn't quite buying my assurances about Steve but then so what? It wasn't like I was asking him to be part of a threesome.

"OK then, so I'd be lying through my teeth if I said I hadn't thought about it," he sighed. The he sat up straight and shook his head with a determined look.

"OK Kelly, that's quite enough," he announced forcefully, "Fun is fun and I get it that you're a tease - you DO have more of a reputation with the staff here than perhaps you realize. I'm not sure what your game is..."

"Trust me, I'm NOT teasing," I insisted, crossing my arms in defiance.

Just then the period ended and we both turned to leave. Shannon put his hand on my shoulder for a brief moment.

"Don't get me wrong... if you were single I'd call your bluff," he teased me as he opened the door and we walked out.

****************

Later when I got home I plopped back on the old couch in our living room keeping an eye on my girls as I started to masturbate while trying to imagine Shannon fucking me - my usual theme of late. Yet as horny as I was all I could think about was him turning me down. I mean like NOBODY ever turns me down when it comes to sex. If anything, I'm the one who determines who and when I have sex, NEVER a guy. Sheesh! What's a slut got to do these days to get a guy to just fuck her? There was a time not all that long ago when all I had to do was LOOK at a guy and he would be trying to get up my skirt. Then again, I didn't even have to look most of the time!

Thoroughly frustrated but still horny as heck, I stood up, pulled down my sweatshirt and went into the kitchen to prepare supper. Boy, Steve better be ready when he gets home! Oh well, Shannon's loss was going to be my husband's gain... Somehow, I didn't think he would complain!

****************

I suppose I should've cut my losses at this point and given up. Yeah, that's what most people would say but then it's not like I'm accustomed to men turning me down for sex! Nope... it's supposed to be the other way around in that it's ME who teases and then turns THEM down! Shannon mentioned something about my reputation. Well, you don't get that sort of reputation by giving up so easily. Now it was more than just being horny for him¦ now it was a challenge.

Frankly, I didn't think it was actually all that gig of a challenge. Oh sure, I HAVE been turned down over the course of the years but when that DID happen it wasn't subtle. Thankfully there are some men in this world who ARE faithful to their wives and marriage vows (thankfully I'm married to one of them!). SO the mere fact Shannon played along, even if not that long, was enough to show me the cracks were in the dam and all it was going to take was a little more pushing to get it to burst.

Shannon seemed to avoid me the next few days but I wasn't about to let that deter me. The plan I had in mind would only take a few minutes so I kept an eye out for an opportunity. He seemed to be avoiding the teacher's lounge, at least when it wasn't occupied, so I had to seek out another option...

After school that day I waited around instead of hurrying out to pick up the girls from daycare. Keeping a close watch, I saw Shannon putting on his coat and seized the opportunity. The halls were all but deserted by this time which helped as well. I greeted up with some small talk about the weather and such, asking how his Christmas plans were coming along. It really didn't matter to me one way or another but I wanted him to feel comfortable with me and it seemed to work as he immediately launched into how difficult it was logistically when you lived so far from family. I remarked how most of my family was in the area which made it easier and we just kept up the banter until we reached his car.

"Well, good luck with your plans," he said to me as he unlocked his car and made ready to open the door.

I looked around... cast was clear. There were a few groups of kids closer to the school but nobody with a direct view given the way he was parked had his car between us and the school.

"One second... I forgot to give you something," I told him.

Shannon looked at me curiously as I was just carrying my purse.

"Here, would you mind holding this for me just for a minute?" I asked him, handing him that very purse. He took it from me by the strap, holding it out like it was a dead skink. What is it with men and purses anyways? Just holding one doesn't make you gay!

Another quick glance... Then I bent down and lifted up my dress just enough to reach my panties - no hose needed when your dress is to your ankles! One swift motion and they were down to my ankles where I stepped out of them. I'd been planning this from the moment I woke up so rather than my usual "granny" cotton panties I'd been wearing a light blue thong. As horny as I'd been all day it had to reek of my sex!

"Here... for you," I said as I handed it to him, "Something to help you think about my offer when you get home tonight."

He automatically reached out to take them before I think he had time to process what was happening. I took my purse from his hand as he stood there like a statue with my used thong in his hand.

"Enjoy!" I called out to him as I quickly scampered away to my car without looking back. At least he didn't chase after me to return them!

In my mind one of two things would happen tonight. He'd jerk off at home smelling panties or toss them away like they were radioactive. Well, I was certainly hoping the latter as it would've been a waste of a nice thong. I smiled to myself during dinner as I thought about how many men have asked me to send them a pair of my panties over the years and here I just gave a pair away to Shannon without him even asking.

The next day at school I saw Shannon standing outside his classroom. I gave him a wink as I passed by. Hey, he smiled at me!

"Enjoy?" was all I said as I paused.

"Maybe," he teased back. Yeah right, I knew better! There was no doubt from the way he looked at me that my efforts had not been wasted. Now for the coup de grace. My pussy tingled as I stood before my class. So close now! It was sort of like that dam analogy I was using... it takes a lot of effort to get the cracks started but once it bursts...

Sure enough, Shannon was back to being alone in the lounge when I checked. Once again I took a seat next to him.

"Need another pair yet?"

Shannon chuckled. "Well, I take it then that subtlety is not exactly one of your strong suits, is it?"

I licked my lips just enough and then answered, "Why bother... when I see something I want I go for it... and I saw something I wanted."

"OK... and so what do you want now?" he said softly, clasping his hands in front of him.

I checked to see that the door was closed. Thankfully the teacher's lounge had one of the few doors in the school without a window! I quickly reached down before he could move and placed my hand firmly on his crotch. Mmmmmmm, even without being aroused I could feel him!

"This!" I said firmly as I pressed down on him just as firmly.

"Kelly!" he exclaimed as I saw his eyes go straight to the door - not only did it not have a window but it also didn't have a lock.

"Oh don't worry, it's not like I'm gonna blow you right here and now," I teased him, pulling my hand away, "Unless of course that's what you'd like!"

"Oh yeah, like THAT would go over well as the next school board meeting," he sighed, obviously feeling a little better now that my hand was where it belonged, at least in his view.

"So... do you believe me now?"

Shannon looked at me curiously, as if he wasn't sure what I meant. Oh my god... men can be so dense sometimes!

"C'mon, you know exactly what I mean... about me wanting you to fuck me."

He coughed again... must be that season, LOL.

"Well, I DO believe now some of the stories I've heard about you. "I pretended to be shy. Yeah, as if I was the least bit shy of my past. "Oh? And what stories would those be?"

Shannon got this smug look. "Well, word is you were the school slut who put out for anyone on the first date."

I frowned. "Well, not always the FIRST date. I DID have standards you know."

"Oh really?" he teased.

"Yes... really," I insisted, "Besides, that was then and this is now. Tell me, do I LOOK like a slut now?"

Shannon chuckled again. "Well, I don't think the Playmate of the Year would look hot in THAT getup."

OK, so maybe he could go TOO far. Sure, I knew the dress and small heels did nothing for me, but I didn't think I looked THAT dowdy!

"Would it help if you knew I wasn't wearing panties today?"

"Sure," he replied, seeming to get more into the game now, "but then I only have your word for it..."

Ha! I'd come prepare for this. For what was the first time this semester at least, I'd left my panties at home. Usually when I was in the mood to go commando to school I brought along a pair in my purse just in case something happened to where I needed them. What that might be I had no idea but better prepared than not. Well, not this morning. Once I'd made my mind up to go without them I decided to play it out to the fullest.

"Believe me now?" I asked as I quickly lifted my dress to expose myself to him, just long enough for him to get a glimpse of my growing bush before dropping it back down again.

"Ahhhhhh yeah," he whispered hoarsely, "I guess that does it."

"You better take care of that before class," I teased him, glancing down at his lap seeing the growing bulge. With that I gave it another pat and let him be.

Back in class I couldn't get my mind on the lesson as thoughts of the feel of Shannon's bulge kept creeping in. It was almost funny... like I was a teen girl again all excited about a boy that I hadn't fucked or sucked yet. It WAS true what I'd told Shannon. I really didn't fuck every guy on the first date. Now regarding a blowjob... OK, guilty as charged. For most guys though, that was all they got as I was indeed a little picky about who got to fuck me. Well, not THAT picky but a girl has to have standards, right?

There's a saying that goes something like, "strike when the iron's hot". In my experience, that applies to relationships as well. Now that I had Shannon's attention, this wasn't the time to give him time for second thoughts. Besides, I was tired of masturbating to just fantasies about him - time to give me some material regarding the real thing!

In my fantasies he'd fucked me everywhere by now - school, church, local library, grocery store, you name it - he'd fucked me there by now. Still, those were all fantasies and no fantasy can ever be as good as the real thing. It wasn't like I was looking to DATE him or be his girlfriend. My expectations were that my policy as to "one and done" would apply to Shannon as well. This was rather primeval in that I was just horny for him - nothing more complicated than that. I just wanted him to fuck me once... I wanted the experience, the notch in my belt, the memory.

Soooooo, where did that leave me? As much as the fantasies of him fucking me at school got me off, that was simply too dangerous - for both of us. Honestly, to be perfectly frank I was more worried about ME than him. Getting caught at school would end my career whereas getting caught by a guy's wife in his bed was HIS problem. Thus my definition of danger was largely biased by the danger to ME. Being so, it left a lot of other options on the table. OK, so we couldn't fuck IN the school... but that didn't mean we couldn't fuck AT the school... right?

Once again I waited for him after school. This time though as we walked down the hallway our conversation was filled with innuendos and teasing. Still, I was 100% confident he had no idea of my plans. All the better...

Back at his car again, this time after he unlocked the door he turned to me and held out his hand. "Well, should I hold your purse again?" he offered with a grin.

I did one last check around.. the lot was pretty deserted and nobody seemed to be looking our way.

"Nope... I'll take care of things," I answered flippantly as I opened his door and reached in to unlock the other. I looked back at him and he just stood there watching, obviously mystified as to what I was doing. Leaving my purse on the front driver seat, I closed it and then opened the back door. Unzipping my jacket, I turned and backed into the rear seat until I was completely inside. Pulling up my dress to my waist, I spread my legs enough for him to see my exposed pussy.

"Well... are you gonna just stand there or fuck me?"

Shannon eyes widened, probably as much from the shock of what I was doing as seeing my pussy waiting for him.

"Hey, I'm getting cold like this so either fuck me or close the door!" I teased him with a sly grin.

Shannon climbed in the back with me. I think it was an Impala or something like that. The back seat wasn't all that big but at least he wasn't driving a Corolla. Hey, I've done it plenty of times in tighter spaces!

"This is crazy you know," he muttered as he unbuckle himself.

"Isn't that the point?" I countered.

"No I mean it... this is CRAZY!" he said louder as he pulled down his pants and underwear. Well, his mind might be saying it was crazy but his dick sure was having other thoughts. Damn, he was already hard!

"Look like somebody wants me," I cooed as I spread my legs further, "Now get that bad boy in me and warm me up!"

Yet again I felt like I was back in high school. Why had it seemed so much easier back then? Wow, given the number of times I'd been fucked in a back seat you'd think it would be like riding a bike. Instead we were fumbling around and at one point we both just paused and laughed together.

"You know, they DO have these things called hotel rooms now," Shannon puffed as he caught his breath.

"Oh where's your sense of adventure?" I teased him, reaching down to grab his erect dick so I could direct him into me.

"Back in 1999," he grunted as I felt the tip of his cock pressing against my wet and waiting pussy.

"Just shut up and fuck me, OK?" I said as I felt him push himself into me. Oh wow!!! Shannon's hard cock was actually about to fuck me!

"Oh yeah... fuck me Shannon," I groaned as he eased into me. I could feel filling me as inch by inch of his rigid cock penetrated me until finally he bottomed out, the base of his cock now pressing hard against me, putting just the right pressure on my clit.

"Oh Shannon... I've wanted you in me for so long!" I sighed as he fucked me silently except for his grunts.

I wanted to wrap my legs around him and pull him into me but it was really difficult under the circumstances so I just let one dangle off the seat and raised the other up and over his shoulder which allowed him to drive even deeper inside of me.

"God you're tight!" he groaned as he drove yet again into me. Well, maybe he was being generous as after seventeen years of heavy sex and two kids I wasn't exactly a virgin anymore. Still, I suppose as I was pinned in this position it didn't make it any easier for him so hey, I wasn't about to contradict him.

It was just what I wanted from him.. pure, raw sex. We didn't kiss, I hadn't blown him, I was still mostly clothed as was he. It was just two adults fucking one another, a male breeding the female so to say although that was just an image, not ever a reality. I'd cum so many times imagining him fucking me and now I finally came with the real thing inside of me!

"Fuck me harder!" I cried out as I came, my orgasm washing over me like a flood, "Fuck me... fuck me!"

It was just as I'd dreamed about it so many times while masturbating at home... or anywhere else for that matter except this time it wasn't my finger inside of me - it was Shannon, or at least the part of him that mattered most to me. Really, what good were most men except to carry around a dick to fuck me? LOL - just teasing, I'm not THAT shallow you know.

Shannon was fucking me like a demon now, driving his wonderfully stiff cock so hard into me over and over again like a pile driver, nonstop. Every few stokes or so he'd pause while deep inside of me, grinding his pubic bone into me as his thick pubic hair meshed with mine. Wow, I came again... even harder this time.

This was about as natural and raw as sex can be. There was no love, no intimacy. Nothing about it was about US - it was about HIM and ME. Neither of us really cared about the other - it was all about what we were each getting out of it. He wanted to fuck me and I wanted him to do it just as badly. We both wanted to cum...

"Cum in me...," I begged him, "Give it to me..., give me your sum Shannon... fill me with it."

Yeah, like I need bother asking. From the way this guy was going he had no intention from the start of ever pulling out and God help him if he tried! Asking for him to cum in me wasn't just acting out for his benefit. Sure I know men love to hear me ask but the truth was, I DID want him to stay in me as he came. Nothing's worse if you ask me than a man pulling out just as he cums. Like HE gets what he wants but I get left empty and unfulfilled. It's like we're mating, like he's taking me and giving me something I can only get from a man. OK, so being with a girl is nice but no dildo can ever replicate the feeling I get when a man's dick explodes inside of me! It's not even so much the physical sensation. Heck, often I wouldn't even know he was cumming if he didn't tell me or his body language didn't alert me. It's the KNOWING that counts, KNOWING he's done something to me that so incredibly personal, so natural, so perfect. It's the fulfillment of being a woman!

"Oh fuck!" he groaned, the first recognizable words out of his mouth since he'd finally entered me. YES! I felt him push hardest yet into me and then convulse as he began to ejaculate while still inside of me. YES! Again and yet again his hips thrust into me, each time I knew he was shooting yet another load of his sperm into me. Judging from the number of times he did, I must be ready to overflow with his sperm!

"Oh fuck! Now THAT was insane," he groaned as he finally stopped and all but fell onto me, barely keeping his weight off as he grabbed at the back of the car seat to steady himself.

Normally I would've asked him to stay in me, to let me relish the feel of his pulsing dick as it slowly dwindled and withdrew from me. Not this time - I'd been fucked, fucked good, and that was all I'd wanted. So when he pulled out of me moments later, I didn't say a word although for a moment my pussy felt suddenly so alone and empty I was wishing he was back in me.

"We'd better get going before someone catches us," Shannon said as he pulled up his pants. He was all business with his lust now residing in my pussy. Typical male, he cums and suddenly it's like all his horniness spilled out with his sperm.

"Yeah, wouldn't THAT make the morning news," I laughed as I waited for him to get off of me.

Shannon reached back to open the door and somehow managed to work his way backwards out of the care without killing me. Once he was out I maneuvered my way until my legs were out and I could pull my dress back down again.

"Well, now THAT was fun," I giggled as I zipped my jacket back up again.

"I can't believe we just did that... not in a million years did I ever think I would do anything like that!" Shannon muttered as he kept looking around, apparently convinced we'd been watched the entire time. Oh sure the school security cameras would show us getting in the car but anything else would be just circumstantial, nothing to hang us with.

No kiss goodbye, not even a handshake. Somehow that just seemed right. We each went our separate ways. It took all my willpower not to skip on my way back to my car.

Mmmmmmm, I couldn't wait to get home and masturbate... only this time with Shannon's sperm leaking from me and the memories of his REAL cock in me!

# 2017

## (Feb 18) Chapter 290: Reunited, Literally

Story codes: MF oral adultery
Me (31)
John - ex-boyfriend (33)

John was one of my boyfriends back when I was fifteen. While we had lots of fun together back then, I pretty much assumed that I'd never see him again after we graduated and went our separate ways. For over fourteen years my assumption was correct. I guess fate decided that was long enough.

### 1. Fond Memories

When I look back at all the guys I've been with I have to admit that I tend to classify them into certain categories. I'm not talking about the party dudes where everything you do with them is impersonal and crazy. Heck, usually I never even really talked to those guys, let alone knew their names. We both wanted the same thing at the moment so why clutter things up with unnecessary small-talk? What I'm referring to are the guys I "dated" where I made some sort of time investment.

For better or worse, the vast majority of guys I dated fell into the "been there, done that" bucket where he paid for the entertainment and as such I reciprocated. More often than not that meant just giving him a blowjob although if it wasn't much of an evening even that might be cut back to a little flashing and just touching myself for him to watch. On the other hand, if he made a good effort then my thoughts were usually something along the lines of why not let him fuck me? Besides, if I enjoyed it then it was a win-win for both of us. Any way you look at it, it may sound a little narcissist but the end all I really cared about in those days were my own needs and self-satisfaction.

At the other end of the dating spectrum were the guys I became somewhat "serious" with. This would be someone I'd go out with multiple times and considered things between us as more of a partnership than just only for my own self-gratification. Between my high school and college years I guess that would be maybe a couple dozen guys or so. That's really not a lot at all when compared to how many guys I've had sex with but probably more than average for most girls.

In the middle were the guys I wasn't too sure about - sort of like taking them out on a test drive so to speak. Maybe I liked them on the first date and saw some potential. Maybe they were just a little more "talented" than usual and I looked forward to having sex with them again. Although there were some who did make the transition to the "serious" category, usually most of these guys dropped to the wayside as I got bored and moved on to someone else. It's not like I ever lacked for options. Not bragging... just how it was.

John was one of those boys that quickly elevated himself to becoming one of my most "serious" boyfriends in high school. He was ultra-cute but could still carry on an intelligent conversation - two qualities that you rarely find in the same boy. I was fifteen when we dated for several months which was a really long time in my book which just goes to show how special he was. Now I don't mean to say we were ever "exclusive". Like that ship sailed when my first boyfriend Steve moved away after I'd given him my virginity and dreamed of someday marrying him. After being crushed by his departure I vowed never to allow myself to be dominated by just one boy again. Still, even though I was seeing other boys at the time, John had "priority" status in that if he asked me out at the same time someone else did then he got the nod - and my pussy as well.

Readers of my diary should be able to figure out who the guys were that were special to me in high school. After all, they DID make it into my diary! The fact that John qualified for three entries just goes to say how special he was. Rather than rehashing those over again and boring the folks who have already read them, these are the ones to read if you're interested:
2000 (Aug 06) Chapter 21: Doing It at the Beach
2000 (Aug 12) Chapter 22: Fucking in a Mall Restroom
2000 (Nov 24) Chapter 25: Truth or Dare

# 2. Surprising Call

After high school graduation I went on to a Christian college out of state and lost contact with most of the people in my high school class other than some close friends like my BFF Beth. In fact, almost all of the people I stayed in touch with were girlfriends as I wasn't anxious to get too involved with some guy just to have to leave him when I went back to school. The LAST thing I wanted was to become "exclusive" with anyone and then have to restrain myself more at school than what the insane rules were already.

After college the years flew by... I had my degree, teaching credentials, a husband, two kids... life went on and my high school years faded into a distant memory. Oh sure those day will always remain as something to look back with a bit of nostalgia but the memories were getting dimmer with each passing year. I do have to say that at times when I'm at the lake and see a couple hanging out by themselves that I can't help but smile and remember the naughty fun I had being fuck by John at a crowded beach. Oh well, we were young, horny and not as risk-adverse as I was now that I'm in my thirties with husband, kids and a teaching position in a public school.

Then one day I was sitting home having just put the girls down for a nap when my phone rang. Although I didn't recognize the number it was from a Pittsburgh area exchange which made me curious. Whoever it was wasn't someone I knew or their name would have popped up so at first I was tempted to just refuse the call and add the number to my huge blocking list. On second thought, at least the number WAS visible so against my better instincts I answered.

"Hello?" I answered. Yes, my parents taught me proper phone etiquette which in today's world meant never saying more than nece4ssary when answering a call from someone you don't know!

There was a pause and then a sound like someone taking a deep breath. Oh crap, another effing crank phone call. Sheesh, don't guys have anything better to do than dial random numbers and act like creeps? I was just about to hang up when I heard...

"Hello? Is this Kelly?"

My eyes rolled. Yeah, like you think I was born yesterday? Like I'm going to offer up ANYTHING about me to someone I haven't a clue about?

"Sorry... Seems like YOU called me so how about YOU tell me who YOU are first," I answered in a firm voice, still just a step from hanging up.

"Sorry... fair enough. This is John."

OK, so I know maybe a dozen "Johns" and I don't mean the customer type. Like my own father's name is John but this was clearly not him.

"OK... John who?"

"Sorry," he apologized yet again. Ugh, what a loser! Now I WAS almost about to hang up when he caught my attention with, "I guess you don't remember your old boyfriend from high school?"

Hmmmmmm, interesting but not like THAT narrowed it down a lot. I'd had like dozens of so-called boyfriends while in high school - probably a lot more if you included the ones who considered themselves such even if I didn't. I mean like just because I go out once with a guy and blow him doesn't make him my boyfriend, you know? My silence must have evidently sent the proper message as he finally came back with more.

"Really? You don't remember the beach thing we did... how about the mall restroom?"

Ohhhhhh... THAT John! Well what did he expect? It's not like a thirty-something guy was going to sound like his high school self after so long. Even then how was I supposed to remember?

"Hey, how's it going?" I replied rather automatically, stalling for time as my thoughts whirled. OK, so I remembered him now. Still, what the heck was he calling me about after all these years?

"Am I bothering you? Should I call another time?"

What I WANTED to say was more like, "What the hell are you calling me for in the first place?" What I SAID though was, "No this is fine... how did you get my number?"

"Just saw you yesterday on the school Facebook page and reminded me some of the good times we had. Looked you up on Whitepages.com... Not exactly difficult to get someone's number these days you know."

True, and it's not like I try to hide from everyone. As most people who know my real name don't have any idea what I do in private it's not like I worry much about on-line privacy. Still, it just felt a little creepy I guess at first realizing how easy it was for him to get my cell number. Steve and I have never even had a land-line since we were married, depending entirely on our cell phones. Although he didn't say it, he must've paid for the "premium" service that lets you look up cell phone numbers which meant he still had more than just a passing interest in me.

"So what's this about?" I asked, getting a little antsy now. Heck, it's been so long since I last dated him that I've actually lived more years afterwards than before!

"Oh I was just thinking about you and wondering whatever happened to the sexiest girl in school. We had some pretty good times back then, didn't we?"

"Yeah, it was fun," I answered rather non-committedly.

"Well, I guess in full disclosure you should know I'm married now - ten years as of just last week. Three kids, all girls, oldest is eight."

He paused and I shifted the phone to my other ear. Where was this going? Next thing he'd be telling me how his wife has lost interest in sex - same old story I hear from so many guys. So what did he want ME to do about it? Sure enough...

"So you're probably wondering why I'm calling. Well, things haven't been going so well with the wife. Actually, not well at all. Thinking about you and all the fun we had... well I know this may sound crazy but I was wondering if you ever think about them as well?"

"Look John, while I'm really sorry to hear about your marriage and such, why call me to tell me about it? I haven't even seen you since graduation day. You DO know I'm married, right? You said you saw my FaceBook page so you had to see all the photos of my daughters and husband."

"Yeah, I read your FaceBook profile. Still, I don't mean to be insulting but a zebra doesn't change its stripes. I thought maybe you might still be up for a little fun again?"

Well, he scores two points for being outrageously forward. Just because I was a slut in school didn't mean I still was almost two decades later. OK, so his little comment about stripes not changing hit home and indeed, mine hadn't but for him to assume so... AND have the audacity to call a married woman and ask her out for sex. Pretty incredible. At the same time, I had to say I liked the idea!

"And if I was?" I said softly.

"The I was just hoping maybe you'd like to meet sometime... you know, rehash the good ol' days and such."

"You mean like go on a date?" I asked incredulously.

"Sorry," he said yet again and then seemed to catch what he'd been doing, "Sorry - seems I keep saying sorry... there I go again!"

We both laughed and he continued, "Just lunch or dinner was all. I didn't mean to offend you. Like I said... I've been thinking about you a lot lately... a lot."

Yeah, and I could just imagine WHAT he was thinking about when he thought of me. Likely holding his deprived cock in his hands staring at my yearbook photo fantasizing that he was back in high school fucking the school slut (which would be me of course). The again, I guess I couldn't blame him for being a man. If anything, the more I thought about it the more I'd say it was a compliment. Heck, if we were chatting on-line I'd probably have asked him to do a tribute for me, preferably with a pic of his wife next to me while cumming in her bra just to show me how much more he wanted me than her!

"Well, I suppose there'd be no harm in that. How about lunch this Saturday? OK if I bring my girls? They're just four and one so not like they'll exactly be interested in our conversation. Somehow I get the feeling you don't want to discuss the latest Steeler free-agent decisions anyways."

I heard a chuckle on the other end. Men! So easy to figure out. So easy to manipulate. Then again, I wasn't complaining.

We settled on a time and place. He seemed rather surprised at my suggestion - a Subway located inside a nearby Walmart. Obviously as usual the guy wasn't thinking as far ahead as I was. It's not like we were teenagers anymore - some things need some planning when you're in your thirties with two kids!

Of course that night I told my husband about everything. It's not like I feel compelled to "confess" to him everything I do or everyone I have sex with. Still, I think being as open and honest as we are with each other is one of the reasons why our marriage is ever stronger today than ever. No seven year itch for my husband if I have anything to say about it!

Steve's reaction was predictable. Once again I'll say it... men are easy! Of course he would have liked it better if somehow he could have watched but then he'd just have to do with me telling him about it later. It doesn't bother me to watch my husband having sex with other women as I know he's just doing it for fun and to satisfy his needs. While I'm not threatened or worried I don't meet his needs as best I can, some things are just impossible for me to do. Sure I can roleplay as someone else but you just can't duplicate the feeling you get when fucking someone new! Still, while it doesn't bother me, it doesn't get me off either unless it's with someone I really care about like one of our mothers or a good friend, that sort of thing.

On the other hand, Steve - like most men it seems, REALLY gets off watching me having sex with other men, especially someone I haven't been with before. I have to admit it took me a long time to understand but over the years I think I have it figured out. I think he likes it because it shows him how sexy his wife is and how much other men desire me. While they get me for a few hours at best, he knows afterwards I'm his for as long and often as he wants. Indeed, some of our best sex seems to be after he's watched me with someone else, almost like he's "reclaiming" me as his once again.

On that note, it's sorta fascinating that while my husband loves seeing me with strangers, the one man he does NOT like to watch me with is my father. Again, that is one of those things it took me a while to comprehend but I do think I have an explanation now thought it's different from the lame excuses he gives me. While Steve knows when he sees the joy and satisfaction I get from sex with other men, he also knows it's really nothing to do with that guys, per se, but about his dick and how I love it in me. On the other hand, when I am with my dad he knows it has EVERYTHING to do with WHO it is and my feelings for him. Oh sure I love my dad's hard cock in me but it's so much more than that. SO much so that I think Steve doesn't get the same thrill from watching us together knowing the true love and intimacy between me and my dad is something no other man, not even him, can duplicate.

Actually it was Steve that gave me the idea of meeting John at the Subway. Actually it wasn't the Subway that was what I was thinking about, it was what we'd done in the Walmart family restroom not all that long ago! Well, I guess I'd find out if practice makes perfect...

## 3. The People of Walmart

Saturday came quickly and as things turned out the timing was great. My Aunt Linda called and asked if Steve was available to go with her to the latest family party and he jumped at the chance. Sheesh, how many times do I have to say it... men are so predictable!

Aunt Linda picked up Steve around 11:00 Saturday morning. I guess this party was about an hour or more away and they were going to have lunch together since I would be "busy". She came in to say hi and I explained to her my plans.

wearing a bra, LOL. Her sandals would be a lot more comfortable than my heels, that was for sure!

With the girls in their car seats I headed for Walmart. It was only a few miles but when you live in the South Side of Pittsburgh, nothing is "just" a few miles away! I wear you can go out at 3:00 in the morning and the traffic is still a pain. Being it was a pleasant Saturday as well as being lunch time, the crowds were out in force. As horny as I was in anticipation of meeting John again after all these years, it took all my attention just to drive meaning I couldn't even masturbate as I drove. That didn't mean I felt this incredible itch between my legs that needed so badly to be scratched. Oh well, with any luck THAT would be taken care of before too long.

Pushing the stroller into the store entrance with Mia doing her best to "help" me, I smiled at the old geezer greeting folks. Being a man and predictable, his eyes immediately dropped to my chest where I knew he was enjoying the view of my barely concealed boobs. Between the cleavage the low cut tank top was showing and my nipples now in full perky mode as my anticipation grew, I suppose I couldn't blame him for doing what most men would in his situation. I imagine I could've stolen something and the only thing he would have remembered about me were my boobs.

The Subway was right inside the door to the right so I steered my way in, looking to see if I recognized John. He would be like twice as old now so how much had he changed? Back in high school he was quite the hunk and I knew all the girls were jealous of me while we dated. Yet time changes everything and while I still fit in my wedding dress, I wasn't fifteen anymore either.

"Kelly?" a voice came from behind me. I looked back and realized he must have come in right behind me. Perhaps he had been watching from the parking lot until I had arrived? A little creepy maybe...

"John?"

He reached out his hand as if to shake mine. Oh for goodness sakes! Instead I reached out with my arms and we hugged although for the moment he didn't press himself into me. We each stepped back and took in the other. Well, time DOES change people! I recognized his face although of course it was now that of a middle aged man and not a high school teenager but beyond that much had changed. First and most noticeable, he was half-bald and from the looks of things not that far removed from being a total chrome-dome. Gone was the athletic body, replaced by the typical middle-aged guy with the gut sticking out such that his belt rode underneath in a valiant attempt to hold up his pants. I smiled as he was likely one of those guys who bragged about wearing pants not much larger than when he was younger. The difference, of course, was the length was a couple of inches shorter to make up for how low on his hips they rode to avoid the swelling of his belly!

Still, he was still not bad looking for a guy in this thirties. Not necessarily my "type" but then I was planning on fucking him, not marrying him, so did it really matter. Guys tell me all the time they are embarrassed to show me their dicks when they do a tribute to me but I keep having to explain that it's not the picture of his dick that sets me buzzing but rather what his dick is DOING. So long as he wasn't a total slob, being overweight wasn't a deal-breaker for me when meeting a guy just for the purpose of having sex. So many other factors determined how hot it made me - his marital status, family makeup, how his wife looked, and so forth were far more important to me. Being fucked by a father being his wife's back as he fantasized I was his teenage daughter is about as sexy as it gets for me in this type of situation.

"Damn... pardon my French but you look even hotter than you did in high school," he said softly, trying not to be overheard by the lunch crowd.

"Let's get a table, ok?" I suggested. He started to say something about getting something to eat but I brushed that aside saying, "John, do I really have to say I didn't agree to meet you to eat at Subway?"

His eyes flashed and for a moment I could tell by the expression on his face that everything he'd hoped for was coming true. Well, maybe everything. Taking a seat at the table, he motioned at Mia and Kylie.

"I have to say, I thought you were just teasing when you said something about binging your girls along."

"Me? Tease? Now when have I EVER teased you John?" I teased him. We both just laughed at how silly a statement that was. Like that's all I did when we dated. After all, I had a hard-earned reputation to maintain if you pardon the pun.

"Don't worry, they won't be a problem," I assured him.

From his perplexed expression I doubted he shared my assessment but then he didn't leave either which was a good sign. We spent the next fifteen minutes or so catching up on things. I learned how he married a girl he met in college after which they had the usual tribe of kids, the standard house and two cars, the careers, and then the inevitable falling out as their sex life deteriorated after the last pregnancy.

Actually, I think I could have written the script myself it was so stereotypical. It just made me appreciate what Steve and I had all the more.

"Wow, I can't believe you and Steve hooked up again after all that time," he said after I related our fairytale reuniting and subsequent marriage, "I have to say though, we all were thrilled when he left."

He chuckled and I just rolled my eyes. "Why, because I blew half of them?"

John smiled knowingly. "Just half?" he teased and we both laughed, "Well, I doubt it was for lack of trying."

I looked around the store. "We had some good times, didn't we?"

John's grin broadened. "Maybe we should have met at the mall food court again," he sighed, "THAT was intense. I thought for sure someone was going to pull hard enough on that door and catch us."

I giggled adding, "and the looks people gave us when we walked out of the men's room together. I think I had some of your cum in my hair as well if I remember."

"Ever do anything like that with Celeste?" I asked, referring to his wife.

"Yeah right," he huffed, "You mean Miss Missionary Only? Hardly."

Glancing around again, I looked back at him and thought for a moment. It was now or never as the girls weren't going to remain angels forever. Oh well, why not?

"How about a repeat performance?" I offered. He looked at me a bit puzzled.

"Now?" he questioned me looking distinctly at my daughters, "It was difficult enough sneaking you in the men's room alone but..." and he paused, as if not certain what to say next but then added, "I mean, like I said before. I thought you were joking about bring your daughters so doesn't that sort of rule things out?"

Grinning in response, I fired back with, "Well, they have these marvelous inventions now they didn't have back then - 'family' restrooms so nobody will question us if we use it. Besides, with the girls it would seem all the more natural for the two of us to go in to help each other out."

John's eyebrows raised. "Look Kelly, I know you've always been a bit of an 'outside the box' kind of girl but really, isn't it a little creepy with your girls here?"

I shook my head smiling. "Oh John, we just have to deal with what we have, don't you agree. Besides, I have NO intention of putting on a sex show for my girls."

"But how..." he started to protest but cut him off.

"John, in all the time we dated didn't I always so to not worry and leave it up to me? Remember when you were so worried about fucking me in the lake surrounded by all those kids? That didn't turn out so bad, did it?"

He grinned. "Nope, can't say it didn't!"

We both smiled as I'm sure he was recalling some of the same memories I was as he had slipped down my bikini bottom as I leaned over the raft and then entered me from behind. The opaque lake water prevented any of the hordes of kids swimming by from seeing what was happening below the water line as he fucked me. Oh my God it was so hot! My only fear was my bikini bottoms would get lost and then what would I have done? LOL

"Soooooo, what do you say?" I asked, trying to get things moving.

John looked around as if worried someone might hear us but then not like we were saying all that much really. "What the hell, let's go for it?"

We walked together from the Subway. With the girls and us both wearing wedding rings anyone watching would have thought we were married with kids – exactly what I wanted. As we approached the restrooms I saw a mother and her kids leaving the family restroom which was perfect – it was empty and waiting for us. I opened the door and steered Mia inside. It was wonder she didn't run into anything with her face glued to that iPad! The stroller with Kylie was next, followed by me and then John who quickly locked the door behind us.

You had to hand it to Walmart, when they build a family restroom they don't pull out any stops. The place was HUGE, as big as out bathroom back in the apartment, maybe even bigger if you didn't consider the bath tub and shower. There was a single toilet to the one side and a sink on the other with one of those baby diaper change table mounted against the wall in between. The rest of the room was clear with plenty of space for a wheelchair to maneuver – TWO wheelchairs for that matter.

Parking the stroller with sleeping Kylie in the corner opposite the toiler, I faced it outward so I could keep an eye on her. Placing my hands on Mia' shoulders, I steered her to the toilet where I cleaned it off and then had her take a seat on top the lid. I started to say something to her about being a good girl and keeping quiet but she just growled at me. Heaven forbid I do anything to lose concentration when the princess was singing! She had on her earphones and with her full focus on the little screen she may was well have been parked in her room for all she would see.

Turning finally to John, I put one finger to my mouth and tried to give him that same look I'd perfected back as a teenage slut. "OK then, ready for me to suck your dick again John?"

John couldn't help but look to the other side of the room. Granted, it wasn't not like we were THAT far from the two of them but I wouldn't have offered if I hadn't been confident they may as well be on the moon.

"Don't worry, I'll stay in front so even if she DOES look she won't see anything," I assured him as I reached for his belt buckle. He didn't stop me and soon I had his jeans undone and pulled down on the hips enough to expose his dick. Hmmmmmm, someone was obviously a bit flustered over having two young girls in the same room. It was so silly of him. Like, would I allow my girls to see me having sex with a strange man? Noooooo, so why worry?

Taking his dick in my hand, the memories came flooding back of when I'd been in a similar position a few miles down the road at the mall food court restroom except back then it was the men's room and I'd snuck in between guys to meet up with John in the handicapped stall. I loved the warmth his cock in my hand as I gently stroked him, cupping his hairy balls with the other. All the while I was looking up, our eyes meeting as I felt a stirring in my hand.

"Is this what you have been dreaming of John?" I asked softly.

I caught him glancing in the direction Mia but he quickly locked on to me again. "Sorta," he chuckled. Oh well, I had to give him that one. Not many men would fantasize about fucking their dream girl in a Walmart restroom while her two young daughters were present.

"Oh god!" he groaned as I took him in my mouth. I wanted to feel him growing, feel his adulterous cock fill my mouth as his lust for me swelled. My tongue played over the head as I gently sucked and licked him. At first it was easy to take him all in until my face pressed up against his overhanging belly and his thick pubic hair scratched my face. I suppose I should have been repulsed by his obesity but who cared when his dick was filling my mouth more literally every second.

"You're even better now," he gasped as my tongue and lips caressed his erection. Well, considering how many dicks I've sucked since I was fifteen I darn well better be! I can't even imagine how many that is, especially if you take into account the various groups I've done and parties attended. Heck, one time I went with Kristen on one of her appointment while she was working as a whore and must have sucked at least forty or fifty cocks by the time it was over!

I quickly checked and sure enough, Mia was locked onto her iPad, the headphones blocking out anything else happening in the room. John was like a steel pipe now as I struggled a bit to get him all in but the last thing I was going to do was gag or even let him think I was having any problems. At least he appreciated my efforts.

"Shit... It's hard enough to get Celeste to even suck me but she NEVER take it all... you're fucking incredible!"

I smiled at him. Yeah, like I know I'm a great cock sucker but it NEVER hurts to be told. As horny as he seemed to be though, the last thing I wanted was to have him cum in my mouth. OK, so maybe not the LAST thing but given his age and the fact we couldn't remain in here forever before someone called security, it was time to move on.

Standing up, I grabbed him and twisted so we switched positions so his back was now to the girls so they would see even in the remote possibility they should look. I brought them with because I didn't want to fool with a babysitter, NOT to put on a sex show for them! OK, so to be more honest I brought them with to freak out john but I STILL didn't want them to see anything.

Turning my back to him, I reached under my skirt and pulled my thong down to just above my knees. Looking back over my shoulder, I grinned saying, "Well, what are you waiting for John? Fuck me!"

"You haven't changed a bit, have you" he grunted as I felt him maneuvering his cock against my now fully exposed butt, "Speaking of which... DAMN you ass still looks great! Are you sure those girls are yours?"

I smiled to myself. People often said that to me. I was one of those fortunate few that carried almost my entire pregnancy weight in my belly rather than my arms and legs or butt. As a result even when I was nine months people would tell me they couldn't tell I was pregnant from behind. One benefit was it made losing the weight easier after wards and the only real lasting effect of spawning two children was my boobs never returned to their former selves but actually stayed about a half cup larger than they'd been before I was preggo, making me a full-fledged B cup now rather than an A and a half. Actually depending on the brand I almost could fit into a C cup which I did for my school bras as comfort was the overriding concern. Otherwise I preferred them a little small to help emphasize the girls.

"Oh yeah!" I gasped as suddenly he was in me. It was like one second nothing, then the next I was filled with his cock! It didn't hurt I was sopping wet with desire by

ignore everything around her. Oh well, as frustrating as that trait might be at times when I was TRYING to get her attention, today it came in quite handy.

"Well?" I asked with a smile as I turned to him, "Was it as good as you remembered."

John seemed a bit confused but he still managed a grin as he checked himself out in the mirror.

"Oh yeah... better," he sighed, "But I have to say I NEVER expected it to go down quite like this." He looked at me and started to move closer as if he wanted to hug me. I pulled back to his surprise but then I had no desire to give him any false impressions or hopes.

"John, it was great but I want you to understand that it will NEVER happen again and you are NEVER to contact me ever again, agreed?"

His face fell in disappointment. "Why" he asked like a little boy derived of his candy.

"Simple," I explained, "I'm married... you're married. I love my husband and while I have to say I really enjoyed this, I would never have an affair with anyone. As for you, I hope maybe with this out of your system you can go home and be a better husband to Celeste. I know you said it's her fault but remember, it takes two to make a marriage work."

Just then the door knocked. Someone called out, "Hey, someone die in there?"

We both laughed and I grabbed Mia by the hand. She whined but I told her she could finish in the car. Pushing the stroller, John opened the door and we all walked out. A mother with two little girls was standing there and did I wish I had my phone handy to catch the look on her face as we all walked out!

We headed out the door and I said my goodbyes to John. He started to speak but I knew it would just be another try at meeting me again and I shut him down. With that we shook hands - no hugs this time, and went to our cars. I watched him walk away and wondered if today would help his marriage or make it worse. Well, for his sake I hoped it helped. It wouldn't be the first guy I'd fucked who went home and became a better father and lover.

As I drove him I couldn't wait to see Steve again. I knew the party would last most of the day and maybe into the evening so he wouldn't be home but in the meantime I'd get myself ready for him. I had some great plans in store for my sexy husband when he got home!

# (Apr 16) Chapter 291: Easter revelations

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (32)
Ginny (38) - Uncle Paul's daughter
Bill (38) - Ginny's husband
Katlyn (17) - Bill & Ginny's daughter

I'd always wondered, and perhaps even feared a little bit, what might happen if the wrong person were to find out what went on in my private life but then the odds against it were incredibly high so there was nothing really to worry about... or was there?

## 1. Easters Past

Aside from the significance in my Christian life (which is of course the most important thing) Easter has always been a special holiday for me. Oh sure Christmas gets more attention but sometimes it can be too much. Because of the competing demands of in-laws, vacations and such, for my family Easter is the one time of year when we all can get together. Of course when you have a family like mine, "getting together" can also take on a whole different meaning than for most.

We all like to think our own family is unique and better than others in one way or another but the truth be told, most families are pretty much alike once you get past the surface. It's the same for me in that I like to think we have special circumstances yet in all fairness we're really no different or any more special than any other family. However, to paraphrase the Wizard of Oz as he spoke to the Scarecrow and Tin Man... there IS one thing though that sets us apart from the majority of families - incest.

In a perfect world I'd be able to say that everyone in our family is involved. Unfortunately the sad reality is that only about half of us truly understand incest well enough to practice it in a safe and respectful manner. I'm proud to say that for those of us in the "inner circle" it's been a positive reinforcement of our family values rather than some sleazy excuse for child abuse as it's so often portrayed by the press, not to mention most porn movies and stories.

My earliest memories of anything "special" during the Easter holidays was just shortly after I'd turned fifteen years old. While nothing really happened it was commonplace for me and my younger cousin Kristen to tease my dad and his brothers relentlessly. I suppose it's sort of clich, to talk about uncles and nieces playing around but the reality was that's all it was – just innocent teasing and flirting. Well, maybe to our aunts' eye it wasn't always quite so innocent but it was still a long ways from being anything they could really complain much about.

Looking back it's somewhat remarkable that it wasn't until five years later that my Uncle Jim first fucked me and then not long afterwards his own daughter Tammy. It wasn't just a coincidence that it happened during Easter as it was one of those times when there was the most opportunity. The next year I had the honor of submitting to both of my uncles, again right in the middle the family Easter gathering (figuratively speaking of course, not literally in the middle!) Even when circumstance prevented anything from happening at later Easters I still enjoyed being with my family, especially knowing neither of my aunts had a clue that their husbands loved fucking me and my cousin Kristen. So while it wasn't like it was one of things we did all the time we took advantage of any opportunity we had.

In a small way having just said what I did about my aunts makes me feel a bit hypocritical in that my usual stance on incest is that the entire family needs to be involved or none at all. The reason I say so is that trying to keep such activities private is all but impossible. Sooner or later it's bound to get out in which case having kept it secret likely will have made things all that much worse. Still, given about half our families were in on things it wasn't like we were a small group isolated from the rest. Besides, like most people I was confident that while other families might not be able to keep things under wraps, MY family could. After all, MY family was special, right?

Well, up until now such confidence had been rewarded but that was about to change...

## 2. The Gang's All Here

The usual rush was in full swing as everyone arrived at my dad's house for the annual Easter hoopla. The brothers tried to rotate it each year so no one family was stuck having to deal with it every time. This year was my dad's turn which meant me, my Aunt Linda and cousin Kristen got stuck with it! Like my dad was going to have the house in order on his own... not hardly. Besides, with my aunt living with him since my mom had left following their divorce, she was the de facto "wife" although both of them would adamantly dispute the use of such a term to define their relationship. Yeah, it was matter of convenience for them both but not everyone saw it that way.

Now that everyone had arrived and the initial frenzy of greetings had calmed down, dinner time was fast approaching. As was our custom we'd all attended church together - almost filling an entire pew from end to end. Even so I was determined to maintain our "tradition" so despite everything I still somehow managed to find time to let my dad fuck me before church.

As I sat in the pew not long afterwards with the tingling of my dad's incestuous cock in me still a fresh memory (as was the cum threatening to wet the pew cushion beneath me) I looked down the line of relatives and smiled. My cousins Tammy and Kate, daughters of my dad's youngest brother, were seated between their parents with their brother on the opposite side of Uncle Jim. Wow, everyone was looking so old this year! Indeed, Rick was now 28, soon to be engaged if the rumors held true. As hard as it was to believe, it had been years since he or his dad had fucked me which made me wonder when the last time they'd had sex with the Tammy, the youngest in their family although at 24 and a college grad she certainly wasn't the same fourteen year-old my dad had de-flowered ten years ago! Kate sat next to Tammy and I couldn't help but for the thousandth time marvel at the stark differences between Tammy and her sister who was only two years older. Tammy, while admittedly not nearly the slut these days that she'd been while in high school, was still dressed in a skirt so short I'm sure it infuriated her mother while Kate as usual looked like an nun - just like her mother.

Next down the line was my dad's oldest brother, my Uncle Paul, seated next to Aunt Julie. Of the three brothers he'd been the last to fuck me although I learned at that time he'd been doing my mother since they dated back in their high school days. Needless to say it had been quite a shock when he told me as my mom never had to me - or my dad from what I gathered. Their youngest daughter, my cousin Ginny, and her husband Bill sat next to each other along with their two kids. Katlyn was now an incredible seventeen years-old while her younger brother Ryan was just fourteen but I had to say remarkably cute for his age. While boys that age normally don't draw my attention (after all, I teach a room full of them) he WAS family which put him in a different perspective for me and I couldn't help but wonder if I turned him on at all. Judging from the way he was always checking me out, it was an easy call to make. Other than my cousin Kristen, Katlyn was my favorite cousin. While technically Katlyn was actually my second cousin I usually refer to her as my niece and she calls me her aunt. I smiled, knowing I knew Ginny's deepest secret going back to her bachelorette party when I was just eighteen. I wondered if she had ever told Bill about how she had fucked the stripper just a couple of nights before their wedding? Odds were she hadn't but then again I was pretty sure Bill had never told her about fucking their daughter Katlyn either! That, or how my husband and father had been fucking her as well over the past few years. Ginny wasn't exactly all that conservative but at the same time she wasn't that open-minded either so I doubted she would've tolerated such things if she knew.

Last down that direction was my other cousin, Ginny's older sister Laura and her husband Alan. Their two kids, Julie at ten years old and Alicia a year younger, sat like little angles next to their mom. Alan perplexed me! Basically he was the only man in the family I hadn't had sex with and while he was just as much a flirt and tease as his brother, I'd never had so much of a hint from him that he was interested in anything more. Given the potential consequences if he really wasn't and I made the wrong move, I knew it was best to just wait my time. Yeah... sooner or later I'll get him!

On the other side of me was my Aunt Linda and her daughter Kristen, two years younger than me. Naturally my aunt sat next to my dad given they'd been living together since my mom had divorced him. At the beginning it had caused quite the whispers at family gatherings but over the years I think people have come to accept it. Even my mom doesn't get that annoyed expression on her face anymore when she seems them heading off to bed together when she visits. My Aunt Linda had been forced to divorce her husband not long after Kristen was born when the jerk couldn't deal with her fucking her father despite the fact that she'd told him all about it before they were married. She and Kristen more or less lived at our house growing up making Kristen more a sister to me than a cousin although we didn't start having sex until my dad had fucked her while I was a Freshman in college.

Aunt Linda and Kristen were the only members of the family present from my mom's side and it never ceased to amaze me how different the two families were. My dad's side was generally conservative and until he'd married my mom there hadn't been a hint of infidelity let alone incest within the ranks. On the other hand, my grandfather on my mom's side had taken both of his daughter's virginity at about the same time when they were just fourteen and twelve. Years later I became the second generation to continue the family tradition although my dad certainly wasn't close to being my first - something I regret to this day!

So the gang was all here and it was finally time for Easter dinner. We sat around the tables set up in my dad's basement and held hands as my Uncle Paul said grace. My cousin Ginny had taken a seat to my right while Kristen was to my left. I looked over at the other side where my Uncle Paul was sitting next to both of his son-in-laws. Well, at least two of the three were looking at me with the look I knew bode well for later that day!

## 3. Cousin Confrontation

As we passed the food and started eating, the usual small-talk ensued but something seemed amiss with Ginny. While Kristen was her usual chatter-box, Ginny was definitely giving me the cold shoulder. Usually we got along great so I wasn't sure if she was just in one of those moods or what her problem was. Oh well, whatever... so I looked across and smiled at her husband. Cold shoulder or not, I still felt a twinge between my legs when I thought of how later I might be talking to her with her husband's fresh load of sperm still deep inside of me! Judging by the way he was looking at me, the odds of it happening were looking better all the time!

"It's NOT gonna happen," I suddenly heard although I barely made it out with all the noise and conversations. I looked to the side and there was Ginny glaring at me.

"That's right... slut. It's NOT gonna happen so you can just stop quit flirting with my husband."

I quickly glanced around, worried that someone might have overheard her but apparently everyone else was too engrossed in eating or just couldn't hear her soft voice. Looking back at her I raised my eyebrows and responded saying, "Ginny, I really have NO idea what you're talking about."

In a manner of speaking I was being perfectly honest. I really didn't know what SHE was talking about! OK, so she'd caught me teasing Bill but still, it's not like it was the first time and so I didn't think that warranted such an angry response. I mean it's not like I don't do that sort of thing all the time whenever we all get together. Besides, I knew Kristen was likely doing the same but for whatever reason Ginny was pissed at me and not her. It just didn't make sense...

"I know...," she whispered, almost too low for me to hear, "I know... everything." The way she said "everything"... slowly while emphasizing each syllable, made my heart skip a beat. Was there was some sort of dark secret behind her statement?

Although Ginny didn't say anything more there was a smoldering fire in her eyes that told me things were far more serious than I'd thought at first. Oh my god, what DID she know? Like there were so many things she COULD know but that didn't mean she knew EVERYTHING, although she might think so. My heart was now pounding in my chest. What could I say? Well, there really wasn't anything I could so I just kept quiet and waited to see where this was going.

"After dinner we need to have a talk," she said firmly, "Someplace outside I think would be best. I really don't think you want everyone to know what I've learned."

Needless to say the rest of my dinner pretty much was left to get cold on my plate as my appetite disappeared with the twisting of my stomach. Things could be worse I guess - at least Ginny was family. Whatever she knew would stay in the family, or at least I assumed but then everyone know what "assume" means. Even so, my worst nightmare was having someone outside the family learn everything that went on behind closed doors. THAT was something I didn't even like to imagine!

After dinner everyone helped to clean up and then most of the women headed upstairs for the living room while the guys gathered around the TV in the basement family room to watch some sporting event. What event they were interested in I had no idea but at the same time I doubted they really cared either. No doubt half of them would be sleeping soon anyways considering how they'd just stuffed themselves. It was a time that under different circumstances would be ripe for sneaking off with one of my uncles but all such plans were officially on hold as Ginny motioned for me to follow her out to the garage. My dad's garage was at the same level as the basement - typical Pittsburgh architecture with all the hills, but once I was out I saw she had gone out to the driveway to be further away from the house but not so far as we could be seen from the upstairs windows.

Ginny was facing away from me as I approached. It was a little chilly and I was already wishing I'd grabbed my coat but all those thoughts disappeared when she turned and glared again at me, only this time with even deeper intensity.

"OK you filthy slut, so how long have you been fucking my husband?" she demanded, getting straight to the point.

I reacted with surprise and trust me, it wasn't much of an act. My gut had been telling me that this was about me and Bill but even so I hadn't expected her to just throw it out there right at the start.

"Oh you can drop the stupid act Kelly, I KNOW how long you've been fucking him. The bastard confessed everything to me... EVERYTHING!"

"Really Ginny, it was just sex...," I tried to counter, knowing it was a feeble argument before I even said it but it wasn't like I could deny her accusation. After all, if she hadn't known for sure then she wouldn't be here accusing me of it so what choice did I have but to defend myself?

"Just sex?" she scoffed, "So apparently THAT's how you honor your wedding vows, eh? Well I'll have you know that this is about MY husband and MY marriage so it's a lot more than just sex and you know it."

At this point I was starting to feel a little anger myself. After all, I hadn't been lying - it WAS just sex so far as I was concerned. I had absolutely no desire to be her husband's mistress or to have an affair with him. It simply turned me on having him fuck me - albeit more so when she didn't know although from the looks of things that ship had sailed.

"I really don't give a damn so much about that though - I can deal with my husband's infidelity and he'll pay for it, believe me he will," she ranted on, and then she hit me with something that I hadn't believed she would EVER find out about.

"But what I CAN'T deal with is what started this little conversation in the first place. Last night I caught him fucking our daughter... well, not actually doing it but it was obvious what had been going on. And from he tells me he's not the only one. My God Kelly... your own husband? Your father? And as for you... well THAT is just downright disgusting."

I again tried to speak up in my defense but she was on a roll and cut me off before I could get a word out of my mouth.

"My god Kelly, and to think she was just fifteen when you perverted my little girl! How could you do that to her? Give me one good reason why I shouldn't have the whole bunch of you arrested for statutory rape. It's been a nightmare for me since last night and now all this... trying to put on like nothing is wrong... even in church at that!"

She paused, finally out of breath it seemed from her onslaught. I just stood there like a statue with no idea what to say. While I'd always known such an encounter was something that theoretically COULD happen, I'd naively never seriously thought it WOULD so I'd never planned for it. My mind was racing... was this all she knew? I mean things seemed bad enough as they were but what if she knew more? Did she know her own father had been fucking her daughter as well? Apparently not so that must have been one thing Bill hadn't told her. Then again, did he even know? My guess was he didn't as odds were somehow Ginny had caught Bill with Katlyn and he'd confessed everything... at least everything he knew.

"Well, what the hell have you got to say for yourself?" she demanded.

"Ginny, you know I love Katlyn and would never do anything to harm her," I started but she was too worked up to let me finish.

"Oh! So you honestly think a fifteen year-old girl having sex with her own father AND your husband, not to even mention YOUR father, isn't harmful? Damn, what kind of sick perverted bitch ARE you? It's like I don't even know you anymore Kelly. Who ARE you? For that matter, WHAT the hell are you?"

My mind was racing so I took up the best position I could think of for the moment saying, "Well, have you bothered asking your daughter how SHE feels about it?"

It was a shot in the dark but to my surprise it was like a pin had burst her balloon. All the hate and anger instantly disappeared and suddenly she looked like she was going to cry. Her whole body sagged and I feared she was about to faint so I quickly reached out to grab her and held onto her. At first she tried pulling away but then she wrapped her arms around me as well and buried her head in my shoulder, now crying openly.

"Yes... and that's the worst part," she sobbed, "My own daughter.., my very own flesh and blood stood there and defiantly told me that even though she's only seventeen that she would leave and never talk to me ever again if I did or said anything to anyone. She told me she's loved everything she's done and won't stop no matter what I say. Oh Kelly... that look in her eyes when she said it... I've never seen it before. I just know she meant every word. Oh god Kelly, I don't know what to do! I love you but right now I hate you so much now for doing this to me... and for what you've done to my family."

My first thought was like why was I was the one responsible? Like how about giving a little credit to the guys who had been fucking her, not to mention Katlyn herself. For goodness sakes, it's not she didn't take to sex like a fish to water!

Still sobbing, Ginny pulled away from me then as if suddenly repulsed by my touch. She just stared at me for a moment with red eyes, tears staining her cheeks like she didn't know what to say but something told me she'd thought about this quite a lot already so I braced myself.

"You know what really bothers me about she told me? She said that you like to watch... she even told me that she had sex with YOU," Ginny snarled, back to her accusatory attitude again as she flipped like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. "I mean like it's bad enough YOU are a lesbian but really, doing it with a teenage girl? How could you Kelly?" She paused to catch her breath and then continued, "What REALLY gets me even more though is I can almost deal with you watching Steve with her - everyone in the family knows you guys are a lot more kinky than you like to believe we know. But my god, how can anyone watch their own father having sex... and with a girl so young to boot?"

Well, some questions don't need to be answered in words. What the heck, it wasn't like it mattered anymore. It's like you can't be a little pregnant - either she knew nothing or she knew everything... well almost everything. So I just smiled and shrugged and then her eyes widened even further.

"Ohhhhhh... myyyyyy.... god!" she gasped, "YOU?... I mean there's always been something I couldn't quite understand seeing you two together but incest? Really? How long?"

I hesitated before responding. I mean it's not like I'd rehearsed this although I was now wishing I had. Still, it's not like I ever thought this would ever actually happen - although in retrospect I guess it was inevitable. My biggest debate at the moment was how much to tell her. She was already in shock as it was and if I told her everything it might push her over the edge. The last thing ANYONE needed was for her to go crazy and start telling people about everything. It seemed like forever but was more likely only a few moments when I made up my mind to tell her the least I could get away with, at least for now.

"Since I was in high school," I told her without expanding on it.

"Yeah, you always WERE such a ridiculous slut back then. I still can't believe your mother allowed you to wear what you did to school," she mused, "Well I suppose I should've known the way you flaunted yourself in front of him. I guess it just wasn't something I believed could even be possible in real life yet here I am with my own daughter doing it."

We'd gotten sidetracked talking about me and my dad and for a moment I thought maybe somehow it would deflect her from her outrage over her daughter's activities but that wasn't to be the case. Ginny's eye flashed and her jaw was more determined now as she sat back and looked at me.

"So what am I supposed to do now?" she asked rhetorically.

"You know, as she said your daughter IS seventeen now and it won't be long before she can pretty much have sex with whomever she wants," I tried to reason with her.

Ginny looked at me like I was some kind of alien or something. "Look, it may be OK for someone like you but for us normal people, what you guys are doing is just sick."

Reaching out I took her hands in mine. At first she pulled back as if I had leprosy or something contagious but then she stopped resisting. Squeezing her hands I told her, "It's OK Ginny... it's the most wonderful thing in the world a daughter can do with her father. Trust me, I know!"

"I think I'm going to be sick," she barely got out and indeed, she looked like death warmed over.

"What am I going to do?" she sobbed. She seemed to be talking more to herself than asking me but someone needed to help her and there wasn't anyone but me.

"Look, you don't have to like it, or even agree with it but you DO have to accept it," I said, "What Katlyn and her father have now is something they will always cherish. I know for a fact they've wanted to share this with you but were afraid you'd never understand – apparently they were right. The very least you can do is acknowledge what they have as being real and honest. You really have to believe me Ginny, being joined so intimately with your father is the most rewarding and fulfilling act a girl – or a woman for that matter, can experience."

The look she gave me was a conflicting mix of disgust and anguish. "So I'm supposed to just sit back and do nothing while my own husband has perverted sex with my daughter? I don't even know how I can ever sleep in the same bed as him again. You can bet he slept on the couch last night. Hell, if it wasn't for our son I'd march up to him now and tell him to pack his bags."

For a fleeting moment I toyed with the idea of suggesting that maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea for her to do with Ryan what her husband was doing with Katlyn. After all, a mom doing her son while dad was doing the daughter was something I'd always dreamed about. For better or worse God had blessed me with two daughters so THAT would never happen but it didn't stop me from fantasizing about it. Still, fortunately better judgement kicked in and I managed to keep such thoughts to myself.

"Yes, that's EXACTLY what you have to do," I said, a little more forceful now, "I'm not saying you have to participate or even watch, just don't try to stop them or you'll just end up losing them both. Remember, he's married to you while she is his daughter. Only one of those situations can be undone so don't force him to choose."

"But even taking the incest out of it, as if that was possible, that would still mean he's been committing adultery with our daughter and how can I NOT divorce him for that alone?" she countered.

Oh wow, she was SO clueless! Someday she'd likely find out her "faithful" husband wasn't so faithful after all but the last thing I wanted now was to add fuel to the fire and tell her that I'd also been having sex with her husband.

"But incest isn't adultery," I tried to explain, "A father simply isn't cheating on his wife when he's having sex with his daughter. Ginny, you need to understand that he doesn't make love to her... he only makes love to you, his wife. But Katlyn IS his daughter so it's only natural that as her father that he would want to be as intimate with her as possible and face it, there's nothing more intimate than sex."

"Natural?" she argued, "There's nothing natural about it! I've NEVER even ONCE... not EVER thought about having sex with my dad."

My standard response when someone tells me something like that, especially fathers who claim to have never masturbated about enjoying sex with their teenage daughters, is that 80% DO and the other 20% are either lying or in denial. Yet something told me that I didn't think such an argument wouldn't go over well at the moment so I kept my statistics to myself and instead tried to change the direction of the conversation.

"Look... just TRY to understand," I cajoled her, "Obviously your husband and daughter don't agree with you... and for what it's worth neither do I. Maybe if you just tried watching them once you would have a better understanding about what I'm talking about."

OK, so maybe a step too far or just a little too fast? Whatever the case she pulled away again and sat up straight with a spirited look in her eye.

"WHAT? Are you trying to insinuate that I should WATCH my husband having sex with my own daughter?" she asked incredulously, "Damn Kelly, you're not just perverted, you're fucking crazy. I could NEVER do that!"

Now it was my turn to take a stand. "Well, in that case my question to you then is are you willing to lose them both just because you won't put aside your hang-ups and do something so simple?"

"Oh yeah right, there's nothing simple about watching something so disgusting," she retorted with a snort.

"Well, how do you know it's so disgusting if you've never tried it or even seen it?"

"Really? C'mon Kelly, I don't have to watch someone eat shit to know it would be disgusting."

Good grief, with analogies like that flying this was going nowhere!

"Look... listen to me... just stay here and let me get them," I offered, deciding finally that I'd never reason with her and that the only recourse left to me was to just push it on her.

"What? You mean right now?" she asked with disbelief, "With everyone here?"

"Not like it would be the first time," I let slip out before I'd realized it and immediately regretted it.

"WHAT? How could they? What if someone had ever seen them? Dammit Kelly, are you all just insane or what?"

"Seriously, just wait here... I'll be back in a few minutes," I told her and stood up to leave.

"Well don't expect me to be here when you get back," she said threateningly but the resignation in her voice betrayed her. She was bluffing - or at least I prayed she was so I just ignored her threat and left the room. After closing the door I took a deep breath and slowly released it. Holy smokes, what the hell was going on? I knew what I'd told her but how the heck was I going to pull it off?

# 4. If You Can't Beat Them...

There was no time to waste for debate, especially with myself, so instead I quickly hurried downstairs and hunted for Bill. Finally I found him in the basement by the food - the first place I should've looked! Grabbing him by the upper arm, I yanked him over to the side and quickly explained to him what had just happened. His face went blank like a stone wall as I told him what was likely the LAST thing he'd expected to hear.

"You're not serious, are you?" he finally asked me when I'd finished, "You don't really expect us to do that, do you?"

I nodded and he looked around to be sure nobody was within earshot. Of course I was serious about it or I would've never told him all this!

"So she knows... everything?"

I shook my head this time answering, "No, not EVERYTHING, not even close. Besides, you're the one who told her about my dad and husband having sex with Katlyn. Oh.... and speaking of my dad... I DID have to tell her about me and my dad."

"Damn, she must've gone even further off the deep end when she heard that," he muttered.

"Yeah, it was touch and go for a while," I agreed, "But if you guys don't get up there pretty quick she's gonna have enough time to think more about it and then who knows what!"

"Kelly, be reasonable... this is insane... everybody's here," he protested, waving his hand at the people gathering about.

Huffing, I grabbed him harder by the arm. "Look buster, either get up there right now and fuck your slutty daughter in front of her mother so she can see how much it means to both of you or Google a good divorce attorney." I almost had to laugh as that line had to be the craziest thing I've said in a long time!

"Alright then... so where's Katlyn?" he asked. Not like it had taken all that much to convince him. Horny as he appeared to be, odds were that had I not appeared he might be feeling up his daughter right now.

For once someone asked me a question for which I had a pretty good answer and so with Bill in tow I went upstairs and out the kitchen door to the deck. Sure enough, there was little Katlyn flirting as usual with my husband. Of course of everyone out there only I was the only one who knew the full story so only I knew she was actually flirting whereas everyone else must have just thought she was being a little overboard in her attention to him. Reluctantly she allowed me to drag her over to the hot tub where I sat her down and explained everything. She looked over to where her dad was waiting by the door with eyes wide.

"Dad's really OK with this?" she asked over and over as if she couldn't believe my repeated assurances.

"Well, maybe not totally but there's really not much else we can do," I told her, " I think if you do it now then maybe we can settle this before or mom gathers her wits and makes a scene."

Her face brightened as the inner slut in her emerged in full force. "Cool!" she said cheerfully. I wasn't sure if she was referring to her mom watching or her dad fucking her. Most likely a combination of the two if I had to guess.

Katlyn hopped up and raced over to her dad. The two of them then went into the kitchen where I managed to catch up with them.

"OK now... nothing crazy," I tried to coach them, "You MUST show her it's an act of love and not just two horny people fucking."

"But what if it is just being horny?" Katlyn joked back although I wasn't so sure how much a joke it really was.

My eyes rolled and she got serious finally. "OK, I get it... make mom happy."

"Yes, and that's EXACTLY the point," I insisted as they started to leave, "You're only going to get one chance at this so you better make it good."

As they started for the stairs I had another thought and hurried up to them and wormed my way in front. My reasoning was that maybe it would be better if they didn't just barge in and that if I went in first I could soften the blow so to speak.

Entering my bedroom, Ginny was pacing and glancing out the window at the people below on the deck. She must've seen me talking to Katlyn so my entrance shouldn't have surprised her. Still, she seemed startled when I first walked in.

"You OK?" I asked.

Ginny let out sort of a half-laugh, like she wanted to say, "Are you kidding?" Then she said, "Oh sure Kelly, I'm doing just FINE... After all, not only is my daughter screwing my cousin's husband and her dad, but now I find out that very same cousin is also committing incest with her own father. As if it wasn't enough knowing my husband has been sticking it to our teenage daughter. Oh yeah Kelly, everything is just FINE!"

Something told me I'd make it back just in time, if even that. It was just what I'd feared might happen - she'd taken advantage of the time alone to think about everything and as I'd also feared, wasn't takin it well. There was no time to waste as odds were that things would only get worse from here unless I did something... and did it quickly.

"Alright then, why don't you sit down Ginny," I said softly, pointing to the chair by my desk against the wall. I deliberately ignored her last rant as there was little I could say that wouldn't just drive her even further down the road she was on.

"Why? Is it show time?" she asked sarcastically but even so, she did as I asked and took a seat. My flabbergasted cousin looked at the door and then back at me to say, "I saw you talking to Katlyn out on the deck... the little wench certainly seemed enthusiastic. You know, I really can't believe I'm going along with this. For that matter... I'm still not sure I am!"

"Well whatever you decide, just promise me you won't say anything, OK?" I pleaded. Heck, even if she DID promise I had little hope she'd keep her word but I figured it was worth a shot.

"Whatever," she mumbled, more like something I'd expect Katlyn to say after being told something she didn't like.

There was no point in waiting further so I opened the door and motioned Katlyn and Bill to come in the room. Katlyn quickly popped in with broad grin on her face ? oh well, at least one of us was happy. She came bouncing in, followed by her father who seemed considerably less enthused by everything yet at the same time he seemed to be a little flushed. Hmmm, was it from embarrassment or anticipation? Either way we'd all soon know.

"Now Katlyn, do you have anything that you to say to your mom?" I asked, trying to get the ball rolling so to speak. It was an awkward moment for all four of us if for different reasons. I felt extremely anxious as more than just their marriage and family was potentially at stake here. If things didn't go right then who knows how far the damage might spread given what Ginny now knew about me and my dad. My fear was that it could be like a line of dominos as one family secret after the next fell.

At first I thought maybe she was going to tongue-tied but then I'd never seen her afraid to speak her mind so I should have known better. "Mom, I love you and I'm sorry if I've hurt you in any way," Katlyn started out ever so cute and innocent but that quickly changed with, "Even though I'm old enough now to make decisions for myself I realize now that I should've included you and not done things behind your back."

Listening closely, I couldn't help but note that at no time did she apologize for WHAT she'd done nor did she bother with minor details such as all this having started well BEFORE she was seventeen and therefore hadn't been so independent. In any case at least her mom was keeping her promise to me, if only for the moment, and just sat there listening with her hands clenched tightly together on her lap.

"So I just wanted you to know how much I love being this way with daddy," she continued after seeing her mom wasn't contradicting her, "I love making him happy and I know he respects me totally and that he just wants to show me what a good daughter I am."

Unfortunately it all just came out rather stilted and I totally wished she hadn't tried to make it sound so formal. I mean like why not just come out and say it? C'mon girl, own it! Just tell your mom that you love your dad fucking you! Then again, in all fairness that would be a lot to ask of someone in her situation.

Katlyn looked at me questioningly as if I was supposed to tell her what to do next. Well sorry to say but it's not like I had this all planned out with a script and such to follow! Yep, I was ad-libbing everything! In a small way though I felt responsible for all this so it wasn't like I could just walk away so I nodded towards her dad and smiled at her. Thankfully she got my not-so-subtle message and turned to her dad. At first I feared she was going to make some sort of speech again and based on her monotone soliloquy to her mom that was the last thing we needed. Fortunately my fears were unfounded as for once she kept her mouth shut and just moved in close to her dad who put his arms around her and hugged her close.

"I love you daddy," she murmured into his shoulder as she buried her face into his shirt.

"I love you too my baby girl," he whispered hoarsely with his hands on her back. Ever so slowly they moved down until he was cupping her tight little ass over her dress.

Then Bill bent down as Katlyn raised her head and they kissed. At first it was just a peck on the lips but that was quickly followed by a full-on, tongue-searching kiss as Bill pulled his horny daughter tight up against him. As they kissed Bill maneuvered them over to my bed where they sat on the edge and turned to one another without a pause in their passionate kissing.

For the first time, or at least the first time I'd noticed, Bill looked over at his wife. A slight grin appeared as their eyes met and then he gasped slightly and his eyes rolled as his daughter's mouth engulfed his hard dick. I was torn between watching her taking her father's cock into her mouth and seeing the reaction on her mother's face. As I'd seen Katlyn blowing her dad before I was more inclined to focus on Ginny yet remarkably, other than what looked to be her taking a deep breath as Katlyn lowered her head to her husband's hairy crotch, that was the extent of her reaction.

"God yes," Bill whispered almost inaudibly as his hand moved to grasp her head and hold her against him. Katlyn had the palms of her hands planted on her dad's thighs to steady herself as she bobbed on his dick, her hair flowing around her face partially obscuring the view until Bill pulled it to one side so he could see - and at the same time allowing her mother and me to watch as well.

Bill wasn't endowed with the largest of dicks by any means - I'd say about average if I had to classify it. It also wasn't the thickest either, certainly not as thick as his father's, but that just made it all the easier for Katlyn to take it all in without having to worry much about gagging on it. She buried her face into his thick forest of pubic hair with her lips wrapped around her father's shaft, nuzzling her nose into the base of his dick as she sucked on him with her cheeks pulled in.

Bill leaned back, placing his hands behind him as he stretched out and looked down at where his beautiful daughter was showing all of us her love for him. He glanced quickly at me and smiled but just as quickly turned his attention back where it belonged - his daughter sucking his cock. I looked over again at Ginny and other than MAYBE a little tighter grip on the chair she had yet to display any real emotion, or any reaction of any kind for that matter. I would've given a LOT to be able to read her mind though!

We didn't exactly have all day before someone noticed we were missing and so I was glad when Katlyn appeared to understand that and leaned back until her all but bare butt was resting on her heels, grasping her father's wet cock in her hand and smiling. Their eyes met and I noticed an almost imperceptible nod by Bill - some sort of telepathic communication they must've worked out in the past for what was to happen next as Katlyn seemed to take her cue from it.

Standing up, Katlyn reached down and grabbed the hem of her dress with both hands and then lifted it up and over her head. Standing there in just her heels and tiny thong, she looked incredibly sexy and from the way her father was staring at her, he was of the same opinion. The thong was next as she lowered it down to her knees, dropping it to her ankles and then stepping out of it leaving her naked with the exception of her heels. I was sort of proud of her seeing her leave them on - apparently she'd been listening to my suggestions in the past. Something about a girl naked in heels seems to turn men on something crazy!

At this point I was trying to guess their next move. Would he undress? What position would he use to fuck her, at least to start? Would he eat her out first? So many options yet so little time...

I'm not sure if time was the driving force but whatever the reason, they weren't wasting any of it. Bill sat back further on the bed, dropping his shoes in the process and with them, his pants and underwear. I rolled my eyes though seeing him leave his black socks on. OMG, how ridiculous looking it made him!

Bill reached out his hand to his all but naked daughter which she took and then he pulled her closer to him. She worked her way onto his lap, straddling him with the worn bottoms of her heels facing out to her mom and me. She was up on her knees as high as she could be such that her father's incestuous dick was between her thighs but still a few inches below her crotch. God he was HARD! I could see Bill's cock literally quivering with the adulterous lust and passion he was feeling for his only daughter at that moment. For a moment they hugged and kissed but then she pulled back and reached down to grab his stiff erection in her hand.

"I love you daddy," she said in such a sweet soft voice. This was no "love you" that gets thrown out at the end of a phone call. Noooooo, there was no doubt in the way she said it that she LOVED him.

"I love you too baby girl," her horny father replied.

"Show me how much you love me daddy," she answered, a little louder this time. Was it that she wanted to be sure her mother heard? I certainly wouldn't have been surprised if that was the case.

"Yes baby... do it," he encouraged her. He glanced over at where his wife was watching. Was she holding her breath? If not she was certainly being awfully still! Was this the moment she perhaps thought would never happen, even after all she'd been told and all that she'd seen up to this moment. Was she holding out her last hopes that it was all exaggerated and that there was no way her husband would EVER do this with their only daughter? I mean like he'd confessed to her that they'd done it so why would he have possible lied about it?

Well if that was indeed the case, those hopes were soon dashed. I kept my eyes on Ginny, not wanting to miss a thing at this moment. Then it happened... her eyes widened and her hands went to her face, covering her mouth as she let out a small cry as I heard Katlyn call out a loud, "YES!". Quickly looking over, I saw that she had dropped down onto her dad's lap, impaling herself on his rock-hard dick like a butterfly on a pin in some collection. From her mother and my view, all we could see was her impossibly cute butt planted firmly on her father's lap but there was no doubt what was happening underneath once she rose back up and her father's shaft emerged from her pussy.

Ginny didn't say a word but I saw her lips moving with what looked to be a silent "OH my god!" Her mouth just hung open and she stared at the incestuous union of her husband's cock and her daughter's pussy as she began to move up and down on him.

"Oh daddy!" she said loudly... a little TOO loudly if you ask me knowing how thin the walls were in this old house. How many nights had I laid in bed and listened to practically every sound and word emanating from my parents' bedroom when they had sex? Hopefully nobody was in that room now or things could get interesting.

"Love me daddy," she encouraged him as she rode him a little faster. Then as the continued I could see the lust and desire emerge in them both as these overwhelmed their more chaste emotions and drove their passion even higher.

"Fuck me daddy!" soon replaced "Love me daddy" as Katlyn's instinctive needs and deepest desires consumed her. The same shift in emotions was happening with her father, if anything even faster and more intense as he groaned and bucked underneath her, driving his cock into her as she dropped sown onto him, his hands on her bare hips pulling her down into his waiting lap.

Bill lifted Katlyn off his lap, his throbbing dick now glistening with the wetness of his daughter's pussy as he all but threw her down on the bed onto her back. He still had his dress shirt on as he mounted the impossibly gorgeous girl, lifting her fine butt up with one hand as he steadied himself with the other. Katlyn helped by directing her father's cock back into her and as soon as he felt the warmth of her waiting pussy he drove it forward until he was fully enveloped by her welcoming pussy.

"Oh daddy! Deeper!" she cried as he fucked her harder and faster, "Fuck me deeper daddy... all the way in me!"

Bill pressed himself into her as hard as he good, driving his dick even deeper as he orgasmed. I could see his butt clench and then pressing into Katlyn with each ejaculation.

"Oh... my... god," Ginny suddenly blurted out. Her stony face finally cracked and tears were flooding down her face as she stood up with her hands to her face.

"Forgive me... I can't do this anymore!" she cried as she headed for the door. Before I could stop her she'd opened the door. Thankfully my worst fears weren't realized as nobody was in the hallway or they would've had a good look at Bill withdrawing his cum-covered cock from his daughter's freshly fucked pussy!

Ginny had escaped before any of us could stop her so I was left with no option but to shut the door before someone DID come up the stairs. I looked at Bill and Katlyn, expecting to see some sort of reaction as after all, his wife and her mother had just fled the room rather than watch her husband finish fucking her daughter. Yet in some strange way they seemed totally unconcerned as Bill laid beside her and they kissed as he fondled her perky breasts. She had twisted on her side and pushed her leg between his, pressing her messy pussy up against his thigh and humping him ever so slightly, as if she wanted even more of him.

Well, I wasn't needed so I left to see where Ginny had rushed off to. It wasn't hard to find her as she simply U-turned and fallen onto my dad's bed.

"Ginny?" I called to her softly as I approached her. She was sobbing into the pillow, her whole body shaking as she cried.

"Ginny?" I asked again more softly as I sat on the side of the bed next to her, "Are you OK?"

Ginny turned her head to face me and she looked horrible. Her makeup was smeared, eyes all puffy and red, and the expression was one of total sadness and betrayal.

"The bastard," she spit out. I waited but that was all she seemed to have to say so I felt I HAD to pursue this a little more.

"Who? Your husband?" I asked, "Didn't you see how much he loved her? How much he WANTED her? Not to mention how happy he made her and how much she wanted it as well?"

"That's the point... he's NEVER made love to me like that," she said, her voice cracking, "At least never with that expression. And then my daughter... my own daughter for God's sake... satisfied him better than I ever have."

"That's not true," I consoled her, "That's not true at all! Trust me Ginny, I KNOW... I know exactly how she felt and what she wanted. She's not his lover - only you fill that place in his life. But you can't blame him for enjoying sex with a girl as young and beautiful as Katlyn."

Just then Katlyn walked in, hesitant at first but then she leaned down and kissed her mom before Ginny realized and had time to react.

"I love you mom," she said softly as she stroked her mother's hair, "Thank you for being so understanding... I've wanted so long for you to be a part of what I have with daddy."

Somehow I didn't think Ginny was quite as anxious to be a "part" of any such thing but yet she didn't protest. This was a time when I didn't need to be involved so I left them alone so mom and daughter could work this out. In the hallway Bill was leaving my bedroom with a smug look on his face.

"Thanks Kelly... that went better than I'd ever dreamed possible."

My jaw almost hit the floor. THAT was better? Damn, what did he think MIGHT happen? Of course, Ginny could have pulled out a gun and shot the two of them but let's keep it to reality.

"Really?" I blurted out, "THAT was good?"

"Well, she stayed and watched, didn't she?" He shrugged, "Not like she can say anything now."

Was THAT his concern, that Ginny was going to blab it to everyone, maybe to the authorities. She might not be eighteen yet but at seventeen that's cutting it pretty thin.

"I think you need to go in there right now and tell your wife you love her like you haven't in a long time."

Bill looked in the doorway where Katlyn was hugging her mom. "Looks like things are under control."

I wasn't about to let him get away with that so I pulled out my trump card saying, "Look mister, if you ever want to fuck me again then you get your ass in there right now and do what I said."

Bill's eyes met mine as if he was assessing whether I was serious or not. Apparently he was still suffering from blood loss to the brain after his huge erection or he never would have said what he did next.

"Give me a break... don't try that on me... You want it just as much as I do you little slut."

OK, so maybe he was right but so what? Yeah, I loved when he fucked me at family events but he didn't know how much I was worried about his wife - my cousin!

"I'm not joking... Last time, you're cut off if you don't."

His eyes rolled but evidently my message finally got through as he sighed melodramatically and headed into the room. I shut the door behind him and breathed a sigh of relief before heading down the stairs to see how things were going.

"Have you seen Ginny?" my Aunt Seri asked. What a bitch! I almost told her that yes I had - and she was upstairs having just watched her husband fuck their daughter. My inner bitch was silenced though as I was pretty certain that the sanctimonious witch would kill her husband, and maybe their daughter, if she had even a clue what the two of them had been doing the past ten years or so.

"Yeah, she was upstairs with Katlyn... girl things," I hinted at. What an idiot! Like Katlyn wasn't old enough to deal with those things herself yet she bought it hook, line and sinker. Fortunately she didn't ask about Bill as I wasn't sure how to cover for him.

It wasn't long before Ginny and Katlyn appeared. Aunt Sheri pounced before I could say anything, asking if everything was OK. For a moment Ginny froze but I managed to catch her eye and flash her an OK sign. While she didn't know what I had told Aunt Sheri, Ginny was observant enough to understand I'd apparently greased the skids so to speak so she just smiled and said something to the effect things were just fine. Then she looked at me and repeated, "Yes, just fine!" with a little emphasis on the fine at the end. While my aunt didn't catch the nuance, I certainly did and something told me that everything wasn't just "fine".

We turned and joined the rest of the family. Bill must have snuck down not much later as I noticed him over talking to my husband. Well, HE certainly seemed happy with himself. I wondered what the real story was now given the difference in vibes between him and his wife. Ginny, though, seemed to go out of her way to avoid me so it wasn't like I could ask her and I knew it would just be a waste of time to ask Bill. That left Katlyn... It wasn't until things were wrapping up that I finally had a chance to catch her off to the side.

"Well?" I asked her. It wasn't like I needed to say more as she knew full well what I was interested in.

"We'll be OK," she assured me, "Mom's still a little weird about everything but I think she understands now."

"So she's ok with you and your dad?"

Katlyn rolled her eyes and grinned a naughty smile. "Oh I wouldn't say she's OK with it exactly but I don't think she will do anything." Then she gave me a hug and whispered in my ear, "Thanks so much Aunt Kelly... I don't know what would've happened without you!"

Yes, we'd ALL dodged a bullet. With everyone about gone I told my dad about everything that had happened and we agreed that it could have certainly gone a lot worse! That night in bed as we made love, I told Steve everything as well and I could tell he was turned on by everything. Typically guy!

"I can't wait someday for you to watch me fucking the girls," he panted as he fucked me. I loved it when he got so horny! Well, one good thing was at least when HE finally got to fuck his daughters he wouldn't have to worry about their mother being all upset about it!

# (Jul 10) Chapter 292: Anniversary Present

Story codes: MF oral inc father daughter
Me (32)
John - my dad (52)
Steve - my husband (34)

It's been almost six years since I pledged myself to my husband. Six of the most wonderful years of my life! I wanted to give him the best anniversary present but with limited financial resources, nothing I thought about seemed within reach. Fortunately I have a wonderful father who can never say no his little girl =- given the right persuasion!

For the sake of our privacy I don't mention the actual resort name or location. I could've made up something but then someone would've either pointed out it wasn't real or if I'd used a different one then I would have had more critics. Oh well, can't make everyone happy!

## 1. Love Being Married

Wow, SIX years! It seems almost impossible to believe it's been that many years since I stood in my wedding dress in front of friends and family as I pledged myself to my husband. It seems like yesterday that my father was walking me down the aisle give my hand to another man while my pussy still tingled from my final time together with him as a single woman.

Looking back over those years it seems even more impossible that so much has happened in such a short time. When I see our two beautiful daughters I'm amazed at the incredible results of our love making. Indeed, if anything shows to the world the love we share in bed (and lots of other places) it's our children.

While it's "only" been six years we've still beaten the odds according to the surveys I've seen. It seems such a shame so many marriages fail by this time whereas I'd contend that ours is stronger than ever. Whenever I say something that people almost immediately ask me what's the secret. Unfortunately, as much as I'd love to tell them for better or worse there are few who I would dare tell everything!

Of course there's are a lot I can say to most anyone about the success of our marriage. First and foremost, as a Christian wife I submit to my husband in accordance with scripture. Oh the eye rolling I get when some people hear me say that but that just tells me they don't have a clue what scripture actually says regarding marriage and roles. So many people will pluck a verse here and there and then use them totally out of context. I won't go into the details here other than to say I'm NOT my husband's slave or anything kinky. Yes, I recognize him as the head of the household but I still get a say in everything. At the same time he loves and respects me as a woman, mother and daughter.

Another "secret" to the success of our marriage is that we're committed to living within our means which avoids the complications of financial hardship that seem to tear so many marriages apart. Although that's meant living in a small apartment, driving older cars, and limiting travel and entertainment costs, fortunately neither of us are driven by material wealth. OK, I DO love clothes and jewelry! As for entertainment, what we love best is for the most part free - SEX.

Steve and I both grew up with active sexual lives. Indeed, I had quite the reputation in school, one which I worked hard for and was quite proud of even to this day. Steve was quite popular with the girls and indeed I was amazed he even asked me out given his reputation for chasing the ones with the big boobs while mine were far from that. When we discussed our upcoming marriage we both agreed that our rings would symbolize our commitment and love but that didn't mean we had to suddenly stop doing the things we loved.

The first thing people say when I tell them this is something like, "Oh, so you have an open marriage." Frankly, I don't like that description as it seems to imply that we're not totally committed to one another, at least sexually. Nothing could be further from the truth! There is only one man in the world I make love to - my husband. EVERY other man I have sex with, even my own father, is fucking me. I don't say that that to be crude or crass, it's simply the easiest way to describe any sex with someone other than my husband. I enjoy sex with other men for one reason - I LOVE sex. It's that simple. It has NOTHING to do with my marriage or my feelings for Steve. It's the same for him and I believe this is a major reason for the strength of our marriage - we love each other enough and trust each other enough to not be jealous. Indeed, I think nothing turns Steve on more than to watch me with another man and see how badly he wants me. When it's over though, Steve knows whose bed I'll be in plus he gets to have me as much as he wants unlike that guy who only could enjoy it for a short time. While I personally don't get nearly as turned on watching Steve with other women, it's more because I'm much more of an exhibitionist than a voyeur.

So with our six year anniversary approaching... what was I going to get for the man I loved more than anyone else in the world?

I was discussing my dilemma with my Aunt Linda one day while my dad was working at his office downtown. After my mom divorced my dad and moved to Oregon to be near her best friend her sister moved in practically the very next day. There were the not-unexpected snide remarks and whispers amongst much of the family but it didn't bother me as I knew nothing really changed - just more convenient for them both. My dad still loves my mom and I know beyond any doubt that he could never feel that love again for anyone, not even her sexy sister.

As I talked Aunt Linda listened patiently while leaning over the kitchen table such that her exposed breasts were just touching. She'd always had a bit of a nudist streak in her, unlike my mom who never liked to be seen without at least a bra and panties. Over the years I'd become accustomed to it and hardly even noticed anymore. Aunt Linda was always trying to get me to join her but being nude just wasn't my thing, at least not without having a good reason.

"So what are you looking for? A nice present? You could always give him some sexy lingerie... with you in it of course."

Typical Aunt Linda... I just laughed. "Nope, been there done that. I want something new, something that will surprise him."

My aunt grinned and got that naughty expression she shows whenever she is thinking that way. "Given all you've done that's not going to be easy to do. Say, how about giving it to him with another girl wearing it instead?"

Laughing even more, I answered, "Nope, been there done that. C'mon Aunt Linda, what's the best thing I can give him without breaking the bank?"

The teasing over, she seemed to finally be a little more serious, frowning at first but then she lit up. Suddenly she just got up and ran out of the kitchen leaving me sitting there wondering what the heck was going on. Just as quick she returned holding a glossy brochure.

"I just got this in the mail yesterday. It looks PERFECT! Talk about timing... must be meant to be."

She opened the brochure and showed it to me. It was for some fancy resort which immediately screamed expensive with a capital E.

"We could never do anything like this Aunt Linda. I don't even have to read it to know it's way out of reach so why tease me?"

"Just read it before blowing it off," she insisted, "Then let's talk. Go on, it's new and I bet it would be perfect for you two."

I hadn't really looked that closely but when I did, the first thing I noticed were the photos. At first glance they looked pretty much like any others you see for such resorts with luxurious rooms, beautiful pools and beaches, etc. However, in addition to all the bikini clad girls and beautiful couples, I noticed something you DON'T see in the typical brochure - naked people!

"Ummmmm," I started to say but she cut me off.

"Don't judge it by the photos... read it," she urged me, "This isn't some crazy orgy resort, it's supposedly VERY high end and sophisticated."

I was about to point out that if THAT was true then it was pretty pointless to even bother. Heck, we couldn't even afford a desperation trip to a New Jersey beach at moment. Anyways, I read and it WAS rather interesting. It wasn't BRAND new, open for about a year now, and was in line with what seemed to be the trend - all-inclusive and adults only, more specifically adult couples. There was a brief statement in that by "adults-only" the intent was to address the needs of those who want to vacation without the intrusion of children, NOT to indicate anything regarding the type of activities allowed. So while some nudity was allowed in certain activities and locations, the expectation was that in public areas a little more modesty was appropriate although apparently the bar was set pretty low based on the photos.

One of the features was that every room was at least a "mini-suite" with its own hot tub and balcony overlooking the ocean. For the most part everything seemed to be included such as meals, water-front activities and such. Butler services were an option though, as were several "premium" services. The one that caught my eye was the romantic beach massage where couples could have massages together right at the edge of water!

"OK, so it looks great," I sighed, "But there's no point in even dreaming about a place like this. My goodness, it must cost a fortune!

Aunt Linda just shrugged. "Most likely, but I know someone who wouldn't blink an eye at the cost."

I thought for moment and then it hit me... "No... I couldn't ask him. That's WAY too much."

My aunt just rolled her eyes at me. "Why not, you didn't seem care about the cost when you wanted that fancy new phone."

I glanced guiltily at the new iPhone sticking out of my purse. "Yeah but that's nothing compared to this."

She shook her head as if I wasn't getting it... and she was right. She sighed and went on with, "C'mon Kelly, after all these years haven't you figured out it's not how MUCH you ask for, it's HOW you ask for it?"

I'm not THAT blonde not to pick up immediately on what she meant. Of course I knew my dad loved it when I wanted something really bad. I'd learned long ago how to get my way with him. Yet as effective as that had always been (my dad has NEVER said no to me when I showed him how much I really wanted something), never had I even thought about asking for anything even remotely close to as expensive as this.

"Crap, it's not like he can't afford it," she continued, "I mean like he doesn't know what to do with everything he makes as it is."

While I'd never really discussed my dad's finances with him, I DID know he must do pretty well. Senior partners in legal firms such as his didn't exactly work for minimum wage! Back when I was looking for a university he didn't even blink an eye at the exorbitant tuition for the private school I selected. Then there was my wedding which must have cost a fortune!

"Just take the brochure home and think about it," she offered.

"But what about..." I started to ask but she'd already anticipated me.

"No worries. I'm sure between me and your mother-in-law we can take care of the girls. They'll be totally spoiled by the time you get home."

That night I did some more research on-line and easily found the resort's web page. I also read various reviews and everyone concurred on two things - it was one of the best resorts they'd ever been to and one of the most expensive! After Steve and I made love I was next to my naked spent husband and tears came to my eyes as I thought of how much I loved him. If that's what it took to do this for him then I'd do it. Not that I minded one bit. "Persuading" my dad to do what I wanted was as much enjoyable as it was productive.

## 2. Persuading My Dad

Once I'd made up my mind the next step was to plan a time I could be with my dad long enough to properly ask him. Since getting married and living on my own I wasn't at his house all that much and most of those times were shared with others. For years now we'd established a "tradition" where I'd meet him at his house for some quick sex before leaving for church. I'm not sure which of us was more turned on with me sitting in the pews literally minutes after he'd cum inside me! I'd look around at the other fathers and daughters and wonder how many of them had the same twinge between their legs I was experiencing.

For my purpose though, Sunday morning weren't quite right as invariably I would run late and we'd have to rush as it was just to get him off and still make it before being TOO late for service. Still, it WAS an established time that I knew would be available without tipping off my hand. Well, I'd just have to get out of bed on time for once and get my butt over there in time for some serious one-on-one time with my dad!

After having set the alarm for a couple hours earlier than the norm, I was rudely awakened by it early Sunday morning.

"Damn, why so early?" Steve grunted groggily. Instinctively he reached for me and I could see he had his usual morning wood.

"Lots to do before church," I mumbled as I wiped the sleep from my eyes and brushed his hand from my boob.

"Oh come on then.. just a quickie," he teased me, opening his eyes more and grabbing at my breast again.

"Didn't you get enough last night?" I teased back, turning to get out of bed.

"NEVER" he grunted but he gave up as I stood. Seeing as I was going straight to the bathroom I didn't bother putting on the robe next to our bed. We always slept nude but weren't nudists in that we always wore at least a little bit. I slept something by the bed to through on, sometimes even just a T-shirt or cami. For me it wasn't so much that every square inch be covered, just my top. Even in college I'd had small boobs so this had been my coping mechanism in terms of directing eyes to my butt which was, in my humble opinion, significantly more attractive.

After quelling my full bladder's call I showered and shaved. These days that meant just a trim around my pussy enough to look decent in my bikini. It took me almost as long at my closet trying to decide what to wear! Finally I chose my pale blue sundress and matching heels. It was just sheer enough that without a slip the sun would shine through it and reveal just enough to see I was under it but not quite enough to give away any details making it the perfect dress for teasing a little at church - not too slutty but more like stealthy naughty.

I smiled as I closed the clasp on my ankle bracelet. It was just as simple gold chain but meant so much to me. I knew when my dad saw it around my ankle he's remember that special night he'd given it to me - especially as it was the only thing I was wearing at the time. I absentmindedly twisted my wedding ring as I checked myself out in the full length mirror on the back of our bedroom door. Last was my gold cross with diamonds hanging from a delicate gold chain - another gift from my dad. Hopefully I looked good enough for my daddy... but then in all fairness I think could show up in a gunny sack and he'd be just as happy. Even so as , his only daughter I still did my best to present myself to him as I know he liked to see me.

Leaning over the bed to kiss my husband's cheek who was now back sound asleep, I smiled as I looked down and saw his flaccid dick laying limp in a bed of thick pubic hair. Mmmmmmm, there were so few time I ever got to see it this way! It was so tempting to kneel down and take him gently in my mouth. I closed my eyes and envisioned it slowly hardening as I sucked on it softly. It was one of those thing I'd learned early - dicks are indeed little heads with a mind of their own - and they never slept! They had always fascinated me, especially the erection process. Knowing they do it because of me never fails to make me feel good about myself! Feeling a man stiffen while in my mouth was especially sensual for me and here was the perfect opportunity!

But no... as much as I knew we both would love it, I had bigger plans and if things went right then Steve would be getting something much better than a wakeup blowjob! Sighing, I turned and checked on the girls. They looked so precious! Steve would have a few hours most likely before they were jumping in bed to waken him.

It was only about a fifteen minute drive to my dad's house given the light Sunday morning traffic. What I would give for it always to be this way as usually the drive would have taken as much as twice that amount of time, time that I could've been spending much more productively with my dad.

Arriving at my dad's house I looked at my phone and saw I was over an hour earlier than normal. While that was good for me I also was concerned that he wasn't expecting me and sometimes surprise visits aren't always the best, especially when a man sleeps with a woman like my Aunt Linda! Then again, I knew our Sunday mornings were as special to him as they were for me and at his age he wouldn't want to tempt fate by cumming just an hour before I arrived. While I prefer sex with older men in general, not just my dad, it was more for the intimacy and care for MY pleasure that drew me. Of course there was always that issue of down-time. Face it, fifty-something men just didn't have stamina of a teenage boy! So no, there wasn't much risk of walking in on them doing THAT, but at the same time that didn't mean she might not be warming him up for me!

Parking on the street so I wouldn't be in the way when we left in his SUV for church, I slowly walked down the front sidewalk to the porch. Even if I had looked odds were I wouldn't be able to see if anyone was watching me so instead I was left wondering as always if anyone ever questioned why I showed up alone every Sunday morning. Probably not but it was fun to imagine some old lady spying and clucking about how improper it was. Actually it was one thing we were rather strict about. In all the years I'd been fucking my dad I doubt anyone who didn't already knew ever has had a clue.

The front door was locked - long gone were the days when everyone just left their doors open. Then again, was there ever really a time they did or was it just nostalgia at work? Whatever it was, I had a key of course so I quietly let myself in and stood in the foyer. Hmmm, not even a moan. Seemed everyone was still asleep so slipping off my heels I carefully made my way up the old wooden step. Years of trial and error paid off as I avoided the worst of the squeaks and arrived at the landing in front of my dad's bedroom. It was funny how I had to catch myself from thinking of it as my parent's bedroom. Still, I'd lived in the room next door for over eighteen years so it was a hard habit to break!

Peeking inside, I say my dad laying naked on his back with my aunt up against him, her arm draped over his hairy chest and top leg over his. Of course she was naked as well. In fact, I don't think I could ever recall EVER seeing either of them with anything on in bed. Even when we had visitors my parents would simply close the door - something they normally NEEVR did.

With the extra time I'd bought by coming in early I'd decided ahead of time that I would undress this morning. Normally I'm always running late so my dad will just lift my skirt or dress and fuck me without undressing me. As a rule I never wore panties to church, or anywhere else much for that except school were it was required, it worked out just fine. Given what I was hoping to ask for today though, I thought it only fair he get to fuck me naked as he preferred.

Slipping out of my sundress (which was literally all I was wearing), I felt the cool air of the air conditioning against my naked body and felt my nipples tighten. The sight of my dad and aunt laying naked in bed together didn't hurt either! Moving over to the side of the bed opposite of her, I was presented with an image something similar to what I'd just left behind at home - a limp dick flopped over on a bed of thick pubic hair - only this bed was a California Queen compared to a twin size in terms of sheer amounts of pubic hair! My dad was a bit on the hairy side and while this would turn me off on a younger man, it really didn't matter to me when they got older.

My nude aunt was still sound asleep and my dad wasn't showing any signs of consciousness. Just as I was about to wake him I glanced again at his limp cock and a naughty idea came to mind - a great start for what I was hoping would lead to the prefect finish. What the heck, how often do you get a second chance for a second opportunity?

My dad was snoring which told me he wasn't faking. If there was one thing he HATED it was being teased about his snoring. Although he would insist that he never did, the few times he'd tried faking it he didn't even come close to the real thing. It was like having an alarm set because whenever he stopped snoring that meant he was awake, even though sometimes he thought we didn't know it!

I gingerly reached out and with two fingers carefully pulled his soft cock away from where it was nestled in my dad's thick pubic hair. Taking one last close look at the two of them, I bent down and carefully took his dick into my mouth, being extra cautious to avoid any accidental contact with my teeth. Mmmmmmm, he felt so good all soft and warm like this. It was a rare treat as usually whenever I was this close to him there was a least a little stirring in him.

As I caressed my dad's dick in my mouth, it wasn't long before I felt the first signs of arousal. I smiled as best I could with a mouthful of daddy cock thinking how amazing dicks were that they could respond without their own even being conscious! His erection quickly expanded and within a few minutes he was filling my mouth. Mmmmmmm, I loved it and even more so because he was still snoring away, totally unaware of what I was doing.

Under any other circumstances my goal would be to see how far I could take this with the ultimate prize being to make him cum without first waking up. Of course whenever a guy DOES cum that pretty much ensures he DOES wake up but to see the look on his face when he realizes what has just happened is priceless. But this morning was just any normal time, I had a bigger prize in sight so I let him slip from my mouth and stood up to admire my handiwork. Mmmmmmm, it looked so much better now!

I moved up and kissed my dad on the cheek. He didn't seem to notice so I reached down and gave his dick a little tug which did the trick! The snoring and stopped and his eyes opened. It was moment before they focused and he took in his surroundings.

"What the...?" he stuttered trying to orient himself. Then he realized what was happening and he grinned. "Now THIS is what I call a wake-up call!"

Aunt Linda must have felt him stirring as she also woke, a bit groggy-eyed but she also quickly assessed the situation and chuckled, "Don't look now John, but you're daughter's got your dick in her mouth."

"Yeah, like I needed to be told that!" he exclaimed as I took every inch of him into my mouth, "DAMN... how the hell do you DO that?"

My eyes met his as there was no way I could respond at that moment. I could already see the desire building in him from the way he was looking at me. Still, my mission was more than this so one more plunge down my throat and I lifted my face from his crotch.

"Morning Daddy," I said softly in a tone as sensual as I could muster, "Hope you don't mind me stopping over a little early this week."

I stood up straight and let him see my nude body. Even after all the years he still loved seeing me naked and I loved the way his eyes roamed all over my nakedness. Without wasting any further time - we WERE on the clock if we were going to do all I had planned and still make it to the service, I climbed in bed and gently pushed my aunt's leg aside so I could straddle my dad.

"Sorry Aunt Linda," I apologized as I lined myself up with my dad.

"Hey, don't let ME stop anything," she laughed, "Would you rather I leave the two of you alone?"

Whether her question was directed at me or my dad I wasn't sure but apparently he took it as his. "Doesn't bother me if you stay. You okay with that this morning baby?"

I was 32 years old and definitely NOT a baby but I still loved when my dad was affectionate. I just shook my head, concentrating more on his hard dick which was now just below my crotch, ready and willing to make its way into me given the opportunity. Well, what better time than the present to give it one? With that thought I lowered myself down until I could just feel the thick head of his hard dick poking into me and then in one swift move, I put me full weight on him and felt him drive deep inside of me until my crotch met the base of his dick. His lush pubic hair caressed my pussy as for the moment we just both were still, enjoying this moment of union.

"God Kelly, I love watching when you do it that way," Aunt Linda sighed as she watched us, "Nothing sexier in the world than seeing a father's cock just disappearing inside his daughter's pussy."

"Well you should see if from my angle," my dad teased her.

I was just grinning as I enjoyed the feeling of him in me. Considering all the men who have fucked me over the years, you'd think it wouldn't be all that special but every time my dad first enters me it's like the first time he did in my bedroom so many years ago. There was just something special about looking at him and knowing it was my own father's cock that I could feel so intensely. Knowing I was literally joined with my father in the most intimate act possible between a man and woman was... well, beyond words!

"Oh yeah... like that," my dad groaned as I swiveled my hips slowly to move him around within me. I loved the way his thick pubic hair brushed against me as I did, like a soft hair brush teasing my crotch.

Looking at my Aunt Linda, she winked at me. I smiled back... everything was going according to plan! While I hadn't expected her as an audience, I didn't mind. After all, she was the one who came up with the idea in the first place.

"Yesssssss," he moaned loudly as I started to slowly lift myself up on him as I continued to swivel, raising as slowly as I could until just his head was in me, pausing just a moment and then swiftly using my weight to drive him deep once more.

He couldn't just lay still anymore as the lust and desire built within him and I felt his hips rise to meet me whenever I took him back in. eventually he would do a quick thrust and drive himself in as deep as his incestuous dick could reach within his daughter's pussy.

"That's it John... fuck her... fuck your slutty daughter," my aunt whispered to him. I saw that she was holding her boob with one hand while playing with herself with the other as she watched us.

"So close..." he groaned as our pace quickened. Normally those words would be music to my ears but not this time. In this case they served as a warning. Yes, I wanted him to eventually flood me but not yet... not quite yet. I had other things to take care of first. With that I sat still on his crotch even though he was still trying to hump me. Leaning over, I put both hands on his hairy chest and kissed him on the cheek - sorry, he hadn't brushed his teeth yet!

"Daddy, I have something to ask you," I said in my best little girl voice that I knew he could never resist.

"Oh god... anything Kelly, you can have anything. Just don't stop now!" he moaned. Sometimes that was all I needed to hear but then usually that meant just getting his AMEX card and doing some shopping. This time it was a little bit more though.

"Daddy just slow down and listen a second," I said softly, trying to rein in his thirst for me, "You know Steve and I are celebrating our sixth wedding anniversary soon."

"Card's in the wallet... make me cum," he all but begged me as I felt him push up against me.

"No daddy, this is more... I want you to send me and Steve to a resort Aunt Linda showed me."

That seemed to catch his attention as he looked over at her. She came back with her patented "who me?" look but that didn't fool my dad. He knew her all too well to believe she wouldn't be behind something like this.

"Don't tell me," he was suddenly serious, "Linda, the one you were showing me last week?"

Linda finally dropped the fa㌢de and grinned, "That very one."

"Damn... no wonder," he mused, apparently figuring out what was going on this morning. Then that look reappeared, the one that told me what he wanted nothing more than having at this moment and I knew I had him hooked, "What the hell, it's only money... now finish what you started you little tease!"

I grinned from ear to ear as I resumed fucking my dad's dick. I really hadn't expected him to wait even this long before caving in to me.

"Fuck me daddy... I want you to cum inside me," I whispered huskily. Yes, the two phrases EVERY father wants to here. Well, every man for that matter but I knew my dad especially was turned on no matter how many times I'd told him before.

brochure shows, everything I've seen if full of old men with wrinkled dick and hairy women with their sagging tits."

I was going to remark that maybe he would be better off looking at something beside the porn sites before passing judgement but I knew better. Besides, I knew neither of us was really into public nudity. Sure, not like I minded people seeing me nude but frankly those times were almost always involving some sexual activity. The idea of just running around naked for no reason just didn't thrill me. Not that the bikinis I'd packed did much to cover me! Still, there was still quite the difference between a string bikini and being full nude.

"No, it's not a nudist colony," I replied rather defensively. I checked and that's only for certain areas. The majority of the resort requires at least bottoms - women AND men."

"Oh yeah, so you plan on showing off the girls?" he teased me. I smacked him playfully as he knew full well how I felt about that. Actually for me I'd far rather run around in a bikini top and no bottom. For most of my life my ass and legs had been my greatest attributes and covering up my top, even if just something small or sheer, helped to focus wandering eyes lower.

So here we were finally... checking in. I'd never checked into any place so fancy and it was so cool to have a concierge take us aside to a seating area and sit next to us on a couch while showing us everything on a coffee table in front of us. She gave us our room keys and a pile of various brochures and handouts describing all the activities. I'd thought we'd spend some time checking out the rest of the island but from the looks of things we had more than we could possibly do just staying on the property.

"So when would you like to schedule your massage?" she asked us as we neared the end of the process.

Steve looked at me as if he expected me to answer but I had no idea. The blank look on our faces must have told her all she needed to know.

"Ah yes... I see someone else made the reservations and as part of your package they asked that the massage be included. It's really very special - so few guests get to enjoy one as they are in quite heavy demand."

"So what's this massage all about," Steve asked leaning forward.

"Oh it's very special," she repeated herself but then continued, "We set up a special area by the beach where you each have a masseur. It's right near the water with a spectacular view."

"So everyone watches us?" Steve asked a little skeptically. Again, like nudity we both LOVED to be watched but that was for sex. Otherwise he actually tended to be a bit reserved.

"Oh no!" she immediately replied, "That would never do. The tables are surrounded by mesh curtains. They allow you to see out but people outside can't see you. As I've emphasized we do everything we can to make your stay here as private and comfortable as possible."

"Well" I asked, looking at Steve. He just shrugged. The only massages he normally enjoyed were massaging my boobs but he could tell I was anxious to do this and from the sounds of things it would be quite romantic. Who knows? Maybe after the massages they would let us stay behind a while...!

We scheduled a day half-way through the week and I thought we were though when our host gathered everything together into a folder but then she looked around as if hunting for someone and said, "Great, we're done then so let me introduce you to your butler."

Butler? We had a butler? God bless my Aunt Linda!

It was then I realized it was a title more than what I'd always associated with the name as a gorgeous young girl dressed in a sheer sarong and bikini top came over to greet us. Steve's eyes immediately went to her boobs - of course. Small wonder as for a girl so small hers were spectacular. The material over them was so thin as to be translucent and her nipples were prominently displayed.

Our concierge introduced us, explaining that actually we had two "butlers" who traded off days with the other being a male. Apparently anything we needed or wanted, all we had to do was contact her on our phones and she'd take care of us. I could see the look in Steve's eyes as he licked his lips subconsciously.

"So.... like anything we need? ANYTYHING?" he asked, all but drooling. I was SO embarrassed but the host handled him perfectly.

"Sir, I would remind you that the entire staff is at your disposal 24 hours a day and are extremely professional. However we would also request that you respect them as well and refrain from any overtly sexual interactions. If you find you need such interaction your butlers can arrange it of course but your package doesn't currently include this provision. Would you like me to add it to your bill?"

Steve actually had the nerve to look at me as if there was even a CHANCE I'd agree. So far as I knew Steve had never been with a prostitute in his life (OK, but my cousin Kristen doesn't really count) and there was no way he would be starting now. Besides, he had ME!

"I appreciate the off but that won't be necessary," he said trying to act as if it was a normal discussion to be had.

The host just smiled and our butler took us to our room where she showed us the amenities, gave us her contact information and left us to get acclimated. The room was incredible! A king sized bed in a huge bedroom, a living area, kitchen, bar, and a hot tub as promised right outside the door leading to the balcony which, by the way, provided a spectacular view of the beach and ocean. No sooner had she left than we were stripping down and trying out the bed!

## 4. Beach Massage

It would be impossible to even begin to describe everything we did that week so I won't even try. I'd never been anywhere so beautiful and thrilling in my life and EVERYTHING was included! I'd heard of people going to "all-inclusive" resorts where the basics were included but then they were hit with additional fees and such for "premium" items including water-front equipment. Not so for us. Simply put, if you saw it and it was available - it was yours!

Finally the day came for our romantic beach massage that I'd been so looking forward sharing with Steve. I'd seen where they did them on a section of the beach that was easily accessible while at the same time off the beaten track which seemed to minimize the traffic. Other than that I couldn't see inside - just as our host had promised, so I had no real idea what went on.

We'd been told to meet our massage therapists at a location near the beach in our swimwear which was what we'd had been wearing most of the week except for dinner. Soon we were approached by a man and woman who introduced themselves and welcomed us to our romantic beach massage. Mmmmmmm, obviously one of the requirements to be a massage therapist was to be HOT!

Selena looked to be barely eighteen but then I didn't know what the rules were here for workers regarding their age. She was a couple inches shorter than me and extremely petite with one exception - her breasts were incredible! Wearing a bikini top that left nothing to the imagination, her deep cleavage made me instantly envious along with her large dark nipples that were already hard enough to poke through the unlined almost sheer white bikini top. A multicolored sarong wrapped around her impossibly thin waspish waist was sheer enough to ensure anyone could see she lacked any bikini bottom while hiding just enough to make you wonder what was underneath. I adored her thick long black hair that hung straight down the small of her unblemished back to just above her well-defined buttocks. Not even a single tattoo marked her skin. I was like seeing the dreamy island girl personified.

As for Llanzo, he looked like he'd stepped right out of the brochure for the resort - tall dark and handsome as they say, I was guessing in his mid to late twenties at most. Like his beautiful partner, he also had long black hair which in his case hung almost to his shoulders. He looked like a frequent visitor to the gym yet without having that bulky body-builder look I don't really find attractive. A pair of brilliant white shorts hung to just above his knees while fitting snuggly enough to give me pretty good idea of what he was blessed with between his legs.

Selena took Steve by the hand and smiled as she led him away leaving me with Llanzo. He silently offered his hand to me with a smile and I gladly gave him mine. He nodded, smiled again and the two of us followed behind my husband and his lovely masseuse. It was just a short walk to where the tables were set up on the sand. Poles in each corner supported a white tent top which served to keep the hot sun at bay while ropes between them supported "walls" made of flowing dark netting. As our hostess had described, the weave was such that up close you could get a pretty good idea of what was outside while from more than a few feet away it was all but impossible to make anything out in the inside.

One thing I noticed right away was the placement of the tables. Typically even during a couples massage the tables are separated apart enough to let the person doing the massage be on all sides as needed. In this case though the two tables were set right next to each other. Well, it WAS supposed to be a "romantic" massage so being right next to Steve would certainly be a step in the right direction. We'd had couples massages in the past during which I hardly even saw him the entire time!

Llanzo silently led me to one table while Selena did the same for Steve. Strange as it may seem, I felt a little apprehensive as I'd never done anything quite like this before. Oh sure I've had a "massage" before but this was something special - the real deal as it's said. There was a large beach towel folded and laying at the end of each table which Llanzo pointed at and then smiled at me. Now what was I supposed to do? I started to ask but Llanzo put his finger to his mouth with the unmistakable sign to be quiet.

It was only I then realized that other than the formal introductions at the start, neither of them had spoken a word and from what I gathered they didn't seem to be so inclined at this moment either. The only sound breaking the silence was the crashing of the waves not far from us and the occasional bird chirping. Glancing around, I didn't see anyone else near us although further down the general beach area was more crowded. Steve didn't hesitate and quickly loosen his swim trunks, dropping them to the floor leaving him standing there naked and apparently totally unconcerned that Selena might be watching. Then again knowing my husband maybe it was more BECAUSE she was watching, LOL. On the other hand Selena was busy preparing her oils and other preparation and didn't even so much as glance at him until he'd wrapped the towel around his waist. Apparently she must have just been discreet as she reached down for his swimsuit, carefully folding it and setting it aside.

In past massages I'd been nude but had never just stripped at the start but what the heck? It wasn't like I was exactly shy about letting people see me naked or anything so I reached behind my neck to undo the knot but in doing so I turned my back to Llanzo. He must have taken that as a signal I needed help because suddenly I felt his deft fingers untying my bikini top and helping it off of me. It was the same for the sides of my thong, untying it and then gently removing it and then placing the two scanty pieces of cloth on the table next to the bed. I took the towel and wrapped it around me, tucking in the end into my cleavage to hold I in place. It wasn't as big as I'd thought though, barely enough to reach to just the bottom of my butt cheeks.

Each of us was then directed by hand signals to lay on our respective table, face down to start. I did as I was expected although conscious that in doing so the towel did nothing whatsoever to hide the view from behind. Even though my pussy and the bottom of my butt were on full display Llanzo didn't so much as blink an eye. Steve, on the other hand, was well covered as the towel started at his waistline. I rested my face in the circular padded headrest, cutting off any view I might've had of Steve with nothing but the sand beneath me.

Once I was on my stomach I felt Llanzo's hands gently tugging at the towel on my sides. The tuck between my boobs had little chance against him and quickly let loose, allowing him to remove the towel and leave me nude on the table. At first I thought this was how the massage would be conducted but then I felt him drape the towel over my butt and upper thighs. I actually felt a little disappointed! While I couldn't see Steve, I just assumed Selena was doing the same for him.

Llanzo started his massage by covering me in warm oil. It was already plenty hot out but a gentle breeze was blowing in off the ocean, sometimes strong enough to billow out the side drapes while keeping me cool. Mmmmmmm, his strong hands felt so good on my bare skin! While it wasn't what I could call a "deep" massage, it felt so good to have his hands all over my back and neck, sometimes down my arms and then he moved to my legs, gripping them one at a time with both hands as he worked his magical fingers.

It was so gentle and soothing - almost enough to put me to sleep! Then suddenly I felt even cooler as he silently removed the towel, exposing my naked bottom to him. He expertly massaged my hips and now bared buttocks, his thumbs running down my butt crack as his hands spread out over my bottom, squeezing and massaging my buttocks. Several time his fingers almost grazed my pussy, not like an actual touch but more like a ghost passing in the night. I could feel the arousal rising in me as I found myself actually hoping he would get just a little bit closer but THAT sort of attention wasn't on the menu I guess. Ha! I was starting to regret not paying for the "extras" our host had offered!

Suddenly his touch stopped and his hand pulled gently upward on my shoulders. I can take a hint so I rolled over and he placed a small pillow under my neck. I was total conscious that I was exposing myself to him now but then this WAS a real massage and so far Llanzo had been nothing but perfectly professional. A quick look over at Steve and I saw he was in a similar position only with his now semi-erect dick on display. He turned his head to look at me and I mouthed, "I love you," as he took my hand and squeezed it in his.

After rubbing my bare butt but all the while studiously avoiding any contact with my crotch I was curious whether my boobs were in play - a question that was satisfied quickly enough. Llanzo's strong hands easily enveloped my breasts, kneading them almost like bread dough as he held them in his large hands. Like my back, he eventually worked his hands over almost every square in of me but then just like my back, he never came closer to my crotch than an inch or so. The avoidance of contact was almost more arousing then if he had and I could feel my pussy responding slowly. Steve seemed to be in a similar situation yet Selena acted as if his rising cock couldn't even be seen. It was obvious that both Selena and Llanzo were experienced professionals as neither of them put even so much as a hint of sexual spin on things even though the atmosphere was already charged with sexual tension.

My eyes closed as I shut out everything but the warm feel of Llanzo's hands as he worked almost every inch of my nude body with his hands. Then I heard a slight gasp and Steve's grip on my hand tightened. My eyes popped open just as Steve was raising his head to get a better look at where Selena was now massaging his already HARD dick. Well, so much for wondering if anything more erotic was included in the package my Aunt Linda had reserved for us! Then again, I should have expected it from her.

My thoughts were interrupted abruptly when I felt Llanzo's oily fingers gently tracing over my oh so horny pussy! His other hand was pressing softly on my flat stomach. He started by slowing rubbing my pussy in small circles and then his fingers began to explore me. When he FINALLY touched my sensitive clit I almost jumped off the table!

"Oh wow!" I gasped.

Steve had his head laid back and returned with, "You can say THAT again!"

I could barely see what was happening but it was enough to understand the pleasure in his voice as I saw Selena slowly stroking his oiled erect dick with both hands. She would grip him at the base and then slowly raise her hand along the length of his shaft, ever so slowly while simultaneously twisting it back and forth. When there was room she'd put the other hand back at the base again and follow the other up as each tiny finger rippled along the base of his engorged cock head. It was far too slow and deliberate to make him cum but at the same time seemed to be driving him crazy with the anticipation.

Well Llanzo wasn't about to let his partner show him up as he proved to incredibly talented in the lost art of clit manipulation. I say "lost" as it seems so many guys now just do it for the minimum time they can get away with before the girl says it's OK for them to move on. Similar to Selena's technique, slow and precise was his calling card. His finger would lightly rest on my anxious clit and then slowly start to circle in ever increasing circle. Every now and then he's make a detour down my pussy slit to my pussy and teasingly press into me just a little, then pull out and slowly draw it back up my oiled slit until back to my ultra-sensitive clit again. God! Talk about heaven!

It was eerily quiet as Steve and I each grew more and more roused, the only sound other than the nearby waves being our gasps and moans. Knowing Steve was enjoying it just as much as me only made it even better. Then out of the corner of my I saw Selena take one hand off my husband's hard dick and undo the knot in her cleavage, allowing her top to open and her boobs to spill out. A quick twist and she was topless after which she returned her hand to Steve's quivering dick. Damn they were perfect! As she would reach over Steve for his dick they would bump along his cheek - not exactly brushing over his face but more "accidental" in nature. Even so I had no doubt there was nothing "accidental" in this case though!

Any thoughts I may have had regarding my potential "special" treatment were quickly answered as I felt more than saw Llanzo lowering his shorts. I didn't dare turn to watch but something told me I'd soon find out - which turned out to be spot-on. The next time he leaned over me his hands rested on my breasts and then I felt it, a feeling I was more than familiar with - a feeling of warmth against my cheek and the soft touch of a man as Llanzo's cock lightly brushed against my face. It didn't hardly move at first as he massaged my breasts but then ever so slowly I felt it brushing my cheek gently back and forth as he swayed his hips ever so slightly.

Steve's grip on my hand tightened and I hear a muffled sigh so I turned away from Llanzo's cock just enough to see Steve face with Serena's boobs resting on it, his nose in the middle of her ample cleavage. She had her hands on his chest but it appeared to me more to balance herself as she leaned over him than for anything to do with massage therapy. That is, of course, if you didn't count what her breasts were doing to his face and cheeks as a form of massage. Similar to what Llanzo had done, she was rocking back and forth just enough to allow those perfect breasts to brush against his face.

Returning to a face-up position, I once again felt Llanzo's thick cock along the side of my face. Seeing how Selena had put herself in a position which was clearly inviting my husband to enjoy her boobs, I took Llanzo's increasing pressure against my cheek as a silent invitation. I mean what man rests his dick against a girl's face without the hope she'll accept the invitation? So I gave his dark shaft a light kiss and waited for his response...

Apparently even just a simple kiss on his dick was sufficient to signal my approval as he wasted no time in repositioning himself to the outside of the table, draping his thickening shaft directly over my parting lips like a hotdog in a bun. I extended my tongue and felt him sliding slowly back and forth across it an my lips, like a saw starting to cut into a board. For the first time since he's started I looked up into his face and our eyes met. He smiled ever so slightly, the stone-faced professional veneer cracking just enough to show me he was pleased with my decision. A slight nod told me I was welcome to do more. Well, not for me to say no!

Turning my head towards him, and thus away from my husband, I opened my mouth and allowed him to guide his warm cock inside. My lips closed over the head and my tongue teased the tip. The smile widened just enough that I knew he was enjoying it - no to mention the stiffness of his wonderful dick was increasing every minute!

Llanzo continued to massage my breast with one hand while he used the other to pull my head further into his hairy crotch, forcing me to take even more of his now full erection into my mouth. Wee, maybe "forcing" isn't the best description. Yes, he was pressing it in but at the same time I certainly wasn't being forced to do anything! The feel of his stiffness in my mouth was only enhance knowing my husband was just inches away, undoubtedly feasting on little Selena's beautiful breasts.

The more I took him into my mouth, the more his hands would drift from my boobs, down my torso, and then back up again until finally he was teasing my clit and then pressing the tip of his finger inside of me, all the while with the head of his dick in my mouth as I suckled on it like a giant nipple. I so wet it was like I'd peed myself!

Without a word of warning, Llanzo's dick pulled back and out of my mouth. My eyes met his and again that Cheshire Cat smile appeared. Silently he move to the end of the table and spread my legs apart, then gripping me by the ankles and pulling me down such that my legs draped over his broad shoulders as he bent down and started eating my pussy! I felt his hand under each buttock as he pulled me into his face almost like he was eating a piece of watermelon. Trust me, I was just as wet or more than any watermelon I'd ever eaten!

Turning my head I saw Steve was in a similar situation only that Serena was kneeling between his legs while sucking on his stiff dick. Squatting low as she was only served to emphasize her cute butt and allowed her boobs to dangle below her, the nipples looking so large and hard. He had been staring at her but must have sense me looking as he turned his head and smiled at me. I'm sure he wanted to tell me something but with neither Llanzo or Serena making a sound (other than what came from their lapping and slurping of our genitals) neither of us seemed to want to break the silence.

Llanzo may make a living as a professional massage therapist but if that was all then he was missing his true calling. My god he knew how to lick a pussy! In fact, I could almost go as far as saying it was the best I'd ever had. In all fairness to those before him though, the beach-side tables, the sight of other couples nearby, having my handsome husband right next to me getting what appeared to be an equally professional blowjob from a beautiful island girl... all this might have had some influence.

For all I cared Llanzo could've kept his face in my crotch for the rest of the day but we WERE on the clock a no doubt there were other couples scheduled in after us. This probably explained why after he brought me to just one orgasm he lifted his face from me and used a nearby towel to wipe the results from his face. Then again, it may also have been to coincide with Serena's change in position as well or for all I knew they had this all choreographed ahead of time. Whatever the case, when he stood up with his raging erection plainly in view while my ankles locked behind his head, I knew there was only one thing that could happen...

As Llanzo moved in closer, gripping his beautiful cock in one hand while using the fingers from the other to part my wet pussy lips, I saw Serena simultaneously mounting Steve's cock, straddling him and then grasping my husband's mega hard cock with her hand as she slowly lowered herself onto him. Although the two of them didn't seem to be watching one another, it was amazing how they each managed to achieve penetration at virtually the exact same moment. I moaned out loud this time as Steve groaned next to me as two hard cocks slipped inside two wet pussies.

"Oh Gawddd!," I moaned yet again as I felt the length of his stiff cock sliding into me inch by inch. Llanzo was relentless, pushing himself into me in long drawn-out thrusts until the base of his crotch was pressing firmly against me. By now I was so horny it was all I could think about, that perfect feeling deep within me I get only when a man is fucking me. You can finger yourself, use a toy, whatever but unless it's the real thing it just isn't the same. Then add to it the erotic situation we were in and what more I ask for?

"Fuck me Llanzo... fuck me!" I begged him, forgetting for a moment where we were. The drapes might provide decent protection from prying eyes but they most certainly weren't soundproof.

Then perhaps the most surprising thing happened. Both of them had been so quiet the entire time until now that I'd become accustomed to their silence so I was shocked when Llanzo leaned over me, driving himself even deeper inside of me as he put his mouth to my ear and whispered, "Yes my Kelly, I intend to do just THAT!"

It was so unexpected, so erotic, so unreal that I came instantly! My hips bucked up against him, wanting even more of him as I felt my body tingle from heads to toe, almost convulsing underneath him as my orgasm consumed me, driving any thoughts, any sensation other than the intense feeling other than that created by his glorious dick within me. Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew Serena was riding my husband but for a brief moment the only man I cared about was Llanzo - perhaps more precisely Llanzo's wonderful dick and how it felt within me.

Llanzo seemed to be able to sense the ebbing of my orgasm as he started fucking me harder, fingering my clit as he thrust fast and hard within me. It was clear that he wasn't going to let me stop at just one. Not that I was complaining!

A loud groan reminded me that I wasn't the only one being fucked by a pro this afternoon. I somehow managed to look over in time to see Serena riding my husband's dick like a cowboy on a bronco. Her petite body looked beautiful as she ground her pussy into Steve's crotch and then rose and fell on him, only to grind on him again. Her boobs bounced just the perfect amount as she leaned back and put her hands on his thighs to give him a ringside seat view of his dick as it appeared and then disappeared once again into the depths of her hot pussy.

Again I came - even harder the second time and longer, moaning so loud the people down the beach HAD to hear me even though they showed no signs. God I felt so good!

Usually when a man is fucking me, especially for the first time, he'll ask if it's OK to cum inside of me. 99% of the time it's a no-brainer - like DUH, of course! Actually I think it's more that it turns them on for me to say it then being courteous but why spoil things by reading motive into it? Well, not so with Llanzo. He'd controlled me for the past hour and it was like he wanted to display his domination in the most direct sense possible - fucking me and cumming in me as HE desired. And so it was as I saw his eyes meet mine and finally a wide grin.

"OH God!" I moaned as he thrust into me and I felt the warmth of him ejaculating inside of me. The it was Steve's turn as it was like we were somehow psychically connected in that he was cumming inside of Serena at virtually the exact same moment. Unlike me, she kept her silence as he thrust underneath her, filling her with his lust.

I just laid there on the table as Llanzo gave a few last thrusts into me and then pulled out. Damn, I wanted him back in me! I was about to even ask when he surprised me yet again by bending down to lick my pussy and eat his sperm that was draining from me. OMG! Steve, and 99.9% of all men that had fucked me, wouldn't even discuss the idea let alone actually do it.

Damn I came yet again as he licked my ultra-sensitive pussy! Was he ever going to stop?! It was like I couldn't even remember where I was... all I could think about was how good Llanzo was making me feel.

Finally he finished, standing up to wipe his face with the towel yet again. I could see his semi-flaccid dick hanging now and couldn't help but wonder how quickly I could get it hard again with my mouth. Unfortunately that wasn't to be the case as they each quickly dressed. Serena gave Steve a quick kiss and then Llanzo said their goodbye.

"We both hoped you enjoyed your romantic massage today," he said grinning, "I know Serena and I certainly did!" Serena gave Steve the biggest smile yet that I'd seen from her. "You're free to take your time getting dressed and leave at your convenience. We do have another session scheduled soon though, so please... if you'd like to continue your romantic adventure we ask you perhaps go to your room... or where you find yourself."

With that they left, leaving the two of us alone. Steve looked at me and grinned saying, "THAT was incredible! God you looked so sexy when he was fucking you, I loved it."

Someday I'll truly understand why men like watching their wives being fucked - and the more they enjoy it the better it seems. Meanwhile, I had other plans for my husband back in our suite!

# (Sep 26) Chapter 293: A Grand Father-Daughter Experience

Story codes: MF inc father daughter exhib oral
Me (32)
John - my dad (52)

It's been billed as the trip of a lifetime and doing it with my father only made it even more special.

Note: Believe it or not, in the past I've had people try to identify me based on the descriptions in my diary entries. Given the relatively few trips such as this that are being made at any given time, I've taken liberties with the dates and other details that could be used to identify the company and trip. For example, the "Diary Date" above which usually is about when the event I'm writing about occurred, in this case is when I published this entry, NOT when the trip was taken. The problem is that people post photos on-line of their trip so a little research could potentially lead to photos of me and my dad being discovered that I don't even know about. Therefore if you've been on one of these trips please don't complain that I'm not 100% accurate in every detail.

## 1. Preparations

Wow! Just when I think there's nothing my dad can do to surprise me... he surprises me. As an only child of two well-paid professionals I'll admit to being a little bit spoiled (OK, so my husband would say a LOT spoiled). Even so, I'd like to think I turned out OK. As for my husband's sarcastic take on my upbringing, he DID marry me after all, right? At the same time, my parents' livelihoods mean that one thing I didn't do growing up was to travel a lot so this past winter my dad gave me and Steve an all-expense trip to a Caribbean resort for our anniversary. It was an incredible adults-only resort although that simply meant no kids - not some erotic sexually oriented place although we DID have an incredible couples massage that was something special.

fucking me before worrying about whatever it was he wanted to talk about. Alas, that wasn't to be the case...

"Remember that rafting trip we took in West Virginia back when you were in high school?"

How could I forget? Like I was terrified most of the trip! Anything where you have to wear a helmet in case you fall out is a little much in my book. Thankfully he seemed to recognize that.

"Now I know you were a little scared but I was thinking we could do something similar that isn't so scary but at the same time let us spend some quality time together. You know... special father-daughter time?"

Oh yes, I knew what he meant... special father-daughter SEX time! I just stood there impaled on my dad's cock as he continued.

"One of my clients had scheduled a trip with his son and was about to cancel it due to some scheduling conflicts so he offered it to me. I know it's a little last-minute but normally these things have to be booked over a year in advance so I couldn't pass up the opportunity."

Now I was curious... what sort of trip had to be reserved so far in advance?

"So what do you think about spending a week with your dear old dad at the bottom of the Grand Canyon?"

Whoa! Did he just say Grand Canyon? Where the heck did THAT come from? My mind instantly filled with images of monster rapids, scorching hot weather, flesh eating bugs, and every other thing I didn't like.

"Ummmmm, Grand Canyon?" I questioned him timidly.

"Oh it's nothing like you probably imagine. He showed me brochures and photos from a trip a friend of his had taken a couple years ago. We'll be on a huge raft with a dozen other people. They take care of everything. We just have to show up and they handle the food, tents, and sleeping gear."

The mention of "tents" worried me... I was about to say something about not being for me when I felt him slowly start to fuck me again, drawing himself out slowly and then pushing just as slowly back into me again.

"Oh daddy... that feels so good," I sighed, relieved that he was back to doing what I loved with no more crazy talk about some week-long wilderness trek. I loved the feel of him as he slid in and out so easily with me being as wet and horny as I always was when we met for our traditional time together.

"I've already talked to Linda and Kristi - they'll be happy to watch the girls and I'm sure Steve's mom won't mind either. You don't need to take much and I've already bought us any extra gear we'll need."

Unbelievable! Just when I thought he was back on track again he was still going on about this trip we were supposedly going on together. How was I supposed to concentrate on that when he was fucking me? It seemed that for once the tables were turned. Usually it was me teasing him while trying to get him to do something for me so it wasn't like I cold complain. It was sort of ironic that I found myself in the same position he was usually in - ready to agree to anything just so we could get back to what we both wanted.

"OK, I'll go," I gasped as he suddenly thrust hard into me, "Now just fuck me.... please daddy!"

"Mmmmmmm, anything for my little girl," he groaned as he picked up the pace, slapping his crotch into my bare butt and driving me into the counter top with each thrust of his dick. It wasn't long before I heard those words I wanted so badly to hear...

"Oh god Kelly... I love you so much," he groaned and then he grunted as he started to ejaculate inside of me, "God you feel so good!"

Again and yet again I felt him thrust hard into me, squeezing me into the counter top as his incestuous love filled me. How many times had he done this since we first had sex in my bedroom when I was barely sixteen years old? Damn, that was like half my lifetime ago! It didn't matter as each time was like the first and I knew it would never be any different no matter how many more times we did it.

"Whoa, now THAT's how to start off a Sunday morning," he panted as he withdrew from me. I quickly grabbed a dishtowel by the sink to catch his cum as it dripped out of me. For a moment I felt a pang of guilt as my mom had always told me not to use them but what other option did I have in such circumstances? I didn't want any to get on my sundress and walk into the sanctuary with a strategically located wet spot! As I wiped myself off carefully, squeezing down to try to drive as much of it out of me now so it wouldn't leak out later, my dad was pulling up his pants and watching me with a grin.

"Do you have any idea how incredibly sexy you look when you do that?" he asked rhetorically. "I wonder how many fathers just fantasize about watching their daughter wiping their sperm as it drips from her pussy?"

"Didn't realize I was putting on a show," I teased him although to be honest, I knew it turned him on which is why I'd made sure he could see me doing it.

As I sat in church, my pussy still tingling, I thought about the trip my dad had planned for us. It certainly wasn't anything I would have ever excepted, that was for sure! I had no idea what it all involved so I knew I'd be spending a lot of time on-line in the next few days. No matter what though, spending an entire week alone with my father doing anything would be a first for me and the anticipation grew the more I thought about it.

## 2. Arrival

The time between my dad's surprise announcement and our departure on a direct flight to Phoenix from Pittsburgh flew by. I'd checked into the trip and spent hours on-line watching videos and reading about what to pack and expect on the trip. Most of it seemed alright, even exciting with the rapids looking awesome but at least nobody was wearing helmets! I had pretty much everything I needed already except for some rain gear, a water bottle and some other small items which my dad had bought for us. From what I'd read it seemed right up my alley - swimming gear, shorts, light-weight tops and a sarong made up most of my packing list.

The flight was non-eventful and once in Phoenix my dad rented a car even though it would be parked for most of the trip. From Phoenix it was a long drive to the Cliff Dwellers Lodge in Marble Canyon, AZ where we relaxed and rested up for the approaching adventure the next day. As we were using what had been his client's reservation, while the names had been changed to ours the accommodations had been made for him and his wife meaning my dad and I shared a room with a single large bed. Checking in, the desk clerk gave my dad an odd look and then a smile. From the expression on his face I got the impression he assumed I was either his young second wife or someone he was having a secret affair as out her in the wilderness a wife would never know. Not that I blamed him as after all, how many fathers would reserve a room with single bed to share with his daughter, even if she WAS in her thirties?

One thing for sure... we were certainly out on the middle of nowhere! I'd never been in the Southwest before and so everything was new and exciting. The lodge where we'd be spending the night was quaint yet still more than adequate. There was a small restaurant which pretty much could (and did) charge whatever it wanted seeing how it was the only one available for miles. Before going there I sat down on the bed next to my dad to discuss something that had been on my mind after seeing the expression on the face of the desk clerk.

"So dad, did you see the look the guy ate the desk gave you at the check-in desk?"

My dad grinned, "Yeah, I bet he thinks your my sexy young wife or A gold digger, probably assumed I divorced my first one for an upgraded model."

"Yeah, seemed that way but it made me wonder about the rest of the week," I mused, "Any thoughts on what we tell everyone this week?"

"What do you mean?"

Oh I knew exactly what he meant but I wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of me making the decision for him. Yeah, somehow I wasn't buying for a minute that my dad hadn't already been giving this a LOT of thought. As a highly paid attorney and partner in his firm, if there was one thing my dad was NOT it was stupid or naive. Huffing just a little in exasperation, I gave him a look which hopefully expressed my doubt in his feigned ignorance after which he rolled his eyes and smiled.

"Well, I suppose that's as much up to you as me. After all, we both have wedding rings so it wouldn't be hard to go with that if you're game."

I shook my head in disagreement saying, "No daddy, I'm not calling you 'John' all week long. Besides, even if I tried I'll eventually call you dad sooner or later so don't you think it would be better just to be upfront from the beginning?"

"Well, it will certainly raise some eyebrows and to be honest, I'd sort of planned on us being newlyweds so people wouldn't be surprised if we were a bit 'affectionate' if you know what I mean."

Again, I knew EXACTLY what he meant. Granted, the idea did have some merit but at the same time I wasn't all that happy about it. It wasn't often that I got to have fun with my dad in public and while our "audience" would be small, from the looks of things it would be fun.

"Besides daddy, who will we ever see again?" I countered, "Like who cares what they think? It's not like I'm sixteen anymore you know so nobody can accuse you of molesting me. C'mon daddy... it would be such a turn-on to see their reactions, don't you agree?"

It was my dad's turn to grin as my proposal percolated in his mind. To help motivate him even further I rested my hand on his cock through his shorts and was rewarded by the hardness of a familiar lump underneath.

"So... what do you think daddy?" I asked seductively, rubbing my hand over his crotch.

"I don't know..." he said in a drawn out response, "It may take a little more convincing."

"You mean something like this?" I asked softly as I unzipped his fly and started to undo his belt.

"I'd say you're on the right track."

"This even better?" I whispered seductively as I reached into his boxer shorts and took out his hardening cock.

"Getting there..."

"Then this must be even better," I said as I lowered my head and took him in my mouth.

No words in response this time as my dad gasped sharply at the feel of my wet tongue on the tip of his throbbing dick as I locked my lips around the firm head of his warm cock. As I drew more of my father into my mouth I was rewarded with the feel of his cock swelling to its final stage of erection. Mmmmmmm, I don't care how long I blow men I can't ever imagine growing tired of this sensation. Knowing it's ME that causing this involuntary reaction never ceases to turn me on. Yes indeed... As I've always said, dicks never lie! A man can tell me all day how much I turn him on but a thousand words can't match the sight of his cock growing erect for me. I mean like I've yet to meet the man who can simply will his dick into an erection, nor one who can stop the process when properly motivated.

It had been a long day yet I knew after spending all day next to me on the pane and in the car he had to be horny as heck for me and sure enough it wasn't long before he erupted, filling my mouth with his desire for me. After years of experience I knew my dad well enough to know what he wanted next so I lifted off my head and opened my mouth to show him his incestuous cum coating my tongue. Then with a naughty grin I swallowing it down with a couple of gulps before opening wide again to show it was all in my belly.

"Soooooo.... what do you say? Like we're daddy and daughter this week?" I asked with a sly grin, licking my lips and savoring his cum on my tongue. Honestly still I wasn't 100% sure at this point how he wanted to play things. I was certainly old enough to qualify as he young girlfriend which to be fair would make it much easier for all involved. Still, the thought of what people might say or do if they knew I was his daughter and saw what we did together... or at least what I HOPED we would be doing together, was enough to raise goosebumps!

"Do I have a choice?" he pretended to grumble but I knew he was as thrilled as I was at the prospect. The best part was it was true when I pointed out that we would never see any of these people again so who cared what they thought of us?

After getting our clothes back in order we headed off to get a late dinner where we met several other couples and families who were part of our party. I could tell already it was going to be quite a diverse group with both young and old, families, couples and even a few singles. Most were older although there was one family with two teenage boys that looked to be college age. A mother-daughter couple were there as well. Later I learned she was divorced and her daughter was about to be married so this was something they thought would be fun to do together. I was surprised yet please that other than the two sons there were no children and even those two certainly didn't qualify as kids.

Knowing that first impressions are always important, when choosing my outfit earlier I'd figured why not get started on the right foot. As such I'd chosen a pair of faded and ripped denim cutoffs cut so short the pockets showed and a good portion of my butt cheeks were exposed. If that wasn't enough, a couple of long tears in the fabric further provided a view of my butt. My tank top as a couple sizes too small making it so tight that my nipples showed through like it was made of Saran Wrap. Simple sneakers offset the rest of my outfit, helping it be more a hot "girl-next-door" look rather than designated "slut". Other than a gold ankle bracelet my dad had given me as a gift when I was younger that was it. No socks and of course, no bra or panties. In fact, I hadn't even packed any underwear as I expected to be in my bikini bottoms most of the time anyways... or less.

My dad made the introductions and when he introduced me as his daughter I saw a few eyebrows raise on a couple of the wives even though he DID mention that I was happily married with two daughters already missing me back home. I was further rewarded with a few surreptitious looks from some of the guys, especially the two teen boys. While normally I never go to tanning booths I had taken time the past couple of weeks so that I would look better in my bikini and shorts, not to mention hopefully avoiding being too terribly burned by the hot Arizona sun. While it had been a pain to make all the appointments, seeing the looks from around the room I was glad I'd done it.

That night my dad and I had some quick sex before going to sleep a little early as we had an early morning wakeup call, not to mention it had been a LONG day! As we kissed and his tongue met mine I felt his large hand caressing my pussy as his rigid incestuous dick finally entered me, I looked about the room and realized this would be the last time we did it on a bed for the next week! Hopefully the outfitter would have something comfortable to sleep on other than just the ground.

## 3. Day One Orientation

The alarm went off ridiculously early as we had to pack things up and get some breakfast before our 8:30AM meeting time where we met some of the crew, packed our river bags, and too a shuttle a few miles down to the river. At Lee's Ferry, the starting point for all Grand Canyon rafting trips, we met our guides who provided the mandatory safety instructions and taught us a little about the rafts. Apparently at that point there wasn't much for us to do other than put on a life jacket and have a seat.

Having to wear a bulky life jacket sucked but we were told that it was mandatory to wear one at all times while on the river. It would've been nice to be able to bring the one I wore waterskiing but according to their brochure all life jackets had to be provided by the outfitters. Originally I'd planned on just wearing my bikini top but it only took a few movements to realize the life jacket chaffed horrible and so I pulled out a T-shirt to make it more comfortable. Oh well, it wasn't like it made much difference considering the life jacket pretty much kept everything out of view anyways.

Other than the T-shirt and life jacket the only other clothes I was wearing was one of the bikini bottoms I'd brought, rather conservative ones at least from my perspective, and Tevas. My dad had bought me this silly floppy-brimmed hat to wear which was so horrible I was about to stow it when the trip leader warned that the sun would be intense and everyone needed to wear something on their head, not to mention lathering the sunscreen on.

Everybody and our gear fit on these two huge inflatable rafts. The gear was piled in the middle and everyone sat around it. It was explained to us that where we sat would determine the type of ride we would experience going through the rapids.

Way up front was the "bathtub" where a few people could take the brunt of the waves. Along the sides were padded benches where most people sat. In back was an area just ahead of where the guides drove the raft which was euphemistically referred to as the "tea room". Supposedly it was the least "adventurous" and generally reserved for older people and those with back issues and such. Along the sides were strapped big banana-like pontoons which had ropes around them where people could ride in the smaller rapids, sort of like a bucking bronco.

My dad and I took a seat about in the middle of one of the benches and waited as everyone else found a spot. Next to me was a middle-aged couple from Iowa. The wife sat next to me although I found it funny that her husband had first tried to take the spot but she determinedly moved him over and positioned herself between us. On the other side of my dad sat one of the single guys. Wouldn't you know it? Turned out he was a lawyer as well so they got along famously from the start.

And so we were off... The water was mostly smooth to start and everyone seemed to want to talk as the canyon walls quickly rose above us. We stopped to eat lunch on a beautiful white sand beach and soon afterwards experienced our first rapids. Damn the water was COLD! The contrast between the blazing hot sun and frigid dam-released water was starting to say the least. Still, I was glad to be in just my bikini and T-shirt as the sun and arid air dried us off in minutes and once again I was hot.

I have no idea of how far we travelled the first day. The guides always talked about "river miles" so it would've helped if someone had posted mile markers like they do on the interstate highways. Setting foot on the beach, the first thing I noticed was how soft the sand was. Wow, like talk about the perfect beach sand! The guides quickly organized us into a line to unload the rafts. It didn't take long to prove I was totally unsuitable for the task and was soon relegated to helping set up chairs and other tasks that didn't require as much strength. At least I didn't have to wear my life jacket anymore and had tossed my aside at the first opportunity when we landed.

Once the immediate task of unloading the gear took place, Linda (the only female guide) asked for all the girls to come with her. She introduced herself to those who hadn't been on her raft as being 34 and a true "river rat" having been brought up by parents who were on guides and even though she was only 34 she had been on the river every year of her life since she was a teenager. The primary purpose of our little chat was to discuss female hygiene - or as it turned out, lack of it. The biggest concern, especially amongst the older ladies, was were to go to the bathroom and Linda quickly made it clear there was only ONE place to pee - the river. Although we would have two "groovers" in which to take a dump, everyone was expected to use the river for their pee to keep from filling up the groovers sooner than planned. She told us that those who were shy would get over it quickly as things turned out - she was right. Perhaps more jarring for some though was the sight of the men peeing openly into the river - it didn't take long for THEM to adjust!

Tents were available for anyone who wanted one but our guides warned us that they would be sweat boxes for anyone foolish enough to try to sleep in one. This sort of surprised me as I'd more or less taken it for granted that my dad and I would have some privacy at night. The thought that we would be sleeping out in the open in plain sight of everyone else had never even crossed my mind! It was our first night and we managed to find a spot with some bushes that provided a touch of privacy but anyone walking along the trail to get to the river and back would have to go right past us. Hmmmmmm, this was going to be more interesting than I'd anticipated!

My dad had told me that the company bragged about the food they provided but I hadn't been overly optimistic. I mean face it, we were totally out of touch with the outside world - Rim World as the guides referred to it, and with no electricity, phones, or any other modern devices I wasn't holding out any expectations figuring if I started out low then they could only go up. As it turned out, our meals the entire trip were incredible and the only thing I was worried about was putting on ten pounds!

Everyone was so buy introducing themselves the evening went by quickly. With the canyon walls reaching up the sun set earlier than usual so the darkness approached quickly. Feeling a little grungy, I got out our environmentally friendly bottle of soap, a wash cloth and towel and worked my way to the river to find a place to wash off.

"It's COLD!" a voice warned me and I looked up from watching my feet to see an woman grinning at me.

"Hi, I'm Holly," she greeted me, reaching her hand out. "You probably saw my boys Connor and Tanner. Well... at least they saw plenty of you!"

I couldn't help but smile at her introduction which was to say the least - unusual. I replied telling her my name and how I was married with kids and on the trip with my dad.

"Glad you told me," Holly grinned, "Some of us were wondering if maybe your dad was having a do-over."

"Do-over?" I repeated, not quite sure what she meant. Then it hit me but she was already explaining herself.

"You know... second start, trading up, reliving his youth..." she laughed. Then she frowned adding, "Sorry, didn't mean to offend you. My friends tell me I have a big mouth."

"No problem," I assured her although I had to admit I was a little surprised at how open she was about such things. In my case I took it as a compliment but I could see how someone else might easily be offended by such statement from someone she didn't know.

"Ever do a Polar Bear?" Holly asked, shivering as she dried herself off.

I shook my head and she laughed pointing at the swift-flowing water, "Well, it's not QUITE that cold but you'll think it is the first time in."

With my towel and washcloth hanging on a branch, I held my breath and dropped down, quickly submerging myself in the frigid water. I burst upward and gasped, "Oh WOW!"

Holly giggled. "Well, I warned ya!"

As cold as it was, I was even dirtier so I determinedly soaped myself down and rinsed myself off as quickly as I could while Holly watched which seemed a little odd but then everything about her was odd.

"You know if you're going to wear something that tight and sheer when wet, you might think about a bikini top... not to mention those blaring headlights."

Her tone was light when she said it which took away any ill thoughts but even so her forthrightness was a bit surprising.

"Don't get me wrong," she continued, "If I had a pair like that I'd be showing them off as well. Just that I have two horny teenage boys ? fourteen and seventeen, not to mention a forty-something husband in the midst of a mid-life crisis, and if any of them saw you like this right now..."

She finished with a wolf whistle and rolling eyes which lightened the moment and we both laughed.

"Well I'll try not to upset them too badly this week," I couldn't help but tease her.

"OK but don't think you have to hide them around me," she finished as she left the beach, "Have to say I didn't mind admiring the view myself."

With that she left me and I just watched her as she left in amazement. Was she coming on to me? In any case I was freezing so I quickly got out of the water and tried to dry myself off. My T-shirt was soaked though and with the sun setting so went it's warmth and I was shivering terribly. Looking around, nobody seemed to paying much attention so I turned my back to them and quickly stripped off my soaking wet T-shirt, then wrapped the towel around me as if getting out of the shower.

Walking back to our cots, I passed Linda the guide who smiled and nodded approvingly saying, "See, I told you all it wouldn't take long to get accustomed to life on the river!"

I must have looked a little confused as she went on to explain herself. "You've already got the hang of it, just turn your back and strip."

I looked down at the towel and grinned. Little did she know I would've much rather NOT have turned around!

By the time I walked back to the cot my wet feet were covered with sand. My dad had laid out a tarp under and between our tarps and as I approached he warned me to wipe my feet before getting sand everywhere.

"We'll be covered with sand in every nook and cranny by the end of the week, no sense in hurrying the process along," he joked.

Using the end of the cot as a seat, I used my towel to clean off my feet and then swiveled around to face my dad.

"You know Kelly, it may be getting dark but people can still see pretty much everything," he commented, pointing at my chest. With night approaching so quickly I'd dropped the towel covering me to take care of the sand without even thinking about how it left me topless.

Covering my chest with a hand-bra, I smiled and teased him saying, "What's the matter daddy... don't want anyone to see you daughter's boobies?"

Then I told him about my brief encounter with Holly. When I had finished he just stroked his chin in thought for a moment and then said, "She sounds like a piece of work. Although I must say the boys pitched in nicely today. They seem like good kids."

"Yeah but I liked their dad more," I giggled. Admittedly I'd only seen a few glimpses of him during the unloading but I was curious to get my dad's reactions.

"You and your married men," my dad sighed shaking his head in mock despair. Then he looked around and seeing nobody close by he leaned over and we kissed.

Nobody could see us but if they had there would have been no mistaking this for your typical daddy-daughter smack on the cheek - no to mention I still wasn't wearing on top and all I had on the bottom was my small bikini.

"No remember what you promised," I finally managed to say.

"Oh? And just what might THAT be?" he asked, his hands toying with my nipples.

"To fuck me EVERY night... and every day as well during this trip."

My dad's hands squeezed my breasts together as his thumbs rubbed on my hard nipples. "And just when did I promise THAT?" he teased, "I don't remember making any such promise."

"Well daddy, it doesn't really matter of you did or not, does it?" I reasoned, "Because you ARE going to... right?"

My dad sighed and glanced around. "I hadn't really expected us to sleeping out in the open though..." he started to say but I interrupted, reaching down to pull down my bikini bottoms leaving me bare naked.

"Well I intend to sleep the same here as I do at home. Actually I think it's pretty wild that we can do it under the stars."

"Under the stars... in front of twenty some odd people," he finished for me.

"It's getting really dark daddy, they won't see us," I tried to reason with him.

"So I take it that you've never heard of this magical invention called the headlamp?"

I laughed softly and reached for his crotch where his hard dick betrayed any real concerns he might be trying to pretend he was having. Yep, he wanted me! I felt my heart begin to race with the anticipation of what was only inevitable at this point.

"Fuck me daddy," I whispered in a soft but husky voice in his ear. I may have been super horny but I was still fully aware that the awesome still of the night down here in the canyon would allow my words to travel especially far if I wasn't careful.

"Oh my god Kelly, how could I EVER say no to that invitation?" he groaned softly as he pulled his shorts off and pushed me back onto the cot. The moonlight was such I could clearly make out the outline of his rigid cock and it thrilled to know where it soon would be.

He started to mount me but the cot creaked something horrible. They were pretty rugged but I suddenly was worried whether or not they were designed with THIS in mind. Apparently my dad had the same thoughts as he dragged the sleeping bag off his cot and spread it out on the tarp between our cots. It was WAY too hot to

Suddenly he stopped. I felt him reach over to my bed and grab my sleeping bag, pulling it off and spreading it over us. Still not sure what was going on, I dropped my legs, allowing it to spread out further over us. Then I heard the footstep.

"Be careful Ed, you almost ran right into them!" a female voice called out. She seemed to try to keep her voice low but like most people, the more she tried NOT to be heard the more I could hear her.

"Well if you would turn on the flashlight maybe I could see where the fuck I'm going," a male voice snorted back. I didn't recognize the voices but knew from the guest list we'd been provided that this must be Ed and Suzanne, a married couple in their fifties. One thing about being a teacher - you get pretty good at picking up on people's names!

My dad's cot shuddered as someone stumbled into it. All I could do was lay still as my dad's cock throbbed inside of me.

"Ouch! Dammit Suzanne, turn on the fuckin' light!" Ed growled, apparently he'd been the one to bump into the cot. In just the last few minutes it had really gotten dark and trying to see anything was all but impossible.

"Alright, just a minute!"

It was our first night and apparently she hadn't practiced with her headlamp controls as I heard her fumble and gripe trying to push the right buttons.

"There!" she said triumphantly a the headlamp suddenly burst into full intensity. Obviously she wasn't aware of the lower intensity settings or better yet, the red LED setting.

"Oops, sorry!" I heard her say as suddenly my dad and I were like under a spotlight. The light was so bright in the darkness that I couldn't see her face below it. "Oh my god!"

The light quickly swung away from us and that was the last thing she said while still within earshot of us. While I THINK we were mostly covered, it was hard to tell with the way my dad had just flung the sleeping bag over us in a rush. Hmmmmmm, what had she seen that had made her cry out and then hurry away?

No sooner than they were clear than my dad started humping me again! He didn't even bother saying a word about the intruders or the potential view we'd provided. It had grown uncomfortably hot under the sleeping bag in just the few minutes it had been over us so he reached back and in one swift motion flung it back onto my cot.

I couldn't help but look over my shoulder toward the river where I saw Suzanne's head lamp starting to move back in our direction. I was about to say something to my dad when I saw it veer off and take a different return route. Apparently Suzanne wasn't up to seeing us again! Thankfully so as by now my dad was so far gone I doubt he would have even bothered to try and cover us had our visitors returned for a repeat performance. Actually this was one of those moments I find the most erotic, that time when my dad wanted me SO badly that nothing, and I mean NOOTHING, was going to stop him before he finished.

"I love you baby girl," he groaned as I felt his hips thrust hard into me and the first of several eruptions exploded inside of me, filling my wet pussy with his bear.

"Oh daddy I love you too!" I sighed as I gave myself to him totally and completely, as only a daughter can give of herself to her father.

When he'd finished my dad stayed inside of me and just laid on top of m, his weight supported by his elbows on either side of me. Lowered his head, he kissed my neck and then our lips met and we kissed passionately for serval minutes as his erection quickly dwindled within me. Soo it just took a little movement on his part for it to flop out of me, followed by a gush of cum that oozed slowly down from my pussy, over my ass and then down to the sleeping bag under us for what I had no doubt wouldn't be the last time it soaked up our love.

While I felt wonderful, I was also dog tired by now with all the day's events so I made my way quickly back onto my cot after spreading out my sleeping bag again. My dad slipped on his water shorts and just laid on the cot, leaving his sleeping bag on the ground to dry.

I hadn't even given much thought about being naked when I feel asleep as that was how I normally went to bed anyways. The next morning I woke up to the call of "Coffee's ready!" and realized it was already morning. Wow, I hadn't even woken once the entire night! I glanced about and saw people in various stages of their morning rituals with some still asleep while others were already up and folding up their gear. I was laying on my stomach, perched up on my elbows to see better when it dawned on me - I was naked!

It didn't seem like anyone had noticed, or at least nobody was looking my way trying to see better so it seemed so far I'd gotten away with it but with the sun rising I knew THAT wasn't about to last so I reached down for my bikini top and quickly slipped it on, followed by my thong bottoms. My dad was still sound asleep, snoring, but at least he'd put on his water shorts before going to bed.

Suddenly I felt the need to pee... BAD. Unfortunately the "bathroom" was a bit of a hike. I was tempted for a moment to sneak behind a bush but we'd been warned numerous times in just the first day NOT to pee on the sand so I quickly made my way down to the river. The guides were all up, working on breakfast, and a few of our party were drinking coffee and exchanging notes on their first night on the river. I hurried past before anyone could say something and delay my rush to the river. OMG, it was even colder than yesterday! Still, I stepped out a few feet until lit was up to my knees and then pulled down my thong and did my thing. I didn't look back to see if anyone was watching. Heck, wasn't like they were seeing much more with my thong OFF than when it was ON.

I stopped by the cooler with the coffee, thinking I'd take a cup back to my dad, when I realized in my rush I'd left our mugs at out camp site so I turned to head back and get one. In doing so I just about bumped right into Suzanne.

"Oops... Good morning," she greeted me with a grin, "Kelly, did I get it right?"

"Yes, and you're Suzanne... and Ed," I replied with a smile. "So how did you sleep last night?"

"Well, to be honest it's been a LONG time since I slept on a cot and I can't ever remember sleeping out in the open but it WAS a beautiful night."

"Yes, the Milky Way was incredible!" I replied.

"Well, you were obviously getting a good view of it last night on your back," she said rather snappish all of a sudden. I gave her a questioning look as if I had no idea what she was talking about.

"Listen, I didn't see anything last night, alright?" she said sipping on her coffee so as others wouldn't hear, "To be frank, I'm not quite sure WHAT I saw or if I even want to know so let's just leave it at that."

"I appreciate that Suzanne," I told her, not quite sure what else to say. With that she went off to her husband and I went back to my dad where I woke him up or we'd never get going.

Over breakfast I sat next to my new friend Holly who was with her husband and sons. She was wearing a two-piece swim quit, rather conservative, with a sarong around her waist hiding most of her legs. Meanwhile, I was still just in my bikini top and thong bottoms. I'd noticed a number of the men giving me the once over which was just fine with me. I may not be a tight little fourteen year-old anymore but I'd like to think my ass still looked pretty good exposed for all to see.

"You know, I never could understand how you girls wear those," Holly suddenly opened up the conversation. I looked at her, not quite sure what she meant when she continued, "You know, thongs like the one you have on now. I tried on once and it felt like I was walking with a wedgie all day!"

At that I laughed and replied, "well, that's why the string one like this one are so much better. You don't get all that material pulling together into your crack."

"So I guess it doesn't bother you to be practically bare-ass in public?"

It was like we were continuing our line of questioning from the day before. While it didn't bother me for her to be so bold, I WAS a little surprised she was saying all this within earshot of her husband and sons.

"Doesn't bother me so long as it doesn't bother them."

Holly chuckled saying, "Somehow I think only the first half of that applies to girls like you. In any case, from what I've seen this morning it's not like the men are bothered by it. I suppose that's why you wear it though, isn't it?"

"Well, what do you want me to say?" I grinned, "Maybe because I can?"

She didn't seem to appreciate the humor in my snarky remark and walked away in a huff. We got the rafts packed again and soon we were off. My dad and I took the same position on the same raft while a few people either traded places around or even changed rafts. Linda was the guide for our raft and I liked her the best of all the guides. I noticed my dad had his eyes on her as she was rather well endowed to say the least. In fact, given her otherwise slim physique, I had to wonderful if they were real or not.

## 4. Little Colorado River

The LCR is noted for being a turquoise water paradise tucked in a canyon on the south side of the river. Sometimes when it rains up-stream the water turns brown with mud but on this day we were fortunate and the water was a beautiful milky clear color. The rafts tied up to the bank and we all made our way upstream to a small series of riffles where we would jump in the water and ride down through the small rapids.

The funniest part was the way we dressed to go in the water. We took our lifejackets and wore them upside down like diapers to protect our butts against the rocks under the water. What I liked was it finally allowed me to be free above my waist without being encumbered by the hot lifejacket.

At first we all rode down by ourselves and then the guides showed us how to get together and form "trains". Brad and Carrie, the youngest couple at just nineteen and twenty, went first. They weren't married, just "friends" as they liked to say but there was obviously more to their relationship than that. Brad had his arms around Carrie as she grabbed his legs while they rode down the swift water.

"That's so cool!" I exclaimed, holding my dad's arm as we watched, "Let's do it dad!"

We worked our way up to where the water was calmer and slipped into the water. It was cool but mothing compared to the frigid river water. I leaned back into my dad and raised my legs. He then lifted his so I could wrap my arms around them while he clutched me tightly into him. He had his hands planted on my boobs but in the churning water I doubted anyone noticed. I got a mouthful of water but it was so much fun!

Eventually the guides herded us into one long train with over a dozen of us in line. Each of us held the legs of the person behind us as we snaked our way through the rapids. It all happened so fast I hadn't really noticed who was behind me but I knew it as female from the feel of her legs. Meanwhile, I noticed Conner had somehow managed to slip in front of me allowing him to hold onto my legs throughout the trip and I couldn't help but notice he was holding on as high up my thighs as he could manage! At the end and we broke apart I twisted and wouldn't you know it but Holly was behind me.

"That was wild, wasn't it!" she cried out as we struggle to shore. Once there we rinsed ourselves off and she looked at me with a wink. "Saw my son managed to get in position ahead of you so figured I'd get to where I could keep an eye on him. Hope you didn't mind."

The way she said the last made me wonder what sort of response she was looking for from me. Was I supposed to not mind that she was being nosy or was she referring to being in position where I had ahold of her bare legs wrapped around me? In the end it didn't matter as her son came up and they walked off talking about something or another.

About the half of the people had started to head back but I wanted to make one more run. Heck, I'd probably never be here again so why not "make a memory" as they say?

"Got your camera ready daddy?"

My dad looked at me and grinned. He knew me well enough by now to know the only time I ever worried about his camera was when I wanted him to take a photo of me that was "special".

As it was, Linda was the only guide left as Keith had gone back to keep an eye on those returning while Spencer had remained to keep watch over the rafts. I went up to her and grinned.

"Having fun Kelly?" she asked, smiling back at me.

"Oh yeah, this is SO cool. I never imagined anything like this!"

"Yeah, I never get tired of it even though I've been here dozens of times."

I paused briefly before asking her, "Ummmmm, Linda. Would anyone say anything if I took one last run down?"

Linda looked at me puzzled. "Of course not Kelly, we're in no rush. Have fun!"

I bit my lower lip to give the impression I was shy to ask what was coming next.

"Well, I was thinking of going down topless so my dad could get a few pics for my husband back home."

Linda chuckled. "well, I certainly won't mind and I doubt from the guys left here they would. Can't say the same for their wives though but what they heck, why not? I guess that would sort of get it out on the table and if nobody says anything I guess that sort of gets it covered from the start."

"Do girls ever do that on other trips?"

Linda's eyes twinkled as she looked at me and said, "Heck, we've had groups that wanted to be nude the entire trip so trust me, you're not going to shock me no matter what you do. Trust me, I've seen it all down her in the canyon."

I just grinned an started to turn away when she added, "And that applies to you and your dad."

I looked back her and she just grinned and winked. Wow, had we been THAT obvious already? I certainly didn't think so. Then again, maybe she hadn't been sure and just threw out a line to see what she could catch. Well, if that was the case she certainly hooked me on that one.

"OK dad, now get ready for a really good shot," I said to him when I got back. As he made his way to some rocks, I stepped into the water and took off my bikini top without hesitation, stuffing it into the life jacket straps where hopefully it wouldn't get lost. I stood up straight and waved to my dad which effectively exposed myself to everyone on the bank.

"Watch me daddy!" I called out as I slipped into the water and made my way downstream. For a moment I wondered if people thought it odd that a 32 year-old mom still called her father "daddy" but then that went out of my mind as the water surged over my head.

At the end I swam back to the shore and returned to my dad, leaving my top off. The only people left beside Linda and my dad were a couple from Greece, Mikhos and Mara, both in their twenties. Seeing me topless, she immediately dropped her bikini top as well, saying it was common in Greece for women to be topless in public.

"C'mon Linda, you too!" I called over to her. She shook her head at first but then finally gave ion and removed hers as well. I saw my dad's eye drawn instantly to her huge D cups - probably bigger. Just then Holly and her family emerged from the rocks upstream of us. Apparently they had not returned to the rafts but instead had hiked further upstream to do more exploring.

"Whoa!" Scott, Holly's husband, blurted out seeing the three of us topless. Neither Mikhos or I made any attempt to cover ourselves and even Linda just did the hand-bra thing.

"I guess you thought we'd gone back," Holly said to break the tension. Then she smiled, "Well surprise!" With that she shooed her gawking sons and husband on down the path towards the rafts.

"Well I guess next time I'd better keep closer track of everyone," Linda sighed as they walked out of sight.

"You know, that Holly's a little strange," I said to nobody in particular but Linda answered.

"Yeah, I get the same impression but haven't quite put my finger on it yet. I'm not sure if she's just teasing or what." Then she looked at me and my dad standing next to each other.

"And Kelly, sorry if I was out of line with that comment earlier," she apologized, "Sometimes I don't always think before I say things.

Ever have one of those moments when you feel like it's now or never? Well, this was one of those from me. Besides, Linda had already spoken up as she had just admitted and from the way Mara had her hands all over Mikhos I didn't think she was going to mind what I was thinking about.

"Daddy, kiss me," I said determinedly, planting my hand flat on his crotch. His eye opened wide but I'd taken him by surprise and natural instinct seemed to take over before his conscious mind could intervene. As Linda watched with her arms crossed over her bare chest, I kissed my dad as so very few girls ever do with their own father, all the while rubbing him through the thin material of his water shorts.

Soon his hand was reaching up and cupping my breast which signaled me it was time to reach inside of his shorts. I unbuckled them and pulled them down to where they finally dropped to his feet on their own, leaving him standing there naked as he kissed and fondled me.

Looking back at Linda who was watching everything wide-eyed, I bent my knees and crouched down until I was able to suck my dad's cock. It was amazing how fast he'd reached erection, even with an audience. That audience had included Mikhos and Mara but Mara was busy sucking her husband's dick herself now that I had cleared the way.

"Linda! Get over her and help me," I called over to Linda, motioning to her with my hand to come to us.

"I could get fired for this," she mused as she approached but didn't hesitate to bend down to take my dad's cock from me and into her mouth. I moved in behind her, putting my arms around her and taking her large breasts into my hands.

Amazing! They were real!

Despite her statement to the contrary earlier, I knew we really didn't have all that much time. Evidently Mara and Mikhos had the same thoughts as he was already fucking her from behind as she bent over a rock ledge with her bikini bottoms down just under her butt. I released Linda's boobs and pulled down her bikini bottoms to her flip flops.

"My daddy's been wanting to fuck you from the moment he saw you," I teased her as I reached down between her legs from behind and felt her wet pussy. "Haven't you daddy?"

"Fuck yes!" he practically growled as Linda took his cock all the way onto her mouth until his thick pubic hair obscured her face.

"Fuck her daddy... I want to see you fuck her."

They were both at that stage where I hardly had to encourage them. Linda stood up and turned back to the rock wall, planting her hands on it and spreading her legs apart allowing my dad to come up behind her and swiftly slide his dick into her waiting pussy.

"Damn that feel good John," she gasped as he thrust up and deep inside of her.

My dad couldn't resist getting a feel of her amazing boobs, leaning into her so his arms reached around until his hands were filled with the large breasts in front of him.

"Damn, I can't believe these are real!" he said as he played with them.

He was getting close so I stepped forward and pushed him back. "Sorry Linda, but I need some daddy cock too."

Until that moment I don't think Linda actually thought we would go THAT far. I mean like sucking his dick and letting him feel me up was naughty, but it wasn't incest. When I took my place next to her on the wall and spread my legs apart.

"Fuck me daddy... show her how you want your baby girl."

Linda pushed back off of the wall and stood there watching as my dad quickly finished, grunting loudly as load after load of incestuous cum filled my pussy.

"Damn, that was so hot," Linda murmured. Then she looked at her watch as swore under her breath.

"Sorry but we REALLY have to get going. Keith is going to be mad as it is."

Mikhos and Mara were nowhere to be seen. I guess they must have finished and headed back to the rafts on their own. Meanwhile, I was leaking cum so I hurried over to the river and rinsed off as best I could. Slipping on my bikini top and bottoms, my dad and I hurried back to follow Linda.

Surprisingly, Keith didn't say a word although he and Linda exchanged looks that may have been some secret code for who knows what. As easily as it had been to draw in Linda I got the idea that this wasn't her first rodeo and no doubt Keith was well aware of her activities on the river with the guests.

That night during dinner I once again found myself next to Holly - surprise, surprise. This time she just dropped by with desert so it was just a few minutes.

"I'm guessing you had a pretty good time back at the LCR," she said with a hint of a smirk.

"Oh yea, running the rapids was incredible!"

"True but I couldn't help but notice you guys getting back so much later than everyone else. Anything you want to share?"

Wow, did she really think I was going to say anything like that... to her of all people?

Seeing I wasn't answering, she smiled and patted me on the thigh saying, "No problem, I understand." She started to walk away but then came back and motioned me away from the crowd for a moment.

"I just thought you might like to know that while it gets REALLY dark at first, the moon rises after midnight and last night it was so bright I could almost read by it."

"Oh really?" I said non-committedly.

"Yes really," she continued, "Just thought you might like to know given your... shall we say, sleeping attire. Or should I say, lack of it?"

"Oh.... that!," I said trying to appear a little sheepish. "Guess I was just so tired last night I didn't think about it."

Holly laughed outright at that one. "No doubt you were... from the way it sounded I imagine so." She pause to see my expression and then finished, "It's not like half the camp couldn't hear!"

Whether she was teasing me or not, I wasn't sure, but that night when my dad fucked me I made sure we were a LOT quieter. But as for my sleeping attire, I decide to stay nude and let the chips fall where they may. After satisfying my dad I fell asleep my mind as my wandered with images of my dad fucking Linda and then her watching him fuck me. Well, at least we had ONE guide who wasn't going to question whatever we chose to do.

## 5. Elves Chasm

If I'd had any concerns that things might be awkward with Linda after our little tryst at the Lower Colorado, those were quickly put to rest as she treated exactly the same as before and never made so much as sly comment or wink. It made me wonder if perhaps she realized she had perhaps gone a little too far with her guests and now was telling us that it was a one-time thing and not to expect anything like it again. Or maybe not? Who knows for sure in these type of situations but in any case I figured better to leave things on a high note.

Holly was a different story though. After seeing the three of us topless in full view of her family, she seemed a little more standoffish than before. Considering my dad was the only male available with Mikhos occupied by Mara, had she drawn any conclusions beyond those I suspected she already had? She'd been a mystery to me the entire trip so far and her behavior actually helped me fill in the puzzle a little, or at least so it seemed to me. Any thoughts that she might be coming on to quickly withered although I can't say that disappointed me. While she didn't discourage her sons' unabashed gawking at me (and some of the other women as well - especially

Carrie when she wasn't clinging to Brad), at the same time she no longer joked with me about it.

We were past the halfway mark now having stopped briefly at Phantom Ranch where I savored a wonderfully cold lemonade - with ice! I walked past the showers which were locked and wondered who I'd have to blow to get a key - and that's not just being whimsical! My hair never needed a good hot rinsing as badly as it did now. Maybe the best part though was they had real honest to goodness toilets! Well, actually THE best part was the pay phone where I got to call my girls and tell me mommy loved them even if she had left them alone with their grandma for so long.

Linda was rattling off her usual chatter about the canyon, the formations, history and such. Then she mentioned we would soon be coming to one of the top rated stops - Elves Chasm. Immediately thoughts of enchanting little creatures poking out from the rocks came to mind but then she exclaimed it really had nothing to do with elves other than someone must have thought it would be a place where little people would like to hang out. She just teased us though, telling us just enough to wet our appetites but I still had no idea what we were heading for. A few people had guide books which talked about it enough that I was looking forward to it.

The rafts tied up to some small trees just before a big bend in the river. From the river it didn't look like much - just a small side canyon leading away that wouldn't have warranted a second look had we just cruised by. I traded my water shoes for flip flops, dropped the miserable life jacket and followed my dad, jumping off the front of the raft where he caught me to keep me from slipping into the water. Somehow I didn't think it was an accident that his hands grabbed me high on the sides allowing his thumbs to press over my bikini top into the sides of my boobs.

As we followed Keith along the rocks (there are ALWAYS rocks to climb over no matter where we went), I couldn't help but note what I had come to refer to as my "fan club" following close behind. Somehow it seemed they always managed to claim the spot right behind me whenever we would hike somewhere. Earlier in the week we had hiked this ridiculously steep trail up to see some ancient Indian graineries and they must have been all but bumping into me the entire way up! I suppose given the skimpy bottoms I was wearing and the steep steps which required me to lift my leg way up and the often bend over to reach for the next hand hold they got quite the show!

Climbing over some huge flat boulders, suddenly we came upon a pool of water with a small waterfall flowing out from a large opening. The water looked to drop off quickly so I figured the pool must be pretty deep in the center. Once we'd all assembled, Keith stood up on one of the boulders and explained to us some of the history behind the place. Then he grinned and said there was also something most people didn't see right away if they hadn't been here before. Rather than explain though, he jumped into the water and started swimming to where it looked like the water pooled back under a ledge. Surprisingly he lowered his head and entered what must have been something like a cave. We lost sight of him then for a few moments before he popped out of nowhere in the middle of the opening where the water was flowing! Wow, there must have been some sort of cave network behind the rocks he had used.

"OK, this is one of the few places where it's OK to jump into the water," Keith said loudly to us, "Just try and jump out a few feet to make sure you're in the deepest section."

With that he leaped out and cannonballed into the water, splashing all of us with the cool water which actually felt quite nice after the hot hike.

"Oh that's so cool!" Darnell said to his girlfriend Jasmine. They were both I their early twenties and kept pretty much to themselves. They were both black although Jasmin had a lighter complexion and a body which looked stunning in a bikini. "C'mon, let's try it."

The two of the were the first as the rest of us watched. Soon they had made their way up and leaped out one at a time, Darnell leading the way and then encouraging his girlfriend while treading water below.

"How was it?" Mary Lynn asked. Mary Lynn was something like 22, engaged with a wedding not too long after she got back from the trip. Her mom Ethel (who names their poor daughter that?) was taking her out on a final mother-daughter trip, or at least final while she wasn't attached to someone else.

Ethel told her daughter she was free to give it a try but SHE was staying where it was safe. We all laughed as Mary Lynn futilely tried to convince her mom but finally gave up and started to make her way. Keith had taken position right outside the cave entrance, proving directions for those making their first foray. She was closely followed by Scott, Conner and Tanner as they left Holly behind to watch and take pictures.

"Wanna try it daddy?" I asked my dad, tugging on his arm like a little girl begging to go on a carnival ride.

"What the hell, why not?" my dad shrugged, "Worse that can happy is I slip and kill myself."

"Oh daddy, stop that!" I teased him playfully.

Slipping off our footwear, we jumped in together and the water was really pretty warm - or maybe after a few days on the freezing Colorado ANYTHING felt warm in comparison!

"Watch your heads... it gets slippery on the steep portion so be careful," Keith warned us as we swam past him.

Once past the ledge there was more headroom and I paused for a moment to get my bearings. My dad was right next to me, his arm around me.

"Oh daddy, this is beautiful!" I exclaimed, taking it all in. There was a way up to where the ledge was and at first I didn't think I would be able to make it. It's not like they had stairs installed!

"I think I need some help," I grunted as I tried to climb up without slipping and breaking something.

"More than glad to help," my dad responded behind me as he planted his hand on my all but bare butt and pushed. Yeah, he was glad to help all right.

"Hmmmmmm, I think I need more than that," I called back over my shoulder to him teasingly.

I felt his hand move and then his finger working its way into my crotch, pressing against the thin material covering it.

"That's better... almost there," I encouraged him. With all the echoes I had to be just a little subtle knowing that Keith had to be hearing very word we were saying along with anyone else nearby.

"Perfect!" I all but moaned as his finger pushed aside my thong and worked its way into my pussy. I could've stayed like this for a LOT longer but I could hear people talking behind us so I knew I needed to move upwards. The last stretch was actually quite difficult, at least for me. Working my way to the ledge - which turned out really wasn't a ledge at all but more like a few slippery rocks close to one another, was a bit scary even. My dad worked his way up behind me and held me by the waist to steady me.

"This is crazy!" I called down to the group. With that I leaped out and hit the water. Turned out not to be so bad and as soon as I was clear my dad had jumped in behind me.

"Go again?" he said when he'd caught up to.

My first reaction was to swim to the rocks and call it a day. While I was glad to have done it now, it certainly wasn't a water park ride with safe steps and handrails! Nonetheless it looked like everyone had pretty much done it that was going to do it so we wouldn't be as rushed this time. So without answering I just grinned and swam over to where Keith was still standing guard at the entrance.

"Go for two?" he teased, "Frankly, I was surprised you did it at all."

I wasn't sure if I appreciated the comment but then he was grinning and I realized he didn't mean any harm so I just nodded with a smile.

"Well, you both know the ropes so I'm going to get the others ready to go," Keith said to me and my dad who was now behind me. With that he lunged into the center and with a few strokes was pulling himself back onto the rock ledge.

After we'd worked our way inside it was just me and my dad as the ones ahead of us had either already jumped or were up at the top preparing to leap. It was a little eerie being alone inside with the noise of the falling water echoing. My dad held up his Tough waterproof camera and motioned for me to work up into the rocks leading to the top for some photos.

"You can do better than that," he teased me once I was in position. Seeing his eyes focused on my boobs it wasn't hard to figure out what he meant so the bikini top quickly came off and I was sitting there topless.

"You're kidding me," he huffed.

"If you insist" I said while grinning. Soon the bottoms were in my hand as well.

"That's more like it!" he said, finally happy with my lack of clothing, "Why do you have your legs so tight together?"

I started to reply with something about how I was squeezed in between the rocks which was true but obviously not what he wanted to hear. Wiggling into the openings and holing on with my hands, I somehow managed to put myself in a position with my legs as widely spread apart as I could manage.

"Play with yourself," my dad coached me as he switched to video mode.

"Daddy, they're gonna start wondering what we're doing," I tried to warn him but he just shrugged me off.

"So what, half of them probably have a pretty good idea anyways."

While trying not to lose my footing I began to masturbate as he caught me on camera. I have to say this had to be the most unique place I'd ever masturbated and to have it caught on video just made it all the better. At first I felt a little intimidated but then the feelings my fingers were producing soon overshadowed any worries in my head. Just as I was about to cum, though, a voice brought me back to reality.

"Everything OK?"

It was Linda checking up on us - just as I had warned my dad might happen. Well, at least it wasn't Keith. Then without waiting for a response, made her way in and her eyes widened as she quickly understood what was happening.

"Oh my," she giggled, "I didn't mean to interrupt but we're about ready to leave.

"It's OK, I think I got enough for us to enjoy later," my dad assured her and then added, "But if you'd like to join her... feel free!"

I swore Linda licked her lips a little but then she shook her head. "Maybe another time... we really need to go and get to camp."

"I'll hold you to that promise," my dad chuckled as I struggled to get my bikini back on. The bottoms weren't too hard as just pulled up but the top had to be tied behind my head and in the middle of my back and in the tight quarters I was stuck in I just couldn't make my arms bend in the necessary spots.

"Need some help?" Linda offered and I nodded quickly.

I couldn't turn around so she had to press up tight to me to reach around to tie things up. Her boobs pressed tightly into mine but I didn't dare say anything.

"That should do for now," she said backing away, "You might want to tighten it up a bit before you jump. This isn't exactly the easiest position to get it right."

With that she looked back at my dad and then at me and smiled while at the same time shaking her head just enough to convey that she had a pretty good idea of what was going on - as if she didn't before.

My dad thanked me and once again boosted me up the treacherous climb. Well, at least it was treacherous to me! One thing that continued to amaze me throughout this trip was why more people weren't seriously injure or even killed on these trips! Once at the top I gingerly maneuvered back to the jump-off point where I saw most of the group had left while a few stragglers were still packing things up. Linda was still there while Keith must have headed back to keep an eye on the ones returning. Next to here was Brad and Carrie, the youngest couple along with Darnell and Jasmin, the next youngest. They seemed to have become quite good friends, most likely because they were twenty to forty years younger than most of the other couples.

"Ready?" my dad said behind me as he steadied me once again.

Taking a deep breath, I leaned forward and jumped, hitting the water below with a splash. As I surfaced I realized I was missing something - my bikini top! Then I remembered Linda's warning about tightening it before I jumped. My mind had been so occupied with worrying about not killing myself it had totally been forgotten. I looked around desperately to try and find it but it was nowhere to be seen. It didn't help matters when my dad jumped in, stirring up the water even more.

"Missing something?" my dad asked with a grin as he paddled over to me.

"You could say that."

"Well, next time you better tie it tighter," he grinned as he reached out and handed it to me, "I say it in the water behind you and managed to snag it on my way in."

Somehow I managed to get it on good enough to get out of the water. Evidently nobody had noticed or at least if they had they were pretending they hadn't. Well, all but one.

"Warned you," Linda teased me.

What could I say? I slipped my flip flops back on as Linda led the way back to our rafts. Along the way I found myself wishing I'd taken the time to put on my shoes rather than just the flips flops as we climbed over rocks and jumped down from boulders. Still, all the guides wore them but then they did this every day!

Back on the raft we were soon headed downriver again. My dad pulled out his camera to check out the photos, handing me to me to check a few out. Sure enough, there I was in my birthday suit smiling innocently at the camera. Not exactly one I could use for my Facebook profile but certainly I knew my dad would be keeping handy.

## 6. Deer Creek Falls

The next day we got an early start as Keith told us he'd like to beat the crowds if possible to what was one of the most visited stops along the river. Deer Creek Falls has one of the most iconic inner canyons of which I'd seen pictures that looked stunning and was anxious to see them for myself. What I hadn't known before the trip and was now finding to be inevitable was such views weren't for the faint of heart. It seemed everything worth seeing off the river involved some sort of hazardous trek which left me exhausted! Deer Creek Falls would prove to be no exception.

The rafts pulled in to the bank next to five small boats that Linda said were called dories. I couldn't believe anyone would ride in such a small boat through some of the rapids we'd experienced! They were all gone, leaving nobody behind. This may be the Grand Canyon and yeah, everyone was one big happy family but I don't see how anyone could be THAT trusting!

The first thing you see on arrival is the beautiful water falls emerging high above you and falling into a beautiful pool at the bottom. Looking around, I didn't see any sign of a trail or canyon so like where were these beautiful formations I saw in all the photos?

Keith was doing his thing as trip leader and we gathered around to hear the plan. When he pointed above his head to a ledge HIGH above us, and then said we first had to somehow climb all the way up, my first instinct was this would be one side trip I'd skip. OMG! The faint trail he showed us looked barely fit for a mountain goat! If it hadn't been for a couple of people making their way back down I might not have believed him.

"I'd advise against the flip flops Kelly," my dad said when Keith was finished. Like yeah, no kidding!

Thankfully we left the life preservers on the raft. I was also fortunate to have my dad to carry our daypack which had our water bottles and some snacks that were handed out before we started our trek. I fully expected some of the older couples to take a pass but even Don and Kate, our oldest couple in their 70's, seemed determined to go. As Don said when someone politely asked if they thought they could do it, this was a once-in-a-lifetime experience and he wanted to at least try.

Besides my footwear, I also changed out of my bikini bottom. It wasn't that I was shy about showing off my butt to the folks climbing behind me, but more I'd come to realize that a thong bikini and strenuous climbing didn't mix. I'd worn my thong up the super steep trail to see the graineries and by the time we were back my crotch was sore as heck from the thin material rubbing tight up against my pussy and even bunching up and riding inside my pussy lips until I could reach down and pull it out. Thus for today's hike I'd come prepared and packed a pair of shorts in our day gear just in case. They were plain old grey workout shorts which I'd cut to be even shorter. A little baggy at the legs, not only were they more fit for something like the hike I was facing but they also allowed a nice view from below which sort of made up for not wearing my bikini bottom.

Heading over to where some of the women were squatting in the river to take a pee before we left, I dropped my bikini and was pulling up the shorts when I heard from behind me, "Being a little more sensible today?"

Snugging up my shorts, I turned to my surprise to see Marge, an older woman I think was 59, traveling alone. We hadn't really interacted much other than the occasional polite conversation during dinner and such.

I smiled back as I adjusted my bikini top. "Yeah, it looks like quite a hike."

"Frankly, I don't understand how you gals wear those things in the first place," she answered, "But then I guess you must enjoy the attention - you've certainly had enough on this trip."

I just smiled, not certain where she was going.

"Oh don't get me wrong... if I had a hot body likes yours I'd be flaunting it as well," she hurriedly responded to my silent response.

"Thanks Marge, I appreciate that."

"Even so, not so sure how I would feel sleeping naked next to my father though," she came back. I wasn't sure at first where she was going but then she winked and pulled up her swim suit before heading back to the group, leaving me to wonder when she had seen me sleeping nude? Maybe in the middle of the night heading down to take a pee in the river?

In any case I soon rejoined my dad and we all crossed a small stream to get to where the trail started. Even the first few steps were a challenge and I could only imagine it would get only worse as we ascended. Indeed it did, to the point at one spot we had to use tree branches to make our way up a steep climb. Even though we rested a few times going up, by the time we reached the top I was exhausted and sweating profusely.

"Should've hit the stair-stepper before we came," I gasped to my dad as we took in the incredible view below is. Along the hike I'd spent of my time staring at the trail ahead of me and dint really notice just how high we'd come. From up here it looked even higher than it had down by the river!

"OK, the rest of the way is pretty flat," Linda told us all once we'd rested. Well, it may have been flat but it was still quite treacherous in my opinion at least. The trail went along the rock wall with Deer Canyon down to our right. It WAS gorgeous, even more so than the photos I'd seen. At one point though the trail really narrowed. Knowing that hundreds if not thousands of people a year passed by here, it amazed me that nobody had ever fallen in!

Other than the sheer drop-offs, it was an easy hike and soon we reached an open area where the group from the dories was just getting ready to take off on a hike further up the side canyon. Frankly, this was far enough for me! This was the perfect spot with shade and small stream where you could just soak your feet or even lay in although the water was a bit chilly. My dad broke out some snacks and we sat next to each other on a large flat rock with our shoes off and feet in the water.

"This is beautiful dad," I said softly as he put his arm around me and hugged me close, "I'm so glad you brought me here."

"Well, the beauty is only enhanced with you here," he replied.

"I'd love you to fuck me right here," I whispered, conscious there were people all around us."

His arm hugged me even tighter. "I would too... but somehow I think people might notice."

We both laughed and I rested my head on his shoulder, taking in the quiet beauty, listening to the water flowing over the rocks in front of us.

"I'm horny daddy," I sighed.

My dad chuckled. "How old are you now? You sound like you're fourteen again, complaining because your mom and I wouldn't let you masturbate in the car."

I shifted my position and replied, "Well, as I remember it there wasn't anybody who could see that would mind. It was pretty unfair actually."

"Passing traffic on the interstate is one thing, stalled in downtown traffic quite another," he defended himself. "Besides, when was the last time I ever tried to stop you from masturbating?"

He had me there. If anything my parents encouraged me as a teen and to be fair, the few times they said anything really were in my best interest.

"Well, not like it was my fault you didn't fuck me last night!"

Looking up I caught him rolling his eyes. "You know perfectly well that camp was so small last night we were practically on top of the others. It's bad enough I get the evil eye from half the women here as it is but even you have to admit last night just wasn't feasible."

It was the first time he'd said anything about anyone reacting to our nightly event so it made me curious. "So has anyone said anything?"

"The women, most of the older ones at least, won't even get in line beside me. "

"There's really not much once you get past the rocks," Spencer offered, "You have to go quite a ways not to mention another uphill adventure to see anything worth the effort."

My dad thanked him and we headed off. Most everyone had done their exploring and were either back with the main group or, as was the case with a few, decided to head back early so they could take their time making their way down the steep slope. As we'd been told, after a few final huge boulders and actual trail emerged and headed off into the trees paralleling the small stream.

"Well, what do you think?" my dad said, looking around without seeing anyone.

"Right here? Sort of out in the open don't you think?" I questioned him.

My dad leaned over and kissed me briefly. "Since when are you the shy one?"

It was like he was challenging me, almost daring me. Well, I may not be the bravest person when it comes to most thing but when it came to sex I NEVER lost a dare. I like to say that there's nothing I've ever done sexually that I regret - it's the things I HAVEN'T done that I do. That said, there are many things I've done once and will never do again but unless it involves pain (BSDM, etc.) or being gross (anal sex, scat, etc.), why not give it a try?

"Well I'll show you!" I taunted him, quickly stripping off my bikini top and shorts leaving me naked in just my shoes. I'd found early on that barefoot was NOT an option in most areas of the GC - too many creatures, sharp rock, and such unless in the sandy beach areas and even then you never knew what was hiding in wait.

"Now THAT's the Kelly I know and love," he said, responding by dropping his own shorts but keeping on his T-shirt. His dick was already rising... so who was really the horny one?

"This is so cool," I murmured as we hugged and kissed, our nude bodies pressing into one another, "Doing this in such a beautiful place... out in the open where anyone could see us..."

"Probably better for both of us if no one does," he joked half-heartedly. While I could see his point, really... what difference did it make? After all, I was 32 years old so not like anyone could say I was being molested or a victim of statutory rape. While incest may not approved by most people, it wasn't illegal between consenting adults. Besides, a quick search on the Internet would show a LOT more people are turned on by it than they may care to admit when asked. All it takes is a look at the number of views of my diary to see which entries get the most views.

"Mmmmmmm, your dick feels so good in my hand," I sighed as I reached down and wrapped my fingers around him, "I could never get enough of it... knowing what it means to feel you so hard in my hand."

"Yes...." my dad groaned as I stroked him, "It's all for you baby.... it's ALWAYS been for you."

On our walk over I had assumed I would suck his cock and then he'd fuck me – the usual sequence for us in such situations. My dad certainly enjoyed eating my pussy but it wasn't something he typically did. I think it's more he just gets so horny and anxious to fuck me that he simply wants to get to it as quickly as possible. If it wasn't for the fact that he loved watching me suck his dick so much I think he'd probably even forego that!

"God I need you Kelly," my father moaned as we kissed passionately, my hand stroking him as he gripped my butt with both hands and pulled me closer. My heart beat faster as I knew what it meant when my dad said he "needed" me – what he really needed was to FUCK me.

"I'm yours daddy... take me... fuck me daddy, fuck your little girl."

Our eyes met and I could see the lust smoldering within his. Yes, by now I knew exactly the words he wanted to hear and how to say them. He may be my father yet at the same time he was no different than most men I've been with. They all want pretty much the same thing – for me to beg them to fuck me and say it like I was little girl.

Well, so much for a blowjob as my dad twisted me to face the huge boulder alongside the stream. Suddenly it was so quiet as all I could hear was the water flowing over the rocks. It was indeed like we were in our own private paradise even though I knew the rest of our group was less than a hundred feet away. I put my hands flat on the smooth rock face and stepped back, spreading my feet apart as I did.

"I'm ready for you daddy," I said in as seductive a voice as I could master, wiggling my bare butt at him as I looked over my shoulder. He had a firm grip on his erection and I could see he was staring at my exposed bottom.

"Your ass is definitely the most beautiful sit in the canyon," he said as he approached me with cock in hand.

I felt his hands grip my waist as he pressed up against me causing his dick to slide up between my butt cheeks. The thick publicly hair that surrounded it tickled me a little and I giggled as he stroked his cock up and down my ass crack.

at this moment, an expression of pure desire and lust. While I can't ever imagine doing so, I knew without a doubt that even if I ever tried to stop him he wouldn't. It was like his mind just blanked everything else out to where all he cared about was cumming inside of me. While neither of us had the capability of creating a baby, he once confessed to my mom )who of course passed it on to me) that he felt like he was mating me, taking me as totally as any man can take woman.

I could see on the other bank some people exploring. They were still a ways downstream were occupied such that they not even noticed us. Still, I knew from their angle that when they got closer they would have affine side view of me and my dad and even if we hadn't been all but naked, there was nothing subtle about what we were doing. It wasn't that I was shy about being watched when having sex - quite the opposite if anything. I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist an as a general rule it's much more fun to be watched. Even so, there's a time and place for everything and THIS was not the time OR the place. While I'm sure there were a few suspicions amongst some of our fellow travelers, suspicion is better than certainty when it comes to these sort of matter. If anything I've found over the years that people tend to give the benefit of the doubt when they think they may have seen something as after all, I can't possibly be fucking my own father, right? LOL

Just then my thoughts were brought back as my dad's lust peaked and he instinctively rammed himself as deep inside of me as he could such that when the first stream of his cum erupted from his cock and it deposited deep within me. It's the same with most men which I attribute to our genes developed over the millennia to where the male wants his sperm to have the best chance of surviving and achieving their mission. It didn't matter that his cum was devoid of sperm or even it wasn't my womb didn't carry eggs anymore - it was the thought that counts as most people like to say.

"Yes!" was all he get out, gasping for air as he pumped one load after another of his cum into my welcoming pussy. It was exactly what I needed and I wanted as much as he could provide. What made it even sexier for me were the people approaching. When would they see us? It seemed inevitable if they continued on their path but at the last minute they must have determined they were at the end of the trail and turned back to our group.

My dad never even had a clue as he just stood now behind me, his dick first imbedded in me and then slipping out of my cum-drenched pussy. It was the one moment of sex I hated the most - when suddenly it was like my pussy was SO empty.

Yes, a total 180 degree turn from when he first entered me and I felt like I would burst. Times like this only served to solidify my conviction regarding sex with my dad. How could it be wrong when my body craved him so much?

"I suppose we probably better head back before someone comes looking for us," my dad said as he looked around. The people I'd been worried about were out of sight now so he had no idea how close we'd come to having an audience!

Then speaking of timing, just as we'd pulled back on our clothes I was startled by the sudden appearance of a small group of hikers passing through. I recalled something our guides had mentioned about how this location was accessible from the rim and that a campsite was located less than a mile upstream but hadn't really thought much about it. Wow, that would really have been interesting but then they wouldn't have known we were father and daughter either. We let them pass before heading back ourselves given they were much better dressed for hiking and making good time compared to us.

The trip back to the river was rather uneventful. Apparently I was actually starting to become accustomed to near-death experiences as even the narrow section of the trail didn't seem to bother me nearly so much as it had on the way in. It was funny though how it was almost harder going down the trail than it had been going up as my knees took a beating with all the dropping from one rock down to the trail... over and over and over again! Soon we were back though and shading down the river with the drone of the motor our constant companion. It wasn't THAT load but still I wondered how it must be for those in the smaller rafts to just float peacefully though the magnificent canyon.

## 7. Last Day

The last major stop on our trip was supposed to be Havasu Canyon. We were told it was another turquoise water paradise, similar to the Little Colorado without the rapids but more scenic and even a place we could jump in from a high rock. As we got close the guides seemed a little tense and soon I could see why. The pull-in location for the large rafts was downriver of the mouth of the incoming stream by some rock plateaus. That in itself didn't seem so bad as a couple were already tied up. However, that was before I saw what was immediately downstream - a big rapid! If Linda missed the landing we could end up going down the rapids with no chance of returning. What was potentially even worse was if one of us should fall in there was no chance of rescue until after you'd been through the rapids, hopefully emerging in one piece!

By now though I had total faith in Linda and she didn't fail us, pulling in like she'd done it a hundred times before which actually wasn't all that far off the mark. As we piled out and started to walk over the rock face I heard something new for me in the canyon - thunder.

Keith called to everyone to come back to the raft as he scanned the skies. This far down the canyon you really have a limited view of the sky, not like the far-off horizons visible at the top of the canyon walls. Then the sky darkened quickly and the heavens opened as rain poured down. We all scurried for our rain gear tucked into our day bags. Not only was it to keep dry, but it was like the temperature had nose-dived and I was starting to feel cold for the first time on the trip, at least when not in the water. The thunder grew louder and soon lightning was striking. Normally I'm the type who enjoy standing outside and watching a good thunderstorm but down here trapped between walls of stone it wasn't nearly so entertaining!

The three guides huddled until finally Keith returned. He explained that while these storms typically passed quickly, this one had the making of something longer and our schedule didn't allow for a long delay if we were to make camp tonight. It was critical we get to where we needed to be as the first thing in the morning we'd be heading for the helicopter site to take us out of the canyon and so we had to camp close so the guides could prepare everything.

The next couple hours or so were the most miserable house I can ever remember. Unfortunately Keith's predication had been right on the money - the storm persisted. It didn't just rain on us - it POURED. So much for our LL Bean "waterproof" rain suits. My dad mumbled many times how he was going to be returning them the day we got back home! Cold and soaking wet, I huddled up against my dad, shivering violently.

We eventually reached the campsite. By then the rain had stopped but the sky was still cloudy so for the first time we broke out the tents as nobody wanted to spend the night outside just in case it rained again. Keith tried to talk us out of it, saying that it rarely stormed at night but nobody as willing to risk it. It was a bit of a comedy show though as nobody has any experience setting up the tents and the guides were too occupied with dinner preparations to help. Once someone figured it out the rest of us watched and soon everyone had theirs up.

Later as we ate dinner for the last time we all remarked how quickly the week had gone by. I was dressed in denim shorts and a white tank top I'd save for the last day but with the cooler air I figured I'd just risk getting it dirty. It was actually the most conservative outfit I had brought with but considering I'd left all my underwear in "rim world" it still wasn't THAT conservative. The cooler air especially helped my nipples to poke through the tight material - needless to say my top was at least a size too small. It also plunged quite low, exposing about as much cleavage as possible while not allowing my boobs to pop out. Being so tight though also prevented any views from above, undoubtedly much to the chagrin of the guys who seemed to always have to walk behind me when I was eating while sitting in my chair.

With the clouds the sky darkened even earlier than usual so we all said out goodnights and disappeared into our tents. Well, all but a few hardy souls who wanted to spend the last night under the stars. Inside our tent my dad had spread both of our sleeping bags, one on top the other, like a blanket. No doubt everyone else was using their cots but clearly my dad had other plans for our last night together in the Grand Canyon. Besides, the sand wasn't that uncomfortable to sleep on, especially with the sleeping bags doubled up under us. One thing though would be nice, no bugs tonight! Still, he left the flaps undone to keep us from sweltering. A nice breeze was blowing, at least at the moment, so hopefully we wouldn't be too hot.

It felt good to slip off my shorts and tank top and lay naked on the sleeping bags. Even so, with the moon covered by the clouds it was pitch black though so it wasn't like my dad could see me. I could hear him fumbling with his clothes and then his hands on my ankles as he made his way in the dark. It was like a blond man exploring me and I found it rather sensual.

"I'm going to miss this," he said softly as his hands slowly worked their way up my bare legs, "This has been an incredible week."

"I love you daddy... thanks so much for bringing me here, it's been a perfect week."

He laughed, "Even with the rain today?"

"Well...." I said and paused. We both laughed then.

"You know, in a way it worked out just fine," my dad said as his hand found their way to my thighs and I spread them out for him. I'd deliberately held them tightly together until he started to press his hands between them, opening them then deliberately such that he knew I was offering myself to him. It was little things like that I knew he appreciated. I'd learned early on that a guy loves it most when a girl actively shows him he wants her through words and deeds. I COULD have laid there with my legs spread apart and made it easier but by opening them in response to his touch demonstrated that I was submitting myself to him.

"Mmmmmmm," I murmured as his hand pressed into my crotch. I felt his fingers exploring me in the darkness. Yes indeed, it WAS dark! It was like being in a cave a mile underground. Even with my eyes no adjusting I couldn't even see the outline of my father as he caressed me lovingly.

"Kiss me daddy... kiss my pussy."

For whatever reason, eating my pussy wasn't something my dad did often. My mom has even told me he never did it for her all that much while they were married. In fact, once she even remarked how I did it more than him! Admittedly I much prefer it to be done by a girl but still, sometimes I think the man needs to show a little effort for what I'm about to do for him! While I couldn't see his expression or his initial response, I knew he never failed to take my "hints" to heart and yet again I wasn't disappointed.

"Oh daddy... that feels SOOOOO good!" I sighed as I felt his unseen tongue on my clit. Then one of his fingers pressed into me, easily slipping inside of me thanks to the my arousal. "Right there daddy... right there!"

Damn, I knew I'd put my headlamp someplace where it would supposedly be easy to find in the dark but now that I actually needed it of course I couldn't find it. Just as men seem to all love watching me when I'm sucking their dicks, so too do I when it comes to watching their face pressed into my crotch, their outstretched tongue dancing on my clit and pussy. It's so erotic to see their face wet from pressing into my pussy, knowing that sheen is due to my sexual desire and needs.

I felt my hips rise up as he put his arms under my thighs and pushed forward, causing my butt to raise off the sleeping bag and then there was the feel of his large hands cupping my buttocks. It was like he was holding a watermelon in his hands, lifting it up to his face and then gorging himself on the taste of me.

A second finger now joined the first, stretching me more apart as his tongue worked his way and his lips grasped my pussy lips between them. Using his two fingers to stretch me apart, his tongue pushed its way inside of me, like a slipper smooth dick teasing me. My hands were each on one of my boobs, squeezing them and massaging them as my father ate my pussy. Maybe it was having so many people camped near to us. Maybe it was the blackout darkness. Maybe he was inspired by the amazing place we were at the moment. Whatever it was, it was life this was the best my dad had ever been when it came to oral sex with me!

"Damn you taste good," I heard him whisper. It was so quiet even a low whisper sounded like it was coming from a megaphone. Could anyone hear us? I knew some of the other tents were only a few feet away but given we'd never used them until this night, I had no idea what they could or could not hear but as it WAS out last night, who cared? Well, not me, that's for sure - and apparently the same went for my dad.

My butt dropped back to the soft sleeping bag as his arms pulled back from under me. Even though it was so dark I couldn't make out a thing, I still closed my eyes as I felt his hands land on my upper thigh, one on each side, and then gently caress my legs from my hip to my ankles. Mmmmmmm, it felt so good feeling his hands over me. I tried to imagine him now as he had to have been kneeling between my legs all stretched out and wide apart. After making a few round trips he moved from the tops of my thighs more to the inner parts, making me tingle when he would push up to my hip bone with his thumbs pushed out such that they rubbed up along my soaking wet pussy, pushing through my wet pubic hair.

"You know... I've always loved your legs," he whispered as he just ribbed my upper inner thighs now, continuing to tease my pussy with each pass. "God your skin feels so warm and soft... so smooth."

Thankfully it WAS so dark so he couldn't see me stifling a giggle. It hadn't been all that easy - of fun for that matter, shaving my legs earlier in the cold river. True, at this point in the trip it was the warmest it had been the entire week but it was

STILL far from a nice warm shower. From what I could tell, none of the other women had bothered shaving the entire trip but then they didn't have their father along to please either.

"And your perfect belly... so flat and smooth," he continued as his hands moved upward, first up along the outside of my hip and then over my torso below my boobs. "You have the best figure of any woman on this trip."

Well.... flattery will get a man EVERYWHERE, especially when it's your dad complimenting your nude body. It's not like he HAD to say such things - I would have given myself to him this evening even if he had said nothing. Still, a girls can NEVER get too many compliments.

Then it was my boobs' turn as his invisible hands moved over them, covering them more than most of the outfits I'd worn on the trip.

"Remember when I first touched these?" he asked softly, gently toying with them as his thumbs ran over my nipple.

"Yes daddy... I do," I cooed softly in return. Honestly, I really wasn't sure exactly which time he was referring to but then did it really matter. Obviously HE remembered one special time as being the first and so long as it made him happy, it made me happy.

"They're just... so perfect," he complimented me again as he caressed them softly to start and then more firmly. I smiled to myself recalling the time he'd named them "Goldilocks boobs" - not too small, not too big, but just right.

I couldn't help myself as I jumped slightly when his mouth took my right nipple between his lips and tugged gently. I hadn't seen his head lower so it was bit of s surprise. Not that it was a surprise that he DID it - my dad had always loved to suck on my breasts. It was just I hadn't seen him and I'd been so focused on his hands that I couldn't help but react.

"I love your nipple.... they get so big and hard when you're excited."

While I couldn't SEE them to confirm his findings, I could certainly FEEL my nipples and the way they felt now I had to imagine my nipples were like two large pencils erasers, poking out. Given how large they became when I was aroused, it was always a source of pride for me the way guys would stare at my chest when I wore a tight thin tank top or sheer while blouse.

As my dad leaned over me to suckle my breasts, I could feel the tip of his hard dick against my leg. Even though I knew the odds were for all intents and purposes 100% that it would be inside of me before long, I still couldn't help but feel a little anxious - not to mention incredibly horny! From the way he was twerking his hips to cause it to rub against me, I got the distinct impression my dad was as horny as I was - and likely even more if I knew him.

From my boobs he made his way to my neck, his tongue tracing a path on my upper chest and then he lips caressed my neck and as he gently kissed me, his tongues continued to play against my skin. The he did what I know he must know to be my favorite.. kissing my neck and earlobes while he played with my hair. There's just something about feeling a man running his fingers through my hair that I find incredible erotic. I've even cum more than once just from that alone although granted, I'd been extremely horny at the time.

"I love so much when you touch me daddy... when you kiss me," I moaned.

"Mmmmmmm, I love you baby girl," he responded and I knew what THAT signaled. Reaching down, I grabbed his hard erection in my hand and guided him as he maneuvered himself into place between my legs. I raised my knees until me feet were flat on the sleeping bad which allowed me to lift my hips to make it easier for him. It was exciting and yet almost scary at the same time. Exciting in that I knew my dad was about to fuck me, almost scary in that I knew at this moment it was going to happen now no matter what I might say or do. It's not like I could ever imagine WANTING to stop him at this point, but it was something to consider that neither did I have choice any longer.

"Oh YES daddy! Fuck me!" I groaned as I felt the head of his dick barely penetrate me. While I couldn't see it now, I had plenty pf prior memories to fill in what the darkness hid. Indeed, as he began to press harder against me, forcing my tight pussy to accept him, I could see as clearly as if the tent was lit with a spotlight the first time I'd felt this very same sensation. Then I was laying on my bed, watching in amazement as my father prepared to fill me with his incestuous erection.

"Deeper daddy... I want you ALL inside of me."

"And I want nothing more... nothing in the whole world," he replied.

"Ohhhhhh!" I cried out, louder than perhaps I should have considering the not exactly private situation but I couldn't help myself. There's not a better feeling for me in the entire world than what I was experiencing at this very moment - the filling of my empty pussy with my father's incestuous dick. It was like I was made for him, as if my pussy had been created solely for his cock. Then again he WAS my father so why wouldn't we fit perfectly together?

"I could stay like this forever baby girl," he said in a voice hoarse and thick with his lust for me once he had bottomed out, his hairy pubic hair now pressed tightly against my crotch. I could feel the base of his dick pressing into my pubic bone, grinding into my clit.

At that moment I felt the exactly the same. I wanted to beg him to hold me, to fuck me, to never physically separate himself from me ever again but it wasn't necessary. His forearms were around my neck as we kissed like lovers as his elbows kept the weight of his body off of me. His hips were silent, allowing his throbbing dick to simply rest inside of me, caressed by my wet warmth. It was home... exactly where it belonged... deep inside his loving daughter's pussy.

As much as I would have loved to have simply stayed that way all night, I knew from past experience it wasn't going to last long and indeed, my dad's male instincts soon took over.

That's it daddy... fuck me," I begged, wrapping my legs around him and locking my ankles to enable me to pull him into me, as if he needed any help! I also knew those were the three words my dad loved to hear more than any other... "Fuck me daddy!" What was so cool was that only one person in the entire world could say those words to him... ME!

He didn't SAY anything in response but instead just grunted as his mind focused on what a millennium of evolution and instinct now drove him to do - to mate a female and dominate her. True, it was mostly symbolic in that neither of us had the physical ability to actually "mate" but as they say, it's the thought that counts. Likewise when it came to domination. Yes, he outweighed me by a lot and was so much stronger than me but I knew that in the end there was way he would ever hurt me or allow harm to come to me. At the same time it was why I loved being in the missionary position with him - to "submit" myself to my father as a good Christian daughter is meant to do.

It was SOOOOO quiet! Indeed the silence was such that it seemed to magnify the sounds of our sex. Each time his crotch met mine as he plunged deep into me there was a slapping sound that sounded like a thunderclap in the stillness. Our mutual moans of ecstasy would normally never be heard but what about tonight in the quiet of the night at the bottom of the Grand Canyon? Each grunt from my dad as he thrust himself into me seemed to echo off the tent walls. True, maybe it was all my imagination but still... was it?

Typically we would be changing positions but tonight we remained as we were, me lying flat on my back while my dad hovered over me, his hips rhythmically moving up and down to drive his dick into em, and then back to pull it all but out of me. Once in a while he would overdo it and accidently pull out, causing me to whimper with the sudden feeling of loneliness as I waited anxiously for him to return. What was even more amazing was how long he was holding out without succumbing to the final stage... ejaculation.

As for me, I have no idea how many times I came. It was like one endless orgasm as one would rise and then before it could ebb away another took its place, raising me once again to the ultimate plateau of pleasure. The poor sleeping bag below me must be getting soaked with my cum but that was about the LAST thing on my mind as my daddy fucked me silly.

Usually just watching my dad's face is all I need to see to be warned about his impending explosion but tonight I couldn't even see an outline in the pitch blackness. Too bad as it was so erotic to watch the transformation as his orgasm rose within him. It was almost animal-like as his lust and need for sexual fulfillment consumed the last vestige of his fatherhood. I could see it in his eyes as his dick swelled, the most sensual and intense look ever seen on a man. But not tonight as the darkness was like the shades had been pulled on the window to his desires.

"Oh God, I'm cumming!" he groaned as I felt him drive himself into me as far as he could. With his dick fully engulfed by my pussy I felt the pressure of his hips as he convulsed, each time shooting a stream of his cum deep within me. I could barely feel the bloom of warmth but it was there.. my dad's love for me taking up residence within me.

"I love you so much Kelly," he moaned as I felt him collapse, his elbows still catching most of his weight but he as weaker now and correspondingly I felt more of him pressing down on me. I couldn't help but notice as well that he called me Kelly instead of baby girl or any other of a litany of pet names he had for me.

With that he rolled over to the side of me, his spent dick now free from my grip, leaving me naked on my back as I felt his incestuous cum dripping out of me and down along my ass hole. Poor sleeping bad - even more of a need to wash it now!

Not surprisingly, my dad quickly fell asleep, snoring loudly now. My chest was still pounding as my heart slowly resumed its normal rate. Damn, I wanted more! At the same time, I was a little annoyed at another feeling - this one not exactly welcome. Damn if I didn't have to pee... and BAD!

Reaching out, my hand landed squarely on top of my headlamp. Now why had it been so hard to find before? In any case, I put it on my head and turned it on. My dad was lying on his back - hence the loud snores, and I couldn't help but stare at his now limp cock. It was hard to believe seeing it so small and shriveled that it had felt so he in me just minutes before! Looking about, I tied to find my clothes but apparently they were now under my sleeping father and I knew for all intents and purposes they were goners, at least until he woke in the morning. Damn, where was everything?

I couldn't keep looking - Mother Nature was calling and she wasn't going to take no for an answer much longer. There was something - one of the towels we'd bought that were supposedly good at soaking things up yet quick to dry. Only problem was it wasn't exactly a beach towel - more like a hybrid between a bath towel and hand towel. Oh well, it would have to do.

Ever notice how the simplest things become major enterprises when you have to go to the bathroom? Unzipping the tent fell right into that category as I struggled to get it open. Finally I managed to do it just right and it mocked me - the final portions unzipping easily as if to say it had been all my fault until then.

Stepping outside, the temperature had dropped somewhat but at least the sky had cleared. As bad as I had to go, I couldn't help but witching off my headlamp and looking up into the incredible display above me. The Milky Way was magnificent, something I might never see again after tonight.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

If I'd been wearing shoes I'd have jumped right out of them. It was so dark that I hadn't seen anyone approach but as quiet as it was you would have thought I'd of heard something but apparently I'd been so mesmerized by the skies that I hadn't been listening.

At first I wasn't sure who it was but then I remembered the voice. It had to be Don, the oldest person on the trip. He and his wife Kate were both in their 70's and whole they didn't do many of the side hikes, I was amazed they could make the trip in the first place! I hadn't really interacted with either of them much other than some friendly conversation at dinner of when they sat next to us on the raft.

"Sorry, didn't mean to frighten you," he said softly. My eyes had adjusted to the dark again and there was just enough starlight to see him now - which also meant there was just enough starlight for him to see ME now! Which reminded me... the towel was in my hand, NOT around my body.

"Ooops... sorry," I said as I hurriedly wrapped it around me as best I could. It barely even went once around me and there was no way it was big enough to full cover my boobs AND my ass at the same time so I compromised - just over my nipples and ALMOST over my butt.

"Oh don't worry - it's not like most of us haven't seen most of you during the past week," he chuckled. "Sorry.... one thing about being old is having to make a lot of trips to the river."

"Ummmmm, me too," I replied as I followed him down the trail to the river edge. On arrival I saw the water level in the river had risen dramatically, not an unusual occurrence which was why they warned us to be careful o0n trips on like this. Sometimes it was higher, other times lowered but one way or the other it was never how we left it when we went to bed. Only problem now was the spots where we'd previously used for this were now submerged, leaving only one small area where it looked to be safe to go.

"I guess ladies first," Don offered.

"Nonsense, as you said, it's not like we haven't seen the other dong this before," I said.

"I don't mind if you don't," he chuckled again, "Then again, I think I get the better end of this deal."

We were only a couple of feet apart as he pulled out his cock and quickly began to pee. By now I was about to pee down my leg so I quickly squatted, the towel rising up over my waist as I relieved myself. I sort of expected Don would look away but no... he was staring right at me. Of course I hadn't exactly positioned myself to block his view either. It sort of turned me on to have him watching me pee in the river. Not that I enjoy anything having to do with pee or bowel movements but in this situation it was rather erotic.

"You're quite the girl you know," he commented as he finished and pulled his swim shorts back into place.

"How's that?" I asked, repositioning my towel as best I could.

"Are you really his daughter?"

The question surprised me even though in retrospect it probably shouldn't have. Still, why not be truthful?

"Yes I am... his only daughter for that matter."

"I hope you don't mind me saying this..."

Oh boy, here it comes. I just knew the old guy was going to say something about how inappropriate I'd been the entire trip, about how I should be ashamed for carrying on so in front of strangers, especially considering it was my father I was doing it with. Well, just goes to show you never should judge a book by its cover...

"Just wanted to say thanks for making this trip the hottest experience of my life."

Whoa! Now what do you say when something says something like that? I mean I'd been told that about to hear things but the context in which he was saying it I was quite surprised yet again.

Don continued. It was like once the gates were open he couldn't stop.

"Kelly, you're beautiful, one of the prettiest girls I've ever had the pleasure of spending time with, even if we haven't exactly spoken all that much this trip. I know some of the folks weren't as happy as I was with the way you dressed and behaved – my wife would be at the top of THAT list, but I for one will never forget you. Can I ask one more question?"

I smiled and started to pull down my towel as I knew what was coming but Don was full of surprised. Then again, like before I suppose it shouldn't have been such a surprise.

"What I heard in the tent tonight... was your dad really screwing you?"

My hand froze in place just in time before totally exposing myself. Hmmm, so we COULD be heard outside our tent but then again he didn't say just where he had been when he heard. Maybe he'd been on his way to the river and was right next to us and stopped to listen.

I kept smiling and looked him in the eyes saying, "Yes, he did... and I loved it. We've been doing it since I was sixteen."

It was like Don didn't know how to respond. Something told me that no matter how slutty and flirting I'd been all week there was still no way I would actually be having sex with my dad. Now that he knew the truth it was like he was frozen in place staring at me. Just then a thought came to me. If he was going to stare, why not give him something to stare at? With that I dropped my towel and stood there in the darkness, lit by his headlamp as if I was on a stage with s spotlight zeroed in on me.

"One for the road, shall we say?" I teased him nicely, twirling to give him a 360 degree view.

"Oh god," was all he could get out. Poor old man, 75 years and it wasn't likely until now that any girl had ever done this to him before. I was horny anyways so what did it hurt?

"Wanna feel my boobs, Don?"

He just stood there in his water shorts and T-shirt, frozen in place so I reached out and took his hand, placing it squarely on my exposed breast. At first it just laid there but then he squeezed it. It was only for a minute or so and then he pulled back.

"Please cover up Kelly," he said in a hoarse whisper, "A man my age can't take much more."

I just smiled all the more as I did. I then started back up the path saying as I passed him, "Well, we better get back. Enjoy the view."

At first he had this quizzical look as it was too dark to see the canyon. Then he turned to me and his headlamp lit up the path in front of him, including my bare butt as I allowed the towel to slip up. I never turned back or looked at him again as I made my way to out tent and slipped inside but I could literally feel his eyes on my butt as I slowly and deliberately walked back. It wasn't until I was in the tent that I realized not only Don was able to see my bare ass but also anyone else who might be awake this late at night! Oh well, nobody said anything so either nobody or saw or they enjoyed the view as well.

Freshly fucked, bladder emptied, and a bit of naughtiness along the way, I quickly feel asleep lying next to my snoring dad, my arms around him as I pressed my naked body against his for the last time on this wonderful trip.

# 2018

## (May 12) Chapter 294: Family Photoshoot

Story codes: MF Mf oral inc father daughter
Me (33)
Steve - my husband (35)

Cell phones come with some pretty incredible cameras now but despite all the hoopla the results just can't compare to those taken by a professional's equipment. That said, it could also be the difference between the skills of an amateur and professional photographer which is more than likely the biggest factor. That's why when its' time for our annual family portrait I always hire an expert. Given my plans for this year's family portrait only made selecting just the right person all that more important - and difficult.

### 1. Posing

Over the years people have taken thousands of photos of me. Although some of them I asked to be taken most were taken without my permission and a lot I imagine I don't even know about. The last are sort of exciting as I wonder what I was doing and what they did with them.

One thing I learned early on is posing for a photo is not anything like simply being an object captured by someone's camera. When I say "posing" I mean like a model poses for the camera. The typical vacation and holiday shots aren't what I mean. In such cases everyone DOES "smile for the camera" but it's like someone is asking for a specific position or expression (other than "smile!"). I would even go so far as to say most people have never actually officially "posed" for a picture other than say the family portrait, at least not outside their fantasies of being a model or movie star.

Being an only child it shouldn't come as a surprise that I posed much earlier in life than most girls or boys. My dad was a bit of a camera buff and while not perhaps quite a member of the ranks of professional photographers, he did invest in some nice gear and even took a few classes. It seemed he was always snapping shots of me everywhere around the house. Now and then he would get more formal, especially like around my birthdays or other milestones in my life. At such times my mom would buy me a nice outfit to wear and then he would set up the living room to be like a studio complete with lights, a tripod for his camera, and other gear which I had no idea what purpose it served.

My mom always called me a diva, even as a child, in that I LOVED to pose for my dad's camera! It didn't hurt that he would encourage me by telling me how pretty I looked and how beautiful the pictures turned out. Seeing my mom behind him watching and smiling made me always feel so grown up and mature. Thankfully neither of them said anything to burst my bubble! Looking back at some of those early photo shoots I can still recall how even when I was just eight years old they made me feel like I looked just as good as the models in the catalogs or TV shows. I'm so thankful I was blessed with such understanding and encouraging parents who made me what I am today!

*****************

As I got older and into middle school my mom allowed my dad to take me shopping for outfits to wear for my posing sessions. Unlike my mom who took me to the juniors section at Macy's and picked me out something boring, my dad spoiled me by taking me to the specialty shops like Victoria's Secret where they sold more "mature" clothing for young girls. I have to say though that these days I can take my daughters to Macy's or JC Penney and buy some of the same outfits off the rack! The sales girls were always so much fun, not like the stodgy older sales women at the major department stores. Once they learned he was my father it was like the entire staff would join to help us pick out just the right outfit. They would help me get changed and then sneak my dad back so he could see me in it as most of these outfits weren't meant for wearing out in the middle of the store.

Usually I had to try on a dozen different outfits until finally my dad was satisfied although nowadays I suspect he just liked seeing me in a bunch of different outfits as sometimes we'd end up taking home the first one I tried on. Once we were home I'd rush up the stairs to my bedroom to change. After checking myself out in a full length mirror I'd put on one of mom's short robes to cover myself and head back downstairs to where mom and dad would be anxiously waiting. Well, dad was usually the anxious one, LOL. I suppose even though my dad had seen me in it briefly while trying it on at the store that wasn't nearly the same as having me pose in it in the privacy of our living room.

Then came the day my mom bought something for me without me being with which was quite unusual. Actually I didn't even know she'd bought anything until we'd just finished dinner when she looked at my dad and nodded. He just smiled back rather mischievously making me wonder what in the world was going on between the two of them. Finally my mom said to me, "Kelly, I'll take care of the dishes tonight so why don't you go upstairs and open what's waiting for you on your bed."

Hmmmmmm, what was going on? I mean like it hadn't been THAT long since I'd been in my bedroom so when had she managed to sneak in and leave something on my bed? Seeing my confusion she laughed and said, "Don't worry... I think you'll like it." Then she turned to me dad adding with a wink, "Not to mention your father."

The first comment didn't help but the second as pretty blatant. It certainly didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out now what was going on. At that age I may have been blonde and often na‹ve but I wasn't clueless. Obviously my mom had bought me something special to wear for me to pose in for my dad. It was exciting as it had been quite a while since she had taken me shopping for such stuff and she'd never done it without me being with her. I jumped up from my seat at the dinner table and made a beeline for my bedroom with my heart pounding with anticipation.

Sure enough, right smack in the middle of my bed was a small white rectangular box with a big red star in the middle meaning either she'd bought whatever was inside at Macy's or was using one of the extra boxes she kept around for wrapping presents. Picking it up it felt almost empty so whatever inside wasn't very heavy. I had a pretty good idea it would be some sort of outfit though, maybe something like the baby doll nightie dad had bought me not long ago. I started to open it but my efforts were foiled as it was taped tightly shut. Ugh, why would anyone bother? Probably some over-zealous sales clerk. It was like those people who lick envelopes for birthdays and then handed them to you. A little frustrated, I reached for a pair of scissors from my nightstand and the tape was quickly cut allowing me to open the box.

Hmmmmmm, whatever it was it was wrapped in pink tissue paper which was soon dropped unceremoniously to the floor as I eagerly tore into it. Wow! To my surprise a small bra and matching panties was revealed! There wasn't much to them

## 2. Establishing the Ground Rules

Every year since we'd been married Steve and I have had a professional photoshoot taken of our family. At first that meant just the two of us but it's a tradition we've maintained as each of our girls was born. From the start we did two different session - one with photos suitable for distribution to family and using on Christmas cards to friends. The usual type you see on the wall of most homes. The other was strictly for our "private" photo/video collection as they were of the two of us nude. I'm glad now we started so we have a complete collection from our first year of marriage. Who knows, maybe someday we won't be as thrilled to be photographed nude but at least I will be able to look back to when I was proud to be naked!

Just to be clear, the nude version are not intended to be a porno shoot. In my opinion they are erotic but still classy. Actually the formal shots are quite similar to the clothed versions, at least in the poses we use. Even if we DO have sex for the camera it isn't until after the "serious" photos had all been taken and we want to have a little fun. Even then we still didn't do anything outrageous.

Fortunately one of Steve's friends is a professional photographer who is very discreet. He took our wedding photos and has done both photoshoots every year since. It helps to have someone you can trust!

Once our family expanded we had to make a decision as to whether to include our girls in both shoots or just the G-rated version. So far as I was concerned it wasn't even a question as like who would even THINK to include their daughters in a nude family portrait at their age? Perhaps I shouldn't have been so surprised when Steve disagreed, saying he thought we should include them in both. While still not on board I did have to agree he had a valid point in that we could always easily delete them later if we didn't like them but the girls would never be this age again so if we skipped the early years we'd never be able to capture them again.

While normally I defer to Steve's decisions seeing as being my husband he is the head of our household, that doesn't mean I just blindly accept every wacky idea he comes up with. Even if he DID make some good points this was one of those times as I stood my ground and insisted my daughters not be included in our nude photos. Even if done tastefully I just couldn't see how anyone could rationalize photographing a toddler nude with her parents. Oh sure we have the classic bath tub

Then I thought of something. What about Jack? Would he go along with it? With all the news filled these days of parents being arrested jus for taking playful photos of a nude young daughter, would he think it too much of a risk to his career to photograph girls their age?

"Oh I'm sure he won't have any problems," Steve remarked when I voiced my concerns, "After all, it can't get any more crazy than last year."

We both laughed at that memory. Indeed, what started out as a relatively mild R-rated photo session evolved into a full-scale threesome with the video camera left mounted on a tripod to capture the action. It was the first year Jack had even gotten naked during our shoot, let alone fuck me in front of my husband - not that Steve minded! The best part for me was when I was riding Jack and Steve took the video camera to make sure it captured us from every angle, and I do mean EVERY angle! I'm not typically a big fan of facials but with Steve's encouragement (a nice way of saying he was stroking his erection at the time) I assumed the classic position seen in most every porn video where I kneeled and waited with my mouth wide open while he finished himself off and covered my face and tongue with sperm.

"Yeah, he didn't even charge us for expenses last year, did he?" I chuckled, "But then he wasn't married last year either."

Steve leaned back and smiled, "Yeah and it was only a few weeks before his wedding so I'd imagine he was as good as married so far as his fiance was concerned."

"So do you think she allows him to shoot nudes?" I mused quietly.

Steve shrugged. "I really have no idea, only met her once and that was at the wedding and it's not like it came up in my conversation with her. You met her too so what do you think?"

"All I know is she was hot!" I answered, perhaps a little quickly.

"Ha!" Steve teased him, poking me in the arm, "So you wanted her too."

"You jerk," I teased him back, pushing his hand away which has now mysteriously found its way to my bare butt. I've always preferred to run around the apartment bare-bottomed, something I started back in high school and just kept on doing ever since. "Unlike a horny husband I just happen to know I don't chase every hot girl I see," I continued.

"No, just their cheating husbands," Steve said with a naughty grin.

"So anyways, what do you think Jack will say?" I came back in a not so subtle move to change the direction of this discussion before we ended up in bed and not finishing anything.

Steve's face took on a more serious look. "Well, after what you did with him last year I can't see imagine he wouldn't want to do another nude shoot. Damn, for a guy about to get married he really loved fucking you... Not that I blame him."

He definitely earned another kiss from me for that one! "I think you enjoyed watching almost as much as he enjoyed doing me," I whispered in his ear as I rubbed his crotch in small circles.

"God yes," Steve sighed, looking upwards as he closed his eye, "And the video... damn that was hot to watch later."

Steve was still fondling my butt - something we both loved. "Kelly, you know damn well ANY man would cheat on his wife to have you. That's why I'm so proud when I watch you with them. I love knowing they get you for one night but you're mine the rest of the time!"

Yep, we were getting WAY off track and I knew if things continued we'd forget all about the photoshoot and be in bed so I gave changing the subject a second shot. Picking up on his earlier thought I said, "You know he might not want to cheat on his wife. There's a huge difference for most people between being engaged and married. I remember doing bachelor parties back in college where the groom fucked me. Didn't mean he cheated on her after the ceremony though."

"Never stopped us," Steve grinned, squeezing my bottom with his hand.

"Well, we aren't cheating either," I corrected him and then said, "In any case seeing how the girls will be with us there won't be a repeat of last year's shoot regardless. Then again I'm not so sure how he'll feel about including the girls in the first place. Seems these days people get in trouble just for taking an innocent candid of their toddlers in the bath. As a professional photographer with his reputation and business at stake he might have a few concerns."

Steve didn't take his hand off my butt he stopped squeezing it as he considered my comments. "Hmmmmmm, I really hadn't thought about that," he murmured with a frown emerging on his handsome face.

"Yeah but the girls won't be naked - as you keep insisting, so what would be the big concern?" he finally countered.

matching panties. Little white socks with frilly tops looked perfect in their sneakers. Both of them had their hair pulled back in matching ponytails and if there hadn't been such a wide age difference they might have passed for twins!

As I got dressed I reached in my drawer for something I rarely wore outside of school - a bra. The tank top was tight, TOO tight to go without a bra considering the people we would be sharing these photos with. Most of my relatives and friends were under no illusion that I'm some innocent little church girl yet at the same time it wouldn't be polite to rub it in their faces with my nipples blaring through my top. Besides, guys tell me seeing my bra outlined under a top is sometimes more sexy than having no bra on at all. These days it seemed everyone had exposed bra straps so I wasn't worried that it might be considered slutty as it would have been back when I was a teenager.

Looking at myself in the mirror I made a last minute decision and decided to go with the same look as the girls and wear my hair back in a ponytail. I'd never done that in any of the other sessions we'd done although watching the video from last year's nude session I wished I had as it often obscured my face at the most inopportune moments.

Herding the girls to the living room where Steve was waiting, I smiled when I say he was wearing clean jeans (for once without me telling him) and a nice short sleeved shirt with deck shoes and no socks. It was a casual look yet not TOO casual that matched my short outfit. To think I hadn't even told him what to wear - amazing!

"Hey daddy, so what do you think of your girls?" I asked him with one girl on each side of me as we held hands.

"My three angels," he replied with a grin. Holding his arms out our cute little daughters rushed gleefully to hug him. Had to fight back tears at the sight of the three of them embracing one another and thanked God for being so lucky. Yes, I couldn't ask for a better father for my daughters.

It took almost an hour for us to drive to the location where Jack wanted to take the photos and the girls were getting a little impatient being strapped in their car seats for so long. Steve finally pulled the car into a small state park with an old farmhouse and barn, wooden fences and even an old well pump. While I didn't know what his plans were, Jack certainly had plenty of options. Once we parked and got the girls undone from the back seat I looked around and saw Jack approaching us along with his wife. Hmmmmmm, I hadn't expected her as Jacki had always handled out photoshoots on his own. I couldn't help but wonder what that meant but then again sometimes I overthink things so maybe it meant nothing at all.

The men shook hands while the wives hung back waiting to be introduced to the other. I'd met her briefly at the reception after their wedding but no doubt she forgot me moments later with all the excitement and crowd of people. Jack took the lead which was appropriate I thought considered he's brought his wife without warning us ahead of time.

"Hey guys, good to see you all again," Jack started, "Hard to believe another year has gone by!"

We both nodded politely and Jack continued, "This is my wife Alexandria."

"Everyone calls me Alex," she cut in smiling.

"Yes, Alex assists me now with most of the shoots," Jack explained, "It really helps to have someone with me, not to mention I hate being apart from her."

OK, so it piling up a little deep but she was beaming. It wasn't quite a year yet for them so I could excuse the newlywed lameness.

Steve then introduced me and the girls to Alex who politely reached out to shake hands. No hugs I noticed but then not everyone was raised in a "huggy" family environment as I had so I wasn't about to hold that against her. The girls pretty much ignored us, their attention drawn to some horses behind a fence.

For the better part of two hours Jack moved us all around the park, mostly near the farm house. With so many locations available it was more a question of time than opportunity. While most were family shots, he also did some of just me and Steve, others with one of us and the girls, and then a number of just the girls both together and alone. One of the great things about digital cameras is he must have taken a thousand photos! Hopefully at least a few would look good.

Throughout the shoot Alex kept busy helping Jack with the various cameras and lenses, sometimes even offering advice on how to pose us or what camera setting to use. Yep, no smart phone photos today! As good as Apple and others claimed their cameras to be in their phones, nothing compared to those taken by a professional.

I couldn't help but take interest in Alex as she was quite stunning, dressed in tight jeans and a loose blouse but not so loose as to disguise her ample boobs. Dang, she had to be a least a D cup if not larger which made me suspicious given her small frame. Hmmmmmm, were they fake? Well if anyone would know it would be Steve, the connoisseur of boobs.

"Real?" I whispered between shots.

Steve knew immediately what I meant. It was actually a game we liked to play, guessing whether a suspicious girl's boobs was real or fake. Frankly, I've never been a fan of fake boobs but Steve has loved big ones since I first met him. Why he ever dated me in the first place remains a secret given my small size at the time. I've asked him many times and just get a wicked smile in return.

Without hesitation he delivered the verdict. "Fake without a doubt. Boobs that big and don't bounce means either one hell of a supporting bra or they're fake and obviously she isn't wearing a bra."

Yeah, from the way the stayed up as high as mine and barely jiggles as she walked, there was a lot more going on than what Mather nature had intended. Still, fake or not I had to poke Steve more than once when I caught him staring at them just a little too long to be appropriate. Alex never gave any impression she was aware of his attention but then she had to be accustomed to it by now. Besides, who gets boobs like those and NOT want them looked at?

How long Jack had planned to shoot I didn't know but the girls were starting to get a bit antsy. They loved the attention at the start but at their age I was proud they lasted as long as they did. In any case Jack now must have had a TON of photos. Even if only a fraction were worth saving with so many to choose from I had no idea how we would choose the ones to be framed. As he was doing this as a friend I knew Jack would give them all to us, not like a typical photographer who keeps the ones you don't pay for or imbeds a watermark over the proofs.

As Jack and Alex packed up I pulled Steve aside. "What now?" I asked, nodding towards them.

In past years we at this point we split up with us taking the girls to either Steve's mom or my Aunt Linda's place after which we would meet again with Jack for the nude shoot. Keeping the girls with us eliminated the need for a side trip but it was already getting well towards dusk and besides, I preferred doing those type of shoots indoors away from prying eyes. When planning I hadn't considered the girls being so tired and the time getting so late. Even if we had the time, taking any more shots today would be difficult with two cranky young girls.

As it turned out Jack had already taken care of everything. He and Alex finished packing up and then met us by our car.

"I'll have those uploaded soon so you can pick out the ones you want printed out," he started. Alex coughed and he corrected himself, "Make that Alex will have them uploaded."

We all laughed and he continued, "Now about the second shoot..."

Steve and I glanced at each other. Jack quickly picked up on our concerns saying, "Oh don't worry, Alex and I have done a number of similar sessions. I've already told her your plans and your previous shoots. There's no problem, right Alex?"

Alex smiled but I couldn't tell if it was genuine. I tried to read her eyes but couldn't figure out if she was really OK with everything or just going along for the ride. Even so I was willing to bet that while her husband may have told her about photographing me and Steve nude he'd probably left out the part where he joined in, especially since it was just before their wedding day.

"Oh really? Well that's cool then," I remarked while looking at Alex to see if she would allow that mask to drop for even a moment and reveal her true feelings, "So you have done nude families as well?"

Any hopes I might catch her off guard were squelched as Alex didn't miss a beat when she answered saying, "Actually we just did a nude family last Week but their kids were considerably older - teenagers, high school age, and they had a boy and a girl. It went over very well I thought, don't you Jack?"

Jack nodded, looking at Steve more than me though.

"So they were ALL naked?" I pressed. Alex nodded so I added, "and you were OK with that?"

"Oh yes," Alex confirmed, "I was raised in a nudist family so it was quite natural for me."

Ahhhhhh! Now THAT was a twist I wasn't prepared for. Then again, many nudist families claim that being nude doesn't mean having sex. Frankly I've always thought that was a lot of BS but it's all but impossible to prove otherwise and I wasn't about to ask her directly.

"OK then," Jack concluded before I could dig any further, "Steve, I'll e-mail you the address for the second shooting. And Kelly... I promise it won't be so long of a drive for the girls."

# 4. Taking Care of My Husband

On our way home from the photoshoot we stopped to grab a quick bite to eat at MacDonald's and the girls were more than ready for bed by the time we got home. Kylie was sound asleep with Mylie's head bobbing so hard I thought she was going to snap her neck! Thank God as Steve and I were both still so horny it seemed forever before they were in bed sound asleep. No sooner than I'd confirmed they were down for the count I stood by the edge of the bed where my sexy husband was already laid out butt naked on his back, his right hand gripping a wonderfully firm erection like a baseball bat. OK, so he isn't QUITE that big but that was the hold he had with just one hand.

"Damn, I've been waiting for this all day," he said with a grin as he stroked himself slowly in front of me.

Within seconds my tank top was off, followed shortly by my bra exposing my boobs.

"You're probably wishing my boobs were as big as hers," I said, holding mine in my hands and lifting them up.

"Kelly, you know I love you just the way you are," he said lovingly, "After all, you're the only girl I ever dated under a C cup."

Whether that was 100% true I severely doubted although he DID have quite the reputation for dating girls with big boobs when we were in high school. Indeed I can vividly remember be so jealous when he dated my best friend Beth but then her boobs were coming in before sixth grade started! Why he chose to ask me out when I barely qualified to retire my training bra he's never told me, he's always skirted my questions or just gave me some flippant answer. All I know is my insecurities over being so small were a large part of why I made sure to blow him on our first date - my first blowjob ever. What I may have lacked in breasts I was hoping to make up in my skills. I wanted to make sure he asked me out again so I didn't hesitate a second when I felt him push my head into his crotch. Apparently my strategy worked, just to be sure I also gave him my virginity shortly afterwards just to make sure.

"C'mon, let's see that pretty pussy!" he urged me impatiently, stroking his stiff dick faster now in anticipation. God he looked so sexy laying naked with his erect dick in his hand. It was all I could do not to just jump on it but I knew he liked me to play the game. "Awwwwww, so does my horny husband want to see my little kitty?" I teased while slowly pushed down my shorts to my ankles and then stepping out of them.

"I don't just want to SEE it," he growled, "I want to FUCK it."

"Mmmmmmm, I love when you say that," I purred as I reached down to cup my pussy. Since I'd stopped shaving I kept it neatly trimmed but still long enough I could run my fingers through it. "Tell me what you want. C'mon Steve, I want to know."

Steve grinned, his eyes focused on my crotch where my middle finger was sliding between my wet pussy lips. He knew of course that I knew what he wanted but it was a little game we played so he said, "You're the sexiest woman alive. I know Jack had to be wanting you all day."

"Even more than his big-boobs wife?" I teased, "She's pretty hot, even if her boobs would melt on a hot day. Did you even notice she had great legs or were your eyes stuck on her chest? I bet you would've loved to swap with him and have your dick glide between those melons."

Steve groaned as he stroked his cock in front of me. "Fuck yes, watch you take his hard dick like the slut you are."

"You want to see him fuck me, don't you?" I taunted him, moving slowly to the bed as I fingered myself in front of him. "You want to see how bad he wants me... see me take his cum in front of his wife."

"Oh yes, but I want you NOW!" he snarled at me, reaching out with one hand as he kept stroking himself. God he was so horny!

"Fuck me like you want to fuck Alex," I said softly as I lifted my leg up and over so I could straddle him. His eyes widened and he grinned.

"Then turn around.... show me that sexy ass," he demanded.

If there was one part of me I knew Steve loved it was my butt. OK, so he loves my pussy more than anything but aside from that when he wasn't fucking me I knew a view of my bottom was always good for a quick arousal. Whether or not he really wanted Alex in this way didn't matter, at least not to me. It just made me feel so good whenever he complimented my ass and I tried to dress for him in ways that gave him the best view.

My hands rested on his thighs as I kneeled on each side of him, my crotch spread nice and wide. Leaning forward, I lifted my hips so I was directly over his dick which he was now holding to point it straight at my pussy like a missile ready for takeoff. Slowly, at least as slowly as my lust allowed, I dropped down onto him, first

later when his dick won the battle and I felt him start to move under me, small little pushes to start and then growing in length and intensity.

"Sorry baby, I have to," he groaned apologetically, as if he need to be sorry for giving into his lust for me. Far from it!

"It's OK honey... take me," I whispered, my voice thick with lust and desire.

No need for any work on my part this time! Steve was pounding me now, thrusting his hips upward as if he wanted to penetrate me even deeper each time. I reached down and my fingers danced on my clit, the tips sometimes reaching down enough to wear I could feel his wet shaft moving against them.

"Oh God I'm cumming Steve!" I cried out softly, the pleasure gripping me too tightly to speak any louder.

If anything my impending orgasm motivated Steve to fuck me even faster, his erect shaft pounding me harder and faster beyond what should have been possible. My orgasm swept over me like a tsunami wave of lust, burying me with pleasure as my body felt like it was on fire from head to toe. I just held myself still, Steve's dick not pausing second as I gushed over him, flooding his dick and crotch with my cum. Time seemed to stand still as I cried out, begging Steve to never stop fucking me. As it ebbed I rode his dick like a bucking horse, trying to extend that incredible feeling inside of me. Lifting myself up I would literally drop down on his dick, my naked butt slamming into his crotch driving his cock deeper and deeper into me.

"Shit... I can't hold back," Steve warned me, his voice an octave higher now as he strained to maximize his own orgasm. "Oh fuck!!!" he cried out loudly as I felt him buck upwards and then hold himself against me as his dick flooded me with his cum. Again and again he erupted, again and again his cum was released as deep inside of me as he could reach.

As he finished I leaned forward. His arms wrapped around me and he rolled us over onto our side, his dick never leaving the loving confines of his wife's hot pussy. I realized then the entire time we'd made love he hadn't left me empty once!

"You better remember this next time you see Alex," I whispered to him as his dick slowly dwindled within me as he fell asleep in my arms.

## 5. Starting a New Tradition

Jack gave Steve the time and place for our second photoshoot. As it turned out it was just a studio which sort of surprised me. I don't know why but I just imagined

Inside the studio it was dark except for what looked to be someone's living room. There was a large sofa, a couple of plush chairs, an older TV set in a wall unit with books on each side, and a large oval rug in the center. A couple of lamps were included but it looked like the bulbs were low wattage with the majority of the light coming from the professional units placed strategically outside the set. Large video camera was mounted on a tripod - definitely not your typical little Sony handheld from Best Buy. A plain table held a variety of cameras, lenses, and a lap top computer which I assumed was for viewing the results.

"Hey, right on time," Jack greeted us, turning from the computer. Alex moved discreetly to the side allowing Jack to take over. "I hope you don't mind but I was just showing Alex your shoot from last year. I thought it might help if she had some idea of the type of shots you wanted."

For a moment it didn't hit me but then I couldn't help but drop my mouth. Last year? The year we had the threesome? Did he really show his wife of less than a year what he'd done with us, especially given it was just a couple weeks before their wedding.

Alex spoke up, breaking the awkward silence. "I hope you don't mind. Really Kelly, you are a beautiful woman and seeing you and Steve so much in love... I think it was of Jack's best sessions. So many people misunderstand nude photography, like it has to be some kind of porn shoot. Yours were extremely tasteful. The photographer was quite skilled!"

Jack just grinned at his wife's compliments. He also looked me in the eye for just a moment and winked. It was like he was signaling to me that it was OK, that Alex didn't know the full extent of our session which WAS pretty much a porn shoot by the time it finished!

"I was explaining to Alex earlier that this is the first year your daughters would be joining you," Jack told us.

"They're NOT going to be nude of course," I interrupted pointedly.

"Of course not," Alex immediately assured me, "Not at their age."

I looked at Steve rather smugly as if to say, "Ha! See, I'm not the only one who thinks they're too young." While I may not have said the words, he got the message and shook his head in resignation.

Jack stepped in, ever the professional. "Soooooo, I guess it's time."

"Here, can I help?" she offered.

I shook my head. "No thanks, not like I have that much to remove."

Indeed, it only took a few seconds and I was nude with my clothes neatly folded by Alex and placed on the table with the girls' outfits.

"You look even better in person than in the photos," Alex complimented me with a smile.

For just a moment I found myself wondering if maybe Alex was hitting no me but then she turned to help the girls and I realized she was just being polite. After all, it was her job to make people feel better in potentially awkward situations.

"Mommy where's your outfit?" Mylie asked innocently. Kids! They don't miss a thing although it wasn't hard to notice I was nude. I may not wear much at times around the apartment but rarely am I nude other than maybe in the bathroom or bedroom getting ready or in bed. Thankfully Alex stepped in to bail me out.

"This IS your mommy's outfit," she assured my daughter. Mylie may have been just five but she was a very mature girl for her age and wasn't buying it.

"But mommy doesn't have any clothes on," she protested.

"And either will your daddy," Alex informed her. "But they are grownups and that is what grownups wear when they do this. You're a little girl and you're wearing what little girls wear. OK?"

Mylie wasn't buying it, I knew that look all too well, like when I tried telling her my wine was just for big people. Alex hustled us all out before she could figure out a comeback and soon we joined the men where sure enough, Steve was stark naked. It rather surprised me being as homophobic as he was. It was rare that I ever saw him close to another man when naked, let alone when the other guy was fully clothed.

With that we got started. For the first thirty minutes or so it was pretty much like any other photoshoot with Jack positioning us on the couch side by side with the girls on the outside, then on the floor, and finally me in Steve's lap with the girls sitting at his feet. It was the first time I'd made contact with his cock since we started and I could feel him react to the warmth of my smooth butt positioned over him.

Once Jack had his shots he told us all to get back on the couch but Steve held me down on his lap.

"Something wrong Steve?" Jack asked, "Did you want some of just the two of you?"

Of course I knew what Steve's "problem" was - he had a full blown erection in progress pressing up into my butt! I didn't want to say anything to embarrass him so

I spoke up and asked for a few shots of us. As Jack changed lenses I leaned back and whispered into Steve's ear, "You might try to control yourself buster."

"Yeah right, like I have any control over the situation," he protested, "And it would help if you would stop wiggling on him."

OK, guilty as charged but then what's a girl supposed to do when she feels a delicious hard cock against her bottom?

Steve was in no better shape when Jack finished so there was no use stalling further. I stepped up and Steve's erection sprung up like a flower in spring.

"Ahhhhhh, I see the real problem," Jack chuckled, "Don't worry, we're done with the ones where you're exposed so it's no problem."

"So what's next?" I asked. Personally, with all the shots Jack had taken I'd assumed we were finished.

"I just thought it would be cute to do some mother and father-daughter shots," Jack offered, "What do you think?"

I pointedly stared at my husband's throbbing erection. Once he was in that condition I knew it didn't just go away on its own, at least not for a while and we didn't have all day to wait for him to wind down.

"Let's start with you Kelly then and see how things are when we're done," Jack offered.

It sounded like a viable plan so I took a seat on the couch. Jack had me sit with my legs under me and then positioned the girls in front. Assessing the position, I thought it actually wasn't all that revealing. While it would be obvious I was naked, with Mylie in front of my chest and Kylie pressed in against my crotch I could have been wearing a bikini if a couple areas weren't exposed which would have been covered.

As Jack shot us, I noticed Alex standing next to Steve who was still sporting a respectable erection. Something told me watching me with the girls wasn't helping matters. I couldn't help but smile thinking maybe Alex should reach over and take matters into her hands so to speak. Steve was 36 now and wasn't about to regain an erection as swiftly as he did back in our teen years. Honestly it wouldn't have bother me if she had but there were no signs of THAT happened although Steve did seem to have an interest in her sizable boobs.

"OK, time for dad... mom, we're done with you if you want to get dressed."

# Supplementary Material

## (Appendix A) Chapter 295: Kelly's Family Tree

Date: unknown

(no official description or body text)

Key:
✓ Sexual Relationship
X Divorced
✖ Deceased
☆ Kelly

Alternate hosts:
ImgBB: https://ibb.co/q3rbmkgy
ASSTR-Mirror:
https://www.asstr-mirror.org/files/Authors/Kellys_Diary/Family%20Tree.pdf
https://www.asstr-mirror.org/files/Authors/Kellys_Diary/Family%20Tree.jpg
Internet Archive: https://archive.org/download/KellysDiary/family-tree.jpg

### 1. Father Side

Gary - Born Jul 09, 1939
and Alice - Born Apr 03, 1940

✓ Gary’s first child, Paul - Feb 22, 1957
and his wife Julie - Jan 05, 1959

Paul’s first child, Ginny – Jul 12, 1980
✓ and her husband Bill – Mar 12, 1979

✓ Ginny’s first child, Katlyn – May 02, 2000
and second child, Ryan – Jan 06, 2003

Paul’s second child, Laura – Feb 12, 1983
and her husband Alan – Oct 12, 1981

Laura’s first child, Julie – Sep 12, 2006
and second child, Alicia – Feb 08, 2008

✓ Gary’s second child, John – Nov 10, 1964
✓ and his wife, Mary – Jun 02, 1966

☆ John’s only child, Kelly – Mar 01, 1985

✓ Gary’s third child, Jim – Aug 05, 1966
and his wife Sheri – Dec 05, 1967

✓ Jim’s first child, Rick – Jul 01, 1988
and his wife, Cindy – Jul 19, 1989

Jim’s second child, Kate – Nov 20, 1990
and her husband, Kyle – Jan 09, 1988

✓ Jim’s third child, Tammy – Jun 03, 1992
and her husband, Carl – May 20, 1989

## 2. Mother Side

Martha – Aug 26, 1942
✖ and Bill – Mar 13, 1940, died 1994

✓ Bill’s first child, Mary – Jun 02, 1966
✓ and her husband, John – Nov 10, 1964

☆ Mary’s only child, Kelly – Mar 01, 1985

✓ Bill’s second child, Linda – Apr 02, 1968
X and her former husband, Don – divorced

✓ Linda’s only child, Kristi – May 11, 1987
X and her former husband, Ben – divorced

## 3. Husband Side

✓ Marlene – May 18, 1964
X and Gary – divorced

✓ Marlene’s first child, Steve – Apr 13, 1983
☆ and his wife, Kelly – Mar 01, 1985

Kelly’s first child, Mia – Jul 20, 2012
and second child, Kylie – Apr 15, 2015

Marlene’s second child, Sharon – Aug 26, 1984

✓ and third child, Jim – Oct 09, 1986

“Luv Ya! Kelly”

# (Appendix B) Frequently Asked

## (B.1) FAQ – Babysitting

Story codes: nosex
Updated: April 27, 2018

Reading the stories published on various Internet sites you'd think every babysitter is fucking the fathers, mothers, the kids, even the family pet. Well, maybe such crap makes for a nice fantasy but how close is it to reality? Here are some of the questions I've been asked along with my answers.

********

Q: When did you start babysitting?
A: My first time was when I was twelve. Technically I was only watching the kids as their mom was still home but she worked at home and needed someone to watch the kids. Although I would have disagreed at the time I was really too young at that age to be left alone with young children. I started babysitting alone at night when I was thirteen at a neighbor's where at least I was close to home. I was fourteen before I started sitting for people who had to drive to pick me up and bring me home.

********

Q: Have you ever had sex with any of the kids you babysat?
A: NEVER! Absolutely not. Not even close. Naughty babysitters may be a favorite theme in the porn world but as for real life not a single girl I know, not even the sluttiest, has been involved sexually with a kid she was babysitting. While I'm sure it happens it's not something I would ever condone or even try to rationalize. A babysitter is entrusted with the most valuable things in a parent's life – their children. Any sort of secret sexual relationship with their underage kids would be a betrayal of that sacred trust. Now when it comes to their dads... that's a totally different story.

********

Q: Have you ever had sex with any of the parents?
A: Only once. When I was twenty I had sex once with a father (see my diary entry for 2005 (Jul 06) Chapter 89: Babysitting Husband). Unlike the previous question about the kids this IS one area where I know of several girls who have had quite extensive experiences with parents.

********

Q: Have you ever encouraged or witnessed sex between any of the kids you babysat?
A: NEVER! Again, while this is something that seems to happens all the time in fantasy stories I've NEVER witnessed young siblings having ANY sexual attraction between them in ANY way. If anything at that age I'm thrilled if most kids can even play together without fighting. Of course at younger ages there is a natural curiosity about the opposite sex (like, gee, what's that?) but I never witnessed anything more than that. The natural curiosity of a child should not be confused with sexual desire or attraction.

********

Q: Have you ever masturbated when you babysat?
A: Of course BUT only when the kids were in bed and asleep. Even then I was always discreet in case one of them should suddenly appear unannounced.

********

Q: Have you ever gone through the parents' private things?
A: Guilty as charged. I sometimes wonder if parents realize what babysitters do when they're left alone for hours with nothing to do but read and watch TV. Of course the refrigerator is fair game and I'll freely admit to raiding my fair share of those. There were more than a few times I would go into the parent's bedroom and snoop through their drawers and bathroom. It's not like they locked their bedroom door and I was breaking in. I always made sure everything was back where I found it and to the best of my knowledge nobody ever knew what I'd done while they were out.

Tt's pretty amazing what I found sometimes - sex toys, porn magazines, DVD's, "private" photo albums, sexy lingerie, even X-rated home videos in a few cases. Sometimes I would play with one of the mother's toy if it looked interesting. Another favorite thing of mine to do was to try on the mother's lingerie, assuming it was anywhere near my size, and then lay on the bed and masturbate as I fantasized about the husband fucking me or what they would do if they came home and caught me.

Of course, how far I was able to go was dependent on the kids I was sitting. Fortunately the best stuff was typically in the younger couple's bedrooms who also had the younger kids who went to bed early and slept soundly.

It wasn't just me either. A number of my friends have told me that they did the same and to this day we still compare notes about people who we both sat for so the next time we knew where to look. Odds are at least one of your sitters has done the same!

********

Q: Did the fathers ever look at you "that way" when they drove you to/from home?
A: Well duh! Heck, I would've been quite disappointed if they hadn't! If was really more of a game for me than anything. Except for the one guy I mentioned before who I had sex with, none of the fathers ever did anything overt like trying to touch me or saying anything sexy. It was fun pretending not to look at them and then catching them out of the corner of my eye stealing a glance at me - usually my boobs or legs. Seeing how hard they would try NOT to appear interested in me, even though I knew they were it was a turn-on for me as well. While I may not have done anything with them, more than a few times I wound up masturbating when I got home imagining what MIGHT have happened had he had mustered some courage.

In all fairness it wasn't entirely their fault that they looked at me that way as I didn't exactly discourage them either. Although I didn't do anything TOO overt like lift my skirt to expose myself or play with myself, sometimes an extra button on my blouse mysteriously undid itself just before I got into his car. There may have been a few times I didn't pull my skirt down like a "good" girl should when I sat in the front seat. Overall, it was just innocent stuff like that.

********

Q: Did you ever see any of the kids masturbating?
A: Actually this is more common than you might think - primarily when it comes to boys after they've entered puberty. Usually it was when they were looking at their father's porn collection in their bedrooms where they thought they weren't being watched. Masturbation is healthy so I never deliberately tried to embarrass them or let them know I was watching. Still there were a few times I did so inadvertently when I walked in and surprised him (and me) as he was jerking off. About the only think you can do in that situation is step out quickly and try not to make it any worse for him than it already is.

********

Q: Did you ever fantasize about having sex with any of the kids?
A: Of course. Really, would you believe me if I said "No"? See my remark at the end of the last question about fantasies versus reality. In fact I even wrote a series of fantasy stories about sex while babysitting which are posted in my FANTASY section of my website. They were based on an actual boy and girl I sat for many times and as they grew older I use to fantasize more and more about them. Still, I NEVER did anything for real with them.

Many of the older boys, AND some of the girls as well, were quite cute and I have to admit more than a few times some naughty thoughts would run through my mind, especially if I was more horny even than usual. However, I NEVER acted out any of those fantasies.

# (B.2) FAQ – Escorting

Story codes: nosex
Updated: April 27, 2018

I've worked as an escort on and off several times over the years. When people first hear me say that I escorted, I know the first thought in their minds is, "She's a prostitute." While that may be true for a lot of escorting agencies, I need to set the record straight about what I once did for a living. These are some of the more frequent questions I've been asked about my escorting experiences and my responses.

## 1. Definitions

Before I go into this there a few definitions that need to be clarified so people understand what I'm talking about. Although you may not agree with my definitions I ask that you respect them as being my opinion:

WHORE: Someone you pay to have sex with. When you meet a whore there's no doubt she'll suck your dick, fuck you, or whatever else you "contracted" for. It's also prostitution and illegal. Also known in more civil discourse as a "prostitute".
ESCORT: A girl (or guy) who goes out with you willing to do whatever she can to make it a pleasant evening for you. Sex is totallyoptional at her discretion and should not be expected. Unlike whores, when you pay an escort agency you pay for a date, NOT sex. Of course IF an escort wants to do it with you then a generous "tip" is expected. Escorts are legal so long as they're not really just whores trying to appear legit.
SLUT: A girl who enjoys sex and uses her body to get the things SHE wants which may be just emotional and physical pleasure more so than objects or money. Sluts are "paid" by the pleasure they receive, not to mention the free meals, movies, etc.

## 2. Questions and Answers

Q: You tried escorting while in college and quit after you were raped. Why did you do it again?
A: Back in college I tried out the "escort" business. Why did I do it? Basically I was super horny and dying for some casual sex which I was missing thanks to the strict rules imposed on me by a VERY strict Christian college. My "career" only lasted for a few months. Oh sure at first I had a lot of fun and it was interesting to say the least. Unfortunately, what turned out to be my last client brought in some unexpected friends without asking me beforehand or seeking my permission which meant technically I was raped. Although it was my pride that was hurt more than anything, it was a wakeup call for me and so I decided to quit before I WAS seriously hurt.

Looking back I accept now that calling myself an "escort" under those conditions was really a euphemism for being a prostitute. However, at the time I rationalized that since I was making the final decision about whether to have sex or not that I hadn't crossed that line. The truth is that I never said no so where was the "decision"?

After graduation I was older, more mature, and understood what I was getting myself into and what to look for in an agency. The agency I chose screened their clients tightly and didn't accept guys who just wanted sex. You should remember that for the most part I really did enjoy the time I escorted while in college. If it hadn't been for that last client who knows what may have happened? My cousin became a high-end prostitute, maybe I would've joined her!

********

Q: Why choose escorting? Why not get a "real" job?
A: My goal at the time was to have my own place, an apartment I could call my own. Needless to say without a job you can't live in your own apartment and I wasn't about to ask my dad to pay for one even though I knew he would do anything I asked. Good-paying tutoring opportunities pretty much dried up once school started.

So what's an enterprising girl to do to earn money without killing herself in some back-breaking, thankless job? Don't forget that while growing up I never had a "real" job like most of my friends such as being a waitress, a store clerk, etc. I stuck with babysitting long after the rest of my friends quit. The hours were good, the work was usually easy, and the pay kept getting better as parents wanted an older girl to watch their kids rather than some thirteen year-old kid.

While in college I did tutor and eventually that was all I did during the summer. Believe it or not the only job prior to teaching where I had taxes withheld was when I worked for the escorting agencies!

********

Q: Did you work for the same agency that your cousin did?

A: First, a brief background on Kristen. Kristen was not only the CLASS slut during her high school days, she was the SCHOOL slut - and probably the biggest one in school history. When I visited Kristen at her college, she had already embarked on an entrepreneurial career that didn't quite align with her nursing major. Posing as some sort of drawing or lottery, she had guys (and a few girls) buying tickets to fuck either her or her roomie. She conned me not only into going along with it for one evening, but even to let her keep the proceeds I "earned".

Don't ask me how but somehow Kristen never got busted for her illegal "activities" while at school. Even so it took just one look at her grades and it was clear to both her and my aunt that academic life was not her cup of tea. You might say my cousin's skills lay not between her ears but her open legs. Given Kristen's aversion to anything that even smells of "work" she did what came natural to her - sex. Thankfully she didn't start walking the streets but after "helping" her mom close a few real estate deals she was hooked on the concept of sex for money (no pun intended). Although she knew of my bad experience she decided give prostitution a whirl anyways.

Kristen kept boasting to me about all the guys she'd fucked and how much money she was making. My aunt was certainly proud of her daughter although my mom thought her niece was crazy. As for me I wasn't sure exactly WHAT to say about it so I mostly just listened to her bragging and tried to not think about it otherwise. Although it pained me to say it at the time I knew my cousin was a whore and that's NOT the label I wanted. Thus when I chose to work as an escort girl I didn't go anywhere near Kristen's agency. As I just said I wasn't going to ever allow myself to become a whore and all her agency catered to was guys who expected the girl to put out. Oh sure the pay is incredible but I wasn't THAT desperate for money not to mention I had a future teaching career to think about - "whore" doesn't exactly look good on your resume.

********

Q: What did your parents think about you being an escort again?
A: Do you even need to ask? My parents were pretty predictable in such matters. Neither of them was all that surprised knowing about Kristen's new "career". My mom was just happy I didn't get roped into it going with her agency and instead signed up with one that is a lot more legitimate. As for my dad, his first reaction was to ask where he could sign up and pretend to be a client although I convinced him it was stupid to pay for what he can get for free whenever he wants it!

********

Q: Did you enjoy being an escort?
A: YES! I was able to visit interesting places and meet some pretty unique guys who in general were usually pretty well-off. Face it, they HAD to be or they wouldn't have been able to afford me! Besides the fun part it was an easy way to make some good money and I didn't want to have to be a waitress to get my own apartment. Since my teaching plans had been postponed I needed to make my own money and this just seemed to be the best and easiest way.

For the most part my clients were looking for an escort just for a day or evening to attend events where they wanted to appear with a "date". A number of these involved office parties or dinners. One I particularly remember was for a family reunion where the guy was sick and tired of being pestered by his relatives about not having a girlfriend. Personally I thought he was gay but they didn't seem to have a clue. I think the best time I had was at a wedding, another case where a guy was trying to avoid questions about lack of a girlfriend and trust me, he was NOT gay!

OK, so maybe I didn't earn as much as I could've on my back but I usually went home having enjoyed a pleasant evening.

********

Q: How much does an escort make?
A: In terms of what shows up on my W2 (yes, I paid taxes), not much. The agency made their deal with the client which they didn't discuss with me. All I know is that I only was paid $50-100 for a typical evening. If someone wanted me all day (say to go to a sporting event with them and dinner or a party later), then it may have gone as high as $200 or $250. I didn't do overnights - EVER, or out of town trips. For those of you familiar with escorting charges you can see that most of what you pay the agency stays in their pockets so remember to tip your girl generously!

By the way, don't think I was running some sort of charity operation. My tips almost always several time more than my salary and they were cash. Sorry IRS!

********

Q: What do you wish men knew about escorts?

A: First, these girls are REAL people, not blow-up dolls for you to use and abuse so give her some respect. Escorts are hurt by bad comments just like any other girl. Treat her like your daughter (well, maybe the way you WISH you could treat your daughter).

Second, remember these girls essentially work for tips so be generous!

Finally, remember you only hired her to be your date, not your whore. Anything beyond the services you paid for are at HER discretion so don't feel you're "entitled" to anything more than maybe a LITTLE fondling or groping when it comes to sex. If you want something more then go to an agency like my cousin worked for where you can have about anything you want - for a price of course!

********

Q: Aren't you afraid of getting some sort of disease as an escort?

A: Before I answer this remember that I did NOT have sex with 95% or more of the men so wasn't really a major issue in the first place. That said I wasn't stupid. As a general rule I practiced safe sex which was one reason I had a preference for married men who hadn't hired an escort before. Besides the obvious excitement of having him cheat on his wife for me I figured it also greatly reduced the odds of him having anything so I didn't make them wear a condom. If I didn't trust the guy then he had to wear a condom even though I hate them. Odds were that if I didn't trust them I didn't have sex with them anyway.

********

Q: What were your limits as an escort?
A: No different than my limits for any date:

1. I didn't allow myself to be hurt, humiliated, or grossed out (e.g. no bondage, scat, etc.).
2. NO anal. My ass is strictly a one-way street. I love it to be played with but nothing goes IN.
3. I refuse to be used to hurt someone else (e.g. a husband wanting his wife to see him cheating on her to "punish" her for something or another). Nothing with anyone underage, e.g. none of this "teach my adolescent son" crap you see in porn fantasies.
4. Nothing illegal, whatever THAT might be.

********

Q: Weren't you concerned that by doing this locally you might be recognized?
A: Of course I was concerned which is why I was pretty picky about who I accepted as a client, even more so than with my last agency. That's another reason I chose the one I did as they allowed me to be really choosey without making a fuss about it. First, they had to be from out of town - no compromises on that one. I also preferred guys who weren't "veterans" but that's hard to verify ahead of time. Age wasn't all that critical. Older guys tend to want more intimacy and fantasy whereas younger guys are more into something fun so it all balances out in the end. Also, I NEVER did repeats. Once per guy was all I'd ever do.

********

Q: Did you ever said no to a request by a client?
A: So far as the dating aspect goes I was lucky that nobody was that rude to me. I DID refuse advances towards sex many times. This was a job to me and I just didn't get off as much from guys paying for me, at least not like a whore.

********

Q: Which agency did you work for?
A: Sorry, nothing on this web site or in my diary will give any information that can be used to identify me. Besides, I don't need to Advertise as it's not my agency.

********

Q: Which agency did you cousin Kristen work for?
A: When her agency pays for me to advertise for them I'll tell you.

# (B.3 / Chapter 296) FAQ - Kelly

Story codes: MF Mf FF Ff F-solo incest father mother daughter
Updated: April 25, 2018

For more than fifteen years I've chatted and exchanged e-mails with literally thousands of people. As you might imagine I get asked many of the same questions over and over again. Not only does this quickly become tedious, some of the answers are difficult to properly express in quick Instant Message format. While e-mail allows for more expansive responses, who wants to type the same thing repeatedly? That's why I decided to write up more complete answers to my most frequently asked questions (FAQ) and post them here. While I'm happy to answer most questions when I'm talking to people either on chat or through e-mail, please don't be offended if my response is to ask that you look at this file first.

I update this document periodically as patterns emerge or I feel like I've inadequately explained something. If you have any suggested questions for me to add or clarify, please send them in an e-mail

## 1. About My Diary and Being On-Line

Q: Are your stories true?
A: Figured I'd start with this one and get it over with as it's by far the number one question people I'm asked...

Well... in the words of Hollywood, "Based on a true story..."

What I mean is in general the stories in my "Diary" and "About Me" categories reflect actual events that have occurred in my life. Needless to say I don't have recordings of every moment so the events and dialog are based entirely on my own memories and to a limited extent those of my friends and family - none which are even close to being 100% perfect. I have personally written every word of these stories. Nobody edits them which occasionally is painfully evident at times meaning I get lots of criticism from trolls. While I refer to my diary entries as "stories" that's not intended to imply they're fabrications, it's just the way I refer to them.

I've always been open about the fact that I use plenty of artistic license when writing although my intent in doing so is for editing and personal security purposes rather than "enhancing" a story. Artistic license means that I simply don't have the time or ambition to write full length novels so I typically condense events to keep the story to a reasonable length. Personal security means I make a concerted effort to protect my identity and those of the people in my stories. For example the names I use are never the actual names of the people involved. Doing so sometimes complicates things when people ask me questions based on an older entry and I have to go back and look to remember what name I used!

Unless critical to the plot of the story I change the locations and in many cases the dates of the events, sometimes by years. Personal descriptions and family makeup are heavily disguised. For example the family tree I post is not 100% accurate but it's adequate for the purpose of helping people understand the relationships when reading about something that happened. None of this is intended to be deceptive but rather to protect me and my family's personal privacy. In the end I'll summarize by saying that my stories are reasonably accurate portrayals of the substance of each event. After all, it's not like I'm publishing an autobiography!

Ironically I get more criticism for NOT enhancing a story when it fails to meet people's expectations based on the fictional stories written by other authors. I can't even count the number of times people have complained that I didn't do this or that. My response is simple - hey, that didn't happen! If I were to start down the slippery slope of embellishing my diary then I may as well publish them all as fantasies.

Some people have asked why I don't write about the so-called "normal" events of my life. Given most people who visit sites like this aren't anxious to read about arts and crafts, why waste my time? The result is a pretty lopsided perspective of my life and so my diary should NOT be taken as a complete picture of who I am or what I do. My biggest problem is people take this very one-sided view of me and assume it reflects my everyday life. Actually I'd bet that most people reading this wouldn't recognize me even if they lived next door to me - and that's exactly my goal.

Even when I write about my sex life not everything is documented, not even a sizable percentage. I choose specific events to write about not because they're necessarily the most enjoyable or wildest but rather based on the impact they had on my life and personal development. Sometimes that means telling about something that was NOT particularly enjoyable but I feel that people should know about such things as well so as to have a better understanding of why I am who I am.

It makes me smile when people who have read my diary and then see photos of me comment that I don't look like what they expected. It's almost as if I should have the word "slut" tattooed across my forehead. Most people say I look "normal" as if they're disappointed. Well I'm not a porn star and while you may get the impression from my diary that my life revolves around sex, it's simply not true. Yes, sex IS an important part of my life but God and my family come first. One look at the gaps in time between the entries should be enough to show how much of my life is NOT in my diary.

********

Q: What about the other stories? Are they true?
A: That depends on which ones you're talking about...

The "About Me" section contains entries that are just that - about me, such as this one. These are my personal opinions and I ask that they be respected as such even if you don't agree with them.

EVERYTHING in my "Fantasies" section is just that - fantasies. ALL of them are 100% fiction and not intended to relate to any person or place. Also, these are MY fantasies written entirely by me.

NONE of the stories in the "Friends" section were written by me but rather by people who claim these events actually happened to them. These were submitted to me either through chats or e-mails by people with whom I've established enough of a "relationship" that I either believe them or they at least have stayed in touch with me for a long time . All of them were supposedly written only for me. I do not "borrow" anything from other web sites although there are a few I've seen later on other sites which apparently stole them from mine. Actually this is true for everything I post. While I may collate and edit the stories people send me for better readability, I don't claim any ownership and cannot vouch for their authenticity. My personal opinion is that almost all of the stories sent to me are total fabrications and even if there is an element of truth it's likely greatly exaggerated. Through various means I've managed to confirm that a very small number are true. Interestingly none of these are about a situation where there is actually any interactions - just a father's naughty behaviors done in private. In most cases they had no intention of me finding this out so I won't say which ones or why I believe so for their privacy and my protection.

NONE of the stories in the "Stories by Others" section were written by me. Just like those in the "Friends" section, these were submitted to me either through chats or e-mails. The difference is these authors don't even attempt to claim realism. They are all 100% fabrications.

********

Q: Your diary suddenly disappears at times and then returns. Why?
A: Usually it's something to do with being frustrated or upset with how people are responding to me or not. At times it seems nobody give a damn. Remember that I don't get a dime from doing this so reader feedback is my only "reward". According to the reports I get from ASSTR, I get lots of hits but virtually none of them respond. I call these people "lurkers". When things build to the breaking point I delete everything. It's pretty easy in that I just select "all" and hit the delete key. It usually makes me feel better at first but then people contact me and ask for it to be restored so I end up reposting it again. If this makes me sound needy or egotistical, oh well. I'm human too!

Back in the summer of 2017 ASSTR had server issues so a few months went by where my diary was inaccessible. Fortunately it's back now but as ASSTR is a free site who knows what the future holds.

********

Q: Why do you even bother to write and publish your diary?
A: Most people, including my friends, have no idea what self-image issues I struggled with while growing up and continue to have even today although to a much lesser degree. I was painfully aware I was the only one in my middle school circle of friends who had not graduated from her training bra although that's a somewhat theoretical concept as I never actually owned one. My figure more resembled those of the boys in class rather than the girls and I never got the leering looks from the hot guys that they gave girls like my BFF Beth. Granted, she was already well into a B cup at the start of 5th grade!

Things got to the point where my parents felt compelled to take me to a counselor who helped me learn several methods to better accept who I was. One of the most helpful techniques she taught me was how to flirt with men and use their response to see I was much sexier than I gave myself credit for being. Of course now I realize it had nothing to do with how sexy I was as men will get horny over any girl that pays attention to them. Still I was naive and it was so easy to do that I became a total slut. Throughout high school I sought the attention of the boys as well as older men and I have to say those were some of the best years of my life even though I was just an A-cup for most of them.

This worked for me so long as I was around men that I could have sex with. As I got older I learned that their looks don't really mean all much but rather it's whether they wanted sex with me that counted. This strategy worked fine while I was in high school but about half-way through my freshman year of college at a VERY strict Christian university I found myself feeling especially horny and depressed. That's when I started chatting with strangers on-line about sex even though it was strictly against all the rules. Of course it wasn't the same as having sex for real but it was better than nothing on those days when my ego was deflated.

When chatting people kept asked me the same questions over and over about my sexual experiences and views. While it was exciting at first it soon became a pain typing the same responses over and over. Not only that, I always felt like I was leaving out too many details and worried people were getting wrong ideas about me. I started writing out short blurbs I kept in simple text files about some of my experiences which I copied and pasted when chatting with people instead of writing them out each time. Over time as I fleshed them out and included more details until they became too big to include in chats. That's when I started posting them in on-line forums.

About the same time I was chatting with a couple men who wanted me to do things with them I'd never done before such as help them to cheat on their wives, have sex with their teenage kids, and so forth. Although I couldn't even imagine myself actually ever DOING such things for real we had some extremely erotic chats and before I realized it I found myself fantasizing about such things and wrote out several of those fantasies for them to read. I'd never written any adult fantasy stories before and I found myself getting horny when I wrote them! Sometimes I even had to take a break and masturbate about the fantasy I was describing. If nothing else I found that masturbation was a sure-fire way to beat writer's block.

One thing led to another and over the course of the years my diary has grown and shrunk until it's what it is today. Sometimes I look it over and am amazed at how many things I've written over time!

All my stories, both real and especially the fantasies, take a long time to write so I try to limit them to events that have some significance to me such as a "first time", something that affected me deeply emotionally, or to be honest just something I want to brag about. Frankly I enjoy the feedback I get when I publish them and it makes me feel a bit turned on knowing men are out there masturbating as they read about the things I've done.

********

Q: Your early entries sound so mature and graphic and they flow too well to have been written by a young teenager. Did you really write them?
A: Keep in mind that I didn't even START writing until I was a freshman in college. Frankly I wouldn't even know HOW to write like a young girl again. Even if I tried I'm sure that it would sound horribly fake just as so many of those ridiculous stories you find on-line. Even so I still grimace when reading some of the older ones which is why some of the them have been edited over the years letting me fix misspelling and grammar errors as well as adding a few missing details which should've been included. As I edit them I suppose they become even more "mature" so I make no attempt to pretend they were written by me at that age.

********

Q: What is the meaning of the numbers you use in your file names?
A: A computer nerd I chatted with a long time ago suggested a naming system where 20060705 is July 5, 2006. This allows them to be easily sorted in chronological order.

********

Q: Is there a sequence to your stories to use when reading?
A: My recommendation is to start with the ABOUT ME section as these will help you to understand me better. Then I recommend reading my diary in chronological order starting from the beginning. The earlier stories were written to stand alone as I was submitting them randomly to various story sites where there was no linkage between them. After I started posted them on my own web site I got complaints that the introductions were redundant so now I when I periodically edit them to fix typos and such I also try to shorten the introductions. The down side is this assumes people have already read the earlier ones.

********

Q: It's easy to understand why you won't meet people from on-line but why not cam or talk to them on the phone?
A: It's really pretty simple... I have no compelling reason to do so and plenty of reasons NOT. I have ample opportunities for sex so there's no need to seek out people on-line. Two factors come into play:

1. I protect my privacy fervently. Would you believe I've seen entire blogs dedicated to people trying to figure out who I am and where I live? Trust me, they weren't looking to have a three-some! For every person I wouldn't mind knowing more about me there are many more whom I would never want to have anything to do with. If I was doing anything illegal then the authorities could track me easily so I'm concerned about the folks who just don't like me and want to hurt me.
2. I don't trust strangers with my privacy. Even if I shared my details privately with someone or cammed just with someone I thought that I could trusted, who's to say it would stay with them? It's not so much I'm worried about them posting anything although that IS a concern, I'm more worried that they will screw up and someone else will find it like an angry wife. A few of the men who chat with me were caught by their wife because they forgot to close their e-mail, left a file open, didn't erase their history, etc. when their thoughts were dominated by their little head.

********

Q: You don't share much personal information yet you seem to expect people who chat with you to share theirs in great detail. Isn't this more than a little hypocritical?
A: Yes it is and I freely admit it. Then again keep in mind that in 100% of the cases THEY contacted ME. I NEVER initiate contact with a stranger on the Internet so if they want to talk to me then it's going to be on MY terms. If someone doesn't like it then they simply don't have to contact me. It's not like I don't make this clear ahead of time.

********

Q: Are you bisexual?
A: Technically yes in that I enjoy sex with both men AND women. However when it comes to pure physical enjoyment I MUCH prefer sex with men as I love penetration. My finger or dildo can never take the place of a real cock. This factor alone gives the boys a distinct advantage over the girls. On the other hand while men are the best when it comes to meeting my most basic physical needs, women can be far more satisfying emotionally. What I guess I'm trying to say is that as a general rule with guys it's all about satisfying my PHYSICAL needs whereas with girls it's more about dealing with my EMOTIONAL needs. In other words when I'm feeling horny I tend to seek out a guy for sexual release but when I'm feeling down then I look to a girlfriend for comfort. Of course as with all rules there are exceptions but for the most part it holds pretty true.

********

Q: Are you a slut?
A: OK, so if the shoe fits... I'd say by using most people's definition then yes, I'm definitely a slut. For some people that's a slur but so long as you use MY definition it's a moniker that I'm proud to bear. According to my personal dictionary being a slut means that people find me sexually attractive and that I take full advantage of the physical blessings that God has given me.

********

Q: You say you're a slut but not a whore. What's the difference?
A: When a guy "dates" a whore he knows what he's going to get and he expects to get it with no questions asked if for no other reason than he paid for it. In contrast when he's out with a slut he may entertain hopes but he can't be 100% sure just how far she'll go. For that reason a whore can never tease as effectively as a slut. A guy KNOWS when he's with a whore that he's getting it sooner or later whereas with a slut there's always that question... will she or won't she? Whores will do anything for money even if they don't like it. Sluts only do what THEY like to do.

To put it more simply... whores SELL their bodies to please a man while sluts USE their bodies to please themselves.

********

Q: Do you like men to shave their crotch?
A: Before I answer that let me say I love almost ALL men's crotches so it's really just a matter of preferences. That said I definitely like bushy crotches the best and the

more and thicker the pubic hair the better. For me it feels good to reach down inside of a guy's pants and run my fingers through his coarse pubic hair; then smell my fingers later to savor his musky scent. When I suck a man's cock I take pleasure in feeling his crotch hair against my face, especially when I take him all the way in my mouth and my nose is buried deep in his crotch.

Now as for the rest of him - shave it off guys! I don't like being seen at the beach with a gorilla. As for beards and mustaches - UGH! And what's with this two-day growth crap anyway? I mean, who decided THAT was sexy? Just scratches my face and thighs so far as I'm concerned.

********

Q: What are you wearing?

A: It's amazing how many times I've been asked this when I chat! Mornings are easy as usually I shower, wrap a towel around me and sit down for a few minutes to catch up on the news and e-mail. Otherwise at home I prefer wearing something loose on top and nothing on the bottom. It doesn't really matter what I wear on top so long as it's something. It can be a T-shirt, a blouse, a man's shirt, or even just a bikini top or bra. Anything works so long as my boobs aren't just hanging out there.

Unlike the other women in my family, I've always loved being bottomless while wearing something on top. Nothing compares to feeling the cool air against my bare ass. I hate feeling restricted down there so I rarely wear panties under a dress, even to church or should I say, especially to church! Of course I always wear panties when I teach. Besides the fact I could be fired in violation of the dress code by not wearing them, there's no excuse for an adult woman to flash young boys in a classroom. Sorry but despite all the fantasies men may have of me I almost NEVER run around nude for no reason at all. The only times I'm typically totally naked for any extended period are when I'm in bed, taking a shower, or having sex. While in bed if I need a drink I may run from my bed to the kitchen without bothering to put anything on, but if I'm going to stay up for a snack then I'll throw something on.

********

Q: Do you wear a bra and panties?

A: Actually most people just ask if I wear panties but I'll answer for both anyway. Until my later teen years my bust wasn't much to brag about and that's being kind. In fact it was quite embarrassing which my therapist claimed explained my fetish for keeping something over them. In any case bras are uncomfortable and if you don't need the support then why torture yourself? Since I was under no pressure to wear one from my mother and my dad certainly wanted me in one I just never really got started with the habit. Believe it or not usually the only time I wore one as a teenager was when I went out on dates. Like most girls, I learned early that guys really get off undoing your bra!

These days I keep a couple of flirty ones around for those occasions that warrant one like when I want to tease or flirt with men, especially my husband or father. A couple of more modest ones are for more formal events such as church where I still want to wear something sheer or especially tight. At school as a teacher I'm required to wear one and so there it's more about comfort as I don't show off my bra to my students. Thus my underwear drawer has a lot more "practical" bras than most people might think. If I have to wear one all day then I may as well be comfortable. Keep in mind as a general rule the sexier the lingerie the less comfortable it is to wear.

Even though my boobs eventually grew to be something I'm more or less happy with these days, I'm fortunate that they remain firm enough that as a rule I still rarely wear a bra except to work. There IS one other time I usually wear one and that's on special dates just like I did back in my high school days. It's still amazes me how guys get so turned taking off a girl's bra, even when she's his wife!

Panties are a similar case. I wear them with extra short skirts so I don't get arrested for indecent exposure except on special occasions when I want to tease. I've also found that guys seem to like a little mystery more than blatant exposure. For whatever reason getting a peek of my panties up my skirt seems to be more erotic than a glimpse of my bare pussy unless you're a Hollywood actress trying to draw attention to yourself as you get out of your limo. Like bras, guys especially seem to love it then when they get to remove your panties.

There are a few times when I definitely wear panties, one being during my period, especially if I'm having a heavy flow. That's just a matter of basic hygiene and cleanliness. I also wear panties to work with my bra. The school administrators would not be amused if I showed up looking slutty - at least not officially. Finally there are just some clothes where panties are more comfortable like tight jeans which can rub your crotch raw if you go commando all day.

What I wear for panties depends on why I am wearing them. At school it's the same situation as it was for bras so it's all about comfort. Thus full cut boring cotton panties work best unless I'm wearing a tight skirt or pants where something more discreet is warranted as I HATE panty lines. If I'm with friends for a sleepover or just a girls night out then loose boy shorts are my preference. In church it's something more formal, a high cut thong with a more full back and front seems more appropriate. A skimpy thong or G-string works when the whole point is to flirt and let a guy THINK you're not wearing panties until he finally gets a close enough view to find out that yes, you are. I wonder how many guys realize just how complicated it can be for a girl to choose the right panties? LOL

********

Q: Do you like pantyhose?

A: Really, find me one girl who honestly says she ENJOYS wearing them versus resigned to it. As a general rule women wear pantyhose for only ONE reason - they make your legs look better. OK, sometimes they help keep you a little warmer in winter as well but that's not the primary reason. As a matter of etiquette I typically wear pantyhose for formal events, especially when wearing a particularly short skirt or dress. That's especially true in winter when I don't have a tan and my legs look pale. So in short, I HATE pantyhose but YES I wear them.

********

Q: Do you consider a blowjob to be "sex"?

A: By definition "sex" is the penetration of a female vagina by a male penis regardless of the depth of penetration. Yes, tips count for you guys eying young girls! Since that doesn't happen during a blowjob then it goes without saying that blowjobs are NOT sex. William Jefferson Clinton is famous for saying, "I did not have sex with that woman." While technically he was telling the truth I think most people were more worried about his intent which is a totally different issue.

When I'm sucking a cock I certainly enjoy doing it but when I compare it to being fucked it's an entirely different experience both emotionally and physically. Unlike when I feel a man inside of me where I am getting just as much pleasure as he is, sucking a guy's cock is more me giving HIM pleasure. It's really no different than giving him a massage except that I'm using my mouth instead of my hand. As for me, I get the satisfaction of seeing the pleasure I'm able to give to him, not to mention the side benefits as most men will do most anything for a BJ!

I also enjoy the power a blowjob gives me over a man. Face it guys, when a girl has your sensitive dick between her teeth who's really in control? Making a guy cum using only my mouth can be quite the ego booster as well. Some guys claim they can't get off without a hand on their dick which I take as a personal challenge. I like to think that's because they've never had ME suck their dick!

********

Q: Is giving a blowjob an act of adultery if one or both of the partners is married?
A: Technically adultery is defined as the act of having sex when you're married with someone who is not part of your family without the knowledge and consent of your spouse. Therefore by letter of the law a blowjob is can't be adultery because it's not sex as I described in the previous question. Note that in order to commit adultery you also have to be married which is pretty obvious but worth pointing out. That said I'm pretty sure most wives wouldn't be happy if they found out about it so I don't recommend using this as an excuse if you're caught. My experience is that most wives don't give a damn about dictionary technicalities when they catch me sucking their husband's dick!

********

Q: Is adultery wrong?
A: YES, a thousand times YES! Adultery is ALWAYS wrong. After all it's one of the "Big Ten" written in stone! Because of the severity it's important to understand exactly what adultery really IS while at the same time it can be even more important to understand what it's NOT. Knowing the difference is why I can truthfully say I've never committed adultery and never will even though I have sex with men other than my husband.

As I mentioned previously, adultery is defined as the act of having sex with someone who is not part of your family without the knowledge and consent of your spouse. Another way to look at it is the key to adultery is not so much the ACT of sex but rather your INTENT when the sex takes place. Just because you have sex outside of your marriage doesn't mean you're committing adultery. It's only when you hide it from your spouse or do it against their wishes that it's a sin. Now I don't mean to say that EVERY act of sex has to be reported to your spouse like some sort of confessional. The point is to have their permission ahead of time so it's the agreements up front that are so critical in marriage. Oh by the way guys, that applies to a lot more than sex as well!

Another key element to keep in mind is that adultery is only wrong for the person committing it. That's why I always say a husband can't blame me for his actions. If a guy cheats on his wife with me then HE's the one committing adultery, not me. In that situation even though I'm married I'm not committing adultery because my husband's OK with me having sex with other people even if I don't ask him about it first or tell him later.

********

Q: Do you practice safe sex?
A: My mother put me on the pill as soon as I became interested in having sex so far as birth control goes that's what I've always depended on. As a rule I hate condoms and view them as being discriminatory against women. After all what difference does it make to a guy as he gets to ejaculate either way? It's the woman who gets cheated out of receiving his cum.

After our second child my husband had a vasectomy and I had my tubes tied. We'd agreed from the start that we would have two kids and while I'd hoped for a boy and a girl, God blessed me with two beautiful daughters for which I'm thankful.

Although I hate them I do insist that a guy wears a condom if I feel it's necessary to protect myself against disease. When I was in high school I didn't make most guys use a one as I figured the risks were small plus I was on the pill. Please, don't preach to me about STDs. I was very selective of my partners and I made a conscious decision in every case.

Along those lines people ask me if I have ever been impregnated by my father since he never uses a condom when we have sex. First, the very idea of that is repugnant to me but that's moot as my father simply CAN'T get me pregnant. My mother almost died of complications when she gave birth to me and so my dad had a vasectomy to be sure she never got pregnant again. Keep in mind my mom's definition of adultery is a little more stringent than mine so she never had sex with anyone but her own father after marry my dad (although I did find out eventually that in private she was doing my older uncle at times as well). Her father also had a vasectomy after having two daughters so it was never an issue. I'm not sure if she makes my uncle wear one but I'd bet she does.

********

Q: Does cock size matter?
A: Duh... of course it does! The only people who claim otherwise are the guys with small ones. Yeah, sometimes I'll tell a guy it doesn't matter but that's like a guy telling a girl that "anything more than a handful is a waste". While I'm trying to be polite it's still a line of crap.

That said, when a guy worries about cock size it tells me that he doesn't have a clue how to please a girl if he think just a big cock is going to do it. Of course a larger dick, at least up to a point, feels better simply because I can feel it filling me more. But to really please me all a guy needs to do is get the head in me far enough to rub against the multitude of nerve endings that are just inside of me.

In other words think of it like eating food. The taste and enjoyment comes from the taste buds in your mouth but the overall long-term satisfaction comes from the fullness of your stomach. Of course if you eat too much your stomach hurts! That's how it is with my pussy. It's the entrance to my pussy where all the action takes place so far as stimulation goes. The reason it feels good when a guy strokes me is that his cock acts like a violin bow playing over the "strings" just inside of me. When his cock pushes further in me then it's more the sensation that he is filling me up giving me a feeling of general satisfaction I also enjoy.

Most any cock size within reason can accomplish the first part. Maybe if I wasn't so tight a larger dick would be better but if anything TOO big a cock can hurt as it stretches me out to force its way inside of me. When it comes to filling my pussy the bigger the better to a point after which, like an overfilled stomach, there's such a thing too much of a good thing.

The one time when it really does matter to me that a guy is completely in me is when I have sex with my father. In those times though it's more about the emotional element than physical. I just love knowing he's all the way in me when he comes, like he wants to make me a part of him!

********

Q: Do you like anal sex?

A: NO! Do I really have to say more? Of course I do so here goes... While I don't mind my ass being licked and touched, my asshole is strictly one-way to anyone except me. I've experimented with my finger in the shower and hot tub and have actually come to enjoy it now and then when I masturbate. However, anal sex with a guy turns me totally off. I don't even like to discuss it. And yes, I HAVE done it several times so don't tell me to just try it.

********

Q: Have you had sex with a black guy or any other interracial sex?

A: First of all I don't like this question because it infers that I might choose who to have sex with based on their race. I've had sex with only a few black men but that's more due to lack of opportunity than by choice. I really don't care what color, age, or religion a guy is when it comes to sex as they all feel the same when they're in me and I can't see any difference with the lights out.

********

Q: Do you have sex during your period?

A: Sex during my period is more a question of hygiene than anything else. Face it, it can be a mess which is why I think most guys are turned off by it as well. I've never met anyone who wanted to have oral sex during my period and I doubt I would go for it anyway - it would be a little gross for me. I usually don't mind sex so long as we do it somewhere where it doesn't create a problem - obviously not on a couch or piece of furniture! Typically that means in bed with an old towel or blanket under me that can be thrown away afterwards. I find that missionary works best so you could say I'm a little less adventuresome during that time.

There are exceptions as some days I cramp and just don't feel well so naturally I'm not into sex at those times. As for whether it "heightens" anything... sex is 80-90% mental for me so I guess if it feels any different it's more because of the fact that I KNOW that I'm on my period more than from BEING on my period.

********

Q: What is your favorite position?
A: That depends mostly on the situation and who I'm with. As a general statement I like to start out on top - cowgirl style. Riding a guy gives me control over the depth of his penetration into me as well as the speed. Towards the end I'm a sucker for the good old missionary style, especially when he's planning to cum inside of me. It's the most intimate of positions for me and I have to admit I enjoy the feeling of submission as he literally mates me. In between, well that's as much up to him as anything. I like doggie, spooning, and just about anything that doesn't hurt me or involve anal penetration.

********

Q: What was your most memorable experience?
A: Well, if you're referring to my entire life, that's an easy question to answer. That would have to be the day when I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior. I was ten years old at summer youth church camp when my counselor led me in prayer and I dedicated my life to Jesus. I believe that experience is also part of the reason why I feel so strongly about wanting to work with youth. The impact my counselor's actions and behavior influenced me tremendously and she will always be someone I respect and admire. My hope is to have that same impact on another girl's life someday.

That said, I doubt when most people read that question that this was the answer they were looking for! I admit it was a bit of a trick question but at the same time before I answer the "real" question about my sex life I wanted to make a statement about something that means a lot to me. Had I worded it to be about my religious experiences I doubt most people would've bothered to read it.

So SEXUALLY I can say definitively that my most memorable experience ever was the day my dad fucked me for the first time. It was a pivotal moment in my life after which everything changed in ways that nothing else can or will ever match, even more than when I lost my virginity. Feeling my own father's incestuous erection entering me for the first time is something I'll NEVER forget! Then when he came in me... it's like it's imprinted in my mind.

********

Q: Do you masturbate? If so, how often?
Of course I do! Seems sort of a silly question actually. Really, who doesn't? I'm sure the number of true abstainers isn't nearly as large as the members of that group would like to think.

Masturbation comes natural to me, maybe because I was raised to view it as a perfectly normal and healthy outlet for my sexual energy. My parents did it frequently (especially my dad) and while they never did it deliberately in front of me at the same time they didn't go out of their way to hide it from me either. Doors were rarely shut in our house so whatever was going on in a bedroom or bathroom was no secret. I can remember many times growing up when I would see them and sometimes I even watched, especially when I was younger and more curious.

As I entered puberty my parents actively encouraged me to masturbate regularly simply so I could enjoy myself without embarrassment. I really don't understand it sometimes - almost everyone does it yet for some reason most people won't admit to doing it without being embarrassed. It seems to me that it would be a lot better to eliminate the taboos and let people openly enjoy it than having to sneak around feeling guilty about a perfectly normal human need that almost EVERYONE does.

As for how often... that depends on a lot of things. If I'm getting the real thing regularly then naturally not as much so maybe just once a day or so. Even then it depends on how satisfying it was as I've gone to bed after a full evening of sex and still felt the need to masturbate before I went to sleep. When there's nobody around to help, then maybe several times a day if I'm really horny. Mornings are probably my favorite time as when I wake up I'm almost always horny and a good rub before a shower is a great way to start the day.

One thing that most people don't seem to understand, especially guys, is that for me masturbation is NOT simply a substitution for sex. I really simply ENJOY masturbating! Even after a good evening of sex I sometimes do myself after my husband falls asleep simply because I like doing it. Some people seem to think that by saying they masturbate then they're confessing to not having regular sex. Not in my book - two different issues.

********

Q: What do you fantasize about when you masturbate?
A: That really depends on a lot of factors such as the time of day, where I am, etc. but primarily it's influenced by what I've recently done. Usually I dream about someone who recently fucked me. Sometimes I may fantasize about someone I saw at a church service that turned me on. When I chat with people I often get horny and think about what might happen if I were to meet with some of the sexier people I chat with. If there's one thing I do NOT fantasize about, it's porn. Real life is what turns me on the most, not fake sex with paid actors.

********

Q: What is your favorite fantasy?
A: First, let me make it clear that I do NOT consider fantasies as being things I dream about in anticipation of ever actually DOING them - that's dreaming, not fantasizing. A fantasy is just that - a fantasy. That means it's NOT necessarily something I would ever actually do. Some people have a problem separating reality from fantasy which is why we have so many perverts and child abusers running around. I understand my responsibilities as an adult and a woman and would never do anything for real that would bring harm or abuse to anyone.

OK, enough of the disclaimers. Actually I have a few fantasies which are quite a bit different from one another. I had a friend go to Amsterdam a few years ago and she told me about going into a theater where she watched a couple fucking on stage not three feet away from where she was sitting in the front row. Ever since then I've fantasized about me being that girl on stage. It makes me so hot to imagine me being watched by a hundred or so people, each and every one of them wishing they were the one fucking me instead of the guy who was actually doing me.

Finally, I like to imagine that somehow a man takes control of me be it by hypnosis or drugs such that I'm aware of what's happening but can't control myself. No matter what he tells me to do, I can't stop myself from doing it even though I am completely aware of what is happening. This fantasy is fun because it has so many possibilities - use your own imagination!

So as a final word, if nothing else then remember this... it's perfectly OK to fantasize about anything and by that I really mean ANYTHING no matter how disgusting or perverted. It's what you DO as a result of those fantasies that counts. If a guy ignores his wife sexually because he spends too much time fantasizing while looking at Internet then yes, those fantasies are bad.

********

Q: Why do you like to have sex with married men?

A: Marriage is a unique and special relationship where love and respect by both partners is essential. Personally I do NOT condone adultery. I've had many men write me and ask my opinion on how to cheat on their wives and in every case I've responded initially by encouraging them NOT to do so. Most men rationalize their behavior by saying their wife isn't interested in sex or she doesn't please him sexually to which I say, "It takes two".

Although in a perfect world men would not cheat on their wives, should a man choose to commit adultery then that's HIS decision and HIS responsibility. I feel NO responsibility whatsoever for the consequences he may face if his wife finds out. The ONLY way his wife could ever know about what he did with me is if he does something stupid.

I'm really not a vicious person and I honestly have no desire to hurt anyone or to cause marital problems. The fact a man is cheating on his wife is proof enough for me that severe marital issues already exist. I like to think that I'm providing him a means to realize his unfilled dreams and purge them from his system. Who knows, maybe having sex with me could end up HELPING their marriage! My hope is that I have saved far more marriages than have been hurt. Even if something bad does happen then odds were it was going to happen sooner or later with someone else if not me so it's not like I'm personally to blame.

Since the first time I has sex a married man at the age of fifteen I've found that having sex with someone else's a husband to be incredibly erotic more so than just "pleasurable". What I mean is that while normally I would claim that sex is 80%

emotional and 10% physical, when doing it with a cheating husband it's 95% emotional and 5% or less about the physical side of sex, at least for me.

The reason for the heavy emphasis on the "emotional" aspects of sex is that when a husband is fucking me and I feel his cock inside of me, I know that his wife is sitting at home totally unaware that her husband is out fucking another woman. It makes me feel really good as a woman to know that her "loving" husband's lust for me is so intense that he's willing to violate his most sacred vows to her. It's such a turn on for me knowing that he's literally ready to sacrifice his marriage and family just for the opportunity to have sex with ME for a few hours. So it doesn't seem fair to blame me for feeling incredibly sexy and desirable in this situation.

It's not just having sex with him that turns me on either. Afterwards I'll often masturbate as I imagine him returning home and facing his wife with his adulterous dick still coated with my pussy cum as he kisses her goodnight and gets into bed with her. When he says he loves her does he think about what he just did with me? The next time they make love is it my pussy he remembers when he cums? When his wife turns up her nose at the thought of oral sex does he wish I was there to suck his cock once again? Does he feel guilty because he had sex me behind his wife's back? Will he ever be able to forget what he did with me or will I be a part of his life - and marriage, for the rest of his days? Does he masturbate thinking about how good it felt to feel my mouth on his dick and then drive his erect cock in me? As you can see it goes way beyond just the few minutes or hours we spend together.

One of my most memorable experiences with a married man was having sex with a husband while he was on the phone talking to his wife. Just as I felt him start to shoot his sperm inside my pussy he told his loving wife back home that he loved her more than anything and couldn't wait to be back home again. He kept repeating his love for her over and over as he came deep inside of me. As you might imagine it wasn't just his cock ejaculating in me that made me cum so hard! All I could think about was his wife smiling at home, thinking her loyal husband loved her when what he was really loving was the feel of my tight pussy clamping down on his adulterous erect cock as he pumped me with the sperm that SHOULD have been in her pussy instead!!

For a more complete answer see my article on sex with married men named "Appendix (B.4) FAQ - Married Guys".

********

Q: Do you like threesomes?

A: Outside of my family and ignoring sex parties I've only had sex with multiple partners a few times and two of those were with the same people. (my roomie Brenda and her older brother). Like I said, that ignores the parties I've been to where I've had sex with quite a few guys but those were just for my own sexual pleasure. I prefer being the center of attention but I fantasize a LOT about being with another couple, especially one where they've been married for a long time and had done anything like this before they met me.

Probably the times I enjoy a threesome the most are with my family. I remember being between my parents in their bed and how wonderful that was for me. Now I feel the same when I can be with my mom and my husband. I'd LOVE to be able to enjoy my husband and his mother together but unfortunately I doubt that will ever happen - long story...

********

Q: Why do you describe making love as "fucking"?

A: I try not to swear but I like use the "F" bomb to denote having sex with someone other than my husband. For example, I love my dad but he is my father, NOT my "lover". Thus my father "fucks" me instead of "making love" to me. Some people get turned off by the word "fuck" but as I said it's not my intent to be vulgar, just descriptive. The ONLY man I make love to is my husband. Period. Everyone else I fuck.

********

Q: You often mention porn. Do you watch it often?

A: Personally porn doesn't do much for me. I find watching a paid actor fucking a whore to be about as sensual and erotic as watching dogs do it (don't EVEN go there!). That's not to say I don't like nude photos and sex videos but only when they involve me or someone I know. Think of it like watching typical home movies. You don't mind watching your own but who really enjoys watching someone else's?

Over the years my dad has gathered a huge porn collection with more emphasis on videos since they became available. When I was growing up he would watch them on our large screen TV in the family room so yes, I was exposed to it at an early age. My mom didn't complain so long as there was nothing else on TV she'd rather watch and so I followed her example and still do today with my husband.

The one GOOD thing about porn is I've learning quite a few techniques from watching it, especially the "classics". The older porn stars from the 70's and 80's were particular instructive as they put on a show rather than just fucking the same way every time like the boring and repetitive "reality" porn of today. I mean does anyone really believe that those silly "casting" and "interview" porn videos are real?

********

Q: What is "off-limits" for you when it comes to sex?

A: Let me first differentiate between fantasy sex and reality to answer this. So long as it's just fantasy there's not much that's out of bounds for me. Even so I DO have limits. There are things I don't like under ANY circumstance, even fantasy. These would include scat or watersports or anything to do with bathroom sex in general as I find these topics disgusting. I also don't like bondage or anything where someone is being forced to do something they don't want. Child abuse is a 100% turn-off. Sexual contact of any kind with infants and toddlers grosses me out. Bestiality is not my thing either other than perhaps morbid curiosity. Other than that so long as it's purely fantasy I can't think of anything else that would offend me although I may not enjoy it.

Even though I may not enjoy hearing about it that doesn't mean I judge people or condemn them for whatever their fantasies may be no matter how gross or perverted. At the same time I insist on the same respect in that I don't have to listen to anything I don't want to either. It seems there is someplace out there for every form of fetish so find someone who is into it as a much as you are - just not me.

Real life is a different matter entirely. Anal is not something I enjoy and while I've allowed it to happen it wasn't like I asked for it and it was more something I had to put up under the circumstances. Rape is a horrible offense against a woman and I would NEVER participate or encourage it. Scat, BSDM, extreme pedophilia, anything to do with toilet-related activities... all things like these are NOT for me. Also, as I mentioned briefly before I have no desire to have sex again with any animal - what I've done already is more than enough to satisfy my curiosity.

********

Q: Do you like public sex? If so, where do you enjoy it the most?

A: Public sex can really be a turn-on, especially when I can see people around us but they don't know we're doing it like in a store standing behind a clothes rack looking out with him behind me. Restaurants are fun places to tease the waiters or drive-thru window servers. I love sex in the water at a crowded beach with people all around us and either not noticing us or if they do, not believing we're actually doing it. I'm not looking to be arrested but I love the look anywhere we do it if someone sees us and can't decide if it's really happening! Places like dressing rooms are OK but since there's no interaction with anyone else it doesn't reach the same level for me. I also enjoy it when we have sex and then go out and people can tell we did it, like I blow him in a theater and walk out with cum all over my face and hair . As I said, the key is to see how far you can go without getting arrested!

## 3. Incest

Q: Do you really have sex with your family?
A: In a word... YES. Like why do people make this out to be such a big deal? It's just sex after all, right? While I wholeheartedly believe in the value of incest when practiced properly you may find that my thoughts and opinions about it are not exactly what you might expect.

First and foremost I STRONGLY oppose child abuse. Unfortunately many people use incest as a rationalization for having sex with young girls and boys such that it starts and ends with one goal in mind - satisfying their own lust at the expense of another. This is not at all what I'm talking about as it has no relationship to what I call "true incest" which is based on love and respect. Of course lust and desire always play a role when it comes to any form of sex but those should be part of the benefits rather than the drivers.

Next, I believe that whenever possible everyone in the family should participate and do so willingly. Trying to hide what's going on from one of the kids or worse, a spouse or parent, can only lead to an atmosphere of distrust and deceit. This goes directly against what I described as my view of proper incest. Eventually they will find out and nothing good can result when it's rooted in deception. Even if they eventually decide to join in there will always be the memory of being left out and deceived. I have to admit that many of my own extended family are unaware of everything that goes on so I understand how this can be difficult. At the same time, seeing the difficulties imposed when this is the case just makes me want to encourage all the more to try and keep everyone involved.

It should go without saying that there is more involved here than just sex as there is the issue of the entire attitude toward sexuality and love that must be present. Therefore I do NOT believe incest can work in most family situations although for some when the right circumstances come together it can develop into a wonderful and loving relationship. I'm fortunate enough to have that type of relationship with my family. At the same time I'm not so naive as to believe that what I have would work for many other families.

To be on the safe side I generally advise anyone who asks me to NOT get involved with incest unless they were absolutely 100% sure that it would work as the consequences if it doesn't can be terrible. It's far better to err on the safe side than ruin people's lives - including your own.

Incest should be the RESULT of the love in a relationship, not the driver. As an example I love my parents and I know they loved me unconditionally as well. If I never had sex with them again I know in my heart that their love would not be one iota different than it is today. The key is that I do not NEED to have sex with my parents for them to know that I love them nor for me to know that they love me. I WANT to do it BECAUSE I love them and want to be the daughter I should be.

The point I want to conclude with is that I've had sex with my parents simply as a means to express my love in a way that all of us can enjoy and share with one another. Honestly, why should I NOT let my dad fuck me? Why deprive myself of the incredible sensations I feel when my own father is cumming inside of me? What could be more wonderful than lying in my bed with my father's cock throbbing inside me, my pussy filled with the sperm he's just given me, his arms around me holding me tightly against him in the most intimate manner way a father and his daughter can be together?

The same goes for when I'm with my mother. Our naked bodies pressed tightly together, our pussies rubbing against each other's, perhaps with a double dildo joining them, is simply the most wonderful way a mother and daughter can be together.

Enough said!!!!

********

Q: You claim to be a Christian so how can you have sex with your parents?
A: Actually the question is terribly misleading as it implies that as a Christian I should NOT be involved in incest. Personally I see it as exactly the opposite.
From Exodus 20 and the Ten Commandments:

Commandment #5: Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long.
Commandment #7: Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Before sending me a thesis correcting my interpretation of the Bible, this is how I feel about it and I'm NOT going to debate it... You see it seems pretty straightforward to me. I honor my parents, especially my father, by giving them everything I have which includes my body if they so desire. After all, what greater sign of respect and honor can a daughter give to her parents than to offer her own body in total submission without any restraints or conditions? It would be pretty hypocritical of me to claim that I truly honor and respect my parents if I was to deny my body to them.

The key to the following the 7th Commandment is to properly understanding the concept of adultery. The most simplistic definition which works for many people is to say that adultery is engaging in the act of sex with someone who is not your spouse. However, in many cases that is being overly simplistic can lead to misunderstandings.

First, such a simple definition does not address incest. In my view when you marry someone you "marry" into their family as well. Sex within a marriage is not adultery (duh!) so that would include having sex with everyone in your marriage "family".

Second, adultery is just a fancy word for cheating. Thus so long as you don't cheat then you aren't committing adultery.

The only conclusion must be that sex outside of marriage is OK so long as everyone agrees. Seems simple enough to me that if your spouse doesn't care, why would God?

Of course I realize that there many people disagree with my definitions and interpretations. Heck, my own mother is one of them. She raised me to believe that God clearly states that you shall NOT commit adultery no matter what the rationalization. For her that means it doesn't matter who on Earth agrees – God doesn't and he holds all the trump cards. Even so, even my mom had her own interpretations such that incest was not adultery. Until I agreed to marry my husband and found that he felt differently, I agreed with my mom because there was no reason to question her reasoning. However, now I'm a wife and thus what my husband says carries more weight than my mother's decrees.

While we may disagree on the technicalities, my mom and I DO agree on one thing and that is that adultery is wrong. The only difference is how we define it and who is to say which of us is right? Maybe we both are!

********

Q: Are you really married?

A: Yes. I'm married to Steve who was also my very first official boyfriend who took my virginity when I was fourteen and I can still say that it was the best thing I've ever done. Not a day goes by that I don't love being married to this guy more than the day before. Steve is the most loving and adoring husband any woman could hope for, not to mention almost being a caring father for our two beautiful daughters.

I truly believe in my heart that our marriage is blessed by God. How else could it have happened the way it did without His hand guiding us? When I was fourteen Steve had to leave me after we'd dated for only about six months when his mother was transferred to southern California. At the time I thought I'd never see him again and in fact he even married someone else for a brief time. It was annulled after less than a week and I like to think my appearance at the wedding had a lot to do with him realizing the terrible mistake he'd made. Then his mom was transferred back to Pittsburgh and the rest is history! It was truly a miracle by any definition.

********

Q: Does your husband know about your incestuous sex life?

A: Well duh! Of course he does. Like how could I possibly marry a man Hiding that sort of secret? Given that I could never abandon my obligations to my father there was no way I could marry a man unless he accepted that part of my life as part of the package. There's no way you can hide that sort of thing for long nor should you. Indeed, I learned THAT painful lesson from my Aunt Linda who tried that and look where it led – to a bitter divorce a couple of years later.

After a really bad past experience with another guy I thought was going to be my husband I didn't tell Steve anything until I was sure that he was about to propose to me. As much as he knew about my past sex life, this was the one thing he just couldn't believe and thought I was playing some form of practical joke on him. In the end I had to have him hide in the closet and watch while my dad fucked me in order to convince him.

********

Q: How does your husband feel about your family sex life?
A: Steve accepts it and has come to embrace it but he wasn't thrilled by it at first. By that I mean when we got married he acknowledged my spiritual obligations as a daughter and why I felt that must submit myself to my father as part of my religious beliefs. As important he also understood that what I do with my father is as his DAUGHTER and never as his lover or anything kinky or perverted. So long as he is the only man in the world who makes love to me, Steve can deal with my sexual involvement with my dad even though he isn't a part of it. It's always been a little ironic to me that while Steve normally goes out of his way to watch me having sex with other guys, the one man he prefers not watch fuck me is my own dad.

One benefit Steve gets by virtue of being married to an incest girl is that he's free to have sex with my mother, aunt and cousins as they are all part of our marital family even though they don't share a blood relationship

Interestingly my husband's younger brother and sister live together as a married couple. It's something I know both he and his mother had a difficult time accepting at first but family is family and so they have dealt with it and come to embrace it.

Given his feelings on the subject it's rather ironic that my husband was the first person I ever personally witnessed in a incestual act. ONCE back when we were dating he had sex with his mother but it wasn't like that opened the flood gates for an incestual mother-son relationship. In fact it seemed to create just the opposite effect as I never saw the two of them do it again until Father's Day last year. By the way, read my diary for 1999 (Oct 05) Chapter 8: My Boyfriend's Mom Joins In if you're interested in what happened back then between Steve and his mom.

********

Q: Will you have sex with your daughters?
A: I get asked this a lot and while I'd like to be able to answer definitively one way or the other I simply can't. My own life in the past couple of years is testimony to how so much can happen beyond what you may have expected.

For example until a few years ago I would've told you I'd never commit adultery. While I still haven't it's not the same as I would have thought back then when I was guided by a rather simplistic definition. My mom had taught me where

wasn't allowed to give to my father for which I'll always regret. My hope is they will allow me to participate or at least watch. Still, all that's many years away so nothing for me to worry myself to death about now.

********

Q: Did your parents swing?
A: No, they never did, at least not once they were married. I find it intriguing to consider the underlying stereotyping that is taking place when people ask me this question. The assumption seems to be that just because they enjoyed incest that they must be immoral or otherwise sexual predators. Well, nothing could have been further from the truth! My parents were the most moral and decent people I know with the highest principles and ethics. They would never have had sex with anyone outside their immediate family as that would have been an act of infidelity in their eyes.

While I say "never", there WERE a couple of exceptions to this rule as my father is still a man and all men have urges that they can't always control. Interestingly enough each time involved best friends – my BFF Beth and my mom's best friend Tammy. These were truly exceptions to the rule and I think while my dad enjoyed it at the time, afterwards he felt extremely guilty. My mother, bless her heart, didn't condemn him or even try to stop him even when it happened right in front of her. Is it any wonder their marriage lasted over 25 years given that sort of love and understanding between them?

********

Q: Do you prefer having sex with your mother or father the most?
A: Tough question because there's no easy answer. After having sex with my parents for years now, I can honestly say that I love them both now more than ever. However sex is a completely different experience with each of them making it like trying to compare apples and oranges.

Sexually speaking I've spent the most time with my dad rather than my mom when it comes to sex, probably 95% or more in fact. While my mom enjoyed watching us at times because she knew what it meant to my dad and me to be together that way, only rarely did she actually get involved. That was important to me because people need to understand that in a healthy incestual relationship it's not about lust but instead it's an act of family love and respect. People who think we had threesomes every night are influenced by pornography and various web sites that cater to male fantasies. As such they don't understand the true emotions and ethics involved in "real" incest.

My father has always been wonderful to me and has provided me with everything I've ever asked for and more. I owe him so much for all that I have that I could never hope to repay him. He loves me unconditionally and while I know he doesn't expect anything from me in return at least I can give him the most precious gift I have - my sexuality.

From a biblical perspective it's my duty and obligation to submit to my father. I don't mean in some form of kinky dom/sub way but similar to the way I submit myself to God. NO, I do not worship my father, I'm just trying to make a point. No matter what the time or place I take great pride in that I've NEVER turned down my dad when he has needed me no matter how I was feeling or what I needed to do at the time. OK, so maybe I'm not nearly so good when it comes to other things but in terms of submitting myself to him sexually, I could never say no to him.

When it comes to sex with my dad I think it's vitally important for people to understand that we love each other as any father and daughter should. There has NEVER been anything kinky between us. By that I mean no pretending that we're "lovers" or anything even remotely perverted like that. He is my dad and I am his daughter - period. I wish people would realize that I don't fuck my dad just to have sex. Of course I enjoy it so there's an element of personal pleasure but I can get laid just about anytime I want so I don't need my dad to meet my sexual needs.

It's also crucial to emphasize that my dad has NEVER forced me to do anything and in no way has he ever abused me in any way. Was I "groomed" as some people have accused, I have to admit looking back now I was but it was with the best of intentions. Despite his desires before then he never pushed me to have sex with him. Instead, I was the one that initiated our first time not realizing that I was fulfilling one of his deepest wishes. I know that if I ever told him to stop he would not question me and that he would love me just the same. Simply put, I offer myself to my dad for his pleasure and sexual needs out of my love and respect for him.

The sexual relationship I have with my mom is totally different from the one I share with my dad which is why we rarely had sex as a family. My dad fucks me because he loves me as his daughter. Our sex is more physical in that mutual pleasure is our goal. With my mom there was a much deeper emotional fulfillment - for both of us.

You may have noticed that while I have a lot of diary stories about me and my dad, there are only a few of me and my mom. Having sex with my mom has always been an incredibly personal and intimate relationship; one I believe that is something unique that could only happen between a mother and her daughter. Although my relationship with my husband is similar in some ways, overall it's totally different because he's a man and my sexual mate.

I said that my dad is NOT my lover which is totally true. However when my mom and I have sex we become lovers in every sense of the word. It's incredibly passionate to the point where it becomes almost overwhelming. I love the feel of her warm naked body pressed against mine. Licking her hairy pussy, the same pussy where I was conceived and born is so erotic for me. When she runs her tongue on my wet musky pussy hole I think about how it's the same place her husband and my father loves to fuck me and it turns me on so much! These and more experiences fill my soul and complete me as a woman in a way not even my husband can do.

So who did I like better? Well it's a no-decision. Both of my parents are wonderful and I enjoy being with them both, each in their own way.

********

Q: Have you told anyone about your incestual relationships?

A: The only people who really know are some members of my family and my BFF, Beth. The only other time I've ever discussed incest outside of my family is on-line with people who do not know who I really am - also a good reason for not meeting them. There was one boyfriend to whom I revealed our family secret but he was involved with his sister at the time so it wasn't like he freaked out or anything.

Over time the discipline to avoid discussing it outside my family has become well ingrained in me. You may have noticed that in my diary I don't usually refer to my family when I talk about sexual experiences that occur outside of my family. For instance, in the story where when I talk about my first time with my roomie Brenda, I describe her as my "first" lesbian experience. This isn't 100% accurate as I was having sex with my mother and aunt for years prior to Brenda. Still, given that Brenda was the first girl outside of my family that I had sex with I consider her my "first".

********

Q: Were your parents involved in incest with their families?
A: My father's family comes from a traditional mid-west farming stock. Sex was not even discussed let alone openly practiced and incest would've been considered a sinful perversion in accordance with the laws of their strict Protestant upbringing. All that didn't stop my father and his brothers from being typical horny teenage boys. According to my dad all three of them had their share of "conquests" during their high school years and he considers it a miracle to this day that none of them got a girl pregnant. However, none of that included their mother!

As for my dad specifically, he first had sex when he was fifteen with a girl from school his age. After sowing his oats with a few more girls he started having sex with a fourteen year-old freshman who would someday be my mom. Unknown to my dad at the time, she and her younger sister each had their virginity taken from them by their father a couple of years earlier. My grandfather did my mom's younger sister the day after he first did my mom. My Aunt Linda was only in seventh grade at the time but it would've been hard to do one daughter without the other finding out. In any case, it's not like she was a virgin at the time.

It wasn't until my dad proposed that my mom revealed to him that it was her father who'd been her first and that she and her sister had been fucking their father regularly ever since, including the entire time that they'd been dating my dad. Needless to say he was a bit surprised!

My mom accepted his marriage proposal but only on the condition that he allow her to maintain her incestual relationships with her father and sister. Well, as open-minded and promiscuous as my dad considered himself to be, he was naturally a bit shocked at the news since incest was not something he was raised to even think about other than maybe during a few fantasies. He once told me that what helped him to accept it was that she told him that even though they got married he could continue fucking her sister since she was part of her family. They got married and things obviously worked out because as their marriage lasted over twenty five years.

Aunt Linda eventually married under the same conditions with her fiance that my mother had insisted on except for her things didn't work out so well. Her husband grew possessive and soon after my cousin was born he demanded that she stop fucking her brother-in-law and have sex only with him like a "normal" wife. They finally ended up divorcing over the issue although for obvious reasons the real cause for the divorce was kept confidential.

My grandfather died unexpectedly from a heart attack a number of years back so the only guy my mom had after that was my dad except for my dad's older brother Paul, a relationship she kept to herself through her entire marriage. It wasn't until he approached me and we had sex that I learned about it.

Prior to her generation my mom doesn't know of any other incestual relationships. Unfortunately even though she had sex with her dad she and he didn't have the same day-to-day relationship I enjoy with my father where we talked about everything and anything so if grandpa knew of anything, he never told her. Mom told me that she let her dad fuck her primarily because he was her father and she wanted to please him but wished she had the same emotional bond with him that I had with my dad.

My grandmother knew all along what her husband was doing with her daughters. She never participated in any way though as she did not enjoy girl-girl sex and frankly wasn't into seeing her husband fucking anyone else, especially their own daughters. My mom once told me that she wondered what it would have been like if they had a brother...

My mom and I have discussed her relationship with Grandma often over the years and I can tell she regrets that she never was as close to her mother the way I am to mine.

********

Q: Did you ever consider bearing your father's child?

A: Oh my god NO - a thousand times NO!

I mean no disrespect to those who have different feelings on the matter and indeed I know of several people who have had their father's child and it worked out well. I just ask that my own feelings be given the same respect and consideration.

So far as I'm concerned, just the thought of having a child with my dad is repulsive. If there's one thing I try to make clear to people is that no matter what I do or don't do with my dad, I am ALWAYS his daughter. I NEVER even role-play as his lover, concubine, mistress or whatever else you want to call it. I have sex with my father to please him and satisfy his needs because I love him and it's my duty as his daughter to do whatever it takes to honor HIM, NOT to bear his children.

Of course, the question is really moot until someone figures out how to reverse a vasectomy, LOL.

for him whenever he needed me most. As his daughter I always will be there for him no matter what inner demons he has to deal with.

********

Q: Should parents allow their children to watch them making love?
A: In theory I would have no problem with this as what better way for children to witness the love of their parents demonstrated so openly and clearly? However in real life things doesn't always go as they theoretically should. While I won't say that parents should never allow their children to watch them, I just don't think that it's proper unless they're old enough to understand. Even my parents who supported open masturbation shut their bedroom door when they made love.

Like many things in my life my principles and guiding ethics have changed over time, sometimes more than once for the same subject. Things I once was thought were dead wrong became less black and white when it came time to actually have to deal with those situation. For example I considered sex outside your family when married to be wrong until I was married and learned that was exactly what my husband expected of me. Similarly, I considered sex with any underage to be wrong until my father pleaded with me to go with him to a "family-friendly" sex party.

Yet in the end, when it comes to having our daughters watch us having sex the answer seems so obvious - NO! At their age it's just silly to even discuss it. Like how about just using a little common sense!

********

Q: Should parents allow their children to see them masturbating?
A: When it comes to doing things in front of people, including your kids, masturbation is a totally different concern than sex. Let's start with masturbation NOT being sex but just a natural reaction to the feelings and needs everyone experiences. Heck, even primates masturbate! As such it's not something that should be portrayed as being taboo or something shameful. Masturbation is a natural human reaction that just about everyone does so why teach your kids that they have to run off and hide when the need arises?

While I don't believe in hiding it, a little discretion and modesty never hurt anyone. For the most part I don't think the person doing it needs to make a show of it or draw undue attention to themselves if for no other reason than just to be polite and exercise good manners. Now if you're having sex and trying to turn on your partner, yeah that's different. Still, just because I might see a hot guy on TV and felt the need didn't mean getting down on the family room floor naked and frigging myself in front of my parents. They knew what I was doing on the couch between my legs so why make a big deal about it?

To me it's really a matter INTENT. While putting on a show for your kids would be rather perverted in my opinion, at the same time parents shouldn't have to refrain from masturbating just because their kids are around. Yes, it may be a pretty fine distinction but to me it's an important one.

For now I masturbate the same as I ever have, whether or not my daughters are present. So far there hasn't been any interest shown nor would I expect there to be any at their age.

********

Q: What should parents teach their kids about sex?

A: As a general rule when it comes to learning anything about their bodies and sexual natures I believe the best source is always the parent. That means not the schools and definitely not in church where far too many different and conflicting agendas are in play. While I agree that sex education serves a purpose in public school, it's only a necessary evil as far too many parents abstain from their responsibilities. In such cases it should be limited to the physical concerns including avoidance of STDs and pregnancy and NOT deal with moral and ethical issues.

It's crucial that children learn about sex as soon as possible taking into consideration their maturity and family status. At the same time there's no need to teach a six-year old boy about masturbation when he doesn't have a clue what you're talking about and can't relate to the feelings you're trying to describe. Later when he starts to show signs of being interested in what's "down there", that's when his father should instruct him about the "birds and the bees" which should include masturbation. And yes, I'm a little old-fashioned in that I believe a father should teach his son and a mother her daughter.

The same applies to girls. No girl should be made to suffer the indignity and humiliation of having her first period in school without knowing what to do but yet I can tell you from experience that very thing happens much too often. When she approaches puberty her mother should teach her about sex, including masturbation. It also wouldn't hurt to explain sex and how to make her first time an enjoyable and memorable experience, not like what happens to way too many naive girls. Safe sex for both sexes should be a MUST when it comes to discussing sex, including how to use a condom and other available birth control options.

********

Q: Should kids be allowed to have sex with their friends in their home?
A: Assuming they're all old enough to know what they're doing then why not so long as it's THEIR idea and not due to any influence from me or my husband. For obvious reasons I would NOT join in but I would feel better if I was nearby to supervise and even provide some discipline or advice if necessary. For me, I'd much rather know my daughter was getting laid up in her bedroom where she can be safe and comfortable than in the back seat of a car or who knows where else. While I wouldn't want her boyfriend to feel TOO intimidated, I don't think it hurts for the boy to know her parents are around to take of things if he doesn't behave himself and act like a gentlemen.

If they wanted to masturbate with their friends around us I wouldn't say anything but I honestly doubt anything like that would ever happen. I'd just hope that my kids would know that it was OK if they DID, even if they never did it.

********

Q: Will you masturbate or be nude around your daughter's friends?
A: I seriously doubt that anything like that will ever happen just from a personal privacy and potential liability concerns. Personal privacy in that I don't run around nude now so what would be the point? Liability in that I doubt it would take long for the rumors to start flying and who knows where that might lead. Really, when you come down to it I just can't see any good that can come out of doing that.

********

Q: When you chat and e-mail, you ask a lot of questions about underage sex and even seem at times to push the person into doing something involved with it, even if it's just fantasy. Why is that?
A: One of the reasons I publish my diary is to have fun by interacting with different people. I find it interesting to see what people will say and do when I "suggest" or prompt them. In many cases it's amazing how their "experiences" seem to follow along with the questions and comments I make. (Yes, that was meant to be satirical.) Please bear in mind that I never initiate contact with anyone. The only people I discuss such things are those who contact me first and express an interest. I just follow the openings given to me. Am I playing head games? Well duh, of course and I freely admit it. It's fun!

In the end, as far as I'm concerned it's all just talk. I've never going to meet anyone I chat with so what's the big deal? Whatever THEY choose to do is entirely up to them and I have no desire to get physically involved or for that matter, ANY way involved if they're going to do anything with an underage daughter or similar situation. They can TALK about it but once they start DOING something then I'm through with them.

# 5. Home, School and Church

Q: What are the three top priorities in your life?
A: Easiest question of them all!
#1 – God
#2 – Family
#3 – Friends

For those who have accused me of being addicted to sex, notice it didn't even make my Top Three list! My writings focus on the aspect of my life that most people are interested in, NOT the most important one. Face it, would you read my diary if it was all about Christianity?

********

Q: Do you have any children?
A: Yes, two beautiful daughters. We decided long ago to limit it to two kids, regardless of their sex so while I was hoping for a son I accept the gifts we've been given from God. Now that our family is complete both Steve and I have been "fixed" which does make life a whole lot easier!

********

Q: When were you saved?
A: I was ten years old at a summer church camp. The last night after the evening service I went to my counselor and asked her to help to me to pray to be saved. She kneeled beside me and I gave my life to Jesus and have never looked back since. While I may submit myself in a physical way to a man, he will NEVER have my soul as it's permanently in Christ's hands.

********

Q: Do you have any hobbies?
A: I enjoy crafts and I have one unusual hobby, at least for a girl. My dad has always been into model radio-controlled airplanes and he got me interested when I was started high school. I really am not the best pilot in the world (ask my dad how many planes he's had to climb a tree just to salvage the parts!) As the only girl in the club I do get a lot of attention and everyone is very helpful!

********

Q: What is your favorite place/activity to unwind and relax?
A: Nothing beats slipping nude into the blazing hot water in my dad's hot tub late at night with the lights out, the stars shining, and a full moon on the horizon. Mmmmmmm, the hot water, pulsing of the jets, and beautiful view mesmerize me sometimes!

On a more practical note, for my everyday needs I LOVE to masturbate – sometimes three or more times a day. Feels so good and what a stress reliever!

********

Q: What is your favorite place to visit on vacation?
A: Unfortunately, with my parent's professional schedules we never seemed to travel to many places. Now that I'm married I hope to rectify that. For now, I would say Cedar Point in Ohio is probably my all-time favorite place. Kennywood in Pittsburgh is fun and convenient too, especially on community day when I know many of the people there.

********

Q: What is your favorite type of restaurant and meal?
A: Chinese with a Mongolian Buffet. I love mixing up my own dish and seeing it cooked in front of me spiced just the way I want it. Chicago pizza and hot wings is great for party food. Godiva chocolate ice cream is to die for when I feel the urge to splurge!

********

Q: Why did you choose to go to college out of state?
A: Actually I was accepted at three schools in three different states. One wanted everyone to get married – too overbearing even though they offered maid service and a free laptop. Another was farther away than I wanted to be plus they were a bit on the strict side – dancing was only allowed there starting a few years earlier! The one I chose had an excellent teaching curriculum and was only a few hours from Pittsburgh.

********

Q: How did you reconcile your Christian faith with your lifestyle?
A: I have a VERY strong Christian faith and I've always been active in my church. I've taught Bible studies and help to lead a junior-high youth group. I encourage abstinence and if that doesn't work, safe sex. Above all I believe the Bible teaches

personal responsibility which means sex should never result in unwanted babies, broken marriages, etc.

OK, we could have a long debate on Leviticus but what would be the point? Anyone quoting it to me had better be ready to explain to me why they choose just the passages that apply to their argument and not the entire book. Leviticus was a set of rules for the Jewish nation that had no constitution or civil laws. They lived their lives governed by religious law. We can debate how the New Testament and Old Testament relate but frankly I leave that for my professors and pastor. If you don't agree with me already then there's probably no point in even discussing it.

These are the principles that guide my behaviors. I'm not trying to judge or condemn anyone for cheating on their wives - indeed some of my favorite guys to chat with are doing exactly that! I recognize that many marriages do not work and that spouses seek other outlets but that is another discussion entirely. Some of my hottest fantasies and experiences have involved married men. I love the feeling I get knowing that I'm sexy and desirable enough that a married man wants me so bad that he will forsake his vows to his wife and risk his career and marriage just to have me for a few hours.

In the end sex should be a fulfilling experience; one which glorifies the body and soul given to you by God. I love sex and I intend to experiment and pursue as many opportunities as I can.

********

Q: Why did you become a teacher?
A: I've always done well in school so from the scholastic side of it I enjoy being in a school environment and being in class. I love working with kids and knowing I'm having a positive influence in their lives.

********

Q: You're about to be marooned on a deserted island and can choose just 5 things/people to have with you. Food and water are plentiful and there's even a hut to live in. What/who would you want to have with you?
A:
1. My Bible
2. My husband
3. My daughters
4. My parents
5. A computer with a high-speed internet connection

********

Q: Did you change your lifestyle while teaching at a Christian school?
A: Not really. After all, wasn't like I would tell everyone there what I did at home or anything like that. I dressed very conservatively, as required, and would never have even considered doing anything risque while at work. I'm 31 now and I think in some ways I've matured and grown more responsible and would have changed regardless of where I work.

********

Q: Do you feel you are a positive role model for your students?
A: Absolutely. I would never tell other people's kids about my sex life. That would be inappropriate and disrespectful at best, illegal and corrupting at worst. When I talk to young girls privately I always encourage abstinence first but if they're already involved then I try to make sure they're at least protecting themselves. I always strive to be professional and respect the desires and principles of their parents, not to mention the rules of the school and the law.

********

Q: Would you ever do anything sexual with any kids in your class?
A: Let me make this perfectly clear... I would NEVER consider doing ANYTHING unprofessional with ANY student. I never tease or otherwise "accidentally" allow anything to show. Such acts would be quickly noticed and reputations established that would lead to my dismissal and possible arrest. Of course there are a lot of cute kids in my classes and I'm sure a number of them will grow up soon into hot girls and hunks. To be completely honest I've had my fair share of fantasies at home while alone in bed but that's all they are - fantasies. That said, in real life NOTHING has or will ever happen with a student of mine of ANY age - period.

## 6. Personal Data

| | |
|---|---|
| birthday | March 1, 1985 |
| height | 5'4" |
| weight | 105 or so... |
| measurements | 34B-20-32 |
| hair color | various shades of blonde, sometimes brunette |
| piercings | none |
| tattoos | none |
| ethnic | German/Italian |
| education | BA/MA, Elementary Education |
| occupation | Teacher |
| religion | Protestant |
| location | South Side of Pittsburgh |
| marital status | happily married |
| kids | two daughters |
| hobbies | shopping, movies, camping, water skiing, reading, sunbathing, being with family & friends, extracurricular church youth group helper, community volunteer, blood donor |
| favorite color | sky blue |
| favorite author | God (as in the author of the Bible)<br>Stephen King (yes, I have a morbid side) |
| favorite TV show | Big Bang Theory<br>Rise<br>Walking Dead (NOT Fear the Walking Dead)<br>most anything on HGTV<br>Master Chef<br>Modern Family<br>Game of Thrones |
| favorite movies | Guardians of the Universe 1 & 2<br>Hunger Games (all but the last one)<br>Princess Diaries<br>Titanic<br>Lord of the Rings (NOT The Hobbit though)<br>Shrek (the original) |

| | |
|---|---|
| | Same Time Next Year (an oldie w/ Alan Alda) |
| favorite books | The Bible |
| | Girl With the Dragon Tattoo |
| | Tale of Two Cities |
| | Hunger Games Trilogy (MUCH better than the movies) |
| | 50 Shades of Grey |
| | Gone Girl |
| favorite poem | Invictus, by William Earnest Henley |
| | Road Not Taken, by Robert Frost |
| | Paradox, by Clarence R. Wylie, Jr. |
| | Oh the Places You'll Go!, by Dr. Seuss |
| favorite singers | Adele |
| | Josh Groban |
| | Point of Grace |
| favorite actress | Jennifer Lawrence |
| favorite actors | Toby McGuire |
| | Matthew McNaughney |
| | Richard Gere (he's old but still hot!) |
| music tastes | Christian Rock (Point of Grace) |
| places to visit | Hong Kong (just sounds exotic) |
| | Amsterdam (live sex shows!) |
| favorite outfit | sneakers, VERY short cutoffs, tight cami, no underwear |
| traits I like | honesty |
| | open-minded |
| | intellectual |
| | articulate |
| | sexy |
| | self-confident but humble |
| traits I hate | greed |
| | lazy |
| | boastful |
| | conceited |
| | disrespectful |
| 1st time sex | 14 (he was 16) |
| 1st time w/ Dad | 16 |

| | |
|---|---|
| do I masturbate? | yes, 1 or 2 times a day on average |
| fav positions | #1 missionary |
| | #2 cowgirl |
| | #3 doggie |
| off-limits | anal sex - my ass is labeled "exit only" |
| | bestiality (gross) |
| | anything painful or humiliating |
| | child abuse |
| swallow? | YES |
| shaved? | no, just trimmed to be decent in a bikini |
| birth control | tubes cut |
| # of guys fucked | >200 one-to-one |
| | >300 including parties and groups |
| # of blowjobs | sorry, lost count a long time ago! |
| # of girls | >30 |
| oldest male | 56 (I was 22), 59 (I was 31) |
| oldest female | 50 (my mom) |
| | 43 (Tammy, mom's best friend, I was 24) |
| people I admire | my parents |
| | Melania Trump |

Family: The members of your immediate family out to and including aunts, uncles and first cousins whether by blood OR marriage. DNA doesn't makes a family - it's the relationships that count. For instance if someone is adopted then they become part of the family. When two people marry their families are merged into one based on the marital relationship and all are treated as members of the same family.

Incest: The act of sex between members of the same family. Based on my definition of family sex between in-laws is also incest. If two people marry and each has kids from a former marriage then sex between their step-children would now become incestual whereas it wasn't before they got married. Incest is all about the family regardless of how that family is created.

Adultery: When a married person has sex with someone not in their family (as defined above) with the intent of cheating on their spouse. Three important points to consider, ALL of which must be met to Be charged with committing adultery...

1) It's the INTENT that determines whether sex becomes adultery.

2) You can't commit adultery unless you're married. If you're single and have sex with a married person without the consent of their spouse, THEY are committing adultery, not you.

3) Incestual sex does not constitute adultery as by definition, sex is already "approved" between family members.

Oral "Sex": At its core, sex is fundamentally a reproductive act even though most of the time that's not the intended purpose. Thus by definition "oral sex" is NOT sex. Because it's NOT sex engaging in "oral sex" cannot be considered adultery OR incest. Using the same logic means that "anal sex" is not sex either.

## 2. Questions and Answers

Q: What is your view on marriage and adultery?

A: I firmly believe that marriage is a sacred institution blessed by God. A man and woman pledge their lives to one another "until death do you part" (don't even get me started on some of the new wedding vows that omit this!). I believe this establishes a promise to be faithful to your spouse for the rest of your life.

The key here is to define precisely what is meant by marriage and adultery. According to my definition of "family" I believe when you marry someone you also "marry" their family. Family is EXTREMELY important to me and is reflected in my definitions.

Let me make this clear - adultery is a sinful act which defiles marriage. I don't condone it nor do I ever intend to commit adultery. If my husband commits adultery I'll neuter him first and then divorce him.

********

Q: What do you mean by "someone outside your family"?

A: Marriage is more than just a relationship between a man and a woman. Just as a husband and wife vow to be faithful to one another their entire lives, in a healthy family the members support and love one another in the same way. Admittedly this may be unfair in some people's eyes as they had no choice about the matter, e.g. "I didn't marry my brother-in-law", but that's the way I believe God intended it to work. Unfortunately because of the self-will granted to us by God not everyone follows God's plans for us and so in many families this closeness and fidelity is missing.

Family units that are truly in sync with God's plans often find the result is not only an emotional bonding but a physical one as well. By this I mean not just hugging and pecks on the cheek but sexual. Most families have deviated from the path set for them and in some cases taken a 180 degree turn. Because of man's perversions this has resulted in cases where sexual relationships are maintained yet the love and intimacy necessary to maintain the respect and discipline needed are missing. Thus an imbalance is created which is why the word "incest" has come to describe these perverted families where children are abused and lives destroyed.

Fortunately there are families where belief in God, love, respect, and discipline combine to form a balanced union where sexual relationships are simply a natural result of the family dynamic. I'm fortunate to enjoy being a part of such a family.

********

Q: Why do you like to have sex with married men?

A: Marriage is a special relationship where love and respect by both partners is vital. Personally I do NOT condone cheating. Let me say it again in a slightly different way... I do NOT condone adultery as I define it. Although in a perfect world men would not cheat on their wives or vice versa, should a man choose to break the oath he took with his wife before God then that's HIS decision and HIS responsibility. I feel NO responsibility whatsoever for the consequences he may face as the only way his wife would ever find out is if he told her or he did something stupid like leave his e-mail open.

To be clear I have no desire to hurt anyone or to cause them marital problems. My hope is when someone is cheating it merely means severe marital problems already exist so if anything maybe getting it out of his system with me will help. Yes, I like to think that having sex with me can actually result in HELPING their marriage! In fact I've had several men tell me that even just chatting with me, doing tributes, etc. has helped renew their sexual interest in their wives. Imagine if their wives knew the real reason why their husband has been so horny when he gets in bed with them!

I've had many men write me and ask my opinion on how to cheat on their wives. My initial response is usually to encourage them NOT to do so. Many men try to rationalize their behavior by claiming their wife isn't interested in sex. All I have to say to that is, "it takes two".

For me having sex with a married man is far more an erotic experience than merely physically pleasurable. What I mean is that while normally I would claim that sex is typically 80% emotional and 20% physical, when doing it with a cheating husband those numbers move to 95% emotional and 5% or less about the physical side of sex.

The reason for the heavy emphasis on the "emotional" aspects of sex is that when a husband is fucking me and I feel his adulterous cock buried inside of me, knowing his clueless wife is home totally unaware her husband is enjoying sex with me is what turns me on the most. It makes me feel really good as a woman to know that her supposedly loving husband lusts for me so deeply that he's willing to violate his most sacred vows to her. Think about it... He's literally willing to sacrifice his marriage and family just for a single fleeting opportunity to have sex with ME for just a few hours. How can anyone blame me for feeling incredibly sexy and desirable in this situation? I'm sure your ego would be boosted just as much if you were in my shoes.

It's not just the sex that turns me on either. After he leaves I'll usually masturbate while thinking about him returning home and facing his wife with his adulterous dick still coated with my pussy cum as he kisses her goodnight and slips into bed beside her. I wonder if he says he loves her while thinking about what he did with me. The next time they make love I know it's my pussy he remembers when he cums. When his wife turns up her nose at the thought of oral sex he remembers how I was there to suck his cock. I know he can never forget what he did with me and I be a part of his life for the rest of his days. Knowing he will masturbate thinking about how good it felt to fuck me is such a turn-on for me. As you can see, it goes way beyond just the few minutes or hours we spend together - for both of us.

One of my most memorable experiences was having sex with a husband while he was on his cell phone talking to his wife on speakerphone. She'd called while we were in bed at a local hotel so he had to take it or she might wonder why he didn't answer. Just as I felt him start to shoot his adulterous sperm inside my pussy I heard him telling his wife how much he loved her. As you might imagine it wasn't his cheating cock ejaculating inside of me making me cum so hard. I was imagining his wife smiling at home, thinking that her supposedly loyal husband really loved her when what he was really loving was the feel of my tight pussy clamping down on his adulterous erection as he filled me with the sperm that SHOULD have been in her pussy!!

OK, so I realize that this may all seem a bit contradictory, confusing, and maybe even a little hypocritical. It's a difficult concept to explain yet hopefully as you think about it more you'll understand it's not really all that complicated. Just remember I honestly encourage husbands to remain faithful to their wives and in a perfect world there would be no married men running around begging to fuck me. However we all know that's not the case so if a husband chooses to cheat on his wife then it may as well be me as anyone else. One thing for sure though is I would NEVER want his wife to know about it, even if she deserves it which frankly I think is usually not the case. I would feel tremendously guilty if I was the reason for any marriage to fail.

********

Q: Doesn't assisting a man to commit adultery make you feel guilty?
A: In a word... NO. in two words... absolutely NO. If a man chooses to cheat on his wife then it's 100% HIS decision and HIS responsibility. I don't put a gun to his head nor force him to do anything. I feel no responsibility whatsoever for whatever consequences he may face since the only way his wife would know about anything is if he told her or otherwise screwed up as I certainly never would. Finally, it takes two to make a marriage work so maybe if the wife was satisfying her husband then he wouldn't be out looking for someone who can.

********

Q: Do you want their wives to know?
A: No! I'm not at all interested in married threesomes unless there's something special about it. Besides, if the wife knows and is OK with it then what's the point? In those situations I may as well get laid by a single guy!

********

Q: Do you condone adultery?
A: Absolutely NOT! I believe strongly in the sanctity of marriage and I sincerely wish that every marriage was strong and faithful. For better or worse the simple fact is that most aren't. I have NO desire to do any harm to a healthy marriage but when a man makes the decision to betray his wife then obviously there are deep-rooted issues that didn't start with me. So husbands please stay true to your wives! But if you can't for some reason then look me up!

********

Q: How do you feel about the husbands you have sex with?
A: Frankly any man who cheats on his wife has deep character flaws that most likely extend beyond his willingness to break his word. While I don't have to respect the man to enjoy being fucked by him I could never have anything to do long-term with a man who cheats on his wife with me. This is one of the main reasons I never go out with a married man twice, not to mention I have no desire to be someone's mistress. There may be excellent reasons rationalizing his behavior but none that forgive it.

********

Q: What would you do if your husband had sex behind your back?
A: Easiest question of them all! I'd neuter him, kick him out of the house, and then divorce him taking every cent he has! Fortunately I love my husband and submit to his sexual needs. He knows that he's free to have sex with anyone he wants so long as he doesn't cheat on me. Thus I'd like to think there's no reason he would ever feel the need to cheat.

********

Q: What do you NOT like about having sex with married men?
A: The only negative thing is that I can't respect a liar and adulterer.

********

Q: Once a man cheats, is he branded forever in your eyes?
A: Everyone makes mistakes and just because a man made a wrong decision in the past doesn't mean he can't see the error in his ways, repent and be forgiven. My goodness, isn't forgiveness the very core of Christianity? I have no issues with a man who tells me that he once cheated on his wife no matter many times he did so long as now he realizes that he was wrong to do so and has sought forgiveness from his wife and God.

Of course that all goes out the window the moment he fucks me. Once a guy has fucked me I really don't want anything to do with him again at least from a purely sexual perspective. In most cases these are men I know, usually when from church, so I still have to interact with them socially.

********

Q: Would you be willing to have sex with a married man more than once?
A: Thinking it over, the only way I could see this happening would be if two conditions were met:

1. He would have to be a really good friend. I mean more than an on-line chat buddy. We wouldn't necessarily have to date although that would be best. Maybe we could just know each other in a platonic relationship such as co-workers at church or something like that. The point is that I would have to like being with him WITHOUT having sex first.
2. His wife would have to consent. I don't mean join in and for goodness sakes the LAST thing I want is a couple looking for a three-some. OK, maybe one time but that's all. When I say consent I don't mean that HE tells me she's OK with it. I mean SHE tells me she is and does so face to face so I'm positive that she understands her husband is going to be fucking me. In this type of situation I'd rather she not be there when we have sex but I want her to know what her husband is doing and agree with it.

As I said, both conditions would have to be satisfied and I imagine it's the second one that would prove to be the major obstacle. As such, I wouldn't start meeting a guy just in HOPES that the second condition might someday miraculously happen. Even if both conditions are met I would still have to really think it over and feel assured it was something he wanted to do out of respect for me, not just to fuck a girl half his age. Odds are it wouldn't happen anyways.

Granted, the odds of both conditions being met are pretty astronomical, which is why I usually make the general statement that I only fuck married guys once. However who knows what might happen in the future!!

# (B.5) FAQ - The Group

Story codes: MF FF Mf Mg Fm Fb incest
Updated: April 27, 2018

In a number of my diary entries I discuss "The Group". Rather than having to explain it each time I thought it would be easier to just write it out once and then refer to this when the topic comes up.

******************

Q: What is "The Group"?
A: As everyone has been made painfully aware of by the increasing number of data breaches and other security problems, one of the biggest problems facing families and couples looking to meet with people that share similar interests is privacy. Anyone who trusts an on-line web site when looking to hook up with others is simply a fool. Thus the purpose behind "The Group" is to serve as a means to safely and securely bring people together who have interests that are not always "politically correct" as well as being illegal in most countries.

******************

Q: What type of "interests" do the people in this group have that requires such a high level of privacy and security?
A: First of all, this is NOT an Ashley Madison type of thing where people are encouraged to cheat on their partner/spouse or that sort of thing. It's not a dating site. The group brings together couples and families that share sexual interests which are beyond the norm of what our society publically accepts. This includes couples swapping partners and families sharing with other families. Essentially it's a group of married couples people brought together by certain common sexual interests. The primary "mission" of the group is to promote healthy, fulfilling marriages by allowing couples to engage in sexual activities that require a high degree of privacy, security and safety.

******************

Q: So just what sorts of sexual activities does the group promote?
A: While I said the central focus of the group was to promote marriage, there are plenty of "marriage encounters" and other such organizations that deal with communications and other aspects of marriage life. What the group focuses on

instead is what those organizations do NOT cover, and in most cases even discourage such as sex outside of marriage. That includes sex with other married couples and their immediate families.

******************

Q: But aren't you against adultery?

A: Yes and that's an EMPHATIC yes. Adultery is an abomination and an affront to God and your spouse. It is a violation of one of the most sacred vows a person can make – their marriage vows. It is perhaps the most dishonorable and horrific act any person can make as they are breaking a promise made to God and their spouse in front of their family and peers, often in the house of the Lord.

As with most things in life, the devil is in the details or in this case, the definition. Just what IS adultery? To some people it's pretty black and white – sex with anyone but your spouse. However that brings up a number of problems as well. Just what constitutes "sex"? Yeah, penetration of a vagina by a penis is a pretty easy call but what about a blowjob? A hand job? Groping? Is "lust in your heart" an act of adultery in that all it takes is the thought and/or desire even if no action is taken?

Here is MY definition of adultery which addresses these points. Please don't even try to debate this with me as I fully recognize many people will disagree with me and frankly, I don't care. Who's to say who is right and wrong anyway?

Adultery is the act of sex outside of your marriage family without the consent of your spouse where sex is defined as the penetration of a vagina by a penis and your "marriage family" is everyone in your immediate family out to and including first cousins whether by blood OR marriage.

OK, so that's pretty wordy but as I said before, the devil is in the details. The one essential point to bring out is that it has to be without the consent of your spouse to be adultery. After all, if my husband is OK with it then why would it be wrong? Another important point to make is that incest under any circumstances is never adultery so long as your spouse is OK with it.

As only married couples are allowed to join the group and both parties must be agreement there's never any issue with spousal approval. Thus nothing that happens within the auspices of the group which would constitute adultery which is just fine with me. As for what might happen OUTSIDE the sphere of influence of the group... who knows and frankly, who cares? It's nobody else's business.

always between two couples. They exchange partners and it results in a much more intimate experience, often lasting the entire night. The Group supports swapping and if anything is even more restrictive in that only married couples may participate as they tend to be more stable than those just dating.

******************

Q: Why are only married couples are allowed?
A: You may as well ask why does any club or group have membership Requirements. Members join and stay based on the club meeting their needs and expectations. There are plenty of opportunities in this world for singles to engage in all sorts of sexual activities. Indeed, my best friend Beth used to take me to her parties where the requirement was just the opposite in that you had to be single and your girlfriend or boyfriend couldn't even come with you. The Group was created to meet the needs of married couples so the rules and events are tailored to that demographic.

******************

Q: Given the changes in our culture and society in general, how do you define "marriage"?
A: For the purposes of this group, marriage is the legal union of a man and a woman as recognized by the State of Pennsylvania. Again it's back to how you want to define your membership and the purposes behind your group in the first place. Nobody is saying that the membership opposes the lesbian or gay communities, legal "unions" and such. What you do outside the group activities is entirely up to you as well. For instance while I certainly prefer men as a sexual partner I also enjoy being with women at times. The point is I don't look to the group to provide me with a female partner and while attending group activities I resist such temptations and enjoy the moment for what it is.

******************

Q: By families, are you implying incest?
A: Actually quite the opposite. Incestuous sex is not allowed during any group-sponsored events. The reason for this is that there are many couples interested in sharing their kids with other parents but don't believe in incest. Rather than having to deal with too many different factions, it was decided early on that incestuous sex would not be allowed at any events. Of course this rule, like all others in the group, only applies during group-sponsored activities. It's not like we try to impose edicts on people as to what they do or don't do in their personal lives.

******************

Q: How do you get into The Group?
A: Don't bother Googling it - it's by invitation only. In fact, The Group doesn't use traditional web sites at all to communicate. Most people don't realize that the World Wide Web is NOT the entire Internet but rather just one of many functions that use the Internet. People were communicating using the Internet for decades before WWW came about. While I don't really understand the technical details, all I know is I'm told our communications are VERY secure.

******************

Q: So I somehow manage to get invited. Now what?
A: First you have to decide which of the two factions to join - the couples group or the family group. Of course if you don't have kids ages eleven - fifteen then you only have one option - the couple groups. For them it's easy - just present a valid marriage license and agree that BOTH of you will participate. It doesn't matter if you have kids or not Or what their ages are as they won't be allowed to participate regardless of their age.

******************

Q: So we choose to be in the couples group. What next?
A: First you fill out the application form and yes, it's VERY detailed and extremely personal. Someone once compared it to applying for a Top Secret security clearance. We want to know everything about you including your finances. And yes, everything IS verified by a private security firm although they have no idea WHY you are being investigated.

Assuming your application form is approved then there is an interview with a group representative. Only a few of the long-term female members are allowed to conduct these. The idea is to weed out those who aren't really prepared and just want to experiment. We want people to join who are in it for the long haul, not just a weekend tryst.

Provided the interview goes well then there is the final stage - the video. The purpose of this step is three-fold. First, we want to be sure people aren't shy in front of a camera as all group activities are recorded by a number of video cameras. These cameras are strictly for liability protection in the event someone reports a problem. The recordings are never made public or even shared between group members but they are retained permanently.

everyone in school knew she was one of “those” girls. You need to remember, lesbianism wasn't as acceptable back then as it is now. Once I married your dad, other than my sister I didn’t do other girls – not even Tammy, until this past summer – as you well know.

Kelly: Do you keep in touch with Tammy?
Mom: Unfortunately, some years back Tammy's husband was transferred to the Oregon coast. Since then we have relied mostly on phone calls to keep in touch but we still manage to meet each other at least once or twice a year for a week or so. Tammy's husband travels a lot so she uses his frequent flier miles to get either her or me a plane ticket.

Kelly: When did you meet and date Dad?
Mom: Actually my friend Tammy dated my dad first and she even gave her virginity up to him. Because me and Tammy hung out together a lot, John got to see me quite a bit and he saw me at first as just another opportunity for yet another "notch" on his belt. Today I know that he loves me dearly but even he admits that at the time he just saw me as another potential sexual conquest.

It wasn't until a few months into the next year though that he made a move towards me. I guess he had a good thing going with Tammy who was putting out for him and his friends whenever they wanted it so knowing they were best friends, he didn't want to do anything to threaten his easy source of teen pussy. Being a typical horny guy, eventually he wanted something fresh and new so he asked me out. I knew he was dating Tammy so at first I didn't accept but he pushed and finally I reluctantly agreed.

Knowing what he and Tammy were doing, it didn't come as any surprise that our first date was at an old drive-in movie where he started groping me within minutes of parking. Needless to say he was surprised to find I wasn't a virgin but I told him I really was but that I had gotten carried away with a dildo and broke my hymen. Boys will believe anything! Needless to say it was different for me to be fucked by a boy from school than by my father and I naturally wanted more of it! There was a rough period at first with Tammy but Tammy knew his eyes had been wandering and besides, she had some fresh boy toys she was interested in as well so fortunately it all worked out. I dated your dad on and off after that. We both loved sex and so although we each did other people, we knew that in a pinch we always

"ewwww!". We petted and finally got undressed and did it. Unfortunately I can't say my performance was all that great. It's embarrassing to admit this but I didn't even know exactly where her pussy hole was! Nowadays most girls shave but back then she had a thick thatch of pubic hair and I was fumbling in the dark trying to figure out where to put my dick! Don't look so amused - you have to remember that I hadn't seen any hard-core porn yet at that age and my father's Playboys weren't exactly as explicit back then as they are these days.

Well, I fumbled around like an idiot and eventually figured things out. It didn't help it was her first time as well and she just sort of laid there silently on her back leaving it all up to me. Sex education in my day was pretty poor and my dad never gave me "the speech" when I was growing up. It wasn't exactly the most thrilling experience for either of us.

Kelly: Did you have sex with anyone else in your family?
Dad: Hell no! My side of the family is pretty conservative and even the mention of such a thing would have created a hell of a mess. Besides, I didn't have any sisters and none of my cousins are lookers. My mom gained a lot of weight after the kids and was definitely NOT on my list of women I wanted to fuck, that's for sure! Heck, even the thought of her and my dad doing it was enough to make me gag!

Kelly: How did you meet Mom?
Dad: I was dating her friend Tammy at the time. Tammy was hot back then and I suppose you know that I busted her cherry. Well, your mom and Tammy hung out together a lot so I saw her often as well. I was under the assumption (mistakenly as it turned out) that she was a virgin since Tammy kept me up to date on the status of most of the girls in school.

To be frank, when I first saw your mom I just saw her as another piece of ass. She looked like she'd be fun to fuck but nobody to get serious with. I had a good thing going with Tammy so I wasn't about to start messing with one of her best friends. But you know how it is with teenage boys. After a while I wanted something new so eventually I asked your mom out. I guess Tammy must have been telling her how good I had been fucking her because your mom didn't take much convincing.

Since the only real reason I really wanted to date her at the time was to get in her pants, I figured why waste time and took her to a drive-in movie for our first date. Even though I'd heard from some of my friends that she sucked cock, I was

Kelly: Do you like anal?
Kristi: I have done it but its not my favorite. I have been working on that though lately and its been getting better for me. Want me to show you with one of your mom's dildos? (Note from Kelly - I refused politely!)

Kelly: Is anything off-limits sexually for you?
Kristi: I am not into potty sex - that's for damn sure. I don't get THAT at all!! Otherwise so long as I don't get hurt or go to jail, why no go for it?!

Kelly: How would you compare yourself to me?
Kristi: You can be so boring sometimes you know. You need to come to more parties and let your hair down! And what's with the old guy crap? I have never been able to figure out why you go after some married losers. You know, the young ones are always the best! I guess it's this teacher thing of yours, isn't it? Frankly, I don't give a damn what other people think of me. My goal is to land me a rich husband with a big cock!

Kelly: You went to a public school instead of a private one. Why?
Kristi: (laughing) Why would I want to go to a nunnery like your school? I just want to have fun.

Kelly: Are you a Christian?
Kristi: I would say so although not all that deep. I believe in God and Jesus and go to church most Sundays but it doesn't dominate my life.

Kelly: Do you like sex with married guys?
Kristi: I don't get anything special out of it. All the sneaking around and secrets are more of a pain in the ass than anything. Besides, I don't want some wife coming after me if she catches me screwing her husband. Aren't you afraid that will happen to you someday?

Kelly: Have you ever had sex with the parents of any of your friends or boyfriends?
Kristi: No. It's not like I consciously have avoided it but rather more that the opportunity just has never come about. Can't say the idea really turns me on either.

Kristi: I usually start with one and work my way up to three or four if things get hot enough.

Kelly: Sex with animals?
Kristi: Are you nuts? There is no way I am going to let some dog fuck me. You know, I STILL am not 100% sure I believe you about the dog thing. That is just SO disgusting.

Kelly: Do you like porn? Does porn degrade women?
Kristi: I like watching porn movies with a guy and then acting out the scenes with him. Sometimes I watch them just to see what they do - I have picked up some good tips and techniques from them! I don't think porn degrades women so much as it raises false expectations for men who think women should act like the ones in the porn movies. I DO think that kiddy porn sucks and that anyone involved in it should be castrated!

Kelly: Spit or swallow?
Kristi: Depends on the guy. I enjoy swallowing but its fun to show off for the guy and let his cum ooze out of my mouth and down onto my chin and body.

Kelly: Panties, thong or G-string?
Kristi: Again, depends on the guy. Some guys like the "little girl" look of white cotton panties while others want their girl more or less slutty. Since the only reason I am wearing it is for him, I try to match up to his expectations.

Kelly: First kiss?
Kristi: Other than my mom? Jimmy Anderson in 1st grade. We were playing doctor during recess and he kissed me. The teacher caught us and told our parents. His were mad but my mom just laughed.

Kelly: Oldest guy you would fuck?
Kristi: I "would" or "would like to"? I can't picture any limit as to what I would do - it would depend on the situation completely. As for what I would like, I prefer my guys younger - the younger the better.

Kelly: Wildest place you ever had sex?
Kristi: So many places and I have to choose ONE? How about the time in the boy's locker room a couple of year's ago? Remember when I did a bunch of the basketball players during practice? The coach was so pissed off - he wanted to know why they were taking so long to get ready!

Kelly: Who would you like to fuck if you had the chance?
Kristi: Hmmmm, if you keep it to someone real and not a celebrity or someone impossible…….I would love to get a shot at your old roomie's brother - you know, Brenda's brother. I think it's so cool you fuck him when you go to her house. Of course, she would have to be there so I could watch them going at it as well.

Kelly: Any last words for my fans?
Kristi: Well, you're right about that - they are YOUR fans. I can't believe some of the stuff they say and send you! I DO think it's cool when they jerk off on my pictures though and especially on my mom's. I just never imagined some stranger perhaps thousands of miles away would ever do such a thing! So I guess I would just want to tell them it's OK with me. Other than that, NO idea what to say.

## (C.4) Chapter 300: Kelly Interviews Her Aunt Linda

Date: September 2006

After writing up the "interviews" with my mom and dad the response was overwhelming with many people wanting me to do the same with other members of my family. The most requests came for my cousin Kristi so I added one with her. My Aunt Linda recently asked me why I was ignoring her in my interviews series. I didn't want to tell her that I have not received as many requests for her, but I have gotten a few so here is her interview.
Note: This was all done rather informally with me just asking questions and my Aunt Linda answering. Afterwards I wrote it down from memory so it's not like I transcribed it from a tape recorder or something. I did my best to reflect the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the interview.

Kelly: Why did you agree to do this interview?

Aunt Linda: I'm not really sure, to be honest. I guess it just made me feel a bit on the outside of things for you to do one with your parents and Kristi but not with me. Actually, I was surprised at the response you got from Kristi's interview. Did that many guys REALLY ask for this?
(Note from Kelly - yes, that many guys DID ask! When shown a photo of her, the most common response was, "Well, now I see where Kristi got her looks from!")

Kelly: What if someone you know reads this?
Aunt Linda: Yeah, like who do I know that would ever read your web site?

Kelly: What do you think of my website?
Aunt Linda: Hmmmm, I guess mystified is the best answer. I really don't understand what you get out of it but hey, it's your life so go for it.

Kelly: What was the last movie you saw?
Aunt Linda: Stranger than Fiction. Will Ferrell's no hunk but he's funny. I would give it a six of ten. What the hell was Queen Lativa doing in it anyway?

Kelly: How tall are you?
Aunt Linda: 5'6"

Kelly: Favorite curse word?
Aunt Linda: Shit.

Kelly: Are you a Christian?
Aunt Linda: Technically yes but I haven't set foot in a church in ages. Kristi goes more and I encourage her - it's just not for me. Somehow I don't think she goes for the moral message!

Kelly: What are your ambitions for the future?
Aunt Linda: Well, at 38 years old I'm not exactly thinking about what I want to do when I grow up. The realtor thing pays the bills and I enjoy meeting new people all the time. I can't see myself getting married again but then you never know!

Kelly: Do you wear underwear?

Kelly: Do you like gang-bangs?
Aunt Linda: Not especially. I only did it once and I felt more like a whore than anything else. I just like being with a guy and enjoy the moment with him.

Kelly: What is your favorite fantasy?
Aunt Linda: Interesting question ... I don't know if this is a fantasy or a wish but I would love to find a man who loves me for who I am yet is still comfortable with my other relationships. I dream sometimes of getting married and then introducing Kristi to her new father - in bed of course!

Kelly: Do you like anal?
Aunt Linda: I can take it or leave it. I can't really say it turns me on all that much but if the guy wants to do it, then it's OK with me.

Kelly: Is anything off-limits sexually for you?
Aunt Linda: I can't think of much of anything off the top of my head. I don't get into the pain and punishment fetishes - more because I have this deathly fear of pain than anything else!

Kelly: Do you shave, trim or natural?
Aunt Linda: I don't like to be wild but I can't stand shaving (legs are enough as it is) so I just trim it up close now and then.

Kelly: What age do you prefer to have sex with?
Aunt Linda: Usually around my age I would say. It's nice to be able to carry on a conversation as well. Then again, some of those boys Kristi brings home are fun to play with now and then.

Kelly: Do you like sex with married guys?
Aunt Linda: Never done it - not counting your dad of course. Too many issues for me. Last thing I need is a jealous wife burning my house down!

Kelly: Oldest guy you'd fuck?
Aunt Linda: Well, I guess 42 since that's the age of your dad. My preference is in the 30's or maybe a little younger sometimes.

believed me and even if he did, I realize now that he never believed I would continue with my dad after we got married. It's not like I made an issue about it and I never did it in front of him or anything like that.

One day he confronted me after I came back from my parent's and asked me if I had been fucking my dad. I wasn't about to lie about it - I wasn't ashamed of it or anything. He called me a perverted whore and things just got unbearable after that. He demanded that I stop having sex with my dad and I refused. In the divorce we didn't bring up the incest issue - he had too much pride and I wanted to protect my dad so we both agreed to keep it secret. I don't regret my decision but it was hard raising Kristi by myself as I never heard from Don again. I don't know what I would have done without the support of your parents!

Kelly: Did you have sex with other guys after the divorce?
Aunt Linda: Of course - what do you think I am, some sort of nun? I was still pretty young and so I did the bar scene for a while and dated a few guys. Most guys disappeared when they found out I had a young daughter at home. I still had my dad and your father which helped. Your uncle was there for a while but once Jim got married he stopped having sex with me - and you mom as well. I still can't believe he married that holier-than-thou bitch!

Kelly: How did you feel when Kristi came home and told you she wasn't a virgin?
Aunt Linda: It wasn't exactly a surprise. She had the hots for that guy from the first time she laid eyes on him so I knew it was just a matter of time. Fortunately, I had her on birth control already I wasn't worried about her getting pregnant or anything. I still can't believe your mom waited so long to get you on it.

Kelly: When Kristi gets married, do you want to fuck her husband?
Aunt Linda: Now THAT'S just a silly question! Of course. I do her boyfriends sometimes now and I can't wait for her to get married!

Kelly: How do you feel when you see your brother-in-law fucking your daughter? Don't you get even a little jealous?
Aunt Linda: Why would I be jealous? It's not like I'm married to him or anything. Actually I think it's pretty hot seeing the two of them together. Well, for that matter I

Kelly: So Tammy, what did you think when I asked you to do this interview?
Tammy: I've read the other ones you put on your website so I figured you'd be asking me sooner or later. I guess I was more nervous than anything, wondering what you'd ask me.

Kelly: Speaking about my website, how do you feel about it?
Tammy: Surprised more than anything, and not for why you probably think. Where do you find time to do it? I mean, you always seem busy so I was shocked at how much you have there! I'm glad you took our pictures off. I was worried about who had them and what they would do with them. It IS sort of weird to read about yourself on the Internet and know other people are reading it.

Kelly: So how would you rate me so far as writing about you?
Tammy: Actually you did pretty good - and I'm not saying that just because you're my older cousin. You leave out a few things and some of our conversations aren't quite right. I know you explained why you edit things and I guess I can't expect you to remember everything perfectly.

Kelly: Other than that, what else do you want to say about it?
Tammy: Not really. Since you promised that nobody would ever know my real name or anything, I really don't care one way or the other. Besides, I bet most people just think it's made up anyway so what do I have to worry about? I have never heard anyone mention it so I don't think anyone in school knows about it. Even so, it's been a while since you went there so I doubt anyone would remember you anyway, other than maybe the teachers.

Kelly: OK, let's get a few facts down... How old are you?
Tammy: Fourteen - and a half.

Kelly: And you were born when?
Tammy: June 30, 1992.

Kelly: How tall are you?
Tammy: 4'11" - no short jokes.

about it! I'm keeping that one handy in case someday she tries to blackmail me with something of her own.

Kelly: Since Kate is always trying to be like your mom, do you think your Mom masturbates?
Tammy: Oh God no! Sometimes I wonder if I'm really her daughter - I can't even imagine her having sex. I can tell you haven't had one of her lectures on the evils of masturbation.

Kelly: So much for Kate and your mom, let's get back to you. How many fingers do you use when you masturbate?
Tammy: Never really thought a lot about it that way so let me think (LOL). Well, you've seen me do it enough times so what would you say? Really, I prefer to just rub myself. Sorry, I really don't get off shoving a finger up my pussy. Yeah, I know you and Kristi seem to like it but not me. Even when I HAVE done it, it's just one.

Kelly: Do you like to use a dildo?
Tammy: Well, the only ones I've ever used were your mom's and that only a couple of times so I don't know. They felt good, I guess, but not like the real thing.

Kelly: What is your favorite thing to think about when you masturbate?
Tammy: You like to use that word - "masturbate", don't you? (LOL) You know my mom won't even say it out loud. Well, I think mostly about sucking Rick's cock, or sometimes one of his friend's. It usually depends on who I did last, I guess, which is usually Rick. Sometimes I dream about somebody fucking me. I would say more than anything else, it's about giving a blowjob. Oh my god Kelly, I LOVE sucking dicks, even more than fucking. (LOL) Don't look at me like that - really, I do!

Kelly: Well, if you say so. How often do you masturbate and when was the last time you did it?
Tammy: I bet everyone reading this is expecting me to say something like, "every day and twice on Sunday"! Well, I DO like to do myself but I don't play with myself every day, that's for sure. I would say maybe a few times a week. Last time? EEabout two hours ago, just after you called and asked me if you could do this interview with me.

Tammy: Kelly, he IS my brother you know. Giving him a blowjob wasn't like we were having sex but letting him fuck me... well, I use to think of that as being totally gross. I mean, like what kind of girl lets her brother fuck her? I use to think only bad girls did that.

Kelly: So sucking your brother's dick was OK but letting him fuck you wasn't?
Tammy: What's the big deal about sucking your brother's cock? It's just a blowjob anyway and half my friends were doing it to their boyfriends by then. Besides, he's always available!

Kelly: So, does it make you a "bad girl now that your brother fucks you?
Tammy: (Giggling) Well, technically I guess you could say that. Seriously though, I don't think of myself that way at all. I guess now that I am doing it I've changed how I look at it.

Kelly: How many guys have you fucked now?
Tammy: Let's see... your dad, my dad and my brother are the three I do it the most with although it's with Rick most of the time. I've let a few of his friends do me, mostly as a favor for him. I only let them fuck me once but I guess that still counts so make it six so far plus Jason makes seven.

Kelly: Aren't you interested in fucking any of the guys you know besides your brother's friends?
Tammy: I don't know... If my mom ever found out she would kill me! You're lucky, you don't have to worry if your mom hears about your reputation but I know of I start doing the boys at school they would brag about it and I am sure Kate would hear about it and then she would tell Mom and thenE.well, you know how it works.

Kelly: Aren't you afraid the same thing will happen with Rick's friends?
Tammy: Like I said, I did them as favors for Rick. He owed them for something or another and made them promise that if he let them fuck me that they would never tell anyone.

Kelly: Any you believe that?
Tammy: Why shouldn't I? (LOL) Rick would beat the crap out of them if they did!

Tammy: So far I love to ride on top the most. It's a little intimidating to have this big guy sweating on top of you so I like being on top where I'm free and in control.

Kelly: So you like to be in control?
Tammy: I didn't mean it exactly that way I guess. I definitely want the guy to be in charge. I meant that being on top I didn't have to worry about him dropping on top of me!

Kelly: Who was the last person you had sex with? When?
Tammy: Rick. We did it Saturday night while my parents were out at the company Christmas party. Almost got caught too when they came home a couple of hours early!

Kelly: Do you shave, trim or natural?
Tammy: Mom would shit if I shaved!

Kelly: Sex with animals?
Tammy: No.

Kelly: That's it? Just, "No"?
Tammy: What else is there to say? Girls having sex with animals is gross. Sorry, I don't mean to say anything about what you did, but I would NEVER do such a thing.

Kelly: Do you like porn? Does porn degrade women?
Tammy: I don't see what the big deal is over it. Rick keeps it under his mattress but I don't look at it. Really, I don't care one way or the other about it.

Kelly: Spit or swallow?
Tammy: First, you know how much I LOVE blowjobs. I just wish cum wasn't so gross. I can swallow if the guy likes me to but to be perfectly honest, I wish it tasted better. So I guess you can say I like to spit although if it was entirely up to me, he wouldn't cum in my mouth in the first place. I think it's cool when he shoots it all over me!

Kelly: Wildest place you ever had sex?

Kelly: OK, no more hard ones. Any last words for your fans?
Tammy: (LOL) MY fans? I thought they were yours. Well, I just can't believe how many guys out there want to fuck a girl my age. It's like watching that show on TV where they catch the Internet perverts. Sort of makes me wonder what would happen if I got on-line! Well, since I can't do that I just want to say I love the "tributes", as you call them, that they send and I wish they would send on more. That good enough?

# (C.6) Chapter 302: Kelly Interviews Her Mom

Date: January 2008

It's been a while since I did my first "interview" with my mom. A lot has changed since then so I figured it was time for an update. I focused just on what is new or changed since the last interview, so read the 2004 interview if you want to know more about her.
Note: As I did with the first interview, this was all done rather informally with me just asking questions and my mom answering. Afterwards I wrote it down from memory so it's not like I transcribed it from a tape recorder or something. I did my best to reflect the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the interview.

Kelly: What do you think of my website lately?
Mom: Honestly? I haven't looked at it in ages. Should I?

Kelly: So how is life at home with me living in my own apartment?
Mom: You're living away from home? Oh, I didn't know that! Maybe it's the pile of laundry that always seems to be around. Seriously, it's different than when you were away at school, knowing you're just a few minutes away and dropping by all the time. Actually, I think it's your dad having more issues than me – and you know why.

Kelly: Since we're being honest with one another, a few months ago we had to deal with a few issues. At the time I accused you of using me when I as a young teenager to relive your own teenage years. We've worked things out now but is there anything you want to say about it in your own words?
Mom: First and foremost, your dad and I love you more than anything else and we would never do anything to hurt you in even the slightest way. Second, you know

that I have often been the "spoiler" when it comes to you and your dad's antics so if anything, I think I've stopped you from doing things more than pushing you. Do I enjoy hearing about your little adventures? Of course, your web site is proof that many other people do as well. Do they remind me of my teenage years? Well, in a way but then I didn't do near the range of things you did as a teenager either so yes, it WAS a little wishful fantasy on my part at times.

Kelly: Just so everyone knows, are we OK now?
Mom: As far as I was concerned, we always were. You were the one with the crisis and I'm just glad you got it worked out for yourself

Kelly: Do you ever wish for sex outside of our family?
Mom: I'd like to say no but who would believe me? Kelly, the real issue isn't what we WANT, it's what we DO. Of course I see guys that I wonder what it would be like to take to bed. The key is I don't let such fantasies impact my life or affect the relationship I have with your father.

Kelly: How do you feel about my escorting job?
Mom: Well, it's hard explaining to people what you're doing these days. Other than that, I like the agency you went with and it makes me feel even better knowing they aren't hauling you off to some sleazy hotel to do god only knows what. I DO hope you put that expensive degree to work someday though.

Kelly: How do you feel about Kristi's escorting job?
Mom: Do you really need to ask? Linda and I had a long talk about it and we both agreed to just let this run its course and pray for the best. You know, it doesn't help who you go out with her. Yeah, I know it's just for fun for you, but it sends the wrong message, you know?

Kelly: Kristi has been spending the night at your house lately. What's with that?
Mom: I don't really know. Kristi's never had a father to turn to when she need one and I think it has to do with what she's going through right now. As much as she brags about how great her job is and how much fun she is having, I think deep down she is struggling. I wouldn't worry about it, your dad is just trying to help out and you know how he feels about her. He loves her, but not in the same way he does you.

making more money than she knows what to do with. Sounds better than flunking out of college. Face it, with her incredible body (don't look so jealous) and, how do I put it, being not the sharpest knife in the drawer, I think the job is perfect for her. From what I hear, you didn't seem too unhappy about going out with her a few times either.

Kelly: How do you feel about me living in my own place?
Dad: Of course it's good to see you growing up and making your own way in the world and I'm proud of you for that. On the other hand, I DO miss our little morning tradition.

Kelly: What's with Kristi spending the night these days? She never use to do that.
Dad: Whoa, do I sense a little jealousy here? Tell you what… You spend the night more often and I won't need Kristi, OK? Sorry, didn't mean that to sound so mean. Hey, can you blame me for wanting to have for free what guys spend thousands of dollars for these days?

Kelly: Anything you want like to see me do for you?
Dad: I assume we aren't talking about a piano recital or something like that. Well, it's been a while since you modeled a new outfit for me – that would be nice. Hmmm, been a while since you blew me in traffic – I miss that too! Why don't you drop by the office any more? Honestly, I guess I just assumed that once school was over and you were back home that I would be getting more of that cute ass than I've been getting. Oh, there IS one thing you promised me ages ago that you've never done either. When do I get to see you with your friend and her dog? God, don't tell your mother I said that!
Note from Kelly: I don't remember promising him that and I don't think I did. Sorry Dad, not on the menu for the time being at least.

# (C.8) Chapter 304: Kelly Interviews Her Cousin Kristi

Date: January 2008

It's been a while since I did my first "interview" with my cousin. A lot has changed since then so I figured it was time for an update. I focused just on what is new or changed since the last interview, so read the 2006 interview if you want to know more about her.

Note: As I did with the first interview, this was all done rather informally with me just asking questions and my cousin answering. Afterwards I wrote it down from memory so it's not like I transcribed it from a tape recorder or something. I did my best to reflect the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the interview.

Kelly: Well, we may as well get it over with at the start. Are you now officially a whore?

Kristi: (huffs loudly and rolls her eyes) You know, that is SO annoying. Since when are you so sanctimonious, anyway? After all, you did it a few years ago and claimed it didn't make YOU a whore so why call me one now? I'm no streetwalker with a pimp and a drug habit. OK, technically I guess I could be charged with being a prostitute but what's the big deal about all this anyway?

Kelly: A big deal? You dropped out of college. What sort of future do you have now?

Kristi: Aren't you the one that's always preaching to use the talents God gave us? Obviously from my grades I'm never going to be a nurse or anything else like that so why not take advantage of my best "assets"? Besides, YOU were the one that gave me the idea in the first place. Plus, you gotta admit that the money doesn't hurt either. I'm only twenty so it's not like I'm locked into anything yet. Who knows, maybe I'll meet some rich guy who wants to marry me and take care of me?

Kelly: So what does you mom think about having a whore for a daughter?

Kristi: Damn Kelly, enough with the whore crap, OK? What's the difference between what I do now and before? OK, I get paid for it now but it's still just sex.

Kelly: Anything worth telling about from your new "job"?
Kristi: You know, it's not really all that much to talk about. There have been a few guys worth remembering, but most are not all that memorable. I've probably done a hundred guys (not to mention a few women) so far and only maybe a half dozen were anything to talk about later.

Kelly: Do you have any regulars?
Kristi: Oh yeah, a few seem to want me every week or so. In talking with the other girls, I've learned it helps to build up a client base - not to mention they generally tip a LOT better.

Kelly: Would you consider any of your regular clients a boyfriend?
Kristi: I AM a professional, you know. The last thing I need is to bring home a client. Best to keep work and play separate.

Kelly: Speaking of tips, just how much do you make?
Kristi: Like I'm gonna tell you that! OK, I will. Usually anywhere between $500 and $2,000 a night, depending on how long and what they want. It's when I spend the entire night that it REALLY pays well – I got $3,000 the last time if you count the tip! Granted, I don't work every night but you have to admit, it's still a pretty damn good living. See, you need to quit wasting time at that silly place you work and go where the REAL money is girl!

Kelly: What do you think of the tributes guy send me for you?
Kristi: Whatever got you started on those anyway? No matter…I think they're pretty cool. My mom though, God, she gets like so horny whenever you send them to us. Must be the going on forty thing or something. (LOL) It's not like she hadn't seen with me with cum on my face before, you know, so I haven't figured out what's the big deal with her about photos of it.

Kelly: When are you going to get your own place?
Kristi: Actually, I was going to ask you why you moved out in the first place. Why would I leave home now? Rent's free and I get to be with my mom – what more could I ask for? I guess it's easier for me to bring guys home and such since I don't have to

Kelly: With all the sex you get now, do you still masturbate a lot?
Kristi: That's the most stupid question so far. Do YOU slow down when you get laid a lot? What's the connection anyway? Sex is sex and masturbating is something you do for fun. Why would I masturbate less just because I get laid more often? I don't get the question.

Kelly: How often do you have sex nowadays?
Kristi: Well, I work at least four or five days a week, sometimes more so there are those guys. Generally just one appointment a night which may mean one or more guys. Then there is my fan club I have to keep happy plus my boyfriends - not to mention your dad. Hmmmmm,. I would say I get laid by 10-15 guys a week on average

Kelly: What is off-limits at work?
Kristi: Hmmm, not a lot really. I like anal now but I won't do scat. Since I have to be able work every night I don't like to do anything that would bruise me or make me sore - use your imagination for that. At work I don't do anyone under eighteen - not getting busted for THAT! I guess in general you could say anything that won't get me arrested.

Kelly: So you like anal?
Kristi: I can't say it's my favorite but it's been getting better for me. Want me to show you with one of your mom's dildos? (Note from Kelly - I refused politely!) It's hard to be in my business and NOT do it. I think a lot of guys fantasize about it and since their wives and girlfriends won't do it, they think since they're paying for it that I should do it for them. If there's one rule in my job, it's that the customer's demands are to be met as much as possible (so long as he is paying for it, of course). I have to tell you Kelly, once you get use to it it's not that bad. You should try it once!

Kelly: How would you compare yourself to me these days?
Kristi: Well, obviously we have different standards when it comes to escorting. You seem to be getting more conservative lately, what's with that? I would've thought since you graduated and didn't get that teaching job that you would loosen up a but NO, you are becoming an honest to god church girl lately - for real this time. You'll never hit the 200 mark at this rate!

Kelly: What do you wear to work?
Kristi: Wow, that depends on the client. Some like a slut and others want the "innocent" girl. Really, it's all up to him (or her).

Kelly: Have you had sex with animals at work?
Kristi: A while back when you asked me that, I think I said you were nuts and that there was no way I was going to ever let a dog fuck me. Well, it's amazing how $3,000 can change your mind. I can tell from the look on your face how you feel so let's not go into details, OK?

Kelly: Do you like gang-bangs?
Kristi: Hell yes! That's my favorite activity -getting banged by a bunch of horny guys.

Nothing like being covered with cum when you're done – you know you really should lighten up on that and let guys cum on you more often – they love it and I thinks it's cool too. Damn, you really looked hot that night you went out with me!

Kelly: Any last words for our fans?
Kristi: I still can't believe some of the stuff they say and send you! And now you've added all those other people as well and some of them are really out there I think it's cool when they jerk off on me and my mom's photos. Just don't give out my e-mail address or where I work, OK?

## (C.9) Chapter 305: Kelly Interviews Her Aunt Linda

Date: January 2008

It's been a while since I did my first "interview" with my aunt. A lot has changed since then so I figured it was time for an update. I focused just on what is new or changed since the last interview, so read the 2006 interview if you want to know more about her.

Note: As I did with the first interview, this was all done rather informally with me just asking questions and my aunt answering. Afterwards I wrote it down from memory so it's not like I transcribed it from a tape recorder or something. I did my best to reflect the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the interview.

Kelly: So how does it feel having a whore for a daughter?
Aunt Linda: (eyes rolling up) How did I know you were going to ask that one? LOL, I was sorta hoping you might throw me an easy one first. OK…. Really, what CAN I say, it's her choice. As her mother it doesn't exactly thrill me and it's a bit difficult coming up with something to tell people at church about what she's doing these days. Personally, I think it's just an overreaction on her part after having to drop out of college. I was hoping that by having her help me out at work this past summer that might take her mind off it but apparently that wasn't enough. I think that she'll grow out of it if we just leave her alone. You know, it also might help if you quit calling her a whore. She's not exactly walking the streets of downtown Pittsburgh.

Kelly: OK then, so much for Kristi. How's your job going?
Aunt Linda: Not bad. The type of homes I sell aren't all that dependent on the market. When executives they buy a house no matter what. Even so, it never hurts to have a little competitive edge these days, if you know what I mean. Are you sure you don't want to come to work with me again some time?

Kelly: Guys ask me what you think of the tributes they send me for you. Well?
Aunt Linda: Like I've said many times before, they're extremely erotic and I love every one of them. Personally, I like the ones of Kristi the most. Maybe it's the proud mother in me, who knows? So….. does that mean you have some new ones for me today?

Kelly: As a college dropout making more money than the two of us combined, when are you going to make Kristi move out?
Aunt Linda: When she wants to – what's the rush? I mean, why would I ever MAKE her move out in the first place? It's not like it was for you where you were the third wheel. Here it's just the two of us and I hate to even think of her leaving someday. God, the place would be deathly quiet and the bed so empty and cold without her! I can't, and don't want to, imagine sleeping without her next to me after all these years.

Kelly: People have been asking me if you've been having sex with Rick and Tammy?

Kelly: Think you'll ever get married?
Aunt Linda: Never say never, that's my motto. I guess if the right guy came around, I might consider it. Despite what I said earlier, I know that Kristi won't be around for THAT much longer and maybe it's time to start over fresh with someone.

Kelly: If you get married, will you have the same problems as in your first marriage?
Aunt Linda: Don was an ass but at the same time, he taught me a lesson. Besides, I'm almost twenty years older now and life starts taking on new perspectives when you reach my advanced stage of life. Of course the "hot" thing would be to say I'll tell him and let him screw all the women in the family and so on. The reality is that I doubt he'd ever know about our little family secret. I would HOPE he'd be into swinging, though. I'm not nearly as hung about "mandatory adultery" and all that crap your mom like to preach. She goes a bit off into the deep end for my tastes sometimes. Hey, if both people are OK with it, why not?

Kelly: What do you think about MY escorting job?
Aunt Linda: You want me to be REALLY honest? You SURE? OK then. I think you're trying to have it both ways. You know, "have your cake and eat it too" type of thing. You want the thrill of the taboo by being an escort while claiming at the same time to be all innocent and a bit sanctimonious because you supposedly don't have sex with your guys. Give me a break Kelly. Don't tell me that YOU, of all people, don't have sex with these guys. At least Kristi is open and honest about what she does.

Kelly: Well…. on THAT note, anything else for now?
Aunt Linda: Hey, you asked me for my honest opinion and I gave it, so don't give me that huffy sigh. What happened to your teaching aspirations? Like I said, I can excuse Kristi for what she does. It's not her fault she wasn't handed out the brains in the family and wasn't able to deal with school. All the poor girl has to work with is her body and you have to give her credit, she's making the most out of what she has to work with. YOU, on the other hand, have no excuse for not going out and getting exactly the job you want. If I was your mother, I'd be telling you to quit that so-called escorting job and finding a teaching position that at least gets you in front of a classroom – pronto.

really like it and I just can’t disappoint him so I go along with it. Between you and me, to be perfectly honest I only do it because he’s your dad.

Kelly: Do you have sex with girls?
Tammy: No, only you and Kristi and gosh, that’s be a long time now, hasn’t it. It’s really not my thing. I like boys, at least for sex.

Kelly: Have you thought about college yet?
Tammy: No. I’ve got plenty of time for that. Besides, I’m not even sure that's what I want to do anyway.

Kelly: How are you and Kate getting along?
Tammy: She FINALLY heads off to college this fall so that will help a lot – tell you anything? I think she’s still a virgin – can you IMAGINE that?

Kelly: What was the last movie you saw?
Tammy: Up! It was SO cute! I liked Dog.

## (C.11) Chapter 307: Kelly Interviews Her Dad

Date: January 2010

It's been a while since I did my first "interview" with my dad. A lot has changed since then so I figured it was time for an update. I focused just on what is new or changed since the last interview, so read the 2006 interview if you want to know more about him.
Note: As I did with the first interview, this was all done rather informally with me just asking questions and my dad answering. Afterwards I wrote it down from memory so it's not like I transcribed it from a tape recorder or something. I did my best to reflect the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the interview.

Kelly: Do you still masturbate a lot?
Dad: Damn, getting straight to it, aren't we. You've always had some fascination with me doing it, haven't you. I would say maybe two or three times a week. Now are you going to tell me how many times YOU do it a week?

From what I hear, you didn't seem too unhappy about going out with her a few times either.

Kelly: How do you feel about me living in my own place?
Dad: Of course it's good to see you growing up and making your own way in the world and I'm proud of you for that. On the other hand, I DO miss our little morning tradition.

Kelly: What's with Kristi spending the night these days? She never use to do that.
Dad: Whoa, do I sense a little jealousy here? Tell you what… You spend the night more often and I won't need Kristi, OK? Sorry, didn't mean that to sound so mean. Hey, can you blame me for wanting to have for free what guys spend thousands of dollars for these days?

Kelly: Anything you want like to see me do for you?
Dad: I assume we aren't talking about a piano recital or something like that. Well, it's been a while since you modeled a new outfit for me – that would be nice. Hmmm, been a while since you blew me in traffic – I miss that too! Why don't you drop by the office any more? Honestly, I guess I just assumed that once school was over and you were back home that I would be getting more of that cute ass than I've been getting. Oh, there IS one thing you promised me ages ago that you've never done either. When do I get to see you with your friend and her dog? God, don't tell your mother I said that!
Note from Kelly: I don't remember promising him that and I don't think I did. Sorry Dad, not on the menu for the time being at least.

# (C.12) Chapter 308: Kelly Interviews Her Mom

Date: July 2010

When I had my web site going I was always being asked questions about my mom, specifically about how she started having sex with her dad, what she and the sister did as teens, and especially how she felt about her husband having sex with her daughter. Rather than keep writing the same responses over and over again, I finally wrote up an "interview" article where I wrote down the answers to some of the most common questions. The “interviews” were actually a collections of questions I would ask my mom at times and her answers, not like we sat down and I had a list and she would answer me so it's not like I transcribed it from a tape recorder or something. Even though everything in the “interview” was written down from memory, I tried my best to reflect the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the “interview”.

It's been quite a couple of years since I posted my last "interview" with my mom. Given everything that's happened since then, while I was visiting her out in Oregon I thought it would be a good time to think about an update. I won't repeat stuff that hasn't changed since the last time I did this so you may want to go back and read them if you're interested in knowing more about my mom.

Kelly: Soooooo, the big question of the day... Why did you divorce dad?
Mom: That’s really not as simple a question as you make it sound. I can’t point to just one thing he did, like some women could if they caught their husband cheating on them or something like that. With me and your dad it was more like the proverbial straw that broke the camel’s back.

You and I have talked in that past about how your father has always had issues with sexual addictions going back to when he was a teenager, especially regarding underage porn. At the same time, I can’t really use that against him because I knew all about his issues when I married him. It’s really more my fault for thinking that it was something I could deal with so long as it was only just that – porn. I naively thought that so long as it stayed on his computer and he kept me happy that it didn’t really matter what he fantasized and masturbated about. Well, I was wrong.

Even though it has been something I’ve had to deal with for almost thirty years now, in the last few years things got more intense and his fantasies started affected our regular lives. Finally it got to where I just couldn't deal with where he was going as it was much too perverted for me. When I complained he tried to rationalize his behavior by saying it was just a midlife crisis sort of thing, like it was some sort of phase he was going through that he would grow out of. Eventually I came to realize it wasn't a phase but rather it was his true nature finally coming to the surface. It wasn't anything new, it had been there all along but he just suppressed it until then.

As to why he wasn't able to control himself after so many years, I guess a shrink would have a field day with that one. My “diagnosis” is that with you now in your mid-twenties, Kristi being twenty three and even your cousin Tammy approaching eighteen he no longer had any young girls in the family to help him deal with his “urges” when they threatened to get out of control. I mean, he’s a man so he still likes the sex but it isn’t what he needs when his addictions take hold of him. For a good “fix”, he seems to need someone much younger than you guys are now.

At first it was just talk which I ignored but then he started pushing me more and more to help him get involved with younger girls, or at least allow him to do them by himself. Needless to say I wasn't about to give him my blessings. It was when he started actually getting in touch with real girls and their parents, e-mailing, texting and calling them, that I knew I had to do something, if for no other reason than to protect myself. That was when I decided to divorce him. Seeing how he has been since I left, I think I did the right thing. I think it’s a shame in a way to see how his addiction has taken control of his life the way it has.

Kelly: Did your decision have anything to do with me or Aunt Linda?
Mom: Oh no, at least not directly. He and Linda have been screwing since we were all young teenagers. I guess technically BEFORE out teen years if you count Linda. Their little sex games weren’t anything I really cared about so long as that was all they were was. In any case, she is part of our family so he has a right to be with her anyway so there wasn't a whole lot I could say even I wanted to. Regardless, I would much rather prefer he seek out Linda when he was horny than go out and find some whore and bring home an STD.

As for him and you, I never had an issue with it so long as it was what YOU wanted. I just wish it would have been more out of genuine love than lust, at least so far as he was concerned. For whatever reason I’d always hoped you would never

Kelly: Do you have sex now?
Mom: Hey, I’m not even a grandmother yet so don't put me in a wheelchair. Just because a women gets divorced doesn’t mean she doesn't have the same needs and desires so yes, I do! I have to confess that it felt more than a little odd at first after being faithful to your father for the better part of three decades. Do you realize that when I first moved out here that I hadn’t had sex with anyone outside my family since I was a teenage? Don't take this wrong but it didn't take long to get over that feeling!

Kelly: Do you have sex with Tammy?
Mom: No. That was all something I think that happened back in Pittsburgh because of the special circumstances at the time. Here she is happily married mother and wife with a great husband and family. She is well respected in her church and community, a regular model citizen. True, we are close friends – VERY close friends, but not in a sexual way. I would say it is sort of like what you and Beth have – without the sex parties of course.

Kelly: How do you REALLY feel about your sister Linda now?
Mom: That’s a complicated question. She’s my sister and no matter what happens, I will always love her. That doesn't mean I can’t be angry with her or disappointed by her actions.

To be fair, I really can’t blame her for moving in with your dad. Legally he’s not married to me anymore so it’s not like she’s trying to take him away from me and besides, I’m not there anyway. They’ve always had a thing for each other but it’s been based totally on sex from day one. Between you and me, I don't see them sticking together all that long, at least not in the same house. It’s one thing for her to stop by whenever she gets horny but I think in the end she’ll find that living with him on a full-time basis to be quite a different experience.

That said, I DO sort of feel a little betrayed at how quickly she moved in with him. I know I shouldn't feel this way, especially since I was the one to file for the divorce, but I think I could deal with it better had it been another woman rather than my own sister. As I said, they’ve always had a sexual thing going but I was able to deal with it because it was just that – nothing but sex. Her now living with him seems to be making it more than that which is harder for me to accept. Not my favorite subject at the moment...

Kelly: After all that has happened, have your views on adultery changed?
Mom: Oh my God - totally. Once I got married I stopped having sex with other people, at least everyone outside our families. It was really pretty simple in my mind – anything else would have been against God's commandment against adultery. You can debate a lot of the Old Testament rules as being cultural, etc. but the Ten Commandments were always pretty black and white and thus non-negotiable for me. I've always said that the Bible didn't say adultery was OK if your husband permits it. It's not like you haven't heard this from me a thousand times before.

Well, now after seeing how such a rigid position ultimately affected our marriage, at least for me since I didn't have nearly as many options within the family as your dad did, I have to say I was dead wrong. Now I think you have to consider the INTENT of the Bible as much if not more than the literal translation. Just because something is not said doesn't mean it wasn't intended. The commandments were short and simple without a lot of footnotes and explanations. It wasn't like God gave Moses a book with all the explanations.

Just as we kill people for crimes or in war without violating the commandments, so it is with adultery, at least that is how I feel now. I believe the intent of the commandment is not to betray your marriage and spouse. If your husband or wife is OK with you having sex with someone else, even outside the marriage family, what is the harm? I look back now and see so many missed opportunities because of my stand on adultery and wonder how things may have been if I had been more open-minded.

Kelly: How about incest - have you changed your mind about that?
Mom: Not really. Every time I saw the lust in your dad's eyes being fulfilled as he fucked you and the joy on your face when he came in you I knew that is was it is absolutely the right thing for you to be doing with him. Maybe it wasn't for all the reasons I tried to rationalize with you at the time, but it was something I think the both of you needed. You always were so submissive to him and it seemed you constantly needed his approval so incest became the thing that filled that void in you best – no pun intended.

In general, I don't have any issues with incest so long as nobody is being forced to do anything. Look at the two of us – I think sex has always brought us closer together than we ever would have been in a more traditional mother-daughter relationship.

Kelly: When I get married, do you still want to fuck my husband?
Mom: Now THAT is something I have definitely not changed my mind about. Are you kidding – I've been waiting for that day for twenty-five years! So when are you and Steve going to tie the knot?
(note from Kelly – don't hold your breath!)

Kelly: Would you like my boyfriend Steve to fuck you now?
Mom: Well, I've known Steve since he was a little boy and I remember how happy I was when he ended up being the one to take your virginity. I think it's great that you're back together again now. He was a much too young for me at back when you were dating him in high school but I have to say, he has aged well. So yes, I'd be thrilled to share him some time with you! Unless, of course, you're OK with letting me have him for my own for a while...

Kelly: If you were home now, would you still fuck your nephew?
Mom: Rick was never anything serious for me, you know that. It's not like he was my son or anything so it was all about the sex. Damn, the kid has one hell of a cock, doesn't he? When he was doing me he could cum two or three times in a row without a break. I hate to admit it but at the time I was getting a bit of a kick out of it that he wanted me in the first place – almost a Mrs. Robinson sort of thing. Now I have more options available and given what a jerk he is, why put up with it? So I guess the answer is no, I wouldn't. It has nothing to do with the incest factor, I just don't want to be with HIM.

The only thing that might make me change my mind is knowing his mother would just die if she knew her son was fucking me! I use to get so sick and tired of her sanctimonious crap that screwing her son right under her nose gave me a sense of true satisfaction. Maybe if I was back there and she started in on me again I might consider fucking her son but since he is now over 18, this time I'd make sure she knew all about it!

Kelly: Do you have sex with just men now or girls as well?
Mom: Just men. I've been at a few get-togethers where there were other women and a few things happened but it was more to tease the guys than anything else. Let's just say I don't date girls.

Kelly: What ages do you, or would you consider, having sex with?
Mom: I know where you are coming from with this one! No, I have none of the perverted feelings your father has towards youngsters. As for me... I like my guys a more mature, especially mentally. My basic rule is they have to be more than half my age. It just seems too weird to think about fucking “someone less than half my age” if you get my drift. I would say most of the guys I am with these days are in their late twenties to early forties.

Kelly: How do you feel about your ex-husband’s involvement with young girls now?
Mom: What can I say? If nothing else it’s illegal so I just hope for his sake nothing happens to where he loses everything. As I’ve always tried to teach you, fundamentally I don’t believe in underage sex outside the family. For his sake I wish he wasn't doing it and I want nothing to do with it whatsoever.

I guess this is one thing I should have mentioned earlier when you asked me about my sister. My biggest beef with Linda right now is that I feel she is a good part of the reason your father has crossed the line. If she wasn't there egging him on I don't think he would be doing all the things they are involved with now.

Kelly: Will you ever move back to the 'burgh?
Mom: Who knows? I doubt it as I love it out here. I miss my family – you especially, but then life goes on.

Kelly: Do you think that you will ever get married again?
Mom: Again, who knows. I would say no right now but I’ve known plenty of other women who said the same thing after their divorce and then go and do it again anyway. I don't feel any NEED to be married now, let’s put it that way.

Kelly: Is there anything you want to add?
Mom: No matter how things may seem, I still love your father and hope the best for him. Most of all, I am incredibly proud of you and love you very much.

# (C.13) Chapter 309: Kelly Interviews Her Husband

Date: September 7, 2011

It's been a while since I've done an "interview" with anyone in my family. A lot has changed since the last one, not the least of which I got married! As such it seemed appropriate that I add one with my new husband as I get a LOT of requests from people to chat with him and ask him questions. If there are any you want me to add or get more details, just write me and let me know and I'll see what I can do. Note: As I have done with all my "interview", this was done rather informally with me just asking questions and my husband answering. Afterwards I wrote it down mostly from memory with just a few notes so it's not like I recorded it on my phone. Steve read it afterwards and while his memory seems to recall things a little different than mine, he agreed that it reflects the spirit if not the complete accuracy of the interview.

Kelly: So tell me, why are you doing this?
Steve: Rather obvious - you asked me. (long pause) OK, I can see you want more... (another long pause) Nope, still the same - because you asked me. I mean, why else would I do anything as crazy as this?

Kelly: How does being married compare to dating me?
Steve: Loaded question... To be honest, the biggest difference is living with you now instead of my mother. We both have agreed that not a lot was going to change in our relationship just because we went through some ceremony. I think it’s more how things have changed for OTHER people more so than for you and me.

Kelly: Why did you ever ask me out back when I was only fourteen?
Steve: Ok, you asked so don’t get mad. It was because I knew you were a virgin which made it especially hot the you were trying so hard to act slutty and sexy even though you weren’t exactly as... developed shall we say, as my sister or your friends. Just to be 100% honest, it was also because I figured you’d put out - and you DID. Now don’t look at me that way! I’m a guy and at the time I was a horny teenage guy doing what horny teenage guys do.

Kelly: Do you really prefer my Aunt Linda over her daughter Kristi or are you just trying to tease Kristi?
Steve: OMG, your aunt is so HOT! Sure Kristi's a babe but she was also a whore and what guy really wants a whore - except as a whore? Your Aunt Linda, on the other hand, should be in the dictionary next to MILF. Even when we were dating I use to jerk off thinking about her. I couldn't believe back then that any mother would wear what she did around the house - or should I say did NOT wear. It was such a turn-on. All the guys use to talk about her.

Kelly: Do you have sex with your mother?
Steve: I suppose this one was inevitable. You know the answer so why ask? OK, OK, it's an interview, gotchya. Yes, we did it ONCE a dozen years ago. It was a mistake then and it would be a mistake now to do it again. I'm not trying to say anything about your family life and the decisions you have made, I'm just stating how I want MY life to be and the relationship I want to have with my mother. I love my mother and yes, we are pretty close. Do I get turned on feeling her up? Of course, who wouldn't? But there's a line we won't cross and so long as we don't it makes it fair game to do anything we want short of it. If we ever DID cross the line then that would ruin everything else we get to enjoy now as we couldn't trust each other after that.

Kelly: Did you know your sister had a crush on you in high school?
Steve: Like who didn't? I was teased constantly by my friends about it - and hers. Sharon was - and still is, cute and sexy but I'm not fucking my sister - or even feeling her up for that matter. It's hard to explain, especially to someone like you, but it just keeps things simpler that way.

Kelly: How did it feel to fuck my mother the first time?
Steve: Like a dream come true. You know I had a crush on her in high school, right? God how I use to fantasize about your mom and your aunt together! That was one of the benefits of dating you - getting to see your mom around the house in those short tight t-shirts that barely covered her ass and REALLY showed off her tits. Too bad you never got her to be like you and stop wearing those panties! When we dated I never dreamed I would ever get to do her so when you told me that she wanted it I

was like, “YES!!!” Now THAT was the threesome of my dreams... you and your mom. Would’ve been even better with Linda too.

Kelly: You know that I had always assumed that once I was married I would stop having sex with anyone outside my family. So why do you still want me to be fucked by other men?
Steve: First let me make it clear that I am NOT a cuckold. Still, I think it’s cool to see other men fuck you because I know when everything is said and done that I’m the one you go home with. It’s like the more they love fucking you the better because I know how jealous they must be later when they know that I have you all to myself. And let’s face it, I want to have sex with other women so it’s only fair I let you have the same freedoms that I ask for.

Kelly: How often do you masturbate?
Steve: Not as much as I did before I met you! Hmmmmmm, maybe a few times a week? Sometimes more.

Kelly: What do you think about when you masturbate?
Steve: You of course! Alright, I know you aren’t buying that so I admit it, I like porn as much as the next guy. Your Aunt Linda is always good for a nice cum when all else fails not to mention those parties she arranges with the families - some REALLY hot jerk-off material there.

Kelly: What's your favorite porn movie to watch and masturbate?
Steve: Screw the old-time ones where you have to wait for a bunch of crap and useless dialog when we all know where it’s leading. I love girl-girl stuff, first-timers and casting call “reality” porn. Your dad’s porn stash is like the ultimate when it comes to crazy taboo crap. I can’t believe some of the hot shit he has!

Kelly: What do you think of my website?
Steve: Not my favorite subject to be honest. I’m just glad you cleared off most of it and stuck to just the stories. All those photos and stuff was like just begging for a problem. I don’t read any of the ones with me in them by the way.

(Note from Kelly: Now that is ONE request that I would have to refuse. Fortunately, I know he was just teasing me and would NEVER ask me to make such a horrible decision.)

Kelly: Tell me something about you that I don't know.
Steve: You’re just full of loaded questions, aren’t you? Why not ask me when I stopped beating my wife? LOL Hmmmmmm, did you know I love American Idol? Ok, I admit it! That and Dancing With the Stars!

Kelly: What was the most memorable part of our honeymoon for you?
Steve: Oh boy, I have to pick just one thing? Seems unfair. I don’t know if this qualifies as just one but those nights we spent on the porch of the cabana in the hammock, swinging in the night breeze as we watched and listen to the waves crashing ashore. Feeling our naked bodies against one another in the moonlight are probably some of the most erotic memories I have of being with you.
(Note from Kelly: And I thought he wasn't the romantic type!)

# (Appendix D) My Thoughts About...

## (D.1) My Thoughts About Adultery

Story Codes: nosex
Updated: April 25, 2018

Just the mention of the word adultery is enough to set some people off the deep end and for good reason. How many marriages end because one of the partners claims the other has committed adultery? Then again, is the act of adultery really the root cause of what ruins the marriage or just a symptom of something more deeper and insidious? There's also the question of what exactly IS adultery? It's not really as cut and dry as some people think. Like everyone else I have my own views which have changed over the years. Getting married certainly changed my perspective - in ways different than what you might think.
Note: I first wrote this long before I was married. Now that I'm married I see things from a much different perspective so it's only natural some of the guiding principles in my life have adapted to my role as a married woman. To those who claim I'm being hypocritical or somehow unfaithful to my core values and ethics, I disagree and make no apologies. It's a natural part of life that as you grow older and gain experience and insights that your belief system matures and changes along the way. To be fair I've kept my old philosophies from my earlier postings and then added a chapter to reflect how I feel today about adultery.

# 1. References

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." - The Bible, King James version

"You shall not commit adultery." - The Bible, New International Version

"He who commits adultery lacks sense; he who does it destroys himself. He will get wounds and dishonor, and his disgrace will not be wiped away. For jealousy makes a man furious, and he will not spare when he takes revenge. He will accept no compensation; he will refuse though you multiply gifts." - The Bible Proverbs 6:32-35

"Let marriage be honored among all and the marriage bed be kept undefiled, for God will judge the sexually immoral and adulterers." - The Bible, Hebrews 13:4 (New American Bible Revised Edition)

"But God came to Abimelech in a dream by night and said to him, "Behold, you are a dead man because of the woman whom you have taken, for she is a man's wife." - The Bible, Genesis 20:3 (ESV)

"Adultery refers to marital infidelity. When two partners, of whom at least one is married to another party, have sexual relations - even transient ones - they commit adultery." - Catechism of the Catholic Church 2380

"Adultery is an injustice. He who commits adultery fails in his commitment. He does injury to the sign of the covenant which the marriage bond is, transgresses the rights of the other spouse, and undermines the institution of marriage by breaking the contract on which it is based. He compromises the good of human generation and the welfare of children who need their parents' stable union." - Catechism of the Catholic Church, 2335

"Adultery is sexual relations in which at least one participant is married to someone else." - Wikipedia

"Adultery is sex where at least one person is married and that person's partner is outside his/her marriage family." - Mary (my mother)

"Sex is the penetration, however slight, of a female vagina by a male penis. Even if the hymen remains intact or not all of the dick gets in the pussy, it's still sex. Once ANY part of a dick is in her, even if it's just the very tip, it's as good as ALL in. Thus a girl can have an intact hymen but NOT be a virgin." - Kelly (me)

## 2. My Pre-Marriage Position

Note: This chapter was written long BEFORE I was married when most of my ethics and morals influenced heavily by my mother.

In reading Chapter 1, it would seem at first glance that anyone having sex with someone other than their wife or husband is committing adultery, an act punishable by death in biblical times - of both parties involved! However, a closer look reveals some subtle but key components. It's easy to read something literally without taking into account the full meaning and the implications of what's being said. For example, perhaps one of the most abused verses in the Bible is where Paul exhorts women to "submit to your husbands". People with an agenda have taken those words totally out of context to validate their personal beliefs that women are second-class citizens and subject to their husband's every demand. Anyone reading the whole text and understanding the culture of the era during which this statement was made would say something entirely different.

For many people, it doesn't matter what the meaning is behind the words, they take the 7th commandment literally without context. For them it's black and white and there's no even discussing the matter. My own mother is one of these people. For her, having sex with another man outside of her marriage family is immoral and wrong. I have to say one thing though, my mother practiced what she preached. In over 25 years of marriage my mother never once had sex outside of her marriage family. Yes, she had sex with her brother-in-laws and one of their sons but my mother would tell you that she was not committing adultery because they were within the boundaries of her marriage family. For example, as much as she wanted to be with my fiance, it wasn't until after we said our vows that she satisfied her desire to be with her new son - and she didn't wait very long after the vows!

Let's face it, if the Bible was really all that easy to read and understand we wouldn't have thousands of different churches and untold translations. So it was with me. There come times when you have to make your own decisions and so it was with my stance on adultery. So now it's my turn to parse my words. As I mentioned, while my mom was firmly against adultery, it was adultery as SHE defined it. She DID have sex with my dad's brothers and one of her nephews which to less enlightened people would be an act of adultery. Not so as she rationalized her actions by expanding the conventional definition of "marriage" to include more than just her husband but rather extending to their immediate families as well. Thus per her definitions when she married my dad she effectively married his family too. Although she admitted to me once that this was more than what most people would accept, she felt strongly about it. In her mind if it was OK for her to continue having sex with her own father after she was married then why not the other men in her family as well?

Naturally while growing up I was heavily influenced by my mother's belief systems and morals when it came to such matters. After all, how do you argue with success? With half of all marriages ending in divorce, SOMETHING must have made a difference in my parents' marriage. While I would never say it was all due to how they dealt with adultery, I DO believe it was a major contributing factor. Yes, they eventually did divorce but it was after over 25 years and had nothing to do with incest or sex within their families.

In keeping with the teachings of my mother, my expectations are that once I'm married I'll be faithful to my husband and never commit adultery. Of course I'll continue having sex with my dad and maybe my uncles along with whatever family members on my husband's side wish to be involved, if any. However, when it comes to anyone outside of our marriage family then they will be off-limits for sex once I say, "I do."

To be honest it isn't something I'm entirely happy looking forward to but it's something that I feel that I have to comply with if I'm going to live by my mother's biblical faith and morals. In a way it's like those times when I'm not really in the mood but my father needs me. Being a Christian daughter my father's sexual needs come first so I always fulfill the duties and obligations that come with being his daughter without hesitation. Without being too boastful I'm proud that I've never said NO to my dad, well at least when it comes to his sexual needs. So too will I fulfill my obligations as a wife when my marriage becomes a reality.

If there is one bright spot it's that to commit adultery means having SEX. Thus as long as I don't allow another penis to penetrate my vagina everything else remains "legal". Blowjobs, fondling, and such are not sex by definition so engaging in those activities does not constitute adulterous behavior. I'm sure it will be difficult at times to restrain myself once things get going but I'm confident that if my mother was able to do it then so can I!

So that's my position on adultery. To be sure I respect what other people do and believe even when I don't agree with them. All I ask is the same courtesy and respect in return.

## 3. Post-Marriage Thoughts

Note: This is my current position on adultery now that I'm married.

It's amazing how your perspective on life can change with just two little Words - "I do." As Steve's wife the Bible places him at the head of our household and requires that I submit to him. Before anyone sends me hate mail I'm referring to biblical submission which has nothing to do with BSDM or that sort of baloney. In fact, I wrote an entire article on submission called "Appendix (D.5) My Thoughts About Submission" as this is such a complicated topic. To keep it simple for now there are principles and morals that I've always deemed to be irrevocable that I have now found that needed to be modified somewhat to allow for me to submit to my husband's needs and desires. There's a limit to how far I will bend but when I can I do if that is what it takes to please my husband.

Adultery is one of those key moral issues that I'll never abandon. Adultery is a sin per the Ten Commandments and as such something I simply will NEVER do. The key becomes what is adultery?

Referring back to Chapter 1, the one thing that stands out in all of the statements is the implication that the person being charged with adultery has done these acts without the consent of their spouse. "Make a man furious", "breaking the contract", "sexually immoral", and "transgresses the rights of the other spouse" are all phrases that point to injury being made on the uninvolved spouse.

People have asked why I've changed my views on adultery. No, it wasn't because I was anxious to go out and have sex behind my husband's back and thus looked for a means to rationalize such behavior. So long as I'm married to Steve I will NEVER cheat on him. Actually the only reason I even considered whether or not I was handling the issue of adultery correctly was to please my husband. Before we got married we both sat down and stated what we expected of our marriage. Mostly we discussed non-sexual things like finances, children, careers, etc. My biggest concern at the time was incest as Steve didn't believe in incest when we were engaged. This was initially quite a sticking point but I made it clear that my responsibilities to my father were irrevocable. It took some convincing but we finally came up with an accommodation - basically our own version of "don't ask, don't tell".

Steve made it clear before we were married that he did NOT want a monogamous relationship and that he expected us both to continue seeking out other partners both alone and as a couple, just as we did during our engagement. He told me that he felt too many marriages fail because the partners become bored so occasional sex with other people would keep our marriage fresh and exciting.

Clearly I was faced with a serious ethical dilemma. While I was resigned to limiting my sexual exploits to our families, I wasn't about to fall into that trap of marrying Steve and expecting him to change. I've seen enough marriages fail because they entered into matrimony expecting that the other would eventually see the light and change as they wanted. Of course that doesn't happen so they end up divorced. My own Aunt Linda is a prime example. She was divorced after just a couple years when her husband was unable to accept her having sex with her father - something he claimed before the wedding he would be OK with her doing.

Thankfully as I studied and prayed about the issue God showed me that the Bible wasn't so much against sex outside of marriage but rather someone having sex outside of marriage against the will of their spouse. It was a revelation in that it became clear to me that what was being said in essence was NOT no sex but rather no CHEATING. Back in biblical days I'm not sure if there even words to differentiate the two acts so "adultery" was used for both. Then there's also the consideration that the Bible wasn't written in English and reflects the bias of the translators so how literal can one really be when reading the text?

What God revealed to me was to substitute the word "cheating" in place of "adultery" in the quotes at the start of this article. The results were mind boggling! With this one simple change in interpretation of a word I suddenly had no problem agreeing to all of the prohibitions. In other words by saying "cheating" in lieu of "adultery" I could stick with my existing morals and not even have to compromise!

It was so obvious... cheating leads to jealousy, feelings of betrayal, low self-esteem, and can easily be a stake in the heart of even the best marriages. Cheating on your spouse is about the lowest thing a person can do. On the other hand if your spouse is OK with you doing something, even it's having sex with someone else, why is that wrong? You're not cheating after all. Of course such things should be discussed and communicated well BEFORE anything is done. Getting caught and then trying to get your spouse to understand and forgive is still cheating... and still wrong on every level.

Steve and I have had many long discussions on this topic so he knows full well just how important it is to me that we maintain the proper biblically-correct relationship between us at all times. Whenever possible we discuss our plans for sex with other people ahead of time so there are no surprises. Of course there are those windows of opportunity that sometimes arise and won't stay open for long so we've agreed it's OK to take advantage of such opportunities without having to ask for "permission". Over time we've come to where we don't come home and "report" everything we do. Our love and mutual trust is strong enough that we know in the end we want each other more than anyone else!

One of the key principles behind the success of our marriage is that we have no secrets from one another when it comes to sex. So now my definition of adultery is:

"When a married person has sex with someone not in their family (as defined above) with the intent of cheating on their spouse."

It's the INTENT that defines adultery, not just the act of having sex. It's important to note that someone can't commit adultery unless they're married – how else can you cheat? As I have Steve's permission to enjoy myself with anyone I want, when I have sex with a married guy behind his wife's back HE is the one committing adultery, not me.

## 4. Conclusions

Adultery and cheating are issues like abortion and the death penalty. People have strong opinions backed up by their reading of scripture, their cultural background, and personal opinions. Just as with abortion, reaching agreement on what's adultery is virtually impossible. As such I respect other people's opinions and would never question how they deal with the subject when it comes to their own marriage. All I ask is to be given the same respect and not be questioned about my beliefs or have people tell me I am a degenerate or some form of whore or pervert because we believe differently. In the end I believe the final proof is to look at the state of my marriage!

Whatever the belief the important thing is that BOTH people agree on it before they marry and then follow through on those beliefs after taking their vows. If not then it may take time but sooner or later the marriage is doomed – if not by divorce then descent into a loveless marriage of convenience.

What YOU decide to do in your marriage is ultimately up to YOU. I've made my decision and feel perfectly comfortable with it. I plan to spend the rest of my life married to the man I adore and love while also enjoying a robust and varied sex life. There's no reason the two can't be compatible!

# (D.2) My Thoughts About Incest

Story Codes: nosex
Updated: April 25, 2018

It's amazing how many guys (and yes, often guys pretending to be women) ask me for my advice on how to start an incestuous relationship. Sometimes it's about a cousin or sibling, but usually it's a father wanting me to tell him how to initiate a sexual relationship with his daughter. You may be surprised to learn that I don't support incest in the majority of these situations!

This article is NOT meant to promote OR discourage incest but rather to raise the awareness of some of the issue involved and give my opinions about them. Hopefully I can explain a side to incest that's different from what most people know and at the same time help people to realize how wonderful incest can be – under the right circumstances.

Disclaimer: This article deals primarily with incest between fathers and daughters as I have no personal experience with incestual relationships between mothers and sons other than my husband and his mother.

## 1. Definitions

Obviously these definitions aren't exactly from the dictionary but rather are based on my own perspectives using the principles and concepts that guide my life and actions. No doubt your spouse, family, friends, church, and local authorities may have different opinions.

When discussing these sort of topics I find a lot of people misunderstand what I mean when I use certain phrases or words so before discussing this topic any further, a few definitions are in order. Remember that these are MY definitions which dictate how I lead MY life so if yours are different then while reading this, try to remember what mine are before you make any judgments.

## 2. General Rules for Sex

There is a fine line between incest and child abuse so when there is ANY question at all, I believe the more conservative response is always best. Here is my "Top Ten" list of basic rules that I believe EVERYONE should follow, regardless of whether the situation involves incest or not:

1. Regarding incest, if you're not 100% sure about it - DON'T DO IT.
2. If your daughter (or ANY girl for that matter) says "no", that means "NO". It doesn't matter if "she asked for it" or you think "she really wants it", if she doesn't say "yes" - DON'T DO IT.
3. If you have to rationalize what you want to do - DON'T DO IT.
4. If anything you do with your daughter doesn't feel right - IT'S NOT.
5. If you can't tell your wife about your feelings - DON'T tell your daughter and certainly DON'T DO IT.
6. DO NOT have sex with your daughter behind your wife's back. If you have to hide it from your wife - DON'T DO IT.
7. If you think your daughter might be too young for sex - SHE IS.
8. If you're not sure your daughter's ready for sex - SHE ISN'T.
9. Just because your daughter flirts with you it does NOT mean that she wants to have sex with you. In fact, odds are she'd be appalled if she knew you thought she did. Don't confuse trust with lust. If she's not crossing the line on her own - DON'T DO IT.
10. Porn movies, erotic stories and "adult" Internet sites DO NOT reflect reality. Don't expect the same reaction from your daughter as from the so-called "daughters" on the Internet. They are whores being paid to have sex.

## 3. Some General Thoughts About Incest

Of all the subjects I discuss incest is the one that gets the most responses as people have strong opinions about it. As a rule I find it's a pretty polarizing subject in that they're either turned on or totally disgusted without much in between. Unfortunately I've also found that most people's knowledge of "true" incest is derived from what they were taught as children, heard preached in church, read in the newspapers, discussed with their friends or worst of all - seen on internet porn sites. Very few people have factual knowledge of true incest as it should be practiced.

It's amazing to me how many people have told me that just because I have sex with my family I'm perverted or a victim of child molestation. Even if they finally acknowledge that it might actually be something I truly WANT to do they still claim that I've been brainwashed or that I was "groomed" by evil parents who just wanted to satisfy their disgusting sexual perversions. NONE of this, or anything remotely similar to it, could be farther from the truth. I have sex with my family because I WANT to and nobody has ever forced or coerced me to do anything. OK, so maybe my parents did "groom" me by providing me with opportunities most daughters never have but in the end it was MY decision.

Historically incest has been taboo in most cultures for two very good reasons - genetics and child exploitation. Even though our ancestors knew nothing about DNA they did know that kids born out of extended incestual relationships were often not quite "right" and so reasoned there must be something inherently wrong with the custom. Like many good practices, such as avoiding certain foods, etc., these became engrained in their laws and religion which provided the authority for society to enforce the taboo.

Today with the multitude of options available for birth control in addition to the means to end an unwanted pregnancy (please, no debates on abortion here), the foundation for the case against incest has largely crumbled. However these ancient taboos have become so engrained in our society and religion that most people cannot see beyond their life-long indoctrination and thus are unable to consider incest from a rational perspective.

The real problem is the second excuse used to ban incest - child abuse. I totally agree that all children MUST be protected. It's an unfortunate fact of life that there are many screwed-up people out there who are empowered and gratified through the act of abusive sex with children - some ridiculously young. This easily leads to a situation where a child can be coerced into performing acts they're not mature enough to understand nor truly consent to participating in. Because incest is one of the most common rationalizations used by these perverts, it's probably the most powerful argument against incest - at least so far as younger children are concerned. It's also why I don't believe incest should be legalized and publically accepted.

Over the years I've chatted with a lot of people on-line and it's generally been a fun experience although I've had to ignore more than few blatant perverts and jerks. Most people claim they are open-minded and have no problems with casual sex, especially if it was with me! Some say they want to cheat on their spouse while others want me to join them with their spouse and still others want me be to be with just their hubby or wife while they watch. Many couples claim to be looking for someone to make a three-some although I found that most of these "couples" are just fakes. Along those lines I've had quite a few people who are really into the kinky stuff including children and animals. The point I'm trying to make is that I try to respect other people's feelings and desires, even if I'm not especially turned on by them or even personally offended. For the most part, everyone else claims to feel the same way yet amazingly they then draw the line at incest. So let's see... fucking dogs and underage kids is good but having a loving relationship with my mom and dad that involves sex is bad. Hmmmmmm... what am I missing here?

There are many things in life that are fulfilling and pleasurable when handled properly yet they can also be easily abused and can be extremely harmful. Alcohol, gambling and sex come to mind immediately. Let me say right from the start that I firmly believe that incest is NOT for everyone. In fact only a small minority of families are in situations where this can be healthy.

What I DO know from my own experiences is that when handled properly incest can contribute to a wonderful and incredibly loving relationship between a girl and her immediate family. At the same time, I've seen where incest is abused and used to molest children. Thus my cautionary approach to incest for the general public.

## 4. Reasons for NOT Having Incest

It should go without saying that having sex between family members is NOT a requirement for establishing wholesome family values. Incest will not cure a dysfunctional family. While in the short run it may help by masking the real issues, eventually these will reappear and when they do having incest to deal with as well will undoubtedly just make a bad situation even worse.

There are a number of reasons why I strongly believe that the vast majority of families are NOT functionally, emotionally or otherwise equipped to deal with incest. Here are some of the major ones:

### Incest is Not Accepted in Our Society

Face it, about the only time most people hear about incest is when it's abused. Thus our society has developed its own rules and regulations which makes incest taboo, not to mention illegal. People raised in this atmosphere will naturally grow up thinking incest is bad. As a result incest is not a secret to be shared with the neighborhood and I would bet that most people have no idea that the neighbors next door are sleeping together as a family.

Indeed, if such information WAS released in today's society it would likely ruin the lives and reputations of the parents and stigmatize the children. Keeping such an intimate and emotionally charged subject from accidentally escaping can be extremely tasking and is realistically beyond the capabilities of most families.

### Unappealing Personal Looks and Hygiene

In many families there are legitimate issues with age differences and personal image. Let's face it, unless they're a model or a movie star most parents are NOT sexually appealing to their kids for the simple fact they are OLD.

Just walk around any store and look at the people and it's obvious that in many families one or both parents have let themselves go and are frankly just unappealing – especially if you imagine them naked! I mean, why would a girl want anything to do sexually with a father sporting a beer gut covered in hair, smelling like cigarettes and beer?

## Physical Appearance

While I hate to sound like a narcissist, there usually has to be some physical attraction between the family members. This probably knocks out 95% of all families but what is the sense in having sex without it being fun? If a mom and dad let themselves go physically that's their business but they shouldn't expect their teenager kids to look at them with any thoughts of sex in mind! This doesn't mean parents have to be movie stars or models, just that they don't make themselves unappealing by lifestyle choices such as excessive eating or drinking.

For example, my dad isn't exactly trim and fit and while I think he looks good, I also admit to being a little biased. Yet when we have sex I don't even think about how he looks. Rather it's all about what we are doing and what we are sharing. It's the emotional fulfillment I seek when I am joined with my father much more so than the physical (although I'll be the first to admit that I don't mind it!)

## BOTH Parents Need to Be Involved

I don't necessarily mean physically as some people are not bisexual but at least both should be fully aware of the situation. For instance, as a general rule a husband should not have sex with his daughter unless his wife gives her blessings first. This is true even, as happened in my own situation, the daughter doesn't know that her mother has when her dad first approaches her for sex.

It seems that incest tends to be more between a father and a daughter than with a mother and son. I don't know why, maybe it's because for some reason dads have a hard time accepting their wife having sex with their son more so than a mother does in sharing her husband with her daughter. I also think this may have something to do with the "macho factor" because the odds that the father and son would ever have sex are extremely low whereas a mother-daughter relationship is more easily established once the husband fucks them both.

I'm sure some people will point out that my father and I were fooling around with his younger brother and two of his kids without the knowledge of his bitchy wife which is in direct contradiction to everything I've just said. It just goes to show it wasn't a simple decision and I dearly wish my aunt had been more open-minded. However, given her strong moral convictions it was either stay away entirely or do what we did. Considering the experiences we've had dealing with the issues, we felt it was something that could be dealt with and indeed, that was the case. I do NOT

## 6. The Benefits of Incest

For those rare situations that DO meet the conditions AND there is an interest in it, incest can be a marvelous means to bring a family closer together. After all, how can I stay mad with my dad when I feel his erect cock sliding inside of me? Likewise, no matter what I've done, how upset can he stay with me when I suck his cock and take his sperm as my way of asking for forgiveness? It's amazing what a little spontaneous sex can do to bring everyone back together again no matter what the cause of the quarrel may have been.

After all this when you boil it down there are essentially two reasons I enjoy incest:

First, there is an incredible love and passion that comes naturally with incest. I love my parents and family so how can I possibly express it more than by giving myself to them completely? What most people don't understand is that I don't have sex with my dad to SHOW him I love him, I ALLOW him to fuck me because I love him. Hopefully you understand the subtle difference.

Nothing compares to the joy I feel when my father's hard cock penetrates deep inside of me, not even with my husband. When I allow my daddy to physically couple himself with me, to feel our bodies joined in the most intimate manner that a man and woman can, I feel like I'm demonstrating to him in a way like nothing else I can do just how much I love him and want to submit myself to him. When I feel his incestuous erection inside of me I know we've become one body and there's nothing left for me to give than I already am at that moment. When his cock erupts and his sperm explodes deep within me I know without a shred of doubt that I've satisfied him, that I've fulfilled the sexual lust built up within him using my own body, my own sex, to give him the most sacred thing I can give to anyone - ME.

In comparison to my dad, where sex is largely my way of satisfying his physical needs, being in bed with my mother is more emotionally stimulating. Not to say at all sex with my dad isn't an emotional time for me! So many times I end up crying with the joy he gives me. But with my mom we kiss like lovers, not parent and child. My mother is so passionate with me, so loving, it's almost overwhelming. To feel her warm naked body pressed against mine, to lick her pussy where I was conceived and born, to feel her tongue on my pussy where her husband fucks me, to have her lick his cum from me, all these things fill my soul and complete me as a woman and daughter.

********

Q: My wife's sister is hot and I think she's interested in me. What should I do? My wife would never understand.
A: There is a significant difference between this question and the previous one since her sister became a part of your family once you were married and thus having sex with her would be an act of incest, NOT adultery. While it may be biblically permissible the question is not what you CAN do but rather if it's what you SHOULD do. If your wife is OK with it then I'd say go for it but in your case you need to decide whether the potential consequences are worth it.

When you consider doing this it's a similar process as deciding whether to have sex with your daughter except now you're dealing with a more mature woman which makes it easier as you don't have to deal with the maturity issues. Is she married? If so, then that makes it bit more complicated, especially if her husband isn't on-board with the idea.

Don't ignore your potentially biggest ally - your wife. First, she had better approve of anything you do with her sister BEFORE you make a move. Also, if anyone would know she would be the one who could tell you if her sister is just flirting or has a real interest in you. Even if they haven't discussed it women instinctively know these things, trust me. If your wife approves of the idea but doesn't want to be involved herself, she could at least help get you and her sister together and thus make it a lot easier for you.

********

Q: Do you know of anyone else that has had a positive experience with incest?
A: Actually, outside my family in real life it's a pretty small list but that doesn't surprise me in the least. Other than my best friend Beth who has fucked her brother, that's about it outside the families we've met through our swapping group. I've never told anyone outside my family except Beth about my incestuous relationships. For all I know, some of my girlfriends could be doing the same thing with their fathers as I do yet I've no more idea about their activities than they do about mine.

When incest becomes public knowledge the odds are almost 100% that it's about a BAD relationship rather than a good one. Our society is not supportive of incest and legal issues are also a concern so I can't imagine any family with a healthy incestual relationship allowing anyone outside their family to know about it.

# (D.3) My Thoughts About Interracial Sex

Story Codes: nosex
Updated: April 27, 2018

Anyone who has read "My Pet Peeves" in the About Me section of my diary blog knows that near the top of the list are stories involving interracial sex where the entire so-called erotic content seems to revolve around the fact that the couple is of different ethnic backgrounds. Not only do I consider this racist but it's an insult to me as well that someone thinks that writing such a story would turn me on. I'm not saying that there isn't something a little different when you have sex with someone outside your "ethnicity" as this diary entry portrays. In this article I explain in more detail why this topic made it to my pet peeves list.

*************************************

"Once you go black you never go back."

This is just one of numerous other similar statements alluding to the dominance of black cock size. It represents one of many such stereotypes that plague our society and nowhere more than in the so-called "erotic story" genre. Look up most any story site such as ASSTR, Literotica.com or StoriesOnLine.net and you'll find a plethora of such silly stories.

Why is it that in almost every story about interracial sexual encounters it's a black male having some sort of sex with a white female? I guess in a way I can understand simply by taking a look at the people I see every day. Ask yourself this... how many times have you seen a white girl on the arm of a black guy? Keeping that thought in mind, how many times are the roles are reversed where you see a black girl with a white boyfriend?

I've heard rationalizations about the supposed submissiveness of white females versus their more aggressive black counterparts but it bothers me to accept such notions as does that make me a racist or a realist?

It's interesting that with all the emphasis placed on black MEN, little is said about black WOMEN. When a black porn star is featured nobody says she has an extra tight pussy or better boobs just because her skin pigmentation is darker. Apparently for some men there is this "taboo" thing about fucking someone of a different race along the same lines as sex with young girls, sisters, twins, etc. Like the others fantasies, sex with black women doesn't seem to have the same eroticism that is placed with black men.

Is there any truth to the size advantage that black men supposedly have over their white male rivals? Again, I feel awkward even discussing this as personally I think it's like the same lines as the so-called "science" that claims male slaves were bred to have large dicks for their white female masters to enjoy. I've never seen any true evidence to back this myth, other than the typical porn stories and videos and we all know how close those portray real life scenarios, LOL.

From a personal standpoint I can't say I've had much experience to say with authority one way or the other. Back in my college days I dated a black guy for a while but other than him I've never really "dated" a black guy or Asian or Latino for that matter. Oh sure at some of the parties there were black guys and I know some of them fucked me along with the others but in that type of atmosphere there's not much time for reflecting on the relative variances in dicks. Of the hundreds of men who've fucked me over the years in what I would euphemistically call "less than intimate" surroundings, maybe a dozen or more were black. I really have no idea as to the actual count but my point is that none of them stood out.

When I chat I sometimes get guys that claim to be black and then want to know if I'm turned on by chatting with a black guy and would I like to have sex with them simply because they are black. Invariably these guys are assigned immediately to my "Ignore" list as I consider them rude and racist, not to mention egotistical. For all I know they aren't even black and even if they were who cares as I'll never meet any guy I met through a chat site.

My husband Steve and I once did a swap where I experienced first-hand a black dick. Yes he was black but other than that he wasn't all that different from any other guy I've had sex with. With the lights out, he felt no different in my mouth than any other dick and once his dick was inside of me I couldn't see it anyway so what difference did it make what color it was? It wasn't like he was a dog or came any an unusual amount. For all intents and purposes, he was just a MAN more than anything else. About the only thing different was the reaction I get when I tell people I had sex with a black guy.

Steve seemed thrilled afterwards to have had the chance to have sex with a black woman so I suppose that in and of itself justified the effort. While most of my attention was focused on the husband I couldn't help but take a closer look at the wife as well. The first thing that I had noticed when I saw her was that she could have been Michelle Obama's twin sister. Well, at least the "family resemblance" was there. Even her hair was the same having bangs and all. Her facial features were a little softer and her smile seemed less forced but still the resemblance was remarkable. Even when dressed she looked gorgeous and if I had anything else to say about her I would say her style was impeccable.

One thing that caught my eye was her boobs which I could tell were real having based on having the right amount of sag to go along with her age but nothing TOO much either. They actually reminded me of my mom's than my aunt's as Aunt Linda had hers lifted a few years back although nothing was added, just a tightening up. As nice as her bust looked it was her legs that captured my imagination. She had the body proportions of a model with legs that were unnaturally long for her body – legs I would've killed for!

Still, putting all that aside had I been blind or somehow not been able to see that she was black she would've been no different than any other woman. As with her husband's cock I found that black pussy doesn't taste any different than the white version. She was shaved so I can't attest to the difference the texture of her pubic hair may have been but then all women vary widely when it comes to how they trim and take care of their pubic hair.

So to close on what seems to have transformed into a rambling mess... sex is sex. It doesn't matter what color the partners are as it's still all the same parts and pieces with just different rules in some cases. It's more a culture thing than a skin pigmentation issue. I don't even like to bring the subject up so people who try to chat with me and make their skin color out to be something important, don't be surprised if I suddenly disappear after adding you to my "ignore list"!

# (D.4) My Thoughts About Masturbation

Story Codes: f-solo m-solo

Updated: April 25, 2018

What is the big deal about masturbation anyway? Everyone does it, whether they admit it or not. If you know anything about me, you know I LOVE doing it. Here are my thoughts on the matter.

## 1. What's the Big Deal?

Imagine if someone offered you something that was 100% legal, makes you feel absolutely wonderful, can be done most anywhere, harms nobody else, doesn't involve any drugs, and best of all is FREE. Why you would have to be crazy to turn it down, right?

Hmmmmmm, sounds like a pretty good description of masturbation!

So why is it that masturbation is some sort of dirty secret that everyone shares but nobody wants to talk about? I mean, practically everyone I know does it so why all the secrecy and shame? Yet every day some poor kid is chastised by his parents or other elder when he or she gets caught doing what simply comes natural. What makes it all the more ironic is that later those same parents go off and do it themselves!

Kids can't be blamed for wanting to masturbate. Their hormones are surging, their bodies are changing shape, new feelings and responses seem to be awakening almost daily. With all that it would be unnatural for them NOT to want to masturbate! So what if they're fantasizing about sex when they do? Stopping them from masturbating certainly isn't going to make them stop from fantasizing. If anything, the pent up frustrations will more likely just lead to even more fantasies and who knows what all else.

Whenever we treat something as taboo, inevitably it only serves to make it more fascinating to the people you are trying to "protect". If Mom and Dad won't discuss sex and masturbation, then it must be really good - right? One of the biggest issues I have regarding withholding sexual information from kids is that if they haven't told anything about it from their parents then that leaves them to learn on their own. In far too many cases, this results in unwed mothers, STDs and sexual perversion.

Before anyone goes nuts and starts writing me more hate mail, I don't mean we expose eight year-old kids to porn, a little common sense please. Every parent needs to make that judgment on their own as to when it's appropriate. The key is to make that decision!

Fortunately I grew up in a family where sex was not a taboo subject. My parents believed that an informed child makes more responsible decisions and behaves in a more accountable manner. Teaching kids about responsible sex does not encourage them to do it, if anything just the opposite is true. By removing the shroud of mystery their curiosity is satisfied. Even if it doesn't stop them from having sex, hopefully they will at least practice safe sex.

A part of learning to deal with sex is learning to deal with the human body. Growing up, nudity was present but definitely not flaunted in our home. My parents and I did not run around naked or go off exposing ourselves to the neighborhood or anything stupid like that. At the same time we weren't ashamed of our bodies and nudity was acceptable - in the proper time and place.

To me the key was that I was taught to differentiate between nudity and sexuality. For instance we never wore wear swim suits in the hot tub except when we had guests. The reason we didn't was because it was more comfortable that way, not because we intended to have sex or felt some weird desire to flaunt our bodies in front of one another. Although bedroom and bathroom doors were rarely shut unless for a specific reason, we still honored each other's privacy by not barging in unannounced even if the door was open.

When my parents DID shut their bedroom door it was almost always for one reason. Because they were open with me about sex I knew what they were doing and so I never disturbed them. It makes me a bit sad knowing that most parents hide the intimacy and sexuality of their marriage from their kids. If anything, it made me feel more secure growing up knowing my parents were in love and had a healthy sexual relationship. I didn't need to SEE them having sex, just knowing they did it was enough for me.

So in the end, what's the big deal about masturbation?

## 2. Masturbation Tells All

Because of the experiences I've had sexually, especially with regards to incest, I get a lot of people asking me for sexual advice. Many of these revolve around how to have an incestual relationship of one sort or another with a family member. In almost every case the first question I ask is whether they masturbate and do they know if the person they want to be involved with masturbates.

The response to that question usually tells me 80% about a person's overall sex life and almost everything when it comes to predicting the success rate of them having a more intimate family relationship. If the answer is that they don't masturbate (liars), I know there are serious issues that need to be addressed before moving forward with any fantasies they may have. Simply put, how can you expect to have sex with your daughter or niece if you are too embarrassed to masturbate with them around?

When a husband tells me his wife never masturbates when he is around, or that she hates it when he does it, that's a sure-fire signal to me that they have issues with their marriage. If anyone shouldn't be worried about their partner masturbating, it should be their spouse. Isn't it far better for a husband to masturbate looking at pics of some girl than to go out and find one to do for real? It's the old, "window shop but don't but anything" concept.

As for husbands complaining to me about their wives not masturbating, it speaks volumes to their relationship. Of course she masturbates! The fact she's not letting him see her is all I have to hear to know their marriage is in jeopardy.

Maybe I'm making too big a deal about masturbation but I strongly feel that if you can't be comfortable doing yourself, how can you expect to be comfortable trying to please someone else? If you can't accept pleasure from you own hand, maybe that's why you have issues receiving it from others.

All this is why I feel masturbation is so important. It's not just DOING it, it's where and how you do it. It's how you deal with it when you're with others. It's how you accept others doing it when you are around.

Think about it before jumping to any conclusions. I'm sure you'll agree with me!

## 5. Some Final Thoughts

Masturbation is an essential part of my daily routine. In fact, I can hardly remember a day in recent years that I haven't done it at least once and even those days are few and far between. For me it's not just the release of sexual tension as I will masturbate even after getting plenty of sex. The simple fact is that I LOVE doing it. The afterglow sometimes lasts for hours which is great when you have to spend two hours in a lecture hall!

My favorite time for sex in general, either masturbation or live sex, is when I first wake up. For some reason I seem to wake up naturally hornier than I tend to be at any other time of the day. I love to hit the alarm shutoff and then just reach down and cup my warm pussy in my hand. One thing I sort of miss is that I don't have any hair there to play with as I shave myself clean. It's easy to get started as usually I'm at least a little bit wet when I wake up. I don't usually remember dreaming about sex but it seems my mind must have been doing something naughty to get me this worked up.

My morning sessions are usually rather low-key as I'm satisfied with a nice little orgasm at that time of day. Whether I do it again during the day is sort of dependent on how things go and what my mood is. If I'm looking forward to something, such as going home for the holidays and it's only a few days away, I may be thinking about it a lot and find myself pretty tense by noon. Sometimes I'll go back to my room for a quick relief if time allows. Other times I've resorted to using the girl's restroom.

When I'm extremely horny I like to masturbate in more risky places since the element of danger seems to elevate the strength of my orgasm. I've done it in class and even in church. It's all about seat location, apparel and having something to help hide. Winter coats are great blockers for instance. Another time I enjoy doing it is when I'm driving. There is just something exhilarating about driving down the road with one hand on my pussy. There have been a few times when truckers and guys in high pickup trucks have seen me but they don't mind and I certainly don't care if they watch.

That brings up the other element that makes masturbation special for me. I love being watched when I do it. I've teased many a boy on dates by masturbating in front of them, almost always in a car or movie theater but sometimes in bed or any other location they like. It makes me so hot to see them getting hard and horny, watching me and getting horny but unable to do anything about it; seeing me cum but forced to just watch. Sometimes I would reward them afterwards but if I was feeling nasty I would make them drive home with their balls ready to explode!

At home masturbation is like sex and nudity, something that's done but not flaunted. It can be a bit more public when the situation calls for it. My parents don't mind if we're watching a sexy movie on cable or a rental and I get hot to the point where I spread my legs and start playing with myself as I lay on the couch. Heck, even my dad will sometimes jerk off if he gets horny enough. The last Victoria Secret special had him playing with himself for the entire show and he has a real thing for Amanda Tapping on StarGate SG1, sometimes cumming twice a show if she is starring!

My mom is the most private in the family when it comes to masturbation. She keeps a drawer of dildos and vibrators next to her bed and it's quite a collection! I'll often hear them in the morning after my dad's left for work. I've joined her a few times as I love watching her doing herself. Other than that I rarely see her other than in the hot tub where she likes to make use of the jets. Can't blame her - I love them too!

My Aunt Linda and cousin Kristi are more like me in that they do it when they feel like it and it doesn't really bother them if any of us are around. Between them, my dad and me you can imagine that our family room can get quite interesting when we have the right movie on! We never touch each other when we're masturbating. It not intended to be a sex act between us but instead a response to the internal feeling we have without having sex.

In conclusion I just want to encourage everyone to stop making masturbation such a taboo subject. Enjoy it! Please - encourage your children to explore their sexuality, to learn what makes their bodies respond. If they masturbate more maybe they won't be so horny that they have to have sex without the right precautions and attitudes, ending up with kids out of wedlock!

Whatever your reasons, be yourself... and do yourself.

# (D.5) My Thoughts About Submission

Story Codes: nosex
Updated: April 25, 2018

If there's one concept that is the most misinterpreted and misunderstood by people I talk to, it's submission. The mere mention of the word seems to bring up images of handcuffs, dom/sub relationships, whips. leather, slavery, and all sorts of debauchery. This may be true for the kinky folks out there, but that's NOT at all the sort of submission I'm referring to when I use the word.

When I speak of submitting myself to someone else, be it my husband, father, or even God, it means something entirely different from that portrayed on porn sites. It's nothing kinky or perverted but rather an outward and visible testament to my relationship with that person. It's nothing forced but rather the natural outcome resulting from having complete trust in someone else. Instead of being humiliated or degraded, I am fulfilled by my role in a loving and respectful relationship.

So let's talk about submission from THAT angle and leave the creepy stuff to the porn folks. Let's talk reality, not fantasy.

## 1. Taking Things Out of Context

Perhaps one of the most oft misquoted passages in the Bible comes from Ephesians 5 which speaks to the submission of wives to their husbands. So often people only quote the first five words in verse 22: "Wives, submit to your husbands..." and forget all the rest. Men (and even some women) use these words to rationalize their stance that women should remain barefoot and pregnant, never leaving the kitchen except to make babies for their husbands. Even if not taken to that extreme, it's still used today to justify the mistreatment of women by putting a man's needs first without concern for the woman's. In case you haven't read it, here's the what that passage actually says:

Ephesians 5 (NIV) 22: Wives, submit to your husbands as to the Lord. 23: For the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the church, his body, of which he is the Savior. 24: Now as the church submits to Christ, so also wives should submit to their husbands in everything. 25: Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her.

Maybe it's just me but that's a far cry from calling for a domination/submissive relationship. Yes, it DOES establish the husband as the "head" of the house, and yes it DOES call for the wife to "submit" to him BUT it also says to do so "as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her" - hardly a BSDM role.

Just as important, and what is usually conveniently "forgotten" when people quote this passage, is that these verses also command the husband to love his wife as much as Christ loved the church AND to give himself up for her - again, not exactly a whips and chains domination scenario.

Without getting into a deeper religious debate, my point is there is another way to look at the idea of submission which has nothing to do with domination. Whether it's between a husband and wife, father and daughter, mother and son, or whatever the relationship may be, these passages provide guidance for how that relationship should be treated rather than who dominates who.

## 2. Submission During Casual Sex

To most people, when they hear the word "submit" they immediately think of someone giving themselves up due to the overpowering forces of another entity. They see it as losing their independence while being forced to do things they may not desire or even believe in.

When applied to casual sex, this view of submission typically becomes part of a domination scenario where one person is basically degrading the other. Submittal becomes a humiliating condition where one person is subjugated by another who seeks to gain sexual pleasure from their ability to impose their desires on the other. At the same time, the person in the submissive role also gets some form of sexual pleasure. Hey, it's definitely not my scene but if you get off from it, go for it!

Just to be clear, I'm NOT against BSDM per se - it's just not for me. It's not that much different than anal sex from my perspective. If someone wants a dick (or whatever) pushed up their asshole, more power to them but it doesn't do anything for me. Assuming both parties consent, neither BSDM or anal sex cause any harm (other than a sore butt) and if it makes them happy, what's the big deal? All this goes back to the domination themes and has nothing to do with "submission" as I'm trying to address it.

Actually, in the interest of full disclosure, I do enjoy role-playing as a mild submissive at times when I'm with a guy. The key is the word "role-playing". It's sometimes fun to let him call the shots as I try to anticipate what he'll demand that I do next - and then do it for him. It's more a game for me than anything else. There's a game I like to play where we agree to go out and I have to do anything the guy tells me (yes, we DO set some boundaries at this start). Of course in the back of my mind I know I can always say no and thus I feel I'm actually the one who's in control.

Along those lines I think it's rather amusing that so many guys seem to think women are "submitting" to them when they suck their dick. Maybe in some cases this is true as I know a lot of girls don't enjoy oral sex as much as I do and as such they only do it to please their guy. As for me, how can sucking cock be an act of submission when it's something I love to do? Besides, any guy who thinks I'm submitting to him when I take his sensitive dick in my mouth needs to stop and think about it for a moment. Whose most tender body part is between whose teeth?

In summary, so-called "submission" as part of a healthy casual sex relationship is really more about having fun than true "submission" from a biblical perspective. Thus none of this has anything to do with the form of submission I'm referring to when I tell people that I "submit" to my father or husband.

## 3. Biblical-Based Sexual Submission

When a person truly submits themselves in a sexual way to another person, not as part of a game to do just for fun, but as a true form of submission in line with what the Bible describes, it's truly the basis for a special relationship. When a person gives themselves totally and completely to the other person, without hesitation or second thoughts, it can be almost magical.

The key is you can't go half-way. It's "all in" or nothing. No matter what the other person desires or needs me to do, I have to be willing do it, period. As I said, submission requires a truly special relationship and is NOT some sort of perverted game or slavery scene.

The most important thing that I cannot over-emphasize enough is that for this form of submission to work, each person has to trust the other totally and completely. It is really the TRUST that leads to real submission, not FEAR. The person submitting has to believe in their heart that the other person loves them and respects them so much that they would never be asked to do anything that would hurt them or in any way harm or humiliate them. Likewise, the other person has to feel confident that they can express their needs and wants without the fear of being judged or turned away. You might say that submission is more of an indicator of the state of your relationship, not the foundation.

forgive him as he is no more perfect than anyone else. And yes, I would do it, no matter what.

Until I got married my father was the only man to whom I truly submitted. Once I said my vows that meant I was then obligated to submit to my husband as well. Of course I didn't hesitate one second in doing so. If I couldn't trust Steve enough to submit myself to him as his wife as my beliefs require, then I wouldn't have married him, nor should I have. Personally, I despise women who suck their husband's cock and do other things he asks while they are dating but once they get the ring then they quit rather than submit to their husband's needs. As much as I oppose adultery, women who do such disgraceful things deserve to be cheated on!

Note that in addition to the oft-quoted Ephesians passage, there is still the matter of the Ten Commandments where we are told to "Honor you father and mother." Well, so far as I'm concerned there's no greater way to honor my father than to give my body to him freely and unconditionally. To demonstrate such faith and trust in him actually empowers me rather than making me subservient. When my dad comes to me and takes me, as is his right to do as my father at any time, and joins with me as I yield my body completely to him, it becomes one of the most incredible feelings I can experience not only as his daughter but as a woman as well.

## 4. Conclusion

Like most articles I write this one arose from being asked the same line of question many times. Trying to write it out in e-mails or chats meant having to repeat myself constantly which became a pain in the butt. Even when I did I wasn't doing justice to what I was trying as compared to sitting down and writing it out in a more detailed and hopefully coherent format.

At risk of repeating myself, I just to make it clear that when I submit to my father, it is only as any daughter SHOULD submit herself to her father. Of course that assumes the father is aware of his responsibilities as well AND lives by them. It has nothing to with domination in a BSDM context. It's based solely on my personal beliefs and the words of the Bible.

Hopefully this clears up the confusion and misunderstandings about what I mean when I say that I "submit" to someone!

Unrestricted

# (D.6) My Thoughts About Underage Sex

Story Codes: Mf Fm mf Mg Fb bg inc oral
Updated: April 27, 2018

I've posted a number of fantasies and stories that include references to sex with underage children. As a result I've received a lot of feedback about it with most being supportive but some not so - to put it mildly. Whether positive or negative, I find that most people really don't understand my true position on the subject so I wrote this article to try and clear things up a bit.

Those who know me will undoubtedly find that my current views are significantly different from those I've stated in the past. Keep in mind that even some of those were different than what I stated even earlier. I'm no different than anyone else in that as I mature and experience reality versus fantasy, my perspective changes and I'm not afraid to admit when I'm wrong.

## 1. Disclaimer

Let me make this perfectly clear from the start...
I DO NOT SHARE PHOTOS OF ANYONE UNDER EIGHTEEN!

This is NOT an article intended to promote child pornography or abuse. I do NOT trade or even want photos of anyone under eighteen - regardless of how "innocent" they may be. If you DO send me any then they will be deleted, you will be added to my ignore list and you'll never hear from me again. I may even turn it over to the FBI if for no other reason than to protect myself against possible charges of receiving child pornography. Writing about underage kids isn't illegal. Sharing photos of underage kids isn't either so long as not "naughty". However, writing about someone AND sharing photos supposedly of that person IS grounds for potential legal action and I want no part of that!

That said, I'll readily admit that I encourage people to express their most intimate and personal FANTASIES regardless of what they may be. This is predicated on the premise that such discussions are limited to a person's FANTASIES and not any real actions on their part. I firmly believe that personal fantasies should be respected, no matter how perverse or disgusting they may seem to others (including

though they might enjoy it or find it pleasurable, especially at the upper end of the age range, they should NOT be involved with sex because of the potential negative implications for their future health - mental and physical. I would also say that most preteens are not old enough to be involved with sex although exceptions certainly exist depending on the family situations and the maturity of the child.

While I can't speak authoritatively for boys, I CAN say that even if a young girl can be physically stimulated and enjoys being touched in a sexual manner, it doesn't mean she likes SEX per se. All it really means is she likes to be touched that way. For a young girl, touching her chest and crotch is no different than touching her back or legs in that she simply enjoys the feelings she gets when those place are touched.

As an example my father use to scratch my back at night when I was young and I loved it. Often it would help me to fall sleep on those nights when I was restless. He could just as easily have fondled my pussy and flat chest with the same results and I would've never have known the difference. A girl needs to learn to respect her body and to expect others to respect it as well if she is ever going to be comfortable with herself later in life.

Frankly, I don't believe 99.9% of the things people tell me on-line that they do with kids but often I'll play along with them if they're at least interesting to talk with. Over the years there have been a few situations where I worried that things might actually be getting out of hand for real at the other end. In those cases I immediately cut off all contact with that person. Maybe I should've turned them over to the authorities as well but I just didn't want to be associated with them any further.

If any of this seems odd to hear from me it's probably because you've been reading my chats and e-mails without paying attention to my REAL thoughts and opinions. While I've chatted with people, exchanged e-mail, and even written fantasies about preteen and child sex, they have NEVER been anything more than just fantasies and role-playing for me (as I believe it is for them as well).

Because of the chats, e-mails, and stories I've posted I know people often get the wrong impression of me. Even though I say over and over again how I really feel, people continue to ignore me and then write to accuse me of being a pedophile or just plain perverted. Thus through this article I'm trying to put this issue to rest once and for all.

# (Appendix E) Fucking vs. Making Love

Story Codes: MF inc father mother daughter
Updated: April 27, 2018

"Fuck me"

Just two words, one syllable each, simple and direct; yet I can't think of any other two words I say to a guy that have more impact than these!

## 1. General Purpose Sex

It seems odd to me that many people consider "fuck" to be an offensive word in "normal" conversation but erotic if it's used during sex. While I don't normally use it as a curse word I DO use the word "fuck" a LOT when talking about sex which seems to disturb some people who view it as the proverbial "four letter word". Because of the stigma associated with using the word "fuck" many people use euphemisms like "having sex", "making love", "doing it", etc. which just seems sort of silly to me. As George Carlin once said, "Shoot is shit with two O's."

In the Bible, there are three words for what we call "love": Agape - charity or caring for someone else as yourself, phileo - brotherly love, and eros - sexual love. Just as people confuse the single English translation where "love" is used for all three, so it is when it comes to the word "sex" for me. Just as "love" has very distinct yet different connotations, so too for me there are two very distinct categories when describing sex. namely "fucking" and "making love".

In my vocabulary, when I use the word "fuck" it means having sex for the purpose of personal gratification. Thus "fucking" is how I describe my sexual relationship with almost every person I've been with starting with my first boyfriend. For example, when I go out on a date and have sex with someone I'm not doing it specifically to please them or satisfy THEIR needs. After all, I'm not some kind of charity sex whore! The reason I like to be "fucked" is because it satisfies MY needs - period. Naturally I usually get fucked better when my partner's needs and feelings are satisfied as well and so there is a selfish motive for fulfilling their needs as well. Fucking doesn't require love or personal commitments, it's all about personal enjoyment.

Before I forget, while it may seem to be a minor point to some people I prefer to make a distinction between fucking someone and being fucked BY someone. The difference lies in who is the aggressor and/or being dominant. By definition fucking is NEVER something that is shared equally - someone is always dominate to some degree. Thus when I say, "I fucked so-and-so" it means I was the one who either initiated it or was the dominate person. If I say, "I was fucked by so-and-so" then it means I allowed the other person to take the lead.

Notice I said "allowed"... Anyone who knows anything about me knows that I always need to be in control when involved in a sexual situation. There may be times when I will let the other person THINK that they're in control but in reality that's never the case or at least it isn't if I have anything to say about it. I guess that's why I don't get into bondage or other fetishes like that.

On the opposite side of the sexual spectrum from fucking is "making love". Whereas "fucking" is all about personal self-satisfaction, "making love" is all about sharing and pleasing the other person. It may surprise some people when I say this, but I've only made love with my husband which means not even with my father (although that is a far more complicated scenario than I care to delve into now).

Making love is when two people are truly in love with each other as equal partners, willing to share themselves with each other and commit their lives to one another.

Hmmm, sounds like marriage!

When I say "love" I'm speaking of the emotional feelings between two lovers which is vastly different from two people loving each other (such as in the case of a father loving his daughter and she loving him - they love each other but not as lovers). Of course when making love there is an element of personal gratification but at the same time your partner's needs are of at least EQUAL concern. Neither partner is "in control" which follows the natural order of life where a wife should submit to her husband as described in the Bible - an often misquoted verse from the Book of Ephesians which was intended to describe a loving relationship, not a submissive or dominating one when taken in the context of today's perceptions and definitions.

# 2. Incest

For the vast majority of people "fucking" or "making love" are the only two phrases needed to categorize their sexual relationships. Of course other terms can still be used for variety; but when pressed, every sexual act for the average person can usually be pigeon-holed into one of these two categories.

For a small minority of fortunate people, including myself, there is a sub-category of sex known as "incest". Typically, incest is known as sex between a parent and their child although other family member may be involved. The reason I call incest a sub-category is because depending on the relationships involved, it is similar to either fucking or making love but unique in a special way.

Incest involving a parent and child is about as close to "making love" as sex can be without actually being that. No child should ever be considered a "lover" with their parent. The intimacy of "making love" can never be fully achieved between family members but at the same time, this is why incest is so special as it as close as they CAN be, a form of intimacy that could never be achieved without the help of sex.

Incest between family members such as an uncle and niece is still intimate but closer to fucking than making love. Just as sex between a parent and child brings them close to making love, so too does sex between family members elevate sex above simple "fucking".

However, to make things easier, I always refer to incestual sex as "fucking" but keep in mind what I really mean when you read my stories.

## 3. Submission

Note that there is one thing that does NOT come into play in either fucking or making love - submission. Again, I need to emphasize that this applies to me as there are people out there who are into all sorts of kinky stuff but I am not talking about weird or kinky perversions here. I NEVER submit myself to anyone when I'm being fucked. There are times when I may PRETEND to be submissive and in many cases the guy may not even realize that I'm faking it, but there is no way I would ever actually submit myself to anyone who just fucks me. I'm not into anything that kinky so I wouldn't give myself to someone I'm having sex when I'm seeking only my own personal satisfaction! I value myself as a person too much and have enough self-esteem that I never feel the need to lower myself to that level just to get fucked.

On the other hand, making love has nothing to do with submission as each person is an equal partner in the relationship. One may take the lead but that does mean the other has submitted in any way. I will submit to my husband's biblical AUTHORITY but I will never submit myself to HIM. Besides, if my husband truly loves me then he would never want me to submit myself to him in the first place. My intention is to be his caring and loving wife, not his slut, his whore, nor his slave.

Now that you understand how I feel about submission, this sets the stage for a deeper discussion of parent-child incest. I can't emphasize this enough. Despite all the male fantasies and porn crap that is out there regarding father- daughter relationships, I am NOT my father's lover nor would I ever want to be. I can never be his equal in a relationship and thus I can never "make love" with him. At the same time, I do not let him fuck me for my own personal satisfaction. In this ONE special and unique case, I submit myself to him for his gratification.

Now to be sure, my father IS a man and when he fucks me I enjoy it just as I would being fucked by any other man. The key factor is that I am NOT the one in control, but instead I give myself totally to my dad which, in my opinion at least, is what ANY daughter should do for her father if she truly loves him. Since it is HIS pleasure and needs I am concerned about, not mine, although I still refer sex with my father as "fucking", the key word in this one special case is "submission". My father understands that I am his whenever he wants me and that I trust and respect him enough to surrender myself completely to him.

Obviously, it's physically impossible for me to submit myself to my mother in the same manner that I do to my dad. When I feel my dad's cock slip inside of me and then later when he cums in me, in addition to the feelings of love and security resulting from having my own father literally "mating" me, there is also an element of domination and submission that only a male can have over me - that only my father can do to me.

A quick word about sex with my mother. I don't talk about sex with her nearly as much as with my dad in large part because we do it so much less. As any girl who has tried it will attest, there is something about sex between women that is special beyond what words can describe. When those women are mother and daughter, it elevates their emotions to an even higher plane of sexuality that defies any description.

Even though it lacks the physical bond I have with my dad, sex with my mom is as close to "making love" as I can imagine sex being besides with my husband. With my father, I'm ALWAYS his daughter and there is NEVER any blurring of those lines. A number of people have asked me if I had ever wanted to bear my father's child. Well, the very concept totally repulses me. Ugh, how sickening and perverted would THAT be? With my mom though, it is so different and all I can only leave it to your imagination at this point to try and understand what it is like when we're together. All I can say is while I'm still her daughter, somehow I feel like her lover as well. I probably have been fucked by my dad twenty times or more for every time I'm with my mom but somehow it has managed to equal out emotionally

So there you have it - all forms of sex for me fall into the categories of either self-satisfaction, sharing, or submission. Now that I'm married, when I can't write about sex with my husband I sometimes say we make love although in truth, most of the time we're just fucking for fun! In all the rest of my stories (including those involving my parents and relatives) I refer to sex as "fucking". I hope this makes it easier for you to understand what I mean when I say it and not be offended that I am saying being a "potty mouth".

# (Appendix F) My Pet Peeves

Story Codes: nosex
Updated: April 27, 2018

OK, so this is a rant so if you don't want to hear me bitch then this one's NOT for you! On the other hand, if you have any interest in contacting me it might not hurt to take some time now to read it and save us both some aggravation.

## 1. "Erotic" Stories

There are tons of so-called erotic stories posted every day yet so few of them are worth reading and even fewer turn me on. When I read most stories, e-mails, blogs, etc., usually I just want to scream! Usually all I need is to read the first few lines to get the gist of it after which I close the file in disgust. Here are some of the things that REALLY turn me off...

### Horrible spelling and grammar

I'm not talking about chatting where the intent is to converse quickly so abbreviations and misspellings are unavoidable and thus acceptable to all but the most anal of folks. What I mean is if somebody's going to take the time and effort to write up a story and post it on the Internet for all the world to read then why not show a little class?

Although I would never fault someone for making a few mistakes (that would be quite hypocritical of me), some people are just downright atrocious. Like is there anyone who doesn't have a spellchecker these days? Even on-line e-mail systems like Gmail and Yahoo! have one built in. Granted they don't catch everything but at least make the effort. And for those who don't understand the concept of paragraphs... enough said. If you're going to write a story, take a little pride!

### Posting in DOC format

In a world overrun by viruses, that last thing I want are Microsoft Word documents which are known carriers. I simply ignore anything in Word format.

## Young girls wanting sex with their dad

I've never known or heard of a real girl under the age of 12-13 that wants to have sex with her father without being led into it by him or as some people would call it, being "groomed". There's not one time growing up that I can recall when I gave one thought about having sex with my father, not even when I would see him masturbate or when he would get an erection while I sat on his lap. If anything my dad was the LAST man I would ever have thought about having sex with for the simple fact that he WAS my father! Sorry to burst any bubble but unless a young girl's being heavily influenced by someone it just isn't going to happen.

## No introduction

When the first sentence starts right out with a detailed description of a sex act, I rarely read the second one. A little context helps so tell me a story, not a tweet.

## Mechanical descriptions of sex

Is there anyone reading this stuff who doesn't know HOW sex is performed? What makes a story erotic and turns me on is when I get the WHY behind the sex. I want to know the reactions of the people involved, their feelings, what drives them. Tell me about their thoughts as they do it. What led up to the event? What was their motivation? Don't just say "his dick entered her", tell me how it FELT and not just the feelings between his legs but in his head (the big one).

## "Young" children with the vocabulary of an adult

Why do people try to pretend to be an eight year-old and then use the syntax and vocabulary of a forty year-old? The very idea that a child would be writing such a story in the first place is ludicrous so why not use a third-person format although even then they can get too far "out there" to be enjoyable. I think it's pitiful when an adult man tries to pretend to be a fourteen year-old girl. Give me a break - who do you think you're fooling? Even I can't write that way and I used to be one!

## Twins

Does every set of twins in the world have sex with each other? If so, how come none of the ones I know do? There's a reason why the Milton Twins are Internet sensations - they're the exceptions. I usually won't even open stories with "twins" in the title.

## Dead parents and/or relatives

Why is it that people think that the death of a parent or someone close automatically leads to incestual sex between the survivors? The very concept that a child will immediately turn to a remaining parent or relative for lost love, including first-time incest is simply silly or even better said - stupid. All that this demonstrates to me is that the writer is just banging out a jerk story based on his own fantasies and delusions without a clue about how real incest works.

## Divorced parents

Just like the "dead relative" scenario, why are so many stories about the start of incest based on the premise of a recently divorced parent? Psychologically divorce is equivalent to death in that one parent is typically "lost". However, such a loss tends to strain the remaining relationships more so than resulting in sex. Even if you ignore the realities, the plot line is stupid.

## Underage Lolita

I'm not talking about teenagers and tweens, I mean full blown preteens and in some cases stories involving kids as young as five or six years old (or even younger). Good grief give me a break! About the last thing a young child thinks about is sex.

C'mon, we were all kids once - have you completely forgotten what it was like? Oh sure there may be a little curiosity before puberty but that's a LONG ways from feelings of lust and doing anything with the intent of being sexual. Even when two kids DO touch each other (who's never played "doctor" at least once?), that's not "sex" but rather just a natural part of growing up. Based on the number of stories involving very young kids that are posted this must make for a good fantasy for a lot of guys but so far as I'm concerned it's about as realistic as the mind control or space cadet stories. It's just too over the top to turn me on.

## Sick/injured sibling

What more do I really need to say about this one? I don't know about you but when I'm sick or hurt, sex is about the LAST thing on my mind!

## Fondling a sleeping parent or child

I'm not talking about the act per se as a lot of creeps out there may fondle their sleeping daughter but that's nothing to do with sex. I'm referring to someone doing it and then the other person wakes up with the immediate craving for sex with their molester. Just because mom is asleep doesn't mean that that if junior fondles her that she's going to suddenly have an urge to have sex with him. It's far more likely that mom will spank his ass! Parents who fondle their young children in their sleep are simply child abusers and perverts.

## Women who enjoy being raped

OK, to be fair I find some "nonconsensual" stories to be a bit of a turn-on from a strictly fantasy perspective (we all have our own perversions). That said, it's nothing I would EVER want to happen in reality. Kept in context there's nothing wrong with the subject matter for strictly fantasy purposes. What concerns me about these stories is that they could lead someone to actually believe the myth that "no" means "yes". While this is the basis for many porn movies and stories, it's NOT reflective of real life.

Attention men! When a girl says, "NO" that means NO. I have NEVER heard of a real-life rape victim who said they felt anything other than disgust and humiliation. Rape scars a woman for life. It's not something that is EVER ok, no matter how much you might falsely claim "she asked for it".

## Father who enjoy watching their daughters being raped

This is similar to the rape scenario I just described. So long as it remains in the fantasy realm I'm OK with it.

In reality I just can't believe that any decent father could possibly find enjoyment from watching someone hurt his daughter. Again, while I find nothing wrong with the FANTASY, I worry that someone might think such stories reflect reality and thus take action based on this misguided and perverted idea.

## Interracial sex

I knew when I titled this one that people would jump to conclusions so let me say this right off - I am NOT against interracial sex. It's just that saying "interracial" is meaningless at best and racist at worst. Who cares what color your partner is? He can be green or purple for all I care so long as he has a functioning dick. All this crap about enhanced penis size for black men and sexual aggressiveness for black women is just a bunch of baloney if you ask me.

Please read "Appendix (D.3) My Thoughts About Interracial Sex" if you want to know more details about how I feel about this subject.

## Unnatural sex

This is MY personal thing so I'll be the first to admit that there are obviously a lot of people who must get off to this stuff, just not me. That would include anything to do with scat, snuff, bestiality, BSDM, aliens, extreme pedophilia, and the like. Guess I was raised a little bit old fashioned in that I prefer nice normal sex!

# 2. Chatting

Note: By chatting I mean texting, e-mail, Instant Messenger, etc.

In general there are two reasons I chat. First, I chat with friends although usually we phone or text each other. Second, I chat with strangers on-line for fun. Needless to say, there's a huge difference between the two in how I chat. Of course it goes without saying that I use completely different accounts and the two never mix.

When I chat with strangers there's a LOT I don't say or do compared to when I'm chatting with friends who know me. By the same token, I don't discuss many of the things with my friends that I do with strangers. It's like two different worlds, each with their own set of rules.

One more thing about chatting and meeting people. I don't cam or phone because I have no intention of ever meeting an on-line stranger. That said, if I WAS going to meet someone then camming and a phone call would be mandatory. As it is now I have no verification that anyone I'm chatting with is really who they say they are, just as they don't know about me either. That's OK with me since my intention is NOT to establish a personal relationship. Anyone who can't deal with the ambiguity shouldn't chat with me. I can understand WHY people want to cam and phone me and I've endured many complaints and nasty accusations because I won't. Words can't hurt me but camming and phone calls can.

The following drive me nuts when I chat...

## "Hi!"

Usually I just ignore these and wait to see if whoever it is sends another message that's more interesting. What REALLY irritates me is when I DO respond and then nothing. Quick way to get on my block list.

## People who want to web cam

OK, I understand why people want to this and if I was ever looking to meet someone this would be at the top of my priority list. I never have in all the years I've chatted so please don't think you're going to be the first. I simply don't care if you think that makes me a fake and I don't feel the need to defend myself to strangers. It's simply too easy to screen capture web cams and trace phone calls. Since I'm never going to meet anyone who only knows me based on my ASSTR profile I have no need to cam with them. If you don't like it then don't even bother contacting me in the first place... you've been warned.

Anyone who pushes this is simply added to my "Ignore" list. Again, I may be repeating myself but it's worth emphasizing that no matter what you might think we will NEVER meet so don't try putting me on a guilt trip to "prove" who I am. If you don't believe I am who I say I am, too bad - go chat with someone else.

FYI - I NEVER talk to strangers on the phone for the same reasons.

## People who want to meet me

I would never meet anyone who only knows me from this profile. Do I really have to explain? If I lead you on to think you have a chance, it's your fault for pushing the issue to where I go along just to get you to stop asking. Trust me, we will NEVER meet.

## People pretending to be kids

I'm NOT a child molester or pedophile. I do NOT want to chat with kids. I'm not looking to hook up with kids. The first thing I usually ask people when they start a chat with me is their age. I can't do anything if someone lies to me but at least I'm doing as best I can NOT to chat with kids. If you say you're thirteen then I'll take you for your word and immediately end the conversation. Sorry, don't try to tell me you were just pretending and you're really 21. This is a case of one strike and you're out.

## People who insist I send them photos

Send me yours first (NO nudes please) and THEN we'll see about mine. What's the big deal about seeing pics of me anyway? I wouldn't say I'm ugly but still it's not like I'm some hot Playboy model or Hollywood star. Besides, even if I DO share most guys will only get ones I would show my pastor.

## Guys pretending to be girls

Somehow I think guys think I'll be more open with a woman than with a man. Actually that's not true as it doesn't matter to me one way or the other yet it's amazing how many men still try. The vast majority are easy to spot while some take time but sooner or later they reveal themselves in one way or another. I'm not going to say how I spot them - those are my trade secrets. It's just after doing this for thirteen years I think I've gotten pretty good at it. Unfortunately for any REAL women it means I tend to be very suspicious of anyone who claims to be a woman and usually try to "out" them whenever possible which can be embarrassing when it turns out they're real! For better or worse though, that rarely happens.

## Guys sending me porn photos

I do not trade porn for a number of reasons. First, I don't get off from photos of prostitutes (male and female) having sex. Second, it just leads to trouble as everything we do on-line these days is being monitored and recorded by somebody. So it really peeves me when a guy sends me a porn pic and tries to pass it off as his wife, girlfriend or even daughter. Given their experience gained while building extensive porn collections my dad and husband can tell me pretty fast when someone does so don't even try. And for heaven's sakes NEVER send me child porn or I'll forward it to the authorities for no other reason than to keep me from being arrested for receiving it.

Stick to the family pics guys, especially when it comes to your kids.

## Guys who don't do tributes

To be fair this doesn't make me mad so much as disinterested. If you won't do a tribute then you aren't doing anything to satisfy my main reasons for chatting with you which are to help with MY self-esteem and build MY ego. Oh sure we might chat for a while but don't be surprised if I simple stop responding after a while if you don't want to prove to me that I turn you on. Personally I don't think it's asking too much as YOU contacted me first and I'm just asking for confirmation that I really do turn you on. After all, it's not like I'm asking you to provide a photo of your face as you do it or to give me your address and phone number (although you may be surprised how many guys do!)

## Guys who obsess over MY daughters

My daughters are still in single digits in terms of their age so like really? I don't care if someone fantasizes about what a young girl may do someday when she's older (my husband even does that) but not at this age. Maybe I'm at fault for leading people on sometimes out of morbid curiosity as to where they'll take it but after a while I just can't play that game. So if you're looking for anything long-term with me, my daughters are not the way to get there.

## Guys who won't say anything

This drives me insane... the guys who contact me and then never say anything more than a few words or sentences. If you don't want to talk to me it's simple – don't! Just don't act confused when I tell you to go away and quit wasting my time.

# Chapter 3 – Life in General

## Men who claim no interest in their teenage daughter

I try to keep in mind that the men who contact me are NOT representative of all men, just the ones who use pornography as a means of dealing with problems in their life be it a lack of sex in a marriage, unfilled fantasies, or whatever. Thus when I say ALL men, I really mean ALL men who contact me which is actually a subset of ALL men.

When a guy chatting on a porn site tells me he has a teenage daughter and then denies any sexual interest I have to cry foul. Many try to BS their way and tell me they look at her friends but not her. I understand our society has brainwashed men into thinking such thoughts are wrong and forbidden but that doesn't mean they aren't there. Sooner or later they all do it. Sooner or later they all confess their true feelings.

From my perspective I see no harm in men doing it. Heck, just because you masturbate about someone doesn't mean you ever would actually DO anything you imagine in those fantasies. Some men try to claim they actually DO things with their daughter but in general I don't believe them. Maybe a VERY small number over the years but that's all at most.

All I ask is that men be honest.

## Fascination with dirty panties

What is it with men and dirty panties? Outside of porn stars I dare you to find me even ONE woman who takes her panties off and sniffs them! Ugh! Really guys, would you wrap YOUR underwear around your face and sniff it?

Guys always want to send me tributes of them cumming on their wife or daughter's panties but I always tell them to use their bras instead. It's not too hard to understand - just count the number of panties in her drawer compared to the number of bras. Bras are much more "personal" and "intimate", not to mention expensive. Using a bra to soak up your incestuous or adulterous cum is a lot more "meaningful" than the same act using her panties.

## Guys sending me fake photos

Please don't go to someone's Facebook page, copy the photos and then send them to me claiming them to be yours. Like why would anyone with REAL photos have to do that? It's so obvious from the file name where they came from, or at least that they came from a FaceBook site even if I don't know whose. At the very least if you're going to lie to me then at take the effort to change the files names.

Another red flag is when all the photos are small files - the size of your typical FaceBook page or other web sites. In contrast the typical file size of a photo taken by your phone or digital camera is likely to be ten times bigger!

What also tips me off is when a guy claims to only have a limited number of family shots. Like who in this digital age doesn't have hundreds of photos of their family? It's not like I'm asking for nudes or anything risque. For me it's all about establishing reality and to get an idea of who I chat with. Oh and please, don't give me lines like, "They're on the other computer" or "My hard drive crashed." I may be blonde but I'm really not that stupid!

Finally, don't try telling me the only photos you have are nudes and sex shots. Again... I'm not THAT stupid.

FYI, I LOVE wedding photos!